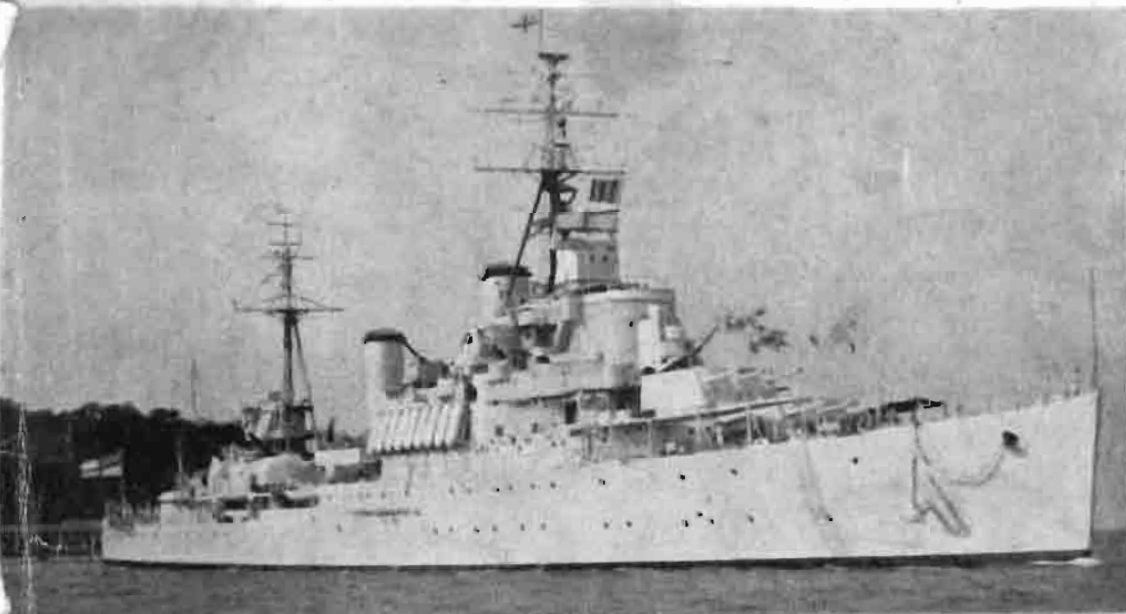


# H. M. S. GAMBIA

FEBRUARY 1955

MARCH 1956



EAST INDIES STATION

*As this magazine had to be published before GAMBIA left Trincomalee on December 31st, 1955, it was not possible to cover the last stages of the commission, viz. the cruise to Calcutta and Madras and the passage back to the United Kingdom.*

*To all those who have contributed to the magazine, many thanks, particularly to Leading Airman McCarthy for photographs; to Coder (Ed.), James for assisting in the checking and arrangement of proofs and to the publishers, the Ceylon Daily News for their help and cooperation.*

*For any errors or omissions, my apologies.*

*P. O. Stanley,  
Editor.*

*The photograph opposite portrays the African Elephant, national emblem of Gambia and badge of the Ship, cast in silver and presented to H. M. S. GAMBIA by the people of Gambia in September, 1946.*



**"God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,  
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"**

These words from Kipling's *Recessional*, written some sixty years ago, sound strangely out of date to us today, for we no longer think of ourselves as holding "dominion over palm and pine". Rather do we think of a great growing partnership between the many peoples, of different races, creeds and colour, who together constitute the British Commonwealth of Nations and Empire.

But the idea underlying the verse which I have quoted is not out of date. We who have been privileged in the last year to visit so many of the countries of the British community of nations have, I think, often been conscious of what Kipling meant. We have been aware that our position is not one of right or dominion, but of duty; that we are not masters, but servants; not overlords, but trustees—trustees for a Great Idea; trustees for what is perhaps the greatest experiment in human relationships that the world has ever seen. And we have been aware that the measure of the success of our country will be not what we get out of the Commonwealth and Empire, but what we put into it.

As sailors, we can play no small part in strengthening this great partnership between old nations and new, between brown, black and white, between Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims and Christians. It cannot be too often stated, or too strongly emphasised, that among the many ties that bind so great a diversity together, the ceaseless movement of merchant ships trading between its many component parts is the most tangible and the most indispensable one. For these ships are the very life-blood of the Commonwealth. The great ocean passenger ships, the "dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack", the tankers from the Gulf, the dhow from Aden or Zanzibar, the cargo liner and the tramp steamer—all these different types and many more besides are engaged year in and year out on that constant interchange of goods, of raw materials and manufactured products, on which the Commonwealth thrives and grows in stature and wealth and well-being.

We in the Navy, together with our comrades in the air forces and other navies of the Common-



**Capt. W. EVERSLED, D.S.O., R.N.**

wealth, are the guardians of these ships. Our life in the last year has lain on and around the great artery of empire that runs through the Mediterranean and across the Indian Ocean, and on the subsidiary arteries that join it to southern Asia and East Africa. Wherever we have been we have been made most welcome because we are seen to be "a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions", and because our hosts have recognised in us the determination of British people that the seas shall remain open for the shipping on which their standard of life—and indeed their life itself—depends.

And I believe that the bearing of the men of this ship, whether on ceremonial occasions of state or on the football field, whether on exercises with other navies or at informal parties in friendly ships and friendly homes, whether on duty or on liberty, has been such as to leave a sense behind them that the guardianship is in good hands.

If that is so, we have indeed played our part.



# H. M. S. GAMBIA

**H.** M.S. Gambia is one of the Colony Class Cruisers which came into service at the beginning of the last war. She was built by Swan, Hunter and Whigham Richardson at Wallsend-on-Tyne and was launched by Lady Hillbury in November 1940.

Her first commission, from 1942-1943, was spent with the Eastern Fleet in the Indian Ocean under Admiral Sir James Somerville, when the Royal Navy had been driven out of the Pacific by the Japanese after the loss of the PRINCE OF WALES and the REPULSE. This Fleet was all that lay between the Japanese and Ceylon, Africa and the Middle East.

Her next commission was from 1944 to 1946 when she was manned by men of the Royal New Zealand Navy. She was first of all in the Eastern Fleet and then as the tide of war turned against the Japanese she became part of the famous British Pacific Fleet under Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser. She took part in the Okinawa campaign when the Japanese defended this very strong island fortress practically to the last man; bombarded the Japanese coast, fired the last shot of the Pacific War, and was finally present in Tokyo Bay for the surrender of the Japanese Fleet.

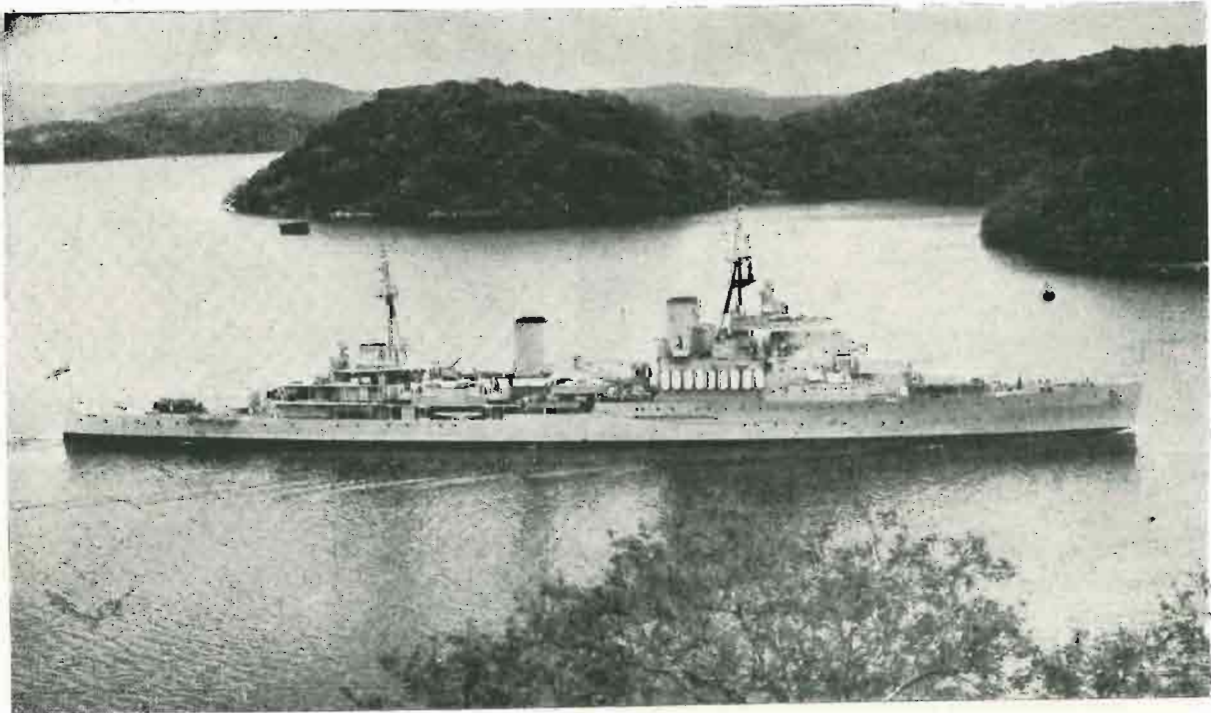
In 1946 GAMBIA was recommissioned by the Royal Navy. She continued to form part of the Pacific Fleet, spending most of her time in Japanese waters, while the Allied Occupation of Japan was being stabilised and the Far East Station got back to a peacetime footing. At the end of this commission she returned to United Kingdom to refit in 1948.

Recommissioned again in 1950 she formed part of the First Cruiser Squadron in the Mediterranean. She saw service in the Persian Gulf during the dispute with Persia over the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's Refinery at Abadan, and also in Port Said during the trouble over the Suez Canal Zone. She also took part in the normal fleet activities and during a replenishment exercise collided with PHOEBE as a result of which she sustained slight damage to her bow.

GAMBIA recommissioned again in the United Kingdom and once more joined the Med. Fleet, returning to England for the Coronation Review at Spithead. This was followed by a spell of duty at Port Said. Then came the earthquake disaster in the Greek Islands, when GAMBIA was the first ship to the rescue at the stricken town of Zacynthos in the island of Zante.

A highlight of this commission occurred when the ship formed one of the escort into Malta which welcomed the Queen on her return from her Commonwealth Tour. Another event of note was the winning of the Med. Fleet Regatta, thus becoming 'Cock of the Fleet'. Later, at the end of the commission she brought the Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia to England for his State Visit.

Now another commission is nearly over. For the greater part of the past year GAMBIA has been the Flagship of Vice Admiral C.F.W. Norris, C.B., D.S.O., Commander-in-Chief, East Indies Station, based on Trincomalee, and has visited East Africa, the Persian Gulf, Pakistan and India. It is about some of the people and events connected with this commission that you will read in the pages that follow.



*Gambia entering harbour*



LATE EDITION

8th FEBRUARY, 1955

## FUTURE FLAGSHIP COMMISSIONS

### Moving Ceremony Aboard Cruiser

(From Our Special Correspondent)

**L**YING in Dry Dock at Devonport beneath heavy wintry clouds, H.M.S. Gambia was re-commissioned today. This marks the start of a General Service Commission for this 8000 ton cruiser, destined to become the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, East Indies Station.

Starting early this morning batches of the Ship's Company arrived at regular intervals from the Royal Naval Barracks and moved into their new home. Then at 11 a.m. they were assembled on the Boat Deck for the commissioning ceremony.

First a short religious service was conducted by the Chaplain (Reverend D. Welsh) with music provided by the Band of the Royal Marines, Plymouth. Included were the traditional hymns and the moving prayers for the safety of sailors at sea.

Afterwards Captain W. Evershed D.S.O., R.N., addressed his new Ship's Company and gave them an outline of the programme for the Commission.

The ship, he told them, is nearing the completion of a refit and would sail for Malta at the earliest possible date, which would be in about four weeks. At Malta the ship would work up in company with H.M.S. Newfoundland, also newly commissioned (for service in the Far East). The work-up would be a period of intense activity as weapon-training facilities in the East Indies are very poor. After the work-up the two ships would sail in company for Trincomalee, exercising on the way.



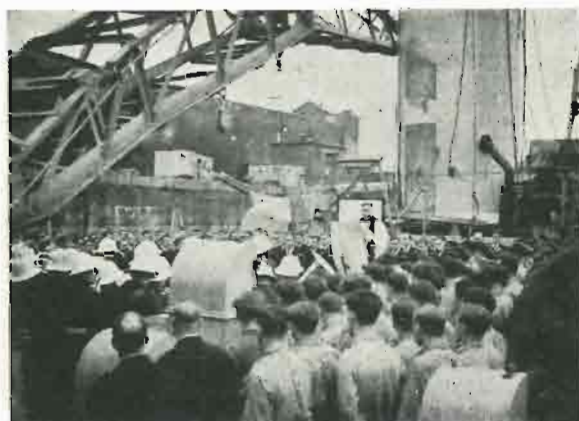
#### Weather

A deep depression is moving rapidly into the Plymouth area. Forecast. Dull, overcast becoming gloomy. Winds of gale force from the South West. Frequent snow, hail and blinding rain squalls. Visibility very poor. **FURTHER OUTLOOK.** Worse if possible.

The Captain then proceeded to describe life on the East Indies Station. He pointed out that it was a very large station, spanning two continents, many countries and a multitude of different races, religious outlooks and political creeds. The Ship's Company would have the good fortune to see most of them. Flag showing is not an idle pleasure cruise but an important aspect of our foreign policy. The White Ensign is still held in very high regard and Britain's best ambassador abroad was undoubtedly the British sailor in traditional and well-loved uniform. He told his audience never to forget this fact. But, he went on, that is not to say that you will not enjoy

yourself. He hoped that a most memorable and enjoyable year lay ahead. Many new places to visit, new faces to meet, endless opportunities for almost every sport and the knowledge that H.M.S. Gambia would be performing a vital function for the cause of peace.

The tight packed ranks of sailors broke away, talking thinking and wondering. For many the lure of the East beckoned excitedly. Among the older members of the Ship's Company there would be the stresses and strains of separation from loving families. And so as the first few drops of rain splattered across the deck, H.M.S. Gambia was re-born.



Commissioning Ceremony



Clear Lower Deck





SPECIAL EDITION

8th MARCH, 1955

## CRUISER'S SAILING DELAYED

### Engine Defects

#### MEAN EXTRA LEAVE

On board the cruiser GAMBIA AT Devonport today, the Captain cleared Lower Deck to make an important announcement to the Ship's Company. The ship's programme, he informed them, had been upset by an engine defect which would delay sailing for about three weeks. This unfortunate development had started a chain of reactions which would affect the ship's programme for the next three months. The date which could not be altered was the start of the cruise to East Africa scheduled for May 27th. The delay in sailing would mean the abandonment of the ship's private cruise to Indian ports, thus robbing the ship of its only chance to get away on its own. The work-up period in Malta would have to be reduced and even more important perhaps, the ship would lose the great benefit of working up in company with H.M.S. Newfoundland.

However, he said, all these annoyances must be borne. Repair facilities in the East Indies Station were very limited and distances between ports are enormous. Therefore the ship must be in a peak of condition, mechanically, before departure. Saving up his good news to the end, the Captain

went on to announce that one week's leave would be granted to each watch. He hoped that everyone would enjoy themselves and that on return they would be able to settle down and proceed with the commission.

The elation at the thought of an extra and unexpected leave was tempered by the knowledge that goodbyes already taken must be made again and that families settled for the 'duration' would have to be unsettled.



*Overtime in the Boiler Room*



*Unstuck*



# ON BOARD H.M.S. GAMBIA AT GIBRALTAR

(By Our Special Correspondent)

The snow and frost of England seem far away as this ship lies alongside the Navy House in the pleasant spring sunshine of Gibraltar. For many of the Ship's Company this is their first 'foreign' port, and a better introduction to the wider world could not be found than this ancient historic fortress whose craggy rock towers over the town and dominates the wide sweep of the bay.

Here the modern and ancient worlds meet in an exuberant cosmopolitan bustling whirl. Great gleaming blocks of flats look down on dark narrow streets. Sleek chromium-plated cars jostle gharries. Black-haired flashing eyed girls—short swarthy men—thousands of sailors from the powerful ships of the American Sixth Fleet that lie across the harbour—over all lies that subtle intangible essence that is Gibraltar.



The 'Rock'

Main Street, Gibraltar is a second home to the British sailor. Its shops stock everything from all over the world. Watches, cameras, jewelry, clothes of all descriptions, stockings for the girl friend (you won't be seeing her for eleven months). But be careful Jack—the Yanks are in and the prices are up. "But for you Jack—no we don't put the prices up (not much anyway)".

Already at five in the evening the strumming of guitars and the fascinating clatter of the castanets comes through the Western type swing doors of the bars. At the entrances to the shops eager salesmen compete for the custom of the newly arrived sailors.

Down past the square, the shadows lengthen over the baked earth of the football pitch where the GAMBIA XI are playing their first away game. Other members of the Ship's Company have gone to explore the Rock on foot or by Bus Tour; to see the scene of the epic siege of 1779—1782, when a small British garrison withstood the combined forces of France and Spain. They may see some of the famous Barbary Apes, and legend has it that, as long as there are Apes on the Rock, the British will stay.

Lights begin to twinkle along the hillside. The shops in Main Street are now a blaze of light, while above the babel of voices the guitars rise to a frantic crescendo.

"Step inside Jack—Lolita is about to perform".

## Malta G.C.

THE familiar blue skies reflected in the blue waters seemed to have deserted the Island when we steamed into Grand Harbour on Good Friday morning to the accompaniment of squally showers. Joe Tonna, that great old friend of the Navy, who knew practically every Senior Officer when they were Sub Lieutenants, was one of the first on board. "This weather" he exclaimed with a violent gesture, "It is terrible. A month ago we were bathing—now look at it". People may have blamed it on the Atom Bombs but the more discerning among us soon came to recognise it as 'GAMBIA weather'.

However, weather or no, we were not destined to stay in Grand Harbour for long. Early on Easter Monday, while the rest of Malta relaxed, the ship slipped out for the first week of the

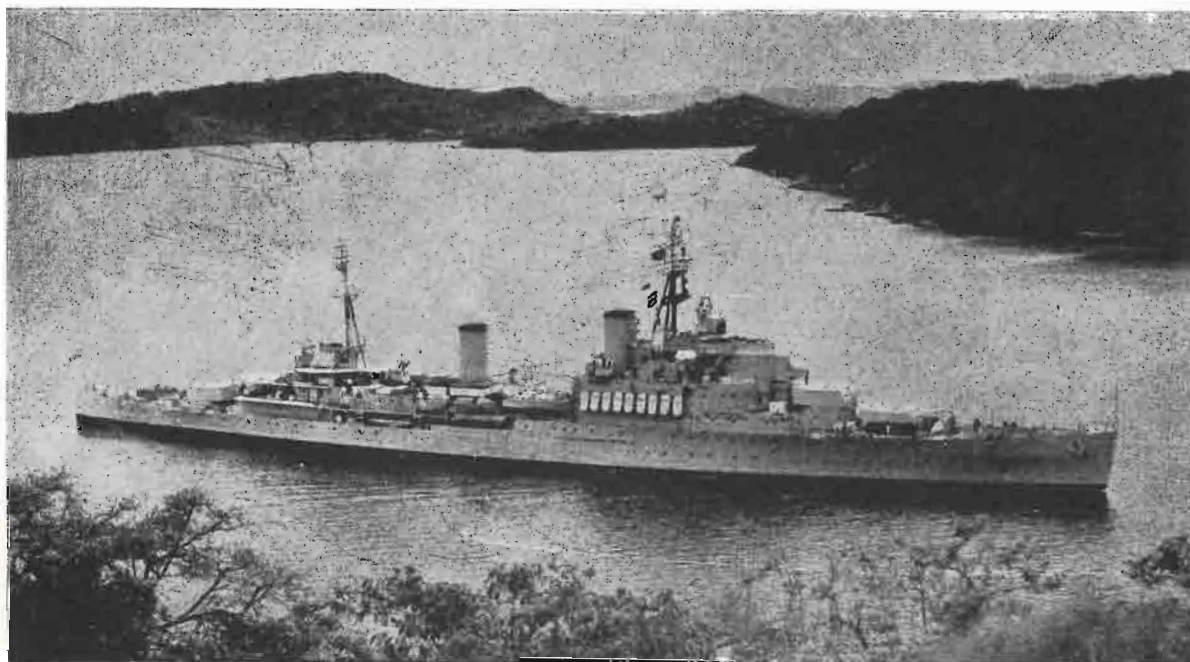
(Continued on page 19)



Returning by Dghaisa. A favourite method of getting to and from the ship of Malta.



# BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!



*(Gambia entering harbour without Admiral's Flag on Foremast)*

FROM..S.B.N.O.CEYLON.

ROUTINE.

TO....ADMIRALTY.

UNCLASSIFIED.

INFO..C IN C E.I.

180330.Z.

TRINCOMALEE 17TH MAY.

ARRIVAL H.M.S.GAMBIA.

D.T.G...180330.Z. MAY '55.

ORIG..Q.H.M.

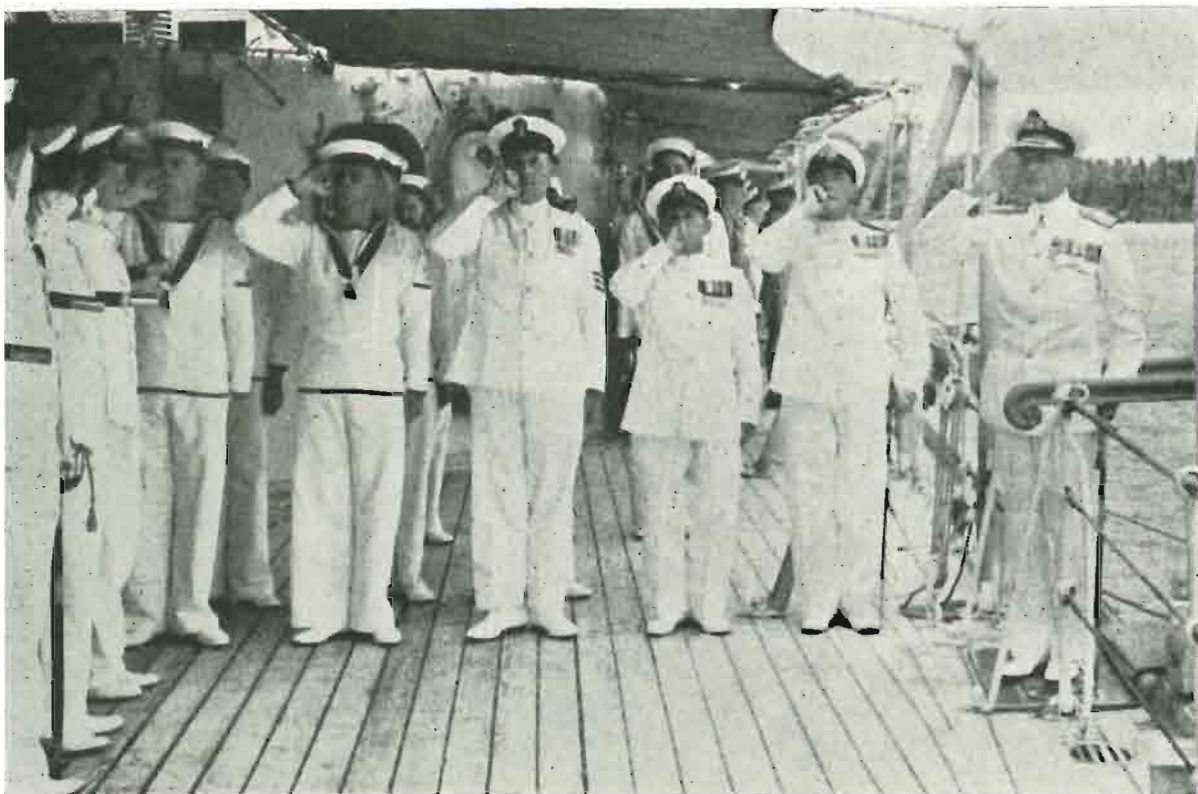
T/P.

P/L.

TOD..0916EF.

R.W.

18TH MAY.



*Vice Admiral C. F. W. Norris, C.B., D.S.O., Commander-in-Chief, East Indies Station is piped aboard his Flagship for the first time.*



*The Commander-in-Chief inspects the Royal Marine Guard*

## THE P. and T. CLUB

IT is said that one half of the ship does not know how the other half lives. Perhaps if this were not so, a certain group of officers would be charging a certain group of ratings entertainment tax for services rendered. This is no concert party, but a real life entertainment given quite unknowingly and entirely free of charge.

I am referring to that stupendous act of the day that is heralded by the call of "First duty hands muster on the boat deck, crane driver close up". Nothing much in that you may say, but wait, these are merely the assistants; the star of the evening has yet to appear. To the uninitiated, all that happens is that an officer appears and superintends the hoisting of the ship's boats, but to members of the P. & T. Club this is the deciding factor of the evening's performance. According to the officer's style and popularity the balcony audience will assemble and watch with critical eye and comment with voice to match. To describe each individual style would take far too long, so I will attempt to generalise by studying the particular groups.

Firstly, we have the "this-exercise-will-be-carried-out-in-the-manner-laid-down" type of officer. He marches smartly up to the crane where he takes a firm grip on two bats (marked P. & T.) and then places himself in an advantageous position. He then stands at ease with the bats crossed in front of the body; this indicates that he is ready



to start and that he thinks everyone else should be. The right hand (attached to bat T.) is now raised vertically in one snappy movement, usually so quickly that it catches the crane driver on the hop. However the crane arm rises into the air. Having reached the desired altitude the movement is arrested by bringing the bat down to the "rest

bats" position. To get the hook and such tackle as is attached thereon to move up or down, the officer raises the arm attached to bat P. with the bat pointing in the desired direction (i.e. Up or Down). The speed is controlled by a clockwise wrist movement (the remainder of the body is kept perfectly still) assisted by the occasional verbal command such as "Handsomely" and others too difficult to print. To train this juggernaut left or right, the officer shows extreme initiative by again using bat T. (possibly because T. is the first letter of the word "train"; but it does not do to delve too deeply into such matters). To avoid confusing the crane driver more than is necessary, he indicates his preference for left or right by extending his T. arm to its full extent in the desired direction. After a series of such movements he finds to his delight that there is a boat on the end of the hook, which he lays on the boat deck like a new-born babe (I think that is what the shipwright said, anyway I know he mentioned midwives). His job completed, the officer replaces the bats to the bottom of the crane (edges of bats together; handles making an angle of etc. etc. and returns happily to his lair to read up the latest in A.F.Os.).

Our second group for study is the "Goodness-knows-what-all-this-is-about-but-we-had-better-make-a-show-of-it" type of officer. We believe that this type first came into circulation because of people doing a sub. for officers in group one. His whole approach to the job, is essentially nonchalant otherwise he may be branded as incompetent. He saunters up to the crane and grabs the bats breaking immediately into a very neat juggling act that would astound Bertram Mills. This puts the remainder of his team entirely at ease, for here they see a man so completely confident that he actually tosses the sacred bats into the air. If they could only read his mind and see that he is only throwing them about because he cannot think of any other possible use for them. He wonders out on to the boat deck and throws up an arm, watching closely to see if this has any effect on the crane. The hook rises and makes a careful mental note that left arm is "Up & Down." With this information at his fingertips he now waves both arms in a casual manner, at the same time looking over the side of the ship so that the crane driver will get the general idea that there is something waiting to be picked up down there. He watches the boat being hooked on and then places his arms at odd angles to his body. This sign could mean "P up and T left" or at the same time it could be "T up and P down". It really means "the boat is on the hook now, for goodness sake get it up here and stowed away before anyone comes along". The job done he throws the bats at the crane and rushes off to complete the last chapter of "A Cold Slab for Hotsie" (an original novel, not a reprint).





The third and last group is the "Oh-dear-Oh-dear-what-shall-I-do" type of officer. This is definitely the learners' group and is usually although not always obtained from the gunroom. His whole approach is wrong; he is timid; and before he starts it is obvious that the crane and not he will be the master of the situation. He collects the bats and studies them carefully to see which is P. and which is T. and then with his fingers drumming a nervous tattoo on the bat handles, he walks out to where he thinks is the right place for him to be. He is quite right in his guess because he has placed himself where the crane driver cannot see him at all, so the chance of accident is reduced. He knows the basic principles laid down by group one, but he tries to carry off the nonchalant manner of group two. Add these errors to his nervous state and you will have some idea of what happens. He P's up when he should T left and T's down when he should not do anything. In short everything suddenly goes out of control, and many a member of this class has been dragged away to the sick bay screaming "P Up, T Down", whilst beating his head with the bats. This last action seems to have the desired effect for they often return to the stage completely free of their nervousness. Their first attempt is the only one that really draws the crowds because after they are so cautious that it becomes a little boring.

Well there you are. Something to suit all tastes. For the admirers of precision and graceful movement I would suggest group one. For the adventurous and lovers of the unexpected it is definitely group two. While for lighter entertainment you just cannot beat the first attempt of group three.

I would like to finish by saying a sincere "Thank you" to all those kind gentlemen who have done so much to enliven the dull evenings of the gentlemen living nearer the pointed end of the ship.

## SOME FACTS AND FIGURES

### CASH

The total amount of cash received and paid out during the commission is nearly half a million pounds.

The following currencies have been used :—

Sterling	Pakistan
Gibraltar	Iraqi
Maltese	Iranian
East African	Mauritius
Ceylon	Seychelles
Indian	Ethiopian
and Maria Theresa dollars	

### POST OFFICE SAVINGS

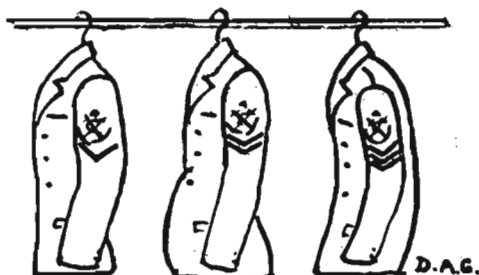
The total amount deposited ...	£ 23,500
The total amount withdrawn	£ 4,000

### FOOD AND DRINK

We have eaten :—

35	tons	of meat
6½	„	bacon
174	„	potatoes
27	„	sugar
9½	„	butter and margarine
92,600	loaves	of bread
127,000	eggs	
47,000	tins	of milk
2,000	gallons	of rum

and enough tea for nearly a million cups of tea.



# THE EAST AFRICAN CRUISE

## MAURITIUS

THE first stop, with the Flag flying from the foremast, was Mauritius. We all felt, I think, that on our reception there, and on our enjoyment of the first official visit as Vice Admiral Norris' flagship the success of the cruise, or even the commission, depended.

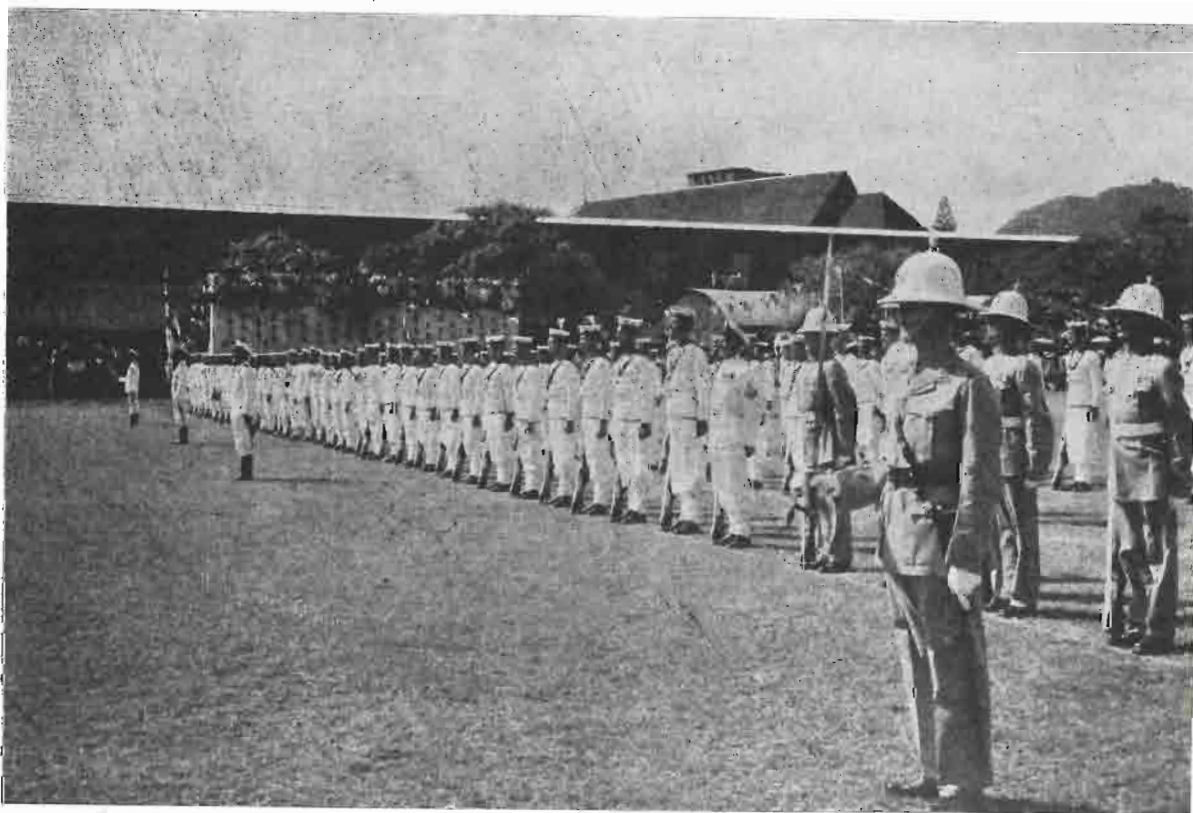
Well we think it was a success and we certainly did enjoy the friendly reception that we had from all on the island—from the interested natives who queued up in their hundreds to get on board when the ship was open to visitors, from the units of the Army up at Vacoas and above all from the British and French residents who overwhelmed the ship with their hospitality.

You will read elsewhere of the sporting activities during our stay, a formidable programme against tough opposition that was a foretaste of the number of games to be played on the cruise.

Here for the first time we gave a performance of the Concert Party which was very well received, and here also we saw for the first time the appearance of the 'grippo board' in the Regulating Flat.

Shortly after our arrival we landed the Queen's Colour for the Queen's Birthday Parade, where the arduous training on the playing fields of Trincomalee paid dividends, and all felt pride at the part played by Gambia's ship's company.

From the multitude of activities that went on in Mauritius we have selected the 'First Banyan' for inclusion in the Commission Book. After this one the pattern of the banyan has been repeated from Zanzibar to Dar-Es-Salaam and Seychelles and of course, in the home of the banyan, Trincomalee. Wherever there is a chance of the day off, a clear sky and a sailing wind, the cry will go up "Anyone for a Banyan?" and if you went, this is the sort of thing you might have found.



*Queen's Birthday Parade.*

# EXPEDITION TOMBEAU

or

## THE FIRST BANYAN

**Wanted:** Two whalers' crews for an overnight Banyan to Tombeau Bay.

A committee was quickly formed under the chairmanship of Lt. Cdr. Butt, the leader of the expedition, to discuss the ways and means.

It was soon realised that an expedition of this calibre had to have a really good system of supply—food being the major item on the agenda. P.O.(S) Hutcheson was nominated as food caterer and never was so much gathered in, in so short a time. There was nothing shaky about his organisation. Every item, even a tablecloth was provided.

The crews were quickly formed and what a motley, some say ghastly, collection they were. 'Legs' Leverton took charge of the second whaler and with him went 'Tiger' Hepburn (famous for his cliff-climbing exploits) 'Guts' Lambert (the best cook in the company), 'Skins' Horne, 'Oggie' Horne, 'Darkie' James, 'Bagsy' Baker (the man who invented the bellows for sailing), and two Sea Rovers, Everett and Knocker, formed the rest of the crews.

The day of the Banyan dawned bright and clear and with the minimum of delay the expedition got under way. The sugar cane telegraph must have been working for after an uneventful journey a landing was made.

No sooner was foot set on shore than a committee of welcome composed of the local inhabitants appeared. The wonders of education soon solved the language difficulties and barring a shaking of the head over the insanity of the English, friendly relations were established. After we had all admired a small ketch under construction in a clearing and looked at the local fresh water system—a running stream—a large table and benches were placed at our disposal, a camp site was selected and a fire was lit.

A swim was indicated after all the exertions of the day and led by two fearsome looking creatures with masks, flippers and spears, the party (negative cook) took to the water. Soon the pleasant aroma of cooking pervaded the air and drew the swimmers and the spearmen who had failed to provide us with a fish course, out of the water. What a cook! What catering! What food! Healthy appetites soon produced clean plates and satisfaction was expressed by all.

After lunch the majority voted for a siesta, but some of the hardier and more venturesome types decided to go and explore. After a silver collection, fully booted and spurred the explorers (I was one of them) set off.

Leaving the camp site we struck a path which seemed to hold untold possibilities. Spirits were high and within the first hour several miles of sugar cane were passed uneventfully. Soon thirst made itself felt and spirits began to flag when at last signs of habitation were found. Interpreters

were summoned and eventually the locals were made to understand our needs. We were led, accompanied by a host of children to the village food store. There it was!—tier on tier of liquid refreshment! With much discrimination and after considerable thought (aided by some bottles of beer), suitable wines were selected. With the load evenly distributed and spirits soaring once again, it was decided to retrace our steps. Only a short distance was covered before the load had to be lightened by the simple expedient of emptying a bottle or two! A little later still it was decided that the loads were too heavy and so a taxi was hired (don't ask me how a taxi suddenly appeared on the scene). After being driven at breakneck speed by a driver who must have had more than a fair share of 'Stirling Moss blood' in him we hurriedly got out and passed round another bottle of wine to soothe our shattered nerves. The walk back along the path to the beach then started. Suddenly a sound brought everyone to a standstill! It was repeated. No words were needed—everyone was thinking the same thing—Chickens! Chickens for dinner it would be, by hook or by crook! The sound was traced to its sources—a worker's village. After a bit of bartering and having convinced them that we were the personal representatives of the Commander-in-Chief, a price was fixed and we departed, the proud possessors of the second biggest cockerel in the village.

On our return, the problem of who could pull, pluck and kill a chicken (or vice versa!) was solved by detailing off the caterer for the operation—a job he performed admirably. The table was spread and suitable wines selected while our cook produced a magnificent meal. Lt. Cdr. Butt then proposed the first toast—to chicken! Suddenly someone jumped up with a cry of "It's vinegar!". Sure enough it was. Fortunately only two bottles of our precious stock were found to be useless. Owing to the language difficulties we had obviously not been properly understood.

What a dinner it was—

Shell fish.

Chicken fried in butter.

Boiled potatoes.

Green peas.

Tinned fruit cocktail.

And of course the best wines (vinegar optional)

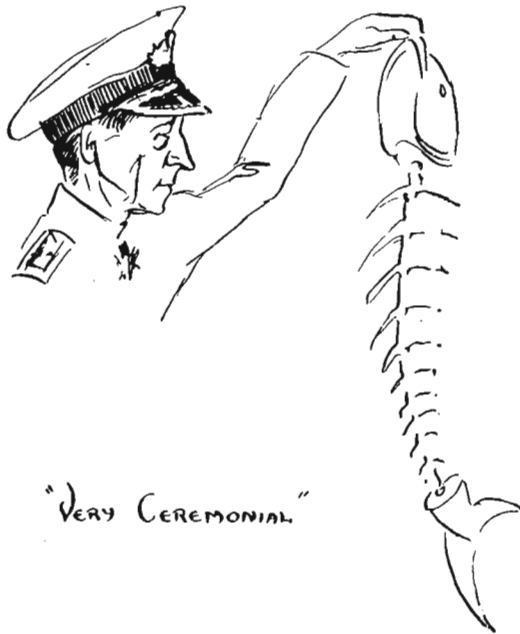
After dinner all settled down for an early night—clustered around with feet towards the fire. A good night's rest; an early swim and then a huge breakfast of herrings in tomato sauce and scrambled egg.

The camp site was then demolished, the fire buried and the boats prepared for sea. An off-shore breeze bore us away and we returned to Port Louis harbour after a truly marvellous Banyan which was enjoyed by all.

P.G.L.



## MOMBASA MEMORIES



**E**ARLY in the bright morning of June 14th—so long ago—our “lean grey shape” (as the ‘Mombasa Times’ later described the ship) slipped quietly into the ship-strewn harbour of Kilindini and berthed alongside the fuelling jetty until the following afternoon. Even Her Britannic Majesty’s Flagship of the East Indies Station was not permitted to attach itself to the African continent for a longer period than this in this thriving port—so great is the demand for wharfage facilities. Nevertheless we subsequently anchored in midstream for a full fortnight—our longest stay at any port during the cruise.

Mombasa Island is not part of Kenya Colony but is in Kenya protectorate which also incorporates a 10-mile wide coastal strip on the mainland rented from the Sultan of Zanzibar. Consequently official calls were even more numerous and protracted than usual; but when the last blue wisp of smoke from the saluting guns had drifted away and the captains and Queen’s representatives departed, a swarm of voluntary members of hospitality committees invaded us and finalised the details of ceremonies, concerts, dinners, dances, entertainments, games, sundowners and safaris organised for our mutual pleasure.

For many the step ashore was their first on African soil and eager interest lit their eyes. Yet even to those who had visited it before—mainly in the war years—Mombasa was exciting. It was true that the Portuguese Fort Jesus, now filled with Mau Mau malefactors, was outwardly the same; towering over the Arab quarter’s narrow streets, it still guarded the entrance to the Old Harbour, where during the North East Monsoon the dhows from Arabia still congregate in hundreds and discharge their cargoes of carpets and curios. (Nowadays their outward-bound cargo is not man,

but mangrove). But the modern district of the city has changed very much during the last ten years. On what were wide open spaces along the Kilindini Road have sprung up houses, schools, shops and offices. The harbour installations have increased tremendously but still cannot keep pace with impatient ships that have to wait for days before they can unload. To help reduce the two-year backlog of imports and the pulse of balding shipowners, building and development goes on apace and the hillside overlooking the jetties is being gradually scraped away to make room for bigger warehouses. Though the air is hot and humid it quivers with activity. This is no place where the white man lazes under a palm tree; he works hard and long in air-conditioned offices. His wife and daughters shun the coffee-cups and find employment as secretaries and typists.

Here for the first time since leaving Malta one could gaze into glass-fronted shops and be tempted to buy presents for relatives and friends. From the street hawk, too, delightful inexpensive (after the essential bargaining) African curios in carved wood could be purchased—ebony heads of native maidens, elongated giraffes in comical pose or

(Continued on page 29)

### Appreciation

We, THE CHAIRMAN AND COUNCILLORS of the African Advisory Council of Mombasa wish to record our thanks for the kindness and generosity extended to certain of our number and also to other African notables from other parts of the Colony and Protectorate of Kenya on the occasion of the visit of H.M.S. Gambia to Mombasa. We wish to say that we were most impressed by our visit to H.M.S. Gambia and pray that your protection of the merchant ships of the Commonwealth may always be attended by good fortune, and that your ambassadorship of goodwill is appreciated as much elsewhere as it is here.

Robert J. Winson.  
J. M. S. Gambia  
P. M. S. Gambia  
P. M. S. Gambia  
P. M. S. Gambia

To the Captain  
Officers & Men of  
H. M. S. Gambia

MOMBASA, JUNE 23rd, 1953

# AN ASCENT OF MOUNT KILIMANJARO

Mombasa—0730 on June 20th 1955

“IS all the gear ready?”. “Enough warm clothing?”. “Where’s the barrier cream?”. “You’ll never make the boat!” Cases and bags thrown into the stern sheets. Clatter of feet on the ladders—everyone’s here. The cox-wain’s whistle and “Bear off forrard!”. Eleven men watch GAMBIA getting smaller in the pink morning light. Leaving the real life, the earnest life for a space, to go up into the mountains.

Alongside the jetty. Ashore in a rush. Three vans waiting. “Load the gear quickly!” Nip through Mombasa. Not much traffic. “Stop the car, I must buy some sun-glasses”. “Hold on a minute I must cash a Traveller’s Cheque”. Five minutes drive and there’s the bus—a local bus, hot and cramped. Throw the kit up on the roof, high already with sticks of furniture and a pram. Lurch along the road—a break at Voi for lunch. On again—in front the brown dry tarless road. Behind, the swirling dust for half a mile. Hills—the gearbox screams in first! Himo at last and change the bus for an old Ford van. Race up the road with a boiling radiator. Ahead, the mountain fills the sky: cloud over the peak. Here’s the hotel. Wash off the dust. Strawberries and cream for tea. The blessed coolness of the air at 4500 feet and the sight of a log fire. How good to sleep under a fur counterpane, two hundred miles from Mombasa.

Sixteen porters, two guides, a cook and eleven climbers and we are off. Up through villages. Children sing in a little school. Bee-hive huts. Under a tree a small boy with big eyes and a finger in his mouth watches us go by. Then no more huts and the way is steeper and narrower. Climb up for two hours. A rest in a clearing—a sandwich lunch. Move on again, into the rain-forest now. Mud on the path and the smell of wet wood. Bismark Hut, ten miles from the hotel AND in four hours; not too bad. Smoky fire, hot supper, hard wooden bunks and sleep.

The breakfast was good. Out of the hut at a quarter to nine and up through the forest on a steep slimy path. Into wet meadows after an hour. The forest is below and fine rain is falling—the wind cutting hands and wrists. Sandwiches and a smoke, but it’s warmer to keep moving. Two climbers pass us—one of them had got to the top. They go down into the mist, we climb on. Over four hours from Bismark and rain all the way. “What’s that ahead?—darker than the mist”. “Peter’s Hut!”. We’re at 12,500 feet and we’ve come eleven miles today. “Light the fire”. Cook food. Wring out wet clothes and hang ’em up somehow. “Can’t find a line”. “Use your boot laces!”. “What’s this, a visitor?”. A girl called Teddy, climbing alone with guide and porters! Descending now, having made the top.



*Taking a well earned rest at the summit.*

Introductions all round—she'll stay the night in our hut. "Double up some of you and give the girl a bunk to herself!". Supper and a sing-song around the fire. Early to bed but not much sleep—the air is getting thin.

Morning. Gum-eyed and half asleep, a sailor swings off his bunk on to the floor. "Who's pinched me bloody boots?—Sorry Teddy". Break-fast and a blue sky. Cloud hides the rain forest. Look up—Kibo peak, sharp and white and calling—. Put away the cameras; say goodbye to Teddy; form the thin line and climb on. Nothing now, only sparse grey grass. Mawenzie rises, cruel as a saw edge; white snow and brown rock—a plane crashed there two weeks ago. Up on the saddle—a stop for sandwiches. Far away a glint of light—Kibo Hut. On and on across the desert plain, the hut getting no closer. Heads thrown back to see green ice on the crater three thousand feet above and tomorrow some of us will stand up there, looking down on the saddle. The hut at last! Supper and a smoke. Eleven in a hut with four bunks and a stretcher. But nobody sleeps at 16,000 feet if he's fresh from the coast. A terrible night and the headaches are getting worse.

A quarter past one, the door opens—hot sweet tea, but we dare not eat. Boots on and warm clothes; face covered with sticky grease and we follow the lantern into the darkness. The guide chants slowly—perhaps it is a prayer—what matter, follow the light! Big stones, little stones, thick dust, running up, up up, worse than fifty degrees. One step up, slip half a step back. Take another step. Know before you take it that half your labour is lost. And another and another. Hurry and you'll tire too quickly. Go slowly and you'll never get there. This is scree. Eyes away from the circle of light—it makes the headache worse. Eyes back and you nearly fall. "Come on stragglers, we're not half way there yet". On a bit more and a rest in Hans Meyer's cave. "I'm bleeding like a pig!". "Stuff your muzzle with cotton wool". Follow the lamp—to rest is not to conquer. Slowly and more slowly we go on. The sun rises, ruby red. Rose petal clouds cover the saddle. Mawenzie looks like an island in the sea. But do not look at Mawenzie—look at the scree. Fifteen paces and rest for a minute. Ten paces and rest for two minutes. Six paces and rest for three minutes. There's nothing in our world but the scree and the headaches and the scree and being sick and the scree and "get a move on you bleeding cripple" and the scree—the steep scree.

We strike the first snow—the surface holds and a pace is a pace again. But the air is mean stuff—there's no life in it. How sweet to stop. The heart calms itself, the breath comes easier. How wonderful to suck a piece of ice and soothe the hard dry throat. The patch of snow ends. More scree. Snow and scree alternate, and the top is only a hundred yards away. The will is there

allright but the legs are soft and the head is splitting. Suppose I should fail with only ninety yards to go. But is it really so important to go on, having so nearly got there? What's a hundred and fifty feet compared with nineteen thousand? The party straggles out—the minutes pass and the first two have made it! They wave encouragement. A few more yards and the first rocks of the crater lip are won. At last the arms can help the tired legs. Stumbling and swaying and panting and cursing, the rock is scaled and suddenly, quite suddenly there's an end of climbing. The view is more wonderful than one could have imagined. The scree rolling down to Kibo Hut; Mawenzie's lower slopes circled with cloud; the white sun stuck in the hard blue sky. But finer still is the sight of the great crater. A mile across, rimmed with ice and rock and drifted snow. Full of pinnacles and caves and bridges and lakes of ice—blue ice and green.

The photographs have been taken. We've all had a little sleep (you may sleep even at 19,000 feet if you are really tired). Today we have stood higher than any man in Africa, perhaps in the world. It is time to go down. For some the scree is easy now—for some it is treacherous. The lucky ones go flying down, a cloud of brown dust behind them. The others, striding short and slowly, rest often. Eventually the hut is reached. Soon there is food ready and tins of tomato juice to banish thirst. Sleep for two hours and then the long march over the saddle and down over broken country to Peter's Hut. More food and more sleep. Morning comes quickly. A good breakfast and we swing down the path to Bismark Hut and lunch. On again, walking through the rain. Dripping clothes, blistered feet and at length the hotel. Hot baths, clean linen, pay off the porters, take supper and sleep soundly on a soft bed.

Two idle precious days go by. The third day comes and with it an early start and the run down to Tanga where the little ROSALIND waits to take us away from the real life, the earnest life, back to GAMBIA lying low and grey off Zanzibar.

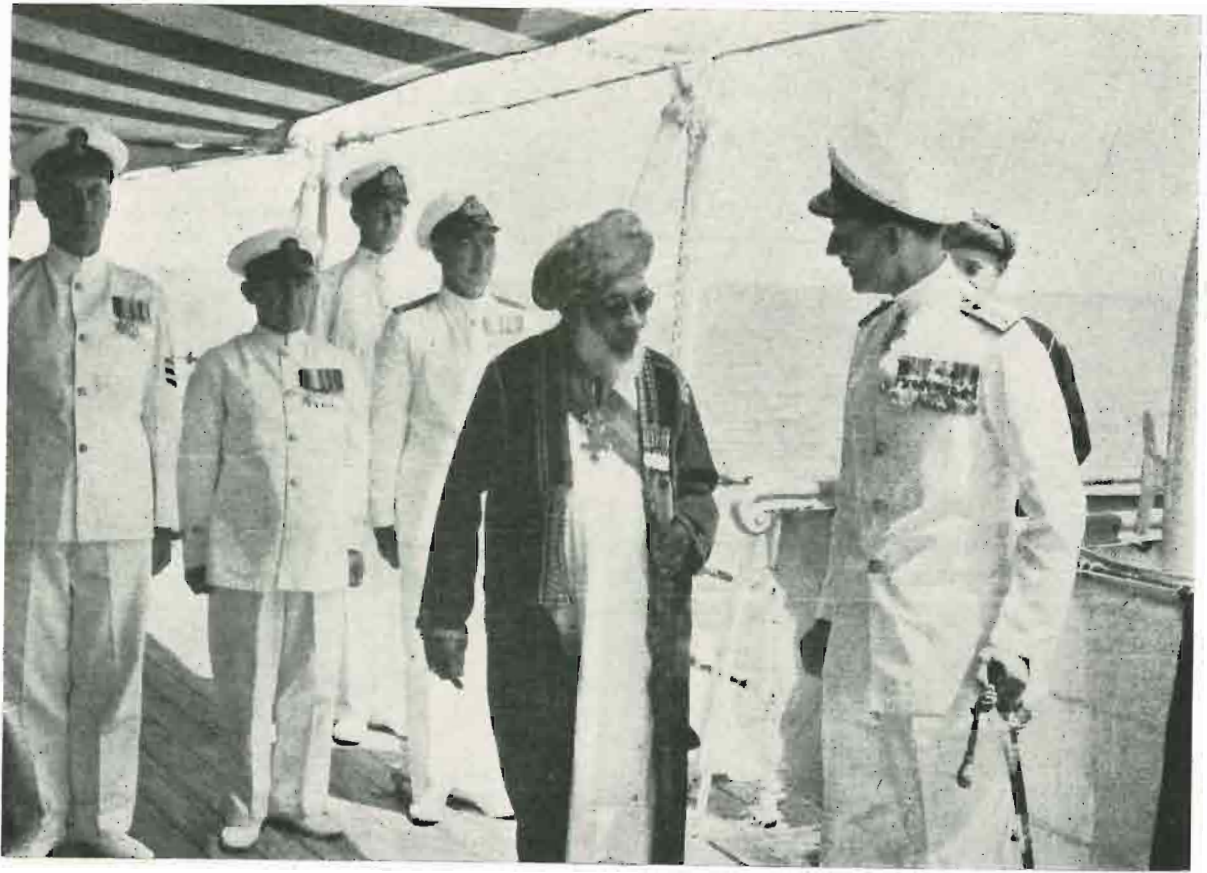
W.R.



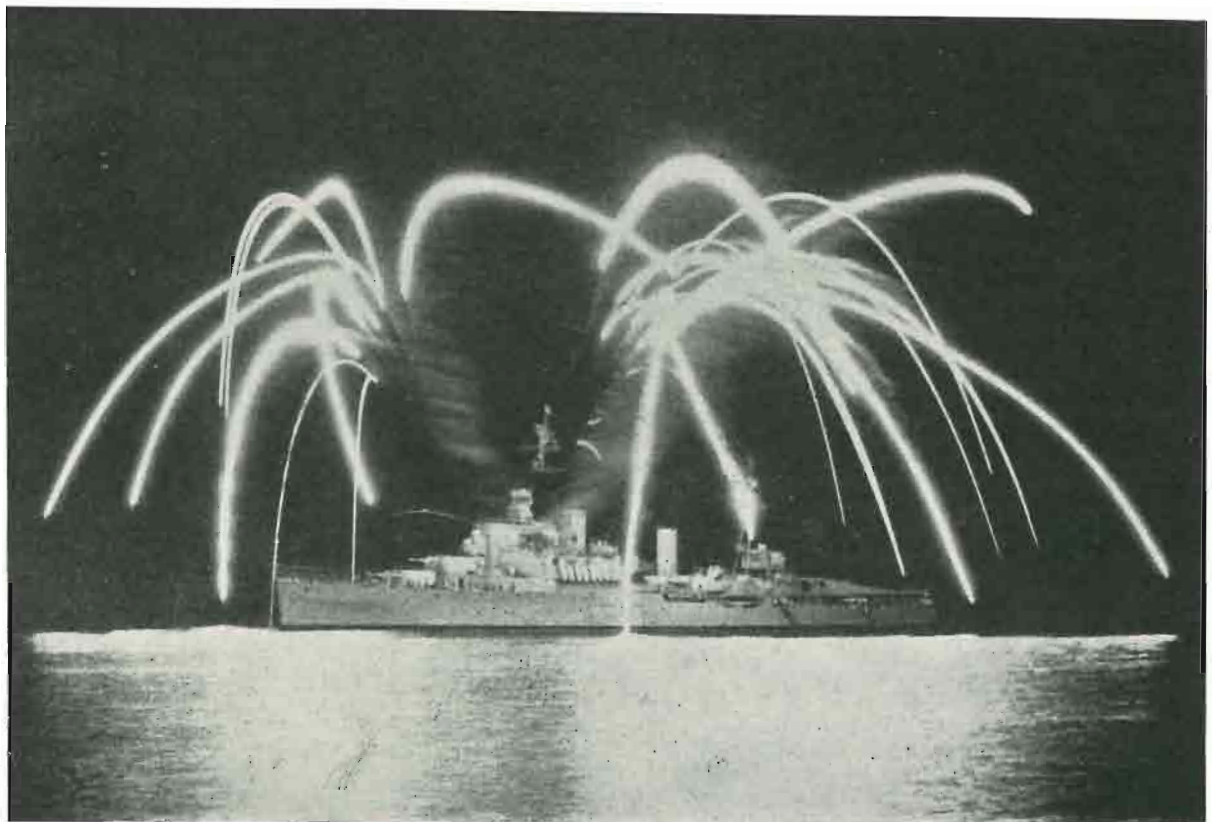
Mount Kilimanjaro is not a difficult mountain to climb in the true mountaineering sense of the word, but nevertheless the 'going' is tough and to accustom oneself to an altitude of 19,600 feet in three days is no mean achievement. It is understood that this is the first time that such a large party has reached the top at the first attempt.



# ZANZIBAR



*The Sultan of Zanzibar returns the Commander-in-Chief's Call*



*Three days were spent at Zanzibar. A great attraction was the firework display given by the Ship*

# ZANZIBAR TO DAR-ES-SALAAM IN A WHALER

THE shortest distance by sea from Zanzibar to Dar-es-Salaam is almost forty-five miles. In a whaler, given suitable weather conditions and a fair wind, it was reasonable to suppose that the passage could be made in about fifteen hours. Therefore, when six of us set off from the ship at 0930 on Thursday 30th June, we quite expected to arrive at Dar-es-Salaam during the following morning in spite of the head winds and adverse tides that we might encounter.

The crew consisted of Lt. Hayhoe, Mids. Maire and Gibbons, Mechanician Senior, Yeoman Benfield and Able Seaman Hall. As we left the shelter of Ras Shangari Point, our expectation of a head wind was confirmed and, after exchanging parting messages with the Gambia we settled down to a long beat. During the forenoon the wind was sufficiently westerly to allow us to sail close hauled down the channel between the coast of Zanzibar Island and the reefs to go about and make for the open sea. In the afternoon the wind backed to sou'sou'east and towards sunset became very light from the south east, at which time we had just passed Chumbe Island only eight miles from Zanzibar as the crow, or perhaps, in this case, seagull, flies!

Soon after dark the wind freshened a little and became steady from sou'sou'east again which brought our destination almost dead to windward. Ariadne Bank buoy had been passed at 1830 and, at 2200, relying on the rough fixes possible with a boat's compass, we estimated that we were rather near the African coast and went about. The new tack took us right across the Zanzibar Channel. We remained on it until Pungume Island light was due north of us at 0300, and went about again. As day dawned the wind veered slightly to due south and land was visible on the horizon ahead of us.

On approaching the coast some white buildings could be made out a few miles to the southward which could only be the "suburbs" of Dar-es-Salaam, and which later we found out to be the K. A. R. garrison some ten miles south. At midday, when the Gambia passed in the distance, we were beating past the small islands off the shore with still a few miles to go; and the wind was dropping. On two occasions we mistook gaps between islands for the entrance to Dar-es-Salaam harbour. This was an easy mistake to make because, with a small reproduction of the original chart as our only guide, it was difficult to identify objects on the shore of which there were very few.

It soon became obvious that we would not get in before dark and we settled down for another night

at sea. The Captain had other ideas, however, and sent the pinnace out to look for us. She missed us on her outward journey and finally took us in tow at about 2300 when we had some five miles to go. The wind by now had dropped completely and we were making very little headway against the ebb tide. We were all rather glad of some help as we had not bargained for another night at sea. Altogether we had sailed almost one hundred miles and taken thirty-eight hours, over twice our original optimistic estimate. We found out later, from the local yacht club members, that this trip had never been done in less than about twenty-five hours!

As this was the only opportunity during the East African Cruise for passage sailing of any sort those who went were very glad to have done so in spite of the discomfort of living in an open boat and the incomplete success of the venture.

P. T. H.  
M. T. G.



## DAR - ES - SALAAM

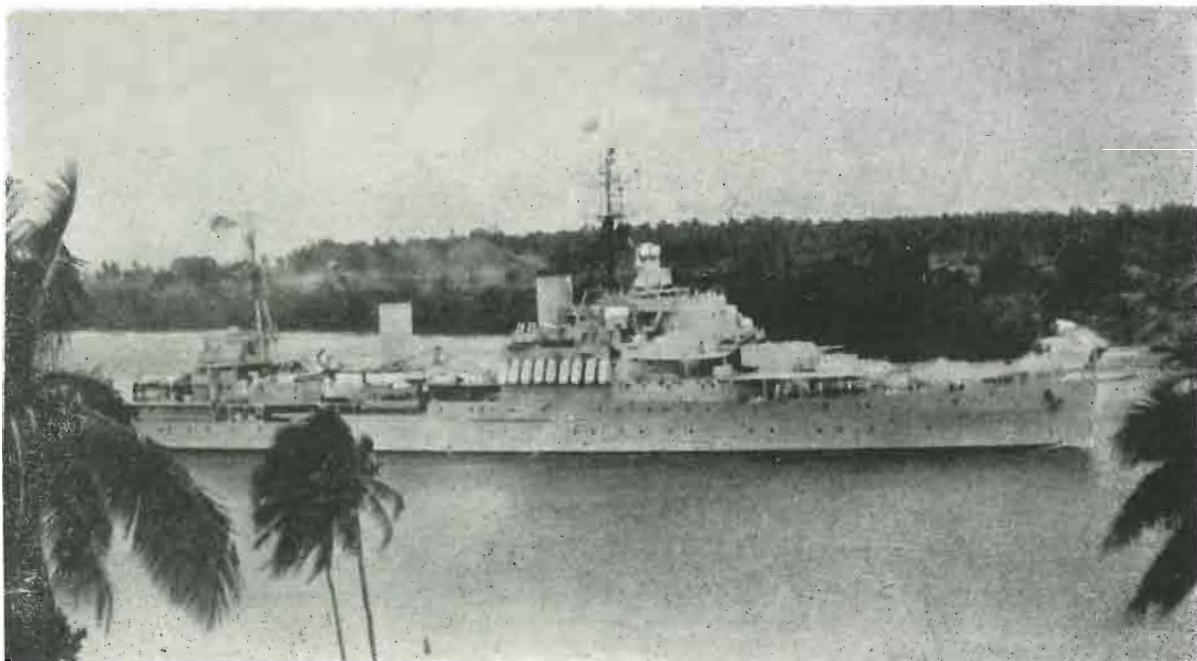
*Arrived Friday July 1st 1955.*

MOVING into Dar-es-Salaam was a pleasure and possibly more fascinating than the entrance to Kilindini Harbour during our visit to Mombasa. There is not nearly the bustle and activity of Kilindini though Dar is without doubt of great import and, surprising as it may seem, serves not only Tanganyika but the Belgian Congo.

The description of our entry by the local press was as usual deservedly flattering, and the selection of the local populace gathered along the sandy front at the time was interesting. Having shaken the dust of Zanzibar off at 0800 Gambia berthed at 1350, most conveniently a few hundred yards from the Custom House Steps which we used as a landing place, and very much in view of the local population.

The Commander-in-Chief and the Flag Captain were very soon involved in their long list of official calls with His Excellency The Officer Administering the Government (the Governor was away), the Mayor, the Commissioner of Police and so on. The quarterdeck soon assumed its usual scene of busy ceremony with the Guard, Band and Ceremonial Piping Party very fully employed





*Entering Dar-es-Salaam Harbour. The beginning of a wonderful week.*

giving the salutes and paying marks of respect with the precision that is so essential on these occasions. It is difficult to tell who works hardest there at these times, the Senior Commissioned Gunner and his piping party, the Guard, the Band, or the Commander with immense restraint co-ordinating the lot.

In the meantime a truly representative section of sports and social clubs, the Woman's Service League and other organisations, not forgetting the BREWERY, have arrived to see what delectable entertainment, visits, challenges etc. we are prepared to take on.

By the time we had settled down and taken a deep breath it was fairly late in the afternoon, but a soccer team was ashore weighing in to the African students of St. Joseph's College, the Commander-in-Chief, Captain and Officers were about to entertain large numbers of local residents on the quarterdeck, and a pretty representative crowd of the ship's company were preparing to have a go at a "line" or "house" at the Railway Club, or possibly a general reconnaissance of Dar. In addition at 2200 that night a sports party left for Morogoro, about 150 odd miles away. This trip had intrigued us for some time as it appeared from the information available that our representatives (21 strong) were required to spend the weekend playing all or any of Rugger, Hockey, Tennis and Cricket. In the event they played Rugger, Cricket, Tennis, Squash, Golf and Snooker. They won the rugger, lost the cricket, the rest were friendly, and they were subsequently entertained by almost the total population of the district.

This is not meant to be a chronicle of events but a few reminders of the first days happenings are not felt to be out of place, and the visit to Morogoro is a perfect example of how delighted those countrymen of ours are when one of H. M. Ships visits them and how wholeheartedly they set out to show their welcome.

The first day had soon flown and along came Saturday with a host of private invitations commencing; the following are a selection of the list from which the Ship's Company had to choose:—

- '2 ratings for the whole day and again on Sunday'
- 'Curry lunch for 4'
- '2 young ratings afternoon and evening (anyone keen on fishing)'
- '2 young seamen, tea, drive and a private film show'
- '2 senior ratings—dinner etc..(?)'
- '2 senior ratings—entertainment and meals for one week'
- '11 senior ratings—accommodation and entertainment for one week'
- '4 Marines—drinking and dancing' and so on; again proof of the friendship which these people have for our service and how pleased they are to see us.

This of course was a relatively small part of the ship's activities it is not easy for a small European community to entertain 800 men, but they had a jolly good go. Many others went on larger parties such as bathing and picnics at Kunduchi, a pleasant spot indeed.



The harbour offered splendid sailing with an enthusiastic Yacht Club open to all, and a not inhospitable aftermath to the afternoon's sport.

The Gymkhana Sports Club welcomed us all with open arms and bars. The grounds were used to the full and we were never surprised to see Rugger and Cricket, Soccer and Hockey, if not at the same time (due to lack of grounds in the one place) then quite certainly in the same afternoon. In addition a few staid members would be ambling round the golf course and some not so staid members smashing away on the tennis courts. Considerable thirsts were slaked in the bar and the Club's gesture in extending their bar hours from 1900 to 2000, and, after the first day or so, to 2100, so that there could be no chance of a parched throat leaving the premises, was appreciated, and the appreciation demonstrated convincingly by large numbers; no names but a few pretty hearty and fruity laughs were heard around that bar. We must not forget the British Legion and the Railway Club on Saturday night, you were in good company there.

Monday the 4th July was an important day in our visit. American Independence Day? Yes, but also the First Brewery Visit, by courtesy of the East African Breweries, a Run round the Brewery starting at 1000 (we hear the party that did it in fifteen minutes were a bit puffed by the time got down to sampling). They didn't chuck out till dinner time, but though strains of various melodies floated out of the buses on the return trips, we gather ambassadorial restraint had been well exercised, though the samples undoubtedly were thoroughly appraised.

Apart from dancing we displayed a certain amount of skill at indoor games, and the Railway Club and British Legion were entertained to some high class snooker and darts. The Women's Services League earned all our admiration in laying on a supper one night for 50.

There were many other things in our Dar visit that we will long remember but one that must stand out and is doubtless recorded elsewhere in this volume, the McMichael Cup. We beat Dar at Rugger and took the Cup away with us, first time for years. We kept it until Aden then back it went. We hope the new Flagship will uphold our example.



*The MacMichael Cup in Good Hands.*

The officers? Didn't you notice them, they got around, its all in the line book.

We hope we made some contribution in return for their efforts ashore. This ship welcomed visitors, both organised parties and on open days. They no doubt enjoyed the opposition at sport as much as we did, and there is no doubt the Royal Marine Band played a large part with their 'Beat Retreat' in front of Government House? and the first class music supplied at the various dances and functions. By no means least and certainly not to be forgotten, on board or in Dar, "Up Spirits."

A delightful place Dar-es-Salaam with wonderful people.

## MALTA G.C.

*(Continued from page 6)*

'work-up'. We did a Director Test as far as I remember (I've always thought that if the guns pointed in different directions one stood a better chance of hitting the target but I am informed by my Gunnery friends that this is not the case!). As we anchored in Marsaxlokk each night and only returned to Malta at week ends, our opportunities for sporting and social activities were few. However as you will read in the Sports section some games were played.

However what of the Island itself. Malta is a rarity in the modern world in that it never changes. Whether the wanderer returns after six months or six years, the same old sights and sounds (and smells) are there. The dgaisamen still scorn to use a motor. The Barraga lift is as shaky and apparently ramshackle as ever. Walk down

Kingsway and it is as though you have never been away. That is the charm of Malta.

And what about Malta after dark? Are the attractions of Floriana better than Valetta's famous 'Gut'? Everybody has his own opinion, but all who have been to Malta before must agree that the beer is greatly improved.

Well there was not much time to savour the flesh-pots, explore the catacombs or even to buy budgerigars (of which only one survives at the time of writing), before yet another week of work-up commenced.

And so it was with a certain amount of relief that we said goodbye to friends, and on April 21st we turned our faces to the East to join our proper Station.

# THE SEYCHELLES

**T**O most of us with our feet comfortably under various tables at Dar, dreaming of earning a thousand a year in East Africa at the end of our seven, twelve or twenty two, it seemed a pity to leave that gracious "Haven of Peace", and spend a whole week at Victoria, which even the Seychelles tourist pamphlet described as "not very grand or very beautiful", and where the main occupation is waiting for the coconuts to fall from the trees. Even so, at the end of that week, when our very tired ship's company left Mahe, heavily laden with tortoise-shell, palmleaf hats, shark-spine walking sticks, and rather rude-looking coco-de-mer, we all felt it to be a well-spent week, and a fitting climax to a successful two months cruise.

What made it so enjoyable? Well, it was certainly a change for us, coming straight from the go-ahead new-world atmosphere of East Africa, to step back 50 years in time to a near-feudal colony whose sailors wore straw hats reminiscent of our own Navy before 1914.

Apart from the full programme of football (always watched by most of the local populace), cricket, boxing, bathing picnics, and dances, for those who seek their own enjoyment the natural beauty and repose of the islands, the pleasant climate, and tranquillity of the people, did much to make it a real holiday. We'd already experienced the warmth and hospitality of the French in Mauritius, and it was even more apparent in Mahe, especially as the 14th of July, the National Day of France, fell during our stay, and we enjoyed the novel experience of joining 90% of the white subjects of a British Colony in a celebration of French national fervour.

Beau Vallon was delightful, the average Englishman's dream of what a tropical beach should be, and well worth the nerve-racking ride (or exhausting walk even) over the pass to get there. Further round the island, Grand Anse gave some the new experience of trying to control a bucking surfboard.

Those who climbed to the higher ground, including the party of Royals who scaled the highest peak, had an impressive view of the changing colours of the water over the reefs, and many other wooded islands. Some of these had quaint descriptive names, as one of our hosts said quite innocently, "as soon as you come abreast of that one, you'll see why its called Mamelle Island".

"Big-game" fishing was not as successful as we'd expected, and although a very small shark was hauled inboard amid much excitement it seemed that most of its elders had been processed into walking sticks.

The "Seychelles Home Industries" was a popular haunt of the curio seekers, and the highly polished giant tortoises on sale there, were far "larger than life" than the live ones in the Botanical Gardens.

Less enjoyable features? The endless boat trip inshore, plus the knowledge (gained by early experience) that ship's power boats make poor bull-dozers against coral reefs! The endless Long Pier (the only place that wasn't out of bounds after dark?) which certainly appeared to get even longer, straighter and narrower, if you were trying to catch the last boat off, after a quiet (?) run ashore. In spite of these, it was always a good-tempered, singing crowd that returned in an over-loaded "Aluette". Of course we didn't come through



*The view over the bay at the Seychelles.*

entirely unscathed. Apart from a number of broken hearts, we sailed leaving two of our Stalwarts still ashore, one in hospital following an unfortunate accident, and the other in a deep sleep.

Finally, we agree with the guide-book that "the Seychelles are unmatched, and offer something

that cannot be had elsewhere to-day", but although many were its attractions enjoyed by us all, we must reluctantly admit that these are mainly for the visitor, who, if he settled there, would soon grow impatient with little to occupy him but the infrequent visits of passing ships, and the falling coconuts.

## THOUGHTS ON SAILING AWAY FROM SEYCHELLES

*Tropic isles of wonderful beauty,  
Nestling on the Ocean's breast,  
Fertile isles of waving palm trees,  
Sandy beach and rocky crag.*

*See the dolphins, coloured sea fish  
Swimming round thy coral shores,  
See the copra schooners plying  
With their wares between the isles.*

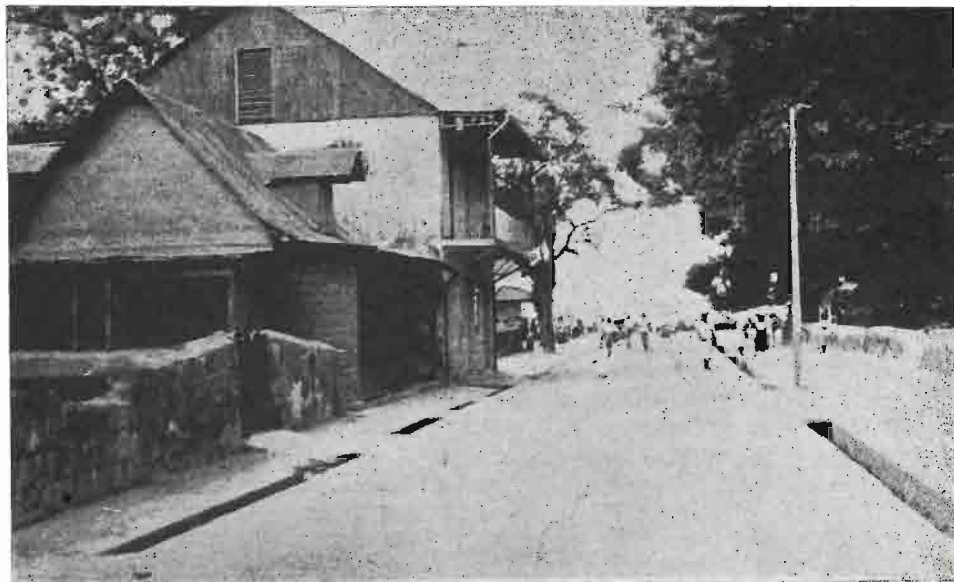
*See the monsoon breakers breaking  
On the reef and on the sand,  
And the cinnamons and spices  
Growing up beyond the palms.*

*See the brightly coloured churches  
And the huts among the trees,  
Where the Creole families labour,  
Keep their cows and grow their fruit.*

*Happy isles of friendly people,  
Undisturbed by modern rush,  
Quite content with life and loving,  
Glad to see you when you come.*

*Isles of love and isles of beauty,  
Eden left by God on Earth,  
Still unspoiled by man's invention,  
Tropic Isles of Paradise.*

J.W.T.L.







## CROSSING THE LINE

*"His Majesty's" Band*

CROSSING THE LINE CEREMONIES  
WERE HELD ON THE WAY TO  
MAURITIUS FROM TRINCOMALEE  
AND AGAIN WHEN RETURNING TO  
TRINCO. AT THE END OF THE  
EAST AFRICAN CRUISE.

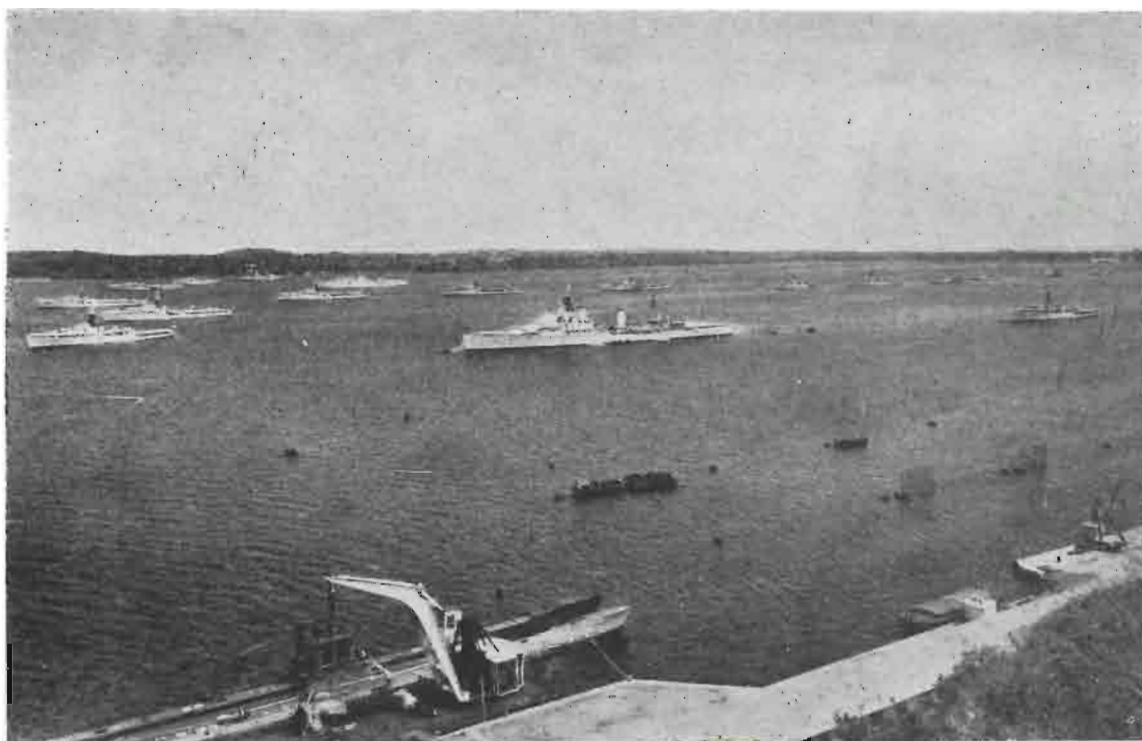


*The Senior Engineer is well and  
truly initiated*

*"King Neptune" delivers the address*



## EXERCISE 'JET'



*The combined fleets in Trincomalee Harbour.*

PERHAPS Exercise 'No Jets' would have been a better name for these manoeuvres, as they included all the paraphernalia of modern sea warfare except, actually, jet aircraft.

In fact the name is derived from the initial letters of Joint Exercises, Trincomalee. And what a joint Trincomalee was to become!—for in the space of a week or two after our return from the East African cruise, what space that remained in the harbour was rapidly occupied by one more cruiser—the 'Delhi'—9 destroyers, 7 frigates, 2 submarines and 5 tankers and auxiliaries; the whole presenting a majestic spectacle of solidarity amongst the Commonwealth Navies of Britain, Ceylon, India and Pakistan, a solidarity well known to any returning libertyman who happened to find himself at the back of the queue at Pepper Pot Jetty'.

However, none of the ships remained long in harbour and Gambia herself steamed 2250 miles during the course of the exercises, which crammed many of the thrills and spills of four years of warfare into four weeks.

For us, replenishment at sea was a regular feature. Beef, spuds and beautiful lady doctors came sliding across the jackstays with the regularity of children down a playground slide, whilst hundreds of tons of fuel came bubbling across to our tanks and elsewhere!

During the last two weeks, two major exercises, 'Hela' (short title 'Hell') and 'Kanda', exercised the defence of coastal and ocean convoys from attacks by submarines, air and surface craft, and these provided a continuous stream of exciting and sometimes alarming incidents for those who thought they knew what was really going on!

In the course of these exercises Gambia was hotly engaged many times, and fought a number of spirited and successful night gun actions in the classical style against the commerce raiding cruisers 'Ihled' and 'Rumiat', as well as being melted by an Atomic Bomb, twice torpedoed by the submarine 'Artemis', once by the destroyers and once (nearly) by herself. The latter offending missile dived smartly under the ship and then made off in a direction midway between Mauritius and Nairobi, until its fuel was expended when it was brought back reluctantly on board.

In harbour, our technicians and workshops assisted in maintaining the serviceability of many ships operating hundreds of miles away from their bases, and our sportsmen were well represented in every R.N. team.

Exercise 'J.E.T.' gave us all a very lively August and demonstrated once again the spirit of co-operation and cordiality which exists amongst the Commonwealth Navies in the Indian Ocean.

R.D.B.



## The Church was There Too



*The Chapel on board the H.M.S. Gambia*

WHERE to begin? Possibly with our Commissioning Service on the Boat Deck at Devonport on February 8th when the new ship's company joined; more probably a month before, when we started collecting pieces of churchy equipment from half a dozen different towns, and from H. M. S. Illustrious, and all sorts of people worked very hard to make the ship's chapel as pleasant as it is, in the photograph above, the 'spiritual power-house' of the ship. Morning after morning the Holy Communion has been celebrated there, and the ship and everybody in her, and our dear ones, have been commended daily to the loving mercy of God. A special word of thanks must go to that body of faithful servers who have possibly been the backbone of the spiritual life of the ship. And with them such others who have offered their help in one way and another. Evensong each day has been well attended, and Compline and Preparation for Holy Communion on Saturday night have proved well worth-while. Six people came most diligently and conscientiously over a period of months, sometimes two or three times a week, to preparation classes and were confirmed at Trincomalee in July by the Bishop of Colombo, receiving Holy Communion for the first time in the Ship's Chapel next morning.

Slowly indeed but surely one soul after another has been drawn into the life of the Church here. Sunday after Sunday, perhaps once or twice in the week as well, the faithful have been at the altar to spend a precious half hour with their Lord. There are some who have never missed. People have got into the very good habit of slipping into the chapel for five or ten minutes to say their prayers in peace and quietness and commend their own souls and those of their dear ones into God's good keeping. There have been those we have tried to help with their personal problems; those who have been coming for instruction and those who have submitted themselves to live under rule and thereby manifestly growing in the spiritual life and at the same time helping to build up the soundness of the life of the Church which is in this place. And there have been those who faithfully have worked through one book after another that they have been given to read, gradually but surely growing in the knowledge of the things of God. And then there have been those many who have been drawn for the first time to the restoring joys of the Sacrament of Forgiveness of Sins.

We have used Film Strips, especially during Holy Week, and on Good Friday our Three Hours



Devotion took form of three conducted meditations on the Stations of the Cross; and we recall the Petty Officer who stayed for the whole three hours. And there was the stoker (or do we say M(E)?) who missed his Sunday Communion and promptly came along on the Monday morning to 'make up', and the Petty Officer who after a lapse of years is now saying his prayers again and a regular communicant. And there are those two who have given so much help as Sacristans, between them being as good as a curate by regular and faithful help and support. One of the greatest joys, and inevitably so, is that we have amongst our faithful two possible vocations; two people who think that God may be leading them and calling them to the sacred ministry of the church and who one day if both they and the Church are convinced of their vocation may well find themselves priests. And what more could one hope for any man?

We have had outings and were able to arrange a number of private invitations for our Church people on board at the homes of Church folk in the various ports we visited—four of us had a very pleasant evening with the Bishop of Masasi in Dar-es-Salaam. While at Basra we went to the supposed site of the Garden of Eden (where the Tigris and Euphrates meet) and on another day to Ur of the Chaldees—a most fascinating trip.

Complete with its Pashal Candle (given to us by well-wishers ashore) and vases of irises and multi-

coloured carnations the Chapel at Easter was a joy; and although we write this before Christmas no doubt we shall prepare for Our Blessed Lord a fit place to come to, as we come to receive Him into our hearts and souls.

We have taken Holy Communion to the sick, we have baptised the children of some of our company before we left U.K., and when we get back there are some weddings to look forward to. And wandering round the 'parish' we have always been given the kindest of welcomes. A large number have perhaps not come to church at all, but they have maybe made it known that they listen to, and have been helped by, the 'lift up your Hearts' interlude we have done on the S.R.E. each morning. Or they have had the grace to say simply, and without excuse, 'Sorry' when the occasion has demanded it—and it is a grace to be able to do that as so many have. There have been disappointments inevitably; those few who have fallen by the wayside, those we have not been able to teach because they thought they had nothing to learn, and those who have been too busy with the social round to find time for the things of God. But the good God has been abundantly gracious to us in this ship during this commission. May those souls who have been touched, some perhaps not known even to themselves, wherever fortune take them, bear fruit abundantly to the greater glory of God and of His Church.

## THE CHIPPIES' LAMENT

*Our famous Midshipman's gone into his boat,  
O'er all the wide sea there's none now afloat  
Whose tale is so wondrous and yet to be told;  
The story of Gambia's fine snottie, so bold.*

*T'was early in June that the story began,  
When a dug-out canoe by mistake he o'er ran.  
T'was sunk, three men and a tailor beside,  
The steering had failed, or so it was cried.  
Reasons in writing, the Commander exclaimed,  
Tho' it seems that the cos'n can hardly be blamed.  
The reasons came forth and plausible too,  
But money was owed for the dug-out canoe.  
Sixty rupees was the sum they demanded,  
And sixty rupees their Lordships commanded.  
But wondrous to tell and let me so say,  
Their Lordships, not snottie, the money did pay.*

*In the wonderful Seychelles, at the Isle of Mahe  
Came the second most hapless, unfortunate day.  
Our Midshipman brave drove straight on to a reef,  
Both shafts and rudder came to terrible grief.  
Oh, unlucky, poor Mid. what a terrible plight.  
A party for children was soon to take place,  
And the boat must be ready, the holes without trace.  
The shipwrights worked hard, day and night through,*

*They worked and they worked and they mended  
the screw,*

*They mended the rudder and the shaft that was bent,  
Oh luckless Midshipman, the chippies lament.  
T'was nigh on a week, crossing the line,  
Our Midshipman grand got a medal so fine.  
From King Neptune, of pusser's brass,  
Honourable Order of the Coral Reef, First Class.*

*Our story's not ended, our tale's not yet done,  
As disaster befell our unfortunate one.  
When we returned to our harbour at Trincomalee  
And exercised with navies from over the sea,  
Vijaya was there, Ceylon's pride and joy,  
In her berth in the line, at a single black buoy.  
On the day of this epic, the sea-wind ran high,  
He, to run alongside the gangway did try.  
He attempted to do the best that he could  
The fearful result was of splintering wood;  
The gangway was broken, O terrible fate,  
And so to our Chippies in pitiful state.  
They worked and they worked and at last it was near,  
O Chippies lament, O Midshipman you.*

R.M.E.



# THERE'S NO BUSINESS...



THE Conductor raises his baton and an expectant hush descends on the audience. Down comes the baton and the orchestra swings off into the overture—the gay melodies of Hammerstein and Rodgers' 'Oklahoma'. And once again H.M.S. Gambia's Revue Company are presenting "UP SPIRITS".

The audience are being wooed and lulled into a respective mood; one lilting tune follows another, the latecomers hurry to their seats. But backstage—Ah backstage!

If the show ran for a thousand performances or a million, the scene just before Curtain Up would still be one of complete chaos.

The producer has gone mad—he's been going mad for the last half hour but now he's quite definitely and positively insane. There are no glasses for the Pub. scene. "Where's the bottle opener?—Oh?" The flower girl dashes off the stage—"Where are you going?"—"Forgotten my skirt". The M.C. is gazing up at the flies mouthing his opening phrases—"Hey don't drink all that beer at once—leave some for the scene". "Where are the flowers?—a flower girl and no flowers. What goes on? Oh! you're selling newspapers now. Oh! Why doesn't somebody tell me these things". "Chorus line up—a bit further forward. Is that all of you? We used to have more. Oh I see, the Welsh Choir are changing for their act. Well you'll have to sing up everybody—loud as you can. Crikey this is going to be crummy". "Stop that hammering. Stop that BLASTED hammering, Chippy. What the hell are you doing? Oh! Well take it somewhere else—outside".

One of the 'Wrens' is peeping through the spy-hole in the wings, trying to spot his girl friend. The orchestra let themselves go on the final rousing bars of the overture and suddenly order returns to the stage. The applause for the overture swells up to a crescendo and the cast exchange grins. A good audience?—the hope of every actor the world over. Well we will soon know.

The M.C. straightens his dinner jacket, gets a pat on the back and slides between the curtains.

"Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen and welcome to our show. H.M.S. Gambia is proud to present UP SPIRITS. This is show business and Ladies and Gentlemen as you know . . . . .

Up goes the curtain as everybody sings Irving Berlin's "There's No Business Like Show Business" and once more the show is on.

The 'Wrens' standing in the wings wait anxiously for the applause—"Is it a good audience? Have they wined and dined well? (matinees are murder)". And as turn succeeds turn and show succeeds show, the conviction grows that, while there may be No Business like Show Business, there's No show like 'UP SPIRITS'.



## FACTS AND FIGURES

The show was played at Trincomalee (3 times); Mauritius (2); Mombasa (2); Nairobi (3); Nanuki (1); Dar-es-Salaam (2); Seychelles (1); and Abadan. It was seen by over 5000 people and about £350 profit was made for the Naval Entertainments Fund of Kenya (used for entertaining the Ship's Company) and various Service charities.

It was played in the plush opulence of the National Theatre of Kenya at Nairobi and on a stage made out of packing cases at Nanuki; but always to packed houses and to demands for more performances. Usually the stage was cramped and dressing rooms more so. Inevitably 'artistic temperament' was sometimes displayed but everybody remained cheerful and the show was everywhere acclaimed one of the best ever presented by a ship.

Above all it was the excellent team-work of the cast, the hard and loyal work of the stage hands and the support of the Royal Marine Band and their conductor which laid the foundation of a most memorable show.

# THE CHILDREN'S PARTIES



**P**ARTIES for the local children were held at most of the places that the ship visited, and judging by the happy faces (and well filled tummies!) that went ashore after each one, they were most successful and enjoyed by all (all of the children anyway).

Much thought and a lot of hard work by many people, too numerous to mention, went into the making of these parties and they deserve hearty congratulations on their efforts. Nothing was too much trouble for them and I am sure that the children will remember their visit to GAMBIA for a long time.

If you are thinking of organising a children's party on board ship, the following notes and tips gained from experience might be useful:—

**First Arrival**—Boys should be used to meet the guests; they don't have to think very much and they are right in there pitching with the children.

**Royal Marines**—Should always be used as 'Pirates'. This is quite natural to them and they enjoy it very much.

**'Chippies'**—Always to the fore for constructional work and they provide excellent material for test runs on slides and other essential apparatus used for fun and games.

**Electricians**—Allow the inventors to come to the front, but check the power used on some of their 'devices' as they are liable to leave the little blighters in a 'shocking' condition.

**Canteen Manager**—He provides excellent ice-cream, buns and drinks (non-alcoholic). Watch him as he is very partial to a few samples!

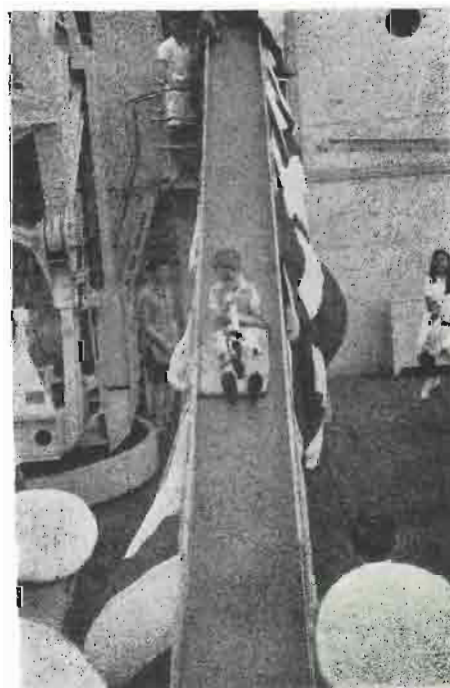
**Films**—Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and 'Horror' Films etc. Give them ice-cream on their way into the cinema then they can really make a mess of themselves and the cinema!

**Explosive**—Build a pirate ship and blow it up (Harbour authorities to be warned).



• Testing! Testing!

**N.B.**—Keep your eye on the Ship's Company as by now they will almost certainly want to take some of the children for a 'ride'!



Look ! No Hands !



**Tea**—Always to be given on the quarterdeck—it gives the Ship's Company the only chance they ever get of stamping cream buns into the deck without incurring the wrath of the Commander.

**Boat Rides**—A reserve item—preferably without the knowledge of the Boat Officer.

**Crying Children**—If you find one pick it up—it will object, but that doesn't matter. Shove it down the slide (more objection). Collect it at the bottom. Give it an ice-cream (no objection)—put it in the cinema and hope for the best.

**Final Departure**—Some of the problems are:—

Those that have lost something.

Those that have lost brother or sister.

Those that don't want to go.

Those that want to go to sea.

Those that look as though they have had too much ice-cream.

"Please I want more sweets"

"He's got two balloons, I've only got one".

## HOW TO DRIVE A MOTOR BOAT

**S**OME people get a kick out of driving a high powered sports car, or pushing a screaming jet aircraft across the sky at 600 m.p.h. But to the real enthusiast there is nothing to beat driving a motor boat. For the benefit of beginners here are a few short notes on how to handle one of these fast gleaming craft.

The first thing to remember is that you are the master of the boat, not it of you. Forget that this sleek 5 ton monster costs thousands of pounds and is quite irreplaceable on the East Indies Station. Put out of your head forever that the Motor Boat is the Commander's pride and joy and that even the slightest scratch in its immaculate paintwork will make him speechless with fury. Likewise pay no attention to booms, ladders etc.—they're very easily repaired and excessive solicitude for their welfare will only ruin your enjoyment. Nevertheless you may think it worthwhile, as an insurance policy, to cultivate the friendship of the shipwrights and the Boat E.R.A.s. Offer them your sippers and cigarettes. Show them photographs of your children to win their sympathy (borrowing photographs from those more happily blessed than yourself, if necessary). However enough of the preliminaries—lets get down to the practical details.

**Getting away from the boom**—The first thing to do is to point the boat in the right direction. Rev up the throttles to full speed and slam in the gears. Wheel hard over. Remove bits of broken whaler from the after cabin and let go the painter. You are now pointing aft and may proceed with ease.

**Coming alongside**—Always come alongside at full speed as this gives less time for making mistakes. Assume an air of nonchalance to show the quarterdeck staff that it's all just a piece of cake. As you are passing the gangway slam the gears into reverse and **HANG ON!**—then go round

again. The sternsheetsmen will reboard the boat at the gangway.

**Your first trip**—The cardinal rule for boat running is punctuality. Always leave dead on time—it helps the administration of the ship's routine. The good boat runner will have checked his watch with the Navigating Officer's chronometer and knows to a split second the time he has to leave. At H minus 2 seconds, the Commander appears at the top of the ladder attired for cricket. Don't be overawed. His first foot is leaving the gangway as zero hour strikes. Right—full ahead. Don't bother to go back and pick him out of the water. He'll have to return on board to change and a wet person does so ruin your paintwork.

You're off—and now we come to rule number two. Remember the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Ignore anything lying in the path between you and your goal—water boats, gash barges, dinghies, native canoes—ignore them. They'll soon get the idea and keep out your way, making life very much easier. The 'Rule of the Road' is for dull, formal types and of course is far too infra dig!

On approaching a jetty, head straight for it. It's a well-known fact that if you aim straight for a thing, you can't possibly hit it—the Gunnery Branch have been demonstrating this for years! Straight in—full astern, wheel hard over, then limp slowly back to the ship to be hoisted in for repairs. Stand the Shipwright Officer your tot. Then you can nip ashore to see your girl friend instead of running liberty trips.

Miscellaneous points—

**Admiral's Barge**—On passing the Admiral's Barge, don't be stand-offish.

Give him a cheery wave of the hand—he'll love it! If you're really close, a cheerful "Watcher cock" is a splendid gesture.

Admirals DO so like to be noticed.



*Some people are just plain greedy!*

Lady Passengers—When ladies step on board your boat, pull your cap rakishly over one eye; narrow your eyes shrewdly and survey your command with that hard nautical look (but pay no attention at this stage to the ladies. They know you are doing a difficult dangerous job and they will love you for it). Rap out your orders to the crew in short crisp terms, raising your voice slightly (but only slightly—don't shout) to make sure the ladies hear you. Once you have left the jetty, leave the wheel to someone else and nip aft to the cabin to entertain them!

Children—NEVER allow children in your boat. If however, you sometimes find it impossible to

follow this golden rule, the following hints may help.

If they cause any trouble, hit them on the head with a boat-hook.

The "Hey-Mister-you've-got-your-cap-on-back-to-front" or "Coo-what-a-stinking-old-boat-this-is" type of small boy, should be taken aft on the pretext of looking at the engines and quietly thrown over the stern. Keep a few  $\frac{3}{4}$  cwt. sinkers in the after cabin for this purpose.

Remember all these rules and you will be revered, respected and esteemed for the rest of the commission—even if you have to play out time as a Heads Sweeper.

B.M.J.V.

## MOMBASA MEMORIES

(Continued from page 13)



lifelike models of the gentle gazelle, hartbeeste, impala and other fauna of grassland and jungle. And in the dark evenings one could relax with a lager in the Rainbow Bar or indulge in a Lobster Thermidor in the Nelson Restaurant.

Mombasa, however, besides being the centre of our activities was also the gateway to Kenya. One of the disadvantages of naval visits to foreign ports is that it is not always possible to explore the hinterland. How easy it is to boast that one has been to a foreign country when what one really did was to stroll down the main street of the port or play games at the local sports club. But this particular visit was different. Goodwill and hospitality flowed into the ship and encompassed all messes. As a result, in the words of an ex-navy man in the Kenya Police who wrote to the *Guzz Gazette*, "members of the ship's company appeared in all parts of the colony". Bearded blue jackets filtrated into Amboselli and Tsavo Game Reserves and frightened away the elephants; occupied Nairobi and entertained the locals in the National Theatre; drove tractors over the red earth in up-country farms; bathed in the surf at Nyali and Malindi; struggled up to the snows of Kilimanjaro; sang to soldiers in Nanyuki, and went with them on anti Mau Mau patrols in the Aberdare Forest. All came back alive, full of experiences that will not be forgotten and with a deeper appreciation of some of the problems of modern colonial life.



Regretfully we had to leave on June 27th; for once not at daybreak but at the reasonable hour of 1740, so that our new friends could really give us a good send-off. They tumbled out of their offices, banks and shops into hundreds of cars, speeded along to Azania Drive, and cheered and waved from vantage points all along the low cliffs right up to Ras Serani lighthouse, as with the band playing we steamed slowly away in the setting sun.

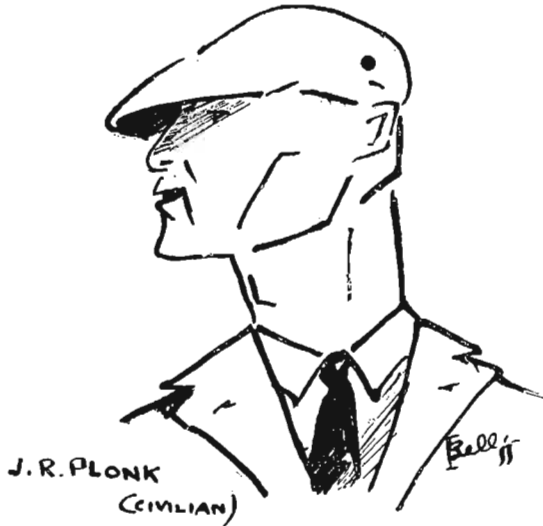
Santasan, Mombasa, jambo, jambo.

# TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

(Or " . . . . ")

"**L**IFE in the Forces"—a problem that faces all modern youth. To be dragged from the shelter of home, disciplined into a name and number, and churned out of the official mincing machine, is a thought that may turn many a young man's heart to a lesser thing. Come what may however, rain or snow, few escape and so comes the fatal day.

You arrive at Portsmouth, and haunted by visions of Hood and Nelson, Rodney and Drake, you face the "Gateway to the Navy". You take a faltering step and then with shoulders back and head high you step over the threshold of a new life. The gates of civilisation close behind you and J.R.Plonk, civilian, becomes O/S. Plonk, R.N.—



to be prodded, pushed, poked and measured like a side of beef; to be graded and filed, and eventually to become a 'Jack'.

But joy of joy, at last you go down to the sea in ships (Portland Harbour), and learn the jargon of the 'Andrew'. 'Oppo', 'Wings' . . . . . and a thousand and one unknown terms. You salute everything that moves and paint everything that does not. You march, run, sleep, and die a thousand deaths at the command of your instructor. You learn to know that the 'sharp end' goes through the water first and why, to eat the food given, to go ashore, to live the life, and how to be a sailor. All to soon you become T.M.—a passport to Jago's, a passport to . . . . . ?! ? \*? Once again you go through the never-tiring machine, to be stamped and classified, to become an unknown quantity in Admiralty files. You serve your apprenticeship to "The Art of Skiving", i.e. to be doing something when someone is there and to be doing nothing when there's not; to be first in the Dinner queue and first for run; to be first for tea and first ashore; to be first everytime; to be there when required.

You eventually crawl under the wing of some duty P.O. and procure a special duty. You disappear into the intricate machine of Barracks life and meet the 'Old Salts', the 'badge-men',

the pensioners. To hear tales of 'when I was foreign' told with such force that all can be nothing but true. So for a while life becomes tranquil. You study and learn the way of the Navy and suddenly realise the full meaning of Darwin's "Origin of the Species".\* But the evils of the Drafting Office conspire against you and ultimately produce a ship, which to them is always "Just the job", but to 'Jan' is the greenest of green rubs.

You sail for foreign lands, sunshine and adventure. You seek out the 'Barons', 'strangle' all within sight, and 'edge-in' on all available 'grippos'. You indulge in savage 'rabbit runs' and go 'broke'; have 'gulpers' and 'sippers' and write home pathetic tales of the hardbeaten, starving and underpaid N.S. O/D. In all, you live.

Soon you realise your time in the Andrew is drawing to a close and you gaze with longing eyes at the calendar for the day you go 'outside'. You feel envy and pity for the 'seven and five' chaps, for while you will be once again J.R.Plonk, civilian, they will be sailing the seven seas, seeking new 'runs' and returning to old haunts. You may have grumbled; you may have sworn and raved, but something, however small, however inconceivable, something will have been gained by those two years. And one will remember, when the photographs fade, the body ages and the memory dulls, —"The Two Years before the Mast".

\*NOTE: Darwin's "Origin of Species" states "That life has developed and progressed by the ever continuous principle of the survival of the fittest" (and Oh, how true in the Andrew!).

A NATIONAL SERVICEMAN.





# ROUND THE DIVISIONS

## *PER SIGNA SAPIENTA*

**T**HE Communications Branch is, traditionally, the silent branch of the Silent Service, and so our contribution to this book will be of modest dimensions! In any case with the introduction of the General Service Commission there is less to relate than in the days when we boasted of our 'two and four' or even more.

The branch is one of the smallest in the ship with about twelve senior and forty junior ratings. These are augmented, when the C. in C. is embarked by another four senior and five junior ratings. The branch is further sub-divided into wireless and signal ratings of which there are slightly more 'sparkers' than there are 'buntings'. The Coder/Educ. is also officially part of the branch although we have not seen very much of him! We hope, however, that he has been happy in his work, coaching those of us who are not quite so 'well up', for E.T.1 and E.T.2 and ensuring that we all return our library books on time.

The communicator's work, as most of us know, concerns the handling of all signals, whether written in plain language or encrypted. Every signal has to be logged, typed, duplicated and distributed as necessary throughout the ship, and in a flagship the cryptographic part of signalling, which all sparkers and buntings have to deal with, accounts for at least half of all signal traffic.



Amongst other things cryptography requires a fair degree of mathematical genius!

We have various transmitters throughout the ship which enable us to send signals to all parts of the world, and we beg the pardon of any Royal Marine or Boy who may have been trampled on by one of the wireless branch in his efforts to get to the transmitter rooms situated under the respective mess decks. The buntings have their troubles too, as they are responsible for typing all messages and, with the help of the Seamen Messenger Boys, ensuring delivery to the officers concerned.

On normal days the main duty of the Flagdeck staff has been to keep a good look-out and to communicate with any passing ships. To date we have exchanged identities with well over a thousand merchant ships. During combined exercises, however, such as J.E.T., the Flagdeck was the scene of much activity dealing with short operational messages with either flags, light or semaphore.

Statistics show that an average of 180 signals a day were handled during J.E.T., but even when there are no exercises about 50 a day are dealt with. Up to Christmas the grand total handled since the beginning of the commission was in the region of 35,000. A large number of private telegrams have also been dealt with, particularly over Christmas and the New Year.

We have managed to produce a few pages of news each morning for your perusal. This has called for the combined efforts of P.O.Tels. Gilvary and Davies who have listened to the ordinary B.B.C. News Bulletins and endeavoured to type as much as they can from this broadcast. From the two rough copies a master copy has been produced and this is finally distributed round the ship. The work generally takes as long as two hours, with an extra hour on Saturdays to cope with the Football results and League Tables. We apologise for the occasional error that has crept in, but reception has often been poor. However our efforts must have been read as any errors are inevitably pointed out to us by at least half the ship's company—usually rather forcibly!

In the sporting world we have done exceptionally well and we venture to say that no other division has equalled our achievements. At the inter part athletics we came second to the Royal Marines, being beaten by only one point. Yeo Wright won the javelin although he had never thrown one before in his life. Actually he tripped at the throwing point and thereby achieved the immense (to him) distance of 118 feet 6 inches. Yeo Benfield and Ldg. Tel. Hague have been regular members of the Ship's Rugger XV and others have played for the second string.



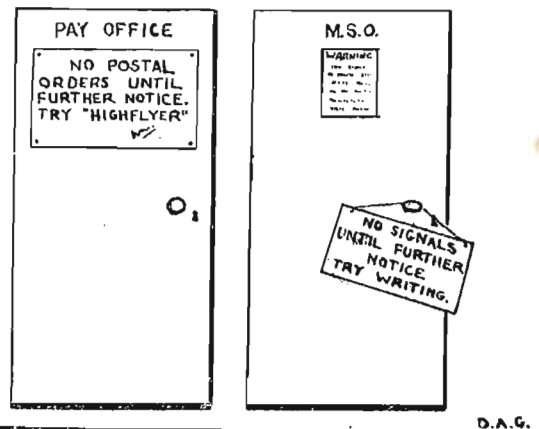
We head the Soccer league table and with only one game to play are full of confidence about retaining this position. Ldg. Sig. Broadfoot and Ord. Sig. Turner and regular Ship's players. We have yet to be beaten at cricket at which Idg. Sig. Murphy is the star player. We have had our share of players in the Hockey Team amongst them Ldg. Tel. Tawton and Chief Yeo. Smith (Umpire). We were a little unlucky in the inter part competition but this has been mentioned in the Hockey Notes.

Our swimmers Menzies, Redpath, Rushton, Crooke, Head and Richings gained us first place in this sport and Yeo. Benfield has been a regular member of the Ship's Water Polo Team.

In the Regatta, we had a thrilling pull against the Wardroom whom we beat by one second after

leading at one stage by four lengths. Our crew was very heavy, probably the heaviest in the ship, and we thought we did well to come in third against the R.P.N. at Karachi. From bow to cox our crew, was, Fallon, Hague, Aire, Benefield, Suter and Tawton.

Finally we thank all other departments for their co-operation and hope we have not trod on too many corns. A special word of thanks, perhaps, to the Electrical Dept. for all the 'amps' they have given us—the figure must be astronomical—as well as other things, begged, borrowed or just plain pinched! We wish everyone a happy homecoming and a good leave and a prosperous life to those going outside and the draft of their choice to those who have not yet done their time.



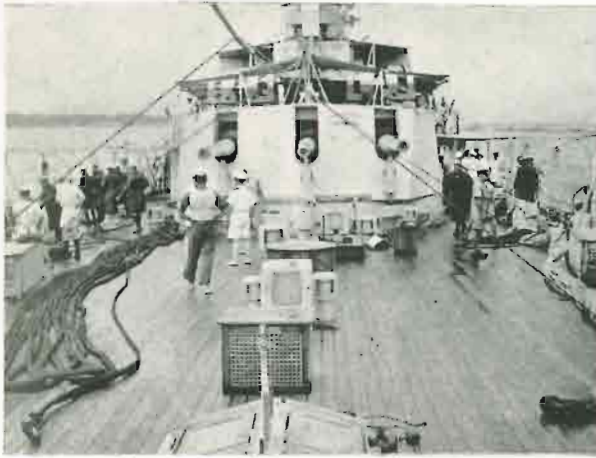
## THE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

In keeping with the best traditions of the Royal Navy the Engineering Department has quietly and efficiently provided the essential services so necessary in the Flag Ship of the East Indies Station.

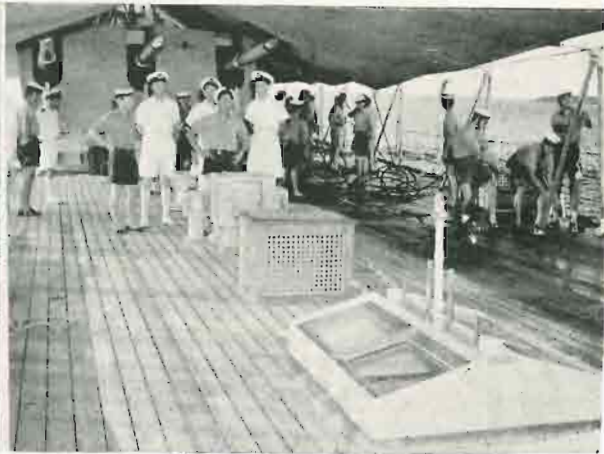
A short list of some of these services is given below for those of our readers who may not appreciate to the full what they comprise. The list of course, does not indicate an order of priority

Air Conditioning Aft.  
Constant H & C.  
Ice for Cocktails.  
Hives for Bees.  
Strainers for Jelly Fish.  
Cooling for Beer.  
Peelers for Spuds.  
Oil for Quarter Decks.  
Salutes for Admirals.  
Spills for 'L.' flat.  
Beards for Barbers.  
Air for Guns.  
Dips for Divers.  
Defaulters for Commanders.  
Steam for Main Engines.  
Revs, non-denominational, for screws.  
General Service for the Commander (E).

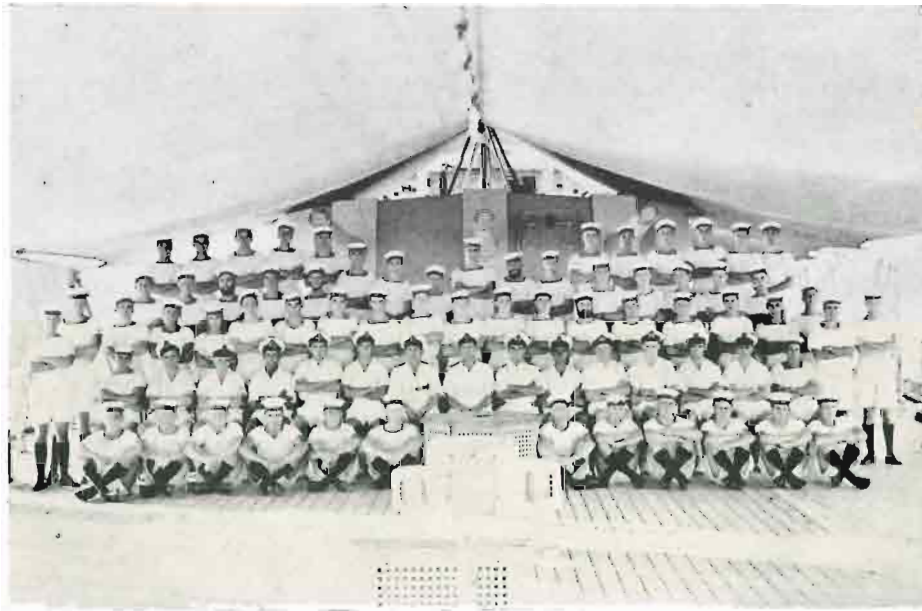
# THE QUARTERDECK



*Five minutes before entering harbour*



*Final adjustments are made*



*Quarterdeckmen*



*In ceremonial mood*



*More lighthearted.*



# QUARTERDECK DIVISIONAL NOTES

WHEN it was first decided to allow one page of the commission book to each division the Quarter-deck Division inundated the editor with pages of manuscript which had been the diary of one of the able seamen of the division. From these pages many of the following remarks are taken, but it was quite obvious from the start that we would be unable to publish all the references without risking libel actions for offending the more sensitive amongst us.

We have had an interesting commission at the after end of the ship, and although we have not been able to see all the V.I.P.s who have trodden on the hallowed ground, we have caught the occasional glimpse of a Sheik or Political Agent making his official call, no doubt impressed by what the Mombasa Times called "The gleaming brass", and of course the deck. The deck is primarily made of wood, but not the common or garden wood that you find on the floors of houses or up beyond the catwalk—no, this demands a special sort of treatment. First we allow the dockyard maties of Devenport to spread their oily feet all over it, then we cover it with lime which sets so hard that it has to be chipped off, then we scrape it and wash it. Now this washing is not the normal type of washing that you may encounter in your own home; it is unique. First you get up early and after you have tried to be detailed for store party you are sent down to provide scrubbers. The scrubber is a long handled instrument and the end of the handle fits into a round hole in the bit of wood with the bristles in it. The system was invented in the early paleolithic age and has been handed down from father to son until the present day. It was used with such success for brooms and mops that just after Nelson's time they decided to use it for scrubbers. It soon became obvious that when the scrubber was immersed in water the hole in the wood would swell, allowing the handle to escape, but this fact has been kept a dark secret until now when at last it can be told. You have a choice; either you don't scrub hard enough to loosen the handle or you spend the whole of the 'scrub-deck' period trying to fit the thing together again. ("Don't hit that handle on the deck here, you'll wake someone up—take it off the Q.D.") Having armed yourself with your weapon you trip lightly down aft, confident that the next scene in the before-breakfast comedy is about to start.

The cast is the same for both variations of the scene and although there are little differences in each presentation, the broad outlines are roughly the same. In scene one the Captain of the Q.D. rigs the hose on the deck and waits for the nozzle to arrive. When eventually this elusive article is found, the water is switched on and a thick glutinous mass of oil is sprayed over the snow-white

wood. Reactions of the cast are shown below under scene one reading from top to bottom.

In scene two the Captain of the Q.D. rigs the hose on the deck and does not wait for the nozzle to arrive. The steady stream of crystal clear water cascading on the clean deck dwindles to a trickle. The fire-main pressure falling fast to the scene the Engine-room staff. Reactions of the cast are again listed below this time reading from bottom to top.

<i>Dramatis Personae</i>	<i>Scene I</i>	<i>Scene II</i>
Captain of the Q.D.	Irate	Offended and unrelenting
Divisional Officer or understudy	Irate moves off right to Engineers Office	Moves off left quietly
The Hands	Amused	Highly amused
The Engineer	Occasionally apologetic usually explanatory with diagrams and gestures	Irate

"That is why so much Pussers' lime is used"

That is enough about the work that the division does, although it is a temptation to spread ourselves further and include all the remarks about 'Y' turret, the Royal Marines and the effort required to secure the ship to a buoy astern. Now about the sport.

We have a splendid divisional football team though we say it ourselves. It is well led and enthusiastically supported and met with great success until on the indifferent ground at Bahrain we lost our chance to win the inter-part league in a frustrating draw with the Communications Division. As well as enjoying it, it did give the 'old men' of the division some exercise.

In the ship's team we have always been represented, usually by the two outstanding players in the team.

Boxing is probably the next favourite sport with us and the majority of the team is drawn from Quarterdeckmen. Seven of the division have represented the ship in boxing competitions at Zanzibar, Seychelles or Diyatalawa—"Well done" to them.

At rugger we again provide more than our fair share of players at least three of us being in every

team that has been fielded. At cricket, although we have had little success in the league, we have always been ready to field a team even at the last minute by a triumph of organisation by the team secretary?? In the 1st XI we have usually had our representatives and it was largely due to the contribution from us that the ship's company beat the officers in the game at Trincomalee. On the Hockey we have lagged a bit, but occasionally manage to get two players into the 1st eleven.

At the time of going to press we have a whaler's crew being formed which has a good chance of getting into the regatta at Karachi. Looming up in the future we see more of every kind of sport before the commission ends and whenever a team leaves the Gambia to play any game be it Darts, Snooker, Boxing or softball, Quarterdeckmen will be there.

Finally we turn to the Messdecks. Up there on the starboard side of 'A' barrette are the Quarter-

deck messes. Never are there less than fifty crammed up together in this small space and although conditions are not ideal we have managed to win the 'cake' or more than our fair ration of cigarettes regularly. We also have our 'characters'—the chap with the baboon's head—Robert Mitchum with his slate grey eyes—and many others. If you don't know a Quarterdeckman when you see one you will recognize him because he doesn't like

- (1) Stokers who allow oil fuel to get on his deck
- (2) Royal Marines who don't wash the soles of their boots
- (3) Forecastlemen
- (4) Topmen
- (5) The Electrical branch
- (6) Work.

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## THE BOYS DIVISION

*Divisional Officer; Lt. Cdr. K. C. SIMMONS, R.N.*

*Divisional Petty Officers; P.O. KINRADE and P.O. RYDER*



*The Boy Seamen's Guard*

# THE ASIAN STEWARDS AND COOKS



**I**N this ship we have carried 12 Ceylonese stewards and also 12 Goans. We have all learned something about Ceylon but not everybody knows that Goa, about 400 miles south of Bombay on the west coast of India, is a city of some 600,000 inhabitants. Ever since the domination of that part of India by the Portuguese the Roman Catholic Church has wielded great influence on the affairs of the colony and most of the natives have been converted. It became a centre of Christian civilisation and culture and was known as "The Rome of the East".

As the Goans have adopted a European way of life they have for generations been employed as cooks and stewards by the principal shipping

lines serving the East; and, despite their Portuguese citizenship, in the Royal Navy on the East Indies station. This strange connection with the Royal Navy dates back to early Victorian days. At that time the Goans entered on a normal continuous service engagement, qualifying for a pension at the end of their service. Nowadays they enter on a three-years non-continuous-service engagement without pension rights but with a gratuity after 22 years satisfactory service.

They are a cheerful, hardworking and intelligent race and some of them are exceptional linguists, being able to speak and write Portuguese and English in addition to their own language Conkanim.

## BUZZ-BUZZ

*Have you heard the buzz  
That we're going to  
Guz.*

*It's all round the ship  
That it's our next trip.  
But alack and alas  
I fear it's Madras,  
And then I hear say*

*Our next trip is Bombay.  
The rumour's around  
We're off to the Sound.  
I'm assured that it's  
true*

*And I hope so too.  
The churt-house explain*

*We're heading for  
Spain,*

*But the Tanky has fears  
We're set for Algiers.  
It's said with a smile  
We'll soon see Drake's  
Isle.*

*We're leaving tonight,*

*I do hope he's right.  
We're heavily laden  
Let's hope it's for Aden,  
But just wait and see  
You've got it right--  
Trincomalee !*

R.M.E.



# THE ROYAL MARINE DETACHMENT



LOOKING back we can regard our General Service Commission with satisfaction as it has been both interesting and enjoyable. The two main cruises of the commission took us to some very interesting places and we were all welcomed and entertained in a most hospitable manner. We on our side have, we feel, done our part to keep up the prestige of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines and the British People.

Nairobi, Mombasa, Kilimanjaro, the Seychelles and the Persian Gulf will long be remembered by all of us; especially by those who stepped over the mark and who may now look back and think it was well worth while (we wonder ?!).

Our military role was hampered by the lack of time and opportunities to get ashore. Sea duties aboard kept us very busy and it wasn't until we reached Khor Kuwai that we had a chance to test our full Landing Organisation. The Platoon carried out some exhausting Section attacks and even 'Bungy' Williamson, the Commander's Servant donned his fighting order! We felt an error must have crept in to the O.C.R.M.'s Orders because our two fat men, Bill Laker and Pete Wale, were landed in the Support Group (or was it merely to keep the Sgt. Major company?).

On two occasions there was a possibility of landing in earnest. The first occurred when the Dockyard Police in Trinco. threatened to strike and the second in Bahrain, where again labour troubles were reported. The first of these was, perhaps, averted by the prompt landing of Lieute-

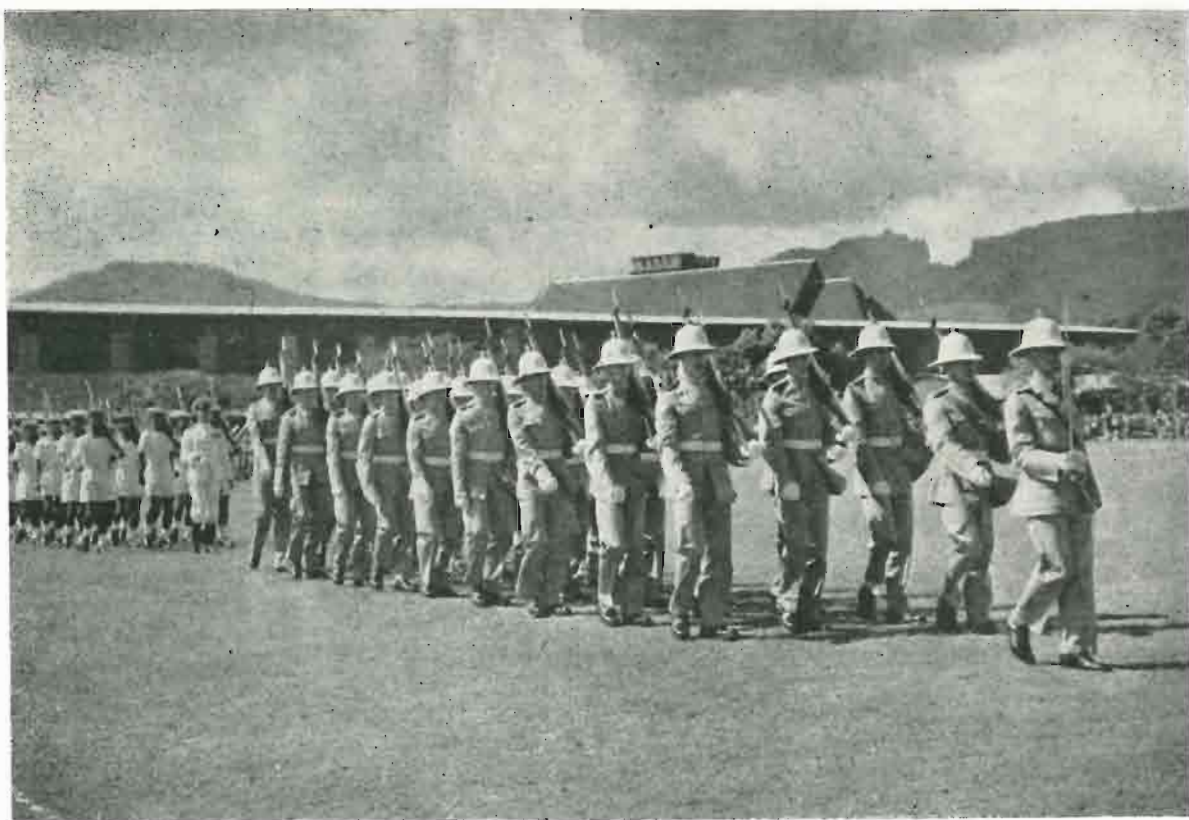
nant Sidwell and the Sergeant Major (complete with Sash!) and the second fizzled out before we entered the Persian Gulf.

The Leave Period at Diyatalawa was enjoyed by all and during this time we managed to fit in our Annual Range Course.

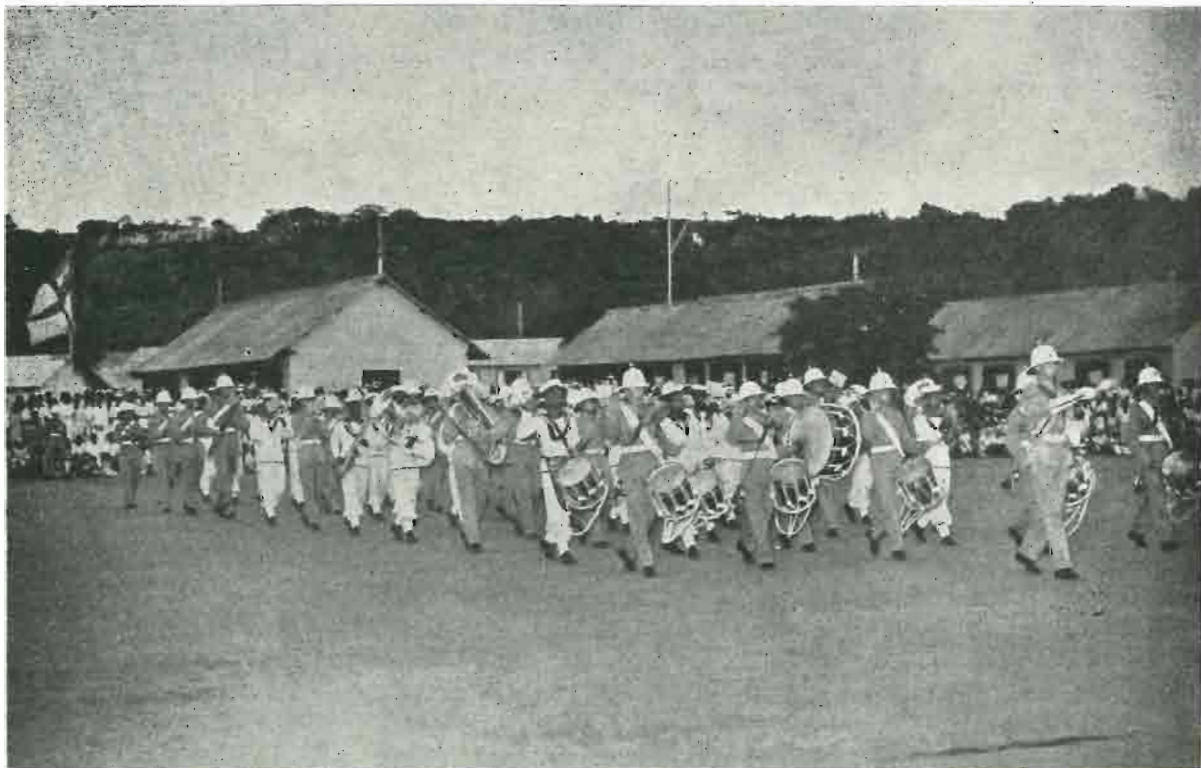
On board we have never had a dull moment with more than a fair share of guards which were paraded, for, amongst others, the Sultan of Zanzibar and the Ruler of Kuwait. At the 'Crossing the Line' ceremonies on the way to Mauritius and returning from the Seychelles the Royals were well to the fore in the shape of Corporal Wyles' 'Pirates' and 'Butch' Vincent and his henchmen. The latter initiated the F.R.M.O., according to 'Neptune's' ancient traditions, with a gusto appropriate to his rank. The 'Pirates' have also been one of the main stays and attractions at the Children's Parties which have been given at most of the places we have visited, to all races of children.

One of the highlights of the East African cruise was the Queen's Birthday Parade at Mauritius. There, thirty of us representing the Corps, took part in this most attractive spectacle which was held at the Police Barracks.

At the time of writing the Persian Gulf cruise is nearly over. We still have to visit Calcutta, Madras and Massawa after Christmas, but if these places are anything like those so far visited then we are certainly in for a pleasant time before we reach 'Guzz' in March.



*The Royal Marines Guard Marching*



*The combined bands playing at the 'Beating the Retreat' ceremony held at the end of J.E.T. This ceremony took place on the hockey pitch at the 'Highflyer' following the match between the R.P.N. and J.N. which ended in a draw*



## FOCSLE DIVISION

IT is said, that when our D.O. first saw the Focslemen in Barracks, he was heard to mutter the prayer "Oh God our help —!". Many months of close association with him has strengthened this rumour. Commissioning day was beginning and as yet we could see no sign of the end. The indescribable bedlam on the Messdeck, where too many people with too much kit were trying to fit into far too small a space, was eventually sorted out by the highly experienced midshipmen left-over from the last commission and man's basic instinct to survive. For some it was their first commission, for others their last, and for the National Servicemen their first and last (lucky devils?). However mingled with their shining angelic faces and as yet unknown personalities were many old ships of an earlier 'foreign'. Naturally no one got the job that they wanted but somehow managed to settle down in the job that they got and in a very short while the characters began to appear.

We were rather disappointed when the ship was delayed in Guzz as we had just got the sharp end looking tiddly and we knew what dockyard smoke could do. Having been in commission three weeks we wanted to get away and get started on the commission proper. However we were mollified by a few days leave and while the Commander was away we managed to 'hard stop' "B" turret.

Our work-up was a three weeks' grind, interspersed with wild weekends in Malta and many a run down the 'Gut'. To our great joy and to the D.O.'s in particular, "A" turret actually fired. The fact that it was like a mad-house inside, in no way affected its efficiency. Also we were getting to know each other rather better. I have been told that certain of the Petty Officers actually unbent so far as to gallop a Garry up and down the main street, shooting imaginary Red Indians to the martial strains of "The Wild Colonial Boy". Others met the W.R.A.F. ashore at Marsax Loka and judging by the gleams in their eyes they were quite pleased with the arrangement. We were sorry to say goodbye to Bob Hope in Malta who left us to go native.

In the athletics held in Malta, Focsle did much better than either of the other Seaman divisions and Cole won a very good hundred yards.

At Port Said we changed from blues to shirts and sandals. At first many of us suffered badly from sunburn and both the Captains of Top went quite lame with sunburned feet. It was now that the Focslemen began to appreciate the awnings and the skylarking in the canvas swimming baths.

The tropical beauty of Trinco. left those, whose birthrights are brights, red plush covered bars and the music of muted trumpets, a trifle cold. However to the many who had never been to the tropics before, the bathing, the palm trees, and Nicholson Lodge were very much enjoyed. Other members appreciated their pints of 'Tiger' in the canteen. One of us actually climbed over his hammock into

the harbour. 'Sammy' the whale shark swam around but it seems that Gabby didn't appreciate him. The D.O.'s Welsh Choir managed to get in a couple of good runs, and later took part in the concert party.

The East African cruise was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. The Concert Party was a great success in all its fourteen performances and the one and only 'Gabby' Hayes stole the show with "Cigareettes and whusky an' wild wild wimmin". Mauritius was a wonderful time and by the time we had reached Mombasa, Petty Officer McKinley and Leading Seaman Bourke had earned the title of the Focsle Grippio Kings. The leave party up to Nairobi was a heaven sent opportunity for the privileged few. They had a marvellous time up country; though the concert party say that they had to work very hard; and train journey back was also fun!

Dar-es-Salaam was the best run of the cruise for most people and this became increasingly obvious from the reluctance to come back on board. In fact rumour has it that two of our members returned in civvies via the hawse pipe. Two others had the strength of mind, or greenness, to drag themselves from the fleshpots and climb Kilimanjaro, and one says he reached the top.

Such is the fickleness of some of us, that those who kept saying "Oh lets go back to Mauritius" were the same as those who later said, "lets go back to the Seychelles". In fact one or two tried to get the D.O. to get them a draft to LOCH KILLISPORT when they learnt what her cruise was going to be. Anyhow Seychelles is out of this world. I don't think that there is anyone who would not like to back to this unspoilt with its hospitable people.

Neptunus Rex et Imperator honoured our focsle by initiating the uninitiated mid water, flour, barbers, bears, bands, policemen and of course Queen Amphitrite, on the wooden deck by "A" turret.

Back to Trinco. to the hard work of JET. Then the glorious ten days at Diyatalawa, with tea in bed; daily dodging the flying golf balls (as many more matelots were playing golf on the same course at the same time should have been possible); walks and a nightly sing-song in the canteen.

After Diyatalawa we got down to the serious business of the inter-parts. In soccer our very promising lead was lost after Percy Goodall broke his toe and Sails went sick. However our disappointment was made up for by beating the Somalis in the Hockey final.

We sailed for the Persian Gulf cruise after two days in Colombo, during which time we saw a big city for the first time in months. We sailed with a lot of brand new tattoos, glad to be getting a change and knowing that there were only four more months to Guzz. Roll on!



## "OUR TOP DIVISION"

*Divisional Officer*

Lt. N.S. Phillips, R.N. (The Gaffer)

*Captain of the Top*

P.O.E.G. Sharman (The Foreman)

*Divisional Petty Officer*

P.O. D.C. Seignot (Assistant Foreman)

FOR those readers not acquainted with naval architecture, and I'm sure there will be many, let me explain that the 'Top' of a ship is not the highest part but consists of the waistline—not as in Monroe, because GAMBIA's vital measurements are 62: 62: 62: (feet, of course). It might be better described as the centre portion. The waistline is surmounted by a Boat deck and the latter by the Bofors Gun deck, which was at one time the roof of the aircraft hangars (pre jet-age of course). Accessories to match include boat booms, ladders, engine room boiler exhausts and intakes and other useless items, all of which add to the miseries of the 'Workmen'—the stalwarts who are responsible for the daily chores.

The highest part, the Bofors Gun deck—so high indeed that the 'Foremen' rarely get up to it—is the site where groups of 'workmen' gather for a 'natter' and an unofficial smoke during working hours. It is a vantage point from which one can see for miles, or more particularly the 'Gaffer' or 'Foremen' approaching from afar—unless, of course, they have crept stealthily up the internal bridge ladders, which is unlikely as our bosses are rather past that sort of thing.

Looking backwards and downwards one sees the vast boat deck—invariably carrying unserviceable boats in which the workmen were hoping to go ashore. The centre-piece of this deck is a mechanical monster called a crane, which is fed regularly with black grease and which it occasionally disgorges on to the white suits of unsuspecting persons below. Once in a while the monster lifts the boats out and down into the water, whereupon some kind persons fill the empty space with swings, slides and see-saws, for the entertainment of the workmen (and even the old foreman).

Then when they tire, children from ashore get a chance to enjoy the ship's parties!

Under the boat deck, reaching backwards on either side of the engine and boiler room 'necessaries', are the 'waists'. They extend from the galley to the 'Promenade Deck,' in the rear, and consist of main pathways near which are the workshops. The latter are noted for leaving tell-tale marks of their industry in the form of backflash smoke from the incinerator, sawdust from the carpenters, anvil dust from the blacksmiths, oil from the torpedoes and tubes and dirt, dirt and more DIRT!

Lest we forget—our chimneys! Both rising like magnificent memorials to the science of Shipbuilding. Around the base of each, the workmen can normally be found in cold climates trying to keep warm. In tropical climates, however, they become places where everything "that's in the way" or "will come in handy later" is placed. They are also the places where oiling hoses discharge 'black gold' over our brilliant paintwork and on the spotless white screens which make the bases of our chimneys look natty.

This is our 'Top.' Not for us the glories of hard-won sports trophies; startling seamanship with anchors and cables or the paint and brass of the 'Promenade Deck', but the 'centre portion'—the 'waist'—call it what you will, at least it is the part where the work is happily done. Rarely are recommendations given. The 'Gaffer' inspects at the wrong times; someone is always making a mess of 'striking' oil from a ventilator pipe and the crane may decide not to lift any more, but when the 'Workmen' finish work before inspections, entering foreign ports and the like, there's OUR TOP—immaculate!

**WE'RE THE TOPMEN—THE WORKMEN**



## ELECTRICAL DIVISION

FOR most of the division the commission started as long ago as November 1954, when an understanding drafting authority gave us a good turnover with the last commission, thus ensuring that we knew quite a bit about equipment, and that most of it worked, by the time commissioning day came along. Subsequent delays were irksome, but by the time we sailed we'd managed to exchange all our Electrician's Mates for a knowledgeable bunch of Electrical Mechanics, as well as having some of our more fragile wiring replaced by helpful "maties". It also enabled us to start sorting out the lame and the skates since when butter would not melt in our mouths, and the "Jaunty" has e'er smiled on us.

The work-up period at Malta was fairly strenuous but there was time enough to put up a good show at the ship's athletic meeting, and to enjoy a divisional bus tour of the more interesting parts of the island. The remainder of the outward trip was uneventful, with great concentration on beard-growing, floodlight manufacture, and "routines", and trying to imagine how they used to pass their time during the last commission.

The big event on reaching Trinco was EM Geoghegan's wedding, at which he was assisted and encouraged by his mess-mates, and which gave us the distinction of being the only division with a "native."

The Pakistan Artificers who joined then for 6 months training, found their first precision job was to fit into the Electrical Messdeck. An interference fit however has been avoided by all-round tolerance, even under conditions of differential expansion and heat fatigue. They have worked in all sections of the department and we hope they've enjoyed their stay.

The East African cruise is a Kaleidoscopic

memory, retreat floodlighting, the power station tour, and frequent trips to Vacoas, in Mauritius; the lucky up-country party at Mombasa, and P.O. El. Pike's Mau-Mau (door) bolt-action fire arm; fireworks at Zanzibar; the tragic accident at Dar-es-Salaam which left E. A's Down, Addison, and Bartlett, in hospital, luckily to rejoin us later at Trinco, with inspiring stories of Electrical opportunities for time-expired men in East Africa; the divisional banyan in the Seychelles, where true discipline was evident, for when told to jump from the Cutter and swim ashore they all jumped—including the E.M. who couldn't swim; and Concert Party Electrics in all these places.

Jet was a strenuous time, enlivened by Provisional Examinations for some, and by games with the Delhi's Electrical Division, in which honour was satisfied; we won the soccer, they the hockey. After JET, Diyatalawa, and then the self maintenance period, with tours of Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa for the high-brows, and a heavily rained-on boating picnic for the low-brows; but most notable, the sporting programme, with the Electrical soccer team resplendent in its distinctive sportsgear bought by general subscription, largely raised by the efforts of C. E. A. Skilton (his device for getting blood from a stone is expected to win a Lott award).

Individual achievements have been many: C.R.E.A. Caiger promoted to Branch Rank; Rowlands and Carnell advanced to 1st class Mechanics; Bartlett and Hallett to 4th class Artificers; Ackford, Bence, Hughes and Rowe to P.O. Electricians; Morris, Ingram and Shepherd to Leading rating; while many others have qualified provisionally for advancement, G.C.E., H.E.T., E.T.I. and swimming.

## THE SOMALIS

OUR thirty odd Somalis arrived onboard Gambia one dark snowy night in "Guzz" way back in April. The sight of them with their mountain of baggage, shivering in the cold despite large greatcoats obviously designed for one size of man and thus ludicrously big for the majority and far too small for the six footers, will remain with us for sometime. This of course depends on whether one can really recall the feeling of being cold, a hard task at Trincomalee where the sweat continually courses down one's face. However to return to the happy warriors from the N.E. of Africa, with their various customs and rituals. They have all impressed us with the ease at which they can get away with two Christmas's in the middle of summer, once on the East African cruise and once in Trincomalee. Then again their weekly singsongs have meant a lot to the upper seaman's messdeck, who gathered round to listen of an evening to the wild and fascinating music which would come vibrating up from the hatch leading below.

Of course their real achievement onboard, taking

sport for a moment, has been their success at hockey. For the Somali this has meant a great deal. He has been able to get ashore and thoroughly enjoy a good game against all comers. They have challenged everyone they could think of and on only a very few occasions were they beaten. When writing this they have reached the finals of the Interpart hockey, which is one better than they did in Newfoundland.

The man who has done a tremendous amount to keep everyone contented and free from squabbles is of course Noor Suliman, the Chief Tindal. The origin of Tindal no one seems to know, but this chief "one" really is a force to be reckoned with, that is if one ever does want to reckon with a force. He reached his fiftieth birthday during the East African cruise and yet he is as nimble as the best of us, especially where Tombola is concerned!

To sum up these Aden boys, with their camels and sheep at home awaiting their return; They have crossed the Line with due ceremony, they have climbed the masts with less, they have shown us good hockey, so let them remember that Gambia was best!



... CERTAIN BEARDED  
PLAYERS.

## SPORTS OFFICER'S ROUND-UP

THE commission started in typical West Country weather entailing the cancellation of many of the games arranged which proved very frustrating for all concerned and slowed up the all-important talent seeking operations.

The financial outlook, too, was gloomy and even a loan of £250 from the R.N. & R.M. Sports Control Board only enabled us to buy just enough gear to get along.

Once we left England the weather was right for sport but the opportunities few because of the work-up. Nevertheless, in Malta, we managed to get in quite a few games, including some at Kalafrana. Who of those present will ever forget the fag-end of a soccer team plus a few tennis players battling their way ashore in a fishing boat after boat traffic had been suspended?

The cricket season opened while we were at Malta, but not until Wednesday of the last week. By re-arranging the practice programme and thanks to the brilliant co-operation of the Mct. Officer who let it rain all over the island except on Corrandino Hill, we slipped in a couple of trial games.

We were all very conscious at this time of the heavy demands which were going to be made on our representative teams during the East African cruise and of the very short stay in Trincomalee before the cruise started in which to get them settled.

The brief spell in Aden was packed with incident in all worlds, and in the sporting one a lot was done in the short time thanks to the willing and helpful cooperation of the R.A.F., who provided both grounds and transport without a murmur.



When we reached Trinco. it was heartening to see so many sports grounds and to find that the GAMBIA was given top priority on all of them; our need to get teams more or less settled before the cruise started having been appreciated in advance of our arrival. Inter part soccer and cricket leagues and an inter part hockey knock-out were started.

The only sports which we couldn't cater for were swimming and rugger and, as there had been no opportunity for these at Malta, we sailed on the cruise with only the Devonport knowledge of our rugger players and none at all of our swimmers to go on.

Mauritius soon showed that the players representing the ship were going to have an extremely strenuous time and we became very wary of accepting challenges for representative teams outside the official programme. Private games on a departmental level were encouraged and several took place, the limiting factor being the availability of grounds.

We did nearly everything at Mauritius, the soccer world being busiest as usual with three elevens as well as several departmental sides on the go. An unusual sport occurred on the first Sunday in June which was the opening of the "Chase" season and two parties headed by the Admiral and the Captain set out very early in the morning with guns under their arms and sympathy in their hearts. The expected massacre did not materialise, however, a running deer being surprisingly difficult to hit.

We will probably remember our sport in Mauritius more for the beauty of the setting and the hospitality of our hosts than for any particularly memorable matches. The Garrison Ground at Vacoas must surely be one of the loveliest outside England and rumour has it that other things than sport went on within the bounds of the Dodo Club at Curepipe. The combined bus tours cum soccer matches were also very popular.

The longest visit of the cruise—thirteen days at Mombasa—did not give enough time for everyone to do all that they wanted and our teams were somewhat unsettled by the GAMBIA'S attempt to colonise most of Kenya and to take over Nairobi complete during the second week. (I hear that Lt. Cdr. Vigrass is considering running for Mayor at the next elections, while R.P.O. Winter has been offered the job of Chief Constable and O.A. Dickinson is negotiating a contract with Nairobi Radio!)

Our swimmers took to the water in Mombasa for the first time after very inadequate opportunity for practice, and entered for the Swimming Gala at the Florida Baths—the Captain winning the veterans' race.

The soccer teams struck up a very pleasant liaison with the R.N. Armament Depot, whilst

enthusiastic opponents both for hockey and cricket were found in the Sikh Union and the Goan Institute. The Shell Company will be remembered with gratitude, not only for the games we played against them, but also for their kindness in providing transport on so many occasions.

The Sports Club lived up to its name by fielding teams against us at rugger, soccer, hockey, cricket, tennis and squash. The club was also the venue for the Rugger Dance and our players' training must have been set back at least ten days if the spirit in the changing room after matches carried on throughout the evening.

Only the boxers had yet to have a chance to show their skill and their opportunity came at our next port of call, Zanzibar. The three days spent there were slightly less strenuous than most and gave us a small breathing space before going on to Dar-es-Salaam (although probably the soccer players won't agree with this!).

Three things stand out in my memory of Dar-es-Salaam; first the terribly exciting Rugby match which resulted in our winning the MacMichael Cup; second the cosmopolitan crowd of twenty sporting types who went off by train to Morogoro for the weekend, prepared, as a result of many conflicting signals, to play cricket, tennis, hockey, rugger or squash and, in fact, did most or all of these plus some pretty hectic social work as well; and last the ubiquitous Mr. Taylor, head of the Public Works Transport Department, who was always at Customs House Jetty to see teams off in their transport and who always managed to be waiting to welcome them at their destination.

The centre of sporting life at Dar was the Gymkhana Club where we played soccer, cricket, rugger, hockey and tennis, and whose members were most hospitable both on the club premises and in their homes.

Four days rest at sea brought us to Mahe in the Seychelles and we entered an entirely different world unaffected by the rush of modern life, where the leisureliness of pre-war days still reigned.

The sporting world was active as the one combination soccer cum hockey cum cricket ground would allow, but in general we had a wonderful period of relative peace and quiet.

Back at Trincomalee inter part games had to take second place to trials to select the R.N. Teams for the very heavy inter Navy sporting programme which always runs parallel with the professional side of J. E. T. The GAMBIA's players formed the bulk of all the teams and acquitted themselves nobly.

No sooner was J. E. T. over than the first leave party disappeared to Diyatalawa to embark on

what for many must have been an entirely new sport—golf! Although the Secretary of the Royal and Ancient might not have approved, it was an inspiring and unforgettable sight to see throngs of gally dressed 'Henry Cottons' fighting their way round the nine-hole course, displaying those qualities so essential to a fighting man—initiative, resource, enterprise and guts. Perhaps, the prize should go to Leading Seaman Yates who, though left handed, battled his way round with only a right handed driver.

'Hell-fire Corner' had nothing on the intersection of the third, fourth and ninth fairways, and war-time veterans were observed on occasions to blench under the hail of golf balls. Near misses were generally taken in good part but Staff Bandmaster Winchester was once heard to mutter something about golf etiquette after being nicely straddled.

## SPORT ON THE PERSIAN GULF CRUISE

First step Khot Kuwai on this our second cruise, and here the only sport that we could get was lurking the island goats as we exercised the ship's landing parties. But the brief respite was quickly over and when we arrived at Bahrein we found a large programme waiting for us once again. From Bahrein to Bombay we played everything from inter-part rugby to some magnificent games of softball, where our training at Trincomalee paid dividends in the end.

The grounds at Bahrein were but a foretaste of the type of pitch that we were to meet throughout the cruise, and we were lucky to escape without more injuries on the pebble and rock-strewn sands. Bahrein also saw, virtually, the end of the inter-part football league when the Communications drew with the Quarterdeck division thus ensuring that they could not be beaten. (At the time of writing the result of this competition is not yet decided and the Q.D. can still draw with the Comms.)

On our way down from Baera the pace started quickening and the number of fixtures at Abadan, Karachi and Bombay was formidable. At Abadan the boxing team once again had a match. The opposition was, however, much too strong and we finished the contest without winning a single

When both parties were back from Diyat, the inter part competitions got into full swing and the Foxle won the knock-out hockey from the Somalis just before the Persian Gulf cruise. Singles and doubles tennis tournaments were held and representative soccer, hockey and cricket matches were squeezed in for good measure.

During the visit to Trinco. of the U.S.S. Greenwich Bay, one of their officers very kindly ran an instructional soft-ball session and the seed was sown from which we confidently hoped would grow a team to do battle in the Persian Gulf.

Preliminary began during this period for the regatta to be held in Karachi versus the R.P.N., but we only had one whaler on the go and training was confined to non-working hours. Nevertheless a number of hands and seats received a preliminary toughening.

light. In the Athletics, which was arranged there, we were also beaten but not by a very wide margin and there were some Olympic runners on the other side. At hockey and football, keen games were played and we treasure the photograph of the Captains of the Hockey teams exchanging bouquets of flowers before a rather vigorous match was started.

On to Karachi, where a good evening's boxing against the R.P.N. was enjoyed by the largest number of spectators we have seen from the ship since the start of the commission. The regatta was held here on the 5th December. Our crews had been training since we left Trincomalee on the 19th October, but training from a ship will never be as successful as from a shore establishment and, although we don't want to make excuses for our performance, we weren't half as well trained as the Bahadur crews who won the regatta quite easily. We came second and I am sure all our crews were thankful that they had not been taught the extraordinary stroke that the Pakistanis used.

And so back to Trincomalee and the rain, for some more football, hockey and rugby. When we look back on this commission, I am sure the Persian Gulf cruise will be considered to have been the hardest from the sporting point of view, but nevertheless extremely enjoyable.



# CRICKET



*Officers versus Ship's Company at Trincomalee*

CRICKET was played enthusiastically and supported well throughout the commission and the standard achieved by the 1st XI was very high.

The first trial games were held at Malta during the work-up period. Two trials were played but even so it was not possible to give everyone a game and it was soon realised that competition was keen and that selection of the Ship's Team was not going to be an easy job.

Aden saw us playing our first match and also gave us a taste of real heat. In this game we held the R.A.F. to a tightly fought draw.

Trincomalee found us practising hard and playing all the local teams with some success. GAMBIA'S side was now becoming established and something to be reckoned with.

The East African cruise gave us a lot of cricket on every type of wicket and in many different

surroundings. Perhaps the most memorable of all was the match we played at Vacoas, Mauritius, on a beautiful turf wicket in what surely must be one of the most ideal settings for a cricket ground anywhere. Everything was right and the hospitality we received that day was exceptional. We won a very keen match in spite of the fact that many members of the team had been up until 5 a.m. the night before! But such was the kindness and spirit of our hosts that win or lose it would have made no difference to our enjoyment of the day's cricket. Leading Signalmen Murphy took 8 wickets for 22 runs—a very good performance.

The ship also produced teams from first to third elevens to play at Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam and the Seychelles, all of which were thoroughly enjoyed. R.P.O. Winter had a 'benefit' match against the Mombasa Sports Club where he scored 53 runs and also took 4 wickets for 25 runs—truly a commendable performance.



Shortly after our return to Trincomalee J.E.T. started and for the inter Navy games GAMBIA was able to produce five regular players for the R.N. contingent *and* the chairman of the selection committee!—to say nothing of the resident umpire.

After J.E.T. we all enjoyed leave up country at Diyatalawa where each watch had an exciting day's cricket against Mr. Villier's XI. At one match Chief E.R.A.Kent, who has done much sterling work as a regular opening batsman, arrived without his spectacles—an essential item—and the Captain who was watching said "I'm sorry to see you are not playing Kent—I believe you have forgotten your glasses". "Yes Sir" said Kent "but I'm keeping my hand in—I'm the umpire"!

In the other match spirits were so high after a very good lunch that the fielding captain was seen to assist the other captain who was batting, by carrying him half way down the pitch to his crease to avoid being run out. Next over, he bowled him!

Before we left Trinco. for the Persian Gulf cruise we managed, after two draws, to beat the R.N. Police by three wickets, thus leaving no doubts in anyone's minds as to who were the cricket champions. Perhaps the most consistent batsman against this strong side was Lieutenant Phillips who skippers the team—he scored a duck on each occasion! But without doubt the best game at Trinco.—perhaps of the whole commission—was the challenge match between the officers and the ship's company. The officers' side, captained by the Commander, lost to the ship's company, captained by R.P.O.Winter, by 14 runs. Much was lost by worry on both sides but much was gained from locally-produced 'Tiger'. This particular game will long be remembered by those who took part for the spirit in which it was played and

the hospitality given to the ship's team by the officers—not to mention the photograph taken of our umpire!

Brief mention must be made of the other members of the ship's side—Commander Lee, whose support and keenness was matched by a particularly valuable innings of 44 against the Royal Ceylon Navy when it was most needed. Major Knight, who could always be relied on for twenty or thirty runs, both on the field and in the bar! The Triplets—R.P.O.Winter, Chief E.R.A.Kent and Chief E.R.A. Finnigan whose loyalty was an inspiration throughout. At the time of writing, Finnigan goes into the century-makers class (minus two—bad luck!).

The Midshipmen—Ellis, our keen stumper; Bowyer-Tagg, who bats and bowls and whose fielding would grace any county field; Shaw and Blair, newcomers to the ship and side, both of whom are well established with a 56 and 85 respectively. Ldg. Signalmen Murphy whose 'Tweakers' were often so heartbreaking and who invariably made our tail wag. Perkins for his support—he seldom, if ever, missed a match. Lieutenant Phillips, the skipper, whose motto "By guess and by willow", only lost the toss twice. Surgeon Commander Wilson who umpired throughout—if his finger went up against you, you knew there was no doubt. P.O.Kinrade, our scorer—to him goes all our thanks, for his enthusiasm and for the way in which he always looked after the gear and organised its disposal after the match.

Mention must also be made of the many others who played for the ship so willingly and sometimes so often, but who didn't quite make their positions permanent.

We all agree, surely, that this was a good cricketing ship.



©

# SOCCER

IN our first few games in Devonport after commissioning we had a small measure of success, beating both "Vanguard" and "Warrior". In Malta we played "Jamaica" and won 4-1. However on arrival on the East Indies Station we found things very different. Our first three games at Trincomalee were lost due to the fact that the native teams were so much faster on the ball and also much fitter than us. We could hold them in the first half, but the last fifteen minutes was just that little bit too much. The fact that they played in bare feet also contributed to our defeats.

During the East African cruise, however, we found our feet, although we were playing as many as five games in six days, sometimes fielding three teams a day, we managed to hold our own against some of the crack teams of the African coast. The spirit in which these games were played was most creditable to the Ship's Company and did much to foster the good will of the people ashore.

On arrival back in Trincomalee we soon found out how much we had benefitted from these hard and fast games, for teams that had previously beaten us soundly were now themselves being thrashed by a far greater margin. In fact from our first game on 30th September until the last

on 18th November at Trincomalee the First Eleven only lost one game out of the sixteen played.

The Persian Gulf Cruise is now in its closing stages and here we have also had some grand sporting games, not to mention a few good "banyans" in the bargain!

A few words about the second and third elevens. They have always played excellent football in a good spirit and we owe them a lot for the way they have always turned out when they have been required, often at very short notice.

As a closing note here is an extract from a letter from the Secretary of the European Referees Association at Mauritius. He says, "I would like to place on record my appreciation of the sportsmanlike manner in which your teams have conducted themselves. It has done much to foster the great game of Soccer in these parts and has set an example and standard to which our teams can only strive to attain."

## Ist XI Results up to 19th December, 1955

P	W	D	L
69	33	13	23
Goals for		Goals against	
185		128	



*The Ship's Football Team at Kuwait.*



# RUGBY

“FOCSLE and Quarterdeck Rugby teams muster in the port waist”. It’s unlikely that you would hear that ‘pipe’ on one of our largest carriers, let alone a modest cruiser. Yet GAMBIA can and did produce a team from both of these divisions which gives some indication of the real enthusiasm there has been for the game.

The credit for the initial and much of the later organisation must go to Leading Seaman ‘Tug’ Wilson. Thanks mainly to his work, on March 2nd, three weeks after commissioning, the wings of the EAGLE were clipped to the tune of 20 points to 6—a promising start. Two other matches were played and won against VANGUARD and an R.N.E.C. XV, before we sailed for Malta.

From the date of sailing from U.K. on April 1st, until we arrived at Mauritius on the first cruise of the commission, no rugby was played, as Trinco. has no facilities for it.

We had great hopes for the East African cruise and Mauritius gave up a forestate of games to come. The first match was against a combined side from the ‘Dodo’ Club and the Army Garrison. We were beaten 9—6 but did not feel

we had disgraced ourselves as this was our first game for over two months. A few days later we played the ‘Dodo’ Club and a 6—6 draw was a fair result for a most thrilling game. We spent an enjoyable evening at their club afterwards and right royally did they wine and dine us.

Mombasa gave us some equally sparkling rugby and our two games against the Sports Club ended in a draw 11—11 and a win 14—8. Whilst at Mombasa we were asked to supply four players for the ‘East Coast v. Nile’ game—a worthy tribute to our standard of play which was more than upheld by the performance of the chosen four.

Dar-es-Salaam saw us really on form. We lost our first game to Tango but it must be claimed that our team was sadly depleted as another game was being played up at Morogoro at the same time. At full strength we played two 1st XV and one 2nd XV games against Dar. R.F.C. and won all three. The first of the ‘series’ was for the MacMichael Cup which we captured after a really close game; the lead being taken during the last ten minutes of the game when one of our backs scored a fine try. The final result was 6—5.



*The Ship's Rugby XV.*



These games were the last on the East African cruise and all were thoroughly enjoyed. The hospitality given to us will never be forgotten. In fact the mornings, after matches generally found the victors 'vanquished'!

No rugger was played at the Seychelles. There were, however, other amusements!

Back at Trinco. after J. E. T. a serious effort to get fit was made in preparation for the Persian Gulf cruise. This cruise opened with our eagerly awaited game against the Combined Services, Ceylon at Colombo. Our arduous training was rewarded when we romped home to a convincing win 23—0.

At Kuwait we notched another big victory against the Oasis Club and so it was in optimistic mood that we took the field against the Kuwait Oil Company. Our complacency was soon shattered when in a hard fought game this experienced and skilful side beat us by six points to nil. Future flagships are warned that this team is probably the strongest that one is likely to encounter on the East Indies Station.

At Basra we played a combined side selected from the four teams in that area and beat them 32—0. Abadan unfortunately could not field a side, but two teams from the ship gave an exhibition match which was very much enjoyed by the spectators including some Americans, one of whom heard to remark after the game "you sure have a rough game there".

At Karachi three games were played, all of which were won. Against Karachi the result was 8—0, against R.A.F. Mauripur 6—0 and finally we beat a combined Karachi team by 3 points to nil.

This then is an outline of our rugger during the commission. We think it is a very creditable performance and what's more we have enjoyed every minute of every game, whether watching or playing.

ON.....ON.....ON.....GAMBIA.

#### Results

Played 19. Won 14. Drawn 2. Lost 3.

Points for : 245

Against 74

## HOCKEY

AT the beginning of the commission in Devonport the bad weather had less effect on hockey than it did with the other sports, owing mainly to the fact that we were able to play on the excellent hard grounds at Brickfields. This was an experimental period and games were played against other ships and local shore establishments. Most of them we won but it must be admitted that the opposition was not very strong and certainly not up to the standard that we were eventually to meet on the various cruises.

A couple of games were played at Gibraltar and then at Malta we came up against some stiffer opposition. We drew with the SHEFFIELD; lost by an odd goal to a combined Commando Brigade team and reached the third round of Med. Fleet six-a-side competition, which we were very kindly allowed to enter after the official closing date.

Aden saw us playing on sandy pitches in considerable heat and then when we reached Trincomalee we settled down to a programme of games with the HIGHFLYER, Trinco. Town and the Dockyard Police on the two excellent grounds there. The inter part competition was also started but as the time was short the bulk of the games had to be postponed until after the East African cruise.

We set out on this cruise full of high hopes with what we considered to be a useful side, strengthened by two or three good players on C. in C.'s Staff. At Mauritius we drew with the M.F. & H.C. and then lost to the Dodo Club. However in East Africa the results were disappointing. We met strong Indian and Goanese sides but owing to the heavy programmes, the calls of duty and other

sports, particularly cricket and tennis, we were only once able to field a proper 1st XI side and then we beat a strong Dar-es-Salaam Gymkhana team by three goals to two in a very good game. Looking back, it probably wasn't a bad thing that the ship's side was weaker than it might have been because at least it did give those other people who wouldn't normally have secured a regular place in the Ship's Team, some better hockey than they might otherwise have got.

On our return to Trinco. the inter part competition was got under way again but of more immediate importance was the selection of an R.N. Team to take part in the inter Navy games to be held during J.E.T. After trials several of the GAMBIA's players were selected to represent the R.N. and all of them acquitted themselves well. The following played in all or some of the matches :—Inst. Lt. Cdr. Stanley (Capt.), Lt. Phillips, Mid. Bowyer-Tagg, Mid. Cazalet, Stores C. P. O. Knowling, Ldg.-Tel. Tawton, Ord./Sea. Everitt and Cdr. Stobie, Capt. Sheridan, R.M. & Lt. Palmer of the Staff Surgeon Cdr. Wilson and Chief Yeoman Smith were also selected as umpires. This is perhaps not the place to praise individual players but mention must be made of C.P.O. Knowling's performance in goal. Without him scores against us might have reached astronomical figures, not only in the R.N. games but throughout the commission. He has been, truly, the backbone of the defence.

After J. E. T. and Diyatalawa the inter part competition was resumed and some stirring games were seen. The Focle Division eventually came out the winners when they defeated the Somalis,



who have shown tremendous keenness, in the final. The combined S. & S. & Communications team were perhaps a little unlucky as they were beaten by the Staff team who then had to withdraw, otherwise they might well have reached the final stages of the competition. The inter parts did at least one thing if they did nothing else and that was to stimulate interest in hockey throughout the ship and many were the friendly challenges that were issued during this period.

On the Persian Gulf cruise we were able, on most occasions, to field our best eleven and as a result did very well. Out of fourteen matches played, the 1st XI only lost two. The Hubara Club and Mena gave us a good game which ended in a draw and then two days later we beat the Indian Unity Club by five goals to two—a result which caused them some surprise. At Muscat we drew with the Infantry and then the following day we beat a combined Muscat XI (composed mainly of Indians) 2—0. This we understand was the first time that they had been beaten by a visiting ship. It seemed as though the whole

population of Muscat turned out to watch this hard fought game. At Karachi we found we were required to play five games in five days! In the event two of them were officially reduced to 2nd XI standard. In the three 1st XI games the honours were divided evenly—we won one, drew one and lost one. At Bombay the Gymkhana Club held us to draw in a fast game on a grass pitch—the first we have played on since leaving Colombo.

On the whole we have had a very good Ship's Team, the members of which have played some first class hockey and worked well together. The one disappointment has been that we have not really been able to cater for all those other people who would have liked to have played regularly. This state of affairs, however, is inevitable on a 'Flag showing' cruise because in each place visited the Ship is expected to produce the strongest team possible.

In conclusion our thanks go to all those who have umpired games, particularly to Chief Yeoman Smith who has done sterling work both on and off the field.

## SHOOTING

WE began to make use of the rifle range at Trinco shortly after our arrival on the Station. Self-professed Marksmen—and others; turned up for practice and we soon had the makings of a team. We found that the range was overgrown with scrub and long grass, and a periscope was very useful at 300 yards. Another appealing feature of Trinco range is the temperature. Being practically air-proof and a natural sun-trap it's the cheapest turkish bath East of Suez. However, as Coral Cove beach is just at the back of the butts, it has its compensation.

Our first competition of the East African Cruise was at Mauritius. We would have liked to have had a little more practice before this shoot as this is the annual Jubilee Cup competition, and the standard of shooting is very good indeed.

Six teams competed, and the cup was won by the Civilian Shooting Club.

Gambia's shot very well, and a little more practice might well have procured the "pot".

No names no pack drill, but mention should be made of a certain tall Major who arrived on the range after a baronial lunch somewhere, borrowed a gun from one of the team, borrowed a rupee from another, bought three rounds for the egg pool competition, missed completely with the first two, shut both eyes for the third and got a pool bull. He was last seen disappearing with the kitty and a grin four fathoms wide, pausing only to scoff some poverty stricken matelots beer.

We had a revolver shoot later on in the week against the Police and the Army. Those Mauritius Coppers take life seriously, and know which way to point the revolver to produce the desired effect. They beat us, though not by such a wide margin as we beat the Army by.

A strange thing about shooting, anywhere in the world, is that cool beer always appears afterwards—to cheer the victors and console the vanquished.

Quite sensible when you think it over!

On arrival at Mombasa, we found that their 303 range was out of action during the emergency in East Africa. However, we started off with a 22" match rifle shoot against the local forces, police, and civilian shooting club. Once again the civilians proved that they have plenty of time for practice, and led the field comfortably. Their heavy-barrelled match rifles were "De Luxe" jobs too, and they knew how to use them. We gave them a lesson a few days later however, when we had a return match with revolvers and Sten guns.

We won very handsomely, in spite of a certain team member being sabotaged. Someone switched his Sten gun to "Burp" when it should have been switched to "squirt".

*Note.*—Beer followed.

Zanzibar provided a very pleasant 303" match against the local Police.

We landed very early, to get the shoot over before breakfast, and all agreed that it was an excellent idea in that climate. Their shooting was very good, but we led them fairly comfortably at the finish.

We split up afterwards and went to various people's homes for a breakfast like mother makes.

*Note.*—No beer—Too early—Pity!

Dar-es-Salaam produced the best outing of the cruise for the shooting team. A four cornered match was arranged between the Dar Rifle Club—K. A. R.s., the Police and "Gambia".

The K. A. R. have a nice range situated in the middle of a Sisal plantation, and a very keen competition ensued. The local wives brought picnic hampers, and tool kits were thrown out of car boots to make room for portable ice boxes. We established a small lead at the first range, and gradually increased it as we worked back. The match ended with quite a convincing win for "Gambia", and an enjoyable picnic lunch for all. This win for "Gambia" says a lot for the clean living of the shooting fraternity. It's a marvel that they could even see, at this stage of the cruise.

No facilities for shooting existed in Seychelles, but that didn't stop us. We rigged a portable revolver and 22" range just outside the Police Commissioner's Bungalow—not too far from the beer—and finished with two comfortable wins.

That was that, for the East African Cruise. We didn't do too badly we found competition keen everywhere, and without exception we found our opponents to be excellent hosts, as well as keen shots.

Our next taste of range work was at Diyatalawa where over 300 of the Ship's Company did their annual rifle course. Results were fairly good and a new galaxy of marksmen blossomed forth. Conditions were not very good at times during this period, and it's difficult to try to persuade a young M(E) to point a strange piece of mechanism in the required direction, while a platoon of leeches are doing a forced march up his trouser leg.

They took it in good part though, the M(E)'s I mean—; and when they got back to camp and de-leached themselves, well—there was always liquid refreshment.

Next on the menu is the "Norfolk Cup Shoot". Rumour has it that they've discovered a few more Royals who are actually fitted with eyes, so we hope they'll come and join us, and when we'll see if we can lift this pot, and fill it full of—you're correct—beer!



# SAILING NOTES

LIKE all active yacht clubs, the sailing fraternity of GAMBIA can be naturally divided into five sections. Firstly there are the dinghy racing enthusiasts whose relish is the thrills of speed and competition around a triangular course in the vicinity of the Fleet.

Next come the 'Banyaners' whose whalers are loaded to capacity with food, drink and pirates, and for whom a tropical beach just out of sight from the ship is an irresistible lure, particularly if a night can be spent there around a blazing camp fire.

Thirdly, there are the ocean cruisers who enjoy (after rescue) the blessed reliefs from exposure, fatigue and seasickness and who revel in retrospect, in the hazards of offshore port to port sailing in the finest traditions of William Bligh.

Then there are the 'cadets', or those keen to learn the art of sailing; whose enthusiasm is undamped by tempest, tide or reef; whose safety and that of their craft must be guarded by benevolent authority until they have earned their coxswain's tickets.

And lastly the 'nineteenth holers' or non-playing members whose immaculate flannels, blazers and burgee ties enhanced our nautical prestige in every yacht club visited and who protected their piratically clad sailing shipmates from the Scylla of social suicide.

In spite of poor sailing weather and our reluctance to commit our newly varnished dinghies to the oily waters of Grand Harbour, we managed to fit in some weekend sailing picnics whilst at Malta and to stretch cautiously our new dinghy sails, so that by the time we reached Trincomalee the boats were ready to start the yo-yo routine which was to continue throughout the commission on every fine afternoon.

For the East African cruise we borrowed three additional dinghies from the 'Highflyer', and were thus able to throw in a class of boats of our own, to compete in racing events at our ports of call.

At Mauritius the local sailing season had not yet started, so we sailed the dinghies inside the shelter of the reefs which protect Port Louis, whilst the whalers sallied forth to spend thirty six hours in Tombeau Bay; the first and best of many subsequent Banyan expeditions throughout the commission.

At Mombasa we enjoyed the excellent class racing laid on for us by the Yacht Club. There were strong winds here but for those who still found fleet racing dull, steeplechasing over the reefs provided a new sport.

At Zanzibar two races were held during our brief visit, and an all-day expedition to Prison



*The Start of a Race in Trinco. Harbour.*

Island was made in the whalers. Giant tortoises provided much diversion on this delightful little coral atoll.

Our hospitable hosts at Dar-es-Salaam gave us many happy hours' sailing and racing in their large handicap fleet, and also laid on for us a passage race to, and picnic at, Moneymoon Island; such an attractive spot that we revisited it a day or two later in the whalers.

At the Seychelles we had reluctantly to cancel our races against the local sailing fraternity owing to unsuitable dinghy weather, but all the boats were away regularly in the lovely roadstead of Victoria and several whaler expeditions were made to neighbouring islands.

And so back to Trinco. and J.E.T. where one or more boats from GAMBIA were placed in each of the three combined fleet sailing races.



## INTER PART ATHLETIC MEETING MALTA

AS we expected we should be required to field a fairly strong athletic team during the commission, it was decided to hold a ship's Inter Part Athletic Meeting at the first opportunity during the "work-up" Malta. The great day was fixed for Saturday 23rd April with heats on the Friday, and the cry for entries went up. It was hoped—with a certain amount of optimism—that with any luck we should get somewhere around 150, but to the consternation of the committee, when all entries were added up they came to nearly four hundred. Even to this day no-one is sure whether this sudden enthusiasm for strenuous exercise was due to all the sprinting the natives had done at Devonport when leave was piped or the fact that the buzz had gone round that a good brand of beer was available at the Manoel Island Track. Whatever the cause may have been, it was quite obvious by the end of the heats, that the next day would promise some keen competition and close finishes.

Saturday dawned clear and sunny and everyone kept their fingers crossed and hoped it wouldn't rain. After dinner the trek to Manoel Island began and to the surprise of the organisers the first events started dead on time. As hoped, the struggle was hard and close and first one part of ship and then the other was in the lead. However towards the end it became clear that the final issue rested between the Royal Marines, the Communication branch and Electrical branch. It

was a close fight, but the Royal's just had the edge and were worthy winners of the inter Part Shield.

The two most popular events were Tug-of-War and the Veterans Race. There was a large field for the latter, and opinion was sharply divided on the favourite, one body holding that the Captain couldn't fail to win, and the Engine-room hinting darkly that secret training along the E.R.A.'s Workshop Flat, would bring Chief home first and the rest nowhere. The time for the great race arrived—beer glasses were drained and the runners took their mark, and in some cases someone else's as well. There was a cheer and they were off. At first it looked as if it were the Captain all the way, but suddenly that secret training seemed to tell, and a tremendous burst by Chief nearly did it; but the final result was the Captain by a short head. The Commander seemed to have a little difficulty in working-up to maximum power, but did so eventually to no mean tune becoming airborne just after the finish and unfortunately crashing shortly after take off; this spectacular feat bringing enthusiastic applause from the spectators.

After the meeting was over, the trophy was presented by the Captain to the Royal Marines, and cups and medals to winners and runners-up in the various events. So ended an afternoon that was enjoyed by all and that produced the makings of a first class athletic team.



## TUG OF WAR

**T**HE Ship's Tug of War Team have, to their credit, an unbeaten record up to the time of going to press.

The team consists of eight Royal Marines and one spare from the R.M. Detachment under their capable trainer Sgt. 'Clubs' Stelfox, R.M. The team easily won the Inter Part competition at the Ship's Sports Meeting at Malta in April on our way out to the Station and it was unanimously decided that they should represent the ship for future meetings.

Opposition has not always been strong but their hard training, good discipline and team work has been excellent.

The best match and their proudest achievement was the winning of Jubilee Cup at Mauritius. This match was a four-sided one between the

Mauritius Police, the local Garrison Troops (7th K.A.R.), an R.N. Team (C.P.O.s and P.O.s, H.M.S. Gambia) and the Ship's Team. The Ship's Team beat the Garrison in two hard pulls and the R.N. Team were beaten by the Police, also by two pulls, in the first round. In the final, Police versus Ship's Team, a terrific battle took place and by sheer determination our team won by two pulls to one. The R.N. Team helped enormously by their encouragement in the final pull which took three minutes.

During JET the same team beat the Indians, Royal Pakistan and Royal Ceylon Navies without losing a pull. They have also beaten the local Trincomalee R.N. Police and were to have taken part in the Combined Services Sports at Colombo, but unfortunately the weather washed out this event.



*The Ship's Tug of War Team with Major Knight, O.C.R.M., Mne. Findom, Cpl. Henderson, Mne. Weatherill, Mne. Snelling Mne. Little, Cpl. Probert, Major Knight, Sgt. Stelfox, Cpl. Hallet, Mne. Wale, Mne. Wells*

## SWIMMING

With no bath available at Trincomalee, and no suitable bathing from the ship, opportunities for competitive swimming have been few, but of course there has been much recreational swimming, enlivened by "goggling" for many.

At Mombasa, during the East African Cruise, there was a gala at which the outstanding event was the Captain's furious sprint which won him the Veterans' race.

During the Persian Gulf Cruise Water Polo was played at Bahrein, Ahmadi, Abadan, and Bombay, and although these were spirited, hotly contested

games, followed by return matches, we invariably found our opponents (whose only practicable Summer Sport appears to be aquatics) too good. It was particularly dismaying at the gala at Abadan, where the Ship's team was matched against an all-Persian team, many of whom it transpired were National Champions, and who were cheered on wildly throughout by a large crowd of excited nationals. Nevertheless, even in the "cold" waters of the Gulf winter, it was all good practice (and good fun) for the enthusiasts, who found time for a small interpart contest in the R.P.N. Barracks bath at Karachi.



# PERSIAN GULF CRUISE

**B**EING moored in Trincomalee Harbour for some weeks during September and October was not everybody's idea of fun and it was with a general feeling of relief, when on Tuesday, October 18th, we slipped from our buoys opposite N.H.Q. to move over to the fuelling jetty prior to sailing the next day for Colombo, and the first stage of our cruise to the Persian Gulf, Pakistan and India.

Of the ten months actually spent on the East Indies Station only two days were spent in Colombo, the capital of the country on which we were based, and I think that everybody felt what a pity it was that the stay couldn't have been longer. True it poured with rain for some hours (to remind us of Guzz) just after we had moored but this was the biggest city we had seen since we left home and a little thing like rain wasn't going to dampen our spirits. Those that could, quickly flocked ashore to gaze at the shops or play sports and then followed this up by sampling a little of the city's night life.

Our next stop, after a week at sea, was Khor Kuwai, where our Landing Parties had a good day's exercise on the small barren island there.

The same evening we set sail for Bahrain where we arrived the next day. Here we were well entertained by the members of the shore base, H.M.S. Jufair (newly commissioned) and by the Bahrain Petroleum Co. at Awali. Who will forget the picturesque 'Dhow of Jufair' which used to

take off the libertymen, and the long jetty at Jufair along which one had to 'walk' to get to it—a jetty which seemed never ending after a good evening spent at the canteen! Bahrain was good for shopping too—probably the best in the Gulf—although the local residents, perhaps, put us off a little by assuring us that the next place that we were going to was definitely better. Actually this sort of thing occurred all round the Gulf and we were continually being told that the places we had been to or the ones that we were going to were much better shopping centres than the one we happened to be in at the time!

Our next port of call was Kuwait, the Arab town which is expanding rapidly every day as a result of the large quantities of oil which have been found in the area. The channel here is not deep enough for large ships and so we were unable to get close in to the shore. As a result the four and a half mile boat trip to the jetty rather took the edge off sight-seeing jaunts. Some of us did pluck up courage for the journey and had a look round, but many returned with their nerves shattered by the incessant blare from the horns of sleek American cars which jostled each other in the crowded streets. Even the cyclists competed in the 'make more noise' campaign, most of the bicycles having electric horns fitted to the handlebars. The battery trade in Kuwait must surely do good business!

From Kuwait to Mena al Ahmadi—the oil port for the Kuwait Oil Company. Here for the first time for many months we spent part of our stay alongside the jetty. A jetty specially built to cater for the mammoth ocean-going tankers which queue up to take on their valuable cargoes. All the organisation for our visit was laid on by the K.O.C. and many were the invitations issued by the local residents to visit their homes and their clubs situated at Ahmadi—a town which has literally sprung up out of the bare desert in the last few years. There are some among the local community who were the first arrivals at Mena and who will tell you that when they arrived, not



*The Archway at Bahrain.*



*A Police Traffic Controller in Kuwait.*

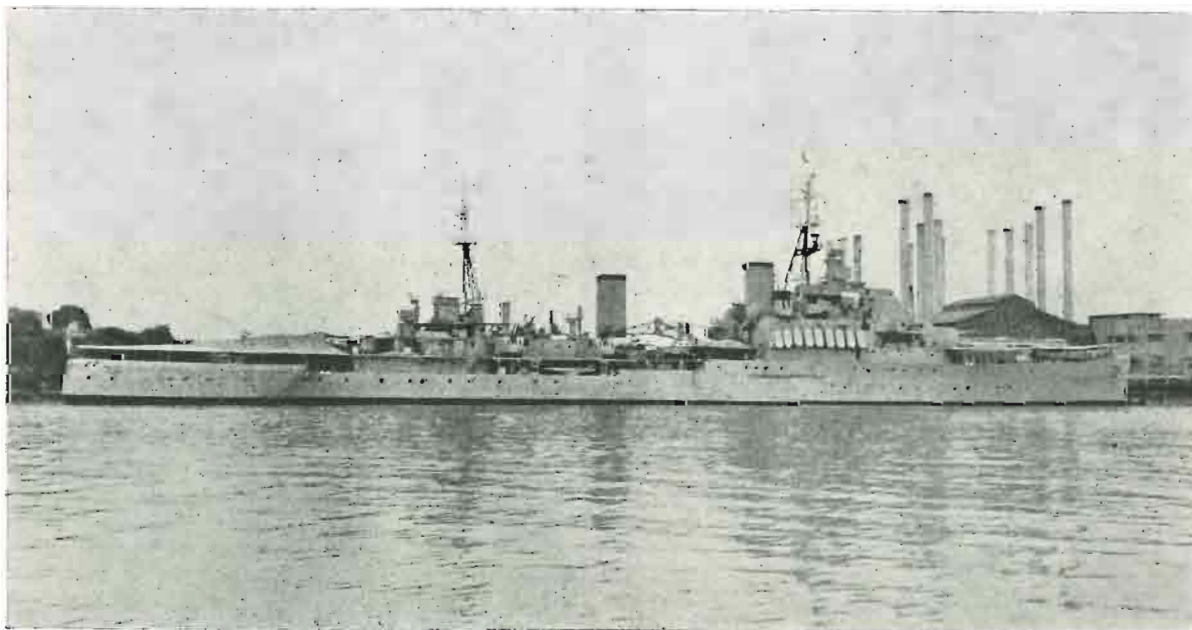
so long ago, they had to pitch their own tents on the shore and live in them for some time in the intense heat before any of the amenities of civilisation were available. Now the whole place is bustling with activity and at night the huge flares caused by burning off the waste gases from the oil wells cast their glow over the sky like beacons and serve as a reminder to all that the main reason that they are living in this desert town is OIL.

In the early hours of Monday, November 14th, after a pleasant few days at Mena, we sailed north again to arrive not long after daybreak at the entrance to the Shat al Arab. Here we embarked the River Pilot and for the rest of the day proceeded to thread our way cautiously up this navigable, but difficult estuary, down which flows the combined waters of those two famous rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates. On the way we passed Abadan and Khorramshar to which we were to return a few days later. In the late afternoon we reached the outskirts of the ancient town of Basra, and we made an impressive arrival as we steamed slowly past the shore, at the same time firing a 21-gun salute to Iraq, which was 'returned' by the not quite so modern guns of the shore battery. (Certain people on deck and facing the Shore were seen to flinch as the latter went off). We turned just above the town and then came back down to moor at buoys opposite the British Consulate. Here again we were well received and almost immediately found ourselves involved in a long list of official calls, private invitations and other entertainment. Old Basra was out of bounds to all Service personnel, but in Ashar one could see modern buildings, flanked by ancient houses, lining the waterways which teemed with small sailing craft. The bazaar was always thronged with people and at night quite a few of the Ship's

Company found their way into the two or three night clubs which offered drinks at prohibitive prices and 'belly dancer' cabarets for nothing! Others preferred the atmosphere of the Basra Petroleum Company's Club at which we were always welcome.

On the 19th November we returned down river to Khorramshar where we fired another salute, this time to Iran. Several hours were spent anchored off Khorramshar while the full programme of official calls was got through—particularly heavy in this case because this was the Persian Naval Base.

In the late afternoon we weighed anchor once again—at least that was the intention, but somehow it got wedged under the stem, much to the 'delight' of the Shipwright Officer. So we proceeded to Abadan and the next stage of our cruise rather cautiously. Two hours later we tied up alongside the jetty at this famous oil refining town. This visit was probably the most important one of the cruise, perhaps of the whole commission, as this was the first time that a British Cruiser had visited Abadan since the days of the Oil Dispute (and then it was in rather different circumstances). The huge refinery is gradually beginning to operate again under the terms of the Oil Agreement, with the help of British, American and Dutch experts, and we were interested to see what sort of reception we should get. We soon knew! Invitations, private and otherwise, poured into the ship by the hundred from all sides and those on board who are responsible for ensuring that everyone gets a fair share found themselves almost overwhelmed by the task that had been set them. However, somehow they coped, and by the end of the week large numbers had been entertained privately, had gone on organised



Abadan

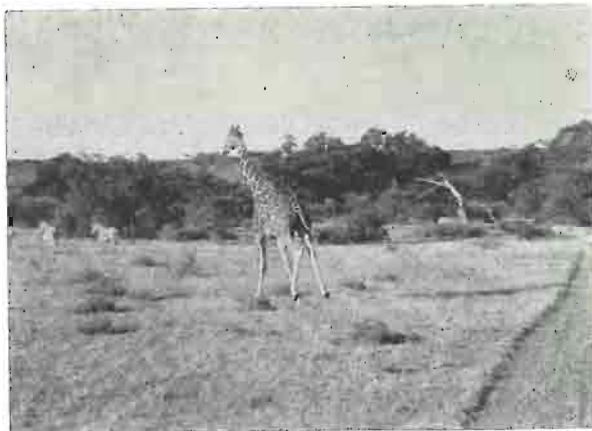


tours of the Refinery, and had eaten danced and drunk beer at the Naft Club, the Restaurant Annexe and the Seamen's Institute. The Concert Party was resurrected and a show was given in the luxurious Taj Cinema to an audience of more than 1,100, and in spite of the language difficulties it was voted a great success. GAMBIA herself was a great attraction and when the ship was opened to visitors they thronged aboard until it was almost impossible to move and even then hundreds more were still queueing up on the roadway leading to the jetty. Even at the end of the week the efforts of our hosts didn't flag and so it was with a slight feeling of fatigue that we slid quietly away from the jetty early in the morning of Saturday, November 26th. Looking back, we think that our visit probably did some good because, if nothing else, at least a friendly atmosphere existed between ourselves and the local inhabitants. Things we ourselves remember?—Ah! those Persian Girls!!



*View over Muscat with Gambia in the distance.*

Three days at sea and then we steamed into the narrow rock-surrounded harbour of Muscat, and duly saluted the Sultan. What a perfect Hollywood setting for a film of the mysterious East! The town itself, where no modern building yet exists, is surrounded by rocky hills with a watchtower on every pinnacle; and on either side by a Portuguese Fort. One is still used as a gaol while the other, Marani Fort, is the Police Headquarters



and from its battlements ancient cannons, in a return salute, pooped off blue smoke rings into the bright still air. One step ashore confirmed the impressions that little had changed in centuries. Arabs in their flowing white djellabas and armed with guns and daggers in ornamental silver sheaths, strolled along the dusty narrow unmade streets. Under the gateway arches of the old wall, polished flintlocks still hung ready for use to repel any invader. In the bazaar the silversmith and the carpenter carried on their age-old crafts and donkeys brought in their customers from the desert. Night filled the alleyways with black foreboding; small wonder that thirty years before there had been murder most foul so that now there is a curfew after dark when all who venture out must carry a candle lantern.



*Unlike other big cities in the East, Karachi still retains a large number of Camel and Donkey Carts.*

The only made-up road out of Muscat (and indeed in the whole of the Sultanate) winds up and over a narrow pass for about two miles and into the small town of Mutrah, the dhow port, and terminus of the camel-trains that come in from the desert. This too is picturesque and unspoilt, where the few cars to be seen cannot penetrate the narrow streets. Even the gateway in the old wall is too narrow for them, so a hole has been made at the side through which they squeeze; but at dusk the gateway is still solemnly locked and bolted till the dawn.

There was little to do at Muscat except to observe and take photographs. Nevertheless GAMBIA's Marines left their mark—the ship's name, complete with Admiral's Flag was painted on a rock face overlooking the harbour—to join the hundreds of other ships' autographs which have been written here by their crews in the past.

Two days later we were in a very different sort of place—Karachi, the capital of Pakistan—a city which has grown enormously in the past few years. It is amongst other things a veritable 'Clapham Junction of the Air' for most of the world's big Airlines use it as a port of call. This was of particular significance to the Mail Officer and 'Postie', both of whom had been badgered





*This photograph was taken at the Regatta. Question; "Why is the Commander so cheerful"?*

incessantly for some days because of the lack of mail. Now, however, they turned up trumps and produced bag upon bag of the stuff. In fact some people found themselves with so many letters it was almost embarrassing because it meant that they now had to write some!! Not that this was a particularly easy task because the Royal Pakistan Navy had produced such a hectic programme for us that one had little chance to relax. More sport was probably played at Karachi than at any other place visited in the whole commission



and I can still see five tired members of the Ship's Hockey team staggering aboard after pulling in the Regatta to be whipped away immediately to play against the Karachi Puffins. In the Regatta with the R.P.N. we were beaten into second place by the teams from the Boys Training Establishment at H.M.P.S. Bahadur, but we were by no means disgraced and a good afternoon was had by the spectators (dare I say by the teams as well?).

On to Bombay and 'The Gateway of India'. What visions this name conjures up—and we were not disappointed. Mind you we had heard that Bombay (like a lot of the rest of India) had gone 'dry' but somehow most people managed to find the 'wet' places. There was the Cornwallis Canteen, the Indian Naval ships and establishments and, of course, the homes of the many local residents who entertained us. They seemed to realise that sailors get thirsty and accordingly dug generously into the rations which they had been saving up for Christmas.



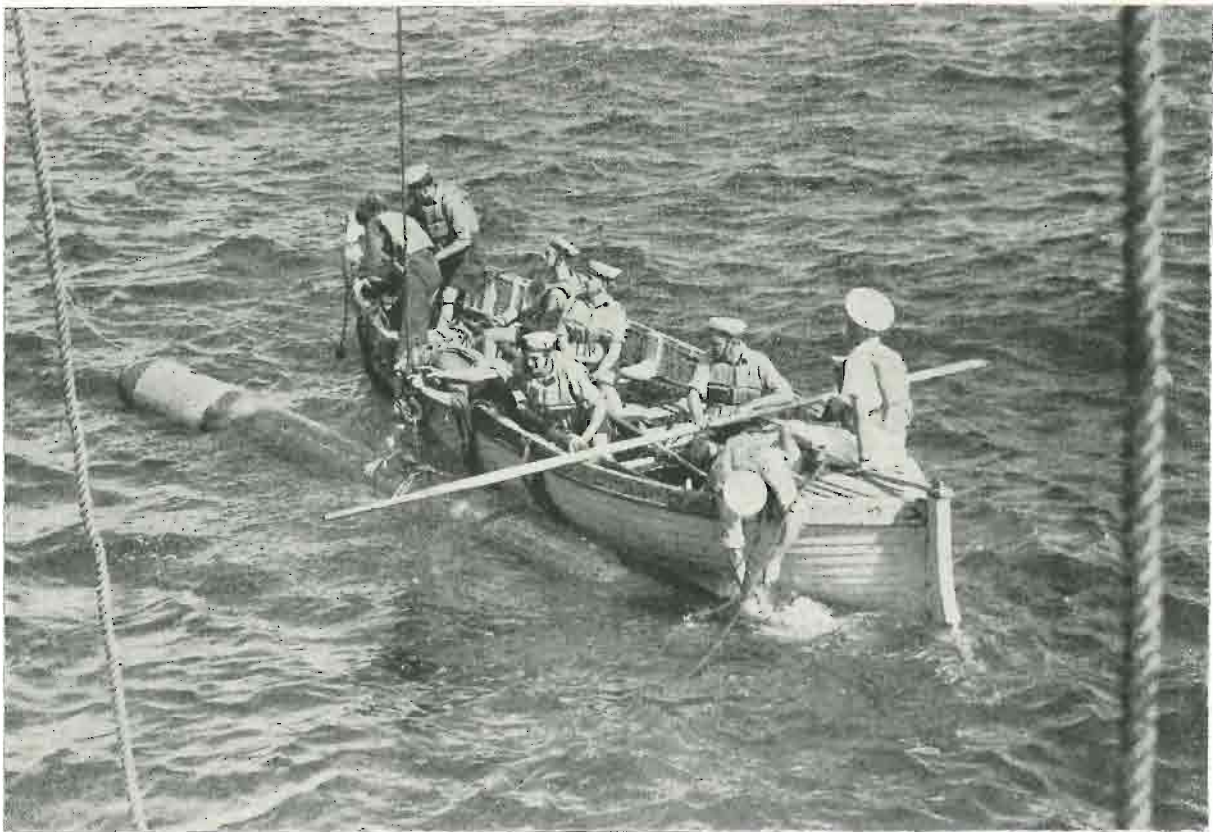
*Bombay December 1955—"Stirring the Christmas Pudding"*

Bombay is a huge and wonderful place and we could have done with a much longer time there. As it was in five days one could only see few of the sights, providing one could drag oneself away from the well stocked shops and bazaars. More things were probably bought here than anywhere else and the ship went noticeably lower in the water each day as returning libertymen stepped aboard staggering under the weight of parcels of towels, linen, silk materials, woodwork and metal work and leather cases. The officers' motor boat nearly gave up the ghost on one occasion when it arrived at the Gateway of India steps to be confronted by a pile of goods that would have filled a small warehouse!.

When tired of shopping, however, many people went swimming at the wonderful Breach Candy Baths or took a trip to Malabar Hill—Bombay's West End—to look down on the wide magnificent sweep of the harbour.

All too soon the visit was over and at 0700 on Thursday 15th December we steamed away, watching the Taj Mahal Hotel get smaller and smaller and smaller in the distance, and set course for Ceylon and the end of the cruise. We had had a most enjoyable time and visited many places in many different countries and our experiences will not be forgotten as the years pass.

Now we are back in Trinco. for Christmas and the New Year, counting the days until we see Guzz again. Before we do, however, we shall have visited Calcutta and Madras and then Massawa on the way home, but publication date for this book looms near and so we shall have to retain in our minds the memories of these places.



*The one that got away ?*

# THE FOLLOWING HAVE SERVED IN THE SHIP DURING THE COMMISSION

## OFFICERS

Allan, R. J. D.	Midshipman
Butt, R. D.	Lt. Cdr.
Bowyer-Tagg, G.C.	Midshipman
Courtis, G. A.	Midshipman
Cooke, R. G.	Lieutenant
Cazalet, A. G. G.	Midshipman
Dendy, L. G.	Ty. Cd. O.E.
Durrant, N. J. W.	Midshipman
Dow, D. M.	Midshipman
Deakin, J. V.	Surg. Lieut.
Davies, D. W. P.	Lieutenant
Evershed, W.	Captain
Ellis, R. M.	Midshipman
Eveleigh, N. B. C.	Midshipman
Fenton, P.	Commander
Fisher, D.	Lieutenant
Fielde, W. J.	Lieutenant
Gee, W. T.	Cd. Elect. O.
Gibson, P. C.	Commander
Glossop, G.	Snr. Cd. Gnr.
Gibbons, M. T.	Midshipman
Grove, S. K.	Sub. Lieut.
Gillard, P. R. A.	Ty. Sub. Lt. (R.N.V.R.)
Hamilton, J. C. C.	Lt. Cdr.
Hayhoe, P. T.	Lieutenant
Hyatt, E. L.	C. C. O.
Hall, M. E. N.	Sub. Lt.
Hart, M. H.	Sub. Lt.
Johnson, A. G.	Lt. Cdr.
Jones, B. M.	Sub. Lt.
Knight, P. F.	Major, R. M.
Lee, H. J.	Commander
Lobb, K.	Lt. Cdr.
Lewes, J. W. T.	Lieutenant
Lloyd, P. D.	Lt. Cdr.
Madle, L.	S.C.E.O. (L)
Phillips, N. S.	Lieutenant
Pearce, J. H. S.	Lt. Cdr.
Rumsey, D. W.	Lieutenant
Ransome, M.V.W.	Ty. Cd. Eng.
Stoker, F. G.	Ty. Cd. Eng.
Starks, R. G.	Cd. Shpt.
Stephen, C. R. H.	Lt. Cdr.
Simmons, K. C.	Lt. Cdr.
Smith, J. A.	Midshipman
Stanley, P. O.	Inst. Lt. Cdr.
Sadler, H. E.	Snr. Cd. Gnr.
Storcy, H. R.	Midshipman
Sidwell, R. C.	Lieut. R. M.
Tolfree, W. F. N.	Lt. Cdr.
Thomas, W. R. S.	Lieutenant
Trythall, C. E.	Commander
Templeton, C. J.	Lieutenant
Taylor, W. R.	Cd. Eng.
Vigrass, B. M. J.	Lt. Cdr.
Wray, A. J.	Midshipman
Welsh, H. W.	Chaplain
Wright, H. W.	Inst. Lt. Cdr.
Wilson, W.	Surg. Cdr.
Webster, J. T.	Ty. A/Sub. Lt. (R.N.V.R.)

## SEAMEN

Morrison, W.	Chief Petty Officer
Robertson, W.D.	Chief Petty Officer
Scott, H. L.	Chief Petty Officer
Watson, J. R.	Chief Petty Officer
Baxter, K.G.	Petty Officer
Burridge, N.J.	Petty Officer
Ballard, E. G.	Petty Officer
Barret, A. D.	Petty Officer

Frankling, E. W.	Petty Officer
Gregory, B. P.	Petty Officer
Gill, H.	Acting Petty Officer
Johnston, J. W.	Petty Officer
Kinrade, R.	Petty Officer
Lloyd, J.	Petty Officer
McKinley, J.	Petty Officer
Nicholas, H.	Petty Officer
O'Shee, D.	Petty Officer
Ponsford, R. W.	Petty Officer
Ryder, D. J.	Acting Petty Officer
Seignot, D. C.	Petty Officer
Sharman, E. G.	Petty Officer
Steed, R. W.	Petty Officer
Trenerry, K. J.	Petty Officer
Williams, J. C.	Petty Officer
Weeks, A. E.	Petty Officer
Rutherford, R. M.	Chief Petty Officer
	Telegraphist
Gilvray, E. G.	Petty Officer Telegraphist
Jackson, S.	Petty Officer Telegraphist
Suter, E.	Acting Petty Officer Telegraphist
Davies, A. G.	Petty Officer Telegraphist
Smith, F. W.	Chief Yeoman of Signals
Benfield, G. E.	Yeoman of Signals
Easey, H.	Acting Yeoman of Signals
Fallon, F.	Yeoman of Signals
Ingham, J.	Acting Yeoman of Signals
Wright, R. E. L.	Yeoman of Signals
Brosnan, T.	Acting Sailmaker
Ord. Sea.	J. Alliwon
Ord. Sea.	A. Armour
Sig.	T. S. Anderson
Ldg. Tel.	J. W. H. Aire
Tel.	S. W. J. Alden
Boy	D. Alpert
Ord. Sea.	J. D. Abberley
Ord. Sea.	R. Atkin
Ord. Sea.	C. Andrews
Ord. Sea.	R. W. Alcock
Ord. Sea.	K. Butler
Ord. Sea.	A. Bennet
Ord. Sea.	N. Blackburn
Ord. Sea.	M. G. E. Brown
A. B.	J. P. Boneham
Ldg. Sig.	A. Broadfoot
A. B.	G. D. Burrows
Ldg. Sea.	P. E. Brock
A. B.	W. S. B. Brooks
A/Ldg. Sea.	J. R. Barber
A. B.	P. W. Babb
A. B.	D. Breakwell
A. B.	A. A. Borland
A. B.	R. T. Burnside
A. B.	G. Baird
A. B.	R. Beattie
A. B.	J. Broome
A. B.	T. Brennan
A. B.	A. Baguley
Ord. Sea.	W. A. Brown
Ldg. Sea.	E. J. Bourke
A. B.	D. I. Boorman
Ord. Sea.	K. A. Bettam
Boy	G. Bell
Boy	G. W. H. Bremner
Boy	R. Buckley

A. B.	J. M. Best
Ord. Tel.	H. G. Beestin
Ord. Tel.	N. Blockley
Ord. Sea.	W. D. Brown
Ord. Sea.	C. Bussey
Ord. Sea.	J. A. Bush
Ord. Sea.	I. McC. Bell
Ord. Sea.	D. G. Best
A. B.	W. Byrnc
A. B.	B. Bethune
Ord. Tel.	D. N. Crooke
Ord. Sea.	R. Cox
Ord. Sea.	K. Chivcrs
Boy	V. Carn
Ord. Sea.	D. Cromack
Ldg. Tel.	J. W. Cruickshank
A. B.	E. Clark
A. B.	M. Crowther
A. B.	D. Coulter
A. B.	J. Concannon
A. B.	N. Cooper
A. B.	P. D. Cavigan
A. B.	D. G. Carter
A. B.	P. I. Clarke
Ord. Sea.	S. M. Cull
Ord. Sig.	R. Coulson
A. B.	E. G. Churchill
A. B.	R. Couser
A. B.	R. F. Cartwright
A. B.	G. E. Clarke
A. B.	A. D. Cole
Boy	G. Clegg
A. B.	R. C. Court
Ord. Sea.	A. W. Cartwright
A. B.	B. Cook
Ord. Sig.	W. A. S. Clark
Ord. Sig.	R. Davies
A. B.	A. Davies
A. B.	J. C. Davies
Ldg. Sea.	P. Dillon
A. B.	R. A. Davidson
A. B.	B. E. G. W. Dickens
A. B.	J. W. M. Davidson
A. B.	J. C. Davies
A. B.	W. J. Dyer
A. B.	M. J. Dee
A. B.	J. Darroch
Ord. Sea.	M. S. Dawe
Ord. Sea.	E. Davies
Ord. Sea.	G. P. Davies
Ord. Sea.	M. E. Dare
A. B.	D. A. Evans
A. B.	R. A. Edwards
A. B.	J. L. Eva
Ord. Sea.	A. G. Everitt
Ord. Sea.	D. F. Erskine
A. B.	W. G. Evans
A/A. B.	H. Edwards
Ord. Sea.	T. Forrester
Ord. Sea.	J. Fletcher
Ldg. Sea.	J. P. Flynn
Ord. Sea.	P. E. Felton
A. B.	E. G. Fitchen
Sig.	F. E. Farmer
Boy	J. E. Fleetwood
Ord. Sea.	A. Ford
Sig.	A. J. Green
Ord. Sea.	D. Gilvary
Boy Sig.	N. C. Gibson
Ord. Tel.	J. Graham
A. B.	R. S. Garth
Ldg. Sea.	D. Galley
A. B.	E. R. Green



A. B.	R. M. Gordon	Ord. Sea.	M. Manzie	A. B.	L. Sandey
A. B.	P. Goodall	Tel.	A. R. W. McElhinney	A/Ldg. Sea.	J. H. Savidge
A. B.	W. Gould	Ldg. Sig.	J. E. Murphy	N.A. 1. (Met)	P. D. Squires
Ord. Tel.	E. Granger	Ldg. Sea.	P. J. McNally	A. B.	J. R. Sleeman
Ord. Sea.	G. G. Griffiths	Ord. Sea.	C. D. Murch	A. B.	E. C. R. Shirley
Ord. Sea.	B. W. Griffiths	A. B.	M. A. Melville	A. B.	B. A. Starkey
Ord. Sea.	P. J. Glover	A. B.	J. Matthews	Ldg. Sea.	J. Simpson
A. B.	D. Heffy	A. B.	T. M. McConnell	A. B.	J. Stansfield
Ord. Sea.	L. W. Hall	A. B.	J. R. Maher	Ldg. Sea.	G. Smith
Ord. Sea.	A. E. Harris	Ldg. Sea.	J. C. McMenemy	A. B.	A. Simpson
Ord. Sea.	R. C. Harrison	Tel.	W. N. Miller	A. B.	B. Shaw
Ord. Sig.	D. Head	Tel.	G. G. W. Martin	A. B.	B. A. Sturgess
A. B.	J. G. Horne	A. B.	E. Longshaw	A. B.	J. W. Sadler
A. B.	C. S. Hepburn	Tel.	W. Menzies	A. B.	R. J. Sharland
A. B.	J. I. Harris	Boy	W. Moyes	Ord. Sea.	F. Skinner
Ldg. Tel.	M. Hague	Boy	J. Maguire	Tel.	F. Sampson
A. B.	J. Hayes	Ord. Sea.	J. Merchant	A. B.	J. B. Smith
A. B.	D. Higgins	Boy	J. O. McFeeters	A. B.	G. Singer
A. B.	W. E. Houghton	Ord. Sea.	P. D. McDonald	Ord. Sea.	W. Slater
Ord. Tel.	B. Howlett	Ldg. Air	M. L. McCarthy	Ord. Sea.	D. B. Sinclair
A. B.	H. S. Heywood	(Phot)		Boy	G. B. Shaw
Boy	A. G. Hill	A. B.	D. R. Mortimore	P. Cdr. (Ed)	R. S. Stubbings
Ord. Sea.	P. J. Hopkinson	A. B.	J. Noot	Ord. Sea.	W. C. Scrine
Boy	W. A. R. Henderson	Boy	W. Newlands	Ord. Sea.	A. Singleton
Ord. Sea.	T. Hynes	Ord. Sea.	P. Oakden	Ord. Sea.	J. M. Swan
A. B.	G. Horne	A. B.	A. Orchard	Ord. Sea.	C. J. Sweeting
A. B.	B. C. Horne	Tel.	J. A. O'Hara	Ord. Sea.	J. G. Sheridan
Sig.	R. K. Howe	Ord. Sea.	W. B. Pugh	Ord. Sea.	R. Thomson
A. B.	A. Hughes	Ord. Sea.	D. J. Pricc	Ldg. Tel.	R. H. Tawton
A. B.	E. Hesketh	Ord. Sea.	J. Preston	A. B.	G. J. Tarver
Ord. Tel.	D. Isaac	Ord. Sea.	J. Pender	A. B.	G. R. Taylor
Ord. Sea.	J. B. Jones	Ldg. Sea.	R. H. Parr	Boy Tel.	G. Taylor
Ord. Sea.	A. J. Jenks	Ord. Sea.	B. D. Palmer	Boy	E. J. Tolcher
Ldg. Sea.	W. J. D. Jones	A. B.	G. J. Perrett	Ord. Sig.	G. Turner
A. B.	H. G. Jakeway	A. B.	J. R. C. Peat	Ord. Sea.	C. D. B. Thomas
A. B.	P. Jones	A. B.	L. D. Parnell	A. B.	G. Usher
A. B.	D. J. R. Jones	Ord. Sea.	B. W. Price	Ord. Sea.	M. W. Villar
Ldg. Sea.	F. H. James	Ord. Sea.	F. P. A. Perkins	A. B.	C. Watson
Tel.	F. Jones	A. B.	D. G. Rough	Ord. Sea.	P. J. Wakeford
Boy	W. F. Jones	Tel.	J. H. Roach	Ord. Sea.	W. E. While
Ord. Sea.	T. B. Jones	Ord. Sea.	P. Robinson	Ord. Sea.	K. C. Wright
Coder (Ed.)	G. H. James	Ord. Sea.	R. H. Rushton	Ord. Sea.	D. Warbrick
Ldg. Sea.	J. A. Kelly	A. B.	T. B. Rowlands	Ldg. Sea.	T. B. Wilson
Ord. Sea.	C. C. Knocker	A. B.	R. J. Raley	A. B.	R. Williams
Ldg. Sea.	A. W. Keen	Ord. Sea.	C. R. Reeves	A. B.	J. T. Williams
Ord. Sea.	A. H. Keenan	A. B.	P. Ray	A. B.	S. Walker
Ldg. Tel.	R. E. Keefe	A. B.	J. Rogers	A. B.	A. Welsh
A. B.	J. Lawson	Tel.	J. C. Richings	A. B.	F. W. Waller
Ord. Sea.	E. Lewis	Tel.	G. Redpath	Ldg. Sea.	D. Wyatt
Ldg. Sea.	P. G. Leverton	Boy	D. L. Riddle	Ldg. Sea.	B. J. Worthington
Ldg. Sea.	L. D. Le-Lerre	Ord. Sea.	D. F. Reynolds	Tel.	D. A. Wareham
Ldg. Sea.	B. C. Lambert	Ord. Sea.	B. E. Read	Boy	D. M. Williams
Boy	H. K. Leather	Ord. Sea.	A. Rowbotham	Ord. Sea.	L. W. Williams
Boy	B. J. W. Lawson	A. B.	E. Reed	Ord. Sea.	M. F. Whisby
A/Ldg. Sea.	P. N. Lasire	Ord. Sea.	B. Sessions	Ldg. Sea.	G. L. Yates
Ord. Sea.	I. Morgan	Ord. Sea.	J. T. Scarrott		

#### ENGINE ROOM RATINGS

Penney, S. E.	Chief Engineer	Artificer	Shaw, E.	Chief Mechanician
Finnigan, S.	Chief Engineer	Artificer	Rice, E. G.	Mechanician, 1st Class
Harries, J. S.	Chief Engineer	Artificer	Senior, C. S.	Mechanician, 1st Class
Kent, H. D.	Chief Engineer	Artificer	Smith, A. J.	Mechanician, 2nd Class
Bamford, J. S.	Engineer	Artificer 1st Class	Bloodworth, C. I.	Chief Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Sheffield, C.	Engineer	Artificer 1st Class	Foster, P. J.	Chief Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Williams, H. M.	Engineer	Artificer 1st Class	Husband, W.	Chief Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Waite, E. F.	Engineer	Artificer 1st Class	Price, A. C.	Chief Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Callen, L. A.	Engineer	Artificer 2nd Class	Robertson, W.	Chief Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Lees, H. J.	Engineer	Artificer 2nd Class	Sobey, S. W. R.	Chief Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Blackler, D. G. R.	Engineer	Artificer 3rd Class	Bowbay, C. W.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Ford, R. F.	Engineer	Artificer 3rd Class	Cooper, D. F.	Acting Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Mitchell, T. R.	Engineer	Artificer 3rd Class	Davies, D.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Morse, G. A.	Engineer	Artificer 3rd Class	Davy, K.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Rimmer, P. J.	Engineer	Artificer 3rd Class	Evans, B. F. G.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Rollason, H.	Engineer	Artificer 3rd Class	Edwards, W. D.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Salmon, G. J.	Engineer	Artificer 3rd Class	Hamlyn, S. H.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Brunt, C. J.	Engineer	Artificer 4th Class	Henderson, J.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Bradley, M. D. G.	Acting Engineer	Artificer 4th Class	Jones, T.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Cock, R.	Engineer	Artificer 4th Class	Pender, M. C.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Dunning, P.	Acting Engineer	Artificer 4th Class	Stephens, W. E. R.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Large, M.	Engineer	Artificer 4th Class	Smith, W. M.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Smith, P.	Acting Engineer	Artificer 4th Class	Tytheleigh, R. I. C.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)
Shaw, J. L.	Engineer	Artificer 4th Class	Young, C. E.	Petty Officer Mechanic (E)

## MECHANICS (E)

M. (E) L. Ashworth  
M. (E) T. J. Armstrong  
L. M. (E) F. Adams  
L. M. (E) L. H. Arblaster  
M. (E) J. L. Alexander  
M. (E) J. G. E. Best  
M. (E) J. H. Bevan  
M. (E) D. H. G. Brand  
M. (E) J. J. Birch  
M. (E) A. T. Bryan  
M. (E) C. Bellington  
L. M. (E) K. F. Ball  
M. (E) T. R. Brewer  
M. (E) J. Barlow  
M. (E) B. Beecroft  
M. (E) G. E. A. Balman  
M. (E) L. Chipchase  
M. (E) J. D. Gover  
L. M. (E) R. F. Carter  
M. (E) L. Carter  
M. (E) A. Cunliffe  
M. (E) W. Cecil  
L. M. (E) T. Christie  
M. (E) W. Catterall  
M. (E) J. F. Connelly  
M. (E) H. Curry  
M. (E) N. K. Davies  
L. M. (E) L. V. Dennison  
M. (E) J. Espley  
L. M. (E) G. Evans  
M. (E) A. W. Fisher  
M. (E) P. H. Frost  
A/L. M. (E) R. Goulding  
M. (E) J. Gell  
M. (E) R. G. Garnett  
M. (E) J. A. Glover  
M. (E) G. Gibbs  
L. M. (E) M. W. Gregory  
L. M. (E) W. F. Hyett  
M. (E) R. C. Hargreaves  
M. (E) I. Hewitson  
M. (E) P. Henry  
M. (E) C. E. Hanks  
M. (E) A. J. Hillier  
M. (E) B. G. Harris  
M. (E) D. A. Harries  
M. (E) P. J. Hawke  
L. M. (E) J. A. Harris  
L. M. (E) A. R. Harvey  
M. (E) G. L. Isaac  
M. (E) B. Jamieson  
M. (E) J. T. Kelly  
M. (E) A. McIntyre  
M. (E) H. Monks  
M. (E) K. Maynard  
M. (E) W. H. McCartney  
L. M. (E) J. Mayers  
M. (E) D. C. Matty  
L. M. (E) T. Murphy  
M. (E) P. W. Moon  
M. (E) T. B. McFayden  
M. (E) J. A. C. MacSymons  
M. (E) W. J. McKay  
M. (E) R. McFadden  
M. (E) J. Northcott  
M. (E) C. S. Pengelly  
M. (E) K. E. Palin  
L. M. (E) P. J. Powers  
M. (E) E. Rutherford  
M. (E) P. Robertson  
M. (E) S. J. Reeves  
M. (E) A. F. G. Stockford  
M. (E) D. J. Stone  
M. (E) R. J. Strong  
M. (E) R. F. Smale  
M. (E) P. Smith  
M. (E) A. E. Staigh  
A/L. M. (E) R. P. Seville  
M. (E) P. D. Shuttler  
M. (E) A. J. Simonds

L. M. (E) J. Sullivan  
M. (E) W. S. Stevenson  
M. (E) W. F. Tonks  
M. (E) J. Taylor  
L. M. (E) J. D. Tilstone  
M. (E) P. A. Thorpe  
M. (E) G. C. Toole  
M. (E) R. Turner  
M. (E) G. Thompson  
M. (E) J. W. Taylor  
L. M. (E) R. Thompson  
M. (E) S. Wallace  
M. (E) W. S. Williams  
M. (E) P. F. Williams  
M. (E) D. G. Wilson  
M. (E) T. J. W. Westwood  
L. M. (E) W. Watson  
J. M. (E) E. G. Wyness  
J. M. (E) R. K. Ward  
M. (E) J. V. Ward

## ROYAL MARINE DETACHMENT

C. Sgt. J. A. Frankling  
Sgt. K. A. Holloway  
Sgt. V. H. Steeple  
Sgt. L. A. Stelfox  
Sgt. Taylor, J. A.  
Mne. M. J. Allison  
Mne. J. H. W. Biggin  
Cpl. A. E. J. Beresford  
Cpl. E. A. W. Burnell  
Mne. H. N. Baker  
Mne. T. Baldwin  
Mne. A. C. Barnes  
Mne. A. W. Bartlett  
Mne. A. H. Collis  
Mne. R. Calderbank  
A/Cpl. E. J. Cole  
Mne. J. Carr  
Mne. R. D. Clements  
Mne. R. W. Collins  
Mne. D. A. Curtis  
Mne. T. C. Davidson  
Mne. D. P. Embury  
Mne. R. Findon  
Mne. A. E. Foot  
Mne. A. W. Green  
Mne. G. P. Gardiner  
Mne. E. W. Grimsdale  
A/Cpl. R. S. H. Henderson  
Mne. C. G. Hood  
A/Cpl. P. E. Hallett  
Mne. C. L. Heine  
Mne. F. P. Howis  
Bug. H. Henderson  
Mne. E. C. Hill  
Mne. H. A. Jenkins  
Mne. J. W. Kitsen  
Mne. J. B. Lloyd  
Mne. B. W. Laker  
Mne. T. H. Little  
Mne. D. Lawrie  
Mne. D. Liversedge  
Mne. F. J. Mitchell  
Mne. W. H. Moore  
Cpl. J. Muir  
Mne. P. D. Marshall  
Mne. McAvoy, G. C.  
Mne. C. McKay  
Mne. M. Moore  
Mne. R. M. Nicholson  
Cpl. A. Probert  
Mne. E. S. Pascoe  
Bug. B. Phillpotts  
Mne. W. Purdie  
Cpl. F. B. Shepherd  
Mne. D. W. Snelling  
Mne. J. A. Smith  
Mne. F. Thompson  
Mne. B. H. Tibble  
Mne. S. G. Tompkins

Mne. M. C. Toms  
Mne. W. Topliss  
Mne. D. P. Vincent  
Mne. H. Weatherill  
Mne. M. W. Whitehead  
Mne. R. Wilson  
Mne. P. P. Wale  
Mne. J. C. Wells  
Mne. J. D. Wilson  
Mne. B. E. Whittle  
Cpl. E. S. Wyles  
Mne. F. W. Warden  
Mne. S. Williamson

## ROYAL MARINE BAND

S. B. Mtr. R. R. Winchester  
B. Sgt. R. D. Jewell  
A/B. Cpl. R. K. Brown  
A/B. Cpl. A. W. Bailey  
Musn. J. D. Bishop  
Musn. D. J. Clark  
Musn. F. E. Coleman  
Musn. P. R. Compson  
Musn. B. G. P. Douglas  
Musn. J. B. Epps  
Musn. W. Fullerton  
Musn. R. A. Fowler  
Musn. L. A. Haley  
Musn. L. Hart  
Musn. L. M. Jenkins  
Musn. D. E. Kerslake  
Musn. D. Snell  
Musn. G. J. Silcox  
Musn. K. O. Smith  
Musn. G. Tubb  
Musn. R. Turner  
Musn. J. D. W. Tyler  
Musn. G. T. Walton  
Musn. D. A. Webster  
S. Bmtr. G. G. Shipway  
B. Sgt. R. Banning  
Musn. N. Ashley  
Musn. V. C. Asher  
Musn. J. M. Bradshaw  
Musn. G. Brooks  
B. Cpl. Elver, A. B.  
Musn. J. W. Hillman  
Musn. P. E. Howse  
Musn. N. F. Henshaw  
Musn. E. C. Hayward  
Musn. R. J. Kempton  
Musn. K. Keast  
Musn. R. J. Lee  
Musn. R. McCallum  
Musn. R. M. MacKay  
Musn. P. R. McRory  
Musn. B. Oates  
Musn. J. H. Philips  
Musn. T. W. Parker  
Musn. P. Redfern  
Musn. D. B. Swann  
Musn. F. S. Tomlin

## ASIANS — COOKS AND STEWARDS

Fernandes, L.	Petty Officer	Cook
Fernandes, C.	Petty Officer	Cook
Morris, E.	Petty Officer	Cook
Amurthan, S.	Leading Cook	
D'Costa, C. N.	Leading Cook	
Wallis, J. A.	Leading Cook	
Coutinho, L. R.	Cook	
James, S. M.	Cook	
Martin-Singho, M.	Cook	
Soares, R.	Assistant Cook	
Coutinho, I. J.	Chief Petty Officer	
	Steward	
Perera, W. A. D.	Petty Officer	Steward
Sebastian, L. G.	Petty Officer	Steward
D'Mello, D.	Leading Steward	
Fernandes, C. J.	Leading Steward	
Krishnan, N. T.	Leading Steward	

Pereira, J. S. Leading Steward  
 Ranatunga, A. Leading Steward  
 Dias, J. S. Steward  
 Denny, W. Steward  
 Fernandes, X. J. Steward  
 Pinto, M. Steward  
 Palavasam, M. Steward  
 Velu, V. Steward  
 William, M. Steward

#### SOMALIS

Sullivan, N. Head Tindal  
 Awad, H. 2nd Tindal  
 Ali, H. S. Seaman  
 Ahmed, F. H. Seaman  
 Ali, H. M. Seaman  
 Ahmed, F. Seaman  
 Ali, M. S. Stoker

Abdi, H. E. Seaman  
 Ali, H. A. Stoker  
 Abdi, A. G. E. Seaman  
 Abdullah, K. M. Sweeper  
 Adan, I. A. Seaman  
 Ali, S. H. Seaman  
 Awadth, H. A. Stoker  
 Dealeh, A. Seaman  
 Ebrahim, D. A. Stoker  
 Eggeh, M. H. Stoker  
 Eggal, M. J. Stoker  
 Farah, I. 2nd Tindal  
 Fara, O. A. Stoker  
 Hersi, Y. Stoker  
 Hasan, A. H. Seaman  
 Hasan, W. J. Seaman  
 Hersi, A. A. Seaman  
 Hassan, M. E. Seaman  
 Ismail, Y. 2nd Tindal  
 Ibrahim, J. A. Seaman

Ismail, H. Stoker  
 Ismail, J. Tindal  
 Ibrahim, M. 2nd Tindal  
 Jama, A. G. Seaman  
 Kassim, A. A. Sweeper  
 Mahmood, M. B. Seaman  
 Musa, A. M. Stoker  
 Mohammad, S. M. Seaman  
 Mohamed, H. M. Sweeper  
 Mohamed, W. Seaman  
 Mahmud, N. A. Seaman  
 Mohamed, A. M. Sweeper  
 Mohamed, I. Seaman  
 Sulliman, M. F. Stoker  
 Saeed, H. O. Seaman  
 Saeed, A. J. Seaman  
 Saeed, N. M. 2nd Tindal  
 Umer, D. E. A. Stoker  
 Umar, A. J. Stoker  
 Yusuf, A. E. Stoker

#### PAKISTANI RATINGS BORNE FOR TRAINING

Rehman, S. Radio Electrical Artificer 4th Class  
 Hafeez, A. A/Radio Electrical Artificer 4th Class  
 Ahmed, F. Electrical Artificer 5th Class  
 Mural-Haque, M. Electrical Artificer 5th Class

Manan-Bhuyan, M. A. Electrical Artificer 5th Class  
 Akhtar, S. Electrical Artificer 5th Class  
 Mohamed, M. Electrical Artificer 5th Class  
 Ahmed M. A. Electrical Artificer 5th Class  
 Shikdar, M. A. K. Electrical Artificer 5th Class

#### STAFF OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

##### EAST INDIES

Norris, C. F. N. Vice Admiral  
 Clarke, G. Commander  
 Stobie, D. M. H. Commander  
 Bayne, P. J., Commander  
 D.S.C.  
 Christopherson, R. K. Lieut. Commander  
 Lewis, D. R. Lieut. Commander  
 Wier, J. F. R. Lieut. Commander  
 Ball, J. R. Lieutenant  
 Norfolk, E. I. S. Lieutenant  
 Palmer, J. L. Lieutenant  
 Thomas, W. R. S. Lieutenant  
 Moore, A. Surgeon, Lieut. (D)  
 Sherida, G. T. B. Capt. Royal Marines  
 Daws, A. E. Chief Petty Officer  
 Jupp, R. E. Yeoman of Signals  
 Kitchen, P. W. Yeoman of Signals  
 Stannard, L. Yeoman of Signals  
 Champion, B. J. Signalman  
 Gilbert, E. H. Signalman  
 Millin, D. L. Signalman  
 Tinkler C. R. Signalman  
 Hildreth, D. J. Ordinary Signalman

Hutchinson, A.

Budd, P. B.  
 Marshall, D. W.  
 Moloney, J. P.  
 Brown, W. R.

Baker, J. C.

Morgan, G. E.  
 (B.E.M.)  
 Carter, D. W.  
 Johnson, P.

Kendall, J. W.  
 Curl, T. J.  
 Moody, J. C.

Beal, R. C.  
 Pritchards, G.

#### STAFF OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

##### EAST INDIES STATION

##### ASIANS

Antao, V. A. A/Chief Petty Officer  
 Cook

Petty Officer Tele-  
 graphist  
 Leading Telegraphist  
 Telegraphist  
 Telegraphist

Ordinary Telegra-  
 phist  
 Leading Mechanical  
 Engineer

Chief Petty Officer  
 Writer

Leading Writer  
 Acting Leading  
 Writer (Local)

Leading Writer  
 Writer  
 Chief Petty Officer

Steward  
 Chief Joiner  
 A/Corporal R.M.

Hendrick, G. K.

D/Silver, N. F. Leading Cook  
 Corte, S. A. Cook  
 Coutinho, A. Cook

Gregory, J. R. Petty Officer  
 Steward  
 Lobo, H. Petty Officer  
 Steward

Lazar, A. Petty Officer  
 Steward

Viegas, C. S. Petty Officer  
 Steward

D'Mello, P. Leading Steward  
 Kumaren, P. A. Leading Steward

Kanniah, R. S. Leading Steward  
 Kandha, Leading Steward

Luis, D. J. Leading Steward

Charles Appu, C. Steward  
 Cardozo, J. Steward

Dias, S. Steward  
 Dias, J. Steward

Suppiah, M. Steward

#### SHIPWRIGHT AND ORDNANCE STAFFS

Spurrell, D. B. Chief Shipwright  
 Ward, S. D. Shipwright, 1st Class  
 Collings, E. Shipwright, 2nd Class  
 Duguid, E. G. Shipwright, 3rd Class  
 Parsons, R. C. F. Shipwright, 3rd Class  
 Stewart, G. Shipwright, 3rd Class  
 White, R. A. Shipwright, 3rd Class  
 Adams, N. C. Shipwright, 4th Class  
 Barnes, E. E. Shipwright, 4th Class  
 Grunsell, H. W. Plumber, 1st Class  
 Avery, D. J. Painter, 1st Class  
 Pidgen, W. Blacksmith, 1st Class  
 Loft, D. Joiner, 2nd Class  
 Munn, W. M. Chief Ordnance Artificer  
 Merrill, J. E. Chief Ordnance Artificer  
 Dickinson, G. E. Ordnance Artificer 2nd Class  
 Butland, P. T. Ordnance Artificer 3rd Class  
 Carr, R. Ordnance Artificer 3rd Class  
 Selby, F. T. Ordnance Artificer 1st Class  
 Haywood, J. W. A-Ordnance Artificer 4th Class  
 Hurford, J. E. Ordnance Artificer 4th Class  
 Fields, R. A. S. Ordnance Artificer 4th Class  
 Cox, S. G. Ordnance Artificer 5th Class  
 Clarke, R. D. Ordnance Artificer 5th Class

Shears, D. H.  
 O'Hagan, T. C. G.  
 Halliman, W.  
 Griffin, K. G.  
 Goodier, L.

Sick Berth Chief Petty Officer  
 Sick Berth Petty Officer  
 Sick Berth Attendant  
 Sick Berth Attendant  
 Sick Berth Attendant

#### SUPPLY AND SECRETARIAT

Arberry, C. J. Chief Petty Officer Writer  
 Crispin, W. J. Leading Writer  
 Dean, D. J. Leading Writer  
 Kellett, J. B. Leading Writer  
 Pedler, J. B. Writer  
 Ford, B. W. J. Stores Chief Petty Officer  
 Tuckett, A. Stores Petty Officer (S)  
 Browne, J. R. Leading Stores Assistant (S)  
 Lamb, J. E. Leading Stores Assistant (S)  
 Fowler, G. R. Stores Assistant (S)  
 Tuplin, G. C. Stores Assistant

Knowling, P. C. Stores Chief Petty Officer (V)  
 Hutchings, D. G. Stores Petty Officer (V)  
 Cowell, C. Leading Stores Assistant (V)  
 Coppin, B. S. Leading Stores Assistant (V)  
 Chapman, R. B. Stores Assistant (V)  
 Vick, A. L. Stores Assistant (V)



Heath, G. L. Chief Petty Officer Cook (S)  
 Cook, A. H. Chief Petty Officer Cook (S)  
 Bray, A. Chief Petty Officer Cook (S)  
 Ford, E. G. Petty Officer Cook (S)  
 Newell, J. R. Petty Officer Cook (S)  
 Bennett, T. N. Acting Petty Officer Cook (S) (Local)  
 Berry, L. C. L. Leading Cook (S)  
 Corbett, G. D. Leading Cook (S)  
 Jenkins, G. J. Cook (S)  
 Lithgow, J. M. S. Cook (S)  
 Morrissey, I. V. Cook (S)  
 Phillips, R. J. Cook (S)  
 Potter, S. Cook (S)

#### REGULATING STAFF

Calnan, P. Master-at-Arms  
 Winter, W. V. Regulating Petty Officer  
 Norfolk, N. W. Acting Regulating Petty Officer  
 O'Shaughnessy, G. O. Leading Patrolman

#### ELECTRICAL STAFF

Skilton, W. J. C. A/Chief Electrical Artificer  
 Pattle, H. Electrical Artificer 1st Class  
 Lang, R. G. Electrical Artificer 2nd Class  
 Addison, J. G. A/Electrical Artificer 4th Class  
 Down, D. J. Electrical Artificer 4th Class  
 Hallett, D. J. A/Electrical Artificer 4th Class  
 Bartlett, F. R. Electrical Artificer 4th Class  
 Bell, R. V. Chief Electrician  
 Ackford, A. J. Acting Petty Officer Electrician  
 Birt, R. Petty Officer Electrician  
 Bence, L. F. Acting Petty Officer Electrician  
 Hughes, J. T. Acting Petty Officer Electrician  
 Pike, A. Petty Officer Electrician  
 Wallace, E. A. Petty Officer Electrician  
 Allan, R. R. A/Leading Electrical Mechanic  
 Barrington, H. J. Leading Electrical Mechanic  
 Ingram, S. Leading Electrical Mechanic  
 Lewis, T. A. Leading Electrical Mechanic  
 Lavelle, R. Leading Electrical Mechanic  
 Newcombe, M. Leading Electrical Mechanic

Peacock, S. L. Leading Electrical Mechanic  
 Shepherd, W. J. Leading Electrical Mechanic  
 Bentley, S. D. Electrical Mechanic  
 Bull, C. C. Electrical Mechanic  
 Baxendale, A. Electrical Mechanic  
 Chambers, J. C. Electrical Mechanic  
 Duncan, E. Electrical Mechanic  
 Evans, D. E. Electrical Mechanic  
 Faux, V. M. Electrical Mechanic  
 Geoghegan, T. Electrical Mechanic  
 Hendry, A. N. Electrical Mechanic  
 Harris, R. Electrical Mechanic  
 Kelly, B. C. Electrical Mechanic  
 MacKenzie, S. C. Electrical Mechanic  
 Offen, M. Electrical Mechanic  
 Pritchard, D. Electrical Mechanic  
 Pittaway, T. E. Electrical Mechanic  
 Patterson, J. Electrical Mechanic  
 Sorley, J. Electrical Mechanic  
 Simpson, N. M. Electrical Mechanic  
 Tennant, R. Electrical Mechanic  
 Young, R. T. Electrical Mechanic  
 Gaiger, G. E. Chief Radio Elect. Artificer  
 Stephens, R. S. Radio Electrical Artificer  
 Stephens, R. S. Radio Electrical Artificer  
 Carnell, F. H. J. R. El. Mechanician 1st Class  
 Rowlands, F. E. El. Mechanician 1st Class  
 Urry, E. A/R. Electrician  
 Wright, B. R. Electrician  
 Morris, W. R. E. A/Leading Radio Electrical Mechanic  
 Richmond, H. J. Leading Radio Electrical Mechanic  
 Burleton F. T. Radio Electrical Mechanic  
 Smith, C. E. Radio Electrical Mechanic  
 Taylor, R. J. Radio Electrical Mechanic

#### CANTEEN STAFF

Mr. William R. Potts Manager  
 Mr. William D. Bowman Chargehand  
 Harry D. Joseph  
 W. H. Jayasena  
 S. Joe Vejavandram  
 R. M. Punchibanda



AND THAT'S THE END OF  
ANOTHER BIG JOB /