

H.M.S. GAMBIA



# H.M.S GAMBIA

## 1958 - 1960



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Brighton



Gambia 'Belle'

*Photo. by courtesy of Michael Teague*





One of the most pleasant things about the Navy is that one rarely has to say "goodbye." We know that there will come a time when we'll meet 'old ships,' and then the conversation will inevitably begin: "Do you remember the time in Glam Gam when we . . . ?" And we'll certainly have a lot to talk about!

I think it is fair to say that we can be modestly proud of our achievements. We've worked hard and played hard, and no one will dispute that our efforts in both fields have proved their own reward. Whether it was helping the people of Mauritius to restore their devastated island or showing the Fleet the way home in the Regatta, the "Gambias" have always gone at it with a will; and the recognition that this has received, particularly abroad, shows that the GAMBIA has brought credit to our Service and, indeed, to our country.

From time to time a change is good for all of us. Now we are going to our new jobs and we look forward to them with high hopes and expectations, as we did when we joined the GAMBIA not very long ago. Thank you for sharing with me what has been to me, and I hope to you, a very wonderful commission. Au revoir—not goodbye—and godspeed.

W. S. Hanna.



## HISTORY OF H.M.S GAMBIA

H.M.S. GAMBIA is the first ship of this name. She is a cruiser of the COLONY class, of 8,000 tons displacement, 555 feet in length, having nine 6-inch guns, eight 4-inch guns, and eighteen 40-mm. guns.

H.M.S. GAMBIA was launched by Lady Hilbery, the wife of Mr. Justice Hilbery, in 1940, and completed in February, 1942, going into immediate war service, firstly with the Home Fleet and then with the Far Eastern Fleet. She was then lent to the Royal New Zealand Navy, and in 1944 took part in operations against Sumatra and Java. Late in 1945, operating with the United States Third Fleet, she was in action against Okinawa, Formosa and the Japanese home islands. In August, 1945, she anchored in Tokyo Bay and was present during the signing of the Japanese surrender.

During her very active war service, which at one time included steaming 35,000 miles in 3½ months, GAMBIA visited the territory from which she had taken her name. African chiefs in full regalia led thousands to inspect the ship during her three-day visit.

For her war service, H.M.S. GAMBIA was awarded Battle Honours for Sabang, 1944, and Okinawa, 1945.

Since the war she has completed commissions in the Far East and Mediterranean. During 1955-56 she was Flagship of the East Indies Station.

In May, 1957, GAMBIA completed a major refit in H.M. Dockyard, Rosyth, giving the ship a very much improved fighting efficiency and habitability, at the

same time forging strong connections with the royal borough of Dunfermline. She commissioned at Rosyth on 1st May on a General Service Commission, took part with the Home Fleet in the Review by Her Majesty the Queen at Invergordon, and on completing six months in Home waters, sailed for twelve months' duty as Flagship to the East Indies station.

The final Commission began on 4th November, 1959, the ship's time being extended to allow Home, Mediterranean, Indian Ocean, Far East and South Atlantic waters to be duly transited. Major N.A.T.O. and S.E.A.T.O. exercises were participated in and the Equator was crossed no less than eight times on various unusual missions including the safe conduct of Parliamentary Ministers to settle affairs of State and the bringing of aid and relief to cyclone-smitten Mauritius. Returning to Portsmouth on 4th July, GAMBIA rejoined the Home Fleet for her last months at sea and commences the reduction to reserve in Portsmouth on 7th December, 1960.





JET FLEET

CRUISER REGATTA  
 AT TRINCOMALEE  
 Saturday 27th & Sunday 28th February  
 1960.  
 Won by H.M.S. GAMBIA.

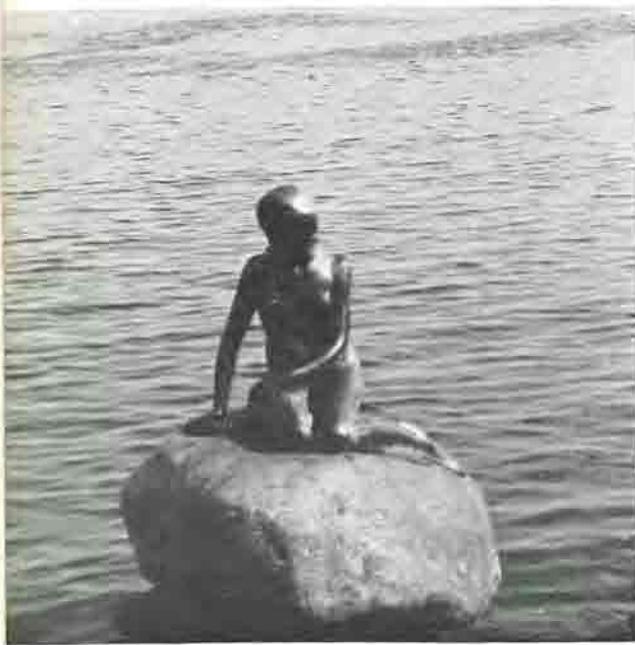
SEAMEN'S WHALER	SENIOR CREW H.M.S. GAMBIA.	FIRST.
	JUNIOR CREW.	SECOND.
M(E)'S WHALER	"	FIRST
ELECTRICAL WHALER	"	FIRST
MISCELLANEOUS WHALER	"	FIRST
COMMUNICATION WHALER	"	FIRST
ARTIFICER'S WHALER	"	FIRST
ROYAL MARINE'S WHALER	"	FIRST
CHIEF PETTY OFFICER'S WHALER	"	FIRST
PETTY OFFICER'S WHALER	"	FIRST
OFFICER'S WHALER.	"	FIRST
RACING WHALER	M(E)'S CREW H.M.S. GAMBIA.	FIRST

H.M.S. GAMBIA scored the maximum possible points, namely 79.  
**"A CLEAN SWEEP"**



## November 1958 — December 1960

NOV. 4	Commissioning Day, Rosyth	" 9—14	ADEN
" 4—8 JAN.	Refitting, Rosyth Dockyard	" 17	MOGADISCIO
JAN. 8—17 "	Exercises in Forth Area	" 18—29	MOMBASA
" 19—20 "	PORTLAND	" 30—4 JAN.	DAR-ES-SALAAM
" 24	GIBRALTAR	JAN. 7—11	SEYCHELLES
" 24—23 FEB.	Exercises and Work-up off GIBRALTAR	" 16—4 FEB.	KARACHI for self-maintenance
FEB. 26—4 MAR.	VIGO	FEB. 4—9	Exercises with Pakistan Navy
MAR. 6—14	GIBRALTAR	" 9—10	COLOMBO
" 14—24	Exercise "Dawn Brzeze"	" 12	GAN, Maldiv Islands
" 24—4 APR.	PORTSMOUTH	" 13—14	MALE, Maldiv Islands
APR. 6—4 MAY	ROSYTH	" 15	COLOMBO
MAY 6—13	COPENHAGEN	" 15—26	Exercise J.E.T. '60
" 15—19	ROSYTH	" 26—29	TRINCOMALEE for Cruiser Regatta
" 19—21	Exercises	MAR. 4—10	FEB. 28 MAURITIUS for Cyclone Relief Work
" 21—25	LOCH ERIBOLL	" 19—22	SINGAPORE
" 25—26	Exercises	" 26—7 APR.	HONG KONG
" 26	SPEY BAY	APR. 11—22	SINGAPORE
" 27—1 JUN.	INVERGORDON	MAY 2—3	MAURITIUS
JUN. 1—5	Exercises	" 7—18	DURBAN
" 5—8	ROSYTH	" 19—23	PORT ELIZABETH
" 8—13	Exercise "Fairwind IV"	" 25—2 JUN.	CAPE TOWN
" 13—16	AARHUS	" 11—14	FREETOWN
" 18—8 JUL.	ROSYTH	" 16—19	BATHURST
JUL. 10—16	PORTSMOUTH	" 24—30	GIBRALTAR
" 20—22	GIBRALTAR	JUL. 4—25 AUG.	PORTSMOUTH
" 24—29	MALTA	AUG. 26—30	PLYMOUTH
" 29—1 AUG.	Exercises	SEP. 1—4	WESTERN ISLES
AUG. 1—4	MALTA	" 5—9	Exercises Moray Firth Area
" 4—7	AUGUSTA BAY for Med. Fleet Regatta on AUG. 5	" 10—16	ROSYTH
" 8—11	MALTA	" 17—1 OCT.	Exercise "Fallex"
" 13—18	AJACCIO	OCT. 2—10	SOUTHAMPTON
" 19—24	LEGHORN	" 11—14	Exercise "Rum Tub"
" 26—7 SEP.	MALTA	" 14—17	LONDONDERRY
SEP. 7—14	Exercises	" 18—25	PLYMOUTH
" 17—21	TRIESTE	" 25—31	PORTSMOUTH
" 23—25	MALTA	NOV. 2—12	ROSYTH
" 28—24 NOV.	GIBRALTAR for refit and Leave	" 14—19	HAMBURG
NOV. 28—1 DEC.	VOLOS	" 21—26	ROTTERDAM
DEC. 1—3	Exercise off CYPRUS	" 29—5 DEC.	LIVERPOOL
" 4	Transit SUEZ CANAL	DEC. 7	PORTSMOUTH, and Reserve



*Footloose :*

'Of journeying the benefits are many; the freshness it bringeth to the heart, the seeing and hearing of marvellous things, the delight of beholding new cities, the meeting of unknown friends.'

—13th Century Persian.

*the benefits are many . . . .*

Hardly fitting perhaps to attempt to teach one's grandmother to suck eggs, for the benefits of travel (or at least its delights) must be instinctively appreciated by the sailor; though he himself may never have put them into words, by virtue of his calling he must surely have imbibed their knowledge with his mother's milk—a reason perhaps, if not an excuse, why he instantly repairs to the nearest fount of refreshment ashore. Having assumed replenishment stations he may argue that life on the seven seas offers a chance of getting away from it all; and not just mother-in-law. Perhaps for him the Navy supplies the magic carpet to whisk him off to the land of his heart's desire, or at least will bring him to blue skies under which in a new-found freedom he will enjoy never a dull moment but will achieve once more his place in the sun. Whether in fact he believes in the advantages of being called upon to act as ambassador extraordinary or somehow recognises that 'travel broadens the mind' he will probably agree with Sydney Smith 'that a man is the happier for life from having once made an agreeable tour.'

A glance at the ship's travelogue of this final two-year Commission will refresh our memories of its stages; first of our Home and Mediterranean time, then of our passage East of Suez and being on station in the Indian Ocean, finally to be given a glimpse of the Far East before becoming immersed in South African hospitality on our way through the South Atlantic once more for Home waters. Chronologically it is all there, each visit bringing to mind its attendant benefits and delights, whether it was our first introduction to fresh and abundant sea-food as in Vigo, canoeing in Corsica, bounding outwards in the Dolomites, rabbiting in Hong Kong, swimming in Seychelles, or gaining an objective insight into local customs in East, South and West Africa! Space forbids the recording of every visit and adventure, perhaps even a mention of your most memorable personal recollection (at least one group is on record as having enjoyed a 'mountain-top' experience!), but a selection is offered to help refresh our memories of some of the sights and wonders our cruise has brought to our experience.

*but if you want fish . . . .*

'Paella' and gambas': visions of Galicia and north-west Spain, of fishing fleets and sea-food, of picturesque estuary scenery and Spanish folklore tradition, of the town of which Somerest Maugham wrote:

'but if you want fish you must really go to Vigo. . . . I have never eaten a better luncheon in my life than I ate here. There was every variety of fish as hors d'œuvre, clams, prawns, mussels, anchovies, and a dozen more, a shrimp omelette, and then a delicious fried fish that you knew came out of the sea that very morning. It was a wonderful meal.'

And so we found it: situated near the mouth of its great rio, sheltered with its privileged climate in its own bay famed for its scenery, known, so history tells us, to Julius Cæsar during his campaign against the Cantabrians. To-day a port of call for transatlantic liners, Vigo's chief industries are fishing and canning, the building and harbouring of fishing fleets, and catering for Galicia's tourist traffic.

We were not the first naval personnel ever to have visited the port: Sir Francis Drake raided the town as far back as 1585! And in 1589 Vigo was again sacked and burned almost to the ground. In 1702, Admiral Sir George Rooke was in command at the battle of Vigo Bay, while in 1719 a fourth attack by a British fleet and landing army ensured the surrender once more of the fortress dominating the hill above the town. It was here that the Spanish Admiral Mendez was born; it was here in 1883 that our Channel fleet paid his bodily remains full Naval honours in the absence of a Spanish Garrison. His memory is retained in his words: 'Better honour without ships, than ships without honour.' Since that time, and certainly up until the Second World War, the Royal Navy has enjoyed amiable connections with the town more especially in a ceremonial role, and spring cruises were always noted for their hospitable reception in Vigo Bay.

Vigo, always generous, provided good shopping and eating. Typically Spanish bargains such as their leatherwork were unsurpassed anywhere else we have been, while linen, glass and copperware, lace and metalwork, provided souvenirs at a fraction of their cost at home. Nor was it necessary to be either rich or lucky in order to eat extremely well—though one had to forget prejudice and try anything once! It is a tragic thing that unfamiliarity is so often responsible for making a visitor miss a great deal of contentment in good and interesting eating. For in Vigo it was memories of the Bar Cantabrico and mussels in strong sauce with a dry manzanilla, thick prawn soup, cold lobster washed down with an excellent bottle of the local robeiro, then coffee, anis . . . cheque about eight shillings for this disgraceful orgy; but then lobster is always expensive! Another bouquet? No, please NOT brandy after fish. . . .

*beer and bicycles . . . .*

It was universally felt that Denmark provided our first real highlights in the way of foreign visits, and certainly if a Briton is ever capable of feeling at home abroad it is surely in this leisurely land of beechwood, dairy farm and benignant hospitality; for the Dane above all enjoys seeing others enjoy his country. Her Majesty the Queen has remarked that this small land remains one of the freshest, most interesting and delightful parts of Northern Europe with its charming scenery and picturesque towns. Indeed, Denmark was discovered as a tourist country as early as 1860, and the brother of the renowned Captain Marryat wrote that if you

were prepared to take people as you found them, that if you preferred civil treatment and moderate prices to obsequiousness and robbery, then he could conscientiously recommend the interest and pleasure to be found throughout Denmark. And so the tone of Danish travel books has remained to this day.

In Copenhagen that spring we really lived every minute round the clock, for the gaiety of the Danish capital is no myth; and fact we transformed into legend! There is a spirit of the spontaneous in this northern city and if slightly naive, it is none the less boisterous. With its cobbled harbourside streets and canals, its ships' masts and slender green copper spires, the city possesses charm and eye-catching appeal. Here you virtually forget time and (one of its most potent charms) you can eat, or drink, around the clock.

Nyhavn is one of the most picturesque areas, and strictly a sailor's street; it is virtually an arm of the docks lined with tattoo shops and old variegated buildings. Its bars are best attempted in the company of a local as they assume an air which is 'plenty rough.' Eating places are altogether kaleidoscopic in variety: you can overlook the fish market and dine on anything that swims, or spend a somewhat Bohemian evening uncomfortable, noisy, gregarious but fun in dimly lit premises full of bottles of spices, pieces of Viking ships and images from the South Pacific. Perhaps you shared a huge oaken trestle and dined by guttering candle for as little as six kroner, incidental music being provided on the accordion, or elsewhere were amused at the variety of international decor, notably a Greenland atmosphere achieved by upholstering in polar bear hide and rigging an igloo stove.

Shops especially in the older parts are both above and below pavement level, so that window shopping is achieved only by adopting a perpetual curtsy. But in order to bring home those charming souvenirs, the best that Copenhagen has to offer, you would have needed either a weighty bank balance (a superb mink?) or a full-scale pantehnicon.

We took in those unique gardens in Tivoli—fun fair, concert platform, dance-hall and pantomime are all to be found here happily together. We drank at cafe tables on the pavements and consulted menu cards some four feet long, offering over four hundred varieties of that delectable Danish sandwich with the lid off! We found bathing beaches a mere tram-ride from the city's centre and we were everywhere assailed by the bracing northern air rarely associated with large cities, while our eye was continually surprised by the light on the green patina of the numerous domes and spires.

A city of immense character, of steeples, of Eriksen's Mermaid, of soldiers who look as soldiers ought to look in the land of Hans Andersen, of the sea, of merchants and of ships. In its heart locally grown vegetables and flowers and freshly caught fish are sold from open stalls as they have been for centuries. The museums, art collections and exhibitions give a picture of Danish life from the times of the Vikings to social welfare; but Copenhagen does not seek to show visitors only museums and the past, and all over Denmark one is made welcome by industrial undertakings, social institutions and private homes, for the Danes are the most hospitable of people.

We were made more than welcome throughout our stay. We enjoyed the sights, the atmosphere, the food, the beer—it's time we got back in training. I never did get around to riding a bicycle in Copenhagen! . . . . .



**Copenhagen  
Fountain**



**Nyhavn  
Remembrance  
Service**

**Laundry Day—  
Apartments in  
Ajaccio**



**Dghaisamen**

*the freshness it bringeth to the heart . . .*  
*the scented isle . . .*

There was the heat; there was the perfume of the oranges. 'I could recognise Corsica with my eyes closed, just from its perfume,' maintained Napoleon in exile on St. Helena. And certainly to-day the mantle of vegetation, the *maquis* which covers the mountain slopes of the island is still fragrant with holm-oak, myrtle and juniper, entwined in ferns, honeysuckle, rosemary and other sweet-smelling shrubs.

'My happiest memory of oranges comes to me from a large garden near Ajaccio where I was used to taking my siesta during the hours of great heat. The orange trees, tall and widely spread, stretched down to the road from which the garden was separated only by a quickset hedge and a ditch. Immediately beyond was the sea, the immense blue sea. The orange trees filled the air around with the fragrance of their fruit and blossom. From time to time a ripe orange, as if overcome by the heat, became detached from the tree and fell to earth with an unechoing thud. They were superb oranges, reddish-purple inside and quite exquisite. Then there was the view of the horizon, so lovely that in the spaces between the leaves, the sea painted blue patterns which scintillated like pieces of broken glass and danced in the shimmering air. There was the distant sound of the sea, a cadenced murmur that cradled me like some invisible ship.'

So the French poet Alphonse Daudet sets the atmosphere of Ajaccio which is truly Corsican; one in which also simplicity and austerity are inextricably mingled with grandeur and legend. Rising from the sea a mere sixty miles from the south-eastern coast of France, Corsica is the third largest island in the Mediterranean and its six hundred miles of spectacular coastline are becoming the more readily accessible to European tourists. Much of its three thousand square miles is covered with wild and rugged mountain at an altitude of over six thousand feet, and along the west coast especially great cliffs descend almost to the sea. Quite delightful on tour, this picturesque island offers a variety of scenic spots of true mountain grandeur, and many of the roads are daringly engineered as they turn back upon themselves in endless climbing loops.

Ajaccio is the capital of the island and spreads itself along the foot of the northern hills of the deep gulf of the same name. It houses the ancestral home of the Bonapartes and is the birthplace of the Emperor Napoleon, abounding naturally enough in imperial relics. A town of white houses, its charm is contained in palm-shaded squares and broad avenues, giving on to the sea fringed by truly continental beaches where the swimming and sunbathing are unsurpassed. But the fresh air and sunshine are also enjoyed on the long terraces with their typically continental cafes noted for the local blackbird pates, candied lime fruits and myrtle liqueur. Life's pleasures here are simple and austere, and reminded us that the good things in life are free—well, almost!

*vibrates in the memory . . .*

And so might we say does the Mediterranean, because of it our memories are legion. Perhaps it was not Corsica with its Genoese watch towers and mountain girt bays, its promise of the precious satisfaction to be found in the pleasure of shooting, fishing, climbing and camping, which remains foremost in your reminiscences. You may find your substitute in thoughts of Sicily lying triangular across the Middle Sea, a surface remnant of a pre-existing bridge between Italy and the

vastnesses of Africa. Few islands indeed have been better favoured by nature. Climatically mild and scenically beautiful, Sicily possesses rugged mountain, smiling valley and bountiful plain; for even the frequency of earthquakes and the ever-present menace of Mount Etna, though they have borne constant witness to the caprice of natural forces, have in compensation added to the richness of the soil. Man, however, has been less kindly to the island. Geography placed it as an inevitable battleground between the forces of Europe and Africa, an essential possession for anyone who would rule the Mediterranean world, and so its story is one of invasion, war and tumult. A major crossroads of history for centuries, Sicily was first colonised by the Greeks and it was in their capital established at Syracuse that Archimedes was born. Since that time, not only by reason of its position but also because of its history and its contribution to Western civilisation and culture, the island became the very fulcrum of the Mediterranean. A journey in Sicily is a journey through time as well as space, and in digging up the past archaeological findings have been made which bear eloquent witness to the constructive capacity of the Sicilians from very early times indeed.

Italy, however, is the true cradle of Western civilisation as we know it. Most of us made Leghorn, Pisa and Florence, and we all enjoyed the Adriatic tour to Trieste; a few hardier souls meanwhile pilgrimaged to Rome, while as many as could did a trip to Venice. It was found that no other country combined in such degree everything that makes for beauty, grace and often, one would think, ease of living. In fact the Italians have anything but an easy life and many of them by our standards are miserably poor. Yet they are happy and gay, even in overcrowded and wretched surroundings.

The names of Italian cities long associated with beauty and great artistry spoke to us of the past, though this is but half the story. For to-day there are two Italys: that of the saints and artists, and that other Italy fast becoming a progressive and highly organised modern state.

In the north one sees Italy going all out for the benefits of industrialisation and technical skill, with Turin the centre of a thriving motor industry while Milan regards herself as the Economic Capital. Hydro-electric power has been harnessed in a multiplicity of projects. Traffic we found both fast and noisy, whether on main roads or inside town precincts, and it was recognised that the Italians have a love of driving on horn and brakes! Born mechanics, they are, however, gifted too, as artists, musicians and singers. From their smiling landscapes and Edenlike gardens the Italian people seem to have absorbed vitality, laughter and song. In the little ancient wine shops hang beribboned mandolins, any of which a casual customer can take down from the wall to make his own music and sing the old Italian songs.

On still summer evenings as the sea breeze rises to cool the sunbaked hills, the chirping of crickets and the tinkle of mandolins fill the air. Listening to these melodies and breathing the spicy scents of orange, eucalyptus and aromatic herbs, we were almost convinced that in Italy we had found the land of hearts' desire.

*in memoriam . . . .*

Greece, it is said, **MUST** be visited once in a lifetime. It was here that the ideas governing our democratic way of life were thrashed out. It is this region,

**Volos  
Memorial  
Service**



too, so mythology tells us, that was peculiarly favoured by the gods—an area beautiful in green mountainside and in vistas of cypress trees set against a sparkling sea. Much of her beauty stems from the past, from her legends, and history dating as far back as the 14th Century B.C. : to the times of Homer, his tales of Troy, and of the wanderings of the wily Odysseus, to the times of the first ever recorded Naval battle of Salamis, to the times of the great Greek dramatists, philosophers and doctors.

It is a mountainous land with ranges up to 9,000 feet, mainly agricultural in the valleys and plains, though over half the land surface is sterile. Climate and soil are chiefly suited to the production of tobacco, wine from the grape, olives, figs and raisins, while to a large extent Greece is dependent for her prosperity on her mercantile marine. The people are of mixed stock, traditionally independent but held together by a common religion and deep reverence for ancient Greek civilisation. Intelligent and hard-working, the Greeks have great commercial ability. The peasant lives simply, his food being of the plainest, his house being small and rough. A hardy race with long political memory and intense patriotic feeling, it displays considerable intolerance even in internal politics.

Our visit to Volos was to commemorate the fatal gun accident which occurred on board H.M.S. DEVONSHIRE, off the island of Skiathos, in the Aegean, on Friday, 26th July, 1929. The then first cruiser squadron was carrying out single ship firing with main armament, and LONDON, together with SUSSEX and FROBISHER, had completed their practice shoots when at about 1000 DEVONSHIRE fired her first salvo from her 8-inch turret. Almost simultaneously eye-witnesses saw a sheet of flame appear from the back and top of 'X' turret, and some actually saw what proved to be the roof of the turret hurled high into the air and fall into the sea. It was some time before the magnitude of the accident could be ascertained, but the Captain of Marines and the majority of the men in the turret were either killed instantly or fatally wounded. The gunhouse was filled with fumes and fires broke out all around. As a result of the explosion

eighteen men lost their lives, of whom sixteen lie buried in an enclosure within the Greek cemetery at Volos, to which the DEVONSHIRE had proceeded in order to transfer her more serious cases among the injured to a hospital ship in the anchorage there.

The funeral for the victims was held on Saturday, 27th July, 1929, with full naval and military honours. The ship's recent visit was the occasion of a memorial service in honour of those occupying those simple graves in Grecian soil.

*the seeing and hearing of marvellous things . . . .*

Africa has always been a continent both vast and exciting. We set foot in it at a variety of places, but had we continued to do so in even three times as many as we managed, it is a certainty we would be just as unable to attempt the impossible in summarising what 'Africa' means to most of us. Even consciously trying to arrange our ideas about it we find them vague and unconnected notions at least.

' Oh, Africa, mysterious land  
Surrounded by a lot of sand,  
And full of grass and trees  
And elephants and Afrikanders  
And politics and Salamanders  
And native rum in little kegs  
And savages called Tuaregs . . . .  
And tons of diamonds and lots  
Of nasty dirty Hottentots  
And coolies coming from the East  
And serpents, seven yards long at least,  
And lions that retain  
Their vigour, appetities and rage  
Intact to an extreme old age  
And never lose their mane . . .  
Vast continent ! whose cumbrous shape  
Runs from Bizerta to the Cape.'

A land divided into innumerable nations and peopled by vastly differing races, its administrative areas are even further divided in the differing interests of a variety of tribes. A land not of one voice, but of many : diverse and ununified. Africa to-day should not be thought of as a single unit but of a continent comprising a diversity in every sense, greater by far than any we would readily accept.

at home. No longer the 'dark continent,' it is still the most exciting in the world. A land of untold resources with rapid commercial developments potentially everywhere afoot; a land offering limitless scope for touring and sightseeing on the grandest scale. Our visits took us to East, South and West of this vast continent and in each place we visited we were not left unmoved but our hearts were laid siege by the magic and intrigue that are part if not the whole of Africa's consuming spell. Not one in half a dozen of you would give the same answer as his neighbour if asked to tell about this great country, for to each this land means something different and for each they say she satisfies some dream.

*built on dreams . . . .*

The dreams of a few pioneers fascinated by the promise of East Africa and who saw for her a great and glorious future are the foundations of a land of sharp contrasts. Possessed of snow-capped mountains and mighty rivers serving fertile soil, it has areas also of semi-desert where nomadic tribesmen wander with their herds and camel caravans. Arab dhows run before the monsoon off palm-fringed beaches; arrogant unlettered tribesmen here and there refuse knowledge of the white man's ways; and hunters on safari swap adventures round their camp fires at night. For in this stronghold of the wild it is the order of the day to stalk hippo at sunrise with the camera at the ready, to watch weirdly clad natives hunting leopards, to meet slithering pythons almost in one's very tracks, and to have



Seychelles, 1,000 miles from anywhere.

baboons for company on the bonnet of one's transport. Whatever game is met, the experience of this great natural zoo where elephants have priority on the highways is breathtaking in the extreme.

In 975 A.D. legend records that when one Hassan-Bin-Ali set sail from Shiraz with six sons in seven ships he founded some settlements, one of which he called Mombasa. By the early 14th Century at least Mombasa was a thriving city, and in 1498 Vasco da Gama wrote of its being the seat of considerable commerce. Progress lapsed through almost four centuries of intermittent upheaval, but to-day Mombasa is once more prosperous and rapidly developing with a cosmopolitan population and the finest harbour on Africa's East coast; the chief port of Kenya, it is also the terminus of the important railway system extending across Uganda to the Congo borders. Some spent this second Christmas of the Commission up-country in Nairobi and beyond, others attempted Kilimanjaro's dizzy heights, some just lazed in Mombasa and on the shining white beaches of the coastal fringe, while at least one of us suffered 300-odd hot and dusty miles in an East African bus!

The New Year was celebrated (even by exiled Scots!) in the multi-racial atmosphere of Dar-es-Salaam, the capital and principal port of Tanganyika Territory, bejewelled with brilliant red acacia blossom. Founded in 1862 by the Sultan of Zanzibar, Dar was found to lie mostly around its harbour, where the business area backed by its bazaar and native market was situated centrally. Bustling and full of life, colourful and exotic, overcrowded and vibrant, it contrasted with the cooler, quieter and more placid pace of the European residential quarter so different from the twisting streets and narrow shops of the skilled Asian craftsmen. New factories, too, and industrial developments alongside improvements to harbour installations have contributed to making Dar a centre of considerable commerce.

Dar is not an old town; a century ago it did not exist. Named the 'Haven of Peace,' it took us to its hospitable heart at a time when exiles think thoughts of home: it freshened our hearts and shared solace which in the light of its commercial bustle would seem to belie its name.



**East African  
Market Day**



**Mombasan  
Arches**

*or some secreted island, Heav'n knows where . . . .*

We made a habit very often of visiting islands whenever the opportunity presented itself, and though there is no A.A. book to those of the Indian Ocean, we dallied among them as often at least as we took the authentic road to the isles! On leaving the go-ahead new-world atmosphere of East Africa, we recognised a change in stepping back half a century in time to a nearly feudal existence in the Seychelles where sailors still wear straw hats reminiscent of our own Navy before the Great War. Set in the Indian Ocean a thousand miles east of Mombasa lie the ninety-two islands taken from France by Britain during the Napoleonic Wars. They may well have been visited from the Persian and Arabian Gulfs in the 12th Century, and they were certainly known to Portuguese navigators in the early 16th Century. The French set up their 'stone of possession' in 1756, though the group remained uninhabited till 1768 and finally became British territory in 1814, remaining a dependency of Mauritius till 1903, then becoming a separate Crown Colony.

Mahe, the principal island, lying at four degrees south of the Equator, is the granite top of a mountain rising from the sea. About a third of the group are similarly formed, the remainder being flat reefs of coral, so that Port Victoria contains over two-thirds of the population itself. The attraction of these islands rests in many things: the tropical beaches, white and palm-fringed; the brilliant colour which is ubiquitous; the freshness of the hills; the varieties and wonders of an island archipelago a thousand miles from the nearest mainland, from the unique coco de mer palm with its double coconut to the black parrot of Praslin Island, to be seen nowhere else in the world. The wonders of the deeps hereabouts range from the giant thousand lb. ray and huge marlin to the brilliant and colourful minnows which make the underwater landscape a 'gogger's' paradise.

The Seychelles are said to provide a unique experience, an escape from the weariness, the fever and fret of modern life: the guide book states the islands are

unmatched and offer something which cannot be experienced elsewhere. And certainly in the absence of the contemporary cacophony represented in the juke-box, funland or palais de danse, we found the attractions different—as visitors it was fine, but to be settled here would invite extreme impatience with hills to occupy the castaway but the infrequent visits of passing ships and the gentle shuck of the falling coconut.

In complete contrast our visit to the Maldives and Male, four degrees north of the Equator, was the occasion for witnessing a page of recent history in the making.

The purpose of our visit, you will remember, was to take the Minister of State for Commonwealth Relations, Mr. C. J. M. Alport, M.P., together with H.E. the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Ceylon, Sir A. F. Morley, to visit Male at the invitation of the Maldivian Prime Minister, Mr. Ibrahim Nasir, to sign an agreement between our two governments giving the U.K. use of airstrip facilities at Gan Island. This was the outcome of a series of important discussions and a satisfactory settlement of a major and long-prospected agreement.

The islands themselves are all small in size, the population devout Moslems of mixed stock, while the climate hot and humid is notorious for the unvarying temperature of the atmosphere. The economy is extremely simple and fishing provides food for local consumption, and in the form of a curry material prepared from bonito furnishes the major export. The ship's visit was indeed a major event and the ceremony, decorations, celebrations and general air of festivity with which we were met were ample evidence of our friendly reception. The Sultan paid his official calls in his barge of State presented in 1897 by Queen Victoria, and it was quite a thought to realise that our national salute was returned by an impressive though ancient muzzle-loading battery in the old Portuguese fort ashore.

Waving palms again fringed white beach sands and the clean blue-green tropical waters covered coral cities inhabited by myriad fish of colours which put those even of the rainbow in the shade. The major impression was one of spotlessness—of whitewashed walls, of burnished brass, of coral sanded roads, where everything gleamed in the sun, not the least the immaculate dress of the friendly inhabitants.

Thrusting upwards from the abyss of the Indian Ocean a few degrees north of Capricorn and occupying a space the size of a small English county lies the island of Mauritius. A volcanic mass, many millions of years before its discovery by the Portuguese, it was born in some violent convulsion of the sea-bed resulting in the island's arrival above the surface when tremendous upheavals and outpourings of lava must have taken place, for many aged crags and dead craters now covered with vegetation remain to-day while old lava flows sweep seaward from the high central plateau or squeeze themselves through gaps between mountains as bizarre as those of the moon.

Created in violence, the island has never quite succeeded in being thereafter a stranger to nature's turbulence. Lying in that region of the South Indian Ocean where the passage of tropical cyclones is most frequent, Mauritius has experience of heavy devastation, and indeed we found ourselves ordered to the relief and aid of the islanders on just such an occasion after the excesses of Cyclone Carol. There was consequent and intense damage to crops and to buildings, a dislocation of essential services and a consequent loss of life. Mauritius has been described as being 'like a place permanently recovering from a bad air raid the year before last,' and normally it is in a poor enough state of disrepair, and now again victim

**Affairs of  
State in  
the Maldives**



**Road block—  
Port Louis**

**The day the  
roof fell in**



of intense hurricane force winds we were prepared for devastation and havoc. Our working parties did in fact set about restoring communications and encouraging the clearing away of storm damage as well as bringing more essential supplies to the island. Specialised knowledge was made use of in setting reservoir supplies to rights, establishing a radio telephone link with opposite ends of the island, while the medical profession worked to the limit administering inoculations against the event of serious epidemic. A good heart and abundant cheerfulness achieved as much in encouraging the local inhabitants, as did the hard work itself demanded of us. Though necessitated by the misfortune of others, the visit proved one not only of great interest but one of some achievement in itself uniquely memorable.

But even the more normal appearance of the island to-day with waving plains of sugar cane, groves of coconut trees and orderly ranks of casuarinas, is vastly different from the general aspect which presented itself to the first Dutch settlers. In earlier days there was a mantle of forest from the topmost peaks to sea level—this strange indigenous vegetation still lingers on some mountain-tops and there is still the odd patch of original thick-limbed and tall tough trees of which ebony is the commonest; the gloom of erect grey trunks is enmeshed in the twisted lianas 'dropping from the upper branches like strands of immobilised treacle,' while the picture is set off by the solitary note of some bird or the sight of the lone heron pensive by some dark pool. Mauritius presents two faces and can be a colourless unblossoming world dripping softly with abundant rain, though it had more often been described as an island of "sweetness and light."



H.H. the Sultan of the Maldives



Essential services  
maintained—  
All in a day's work



Reinforcements  
called upon

*the meeting of unknown friends . . . .*

The great southern U of the African continent is a land of startling opposites and it would be possible to spend years holidaying in South Africa without seeing the same place twice. We found Durban bustling and hospitable with its surf-lined beaches and prancing ricksha warriors; Port Elizabeth alive and gay, sunny with the memories of its original English settlers; and Cape Town memorable and historic, presided over by the majestic Table Mountain. Indeed, it would take nothing less than a minor Milton to do justice to the scenery, especially of the Cape Peninsula and its magnificent thousand-mile drive, the length of its wild and splendid coast.

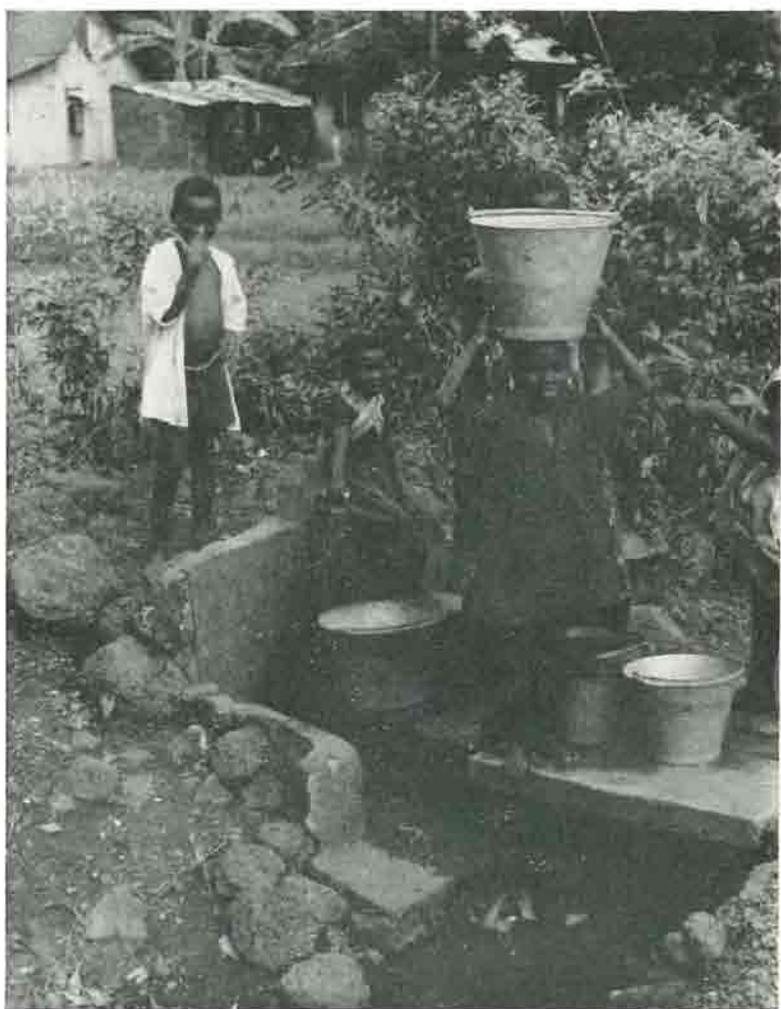
We'd never had it so good, nor will we again. We must agree with H. V. Morton that we had alighted 'in a country of haunting beauty among a people whose kindness and warmth of heart are not anywhere exceeded.' It is refreshing to remember that when temperatures are down at home, in these southern latitudes summer is swelling to its full, people are swimming in warm ocean currents and browning like meerschaum on wide sunny beaches. Iced drinks are more popular than coffee or tea, and a mug of steaming kye is an almost forgotten experience. A land of gold and diamonds, sunshine, sport and enjoyment, abundant hospitality and a legion of unknown friends—we never looked back!

History records that Phœnician galleys and Portuguese cockleshells had navigated these waters before us, and indeed we sensed the historic mantle which relates those earlier voyages along coasts of remarkable beauty, of rich rolling green hills and distant escarpments, of glittering headlands, warm lazy surf and golden beaches. Here was the seaway to the Indies, long sought and epoch altering, the discovery of which changed the entire course of human affairs. In the wake of da Gama we had come to learn ourselves some of the romance and drama of the settlement of this southern sub-continent. A golden tale, of early Eastern imperialism, of treasure-laden East Indiamen, of scudding pirates and gay adventurers, of epic clipper passages of those lean sisters of the sea, grain-laden from the Australias to Europe. Even to the present times of speedy air routes criss-crossing the blue vastnesses of the Indian Ocean.

To Durban's quaysides ships bring the voices and scents of a hundred nations, where a maze of cranes handles six million tons of goods annually. And on tree-lined hills overlooking the harbour a babble of wild monkeys chatter and play amid the luxuriant growth and wild flowers of a primitive and largely untamed continent. Big arterial highways carry thousands of cars into and out of the city daily, the curved roads cutting irresistibly through hillsides and mounting ever higher towards the interior, or rolling north and south to seaside towns that line the ocean like so many coloured beads thrown up by the blue waters. Leading off these highways, almost unnoticed, are little paths and tracks that vanish into the dim reaches of misty valleys and hills where tribal Zulus live their simple pastoral existence, or where sugar cane plantations stretch unending, billowing green and cool in the winds from the nearby sea. The city itself presents white businessmen worrying their way down crowded street pavements passing holiday-makers on their way to the beaches. Black ricksha boys dodge through the rush of modern traffic with their loads of sightseeing tourists, while Indian merchants in quaint Asiatic bazaars bargain with prospective buyers amid the perfumes of the East.



Bread—



—and water

We came to Cape Province first by way of Port Elizabeth, where in 1820 the Eastern cape was settled by those newly arrived five thousand who stepped ashore in Algoa Bay. This influx has been responsible even to this day for the decidedly English flavour which signifies life in this vicinity. Port Elizabeth itself stretches for almost ten miles along the shores of the bay. Gay holidaymakers work up a suntan at some of the best beaches in the Union and scores of little fishing boats bob to their own reflection, while seagulls cry applause at the weather. But underlying the polish of sophistication, Port Elizabeth retains its small-town reputation for friendliness and the kindness of its peoples' hearts is best summarised in the inscription of its famous memorial to the horses which fell in the South African War :

“ The greatness of a nation consists not so much in the number of its people or the extent of its territory as in the extent and justice of its compassion.”

There was, too, plenty to see, from the famous snake park to the Addo elephant reserve forty-five miles away, and though the memories of our visit are not recorded in stone, the recollection of the 170ft. Campanile built to commemorate the landing of the 1820 settlers will always inspire agreeable thoughts of the more than friendly city.

Half a dozen years before Columbus discovered America, the Portuguese had rounded the Cape, but Cape Town itself dates from almost two centuries later, when in 1652 van Riebeeck established a Dutch East India Company settlement a half-way house between Europe and the Indies. Much of the foundations of the South African peoples were laid in the 150 years of Dutch ownership, and in 1795 the British occupied the Cape after the decline and bankruptcy of the historic Dutch company. The small colony was returned to Holland in 1803, but the British again took control shortly after, continuing till the emergence of South Africa as an independent member State of the British Commonwealth in 1910, after the South African War. South Africa's Parliamentary capital and oldest city, Cape Town follows the curve of a natural harbour at the base of Table Mountain, that world-famous flat-topped landmark. The home of more than half a million people, it is the Southern gateway to the African continent, as well as being a seaport of world prominence.

Scenically, the Cape rates in the top flight and the peninsula is magnificent in its promise. The city itself is characterised by expansion, building, reorganisation, while shopping, entertainment and sightseeing are major attractions. Full of strange little streets with no apparent reason for their being, Cape Town easily imprints itself in the memory, and the hospitality we enjoyed there is as symbolic to us of South Africa as the giant protea floral symbol of the Union.

And as we sailed for home, Table Mountain, that historic beacon to the traveller, symbolised for us the wonderful friendships, the generous hospitality from the heart that everywhere immersed us. A backcloth to the bay, the mountain continually tempted our eyes astern till it faded on the horizon. And we knew that below that distant hazy bastion lay Cape Town, mother city of South Africa and focus of the many memories that made our visits in these waters altogether magnificent and never to be forgotten.



Inspected by  
H.E. the Governor  
of the Gambia



Parade at  
Bathurst

*the delight of beholding new cities . . . .*  
*the name means Lion city . . . .*

Over 700 years ago, according to Malay legend, the first of the Kings of Tamasseh, a prince driven from his native Java and seeking a new realm, saw a creature on the shores of Singapore Island thought to be a lion; taking this to be a good omen, he fixed his capital on the site. But with us, especially after our two thousand mile dash to Mauritius, there had long been a vague feeling of unbelief that we would ever make this gateway to the Far East. Just north of the Equator, the area enjoys 95 inches of annual rainfall, resulting in the brilliant green tropical vegetation which everywhere permeates the island. Its general aspect is disappointing, though there are patches of great natural beauty where magnificent evergreens often 200 feet high and choked with creeper and fern give home and shelter to golden oriole and brilliant kingfisher.

The city is nondescript though it possesses some attractive Chinese traditional buildings and some fine constructions of early European settlers. The dominant note is one of white walls, green shutters and red-tiled roofs. Along the sea front facing the shipping in the Roads are the larger commercial buildings in Western style clustered round the older official edifices; while the central part of the city is approached through sprawling one and two-storeyed houses and shops. It is impossible in fact to give an overall picture of Singapore town as the various communities, be they Malay, Chinese, Indian, Ceylonese or Arab, have all attempted to reproduce miniatures of their own countries, so parts of the city resemble China, parts look like the back streets of Bombay, while yet other districts are akin to British suburbs. A city to-day of some fame and fortune, Singapore, a former fishing village, was established by British administration, Chinese labour, Indian skill, and capital from all over the world as a great free port serving the entire area and rich potential of S.E. Asia.

*a many splendoured world . . . .*

Handling upwards of twenty million tons of shipping a year, Hong Kong provided the climax of our Eastern leg. A world of contrasts overcrowded into one small area, an island of beauty rather, impermanent; yet of many worlds in the arms of the sea : a harbour of ships, a haven of refugees, a colony of squatters, a community of bakers, businessmen and missionaries, a fun fair, a bazaar, a boom town.

On the surface dazzling with prosperity, money and riches are poured into building, banqueting and buying. The world's finished goods abound in profusion in support of the Colony's obvious motto : "You can buy anything here"—and there are absolutely no restrictions. A shopping paradise—cameras, bathing gear, cosmetics, perfumes, watches, stones, nylons, silks, brocades, and a host of varied goods cram the shops.



World of  
Suzie Wong



Durban  
ricksha boy

There are two kinds of street in Hong Kong : the smooth level main thoroughfares parallel to the shore, lined with shops, crowded with all that is new; and the narrow, staircased climbing streets which cut across them. A great mixture of government flats, monotonously regular, squatters' shacks, of building and demolition, of bared slopes and gardens of frangipani and bamboo, of wealth and squalor in the closest proximity, and misery side by side with ostentation—this is Hong Kong.

Victoria, the capital and business centre, is offset by close at hand Wanchai, while a trip on the Star Ferry brings one to Kowloon, where the whole colourful variety is repeated and China itself lies just beyond the hills.

*' anything goes ' . . . .*

For several centuries the most important harbour in Europe, Hamburg suffered drastically during the war. To-day it is again a proud city and especially so once more of its shipyards and the way in which it has rebuilt itself since. The Hamburger (the American variety wouldn't get a visa here !) we found to be cheerful, solid and friendly. The eel-soup we remarked as a speciality. But it was as the last bastion in Europe of *' anything goes '* that made us more than a little interested. Alas, mud-wrestling and the notorious Reeperbahn are now but cheerful memories of Hamburg's lighthearted pretence in living up to its reputation. Night-club and beer-hall kept some going all night, while the real stalwarts sought out one establishment which opens at four in the morning and closes at mid-day ! Cool they may have been, but they got their jazz *' real hot.'* This city we found also to be the centre of the modern German film industry and a town with a thriving cultural atmosphere. But the local guide book has the last real word when it says :

*' The greatest charm Hamburg offers is that here you can watch people of all nations amuse themselves as they do at home.'*



## Climbing Kilimanjaro

In the year 1828, the German missionary-explorer Rebmann had penetrated far into the hinterland of the then unknown territory which is now the Kenya-Tanganyika frontier. Rising out of the bush ahead of him he discerned a huge mountain, and on the shoulder of this mountain floated a white cloud which was somehow not a cloud. As he scrutinised the peak he hardly dared credit his senses, for the cloud was no cloud but the permanent glaciers and snowfields of Kilimanjaro. Snow almost on the Equator!

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The Masai are a great, perhaps the greatest, warrior race of Africa. They lead a simple life, subsisting entirely from their cattle, drinking a mixture of milk and blood, with occasional meat. Kilimanjaro, on the Kenya side, rises above their villages, and a stirring sight it is. The massif, in fact, consists of two peaks, Kibo and Mawenze, known collectively as the Kilimanjaro peaks. Mawenze, just under 17,000ft., is a tortured, twisted mass of soaring rock which was once, very long ago, a volcano. Kibo, in contrast, is a symmetrical and solid-looking mountain of 19,340ft., with glaciers and snowfields like sugar icing on its summit. It is a far more recent volcano than Mawenze, and this fact should be remembered.

The Masai legend has it that long, long ago there were two men, Kibo and Mawenze. They lived in the dawn of time when the fire had just been discovered. Now Kibo was a good and industrious man who always tended his precious fire and kept it burning, for if a fire went out (as a boy scout with two sticks will tell you) it was a difficult job to start it again. Mawenze, on the other hand, was a dissolute wastrel. Through his negligence his fire kept going out and he would go to Kibo's hut to borrow a burning ember with which to rekindle it. At length the good Kibo could tolerate this no longer and when Mawenze, as usual, came to borrow an ember, Kibo gave him the beating of his life, thrashing and shattering him.

The truth of this legend, the Masai will tell you, is plain to see. There, soaring above the bush are Kibo and Mawenze. Kibo high, regular and solid, embodying all the virtues of good husbandry. And there, cringing below him, is the wretched Mawenze, twisted and broken after his beating. And again, long ago, the legend would have been substantiated by the steady spume of smoke that emitted from Kibo, the active volcano, and the intermittent smoke from Mawenze, the dying volcano.

A Christmas visit to Mombasa provided the "Outward Bounders" of GAMBIA with the opportunity to attempt Kilimanjaro. Plans were laid, money saved, and training walks and P.T. periods indulged in. "Kilimanjaro party to P.T. on the quarterdeck" became a familiar pipe. The party was sixteen strong and four were Marines.

A pleasing but mysterious feature of bus rides for naval parties in Kenya seems to be that some anonymous person always places a crate or so of beer in the bus prior to departure. For several hours, therefore, we quaffed beer on the way up country, our noses glued to the windows in a fruitless search for big game. Late the same night we arrived at our destination, the Outward Bound Mountain School at Loitokitok, on the Kenya slopes of Kilimanjaro itself. The nights here

at 6,000ft. were cold. None the less the whole course, in keeping with the Outward Bound spirit, endured an icy shower the following morning to put us "in the right frame of mind." We were all set to go.

There are two normal approaches to the mountain: via the hotels and the hotel huts on the Moshi side, where guides and porters may be hired. We referred to this as the Millionaire's Route. The other route was straight up from Loitokitok, carrying all one's own gear, and camping in canvas. This was our route. From either flank it takes four days to attain the summit.

Kibo, the higher peak, is not a difficult mountain; indeed, it is a hill walk rather than a climb. The difficulty lies in the unavoidably rapid rate of ascent with a consequent lack of opportunity to acclimatise to the altitude. In fact, you achieve a height in four days that would usually take a fortnight or so on a Himalayan expedition where the camps are slowly established and stocked. The result of this rapid ascent is that the climber is almost certain to suffer from acute headaches, inability to sleep, loss of appetite, and chronic shortage of breath. You can add frostbite and vomiting as optional extras!

The first day, up to Second Caves, was hard. We slogged for nearly seven hours, with 40-lb. packs, through rain forests. We were assured that what game there was would keep well clear of us. Only later did they tell us that one group had been charged by a rhino, an instructor had taken to a tree when confronted by an elephant, and that practically every known sort of game had sauntered through the school. We were, however, too concerned with the dead weights of our packs to worry about this and were thankful to collapse on the straw-covered floor of the cave at the end of a long day. A fire was lit, smoke filled the cave, and for two days we were troglodytes.

We rummaged through cloud on the following day, but were unable to locate the next cave in the poor visibility. On the day after that, therefore, we had to make a long slog up to the top hut, the Kibo hut, at 15,000 ft. This, again, was hard with altitude beginning to take its toll. The pace became funereal. Earlier we had been sweating; now we were lashed by hail and sleet. The hut was a real sanctuary, but by now most people were living on codeine rather than food.

To avoid the heat and the cloud, we set off to the top at 2 a.m. on Christmas Eve. Outside it was bitterly cold, but a pale moon provided just enough light to see where to place the feet. In a suffering silence we plodded up the slopes, the party soon splitting up into a slow and a fast convoy. The cold really was intense and soon fingers and toes became numb. In fact, a few people received very mild frostbite which made the fingers or toes insensitive for some weeks afterwards.

The altitude effects became extreme. One of the party vomited blood and, wisely, returned to the hut. It was well that he did, for a little while later a young officer also decided to descend in a very exhausted state. The latter arrived back at the hut wearing only one shoe, demanding brandy from "one of those dogs that carry it in a barrel around their neck" and obviously not knowing Christmas from Easter. With some reluctance on his part he was inserted into a sleeping bag.

Up on the mountain with a great sea of cloud below us we reached Gillman's Point, on the crater rim, at dawn. Most people are satisfied with attaining Gillman's Point, and consider they have climbed Kibo. For the purist this is not

good enough, for Gillman's is about 18,500 ft., whereas the true summit, Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze, is 19,340 ft. and some considerable horizontal distance away.

This last drag 800 ft. up to the summit was every bit as tiring as the initial climb of 3,500 ft. from the hut to the crater rim. A fierce sun was beating down onto the snow and the trudge was unadulterated misery.

At long last seven of us reached the summit together, soon to be followed by two more, including the old man of the party at 40. All the Royal Marines reached the top (did someone say they had to?), and of the total of 16, 12 reached Gillman's Point, of these, 9 going to the true summit. Not bad for unfit sea types.

This was certainly the most enterprising and hardest Outward Bound scheme we have run. That Christmas Eve, standing, weary but happy, high above the clouds on the highest point of the African continent, was a moment long to be remembered. And think of the money we saved !

M.E.B.





Christmas Overseas



## Paddle Your Own Canoe

This report on canoeing is based on "how I have found it," so you can bet your boots that if your interest is stimulated enough for you to try it, you will find it completely different! But I am sure you will find it equally enjoyable and worthwhile.

Your approach to canoeing can vary from the mildly strenuous "Can I canoe you up the river?" type of routine—unless you are able to reverse the roles and let her paddle you up the creek!—to the "strength through misery" type of routine typified by the Annual Devizes to Westminster race of some hundred-odd miles, which has been completed by a pair of chaps in a less than 24 hours' non-stop bash. Those of you living within reach of any sizeable river in the U.K. can be fairly certain of finding a canoe club on it; there is no better way of finding out if this sport is going to be "for you" than making yourself known at their boathouse. You will always find someone who is willing to take you out for a trip, someone who hopes that your strength will hold out long enough for you to do most of the work!

You may even find kayak enthusiasts paddling the very fast lightweight rigid craft of the type used in the Olympics, in which the only way of being sure of staying the right way up is to keep paddling, just as a cyclist has to keep pedalling. Beware of the chap with the decked-in Canadian type of canoe; it will weigh at least a ton and is guaranteed to kill your interest in canoeing in 15 minutes flat!

My ideal is the folding type of kayak; its hull is made of rubberised fabric and its decks of coloured waterproofed canvas; this skin is given shape and rigidity by a framework of socketed wooden rods, held in place by wooden frames. The whole shooting match goes into two bags which can be lashed onto a small wooden trolley for ease of transport.

These canoes are made in single or double seat models; they are exceedingly seaworthy and can carry an amazing amount of gear—far more than you will ever want or feel like pushing along, even if you are off for a couple of weeks or more. The railways accept them as passenger's luggage and convey them at no extra charge, so you can pack your canoe, a tent, sleeping bags, cooking equipment, food and clothing, lash the lot onto the trolley, bung it all in the baggage van and travel to the station nearest to the source of some river.

Once there, it does not take long to trundle the lot to the river's edge, build up your canoe, stuff all your food, bedding and clothing into waterproof bags and stow the lot under the decks; then provided there is a depth of about six inches you are ready to start a voyage of exploration as you meander along at a leisurely four or five miles an hour, with the current doing most of the work, you really have time to observe life around you; and if the fancy takes you, to stop and explore places en route, to buy food or have a drink at the riverside pub, all of which in this age of rushing about is very worthwhile doing.

Towards the end of the afternoon, select a possible camp-site, land and seek the owner's permission to pitch for the night; you will rarely be refused, and often at the farmhouse you will be able to buy eggs, milk and bread. Very often, too, your customary offer "a bob a nob a night" camping fee will be declined.

Often on club runs the gear is taken in members' cars to the start of the meet; this is an easier way of doing things, with the added advantage that the cars can

be driven down to the next camp-site each morning with all your camping gear—someone has to bring all the drivers back—thus one can be rid of the heavier gear which makes life easier for the day's paddling. Pack a good bag meal for lunch; you will be glad of the empty boat when you have to carry past some unnegotiable obstruction in the stream.

As your experience grows and your canoeing muscles get into trim—incidentally, if your regular girl friend lacks a few vital inches, canoeing is a wonderful bust developer!—you will want to join in the thrill of shooting weirs and rapids; here, too, an empty boat is desirable not only for the smaller draught but when the inevitable capsize occurs you won't lose any gear—not that you should, because you will have pushed it well under the deck, and of course it won't get wet because of your waterproof bags—but you know how it is, and you end up minus your tent with all your bedding wet, and it is sure to start to rain! At night around the camp fire you will hear tales of "white water" canoeing, of slaloms and of sea canoeing—the choice is yours, but let your choice match your skill and experience.

I said the inevitable capsize deliberately, because if you are to become anything of a canoeist at all, you will one day find yourself trying to paddle your boat from underneath!—so learn and practise the capsize drill, and wear or have immediately to hand an inflatable life-jacket, depending upon the risk of the moment. If you cannot swim you should not have read this article! Go away, learn to swim, then start again!!

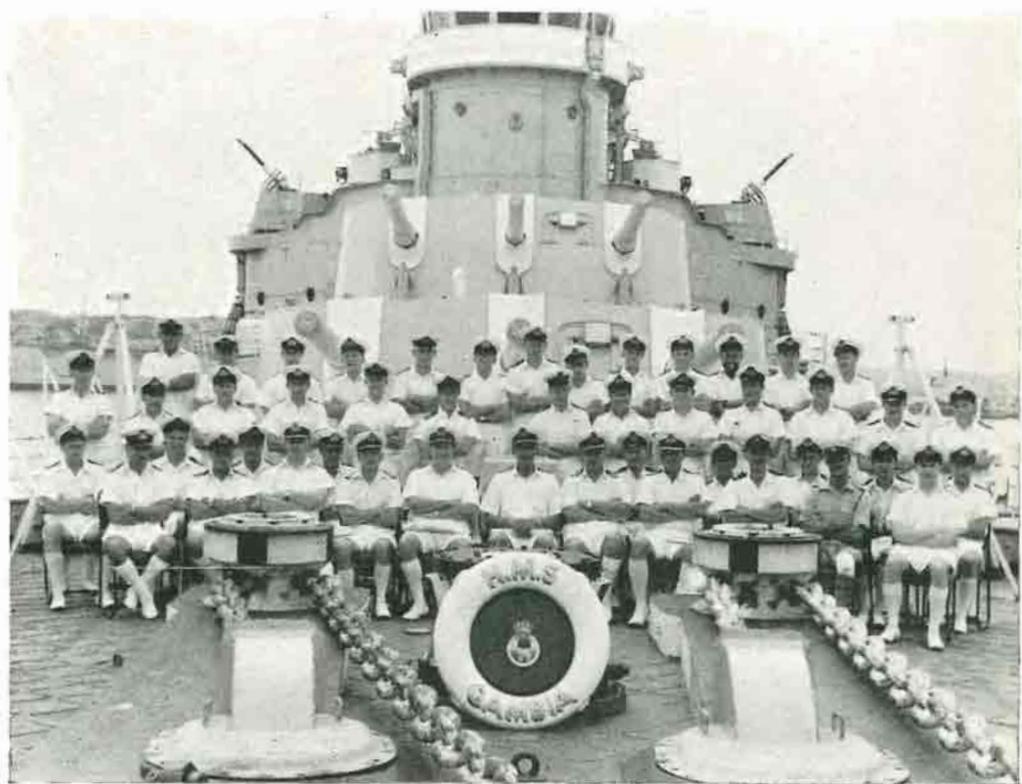
Sea canoeing has its own special pleasures and greater risks, so it should only be undertaken by the more experienced chap; but don't despair of acquiring this experience, build it up gradually together with the essential stamina required. A good scheme is to paddle downstream to a river's mouth and when conditions are suitable padding offshore—and practice landing from the sea on a sandy beach—quite an art if there are any waves and you don't want to be swamped. Work yourself up by degrees, each trip a little further along the coast, until ultimately you know that you will be able to paddle round the headland against the wind and rising sea, until you can make a safe landing in the next bay.

Those of you with your eyes open will know how incredibly quickly the sea can get up, so you must be able to keep paddling for as many hours as necessary; but above all, if you do get capsized or swamped and cannot get back into your canoe, stay with it—it will float even waterlogged for longer than you will.

As you will discover from the British Canoe Union's guide, there are hundreds of canoeable rivers or canals in the U.K., and if you run out of these, there are thousands more on the Continent. Information on Continental rivers and organised cruises can also be obtained from the B.C.U., so if you want a holiday that is different, try one of them. I have been on two international cruises organised by the kayak section of the Touring Club de France; they were absolutely first-rate.

Why didn't I canoe East of Suez? Well, I wondered what the silver underside of a 16-foot canoe looks like to an amorous 16-foot shark, and I was not anxious to find out! Then having looked at the weirdies in the aquarium at Durban I decided to leave the hotter seas to them and stick to the colder seas of the U.K.—but it was all right at Corsica. wasn't it?

P.P.





**Children's  
Party**



**Carols and  
Choirboys**



Neptune holds  
Court



Special  
sea  
fishermen



(Above)

**Vice Admiral R. H. Wright,  
C.B., D.S.C. and bar.**

(Top Right)

**Rear Admiral V. G. Hamilton,  
C.B., C.B.E.**

(Bottom Right)

**Vice Admiral Sir Charles Madden,  
Bart., C.B.**



## The Staff say 'Thank you' to Gambia

The Editor said: "How about a short snappy article from the staff for the ship's magazine? Keep it clean." This prompted a more senior member of the staff to suggest an article by F.T.A.S.O. on the sex life of an elephant. An alternative proposal by a more junior member was a paper by an elephant on the sex life of F.T.A.S.O. Both, of course, exist, but would not be of general interest. Which reminds me of an interesting talk I had with the Shipwright Officer about life in Copenhagen . . . and Aarhus . . .

Other suggestions flocked in. "Tell them what we THOUGHT the Chief Buffer said on the broadcast before going alongside at Copenhagen" and "What the Commander DID say about seaboats." But none of these seemed to suit.

As is usual in a staff, the paper bumbled around from in to out tray collecting the usual comments such as "formers please" or "where has this paper been since 1st January?" but nothing constructive apart from a large tea stain, two telephone numbers and a mysterious entry in pencil on the back which read "6 stockings, 2 nighties, 2 bras (LARGE cup)—? housecoat."

Finally, someone suggested having a staff meeting to discuss the Editor's request, and this was seized on as an easy way of putting off the evil day, so everyone put "Concur."

Well, we had the staff meeting. There was much doodling on signal pads and F.O.O. was making pointed gestures which indicated lack of food—or something, when a voice said:

"Why not thank GAMBIA for having us; say how sorry we are to have been such a ruddy nuisance sometimes; that we have never been looked after better; and how sincerely sorry we are to leave."

Which you know—all of you in GAMBIA—we really mean. We wish you all the best for the commission—and thanks again.

### *Getting in Sea-Time*

Despite all allegations by stone-ship men, I can state with authority that not all H.M. Ships spend their time in harbour; occasionally we venture to sea, if only to get from one run ashore to another. This time spent on the oceans of the world is known as "sea-time," and one of the favourite pastimes of the modern matelot is "getting it in." He measures it in hours, in nautical miles, in pints of beer that could have been drunk and in money saved; he "drips" about it in prospect, gloats over it in retrospect, boasts of it in his letters home and delights in comparing it—always favourably—with the meagre totals of other sailors.

There is, and always has been, a cloud of mystery around a ship at sea, as if a thick iron curtain is dropped the moment she weighs anchor. There is no reason why landlubbers should be kept in the dark about maritime activities; it is just the sailor himself who prefers it that way.

"What DO they do at sea?" is a question often levelled at the seafarer, and invariably the reply is non-committal: "Oh, you know. We sail around."

We had an  
inspection—



## But they do not know—No one will tell them

It may be one of the traditions of the Navy to remain the "Silent Service" (there are so many traditions that I cannot hope to know them all). If it is, I make no apology when I advocate: To Hell with Tradition. Let us be open and above board and tell our relatives and friends what does happen when a ship puts to sea. Perhaps you have not the time to explain, nor the vocabulary to do justice to the subject. Do not be deterred—this article is written for you. I have set out, in question and answer form, a complete expose, and all you need do is give them this article to read. In fact, as you know all about it anyway, there is not much point in your reading any further: keep it for the unsuspecting wife.

Do you go to sea?

Invariably.

Why?

The main reason, of course, is to get from one place to another, but there are important secondary reasons. There is naturally the tradition attached to the thing. H.M. Ships have always gone to sea and will continue to do so while there are still men who have the courage, sense of duty, intelligence, deep-rooted love of the sea and travel—and mothers-in-law. We also go to sea for exercises.

What are exercises?

They are periods of sea-time designed to get Jack away from port to give

land-dwellers a chance to recuperate. On exercises we pretend we are cruisers or aircraft-carriers, and shoot at one another.

Do you hit anyone?

Not very often.

What else do you do?

We have evolutions. These are the really important exercises and can make or break a man's career in the Navy. The sort of thing you do (if you really have to) is to climb the mast and fry an egg with one hand while you play "Annie Laurie" on a mouth organ with the other. It's good for character. It also shows something or other, although I'm not quite sure what.

How long do you stay at sea?

That depends on three things: (a) the length of the journey; (b) whether or not the Captain gets seasick; and (c) how much damage we did at our last port of call. It gets less and less as time goes by; sailors haven't the stamina they used to have—or so three-badgemen have led me to believe. Many years ago, eighty or ninety days was commonplace, but to-day we start boasting about how long it is since we last saw land after nine or ten days at sea.

How do you pass your time on long voyages?

We have all sorts of hobbies to while away the long hours. If you are an important man like the Skipper, you organise gunnery exercises; if you are just a sailor, you have smaller pleasures such as painting bulkheads (walls), scrubbing decks (floors) or pulling whalers around and turning them inside out.



—and also were  
inspected!

Is that all you do?

Oh no! Sometimes we organise high-speed trials. The object is not to see how fast we can go (we know that already) but to wash the paint off the ship's side to give the boys something to occupy themselves with when we are in harbour. Then we have all kinds of interesting community games like "Hands to Action Stations" or "Atomic Attack." My favourite is called "Darken Ship" when someone puts out all the lights on the upper deck without warning to see how many men can get below without falling overboard. Everyone has a good time on that one.

It sounds a very restful life. Don't you ever work?

Yes. They cater for physical alertness as well as mental in the modern Navy. Every Saturday we have Rounds. This is the day we clean out our Mess for the Captain to glance at and make suggestions for improving our personal comfort. There are all kinds of Rounds nowadays and new ones are still being invented.

Is a ship very comfortable to live in at sea?

GAMBIA comfortable? But definitely. It would be a very dreary life if after a hectic day we had nowhere to relax. We have our own swimming pool which holds at least five men at a time. This is rigged (put up) on the fo'c'sle (the pointed end) and if there is no pool at odd times, we have plenty of sun-decks on which we can lounge around getting bronzy-bronzy for leave.

It must be a wonderful life?

Oh, it is, it is! Sometimes we are really sorry to be going into harbour.

I can well believe it. You would urge any young man to join the Navy, then?

Without a doubt.

What sort of work do you personally do?

Me? Oh, I'm a National Serviceman: along for the cruise, you know.

M.S.H.





**Christmas  
Fare**



**New Year  
Draught**

## Cocktails for Seven Months

Robert Sperling, Esq., came onboard for a Cocktail Party at Mombasa. His brother, Colonel Sperling, had joined us for the passage from Gib. and with true fraternal solicitude persuaded Bobby that a quiet period in H.M.S. GAMBIA was the ideal recuperative course for the work-weary Kenya farmer. Bobby wasn't easily persuaded, but towards the end of the party he began to see life at sea in a rather different light and eventually decided that perhaps he could spare himself from the farm for the fortnight.

A man of action he. Having concluded that a short holiday was his due, he flew to Nairobi to collect his toothbrush and to brief the farm manager. This he somehow managed to do at a pyjama party—no mean feat as the manager wasn't there and Bobby would no more dream of acquiring a toothbrush provided by a thoughtful hostess than of appearing out of the rig of the day.

It must have been a good party as we saw no more of Bobby until he arrived at Dar-es-Salaam just too late to catch the plane to Zanzibar, which had been arranged for him at great expense and no little trouble. But Bobby was philosophic: a trip to Zanzibar is just another visit, but a pyjama party is a pyjama party.

Bobby enjoyed his time at Dar and in the Seychelles, where he was slightly foxed by the coconuts: "Nothing like 'em in Kenya actually." En route for Karachi the Wardroom dined him out. Bobby said how sorry he was to be leaving on arrival: "But farms don't take care of themselves; all good things come to an end, one mustn't overdo it. . . ." It was pretty plain that he was about as keen to get back to the Mau Mau as we were to join the Fishery Protection Squadron. And amazingly enough at Karachi, planes were always fully booked when Bobby enquired—usually half an hour before take-off. And the ships went by such devious routes that one might as well go via Hong Kong. And that's how Suzie Wong came to hear about Karachi Crap.

Karachi Crap is a vicious dice game invented by Bobby to while away that boring half-hour between breakfast and tot-time. But before he could introduce its excitement to the ladies of Kowloon he had a little mundane sea-time to put in. He drew up morning rounds to coincide with the time the tea was wet: 0945, Chippies' Shop; 0955, Fo'c'sle Locker; 1005, Buffer's Caboosh, etc.

But he also turned his hand to everything; no keener scrubber of the quarter-deck, no supporter was more ardent at the Regatta, no sturdier pole-putter-up-er in Mauritius. It was here that Bobby brought over a message from our French friends. He had been liaising with his opposite number (the Padre) in the Jeanne d'Arc. The message read: "We have the trouble with the telephone to Curepipe. Have you the Talkie-Walkie onboard please?" The reply was drafted in the Gunnery Office, and was too verbose for the French to follow, but on the strength of taking it over, Bobby soaked our gallant allies for another half-litre of Pernod.

And so to Wanchai. Even at this stage, Bobby still agitated for a signal to be sent demanding a visit to Geisha Land, "so that we can all have a proper bath, actually." But Japan was not to be, and Bobby had to content himself with putting "Belfast—or 3rd F.S.—compassionate" on his Drafting Preference Card.

Not for fear of libel action, but purely out of kindness, we shall draw the veil of charity over Hong Kong and Singapore. Not since the days of Fu Manchu has

East met West to such mutual advantage. And even to-day, walk into Bobby's cabin, whisper "Ding Dong, Darling," and he's over the gangway quicker than the Buffer can say "Up all chinstays."

Bobby volunteered to fly ahead as Liaison Officer to Durban, where at last he had to leave us. But when he heard that the Uckers Competition was to be held on passage, he withdrew his request. The Wardroom didn't dine him out again, but he delayed tea-boat rounds by an hour or two so that they coincided with the Grog Call, and he made his farewells in the best of spirits.

But alas, Bobby was unable to make his getaway at Durban, nor even at Port Elizabeth. This was due to a multiplicity of factors beyond his control, such as Commando Brandy, the Hi Diddle Diddle Girls, and a fascination for Snake Parks.

There are those who insist that Bobby was with us at Cape Town; another school is equally adamant that he took a spell of Station Leave between P.E. and Luderitz. Since by this time the Keyboard Sentry had been abolished, and the Q.M. frequently had to leave the gangway to check on the monkeys, there is no reliable evidence either way. Bobby admits to being slightly hazy about this period, but then who isn't?

Pursuing our Gunboat Diplomacy up the West Coast offered no incident of note, other than Bobby's once putting on a tie before noon. This was on the occasion of the Trophy Parade at Bathurst. This martyrdom received no applause from the shoreside people, but naturally they didn't appreciate the sacrifice of a tradition as sacrosanct as drinking Bubbly from an unwashed glass.

The Rock, stepping-stone to Pompey. But Bobby wasted little time feeding the apes. In Algeiras glittered the attractions of the bullfight, and at a price of twenty minutes' extra sea-time El Sperling was in the thick of the blood and sand, flaying the matadors with crisp Andalusian phrases, with a Kenya accent. After the third bottle of vino (the second had mostly been soaked up by his shirt and the sombrero of the peasant in front of him) Bobby's ire turned on the bull: "So tame I wouldn't have him on the farm; could kill him with a fan and a paper-knife, riding a clothes horse; let's show 'em how it's done; viva la Guardia Civil!" But Dominguin's rival was gently restrained by his messmates, who took it in turn to sit on him. Not until the midnight ferry were we shown how it should be done, slightly to the consternation of the other passengers, many of whom were requested to move to seats in the shade (i.e., away from the bar). As not to do so would be to invite a drenching in fundador, all complied.

Bobby took first leave at Pompey and I watched him go down the gangway, the delicate stalactite presented by friends sharing his interest in nature study, clasped in his hand. And as he disappeared down the quay, gently bellowing "Mac the Knife," I reflected that we had enjoyed Mombasa. Yes, it had been a good party.

M.O'B.

## Forgetting the Diver

The job was to dig a trench in reinforced concrete using pneumatic tools at a depth of sixty feet. I was the only diver down that day and already I had twice allowed too much air from the jack hammer to collect under my waist and chest, with the result that I found myself performing acrobatics over the drill. But this was merely routine hazard; the day's work had hardly begun!

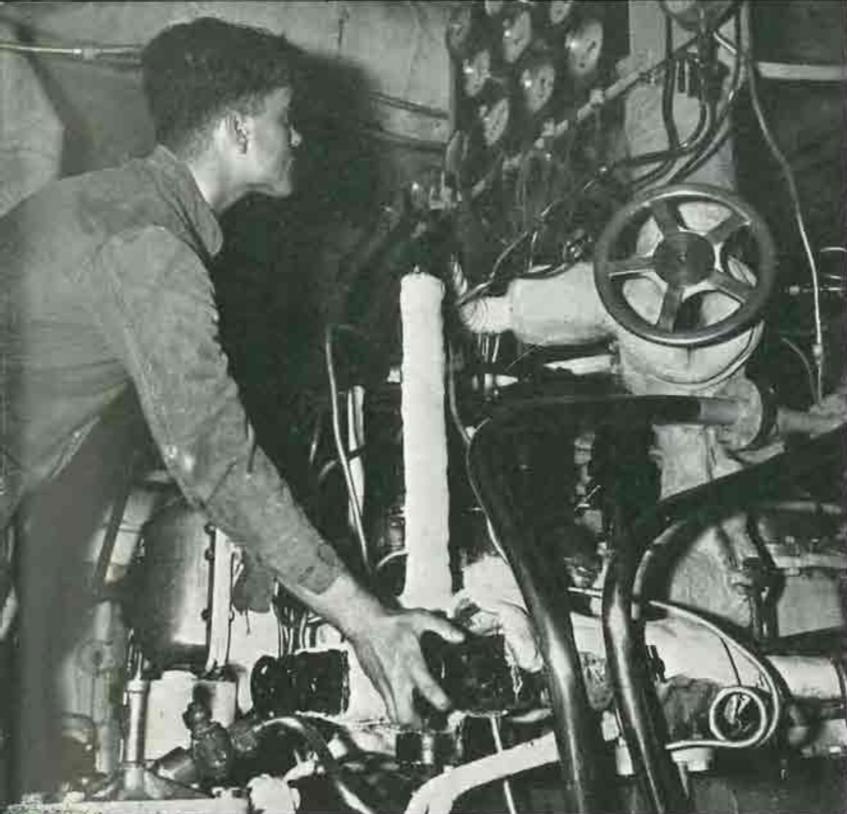
Time and again I had warned my linesman that if his diver is down and cannot be felt to be moving about below, he should be signalled to ensure that he is still safe and interested. So periodically I expected one bell, in which case I would reply to let him know I hadn't expired—no comments! However, when I'd been working for almost an hour I was prompted to have a rest, so I moved some rocks and sat down in the trench with my thoughts for my company. Sometimes when I think, I reach a conclusion; and now it suddenly dawned on me that I hadn't had any signals from my linesman for quite some time. Maybe he'd died on the job? I signalled frantically: one bell on the lifeline. No reply. I signalled again—twice, and still didn't get an answer. By now I had regained my head and I decided to give my partner a fright, so I gently pulled on my line and coiled in, securing to my waist as it paid out from the boat above.

Up to this time my air supply had been all right and I had been aware of the regular chugging of the compressor motor. Suddenly I felt and heard my air supply cut off—completely; and as I had my lifeline coiled up and secured to my belt I signalled hurriedly now on my air pipe. No answer. I signalled twice again—still no reply; and by then my imagination feared the worst. I quickly closed my outlet valve to conserve the air in my suit, knowing I didn't have enough left to blow up to the surface. I didn't feel yet that the situation warranted slipping my weights, so I made a frantic bid out of the trench, feeling my way in complete blackness along a suction pipe to my shot rope and hauled myself hand over hand laboriously to the surface, where I managed to reach a line across to the ladder on a nearby pile. I clambered on top and had my face-piece almost unscrewed before some warm-hearted mother's son remembered the old ITMA adage and suddenly turned my air supply ON (believe me, I needed 'gulpers' by then).

A reconstruction of events as there would have been had a post-mortem been necessary (my only consolation being that I wouldn't have had to attend the court-martial!) revealed the following facts:—

I was able to remove my own lifeline simply because my linesman was reliving his previous night's prowess at cards; and doubtlessly rolling himself a well-earned tickler, too—with my tobacco! On this job I was the only diver down, but reinforcements arrived while I was on the bottom and a second driver having been dressed, the routine of blowing condensation out of his helmet and air pipe was carried out before screwing down. The pipe alongside my own was connected for this test and turned on. Instead of turning that particular tap off thereafter, the linesman latched on to mine, closing my air supply. It was only when he saw me frantically clambering off the ladder that he realised his mistake and retuned my supply. The ensuing strip which was torn off, I will not recount. It's enough to remark on the sweetness of that longed-for air which makes the best of elements to drink—though I don't much mind a drop of sediment in free beer. Linesman . . . . !!

A.H.



**I'm driving!**



**A good  
loaf!**

## *Grease Paint and Footlights*

“Christmas away from home—we shall need a concert party.” How easy it all sounded and with eager hearts we made our plans. A stage was rigged in the cinema (Chippy needed SOMEWHERE to stack his timber) and we set to work with auditions, new scripts, old scripts, rewritten scripts, rehearsals . . . We were making fair progress, apart from the odd case of cold-feet and artistic temperament and the usual difficulty of getting all the cast together in one place at one time, when we heard details of the entertainment arranged ashore for us in Mombasa, Nairobi and Dar-es-Salaam. Grave doubts assailed us. Would we be too busy rehearsing to take part? Would we have an audience to play to? Perhaps we should postpone it?

On the way to Karachi our interest was rekindled by invitations to stage cabarets at three local clubs, and we began again. The conjuror practised his tricks and polished his patter; the St. Trinian girls were fitted with costumes and assembled an impressive array of weapons; the singers and the mimers rehearsed and rehearsed again. A new fever inspired us. Our first night was made difficult by poor lighting and an enormous space between the audience and the players. But we were well received and we went on with confidence to the next club. Here facilities were better but the audience less responsive. For our final performance conditions were good but we forgot our lines and gave wrong cues and felt deflated.

But we had learned a great deal and had achieved the nucleus of our own show onboard : the cabaret acts, the odd sketch (VERY odd at times), a home-made calypso and the inevitable choruses made up the programme. Three performances were given to packed and delighted houses, and as the applause and laughter echoed in our ears it all seemed worthwhile—well almost !



# 007 Triumphs Again

A Short Play definitely not by Ixn Flmxng

## CHARACTERS :

007 (James Blond)			
Head of Smersh	- -	Col. Kromesky	
Flag Lt.	- - -	Bugarov	
Staff Assassins	-	Ivan, Nikita and Fred	
Beautiful Spy	- - -	Titania	

SCENE 1 : Office of Head of Smersh, an austere room with desk, filing cabinets, etc. Col. Kromesky is walking up and down, muttering.

Kromesky : "Where the hell's that Flag Lieutenant?"

(Flag Lt. enters)

"Ah! Bugarov!"

Flag Lt. : "Ay, Ay, Sir." (Exits again)

Kromesky : "Come back you fool—I want to discuss plans to get rid of James Blond, that accursed British spy. Summon the staff assassins."

(Enter three men in cloaks and dark hats, together with Titania who undulates after them)

Kromesky : "Greetings, comrades. To-night we must strike a blow for Smersh."

(All stand to attention and salute)

"The Englishman Blond has been a thorn in our side for too long. But now it is time for him to be eliminated. We must not fail. Who wishes to volunteer?"

Ivan (pushed forward by others) : "Sir comrade—comrade sir—let me be one. I have invented a new kind of bomb—one that is sensitive to genuine Scotch whisky—the brand he always drinks. Put under his chair when he comes in for his normal nightly noggin, it cannot fail."

Nikita : "Nein! Nein! Nein! This too clumsy iss—and vat a vaste of good visky. I a better plan haf. I will sprinkle the itching powder down his back and this will make him wriggle. Then he will begin to squirm and to jump up and down. Then—poof—the air-cooled sawn-off submachine-gun which he always wears under his arm will go off and send a bullet through his heart—and the whole world will be stunned by the fiendish cunning of Smersh."

(All stand to attention and salute)

Fred : "Pah! All these methods only exterminate the man himself. I have a plan that will not only kill him but will also disgrace him and bring discredit on his organisation. Titania here will seduce him and while he is held in her arms we will take a film of all the proceedings."

Flags : "Yes. Yes, and we can release it with an X certificate so that even the Wardroom will want to see it."

Fred : "Before his passion is spent I will creep up behind him and smother him so that he suffocates. The world will think he died of exhaustion and we shall have demonstrated that our beautiful Russian girls are far beyond the capacity of these Western milksops."

Kromesky : "Enough, my friends—we will all go to his hotel and play it off the cuff."

(Curtain)

SCENE 2 : Hotel room. Whisky bottle and glasses on table. James Blond nattily attired but with bulge under left armpit, saunters in—he pours himself a whisky and sits by the table. As he dozes elegantly in his chair, the door opens and in comes 1st Ass., carrying the bomb. He is still dressed in cloak and hat. A slight noise causes J.B. to whip round, hand inside jacket. He relaxes as he sees the quaint figure.

J.B. : “ Hello, old boy—pour yourself a drink.”

J.B. tosses over the bottle of whisky. There is an explosion, then darkness. Lights on again to show J.B. dishevelled on the floor. There is no trace of Ivan except for cloak and hat.

J.B. : “ Well, blow me down, that whisky must be stronger than I thought ! ”

He picks himself up, settles down again in his chair and falls asleep—after removing gun from holster and sticking it into his braces. The 2nd Ass. creeps into the room with a large packet of powder which he sprinkles over J.B., who at once begins to twitch and wriggle. Suddenly a bang and 2nd Ass. rushes out holding his backside and yelling “ !xx!xx! ” J.B. simmers down, looks thoughtfully at his gun and puts it back in holster.

Enter hip-swaying seductive Titania who minces over to J.B. and strokes his face.

J.B. : “ Well, hello, you gorgeous creature. Lie down and let me talk to you. What’s your name? ”

Titania . “ Handsome Englishman finds Titania alluring? Si? ”

J.B. : “ See? What can you show me?—I hope ! ”

He dashes over to the door and hands a DO NOT DISTURB notice on the knob out on the inside of the door. He returns and sits on Titania’s lap.

Titania : “ You are so slim, Jim.”

The door flies open to reveal Kromesky, gun in hand, Flags, and the three Assassins, one with a large bandage over his trousers.

J.B. : “ Hell’s bells—Smersh ! ”

They all salute and Titania springs to attention, dropping J.B. on the floor.

Kromesky : “ You are right, Mister Blond, and at last we have you in our power. Soon you will die, but first let us see what you carry in that case.”

(Flags opens the case)

Flags : “ Ah ! Vodka ! ”

He pours out large tots and hands them around—including J.B.

Kromesky (clicking his heels) : “ To Smersh.” (They all drink)

J.B. : “ Smersh.” (They all drink)

They begin to stagger and one or two slip gracefully to the floor.

Titania : “ Shhhhhhhmersh.” (They all drink. More collapse)

J.B. : “ Shhhhhhhmerrrrrrrssssshhhhh.”

J.B. falls on Col. Kromesky and they both fall down.

Kromesky : “ Shhhh . . . ”

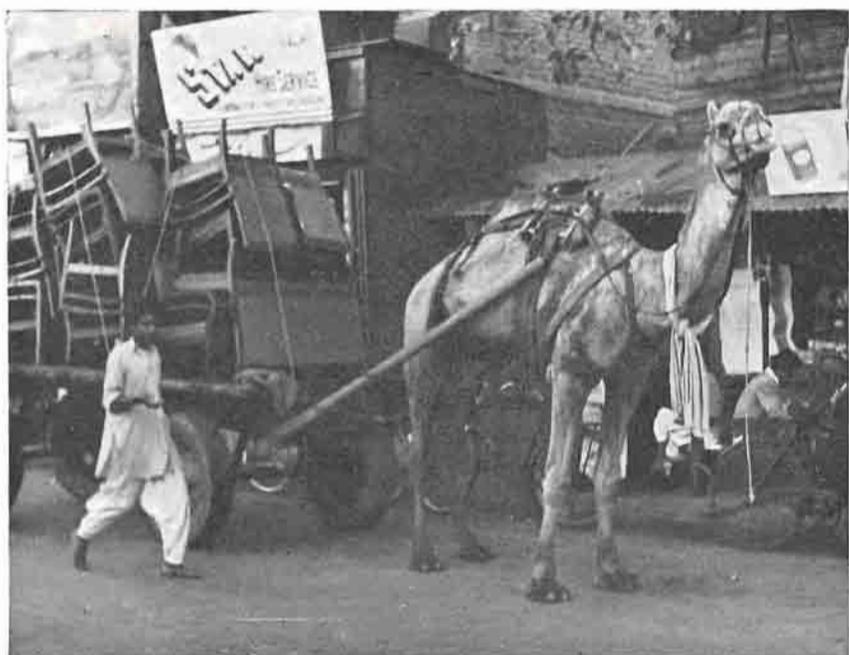
They are all out cold. J.B. rises and staggers towards the door, dragging Titania with him. Faces his visitors for the last time and salutes.

“ Hic ! ”

(Curtain)



**A winner's crew**



**Karachi Hump**

## Swinging the Lead

You see, doc, it all started when I was a kid—on my holidays in Blackpool. There I was, scarcely knee-high, strolling down the prom. with my mum and dad, when I saw these pencils on a beach-stall. No ordinary pencils. These were PENCILS. Bigger'n a stick of rock, they were. I kinda took a fancy to 'em and asked my mum if I could have one. She'd only just before bought me a stick of rock and she said "No," so I started bawling. In the middle of the pavement. Gathered quite a crowd it did, y'know, thing like that did just after the war, and of course, I got my pencil. The next time I remember anything like it was when I was about eleven or twelve. First form high school it was, and I had a pencil. I can't remember gaining it, it was just there in my possession. Beautiful pencil it was. A thick lead graphite one. I was real proud of it. When I saw all my school-chums writing with ordinary ones I used to see red. "Sacrilege" I thought. Whenever I got hold of one I used to break it. It sorta satisfied me. But it didn't stop there. I found myself using the dinner-times to go round everybody's desks breaking any pencils I found. I got caught quite a few times. Punched a few heads and got mine punched now and again, and even went before the headmaster a couple of times. But it didn't stop me. What stopped me was when I found a bloke using my lead graphite pencil to do a hundred lines with. When I told him to hand it over he snapped it in two and gave me half. Did you get that, doc? He snapped it in two. My pride and joy. Snapped. Just like that. 'Course, I pushed his face in and got expelled. I had to join the Navy to save my face. In an attempt to reform myself I took a job that would keep me in almost daily contact with pencils. Radar plotting. It was fabulous. In training, that is. I used to spend all day with a pencil in my hand, leaning over a table drawing lines and writing upside down. Really nice time I had. Anyway, I got drafted to this ship see, that used chinagraph pencils on perspex for plotting, and I didn't like it at all. I used to try and dodge it whenever it was my turn to go behind the plot. But I had this other job, see doc. Special Sea Dutyman. Whenever we entered or left harbour I had to go on the bridge and write down all the orders passed to the wheelhouse. I enjoyed it. And I used to save pencils, see. Every time I went on the bridge I was issued with a pencil and I never returned it. I bet I had the greatest collection of pencils anywhere. H.B.s, Forty-eight-seventy-eights, Forty-eight-fifty-twos. Any type. You name it—I had it. Or should I say, I've got it. You see, doc, I lost this job, and my whole interest in the Navy waned. I had some money in the bank so I bought myself out and got a job in a pencil factory. Where else? I was so good in this pencil factory that I earned promotion after promotion. I was born for the job, see. But anyhow, I caught the eyes of so many bosses with my work that I ended up in an office. I used to sit in this office thinking of all those pencils being made on the other side of the wall, and I used to be on edge. It nearly drove me crazy, so I had to do something about it, didn't I? Didn't I, though, doc? I was justified, wasn't I? I started taking the pencils home, and I used to sit at home holding 'em by the hour. Different pencils every night, see doc, and I couldn't bring myself to throw the old ones away. That's my problem, see doc, 'though why you'd be interested puzzles me. You see, when I heard the dustbin-man outside yesterday, I went out to see him and asked him if, while I'm out of town next week, he'd go in my house, I told him where the key was, and remove all my pencils. Y'see, I figured that it wouldn't be such a shock to me if I came home to a house with no pencils, than if I were there when they were taken away. Anyway, they referred me to the council and this morning I told them about my houseful of pencils and asked if they could help with the disposal arrangements. And here I am, where they sent me. Say, there's nothing wrong with me, is there, doc?

M.W.



A few  
choice  
rounds—



—were fired from time to time.

## Sports Round-Up

The first three months of the commission were rather busy ones and there was little opportunity for trials and proper selection of the various teams, but eventually we were able to field soccer, rugby, hockey, boxing, water polo, squash, golf, basket-ball and, later, tennis and cricket teams.

It was in February that we had our first major sporting fixture when, away from the wintry gusts at home, we met up with the BIRMINGHAM in Gibraltar and engaged in an Olympiad including squash, tennis, hockey, soccer, shooting, a Round the Rock relay race, basket-ball and various indoor sports. The result showed that the GLAM GAM was living well up to her reputation in being a good sporting ship, winning eleven events, drawing one and losing only five.

This was followed by a pulling and sailing regatta in Sicily in early summer, and the Mediterranean Fleet swimming gala at Malta; in the latter event we came an overall third (shore stations included) and first in the sea-going ships.

There was a slight lull in sporting activities for the next few months, more trials being held and a well-earned rest enjoyed. During our third visit to Gibraltar in September (a stay prolonged by some small electrical trouble!) an interpart soccer competition was held in which many septic knees were gained, while tennis, squash and hockey were not forgotten.

Save for Greece which proved rather chilly, the rest of the cruise was made in relatively warmer conditions, though cricket seems to have been indulged in only very infrequently; even in tropical conditions the games played most were soccer, rugby and hockey—which in temperatures of 80° plus were guaranteed just a little uncomfortable, and instead of sucking oranges at half-time it was a case of swallowing salt tablets by the dozen. It's cheaper that way!

The Seychelles provided some amusement in that we played the local rugger team on what, twenty-four hours previously, seemed a presentable pitch; it was unfortunate that it rained rather heavily and inconveniently flooding the pitch somewhat (up to four inches in parts) so at the end of the game when the players were mustered everyone was vastly relieved to find not one had been drowned.

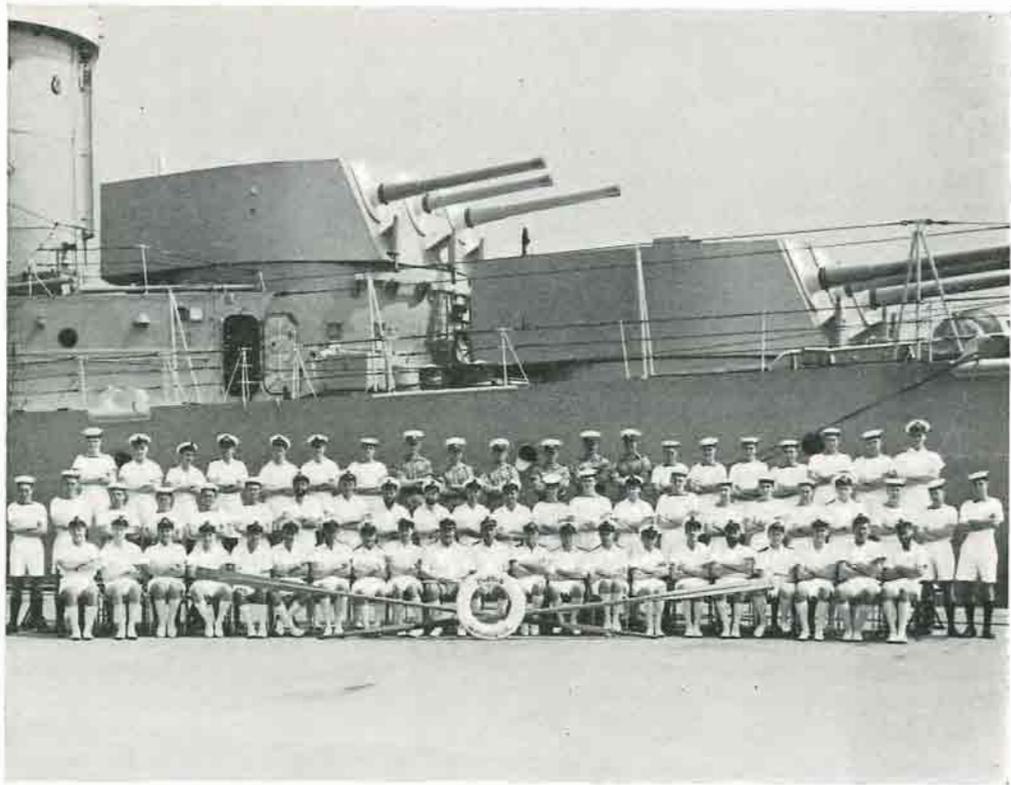
Whilst the ship lay alongside at Karachi it was decided to hold an interpart athletics meeting; it seemed a good place to hold it with a three-week stay and beer at eight shillings a bottle. So it was arranged and P.N.S. Himalaya kindly lent us their sports field for our last week-end in Karachi.

Owing to the large numbers of entrants for individual events (they had been successfully pushed or dragged into doing something athletic) heats were held on the Saturday in order to bring down the number of qualifiers to six for each event.

The finals began on Sunday at 1445, and field and track events kept well to schedule though some of the longer races must have been most trying in the dry heat of the afternoon. The Electrical Department clinched their claim to the interpart Huddersfield Cup by winning both relay races outright.

Mr. Sperling, who took an intense interest in all the events, presented a watch to the Victor Ludorum, for which three people tied with ten points each. The watch went for the afternoon's best individual effort and the prizes were presented by the Captain.

Of all the places visited, Durban will be most remembered, certainly as a sporting paradise as far as the soccer team was concerned; and perhaps a few



individuals (half the ship's company?) for more intimate sports. Port Elizabeth and Capetown were not very far behind.

Perhaps the most outstanding success was at Trincomalee, where there was a cruiser pulling regatta in which GAMBIA won every race, and I'm sure this constitutes a naval regatta record. No need to 'polish our ribs' just then.

With two interpart soccer competitions, an interpart athletics meeting and interpart deck hockey, tug-of-war, rifle shooting and what have you, it has been a most satisfactory and sporting cruise.

Like any ship which must serve a considerable commission, we have gloried in our victories and learned from our defeats in the modest variety of sporting activities. Whether you have all proved fellows at football, shot at everything bar yourself, known a bumping pitch and a blinding light, driven it devious for the nineteenth green

or just once or twice  
you have thrown the dice

indeed, whatever sport was yours, whether you find it recorded in these pages or not, we have all learned the value of healthy activity and known the infectious fellowship of our partners and team-mates. It is said that he who cannot make sport should mar none, and we have all recognised once more that it matters little whether we won or lost but that we took part and that we enjoyed it to the very fullest extent.

S.O.

### *Whaler Pulling & Regattas*

The blisters and callouses are gone, but one of our original boats remains : still the tale is yet worth the telling.

Has it been worthwhile? If one considers the drawing together of the individuals into a tightly knit and enthusiastic team ably backed up and supported by the rest of the ship, there can be little doubt that it has been worth every minute.

Our crews, together with helpers, organisers and maintainers, numbered nearly one hundred and fifty during our first regatta at Augusta; and at Trincomalee about eighty were involved. To keep this number keen, enthusiastic and fit is a huge task, and sincere thanks are due to all those who made such determined efforts to get the best results.

We had two regattas and two challenge races during the Commission : the regattas in Sicily and Ceylon, and the challenge races at Malta and Gibraltar.

For the regatta at Augusta our training started during our foreign service leave at Rosyth. Our efforts at training were hampered by leave and sea-time, although every effort was made to get the crews away whenever the opportunity presented itself. Everyone found the change of climate from the rigours of an English summer to the heat in Grand Harbour trying in the extreme, and the heat seemed to produce a feeling of lassitude or exhaustion and tempers became short.

The regatta embraced the Mediterranean sea-going fleet, and though shore establishments were entered, naturally they did not score points towards the cock.

The larger ships had to provide two crews for each event, total points for the event being obtained by adding the points gained by the two crews and then halving the answer. This meant that if we were to stand a chance both our crews would have to come in the first four in each race. The cards were in fact stacked heavily against us, the destroyers and frigates having to provide only one entry were on a very much easier wicket.

The final placings put ULYSSES on top with 126 points, DEFENDER next with 107, and GAMBIA third with 95½. A total of fifteen ships were engaged and we did well indeed to beat BIRMINGHAM, being first among the ships plagued by the necessity of providing two boats.

The second regatta took place at Trincomalee on Saturday, 27th February, 1960. This was really a cruiser regatta and saw in competition those cruisers taking part in Exercise JET 60.

Training began at Karachi in mid-January and we were able to take a good run at it, having four weeks in which to concentrate without interruption. Naturally we continued our training at sea whenever possible. In every respect we were a much more settled crowd. We had plenty of reserves to fall back on as only one crew was required for each category.

The ship against us were the Indian Naval Ships DELHI and MYSORE and H.M.S. BELFAST. We were concerned about our chances against BELFAST as she had recently collected the Far East Cock at Hong Kong. Further concern was felt when we heard that she had left two of her crews behind while we were at sea on exercise. Fortunately one gathers they spent most of their training time in the bar.

Observers onboard considered that we would give a good account of ourselves, but even our most optimistic soothsayer was staggered in the event. All our crews pulled excellently and the results of continuous and patient training were evident. The strokes were long and pulled through, the crews had stamina, and the coxswains steered straight courses without getting flustered. Two seamen crews were allowed in the first race and we gained first and second places, the senior crew just pipping the youngsters on the post by a matter of feet.

Each race thereafter was made up of two categories, thus the M(E)s and Electrical crews pulled in the same race. There was no occasion when we did not have the first boat home in each category. Our M(E)s' crew won the second race comfortably in the fastest time of the day, BELFAST's (M(E)s were second, and our Electrical crew were third. Then the Communications and Supply and Secretariat crews were first and second respectively, Artificers and Royal Marines first and third, Petty Officers and Chief Petty Officers first and second, and finally the Wardroom pulled off their race too. At this stage it was impossible to get any ship to take a bet and the successful punter was lucky to see his money returned if he had backed the winner on the tote.

The final points were: GAMBIA 79, BELFAST 53.5, DELHI 35.5, and MYSORE 28. We had not dropped a single point.

Next day a racing whaler event was held, open to all ships present. Nineteen took part and our M(E)s' crew pulled an excellent race to win by about three lengths from CAVENDISH, with BELFAST third. A very satisfactory ending to a wonderful regatta. Our celebrations were cut short, however, by the ship being ordered to Mauritius that night to give assistance in making good the damage caused by their second cyclone.

On two other occasions only did we race against other ships. The Barham

Cup which was competed for just before the Fleet sailed for Augusta was a race for whalers manned by E.R.A.s. Ours was not successful, but made a determined effort and came in about a third of the way down the field.

At Gibraltar on our return from the foreign leg we were invited to enter a seaman crew against ARK ROYAL, DUNKIRK, CARRON and JUTLAND.

Here our superiority was most marked although stamina was lacking. A comfortable lead of about five lengths was established, but the crew looked rather the worse for wear at the finish.

Well, there it is. A chapter of endeavour, success, and times where success was not so great, but the winning of the JET regatta in such a convincing way was a memorable milestone in our commission.

Determination and cheerfulness abetted by stamina and training brought their own results and reward enough in achievement for all who took part.

R.E.

### *Association Football*

We have been very fortunate in GAMBIA in being able to produce a consistently strong First XI, although at present it has a somewhat different look from that in the very early days of the Commission. Several games were played at Rosyth, but new talent was not discovered until we had a spell at Gibraltar. A variety of players came to light on the bastion grounds and we began to build our Ship's Eleven.

During our refit at Gibraltar in September, 1959, our team produced some brilliant football, especially against the two Gibraltar clubs, the Prince of Wales and Gibraltar United. We also competed against teams from BIRMINGHAM, VICTORIOUS, Royal Engineers and Prince of Wales Regiment. We had to combine with H.M.S. APOLLO in the Fleet Knock-out Competition and unfortunately made an early departure, being beaten by the 6th Destroyer Squadron. The ship left Gibraltar towards the end of November and matches were arranged as we proceeded to East Africa and the Far East, and we played in Volos and in Aden; then during Christmas at Mombasa we defeated the Zanzibar touring side. While at Seychelles we were victorious against the leading club, Ascot, with almost the whole population of Mahe supporting us that day.

In Karachi, the Pakistan Air Force defeated us 2-0 (their soccer was too good); but at Colombo, the Maldives and Trincomalee the team began to settle down well in spite of recent replacements. At Trinco we played against the BELFAST for the first time and won 4-2, though shortly after, during our emergency call to Mauritius, we played the French cruiser JEANNE D'ARC, losing 2-0 in a match in which our team gave a very disappointing display. In Singapore we were able to play on an excellent grass pitch at TERROR and our team showed the Far East Fleet how football should be played. Victories were recorded against ALBION, CRANE, TERROR, and a combined TERROR and Frigates XI. It was during this period that age began to tell and a hitherto energetic and enthusiastic skipper was forced to retire (the heat, you know!) In Hong Kong several games were played against the Royal Engineers, the R.A.F. (Sai Wan) and the Northumberland Regiment. On our return to Singapore we lost a star player to hospital and more replacements were tried out.

En route for South Africa we called in at Mauritius again, where we suffered our heaviest defeat against the Mauritius Police XI, our team being weakened by



injuries. In South Africa our first call was at Durban, where we met Parkhill F.C. and the president of this club donated a silver cup to be played for between GAMBIA and Parkhill each time the ship would visit Durban. He was unaware of our future! We beat Parkhill 5-4 and immediately offered them a return game for the cup. This was arranged and the match was played under floodlight at the Kingsmead Stadium, where again we were successful, this time by 3-2. On leaving Durban we returned the cup to Parkhill, who will challenge any British warship visiting Durban for the "Gambia-Parkhill" Cup, as it is now to be known. We also played Umbilo F.C. under floodlight there, losing 4-3, and before departure we visited Pietermaritzburg to play a representative side and were beaten 7-1. The Football Association and R.N. Association of Pietermaritzburg entertained us well. Only one game was played at Port Elizabeth, while at Cape Town our team played their very best football against Camps Bay F.C., which included two professional players from the United Kingdom, and we gained a 4-1 victory. On Union Day at the Hartlyvale Stadium we gained another 4-1 score against a representative side before a crowd of over 5,000.

On June 1st, South Africa fell astern and we pushed on for Freetown and Bathurst on our homeward leg, beating an Army XI 2-1 at Freetown and drawing both games at Bathurst.

Quite a number of performers have played in our Second XI, from which we were able to find probable replacements for our First XI. The side found a very able Shipwright Skipper, an ever-present member of the side. Whilst at Gibraltar, matches were arranged between civilian clubs and the side gave a notable performance against Shamrock Rovers. In South Africa, two good games were played against Pinetown and the Customs.

Finally, though they may say that sport is sweetest when there be no spectators, we have always found our regular supporters have without doubt encouraged the team to greater effort and no match would have been complete without the "voice" and cheering support of a leading light among our seamen (where's George?).

H.E.G.

### *Rugby Football*

Rugby has been played throughout the Commission, often in conditions quite contrary to the accepted British limitations of climate and temperature for playing the game. Half our matches have been played within the tropics, the temperature being around eighty degrees and the pitch lying fringed with palm trees. Genuine grass pitches have been something of a luxury, but win or lose, the main point is that the matches have been thoroughly enjoyed by all concerned. It has always been possible to raise a team, however short the notice (three on one occasion), and we have aimed at playing open, attacking rugby—well, as long as our wind lasted, for frequently the elements and our state of training have been against us! A ship's team has taken the field in eleven different countries, and at least fifty different people must have represented the ship at one time or another. Our only regret is that it has not been possible to run a regular Second XV and so keep our reserves in training.

After a few trial games at Rosyth over Christmas, 1958, the Sports Officer led the ship's team into action in two matches during GAMBIA's visit to Northern Spain. The first match was against the town of Vigo and the second against Santiago University. The ship won both games by a narrow margin. Rugger was then forgotten until the ship reached Aden in December, 1959, and at this time



the Dental Officer left the ship to take up civilian practice, and this proved a considerable loss as he was our expert in the rear. Here we had our first experience of sand pitches, and an excellent pitch there was, too, when we played against the B.P. refinery at Little Aden. The sand effectively cushioned bad falls, but made for hard going once the rolled surface had been rucked up. We also had some useful trial games on the R.A.F. pitches, and prepared the way for the big games of the Commission at Dar-es-Salaam.

At Dar, over the New Year, 1960, the ship fielded three fifteens. One went up country to Kiloso and played a local team organised by the District Commissioner. In between whiles they toured the game park and were well entertained by their hosts, who were in the main players in the opposing team. The principal matches were played at the Gymkhana Club in Dar, where the First and Second XVs played two local XVs in the presence of the Governor. The First XV match was for the McMichael Cup, competed for between the town of Dar-es-Salaam and visiting H.M. Ships whenever the occasion permits. A considerable crowd turned up to watch, and though GAMBIA lost both games, at least we endeavoured to keep the play open and provide good entertainment for the spectators. Some kind words were said at the presentation of the cup about the ship having fielded three fifteens. Indeed, it was an achievement considering the host of private invitations, hockey, tennis, swimming parties, dances and banyans, all with their claims on one's time—not to mention energy!

Lack of space forbids details about our many other fixtures, although each match had some interesting or original slant. At Port Victoria in the Seychelle Islands, where the ship fielded two fifteens, many of the opposition played in bare feet. At Karachi the ship's team played a number of games on the Bath Island ground against the town and also against LOCH KILLISPORT. GAMBIA was alongside for a full three weeks and this was one of the few periods when our rugby players could take full advantage to train ashore.

In Mauritius a fixture was arranged with the Dodo Club up in the hills of Curepipe. These players were particularly skilled in ball handling and played a very fast game reminiscent of the South Africans, as we found to our cost. Our next game of note was against H.M.S. TAMAR on the Happy Valley ground, Hong Kong, which certainly provided a change of scenery.

From a spectator's point of view the climax of the cruise was Cape Town, where the ship's visit coincided with the annual inter-varsity match between Cape Town and Stellenbosch, an important event in the rugby calendar of Cape Province. While in South Africa the First XV played six matches, one under floodlights. Two more games were played during the passage homeward, one at Freetown and the other against the Gambia colony at Bathurst. The Freetown game was historic in that it was the first game ever to be staged in the town itself. The Governor of Sierra Leone was present and tickets were sold on behalf of the Regional Playing Fields Association.

Finally, no match would have been complete without the presence and moral support of our chief selector, the Chief Shipwright, and our referees, the Chief Yeoman, with their wealth of rugby knowledge and repertoire of West Country songs.

### *Cricket Notes*

**"The hope of a season's fame!"**

GAMBIA's Cricket team—if the collection of individuals who represented the Ship during this Commission can be called a team—has not had the most



successful of seasons. Matches were almost invariably lost, and for the side to score over eighty runs in an innings was a rare feat indeed.

Why was this? Several things combined to produce this sad state of affairs, the foremost being a truly magnificent lack of TALENT. Apart from two or three accomplished Players, and the odd Gentleman, the side consisted of very enthusiastic amateurs whose spirits were always willing but whose flesh weakened at the critical moment. Other commitments, huge curry lunches provided by the opposition, beer provided by anybody, No. 9 punishment, the previous night's revels and sundry attractions also took their toll of the eleven, each to the detriment of the Ship's score and the bowlers' analyses.

Despite all these setbacks, however, there are always "eleven good men and true" ready and willing to turn out and play the game. Cricket, of our own brand, was played on rock-hard wickets under scorching sun in Dar-es-Salaam, in an Aden oil-refinery, in the rain at Trincomalee, in a Maltese dust storm, and always in a spirit of keenness that the results would not seem to justify. Not for GAMBIA the boredom of five-day Tests, but if the enthusiasm with which the team approached its game could be transmitted to the Test eleven, it would overflow the Oval.

There was one way in which the team scored over its opponents, however, lest one gives the impression that it was composed of blind cripples. It produced the best selection of assorted headwear ever seen on a cricket field.

C.L.

### *Hockey Notes*

The inter-part Hockey League held in Gibraltar in the autumn of 1959 was well supported and the energy and enthusiasm displayed augured well for the Ship's hockey prospects. But not enough skill was present to back up these qualities, and although we have enjoyed the many games we have played, our efforts have seldom led us to victory.

The selectors have tried to build up a team from a large number of players of a similar standard, but all too frequently many of the first choices have withdrawn their names from the list for one reason or another, and it has proved difficult to raise a team. This has led to a lack of teamwork among us which has revealed itself particularly in the forward line, whose lack of combination and therefore of scoring power has been the largest single factor in our many defeats.

In general, though, we have given many good sides a run for their money and praise is due to the hard core of regular players who have maintained their enthusiasm throughout. Several individuals have played well, in particular our representative between the sticks who has made tremendous progress and who is now a very competent goalie—perhaps he had more practice than most of us!

Finally a word of thanks to our umpire for his regular appearance with the whistle and for his steady flow of useful advice—and balls.

A.A.



## *Boxing Notes*

The 'noble art' has been assiduously cultivated throughout the Commission, even if only irregularly practised in the odd sailor-ashore-scrap or by the anonymous marine tyro who occasionally felt obliged to enter a bout driven on by some foreign inducement which appealed directly to his head! Our first serious competition abroad, however, was in Mombasa, where the ship's team drew with the local opposition at six bouts each—excluding that against the Kenya heavy-weight champion which lasted fifteen seconds and cannot we feel be made to count. A week later at Dar-es-Salaam the ship enjoyed a decisive victory of six bouts to three against somewhat slighter opposition and amid tremendous roars from the local populace as we appeared to be losing, and loud groans as our lads eventually took the lead.

In Singapore our boxers entered the Far East Novices Championships and though two made the semi-finals, we had little enough to show worthwhile in the way of results at this time. Durban and Capetown brought opportunities for further experience, and though no wild victories were recorded the practice was not lost. In September's Home Fleet meeting at Rosyth we entered six boxers, of whom five reached the finals in four weights, this resulting in two of our stalwarts disappointingly having to fight each other. But at least that made one win a certainty, and when the other three had competed the judges' decisions were in our favour and all four finals were ours. Maybe that black eye was worth it after all.

J.G.

## *No Backward—Swimmers We*

Though the Commission may not have taken us through the looking-glass like Alice, at least it has given all onboard the chance to vindicate the slander that "they gave me a good character but said I could not swim" which seems to set the tone on all new entries' S.C.s.

We swam in the Baltic and the Med., at Rosia and Ricasoli, at Singapore and the Seychelles. At least two of our company went for unauthorised swims in Karachi harbour, having set off in the belief they were going sailing; while rumour has it that some of our braver spirits hovered hesitantly in the warm waters above the Maldivian reefs till sharks were sighted in the depths below.

The opportunities, however, for life-saving instruction and training have been strictly limited by the ship's commitments. Though there have been plenty of candidates, there have been regrettably only two places at which to hold classes: Ricasoli Fleet Lido, Malta G.C., in September, 1959, and H.M.S. Terror Pool, Singapore, in April, 1960.

Twelve bronze medallions, 2 bronze crosses, and one Intermediate Certificate were gained as awards at these places, in addition to one qualification for Instructor's Certificate.

The floating nucleus of personnel required to play the highly exacting game of water polo were finally surfaced and flushed from their numerous warrens after several months in commission.

Training (a word few of the team seemed to have heard of) began and after clearance chits, old boy chits and straight subs had been finally organised, we sailed into the clear—did someone say, blue?—waters of the Mediterranean.

Our first game was against H.M.S. DEFENDER, and after a hard game we emerged victorious by 4 goals to 3; this gave us heart and we proceeded to lash up the Med. Fleet one by one until, alas, a small destroyer (H.M.S. ULYSSES) came in from sea to show us how to play, beating us by 8 goals to 2. (Incidentally, the ULYSSES won the 2nd League Med. Water Polo Cup.)

We then retired from the Med. Station for East of Suez and Far East Stations (greater places?—well, for some of us!) and we quite naturally expected a lot more water polo. But we were doomed men, especially as we lost one of our strongest players when the Major left us; and somehow even in these tropical places some still prefer to chase a ball on the ground rather than in the water (what is soccer, anyway?).

We did manage to have two games against Mombasa Swimming Club, which we won, and then we rested on our laurels until we reached Singapore, where our first game was against the Champions of the Far East (H.M.S. CRANE). And did we know it, losing 9 goals to nil!—though it must be said in mitigation that certain members of our team seem to allow spirit other than that of the game to enter their bodies prior to entering the water! Anyway, after this defeat we showed the remainder of the Far East Fleet how to play, including the ALBION, and our old friends in H.M.S. BELFAST. As the CANE had gone to sea, we were unable to have a return match, though we heard later they boasted that WE had won the Med. Fleet Water Polo Cup, this buzz being started by the GAMBIA lads!

P.M.

## *Fencing*

In sports and journeys, it is said, men are known; and though we have bestowed no great time either in tongues or in wielding the blades, we have both travelled afield and crossed not a few swords this Commission. Fencing, however, had to be accepted among us as a somewhat sporadic sport owing to a paucity of opposition abroad.

We began with the Fleet Championships at Gibraltar in March, 1959, our most stalwart pair competing and managing to gain a second in foil, epee and sabre. This meant being chosen to represent the Home Fleet in the next phase of the Royal Tournament had the ship's programme, in fact, allowed it.

The foils were laid aside until signals from Mombasa and Dar-es-Salaam urged the formation of a more regular team. But despite enthusiastic practice we lost 'at home' to Mombasa by a narrow margin, and then 'away' to Dar. Little opposition was met thereafter till the ship returned to Africa in May, 1960,

and in Port Elizabeth we achieved our first win, only to be beaten quite convincingly by a strong Capetown team which included two internationals.

We still feel strongly, however, that our experience has shown that fencing is a most suitable sport for a ship, especially when sufficient matches can be arranged to justify team practice.

B.C.

### *Rifle Shooting*

“He shoots higher that threatens the moon  
than he that aims at a tree.”

Our bullets may not have been made of platinum, and though few of those who shot for GAMBIA ever cared to apply the equations of motion to our projectiles, the rifle team has enjoyed commendable results considering that we have found ourselves against top class civilian shots, and teams which in almost every case have contained at least one international. We have in fact concentrated on .303 shooting, and South Africa in general paid us the very high compliment of judging us the best ship's team they had met since 1945. Our very best effort, however, was against the Gambia Police at Bathurst, whose members had not suffered defeat in two years and never till we arrived had they had to admit victory to a visiting ship. Out of fifteen matches overall we narrowly lost six, came a close second on two occasions in three-cornered competitions, and won seven complete events outright. Throughout the Commission we have had our regular supporters and thanks are due to them for the very fine spirit they have always shown, as indeed it is to those others, too many to mention, who have 'made one' often at the very shortest of notice.

F.J.F.





## Cats Paws and Wind Lippers

During the foreign leg of the Commission, GAMBIA's boats raced in regattas and against yacht clubs at practically every port of call. An impressive number of wins was recorded in the dinghies, the Captain leading our trio of most successful helmsmen.

We started off on the right foot at Augusta in the Fleet sailing regatta, where we took first and second places in the Officers' race, and first place in the Ratings' race; and just to show there was no ill feeling, the Gunnery world entered the open "Swordfish" race and won that as well!

At Malta the winning streak continued in our favour and we won the Officers' event in the R.N.S.A. regatta, coming second in the Ratings' race. The Captain continued to enjoy plenty of practice—he raced most Saturday mornings and won every time! In the offshore whaler race GAMBIA's boats finished fourth and sixth.

In East Africa there was some enjoyable team racing and an outstanding success was registered in beating the East African Navy (seven officers and sixty ratings!) in a whaler and dinghy race. One intrepid party sailed a whaler from Mombasa to Dar-es-Salaam, a distance of 130 miles, just to get out of gunnery! They had a whale(!) of a time and only sank the boat once. Fortunately it stood on end (getting to be a habit in GAMBIA) in about 20ft. of water and lots of bona-fide natives came along at the right moment to lend a hand.

The best team racing for dinghies came at Karachi. The Karachi Yacht Club have a trophy, the Mauritius Cup, for which visiting R.N. ships compete. It has been won by the R.N. only five times in the last thirty years. Karachi helmsmen are not only extremely good: when it comes to racing they are merciless! However, they were unlucky against GAMBIA and we carried off the trophy, the tankard for the best individual helmsman being won by the Captain.

More racing took place at Trincomalee, Hong Kong (in 'Dragon' class, of course) and at Singapore, where we had the misfortune to lose two of our dinghy stalwarts. We weren't half as unfortunate as they were—they missed the trip to the Cape.

Personally I didn't see a lot of the sailing we did in South Africa—other

commitments, I expect. I DO know we weren't very successful (at racing I mean) and I DO know the answer. Most of our helmsmen were suffering from an arthritic condition of the tiller hand known to the medical profession as "Strangler grip." At Durban one young officer and one leading hand suffered so much they capsized their boats! During a four-cornered race against the South African Navy, the Portuguese Navy and the Royal Capetown Yacht Club in Table Bay, the Captain suffered such an excess of zeal he sailed his boat right under!

Well, we've had it pretty good in GAMBIA from the sailing point of view. In our last important fixture, the Fleet sailing regatta at Rosyth, we took first and second places in the Officers' dinghy race for the Bradford Cup, and second place in the Ratings' race, while one of our Officers' whalers claimed the Hornby Trophy and gained individual souvenirs for its crew. We may not all know our "ribs and timbers," but we've always enjoyed a long reach for the prizes!

R.C.B.

### *Ole! In my Racquet*

The racquets restrung had been hastily done the contestants in white had been matched the tournament day had dawned while we lay alongside and just lazed in the sun forty love game and set the servers regret that volleys remorselessly hatched flew indifferent it seemed our antagonists beamed while we banded and struck few if one now the end of this tale states the conflict will fail if your racquet you do not look after because half-way through we saw it was true that a string on the wing spells disaster.



# Padres Corner

I would like to tell you a story about two tommies of the 1914-18 war. They were in the trenches in France and as is quite common among soldiers (and sailors for that matter) they were grumbling about this, that and the other. Bill turns to his mate and says, "How's things, Bob?" "Rotten, mate. Me tin hat don't fit, me bayonet's rusty, and we go over the top in 'alf an hour." The next time they meet is up aloft. Bill turns to Bob: "Well, how's things, chum?" "Rotten," he replied. "me 'alo's too tight, me 'arp's out of tune, and there is a band practice in 'alf an hour."

Yes, I suppose we will grumble even when we get to heaven! This grumbling business is all very well so long as we don't let it upset our judgment. It is one of our privileges.

During this last Commission, no doubt we have found plenty to grumble about. The weather of course has come in for fair criticism. It has been either too hot or too cold, depending on where we have been; the food has seldom come up to the standard of "mother's cooking"; life has been too hectic or else too dull. So I could go on with a long list of things we could find to grumble about. However, that is not the purpose of this article. When the dust of this Commission has settled, no doubt the old adage: "The last ship is always the best," will apply to GAMBIA.

In spite of all the snags, the disappointments and the frustrations, you and I have a great deal to be thankful for. We can thank God for our health and strength and for His protection "from the dangers of the sea and the air, and from the violence of the enemy." We can be thankful for the friendships we have made onboard and in the different places we have visited. Most of us can truly be thankful for the affection of our wives and sweethearts.

If you will give this subject a little thought I am sure you will find ample reason for getting down on your knees and offering up a prayer to your heavenly Father.

"Thou who has given so much, give one thing more, a grateful heart, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

JOHN CUMMIN.





### *Vital Statistics*

During the Commission we have :

STEAMED	—	71,000 miles.
BURNED	—	36,000 tons of fuel oil.
BEEN PAID	—	£365,200.
SAVED	—	£12,000.
SPENT	—	Sterling : Pesetas, kroner, lire, francs, drachmæ, rupees, Singapore dollars, Hong Kong dollars.
		African currencies : Marks and guilders.
CONSUMED	—	30,600 pints of rum—nearly 245,000 tots ! 59,200 tins of milk. 79,700 goffas.
DRUNK	—	Often.
RECEIVED	—	15,000 injections. 144 X-rays onboard. 83,300 salt tablets. 510,900 pills.
DONATED	—	35 gallons of blood.
WORN OUT	—	590 hypodermic needles.
SMOKED	—	Too much.
FIRED	—	2,563 6in. shells. 2,662 4in. A.A. practice rounds. 196 4in. surface shells. 279 4in. starshell. 12,729 40/60 H.E. 11,914 40/60 break-up.

H.M.S. GAMBIA retired on 7th December, 1960, aged twenty,  
after steaming 503,000 miles.



## OFFICERS and MEN

Commanding Officer — Captain W. J. Munn, D.S.O., O.B.E.

### OFFICERS

Cdr. F. W. Watson  
 Lt. Cdr. K. G. Dowle  
 Lt. Cdr. R. H. C. Ellis  
 Lt. Cdr. R. F. Jones  
 Lt. Cdr. J. M. B. Walkey  
 Lt. T. Bain-Smith  
 Lt. J. J. Black  
 Lt. D. J. Chandler  
 Lt. W. B. Collins, M.V.O.  
 Lt. R. G. Franklin, R.N.Z.N.  
 Lt. R. E. Henley  
 Lt. J. R. Hutton  
 Lt. C. P. Lawrance  
 Lt. T. Love  
 Lt. P. J. Penfold  
 Lt. R. A. Shelton-Agar  
 Lt. J. P. Tilley  
 Lt. R. Toogood, R.N.R.  
 Sub. Lt. N. G. Kemp  
 Sub. Lt. H. A. O'Grady  
 Cdr.(E) P. A. Southgate  
 Lt. Cdr. M. A. Spencer  
 Lt. Cdr. G. Stubbley  
 Lt. B. J. Cawte

Lt. A. D. Cooper  
 Lt. C. A. Hopkinson  
 Lt. M. F. Jackson  
 Lt. D. H. Jacobs  
 Lt. G. Newton  
 Lt. R. J. Pidgeon  
 Sub. Lt. R. C. Baller  
 Sub. Lt. R. H. Barnes  
 Sub. Lt. D. F. Buikitt  
 Sub. Lt. J. G. Ferrie  
 Sub. Lt. G. S. Gray  
 Sub. Lt. R. W. Manby  
 Sub. Lt. T. J. Mills  
 Sub. Lt. E. C. Pidgeon  
 Sub. Lt. P. J. Shield  
 Eng. Sub. Lt. D. C. Croucher  
 Eng. Sub. Lt. W. R. Edwards  
 Eng. Sub. Lt. I. D. Tilbury  
 Supt. Sub. Lt. R. L. Booker  
 Cdr.(S) W. T. Blunt  
 Lt. Cdr. J. H. Goodman  
 Lt. M. O'Brien  
 Lt. A. M. Phillips  
 Sub. Lt. G. B. Goodson

Sub. Lt. P. W. A. Rudd  
 Sub. Lt. B. Warlow  
 Sub. Lt. B. R. Wright  
 Cdr.(L) S. T. Crouch  
 Lt. Cdr. P. D. Pile  
 Lt. F. J. Foley  
 Sub. Lt. R. F. Messer  
 Surg. Cdr. E. A. Penn  
 Surg. Lt. Cdr. K. J. MacLean,  
 M.B., Ch.B.  
 Surg. Lt. P. H. Pattison,  
 M.B., B.S.  
 Surg. Lt. (D) P. R. G. Williams  
 Surg. Lt. (D) W. J. Gregory,  
 L.D.S.  
 Rev. J. T. Cummin  
 Capt. M. D. B. Banks, R.M.  
 Capt. J. D. Hunter, R.M.  
 Instr. Lt. Cdr. W. A. Waddell,  
 B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E.  
 Instr. Lt. Cdr. A. J. Alabaster,  
 M.A.  
 Instr. Lt. D. Dorrian, M.A.

### STAFF OFFICERS (F.O.F.H.)

Cdr. A. J. F. Hawkrigde  
 Cdr. P. S. Hicks-Beech  
 Lt. Cdr. J. M. Powell  
 Lt. Cdr. B. K. Shattock  
 Lt. Cdr. J. N. Underhill  
 Lt. D. C. Mitchell

Sub. Lt. J. A. Davis  
 Cdr. O. G. Jenkins, D.S.C.  
 Cdr. R. D. Johnston  
 Lt. Cdr. M. L. Dawson  
 Lt. Cdr. L. R. D. the Mackintosh  
 of Mackintosh

Lt. Cdr. R. B. Moore  
 Lt. Cdr. A. W. A. Stevens  
 Lt. J. T. Lord  
 Lt. J. W. Williams

## RATINGS

### Seaman Division

Dungate, W. G., C.P.O.	Brettell, J. R., A.B.	Kilpatrick, W. D., A.B.
Hampson, R., C.P.O.	Bromley, T. R., A.B.	Kimbley, R., A.B.
Scott, W. E., C.P.O.	Buckley, R. C., A.B.	Lenton, V., A.B.
Stallard, A. E., C.P.O.	Calvert, J., A.B.	Madden, F., A.B.
Bowen, E. A., P.O.	Campbell, W. D., A.B.	Maloney, M. T., A.B.
Chadwick, C. E., P.O.	Carruthers, W. M., A.B.	Martin, G. F., A.B.
Cherry, D. G., P.O.	Charles, A. T., A.B.	Martin, G. M., A.B.
Corner, G. W., P.O.	Christon, T. P., A.B.	Martin, M. H., A.B.
Crocker, F. E., SLMKR.	Clarke, R. E., A.B.	Maxwell, W. T., A.B.
Dimmick, J. E., P.O.	Cliff, P. N., A.B.	Meikle, J. B., A.B.
Elliott, R., P.O.	Cope, P., A.B.	Merchant, L. J., A.B.
Garbutt, N. E., P.O.	Couldwell, P., A.B.	Miller, J. A., A.B.
Gillam, B. A., P.O.	Cunningham, E., A.B.	Miller, J. R., A.B.
Gray, P. R., P.O.	Davidson, W., A.B.	Nanson, R., A.B.
Homer, F. D., P.O.	Dick, D. B., A.B.	Newnham, D., A.B.
Kerr, G. H., P.O.	Docherty, G., A.B.	Oakley, P. E., A.B.
May, J. C., P.O.	Duncan, A. J., A.B.	O'Hara, T. J., A.B.
May, R. J., P.O.	Emery, R. L., A.B.	Pamplin, J., A.B.
Parks, P. R., P.O.	Eva, W. J., A.B.	Parker, G. R., A.B.
Smart, J., P.O.	Evans, F. A., A.B.	Pearson, P. H., A.B.
Spearing, J. G., P.O.	Evans, G. D., A.B.	Piper, A. J., A.B.
Templeman, T. A., P.O.	Fenwick, L., A.B.	Price, I., A.B.
Tookey, A. J., P.O.	Fleming, J., A.B.	Prosser, A., A.B.
Ashby, C. P., L.S.	Forbes, A., A.B.	Puddy, G., A.B.
Clark, L., L.S.	Foster, P. J., A.B.	Purvis, G., A.B.
Clemens, G. E., L.S.	Frost, N. G., A.B.	Ramsay, A. G., A.B.
Creasy, D. F., L.S.	Garner, A. G., A.B.	Ramsden, A., A.B.
Farmer, F. W., L.S.	Garrett, A. M., A.B.	Richardson, G. L., A.B.
Greenfield, P., L.S.	Garwood, D. R., A.B.	Robinson, M. W., A.B.
Groves, R. G., L.S.	Giles, R. E., A.B.	Ross, E., A.B.
Harrington, D., L.S.	Goodwin, T. A., A.B.	Rowan, J., A.B.
Hill, R., L.S.	Gravett, P. W., A.B.	Ruske, W. R., A.B.
Johnson, R., L.S.	Greenway, L. T., A.B.	Sands, P., A.B.
Johnstone, A. R., L.S.	Grice, R., A.B.	Scott, E., A.B.
Lewis, J. N., L.S.	Hadaway, W., A.B.	Sharp, J. D., A.B.
Payne, J. V., L.S.	Haffenden, D., A.B.	Shepherdson, J., A.B.
Smith, B. V., L.S.	Hammond, P. E., A.B.	Shorter, R. D., A.B.
Smith, H., L.S.	Hardy, R., A.B.	Smith, D. P., A.B.
Spain-Gower, A. A., L.S.	Hargreaves, F. L., A.B.	Smith, T. K., A.B.
Stephen, D. A., L.S.	Harknett, K. W., A.B.	Smits, P. J., A.B.
Stevenson, F. Y., L.S.	Harris, I. M., A.B.	Spoonar, G. R., A.B.
Wilkinson, K., L.S.	Harris, M. D., A.B.	Stidston, A. A., A.B.
Wright, D. A., L.S.	Harvey, D. T., A.B.	Swaby, L. E., A.B.
Adkins, L. A., A.B.	Harwood, J. F., A.B.	Symonds, M. D., A.B.
Anderson, E. A., A.B.	Hayter, M. F., A.B.	Taylor, B. C., A.B.
Anscombe, D. H., A.B.	Heap, B., A.B.	Tetlow, J. B., A.B.
Bainbridge, B., A.B.	Hughes, J. A., A.B.	Thomas, W., A.B.
Bainbridge, F. A., A.B.	Hughes, J. B., A.B.	Thompson, R. C., A.B.
Barber, V. S., A.B.	Hughes, P. E., A.B.	Timmins, R., A.B.
Bennett, J., A.B.	Jones, C. J., A.B.	Tobin, B. P., A.B.
Bramham, G. E., A.B.	Jones, D. C., A.B.	Toner, D. J., A.B.
Brant, K., A.B.	Jones, D. J., A.B.	Tribe, P. L., A.B.

Vosper, J. A., A.B.  
Ward, H. A., A.B.  
Watson, S. C., A.B.  
Wheeler, M. J., A.B.  
Whileblood, B., A.B.  
Wilkinson, D. J., A.B.  
Williams, R. H., A.B.  
Windle, P. S., A.B.  
Yuill, J. B., A.B.  
Adshead, J. A., Ord.  
Barnard, K. R., Ord.  
Bland, T., Ord.  
Botting, L. J., Ord.  
Boxall, F., Ord.  
Butler, D., Ord.  
Butt, M. F., Ord.  
Charlton, I. T., Ord.  
Clarke, I. A., Ord.

Coad, A. E., Ord.  
Coyle, W., Ord.  
Crosbie, F. S., Ord.  
Dormer, P. J., Ord.  
Evans, G. D., Ord.  
Fisk, T. J., Ord.  
Framingham, D. S. Ord.  
Gandy, J. C., Or.l.  
Garland, O., Ord.  
Gill, M. O., Ord.  
Gray, T. R., Ord.  
Green, E. G., Ord.  
Hockenhall, A. R., Ord.  
Johnstone, C. W., Ord.  
Jones, G., Ord.  
Keeley, J. A., Ord.  
Lucas, M., Ord.  
Moore, M. J., Ord.

Nott, R. J., Ord.  
Owen, A. H., Ord.  
Pape, J. A., Ord.  
Pearson, L., Ord.  
Price, R. H., Ord.  
Purton, T. W., Ord.  
Read, R. R., Ord.  
Riley, J. H., Ord.  
Southgate, T. A., Ord.  
Thomson, J., Ord.  
Toombs, B. J., Ord.  
Welch, M. S., Ord.  
Young, K. E., Ord.  
Hannagan, M., J.S.  
Hulme, B., J.S.  
Webster, R. N., J.S.

### Regulating Staff

Abbitt, P. E., M.A.A.  
Manley, P. T., R.P.O.

Smith, K. R., R.P.O.  
Board, R. R., L.P.M.

Garrett, J., L.P.M.

### Communications Department

Bumpstead, R. E., C.R.S.  
Tibbs, W. A., C.C.Y.  
Walsh, D. G., C.C.Y.  
Bignell, B., R.S.  
Mallaburn, J. G., R.S.  
Smith, E., C.Y.  
Stockwell, H. J., C.Y.  
Tillett, A. R., C.Y.  
Williams, A. G., C.Y.  
Childs, P., L.T.O.  
Duncan, G. R., L.T.O.  
Glew, R., L.R.O.  
Hardman, J. E., L.T.O.  
Houston, J. J., L.T.O.  
Ingham, G. S., L.R.O.  
Jones, R. N., L.R.O.

Proven, P. G., L.R.O.  
Roach, K., L.R.O.  
Turley, D. M., L.R.O.  
Bishop, P. E., R.O.2  
Carey, G., R.O.3  
Cooper, C. C., T.O.2  
Crichton, G. D., R.O.3  
Danks, M., R.O.2  
Eggers, D. J., R.O.3  
Elliott, D., T.O.2  
Fox, E. V., R.O.2  
Fox, G. W., T.O.2  
Fox, R. A., T.O.2  
Harvey G. F., T.O.2  
Maclean, T., R.O.2  
McKenna, P. A., R.O.2

Morley, P. H., R.O.3  
Munt, D. J., T.O.2  
Odgers, J. W., R.O.3  
Rae, J. D., T.O.2  
Redfern, M. W., R.O.2  
Rorrison, R. N., T.O.2  
Rowe, R. D., R.O.2  
Ryley, L. W., R.O.2  
Smith, B. A., R.O.2  
Walker, T. F., T.O.2  
Whinney, I. M., T.O.2  
White, R. G., T.O.3  
Wooler, M. J., R.O.2  
Collins, I. D., J.R.O.  
Huntbach, D. P., J.R.O.  
Williams, K., J.R.O.

### Engineering Department

Curgenvan, E., C.E.R.A.  
Hewlett, B. G., C.E.R.A.  
Jones, C., C.E.R.A.  
Millett, D., C.E.R.A.  
Robinson, D. F., C.E.R.A.  
Adams, R. G., E.R.A.1  
Couzens, R. R., E.R.A.1  
Downing, P. S., E.R.A.1

Flowerday, J., E.R.A.1  
Franklin, D. J., E.R.A.1  
Gazey, A. E., E.R.A.1  
Hanson, J., E.R.A.1  
Hillman, W. P., E.R.A.1  
Holder, J. E., E.R.A.1  
Moore, P. N., E.R.A.1  
Morgan, J. W., E.R.A.1

Morrison, H. H., E.R.A.1  
Nethercott, N. T., E.R.A.1  
Nevitt, D. W., E.R.A.1  
Perry, A. J., E.R.A.1  
Shaw, D. J., E.R.A.1  
Short, K. C., E.R.A.1  
Trick, R. L., E.R.A.1  
Wills, A., E.R.A.1

Wright, D. D., E.R.A.1  
 Bacon, R. S., E.R.A.2  
 Blakemore, R., E.R.A.2  
 Coates, P., E.R.A.2  
 Drake, A. J., E.R.A.2  
 Hogben, E. J., E.R.A.2  
 Johnson, S. M., E.R.A.2  
 Morris, N. L., E.R.A.2  
 Taylor, P., E.R.A.2  
 Vaughan, E. C., E.R.A.2  
 O'Mahoney, D. P., C. Mech.  
 Powell, R. G., C. Mech.  
 Bullen, C. E., Mech. 1  
 Burgess, B. A., Mech. 1  
 Evans, A. J., Mech. 1  
 Gruber, J. L., Mech. 1  
 Lewington, M. J., Mech. 2  
 Miller, C. W., Mech. 2  
 Nicholson, C. W., Mech. 2  
 Russell, R., Mech. 1  
 Alexander, H. M., C.P.O.M.(E)  
 Day, P. N., C.P.O.M.(E)  
 Fowler, R. H., C.P.O.M.(E)  
 Kinnear, W. K., C.P.O.M.(E)  
 Riley-Dibb, D., C.P.O.M.(E)  
 Scully, M., C.P.O.M.(E)  
 Allen, J. W., P.O.M.(E)  
 Brown, W., P.O.M.(E)  
 Buttress, W. H., P.O.M.(E)  
 Byard, G. L., P.O.M.(E)  
 Charles, G. A., P.O.M.(E)  
 Dunne, P., P.O.M.(E)  
 Greaves, H. G., P.O.M.(E)  
 Harvey, F., P.O.M.(E)  
 King, C. F., P.O.M.(E)  
 Lovett, H. F., P.O.M.(E)  
 Luckham, A. J., P.O.M.(E)  
 Luesley, R. C., P.O.M.(E)  
 Metcalfe, R. G., P.O.M.(E)  
 Minett, D. E., P.O.M.(E)  
 Moulton, G., P.O.M.(E)  
 Nichol, J. F., P.O.M.(E)  
 Pound, A. J., P.O.M.(E)  
 Reitze, F. G., P.O.M.(E)  
 Richards, B. J., P.O.M.(E)  
 Richardson, J., P.O.M.(E)  
 Youd, W. A., P.O.M.(E)  
 Young, G. H., P.O.M.(E)  
 Andrews, J. H., L.M.(E)  
 Awty, M. G., L.M.(E)  
 Baines, S., L.M.(E)  
 Barrs, R. C., L.M.(E)  
 Bastin, M. C., L.M.(E)  
 Billcliffe, R., L.M.(E)  
 Bodley, K. A., L.M.(E)  
 Carr, J. G., L.M.(E)  
 Chambers, D., L.M.(E)  
 Christian, P. F., L.M.(E)  
 Christie, A., L.M.(E)  
 Dixon, J., L.M.(E)  
 Forbes, J. R., L.M.(E)  
 Halesworth, K. W., L.M.(E)  
 Harris, C. F., L.M.(E)  
 Hirst, W. H., L.M.(E)  
 Keetch, B. S., L.M.(E)  
 Knapp, R. A., L.M.(E)  
 McCubbin, W. M., L.M.(E)  
 Pegler, A. A., L.M.(E)  
 Poulter, R. W., L.M.(E)  
 Pratt, E. J., L.M.(E)  
 Price, B. R., L.M.(E)  
 Radcliffe, J., L.M.(E)  
 Sellwood, C., L.M.(E)  
 Smith, C. P., L.M.(E)  
 Tessier, H. J., L.M.(E)  
 Testro, K. C., L.M.(E)  
 Walker, J., L.M.(E)  
 Westcott, J. W., L.M.(E)  
 Abel, L. P., M.(E)1  
 Bailey, J., M.(E)1  
 Banks, I., M.(E)1  
 Bates, J. M., M.(E)1  
 Beattie, S. J., M.(E)1  
 Bell, W. F., M.(E)1  
 Bennie, J. W., M.(E)1  
 Bicknell, M. L., M.(E)1  
 Bishop, D. A., M.(E)1  
 Blackburn, J., M.(E)1  
 Blacker, N. H., M.(E)1  
 Boardman, P., M.(E)1  
 Brandish, G. L., M.(E)1  
 Braund, R. A., M.(E)1  
 Brooker, F. C., M.(E)1  
 Brown, M. F., M.(E)1  
 Bunn, P., M.(E)1  
 Buse, R. J., M.(E)1  
 Butler, A. N., M.(E)1  
 Cain, P., M.(E)2  
 Cleal, A., M.(E)1  
 Crawford, A. C., M.(E)1  
 Dingeldein, M. J., M.(E)1  
 Duffy, R. C., M.(E)2  
 Gane, T. J., M.(E)1  
 Gille, M. J., M.(E)1  
 Glasbey, T. A., M.(E)2  
 Godbehere, B. J., M.(E)1  
 Godwin, T. A., M.(E)1  
 Green, R. T., M.(E)1  
 Grimmer, A. S., M.(E)1  
 Haldane, J., M.(E)1  
 Hockey, J. D., M.(E)1  
 Holder, J. C., M.(E)1  
 Holloway, J. L., M.(E)2  
 Howell, R. E., M.(E)1  
 Hurst, C. A., M.(E)1  
 Hurst, J. W., M.(E)1  
 Hutton, P., M.(E)2  
 Jaggard, M. J., M.(E)1  
 Jenkin, A. R., M.(E)2  
 Jones, M. B., M.(E)1  
 Jones, R. R., M.(E)1  
 Kelly, W., M.(E)1  
 Lavine, P. A., M.(E)1  
 Lye, A., M.(E)2  
 Maitland, R., M.(E)1  
 McDermott, K. P., M.(E)1  
 McGinn, J. H., M.(E)1  
 Melville, A. H., M.(E)1  
 Metcalfe, P. T., M.(E)1  
 Mulligan, T., M.(E)1  
 O'Brien, P., M.(E)1  
 Oliver, D., M.(E)1  
 Priestley, T. M., M.(E)1  
 Rackham, D. K., M.(E)2  
 Robinson, P. D., M.(E)1  
 Rogers, D., M.(E)1  
 Ross, T., M.(E)1  
 Shaw, A. G., M.(E)1  
 Shrewsbury, A. L., M.(E)1  
 Slater, A. R., M.(E)1  
 Smith, E., M.(E)1  
 Spencer, R., M.(E)1  
 Stewart, L., M.(E)1  
 Stuart, D. D., M.(E)1  
 Sturtevant, R. L., M.(E)2  
 Sutton, C. R., M.(E)1  
 Titmus, A. J., M.(E)1  
 Tobin, J. F., M.(E)1  
 Tyrell, M., M.(E)1  
 Wade, R. J., M.(E)1  
 Wainwright, K. R., M.(E)1  
 Wallace, S. M., M.(E)1  
 Weaver, P. R., M.(E)1  
 Webb, H. R., M.(E)1  
 Wheddon, B. J., M.(E)1  
 Whitehead, R., M.(E)1  
 Wilcox, C. R., M.(E)1  
 Wild, T. A., M.(E)1  
 Bewick, H. A., J.M.(E)  
 Brenton, K. S., J.M.(E)  
 Fone, T. V., J.M.(E)  
 Murch, P. C., J.M.(E)  
 Otley, J. M., J.M.(E)  
 Pamphilon, R. J., J.M.(E)  
 Pearson, T. A., J.M.(E)  
 Smith, D. W., J.M.(E)

### Shipwright Department

Garrett, P. H., C.BLKS.  
Hazelden, K. G., C.Pntr.  
Lamble, W., C.Shpt.  
Burke, J., Shpt.1  
Goodchild, K., Plmbr.

Guy, R. N., Shpt.1  
Richards, E. I., Shpt.1  
Smith, R. R., Shpt.1  
Peters, B. P., Shpt.2  
Dean, R. E., Jnr.

Falkinder, C. C., Shpt.2  
Foster, B. L., Shpt.2  
Mullins, C. J., Jnr.  
Trundle, T. A., Shpt.1

### Ordinance Department

~~Kennedy, A. S., C.O.A.~~  
Morley, L. F., C.O.A.  
Frankish, R. O., O.A.1  
Isham, B., O.A.1

Joseph, L., O.A.1  
Parfitt, D., O.A.1  
Weeks, R. W., O.A.1  
Wernham, P. F., O.A.1

Wright, S. E., O.A.1  
Munden, C. G., O.A.2

### Supply and Secretariat Department

Flavill, F. A., S.C.P.O.(S)  
Kilby, L. B., C.P.O.Ck.(S)  
Moynahan, J. H., S.C.P.O.(V)  
Pammenter, R. E., C.P.O.Ck.(O)  
Peskett, I. R., C.P.O.Ck.(O)  
Rodway, A. G., C.P.O.Ck.(S)  
Trainer, N., S.C.P.O.(V)  
Bradlaugh, R. C., P.O.Stwd.  
Brinn, L. F., P.O.Ck.(S)  
Collins, E., P.O.Stwd.  
Denton, W. G., P.O.Ck.(S)  
Dunn, I. J., P.O.Wtr.  
Furlong, P. C., P.O.Stwd.  
Gibbs, J., P.O.Ck.(S)  
Hotine, E. A., P.O.Stwd.  
Matthews, T. S., P.O.Ck.(S)  
Quina, J., S.P.O.(S)  
Smyth, S. K., P.O.Ck.(S)  
Taylor, G. W., P.O.Ck.(S)  
Wilson, A. L., P.O.Stwd.  
Wright, D. W., P.O.Ck.(O)  
Bond, K. A., L.Wtr.  
Booth, E., L.Stwd.  
Carney, J. A., L.Stwd.  
Clark, M. A., L.S.A.(V)  
Eadie, T., L.Ck.(S)  
Eddy, S. R., L.Wtr.

Fanning, I. G., L.Wtr.  
Fell, P. B., L.Ck.(S)  
Horncastle, N. L., L.Stwd.  
Leslie, L. B., L.S.A.(S)  
Meanley, P. J., L.Stwd.  
Middlemas, J. L., L.Wtr.  
Moody, W. F., L.Wtr.  
Moreton, D. R., L.S.A.(V)  
Murchie, W. F., L.Stwd.  
Pollacco, A., L.Stwd.  
Scott, F. G., L.Ck.(O)  
Scutt, R., L.Stwd.  
Stone, F. T., L.Ck.(S)  
Sutch, F. E., L.Ck.(O)  
Talbot, M. E., L.S.A.(V)  
Thomson, D. F., L.Stwd.  
White, R. C., L.Ck.(S)  
Allwright, E. L., Ck.(S)  
Baker, B. J., Ck.(S)  
Berrigan, D. D., Stwd.  
Bunker, D. W., Stwd.  
Carmichael, I. A., Ck.(S)  
Cassells, C. R., S.A.(S)  
Chester, K. C., Ck.(O)  
Cross, M., Ck.(S)  
Dyson, C. N., Ck.(O)  
Flitton, B. A., Stwd.

Girling, V. A., Wtr.  
Gracie, R., Wtr.  
Hand, H. C., Stwd.  
Hatton, N. A., S.A.(V)  
Heeley, P. C., S.A.(S)  
Hibberd, G. W., S.A.(S)  
Hollies, T. S., Ck.(O)  
Hughes, B., Ck.(S)  
Jervis, D., Stwd.  
Lovell, B., S.A.(S)  
Mawby, R., Stwd.  
McCoy, A. T., Stwd.  
McKay, W. S., Stwd.  
McNally, F., Stwd.  
Mullen, G., Stwd.  
Nelson, P. L., Ck.(O)  
Payne, C. S., Ck.(S)  
Ramsey, A. J., Stwd.  
Randall, D. C., Stwd.  
Scerri, A. C., Stwd.  
Spence, A. J., Stwd.  
Spencer, M., Wtr.  
Taylor, B., Stwd.  
Thompson, R., Stwd.  
Tyrrell, P. J., Stwd.  
Vigors-Evans, P. D., Wtr.  
Williams, G., Ck.(O)

### Electrical Department

Blackmore, D. H., C.E.A.  
Robins, R. D., C.El.  
Russell, R. K., C.R.E.A.  
Smallridge, R. W., C.R.El.  
Wylly, A. B., C.El.  
Bailey, D. J., E.A.1

Butt, M. J., E.A.1  
Hooker, W. F., E.A.1  
Nicholson, C. W., El.Mech.1  
Purver, J. E., E.A.1  
Short, G. J., El.Mech.1  
Tomkins, D. F., R.E.A.1

Baker, J. D., P.O.El.  
Bater, A. R., P.O.R.El.  
Bower, M. J., R.E.A.2  
Dann, R. B., E.A.2  
French, J. H., E.A.2  
Hall, J. F., P.O.El.

Hanlon, A. A., P.O.El.  
Hoar, R. E., P.O.El.  
Mackenzie, H. M., P.O.R.El.  
McDougall, J. E., P.O.R.El.  
Fitt, B. D., P.O.El.  
Ramsden, A., P.O.El.  
Rice, T. W., P.O.El.  
Rose, E. T., P.O.El.  
Rowley, D. C., R.E.A.2  
Armstrong, R., L.R.E.M.  
Crabtree, J. J., L.E.M.  
Duckworth, P. P., L.R.E.M.  
Edmonds, G. B., L.E.M.  
Fraser, H. J., L.E.M.  
Hair, W. J., L.R.E.M.  
Johnson, M., L.E.M.  
Keefe, T., L.E.M.  
Lawley, R. W., L.R.E.M.  
Melley, F., L.E.M.  
Mitchell, B. R., L.E.M.  
Munro, K., L.E.M.

Snape, J. H., L.E.M.  
Barkley, G., E.M.2  
Cockbill, B., E.M.1  
Collier, D. E., R.E.M.1  
Crowe, M. B., R.E.M.1  
Elleby, V. W., R.E.M.1  
Ellis, G., E.M.2  
Grennan, M., R.E.M.1  
Irving, I., E.M.1  
Kelly, B. G., E.M.1  
Lister, D. W., R.E.M.1  
Marfell, P. H., R.E.M.1  
Miller, R., E.M.1  
Newton, J. E., R.E.M.1  
Nicholls, C., E.M.2  
Pickering, E., R.E.M.1  
Richardson, J. G., E.M.1  
Richardson, M. G., E.M.1  
Richmond, G. R., E.M.2  
Roll, A. H., E.M.1  
Rose, R. G., E.M.1

Ryder, B. J., E.M.2  
Sales, D. A., R.E.M.1  
Seward, R. J., E.M.1  
Spurr, A. G., E.M.1  
Stevens, C. J., R.E.M.1  
Stevens, G. C., E.M.1  
Telford, J. E., E.M.1  
Tetlow, J. B., R.E.M.1  
Thomas, A. R., E.M.1  
Tully, R., E.M.2  
Turner, P., E.M.1  
Welsh, W. H., E.M.1  
Wilson, E., E.M.1  
Wroe, M. A., E.M.1  
Yates, T. E., E.M.2  
Blackhall, W. A., J.E.M.  
Inman, A. D., J.E.M.  
Irvine, A., J.E.M.  
Link, E. D., J.E.M.  
Page, M. D., J.E.M.

### Royal Marines

Ganner, H. E., C/Sgt.  
Murr, L. R., C/Sgt.  
Dickson, W., C/Sgt.  
Dyble, D. J., Sgt.  
Shearer, R., Sgt.  
Fry, R. G., Cpl.  
Hanlon, J. K., Cpl.  
Passmore, J. E., Cpl.  
Reilly, G., Cpl.  
Black, H., Mne.  
Blackmore, J., Mne.  
Blain, W. O., Mne.  
Childs, T. W., Mne.  
Chrystal, I. S., Mne.

Cooper, L., Mne.  
Crapp, W., Mne.  
Davidson, T., Mne.  
Dedman, B. J., Mne.  
Dey, D. A., Mne.  
Ellis, F., Mne.  
Elsdon, A., Mne.  
Goldman, H., Mne.  
Hall, D., Bglt.  
Hayward, R. A., Mne.  
Huxtable, A., Mne.  
Jarman, P., Mne.  
Lawrence, D., Mne.  
Legg, D., Mne.

McDonough, M., Mne.  
McNealy, R., Mne.  
Murray, J. C., Mne.  
Nightingale, L., Mne.  
Parker, E., Mne.  
Perkins, D. F., Mne.  
Squire, E., Mne.  
Sutton, R., Mne.  
Tait, W., Mne.  
Warner, T., Mne.  
White, J. C., Mne.  
Woolner, B. L., Mne.

### Medical Department

Maglennon, B. D., S.B.P.O.  
Robinson, P. J., L.S.B.A.

Bolam, F. E., S.B.A.

Kelleher, T., S.B.A.

### Education and Met. Department

Holloway, M. S., L.Cdr.(Ed.)

Jones, P. J., N.A.1(Met.)

### N.A.A.F.I. Canteen Staff

Burton, H., Manager  
Cameron, R. N., Manager  
Cooter, B., Chargehand

Cook, J., Canteen Assistant  
Rhapson, R., Canteen Assistant  
White, W. P., Canteen Assistant

Whitton, A., Canteen Assistant  
Wright, R., Canteen Assistant

### Staff Ratings (F.O.F.H.)

Bell, G. A., T.O.3  
Birtwhistle, J. W., L.R.O.  
Boyd, N. M., T.O.3  
Bright, F. W., L.Stwd.  
Cameron, K. G., Stwd.  
Capner, A. M., Wtr.  
Chambers, A., L.Wtr.  
Channell, K. J., L.M.(E)  
Charman, M. W., L.T.O.  
Christie, W. J., R.S.  
Clements, D. T., P.O.(Air)  
Cook, G. C., P.O.Wtr.  
Cornhill, N. A., C.P.O.Wtr.  
Cubbon, J. B., Mne.  
Davey, B. E., Wtr.  
Davies, T. W., Mne.  
Dennard, B., Stwd.  
Dixon, G., R.S.(S)  
Doyle, P. J., L.Wtr.

Dunn, J. F., R.O.2  
Fryer, W. R., C.P.O.Stwd.  
Glaister, M., T.O.3  
Goddard, A. J., L.Stwd.  
Graham, J. R., L.Stwd.  
Griffin, E., P.O.Stwd.  
Harris, D. R., T.O.2  
Harrison, B., T.O.3  
Hayward, E., C.R.S.  
Hedley, J. D., C.Y.  
Heeney, R. J., Stwd.  
Hill, R., R.S.  
Holland, G., C.Y.  
Hunt, B. E., T.O.2  
Keen, W. A., L.R.O.  
Lewis, G. H., T.O.2  
Lewis, T., L.M.(E)  
Lewis, W. A., R.O.2  
Mansfield, K. G., C.R.S.

Maskery, J., T.O.1  
McGillivray, J., C.Y.  
Montague, M. W., R.O.3  
Newitt, N. R., Wtr.  
Oates, N. A., R.S.  
O'Clee, P. D., R.S.(S)  
Pryor, M. D., A.B.  
Quinnel, M. H., L.Stwd.  
Rapps, E. G., P.O.Stwd.  
Sayers, E. E., L.Stwd.  
Sewel, S. E., Stwd.  
Smith, C. G., L.Ck.(O)  
Smith, F. G., C.P.O.Stwd.  
Stobbart, K., R.O.2  
Taylor, M. T., L.T.O.  
Treacher, A. L., L.T.O.  
Tropman, D. F., C.P.O.  
Yates, G., C.Y.  
Yelland, K. G., C.P.O.Ck.(O)





## **FINAL WORD**

It is now two years since I joined this ship and as I write these words the last Commission of GAMBIA is drawing to a close—and what a splendid Commission it has been! When I first walked over the gangway it was with a feeling of some trepidation, but I was strengthened by an old saying by a famous Admiral to the effect that if one does not have SOME qualms when taking up a new appointment, then the job is not good enough for you. This job has indeed been good enough and it has given me the very greatest pleasure to be the Executive Officer of such a cheerful and magnificent Ship's Company. Our achievements are recorded in this book and have been witnessed by many thousands of people throughout the world, so I will say no more except good-bye, good luck, and take pride in the fact that we were all part of the final saga of the GLAM-GAM.

SLIM.

