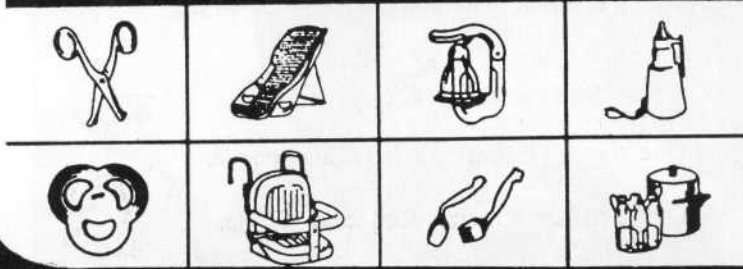




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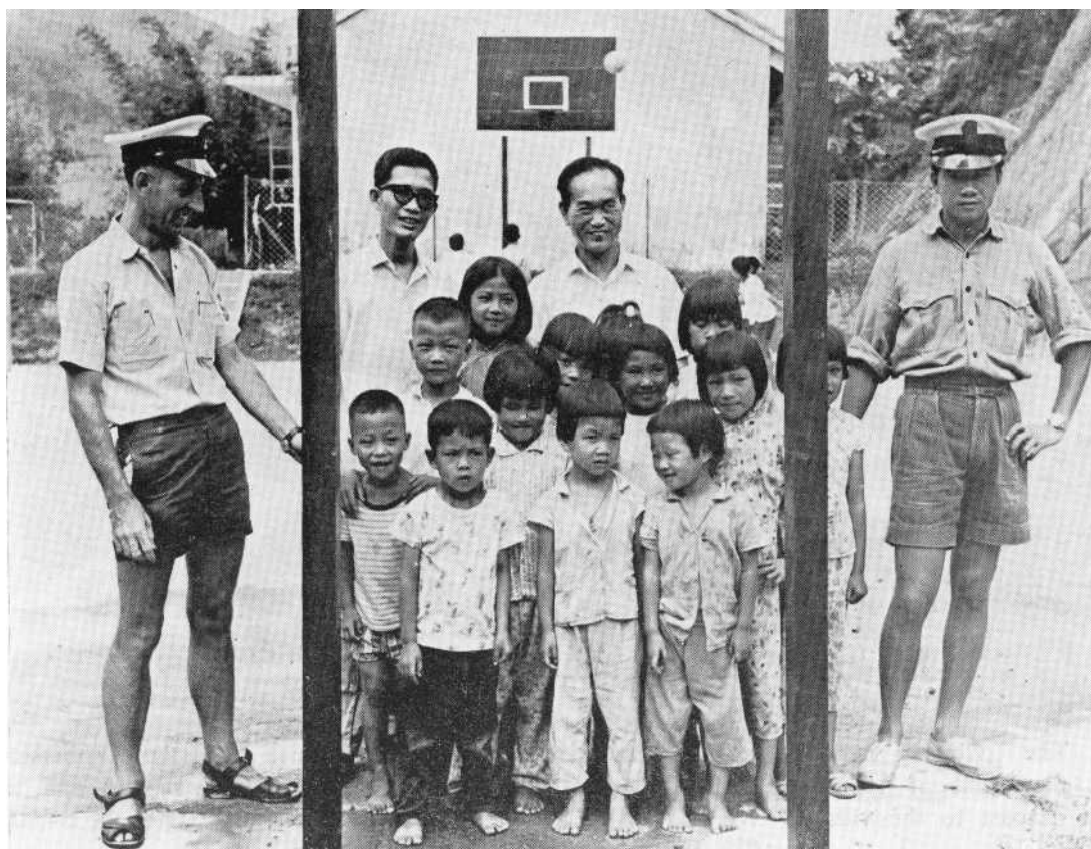
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CHEK KANG

A chance meeting of Lt McLellan, Hubb's No. 1 and the Padre of Chek Kang, New Territories, led to Hubberston spending 2 days anchored off the village in order that we could clear an area and build a concrete basketball pitch for the numerous school children. Something they had never had before.

The Padre, Father McAsey was a remarkable Irishman who had spent many years in and around Hong Kong. He went to the mainland (as he called it) about once a week to deal with the essential business of running his village and building up his stock of whisky which he kept mainly for friends and visitors (such as Hubberston).

The only problem in building the pitch was the negotiation of some 200 steps up a steep hill carrying all the requirements to construct a basketball pitch, i.e. sand, cement, aggregate and water. The small school children had for days previously begun to carry up some of these ingredients, but we still had the bulk to take up.

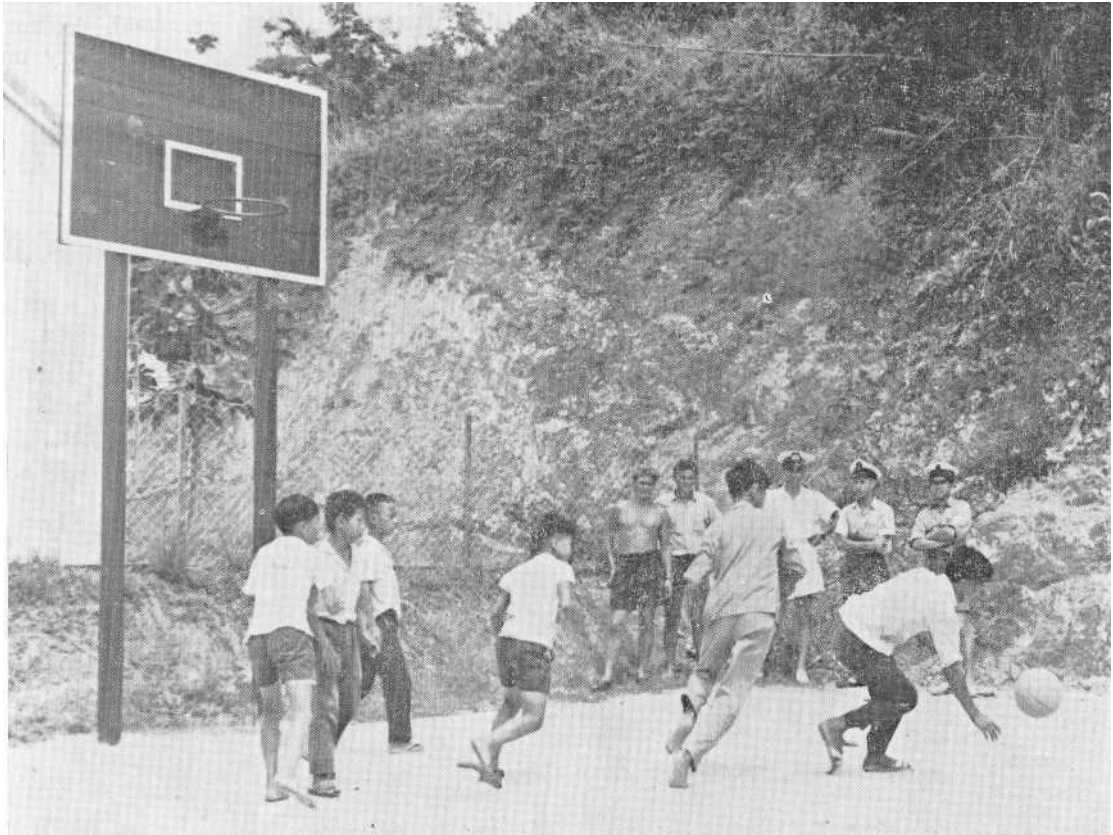


There were about 40 shacks and houses in the picturesque village of which two, as expected, sold beer, so the insatiable thirst of a working matelot could be and was quenched; meanwhile the cox'n, Jan Gardener had brought along his own camping gear plus 14 of the older boys of Naval and Army servicemen on the colony. Between them they erected the camping gear in a beautifully secluded spot surrounded by trees.

Once jobs had been doled out to the lads to ensure a smooth running 3 days camping we all joined the ships company of Hubberston who had by then been hard at it for most of the day. The lads dug in and although it was hard work their efforts were commendable.

Supper in the camp had been prepared by the lads under the cox'n's eye and it was suggested that they invite the Hubberston's Captain - Lt Cdr `Kit' Layman who was at the head of the merry concrete mixers. He gratefully accepted, and as dusk was creeping in the remainder of the crew joined us around the now huge camp fire to eat bangers, bacon, beans and tea.

The evening was so peaceful that they all decided to sleep ashore around the camp fire so the Mid, Keith Caldwell, was sent back to the boat for some wardroom sustenance, this provided, the party got underway, the Padre supplied some whisky, the men bought the beer and we sang throughout the night. The young lads gallantly tried to keep up but disappeared to bed one by one as the evening wore on.



The following morning work began early, as many of the men from the Hubberston spent the night at the camp. That afternoon the final load of cement was laid and we drank a toast to the village. We had saved the village somewhere in the region of \$4,000.

The climax for the Hubberston was a return visit to Chek Kang some months later, where we obviously made for the basketball pitch, hoping that the weeds hadn't poked up through the cement, we were pleasantly surprised to find the pitch in good order and marked out and with a game in play. We joined with the children, the same ones that had helped so much in the pitch's construction, for a game of basketball. Our reason for revisiting Chek Kang was to show Mr. Desmond Wettern, Defence Correspondent of the Sunday Telegraph, some of the work that goes on in the remote areas by the navy. He was most impressed and took back to the UK with him photographic and narration of this particular task at Chek Kang that gave us all so much satisfaction.

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COMMODORE WYKES-SNEYD INSPECTS 'HUBBY' AFTER REFIT

After three and a half months hard labour at Taikoo and Tamar - this was it - the day we'd all been awaiting, Commodores Inspection. We had all worked hard and with the added help of Suzies painting and polishing party we were ready to present the ship at her best.

The Commodore was piped onboard, and greeted by the Captain on the gangway. After a brief meeting on the foc'sle with Officers and senior rates the inspection commenced. The Commodore seemed quite impressed by all he saw, especially the bright messdecks with their easy to clean formica panneling. On arrival at the Senior Rates mess the Commodore was met by the President and invited to witness the Presentation of tankards by the Senior Rates mess HMS Tamar. The President CPO Grant is seen below accepting 6 engraved tankards from Tamar's Vice President CPO White.



During his visit to the tiller flat the Commodore sent for the photographer to take his photo at the huge steering wheel, the mechanical wheel, which he thought was "An ancient relic from Nelson's flagship".

On completion of his visit the Commodore stated that this was one of the best refits that he had seen and wished us well. The 1st Lt cleared lower deck and gave the lads a recommend and more important --- a make and mend. Champagne was then served in the wardroom to Technical officers and chiefs involved in the refit. Needless to say the senior rates brought along their newly gifted tankards for commissioning! !

PENG CHAU MIRS BAY

One of Hubberston's many Hearts and Minds projects served a dual purpose at the Island of Peng Chau, situated at the North Eastern end of Mirs Bay, surrounded it seems by the towering landscape of China, only a mere 2 miles away. As the story goes the locals are in constant fear of their able bodied villagers being abducted into China, which has happened on more than one occasion. We the Hubberston, were to sail to the Island of Peng Chau (population only approx 300) and restore the islanders faith in the Colony.

A small jetty afforded us a very convenient billet alongside which suited our efforts when it came to unloading cement, digging equipment, and a whole host of exped camping gear, the latter brought to house our gallant band of volunteers that wished to combine their work for the locals with a Banyan.

Communications were established with the Royal Engineers who had been living there under canvas for 2 weeks whilst they fitted a generator and wired the village for their first electricity. The exped gear and numerous cans of Tiger were downed as the Sappers gave us a general run down of the island.

There were two shacks in the village that provided warm beer at a fairly reasonable price but almost every hut or house could provide rice wine of varying colours, potencies and prices. The two 'locals' were lovingly called the Swinging Tit and the Red Dragon. The Red Dragon had only one oil lamp and less-room with more live stock. The Swinging Tit had been adopted by the Army and now the Navy. Oddly, perfect harmony followed throughout the entire week. A harmony brought on by the joint venture in aid of the locals and the Army (possibly in its own environment) showing 'Jack' not only how to avoid being bitten, stung and feeling utterly miserable at night but also by showing him how to cook in field conditions.

With all the information and touring the Army were giving us, we failed to notice that it was now completely dark and we hadn't a tent erected between us. Confusion on a grand scale reigned for what seemed the whole night as Jack endeavoured to pitch his tent. No sooner had one tent been shakily erected than someone would stumble into the guide ropes in the dark and unwittingly collapse everything. One or two groups managed to pitch their tents, but the majority plugged for the old school room, eventually wrapping their tents around them for added warmth.

In the morning Baden Powell would have erupted had he seen the forlorn sight. We began work after the site had been tidied up and breakfast eaten. It consisted of repairing concrete paths, repairing playground swings and slides and in general giving aid wherever possible. The village was split into two different religious groups which made for strained communications between the locals on occasions, (this is not uncommon in the Far East nor the world over in fact), but made no difference to the two groups of servicemen working amongst both groups throughout the week we were there. The villages were very friendly, laughing and waving, but offered little if any help throughout the project.

'Rum up' soon proved to be the highlight of the day. PO Gardener CD1, the Cox'n drew the rum onboard and walked the mile or so to the main camp accompanied by the duty officer, and on occasions the Captain too. A quick check in both 'locals' to see if stand easy was on, then up to the camp. The Army it seems could stomach almost every brew offered in the 'locals' but couldn't come to terms with Nelson's Blood, much to the relief of the matelots who drew their Tot.

The island of Peng Chau offered a host of charms to the European. Trees and shrubs were in bloom and the bamboo groves were all a green that would match any English pasture. The beaches had deserted huts and courtyards on them that gave the onlooker the errie feeling of being on a deserted island. In the deserted courtyards there could be found exotic empty pots and jars which the villagers, on being asked, gave away, thinking, I'm sure that we were mad. On the opposite side of the island the divers were reaping oysters. They managed to collect about 5 dozen in shallow water and on return to the Hubberston, set about devouring them with relish, to the obvious disgust of the many uninitiated onlookers. The Navy's project was completed after a few days. The Army's had one more week before completion date, but we had to return to the Colony.

We missed seeing the houses and streets light up, possibly a good thing as we had mixed feelings on the desirability of progress. Though the locals can now by the flick of a switch illuminate a room that would have taken ages had they to clean, trim and light their oil lamps, there is nothing more peaceful and oriental looking than huts and houses lit by oil lamps and listening to the numerous noises permeating the hot evening air. This for me, is the Far East.

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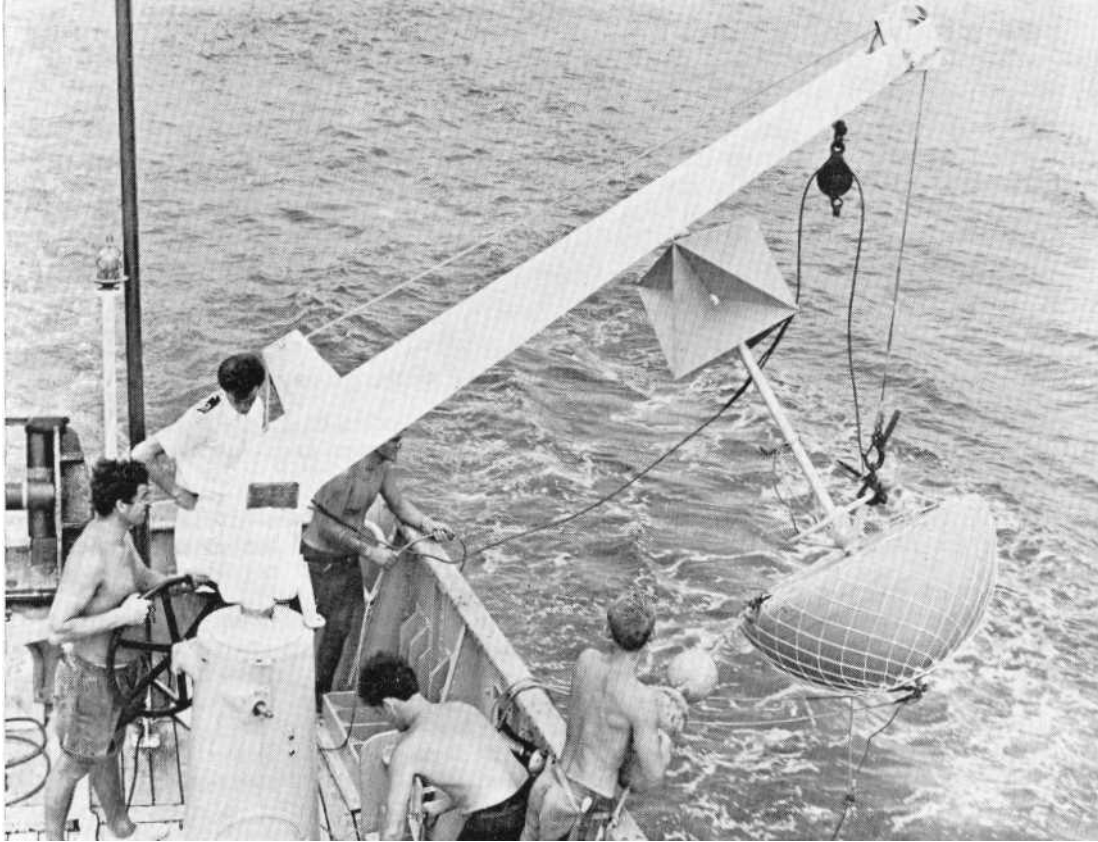
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OKINAWA



Standby to slip

Of the numerous trips away from the Colony the most satisfying were those dealing with minehunting exercises in and around Okinawa. One trip in company with the SHERRY began by experiencing high seas on passage - it was rough enough for the two boats to heel over so far that main engine suction was lost on one engine. Those readers that know little of coastal minehunters may get a clearer picture when I explain that the engine suction is not too far from the keel.

Undaunted the two hunters put into White Beach Okinawa for 3 days tied up to USS CATSKILL, with whom we had already made friends whilst off Korea and later on, back in Hong Kong as she made her way to the States.

The exercise began on Tuesday. Today was Sunday so the runs ashore were organised. They began with villages one, two or three, depending on how well the taxi driver understood English. Further on the towns of Kadena and American B52 Bomber town of Naha gave one the finer entertainments.

The approaches to the boats after a run ashore left a lot to be desired. After midnight the taxis were not allowed into the base: consequently we were dropped on the upper approaches to White Beach. Looking down what seemed about 200 ft, lay the hunters on a pier, that resembled Southend in length.

A short cut was agreed upon -- something to do with crows flying. Jan Gardener the cox'n and Jim Malloy the chief, were the first to emit a piercing scream as they stepped into space. There was a 20 ft drop into a jungle of 12 ft. bamboo and bullrushes before it decreased to about 1 in 2 for the remainder of the hurried descent. Closely followed by

the two POME's Billy Baldwin and Ben Caseley. Our failing to tell our buddies of the drop had no malice whatsoever. We figured if they also survived the ordeal the time and distance we would save on this short cut would be well worth it.

At the bottom of this @slope' and after much hilarity by all we were confronted by a 200 yard patch of swamp land. Undeterred we upped our trousers and proceeded in shin depth of `UK' to head for the boats that were now almost out of sight as we sank down.

We joined in the good humour of our American counterparts (who had walked round by road) when they saw the state we were all in. It wasn't until they explained that almost every poisonous snake in the book lived on the slopes that we had just invaded and in the swamps that we had just crossed. A sobering thought that was forgotten once onboard, however our short cut was from then on out of bounds to all.

Tuesday we began the hunt, two Navy hunters, the sub rescue boat Florican and the USS minesweepers Woodpecker, Whippoorwill and Peacock.

Ground mines had been previously sewn and we were allocated our areas that when finally cleared would cover some considerable area of swept ground.

The hunt began in most appalling conditions and occasional shark trouble and we settled down to a 10 hour day. The boats worked well, the men and equipment worked well as this extract from a signal received from O.C. on completion may show QUOTE: -

1. It is with great pleasure that I report the exemplary performance of Hubb and Sherry in Subj exercise commendable efforts of RN minehunters were highly instrumental in the success of the exercise.
2. A USN fleet service mine test (FSMT) is considered successful only if all mines are recovered for post exercise analysis. Due largely to expertise and perseverance of Hubb and Sherry all FSMT mines were recovered in less than 2 days. Hubb located and buoyed 14 FSMT mines and recovered 4. Sheraton located and buoyed 8 FSMT mines and recovered 1. Additionally, Hubb located and recovered one FSMT mine which had been considered lost in an FSMT held 10 months ago UNQUOTE. In fairness to our buddies on Sherry, they also found a live mine and two depth charges which she destroyed,

A good start to a good visit. Friends were made with many shore side Americans and the boat was never devoid of one or another American sitting and yarning with Jack.

With the exercises over we were left with a couple of days to relax. An invitation from the B52 Bomber base at Naha gave many of us our first look at the enormous craft that fly their bombs to Vietnam in their hundreds. A visit with tremendous interest and impact that was rounded off by the Senior rates inviting some pilots and crew aboard the Hubb. They complained light heartedly of the lack of space once onboard, which gives one some idea of the size of a B52.

The evening was a success with promises for meeting ashore that night for an educated run. The fact that a colleague had his arm broken doing an Indian wrestle had no bearing on the situation. We left the best of friends, in fact even more so.

This was our first trip of three to Okinawa during the coming year, the friends we had made including the English wives association, kept in touch everytime we arrived and were always ready to help. AB Robinson met his namesake, a SGT in the Army who arranged a steak barbeque on white Beach. All on the boat were invited but unfortunately it rained. Not to be out done SGT Robinson gave the steaks to the cox'n (who had them in his fridge for safe custody) and drew another 100 or so for the following night, which went off without a hitch.

The boat left Okinawa knowing we had done a good job and appreciating that we had had a run. The hardest task of the whole trip, started out as a relaxing afternoons football and finished up with Sherry challenging Hubb at football one Sunday afternoon. The Hubb lost 4-3 on the strength that Sheraton's coats marking the goal mouth were somewhat closer together than Hubbs. At the time of writing, the Sherry may accompany Hubb to Sasebo, Japan, where who knows, we may seek revenge for Okinawa.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH



In June 70 HUBBERSTON & SHERATON visited Kobe on a 5 day visit to Expo 70, This was the visit we had all been looking forward to and it lived up to every expectation.

The Dragon Squadron was officially met by officials from the Hong Kong Pavillion and our Chinese cooks and stewards made the presentation of a lifebelt and crest. From then on Expo was open to the `Hong Kong Navy`.

Our Public Relations man, Lt Phillips organised special visits to various pavillions and passed out complimentary tickets to theatres and shows. This was undoubtedly the way to visit Expo, special facilities were arranged at the British, Canadian, Australian, American, Portuguese, Abu Dhabi, Singapore and of course Hong Kong pavillions. Its not everyone that gets an invitation to free booze at the German Beer Garden, cool Lowenbrau no less. Our mess still has one of the special tankards presented by our undercover agent Billy Baldwin. This proved to be a most popular resting place for thirsty matelots, after walking miles skirting the most popular events of the day trying to find it. Our Coxn Jan Gardener leading the parade.

Considering that most of the visitors had a four to five hour queue to see the American and Russian pavillions we did very well with our uniforms and nautical charm to gain entry by the V.I.P. entrance.

Of all the beautiful buildings and fantastic ideas at Expo, I think New Zealand produced the best pavillion nearest to the mian theme - Progress and Harmony for Mankind, New Zealand is noted as one of the worlds successful enforcers of "Better understanding of each other". When they were refused a license to sell their beer, they just gave the stuff away. Any free beer is popular and Hubby was to the fore again.

Without a doubt Expo 70 proved to be an achitects dream, but for some it was a nightmare. They dubbed it "The valley of monsters". Being a greeny this may have been my opinion as Switzerland produced a pavillion of 35,000 electric lamps, "DUTY E.M. to muster".

With its traditions, novelties, noble themes and free booze Japan produced what must be "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH".



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SUBBY TAKES THE PLUNGE

The marriage of Sub Lt Gilmour and Miss G Hollis, who flew out from England for the occasion, was celebrated at Holy Trinity Church TAMAR on 30 Jan. 71. The bride was given away by Lt Cdr Turner and the best men were S/Lt Mitchell (MAX-TON) and S/LT Jepson (HUBBERSTON).

Although the service was Cof S, it was performed by both the Rev Peter Brown and Rev Peter Ainsley.

The bridegroom was heard to remark recently "The novelty hasn't worn off yet"

The ceremony was attended by Senior Rates from Hubb who, I'm sure, made it their task to complete the naval occasion by jacking up the groom's T.R.3 to render him immobile, This factor being soon rectified by an impatient groom. Prior to this time consuming mechanical operation, the bride and groom mingled with the more senior married clientele and undoubtedly paid no attention to the marital advice offered. Alec and Gerry had the fortune of residing in a lovely flat situated at Stanley alongside Stanley Bay. The landlord was the colourful Col Eustace Retd, a wonderful ex Royal Marine who I'm sure recounted to our two newly weds many an interpretation of the good days. From this seclusion our intrepid newly weds entered a M.Q. on the Hong Kong side of the island and made themselves available for the occasional return 'opera' which have been going on since.



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H.M.S. KIRKLISTON
October 1969 - September 1971

Over the two years covered by this magazine many of the Ship's Company have changed and it is therefore appropriate to emphasize more of what we have been doing in the recent months which is familiar to the majority on board at present.

KIRK has had her fair share of detachments, one to Bangkok and Sattahip, two to the Singapore/Malaysia area and our most recent one to Japan. We have become the Lone Wolf of the squadron as on only one of these detachments were we accompanied by another ship from the Squadron. This has had its advantages, particularly in Komatsushima, Japan, where the hospitality offered by the 'Star Bar' would have been severely stretched had MAXTON been with us as originally planned!



Lieutenant Commander I. A. Robinson, R. N.

As a minehunter we have located and recovered 29 Ground mines under operational conditions in three major exercises and also an assortment of the usual ironmongery ranging from moored mines and their trolleys to Tiger Beer cans. Our most lucrative find was an unmarked large fish trap off Sattahip in 120 feet of water, This was filled with the most exotic fish and fed the whole ship for two days. Another find was a safe, open and empty of course -- anything to do with Able Seaman Caldwell's Rolls Royce !!

The Ship's Blood Donation record is something of which we are all proud. We have given 311 pints in the last eight sessions, which works out at just under 39 pints per collection - almost a 100% record.

KIRK has taken part in a number of large and small community projects in the last two years. The most interesting 'go it alone' projects have been the installation of a generator in the Soko's, the building of a playground for the YMCA at the Wu Kwai Sha Youth village, at the entrance to Tolo Harbour and the installation of a wave recorder underwater off Waglan Island. The last of these was a difficult project which took many hours of hard toil and produced many skinned fingers. Our efforts were however much appreciated by the scientist who had spent five years perfecting the equipment and had not found any civilian organisation in Hong Kong capable of doing the job,

It may be of interest to note that the M(E) department has kept the ship steaming 23,000 miles over this period with only the odd minor crisis. In fact we have been remarkably free of traumatic experiences; the electrical department has also excelled in keeping our equipment operational during every major exercise in which we have taken part.

Of our 'runs ashore' when deployed, the Buffer enjoyed Bangkok but McQuillian didn't, everyone enjoyed Singapore and McVittie hit the highlights in Komatsushima by having a rather attractive little brown puppy (belonging of course, to one of our friends from the Star Bar) named McBittie in his honour. The Japanese are always getting their B's and V's mixed up'

Our sporting performance has varied over the period. Two years ago the Hong Kong Naval soccer team included seven players from KIRK, At the moment our talents lie in the direction of swimming, hockey, soccer, rugby bowls and darts. The ship is the present holder of the Squadron Aquatic Shield and will shortly hold the 'Cock' for yet another time.



Mr "Policy" contemplates.....



..... and Mr, "Fix -it" fixed.