

watch for hours the constantly changing population below, all seemingly oblivious of the strangers in their midst.

The weather during the whole of the visit was perfect. And so it was that on Sunday, 9th March, when the High Commissioner decided that his long protracted negotiations with the Maldivian Government had gone on long enough, with the proverbial sun sinking slowly in the West, we bade farewell with slight regrets to that lovely haven of Tropicana.

It had been a very pleasant relaxation after the extremely hectic programme up the East coast of India. But all good things must come to an end some time, and with the thought of G.P.O. vans waiting on the end of Colombo jetty, with nine days' worth of accumulated letters, nobody really minded leaving. After all in the long run I think all will agree that Mail is preferable to Male.

"FLIT."

Thought.-
We started off with Strikeback,
And suffered nothing but Strikes since.

BOMBAY

THE visit: of Gambia to Bombay has provided, I'm sure, memories for everyone who ventured ashore. Memories that will in future years be reminisced over at length. For some of the ship's company, the visit provided a chance to renew old acquaintances, and for others a chance of their first sight of a port well-known and well talked-of wherever seafaring men gather.

We arrived in Bombay harbour early in the morning of March 15th, and were greeted by the sight of a sister ship of ours, the "Nigeria," now under the flag of the Indian Navy and renamed I.N.S. Mysore. Another quite famous ship was also present, the one time "Achilles" and now renamed the "Delhi" and also operating under the flag of the Indian Navy. There must have been many aboard Gambia whose thoughts were channelled back to wartime days at the sight of "Achilles".

After coming to the buoy, the ship's company had a few more hours to work through before they could set their feet shorewards and explore. During those few hours the rather tantalising sight of the Taj Mahal Hotel, and the very imposing Gateway of India, beckoned them for the rest of the morning. Allowing for the fact that only half of each man's thoughts were upon the routine of the morning, they all must have been able to see at first glance that the Port of Bombay is a busy and thriving one. The fact that Bombay is actually an island of some ten miles long by four miles wide, was probably not very well known. Furthermore, although Bombay's history is of great length, it is only in fairly recent years that it has grown to be such a large and important seaport. In the year 1661, we are told, Bombay was hardly more than a scattered collection of villages on separate islands. Since the middle of the 19th century however, Bombay, through the construction of docks, a large land-reclamation plan, and a rapidly grown cotton industry, has developed into the second largest city in India.

Without a doubt, the first point of interest to the man going ashore was the majestic Gateway of India. This huge arch was built to commemorate the visit of His Majesty King George the Fifth and Queen Mary in 1911. Since that visit, this "Gateway" has been used for all ceremonial arrivals and departures, and in 1948 was the scene of a rather sad occasion. It was through this portal that the last British troops left India. Thus ended the period in the history of India that was full of the glamour of British Imperialism at its height.



The Gateway of India

Once the visitor is through the "Gateway" which, incidentally, is never without spectators of some description, his thoughts may cause him to seek the refreshment offered by the imposing Taj Mahal Hotel. What might never come to mind as he sits in there, is the fact that this hotel was actually built facing the wrong way !! It is the rear of this hotel that faces the sea, a mistake in planning which resulted, I am told, in the suicide of its architect.

What can never fail to amaze the visitor to Bombay, as he wends his way towards the main

shopping centre, are the hundreds of people that are always present. The Sikhs, Bengali, Parsees and Goans, many of whom are dressed in their picturesque costumes. One more thing that never fails to amaze a visitor, is the number of "Gold rings" that can be bought for a few rupees along these streets !

For the energetic there is a walk along Marine Drive, for the not so energetic, a taxi or horse-drawn carriage to the bottom of Malabar Hill, a journey through a fairly modern residential area. The climb to the top of Malabar Hill, where the sight of Bombay is laid out for your pleasure, is the prize for such exertion, and if the visitor should time his excursion so that it is almost nightfall as he arrives at the top, then the myriad of lights that meet his gaze will reward him further.

Along the slopes of Malabar Hill are the attractive Hanging Gardens, here the visitor to Bombay can see exotic peacocks and some extremely fine examples of Eastern Gardens. Not far away from the Gardens, near the top of the hill, are the Parsee Towers of Silence. It is here that the people who practise this religion expose their dead to birds of prey. Although this rather gruesome edifice is not open to the casual visitor, a model of these Towers can be seen in the Prince of Wales museum. On the western side of Malabar Hill, is the very popular open-air swimming pool, Breach Candy. Here also, one can see a well laid-out garden, and this resort is the site of a splendid restaurant.



Breach Candy Swimming Pool

Without a doubt, Bombay has a lot to interest any visitor, and numbered among these interests are the shopping centres. One of the largest of these, and certainly the one offering the widest choice of goods, is Crawford Market. It is here that one can see fruit, vegetables, fish and meat ; for men with gifts to buy for their families and their wives, the adjacent streets offer goods of every description, from household wares to silk brocades and jewels. In these streets one finds groups of traders in an unusual pattern. For instance, all the goldsmiths are situated in one street, silver-smiths in another, cloth and silk merchants in yet another street, and so on. With such a wide choice of gifts to buy, and the sight of carpets and carvings all laid out for the visitor's inspection, it is

difficult to select just one or two gifts, but it is well known that the best buys in Bombay are towels and sheets. These articles are available in many brilliant colours as well as in white, and are the products of local mills. Their quality is excellent, and it is easy to be tempted when things like these are offered at a fraction of the cost they command in the United Kingdom.



Bombay Dhoby-ghat

With such a variety of sight-seeing and shopping available, and only a fairly short time at ones disposal, it will probably be found that every man who went ashore found something different to interest him. There are a few items however, that deserve to have a place in this description. The Aarey milk colony for instance, which is a masterpiece of planning and organisation. It is here one can see a modern dairy farm with a difference, buffaloes' milk instead of cows' milk being the product. Next, the Victoria Gardens, which are the site of Bombay's zoo, where elephant and camel rides for children are a speciality. The Maha Laxmi Temple at the end of Cumballa Hill, where the Goddess Laxmi of wealth and plenty is worshipped. The excellent view from the Raja Bai clock tower, situated on top of the university library, two hundred and sixty feet high, is a vista worthy of the most modern photographic technique. Modern cinemas are indeed another notable feature of Bombay. The majority of these are air-conditioned, and the modern films make cinema-going a pleasure.

During this visit to Bombay everyone at some time must have come to the conclusion that no matter how long one stayed in Bombay, there would always be something different to see. Bombay is a city of a thousand changing faces, and we of Gambia are privileged to have seen just a few of them.

L. H.

ADEN

NO report on Gambia's activities would be complete without an article on Aden, a city which we came to regard as our second "home port" once we had left Rosyth. Not only was it our first port of call last November, and our last stop before returning home this September, but, in all, during the commission, we spent almost seven weeks moored off Steamer Point.

We passed an extremely pleasant Christmas and New Year there, and also returned for Easter; this latter visit was unduly prolonged by the possibility of civil uprisings ashore which, however, never materialised.

Aden has for centuries been recognized as a leading trading centre; today, its prosperity springs not only from the trade of the surrounding territories, but also from its unique position as a refuelling base on the main shipping route to the East.

However, it was not until 1838 that piratical activities in the area fired Britain to take over the protectorate. An expedition was despatched from Bombay which bombarded and captured the port, and installed a naval Captain as the first British Resident.

If, when landing, one leaves the area of the Crescent, the European shopping centre and hotel section, and turns down one of the many dingy side streets, within a few steps one is surrounded by haggling native shopkeepers, each attempting to outdo his neighbour in the selling of shoddy Japanese goods, while young touts catch ones

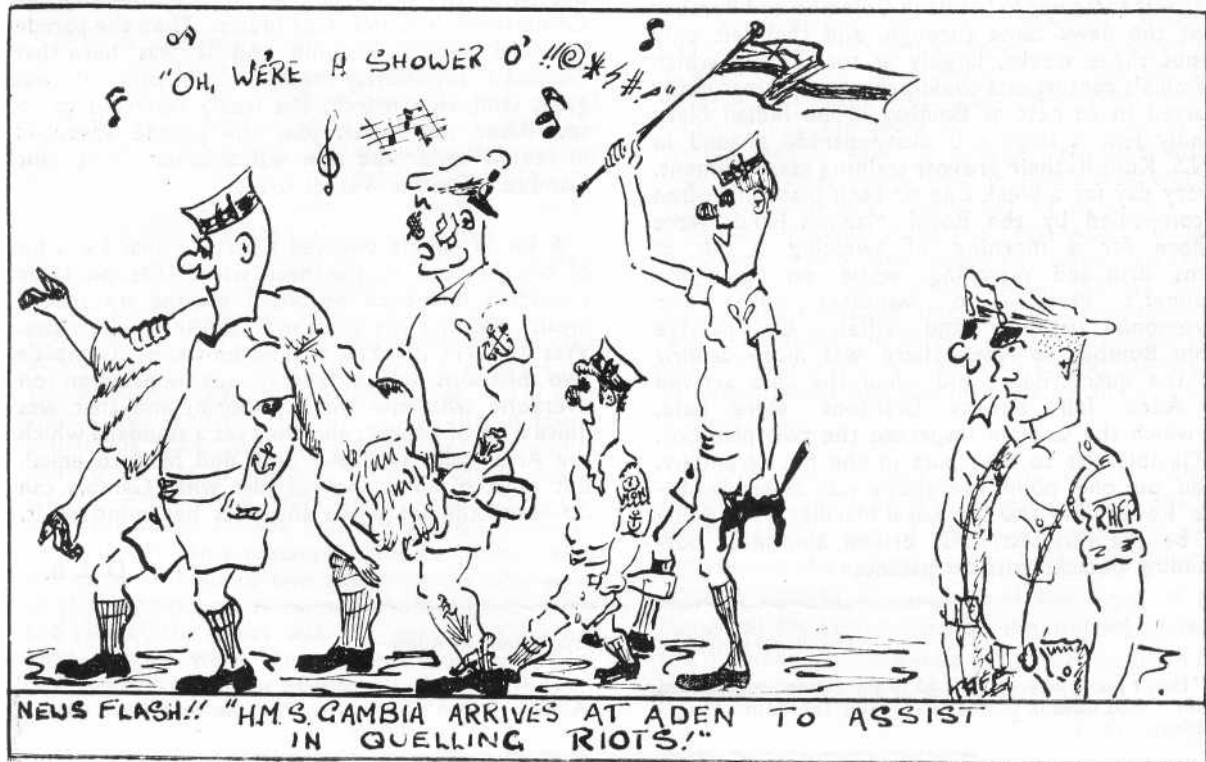
sleeve in an effort to induce one to patronise the establishments for which they hawk custom.

Venturing further afield, the taxi bowls along the new causeway, passing Ma'alla, where the native shipyards still produce their dhows as they have for centuries past, and thence mounts the twisting pass into Crater City. Here, situated in an extinct volcano, which Muslims believe will erupt on the Day of Judgement, can be observed the bazaar, the hub of native affairs - in the dark, crowded streets heavily veiled women, camel-drawn water-carts, ragged beggars asleep in the filth of the gutter, mangy goats and bright-eyed naked children, all mingle in a malodorous mass of seething humanity.

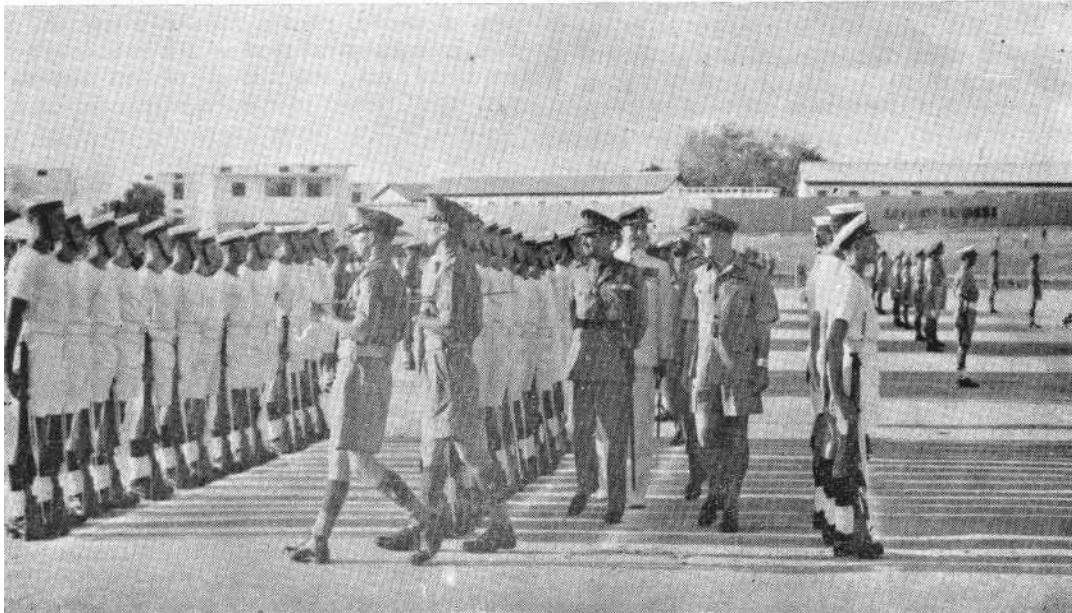
Elsewhere in the colony one may visit the famous Tanks of Sheba, an ancient Persian construction capable of containing almost ten million gallons of rain water; Shiekh Othman, the link between Aden and villages in the wilderness beyond, from whence loaded caravans depart across the deserts of Arabia - here also are found the magnificent gardens, where at dusk, families of all nationalities gather to enjoy the cool of the evening amid flowering trees and lush vegetation; Khor-maksar with its civil and R.A.F. airfields and establishments, not forgetting the race-course; and Little Aden, an oil-town which has sprung up in the last decade since the expulsion of the British from Abadan.

Aden has been postulated as the site of the original garden of Eden - although to most of us it never appeared quite in that light, we shall always remember it as a base offering every amenity at a reasonable price, and as a very pleasant introduction to the East.

G. A. D.



THE ADEN AUTONOMY PARADE



ON 1st April, 1958, British Forces Arabian Peninsula became an autonomous, combined Army/R.A.F. Command, reporting directly to London. For the event, Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templar, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was to come out to Aden, and to mark the occasion, a large, combined services parade for the Field-Marshal was to be held on the Steamer Point football grounds. Gambia was to be represented by one platoon of men dressed as seamen and one platoon of Royal Marines, each of 42 men.

It was somewhere between Colombo and Bombay that the news came through, and that left only about three weeks, largely at sea, during which Gambia's contingents could prepare. Things really started in earnest at Bombay. The Indian Navy kindly lent a large and dusty parade ground in I.N.S. Kunjali, their provost training establishment. Every day for a week one or both platoons, often accompanied by the Royal Marines Band, were ashore for a morning of sweating it out at arms drill and marching, while on board the Gunner's Party did wonders with the ceremonial webbing and rifles. On passage from Bombay to Aden there was more drilling on the quarterdeck, and when the ship arrived in Aden full Sunday Divisions were held, at which the Captain inspected the two platoons. If Gambia was to take part in the big ceremony, then on one point everybody was determined - the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines were going to be the smartest, best drilled and most outstanding detachments on parade.

On the big day, everyone turned out at 0430 - the parade was to be very early in order to avoid the heat, but with bacon, sausages and eggs thoughtfully laid on by the galley, everyone was all set to go. On the right of the line - and very proper too - was the Royal Navy, and next to them the Royal Marines. Then came the Buffs, the Aden Protectorate Levies, the R.A.F., the R.A.F. Police dogs and finally, bringing up the rear, the Camel Corps. Music was provided by the band of the Buffs. After forming up, the parade was inspected by the Field-Marshal, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief, East Indies. Then the parade marched past in column and it was here that Gambia's superiority really stood out. It was great stuff, that march, and freely admitted to be so. After the march past the parade advanced in review order and that was another "first" for Gambia. Then it was all over.

A lot of people sweated a lot of sweat for a lot of hours, both in the heat with rifles on their shoulders, and back on board making up special meals, cleaning the gear and varnishing the rifles. Was it worth it? Yes, a hundred times. Gambia's two platoons left a tremendous impression on everyone who saw them perform, and that was quite a lot of people; and they set a standard which the Army and the R.A.F. will find hard to equal. But most of all it showed just what Gambia can do - beat the lot when she puts her mind to it.

D. J. B.

Overheard during landing party turmoil at Aden-

"Don't know why we need go to this bother, all we need to do is send three of our Cooks to cook for them. They'll kill 'em."

P. O. "Somebody's pinched my tin-hat."
A. B. "Don't know why, P.O., we've got two whalers already."

MUSCAT

BY the time we had emerged from the Persian Gulf in December, we had formed a very fair idea of how the coastal Arab lives, his society being an essentially simple, self-sufficient and unambitious one. That is to say, he appears to be bone idle; he asks for little more than fish and yet more fish for his subsistence; and he extends himself only when attempting to 'do' his local merchant out of a few pice. But at Muscat, which we visited for twenty-four hours on April 13th, one could detect a dignity, and even charm (this account professes to be no more than one man's impressions) about the place which was totally lacking elsewhere. The antiquity of the town, and the fact that for many years the Sultanate of Oman, of which Muscat is the capital, has been ruled by a just but firm hand, doubtless have something to do with this.

Our first view of the place summed up in one glance what we might have expected to find ashore on closer examination. Surrounded by the barrenest of mountains, impenetrable except in one direction, the town is tucked away at the head of its bay. Dominating the town are two impressive and solid-looking mud forts; the one housing criminals, and the other the local Police force. Were it not for these structures, which convey at once the real atmosphere of the place, one could easily be misled by the only other buildings of consequence - the Palace of the Sultan and, nearby, the British Consulate. Both are modern, and but for the forts would dominate the small harbour. In the event, they squat on the waterfront looking very new and out of place, being frowned down upon by the forts whose first mud was laid long before they were even thought of.

Few of the ship's company considered a trip ashore worthwhile, and apart from the hockey and tennis teams, and a number of enthusiasts armed with paintpots and brushes - of whom more anon - Muscat, for the majority, will remain in the memory merely as another port of call in a part of the world which wasn't made for matelots anyway. Certainly, the prospects were not bright. Liquor forbidden, smoking forbidden - both by express command of the Sultan himself. For that matter, it is a fact that he has in the past spied from his palace sailors enjoying a quiet bibe before the boat arrives, and has promptly complained to the Consulate that his laws were being broken. As if that wasn't bad enough, rumour had it that if found wandering about the town after dark without a lantern - not a sensible, efficient torch, but a lantern - you were liable to be carted off to the mud fort at the eastern end of the town, there to await the Sultan's pleasure. But for those who did spend an hour or two exploring the alley-ways of the bazaars, or in search of photogenic 'faces and places', the effort was not wasted. Of great local interest were the gateways through which one passes in and out of what used to be the old

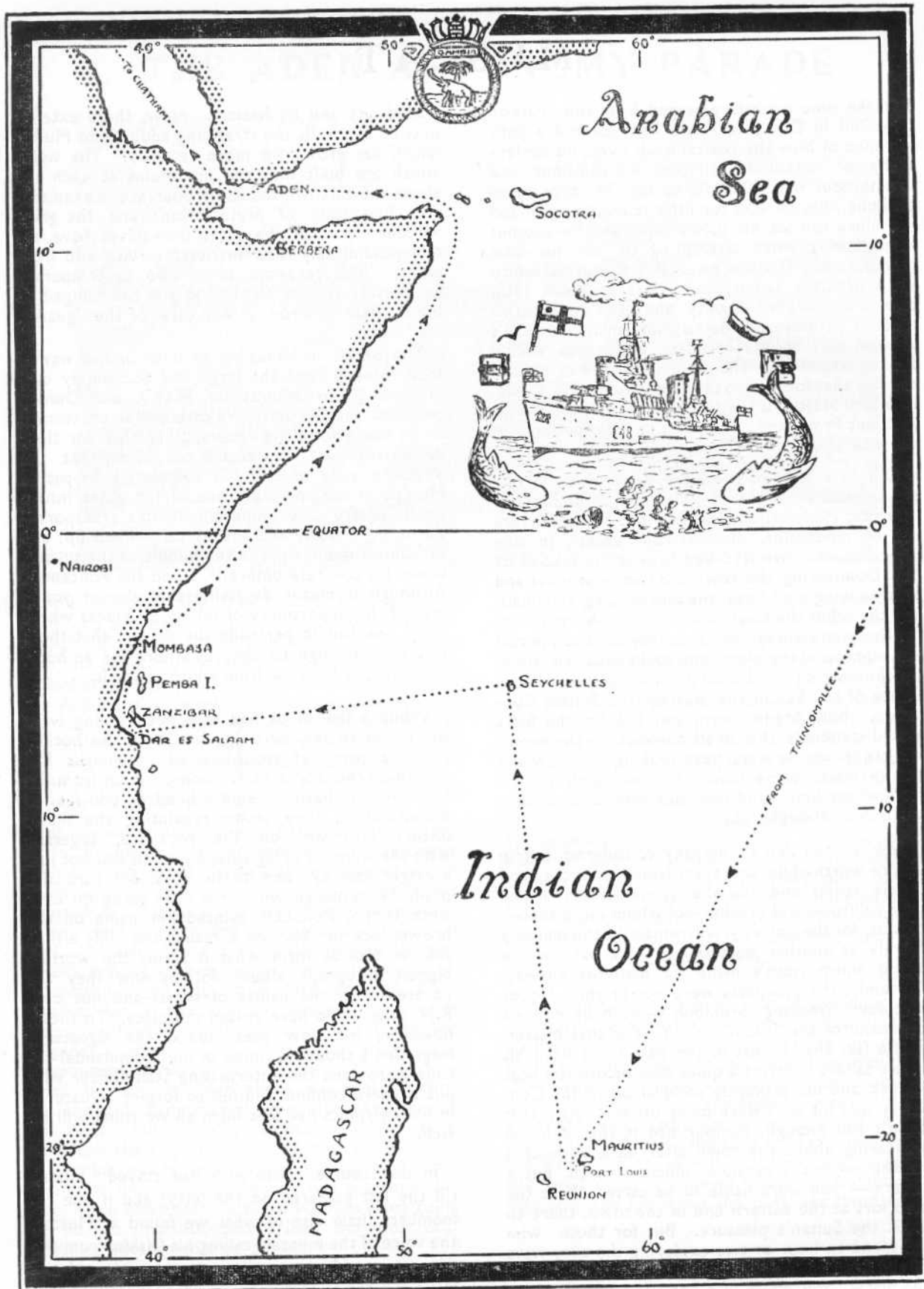
walled city and its bazaars. Now, there extends outside the walls the straggling addition to Muscat which has grown up more recently. The walls, which are built into the mountains at each end above the old town and its harbour, are in a remarkably fine state of preservation; and the great wooden doors of the gates themselves have retained admirably their intricate carving and ironwork. The gateways serve also as temporary armouries; visitors to the old city are obliged to leave their firearms in the care of the 'guard'.

The bazaar had nothing to offer in the way of local interest, and the large and completely out-of-place advertisements for H.M.V. and Dunlop products, and Citroen spare parts and so on, seemed to be there for little reason other than for their decorative value. But that is not to say that the Western Way of Life has completely by-passed Muscat. Emerging from one of the gates into a small 'square', we found the town's transport-six or eight dusty and shabby cars - lined up; and in front of them, right in the middle of the square, under his concrete umbrella, stood the Policeman. Although it meant depriving this elegant young man of the opportunity of telling his elders where to go, we had to persuade the drivers that there was little enough to keep us ashore for an hour, let alone pay for a car from which to see it.

While a few of us had thus been seeing what there was to see, or doing battle on the hockey pitch, a party of stout-hearted individuals had landed on the rocks a few hundred yards from the town where, having scaled a hundred-odd feet of mountainside, they set-to repainting the magic letters GAMBIA on the rock-face, together with the Admiral's Flag close-by. This was not just a bright idea by one of the boys, but part of a publicity campaign which has been going on ever since H.M.S. PERSEUS painted her name on the brown rock in 1857. As a result, the cliffs either side of Muscat form what is surely the world's biggest autograph album, for by now they are covered with the names of ships - and not only R.N. ones - who have visited the place. To these, however, has now been added the signature, magnified a thousand times, of our Commander-in-Chief; provided the enterprising Staff Officer who put it there confines himself to forging signatures in hieroglyphics five feet high, all we think will be well.

In due course, those who had stayed ashore till the last gathered on the jetty; and if one remembers little else of what we found at Muscat, the voice of the muezzin calling his faithful from the minaret outside the walls, and the notes of the bugle-call for Sunset floating simultaneously from the quarterdeck half-a-mile away, will remain in the memory as at least a token of our visit.

J. M. C. G.



*East African Cruise
July-August, 1958.*



The East African Cruise



AT the time of going to press this cruise will not have started, so here is a thumb-nail sketch of some of the pleasures to come.

There is no doubt that East Africa provides the most pleasant part of any commission on this Station. After the many desolate spots we have visited earlier, this last cruise is to be a pleasant surprise to many. Scenery that is green, air that is fresh (and in some places even cool), several good shops and a chance to buy the good things in life Beer and more beer.

The main port of call in the "coastal" part of the cruise is Mombasa (Please note ... only one "s"), which is also the largest place visited. It is actually built on an island, but as you can cross to the mainland by ferry, albeit one that would not pass many safety tests, I don't really count it as one. Among the good buys to be made are some excellent wood carvings which can be obtained at reasonable prices in the market. Most of the other goods are the usual brass work and ivory carvings. For those clots who revel in making life difficult there is Kilimanjaro to climb and the best of luck to them !! 19,340 feet high, you can keep every blinking foot of it with my compliments.

Dar-Es-Salaam, though smaller, has its own pleasures to offer, especially to the sailing fraternity. Though not out of the ordinary in any way, the place does give another opportunity to indulge in the pleasures of eating and drinking.

Next to Zanzibar, an island which manages to live up to its exotic name. The main trade and export of the island is cloves, which grow in abundance. If the island is approached downwind on a calm night, the scent of the cloves can be detected long before one is due to arrive. The Sultan is a very good friend of Great Britain and has been the ruler of Zanzibar for many years. The ship will anchor opposite the Sultan's palace and a 21 gun salute will be fired in his honour. The reply to the salute by the Sultan's battery is well worth watching... none of this nonsense about saluting guns ... he uses field pieces of no small calibre and the smoke rises to about thirty feet after each round !!

The town is eastern in design, with the odd relic of the Portuguese, with high narrow streets and heavy carved and studded doors. So many doors were sold to American tourists ("Gee Elmer, isn't that door just sweet") that the Sultan has now placed an export prohibition on the inhabitants selling their front doors. The European and the Arab live together very well and there is no form of colour bar. The ship will visit at the time of the Sultan's birthday and no doubt extra celebrations

will be staged by the local inhabitants, for he is well liked by them all.

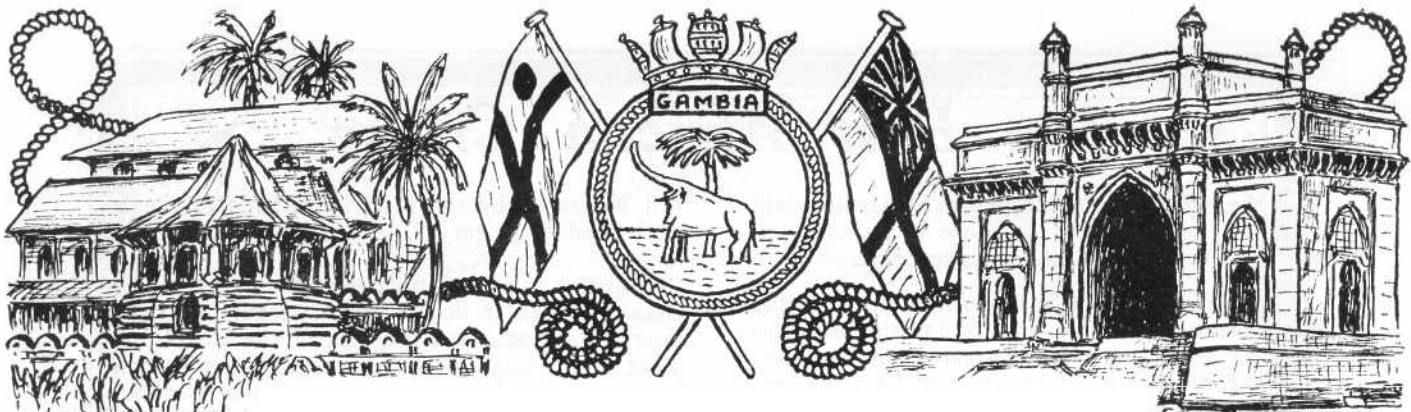
Mauritius is a quite isolated island in the Indian Ocean, though it does have an airport to keep a strong contact with the rest of the world. A point of interest is the wide use of the French language, and those that can recall their school French, with a little revision, will find that it reaps good rewards. The main industry of the island is the growing of sugar, and acres of cane can be seen from all of the main roads crossing the island. When taking a taxi across the island it is not advisable to goad the driver to greater speeds, unless your constitution is pretty strong. The local people are very friendly, too friendly if any thing. When "Ceylon" visited the island, about 5,000 of the locals wanted to visit the ship at the same time. The crowd was finally cleared by the rigging and use of fire hoses, while the gangways were guarded by "fisting parties" of Marines. This may sound exaggerated, but it is true and I was there to see it. Furthermore, a similar situation developed on the occasion, of Gambia's last visit. At night, further inland, it becomes quite chilly and here is a chance to have a really pleasant shiver.

Now for a brief mention of Seychelles. I'm largely wasting my time trying to describe this place because you must see to believe. You have heard of islands in the South Pacific and the stories that go with them, well this is one of those islands, in the middle of the Indian Ocean !! It's the only place apart from our home ports, where the watch ashore come off to a man at 0700 every morning, looking slightly worn I must admit. The local rum is a deadly brew and the help of a guide dog is often required until the effects wear off. The island itself is quite beautiful. The mountains rise almost sheer from the sea to some considerable height, and are laced with magnificent waterfalls which tumble through the granite. The best way to see the sights is to find a pretty girl with a car, there aren't many cars about but who wants to see a waterfall anyway. Unlike Mauritius, there is no air service, and as a result there is an atmosphere of peace, undisturbed by the mad progress of the outside world. The beaches are a palm-lined paradise and the swimming is excellent, the girls Oh, what's the use, if you haven't seen you won't believe and if you have seen you already know !!!

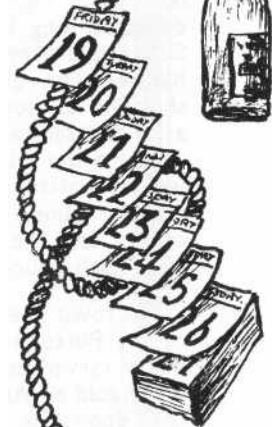
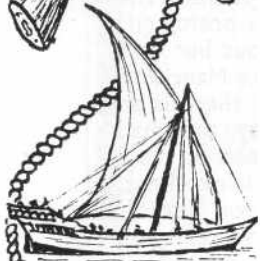
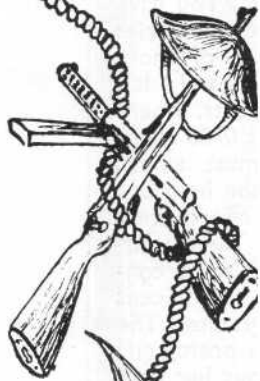
Well there it is, a cruise to provide everyone with a load of memories - the only danger is that one may ruin ones health in accepting the generous hospitality of everyone ashore.

A. D. C.

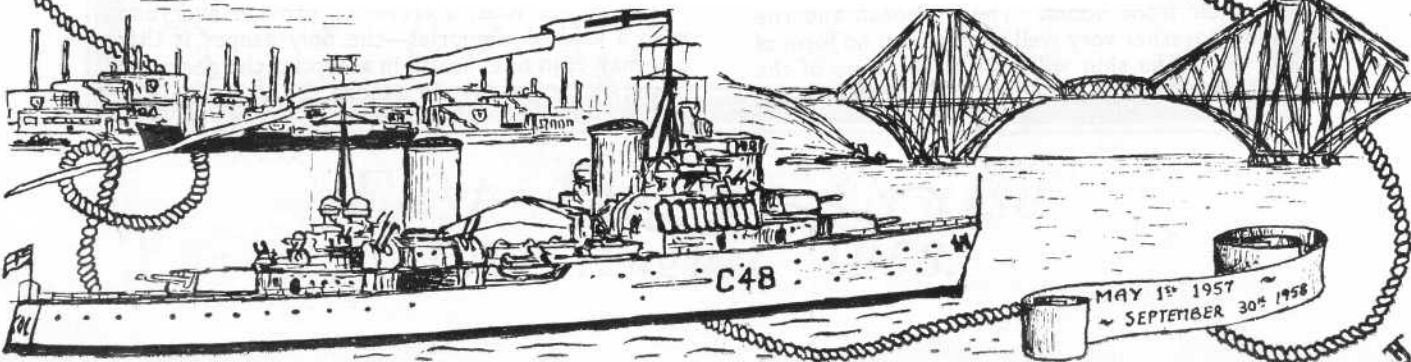




**We have seen foreign places
And crowds of new faces;
Had our fill of the tropics
And more heated topics,
Such as "Spuds in their jackets"
And all the usual rackets.
We've shown the same old habits
In the buying of our "rabbits,"
Shouting and screaming about the price
And eventually buying "because it looks nice"
We've got a host of stories,
Of our honours and our glories,
Some of romantic escapades,
Others of chasing renegades.
Think the tales we tell are true,
And only hope that others do.
But for many it has, I fear,
Been a rather lengthy year,
A year of longing every day,
To be with someone far away.
It matters not where we may roam,
Our hearts will always stay at home.
So it makes our spirits soar,
To be heading for that shore,
Where open hearts and arms remain,
To bid us "welcome home" again.**



R.A.S.F.



Supplement to the Souvenir Magazine

14th May - 5th July. At Trincomalee for J.E.T. 1958.

The following ships from the British, Indian and Pakistan Navies took part in Jet '58.

Aircraft Carrier	: H.M.S. Bulwark.
Cruisers	: H.M. Ships Gambia and Newfoundland, I.N. Ships Mysore and Delhi.
Destroyers	: H.M.S. Cheviot, P.N. Ships Khaibar and Badr, I.N. Ships Godivari, Ganga and Goinati.
Frigates	: H.M. Ships Loch Fyne and Ulysees, I.N. Ships Tir, Cauvery, Kistna and Shakti.
Submarines	: H.M. Submarines Alaric and Tudor.
Royal fleet Auxiliaries	: Fort Charlotte, Wave Victor and Wave Knight.

Jet '58, bigger and better than all the previous Jets, provided the opportunity for the Commonwealth sea and air forces to exercise and work together, the emphasis being placed on anti-submarine and aircraft carrier operations. The base support was provided by the Captain of the Navy, Royal Ceylon Navy, while the sea and harbour exercises were conducted by the Commander-in-Chief, East Indies Station.

In Jet sport, honours were evenly divided. The Royal Navy won the Tug-o-War, Dinghy Regatta, and drew in the Tennis with the Pakistan Navy. The Indian Navy won the Hockey, cricket and Volley Ball. The Pakistan Navy won the Soccer and drew in the Tennis. In the Whaler-Pulling against I.N. Ships, Mysore and Delhi, H.M.S. Gambia secured a notable victory by taking first place in all the eleven races.

7th July - "Crossed the Line".

King Neptune (P.O. Tansley) together with his Queen Amphrodite (P.O. Crilley), courtiers and bears, was pleased to visit the Ship, and did well and truly exact the penalties laid down for admittance to his realms.

9th July - At Diego Garcia

A small atoll 400 miles south of the Equator.

The only entertainment was provided by the Soccer Match, the Beat Retreat by the Royal Marines Guard and Band, and the sight of a newly recruited coxswain trying to bring the pinnace alongside the jetty against a beam wind and tide - after four unsuccessful attempts one of the wits among the very large crowd shouted, " Hey Jack, drop your anchor and we'll bring the jetty alongside!"

13th - 15th July. At Rodriguez.

A volcanic island 1200 miles south of the Equator, and the site of an important Cable and Wireless Station.

A number of sightseeing tours were arranged, the soccer team played three matches, the Royal Marines Guard and Band Beat Retreat, and there was a seemingly inexhaustible supply of beer and local wines, in fact 50% of the population seemed to be inebriated during the whole of our stay there.

The signal was received - farewell to the promised dreams of mad moments in Mauritius, siestas in the Seychelles, and the night-life in Nairobi.

16th July - At Mauritius for a few hours during the night.

18th - 19th July. At Mombassa.

Loaded Military stores and 400 of the King's Own Royal Regiment for shipment to Aden. However there was time for both watches to have good runs ashore and savour a few of the delights of East Africa.

Did you hear of the Killick who when asked by a soldier to give a hand with slinging a hammock noticed his mess-mates name on it? When asked where he got the hammock from, the soldier replied, "Oh, from a rack down below, and if you want one you'd better be hurry 'cos they're going like hot cakes"

22nd July - 24th August. At Bahrein, Persian Gulf.

The L.C.T. H.M.S. JAWADA (Freda) was commissioned with the Gambia Crew under the Command of Lieutenant Commander J.H. De Courcey Hughes, R.N.

We spent three periods at sea with 200 - 300 of the Royal Fusiliers onboard, practising beach landings on the island of HALUL (pronounced Hell Hole!).

The light relief of this period was provided by the two Concert Party shows given in the first-class, air-conditioned theatre at Awali. These shows, the last of the commission, were each played before an audience of 650, of whom 150 were officers and ratings being wined and dined for the evening by residents of Awali.

23rd August. 0615.

Pipe made: "H.M.S. Newfoundland is now in sight on the Starboard Bow".

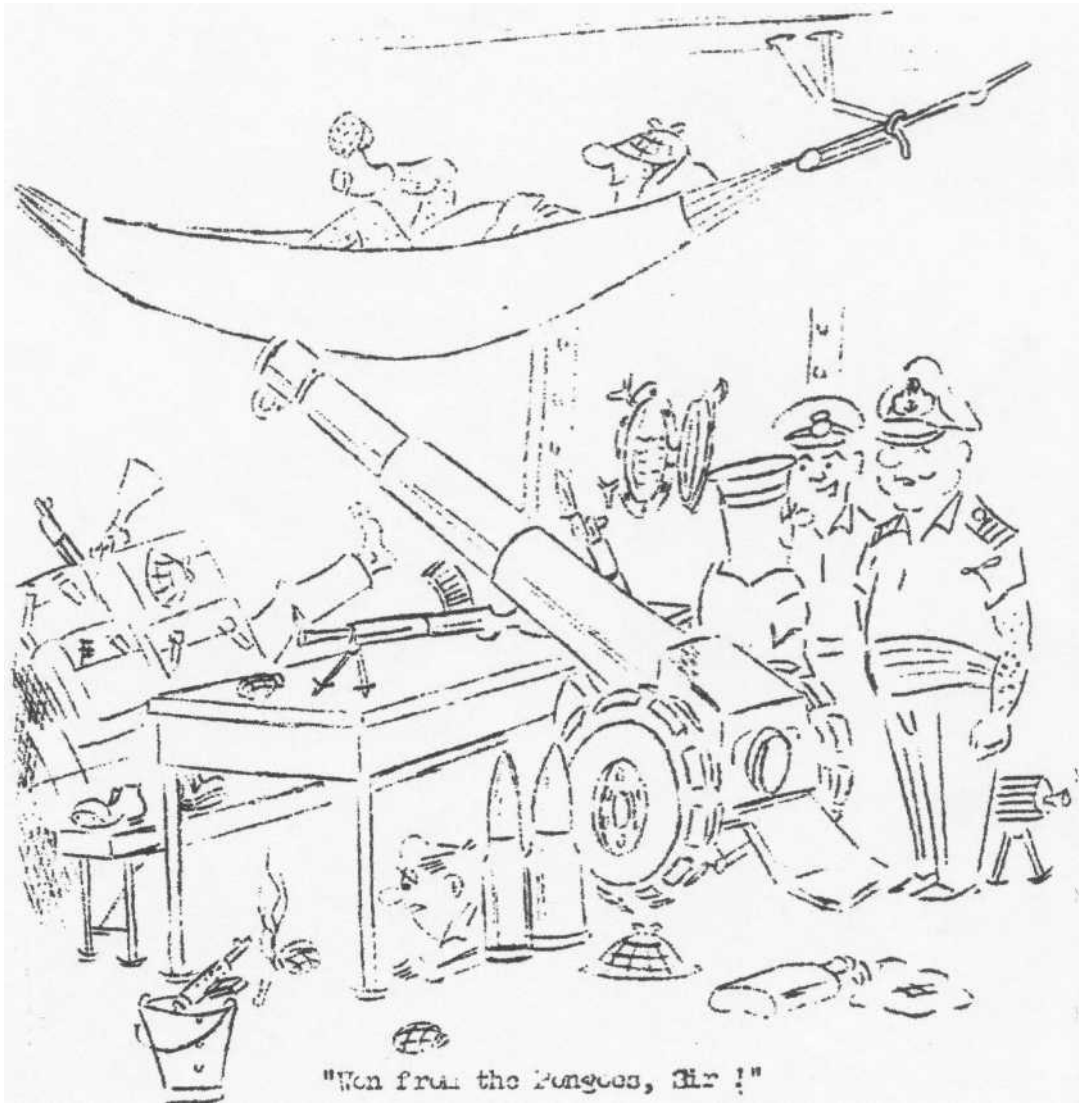
24th August. 1800.

Sailed for the U.K. With the paying-off pennant at the Mainmast.

H.M.S. Newfoundland gave us three cheers which we heartily returned, while the Royal Marines Band on the Quarterdeck played "Auld Lang Syne", " Tipperary", and especially for the benefit of the "Newfy" - a verse of "Colonel Bogey".

26th August, At Muscat.

You tell us!



"Won from the Pongoes, Sir!"

"Won from the Pongoes, Sir!"

30th August - 2nd September. At Aden.

Still more money on "rabbits" and the CD Bar.

6th September.

Rendezvoused with H.M.S. Sheffield, our relief on the station.

When given the hurricane fans, one of her Crew remarked, "What do we want these for, we've been in the Med., and are used to the heat?"

7th September.

Through the Suez Canal.

WE left the East Indies Station on the day the one hundredth and last Commander-in-Chief hauled down his Flag at Bahrein, and the Station ceased to exist.

10th - 12th September.

At Malta.

Memories of "Blues", Dghaisas, the "Gut", Big Eats and still more "Blues".

19th September. CHATHAM

"Vital" Statistics of the Commission

General

We have steamed over 43,800 miles, had 7 days in "stand easy's", used 5,200 tins of bluebell, 10 and a half tons of rags, 1 mile of flannelette, 1 and a half miles of canvas, 16 miles of cordage, 1,060 gallons of light grey paint (enough for eight ships), made 250,000 telephone calls, sold 206,100 tombola tickets and paid out nearly £5,000 in prize money.

Supply

We were paid £260,176 -7s-6d and deposited £22,990-17s-6d in the P.O.S.B.
We opened 155 barrels of rum, drank 173,946 tots, used 65 tons of flour, baked 85,000 loaves, ate 250 tons of spuds, 10 tons of bacon, 20 tons of baked beans and "Pussers" peas, drank 13,300 gallons of limers and 18,750 gallons of tea.

Naval Stores issued 8 tons of soap, half ton of spunyarn 1,200 brushes and brooms, and said "NO" 2,500 times!

Engine-Room

We used 26,700 tons of fuel costing £160,500, and 9,444,000 gallons of fresh water. The Department took 78,000 salt tablets, which if put end to end would measure 947 yards, 2 feet and 9 inches., and in the Persian Gulf gave up 5,000 gallons of sweat!

Electrical

We have used 10,263 Electric lamps, 16 miles of cable and shown 1,000 miles of film.

The 293 aerial rotated over 1,000,000 times and the 974 aerial over 2,500,000 times. The main dynamo turned 1,900 million times and produced sufficient power to light a string of lamps placed 12 yards apart from Pompey Dockyard to Picadilly for the whole commission.

The fans onboard produced enough heat to raise one gallon of water from 32 degrees F. to 3,155,926 degrees F. (And that's even hotter than Bahrein),

MEDICAL

12,500 jabs were given and 25,000 tablets of aspirin or codeine issued (what a hangover!).

We used 11 and a half miles of bandage, aureomycin to the value of £803, and took 75 lbs and 200,000 tablets of salt.

At least 135,000 treatments were given - now you know why there was a queue.

Club News - Censored.



H.M. TUG. REWARD

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Gambia East Indies Cruise 1957-58

"STRIKEBACK"

ROSYTH BERBERA MOMBASA
CHATHAM TRINCOMALEE DAR-ES-SALAAM
GIBRALTAR MADRAS ZANZIBAR
PORT SAID VIZAGAPATAM CHATHAM
SUEZ CALCUTTA ROSYTH
ADEN COLOMBO
BAHREIN MALÉ
BASRAH BOMBAY
ABADAN MUSCAT
DUBAI MAURITIUS
KARACHI SEYCHELLES

"CRESCENT"

"JET"



430

