

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 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!

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 but 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 Laitokitok, 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 weight 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 capsizes 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 capsizes 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 capsizes 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 ! !

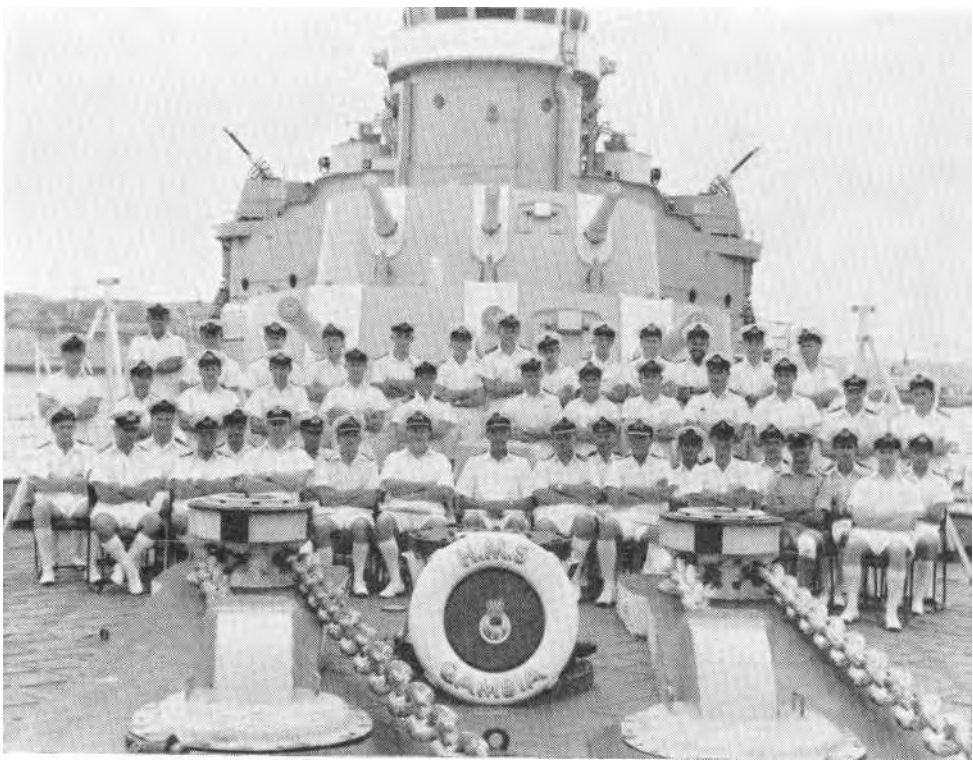
Sea canoeing has its own special pleasures and greater risks, so it should only be undertaken by the more experienced chap; but don't despair of acquiring this experience, build it up gradually together with the essential stamina required. A good scheme is to paddle downstream to a river's mouth and 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.





(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 replv 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