

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. R.

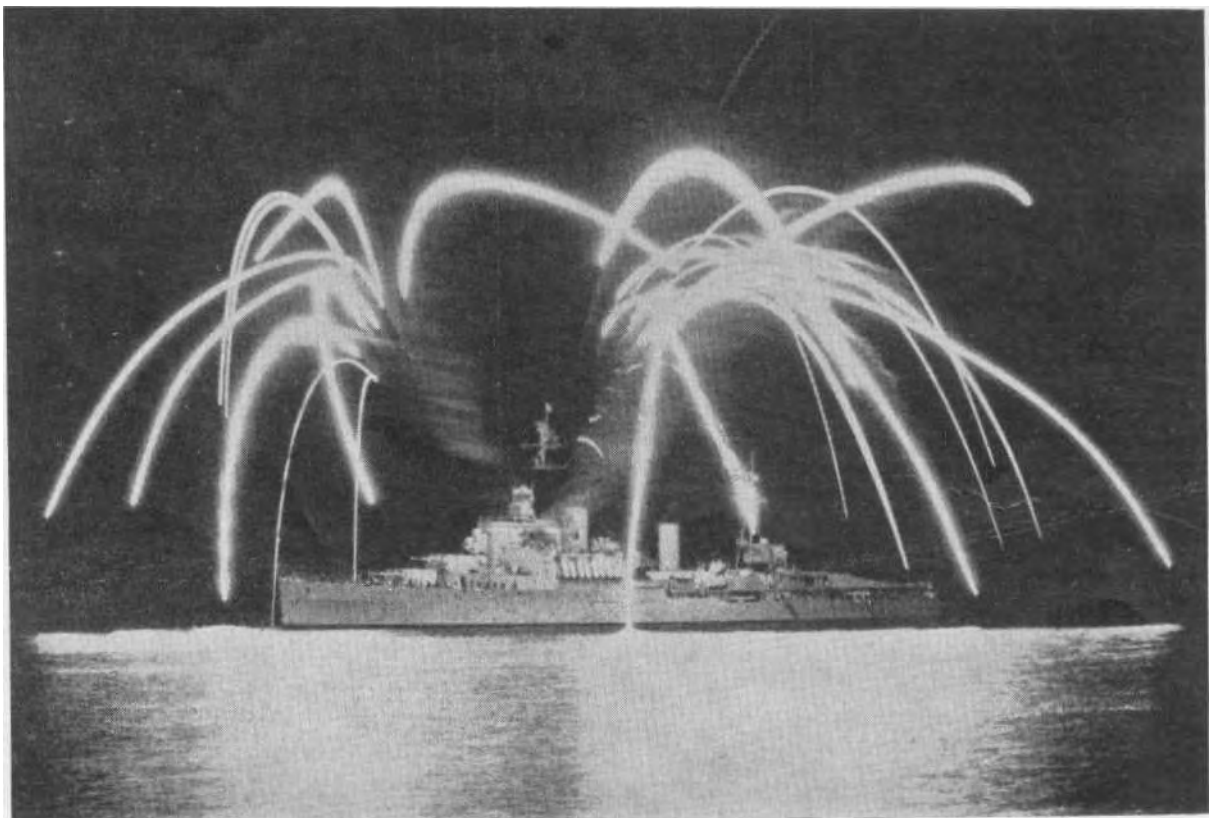


Mount Kilimanjaro is not a difficult mountain to climb in the true mountaineering sense of the word, but nevertheless the 'going' is tough and to accustom oneself to an altitude of 19,600 feet in three days is no mean achievement. It is understood that this is the first time that such a large party has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

# ZANZIBAR



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



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

# ZANZIBAR TO DAR-ES-SALAAM IN A WHALER

THE shortest distance by sea from Zanzibar to Dar-es-Salaam is almost forty-five miles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## DAR - ES - SALAAM

*Arrived Friday July 1st 1955.*

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Gymkhana Sports Club welcomed us all with open arms and bars. The grounds were used to the full and we were never surprised to see Rugger and Cricket, Soccer and Hockey, if not at the same time (due to lack of grounds in the one place) then quite certainly in the same afternoon. In addition a few staid members would be ambling round the golf course and some not so staid members smashing away on the tennis courts. Considerable thirsts were slaked in the bar and the Club's gesture in extending their bar hours from 1000 to 2000, and, after the first day or so, to 2100, so that there could be no chance of a parched throat *l e a v i n g* the premises, was appreciated, and the appreciation demonstrated convincingly by large numbers: no names but a few pretty hearty and fruity laughs were heard around that bar. We must not forget the British Legion and the Railway Club on Saturday night, you were in good company there.

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

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

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## MALTA G.C

*(Continued from page 6)*

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

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

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



*The MacMichael Cup in Good Hands.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## THE SEYCHELLES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



*The view over the bay at the Seychelles.*

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

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

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

## ***THOUGHTS ON SAILING AWAY FROM SEYCHELLES***

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

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

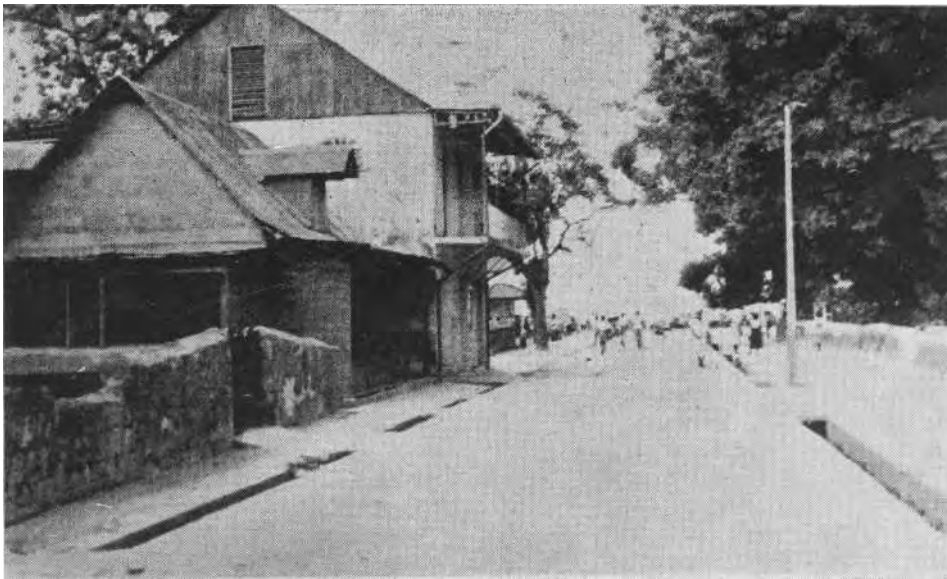
*See the monsoon breakers breaking  
On the reef and on the sand,  
And the cinnamons and spices  
Growing up beyond the palms.*

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

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

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

J.W.T.L.





# CROSSING THE LINE

*"His Majesty's" Band*

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



*The Senior Engineer is well and  
truly initiated*

*"King Neptune" delivers the address*

