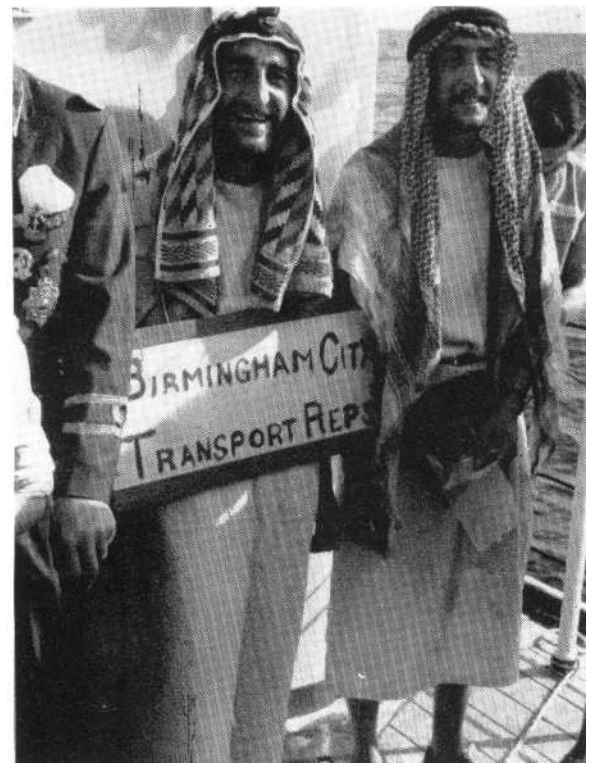


Uckers Final



Hal and Lucy Nation

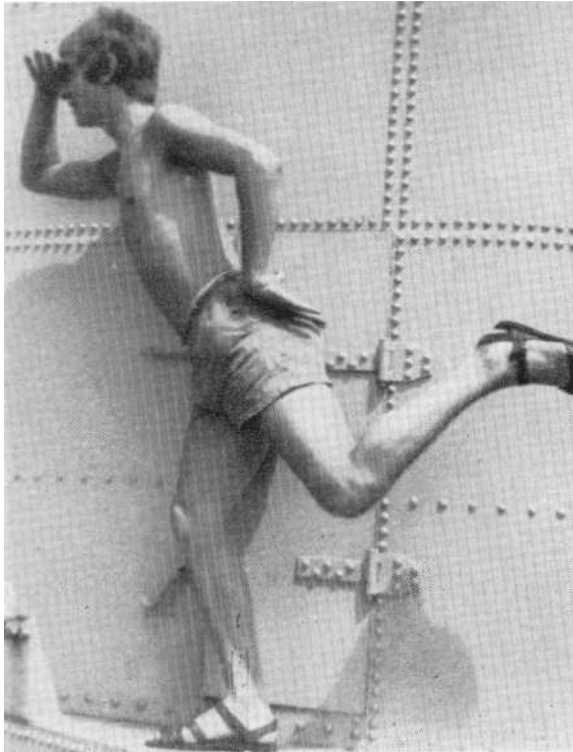


Ron and friend



The assembled company

The relief at finally leaving Beira was evident when these pieces were composed on leaving the patrol area:



It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, world

*Oft in Hope and oft in Joy
Frigates on patrol ahoy!
Grin and bear the extra toil
As you stop Rhodesia's oil.*

*DARING can relieve us soon
We have been here half a moon
Half a moon is long enough
Trying to call Rhodesia's bluff:*

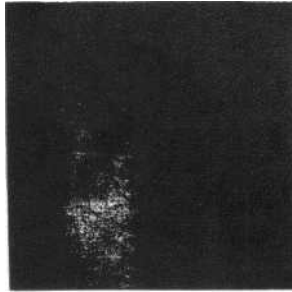
*Bring us mail and bring us men
Bring us sootflakes ten by ten
Sootflakes black are always due
When we get downwind of you.*

*Onward Gurkha's, Northward ho!
Onward to Mombasa go
F02 will come in state
F02 is never late.*

*Kilindini S.M.P.
Is more fun than being at sea
Onward Gurkha's, Northward ho!
Onward to Mombasa go!*

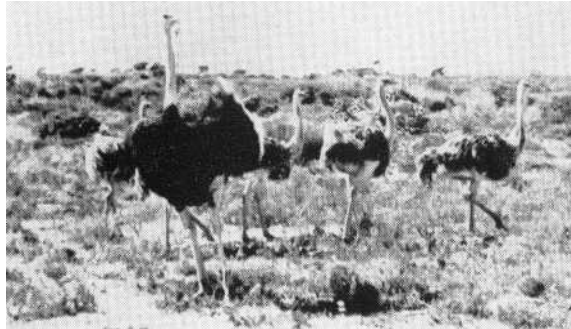
*The DARING is coming, I hope she isn't late,
She'd better arrive off Beira on the proper date,
The Gurkha's are fed up of*****patrols,
Let's turn over to some other poor souls,
Roll on Mombasa, I hear it's a good run,
Let DARING cruise in the tropic sun,
The Flyers I'm sure need a good rest,
Flying morning noon and night is a proper pest,
So hurry up DARING, come and take a spell,
Patrolling off Beira, take our word, it's hell,
But of course you know, you've done it all before,
Still the Gurkha's don't mind. we need a run ashore.*

The great day finally arrived and we headed northwards towards Mombasa and a spot of well earned rest. We shall



The 'Star Bar' - at 2359 local time

all have our different memories of Kenya, all those who went to the game parks are unlikely to forget seeing the big game in its natural habitat or the splendour of the African scenery.



Some birds

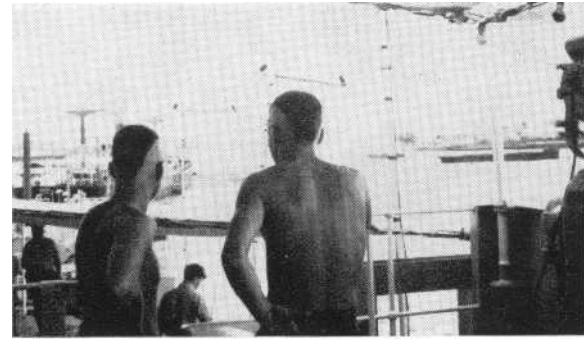
Those who visited the rest camp at Silversands or did their own camping at sites like Malindi would be hard put recall better beaches.

Sports teams played their games on lush, green grass for what was to be the last time for many months.

The afternoons could be spent enjoying a swim and a cool 'Tusker' or a 'Whitecap' at one of the many hotels on the coast. One could buy 'rabbits' from the numerous stalls and curio shops until in the end the ship as a whole carried



Wild life



Mombasa Mohicans



Roughing it

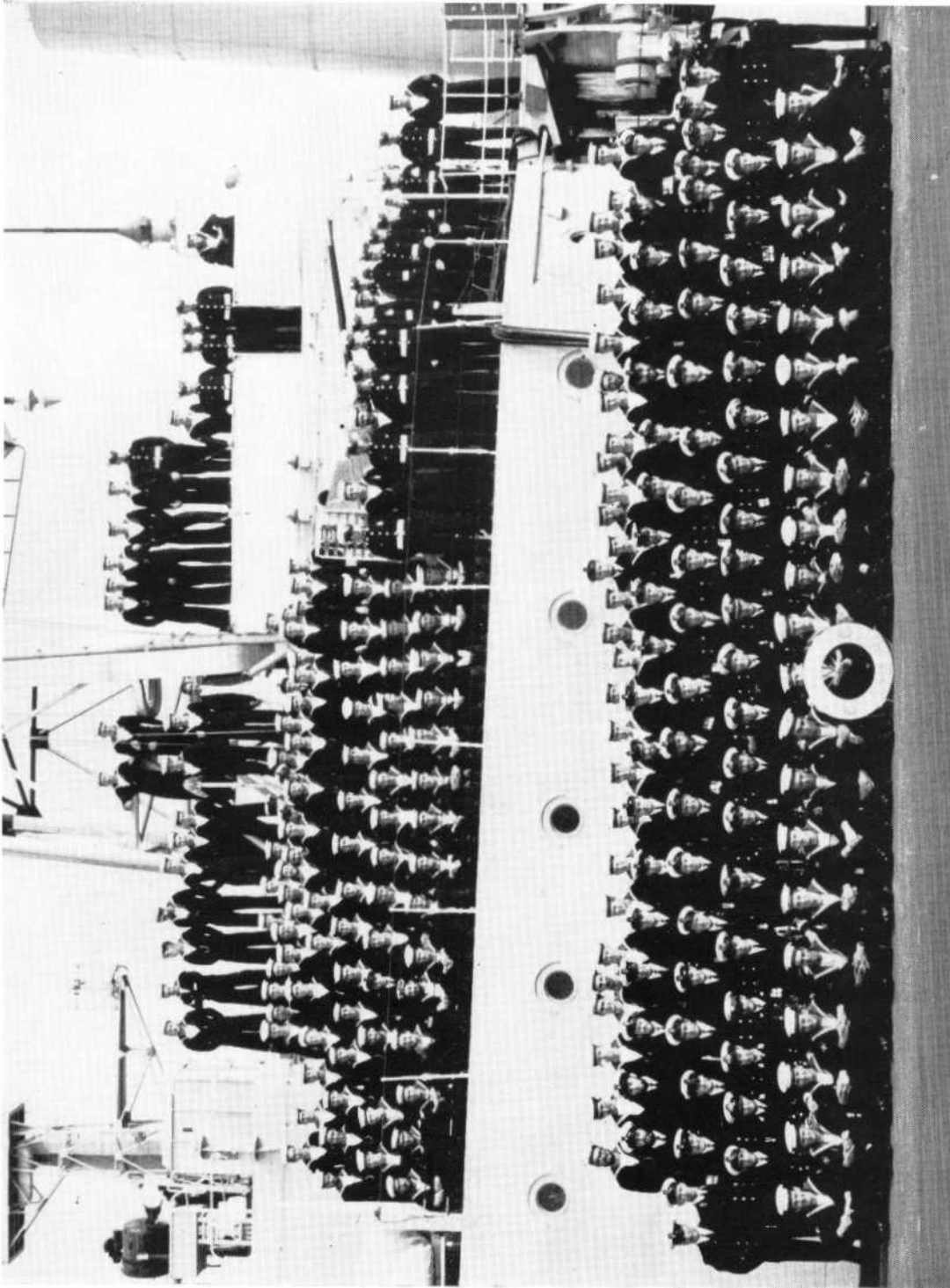


Mombasa Banyan

enough wood carvings to re-create the whole of the animal kingdom in effigy.

All too soon we were leaving Mombasa for another spell of Beira Patrol Duty. We can consider ourselves fortunate I think in the number of mail drops we received during our two patrols although the people at home tended to suffer through our not being able to land mail as often as we would have liked.

News, that what was to have been a three-day stop in Mombasa after the patrol, had been cut to a re-fuelling stop only, was not particularly well received. As it happened it poured with rain throughout our short stay and made Shimanzi look an even more desolate place than it actually is. Jim expressed a certain amount of surprise on learning that no one had missed the ship on sailing from Mombasa but then had second thoughts when he saw the Can. Man racing down the jetty. Jim, with furrowed brow thinks, "How many more has the 'swain forgotten to include in his Mess check?"



We found something to do in Bahrain

A hundred days after leaving the U.K. we arrived at Bahrain, but only remained long enough to embark fresh provisions before sailing for Midland X and exercises with the Iranians and the Americans.



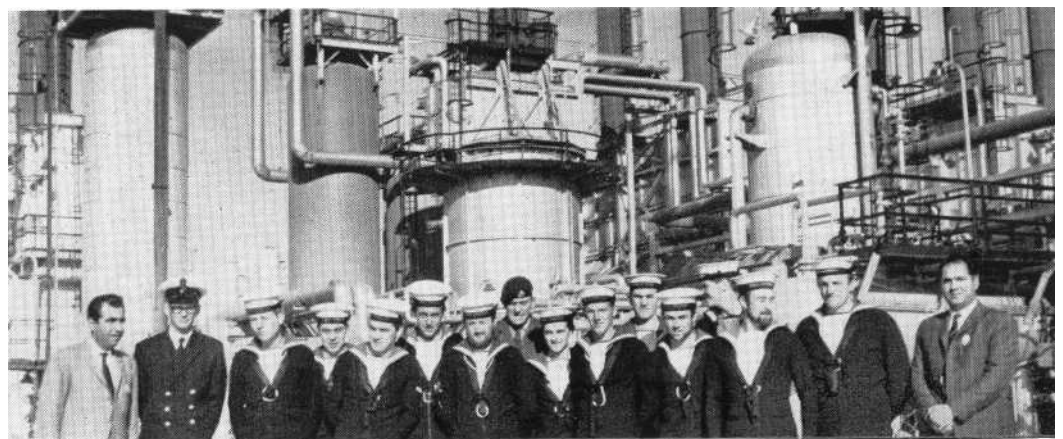
See no . . . Speak no . . . Hear no . . .

A couple of weeks alongside at Bahrain served only to convince the optimists that they were wrong and that good would not prevail, at least not while the ship remained at Bahrain.

A short dhow patrol off the Dhofar coast reminded us that we had a job to perform in the Gulf, and it was during this patrol that our Medical Officer performed an operation on a nine-year-old Dhofari boy who had been involved in an unfortunate shooting incident. The operation was a complete success and five-and-a-half days' later the boy was able to walk to the helicopter unaided; no mean feat with a .303 bullet lodged in the brain, an entry and exit bullet wound in the stomach and negative a right arm that had been amputated during the operation.

A weekend in Bahrain, an overnight trip to Abadan and Christmas was upon us. Christmas Day on board was cheery, chaotic and thoroughly enjoyable. The dinner looked, smelled and was excellent, though most diners had been reduced to sense of touch only, by the time it was served.

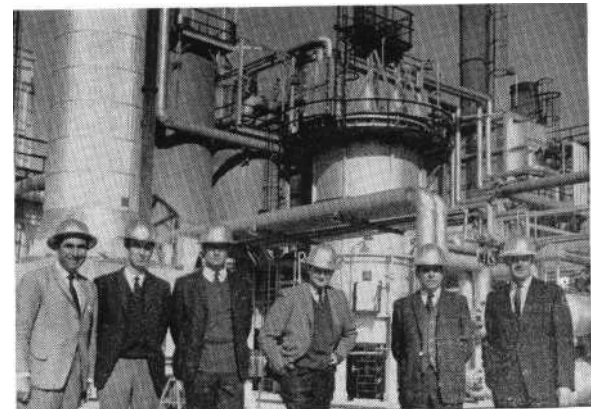
A trip was organised to visit the Abadan oil refinery, and those who went came back with at least a rough idea of the processes involved, despite the extremely polite guide's apparent assumption that all the party had graduated in Industrial Chemistry.



Watching for Gushers



A typical Bum



Welsh Miners

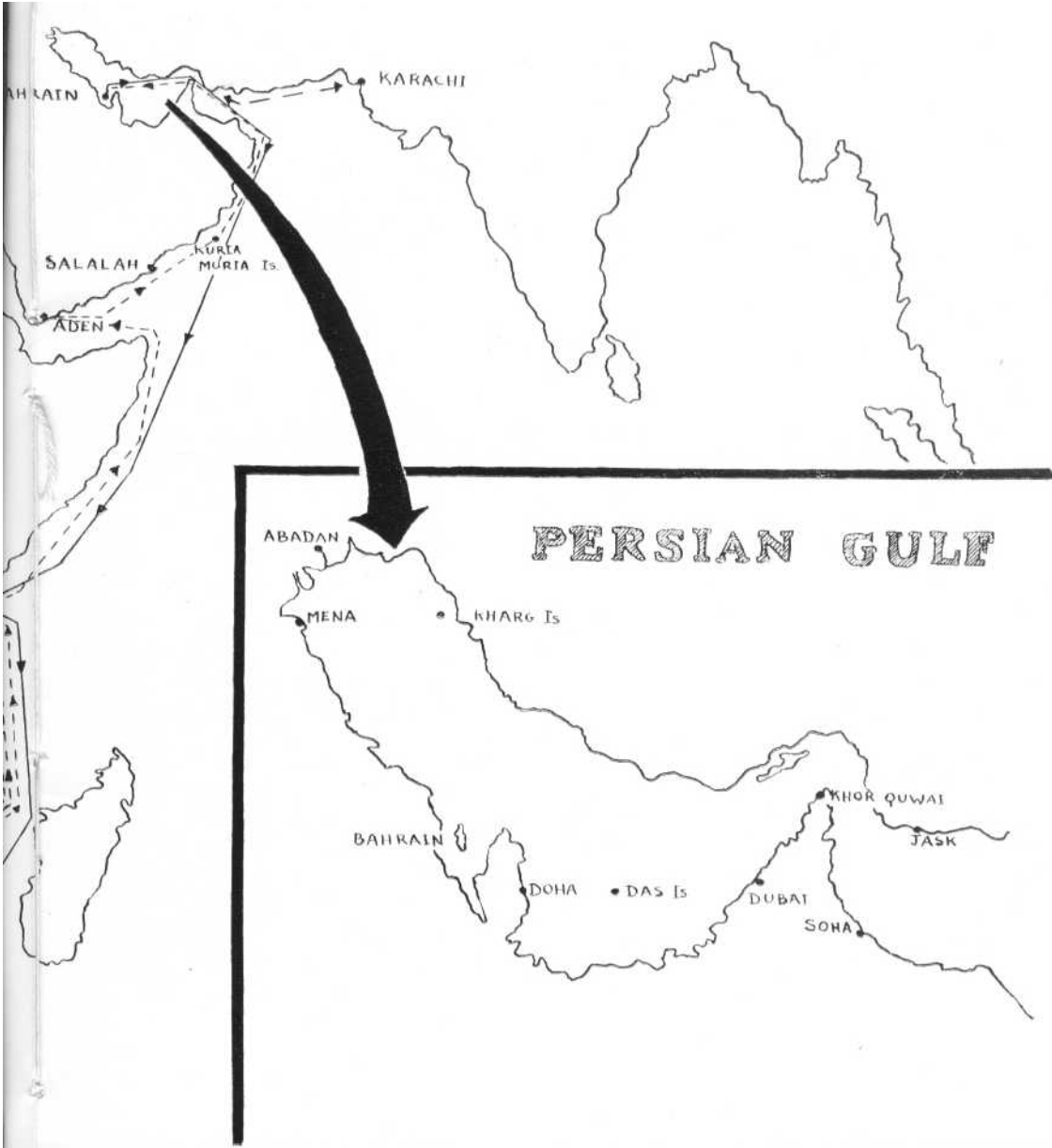


Battle Honours

BELGIAN COAST	1914-1916	ATLANTIC	1941
NORWAY	1940	MEDITERRANEAN	1941
NORTH SEA	1940	MALTA CONVOYS	1941-1942

Ship's Motto

"AYO GURKHALI." The war cry of the Gurkha soldiers during a charge.
Its nearest English equivalent is "Here come the Gurkhas."



A party was held onboard for children from the local orphanage and, as usual at these affairs, it was difficult, if not impossible, to tell who enjoyed themselves the most - the children or the ship's company.

A couple of days in Bahrain to enable us to see in the New Year and we were off to Dubai to land the local Rulers Saluting Gun Ammunition which, for the previous five months had been rotting in the 40/60 Magazine. The children's party we gave in Dubai was to be the most successful of the commission, the 'plank' proved very popular with the children who forced practically the entire pirate contingent across it - the fact that the waters off Dubai are infested with shark made the afternoon even more interesting by ensuring a quick 'turn-round'.

Back to Bahrain (gets monotonous doesn't it) to join up with ESKIMO for a visit to Karachi. This was the first time we had had the opportunity to exercise with another ship for sometime and many exercises were carried out on the three-day trip to Pakistan, each one being watched most closely by 14 soldiers from the Royal Fusilier Regiment from Sharjah who we had embarked for the visit.

This magazine had to go to print before the end of the Commission, so it has no mention of our activities during the last two months in the Gulf.

When you meet an ex-Gurkha in time to come - as you are bound to - remember the cry - Ayo Gurkhali!

A Visit to Habarut

Our RAF Pilot raised his thumb and his eyebrows to ask if we were ready for take-off. As none of us looked green, he assumed we were set, hung on to the brake and opened the throttle. For those used to flying in jets, take-off in a Beaver is back to the Wright Brothers: the machine quivers like Sophia Loren under way, lunges forward when the brakes are let go and arrives 50 ft. up in a startling short time.

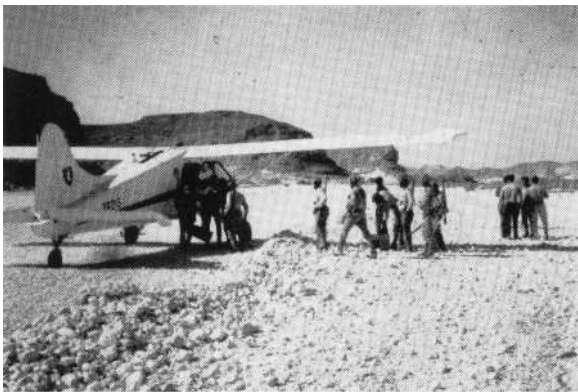
As Salalah strip became just one more track in the desert plain, we turned left and headed for the nearest hills, the 'rebel jebel'. The plain seemed dotted with cows, but a close up with binoculars showed that although the 45-gallon oil drum is essential to progress in the Sultan's Dominions, it is hard to get rid of.

The first two ranges of jebel, parallel with the coast, are fertile by local standards and boast a dense cover of small bushes, kept alive by the monsoon rains. The country then changes abruptly to a lunar landscape of arid brown volcanic rock, which must at one time have been completely flat. Aeons of time, however, have furrowed this plain into a maze of sinuous wadis, all dry, leaving about 10% of the original plain still 'standing'. The effect is exactly as if some giant prehistoric Chippie had carefully planed 100 feet off the tops of all the hills. The wadis twisting through this crumbling crust showed sandy white against the hills; every one of them was sprinkled with small bushes giving the appearance, from 7,000 ft. of snakes with green measles.

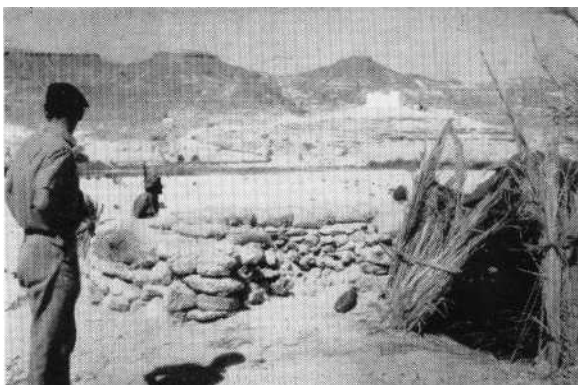
Forty-five minutes after take-off we bumped down through the turbulence and turned up a large wadi some 500 yards wide, with 300 ft. hills rising on both sides. Round the corner we saw a reasonably flat stretch, from which all the bushes and the larger boulders had been removed and locally known as the Airstrip. Seeing the Reception Committee standing hopefully to one side, our Pilot cut the engine to a succession of irregular splutters and parked us skilfully alongside our hosts. We had arrived at Habarut.

The Sultan of Muscat & Oman has four regiments of soldiers of which the Habarut contingent is on detachment from the Northern Frontier Regiment. The company is commanded by a British Regular Army Major, with a Captain, RM, to back him up. The NCO's and soldiers are 50% Baluchi, 50% Omani on the theory that if either half gets stropy the other half will be able to deal with them.

The wadi at Habarut is supposed to be the border between Oman and the former East Aden Protectorate, now under the influence of the revolutionary People's Republic of South Yemen, lately Aden Colony. On the other side of the wadi, on a low hill, stands a square, white 'Beau Geste' Fort, the property of the local tribe who might, or might not, become the 'opposition'. As the Sultan does not like being disputed in these matters he has commanded one Fred J. Rumble (Fort Builder to H.H. the Sultan) to build a 'Beau Geste' fort on his side of the wadi. The Sultan's



Parked us carefully alongside our hosts



A squaw, white 'Beau Geste' fort, the property of the opposition

Fort, now about 4 feet high, will, of course, be bigger, stouter, more imposing and higher up than the 'opposition's'. The SAF detachment is there to defend the construction team and to 'hold the fort' until the fort is built.

We jolted the mile between the airstrip and the camp in an open truck, trailed by half a mile of dust. On arrival we were taken to the Officers' Mess for a quick Tiger. The Mess, to say the least, was well ventilated ...

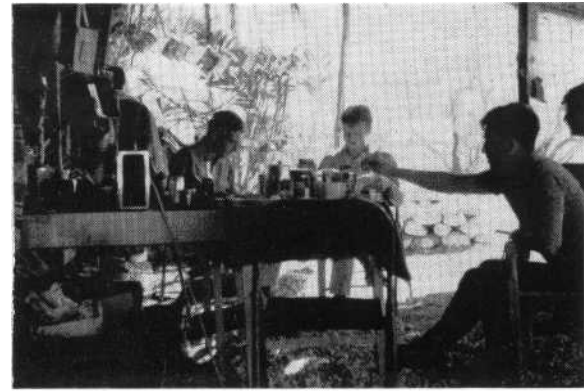
First, rig a spare awning (or any old canvas) horizontally, so that one side is supported on poles set into a three foot dry stone wall and the other lashed to the lower fronds of a datepalm thicket. Having swept the floor, removed the stones and planted lettuces in one corner, supply the following:

- 1 Hurricane lamp with tin reflector
- 1 metal table
- 4 metal chairs
- 2 camp beds
- Sundry guns
- Some rugs
- The latest edition of "Playboy"
- Ammunition cases, various, anything for the stowage of
- 1 good quality transistor radio
- 1 bell, to summon Rashid-the-General-Factotum
- 1 Gross Flyswats.

Lastly, hang up your Christmas cards, bring on the Tiger when guests drop in from the blue, and ignore the flies.

A tour of inspection showed that a British trained army has not lost the art of ornamenting the useless in the interests of Good Order and Military Discipline. Apart from Fred's Fort on a spur of hill directly above the date palm grove hiding the wells, the 'Wardroom' and the wireless office, every other spur was carefully topped with a circular dry wall redoubt revetted with sandbags, in which sat a native soldier armed with a .303 commanding the wadi and the hills beyond. On lower slopes the soldiery had dug themselves pits which, when covered with canvas and palm fronds, formed their bivouacs. At the bottom of the hill, where the mouth of a small wadi splits the camp in two, would-be idle soldiery were laying the dusty top dressing of the local Piccadilly. This highway is perfectly bordered with round boulders a la Aldershot, although someone has forgotten to order the white paint.

I asked our host what his men would do when they had finished laying wall, road, redoubt and footpath. "No



The latest edition of 'Playboy'

problem", he replied, "The present airstrip is far too far away. A new strip and soccer pitch at this end of the wadi will do no harm." Our host had no doubt that, provided his men stood their ground, it would take a lot of 'opposition' to dislodge him. He commands all the high ground on his side, has his mortars lined up on the 'opposition' Fort and reckons he could knock out their one well without much trouble. "Without that well," he said, "they must either go, or treat with me for water."

The opposition certainly did not look very hostile - a few Bedou with their camels, one or two brilliantly dressed but firmly veiled women, and sundry children herding goats.

Two hours after landing the truck jolted us back to Heathrow, our pilot swung his propellor in traditional style to get started, we had visions of Sophia Loren all over again, and we were up. For the return trip the pilot flew us straight down to the coast before heading east along the shore to Salalah. The pale green sea and dazzling beaches looked much more inviting from the air than they probably were - even so they were paradise to the dust-filled traveller; but we could not stop. Our pilot was late for lunch.

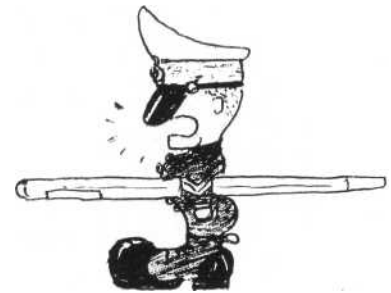
D.G.E.

The Royal Marines

The Royal Marine Detachment arrived on board *GURKHA* and spread like a dye among the various branches of the ship. Each man in each department that he worked left his mark either with a chipping hammer, a bag of flour or a large pair of boots.

Working from the top we have Lieutenant ("I want Commando") Ricketts with his able sidekick Sergeant ("I want ships") Hicklin. It is obvious that with two men at the top wanting something different something had to give ... finally the detachment gave "Blood, sweat and toil".

Passing down the tree we find three corporals, first is Corporal Duggan, mainstay of the ship's diving team. Is it a coincidence that the 'Dougou' was the fish which gave rise to the legend of the mermaid. Next is Corporal Vallins the weapons' instructor. Armed with a bag of mail and the necessary funds for wets he did the job of postman. Last but not least is Corporal Vernel the Drill Instructor. Known

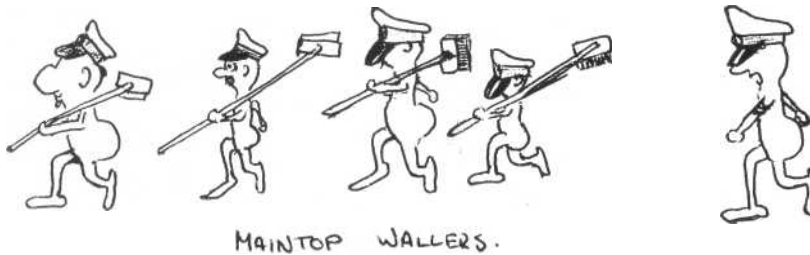




affectionately as the "Screaming Skull", he can teach you how to carry a piece of wood under your arm without dropping it. Very useful if you want to be a lumberjack.



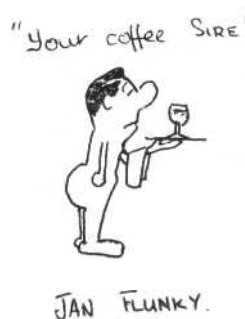
dress' to his friends. The man who had that job for fifteen months was Marine Harrison a star of the ship's football team.



The Marine part of ship is the maintop. It is here that the Sergeant Major reigns supreme. With his years of sea time he has managed to turn this hallowed ground into a gleaming oasis beautiful to behold. He has taught the Marines how to chip, scrape and paint. He also taught them how to sweat, not by example but by giving them plenty of practice at it. The band of heroes who work on this sacred ground are: Marine Ward, the only man who can squeeze blood from a beer can, Marine Allen called "Darby" (what else), together with Marine Sibley, a young lad straight from recruit training. Also there is Marine Turner, a man from Shropshire, who is constantly being mistaken for a Welshman, Marine Beard, late of the Chiefs' Mess (Messman) getting a bit of suntime in. Not forgetting Marine Steal a candidate some say for promotion, others will not say; Marine Norman late of the ship's laundry and yet another candidate. Finally there is Marine Travis of whom it is said "He is such a fishing enthusiast that if the ship anchors his hook goes down as soon as the ship's."

Current Chiefs' Messman is Marine Dewhurst who carries the distinction of being under punishment more times than any other Marine. It is hoped he will not pick up any bad habits in the Chiefs' Mess. Then there is Jan Hard the OCRM's flunky who has tried many times to bring a touch of class into the mess. However it is no good, we just refuse to drink our tea from a saucer.

Currently in the Supply department, is Marine Stevens, a young lad with Italian connections who is known as 'Mini-



Feeding the ship's Company is a large task and there is a dining hall party who flit from table to table supplying bread, salt, etc., and cleaning up afterwards. In a restaurant they would be called waiters but as there are no women on warships they are called everything. Such a man is Marine Mattis.



Next there is Marine Wallace who has been given the seamanlike task of looking after the boats. Within days of taking over this worthy job he was talking knowledgeably of 'thwarts', 'gunwhales', 'clinker'-built boats, women . . . WOMEN?, well, he always did talk about women.



Between decks there is a band of men dedicated to making the murky passages less murky and carrying the war against the cockroach right down to the lowest levels. The Marines engaged in this epic struggle were Marine Charlie Bax and Marine Mugatroyd who is known to his companions as 'Commando One'. He joined the Marines before he was twenty and rose rapidly to the rank of Marine Second Class. Since then he has never looked back and will shortly become a Marine First Class.

Finally one of the last men to join was Marine Pellegrinetti. He joined just before the ship sailed for foreign parts, he



explained that he had only come for a 'rabbit' run and promptly disappeared into the Communications Department. From this position of advantage he appeared for Guards, pay and more often for his tot.

Oh yes, on looking round the mess I see two chaps getting into 'sailor suits'. These are our tame 'wafoos' (whatever that may mean) who have been living with us. Our two tame 'airy fairies' are LEM(A) MUDIE and NAM COLLINS.

Well that's the lot, say what you will, *GURKHA* would never have been the same without the Royal Marines.

The Communications Department

Contrary to popular belief, the Communications Department do more than 'just sit around on their fat back-sides sending morse code', or 'stand on the Flag Deck sunbathing, flashing lights at merchant ships plus doing colours at sunset'.

During the commission we have dealt with hundreds of thousands of signals received and transmitted by hand message, telephone, light, morse, voice, teleprinters, etc. Beside all the UK radio stations we have worked Gibraltar, Malta, Canada (Halifax), Freetown, Simons Town, Bombay, Bahrain, Australia (Sydney and Canberra), New Zealand, Pakistan and many more. As you can see, the ship's out going signals have touched all parts of the globe.

Throughout our overseas leg, i.e. from Pompey to Pompey, the only place where the wireless department were able to switch off and get a rest from watchkeeping was at Bahrain, and we admit we had a 'loaf' there. The most hectic time was the first Beira Patrol when we were 'in charge' and responsible for receiving and sending messages for ships in company as well as our own. It was bad enough clearing hundreds of Operational signals daily, but add to these the

MOD Navy Free Telegrams and we were up to our necks with messages written on anything from fag packets to toilet paper! -and we also corrected your spelling mistakes. The other hectic time was exercise Midlink Ten which we prefer to forget due to the misunderstandings between British, American and Iranian Navies. A voice circuit sounded like a track from a Peter Sellers LP.

Our honours list consists of: being the proud 'owner' of Cross-Country Champion Radio Supervisor Phil HAMP-TON (he enjoyed his runs ashore). Although unfortunately there were no competitive races abroad, he won many races in Scotland and broke the Rosyth record, this was after going round the four-mile course four times before the race started, to 'warm up'. We also have in the department L.R.O. (T) MARTIN JORDAN who is Captain of the Gurkha and Communications Soccer Teams. He lost many pounds, even before devaluation. Last but not least, R.O.2 JOHN WRIGHT, he was under punishment in every port until we reached Bahrain.

L.R.O. (G) D. R. JENKINS

Visit to Rawalpindi

During the ship's visit to Karachi in January, a small party were very fortunate in being invited to spend the weekend at RAWALPINDI, staying with members of the British Diplomatic staff at the new Pakistani capital at ISLAMABAD.

Perhaps the worst part of the while trip was getting up at 0500 on the Saturday morning, in order of catch transport to the airport at 0530 - this did not bother a certain member of the 'Staff' embarked in ESKIMO however who slept on and missed the flight!

After a somewhat bumpy passage up through the clouds, our Trident Jet soared northwards at 35,000ft, and no sooner was breakfast over, a quick sleep for some, and we were on Rawalpindi approach, a mere 1; hours after take off, and made to feel at home by the news that it was raining below.

A brief welcome from Brigadier Millar, the Military Attache, and Sgt. Jack Waller of the R.A.F., and off we went to meet our hosts. No time to linger, our first trip started at 1000 - up into the mountains to MURREE, a very popular summer resort, but above the snow-line at this