

time of year. Our local drivers did their best, but it became obvious that the Commer vans were not designed for work in the snow, so we set off to walk the last mile 'or so'. A "friendly" local guide led us on a short cut, three miles out of our way, and it was a very weary party that arrived for lunch - to find that the 'Buntings' were already eating, having gone by the direct road. The sight of some members of the party dressed to kill in natty shoes and suits was rather out of place among 6 foot snow drifts, but the return to the cars was made without any real difficulty - or would any Chief disagree? Saturday was finally rounded off by a splendid party, given by the local Brits at their club, and it was only the hardened few that lasted to the end at 0200.

Sunday came and the weather? - Rain. Our trip this day was an 80 mile drive Northeastwards towards the mountains to the Garrison town of Abbot Abad. As well as housing the Pakistan Military Academy, it is also the Headquarters of The Frontier Forces, and it was most interesting to see the lines of mules in the camps - a contrast to the more modern weapons of devious origin also on show. Our host for the day, Jim Peddie, seemed only too pleased to see some new faces, there being only five U.K. families there, and produced a first class curry lunch to be washed down with lovely cool wine, and it was with regret that we had to depart soon

after eating to get back before sunset. The drive was extremely interesting, passing through HARIPUR, the fertile plains and the approaches to the famed Northwest Frontier, and the Khyber Pass 'just along the way'. It was a pity that the low clouds hid the higher mountains, but partial clearing in the afternoon gave some idea of what it must have been like in the 1850's, and each tribesman passed looked as if he would be more at home with a rifle than a hoe.

That evening we were able to repay a little of the hospitality that had been given us, and a pleasant evening was spent in the club playing darts, etc.

Couldn't visit Pindi without seeing Pindi, so on the Monday had a look around town - would have been nice to find ONE made-up pavement but no such luck. The goods on sale in the shops were mostly more expensive than Karachi, so not much was bought but the sight of a butcher cutting meat with the knife handle held in his toes had to be seen to be believed - not recommended for General Mess. All too soon it was time to return to the airport, but the flight was delayed, and we didn't reach Karachi until 2130. However, a trip to be remembered and when one realised that the airfare alone is normally £40, well, perhaps the 'English Queen' is not too bad a Boss after all.

T.J.S.

Flower Power

Or how I learned to love Gardening and forget about Part of Ship

Rosie Rawes, Snapdragon Scott, Thistle McGivern, Rhododendron Rowlands, these names I know remind one of the Chelsea Flower Show, but in fact they belong to real live R.P.'s.

This colourful cult germinated in 3 Mess and for many months one often saw unlikely looking characters wandering around the ship - If one asked who or what they were the inevitable answer was "Oh that's one of the Flower People in a Trance."

But they were not always in a trance, they took the birds and the beach at Nyali by storm, appeared in Fashion parades and played soccer for charity achieving successful results professionally and financially. By the way even the football shorts were trimmed with flowers. Now as I write this the cult is dying slowly and perhaps who knows the next Cult may come from 4 mess and call themselves "Greenies".

The Radio 122 Story

It all started one lunch time when 3 Mess were having the usual tot time argument, the question on this occasion was "What are we going to do about the lousy SRE?" L.S. Rust (obviously not as full of rum as he would have wished) began collecting the views of his mess, armed with these he visited other messes for their views (and their rum) and, when his befuddled brain had cleared he approached Lieutenant Ricketts the SRE Officer with his findings.

The SRE Officer asked L.S. Rust to reorganise the SRE, and so with his partner at the rum tub, L.S. Brown, they set about their task. In the short space of 24 hours, Disc Jockeys were recruited, programmes were printed and distributed and the stock of records were sorted. The stock of records was very poor, so, with a grant of £20 from the Welfare Fund a few of the DJ's set off to tour the Record shops of Mombasa. From this time the SRE were to receive £5 per month with which to purchase new records. With records kindly loaned by members of the ship's company the stock improved, and so on Monday, 12th August, 1967, Radio 122 was born, it went on the 'air' at 6,30 pm and from that time never looked back.

From the word go a great deal of work was put in by all concerned; organising new programmes, editing them, recording on tapes, in fact no stone was left unturned in order to find new material and ideas. The response from the ship's company was one of pleasure, the varied selection of programmes catered for all kinds of music lovers. Not only were the ship's company to gain enjoyment from 122, but also the DJ's themselves, for 122 was run on similar lines to a 'pirate' station, and the DJ's began to receive fan mail not only from members of the ship's company but in some cases even from correspondants outside the ship.

Although each DJ had a nickname their voices were soon recognised, and became common throughout the ship, even the G.I. was heard to refer to A.B. Bourne as 'Ulysses'.

To the tune of "Secret Agent Man" by the 'Ventures', Radio 122 went on the air each evening at 6.30 and at varying times throughout the programmes one could hear the following DJ's:

Screaming Bald Patch L.S. Rust
 Berty Bagshot..... L.S. Brown
 Izzac J. NaggugL.M.E. Duggan

Ulysses Crump..... A.B. Bourne
 Mumblyn Molly Martin..... A.B. Martin
 Colonel Pine Coffin..... A.B. Lewis
 Elmer P. Gluegenheimer..... A.B. Harding
 Jigger G. Grumble..... A.B. Young
 Cisco Jock Houston..... R.E.M. Ogilvie
 Wendle P. Smirp..... R.E.M. Walters
 Iver Crate Mr. Craven (Scouse)

At Christmas, 122 had the enormous task of playing Recorded Christmas Greetings, these had been recorded in H.M.S. Collingwood and it wasn't until they were received in the ship that it was discovered they ran for 8½ hours. The DJ's spent many a long hour in the stuffy confines of their studio on that day, and also on many other days, I would therefore like to thank all members of the ship's company for the enthusiastic support they have given to Radio 122.
 L.S.R.

The Gurkha Ship's Flight



We will start out as we intend to go on!

Formed originally as the 'SIRIUS' Flight this was changed to 'Gurkha', and as time went by personnel changed also until only the Senior Maintenance Rating and the P.O.R.E.L remained of the original draft. However, by the end of the

first sea week of the Portland work-up, its composition was stabilised and it has remained so throughout the present commission.

The Air E.M.R./Pilot's Ready Room/Air Maintenance Control Room /Crewroom /Ship's Coffee Shop became the centre of the flights activities onboard, and the nerve centre from where orders such as "No Access", "No Smoking", "No Ditching of Gash" could be issued with impunity against the fish-heads, just when they wanted to paint, smoke or ditch gash.

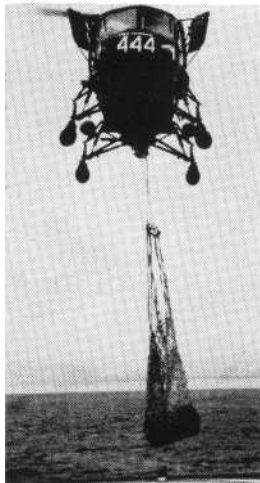
Two of the ship's officers were given the freedom of the flight deck, and during flying stations one or other could be seen trying to emulate the flying machine by flapping a pair of wooden paddles up and down. A third officer was stationed in the Op's room during such experiments so that should any such efforts succeed an entry in the ship's log could be made immediately.

Six ratings were provided from 'both watches' as spectators and also to upset the watch bill.

The flight has survived such shocking incidents as the Sergeant Major's daily scrub downs and the M.E.'s excursions into the G6 uptakes.

- 2001b. Sugar
- 120 tins Milk
- 10lb. Tea
- 20lb. Coffee

were consumed. Approximately 50lbs. of various coloured paints were applied.



Steady easy does it



What the hell, anyway !

The Christmas Show

Soft music, spotlights playing gently on the deep red velvet curtains, fidgeting audience, chain smoking producer, this was the scene in the smoke filled cinema at *H.M.S. JUFAIR* on the night of January 4th, 1968, when we held our Christmas show. But after the very traditional Shakespearean start the ice was broken by the "sound" of the Wild Angels, our "home made" but very professional group. From there the show moved slickly through various sketches, a gymnastics display and the first half ended with the Folk

Group, the 3 ... 1, the highlight of which was George Duggan's Spanish Flamenca solo. A quick gulp of beer at half time and then into the second half with the Wild Angels again. Then followed an Al Jolson selection, a variation on the theme of Cinderella, a fashion parade and a few more odds and ends. When the lights finally went up the time was 2310 and the show had run for three hours and was voted a big, big success. Watch for the cast on Sunday Nights when we get back.

P.C.B.C.

The Deeps



The Team

We are that shower of idiots who are always rotting up the First Lieutenants Weekly Programme and the TAS Officer when he wants to paint the Quarterdeck. Second to 'E' Diesel Generator we must ship more abuse than any other single thing in the ship, but because we're thick skinned and addicted to our pastime we usually manage to surmount the obstacles put in our way and usually get a great deal of pleasure from our diving.

It is not always a pleasant 'jolly' though, when one returns with a Gemini half full of crayfish. Anyone who has dived for any length of time in English waters would not begrudge us our occasional fishing trip if he had experienced ice-breaking on Hornsea Lake, or a night bottom search in Portland during 'work-up'! Our first spell out of rubber suits was at Gibraltar, where the Captain caught the only fish, but it was a pleasant change from our usual murky visibility in England to warmish water where we could see about 20 feet.

There was not a great deal of organised diving in Simons Town, who had the time or strength anyway? But lots of extra curricular sports were played in lieu, at least so I am told.

Mombasa proved disappointing fishing wise, but 'Fort Dunvegan' provided us with an interesting problem. Four hours were spent blanking off her stern gland so that it could be re-packed and also clearing numerous blocked inlets.

Aden saw us doing an early morning bottom search after our short spell alongside, the only limpets we found were the edible kind. Then on to Bahrain where we had the rare distinction of being the only people onboard to switch off the air conditioning from the *outside*, who said underwater navigation was easy? Sometimes we are successful though and Stokers socks and Hank Jansons are removed from valves that we block off, to the delight and squeals of the engineers.

Four drunken matelots returning from a fearful run ashore to their ship the *USS VALCOUR* (the vessel that only goes to sea once or twice a year when the tide is high enough to float it off its bed of Coca-Cola cans) pushed a four-door Dodge Pick-up truck off the jetty and into the 'ogwash'! Early next morning the team were called upon to find the brute, this we did after six hours of diving in strong tides and with poor visibility, in 40 feet of water. Finally with the help of a jetty crane we hoisted it out, damp but almost intact.

We still night dive and sometimes are turned to long after other people in the ship have gone ashore for a pint, but it's worth it when, now and again you see the feelers sticking from a rock and you know another crayfish is about to have the honour of feeding you.

J.R



... and the Caterer looked on with envy

A Brief Introduction to the Shipwright Department

(or, "If I don't sing my praises nobody else will")

Although chiefly associated with the woodworking aspect it is not generally realised that Shipwright's work also covers heavy and light platework, plumbing, blacksmithing, polishing, signwriting boats, ventilation, domestic services and last but not least the usually unpleasant job of scuppers and drains. To cope with the last chore it is essential to have lost ones sense of smell and when others are reaching for their respirators the wry smile on the Shipwright's face is saying that "it might be muck to you but it is bread and butter to us". Among the articles retrieved this commission have been numerous floor cloths, beer cans, 'bluebell' tins, 'Y' Fronts, a shirt, items of cutlery, bars of 'pussers' hard, and whole apples and oranges. Whilst we realise that there are many people on the ship with the physical ability to eat such fruit in one mouthful they could at least have given us the pleasure of seeing the excruciating pain on their face whilst passing them!

Our Shipwrights dwell in a small hole adjacent to the forward funnel that bears more semblance to a De-Sade production of 'Who's Who', than a workshop, but it is here that our two heroes, undistracted by the talent on the bulkheads, manage to combine age old craftsman's skills with other nefarious activities.

The Shipwright's natural enemy goes by the name of 'Jim' and his standard joke of throwing rectangular shaped confetti through the door has seriously hampered the more important work of producing crests and Kukri stands.

The Leader of this talented twosome has the honourable title of 'Chief of all the Shipwrights' and who, by combining charm, bribery, hint dropping and horoscope reading, has managed to make the department run very efficiently. His particular extraneous interests have been limited to those which would only make the "News of the World" sporting pages but he can at least show more trophies awarded for his particular pastime than most of the ball-kicking, stick-

pushing, bat-waving types. This intrepid fellow has also managed, in his own diplomatic way, to represent the Chief Petty Officers Welfare injustices against his old adversary, the dreaded 'Jim'. This portion of the article was written by an interested party who, having taken advantage of the mandate afforded him, might well regret it when cramp seizes him in the bilges. I am sure that any confirmation of the complimentary details may be had at any time from my wonderful Leader.

His able assistant has been a genial Westcountryman who, contrary to public belief did not do his apprenticeship with 'Noah' or Bertram Mills. Shaped as an arrow he has sped around the ship spreading a mixture of alarm, despondancy and rum fumes, but it is ashore that his social genius has come to the fore. How could the sporting public of Abadan forget his epic performance and the marathon events that have taken place in bars too numerous to mention must be worthy of note. Not only an active participant he has also given good service as a referee even though he has managed to invoke the wrath of anyone wearing football boots, at least two cricket teams and a Gibraltarian gardener.

Our article would not be complete without mention of the services afforded us by tame seamen, steam-shy M(E)s and other such Borstal candidates that have driven their own superiors to the brink of suicide. Whilst their enthusiasm is to be commended one must constantly remember the saying that a little knowledge is dangerous and in this department a little knowledge is at best all we can hope for our mates to have.

Finally a note to all our admirers and enemies. Should we ever have the misfortune to serve together again remember what you all appear to have forgotten this commission. Even human machines require lubrication!

D.R and R.P.

M. E. Department

It has been said that the job of a ship is to float, move and fight. The Marine Engineering Department is responsible for 2/3rds of these items and since September 1966 we seem to have moved a very long way and remained floating all the time (at the time of writing).

Not that we have seen much of the outside world but in keeping the ship floating, particularly in the earlier parts of the commission, we have had the odd spot of bother, Portsmouth Dockyard came a bit closer than was really necessary once and we suspect that although we didn't actually hit the jetty on any other occasion we at least gave the barnacles a nasty turn.

The Department has borne the incredible hardships they have been required to bear with the usual fortitude, we did note a slight change in the expressions, or was it the faces of the Seaman Department in September 1966 but it seemed to make little difference.

The C.E.R.A. has, of course, led the E.R.A.'s and Mechanics in the usual battle against the cussedness of machinery in general and 'K' in particular! The Ch. M(E) has cut an awful lot of hair this commission and the

P.O.M.(E)'s; L.M.(E)'s; and M.(E)'s have again proved that when disaster strikes they're always there to get the mess mopped up afterwards.

The Shipwrights have produced an unbelievable number of Ship's Crests and the Chief Shipwright's answer to most questions nowadays is an incredulous, "another ship's crest!?"

A few hints we have recorded for future generations:

1. When starting 'K' it helps before actually starting it to leap in the air and in a loud voice shout, "Start you B*****"

2. The after ship's tanks can hold 36 tons of water not 37 (ask M.(E) Gordon).

3. The M.E.O.'s Telephone Number at sea is Ext. 27.

4. Rosyth is in Scotland.

All in all it has been a good commission for the department, we have had the odd argument with various pieces of machinery but with the wealth of experience still available in the department (and the odd bit of spare gear) we think we have managed to win (at the time of writing).

R.W.T.

The Action Information Organisation

WHAT IT IS NOT:

A darkened room full of long haired, guitar playing, idle layabouts lounging in front of circular television screens showing the inside story of a rotary washing machine.

WHAT IT IS:

An organisation for handling action information, presenting it to the Command in order that tactical decisions can be made, and to Weapon users in order that the ship's armament can be utilised to the full.

WHO MANS IT:

R.P. ratings (i.e. the Flower Power XI and supporters), headed by that well known Irish Portland native- 'Knocker' Whyte. Other never-to-be-forgotten personalities include 'Father' Rowlands - the Reluctant One - who has fooled even the Flight Commander that all is well in the middle of the biggest shambles imaginable. 'Long Face' Lewis - lead guitar of the fab. Wild Angels - is equally famed for the luminosity of his long range lay-out. 'Clockwork' Drummond, the slack hammock shaker, has a reputation second only to Alvar Liddell. 'Roly-poly' Rawes, divisional nutty champion, is also a member of the trials team of a revolutionary new method of close air reporting invented in GURKHA. But the list is as endless as the personalities themselves.

There are also (it is rumoured) a couple of officers involved. R.P.'s Divisional Officer and Helicopter Controller is P. 'Confidential Book' Canter - "Black tie is the only rig

for an informal night flyex, men". The Pilot, big D and slave-driver-in-chief is P. 'Get- a-symbol-on-the-plot' McLaren (N.B. approach with caution during the morning watch and not at all before 0900 in harbour).

WHAT IT HAS DONE:

Briefly-everything that could be asked of it in a not uneventful commission. The A.I.O. provides a continuous service at sea and many are the strange problems that comes its way. For proof, ask the fixed wing controller who had to vector a British aircraft onto a submarine being hunted by an Iranian frigate under the orders of an American destroyer; all at night and with the helicopter airborne too. What does the mind do men?

It has also provided a non-stop stream of soccer, hockey, cricket, rugger and squash players; an apparently inexhaustible supply of pirates, disc jockeys, musicians and comedians; and a combined sense of humour (maybe its greatest asset) which has never yet run out.

WHERE IT IS GOING:

Unfortunately, all over the place in accordance with the fleeting (pardon the pun) whim of "Drafty", thereby splitting up the finest team of its kind afloat today. The writer would like to leave just this thought with those who have helped to make the A.I.O. such a 'swinging' concern: good luck, have fun, and spare a thought for the lads who next raise the cry 'AIO GURKHALI'.

4 Mess

Led by that dynamic duo, Lt. Cdr. Floyd and Lt. Hebbard, the 'greenies' have combated major crisis and troubles without so much as a 'sweat' (no sweat).

Consisting of approximately 40 members (no one has ever really counted them!) the greenies are responsible for all lighting, power, defaulters and home comforts enjoyed by the ship's company. Taking part in all competitions and events the greenies are the morale raisers of GURKHA.

Throughout the commission the greenies have had the good name of law abiding upstanding drunks. This fact was first realised in Portland, with the 'El Castile' providing the all-night entertainment. After the Portland activity, the division seemed to die out until GURKHA arrived in Simons Town, it was then that things began to improve! 20 defaulters during the nine day stopover was obviously an improvement!

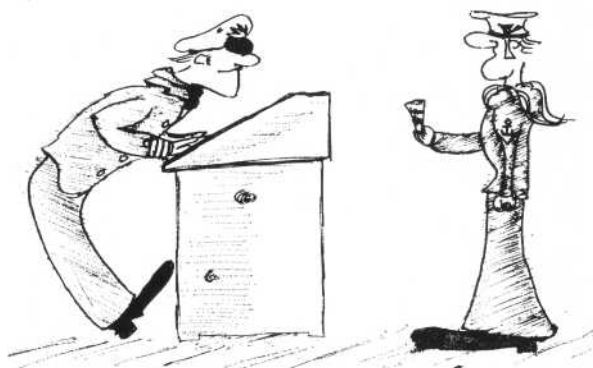
On leaving Simons Town the absence of two of the greeny 'lamp tramps' was noticed, they were to be returned to the ship at a later date disheartened, dis-illusioned and chokka. The ensuing sea time proved a welcome respite and enabled one and all to complete their punishment prior to the ship's arrival in Mombasa.

Mombasa must have been a cultural run, for on leaving, the ship was to witness a miracle, the miracle of the walking beer cases. The beer, together with numerous cases of orange juice, somehow managed to find their way to the greenies messdeck, whereupon they immediately stowed themselves away behind lockers, bunks, drawers, etc., only to be found by friend 'Jim' a few moments later.

Apart from all the bad things that were said about the greenies, they had their good points; 5 players in the Rugger Ist XV, Taff Moyle, Taff Powell, Taff Hackett, Taff Morgan and Jock Laing. Three greenies have swam for/from the

ship, Ted Heath, when he walked off the jetty at Portsmouth (wearing a new suit), Terry Frere dived off the Forecastle in Mombasa (he could never do anything right-he was rescued by Fred). Finally Ted Quarmby, he thought he was a 'chopper and flew off the flight deck.

The Dhofar Patrol proved another fling for the Green Empire for they were caught eating toast in the S.R.D.H. after 'pipe down'.



*and what do you give for a
can of beer and a slice of
toast, Sir?*

For the record, and it is believed to be one, here are a few statistics (awarded to the mess since commissioning):

Mulcts of Pay.....	£550-13-7
Fines	£35 - 0-0
No. 9's.....	273 days
No. 10's	361 days
No. 14's	38 days
Warrants	6
Dentention	130 days
Dis-rating	1
G.C. Badges lost	1

A few more statistics:

Three Weddings.	EM Powlton EM Moyle LREM Franklin
Two Daddies.	REM Atkins EM Moyle
Three 'new' greenies.	Enoch Powell Rob Powell Dusty Miller
Three old greenies left.	John Hudson Mick Kerr Jock Hackett

With 145 days to go, what will happen next?

R.A.F., P.V.C.A., G.P.

Hockey

The hockey team has, to the date of writing, produced a perfectly balanced overall result: winning 7, losing 7 and drawing 2 games. This does not however give a fair picture of the strength and enthusiasm of the *GURKHA* team, which has only been beaten twice by naval opponents-*H.M.S. CALEDONIA*, in the final of the Granton Cup, and *H.M.S. JUFAIR* in our first game in the Gulf.

With so many budding hockey stars around there has never been any difficulty in raising a team, though injuries, the vagaries of the drafting system, and the fact that most of the hockey enthusiasts played other sports as well, kept the team from being constant.

But regular stalwarts there were: the fearless RAWES, of pads and kickers, who has yet to stop the ball with his head but given time undoubtedly will; the back division of the imposing WHYTE and the lean and hungry TRAVIS; SMY, at steady speed, with steady play (until opponents foul); the 'S' twins on the right, SWINDELLS and SKINNER, the former frequently brandishing his stick like a claymore and striking fear into full back and umpire alike; on the left and centre THORNE and CANTER always searching for the ball for fresh sorties into the opposition's 25 and BROADLEY following the ball in, to get the goal that counts; and finally the bewhiskered, ubiquitous SCOTT, exhorting his team the umpire and himself, berating his opponents, the umpire and occasionally himself, and expressing satisfaction only when 10 goals in the lead.

Then there were the support troops for the aforementioned motley collection: RIDOUT the beard; BROWN the guitar; McLaren the Charthouse Keys; TREBBLE the plumber; EDWARDS the soccer; ROYLE the scribe; ASLETT the eye; HARDING; MURGATROYD; RHODES; MANDRY; McAULIFFE; CRABBE; SCOTT; GOTHARD; WOTHERSPOON; VERNEL; all of whom played and helped to keep the hockey team on its toes throughout the commission.

We enjoy our hockey and the commission hasn't finished yet. So we look forward to renewing acquaintance with opponents from the Gulf to South Africa on our way home, and sampling again the pre and postmatch hospitality of friends we've made.

P.	W.	L.	D.
16	7	7	2

J.S.

Cricket

After an inauspicious start: losing our first two games in Mombasa we are finally getting down to a steady and reliable team. To date we have unfortunately played only a further three games winning two and losing one, but we are keeping our fingers crossed that the opportunity will arise for many more before we arrive in U.K.

The team: Lt. Cdr. Scott, Lt. Canter, Lt. McLaren, Lt. Thorne, CPO Whyte, C.Y. Windsor, C.E.A. Mason, L.Sea Rust, L.Stwd. Adams, AB Tomkins, WTR Daniels, M(E) Ellerton.

J.S.

1st XV Rugby

1. The "Lurks" kicked off at the beginning of the season showing great promise. Three games were played, and won, before we sailed from UK on 24th July, 1967. Before sailing, we were to lose our No. 8 and pack leader AB "Slim" Maidment, who played for the RN in Scotland. There was a marked slackness in the play of the Forwards after he had left. On the field he drove the Forwards hard but no more than he drove himself, and many times filled in as a Three-quarter when we were short of backs.

Matches and scores before leaving UK

<i>GURKHA vs TARTAR</i>	Won 11-3
<i>GURKHA vs RECLAIM</i>	Won 43-0
<i>GURKHA vs TROUBRIDGE</i>	Won 36-10

2. We went down to the land of the "Springbok" for our next game, and suffered our first defeat to the OLYMPICS Club 18-3 (Try by "Buster" Crabbe). The Olympics certainly taught us a lesson in ball handling, and with their superior speed they were soon piling on the points. The game was played in a howling wind and driving rain, restricted to 15 minutes each way. We ultimately learned that the reason to play a shorter time was to allow us to test the local beer and to try out some excellent Welsh singing. Playing in the Centre for Olympics was a former Springbok Vice-Captain from the tour of Great Britain in 1961-62, Doug Hopwood, a big and very friendly chap. We played two games during our time in the Cape, the second being against SIMONSTOWN DOCKYARD VX, who beat us 12-5 (a try by "Mick" Kerr, converted by "Taff"

Jones). Before leaving Capetown, we were to lose our Skipper, Sub-Lieutenant Tony Thomson, who lead us at Scrum Half, and also our big Second Row Forward, Mid-shipman Chris Craddock, who was rarely beaten in the lineout, and who soon cleared a way to a loose ball. They both flew back to UK.

3. Before we had even reached the Gulf, we were set back by losing three of our key players, but there was no lack of support or spirit from the lads who were keen to play for the ship. Our next few games were played not only to win but also as trials to get our team up to scratch again.

4. "Taff" Jones took over as Team Captain (Scrum Half for RN Colts and Portsmouth Command 1966-67). Lieutenant Straw took over as Manager. Under the new management, our next game was against *CAVALIER* in Mombasa, and here we took our worst beating yet, going down 20-0. It was a hard game, and there was no lack of effort from the "Lurks", but superior fitness and the weight of the Cavaliers soon started to take its toll.

5. We had only the one game in Mombasa before moving on to Bahrain, where we found the opposition as hard as we had expected. Our first game was against *KINGS OWN BORDERERS*, who beat us 12-0. It was an excellent game with both sides throwing the ball about very well. We made their 25 on a few occasions, but we were soon sent back to whence we had come. A return match was played two days later, and we went down to them again 17-3 (Penalty goal by "Taff" Jones). Our next challenge came from *JUFAIR*, and we were very unfortunate by losing this match 6-5 (Penalty try awarded to "Smudge" Smith, converted by "Taff" Jones). We were holding them at 5-3 until just before full time when the ball was fumbled on our line, and *JUFAIR* quickly pounced on it to score. Our final and hardest game yet was against *RAF MUHARRAQ "B" XV*. A clean but hard fought game right to the final whistle, which we won 6-3 (Try and penalty goal by "Taff" Jones)

REGULAR TEAM (and appearances in brackets)

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 15. A.B. Kelly W.F. (5) | 8. E.M. Hackett (3) |
| 14. E.M. Powell (5) | 7. M.E. Lacey (7) |
| 13. E.M. Heath (6) | 6. L.S. Crabbe (10) |
| 12. R.E.M. Morgan (10) | 5. A.B. Hannah (5) |
| 11. A.B. Shapiro (10) | 4. E.M. Gregson (8) |
| 10. R.E.M. Smith (9) | 3. E.M. Moyle (10) |
| 9. L.M.E. Jones (9) | 2. L.E.M. Lang (10) |
| 1. A.B. May (6) | |

6. I would like to thank the following on behalf of myself and the rest of the regular team, for when we were in need we were never let down by them.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Lt. Straw (3) | M.E. Gerrard (3) |
| Lt. Ricketts (2) | O.R.D. Druckman (2) |
| A.B. Scott (1) | Lt. Canter (1) |
| E.M. Phillips (1) | R.E.M. Ely (1) |
| L.S. Swindells (1) | P.O. Edwards (2) |

P.O. Edwards left us to manage the Soccer Team, and LEM KERR (5) who before going on draft was our No. 1 hooker.

7. Thanks again lads for all your support and the effort put into the games that you have played. We are hoping for more games and good Rugby on our return journey.

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
14	6	7	1	140	123

TAFF JONES.
Team Captain

Backward Swimming

The ship started her commission with about 43 of her company who could only swim backwards, but thanks to the loan of *H.M.S. CALEDONIA'S* pool during our refit in Rosyth this number was very quickly reduced. On leaving Rosyth no instruction was to take place until we arrived in Mombasa where we were very kindly offered the use of the Mombasa Seamans Mission Pool. By the time the ship arrived in the Gulf there were only 6 of her company that could still swim in reverse and even these were to be reduced to 2 by the time the *JUFAIR* pool closed for repairs.

Water Polo

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
4	2	2	0	8	13

Soccer Ist XI

The ship's Soccer Team has achieved more than an average amount of success during the fifteen months of the commission. We have played several foreign warships notably the Dutch frigate *VAN SPIEJK* which ended with both games drawn. On leaving the U.K. we lost 3-1 to a very good 'Rooke' team. The team standard continued to improve and this was very noticeable by the 4-0 win over the 'Olympics' in Capetown.



- | | |
|-------------|---|
| Goal. | Jim Wallace |
| Full Backs. | Bob Pearson
Jock Boyd |
| Half Backs. | Sharky Ward
Ginge Jordon (Capt.)
Dave Aslett |
| Forwards. | Daisy Adams
Tom Moultrie
Bill Harrison
Scouse Craven
Phil Hampton |

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
32	13	13	6	92	79

L. R.O. M.J.

Jim's Journal

(Annotated Extracts)

- Aug. 30 '66 **Joined ship. Showed ID Card to Chief Cockroach, who was only man on deck. Ship like elephant-large, grey, dirty and squirting water over itself. Wrong; just raining. Crew live in dungeons of Floating Alcatraz called CHEVRON. They look boot. Will have to send them on courses.**
- Was it just the combination of cockroaches, corrosion, chipping hammers and CHEVRON that made British Rail so popular for 4 months?
- 14 Jan. '67 **Great day for Commissioning ESKIMO, but not this one. GURKHA Pipers so cold they turned green and played "Scotland the Grave" throughout. VIP stand heating no good; three 1st degree burns, no heat and bad smell. 7 crew dead of exposure; 4 frost bite. Bad week for recruiting.**
- Never, never, again ...
- 20 Jan. '67 **Rammed by bright-grey-painted, diesel-driven, variable-pitch -propellored, RFA-manned Boom Defence Vessel GARGANEY, leaving harbour backwards in darkness at 0645.**
- Well, we rendered a Report of Collision (Form 5.232) and got a kinky stern.
- 8 Feb. '67 **Rammed by bright-grey-painted, etc. GARGANEY leaving harbour backwards in darkness at 0645.**
- We copied S.232, and admired hole in spud locker.
- 11 Feb. '67 **Rammed by ancient waterboat FRESHMERE. Must be magnetic or something. Captain speechless.**
- Copied previous 232s and admired new fan intake system in after seamen's bathroom.
- 21 Feb. '67 **Pompey at last. Conducted at rest manoeuvres in Fountain Lake. Missed BELFAST; struck HARD Y's ensign; missed Royal Yacht; tried to reshape jetty bows first at high speed. Everybody speechless. Kinky bow to go with kinky stern.**
- A week in dock (just in case we'd forgotten how to walk to the shore heads) improved morale 100%.
- 7 Apr. '67 **Shakedown at Portland. Gunnery Officer joined Weymouth Women's Institute chain knitting club. New Captain ordered use of new Seamanship Manual. K2, P4 produced excellent cable stitch. New Sea Manual in disrepute.**
- Clearing this proved easy only to George Mason ...
- 8 Jun. '67 **Inspection Day. Flat calm, but Staff refused Action Mess tiddy oggies all the same. FOST and CST went to America to avoid inspecting Top Tribal. Can't think why. Most enjoyable day for all onboard except those who actually took part. We must try this more often.**
- That was Work-up, that was. Only bearable by the thought of leave to come.
- 24 July, '67 **Sailed for Middle East. Radar still dodgy; Suez Canal still dodgy. Morale of Ship's Company excellent - No Pompey native deserters. Chief Shipwright dripping about Marriage and Separation Allowance. Needs a Job Card to get married. Strong magnetic influence from South Africa affecting ship's polarity.**
- Some people thought it was good to get away from it all.
- 8 Aug. '67 **Entered Neptune's outfit. King was lean and royal, but Q. Amphitrite badly needed efficient corset. Another canvas job for CBM. Bears fierce and stank. All lubbers duly initiated with doggerel and dirty water.**
- Lucky Jim; I'll never be No. 1 agin for Neptune's day ...
- 23 Aug. '67 **Sailed Simons Town after 9-day visit. Black needle chipping gang scaled heights of ship husbandry. Chief Shipwright so impressed he forgot about Marriage Allowance. Behaviour of hands inversely proportional to consumption of Cape Brandy and amount of leave given. SA trains suddenly running late; odd. Hands quite unfit for Beira Patrol.**
- That was more what we joined for ...
- 29 Sept. '67 **Sailed Mombasa. Crew found it star attraction and not so black, as it has been painted. Hands distinctly unfit for Beira Patrol - again.**
- Some people lack stamina ...
- 20 Oct. '67 **CinC Far East Fleet has slipped. We got a night in harbour this month after all. Hands sad about loading spuds; wish they'd stop dripping about the weight and the weather. Never satisfied, as usual. Expected riot ashore non-starter. Crew obviously too tired after all those Murphies.**
- Shimanzi in the rain drove us all insane.

13 Nov. '67 Arrived Bahrain 5 months late. Last 10 days full of Persians and Yanks practising international relations on us. Exercise MIDLINK X or something. Signalmen grey and gibbering; they must have taken part. How unwise.

Alongside at last, 110 days out from Portsmouth.

8 Dec. '67 Salalah coast patrol. Captain received Somali Black-headed Sheep from dhow carrying 300 of same. "Over my dead body!", says I. Captain now arranging my funeral. Personal habits of gift leave much to be desired. Hercules' Augean Stable job tea-party by comparison.

You can't win all the time ...

25 Dec. '67 Christmas in Abadan; Sandstorm washed down with excess of beer. Considerable religious fervour after report of RCs run ashore. Captain survived messdeck rounds, just. Nobody has caught a shark yet, unless local taxi drivers qualify.

Too tired to write any more. Can't face 1968. Anyway, this Log & Prog doesn't have to be produced for Inspection so what's the point? Roll on 9th May ...

D.G.E.

By The Editor

I hope that in the years to come you will occasionally browse through this magazine and recall the commission you spent in H.M.S. GURKHA, remembering as you do so the close liason we enjoyed with the Gurkha Brigade.

I personally feel it was an honour to have served in GURKHA, but we were unfortunate in that we were not able to meet those cheerful and brave tribesmen from Nepal after whom our ship was named.

The article I have chosen to close this magazine exemplifies the spirit of the Gurkhas, some of which I sincerely hope is instilled in you.

AYO GURKHALI !

DAVID HARDING

Victoria Cross Citation

21148786, Lance Corporal RAMBAHADUR LIMBU,
10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles

On 21st November, 1965, in the Bau District of Sarawak, Lance Corporal RAMBAHADUR LIMBU was with his Company when they discovered and attacked a strong enemy force located in the Border area. The enemy were strongly entrenched in Platoon strength, on top of a sheer sided hill the only approach to which was along a knife edge ridge allowing only three men to move abreast. Leading his support group in the van of the attack he could see the nearest trench and in it a sentry manning a machine gun. Determined to gain first blood he inched himself forward until, still ten yards from the enemy, he was seen and the sentry opened fire, immediately wounding a man to his right. Rushing forward he reached the enemy trench in seconds and killed the sentry, thereby gaining for the attacking force a first but firm foothold on the objective. The enemy were now fully alerted and, from their positions in depth, brought down heavy automatic fire on the attacking force, concentrating this onto the area of the trench held alone by Lance Corporal RAMBAHADUR LIMBU.

Appreciating that he could not carry out his task of supporting his platoon from this position he courageously left the comparative safety of his trench and, with complete disregard for the hail of fire being directed at him, he got together and led his fire group to a better fire position some yards ahead. He now attempted to indicate his intentions to his Platoon Commander by shouting and hand signals but failing to do so in the deafening noise of exploding grenades and continuous automatic fire he again moved out into the open and reported personally, despite the extreme dangers of being hit by the fire not only from the enemy but by his comrades.

It was at the moment of reporting that he saw both men of his own group seriously wounded. Knowing that their only hope of survival was immediate first aid and that evacuation from their very exposed position so close to the enemy was vital he immediately commenced the first of his three supremely gallant attempts to rescue his comrades. Using what little ground cover he could find he crawled forward, in full view of at least two enemy machine gun posts who concentrated their fire on him and which, at this stage of the battle, could not be effectively subdued by the rest of his platoon. For three full minutes he continued to move forward but when almost able to touch the nearest casualty he was driven back by the accurate and intense weight of fire covering his line of approach. After a pause he again started to crawl forward but he soon realised that only speed would give him the cover which the ground could not.

Rushing forward, he hurled himself on the ground beside one of the wounded and calling for support from two light

machine guns which had now come up to his right in support, he picked up the man and carried him to safety out of the line of fire. Without hesitation he immediately returned to the top of the hill determined to complete his self imposed task of saving those for whom he felt personally responsible. It was now clear from the increased weight of fire being concentrated on the approaches to and in the immediate vicinity of the remaining casualty the enemy were doing all they could to prevent any further attempts at rescue. However, despite this, Lance Corporal RAMBAHADUR again moved out into the open for his final effort. In a series of short forward rushes, and once being pinned down for some minutes by the intense and accurate automatic fire which could be seen striking the ground all round him, he eventually reached the wounded man. Picking him up and unable to seek cover he carried him back as fast as he could through the hail of enemy bullets. It had taken twenty minutes to complete this gallant action and the events leading up to it. For all but a few seconds this gallant young Non-Commissioned Officer had been moving alone in full view of the enemy and under the continuous aimed fire of their automatic weapons. That he was able to achieve what he did against such overwhelming odds without being hit is miraculous. His outstanding personal bravery, selfless conduct, complete contempt of the enemy and determination to save the men of his fire group set an incomparable example and inspired all who saw him.

Finally rejoining his section on the left flank of the attack Lance Corporal RAMBAHADUR was able to recover the light machine gun abandoned by the wounded and with it won his revenge, initially giving support during the later stages of the prolonged assault and finally being responsible for killing four more enemy as they attempted to escape across the border. This hour long battle, which had throughout been fought at point blank range and with the utmost ferocity by both sides was finally won. At least twenty-four enemy are known to have died at a cost to the attacking force of three killed and two wounded. In scale and in achievement this engagement stands out as one of the first importance and there is no doubt that, but for the inspired conduct and example set by Lance Corporal RAMBAHADUR at the most vital stage of the battle, much less would have been achieved and greater casualties caused.

He displayed heroism, self-sacrifice and a devotion to duty and to his men of the very highest order. His actions on this day reached a zenith of determined, premeditated valour which must count amongst the most notable on record and is deserving of the greatest admiration and the highest praise.



A few of our 'pots'

Gale & Polden, Ltd., Portsmouth