

Plymouth is out to win you over this year.



BRILLIANT TEAM BEHIND
INTREPID'S TRIUMPH

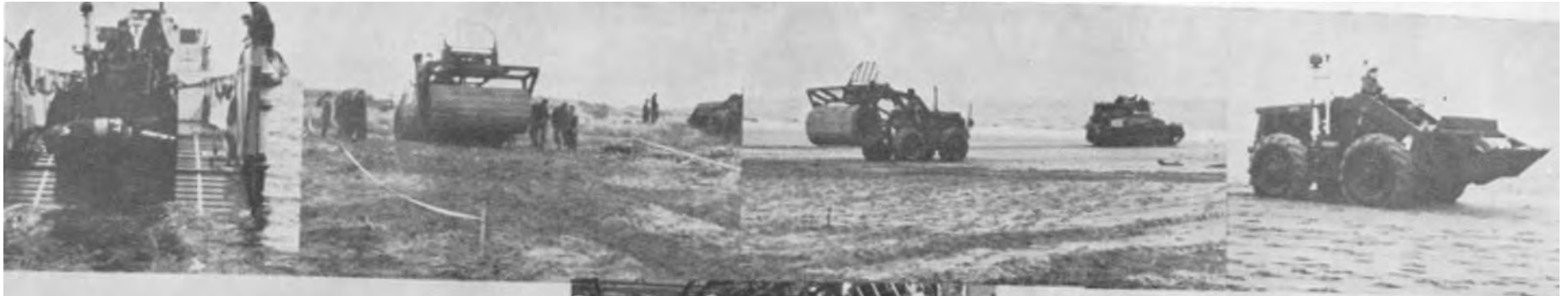


Who's in charge?



•• The Army gives a young man a chance to develop his potential.





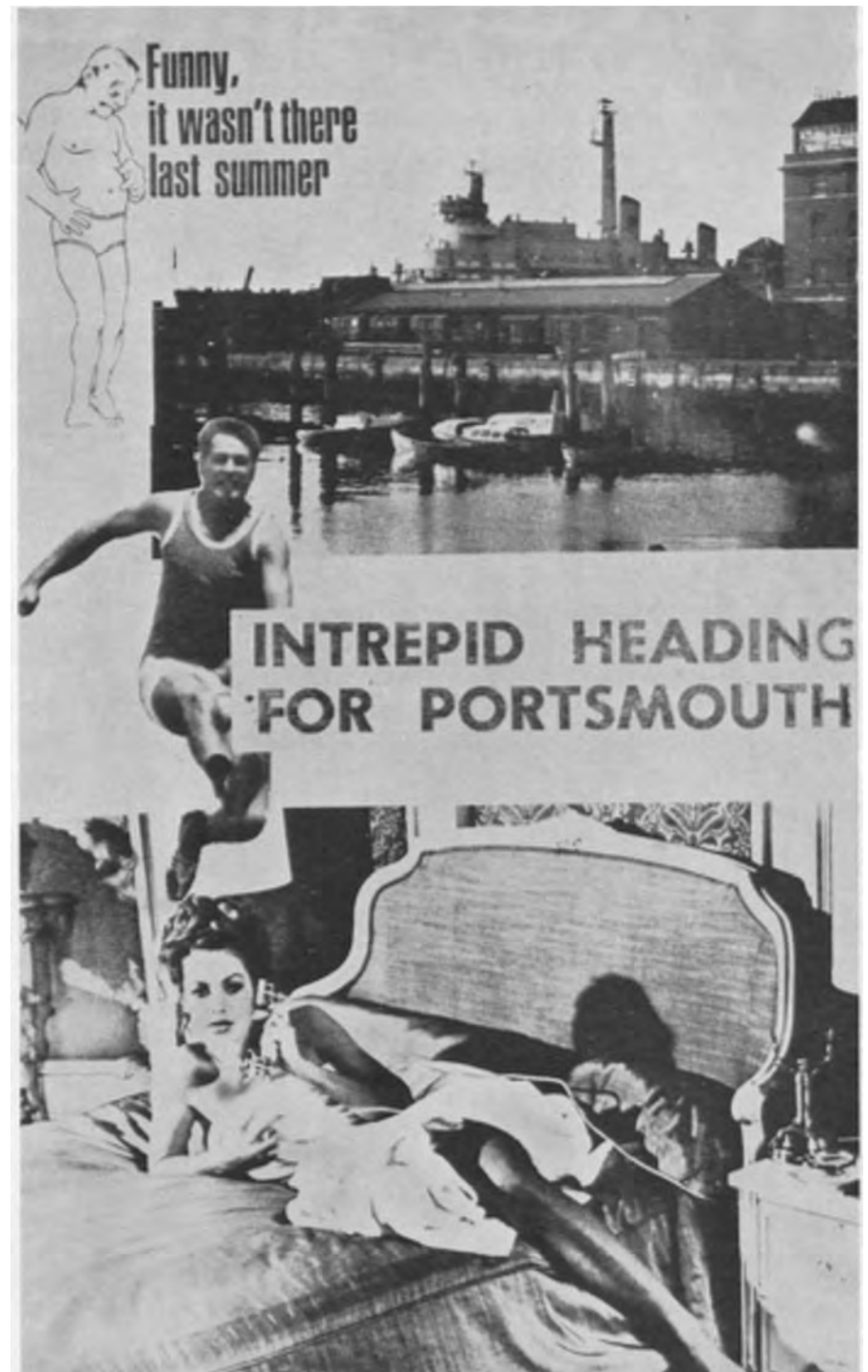
IT WORKS!



POMPEY OR RUST!

Exercise Laycock took us north to Barry Budden with an assortment of vehicles, guns and men to carry out our first real landing. The lessons we had learnt in Devonport stood us in good stead and the troops not only went ashore, but also came back again. So we sailed south, leaving only a kedgeree as a memento of our visit, and the North Sea provided us with the first example of how a soldier's appetite drops off when it begins to get rough.

Pompey natives could scarce believe their eyes when we secured alongside South Railway Jetty but a second look convinced them and they all disappeared over the side for a whole WEEK of living at home. At the moment of departure the Engineers struck again with a steam leak, questions were asked in the House and the 'Jinx Ship' epithet reappeared in the newspapers. But this time the cure was rapid and on October 19th we sailed, loaded with Christmas Mail, for the Far East.



CROSSING THE LINE

**THIS IS
ONE OF BRITAIN'S
FINEST TEAMS**



What a pair



**Who says
that swimming
pools are
expensive!...**



**A
national
disgrace?**



the most stimulating thing since bathing itself



FASTER SERVICES
to and from the
FAR EAST



**Seven days or more of
your favourite hobby**



**A thought
for next
winter**



**South Africa—
how to get
there and
other useful
facts**



ROUND THE CAPE

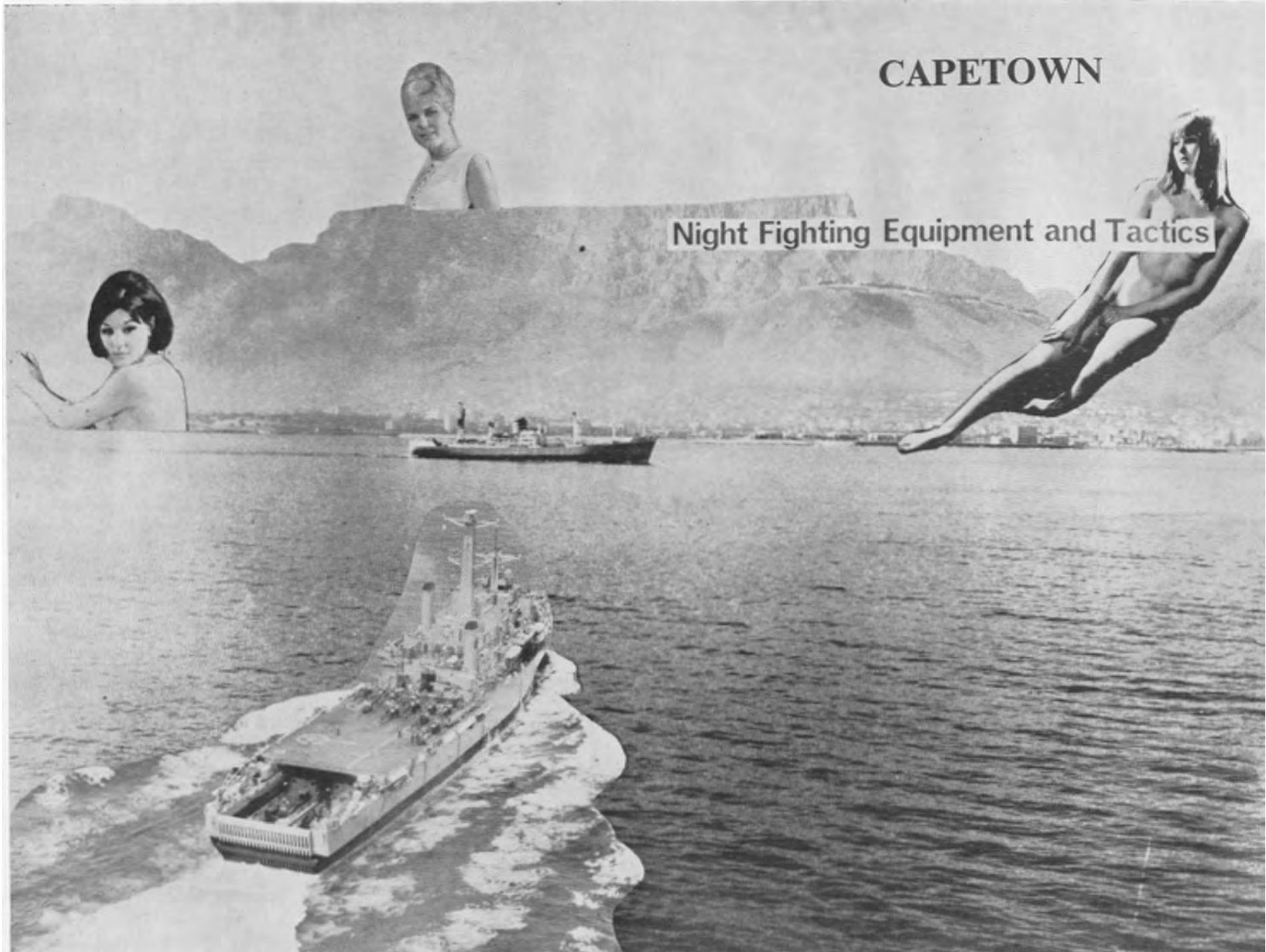
The reluctance to leave home meant that we had to sacrifice a visit to St. Helena so we ploughed steadily south first through a howling gale and then into the sunny tropics. Crossing the Line was observed with the customary displays of gentle persuasion but it wasn't all fun and games for we were preparing in earnest for Aden. The Intrepid Reporter and Hard Times launched its first vitriolic attack on the Establishment and Your Man In Intrepid emerged as a poor man's Alistair Cook.

Capetown came as a pleasant surprise to those who had not visited before and an enjoyable reassurance to the old hands. The Captain satisfied a pent-up desire to climb Table Mountain again and quite a few other urges were alleviated. In a series of sporting fixtures we lost at golf, rugby and cricket and in a lengthy competition against a combined team of Cape Brandy and Castle Lager the match was declared a draw after several Intrepid players had succumbed to their injuries.

And so, all too quickly, we were back at sea again for more mining on the way north and a quick wave to the Beira Patrol. On November 17th we arrived in Aden, much to the relief of our sister-ship. After a quick turnover, Fearless left for Durban and we were left holding the baby.

CAPETOWN

Night Fighting Equipment and Tactics



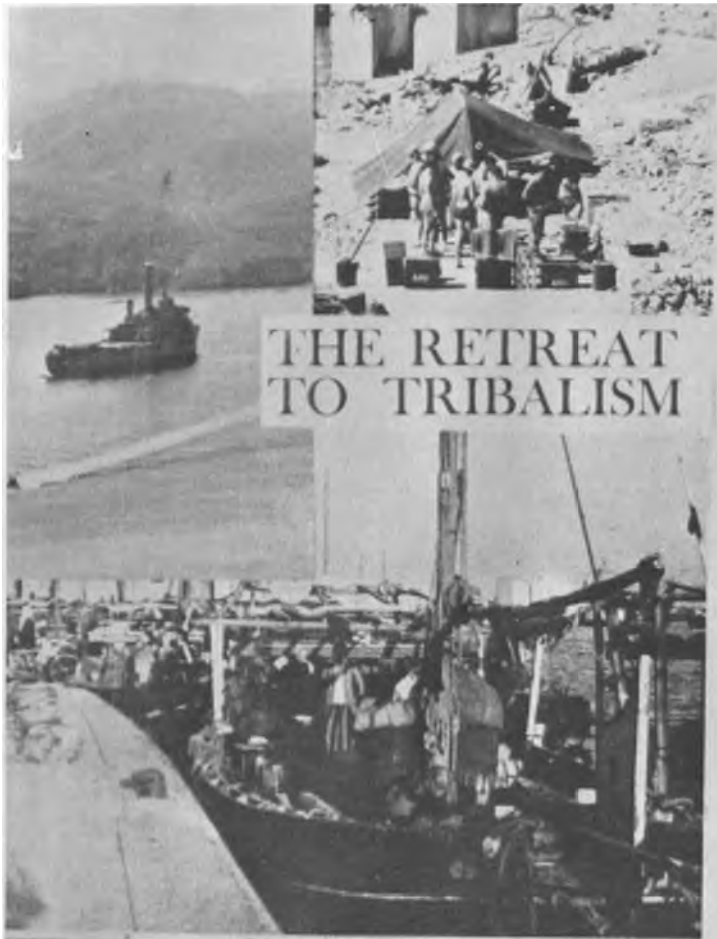




ADEN AND THE PERSIAN GULF

The withdrawal from Aden was busy but bloodless. Whilst the LCM's loaded the LSL's in the harbour we sat outside operating 78 Squadron RAF Wessexes and providing a communications link between Aden and the rest of the world. The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Michael Le Fanu flew himself to the deck, making an inscrutable mark on It's spot and later returned with Sir Humphrey Trevelyan to review the Fleet. The Christmas pudding was mixed by a high-powered team, we swam in the dock to the chagrin of the sharks and then left to deliver 7K Squadron and the Queen's Own Hussars to Sharjah.

Our first visit to the Persian Gulf was a short one with quick trips to Dubai and Bahrein, but after Christmas we came hack for a more prolonged stay including landings at Sohar and Yas Island. The second visit to Bahrein was cancelled because the BARV showed a marked reluctance to leave the soft sand of Yas but we did visit Abadan to show our paces to the Iranian Navy. A weekend at Khor Kuwai gave the field kitchen a chance to shine and everyone went on a ban yan in one of the most desolate sports on earth.



THE RETREAT TO TRIBALISM



What are all those Englishmen up to in Singapore?



DELICIOUS COLD COMFORTS

