



Roping Down Practice



*Capt. Goodhugh and Capt. Roskill
(Capt. of H.M.N.Z.S. Leander in 1943)*

*A memento of H.M.N.Z.S. Leander
presented by the Leander
Association in New Zealand*



*The Gunnery Division
run ashore in Hong Kong*



King Hussein and Princess Muna of Jordan



At Portland we had a torn back after a Damage Control exercise



The Captain celebrates his Silver Wedding at sea en route to Bermuda



*South China Sea Patterns.
Left to right: Kent. Arethusa,
Victorious, Leander (astern).
Hampshire. Cleopatra*

On the Quarterdeck

The story of a Quarterdeck Division.



In August 1965, there arrived in *LEANDER* a motley crowd of cloth-eared U.C.'s and ham-fisted U.W.'s. They came in all shapes and sizes, from all parts of the United Kingdom and from all sorts of quiet numbers.

The part-of-ship that they took over became their pride and joy, despite the fact that helicopters flew from it. Officers of the Watch blew soot all over it and the Engine Room Department and everyone else tried to stow their spare gear on it. If any piece of equipment arrived in the ship that didn't have an official stowage, it gradually made its way aft until it could go no further and found its final resting place, on the Quarterdeck.

As in all commissions, there are the good times and there are the bad times. Human nature being what it is, the bad times are soon forgotten and the good ones remain. Such as the time a certain group conducted the ceremony of sunset for the Royal Air Force at their station in Falmouth at 1400 on a Sunday. The ensign decorated the Projectile magazine for months afterwards.

It is understood that the record for the race from the top of the Mandarin Hotel to the top of the Hilton Hotel, gained by *LEANDER*'s quarterdeckmen in Hong Kong, stood until the management of both hotels discovered what was going on and put guards on their high speed lifts.

In spite of the soot, spare gear and helicopters, the Quarterdeck part-of-ship gleamed. *LEANDER* was the most efficient ship in the Far East Fleet. The submarines were detected and the mortar fired when we wanted it to, provided certain members of the crew remembered to close the breeches properly.

I enjoyed the trip, I hope you did!

P.C.M.

The Ship's Flight



Most of the ship's company appreciate the facilities of the helicopter when it is on board. It can transfer personnel and stores quicker than by jackstay, collect and despatch mail, aid in Search and Rescue, find lobster pots, drop depth charges and torpedoes and even collect absentees.



A check-up before flying stations

However, the amazing thing is that once the helicopter disembarks, it is assumed that the flight go on holiday and the aircraft goes into hibernation. This couldn't be further from the truth.

For example, when the ship arrived back in U.K. from the Far East in January 1967, the flight disembarked to Portland, which is the headquarters of

829 Squadron. There the aircraft was surveyed by a high-powered team from the Naval Air Maintenance Unit. No sooner had the modifications and repairs necessary been affected than the whole flight embarked in *H.M.S. Eskimo* for her work-up at Portland. We returned just in time for Easter leave.

Then off again to Biggin Hill for the Air Fair, back to Portland to help the Dutch 'Leander' *Van Speil*, with the training of her Wasp pilots and then to assist in *H.M.S. Undaunted's* work-up.

After helping the Headquarters with communication flights and then rejoining *LEANDER* at Portsmouth, we were off again to Lee-on-Solent Air Day. That left just time to change the main rotor gearbox before coming back to *LEANDER* in time to sail for the West Indies.

All the same, keep us flying - that's how we like it.

"Fill 'Er Up"

Scene: The forecourt of a garage, some miles north of Bluff, New Zealand.

Flight Commander: "Forty gallons of diesel, please".

Garage attendant, still recovering from the shock of a helicopter landing in front of his pumps: "Certainly, sir. It's 1/8d. a gallon, less 1 1/2d. a gallon road tax. I assume you don't intend to use it on the road?"

This actually happened when refuelling arrangements failed, after the Wasp had flown up-country on a deer-shooting expedition.

Top People



Dear Mum,

I know it's a long time since I last wrote, but I have only just got hold of our Captain of Top and he's the one with the pen. Now we're on the second leg of the commission. I thought I'd better let you know what's been happening. I didn't have time during our last leave and anyway why bother, because there will probably be a ship's magazine that you can read. It will be more accurate because one or two of our visits are a bit hazy, due to a variety of things.

When I joined the ship in 1965 it was in dockyard hands and looked as if it would never move, but in



Literally showing the flag in New Zealand

spite of all I did - it did! The Captain who joined with us seemed a very nice chap. At his first 'clear lower deck' he said we could wear any rig at sea as long as we were smart in harbour. None heard what the First Lieutenant said because there was a strong wind blowing at the time, but he obviously felt the cold because his face went all blue.

Things went quite well however and before we knew it, the Portland work-up was over and we were leaving for our East of Suez leg.

We've been to all sorts of places since I last wrote. Right through the Med in a week or so, then through the Canal to Jordan. I can't see why they're always fighting in that part of the world, unless they're fighting to give it away, which makes sense. Leading Seaman Baxter tried to help by taking some away hidden in his knee. It was only from a football pitch, but they caught up with him in Aden and made him give it back.

I've had several jobs since I've been on board. The first of these was Bosun's Mate which was very interesting, especially when I was detailed off as door-opener for King Hussein's car when he came to visit the ship. I'm glad it was only the British Ambassador's fingers I caught, it would have been embarrassing for everyone otherwise. My next job was part-of-ship under P.O. Brundell, who is an absolute scream. He kept me chuckling all day long and I know I must have pleased him because he recommended me for a job on the messdecks. P. O. Fitch refused, he said he wouldn't dream of taking one of the part-of-ship's assets.

We've had two Beira patrols with a spell in Mombasa in between. To break the monotony of long days at sea with nothing to do, they sometimes hold Damage

Control exercises. You probably won't know what this means, Mum, but everyone rushes around repairing damage which is beyond the control of an officer: everything is quite unrehearsed.

Before we sailed for the West Indies leg, A.B. Finch left us to join the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth for training as a helicopter pilot. Altogether 12 members of the division have been advanced in various ways. A.B. Long has passed for Leading Seaman and A.B.'s Myers, Keith-Hill and Pearson have all joined the Separation Allowance club and got married. I'm no longer a Junior, they made me an Ordinary Seaman because I reached the age of 17½. But as my D.O. pointed out, the credit for that goes to you and Dad. By the way Mum, what is a MORON?

We had marvellous visits to New Zealand, in spite of the daily chores, the main one being to decide which grippo to accept. One or two R.P.'s, who shall be nameless, found a way of having two running simultaneously.

We've taken part in lots of exercises of course and never failed to gain a mention (take that which way you like), and it's all been valuable experience. I wanted to do an R.P. 2 course, but my D.O. says he's only waiting for me to return all the Ops. Room pencils before recommending me for Seaman Gunner. He said once I'd been transferred it would be the equivalent of the R.P. branch gaining three. I don't get it!

Well Mum, it won't be long now before I see you. I must go now and borrow a tin of milk before I go on watch, I'm duty kye-wetter tonight.

Love from your kid,

SID.

The Likely Lads (Communicators)



"Write an article for the magazine", says the man. Well, who am I to argue? If the Editor wants an article he can have one.

As a 'sprog' Communications Officer I joined *LEANDER* in March '67 and on seeing the division I thought to myself, "these boys have potential". For what I didn't know, but I was later to find out. After

the usual dockyard nausea and a few trials, this fine body of men began to show their paces. This was no ordinary set of men, they were versatile. From mops to morse and flats to flashing, nothing was too much for them. I could see them scurrying from office to office and sometimes I would see a sparkler actually on the upper deck. He was obviously lost!

Since I've been in *LEANDER* we haven't done any big exercises, but what we have done has been done with communications commitments always in hand. The Senior Rates in charge of the departments have carried out a continuous training programme and operating standards have been high.

We have a few individuals who stick out from the rest. 'Long John' Hill, who also fills a post as Education Officer's assistant, always looks as if he has just got up. He usually has L.R.O. Owen has been added to the ship's structural drawings as a permanent fixture. He's been on board almost four years. Won't somebody take him - please? Then there is L.R.O. Anderson, he's a tactical operator. He uses his tactical knowledge ashore to great advantage and often talks his way into some interesting situations. Smooth man! That's tactics for you. I guess I could go on and mention something about everybody but then that would take up a few pages and the magazine price would go up. I can't afford it.

To sum up, I think I've missed a good commission, having joined for the last six months of a two and a half year stretch. Of course there is no reason why the next commission cannot be as successful as this has been, I'm sure it will be. To those communicators setting out for another draft I say - good luck, keep up the standards and maintain a sense of humour.

Blimey, I forgot the Navigating Officer. He in fact was the Communications Officer until I came along and mucked him up. I might add he did a good job. He navigates well too!

S.C.O.

The Gunnery Story



The Gunnery teams gathered together for the first time at H.M.S. Cambridge in July 1965. Although not complete, it was nevertheless a useful gathering, if only so that those of us who were there could have a look at each other.

We started off with a bang in January of the following year, with our work-up at Portland, although we in no way distinguished ourselves, we moulded together into a useful team. The Gunners won the cake twice for the best kept mess, the turrets crew pushed up and up the rate of fire and an *esprit de corps* was established to stand us in good stead in the months to follow.

The early months of the Far East leg saw very little gunnery activity, but the division led the field in such things as Village Maidens, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, banyanning and the noble art of fisticuffs.

Following an A.M.P. in Singapore, the gunnery world really came to life. Two very good bombardment runs on the range at Puala Aur were followed by a series of A.A. shoots off Subic Bay - where the Yanks got fed up playing Aunt Sally. They couldn't put the sleeves up fast enough for us to shoot them down: there was much champing at the bit in the turret while waiting for the aircraft to stream a further target, accompanied by a few caustic Scots comments from Lieut. Martindale in the T.S.

On a visit to Hong Kong after this very successful period, the Gunnery division, together with the main-tainers, gathered together for a dinner in the China Fleet Club. The First Lieutenant, a gunner who had thrown away his gaiters in favour of wires and fenders, came along as guest of honour. We warmed up with a hectic hour in the bowling alley, had an excellent dinner, watched a cabaret which would not have been out of place on the stage of the London Palladium and the First lieutenant then demonstrated his eagerness to come back to the fold by leading us in a SOD's opera.

The latter part of the Far East leg was something of an anti-climax. Although Exercise 'Swordhilt' included a fair amount of gunnery we didn't have the opportunity to ram home our ability.

The present leg of the commission has been a bit of a disappointment as little or no gunnery has taken place. The Bermudian Government asked us to sink a tug named 'Justice' for them and this we undertook, but 'Justice' proved to be an expensive business. Twenty nine rounds of 4.5" and sixty one rounds of Bofor were expended before 'Justice' reached a conclusion.

The Mechanical Engineers



As the department involved in the boiler-cleaning, economiser replacement saga, we have found difficulty in getting time to write an article for the magazine. To soften the blow a little, reproduced below is a photograph of what we do when it works.



Hutch on watch!

The Electrical Engineers



"What's he doing in there."



Supply and Secretariat Division



I thought this would be rather like writing a report on one's house activities at school. However, after my thirtieth attempt I was beginning to become disillusioned; on my fiftieth, I knew it was downright impossible. This short article is, therefore, the impossible.

For what is there to write about in the S. & S. Division? We are such a conglomeration of species,

scattered round the various messes in the ship - Writers, Stores Accountants of two specialisations (are there more?), Caterer, Cook (S) and (O), Stewards; and of course there are our three stalwart Able Seamen and our close affiliation with the N.A.A.F.I. A 'Clear Lower Deck of the S. & S. Division' really does produce the most startling result.

I could quote facts and figures, like how many chips have been chipped, how many miles of bangers have been chewed, how much money has been dished out through the good offices of a grateful Treasury, but this has been dealt with elsewhere -- thank goodness. I could talk about our sporting activities, but we have rarely played as a division and have always lent our 'Star' performers to the ship's teams, where they have acquitted themselves well.

Therefore, I can but say what I think of us lot. Whatever anyone else feels (and I don't want to hear him if he disagrees), the boss has been very proud of his Division and has had every right to be so. It is rarely in the limelight, but it has got on with its multitudinous tasks cheerfully and has invariably risen to every occasion. We have our 'characters', we have had our ups and downs, but they have been mostly ups. What more can one ask?

Here endeth the impossible.

Boxing

After many months of hard training, and I mean hard training, we had a go. Under the supervision of our slave master, P.O. P.T.I. Kirk, who tried to convince us that there's no pleasure without pain, we lost pounds and even stones. Slowly our bodies became fit and swift enough to at least climb those steps into the lonely ring.

O.K. so we lost a few bouts, but don't forget we won a few too! In Hong Kong, at Kowloon, some of the team had a warm-up, prior to the Far East championships in Singapore. It wasn't a really brilliant performance, but at least they had a go.

L.Cook Davidson, or "Old lock", showed off his experience by flooring his opponent in the second round with one almighty left hook; unfortunately the other members of our team, whilst putting up a good show, just couldn't overcome their lack of experience for that season and inevitably lost.

So its back to more training and less drinking, and there we were in Singapore! Christmas time too, so for presents we all get a few aches and pains, but self satisfaction together with a few pints of Tiger can overcome any physical upset.

However, after a hard struggle and some really hard, good and tough bouts, our team of ten was whittled down to three for the championship semi-finals. That's a good show too, especially when you're up against

the numbers entered by ships like *Victorious*, the Marines from *Bulwark* and the D.L.G.'s and other ships in the Far East Fleet. And us only a frigate too!

So one very warm but pleasant evening in *H.M.S. Terror*, under those blazing ring lights, the final took place.

A.B. Hatch, I'm afraid, got such a crack on his rather vulnerable 'ooter, off a rather wild opponent, that his bout had to be stopped. But his attempt was splendid.

My bout, a little later on, was also a loser, on points.

But our gallant, scrawny little bantamweight, A.B. Barham, after winning his quarter-final bout, got a bye to the final. There he really did put up a good show, only to lose on points. Nevertheless, he got a prize, *LEANDER* got a cup to hold jointly with *Hampshire* as the best small ship's contenders and the boxing team think 'Clubs' deserves a lot of credit.

DO YOU WANT TO ARGUE?

The following represented the ship:

A.B. Hatch	A.B. Webb
A.B. Barham	L.Ck. Davidson.
A.B. Hardstaff	R.O.3 Mullen
A.B. Shepherd	M(E) Fowler
A.B. White	M(E) Greeley
Trainer —	P.O. Kirk
Second —	L.S. Nisbet.

'SPIDER'.

Rugby



France the champions, England fail to win the Triple Crown, a shared County Championship Cup, the coming of the All-Blacks and *LEANDER's* record of 13 wins out of 21 games, can only describe a power-packed and successful rugby season.

The team's best potential and greatest successes were achieved during the cricket season in Singapore. It was here that in a period of two months we played eight games and lost only once. A high standard of rugby was maintained on hard, fast pitches, in high temperatures and we defeated high-powered teams such as the 18th Signal Regiment, 42 Commando and won the Small Ships' Rugby Cup. Indeed our only defeat was a very hard game against the experts of this sport, a New Zealand XV.

Our standard declined on leaving Singapore since our next game was some four months later, and despite expert instruction from Lieutenant Commander Robertson, training opportunities were limited and it was obvious that fitness and teamwork had deteriorated. The success of the season has not been entirely due to 'winning runs'. The entire ship's company supported us admirably throughout the Far East leg of the commission. And off the field, notably in the Armada Club, we proved faster drinkers and better singers than our opponents (although as an Englishman I think we sang too many Welsh songs).

Personalities

P.O. Kirk (Captain) - An enthusiast both on and off the pitch, who saved us many times with excellent positioning and safe catching.

P.O. Phillips, M(E) 1 Puttock - (Wing three quarters)- Two very improved players, whose attacking and defensive play, although sometimes lacking sparkle, was hard and fast.

W.Mech. Balls, R.O.2 Macmillan, P.O. Lewis-(Centre three quarters) - Very sound in the tackle and hard running. all three have developed into good centres.

LM(E) Insall, A.B. Fletcher-(Stand off and Scrum half)- When they play, together they are devastating and many of *LEANDER's* tries have resulted from the anticipation of Fletcher and the jinking runs of Insall.

R.S. Brownstone, A.B. Webb. M(E)l Tovey-(Front row)-Although lacking in size and, at first, knowledge of the teamwork required by a front row, the above trio have developed into a compact and very capable front row.

MT3 Shone, A.B. Miller, A.B. Reader- (Lock forwards)-Well look at them, all 6 feet 3 inches or more and 15 stone plus. Miller and Shone have been the main partnership with Reader going into the back row.

A.B. Thomas, S.Lt. Knight, Lt.-Cdr. Robertson-(Back row)-Lt.-Cdr. Robertson retired during the season, but has contributed greatly to the team's knowledge of the game and his experience on the field has been of enormous value. Thomas, despite looking overweight, developed into a fast running attacking flanker: whose full capability has yet to be realised. S.Lt. Knight wrote this and has no comment to make at this stage.

L.Wtr. Glazebrook-He played very regularly for the team in almost every position and has been the utility rugby man in the side.

C.P.O. Hayward-Ran the touch, sang the songs and tried to drink all the beer.

Finally, in view of the above flowing critique, one may ask why we did not have a 100% record. We certainly had excellent support, encouragement and coaching, but one has to be fit and train regularly to achieve complete success. Indeed, to steal a quote from Michael Green, the *LEANDER XV* can be described as the coarse sportsmen. Namely, those who are given a grant from the Nuffield Trust for sport and spend it on extending the bar.

Soccer

Soccer was played at a variety of places en route to the Far East. Amongst them were Gibraltar, Aqaba and Amman in Jordan, Yenbo in Saudi Arabia, Mombasa and Gan.

The team lost our first game in Singapore, against *Ajax*, then settled down and remained unbeaten over the next five games. The peak of the team's success was reaching the third round of the Fleet Soccer Cup. Unfortunately we had to drop out of the competition at that stage, because of the ship's departure for U.K.

Very little first team soccer has been played since then. A game was played at Freeport in the Bahamas, in which we were beaten 3-2, and we defeated *H.M.S. Torquay* 8-2 at Plymouth.

We shall be losing four players in the first phase changeover, but we will still have the basis of a good team until the second phase join us in January 1968.

Other Sports

Unfortunately, lack of space prevents a summary of all the different sports in which the ship took part. They included golf, volleyball, basketball, cricket, hockey, water-polo and cross-country running.

Everyone who participated acquitted themselves well, there was certainly never a lack of volunteers for any particular sport.

Blowing our own Trumpet

Some signals sent and received during commission

Visit to Aqaba.

From *Leander* to M.O.D. (Navy).

=H.M. King Hussein and Princess Muna and other members of the Royal Family visited *Leander* today and honoured the C-in-C by lunching with him on board. H.M. the King departed after being shown round the ship.=

From Naval Attache Amman to C-in-C Med. Info *Leander*. =Following from Ambassador.

My congratulations and sincere thanks to all in your flagship for the highly efficient and warm-hearted reception of H.M. King Hussein which has helped to consolidate the excellent relationship existing between the two countries.=

(Note-This visit was BEFORE the Arab-Israeli war).

From C-in-C Med to *Leander*.

=Thank you for doing a first rate job. I have been very proud to fly my flag in such a smart ship with a fine spirit on board. With such teamwork you will go from strength to strength and I wish you all the best of luck wherever you go.=

Visit to Yenbo, Saudi Arabia.

From *Leander* to M.O.D. (Navy).

=From Defence Attache Jeddah on board. Whole visit greatest success and much cordiality/ hospitality both sides. Emir's trip in helo one of many successes.=

After giving medical aid to Greek tanker during Beira patrol.

From Motor Tanker *Delian Spirit* to *Leander*.

=For Captain, officers and crew of *Leander* and your escort tanker. Many thanks for the really good assistance= Master, officers and crew of *Delian Spirit*.

From F.O.M.E. to *Mohawk, Leander, Tidepool*.

=If patient survives it will be thanks to your prompt initiative and common sense.

2. Bravo Zulu.=

(Note-The patient did survive).

After second Beira patrol.

From F.O.M.E. to *Leander*.

=You and your men have done two long hard spells on patrol without much in the way of public recognition. Nevertheless *Delian Spirit* and *Astrolabe* are outstanding among the feathers tucked into your cap ribbon.=

On *Delight's* departure from Exercise 'Dragonfly' to U.K. via Singapore.

From *Leander* to *Delight*.

=Oh, what a very tearful sight

To see the last of old *Delight*

But you must go to Singapore

And we must off to Hong Kong roar.

Last of us out but first one back

It leaves us feeling like poor Jack.

For us the prospect's far from bright

But you can say "Well, I'm all right".

But when you get back home to Guzz.

Just start to spread this little buzz.

That though to you the fates are kind

Leander is not far behind.=

From *Delight* to *Leander*.

=How oft we meander with good *Leander*

Though ancient and modern it's true

Like father and son

We've both sure had fun

And good runs ashore are too few.

But now as we sail with no Wasp to bring mail
In our hearts a feeling quite blue.

We have to confess, though our heading is west,

We'd like to go 'down under too.=

Exchange of signals with R.F.A. *Olynthus* after a R.A.S.

Leander-195 tons F.F.O. received.

Olynthus- My figure 150 tons - please confirm.

Leander- I still make it 195, this is rather a large discrepancy.

Olynthus- My final figure, carefully calculated, is 150 tons.

Leander- Will have to accept 150 tons but it makes life very difficult for us.

Olynthus- I am sorry but I have been too nice for too long.

End of conversation.

Leaving the Fleet to proceed to Singapore Naval Base.
From *Leander* to F.O.2. F.E.F.

=On the sixth day of December my ship's log said to me,

One Dragonfly

One Minisail

One Stormcloud

One Swordhilt

One Candywrap

One hundredth R.A.S., and now twelve hours to the S.N.B.

2. The five ship R.A.S. was our ton-up for 1966.=

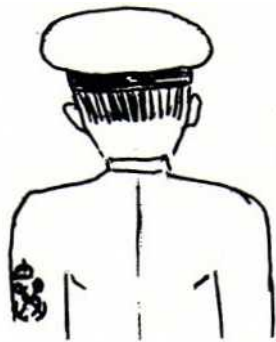
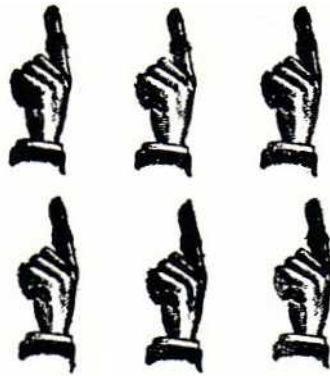
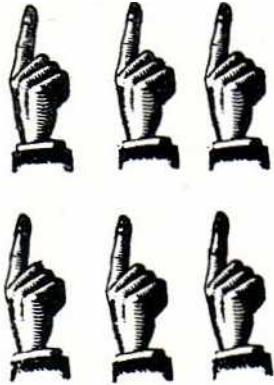
After sinking the tug "Justice" off Bermuda.

From *Leander* to S.N.O.W.I.

=Justice has been done. Not only done but seen to be done in position 32° 13'.2N 64° 39'.5W.

2. There ain't no Justice anymore. Requiescat in Pace. =

Useless Information



BOTH WATCHES
OF THE HANDS
ATTENN-SHUN!