

I am sure, after my time in this ship, that if we visit West Africa our ship's company will learn Swahili overnight, or a trip to Latvia would produce 450 learned Latvian linguists within 48 hours. If ever Mr. Harold Wilson should need detailed negotiations carried out in Moscow, Paris or elsewhere, and he runs short of qualified interpreters, then let him send for half a dozen *Londoners*. He may not get the desired agreement but I'd lay ten to one that, instead of being on the brink of war, he would end up shattered at a bottle party in the Kremlin with all the Ruskis saying what fine ambassadors he had brought with him.

## Exped —circa 1965

by MIDSHIPMAN CLAYDEN

And it came to pass on the day that is sacred to boxers, Fowermatlots did mount chariots of strange nature, being liken unto that which is called Byecycle. Verily, the Matlots were truly laden !

Even as they did pass through a place known unto others as Simons-town, the inhabitants, Yarpies thereof, did marvel and speak amongst themselves saying, 'Surely these must be of the tribe of Maddogsndenglishmen who are wont to be abroad in middayson.'

Yea, the sun did yet wax high in the heavens and the mitypedlors were soresunburnt. As they came unto a place wherein great many wilbeasts were abound, girding up their loins they did byecycle with great haste unto Capepoint. And lo, afar off, they did see a hut liken unto an Nuttishop ; great was the rejoicing thereof.

Having thus been truly refreshed, Fowermatlots did pass by that place and behold it came to pass that they did come unto an mountain of great stature, measuring many cubits, that is called Chapmanspeak.

Whereupon they did call a covenant among themselves and resolved to climb it thereof, one of the fower that was an Rohto did say unto the Myddie, 'Verily, shaveoff !'

The Myddie said unto him, 'I say unto you, think ye not of thy soreposterior, but yea, even only of thy pakitlunch with corndogsanis.'

Lo, Fowermatlots encompassed about an Tablemount that is nigh unto the walled city that is called Capetown and came to rest. It was even two days and an night afore they came unto an vessel of immense stature for the purpose of waginwar with Seaslugncat.

And the leader amongst the elders of the tribe of Matlots did say unto them that stood nearby, 'Yea, these men did travel to uttermost corners of this land that is known unto many as Capepeninsular.'

Verily did he proclaim it unto his tribe as a mighty Exped !

## Exped Activity and Inactivity

(Otherwise known as Inward Bounding)

Exped parties have been landed in no less than eight different places in four continents during the Commission. So far, most of them have returned. Much wild life has been sighted at various times, mostly provided by the Exped parties themselves, although in Punta del Este some domestic cattle are reported to have been seen. Judging by the amount of steak that the ship embarked at that place, this report now has a ring of untruth.

Bermuda, Peru and Chile were each subjected to the ravages of exped parties and in all of these countries the Foreign Office report that country life is now getting back to normal and the political situation has begun to recover from the disruption. We visited two places in Chile, Valparaiso and Punta Arenas, and we were able to send parties ashore at both places. Although Punta Arenas was the more Chile of the two, it proved to be just what was required to stir the Exped instincts. Lieutenant Noakes, champion of the Judo mat, led a party camping whilst we were visiting this run-down trading outpost of the South. He piped 'Hands to Bathe' in one of the coldest streams on record and rapidly fell to the bottom of the popularity poll and the stream! Other stalwarts rode around on horses turning top heavy sheep the right way up—what the R.S.P.C.A. know as a good turn.

Punta del Este is now, of course, famous as the probable lurking place of the Great Mail Train Robbers. Millionaires are also reputed to lurk there although none was sighted or strangled. It proved to be a very deceptive place. The Exped Party rushed ashore having feasted their eyes on the golden beaches and palm trees. Once ashore and having passed through the town area, English style countryside opened up before their eyes and English style rain poured down on their heads. A damp night was spent in a field that was full of glow worms—a sight never to be forgotten, especially by the glow worms. During that night the ship put to sea because of the weather. The Expedders were then caught up in a whirl of events and before they knew where they were, were enjoying delicious, grilled sheep's entrails at the plush Country Club. That afternoon the ship returned and shattered the visions of having to travel by air or overland to Rio!

The hospitality of South Africa was so great that Expedding was nearly crowded out, but not quite. Two parties are known to have returned and it is thought that a similar number set out. Baboons were everywhere. One party met a couple of snakes but they were not interested in such lumpy food. Thus the Cape Peninsula was explored on foot and by bicycle.

So far, parties had trekked across dry dusty plains, surmounted rugged towering peaks, lain on beaches, swum in icy rivers, fought their way through jungles; were not people satisfied with this variety? Midshipman Howard and O.A. Gay evidently were not. Not for them the towering peaks, the icy streams, the jungle and plains. They and their party required moisture—and lots of it. Port Swettenham provided the conditions for which they had been waiting. The moment the ship arrived, nothing could hold them. They plunged out of civilisation's reach into the wettest area in Malaya, and there they camped. Rain, rain and torrential rain soused them and their belongings—this was what they had been waiting for. And if this was not enough, they had a nearby waterfall to provide total and complete satisfaction.

This is the end of the saga . . . or is it? Perhaps as a result of all these whetted appetites, new images of Christopher Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Magellan, Drake, Polo, Livingstone and Dr. Moore will arise to put new places on the map and take off other places ! Who knows?

## The Trail Blazers

Quiet nonchalantly and without the slightest trace of exhibitionism, the bar girl lifted the metal tops off the Tiger bottles with her teeth. Her imperturbable Oriental eyes surveyed the fine body of men, who for the second time in three weeks had taken over the best bar in Kota Tinggi. They were hardbitten men—mosquitoes and sandflies abound in Jason Bay—but they were sunburned and cheerful and they flattered her outrageously. They were different. They were the second Jason Bay S. and S. EXPED party.

On Saturday, 22nd May 1965, the first party had left London in the Singapore Naval Base and set out for the wild beauty of Jason Bay seventy miles up the East coast of Malaya. They were the trail blazers. Dressed in Jungle Greens, armed with parangs, paludrin and snake-bite kits, they were ready for anything. But they were not quite sure what to expect. There had been talk of Tigers—real Tigers and not the sort which come in bottles.

As the lorry hiccupped along the last few yards of track leading to the huge crescent of beach at Jason Bay, a decrepit native with a splay of gold teeth swung into hot pursuit. He drove an ancient motor bike with a large red box perched crazily on behind. As the lorry stopped at the chosen camping site, the native figure rang savagely on a handbell and screamed 'Ice Cleem ! Lollypos ! . . . Coco Cola!'

The first party wasted little time in erecting their tents and unpacking the rucksacks. Soon the camp took on an air of comfort and familiarity. Everyone relaxed. Meals were all variations of a delicious stew, made apparently by the simple expedient of selecting two dozen cans at random and emptying them into the frying tray which sizzled on a roaring wood fire. Tropical rainstorms on both afternoons of the weekend did little to damp the enthusiasm. There was plenty to do. The daylight hours were whiled away in a carefree manner, swimming, fishing, crabcatching, walking, football, or just sunbathing. Cook Doble, having tangled with a jelly fish, also came off worst in an encounter with a savage tropical fish fully one and a quarter inches long. The Canteen Manager craftily occupied himself building a leafy bower over his tent, while he muttered darkly about cloudbursts and Tigers. Stewards Goodinson and Wilkes (local acting Doc.) built themselves a thatched standeasy shelter. (No comment.)

After dark on Saturday, during the traditional campfire sing session, Cook Hogan entertained the company with a display of fire dancing, which he will long remember. Later that night L/Wtr. Lowe and L/SA Smallwood were surrounded and chased screaming up the beach by a horde of malevolent sea crabs. L/Stwd. Douglas was bitten by a centipede which died to regret its actions. In the small hours of the morning, thought of Tigers made the hairs on the back of the D.S.O.'s neck creep when he heard padding feet and snuffling round the tents. The visitors turned out to be the duty watch of wild dogs who cleaned up the mess traps round the fire.

On Sunday a huge swarm of wild bees entertained a somewhat apprehensive captive audience to a display of basic aerobatics and a mass landing in a nearby tree. Doble again provided the day's talking point by capturing alive a brilliantly covered evil looking snake. This was later positively identified by various 'experts' as being anything from the deadly Krate to a harmless tree snake. It was, even in death, treated with a healthy respect by everyone. The D.S.O. led half the party on a short foray into the jungle, which revealed nothing more startling than some huge ants fully an inch long. On Sunday night fourteen happy men arrived back in the ship. You had better ask the D.S. O. how they managed to miss the only Bar in Kota Tinggi.

# The G.I.s Story

by PETTY OFFICER LARDER

A guided missile destroyer had recently commissioned, and the ship's company were taking a look at their new home. Among the sightseers was A.B. Serge, a suitable name for him as he was an old sailor of eighteen months standing and knew his Q.R. and A.I.s. During his tour of inspection he entered the galley and after discussions on the merit of all-electric cooking he remarked on its safety in a seaway and that the Chief Cook would never burn himself. He also saw the Jackson Boilers, the use for which it was claimed was to produce iced water in the Tropics. Then there was the bin used for mixing two of sand and one of cement for breadmaking, and he was overjoyed to hear that biscuits after three days out were a thing of the past.

Eventually the ship sailed. One morning, our hero, coming off a hard morning watch, rubbing sleep out of his eyes, stumbled down to breakfast to find on the table in place of beautiful golden bread, mere pussers hard biscuits. In a blind fury he rushed to the galley to complain to the Chief Cook who promptly told him that the Admiralty had forgotten to send any yeast and there was nothing he could do about it.

Hunger got the better of the A.B. and soon he sat down to munch a biscuit. With the look of a martyr he snapped the biscuit in his fingers and immediately gasped. Out dropped two weevils. Sweeping them into a matchbox, he rushed to the Regulating Office to see the Captain to state a complaint.

After going through the usual channels he eventually stood in front of the Captain and with a constant repetition of 'Well, sir, it's like this, sir,' he stated his complaint—

- a. Biscuits instead of bread, and
- b. Biscuits full of weevils.

The Captain, knowing his man, asked him if he had any proof to substantiate his statement. This was our hero's moment. With a flourish he opened the matchbox and out popped the two weevils onto the desk.

The Captain glanced quickly through the A.B.'s papers, then looking up and beaming brightly he announced— 'Fourteen days Number 9s, for harbouring pets without my permission !'

# May I Quote ?

'... the ship will roll no more.'

'Hands to wave'.

'The wet paint on the flight deck is wet'.

'Give that man a coconut'.

'Marine animals are passing down the ship's side'.

'The time is now 0570'.

'The clocks will be retarded 5 minutes in one hour's time'.

'Pirates muster at the brow'.

'Spare pirates to muster'.

Foc'sle hands stop fidgeting'.

'Hands to shower on the upper deck—rig of the day, bathing suits, optional caps'.

'The ship is now in a rainstorm'.

'i5o birds are on the port beam flying in formation three feet above sea level'.

'Launcher deck—a quick wave to your friends'.

'There is a large shoal of courting whales on the starboard bow'.

'There will be a recorded broadcast on S.R.E. about H.M.S. *London* on Dec. 18th of November!'

'Don't shut a 6 inch valve when you could shut a 4 inch hatch'.

'A stationary boat is stopped astern'.

'There will be a film show in the Junior Rates Dining Hall at 0830.'

# A miscellaneous Lot



# Men at Work and Other Things . . .















