



Fred



*Top left
The Beat Group*

The Chiefs' Mess



Ship open to visitors

Per Mare Per Terram

We still wonder whose crazy idea it was that we should march—yes, march, from Portsmouth to Barrow to join the ship after our P.E.T. at Eastney. But we did, and thoroughly enjoyed the 17 days it took us to cover 350 odd miles, particularly the overnight stops at some very hospitable towns. Of course it rained the day we got to Barrow; nevertheless we were glad to be there and most of us surprised to find how comfortable and spacious our future home was. Out of combat dress and into "Blues" for the Commissioning Ceremony; from Blues to "No. 8's" to start work onboard; back to combat dress for a landing at Lulworth Cove. Our life might be considered akin to that of a quick-change artist.

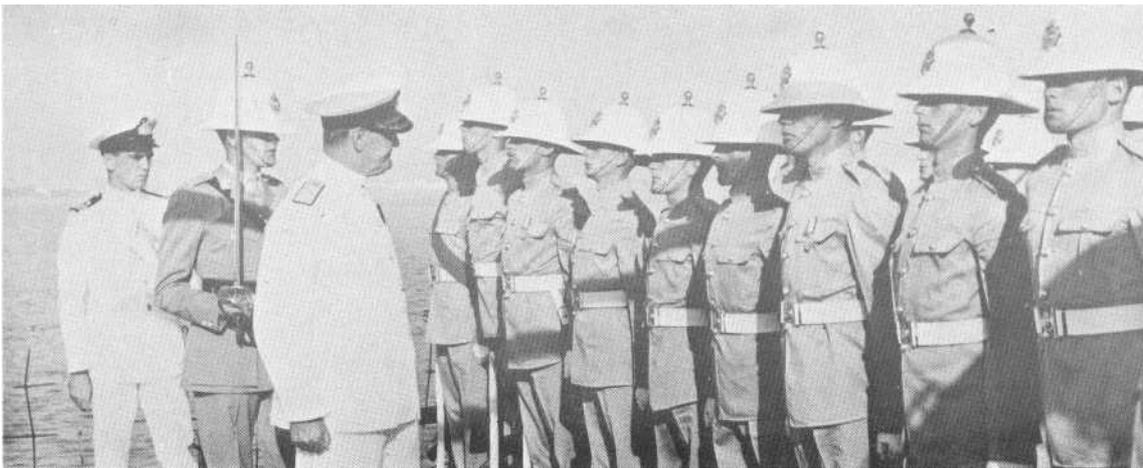
Once out in the Gulf we soon sampled the heat of Yas Island—visited three times in all. What other memories have stuck? Ceremonial Guards for F.O.M.E., Exercise MILLHOUSE in the Oman States, banyans in Khor Kwai; but none of these could compare with MUSCEX—a splendid week away from it all, where we patrolled in the Jebel, fired our rifles to our heart's content, and sat cross legged with Arab soldiers to enjoy their hospitality. We *hope* that the Maintop was the cleanest part of the ship, and the Barracks the cleanest Mess deck. At any rate we won the prize for the best decorated Mess on Christmas Day, when the Barracks was transformed into an Arab tent, and all of us from Marines to Arab potentates.



On the March

We had our regrets as well—the greatest being the loss of Colour-Sergeant Rogers to bigger things in the shape of *H.M.S. Tiger*, towards the end of the Commission, and the loss of Marine Sorrell to hospital in England. We wish them both well.

Looking back on the past 18 months, more than anything we feel proud to have been the first Detachment of the new *MOHAWK*. We have learnt a lot, and made many new friends. Not many of us will go to sea again, which is perhaps just as well, as it would be too much to expect another ship to be as happy and efficient as we think this one was.



At the Halt

829 Squadron, Mohawk Flight ...



"Sunday Best!"

It is difficult to write an article covering 18 months in the Air Department without it becoming a diary of events followed by a statistical survey. The social calendar is covered elsewhere in this booklet, and for the Ship's Flight, the following are the "Highlights" of the Commission. (Statistically, the serviceability figures and hours airborne are so astounding they have been omitted, apart from one reference in the last paragraph.)

Though embarrassing, the disembarkation of the Wasp by crane at Portland was a well organised evolution. Subsequently, the ship was never without an aircraft for exercises during the work-up, and the commencement of the beg, borrow and steal era was heralded. A precedent was set for the future. Whenever there was a smell of mail ashore Kiwi Kidd was there, collecting it before you could say Corporal Hamer, and our first Casevac, Able Seaman Watters, was safely transferred from sea to *Osprey* by Wasp.

We sailed from the U.K. eager to accept the challenges of being the first Type 81 to operate a Wasp in the Persian Gulf. There were some long faces, E.A. Butt, just newly wed, and C.P.O. Rich, who just happens to have a long face.

The third red cross was painted on the aircraft shortly after landing P.O. Puffett at Port Sudan. He was the second case of appendicitis to be deposited to the African Continent; P.O. Fitch being drafted to Tunis earlier.

Operating the Wasp in high temperatures had its problems but these were always surmountable. In retrospect, apart from the discomfort of servicing the aircraft under the blazing sun, the Persian Gulf summer was fairly pleasant, but it made our first visit to Mombasa seem like paradise.

Paradise for the Flight was a camp by the Galana River, Tsavo Park, where the Wasp operated to assist the National Parks of Kenya to count Rhino. This

provided a break from the routine of ship life and because it was a great success, the Flight turned its hand to an Elephant count for the second Mombasa visit.

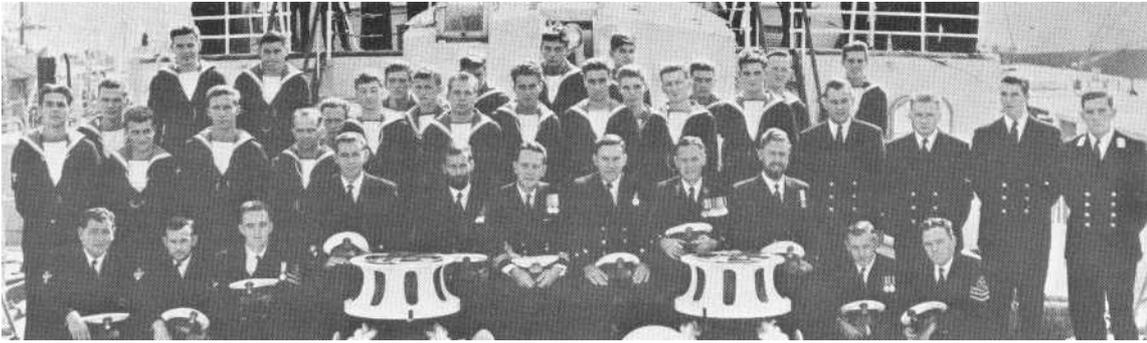
Other visits which gave the Flight a chance to depart from the usual were to Mina where L.E.M.(A) Smith went on leave, and Khor Kwai which gave N. A. Bailey the opportunity to "go run up a mountain." But life was not all fun and games. The major servicing tasks achieved in the commission included an engine change, complete rotor change and as many governor changes as we care to forget.

A good sign that the cruise was drawing to an end was the departure of Lieut. Kidd and the arrival of his relief, Lieut. Simmonds. On disbanding the Flight after 16 months the time span of the commission was aptly remarked upon by one of the Flight who said "Phew, it only seems ten years since we left Pompey."

P.S.-Did you know, that if P.O. Macey stood on P.O. Williams's head, supported by C.P.O. Rich 10,560,000 times, it would be equivalent to the distance flown by the Wasp in the Commission? Useless bit of information, isn't it?



"Happy landing"



They kept us going ...

Some of the Department stood by the ship during building at Barrow, the rest joined for commissioning. Most of the M.(E)s were direct from training and had to be acclimatised to watchkeeping. We found a difference in watchkeeping, the air conditioned M.C.R. and the honour of "sitting" on watch. A lot of people, however, tended to think the machinery ran by magic, and was looked after by the "Little People," but this thought was dispelled on the work-up, when we did machinery breakdowns and damage control exercises; our time was full, but we learnt a lot.

After Portland, the short refit at Chatham helped to get us ready for the Gulf, especially the refit of the air conditioning machinery, a most important item.

June 1st saw us sail for the Gulf, and we had an uneventful trip to Malta, but there our troubles started and ended with the ship stranded in the Bitter Lakes, with condenseritis and "Gertie" being temperamental, but we moved eventually. The remainder of the commission was spent keeping the machinery running, with occasional protests from "Fred, Katie, Hortense and Josephine" and the rest of the machinery. Gertie looked after us frequently, including the time we found a garden growing in the condenser, which we removed, much to the disgust of the department horticulturists.

The commission was aided with a few maintenance periods, ably assisted by local marine engineers. We often employed local labour, known as "slave labour," for the machinery space bilges, and one amusing sight was an African disappearing down the engine room hatch with a tray, full of cold chips from the previous evening's supper.

Sportswisely, the department was well represented in ship's teams. In soccer league, the M.(E)s didn't shine, having won once only up to date. One match, a "blood match" between the department and *Ashanti's* department, resulted in a win of 7-0 for us, our star being the Chief M.(E), who scored a goal, missed one, and saw *Ashanti's* Chief M.(E) break his wrist.

Whilst in Karachi we had a day's banyan with the Royal Marines. We all had a good time with "big eats" and plenty of beer.

For the unenlightened, "Fred, Katie, etc." are machinery, not mysterious members of the ship's company. Favourite was "Fred," especially after the alarm had been removed. We would like to know who the "tweaker" is, the person who's habit of shutting valves caused us much trouble.

Finally, all best wishes to those lucky people going home early, those leaving the ship in U.K., and the gallant few, staying for the Rosyth refit, the issue of kilts and the sport of shooting haggis.





"Before"

They fed us ...

In actual fact they clothed us and supplied us with Tobacco and Rum as well. If you can visualise a Mum with 270 children, you have the Supply Branch in a nutshell.

For breakfast each morning, the Ship's Company happily ploughed through 20 dozen eggs, 150 yards of sausages, 30 lbs. of bacon, 10 gallons of milk, 15 family size packets of Wheaties, and 1 dozen tins of spaghetti. The mind boggles.

Food consumed in such large quantities does involve quite a lot of hard cash. Keeping a tight hold on the purse strings, and affectionately known as "Fish 'n Chips," was the Supply Officer. He ensured that his Staff daily supplied four wholesome meals to each Officer and man, not forgetting "Fred," the ship's pet monkey, who almost certainly had a hollow leg.

"Jack" is never happier than when he is grumbling, and his favourite whipping post, unfortunately, is the

subject of food. Keeping complaints at bay we had the Chief Caterer, who prepared the menu and was responsible for the purchase of local produce and fresh provisions. At Christmas he even arranged for a tree to be flown to Bahrain, and it graced the Dining Hall for the twelve festive days.

Quite apart from feeding the men onboard, the Supply Department, have on occasion, and at the drop of a hat, catered for a children's party and a crew of a Submarine, not to mention gifts of sugar, tea, rice, etc., given to Arab Fishermen whose innocent Dhows have been boarded by members of the Ship's R.M. Detachment in an effort to control smuggling.

They complained about the food, they came running when their overalls didn't fit, or their steaming shoes were worn, but at the magic moment when grog was issued from the Oak Barrel, they forgave all and were at peace with the world.

The only service we offered which gave no cause for complaint was the issuing of Rum.



"and after"

And these, apparently, led us ...



The Officers

and the Chief Petty Officers



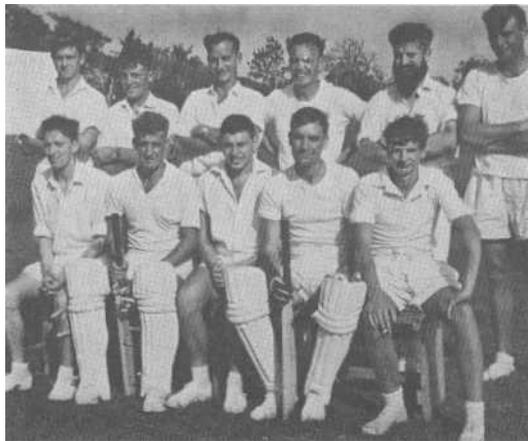
We also played . . .

Soccer

The first game of the commission against *Ajax* resulted in *Ajax* winning 1-0, but since then we have lost only five matches.

The 2nd XI started in July and like the 1st XI lost their first match, but after that their record was impressive. We had a couple of good games against Merchant ships in Mombasa, but we also did our fair share of beating H.M. Ships.

The grounds that both teams played on were varied from the hard-packed sand at Jufair, to the marvellous grass pitch at Mombasa Sports Club, not to forget the K.P.T. Pitch at Karachi, with spectators wandering across during the game!



					Goals	
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
1st XI	33	23	6	4	101	56
2nd XI	12	7	2	3	30	14

Cricket

The Cricket Team will be remembered more for its enthusiasm and bright cricket than for its record.

Matches were played at *H.M.S. Jufair*, at Awali, at Mina al Ahmadi, at Aden and at Mombasa, and of 10 played, 4 were won and 6 lost. Sergeant Summers was the most successful bowler and also the best all-rounder, and Lieutenant Porter, who captained the side, made most runs.

The hospitality which accompanies a cricket match against the Oil Companies in the Persian Gulf is always outstanding, and even when soundly beaten on the field, the cricket team managed to hold their own off it.

The First Time

How many times this cry was heard! While being completely open to correction, we claim the following "firsts":-

The first "Tribal" to operate a helicopter in the Persian Gulf.

The first "Tribal" to go to an alongside berth in Aden.

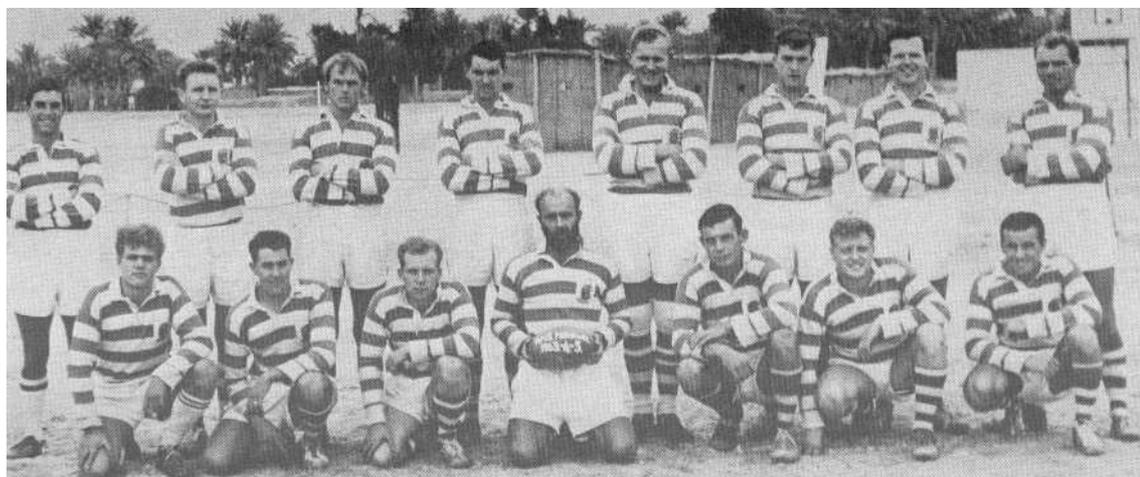
The first helicopter to land on the casing of a submarine.

The first R.M. Detachment to march from Portsmouth to Barrow-in-Furness.

The first "Tribal" *nearly* to spend a commission Home/Bitter Lakes.

The first H.M. Ship to land two appendicitis cases by helicopter between Gibraltar and Aden.

The first "Tribal" to arrive back in U.K. with *no* cockroaches embarked (?).



Rugby

The Rugby team was not very successful, but all games were keenly anticipated and always played with great gusto. Some of the games were lost by only a narrow margin, but the team's worst record was against the Mombasa Sports Club, losing all three games, and by fairly large margins. The result at Kuwait, against the Hubara Club, was quite good, considering the fact that several ex-Internationals were included in their team.

An interesting variation was two Rugby League matches played between the Engine Room and the Rest. The first match was just won by 12-4, but in the second game the Rest won quite handsomely 15-0.

One of the biggest disappointments was at Karachi, where the pitch the Pakistanis had provided turned out to be mud flats on the shore, resulting in little else except thirty very bespattered players.

Hockey

The ship's Hockey team was one of the more successful teams onboard. Whilst at Portland the team was formed and it was an encouraging start when we beat *H.M.S. Kent* 7-0 in one of the first matches.

P.T.I., came to our rescue on the touch-line, and it is fitting to end this commentary by thanking him for always sending the team away in clean, smart strips, and newly-painted balls.

Once on the Middle East Station the majority of the games were played at Jufair.

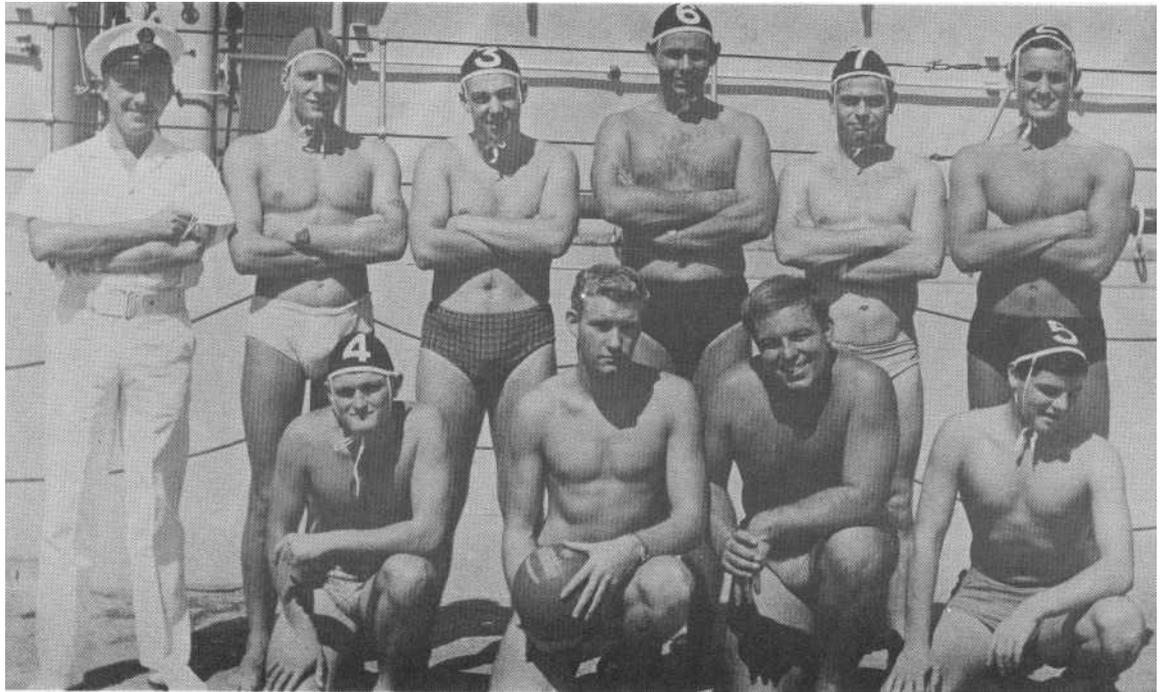
Our hardest opposition was provided by the Goans and we never did beat them.

At Karachi some of the ship's team played in the first of two matches against The Pakistan Naval Establishment. We were thrashed and given an object lesson in how the game should be played. At Mombasa we played the Sports Club thrice, winning twice and drawing the third time.



Then two matches were won against the 9th M.S. and Zulu at the end of January to capture the Persian Gulf Squadron Cup. Finally, C.R.El. Lloyd "hung up" his whistle and came back in goal for the matches in March. In one of these we beat Awali 5-0. Petty Officer Bessey,

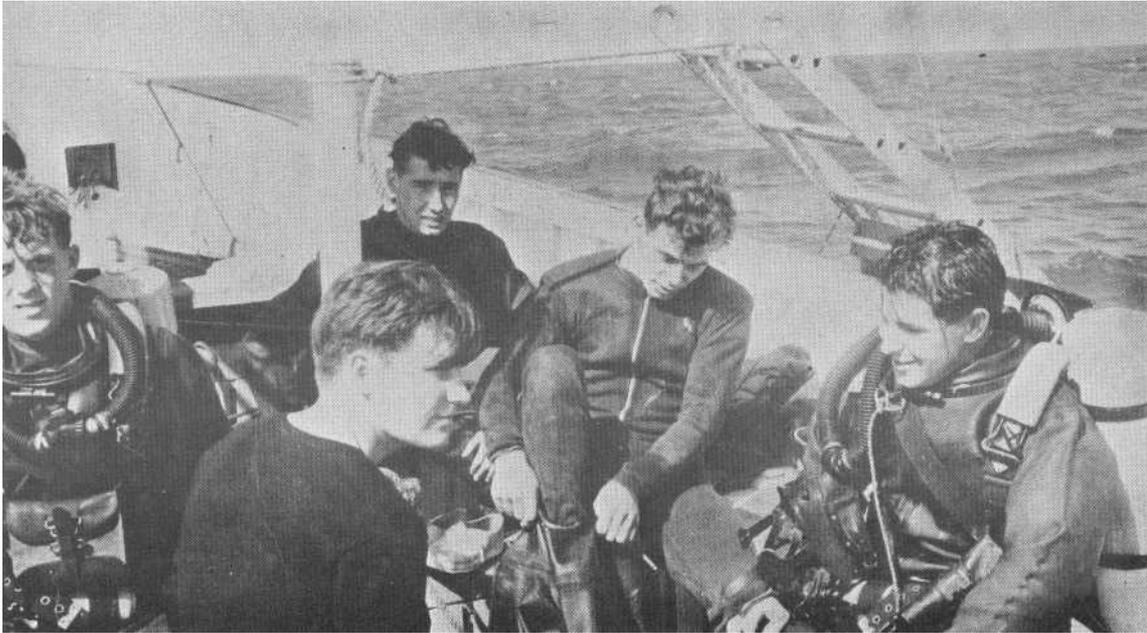
<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Goals</i>	
				<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
36	22	10	4	92	41



and assorted games . . .



From the depths of the Ocean . . .



Few, if any of the divers thought there'd be anything to do at Portland except practice Operation Awkward. They were, however, wrong. Shortly after we'd arrived for the work-up, we were asked to provide a team to help the Army recover an armoured troop-carrying vehicle that had fallen off a bridge near Wyke Regis. This was successfully dragged out of the river after our divers had attached towing wires to its hull.

All of us, from the purely underwater point of view, looked forward to the warm, clear waters of the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea.

Portland and Portsmouth are not the best places for diving banyans, and only one "flatty" was speared before we left U.K. Our first tropical dive was an Operation Awkward at Yas Island at night. Sounds odd now to think that we were so worried about sharks and sea snakes that we dived in full suits and hoods.

Djibouti, Khor al Fakkan and Khor Kwai have provided the best banyan facilities, Djibouti and Khor Kwai also have been the only two places where sharks have been seen, though strangely enough it's only the T.A.S. Officer who saw them! At Djibouti six of us were taken to Iles Maskali in the Wasp, together with all the equipment. Here, as at Khor Kwai, the underwater scene was fascinating, and with the water temperature in the high 80's, extremely comfortable. It was at Khor Kwai

and Khor al Fakkan though, that the best fishing was to be had.

Apart from the salvage of £20,000 worth of Army equipment at Portland quite a lot of odd cargoes have been recovered from the berths at Mina Sulman Jetty. These have included 400 galvanised steel sheets, a crate of brand new bicycle spare parts, two crates of ceiling fans, a 20-foot oil drill and a 30-foot drainage pipe. Perhaps the most satisfying though was the 5-gallon drum of Charrington's ale from 4 Berth which was drunk at Aden at Christmas. The wreck at Sitra also produced some loot in the form of Cinzano and Hock, but even Dennis and Derbyshire had difficulty in consuming these!

Christmas found *MOHAWK* in Aden and the divers full of beer: until a conscientious sentry reported seeing a swimmer alongside the ship! After disturbing the P.O.'s Party with five 'quarter of a pound'scare charges, Mohawk, two Malaysian patrol boats, and four *C.M.S.*'s had their bottoms searched by those of us who were still sober enough to put on a pair of long johns.

The Gulf has many drawbacks but it offers the diver some of the least spoilt underwater scenery and fishing in the world, and a lot of opportunities for enjoyment.

We've certainly had our fair share.

and the depths of the ship ...



As the ship left Portsmouth for the Middle East on the not so glorious first of June, the Weapons and Radio Department was not quite the same as that which had seen the hoisting of the White Ensign at Barrow, no less than six Senior Rates having been already relieved.

The Portland work-up and the higher temperatures of Gib and Malta had given us an idea of the conditions we would be working under in the Persian Gulf. Aden, of course, proved hotter still and runs ashore there added transistor radios and cameras to the camel saddles and fezzes already obtained (sometimes illegally over the ship's side) at Suez.

The main attraction at Bahrain was the swimming pool and the training achieved there bore fruit when the swimming gala was won by the Department after some fine performances by "Paddy (Bootneck) McCallum," "Sandy" McCarter, "Clarence" Clowes and "Geoff" Stretton, very ably backed up by the rest of the team.

Despite very good effort, this success could not be repeated at the ship's Sports Day when we were narrowly beaten by the C.P.O.s and P.O.'s. We consoled ourselves with the fact that, had the Senior Rates been appearing for their Departments, the running of "Jan" Hart would have clinched our victory. However, it proved a completely popular award when "Stumble" Jackson got the *Victor Ludorum* prize.

Visits to Djibouti, Mombasa and Karachi further swelled the collection of rabbits with wooden animals

now in evidence, and "Norskie" Sjurseth had to be persuaded not to bring any snakes onboard.

Christmas was spent at Aden, and there were feverish activities both in 5 and 14 Messes, buying and rigging decorations. A good day was had by all, with plenty of "Xmas Spirit."

Off then to Mombasa again. Kenya was now under new management but there was no great evidence of change, and it proved to be much the same run ashore, particularly after we had said goodbye to "BIG E."

A small W.R. party went expedition camping at Whispering Palms (sic) and everyone pronounced themselves well satisfied with the C.E.A.'s pot mess barbecue! A coach tour of Tsavo Park was also a great success, nearly every kind of African animal being seen. Someone even claimed to have seen a tiger, but this has not been proved.

By the time we returned to Bahrain the names of those flying home early were known, and the V.C.10 Club were in full cry, energetically producing complicated "weeks/days/hours-to-go" calendars.

A steady procession of Advancement Boards and B.13's had now made the Department somewhat top heavy and we congratulate all those who have qualified and been advanced to higher rating.

And so to the time for draft chits, leave and refit, and the days in the future when we look back and say, "Remember the time in *MOHAWK* when

A WORTHY SERVICE

That 'Advertising can introduce a product, yet cannot sell it continuously unless it proves worthy' is an axiom of the advertising world.

And how true, too.

For if the advertising is attractive it will certainly entice people to buy, but where the product fails to satisfy that is the last sale made to that customer.

Bernards have been advertising their service for almost 70 years-and such is the confidence of our customers in the Bernard Service that it continues to grow stronger and more expansive year after year.

Bernards service is available to everyone in the Royal Navy, Royal Marines and the Women's Royal Naval Service and a Credit Account may be opened for settlement by Admiralty Allotment, Banker's Order or a Post Office Savings Bank remittance. No charge is made for credit allowed and all goods are at normal cash prices.

Bernards tailor their own uniforms and such uniforms have a world-wide reputation for quality. Civilian clothes are also tailored in Bernards workrooms at Harwich and in Malta, and here again a high standard of excellence is attained.

The range of goods available through Bernards is that normally obtainable through the largest Mail Order House and Bernards provide exactly the same facilities whereby goods can be despatched to any address desired as and when required.

Should you wish to open an account with Bernards it is only necessary to visit the Ship's Office or to call on your bank and notify the amount you wish to allot monthly. Payments will then follow monthly and you will be able to make purchases from any of the Bernard Branches or Head Office as desired. The account can run continuously throughout your period of service and a Statement of Account will always be sent on request.

For a service proven over the years-It will pay to call at Bernards.

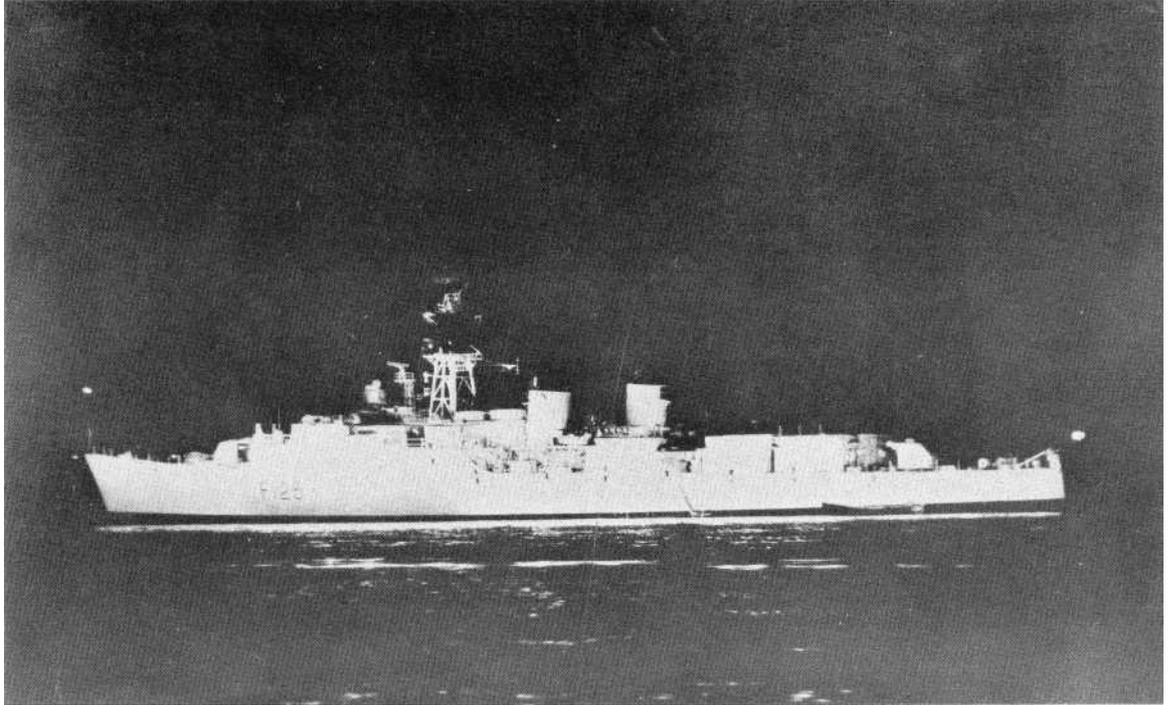


FOR YOU REALLY DO BUY BETTER AT BERNARDS.

C.H. BERNARD & SONS LTD.

at 8 Queen Street and 40 Commercial Road, Portsmouth, Chatham, Devonport, Plymouth, Deal, Dunfermline, Gibraltar, Grimsby, Helensburgh, Harwich, Londonderry, Southampton, Malta (Sliema and Valletta), Portland, Lossiemouth, Arbroath, Brawdy, Corsham, Culdrose, Yeovilton, Poole, Lympstone, and at H.M.S. Dolphin and H.M.S. Pembroke.

Head Office: Anglia House, Harwich, Essex.



All our own work

PRINTED BY
GALE & POLDEN LTD.
EDINBURGH ROAD
PORTSMOUTH