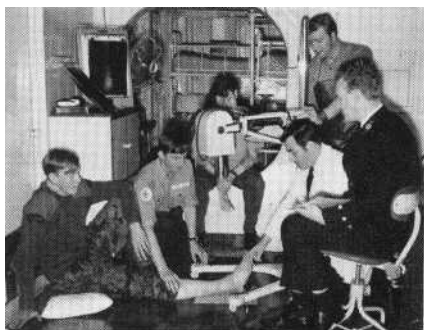


## MEDICAL DEPARTMENT



*A bad case of ingrowing toe nail*

'Cured yesterday of my disease, I died last night of my physician'

*(Matthew Prior 1664-1721)*

We are pleased to say that we have had no complaints of this nature during this final phase of the commission.

Despite an almost complete change of staff the department has continued to function effectively and cheerfully.

The bronzed figure of a certain Surgeon Lieutenant was often seen charging about the rugby field when not reclining on a sponson, our 'killick' has turned out regularly for the hockey team, and all have been observed to turn out on occasions for soccer or volleyball, even if only to wave the flag! In particular, one soccer game in

Singapore reduced the weight of every member of the staff effectively, the game being played while the temperature in the shade was over 100°F. Unfortunately any beneficial effects of this weight loss were cancelled out by the excellent alfresco lunch provided by our Supply department opponents!

The cooler climate of Fremantle and Perth was more to our liking, although one or two of the staff saw little of either place, having great difficulty in passing the Flying Angel Club only a few hundred yards from the ship. The notable exception was a member of the Commando medical staff who managed to venture into Perth where he met a young lady and married her three weeks later in Singapore.

During the visit to Japan the delights of the 'Kobe dhobi' were enjoyed and although our suggestion that the senior officers' bathroom be refitted as a sauna Japanese style, and staffed accordingly was greeted with much enthusiasm, nothing has become of it.

To those of you who have donated blood we would like to express our thanks. We would also like to take this opportunity to point out that the dark glasses worn by medical staff after Bombay was not an attempt to conceal the effects of the 'morning

after the night before' but a direct result of 'Bombay eye'. We must heal ourselves too, occasionally.

Large quantities of cholera vaccine, codeine and cough mixtures have been dispensed and in the Far East we could have made a killing on sun-tan lotion had we carried that instead of calamine! We have pushed pills, polished skins, walloped poultices and lifted more 'Booties' than we care to count off the bomb lift at all hours of the day and night.

Despite the fact that latterly a gynaecologist has been carried on board, we are unaware of any babies being born on board.



*Which seems to have spread!*

## DENTAL DEPARTMENT

What, you might rightly ask, has the dental department done which might usefully be mentioned in this book? Fill your teeth? Well if you were lucky and the ship was at sea, miles from land, on a mid-week day, before lunch, you had a fair chance. A rough sea was a little dodgy though, as was a blazing hot sun! Many a sweltering day would find Dr Fryer and the Dentist discussing professional matters on the upper deck, reclined and dressed appropriately.

However, there were occasions when both dentists of this commission, Julian Scott and Adrian Lloyd-Edwards, have made their presence felt all over the ship. Their personalities changed with the announcement 'This is the Load Controller'. How the power slipped neatly into the palms of their delicate surgeon's hands! Talking



*After you, sir!*

of power, Adrian's prowess on the rugby field (and afterwards) should not be allowed to go unrecorded. Many onboard will remember him for this even if they never went near the surgery.

The department would have been far from complete without the smooth equally elusive Buck Taylor, toothie's right-hand man. There were certainly times when his suitability as a mere assistant could be doubted. With Buck dressed in his blazer, a long cigar at his fingertips, his distinguished greying hair glistening immaculately in the sunshine, you would be forgiven for mistaking him for an opulent company director.

Robbie Burns, who relieved Buck, didn't appear to aspire to such vestite interests, his hobbies appearing to be more laid.



## METEOROLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

Julie was beginning to get very tired of lying on the pebbles at Southsea and of having nothing to do other than to watch the ships come and go. A big grey flat one came into sight and she closed her eyes and tried to imagine what it would be like to be inside it.

She heard the patter of feet and opened her eyes again. Somehow she was in a narrow passage with lots of wires all over the place. A Red Rabbit with a sort of map tucked under its arm went scurrying by holding a watch in its hand and muttering 'Oh dear, oh dear, I shall be too late! The Queen will have my head for this.'

Julie could think of nothing better to do than follow it. It disappeared through a doorway but when she got there the door had been shut and on it she read the words 'BRIEFING IN PROGRESS'.

'Oh well' she said to herself 'That looks quite important. I'll just have to wait here until he comes out.'

By and by the door opened again and lots of creatures emerged, some of them dressed in black one-piece suits that seemed to be made out of rubber. The Red Rabbit was among them, still clutching the map and looking more worried than ever.

Julie went after it to see where it would finally get to. She followed it back along the passage and up some steep steps until finally it disappeared through another door with a very long word on it that she didn't quite understand.

Timidly she opened the door and saw beyond a tiny little room full of maps and noisy machines and wires which seemed to lead to nowhere and even more full of curious creatures.

The Red Rabbit was there and also there was a Gryphon and a Dormouse, which was asleep, a Hatter and, by a strange looking round window at the

end of the little room, there was a large blue cat grinning from ear to ear.

The Rabbit was looking even more worried but this was not surprising as the Gryphon was looking at it very severely and seemed to be telling it off.

The Cat looked as though it was hugely enjoying this and its grin became wider and wider.

Then the Gryphon saw Julie. 'Come in, come in' it snapped, 'Don't stand there with your mouth open like that. What can we do for you?'

So Julie went inside and she could scarcely move as the little room was now so full that she thought it might burst. She wasn't quite sure how to address a Gryphon so she said the first thing that came into her head.

'Please would you tell me why your cat grins like that?'

'It's a Cheshire Cat and it's getting near a quarter-to-twelve and that's why. What else can we do for you?'

'W-well, what are you all doing in here?'

At this the Dormouse woke up and glared at Julie and shouted 'We tell weather, that's what!' and immediately fell asleep again.

'Whether what?' asked Julie.

'Whether it will rain or not', snapped the Gryphon, 'Or whether the sun is going to shine.'

'But how can you do that?' asked Julie, 'Surely it just happens.'

'Oh we can tell,' said the Hatter, pleased to join in the conversation, 'These machines help us. That one over there,' he said, pointing to a grey box that was typewriting to itself a lot of numbers that Julie didn't understand, 'tells us what the weather is like all over the world. Then the Dormouse and the Cat and I change the numbers into pictures on a map that the Gryphon and the Rabbit can understand. Then they draw lines over the

map to find out where the weather is and then they decide which way it's going to go.'

'But they can't know that', protested Julie.

'Oh yes they can', said the Cat, winding its watch up. 'This other machine makes a map thought up by somebody else. All we have to do is to disagree with that.'

With that the Cat slowly began to vanish, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone. It was a quarter-to-twelve.

'Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?' asked the Hatter.

'No' replied Julie, 'I don't even know what one is.'

'Come, I'll show you.'

She followed him out of the little room, through another door, over a big flat space, down a hole and finally they stopped at a door marked 2K38.

'Come in', said the Hatter, 'He'll tell you his history.'

So they went in and there, sitting sad and lonely on a settee, was the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears but said nothing.

Julie pitied him. 'What is his sorrow?' she asked.

'It's all his fancy that; he hasn't got no sorrow, you know.'

'Oh yes I have', sobbed the Mock Turtle. 'We've been one in three ever since we left Pompey. I was night watch in Gib, couldn't get ashore in Cyprus, I wasn't allowed ashore at Kavalla and I had no money to buy any rabbits with when we got back to Gib. Now I've got the duty weekend in Pompey.'

Suddenly a box on the wall, which up to now had been silent, shouted 'Hands fall in for entering harbour!' At this the Hatter and the Mock Turtle ran out of the room.

'Fall in?' queried Julie. 'How curious . . .'

She found herself falling but before she hit anything she opened her eyes and found she was still on the beach at Southsea. She looked over to where she had seen the flat ship, but it had gone.

So Julie got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

## THE SHIP'S OPERATIONS ROOM



This part of the Island, known as the 'Gloom Room' to its inmates, is the place where 'it all happens' at sea, or at least where it is supposed to happen! For quite often the noise and bustle of industrious activity does die away leaving a somnolent atmosphere in this dark and humid compartment. This is invariably the time when visitors arrive to see what we do! Having then blindly tripped over obstacles unseen in the dark and become entangled in the Spider's Web of trailing microphone leads, most visitors are discouraged from staying further, and beat a hasty retreat! To those of you who have experienced this we apologise, and will give you a

brief description of what you missed.

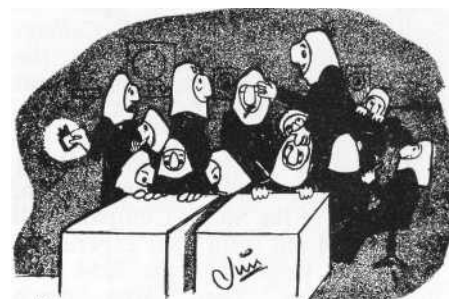
As your eyes become accustomed to the gloom, you will find that the compartment is in fact lit dimly with ultra-violet light. (Your handkerchief will glow blue-white far brighter than any detergent advertiser could ever hope!) Somewhere in the centre you should find a small group of RPs. (That stands for 'Ratings, Plot' and not 'Racing Pigeons') clustered around an orange 'goggle-box'. They have been known to speak ... !

This is part of a team of four who are keeping a radar watch for other ships. By tracking these on a plotting table they can provide the 'Command' (Either the Captain or the Officer-of-the-Watch on the Bridge) with information about such surface contacts to assist him in avoiding collisions. You may have overheard such cryptic messages as 'Bridge-Ops, SKUNK Three Seven, bearing ... range ... will pass very close to port' being passed on the Intercom in a loud and confident Durham accent!

During Exercises there is always much activity in the compartment. The group of RPs now increase to 17, and fill the air with cries such as 'BOGEYS closing' and 'GOBLINS sighted'! No, the 'End of the World' is not at hand, they are just announcing that 'hostile' aircraft and submarines are closing in for the kill. If we are at Action Stations this is often the cue for HQ1 to go 'BANG BANG' and put out the lights! The Ops Room then resembles a Spook's Social, with 35 closely packed bodies all dressed in anonymous white hoods! You can never be quite sure who is who - at least not until the

Senior 'Non Smoker' has been persuaded to announce 'One All Round'!

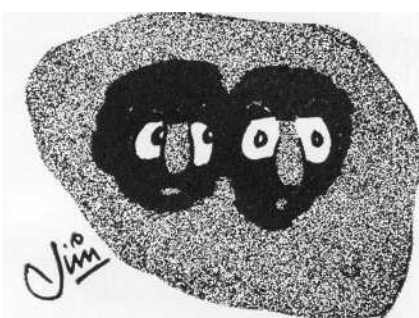
Besides watching for our 'enemies' we also watch for and assist our own 'side'. We talk to the LCVPs and help them to get to the right destination at the right time: we track the ubiquitous Wessex in all their various



"YOU COULD AT LEAST RECOGNISE SIR'S PREDECESSOR BY HIS BEARD!"

tasks and give them radar control should they so require. Occasionally we are able to take RAF fighter aircraft under control and go after those BOGEYS ourselves. Every time we enter or leave harbour, a small Blind Pilotage team closes up to assist the Bridge with its navigation: the same team are responsible for making sure the sea is empty of ships before we can fire our guns. And many more little jobs like this.

Nor do all the RPs work in the Ops Room, of course. About one third are assigned to 'outside' tasks, as the suntans show! We have representation in the Flight Deck Assault and Supply Parties and Tween Deck Guides; and we do still manage the less spectacular but also important tasks like Tween Decks and Dining Hall Parties.



"HEY TONY! DIDN'T WE SEE THIS PICTURE LAST NIGHT?"  
"MIGHT 'AVE, DAVE, IT ALWAYS LOOKS THE SAME TO ME!"

# THE REGULATING STAFF

The Ship's Regulating Staff comprises a Fleet Master-at-Arms, two Regulating Petty Officers and two Leading Regulators, who's aim on board has been to keep discipline and to ensure that all work and duties it is involved in runs smoothly.

The staff was headed by Fleet Master-at-Arms Clive Westgarth, who kept his fatherly eye on all and sundry. He joined the Navy as a Boy Seaman then decided that his vocation in life was that of a Regulator, so as an Able Seaman (TB) he changed over to Leading Patrolman in February 1953. Soon after that he picked up his rate for Regulating Petty Officer in November 1955. He previously served in *Albion* from 1959 to 1961, joining as a Regulating Petty Officer and being advanced to Acting Local Master-at-Arms whilst on board. He became a Master-at-Arms in his own right in May 1964 joining us again in September 1970 from HMS *Collingwood* whilst the ship was in the Mediterranean. His latest achievement was being promoted to Fleet Master-at-Arms on 1 May 1972.

Regulating Petty Officer Barry Edser, who runs the Discipline Section, as a FEW of the Ship's Company will have found out from their experience, joined the Pusser in June 1954 as a Boy Seaman. Then, after much



*The local constabulary*

thought, deciding to follow in his Uncles' footsteps (Master-at-Arms Spicer and Regulating Petty Officer Webb) he changed over to the Regulating Branch in August 1959. In December 1967 he was advanced to Regulating Petty Officer and then joined *Albion* from HMS *Victory* in January 1971. Now he is waiting to become a fully fledged Master-at-Arms.

Regulating Petty Officer Christopher Ford was probably the first Regulator you met on joining the ship and usually the last on leaving as he runs the joining, drafting and long leave section. He became a member of the Grey Funnel line in September 1960 as a Seaman, then in May 1968, as a Leading Seaman, he decided that being a Regulator was a more worthwhile occupation. He joined *Albion* from *Bellerophon* in August 1970 as a Leading Regulator and was advanced to Regulating Petty Officer in April 1972.

Leading Regulator Barry Cartwright is the man who has been daily snowed under with making sure you received your Beer and food, besides dealing with Short Leave, Rail Travel and sundry other small jobs. Since joining up in May 1964 as a Seaman and changing over to the Regulating Branch in October 1968 he was attached to the South East Hampshire Drug Squad whilst serving at the RN Patrol Headquarters Portsmouth before joining *Albion* in August 1970.

Leading Regulator David Eaton has supervised the mail section and generally assisted with the other sections as required. He joined the Navy in November 1963 as a Seaman and after working with the Regulating Branch in the Far East as a Leading Seaman, changed over to Regulator in May 1970. He joined *Albion* in January 1971 from the RN Patrol Headquarters in Portsmouth.



*Postie (L/S Savin) gets the sack!*

*'Ello 'ello, . . . an' 'ow's  
our little 'You can't touch me,  
I'm a British Ambassador'  
this morning then ?*



# SEAMEN DEPARTMENT



*Seamen Department Officers*

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ABLE SEAMAN PORTWATCH

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| <p>0001 Woke up when my oppo got a shake - back to sleep.</p> <p>0345 Bosun's mate shone a torch in my face and said 'It's after 04 dubs and you're adrift'.</p> <p>0405 POOW told me he was going to troop me for being adrift for the watch. We then settle into the watch on deck routine - book, coffee, cigarette etc.</p> <p>0530 Scrubbed the Quarterdeck. It's a marvel there's any wood left after all the scrubbing it's had this commission - and all the functions and things it gets used for. Still I'm Boats, so it's not my problem. I only have to sort out the wreckage after other guys have been using the boats.</p> <p>0800 Breakfast.</p> <p>0845 'Hands to Reduced Assault Stations' I suppose I'd better go and help the Booties get back on board. Flight Deck work isn't bad if it's a nice day. Trust me to turn up when I'm not needed - I just got detailed off for a RAS instead!</p> <p>1000 'RAS Special Sea Dutymen to your stations . . .' Here we go again. I suppose they'll decide to anchor now so that we can paint ship.</p> <p>1005 'D'you hear there - the ship</p> | <p>will anchor at 1430. Assault Cable Party muster on the Cabledeck at 1345.' I shouldn't have said it! Anyway, better worry about this RAS first. I prefer the after rig - you can get on with it down there without too many prying eyes.</p> <p>1015 'After rig - Bridge, What is the delay?'</p> <p>'There is no delay - it always takes this long Sir.'</p> <p>1020 Anyway it's only a token RAS so it will be over soon. Then I suppose the Squadron will want a splash target streamed or something.</p> <p>1045 We still haven't finished the RAS and I'm afternoon watchmen. What about my dinner. Wish I could get a job change to Dining hall party. They never dip out in harbour. Still I suppose it's a fairly messy job, specially with the Commando embarked.</p> <p>1100 Finished the RAS at last. Now I can go and get my dinner and leave the Bosun's Party to stow the gear. They don't seem to do too badly either . . . I never seem to get these quiet numbers.</p> <p>1200 Watch on deck. Should have a bit of peace and quiet now until we anchor. There's that tele-</p> | <p>phone again. 'Why isn't Able Seaman Portwatch closed up in the Ops Room for flying stations?' . . . here we go again.</p> <p>1205 I don't know why they want me up here anyway. Ah - I see, they were short of someone to wet the coffee.</p> <p>1230 Secured from flying stations; but the urn isn't hot yet so we are still waiting for the coffee. I think I'll go back down to the watch on deck and see if they've got any down there.</p> <p>1245 No sugar for the Watch on Deck. Oh well I suppose I'd better go down the mess and get some. Strange how the 'Tweendeck Party always seem to get turned in all day. They must be onto a good thing with this night working lark. I might slap in for that next job change. Then again I might be better off going Gangway Staff. Stacks of time off in Pompey - at least that's how it seems to me.</p> <p>1300 Found the sugar. I'll just nip up the office on my way back and get a request form. There's another quiet number - Office writer. Only snag is you have to go to Whale Island to learn to type - by numbers I suppose. Wouldn't suit me with all those</p> |
|--|--|--|





TAS Department

GI's around.  
 1330 That was a good wet of coffee though I say it myself. Time to go and anchor now I suppose.  
 1345 It's a pity they can't open another box or two of seamen for this cabledeck lark. It's too much like hard graft working these cables. That's a job I don't want at the job changes.  
 1400 I thought as much. Just got the buzz from the Jimmy that we've got to paint ship this afternoon. It took three weeks last time in Singapore and they want us to do it this afternoon! I reckon the side party should go over on nets whilst we're under way. They never seem to do much at sea. Might ask for side party next job. Looks like a good loaf.  
 1430 Anchored. Stand by boats, booms and ladders. Hangar rigging party close up. Stand by to rig for Open to Visitors - or a kids party - or a cocktail party - or something. Over the side we go!  
 1500 I'm glad I'm not in the Gunner's Party anyway. They've just started getting more ammunition up to the flight deck for the Squadron. I don't envy them all their magazines. Anyway there's no danger of an RP getting involved with them.  
 1530 Nearly cracked it. I wish I was a WEE seaman. I can see them up there now watching us. Still they're all Gunners and TAS apes.  
 I never could figure why we had

so many TAS rates in this ship. They must be onto a good thing because the Sonar hasn't worked for months. I reckon they've forgotten where it is. Still they'll come in handy for this Operation Awkward we're doing tonight, dropping scare charges to keep us honest watchkeepers awake.

1600 Secure. Time to get my head down before the Awkward starts anyway. Hope it's over by midnight, otherwise we'll get it during the Middle. I wonder why everyone else is in a quiet number except me, and why does Portwatch always dip out?



'WHADDAYA CALL YER NEW AFTER SHAVE?'

## SHIPWRIGHT DEPARTMENT



Whenever in doubt, concerning a job, people generally scream for a Shipwright. This is the price of versatility. But as most of you obviously realise 'chipping' is an honourable trade with more than its share of variety and consequently there is never a dull moment. Incidentally, we are the only trade in the RN which hasn't got a Mech counterpart, although this will probably alter with the introduction of the plain MEA. All our life's a circle; the first Chief Engineer of the Navy was a SHIPWRIGHT.

We are split into departments with our own specialists. For instance the Plumbing and Ventilation department, although overworked, still found time to tend and feed their fine collection of tropical fish. Coming onto the Blacksmith, anyone who visited this

department could not have failed to admire the beautifully made model of the old *Albion* which is the result of two patient years' work. It would take pride of place in any maritime museum.

Concerning the forward shop, or 'International Rescue' as they are so often referred to. Their main hobby has been crests and picture frames. there must be hundreds of these adorning the walls of bars etc from Kobe to Canada.

I suppose the largest project undertaken by us was the rebuilding of the Senior Rates Galley after the big fire on 5 November, 'Guy Fawkes was not responsible'. At least this gave us the opportunity to consume some of the 1,000,000 pop rivets that we hold in stock as a result of some Naval Stores

Computer running wild. But Mother Nature is our biggest enemy and structurewise it has been a two year battle between us and the elements.

Coming on to celebrities within the staff we have 'Dave' Gladwin who is an excellent shot and proved it last year by winning the Queen's Prize at Bisley. This honour is awarded to the champion shot of the RN and RM. The rest of us are ordinary run-of-the-mill chaps and we hope we have served you all well enough to justify all the hard work you have done in making out and thinking up all those lovely job cards without which I am sure we would all be doing what we are always being accused of - RABBITTING.

## 848 SQUADRON

848 Naval Air Squadron first came into being in June 1943. As was the practice during the years of the Second World War many pilots were trained and Squadrons formed in the United States of America. 848 was no exception and formed at Quonset. The first aircraft flown were Grumman Avengers and on return to the United Kingdom 848 served in the Orkneys, Eglington, Manston, Thorney Island, Dhekelia in Cyprus and Nowra in Australia. Embarked, the Squadron



served in HM Ships *Trumpeter*, *Illustrious*, *Victorious* and *Formidable*.

Whilst onboard *Formidable* during March to May 1945 bombing raids were carried out on Japanese held airfields at Sakishima Island, which lies to the south of Okinawa. Later in July of 1945, 848 was the first Fleet Air Arm Squadron to carry out an attack on the Japanese mainland. During this raid Yokushima airfield was also bombed.

In the United Kingdom during 1944 the Squadron was employed in Fighter and Coastal Command work, but at