

EXERCISE PILOT LIGHT

One of the signs that Her Majesty's Ship *Ark Royal* had become fully Operational was the apparent recognition of this fact by the Soviet Navy, and the arrival on the scene of a Russian trawler. This vessel came and had a good look at us in the Moray Firth and showed every intention of staying with us and keeping station until told firmly, but politely, that her presence was hazarding our flying operations and would she please go away.

With the inspection successfully behind us, we joined up with other N.A.T.O. forces to take part in the Spring Exercise - Pilot Light. Among those gathering at Rosyth were the Dutch carrier *Karel Doorman*, the cruiser *Tiger*, wearing the flag of Flag Officer, Flotillas Home, and the newly formed Matchmaker Squadron. This last unit is an experiment in inter-Navy co-operation and included ships of the American, Canadian, and Norwegian navies. The whole exercise was under the general direction of the Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, Admiral Sir Charles Madden, G.C.B., who embarked in *Ark Royal* for the purpose. We were already wearing the flag of Rear Admiral Janvrin.

The exercise was divided into a number of distinct phases - leaving harbour with its associated problems of anti-submarine defence and mine clearance; air defence co-ordinated with the R.A.F. from Scottish airfields; offensive strikes against the coast of Norway; replenishment at sea of all types of ships; the manoeuvring of the capital ships and of the escort forces. The weather conditions varied from flat calm, when it required high speed to achieve enough wind over the deck for flying, to howling gale, when the escorts could just be seen plunging deep into green seas.

As a result of the N.A.T.O. Spring Exercise of the previous year when the Russians had carried out a very full surveillance of our manoeuvres, this year's exercise had attracted a considerable body of reporters. Six of these gentlemen of the Press were carried in *Ark*. In the event, the Russian surveillance proved a disappointing story, with only our friend the Trawler appearing on the first day and an aircraft sighted briefly on the fourth. The routine of the manoeuvres and the efficient handling of the Matchmakers were hardly worth space in the morning editions. As a result, the more stately of the journalists contented themselves with interviews with the Admirals and with discussions of Grand Strategy and the Future of the



Under two flags ...

Aircraft Carrier. (This latter subject was to remain under fervent discussion in the Press throughout the Commission.) The younger reporters turned their attention inwards and carried out a sociological study of living conditions in *Ark Royal*. This led to the publication, after they had left the ship, of two articles which "laid bare" the conditions of Mess decks and life in general. The content of the articles was basically accurate but the tone was so lurid that the majority of the ship's company resented the intrusion into their way of life. It is probable, however, that the articles will have done some good, in the very long run, since conditions can only be improved appreciably in the next Refit by the release of more money and the attention of Members of Parliament and of Treasury officials was now directed to these needs and problems.

When all the phases of the exercise had been completed, the Fleet formed into a single line and steamed slowly through the deep and exciting channels of the approaches to Bergen. While the remainder of the ships were able to get alongside, *Ark* executed the drill of mooring in a depth of 90 fathoms - another "first" for the record.

BERGEN

The predominant fact that sticks in one's mind about the visit to Bergen is the tremendous contrast between it and everything else that came later. The week-end at Brest had been played in a minor key; now, after the rigours of the Exercise we were all set to relax and enjoy ourselves. It was to be the first real "Jolly" with Make-and-Mends every day. The dry, cold air was exhilarating, and the mountains and fiords



on the outskirts of the town are very different from the flat, moist surroundings of the Singapore Naval Base; the neat, elegant, Scandinavian shops full of well-designed, modern silverware or of chunky, colourful sweaters seem a world apart from the muddy streets and naughty nite-spots of Olongapo; the flesh-tingling crunch into crisp snow on the ski slopes of Voss is a sensation entirely unlike the hard smack of warm, but unyielding, water as you topple gracefully off your water-skis or surf board.

Some of our experts who had learned the gentle art of ski-ing at Lossiemouth, or elsewhere, were swift to dash for the slopes of Voss to practise their *telemark* and *schuss*. Others, complete novices, were not far behind in accepting the kind offer of the Royal Norwegian Navy of skis, boots and instruction. The rig for this activity is usually regarded as something rather

special in the matter of elegance - the foul-weather clothing and galley- or steaming-boots brought out on this occasion never made the pages of the glossy magazines! Nevertheless, many enjoyed their first initiation into an exciting and testing sport. And they were all the more ready to taste the delights of the "after-ski" eating and drinking. Food and drink were fairly expensive but the average portion of fish or reindeer would have been enough for two.

For the less adventurous there was the interest of the town, a very worthwhile visit to the Aquarium, tours of the neighbouring snowy wastes and valleys or the trip in the funicular railway which carried one the thousand feet up the mountain to Fløyen to eat and drink and admire the view. At night the lights of the town twinkled in the foreground, *Tiger* and *Lion* were floodlit brilliantly in the middle distance and *Ark* was a small, bright shape far out in the channel. All those who expressed horror at the frail support of the cable railway were told firmly to wait until they saw the Peak Tram at Hong Kong.

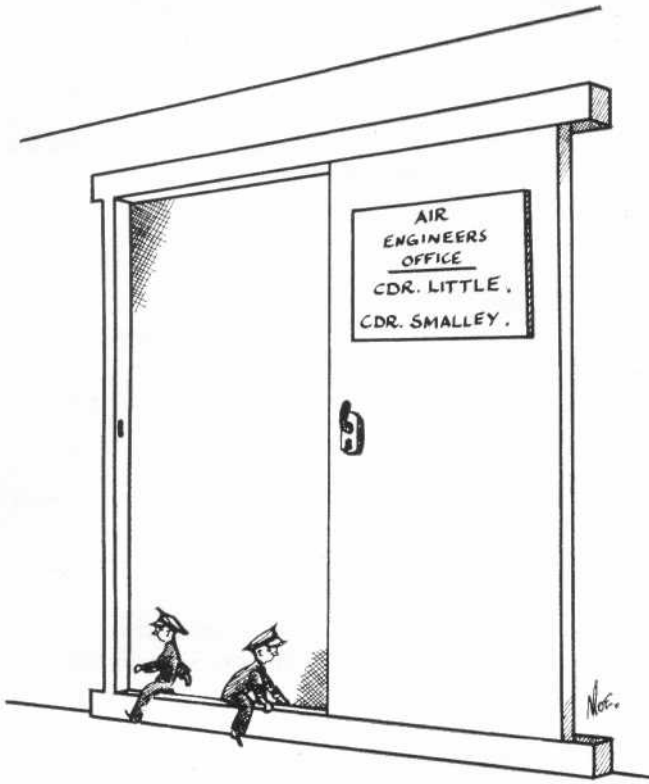
As the guide book puts it:

"From the upper station you can have a nice walk through the forest, where the planting started about 50 years ago, a forest with its wildlife and charming small lakes. If you are a good hiker, properly dressed and in fine condition, you can also make the long hike along the mountain ridge to the Ulriksbanen."

On the whole there were few who were in fine condition or could make the long hike anywhere. One wonders if the team of stalwarts who were to run up the Peak at Hong Kong would have attempted a similar feat in the snows of Fløyen. The risk of a blizzard from inland and the start of the thaw with its attendant falls made Exped training out of the question except for some of the most hardy members of the Deep Sea Scouts.

The visit ended with the Post Exercise Discussion among the N.A.T.O. Fleet. The event was to be honoured by the presence of the Crown Prince of Norway. On Sunday, the Daily Orders in *Ark* told us that we must advance our clocks to Norwegian Summer Time. The start-time of the P.X.D. was now uncertain. When would the Prince arrive? The problem was resolved when it was discovered that only *Ark* Royal, ably led by the misguided Commander's Office Writer, had even considered changing their clocks. The time was left the same and in due course we sailed again in neat formation back out to sea through the austere fiords with their isolated summer houses and their dark pines.

A.E.D.



If the AIR ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT had no other claim to fame than that it owned the Hangar Extension it would still have a high reputation amongst those who appreciate the more bizarre aspects of carrier life. To lightly dismiss this section of the ship as "the place where the S.A.R. choppers are kept" is akin to thinking of the National Gallery as a pigeon loft.

Geographically and politically, of course, the Extension is a "Buffer State" between the gentlemen on the roof in multicoloured waistcoats who appear from time to time at the liftshaft to make abusive and rude pantomime gestures to those below, and the peasants in the hangars, their bodies aglistening with honest toil, who make similar gestures in answer to those above. Between these two "Power Blocs" exists a love-hate relationship which only unites in a common bond when contemplating that unlovely area forward of the lift.

The Extension is the "East End" of *Ark Royal City*, a squalid, fetid cul-de-sac in a state of confusion only normally found in third-rate Neapolitan warehouses, and yet possessing a picturesque charm to those whose eyes are not blinded by green dados, 1950 markings in contemporary colours and the translucent sheen of Bourne Gleem. A curious facet of this charm is that it exists at all - but similar instances frequently occur. As an example of town planning the "Shambles" in York leaves much to be desired and yet who can deny the pleasure it gives the eye?

Perhaps the most useful role this orphan of a loveless marriage between Space and Spares has played has been as a depository. A depository for the invective of its two big brothers between which it uneasily lies and as a last or temporary resting place for all those "come-in-handly" gadgets, conceived by post-tot inspiration which are now cast aside, relegated and unpainted even for "Rounds".

To the occupants of this Dickensian warren the ebb and flow of these unwanted articles has ceased to surprise them because they know that in the fullness of time the unwanted will become the wanted again. Not that they will receive any blessing from those whose needs they supply - rather will there be the suggestion, darkly hinted at, that they have been hiding the vital item for some unseemly reason.

To see the Extension at its best, full of colour and pulsing with life one should visit it some few hours after leaving harbour. In the normal course of events, it is in this period that all and sundry come to redeem those unshipshapelike objects which are swept to oblivion (The Extension) prior to "Procedure Alpha". Similarly there are likely to be those looking for crates of spares, allegedly delivered, during the precious docking, on an uncertain day by an unknown means, but assuredly in the ship according to the claimants, and where



A.E.D.

better to search than in this cluttered plot? The Extensionalists join in the search with enthusiasm and when the last satisfied customer has left, dragging his leaky bag of Speedi-Dri behind him, they return to their normal function, the care and maintenance of Ground Equipment, a "Cinderella" task with little possibility of a hydraulic rig turning into a pumpkin coach. They seldom leave their domain, although one intrepid soul did inadvertently step on to the lift towing a Palouste. He was whisked upwards and finding himself on the flight deck, proceeded aft on his errand. However, he was informed in stentorian tones by an electronic and anonymous voice to remove himself so he rapidly retraced his steps. This event, students of naval aviation history may like to know, was the origin of the "Running Turn-Round".

AIRCRAFT WORKSHOPS

The question has often been asked - but never adequately answered - "What do you really do in the Aircraft Workshops?" It is curious that when asked in this manner the question has unpleasant overtones. Firstly the flat rejection that the answer can be as simple as the title of the Workshops implies and secondly, the haunting suspicion that whatever they do, it is not to the complete and sole advantage of Her Majesty's Navy.

Why this sinister uneasiness should exist is difficult to explain but obviously the facade of "industrious tradesmen supporting the squadrons" has slipped and the public image of the Aircraft Workshops is tarnished. As the commission draws to a close there seems to be little point in maintaining the subterfuge any longer and the suspicions which have lurked in the back of the ship's company's minds for so long can now be confirmed.

Like most units of its size the Aircraft Workshops consists of a number of sub-departments and each of these will be dealt with in turn, revealing for the first time their true purpose.

The Hydraulic Shop, with its winking gauge glasses and shining pipes does, it is true, repair a number of hydraulic components which have, by some haphazard means, finally been fitted to an aircraft but the shop is, of course, nothing more or less than an illicit "still" producing a light, but full bodied, table wine - Chateau Lee. It retails under the counter at 5s. a gallon attractively bottled in khaki green tins and an illuminated parchment Hurt Certificate is available if blindness ensues after the first pint.

The Sheet Metal Shop has all the outward appearances required to deceive the eye and lull the mind into acceptance of its "tin-bashing" normality. It is in fact a highly skilled and organized unit devoted entirely to the

production of camphor wood record players. (How else can you keep the beatles out?) These are the culmination of the "rabbiteers" art being constructed entirely of "Crown" materials and they have recently received the final accolade of taste and discrimination by being advertised in the "Antiques" column of "Exchange and Mart".

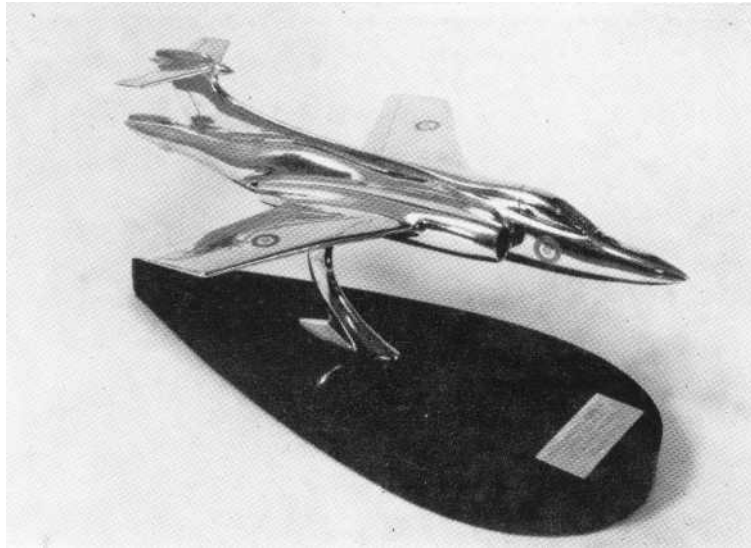
It can only be with a feeling of surprised disbelief that the Air Stores Usage Control has not had its disguise pierced many months ago. Superficially the A.O.G. Demands and S. 156's have flowed in and out to create the illusion that A.S.U.C.O. was "keeping 'em flying" but regrettably those urgent bits of paper were betting slips - every one. This was why the flying became an illusion, too! A.S.U.C.O. is one of the biggest Turf Accountants afloat and one can only marvel at the loyalty of the clientele which has kept its true identity masked for so long.

This, then, is the unvarnished picture of the activities of the Aircraft Workshops who are quietly proud of their record of service to their patrons, knowing that the Ship's Company are appreciative of the beneficial effects on morale of wine, music and a modest flutter on the Spring Double. What other department can boast such a saga of profit to both giver and receiver?



The Hydraulic Shop.....

.... an illicit still producing a full-bodied table wine!



BUCCANEER S Mk. II

With a full-scale exercise and a week-end at Portsmouth behind us (the Long Week-End for the Second of Port had resulted in 1,500 men leaving the ship - or so it seemed!) we next embarked a large team of "boffins" and special ground equipment from the Aircraft and Armament Experimental Establishment, Boscombe Down, in order to provide C.A. clearance trials for the Buccaneer S Mk II. This aircraft is powered by the Rolls-Royce Spey engine in place of the De Havilland Gyron Junior in the Mark I. The change is recognized externally by the wider jet intake and the much larger engine housing, and there is a resultant appreciable increase in power. The trials were directed by Commander C. M. Little, A.F.C., R.N. - later to relieve Commander Heenan as Cdr. (AE) - and were completed satisfactorily in the time available despite some wet weather and fog. In order to achieve launches at high All-Up Weights without waiting too long for the recovery or jettisoning fuel the aircraft took off with a load of inert 1,000 lb. bombs which they simply discarded into the sea - to the anguish of the Air Gunner! As a result of the increase in power, *Ark* became the first R.N. carrier to launch an aircraft with an A.U.W. of 50,000 lb. At the conclusion of the trials, Mr. D. G. Whitehead, chief test pilot of the Hawker-Blackburn Aircraft Company presented Captain Griffin with a silver trophy of the "Bucc Two".



Sea Vixen Mark II



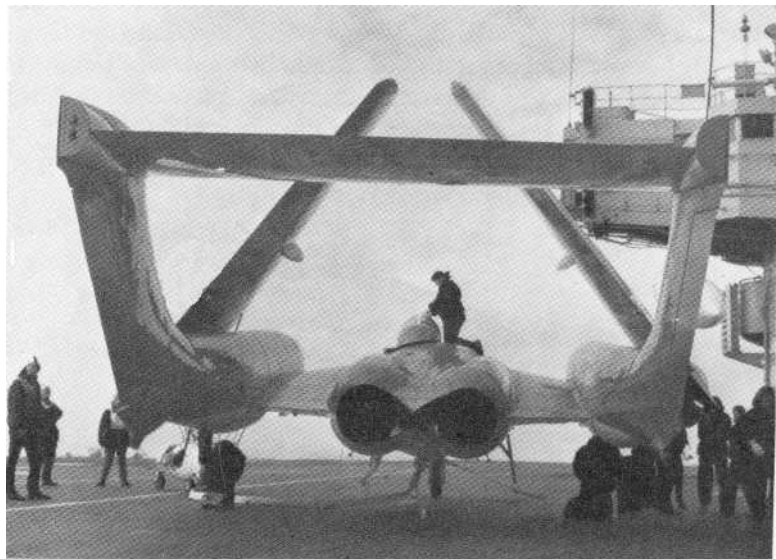
Buccaneer Mark II

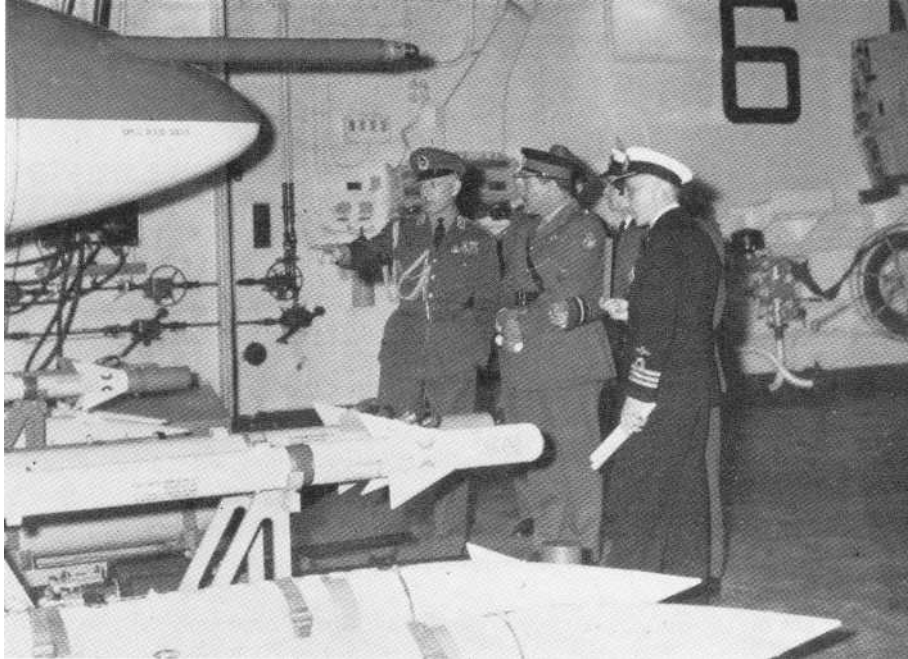
BUCCANEER II TRIALS



During this period we were visited by the Chief of the Defence Staff (Designate), Field Marshal Sir Richard Hull, G.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C., B.A., and later by the First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir David Luce, G.C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., who arrived opportunely for the 1,000th landing of the Commission and was greeted by the Captain with a magnum of Champagne. "It's my first, and probably my last, chance to give the First Sea Lord a 'bottle'," said the Captain.

In addition to the Buccaneer Mk II, Boscombe Down also seized the opportunity to carry out minimum speed launching trials with the Sea Vixen Mk II carrying the 37-tube 2-inch rocket launcher, and a M.R.G. trial with the Buccaneer Mk I. Finally we should record the daily coming and going of the Boscombe Down Balliol. As this aeroplane required neither catapult nor arresting gear, and only a trickle of wind down the deck, it was greeted by many as the future hope of the aircraft carrier.





VISIT OF THE 16th CENTO MILITARY COMMITTEE

The nations which constitute the Central Treaty Organization are Pakistan, Iran, Turkey, the United States and the United Kingdom. They have a permanent Combined Military Planning Staff but twice a year there is a Meeting in one of the capitals of the Military Committee which represents directly the views of the Chief of the Defence Staff of each of the member nations. In April this meeting was being held in London and the Chief of the Defence Staff, the Earl Mountbatten, proposed that the Committee should pay a visit to H.M.S. *Ark Royal*. This visit was part of a tour of the Portsmouth Command which was under the supervision of Commodore Fell, then Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth. The high ranks of the visitors and the protocol of their respective personal and national seniorities led to a considerable amount of concern and consultation.

The day chosen, April 1st, was fine as the guests arrived by helicopter from H.M.S. *Vernon*. After struggling free of their life-jackets and regaining their composure, they took their seats for an address of welcome from Captain Griffin. It is problematic whether the visitors or the hosts were the more surprised when the Captain started by greeting the guests in Urdu, Persian and Turkish. He then went on to discuss, in English, the role and purpose of *Ark Royal*, and was followed by Commander (Air) who explained the operation and capabilities of the various aircraft carried on board. The party then divided into five separate groups to tour the Hangars and Island, seeing the aircraft and their weapons, the work of the A.D.R. in directing fighters and compiling the air picture, the planning and co-ordination of strikes in the Operations Room the complexities of Hangar and Flight Deck control from the A.C.R. and the operation of Catapults and Arresting gear and the barrier.

After lunch there was a Flying Display. As this included both the recovery and launch of four Scimitars the foreign gentlemen were issued with ear protectors which they immediately donned, to their great joy, and hence they received no benefit from the commentary given from Flyco. On the conclusion of the Fly Past and the speeches of thanks, Lieut.-General Shah of the Pakistan Army, who was the Senior Officer of the Day, took the Salute from the Guard of Honour, before the Committee were bundled again into waiting helicopters for the journey to Thorney Island and thence back to London.

MARINE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Every article about Marine Engineering in any Book of the Commission ever written is invariably packed with useless statistics, such as the total number of times that the Port Outer shaft has turned. This may be due to the fact that true engineers have analytical and mathematical minds, or just because someone has been counting - a great deal of practical steam engineering consisting of taking readings from gauges, meters and dials. Such data as may be included here is only used to enlighten the reader and to improve his mind. The most important thing for him to learn and remember is that the Marine Engineers are the source of all Power, Light and Goodness within the Ship.

To give the uninitiated a basic idea of how we achieve this and how we earn our hard-won pay, let us take a look round the various departments.

The Engine Room department has had a fairly steady time between panics, with just an occasional crisis to keep them on their toes. They were the envy of the other departments at one time for the number of Make-and-Mends they managed in Hong Kong. The wisdom of this move was proved during the Divisional Run Ashore when they consumed more pints of San Mig in the China Fleet Club than any previous team in living memory. It just goes to emphasize the value of training!

When the evaporators are on the blink, it becomes the Engine Room's responsibility to provide feed water for the ship, and it is their proud boast that they have begged, borrowed or stolen feed water from every ship of note in the Far East Fleet, up to the limit that the feed water barge could not get round any faster.

Our friends in the Boiler Rooms, however, have been indulging in a very strange occupation, namely, rolling 41,856 balls down the boiler tubes. This is not, as at first might appear, some sort of occupational therapy for neurotic acrobats but is a technical necessity. If 41,856 little balls come out of the bottom then the tubes must be clear; if not, then either the tubes are blocked or someone counted them wrong in the first place. In addition to this time-consuming effort there has been quite a lot of trouble with Fire Alarms, not all of which, unfortunately, were false.

The T.G. and EVAP Party has been occupied with providing us all with Water and Power. The cessation of either of these commodities produces an instant clamour. They managed to keep their heads above water, so to speak, until the return to the U.K. of the departmental officer, with an injured back. From that moment on, things seemed to take a turn for the worse and the cry of "Make-and-Mend? I thought 21 hours was the normal working day in this part-of-ship!" went up frequently. While the work of the Marine Engineers was described by the Captain as "heroic" he must surely have had the Evap. party at the forefront of his thoughts. On the whole, water rationing has been more a threat than a reality, although constant warnings have been broadcast. The production of 10 Megagallons of fresh water from the sea has kept us in the clear.

The D.B. and D.C.M. Party have come up with one curious statistic. On a normal day at sea, steaming and flying, the Ship's boilers consume 550 tons or so of fuel, while the Engine Room personnel consume 31 pints of rum. This works out at a rate of 20 feet travelled per gallon of fuel and a "flying speed" of two-thirds of a ton per hour.

A rather mixed-up mob are the Avfuel and Boats Party. Under most varied conditions the aircraft have been fuelled, to the accompaniment of a sepulchral voice from D.C.H.Q. 1 whenever Avgas was involved. The boats have always been hoisted out in good working order, except for a minor failure or two to start. However, once away they certainly clock up the miles - over twenty thousand so far. In Singapore and Hong Kong we did also see the aircraft being hoisted out by crane, but this was not the fault of the Avfuel boys. The other flat-top, or open-air, engineers tell their story on later pages.

Despite the constant flow of complaints to the Domestics, which all require attention straightaway - the complaints not the Domestics Party that is - they have worked steadily and effectively to maintain those essential services without which life rapidly becomes unbearable - air-conditioning in places, steam for hot water and the galleys, refrigeration for all the foodstuffs and half a ton of ice a day to cool the Rum tub or the Wardroom gin.

Last, but by no means least, is the Training Office which, although of recent origin, is now part of the life of the

MARINE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

department, running courses in a variety of subjects to cover anything from the ME (1)'s examination to the ERA's charge ticket. Advancement has been good everywhere; in particular, one *Chief* and two *Seniors* have been elevated. It should be added that Physical Training is not in the curriculum - although *Chief* does his 5BX and *Senior* keeps fit by doing Rounds.

When the "Stokers" turn out on the Sports Field they are generally more than a match for any opposition. The Junior Rates Soccer Team spent some time at the top of the League table following their win over the redoubtable 890 Squadron. The Inter-part Rugger side has been a little short on fixtures though they were well represented in the Ship's team. The Hockey side have had a fairly successful season, with the sands of *Suara* taking their toll of grazed knees and elbows. The Senior Rates turned out an exceptionally heavy-weight bunch to represent them in the Tug-of-War and carried off the Boatswain's Trophy; later, with a few substitutes, they defeated the might of *Eagle* in two straight pulls. Meanwhile, the Engineer Officers' Whaler, after an excruciating series of "full watches below" on the oars at 0600, managed to trounce the best that *Eagle* could put up, while being beaten by a short head by *Ark's* Number One boat. Those not athletically inclined have all been active in other well-known, and lesser-known, pursuits. Although the men down below have had the most rugged and arduous Commission both at sea and in harbour, it must be said that some have managed to get away for just a few moments' rest and relaxation.



... the source of all Power, Light and Goodness...

FLIGHT DECK ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

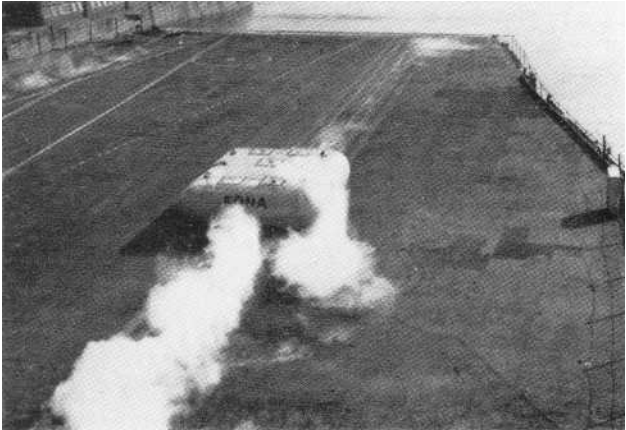
|| **T**he first launch of the day will be six Scimitars at 0700." This has been a common enough broadcast during the commission. To the Flight Deck Engineering Department this means that the day starts at 0400 for the Catapult crews, who need three hours to get their catapults ready. The Arresting Gear crew mans its control room soon after. The men who run the pumps that provide the hydraulic ring main pressure and the high pressure air, essential for the operation of the catapults and arresting gear, also have to start at 0400. In a compartment off the Lower Hangar one of the Oxygen producing plants has been running since the ship left harbour. Such a start to the working day has been fairly regular routine for the Flight Deck Engineers.

Before we reached the stage of regular operational flying, there was a lot of work done in preparation and training. By September 1964, all the flight deck machinery was assembled and tried. The Flight Deck Machinery Trials and Training Unit came to the ship from H.M.S. *Daedalus* and tested all the equipment during the Catapult Deadload and Arresting Gear Fast Pull-out Trials. These were followed by the Flying Trials when all the calibrations of machinery performance, calculated from the deadload trials, were checked with aircraft from our own Squadrons. After those trials and the three work-up periods we found that the Department could do almost anything that was asked of us.

In this Commission some notable milestones have been passed. Soon after 29th March, 1965, when the first 1,000 arrested deck landings of the commission were completed, came the Buccaneer 11 Flying Trial. During this trial we believe that we were the first R.N. carrier to launch an aircraft at all All-Up Weight of over 50,000 pounds. When one remembers that the ship's catapults were installed when people thought that an aircraft weighing 30,000 pounds was very heavy, one can see that the development of the capabilities of Flight Deck Machinery has been remarkable. In August 1965, the ship completed 30,000 catapult launches since the steam catapults were installed in the ship just ten years previously. Then in September came technical problems. The port catapult power cylinders had to be taken out of the ship for repair by H.M. Dockyard, Singapore. The ship sailed without the catapult power cylinders, firing on one, so to speak, and made her way to Hong Kong. The cylinders were repaired and subsequently some were brought to Hong Kong by the R.F.A. Fort *Duquesne* and the remainder by H.M.S. *Manxman*. By the middle of October we had reassembled the whole thing and we had two good catapults again. We think that this is the first time that a catapult has ever been fitted while a ship has been at anchor.

*Opposite: Dead load
testing at Devonport*

FLIGHT DECK ENGINEERING



GOING ...



GOING ...



GONE!

FAMILIES DAY

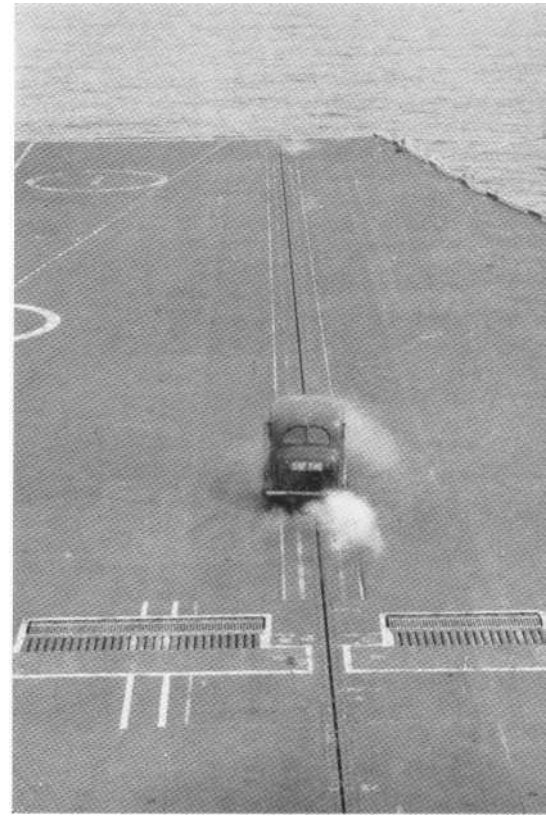
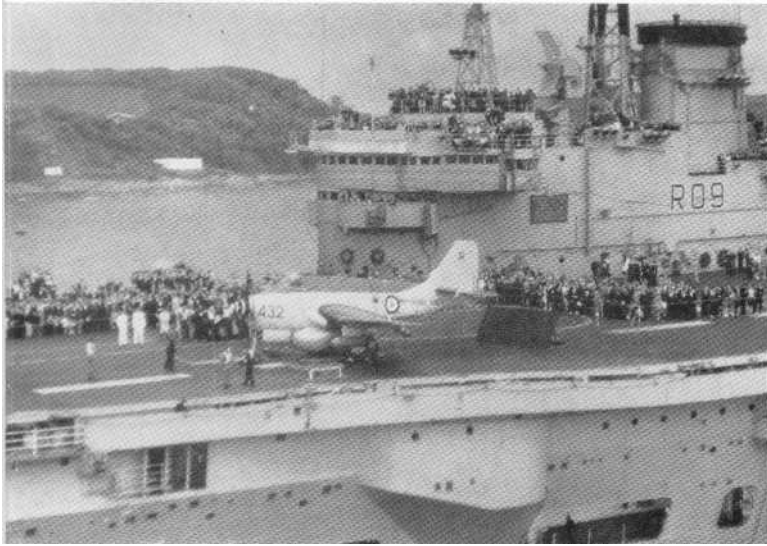
SEA ROUTINE

- 0600 Pass Breakwater. Secure to Charlie Buoy.
- 0645 Call the Hands.
- 0655 Woken by clumsy messmate. Have a smoke. Wonder what wife is doing at that moment. Wash.
- 0710 Breakfast.
- 0715 Guard and Steerage.
- 0815 Clean into Number Twos. Wash and shave.
- 0900 Look anxiously in Paddle Tug for wife and John.
Muster in Upper Hangar.
Meet wife and John. Kiss wife and wipe oil off John.

HARBOUR ROUTINE

- 0500 Rise and shine. Have cup of tea. Remove curlers. Wash and dress.
- 0530 Lay out Baby's gear for Gran. Prepare breakfast. Feed cat. Do boiler.
- 0600 Call the kids. Dress John and change Baby. Cook breakfast.
- 0615 Breakfast for children, including finding plastic cowboy at bottom of cereal packet.
- 0628 Own breakfast.
- 0630 Wash up. Put cat out. Pot Baby.
- 0645 Pram to be alongside to take Baby round to Gran's. Explain to Gran that *Ark Royal* is not likely to sink and leave her holding Baby for ever. Say good-bye to tearful, unconvinced Gran.
- 0655 Return home. Shift into Rig of Day - best dress, best coat and sensible shoes for naval ladders.
- 0710 Remove John from compost heap, change shirt and put on coat and cap. Secure back door and depart.
- 0715 Return to ensure that gas is off and that cat is out.
- 0720 Catch bus to R.N. Barracks. Varnish nails and look for Pass.
- 0745 Arrive R.N.B. Meet other wives and families. Wish had worn smart shoes.
- 0800 Bus from Parade Ground to Millbay Docks.
- 0815 Board Paddle Tug boat. Lose John down hatch. Wish his Father were here and not out there. Leave Docks and chug slowly across the Sound.
- 0900 Arrive alongside *Ark Royal*. John found in engine-room, covered with oil. Climb on board. Thankful for sensible shoes. Very thankful to have got here. Kiss husband. Now for a nice cup of tea!

- 1030 Slip and Proceed.
- 1100 Launch Gannet from Port Catapult.
- 1110 Launch two Motor-cars from Catapults.
- 1115 Flypast by *Ark Royal's* aircraft.
- 1120 Royal Marines Band Display.
- 1145 Rumber rigged in Upper Hangar.
- 1150 Helicopter Pirates arrive.
- 1200 Buffet Lunch in Upper Hangar.
- 1400 Hands fall in for Entering Harbour (Modified Procedure Alfa).
- 1500 Alongside.
- 1515 Go home together.



FAMILIES DAY

