

CHILDREN'S PARTIES

We had a marvellous time and its the greatest party we have ever been to.

My wee brothers Philip age four years said "I'm going to be a pirate on my Ark Royal ship and have more parties." Nigel who is five years old said "The ice-cream was real nice, and the rides in the aeroplane too, and I think ships are even greater than tanks." Steven who is nine years said "The party was Super and when I grow up, I would like to be a sailor and signal aeroplanes on to the ship. Then when they have parties I'll help and dress up like a pirate and invite orphans." I would like to say, thank you for the best party I've ever been to and I would love a photograph of The Ark Royal to show my grandi-dad and little cousins and friends when we go home to England and we were told we could not take photographs.

Its may bed time now so Good night and God Bless and thankyou and all the sailors and people who helped to make us happy
Anita

AT THE EQUATOR

On the evening of Friday, the 17th December, Anno Domini 1965, the Mighty vessel *Ark Royal* was sailing southwards towards the Equator and towards the continent of Australia for those much discussed days in Fremantle. Suddenly, there were signs of a disturbance in the waters ahead of the ship and a feeling in the air that something out of the ordinary was about to occur. The Ship's Company was alerted and many made their way to the Flight Deck to see what might befall. Some bright lights appeared in the sea just under the bows and a frail, quavering voice could be heard, hailing the ship, "Ship AHO-O-O-Y. What ship is that, and whither are you bound?"

"Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Ark Royal*," replied the Captain, from the bridge, "bound from Singapore to Fremantle. Who are you?"

"I am the herald of His Majesty, King Neptune, and I wish to come on board," came the answer.

Immediately the Captain ordered "Stop all engines" and despatched a side party to help the Herald on board. Up over the bows, out of the dark and the welter of packed aircraft, there came the sturdy shape of the Master-at-Arms and the fragile figure, strangely clad, of the Herald. When he had recovered his equilibrium, the Herald opened his scroll and spoke thus:

"From ocean's vasty depths, I, Herald, swim
Bringing you greetings and a warning grim.
My Master, Neptune, King of all the Seas;
Lord of the Oceans and the Balmy Breeze;
Defender of Dolphins, Denizens and Whales;
Protector of Mermaids (Bless their shiny tails!);
Master of every Finned and Scaly thing;
Scourge of the Sharks; the Power beneath the wing
Of Skua, Roc and Albatross, all birds
That skim His waves; Keeper of all the Herds
Of Seal and Walrus, Sea Lion and Horse
(Who graze upon His sea-weed fields, of course);
Whose Sceptre is the Trident, and Whose Crown
No mortal man can wear - or he would drown;
Gave me this Charge - hear ye and mark it well.
Before your Ship and all who in it dwell
Dare my most Hallowed Line to come across
Into the regions of the Southern Cross
Take heed, by lawful right, my Sovereign Lord
Will hold His Court of Honour here on board."

and he delivered to Captain Fell the Order convening a Court to be held on the morrow.



Arrival of the Herald

The Captain replied, full graciously, expressing our loyalty to our beloved Queen and our polite deference to his Oceanic Majesty and welcoming the King and all his Court to come to inspect all newcomers to the Southern hemisphere and to give them a fair trial with, "Justice plain not cruel." The Herald returned to the unfathomable deep and *Ark* proceeded towards the Equator.

At nine of the clock on the following forenoon, the scene was set for the arrival of the Court. To martial melodies from a mob of motley musicians, King Neptune made his appearance on the forward lift, accompanied by His Consort, Queen Aphrodisia, and by his three graceless daughters. In his train came his familiars - the Bears, Barbers, Physicians, Policemen and the rest, all suitably attired. When they reached the dais prepared for them the Captain tendered his address of welcome and homage "Ark Royally" and loyally. The Lord of the Waters, Sovereign of all Oceans, Governor and Great High Admiral of the Baths was graciously pleased to accept this message and greeted the Captain in like vein:

"Rest ye safely in Neptune's toils,
Welcome, thrice welcome, bold Ark Royals."

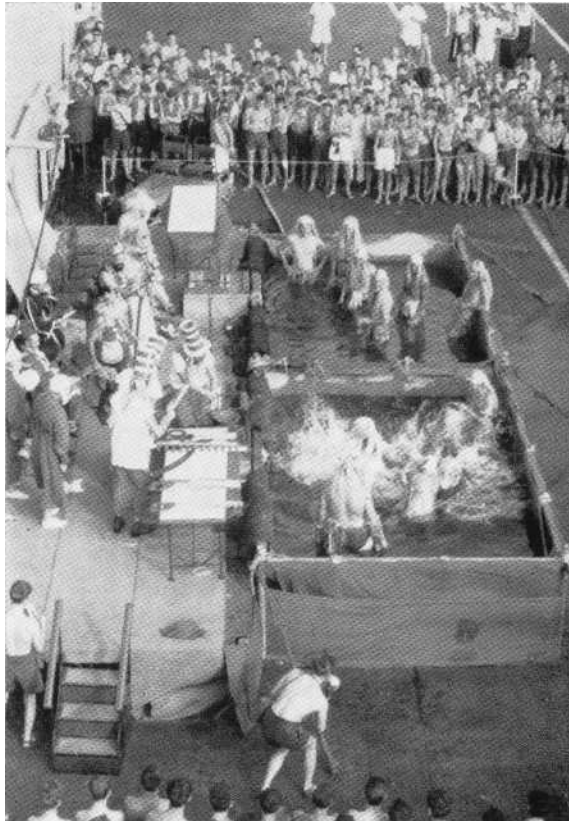
CROSSING THE LINE

He went on further:

Now to you, Captain, I make an award
To be worn when only you carry your sword;
A medal worth more, far more, than a "sipper"
The Order, First Class, of the Flying Kipper."

However, before the honoured Captain could withdraw, the Clerk of the Court announced that there was a charge against the Captain, which it would be painful to relate, and the first unfortunate was duly lathered and shaved and thrown to the Bears. By this time the Policemen were among the assembled throng collecting all those who were guilty of some heinous crime and the first of these victims was the Commander. Although he produced and waved aloft his previous Certificate for Crossing the Line, gained many, many years before, it was pronounced to be a forgery and he was ceremoniously ducked. Subsequently, he was awarded the Medal of the Bloater.

Now victims came thick and fast and the variety of their crimes was astounding. The charge was read and the verdict given - each and every one was dismally Guilty while with increasing joy and gusto the Barbers and Bears lathered and ducked, as culprit after culprit



King Neptune's Court

was dragged struggling to Judgement. Some of the charges are quoted below as fearful warnings to others.

Commander Ellingham:

"Our current victim, pardon the pun
Is a man whose task is an arduous one.

Each motor, switch and fan and light
Is his by departmental right
This microphone, as all can see
Is working most efficiently;
I withdraw all praises of 'Green' affairs,
And deliver you now to Neptune's bears."

Lieutenant Lonsdale:

"Skating on financial ice,
Issuing profound advice
On dollars, shillings, pounds and pence,
All tempered by uncommon sense
If, by disaster, he should err
And wrath of Nat. Pro. Bank incur—
Lonsdale, quickly, bold cashier,
The Bears await you over here."

S.P.O. Lewins:

"When P.O. Lewins sits in the store
Demands can wait for evermore;
To each demand, though big or small one,
He says I'm sorry - we ain't got none!"

A.B. Gunton

"Here stands before you Ben, the Butcher true,
Who cannot resist a smart tattoo
To the Pool he is now about to depart
For the royal Bears are lovers of Art."

Garry Burnside:

"With scissors, comb and curling tongs,
He works amidst exotic pong —
'Like a perm, dear?' once he asked
A stoker who was strolling past
This N.A.A.F.I. Barber, Tonsorial Tool
We charge and condemn to be thrown in the Pool."

The proceedings were suddenly interrupted when, from the Crowd, emerged an aged, aged man, borne by a posse of shallow water divers. Neptune was irate at his impertinence and told him off roundly:

"My Court's in session, true and loyal,
In Her Majesty's Ship, the Fourth *Ark Royal*."

To which Noah, for that was who the bearded gaffer was, replied, in reproving tones:

"Fourth *Ark*, indeed, that's just a myth.
Surely you know that it's the Fifth.
I'll have you know, you beardless lad,
I'm old enough to be your Dad.

CROSSING THE LINE

For, many thousand years ago,
Before you ruled the sea below,
I built my *Ark* to ride the Flood
Until I landed on the mud.

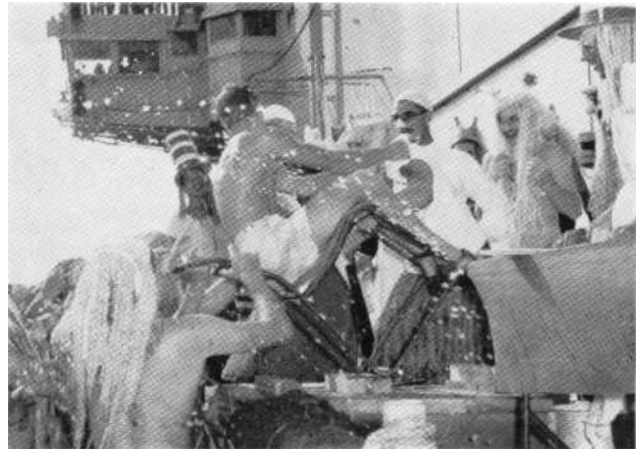
I've lived in every *Ark* that floats
With, or without, the sheep and goats.
I owe to no man fee or rent
And mostly I have been content.

But still, enough of all this talk
How dare you on my ship to walk
And set your Court up in my place -
'Tis time for you to state your case."

The Crafty Monarch of the Meridian then challenged the old Noah to produce his Rum card "stamped for Gin" and in the absence of this satisfactory proof of identity the Barbers, Bears and Court executioners gave the oldest inhabitant short shrift and he was soon drenched and dripping. But vengeance was his, for the stout hearted crowd surged to his rescue and before long everyone, King, Clerk and Court and all the spectators were in one watery waste, the baptism of the bath, as improvisation took the place of initiation. Fortunately, an old familiar pipe of "Up Spirits" revived the flagging strength of the Court and they were able to withdraw in dignity and haste and the Crossing the Line had been accomplished.



Lather and shave him ...



... and throw him to the Bears



CHRISTMAS AT FREMANTLE

The journey to Fremantle had been so fraught with doubts and disappointment that it was a great relief, and something of a surprise, to see the coast of Australia and to be making the final preparations for our ceremonial entry. The depth of water in the harbour was such that an accurate draught of the ship was required, so the Shipwright Officer and the Chief Shipwright were lowered in a Motor Cutter and read the mean draught, while bobbing up and down on a moderate swell. The readings were satisfactory and the Pilot was soon on board. With a full Alpha range of aircraft and ceremonial manning parties, *Ark Royal* passed the breakwater at the appointed time. It could now be seen how relatively narrow was the Port of Fremantle. Up harbour lay H.M.S. *Devonshire*, wearing the flag of F.O.2., F.E.F., and Vice-Admiral Hill-Norton, himself, could be seen on deck, watching the manoeuvre as *Ark* turned right round through 180 degrees to point her bows back towards the harbour entrance. At one time the forward end of the Flight Deck seemed to swing very close to a merchantman secured on the opposite wall. The Master could be seen anxiously watching from the wing of his bridge, but, when he was content that there was no danger of a touch, he hastily produced his camera and took an excellent snapshot right down the centre of the Flight Deck. The delicate turn having been accomplished in a difficult breeze, *Ark* was soon comfortably settled in number 7 and 8 berths. *Devonshire* lay immediately astern, with *Blackpool* secured alongside her.

Now the Flight Deck, after Lift and Upper Hangar were to be converted rapidly into the venue for an Official Reception. While aircraft were struck down and moved forward, tables, lamps, ceremonial ladders, flowers, glasses and decorations were produced to replace them and, by evening, all was ready to receive over 600 guests from the cities of Perth and Fremantle. At the same time, the Ship's Companies of *Ark*, *Devonshire* and *Blackpool* were making their ways to the Pagoda Ballroom for a Grand Ball. They returned sadly because the combination of the recurring doubts about our arrival and the busy anticipation of Christmas meant that the attendance of partners was far below that needed for the multitude of males.

The next day, however, the locals heard of the disappointing response at the Pagoda and went out of their way to ensure that their reputation for hospitality was not tarnished. The telephone lines to the Ship's liaison office were kept constantly in action as invitations flooded in for two or three sailors for lunch or for a beach party or for a quiet evening at home with the family. Sometimes, there were particular qualifications to be fulfilled - "an Engineer from Northern Ireland" or "a couple of lads who don't drink" or "he must be a good rider as we are going kangaroo shooting". The Christmas story of Scrooge was thought by some to have been re-enacted in the

CHRISTMAS AT FREMANTLE

Regulating Office where a benign Master-at-Arms listened patiently and long to the dear old soul who wants to invite out the grandson of an old friend, "His name is John and he comes from Halifax and that is all that I know." It often transpired that she was not even sure that he was serving in Ark rather than one of the other two ships. This rush of telephone calls, and a steady flow of those who just arrived at the gangway with open invitations, continued throughout the Christmas holidays so that, in the end, it was estimated that 80 per cent of the Ship's Company had the opportunity to accept private hospitality.

Before the visit there had been several hours of planning meetings to discuss all that would have to be done to meet the programme arranged by the indefatigable Gunnery Officer. The Upper Hangar, in particular, underwent many transformations; from a mere shelter for aircraft to the wet weather alternative for the Reception; to the setting of the Christmas tree and the Children's Party; to be rigged for Church to accommodate the numbers who remembered the story and the meaning of the First Christmas; then, rapidly, to become a festive and extensive Beer Bar on Christmas



To each, a plastic carrier



A gift from Santa

Forenoon; finally, to be the Exhibition Hall for the days when the Ship was Open to the Public. Over six thousand people took the chance to come on board and see round the ship. Many of these extended further invitations to the sailors who formed the working parties or who were on duty at the stands to explain their jobs. It was surprising to see how many "instant experts" there were - the Cook (S) explaining the intricacies of the Sea Vixen Ejection system to a girl friend or the Leading Airman describing the principle of the Electrical Ring Main. The visitors were evidently astounded by what they were told.

Probably Christmas is the most nostalgic time of the year to be away from one's family and it was as well to spend it in conditions so unlike those with which one is familiar. First and foremost there was the tremendous contrast of the climate. Although the Christmas decorations and cards still showed snow and frost, the temperature daily approached the hundred degree mark - the "century" of local weather lore - on most days of the visit. The traditional turkey is still eaten, but cold and with salad; while the flaming Pudding is replaced by ice-cream and fresh melon.

CHRISTMAS AT FREMANTLE

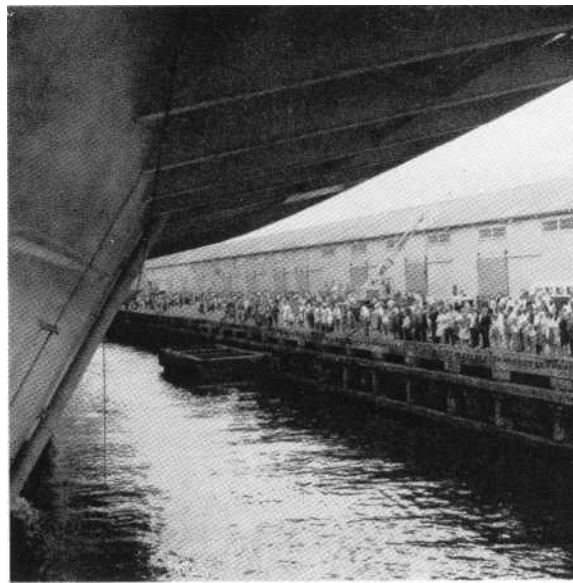
Carol singers are still greeted with mince pies, washed down with ice cold Swan lager! The children's excitement over Father Christmas is undiminished but the favourite Boxing Day activity is to go the beach and to revel in the long rollers and the surf.

Apart from his appearance at the Children's party to distribute small gifts, Santa Claus also had a date on the Quarterdeck where a small tree held an array of presents for the officers, each proper or appropriate to the nature of the receiver (and some not so proper!).

Prominent among these presentations were the gifts of two small plastic aircraft carriers, complete with air group, to the Admiral and to the Captain.

The Royal Marines Band spent a hectic, and varied, few days. They beat Retreat at the Reception on the Flight Deck; they entertained and were entertained in return at the Returned Servicemen's League's home for wounded veterans and they appeared in full regalia at the Ascot Races. On their last day they provided the orchestral backing to the Pantomime which was presented at the Supreme Court Gardens, after innumerable alarms and excursions.

On the 29th December, under a dull and sullen sky, a large crowd of hosts, friends and well-wishers gathered along the quay to see us sail. A ragged group of beatniks chanted folksy songs and there was some coming and going on the gangway with a final exchange of messages and souvenirs. As *Ark* led the way down past the impressive buildings of the Port Authorities and out to sea it was revealed that the road along the jetty and to the end of the breakwater was packed with cars three deep. One could not but be glad that *Ark* and the other ships of the group had evidently done much to strengthen the bonds between the people of Western Australia and the Royal Navy.



Moment of departure

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME



In the early autumn, a team of enthusiasts got together to prepare a Christmas Pantomime to be presented for the benefit of the Ship's Company and for the possible entertainment of the friendly natives of Australia. It was decided to base the plot loosely on the *Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens, the story of the miserable and miserly Scrooge and of the vision that came to him of Christmas Past, Present and Future and of his change of heart. The story was given a typically naval twist, with suitable, topical allusions, was rendered into verse and was set to music. Only the names of the principal characters and the skeleton of the story revealed its origin as it appeared under the title "The Carol L'Ark".

After many changes of date and plan, the opening was on the last evening of the visit and much of the day was spent rehearsing on the stage at the Supreme Court Gardens at Perth, where a crowd of over two thousand sat out in the open, on the grass, to watch it. A collection was taken and produced over fifty pounds for the R.S.L. charity. The skilful design of the stage gave excellent acoustics throughout the large arena. It was regrettable that, despite the efforts of shipwrights and electricians, similar conditions could not be produced on the home ground of the Flight Deck. Much of the humour was lost on this later occasion. Nevertheless the thought, hard work and imagination that had been devoted to the production was evident to all.

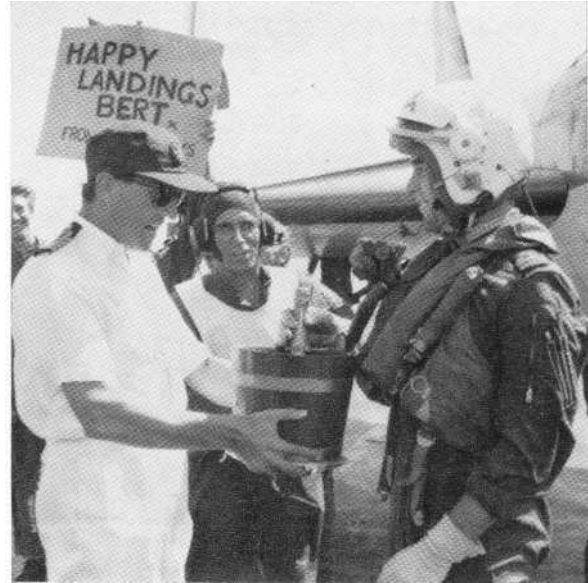
The miser Scrooge had become the cross-grained Executive Officer of the H.M.S. *Bountiful* and his humble clerk, Bob Cratchit, an erring Chief Petty Officer. When the dreaded Commander had retired to his uncomfortable bunk he was visited by the Ghost of his equally miserable predecessor who rattled his chains at him and warned Scrooge of his eventual fate. The second apparition was less Dickensian and more James Bondian, suave and ominous. The final and most startling of the three visitations was that of Christmas Future, in the form of a Dalek. Its outward appearance was enhanced by the complexity of flashing lights and electronic effects and the realistic and relentless way in which it threatened to "ex-ter-min-ate" Scrooge and all other victims. All this proved too much for him and he rapidly repented of his wicked ways, granted leave to the Petty Officer to visit his dreadful, delinquent family and got very drunk with a Scottish medic. Finally, in true pantomime tradition, everyone married everyone else, sang a jolly closing chorus and Tiny Tim called out the inimitable "God Bless Us Every One".

It would be invidious to mention names so one can only record one's appreciation of the two producers and the authors for their conception and execution; of the Royal Marines Band, for their work in the orchestra pit and for the cast who struggled to project their personalities through such varied and unfamiliar acoustic conditions.

PRESENTATIONS



*Champagne for Admiral Luce
-1,000th arrested landing*



*A magnum for Marindin
-500th Scimitar landing*



*Silver for the Seaman
-A quatics at Singapore*



*The First Footer
-1st January 1965*

DIVING



Entering the water

During the summer of 1964 the Divers took every opportunity to dive and to get acquainted with each other so that they should develop as a team. The fact that they also gathered crayfish and other edible marine creatures from the Deep was purely fortuitous. They also tried their luck, a little further west, near Culdrose, and it took a lot of tact to escape the repercussions of that adventure.

During the catapult trials in the Dockyard the dead-load Eric sank and we were invited to help in raising it. The perverse behaviour of this 20-ton load would have been better suited to a female and the episode lasted right through a week-end of interesting, though cold and arduous, diving. Later, at the rocket ejection seat trials in the Sound, we were asked to assist with recovering the seats, but, in the short time available, we only retrieved one, and had to leave the other to Devonport Diving School.

In January 1965, life became real and earnest with the Work-Up and we were soon at work when, as *Ark* was coming to a buoy in Rosyth, a boat-rope wound itself several times round the port outer screw. It looked as if the flying programme for the next day

would have to be delayed until, at 0300, after a miserable and cold dive, in high wind and pouring rain, the offender was removed. We also had some attempts off Burntisland (cold and murky) and with the French Navy's Dragueurs de Mines, at Brest (cold and raining). It was not until the return to Devonport in the spring that we were able to recapture the gay spirit of 1964.

On the passage to the Far East there were few chances to get underwater, though we managed two days' worth in Gibraltar and, as in the last commission, an inspection of the shark net moorings off Tarshyne Beach at Aden. It was interesting to discover, afterwards, how few of the bathers on the beach realized that the net had actually been removed and that only the moorings remained. The divers thoroughly enjoyed their afternoon - on the sand!

The murky waters around Singapore are unfavourable for underwater observations and Hong Kong was spoiled by a plague of large, yellow jelly-fish. Most of the diving out East has been of the "bottom search" or "recovery of lost article" variety. Subic, where the brilliantly coloured fish and fantastic corals were a delight to the eye, proved a welcome change. Giving a hand to the Fleet Clearance Diving Team at Singapore to salvage the wreck of a Javelin which had crashed off Changi provided us with a job which, though somewhat melancholy, was both interesting and well worthwhile and justified the regular routine of training dives.



The Diving Team's Mascot - Miss Helen Woodard

FLEET WORK STUDY

One of the techniques used in Work Study is known as P.E.R.T. - Programme Evaluation and Review Technique.

The most striking success of the technique was in controlling the construction of the Polaris missile system in the U.S.A., where its use advanced the completion date of the programme about two years.

The essence of PERT is Network Analysis, the basic principles of which are:

- a. Breaking down a task or project into a set of individual jobs and arranging them in a logical network.
- b. Estimating the duration of each job, and establishing which jobs control the completion of the project.
- c. Re-allocating resources to improve the schedule.

Within the network the controlling jobs form a "critical path". An example of how Network Analysis could be applied to the preparation, cooking and serving of sweet and sour pork is shown below.

Production of Sweet and Sour Pork

The table shows the overall task broken down into basic activities with an estimated duration for each. In the network, activities are shown as lines joining "events" which are represented by circles. Each event is identified by a number. The duration in minutes of each activity is indicated in the table, and also alongside the appropriate line in the network. (Fractions of a minute are expressed in decimals throughout). Figures in squares indicate the earliest time that the following activity can be started. Figures in triangles indicate the latest time the following activity should be started.

After drawing the network the critical path is established as shown by the double lines. The duration of the activities on the critical path give the overall time for the job.

The total time of all activities in the table is 7275 mins. The total time for the job, though, is only 3025 mins., i.e. the sum of the activities on the critical path. It would be the Work Study Team's job, then, to examine the activities on the critical path, because any reduction in the duration of those activities would reduce the total job time.

Events	Activity	Duration	Events	Activity	Duration
1 2	*Go into kitchen	½	7 11	Add pepper to pork	¼
2 3	Get plates out	½	8 11	Add pineapples to pork . .	¼
2 4	Slice leeks and place in cold water	½	9 10	Add pork to oil	¼
2 6	Core and dice apples . .	3	10 11	Fry pork until brown	5
2 7	Slice green pepper and remove seeds	½	11 16	Cook pork etc. on gentle heat	10
2 8	Open tin of pineapples	¼	12 13	*Add rice to water	¼
2 9	Cut pork into 1 in. cubes	3	13 14	*Boil rice	20
2 10	Heat oil with garlic	3	14 15	*Drain and separate rice . .	½
2 12	*Boil water for rice.....	7	15 16	*Serve rice on to dish.....	½
2 17	Mix sauce	5	16 18	*Serve pork etc. on to dish	¼
3 19	Warm plates and dishes	5	17 18	Boil sauce	3
4 5	Boil leeks	2	18 19	*Serve sauce on to dish	¼
5 11	Add leeks to pork	¼	19 20	*Take finished meal and plates to dining-room . .	½
6 11	Add apples to pork	¼	20 21	*Serve	½

* Indicates Critical Activity.

ARKAID

For the benefit of the unenlightened in the ship, it should be explained that Arkaid has been a voluntary organization from within *Ark Royal* which has set out to do practical, helpful work for any welfare cause that has needed assistance. It has been sponsored and financed by the Welfare Committee; its workers have come from all departments and it has used the skills and resources that are available in the ship. It is, therefore, something in which the whole ship has been associated.

During the refit it came to be known that the Cheshire Home at Tamerton Foliot needed help to convert a thirty-two seater coach so that it would take the wheel chairs of the invalids. Material and not financial help was badly needed here. Naval Airman Cobbett and friends set about the task and with the expertise of Sailmaker Fletcher (an upholsterer and harness-maker) the job was soon completed. The reward of Arkaid is the visible evidence of achievement.

A full list of the jobs done would be too long but a few examples will indicate both the variety and the pattern. At Edinburgh, books and magazines were collected and distributed at the Cheshire Home by Naval Airman Jordan and others. At Hong Kong, Chief Writer Quance led a party who repainted fifty hospital cots, beds and lockers while Shipwright Stokes made new cupboards and others felled trees. The seamen tackled the seamanlike task of striking a 120-foot mast, repainting it and then rerigging it. The Royal Marines Band went to the Hospital and played for the enjoyment of the inmates.

Probably the major project of the Commission has been at the Cheshire Home for Incurables at Singapore, where over fifty men have given a hand. All the exterior woodwork has been repainted and the wards have been rewired. Other jobs have included rebuilding the summer house, repairing the garden gates, flyproofing doors, gardening, plumbing, converting invalid chairs and the never-ending repainting of wicker chairs. Petty Officer Jones, Leading Seamen Flitney and Cole, and Naval Airman Cobbett took the lead in these activities.

Arkaid has been done during ordinary shore leave, and no special concessions have been made. But it would be wrong to give the impression that this time has been sacrificed. The expeditions were enjoyed and everyone went knowing that he would spend his time profitably because the work was creative, evidently worthwhile and because the people who benefited from our efforts knew that there was no suspicion of a patronizing attitude in our desire to aid.

DEEP SEA SCOUTS

The present crew on board was formed in January 1965, when 25 people became Deep Sea Scouts. Our first activity outside the ship was a camp in the snow of Norway. As the conditions were dangerous only six were able to take part. At Gibraltar, we went pot-holing in St. Michael's Caves. This proved to be a very exciting first experience for many of us. When we arrived in Singapore we decided to make use of the ship's boats and have managed to visit different parts of the Malaysian coast.

The Deep Sea Scouts is an international organization so that we meet friends everywhere. In Hong Kong, a Chinese Sea Scout group came on board, where one of them was invested as a Deep Sea Scout, the first Chinese ever to become one.



The investiture in Hong Kong