

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

This has been a varied and active commission down in 7G2. In one month alone the number of ground negatives taken has exceeded four hundred. These include: copying charts, forms and A.21's; taking identity photographs; recording flight deck scenes; producing detail photographs of ship fittings and compartments, required for reports, and doing Press Work for publicity or recruiting purposes.

At *Flying Stations* there is always a cine-photographer recording all fixed-wing take-offs and recoveries. Moreover, from a Photo Reconnaissance Sortie, which takes place fairly regularly, one Scimitar alone can bring back 1,500 exposures which have to be processed and sorted. In one particular two-day exercise 4,500 exposures were made.

Several photographs taken by the Staff have appeared in the National Press, also quite a number of shots showing ratings carrying out their duties have been published in local papers. We have also succeeded in breaking into Television—the films taken from the deck and from the helicopter of the V.T.O.L. aircraft were used on TV. A close liaison has been formed with the B.B.C. programme, *South-West at Six* where Ark has featured several times, the most notable occasion being when the film was shown of the Memorial Service held over the spot where the previous Ark Royal was sunk.

The department has been responsible for the colour film of the Commission and finally, in case you are surprised that no photo graces this section, the majority of the photographs for this book were taken and processed by the ship's photographers.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S PRAYER

(USED AT THE RE-COMMISSIONING SERVICE)

Lord, when Thou givest to Thy servants to endeavour any great matter, grant us to know that it is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory. Amen.

T.A.S.

Our task, of protecting the ship from all forms of underwater attack, does not call for the permanent employment of a large number of men but there are about fifty T.A.S. trained ratings in the ship.

Most people are surprised to learn that in the bowels of I I Charlie section are two Sonar sets. These are what most of us know as Asdics. On the rare occasions when submarines have been allowed to come close to the ship, or fire practise torpedoes at us, the U.C. team have proved their worth in making detections.

That we have not been attacked more often is due in no small measure to 815 Squadron with their anti-submarine helicopters. The Wessex is the first helicopter to be able to attack its own sonar contacts, to do this it carries homing torpedoes which are supplied and, to a certain extent, maintained by the U.W. rates of the T.A.S. party.

The activities of the department cover a wide field from practice torpedo runs at Subic and Gibraltar and demolitions at Hong Kong to the task of painting the funnel during paint-ship evolutions.

Those T.A.S. rates who have not been actively employed in their specialist jobs may rest assured that they have been filling a most important billet and that in any emergency their presence would have been vital.



MEN. MACHINE. MISSILE"

WHERE NO BIRDS SING

A team of four from *Ark Royal* decided to try to reach the peak of the highest mountain in Africa, Mount Kilimanjaro (19,300 ft.). Their training started several weeks before the expedition was due to take place; it took the form of hard P.T. and circuit training on the quarterdeck each evening and they even gave up alcohol and cigarettes, so that by the time they reached the foot of the mountain they were all as fit as life at sea would permit. Remember they had no opportunity to become gradually acclimatized to the lack of oxygen that they would meet at high levels.

A guide and native porters had been hired to do the climb with them, this was necessary as all the water they would require had to be carried. The first day was a leisurely climb to 9,000 feet; on the way they met a group of a dozen members of the American Peace Corps, ten of whom had succeeded in reaching the peak. The second day they reached the rest point known as the Kobi Hut, this is at an altitude of 15,300 feet and it was here that the effects of lack of oxygen made themselves felt. The climbers suffered from nausea and head-

aches and the only relief was obtained by chewing aspirins.

On the final day it was necessary to make an early start and when they turned out at 1 a.m. they found it was bitterly cold; by the time they reached 17,000 feet they were meeting hard slippery ice underfoot which made the going treacherous and dangerous; one member of the party became violently ill, was in a state of near-coma and, although he struggled on for a while, eventually had to be ordered to return. He was helped to a lower altitude and the other three struggled on, breathing became more and more difficult, rests became more frequent, finally the effort to climb was so agonizing that they could only achieve ten steps at a time before resting. The smallest camera, hanging round the neck, became a burden seemingly weighing many pounds.

At last, panting and gasping for breath but with a tremendous feeling of elation and achievement, they reached the summit. All the weeks of training and abstinence, all the toil, sweat and agony were forgotten in the glorious realization of their ambition. They were on top of Africa.

VISIT TO LORD BADEN- POWELL'S GRAVE

Seven members of the *Ark Royal* Deep Sea Scout Crew had two days away from the ship while it was in Mombasa during the first visit in 1962. They went by train to Nairobi and then a hundred miles on by car to Nyeri, where Lord Baden-Powell is buried. The grave is simple, consisting of a headstone with low surrounding hedge in a small churchyard. The Crew Leader, Lieut. Burford, presented C.P.O. Manhaire with the Scouts' Long Service Medal (fifteen years as a Scout Leader) and then read a short prayer before the group started the long return journey to Mombasa.

ANGELS, FOR THE USE OF?

One of the last things you would expect to find in an aircraft carrier is a harp; however, there is one outside the Captain's office. It is the mascot of 815 Squadron.

The harp was obtained after the members of the squadron had inserted an advertisement in the Personal Column of *The Times*. A reply came from a boys' school in Oxford saying the harp could be had for a small donation to the school's playing-fields fund.

Since then the instrument has gone through thick and thin with the squadron. A harp was originally chosen as the mascot because of the squadron's association with Northern Ireland where they operated before becoming carrier borne; it also has inevitable associations with that splendid Irish Stout that grows by the banks of the Liffey.

A. B. C. D.



"An officer or two shall be appointed to take care that no loose powder be carried between the decks, or near flint stock or match in hand. You shall saw divers hogsheads in two parts and filling them with water set them aloft the decks. You shall divide your carpenters, some in hold lest any shot come between wind and water, and the rest between the decks, with plates of lead, plugs and all things necessary by them. You shall also lay by your tubs of water certain wet blankets to cast upon and choke any fire."

I suppose these words might well be called the draft copy of ARKABS for they were written by Sir Walter Raleigh for the original *Ark Royal* in Elizabethan times.

In point of fact what he wrote makes very good sense and much of it still applies in principle today. (Though none of the Fire and Repair Party should be called a wet blanket, unless you are after a thick ear.) Seriously though, Sir Walter had some very good ideas and let us see how much of what he wrote still applies.

The latest *Ark Royal* is divided into eight sections for fire fighting and damage control. Each officer in charge of a section base has up to 40 men of all branches to assist him within that piece of the ship for which he is responsible. Shipwrights, Engineers, and Electricians, as well as Stewards and Stores Assistants who man the First Aid posts. Yes, on the whole, I think Sir Walter would be able to make sense of the ~~A.B.C.D. watchbill. Where~~ he would not be sure of himself would be in the amount of gear and equipment we use. We have come on a long way since *divers hogsheads in two parts* and our fire main supplied by fire and bilge pumps is capable of delivering up to 1,200 tons per hour. The pumps on the Main Suction line are somewhat similar, but they are required to pump water out of the ship.

All this equipment must have someone in overall control of it, though the *someone is* actually a *team* who man H.Q.1. Naturally enough this is a large number at Action Stations, but, there is always a skeleton staff ready to direct operations should some mishap occur.

Another aspect of A.B.C.D. is the ship's defence against atomic *fallout* and chemical warfare. Just as Firefighting, Pumping and Flooding Parties are *closed up* below, so Monitoring and Decontamination teams are ready on the flight deck. Their job in an all-out war would be to measure the contamination in the air and to prevent it getting down inside the ship. These precautions, whether against fire or fallout, require a mass of well-maintained equipment and many people are employed full-time on these tasks.

Finally, while it is correct that H.Q. 1 is air-conditioned, it is not true that we have had frost-bite casualties down there. That is a *terminological inexactitude* of those who are merely jealous!

GIBRALTAR



HOMEWARD BOUND .

The *Rock* might almost be named the *First and Last* so far as the R.N. is concerned, for it is usually the first *run* after leaving the U.K., the last before getting home again; the first opportunity to do some duty-free shopping or the last chance to catch a few *rabbits*. Usually a few hours or a few days are the extremes of time which one spends here so that memories are restricted to the attractions of one or other of the bars and clubs which festoon Main Street. Not so for us, when we edged into No. 1 Dock in March '63, seven weeks spilled away ahead. True enough three weeks' leave at home was to reduce this time to nearly half for most of us but even so it was an unusually prolonged stay.

Well, what does one do? During the day there was no problem, cleaning, chipping, painting, repairing, replacing - it was thought at one time that we might have to replace the rudder where the mackerel had nibbled it away - plenty to do to make the ship tiddly once more, but what to do on make-and-mends and in off-watch periods?

Gib. has few natural attractions, the Apes Den, the Galleries, the Moorish Castle, and St. Michael's Cave are just about the lot and they all necessitate a lot of thirst-making walking - which probably accounts for all the bars. For the venturesome there were trips into Spain: La Linea, Algeciras, Ronda, Jerez, and even Cadiz. There was to have been a trip to Tangier but this did not get sufficient

support to make it possible, though there were some who went over and did sterling work cleaning and painting for one of the Cheshire Homes.

Probably the greatest number crossed into Spain on Sundays to watch the bull-fighting, some of it was good, some was mediocre but it caused many unbelievers to become *aficionados*.

Undoubtedly the most unusual feature of this period was the fact that the whole of the ship's company was flown out from Britain to join the ship, having had leave, while at least half were flown home to have their leave.

This was certainly the way to travel - Cunard-Eagle Britannias - three and a half hours from Gibraltar to London Airport - 22,000 feet up - pretty hostesses - chicken for lunch - duty-free grog all the way. It was a most imaginative move to procure the leave for us and to arrange that we travelled in this way, particularly on the return journey when we hardly seemed to have left our loved ones than we were back; no time to brood but straight into the hustle-bustle of a great ship preparing for sea once more.

A final, amusing, though completely unconscious touch of comedy was provided by the stewardess who announced over the flight broadcast, as the familiar hulk of the *Rock* hove into view on the port side: "Gentlemen, this is Gibraltar." I don't suppose she will ever know why such an innocent remark prompted such a roar of laughter.



... BY "PUSSER'S" BLUE LINE COACH



ENTERING NO. 1 DOCK

A FISHY STORY

Why did some ten thousand or so mackerel leave the comparative obscurity and safety of Algeciras Bay and Gibraltar harbour in order to nuzzle up alongside Ark, gasping their lives away packed cheek by jowl in the last few oily teaspoonfuls of water at the bottom of a dry dock?

Were they bewitched by the delicious odour of F.F.O.?

Had they seen the Telly adverts for frozen, feline food and were they anxious to provide a meal for our avCat'?

Were they lured, as some aver, by the strains of our own Pipe Band, convinced that they were on their way into some Albanach haven for MacKerel?

Who knows, but one thing is certain, those few flighty fish contrived to knock the bottom out of the fish market in Gibraltar and La Linea. Moreover they revealed a serious deficiency in the Admiralty organization. There is no Official Disposer of Unwanted Rawfish, no O.D.O.U.R. officer. Had it not been for those kind Dockyard Maties, who removed them in their own time, then the smell in the ship the next day would have been ghastly!

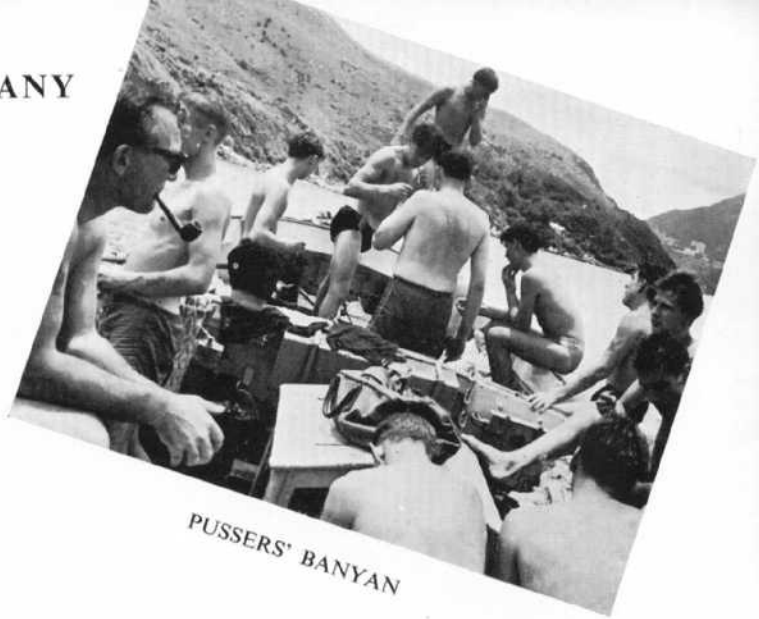


THE ONES THAT DIDN'T
GET AWAY

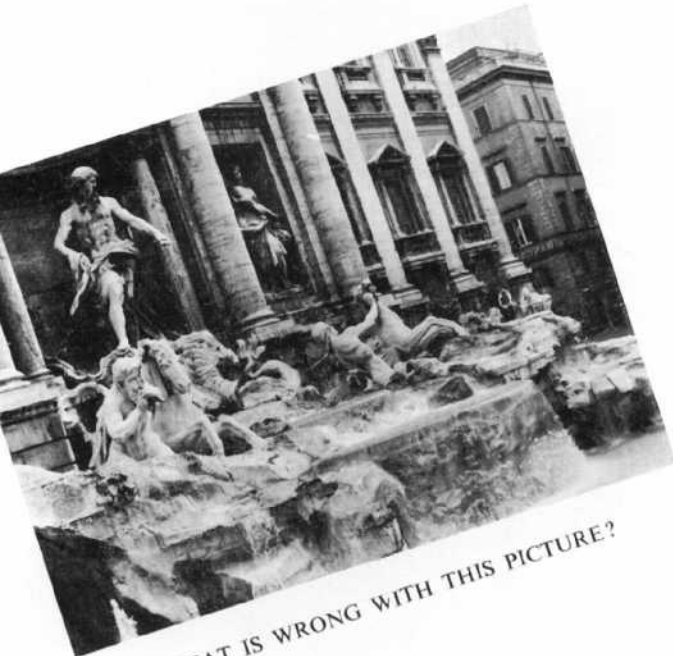
MISCELLANY



SUNDAY DIVERSIONS



PUSSERS' BANYAN



WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

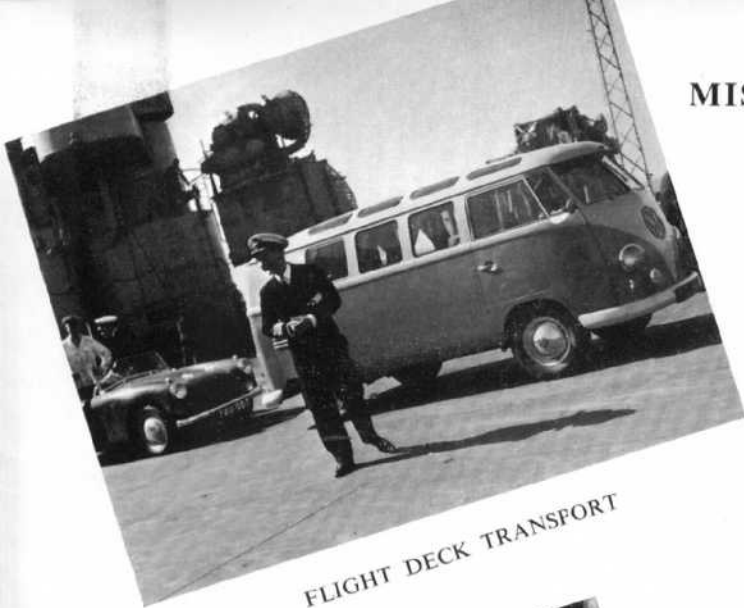


THE GOOD OLD DAYS

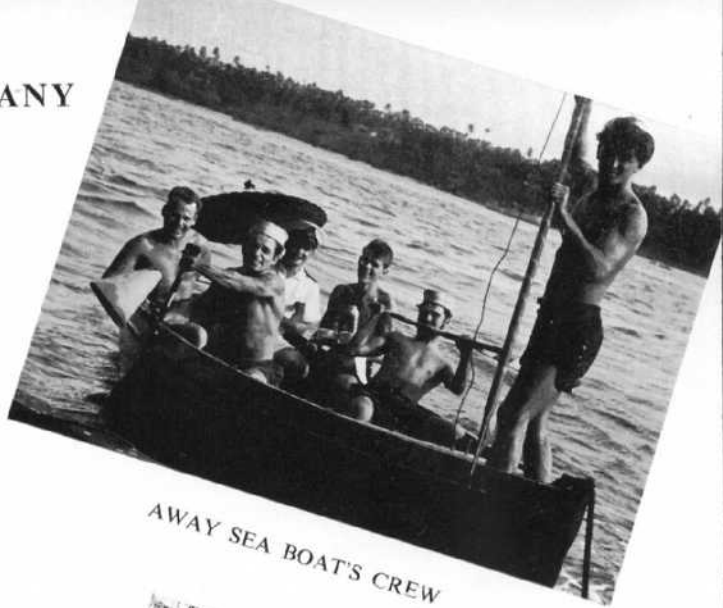


THE ONLY PLANE WITH AN INFLATABLE BRA

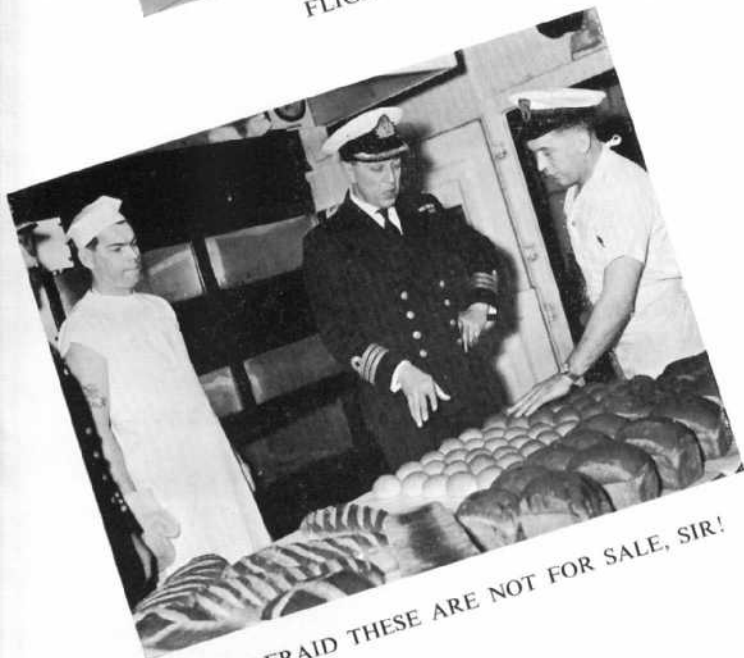
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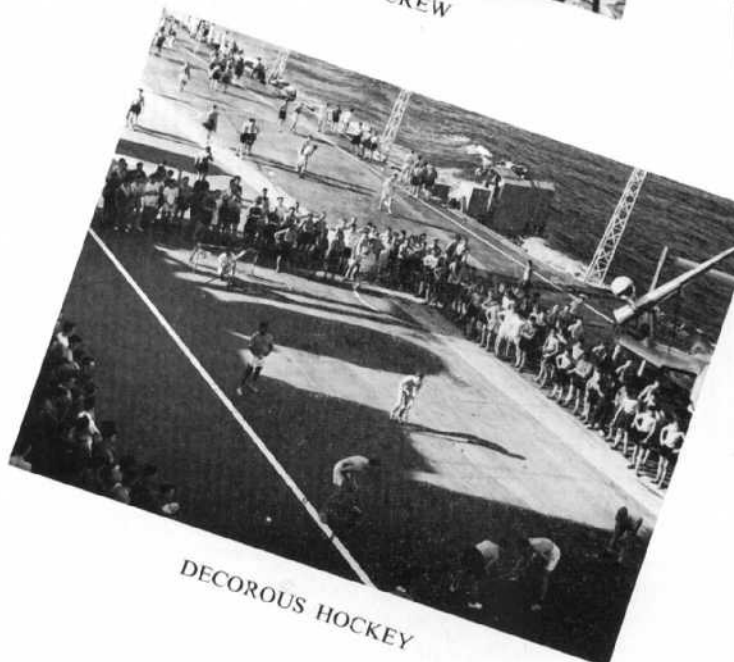
FLIGHT DECK TRANSPORT



AWAY SEA BOAT'S CREW



I'M AFRAID THESE ARE NOT FOR SALE, SIR!



DECOROUS HOCKEY



THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

I know where I'm going

"Gotcha card, Jan?" asked Tiny as he clambered down the ladder into the mess with the grace of an expectant elephant. It is the custom in the Navy to christen all large lumbering messmates Tiny, and similarly all small whippet-like men are called Tich.

"Wossat, Tiny? Cards?" said Jan, looking up from his book. " 'Aven't got time. Bubbly'll be up in a minnit."

"Nar! Yer card - Drafting Preference Card. They got stacks up in the Reg Office an' everyone's got to fill one in before Friday" Tiny patiently explained, sitting down at the table and flourishing the king-size piece of cardboard. "They're s'posed to tell 'Aslemere what you want next time if you're lucky."

"If you're lucky's right!" Ginge moved melancholically across to the two as they studied the instructions on the back. "I reckon all they do is collect 'em up in a big 'eap, 'ave a good giggle at some of 'em, then put all the names except their own in a hat and draw for the lucky winner."

"Well, if you don't slap in, you got no drip when they send you up the wilds of Scotland with your missus cryin' 'er eyes out back in Guzz!" remarked Smudge, the *killick* of the mess. "They don't do all this for their 'ealth, you know!"

"What was that aboot Scotland?" Jock was roused from his reverie in the corner in the hope of reviving the rebellion which stirs the heart of every true Scot. "I don't think any'un but us natives should be allowed to put in for Lossie. There's hardly a billet there now as it is and what there is, the Airy's have got."

"Shut up, you 'aggis-yafflin' nutter," Smudge replied good humouredly. "You can 'ave the 'ole of Scotland to yourself if you wannit ... and the pipes as well!"

"Woss this bit?" asked Tiny, " 'Ome Sea Service - I don't see 'ow you can be at both."

"Thassa typical Evap watchkeeper's remark," said Jan. "Wottit means is that you're at sea ... but at 'ome, if you get me. That reminds me, I must slap in for the Murray - my oppo's just gotta draft there so she's on to somethin' good. 'E's the bloke I was tellin' you about; married that party out of the Drafty's office in Pompey. Two munce later they was off on their 'oneymoon in Malta for two years. Mind you, 'sno good now. You'd 'ave to marry Ernie an' I don't think I'm good-lookin' enough".

"U.K. Shore Service - that's easy. Pompey, Chatham, Guzz," said Tiny when the laughter had died down. "Weekends from Pompey, runs to the Smoke from Chatty Chats and scrumpy in the *Kepple's'Ead* down in Guzz - can't go wrong!"

"I want to go to them Inland Minesweepers," said Ginge. "Sounds a good racket - or one of them Stone Frigates you old 'ands are always cacklin' about."

"The only Stone Frigate you'll ever see is Stonehouse, mate, if you don't watchit!" Smudge muttered, "You wanna volunteer for a course - I.C.E. or summick. Get you ashore for a bit any'ow."

"I ain't volunteerin' for nothin'," said Ginge. "Never 'ave and never will; it's the principle of the thing."

" 'Ark at old 'igh and mighty - principles Us got!" put in Jan. "I volunteered for the Royal Yacht in '58. I'm still waiting for my draft chit but I don't think I'd go now; I've 'ad all the big-ship routine I want for a few years."

"I am not a volunteer for Local Foreign Service. Too right I'm not!" said Tiny, "an' as for the Overseas Area Preferred, I'm slappin' in for Derry."

"You nit! That's 'Ome Sea, that is; it's only us foreigners wots overseas in *Derry*, not blokes like old Mick. Where is 'e, by the way? Time 'e was back with the giggle juice."

As if summoned from the Rum Tub by mass telepathy, the rum fanny, closely followed by Mick, came down into the mess. Books and writing pads were thrust aside and the almost sacred ceremony of *dishing out the bubbly* was started, Smudge presiding. With practised skill, he drew glass after glass of grog, each meticulously measured, from the fanny.

"I'll fill this in tomorrer," said Tiny, pushing the card into his locker and making his way thirstily to the table.

JTBRYCE EM' P076021

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