

SAILING

Milne, Tony Mead, Mike Webb and Andy Holland; Cdr. Pat Donegan, Lt.-Cdr. Keith Somerville-Jones, Shipwright Christopher Scott, R.Mech. Wiggy Bennett, R.E.M. Chris Kitchen, and of course, Flight Lieut. Mike Frank.
The Club will remain active during the refit. Lt.-

Cdr. Oliver takes over as the Secretary with a special interest in Yachts, whilst Cdr. Donegan will look after the dinghies. Your committee members will be Lt. Holland and R.E.M. Kitchen. With the Commander as Commodore, sailing will, of course, have some priority !

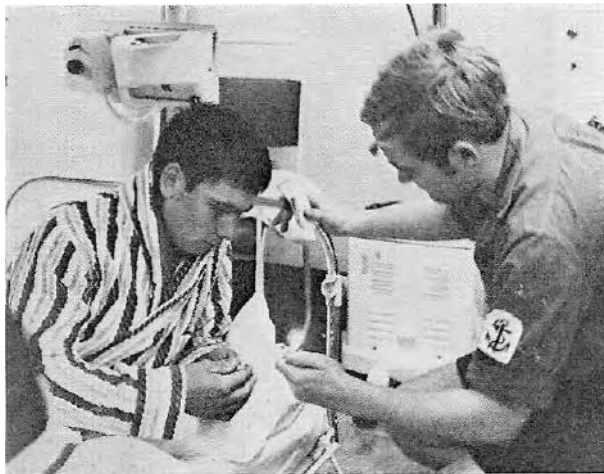
Results

1972

19th July	Plymouth Fleet Regatta (Bosuns)	Individual Winner 1st and 3rd in team event
15th October	Oslo—Royal Norwegian Y.C. (Optimists)	Becalmed. Lost the paddling race
20th November	Barcelona—Club Nautique Garraf (Vauriens)	Won
6th December	Gibraltar Fleet Regatta (Bosuns)	1st team and individual
25th February and 6th March 1973	Malta—R.A.F. Sailing Club (Albacores)	Won two matches
<i>1973</i>		
4th March	Malta—Army & Navy Club and R.F.A.s (Bosuns)	Won
9th June	Fort Lauderdale—Lauderdale Y.C. (Solings)	Private team racing. Lt. Turner 1st in 3 races
23rd June	Mayport—N.A.S. Jacksonville (Day Sailers)	Read Cup Match, won 87 points to 64 "A" team lost
24th June	Mayport—Florida Y.C. (Thistles)	1st and 2nd in large ship team event
19th July	Rosyth Fleet Regatta (Bosuns)	

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

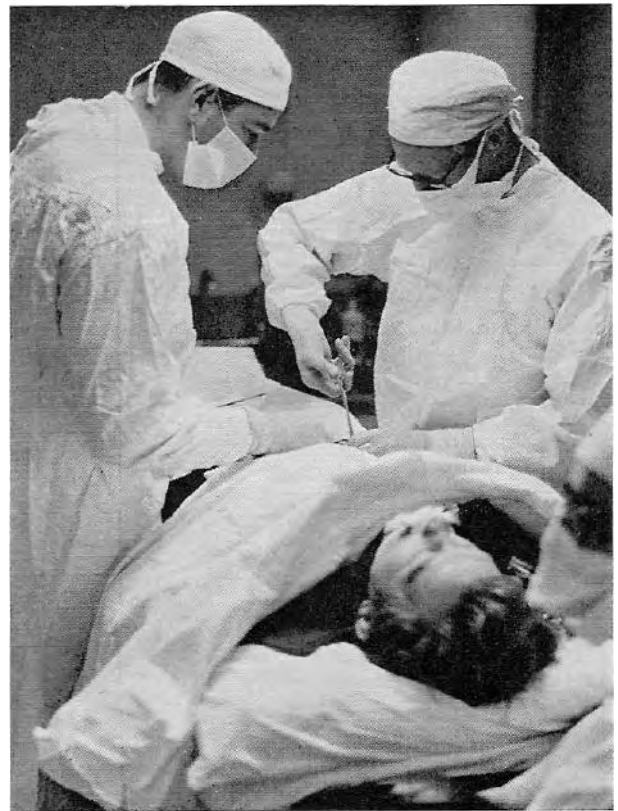
!! Aha!" they said, "The very person," they said. "You've got the gift of the gab." On hearing this I tried to sneak back out of the office, only to find that my exit was blocked. So I retreated and heard the worst. It appeared that an article was required on the Sick Bay "But", I was told, "You cannot say how many patients we have seen, how many have been sent to Specialists, or how many have been sent to Hospital." Which to my mind leaves very little. But that was not all—"neither may you give too many statistics". That left even less. However, this space must be filled, so to start off with, a piece of interesting but useless information. Since the Ship commissioned in 1969, the Sick Bay has *never been closed*.



*"English cigarettes are good too" Russian sailor,
British hospitality*

The first interesting event occurred in September 1970. After a slight contretemps with a certain Sam Kotlin class Russian Destroyer, we were delivered of one Russian sailor—shocked, frightened, and a little cold after having been in the sea. One tot of Navy rum was supplied, and drunk with alacrity after a primary "Taster". Instant improvement—he asked to stay! (See photo.) It was of course impossible to comply with this request, and he was soon taken back to his own ship. Once there, he was stripped by his own ship-mates of all clothing we had given

him, and these items were thrown down into the boat that had taken him "Home". An insight into the intelligence of the "Orange" forces. Other items of interest. We have performed some seven appendectomies.



*"Ever seen one of these before?" (from l. to r.) Surg.
Lt.-Cdr. Davies, S.A. Parry, Surg. Cdr. Boyle, Surg.
Lt. Eardley.*

E.A.I. Cordner played "Skip" with the arrestor wire and lost, sustaining a nasty head injury that necessitated his being flown off the ship to a U.S.N. hospital. He has, we are pleased to say, completely recovered, and N.A.M.1 Jones played football with an arrestor hook—he too came off worst, but his foot has recovered from the shock . . . we don't know if Jones has ! For those of you who think that the Sick Bay has but little to do (And here I go with the figures) we have, with the capable assistance of

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the Football and Rugby teams managed to dispose of nearly 10 miles of crepe bandages (enough to cover the Flight deck and superstructure), one wonders how they ever managed to field a full team! Also "dispensed" : Over a *quarter of a million* aspirin tablets, (a line three and a half times around the Flight deck), 35,000 penicillin injections (usually given with great relish, but apparently not received in the same manner), and, for those of you who may think Jolly Jack is immune to it, several thousand anti sea-sickness tablets! Plus of course several hundred thousands tablets, pills, creams, ointments, etcetera.

One interesting game played on board is called "find the sick bay". Candidates are most successful when we sail, during long periods at sea, and when divisions are imminent, and least successful prior to weekends, long leave, or when a good run ashore "Foreign" is in the offing.

Most of the staff appear to have stood up well to pressure during this commission, although the P.M.O. (Surg. Cdr. Mike Boyle) may occasionally be found taking swings with an imaginary golf club at an imaginary ball, (I wonder how many "Holes in one" he's scored—sorry, sunk) and the fleet chief, Bob

Baldock, has never really recovered from the price increase of Glenfiddich whisky.

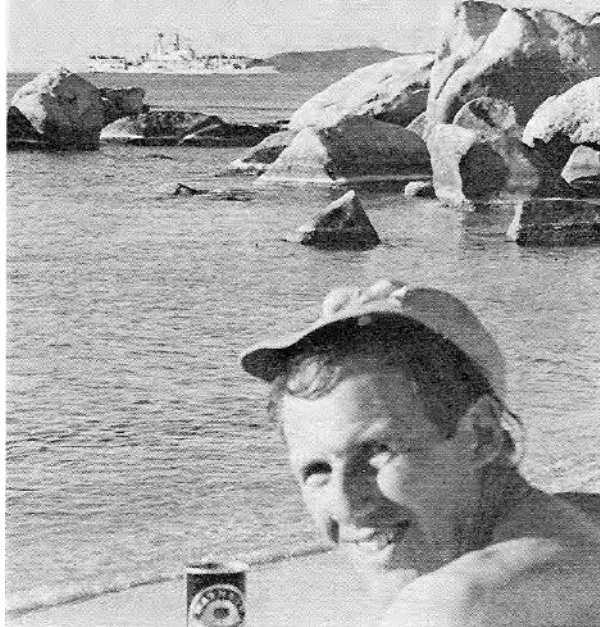
The two Junior M.O.s, John Quinn and Tony Evans are generally found in some dark remote corner, to which they retreat at the mention of the words "Medical Examination". (I can't say I blame them, they see an average of 10 patients each day *every* day of the year, which does not include routine pulheems examinations, and keeping 2,800 of those in date is no easy business.) And then there are the sloggers—those poor, depressed, down trodden ratings. Well, they cannot be made to say much more than "Carry on taking the tablets", and are usually found muttering darkly about patients who only ever go sick during stand-easys or off watch hours.

But, "through the mud and blood to the green fields beyond" we have survived the commission to date and most of the staff will soon be leaving the ship, the P.M. O. to his own quiet(?) air station with, would you believe, a real 18 hole golf course attached.

The rest of us to be divided and scattered throughout the country.

And so to you, dear reader, the very best of health, and please, never darken our door.

THE SECOND CAPTAIN



*Rear-Admiral (then Captain) J. O. Roberts, March
1971-August 1972*

Being the jam in the sandwich can often be a mistake, but I think that in the case of my period in command of *Ark* this commission coming in the middle probably turned out best. I missed the trials and tribulations of the past refit year and I left before the machinery really began to complain about the postponing of the next refit. Three and a half years unbroken running time, for a ship in her "twenties", is no mean achievement but it does seem to me to be flogging the Old Lady a bit hard.

It is now twelve months since I left, but one of the joys of having served in the *Ark* is meeting up again with old shipmates. Not many ships pass through Portland without an *ex-Ark* or two on board and

they are always happy to talk about their time in her. Serving in *Ark Royal* is a unique experience, being one of so large a Company in a ship with a greater capability than any in the history of the Royal Navy. And yet the giant is as gentle as they come.

One could reminisce for ages, but the purpose of my message is to say hullo again to all those who served with me, and to wish good luck to all who come afterwards. She is a wonderful ship and it will be a sad day for us all when she is finally withdrawn from the front line. Let us hope that is still a long way off.

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This was going to be it. The cruise, or deployment, with a difference. A totally new area for an aircraft carrier and a programme of visits to places unknown to the vast majority of us. And it lived up to it. We had come out of D.E.D. and done a standard work up in the Moray Firth and on to some Harrier trials and were now ready to go "foreign".



The ship sailed from Devonport on 2nd June, picked up the Air Group and set off without more ado. After three days we were off the Azores and took the opportunity to fly with an emergency diversion available. Later, when some 360 miles southwest of the Azores, we recovered the recalcitrant Phantom 007 from Yeovilton where it had refused to become serviceable. The one way flight of 1,700 miles was something of a record.

It was then still remarkably cool but two days later we reached the warmer water, goofing became more popular, white bodies were bared, and the skin

reddened. On 11th June we anchored off Puerto Rico for a pre-exercise brief in the U.S.S. *America* and the next day were established in the first phase of the "Rimex/Barex"—a missile firing and carrier exercise. Four days of that and then into "Opredex"—the O.R.I. of the U.S.S. *America*—*terminating* in a silent transit northwards and a maximum air strike on Bermuda. After a partial disembarkation of the Air Group to N.A.S. Cecil Field near Jacksonville, the ship set off southwards and at 0700 on 22nd entered Port Everglades, Fort Lauderdale.

The decks were lined for procedure Alpha and an Alpha range of aircraft and our 21 gun salute convinced a number of tenants of the blocks of flats flanking the harbour entrance that an attack was taking place. The ship berthed on the land side of the Intercoastal Waterway which is a series of canals and natural waterways lying just inland from the coast and which extends from the Florida Keys right up to New York. The berth was near where the *Queen Elizabeth* had been tied up as a showpiece after retiring from Cunards and was part of the fresh, clean port complex which differed more than somewhat from Devonport Dockyard.

Hospitality received ashore was magnificent and touched with the delightful American spontaneity which led to large numbers of uniformed sailors being picked up in the streets and taken out or taken home. For those who wished to see the sights, Miami isn't far, the Everglades are just to the west and in Fort Lauderdale itself there is everything which a first-class resort can offer.

After seven days of this torture, and many pleas that we should come back again, the ship sailed, spent one day at sea and entered Mayport Naval Station in the northeast of Florida. The temperature was the same but that was about all. It was a different sort of run. The usual E.M.s, P.O.s, Chiefs and Officers' Clubs of a U.S. Naval Base, sports facilities, and a P.X., but in spite of the first rate effort put in by our host ship, U.S.S. *Yosemite*, and others, it must be stated that a number of people did actually go south to Fort Lauderdale at the weekend. The host ship really had worked very hard. Their "*Ark Royal Project Office*" was manned 24 hours a day while the Ship was in Mayport and for the

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preceding two weeks or more. They had advertised in the press, on radio and television for girls for the Ship's Company Dance at Jacksonville Beach, arranged bus tours to Cape Kennedy and other places, and had planned a comprehensive sporting and social programme. And what happened on the Fourth of July? O.K., so they don't like Union Jacks flying on the roof of Jacksonville City Hall! We almost made it.



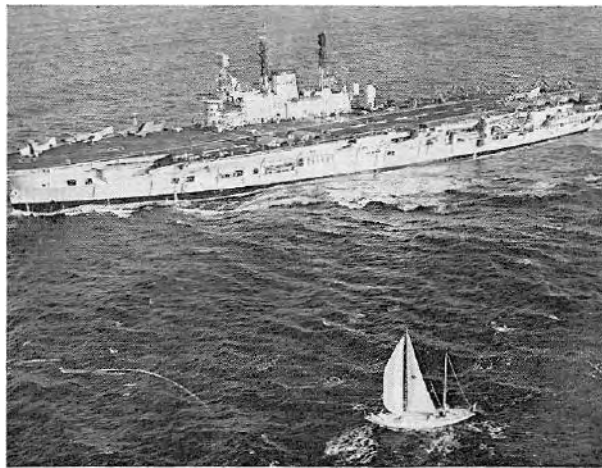
South again for the Phantom Hot Weather Trials off Puerto Rico and then to our final run ashore on the Station—St. Thomas, in the U.S. Virgin Islands group. The beaches on this delightful island were well chosen for the two banyans for which the M.E.



department had made some excellent barbecues and the W.E. department ran a most acceptable beer bar. The chefs provided some first class meat and we all cooked our own—or went to sleep—or swam—or played ball—or had another beer. But all very relaxing and a good tonic.

Back northeastwards towards Plymouth, and a good bit of P.R. when some 300 miles southwest of Land's End, we made the first sighting of Chay Blythe in his yacht *British Steel* and could give photographs and news of his whereabouts after his magnificent singlehanded round the world sail against the westerlies.

The arrival at "C" Buoy on 30th July heralded the end of our time away from Devonport but was not quite the end. The weekend was spent loading on board an enormous amount of gear for the B.B.C.T.V. team who had planned a most ambitious live outside broadcast called "At Sea with the Navy" for the following Wednesday. Exercise "Lymelight", its Naval codename, involved a complex series of real time camera work on the flight deck, in a



Sea King, and in a frigate with the whole lot being relayed by another Sea King to the shore receiving station. We had about four dummy runs and the split second timing, excellent camera work and commentary on the night was a measure of the vast amount of hard work which had gone into the widely acclaimed display. The programme lasted for fifty minutes and contained some 27 scheduled events including launch and recovery of aircraft, air weaponry, air to air refuelling, a Casex between *Galatea*, *Euryalus* and *Otus*, a R.A.S.(L.), Mortar

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and 4-5 inch firings, and interior shots of *Otus* diving. One final serial before coming in for summer leave was a Families Up Harbour on 5th August, with tug-

loads of wives and children out to "C" Buoy (1,000 families being carried), films in the hangar, hotdogs in the dining halls and a rare opportunity to see the fine detail of ship handling on that difficult passage.



B.B.C. cameraman filming a Buccaneer of 809 Squadron about to be launched



B.B.C. TV crew in a Sea King of 824 Squadron



Sea King of 824 Squadron preparing for in flight re-fuelling over the stern of H.M.S. Galatea



AIR ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

The Air Engineering Department has two main functions which are to provide the Engineering Support Services to enable the embarked aircraft to carry out their assigned roles and to monitor the Air Engineering Standards and Practices taking place onboard and to take corrective action as and when necessary.

With five different types of aircraft embarked, the intricacies of both the mechanical and electrical disciplines which go to make up airborne weapon systems, make it necessary to have two Commanders one of whom is the Mechanical expert, the other the Electrical wizard—in simple terms Purple and Green leaders. The rest of the department comprising some 200 Officers and ratings is made up of Artificers, Mechanics, Fitters and Mechanics of all trades plus Safety Equipment ratings and Aircraft Handlers.

Although aircraft engineering is not exactly a hilarious occupation there have been a few light asides. Notably the design and construction of the famous "Go-Cart" in the aircraft workshops by an erstwhile A.E.O.(M.). The instant extension of the CA Release allowing this machine to be flown ashore (to the museum at Yeovilton would you believe) was just one feature of the ingenuity of this project.

The introduction of the Phantom and Sea King aircraft has had an effect in rather different ways. Taking the good news first, the Sea King approaches the aircraft maintainer's dream in that it can fly and fly and fly again with the minimal amount of maintenance. What a change to witness tired aircrew and relatively fresh, bushy-tailed maintainers. Now the Phantom is something else; this highly sophisticated complex weapon system is probably the greatest challenge the Air Engineering Department will ever have to face. Fortunately, so far both Squadron personnel and Workshops staff have managed to hack the problem. In this respect we are indeed fortunate to have our excellent workshops facilities onboard which are, without doubt, second to none.

In the meantime the Buccaneer, Gannet and Wessex aircraft continue to ensure that life is never dull. Is it possible that Buccaneer Spey engines post Mod 4919 (Clapper Blades) have at last provided the answer to unreliability? Hundreds of frustrated "parafinos" around the bazaars will hope and pray this is so. The Gannet grows older very gracefully but literally the cracks are appearing and this is pro-

viding a challenge to the skills and ingenuity of the Artificers and Mechanics. The Wessex Mk 1 in the S. A.R. role must never be unserviceable for any length of time, even accepting the fact that the Sea King is a most capable, albeit expensive stand in.



A A2 Gott working on the lathe

The Air Engineering Department can look back over the achievements during this period with a good deal of satisfaction. By and large the support has been provided and sensible monitoring of standards and practices has taken place. This has resulted in the formation of a happy family relationship between the ship and her Squadrons and in this context no one man has achieved more than F. C.A.A. "Bill" Lilley who for two and a bit years managed to give real meaning to the title of "Aircraft Support Planner".

Finally, the original Noah goes on and on; C.A.F.'O' "Spud" Murphy who, it is rumoured, joined the ship when Pontius was just a rating Pilot, has graciously decided to extend his stay just a little while longer. He hopes to see No. 3 bomb lift work before he leaves.

SOME OF OUR V.I.P. VISITORS



*H.M. King Olav V of Norway, K.G., K.T., G.C.B.,
G.C.V.O., September 1970*



*The Australian Minister of Defence, Senator Gorton,
May 1971*



*The Governor of U.S. Virgin Isles,
Dr. H. Evans St. Thomas, July 1971*



*H.B.M. Ambassador to Spain, Sir John Russell,
presents M.B.E. to the British Vice-Consul of
Tarragona, Barcelona, November 1972*

VISITING VIPS



Commander-in-Chief Western Fleet Admiral Sir William O'Brien, K.C.B., D.S.C., August 1971



First Sea Lord—Admiral Sir Michael Rollock, K.C.B., M.V.O., D.S.C., October 1971



Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Malta, March 1973



The Prime Minister—The Rt. Hon. Edward Heath, M.P., July 1972



The Second Sea Lord (designate) Vice-Admiral L. D. Empson (now Admiral Sir Derek), K.C.B., September 1971