

Kamaran Island lies off the Aden Protectorate. A barren, hot spot which is controlled by police from Aden. The police were short of fresh meat, and it was thought that we might help. Forty rounds of .303 ammunition and one hour later, we returned with three gazelle, which had been shot from the helicopter.

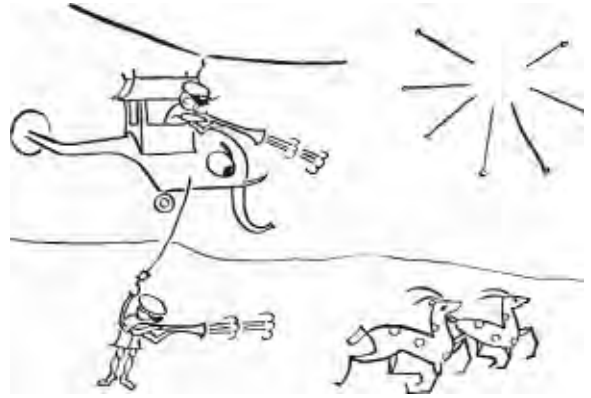
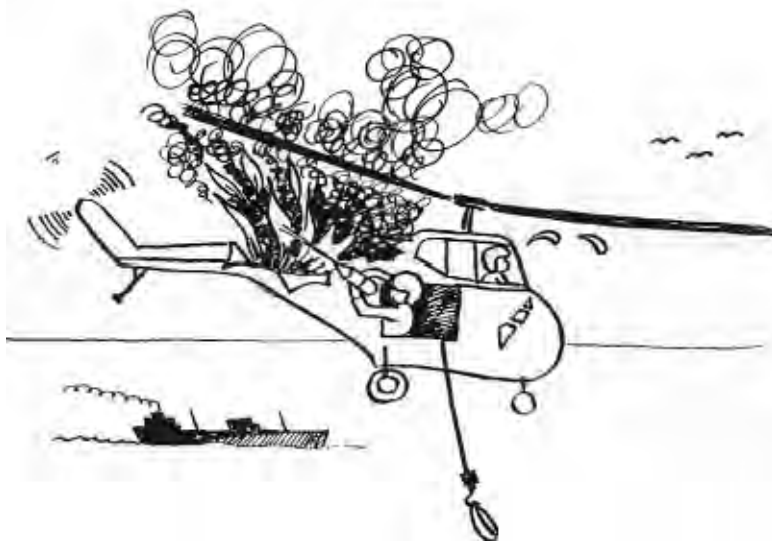
To practise for the Queen's Cup next year, try shooting from a vibrating helicopter which is doing 35 miles per hour and trying to out-turn one of those "Greyhounds of the Desert."



As a diversion from sitting peacefully over the blue ocean in relative quiet, and finding it difficult to keep awake, we were . . . thrust up mountains of 7,000 ft. in temperatures above 100 degrees, in areas where we had to get our flying over in the forenoon because of the possibility of a dust-storm in the afternoon, and then as the sun set in the west we would spend a short spell standing up to our ankles in water, hanging on to our tent ropes for dear life as the wind tried to tear away our abode, and the tropical downpour created rivulets which always seemed to find a way of getting into our suitcases.

The stores officer ate our twenty-four-hour ration packs, the beer was hot and one of us was bitten by a spider and had only one arm for two days.

Home was never like this! Nor was any other anti-submarine squadron.



In the Aden Protectorate we transported Sultans, Sheiks and Emirs. We also carried a lot of armed-to-the-teeth and very colourful tribesmen who startled us by their greeting when they met. They would kiss each other's knees and then stand holding hands while they talked.

If you are an Arab, this is an O.K. thing to do; but it was a few days before we were able to pluck up courage to wear shorts, and I think that we always kept our hands in our pockets when they were around.



In the salvage operations of the tanker *Melika* an early signal sent by *Bulwark* to Admiralty said :

"A salvage crew has been put aboard *Melika* by helicopter, which was burning fiercely amidships."

We wish to denounce this as a communications error, and no recommendations for a Knight-hood for the crew will be made.

On the north shore of Jamaica an officer found himself without his overnight gear.

The only thing left out of the sketch (so that the officer shall remain nameless) was the monocle.



SPORTS

845 Squadron possess ALL the Sports Trophies

IT WAS WITH HIGH HOPES of bettering our last year's record that we embarked in January. We had won the soccer trophy and had been runners-up in the hockey and rugby. Nevertheless, due to our short stays in various ports of call and lack of ground allocations, it took us eight months to win all six internal trophies.

The soccer team have had the hardest time, as they have been challenged seven times. Apart from drawing once, all matches have been won comfortably in spite of other Squadron commitments in harbour. Of the other sports, we have had but one opportunity of winning and in all cases we have been successful. Rugby, swimming and the rotating trophy were won in Hong Kong, cricket in Mombasa and hockey in Aden. This last was probably the Squadron's finest effort, as we played with ten men the whole game.

We have been lucky in having a nucleus for each team coming from the same people. Nevertheless, a very good team spirit has prevailed, and everybody who played in any sport pulled his weight.

Outstanding sportsmen from the Squadron:

Lieut. Foster
Lieut. Bates
L.R.E.M. Huddleston
E.M.A. Stimpson
Lieut. Evans
Lieut. Coleman
L./S. O'Connor
R.E.A. Tittering Lon
R.E.M. Strong

HOW OTHERS SEE US

20 INF. WKSP. The closing paragraph of our last contribution told of the uncertainty which the future held for us. Within twenty-four hours of despatch of that contribution uncertainty became certainty that we were to leave Kenya for less pleasant regions. Within ten days of our arrival in Kenya we were guests of H.M.S. *Bulwark* bound for Aden.

Here a few words must be said of H.M.S. *Bulwark* and all who serve in her. Mombasa had been the first of what was intended to be a number of goodwill visits to be paid by the ship all round the Cape on her way home. If the Mombasa visit was anything to go by, a lot of very tired sailors would have eventually arrived in U.K.! However, at a few hours' notice, *Bulwark* had to take on board a few hundred soldiers and vehicles and with her hangar deck packed so tightly that some of her precious aircraft had to live on the flight deck, set out in a northerly direction. In spite of the inconvenience and the disappointment which must have been felt by the whole ship's company, we could not have been looked after better and the hospitality of all

(Extract from R.E.M.E. Magazine, October, 1958)

from the Captain downwards will be remembered with gratitude. Each man had a camp bed which, if he could find space, he could erect on the hangar deck for sleeping on. Some erected their beds on the lift and found themselves being hoisted up to the flight deck at some unearthly hour of the morning, ready for take off! It was not until it got really hot, day and night, that we realised that our camp beds had been withdrawn from sailors, who would normally have slept on them on deck; they just had to sleep on the deck! The aircraft catapults are housed just above the Petty Officers' Mess and when flying started at about 0500 hrs. the bang of the catapults together with the scream of jet engines is said to have caused a number of our senior ranks to sign the pledge. All ranks had an opportunity to go up onto the Island (ship's bridge, control tower, etc.) and watch aircraft being catapulted off and then landing again. In fact for most of us our journey was a very memorable one. We thank Captain P. D. Gick, O.B.E., D.S.C., and all the officers and men of H.M.S. *Bulwark* for their hospitality and wish them a speedy return to the U.K.



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Banyan at Trinco

849 "D" Divisional Flight

Chief "Cook" Yeatman

849 "D" Flight



849 SQUADRON "D" FLIGHT has an establishment of four Skyraiders. We are one part of the 849th Empire based at R.N.A.S., Culdrose. At Culdrose, the Headquarters Flight is responsible for the training of new observers and pilots, general policy and tactics, and administration of the front-line flights. Four flights, "A," "B," "C" and "D," are attached to operational carriers and divide their time between Culdrose and their respective ships.

We, in *Bulwark*, have five crews of a pilot and two observers each, and a maintenance team of thirty-seven ratings led by C.A.A. Yeatman. Our maintenance ratings are fairly equally divided between A and E and L and R, our numbers being completed by four officers' stewards, three aircraft handlers, one cook and one safety equipment rating. It will be noted that we carry no technical officers, and therefore an added responsibility falls on the shoulders of the senior ratings of the flight.

When our Skyraiders are operating, we are in effect a radar station in the air. The need for such a plane arose in the Pacific campaign against the Japanese. The detection range of the ship's radar against very low-flying Kamikaze aircraft did not give enough warning for effective defence, and the need for an airborne radar set looking downwards was realised. These sets have been fitted in several types of aircraft, but it was in the Skyraider version that the equipment was given to the Royal Navy under the American Mutual Defense Aid programme.

The roles of the Skyraider in *Bulwark* are many and varied. Our primary function is guarding against low-flying attackers and shadowers, and in this role we either report contacts to base or control a friendly fighter to deal with the threat ourselves. However, a good piece of equipment will be found to perform many tasks, and the Sky-

raider is no exception to this rule. We can hunt for submarines, direct strikes, search wide expanses of ocean for enemy shipping in a very short time; and if mail is to be carried, compassionate cases to be flown ashore, liaison officers to be transferred, F.O.A.Cs. delivered, ninety-nine times in a hundred we get the job. In the view of many people in the ship our really important task is the dispatch and collection of mail from shoreside airfields. Do not think we mind getting the mail in the least—we get our own as well. Sometimes, however, there is a slip in the drill and a deserving pilot's mate who has worked late to get his aircraft ashore gets nothing in return.

It must be admitted that the "Wells Fargo and Anyface Airline" activities have often meant our getting into a port on the visiting list a little ahead of the ship. The extra run ashore makes a splendid break for the crews. One most notable piece of Skyraider "perks" occurred when we landed two aircraft at Grand Turk Island, to the north-east of Trinidad. The party had a splendid reception from the Administrator, a tour of the island, a swim and



a glorious lobster lunch. We also bought several sets of new issue stamps from the islands. These were soon snapped up by the philatelists on our return to the ship.

During the cruise we have taken part in many fly pasts. The jets scream past, the choppers chop past and we bumble past as best we can. At the more remote places the fly past is a major event for the locals. They will clear lower deck for the show. However, the more up-to-date the community, the less they are interested in noisy planes, and would rather we allowed baby to sleep and did not frighten grandma.

While we were in the West Indies a flight banyan team landed for an overnight stay on Bequia. We set up camp on a beach of our choice and, after ensuring we were clear of the dreaded *manchineel* trees, settled in. Firelighting and cooking arrangements were in the hands of Petty Officer Willmott, who made an ace job of it. The day was spent swimming, sleeping and eating; there were also some wild almonds growing on the beach for the more adventurous stomachs.

At night we settled down on the sand, on Lilos or on camp beds, depending on taste, and slept, lulled by the waves and the stirring of the trees. However, we didn't sleep for long. At about 0200 there was a minor disaster. The tide crept in and a large roller suddenly swamped us all, extinguishing the fire and scattering our possessions all over the beach. Luckily the night was warm and we soon lit another fire, dried ourselves out, and went back to sleep.

Next morning saw us setting out on a route march over the hills back to the landing jetty. We envied the chopper squadron their free lifts. On arrival at the little village, a couple of chaps who had bought bunches of bananas the previous evening were told that they were stolen property and, in the interest of good public relations, we let them go at a complete loss.

In Gibraltar those of us who could get across the border renewed acquaintance with "Dick" in La Linea, and checked out at one or other of the bullfights on Easter Sunday afternoon.

Off Singapore we were embroiled in a SEATO exercise, during which we did a little cross-operating in U.S.S. *Philippine Sea*. We were disappointed to find that she had no Skyraiders on board as we admit the possibility of scrounging stores had crossed our minds. *Philippine Sea* is an old-fashioned carrier with a straight deck, barriers and batsmen. As two of the four pilots who landed on her had not seen a batsman in action before we decided to use our usual technique and have the batsman available to "wave off" anything that looked "hairy." We flew around for a good look at her, then landed on, making three touch and goes and one arrested landing. After being arrested we taxied forward out of the wires and took off with plenty of room to spare. Of course, the barriers were down and the deck was clear.

While we were on the *Philippine Sea*, their S2Fs were making passes at *Bulwark* and doing some

catapult shots. They took longer to finish than we did, partly due to an S2F which was catapulted a little too enthusiastically, trying to get *Bulwark* airborne on the end of the catapult stop. The shuttle pulled out, proving conclusively that ships, like pigs, were not intended to fly.

In the same exercise, one Skyraider, piloted by Sub-Lieut. Hack, R.N., landed on H.M.A.S. *Melbourne* quite intentionally at the end of a sortie. When the aircraft arrived back in *Bulwark* she had "R.A.N. Mod. Skyraider One" carried out. A yellow kangaroo was stencilled neatly in the centre of each fuselage roundel. They looked so splendid we left them there. Alterations and additions were made to the kangaroos on an Australian helicopter that landed on us for a day, so honours could be considered even.

The hospitality we received in our cruise has been wonderful. The West Indian was great. Apart from other highlights, our senior rates seemed to get well dug in at the Army base of Up Park Camp in Kingston, Jamaica, largely as a result of Petty Officer Hobbs going ashore in the advance Skyraiders.

After getting our knees brown in the West Indies and getting rained on in Bermuda, we made a quick dash north to see our Canadian cousins at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The warmth of our welcome from *Bonaventure* and *Shearwater* more than balanced the semi-blizzard conditions we met there.

At Hong Kong and Singapore the chaps really got down to the rabbit-buying business. Teak chests and tea-sets galore have made their way over the side and disappeared below. I am sure we will have to carry less fuel on our way home or we will sink. I hear that several people who have not been out East before have been having treatment in the Sick Bay for bulging eyeballs after ogling the Chinese dress styles on the Star Ferry.

The Flight has played its full part in the ship's sporting life. Deck hockey and volley ball games are in great demand at sea. We have been unlucky with our shoreside sporting fixtures. All too often at Gibraltar and other places the grounds have been declared unfit. We had one soccer game at Bermuda and a trial game at Hong Kong which showed some hidden talent in the Flight. We hope for better luck later on.

One aircraft during the Hong Kong visit was put ashore at Kai Tak, and resided in the hangar of the Hong Kong Auxiliary Air Force. These chaps must have heard about our kangaroo, because this aircraft came back with the Hong Kong Auxiliary Air Force red dragon painted in the "D" on the engine cowling. The dragon has now been officially adopted as the Flight badge and is being reproduced on all aircraft.

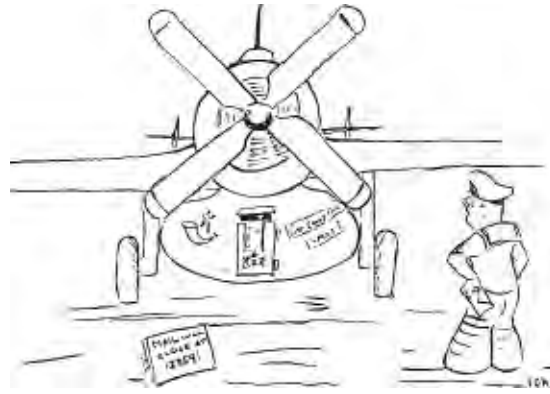
The working side of life has been going very well. We are operating the same four aircraft with which we joined the ship, and piously hope to take the same four back to Culdrose at the end of our cruise. We have avoided having any accidents so far and when serviceability troubles

cut down our flying it was unserviceable pilots to be blamed. Around our time at Manila, Flight Lieut. Oliver had a fever, Lieut. Lucas had severe ear trouble, and the C.O. had a poisoned foot. Whilst on the subject of illness, we must commiserate with our senior observer, Lieut. Purchase, who was sent ashore at Singapore with appendicitis and missed the run to Manila and Hong Kong.

When we left Hong Kong, it could be said that

we were on our way home, but what a galaxy of places we still had to visit: Singapore, Trincomalee, Mombasa, Diego Suarez, Durban, Capetown, Accra, Freetown and Gibraltar. Who knows where we will say was the best run ashore when we get back to U.K. Of course, if you listened to the buzzes, the above list was by no means the final answer. Who is to say what the future holds? But that is half the fun of life if it doesn't get you down.

[Now we know, and how right he was.—Ed.]



"Wot ! No stamp machine ?"

"Launch a Skyraider ! "

WHERE IS THE ENEMY, Admiral wants to see ?

What will the order be ?

"Launch a Skyraider!"

Deck pitching out of sight, Seahawks are sitting tight,

Venoms won't fly tonight;

"Launch a Skyraider!"

Oft comes the plaintive wail, "How can we get the mail ?"

Press on through ice and hail

"Launch a Skyraider!"

Ship gets herself a clout—how will they sort it out ?

You bet your life they'll shout

"Launch a Skyraider !"

What keeps them on the boil? Hard work and skilful toil;

Takes lots of midnight oil to

"Launch a Skyraider!"

Off when it's foul or fine, pitch-black or bright sunshine:

Three cheers for 849, when they

Launch a Skyraider.

P. M.

891 Naval Air Squadron



WE CAME TO THE SHIP in June, 1957, to provide the all-weather fighter complement for *Bulwark*.

Our aircraft, the de Havilland Sea Venom (Mark 22), is normally used both by day and night, but towards the end of the commission, due to a change in requirements, we have concentrated on the ground-support role.

Our operations in support of the loyal forces in Aden and Muscat have been only one aspect of our usefulness. The Venom is a two-seat aircraft and has carried from the ship such distinguished and

prominent passengers as the First Lord of the Admiralty (Lord Selkirk) and his Secretary (Mr. Phillip Moore) ; the commentator of Radio Trinidad, Mr. Frank Purdo, who recorded his impressions of a flight in a Venom, which ranged from describing the catapult launch as "a kick in the pants" to the whole flight being "smooth"; and *Bulwark's* commander, Commander R. H. H. Brunner, R.N., who described his flight as "quite exhilarating."

We returned to *Bulwark* after Christmas leave



with a new commanding officer, Lieut.-Commander J. F. Blunden, R.N., and many new aircrew, backed by stalwarts such as Lieutenant Bob Hilditch and Lieutenant John Cary. The maintenance crews were mainly veterans of "Strikeback," "Rum-tub" and "Phoenix II," led by Lieutenant John Cox and assisted by Lieutenant John Green and C.A.A. Cliff Smale. The coming cruise held no qualms for them.

The trip to the West Indies and Exercise "Maple Royal" meant the return of the dark wet decks of night-flying, humour being provided by C.P.O. "Polly" Perkins complete with foul weather smock and bedroom slippers striding the deck shouting for his henchmen, Pilot's Mates "Bomber" Brown and "Wally" Morgan.

During this time the Middle Watch hangar sentry was often entertained by the Barber Shop trio of Chiefs Cottrell and Wyatt and Petty Officer Smith making light of their labours.

The West Indies brought sunshine and relaxation. Rum and "coke" became the favourite beverage and "The Chinese Doll" the Squadron Headquarters.

Many were the parties held here, but the best of all was the Squadron banyan at Cannouan Island. The time of its finishing is still being argued, but sufficient to say it was still going on next day. Foraging parties soon found the local grog-shop, Chiefs Doug Wyatt and "Ging" Lundy returning with a stock of "Export Guinness" and the local rum "Golden Glow," whose uses varied from lighting fires to oiling the tonsils.

That night, at the dance held in the village hall, L.A. "Scouse" Kelly taught the locals his version of "The Limbo." It was here that Lieutenants Dave Hanson and "Polly" Perkins had a narrow escape, being prevented by the locals from sheltering under the dreaded manchineel tree, whose sap is as effective as acid and causes blindness.

Squadron members ashore in Kingston were amazed to see L.A. Clasper in full tropical cycling kit, complete with sun hat, cycling along the main road looking like a colonial gentleman who'd lost his horse.

In the sporting world at this time Lieutenant



C. Dwarika introduced volley ball on board, and our Squadron team, led by L.A. "Lofty" Rawlinson, was in fact the ship's representative team. At deck hockey our team was unlucky to lose in the final to the Forecastle by 3-2 after extra time.

At Gibraltar many of the Squadron were relieved. We lost Lieutenant "Gus" Fawcner and the quiet-spoken terror C.A.A. Smale, and we were joined by ratings led by C.A.A. Conway—the Deck Officer's delight, and the Squadron reputation of keeping one Kon Tiki in its ranks was maintained. Joining, too, at Gibraltar were two representatives of East Africa, Lieutenant Pat Dale and Sub-Lieutenant Peter Prophet. At Gibraltar the Squadron's aircraft were disembarked to North Front and we had our first taste of R.A.F. hospitality, soon to be climaxed at Kai Tak and Khormaksar.

At Kai Tak the Squadron worked hard at swimming and sun-bathing and blessed whoever it was who flew over the Chinese border.

Hong Kong will be remembered by us all for good living and the Squadron shindig where we hired a rickshaw. With four riding, thirty pushing and pulling, it's now the only Hong Kong rickshaw with square wheels. Nor shall we forget the "cheongsams" ! No wonder the Chief A.A. went sick.

A return to sport, where the needle games were between the Officers and the Squadron. At football the Officers were confounded by E.M. McCreadie and Naval Airmen Elliott and Splaine in the Squadron's forward line, and lost 5-2.

In the cricket match the Squadron lost narrowly by 10 runs, scoring 95 against the Officers' 105. In this game Lieutenant Allan Deacon was the highest scorer and best bowler for his side, while L.R.E.M. Hodge was outstanding for the Squadron. Worthy of note is 1st Lieutenant Thomas Ullom, U.S.M.C., who with transatlantic stance, connected for six with his first ball and was bowled with his second.

During the cruise the ship's company have been entertained by the top of the hit parade on the "Kon Tiki Show," produced by L.A. Alf Parsons and announced by L.R.E.M. Curtis with the signature tune "Flight of the Bumble Bee." Also



the ship's band had a few representatives of 891 Squadron, Chief Jim Hawker, Petty Officer "Stirling" Moss, R.E.M. Saltmarsh and R.E.M. Todd.

We even had two R.E.M.s., Syrad and Martinson, acting as stokers on the *Melika*, not to mention the aircrew, who now proudly wear the M.(E.) badge on their flying suits.

Petty Officer Harry Tokins ("Toke") is the Squadron's artist and cartoonist. The Christmas cards and that beautiful aircraft, 441, will long be remembered as fine examples of his talent.

Petty Officer "Cherub" Holmes, the birdman, has provided the Petty Officers' Mess with some fine specimens of the parrot world.

Since the start of the cruise many have left us, including recently, Lieut.-Commander Blunden, who has returned to Yeovil to take command of the All Weather Training Squadron; Lieutenant John Cary and Lieutenant Terry Davis, the latter of whom, it will be remembered, had a remarkable escape from a *Venom* when it ditched off the catapult, have gone to Sea Vixens. Lieutenant Bob Hilditch is still with us and for his fine effort of landing at R.C.N.A.S. *Shearwater*, with jammed

controls earned a green endorsement and Commander-in-Chief's commendation.

We have been lucky to have with us Major Jack Harris and 1st Lieutenant Tom Ullom from the United States Marine Corps for the duration of the cruise. Their accents and crew-cut hair style refused to be changed, but we did manage a beard from one.

We even had one "deserter" until L.A. Reg. Garbutt was found in hospital in Singapore after having had an argument with a taxi! Nevertheless, we all hope he has regained his fitness for his coming nuptials.

Now all this is behind us as we head homewards. It is agreed by all to have been a good cruise, notwithstanding late nights and the sweat of the hangar. The main check crews must be destined for the "realm below" the way they cope with the heat. The ship has been our home for many months, and soon we shall be back at Yeovilton. Many of us will leave when we arrive, but we have our sewing-machines, carvings, cameras and Chief "Bungy" Williams's junk, as souvenirs.

Our last memories will be of the ship that took us there, looked after us and brought us back, and of our friends who manned her.



" No chit, no night-flying supper !"

Life's like that—or it really happened

O.O.W.: "What wheel have we got on, Quartermaster"

Q.M.: "The same old wooden one that we used last commission, sir."

* * * *

A young Naval Airman came into the Regulating Office after seeing the Officer of the Watch. When asked what happened, he replied in a

puzzled voice, "He said Demolished R.P.O."

Then there was the Leading Patrolman who saw some delicious-looking green balls in the bakery and swiped two. It wasn't until he had almost eaten one that he realised that he was the first volunteer to taste King Neptune's Special Pills.

K. RICKARD, R.P.O.

Forecastle Division

Lieutenant R. DUNN, R.N.

Sub-Lieutenant D. A. McDougall, R.N. Sub-Lieutenant E. C. ASHTON-JOHNSON, R.N.

Midshipman T. LEON, R.N.V.R.



THE FORECASTLE DIVISION has been responsible for approximately one-third of the upper deck and has also maintained several flats between decks as well as a motor cutter and bay farther aft. Our mess-deck, located on No. 5 Deck, has protected us during the past eighteen months from all dangers normally associated with fresh air. In arctic regions we sat and shivered and in the tropics we just sat and "dripped." Although it may have appeared to those who normally took their morning stroll or afternoon nap on the Forecastle that we were similarly enjoying ourselves elsewhere, this was, in fact, far from the truth. Our few working hands were constantly employed in helping to keep the rest of the ship running smoothly. At sea we provided working parties of all descriptions, radar parties, seaboats' crews, replenishment teams and on far too many occasions were even submitted to the indignity of Gunnery Action stations. In harbour we were either storing or painting ship. Towards the end of the commission it must be admitted that we spent rather less time than usual over the side with scrubber or paintbrush. The cynics declared that this leniency was entirely due to a shortage of paint, whereas we all realise that the real reason lay in the lack of rain, snow and bitterly cold winds.

Although we ourselves saw very little of our own part of ship during the commission, it cannot be said that we neglected our responsibilities to the remainder of the ship's company. We were successful in converting the Forecastle into an

extremely popular and flourishing resort for those in need of relaxation and a good breath of sea air. The management feels rather proud of the fact that the amenities actually provided did not fall short of those expected in any modern holiday camp. During the hot weather our part of ship was fully air-conditioned (with the exception, of course, of the staff's quarters on No. 5 Deck). Full use was made by all and sundry of our vast deck space. Although I never attempted the feat myself, it was said that by lying flat on one's back and turning one's neck through 90 degrees, magnificent views of the ocean could be had. When designing our cruise poster we had no qualms over the insertion of the legend: "A mere fag-end's throw from the sea." A first-class hairdressing saloon was opened on the cable deck for those in desperate need of an excuse to be in our part of ship during working hours. Just around the corner a fully modernised laundry and dry cleaning service operated at remarkably cheap rates.

Once in harbour there was no need for our guests to trouble themselves with the tiresome business of going ashore to hunt for rabbits. In each port we were able to establish a fine shopping centre on the cable deck, and indeed this was much appreciated and proved immensely popular. All the colour, thrill and smell of the bazaar was brought on board and everyone was able to indulge in bargaining, buying (and even selling) with real live natives. The management had one moment of concern when, during a particularly hot spell,