

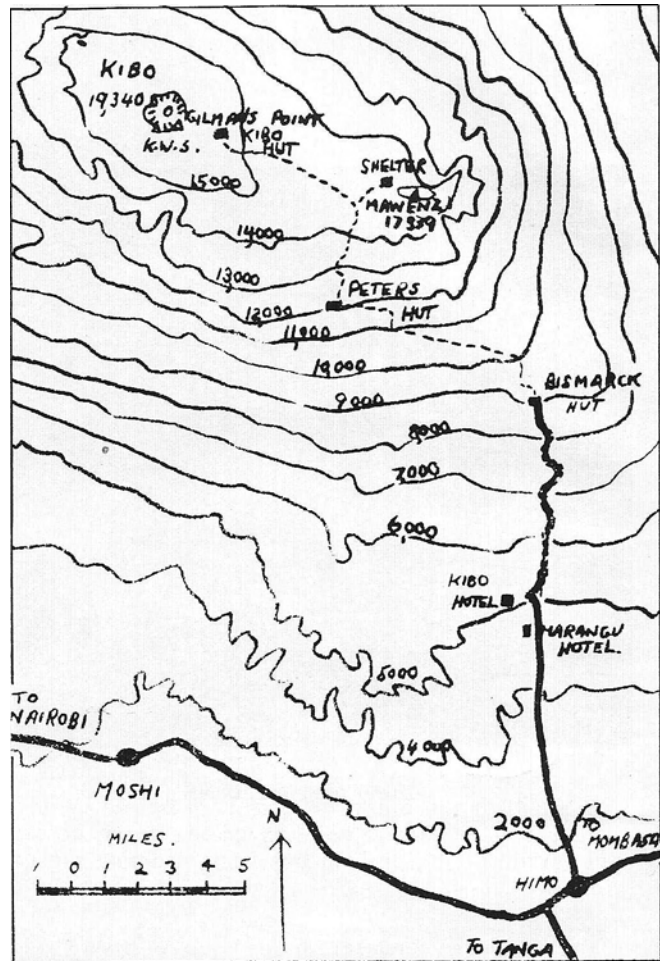
Kilimanjaro

Perhaps, once in a lifetime, opportunity knocks. This particular opportunity came as CENTAUR steamed towards Mombasa in May of 1964. There, a bare 200 miles away, was Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa, and some adventurous soul decided to organise an expedition to climb it. For some it was an opportunity which had been hopefully anticipated, for others an unexpected chance to be grasped before it slipped away, whilst others, like myself, never even recognised it for what it was until later, but went along with vague thoughts about staying at the - Marangu Hotel at the bottom if the mountain looked too uninviting.

We were to be in Mombasa for two weeks and it was estimated that a week would be required for the round trip. Although some arrangements, such as acquiring the permission of the Kilimanjaro Mountain Club to use the huts along our route, were made for both groups which had been formed under the leadership of Lieut. Hoare and Sub Lieut. Monkton, planning in general was done by individual groups. Equipment lists for extremes of climate and a daily menu were devised to make our 24-hour ration packs last the five days that we would be away from civilisation and to whittle them down to an amount that was reasonable to carry, since our packed rucksacks would weigh nearly 40lb., which to me was already unreasonable.

The second group, of which I was one, set off on the 5th of June. Early that morning we loaded our gear on to the top of the battered bus with the bananas and the chickens, and embarked for the long ride along the red ribbon of dirt that served for a road. After a lunch stop at Voi we passed through a section of the Tsavo Game Reserve and saw herds of gazelle, zebra, giraffe, and the massive elephants grazing on the tall, dry grasses. For those of us who were more familiar with Guernsey cows on our rambles through the English countryside, this was a considerable excitement, but we still kept one eye on the distant horizon where a pall of cloud obscured our destination, hoping that we would be granted one glimpse of the mountain. Soon we reached Taveta, and crossing the border into Tanganyika, neared Himo where we were to leave the bus. Suddenly a small gap appeared in the cloud and there, at an unbelievable elevation, was the snowcapped summit glistening in the evening sunlight. Those vague thoughts about staying at the Marangu Hotel were soon eradicated, for the mountain looked most inviting.

Wasting no time at Himo, for it was only an unattractive shanty town, we hired a minibus and hastened upwards from the hot, dusty plains. Eight miles further on, when we reached the Hotel, the 4,500 ft. altitude had lowered the temperature considerably and the country was now one of delightful greenness, tall trees, and running water. Crops grew abundantly and the grounds of the hotel had the aspect of an English garden.



Scattered amongst the flowering bushes we found our compatriots of the first group licking their wounds, and in two minutes flat they lowered our morale to the level of the crisp lawns. Blisters as big as half-crowns were exposed to our horrified gaze and we were regaled with tales of incapacitating altitude sickness and exhaustion, and for all their effort only one man, LME Barnett, had reached the summit. But we were able to benefit from their experience and lack of appetite, for they left stocks of foodstuffs on the mountain for us and we could once more whittle down the weight of our packs. Faced with such evidence of distress and hardship, we called an extraordinary meeting and it was decided by popular vote, that if we were to make the most of our time and not be further demoralised by our predecessors in the hotel bar, we would have to start that evening, and so, shouldering our packs in the fading light, we made our first steps towards the heights.

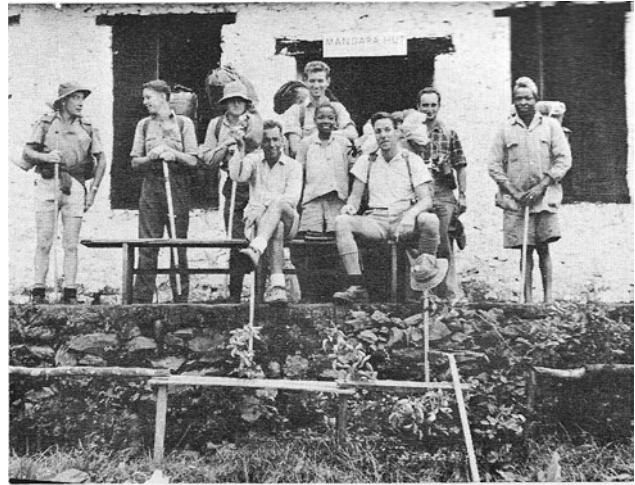
Soon it was pitch black and our imagination magnified the rustle of the wind in the banana fronds into becoming the stealthy approach of a marauding leopard, and the lowing of a Masai cow, the trumpeting of a rogue elephant. But we stumbled on up the rough track by the light of torches and after four arduous miles, camped in an old hut and gratefully crept into our sleeping bags.

We rose to a scene of idyllic beauty, for we were on the edge of the rain forest which glittered with early light refracted from the droplets suspended from the trees and grasses. A stream of cool water gurgled past, and looking upwards we saw, framed by the branches, the peak of Kibo, the snow rose-hued in the dawn sunlight. After a quick breakfast, we moved off along the track through the forest, making our own pace and settling the packs on to our shoulders. To my surprise, I soon became accustomed to the weight and began to enjoy the changing scene, so that the eight miles to the Mandara Hut sped by. A rest in the warm sunshine and a good meal revitalised us for the next lap — the lap on which Lieut. Callus made the best time, the porter hired at Mandara being a close second with his rucksack perched on his head. Wending our way through the last mile of the forest on a slippery footpath littered with tree roots, we emerged abruptly on to open meadowland where tall grass and flowers grew in profusion. Our way led forever upwards across these lovely untouched meadows, but as the altitude increased, so did the character of the land. Rocks and ravines made going difficult and the plants became hardier and coarser, a type of heather shoulder high becoming predominant.

Mid-afternoon, the cold cloud settled over us bringing with it an eerie silence, so that as we trudged on, we were overwhelmed by a sense of isolation. When I had almost given up hope of ever reaching Peter's Hut, it emerged from the mist like a wraith and I thankfully collapsed on to a bunk and accepted some hot soup, for I was not used to walking 18 miles and climbing over 6,000 ft. to an altitude of 12,000 ft. carrying a heavy pack. It was enough for one day.

Kilimanjaro normally shrouds itself with cloud from mid-morning until late afternoon and that evening we stood and watched the curtains drawn on a glorious scene. A low cloud strata lay across the plains far below and the country we had traversed was revealed in the clear mountain air. This too was the first glimpse of the true nature of the reaches above, for although we knew from the rough maps in our possession that there are two peaks separated by a huge saddle, we had until now seen only Kibo, the highest. Now its sister peak, Mawenzi, deigned to show itself in all its magnificence of crag and pinnacle like an impregnable castle, and I was glad that it was to Kibo we were bound. Soon night fell and we became chilled by the cool air, as we stood awed by the brilliance of the stars and the immensity and solitude of space.

The next day was to be an easy one to assist in our acclimatisation to the high altitude. It dawned crisp and frosty, and washing in the stream left us either tingling or numb according to our individual circulations. Five of us felt fit enough to climb to the lip of



2nd Group, 2nd Day. Mandara Hut in the rain fin-est. Alt. 9,000ft. CREA (A) Lakeman, EM Phelps, M(E) Samphire, LSA Bumstead, Lt. Hoare, Marinda, Lt. Callus, Joseph, ERA 1 Spraggett

the saddle with quantities of food and water to be picked up the following day. This was a ten mile round trip and good acclimatisation exercise, but it proved to be lowering to the spirit, since from this vantage point one could see the barren sweep of the depression between the two peaks, eight miles across and then soaring upwards over rock and glacier another four thousand feet to the summit.

We all once more made our way to the saddle the next day, and after retrieving our supplies, started out across that desolate plateau, crunching through the volcanic gravel. Phantom wisps of cloud swirled across the faces of Kibo and Mawenzi, sometimes descending to obscure our path. We could see the Kibo Huts far ahead but they seemed to get nearer so slowly. Eventually, within half a mile, the path started upwards to the 15,000 ft. mark and a dreadful weariness came over us. This we realised with the effect of altitude and most of us suffered to some degree, either with actual vomiting or, like myself, with splitting headaches, but it was the weariness which confounded us so.

Few of us wanted much to eat that night but fortified with hot drinks, turned into our sleeping bags fully clothed and slept fitfully until the early hours, when we arose and prepared for the final challenge. Although this early start in darkness was far from satisfactory, it was necessary so that we could reach the top before the cloud clamped down and then return safely to Peter's Hut that day, for time was at a premium.

A hot drink, then four of us least affected by mountain sickness set off up the loose track by the light of torches, followed twenty minutes later by the remaining five. The pace was slow, but the altitude still took its toll. One of our party was overcome by nausea and was left with strict instructions not to move until the others arrived. The route was not hard to follow and there were no technical difficulties, just an energy consuming plod up a steepening slope of loose scree. As dawn broke we paused to rest and watch the slender arc of crimson spread along the low horizon, silhouetting the



*2nd Group, 4th Day. Kibo across the saddle. Alt. 14,500ft.
Lt. Hoare, M(E) Samphire, REA2(A) Francis, EM Phelps,
CREA(A) Lakeman, ERA/Spraggett, Lt. Callus (seated)*

craggy outline of Mawenzi. But with the coming of light we could see the slopes stretching high above us yet.

Kick, .step, rest! It became a laboured routine, our lungs straining for oxygen, our heads splitting, but we moved steadily on and reached the snowline. The scree was hard going but the snow was nearly impossible. If the crusty surface held I had no grip, if it collapsed, my legs were buried to the knee. The other two drew gradually away and out of sight over the ridge, sty that I felt like a solitary fly, dazed with DDT, floundering about on an iced cake, its legs sticking to the sugar. Then a shout from above attracted my attention, a head appeared over the ridge, and I was beckoned on to the summit of Kilimanjaro, 9,300 ft. above sea level. There at Gilman's Point, is a little metal box containing, a signature book in which we dutifully put our names – Lieut. Hoare, R.E.A.2(A.) Francis, and C.R.E.A. (A.) Lakeman, but it was not for this that we had come so far, although until that moment I had only been aware of a stubborn determination not to be beaten.

We were on the rim of a great, snow-encrusted crater, around which were terraces of wind-sculptured glaciers, their icy flutes supporting cornices of pure white snow. Below was the vastness of the mountain slopes, the saddle, Mawenzi, scattered banks of cloud. whilst above – nothing but the deep blue sky. Its ethereal beauty was overwhelming, but there was also a sense of accomplishment which was more than mere self-esteem, for it was fostered by a feeling of awed insignificance, of being only one vitalised speck in all that grandeur. This then is why men climb mountains?

Members of the expedition were:

<i>1st Group</i>	<i>2nd Group</i>
Sub-Lieut. Monkton	Lieut. Hoare
L.M.E. Barnett	Lieut. Callus
L.E.M. Stevens	E.R.A.1 Spraggett
L.E.M. Brough	R.E.A.2(A.) Francis
N.A.M. Corchoran	C.R.E.A.(A.) Lakeman
E.M. Plows	L.S.A. Bumstead
R.E.M. Hoyle	E.M. Phelps
Driver Brown, RASC	M.E. Samphire

THE DEPARTMENTS

892 Squadron

Commanding Officers

Lieutenant Commander I. F. BLAKE

Lieutenant Commander B. G. YOUNG

Lieutenant Commanders

T. L. WILCE

M. McCOOK-WEIR

F. W. ASHMOLE

R. P. STANESBY

T. M. TUKE

E. J. TROUNSON

B. DAVIES

Lieutenants

D. G. FROST

J. E. ELLIS

R. M. KENNEDY

D. M. L. McWILLIAM

K. E. BROWN

T. R. CRIDLAND

D. K. PERMAN

J. E. SUMMERS

M. B. CHAPMAN

N. J. DUNSFORD

T. N. F. SKEAD

P. T. DUNCAN

J. J. L. HOLLAND

K. F. CRUMPLIN

N. N. L. FEATHERSTONE

B. J. ADAMS

M. H. FREEMAN

P. H. MOUNTAIN

M. E. TODD

P. BRINDLEY

W. L. T. PEPPE

D. J. STARLING

T. J. BOLT

M. SYMINGTON

J. A. McPHEE

L. G. MORDECAI

C. I. DORMAN-JACKSON (R.A.F.)

Sub-Lieutenants

C. E. HUMPHREYS

T. J. O'GORMAN

A. E. S. WHITWORTH

T. L. LING

P. J. SEARLE

A. J. NICHOLSON

M. DYKES

S. L. BENN

P. S. J. LOVE

D. G. MALAIPERUMAN

D. N. L. YEOMANS

N. E. B. PACK

R. DAVIS

P. M. HILL

M. J. GRAINGER-HOLCOMBE

Chief Petty Officers

Allen, B. R.

Abbott, A. E.

Adams, C.

Alexander, B. J.

Bishop, K. L.

Bint, P. R.

Butcher, R.

Bell, S. G.

Brown, E. S.

Cheek, T. W. G.

Chant, H.

Cheney, A. C. J.

Clark, W. G.

Coulter, B.

Dewdney, D. C.

Donnithorne, P.

Gale, W.

Gasston, J. V.

Glyde, J. A.

Gaitch, D. W.

Gale, N. A.

Gosden, G. R.

Harper, J. A.

Hatfield, F.

Hammick, D.

Holmes, F. G.

Hardy, B.

Jenkin, R. A.

Johnston, A.

Jackson, P.

Jones, A. W.

Kennedy, D.

King, E. F.

Lougher, J.

Ludkin, V. E.

Longly, A. C.

March, S. W.

Millen, K.

Munday, R. J.

May, P. C.

Massey, R. E.

Noble, T.

Nurish, A.

Overell, P. R.

Orr, D. G.

Owen, P. E.

Porter, G. F.

Pugh, G. E.

Probert, T. D.

Rager, R.

Revill, A. P.

Rowland, D. F.

Strauss, C. E.

Smith, P. J.

Spratt, K. R.

Smith, G. B. J.

Smith, T. J. F.

Scott, C.

Spry, I. W.

Trousdale, E. J.

Turner, A. R.

Thomas, C. D.

Temple, R.

Williams, B. F.

Wanford, G. A.

Wood, B. P.

Wilson, R. A.

Zaple, D. J.

Petty Officers

Allen, J. R.

Avery, J. L.

Bagnall, N. P.

Blake, N. L.

Bee, R. J.

Bull, M. G.

Creese, B. J.

Collins, R. L.

Clark, B. J.

Coard, J.

Culkin, M.

Colpitts, R.

Cameron, R.

Carpenter, G. E. B.

Dixon, A.

Diaper, J. A. F.

Egan, J. C.

Furlong, B. J.

Fraser, T.

Grant, I. H.

Green, H.

Gowing, S. W.

Gibson, E. G.

Gott, R.

Hartley, A.

Hern, T.

Hubbard, F.

Holloway, W. L.

Hinsley, V.

Jahsen, P. P.

Jones, R. W.

Jones, D. B.

Jepson, R. H.

Knott, J. S.

Kelly, J. P.

Kelly, W. D.

Keogen, R. L.

Lorimer, J.

Lewry, P. R.

Liddle, R. R.

McGann, A. A.

Martin, N.

Naylor, S.

O'Neill, J. S.

Over, F.

Pendle, A.

Pridmore, T. R.

Platt, B.

Penwarden, P.

Ringwood, M. J.

Russel, G.

Reeder, R. E.

Rees, E. J.

Roberston, P.

Smith, H. J.

Smart, H. W. G.

Silcock, H.

Smith, D. J.

Sinclair, P.

Sippitt, R. C.

Sheppard, A. G.

Swatton, R. R.

Turner, B.

Tilley, F. W.

Taylor, M. S.

Taylor, E. A.

Webster, C. W.

Wyatt, A. F.

Wallace, C. P.

Worsnip, C.

Yerrill, R. L.

Leading Rates

Acheson, D. P.	Ahern, B. J. J.	Abbots, R. C.	Butler, F. W.	Butt, A. K.
Browse, H. S.	Burns, P. C.	Barker, G. S.	Bush, F.	Bow, E.
Barrable, C. J.	Brown, R. E.	Bedford, E. C.	Brown, A. H.	Bett, A. C.
Bevan, A. J.	Burton, I. E.	Cesary, L.	Callow, J.	Coxon, D.
Clark, R.	Critchley, M.	Campbell, A.	Clark, R. G. S.	Drewry, M. S.
Davison, G. H.	Dukes, A. B.	Davison, M.	Dearing, D.	Dudley, D. A.
Dunn, D.	Eason, R. G.	Ellery, L. D.	Ellis, T. J.	Fitzsimmon, D. G.
Fieldhouse, P. D.	Francis, D. G.	Fielding, M. W.	Gordon, M. P.	Gibson, D. I.
Gate, H. W.	Glendenning, D.	Harris, K. J.	Hardie, D. H.	Kelly, M. J.
Hicking, A.	Holbutt, J. J.	Jones, R. C.	Jones, A. W.	Leeming, B.
Laws, R. A.	Long, D. H.	Lawrence, B.	Lacey, P.	Medlicott, R.
Melsom, M. G.	McCully, H. F.	McDonald, A.	Mercer, D. A.	McCulloch, J.
Middlebrook, F. P.	O'Connor, P. F.	Page, E. W.	Parker, B. D. A.	Price, D. M.
Bradley, D. G.	Ross, T. G. J.	Roughsedge, K.	Straw, G. N.	Sanderson, J. C.
Rozier, D. F.	Sparkes, R. H. E.	Smalley, J.	Sharples, P. S. S.	Scollie, J. S.
Swordy, G.	Shipman, W. A.	Smith, J. W.	Tuck, D.	Tanner, D. M. S.
Thorne, D. R.	Webber, D. R.	Wilkinson, I. R.	Weston, A. F.	Wells, V. G.
Webster, T. G.	Williams, D.	Wallace, R. K.	Weems, D. H.	Woodhams, D. A.
Wilson, D. C.	Wilson, A. E.	Young, J. F. D.	Young, W. F. Mc.	

Junior Rates

Atkinson, H.	Allen, D.	Airey, B. G.	Avann, K. L.	Brown, A. G.
Braid, R. G.	Blake, A.	Brown, T. R.	Butters, J.	Billett, J. H.
Bell, M. K.	Baker, R. D.	Blake, D. F.	Burrows, H.	Baraclough, R. J.
Bevan, I. N.	Bowden, M. G.	Burrows, J.	Bateman, S. J.	Chandler, G. E.
Champion, P.	Cockran, S.	Cole, T. W.	Cavan, P.	Chapilon, G. T.
Child, M. L.	Crooks, C. C.	Cough, R. P.	Cringles, W. D.	Clements, R.
Campbell, R.	Cliffe, E.	Day, C.	Daive, R. J.	Dalziel, A. M.
Duriez, R. A.	Downey, I. J.	Eaton, W. D.	Edgley, G. W.	English, M. J.
Emmer, P. M.	Evans, D.	Ellis, R. G.	Firth, J. M.	Farrant, M.
Fielder, I.	Falconer, T.	Foreman, B.	Freed, R.	Gallaughar, A.
Goss, F. R.	Grant, A. J.	Gunn, R. B.	Gibbs, R.	Grayson, G. G.
Garlick, L.	Gale, C. R.	Green, D.	Garbett, D.	Gunston, R. D.
Gardiner, E. C.	Green, J. C.	Gabriel, J. L.	Goldsmith, R.	Hill, A. E.
Hope, J. A.	Harvey, D. J.	Hamer, A.	Hodgson, J. M. H.	Hill, A. M.
Hart, R. W.	Hood, R. F.	Hogben, J. C.	Hughes, D. W.	Huffman, R.
Hopkins, T.	Hoobs, W. G.	Johnson, A. S.	Jones, A. D.	Jefferies, D.
Jarvis, P. W.	Kavanagh, D. A.	Kelley, A. M.	Killeen, M.	Kosak, J. G.
Kay, R.	Locker, G.	Long, J. S.	Lowe, D. C.	Louch, B. J.
Levy, D. A.	Lalor, T. F.	Marsh, J. J.	McAleese, D. J.	Million, M.
Malfin, M. R.	McLeod, I. N.	May, P.	Muir, A. R. G.	Moores, E. A.
Macpherson, A.	Mullery, R.	McLean, M. V.	Moss, F.	Mercer, R. G.
O'Brien, J. H.	Mellows, B.	Morey, T. J.	Mars, P.	Marshall, J.
Oliver, E. V.	Osborne, K. R.	O'Hara, P. J.	Oxtoby, D. J.	Owen, D.
Pannell, F. G. T.	Paul, M. A.	Pryce, J. C.	Pilcher, R. J.	Peaurt, D. M.
Pulford, R.	Proud, N.	Prentice, R. F.	Pugh, G. S.	Palmer, D. R.
Robbins, G.	Parfitt, G. J.	Quinlan, J. B.	Revell, R. D.	Roach, L. E.
Roche, M.	Reid, M. R. A.	Rawsthorne, D.	Reid, T.	Rodwell, A. R.
Sheere, N. B.	Richardson, T.	Robinson,	Ridge, R. I.	Reading, P. R.
Shorthouse, B. J.	Sunderland, P.	Smith, J.	Stewart, K. C.	Single, D.
Sinclair, I. D.	Smith, D. M.	Sanders, R. C. A.	Snook, R. M.	Shaw, G. W. D.
Stevens, B. R.	Sommerville, G.	Steadman, K. D.	Salvin, C. E.	Scott, M. A.
Sunderland, G.	Smith, D. M.	Saxon, H. J.	Scott, D.	Sandford, T. C.
Taylor, A.	Smart, R.	Stokoe, M. J.	Smith, R. A.	Scutchings, R.
Taylor, K.	Triton, R.	Turnbull, M. J.	Taylor, A. L.	Toland, H.
Worthing, W. D.	Thompson, A.	Tunstill, R. C.	Tilstone, D.	Vale, C. E.
West, H. J.	Weir, E. C.	Wigston, T.	Woolley, G. W.	Waller, D. M.
Wakeman, T.	Wilson, B. B.			

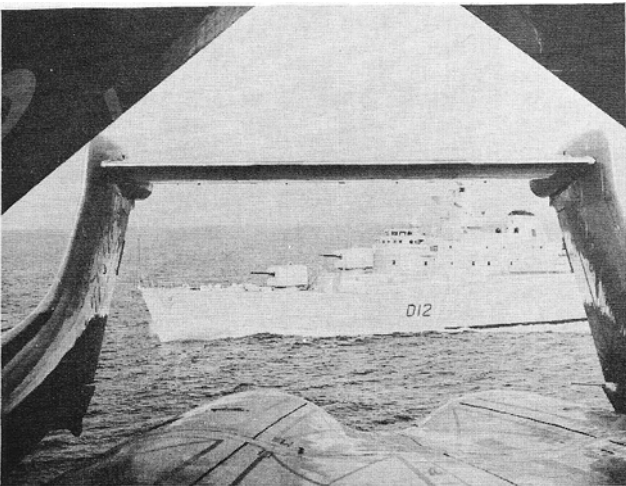
The Story of 892 Squadron

The story of 892 Squadron while embarked in HMS CENTAUR must necessarily be very similar to the ship's own story and it would be tedious to recount the lists of dates and places that occur elsewhere in this book. However from our own point of view it has been an interesting and varied eighteen months with sufficient operational and semi-operational experience to make it all seem worthwhile.

We embarked just before Christmas, 1963, with 29 officers and about 220 ratings, of whom only five and four respectively now remain in the squadron. Our first excitement was the covering of the landings by the Army and Royal Marines during the Tanganyika mutinies in January, 1964. The fact that the air cover was required over four hundred miles inland made this anything but an easy operation and although we were not in fact required to do more than provide a "show of force," much valuable experience was gained.

From Dar-es-Salaam we went by way of Aden to Singapore and the first of many disembarkations to R.A.F. Tengah. Disembarkations to shore airfields, while the ship is self-maintaining are one of the happier facets of Squadron life, enabling most of the aircrew and a sizeable proportion of the ratings to "get away from it all" and live a life of relative comfort. During this Commission we have disembarked to Singapore (Tengah) five times, Hong Kong (Kai Tak) twice, Nairobi (Embakasi), Malta (Hal Far), and, of course, Yeovilton. By the time this is in print we shall also have had two disembarkations to Gibraltar (North Front). Contrary to general opinion on board this not only enables the aircrew to escape certain ship's duties and have a good time but also helps us to keep in flying practice and get in some much needed maintenance undisturbed by ship's routines.

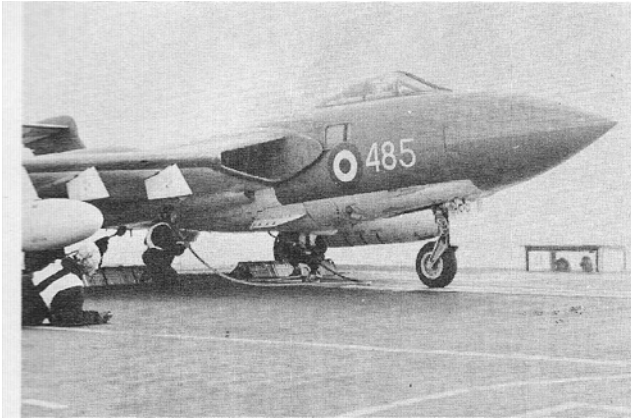
... stood by to provide air cover"



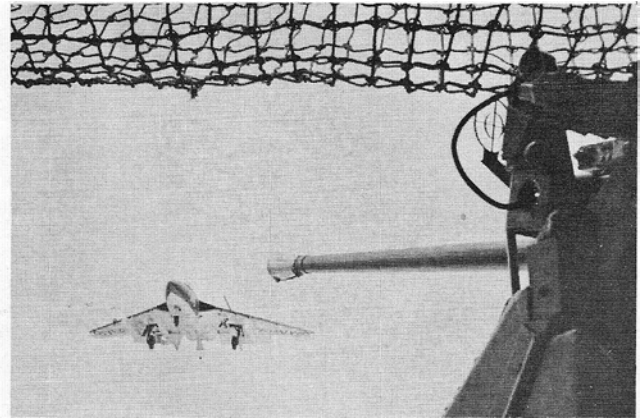
... shielded from the sun by a Wanchai"

Our first period in the "further" Far East, which included a much-enjoyed visit to Hong Kong and a very valuable weapon training period on the American ranges at Subic Bay, ended in May when the ship sailed for Mombasa. The squadron disembarked six aircraft to Nairobi, and this for many of us was the highlight of the Commission. We were met on the hardstanding by girls bearing trays of beer and from that moment onward never looked back. The amount of flying done was not as great as during other disembarkations but this was attributed to various factors, lack of radio and range facilities, and bad weather. The incidence of bird strikes per flying hour showed a marked increase.

When, finally and reluctantly, we said good-bye to our hotels in Nairobi the ship set off for Aden and we became once more operational. This time it was the dissident tribesmen in the Radfan who claimed our attention and aircraft were seen being launched with up to 96 two-inch rockets. This was extremely good for the morale of the groundcrew and the ego of the aircrew; how much, or how little, damage was actually done is still firmly classified. From Aden we trekked back across the Indian Ocean, with a brief stop at Madras, to Singapore and yet another disembarkation to R.A.F. Tengah. This was the time of the Singapore riots and subsequent curfew. A number of members of the squadron found themselves outside limits at the wrong time and thereby suffered enjoyable isolation in sundry flats around Singapore for varying periods. After this we went to sea for FOTEX and we worked. Pulau Tioman saw us on a number of occasions and we envied our opposite numbers in *Victorious* steaming off to Fremantle for a holiday after a rugged three months alongside in Singapore.



.. launch position is critical ..."



.. didn't think we'd make it"

At the beginning of September President Soekarno stepped up his confrontation against Malaysia by landing parachutists in Johore State and we went to sea to try to catch him at it again. This entailed long periods of sitting strapped-in on deck shielded from the sun by a "Wanchai" over the cockpit. Later we stood by to provide air-cover for *Victorious* limping back from Australia. This last commitment cancelled a much looked forward visit to Japan and made "that other carrier" even less popular on board than she had been before. However, we were rewarded with an extra long visit to Hong Kong which was well enjoyed by the entire squadron. It was originally intended to be 16 days but for two-thirds of the aircrew, it extended itself to 19 due to the influence of Typhoon Dot which marooned all the disembarked aircraft at Kai Tak.

After Hong Kong we started on our way home. We called at Subic Bay and twice more at Singapore. We waited for the Indonesians again and looked with green eyes at *Victorious*, still alongside the wall. We were due to be home in time for Christmas but often we didn't think we'd make it. A great advantage of carrier air groups is their ability to disembark in the Mediterranean on their way home from the Far East. This pleases everyone. The launch position is critical and, of course, when we eventually got there, having waited what seemed like half the year for *Eagle* to transit the Suez Canal, the entire South of England was covered in fog and we had to remain reluctantly on board. Eventually we disembarked from the Bay of Biscay exactly a week behind our E.T.A., but we still made Christmas.

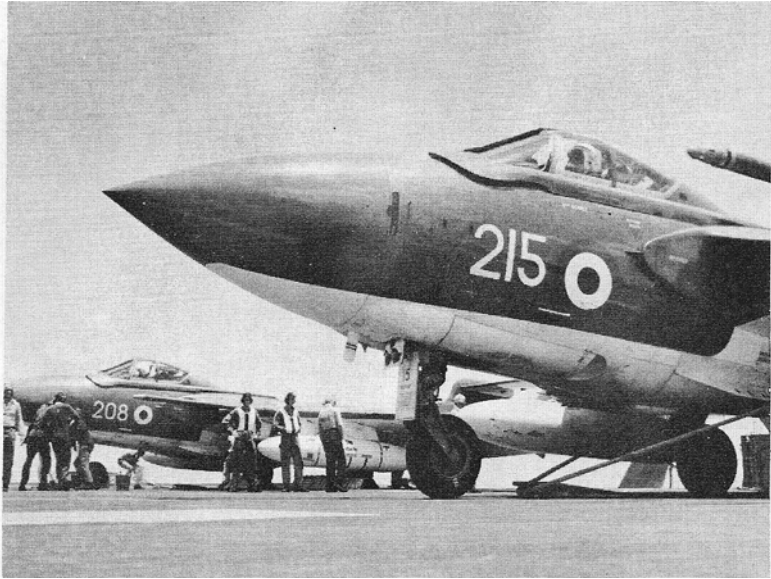
From Christmas to the beginning of April we were at Yeovilton and not concerned with the ship. On April 9th we re-embarked for our Mediterranean summer cruise on which we are still engaged at the time of writing. In these days of the turbulent Far East a carrier in the Mediterranean is unusual and we have enjoyed seeing all the old haunts. We disembarked to Hal Far for nearly three weeks and are very sad to

think that we are probably the last squadron ever to do so. Most of us missed Naples but managed to survive the extra few days in Malta without too much worry. The weekend when we were together with *Eagle* in Grand Harbour was an altogether different matter. After Malta, Istanbul proved itself, rather surprisingly, to be one of the most enjoyable visits of the Commission, and at Izmir the Senior Pilot shot a boar, which improved the squadron weapon training results considerably.

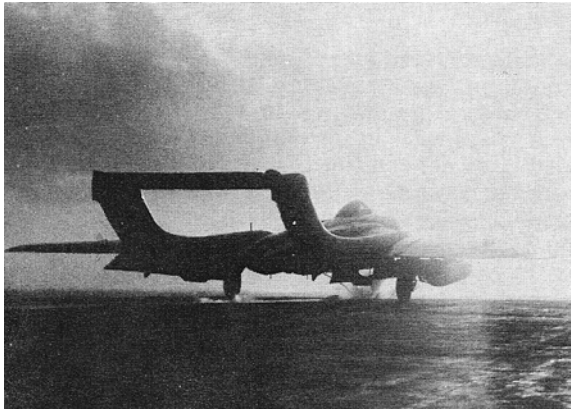
We now look forward to some long times in Gibraltar, a quick run around Lisbon and then back to Yeovilton. We shan't be finished with *CENTAUR* though, for we will be displaying ourselves at each of the British visits returning to the comforts of Yeovilton afterwards. We have enjoyed this Commission very much and will winter at Yeovilton converting to Mark II Sea Vixens before going to sea again sometime next year.



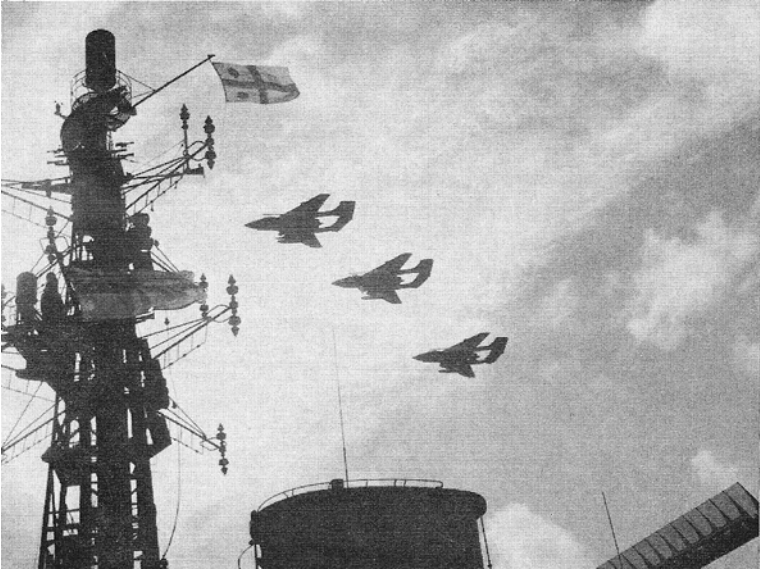
Deck park



Take the strain



Boost off



Prettily airborne



Nearly home

849B Flight

Commanding Officers

Lieutenant Commander M. H. MUMFORD

Lieutenant Commander E. S. E. TAYLOR

Lieutenant Commander P. J. G. WILKINS

Lieutenants

G. H. D. BRADBURN
B. R. C. ELPHICK
K. A. KEENAN
A. E. SIMS

R. J. D. CHRISTIE
K. G. FROST
I. C. MACCABE
T. M. WOODFORD

R. H. T. COX
J. HAYES
D. G. RICHARDSON

M. COLE-HAMILTON
A. D. HEWLETT
A. M. J. SHEARING

Lieutenants, U.S.N.R.

W. T. DAVIS

A. HILL

R. McINTYRE

Sub-Lieutenants

A. C. DARBY

A. P. FRAME

M. J. H. THURSTAN

Chief Petty Officers

Adamson, G.
Henderson, G.
Smith, R. A.

Bolt, P. W. A.
Jellyman, M.
Stringer, J. H.

Bruce, S. T.
Kinloch, E. N.

Burgess, J. H.
Quick, D. A.

Cooper, J. M.
Scorey, G. R.

Petty Officers

Alexander, R. S.
Green, J. A.
Matthews, S. V.
Shipp, M. B.

Blagbrough, J. P.
Green, R. A.
Middlemiss, C.
Sparks, D. R. A.

Burgess, W. D.
Green, J. H.
Moncaster, P. A.
Tinkler, E.

Clay, H. T.
Heath, G. B.
Munn, K. M.

Evans, H.
Knott, D. E.
Nicholls, W.

Leading Rates

Bain, W. S.
Collins, F.
Gotting, E. T. P.
Price, J. S.
Smith, F. G. A.
Watkins, J. R.

Beale, F. J.
Cox, B. L.
Hewitt, W. J.
Sapiano, E.
Snape, K.
Wearne, M. P.

Bodsworth, M. T.
England, P.
Hyde, C. J.
Scott, D. R.
Taylor, M.
Wilson, H.

Campbell, J.
Fraser, R. I.
Lapworth, B. K.
Seaton, D.
Thomas, F.

Carroll, J.
Gibbons, B.
Phillips, T. G.
Shayler, R. S.
Thompson, A. R.

Junior Rates

Adams, G. S.
Bradford, L. E. A.
Crichton, S. H. S.
Gilbey, J. D.
Jones, D. C.
Marshall, M. P. C.
Noden, B.
Saunders, R. J.
Walsh, T. P.

Ash, J. A.
Bray, D. A.
Dunn, D.
Hawes, G. E. W.
Lane, F. C.
McPhee, N. G.
Oldfield, J. P.
Smith, K. P.
Williams, C. A.

Andrews, J.
Brooks, C. W.
Elbro, J. F.
Hawksworth, S. R.
Lawson, D. W.
Mills, F.
Owen, A.
Smith, R. D.

Banks, A. B.
Cooper, A. H. G.
Garry, J. G.
Heald, D. T.
Lower, A. R.
Mulholland, A. O.
Parker, A.
Taylor, P.

Berry, M. D.
Cornwell, B. E.
Gibbons, A.
Horton, D. V.
Lupton, A. A.
Murgatroyd, S. B.
Rapley, G. G.
Walker, T. F.