



[Exped. in](#) the Arctic

U.S. Secretary of State for Defence, and Mr. Geoffrey Johnson Smith M.P., Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for the Army also dropped in. This deployment was our longest period without a run ashore so two more exhilarating expeds. were arranged before we left Norwegian waters. Although everyone strode out with great enthusiasm on leaving the L.C.M., exhaustion overcame many during the afternoon, judging by the number who managed to secure lifts back to the jetty on an assortment of vehicles. Just as the exercise was becoming a little dull the Navigator provided some excitement by giving us all an unusual early morning shake. It appeared that we had made contact with an underwater object but subsequent diving operations failed to locate the cause and no conclusive evidence was produced. In the end a mysterious orange submarine lurking in the depths was deemed as good an explanation as any.



Mr. Geoffrey Johnson Smith in the Assault Ops. Room



Lord Carrington looks for himself

Just as we were becoming used to receiving Daily Orders in Dutch it was time to finish the exercise and return the Dutchmen to Europort. We then steamed up to Rosyth for the P.X.D. and for some there was the prospect of weekend leave. The weather in Scotland was again unfriendly and the dockyard strike persisted which necessitated *Fearless* and ships from numerous other nations anchoring in the Firth of Forth. Under these conditions not many of the ship's company were reluctant to leave Scotland on 4th October and head for Pompey.

Bulwark's progress was still not certain at this stage and it appeared unlikely that we would return to U.K. before 1st December. In many cases this was disappointing news and it was evident that an effort must be made to allow our families a share of the sun. So the possibility of a package tour to Malta was investigated, which eventually came to fruition at a very reasonable cost.

With the ship thinking refit during the previous few months many of our stores had been allowed to run down so now we were faced with the problems of restoring in the minimum of time. However, the position was healthier by 12th October when we sailed for Gibraltar with 4 Wessex from 848 Squadron embarked.



[C.G.R.M. Genera](#) | Gourlay with Dutch Marine Officers



Nautical Twilight, Vaags Fjord

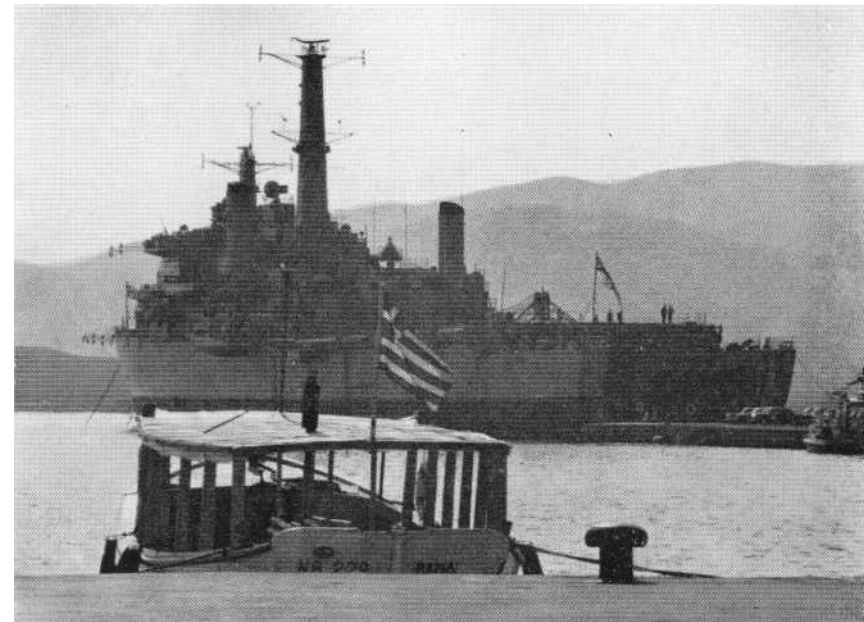
Our main task during this period was to act as a troop carrier for 41 Cdo who were scheduled to exercise in Cyprus for 7 days at the end of October. Therefore, after our usual brief 24 hours in Gibraltar we proceeded to Malta where we embarked the Commandos and their equipment. Our stay there was also short and it was soon like old times -we were bulging at the seams with an embarked force. We had not previously played host to 41 Commando this Commission and so it was refreshing to see some new faces during our 3-day steam to Cyprus. Another unusual aspect of this period was that the Embarked Force did not want us to exercise with them, so we had a rare treat for this Commission-one week on our own. There was very little time left for arranging a foreign visit once it was learnt that *Fearless* was to be in the Mediterranean at this time. However, the Greek town of Volos accepted us, so on 25th October we made our way there after a 2-day stay in Cyprus during which time Flag Officer Malta, Rear Admiral Templeton-Cotill flew his Flag on board.



Seen through the bow door



Juniors in trouble?



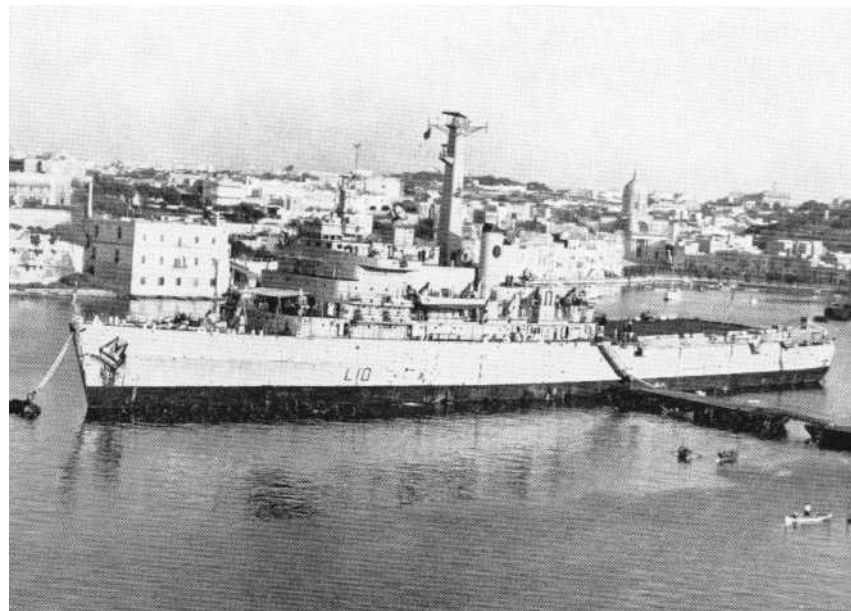
Mediterranean Moor. Volos on Oxi Day

The voyage north included some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable. The following is an extract from the Navigator's notes written at the time: "The Navigator's mystery tour of the Grecian Archipelago-Part 1. The ship will enter the Aegean via the Scarpato Straits at 0400. At about 0800 *Fearless* will steam round the island of Stampalia, an area of scenic beauty and historic interest, with a view to checking the area for possible future use when the ship will be carrying Midshipmen from Dartmouth. At 1300 the Santorin Passage should be good value for spectators on the upper deck. According to a modern theory this volcanic island chain, which has been known to bob up and down in the past like a whore's drawers on Boat Race night, could have connections with the legend of Atlantis. Between 1400 and 2100 we pass between various islands and at about 2100, approximately 40 miles east of Athens and just south of Karistos, the two L.C.M.s earmarked for the exped. will retract. The [exped.is](#) planned to transit inside the island of Evvolan through the Euripio, Chalkis and Talanta Channels in slow time while the ship sails east about to arrive Volos 0900 Friday, 27 October." Comment by Commander: "Thank you, Navigator, for explaining about the Boat Race!"

The town of Volos is a popular tourist resort during the summer season but the attractions were insufficient to entice the average sailor ashore each night. With this in mind it was decided to organize a series of expeds. and banyans. The expeds. were to the islands of Skiathos and Euboea as well as to the surrounding countryside of the mainland. Some 150 men took part and, they were invariably able to recount some interesting aspects of their adventures ashore. For most of our period in Volos the weather was good but it changed. dramatically shortly after the Skiathos party had landed on the island from the L.C.M. Torrential rain fell all night and completely soaked many of the expeders. who were forced to sleep out in the open. One group managed to shelter in a chapel overnight in company with centipedes, a bat and, giant spiders.

The Navigator combined business with pleasure for he took a group of his protégés to *Fearless* Cove in order to locate the exact position of a wreck which was only given an approximate marking on the Admiralty charts. The cove was thought to have been given its name after a previous *Fearless* surveyed the area towards the end of the last century. Another find besides the wreck were the culinary talents of that galloping gourmet, Midshipman Warren, who performed well with the barbeque. Known as Fidel's Bistro, he produced an appetizing concoction which sustained divers and plotters alike.

Volos was a relaxing visit and we left well prepared to carry on with 41 Commando where we left off. All that was required from us was to return the Booties to their wives in Malta where we arrived again on 6th November for an A.M.P.



Look at my flanks



Mine too!



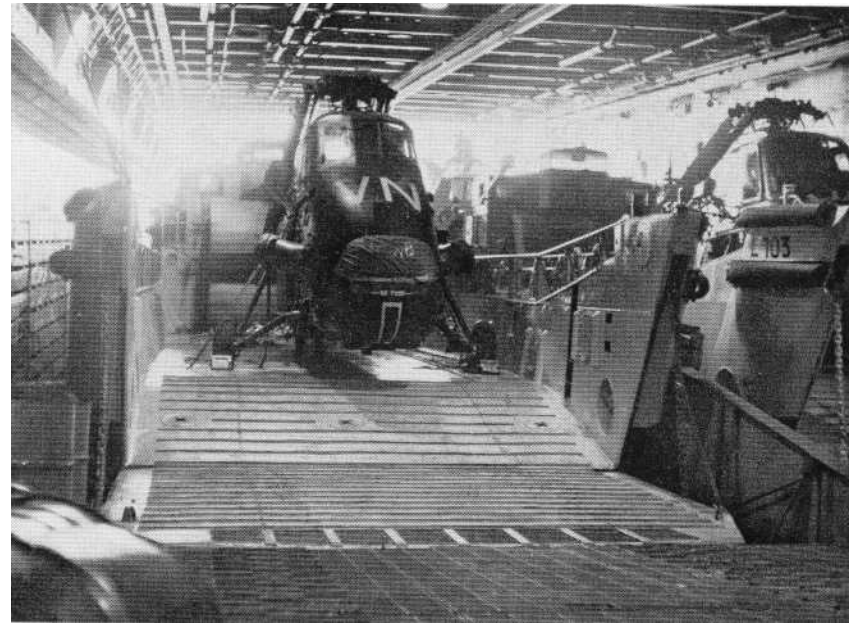
Ah! Now you can see them a bit better

Our young sister *Intrepid* was also there having managed to secure the best berth but she was very industrious in view of her imminent Admiral's Inspection and declined nearly all our sports challenges. Nevertheless, we ran a very full sports programme and the Jerukes once again won the inter mess 9-a-side soccer tournament. Talking of our R.M. contingent we were all trying to guess what excuse they would produce on this occasion to justify their seven days [A.M.P. holiday](#). Last year it was Ghajn Tuffeiha but as a variation this time it was termed "days on the range". We missed them though as it became a little expensive paying for dghaisas during their absence.

The weather during our two-week stay was exceptionally good for the time of year and the 50 or so wives/girlfriends who made the journey were also fortunate in that their accommodation was of a very high standard. Meanwhile, on the ship a Maltese side party had begun the task of smartening up the paintwork in preparation for the arrival of F.O.C.A.S. who was to remain on board during the following three weeks. Whilst 6 Mess visited the Buskett Roadhouse!

November 12th was a sad day in two respects for apart from it being Remembrance Sunday it was also the day on which our Chinese cooks and stewards flew back to Hong Kong. They had given us extremely good service, some for as long as four years, and before leaving each man received a gift from the Captain at a special "Chinese Divisions", attended by the whole ship's company. Losing the Chinese was one thing but the Pongos from the tank deck and signals office also decided that enough was enough. They had adapted well to the customs of the Senior Service and we were all sorry to see them go in Malta. Now the Booties have a new empire-the Tank Deck. On 18th November we sailed from Grand Harbour in order to carry out a trial which involved the dropping of depth charges from a helicopter. *Intrepid* in the meantime remained for the weekend putting the finishing touches to their suntans. Why do they have all the luck? We did, however, return to Pretty Bay, Birzebbugia, after two days so that everyone could have a final fling before departing for Corsica with 41 Cdo again embarked.

Exercise *Corsica* involved 41 Cdo and HQ 3 Cdo Bde on our part and the French Foreign Legion based in Corsica were the defending forces in the form of the crack Green Scorpion Battalion. The Legionaires proved a formidable enemy for the battle was long and arduous. At the conclusion of the exercise a sports day was arranged at Calvi and we hoped for more convincing victories. Combined soccer, rugby and volleyball teams from the British task force (*Fearless*, *Intrepid* and *Bulwark*) landed at 0900 to be met by an immaculately dressed Legionaire. It was therefore quite a surprise when he addressed us in a marked Liverpudlian accent saying, "Pile into this bus lads." We won two out of



Wessex 5 safely stowed

DECODE

GDY - Gun Direction Exercise
DISTEX - Disaster Exercise
RIOTEX - Riot Exercise
FOST - Flag Officer Sea Training
NATO - North Atlantic Treaty Organisation
SMP - Self Maintenance Period
AMP - Assisted Maintenance Period
LSL - Landing Ship Logistic
WAFU - Airey Fairy
RFA - Royal Fleet Auxiliary
RCT - Royal Corps of Transport
AVRE - Armoured Vehicle Royal Engineer
CGRM - Commandant General Royal Marines
RA - Ration Allowance
LCVP - Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel
LCM - Landing Craft Mechanical
PX - Post Exchange (United States Duty Free shop)
JERUKE - Royal Marine

the three sports fixtures but lost heavily at the lunchtime drinking session as was evidenced by the four *Bulwark* ratings who returned on board by stretcher.

By 1800 the Ship's Company was declared intact and we steamed overnight to Toulon where we remained for a 5-day visit. *Bulwark* and *Intrepid* accompanied us on what was our last foreign visit before the refit and we meant to enjoy ourselves. The only drawback was the cost of living, for rabbits were very expensive and drinks in a good bar could cost anything up to £1 each. The answer many thought was to eat ashore in a small tavern and drink the local wine. One group did this very thing and not speaking any French ordered from the menu at random. The soup they claimed was excellent, so good in fact that one member attempted to secure the recipe, "Oh Monsieur it is made from a fish with many legs," described the chef. "An octopus," the sailor unbelievably interjected. "Oui oui monsieur, octopus". He rapidly lost interest in the soup and asked for the next course. When that appeared it seemed to bear a great similarity to a plucked sparrow lying on a piece of toast. That was too much and he was thankful that the *Volos* exped. had provided him with a spare 24-hour ration pack which could be consumed at moments like these. Thankfully, not all of us shared this man's misfortune at the hands of the French.

There were numerous bus trips arranged to all the exotic playgrounds in southern France. The Wardroom, each with a pussers bag meal, sampled the delights of Monte Carlo and one or two even left the Casino showing a profit. At one point on the return journey the driver took a wrong turn and the bus finished up in a narrow country lane. Just as most of the occupants were dozing off there was a requirement for 20 fit men to push a coach out of a mud patch where the driver had attempted to turn round.

Toulon presented us with some glamour too, for the local beauty queen, Miss Toulon, agreed to come and stir our Christmas pudding with the help of two glamorous assistants. Besides this, a band of nubile drum majorettes performed their marching routines on the Flight Deck and then were very adequately entertained by the R.M. band who were with us from *Ark Royal*.

With F.O.C.A.S. having departed for U.K. by air, all that remained for us was to steam back to Oggieland in company with

[BBC News](#) could not verify the 'tabloid' in Gibraltar route through an
argument had been raging for some weeks about how long we should stay. *Intrepid* was keen to remain only for the minimum of time so we fell in line with her and called for six hours. There was a hectic scamper down Main Street to buy all that was required, before the last L.C.M. returned to the ship which was anchored in the Bay. At 1400 the twins left to see what the Bay of Biscay had to offer, but alas poor *Intrepid*

didn't make it that far for she knocked a hole in her bottom with her anchor a short way from Gibraltar and was forced to return. This was rather ironical as it was *Intrepid* which was so anxious to return to Oggieland whilst we wanted the night in Gib.



La Reine de Toulon stirs the rum into our pud

After a lumpy but otherwise uneventful passage we arrived in Plymouth Sound on 10th December, and to our surprise it wasn't raining (Co Author take note). Oggie Oggie Oggie ! So we saw the end of an extremely fascinating Commission during which the ship had justifiably earned the nickname "Friendly Fearless". Despite incessant intrusions into our routines by a variety of embarked forces the ship's company has remained a remarkably happy and well knit group. *Fearless* has undoubtedly been an example to the Fleet. All that now remains is for the dockyard to take us apart and in their own sweet time attempt to replace those parts that have worn during the last 65,000 miles.

On our return to Plymouth the Captain received a cable from Lady Hull, "Welcome home to you and the Ship's Company." On 11th December Field Marshal Sir Richard Hull and Lady Hull came again to see the ship Lady Hull had launched in 1963 and the ensuing lunch party the Captain gave seemed to round off a wonderful Commission.

For those going on draft, the editors wish you the very best of good fortune in the future and trust that the *Fearless* spirit is taken with you wherever you go. For those who remain, be certain to inject this same spirit into the newcomers so *Fearless* remains at the top of the Fleet.

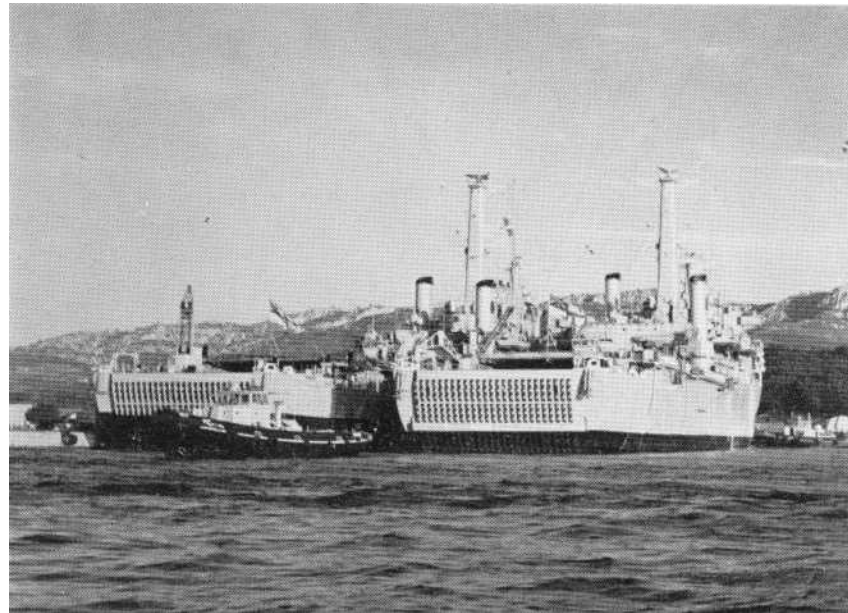
Lucky f



or some

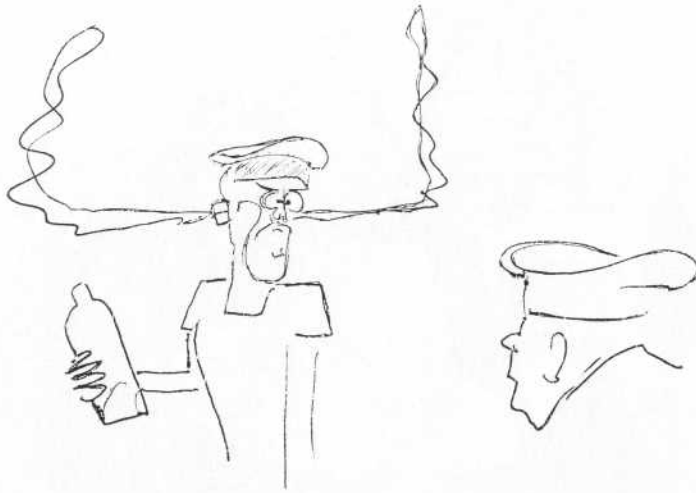


Field Marshal Sir Richard Hull and Lady Hull



Well--the sterns are the same. Toulon December 1972

ALIENS

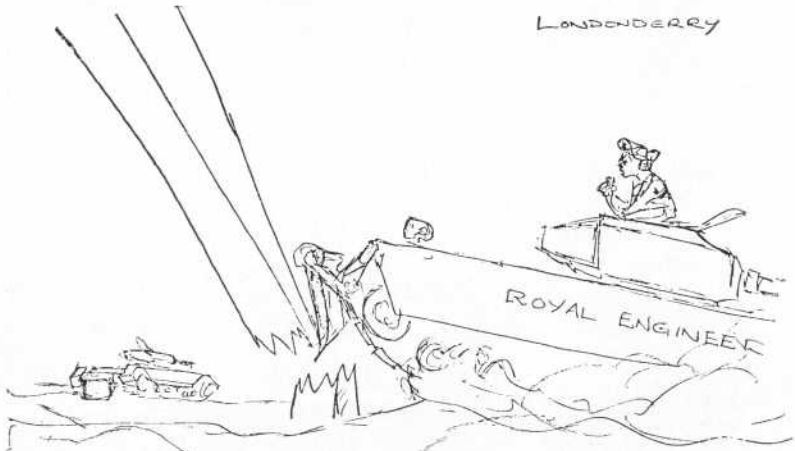


THE DUC WAS RIGHT
ABOUT OUIZO WASN'T HE

DAMN THESE
HALF-FRAME
GLASSES
!!!



LONDONDERRY



WHAT A RUN-ASHORE
WAGON THAT WOULD
MAKE !!!



KIEL

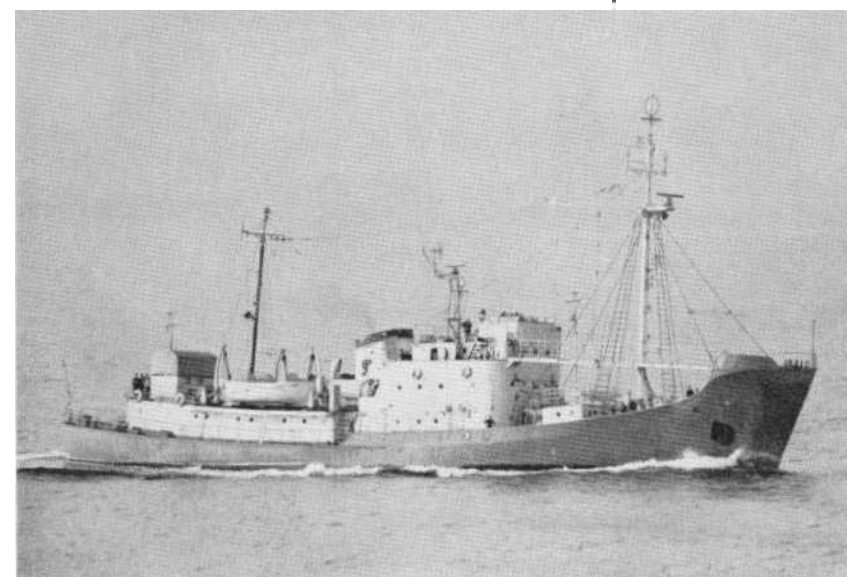


ARE YOU SURE
THIS IS RICE
FOR A GERMAN
MESS-RUN?



Kashin Class Destroyer

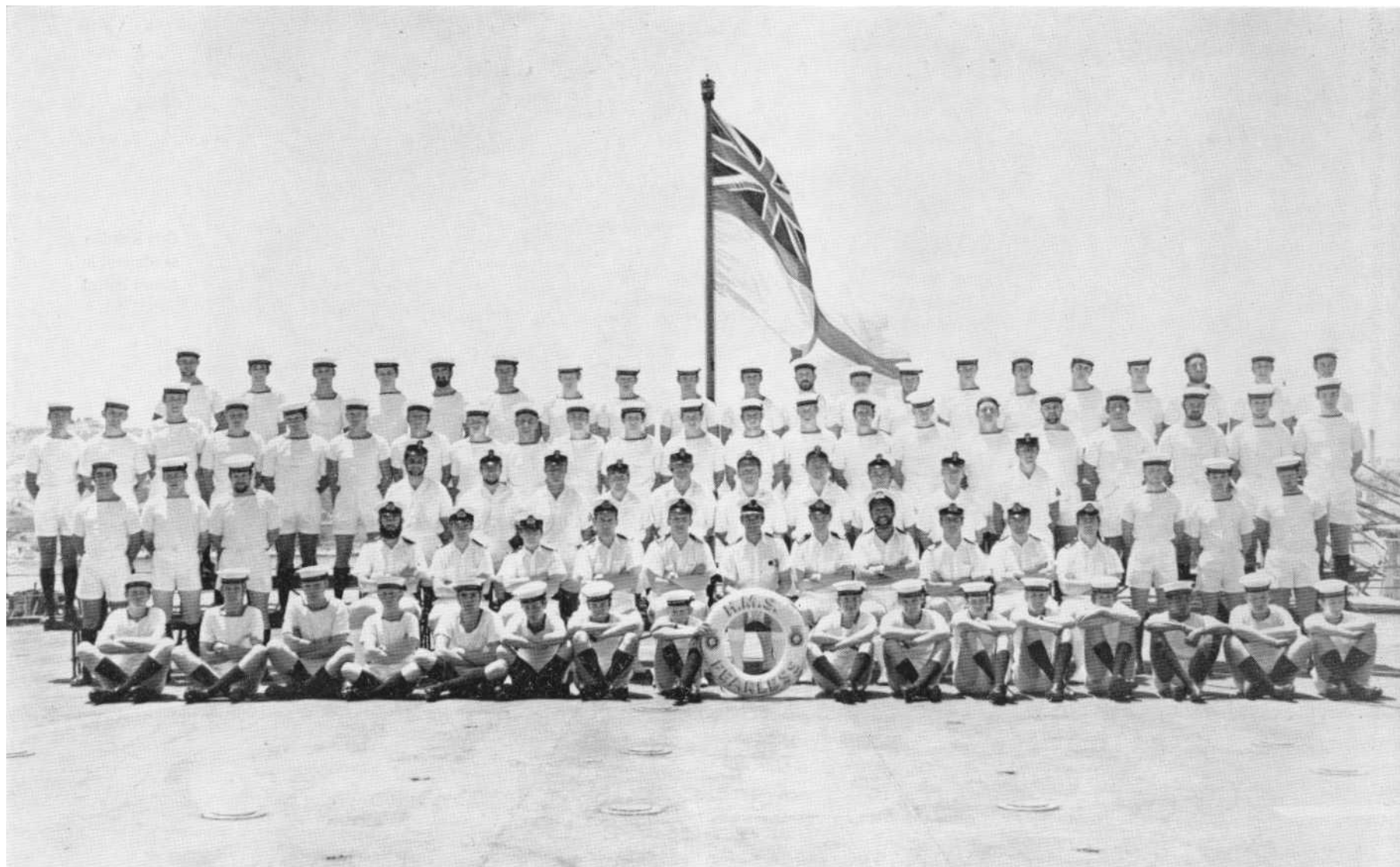
Fearless has had a Russian Escort in all the major exercises



A.G.I.-Intelligence Gatherer

Our Russian
shadowers in
Dawn Patrol

THE SEAMEN DIVISION



Back row (left to right): A.B. Lewin, A.B. Simpson, A.B. Alcock, A.B. Starr, L.S. Webber, A.B. Crossdale, A.B. Hardwill, A.B. Kennedy, A.B. Herron, O.S. Blyth, A.B. Palmer, A.B. Bosence, L.S. Collins, O.S. Collins, A.B. Link, A.B. Lowe, O.S. O'Mahoney, A.B. Payne, A.B. Morrison, A.B. Walden

Fourth row (left to right): L.S. Crothers, A.B. Pritchard, A.B. Woodward, A.B. Soloman, A.B. Bennett, A.B. Brisen, A.B. Foat, A.B. Mitchell, A.B. Clarkson, A.B. Miller, A.B. Russell, A.B. Causley, A.B. Hitcham, A.B. Wright, L.S. Dupree, A.B. Webster, A.B. Jenkins, L.S. Leadbeater, A.B. Nye, L.S. Carney, A.B. Shears, A.B. Dalton

Middle row (left to right): O.S. Nicholson, L.S. Laing, L.S. Lane, P.O. Pappas, P.O. Ballard, P.O. Pearce, N., P.O. Degnan, C.P.O. Fookes, C.P.O. Davey, C.P.O. Campbell, P.O. Crook, P.O. Cameron, P.O. Pearce, R., A.B. Butler, A.B. Jamieson, A.B. Harper

Second row (left to right): Mid. Warren, Sub-Lieut. Bilsland, Sub-Lieut. Lockwood, Lieut. Clarke, Lieut.-Cdr. Anderson, Cdr. Joel, Lieut. Scott, Lieut. Barlow, Lieut. Darby, Sub-Lieut. Seward, Sub-Lieut. Wylie

Bottom row (left to right): J.S. Hatchman, O.S. Redden, O.S. Forward, A.B. Winfield, O.S. Stevens, O.S. Smith, O.S. Boyce, J.S. Gott, J.S. Hopkinson, O.S. Leek, O.S. Pangbourne, J.S. Whalley, O.S. Drew, A.B. Carbado, O.S. Albrighton, O.S. Cole



Chief Bo'sun's Mate controlling the fuelling

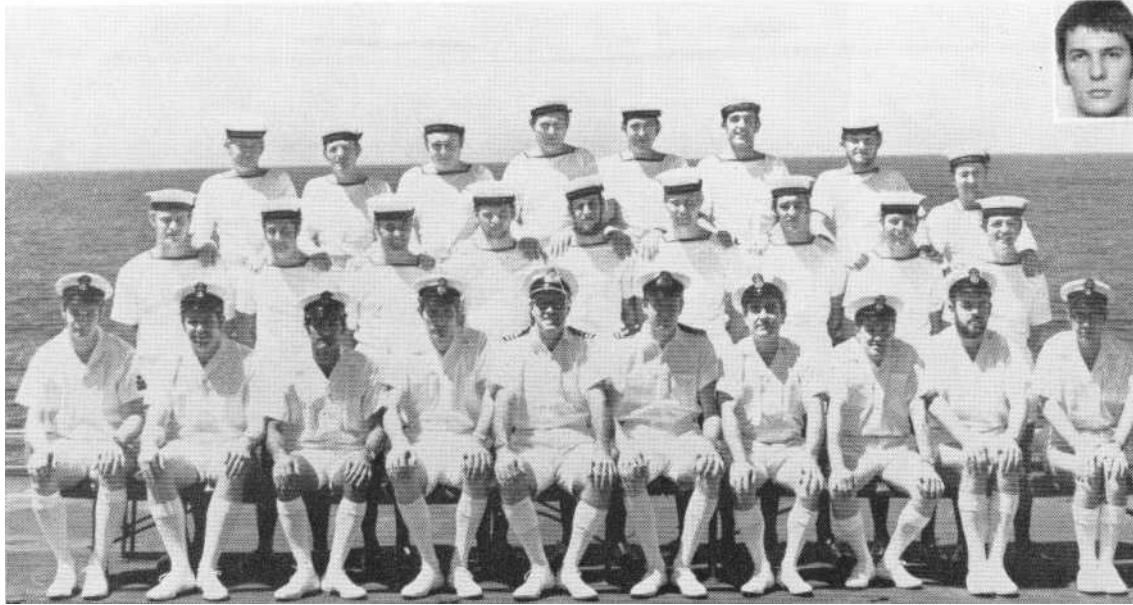


Lord Carrington meets the First Lieutenant



Bo'sun: "Wait until he sees my parrot"

ENGINE ROOM DIVISION



NELSON DIVISION

(Inset): M.E.A.3 Lloyd

Back row (left to right): M.E.M.1 Theobald, M.E.M.1 Stevens, M.E.M.1 Urquart, L.M.E.M. Hurley, L.M.E.M. Mackenzie, L.M.E.M. Haig, M.E.M.1 Finn, M.E.M.1 Reader

Middle row (left to right): M.E.M.1 Pigg, M.E.M.1 Whitta, M.E.M.1 Osborne, L.M.E.M. Rainey, L.M.E.M. Ellwood, M.E.M.1 Hargreaves, M.E.M.1 Woodford, M.E.M.1 Odgers, M.E.M.1 Sibley

Front row (left to right): M.E.A.(P)2 Donaldson, P.O.M.E.M. Glibbery, P.O.M.E.M. Birk, M.E.A.(P.)1 Partridge, Cdr. (E.), Lieut. McHugh, M.E.A.(P.)1 Hayne, C.M.E.M. Weir, M.E.A.(P.)1 Anderson, M.E.A.(P.)2 Parsons

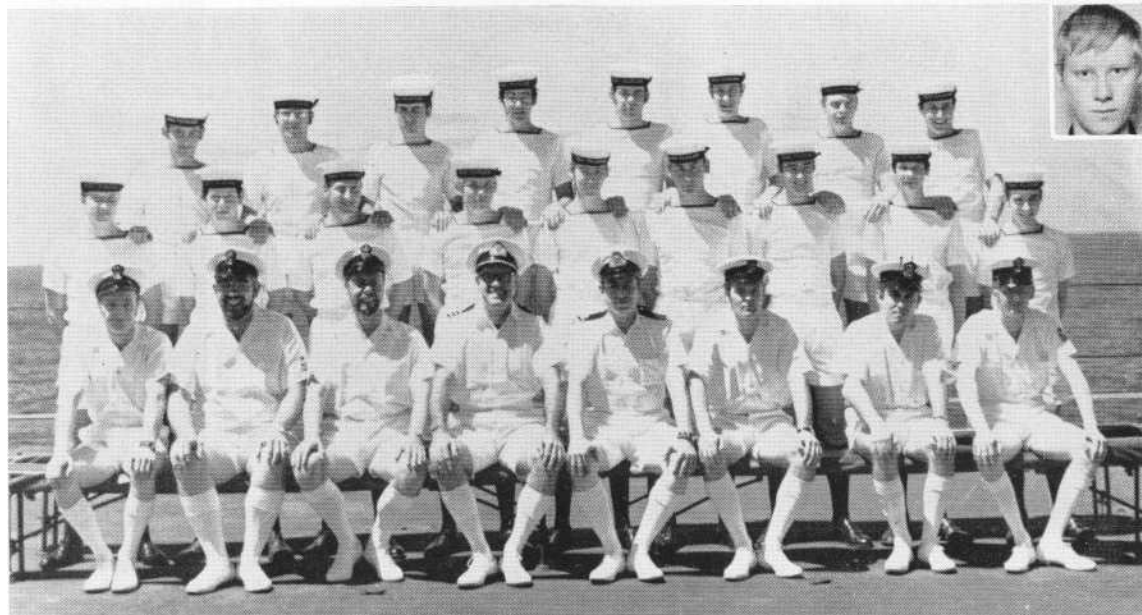
RODNEY DIVISION

(Inset): [J. M.E.M. McMahon](#)

Back row (left to right): L.M.E.M. Jones, R. D. A., M.E.M.2 Baker R. S., M.E.M.2 Waller, M.E.M.2 Barry, M.E.M.1 Shute, J.M.E.M. Finneran, M.E.M.1 McHale, M.E.M.1 Jones, M. G.

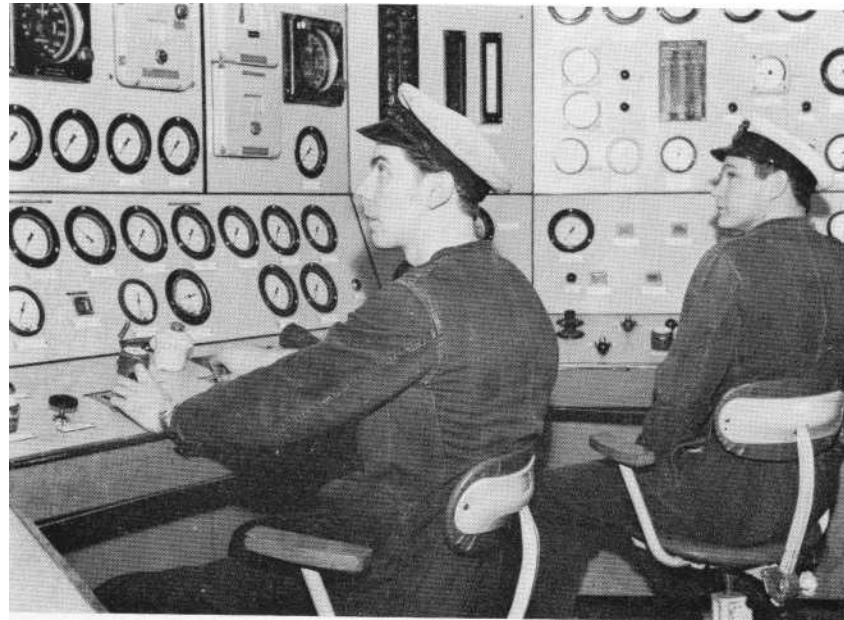
Middle row (left to right): M.E.M.1 Kent, M.E.M.1 Southam, L.M.E.M. Thomson, M.E.M.1 Wilders, J.M.E.M. Manvell, M.E.M.1 Collier, J. M.E.M. Wynn, J.M.E.M. Fleming, [J. M.E.M. Douglas](#)

Front row (left to right): P.O.M.E.M. Johnson, P.O.M.E.M. Headford, C.M.E.A.(P.) Harris, Cdr.(E.), Sub-Lieut. Beeson, M.E.A.(P.)1 Warburton, Mech1 Wilkins, Mech2 Howard





Mr. Pomery, Clubs and the First Sea Lord



Machinery Control Room



M.E.M.1 Urquart of the General Mess party
(Winner of a Fishing Competition)



Commander (E) sorting out the hoses

ENGINE ROOM DIVISION



ANSON DIVISION

Back row (left to right): J. M.E.M. Davis, G., L.M.E.M. Barlow, J.M.E.M. Prescott, J.M.E.M. McDonald, J.M.E.M. Wilson, J.M.E.M. Masters, J. M.E.M. Avis, J.M.E.M. Dinham, J. M.E.M. Jones, S. D.

Middle row (left to right): M.E.M.2 Burrell, J. M.E.M. Bibby, L.M.E.M. Bailey, M.E.M.2 Clarke, J.M.E.M. Kincaid, App. Ashworth, L.M.E.M. Toms, J.M.E.M. Spencer, L.M.E.M. [Shotton](#), M.E.M.1 Fern, M.E.M.1 Jones, R. J.

Front row (left to right): P.O.M.E.M. Hawke, Mech2 Bode, M.E.A.(P.)1 Duncan, P.O.M.E.M. Hillier, Lieut. Plummer, Cdr.(E.), Lieut. Phelps, M.E.A.(P.)1 Brown, Mech1 Sullivan, Mech1 Davidson, P.O.M.E.M. Phillips, M. F.

HOWE DIVISION

Back row (left to right): M.E.M.1 Bates, M.E.M.1 Senft, L.M.E.M. Askew, L.M.E.M. Short, M.E.M.1 Cranness, J.M.E.M. Mackay, M.E.M.1 Bladon, M.E.M.1 Gillies

Middle row (left to right): M. E. M. 1 Jones, N. D., M.E.M.1 Smith, L.M.E.M. Whitehouse, L.M.E.M. Peart, M.E.M.1 Scott, M.E.A.(P.)3 Nicholls, M.E.M.1 Wakeman, M.E.M.1 Farr, M.E.M.1 Baker, S. P.

Front row (left to right): P.O.M.E.M. Wyatt, P.O.M.E.M. Phillips, R. J., M.E.A.(P.)2 Davies, C.M.E.M. Cope, Cdr.(E.), Lieut. Rose, Mech1 Booth, M.E.A.(P.)1 Throsle, M.E.A.(P.)2 Belcham, M.E.A.(P.)2 Barrett

