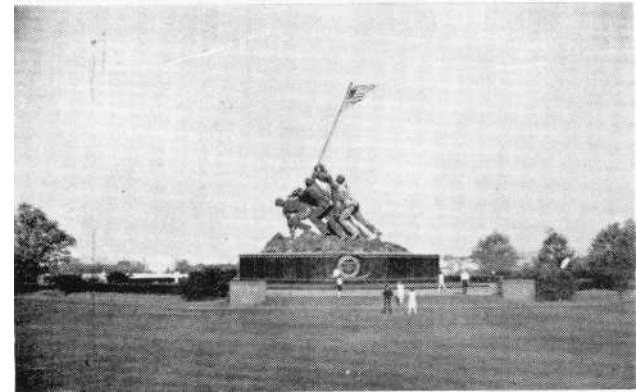


WASHINGTON D.C.



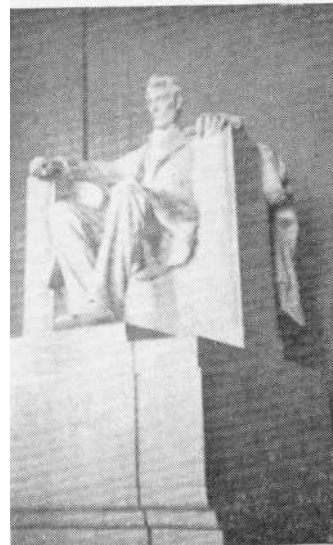
White House



Iwo Jima

A City Of

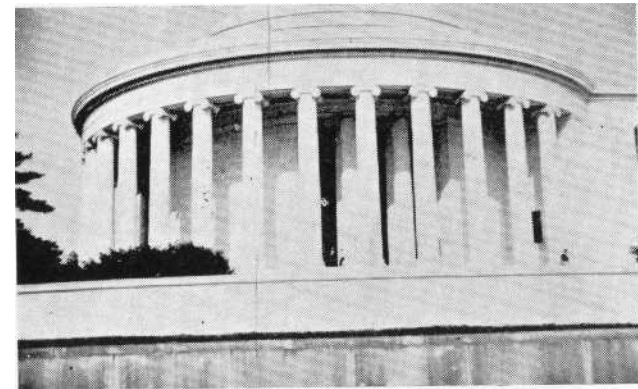
Monuments



Lincoln



Capitol



Jefferson

In a signal made on our departure from Washington, Admiral Le Bailey, C.B.N.S.(W), described our visit as "a smash hit." And so it was. The hospitality shown to everyone was overwhelming, and the interest in the visit of the two ships was intense - not only from high-ranking technical officers but from the general public. An estimated 17,000 people visited FIFE and ourselves during our stay. and the gangway staff had their work cut out in politely refusing relays of citizens clamouring to come aboard at `unofficial times of the day and night.

As far as GLAMORGAN was concerned, the highlight of the visit was the Queen's Birthday when the ship entertained the Welsh Community of Washington D.C. We were honoured that they were led by Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey. The visit started with a church service and was followed by a tour of the ship, during which the Vice President was all charm and shook hands with all comers - it is not every Ordinary Seaman who has been called Sir! by the Vice President of the United States of America!

A presentation was made to the Vice President and Mrs. Humphrey in No. 2 Chief Petty Officers' Mess, after which the party was conducted to `B' Gun Deck to drink the health of the President. Her Majesty the Queen, The Prince of Wales and the People of the Principality. The following messages were exchanged between the Vice President and the Prince of Wales:

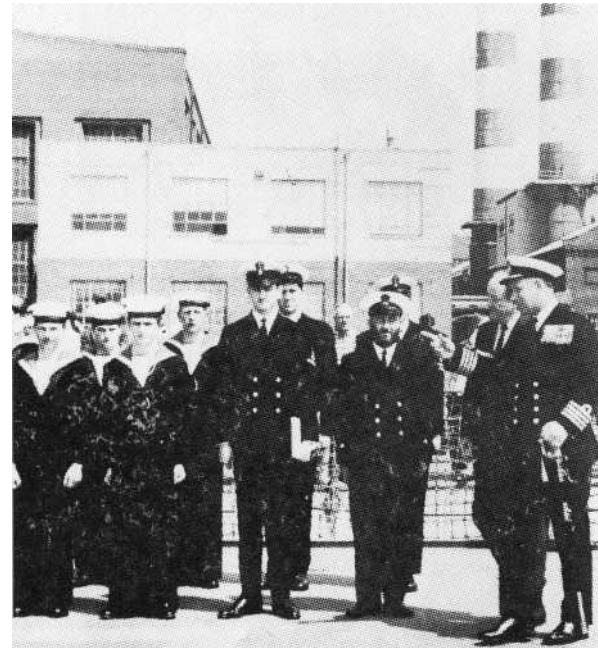
"On the occasion of the visit of my wife and myself and the members of St. David's Society to HMS GLAMORGAN in Washington D.C. which so happily coincides with Her Majesty's Birthday, I send you my greetings and best wishes.

Hubert Humphrey, Vice President."

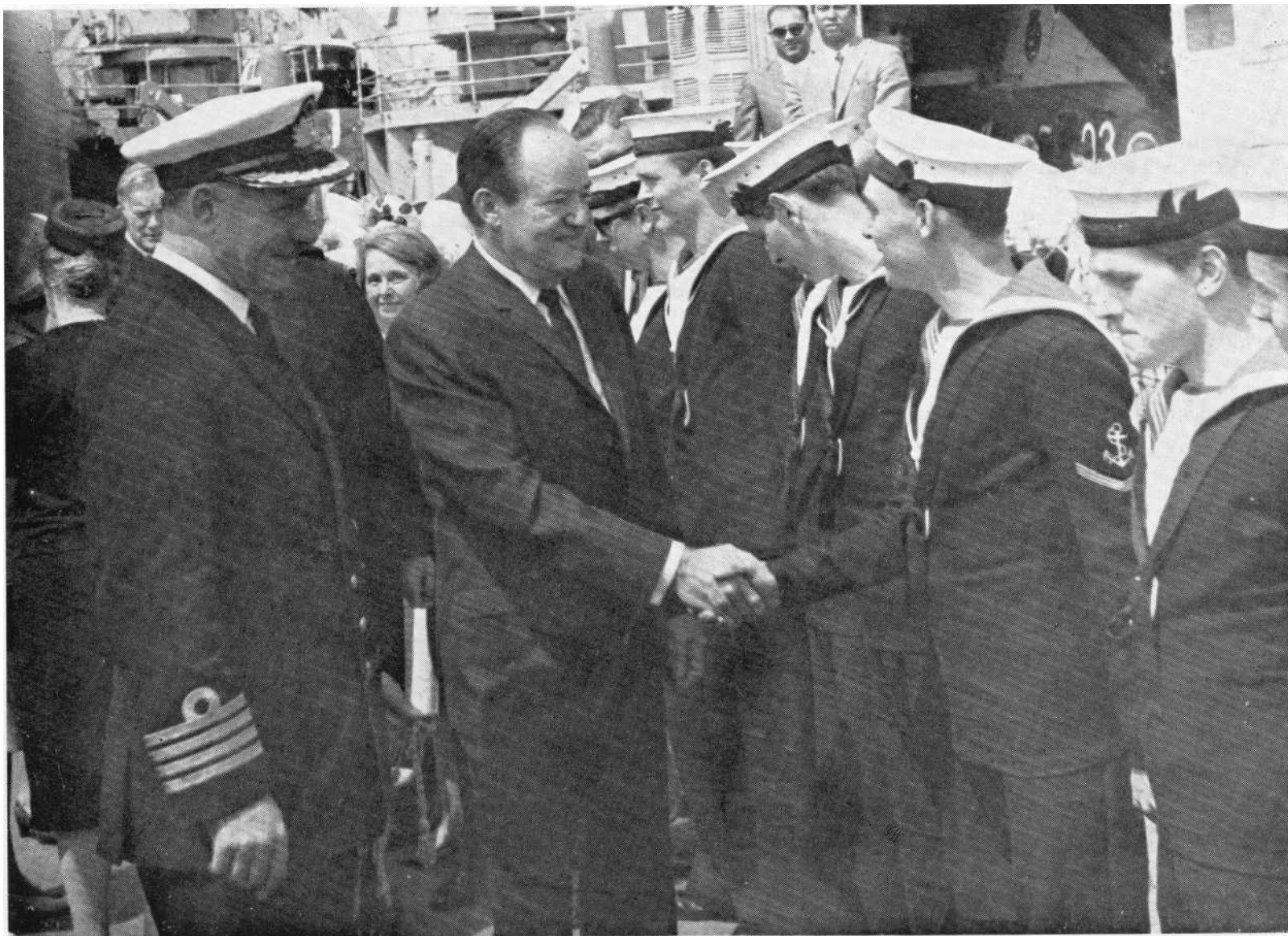
"I was delighted to receive your kind message on the occasion of your visit, together with your wife and members of the St. David's Day Society to HMS GLAMORGAN in Washington D.C.

May I send you all my most sincere thanks and best wishes.

Charles."



Vice-President Humphrey Meets The Welsh



American Summary

We bade a sad farewell to Washington D.C., a fabulous city that none of us will forget, and steamed down the Potomac once more to Norfolk, Virginia. Two Exped parties had been left in Washington - a six-man team to drive across the U.S.A. in the landrover and a sailing party with the less ambitious but nevertheless noteworthy aim of taking the whaler from Washington to Norfolk.

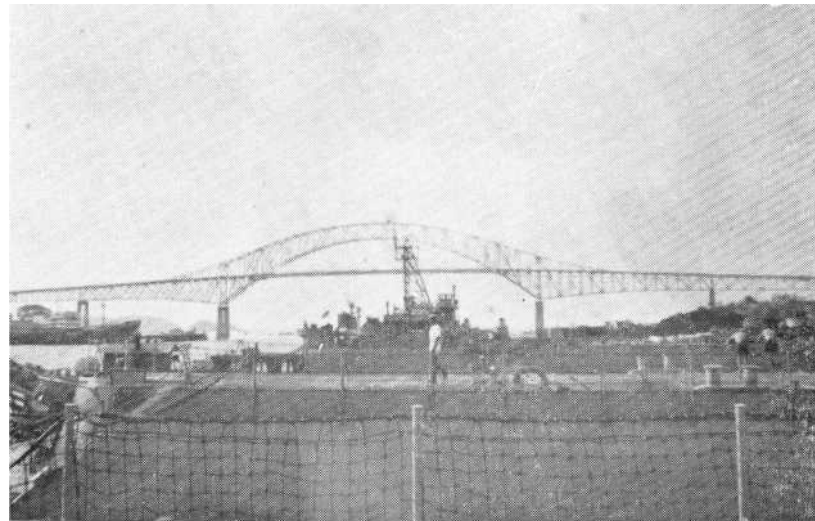
Norfolk was quiet and restful after Washington. The vast Naval complex impressed and rather awed us, as this was our first real glimpse of American seapower. After three uneventful days the ship sailed on, ever southward, for the Caribbean and the Panama Canal. An overnight fuelling stop at Kingston gave us little time to sample the doubtful delights of that port. Having taken on fuel - and lub oil in 40-gallon drums - we pressed on for Panama.

The ship anchored at 0530 on 2nd May in the Bay of Colon, at the Atlantic end of the Canal, and we embarked the Pilot. And it was thanks to the Pilot that the ship had an interesting and informative passage through the canal, for as well as being highly professional he was a born entertainer and found time to give the ship's company a running commentary on points of interest during the transit. The ship was lifted through a series of locks with amazing smoothness and efficiency, and after a wait in the high inland lake in the very centre of the Isthmus was brought down again to sea level, to Rodman Naval Base and the Pacific. The Canal again a remarkable feat of engineering hewn as it is out of the solid rock; by comparison, Suez is merely a ditch dug through a desert.

Two days were spent at Rodman, in which most of us managed to visit Panama City which was only five miles away. This was our first, and only, taste of Latin America, and to many of us it was an interesting one. We steamed out into the Gulf of Panama, amid fleets of brown pelicans, and set course north, avoiding Mexico, for San Francisco.



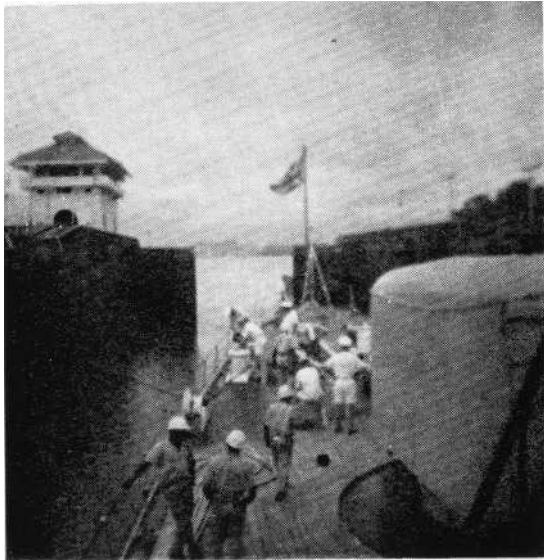
Fair Exchange - - - -



At Rodman, Panama.

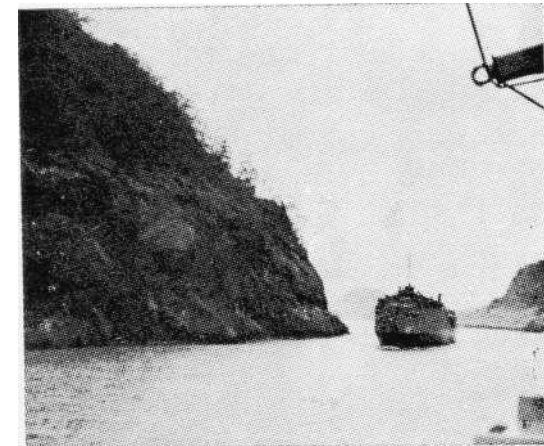
PANAMA

The Crossroads of the World



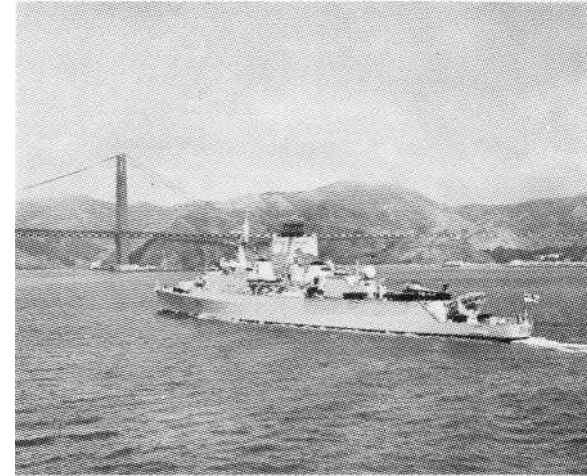
Panama, the crossroads of the world,
A monument to superhuman toil.
Men fought the jungle and disease untold
To carve a passage through the rock-bound soil

"The area abounds with poisonous snakes"
Our pilot told us. "Also savage bands
of Indians." For what high stakes
Those builders played. Their hands,
And faith, moved mountains to achieve
A lofty purpose; to see is to believe.



San Francisco

On 12th May the ship passed under the Golden Gate Bridge and berthed at the Embarcadero, Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco. It was wonderful to be berthed at a commercial berth in the centre of the town instead of a Naval Base five miles away. The pace of our four day visit was terrific. Hospitality was on the usual American scale and the ship was visited by large numbers of visitors. It was with a feeling that four days had been all too short, and that here was a place to which we must return, that we sailed for Vancouver, British Columbia.



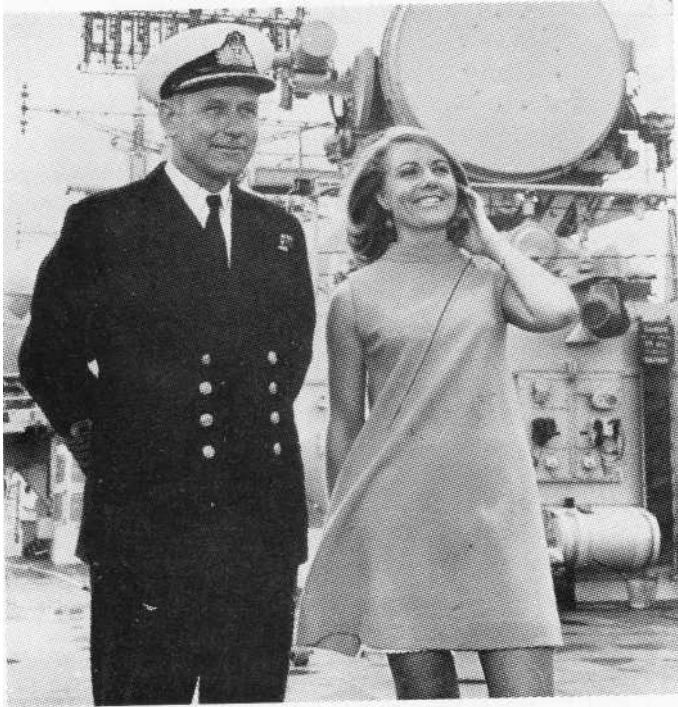
Golden Gate Bridge



'San Fran' Skyline

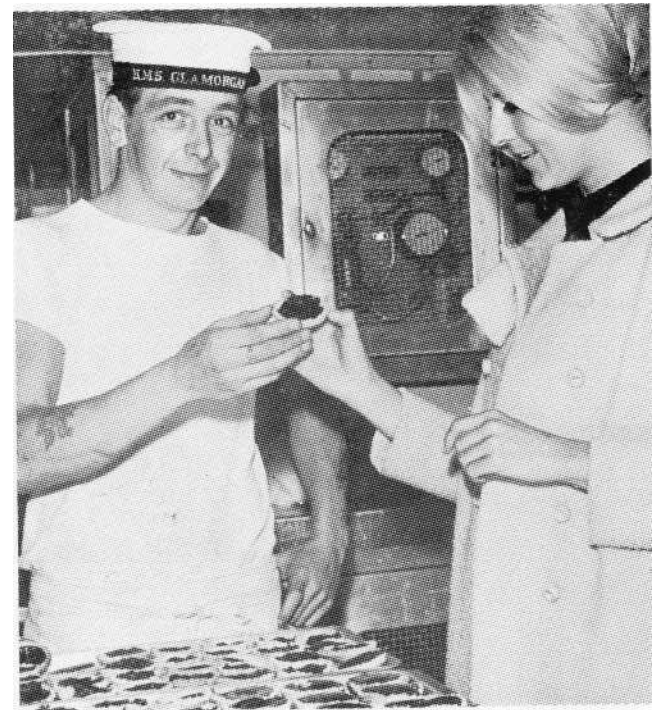


Oakland Bay Bridge



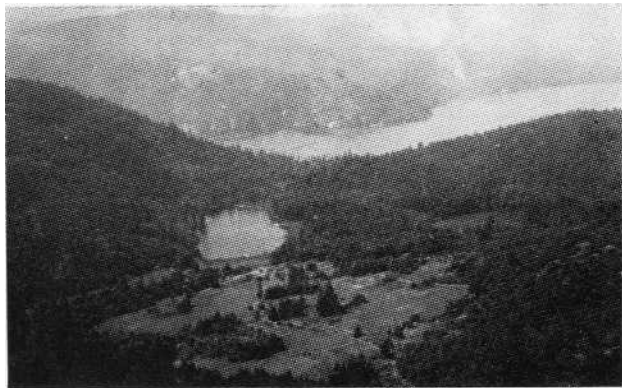
Miss HMS Glamorgan 1968

... and another beautiful visitor



Vancouver

No sooner, it seemed, had we left one spectacular bridge than we were sailing under Lions Gate into the beautiful harbour of Vancouver. The Golden Gate of San Francisco is larger and better known, but Lions Gate Bridge is more gracefully proportioned and is in a truly magnificent setting of wooded hills and snow capped mountains. After the hectic pace of San Francisco it was pleasant to have six days of comparative quiet. Hospitality was not lacking, but was on the more reserved British pattern. Those of us who were lucky enough to see a little of the interior of British Columbia will never forget the fir forests and the lovely mountains and the wide surging rivers bringing rafts of logs down to the sea. All of us found, not surprisingly, the Canadians to be more British than the Americans and we found that we very nearly spoke the same language. The bars were more pub-like, with far more `atmosphere' than the saloons of the States, but we still came up against the archaic colonial drinking laws that had dogged us since leaving U.K.



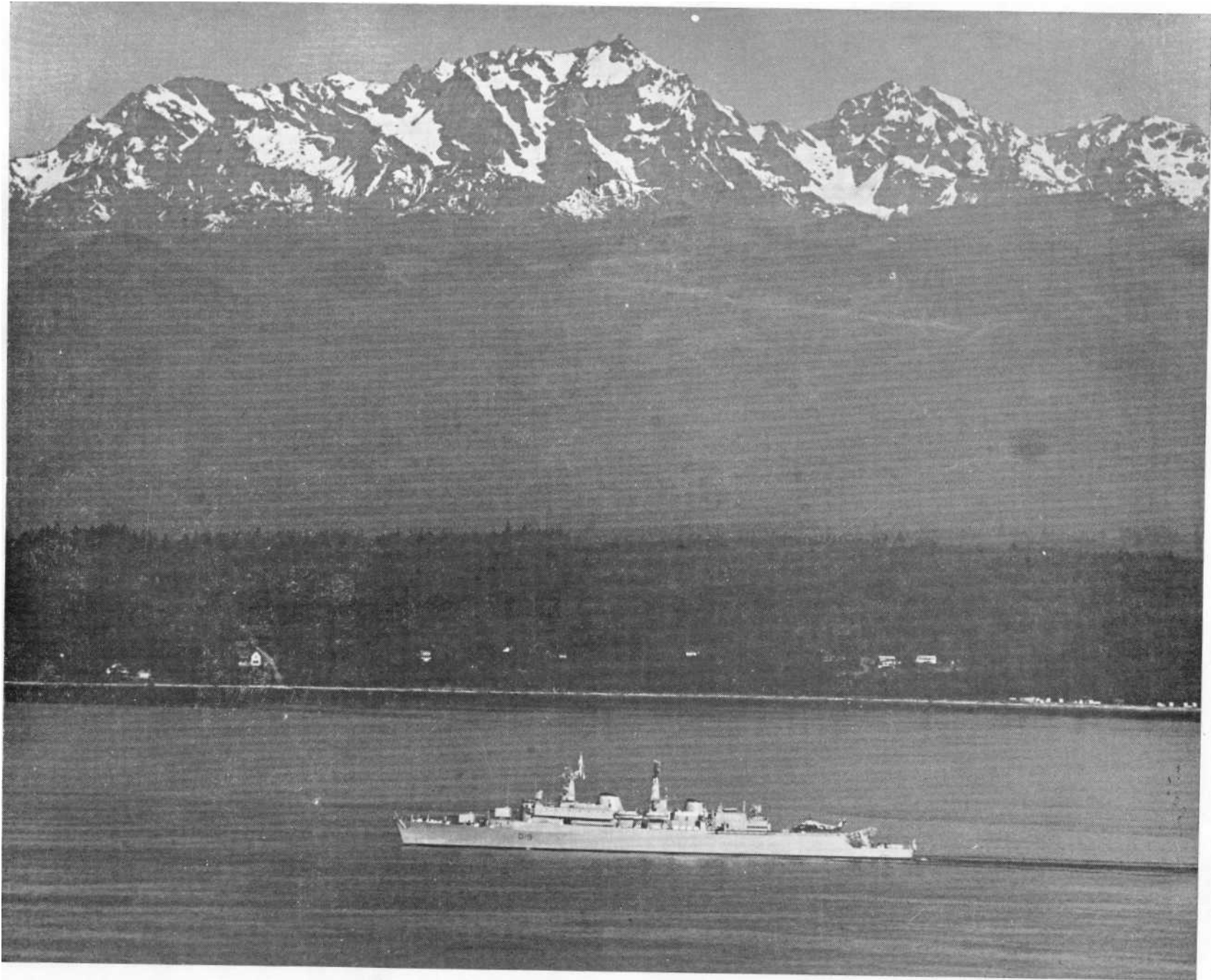
Esquimalt

We crossed the sixty odd miles of water, dotted with wooded islands, which separates Vancouver Island from the Mainland and berthed at the Canadian Naval Base of Esquimalt. Our stay in Esquimalt was scheduled as a (much needed) maintenance period, but the inhabitants of Victoria, the capital of B.C. and the most British stronghold in Canada, evidently had other ideas. The hospitality shown to all of us was of a genuine, homely nature; the people took a real interest in us and "townies" some of whom had only been in Canada a few years, took endless trouble to entertain "three sailors from Ipswich" or "two lads from Blackpool". As in Vancouver, we were treated to private tours of some of the most beautiful scenery in the World. It was in Esquimalt that we met that now extinct service, the Royal Canadian Navy. The amalgamation of the Armed Forces had started, but in British Columbia, many miles from the Defence Ministry in Ottawa, blue uniforms were still worn. Members of the CAF(N) we spoke to seemed unhappy at the way the integration was being implemented, and there was a general feeling that the Navy was getting a raw deal. However, integration is a bold step, and one that other countries might consider taking in the not-too-distant future.

Seattle

We left Esquimalt, taking with us very happy memories of our all-too-short visit to Canada, and turned south to begin our passage down the Puget Sound to Seattle. It was on this passage that we saw the Pacific North West in all its breathtaking beauty. The vast expanse of the Sound is flanked on both sides by sheer cliffs, pine forests and, many miles inland yet seeming toweringly close, the peaks of the Olympic Mountains covered in perpetual snows.

Seattle gave us a welcome as sensational as it was unexpected. There was something of the Gilbert & Sullivan about the whole affair - even the Admiral had the improbable name of Herman J. Trum III. On the jetty to meet us - the first British warship to visit the port since BELFAST six years ago - were a formidable contingent of Welsh women in national costume, the Seattle Seafair Queen and the Enders of the City. A brass band played lustily as we came alongside. What had we done to deserve all this?



Puget Sound

(By Courtesy of the Seattle Times).

Young Guests - Vancouver and Seattle



Swings



Slides



Glamorgan Belle

Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

After a superb visit to Seattle, where we were recipients of what we had begun to recognise as traditional American hospitality, we steamed up the Puget Sound and out into the blue Pacific. We were accompanied by porpoises and wheeling gulls all the way to the Hawaiian islands, in perfect, 'millpond' conditions. We found ourselves in a huge U.S. Navy base which was deeply and directly involved with the Vietnam war. Although the period in Pearl was for self maintenance, most of us took the opportunity of visiting the sights of the beautiful island of Oahu. Many were drawn to the glittering tourist trap of Waikiki, with its magnificent surfing beaches, palm trees and golden sands, while others sampled the night life. In the bars, a notice that had not been in evidence in the rest of the States caught the drinker's eye: No Female Impersonators Allowed.

Oahu is a truly beautiful island, with volcanic soil and lush subtropical flora and fauna. Pineapples and sugar cane are the island's two main products, and it was a marvellous sight to see field upon field of pineapples in the interior. The prices in the island are high, even by American standards, as most of the consumer goods have to be flown in from the mainland. It was noticeable that many of the cars were not of American make, but were from Germany and even Japan. The feelings about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour still run high in Oahu; there were two Japanese warships in Pearl during our stay, and by all accounts the crews were accepted ashore and there were no 'incidents.'

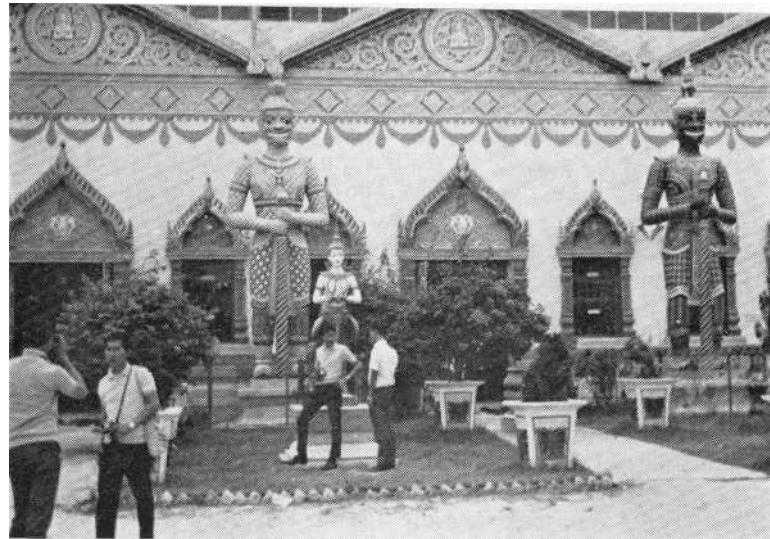
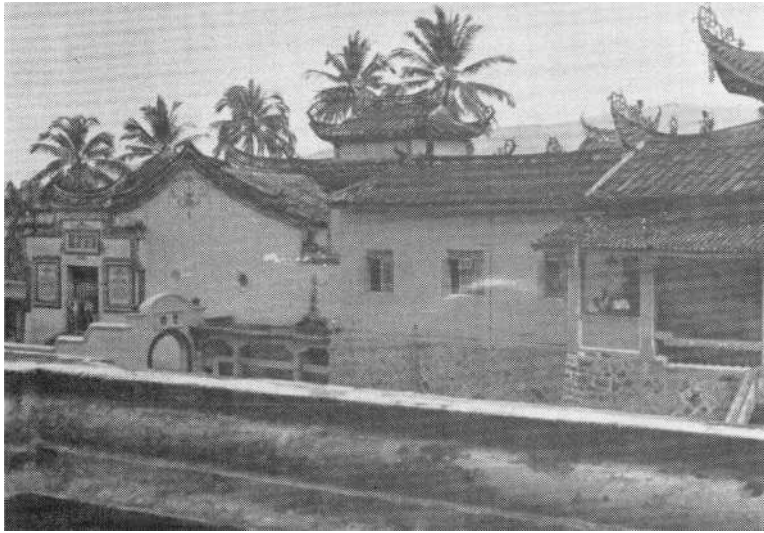
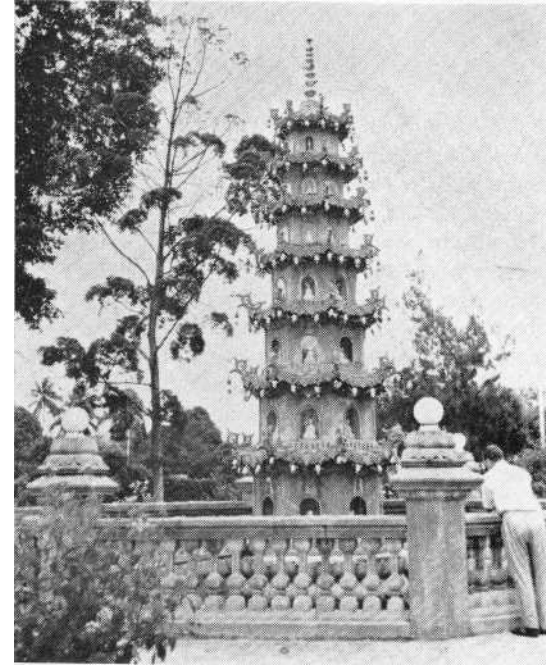
It was at Pearl that we said good-bye to the United States of America. We had travelled round the coast of North America for nearly two months, and in that time had learnt a great deal about Canada and the States, and about their inhabitants. We had just escaped being in more or less direct contact with violence - Martin Luther King was assassinated shortly before we reached Washington D.C., and on the morning after sailing from Seattle we heard the news that Robert Kennedy had been shot. It made us ponder; could we live in a country knowing that savage violence lurked just below the glittering surface?

Pearl Harbor also marked our joining the Far East Fleet, and when we sailed and pressed ever Westwards we became apprehensive about Singapore and the work we would be expected to do there for the next eight or nine months. Our prayers for fine weather must have been answered, for the Pacific remained calm throughout and there was not so much as a smell of a typhoon.





... THE
? MYSTIC
ORIENT



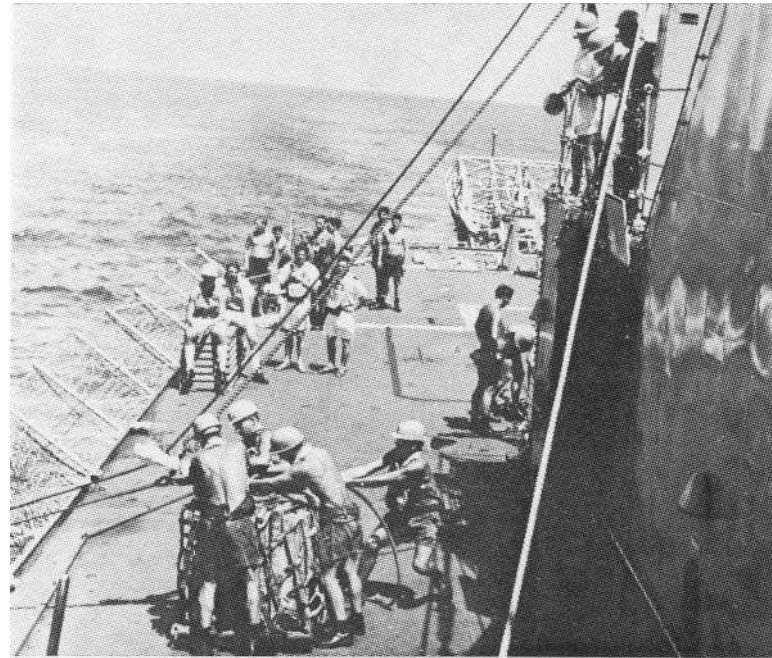
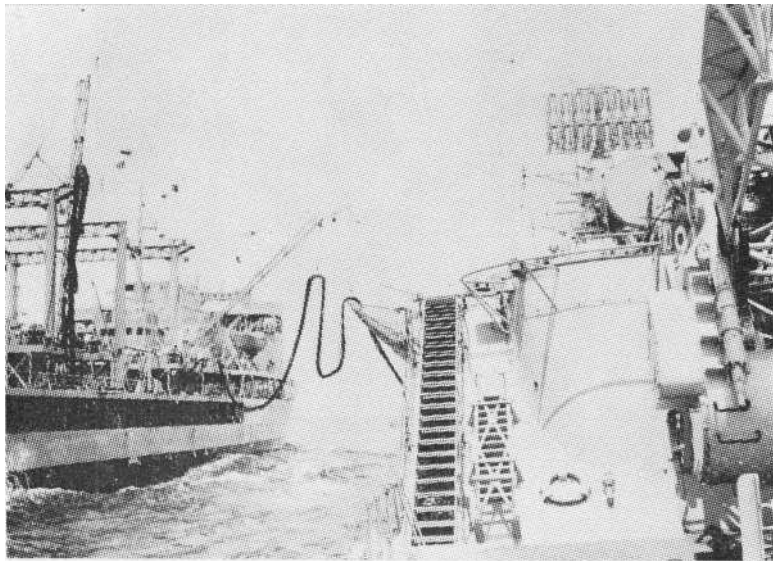
Coral Sands - Plane Guard to Hermes





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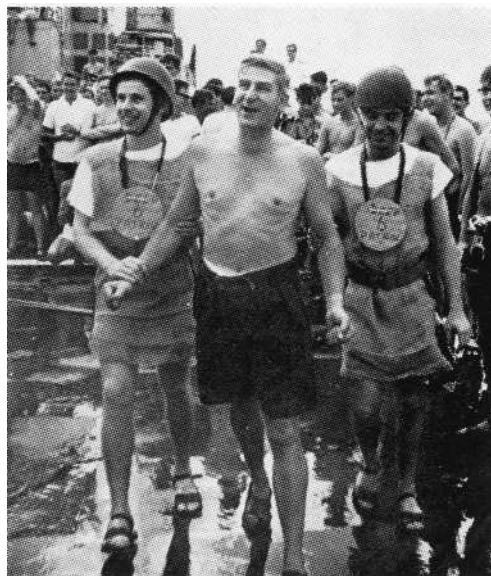
CROSSING



THE



LINE



1968...