

of 6th February, berthed alongside at Barbados.



`Silversands Beach (The three on the right are girls)'

Bridgetown, Barbados

Barbados surely rates as one of the best runs ashore of the Commission. It was certainly the hottest in terms of weather, and the sudden change resulted in many cases of sunburn. The guidebooks recommended taking it easy between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. and many of us did our best to comply, although the engineers found themselves working overtime on the ailing steam system.

Fast blacks put us within easy reach of golden sands and beachside bars, and many took advantage of invitations from grippos to see more of the island, the sugar plantations, the Animal Flower caves, Bathsheba village.

Many of the grippo invitations allowed us to live, if only briefly, in the style to which we would like to become accustomed. Some chiefs became a little unstuck, however and the expression `Reverse Strangle' was born. On taking up an invitation addressed to `Three young but mature Chief Petty Officers', they found one woman, a scruffy house, no booze, no food and nothing doing! To their great

credit they scrubbed out, stocked the place with food and drink, and returned to the ship sadder but wiser men.



`Just Good Friends'

or

`There must be some perks in being Commander!'



'Princess Margaret visits the ship'

Barbados offered a varied night-life, calypso singers, The Merry-men, the Limbo, black women and white rum, appropriately named Mount Gay after the highest point in the island. No account would be complete without a description of Harry's Niterie, but the Obscene Publications Act rules this out. In any case officers felt bound to pass by on the other side, and those of the ship's company who went said it was indescribable.

The stories after the night before made for some amusing Commander's assizes, but when invited to explain why, in a night club, he had jumped from a balcony on to a table which had then collapsed, the Cdr. (E) had nothing to say. Even the Admiral lost his I.D. card, but it was quickly found in a proper place before 2/6d. could be mulcted.

We were honoured one evening to receive a visit from Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret, who launched HAMPSHIRE in 1961. She was holidaying in The West Indies, and was a guest of the Admiral at dinner.

The trouble with the main feed pumps was sufficiently serious to delay our departure, and on 11th February, Admiral Lewis embarked in ARETHUSA who sailed with JUNO for the Panama Canal. We



'Emerging at the Pacific end of the Panama Canal'

appreciated our two extra days in the port, and envied ARETHUSA who was to return to the West Indies after Easter leave for the foreign leg of her commission.

Panama Canal Transit

The passage from Barbados was uneventful and we arrived off Colon, the Caribbean end of the Panama Canal at dawn on 16th February, OLWEN had joined us after bunkering at Trinidad, and we transited the Panama Canal together, reaching the United States naval base at Rodman, in the Pacific, late the same afternoon. Very few in the ship had passed through the Canal before, and the passage through jungle, locks, and smart residential areas, and with ships passing us bound for the Caribbean, made for a much more interesting day than one spent in the Suez Canal. The ship was progressively lifted in three locks, and lowered again in a further three. The efficiency and ease with which the riggers and electric mule drivers achieved this was most impressive.

At Rodman we found the rest of the Squadron, which had found Panama City well up to standard as a run ashore. There was no time



'King Neptunes' Court'

to grant leave, and as flagship once again, we sailed the same evening for Callao.

Crossing the Line

The following evening, we were visited by King Neptune's Herald, resembling PO Steward Pitts in many ways, who read a proclamation from His Majesty warning us that the usual demonstration of homage would be necessary on the morrow morn. JUNO and ARETHUSA postponed their ceremonies until a later date, and so King Neptune was able to devote all his time to us. The Gunnery Officer was the only wardroom member to escape, and thus retain a shred of dignity, and most senior rates were similarly treated to brutal arrest, public denunciation, forcible feeding with marzipan and cod liver oil concoction followed by ritual semi-drowning. One photograph we wished we had taken was of one of the policemen doubling down the flight deck to Neptune's Court with Lieutenant Commander Lees in his arms.



'Deputy and The Three Bears'

Callao, Peru

Our four day visit to Callao, the port of Lima, marked the beginning of the hard work we had been expecting. The water in the harbour was indescribably filthy, bringing problems to both the side party and the engineers, it also helped to explain the sad appearance of the ex-RN Cruisers CEYLON and NEWFOUNDLAND. Much effort was put in to smartening up the ship for ceremonial and official functions, and this was many people's first experience of 'duty runs'. Callao itself is a poverty stricken port, and the contrast with the thriving commercial centre of Lima was most marked. The driving, however, was uniformly bad, and insurance for cars unheard of. Peru (also famous for its 'Pisco Sours') was the only country we visited where exhaust pipes grew on trees, and if you took your eye off your parked car for a minute too long you were liable to have to buy your own wheels, door handles and wing mirrors back from a roadside stall. Most of the ships company were at one time or another entertained at The Cricket Club by members of the British Colony, and transport to and from the Club was laid on by the Peruvian Navy. Many who had grand ideas of day trips



'Children's Party - Callao. L/Seaman Dennis distributes the goodies'

to the Andes, a few miles outside the city, settled for the Club's swimming pool, sun, cold beer and dance floor.

The Peruvian Fleet had gathered in the bay during our visit, and on 25th February we sailed for a two day combined exercise. The air participation was a single Dakota for tracking purposes, but some simple anti-submarine and night encounter exercises were included and a successful PTA shoot by the RN ships. The language problems on signal nets were considerable but co-operation became easier all the time, and we felt we had helped them along. Certainly a most appreciative signal was sent to the Admiral by the British Ambassador in Lima who had collected 84 press cuttings about the visit, all of them favourable! (It was some time later that we learned that our air mail for U.K. from Callao had been despatched by sea, and so we parted friends).

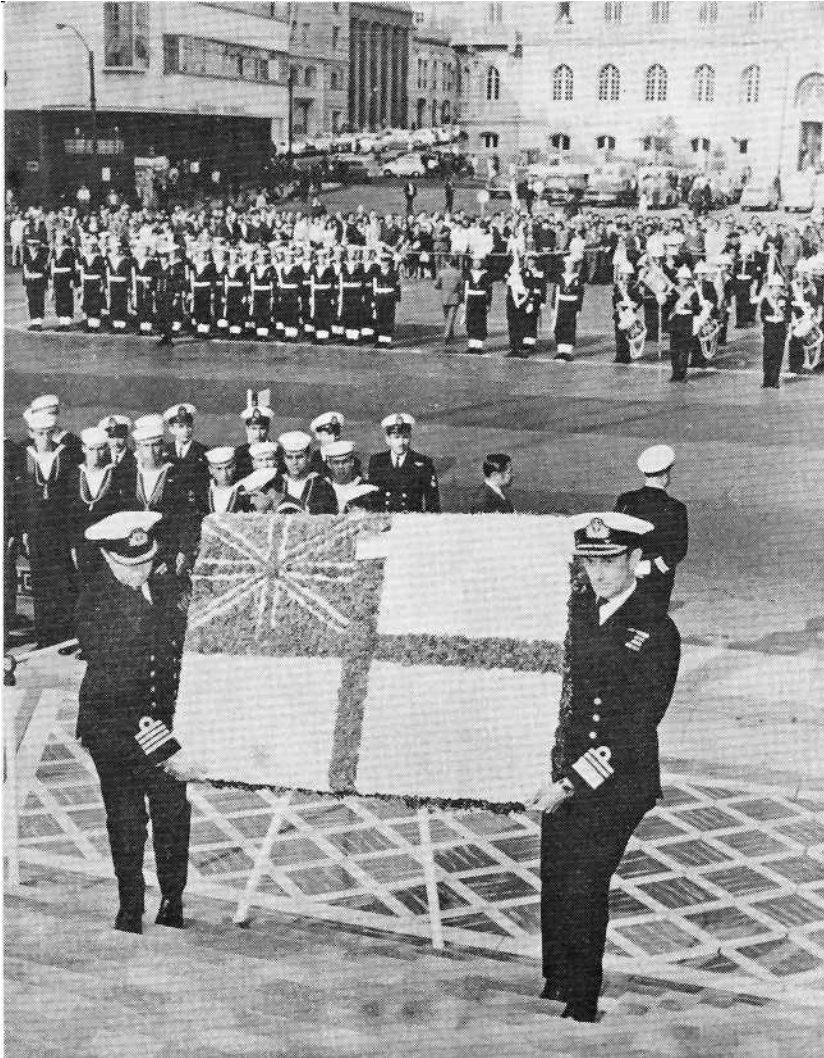
The Visit to Chile

To some, Tongoy Bay conjures up a vision of a beautiful sunset over a fleet at anchor, and to others, a sackful of unshredded secret waste lazily drifting from HAMPSHIRE's stern, some of it to sink, and some of it to who knows?

Tongoy Bay is Chile's Scapa Flow, an anchorage 200 miles to the north of Valparaiso where the British and Chilean squadrons met prior to exercise ALBION. Again, it was a 48 hour exercise, but with more ships, and opposition provided by Chilean Air Force Hawker Hunters. It was a marvellous sight to see the cruiser Capitan Prat at sea, but her burnished brass handwheel trained single five inch mountings were no match for modern aircraft. Although their ships are not modern, we were most impressed by the very professional way in which they were handled. They compared favourably with the NATO ships we have worked with, and we learnt from each other.

Once ashore in Valparaiso we were to learn of the very strong pro-British feeling throughout Chile, and wondered what we had done to deserve it. Our visit coming shortly after The Queen's most successful tour of South America certainly had something to do with it. Open to Visitors at Valparaiso was a very popular occasion, and most of the attractive stores were recovered by the police at the gate.

Some people, including sports teams, spent the weekend at Santiago, the capital of Chile, situated about 60 miles inland surrounded by mountains. The majority who remained at Valparaiso found much to do there, and at the resort Vina del Mar, close by. Discotheques and strip joints abounded and the natives were friendly! One matelot who would otherwise have made it back on board in time was accosted by a comely wench in a taxi at 0630. It would have been churlish to have refused. Extensive research reveals that the only shots of the commission to have been fired in anger were fired by a gallant R.O. who was being entertained to coffee in Valparaiso Police Station. The custom whereby



'Wreath-Laying Ceremony at the monument to the Heroes of Iquique'

girls picked up from the streets became the policemen's perks had not been properly explained, and when one such noisily defended herself



**'Fire and emergency party muster on the jetty!
Cotton bales on fire at Valparaiso'**

against all-comers, the R.O. very reasonably drew a pistol from a nearby policeman's holster and fired into the ceiling. A fairly typical Communicators' run ashore, in fact.

It was at Valparaiso that the SRN6 hovercraft, carried on Olwen's upper deck, really came into its own, with continuous demonstrations for the armed services and government officials.

Sub Lieutenant Wren's team of willing volunteers painted out and did minor repairs to the Lionel Cooper Polio Ward of the Hospital Désforms.

Round the Horn

When the Squadron sailed after the four day visit, it left behind eight souls, which included A.B. Gledhill of HAMPSHIRE and Lieutenant Hore of the Admiral's Staff, who had elected to drive two of LYNESS' Land Rovers to Buenos Aires.



'The SRN 6 Hovercraft in Valparaiso Harbour'

They drove altogether 2,600 miles, making a detour South before crossing the Andes, and Lieutenant Hore's full account of the trip in 'The Hot Word' made most interesting reading.

As we sailed South, the weather, which had been unexpectedly cool after crossing the Equator owing to the influence, of the Humbolt Current, continued to get colder, and tans were fast disappearing. The passage through the Chilean Leads, fiord-like narrows, into the Magellan Strait and out again into the Pacific was a fascinating experience: ice-capped peaks with the occasional glacier on one side of us, and uninhabited islands on the other, with rather a basic chart to navigate by. The Squadron split up then, with the submarines remaining a day or two at Punta Arenas in the Magellan Strait, and Arethusa detaching for the Falkland Islands with OLWEN in company (and LYNESS). HAMPSHIRE and JUNO rounded the Horn on The Ides of March, 15th March, but without incident.. The very strong westerly wind ceased to affect us once we had entered the Atlantic and turned north.



**'The RN Special Squadron'
(left to right)**

Juno, Narwhal, Lyness, Olwen, Hampshire, Otus and Arethusa

Several people took advantage of the M.C.O's facilities to radio telephone their wives or girl friends in U.K. There can't be many people who have been telephoned from Cape Horn.

Our Passage took us within sight of The Falkland Islands, but we had to force on to make our rendezvous with three Uruguayan frigates for the third of our exercises with South American navies. In the event, only two emerged from Montevideo, and the severe swell ruled out anything too ambitious. The attempt to winch Lieutenant Commander Haigh down on a rolling Uruguayan escort for his third exercise liaison trip ended in disaster - he had to come back!

Buenos Aires

By 21st March, the ship was due for a self maintenance period. Because of this we were programmed for a 10 day stay, and this gave us an opportunity to see more of Argentina than we had of Peru or

Chile. Buenos Aires itself, the largest city in Latin America with seven million inhabitants, had much to offer. The Avenida Florida devoid of traffic, with its glittering arcades, was a shoppers' paradise. The ship got steadily deeper in the water as sheepskins, bangles, toys and guitars poured into it.

It was also an eaters' paradise; nowhere do Argentine beefsteaks taste better, and they're better still at an asado (barbecue) after one of the matches arranged with the local clubs, or in sandwiches at one of the riverside restaurants. Some with very strong stomachs visited the Frigorifico Canning Factory and Abattoir. Many visited the riverside Italian quarter known as La Boca, with its houses and shops painted every colour of the rainbow, and its remarkable food and festa-like nightlife.

Those who had made the right contacts visited ranches, called estancias, a hundred or more miles outside the city. Some senior rates did the trip in a cattle baron's private aircraft.

When the time came to leave, a larger number of tearful mini-skirted girls than usual waved good-bye to us - a fact that was duly



'The Short Memorial Service to those who died at Coronel'

recorded by Nigel Buxton, the Sunday Telegraph's Travel Editor, in his weekly column. He took passage with us to Rio, where we were joined by HMS ROTHESAY, fresh from ANGUILLA.



'RAS in the Straits of Magellan'

Rio De Janiero

Rio was in many ways an anti-climax, but this wasn't altogether surprising. Our visit took place over the Easter weekend and for some reason, the British Embassy had discouraged grippos, so that the number of private invitations was small. The weather, too, didn't help, and our ceremonial entry past the famous Ipanema and Copacabana beaches and Sugar Loaf mountain was washed out by torrential rain. The passage from Buenos Aires had been only three days, but it had fortunately included a payday! It was thought that this would be the last chance to buy rabbits before arriving in U.K., and there was a rush on semi-precious stones many of which are mined in Brazil (and several of which turned out to be only semi-semi precious in U.K.!)

Between cloudbursts, a certain amount of sight-seeing was done, and most of us reached the top of either Sugar Loaf or Corcovado, the mountain overlooking Rio on which is the statue of Christ. On a clear



'Round the HORN'

day this is one of the most famous views in the world. Most sightseers visited the beaches, but their lasting memories are as likely to be the hair-raising bus trips there and back as the beaches themselves.

The officers will not forget Sergio, the Brazilian naval liaison officer, who with little encouragement, peopled the wardroom one evening with the inmates of a strip-club, together with Mama-san and Mr Ten Percent. It was the only evening of the South American tour that both watches of stewards voluntarily turned to. 'Shall I streeep now?' said a pipe-smoking hostess as she took off her shoes, but she was quickly made to dance, clothed, by a young, clean-living officer.

The Passage Home

A 'Shop-window' display was laid on for Brazialian naval observers, and on completion we sailed for home, with some of the pleasantest weather still to come. There was one engineering hiccough, when we lay motionless for five hours, but otherwise the passage was uneventful. The ship's daily paper, 'The Hot Word', expired during this period, but it had served its purpose in providing news and a little light entertainment during the weeks spent at sea. Thirty-six

hours in Gib gave everyone a chance for a final rabbit run. A Russian Kashin class destroyer kept station on us for a few hours after leaving Gib, and it was sobering to compare its performance with Hampshire's. Early on the morning of Friday, 25th April, we berthed at Portsmouth, and the South American tour was over fifteen weeks after it had begun.

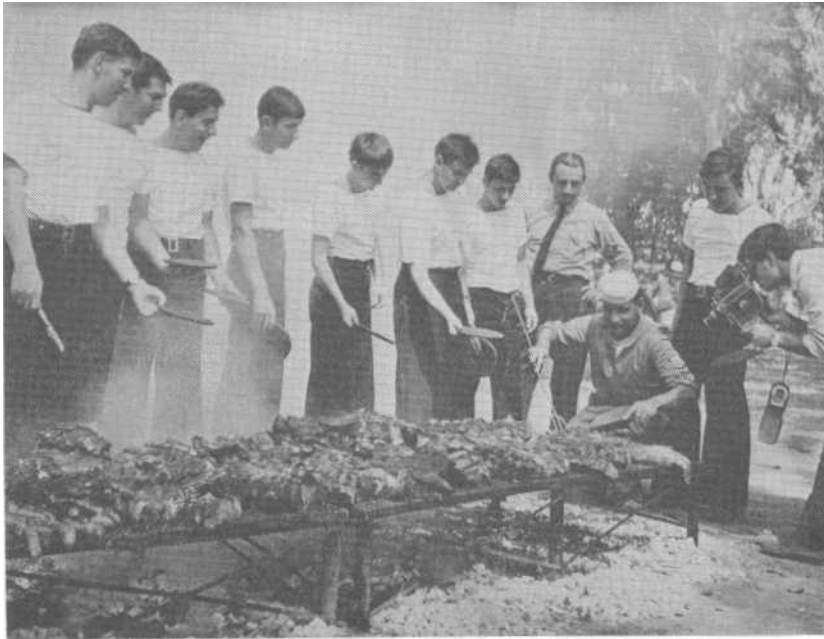


'Cradle snatching at B.A.'

The Scandinavian Visits

May was spent granting late Easter leave, and on 2nd June we sailed for Gothenburg, with Andromeda in company. Some German Fast Patrol Boats were lying in wait for us in the Skagerrak and a spirited night encounter was fought. Helicopters and a borrowed Shackleton had little difficulty in identifying the enemy, as it never became really dark. Many feel that we should have enjoyed Gothenburg more had it not followed so closely on South America. There was much to admire about the city, half as large again as Malmo, especially their attempts to house the expanding population in new self-contained residential areas. Unlike Malmo, though, the ship was berthed some way from the city centre, and many stayed on board in the evenings.

Copenhagen was very different. Our visit coincided with the hottest weather they had had for several years, for which we received the credit. We were berthed close to the yacht basin where The Little Mermaid sits on the rock. It was twenty minutes pleasant walk to the Magasin Department Store where Europe's longest pedestrian shopping street started and at the far end of that were the Tivoli Gardens. Private invitations were few, but few were needed. Trips were organised to the Carlsberg and Tuborg breweries, to the Cherry Heering offices and the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain factory.



'IF Mess asado'

An otherwise perfect visit was marred by the tragic and totally unexpected death of Chief Steward King, a most efficient and much-liked ship-mate. Members of the ship's company attended the funeral at Plymouth.

On our passage home, an air defence exercise took place off the Scottish coast but bad visibility prevented R.A.F. Lightning participation, and only Gannets and Buccaneers took part. We were attacked by U.S. Air Force Phantoms the following morning off the Wash,

and the remainder of the short return passage was spent digesting and explaining the just announced pay review.

It's all been changed again!

By a fortunate stroke of bad luck, so many operational defects came to light just after we had sailed for Scandinavia, that further time alongside at Portsmouth was needed. This affected the programme for the few weeks following, and a week at Rosyth plus three days at Portland culminating in our Annual Sea Inspection all sank without trace.



'Lots of things happen without warning'

Aberporth

After Portsmouth came our continuation firings at Aberporth, which were over in record time. Ten days had been allowed for this, but we found two days ample. On the first day we did a swift recce, with a dummy countdown or two, and on the second: a warhead round, which blew up much too close to us, and two telemetry rounds, the first of which missed the target by 5 inches and the second of which hit! (For the uninitiated, telemetry rounds aren't expected



'Sugar Loaf Mountain from Corcovado'

to hit, only to go within a certain number of feet.) The target providers at Llanbedr weren't talking to the range authorities at Aberporth after that; the clapped out old jindivik which Aberporth had promised would be blasted to smithereens survived unscathed, and a brand new shiny one earmarked for Sea Dart trials had been well and truly clobbered. It was a great day for 'the Greenies', and for all of us; only the taxpayers suffered.

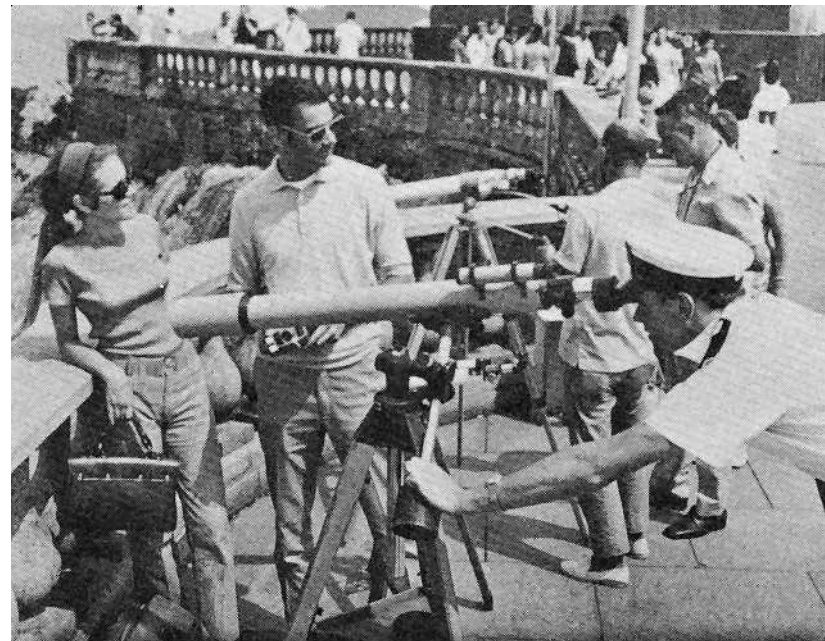
We stayed a further three days on the range, anchoring at Fishguard overnight, and then sailed for Devonport to smarten the ship up for the Royal Review, and to prepare for our departmental harbour inspections by C-in-C Western Fleet's staff. Fishguard police must have been glad to see us go.

The Royal Review

Rehearsals for the Review, the Presentation of a new Colour to The Western Fleet, and the Steampast, successfully occupied forty ships for seven days, besides the time spent by the Royal Guard in drilling at Whale Island, and the weeks of planning by C-in-C's staff. The ships first gathered in Weymouth Bay, and this gave Admiral

Lewis an opportunity to inspect the ship and the ship's company at divisions. Then the Commander-in-Chief walked round the route that The Queen was to take. The rehearsal for the Steampast was conducted during the passage from Weymouth to Torbay, where the ships again anchored.

The weather was disappointing from the public's point of view; the long warm spell broke as we arrived and haze rendered the fleet invisible from shore. A heavy drizzle started as The Royal Yacht Britannia, with The Queen embarked, sailed through the formation, and by the time Her Majesty arrived on board HAMPSHIRE, it was raining hard. She was accompanied by Prince Philip and Lord Mountbatten. Despite the rain, the fine weather programme of upper deck and lower deck tours was adhered to. Laugh of the day was Prince Philip's reply to Lord Mountbatten when the latter had remarked on the damage control poster in the canteen flat. "I brought a ship home in the war in that condition", he had said. "There's another notice that applies to you as well", said Prince Philip, pointing to the security poster that read, "BIG TALK means little minds".



'I've heard of mentally undressing women with your eyes, but this is ridiculous!'