



**'Tow Lyness'**



**'Clear Lower Deck - Recover Tow'**



**'L'Angelinie'**

The Queen's visit to HAMPSHIRE finished with drinks in the wardroom. Some of the Chief Petty Officers of the fleet had the chance to meet her, and Prince Philip, The Prince of Wales and Princess Anne, at a tea party in Blake, and some of the officers had further opportunities at a cocktail party in Britannia and dinner and concert party in Eagle. The weather by nightfall was so bad that boat traffic ceased and about 3,000 libertymen were stranded ashore in Torquay. Eight HAMPSHIRE ratings and twenty-five or so Wrens were stranded in Eagle after the concert party, but one shouldn't draw conclusions from that.

The morning of the Presentation ceremony and Fleet Air Arm Flypast was fine and clear but very windy, and the Ceremony was held in Eagle's Hangars. Hampshire's representatives in the Royal Guard were PO Blanford, Leading Seaman Gilham, AB's Yandell and Hill, and REM Nessling. At noon, all ships weighed and left harbour in two columns, Britannia leading. Once clear of the harbour, The Royal Yacht slowed down, and all ships manned and cheered ship as they passed. Poor Keppel had a machinery breakdown as ships dispersed, and came to a grinding halt. Great would have been the confusion if this had happened 10 minutes earlier!

As ships dispersed. The Queen, as Lord High Admiral, sent all ships this signal:

I have been glad to present the new colour to the Western Fleet and I was impressed by the excellent of the ceremonial at the presentation. My family and I have enjoyed visiting ships and meeting officers and ratings of the Western Fleet during the two days we have been with you at Torbay. I am delighted to find you all in such good heart. The appearance of ships and ships companies during today's steampast was especially good. I and my husband send our warm congratulations to you all.

Splice the mainbrace.

### *Brighton*

We reached Brighton at 2300 the same day, and at dawn assisted in the search for two boys who were adrift in a boat, by launching the helicopter and providing breakfast for two lifeboatmen. Mercifully,



**'Admiral Bush and Captain Clayton welcome The Queen on board'**



**'Witnessing the Helicopter Handling and Stowing demonstration'**



**'Chief Cook Jellis explains the menu'**

the boys were found by a coaster, safe but a bit shocked. Our two day visit took the usual form, official reception on board, Mayor's lunch and dinner parties, dances and free facilities ashore. Hampshire came in for some undeserved adverse criticism on Ship 'Open to Visitors' day. The shuttle service from the pier to the ship, which was to have been arranged by the council, didn't materialise. Ship's boats did their best, but some people had to pay speedboat drivers to bring them, some paid nothing, and some paid and never reached the front of the queue.

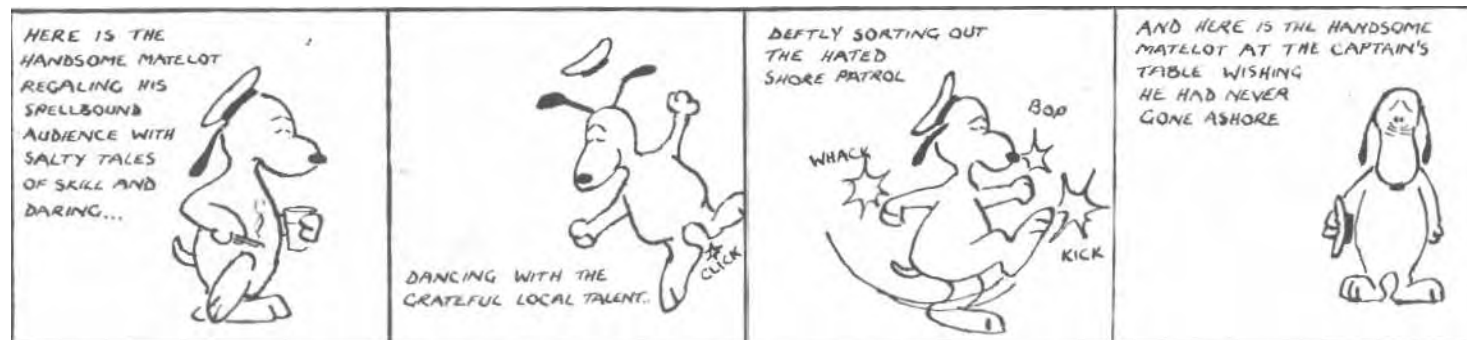
We sailed at about 1100 on the final morning. This allowed time for our families to reach Brighton by rail and get out to the ship. The passage back to Portsmouth made for an enjoyable Families' Day, though without the excitement of the year before.

### *Conclusion*

And so the Travelogue ends. The reader will know whether the programme we carried out in the Mediterranean in the autumn bore any resemblance to the one planned.



**'Proceeding forward after witnessing the Seacat demonstration'**



## OXO'S DIARY

Twas in the month of August,  
In the year of 67,  
I joined the Happy Hampshire,  
You could hardly call it Heaven.  
We spent six months in refit,  
And got our share of fame,  
Through a team of drunken footballers,  
But experts at the game.

Next spring we went to Portland,  
The Commander he went spare,  
An abundance of Patrol Reports,  
On our very first night there.  
But the crew remained undaunted,  
Our efforts didn't lag,  
We sailed through the inspection,  
And were 'rewarded' with the Flag.

From there we went to Scotland,  
Rosyth then Scapa Flow,  
For a taste of Tartan Bitter,  
Before the dryness of Malmo.  
But Sweden had its good points,  
They say the love was free,  
But it worked out damned expensive,  
If you liked pornography.

Then once again to Scotland,  
For C-in C's review,  
Before coming back to Pompey,  
And leave for a week or two.  
Then came the opportunity,  
To show off all our power.  
A full-scale NATO exercise,  
They called it Silver Tower.

On return from arctic waters,  
On a cold and blustery day,  
Our dreams of the Fez were shattered,  
But instead we got S.A.  
Though a pleasant surprise in most of our eyes,  
It can't remain unsaid,  
We had to damn well earn it,  
Exercising in the Med.

It never stopped raining in Naples,  
And Gibraltar was far too hot,  
But these Places together with Malta,  
Were very soon forgot.  
Because after a bout of Crimbo leave,  
We sailed for Barbados.  
To bask in the Tropical sunshine,  
And laugh at the scurry-faced Joss.

On Paradise Beach, and in Nelson Street,  
We drank our share of rum,  
And spent many an hour, drinking Pisco Sour,  
In a Peruvian shanty-town slum.  
Despite a shortage of Cash whilst in Chile,  
Which wasn't really suprising,  
I had a good run, and a great deal of fun,  
And the Chart in the Sick Bay kept rising.

Ten days in Buenos Aires,  
Was an extra special treat,  
I welcomed the dawn on many a morn,  
In 25 de Mayo Street.  
Though the butterfly trays in Rio,  
It was eight bob a bottle, Bacardi,  
Drunk on Copacabana Beach.

A gentle cruise home from the tropics,  
Belayed all my nocturnal habits.  
A quick two day stop in Gibraltar,  
A last minute rush for some rabbits.  
Then alongside the wall back in Pompey,  
To repair our outstanding defects.  
Before going to Sweden and Copers,  
For some Scandinavian Sex.

From there to South Wales for some firings,  
And many a romantic tussle,  
Initiating Aberporth Maidens,  
With a very 'Miss'-guided muscle.  
From there to Guzz, then Weymouth,  
Ne'er had the ship been so clean,  
For the Review of the Fleet in Torquay,  
And a visit from the Queen.

A two day visit to Brighton,  
 Was welcomed by us all,  
 Then once again to Pompey,  
 Six weeks 'longside the wall.  
 Its been two years now since joining  
 This crazy, cruiser-like craft,  
 Now I have two ambitions,  
 The first one is leave and a draft.

Though I've nearly finished this poem,  
 There's another point to be said,  
 A taste of typhoid in Tunis,  
 In our next three months out the Med.  
 For the very last line of this ditty,  
 I've thought of a wonderful rhyme.  
 Of course, it's my second ambition.  
 R.O.M.F.T.



**'Man and Cheer Ship'**

### *5 Mess in Lima*

It all started when 3 of us met Ian Smith (not *the* Smith) at Lima Rugby and Cricket Club on our first visit there on the Thursday.

We all went to Ian's house for a couple of drinks and met the family: his wife Magda, daughter Yvonne, son Nigel and sister-in-law Negda.

That night we went for a tour of the city and big eats. We were banned from the mess the next day as we all reeked of garlic.

The Friday evening we met at the Club for the first of the excellent dances arranged by the English community. It was a 'first' for Magda. The first time she had ever danced cheek-to-cheek with a bearded matelot. A 'scurry faced' POME.

After arranging our short week end, we had Ian on board for a dinner time session. He was well away after a couple of tots and a few pints and we took our lives in our hands as he drove us back to the Club.

After another 2 or 3 drinks (I don't know where Ian put it) we retired to Ian's house for a very enjoyable swim in his pool.

That evening we took in a local football match. (Not as good as our English but nevertheless quite good). On the way Pete nearly broke his ankle falling into a pothole. After the match we went to a party given by another English couple.

With a good nights sleep and a refreshing swim Sunday morning we were off again to the Club to watch a cricket match.

As Ian took us back Monday morning he said "Bring the whole mess tonight, we'll have a 'hooley' ". He didn't know what he was letting himself in for.

That evening a coach pulled up at the ship and 20 of us piled in carrying (without the OOW seeing us of course) cigarettes and cigars for Ian. The only way we could repay his hospitality.

What a night! There was more than enough to eat and drink. The main events of the evening were, Spud chasing the maid, Pongo falling through a plate glass window and Jim jumping from the balcony into the pool. Everyone finished up in the pool at least once during the evening, best suit or not.

If you were around at 4 a.m. the next morning you would have heard 20 PO's singing 'For he's a jolly good fellow' as we fell into the coach to take us back to the ship.

Lima was a great run for 5 mess.

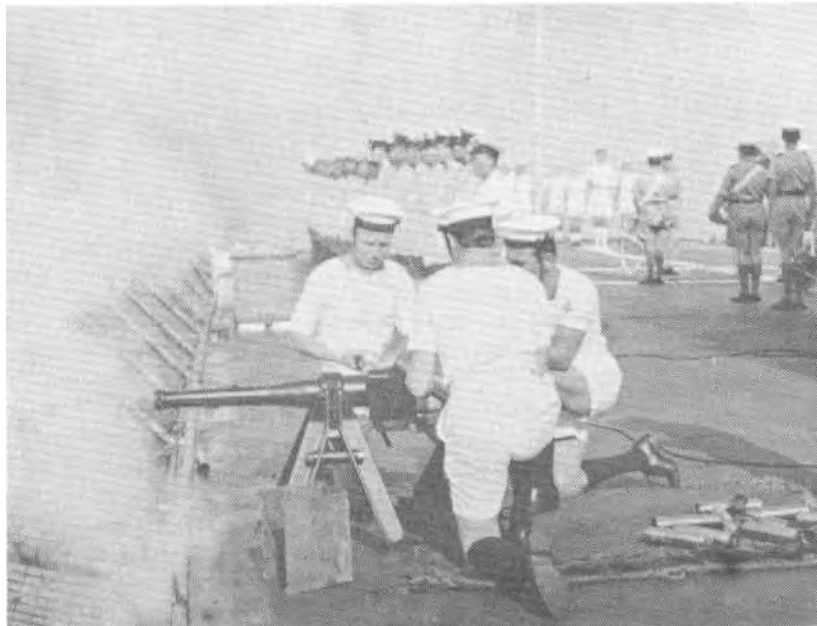
## THE DEPARTMENTS

### *Gunnery Department*

With a wide range of modern equipment onboard and a large number of men required to use and maintain it, there has been a continual need for initial training, work-up and continuation training. Many a time the cry has been heard 'Another week of Work-up!' Looking back the effort and the toil must surely seem worthwhile. The requirements have been varied, all have been successfully completed and the results have been well received.

As always there have been the highlights : the Seacat and 4.5" demonstration firings for USN officers, the Filfla Bombardment, the Visit of Her Majesty the Queen. All concerned, user and maintainers, can be proud of the reception that their efforts received.

Ceremonial has played a major part in the last twelve months and volunteers from all departments were trained for the ceremonial guard which played a prominent part in various South American cities. The Saluting Guns crews can also take pride in firing more than 200 rounds



**'The 21 Gun Salute to Peru'**

without a misfire. Although ceremonial maybe be-littled on occasions by those onboard, it must be remembered that this facet of life is important in maintaining the good image of the Royal Navy and the country in foreign ports.

Throughout the commission there has been a strong liaison with the WE Department (after all we provide them with all their hands!), and an unwanted affinity with the underwater weapons by the Seacat and 'A' Magazines. The Gunnery Office has acted like Piccadilly Circus, as a meeting spot (you meet all the best people too), and the Chief Gunnery Instructor has dealt admirably with the inevitable jealousy of other departments by allowing them a fair share in all stores parties.

The tempo has been fast and in retrospect, enjoyable. Perhaps the pace is reflected in the conversation overheard in the office which was recently reported in *The Hot Word* :

Gunnery Officer "Wheres my pencil?"

G.O.W. "Behind your ear, sir."

Gunnery Officer "Stop messing about Scholard, which ear?"

### *The Divers*

After getting over the shock of finding that Drafty knew that they were still in the Navy, five would-be Hans Hasses arrived on HAMPSHIRE to find that they were the diving team. Only when the ship docked was it realised just how undermanned the team was. A big recruiting drive was soon under way and the first to be volunteered was S/Lt. George who was to have the privilege of being the ship's diving officer. The total number who survived the mud runs was considerably less than those who volunteered, but we managed to get six mad enough to qualify. L/Sea. Aikman, who suddenly found that he had to re-qualify, managed to do so, thus bringing our total number of bubble blowers up to twelve. Shortly afterwards Drafty surprised us by sending L/Sea. Richards and REM Wright.

Our thoughts of 'work-up' being nothing else but lots of Operation Awkwards were soon dispelled by the demon storekeeper who found that one of the domes had been crunched a little. The Portland Diving Team were called in to change the dome and were ably assisted by said storekeeper and Ord. Springett.

Exercise Silver Tower brought with it the chance of a Diving Exped from one of the many islands at Scapa. The intention was to catch lobsters but the biggest catch of the day was a bucket of winkles collected from the beach.

It was through the accuracy of the Gunnery world that our next unexpected job arose. The resulting splash-down provided the opportunity of finding out whether parachutes could be sucked all the way



through an S.T.A. inlet and inboard. They cannot. It was only then that we found out what it was like to fight a 90 armed octopus. After unblocking the Starboard inlet, out tame C.D.2 passenger L/Sea. Trotter was invited to win a major prize and clear the port inlet.

With our commitments of exercises in the Med, not much diving took place. Malta brought a search for the Admiral's cuff-links and an Awkward in Marsaxlokk with the Home Fleet Diving Team as the baddies, they having been flown out especially for the job. It certainly taught us how hard it is to swim in a two knot tide.

We managed to get a quick banyan in Gibraltar on our way to Pompey. It was in Pompey that we heard of our forthcoming visit to the once seen never forgotten places of South America, under the command of CAPTAIN CLAYTON - A DIVER!

Before entering Barbados it was intended to dive on another of the Engineers' blocked inlets while stopped and paint ship was in progress. This idea was abandoned when a shark was sighted and the intrepid diving officer was last seen heading towards the bilges muttering something about extra laundry bills.

The clear blue waters of Barbados provided us with many Banyans and the opportunity to prove the homemade underwater camera (Box Brownie encased in Signal Flare Box, with windows, Mark 1.) Produced by our inventor and maintainer, OAL Porter. A grill on the ships' bottom had worked loose and required tightening up as it was directly below Burglars pit and kept him awake during make and mends. No prizes for guessing who did the job.

On passage through the 'Leads' a slight collision with a whale caused OAL Lyons to inspect the props for damage. Melting glaciers had their effect on bodily extremities.

B.A. brought the next job, a blank had to be put over an inlet that had a rotten pipe inboard and was causing the ship to sink. Finding the inlet while in the River Plate presented problems as those of you who have ever had to swim in Mulligatawny Soup are in a position to appreciate.

The local populace were greatly impressed with us and we all felt like film stars under the battery of cameras that appeared everywhere. L/Sea. Aikman stole the day when he was in the water looking up to the jetty, with a remark on what a nice young lady's underwear looked like. To which she replied in perfect English asking if he could see very well underwater.

On returning to Portsmouth the diving team had a sad moment when OAL Porter left the ship. His place was taken by OAL Dawson who has kept up the very high standard of maintenance of diving equipment.

At the Fleet Review AB Gaston had the priviledge of meeting Her Majesty the Queen and demonstrating the use of divers in the Royal Navy.

The last four months of the commission will be spent in the Med and you can be sure that we will enjoy this trip as much as we have enjoyed the rest of the commission.

#### *Lost*

The mental stability of the Diving Officer

#### *Found*

Box of Brains

## *The Flight*



**'The Flights 6th Birthday'**

## *The Seamen*

### *Statistics from the Upper Deck*

These speak for themselves

Light Jackstay Transfers	28
Stores Replenishments at Sea	23
Fuel Replenishments at Sea	71
Ammunition Replenishments at Sea	2
Towing Exercises	3
Gallons of paints used	2,120
of which 600 were Ship's Side Grey, and 500 White interior.	

## *The W.E. Department*

### *901 T.S. Magazine Entry*

The 901 T.S. is a mysterious place  
Situated right back aft  
The lights burnt bright for most of the night  
Before dear old Snags got a draft.

The Seaslug missiles are aimed from here  
And sent on their deadly way  
The normal allowance is two per year  
But we guided three in a day.

The maintenance staff has remained the same  
Throughout the entire commish  
But the bosses have changed to the total of three  
Not as often as some would wish!

Lets go back to the refit of sixty-seven  
When chaos ruled the roost  
Working day and night for weeks on end  
Did not give morale a boost.

However eventually HATS and SATS  
Were completed to our satisfaction.  
And the work began thats now counted in years  
Our six weeks then, but a fraction

Throughout sixty-eight we had exercises  
That came thick and fast it appeared.  
Then Kent blew a boiler and we took the flag  
Oh! How everyone cheered.

The buzzes of Acapulco it seemed  
That were conjured up out of the blue.  
With a South American trip in the wind  
Would all be coming true.

The crew by name down this end that is  
Require their names in lights.  
There was Colin and Dave and Harry by day  
And Stu doing most of the nights.

For junior rates there was Ben and John  
And Sooty to name but a few  
But job changes and drafts changed all of that  
And we ended up with two.

Now the T.S. is famed for its party games  
The Seaslug attack game is one  
But the bestest and finest of all on the Ship  
Is the new one armed bandit of fun.

Its topped up with Spangles and batteries and such  
To play it, the handle is pulled  
If the lights dont line up when the sequence is through  
Then brother you have been fooled.

The operational side was always all go  
With various balloon runs and trials.  
The work it was hard even harder at times  
But we always found time for some smiles.

Like the time that the test mast just had to come down  
In rough weather it had to be lowered.  
A dry crew went out all led by the boss  
On return, they were wet, they'd been showered.

The Latin American trip was just great  
To their Ships we did not give a glance  
And in air exercises with our switched on crew  
They didn't stand a chance.

We returned to U.K. browned gentlemen all  
All saturated with sun.

But work-up continued more seriously now  
As firings just had to be done.

The first three we fired back in old sixty-eight  
All went well without any fuss.  
But this lot it seemed would take longer than dreamed  
Yet nothing had altered in us!

To cut down the story we fired three more  
With our feet firmly placed on the ground.  
But it all got blown up to a fantastic size  
And champagne was splashed all round.

The greatest we were the greatest we are  
And the greatest we shall always be.  
For no one can man the T.S. in a panic  
Like Dave, Colin, Tug, Pete, the Boss. and me.  
by CCEA Wadge.

#### *The Supply and Secretariat Division*

#### *Can You recognize an inhabitant of IF Mess?*

In assorted sizes, weights and states of sobriety he can be found in bars, taverns, alehouses, on leave and sometimes onboard. But usually ashore. Here, taking his time from Cassanova, he is everything a woman dreams about, until, after a few more beers, he becomes more of interest to the Commander next morning. A case for treatment and a heavy-handed fairy with the cups and saucers.



He likes:

Women, girls, dames, birds, parties, and the opposite sex. Also spending money on the above, make and mends with leave and Playboy.

He dislikes:

Answering letters, night flying suppers, his uniform, bag meals, superior officers, stoppage of leave and getting out of his pit.

Usually non-swimmer (probably because of the weight of can-openers, cigarette lighters, elephant hair charms, paperbacks, playing cards and master keys which he always carries around with him) he is nevertheless always ready to venture forth in a frail liberty boat into an unknown and temporarily hostile shore. In his spare time he has been known to win competitions and earn the praise of Admirals.

This magnificent specimen is supported entirely by involuntary contributions from the tax-payer. There's one now; can you see him? . . . . . too late, he's gone ashore.