

some men must have if they are going to make the best of a three-day leave period.

The show started at 8.45 p.m. on the night of Wednesday, 3rd October, while steaming before the S.W. Trades, the air on the focsle being practically calm giving ideal conditions.

Princess Margaret honoured us with her presence and, in spite of depressing rehearsals, the show went well and it was clear that Her Royal Highness enjoyed it. One of the spectacles of the show was the illuminated club-swinging display by the P.T.I. Finding that he was waving his weapons too close to Her Royal Highness's chair he had been banished to the top of the bridge to perform. With a roll of the drums, the spotlight stabbed up into the darkness to reveal an empty bridge, the entry of that well-knit figure having been delayed by the necessity to change a broken bulb. Despite this false start, it was a very well executed display.

Princess Margaret came into the wardroom afterwards and delighted the cast, who had been invited there for a drink, by talking to them all in turn despite their rather garish war paint. This gesture was particularly appreciated by those whose jobs on board had previously prevented them from seeing Her Royal Highness, let alone talking so informally with her.

Friday morning, the 5th October, found us wending our way through the very attractive collection of islands off Zanzibar, to be met and escorted in by H.M.E.A.S. *Rosalind*.

ZANZIBAR

Friday, 5th - Sunday, 7th October

Shortly before 9 a.m. on that Friday morning we came across the many small boats and dhows which were to escort us to our anchorage. They ranged from native catamarans, through yachts from the sailing club, to a large motor boat with a number of Arab dignitaries in the stern sheets and a brass band in the bows.

We anchored some half a mile from the sea-front opposite the Sultan's palace. His gaily decorated yacht was moored alongside the jetty. Her Royal Highness

landed at 10.30 a.m. and spent the remainder of the day ashore, including attending a garden party at which she met what seemed like people of every nationality of the East, dressed in their native costumes. After dark, while Princess Margaret was attending a State banquet at the palace, the foreshore was brilliantly lit with a necklace of coloured lights; the beat of drums, the music of native dancing and the scent of cloves, drifted out to us on the soft breeze until far into the night.

Zanzibar, the Isle of Cloves, has an ancient charm all of its own and we enjoyed walking through its narrow winding streets and looking into the bazaars. It is one of the few Eastern cities where one is not badgered by bazaar owners and street vendors to part with one's hard earned wealth for little or no return.

On Saturday, while our soccer and hockey teams were being heavily defeated, fifty or so Royal Yachtsmen spent the afternoon on a well organised picnic, while later in the evening the English Club gave a dance attended by some officers and yachtsmen.

We sailed shortly after noon on Sunday and anchored at tea-time off Pengume Island. Several fishing parties went away in the dog watches, and in the evening the wardroom had a picnic on one of the small beaches of the [island](#). *H.M.S. Loch Fada* joined us that evening to act as our escort the next day into Dar-es-Salaam.

DAR-ES-SALAAM

Monday, 8th October

We weighed shortly after 7 a.m. and set course for Dar-es-Salaam where Her Royal Highness was due to leave us and continue her tour of Tanganyika and Kenya.

The harbour at Dar-es-Salaam is a crescent-shaped stretch of water approached by a narrow channel, with the town lying across the top arc of the crescent. The outer reaches of the channel were lined on the one hand by the yachts of the local sailing club, and on the other by gaily decorated native dhows. Down this avenue we proceeded to the narrowest part of the channel, and there on the point were massed thousands of children, school by school and district by district - some in white,

some in khaki, some in blue - and every child was cheering and waving a small Union Jack so that the foreshore resembled a field of poppies nodding in the wind. We steamed on past them and into the harbour, where the new deep-water quay faced us across the water.

This quay is a joint British-Belgian enterprise, serving Tanganyika and the Belgian Congo: one-half was decorated in the red, white and blue of Britain and the other with the Belgian colours of black, yellow and red. We were to berth opposite the open space between the two great sheds: ahead of us the British India boat, *Kenya*, and astern, a Belgian ship.

As we slid into our berth, starboard side to, we could see all the preparations that had been made for Her Royal Highness-the Royal Guard, mounted by the 6th Battalion King's African Rifles with band and with the Queen's colour paraded. Along almost the whole length at the back stretched a long stand where local notables, African, Asian and European, were seated. To the right was a smaller stand which faced the commemorative plinth shortly to be unveiled by Her Royal Highness, and near the Royal brow two canopies where the presentations were to be made. All the stands were canopied in blue and white, with scarlet coconut matting running between them.

The Governor and Lady Twining came on board at 10 a.m. to wait on Her Royal Highness and, as soon as they had left, the Yacht's company manned ship. At 10.20 a.m. Her Royal Highness, dressed entirely in white, with a single red rose in her close-fitting hat, stepped ashore to be greeted by the Governor and received by a Royal Salute from the guard. After inspecting the guard, Her Royal Highness moved under the canopy on to the dais to hear an address of welcome from the Dar-es-Salaam municipality, to which she replied.

After members of the Government, Legislature and judiciary had been presented, the Princess moved across to a dais in front of the small stand for the ceremonial opening of the quay and the unveiling of the commemorative tablet. A speech by the Chairman of the East African Railways and Harbours Board was followed

by a few words from the Vice-Governor of the Belgian Congo. Her Royal Highness was then invited formally to unveil the tablet. As is not unusual, the automatic release had acted prematurely and the tablet had been unveiled at an inopportune moment. Now the flags had to be withdrawn by hand. One other slight irritation was provided by the siren of the Belgian ship, which stuck when blowing a stirring blast in celebration of the unveiling and continued to produce a deafening noise for some minutes!

After talking for a few moments to some of the men who had helped to build the quay, and inspecting the tablet at close quarters, Her Royal Highness got into her car to drive off. As the car slowly turned away, we were honoured by a very personal smile and wave from Her Royal Highness to the Yacht's company. It was with a feeling of deep regret that we watched Princess Margaret and her Household leave: her stay with us had been a memorable one for all those serving in BRITANNIA, and the chapter can best be closed by the signals which were exchanged as we left Dar-es-Salaam.

"TO:-FLAG OFFICER, ROYAL YACHTS.

'I SEND TO YOU AND TO ALL ROYAL YACHTSMEN MY HEARTFELT THANKS FOR ALL YOUR KINDNESS AND SUPPORT TO ME ON OUR VOYAGE. IT MEANT A GREAT DEAL TO ME TO HAVE BRITANNIA WITH ME AT START OF MY TOUR. WE MISS YOU VERY MUCH AND MY THOUGHTS WILL CONSTANTLY BE WITH YOU DURING THE REST OF YOUR LONG JOURNEY. I WISH YOU ALL BON VOYAGE AND THE VERY BEST OF LUCK.

MARGARET.'

TO:-H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET,

DAR-ES-SALAAM.
'I THANK YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS MOST SINCERELY FOR THE GENEROUS SIGNAL TO ALL ON BOARD BRITANNIA. WE HAVE BEEN HONOURED TO WEAR YOUR STANDARD ONCE AGAIN. WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR GOOD WISHES FOR OUR FUTURE CRUISE AND WISH YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS EVERY SUCCESS DURING THE REMAINDER OF THE TOUR AND A SAFE AND HAPPY RETURN HOME.

CONOLLY ABEL SMITH,
VICE-ADMIRAL.'

Mombasa Interlude

Tuesday, 9th - Tuesday, 16th October

The decision that the Duke of Edinburgh would embark at Mombasa gave us six spare days in which to give leave. This was taken in two watches, from 9th-12th October and from 12th-15th October. Nearly everybody took leave and spent it in many different ways. Some went on safari to the Amboseli Game Reserve and some to the Army leave centre at Silversands, others accepted private hospitality arranged through the District Officers of nearby districts and a few stayed with friends.

The watch on board were kept very busy washing down and cleaning paintwork and doing necessary maintenance by day. Their evenings were often spent on the beaches at Nyalali or playing in the many sporting fixtures which had been arranged for us.

The Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, had very thoughtfully arranged for the Amboseli National Reserve to be opened especially for leave parties from BRITANNIA. It was from those who spent their leave up country in this way that we heard such interesting accounts of Darkest Africa seen in the raw.

Leave parties were taken by bus 300 miles inland to Ol Tukai Lodge, the safari lodge in the Reserve, lying on a plateau below the beautiful towering peak of Mount Kilimanjaro. The lodge, a remarkable oasis of civilisation in the African forest, consisted of a collection of mud-walled thatched bandas holding two people in each and fitted with electric light, soft mattresses and hot water. Each party took their own food and cooked for themselves.

The organisation for seeing game was to rise with the lark, have two hours' scouting around by bus before breakfast and then to go out again on another round before dusk. A bus sounds an improbable vehicle in which to track and study big game but, in fact, most of the animals seen had become so used to the presence of vehicles and confident of the absence of gunfire that it

was possible to approach and watch them close to, even in a bus, without their taking fright.

Native rangers accompanied each bus and their ability to find game, where to the unschooled eye there was none, and their knowledge of the habits of individual beasts was uncanny.

Amboseli is quite flat with wide-spreading plains. There are forests, largely of open scrub or trees, which grow densely in places. Big herds of zebra, wildebeeste and deer of every kind roam the plains in such numbers as to be commonplace. In the bush are elephants and giraffes in quantity, rhinoceroses and lions which need looking for, together with every other variety of East African beast and bird from the monkey to the ostrich and from the badger to the marabou crane.

Those who went to Silversands, just north of Mombasa, had a holiday of a different kind. This leave centre, admirably run by the Army and the W.V.S., provided an enjoyable break from the routine on board. What sailor doesn't like having a cupper brought to him in bed in the morning and having a leisurely breakfast much later in the day, perhaps after a swim in the warm sea? Although the tents were not insect-proof and although some alarm was caused by finding a green mamba snake in one tent, everyone enjoyed the nice lazy life drinking up and in the sunshine.

With everybody very much refreshed by their leave, the final preparations were made for the Duke of Edinburgh's arrival on Tuesday, 16th October.



H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh's Cruise

PART 1 .- THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

ITINERARY

ARRIVE	PLACE	DEPART	DISTANCE	
0930	19th October . .	MOMBASA 2200	16th October . .	----
1130	25th October..	SEYHELLES 2300	19th October . .	1,016
1020	27th October ..	COLOMBO 1400	26th October . .	1,674
1430	30th October . .	TRINCOMALEE .. 1530	27th October . .	337
0930	31st October . .	LANGKAWI.. .. 2245	30th October . .	1,124
1230	1st November	PENANG 2300	31st October ..	104
0830	10th November	PORT SWETTENHAM 2300	1st November	196
1600	14th November	PORT MORESBY	11th November	3,072
0930	17th November	BRISBANE 2000	15th November	1,314
1200	29th November	SYDNEY. 2200	27th November	590
0800	15th December	MELBOURNE. . . . 1030	11th December	590
0900	19th December	PORT LYTTELTON .. 2300	17th December	1,684
		WAITANGI,		
		CHATHAM ISLAND.		472
				12,173

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Mombasa by air, joining BRITANNIA in the evening of Tuesday, 16th October. His entry into Mombasa was kept as informal as possible since Princess Margaret was still on her tour. His Royal Highness drove to BRITANNIA in a vintage Rolls-Royce which had been specially lent for the occasion by an ex-police superintendent.

We slipped at 10 p.m. that night and once more the sea-front to the north of the channel was crowded with people, a large number on this occasion being our friends with whom we had had such a wonderful time.

This account of the Duke of Edinburgh's cruise has been divided into two, the first part taking the reader as far as Chatham Island to the eastward of New Zealand. This section ends on Wednesday, 19th December, and the second part starts the next day, also the 19th December, and a Wednesday. This division is solely designed to confuse the reader!

ON PASSAGE TO CEYLON, VIA THE SEYHELLE ISLANDS

Tuesday, 16th - Thursday, 25th October

After an uneventful two days at sea recovering from

the ravages of leave, we arrived at Port Victoria in Mahe Island on the morning of the 19th October. Mahe, the biggest of the Seychelle group of islands, is an attractive island with luxurious green vegetation, whose inhabitants live a pleasant and sleepy existence conserving their energies for the better enjoyment of life's simpler pastimes.

Many of us enjoyed the bathing ashore. The soccer team was beaten but the cricketers fared better, possibly because of the very short distance between the leg and offside boundaries. Of those who went ashore to look around, many came back with raffia slippers and walking-sticks made from swordfish snouts. Some also brought back coco-de-mer, reputed, because of its shape, to be the forbidden fruit and providing the reason for the Seychelles being considered by some people to be the original Garden of Eden.

Archbishop Makarios was not in evidence since he and his recreant colleagues had been confined to the grounds of "Sans Souci," the Governor's summer residence, for the day.

At about midnight, shortly after we sailed, all the lights went out as if to indicate that it was closing time. They came on again as the emergency batteries took over, but peace descended upon the Yacht as the fan and machinery noise died down and she gradually came to rest. Two dynamos had misbehaved, but a strong team, in apparel varying from pyjama bottoms and tousled hair to stiff fronted shirts and worried expressions, soon restored the situation and we got under way again.

As we drew eastward on the final five days of the passage; the weather developed into typical S.W. monsoon conditions ; patches of low cloud, heavy rainstorms and very high humidity. With a stern or quarter breeze this made conditions on board very sticky.

Two days before arriving at Colombo we stopped for a few hours at Haddummati Atoll and anchored at the southern end of the entrance to the lagoon. This atoll, on the north side of One-and-a-Half Degree Channel, is typical, with its beautiful beaches, of these many coral islands forming the Maldive group which extends from

just below the Equator to four or five hundred miles north in this longitude.

By this time the Yacht had settled down to routine again and although P.T. was not so well attended, the swimming baths brought temporary relief from the heat, particularly after the evening's vigorous game of deck hockey.

CEYLON

Thursday, 25th - Saturday, 27th October

Colombo harbour, as we entered at 11 a.m. on the morning of the 25th October, was full of merchant ships which nearly deafened us with a concert of sirens, all sounding a welcome to the Duke of Edinburgh.

The harbour had changed a lot in the last few years. Gone was the familiar, rather ramshackle passenger jetty with its tea stall at the top. There are now two new deep water jetties with modern warehouses. Our berth was at the innermost end of the Queen Elizabeth quay which had been opened by Her Majesty when she came to Colombo in the *Gothic*.

Before leave could be given, a heavy storing programme was undertaken, while 169 of the canteen manager's empty five-gallon beer barrels had to be landed.

Of those who took leave some were lucky in the draw and went off by bus to Mount Lavinia. Others renewed their acquaintance with the G.O.H., the Galle Face and the shops where the semi-precious jewels, for which Colombo is so renowned, are sold.

There were more stores to be embarked before sailing at 2 p.m. the next afternoon but the part of the watch on board the previous day were able to have a few hours ashore, some returning in that modern contrivance, the quickshaw, which has replaced its ancient "handraulic" counterpart.

We steamed round to the eastern side of the island overnight to secure to a buoy in Trincomalee harbour in the middle of the forenoon on Saturday, 27th October.

The large natural harbour of Trinco looked very attractive in the bright sunlight but strangely empty to those of us who had known it packed with large units of the fleet.

One wondered whether the Ceylon Government would be able to make full use of it when they take it over, or whether the jungle will claim back its own in the end.

His Royal Highness, having motored down from Kandy and lunched with the Commander-in-Chief at Admiralty House, re-embarked in the afternoon. We sailed with the Ceylon Navy's frigate *Vijaya* which had acted as our escort during the last two days; she left us at 4.30 p.m., after manning ship and cheering the Duke of Edinburgh, her ship's company looking none the worse for the soaking they had received from a rainstorm a few minutes previously.

VISITING THE FEDERATION OF MALAYAN STATES

Sunday, 28th October - Thursday, 1st November

During the next few days as we went eastwards at 18 knots, it became clear that we were unlikely to go to Singapore itself, our original destination. Over the past forty-eight hours reports of riots in the island had been coming in. These started with a sit-down strike by Chinese students, but unrest and disturbances gradually spread, fomented by the students and by certain Communist trade union leaders.

In spite of very firm action by the Chief Minister and Government, which restored order in a few days from what had been a highly organised and dangerous attempt to spread anarchy in the colony, there was bound to be considerable tension in the island for some days to come. The evident need to re-cast His Royal Highness's programme called for much radio-telephone work and many telegrams between BRITANNIA, London and Malaya; but after forty-eight hours of planning, all was settled. We were to go to Langkawi Island, some seventy miles north of Penang for one night and thence to Penang itself. After that the Duke of Edinburgh would carry out his original programme in the Federation. The arrangements for our escort also had to be altered, the Commander-in-Chief, Far East, coming out in *Cheviot*, with *Cockade* and *Consort* in company, instead of *Alert*, who would not now have sufficient speed to make our rendezvous.

LANGKAWI

On Tuesday, 30th October, the three destroyers joined us before noon, *Cheviot* coming alongside to transfer Admiral Sir Alan Scott-Moncrieff, the Commander in-Chief, Far East, to BRITANNIA by jackstay. At 1.30 p.m. the escorts formed astern, and we entered the attractive, narrow, island-strewn Bass Strait which separates Langkawi Island from others of the group; islands steep and heavily wooded with rocky promontories alternating with sandy beaches, and crowned on this day with a curtain of cloud.

His Royal Highness landed in the Royal barge for a tour of the island and was escorted inshore by three M.L.'s. of the Malayan Navy and two police launches. Several bathing parties went away but their day was rather spoiled by heavy rainstorms.

PENANG

The 104 miles passage south to Penang was made overnight and we anchored off Georgetown at 9.30 a.m. the next morning. Despite very little notice, a brave attempt had been made to muster suitable decorations for the occasion of the Royal visit, the Malayan R.N.V.R. headquarters standing out with its array of multi-coloured flags.

The Duke of Edinburgh's standard was struck in the afternoon since he was to spend the night at Kuala Lumpur, the capital, after touring Georgetown.

The watch ashore found the shopping was good. Most returned with quantities of "rabbits," toys and tea-sets being the most popular, having enjoyed the bargaining in the Chinese bazaars. The population on this coast is roughly fifty-fifty Chinese and Malay.

PORT SWETTENHAM

We arrived off the channel leading to Port Swettenham at 11.30 a.m. on the 1st November after another short night passage. By this time we had steamed nearly 17,000 miles, the propellers having turned roughly 4¼ million times.

The entrance to Swettenham is along a winding,

muddy creek with low-lying scrub-covered banks, with little or no sign of life until the port and anchorage come into view round the last bend. There were six or seven ships in the anchorage, dressed overall, with their crews massed on deck to see us pass by.

There was little entertainment to be had ashore except at the Mission to Seamen's Club, against whom we played a football match. Some adventurous spirits went off through the 25 miles of rubber plantation to Kuala Lumpur, that attractive and colourful city of imposing minaret-topped buildings set in lush green surroundings.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who had spent the night at King's House in the capital, returned on board shortly after dark. A little later his dinner guests arrived, the rulers of the Malay States who made a brave sight in their national dress.

We sailed at 11 p.m. and by midnight were at sea, much to the relief of the navigating officer whose fingernails had suffered in the inky darkness of that tortuous channel.

ON PASSAGE, PORT SWETTENHAM TO PORT MORESBY

Thursday, 1st - Saturday, 10th November

The first day out of this long 3,000-miles haul to the eastwards was full of incident. Early in the day, we exchanged identities with the Pakistan destroyers *Tippu Sultan* and *Tariq*, both ex-"Q" class, the former, having asked and been granted permission, firing a 21-gun salute to the Duke of Edinburgh as she steamed past.

Most of the forenoon was taken in rounding Singapore Island. It was a bright sunny day and Singapore roads could be seen packed with merchant ships.

The Commander-in-Chief, Far East's despatch vessel, H.M.S. *Alert*, steamed out to meet us off St. John Island at noon, accompanied by the French ship, *Dumont D'Urville*, with Admiral de Toulouse-Lautrec embarked. Altering course to pass closer to *Alert*, it could be seen that her decks were packed with people. His Royal Highness was waving from the Royal bridge.

At about this time H.M. ships *Newcastle* and *Cockade* joined us and, after *Newcastle* had fired a Royal Salute,

they swung into station astern with *Consort* and *Cheviot*. In the afternoon we went alongside to fuel from the R.F.A. *Wave Chief*, the large tanker that was later to accompany us on our Antarctic voyage. Some difficulty was experienced in keeping station, the *Wave Chief* insisting she was doing the arranged 12 knots although BRITANNIA had to slow down to 9½ knots to keep abreast.

The next two days saw us carrying out manoeuvres with the ships in company. During the dog watches on one day, all ships were ordered to send a boat to BRITANNIA with a list of officers and the ship's pet - the latter producing one dog, one cat and a junior lieutenant. Meanwhile our jollyboat collected a deck hockey team from *Consort*, who were sent back later by high-line.

On Sunday, 4th November, we embarked a small quantity of fuel from *Newcastle* and later that day she and the escorting destroyers departed, bound for Melbourne and the Olympic games. Before they left, a quick piece of work by *Consort's* sea-boat resulted in saving a man who had fallen overboard from the *Newcastle*.

It gradually became hotter as we left the Java Sea and entered the Timor Sea. To be thoroughly unoriginal, it wasn't the heat but the humidity that got us and it remained sticky throughout the passage.

A "banyan" party at Jaco Island off the eastern tip of Timor on the afternoon of the 6th November provided a pleasant break.

Two days later, *H.M.A.S. Quadrant* joined us and having passed down our starboard side, looking very smart with the ship manned, took station astern. Almost at once, the foot descended on BRITANNIA's accelerator and she forged off to do a quarterly full power trial, one of the objects of the exercise being to see if full power could be achieved in the high sea water temperature of 86°F. According to *Quadrant* we actually reached 22 knots, which should not be possible, and so we eased down after an hour before anything broke.

On Friday, 9th November, after winding our way through the reef-strewn Torres Straits, the Royal party, together with a party of Yachtsmen, went ashore for a swim in Treacherous Bay at Darnley Island.

Poppies for Remembrance Day were sold on board that morning, Miss Stevenson and Miss Eadie very kindly going round the messes, offices and machinery spaces with jingling boxes, collecting far more than the coxswain and chief stoker could have extracted after a pay day and with the help of a stonakie.

Early the next morning as we entered Port Moresby with its wooden houses scattered indiscriminately over the hillside, the rather untidy looking waterfront was made gay by dug out canoes decorated with palm fronds and their native owners dressed up to kill. To reach our berth we had to do a 180° turn, skirting a coral bank; the Duke of Edinburgh conducted the manoeuvre himself on this occasion and berthed the Yacht neatly alongside before going aft to receive the Governor-General of Australia, Field Marshal Sir William Slim.

PORT MORESBY

Saturday, 10th, and Sunday, 11th November

The Pacific Islands Regiment guard looked very smart in their jungle-green shorts and shirts as they waited on the dockside for His Royal Highness to step ashore. We soon learned to respect their ability to repel boarders, for their challenge at the barrier gate sent a funny tingle down the spine as one extracted one's identity card in a much less casual way than usual.

The exhibition of native dancing was by far the most fascinating sight we saw. These various groups of dancers had come from villages all over Papua, and were half-way through a two-day jam session, working watch and watch about, when we saw them. There were huge headdresses made out of flowers and birds of paradise feathers, faces caked in clay and painted with bizarre war paint, tattooed bodies, an assortment of bare bottoms and a variety of bones through noses and ears. Each group had its own style of dance to perform. Standing close to the largest circle of dancers, one wondered what was going on behind those curiously painted faces. Were they still hankering after the days, only two generations' ago, when the best place for a white body was simmering gently in a pot with its head being reduced to the size of

a biggish orange in a hut nearby? Or were they reciting to themselves their newly learned alphabet ?

Our spines regained their lost warmth late in the evening at the Kone Club and the Railway Club where dances had been arranged for us of the more conventional type. It was too hot in fact, and the beer, having undergone its chemical change, very soon streamed from our foreheads. There were many fat heads the next morning

The next day was Remembrance Sunday, and a service was held on the focsle. We were fortunate in having the Bishop of New Guinea to take the service for us. This followed the traditional form, with the two buglers sounding the Last Post and Reveille from the eyes of the ship to mark the end of the two minutes' silence, and ended with a very good address by the Bishop.

History was made at Colours on this Remembrance Sunday, as the Australian flag was hoisted at the mizzen. The Governor-General had spent the night on board, and this was the first time that any Commonwealth flag had been flown in a Royal yacht.

His Royal Highness went ashore at 8.15 a.m. to complete his tour of New Guinea, visiting Lae and Rabaul, and then to fly to Australia, rejoining the Yacht at Melbourne on the 30th November. His standard was struck at 8.35 a.m., as the Royal plane took off, and the Governor-General's standard broken; again, this was the first time that such a standard had been worn by a Royal yacht.

We sailed at 1 p.m. with *Quadrant* in company, being played away by the Pacific Islands Regiment pipe band on the jetty, and set course to the south for Cook's Passage by which we were due to pass through the Great Barrier Reef early the following morning.

ON PASSAGE TO BRISBANE

Sunday, 11th - Wednesday, 14th November

By 6.30 a.m. the next morning, the Yacht was passing through Cook's Passage and into the sheltered channel inside the Reef. The passage down is, of course, justifiably famous and we were lucky to have nice sunny weather as we steamed south through the maze of islands, some steep and rocky with reddish-brown cliffs, others

low and wooded. At 3.30 p.m. we stopped and anchored off one of the larger islands, Fitzroy Island. The first motorboat took in the Governor-General and party and the motor cutter landed some thirty Yachtsmen. At the end of the sweep of beach on which the boats had landed were two small houses, set back in the trees ; these were the homes of the lighthouse-keeper and his assistant, who came down to the beach to talk to the party. They warned us most particularly against sharks. The bay in which we had landed was apparently used by the fishing fleets as an anchorage while they gutted their catch and consequently was always a popular area for sharks. The news caused a hasty closing in of the swimmers and the correctness of the warning was underlined on our return by the remains of a 12-lb. shark lying on the focsle. This had been caught by Leading Seaman Norrell, who thus took the lead in the fishing competition.

During his time ashore, the Governor-General was driven up to the lighthouse in a land rover by the keeper; by all accounts a hair-raising drive up an extremely steep and narrow track. By 6 p.m. all the bathing parties, including *Quadrant's*, were back on board, and we set off again.

We steamed past the islands of the Great Barrier Reef at 18½ knots all the next day in superb weather and sea conditions, it having become appreciably cooler.

On the day following, Wednesday, 14th November, Sir William Slim expressed a desire to visit *Quadrant*, saying that he had never been transferred by jackstay. *Quadrant* duly came upon our starboard side at 11.30 a.m., and after the A.D.C., Lieutenant James, had been sent across as a trial load, His Excellency was transferred without mishap. He spent an hour in the ship and came back by the same method at 12.30 p.m.

At 1.30 p.m. we were off the north-west channel which leads down to the Brisbane river, and it was time for *Quadrant* to part company. This she did in impressive style, coming up the port side from astern at high speed and firing a full pattern of dummy squid as she came abeam. Meanwhile, the pilot boat had been approaching on the starboard side and shortly before 2 p.m. the pilot

came on board, transferring from the pilot launch to the Yacht in a small pulling boat.

The weather which so far had been calm and sunny began to deteriorate rapidly and by 3 p.m. it was blowing half a gale with blinding rain and very low visibility. All this looked rather alarming and there was a suggestion that we might not be able to get up to Brisbane unless the weather improved - this would have been a sad beginning to our stay in Australia. Fortunately, the weather cleared as quickly as it had deteriorated and at 4.15 p.m. we were safely in the river, heading upstream at 8 knots.

A mile or two below our berth, we were met by a reception committee of boats of the Brisbane Motor Yacht Club, headed by their Commodore who passed a message of greetings. This flotilla escorted us all the way to our berth: music was even provided by a gramophone and loud hailer, through which "Waltzing Matilda" was played endlessly and at full volume in direct competition with the Royal Yacht band who were giving their rendering of the same tune on the Royal deck.

We went a short way upstream of our berth and turned to starboard, securing port side to at 6.30 p.m. at Bretts Wharf. His Excellency the Governor-General left shortly afterwards with Lord Cilcennin to fly to Canberra, and the Yacht settled down to enjoy its first taste of Australian hospitality.

AT BRISBANE

Wednesday, 14th, and Thursday, 15th November

Great speculation had been aroused on board about the quality and strength of Australian beer. It was clear on Thursday morning that sampling had been taken seriously, but there seemed to be no unusual ill-effects. Much entertainment had been arranged for our short stay. There were dances on Wednesday evening and bus trips on Thursday, not to mention several small parties in service messes and ex-service clubs for officers and yachtsmen alike. One party of yachtsmen were taken on an all-day trip to Surfer's Paradise, the rapidly developing holiday resort on the coast to the south-east of



H.M.S. CHEVIOT DEPARTS



FIELD MARCHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM VISITS H.M.S. QUADRANT



"Sing-Sing
at Port
Moresby



"White
Heron"
at Port
Lyttelton



"OUR BRIDGE"

Brisbane; in the afternoon a second party was taken on a local tour.

In contrast to the evening of our arrival, when the wharf had been cleared, the next day it was open to the public and from breakfast time onwards there was a steady stream of spectators.

In the afternoon we had our first taste of the excitement and interest aroused by the Olympic Games when a ceremony was held outside the City Hall to receive the incoming runner bearing the Olympic torch and to give a send off to the next runner on his way south to Sydney.

Several thousand people packed the barriers to cheer us on our way as we slipped at 8 p.m. and headed down the long river, reaching the open sea just before midnight.

ON PASSAGE TO SYDNEY

Thursday, 15th - Saturday, 17th November

Two nights and a day's steaming brought us in sight of Sydney Heads at 8 a.m. on the morning of the 17th November.

During this short trip, the final touches were put to watchbills of the Seamen and Supply Divisions who would be taking four days' leave for each watch during our stay in Sydney. At the same time the Engineering and Electrical departments were tidying up the final details of their intensive self-maintenance programme.

All, whether going on leave or not, were looking forward to their time in Sydney.

As we passed through the Heads at 9 a.m. exactly, the view of Sydney harbour opened up, backed in the distance by the famous bridge. It is not without justification that the millions who have seen this sight have taken home stories of its splendour and beauty surpassing that of all other harbours of the world. We were to berth at the R.A.N. dockyard on Garden Island and so it was not necessary for us to pass under the bridge; but the photograph of the Yacht with the "coathanger" as a background is a fine memento of our arrival at this half-way mark.

We were to go alongside, port side too, just ahead of H.M.S. *Newcastle* and under the stern of a freighter. A

closer inspection revealed that there was not much room to spare, and in fact our stern slid past *Newcastle* literally only inches clear. A few quick engine movements - and an equally quick response from below - took the way off smartly, and we dropped into position without incident.

While the Admiral and Flag Officer, East Australian Area, exchanged calls during the forenoon, liaison officers came on board with details of leave and entertainment arrangements. These were as full and varied as the fore-taste at Brisbane had led us to expect and it was clear that the authorities, both naval and civil, had spared no trouble to make our stay a happy one - and so it proved.

SYDNEY

Saturday, 17th - Tuesday, 27th November

Leave started on Sunday morning and, during the day, Yachtsmen were leaving by various trains for destinations up-country, some only a few hours away, others an all-night journey. Their hosts ranged from graziers to fruit farmers and both they and the second leave party, which went off on Thursday, 22nd, were given a wonderful time. All came back to recount stories of shearing sheep, falling off horses, driving for miles over rolling plains, eating steaks for breakfast and were full of the enterprise, resource and kindness of our Australian cousins in the outback. Our thanks are due to the Red Cross and to the Country Women's Association of N.S.W. for the excellent arrangements which they made to give the Yacht's company such a wonderful break.

For those who remained on board or locally in Sydney, life was by no means dull. Full advantage was taken of Sydney's famous surfing beaches, and the *Ex Servicemen's League* did much to entertain in the evenings. Two parties of twelve were flown up to Toowoomba, free of charge, by Butler's Air Transport, and there royally entertained for two nights and a day by the Mayor and Council and the local Rotary Club.

On board, the Engineering and Electrical departments were busy with a heavy self-maintenance programme, tests and inspections, checking that all the machinery was at its best before the long haul ahead of

us. In order to cope with this programme, leave for those departments was deferred until Melbourne. From the upper deck side, opportunity was taken to repair the ravages of time on the side, particularly round the anchors and below the boats. The dockyard was most helpful. Its men painted the red boot-topping right round the Yacht, assisted in work below and did much work for us in the repair shops ashore. Thursday and Friday were given over to storing ship. A very large quantity of victualling and frozen stores was embarked, and Naval stores were brought in on Monday.

Tuesday, the day of departure, came all too soon and the Yacht sailed at 9 p.m. for Melbourne. There was an unfortunate misunderstanding over cranes which necessitated getting the brows out by hand. The after brow was comparatively simple, being short and light, but the forward brow, which was a heavy sixty-footer, presented something of a problem. It was eventually lifted clear with a tackle on the screen above, and lowered out with the assistance of volunteers from the sizeable crowd which had gathered to see us off. From the good-byes witnessed on the jetty, it was clear that many Yachtsmen would leave Sydney with happy memories; in fact everyone on board will always remember our stay and the way we were welcomed and looked after wherever we went.

ON PASSAGE TO MELBOURNE

Tuesday, 27th - Thursday, 29th November

This was another short passage of two nights and a day during which we went back into blue uniform for the first time since the 19th September - a welcome change as the temperature was down to 60°F. The day was spent in final cleaning and tidying before our arrival in Melbourne. In spite of the long trips we had undertaken since being painted last March, the Yacht's appearance remained remarkably good. The worst feature was the port side, a fleet of which was treated with special Ripolin Polish in Sydney. This brought the shine back so well that it was decided to polish the whole side in Melbourne.

AT MELBOURNE

Thursday, 29th November - Monday, 10th December

At 6.20 a.m. on Thursday we passed through Port Phillip Heads, and set course across the bay. R.N. and other naval ships were arriving or leaving that morning and there was a short delay while we waited for the pilot. We had been given the highest deep water berth in the Yarra river, with our bows only a few feet from Spencer Street Bridge; the long passage up the river from Port Melbourne took over an hour.

We discovered that Melbourne is a beautiful city although the approach up-river does not give the best impressions to the newcomer. In the early part the river winds its way through muddy low-lying flats. Further up, factories crowd down towards the banks, and deep water quays are seen. At one of these we passed H.M.S. *Newcastle*, who had left Sydney on the 19th and with *Consort* and *Cockade* formed the Royal Naval Olympic Squadron. At 10 a.m. we had berthed port side to the wharf which looked extremely neat and tidy with its new paint and little trees in tubs at the foot of the roof pillars at the open end. For the remainder of the forenoon, the Admiral was busy paying and receiving calls, including those of His Excellency the Governor of Victoria, General Sir Dallas Brooks, and the Chief of the Australian Naval Staff, Vice-Admiral Dowling.

During the afternoon the Royal barge was lowered for trials under Spencer Street Bridge: it was to be used on the river to take the Duke of Edinburgh up to the swimming stadium where a special landing had been built, although the clearance at certain states of the tide was marginal.

The following morning, the Governor-General joined us again for the period of the Duke of Edinburgh's stay and in the evening His Royal Highness returned after his tour in the interior of Australia. During the following ten days His Royal Highness lived on board, coming and going to the Olympic Games and other functions, often driving himself in his own Lagonda.

Our stay in Melbourne was rather naturally dominated by the Olympic Games. Many of us were lucky

enough to witness some of the track or field events in the Main Stadium, which was the Melbourne Cricket Ground with extra stands built round and the running tracks and jumping pits specially laid in the middle. This huge oval was an impressive sight, packed to capacity with a noisy, cheerful and intensely interested crowd of many nations; a crowd that could set the circle of national flags fluttering with its roar of cheering for a new record, particularly an Australian record-breaker's, or could sit tense and hushed as a slim Negro girl tried for a new world's record in the high jump; a crowd that ate tons of peanuts and hot dogs, drank endless coca-cola and took mile after mile of films; a crowd that was handled with great patience and good humour by officers and men of the Royal Australian Navy - a nice thing to see.

Those who couldn't get to the Main Stadium could go to see the swimming events in a new, beautifully designed, modern pool, which provided some of the most exciting features of the post-war Games as record after record was smashed by a remarkable team of young Australians. There was football and hockey and cycling there was Melbourne itself. On the right bank of the river was the busy, bustling business centre round Collins Street with its brilliant illuminations at night; half a mile away on the other bank were acres of quiet parks and gardens, beautifully kept, with the flower-beds a blaze of colour. There was little doubt in anyone's mind that Melbourne, in accepting the challenge of running the Olympic Games, had risen to the occasion with superb efficiency, combining that efficiency with a great spirit of welcome and kindness which was everywhere apparent.

Great interest was of course centred on *Bluebottle* she had been carried in BRITANNIA on previous occasions and everyone was delighted with her bronze medal.

Those who were on duty on board or unlucky in getting tickets for the Games were able to watch most events on the television. We had been fortunate in being lent no less than six sets which were installed in various parts of the ship; the reception and coverage was extremely good.

Shipboard work for the seamen was concentrated on outward appearance, while the technical departments, who had worked at their maintenance throughout the time in Sydney, took their four days' leave. After some initial experimenting, the whole of the port side was polished with the Ripolin polish. The final result was extremely successful and aroused great interest from the onlookers, many of whom were convinced that we had repainted the side.

The last leave party came back on Monday, 10th. Once again the arrangements made by the Country Women's Association had been admirable, supported by free railway travel arranged by the Premier of Victoria, and once again, as in Sydney, everyone was loud in the praises of their respective hosts and hostesses.

ON PASSAGE TO PORT LYTTELTON

Tuesday, 11th - Saturday, 15th December

We were due to sail at 10 a.m., His Royal Highness having landed at 9.50 a.m. to fly to New Zealand. In the event, we did not slip until 10.30 a.m. as the Duke of Edinburgh's flight was delayed through engine trouble. By 9.30 a.m. there was a sizeable crowd on the jetty and on Spencer Street Bridge waiting to see His Royal Highness on his last public appearance in Australia.

There was not room to turn opposite our berth and there was a fair breeze blowing on to our starboard quarter. We accordingly took two tugs, one for'd and one aft, and these were standing by when the Duke of Edinburgh went ashore. He left, driving himself in his Lagonda, followed by a string of cars with the Household, and was cheered by the crowd on his way.

The forward brow was already out and, as soon as the after brow was clear, we slipped and the tugs hauled us off into the stream. Once clear of the jetty, we were hauled stern first down-river for about four cables, to the basin where we could turn. The for'd tug was slipped as we started the turn, with the after tug pulling our stern round. With the turn nearly completed, the tug aft was also slipped and we set off down-river. Groups of people had gathered on the wharves and ferry piers to see us

go; a final farewell from the Australians whose warm welcome, friendliness and hospitality to the Yacht's company will never be forgotten.

As we crossed the bay towards the Heads, we were kept company by the U.S.S. *Bremerton*, the flagship of the United States Olympic Squadron sailing for home. We also passed the *Kista Dan*, the Danish vessel, specially strengthened for ice navigation, which had been chartered to take the Australian Antarctic Expedition down to its base at Mawson and the Vestfold Hills.

We passed through the Bass Strait during the first watch, and set course across the Tasman Sea at 18 knots. This is one of the seas that has a reputation for dirty weather, and the following day, although it was calm and sunny, preparations for rough weather were put in hand. All the bulwark doors on the upper deck were opened and the gratings fitted: the quarterdeck and focsle hatches refitted and tested, and boats covered and lashed. In spite of all these precautions Thursday and most of Friday were calm and sunny. This was just as well since most of us were feeling too fragile after the gay days in Melbourne to be able to withstand any buffeting about.

The wind rose sharply on Friday afternoon causing some slight anxiety as we were due to enter Wellington harbour after dark and make a circuit inside the harbour with the Yacht floodlit. However, once we were under the lee of the land all was well and we steamed peacefully through the narrow approach under a three-quarter moon, followed by a steady stream of cars on the shore line. The many lights ashore looked very enticing as we slowly circled the inner harbour before turning out to sea and heading south at 18½ knots.

AT PORT LYTTELTON

Saturday, 15th - Monday 17th December

There was a stiff breeze blowing from the north as we turned into the narrow bay leading to Port Lyttelton, a breeze that was coming in strong gusts off the high hills which flank the bay to the north. The harbour lies in a small natural amphitheatre of hills with the town clinging

to the steep slopes above the water. We were met out in the bay by the pilot-boat and escorted through the entrance by a tug. On the jetty to port was the band of the R.M. Old Comrades' Association playing us in. We were to berth at the oiling jetty, a long wooden jetty to the left of the entrance, and we came nicely into position after a sharp turn to port. The wind was blowing us on, and unfortunately we were struck by a particularly fierce gust at the crucial moment. We were swept on to the jetty with some force: both catamarans, which were only two logs lashed together, capsized and there was an extremely expensive noise as the vertical wooden piles of the jetty ground into the Yacht's side.

Fortunately the damage was not as bad as it had sounded, although several plates were buckled, and the port lower entrance frame was distorted. A water test was put on this as soon as the Admiral had left for his round of calls, and it was clear that we would not be able to use this entrance again before considerable straightening had been done. It was necessary to fill the gaps round the edges of the doors by fitting an extra bracket on the frame with a screw purchase to heave the door closed.

After oiling, which was finished at 1 p.m., we were to have shifted berth across to the north side of the harbour where *Hawea* and *Pukaki*, our New Zealand frigate escorts, were already lying. The wind, however, was as strong as ever and, as there was only one tug, it was decided that we should stay alongside the oiling jetty and shift berth early the following morning. It was not a comfortable berth to lie at with strong gusts of wind blowing the Yacht on to the jetty and inadequate catamarans: every fender in the ship must have been over the side at one time, but we managed to adjust these and the catamarans to prevent any more serious damage, although the paintwork suffered severely.

Two dances were given in Christchurch on Saturday night, one for officers and the other for Yachtsmen, both being very well run by the Navy League. Lyttelton, which is the port of Christchurch, is separated from the latter by a steep range of hills under which the railway

runs through a tunnel. Special trains had been arranged for us as well as free travel and so the half an hour's journey to the brighter lights of Christchurch proved no great handicap.

When we surfaced, after the odd hour in bed, to look at the weather at 5.30 a.m. on Sunday morning, our jaundiced eyes saw no hopes of an easy move across the harbour. The wind was as gusty as ever and it was not until 7 a.m. that we finally secured in our new berth, the tug having parted a 4" manilla and its big towing wire in the first two attempts to move us.

After a breakfast, which we all felt we had earned, we were interested to see H.M.N.Z.S. *Endeavour* enter harbour. This ship, formerly the *John Biscoe*, was to take the New Zealand part of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition under Sir Edmund Hillary down to McMurdo Sound.

A cricket team landed in the forenoon and, although they lost the game, rumour has it that they more than held their own at the subsequent party which lasted until the small hours! Thirty Yachtsmen set off on a sight-seeing tour in the afternoon arranged by the Mayor of Lyttelton, who subsequently entertained them to tea. They were fortunate in seeing some of New Zealand's wonderful scenery, although the weather was cloudy and the wind was still blowing hard.

It was this wind which whisked clouds of dust into the faces of the crowd who waited at the end of the jetty to see the Duke of Edinburgh arrive shortly after 7.30 p.m. Greeted by the Mayor and Mayoress he walked down the jetty from his car to spend the night on board before a day of engagements in Christchurch and Port Lyttelton itself.

His Royal Highness went ashore at 10 a.m. the next morning and was presented with a new yacht by the New Zealand Manufacturers' Federation. This boat, called *White Heron*, is made of fibre glass, and was subsequently embarked on the boat-deck for carriage home. After inspecting *Endeavour* and her crew, the Duke of Edinburgh left by car for Christchurch to carry out the remainder of the day's programme.

During the day we topped up with fresh and frozen provisions, including a gift of New Zealand lamb from one of the packing stations which His Royal Highness had visited. A hockey team landed after lunch to play a combined team from the frigates and, in a high wind, beat them 5-2.

Before sailing that evening, the Duke of Edinburgh entertained the members of the Antarctic Expedition on board and Sir Edmund Hillary managed to fit in a quick tour of the Yacht before going ashore. We left at 11 p.m. and, as the brow went out, the barriers were opened to allow the crowd on to the jetty. They rushed down to the edge of the quay, surrounding the little group of members of the Expedition who were gathered amidships. The Royal Marine Reserve Band was also there and we were given a great send-off as we slipped and made for the harbour entrance.

The *Endeavour* which followed us out later had the misfortune to be caught in a heavy gust in the harbour mouth and broke the wing tip of the small airplane secured to her deck, although she escaped damage herself.

ON PASSAGE TO CHATHAM ISLAND

Monday, 17th - Wednesday, 19th December

On Tuesday just before noon, we caught up with *Hawea* and *Pukaki*, who had left earlier than ourselves the previous evening.

We had been warned to expect the worst weather of the trip on this passage, with a heavy swell two or three hundred feet long and up to forty feet high. The storm doors were therefore fitted over the Royal apartment main entrances, storm plates put over ventilation intakes on the upper decks and everything between decks was thoroughly secured.

On Tuesday night, we crossed the 180° meridian. This meridian does not coincide with the International Date Line here, the latter passing to the east of Chatham Island so that the island time is not a whole day different from the time kept in New Zealand.

CHATHAM ISLAND

Wednesday, 19th December

At 9.10 a.m. on Wednesday we anchored off the jetty at Port Waitangi in Chatham Island, having had as calm a passage as one could wish.

The island is long and low and is very reminiscent of one of the islands of the North or West coasts of Scotland. Life revolves entirely round sheep, a life which in the winter must often be lonely and bleak. There is a small settlement on the shores of the bay and on a bluff overlooking the few red-roofed houses, stands the administrator's house. The angle at which the wind break of trees leans over the house provides mute evidence of the winds which sweep the island.

His Royal Highness went ashore at 10 a.m. for his tour of the island. The highlight of the day's activities was a race-meeting, one of the two annual meetings which on this occasion had been arranged earlier than usual in honour of His Royal Highness's visit. A number of officers and Yachtsmen went ashore to watch the day's sport, taking a picnic lunch with them. Libertymen landed at the pier, on which there was a light railway for the transport of stores and wool bales, and walked a mile or so along the foreshore to where a cluster of tents marked the race-course. Although the finishing straight, about a furlong, was railed with rough posts, the remainder of the course was marked by white painted stakes stuck at intervals in the open field. It was clearly a great occasion and the whole population had turned out to watch the programme of six races, the majority of which were called after a member of the Royal Family.

The Duke of Edinburgh took his place in the one small stand which held about sixty people, and which also housed the jockeys' changing room and the weighing room. He delighted the onlookers by acting as the starter for one of the races. Home-made silks and slacks were the dress of the day for the jockeys as they mounted their ponies in the small paddock. One sporting gent. rode in a beard and stockinged feet: rumour had it that he had to take his shoes off because he was overweight!

Half-way through the programme everyone set to