

temperature effect that caused the venerable chief Q.M. to hear in a conspiratorial whisper on the conning intercom — "Starboard a little bit, Chief?"

Sixty-four folios with associated Pubs have been in the faithful care of the Nay. Yeo., A.B. Fitch. Every morning at 0815 his measured voice has brought split second time to the furthestmost regions of the ship. One morning he missed. Somebody had left "Lolita" on the chart table.

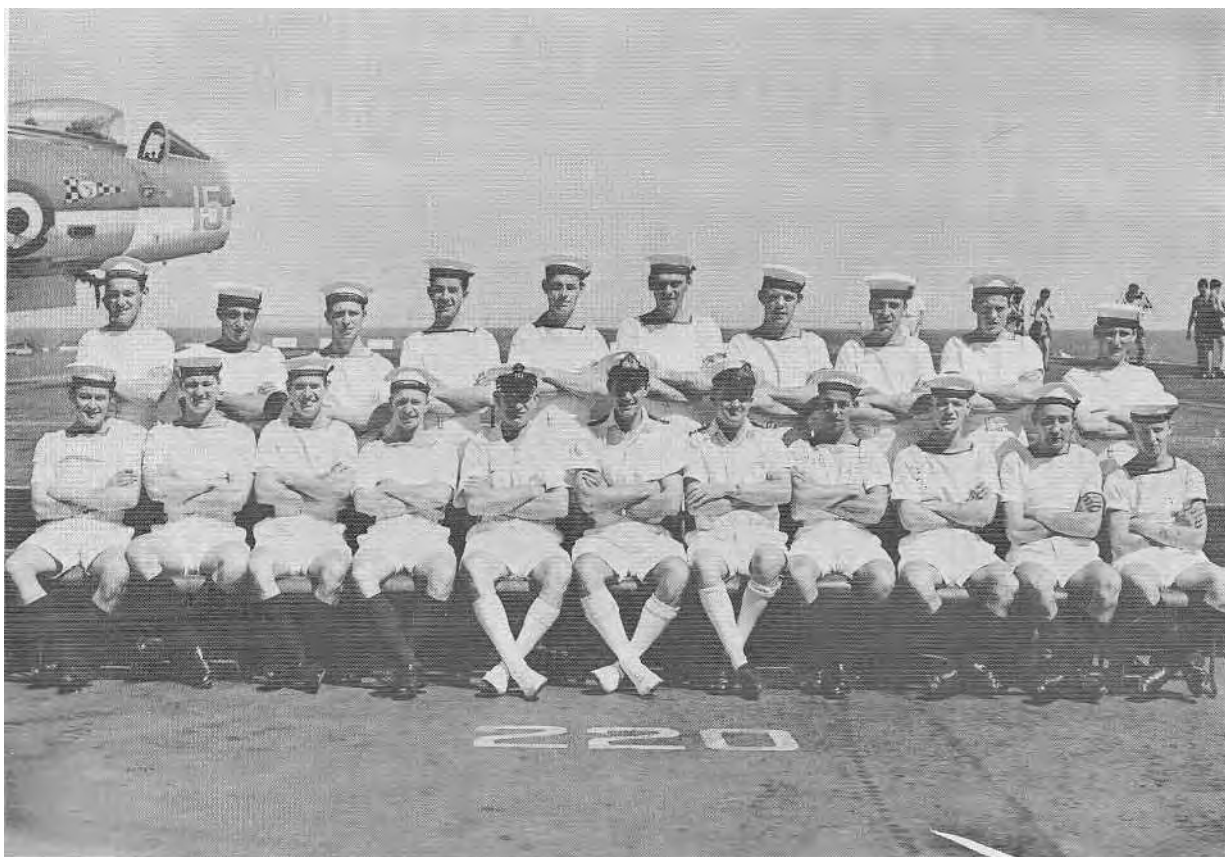
Starry eyes — come fog, rain, storm, Decca or Loran, rapid astro has been the cry. Use of a pilot's headset to communicate direct to the charthouse has enabled jet noise to be circumvented and rendered only N2 atomically expendable.

"Dawn Breeze" was perhaps the highest point of our commission: three carriers operating in close company for a period, ever rotating screens, elusive Pims and N first added the magic word Staff to his title.

America was not perhaps so concentrated but the strain was probably greater. Temperatures in the *Navigation and Met. Dept.*

FSP were normally round the 110 mark. Add this to zigzags, weaves, situations, thoughts of air conditioning and the plight of the Q.M. and his team may be imagined. From Boston and New York the gangway staff emerged tired but triumphant. The experience produced discretion (there's nothing in the log of a lightly clad nymph seen in the Wardroom flat very late in the middle watch) and an Elizabethan polish coupled with New World efficiency. Remember the assistance to an elderly matron and her daughter over the Quarterdeck brow in New York? What courtly flourishes, what swift support in just the right places, what an eloquent gesture to cause a quick surge of mirth to make more light the rigours of 24 on.

Finally, we would all wish to thank Chief Petty Officer Woods for his invaluable and enthusiastic work in the ship. This is the last of his seagoing ships during his long service in the Royal Navy. Our best wishes go with him when he finally retires six months after the end of the commission.



AIR  
ELECTRICAL  
DEPT.

A  
*Conversation  
in Mindy's  
on  
Broadway*



"YOUR BEER IS LOUSY, the waitress is too skinny and I haven't seen a sucker worth clipping in two days and you want that I should give the inside scoop on the A.L.D. racket for free! Hell, it'll keep me busy until the Park Avenue gang starts to dribble in with some dough I can separate them from.

Well, to illuminate those of you crumbs that are not cognisant with the old A.L.D. enterprise and to restore memories to those that may possibly have done time in the syndicate, I will dwell awhile upon some of the establishments and personalities tied up in this organisation.

The A.L.D. Corporation comes under a Limey property owner with the initials A.O.O. — to disclose more than initials of this and certain other characters would be hazardous. This guy is in partnership with A.E.O. and this latter gentleman waves a stick over a similar combine known as A.E.D. Consolidated. These two dudes operate from the Combined Associated Trust Office (C.A.T.O.), a shady front in down-town *Victorious*, where the visibility is habitually impaired by a quantity of cigar and cigarette smoke which you have to hack your way through. When I say hack, I mean hack. This condition is because they can't open no windows, which in turn is on account of the S.B. crew in the apartment above who, when they are not away, throw out quantities of crummy cleaning water at all times of day.

This raunchy den has other inmates. To give you a for instance, there is undercover man C.E.L., the progress chaser and comparison shopper, that goes for a snoop around the A.L.D. properties daily to confirm they are still ticking and that also has a look-

see around neighbouring set-ups like 803 Limited and 893 Incorporated, to estimate how business is with them. Then there is the office boy, Carter, that has learned him to type and spends his vertical hours pounding out unending reports of the company's activities in years gone by. When operations are in full swing, this joint is a real nuthouse due to the perpetual answering of phones and wire reports, and moreover, the frequent intrusions of travellers and technical reps of the aforesaid neighbouring set-ups that come to chew over the slumps of the previous day. Add a little oil and you'd think you was in a sardine can.

Risking a shake-down I hint at an inner cell going under the monicker of A.M.C.O. Rumour has it that several cruds hibernate in here each of whom is making a book. Certainly there is a small hatch hidden in C.A.T.O. which gives onto this sanctum and once I did espy in the back of this hatch a large tote board on which certain odds were chalked up.

A.L.O., the first named racketeer, has wide and varied interests in the city of *Victorious* and he's got his fingers in more pies than that jerk that found the four and twenty blackbirds. To illustrate, his is the mezzanine floor of the Waldorf-Astoria located according to my city map at 4L/K on main street. This giant hunk of real estate noses out into the highway and brings about great bottle-necks in the traffic so that the overhead emerald lights mean not a single thing. Take another, there is the electrical and instrument service station down in Greenwich Village. Go for a third, and you've got the great Exposition Montage Room (Air) close by Central where exhibitions of aviation bric-a-brac are held Sunday through Saturday each week. I have put the finger on thirteen A.L.D. dives spread over town, but with your kind indulgence I will describe in more detail the heretofore mentioned three principal holdings.

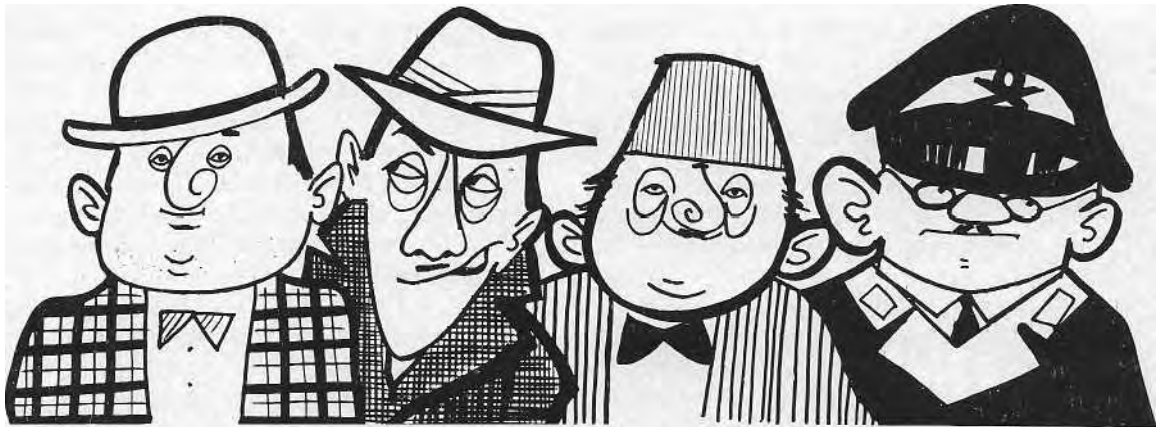
The Waldorf is as I have alluded situate on the main drag and is one ritzy emporium. The headman, D.A.L.O., has created an air of classy distinction in this gin-mill with the backing of his maitre d' Hotel C.R.E.A.G.W., and a staff of nine chosen grafters also on the pay roll. In this he was much abetted by decor consultant Fish, who jazzed up the air-conditioned main assembly room with some real beatnik pastel coloured furnishings. This assembly room can be hired out for commercial and military displays although for state security considerations certain geegaws of interest to the Riding Hoods may not be waved around before the peasants and in these predicaments special arrangements arc necessary with the G men.

One successful line of military merchandise to be stashed in this room was a faster-than-spitballs missile labelled Firestreak. Several full moons had risen over the Empire State before this baby was ready to be put through its paces in two of the best rooms in the house. The staging of this affair was big business, capital BB, and to ensure an eye-catching effect the Bureau negotiated for a complete timber mock-up to be rigged in Portsmouth Navy Yard.

For about the time it takes a broad to make up her mind, numerous craftsmen and agents of business houses were installing the gear, pausing only for liquid, and less often solid, refreshment which was obtainable from a nearby diner identified in Cue as the Ward Room. This is no Howard Johnson's, but a period piece ante-chamber where hash is slung in navy style by stewards wearing white gloves. Notwithstanding this, the cover charge is often waived for the boys with the expense accounts. Investigators of the Bureau were also regulars and armed with wire recorders and bundles of printed matter they were often of a mind to check that progress was as advertised without any flim flam.

When the whole works had finally been pasted together the gate was flung open to prominent citizens of the state department and top naval brass so they could size up the potentialities and cast an eye at the proceedings. Applicants for these soirees had to be large shots with plenty of gentility and it was not uncommon for their family trees to be shaken vigorously by a private detective agency in London to guarantee they held no dead leaves or rotten apples. However, even after being put through the fine filter, these wheels with the pull found it of necessity to be a buddy of the management to gain the welcome mat in the chamber of consoles, which was packed with space-age pinball machines and was the high-spot of the tour.

Now the clincher to make you flip your wig is just coming. The apex of this display I am recounting was a road show at a close by airfield when these babies were fired at Firefly targets, which were sort of old-timey Stutz Bearcats with radio control, But as with all Cecil B. de Mille spectaculars there were set-backs. To name but a few, there was the circumstance when the refrigeration plant dropped on its hunkers and plastic Cisk pipe had to be hauled in from Malta to fix it. Also agents were air-lifted thousands of miles with missing parts. The camel seemed to have taken on board the ultimate straw when the first target was terrorised into the briney after only two sizing-up passes by the attack plane. Conjecture was raised by all as to the other targets being of a similar disposition.



*Bookmakers, Junkpeddlers, Whiteslavers and Wiretappers.*

In due time however the stage was set and our principal bad actor from the Waldorf was accorded the honour of giving pre-take-off exercise to the missile's eyeballs using a Pusser's flashlight — obtainable from Macy's on 6th. Then before the gaze of the assembled bookmakers, white slavers, junk peddlars and wiretappers, the pursuit planes of <sup>8</sup>93 Squadron took off and gave that target real hell. All at Mindy's were unanimous that special praise was due to the staff of the Waldorf for all the oil they had burned on this project. And the Bureau was not a little content despite all the wish mosh that had been tossed in on the deal.

If you have a mind to it, showcases of similar hardware can be crashed at the more accessible Strand Palace near Lee-on-Solent and the Regent Palace near Portsmouth, but neither pierces the strata of the Waldorf despite the morocco-bound visitors' books they keep in their foyers. No, you out-of-town jerk, not Portsmouth, Virginia — Portsmouth, England. Ain't you got no learning, like me ?

Proceeding to city map reference 45, next take a peek at C.E.A.'s service station down in the Village where he and his artisans operate a successful racket fencing hot instruments and pushing other junk belonging to old crates in the area. Should on-site bug detection and overhaul be a necessity, the services of E.L.M.E.C.H. and his nomadic tribe of mechanics will be laid at your disposal, especially if it's too hot to move. I may add that you get a ninety-day guarantee on the loot they peddle.

Few citizens have rubbed shoulders with this quaint and colourful layout burrowed out under a great broadwalk frequented by fish-heads, otherwise known as Brooklyn fish-peddlers from the west side piers. Explorers who have found their beaks pressed up against the narrow entrance to this cubbyhole are not

a little discouraged from moving their size nines further in consideration of the shrieking and booming racket, the fetid ozone, the maze of doors and alleys, and the trickling of water from the broadwalk undoubtedly the excess moisture from the fish-heads' boots. I figure there'll be a big rhubarb if they don't desist.

This X Certificate situation was partially to the liking of the chief scrooge as it in no small measure deterred loafers and tourists. The lack of interruption was good for commerce and his corner store operated by "take-two-they're-small" Finnegan traded in old pieces of equipment for new with 'you-name-it — we-got-it" efficiency.

Then one morning, Gazimbat! M.R. Gyro, a sophisticated piece boarding at No. 2 I.R.S., a nearby rooming house, she started slipping but fast and was observed by all to be hitting the lows. On return from her daily stint in the Scimitar this doll went into orbit with nightly performances of peculiar and eccentric gyrations. Well, C.E.A. and his confederate E.A. of 803 Limited, being of enterprising dispositions, took time out to supervise this body shop and all manner of tourists and low characters started to snake into the area to knock their eyeballs out as she ran up to speed and began to wander from the straight and narrow.

Now this to-be-deplored state of affairs got to the ear of the big-shot who judged that the environs were not cut out for such displays, particularly as it was doing his trade no advantage whatsoever. So he conned his hatchet-man A.A.L.O. to have the whole nasty business transferred to a Park Avenue type cat house in Sonar W/S, centred upon the more select mid-town *Victorious*.

Here the show is now under the veil due to the high-tone neighbourhood of No. 1 I.R.S. down by the Batteries, but needless to say C.E.A. and his

confederate still get the rake-off and commute nightly to this place. Many rubber-necks are still searching for the old highspot, but the hatchet-man who also resides at Sonar W/S keeps a bold eye on proceedings and entry is by invitation only. Them F.B.I. men can't find it either even with their wire-tapping, listening and one-way mirror gear.

Bear with me a little longer, friends, and I will now give you the lowdown on the noteworthy Exposition Montage Room (Air) — or E.M.R. (Air) as it is termed by the natives. This city building is a must for every discerning city goofier doing the rounds. I guess I don't have to remind you where it is. Yeah, I guess I do at that — it's at city map reference 4N.

A slick guy with the initials C.R.E.A. operates this stadium for the hatchet-man along with the helping hands of not a few staunch toilers. They swung a big deal when they started a display of airplane electronics stuff there which is now in its second year. In the preparation of this layout a gent called Pashley was much to the fore and thunk up quite a few angles.

The banks of electronic boxes attended by the barkers conversing in their own local twidget dialect makes a great impact on the casual browser. This to the extent that, be it a popular rubber-neck attraction, most folks are hazed and do not linger long, thereby

*A.E.O.*

permitting the demonstrators to continue with fixing their equipment which is always blowing a gasket or suffering some such other catastrophe.

The upper crust moving in on the Waldorf are prone to drop in here on their way to the airport, but likewise they are usually of a disposition to beat a hasty retreat with parting pearls of the nature that the whole issue appears far too complex for comment. Such crust is habitually cheered on its journey to the airport by making a detour through the plane-shed with its features that jab the eye and this calls forth much earnest enquiry and once in a while some real smart talk.

Well — I guess that winds up our little tour of the racket run by the English that used to own us. The A.L.D. is an expanding proposition and from various speaks around town I learn that it has acquired much real estate in the city during the past few years. A bird did whisper that in a year or two a take-over bid may be made at the end of the main drag. If any of you crumbs here in Mindy's are ever "invited" to take up residence in the fair city of *Victorious*, you may detect the truth or otherwise of this fortune teller's handout.

Pardon me if I melt. I spy two very potential suckers."



## AIR

THERE ARE PEOPLE who believe that the Air Engineering Department has something to do with aircraft. This is not entirely true. Other things drain a good deal of time and attention.

There are those who look after the Flight Deck transport, cranes, fork lift trucks and Land Rovers (a ground borne version of the Skyraider and brings the mail when alongside in harbour). Wrestling with the insides of Jumbo after it has been barbecued by a Scimitar taxiing past or dealing with the recalcitrant tractor obviously designed for towing ploughs in Worcestershire and not for use on flight decks is not always an easy operation in the teeth of a 35-knot wind and flying spray. When not so engaged there is



## ENGINEERING DEPT

always burst fuel hoses to be arranged causing consternation and No Smoking in various parts of the ship.

Others repair ground equipment including the blue steel ladders which are so useful for painting and cleaning parts of ship. There is a mechanical aircraft handler intended to replace a dozen humans but always having a stand-easy or skulking in the corner of the hangar when wanted and needing chasing with large spanners and much attention.

The aircraft Workshops have become adept at repairing most things and managed to include the Dental Department in the list of customers. It even produced its own version of the ideal aeroplane mne that never goes unserviceable in the middle of the night. True, it would only fly with the assistance of the Bosun's Party but it has had its moments and done more sorties than some of the more expensive versions seen on board. Later, there was the adventure into the locomotive building industry which resulted

in the appearance of Nellie. She did well in Boston and New York (except on the occasion when she suffered from an intermittent supply of steam) and her remains are carefully preserved in the Workshops lobby.

Undoubtedly in harbour the whole department's outlook has been bounded by boxes — big boxes, little boxes, square boxes, oblong boxes and even round boxes. Each contains some essential spare part which has to be extracted, unpacked and stowed away somewhere. Its unserviceable brother spare part, which is also stowed away somewhere, has to be found, packed, nailed down in its box and placed on the Flight Deck near the crane and, preferably, out of sight from the Flight Deck Officer.

However, in spite of all this, aircraft are our business and have kept us busy. People do bring broken pieces such as starters, some two hundred wheels to be re-tyred and several hundred other miscellaneous bits of aircraft to be mended, usually late at night and requiring repair in the shortest possible time. These people have had to be and were (we hope) satisfied. The Workshops have been the Headquarters Flight for the various Squadrons in turn and on occasions

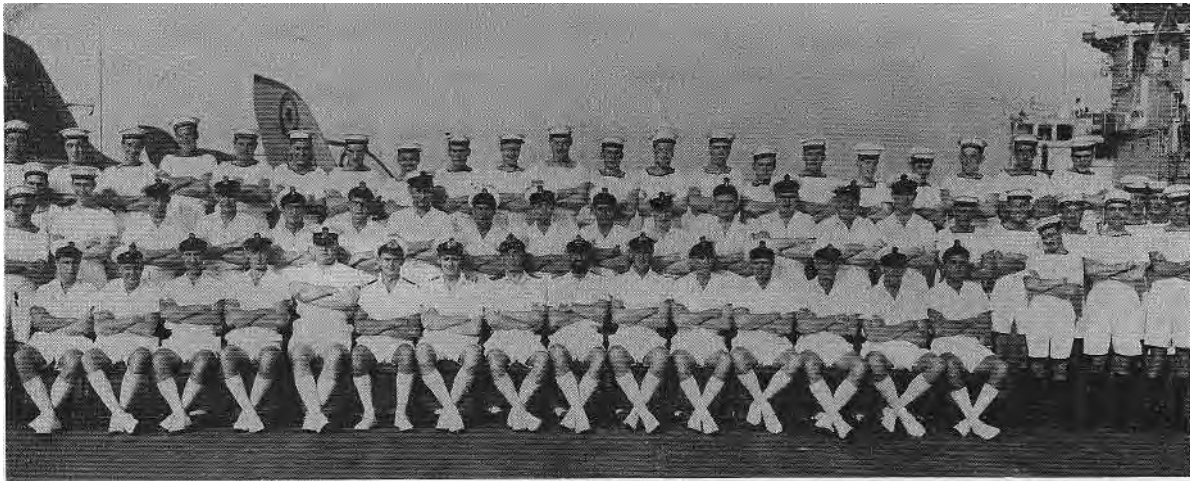
*F.D. Engineers Dept.*

for all of them at the same time. The request to be included in Squadron photographs on these grounds, however, was not granted.

Since the departure of our resident helicopter Squadron, a small section of the Department has worked strenuously to maintain the two S.A.R. Helicopters on whose serviceability the daily flying programme depended. Many anxious inquiries have been received regarding their welfare (the helicopters — not the maintenance team), but somehow they have always managed to meet the requirements.

Behind all this activity are those who dealt with paperwork and unintelligible forms and reports. One even deserted the Air Engineering Department for the Supply Department because, it is rumoured, they had a warmer office. Others have become adept at lowering aircraft which had been left behind by the Squadrons into lighters, and have watched with satisfaction as they sailed away.

All this made up the team which remained almost unchanged throughout the commission. The few who did leave invariably retired from the Service. The remainder thought that this was very odd.





## Sick Bay

FROM OUR WHITE-WALLED Asepsia up forward, the Quacks seem to be the migratory breed, three having flown during the Commission and only the Haggis waffling "Grnithoanropologist" (Birdman Watcher) remaining to the litter, "Our Jim," the Windsor Boy and our V.R. sawbones leaving us too early. Since their departure, our Tame Pathologist set up such a laboratory aboard that he frightened all to drink — so took on the job of Wine Caterer instead — hoping, needless to say, to see some cirrhosis or some other kind of flowers.

Our junior is cutter upper — has taught himself navigation, but so far has not had the opportunity to take sights on anything internal.

Our Ducks, sorry Does, on the other hand, have remained firmly to the nest. Chief Stephens is more interested in "birdies" than ducks — trouble is that as one of four ex-R.M. Sick Bay thugs, the Golf course looks like a Commando battle ground after he has been round. Our blood sucker, P.O. Bishop, doesn't mind how he gets it — joined the shooting team to

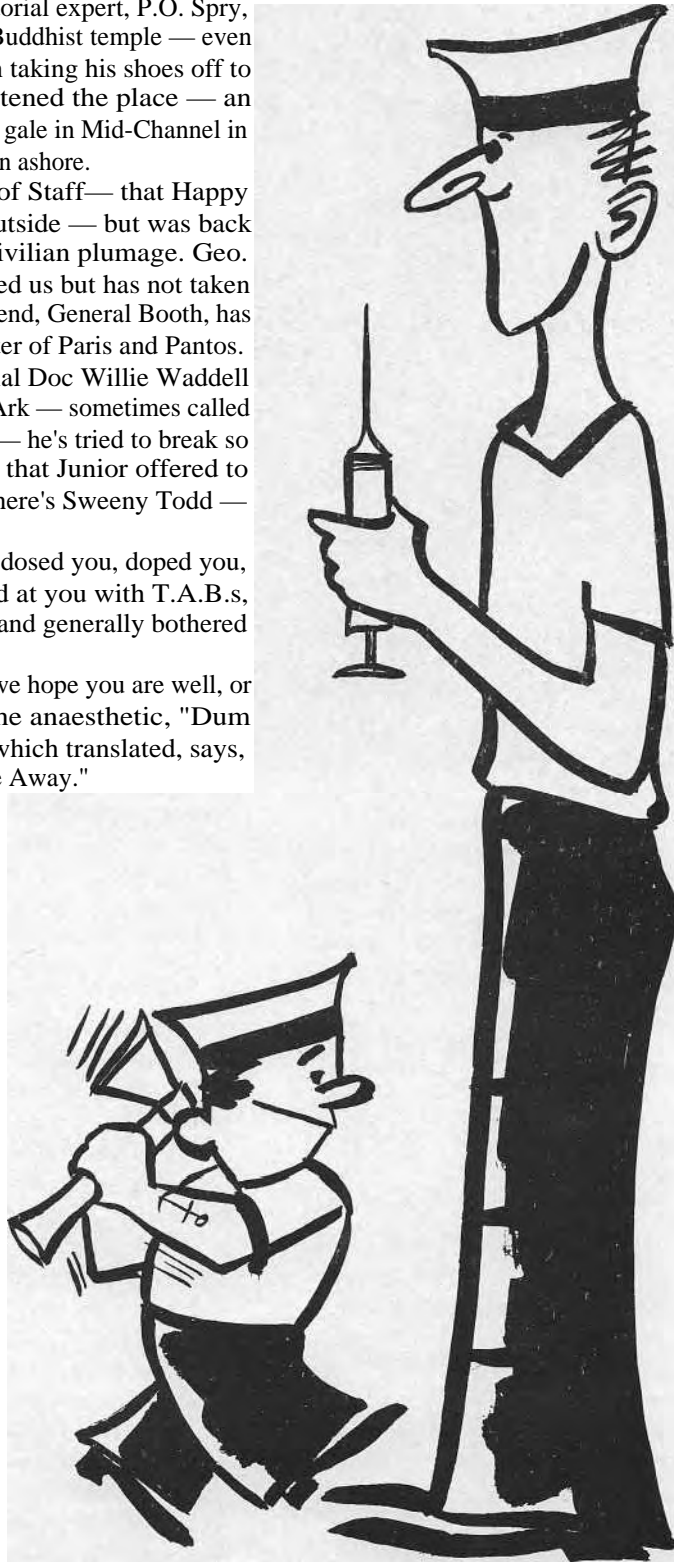


ensure his supply. Our Carvatorial expert, P.O. Spry, kept his holy of holies like a Buddhist temple — even the Principal Quack was seen taking his shoes off to enter — first time — we christened the place — an Appendicectomy in a howling gale in Mid-Channel in 1958 — the Spry bird has flown ashore.

We did have our change of Staff— that Happy chappy Hopwood hopped outside — but was back aboard to see us again in Civilian plumage. Geo. Unsworth, our Geordie, joined us but has not taken Pinch's advice. Our Army friend, General Booth, has gone great guns both on Plaster of Paris and Pantos. Of course we have the original Doc Willie Waddell Wearn — he came out of the Ark — sometimes called *Tracker*. And Lofty Bendell — he's tried to break so many beams with his bonce that Junior offered to cut him down to size. Then there's Sweeny Todd — obviously cut out for the job.

That's been the team that's dosed you, doped you, banged you, bled you, poked at you with T.A.B.s, Tets, Polio and Pulheems — and generally bothered you about.

We've had fun together — we hope you are well, or as the patient said before the anaesthetic, "Dum Spero, spero, Ignis Via" — which translated, says, "Well, I hope I'm alive — Fire Away."





## SPORTS REPORT

THE EARLY MONTHS of the commission were not conducive to sport in general, due to long periods of trials and all of us learning our respective duties on board.

It was not until we left home waters and arrived at Gibraltar in October 1958 that we started in earnest to sort out our soccer potential. This we did by playing two trial matches. The first was against the Army, the Fortress Engineer Regt., and it was obvious that in this game the majority of the team would form our eventual 1st XI. The result was a 4—1 victory for us.

In the second match we played the R.A.F. whose team by any standards was good. They showed us how the game should be played, to the tune of 5 clear goals to nil. Had we played our previous days' XI in this match the result may have been a little different. However, in our short stay at Gib. we had achieved our object and discovered such talent as we were likely to have for the remainder of our time in the Med.