

## MAY

2nd Manila Bay.  
 5th Subic Bay. Cubi Point Beach. Grande Island. Olongapo.  
 9th Sail for exercises.  
 12th A Sea Vixen touched down in the sea on *approach*.  
 14th Exercise Crossbow cancelled because of Laos crisis.  
 17th Anchor off Green Island for first visit to Hong Kong.  
 22nd Children's party.  
 26th Sail for exercises.

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## JUNE

Return Hong Kong.  
 5th Sail for exercises and passage to Okinawa.  
 9th Arrive Okinawa U.S.M.C. band perform on flight deck.  
 16th Sail for Potluck, or Rawfish!  
 18th Exchange observers with U.S.S. *Hancock*.  
 21st Buckner Bay, Okinawa U.S.O. Variety Show, *Wake Up and Smile*.  
 24th Arrive Subic Bay after fast run, to land Admiral Frewen.  
 29th Singapore.

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## JULY

6th } *The Long, The Short and The Tall*, performed by the ship's Drama Society.  
 7th }  
 8th The Bishop of Singapore preached at Matins.  
 9th Flag of F.O.2 transferred to Tiger.  
 10th Flag of F.O.A.C. worn once more.  
 16th Flag of F.O.A.C. transferred to *Bulwark*.  
 18th Visit at sea by C.-in-C., F.E.S.  
 21st to 22nd Pulau Tioman.  
 24th to 26th Fotex 62.  
 27th Singapore.

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## AUGUST

6th Depart Singapore.  
 8th Showboat rehearsal.  
 9th Showboat.  
 10th Depart for *Down Under*.  
 11th *Crossing the Line*.  
 19th Fremantle.  
 30th Depart Fremantle.

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## SEPTEMBER

1st to 14th Passage to Singapore. Heavy swell caused flying to be abandoned.  
 16th Commemoration Service after one year in commission; this was the nearest  
 Sunday. Address by the Chaplain of the Fleet.  
 28th Depart Singapore.  
 29th to 30th Pintail.

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## OCTOBER

3rd Night flying cancelled because of Typhoon *Dinah*. She passed well to the east.  
 5th Hong Kong.  
 12th Depart Hong Kong.  
 17th to 18th **Fantail Two**.  
 19th Singapore.  
 25th Depart Singapore transporting men and equipment of 11th Sphinx Battery of  
 34 L.A.A. of R.A.  
 30th *Donai* incident.

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<b>NOVEMBER</b>	1st	Arrive Aden. Disembark R.A.
	5th to 9th	Flyex in Aden area.
	11th	<i>Mikado</i> in the Upper Hangar by Steamer Point Light Opera Society.
	13th	Sail for Hollow Laugh and Longshot.
	16th to 21st	Passage to Mombasa.
	22nd	Arrive Kilindini Harbour, Mombasa.
	26th	Depart Mombasa.

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<b>DECEMBER</b>	4th	Transfer flag of F.O.A.C. from <i>Hermes</i> .
	6th	Whigs to <i>Blues</i> .
	10th	Gibraltar.
	15th	Charlie Buoy. H.M. Customs and Excise.
	18th	First watch to Christmas leave.

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## 1 963

<b>JANUARY</b>	23rd	Captain M. P. Pollock, M.V.O., D.S.C., R.N. assumed command from Captain D. C. E. F. Gibson, D.S.C., R.N.
	25th	Rear-Admiral D. C. E. F. Gibson, D.S.C., succeeded Vice-Admiral F. H. E. Hopkins, C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C. as F.O.A.C.

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<b>FEBRUARY</b>	4th	Left Devonport, after heavy snowstorm, for Lyme Bay Exercise Area.
	5th	Embark <i>Buccaneer</i> for trials.
	7th	First deck landing by P1127.
	9th to 12th	} At anchor in Weymouth Bay. Alongside in Portsmouth. First news that <i>Ark</i> was to go East of Suez for the second time in the commission.
	19th	
	24th to 26th	Weymouth Bay.
	29th	Alongside in Devonport.

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<b>MARCH</b>	4th	To Flyex and Dawn Breeze. Rough weather throughout the period of the exercise.
	16th	Alongside in Devonport. First leave party away to three weeks' leave.
	18th	Boyd Trophy presented to 815 Squadron by Vice-Admiral Sir John Hamilton, K. B. E., C. B.
	19th to 21st	Passage to Gibraltar.
	22nd	Enter No. 1 Dry Dock at Gibraltar.
	23rd	Shoal of Horse Mackerel discovered as the dock was pumped out.
	30th	Second leave party away in Cunard-Eagle <i>Britannias</i> .

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<b>APRIL</b>	6th	First leave party fly in. Third leave party fly out.
	30th	Band of S.C. L.I. <i>Beat Retreat</i> on the flight deck.

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<b>MAY</b>	3rd	Depart Gibraltar. Service at 10.30 over grave of 3rd Ark <i>Royal</i> .
	4th	Embark squadrons off the Balearics.
	6th	Brief stay at Marsaxlokk.
	7th	Exercise with H.M.S. <i>Devonshire</i> .
	10th	Transit Suez Canal.
	13th	Arrive Aden.
	14th to 18th	Brown Trout.
	19th to 21st	Aden.
	22nd	Flyex. Hurricane hit coast 500 miles to the east. One <i>Scimitar</i> landed in Aden harbour.
	26th	"Hands to dance and skylark on the flight deck."

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**JUNE**

2nd	Commence passage to Mombasa.
7th to 19th	Mombasa.
25th	Passage to Gan.
27th	Thursday (Sunday?).
30th	Sunday.

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**JULY**

2nd	Tuesday (Sunday?). <i>Crossing the Line</i> ceremony.
5th	Pick up Norwegian seaman from tanker Credo.
6th	ARKORL
7th	Pulau Lankawi.
8th to 9th	Birdbarge.
11th	Singapore.
25th	Leave Singapore for Fotex 63.
28th	Pulau Tioman.

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**AUGUST**

3rd	Pulau Tioman. Fleet concert.
6th	Return Singapore.
27th	Exercise off Singapore.
28th	Return Singapore.
29th	Sailed from Singapore to practice areas. Sea Vixen lost, crew ejected safely and picked up from beach by 815.

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**SEPTEMBER**

1 st	Visit by F.O.C.-in-C.F.E.F. at sea.
2nd to 5th	Passage to Hong Kong.
6th	Entrance to Hong Kong delayed by Typhoon Faye.
7th	Anchor Junk Bay.
14th	Depart Hong Kong.
17th to 19th	Dovetail.
20th	Singapore.
23rd	Depart Singapore.
24th to 26th	Flyex off Butterworth.
27th	Commence passage to Gulf of Oman.

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**OCTOBER**

5th	Khor al Fakkan.
7th	Enter Persian Gulf for Biltong.
18th to 31st	Mombasa.

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**NOVEMBER****DECEMBER**

## DIVING TEAM

Diving has been carried out in several phases, and many varied conditions; however, despite the natural hazards encountered the ship has maintained an enthusiastic Diving Team, ready to take to the water whenever the ship has stopped steaming.

The first phase consisted of dives at Gibraltar and Malta during the ship's shake-down cruise to the Mediterranean. At Gibraltar the divers were called upon to assist H.M.S. *Wizard* in carrying out a dome change, an operation which was successfully completed. At Malta many of the divers had their first experience of searching the bottom of a carrier, and soon realized that it presented quite a challenge. Searches were also made for a barrow which had been lost by the Fleet Mail Office and for a 5½-inch wire which was lost over the ship's side. Both were successfully recovered, but only after the loss of several lead diving weights and three knives. The team had a lot to learn!

The ship returned to Devonport and the rather more arduous conditions caused by the sudden change of temperature from that of the Mediterranean. An inspection of underwater fittings in the after free area was carried out, and the team was also called upon to recover the body of a rating drowned on Bodmin Moor.

In Singapore for the first time, we carried out the maximum number of diving exercises and the divers soon realized that a high standard of fitness was required.

In Okinawa the ship was able to assist H.M.S. *S/M Andrew* with both diving and submarine advice. Also the officer concerned with the repair job was able to report no *sharks*. However, during the following week, repair work became necessary on the ship's screws and a diver from the engine-room department was put down. There proved to be a large number of sharks present! That they must have been of a friendly breed is perhaps indicated by the fact that even the juicy proportions of the E.R.A. in question failed to tempt them.

Arriving at Pulau Tioman the ship was subjected to hostile attacks by the Fleet Clearance Diving Team from Singapore. The necessary bottom

search started at 2 a.m. and was successfully completed in three hours.

Back in England the New Year started with a realistic exercise at Horsey Island Lake, where much work had to be done in breaking the ice to prepare for a long dip. Some of the less persistent members soon found their blood circulation restored by several circuits of the island, but it was generally agreed that diving in Portsmouth was a far cry from diving in the Philippines!

The ship's docking in Gibraltar in March 1963 provided us with more opportunities for diving, and several pieces of valuable equipment which had been given afloat test soon found their way back aboard. Bottom searches were carried out, and the divers certainly knew their way better round that part of the ship than many of the ship's company knew their way round the top of it. The ship now had three communities, of roof, basement and ship's bottom dwellers.

Out again to Aden where the diving team undertook an inspection, by night, of the shark net at the Tarshyne Club, they were happy to report that no assistance would be required from the Sailmaker. Marine life was encountered, however, and reminded one of the divers of an incident during his previous spell East of Suez.

"Official advice on underwater beasties had been sought from the C.D. Team at Singapore. A long list of precautions was given together with the reminder that operational requirements might necessitate diving amidst certain hazards, and it was best to try and forget that they existed. Several months later the Senior Clearance Diver from Singapore gave a clear demonstration of this policy in action, while diving in nine fathoms off North Borneo, before his attendant had time to answer the surfacing signal it became clear that C. D. I was attempting to enter the boat through the keel. A moment later he was inboard, his mask off, and he spluttered: 'I saw a fast black . . .!'"

The ship's diving team have learned to work together now and look forward to the forthcoming diving in tropical waters before returning to home conditions. There is no doubt that several of us will meet again at that time and renew friendships in the familiar surroundings of Horsey Island.

## WHAT IS A MATELOT?

Of all those who wander in and out of our midst, there is none so widely discussed, nor so little understood, as the *matelot*. Cloaked in the anonymity of uniform, classified in the ledger as a number, yet possessing a unique individual opinion of his own. He is ruled by regular editions of Q.R. & A.I.s and the state of the Barons on board, irrespective of clan, race, or religion, he nevertheless contrives to rise above it all and emerge as an individual. Uniquely different from his neighbour in the same rig, able to wear his uniform in a thousand different ways, all frowned upon by their Lordships, yet all inside the law, he is the living lie to the adage that regimentation is soul-destroying.

He is controlled, directly by the officers who have studied him for years and to whom none of his facets comes as new, and indirectly by the proximity of a Pay Day or a Full House at Tombola. He will drip, moan, and howl, about his job, his ship, and the service, yet should any outsider dare to run down these same things he will demolish the critic with a flow of invective as picturesque as it is blistering.

A *matelot* can be all things to all men at all times. In a messdeck argument he will don the profundity of a lawyer and discuss, at great length and detail, subjects about which he knows nothing. A piped order can change him without pause for breath or alteration of tone from a happy optimist to a cynical pessimist.

On board, ashore, on duty, or on leave, awake or asleep, he seems to be at the mercy of a mysterious *dozen*, the expiration of which he will lightly, sadly, winsomely, soothingly, or frantically entreat to *roll* on, and when the twelve years have duly rolled, he goes to the ship's office and asks for another ten. This being granted him, he returns to his mess and ever after raises the cry "roll on my *pensh*". In this matter as in so many others he is his own greatest deceiver.

He can be found in, around, out of, beneath, on top of, and swarming upon, ships of every shape and size, above or below the sea, yet his appearance never changes nor does his face portray any appreciation of his worthy tasks. He has money invested in shares with handles on, has an amazing capacity for consuming liquid, and a cast-iron

stomach which digests Oggies and pussers' *Bangers*.

In his ship there is none so hard done by as him. He will voice this sentiment as he performs some difficult or dangerous job for which he claims some bloody blank blue pencil browned him off. Yet if discreet inquiries are made it will usually be found that, unknown to anyone, he had quietly volunteered for the job in the first place. If, however, he finds that his chum working with him has volunteered also he will go into fits of laughter and deliver a long lecture about never volunteering.

When ashore a *matelot* is, by his own lights, a paragon of virtue. He seeks lurid experiences and strange adventures, not so much for his own satisfaction but for the subject of conversation at the breakfast table the next morning. If he doesn't find them he makes them up.

A *matelot* dislikes pussers' boots, caps, lanyards, dhobyng, blankets, paybooks, station cards, efficiency tests, duty watches, inspections, pulheems, messbills, kitmusters, wakey-wakey, night watches, haircuts, *crushers*, and returning from leave.

He likes very much the *rum call*, uckers, quarterly settlement, lurid books, Reserve Fleet drafts, long leaves, mail, make-and-mends, paydayes, duty-free fags, and the *party* up the line. G.I.s find him maddening. His interpretation of **the Rig of the Day** can resemble last week's tablecloth, while his apparently accidental footprints across the whiteness of the Quarterdeck can bring grey hairs to a raving Buffer.

His locker consists of beer labels, pussers' yarn, marline-spikes, old letters, photographs (some properly attired), bars of soap, tickler, and request forms. Like a midshipman's locker everything is on top and nothing handy. He relies on his oppo's sense of comradeship when borrowing clothes, collars, silks, and shoes to get ashore, but never seems to remember from whom they were borrowed. He is a subtle combination of applied indifference and patriotic concern.

He is a jack-of-all-trades, and master of them all. He is a dishwasher and a plasterer, a model-maker and an electrician, a midwife and a dress-maker, a cook and a child's nurse. When a job comes along about which he hasn't the faintest

## WHAT IS A MATELOT?

idea, he will tackle it with a curious amount of common sense and pure brazen *flannel* which will convince any onlooker that he is watching the original inventor at work. The one phrase which a *matelot* never uses is "I don't know".

He is a born navigator and takes his bearings from naval tailors and public houses. The phrase "Out of bounds" intrigues him greatly and no matter what obstacles the authorities may place in his path, such places will draw him as steel filings to a magnet, to find out just why they were out of bounds.

He lives for the first boat ashore and wonders who is making a payday out of the suppers he does not eat. He is convinced that he and his kind are being perpetually *seen off*, but the matter of fact is

that the business expert who can put one over on Jack has yet to be born.

He is a man whose nautical upbringing and training has coated him with a shallow veneer of artificiality, but beneath this - and it is never far below the surface - is a deepness not to be found in other men. Who can deny that it was a fitting gesture that men of his own service transported the last King on his last journey. There were many proud hearts and willing hands that day.

You see, a matelot, despite his faults, would be the first to lay down his life for those that love him, and those that dislike him.

He is Britannia with a shabby cap tally, and baggy trousers, he is, my friends,

A MATELOT



"MATELOTS" EN MASSE. THE SHELL PARTY IN SINGAPORE

## The Sick Bay

The *Pundits of Puncture and Pillpushing* commenced the fourth commission well prepared for their normal routine of Treatments, Pulheems and Jabs, little of note occurring until the first transfer by helicopter of a Medical Officer to a *plane-guard*. This occasion became memorable when Surgeon-Lieutenant Proctor found himself suspended by strop above a minesweeper's fo'c'sle with the tail rotor of the helicopter rapidly winding itself round the mast. Fortunately the pilot managed to disengage and returned the aircraft safely to *Ark Royal*, where a certain medical officer was very thankful to be able to transfer to a sea-boat for a less hazardous crossing to the minesweeper.

A lot of credit should go to the person who realized that the Pay Queue could provide us with an enormous amount of custom; it was decided that the easiest way to ensure that everybody had their full dose of Yellow Fever and Cholera inoculations to which they were entitled was to give them on Pay-day in the queue, so that "No jab, no pay" became the cry, and the compound of avarice and dismay on the faces approaching the table had to be seen to be believed.

In Subic Bay, S.B.A. Essl apparently elected to enlist with the U.S.N., donning an American rating's uniform and taking a ride in a *Jeepnee* to Olongapo. Unfortunately he got out while it was still moving, his head impinging violently on the road and unconsciousness rapidly ensued, whereupon the patrol took him to the U.S. Navy hospital, despite S.B.A. Messenger's protestations concerning Essl's nationality. Fortunately all ended well and Essl was duly identified, treated and rehabilitated to the R.N.

Off Okinawa the doctors paid *plane-guard* visits to the U.S.S. *Collett* and *Towers* and were accommodated in the Captain's and Admiral's quarters respectively for the one night of their stay. Typical of the Americans' attitude to their visitors was their reaction when the helicopter arrived in the middle of Surgeon-Lieutenant Mackenzie's breakfast, the Captain of U.S.S. *Collett* suggested that he should finish his *Sunny Side Up* and ordered the helicopter to stand off.

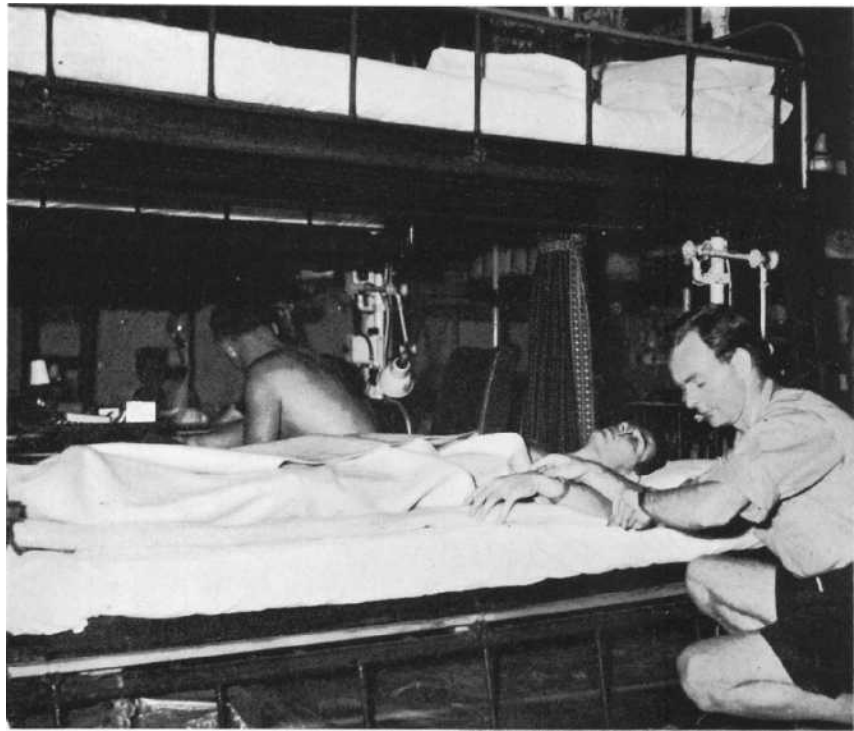
For the *Crossing-the-Line Ceremony* S.B.P.O.s Bunton and MacMillan were drafted to the Court of King Neptune where they were appointed Physicians by His Majesty. It should be noted that they performed their duties with most unethical vigour: huge pills, highly coloured potions, patella hammers that would have been useful tools for a stone-mason, all helped to set the scene. Their joy was unbounded at finding Surgeon-Lieutenant Proctor one of their victims, but Surgeon-Lieutenant Mackenzie escaped, he had secretly flown over the Equator in a Hunter the previous week, while at Singapore, with King Neptune's chief A.D.C.

An operation conducted with no mean skill, though without benefit of anaesthetics, was the **Sick Bay RAZ**, a small part of a more general evolution wherein a few crates of useful provisions mysteriously disappeared between the forward lift and the canteen flat only to be discovered later in the Sick Bay—ever since this incident the P.M.O. has had a quizzical smile on his face whenever he is presented with his morning coffee.

Of course, it is just possible that he smiles at the memory of the night when a signal was received from the Norwegian tanker *Sydhav*, asking for the assistance of a doctor for a stewardess who was suffering from severe abdominal pains. The P.M.O. disappeared *at the rush* towards the sea-boat-on tiptoe "so as not to wake the young doctors, who need their sleep". Much to everyone's chagrin he returned two hours later unaccompanied!



IT STARTED AS A "JAB"!



NEXT THING I KNEW, THEY WHIPPED ME INTO THE "BAY"!!



FINALLY THEY SAID I'D HAVE TO HAVE IT OUT!!!



# 849 Squadron

## "C" Flight

### *Primus Video*

**O**n 17th October 1961, Lieutenant Jones landed aboard for wire-pulling trials, the first fixed-wing landing of the commission. The flight, consisting of four A.E.W. Gannets and the Admiral's Courier have achieved an average of over twelve hundred hours per year, of which nearly half were at night. Many and varied have been the tasks set to them apart from their operational role, mail carrying, starting up diverted jets, spare-part freighting, passenger carrying; thus have they earned the nickname of **Noah's Airways**. In the course of these duties forty-two different airfields or carriers have been visited.

### *Sea Flight*

Borne on wing and borne on wave  
Twofold are the perils we brave  
Yet fly we one and fly we all  
At OR's beck and Flyco's call.

Our Task, with one far-seeing eye,  
Is to defend from battle cry  
This mother ship. O screen reveal!  
Defend, preserve that hulk of steel.

*Range the Gannet.* Our steed appears  
On deck, mid black and wicked leers,  
From pushing, pulling, heated *Hairies*,  
The fabulous, folded fiend from Faireys.

With mighty surge we leave the carrier  
Venturing far to set up barrier.  
A bird to make all stop and stare,  
Contra-rotating through the air.

To Vixen crews we are god-sent  
At panic time when weapon's bent.  
And Scimitars on fringe of space  
Sigh gratefully for Anyface.

At last the jets are safely landed,  
Control to *Bravo* true is handed,  
Then we, by Whirlwind safely guarded,  
Ease gently down the deck, retarded.

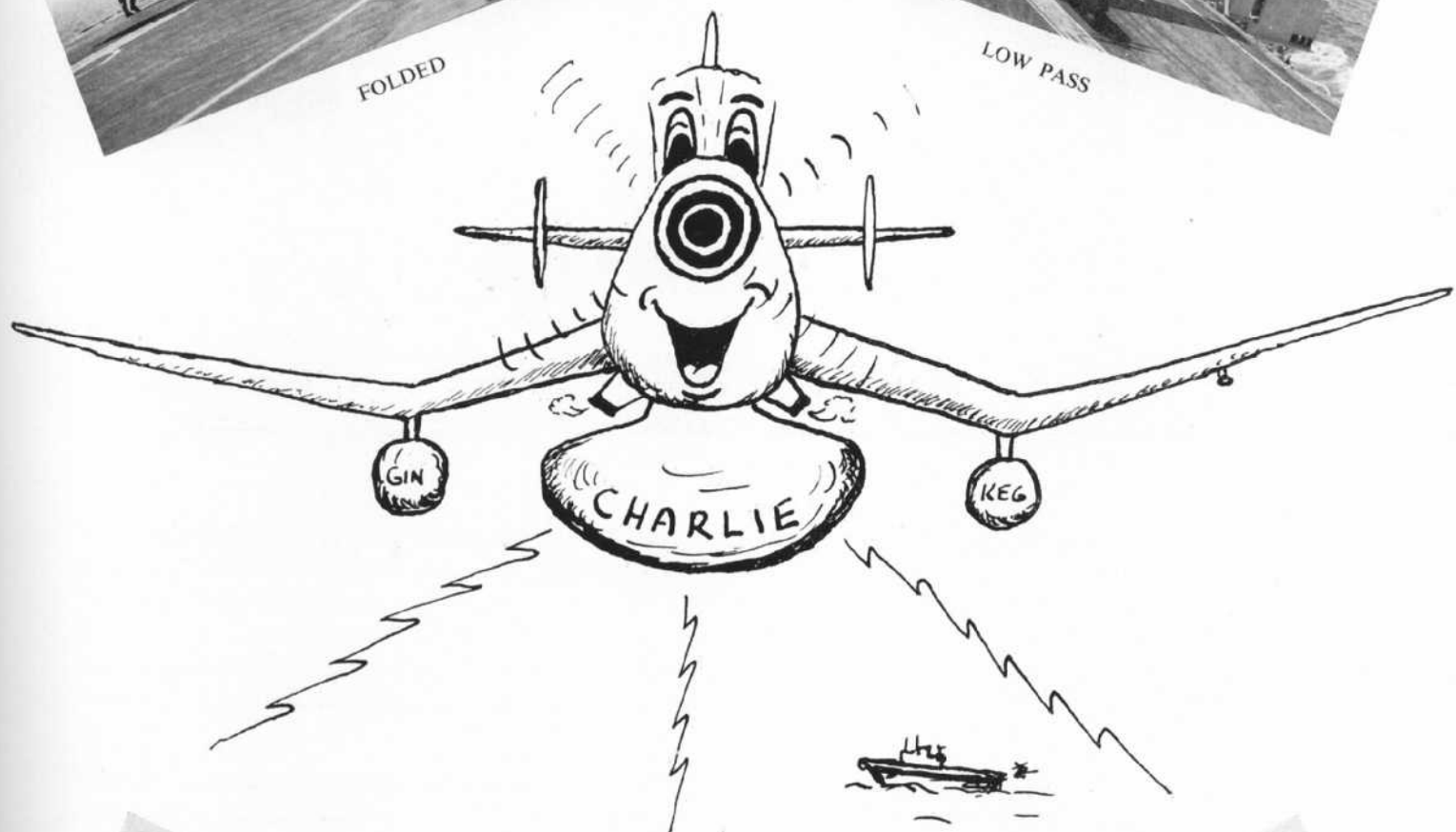
All dedicated men, you'll learn,  
Despite the flying pay we earn.  
Thus those in peril out of sight  
When succour comes, may thank *See Flight*.



FOLDED



LOW PASS

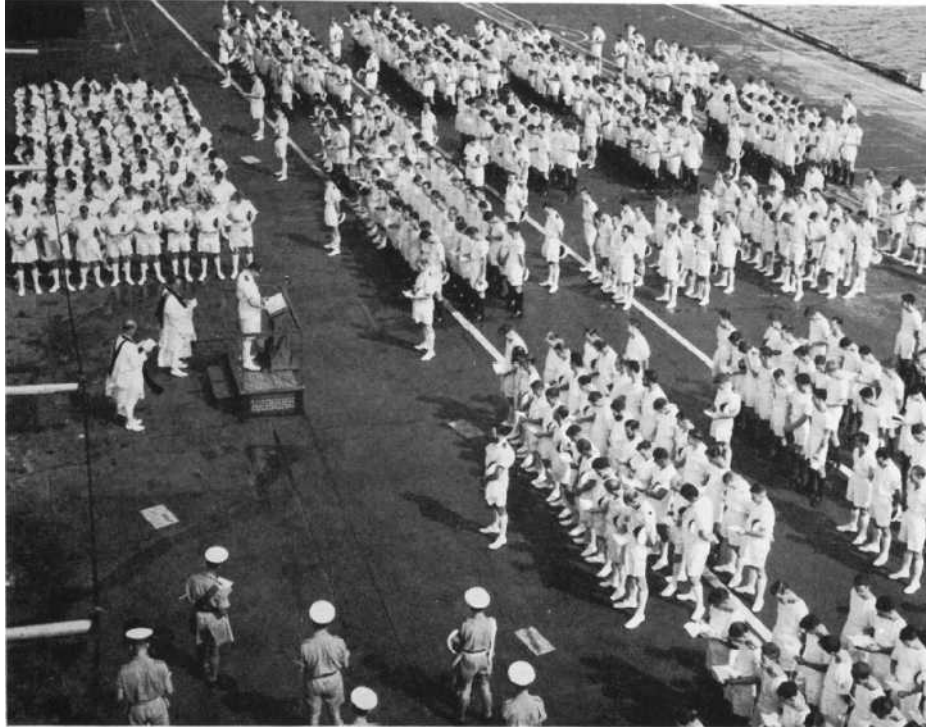


AIRBORNE



TAKE-OFF

## SINGAPORE



COMMEMORATION SERVICE ON FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF SHIP RE-COMMISSIONING

If there is any single clear-cut impression to be gained of Singapore, from the naval point of view, it is one of spacious and gracious living. The naval base, covering an enormous area, with its tree-lined roads is more like an English country estate than a military cantonment. The dockyard is uncluttered compared with its home counterparts. The married quarters have high-ceilinged rooms and are furnished with large comfortable chairs. The recreation facilities are lavish and extensive, swimming pools, tennis courts, golf course. Everywhere it is evident that attention has been paid to comfort and convenience, here it is easy to relax and enjoy oneself after those long days at sea.

The second impression is that made by the native women, in their simple jackets and trousers, uniform in style but of an infinite variety in colour; the white of the house *amah*, the gay cottons of the young girls, the black of the women labouring on the roads and in the fields. This last is a strange sight to Western eyes, here are women, often appearing to be quite aged, their heads covered by large straw hats, performing hard manual tasks which would only be done by men at home, theirs is obviously a hard existence. By contrast the shop girls in Singapore are quite Westernized in clothing and manner, chattering away, in between serving, as their counterparts do in any store in Plymouth, Leeds or Glasgow.

The other outstanding impression of Singapore is made by the weather, it changes so little from day to day, warm and humid the whole year round. The major variation in the pattern is provided by the thunderstorms which produce 96 inches of rain per year, thus necessitating the huge monsoon drains to carry the water away.

Despite this slight handicap Singapore remains the outstanding example of an ideal overseas draft. When you have served there you will be able to say with the P.M.: *"I never had it so good."*