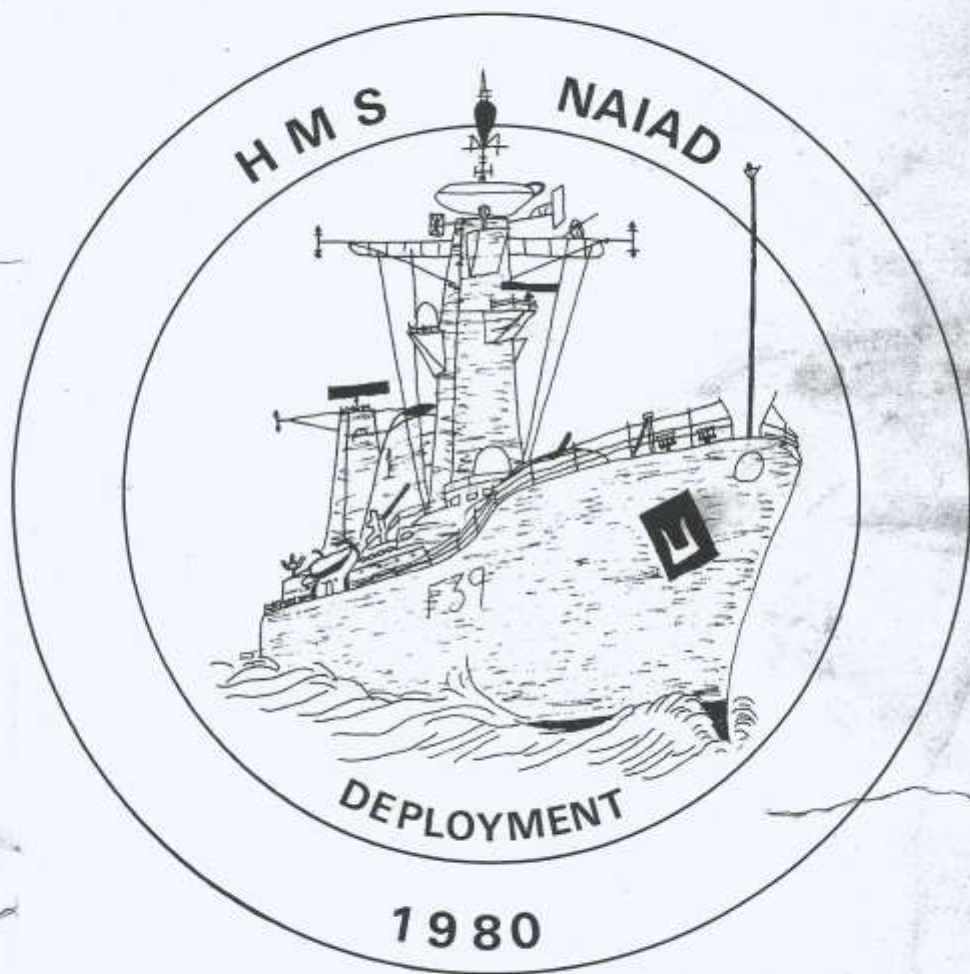
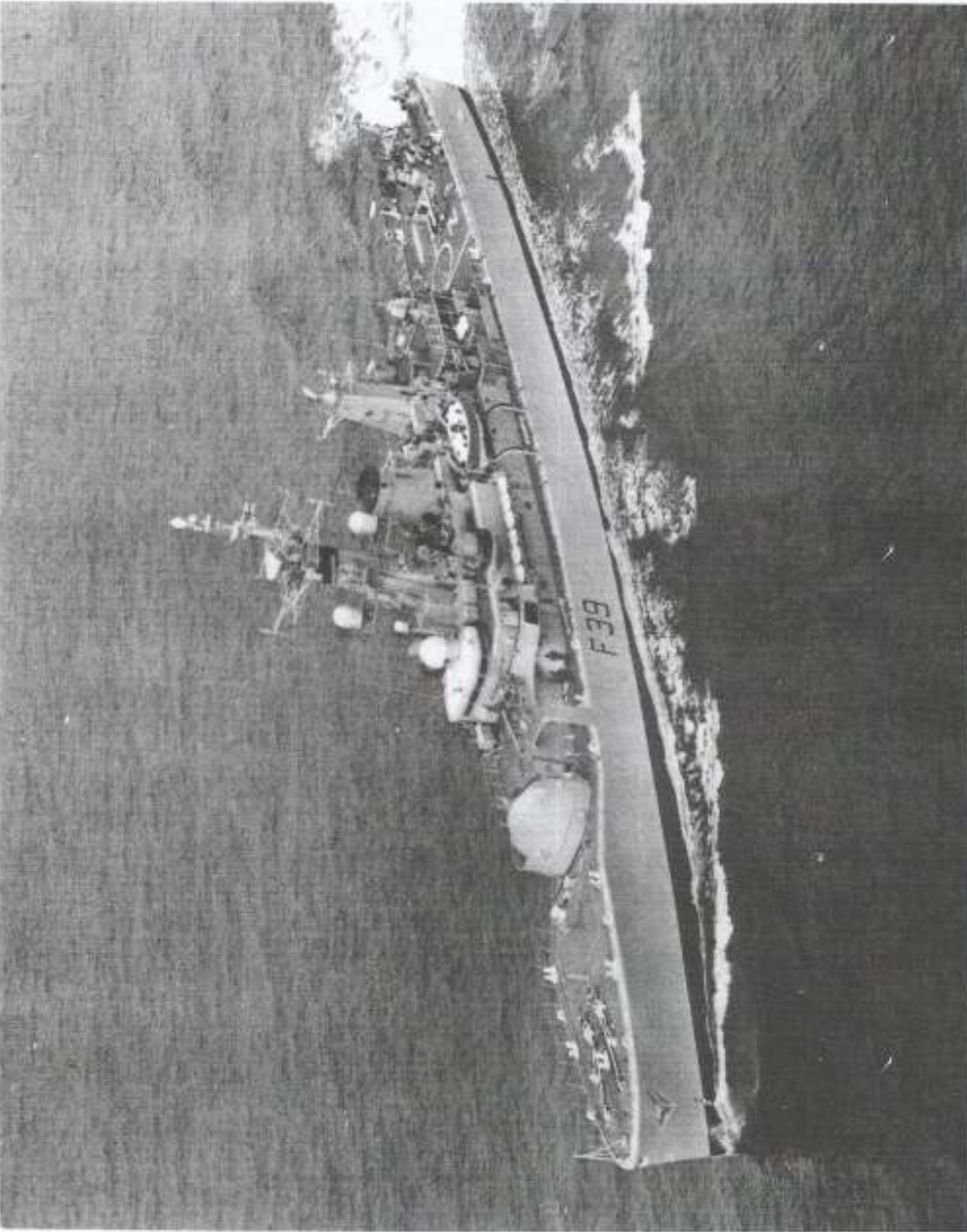


FAMILIES' NEWS LETTER



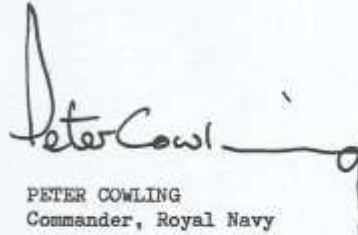
JUNE - AUGUST



From the Captain

Our second Newsletter of the Deployment from a rather rainy Singapore. Since Istanbul we've had some bumpy times in the Indian Ocean, some hot and steamy times in the Red Sea and Karachi, and some very relaxing times in Mombasa and Penang. It hasn't all been a bed of roses but at least we've been getting around.

A dozen or so families have just arrived in Singapore and a lot of us onboard are enjoying a little Station Leave. Time, in fact, to sit down, take stock and let you all know how things have been going.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Peter Cowling". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long horizontal line extending from the end of the name.

PETER COWLING
Commander, Royal Navy

THE STORY SO FAR

HMS NAIAD, a Frigate of the First Frigate Squadron, sails from a port somewhere in England in May 1980 to take a Magical Mystery Tour of the Far East. After some exercises with other ships and a stop off at Gibraltar, she crosses the Mediterranean and visits Istanbul - from where The First Newsletter was despatched.

NOW READ ON

We anchored in the Bosphorus at Istanbul on Friday 6 June. Constantine's old city made a most impressive sight on the skyline - an array of minarets from the numerous mosques gave the impression of an Islamic missile site. We enjoyed the visit perhaps more than we expected: there was not very much to do as such, but the sightseeing was fascinating and the food and drink both good and cheap. Leather goods were particularly good value and made a start to our collections of rabbits. We sailed from Istanbul on Tuesday 10 June, back into the Sea of Marmara, past the Dardanelles and so into the Aegean Sea. We were on our way to Suez and the Indian Ocean.



An Islamic Missile Site (The Blue Mosque)

We reached the anchorage off Port Said during the afternoon of Friday 13 June and there we awaited our convoy through the Suez Canal. It was a long wait. Eventually, at half past two on Saturday morning, we weighed anchor and headed in towards Port Said. Despite the unearthly hour, we were besieged by small boats carrying traders, provisions, suspicious characters and - to our great delight - our mail. And so at last we started our passage through the Canal. It was an interesting passage; there are still a few signs of the Arab-Israeli wars, but on the whole it had been well cleared. Most of the views were of endless miles of desert, but the occasional oasis stood out in its greenery.

The highlight of the transit was a performance by the "Gully Gully Man" - an Egyptian magician who made chicks appear from everywhere and anywhere and kept us all amused and amazed for an hour.

The Gully Gully Man at work :



We reached the end of the Canal and so entered the Gulf of Suez later that afternoon. For the next few days whilst we passed through the Gulf of Suez and the Red Sea the temperature was almost unbearable. The two huge land masses of North Africa and Saudi Arabia on either side of the Red Sea act as gigantic night storage heaters and, with no wind to cool us down, the heat and humidity were oppressive. From the Red Sea we passed into the Gulf of Aden where the conditions were very much the same. It was here that we carried out a Replenishment with our Stores Ship RFA STROMNESS. It was hot and exhausting work!

On Thursday 19 June, we passed round the Horn of Africa and so into the Indian Ocean for a passage down the East Coast of Africa to Mombasa. To the surprise and discomfort of many, we met rough weather in the Indian Ocean. This was due to the monsoon winds which are prevalent at that time of year and stayed with us for the whole of our time in the Indian Ocean.

The passage south to Mombasa gave the Group more opportunities for exercises, not only between ourselves, but also with the French and Kenyan navies. The highlight of the passage was Crossing the Line celebration. King Neptune (alias Leading Reg GALE) and his host of advisers and 'bears' arrived onboard to try various people for "crimes against His Majesty's Kingdom". The first to be so tried was the Captain and he was ceremonially dunked in the pool. Nearly everyone ended up in there eventually.



The Captain emerging from his ordeal

On Tuesday 24 June, much to our relief, we arrived at the Kenyan port of Mombasa. For a rather more detailed and witty description of this visit see the Stokers' article later in the magazine. Suffice it to say that we enjoyed our six days in the sun.

We sailed from Mombasa on Monday 30 June and went straight back into monsoon driven seas of the Indian Ocean. We steamed North East to the Arabian Sea and then East towards Muscat, where we exercised with the Sultan's Armed Forces and took the opportunity to hold a beach banyan. Our diversion to Muscat allowed us the luxury of calm seas for a day, but it was very, very hot.

And so across to Karachi in Pakistan. On the way there we exercised with the Americans, including their giant nuclear powered aircraft carrier USS EISENHOWER. She made us feel rather small.

We arrived at Karachi on Thursday 10 July. It was not exactly a fun visit, Pakistan being in the grip of Islamic fervour and as a result 'dry' in every respect. There were some interesting moments, however, and there was some good shopping to do. There are now more onyx chess sets onboard than there are uckers boards. We sailed from Karachi with an unfortunate legacy - 'General Zia's Revenge', more commonly known as 'the dog', which had no respect for rank or religion. And so back into rough seas, not feeling too well to boot - how we looked forward to Singapore!

From Karachi we sailed South through the Indian Ocean down the coast of India and so past Sri Lanka (Ceylon), across the Bay of Bengal and into the Straits of Malacca between Sumatra and Malaysia. At last we reached some calm waters and it was with mounting relief when we reached Singapore on 24 July - the Far East at last.

We spent a very enjoyable long weekend at Singapore, which gave us the chance to get to know the place and to investigate the local bargains. The first of a long stream of stereo sets and radio controlled cars began to arrive in the ship, to be stowed goodness knows where.

After this first stop at Singapore we steamed north to what is generally agreed to have been the best visit of all - Penang, an island off the coast of Malaysia. It seemed to have everything - good beaches, sand, trishaws, cheap food and even friendly Aussies. It was also the first time we were away from the rest of the ships so that made it doubly enjoyable. We had an excellent five days there and then returned to Singapore for a two week maintenance period.

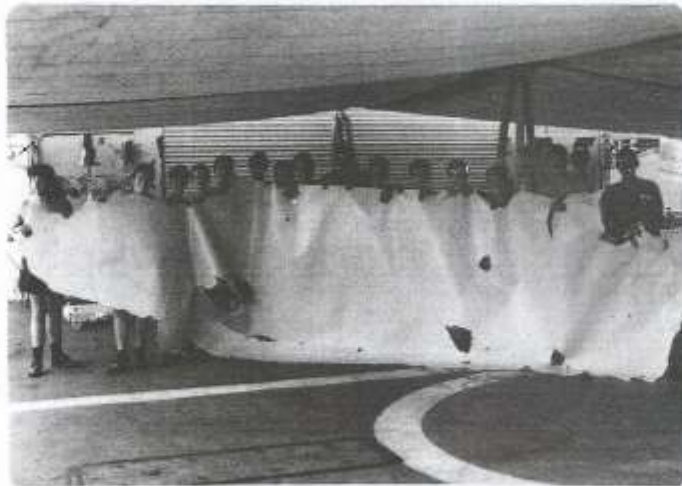
So here we are at Singapore with a few more days before we go on our way again - to Japan and Hong Kong - and Devonport. The weather here has been rather like a hot English summer, is very, very wet, but warm. They have apparently had six times the normal rain fall for August so far. It's an enjoyable place, Singapore, particularly for those of us who have been joined by their wives, and very expensive on the pocket as we slowly denude the island of all its music centres, teak furniture and beer.

We are now almost half way through the Deployment. The next newsletter will go from Hong Kong, when we shall almost be on our way home. Not long to go now (three months less than when we started!)

RGL

* * * * *

THE BIGGEST CHIP OF ALL



Removed from the side of the ship !

ENGINEERING BRANCH DEVELOPMENT

At the end of August, responsibility for the generation of electrical power and the maintenance of electrical systems, which are not part of a weapon, passes from the WE's to the Marine Engineering Department.

Fortunately a strong team of heavy electrical 'greenies' led by Andy Ferguson are transferring allegiance as well and are joining the 'clankies'. The change, however, represents a new electro-mechanical train of thought which will have to be mastered by the whole ME department. Some initial teething problems can be expected . . .



* * * * *



King Neptune's Justice for LMA Kilmister!

NAIAD AIRWAYS NEWS TO DATE

As we enjoy the atmosphere of Singapore and get used to being on land again, the memories of the last two months begin to mellow and only the high spots remain. Since leaving Istanbul we have flown our helicopter in just about every role that she was ever designed for, though as far as the ships company is concerned our most important job remains collecting the mail !

Just after leaving Istanbul we had to fly off early one morning to take a young sailor into Athens International Airport to catch an immediate flight home, and by so doing the aircrew became the only members of the ships company to visit Greece. (Needless to say nobody believed their tale of the marvellous run ashore that they had, they were only in Greece for an hour.)

A few days after that the aircraft developed a vibration problem that was to dog us all the way down through the blistering heat of the Red Sea, and the gales of the Southwest monsoon in the Arabian Sea until we reached Mombasa.

Since then with the aircraft fully serviceable again we have flown on searches and attacks against ships of five different navies, including the American Task Group led by the giant nuclear-powered aircraft carrier, the USS DWIGHT D EISENHOWER.

We have airlifted in drums of lubricating oil at the rush when a burst seal caused the engineers to run out, and we also lifted HMS ANTRIM's banyan (picnic) gear ashore to the lovely Sembilan Islands when their helicopter broke down. Unfortunately due to mechanical problems NAIAD had to miss out on the fun ashore which was a shame as the scenery was breathtakingly Southsea Islandish. However we were not too sad as in exchange we got an extra day in Singapore.

The temperature has ranged from around 30'c (86'f) up as high as 45'c (113'f), and the weather from mirror-like seas under a blazing sun to gale force winds and thundering seas of the sort that we had hoped to have left behind in the Atlantic.

All in all it has been a very interesting two months and, after a lot of hard work, we are enjoying the exotic atmosphere and CALM seas of the Far East and counting the days until our wives join us in Hong Kong, in less than six weeks time.



Charming !!!

THE WE DEPARTMENT - INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR DECORATORS LTD

'Join the Navy and paint the world' might be an appropriate slogan for the Greenies since we left Istanbul, for in addition to the usual engineering workload we have been fighting the never-ending battle against rust. The only consolation is that when we leave the Navy we can set up in business as the only decorating firm who will rewire the house and fix the hi-fi whilst painting the walls.

We have experienced our fair share of problems since the last newsletter, but in general we have succeeded in keeping our systems available for use. Even Gloria (the satellite communications system) has finally been tamed by WEA Mick Knee and WEM(R) Taff Jefferies after many hours of patient work. Of course, there were one or two in the department who cracked under the strain and flew home for a holiday. WEA Martin Pickbourne, for example, left us at Istanbul to attend the Admiralty Interview Board. He found life at home so congenial that he declined WEO's invitation to rejoin the ship at Mombasa and eventually reappeared at Karachi. WEA Rocky Salmons was another; he flew home on first arrival in Singapore to assist in the birth of his baby, and at the time of writing we are waiting for news and for his invitation to drinks in the Singapore Hilton.

Others who will be going home soon are CWEA Ian Forster (soon to be promoted Sub-Lieutenant), WEM(R)s Taff Jefferies and Hector House, MEM(L)s Ginge Mason and Steve Stride, WEM(O) Whisky Walker, and Apprentices Buster Brown, Paul Lister, and Zuki. We wish them well for the future and thank them for their various contributions to the life of the ship.

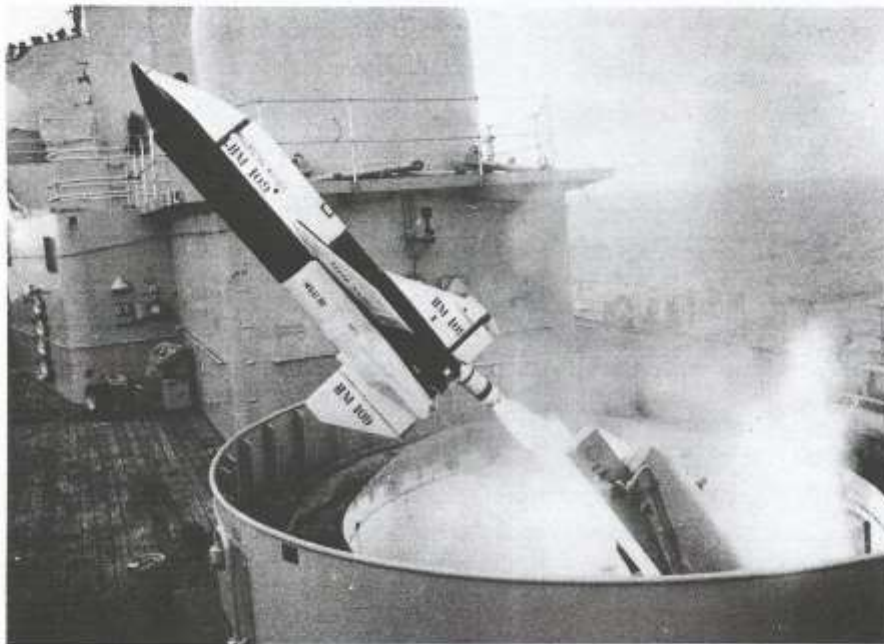
Congratulations to Ron Cope who was promoted Chief Petty Officer recently, and to Pete Ridler who will soon be promoted Fleet Chief if he can stay out of trouble long enough. Also to Holly Hollis and Darby Allen who were rated LWEM, and to Whisky Walker, Butty Butterworth and Basher Bashford who were rated WEM1.

The highlight of Penang for the Greenies mess was a dinner at the Eastern and Oriental Hotel, an august establishment which was once used only by colonial Englishmen with the stiffest of upper lips. Times have changed!



The main course of the meal was Red Snapper. One minute it was happily swimming around its tank, next minute it was sizzling on a silver platter waiting to be eaten. The Red Snapper must have been powerful food, because after dinner one or two were so moved as to join in with the cabaret singing a few well known songs, and finally everybody left in a line singing the 7 dwarfs' song 'Hi-ho, hi-ho, its off to work we go'.

Finally, to remind you what the ship is really for, a fine picture of an Ikara missile in flight.



This one was in fact launched from HMS BRISTOL, but ours look very similar

THE TRIP SO FAR

Since Istanbul, by now you'll know,
That we have travelled far,
We've visited many countries
And emptied every bar.

Our first call was Mombasa,
The pubs and clubs were great,
With all the pints of Tuska beer,
And ending up in a state.

The second stop was Pakistan,
It was the worst I think;
For there was nowhere we could go,
and not a drop to drink.

Then followed fourteen days at sea,
Across the ocean blue,
The ops boys worked their guts out,
The rest had nowt to do.

Then finally into Singapore,
Our faithful bucket went,
The lads bought tapes and TV sets,
'Till all their pay was spent.

After four days it was off again,
To Malaysia we did go,
To stay six days in luxury,
And let our suntans show.

But good things must come to an end,
And soon we left the shore,
With another two days sailing,
For our return to Singapore.

And now before I end my ode;
A warning to the few,
Stay clear of funny drinks and food,
And funny women too.

A poem in words and semaphore by
AB(S) Steve Fisher

A NOTE FROM THE REGULATING STAFF

The ship's Regulating Staff consist of Master at Arms Jim Copland and Leading Regulator Viv Gale. This job consists of many diverse sections ranging from the running of the ships postal system to arranging customs clearance. Other tasks include the administration of the ship's discipline, arranging the joining and leaving routines and controlling leave and most aspects of the ship's general routine.

Obviously, on a deployment such as this, one of the most important factors as far as the ship's welfare is concerned (and that of the families as well) is Mail. So far, we have despatched forty four serials of mail home; each serial comprises approximately three hundred letters. In reverse we have received seventy four mail serials and each one comprises some six to seven hundred letters - that operation alone is sufficient to keep us fairly busy.

In addition to the normal ship work, the Master at Arms has made the arrangements that enabled several families to join their husbands, boyfriends or sons here in Singapore and so far this venture has proved a great success. It is hoped that the arrangements that have been made for Hong Kong will be equally successful. Likewise, the Leading Regulator has also applied himself to many additional activities, one of which is successfully running the ship's football team. We are now looking forward to taking on one of the other ships in the deployment in the Midi Ships Football competition - so may best team win (providing it's us).

* * * * *



AB Sciville telling fortunes (or is it the other way round?)

AND NOW THE STOKERS' ARTICLE

OK, good people, here is the news according to the buzzes flying around the Stokers' Mess. Well, as you know, after the Suez Canal we all bimbled down to Mombasa in Kenya where we berthed outboard of COVENTRY and ANTRIM. The town itself seemed mostly to be of old houses with all the plaster fallen off and all the rooves were on wooden stilts above the rest of the house. However, there were quite a few modern buildings as well. There were lots of black people (which isn't surprising really), who all wore worn out flip flops specially imported from Marks and Sparks in Minehead (turn left at the church and it's opposite the Odeon). So it was all really quite homely. A bit like Birmingham with bananas really. The night life was very good and usually consisted of drinking vast amounts of Tusker beer and talking to young ladies (of which there seemed to be an amazing abundance, strangely enough) The stokers also made a friend with a charming young lady called Candy who worked in a night club and had some rather original ideas with fluorescent paint, but that's another story.

The stokers' mess also had a mess run celebrating the Battle of Dobiwaller, when in 1797 Major General Ivor Bloodclot of the Kings Own Mounted Corgis carried out a daring night raid on a two man Chinese Laundry, which was under control of the dreaded tyrant Hooz-Gotmi-Nixensox. We think it was a good run, but we can't remember.

There was also a football match with the Squadron team playing against the Mombasa Sports Club team and we beat them 6-1. Afterwards in the bar we learnt some interesting Swahili phrases which we can practice on endearing traffic wardens when we get back home.

There were some good tours being offered to Tsavo National Game Reserve, for a whole day. Quite a few lads down our mess went on them. To start with we had to be up, ready and waiting in the middle of the night at 6am, and after 2 pints of breakfast we piled, zombie like, into 10 seater mini buses. We had a driver called Joe, who was all eyes and teeth and smoked all our fags. After about an hour, with a request form signed by the Chief Stoker, the sun was flashed up and we were again reminded how worrible MEM Bearcroft loomed in the mornings. We were well out of Mombasa and the semi-plasterless houses with optional roofs (if you've got the money) had been replaced by groups of mud huts. We got to the Reserve at about 9am and Joe lifted the roof of the bus. Then witherries of 'Yoiks' and 'Tally ho' and Kodak Instamatics at the ready, we legged into the wild African plains.

We drove around a while then Joe took us to a waterhole guaranteed to have something there. When we got there Joe proudly pointed to a rapidly disappearing cloud of dust and told us they were zebras. It could have been Cricklewood Unmarried Mothers' Knitting Circle for all we could see, but we took photographs of it anyway. After that we saw some secretary birds and a giraffe and lots more dust.

Then at about 1030 we went to a lodge which I cannot remember the name of, where Joe told us there was a shop. He was right, there was a shop. Eagerly we piled into this haven of civilisation in the

middle of nowhere. They didn't have any beer, they didn't have any film, but they did have 150 boxes of soap powder. You can imagine our relief. Thank god, the British have taught these people something. Then the bloke fished out some corned beef tins which his grandfather must have nicked from an Allied supply dump when Monty's boys were here. So we all sat outside and ate corned beef with little bits of stick.

Then off again. Joe then showed us a tree by the side of the track. There were skulls and bones on the trees. 'Water buffalo', said Joe. Water buffalo maybe, but dead tree climbing water buffalo - hard to believe, eh? But they exist! We've seen them!



Then we went to Crocodile Point on the Voy River where we saw logs pretending to be crocodiles (lots of them) and crocodiles pretending to be logs (not so many of them). Then we saw a huge herd of elephants and water buffalo. We went then to Voy Safari lodge which is on the side of a large hill overlooking the plains. At the bottom there was a waterhole and elephants again. During the rest of the day we saw gazelles, wart hogs, lions, giraffes, elephants etc. Really it proved to be a good day out and one that none of us would mind doing again, although we did want to catch sight of the legendary herd of lost BBC wildlife commentators that is rumoured to exist out there.

Well, after Mombasa we sailed up through the Arabian Sea, accompanied by schools of flying fish, into quite rough weather. The ship's main propulsion system then decided to fall apart round our ears. It was all put back together by the stokers with years of experience, professional skill, total dedication, ingenuity, patience, technical know-how and lots and lots of swearing, cursing, kicking, bashing, thumping and elastic bands.

Then we got to Karachi. A lot of people bought only onyx vases, goblets, chess sets etc which seemed to be the thing to buy there but unfortunately, night life as we know it was non-existent as the country is Muslim and alcohol is forbidden. The main transport was horse and cart affairs like the old open hansom cab thingy's and everyone doing John Wayne impressions. Not much else happened in Karachi and there wasn't much to see as most of it was a building site anyway.

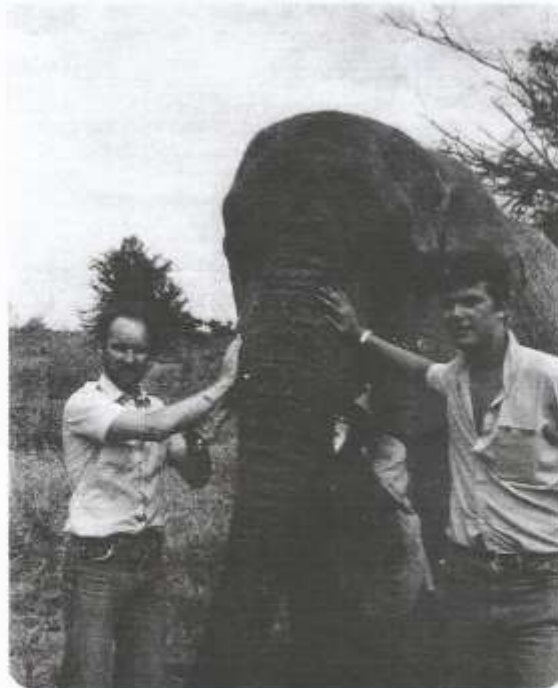
On the way to Singapore we had our own version of Bisley Shooting Competition, which went very well, I say very well because we won it of course. MEM Hogden came top in overall scoring and the stokers' team won the team prize. We also won the Basketball as well.

We then got to Singapore and berthed at Sembawang dockyard. It is nearly the monsoon season and it rains about twice a day and early in the morning. As it rains so often and is warm there is plenty of greenery and millions of creepy crawlies as well. There are plenty of places of interest to visit and as most of us have leave here for a few days it should be a good laugh. There are also lots of other things to do but they won't let me put it in the newsletter, but there'll be some interesting stories to tell when we get back. We stayed in Singapore for 5 days and then went to Penang. This really was a good run with plenty to see and do. Everybody had a go in a trishaw, which is a sort of two seater bike thingy with two wheels in front with two seats in between them and the back half of a bike behind.

We were invited to play football and rugby at Butterworth Air Base, which is Australian, and after the games, we had a barbecue and entertained the Australians with some typical matelot songs and frightened their wives off. The weather there was really strange with spectacular thunder and lightning shows every night. This frightened the seamen a lot, the stokers had to tell them it was just God moving the furniture about when he was doing mess cooks.

Then back to Singapore where we are staying for a maintenance period. And that's your lot for now from the stokers.

* * * * *



Man eating elephant?

WHAT THE PETTY OFFICERS HAVE BEEN UP TO

At Mombasa the PO's Mess intrigued itself into the holiday resort. Many went onto the Safari trips and enjoyed themselves. The night life was a never to be forgotten memory.

Many of the mess members went to the NYALI Beach Hotel to enjoy the white sands and warm sea. Two members PO FOSTER and PO BRYANT went to have a haircut. Herbie Wagner cuts hair for 50p, these two intrepid PO's paid £6.50 each.

KARACHI was a 'duty visit' and a few games of football were played by the mess on the Pakistan Naval Bases. Onyx was the main commodity bought and many mess members now play chess. There was no night life.

After a few exercises on the way we arrived in Singapore alongside a large Naafi sign saying 'NAAFI welcomes you to Singapore'. They also induced the PO's Mess to mortgage their homes to buy stereo equipment. PO SALMONS was flown home to be with his wife during her confinement. Many of the elder and 'grey haired' members of the mess soon told the younger ones what Singapore was like and Bugis Street in particular. All were disappointed because it is now just a tourist attraction. The stalls were still in Sembawang and members soon started hagling over prices. PO JONES spent an hour dropping the price of his bike by £1!! PO's FOX, BRYANT, TODD, CONIUM have spent many happy hours looking for lost balls - on the golf course. There have been many sports fixtures. The Senior Rates were beaten by the JR's at Rugby. The PO's beat the geriatrics (CPO's) 7-2. PO's JONES, FOSTER, WESTON, COWPER, HIGHAM, BRYANT and WREN spent their time at the Terror Club playing tennis and will form a team to play the wardroom.

Forthcoming matches:

RUGBY v the Stokers
Hockey v the Greenies

At PENANG the Mess was well looked after by the NCO's of RAAF BUTTERWORTH.

PO's FOX, WREN, JONES, SPENCER, WESTON, FOSTER, BRYANT went off to Singapore to enjoy the National Day celebrations. They managed to obtain tickets and were treated to a spectacular display of marching and dancing from all walks of life in Singapore. The children performed patterns and shapes in the large stadium. The finale was a corrodonate of colour with dragons and flame. Throwing a great attraction at the weekends is the pool at HMS TERROR, where for a mere five dollars (£1) a Bar-B-Que meal set for a king was enjoyed by all.

NEW FROM 3L

On arrival in Singapore on 7th August it gave our sparkers their first chance to lock the M.C.O. door since sailing from GUZZ in May. The poor chaps had been one in two since about the 20th of May (Except in harbour, of course) so they can now relax for a while and concentrate there activities into the joys of chipping the paintwork and then painting it again! Our batch of EW ratings too, under the rather splendid leadership of IRO(W) AUSTIN haven't had a quiet time either, but it all goes down to experience and 'Life in a Blue Suit'. The Buntings of course, have been doing their best in their own quiet efficient manner as per usual, and, not wishing to blow our own trumpet, but Fleet Chief Communications Department of all the ships that are on this deployment. Anyway, that's enough of work and 'shop' as it were, down to rest and recreation.

Since our arrival in Singapore, and with the prompting of IRO(G) WEBSTER, the mess sports representative, we have managed to get up off our big fat butts and put in teams for several events, Rugby, Soccer and Swimming to name a few. Saturday afternoon at the plunge pool turned out to be a great time for all, especially for 3L because we won the wooden spoon, we nearly lost IRO(G) BRADSHAW in the lifebelt derby, when his lifebelt overturned and he went with it, but he did manage to climb back in and finish his length in record time of about 45 minutes!! Bless him. Our soccer team did not fare too well against the Galatea's Comms Dept. in fact, they lost 8 - 1, our only goal scored by Taff Webster from the penalty spot. Our goalkeeper, Pete Ansell, was complaining of a bad back after the game!! The rugby team did a lot better when they played the for'd sailors the final score was 22-6 in our favour, and a lot of that can be put down to Taff Harding, (ex Wales under fifteens) who did a lot of shouting and prompting and goaded our team onto greater efforts.

I think I speak for the whole of the mess when I say our two best two visits so far have been Mombasa and Penang.

Mombasa certainly lived up to its name, dusky maidens, white sandy beaches and cheap Tusker lager all made up for a highly visit, and 'Aussie' Austin, Dave Wetherall and myself even gathered together enough 'AkkerS' to book a room each for a one night lie in at the Nyali Beach Hotel, obviously the low season!

Our visit to Penang was just as enjoyable, with lots of sport against the Aussies, the Ships Teams played Rugby, Soccer, Hockey and Cricket our only success on the field being the Soccer, but we certainly won all the socials after the games.

Anyway on the completion of the AMP in Singapore, its onto better things, i.e. Pusan in South Korea and a couple of visits to Japan, and Trev Church and Dave Bradshaw are both looking forward to seeing their wives out in Hong Kong, and even Graham Figg is bringing his girlfriend out. Most of the single men are taking station leave there too, although some has been taken in Singapore. Pete Haggart and Steve Jeggo bought pushbikes and went on a camping trip for three days, it rained, so they used their loaves and stayed in an hotel for two nights out of the three.

Well, that's about all from 3L until it's next time for the new letter, if I haven't mentioned everybody then I am sorry and will try to do better next time. We are looking forward to meeting family and friends in December, but in the mean time it is our intention to play hard and maybe work hard, until our arrival back in Plymouth at the end of the year

POOR AND PITIFUL HE MAY BE.....



BUT WE HAVE DEFINITELY RUN OUT
OF MONEY FOR RABBITS!!