

# FAMILIES' NEWS LETTER



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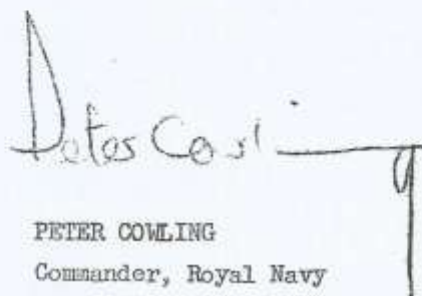
From the Captain :

When I wrote the introduction to the second Newsletter the last thing I expected to be doing in the middle of November was sitting in the Gulf of Oman. But here we are in the middle of a four week 'Patrol' and setting records for continuous days at sea in a frigate.

I hope this, our last edition of the Deployment, will give you some idea of how we pass the time here and bring you up to date on our journey since Singapore.

Although there is a world of difference in the weather we are experiencing I don't have to tell you that, despite the snow, we are all looking forward to getting home.

13 November 1980

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Peter Cowling', with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right and a vertical line ending in a small hook.

PETER COWLING  
Commander, Royal Navy

HMS NALAD FAMILIES' NEWSLETTER - SINGAPORE TO THE GULF OF OMAN

The last Newsletter was written just as we were nearing the end of our Maintenance Period at Singapore. For most of us it was our first real look at the Far East and it gave us a very good yardstick by which to judge the rest of the countries we were about to visit.

We sailed from Singapore on Monday 25 August in a torrential downpour and headed East into the South China Sea. Ahead of us lay the busiest couple of months of the whole trip in terms of the variety and number of visits. Japan and Hong Kong were just around the corner.

But first we had ten days at sea before we were to reach our first visit - PUSAN, in South Korea. The weather started calm enough, but a steady swell grew up as we headed East and soon the going was quite rough. It wasn't helped by the fact that we were steaming fast to meet up with the rest of the Group for exercises in the Subic area off the Phillipines. Fortunately the weather quietened down again and it was on a beautiful sunny and calm Sunday afternoon that we intercepted the brand new Russian aircraft carrier MINSK to the west of TAIWAN. Most of you will probably have seen something of this encounter on the TV news or in the papers, but it was exciting to be there on the spot, and to watch the RN Lynx helicopter flying circles around its less capable Russian counterparts.

In early September, the Group split up : ANTRIM & Co to pay their historic visit to SHANGHAI and NALAD & Co to visit South Korea. We arrived at PUSAN on 4 September, to be met by a full guard and band and a host of pretty flower girls - a welcome that was to be repeated in both the Japanese visits to follow. It was an interesting visit; there were opportunities to get out and see the local countryside and even better opportunities to buy all the sports gear, jeans and training shoes to last a lifetime. The American influence is less noticeable now, but the days of the US 'Rest & Recreation' forays from Vietnam were recalled by such places as "Texas Street" and the language and accent of the barkeepers.

From Pusan we sailed for Japan, taking passage through the Japanese Inland Sea and then making a quick burst to the East to escape the effects of Typhoon ORCHID, which was wreaking havoc elsewhere. Our quick diversion certainly saved us from the worst of the weather and we were also able to arrive at YOKOHAMA on time on 11 September whilst several of the other ships were delayed by up to a few hours.

So, we had arrived at Japan - that mystical land of the Rising Sun. Yokohama itself had a fair deal to offer, but quite a few intrepid souls made the train journey to Tokyo to visit the big City. Most were



impressed by the courtesy of the people and the cleanliness of the streets and, even if prices were very high, Yokohama made a good introduction to Japan. But it is a large city, well used to visiting warships and, despite handsome generosity by our host ship - the Japanese destroyer TENJUSUKI - most of us had to find our own way around and make our own entertainment.

Which cannot be said for the second Japanese visit - the little fishing port of KARATSU in the South West. As opposed to Yokohama, Karatsu hadn't seen a warship in years, let alone a British one, and the hospitality of the local people was overwhelming. Complete strangers thought nothing of stopping us in the street and inviting us home for supper with the family. Coach trips were provided and staffed by the local council and were arranged to show us proudly the local sights of Karatsu. When we sailed after our short visit on 22 September, the jetty was crowded with people, throwing coloured streamers and waving. A hastily set up loudspeaker bellowed out 'Auld Lang Syne'. And the waving didn't stop until we had passed out of sight, but no, I suspect, out of mind. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

Japan had left a very strong impression and it was almost a sad occasion to be on our way again - except that there was Hong Kong to look forward to and of course we were now heading in the right direction: West, towards home. It was a short passage to Hong Kong, only four days, during which we held the NAJAD Song Contest. This was a very successful competition with some very professional entries - the Greenies won the contest and tell you all about it in their article later in this Newsletter.

And so on the 26th September we arrived in Hong Kong for a two week Maintenance Period. We were a little apprehensive, to say the least, because it was at this point that COVENTRY suddenly shot off to you know where, and we thought we may have to follow. Fortunately, our period in Hong Kong was not effected in any way and we were able to settle down and enjoy the delights of this bustling, fascinating island city. As in Singapore, quite a few of the wives/swesthearts flew out to join their menfolk and were soon lost in the sprawling mass of humanity only to reemerge before we were due to sail. Hong Kong is mentioned several times again in the following articles, so suffice it to say that we had a good time.

The Hong Kong period passed very quickly - too fast for those who were joined by their wives - and on October 13 we were once again on our way. We sailed in company with GALATEA and our friendly tanker BLUE ROVER with the intention of sailing as a threesome in the direction of BRUNEI. But GALATEA promptly had a total steam failure and had to limp back to Hong Kong for repairs. We didn't see her again for four weeks. NAJAD, of course, always makes the right place

at the right time and so, bang on the appointed hour, we passed through the MUARA CUT at Brunei and berthed alongside the jetty at the small Brunei Flotilla Base.

The Royal Brunei Malay Regiment has a large British loan element and the Flotilla was no exception, being commanded by a loan RN Commander assisted by several RN Officers and Senior Ratings. This little group welcomed us like returning heroes and organised such a programme of entertainment, hospitality and relaxation that the whole ship's company were turned to to fill the invitations. It was a short and sharp, but highly enjoyable and successful visit that was appreciated both by visitors and hosts alike.

It was at Brunei that we learned the news that our return to UK was to be delayed so that we could remain on station in the Gulf of Oean. This was obviously disappointing news, tempered by the thought of the extra LOA and time on leave in January, and so we left Brunei in a rather quiet mood.

Since sailing from Brunei on 18 October we have been at sea, but for a change the weather has been constantly sunny and calm and now, as we patrol the Gulf of Oman, it is hot, dry and sunny - the humidity we met when we passed through in July has disappeared. Every day is a day closer to home and as the number of milestones ahead pass - relief on patrol, Suez Canal, Gibraltar - we will be able to see the 19th of December approaching. Life here is calm, tranquil and relatively relaxed and, roughers in the Bay of Biscay allowing, we should arrive home in good shape.

See you all soon!

RGL



The Operations Room  
as seen through the eyes of an AN(R)

At sea the Ops Room is the nerve centre of the ship. It is here that information is gathered, computed and displayed for the Captain's appreciation. The type of information we receive, using own ships sensors i.e. Radar Sonar and E.W. are positions of surface craft, sub-surface (submarines) and aircraft. By using Radio (UHF - HF) and an inter-ship computer link we can receive similar information from other units.

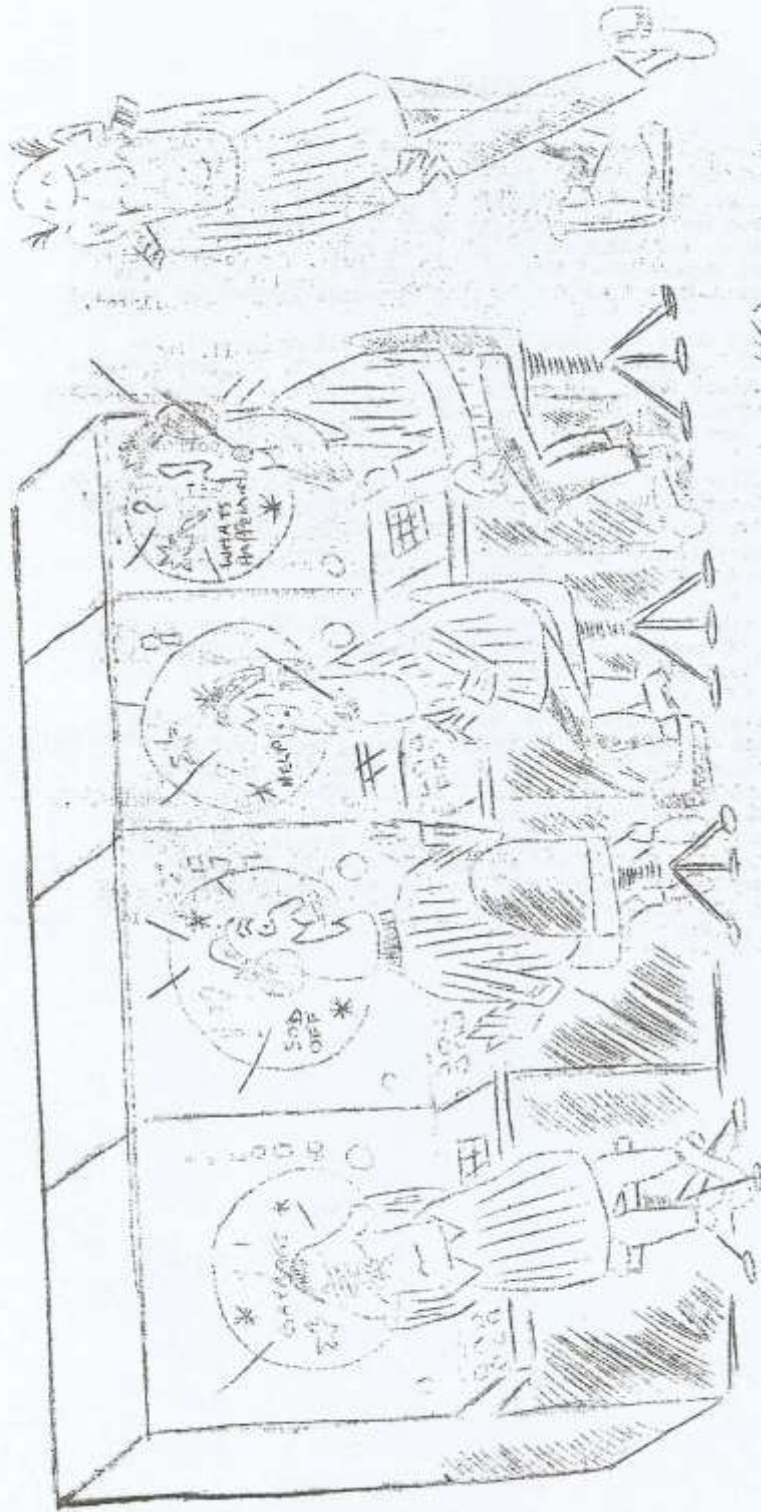
The manning for this is normally an Officer called the Principle Warfare Officer, who is tasked to advise the Captain, and to generally keep the lads on their toes, he has a Senior Rate known as the Ops Room Supervisor as his deputy to ensure that the manning is correct and that everybody has the appropriate equipment, and also liaises with the Radio Supervisors Staff in the MCO for radio circuits on communications problems. So he is mainly responsible for the smooth running of the exercise and drill.

Running the surface plot on picture is a leading Seaman (Radar) rating, who's title is the Surface Picture Supervisor, and his job is to lead his team in compiling the plot of local shipping by assessing their courses, speeds and CPA which working out how close the ships will pass to us, so that the Officer of the watch can take avoiding action if necessary. To assist him he has an AB(R) and a Seaman to detect new contacts.

If we then go into an exercise we need extra personnel to close up, these being another LS(R) to compile the action plot and he receives his information from the Sonar Control room. One LS and two radar ratings to control the Wasp helicopter tasking. A Petty Officer and an AB to compile the aircraft situation and a Senior EW Rating to supervise the Electronic Warfare aspect. This then is the crew that have the capability to contact most threats of today's Medium Warfare concept.

My job is the most important of the lot, I'm known as the Ops Room sweeper! Which as the title implies I have the responsibility of keeping the place clean, which at times is pretty difficult because most of the lights are out, that's why it's known as the 'Gloom Room' and the operators' Mushrooms! (Kept in the dark and fed manure twice a day). I'm also the ORS's right hand man by helping him to compile charts, shredding signals, mustering by counting pages of confidential books and testing headsets, all this on top of keeping watches, Roll on Plymouth and Christmas leave.

AB(R) Smokey Coles



When one, enters the OFS ROOM you are immediately impressed by the apparent air of calm efficiency . . .



### THE ROUTINE OFFICE

This Office is tucked away at the forward end of the Ship, only known to some "because" it is located next to the Regulating Office. It is the heart of the Operational Department and smooth running of the Ships Routines. Other responsibilities we shoulder include gleaning of hands from the other Departments to fulfill commitments, such as stores parties, refueling at sea and Shore Patrols. The Co-ordination of transport requirements, and the employment and training of the Ops Department. Here also all the Duty Personnel Rosters are collated.

The Trio that Staff this busy Office are, CHOPS! Sam Marvell, the friendly G.I. Aggie Weston, and last but not least, the terror of the keyboard, Gracie field, who as our regular readers will have discovered has improved his spelling ability with the aid of the New English Dictionary, but is still apt to blame the typewriter when cornered.

From the Office each day we produce a comic known as the Daily Orders, which we distribute to the Ships Company informing them of the forth coming events for the following day. These seldom occur as printed. Still as the old adage goes, we cant please everybody all of the time, only some of the people some of the time.

Since Deploying we have consumed a staggering 90,000 sheets of foolscap paper, 72 pencils, 6 erasers and 23 bottles of correctine ink. Who was it that said "The Navy dos'nt run Bumph!"

We are visited by everyone from the First Lieutenant down to the lowest Junior Rating asking "What are we doing tomorrow," and questions concerning life in the RN, coarse fishing, philately, family planning advice, British Rail Buffet prices, bondage, badminton, nude modelling, brewery visits and redundancies in the Wellington Boot industry, to name but a few, where upon Sam says "Ask Aggie" his retort is "See Gracie" who shrugs and says "Um, Um, pass". So as you may realize we not only function as a Routine Office, but more like a Citizens Advice Bursau, Fathered by those two wise old "Salts" of the sea, Sam and Aggie.



ROUTINE OFFICE

KEEP OUT

CHOP(R) S.A. MARVELL

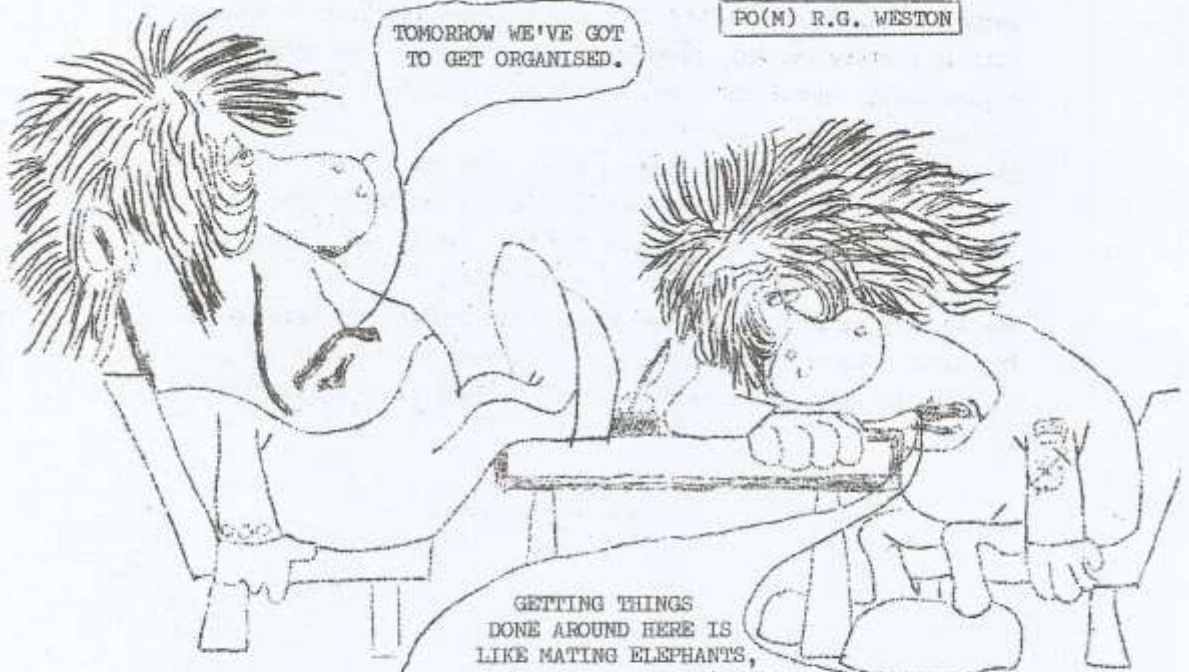
HAIRCUTS  
2/6 d

PO(M) R.G. WESTON

TOMORROW WE'VE GOT  
TO GET ORGANISED.

GETTING THINGS  
DONE AROUND HERE IS  
LIKE MATING ELEPHANTS,  
1. Its done at a high level,  
2. Its accomplished with a great  
deal of roaring and screaming.  
3. It takes two years to produce  
results

Ogg<sup>le</sup> 80



THE REGULATING DEPARTMENT

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With Singapore and Hong Kong now safely behind us, and a very successful visit to both stations by wives, families and girlfriends of several members of the ship's company, thoughts are now turning to our return to UK and Christmas leave. It does seem strange to be thinking of a Christmas with snow, frost, and rain, whilst carrying out a patrol in the blazing sun; but that is now the thought uppermost in everyone's mind. At present, arrangements are being made to send off the advance leave party, who are due to depart on the 1st of December, in just over two weeks time.

By now all the families should have received their pass, for getting into the dockyard, for the ship's arrival at Devonport on the 19th of December. On arrival the intention is to anchor in the Sound at about 0800 and commence clearing customs. This is quite a lengthy process, but one that must be completed before anyone can go on leave. Once this is complete we anticipate arriving alongside at about 1130.

At the moment everyone is looking forward to the 1st of December when we will be relieved on station and begin our journey home, with a trip through the Suez Canal, and a final look round the shops of Gibraltar on the 15th.

Now it only remains for Master at Arms Jim Copland and Leading Reg Windy Gale to wish you all a safe journey to and from the ship on the 19th, and a very Happy and well-deserved Christmas at home.

MAA Jim Copland.



### FLIGHT.....WHAT FLIGHT?

This article was written to shed light on one of the best kept secrets onboard.....who are the Flight and what do they do? (Any resemblance between this article and fact is purely accidental). The majority of the ship's company seem to be misinformed of the role played by the Flight, and indeed their families must be even more in the dark. No doubt they are completely confused by such alien terms as wafco, and budgie.

Providing we occasionally collect the mail and offer our protection in the face of adversity, we are tolerated.....just. However the early morning rattle of chain lashings on the CPO's bedroom roof, and the tortured scream of the Nimbus engine as the Wasp reaches for the down sky does mean that the older members of the ship's company are disgruntled early in the day, and don't need to take their misery pills.

Our haven is the sun deck, sports field, gymnasium, parade ground, theatre, cinema, casino, racetrack, barbecue patch and general area for daily constitutionals, but sadly flying operations limit the use of this leisure complex by the rest of the ship. So it is often hard to convince people that we are only giving aviation its just and proper place as top priority! It would therefore be fitting to lay our claim to fame and enlighten the rest of the ship's company and their families as to our respective roles and task. (A wafco glossary of terms is provided)

The Flight Commander (FC) is Lt Mike Tidd. He is the driver of the Wasp, the Captain's personal air taxi chauffeur, and, I hesitate to add, the scourge of any Russian warship we come across. He has the cushiest job onboard, and when he isn't flying, it's thought he suffers severely from mattress rash (Editors note: This is completely untrue, a false and biased statement). FC is also one of the editors of this newsletter.

To achieve his monthly quota of flying hours operational sorties are supplemented by jollies. This gives members of the ship's company an opportunity to view the ship from higher than the superstructure.....not a lot higher though as FC claims he gets nosebleeds above 100ft! In fairness our intrepid aviator has recently guided the budgie to its 2000th deck landing without breaking it.....well, not much anyway.

Who deserves to be addressed in such an undignified manner as Smer, or is it Smur, or even Smir? Some doubt exists as to the meaning of S.M.R. The Senior Maintenance Rating is AEA(M)1 (since E.B.D.!) Brian Gammage. His basic responsibilities include the maintenance, airworthiness, and associated documentation of the budgie. The main qualification is to be able to read, as the library of A.P.s in his charge describe such things as the number of turns required on the elastic bands to coax the engine into life and the number of turns of the rotor to whip up an egg white. But more seriously he is the FC's religious adviser and the enforcer of wafco law and order according to NAMMs (and another mattress rash sufferer - Ed).



The Senior Electrical Rate is AEA(L) Dave Doyle. What has E.B.D. done to our simple designations? His body potential measured with an AVO provides more than enough volts to stir the budgie into life. His responsibilities extend from occasionally changing pusser's torch batteries to rectifying the ASE, when FC breaks it. He also supervises the loading of weapons and pyrotechnics carried on the Wasp. Basically this means ensuring the pop guns are cocked and the corks correctly loaded. When he isn't doing this or exercising with his Bullworker or even studying astrology, he can be found trying to fiddle flight leave in his capacity as regulator.

Captain of the Flight Deck is POAEM(M) John Musgrave. In this capacity he over-sees all flight deck operations and severely castigates anyone venturing into flight domain incorrectly dressed, or disposing of food at the wrong time. He also supervises routine maintenance, component changes and looks after the survival equipment. He accepts money under false pretences by occasionally flying to demonstrate that vibration is a figment of FC's imagination. Anything left in the hangar that isn't stamped wafoo he unceremoniously disposes of over the side. "Has any one seen my slippers?" one officer enquired. We know where they went, but we're not telling! His undisputed claim to fame is Fleet Horizontal Champion.

How do we get our spare elastic bands? LAEM(R) Lee Mannall is our stores liaison man. Infrequently he is called on to kick the radio into life or plug in some different channel frequencies for FC to play with, and so he is often involved in assisting other trades in maintenance work. In his role as one of the flight deck team for flying operations, he is sometimes invited, during a simulated emergency, to act as firefighter and rescuer. This normally happens when FC is feeling tired and prefers to be carried from the aircraft! His other function is maintaining the equipment state of all our A.P.s. Otherwise how would we know when new type elastic bands are introduced!

The second member of the flight deck team and the electrical junior rate is AEM(L) Steve Hulbert. As the punk rock rep and because of his affection for a particular group, he has assumed the nickname 'One Step'. When he isn't listening to noise, his technical responsibilities involve the electrical maintenance of the budgie and the upkeep of the tool boxes. In his capacity as the second firefighter and rescuer he has been known to overdo the rescue act, propelling the aircrewman from the aircraft with reckless abandon. As are all the other maintenance ratings he is weapons qualified.

Last but not least is the third member of the flight deck team and our Naval airman AEM(M) Mick Silvester. Congratulations are in order as he is soon to be LAEM(M). The most technically involved of the junior rates his responsibilities extend from airframe and engine first line servicing, routine and major servicing under supervision, to upkeep ground equipment and survival equipment. Since Hong Kong he has been noticed carrying around a large case full of camera equipment. He thinks he's David Bailey in his spare time, perhaps he will be when he figures out how it works. Not in the same league as his punk rock mate, he still manages to bore the rest of us with some rubbish tapes.

Last is the aircrewman LACMN Pedler Palmer, FC's whipping boy and constant airborne companion. He has been known to fire a real mean missile with devastating accuracy but then suffers delusions of grandeur and wants to take on the world! His flying responsibilities vary from navigation, nudging FC to keep him awake, winch operator for either rescue or transfers and he advises FC on positioning of aircraft for transfers and vertreps.



His other responsibilities involve the upkeep of FC's books, and the preparation of maps and briefs for flying operations. He is reckoned to be the most impulsive buyer of rabbits and never realises when he's been seen off.

Footnote The fourth member of the flight deck team is provided by the ship's company and this honour is currently bestowed on Seaman Greg Gregory. His vocation is to join the elite of the F.A.A. so he is ideally suited to the employment.

Our Task As the most versatile of the ship's weapon systems, we can perform in either anti submarine or surface strike modes, constant practice is required by the maintenance team in loading weapons and by FC in remembering how to fly. To this end we observe three alert states.

Alert 30 is the most relaxed state. The budgie is stowed in it's cage and we can go to bed (A race between FC and John Musgrave).

Alert 8: We shake the aircrew and guide them to the hangar.

Alert 2: We shake the aircrew fully and get them airborne in two minutes.

Additionally we are tasked to transfer personnel from one ship to another, stores transfers, casevacs, S.A.R., but most important of all the delivery/collection of mail. In between planned operational flying the maintainers are required to carry out routine servicing of aircraft and equipment, painting the hangar, scrubbing the deck and generally clearing up after someone else has borrowed the flight deck. Operating in a salt laden atmosphere, husbandry also occupies a considerable amount of time.

What flight? you may well ask. The reason you don't see us very often is because we're either working or sleeping. Need I say more.

by AEA1 Brian Gamage

#### GLOSSARY OF WAFOO TERMS

WAFOO	Endearing term for Fleet Air Arm personnel
FOD	Foreign Object Damage or Digestion
BUDGIE	WASP aircraft
NIMBUS	Engine, power plant (Rolls Royce)
AVIATION	Flying
JOLLIES	Pleasure cruises
A.P.s	Air Publications (Mending Books)
NAMMs	Naval Aircraft Maintenance Manual (Bible)
E.B.D.	Engineering Branch Development (confusion)
A.S.E.	Auto Stabilization Equipment (Auto Pilot)
1st LINE SERVICING	That required before flight (kick the tyres)
VERTREP	Vertical Replenishment (underslung load)
CASEVAC	Casualty Evacuation
S.A.R.	Search and Rescue
HUSBANDRY	Prevention and treatment of corrosion

### The Petty Officers Mess

We seem to have come quite a few thousands of miles since our last Newsletter was sent to you all at home. Life has still gone on in the mess in its usual manner with us all counting the days to our arrival back in dear old Guzz. Our arrival home date has been messed around with quite a bit, but now all eyes are on the 19th December.

Our last Newsletter left you just after our arrival back in Singapore after spending a very enjoyable time in Penang. Everyone onboard had been looking forward to this fortnights rest in which the ship carried out an Assisted Maintenance Period. We all went into Sembawang and Singapore City itself looking for our favourite haunts of old, but were soon to find out that most of them had disappeared. Many of the shacks and bartering stalls had gone, making way for up-to-date super stores turning Singapore into a very beautiful city. It was nice seeing Charlie's wife Janet and Jock Ross's wife Rhona out there. Their stay in the Marco Polo hotel must have been sheer luxury. Luckily we found a great 'water-hole' in the New Zealand's NCO's mess which happened to be just a hundred yards from Sembawang Villiage. Each night the 'Anchor' and 'Tiger' flowed quite freely and we soon got the hang of Poole (New Zealand Rules), but could never really understand why Shep had his own Poole cue!! The NCO's mess was vacated at about eleven oclock as the night would'nt be complete without 'Kite Flying' and a rendering of 'Meat Loaf' in the Nelson Bar, and a nosh of Marmie Soup and Crabs at Bobbie's stall. With a new cassette in the mess and numerous tapes we left Singapore in a typical monsoon downpour to rendezvous with the rest of the Task Group for exercises. These turned out to be no problem and it was soon time for us all to split up, with Galatea and ourselves going to find the delights of Pusan in South Korea whilst the rest of the group made their historical visit to China. Even though it would have been an experience to have seen China I am sure that Pusan will go down as quite a good run ashore by all. It did'nt take long for everyone to find out that this was a good 'rabbit' run, and soon everyone was running round in new training shoes with Adidas sports bags over their shoulders. The night life was as good as the 'rabbits', but I'm sure there must have been more streets than just 'Texas Street'. We sailed on the 8th September and once again went straight into exercises, this time with the Royal Korean Navy. It had been planned to meet up with the rest of the group once again, but typhoon season was in full flow and due to the fact that three were buzzing around us we had to split up and make our way independently to our respective Japanese ports. Naiad was the first of the group to get alongside, along with our faithful tanker RFA 'Gay Raver', when we berthed alongside in Yokohama to bands playing. After Pusan, we were soon to find out how expensive



Japan was, but an enjoyable four days were spent there taking in sightseeing trips and a visit to a Datsun factory. Rocky even found his worms in the Silk Museum. On sailing from there on the 15th, we made our passage through the beautiful Japanese Inland Sea, and of course, exercises with the Japanese Military Self Defence Force, and it was down to the South Island for a trip to Karatsu. At last we were going to visit a place that was new to the whole mess. Karatsu turned out to be a run with a difference. The hospitality shown by these Japanese people was fantastic to say the least. It wasn't long before many mess members were bringing Japanese families into the mess, and their custom of exchanging presents soon proved expensive. One of the guests turned out to be a night club owner and soon invitations were flying around by him to return the hospitality which had been shown to him onboard. Six other members met up with another Japanese family and the fact that she (Mama-san) owned her own bar didn't really have anything to do with it!! After spending a couple of great nights in their bar we were all invited to go 'up-homers' for a typical Japanese Sunday dinner of Sukiyaki. In some opinions, this turned out to be one of the best runs of the deployment and one which some of us will remember for a long time. Our trophy cabinet in the mess bears the gifts to remind us. We sailed from there on Monday the 22nd September with the band playing 'Auld Lang Syne' and the hundreds of people who had come down to see the ship sail, throwing streamers. It was hard to find a dry eye in the place. Next stop was Hong Kong with everyone looking forward to Wanchai and a good rabbit run. As ever, Honkers lived up to its reputation and everyone had a great time. Once again it was a chance for the wives to drop in again as we were there for over a fortnight, and John Clare was looking forward to seeing Mandy as were Mac and Bob looking forward to seeing their girlfriends Carol and Lynn. The Senior Rates onboard were challenged by Stonecutters to a games night and fifteen out of each mess took up the invite. After a slow start we had to try and convert the Pongoes into our mad way of life, which we eventually did, we went on to hammer them at most games including the Pillow fight, thanks to our fantastic coach - the Buffer. Through Tab, we got very friendly with the Wolverton, one of Hong Kongs resident Minesweepers, and it wasn't long before we took over their Community Centre at Bonna Towers. Many a great <sup>night</sup> was spent up there, and there were also numerous parties, which we would like to think were put on for our benefit. Our ships group 'Toggle and Two', with Herbie prominent, soon had everyone shaking a wicked wellie. Two weeks in a place like Hong Kong soon passes, and when we sailed on the 13th October many of us were more than pleased, as we thought that each line on the chart would be leading homewards, but as we now know, this was not to be. With the rest of the group in Singapore, poor old Coventry on Gulf Patrol and Galatea 'sick' in Hong Kong, we quietly sailed for a quick exercise with the Brunei Military

Forces. This was on the 15th October and after a game of Hide and Seek with their patrol boats we entered Muara in Brunei the next morning. There are quite a few Brits out there, some working with the Military Forces and others with World-Wide Helicopters. We were all invited round to their mess for a curry lunch and drinks that first lunchtime which went down very well until later, when some of the mess members had to play soccer for the ship. Sorry Tam. Our run ashore there was mainly around their mess, with a games night on the first night, and a social onboard the last night. A few of us managed to strangle grippo's which enabled us to see something of this lovely place. The only thing that spoiled, what could have been a good run ashore, was the fact that we had to sail at ten oclock on the Saturday morning. A weekend there would have gone down well.

That just about brings us up to date. We were expected to have taken part in a large multi-nation exercise, but due to the uncertainty of the Persian Gulf area, this had to be abandoned, and a few days exercising with the United States Navy took its place. We were detached from this group on the 2nd November when we relieved Coventry on Gulf Patrol.

Whilst we have been away, we have gained some new mess members. Scouse (Super Chef) Higham joined us in Karachi, Robbie (don't slam the door) Robinson in Hong Kong, and Taff Hallybone, who joined the 'swamp', has just got accustomed to living in permanent darkness. Bob Hymers is well and truly settled in the mess now, especially on the Uckers scene.

We would also like to pass on our congratulations to Julia Salmons on the birth of Marie, Amanda Woodrow on the birth of Paul and last but not least Anne Musgrave on the birth of Phillip. (The barrels went down very well).

All thats left to say is thanks to you all who have sent papers, comics, porn, Shoot and Weekends along with all the other bits and pieces. We all enjoyed them. That one night in Gibraltar is going to be one hell of a night after fifty odd days continuous at sea, plus we are also looking forward to our Mess Dinner and Christmas Draw on the 13th December. The 19th December cannot come fast enough, and it will be fantastic seeing you all on the jetty, and in the mess afterwards, on that great day.



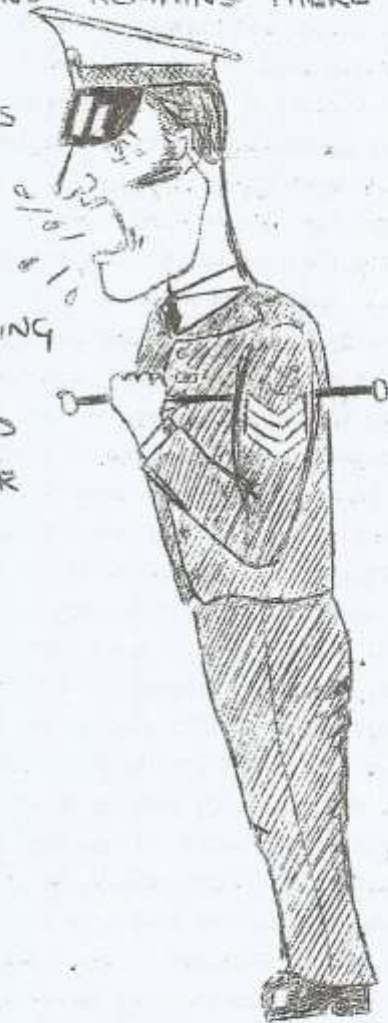
## THE PETTYOFFICER.

THIS RARE SPECIES OF ANIMAL CAN BE FOUND IN MANY PARTS OF ENGLAND, PARTICULARLY THE SOUTH DEVON AREAS. IT IS EASILY RECOGNISABLE BY ITS WHITE CREST, BLACK PLUMAGE AND LARGE OBTRUSE MOUTH.

THE PETTYOFFICER MIGRATES ONCE A YEAR ON A REMARKABLE JOURNEY ACROSS WATER TO SUCH PLACES AS HONG KONG AND SINGAPORE, AND ONLY RETURNS TO BREED AROUND CHRISTMAS. ON ITS RETURN TO THE COASTS OF ENGLAND IT IMMEDIATELY GOES INTO DEEP HIBERNATION AND REMAINS THERE FOR MANY MONTHS.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF THIS, BEING THE TRIPLE STRIPED AGONIOUS WESTONUS WHICH IS ONE OF THE LOUDER SPECIES AND CAN BE DETECTED BY ITS FAMILIAR WAR CRY - "GETYORAT GETYORAT!"

IT IS SOMETIMES REPUTED AS BEING THE REAL KING OF THE BEASTS DUE TO ITS REMARKABLE METHOD OF COMMUNICATING TO THE LOWER RANKS.



STEVE  
80.

#### SPORTS NEWS BY 1ST WARD

As the new Clubswinger joining in Singapore to relieve Bagsy Baker I was really impressed by the Ship's Company's spirit and enthusiasm for sport. Bagsy and I had a combined leaving/joining run where, at the end of a high spirited evening, we finished up on a table doing Zulu Warrior! (while the lads showered us with beer and coleslaw! Not a pretty sight!)

At my first Flight Deck Training I was really amazed at the number of people who attended - all 5 of them! Although I was slightly disheartened I carried on and was informed later by one of the regular 'trainers' that this was quite normal. Apparently it takes the Ship's Company a few days to recover from the previous run ashore; sure enough, up they crawled from their bunks (some with sleeping bags still attached!) But they soon woke up and wished they hadn't come as they crawled away after the session. After a few days they were back in the swing of things and were all training to become superstars in 4 days. What a sight to see 40 lads pushing and pumping out the reps with neat Tiger beer running from their sweat glands!

Then the pipe was made "Handa to Harbour Stations". Smiles appeared on the faces of all circuit trainers as they knew that all the training they would be doing for the next few days would be a few arm curls in the bars ashore. As usual in harbour, the early morning run and dip took place at 0615 and I usually managed to get 6-12 to this after prising them out of their bunks with a crow bar!

Now to the sports teams results. First of all, the Rugby team who haven't had much success this deployment but have shown lots of enthusiasm in all the games they have played. They defeated the Queen's Own Highlanders in Hong Kong 16-6 but lost to Karatsu (Japan) 24-0 and Kualas (Hong Kong) 24-10. Jan Farrell (Team Manager) has got a very good spirit going in the Rugby Club.

The Soccer Team is doing well. They defeated HMS GALATEA in the Midi ships cup game in Hong Kong (4-1) and have also beaten Yokohama CC (5-2) and the Royal Marines (6-2). It's good to see how keen everyone is to play for the ship.

The Hockey Team hasn't had many fixtures recently (they don't seem to play hockey in Japan!) but they had a training session and a game against HMS TAMAR in Hong Kong.

A number of minor sports matches have also been played (volleyball, Tennis, Squash, Cricket and Basketball), although we didn't win very many we always did very well after the games!

Now we move to our busiest sporting time, in Hong Kong. A variety of sports were played against GALATEA and BLUE ROVER for the Deployment inter-ship Trophy and our sportsmen triumphed almost everywhere. We also had an inter-mess swimming gala (won by RO'S & S&S) and an 'It's a Knockout' (won by the Seaman). On our final Saturday in Hong Kong we challenged BLUE ROVER for the Waterloo Cup (the Squadron Trophy) and odds looked pretty slim as their heavies thudded off the gangway on to the jetty. But our fitness came through their 130 stones could not stop us from pulling to victory.

Finally, we came to the biggest sporting event of the deployment, the Inter-Mess Boxing Championships 1980, which everyone had been looking forward to for months. They took place on Saturday 11th October at Stanley Barracks, Hong Kong (HQ of the Queens Own Highlanders) in front of an audience of 200.



After a Scottish piper had opened the evening we enjoyed 14 cracking bouts (3 of them QOH v Welsh Gurads). AB ARTHUR and LWEM ANDERSON won plaques as Best Loser and Best Winner respectively and the full results are as follows:-

Bout No	Red	Blue	Winner	How won
1.	Light Weight	RO ANSELL v AB ARTHUR	RO ANSELL	POINTS
2.	Light Weight	MEM TIM INS v AB BELL	AB BELL	RSC
3.	Welter Weight	WEM BUTTERWORTH v RO JEGGO	RO JEGGO	WO
4.		MEM HOLDER v AB GREGORY	MEM HOLDER	RSC
5.	Light Middle	AB MAKEPEACE v LWEM ANDERSON	LWEM ANDERSON	RSC
6.		AB CATTERALL v LSTD WALDROM	LSTD WALDROM	POINTS
7.	Middle	RO CRAWFORD v WEM PRINCE	WEM PRINCE	POINTS
8.		AB BROOKS v STD CLARK	STD CLARK	KO
9.		MEMPEARN v LCK GRICE	MEM PEARN	POINTS
10.		AB MYATT v RO CHURCH	AB MYATT	POINTS
11.	Light Heavy	WTR OLIKNOW v MEM HURLEY	WTR OLIKNOW	RSC
12.		WEA/A NEILSON v AB McGRANE	WEA/A NEILSON	POINTS

RSC = Referee stopped contest.

WO = Walk over

The result of the Inter-mess competition was:

1st	3EZ Mess	7points
2nd=	3MPt "	6points
	= 3L "	"
	= 3K "	"
5th=	3EA "	5points
	= 3MStd "	"

The prizes were presented by the Captain, Commander COWLING, and I would like to than all the boxers and organizers for all the efforts they put in to making the evening a success.

That concludes the sports news for this Deployment. Just one more word to all you mothers, wives and girlfriends who have sportsman onboard, please go easy on them with all the luxuries of home and kitchen over the leave period, and give them lots of physical exercise. We need them healthy and fit for the Navy Cup games early next year.

Thank you.

D WARD  
LPT



### NEWS FROM THE FORWARD SEAMEN'S MESS, ALSO KNOWN AS 3 EA

We would like to point out that the word 'forward' used to describe this mess has to do with its position in the ship, and is not intended as a description of any of the inhabitants. Mind you, there are ways in which the inhabitants of this mess distinguish themselves. We are very consistent performers in the ship's inter mess quiz. So far we have always been last - a tradition of which we are very proud. We like to think that the mess is run like a big family, although it has been suggested that a better comparison would be the Ape House at Chester Zoo. Still even apes have families, so let's stick with the family image and introduce you to the big dad of the mess, Leading Seaman Bradley (known as Brad). Brad has been leading hand of the mess for the past 8 months, and none of the rest of us really envy his position because he has more responsibility than anyone else in the mess (and he's welcome to it!)

If Brad is the 'dad of the mess', then the title of 'mother' must go to Leading Seaman Lewis (known by some as Dirty Lewie, but we are sure that's not significant). He likes to bore us by telling us salty sea stories about people and places we have never heard of, Who was Nelson anyway?

There is a third Leading Seaman in the mess, L/S Johnson (Jonno). His great occupation is thinking things over, which he does in a horizontal position on his bed, and judging by the amount of time he spends there he must be one of the world's greatest thinkers.

After these three exalted beings we come now to the real heart of the mess (hard core might be a better description). You don't have to be an idiot to be part of this group, but it would probably be an advantage. These are the Able Seamen, Seamen, and even a Junior Seaman (which is only one step up from a Sea C det). Here is a thumb-nail sketch of each (and in the event of legal action being taken we the authors, will deny all knowledge of this article).

- AB Campbell (Taff) - As the nickname implies he comes from the land of daffodils and singing miners. He performs a useful function as mess sports representative. What he does as Able Seaman no one really knows.
- AB Catterall (Cats) - He comes from Manchester - but then we all have our problems. He functions (when he does!) as mess steward - known affectionately as flunky.
- AB Coles (Smokie - what else?) - Smokie is English, but has emigrated to live in Scotland - which is his good luck, or misfortune depending on how you look at it. Perhaps because he is so far travelled he spends a lot of time trying to interest the rest of us in boring items of world news.
- AB Farry (Dave) - Dave reckons that Bruce Lee films are the best thing since sliced bread. Although generally a quiet lad when he gets started on an idea he is very hard to stop.
- AB Field (Gracie) - Gracie is known as the cuddly member of the mess which may be a reference to his warm and affectionate nature, or just to his love of food. He is Routine Office Writer and as such acts as secretary to Chief Ops. It is

said that he sometimes sits on Chief Ops' knee when the latter is dictating memos, but you can't believe all you hear.

AB George (Scouse) - No prize for guessing where he comes from. He keeps the lads' spirits up: he also keeps their tempers up sometimes because of his inability to keep still. He takes great delight in making stupid noises, and has the disconcerting habit of poking people in the neck. (Why do we put up with him?)

AB Gregory (Greg for short) - Greg is a sad case. He suffers from the delusion that he is Cliff Richards II. He doesn't look a bit like him, but we say he does - well, you have to humour people like that.

AB Greenhouse (Brun) - He is attracted to young ladies who look a bit like rejects from the Muppets - maybe its his eyesight. However underneath his strange exterior there beats a heart of gold - at least that's the theory.

AB Holmes (Sherlock - of course) - Sherlock is the mess clown (and to be distinguished as such in this mess is no small achievement). He is a great performer in all senses, and acts and dresses for so many parts that no one is sure who he really is.

AB Jones (Johner) - He is an interesting member of the mess with a kind of Kamikaze Pilot mentality which expresses itself in the tendency to perform high dives into gash bins.

AB Kemp (Basher) - Basher could claim to be the most sensible member of the mess except for one thing, he thinks he is a Lower Mongoloan Siberian Snow Wolf. Well, there is a resemblance.

AB Lawson (Dino) - Dino is the big smoothie of the mess. Sometimes this works for him, and sometimes it doesn't; but either way he doesn't really care.

AB Makepiece (known lovingly as Nasty) - He got his nickname when he fought in the ship's inter-mess boxing tournament. We told everyone he was a nasty piece of work.

AB McGraine (Mac) - He is our little overseas visitor from Malta. A malicious rumour says he carries a vanity case in his back pocket, but you would be daft to believe all you hear.

AB Pryar (Porky) - Porky is the ship's diver's yeoman, and compared to him Jacques Cousteau looks pretty good. Still maybe he will improve if he lives long enough.

AB Trehella (Jan) - Jan is a bit of a specialist. He can't read and he can't write, but he can drive a tractor - well, almost.

Seaman Bradbury (Badges) - This lad claims to have so much experience that he makes Nelson look like a Sea Scout.

Seaman Aitken (Jock) - One of Jock's great delights in life is to change the colour of his hair about once a week. He even asked the NAAFI man if he had any tartan dye for sale.



Seaman Holohan (Hot Lips) - He joined the ship in Singapore and at first stood out like a sore thumb with his white skin. Now after three months of sun he blends in quite nicely.

Seaman Smallwood (Paddy) - He is the newest member of the mess. If you think Irishmen are a bit slow Paddy is living proof that you are right.

Seaman Waddicor (Mean Dean) - He is a quiet lad who always sets off to work in time, but somehow never seems to get there.

Junior Seaman Prior (Bambi) - He is the baby of the mess. He doesn't like rough weather, especially on working days. He may be the baby of the mess but he is growing up quickly. To survive in this mess he would have to.

We hope this description of the lads in the mess will help to prepare you for your lad's return home. If you know the kind of people he has been living with it may help you to understand what has happened to him over the past few months. Anyway, see you all soon.

From the lads of 3 EA Mess.

SUPPLY & SECRETARIAT MESS - 3EZ

DEPLOYMENT FAR EAST '80

Well the Supply and Secretariat Mess, 3EZ, is alive and kicking. After a period of illiteracy we have decided to write in the 3rd and final newsletter, an article of such panache, style and charisma that it will compare with the diaries of Samuel Pepys and Anne Frank.

For the last five months the S & S has been providing a service to the ship that has made them notoriously forgettable. The Chefs have been pumping out meals which could only be classed as exceedingly average and it is rumoured that the Stores Accountants turned to on June 14th and August 24th (both Saturdays!). The stewards have been doing their usual work in the Wardroom with Leading Stewards Waldrom and Slater being promoted to Lieutenant and Lieutenant Commander for a day in Singapore. Unfortunately they didn't like the pay, so they reverted to Leading Stewards again. The Writers have been providing their usual "sterling" service with the foreign currency changing for each visit, and have also paid out over £2m in wages for the men onboard.

Throughout the Deployment the Supply Department has been making their presence felt. We were the first mess to win the ship's quiz, proving that some of the lads have measurable I.Q.s. Combined with the ROs we won the swimming competition in Hong Kong, and the biggest surprise of all, we won the Boxing Championships, also held in Hong Kong. The mess was represented by Leading Steward 'Wally' Waldrom, Steward 'Nobby' Clark, Leading Cook Alex Grice (under the illusion that he is a chef), and Writer Dick Oldknow. The Manager was SA (Captain) Jackson, with seconds Cook Stan Davies and Writer 'Jasper' Cooper. First in was Wally, anxious to gain revenge for his defeat in the Gibraltar Championships. He won on a unanimous decision after emptying the opposition's face of quite a bit of blood. Next was Nobby, who knocked out his opponent in the second round, this being the only knockout of the evening. Unfortunately Alex lost his bout which meant that we needed one more win to clinch the trophy. The final bout, featuring Dick Oldknow, proved to be one of the most exciting fights of the evening, and although he got his nose bashed and his hair ruffled (which really made him angry), he won on a unanimous decision.

The last day of August saw the spectacular sponsored run by Leading Stewards Gary Slater and Wally Waldrom and Able Seaman Mickey Makepeace from 3EA Mess. These intrepid runners spent 8 hours on an extremely hot day running round the upper deck, clocking up a total of 800 laps and raising £250 for charity (Lucky girl!).

Station leave for most people proved to be a relaxing and expensive period, the majority of the mess taking theirs in Singapore or Hong Kong. Some were lucky enough to have their wives or girlfriends fly out to meet them. Also three others, Phil Tandy, Rick Wardleworth and Kev Reeve, who has relations in Australia, took the opportunity to fly down and see them from Singapore. They returned bouncing back with fond memories of Australian hospitality, Kangaroos and Swan beer.

During the Deployment we have gone through quite a lot of stores and food. How would you like this for a shopping list?

76,555 lbs of potatoes, 3,800lbs of sausages (approx. 2½ miles), 14,250lbs of beef, 8,600 loaves of bread, 2,010 tins of baked beans, 650lbs of tea, 2,500 crates of beer, 3,000 crates of soft drinks and ½ million cigarettes.



So now we are on the last leg of this epic voyage, patrolling the Persian Gulf, which is somewhat a tedious task. However, we are trying to reduce the boredom by participating (and doing very well, we might add) in inter-mess games such as uckers dominoes and crib. As this goes to print, we have a doubles team (Phil Tandy and Wally Waldrom (again)) in the final of the Uckers Tournament, and also a doubles team (Nobby Clark and Alex Grice) in the Crib Final. With all these games we enter with the high hopes of gaining resounding success and collecting the stupendous prize of three cans of beer. This seems a small reward for the mental strain imposed.

Throughout the Deployment we have had much to celebrate. Many birthdays have passed, and our boss has been promoted to Lieutenant Commander. We would like to make public our appreciation to McEwan's Brewery at Edinburgh, and to The Anchor Brewery of Singapore, without them this journey would not have been possible.

We have been away quite a long time, and have tolerated alot, but we are nearly home now, and not to far from our families, wives and friends. For this special time of year, The Supply and Secretariat Branches would like to take this opportunity to wish everybody a merry Christmas and a Happy and prosperous New Year.



"WE MAY SEEM A LITTLE STRANGE  
BUT WE MYTH YOU"

### NEWS FROM 3 GOLF ALPHA MESS

This desirable residence occupies a corner site in the Wheelhouse Flat, in a very select area of the ship. The mess is intended to be occupied primarily by the Quartermasters, these intrepid men who steer the ship at sea, and guard the gangway in harbour. In addition to the four QM's there are a further 5 members of the mess, all specialists of one kind or another, and all Leading Hands.

Although the smallest mess in the ship 30A is by no means the quietest. Each member of the mess makes his own special contribution to a continual round of witticism, sarcasm and general argument. At times it can be absolutely riotous, although it is all done in good fun, most of the time.

The best way for you to get to know this interesting group of characters is for us to provide you with a brief description of each. Our comments may need to be taken with a slight pinch of salt here and there.

We commence the 'Dossier' with our oldest member, who is also Leading Hand of the mess, Leading Regulator Vivien (Windy) Gale. Windy is well liked throughout the ship. As big and hairy as a grizzly bear he maintains he is at least 80% human. He is certainly the best Leading Reg onboard, (he is also the only Leading Reg onboard!) He is well known for his friendly smile and rapier sharp sense of humour. Sadly he leaves the ship soon to travel with the blue-lighted 'Crusher' wagons which form the Naval Patrol in Plymouth.

Leading Seaman Jan (Rat) Roden is one of the four Quartermasters. In the mess he is fairly quiet and has the ability to keep quiet while disputes are raging. He is not averse, however, to sticking his oar in when it is needed to make his presence felt.

Leading Seaman (Taff) Evans is also Quartermaster. He usually spends about 16 hours of each day in bed 'flatbacking', and only gets up for watches, and occasionally to eat. He is always right, and never wrong, or so he says, and this attitude is the cause of 99.99% of the disputes which occur in the mess. He is also a bit sensitive about his receding hair-line. His intention to leave the Royal Navy soon to help sort out the GPO has earned him the nick-name 'Buzby'.

Leading Seaman (Shrew) Nicholls is yet another Quartermaster. He is the smallest member of the mess, with a quick sense of humour and sharp wits which make him a dangerous lad to tangle with in an argument. Mess disputes revolve around him like the revolving doors of the Savoy Hotel.

Leading Seaman (Tommy) Tucker is not a Quartermaster but dabbles now and again with general duties. He is also known affectionately as TFFTF (Two Fisted Tuck From Tisbury). Most of the time he is a peaceful member of the mess but occasionally he demonstrates his ability to 'stir it'.

Leading Physical Training Instructor (Sharkey) Ward is the youngest and fittest member of the mess. He joined NAIAD in Singapore. Because of his commitment to organising sport and running the ship's inter-mess quiz he is rarely seen in the mess.

Leading Medical Assistant John D'Albert is known to his friends as Mad Albert. (This name it should be pointed out, is a combination of his rate and his surname, and is not intended as a comment on his mental state.) He joined in HongKong, but already become a very active member of the mess: active that is in inciting riots and mayhem.



Though seldom seen working he will actually see the sick and afflicted if they ask nicely and report to the sick-bay at the proper time. He is an avid sun worshipper and general lay-about.

Leading Seaman Mick (Flatback) Dutson is the fourth Quartermaster. He is a recent acquisition, having joined in Hong Kong. He seems to be the Flatback champion of them all. Another of his talents is drawing cartoons. The ones he did of the other members of the mess were so honest they hurt.

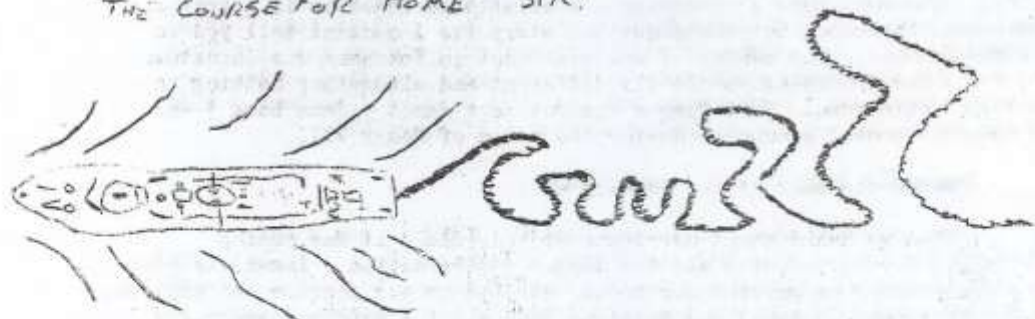
Leading Medical Assistant (Dental) Ray Kilmister joined only for the duration of the deployment to help his boss the Dental Surgeon to keep our biting and chewing abilities on top line. He is an experienced guitar player and not so bad singer who keeps us entertained often. A Druid of the first order, he can often be found on his back worshipping the sun.

So there you have it, the makings of a wierd and wonderful mess. Hopefully on Families' Day you will pay us a visit, but please don't start an argument!

By the lads of 3 GA Mess.  
See you all soon.



"THE COURSE FOR HOME SIR!"



THE CONTINUING SAGA OF THE DEPLOYMENT THROUGH THE EYES OF 3L

Well, here we are with part 2 of 3 Lima's views and comments on the deployment so far (Rubbish)!

We finished our last newsletter with our arrival and subsequent activities in Singapore, so we will continue with our sailing from Singapore. Our first visit after Singers was Pusan, in South Korea, where we were all able to sample the various delights of a wonderful place called Texas Street (ladies, don't ask us about Texas Street)!, but seriously folks, everything was cheap down there; socks, beer, sheepskins and training shoes especially.

The ship had a soccer trial whilst in Pusan, and several mess members participated, including one certain Dave Wetherell, who managed to bust his ankle in the process (serves him right for coming into our penalty area), and he was hobbling around in a plastercast for several weeks afterwards. He also asks us to say he is very good looking, but we shan't bother.

There was a curfew in Pusan, between midnight and 4 am, so if you had any common sense you were well and truly off the streets between these times, not necessarily back on board, but off the streets anyway, lots of intrepid sailors could be found sleeping in bars with their heads cradled in their arms, which were placed either on the bar or on a table.

After Pusan there was Yokohama, for those of you who were never any good at Geography, Yokohama is in Lincolnshire, not far from Grantham and whilst there, several mess members took the opportunity to travel to Tokyo, just a few miles down the A1 on the very special Japanese 'Bullet' train, with a cruising speed of 140 mph it didn't take very long to get there.

There took place in Yokohama several local festivals, all very impressive, with lots of pretty floats and things. One person who was particularly impressed with these was Roy Crawford, he always has been into flowers and that, but one of the best local festivals we saw in Yokohama was when the local police started beating their fellow countrymen over the head with big sticks, it is our belief that we have festivals like this in the U.K. from time to time. After Yokohama it was back down through the inland sea to another Japanese town called Karatsu, our first visit without any other members of the group, the local hospitality was sometimes a little overwhelming, the Japanese passion for giving and accepting gifts becoming very apparent, and their generosity with their own local booze, especially Whiskey and Brandy, was particularly stimulating!

We sailed from Karatsu amidst a glut of streaming streamers and 'Auld Lang Syne', some of us wishing that perhaps we could have stayed just a little longer, and on to Hong Kong for our second AMP, many mess members taking station leave, some in hotels, some in the truly wondrous China Fleet Club, two quid a night for a pit, no real cause for complaint. We spent the AMP with HMS Galatea (Who)!! and we haven't seen her since, a darts match was organised against Galatea's comms department, Galatea won, but who cares, we won the fight!

Several old acquaintances were made whilst in Hong Kong, and a good run was had by all, in fact it was a good job we had to leave 'cos everyone was running short of 'akkers'.

It was good to see Mrs. Bradshaw and Mrs. Church while we were there, and, according to their husbands anyway, they had a good holiday, particularly they enjoyed the free beer during the San Miguel night at the China Fleet Club.

Must not forget to mention the Inter-Mess Boxing Championships, held at Stanley Barracks on the last Saturday, Pete Ansell, Roy Crawford and Trev Church fighting for the mess, while Steve Jeggo got a walkover, we didn't do so well this time (we won last year), but nevertheless, well done to all who participated and represented the mess in this event.



After Hong Kong it was a visit to Brunei. Lots of people were subburnt whilst on a banyah, and some of the troops went up the jungle, unfortunately Fred Pickering was not bitten by a snake!!, but the visit turned out to be a lot better than we expected, some of the troops even having a ride in a scorpion tank, courtesy of the Brunei Defence Regiment. We lost the cricket by 2 runs. And that, basically, is that, we are now in patrol in the Persian Gulf, we've painted a Union Jack on the bridge roof, and everyone is busy getting brown as a bun ready for our arrival in GUZZ on 19th December.

See you then.

WHOOOPS!!, nearly forgot to mention Ms. Kaye Ward, known to most of us as the 'Horror', often to be seen on the arm of Mr. Graham Figg, whilst in Hong Kong, more often than not in the China Fleet Club, we often stop to wonder if the poor girl ever got any further, bless her cotton vests !

THE STOKERS REALLY ENTERTAINING ARTICAL FOR THE NEWSLETTER - BY GRIFF I  
HELPED HIM WITH THE FULL STOPS

Right you lot, the Stokers are here again with the latest you - cant bend it gen buzzes. Well after 3 weeks of stereo-buyin, Anchor swillin, Foty takin, Frog catching, Kite trapping, Rabbit nickin, Bum bitin, Noodle noshin, Kiwi-bashin, Head achin indulgence we spent the next 2 weeks floating about recovering, while the rest of the ships company played war with the American ships who were based at Subic in the Phillipines. Then we stopped off for 4 days at Pusan, which is the captial of Southern Korea. There wasnt much to see in the way of sightseeing except one place of cultural interest to us which was wait for it . . . . SHA BLATA BOOM !! Texas Street, YES TEXAS STREET. The Golden mile of South East Asia, The only place this side of Kampuchia that you can get well and truly Harry Corbett for only 5,000 Wun (see conversion table at bottom of page three) walk through the land that Uncle Sam never forgot with a Korean bus driver and sometimes even further. Well I suppose we'd better explain, Texas street is really a street full of the bars, that have been left over from the days of the American participation in the Korean war when the G.I's were let ashore for a spot of R+R (Rest and Recreation) and although most of the Yanks have walked into the sunset with John Wayne and the Green Berets the bars remain. The beer which was lager beer cost 250 Korean Wun which is about 25p English money, Once inside the bar, like Mombasa there seems to be a strange abundance of young ladies we all noticed upon entering into conversation with them that they wore a leather badge with a number obviously they must be part of a Korean female bus drivers convention but never the less we all got on great. There was also a curfew in operation and at midnight a convoy of Amercian jeeps, tanks, self propelled guns and B-17s all full up with budding Audie Murphy's with magnums pump-action shot guns etc etc all waiting to escort us back to the ship, which was lots of fun and usually entailed unscrewing their radio masts, trying their funny hats on, calling them Elmer + playing Dukes of Hazzard. Then laden now with Adidas bags, caps, training shoes and 'T' shirts we lagged it off to the land of the flying meatball.

Coming in to Yokohama we again did a procedure Alpha which means everybody available dresses in tropical shorts + white fronts and stands round the ship in line. When we arrived at the jetty there was a brass band + the Mayor + Geisha girls and a huge crowd. As we only had 5 days in Yokohama a few of us decided to go to Tokyo on the first opportunity. Japan is very expensive so within a few hours we were facing financial disaster. We decided to evade the Yen - devouring department stores in favour of something more relaxing. Of all the bars pubs + restaurants available we ended up in a proper Japanese bathhouse, but thats another story (ie I couldnt tell you in a newsletter). The centre of entertainment in Yokohama was Chinatown, and now for something completely different and altogether nothing to do with chinatown. Taff Cowper has got past Janet + John book 3 and is now on social economics during the reign of Henry VII.

Meanwhile back at sea (sneaky eh?).

Then we heard about hurricane Orchid (GASP) it was coming straight for us, so with all the dogged determination + ingenuity that we could muster we gritted our teeth, screwed up our courage and anything else that came in handy and battened down all the hatches, secured all doors + tied the Chief Stoker to the quarterdeck + made big ones in the opposite direction narrowly missing 'Orchid' by 350 miles.



We arrived at Karatsu to another big reception although Karatsu didnt have much to offer for sightseeing, it made up for it with the freindliness of the population. We were made to feel like celebrities in all the bars and clubs we usually entertained the locals with drunken off key renditions of Beatles hits and the occasional burst of the 'wild west show'. Nearly all of ~~XX~~ mees trapped extremely delightful Japanese girls except the extremely ugly ones . . . . . and all the married men . . . . . Oh and the ones who are going out with young ladies and all the ones who are getting engaged . . . Well the three of us did allright anyway. And then we went to Hong Kong and got drunk slot at the China Fleet Club and then we went to Brunei where they didnt have one but we got drunk anyway and now were going up and down in the Gulf of Oman where their sea snakes and sharks and ive got to go on watch now but we'll be back home soon, love the Stokers (and a couple of Greenies and a Wafu or two)

GOOD 'ERE' INNIT?

### THE NAIADVISION SONG CONTEST

The Naiadvision Song Contest was one of our many successes in 3M Port'Greenies'mess, and it was also one of the most enjoyable. The aim of the game was to make a tape recording of an original song which would then be patched onto a master tape, along with all other entries, to be broadcast over the SRE. Panels of judges throughout the messes would compile marks for each song, the winning entry being rewarded by the glittering prize of a crate of beer.

As usual, everything was left to the last moment: our dubbing artist had the first dogwatch, the lead singer was rummaging through the scranbag looking for his best pair of Chokie Knicks, and our lead guitarist was still trying to confirm copyrights - a vital requirement. However, our LHOM (Leading Hand of the Mess) being the cowboy that he is, said 'What the Hell' decided boldly to breach the copyright, and ordered 'Recording will go ahead'.

Well, as Clint was now off watch, Striders had found his Chokie Knicks, and LHOM had made the decision, things were ready to roll. The song title still had to be decided, as did the song itself, so like Beethoven, Bach and Tchaikovsky before us we sat down and composed a winner in a matter of minutes.

Studio One was chosen for our initial attempt at the now entitled 'Detention Quarters Holiday'. You may be wondering how on earth we arrived at such a title. Well, the Joss (our personal laughing policeman - the Master at Arms) had taken a great dislike to people whistling around the ship. 'Queer man', you may say, but senility affects people in strange ways. So what better of expressing our sympathy than writing a song?

After a lot of work we were beginning to think we were getting close to the required high standard of quality when LHOM piped up again 'The acoustics are wrong'. What could he mean? It turned out he wanted the television turned off. That seemed to do the trick; the music rolled, as did the recorders, and at the end of an exhausting recording session we had captured Detention Quarters Holiday to everyone's liking.

As the big night drew near the tension grew in each mess and quarrels developed out of next to nothing as people tried to promote their songs. So you can imagine everyone in the mess huddled around the loudspeaker, the excitement mounting as each song in turn was played and argued over by the judges. Finally the judging was complete. When the scores were announced in reverse order and our names came out last, it took us quite a while to realise we had won.

As we rushed up to the broadcasting station in the SRE compartment we were congratulated by many people, in particular the First Lieutenant who wanted to take up management of the group. Of course, we knew that what he really wanted was one of the cans of beer we had won. Anyway, the feeling then was similar to sailing into the Sound at Plymouth - ecstasy.

See you all soon

The Greenies



A SAILOR'S RETURN

It's A/B FISHER once again  
To bring a tale of glee,  
And let you know your offspring  
Will soon be home from sea.

So start your preparations,  
Put his slippers by the door,  
Make sure that his bed is made,  
And bring his civvies out of store.

Renew your TV licence,  
Fill the fridge right up with beer,  
Because the day of reckoning  
Will soon be drawing near.

Less than forty days to go  
Until that joyous day  
When your son or husband  
Will stagger in and say

" Hello luv, it's me again,  
Back home from the sea so blue,  
I'm just off down the local,  
To sink a pint or two ! "

By A/B Steve FISHER  
3MS Mess

NOTICE OF RETURN

Issued in solemn warning this ..... day of ~~November~~ 1980, to the neighbours, friends and relatives of the Ship's Company of HMS PALAD.

LOCK YOUR DAUGHTERS IN THEIR ROOMS  
FILL THE FRIDGE WITH BEER  
GET THE CIVVIES OUT OF MOTH BALLS

Very soon the above mentioned Ship's Company will once more be in your midst, deprived, dehydrated and demoralized but eager to assume their place in society as human beings entitled to liberty and justice, whilst engaged in the some-what hopeful pursuit of happiness.

In making your joyous preparations to welcome them back to civilisation, you must make allowances for the unusual environment, which has been their lot for the past seven months. In brief, they may become 'a little 'Oriental' in their outlook on life; be suffering from heatstroke, delusions or even the shakes (a common complaint when consumption of alcoholic beverages of the Eastern variety is suddenly curtailed).

Show no alarm if they prefer to sit cross legged on the floor instead of on a chair, remove footwear before entering the house, wear shorts and T-shirts and sandals when visiting the neighbours, or have epileptic fits at the sight of oriental restaurants.

Their diet to which they have grown accustomed, should for the first few weeks at least, consist of tinned milk watered down, dehydrated potatoes and tinned vegetables. Fresh or rich foods especially milk should be avoided for the first few weeks and then introduced gradually. Don't dare serve rice in any form. If they prefer to eat their food in sporadic gulps from tin trays instead of plates smile in an understanding and nonchalant manner.

Side-track them always from crowds, especially in your own household for they will almost certainly regard such gatherings as Flight Deck Horse Racing, and promptly empty the fridge of beer you so thoughtfully placed inside. They will also attempt to go out of the back door and throw the gash all over your garden. Again, smile in a friendly manner and be sympathetic.

Their language may be hard to understand at first but in a fairly short time they can be taught to speak good English again. Take no notice if they suddenly burst into an unknown dialect. Never ask them why the boy down the road has a higher rank than themselves, and never make flattering remarks about foreign navies in their presence.

For the first few months, (until they have been housetrained), be particularly watchful when they are in company with women, especially young and beautiful ones.

After seeing women wooed by handsome men on the cinema screen, they think they are masters themselves. Their intentions will be sincere, to a point, but may be dishonourable. Always keep in mind that below their sunburned, probably hairy and rugged exteriors, there beats a heart of solid gold; treasure it, for it is the only thing of value they have left.

Treat them with kindness, tolerance, and the occasional tin of beer, and you will be able to re-habilitate them, who are hollow shells of the happy men you once knew.

By LMA Ray Kilmister