



HMS COVENTRY
FAR EAST DEPLOYMENT
1980



HMS COVENTRY
FAR EAST DEPLOYMENT
1980

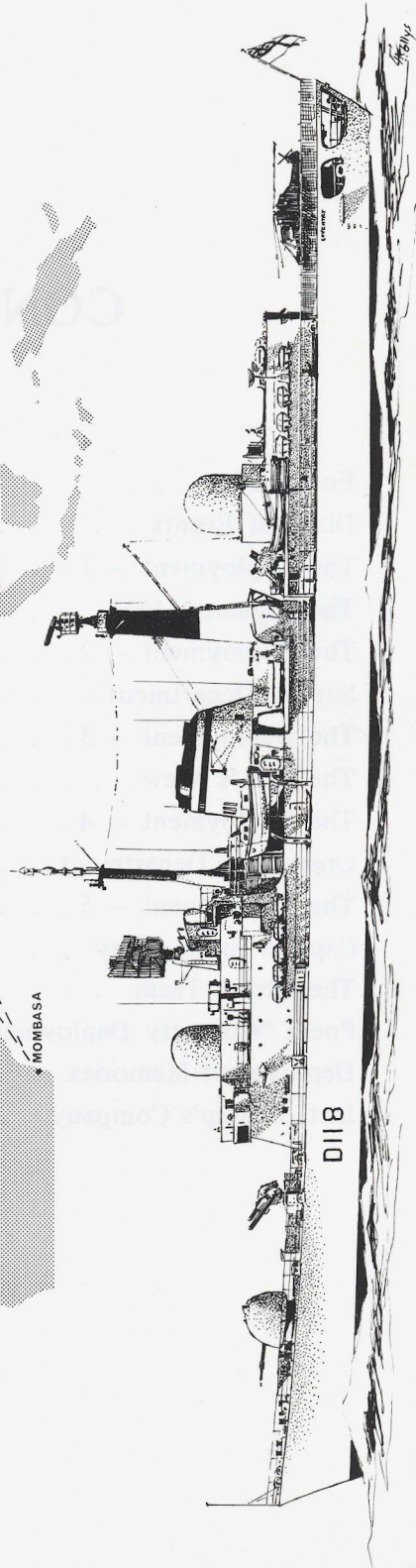


At night in Hong Kong Harbour

CONTENTS

Foreword	1
Diary of Events	2
The Deployment – 1	3
The Engineers' View	6
The Deployment – 2	8
Supply Department	13
The Deployment – 3	14
The W.E.'s View	18
The Deployment – 4	19
Operations Department	23
The Deployment – 5	25
Captain for the Day	27
The Diving Team	28
Poem "Coventry Deployment"	30
Deployment Memories	35
List of Ship's Company	36

HMS COVENTRY



Far East Deployment 1980



FOREWORD

by

Captain P.H. COWARD RN

For me the Deployment was to occupy the major period of my appointment in Command, a most rewarding time.

This book will remind us of the many countries we visited, the activities we took part in, the friends we made. Others in this book will describe these events better than I.

As always there were good times and a few sad times. Happily life is such that we will best remember the good times.

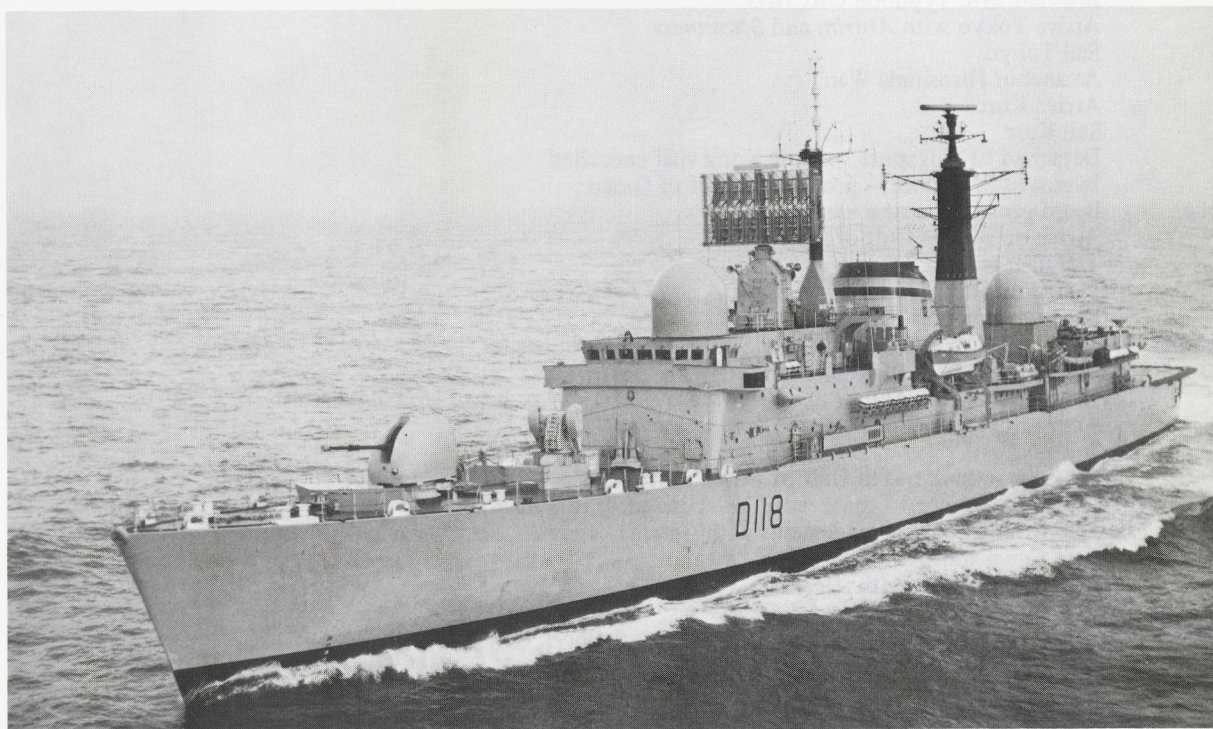
I believe that each and every one of us put something in to the Deployment and got more than a little out.

We were always grateful to know that we had the love and support of our families and friends at home, while we were away.

I hope this book will serve to demonstrate the truth of the pleasures and pride in being "All of one Company". I feel sure that the experiences of the 1980 Far East Deployment will provide a bond between members of *Coventry's* Ship's Company for many years to come.

Peter Coward

HMS COVENTRY 1980



DIARY OF EVENTS

19 May	Sailed Portsmouth in company with HMS <i>Antrim</i> (FOF1) RFA <i>Stromness</i> and RFA <i>Blue Rover</i>
21	Rendezvous with HM Ships <i>Galatea</i> (F1), <i>Naiad</i> , <i>Alacrity</i> , <i>Dreadnought</i> and RFA's <i>Olwen</i> , <i>Fort Austin</i> and HMCS <i>Assiniboine</i>
22	Change into tropical clothing
23	Arrive Gibraltar
25	Intership 'Top of the Rock' race — <i>Coventry</i> victors
27	Sail Gibraltar
2 June	Passage through Straits of Messina
6	Arrive Istanbul with <i>Antrim</i> , <i>Naiad</i> , <i>Olwen</i> and <i>Stromness</i>
10	Sail Istanbul
13	Arrive Port Said Anchorage
14	Transit Suez Canal — Queen's Birthday
22	King Neptune's Herald arrives
23	Crossing the Line Ceremony — King Neptune's Court in attendance
24	Arrive Mombasa with <i>Antrim</i> , <i>Naiad</i> , <i>Olwen</i> and <i>Stromness</i>
30	Sail Mombasa
7 July	Banyan at Bandar Jissah, Oman
8	PASSEX with USN Carrier Battle Group
10	Arrive Karachi with <i>Antrim</i> , <i>Naiad</i> , <i>Olwen</i> and <i>Stromness</i>
14	Sail Karachi
15	PASSEX with USN Carrier Battle Group
24	Arrive Singapore with <i>Naiad</i> , <i>Galatea</i> and <i>Alacrity</i>
26	Sail Singapore with <i>Alacrity</i>
30	Arrive Hong Kong with <i>Alacrity</i>
4 — 15 August	AMP in Hong Kong
18	Sail Hong Kong
22	Arrive Subic Bay, Phillipines with <i>Galatea</i> , <i>Olwen</i> and <i>Resource</i>
25	Sail Subic Bay
26 — 27	2 Seadart fired
31	Located <i>Minsk</i> — in company with <i>Antrim</i> , <i>Galatea</i> and <i>Naiad</i>
3 September	At anchor at Chiang Ch'ang
4	Arrive Shanghai with <i>Antrim</i> and <i>Alacrity</i>
8	Sail Shanghai
9	Brushed with Typhoon ORCHID
11	Arrive Tokyo with <i>Antrim</i> and <i>Stromness</i>
15	Sail Tokyo
17	At anchor Hiroshima Wan
18	Arrive Kure
22	Sail Kure
26	Detached to Singapore — Hong Kong visit cancelled
30	Bypassed Singapore — proceed to Gulf of Oman
1 October	Beard growing contest started
8	Arrive on station Gulf of Oman
21	Trafalgar Night
22	Joined on station by <i>Alacrity</i>
23	Banyan at Bandar Khairom
1 November	Chief of Defence Staff, Admiral Sir Terence Lewin, visits
3	Detach from Gulf of Oman
5	Rendezvous with <i>Antrim</i> and <i>Stromness</i> — Last day of beard growing contest
6	Arrive Bombay with <i>Antrim</i> , <i>Stromness</i> and <i>Olwen</i>
10	Sail Bombay
13	All ships rendezvous in Gulf of Oman
15	<i>Coventry</i> detached — proceeded independently to Suez Canal
20	Arrive Suez Canal — rendezvous with <i>Galatea</i> , <i>Alacrity</i> , <i>Stromness</i> and <i>Olwen</i>
21	Suez Canal transit
22	Arrive Alexandria with <i>Alacrity</i>
26	Sail Alexandria
2 December	Arrive Gibraltar with <i>Alacrity</i> , <i>Stromness</i> and <i>Olwen</i>
	Intership 'Top of the Rock' race
4	Sail Gibraltar
8	Arrive Portsmouth

THE DEPLOYMENT – 1

Monday 19th May 1980 started just like any other day, a clear blue sky with the promise of another hot early summer day. But for the Officers and Men of *Coventry* this was a very special day. This was to be the start of the 1980 Far East Deployment, lasting seven months, visiting many foreign countries, exercising with Allied and Friendly Navies, returning to Portsmouth in December in time for Christmas.

One could feel the excitement and apprehension as months of preparation were about to come to fruition. The stores had been struck down, provisions were embarked and the seemingly endless supply of cases and kitbags had disappeared into improvised spaces. Fond and often tearful farewells had been said, promises made and, with an almost audible sigh, the ship was ready.

Slipping from South West wall, the Ship's Company fallen in at Procedure Alpha, *Coventry* manoeuvred in the harbour to take station on HMS *Antrim*, the Flagship. With a last wave to the families on the Round Tower, the Deployment began.

The first port of call was to be Gibraltar, only 5 days away, but, before that, came the Rendezvous with the

rest of the Task Group ships, which had sailed that same day from Plymouth. The meeting occurred in the Bay of Biscay in the early hours of Wednesday morning. The previous day had seen the first visit of FOF1, RA, D.D. Jenkin, to *Coventry*. Embarking by *Coventry's* Lynx, it was a day when many planned events seemed not to happen. The Admiral returned to *Antrim* later that afternoon, again by Lynx, pleased with his first visit to *Coventry*.

As the Task Group made its way across the Bay of Biscay the weather began to improve. The first sunbathers began cautiously to appear on the upper deck to catch 'the Rays'.

Tropical clothing was the 'Rig of the Day' 24 hours prior to our arrival in Gibraltar, and the shapes and sizes of both legs and shorts, caused much friendly ridicule. In the ensuing six months, the sight of "Empire Builders" became commonplace.

Gibraltar, and the inevitable 'Rock-race', saw the start of *Coventry's* impressive sporting record: first out of the eight ships in our Group in the Rock-race, and fifth overall out of the 36 ships that had run the Race in the

first six months of 1980.

With a Ship's Company of only 270 *Coventry* had set her mark, and every other ship in the Task Group was now out to dethrone her. Over the weekend, many trials were held to select teams to represent the Task Group in the future visits and members of the Ship's Company were chosen for the cricket, football, squash and tennis, to name but a few.

HMCS *Assiniboine* had joined the Group en-route for Gibraltar, and a liaison, which started at sea, continued in a very sociable manner once alongside. Commonwealth Relationships became cemented over the weekend and the following period at sea proved necessary for recovery. Although Gibraltar was only a three day stop, the CPO's managed to hold their first Mess Dinner of the deployment, and a Barbecue held at the Nuffield Pool for the Ship's Company proved very popular.

The windsurfers were christened in the confines of the harbour, along with many budding stars, who found out, to their cost, that sometimes it's easier and quicker to paddle than to sail.

The old adage of 'Work hard, play hard' became apparent as the Group left



The Rock Racers.

Gibraltar, and steamed out into the local exercise areas to carry out four days of Weapon Training. An intensive period of gunnery firings, ship manoeuvres, helicopter flying and replenishments culminated in a Night Encounter Exercise against the Standing Naval Force Atlantic, in which the Task Group were assessed to have emerged the victors.

It was in these early deployment days that Gentleman's Physical Training (GPT) came into being. After accusations that the regular Fitness training had been organised for ready-made Tarzans, G.P.T. was introduced to gently persuade and ease the unfit into some reasonable semblance of physical well-being. It was interesting to note that the standard between the two sessions differed very little at the end of the deployment.



The 'Sicily Stakes', the first of a regular series of Racing Meets was held on the Flight Deck, during the last weekend in May. With topical titles for both 'sticks' and 'flat', highly original and much decorated 'jockeys' spent the afternoon winning, and losing, money for the punters and all with the roll of the dice. An enjoyable break with only one Steward's Enquiry!

It was during this weekend that the ship detached from the Task Group to proceed to Naples, where unfortunately CHGI Harrington had to be landed due to a sudden illness. Reports received later indicated a successful recovery.

With the Lynx safely back on board after the 200 mile round trip, it was a dash down past Stromboli, and through the Straits of Messina (an interesting passage by night) to join the Task Group again south of the Greek islands.

Twenty four hours after rejoining, *Coventry* in company with *Antrim* and *Naiad* detached and began making passage to Istanbul, that ancient city in the narrow Bosphorus Straits. Weaving in and out of the many islands and

passing through the confines of the Dardanelles, the ships anchored off Istanbul on the morning of 6 June. Soon after the 21 Gun salute by *Antrim*, the ship's boats were lowered. The combination of wind and a strong current through the anchorage provided valuable experience for the coxswains and much repair work for the 'Chippy'.

The city of Istanbul, situated on the European coast of the Bosphorus, lies in the centre of the Golden Horn and is rich in history, and architecture. For many, the Cathedral of St. Sophia and the Mosque of Sulieman the Magnificent left an indelible print, whilst those with a keener sense of smell visited the Spice Market with its unforgettable aromas. Istanbul provided the first opportunity to practise the art of bartering, in the large covered Bazaar. Many bargains were soon brought on board and the experience gained in bargaining proved invaluable during later visits.

One of the few sporting fixtures in Istanbul was an Inter-part, followed by a Task Group, football match. Although not up to Division One in performance or style, a creditable effort resulted in a 0-0 draw. The Stadium, in which the game was played, was unfortunately constructed of corrugated tin with extremely high walls, so this, combined with relentless sun and absence of wind, made playing very similar to running around in a Sauna. Had there been sufficient time for acclimatisation, the end result could have been very different!

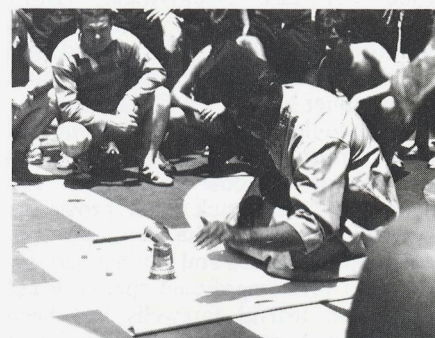
Departing Istanbul, the ships started on their southerly journey to rejoin the remainder of the group prior to transitting the Suez Canal. With temperature and humidity increasing daily, the Air Conditioning Units were fully tested during an Action Stations Exercise (NBCDX) to the west of Cyprus. Luckily for everyone, they proved their worth although they were really put through their paces at a later stage in the deployment.

Port Said was the next stop, albeit for 8 hours, with a formation anchorage, to await the start of the early morning Southbound convoy through the Suez Canal.

With a fresh breeze and much confusion, the Task Group eventually led the large number of assorted tankers, cargo and container ships on the first leg of the transit to the Great Bitter Lakes.

With Masthead Ensigns flying to commemorate Her Majesty The Queen's birthday, the Suez Canal proved an

impressive sight. With relics of past conflicts scattered on either bank, a 'relic' peculiar only to the Canal was providing much amusement to the gathered masses on the Flight Deck: the 'Gully Gully' man, known as such because of his continual mutterings of 'gully, gully, gully', is an Egyptian and master of deceit and carrier of at least



The Gully Gully Man.

one battered cardboard suitcase, the contents of which include a minimum of one fez and six baby chickens. The 'Pea Game' variation with the baby chickens appearing from cups, trousers, shirts and hats entertained everyone watching. 'Passing the hat' took on a new meaning.

In order that the Northbound convoy could pass safely, the Task Group and its long line of followers anchored at midday in the Great Bitter Lakes, a convenient passing place. With the temperature now creeping up towards three figures, those people involved in painting the ship's side found the temptation of the water too great and the majority managed to find a way to fall off the paint stages.

By the late afternoon, the ships had cleared Port Tewfik, the southern entrance to the Canal and were proceeding along the Red Sea towards the Indian Ocean. The one thousand miles of the Red Sea, where the temperature was now consistently in three figures and the humidity appeared to be in close pursuit, quickly passed, as many internal and intership exercises were carried out.

A short PASSEX, with units of the French Navy from Djibouti, provided valuable experience in Allied operations, not to mention a heart-stopping moment during OOW manoeuvres. From the Gulf of Aden, the Group altered course into the Indian Ocean and began to encounter the full effects of the South West Monsoon. As the next port of call was Mombasa, the

ships were meeting the Monsoon head-on. Although uncomfortable and overcast at times, the blue sky and calm sea re-appeared to allow the ancient ceremony of 'Crossing the Line' to take place.

The Equator has been regarded as the territory of King Neptune and his Royal Court from time immemorial, and, having been suitably 'charged' during a visitation by Neptune's Herald the previous evening, the ships were duly stopped on 23 June to await the arrival of this 'Ancient Mariner'.

With an air of expectancy, the Ship's Company assembled on the foc'sle around the tilting barber's chair and cleansing pool. To the strains of a bugle, King Neptune, his wife and Royal entourage of Judges, Bears and Policemen, took their places as the ceremony began. With the Captain being charged first, all members of the Ship's Company who had not previously crossed the Equator were treated to a wash, shave and purifying tablet and then tipped backwards into the pool to be soaked by the attendant Bears. Following the ceremony, 'Crossing the Line Certificates' were issued to everyone on board, although they are not a guarantee to avoid a similar ritual in future ships!

With the Kenyan coastline, coral reefs and breakers, appearing on the horizon the following morning, the promise of an alongside berth and memories of previous visits being relived, hopes were high for Mombasa being one of the better visits.

With *Antrim* inbound and *Naiad* outbound, it was not long before the local traders established an instant market on the jetty. Woodcarvings were the goods being sold and bartering was an integral part of the purchasing. After the experience gained in Istanbul, the locals soon realised that a fast profit was going to be difficult to come by. The term 'firewood' soon encompassed everything from 6-foot Masai warriors in teak (smelling of Kiwi boot polish) to the more intricate walking sticks and animals, which appeared to be arriving onboard in a never-ending stream. It would be interesting to know how many lasted the Deployment.

Several members of the Ship's Company, who played for the Task Group Rugby Team, spent several days in Nairobi at the invitation of that city's team. Results were varied, but an enjoyable time was had by all. Many other sports were played in Mombasa, the majority against the Kenyan Navy, including Cricket, Golf, Soccer, Basket-



Sailors at Play – Nyali Beach.

ball, Hockey and Sailing. The opposing standard was invariably better, probably due to more practice, although, overall, the results of Mombasa versus the Task Group were about even. The Inter-departmental football competition continued, with the S & S department despatching the WE's in a 5-0 victory. Who said "Mad dogs and Englishmen!!"

With the need to take on fresh provisions at every opportunity, standards obviously differed from port to port, those goods below standard being rejected. It was because of this that the Caterers found themselves faced with the wrath of Abdulla, a seven foot giant, whose bread and milk were rejected whilst in Mombasa. Much to everyone's amazement he promptly performed a war dance around the foc'sle and then disappeared across the gangway, bread and milk in hand. The effects of his dance were felt for the ensuing two weeks when the fridges decided not to work and everyone ate sausages for a fortnight 'That Ol' Black Magic!'

Daily visits to the world famous TSAVO Game Park, one hundred miles north-east of Mombasa, enabled many

people to witness first-hand life in the African Bush. With a viewing point overlooking one of the more popular watering-holes, animals of every size, colour and description could be seen in their natural environment.

The tourist season had not yet started, so the long white sandy beaches at Nyali became a sailor's paradise. With windsurfers and footballs, sun, sea and a ready supply of refreshments available from the Hotel, many Banyans were arranged. Everybody came back tired and sun-burnt, many promising never to go again. The stories concerning the Mombasa night life are better left untold.

The first of the Deployment Hercules arrived during the Mombasa visit, bringing many items of equipment and stores essential for prolonged operations away from U.K.

Whilst in Mombasa, *Coventry* embarked her very own Film Unit who had flown out to make a Naval Recruiting film, while the Group was on passage to the Far East. The sight of cameras, lights and microphone booms soon became accepted throughout the ship, and many embryo film stars had their first screen test.

THE ENGINEERS' VIEW

"They are an amazing breed, these quiet, rather pale men in whose hands lie the strength and power of the ship"

-Kipling.

There are eighty people in HMS *Coventry's* Marine Engineering Department – what did *they* do all day on the Deployment? What they did ashore is of course open to conjecture, best being left unrecorded and allowed to drift into the mists of history. These few paragraphs are intended to give non-engineers an idea of the Clankies' jobs, and perhaps recall one or two of the engineering related events which took place during the Deployment.

Of course watchkeeping is one of the engineers' main tasks. Each watch-keeper will have spent as much as 750 hours in the MCR, some of them taking

up to 175 readings an hour – well over a quarter of a million readings. A great deal is looked after by the watchkeepers. Most people have no idea of the amount of work involved in such complex things as producing really good black soot, getting hot water to come out of the cold taps, or getting dieso to come out of the hot taps, for instance. The automatic deck washing facility in the forward fresh water pump space is another facility only perfected after much practice.

To get the ship out to the Far East and back has required many turns of the screw, so to speak, and, in fact, each propeller revolved more than twenty million times on the trip. This has involved a lot of fuel, and thousands of hours running from the gas turbines.

We fuelled about twice a week during the thirty weeks of deployment, mostly

from tankers using the 'abeam' method. Our technique became pretty slick, although early on in the trip there was the odd slight spillage on the Buffer.

Keeping the propellers turning, is of course, the engineers' main task, and a pretty complex business that is too, with four gas turbines, auto controls, SSS clutches, controllable pitch propellers and so on. We always sailed on time, despite the fact that the Engineer Officer was overheard once or twice saying to the Captain just before sailing "The Tyne won't start, Sir, is it alright if we go on the Olympus?"

No ship is without its engineering snags, of course, and *Coventry* had her share to some extent. One engine made some expensive grinding noises just after Mombasa (perhaps it, too, was exhausted after the visit) but, after removing the broken bits and having some spares flown out, it was soon back in action again, none the worse for its experience. Other things broke down now and then, but somehow the section chiefs and their teams kept it all going when it was wanted.

One of the programmed events during the trip, as well as our many exercises, was the annual full power trial of the ship's main engines. This tests the propulsion system to make sure it all works to specification. The power from our two 25000 horsepower Concorde engines – the Olympuses – makes an impressive sight as the ship cleaves through the water leaving a high foaming wake astern. They can be stopped impressively quickly too, especially if it happens accidentally.

The port controllable pitch propeller system went a bit odd towards the end of the Deployment, and the engineers were heard muttering expressions like 'feedback error' as if they actually understood them. A diver was even seen checking the propellers themselves. All was well however, and the system held together – as did everything else.

Of course engineering is not just pushing the ship through the water, and there is a lot of other equipment that the engineers look after. The diesel generators for example. It took months of practice to time starting diesels *exactly* as the First Lieutenant was inspecting the boat deck just after it had been scrubbed.

All the fans and lights must continue to work, too, to say nothing of the air conditioning. Air Conditioning Units? –



... There was the odd slight fuel spillage on the Buffer ...



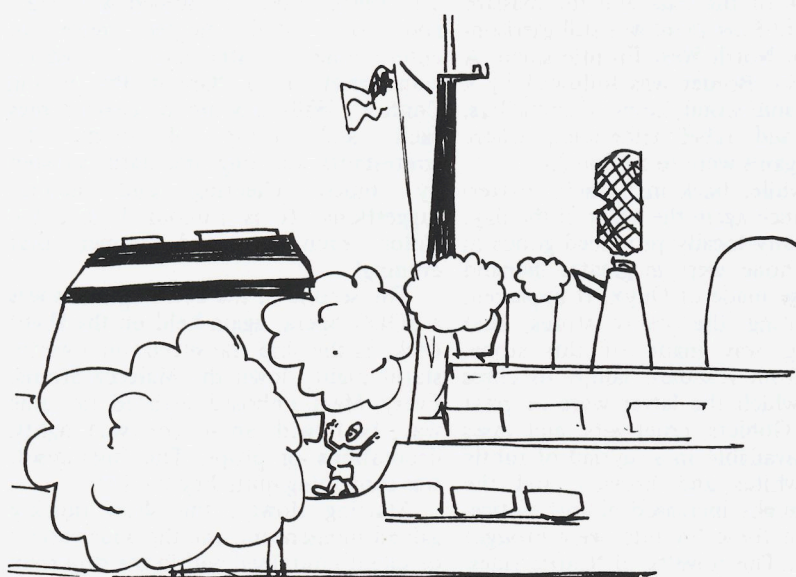
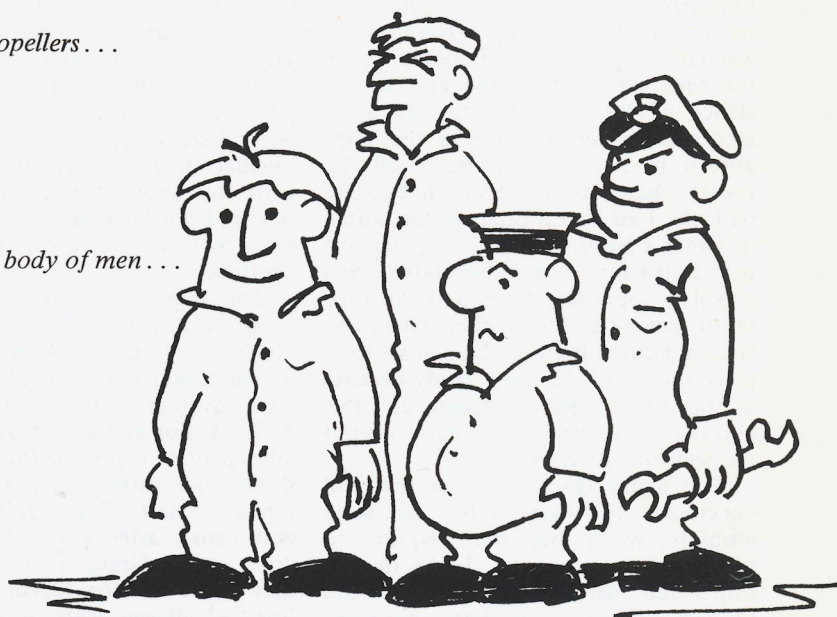
A Diver was even seen inspecting the propellers . . .

They are those clever devices which not only cool the air but also provide cold water, usually down the back of your neck as you sleep.

Chippy's organisation is part of the engineering department as well. He is the chap who seems to have an obsession with removing drain pipes from the heads every day, and claiming that they are blocked with anything from underwear to old bones. No wonder he has a rather drawn look about him.

As well as Chippy, there are several other key men who are the mainstays of the engineering department. The Chief Mechanician, for example. He is the fellow who kept asking when were we

A disparate body of men . . .



Starting the diesels exactly as the First Lieutenant was inspecting the boat deck . . .

going to get to Singapore so that he could go on his station leave. The Chief Stoker is another. He's the one who hides in his lair in the port passageway and leaps out on passing stokers.

A disparate body of men, the engineers, but somehow welded into a single entity by a common professional purpose — to keep it all going. It is the same rewarding job, in war or peace, and mistakes are rewarded with the same uncompromising punishment by the machines on which they are inflicted.

The Deployment was seven months of hard work, but a tangible and enjoyable task too, and in doing their jobs, the engineers gained a lot of experience of both their machines and their fellow men. Who would have believed that many of the Engineering Department, when they joined the ship but a few months ago, could not even spell enjinere?

FUEL AND OIL EXPENDED DURING THE 1980 DEPLOYMENT

DIESO	— 7,443.71 tons = about £1,116,556.50p.
AVCAT	— 52.76 tons
F/W	— 8,179.13 tons
Oils	
OMD 113	— 4,452 litres
OEP 69	— 3,309 litres
OX 38	— 280 gallons
OM 33	— 4,219 litres

THE DEPLOYMENT – 2

Leaving the pleasures of Mombasa astern, the ships took up formation on sailing for one of the many replenishments at sea (RAS). This was to be a large multi-ship RAS in which many stores and provisions were to be embarked. The inherent dangers of these operations were highlighted when *Alacrity* suffered a fatal accident as a result of a steering gear failure. She was detached back to Mombasa with *Galatea*, and rejoined the Group later in the Deployment.

Meanwhile life carried on, and *Coventry*, in company with the remainder of the Group set course for Karachi. Crossing the Equator again, this time without the pomp and circumstance of the first leg, the sun again increased in temperature as the ships arrived in the northern region of the Indian Ocean to conduct an exercise with the Fast Patrol Boats of the Sultan of Oman's Navy. Using the large tankers in the area for cover, these craft proved a worthy opposing force and the final result seemed to rest in their favour. In time honoured fashion, the debrief took place on one of the many sandy beaches in the area of Bandar Jissah, and this allowed many people to enjoy a brief but welcome Banyan.

The diving team had their first real experience of warm water and good visibility, when they were required to carry out maintenance checks on the ship's hull, particularly the shafts and rudders. Several members appeared reluctant to leave the water, perhaps due to its bath-like temperature.

The Admiral had paid a second visit during the short exercise with the Omani's and had, once again, left, impressed with the ship's performance.

Twenty four hours later the Group was again in the thick of an exercise, this time with the American Battle Group, which was operating in the area. For two days the ships came under attack from all manner of things, the most impressive being the aircraft from the USS *Eisenhower*. Even with dozens of *Eisenhower's* jets flying in a seemingly endless stream, the ship's Lynx still found time, and space, to carry out three landings on her deck. It really was a case of a needle in a haystack trying to spot the Lynx on the acres of *Ike's* deck.

A close formation steam past, on completion of this exercise, provided the opportunity for many photographs

to be taken of the largest warship afloat. To an emotional chorus of ships' sirens, good luck signals and hand waving, the Task Group left the Americans and adjusted course for Karachi, where, just prior to arrival, they were to rendezvous with the Australian FPB *Fremantle*, as similar to *Eisenhower* as chalk is to cheese.

The arrival at the entrance to Karachi heralded the start of an unusual visit, when the pilot failed to turn up at the expected place or the expected time. With this minor problem overcome, *Coventry* commenced her approach to *Stromness*, on which she was berthing. The effects of wind and current, combined with a late and unhelpful pilot helped make the alongside one to remember. A dash across the bows by a suicidal dhow resulted, in combination with the above factors, in the ship's side and whaler requiring a quick paint job. Not to be deterred, the visit continued.

The ship had received an invitation from the British Embassy in Islamabad, 1000 miles to the north-east, for a party to visit them if they could make their own way there. With the aid of taxis, an A300 Airbus and a landrover the lucky nine spent an enjoyable three days being shown the surrounding region by the Embassy staff. The highlight of their visit came, after a two hundred mile drive up the Grand Trunk Road, when they arrived at the Khyber Pass. Small fortified villages were in abundance in the centre of the Pass and the massive and ancient Fort there was still garrisoned by the North West Frontiersmen. A visit to the Border was followed by a stop at Nandi Kotal, home of smugglers, robbers and rebel tribesmen, where many bargains were to be bought.

Meanwhile, back in Karachi, bartering was once again the order of the day. Of the many locally produced goods in Karachi, none were in greater demand than those made of Onyx. It appeared, from visiting the many stores, that everything was made of this stone, ranging from standard lamps to chess sets, of which the latter were in great demand. Goblets, cruet sets, and vases were all available in a myriad of subtle greens, whites and browns, and the ship's draught increased almost noticeably when these 'rabbits' were brought on board. The novelty of 'Garrie rides' (the traditional horse and cab) soon declined when the locals refused to hold

chariot races.

Fiercely contested sports matches played during the stay included Cricket, Basketball, Soccer, Squash and Hockey. The results of the last two, being national games, could be predicted quite safely before the first ball had been struck, although both teams put up strong opposition.

Departing Karachi on 14 July, with the CPO's looking a little jaded after a mammoth birthday party, the Group carried out a series of non-delaying exercises with units of the Pakistan Navy, prior to starting the two week passage to Singapore and, ultimately, Hong Kong.

Before the passage really started, a further two-day exercise with the American Carrier and her escorts ensured that everyone was back on their feet, although many of the Ship's Company were suffering from the 'Karachi Dog', an illness best left unexplained here.

With HMAS *Fremantle* under the protective wing of the Task Group, the ships made their way further eastwards, passing south of Sri Lanka en-route for the Malacca Straits, where the next two great social events were to take place.

The first of these was 'YE OLDE COVENTRY FAYRE', held on the flight deck on 19 July. Much hard work went into producing stalls and side-shows reported to have been popular during the last century. 'Splat The Rat', a novel 'Obstacle Race' and 'Soaking The Village Idiot' combined with cake and goffa stalls helped make an entertaining afternoon, which culminated in a 'Grand Pie Eating Contest'. With a score of custard pies each, and plenty of room, the contestants ate long and hard, assisted by much cheering and helpful suggestions. It is rumoured that the victor even managed supper that evening!

The second of the extravaganza's was a SODS opera, again held on the flight deck, as the ship transitted, on a warm, starlit night, down the Malacca Straits. Every Mess onboard assisted in some way, be it with an act (or two), lights, decorations or props. The final result was something quite beyond belief.

Starting slowly, the show quickly gained momentum, and the wide variety of talent contained within the ship soon erupted, to produce a well balanced revue. This included monologues,

Village People go to sea.



comedians, ballet-dancers, elephants, a rock group, various magicians (some more successful than others) and an excellent parody of the 'Village People'. Had it not been for our arrival in Singapore the following day, the 'Case of the Captain's Watch' would have been talked about for days.

The entertainment provided by the SODS opera more than compensated for the banyan in the Sembalam Islands, which the ship missed. This was as a result of the need for an escort for *Naiad*, which had urgent business in Singapore.

Securing alongside in the Stores Basin, Singapore, astern of two Australian ships, the *Swan* and the *Brisbane*, there was little time wasted in assessing the prices of the large amounts of hi-fi equipment being made available on the jetty. Many were tempted and large reinforced cardboard boxes started to find their way over the gangway and into stowages unknown, only to re-appear 5 months later in U.K.

As this was only to be a short 48-hour stop, great advantage was taken of the cosmopolitan night life found in Singapore City, and in particular Bugis Street. If only those red, bleary eyes seen each morning on the flight deck could talk — who knows the stories they would tell! Tales of Tiger hunts (the blue and gold variety) were legion and everyone must have at least one Singapore tape.

Divisions on the second day were a test of stamina for most. With the Ship's

Company looking resplendent in their whites and displaying their hastily remembered drill, the full effects of the warm humid atmosphere, combined with the previous evening, began to take their toll. Starting slowly, but rapidly gaining momentum, the numbers on parade were depleted as people were escorted away to rest and recuperate. Most of those taken faint did manage, however, to force themselves back in time for the Ship's Company photograph.

Leaving Johore Shoal Buoy astern, and with *Alacrity* in company, the ship set course, on Saturday, for Hong Kong. A quiet uneventful four day passage allowed many to make the final preparations for the forthcoming AMP. The film crew were rapidly running around shooting the final few feet of film and the lunch time sunbather's club reached maximum membership.

With the helicopter airborne, and the photographer to record the entry for posterity, the ships passed Waglan Island Light, negotiated the narrow Lai Mun Straits and berthed at HMS *Tamar* early in the forenoon of 30 July.

For many of the Ship's Company this was their first visit to the Far East, recognisable by the symptoms of saucer-like eyes and sagging jaws.

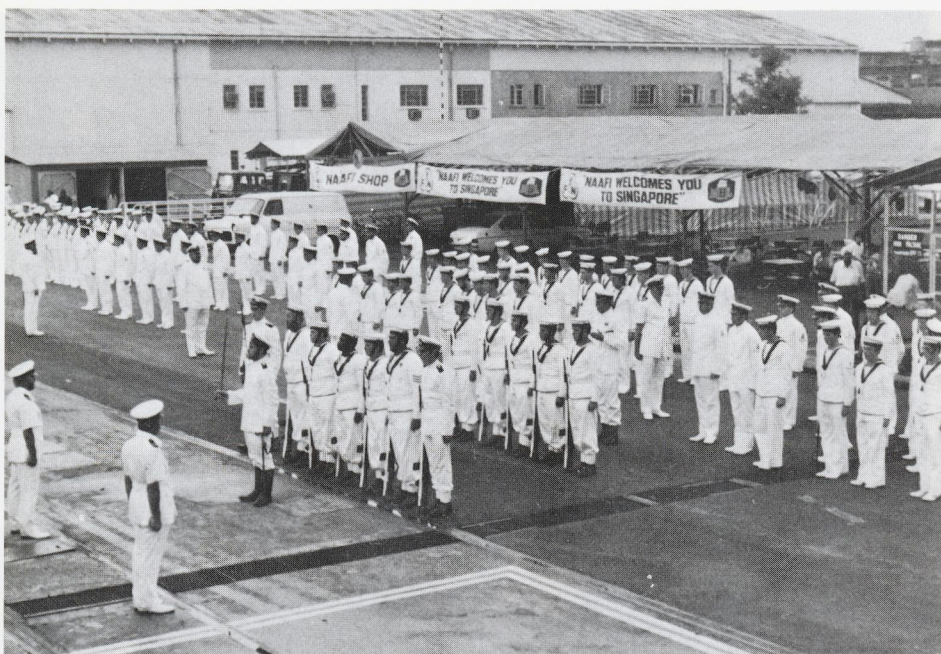
No sooner had the gangway joined ship to jetty than Jenny (BEM) and her girls were onboard and had an extremely efficient and cheap goffa bar established on the quarterdeck. Jenny's side party wasted precious little time,

and before many of the watch-on had reached the upper deck, her girls, crammed on the small painting sampans, were already preparing the ship's side for its first coat of paint.

The flight meanwhile had completed their photography and were now in the process of disembarking to RAF Sek Kong, where they remained for the duration of the ship's stay.

Hosted by 660 Squadron, Army Air Corps, the Lynx carried out night illegal Immigrant Patrols, augmenting the already hard-pressed efforts of the Army and Air Force, to help reduce the number of cross border refugees. Over zone familiarisation flights for members of 660 sqn. were also carried out — surface search with a difference.

Back on the waterfront, the diving team were working hard and fast to change the ship's log. A job, which had previously taken six hours, was completed in 2½ hours but then there was a good reason. Many members of the Ship's Company were flying their wives to Hong Kong for the duration of the AMP, and not to meet them, after flying for twelve hours, could have resulted in a fate worse than death! Fortunately, all work on board was completed in sufficient time to allow everyone to meet their families. Those who took this opportunity to be joined by their wives enjoyed the holiday of a lifetime, although there was always the possibility of a typhoon arriving and forcing the ships to sail; an event which fortunately did not occur.



How Many 99s?

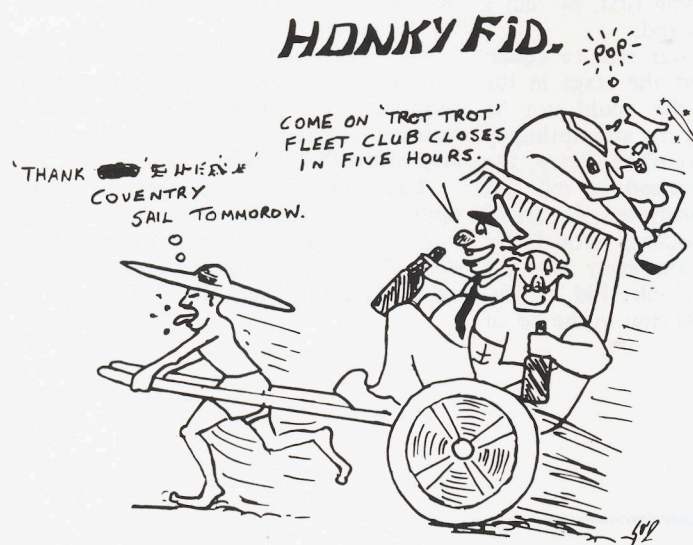
DIVISIONS SINGAPORE.



What did you say your name was? Kai



The kind of guts and determination that won the Honky Fid trophy.



Clubs collects the Honky Fid Trophy from FOF1

The Queen's Own Highlanders were engaged on Border Patrol duties along with the Ghurkha's in Hong Kong, and the offer was extended for members of the Ship's Company to spend a night on patrol with them. Volunteers were kitted out with all the necessary equipment and given a comprehensive brief on current situation. Leaving the bright lights behind, the lads who went found themselves in a wide range of locations. Some on river banks, some in ditches and others at a disused railway station. Although skirmishes with I.I.'s were non-existent during these nights, all who went enjoyed themselves, and found the experience enlightening and everyone was unanimous in their verdict on the curry.

The final day in July saw the Anniversary of the 'Last Tot'. It had been 10 years since the issue of rum had ceased, and the event was suitably celebrated by both the CPO's and star-board PO's Mess. Tales of a clergyman named D.C. are to be ignored!

The delights of Hong Kong island and Kowloon are wide and various and there are as many, if not more, sights to see by night, particularly the view from Victoria peak. To name them all would require a book of its own but who will forget the activity of the 'Poor Man's Market', the cable car ride at Ocean World, the splendour of the New Territories, the bright lights (and more) of Wanchai and the shopping facilities of Nathan Road? The mention of Aberdeen harbour, Star Ferry and the M.T.R. will bring back many memories for years to come.

The Fleet Club, only a ten minute walk from the dockyard, became a regular meeting place for many, providing both 'rabbits' and refreshments, all under the same roof. The club also provided everything

necessary for a Stag Night for the three ships, *Antrim* having now arrived. With over 200 people, the club laid on food and drink at no charge, and also provided live entertainment in the form of an ecdysiast (out dictionary!). A visit, the following week, to the San Miguel Brewery proved very popular, with the firm losing some of its liquid assets to thirty thirsty sailors.

Of all the competitions in which the ship participated during the deployment, none was fought harder than the 'Honky Fid Trophy'. Consisting of eleven separate events, and working on a league basis, *Coventry* managed to build a convincing lead early on in the competition. The two events in which the ship pulled out all stops were the Tug-of-war and 'It's a Knockout'. *Tamar* has an almost professional team for the latter event, which they run regularly throughout the year. Through sheer hard work and determination the ship's team managed to reach second place with the last race in hand. This involved transporting large jig-saw pieces through an obstacle course, and the ship's 'A' team managed to complete the task in the time allowed. Unfortunately not all of the pieces were in the correct order and it was not until the final results were announced that the team actually realized they had come first, by half a point, with *Tamar* second.

With the Tug-of-war still to come, the ship had reached the stage in the competition where she could not be beaten. Warming up, by attempting to pull the bollards out of the jetty, the team of 'heavies' dressed in red and black, quickly demonstrated the art of 'tugging' to the watching crowds by sending the opposition away without winning a pull. The Honky Fid Trophy added another competition to the list of

the ship's sporting victories.

Hong Kong was not all play though, for a considerable amount of work had been carried out onboard. This involved every department, and most of it would not have been done but for the support of the Fleet Maintenance Group, who flew from U.K. to assist all ships, and combine with the very able staff of *HMS Tamar*. It is with thanks to them that the ship completed a very extensive AMP.

Hong Kong also saw the departure of many familiar faces who flew home for new drafts, and the arrival of many new faces, most of whom were instantly recognisable by their lack of suntan. The film crew, who had become honorary members of the Ship's Company, also left, with miles of film, their task, on arrival UK being to construct a true life recruiting film. How many people will, in the future, see themselves on the silver screen?

With the Singapore ships now in Hong Kong, the Task Group made its final preparations, before sailing for new and historic pastures.

As a gesture of goodwill and thanks for everything in Hong Kong, a wide selection of VIP's were embarked in all ships on sailing. The Task Group, with the ships of the Dragon Squadron, provided a demonstration of manoeuvres, flying and simulated action for the guests.

On disembarking the visitors in Junk Bay, the Task Group reformed and proceeded on passage for a weapon training programme in the Subic Bay area of the Phillipines.

The four day passage provided opportunities for the ships to carry out many exercises and drills designed to dust off any cobwebs, which may have appeared during the AMP.

Automatic telephone in MCR – irate Chief – “Do you know who you are talking to? This is the Chief of the Watch!”

MEM2 like voice – “Do you know who you're talking to?”

Chief – “No, I !*?”! don't”

Voice – “Thank God for that!”

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

For the 1980 Deployment work started very early in the year for the Supply & Secretariat Department. Storing plans and additional requirements, supplies of cash, air freighting arrangements, the range of non-service foodstuffs to be carried and a host of other details were discussed with staffs ashore from the New Year onwards. The Enhanced Stores Support team helped us top up during the AMP before deploying and we sailed loaded with as much as we could carry.

In Gibraltar the S & S showed that it would play hard as well as work hard. HMS *Naiad*'s S & S Department were trounced 4-0 on the football pitch, all goals being scored in the last seven minutes by LSTD Braid and LCA Blair. The department also had its full share of success in the victorious Rock Race team, and later provided footballers, rugby players, badminton players, and masochistic all rounders for the Honky Fid Trophy teams. In Mombasa the S & S beat the Weapons Department 5-0 at soccer.

On each occasion of the ship being open to visitors S & S display boards were placed on the flight deck. Our biggest PR coup came in Shanghai where the visiting delegation of Chinese Logistic experts were puzzled but delighted to participate in the traditional stirring of the Christmas puddings. Thankfully the familiar rum was poured in rather than Moutai, the Chinese fire water served at banquets for the interminable toasts. Although the visitors expressed interest in all they saw during the visit the items that really caught their fancy were non-slip table mats and pusser's steaming boots!

Earlier, at Hong Kong the Enhanced Stores Support team again came to our aid during the AMP. This was a busy time for the whole department as the FMG flown out from UK also required support, as did Jenny's side party and Freddie Man's painters inside the ship. Generally throughout the deployment the supply of Naval Stores from airports and bases to the ship was fairly painless, although the Customs in Muscat proved very obstinate and strict disciples of the 'Manana' philosophy.

At sea we replenished 12 times with RFA *Stromness*, taking on Naval, Victualling and Air Stores. These were whole ship evolutions and involved ratings from all departments, who did not normally work on the upper deck

and were often glad to get out into the sun; they also lost a few pounds weight in shifting the mountains of potatoes and boxes of frozen meat that rapidly built up on the foc'sle. Nevertheless all stores were quickly struck down from the foc'sle, as the routines became practised and key personnel, both on the upper deck and down in the store-rooms, were able to spot hold-ups developing and avoid disruption from changes in the streaming order.

During the ship's diversion to the Gulf of Oman and Operation ARMILLA itself thirty five days passed without a replenishment. This was partly alleviated by a very limited Helicopter Despatch Service, using 824 Squadron Sea Kings from RFA *Olwen*, or our own Lynx, to obtain fresh vegetables from Muscat. The quality and quantities available were unreliable, but these supplies did ensure that the Caterers and Galley staff were able to provide a balanced and varied diet throughout. Appetites increased enormously; towards the end of the patrol over 400 rations were required to feed 289 personnel victualled onboard.

NAAFI

The start of the deployment gave little indication to the Canteen staff of the number of Nuttyfiends that would appear once the weather warmed up. However by Mombasa the NAAFI queue, especially in the evening, was a major social gathering, reaching jamboree proportions during the GREAT ICE POP CRAZE, when 10,000 of these delicacies were consumed in just under two weeks.

Despite missing Hong Kong and Singapore on the way back the Canteen staff did manage to replenish stocks of consumer durables as well as edible items and a total of £78,146 worth of goods were sold during the deployment.

Facts and Figures

During our 203 days away from UK we consumed the following:—

112,000 lbs. or 50 tons of potatoes
49,920 lbs. or 3 miles of sausages
8,349 lbs. or 3¾ tons of flour
72,000 eggs
302 gals. ice cream

The Ship's Company spent £236,560 an average of £818.50 per head during the deployment. The ship's office received 1,300 official letters and despatched 700. Over 1,900 separate items of Naval stores were replenished from

RFA *Stromness* and *Resource*.

The NAAFI sold:—

88,320 cans of beer
66,960 cans of minerals
113 seiko watches

and £724 worth of flowers sent to loved ones at home and abroad. The Welfare Fund received £2,989 in rebate from these sales.

The total weight of stores replenished was 246 tonnes in 406 loads during the 12 serials.

On the lighter side there were the games nights and other social occasions onboard. At the former the starboard PO's mess eventually came out winners after closely fought games of uckers, dominoes, cribbage and the crucial charades.

Heard in the passage way between Istanbul and Port Said; one steward to another:—

'You know this "hands to bathe" routine?'

'Yeah'

'Does the ship stop while we are in the water?'

On passage from Mombasa to Karachi the starboard PO's mess continued their winning ways with a resounding victory over the stokers at another games night contest.

In Karachi one boastful LSA stated in his Public Relations Fact Sheet that one of his hobbies was hang gliding. That night after returning from RFA *Stromness* his dream turned to reality when he tried to hang glide from his bunk without strapping on his wings. The result was a trip to the Sick Bay and three stitches in his left ear.

Between Singapore and Hong Kong the starboard PO's mess invited the film crew down for a games night. The singing duo of Sods Opera fame, Jock Stevenson and Paddy Cowan, were also invited in and helped to make a memorable evening, which was recorded by the film crew. Not much is remembered about the games, but the only eyes in the mess the following morning were those of the goldfish.

Finally the S & S have the only fully qualified stable lad onboard. He passed his PPE and course during the South China Sea Meet, having demonstrated his skill in watering the track, removal of manure, knowledge of equine diseases and etiquette in the paddock. His full dress of foul weather gear, wellington boots and first aid bag could not be faulted.

THE DEPLOYMENT – 3

A night encounter exercise with several American ships prior to arrival set the scene for a very long, hard and rewarding weekend in Subic Bay, in which many strange friendships were made. Our host ship, the USS *Bagley*, will be remembered for a long time to come, if only for the size of early morning headaches she managed to provide. Reports of a 'return match' in San Francisco should be taken with a pinch of salt.

Sport once again featured prominently in Subic with golf, rugby and soccer being played. The latter was won despite the attractions of the opposition's centre forward. Leaving the base confines and crossing the river into Olongapo was an experience not to be missed. With its one main street, Olongapo had many specialist items to offer, not least being its T-Shirts, for the price of two UK beers. Every design imaginable could be emblazoned on the front and back of a T-Shirt. There were many individual designs, some only to be worn on dark, cloudy nights. The ship's own Deployment design found its way onto the presses, with only the place names changed to protect the

customised Jeepies could be avoided, the 'watering-holes' provided a great deal of entertainment, each bar having its own live group, playing current music for all tastes as well as, and in some cases better than, the original artists.

The Base curfew, unpopular at first, provided the necessary incentive to return earlier, rather than later with a US Marine escort. Leaving Subic Bay on Monday morning, many were left wondering where the weekend had gone.

For several weeks prior to our arrival in the Subic area, long preparations in the form of overall System Tests had been carried out on the GWS 30 system. This was to ensure the successful launching of 2 Seadart missiles in the ship's annual High Sea Firings. With pilotless Target Aircraft supplied from *Stromness*, the Seadart and Gun were successfully fired against simulated attacks on the ship. The atmosphere in the Ops Room was tense during the final stages of the countdown, and when the two missiles left the launcher there were many people just a little relieved that all had gone to plan.

detached for an historic visit to Shanghai; the first since the *Amethyst* incident (in 1949?).

Saturday 29 August saw the second of the occasional deployment racing meets. The China Sea Cup was again held on the flight deck, with a larger crowd than before, all itching to buy, and bet on, the various jockeys and steeds. Once more, the riders' regalia consisted of apparel of dazzling colours and design. With one disqualification and one photo finish, a thoroughly enjoyable time was had by all. The bookies' profit from the meet was contributed to a fund for the widow of the buffer of *Alacrity*. It was with great pride the ship forwarded a cheque for £600 to Mrs Harris, who replied, by return of post, expressing her heartfelt gratitude for the concern shown by the ship.

The passage to Shanghai proved more eventful than had been expected, when reports were received onboard that the Russian carrier *Minsk* was not only in the area, but could be intercepted with a minor alteration of the best course. A high speed dash to her anticipated position brought the ships of the Task



Who's afraid of the big bad Red?

innocent, the local items being less expensive than the original.

Provided that the multi-coloured and

With all ships having completed their firings on the range, *Coventry*, in company with *Antrim* and *Alacrity*,

Group into contact with the carrier and her escort. With *Coventry*'s Lynx airborne for photographs, two Hormone

helicopters soon appeared over the group and an aerial game of 'Tag' ensued. The older Russian helicopters were soon left wondering whether the Lynx was still airborne as it outmanoeuvred and outran them. The Task Group ships were, meanwhile, forming into column and manoeuvring for a pass along the side of *Minsk*. Many thousands of pounds worth of Hong Kong cameras appeared on the upper deck, matching the scene on *Minsk*. With much interest still being shown by all ships for their counterparts, the Task Group turned away to continue their northerly passage to China. It was later discovered that *Coventry* had, in fact, made the national press and had featured on both TV channels. This was to be the first of three such occasions.

In order to obtain as much public relations publicity as possible, the ships proceeding to China had embarked Desmond Whittern and Jim Biddulph, both well known correspondents for the Daily Telegraph and ITV respectively. They were to cover the forthcoming visit.

The first encounter with the Chinese occurred on the day prior to arrival,

Weighing anchor early the following morning, the three ships rendezvoused with a Chinese Missile Frigate and began the long 8 hour passage to the Port of Shanghai. Entering first the Yangtse, the ships transitted to Woosung and there entered the Huangpu River, on which the city lies. The journey was both interesting and exciting, the last Royal Navy ship in these waters, HMS *Amethyst*, coming under fire from Chinese gunboats.

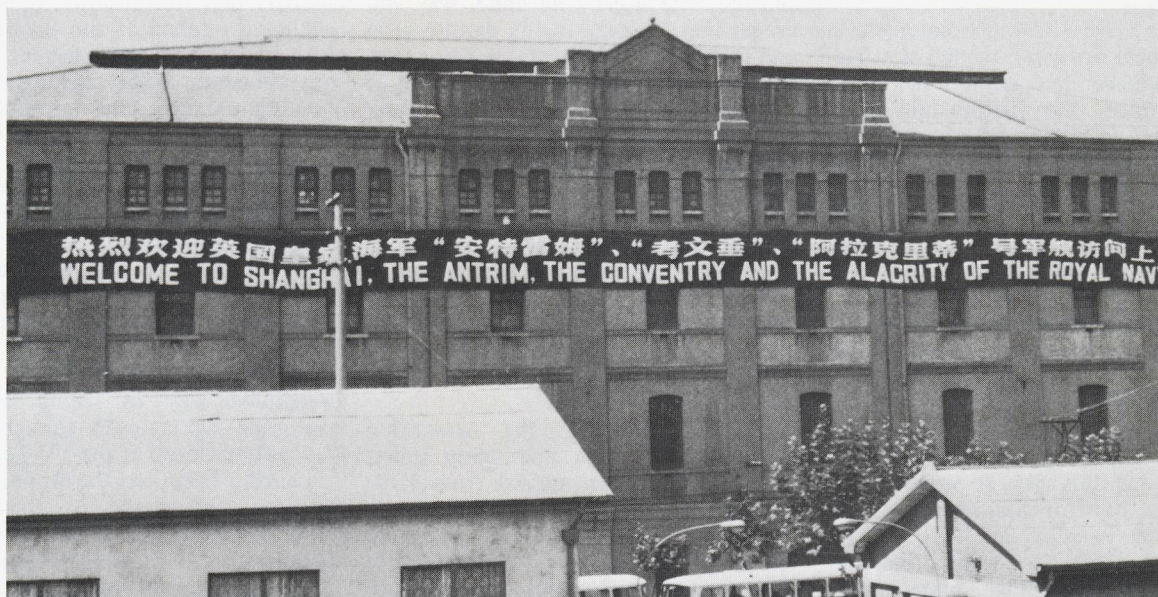
With small patrol craft acting as outriders, and Russian built Mig fighters circling overhead, the ships made their way past the many merchantmen and freighters being loaded and unloaded. The stares of the people lining both ships and jetty could almost be felt. As soon as we arrived at our berth, just a little behind schedule, the Chinese launched straight into their 'welcoming ceremony'. Standing below large red banners proclaiming the friendship between the two nations, the hosts had lined the jetty in rows, consisting of smartly dressed men and women of their armed forces. With the silk flags fluttering in the breeze, to the accompaniment of a Chinese band, a large party

It was at this stage in the Deployment that the ship first encountered 'the spelling mistake'.

No sooner had the last line been secured, when a very well organised, and tiring, programme of events began. Stories concerning Chinese banquets had been circulating prior to arrival, but no-one was expecting the 13, 14 or 15 course meals which materialised at the Welcoming Banquet. Whilst some dishes were more recognisable, and palatable, then others, everyone ate their fill and was then treated to a very professional cabaret show, including magicians, illusionists and the inimitable Chinese jugglers.

Whilst many were enjoying the cuisine and culture of Shanghai, others were exploring the friendship stores. These are the official tourist shops of China and, although prices were a little above average, the variety of goods, combined with their equivalent low Western prices, made them ideal places for presents. This was apparent on leaving, as much of the stock of these stores seemed to be secreted around the ship.

The Chinese were anxious to show



Chinese Welcome.

when the ships of the Task Group were anchored off the coast, conducting a seaboat transfer. A little apprehensively at first, a Chinese patrol boat joined the formation and suddenly became included in the transfer, receiving a genuine bottle of Whisky! Whilst neither ship could converse with the other, the smiles, and even waving, indicated that all was well.

of the Ship's Company, led by Rear Admiral Jenkin and the British Ambassador, closely followed by the Commanding Officers, made their way past this large welcoming committee. The hand clapping of the hosts was very quickly reciprocated by the guests. This appeared to be much appreciated, although little could be done to match the flower waving of the women.

off their technology and several convoys of buses were often seen leaving the jetty to go to their industrial exhibitions. They were also keen to display the warships and submarines of the East China Fleet.

A large convoy of minibuses took many of the Ship's Company to Woosung for guided tours of their naval vessels, many of which are of Russian



Hospitality Chinese Style.

design. A forenoon consisted of an extensive tour of several classes of ships, interspersed with a break for fruit juice and a lecture on the foundation of the modern PLA.

After a large 13 course banquet, in which a local firewater, named Mau Tai, was introduced, and stewed Sea Slugs were sampled, the visitors and hosts were treated to another very professional show put on by members of the PLA. The day was rounded off with a performance, in the evening, by the Shanghai Puppet Troupe of an old Chinese tale concerning "The Star Ruby".

The Chinese believe that there are two paradises — one is in Heaven, and the other is in Hangzou, a garden city some 300 miles to the south west of Shanghai. With a special visitors' train laid on, many people took the opportunity to visit this city. It proved to be the longest day for almost everyone as the tour to 'Paradise' left at 0500 and returned at 2300, once again a banquet being included. Whilst many were travelling in the same train as ex-President Nixon had used, those remaining on board were conducting tours of the ship, for what appeared to be the majority of Shanghai. Eager for knowledge and advanced technology, groups of Chinese experts were shown around all three ships. Apart from a short break for lunch, a fresh group of 25 people arrived on board every 4 minutes throughout the day. It soon became apparent, though, that some knew more

than their guides!

The day of departure saw a farewell ceremony on the jetty, similar to the welcoming ceremony, but in reverse, and then the ships were under way and proceeding to sea, many would have said to rest and recuperate! However the bad weather which was encountered, as a result of a typhoon in the area, prevented many from completely regaining their strength prior to the ship's arrival in Japan.

The inclement weather had prevented the Task Group reforming and the ships were delayed in their arrival at Tokyo. An enthusiastic greeting by the harbour fire tugs, their hoses spraying water in welcome, ruined a Procedure Alpha due to them being up-wind of the ship.

Tokyo provided the relaxation required, at a cost, and many sports were played, often against formidable opposition. Apart from the usual soccer and rugby, snooker and darts appeared on the programme. The ship was once again open to visitors in Tokyo, although not to the extent of the previous visit, and many members of the Ship's Company are now grinning out of Japanese photo albums!

Free travel passes enabled widespread travel on the very comprehensive, if somewhat unpronounceable, Underground system, and a small group of people took the opportunity of getting away from it all by going on exped to the CHICHIBU TAMA National Park. The six pioneers successfully negotiated

the Japanese Underground railway system and arrived at the Park to find that Japanese was the only spoken word. An expensive, if somewhat circular, taxi ride resulted in the tents *not* being pitched at the planned area, although the new site became home for the weekend. Hikes through forests, over mountains and around lakes, resulted in six very weary but contented wanderers returning to the ship on the day prior to sailing, full of stories of waterfalls, saki, bridges, saki, flora and fauna and more saki!

The world famous Ginza attracted many although the prices were probably a little too prohibitive to induce widespread shopping fever. Guided tours of Tokyo proved popular, and were a guaranteed way of seeing the more important sights, even though vertigo was easily induced at the TV Tower.

Leaving Tokyo on the Monday morning, the ship made passage to the southern part of Honshu for the second visit in Japan — this time to Kure.

Transitting through the narrow passage to the Inland Sea proved interesting, particularly when passing beneath the overhead power cables — the Navigator was correct again, but only by about 10 feet! The ship anchored overnight and arrived alongside in the Naval Base the following morning, having weaved a course through the lines of vessels moored in the harbour. With a brass band playing on the jetty, a brief welcoming ceremony, involving the presentation of

Chichibu Tama Exped Team.



flowers, took place on the Flight Deck. The fact that they were presented by a beauty queen could account for the large crowd of onlookers.

The host ship for the visit provided outstanding hospitality and introduced many to the delights, and pain, of Saki.

Daily excursions to the surrounding areas were enjoyed by many, particularly popular being the island of Miyajima with its beautiful parks, shrines and

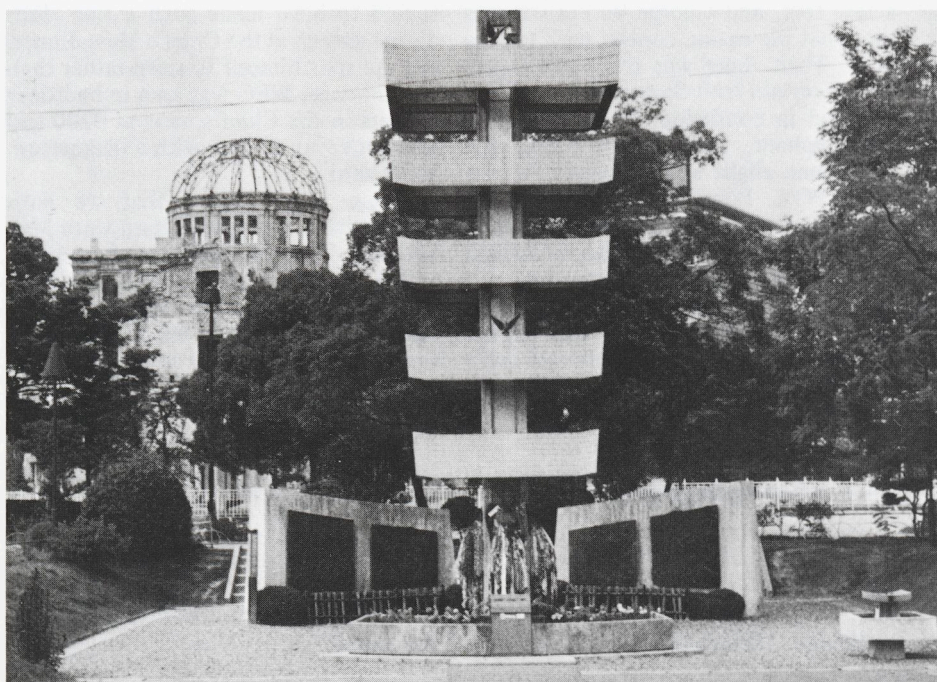
tame deer herd. The full horror of Hiroshima was brought home to everyone whilst visiting the Museum and Peace Park, which contained memorials to the many victims.

Prices in Kure were more competitive than in Tokyo and a steady flow of Stereo equipment began to supplement that already purchased from previous ports.

In between the many social arrange-

ments and tours, the ship still managed to hold football and rugby matches (both victorious) against spirited Japanese opposition, and was once again open to visitors.

Kure was the only visit of the Deployment in which the ship was not escorted by other units of the Task Group, and if stories, rumours and appearances were anything to go by, it was certainly one of the more successful.



*Memorial – Peace Palace –
Hiroshima.*

THE W.E's VIEW

So that was the Deployment! And what a memorable seven months it has been for everyone. Many visits to countries that were new to a good number of us, some good traditional runs ashore, some very interesting ones, large quantities of 'rabbits' bought and many miles of film exposed, were among the factors that must make 1980 a year that will stand out in our minds for years to come. A pity about our second visits to Hong Kong and Singapore, but that's life. Anyway, ARMILLA was not too bad, at least it saved some money, and a good tan was had by all (Black Rod and Bob Emmington take a bow).

From the viewpoint of the 'Greenies' the Deployment was perhaps more of a step into the unknown than for some other departments on board. A great deal of criticism has been levelled at the performance and reliability of Type 42 weapon equipments over the past few years, and there is no doubt that there has been enormous interest in high places in how *Coventry's* would stand up to seven months away from base and contractor support, in a part of the world where no ship of the class has ventured before. Well, few could deny that we did pretty well! We had our difficulties and frustrations, of course, but the overall readiness of equipment was very satisfactory, and certainly a great deal better than many of the prophets of doom had forecast. This reflects credit on every member of the department, all of whom played their part in keeping the systems operational.

It has also been an interesting period from another angle. We now have a smaller department than we had a year ago, and EBD has become a reality. The whole changeover of duties seems to have gone very smoothly, and although it is still strange to see former members of the department walking about with

propellers on their sleeves, most would agree that over the past seven months, the new system has worked well. Of course, there is still the odd 'greenie' working for the 'clankies' and vice versa, and this has helped to keep a good level of cooperation between the two engineering departments. This would seem a good moment to give a 'chuck up' to MEA Kirby and Chippy for getting us out of a hole on more than one occasion as yet another bit fell off the gun, and we needed a quick repair job.

Members of the department have been very involved in all ship activities during the period away from home. These have been many and varied and too numerous to mention all of them here. What stood out was when anything was happening, whether it was sport, inter mess quiz, sods opera or whatever, there were always plenty of greenies ready and willing to join in. 3P mess provided at least one team for every interpart sports competition, and, on several occasions, more teams than any other mess. Memories at random include the grin on Johnno Johnson's face as his team took the deck hockey prize, the sight of an unrepentant Jumper Collins being sent off in the same competition (who was the referee?), several kites that absolutely refused to fly more than a few feet, and George Barker winning the great pie eating contest with ten big ones. Then there was the Sod's Opera with a certain Irish Seaman Officer being 'covered in confusion' by 3P's Oscillating Elephant, Elvis Piggot setting the pop scene alight as lead singer for the Stbd PO's, Pony Moore leading the Warrior's song and Chris Sturman helping the Ship's Group to raise the hangar roof. Terry Seeger had a taste of what it was like to be in command when he won the 'Captain for a day' draw. 'Captain' Seeger declared himself fairly

satisfied with the efforts of the stroppey working party he detailed to clean the 965 stump mast, but felt that there was too much skylarking on the job.

Of course, as always, it was the runs ashore that produced the biggest crop of 'dits', most of them unsuitable for publication here. The WE banyan to Nyali Beach in Mombasa was enjoyed by all, as was the beer that went with it. Is it true that Doug Brawley decided to take a nap in a monsoon drain in Singapore? Or that Jumper Collins also dropped off half way through a meal in Hong Kong with his wife? It is said that Cooperman found the US Marine Corps Police in Subic were not amused by his Bill and Ben impressions, despite the flowerpot he was wearing at the time. Did Spiny Norman fall or was he pushed from his horse-drawn taxi in Alex? And why did the driver chase him down the street, horsewhip in hand? There was Pete Holt's 'bargain' pouffe, also in Alex, only £25. Still, it was what he always wanted, or so he said. It was also rumoured that Roger Jenkins had had TWO haircuts during the trip, probably an exaggeration. Finally there were the farewell runs in Gibraltar which, for some, became more of a test of stamina, particularly when combined with the Rock Race, football, hockey and squash matches. Pony Moore is said to have made such a fine after-dinner speech at the Chief's Mess dinner, that he sent himself to sleep rather than his audience. WEO was seen in bedroom slippers in the Chief's mess at 0200 and later woke up in bed with a magnetron. Some run!

There is no doubt that we have worked hard and played hard since May 19, and, in the process, become a pretty united team. The best of luck to the many who are now leaving, and, if the new boys have as much fun as we have had, they won't be doing too badly.

Overheard on the Bridge. "Who's the idiot on the end of this mike?"
"Which end, Sir?"

THE DEPLOYMENT – 4

Leaving the many oriental delights behind, the ship sailed from Kure on 22 September with only four days at sea to recover from the fabled Suntory whisky and Japanese rocket fuel called 'SAKI'. *Coventry* joined up with the remainder of the Task Group and headed for the now familiar bright lights of Hong Kong. The passage proceeded quietly until the final night, when the peace and quiet of the middle watch was shattered by a call from the Admiral to all CO's to attend a meeting on the Flagship. The reason for the Captain being called away by seaboard remained a mystery until 0700, when he informed the Ship's Company by the main broadcast "That due to political unrest between Iran and Iraq, HMS *Coventry* was being diverted from Hong Kong and instructed to proceed direct to Singapore, to be on hand in the event of British Naval presence being required in the Arabian Sea". The shock and disappointment of this news was felt throughout the Ship's Company as suddenly Run Ashore plans went flying out of the window (scuttle). There was little time to brood over this misfortune as the work of preparing the ship got underway. At 0830 the ship closed in for her RAS approach on the *Stromness*. The three hours alongside flew by as pallets of stores came thick and fast. The whole Ship's Company broke records by receiving and stowing loads in one of the fastest times of the Deployment. On completion of the RAS, *Stromness* reversed her course towards Hong Kong and *Coventry* and *Olwen* proceeded on a South Westerly passage to Singapore.

Monday morning saw the ship off the Singapore Straits awaiting instructions, hopefully, to enter Singapore harbour. The morale of the Ship's Company received its second blow when instructions were received to proceed to Sri Lanka and rendezvous with RFA *Brambleleaf*. The *Olwen* however, due to a major defect on her compressor, had to go into Singapore for emergency repairs. After replenishing fuel from *Olwen* and transferring stores and members of the Ship's Company who were going on draft *Coventry* proceeded towards Sri Lanka and *Brambleleaf*. It was now obvious to most that the ship was in for a lengthy period at sea, and to ensure that boredom didn't creep into those days, the Entertainments Committee was formed. The Commit-

tee's tasks were to devise strange and wonderful methods of keeping everyone amused. The first event to come from the Committee was the Beard Growing Competition. The result, after much scratching and many horrible growths, was that LSTD Tyrer walked away with a well deserved 1st prize.

The rendezvous with *Brambleleaf* became something of a hide and seek affair and, at one stage, the Navigating Officer was seen rubbing his hands in despair over the chart table, looking for Sri Lanka, or was it Ceylon? After several hours of nail biting the coast of Sri Lanka appeared on radar and shortly afterwards the R/V with and fuelling from *Brambleleaf* took place. She then headed towards Singapore and *Coventry*, after receiving her final instructions, pressed on with the final leg of her passage towards the Gulf of Oman.

The Indian Ocean crossing, which, when outward bound had appeared long, now flew by, and *Coventry*, assisted by a refuelling from the American Supply Ship *Navasota*, arrived on station in the Gulf on 8 October. So began Operation ARMILLA, the purpose of which

was to present a British Naval presence to all British Merchantmen in and around the Gulf of Oman. After two days settling in to patrol duties, *Olwen*, having repaired her defects, teamed up with *Coventry*. What appeared to some of the Ship's Company normal routine was, in fact, a very testing time for the members of the Operations department, who had to maintain shipping logs, daily Sitreps and many signalled reports to the Commander-in-Chief. Despite the ship remaining at an unusually high state of readiness, ample opportunity arose for us to try out the ideas brewed by the Entertainments Committee.

The ship's Flight Deck became the main recreational space, being the stadium for matches of Volleyball, Deck Hockey and Brighter Cricket. Weather never posed any problems for the keenly but not always so cleanly fought inter mess fixtures. The coveted trophies consisted of crates of beer, reducing to goffas as the beer ran out. The results of the Flight Deck sports competitions were evenly spread around the ship with the Greenies from 3P Mess taking the Deck Hockey, the

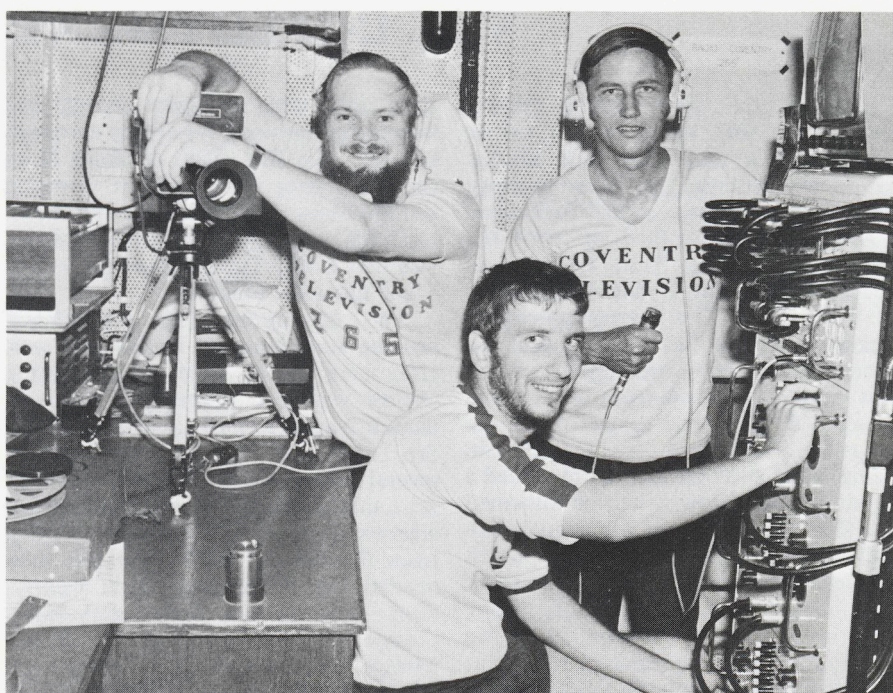


Winners of the Hormuz Heel 1980.

Captain's Guest team taking the Volley Ball (worth noting that one of the Captain's Guests was the Club Swinger, who also turned his hand to refereeing the other major matches!). The Brighter Cricket (who said you can't play cricket in a warship?) was convincingly won by those never-say-die-PO's in the Starboard Mess. One other event, previously thought impossible, was Water Polo but a very successful and skilfully rigged tournament took place on the Port side of the ship one Saturday afternoon with the ship's MEM's showing the rest of the Ship's Company that they aren't so scared of water after all. Another one for the Water Babies was the Diving Competition, which produced very high standards and was eventually won by Cook McGowan.

Whilst the rest of the ship's competitions were progressing, the Ops Department still found time to organise their own league competition, for which they produced their own trophy – The Hormuz Heel. The games, Volleyball, Deck Hockey, Brighter Cricket, Uckers, Crib and Dominoes were played over a period of three weeks with great enthusiasm by Missile, Radar, Sonar, Communications and Air/EW Departments. Everyone wanted to win the Gulf's most coveted trophy and this made refereeing and umpiring of the games very difficult, but decisions, when made, were generally accepted with good grace. The competition was a great success in getting many of the Ops Department Sub Sections together on a social/sports footing. The competition looked like being a close finish between the Communicators and Air/EW teams but the latter proved to be too strong in the Volleyball and emerged as champions of the Hormuz Heel.

The ideas from the Committee involving physical exercise were not confined to Flight Deck sports. The two most successful ideas were the Marathon Walk and the Obstacle Race. The Marathon Walk consisted of a four hour walk around the upper deck, the idea being to complete as many laps as possible in the time allowed. Each mess entered a team of three walkers, ably assisted by back up team and Magic Spongers whose job it was to keep the walkers refreshed and cool. After two hours of walking in the boiling sun, many of the competitors began to realise that the marathon was, in fact, no mean feat. At the end of the day AB Haras showed his stamina by winning the walk with a total of 183 circuits of the upperdeck. This number, combined



Directors and Operators of CBC TV.

with the total of equal second, (AB O'Dell) was enough to ensure that the Seamen's Mess 3Q won the event. The 3Q winning streak was in full flight as they went on to take 1st place in the Obstacle Race. The Obstacle Race was a timed event consisting of one circuit of the upperdeck, negotiating strategically placed obstacles such as a Spider's Web of String, Beam Walking, Press ups to the throw of a dice, Spanning a chasm by rope, Rope Climbing, Canvas Tunnel, Fifteen yard Dash with Buckets as slippers, and the whole thing was made more difficult in that each team member had to get into a pair of overalls, then throw a tennis ball into a bucket placed fifteen feet away. Only one injury occurred when one unlucky greenie fell off the beam and spent a couple of minutes in Cuckoo Land.

The less energetic members of the Ship's Company also had plenty of opportunity to show their talents, courtesy of Coventry Broadcasting Corporation (CBC), who provided televised moments of enjoyment with a large variety of live broadcasts. Many hours of dedicated work were put in by the CBC crew, whose founder members and directors were Jan Oxford and Buck Taylour, ably assisted by a back up team of Newsreaders and Interviewers. The ship enjoyed CBC throughout the whole seven months but their finest hours were during the ARMILLA patrol when the production of programmes

such as "What's my Line?", Inter mess Quizzes, Personality Interviews, and Charades became compulsive viewing. The quality of the programmes was greatly enhanced by the adaption of the Dining Hall into a secondary TV Studio. The other side of CBC was involved in producing Radio programmes from early morning to late evening throughout the whole Deployment. The readily available source of Disc Jockeys provided well balanced listening for the Ship's Company. Everything from Classical to Punk and Heavy Rock received their share of Air time. The SRE also broadcast many Inter mess Quizzes, which were avidly followed.

The ship had several members who, at the start of the Deployment, formed themselves into a pop group called the "Casual Onlookers" and, on many occasions, provided highly professional entertainment by staging concerts in the Dining Hall, and on the Flight and Quarter Decks. The group also performed concerts before various audiences in Mombasa, Subic Bay and Hong Kong, and were well received at all their engagements.

The time on patrol provided the opportunity for an almost daily Hands to Bathe session. This luxury pastime for sailors, which was enjoyed by many for much of the patrol, suffered a serious setback one evening when three sharks were sighted close to the ship's bows. Suddenly, frolicking in the warm



The "Casual Onlookers".

waters of the Gulf became much less attractive and only the die-hards were to be seen thereafter.

One of the last brainwaves conjured up by the Entertainments Committee, close to the end of the Patrol, was a Kite Flying competition, where many of the weird and wonderful contraptions refused to defy the laws of gravity, much to the dismay of their earnest inventors. There was, however, one kite, manufactured by RO Walker, which managed to stay in the air for almost 3 minutes. This was enough to ensure that he won first prize. AB Campbell's well tested miniature kite, with a flight of 30 minutes under its belt, stubbornly refused to get off the ground on the day of the competition.

The ship was nearing the end of her time on patrol when she was joined by HMS *Alacrity*, whose arrival on station allowed *Coventry* the opportunity to land the Ship's Company for a well earned Banyan at Bandar Khairom. The sheer cliffs around the Omani coast enabled the ship's Diving Team to indulge in their one and only jolly dive of the Deployment.

The ship's time on patrol was not all fun and games. The Ship's Company were regularly exercised with such evolutions as Boarding and Towing *Olwen*, many gunnery firings, Internal



Those Magnificent Men and Their Flying Machines?



The Golden Sands of Bandar Khairom

procedural drills, e.g. Emergency Stations and Fire Exercises. The ship's Flight more than proved its worth with many sorties into Seeb airport at Muscat, collecting stores and mail, and ferrying personnel joining and leaving the ship.

It is worth noting that, during this period, the mail deliveries were more regular than at any other time during the Deployment. One of the many sorties was to collect the Chief of Defence Staff, Admiral Sir Terence

Lewin, who had expressed his wish to visit the ship during his official visit to the Sultan of Oman. While onboard, he talked to a large number of the Ship's Company and expressed his satisfaction at the way in which *Coventry* was



Olwen's Sea King helps store ship.

performing her duties on patrol.

On Monday 3 November the long awaited arrival of our relief, HMS *Naiad*, took place and, after formally handing over the responsibility to the Commanding Officer of *Alacrity*, Coventry with RFA *Olwen* detached and sailed east to rendezvous with the Flagship and RFA *Stromness*.

The day after the rendezvous we arrived in Bombay. Although this was not the ideal run for matelots having spent 45 days at sea, beer was available (at a price) in the larger hotels. The city was full of evidence of the past British presence in the architecture of the

buildings, monuments to major British personalities, and even the public transport buses had much in common with London buses.

The ship continued to excel in sporting events played against local military teams.

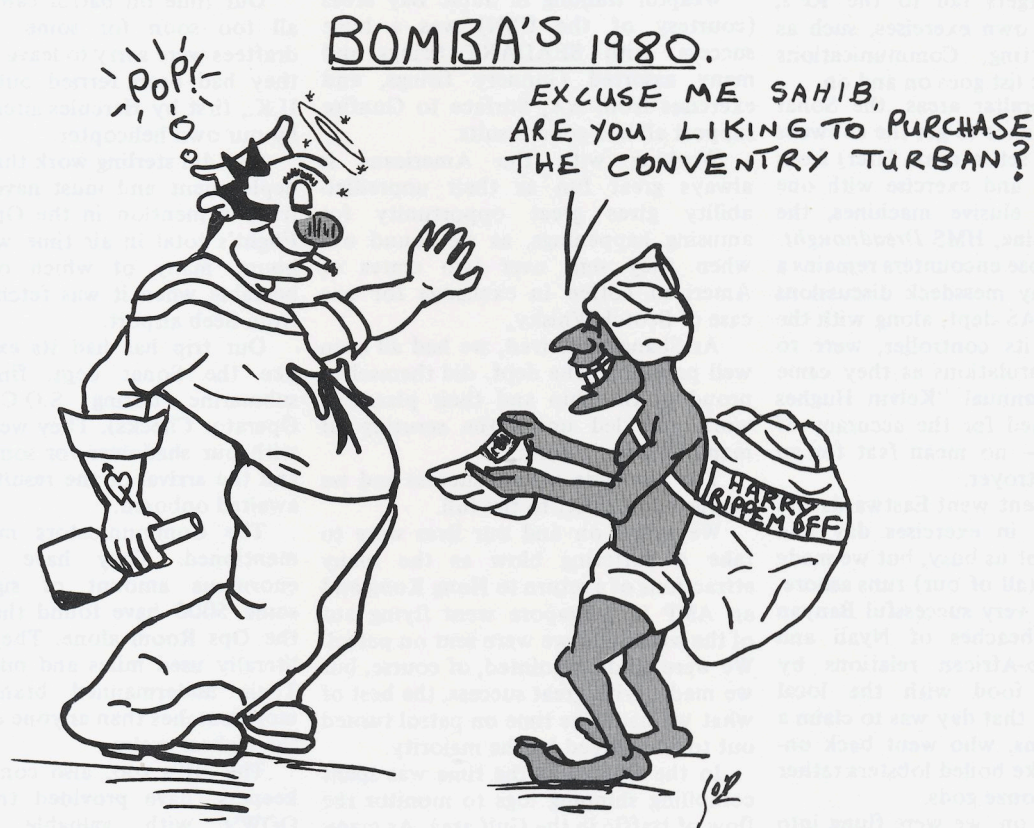
On the Sunday of the visit members of the Ship's Company made a representation at the Armistice Memorial Service held at the Embassy Chapel. After the service they were royally entertained by the Ambassador and his staff, first for drinks and then for lunch.

Merchant and Naval relations were

built upon by the Starboard PO's Mess when they entertained members of the P&O cargo ship MV *Strathdick*, and Bombay also presented the Stbd PO's with the opportunity to have their second and final Mess Dinner.

Although Xmas shopping in Bombay Bazaars was not of Harrods standard, many bargains were to be had, particularly in a wide range of sports equipment and cotton goods.

Although far from being the best visit of the Deployment, Bombay offered the Ship's Company a chance to relax and get solid ground beneath their feet.



OPERATIONS DEPARTMENT

As many of you may know, Coventry's Operations room is nothing short of amazing, and looks almost as if it's taken straight out of a Sci-Fi film.

Unlike the last decade of warships, our modern ships have highly advanced technology at their disposal, and with this technology, they are able to improve their capabilities. Our own operations

are ably assisted by two very expensive computers. Compared with the over-taxed brain in manual systems, they pay high dividends. As we now have this electronic brain working for us, we are able to pull all the sections of the Ops dept. together, and the Missile, EW and Sonar have all moved their centre of operations into the Ops room, along

with the Radar. This, like all other close families, poses many problems, as we often found out on the Deployment, but we can say that most of them were ironed out after a short time, and we became a very good team — a team which gave its best in all the various exercises on the Deployment. The Admiral has often stated how impressed

he was, and the Captain has been seen to glow with pride as we outshone Foreign Navies, including the Americans and, sometimes, even our fellow warships.

The Deployment started in May, throwing us all in at the deep end with Weapon Training, which shook us out of our state after a run ashore in Gib, but we still set standards which were to be kept above average throughout later dates.

When we mention weapon training you immediately think of guns and missiles, but a great deal goes on unseen, the endless tracking runs really grind through to the inner nerves. The finding, identifying and controlling of aircraft and surface targets fall to the RP's, who have their own exercises, such as Air raid reporting, Communications exercises and the list goes on and on.

While in Gibraltar areas, the Sonar branch had a chance to get the cobwebs (which were to settle again later) from their equipment and exercise with one of those most elusive machines, the Nuclear Submarine, HMS *Dreadnought*. The result of those encounters remains a subject for many messdeck discussions to come. The TAS dept, along with the helicopter and its controller, was to earn our congratulations as they came second in the annual "Kelvin Hughes Trophy", awarded for the accuracy of weapon drops — no mean feat for an Air Defence Destroyer.

The deployment went Eastwards and we participated in exercises day and night, which kept us busy, but we made up by enjoying (all of our) runs ashore. The dept. had a very successful Banyan on the white beaches of Nyali and improved Anglo-African relations by sharing excess food with the local natives. The sun that day was to claim a couple of victims, who went back on-board looking like boiled lobsters rather than long lost bronze gods.

As we sailed on, we were flung into confrontation with the American 7th Fleet (we're not sure how many they've got) where we were amazed not only by the size of warships like *Eisenhower*, but also by the number of stars and stripes steaming around the ocean.

The RP's suffered from spots in front of their eyes for days, after watching the radar screen, showing the *Eisenhower* launching and recovering her aircraft.

The time was flying (no pun intended) by now, and we were rapidly approaching our AMP in Hong Kong. As was proven, we don't always live in the

Ops room and as many as possible were sent up top to clean the ship. We were given an expert hand by Jenny and her girls in painting, and the ship fair shone as we left *Tamar* to carry on our journey.

The dept. had numerous contributions to make to the AMP, with many Ops personnel being picked to represent the ship's sports teams. The Gunnery world got a taste of the real thing by volunteering to assist the Army on border patrol. The reality of people's dislike for Communism was made true to life as Chinese refugees were captured in Hong Kong territories, only to be returned to a work camp somewhere in red China.

Weapon training in Subic Bay areas (courtesy of the USN) was a huge success, with SEADART firings and many assorted Gunnery firings, and exercises from AA, Surface to Gunfire support all had good results.

Working with the Americans is always great fun as their unpredictability gives great opportunity for amusing happenings, as we found out when they sent over two crates of American coffee in exchange for one case of Scotch Whisky.

As Shanghai arrived, we had all been well prepared. The dept. did themselves proud as the ship and their places of work sparkled under the scrutiny of many Chinese experts.

The visit was a huge success and we all played our part to the full.

We sailed on and our lives were to take a suffering blow as the many attractions of a return to Hong Kong and an AMP in Singapore went flying out of the window as we were sent on patrol. We were all disappointed, of course, but we made, with great success, the best of what we had. The time on patrol turned out to be enjoyed by the majority.

In the Ops room the time was spent compiling shipping logs to monitor the flow of traffic in the Gulf area. As many aircraft overflew us it was necessary to find out to whom they belonged. This job was satisfactorily done by the EW dept, who have had quite a time on this Deployment, what with the shadowing of *Minsk*, and other Soviet warships at sea, which has kept them and our intelligence team very busy. Throughout the trip the EW have condensed thousands of radars onto hundreds of tape recordings. Most of the aircraft belonged to our friend *Eisenhower* and several proceeded to show off their talents by doing victory rolls overhead.

The Gunners kept active by conduct-

ing some shoots at amazing do-it-yourself floating targets. The emergency and secondary drills were practised often and the importance of being ready at all times became evident. The Gunners have managed to send, whistling away, hundreds of shells large and small with varied success.

The old dept. rivalry came to the surface in a well arranged competition "The Hormuz Heel", which was eventually won by the Air/EW team. The competition had all the makings of a professional league with guts, determination, sweat, skill, disappointment and even a little dissent being shown, but it occupied many spare hours and was enjoyed by all.

Our time on patrol came to an end all too soon for some. The Muscat draftees were sorry to leave the sun after they had been ferried out to us from U.K., first by Hercules aircraft and then by our own helicopter.

336 did sterling work throughout the deployment and must never be missed from a mention in the Ops dept. The Flight's total in air time was over 120 hours, many of which only became bearable when it was fetching the mail from Seeb airport.

Our trip has had its exciting parts, like the Sonar dept. finding a real submarine during S.O.C.'s (System Operator Checks). They were in contact with our shadower for some five hours and the arrival of the results are eagerly awaited onboard.

The Communicators must also be mentioned. They have handled an enormous amount of signal traffic: some 5000 have found their way into the Ops Room alone. They must have literally used miles and miles of paper. Their undermanned branch, keeping more watches than anyone else, deserves the highest praise.

The RP's too, also constant watch-keepers, have provided the C.O. and OOW's with valuable information throughout. It is interesting to note that every RP has clocked up an impressive average of 1000 hours on watch in the Ops Room.

We have cracked it all now, with only the shouting to be done, and, together, we have helped each other and battled through the whole seven months. It's been fun and all of us have memories of somewhere along the line.

We led the way from the start to the finish and we now look forward to 1981 going by with HMS *Coventry* still at the TOP.

THE DEPLOYMENT – 5

10 November arrived and *Coventry* again prepared to sail, the Ship's Company having added substantially to their collection of rabbits. A straight line from Bombay would have been nice but *Antrim* needed company back towards the Gulf of Hormuz and how could there be a Task Group photograph without *Coventry*!!

Eventually *Antrim* had to go her own way and the ship detached with *Galatea*, *Alacrity*, *Olwen* and *Stromness*. Everybody thought *Galatea* was part of the Task Group but we're not sure where we found her!

To keep everyone employed, and to give *Galatea* a function in the Task Group, *Coventry* allowed them to win the intership sports day held whilst on passage to the Red Sea.

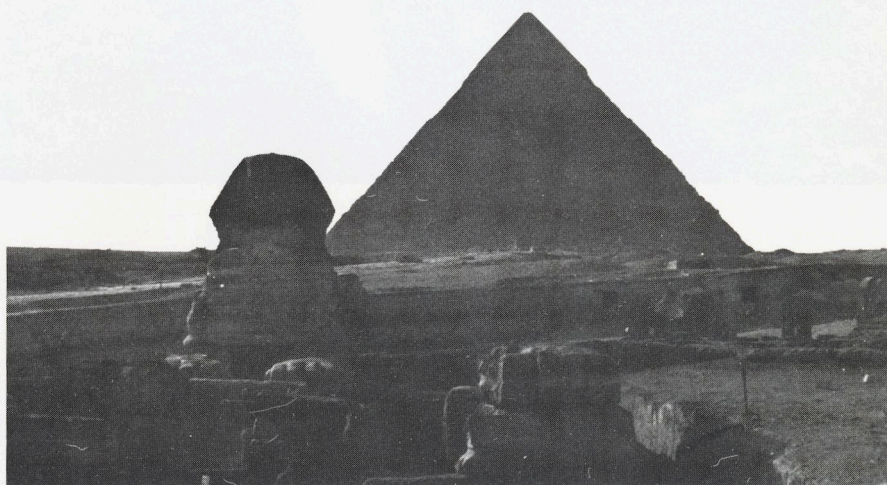
A planned PASSEX with the French Navy didn't take place (we found them but they didn't want to find us). Around this time the ship suffered some propulsion problems. A congenital defect already apparent in most 21's and 42's finally reared its ugly head in *Coventry* and the engineers were suddenly limited to one shaft operation. The Ship's Company soon got used to the 'list' on the ship and made our best speed on one shaft towards Suez.

Through no fault of his own it was

decided by a ship's draw to relieve Captain Coward for the day and place WEM(R) Seeger in Command. After breakfast with Captain Coward Captain Seeger received HOD's reports with due aplomb, and then proceeded to clean up the ship and the Ship's Company with

some high-powered upperdeck scrubbing and PT for all on the foc'sle.

As we arrived at the Suez anchorage we were joined by *Alacrity*, *Galatea*, *Olwen* and *Stromness* and all awaited the Northbound convoy. An intership Quiz was organised to while away the



Sphinx and Kefron.



time but, due to communications problems (we think), only *Coventry* and *Alacrity* took part, the result being an honourable draw.

According to plan we weighed anchor and entered the Suez Canal, many breathing a sigh of relief that we were finally on our way home.

In order to meet our ETA in Alexandria, we were asked for diplomatic clearance as a group, to head the Northbound Convoy from Bitter Lakes through to the last section of the Canal, and so, *Galatea* leading, we headed for the Med. For many the last look at the Canal and for quite a few the first (it was now daylight).

Galatea, once again not wishing to mix with the Task Group, detached and headed for Gibraltar, while *Olwen* took fuel requirements to our reliefs, H.M. Ship's *Birmingham* and *Avenger*. We, with *Alacrity* and *Stromness*, moved on to Alexandria, to be joined, a day later, by *Olwen*, having made sure that the others had no excuse for not getting through the Canal.



Camel.

The ship's Guard, excellently trained by our CHOPS(M), provided the 'class' at the Wreath laying ceremony to the Unknown Soldier. Many members of the Ship's Company took a coach ride to Cairo and were amazed to find the Pyramids and the Sphinx immediately in the suburbs of this ancient and historic city. The Advance Leave Party packed what they could and headed for a gruelling flight by RAF Hercules to UK via Cyprus. We all wished them well since they 'should' be relieving us on 8 December in Portsmouth. Sport, including Soccer and Volleyball, went quite well and again *Coventry's* teams shone.

Once again, time for sea and the 6-day leg to Gibraltar. We were joined, of course, by our old friend the *Coventry Gale* which gave the 'old hands' their sea legs back, and an introduction for a number of people to the weird and wonderful movements of a type 42 in a heavy sea. We managed to stabilise our seats long enough to watch Captain Coward being interviewed on CBC by the ever verbal CPO Nunn. (He has now claimed affinity to Sub Service, Field Gun Crew, Round the World Yacht Race and Whale Island – CPO Nunn that is).

On Tuesday 2 December our old friend the Rock of Gibraltar loomed on the horizon and shortly afterwards we were berthed comfortably alongside FO Gibraltar's Office, all ready for a final fling. First, the super fits showed the rest of the fleet how to run up the Rock

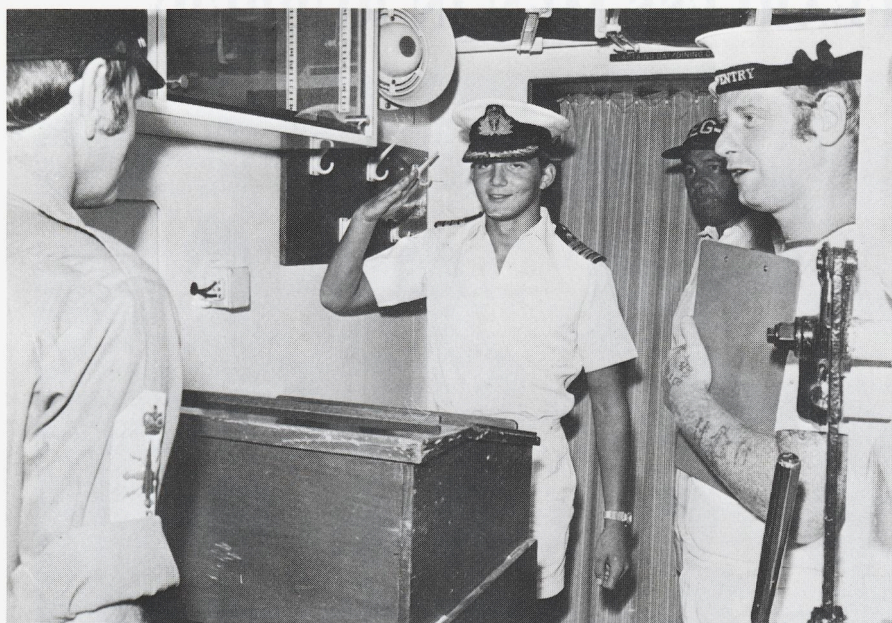
but this was to cost us in subsequent Squash matches. However, in Soccer and Hockey we were supremely successful, amplifying the already known fact – DOLPHIN 172.

Thursday morning arrived and it's sailing time again, but with a few extra people on board (and we left some behind). A team from MCTT tried hard to ruin our CPP system and a team from

VAT monitored how well they did it! A group from FSST appeared determined to prove that our computer and weapons systems did not work. Trials all the way to Portsmouth but who cares – *Coventry* can handle it. They did not break our CPP, they did get valuable information from the computer trials and we *did* have our Xmas dinner on Sunday 7 December.



CAPTAIN FOR THE DAY



Captain for the Day sees Requestmen.

How did I become Captain for the day you may well ask. Well we had this raffle to raise funds for the *Coventry Canal Boat* (the Ship's Charity) and my name was the first pulled out of the hat, much to my surprise as I had never won anything worth writing about before.

My day started at 0710 when I entered the Captain's day cabin and was welcomed by the Captain. We sat down and discussed what my plans were for the day and when the Steward came in asking what the Captain would like for breakfast I ordered scrambled egg on toast.

After breakfast I changed into my new rig for the day, a shirt with four gold bars and a cap with the initials CO embroidered on it. What honour! I then proceeded to the bridge, accompanied by the real Captain. On the bridge I sat in the Captain's high chair and surveyed my Command for the day whilst he told me about his job and the ship's equipment on the bridge. We then proceeded to the Operations Room for SOCS. Sub Lieutenant Heath reported that everything seemed fine. We then returned to the bridge and waited for SOCS to finish.

When the First Lieutenant arrived I informed him of my proposals for the day and he was quite confident that they could be carried out. Shortly after the First Lieutenant left the Captain's Secretary arrived to inform me that POWEM Piggott had an official

complaint, which I would have to deal with at 10.40. It's all go being a skipper. After consuming my third cup of coffee I went to see how my specially selected and highly qualified cleaning party (consisting of Lieutenant Holt, PO Dennis, Chief Thompson and Chief Smith) were getting on with the Stump Mast, I having previously arranged for the Leading Phot to record this event.

By now it was time for me to deal with the official complaint. The nature of the complaint was that the Wardroom owed the Starboard PO's Mess alcoholic beverages from a wager concerning a Volley Ball game. After hearing both sides of the case and after much discussion I awarded the PO's their beer to be provided by the Wardroom — everyone (well almost everyone) was satisfied.

The Captain and I then went for a stroll around the ship. The galley was one of the places we visited. Whilst I was there I decided to change what I had previously ordered for my lunch, much to the Chef's displeasure (sorry Leading Cook Stewart!). Having completed my tour of the ship I decided that most of the Ship's Company were looking terribly unfit. I helped to eliminate this problem by mustering all off watch personnel on the foc'sle for daily exercise and instructed POPT Haynes to put them through a series of exercises. After watching the Ship's Company completing their physical

exertions I proceeded to the Starboard PO's Mess to accept a previous invitation. On passing the Junior Rates' Scullery I spied two JOUT's digging out, washing the trays and cutlery, thus complying with another of my instructions.

At 1300 I had lunch with the Captain. At the same time, in accordance with my wishes, the Supply Officer was providing Limers on the foc'sle for the sunbathers.

During the afternoon, whilst I was on the bridge, a fault developed on the bridge JUD display. Usually I would be sent for by my Leading Hand, LWEM ("where's my bed?") Swinton, to investigate the problem. Now it was my turn to send for him and tell him to rectify the problem IMMEDIATELY.

Later on in the afternoon I gave the Ship's Company a 45 minute stand easy. I thought they deserved it after the hard effort they had put in to the exercises earlier on.

Having been anxious about how my Chief of the Section (Chief Thompson) would deal with me the next day after being Stump Mast cleaning party, I remembered that he had previously expressed a wish to steer the ship. This was easily arranged and, as yet, I have received no retribution.

During four o'clockers I decided that it would be nice if Heath Incorporated were to show cartoons in the Junior Rates' Dining Hall, so I instructed Sub Lt. Heath and LWEM Heath to show these cartoons and they were much appreciated by all.

On completion of the film show I decided to have a bath, my first of the Deployment as the JR's bathroom has only showers and the sinks are a bit small. After this I went onto the bridge and took some photographs of sunset.

It was now nearly time for my first TV appearance so the Captain and I reported to the SRE/CBC compartment where I was briefed by Chief Nunn on what to do (a real professional our Clive) and then I was on the air for my interview. What an experience!

On completion of my interview the Captain and I returned to his cabin to prepare for dinner and discuss the day's events. It was almost time for me to become WEM(R)1 Seeger again and to change back into my own uniform. Before I left I signed the Captain's Visitors Book and said goodbye. I had finished an experience of a lifetime and a very enjoyable day as Captain of HMS *Coventry*.

Terry Seeger

THE DIVING TEAM (OR THOSE FEARLESS MEN IN RUBBER)



The Diving Team.

As I sit here writing this article, not really knowing where or how to start, my mind drifts back, to a time just after Christmas '79/80 when the future programme was becoming a little more definite. As 'the Team' stood on the quarterdeck gazing at the snow falling around them, their fingers blue and without feeling, their legs like black tree trunks (except for the ice cold water sloshing around *inside* the suit) a voice would murmur between chattering teeth "H. H. . H. . Hong K. K.Kong". The mention of this powerful name caused eyes to become misty and dreamy, thoughts to become distant, and as if by magic, a word association game started. "Sun", said the first voice, "Warmth" echoed a second, "Heat", "Tans", "Good Vis" cried several more. "Tiger"

whispered a solitary voice. "TIGER". chorused the team, visions of that Blue and Gold tin in everyone's eyes.

Well, the first part is true and the second has been slightly amended! However that really sums up the diving which the Team have enjoyed over the last 7 months. Still, let's go back to the beginning.

Diving in Portsmouth is a bit like getting out of bed. Nobody really wants to, but in the end it's inevitable. The water is murky and cold, there's invariably a current to swim against and you always scrape your knuckles on something. So when the ship arrived in Gibraltar in May, it was like paradise. The water was warm and clear, there was very little current and there were even fish to look at. We enjoyed three

dives here, one on the ship, one at Rosia Bay and the third just off the South Mole (the latter group, Bob, Ray and Dave were secretly trying to catch a reported 18lb. lobster – but they won't admit it!) Gibraltar put extra enthusiasm back into the Team, and plans were made to try and dive at every opportunity, and every port of call.

The next visit, Istanbul, put paid to that idea. Lying at anchor in the middle of the Bosphorus with a 5 – 7 knot current is not conducive to safe, or enjoyable, diving. Anyway Mombasa was coming up soon and that was bound to be good!

Mombasa, unfortunately proved to be too good, and accounts for the fact that no-one in the Team actually went diving. Swimming, subathing and

schnorkelling plus a few other 'odds and ends' helped make this a very relaxing period.

As so often happens, our next dive was unplanned until about an hour before it actually happened. The ship was going to anchor off the coast for a banyan for one or two hours, and could we inspect the bearings on the shafts? As fast as it takes to change into a pair of swimming trunks Malcolm, Carl, Ray, Tim and Tommo were fully prepared and raring to go. It must have been bliss to get out of the 110° on the ship and into the 95° of the water. With a good lookout for sharks and sea snakes, the task was successfully completed, although, had the water been a little cooler, I suspect it would have been finished a little quicker!

Close monitoring of the shaft bearings is essential and, to that end, we take readings at almost every opportunity. Even though it was only a two day stop, a very short dive was carried out in Singapore. This was without a doubt the worst dive of the deployment. The basin water was thick with oil and rubbish, and, after only 40 minutes, diving was stopped as there was a serious risk of injury to health!!

Just prior to our arrival in Singapore, the ship's log had decided to stop working and, as the fault could not be found internally, it looked like becoming the diving team's problem. During the short dive in Singapore it was established that the log probe had either shrunk or there was a part of it missing. Whilst on passage through the South China Sea, where the water was once again clear and blue, the decision was taken to attempt a log change whilst the ship was drifting. The boats were lowered, the sets were fully charged, the diving team were dressed and ready to go, when the cry of "Sharks" was heard. Now nobody minds the occasional gamble but to provide sharks with ready packed lunches was sheer lunacy! Discretion being the better part of valour, we decided not to dive, and the log change would wait until a later date.

That later date came after only 22 hours with our arrival in Hong Kong. The previous log had taken 6 hours to change, but there was now a great

incentive. Wives and fiancées were arriving approximately three hours later and the job was to be finished before we could leave for the airport. With that sort of pressure how could we fail, and the final new bolt was secured a record two hours later. It was whilst preparing for this dive that the team was caught on the jetty in the regular forenoon monsoon. There were a few choice remarks when the Diving Officer, laden down with weights and tools eventually discovered the entire team dressed in swimming trunks, hiding in a workman's hut.

A short dive at the end of our three week stay established that there was no further underwater maintenance required — or so we thought.

Diving in Shanghai was out of the question, due to the tempo of the visit (and the state of the Huangpu river) so our next opportunity came in Kure, Japan.

The Diving Team's primary operational role is to search and clear the ship's hull of any explosive charges. To ensure that we are capable of maintaining the standard required, regular exercise searches are carried out, and it was this type of dive that we executed in Kure. Tales of four divers sitting in a line on the shaft are completely unfounded and should be ignored!

Four weeks later the ship was on patrol in the Gulf of Oman when the next maintenance task appeared. It was necessary to change a small rectangular plate, complete with 36 bolts and corks, situated on the ship's keel. With 9,000 ft. of water beneath them, our intrepid team, armed only with corkscrews and suntan lotion, managed to complete this new task in only two hours. It's funny how you keep looking over your shoulder when you know there's a possibility of sharks and sea snakes.

One of the Deployment's nicest dives happened only 5 days later. The ship was going to anchor off Bandar Khairom for an afternoon's Banyan. What better opportunity to explore the underwater coastline? With eight men in the boat plus all the ancillary equipment, we set off for a nice lee shore, which we hoped would provide us with something interesting. We were not disappointed.

Safety regulations allowed only four people to dive at a time. Whilst those in the boat were forced to sit in the sun, the others were 40ft. below, scuttling in and out of the rocks and coral.

The tales that were told after this first dive were quite amazing — "A huge lobster . . . couldn't quite reach . . . guarded by a Moray eel . . . at least 6ft. long" The four in the boat took all these tales with a pinch of salt and proceeded to get ready for the next dive "Eels, lobsters, Ha!" they were thinking.

There's nothing quite like the experience of sinking very slowly in warm water, surrounded by schools of inquisitive, multi-coloured fish. One almost becomes lethargic and even the effort of kicking one's legs becomes too much. Sliding gracefully over the sand and shell bottom, the rocks suddenly became alive with colour and movement. Long leaves of wispy coral, in mauves and orange, large, furled, grey boulders of brain coral, the brilliant yellows and blues of the angel fish with their long black trailing tails, the flickering silver of the larger shoals of small fish. And there, at regular intervals along the rocks, the large grey and white mottled head of the Moray eels. Eyes unblinking, mouth continuously opening and closing, as it absorbs oxygen from the water, these vicious denizens of the deep were acting as sentinels for the large lobsters lying alongside their homes.

Apart from a few attractive shells, the only other item of interest to be recovered was Tug Wilson's toasting fork/trident. Everyone had his own version of its history but the truth remains unknown.

Diving time was now to become scarce as the ship started on the homeward leg of the Deployment. With many of the team leaving on the ship's return to Portsmouth aptitude tests for future frogmen were held in Gibraltar.

With hindsight, there were probably many missed opportunities, however I'm sure the Team of Malcolm, Carl, Ray, Bob, Dave, Tug, Tim and Whisky will agree — it's been fun!

Ian MacDonald

"How can you be so b****y stupid?"

"I'm not sure, will you show me PO?"

COVENTRY DEPLOYMENT

I was duty PO on 18 May
The day before we sailed away
Knowing the luck that I have got
I expected some matelots to go on the trot

At quarter to eight I said to the Joss
"I've come from the gangway, they've all come across"
We sailed past Gosport and Southsea
On the Good Ship *Coventry*

We entered Gib on Friday morn'
We stayed ashore to crack of dawn
Lots of Ale and lots of Fun
We almost had an 'Anchor Bar' run

Next we went to Istanbul
Which seemed at first to be rather dull
We saw Blue Mosque and The Sultan's Grot
Then went ashore to a quiet night spot

Phil and me we walked for ages
Never found those b*!?!@ cages
I said to Phil "Our best bet,
Is to find that place, 10 Ikkies a whet"

Mombers came next, the Kenyan Gate
The wonders of the world this was number 8
The locals thought we all were mental
The way we performed in the Continental

Karachi was the worst run yet
Unless you want an Onyx chess set
The back streets were like a big pig sty
And to make it worse the place was dry

Two days in Singers down Bugis Street
Those 'funny men' really looked a treat
Drinking all that Tiger beer
It's bound to make you a little 'queer'

We hadn't been at sea too long
When we went for 3 weeks in Hong Kong
Some of us flew out our wives
And had the holiday of our lives

At the tot revival in the Mess
DC in his Vicar's dress
Tears of laughter from my wife Diane
As she watched the Irish Gully Gully man

From there we went to Subic Bay
Football we taught the Yanks to play
At 16-0 we got quite bored
It was so bad even the Club Swinger scored!

But what a place once you got ashore
Down the Main Street of Olongapo
The Curfew at one was a little steep
But you got a lift back in a Shore Patrol jeep

We went to Shanghai on the Yangtse
The banners greeted us as CONVENTRY
Were the buses fitted with eavesdropping bugs
They'd have heard us moan about eating Sea Slugs

To the world's biggest city we had next to go
Unfortunately not Pompey, but Tokyo
A city so big, you could still feel lonely
"Solly this club is for Japanese only"

We went on to Kure then Hong Kong
On the way there things went wrong
After a RAS we did detach
The Caterer and Can Man kept a morning watch

Six weeks in Hormuz we did roam
We even made the news back home
With Flight Deck sport and Socializing
The weeks flew by which was quite surprising

Then we went to Bombay City
Where I wrote this little ditty
Four days rest with little work
And we met the "boys" of MV *Strathdirk*

We're off to Alex to see the Sphinx
And go ashore for a couple of drinks
The advance leave party we'll send ahead
Then a five day cruise around the Med

Again we'll see that famous Rock
I'll run to the top, but I'll need the Doc
It's there we have our final run
With 98% of the Deployment done

As we return, seven months at sea
Our families waiting on the quay
Wives waiting to be loved and kissed
For all the months that they have missed

As you have that first embrace
You wonder if it all took place
The first six words I'll probably say
"It's like I've never been away"

Steve Allen



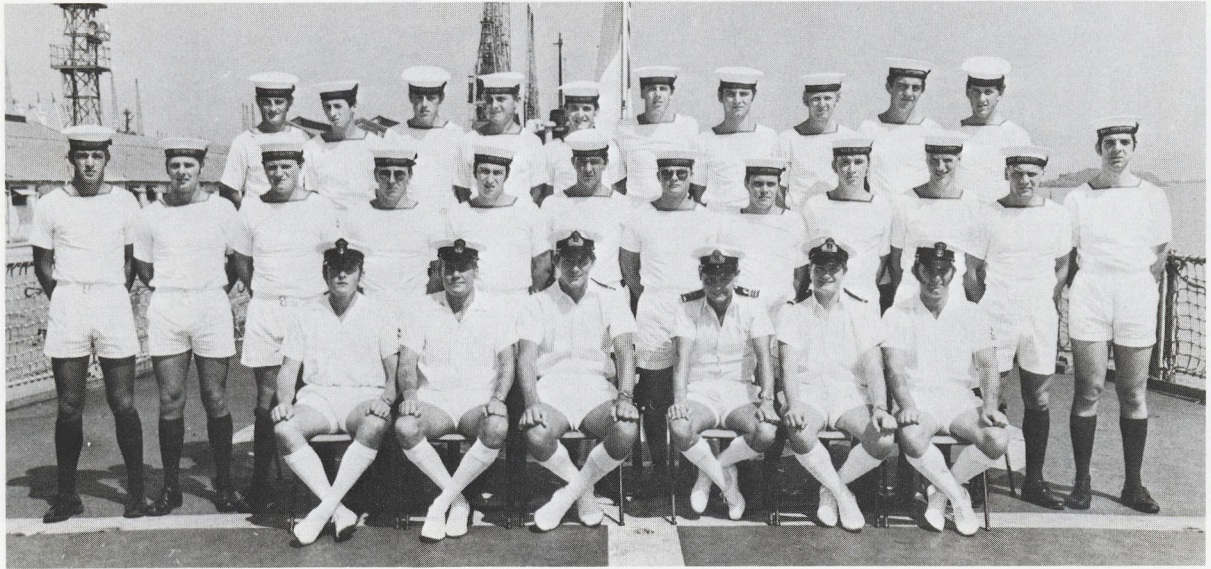
The Wardroom.



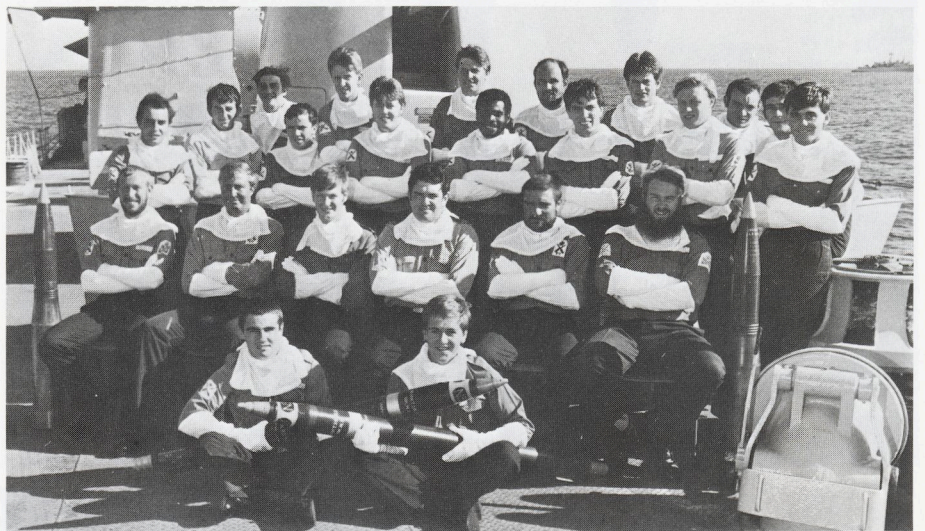
Jenny (BEM) and her high powered Side Party.

Administration Department.





Radar Division.



Missile Division.



Sonar Division.



Marine Engineering Department.



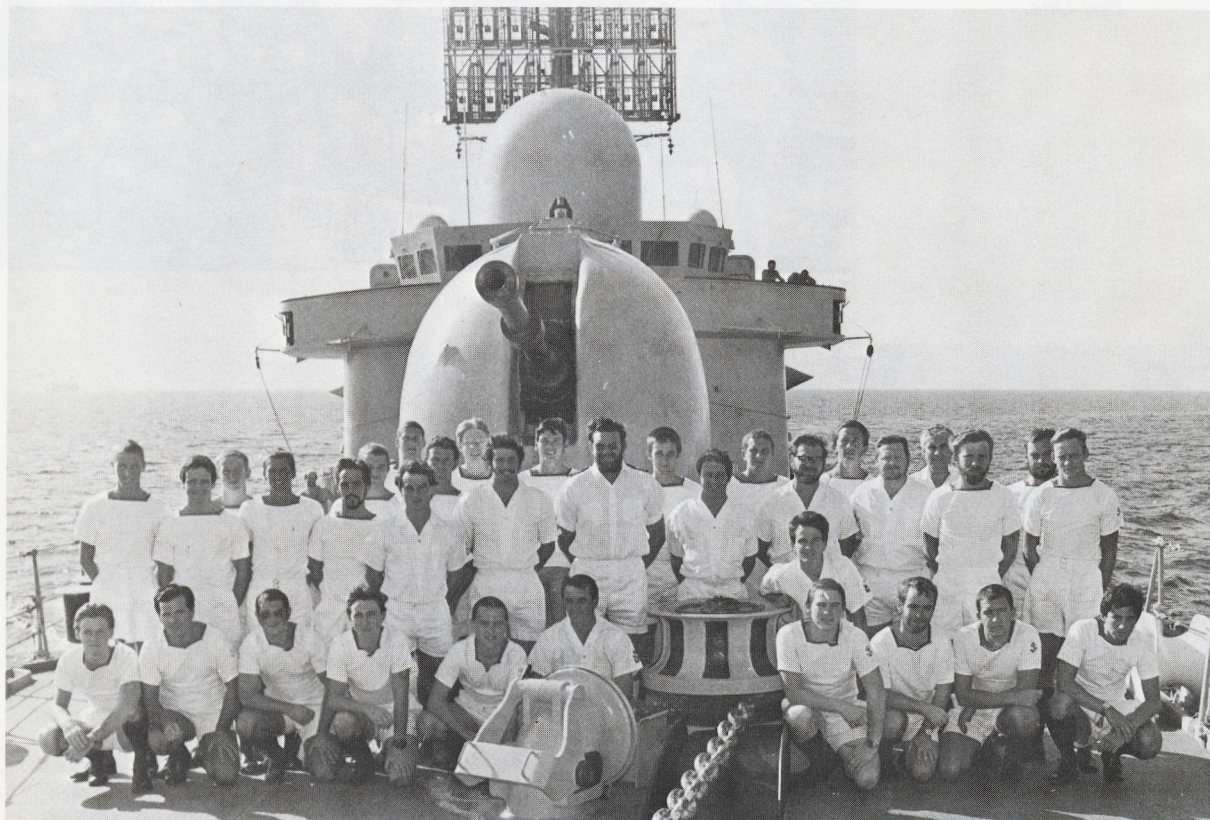
*Weapons Engineering Department –
Part One.*



*Weapons Engineering Department –
Part Two.*



Ship's Flight.



Supply and Secretariat Department.

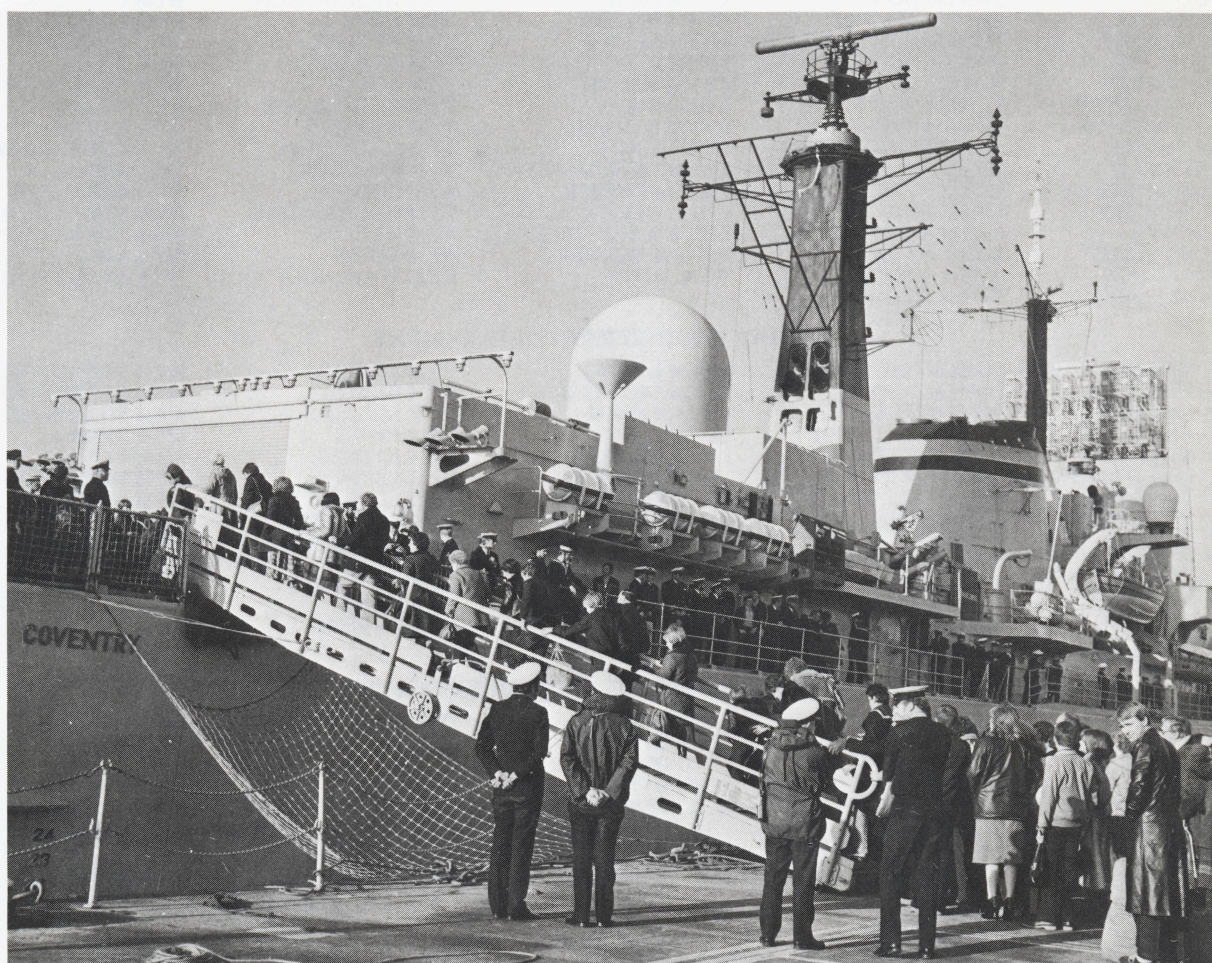
DEPLOYMENT MEMORIES

The 1980 Deployment will be remembered by individuals in many different ways and for many varied reasons. Some will recall a particular run-ashore, some the reception received in Shanghai, others the sudden despatch to the Gulf of Oman . . . and so forth.

An important feature of the past seven months has been the lesson to us all in what can be achieved if the ship works as a Team. This teamwork is as vital today as it has ever been in the Royal Navy. We always strive for an "esprit de corps", it is not easy to succeed and it demands discipline, leadership, ability and patience plus a sense of humour. *Coventry* set out to work, and play, as a team. There were many intermediate stages to indicate that the ship was getting there. It began with pre-deployment preparations, then the Rock Race (we slew them), the excellent Hong Kong AMP (remember the Tug-of-War), High Seas Firings and Shanghai. By this time the spirit was well installed and enabled the ship to lift herself above the disappointment in missing Singapore and crack Operation ARMILLA in a thoroughly creditable, professional, prepared manner.

In the Royal Navy of today the demands upon individuals are heavy and much is expected of each man. This Deployment should also remind us that there is satisfaction and pride in doing a job well and being seen to succeed.

That's a good enough memory for many.



Families meeting the ship on return to Portsmouth

LIST OF SHIP'S COMPANY

Captain P. H. COWARD

OPERATIONS DEPARTMENT

Lt. Cdr. PINK	PO KENNEDY	LS MITCHELL, D.J.	AB O'DELL	LRO APPLEBY
Lt. Cdr. ARCHER	PO ARCHER	LS MABBOTT	AB YOUNG, N.	RO WALKER
Lt. Cdr. ALBERY	PO CRABBE	LS BARNHAM	AB BURNETT	RO STIPETIC
Lt. FORSYTH	PO BENNETT	LS CHIPPERFIELD	AB HUDSON	RO RAE
Lt. MOLONEY	LS SMITH, B.	AB MOUGHTON	AB YOUNG, K.	RO McCULLOUGH
Lt. COX	LS LINDSAY	AB MILLER	AB CUTTS	RO LE-GARSMEUR
Lt. MACDONALD	LS TIGWELL	AB HASLER	AB BRUCE	RO GILMOUR
Lt. MEYER	LS DUNN	AB BAIRSTOW	AB HANCOCKS	RO BARNES
Lt. ROBINSON	LS BROWN	AB GREAVES	S O'MALLEY	RO ALLEN
Lt. STEELE	LS NORRELL	AB ASKEW	AB LAMBERT	RO RUDD
Lt. WALLINGTON-SMITH	LS PELLING	AB CAMPBELL, E.R.	AB O'DRISCOLL	RO MILTON
Sub. Lt. FOALE	LS SMITH, C.	AB BLACKLOCK	AB HANBY	RO LYNN
Sub. Lt. LIVINGSTONE	LS KNOCK	AB WAILES	AB SMITH	RO HARRISON
CPO HARRINGTON	LS SHIMMENS	AB RUSSELL	AB BRENNAN	RO BARKER
CPO ISAACSON	LS WILLIAMS	AB WARNER	AB DAVIES	RO BALLS
CPO GROOM	LS NEVIN	AB THOMPSON	AB SADLER	RO HARPER
CPO HATHAWAY	LS MITCHELL, A.J.	AB WALL	AB PURKIS	AB HIGGINSON
CPO LEEKS	LS WOODRUFF	AB HARAS	AB WHITLOCK	AB SAUNDERS
CPO FISHER	LS WHYTE	AB PORTER	AB CAMPBELL, B.	AB ISAACS
PO GOODWIN	LS KELMAN	AB DANIELS	RS LEIGH	AB HOPGOOD
PO HUBBARD	LS EATON	AB WALSH	CY JACKSON	AB BUTLER
PO FLOCKTON	LS ALLAN	AB HALL	LRO WRAY	AB KAY
PO NASH	LS HOUGHTON	AB AYERST	LRO AUDUS	S INGLEBY
PO APPLGATE	LS DRISCOLL	AB FACEY	LRO FINCH	
PO HOLDEN	LS HART			

WEAPONS ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Commander ASHLEY	WEMN1 WILSON	LWEM STEVENSON	WEM SEEGER	WEM LAW
Lt. Cdr. CUMMING	CWEM ROGERS	LWEM GREGG	WEM LE CLERC	WEM STURMAN
Lt. HOLT	POWEM HOWSE	LWEM DICK	WEM RICHARDSON	WEM GOULD
Sub. Lt. HEATH	POWEM WILSON	LWEM WHITE	WEM KIND	WEM LATHAM
CWEA CUCKSON	POWEM HAWTHORNE	LMEM BLUNT	WEM BUTLER	WEM WILDING
WEA1 COLLINS	POWEM DUDMAN	LWEM KEMP	WEM HOGAN	WEM AKITT
WEA1 GARRETT	POWEM EVANS	LWEM WALSH	WEM BOYCE	WEM CHEESEMAN
CWEMN THOMPSON	POWEM GRIFFITHS	LWEM OWEN	WEM WOODHOUSE	WEM GRAHAM
CWEM STEVENSON	POWEM PIGGOT	LWEM BARKER	WEM NORMAN	WEM SUTTON
CWEMN DAVIES	POWEM EMMINGTON	LWEM JONES	WEM MAUGHAN	WEA APP HARBER
WEA1 NEWMAN	WEA2 DENNIS	LWEM DRUMMOND	WEM PENNOCK	WEA APP CLAY
WEMN1 JENKINS	LWEM HEATH	LWEM FENWICK	WEM COOPER	WEA APP JAMES
WEMN1 MORTON	LWEM BURTON	LWEM HERRIOTT	WEM MUGGERIDGE	WEA APP DATSOMOR
WEA1 MOORE	LWEM SWINTON	LWEM WAKEFIELD	WEM WELLER	WEA APP BURLEIGH
WEMN1 SEARLES	LWEM BRAWLEY	POWEM HOLDER	WEM JAKES	WEA APP PRITCHARD
WEA1 HANCOCK	LWEM JOHNSON	WEM JAMES	WEM BODENHAM	WEA APP METCALFE
WEA1 TAYLOUR	LWEM TILBURY			

MARINE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Lt. Cdr. SHIRLEY	POMEM CHURCHARD	LMEM BRAGG	MEM HEGGIE	MEM STEPHENSON
Lt. GLOVER	POMEM DOOLE	LMEM DIGWEED	MEM HEWGILL	MEM HUTCHINSON
FCMEA SIGGERS	POMEM HEANEY	LMEM LYNCH	MEM JACKSON	MEM SILLIPHANT
CMEMN SMITH, F.G.	POMEM MATHEWS	LMEM LEWIS	MEM JONES	MEM SHEDD
MEMN1 KING	MEMN2 YATES	LMEM WHEELER	MEM JOYNES	MEM TANTON
MEMN1 MATTHEWS	MEA2 KIRBY	LMEM MANSER	MEM LEIGH	MEM WOODACRE
MEMN1 EDWARDS	MEA2 CALLUS	LMEM DERRANE	MEM LLOYD	MEM WHARTON
MEMN1 WALLWORK	CMEA NUNN	LMEM SHARMAN	MEM MOFFAT	MEM WILSON
MEMN1 DOWSON	WEMN1 LE BRETON	MEM BOTTERILL	MEM MORRISON	MEM WATSON
MEMN1 CURD	CWEM MASKALL	MEM BAKER	MEM NICOLL	MEM KEMP
MEA1 NEAVE	MEA1 MOSS	MEM BLAKE	MEM PATERSON	MEM CLEMMITT
MEA1 METCALFE	POMEM OXFORD	MEM COWAN	MEM PEACH	MEM PATTERSON
MEA1 SMITH, D.C.	POMEM WILLIAMS	MEM FOLEY	MEM RAWSON	MEM WILLIAMS
CMEM GREENEP	LMEM ATKINS	MEM GORE		

SUPPLY AND SECRETARIAT DEPARTMENT

Lt. Cdr. BATES	POCK TREMAIN	LSA McINTOSH	STD BRAID	STD OATES
Lt. MARTIN	POSA MILES	LSTD TYRER	CK BRIDGE	CK MORTON
CPOSA NORTHCOTT	POSTD WHITBREAD	LSTD OWENS	CK BISHOP	SA ROBSON
POCA ALLEN	POCA BLAIR	LCK POTTS	CK DARCH	STD SHARMAN
POSTD BRIANT	LCA DAWSON	LCK STEWART	CK DOWDS	WTR THOMAS
PO WTR HUGHES	LCK HEMMINGS	LSA STEWART	SA HUNT	STD WEBSTER
POCK DAVIES	LWTR JOHNSON	LCA VASS	STD HALE	CK WANTY
POCK HOWE	LCK MARTIN	LCK McGOWAN	CK KING	SA MOORE

REGULATING DEPARTMENT

MAA DAVIES
LREG DOWNS

PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT

L. PHOT FITZPATRICK

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Surg. Lt. COUPER
POMA TOMINEY

PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

POPT HAYNES

NAAFI

Mr. APPLEBY
Mr. OLIVER

AIR DEPARTMENT

Lt. BOLAND
Lt. FINAN
AEA1 PADINGTON
AEA1 DURRANT
AEMN2 JENNER

AEMN2 MILES
POAEM SMITH
LAEM ROBSON
LAEM SCULLY
AEM WHITE