

GUNNERY '68

"ALARM AIRCRAFT BLIND!" cried Langdon, and L/Ck Lane in the After Provision Room stares in surprise at the S.R.E. AB Crookes stirs uneasily on the linking switch in the Gun Direction Room. An amplifier smoking gently in the Amplifier Room wheezes like the Gunner. Charlie Howard staggers out of the Canteen. On the G.D.P. the Gunnery Officer is staring thoughtfully at the Horizon. "X" Turret swings to Port, "B" swings to Starboard and "A" points straight upwards. Inside, Fred is peering through his glasses. "Why can't they make up their minds?" he shouts. Younger is scratching himself in the cage. Rees twitches on the Right. Grumbling quietly Macreadie climbs speedily up the first rung of the Ops Room Ladder which is quite unusual as the exercise is not yet over. Austin meanwhile is making full use of A.G.1 and Bevan sits uncomfortably on the Magazine Keys. He mutters "Target, target," into his microphone, "Target, target will you." The

Assistant Staff Gunnery Officer's face takes on a few more creases, you could almost call it lined now. The Captain is pacing quickly up and down on top of the Director which is sinking slowly onto the heads of the Chinese who sit excitedly on the Bofors Metadyne Room looking shocked. The Bofors itself has jammed, as a result Goodhew is cursing. Hutton hasn't closed up yet. He watches darkly as Jauncey talks confidentially to Pinnegar, Jauncey smiles as ever. Pinnegar's head is aching again. He looks almost as worried as Green. The C.O.A. bursts out of the LMA (it's early days remember), and cap aback, he says, "There are too many damn Turrets on this heap! Now the Plymouth, she could shoot that ship! Couldn't miss and she only had one, or was it two Turrets!" The Supply Officer has done his bit and now leers at the CLAP Board. Astbury peering through it sees him and says politely, "I beg your pardon sir?". The CLAP Board leers back at Langdon, charmed



like all CLAP Boards always are. Leneveu up top on the G.D.P. nods off again, his Binoculars at belly level, Buddha like. McCreadie has not yet arrived; he is blocked by the W.E.O. who is fixing the Captain's bathwater. The G.I. is now shouting at Leneveu and the Gunner is still shouting at Wiley, but Wiley is away delivering Daily Orders to the Sick Bay. His head aches. The Doctor thinks psychiatric treatment would help. He got that one from Nobbs - and elephant bracelet too. "SALVOES", says the Gunnery Officer suddenly and removing the covers from his binoculars, he resumes looking at the Horizon.

"SALVOES?" shudders Shreeve and laughs - mirthlessly. "They're mad." His eyes are rolling negroidly and he imagines he sees black boys like green bottles in his sights. Maclean is holding on tight because the Turret may move, and Smart smiles secretly. He holds the rammer gently against his palm. Costello's sinuses are pulsing and he is listening to the thumping of his head like the sea on the Devil's staircase. Macreadie has finished dripping in the Wheelhouse and moves off past the Ops Room door just as Sheridan barges in. Once there he hits the ARL which blinks and the 293 comes on. "Its a trick I learnt in Aussie," he says, his screw driver behind his ear. Hubbard says "Urrr?" and the 903 goes off" "Wank that preamp" says the CREA and wanks it himself. The 903 is his pidgeon. Turner's mouth is pulled back and his lips are white at the edges. "If the Gunnery Officer knew anything, he would never have started this shoot," he mutters. Charlie has temporarily stopped talking about the Tiger and is thumping the Canteen Manager on the back. Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang! "I never said Engage" said the Captain, his ears ringing and his face red. The Gunnery Officer stares at the horizon his mouth working. Behind him a Helicopter ducks and the shell misses. X Turret is now pointing upwards, B to the left and A to the

right. The Portland Staff Officer is weeping and the Captain now sees the air with his right arm and the Signals begin to fly again.

Nevertheless the D05 is ready. The past is over. All that remains to come in are the reports and the results. And they do':
"A satisfactory MAXBUS was carried out. This was followed by an A.A.T.X. and a Sleeve Firing - which was cancelled by the weather. The S.U.T.O.F. against CARYSFORT was well conducted and although the PAC was unobserved no near miss reports have come through and the drill was good. The Close Range also fired 500 Break Up Rounds in one Forenoon. The attitude of the aimers was noticeably determined. "Goody, goody" shouts Gween Rub(sic) and ambles back to the S.C.R. where "TAS Users" have restarted. Williamson is tuning his Banjo. "Echo Pitch Slight High" Bell cracks and the telephones whirl around the ship. Nobody touches them for this is a part of the check. However the noise makes the TASO cover his ears - his head is still ringing after Cherbourg 3 weeks ago; which is why he is buying Cameras. For now it is Singapore in a flash and the Clear Range Officer has been married two months already. The N.G.S. Role is still giving cause for concern Only 1 Run has been achieved and large corrections had to be applied. The Fall of Shot was erratic and the Target was eventually found. "Come right! Come right!" shouted Austin in his normal quiet voice and the Gunnery Officer looking at the Horizon clamped the Telephone nearer to his bottom so the Staff Officer heard nothing. The Gunner inevitably came left. When this was pointed out he said, "Shut your trap" to the Buffer who almost awoke, and "I will make the decisions" to everyone in particular. Humphreys enveloping 2 Console chairs poised one foot over the Conical Scan Push - a part of the elephant dance in this curious circus ritual. Gaskell had been explaining the Suggestion Gear to the C.E.A. for about an hour or two. The

C.E.A. looked through him shrewdly. "Come right yourself" snaps the Gunner. "Say again T.S." say A and X Turret. "I'll teach you to say `say agin' " says the Gunner. The Buffer snorts uneasily. Axford catches him and Counter looks politely worried. He is smart that one for he knows where the T.S. records are, and now the C.R.E.A. is gone he is the only one who does. Buckingham comes bouncing in and goes bouncing out; Horton runs from A to X and X to A again. He has much to do nowadays for the COA has stopped running from A to X and X to A. Has he remembered the Plymouth only had A? - or was it X? "She could shoot that one! Couldn't miss. You could put all her Turrets out of line and she'd still hit. Fantastic those Turrets!" "Urr?" says Hubbard and the 903 goes off again. The W.E.O. stays in his Cabin now writing minutes and playing Saint Saens. The Gunnery Officer is probably reading over in Johore Bahru. The Chippy goes there too but not to read. He says he has good friends there in Jalang Serai where the cars park.

"Users Checks are cancelled today". The MRS3 team are carrying out a MOD3 change on all the predictor impedance changers. (These illuminati say: the self inductance is too resistant but they talk elliptically in low tones for fear the Users may understand. Thus the T.S. door remains closed and ?????? which causes swag belly to go back to his Part of Ship.) But still the MRS8 which appears to have been unserviceable for some time is now working although X Turret follows and recoveries are causing large scatter. "Sir!" Macreadie has arrived on the G.D.P. at last! "Sir! The Blue Director has gone." "Rubbish," says the Gunnery Officer. "Blue System engage". But his Binoculars come slowly down from the Horizon to stare at McIver surrounded by a modern sculpture in twisted metal.

Why is he standing on those Coca Cola tins? Odd! The Binoculars jumped back to the horizon

and McIver looked relieved. Green didn't, and he wrung out his beard. The system has changed he thinks looking at the S.T.D. The Gyro lead is wandering and the indications are quite enigmatic - not that Hutton is worried for he is always in local and so is his gun too; He aims better than any Sassenach or anyone in Anti Flash Gear for that matter.

0915 Fired 8 Rounds of HE. Error of the Day Up 1,000 not confirmed. The routine sing-song develops again as the ship smokes blackly out of Subic. Unfortunately the N.G.S. serial was cancelled due to a defective resolver in somebody's loop (a good run in Olonggeppo) but despite these material difficulties and the necessity of resetting "people's automatic control" among a host of other defects also rectified, the results achieved during this period were satisfactory and indeed during the Direct Bombardment most satisfactory (not that this should give us cause for self-satisfaction. Oh no! There are many points that we know about that can't have been noticed). During the Direct Bombardment the Gunner had used the MRS3 in Local. It was subsequently cleared up again and 5 runs were carried out. The land was hit and rehit from point blank range and the spotter who had been missed said "This was an outstanding mission with excellent results" He was privileged he declared to have spotted for HMS DARING. Certainly, said some, he was lucky to be carrying out a debrief afterwards. Even the summary in the reports concede that this unusual exercise "demonstrates the feasibility of using Local Surface for indirect bombardment assuming certain conditions". The mordant reflecting on these conditions might wonder what affect the Gunner had when he used the system in local, and whether in a land-locked enclosed bay we could do much else but hit the cliffs. Nevertheless the general opinion was that eighteen months of nonstandard tests, of Cigarette Packet schedules, of dynamic errors and of last successful balloon runs had finally hit the Jackpot. The

Command stopped pacing on top of the Director which re-emerged on the GDP and the Chinese now smiled vertically. The number of S Forms applicable to the shoot had finally got below 2,022. All this of course was not duly forwarded for information. Now while everyone has a certain deviation it is getting a bit far from the standard to have an Inspection in Sydney. But then some deviates veer farther from the mean than others

Take the Transvestites or take Gaskell with his glasses or the Gunner without his teeth or the Gunnery Officer with his hand paralyzing arrangements. Well there was no point in dripping about it, so they say, and stimulating ourselves on the Sunday with two verses only of Card A's rousing hymn:

Stand up, Stand up for DARING

The ship will not be long

we entered on the Monday with victory in our hearts and honey on our lips. To our surprise the days passed like Morning Watches and the whole thing was over in a split century. The S.O. never did get to the G.D.R. before it was over and Astbury had only time to

finish one Monkey's Fist. In a flash Shortall was slurring 10, 9, 8, etc. seconds to go. Mind you a lot could have happened in the last few seconds. Fingers crossed we hummed No. 3 of Card A's which goes:

"Hide me, hide me G.D.R.

Cover my defenceless head,

With the shadow of thy dark"

and prayed before the tote board that no-one would realise that 8 ships were going Northwards and only one ship South. Melbourne came at last, and our luck had held. Even Schoolie, who works the Bombardment Discs like Slide Rules, was relieved; but he didn't know, they knew, he thought, they didn't know, he hadn't had his inspection. That came at Mauritius like a lot else they say. Although I would say more came in Mombasa. There too, the Maintainers tried to do an alignment on the new G.I. but found he had quickly out-maneuvred them. They say he likes Boarding Parties and paper - certainly AURORA had no cause to like him with his "baton swinging" and "teeth gritting." But this really brings us around full circle, for what more final than one G.I.'s departure - what more invigorating than the arrival of a new one. "The King is Dead. Long Live the King" (new)!



THE GREEN EMPIRE. JUNIOR TYPES

We arrived on the ship two by two, it was a swinging affair, we had to swing, it was a cold January, and, like all Januarys, it was the first month of the year. This year it was 1967. It was the end of a long wait for some, for there was a danger of Barrack Stanchionitis and like the ship we were all rusty and in dire need of OM 100 oil. Some of us weren't in need of any oil, they had been turned out fresh from the Old School, for we were all manufactured in Collingwood!

We all found the trials trying, and slowly turning us even Greener. There were 30 of us in 17 Mess to start with which posed a problem - only 7 bunks. The buzz soon spread, we were to double up, after all, in the modern navy everyone had a bunk. How misguided we were because someone, somewhere came up with the idea of hammocks, those old beds of the sea. Stowage was our next obstacle, there was only room for eleven and that left a surplus of twelve. We won - everybody took to benches, tables, nooks and crannies.

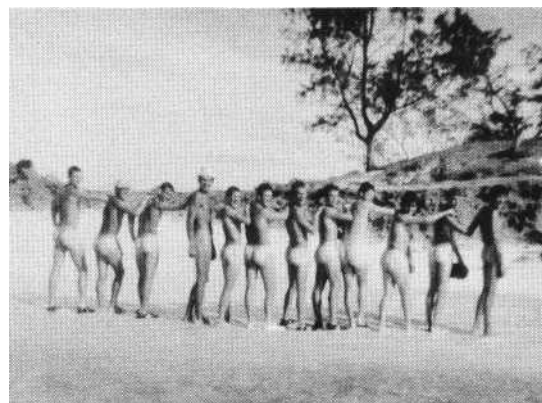
Portland bumped up, there was no need for hammocks or bunks and the nooks and crannies were filled up with bodies working. Bloodshot eyes were the order of the day, in fact a few members still suffer, but not from work. Portland came and went but it left us with some amusing memories. LREM (now POREL) Ironman Barracluff, being anchor-faced, took to the water (ashore) when he lowered his volumtious bulk into a kiddies canoe in Weymouth play park where upon it disappeared, the Ironman was silent for many hours!

Cherbourg proved that French wine does not agree with our marvellous ability to think, Maggot, as our Chief Electrician is affectionately known, was the first to find this out. Being the fatherly type he looked after his fold, as he herded us to our beds, in various states of inebriation, God bless him, we always say good

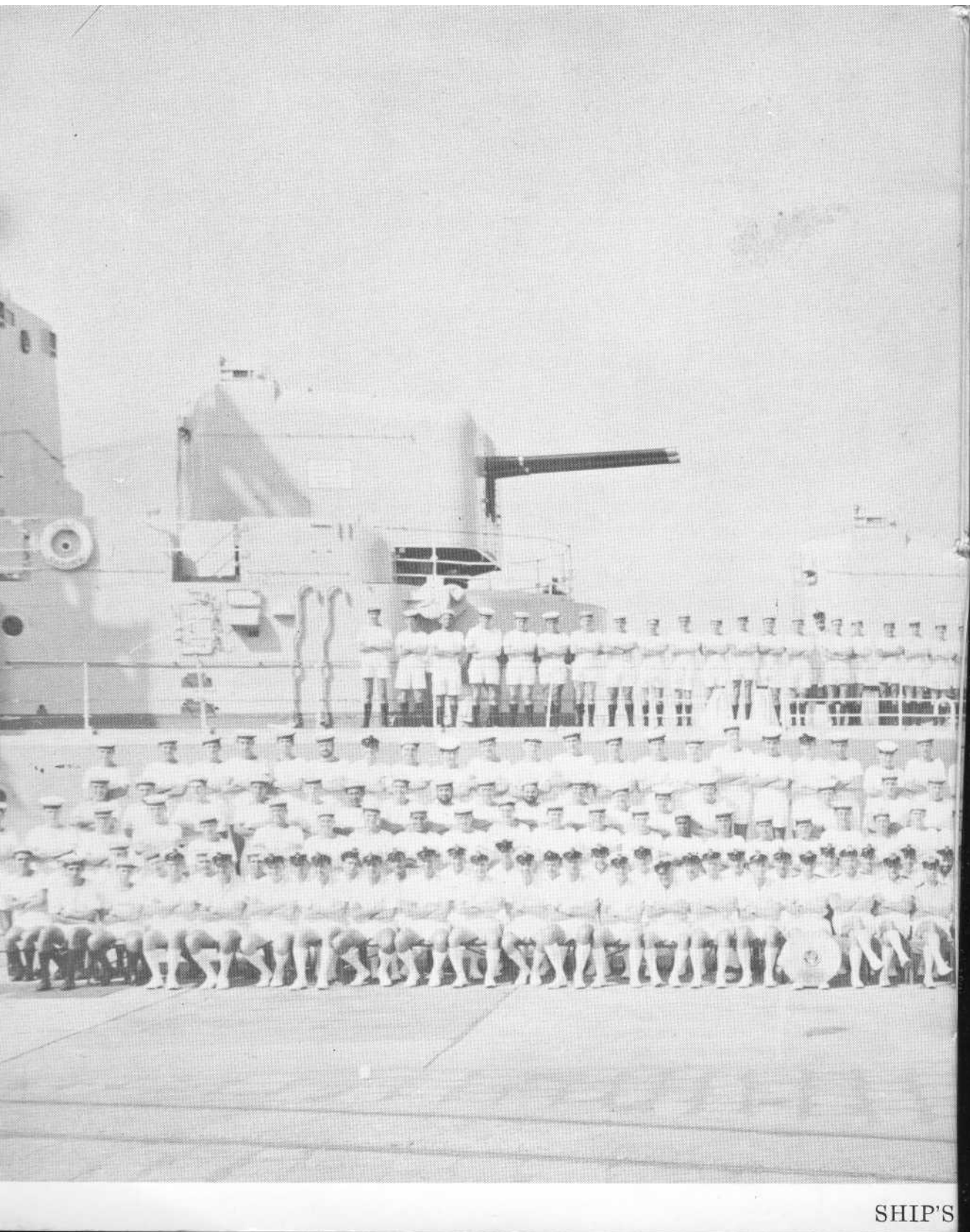
morning to the Chief now. Lenny Lyons was seen to quote to his reflection - "Mirror, mirror on the wall, why am I not the fairest of them all?" - Smash - which put him out of action for some time. We recall that Yakki Da our own JEM1 was working on a fan starter at the bottom of the workshop ladder and forgot to replace the cover, our beloved Chief did back down the ladder and was immediately recharged. As he disappeared from whence he came he gave poor Yakki a verbal blast which made even the older members blush.

At Gibraltar one Greenie rejoined us having been left behind in Plymouth, however as he is now safely in Australia we can disclose the following facts - a. he overslept purposely, b. he was working on a bomb to blow up Batty Matty!

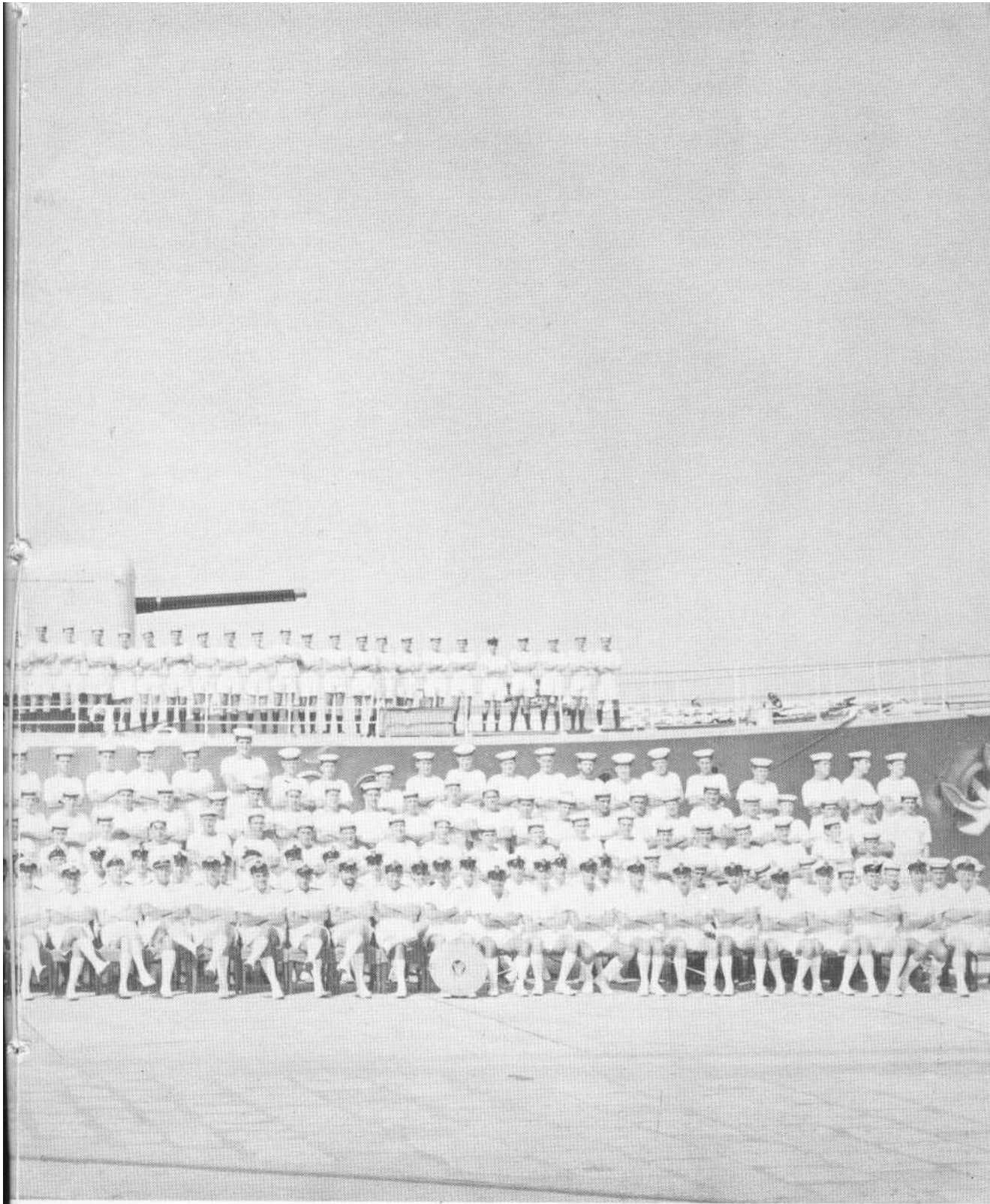
On Beira patrol our skillful hands were employed making things to keep us amused, the funniest being kite making. There were several varieties, but only one managed to make anything that resembled an ascent into the blue. One particular scientific feat by Andy and Pony was really doomed from the start, however it is believed that Woolworths are interested in the design.



Diego Suarez



SHIP'S



COMPANY

On arrival at Diego Suarez we hit the beach - there was nothing else to hit! Our finest conversationalist Woody took to ear pounding Legionnaires and Matelots to such an extent that they gave him their uniforms. However he did cement Anglo-French relations - Good old Woody.

At last, the exotic East, what wonderful bliss, the moment we had waited for plus all that subservience from 'them chokeys'. This happiness was momentarily to disappear as our favourite Divisional Officer, Charles Howard, took his leave "Goodbye Charlie" we cried, but at least he was happy, and going in the right direction - West. Our next immediate thought was what was our new boss like, but knowing he was from Collingwood we knew he must be great! He arrived, but life carried on as normal except for a break in routine to celebrate Crimbo. Charlie Chennell having returned from a wonderful holiday sniffed the alcohol and went screaming round our little home like a man unchained - he is our only non beer drinker.

Our first task in Hong Kong was to bask this greyhound of the sea in glorious illumination, but once achieved we had to sit and freeze while the lights were on. At some time or other we all managed to get away to sample the delights of the city, but how many managed to get any further than the China Fleet Club is another question. Our Sydney Sayers broke out of his shell when he found he was back in his old stamping ground which cheered us all because we were beginning to think he was some kind of seclude, but now we know different.

Subic was as untamed as any place could be, we left this place of sin with many regrets. Brum Gilbert showed his dislike for windows when he nussed one in the money exchange building out-

side the gate. He did not really mean to but Sub Lieutenant Buckingham had to do a quick Perry Mason act to get him out of gaol. Colin Keeley liked the place so much he decided to remain a few hours longer than anyone else.

In Brisbane Woody Woodgate yet again was heard and seen when his ugly mug was splattered all over the local paper, front page at that. Our crowd had many invitations from the Royal Naval Association whose hospitality was overwhelming.

Suffering from a distinct lack of sleep we left for Sydney. The Electrical branch concentrated mainly on working to get the department so efficient and clean that it would dazzle the Inspecting Officers when the inspection took place a week later. It was generally agreed in the mess that the sight of the Far East Fleet did literally frighten us as it was the first time we had been in company with ships in large numbers, but at least we helped to outshine them all.

So on to Melbourne after dazzling all eyes that looked into electrical compartments. This proved for us a sober and upstanding time and also proved that Aussies just get stormy. The Fleet Maintenance Unit came to our rescue but at times we wish they had stayed in Singapore, nevertheless, they were a great relieving force at the time.

We managed to sail again, stopping at Mauritius where Pony and Andy finally had words and also upset the mess at the same time! On to Capetown and thoughts of home, it must be true that the days are longer when sailing North than when going the other way.

W.E. SEAMEN

The commission started for the Weapons Dept. with, unfortunately not the customary bang!!, but a rather sluggish effort from the 'big boys'. 'X' had untold trouble and poor old Bob Richmond is still at this late stage both to stop his hair all falling out and to keep 'B' in action.

While the 'work up' meant for the ordnance dept. a great deal of hard work and long hours, it also had its amusing sides as well. Try and throw your minds back all that long way to the time the ship went to help with 'Torry Canyon' and picturing the C.O.A. running like mad down the jetty, case in one hand and Office Drawings in the other, shouting 'the ship can't work without me.

Well, having got past S.A.T.(G) at long last we were able to proceed to sea to carry out our job in the fleet. We lost on the way Sub. Lt. Howard, who left for more glorious fields, but were pleased to welcome Sub. Lt. Buckingham. On arrival in Singers, the C.O.A. and Lt. Cdr. Middleton showed their faith by putting our hard-worked guns and sonar into the hands of the 'black gangs'. Neither has fully recovered from the treachery of this dreaded experiment and we are just getting over putting right all that was put wrong!

The W.E.Seamen have had an enjoyable trip, after Portland things worked out a bit better, although it's still a "toss-up" between the "Jimmy" and the W.E.O. who does what with whom!!

We have had a few successful shoots on the trip, the time that "X" cut a drogue in half and then carried on with lots of T.T.B.s was a memorable occasion and "Guns" Brophy had a smile on his face a mile wide, for well over a week!!

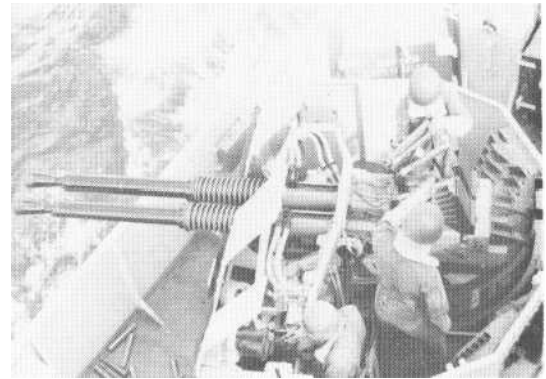
On arrival at Subic Bay we also showed our American cousins how to "Bombard" and with an "ancient steamer" at that!!

The sea inspection by D2 went off very well indeed even though a certain L/Sea on the party went off with some keys! and left Sub. Lt. Buckingham tripping over his shorts trying to find him, but anyway all turned out for the best and I think that the W.E.s can stick at least one feather in their muzzle cap.

During the course of our Biera patrols, it was found necessary by the rest of the Ship's company, to appoint an Anti-W.E. Seaman Indecency Group, due to a certain member having a gay old time in the first Ship's 'Tuff Opera' We are assured by the C.O.A. that he will be left under lock and key at any future performances.

The Sonar section have not been too successful on their occasional 'fishing' exploits, but it is thought that they may be able to 'kill' a submarine if ever the occasion arose! Anyway 'Jan Pellow' still lavishes lots of loving care on his 'gash disposal unit' and 'Pip, Squeak and Wilfred' always left the quarter deck looking smart

We have had a few new faces join us at odd times during the trip and a couple of "grease boys" the latest of which is 'Primo' Prigmore, who is looked after in the section by 'Father' Jim Green and 'X' Turret's staff.



The close range boy's Dave Henshall, Charlie (Boulder) Stone and 'Jock' Hutton, are continuing their fight against rust, Jimmy and Dan buoys; the Engine Room are threatened with an assault by bagpipes from 'Jock' if they persist in 'topping up' M.3. with funnel soot and steam remains. But we can say that the 40/60s have been ready to go at all times of the commission due to the hard work and efforts of the above mentioned 'Unmentionables'.

Although there have been times when all have thought of getting a job-change, the commission on the whole has been a pretty good one from the Ordinance point of view, and I think in all honesty, we shall all be sorry to leave the old D05 for new pastures, Bosses, and C.O.A.s

So to end we wish all "Darings" and our selves the best of luck in the future and may al your new ships be little ones

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UNDER SEA WARFARE

After a prolonged refit the trials were eventually completed, in spite of two unexploded projectiles being left on Flag Officer Training's doorstep. The work-up, no one can dispute, is A.S.W. minded, even for a gunnery ship so we spent countless hours chasing submarines with reasonable success. The squid was also much in demand during this period and the crew worked hard, maintaining a reload time of two and a quarter minutes which is well within the fleet average of three minutes. The barrels of the squid had, by now, become known as Pip, Squeak and Wilfred (or Wet, Dry and Sullage depending on which branch you belonged to).

During a Casex at Portland work-up the T.A.S. Officer was surprised to hear the report '174 operator bent', on investigation he received the following amplifying report - 'Operator bent - operator spewing'.

After this period of intense activity the pace quietened down because of the long passages and no submarines. Training kept a high standard with the limited facilities available and maintenance caused few problems.

During the latter part of the Far East leg the Demolition Party was let loose on the range in Hong Kong, unfortunately the latest safe blow-

ing techniques were not tried out as there was not enough time or the right materials.

The Annual Inspection caught up with us in Australia but passed off very well. Since then it has been the usual story of long passages and no submarines. P.O. Crane has produced a good squid's crew from a bunch of young inexperienced ratings, with the help of Leading Seaman Watson. Considering the size of them there have been remarkably few accidents except for the projectile that dropped on Notts foot during work-up.

The S.C.R. story is much the same. Led by Leading Seaman Williamson, they have maintained an enthusiasm that has not been hindered by lack of opportunity which was a pleasure to see.

Maintenance has been cared for by C.A.W.

Horton and both Leading Seaman Evans and Able Seaman Pellow. They have had to work long hours to achieve the performance required, by both proper and improper means, especially as much of the equipment is getting past its prime.

The part of the T.A.S. world that catches the public eye most are the men responsible for Bathy Dips namely L. Seaman Watson and O. Seaman Thomas and currently Able Seaman Westworth the latter always conspicuous at 0700 but it is a well known fact that he holds the record for all night in!

Pip, Squeak and Wilfred have ejected 146 projectiles (60 live and 96 lightweight). There have been 256 Bathy dips, 7 U.C's and 2 U.W's did not complete the commission making a turnover of 47.3% in the branch.



MARINE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

*Down 'A' Boiler, Dark, Satanic,
A fat P.O. began to panic
"Oh where did all my water go?
I'll have to shut off F.F.O."!*

*The oil shut off, the furnace out
The P.O.M.E. then began to shout.
"Chief oh Chiefy" he did scream,
"I am loosing all my steam"!*

*The steam is gone, the Engine slows,
What really happened no one knows,
In the middle of the ocean,
The ship is stopped, devoid of motion.*

*Feet are running voices shout,
"Why did all the lights go out"?
The ship lay silent as the dead,
A certain Writer jumped from his bed.*

*Pants and lifebelt in his hand
his liferaft station quickly manned,
2 hours later, Blushing Pink,
"I thought the ship was going to sink"!*

*"Go and get the Diesel going
While the lub oil pumps are slowing",
Said a voice from by the throttle,
"Chief there's no air in the Bottle"!*

*"Cross connect the Air Start Bottles
While I finish shutting throttles",
All this Chiefy shouts and screams,
Stopping pumps to save the steam.*

*Then at last the diesel going,
And the lights are brightly glowing,
"Open valves and start the pumps,
Check oil levels in the sumps".*

*The pumps are running the furnace fired
The stokers now are feeling tired,
But the boiler raises pressure
They cannot yet relax with leisure.*

*Then at last the engines move,
Were back to normal, nice and smooth
The ship is steaming under way,
But what a way to earn your pay?*



M(E)'s Soccer Team

There have been several changes of personnel during the Commission principally E.R.A's and P.O.M.E's this bearing out what Tennyson didn't write.

Tiffs may come and P.O.M.E's may go
But chief Stokers stay for ever

THE MARINE ENGINEER'S OFFICE

The Engineer's Office is situated in 3M1 section, access to this office, or 'rather sweat box' is via the door opposite the seaboat, not to be confused with the door leading into the cubby hole 2M1, the realm of the Spare Gear 'King', you make your way down the ladder into 3M, the Engineer's Workshop, which all the Engine Room Department Ratings have another name for, on the starboard side of the workshop you arrive at

3M1, better known as the Engineer's Office, but after being in it for five minutes (if you can stand it that long) you most likely would find another name for it. Being sandwiched between 'A' Engine Room and 'B' Boiler Room, it does become rather warm.

In this office these are employed. The C.E. R.A., Engineer's Writer and a Messenger. Also there is incorporated into this Office, a Ship-

wright which for most of the time, is a rare visitor, only appearing at certain intervals of the month to make out his returns, and bring his Planned Maintenance up to date.

The work carried out is varied, between Engineering matters, writing letters home, making out the pools, drinking coffee, and generally trying to look busy, when actually doing nothing. Visitors to this Office are few,

And when they at last do appear, it is
with much adieu,
They yell and shout,
"Show us the way out",
I'm sure they think their sins are shown
And to the gateway of hell have been brought
But for those who do not know
It's only the Spare Gear P.O.M.E. in the
Office three decks below.



THE ENGINEER'S OFFICE WRITER'S LIFE

This sad tale of woe has just begun,
Of our life down in 3 Mike One,
You might not believe this true,
But if you saw the faithful few
Who labour hours long and hard
For their measly bit of bread and lard.

This dismal hole between machinery spaces,
Of times sees perspiring faces,
Who seek the coolness of our A.C.U.
As they have noting better to do,
Around about nine o'clock
Strange faces in the office stop,
"It's coffee time" again is the cry,
"So to the office I thought I'd pop,
To see who is loafing in the workshop.

Sometimes during the morning,
While we are all still yawning,
Our Engineer quietly appears,
While we are just about in tears
Wondering what we have done in sin

He just calmly stands, with his hand on chin.

Now D.M.E.O. he's quite a Guy
He enters the Office with this cry,
"What is there for me in my tray"
"Stacks Sir" is generally the reply,
"Oh no!" he replies, "Another hard day".

When at last four o'clock comes,
"Its time to wrap up", someone hums,
Another hard day someone else says,
So vows the time to get ready for bed,
The days that are numbered are marked off in red.
Back to U.K. where the ship will not be spared
Off to the scrapyard she will go
While on draft you and I will go.

Now this is the end of 3 Mike One
Where like in the beginning this story was begun
Back in that 'sweat box' where the E.O.W. plays
his role
Like in the country his 'Oppo' the mole.