

... and South to Sydney, Australia



DEPARTMENTAL

ARTICLES

ODDS AND ENDS

829 Squadron Glamorgan Flight

The Flight was formed on 1st May 1967 at RNAS PORTLAND under the command of Lieutenant Commander M. J. Holmes, and equipped with a Wessex HAS Mk 1 helicopter. Although a close liaison was maintained with the ship, the Flight had its own work-up to do at Portland, culminating in an inspection by the Staff of Flag Officer Naval Flying Training on 6th September 1967. During our own work-up period we also assisted in others, including those of RFA STROMNESS, HMS DEVONSHIRE and RFA TARBATNESS.

Many visits were made to the ship during our work-up time, and it included two embarked periods - one in June for a 'mini' air work-up and again in August while the ship was engaged on the Aberporth range, where a vast number of passengers were carried including fifteen shapely Wrens from BRAWDY. The Flight were embarked for the Ship's Portland work-up and subsequent inspection by FOST, during September, and were then disembarked to Portland until the ship's deployment, except for another Aberporth period in October and November.

The reasons for being disembarked for so much of the time are two-fold. Firstly, a considerable amount of maintenance has to be done and, of course, the aircrew must keep in current flying practice and at a high state of ASW training. Obviously these things cannot be done from a dockyard or when the ship is engaged in different trials - anyway we had to progress the loan of the Moke!

The Flight went through a lean period at the end of 1967 and early 1968 due to all Wessex Mk. 1's being grounded because of gearbox troubles, but all was well by the time Captain R.C.C. Greenless (C.O. Desig of Glamorgan) arrived at Portland in February to do his SMAC 18A course, and the opportunity was taken to introduce him to the Flight and fly him in our aircraft.

Goodbyes were said and the Flight embarked on 5th April 1968 for the Far East deployment. Some flying was achieved during the Atlantic crossing but the weather intervened during the latter stages. No flying was possible while the ship was in Washington, but we were able to disembark the aircraft for two days' flying to Naval Air Station NORFOLK, Virginia, during the visit there.



The First Birthday Cake

And so to the Caribbean, where our first task was to fly Commander Stigant to Nassau International Airport. After the brief stop in Kingston a Vertrep (vertical replenishment) was carried out with RFA LYNESS. This was the first real Vertrep we had done and ten tons were transferred in sixteen loads. The Vertrep was followed by a jackstay RAS during which the Bosun got clobbered and was flown to Palisadoes International, Kingston. The scene at Palisadoes was interesting - our aircraft parked under the tail of a Super VC 10 and the C.O. sitting on a wheel, calling the ship on Storno radio.

On the First of May the Flight's birthday was suitably marked by a small celebration on the flight deck, where Cook (S) Scott presented the C.O. with a splendid cake. For a birthday present we received FIFE's aircraft, which made a precautionary landing after a hydraulic failure. Unfortunately the crew were unable to maintain for the birthday celebrations, but their aircraft stayed with us during the passage of the Panama Canal, being flown off at Rodman Naval Base.

After leaving Rodman yet more assistance was given to FIFE by flying off a compassionate case for her to HOWARD Air Force Base in the Canal Zone, and photographing her wearing an Admiral's flag. During the passage from Rodman to San Francisco a rendezvous was made with the submarine TABARD, homeward bound from Australia, and an hour's fruitful sonar work achieved.

While the ship was still some forty miles from San Francisco, CPO HINE was flown to N.A.S. ALAMEDA and the aircraft returned via the U.S. Naval Station, Treasure Island, loaded up with Consuls, Vice Consuls and the like. During the flight into Alameda the C.O. daringly, and probably quite illegally, "shot" the Golden Gate Bridge.

There was no flying during the Vancour visit and we had to wait until Esquimalt at the end of May before disembarking to Victoria International Airport to lodge with VU-33 Squadron RCN. Much flying was done here and we are grateful to the Communications Department for supplying a type 634 radio to place in the VHF equipped tower. CASEX sorties with RCN ships and aircraft were flown and GLAMAIR HELICOPTER SERVICES rivalled the civil operators on two occasions by picking up Lieutenant Commander Banham and Lieutenant Commander Hare from the terminal after they had disembarked from a Viscount.



The Moke comes ashore
Penang, August '68.

We had one flight while the ship was in Seattle, to N.A.S. Seattle for a compass swing, and we were able to view the Space Needle from a different angle. It was in Seattle that the Boeing Aircraft Company came to our rescue by providing us with a vital piece of equipment.

On to Hawaii. During the passage several flights were made, including Stirling air firings against smoke floats and night 'Didtac' sorties. Before the ship got to Pearl Harbour a visit was made to the very busy Honolulu International Airport to land an oil sample. During the ship's visit to Pearl Harbour two sight-seeing flights were made over the breathtakingly beautiful island of Oahu.

We continued across the Pacific, and before the ship reached Singapore we carried out our second large vertrep, this time with STROMNESS. At Singapore we disembarked to RNS SIMBANG for an assisted maintenance period which included two engine changes. Some interesting flights were made while disembarked, ranging from 'engine off' landings to supply the Third Commando Brigade in the jungle.

During the months of July, August and September we were with the Far East Fleet and gone were the days of 'jollies'. Much of the time was spent playing with the mighty HERMES and the helos of 814 Squadron, but the routine was relieved by a visit to Penang, where the Moke ran sight-seeing trips; two moke lifts to and from shore made an interesting variation on the vertrep theme.

Our visit to Sydney in October marked the end of three weeks' exercises - spent for the Flight, in OLNA and GLAMORGAN, and was also an important time in the Flight's history as all three officers changed. When we sail at the end of the month there will be a new trio of magnificent men in their flying machine.

Some Facts And Figures

Places visited by the helicopter

19th August 1967	Glasgow Municipal Airport, Abbotsinch
24th April 1968	Naval Air Station Norfolk, Virginia, USA
28th April	Nassau International Airport, Bahamas
30th April	Palisadoes International Airport, Kingston Jamaica
4th May	Howard Air Force Base, Canal Zone
12th May	N.A.S. Alameda, San Francisco
12th May	U.S. Naval Station, Treasure Island, San Francisco
23rd May	Victoria International Airport, Vancouver Is. British Columbia
4th June	N.A.S. Seattle, USA.
11th June	Honolulu International Airport, Hawaii
13th June	N.A.S. Barbera Point, Hawaii
25th June	N.A.S. Agana, Guam Island
8th July	Kluang, Malaysia
9th July	RAF Seletar, Singapore
23rd July	Mersing Airfield, Malaysia
26th July	RAF Changi, Singapore
14th August	RAAF Butterworth, Malaysia
24th October	Australian Naval Air Station, Nowra, New South Wales

..... and some fascinating statistics (up to October 1st, 1968)

Flying Hours	Day - 422 Night - 67
Sorties	Day - 471 Night - 59
Shore Landings	Five hundred and twelve
Deck Landings	Six hundred and one
Passengers	Five hundred and thirty four
Fuel used	350,000 lbs
Miles flown	35,000 miles - or approximately 1¾ times round the World.
Spangles eaten	30,272 (all flavours)

Standing By

By Leading Writer D. C. Jenkins

"To join HMS GLAMORGAN at Vickers Armstrong's Naval Yard, Walker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne - 10th May, 1965".

My blind faith in CND was shattered on arrival at Newcastle's Central Station, being informed by all whom I could understand that there definitely wasn't a ship in by that name, hadn't been, and wasn't expected! However, my Celtic doggedness led me to Walker, on the outskirts of Newcastle, to discover there was indeed a place called the Naval Yard, and that, Yes, there was a ship being built there, called GLAMORGAN. With joyous heart, ready ID Card, and lots of kit, I strode forth to meet..... a Master At Arms? A Coxswain? But no, instead a rather charming little girl in the Main Office, who blushing informed me that the Ship's Offices were across the Dockyard. I ventured into the world of Welders, stepping across large pipes, and various shipbuilding paraphernalia to eventually climb the iron stairs onto the floor above the Sheet Metal Shop that was to become my workplace for the next eighteen months.

The ship's offices - a nest of partitioned compartments, abounding in hardboard, strangers in Civilian suits (I learned later - the ship's officers) and just to restore one's sanity - pusser's filing cabinets! Being the Leading Writer standing by a ship being built is interesting - I had a variety of tasks, including pay, correspondence, the issuing of leave passes (!), Railway Warrants (!!), non-skid shoes, overalls, leather gloves, gym-shoes, Wellington Boots, and irate Chief Stokers demanding their Home to Duty Travelling expenses. It was interesting, from an 'inside' point of view to see the ship gradually grow. Although I did not actually set eyes on her for the first four months, I could tell by the increasing volume of paper that I was dealing with, sometimes effectively, that she was indeed shaping and expanding into a very valuable vessel. When I first saw her, a large grey and orange coloured long pointed thing in the water, wires, pipes and dockyard maties all over her, I wondered if indeed she would ever be able to cast off all the extra pieces of wierd shaped machinery that seemed to be growing out of her very insides. One day I would go down to the jetty, see a large piece of machiney awaiting, and the next day it would seem to have been engulfed into the heart of her.

The remainder of the stand-by party seemed to be technical chaps, Commander (now Captain) Drewett, the Engineer assisted by Lieutenant Maltby liaised very closely with the Civilian contractors, as did Commander (now Captain) Greaves, who assisted by Lieutenant Commander (now Commander) Stoke handled the hardware side. All of which would not have been possible without Messrs Chippy Scott, Jim Carlton, Fred Walker, Sandy Powell, Yorky Hutchinson to mention

but a few and with apologies to those unsung but unforgotten. Tact was needed in large quantity when dealing with potential strike-making situations. There were however the occasional strikes, which went towards delaying the commissioning by some nine months.

Working a civilian dockyard routine was very different from a shore establishment, or ship environment. Although one saw many people during the day, it had to be remembered that they weren't 'part of ship' matelots, or some other department, but they were civilians, and as such the naval contingent had no jurisdiction over them. Collecting our mail in the mornings was infinitely more pleasant from a sweet young thing in Vickers' Offices, than a big hairy three badge patrolman!

As time passed, the ship developed, both physically and technically, Members of our ship's company-to-be started joining, and what had begun as a small group eating in Vickers' Canteen now became capable of filling the Canteen up just by themselves. I was greatly assisted in my constant battle against the ever-rising flow of paper-work by George Neal, the Gunnery Officer's Writer, who, having tasted some of the "delights" of dealing with recurrent pay queries, stationery, and masses of mail was, I'm sure, only too pleased that the day came when the Chief G.I., Trevor Bray joined and promptly installed him in a different office. We expanded and took over the offices of HMS MINERVA, a frigate which had just been completed by Messrs Vickers' Limited Shipbuilding Group. At this stage we had been getting a moderate amount of correspondence from the Welsh county of Glamorgan; the first connections had been made when Lady Brecon, the wife of the then Minister of State for Welsh Affairs, launched GLAMORGAN in July, 1964. The very first person to write to us independently was Police Constable Dodson, of the Glamorgan Constabulary, who wanted to make a plaque, to present to us from members of the Glamorgan Constabulary. After sorting out the copyrights of our new crest, we were only too pleased to accept this very friendly token. A taste of things to come! Our liaison with Glamorgan County and the people in it went from strength to strength. Some very generous presentations were made, including television receivers to be installed in every mess deck in the ship for use with our closed circuit T.V. system. As the first welshman to join HMS GLAMORGAN, I was very conscious of the fact that we were the first ship of the name of the County, and I know I speak for everyone onboard, when I express the hope that the firm bond of mutual friendship that exists, that was nurtured during those early days, will ever flourish.

The first set-back was a three month delay in Commissioning, soon stretched into six months. Gradually the stand-by party built up. The more men that joined, the more work for me, and were the halcyon days of a pie and a pint over a leisurely two-hour lunchtime (for me anyway!) I really couldn't believe it when the then Senior Officer, Commander Mackenzie actually asked me if I wanted to go to sea on Contractor's Sea Trials! From then on, we developed rapidly; Notwithstanding numerous domestic difficulties, admirably and tactfully resolved by our fast talking senior rates, we were able finally to set a date for the Commissioning Day. Captain Roe joined us in August, 1966, as well as my `boss' Sub Lieutenant (now Lieutenant) Chrich, the Captain's Secretary. The Supply Officer Commander (now Captain) Erskine joined in November, 1965, so the pusser's department doubled it's strength from one Leading Writer to a Commander, fortified by Lieutenant Forbes, the then Deputy Supply Officer. As time went on I was able to off-load some of the odds and ends. It's been said in un-informed circles that I've been doing it ever since!

The Chief Writer, Roy Silk joined, and we had a letter from one of the writers, Harry Lennox seven months before he was due to join, beautifully typed on an electric typewriter, asking for time off when he did join! The Pay was sorted out, the pack system was energetically attacked by the Secretary, all irate `Pay Office Rangers' were sorted out, the Regulating Staff joined and generally sorted everyone out. There was a strange hush in the Sheet Metal Shop the day the first "Off Caps" was heard echoing around the vast corrugated shed.

We stored, and de-stored, struck down and re-demanded, panicked and moved onboard. A lot of hard work went into the last week before commissioning. Chaos reigned supreme when we had to delay the commissioning ceremony by one day. But it all came out right in the end.

Commissioning day dawned at last. The ceremony went off without a hitch, attended by many of our Welsh friends, our relatives and our girl-friends. The landladies who had been liking after the majority of the ship's company standing by with true northern hospitality, were invited en masse, to witness the ceremony on the Flight Deck of the Royal Navy's most modern acquisition, newly painted, and now proudly flying the White Ensign. A very smart young lady indeed. Ready and willing to make her debut amongst her sisters of the Fleet, on this the Commissioning Day of her First Commission.

Big Eats

by CPO CK Peters.

Fellow gourmets, at last a farewell note to you all. We, the heart-beat of the ship, want to thank you one and all, past and present for making our hard work appreciated over the last two years. You have consumed most of what we have pushed into you, with hardly a murmur of despair. Whenever you come along you scrutinise the wares, they say "Excuse me Chef, what's that", and boy!, after you have left with a plateful you can usually hear the comment "Cor, he should make a good salesman when he goes outside."

Before we go any further, I think it would be a good thing if we, the Chief Gourmets, gave the two people who have kept the galley running in such first class order all credit that is due to them. Chief Mech. Bond, better known in the galley as 007, has devoted most of his free time to keeping our equipment working, ably assisted by LEM Rowe, who seems to be married to the port side deep fat fryer. LEM Rowe has persevered, never admitting failure, and has kept the lads happy by being able to give them their favourite chips. Thank you very much our favourite Brownie and Greenie, for everything.

When you arrive at your next ship, please don't spoil your new Chief Gourmet by telling him how marvellous the Glamorgan's grub was. Cor, he'll go hairless, but, perhaps it would be a good thing if you told him, for it will be nice to be remembered by you all!

The most rewarding work that we have done has been at our various children's parties, and some of the nicest messages we have received have been from the orphans in the United States. It was lovely to see their faces and hear their happy chuckles as they sat down to enjoy their cakes and ice cream. Mind you, on a couple of occasions we had some pretty rough characters; in San Francisco they didn't want feeding, all they wanted was ammunition, for once the elders had turned their backs, boy!, Leading Seaman McConville just ducked his head in time as an apple went whizzing past him. Petty Officer Cook Peters (as he then was, before he got his buttons) had to use drastic measures by tweaking a few noses and getting the film rolling, just to occupy their minds. But overall the children were quite good, and the pirates and helpers were as pleased as the children. Thank you for making our job more easy.

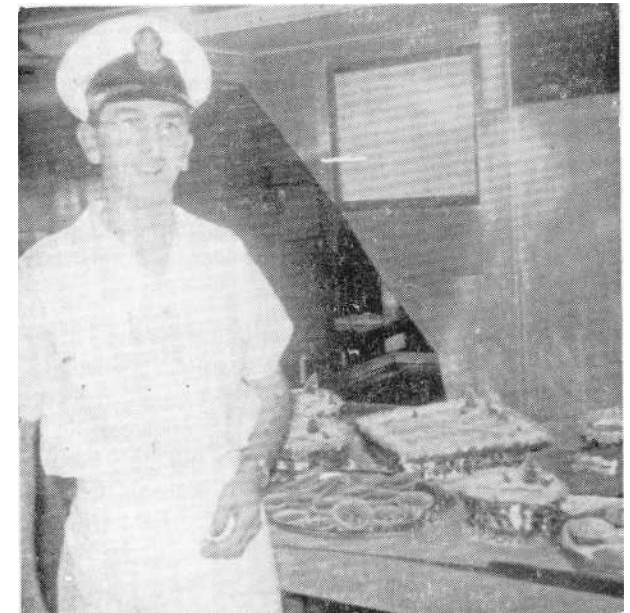
And now for some facts and figures. Do you realise that during the last two years you have eaten

Spuds	- - -	10,950 bags
Sausages		13,632 lbs
Eggs		23,951 dozen
Ice Cream		800 gallons
Bread		10,840 loaves

it makes one wonder where you put it all.

Well, cheerio lads, and don't forget the old saying, the way to a sailor's heart is through his stomach.

The Gourmets.



Head Gourmet, CPO Cook A. Hogg

The Weapons Electrical Department

Although the claim may be disputed, it is fairly widely accepted within the ship that the W.E. Department is Glamorgan's oldest foundation. Lieutenant Jim Paxton, the erstwhile manager of the Electrical Group, was the first person ever to join, arriving some two hours before the Marine Engineer Officer. This was way back in 1964, and it is said that when M.E.O. arrived and found Jim already in harness he sent for Jim and told him to go away and come back and join the ship an hour later. It is traditional for the M.E.O. to be the first officer to join a new warship. Without any doubt Jim was for a long time our oldest inhabitant, and he did have in his possession an office copy of a letter signed 'J. Paxton, Senior Officer'. It is a complement return and reads 'nil' in all columns!

The commission started fairly gently for the WE Department as most of our complex equipment had still to be set to work by civilian contractors when the ship left the Tyne in October 1966. Electrical power and distribution was of course our responsibility from the day the ship was accepted into service, and when one considers that the ship generates enough power for a small town it reflects great credit on the Senior Rates that we did not experience a total or even a partial blackout in those early days. Two weeks after commissioning the ship was in Portsmouth for what can only be described as a major, pre-planned operation - the installation of ADA. A large hole was cut in the ship's side and the computer units passed through and put in place. Thus was our precocious child born out of ASWE, her governess, tutor and team of ardent admirers having joined the ship just before the commissioning.

GLAMORGAN'S trials in home waters, which started in January 1967, were largely a W.E. Department benefit, as they were mostly concerned with the setting to work and acceptance of the Weapon Systems. As different equipments were accepted from the contractors they became our responsibility, so our job became more complex all the time. It was this period that welded the department together to function as a unit. Our Weapon Electrical Officer left at the beginning of May and under new leadership the department gathered even more momentum through the summer months, and so in September we were able to go to Portland for our operational work-up with a sense of optimism and pride in achievement.

The work-up put everybody on their metal. Machinery breakdowns, loss of power and generators, rigging emergency cables, gun firings, Seacat firings and simulated seaslug firings involved every section of our large and diverse department. It was this period too that brought under scrutiny all the months we had spent in Newcastle. It was at Portland that we had to bring forth for inspection our departmental orders, records and organisation methods, in fact all those things that we had put together partly upon our own individual previous experiences, partly upon the experiences of others and partly upon inspired guesswork. However, I believe we came through with flying colours.

November saw the grey ghost of the Cardigan coast back on her station, and it was the winter months that were the real testing time for the seaslug section. The weather was not always kind to us and for the trials to be worthwhile perfect visibility was required. This meant that the system operators, all W.E. officers and ratings, were at their stations from four in the morning till midnight for days on end. Frustrations were leg on but despite everything morale remained high and once again the department acquitted itself with credit. It was during this period too that the ship was open to many interested visitors, many of whom were with us for the firings and therefore sponsored by the W.E. department. The Hawker Siddely scientists will be remembered for the magnificent model missile with which they presented the ship, and for brightening up one bleak day by introducing four very lovely young lady missile analysts into our monastic existence.

After leave and a short docking at Portsmouth we left for the North America, Honolulu and points west. The visits to the various ports are well documented elsewhere in this book, but it is as well to put on record that the W.E. department fulfilled its share of social responsibilities with characteristic enthusiasm. Its officers and ratings were always to be found in the van of any social endeavour! Arrival in Singapore brought its own problems, for there was a great deal of hard work to put in to meet the strenuous operational requirements planned for us. Sydney in October provided some well earned and much needed relaxation after weeks of exercises.



Captain Greenlees presenting CEA 'Fred' Walker with the British Empire Medal.

With six months of the commission remaining there is still much to do. On leaving Sydney we have yet another weapon training period and then we move on to another round of missile firings both before and after Christmas. All these things will greatly involve the W.E.'s and will again mean much hard work for those concerned. However, if the past is anything to judge by we can certainly look forward to the next six months with confidence. A second change of W.E.O. which took place recently is already giving growth to a crop of new and fresh ideas that will strengthen and consolidate the organisation founded by 'our Jim' those many months ago. Already four others of the original officers have been relieved and have taken their experience shorewards and soon it will be time for all the old hands to make way for fresh people with fresh ideas. The first of our senior ratings will be leaving from Sydney and when we return to Singapore for Christmas we shall see many more new faces in the department. In fact, when the ship sails for home in January we will have almost a completely new team; only one of the original officers of the department will be still with us, and many of the ratings will have changed. We have worked hard and well on the Eastern station after our 'jolly' round the States, and we feel that we have done our best.

Among the many achievements, advancements and changes of circumstance within the department over the last two years, the following are worthy of congratulation:

Fred Walker upon the award of the British Empire Medal
 Commander Nunn upon his promotion to Captain
 Lieutenant Commander Stokoe upon his promotion to Commander
 Sub Lieutenants Day and Rossiter upon their promotions to Lieutenant

Eleven Petty Officers who are now Chief Petty Officers
 The forty ratings who have passed professional examinations
 The twelve ratings who have passed local examinations for higher rate

The forty eight Electrical Mechanics Second Class who during the course of the Commission have been rated First Class.

And finally, a word about sport. The following numbers have played regularly in the respective ship's teams:

13 in 1st and 2nd Soccer; another 14 in 1st and 2nd Rugby;
 2 Hockey; 3 Cricket; 5 Basket ball; 3 Water polo; 2 shooting.

The Marine Engineering Department

The first arrivals of our department saw the ship high and dry on the stocks. Commander Drewett, Lieutenant Malthy, Chief ERA Smith and P.O.M.E. Seddon really had a shore base then. Soon after launching, our staff grew with the arrival of Chief M.E.'s Craggs and Hutchinson, Mechanician Proud, P.O.M.E. Johnson and C.E.R.A. Lambert. Next to join the merry throng were P.O.M.E. Eastwood, E.R.A. Dawson, Chief E.R.A. Toghill, L.M.E. (now P.O.M.E.) Skeats, M.E. (now L.M.E.) Ellis, and M.E.'s Bailey and Matson. Our 'standing by' staff was completed with the arrival of E.R.A. Moore, who unfortunately suffered a grave illness from which he was lucky to survive and had to be drafted, Chief E.R.A. Lewis and Mechanicians Reeves and Conroy. Chief E.R.A. Smith heard the call of Civvy Street and was relieved by Chief E.R.A. Keogh. A grave case of 'lots of Chiefs and very few Indians!'

To help pass the time when there was little or no activity we were despatched on various courses. The day of the first flash-up passed without a hitch, then came the great day of the first Harbour Trials where we heard for the first time the now famous saying 'Put another fire on, Geordie.' Thanks to Mr. Foreman, Jack to some, all went well and the date for our first time at sea grew steadily closer.

At last we ventured out of the Tyne on Sea Trials. The ship was put through her paces, and it seemed that the only thing she was not called upon to do was submerge. Whether we ran on oil fuel or Newcastle Brown has yet to be decided. One emergency breakdown that wasn't caused a stirring moment: an order of ten degrees to starboard when the Tyne twisted to the left (that's port isn't it?) saw us cruising merrily into Redheads Yard, straight at a nearly completed merchant ship. An emergency astern averted disaster by about forty yards - it's about time these sailors learnt their ports from their starboards! The Staff had managed to overcome the language difficulty and could make out most of what the Geordies were saying, but the 'Management didn't really beat the problem, as was proved by the first lowering of the sea boat. A Geordie fitter was at the davit control while Commander Mackenzie gave the orders. The Commander used the good old anchor-clanking sailorism 'Avast' which the Geordie mistook for 'Fast' and put the davit to 'power lower' with the sea boat some eight feet above the water. Buffer Carr was seen in the bottom of the boat with his feet waving in the clouds, and from what he was saying it appeared that he didn't think much of the Geordies!

Commissioning Day eventually came. Chief M.E. Fever arrived leading his merry band of Stokers who stood and stared at the watchbill in awe. We steamed out of the Tyne for the last time, and as soon as the necessary signing had been done, the Geordies left us to 'sort it out.' Soon we settled down to the usual routine of shipboard life, but our work was not without its hitches. While we were gaining the confidence we so badly needed we suffered our most disastrous breakdown; driving on 'High Speed Gas' with both diesels doing the generating, a lack of cooling water tripped both port and starboard D.G.'s. A quick shut-down saved the day, and 'after a long night spent opening up the two gear boxes, all was found to be well.

During these early days, two new pairs of white overalls appeared in the machinery spaces; before our Portland work-up Commander Drewett left us for higher things and we welcomed Commander Bartlett to the Department, and a month or two later Lieutenant Shiffner joined and became known to us all as Lieutenant Sh..... you know who. Before the ship sailed for the States C.E.R.A. Lewis left for Civvy Street and was relieved by C.E.R.A. Kinsman, another oggie-yaffler.

Since the days of Portland and Aberporth we have crossed the two major oceans of the world, and many watches have been kept. Hard work has been put in and results, some of them personal, have been achieved. E.R.A. wall passed his charge ticket, Mechanicians Robinson and Rudkin passed their unit tickets and E.R.A. Morgan picked up his second hook. All these have since left us and we wish them all the best in their next jobs. M.E.'s Robinson, Ellis H., Ellis D., Stokes R. and Compitus, who struggled well with the language barrier, have all picked up their hooks. Congratulations to them all, and also to L.M.E.'s Skeats and Williams who have been rated P.O.

A brief concensus of opinion of our trip round the States and Canada put Washington D.C. as Top of the Pops, but it was a hard thing to judge as most of the Department seemed to enjoy themselves everywhere Singapore came as a sudden blow, as we really had to get down to the hard work of an Assisted Maintenance Period with TRIUMPH. In the event it proved very successful and TRIUMPH could not have been more helpful.

In the world of sport, the Engineroom Department has given of its best. Roy Scoot and Robbie Robinson have been regular members of the ship's soccer team, Lieutenant Shiffner, Smiler Hough and Richy Richardson have played throughout for the hockey side, and Lou Toghill has umpired a large number of hockey matches with great skill. Our basket-ball players have been Mac McNarry, Bruce Lawrence, Harry Law, Spider Kelly and Roy Scoot, and Spider Webb has played water polo, somehow managing to see the ball without his glasses. Ship's Rugby was run by Sam Sampson and Don Delaney - they had to run it or they would never have got in to the side. Dave Ellis, Nobby Hall, Johnno Johnson, Taff Hollis and Rattler Morgan also helped to throw the misshaped ball about.

We also had our share of Expeds. Nigel Whales and Dickie Stokes helped to drive the land rover across the United States. Dave Wall sailed the whaler from Esquimalt to Seattle (not single handed), Smiler Hough and Rattler Morgan penetrated the depths of the Malayan jungle.

Before we sailed for Australia we said a sad farewell to Lieuterant Maltby, `Senior' to us all. We wish Lieutenant Commander Millican every success as our new Senior. Our good wishes go with those who left the Department in Sydney for the long flight back to U.K.

The first commission has been hard work, but good fun. We hope that the Stokers of the next Commission will have the same success, and enjoy themselves into the bargain.

The Computer Room (Lair of the White Worm)

"You don't have to be mad to work down here, but it helps."

Resident Madmen

Head Ghoul:

"Dracula" Akhurst, now replaced by:
"Werewolf" Walmsley.

Madmen in Chief:

Sid "Crippen" Sidwell
Bob "Frankenstein" Sproston.

Assistant Ghouls:

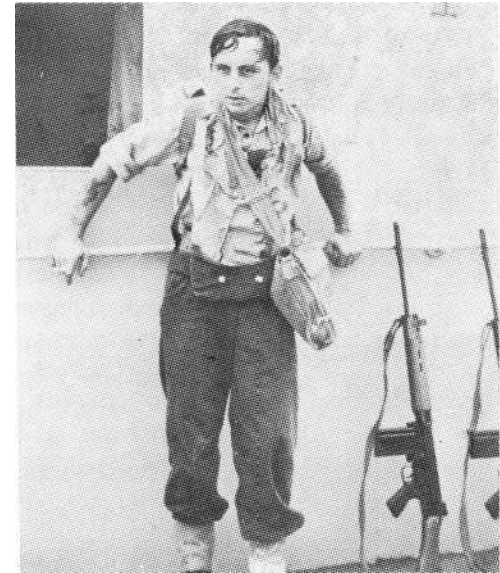
Jim "The Ripper" Masters
Clive Walley, Dr. Jekyll
Chris George, Mr. Hyde
Bungy "Vampire" Williams
Ginge Butcher, resident surgeon or blood-letter.

Hounds of the Baskervilles

Paddy "Pluto" Doyle
Bungy "Lassie" Edwards
Pete "Rufus" Talbot
Taff "Fido" Harrigan.

Ada Augusta our residing monster has continued to function well and quietly after being attended, in her early days, by the ASWE Zombies who have, from time to time, descended from their hillside caves and carried out numerous gruesome experiments upon her. However, consternation has been caused by the Steam Greenies who have at certain times found it necessary to remove her life blood and power, and it is at such times that the quiet has been rudely shattered by bloodcurdling yells and unprintable oaths from the attending madmen. One problem that has not been overcome whilst in the Orient has been her incontinence and she has continued to wet the floor with monotonous regularity. However, the necessary receptacles have been provided by the faithful duty watchdog. The monster's fodder has been ably provided by Feedmerchant Blythe, founder member of the Glamorgan Association of Transformer Removers and Engineers (GLATRE), and his merry men. The resultant fire spewed forth has been readily accepted by "Demon D" and his motley crew.

Landing Parties



A fine body of men

Pulau Tioman, '68



Who said it was only a 3-foot drop?



Made it! Hope they're friendly.

Let's get outa here!



Glamorgan's First Expedition

by Leading Seaman Burgess

GLAMORGAN's first Exped took place when the ship was visiting Denmark and Holland in May 1967. A party was left at the small Danish town of Aarhus when the ship sailed for Amsterdam, their aim was to hitch-hike the four hundred and eighty miles and meet the ship in Holland. They party was made up of Leading Seaman Burgess, Able Seaman Southern (Pip), Able Seaman Chapman (Chico) and Able Seaman Pasifull (Jock).

We started our journey at 1300 on the 16th May 1967, after we had press-ganged Cooky, the landrover driver, into dropping us off at the outskirts of town. To make it easier for us to get lifts we decided to split into groups of two - myself and Pip in one, Jock and Chico in the other. We also arranged to meet at certain places en-route and to camp together.

The first stopping place was to be the German border. Pip and I got a lift almost immediately, arriving at the German border at 1600. Jock and Chico weren't so lucky, and had to walk about ten miles before getting a lift, so it was not till about 2200 that they arrived at our meeting place. We crossed the border without any trouble, and arrived in Flensburg just after midnight. We had just started looking for a hostel in which to spend the night when a gentleman walked over and offered to put us all up in his house. He lashed us up to tea and stickies, quiet music and hundreds of questions. Incidentally, his wife and sister were charming.

After a good night's sleep we set off again in the best of spirits, deciding to make Hamburg our next stop and agreeing on the main railway station as our meeting place. Chico and Jock set off first, and were lucky to get a lift straight away which took them right through to Hamburg. This time it was our turn to be unfortunate, and we walked for miles before getting our first lift. We had four lifts in all, and eventually reached Hamburg seven hours after the other two arrived. We booked into an hotel (four to a room) for one pound each and slept until eleven p.m., before venturing out into the city. We had arranged to meet Lieutenant Commander Banham and Able Seaman Cooke in a night club (where else does one meet in Hamburg?) but one of us had got the time of the meeting wrong and so we missed them. Needless to say this did not deter us and we had a marvellous time; apart from Chico falling down a hole in the road while looking at the women in the windows we all arrived back safely at our hotel.

Much the worse for wear, we set off at a fairly leisurely hour the following morning on the third leg of our journey. We just could not get a lift out of Hamburg because of the Autobahns, and so we decided to go back to the nearest station and get a train to Rotunburg, which was about thirty miles out of Hamburg on a B class road. We got to Rotunburg quite easily and walked about six miles before finding anywhere decent to camp. We didn't know it at the time, but we were quite near a lunatic asylum. One of the inmates came along after we had made camp and offered to help the spuds - I suppose he felt at home in our presence.

The following morning myself and Pip set off first but it was Jock and Chico who got the first lift. We waited for hours before getting one (a lorry) which took us through to Nineburg. By this time it was pouring down with rain and we were hoping for a good lift to the Dutch border, as that was the place where we had arranged to meet. We got there in the end, in two more lifts, and apart from a woman opening the sun roof as soon as we got in the car no one else remarked on our body odour! As soon as we arrived at the border the four of us went into a restaurant and had a decent meal - much needed as we had been living on hot dogs for most of our trip. I'm sure if we had eaten one or more sausage the tops of our heads would have started to pucker. We crossed the border at about 2230 and stayed the night at a proper camping site.

We were now in Holland, and on the final leg of our journey. With any luck we would reach Amsterdam sometime in the afternoon. Pip and I were the first to get a lift, in a car that was going within eight miles of Amsterdam, but the driver wanted to take us both home to lunch. As we couldn't refuse without hurting his feelings, we had visions of being hours behind the other two. After dinner we set off once more, getting a lift almost immediately to the Dockyard at Amsterdam. We walked the rest of the way to the ship, arriving onboard at 1450, much to the Commander's relief. Jock and Chico arrived one hour later due to bad lifts.

The expedition was a grand experience, and not one of us regretted going. I've had to leave out most of the detail due to shortage of space, but it wasn't all honey believe you me!