

HMS INTREPID  
SECOND COMMISSION

# HMS INTREPID

---



## SECOND COMMISSION

---

DECEMBER 1968 to JANUARY 1971

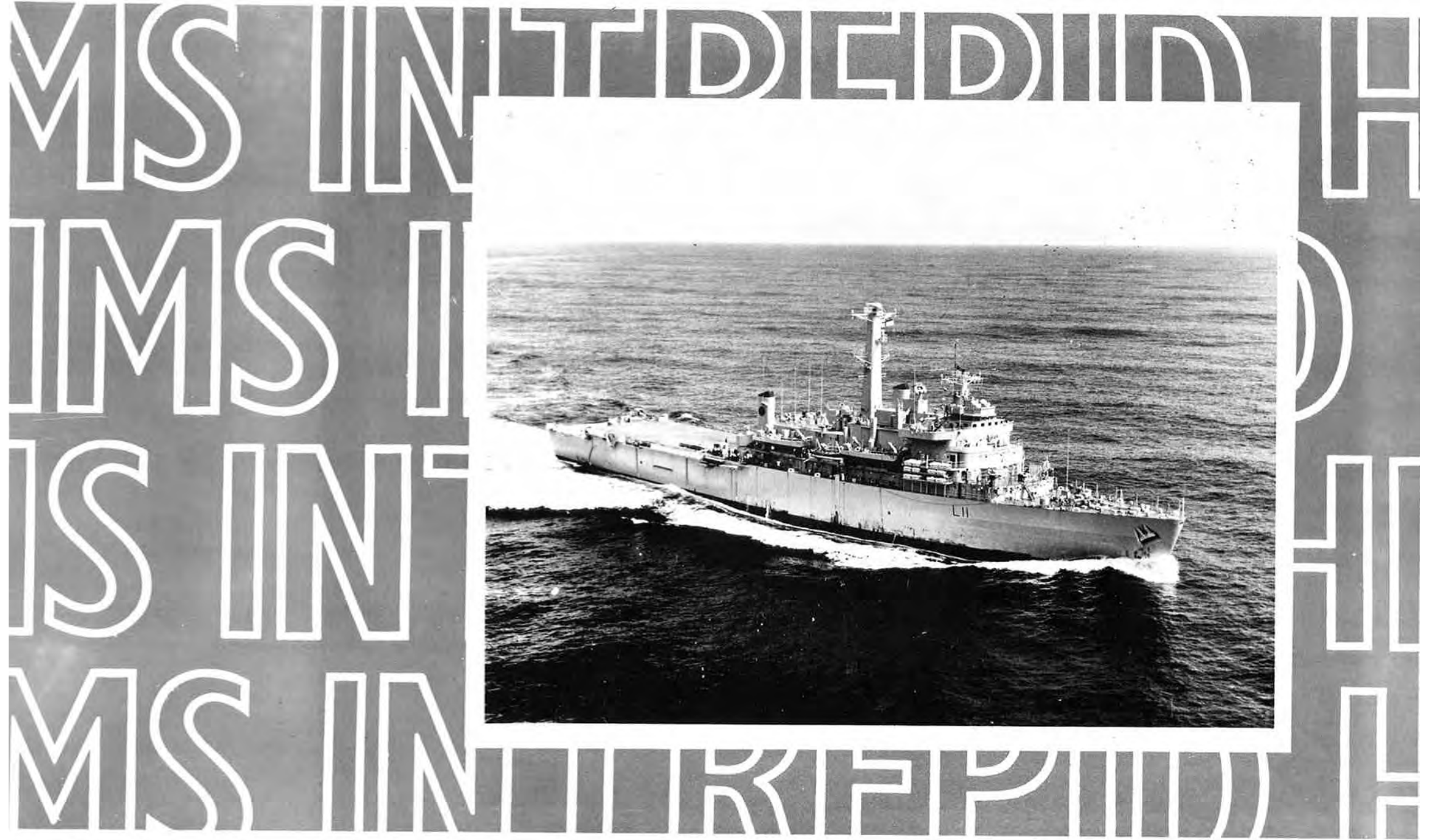
# PREFACE



This book is a memento of a commission. At our commissioning service, I suggested that everyone should set himself the task of achieving something that was personally worthwhile during his time in INTREPID. I hope therefore that now you are leaving, or have left, you will at least have that satisfaction. Is it too much to hope that, in one way or another, we are all more complete persons?

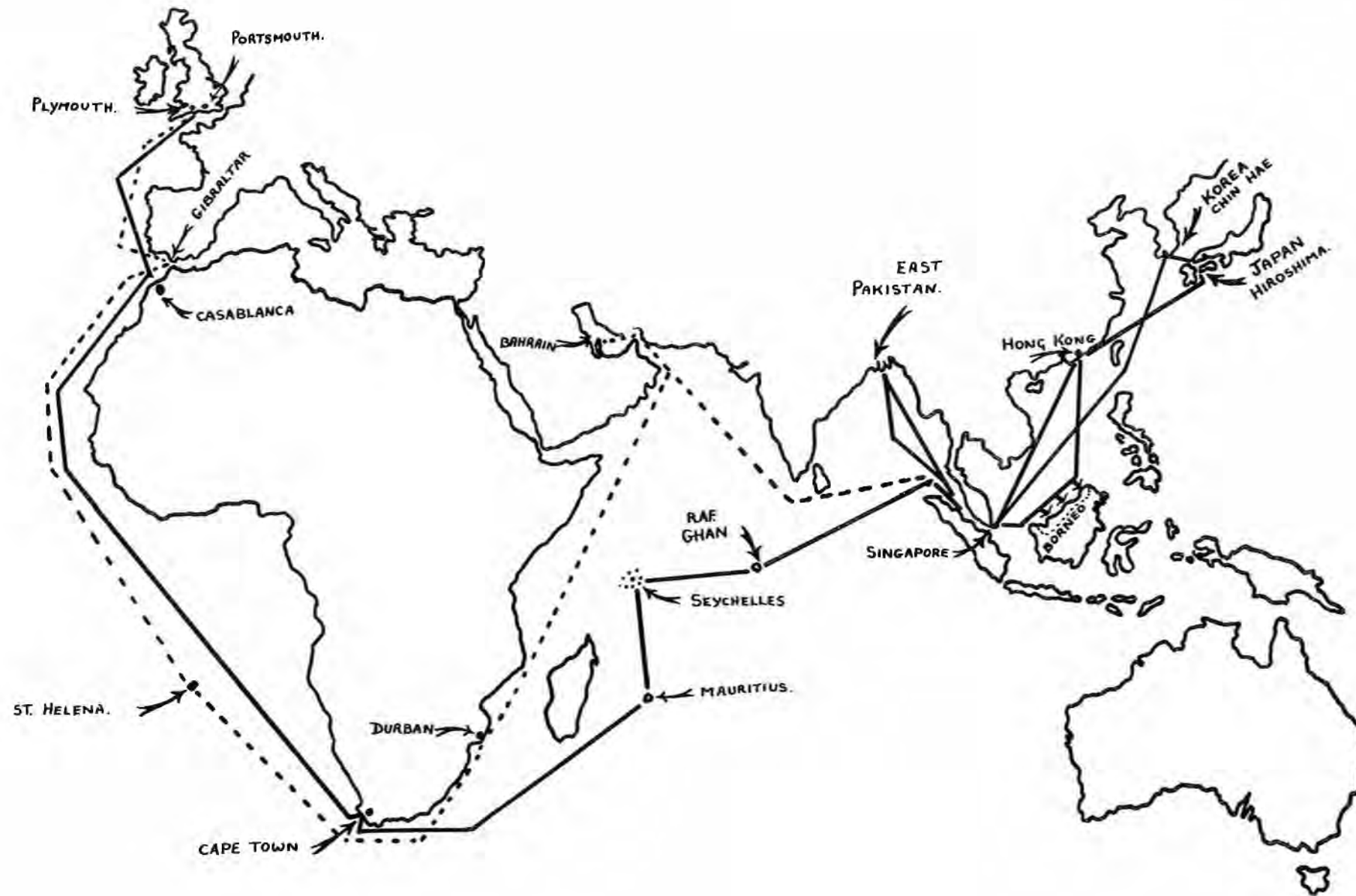
As a Ship's Company, we have together achieved much. Well done. Whatever the future may hold, I wish you all good fortune

*Jim Eberle.*





# INTREPID'S ROUTE





Stands and thinks

# FACTS & FIGURES

Officers	42
Men	532
Length overall	522 feet
Beam	81 feet
Draught	20 ft. 6 ins.
Displacement	12,180 tons
Distance Run	55,934 miles
Hours underway	4,120
Average Speed	13.5 knots
Countries visited	15
Major exercises	8
Number of units embarked	33
Number of troops transported	3,377
Replenishments at sea:	
solids	8
liquids	17
vertreps	4



Extracts from "The Volga Boatman"

# SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

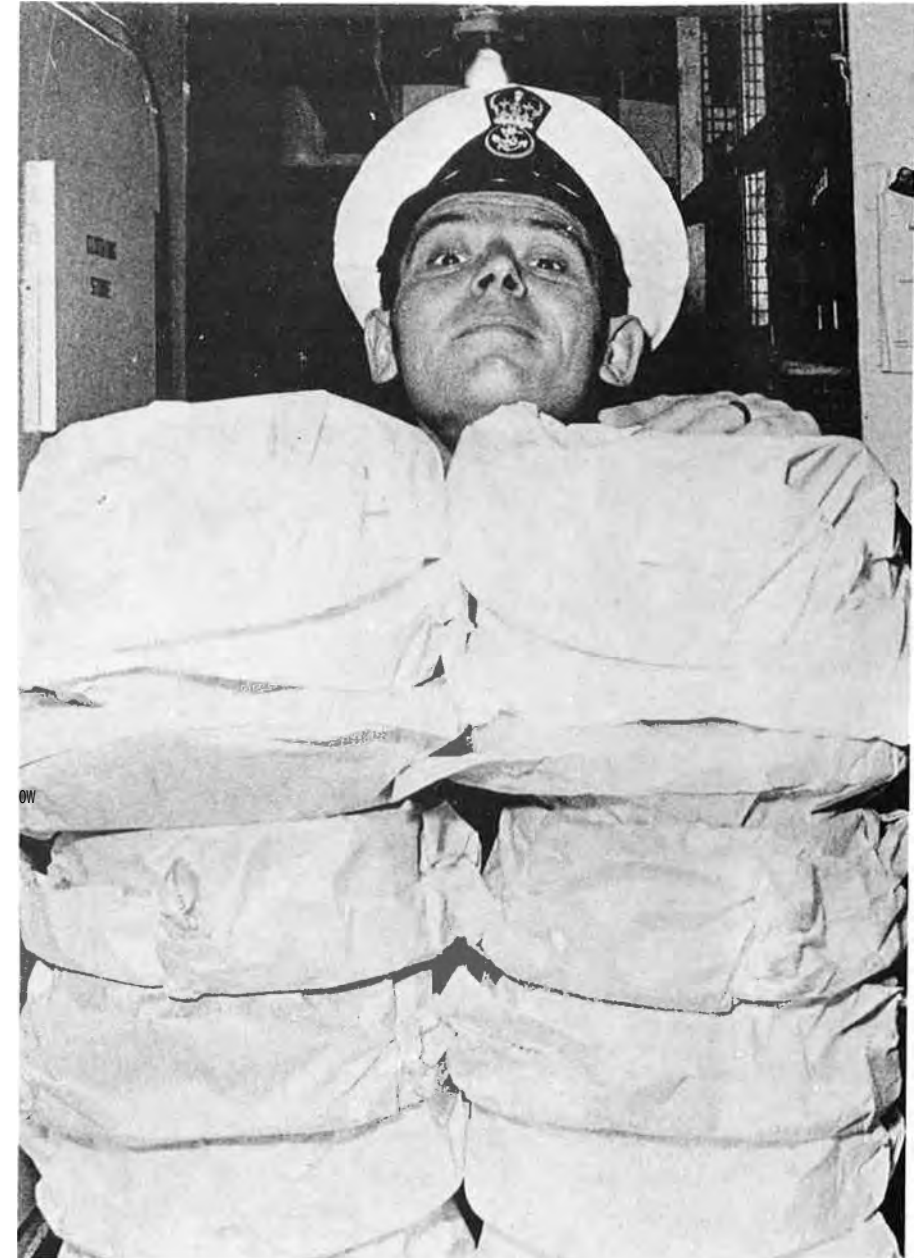
Our Drafty rubbed his hands with glee  
 When thinking he could draft to sea  
 Intrepids lot of S & S  
 He scanned his cards, and more or less  
 Selected those to fit the bill  
 He thought they' d bear him no ill will.  
 And so on paper out of the 'Blue'  
 We had our draft chits saying - 'You  
 Will venture forth to warmer climes'  
 A Welfare Case? - Well what hard lines! ! !  
 To give you time to have some fun  
 We'll leave you there ' til SEVENTYONE  
 So without thought for time or date  
 We left UK. ... in SIXTYEIGHT!!!

For seven months we RASd and paid  
 We fed them, clothed them, and we played  
 Our part in all the Ships' events  
 Until someone above relents  
 And thinks we' d better have a break  
 So back for a refit - live in DRAKE.

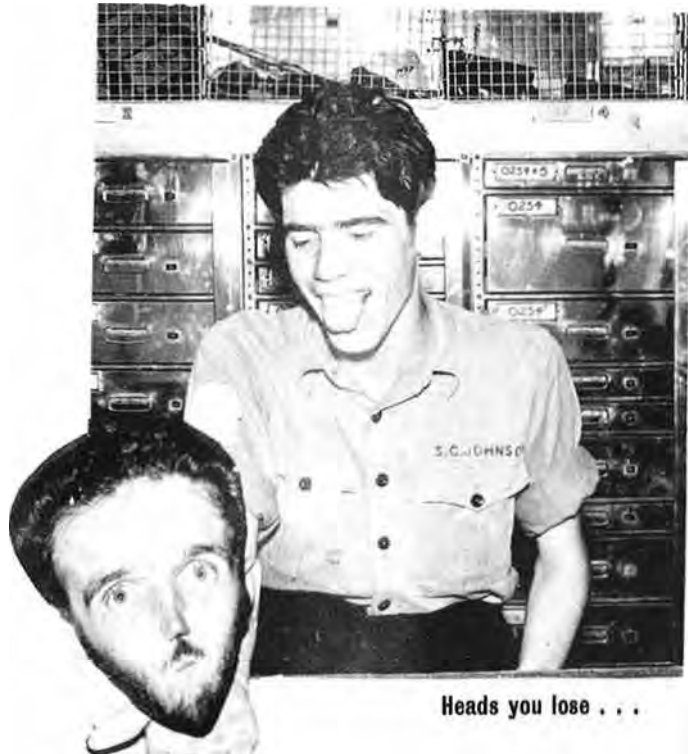
The calendar raced round once more  
 And yet again came time to store  
 With everything from nuts to cash  
 As well as all the other gash  
 That makes a Ship 'prepared for sea'  
 'Though it seems daft to you and me  
 The storehouse bulged, the safe topped up,  
 The f ridges packed... the SLOP ROOM SHUT...  
 It seems we' re once more fit to go  
 Back out to FES to lands we know  
 But this trip, not so long to do  
 Our urgent rabbits, that tattoo  
 Will need our early thoughts of course  
 For soon we' ll have the embarked force  
 Who wish to play at war and stuff  
 They seem to think we' ye not enough  
 To do with just our daily chores  
 With ALJs they storm the shores.  
 They cast them off like April' s clout  
 To let Jack Dusty sort them out  
 Still worry not, twas ever thus  
 We' ll overcome with little fuss  
 We' ll 'feed 'em rice' and 'pay 'em Yen'  
 'Cause soon we' ll board that VC 10  
 Which takes us back to home once more  
 To snow and sleet and rain galore  
 But we don' t mind, we are sincere...  
 We've left the ship... C' la va sans Dire! ! !  
 Titus Hell



Cockroach fanciers examine latest addition to collection



"If the cap fits , , .



Heads you lose . . .

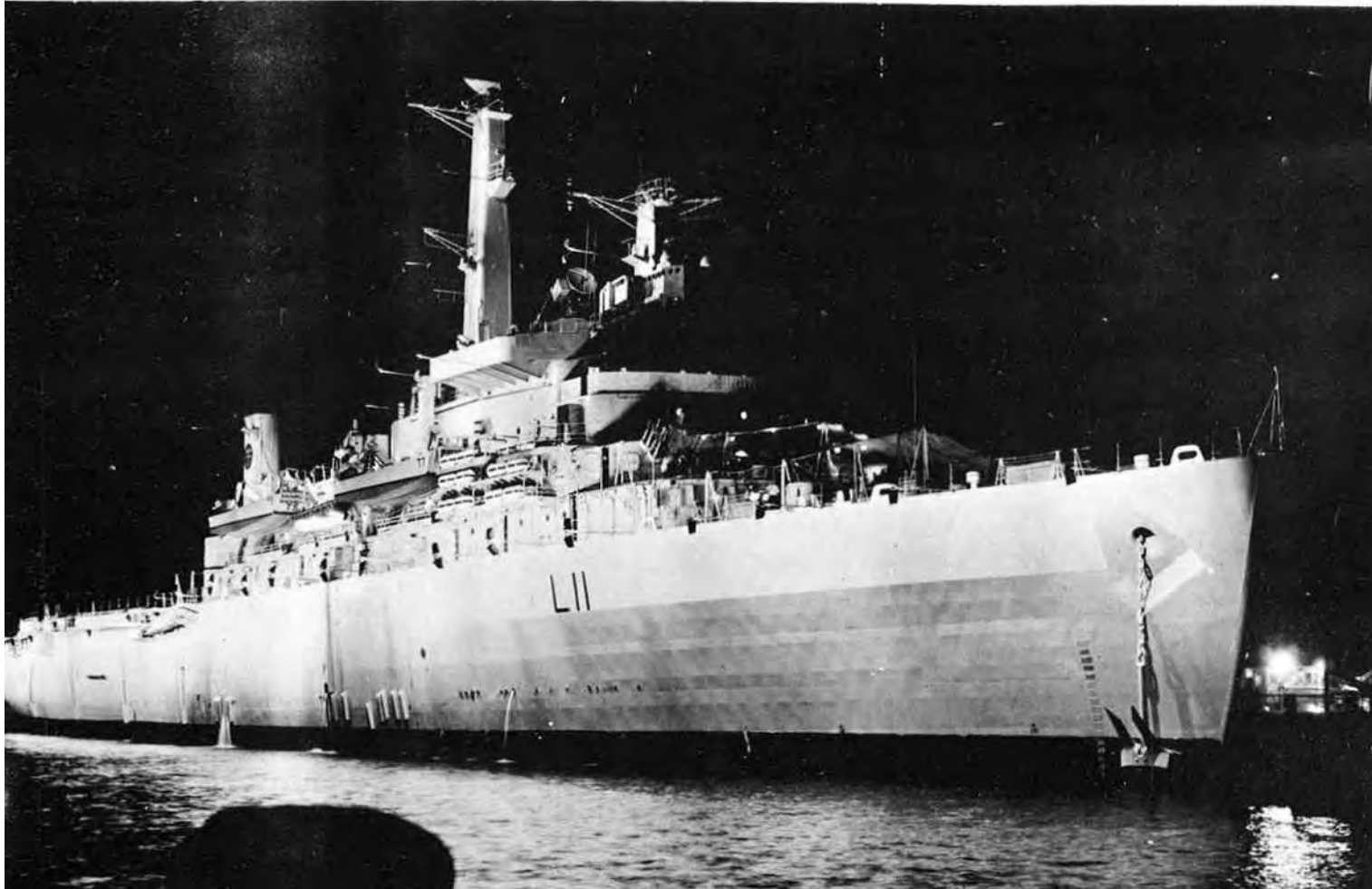


The LEP Male Voice Choir giving one of their inimitable renderings of  
"We'll Keep a Welcome"



# WEAPONS & ELECTRICAL

A TALE OF TWO SAGAS OR HOW TO APPRECIATE THE GREAT GREENIE CAUSE



The first Saga starts with the WE Department eagerly awaiting the arrival of a new toy. Santa managed to deliver it in good time for Christmas 1969. We were amazed, it wasn't made in Hong Kong but by the King of Toy Makers, Plessy's on the Isle of Wight. The consultant toy makers were Admiralty Surface Weapons Establishment, Portsmouth. It was their brain child.

The second Saga starts, The Bearing Temperature Indicator did not work in the Main Machinery space.

There were very strict rules about playing with the new toy. Only privileged men could play, and they were told by even more privileged men as to when they could play. To point it at anyone was extremely rude and evidently dangerous.

The Bearing Temperature Indicator was being worked on.

To keep our new toy happy, similar toys of different sizes and cleverness were delivered all round the world. These playmates then had a large ball thrown 22000 miles into the sky by the Americans; they now had their playmate of the year.

The Bearing Temperature Indicator was not working, something must be done.

The RAF picked the largest and cleverest toys and placed them in exotic places where they enjoyed married accompanied jobs. Our toy was not married accompanied; the Army got a portable one which they presumably carry in their rucksacks.

The Bearing Temperature Indicator did not work, it was getting desperate.

The privileged men who played with our new toy now found a more interesting toy and left. It was our responsibility, life was serious. We didn't refer to it as a toy anymore; it was a Satellite Communications Terminal Type V. It was no longer a playball in the sky, but the UK Military Satellite No SK-1, with a 20 and 2 Mega Hertz pathway, no less. We talked of zenith trials of multiple access, or coarse arrect, we even counted our datels.

I am curious grey