INTRODUCTION BY THE COMMANDING OFFICER

It is a pleasure to write an introduction to this magazine. We have had a lot of sea-time so far and have successfully participated in several major exercises. At the halfway point of the 1982 Deployment when this magazine goes to press, I have been very proud of the ship's performance and the behaviour of everyone abroad.

It is a pleasure to command the 1982 ship's company of HMNZS CANTERBURY. This magazine will remind you in the future of some of our activities.

Singapore
May 1982

C. J. CARL
The Work-up

At 1000 on Monday 19 October 1981 HMNZS CANTERBURY slipped and proceeded from Devonport on the first overseas deployment of her new commission. After an eighteen month refit and trials period, many of the ship’s company felt it was about time too. The first port of call was (you guessed it) Sydney, the ship arriving on Friday 23 October. It was a rough passage across the Tasman – CANTERBURY’s 10th birthday was to have been celebrated on the 22nd but it had to be cancelled due to poor weather. However, on arrival in Sydney the ship was ready to commence work-up.

Tuesday 27 October and the beginning of the first week of work-up. The highlights of week one were an internal Operation Awkward exercise carried out while secured to a buoy in Sydney harbour and the Training Battle Problem which was carried out on the Thursday. A satisfactory week one — the ship was noted for her appearance and the enthusiasm of the ship’s company.

CANTERBURY slipped from her berth at Woolloomooloo Wharf on Monday 2 November to begin a week of mostly gunnery in the East Australian Exercise Area. With most of the Australian Fleet away at Kangaroo ’81 we had pretty a well free run of the area. The gunners started slowly and worked their way up to more comprehensive shoots. They topped it off by shooting down a Delmar target and this really was quite a feat.

While the gunners were having their day the rest of us weren’t exactly twiddling our thumbs. The major event of the week was a Distex or Disaster Relief Exercise which took place on 5 November. This involved setting up virtually a complete village ashore complete with appropriate personnel and stores. The Wasp helicopter was a great help here providing a reconnaissance facility for the area (Jervis Bay) and landing stores ashore. Some stores and personnel were of course transferred by boat.

It was all very realistic. Apprentice Stevens was told he had been bitten by a snake and proceeded to run screaming down the main street of the Distex village. He was brought to a grinding halt by the XO who floored him with a flying tackle. (unaware the bite was for exercise) Both survived though the XO may have bumped his head and it is rumoured that he hasn’t been quite the same since.

After a weekend of relaxation alongside in Sydney the ship commenced a Self Maintenance Period of a week’s duration. While the technical people went about their business the operational people were given continuation training at HMAS WATSON and other RAN training establishments.

The following week was spent in company with RAN ships TORRENS, BRISBANE AND YARRA. There was a lot more activity in the exercise area and the ship gained valuable in-company time. The emphasis this week was on the ship’s anti-submarine capability but there were also several seamanship and gunnery exercises.

Saturday 21 November – election day in New Zealand but we didn’t miss out. 162 members of the ship’s company went to the polls to cast special votes. XO acted as the Ship’s Returning Officer along with two issuing Officers and a Deputy Returning Officer.

At last, the final week of work-up began on the following Monday. Sailing was delayed because of a hiccup in the fuelling, (no fault of the stokers) and we slipped in the mid afternoon. The major exercise of the week was a night encounter with the Wasp to the fore again. The opposing force was illuminated by the flares from the helo. They thought they had been illuminated by starshell fired from ships. To cut a long story short – we won.

Tuesday 1 December – final day of the work-up and also the day of the Final Battle Problem. Mine-field transit, fast patrol boat attacks, air attacks, submarine and missile attacks. We managed to get a jackstay transfer in amongst it all but didn’t come through unscathed suffering some major “damage”. The loss of all communications really put the Yeoman Charlie Matenga and his boys under great pressure. But that was it. The whole day was quite a success and the fine weather and reasonably calm sea helped it along in contrast to the rough sea and poor conditions of the previous six weeks.
CANTERBURY slipped from her berth in Sydney for the last time in 1981 at 1100 7 December and headed back to New Zealand. Weather fine, track fast we decided on a Bar-B-Que and Race Day to celebrate (albeit belatedly) the ship’s birthday. A raffle was held for the position of “Captain for the Day”. The draw was open to all Senior and Junior Rates with the winner wearing the Captain’s Uniform and having free reign of the ship from 0800 to 1600 on the chosen day. It was won by Leading Seaman Vandermade and raised $304.05 for the Ngataringa Sports Complex funds. Leading Seaman Vandermade took over at 0800 on 10 December and controlled the ship for a flyex gunnery shoot, man overboard exercise and anchorage at Onehero Bay. By 1600 Captain Carl had been PO of the watch on deck which included a seaboat drill, had been Bosun’s Mate and Quartermaster on the wheel. All members of the wardroom were given sailors’ duties of one type or another. It was an excellent day enjoyed by all.

Back alongside at Calliope on the Friday. Another week of storing ship and PPM’s and then LEAVE from 18 December. Good opportunity for rest and recuperation, revelry and relaxation, -ups and roaring headaches. Then . . . . . .

THE DEPLOYMENT

The Christmas leave period ended on January 11 and it was a refreshed and rejuvenated Ship’s Company that returned from leave and began preparing the ship for sea for Exercise SQUADEX ’82. There were also a considerable number of new faces as a fresh batch of 2nd year apprentices joined the ship and other personnel drafted off or were released.

The first major event for the year for CANTERBURY was SQUADEX ’82. The ship sailed at Action Stations at 0840 on Thursday January 14 in company with HMNZ Ships WAIKATO and TARANAKI. Mercifully, SQUADEX started at a reasonably slow pace to allow personnel to settle in to a seagoing routine. After the fleshy delights of Christmas Leave, Squadex also provided a chance to prove watch bills and to introduce new personnel to shipboard life. This introduction was made infinitely more pleasant by the superb weather experienced throughout SQUADEX.

For the next 3 days, the participating units SQUADEX (CY, WT, TN, MONOWAI) conducted a wide variety of exercise serials, with the pace of the exercise quickening considerably on Day Two. The 4 ship exercise became a 3 ship exercise when MONOWAI parted company from the 3 frigates on Friday 15 and returned to Auckland. Well, nearly three ships as TARANAKI developed engine trouble and had to return to Auckland. That left CANTERBURY and WAIKATO to conduct a formation anchorage off Whitianga at 1600 on Saturday 16. On Sunday 17, a sports day and barbecue was held on a nearly beach. The weather was absolutely perfect, everybody got sunburnt and a great time was had by all. CANTERBURY was the overall winner of the (at times) highly informal sports competitions.

CANTERBURY and WAIKATO weighed and proceeded to conduct the remainder of SQUADEX at 0800 the following Monday. On Tuesday we were joined by HMAS VAMPIRE, a hardy Australian veteran which remained with us for the rest of SQUADEX. CANTERBURY berthed alongside Calliope Jetty, on Friday 22 to begin an Assisted Maintenance Period in preparation for deployment.

The AMP went virtually without incident. Various engineering defects were rectified. We regained our 965 aerial and everybody tried to enjoy our last time alongside in New Zealand until after the deployment. To mark the end of the AMP ship’s divisions were held on 12 March. The turnout was considered by the Commanding Officer to be a credit to both CANTERBURY and the Navy as a whole.

It was a cheerful and confident ship’s company that sailed from Auckland on 15 February on our major overseas deployment for 1982. Passage to Sydney was busy as we were in company with TARANAKI and were utilising this opportunity to the full to conduct OOW manoeuvres, seamanship exercises and FLYEX’s in preparation for SEA EAGLE ’82. After having our arrival
alongside delayed by industrial disputes in Garden Island dockyard, (unfortunately a rather frequent occurrence) we finally berthed at 1600 on the 19th outside TARANAKI. We spent an enjoyable weekend in Sydney, renewing our acquaintance with this most exciting of Australian cities. Indeed, following the work-up period last year, some members of the ship’s company could be excused for regarding Sydney as a second home.

The basic purpose of Exercise SEA EAGLE ’82 was to prepare the New Zealand and Australian contingent for RIMPAC. We sailed from Sydney for SEA EAGLE ’82 conducting a simulated minefield transit as we passed through Sydney Heads. SEA EAGLE tested our capabilities in Anti-Submarine, anti-surface vessel, and anti-aircraft warfare. Although parts of the exercise were very quiet, reasonable practice in all three types of warfare were obtained. During SEA EAGLE the ships involved anchored in Jervis Bay, for a break from the Exercise. Jervis Bay is about 90 miles south of Sydney and though the weather was rather inclement, a sports afternoon was held on the Flight Deck with a volley-ball tournament.

With SEA EAGLE completed on 3 March, CANTERBURY returned to Sydney. However, our stay alongside was longer than originally intended, due to a fault in one of our diesel generators. This resulted in the cancellation of a planned visit to Newcastle. Full marks went to the WE department which worked long hours to correct the defect in record time thus ensuring that CANTERBURY sailed on time for SUVA with the Australian contingent for RIMPAC ’82.

After the hustle and bustle of downtown Sydney, Suva was like a breath of fresh air. Like Sydney, Suva is a fairly frequent port-call for the RNZN, but this did not detract from our enjoyment of the laid-back, fun-loving Fijian life style. Several of the sports teams tried their hands against the Fijian and RAN sides and met with considerable success, in keeping with CANTERBURY’s formidable sporting reputation. Despite the presence of the cruise liner ORIANA in Suva, duty free prices were amongst the best to be found anywhere and many people returned to the ship laden with ‘rabbits’. Unfortunately, we had only three days in Suva, and the task group sailed for Hawaii and RIMPAC ’82 on 28 March.

Anybody who cares to look at an Atlas will notice that it is a very long way from Fiji to Hawaii and as a result we did very little while on passage in the way of exercise serials (thank goodness) in order to conserve fuel. However, many internal drills were carried out, for instance NBCD exercises and combined with sports afternoons and personnel exchanges with the RAN ships, this helped to stem the boredom inevitably encountered on a long straight passage.

The ship crossed the Equator on 21 March and the event was marked with a barbecue on the flight deck, under the searing equatorial sun. CANTERBURY was visited by an emissary from King Neptune accompanied by two ‘policemen’. The emissary informed us that King Neptune had decided to defer our crossing the line ceremony until we re-crossed it on our return, when he calculated, we would have more time to pay him his proper due. Pollywogs around the ship shuddered at the prospect. CANTERBURY berthed in Pearl Harbour on 6 April, initially for a three day stay before the start of the tactical phase of RIMPAC ’82. Hawaii is generally held to be an enjoyable and refreshing run ashore, particularly after a long period at sea. Its many attractions include magnificent scenery, a sparkling night life and overwhelming American hospitality.
After only three days alongside, CANTERBURY was off once more, this time to participate in the tactical phase of RIMPAC. RIMPAC is a truly mammoth exercise, with ships from the USA, Canada, Japan, Australia and NZ participating. Hence “Rim of the Pacific”. The tactical phase consisted of twelve days at sea. The participating ships were divided into two forces, Orange and Blue, each pitted against the other in mock combat. CANTERBURY was part of the Orange force. RIMPAC will probably be remembered by most for its long periods of boredom punctuated by short periods of action as CANTERBURY suffered an air attack or prosecuted a submarine contact. On completion of the tactical phase, we returned to harbour. Another another three days rest, we sailed for the weapons phase of the exercise, where we launched several anti-submarine torpedoes.

With its long periods at sea and its short periods alongside, RIMPAC placed considerable strain on all onboard. However, we were commended by the Commander US Third (Pacific) Fleet for our performance and we had a port visit to Hong Kong to look forward to. After yet another fourteen day stint at sea, CANTERBURY, in company with HMAS BRISBANE, berthed alongside at HMS TAMAR, the RN shore establishment. Hong Kong proved to be our best run ashore yet. No one can ever run out of things to do in this fascinating city. Roll after roll of film was clicked off at the spectacular views and sights. It was in Hong Kong that the storm broke over CANTERBURY’s likely future employment. On the afternoon before we were due to sail for Manila, the ship’s company were told that CANTERBURY had been offered to the RN to free another frigate for the Falklands, and that we would probably find ourselves in the Indian Ocean.

We sailed for Manila at 1000 on 22 May, in accordance with our programme. However, the following day we received a signal, which cancelled our visit to Manila and ordered us to proceed with despatch to Singapore.

**THE OFFICERS**

The Wardroom, the centre of Officer activities at sea and in harbour, has seen quite a few changes to its membership this Commission. The Mess President, Nick Byrne, has seen us through thick and thin, through our many stages. He guided us through the sockless stage, collarless stage (fashion brought to us by our resident consultant Jim Routledge) and, of course, the towel stage.

Since the beginning of 1982 we have seen Steve Ebrey arrive to complement the operations team. Just back from a PWO (A) course in England, Steve has brought a fresh outlook to many things. Just before we sailed for the deployment, Simon Nighy was replaced by Jim Stonyer. Simon had qualified as a Flight Deck Officer and Junior Supply Officer. Renny Van Der Velde (VDV), now a member of the split head club, joined us after a brief sojourn as Philomel’s Boats Officer. It had been a job in which he was stranded for a while, but after a few bumps and grinds he managed to pull it off. Dennis Pringle joined to qualify as DMED and made up the second member in the “CANTERBURY STEAM TEAM”. The number one spot was taken by our MEO Commander D A Cootes whose promotion in early 1982 made him the Squadron MEO.

The gunroom staff also arrived early in 1982 and in a very short time, Tony Parr and the ensigns had settled into a routine. Eight hours sleep a day and whatever they could get at night. It is they who can claim the most expensive run ashore this commission. The Subs Club is alive and well on CANTERBURY and its seven numbers – Jim Routledge, Tony, Kelvin, Hoani, Paul, Renny and Jim Stonyer provided a lively party atmosphere where ever they went.

For our five Lieutenants, Greg, Tom, Denis, Steve Ebrey and Steve Streefkerk, it has been an interesting commission. Tom Rae qualified as DWEQ, Steve Ebrey and Greg’s wives were pregnant at the beginning of the deployment. By the time we got to Hawaii, Pat Buchan had had a little girl and the champagne flowed that night. Denis astounded us by buying a dining suite of tables and chairs and stowing them away in places only he knew.

Perhaps the most exclusive portion of the Wardroom (by age as much as anything), is the group called HODS. This committee is run by the First Lieutenant and is supposed to publish short and long casts as well as run the ship. Of this Club, our Supply Officer, Doug Kerr, can claim to have
the longest RPC for his birthday commission record of 18 hours. The Flight Commander, Joe Tunnicliff (whose cabin door is always closed), was the originator of many a boardroom discussion. Probably his last commission as a pilot borne for flying, it is rumoured he will be posted off to head the Lynx Introduction Programme into the RNZN. As you can imagine many discussions are had in the Wardroom. The following are a few extracts from some of these:

"The law of averages states quite clearly that unusual events do not happen often."

"I'm not drinking any alcohol for a week." (rash statement — failed.)

"On every other ship I've been on I've had Glen Morangie." To which the Mess Treasurer replied, "On every other ship I've been on people paid their mess bills on time."

During the final stages of the passage to Sydney. "You know that land you saw this morning and took a fix off . . . . Well, it just rained on us."

No doubt by the end of this commission the Wardroom of CANTERBURY will have changed considerably (so hopefully will the carpet) however, comradeship and good relations have seen us through many a hardship. (bad movies, anchor beer).

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Back Row: Ens McDougall, Ens Kerr, Ens Watts, S/Lt Barrett, S/Lt Hipango, S/Lt Van der Velde, S/Lt Routledge, S/Lt Parr, S/Lt Stonyer, Lt Buchan, Lt Streefkerk, Lt Ebrey

Front Row: Lt Pringle, Lt/Cdr Tunnicliffe, Lt/Cdr Stewart, Cdr Cootes, Captain Carl, Lt/Cdr Byrne, Lt/Cdr Kerr, Lt/Cdr McHaffie, Lt Rae
THE GUNNERS


Front Row: ABS Key, LS Webber, LS Robb, POS George, S/Lt Hipango, Lt Ebrey, Ens Kerr, POGI Wills, LS Stokes, LS James, ABS Teapotonga, ABS Mete

The Gunnery Division is made up of all kinds of people, fat ones short ones, even a few slow ones.

On our present deployment we left New Zealand with 25 Junior Rates and Two Senior Rates. Officers don’t count. (Officers can’t count) We had the pleasure of losing one Leading Gunner (said he had a knee ailment but was later photographed running a wheelbarrow race). After losing our Leading Gunner we had the misfortune of a swift Leading Writer taking his place in the mess and he is still there to this day.

The Gunners have had a long string of achievements not the least of which was managing to get away 188 bullets and two Seacat missiles much to the pleasure of our intrepid maintainers. We managed successful firings in all three modes (AA, SU, NGS) plus carrying out miscellaneous firings for training purposes. Both missiles were successful kills except for records on one (Watch out Argentina). All these firings have contributed towards the Monowai Trophy. We can proudly say we are the only ship with a successful AA2 shoot. We won’t go into our other achievements ashore as we like to think we keep a low profile.

We have had several personal achievements in which all our Ordinary Gunners reached the dizzy heights of Able Gunners and one morbid Able Gunner reached the ecstatic height of Leading Gunner. In round figures the Gunnery Division has a 50–50 chance of surviving the remainder of the Deployment.

Love from
The Gunners
ODE TO A SONARMAN

A transmission goes out, a ping bounces back,
"Look 'ere Tosh, did you 'ear that".
The Sonarmen's eyes, they light up with glee,
"We're got one of them things, that live under the Sea".

Echo pitch high, the Lads all say.
Perhaps ther's a torpedoe swimming our way,
Never mind boys, we'll say and be true,
But to be safe, we'll report the thing through.

The Ops Room leaps to action; at last,
Tables switched on and the Radar goes fast,
Up pops the marker, and something to plot,
After all Lads, that's the R.P.'s lot.

The Sub, like a whale, twists in and out,
Pitching and diving and wriggling about,
For he can do his leaps and his bounds,
We have him Lads and it's all done by sound.

The chopper takes off, two torpedoes beneath,
A grim faced Pilot, rigged up in a sheath;
He follows a marker the Controller displays,
Which the Sonarmen give, in the most efficient way.

Torpedoes aren't dropped any old how,
but on a signal, of "Now, Now, Now".
Down through the surface; way down beneath,
They hunt out, the sub, away underneath.

So many fine Lad, drink with good cheer,
Now that you know, the Sonarmen are here,
Be proud and be happy, be proud and be free,
For he'll keep you safe, from the Submarine.

By Hull Outfit 18


Front Row: ABS Fraser, ABS Jamieson, POS Trotter, Ens McDougall, S/Lt Barrett, POTASI Law, POS Lamb, ABS Haslett, ABS Hunt
THE MUSHROOM'S MEMOIRS

Since the ship completed its work-up we have participated in several exercises. Rimpac was the largest exercise and involved all onboard. Not the least was the R.P. Division which closed up for eighteen days of boredom. With a 'Silent' Emcon Policy the ops room was turned into a library (technical pubs of course) and writing room (task books). We even had a dice game going in one corner with Hobart winning on ONE occasion.

With 993 only, (did we ever have 965, 1006?) we tracked on tables, spoke on circuits, plotted planes, updated unknowns and consumed coffee. The division has been lucky in the relatively low turn over of people, and as such, we have had time to settle into an efficient team. Our DO until February 1982 was Sub Lt J Routledge (ASAC at 23) who was promoted (??) to Can't-Control-Own-Aircraft-Officer. Replacing him was an Officer who is well known for his shallow water technique, Sub Lt Van Der Velde.

"Barge", our Buffer is RP if the mood suits him and he took over in the Ops Room when Morris Jury went home with a bent back. Wonk Reid, our Ops Chief, took up astro navigation on the way over from Hawaii and can at last find his way around an Ops Room. Steve Rush, our number two ASAC and Division Leading Hand has made a name for himself with aircraft. As an ASAC he can't fly aircraft but can jump out of them. Dave and Ian work as a team, one runs for both of them the other sleeps for both of them. Of Brick we see very little. He can be found asleep with the Navigator in the Chart House until 1600. Brick's friend, who loves his run ashore, was recently seen down the 'Wang' looking for a wife. Apparently the allowances are better.

The Senior Stars, Harry, Gary and Garth are the calm silent types of the division. Of the Ords who joined last year, all have now starred in more ways than one. Running through the list we have, Mac (the Handler), Morts (the Lover), Sads, Billy (he 965 kid), Rod, Sid, Tommy, JJ and of course Lester.


Front Row: ABS Owen, ABS Brickland, ABS Guthrie, WOS Bruce, S/Lt Van der Velde, Lt Buchan, Lt/Cdr McHaffie, CPOPRI Reid, Ens Martin, LS Tairoa, ABS Leslie
COMMUNICATORS’ DITS AND DAHS

“England expects every man to do his duty” Nelson, Oct 1805
“I don’t know” or “It’s not ours, see the Communicators”


Back Row: ARO Newland, ARO Deane, ARO Wilson, AGS Marshall, AGS Barakat, ASG Foster, ARO Dalrymple, AGS Cassin, ARO Gapes, ARO Munroe
Front Row: LRO Belcher, LRO Stokes, LSG Williams, LRO Hartley, CPORS Dell, Lt Streeffkirk, S/Lt Purr, POYS Matenga, LSG McLean, LSG Prouse, ASG Ellice

As with all deployments, the Communicators got off to an excellent start developing great camaraderie and friendship par excellence with all. Since our departure from Auckland with Taranaki in February, most of the communicators have been in two watches. It would appear that we were unable to count past two. The remainder of the ship starts at twenty and has trouble counting backwards. They seem to get stuck at four although some bright spark manages to get to two.

Our few days with Taranaki were enjoyable. At least we spoke the same language. However our troubles started as soon as we deployed with our Allies for Sea Eagle 82. Claytons advertisement seems most appropriate. The men from the Land of the Long-tailed Rat seemed to be at each other’s throat and our American friends always requested to be stationed no closer than twenty miles from any unit. We gritted our teeth and pressed on regardless.

We left Australia for Fiji where we stayed for three days before heading off to Hawaii and Rimpac 82. Up to this point we had been reading the Australian multi-channel broadcast being reradiated from HMAS Hobart. We then shifted to an American High Frequency single channel broadcast which proved to work remarkably well. The broadcast operators received over 4,000 signals in three weeks with having to ask for only one rerun.

The Branch was able to wind down a little in Suva. If there was some place of ill repute, the lads seemed to find it – particularly Buzzarooo. With his eyeballs, people wondered how he could read a light. With speed restrictions en route to Pearl Harbour, there was still no let-up. Exercises were programmed daily. The Aussies must be hinting that our training should be done at Cerberus. It must have been a joy for the Engineer when we found Cimmaron. What a joy for us. Tales of how good the Yanks were with visual signalling. To our surprise and horror these so called experts were like trainees. You didn’t know what was coming next. And day followed proverbial day, this became the rule not the exception.
A well deserved break for the boys was taken in Pearl Harbour. The Jossman must have loved us for keeping him employed. And there was a peg in the liberty board at 0800, nine times out of ten it belonged to a Communicator.

Rimpac was a fantastic exercise. The only thing anyone was sure of was the time we were departing for the exercise. With the wide range of weapons carried onboard, the signalmen were kept busy “firing” the guns and missiles. However we fouled up when one trigger would not depress and our honourable comrades from HOBARTSKY blew us out of the water. Watch out Sydney Harbour bridge. The best unscheduled event was us getting a day earlier. One thing that was learnt from operating with our American Allies is don’t believe everything you read.

On sailing from Pearl Harbour at the end of April we found ourselves in company with an American Task Group and this time reading the Aussie broadcast rerad from HMAS BRISBANE. On 10 May BRISBANE and ourselves shifted to MRL9 controlled from Hong Kong. On arrival in Hong Kong, the MCO closed down and went to Hand Message Organization – the lads deserving a well earned rest. The break was well appreciated by all on board before setting sail.

In the four months we have already been away from home, the “doughy” lot on here have:

Sent — 129 telegrams
Made — 128 radio telephone calls
Sent — 201 lots of flowers

“SPARKS” and “Billy Bunting”

THE SUPER GREENIES


Centre Row: PORM Ramsay, POEL Coley, LLF Stitchbury, POCEM Tahu, APPWF Keall, LRF Molton, LLF Wilson, LRF Mackey, LSM Brydon, APPLF Stellingwerf, APPWF Stewart, APPLF Smith, AWLFM Dobson, APPLF Swann, APPRF Christophus, APPRF Halverson, APPLF Goodwin, APPRF Fletcher, LWN McLean, POCEA McClune, POEL Cameron

Front Row: CPOREM Thomas, CPOREM Preston, POCEA Kinera, POREM Milne, CPOEI Campbell, WOCEA Stephen, Lt Cdr Stewart, Lt Rae, POREM Harrison, FOREM Blair, CPOREM Smith
The super greenies from 3M port started the 1981/82 commission with a hiss and a roar winning the Captain’s Round’s cake on the first occasion despite all efforts by the troglodytes to ensure that 3M was constantly under water and the TS flat likewise under diesel. This high standard from day one resulted in 3M port being disqualified from all future competitions, it being explained that the other messes would lose heart if 3M always took the cake.

The “Aussie Work-up” provided a few noteworthy incidents. The most momentous was the bringing down of the Delmar target during an AA2, the standard not being reached because a left and right run had not been achieved. Being ‘Auto’ runs naturally caused the gunners to celebrate in a seaman-like manner at their success. However, this incident saw the birth of our very own ‘Headrope’ Henderson. The Final Battle problem should probably rate a mention if only for the fact that the main B/Cast was inoperative for most of the forenoon, this proving to be far more of a help than a hindrance.

Home for Christmas and the standard 50% change around in crew expected from a well worked up team. The arrival of 14 new apprentices and litter mates. Tamaki conveniently forgot to train these young warriors. However, being fairly quick on the uptake, they managed to fit in very well with a little guidance from Herbie Hewitt, the hero of the mess deck. Big Ned our revered Warrant Officer was also among the changes, going on to bigger and better things, namely the NBCD School and a well deserved MBE.

By February the sleek grey merchant of death was once again ready for deployment and we arrived back in Sydney, our second home port, to a re-vamped Venus Room re-named The Raft. To the uninitiated The Raft is an exclusive little restaurant in Kings Cross where the lower deck of WE was periodically cleared and Scottie could be seen dancing underneath the ‘No Male Dancers’ sign. A minor technical hitch in G2 armature on 7 March ensured a longer stay in Sydney.

‘Seatime’ and BOHICA followed the severing of the umbilical cord holding us in Sydney (despite continued threats by Garden Island Dockyard Maties not to disconnect our shore power) and, we proceeded in a northerly direction for Suva in company with Aussies various. The personnel exchange programme was not extremely successful as the Australians thwarted all attempts to get rid of our immigrant brother greenies by sending them back after 1 or 2 days.

From Suva, Pearl Harbour appeared on the horizon 9 days and one dateline later. This proved to be reasonable rabbit run with the inconvenience of RIMPAC interrupting an otherwise peaceful routine. The radio branch found its forte here by having 1010, RRB, 965 and 1006 all OPDExFed at the same time — and that was while under radio and radar silence. One can only imagine what would have happened if the operators had been allowed to turn anything on. An AA2 however, was achieved during the weapon training phase thanks to the long hours worked by Jim Stephen, Steve Lucas and of course, The Headrope.

Fourteen days after departing Papa Hotel. The bright lights of Wanchai and Kowloon beckoned all the younger super greenies to experience the Far East. This resulted in five greenie apprentices being apprehended in Ricki’s tattoo parlour, — fortunately for them DNEO was not the Officer of the Day. Branch runs, various and blind, took place in the China Fleet Club and fortunately the WEO and DWEO were unable to afford the considerable capital outlay required.

A Clayton’s visit to Manila was effected with our dramatic diversion to Singapore to join the RN Indian Ocean task force earlier than previously planned. Sembawang and Nee Soon Bars proved too much and the first greenie leave breaker of the trip appeared at defaulters. Singapore produced all the changes in programme that the newspapers had been proclaiming for some time, however STARFISH ’82 was ‘ALL ON’ and on completion of this major exercise the whole WE department was allowed the privilege of completing a questionnaire on the WE branch structure study while ‘love-lorn’ wives and ladies waited impatiently.
ANALYTICAL THINKING FROM THE STEAM TEAM

Reference: The Concise Oxford Dictionary

TROGLODYTE — cave dweller, especially of pre-historic times; hermit; anthropoid ape.

For a number of years now, Engineers have been referred to as Troglozytes. Sometimes in the more friendly atmosphere of a bar or a mess they have been referred to as Troggs. How could such a name come to specifically applied to Engineers? An analysis of the various meanings from The Reference may help unravel this mystery.

— Cave Dweller: in the days of sail the lower deck lived in the foc’sle. From my reading of Melville Conrad, Monsaratt and such authors, the foc’sle was cold, dark, wet, had but one entrance and was continually dank, mouldy and smelly.

— Especially of Pre-Historic times: well, there are some elderly engineers but age is not exclusive to engineers. Perhaps this refers to our machinery; I’ll be the first to admit that we are not into modern gas turbine technology, nor does it appear likely that we will be in the near future. However the Y160 plant is the very latest development of steam propulsion from the drawing boards at Bath, first coming in to service a mere 12 years ago. Hardly prehistoric!

— Hermit: Well I ask you? Have you ever met a more gregarious, affable, friendly bunch than the engineers? No.

— Anthropoid Ape: There are, and there have been in the branch those that were given such nicknames as ‘Gorilla’ but this generally refers to their particular style of carrying out delicate maintenance or operational tasks. The Chief Stoker has occasionally been known to refer to a stoker as “*********** ape” when mildly rebuking him, but surely this is not the reason for all engineers being called Troglozytes. It would be more reasonable to expect that a corruption of the international term for a seaman — a deck-ape, or perhaps the powder monkey of Nelson’s time, would be derived from this meaning.

— Particular race of Ethiopian People: In the days of the slave trade, slaves from African countries, including Ethiopia, were transported to the Americas. They were chained in dank, dark holds that could be likened to caves, but this is discounted because, again, engineers were not yet at sea.

— Greek: Well, admittedly a lot of engineering principles were founded by the early Greek engineers but this discipline has advanced considerably since then. The term Troglozyte only came into use recently, considering the centuries that have passed since Archimedes went running naked down the street.

— Trogle: That’s nothing unique to engineers, everybody has one of those.

So, why are we called TROGLODYTES? I don’t know, but let’s take, as a representative bunch of engineers, the ME department of HMNZS CANTERBURY, and the places that they work and live.

At any time of the night or day you will find them out in the open, freely mingling with the rest of the ship’s company, generally re-assuring them that the occasional efflux from the funnel is a health tonic, nothing nasty. We have a good representation in all ship’s sports teams, from the MEO (hash house harriers), the WMEM (Rugby), the Chippy (Soccer), and so on throughout the branch, including a strong representation in the supporters club. Which branch made up the majority of the team from the After POs mess that dragged every other mess in the ship several times around the flight deck to win the inter-port tug-of-war? 3K mess started off well in the inter-mess quiz, are still doing well and have not failed to hand in an answer sheet yet. Did anybody see the MEO and AMEO proceed ashore to a social function in Pearl Harbour? Chauffeur driven car, orange
overalls, purple bow ties, gold cummerbunds, polished steaming boots, wheel spanners and torches. Hardly the actions of a hermit. How about the mess deck? Although not yet the winner of Captain’s rounds this year, it’s always clean, tidy and neat and well decorated. Furnishings that the Navy could provide were not good enough for the mess. They had to go ashore in Pearl Harbour and buy new carpet with their mess fund. Caves? No. What about the machinery spaces? The best laid out ship in the fleet. Air-conditioned, nice and brightly lit, spotlessly clean and kept that way. No longer is the art of feed pump and steam drain cooking practised in machinery spaces; electric frying pans now grace both the MCR and Boiler Room. Hardly prehistoric.

It seems fairly obvious that the marine engineers are not Troglopytes, so now lets look around the ship.

Have you ever visited the bridge at night? Very reminiscent of a glow-worm cave. Ever tried to shine a light therein? People cringe. They won’t leave the bridge either, real hermits. On the odd occasion that an Officer does leave the bridge what does he do? Disappears into his little cabin, shuts the door and deadlight and turns out all the lights – day or night! “TROGLODYTIC?”

Forward of the bridge there is a structure of unknown purpose or value. Occasionally it is used to knock unsuspecting runners off their feet, but mainly it ensures that the foc’sle cannot be used. I’m convinced that somebody lives in there because at odd times the back door opens just long enough to destroy the air-conditioning throughout the ship. A little figure dressed all in black jumps out and does some ritualistic dance, shouts some incantation presumably to his ancient Gods and clambers back inside. “TROGLODYTICAL?”

Look in the Ops Room. Sorry, you can’t see because it is pitch black. However, there is a group in there who has obviously progressed to the hieroglyph stage of writing which it proceeds to practice with vigour all over the “cave” walls and what are obviously some form all altars. “PREHISTORIC?”

In various small compartments deep within the ship the odd CEA, REA, RMECH etc. can be found, intently staring at yet another item of defective equipment, willing it to work. The compartment is invariably poorly lit. Try to be friendly, or invite him up into the open air. If your presence is even acknowledged it’s to tell you to go away, or words to that effect. “TROGLOYTISM?”

In other small dark, compartments throughout the ship all the stores and supplies are kept under lock and key by the supplies department. This ensures that none of it can be used, thus keeping their books straight. Everything that we need is in one of these little out of the way places. “TROGLES?”

Then to crown it all, have you ever witnessed a ship’s evolution such as a heavy jackstay transfer or something similar? “ANTHROPOID APES?”

The only conclusion that can be drawn is that somewhere along the line the true meaning and derivation has been twisted. It’s not the Marine Engineers that are TROGLOYTES, it’s every other branch in the Navy. Henceforward we shall refer to you all as “TROGLOYTES”, however, since we’re such a friendly bunch, in conversation, we’ll just call you TROG.
Back Row:  LMF Tougher, (Yogi)  APP MF Strachan, (Gorilla)  APP MF Pedersen, (Maggot)  LME Anderson, (Andy)
APP MF Sanders (Sandy)  OMEM Magan, (Darryl)  OMFM Cox, (Chopper)  APPMF Millar, (Dusty)
APPMF Stevenson, (Stevo)  APPMF Cameron, (Tumai)  LMF McLean, (Mac)  APPMF Parkinson, (Parky)
APPMF Hulsdonw, (Goat)  APPMF Trethewey, (Threeways)  AMFM Harding, (Norm)  LMF Dixon, (Dixie)
APPMF McKenna, (Big Mac)

Centre Row:  CPOMEA Ferguson, (Fergy)  APPMF Williams, (Baj)  APPMF Enticott, (Apricot)  LMF Thrupp, (Thruppy)
LME Schippers, (Skippy)  APPMF Donaldson, (Duck)  APPMF Hamilton, (Lugs)  APPMF Irving, (Irus)
LMF Highman, (Duke)  LME Dingwall, (Dings)  LME Cowan, (Jock)  APPMF Finerty, (Fins)
AME Melbourne, (Mel)  APPMF Boult, (Bolty)  APPMF McMaster, (Mac)  APPMF Falconer, (Max)
CPOMEA Shore (Butch)

Front Row:  POME Riddle, (Oscar)  POME Hall, (Knobby)  POME Hall, (Rex)  CPOMEA Butt, (Jeff)  Lt Pringle, (AMEO)
Cdr Cootes, (MEO)  WOMEM Llewellyn, (Chief Tiff)  POMEA Falloon, (Terry)  CPOMEA Airey, (Titch)
POMEA Yuill, (Dave)  POMF Corbett, (Glen)  POMEM Wilson, (Dog)  CPOME Lind (Frank)
Absent:  COPMEN Henderson, (Chick)  LMF Warhurst (Scarwars) (OG’s)
(Dentist)
Since commissioning in July 1981 the Supply and Secretariat Department has been (as always!) “hard at it”. Through harbour acceptance trials, sea acceptance trials, wash up in Australian waters, followed by a larger than usual (unexpectedly) deployment overseas, there has certainly been sufficient for all sections of the department to get on with. With only a few minor exceptions, the Supply Team has remained unchanged throughout the period. The previous Supply Officer (Lt Cdr Doug Kerr) was dragged, screaming from the ship in Singapore to take up a post in Wellington, and his relief, Tony Chadwick, joined on 12 June.

Naval Stores.

The stores team has been together since the beginning of the refit in August 1980 and have without a shadow of a lie put together the best stores section in the Fleet. A few records have been broken — fastest de-store and re-store into and out of FSOP (23 tons in 2 days??) — 100% muster of Naval Stores with only 2 discrepancies — and so on. “Spike” Huges regrettably had to leave the ship in Singapore (June 1982) and until his relief joins in Auckland, Graham Ellis holds the reins trying to control such evil personalities as “Lofty”. Young Shailes is considering taking up painting office doors as a hobby and Henry is going to work in a freezing works (candle test Henry?)

Pay.

Under the guidance and absolute superb control of POWTR (Toots) Tutauha, the Writer staff of HMNZS CANTERBURY — LWTR “Oxy” Oxenham (ships office), AWTR “Mary” Mills (ships diver), AWTR “Darwin” Smith (management office — when he can manage it) and AWTR “Glenn” Thornton (pay office), have really kept the ship under a tight rein.

The trip started off pretty quietly, but we soon entered into the true spirit of things — just ask Toots and his run-ashore oppo Smitty (Ye ole Sydney town). Far out in front and keeping up to his usual debauched standards was Oxy — just managing to keep on his feet when returning on board. Bringing up the rear and just holding us together came Glenn. There’s an old saying: “beware of the quiet ones”. And as for Mary — well what can we say.

As a matter of interest, the Pay Office on board has so far paid out NZ$536,548. 57. So fellas, treat us right and you may get paid on time.

PUSSERS

Back Row: LSA Pinnan, ASA Goldsworthy, ACK Williams, ACK Mangino, LCK Eastbury, ACK Rook, LCK Goodwillie, LCK Sankey, ASTD Watson, LSTD Fisher

Centre Row: ACK Boulton, AWTR Smith, AWTR Mills, ASTD Collins, LSTD Hewitson, ASA Henry, ASA Shailes, ASTD Timmins, LCK Helm, ASTD Schultz, ASTD Watson, LSTD Fisher

Front Row: AWTR Thornton, ASA Duffy, POSA Ellis, CPOSA Hughes, S/Lt Sherborne, Lt/Cdr Kerr, S/Lt Stonyer, CPOSTD Heywood, POWTR Tutauha, LWTR Oxenham
Galley.

Never before have so many choices been seen on a menu. "Not crayfish again" has been the cry throughout the commission. Tony Martyn’s team had a busy time:

- Eggs: 8,200 dozen
- Potatoes: 54,725 Kilograms
- Bread: 173,250 slices
- Tripe: 30 Kilograms (!!!)
- Chickens: 3,492 Number

Stewards.

Since the beginning of the Commission, we have watched the gradual moulding/unmoulding of an elite team of Stewards. It has brought a few laughs and quite a few tears, especially when it comes to brewing coffee which has often been referred to as tar. Of course, the best part of the Stewards' day comes at 1600 hrs when the Duty Steward provides the offices with his version of scones, pikelets, etc. "Fish" came up with some pikelets that were later sold to Firestone for retreads. "Watty" came up with a scone which we think may be our answer to the Exocet missile. There were other mixy-blobs from the rest which were banned for health reasons.

Sports-wise, the boys have been quite active. We won the plate in the last volleyball competition, won the crib and were runners up in the uckers. We combined with the chefs in the tug o’ war, but bowed out to the Gunners. Watty and Tom are playing 1st and 2nd fifteen rugby, which isn’t too bad for a supposedly feminine branch.

As you will probably have noticed, the only time you see Paul smile is when he is either off watch, or has been given a make-and-mend. As for Timmo, you only see him during cleaning stations and when he is duty, as he usually sleeps the rest of the time — which is why I have to sign off now as guess who has just turned off the light?

THE FLIGHT DIT

Back Row: Sgt "Soup Bones" Borrie, Sgt Keith Ryan, Sgt Dave Vos, Sgt Brent Hopley
Front Row: Flt Sgt "Kooze" Johnson, Lt/Cdr Joe Tunnicliffe, Sgt "Wonco" Hohaia
THE "SCENIC" ROUTE

The re-commissioning saw some very old members along with some young fresh faces, including the Pilot. Shakedown and Workup in Australia provided a period for Navalising the new crabs and Aviating the fishheads (seamanship is Airmanship at a tenth of the speed, with all the lashing numbers on one side.)

The flight disembarked to NAS NOWRA during the workup in order to re-orientate to the professional side of Naval life (Aviation). Whilst their workup training was continued in the form of a fire exercise (in a cabin) and sea survival training (the flt cdr has been re-briefed that it is not normal to carry out this drill in white uniform), the flight also made a comprehensive study of the effects of RIOT JUICE consumed in the hot sun and the after effects this has on bouncers! (One member was always noticeable by his early assisted departure from the venue.)

Home for Christmas and then Squadex when F11’s flight defeated a numerically superior team from Waikato at the inter-flight tug of war. With the amount of encouragement received from the fishheads, the end result was never in doubt.

The next stop in the travels of 460s grey funnel line tourists was – Australia again! Exercise Sea Eagle came and went and the ships Greensies very thoughtfully provided an extended period in Sydney which enabled the flight to once again disembark to NAS NOWRA. This time a Navex was conducted to Canberra and back via the "scenic" route, the Vietnam War was re-fought, and the Pusser very thoughtfully provided transport which the local law insisted on inspecting!!

Exercise BOHICA (Bend Over Here It Comes Again) was the name of the passage exercise to Pearl Harbour in company with members of the RAN Task Group. A short stop was made in Suva where the flight (maintenance section) took part in the Hash run and the pilot took a short but expensive flight.

Arrival Pearl Harbour and into Rimpac. A few passenger transfers, a lot of sea and two torpedo drops. One member of the flight once again found it difficult to remain in any one place ashore for a reasonable period. A few members of the flight took the opportunity to visit their 5 Squadron RNZAF compatriots, and were introduced to the "Gidunk" Bar (insert 50 cents into the machine and "Gidunk", one Budweiser!) One flight member also carried out a crash on desk drill in the hangar (hammock broke!). No injuries were sustained, as it was head first.

We sailed from Pearl Harbour to Hong Kong on USS (usually at sea, Saturday and Sundays) Canterbury, with the USS Ranger Battle Group. This transit once again distinguished by the amount of assistance we provided to enable luncheon dates to be kept, and personnel to visit their neighbours. Also the magnificent unending sea views made a deep impression on all concerned (all that water and no scotch).

Seven days alongside in Hong Kong provided the flight with the idea that the workload of the cruise was easing, and the downhill home run had commenced. Wrong! That idea provided to be false when the run ashore in Manila was cancelled and Canterbury diverted to Singapore for a deployment extension Westwards. There is one thing YOU can always say about life in a blue suit (be in dark blue or light blue), it is varied and unpredictable.
Since the ship commissioned in June 1981 it has been a very busy time for the E.W. staff. In July we started sea trials which was a good chance to get to know the gear, office layout and shake out any cobwebs. After sea trials we had a long stay in harbour during which the powers that be decided that we needed the E.W. operators pet hate, two weeks at North Head for, wait for it . . . . "Command Team Training" enough said!

Finally it was off to Sydney for our workup, a little bit of rip, tear, rape and plunder then settling down to the serious matter of workup which was very good experience but oh, somebody forgot to give us an escort with E.W. gear. Never mind, we got through that and home for Christmas. Back off leave and time to set the ball rolling and prepare for Squadex, a good exercise and good experience.

Now we have the big one, our 1982 deployment which started with a trip back to good old Sydney town and Sea Eagle '82. A bit of Claytons then we were off to Fiji with the Australian Task Group and on to Hawaii for Rimpac '82. Tons of E.W. exercises and Rimpac Phase 111, to top it off saw the exercise under complete silence and E.W. proving itself. This highlighted a very successful exercise. A couple of days rest and across the Pacific with the Ranger Battle Group to Hong Kong and finally it was all worthwhile. A Soviet Bear "B" and afterwards a couple of Bear "D" with heaps of good surveillance work. At last Hong Kong and a Good Rest period. Lots of sight-seeing and sun.

Having left Hong Kong for Manila correction Singapore we have the prospect of another short rest before starfish then to destinations unknown. Maybe a bit of R and R with the Ayotolla Khomeini, but with our expert E.W. staff we should well be able to handle it. To date we have intercepted, analysed and classified approximately 2000 radars and have never heard of that thing called two or three watches, maybe it is put out by seiko!! So there you have it from the squadrons 'eyes and ears' Roger, Buck, Steve, Chris, Merv, and Rhys.
From the time of Commissioning the ship’s company has contributed the following to Public Funds:

$4,726 in fines
174 days leave stopped
45 extra days work
7 GCB’s forfeited
30 days grog stoppage
1 hook
42 days detention (suspended)

Notes:
(i) Numerous ID cards lost with the classic excuse so far being: “I left in a lady’s handbag!”
(ii) Comment passed at the Captain’s Table from a nameless Sergeant: “I didn’t want to go ashore sir, but he ordered me to accompany him!”

THE NAVIGATOR

An odd adherent of celestial navigation belonging to a peculiar cult whose members profess to believe that it is possible to tell where you are by consulting mystical tables and peering at the stars and planets through an entertaining, albeit expensive, device that looks like something abandoned by the dental profession around the turn of the century, and which, together with a good atlas, is of use in introducing the navigator to many interesting areas on the earth’s surface which he and his ship was not within 1,000 nautical miles of.

Though rarely dangerous, celestial navigators — or ‘Starries’ as they are sometimes called — are avid proselytizers, and sailors who don’t want to be pressed into joining in their odd rituals are advised to give them a wide berth, especially at twilight, when they gather on deck and number numbers at one another.
Lieutenant Greg Buchan
Squadron Navigator — does occasional dog watch on the bridge to keep his hand in. Otherwise rarely seen.

Lieutenant Steve Streefkerk
Ship’s Navigator — had the wrong passage plan out on sailing Hong Kong, with the result that the ship ended up in Singapore instead of Manila.

Sub Lieutenant Magnavox
Deputy Navigator — nicknamed ‘Satnav’. This guy spends all his time on the bridge keeping the OOW company. Has the occasional difference of opinion with the navigator regarding ship’s position. Refuses to write reports of proceedings.

Various Ensigns
Assistant navigators trying hard to learn, give out a variety of positions which have been known to be accurate once or twice.

Able Seaman Brickland
Navigator’s Yeoman, keeps the department running and cleans the charts after OOWs have doodled all over them. Keeps the navigator in line by not letting him use the charthouse during working hours.

Titbits

Distance steamed since 81 refit — Singapore 34,737.3 NM
Hours underway since 81 refit — Singapore 2,472.6 hrs
Average speed

Longest period at sea in one month — March 1982 7,451.2 miles in 489.2 hours (20.3 days)
Closely followed by — April 1982 7,035.9 miles in 422.9 hours (17.6 days)

STATISTICS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CAN</th>
<th>Man</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ice-creams</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cigarettes</td>
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<td>Potato Chips</td>
<td>810 packets</td>
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<tr>
<td>Goffas</td>
<td>13,680 cans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fruit Juice</td>
<td>280 packets</td>
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</table>
Diving — what diving! Well team, for all those Jacques Cousteau’s out there, that have been on a diving team, you all know the inherent problems that arise when ye olde bubbies want a dip. Nevertheless we have managed to maintain the required standard and have had some enjoyable dives along the way.

The 288 runs as follows: The first two or three months after the ship’s refit proved to be tense, what with all the other departments trying to get themselves ready for the TRE and workup, the poor old divers were left to play in puddles — those that the ship had. We were in a sorry state as far as divers numbers were concerned, and a large group of ships company were placed on a course, but due to inclement weather only 1 of the original 5 from Canterbury passed out. They woke him after the party had finished and he graduated to the dizzy heights of the Diving Officer.

Unfortunately we were still under-manned as far as divers were concerned and we had to second some personnel to assist us through the TRE stages until some permanent postings came through. Having had a few hernias and heart stops with the HODs, the Diving Branch was finally declared operational and off we went to do the workup. Yaa Hoo!! Watch out for the sharks — nobblers don’t nibble — they say the sharks are well fed here! They couldn’t scare us, we’re divers!?

Well, Aussie proved to be eventful, yet the only decent operational requirement that was given to the divers was the Distex at Jervis Bay. The team was called away to the landing wharf of the Distex team to sanitise the area and clear any underwater obstructions. The boat and 44 gallon drums that had been there for Waikato’s workup previously was still there and presented no problem at all. That was the workup, and the first decent awkward that was successfully completed was during Squadex, when the ODT attacked us.

So, we had got through the first few months without a major catastrophe and now tuned to a fine edge, went on our commission, ready to do or dive for country. Fiji was good value for the divers, as we not only got the ME requirements out of the way but we also did a day or two of recreational diving off the reef. The water was beautiful and the sun great. The hardest thing is to suntan the other half of a wetsuit suntan. Be warned! If in future, ships get up to Pearl Harbour, just do a quick trip to the Sub-Base and organise a day in their escape chamber. We spent an enjoyable day conducting free and buoyant ascents with them, and gained some helpful experience. Their safety requirements are very strict. Adhere to their wishes. Don’t turn up with a group of divers who look, feel, and smell as though they slept in a beer barrel. Yanks have no ha ha! Never mind, it’s all good stuff, so if the opportunity arises, grab it! It’s a day well spent.

Now that we are in the East, we have only dived a couple of times on the hull. The water is a little dirty and the visibility is pretty bad, but nevertheless, we did some test dives for all those hopefuls and had a good pass rate of 7. Well, that’s about it from the divers. We will try and do some dives in all those exotic new places we are going to, and show the local talent that divers do do it deeper.

Jaques.
THE COOK’S POT

You either love us, hate us, abuse us, or praise us. No matter what, you never ignore us!

The three most essential things on our tables are:

Bread
Milk
Tomato Sauce.

We get the blame if one or the other is missing. When we ran out of bread during Rim-pac, we guys baked for you and what did you do with our fresh bread? Toasted it! Didn’t you think we baked it long enough? In the mornings we get the same old question, “Where is the milk?” Do you think we are cows? As for tomato sauce, well, what can I say? Who else but Jacks makes tomato sauce sandwiches, puts tomato sauce on Chinese dishes and even puts it on spaghetti and baked beans? There are even the odd few who put it on roasts.

Let’s look at the branches that we have. Shall we start with the dit dahs. One of them comes in every morning to cook his own eggs. He is a connoisseur of fried eggs. Don’t worry, Charlie, I won’t say it’s you. At night when we give them victuals, there’s a certain chap amongst them that thinks they are all for him.

Now the deck apes. How many leading seamen have The Morning? I’m sure they all fight for it. There are usually more of them at Watch Keepers’ scran than watch on deck.

Bilge Rats always occupy the front right hand table and they seem drawn to it like a fly to rotten meat. I’ve even seen them wait for a vacant seat there while other tables are free.

Lek Leks don’t like garlic and are always on board when we are alongside for scran. Ask Dave Cowan. He should either be permanent Quarter Master or write the menus!

Stewards. Now there’s a switched-on branch. You see, every day they have to get the menu from down the galley, so it only takes them two trips: one for the main courses, the other for the veg. What more can I say!

Harv’s Boys. Now these guys are the quiet ones, hardly come across except for one. He’s a man mountain and stands a cool pick handle under six foot. The Ox. If there’s a man on board to take Tank on for an eating competition, it’s him!

Finally, the Stores guys. Most of us eat in the dining hall. Somehow this dark chap from Gisborne (obviously still cave dwellers down there) Henry, troughs most of the food down the fridges, oblivious to the cold. He has the look of the dark ages about him, and when most people sleep, the hibernates.

As for us Cooks — we get a lot of laughs out of you guys, but ask Terry Helm if he now knows what a Banyan is.

That’s all from us.
The sports listed below are those that were booked through the PTIs as "ship's organised sports", and do not include activities done on a personal basis, such as running, squash, tennis, etc. They will be listed in three categories: At Sea, Inter-Ship, and Interdepartmental/Internal Sports. A total of 25 different activities and sports were arranged, and results were as follows:

At Sea

**Inter-Mess Volleyball**

1st Competition:
- Winners: Communicators
- Runners Up: RP
- Fwd POs
- Sonarmen "Mixy Blobs"

2nd Competition:
- Winners: Stewards
- Runners Up: Greenies
- Aft POs
- Sonarmen
- Still to be decided

**Inter-Mess "Tug O' War"**
- Winners
- Runners Up
- Plate

**Inter-Mess Deck Hockey**
- Winners: Aft POs
- Runner Up: Fwd POs
- Plate Winners: Communications
- Runners Up: Upper Chiefs

**Inter-Ship**

**Volleyball**
- Played 5
- Won 4
- Lost 1

v Torrens
won 2 - 1

v Brisbane
won 2 - 1

v Hobart
won 2 - 1

v RFMF
won 2 - 1

v Tamar
lost 1 - 2

**Ruby 1st XV**
- Played 5
- Won 5

v Supply
won 12 - 0

v RFMF
won 6 - 4

v Hobart
won 18 - 0

v Hawaiian Harlequins
won 6 - 4

v Brisbane
won 13 - 6

**Rugby 2nd XV**
- Played 2
- Won 0
- Drew 2
- Lost 0

v Brisbane
drew 0 - 0

drew 10 - 10

v Honolulu University

**Squash**
- Played 3
- Lost 3

v Supply
lost 1 - 5

v Melbourne
lost 1 - 5

v Tamar
lost 2 - 3
Soccer
Played 4 v Melbourne 4 – 1
Won 3 v Oulette 16 – 3
Drew 1 v Tera Nova 8 – 1
v Tamar 1 – 1

Golf
Played 4 Triangular Tournaments
Won 1 v Hobart v Brisbane won by 1½ games
Won 2 (by default) v Swan v Yarra won by default
Lost 1 v Brisbane won by default
v Tamar lost

Basketball
Played 1 v Tamar lost 36 – 66
Lost 1

Water Polo
Played 1 v Tamar lost 6 – 10
Lost 1

Jogger — Ran twice, both times in Sydney

Mini-Soccer
Played 9 ‘A’ team v Tamar won 2 lost 1
Won 3 ‘B’ team v Tamar won 1 drew 1 lost 1
Lost 5 ‘C’ team v Tamar lost 3
Drew 1

Interdepartment/Internal Sports
Interdepartmental Sports Afternoon/Games Evening
2 held — the 1st raised $1,700 for the Phil Humphreys Appeal Fund
the 2nd raised $495.55

It’s a Knockout
10 x 6 teams competed — overall winners S & S

Departmental Sports Days
2 held — 1 in Sydney and 1 in Hawaii

Cricket
Canterbury POs v Swan Pos
Canterbury won by 7 runs

Fun Run
1 held in aid of the NZ Cancer Society. $517 raised and 180 people ran.

The games listed below were all played internally. No results were recorded or necessary.

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<td>Soccer</td>
<td>5 games</td>
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<tr>
<td>Badminton</td>
<td>6 games</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tennis</td>
<td>3 games</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golf</td>
<td>2 games</td>
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SIX ALL DRAW WITH RNZAF SUS
HMNZS CANTERBURY

CRUISE BOOK '82