

AMBUSCADE

MONTHLY-FAMILY



NEWSLETTER.

FROM THE CAPTAIN

Quite a few old friends left the ship in Rosyth and their places have been taken by new AMBUSCADES, some of whom are with us temporarily and some permanently. A very warm welcome to all our new readers.

We have broken the back of this deployment now and the end of September, when we get home, is nearer than the stormy day in March when we sailed away to join STANAVFORLANT.

Although our time in Rosyth was brief, it was a great tonic for all of us to see you again and I would like to especially thank those who were able to make the long trip north to stay in Rosyth and be with us for the whole period. I hope you enjoyed the stay as much as we did.

Our condolences went to JS Tingle whom we had to land in St John's Newfoundland with grumbling appendicitis: in some ways we owe him a vote of thanks, as it entitled us to seven days extra Local Overseas Allowance!

This newsletter is being posted in Charleston, South Carolina and although we are still a long way from home we are pointing in the right direction and the message from all of us onboard is that:

AMBUSCADE IS ON HER WAY BACK TO YOU ALL AND WE ARE LONGING TO GET HOME.

CONGRATULATIONS to Sheila and Paul Gunther on the birth of a son, MARC on the 11th June in Plymouth.

FROM SCOTLAND TO THE STATES

It really was good to see you all again in June but by 24 June our all-too-short leave had finished and we sailed to begin the second half of our deployment with SNFL. Our sailing from Rosyth was delayed by thick fog in the Firth of Forth -- at one time it was beginning to look as though we wouldn't be able to leave that day -- but eventually at 11 o'clock we left the dockyard, sailed under the Forth Bridges and made our way towards the North Sea. The next morning we rounded Dunnet Head, the most northerly point on the mainland of Britain and passed through the Pentland Firth which separates Scotland from the Orkneys. By five we were off Cape Wrath and at eight we started bombardment firings against targets ashore. A team of spotters from the Royal Artillery at Poole had travelled up to the North of Scotland to assist us, and the force as a whole kept them busy until midnight. AMBUSCADE fired 96 4.5 inch rounds during the day. However, gunnery did not take up the whole day -- we found time to fuel from RFA OLMEDA ready for the long passage to America.

The next 3 days were spent exercising as best we could with no external facilities. The time was spent conducting flying exercises, landing drills and simulated tactical exercises. However, in mid-Atlantic we had to detach from the Force and head at high speed for St John's, Newfoundland to land "Tiny" Tingle who had been taken ill.

28 June was a day of celebration on board for two reasons. We heard that day that Lt Cdr Mike Kendrick, the MEO, and Lt Cdr Paul Bootherston, our last First Lieutenant had been selected for promotion to Commander. 28 June was also the day of the Silver Jubilee Fleet Review at Spithead, an occasion for splicing the mainbrace. Those of us who recall the days of the tot had memories re-awakened as I report elsewhere in this edition.

We arrived in St Johns on 31 June after a night of some apprehension in thick fog with icebergs reported in the area. There is no mistaking St Johns' main trade -- our senses were assaulted by the smell of fish before we had passed the steep cliffs which guard the entrance to the harbour. The town, hidden from seaward by hills overlooks an almost entirely enclosed harbour. As well as being a major fishing port, St Johns is home for units of the Canadian Coastguard whose red-hulled ships perform such varied duties as cable laying and Arctic Patrol.

Having sent our patient to hospital and fuelled we sailed early the next morning and headed south to rendezvous with SNFL near Bermuda. As we left St Johns we came across a whale basking in the sun. We had seen schools of these magnificent creatures earlier in the voyage, but not as close as this. We were within 50 feet of him before he dived, lifting his tail high in the air before disappearing.

By 5 July we had caught up with the rest of the squadron who had fuelled from RFA BLUE ROVER en route, and on the morning of 7th we entered Roosevelt Roads, US Navy base at the eastern end of Puerto Rico. The base, which is the largest US Navy base in the World -- at least in terms of area -- and contains

the harbour, an airfield and two headquarters. It's about 50 miles from San Juan, the capital of Puerto Rico and is largely self-contained. Nevertheless, most of us did manage to get off the base, visiting the superb beaches on the island's north coast, El Yunque - the rain forest, or San Juan. We even had a cricket match against the British Commonwealth Society.

Not all our time in Puerto Rico was play, however. Much time was spent preparing for Caribops, a weapon training period on the ranges to the north of Puerto Rico and at Vieques, an island to the south east. During the four days for which we were involved in Caribops we fired the gun at shore bombardment targets and air targets and took part in a surface firing exercise against an old harbour tanker. This last firing had the objective of sinking the target, and sink shedid, right on cue! Our only disappointment was that try as we might we were unable to fire our Seacat missiles. The exercise finished with a debrief during a fuelling stop at Roosevelt Roads and then, on 15 July, we sailed for Charleston, South Carolina.

Charleston, the main city and capital of South Carolina, is a major port and is built on the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. As well as a naval base it boasts modern commercial docks with facilities for handling such diverse goods as timber, cotton and bananas. We expect to be there for 3 days before sailing for Norfolk, Virginia and a three - week AMP.

Forthcoming programme! At the very words people shriek with laughter and assert that the only time it can be predicted is in a shore base. In fact, though day to day programming in Stanavforlant has been liable to violent change at times, the basic cardinal dates have remained surprisingly unaltered.

For this reason I am putting my head on the block and giving you all the ship's itinerary for the following months.

Our AMP in Norfolk finishes 13 August and we sail for the American Exercise Comptuex which takes place in the Caribbean and around Bermuda.

Exercise complete we enter Bermuda 25 August for a fuelling stop before transit to Halifax (Canada) 27 - 29 August, berthing in Halifax 29 August.

We are then allowed to rest our weary heads in Halifax until 6 September, when we sail again for Canadian Exercise Marcot. This lasts, with a short break for Sunday (in Halifax) until 14 September, when we discuss lessons learnt during the exercise with its planners. On 15 September we sail for Devonport either fuelling from a tanker or popping into St John's for fuel on the way across the Atlantic. On 23/24 September while transiting exercise areas we take part in UK Exercise Cockfight before berthing in Devonport AM 26 September.

On the 26 September we leave Stanavforlant and prepare for leave and DED. The leave period lasts from 28 September - 28 October with members of the Ship's Company taking their leave entitlement during part of this period.

The ship is then involved in DED/AMP (Dockyard repair work) until Christmas, when main leave comes round again.

I hope this gives you all an idea of where we are when you think of us.

"CALL THE HANDS" POEM 0645 MONDAY 13th JUNE
THE MORNING WE ARRIVED IN ROSYTH

ON MARCH 15 SO LONG AGO
WE SAILED THROUGH PLYMOUTH SOUND,
DOWN PAST DRAKES ISLAND AND THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT
FOR STANAVFORLANT WE WERE BOUND

DEN HELDER WAS OUR FIRST PORT OF CALL
WHERE WE JOINED THE NATO FORCE,
AND RIGHT FROM THE START WE SHOWED THEM ALL
THAT AMBUSCADE WAS BEST OF COURSE

THEN WE WERE BACK OUT AT SEA
AS A NATO SHIP SO FINE,
A WEEKEND STOP IN KRISTIANSAND
THEN HAMBURG FOR A GOOD TIME

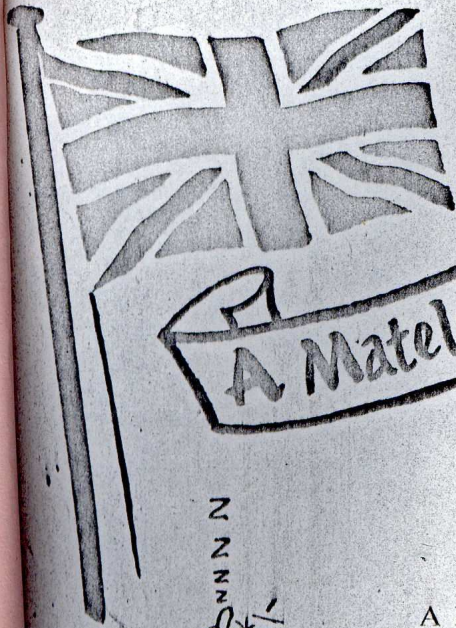
THE REEPERBAHN WAS QUITE A RUN
A PLACE TO BLOW YOUR MIND,
BUT VERY SOON WE WERE SAILING NORTH
AND A RUSSIAN FLEET TO FIND

BUT SOON BACK TO THE SOUTH WE CAME
THE THE B.B.C. TO MEET,
AND THERE WE WERE ON NATIONWIDE
NOW WASN'T THAT A TREAT

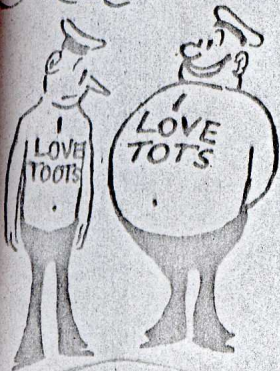
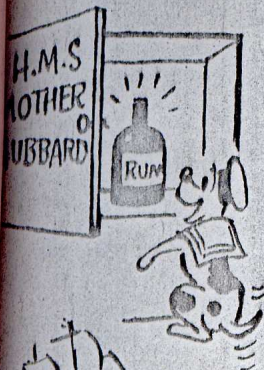
IN "RAVING NUT" WE DID TAKE PART
BETWEEN THE SHETLAND ISLES AND BREMEN,
THEN ACROSS TO WILHELMSHAVEN
WHERE THE "BLUE CITY" SEEMED LIKE HEAVEN

THEN BACK TO SEA AND NORWAY
THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN,
THROUGH OSLO, FJORDS AND NARVIK
WE ARE NEARING THE END OF OUR RUN

THE LOFOTENS ARE BEHIND US
AND ROSYTH IS ALMOST HERE,
NOW ONCE AGAIN WE CAN GO BACK HOME
TO THE ONES WE LOVE SO DEAR



A Matelot's Farewell to his Tot



A MATELOT'S FAREWELL TO HIS TOT

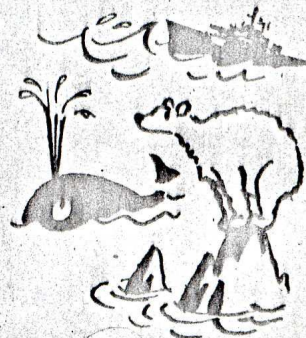
You soothed my nerves and warmed my limbs
 And cheered my dismal heart,
 Procured my wants, obliged my whims—
 And now it's time to part.
 'Mid endless perils of the deep
 And miseries untold
 You summoned sweet forgetful sleep,
 Cocooned me from the cold.

Ten years ago, the "pound o' leaf",
 That cast its fragrant spell
 About the ship, expired in grief
 And sadness of farewell.
 Though guests might find the pantry bare,
 Whene'er they chose to come
 Your hospitality was there:
 A tot of Pusser's rum.

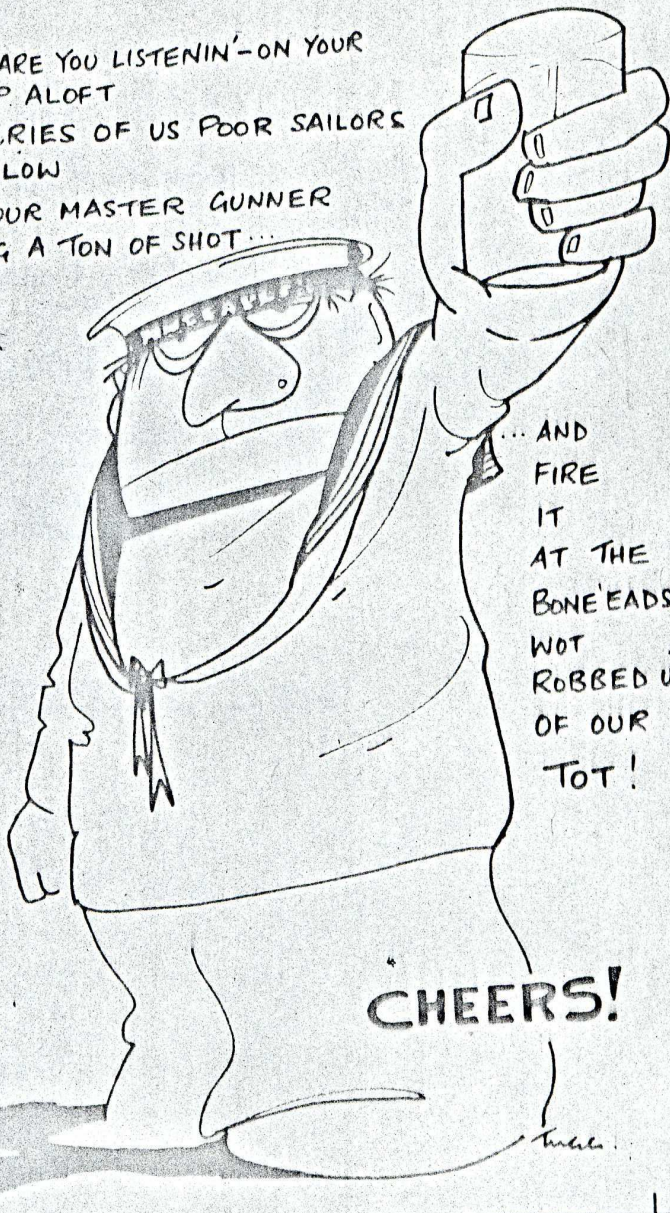
Two hundred years and more you filled
 The storm-tossed sailor's need.
 Now you've been killed by spite distilled
 From jealousy and greed,
 And petty clerks with scrawny necks
 Who never saw a wave,
 Nor felt the spray nor heaving decks,
 Consign you to your grave.

Alas! However I protest
 To save myself from hurt,
 They tell me that it's for the best—
 To keep us all alert.
 And so the time has come, old friend,
 To take the final sup.
 Our tears are shed. This is the end.
 Goodbye, and bottoms up!

P.W.



OH NELSON ARE YOU LISTENIN'-ON YOUR
COLUMN UP ALOFT
TO THE CRIES OF US POOR SAILORS
DOWN BELOW
AWAKE YOUR MASTER GUNNER
AND BRING A TON OF SHOT...



... AND
FIRE
IT
AT THE
BONE'EADS
WOT
ROBBED US
OF OUR
TOT!

CHEERS!

H.M.S. EAGLE FRIDAY 31ST JULY 1970
THE LAST DAILY ISSUE OF RUM.

*Ian Robertson
Captain Royal Navy*

"SPLICE THE MAINBRACE"

For Seven long years we had no Rum
But just an extra can of Beer
The Old Three Badgemen hang their heads
and remember Yesteryear

But today Old Tot-Time memories return
A smile appeared on each weathered face
As once again those Magic Words were heard
"UP SPIRITS" and "SPLICE THE MAINBRACE"

For twenty-five years you have ruled us
Bringing richness to the poor
God Bless You, Queen Elizabeth
May you reign for Twenty-Five more.

"SPLICE THE MAINBRACE" TUESDAY JUNE 28th 1830N

HELLO SAILOR

When I flew out to join AMBUSCADE, I thought to myself, "Here we go again, another frigate, another bunch of matelots - the all singing all dancing, all eating, all sleeping action man in dirty No. 8's". Then one day after ECPO WELLS said to me, "Gunnery Officers are stupid, Seaman Officers are dense and First Lieutenants don't think", I wondered "This lot may be different". Then I thought, "Somewhere everyone of these blokes has a loving woman - wife, mother, girl friend, daughter, grand daughter (Buffer), - who sees 'em different to what I do". So I decided on a sneaky revenge; I'll tell the ladies how their menfolk look from inside the ship. For a start ladies, we all depend totally on each other; the Gunners shells don't hit the target unless - the Greenies tunes the gun and radars, the RP selects the right target, the Pusser feed and clothes us, the Stokers put us in the right place fast, the TAS boys keep us clear of subs, the Communicators communicate and the Regulators run us in. Since we're talking about RS MARKS, lets continue. He's pleasantly plump, smiling Jock who goes on cultural walks ashore with Topsy TURNER from the Ops Room, another pleasantly plump - and since his recent marriage - much quieter man, who seems to act as Walter's guide. (Let me tell you about HMS LINCOLN one day Mrs TURNER). Also in the PO's Mess is Charlie KING, who is one of our key personnel. As Well as being Mess President, he's also Golf Club Sec.

Our two gentlemanly PTI's are William Patrick DANIELS and Henry David IRVINE. Two distinguished, kindly souls who in their working hours jump up and down, and after lunch sit singing their own ribald ballads to each other. Another (occasional) singer in the Chiefs Mess is Pete PITTARD, but even he can't disturb Andy BOYDEN who's reading, reading, reading. At the same time Jim CROSS is getting ecstatic about Wagner (not on our books Master), Arthur EDMONDSON is noisily counting pencils, while the two Chief GI's are whispering to each other as like all Chief GI's they are quiet, gentle, sensitive souls.

Happy DAY now produces the Ship's daily newspaper, and worries me, cos whenever I see him, he's smiling. What does he know that I don't? Talking about laughter makes me think of Andy JACKSON in 2D Mess. An agricultural sound. In the Sick Bay we have Doc CAMPBELL tenderly administering to Bob MURRAY who's just broken his foot falling down a hole in the Flight Deck. The Helicopter missed it for two years, but let a Stoker see the sun and anything can happen. MEM's MUNDY and HULL I seem to see a lot of. In fact I remember on Jubilee Day Steve was imitating the Master at Arms, very clever when you are smaller by 8 inches, 9 stones and 15 years (about); and Hardly (yes) was wearing a grass skirt and chasing the Captain around the hangar. I didn't stop to ask why. Nigger NYE's bugling is-er-interesting, and John NEWSON's paper back library has a bigger following than the Instructor Officers. By the way, if you are reading this Mesdames VEAR and KILGOUR, your husbands have suddenly discovered the upper deck now the sun's shining, and look like two pink tinted, illuminated Belisha Beacons.

CHILDRENS CORNER

Dear Children,

here we are again with our second newsletter, written this time, from the Caribbean, and sent to you from America. We, in AMBUSCADE, wish that you all could be with us to enjoy the sunshine, beaches and the warm seas, but unfortunately it cannot be so. We hope that it is just as nice at home in Britain.

We decided not to publish another newsletter just before we reached Rosyth as we feel sure that it was much nicer for you to see your fathers and for them to tell you about their adventures. We expect to publish one more newsletter before we return home in September. This will probably be sent from Canada.

So read on and enjoy your part of the newsletter. This time, I regret to say, there will not be an Angus Cade and Stanley Forlant cartoon strip, as our best cartoonist left the ship in Rosyth. Instead we have written an Angus Cade story, which we hope you will enjoy just as much.

The Editor

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Related Birthday Greetings go, this issue, to

Lucinda Abbott	9	on 16th June
Tracy Vear	9	on 25th June
John Craddock	5	on 5th July
Benjamin Mizen	6	on 16th July
Claire Brown	6	on 21st July

Birthday Greetings, in advance, go to

James Tancock	2	on 4th August
Daren Ireland	8	on 4th August
Abbey Vear	2	on 6th August
Edward Corner	2	on 15th August
Noel Micalfeff	15	on 17th August

Happy Birthday to you all !

ANGUS CADE'S COLUMN

Hello Children, my name is Angus Cade. You met my friend and me in the last newsletter. His name is Stanley Forlant. Since then, my friend the cartoonist has left the ship and the editor has told me that, in future, I will have to write my own column as there is nobody clever enough to draw my adventures for you. So, here we go.

When you last heard from me, the force was in Germany. Since then we have been to lots of interesting places in Europe before crossing the Atlantic to America, as well as coming home for a few days while the ship was in Rosyth. That must have been very nice for all you children, seeing your fathers again after such a time, even though it was only for a few days. Anyway, I'll tell you what Stanley and I did in Norway before I move on to our adventures in Newfoundland and Puerto Rico. I will not say too much as I expect your fathers will have told you all about it.

The first place we went to in Norway was Oslo. This is the capital city of Norway and to get to it from the sea you have to sail up a long fjord. It is a very pretty place, surrounded by hills covered in pine trees. Stanley and I were very lucky because a kind Norwegian called Olaf invited us to go for a drive in his car around the city. He took us all around the city and showed us the Royal Palace, where the King of Norway lives, and all the other interesting buildings. Then he took us to the top of the highest mountain where we went up the inside of a television tower to the observation platform. From there we could see the country for many miles around mountains covered with pine forests, fjords and lakes. In fact we could see as far as Sweden. It was very beautiful and in some places the snow had not melted. Did you know that in Norway they have snow for almost half of the year.

After this we went to a town called Drammen, where there is a most unusual tunnel. The local people needed stone to make a new harbour so instead of cutting stone out of a quarry and making a big gap in the hill, they cut a tunnel up to the top of the hill going up and round in circles, like a coiled spring. Olaf drove the car up through the tunnel, going round and round, and up and up until we popped out into the sunlight at the top of the hill. There we had coffee and an open sandwich at the little cafe on the top of the hill while we watched the sun going down at the end of the long Drammen valley. Then we drove back to Oslo and had supper with Olaf and his wife Lise at their house. Did you know that nearly all Norwegian houses are made of wood because it is so cold that the wood does not rot. It was a lovely day and most kind of Olaf, wasn't it.

After Oslo we visited Bergen, Narvik and the Lofoten Islands. The Lofoten Islands are very steep rocky islands off the North West coast of Norway and, with Narvik, are north of the Arctic circle. This means that in the summer the sun never sets but goes on shining all night. This is why it is sometimes called the land of the Midnight sun. In winter, however the days are very short sometimes with only four hours of dim daylight in the far north. While we were around the Lofotens we were exercising with some Norwegian Fast Patrol Boats and at times we seemed to be playing Hide and Seek with them, using our helicopter to pop up and surprise them. It was fun, dodging in and out of the islands.

On the way back to Rosyth we celebrated the Queen's Silver Jubilee by having a fair on the ship's flight deck. It was great fun with everyone dressed up in fancy dress with very special hats and lots of sideshows like apple bobbing, try your strength, Horse race and all sorts of others. In the evening we had a barbecue and a sing song afterwards. Stanley was watching from his ship and I am sure he didn't understand what we were doing.

After we arrived in Rosyth and had three days leave to see our families, we all worked very hard to get the ship ready to cross the Atlantic. While we were in Rosyth I took Stanley to see Edinburgh Castle. He thought it was marvellous and the old part of Edinburgh "real cute". On our way to and from Edinburgh we crossed the Forth Railway bridge with the road bridge next to it. They are very long bridges and it was a very long way down to the waters of the Firth of Forth.

During this period we had to say goodbye to our friends in the Dutch ship VAN GALEN, the Canadian ship MARGAREE and the American ship MILLER. It was rather sad to see all the friends we had made sailing away, but we expected to make lots of new friends in the Dutch ship EVERTSEN, the Portugese ship ALMIRANTE GAGO COUTINHO, the Canadian ship SAGUENAY and the American ship RICHARD E BYRD, who were due to join us.

When we left Rosyth we were looking forward to our stay in America, me especially as Stanley had promised to take me to all sorts of interesting places. We crossed the Atlantic together until we had to leave the force to take one of our shipmates to Hospital in Newfoundland for an operation. To do this, we took him to the nearest port which was St Johns.

The harbour of St Johns is entered through a narrow channel between two cliffs and then it opens out into quite a large natural harbour. As we entered the harbour we saw a whale floating on the surface, blowing a waterspout out of the blowhole on the top of his head. When we got quite near to him, he lifted his huge tail out of the water and dived under the ship. We had seen whales off Norway last year but none of them were as big or as close to us as this one.

St Johns is the nearest place in North America to Britain and .. lots of famous trans-Atlantic events have started from St Johns. Marconi received the first trans-Atlantic radio message from a transmitter near St Johns, Alcock and Brown flew the first aeroplane across the Atlantic from St Johns and just before we arrived, the hide boat ST BRENDAN had arrived after being paddled across the sea from Ireland. Imagine, all that way across open sea paddling a small boat made out of wood and hide.

When I went ashore in St Johns, it was the first time I had ever set foot in North America and it was very interesting to see the Canadian shops and what they were selling. I bought some postcards to send home to Britain. We did not have long in St Johns because we sailed again the next day to join our freinds in Stanaforlant on the way to Puerto Rico.

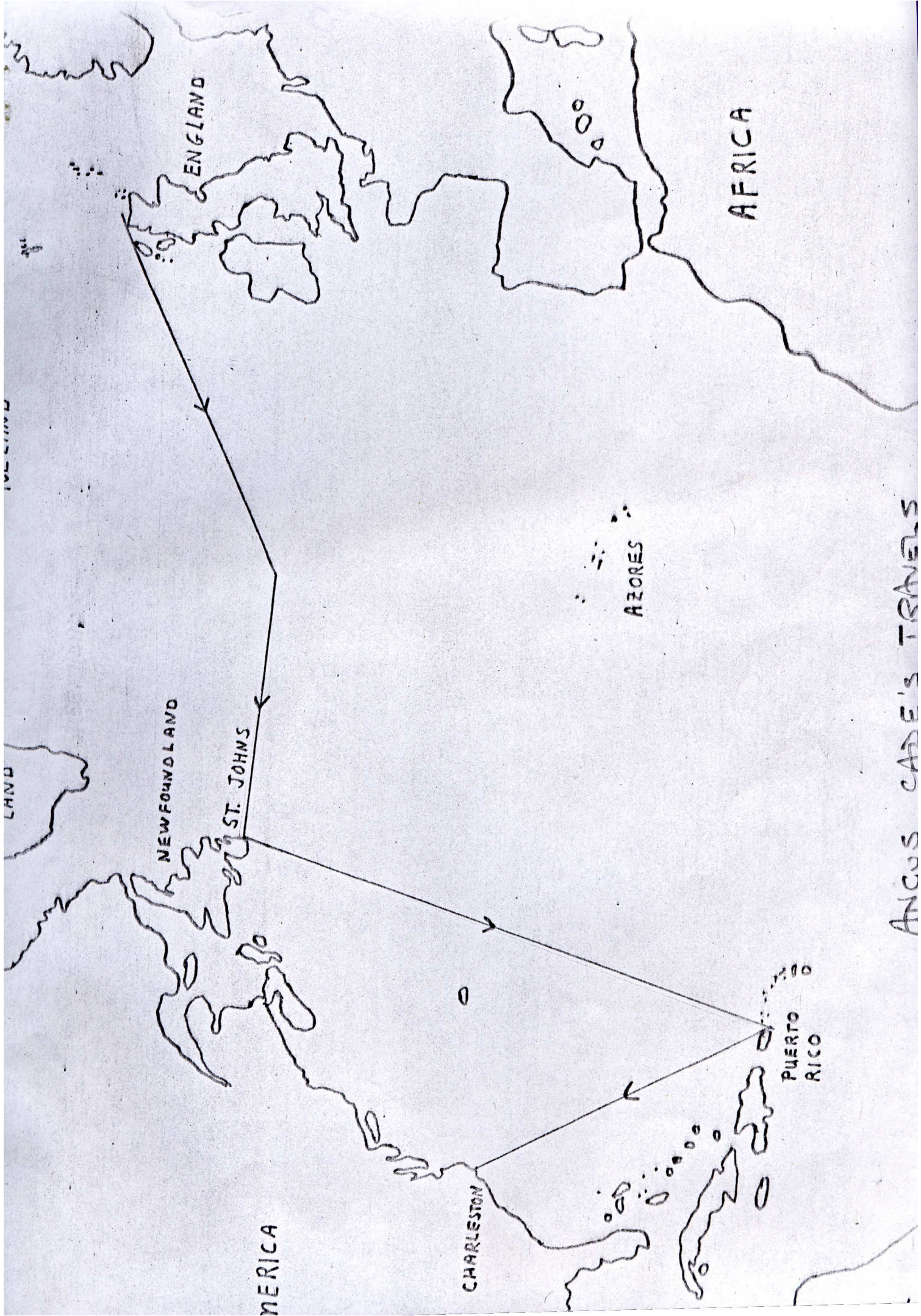
I have drawn a map to show you where we have been; no, I must tell the truth, I cheated because I traced the map from an atlas. You can see from the map we rejoined the force near Bermuda and arrived in Roosevelt Roads on the island of Puerto Rico in the Caribbean on the 7th of JULY. As we sailed south the weather became warmer, as did the sea, so we changed from our normal blue uniform into our tropical working dress of shirts, shorts and sandals, with white uniforms for our best uniforms.

As a Caribbean island, Puerto Rico has very hot weather but this is cooled by a lovely fresh trade wind. This means that you can be burnt by the sun very easily, sometimes without really knowing it, so we had to be very careful about sunbathing. When we are in harbour in the tropics, we start work at 7 o'clock and finish at 1 o'clock, giving us the afternoon to go and play games, swim or sunbathe. On our first day, Stanley took me to the beach in the afternoon and we had a lovely time swimming in the warm, clear water, lying on the beach in the sun, or sitting under the beach umbrellas sipping iced drinks. In the evening we went out to one of the base clubs for a super meal.

The next day, Stanley took me to the Navy Exchange, which is a big supermarket on the base run by the American Navy, where you can buy almost anything. Stanley and I each bought a pair of flippers and a snorkel mask, so that we could swim around underwater and watch the fish and all the other creatures at the bottom of the sea. We had a very interesting time that afternoon swimming round the rocks and diving down with different kinds of fish swimming by. Can you all swim? You can, good, because it is great fun when you go to the sea side if you can swim, instead of just paddling at the waters edge.

On the last day in Puerto Rico, Stanley and I went by bus to San Juan, which is the capital city of Puerto Rico. We spent a marvellous afternoon looking round the old fortress of San Juan and the old part of the city with its cobbled streets and houses with balconies. After we had had an American style hamburger with lettuce, tomatoes, mayonnaise and onions in it and also a cool drink, we came back on the bus to the ship. We could have come back in a 'Publico', which is a sort of taxi bus running between the smaller towns and San Juan, but we decided to come back early on the bus, as our ships were sailing very early in the morning for our Caribbean exercise period.

Since then we have been hard at work on exercises in the Puerto Rico area, with a short return to Roosevelt Roads to take on fuel, and are now on our way to Charleston in South Carolina on the mainland of the United States. I wonder what adventures Stanley and I will have there? I'll tell you all about them in my column in the next newsletter. I hope you have a super summer holiday from school in the mean time. I hope you have enjoyed my adventures as much as I have; goodbye for now.



ANGUS CADE'S TRAVELS