

# HMNZS NGAPONA ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED

## LONGCAST

20 July 18 – Ngapona Assn Lunch at Pt Chevalier RSA

21 July 18 – HMNZS Ngapona Assn – Formal Dinner, Pt Chevalier RSA

17 August 18 - Ngapona Assn Lunch at Henderson RSA

18 August 18 – Navy Club AGM at Remuera Club

12 August 18 – HMNZS Ngapona Assn AGM at Pt Chevalier RSA

29 September 18 – Comms Assn AGM - Birkenhead RSA commencing at 1100

5 – 7 October 18 – RNZN Cooks & Stewards Reunion, Birkenhead RSA

Hi Folks

### **FIFTH ANNIVERSARY**

It is now five years since Denis Kean passed away and I was tasked with keeping Ex Ngapona Senior Rates informed of issues that may be of interest to them.

There were only 43 names on the address list when I took over from Denis. I decided that it would be beneficial to include Officers and Ratings and the list has now expanded to over 400 names. Many people have asked to be added to the list which now includes Regular Force as well as Army and Airforce personnel, and I know it is forwarded to many more recipients.

This is the 260th Weekly Newsletter which is sent out every Monday night. The newsletters have included over 800 photographs.

I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I have in researching some of the articles. A special thanks to all those who have made contributions over the last five years. I am always looking for new material so why don't you jot down a couple of lines about an event that you remember.

## **DEATH NOTICE**

RAVEN Thomas Charles Money (Charles) M.B.E. CDR (Rtd) RNZN Service No. 6330  
On 5th July, 2018, aged 91 years.

Loved husband of the late Dee.

A service will be held at the Naval Memorial Chapel of St. Christopher, HMNZS  
PHILOMEL (Naval Base), Queens Parade, Devonport on Friday the 13th July at 10.30  
am.

Parking is available on base, photo ID is required for entry.

## **EX HMNZS MANAWANUI**

More than 75 years after the Second World War, decommissioned Royal New Zealand  
Navy (RNZN) diving support vessel Manawanui will soon be fighting environmental  
hazards at key sites across the southern Pacific.

Decommissioned from the RNZN in February 2018 after 30 years of service, former  
HMNZS Manawanui has been handed over to her new owners at HMNZS Philomel, the  
Devonport Naval Base, the navy said.

The ship was bought by the parent company of Major Projects Group, an Australian  
company that intends to use her for research, education and the prevention of potential  
oil spill damage.

The foundation will use the ship to do research into slowing the corrosion of shipwrecks  
to determine out how much bunker oil remains. Its mission is to preserve maritime  
heritage, protect dive sites that generate national income and circumvent potentially  
catastrophic oil spills.

Key to the foundation's work will be ships sunk in Second World War battles across the  
Pacific. Some of them are leaking oil, 75 years after the war that raged across the  
Pacific.

Renamed MV Recovery, she will be sailed to Australia in mid-July by Australian  
volunteers for a refit. She will then spend several months on shakedown research  
missions off the Australian east coast before heading into the Pacific to work on  
maritime and environmental conservation efforts, according to the navy.

Commissioned into the navy in 1988, Manawanui was originally built in 1979 as a diving  
support vessel, the Star Perseus, for North Sea oil rig operations.

She was the third ship of this name to serve in the RNZN.



HMNZS Manawanui

### EX HMNZS PAEA REMEMBRANCE DAY

Here is an opportunity to remember the fallen on Armistice Day and have a cruise on an original HDML, and it could be free. Watch for more details.

HDML Paea



### Remembrance Day Cruise

*Sunday, 11<sup>th</sup> November 2018*

*Departing 9.00am*

*Whangarei*

Proposed Format:

- Leave Whangarei Wharf (exact one to be advised) – 9.00am
- Morning tea on the way out
- Wreath ceremony at 11.00am
- Lunch/chat/fish around 12.30.
- Return around 3-4pm



We are hoping to obtain funding of \$2-3K for the trip to cover all costs (food, drink, fuel etc) to ensure that old salts won't have to pay anything.

If you are interested in coming along – please email Heather & Keith – [paea3552@xtra.co.nz](mailto:paea3552@xtra.co.nz) or text Heather on 0274 875 086.



## **A NAVAL CAREER IN THE EYES OF COLIN ROSS - Pt. 36**

We sailed for RIMPAC with the other fifty plus ships and had been divided into two opposing forces. In the fleet were included the Japanese Navy and I believe this was the first time they had participated. The Japanese Navy at the time was a purely defence force but their vessels were modern and pretty impressive.

For the next ten or so days we powered around the Pacific carrying out all sorts of actions. The most impressive feature was being plane guard to one of the American nuclear aircraft carriers. To take up and remain in station we were almost at full power for extended periods while they flew off their aircraft. Watching the carrier spit out aircraft was really mind-boggling. No sooner did one take to the air than the next was being fired along the flight deck in its wake.

Powering around at 26-28 knots of course meant we were swallow copious quantities of fuel, so we were regularly required to fuel at sea. This made for long and busy days. I was regularly up during the middle watch, as the CO seemed to have a nightly wish to ring on over 200 RPM, which meant I was required in the MCR.

One night I made the mistake of entering the Operations Room just after we had come down in power. Really was interested to see what was going on. There were contacts everywhere on the radar displays and a lot of excited commands going from the Ops Rm to the bridge and vice versa. There seemed to be ships heading in all directions and it just looked like chaos. In seeing this I suddenly became aware how vulnerable we were during these exercises and it didn't take much of a mistake to suddenly find we were on a collision course. For some reason after this I didn't sleep well at night on exercise!

The exercise obviously made its mark on the Ops Rm personnel and you could see the value in the exercise just from the experience they gained while working as part of a fleet unit. I think everyone was glad to return to Pearl Harbour at the end and get some proper sleep.

When we berthed back in Pearl because of the number of ships we were berthed outboard of two other vessels with another outboard of us, so that probably gives some idea of the number of vessels engaged in the exercise. One of the downsides of this berth was that I struggled to get ashore.

It seemed every time a plan to go ashore was hatched there would be either visitors from another ship arrive to see you or you would be high jacked going across the inboard vessels and have to go and have a beer or two on their vessel. I don't think I made the jetty once in that weekend.

The following week we sailed in company with three Canadian ships. Whilst this was a lot more low key than the proceeding exercise the Canadian's were very good at arranging exercises. One was to get a senior crewmember to do the flag hoists. I am

sure the CO only knew my name, as I seemed to regularly be traipsing to the bridge to participate in another of these exercises.

The flag raising was interesting, although you had a Bunting Tosser telling you which flag and which way up it went it was surprising how difficult it was to achieve. The wind across the deck would try and whip the flag away and even once you got the flag bent onto the halyard it was difficult controlling it during the hoist to the yardarm. It did make you appreciate other people's skills.

Another of the exercises was for a crewmember to become the Officer of the Watch, and yes up I went again. This was a real eye opener; although the CO was on the bridge checking I didn't wreck his vessel I never appreciated the difficulties of judging distance at sea with no real reference apart from the other vessels. We were doing the age-old manoeuvre where the last vessel in the line pulls out of line and comes up in power to go to the front of the queue.

The pulling out of line and coming up in power was not too much of a challenge but turning back into line at the front of the queue and judging the course to make a tidy entry was a lot more difficult than I had thought, and we sort of over shot by a few metres when turning back into line. However it was a really good experience.

There was also a night quiz between the ships, so a team was selected and up the Ops Rm we went to spend an hour or more asking and trying to answer questions from the other units. I think we did fairly well as most Kiwi's had a fairly wide general knowledge.

On passage there were also crew changes between ships. The Chief Tiff from PROVIDER joined us for a day. This was the start of a pretty good rivalry as we were aware that while we were in Esquimalt the McKenzie Marathon would be run and of course we were expected to participate. Over a beer the Chief Tiff challenged me to race in the marathon, can't remember how far it was, certainly was not going to be a full length marathon, so never one to turn down a challenge I took him up on it.

We had a couple of port calls before the marathon so I really should have taken the chance to do a bit of training, but being the lazy trainer I am I let the opportunity slide. More of the marathon later.

The first port of call was Seattle. We were there for the 4th of July and a spectacular fireworks display. It was also the 1984 election in NZ and as some will remember the Labour Party won the election only to be confronted with a Treasury that was nigh on bankrupt. Within days they devalued the dollar. This had a pretty drastic effect on the crew's ability to go ashore and enjoy the local bars and restaurants as everything had suddenly become a lot more expensive with the dollar exchange rate being really a disadvantage from now on in the trip.

Whilst in Seattle a game of supposed Golden Oldies rugby had been arranged, so I was encouraged to find some rugby boots and join the older crew members in upholding our

natural heritage. We arrived at the ground to find the opposition all seemed to be 20 year olds. The game got under way and we found we were chasing agile fit young fellows around the park. At half time swapping our backline for theirs evened up the game. I would like to say it was enjoyable but by the end I was very sore and absolutely knackered.

We had a few beers after the game and then went out to one of the local's house for a barbeque. The house was huge and stunning, right on the water's edge. No expense was spared and we were well looked after but I certainly was only looking forward to lying down to sleep.

From Seattle we went to Vancouver. This again was a weekend visit and with our financial position most of the crew stayed on-board for meals and a few beers before going ashore, this cut down on the now expensive local food and drinks.

Quite a few of the engineering branch were flying their wives up to Canada, before we even left NZ we had agreed that those with partners would get a weeks leave in Esquimalt where we were to have a two week Assisted Maintenance period. The two days of sea time between Vancouver and Esquimalt I had agreed to go on the watch bill and a couple of the CPO's could remain ashore with their partners.

I was not however impressed when behind my back the remaining CPO's had in agreement with the MEO set me up do the Breakdown Drills. When this became apparent I informed them that yes I would do them but in future I would not help them out by agreeing to go on the watch bill to help them out. I guess they may have got a laugh out of setting me up like this but in a sense it back- fired on them.

We duly arrived in Esquimalt and were to start our AMP, however the berth we were designated had no shore power or steam. This was a pre-requisite for an AMP so it took some negotiating to get us shifted to a more desirable berth. Then started a very intense couple of weeks of maintenance. I am sure most people will remember how steam ships always seemed to have maintenance due or defects that require fixing.

We arrived on a Friday and this was the McKenzie Marathon day. I couldn't back out of the race so duly lined up and we were sent away to compete against the other ships alongside. I only had one aim and that was to beat the Chief Tiff from PROVIDER. I took off like a startled gazelle, and suddenly realized it wasn't a hundred metre sprint so settled down into a manageable pace. It seemed to stretch forever abut finally arrived at the finish to find the Chief Tiff puffing away a long stretch behind me.

As a result the beers were on him so the three Warrant Officers were pleased to visit his mess and drink his free beer.

*To be continued*





RIMPAC 2018



Esquimalt

Take care

**Jerry Payne**

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Editor

HMNZS Ngapona Assn Inc

*"There are good ships, and there are wood ships, the ships that sail the sea."*

*"But the best ships are friendships, and may they always be."*

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