

## HMS Relentless F185 - First Commission, 1951

By Kenneth Baish

First I must qualify my tales by saying that I am attempting to recall my time in 'Relentless' some 62 years ago between 1951 and 1953 when I served on the ship. I joined when it was being converted into a Type 15 frigate in Portsmouth Dockyard, to serving when attached to the Third Training Squadron based in Londonderry, Northern Ireland. It was my first sea going commission and as a young 21 year old was an exciting prospect.

Just an initial tale if I may because I have quite a few memories which have stayed with me.

I joined the Royal Navy in March, 1948, my basic training was at 'HMS Royal Arthur' in Corsham, Wiltshire followed by Writer training at 'HMS Ceres' in Wetherby, Yorkshire. I recall leaving 'HMS Royal Arthur', marching behind the Royal Marine Band to the railway station to the tune of "Wish me luck as you wave me Goodbye." This was like; 'Watch out World here I come!'

I recall that whilst at 'Ceres', three of my Writer training class – all of whom were National Servicemen - had come from public schools. The two from Eton were Hugh Huntingdon-Whiteley and John Duff-Cooper. Hugh H.W. went on to eventually retire as a Lieutenant Commander. John D.C.'s father was Sir Alfred Duff-Cooper the British Ambassador to France who became Lord Norwich. When his father died John took over the title and is now the present Lord Norwich. He lives in London but doesn't do "Service Associations". He writes quite serious books under the name of John Julius Norwich.

The other National Serviceman was from Charterhouse and his name was Peter May. He played Cricket for Cambridge and Surrey and captained England, and he became one of the world's greatest batsmen. I played football with Peter whilst at 'Ceres' and he and I were drafted off together to the office of Commander in Chief, The Nore which was at Admiralty House adjacent to Chatham Barracks.

I recall that we had a confrontation whilst visiting Leeds with some lads from the Cookery class and were challenged to a boxing match. Peter May represented us in the ring and knocked spots off the silk shorts and shirted Cook complete with boxing boots. Peter was dressed in Pusser's PE shirt and shorts, with a blue canvas Pussers belt to hold them up, and standard PE shoes. He played all sports, indoor and out to a professional standard and was the complete sportsman. When at Chatham the Admiral's Secretary at that time was Captain(S) Jan Trythall who was Secretary of the RN Cricket Association. I have to tell you that Peter May did not raise a pen in anger and played cricket just about every single day during the eighteen months or so he was in the office before completing his National Service and off to Cambridge.

I learned shorthand and typing at school and was clearly drafted at times because I had that qualification. No girls at sea in those days! I received 9d per day for 80 words per minute, 1/6d per day for 120 words per minute and I think, 9d per folio when taking down and typing back Court Martial and Board of Enquiry paperwork.

A Court Martial generally meant "big eats" although there were always two, possibly three of us working at the same time in turn.

Staff at the C in C.'s office had a unique victualing system in those days, we all lived at Navy House, in Chatham (some may remember the place) going to and from work daily by bus past the large NAAFI Club on the "Downs" which is now the King Charles Hotel.

We lived under the same conditions and with the same victualing allowances etc., similar to a married man living out of barracks with his family. After two years in the C and C.'s office I was drafted to 'Relentless' on 23<sup>rd</sup> May, 1951.

'Relentless' was in dry dock being converted into a Type 15 frigate and could not accommodate any crew on board so all those in the advance party had to live in Victoria Barracks. Those that have experienced the hospitality of this barn of a "dormitory" will remember the hooks on the wall and the poles at the other end from which one had to hang one's hammock. Many sailors were in the barracks on transit to one place or another and it was indeed a motley crew.

For me this was my first encounter with a hammock and I noted that the seasoned ones, with hammocks all frequently washed and pliable kept a beady eye on me. As a Writer in fore and aft rig I stood out like a sore thumb and there were giggles all round and various comments as I struggled to adjust. Finally, I made it and over the next few months learned the various tricks etc. and mastered the art of the hammock. As a Writer I had always to make that little extra effort to convince the crew that I was a sailor too!

The story behind the gun.....

I sat down with the Coxswain one day typing out "Action Stations". With a newly commissioned ship all the various bits and pieces were new and much paperwork, and indeed typing, was needed before we could get going properly. I'm speeding along with the typing when suddenly I spy "Leading Writer – Twin 4" Magazine". Hold on, don't they shut the door securing it from the outside? No. No. No. Not for me!

I reminded the Coxswain that I would ultimately be paying the crew at fortnightly intervals and quite possibly there would be an occasion when against the Coxswain's name would be the note "Not Entitled". I also mentioned that this would probably occur when we were visiting some exotic port. He laughed at this, consumed half of my tot and I end up as a Loading Number on the twin 4" – a sailor at last.



You can therefore understand my excitement and delight when I saw the above picture of the 4" gun crew at work and I am 99% sure you are looking at yours truly with a 4" projectile in hand loading the left hand gun which was my job. I took the liberty of showing this to one of my granddaughters who commented that I reminded her of Ken, Barbie's boyfriend! Ah well, you can't win them all.

We had much live fire practice aiming at a towed target when we moved our location to Portland to carry out Anti-Submarine exercises, Limbo Mortar firing and testing what was an improved and new twin 4" gun.

The picture of the gun drill was in my view, posed. I was never in a situation where that many people were around the gun. The three loaders allocated to each gun would be fetching and carrying projectiles and rarely were all six standing of us there at the ready as the picture portrays. The gun was remotely controlled from above and every loader had to be twinkle-toed to escape the dangers of the large brass and red hot projectile cases that were ejected from the breech like a rocket every time the gun went off - and there was no warning of that. A loud bang; more like crack, and that was that. Indeed, I have actually seen the case hit the deck and curl up a piece of metal. The guard rails were laid down and we were expected to kick the spent case over the side.

Of course, being a Writer, I was subjected to many tales like, "If it hits you Scribes it will go right through you" or "Don't touch the case or you will leave your hands behind". I began to think, what have I done just to become a sailor? It would surely have been warm and cosy in the magazine.

Anyway, off to HMS Excellent for a Training Course and the rest is history.

On my return I confronted the Chief GI explaining I was about to sew a crossed guns badge to my arm to indicate my new highly prized position. His immediate response was unprintably but it meant something like the badge would end up in some alarming part of my anatomy if I didn't quickly disappear. Ah ha, says I another candidate for a "North Easter". Only kidding Chief - have a sip.

Portsmouth was generally 'day running', completing all the various bits and pieces that need doing when evaluating a new ship. I recall that during the July/August 1951 summer leave period at least a half a dozen members of the ship's company married, myself included.

From Portsmouth we moved to Portland and I have to say at once what a dreadful place it was, particularly in the winter months. A fun run ashore was the delightful coastal resort of Weymouth, the jewel of the south, with its palm fringed sandy beaches. Not quite the Windies as you youngsters recall.

I think the poison endured in Weymouth pubs and harbour bistros was called "Black Widow" which was I believe a combination of Guinness and Cider. Four of those and you were anybody's!

The ship's social committee (we had one) used to book a coach each week end to enable us to take a short or long week end. The coach took us as far as London returning on the Sunday. Imagine, arriving in Portland at 4 a.m. on a Monday morning; raining, blowing a gale and cold. Then clambering on to an old MFV for the tour around the fleet in Portland. As you arrived alongside your ship a call went out "Relentless!" We had to then extract ourselves from the bowels of the MFV and climb up the gangway, smile at the OOD and "Get below". I was lucky, I went to my office, the rest had to wait a while. Moving on to and around the mess while most were sleeping at that time of the day was most certainly an exercise to be avoided if you wished to remain popular.

The object of our stay in Portland was to test our gun and other equipment which we were assured was the ultimate in submarine detecting gear and of course, the six barrelled Limbo which had never been fired fully at a detected target.

On these occasions the ship was full of boffins and probably the designers of our armament and other pieces of equipment all of which needed to be proved and tested.

We were accompanied by a submarine which had to get "lost" while we searched for it. Once located ahead of the ship, the ship went full tilt in the direction of the contact while the Limbo shivered about loaded ready to fire. The projectiles were prepared ready to fire from a housing just forward of the quarter deck and would when fired travel over the ship ahead of us and drop on or around the submarine.

Mess deck whispers started in the Tiffy's mess where they had calculated with their slide rules etc. that by the time the projectiles had dropped over their target and the bombs exploded, poor old 'Relentless' would have arrived at the same spot and at the same time and we would be going up with the submarine. Needless to say when the time for practice firing arrived the quarter deck contained most of the ship's company, ostensibly as observers, but really all ready to jump if things went wrong and as you all know we had a pretty small quarterdeck. We were all still in one piece and returned to Portland so I guess it was a false alarm. It caused a stir at the time though and was rather spectacular. Lots of G&T in the Wardroom and 2-and-1 all round.

Another sad but interesting story associated with me and my family and indeed Portland.

'Relentless' was pinging on to a wreck just off Portland. This wreck I later learned was used for training from the local Anti-Submarine School which I think was HMS Vernon although not sure.

Some seven or eight years ago at the Norwich RNA we had a speaker, an ex-submariner who was an expert on the RN Submarine Service. Also he was a retired Submarine Skipper, a Commander and what's more an ex-Ganges boy. I forget his name but he wrote a Naval book entitled "Through the Hawspipe".

Anyway, he explained that the wreck that was being "pinged" was the submarine M2 which sank with all hands in 1931. My uncle, Stoker Jack Lewis went down on the M2 and there I am on a ship "pinging" it in 1951. I applied for and received full details of the sinking from the RN Submarine Museum at Portsmouth. The saddest issue for me when researching the circumstances of my uncle's demise, was when I got hold of his service records. Scrawled right across his documents, no doubt in a Writers fair hand, were the initials "D/D" and a date. The meaning is "Discharged Dead". That was the only record on his service document other than his last ship was recorded as M2.

The sinking was a gigantic cock up; the M2 had a small sea plane in a hanger forward of the conning tower which was catapulted off when at sea to search for enemy ships and hoisted back on board after the patrol had been completed. On this occasion someone left the hanger door open when the submarine dived! The submarine sank in no more than 50ft of water, certainly it was described as "capable of search by divers" who went down but the discovery of the sunken boat took so long due to a lack of communication, delay in locating the position of the boat and starting recovery procedures. The subsequent breaking of lifting ropes etc. from lifting craft didn't help and rescue attempts were abandoned. Generally speaking life seemed pretty cheap in those days.

I also made the ship's football team which at that time was one of the best in the fleet. Reservists were being called back due to the Korean conflict and we managed to attract four ex-professional footballers. All from the lower leagues I have to say, but nevertheless, internationals in our eyes. We were unbeaten during the winter of 1951 whilst at Portland. On moving to Derry some of our players played in the 3TS team which played Saturdays in a Northern Ireland league and we held our own. We tried a rugby team but were hopeless in that the only league we could play in was a combined Northern and Southern Ireland league. They were very good and semi-professional types and played for teams from which the national team was selected.

We moved to Londonderry and joined the Third Training Squadron on 18<sup>th</sup> January, 1952. This again was interesting in that the Skipper decided to take us to 'Derry around the west coast of Ireland coming into 'Derry from the top.

When we arrived, we were installed as Captain D. He had a PO Writer at that time but he was most anxious to get back to Devonport on a compassionate draft that I was immediately installed as his successor and that was that. We were known as the Red Hand Squadron because we had secured to our funnels the 'Red Hand of Ulster'. If you study the history of Ireland and the animosity that exists between the Protestant and Roman Catholic communities, it beggars belief that such a Protestant symbol was allowed to be displayed and I have yet to discover how, when and who introduced it. The hand was a very provocative statement with its Protestant history to the Roman Catholic community and resented by them.

Whilst tied up alongside, all the ships had armed guards on the gangway and there were strict rules for behaviour ashore. There were several popular dance halls in 'Derry but one had to take care that that you only entered a Protestant or Catholic venue according to your faith. This applied equally to pubs. This was not law but it avoided trouble. You must remember that civilian clothing could not be kept on board or indeed worn ashore; uniform only. In the wrong establishment you attracted trouble and that had to be avoided. Jack of course, had no inhibitions and went in whatever pub or club was handy notwithstanding the religious problems which never seemed to bother him or cause him to change his usual style.

It was not uncommon for young children 7/8 years of age to burst into a Catholic used pub and shout "F... the Pope" and run out. The same occurred in Protestant pubs with "F... the Queen" shouted instead. All resulting from a "dare" of some sort but it showed the depth of feeling that existed between the two communities which was never far below the surface from very young and indeed impressionable youngsters. I also point out that this was over 60 years ago and nothing appears to have changed..

Generally the people were fine and very friendly but there were the extremists who were looking for trouble. At that time the 'B Specials' were in evidence. This was a para-military section of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, tough, no nonsense and in a nutshell did not take prisoners. Any problems were very quickly put down quite forcibly but most, if not all, of this service were Protestants and caused many upsets as you can well imagine. Northern Ireland has an interesting history and is well worth a read.

Generally speaking the Captain D's team were not well received when they went on board other ships in the Squadron. I remember that generally there was no room in the mess and obstacles were always in place, we appeared to be treated with suspicion as if we were spying on them. We were of course mob handed with a PO Steward, a PO Cook, a Yeoman of Signals and a PO Tel plus me. We also had a Lt.Cdr Navigator, a ditto TAS officer and a ditto Communicator. All were checking on the ability of the ship's crews and indeed their CO.

At that time the majority of the skippers were Lieutenant Commanders and the promotion to Commander was a very desired career move. The Captain D reported on these officers every six months. I believe Lieutenant Commanders could be promoted to Commander after four years in the rank and before they had achieved eight years. After eight years they were put out to grass and retired, so clearly they all were busting a gut to get promoted and would pull out all the stops when the Captain D was on board to show their seamanship skills and indeed their man management skills.

'Rocket' joined the Squadron a little later from her conversion in Devonport and at some time, I am unsure when, took over as Leader. I don't think I spent much time on 'Rocket' so I don't know if she was in anyway better equipped than us. However she was not far behind us in commissioning so I don't image there was much different. 'Relentless', in written communications, was always described as a "Prototype" whilst 'Rocket' was described as the "First of class".

One incident involving 'Rocket' stands out while I was still in 'Derry.

Generally speaking, if the Captain D did not want to go to sea, then I was office bound in the Dockyard and had a cabin in HMS Sea Eagle the shore base with the rest of the team. Many NATO ships attended the school at 'Sea Eagle' and went to sea with us. Quite frequently the Captain D had ceremonial visits from foreign ships' Captains and return visits were made. From my own perspective I avoided going to sea on 'Relentless' every time she went out because basically, I had very little to do and was primarily engaged with the Captain D and the Squadron team. Going out daily with classes from 'Sea Eagle', particularly into the North Atlantic and the Irish Sea was not a pleasant experience with the water never knowing what calm was.

Shackleton aircraft from RAF Ballykelly would come out and drop sonar equipment from which we tracked submarines. Helicopters came out using dunking sonar (this was asdic equipment dangling from the helicopter) to also detect and track submarines and direct us to the target. The sonar equipment dropped by the Shackleton aircraft always had to be recovered after the exercise. Didn't take me long to organise myself to stay on shore, strolling back on board when the ship returned.

I always went on major exercises which involved exercises in the Channel and around, taking us away from 'Derry for a few days. Most of the Squadron officer team had their wives and families in 'Derry so they were never too keen to stay away for long.

For instance I recall being on 'Relentless' when she went into deep water in the sea area Ushant, off the French coast just above the Bay of Biscay. We always chose this spot because it was extremely deep and enabled us to test the extent of our detection range with an accompanying submarine diving deep. On one occasion the weather was so rough that we were generally scared. The submarine we were exercising with surfaced ahead of us showing damage to her casing, could not dive and we had to take her in tow it was so rough. I recall after that session that everyone on board applauded the ship and swore that they would go anywhere in 'Relentless' it was such a good sea ship.

I recall also travelling to the edge of the Arctic to test the bridge windows. It was feared that big waves coming over the top would instantly freeze and obscure the view. You will recall that the ship was fitted with Kent Clear View screens which were motorised, effectively flinging any water/spray off and kept the screen clear..

I recall also a visit to Antwerp on one occasion and also recall visiting the exotica of Scotland; Campbeltown, Portree in the Isle of Skye, Isle of Arran etc., I say again, not quite like the "Windies" that you lot enjoyed. We often used a measured mile which is up there somewhere, off the Isle of Arran is it?

During 1952 or could be early 1953, much correspondence was going back and forth concerning the Limbo anti-submarine weapon with the Americans visiting and expressing an interest in buying the system for some of their ships.

'Rocket' was then chosen to visit the US Anti-Submarine Training Establishment in Key West in Florida where the weapon and detection systems were to be tested against US submarines. There was at that time some sort of currency problem within the UK, it was a foreign exchange problem and the ship's company I recall could only draw half of their pay in dollars to spend in the US. Another problem occurred over the purchase of oil fuel in the US Navy Base. For some reason we were not allowed to spend dollars to buy oil fuel.

The ship I recall was directed to Bermuda where sterling could be used to top up with fuel before going on to Key West. I recall that there was a panic when the ship ran low on fuel and just managed to creep into Bermuda with tugs assisting fully to get her alongside. I do not remember any of the reasons for this but the lines were buzzing to and from us, the Admiralty and 'Rocket' at that time. I did not go on this trip, neither did the Captain D etc. I think possibly the Squadron TAS Officer, went name of Griffiths, but that was all. 'Rocket' got to Key West and I remember seeing pictures of the exercises she had carried out with US Submarines.

One such US Submarine was detected and the Limbo used, when the submarine surfaced one of the projectiles was stuck in the casing of the US sub. I recall the whole episode was front page in the Daily Express at that time, and the US bought the Limbo from the UK to fit to some of their ships.

Another first for 'Relentless' was the fact that Captain Michael Le Fanu, the Captain D, had not previously enjoyed a seagoing command and wanted to try his hand at "driving" a ship. One day when the team were at sea in 'Relentless' Captain Le Fanu asked the Squadron Navigator a Lieutenant Commander Tim Hall to allow him to "drive" the ship back to 'Derry through the Loch and up the River Foyle into Londonderry, no mean feat I have to say because the navigational channel was narrow and depending on the time, there was always a pretty strong tide. The future First Sea Lord and Admiral of the Fleet made it comfortably and if you like cut his teeth on the 'Relentless'.

When Michael Le Fanu was First Sea Lord he was in no small way responsible for the Tot being discontinued and as he had a head of ginger hair, was thereafter called "Dry Ginger". He had a zero tolerance attitude to drink and drink related offences and encouraged all the Squadron C.O.'s to act accordingly. Hooks and badges transferred to Velcro fixings all round at that time. Clearly a "Jack" in uniform, (uniform was dress of the day at all times ashore or afloat in those days) making his way clumsily back to his ship was fair game for some of the local more extreme citizens. Indeed on one occasion when I was retuning on board just a little too free and easy I had my cap snatched. There was always a Naval Patrol on duty in 'Derry, try explaining to an un-cooperative Naval Provost Marshal, as I had to, that my cap had been snatched. This provoked another "in your dreams" response and a "Get below" grunt from the Officer of The Day when arriving back on board.

Michael Le Fanu retired from his position as First Sea Lord and prior to being appointed Chief of the Defence Staff due to ill health, he had been diagnosed with terminal cancer while in office. His last message to the fleet was:

“Most farewell messages try to tear-jerk the tear from the eye:  
But I say to you lot. Very sad about the tot.  
And thank you, good luck and goodbye”.

I had the privilege of working very closely with the then Captain Le Fanu for nearly eighteen months. He was an exceptional man in every way. Famous for his odd odes, copies of which, were produced and distributed to the fleet. I spent many hours typing these out on waxed Gestetner paper and rolling them off. He would go to sea on the Leader but would on occasions chose to accompany one of the other ships in the Squadron. We had an office ashore in the Dockyard at Londonderry which we used when the ships were out and, for myself, a place to rest away from the monotonous sea time which was akin to what I imagined fishermen had to endure. If there is a more dire place than the Irish Sea and the North Atlantic, please tell me about it.

The Squadron CO's all met from time to time in the office on shore and discussed generally the World at large and exercising with their ships. One thing always stood out; they were all very committed young men, excellent seamen, all were Lieutenant Commanders with the exception of the 'Relentless' CO who was a Commander. All had the air of wartime C.O.'s or indeed what I imagined a wartime skipper to be, I suppose a bit gung ho.

I recall some few years ago taking part in the Beaujolais Wine Rally which I had enjoyed regularly for several years raising money for charity. I help out at the Leonard Cheshire home near Norwich and on this occasion took with me two RAF Jaguar pilots from what was then RAF Coltishall. One is now a Typhoon pilot, the other a Tornado pilot.

Talking to them, ordinary young men who you would pass in the street, I couldn't help but notice that the wartime Spitfire/Hurricane attitude was still present, and one in particular I could have seen running to his aircraft when the bell rang. The spirit was still there and I felt that in Londonderry at that time this sort of spirit was still alive with all the Squadron Commanding Officers.

When our first child was born in September 1952, Captain Le Fanu called me in and he congratulated me on the arrival of our son. He then asked if I would like to take a trip to London to the Admiralty and deliver a sword back to a friend of his who had loaned it to him. He handed me a travel warrant and remarked, “I believe the train stops at Watford so you can pop home to see the young Baish”.

We got alongside early on the Friday morning and I was away by train to Larne, then ferry across the Irish Sea to Stranraer, then train to London. I dropped off the sword at the Admiralty, got the train back to Watford, visited my wife and son then on the train again for the return journey. Back before we sailed on the Monday.

Captain Le Fanu also wrote a letter to my wife with his congratulations. Until very recently I still had this letter but cannot find it, I had put it in an album, it is around somewhere. Such was the man. I have always regarded it as a great privilege to have met Michael Le Fanu and to have been able to work closely with him. A true officer and a gentleman.

I think I mentioned that he married his wife Prudence when she was using support walking sticks having suffered from Infantile Paralysis. They went on to have three children. They had a house just outside 'Derry. When I left he was still there. I believe he left Londonderry finally for a job in the Admiralty. At some time he became Commanding Officer of 'HMS Ganges' and set about sorting the place out. It was described as very much a place that still operated a fairly rigid feudal system, not conducive to the times and I often wondered if he was given the job and charged with bringing the training establishment back into line with modern teaching practices. It was I know, much welcomed by the boys and I also know that he commanded huge respect from them which had always been denied to the other CO's of the establishment. One of my Shipmates in the Norwich Branch of the RNA was at 'Ganges' when he was CO and remembers it well.

After I left the service I eventually settled into a job where I had a garage/car sales etc., I was a VW/Audi dealer. One of my customers was Richard Baker a TV presenter you will no doubt have heard of him. He was at that time an RNVR Lieutenant Commander, knew Michael Le Fanu socially and accompanied him when he was First Sea Lord as his Flag Lieutenant at RNVR functions and we talked a lot about Admiral Le Fanu and he sort of kept me up to date.

When I left Londonderry I was drafted to 'HMS Hornbill', a Naval Air Station located near Culham in Oxfordshire to deal with the accounts as the place was closing down. From there I went to 'HMS Forth' in Malta and a similar drafting situation occurred. 'HMS Cheviot' – 1<sup>ST</sup> Destroyer Squadron – was about to steam off for a spell based half way down the Suez Canal at a place called Ismailia. There was a large military garrison ashore called Moascar Garrison and various Egyptian terrorist factions were threatening the stability of the base and an HM Ship needed to be based off shore. Various ships from the Squadron took turns to carry out this duty. 'Cheviot's' Writer had requested an urgent compassionate move ashore so I was sent to replace him. I joined the ship one evening at 6 pm in Sleima Creek just as she was about to slip and had to climb up a vertical ladder with bag and hammock.

Got in the mess, "I've saved you a supper Scribes, it's in the heater". I open the door and there was a previously fried egg. Holding it you could wave it about like a piece of rag. Still, it fitted between two bits of bread. Welcome aboard!

Whilst based in the Suez Canal various bits of intelligence predicted that frogmen attached to the terrorists would attempt to stick mines on the bottom of the ship. A series of chains were stretched across the ship and were dragged along at intervals ostensibly to scrape off any attached mines. Hoses were rigged to ward off any boats that came too close. Sailors were posted at intervals to stare into the very clear water where the sandy bottom could easily be seen. In theory, even if a small fish approached, we would see it.

We had a team of Royal Marine shallow underwater divers sent out to test our ability to detect the terrorist divers. Half the ship's company manned the upper deck peering into the sea waiting to detect the Royal Marine Divers. Our first encounter with them was when they walked up the gangway job done!

After our tour finished, back to Malta and the ship went home to de-commission. I was then drafted to the Commander-in-Chief's staff at Lascaris and occasionally going to sea on 'HMS Glasgow' which was the C. in C.'s flagship. The Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet was at that time Admiral Lord Mountbatten but that is another story as they say.

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