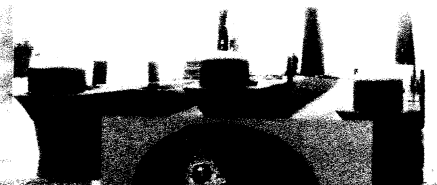
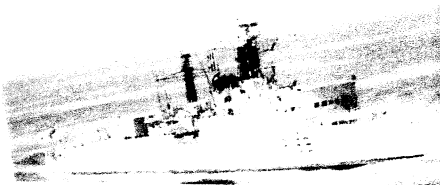
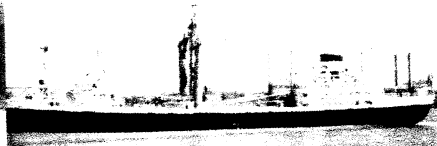


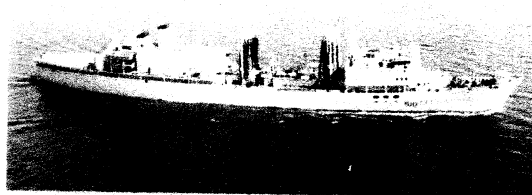
A

**SIMPLE**

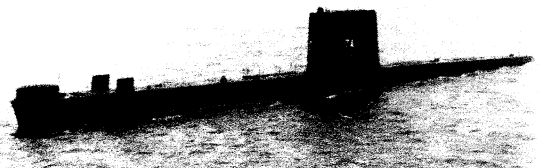
**SAILOR**



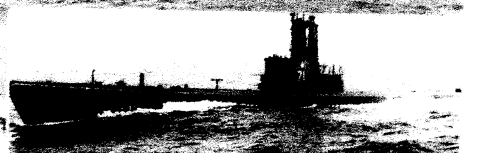
Commanding Officer - HMCS Preserver  
14 July 1983 - Last day in command



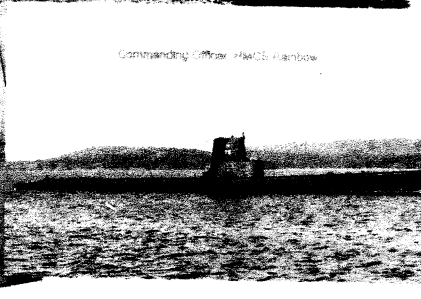
Commanding Officer, HMCS Oltaragan



SS Ramore Head - My first ship - 12 October 1948



Commanding Officer, HMCS Harbour



**RAY HUNT**

## A SIMPLE SAILOR

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Without the generous help of the following people I would not have been able to put this labour of love together. Thelma Thompson, my cousin, who I have always thought of as a sister, for providing me with a great deal of information about my younger years, plus the background on her own and the Lunn family. Reverend Doctor John Pace, my brother's school friend, and now mine, for reviewing the style and content. To Captain Michael Jones, my very good friend and former shipmate, for providing me with some of the background on my father and uncle's history with the Harrison Line. To Olaf Hunt, my cousin and friend, who gave me the missing information I needed on his and my father's family.

I must also acknowledge my friends, former shipmates and all the people who I have mentioned in this book -- for without them my life as a sailor would have been less fulfilling. And finally, to someone who is not mentioned in this book -- Roger Morrison, my cousin, who died several years ago. It was seeing his words to his children -- on who he was, and what he had done with his short life, that prompted me to write this account of my life at sea.

## A SIMPLE SAILOR

### PREFACE

The term "Simple Sailor," is an expression that is occasionally used by seamen of all ranks, from ordinary seaman to admiral. When one uses that expression about oneself it is mainly used to tell somebody that explanations about a subject should be kept simple, because after all, the listener is just a simple sailor. Of course, it could also have other connotations!

This account of my early life, and my life at sea, is not written as an ego trip, or a wish to become immortal. It is simply to tell my story, through my eyes, of the events that I can recall during that period.

What prompted me to put my story on paper was due to something that I had missed in my own life. My father's father and mother had died before I was born, therefore I had no information about them -- who they were, or what they did. Although I now have some vague information about where my grandfather may have come from, even that could be suspect. All I really have is my father's birth certificate stating that his father was a "Sailor." I would love to have known something more about him and his family, other than just being a sailor. By the same token my grandparents on my mother's side also died before I was born, so I really never knew anything about them except from the odd things my mother would tell me about them.

This story of my life at sea may give my successors a better starting point than I had, if they are interested enough to wonder about who I was, what I did, and what I thought about my life.

This account of my life was written for Lindsey and Kerry.

Ray Hunt  
Halifax, Nova Scotia -- August 1994