

CAVALIER CAPERS

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF
THE H.M.S. CAVALIER ASSOCIATION

Web: <http://hmscavalier.org.uk>

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Chairman's Report

Like myself, I guess you're all getting a bit fed up with the lockdown, hopefully by the time you read this some restrictions will have been lifted, although I don't think we will be back to normal for a long time yet.

I hope everyone agreed with the changes we made to this year's reunion; we the committee wanted to make sure that members didn't have to forfeit any money.

I would like to say a big thank you to Isle of Wight Tours for managing to reschedule the reunion to later in the year. As you are all fully aware, we are not out of the woods yet and I feel that it could be a very long time before we are back to any sort of normality.

Please be assured that the committee are monitoring everything closely, and should we be in a position later in the year where we are unable to hold our reunion, we will inform members in plenty of time so that no monies are lost.

I have been looking ahead to all eventualities and should this year's Bristol reunion not go ahead, then I feel that we should carry the Bristol venue over to next year. As usual, feedback positive and negative is always welcome and as we are a democratic association then the members will decide on the way forward.

I, like many others, I'm sure have taken this opportunity to catch up on all the jobs that have been outstanding for years. When the lockdown came, I was so thankful to Katie and Nobby for all those hours they spent in training a Junior Stoker how to use a paintbrush. I have painted everything in the house that previously had paint on it and I might add somethings that didn't.

So, from a lonely chap that worked downstairs I am forever grateful to the upstairs chaps.

Ships in the Bay



We've always had ships anchored in Weymouth bay; it seems to be used as a fuelling stop for all types of craft; these normally consist of Tankers, Gas Carriers, Container and General Cargo vessels. But since the lockdown we have been feasting our eyes on these three high-end Cruise Liners; they are Queen Mary 2, Ventura and Aurora. I guess with the Cruise Liner industry coming to a halt, Southampton and other ports along the South coast that can take these ships are full.

Nice for us to see but bad for the industry.

Over the last few years we have been getting around 40 cruise liners calling in at Portland Port a year for their two=night stay on the cruising schedule. Unfortunately, we can't really get an unhindered view from the house.

I'd like to finish on something that brought tears to my eyes; it's the unbelievable courage and determination that could only be achieved by an ex or serving member of the British Armed Forces.

You all know I speak of Captain Tom Moore, to do what he has done at a much younger age would be a phenomenal achievement; but kissing the door to his centenary is even greater.

When you consider that his target was originally £1000.00 we as ex-servicemen should be so proud of one of our own.

I hope you all keep safe and I look forward to getting together soon.

Tony Cox, Chairman

President's Corner – May 2020

First of all, I very much hope that all of you and all your families are safe and well in this very difficult, uncertain and upsetting time. Please go on looking after yourselves.

I was, as I am sure most of you were too, very disappointed that we decided to postpone the 2020 Reunion at Bristol in May. In the event we had no option, but the Committee were clearly right to postpone it, and to do so before we were unable to reclaim our money or carry it forward to the next reunion. As you know, it is planned to hold the postponed event in the same hotel at the end of October. At the time of writing, in late April, it is still too early to be certain that we can go ahead with this, but the decision is in the lap of the gods and I certainly very much hope that it will be possible to go ahead. I look forward very much to seeing you all then.

You are probably as frustrated as I am that, because of our age, most of us are precluded from formally volunteering to help in

this time of great national crisis; it is at odds with all our naval training and upbringing. It seems a pity that so much accumulated knowledge, and experience of assistance in civil crises cannot be drawn on but, whether we like it or not, there are strong arguments behind the government's wish to reduce the exposure of those who are at greater risk from the Covid-19 virus and ensure that the load on the NHS is kept as low as possible and so we have little choice but to comply. However, I am sure that many of you will have found ways to help your neighbours in your own communities and the experience and knowledge you will bring to local efforts to help communities come to terms with their situation is a great gift we can give to our friends and neighbours. We must never underestimate the real practical and morale value of even quite small assistance. Since the AGM was unavoidably postponed, I think it would be appropriate if I were, on behalf of the membership, to thank the Chairman, Tony Cox, and the Committee, Alan, Dave and Julie for all their work to keep the show on the road. I should particularly like to mention Julie who, in her first full year, has hit the ground running and made a big impact. And, of course, I must once again thank all those other members who, in various ways, contribute so much to the running of the Association. Please don't stop!

One final word: Please remember in these difficult times that the Association has a small Welfare Fund (increased this year thanks to Alan Yates's skills as Treasurer). It is there to offer help to members who find themselves in temporary difficulties, so if this applies to you, please approach Alan. It goes without saying that any such request will be processed in the strictest confidentiality.

I look forward very much to our next reunion at the first possible opportunity. In the meantime please stay safe.

Jeremy Blackham

Vice Chairman's Report

Just a few words shipmates, I know these are trying times and are facing things we have never encountered before. I hope everyone is keeping well and nobody has caught this dreadful disease.

It is very unfortunate that our reunion has had to be delayed, but we are living in very trying times at the moment. I do hope it will be safe by October so we can all meet up in Bristol, otherwise we will have to wait until Llandudno in May.

I must say a big thank you to Shirley and the IOW tours team for re-locating our reunion to a later date, it is much appreciated for that and all the work and expertise they put in for us.

Marion and myself are self isolating and only leaving the house to exercise our dog, so there isn't much to say, all our holiday plans have gone out of the window. We are hoping to get somewhere when all this is over, in this country. We don't want to go abroad until such time as a vaccine is available.

We are managing to get groceries delivered to our door by Tesco and Morrison's, so we are not starving, and they bring us some lovely wines and beers to keep our spirits up.

Until we all meet again I bid you all a good farewell and keep safe and keep smiling.

Treasurers Report

Well, as we say up eer, "It's a Rum Do". I am writing this at the start of May to talk about my experiences to date with regard to the virus. The effect on Molly and I is not great compared to many, the financial penalty is not as serious as one would have thought, we have a good size garden which helps to keep us busy and like most of us our house is ready for Captain's rounds with no defects to report. Being pensioners our income is largely protected and indeed we are probably making savings. My heart goes out to those who have lost their income, those who live in flats with no garden and trying to keep children from getting bored, for them it must be extremely difficult.

The NHS have really pulled the stops out, what they are doing is truly remarkable and we are out there on Thursdays banging the drum like everybody else.

In my 25 years' service I was fortunate, although I had a few close shaves, I was never put in any real danger, never fired a shot in anger. I was alongside in Gibraltar on the "Rhyl" with the "Sheffield" when the Falklands kicked off and she was whisked off to her fate. We followed some weeks later but when they learned that I was coming they surrendered. So, I was lucky!

In the services we have a well-recognised medal award system, Long Service, Campaigns, Meritorious service and Bravery Etc and all these medals are worn ceremonially with great pride.

When you consider what the nursing staff, Doctors, care workers and many others are having to deal with at the moment you wonder if something similar could be instituted for civilians. This I am sure would work wonders for morale. These people are more in the front line more than I ever was and as for the care workers, their situation as I write is truly perilous. Many of them will not have been trained to the levels required for this situation and yet they continue to do their much needed work regardless of the risks. My hat goes off to them.

Long service medal with bars for extended service, a Campaign medal for Covid 19 and special meritorious medals for outstanding service. We were paid for any risks taken but they are not.

As I write, we have had no reports of any of our members being affected by the Virus and I hope it stays that way. Stay safe
Ok onto other matters

AUDIT

As you will see from the following audit report, our income has exceeded our expenses by some £1400. This year we had no extraordinary expenses as we did last year with the bill for Admiral Johns bench and without such expenses we will generally be in profit. This will generally be the case as long as our membership remains at current levels.

I have an idea, and, overcoming the fear of opening a Pandoras box, that we could use some of the profit each year to good effect by making a donation, perhaps currently to an organisation connected with the fight against the virus, maybe in the Chatham area, food banks, local sea cadets, a hospice or similar.

Also, as we pay the funds ourselves, we could use some of it to enhance our AGMs by putting on a free bar at the Gala dinner or pay for the outings although this may be considered unfair to those who are unable to attend.

I am firing from the hip here, but we could certainly put some of these monies to a good use.

MEMBERSHIP

The membership levels currently stand as follows.

Total	Members	180
Full	Members	112
Ass	Members	21
Life	Members	10
Hon	Members	37
Paying	Members	133

96% of members paid this year leaving four that have chosen not to renew.

Reminders will go out for renewals in the Autumn Capers but you can dob in anytime from now as this helps me spread the load.

Here endeth my report and I hope that everybody stays well and safe.

H.M.S CAVALIER ASSOCIATION ACCOUNTS

From: 01 April 2019 to 31 March 2020

Income		Expenditure	
Opening balance - Welfare account	5,000.00	Printer	475.21
Opening balance - Treasurers account	5,279.35	Stamps	460.64
Total opening balance	10,279.35	Sponsorship	200.00
Income received in year		Funeral/Standard	154.27
		Audit	122.40
Subscriptions	2,547.00	Russian visit	119.56
Donations	660.00	Bugler	80.00
Sale of Slops	30.00	WWE	58.77
		Inks	48.00
		Website	43.00
		AGM Wine	42.49
		Visa print	23.23
		Foreign Postage	8.50
Total income received in year	3,237.00	Total Expenditure in year	1,836.07
		Closing balance - Welfare account	5,500.00
		Closing balance - Treasurers account	6,180.28
		Total closing balance	11,680.28

I confirm these accounts give a true and fair view of recorded transactions for the year ended 31 March 2020

Adrian Clare, ACMA
ADC Consultancy

Further to my last, I can tell you that my slops list has altered slightly in that my stock of Blazer Badges has changed from zero to one. This is thanks to a kind donation from Derek (Slinger) Woods who is one of our Life Members and, who told

me that on VE day he was on the Cavalier and coming into Liverpool after escorting troop ships across the Atlantic and, by the time you read this will have passed his 95th birthday, so, thanks for that shipmate, congratulations and I hope you are staying well. Bet you're glad you haven't got the middle tonight!

Regards, Rowdy Yates, Treasurer
Your most obedient servant

Secretaries Report

Here's hoping you are all keeping well in these very strange times. Luckily with all the lovely weather we have been having here, we are spending most of it in the garden and doing all the things we usually don't get done, so it is now all looking very pretty and very neat.

I would like to say a big **"THANK YOU"** for all the ditties, stories and picture's etc that have been sent in for Capers, I have enjoyed putting it all together, **please, please** keep it up and keep on sending bits in. Can never have too much as there is always the next issue to fill.

I have had an enquiry as to whether we could have a "WhatsApp" group, and yes I can do that, so I will set one up. If you would like to join, then please just text me a message with your name, (this gives me your mobile phone number) I can then add you to the group. It is free to use and a way to stay in touch, post messages, questions, pictures, videos, anything really.

Hoping to see some of you at the working weekend in October, and to see lots of you in Bristol in November. I agree with Tony,

that if the reunion is unfortunately cancelled then we should carry Bristol over until next year (just my thoughts). Also, what I thought might be a nice idea is that when we do all get together again we ought to have a large group photo done at the start of our Gala Dinner's. I'm sure someone out there is a dab hand with a camera? Hmmm Ron ??? 😊

Dates of Diary's - (if lockdown is lifted)

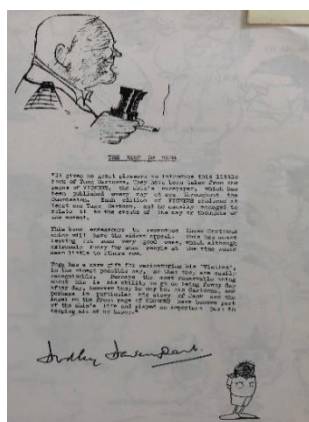
Working Weekend - 3rd & 4th October 2020

Reunion & AGM –

Friday 30th October – Monday 2nd November 2020.



My daughter Laura found “The Best of... Tugg” book H.M.S. Victorious Far East – 1964 65 in some of my Dad's keepsakes (Mike Hollamby) so I will be working my way through it and putting them in Caper's, hope you enjoy them. Some are quite PC!!! 😊



So, until next time, wishing you all well and stay safe.

Julie Tester

CAVALIER 1960/61 SINGAPORE IN DRY DOCKS

What happened was (sounds like Jethro) I was given the job of messenger for the onboard signal office to take ship's paperwork to the main signal office in the dockyard. The first day I got the mail bag, I went to the gangway and saw the Red Devil (ships bike); I found the saddle far too high so went for a spanner. The only one I found was in the OA's workshop and it was massive, anyway it allowed me to tilt the saddle out of the way, this allowed me to ride it standing up. I jammed the spanner between the metal brake levers and handle bars and set off. Job done and returned to the ship, on sliding my foot to stop I was approached by the Boatswains Mate (Dinger Bell) and Coxn (Sticky Stamp) and told that I had taken the bike without signing the book and was in the rattle, went to the quarter deck to await the ODD. Looking down on the jetty I saw a pome (PO Stocker) who's birthday it was, getting on the bike to see his brother for another drop of bubbly (Rum) on the Belfast moored further down the dockyard. Jumping on the bike he peddled off at a rate of knots, sat down on the saddle, it tilted and he landed on the mudguard went for dry dock steps the spanner was jammed on the brakes, he finished on the first landing. As I had not been told about the booking of the bike, was dismissed.

The second incident happened whilst the 8th Ds was anchoring off of Paula Tioman in formation, I was with the FOC'SLE party. The order came to stand by to slip, Jock Reynoldson was going through the mooring bag and said he couldn't find the large mallet (mawl). The buffer shouted to me to run to the quarter deck and fetch the mawl, so off I went and when I came back and he said where is it, where upon all the quarterdeck crew were pushing up behind me. He threw a wobbly; I said you told me to go to the quarter deck and fetch em all.

Junior Seaman Terry (Blossom) VE Day 75

Robert (Bob) Bliss, Cavalier 70/72 Commission (not to be confused with Roger (Iggy) Bliss of the same commission). A shipmate of mine, of the RNA Harwich branch, and I paraded our branch standard at 11.00 on Friday 8th May (observing the correct social distancing) to commemorate VE Day 75. I chose to wear my Cavalier Association tie and blazer for the occasion of which I am always proud to do whenever the chance arises.





Et in Arcadia ego....¹

Members of the 1961-3 commission will remember the wonderful trip home from Singapore, across the Pacific, through the Panama Canal and home. In particular, they may remember the fortnight in Fiji, when the ship visited several of the smaller “outer islands” of the group.

While the ship was doing this, a small intrepid group of matelots, nominally led by the very wet behind the ears, 19 year old Midshipman (now your President) went off in the ships whaler, sailing to a small island called Daquimbeqa in its own atoll about 30 miles from Suva, to spend a week in the main village, Dakuna, living in a large grass hut and learning about life in a Fijian village. We were accompanied by a delightful and friendly Fijian speaker, Joe, from Rotuma. At that time there were no tourist facilities of any sort; just a few grass hut villages and the pit where the famous firewalkers of Beqa walked over red- hot coals on religious occasions.

It was a slightly dodgy business at first. We arrived at the coral atoll in a curtain of driving rain and had to try to find the break in the atoll to enter and get to the village – a gap which we later learned was a haunt of hungry sharks! But once there, we were welcomed by the Chief, Ratu Timoce Cola and the school teacher, the only English speakers, shown to our grass hut and settled in. We were shown our “bathroom”, which was a beautiful waterfall into a small pool surrounded by trees and then entertained that evening to a session drinking the famous Kava root drink and listening to the men singing in beautiful harmony, old Fijian folk songs, leading to some embarrassment when we were asked to sing English ones, and had few in common which were decent.

¹ For the benefit of Rowdy Yates, this loosely translates as “I too was in paradise,” though in his case it might make him think of the Parade Ground at Whale Island.

There followed a few days of pure delight, exploring the village, sailing out in the whaler to try spear fishing, picking mangoes off the trees to eat, playing football against the men, watching the women perform Meke dancing, eating lots of baked fish with coconut, breadfruit, yams etc and even having a final big banquet at which I made a speech of thanks in Fijian, thanks to the coaching of the school teacher! It was a fairy tale.

Let me share one really surreal experience which typified it. One day we set off to walk through the narrow paths, over fallen mangoes and bananas to the nearest neighbouring village – about a three-mile walk. On the way, on a beautiful, empty, white sand beach we came across a young Fijian woman, nursing a baby by herself.

Now, you need to know that, at the time, the Survey Vessel *HMS Cook*, was surveying the Fiji Islands and had been around for a while. *HMS Cook* was, of course, named after Captain Thomas Cook who discovered parts of Australia and many of the South Pacific islands in his vessel, the *Endeavour*.

Anyway, discovering that the young woman spoke a little English, I complimented her on her beautiful baby and asked his name. “Cook” she replied. “Oh” said I, “Thomas Cook?” “No. *HMS Cook*,” was the rather disconcerting answer. Exit, left, one embarrassed young Midshipman! Somehow this summed up the unreal but fairy tale existence we enjoyed for those few days.

A day or two later we left the island to return to Suva and await the ship. As we sailed away, the villagers waded into the sea behind us, waving, throwing flowers at us and singing that beautiful Fijian farewell song “Isa Lei.” All of them were in tears as was our lovely guide and companion Joe. Even the odd matelot shed a tear. It had all been too good to be true. Just for a few days we had lived in paradise.

Jeremy Blackham

Leading Seaman Eddie Vann 60/61 Commission.

We would all like to wish Eddie and his wife Linda a very happy and enjoyable retirement as he is now at the tender age of the Eighties! Eddie moved over the pond to Australia after leaving the Royal Navy and had a farm at Maleney on the Gold Coast. He and his wife Linda became involved with the Royal Australian Navy Cadets and for many, many years have been teaching and instructing them, eventually both of them becoming Commanding Officers of their unit. The cadets are a great credit to them and have won many competitions and parades for their unit, it is very unfortunate that due to the pandemic they are unable to be with their cadets on their retirement.

We are Honoured and Proud to have them as our shipmates.



Eddie 



Linda 

Another Draft, It's a very small world.

This draft started about 20 years ago when an old sea cadet mate, we met for the first time in 30 odd years and he told me he was a member of the HMS Ganges Association. My ears must have pricked up as he could see that I was interested. I expect a lot of ex RN when you first come out of the mob you are too busy trying to get a job with a wife and a son (that's another part of this story) so the last thing that you are looking at is joining a Naval Association or the RNA or any other old ship reunions. But by this time I had a job which paid me a commission fortnightly the same as the mob, a financial advisor (the one thing that the pusser taught you was that you could talk to anyone and it did give you the gift of the gab). Also when I first came out I became a type one diabetic, I think it was the shock of having to work for a living, no it was a family thing. Anyway, he told me he was going to a Ganges Reunion at Pakefield Pontins holiday camp would I be interested? Yes, I said and off we went.



**Part
of
The
Ship**

**With
Pricky
Price,
Me,
?**

On arriving at Pakefield the building was the shape of a ship. After booking in and finding our kaboosh Billets, we entered where we knew the main bar was as you could hear all the old ships tales coming out. I passed a room that in those days was a small Ganges museum and there was a bugle, I could not resist playing the alert and carry on (I was a sea cadet bugler also one on the T/S Arethusa and the bugle band at Ganges). I was immediately grabbed by who I found out later was Robbie Robson and told I could play Last Post and Reveille at the church service on Sunday. I was absolutely taken aback, I hadn't played them for years. Anyway, up to the bar we went then what these reunions are all about, "you are Dave Harris" I looked and it was Brian Dunn and with him was Dave Tait who was in Rodney 12 Mess same time, Dave was also a button boy. Brian was my next-door neighbour and in the sea cadets together 50 odd years ago. Brian is a wind up merchant, at that reunion he actually scribed two letters signed by Horatio Nelson and put them in the welcome box as you book in, telling these two that they must attend the church service as attendance is low and they did.



Another part of the Ship

The bugle I played at the church service and what a right mess I made of it, I was shaking, couldn't get my breath (as those that have played you will know that you lose a muscle above your lip) I had not played since I was on the Cavalier (that story will follow). The reunion came to a close Brian, Dave and myself said we would keep in touch, to this we carried and still do.



HMS Cavaleir - Bier Patrol Funnies

Brian always spoke about another ex matelot Stan the Destroyer Man who attended his local pub. He invited myself and the Mrs to his place at Lincoln. There we were in the pub and I was introduced to Stan the Destroyer Man, it was Stan Rosenkranz who I was on the Cavalier same commission with.



**HMS
Cavalier**

He used to tell a story about me on the Cavalier jumping over side at Mombasa trying to get home on passionate leave. Now this gives me the chance to put the story straight. The ship had just done a 6 week Bierra patrol and as usual the first port was Mombasa (why oh why did pusser pick Mombasa as many a married man went adrift there) for a bit of relaxation and to do away with the last six weeks of boredom. I was getting ready to go ashore when mail arrived and also I had a message my wife had just given birth to a baby boy. It was tot time and as always in the mess you had sippers of everyone's tot. Then I was instructed to get my best whites and get my bugle as Kenyatta, the president of Kenya at that time, was passing in his boat and I was to play the alert and carry on. I was really pissed off. One, I had another 9 months to do before I saw my son and two, I wanted to attend the Cassablanca Club and the Pink Flamingo club after 6 weeks at sea. I played as I was instructed then after about 3 tots I thought "I know, I will jump over the side and they will send me home on compassionate leave". Threw the hat on the iron deck, I had borrowed the hat along with the bugle and away I went full tropical uniform swimming in the river shouting out "Margate here I come". They piped man overboard launch the sea boat and away they went to pick me up, I won't tell you what the sea boats crew called me, as I walked up the gangway, I jumped again. I was locked up in the cells, the aft steering well, no run ashore, no tots until we sailed and then I was let out. After this I had to see a psychiatrist in Singers who I must say was more bombed out than me, all he kept talking about was double decker buses. As most of us, I got over this and carried on with the 9 months left of the commission. Stan came another friend from Lincoln. We went on several reunions and I joined the Cavalier Association, but unfortunately Stan has crossed the bar, he will be sadly missed down his local and shipmates. I have said before that Brian is a great wind up merchant, so for his birthday we decided to wind him up with a dive on love of a ship HMS Sycilla. The dive tube at Dolphin was no longer used

except for civilian divers and you could book a dive in it prior to you diving on Sycilla. This we arranged with all the proper paperwork that did look like the proper ones, with signature and a wax stamp. HMS Sycilla was blown up to make a reef for fish and divers. Brian actually went to see this. At another reunion he met Martin who told him he had trouble doing the tank at Dolphin when he was in his twenties, Brian was sixty and his wife to be was dead against it. To this date he still states that he knew it was a wind up. Brian, many of you know him a Striker, is now married to, in those days a matelots dream, a blonde, nymphomaniac, millionaires and owns a brewery; two of these I know is right, she has run a pub for many years and is blonde. So many stories that could be told at reunions and as I said at the beginning "it's a small world".



Crossing the line HMS Cavalier

Dave "Chats" Harris

DOG COMMAND

When I look back on my naval career which spanned 34 years, completing my time in 1999 with a 'brass hat', I recall serving in some happy ships. HMS Cavalier outshone them all. There was something so special about her and her ships' company I was privileged to serve with. The ship's motto 'Of One Company' speaks volumes. As a civilian I embarked on a varied period of 16 years ranging from being a technical adviser to a consortium bidding for the PJHQ Northwood project, (we got 'pipped at the post' as the preferred bidder), project director bidding for small NHS projects, working for the Prison Service, being a member of staff in a Community Hospital, the boatman for a summer season on a large estate, a Town Councillor, supporting both Norfolk Constabulary and Bedfordshire Police as a volunteer in various guises, and finally before retiring, having command of a Waitrose delivery van in Bedfordshire. One Tuesday in August 2012, my wife, Jocelyn and I said goodbye to our yellow Labrador 'Raffles' (no guesses for why that name!) of 14½ years. He was a wonderful family pet. We agreed to wait 3 months before having another dog. It was strange coming home after work without the welcome dog owners' love with that wagging tail! Unknown to me, Jocelyn had been looking at websites and found a puppy for sale in Suffolk. Three days rather than 3 months later a new arrival in the form of a 16 week old black Labrador of gun dog stock became the latest member of our family. We have called him 'Jasper' who at the time of this issue of Capers, is now 8 years old; a family dog first with gun dog stock being a bonus. For the first 3 years of his life, Jasper was purely a family pet while I was working in Waitrose. Jasper's breeder who lives in Suffolk is also a gun dog trainer. Jocelyn and I decided to embark on a training course with him hoping to get Jasper and me up to speed for shooting seasons when the time came (this occurred in 2015 when we returned to live in Norfolk). Our trainer spent his early years in Germany as

his father was in the Army. At times during lessons I felt as though I was back on the parade ground at Dartmouth! I have learned so much including the need to be consistent with Jasper so that he knows and is reminded of what is required of him. It has been hard work but rewarding, like going through Portland on 'Work-up' and succeeding at the end of the day having had everything thrown at you! Since we returned to Norfolk, Jasper and I have enjoyed being involved with two local shoots. There are times when I keep him on the lead so that we do not interrupt the smooth running of any drive as we want to be invited back the following season! I can let him have a good run at the beginning of some drives when we are dropped off in the middle of nowhere and are required to cover large fields to flush out birds. When a drive has been completed, I am able to let Jasper off the lead sometimes to retrieve shot birds, but I have to bear in mind there are dogs at these shoots whose sole purpose is to do just that. When working Jasper, I do not have to say 'steer by sonar' to get within firing range of a target as he has a wonderful sense of smell whether flushing out pheasant and red legged partridge or retrieving shot birds from hedgerows, long maize, sugar beet and other fields, woods or thick undergrowth. I give instructions by whistle and hand signals. When we first started working together, Jasper would ignore me at times as he liked the taste of partridge which he would have for himself especially when other dogs wished to take these birds from him! Now he is more mature and I have got a better grip of being in command of a gun dog, Jasper ignores other dogs and brings birds to me! The shooting seasons have kept us busy, provided much pleasure as well as keeping us fit! I like to think Jasper and I have several years remaining being involved in this wonderful pastime. We have met numerous people from various walks of life and it can also be a small world. Three years ago, at the end of a day, one of the guns said he had to get back on the road to Oxford. He was Chief Executive of a large company. Ongoing discussion with him revealed that he lives in the house

where my parents lived for over 20 years! On two other occasions, one of the guns (ex-Army) was the brother-in-law of one of my former COs, and the other a Dartmouth term mate of mine! How small a world can you get than that! I thought ship command was a challenge. Now I have found another, dog command, but well worth it! Jasper and I are 'Of One Company'. John Plummer ASWO 1970-71.



John Plummer 70/71 Commission

“You cannot be Serious”

In May 1972 I was posted to HMS Norfolk, a Country Class guided missile destroyer. I was due to join her in July after 3 months of training at HMS Collingwood. My job on Norfolk was the D.A.B. computer and associated equipment in the Ops Room, which included the Seaslug missile consoles.

I joined Norfolk on the 24th July 1972.

In March 1973 Norfolk was taken into dockyard hands for a re-fit, primarily to replace the B-gun with four launcher Exocet MM38 missile system. She became the first ship in the Royal Navy to have it fitted.

During the latter part of 1972 I sat my P.P.E for P.O.R.E.L., which I passed. The roster for P.O.R.E.L. was 9 months at that time.

I was promoted to P.O.E.L. in October 1973.

By March 1974, after re-fit trials and work up, she was in Portsmouth for self-maintenance in preparation for sailing to Toulon for live Exocet missile firings on the French ranges in the south of France.

I had always been, and still am, a keen motorcyclist. At that time I owned a Honda CB350.

During a casual conversation in the mess the suggestion was made “why don’t you take the bike to the South of France”.

I thought about this and then I mentioned it to my Head of Department, L.T. Peter Pacey. He said that if I put in a request form, he would sign it, which he did. So, it was off to see the M.A.A. for putting forward to the Captain who, at the time, was Captain Wemyss.

On presenting it to the M.A.A., I think he pre-dated McEnroe’s comment at Wimbledon by some years, it went something like “you cannot be serious. Are you having a laugh?”

Anyway, I persevered based on the fact that the Captain could only say N.G., surely. He took the request and gave me a “look” – I can still remember it!

Well, a couple of days later I was summoned to the M.A.A.'s office. He said "your request has been granted. The skipper thinks it's a grand idea". He handed me back the request form and gave me "look" again. Little did I know the consequence of that look.

Anyway, the first job was to talk to the officer in charge of the upper deck to discuss where the bike was to be stored. A place was decided upon and rules to be adhered to, for example the petrol to be removed from the bike when stored and put in the hangar. He even arranged for a cover to be made to protect it, more, I think, to hide it!

No, this is not Cunard, this is the grey funnel line.

So, with the assistance of mess mates we pushed the bike up the gangway and off to Toulon we went.

The trip to our first port of call, Gibraltar was uneventful. Lots of practice and testing of the Exocet system by the trials team. Gibraltar came and went, Sugars and the London Bar still there from my time based there on the Cavalier.

The day before we were due to arrive in Toulon I was sat in the mess, when another mess member came in and said "the MMA wants to see you". This is not a message you wish to hear, it drives the mind into overdrive, why me? Is there a problem with my bar bill? Are my mutton chops too long? They were all the rage at this time, with long hair and the hippy look the fashion of the day. One thing for sure, it was not an invite to take afternoon tea! A short journey from Mess 10 down the Norfolk Broads to the Regulating office and I was there, in front of the MAA. As I recall the MAA inquired if I was planning to go ashore the following night on arrival in Toulon. Before I had a chance to reply, I was presented with a white webbing belt, a pair of white webbing gaiters and a whistle with a comment "you are now", you are in charge of the naval patrol. Report to the French Navy Police with four other junior ratings from the ship. In fact I was naval patrol at least a further four times. Last night in Toulon. First and last night in Calvi Corsica and first night in

Manaco. Although the youngest PO on board, I think I did more navel patrols than anybody. Now I know what the “look” was all about!

..... to be continued



Picture of Colin's wife June, taken on board Cavalier in 1982. The ship was open to the public in Southampton but only there for a year before being moved to Brighton Marina.

Colin Powell

History - a Reality Check

For a small amount of perspective at this moment, imagine you were born in 1900.

When you are 14, World War I starts, and ends on your 18th birthday with 22 million people killed.

Later in the year, a Spanish Flu epidemic hits the planet and runs until you are 20.

Fifty million people die from it in those two years. Yes, 50 million.

When you're 29, the Great Depression begins. Unemployment hits 25%, global GDP drops 27%.

That runs until you are 33. The country nearly collapses along with the world economy.

When you turn 39, World War II starts. You aren't even over the hill yet.

When you're 41, the United States finally enters WWII.

Between your 39th and 45th birthday, 75 million people perish in the war and the Holocaust kills six million.

At 52, the Korean War starts and five million perish.

At 64 the Vietnam War begins, and it doesn't end for many years. Four million people die in that conflict.

Approaching your 62nd birthday you have the Cuban Missile Crisis, a tipping point in the Cold War.

Life on our planet, as we know it, could well have ended. Great leaders prevented that from happening.

As you turn 75, the Vietnam War finally ends.

Think of everyone on the planet born in 1900. How do you survive all of that?

A kid in 1985 didn't think their 85 year old grandparent understood how hard school was.

Yet those grandparents (and now great grandparents) survived through everything listed above.

Perspective is an amazing art. Let's try and keep things in perspective.

Let's be smart, help each other out, and we will get through all of this.

In the history of the world, there has never been a storm that lasted.

2019. COVID-19. This too, will pass.

Keith Cartwright

PRICHARD BOY'S

Sixty years ago at the tender age of seventeen and after serving on my first ship HMS Chaplet in the Icelandic Cod War I thought I was "Jack Tar" with a bow wave and tiddly bow in my cap and a light blue collar so on the 24th June 1960 I, along with another eighteen Juniors and Ordinary Seamen, joined HMS Cavalier in Singapore dockyard.

As you are all owners of Barry Knells book " The Fastest Ship in the Fleet " you are already aware of the nick names that we had been given by the cox'n sticky Stamp :-

Sally, Blossom, Petal, Katie, Stripy, Windy, Tubby, Smudge, Paddy, Jan, etc,etc,

I thought that I had a Green Rub and was hard done by when I was assigned to the "Juniors Mess" my protests that I was a fully fledged Ordinary Seaman and should be in the forward seamens mess as my action station was on A Gun fell on deaf ears, so there I was in the Juniors mess down aft between the ERA's mess and the after seamens mess on the starboard side, and then to add insult to injury we were each assigned a senior AB as our sea Daddy (He was supposed to keep us under his wing and out of harms way!)

Our Captain was Commander Gwynedd Idris Prichard an ex Ganges Boy who joined up in 1942 (the year that I was born). He was a strict disciplinarian but very fair and stood by his men, he was determined that his "Boy's", as we were now known, would be given every opportunity to gain as much knowledge and experience that the big wide world could offer, apart from your Divisional Officer, the Cox'n, the Buffer, P.O. Killick, and three badge AB's we now had our own Schoolie in the shape of Sub Lt Cordrey,

In the next eighteen months his Boys and their schoolie gained a massive amount of knowledge and experience we had been sent and stayed with 16th/17th Lancers and also the 14th Field Regiment of the Royal Artillery up in the New Territories of

Hong Kong on Boarder Patrol with the Repubic of China.
In Western Australia we had walked from Albany to Bunbury while the ship sailed round.

We had been sent to assist a sheep farmer in the outback miles from Adelaide to shear four thousand sheep!

We had been with the Royal Australian Regiment at Frasers Hill Jungle warfare camp in Pahang Province in the Cameron Highlands and taught how to be safe in the jungle before going out on patrol, we had also been captured by three Indonesian Gun Boats while sailing an MFV to the island of Ban Tan in the Malacca straights.

We had also spent time with the RAF at Changi, all this as well as our normal duties and watch keeping onboard.

His training certainly did wonders for all of us it was only five years later that I was drafted back to the Far East again not as an AB FC2 but for two and a half years as a Royal Navy Coach Driver!!

Not only are we still altogether, although sadly some have crossed the bar, but we are still known by our nick names and we are still working on our ship.

I am proud and Honoured to have been one of his boys.

Katie.



Volunteers

Well over the last few months working on the Cavalier with honest John who just loves to dig himself into really deep holes by being far too honest at times but he is the master of Cavalier polishing throughout the whole ship. Then there is Bill Arbin known as Black Bill because he will paint anything black even if it's red, green, yellow or white it really doesn't matter but it's always neat. Now we have Dave DSM known as The Hawk named because he was a chief so do I need to say anymore about that although he nearly got called THOR as being a stoker he is excellent at making adjustments with his giant hammer. I haven't forgotten myself as I usually get called a scotch hmm something but also Red Jim because unfortunately when working on the pointed left hand side of the front of the ship a gust of wind must have blown the red tin of paint I was using over and I couldn't believe how many of the friendly volunteers came up to tell me how sorry they felt for me, what a great bunch.

Believe me when I tell you old sea dogs that we really do work hard when we are onboard keeping it shipshape for example at the back end of the ship where the bathrooms and toilets are we painted all there plus the after flat, Oh sorry did I say toilets I meant to say heads. We also painted parts up in the forward passages then the wardroom flat finished off by honest John and his brightwork which was gleaming. The last part of this saga is when Bill and myself were on the BBC program Inside Out telling some stories that were allowed for family viewing. There were also ship tours throughout the year and they were really sought after being the most wanted tours people wanted to be booked on. Well last bit, thank goodness I hear, we are not sure when we will be back onboard after the lockdown but I hope with our

age groups of volunteers and association members that we all come through as OF ONE COMPANY.

Jim Low 70-72 Commission

Cavalier Oil Painting by Stan Hide

I have two stories to tell about a large oil painting of HMS Cavalier, painted by Mr Stan Hide, a Legion Member.

The first one is regarding a painting:- A large oil painting of the Cavalier sailing the waves, painted by Mr Stan Hide, a Legion Member I bought for £18 from a charity shop in the 70s. But to begin the first story, after my husband's death I was sorting out stuff and I found a raffle ticket from the Legion to choose a painting by Mr Stan Hide, so I phoned said sorry I hadn't rang before, still Mr Hide said that's fine I'll bring some paintings for you to choose from. When he came in and sat down, he spotted my painting on the wall, with a big smile he said that's one of my paintings. A young man was going to sell it for me, well he did but kept the money, my name is on the painting which is lovely.

The second story is:- I had a broken letterbox on my front door, so phoned the Council who said you must fix it yourself! So I phoned Age Concern, and a nice man arrived, he said yes he'd mend, I gave him money to get new letterbox. When he returned and had fixed it, I said "cuppa tea", he said "yes please", so in he came, sat down, smiled looking at my painting of the Cavalier and said "that's my ship" he was so pleased to see it that I said would he like it? – "oh yes please" he replied. So it's his now, but he said he would hand it on to the Cavalier himself, I hope he does.

I love that ship my Ray also helped build her at J S Whites as a welder then sailed on her. I also had a Sunday lunch on board in 1940 at Pompey.

Mrs S J Higgins

Peter Stone - I will hoist my Union Jack!!.. (It is from the Chatham old flag and sail loft!).

Peter raised the flag taking part in the HNSA Fleet Members tribute.



“Cavalier” by James Unwin



*Please kindly hear my dedication,
to comrades my commemoration,
to all who got up in the dark,
in stormy seas to chase the “Ark”.*



*Our memories perhaps of “Singers”,
and runs ashore where memory lingers,
of thought provoking days we found
of steaming home the “long way round”.*



*You won’t forget, it was terrific
to sail across the wide Pacific
as smiling portrait by Franz Hals
looked down from the bulkhead upon my pals.*



*Those pals who cannot burn the midnight oil
having shuffled from this mortal coil,
If you’re still here*



*please raise a cheer
for those who served on Cavalier.*



*By James Unwin
Ex. Pom(e) Cavalier*

A verse from James Urwin who was our Senior Pome 61/63
Commission, sent in by:-

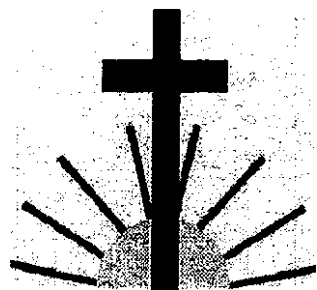
Larry Nolan (Ex Pome) 61/63 Commission

The Best of ... Tugg



SERVICE TYPES — No 1
STOKES (ENGINEERING MECHANIC)

FALLEN SHIPMATES



Michael (Micky) Dack Leonard Graves Allan Sutton	04/03/20 07/03/20 09/05/20	60/61 57/59 Ass
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**Deepest sympathies are extended to our shipmates
families and friends.
May they find calm seas and a safe anchorage**