

# CAVALIER CAPERS

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

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ISSUE No 76

Spring 2021

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## CONTENTS

<b>Chairman's Report</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Presidents Dit</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Vice Chairman's Report</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Treasurers Report</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Secretary's Report</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Armistice</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>More Rookies Recollections</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Fun for Capers</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Who's Who</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>Naval Association Parade</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Blasts from the past</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>Ladies Night Out</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>Tugg</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>Fallen Shipmates</b>	<b>28</b>

## **Chairman's Report**

I hope you are all well and staying safe during these trying times. Hopefully there will be light at the end of the tunnel soon and we can get our lives back to normal, or as normal as possible.

You'll find booking forms for the October reunion with this issue of Capers, I'm sure Dave will give more information. I really hope we manage to have the reunion this year as I'm sure we all missed meeting up with shipmates and the camaraderie, not forgetting Tot time!! We have also missed our working weekends which are so important in keeping the old girl in a ship shape condition.

Did everyone manage to get their money back after the collapse of Ilse of Wight Tours? I have spoken to Shirley a couple of times since this unfortunate event, she sends her love and best wishes to you all.

When I first moved to Weymouth in the 60's we used to see all the naval ships in the bay and entering and leaving Portland harbour, now all we get is empty passenger liners, in the first lockdown this was a novelty, but now becomes the norm.

Rest assured the committee will monitor the reunion situation nearer the time and make appropriate arrangements should we be unable to hold the reunion in October, ensuring that members do not lose their money.

**Tony Cox**  
**Chairman**

## **Presidents Dit**

Sitting in my study in London, looking out at a bright sunny day and a temperature of -3C and watching a very small number of people in what this time last year was a very busy road, I am struck by the strange contradictions of the present time. We have a New Year and a new hope provided by the vaccination programme, whilst at the same time we are all locked into our homes and are only going out when really necessary. Covid is still rampant, if slowing a bit, and the next months are still uncertain and yet....

And yet. In my small close, people have managed to draw together, and help and wave cheerfully to each other, and do small kindnesses for each other in a way we did not before the pandemic. The noise of transport is rather hushed, and we can hear far more birdsong. Thanks to the internet and to Zoom and other similar programmes, we are able to keep in good visual communications with each other and have discovered new ways of staying in contact with people we care about. It's not all bad.

I hope you are all staying well and safe and am much looking forward to, and keeping my fingers crossed, for our reunion in September, when it will be two and a half years since we met in Hinckley. But perhaps we can meet each other a little more than we do, now we are more used to these new ways of connecting. I recently attended a "virtual dinner" with 120 other people. I am sure the Chairman will be quickly on the phone to remind me that I am merely a non-executive figurehead and am forbidden to have "ideas" for which someone else has to do the work! But it might be worth a thought, particularly if, heaven forbid, we cannot manage our reunion.

Look after yourselves and roll on September.

**Jeremy Blackham**

## **Vice Chairman's Report**

Hello Shipmates, here's hoping all is well with you.

This Pandemic has really upset our plans so far in more ways than one, like most of us we have discovered walks on our doorstep we didn't know existed and zoom became part of life.

When the Isle of Wight Tours folded, we were in a bit of a mess for a while but we as the committee have hopefully solved the problem. We have after zoom meetings decided to use Sarah Fletcher Events. She is involved with numerous reunions and should be a good choice.

With the booking forms in for this year's reunion, still being held in Bristol at the Aztec Hotel in October. We are still planning on going to Llandudno next year again with the help of Sarah Fletcher again.

I hope there is nobody out of pocket after the collapse of Isle of Wight tours I personally had a bit of a problem to start with, but it was resolved quite easily with a phone call to Protect Claims. As you can see on the booking form, we still have our trip to the SS Great Britain on the Saturday, plus an optional trip to Bath on Sunday.

Here's hoping that our reunion will be able to go ahead and that everyone is in good health and staying safe. Everyone should all be inoculated against COVID by October, and I hope the Social Distancing will be eased.

**Dave Shardlow**

## Treasurers Report

As you may know we have two accounts with HSBC Business Banking. They are the main account known as the “Community Account” and the Welfare Account. I operate the community account on-line and use it to pay bills and accept funds, as necessary. Unfortunately, the welfare account never made it online and consequently, although I can pay into it, I am not able to make withdrawals.

Several months ago, I began the process of putting this right and after consultations began filling in the complicated relevant applications and despatching them along with all the required signatures and association constitution etc. After two months without response, I began to chase them up. This was easier said than done and, after many long tedious waits on the telephone, several emails and two strong letters to the Group Chief Executive which only resulted in bland anonymous emails offering small inconvenience remunerations (Now totalling £125) but no solution other than saying that they did not have all the paperwork (They lost it) and asking me to reapply (Which I did) but again without any sensible result, I decided therefore, in consultation with the committee to abandon the effort as a lost cause and to withdraw the funds from the Welfare Account using a cheque and paying it into our Community Account. This has been done and I now have full control of all our funds in the one account.

However, ever since the transfer from Nobby to me which they got horribly wrong and took us weeks to put right (Another £250 in compo) and this recent appalling performance in customer relations I, again, in consultation with the committee, will be looking into transferring everything to another bank, probably Barclays in the near future. The implications of this move are

not yet clear to me as I am still investigating but I am led to believe that it is a relatively simple procedure.

HSBC Bank should have a sign over the door reading “Abandon hope all ye who enter here.

Continuing with finance. Currently our now single account stands at £11,280. (Feb 21) To date we have received:

Subs £1,541, Donations £990 and £125 in Apology payments from HSBC. 71% of members have paid which of course leaves 29% who have yet to do so. I will endeavour to contact these remainers before unfortunately thinking about striking them from the books. Results of the April audit will be published in the summer Capers.

### Membership

I was looking through some old Capers and I came across an item written in the summer 2008 issue by my illustrious predecessor Nobby. He listed the membership totals by commission, and I thought it would be interesting to make a comparison.

<b>2008</b>		<b>2020</b>
1944 1946	24	02
1957 1959	16	03
1959 1960	20	08
1960 1961	38	14
1961 1963	35	15
1964 1966	04	00
1966 1969	25	20
1970 1972	60	79
Life Members	2	09
Hon Members	45	39
Full Members	222	116
Ass Members	42	19
<b>Totals</b>	<b>328</b>	<b>183</b>



I suppose, not surprisingly the first thing you notice is that we are, stand fast the 70/72 commission, dwindling on all fronts. We still have two from 44/66, Mr Wheeler and Mr Cripps who must I suppose be the oldest of us. Wherever you are fella's, hang on in there and may you be with us for many years to come.

It's the nature of the beast, but there are still plenty of us left to keep the flag flying for some time yet.

Nobby went on to say that he had "Lost" 58 members for non-payment that year and I have had to do the same for about 60 since I took over so it's not all doom and gloom, some people just lost touch for whatever reason. I wonder if any of them would like to get back onboard?

Barely had I finished writing this, when two ex-members got in touch with me via Julie enquiring about re-joining the fold. So, it is amazing the what the powers of wishful thinking can do. I have now had a chat with them and victualled them in. The two new members are Retired Commodore Jamie Miller and retired Captain Charles Freeman. Both from the 70/72 commission which brings the total for the last commission to 79 and well ahead of the field.

Welcome back to the fold gentlemen and I hope you can make it to the forthcoming AGM.

As Jimmy Wheeler said, "Aye Aye, That's yer Lot. Stay Safe.

**Alan (Rowdy) Yates Finance Bosun.**

## Secretary's Report

I hope you all had a fairly good Christmas all things considered and here's hoping for a much better New Year. Keeping our fingers crossed that things will continue to improve and we get our freedom back and can eventually get together for our long awaited Reunion.

Obviously not much has happened to report on, our working weekends are on hold at the moment and the reunion info is enclosed.

I had a lovely email from Donald Cripps daughter, Lyndsay. Donald is now 92, but sadly he has memory difficulties, he tends to remember situations rather than names, he remembers serving on HMS Cavalier but struggles to remember when, so if anyone has any memories, stories of him or his time serving, please can you let me know. I can forward these onto Lyndsay who can relay to her Dad. Any help would be greatly received.

Please, please continue to send me anything you think our members would like to read, I've not had much in lately, so with Rowdy's help we have put a couple of old items back in for a re-read - Blasts form the Past.

I, and I'm sure a few of you watched Armistice Day on the Dockyards live feed, which was very moving. Bill was thankfully allowed to attend and to lay our wreath, so a BIG thank you to Bill for attending on our behalf, laying and very generously supplying the wreath, much appreciated by us all.

With the hint of spring in the air, Kevin and I are hoping to get back out and spend time in the garden, so stay safe and well and we both hope to see you all in October.

**Julie**

**Bill at Armistice Day**





## **More Rookies Recollections – HMS CAVALIER Spring 1970**

Sandwiched between Perisher running and an official visit to Falmouth CAVALIER's ship's log records a mysterious mission accomplished over the last two days of May 1970. On Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> we anchored in Plymouth Sound at 0140 and conducted a boat transfer. Weighing anchor at 0730 that morning we proceeded to Cherbourg where that afternoon we berthed alongside in Avant-Port.

On Sunday at 0745 we embarked 218 passengers and returned to sea, steaming to Alderney where they disembarked. After six

hours they returned on board and we transported them back to Cherbourg, now 227 strong. I have no recollection of this ferrying task; but the brief visit to France is, however, etched in my memory although somewhat eroded by the polishing of time.

The Midshipman's grot in the forward cabin flat, a rather gloomy two berth cabin midships, tended to be a bit of a scran bag. Whilst I have no recollection of receiving any 'displeasure' the remonstrations with my fellow Mid about the cleanliness of our cabin may well have been pinged during the weeks after our Portland work up.

Anyway, shortly after this brief visit to France a distinct and unattractive aroma became discernible in the grot. The aroma ripened to become a conspicuously obvious and embarrassing pong. I recall pressing my cabin mate to send his kit to the Chogey laundry. The pong remained; the stronger it became the more kit was sent for dhoby

Still, as the neat bundles of clean laundry returned the pong stood its ground. Given the lack of success with the laundry ploy I started to look for other causes. I cleaned the Mid's grot, first to night rounds standard, then to Captain's rounds and finally Admiral's rounds standard. It was during this last cleaning frenzy that the cause became apparent. Whilst wiping down the overhead ventilation trunking I noticed that the punkah-louvre was not properly secured, and during my efforts to secure it the thing came off in my hand (Chief, in perhaps one of the premium examples of the expression!). There, in the trunking festered the explanation. A round of France's finest Port Salut, naked, creeping and over ripe lay just inside the now vacant port in the trunking. Whilst it had not become the home for any livestock it was manifestly mobile and irrefutably exuded the offending pong!

The cause of the pong revealed, and the reek finally eliminated, the mystery remained as to how the cheese had become lodged in the ventilation trunking. Cheese being victuals and Pusser's cabin being adjacent leads me towards the conclusion that the Supply Officer had played a major part in the plot; perhaps in collusion with MEO, responsible for the ship's ventilation, whose cabin is just above the hatch to the forward officers' cabin flat! And might the source have been a gift from one of the mysterious passengers we embarked in Cherbourg? I'm unlikely to ever know but I will never forget! Happy days!

Now, some may dispute this account but why let the truth get in the way of a good old 50-year swing of the lamp.

Richard Mitchell

Jackspeak, for our fellow friends and members not so acquainted:

Chogey laundry – Chinese laundry

Dhoby – Washing

Perisher – Nickname for the Submarine Commanding Officers' Qualifying Course. Ships would act as targets during the course steaming pre-determined tracks known only to Teacher, the Officer in charge of the course.

Punkah-louvre – an outlet port in the ventilation trunking

Pusser – Supply Officer, today the Logistics Officer

Scran bag – used to describe a scruffy person or place

**Richard Mitchell**

## More Fun for Capers

I would normally write up about all the all the work that the volunteers have been doing on the Cavalier but for the last nine months there has been little to nothing done and there are areas that look in a poor state. I went round the ship a few weeks ago with honest John Webb just to see if there were jobs that could be done on the upper deck and obviously at safe distancing, but this last lockdown has knocked that back.

I get the odd email about the run ashore escapades of the rascal Danny Sprinks who really is my great friend.

First of all, I must ask the question what happened at the end of the Pembroke dance when it was closing time because being with Danny Sprinks's the rascal I was usually escorted out before the end as Danny Sprinks was always fighting and as I was with him even though I had nothing to with the trouble it was classed as guilty by association.

One time I remember when he was facing up to two scallywags (probably soldiers) I went up to him to try and calm the situation down I even put my arm round his shoulders to get him away saying it's not worth it Danny Sprinks plus I want to see the new group perform. I was too late the riot had started with fists flying right in the middle of the dance floor and luckily enough I was able to get in between this scuffle and stop it but as I said previously guilty by association so the dance for us ended early.

Goodness I thought that was the end of a good night but Danny Sprinks was the equivalent of a gunslinger and there was always someone trying to make a name for themselves as I found out at the Pembroke main gate after being escorted out of the dance. We always swapped coats or tops when going

out and on this eventful evening Danny Sprinks was wearing my brand new sheepskin coat when he bumped into another reprobate who also had been escorted out of the dance who was rather miffed at this nudge and told Danny Sprinks that he was a navy boxer so keep your distance when Danny Sprinks replied yeah right at the same time the punch to his nose made him shudder but although he may have been a boxer Danny Sprinks was a brawler and very quickly dispatched him.

The only concern I had was my brand-new sheepskin coat was covered in blood and it didn't wash out.

That was our early night as we walked back onboard with me saying to Danny Sprinks one of these days you will have to just try and behave yourself. The next episode will be about the haircut that we never got, that was Danny Sprinks the rascal again.

**Jim Low**  
**Commission 70- 72.**







## Who's who

Could anyone help with who's who in the photo below:-



### **Terry Talbot with Cavalier Football Team 1967 Cape Town**

In photo a few names back left to front right.

? ? Ed Skilled , Droopy Steven's, Mick Spencer, Yorkie Clegg  
Front row

John Bower, ?, Terry Francis, Terry Talbot, Billy Budd

Terry would be over the moon if anyone know's who else in this photo.

## Naval Associations Parade - The Cenotaph – Sunday 12 Sep 21 - Diary marker

Dear CONA Shipmates,

Andy's initiative is so important here. As a collective group, I believe this body is hugely important in its reach to the wider naval veterans' community which Adrian Bell, the CEO of the RNRMC has charged me with reaching.

As part of this responsibility, I have spoken with the Board of the RNA and they have agreed to change the name of our Biennial Parade to the "Naval Associations Parade" thereby opening it to all naval veterans and indeed serving. The Parade this year will be held in Whitehall at the Cenotaph on Sunday 12 September and, as well as commemorating and celebrating our war dead, will, this year, be **dedicated to all of our shipmates who have crossed the bar during the Covid pandemic** whether they were taken by the virus or not.

We do this as, in the RNA, because of the restrictions, we found that often we were not able to honour the passing of our shipmates during the pandemic with the marks of respect at their funerals that they might normally have expected, and we know that it will have been the same for your membership also. We, the RNA that is, would therefore request that you join us at the Cenotaph on 12 September to collectively honour their memories.

The Second Sea Lord has already graciously agreed to take the salute and, we hope, with serving representation from both SULTAN and COLLINGWOOD, it is my fervent desire that the larger Associations may even consider forming a squad on this particularly poignant occasion. I would hope that this might be achievable from some of the larger Associations, for example, the Submariners Association, the FAA Association, the Association of Wrens, ARNO and the Royal Marine Association but I also lay down the challenge to the likes of the PT Branch Association, the 21 Club, the Destroyers and the Jack Dusty Associations. Absolutely all are welcome and those too small in numbers to march separately will always be welcome in the bosom of the RNA squads.

This year, after this hideous trauma the people of our country have endured, we are keen to see a display of standards across the Associations which is worthy of the Shipmates we honour.

Furthermore, as we all get older, and no doubt grumpier, it strikes me during the lockdowns of the pandemic that we ought to be doing more for our more isolated members or indeed their widows or widowers, some of whom find themselves recently bereaved as a result of the pandemic. The RNA has therefore ditched its subscription in the hope that we can reach more of the hidden, lost and lonely naval veterans in our communities. We absolutely don't want to steal away your members because we know that the camaraderie that membership of your tighter Associations

brings is hugely valuable. We would however ask you to consider sharing this news with your membership so that they can sign up to the RNA (for free) as well as your own organisation to allow a communication flow across the wider naval veteran community. And to allow us to reach some members with some of the projects we are engaged in with the support of the RNRMC to combat loneliness. Initiatives like *Project Semaphore* which seeks to reach that element of our collective community which possibly missed the opportunities of digital connection by providing iPads and gentle instruction in their use or the new *Standing by your Side* initiative of Sparko TV which seeks to allow veterans to use their television sets to communicate with family and oppos and take part in shared activities. We are, after all, all proud of our naval heritage and keen to allow the naval veterans in our community the dignity of friendship and comradeship when they most need it. All naval veterans are encouraged to sign up to the RNA for free on our website at <https://royal-naval-association.co.uk/>

I would ask you therefore to accept this as a diary marker for 12 Sep 21 – details will follow – and I look forward to hearing back from you with your positive responses.

In addition, we plan to have another CONA Conference as soon as we start to see a way ahead through Covid.

With much respect,

**Bill Oliphant**

# Blasts from the Past

## JENNY SIDEPARTY BEM



Jenny, who has died aged 92, was a legend to generations of sailors who visited Hong Kong; despite the colony's constant change, she remained the same incomparable institution for most of her life.

Jenny led a side party of girls who attached themselves to ships when they arrived in Hong Kong, taking over the domestic economy and husbandry of each vessel. They washed and ironed, cleaned ship, chipped rust and painted, attended as buoy jumpers, and, dressed in their best, waited with grace and charm upon guests at cocktail parties.

Captains and first lieutenants would find fresh flowers in their cabins and newspapers delivered daily, and many a departing officer received a generous gift as a memento from Jenny. For all of this she refused to take payment, instead earning her keep by selling soft drinks to the ships' companies and scavenging every item of scrap and gash which could be found on board.

Much of Jenny's life was an enigma, but the authors of her many certificates of service (references) generally agreed that she was born in a sampan in Causeway Bay in 1917. According to a surviving certificate of service - copied in 1946 from an older, much battered and largely illegible document - Jenny's mother, Jenny One, "provided serviceable sampans for the general use of the Royal Navy, obtained sand, and was useful for changing money".

The younger Jenny's "date of volunteering" was recorded as 1928. From then until 1997, when the colony became a Special Administrative Region of China, she and her team of tireless girls, who at one time numbered nearly three dozen, served the Royal and Commonwealth Navies in Hong Kong.

Jenny's huge collection of photographs, stored in large envelopes, dated back to the mid-20th century and showed her in the ships she so faithfully served, often with young commanding officers who later reached flag rank. In two thick albums she proudly kept her letters of reference, all filled with praise and affection for her. One was a commendation by the Duke of Edinburgh for her work in the Royal Yacht during a visit to Hong Kong in 1959.

She had a (faux) Long Service and Good Conduct Medal presented to her in 1938 by the captain of the cruiser Devonshire, and a bar engraved "HMS Leander 1975". Most



treasured was the (genuine) British Empire Medal with which she was invested in 1980 by the Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Murray MacLehose. The recommendation had formally named her as Mrs Ng Muk Kah.

Through her perpetual gold-toothed grin, Jenny complained happily: "I velly chocker. All time work in sampan. No learn to lead or lite."

What she lacked in education, however, she made up for with her experience of ship husbandry, her unflinching thoroughness and apparently inexhaustible energy, as well as her integrity, enthusiasm and cheerfulness.

Jenny's intelligence system was second to none: many a captain in Portsmouth or Plymouth would turn down her offer to become his side party in Hong Kong on the grounds that his ship was bound for the West Indies or the Mediterranean, only to find that his ship's programme had been changed.

In later years, when Hong Kong was no longer visited by the fleets of ships which gave Jenny a livelihood, she found it increasingly difficult to make ends meet. Yet she stayed fit and was always willing to undertake any work available; and to the end of the Royal Navy's presence in Hong Kong there could be seen in the naval base a small round figure in traditional baggy black trousers and high-collared, silk smock, with a long pigtail and an eternal smile.

Generations of sailors who visited Hong Kong will mourn the death of Jenny. She was a much loved living legend who, for all the colony's constant change, remained the same incomparable institution for over half a century.

Jenny died peacefully on 18th. February 2009. She was 92.

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## **SELF PROPELLED CAVALIER**

### ***We Didn't Mean To Go To Sea***

[With Apologies to Arthur Ransome]

Cavalier had completed a maintenance period in Singapore Naval Base in 1962 and was moored in the Stores Basin prior to undertaking a basin trial. Steam had been raised in one boiler and the watch below was preparing main engines. The time was 1015; it was stand - easy. We the ERAs not on watch [ including the Chief Mech.] were having our morning coffee on the starboard side of the upper deck around the "old man's seat" as was the custom.

At this time there was a pattering of sandals from the quarter deck as a host of seamen came rushing towards us shouting, 'We're moving - we're moving!' We looked over the side, and sure enough, we were. Clearly something was not right down below and the Chief and others clambered into the engine and boiler rooms to sort thing out. It was at this time that the moorings parted [ having not been doubled up ] together with the shore power supply cable. This plunged the ship into darkness because the turbo generators had not yet been started.

Down below, all was calm; the engines were stopped and all seemed under control. Diesel generators were started and power partially restored. However, what wasn't realised by those in the engine room was that the ship had gathered way and was proceeding slowly astern.

The Officer of the Day was an electrical Sub Lieutenant who, using his initiative, decided to do some thing to rectify the situation. He climbed on to the port engine room access ladder so that he could look round the corner of the superstructure to see where he was going and to shout engine orders down to those in the engine room.

With orders such as,

'Slow ahead port.'

'Stop port'.

'Slow astern starboard'.

'Stop starboard'.

the ship was manoeuvred alongside. Lines and power cables were re - connected and things returned to normal. The basin trial was completed satisfactorily [this time with doubled - up lines] and as far as I can remember that was the end of the matter.

Not quite a normal day in the life of any ship.

Sent in by Alan [Wilf] Manning Cavalier 61/ 63





## SWORD AND MEDALS

Singapore Dockyard, Sunday 0755 (Local Time).

D 73 is quietly lying alongside at 8 hours notice after a hectic week of workup and the majority of the ship's company are looking forward to an hour or so of Sunday Routine followed by a lazy Make and Mend. The few officers on board too are thinking of drinks at the Officer's Club before the statutory Sunday curry lunch.

The OOD, accompanied by the bosun's mate has gone aft to wish Her Majesty "Good Morning" under the watchful eye of the CinC Far East Fleet. The gangway, served by a short brow, level with the jetty, is temporarily unmanned.

All is still.

Walking purposefully along the jetty on an early morning tour of his Squadron the recently appointed Captain (D) arrives opposite the ship just as the "Still" is sounded, and after a brief pause continues on to "Caesar". The gangway staff returns to their duties and the OOD to the Wardroom for another cup of breakfast coffee.

The peace is broken by the bosun's mate arriving at the Wardroom with the Deck Log to report to the OOD that there is the unmistakable signature of Captain (D) scrawled across the page at 0800. This is quickly followed by the duty signalman with a signal reading:

*"From D8*

*To Cavalier*

*Report at 0900. Dress 4W"*

The calm is shattered.

So is the OOD, who rapidly translates the signal as "The CO Cavalier is to report to Capt (D) at 0900 as to why the gangway was unmanned when Capt (D) arrived. The dress for this formal confrontation is to be ice cream suit with sword and medals". He then disappears to consult a copy of BR "Procedure for Courts Martial"

The first and obvious response is to inform the CO, but where is he? The CO has a large number of friends in the Singapore area, but his exact overnight location appears to have been misplaced.

An immediate solution is to inform the First Lieutenant, who, suffering from a "tired and emotional" run ashore the night before, denies all knowledge of the CO's whereabouts, suggesting (?) that the OOD check his records.

Time ticks by. The sun rises higher in the sky. The remaining officers quietly disappear to their (suddenly) important duties leaving a general consensus that the First Lieutenant will have to substitute for the CO and brave the expected wrath of Capt (D), as it is now virtually impossible for the CO to report on time, even if he arrives back on board.

A crumpled ice cream suit is made presentable, his sword given a quick polish, the signal acknowledged and No 1 walks, somewhat unsteadily, under the hot sun into the Capt (D)'s den.

Little is known of the encounter that follows. A somewhat chastened No 1 arrives back on board and divulges little.

Later in the forenoon the CO arrives for "a change of shirt and to get some money". On good authority he repairs on board Caesar on a "diplomatic mission".

There was no obvious result, except that the gangway staff and the OOD were very attentive to their duties.

However later, by some quirk of fate, Cavalier suddenly appeared to become the dogsbody of the Squadron, mopping up all the unpleasant duties.

One wonders why?

*Gerry Burnan MEO 1961-63*



The following letter I gave to Molly when she went for a ladies night out and it was read out at the dinner. It made them laugh, they thought I was joking! My spell in hospital was minimal...

*Shangi La*

*3/Dec/15*

*Ladies Night Out*

*Dear Ladies,*

*I have to say that it is with some degree of reluctance that I have allowed my Mollie to go out unchaperoned tonight.*

*I have, over the years devoted a great deal of time and effort into ensuring that as I approach old age, I will be surrounded by beautiful things (Possessions) which are moulded to my requirements, for example, my garden, my house and my lovely Mollie.*

*I am particularly proud of my Mollie because after so many years of the care and devotion that I lavish upon her, she is so sweet natured, obedient and contented.*

*There is a lot of rampant feminism out there and I do not want her contaminated with any of the superfluous, revolutionary, sicko, heretic, fifth column, sort of things that you ladies might get into when left to your own devices lest she may start to show distressing signs of individuality. I do not want her delicate psyche polluted with any inane ramblings about assertiveness or any other arshole politics that you may wish to pursue.*

*I would be much obliged therefore, if you would keep your blatherings to the more acceptable and traditional female trivialities which is more suited to your gender*

*I sincerely hope that you will accept this advice in the spirit with which it is intended and that you all have a lovely evening (Within the Confines set out above)*

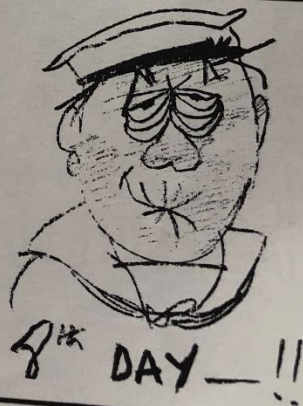
*Yours sincerely*

*Mr Wonderful*

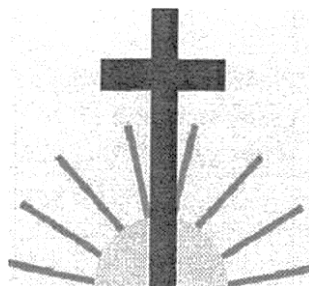


**Rowdy**

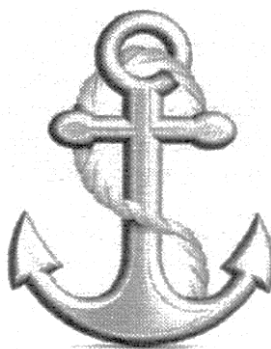
FREEMANLE



# FALLEN SHIPMATES



<b>Geoff Lane Martin Loftus Robin Musson</b>	<b>30/07/20 06/11/20 23/11/20</b>	<b>51/54 70/72 60/69</b>
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**Deepest sympathies are extended to our shipmates  
families and friends.  
May they find calm seas and a safe anchorage**