



H.M.S. CASSANDRA

APRIL 1962

—

MAY 1963

MESSAGE FROM CASSANDRA OF THE DAILY MIRROR.

This is to send my greetings to one and all who sail in H.M.S. Cassandra.

I used to think that I was named after a Greek Prophetess of Woe but I have decided now that I am named after Two Thousand Tons of steel floating on salt water and manned by a goodly company of fighting men who know all the business from Gun-Barrels to Spray, from Rum to High-Water.

I hope the Ship's Magazine is the great success that it deserves to be. I raise my pen and my glass to you. I wish you safe journeys and secure anchorages.

I have told - no, I have ordered -- Father Neptune to give you his blessing.

William "Cassandra" Connor.

CASSANDRA

In Greek tradition daughter of Priam and Hecuba. In legend was beloved of Apollo, who promised to bestow on her the spirit of prophecy if she would comply with his desires. Cassandra accepted the proposal, and then refused her favours. Apollo revenged himself by ordaining that her prophecy should never be believed. On the capture of Troy she was ravished by Ajax, the son of Oileus, in the temple of Athena. In the distribution of the booty, Cassandra fell to the lot of Agamemnon and was murdered in a fit of jealousy by his wife.

Singapore to Portsmouth - 50,000 miles



Commissioning Ceremony, Singapore Dockyard

The commission started living, not in sin, not in fear and trembling, but in *Terror*, probably the most attractive shore establishment in the Navy. There is not very much terrible about it, just swimming pools, playing fields, tennis courts, gardens and the Straits of Johore to the north, keeping it from being in Malaya. The "old" commission left for Britain and an English Summer, we settled in onboard after the refit and began the eighteen months' sentence expected to finish in October, 1963.

The old boys returning home after their eighteen months were cheerful, the new ones keen and in no time at all in control of the situation and keeping any nostalgic lapses at bay. The trade of the bars in Sembawang, Nee Soon and Singapore increased, many places of touristic and other attraction were visited and remaining boredom was dissipated by sport on the playing fields. *Cassandra* never shone at sport, but formal sport was not the pastime of ladies of doubtful repute, even in Greek Mythology! Whoever heard of *Cassandra* throwing the discus? Johore, that foreign town in the land of Amy, was discovered by Methusalah and Daisy on a run ashore. They put enough money into the place to buy it, but caused it to thrive to such an extent that it was no longer tenable on pay weeks.

To continue in a mythological vein, let us move the mountains to Mohammet. Australia came first, and when it finally moved away there were nothing but sighs from the inmates of both ship and Australia. Sydney came alongside with her bridge in the background, but it was only after many weeks at sea and

a very stormy replenishment from the Tuckerbox en route. *Cassandra* welcomed Sydney, work became secondary, and the two spent ten days in mutual admiration and adoration. The Buffer became the only serving member of the Returned Serviceman's League, Jimmy's hair turned blonde through over exertion ashore, two lesser mortals went on an expedition to Townsville to get an extra week in Sydney, and "Pay" left his umbrella in a night club to enable a further visit when Newcastle came over the horizon!

Someone approached the Australian Government and suggested that Newcastle be removed to a position at least two days' steaming away from Sydney. Nought came of it and the stalwart members of the Ship's Company were faced with a five-day visit, to commence with exhaustion. The fact that they completed the task with colours flying higher than ever before, and with a bowling championship in hand says much for their stamina. Newcastle was voted the best run ashore

because the natives understood the requirements of a sailor ashore, when out of his natural element. All needs were apparently met. Our public relations were good from the start for we marched through the streets on arrival to a reception given by the Mayor. Later in the visit there was an opportunity of returning some of the hospitality in kind, when a posse of dutymen and volunteers went to assist at a large fire which broke out near the ship. The guests at the Cocktail Party onboard could stand and nearly warm their hands from the heat of the fire, and wonder if it was not their own house or office acting as fuel!

It was a remarkable feat when Magnetic Island and Townsville hove into view after the East Coast of Australia and its Great Barrier Reef had remained so close to port and starboard respectively for so long. The ship secured to a Sugar Wharf (which has since burnt down) and it was pleasant to feel once more tropical warmth descending from the Equator, modified only by the Australian Spring. The temperature allowed comfortable swimming again but one had to compete with the sharks for water space. The seas abounded with them. Townsville will be remembered for peace, wide open uncrowded spaces, real Queensland Australia and "old boot hill." It is a town where the outback meets the sea and where a seaman can glimpse the interior without travelling.

Our constant companion of the Far East, and later Mediterranean, was *H.M.S. Caprice*, and we kept company with her on return to Singapore. Leading Mechanical Engineer Plug decided not to come, however, so we



Commissioning Service



Snubbed by Caprice

landed him with due ceremony at Thursday Island in the Torres Straits --on a stretcher. The story of his return journey once the hospital had claimed his appendix reads like a novel. He even managed a few more days in Sydney.

Singapore - self-maintenance - associated self-destruction - exercises. Hong Kong was the next point of interest, with the possibility of Christmas Dinner at the China Fleet Club. Pure wishful thinking as we soon found out. Meantime, a bombardment exercise was carried out and the Army were assisted with the marking and photographing by various sailors from onboard. It was exciting seeing the other point of view. *Cassandra* then became the major unit in a landing exercise on Lantau, the island famous for its vegetarian monks in their monastery on the hill top. The soldiers enjoyed the lift we gave them, and our divers went in with the boats as part of the beach clearance team - excellent combined operations.

On return to the brighter side of Hong Kong Island we were given just two days freedom before rushing south to Singapore, where after twenty-four hours we steamed onwards, westwards after leaving the Malacca Straits and reached Gan, a minute coral atoll in the Maldivé Group, South of India and just above the Equator. A newspaper cutting describes the need for our presence, and makes the three-week guardship duty sound difficult. In fact, regular swimming, football in

bare feet on sand and tennis were nicely broken up by Christmas and the New Year Celebrations. The First Lieutenant's beer consumption graph showed the extent of the inroad on unreplaceable stocks. A quote from Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions sounds funny in retrospect: "the provision of this amenity (beer) is governed by the following overriding considerations:--(a) There must be no encroachment on weight and space which would hamper the operational efficiency of the ship. (b) Consequently there can be no regular expectation of this amenity.

Cassandra took over guardship duties at Malé and Dunidu from the 8th Destroyer Squadron Leader, *H.M.S. Caesar*, and relinquished it to



All good actors take a second bow

H.M.S. Blackpool in order to return at maximum speed compatible with fuel consumption to Singapore. Steaming down the Malacca Straits at full power with land visible to port and starboard and with many ships in view was exhilarating and added to the O.O.W.'s grey hairs. We steamed up the Johore Strait to Singapore Dockyard for the last time, to leave for Guam just one week later on 14th January, 1963.

Saying farewell to a base involved much activity- storerooms had to be full to overflowing in anticipation of dollar ports to come and high prices, suitcases and trunks we expected to send back to England by sea when we flew, had to come on board, many

were the friends whom we wanted to oblige with a final grand party, and above all the loudest cry was "planning." Planning for three months from a base, ports to be visited, local orders en route, currencies, exercises with the United States Navy, supplies of fuel--all these things had to be thought about before we could sit back and look forward to pleasing results.

The fonder farewells were made the night before and come Monday morning, strategically scattered among the official goodbye bidders, were the ship's unofficial Chinese, the dhobey firm, Sew Sew and Shoe Shoe. They were armed with fire crackers and thunder flashes and enjoyed scaring away our devils. If they were sorry to see us sail, how much more we were to lose them and their services. The Ship's Company gave up drinking "pop" in memory.

At last the undreamed of cruise home, "backwards" around the world, had started. A drop of "roughers" made the future look ominous but we refuelled in Subic Bay and continued to Guam with the Pacific Ocean starting to live up to its name. The scenery of the most southerly island of the Marianas still bore the grim marks of a typhoon with two hundred mile an hour winds, and when we left, the Enlisted Men's Club showed signs of more recent devastations at the hands of the ship's companies of *Cavalier*, *Llandaff* and *Cassandra*. A months beer supply for the club disappeared in two nights.



Ten days of continuous steaming followed, and fortunately we found Wave Sovereign in the middle of the Pacific for a quick replenishment exercise. Three ships from Guam took up their required stations six hundred miles apart on a line joining Honolulu and Fiji, and slightly delayed by bad weather in Canada, Her Majesty The Queen flew invisibly overhead, on her way to New Zealand and Australia. This was the very reason for our homeward journey via Panama, and very thankful we were.

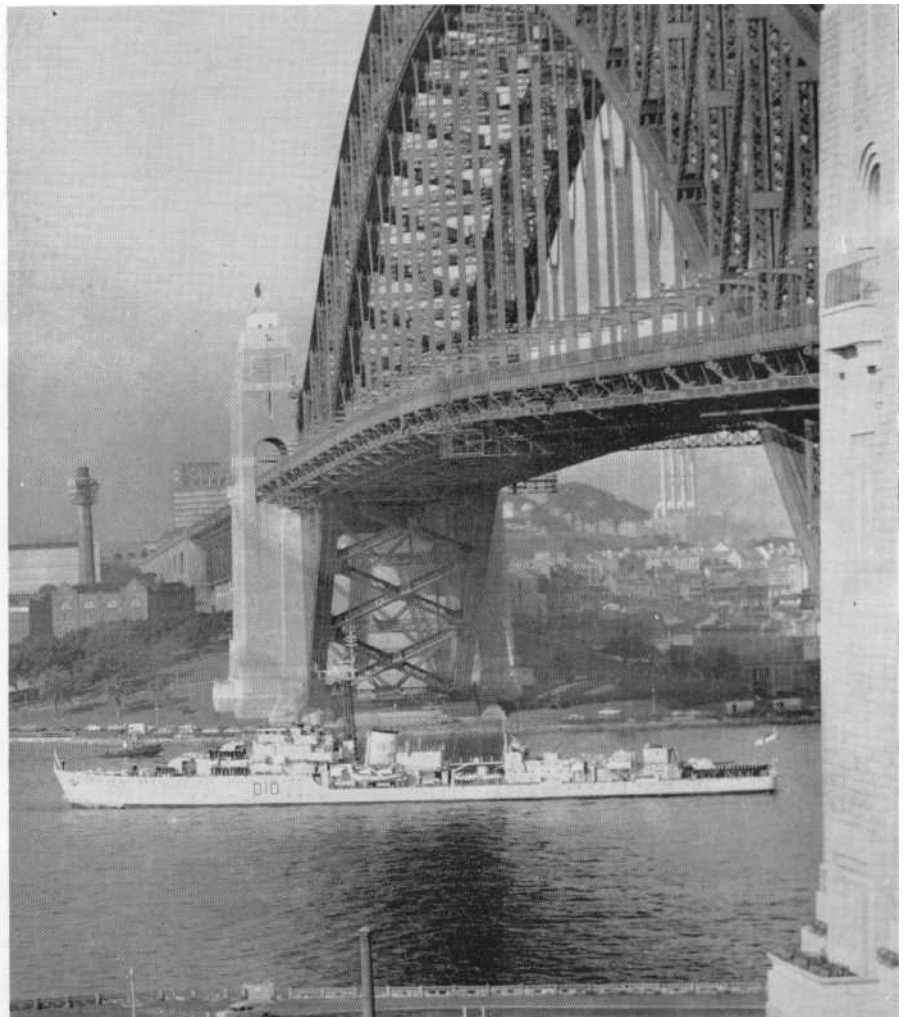
Honolulu and Pearl Harbour on Oahu provided an excellent trial ground for the greater Anglo-American fraternisation spree to follow. We enjoyed the Fiftieth State now called the Hawaiian Islands, and sampled everything offered. We gorged ourselves on the dockyard facilities and stores, soaked up the scenery in general and even more thoroughly on Waikiki. Drank Mai Tai's with the best and worst, played cricket and lost, yes, lost to Americans (admittedly they were aided by the Commonwealth countries) and then immediately cracked on with a full day's exercising on sailing.



Crossing the Line - King Neptune's first visitors



Rum Bosun



Cassandra and Sydney

DESTROYER SENT TO MALDIVES

Five Britons evacuated as dispute flares

BY A COMMONWEALTH AFFAIRS CORRESPONDENT

A TENSE situation exists at Malé, capital of the Maldivé Islands, in the Indian Ocean, owing to a flare-up in the three-year-old dispute between the British and Maldivian Governments. The dispute arose out of the lease to Britain of Gan Island, an atoll in the group, 300 miles from Male,

where a £5 million R.A.F. staging base was completed three years ago.

The destroyer *Cassandra*, 2,020 tons, has been anchored in the lagoon off Male for the past fortnight "for the protection of British lives and property."

The only Britons remaining are Mr. Humphrey Artington-Davy, the British Representative, and Mr. Saunders, a naval architect employed by the Maldivian Government.

The five other Britons in the area have now been evacuated to Colombo. They are Mrs. Saunders, two women school teachers sent out under the British aid programme, and two engineers.

Self Governing

Mr. Artington-Davy and Mr. Saunders have their homes and offices on Dunedu Island, just opposite Malé, but spend most of their time in the *Cassandra*. The Maldives are a self-governing British Protectorate.

The serious turn in the chronically strained relations began at the end of November, when Sir Arthur Snelling, Deputy Under-secretary, Commonwealth Relations Office, visited Malé for talks with Mr. Nasir, Maldivian Prime Minister.

A few days after his arrival islanders staged a hostile demonstration against the handful of Britons on Dunedu.

Mr. Nasir warned Sir Arthur that he and the other Britons had better leave, as he could no longer be responsible for their safety. Sir Arthur sent out a radio call for help, and the frigate *Fada*, 1,575 tons, was sent.

When it became clear that the crisis would be long drawn out the *Fada* was replaced by the *Cassandra* and eventually the evacuation of Britons was decided.

Sunday Telegraph,
6th January, 1963.



Watchdog at Malé



Cats Chorus by the Back End Petty Officers



and they all lived happily ever after



Queer Street Curios



First Lieutenant's Harem



South China Seas in a bad mood

San Francisco was the climax of the tour. The red painted Golden Gate to the Orient was shrouded in mist on arrival and again as a farewell gesture. Alcatraz passed by quietly and shortly afterwards the prison closed down and the island became a holiday camp! The five days in port provided many memorable occasions and friendships. *Cassandra* berthed alongside the remains of a wooden jetty having removed a fair chunk in the process and from that moment, events tumbled down on us like pennies from heaven. Sport was attempted in the more sober pauses, but this invariably led to further celebrations. Work ceased on board at 1000 and occasionally started at 0800. The Edinburgh Castle was still talking about the *Cassandra* visit after the ship reached England. The night life was second to none.

Onwards, south to Manzanillo in Mexico where the ship was not exactly expected. Amends were soon made and the afternoon's privileged leave produced much excitement. A diplo-

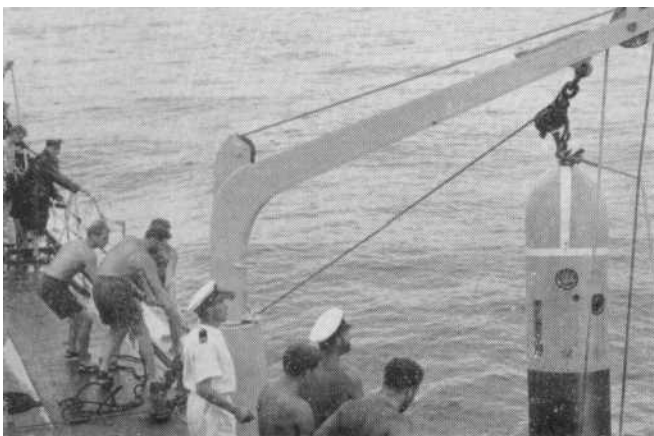
matic incident was nearly caused by the Supply Officer going ashore in long whites with sword to buy some fruit and vegetables in the local street market. The friendliness of the natives, however, averted a major disaster, and a bag of mail was produced to prove good intent. The sailing of the ship was delayed slightly by the Engineer Officer dipping fuel tanks ashore, doing rapid calculations on his slide rule and then not being able to run any faster back to the waiting ship!

Further southwards, hurrying now in order not to be late for the Mediterranean stop, through the Panama Canal by day and night, out into the Atlantic and feeling in the right hemisphere once more, but then, an urgent signal rapidly altered our next destination from Bermuda to the north coast of Cuba and into Key West.

Some poor unfortunate people in the strictly controlled island of Cuba found life so restricted and unbearable that in sheer desperation they found it necessary to flee their own country for

freedom and a chance to fight back against oppression for the sake of their fellow countrymen. Fourteen such people sailed in boats from Cuba, northwards and ended up on Lobos Cay about thirty miles away. They were molested en route and two of their number were killed, but we picked up the remainder from the British Territory and handed them over to American authorities in Key West who have a large organisation for their reception. The ship was also required to search several other Cays on Cay Sal Bank to ensure that they were not being used by anti-Castro rebels as starting points for raids on Cuba. The landing party was kept very busy one Saturday and Sunday.

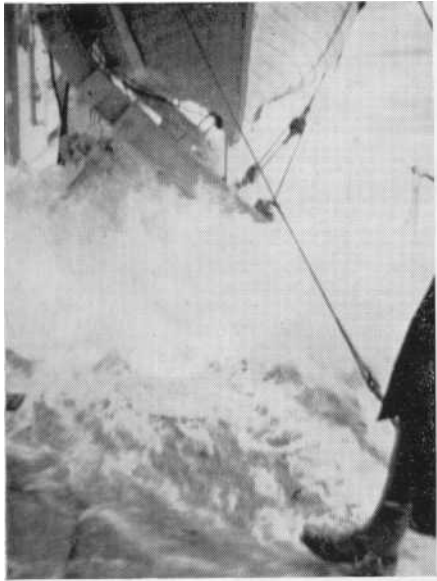
From Key West, the extremity of the Miami Pensular and island chain, we steamed to Bermuda for a long awaited run ashore. Coach trips and a visit by three Russian vessels provided some entertainment, and the Fleet Canteen the rest! But the journey had to continue and we crossed the



Tasmen catch another fish



The hardest working men on board



Enjoying a paddle at the seaside



Aloka (Hello, I love you, Goodbye--literal translation)

Atlantic feeling much colder than before. With a fairly hefty storm astern of us we rolled our way into Ponta Del Gada in the Azores, and filled the ship up once more. Reactions to this port were mixed, but the verdict would probably have been favourable had the stay lasted for more than just a few hours. A sailor, after all, does need some time to re-acclimatize himself to dry land.

With our programme rather uncertain, Gibraltar was almost ravished (unmythologically) in the few hours *Cassandra* spent alongside, but despite this we still sailed on Sunday morning to keep a date for a casex off Malta. The exercise was cancelled by a strong gregale which allowed the weary crew ashore earlier than expected, but it did seem a long way to steam at high speed, all the way from Honolulu, to miss the planned exercise!

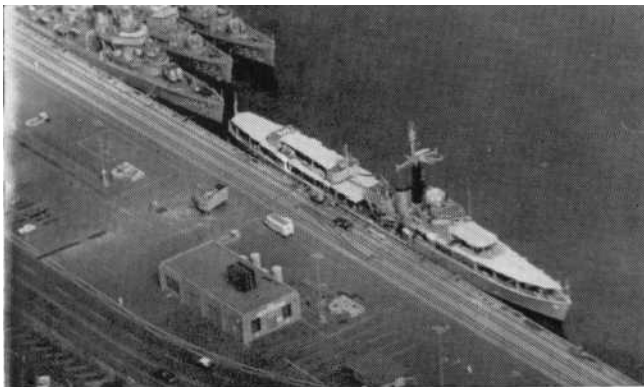
Malta, we found a changed place.

Many of us had visited before, but this time Bailey's were running the Dockyard, Flag Officer Malta was just about to disappear, and there was a distinct air of "run down." This did not detract from the more mundane pleasures, however, as dghaisas still plied back and forth, Marsovin was still sold where it always has been sold, bars still opened, shops still sold rabbits and the Barraca lift had lost none of its hell-ride charm. *Cassandra* turned to her recent experiences in the New World and made a good job of hosting two United States Naval Destroyers visiting Malta on a rest and recreation jolly.

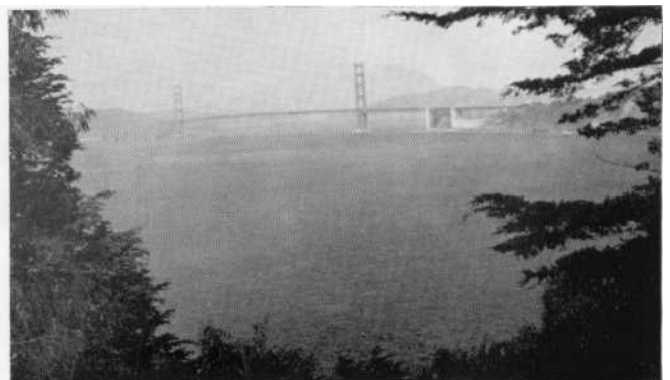
A spell in dry dock gave the impression that the ship belonged in Malta, but the illusion was soon shattered as we went to sea from 9th to 11th April, and joined the 21st Escort Squadron. The Library opened again, too, as the L.R.O. Librarian had not gone com--

pletely native and he did manage to find the ship again before it sailed. Easter passed quietly and on Good Friday *Cassandra* drew with *Caprice* in an excellent final game of Hockey.

The sight of *H.M.S. Devonshire* steaming stern first for four hours, made us wonder if we would ever reach Barcelona! In the end we led the way into the lovely yacht harbour alongside the main road, and there for only the second time *Cassandra*, despite all her training, sat back and watched *Devonshire* take the brunt of the foreign invasion, inevitable on arrival at a foreign port. *Cassandra* felt her age and helped as necessary in giving the advice which only elders and betters can give, and then had a whale of a time exploring the clean and lovely town with something for all. Those who went to Madrid missed Barcelona, but came back with such tales of hospitality, that we could not



Awnings spread in Pearl Harbour



Golden Gate, to the East San Francisco



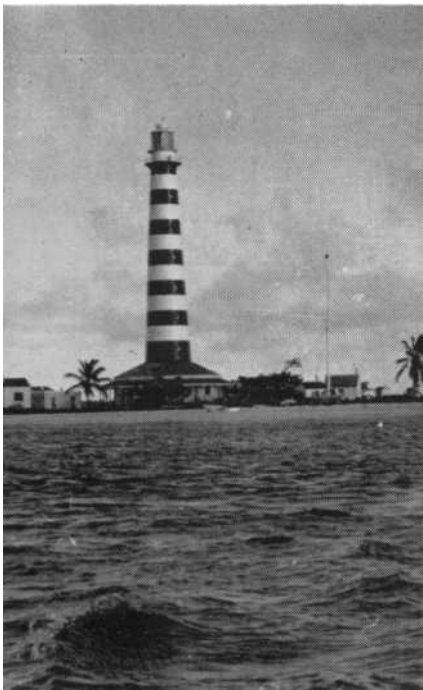
It was broken before we arrived, Sir !



Toy Soldiers - Ship's Landing Party



Some of our Cuban Refugees..



Lobos Cay Lighthouse, Grand Bahamas



Guard mustered and correct - American Admiral calls at Key West

help but feel envious. The Children's Party in *Devonshire* was provided by both ships and was a great success. Such parties receive more publicity and seem to do more good than all other activities on a visit - and the participants derive more fun from them than the guests.

Home was now but two thousand miles steaming, and two weeks away so no wonder excitement increased on board and the Gibraltar shop sale, records were broken. Some "old hands" saved their money for Casablanca where it is said one can buy the best presents in that part of the world. Casablanca is not in the Mediterranean, but on the Atlantic seaboard of Africa, just a few hundred miles south of Gibraltar, but the Arabic shops were good and bargaining, a sailor's favourite pastime, freely indulged in. It is so much more satisfying to think you have bought something cheaper than was intended. We met many local British residents, the Moroccan Navy, visited Rabat and Marrakesh, swam in the cold Atlantic swells, saw the Atlas Mountains dimly in the distance, and thoroughly enjoyed the last foreign trip. Certain inhibitions were felt, and no one was inclined to remain foreign,



Home at last. Families board Cassandra from H.M.S. Rhyl

so on Thursday at 1100 *Cassandra* sailed for England with a full crew.

Sunday, 5th May-anchored Spit-head.

Monday, 6th May -- cleared Customs and went alongside *H.M.S. Rhyl* in Portsmouth Dockyard.

And now you have your friends and relations to remind you of what has happened since, so I leave it all to your imagination. Thanks for your literary company round the world, and I hope all the memories are pleasant ones in retrospect.



Back in England - queue for everything

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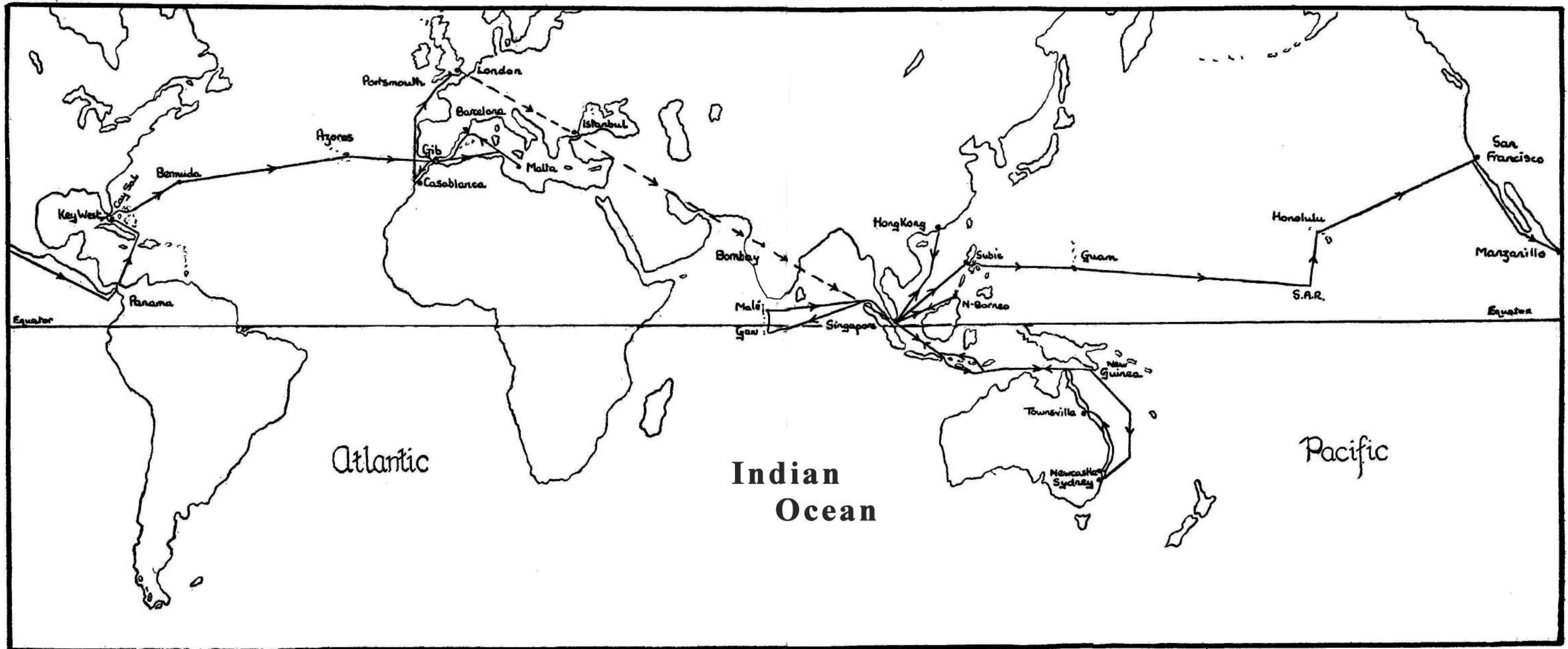
R.M.S. CASSANDRA

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April 1962 - May 1963



Total mileage 53,807
 Ports visited 25
 Throughout 5 Continents

Number of 4.5' shells fired 1,110
 Number of Bofors shells fired 2,180
 Cans of Beer consumed 140,400 in 12 months

Total cost to Government -- Enormous!

Communicators Banyan off Singapore

In mid-November the pressure of work around the department was such that only one solution to our problem presented itself - the communicators departed en masse (except, of course, the devoted dutymen) for a four-day M.F.V. expedition up the Johore River.

The party consisted of the Navigator (who claims his ulcers have not yet recovered from the Yeoman's cooking), Midshipman Pearson (looking after the Navigator), Potts (who thought a holiday might do him good?), Yeo (self-appointed Philip Harben), P.O.M.E. Lofty Cole (authority on ice-boxes), together with L.R.O.(S) Everitt, R.O.(T)'s Rush and Frobisher, R.O.(G)'s Geddes and Lancaster, and J.R.O.'s Murray and Martin (all experienced in the use of fishing rod and can spanner).

In view of the unreliable weather, it was decided to remain in the Johore River area. As it turned out, this was just as well, as we had some nasty squalls during the cruise; on more than one occasion the sun and star worshippers were forced to seek refuge in the hold, of course, soaking everyone else in their efforts to reach shelter (this is hardly the place to describe the language).

After the first night off Pulau Ubin, where the swimming was good, we proceeded up river, a most interesting trip, and anchored at lunchtime off the Nam Hong rubber estate where the more energetic disappeared to study local talent. The latter proved limited, but the village shop, which sold everything from flip flops to kippers (and a



Communicators at play

little beer), must have showed a healthy profit that day. Our fibre glass dinghy and outboard motor (when it worked) were a godsend in the strong stream.

The following day we moved up to Kota Tinggi (25 miles inland) and berthed at the oiling jetty there for 24 hours; this was a good chance to replenish our stocks of food and get some more ice blocks from the fish market. The Yeo, clearly brought up in the best traditions of Mercury, and the N.O., who can't stand beards, disappeared ashore to sample the cut throat razor technique of Malayan ladies in the local barber's shop; both, although refreshed, swear they will never try the experiment again!

That evening was spent at a planters' club nearby, graduating to an hotel in the village later - actually the latter was closed but a little charm and persuasion opened their doors and we were even allowed (?) to cook our-

selves some eggs in the kitchen. We were in fact so much at home there that Potts eventually decided to spend a peaceful night in residence - that's his story and he's sticking to it!

The following day we returned to our original haunts round Pulau Ubin to enjoy more fishing and good banyaning ashore. That night was spent secured to a convenient buoy, at least we think it was a buoy, while the rain came down in torrents and the wind whistled around.

The final morning we tried aquaplaning behind the twisting and turning M.F.V. going flat out, this was most successful - so successful in fact that up spirits was delayed slightly, much to the dismay of the less athletic.

That afternoon we returned to the Naval Base, all sorry that our holiday had ended; true, the weather wasn't perfect but all said that, given the chance they would certainly have gone again.....

The Radar Plotters

"Bridge, this is Ops. Room" -- a very familiar cry often heard at sea by many, understood by few and appreciated by fewer.

It is not the mating call of the yellow-beaked, black-winged, square-headed gull, as suggested by a certain leading stoker in the for'ard bathroom, nor is it the cry of a tormented soul seeking entry into the Astral Plain, this being the suggestion from a Dennis Wheatley fan in the after Zoo. It is the music which should lull all good matelots to sleep knowing full well that they are safe for the night

and from dangers of the seas. "Nobis Tutus Ibis" ("With Us You Go Safely") - our Motto, for those of you who did not know.

Our gear in the Ops. Room has behaved well (on the whole) thanks to the painstaking efforts of Chief Page, Chief Langdon and Daisy Adams and their Gang of slaves. At one stage the paint sprayer motor was fitted up the mast to drive the 974 - despite the Buffer's complaints.

Now, about us, the R.P.s, the hard done by operators. In our number we have three R.P.2s, four R.P.3s and six

Basics who all "starred" with varying degrees of success last Autumn. Dryad really must have scraped the barrel to get us all together as we came from places like Yeovilton, Reserve Fleet Chatham, Scotland, and even one Basic from China (Lowery still insists that he is English?). The Squadron P.R.I. was driven to drink (evil tiger) by this shower, but after beating his head against the Ops. Room door for a few months, he finally admitted that they were the best all-round team he had seen for a long while; the Navigator, who refused to agree, bought

him a pair of glasses and he finally went home to England for a rest cure and was certified blind.

We have been in all kinds of watch-keeping systems, from watch on stop on to one in seven (very quiet indeed but not popular with the First Lieutenant). We have done three major exercises, miscellaneous minor ones,

79 Casexes, 54 synthetic exercises and we have even talked to an aircraft or two so far this Commission; finally, we all understand Relative Velocity (I only add this to keep the Navigator happy). In achieving these records, 2,600 yards of tracing paper, 1,250 assorted pencils, 450 yards of sellotape, 180 square feet of perspex, 36 yards of green beige, 53 lbs. of

coffee and 4 tins of Hep Aerosol Insect Killer have been used.

This has been a young, happy team, who have had to work hard (every now and then) to produce the good results-ask in any Bar from Hong Kong to San Francisco and you will have proof.

WALES FOR EVER.

Athletics

A most successful meeting was held on the Terror Track on 6th June, 1962, with the majority of the Ship's Company present. Unfortunately, we were beaten by a thunderstorm when only three-quarters of the way through the programme, but the remaining events were held the following day.



TEAM PLACINGS

Team Placings:

1st	Top	59 Pts.
2nd	Comns. and S. & S.	54 Pts.
3rd	Quarterdeck	34 Pts.
4th	Fo'c's'le	25 Pts.
5th	Engineroom	19 Pts.
6th	Electrical	18 Pts.



Spastics Anonymous

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

Discus

1. J/S Lancaster; 2. Lt. Pike.

High Jump:

1. Ck. Splain; 2. L/S Ferns.

880 yards:

1. C.Y. Galloway; 2. L/Ck. Taylor.

Long Jump:

1. J/S Wickens; 2. J/S Bawden.

Weight:

1. J/S Brough; 2. A.B. Firestone.

Mile:

1. A.B. Rees; 2. A.B. Burrows.

220 yards:

1. Lt. Pike; 2. L.E.M. Gracie.

Hop, Step and Jump:

1. Lt. Pike; 2. J/S Wickens.

Javelin:

1. J/S Brough; 2. A.B. Firestone.

100 yards:

1. P.O. Friend and R.O.2 Sheppard (Dead Heat).

440 yards:

1. C.Y. Galloway; 2. A.B. Furness.

4 x 110 yards Relay:

1. Comns. and S. & S.; 2. Electrical.

Cassandra came second to *Caesar* in the Squadron Sports a few weeks later.

The Bubble

Makers

One of the snags of having a *Cassandra* magazine is that some poor devil has to write it. In nearly every department of the ship, heads are being scratched and pencils bitten off short as the unfortunate one detailed to put together the departmental comic cuts, struggles on. The divers are no exception; few of them can read, and it seems that none of them can write. Looking through the Divers' Logs, this comes as no surprise.

Well, what about the diving in *Cassandra*? I don't know if we have set up a record for a commission, but with 15,000 minutes in twelve months, we must have come jolly near. Naturally a good deal of this has been "exped" and "banyan" diving (i.e., fun), but nevertheless it is practice and experience, the two things that help in any emergency.

The fact that we are fitted for SABA gear has been of enormous value in free-swimming operations. Indeed, had we been less fortunate and been supplied with UBA, then our total would not be anything like the present figure.

Our team originally consisted of five Shallow Water Divers and two Free Swimmers. The SWD's converted early in the Commission, and earned commendation from the staff of the Diving School Staff. Two newcomers qualified soon afterwards as SWD's and the result was then a well-balanced team.

We set out to gain experience in all conditions and waters, and were amply aided by *Cassandra's* programme which gave variety in abundance. Each place has its own value in the diving world: in Australia we made the acquaintance of a variety of sharks. I think most of us were apprehensive until we had actually seen them under water, and at Broughton Island that was no problem! The sea snakes which abound in Singapore left us severely alone, and



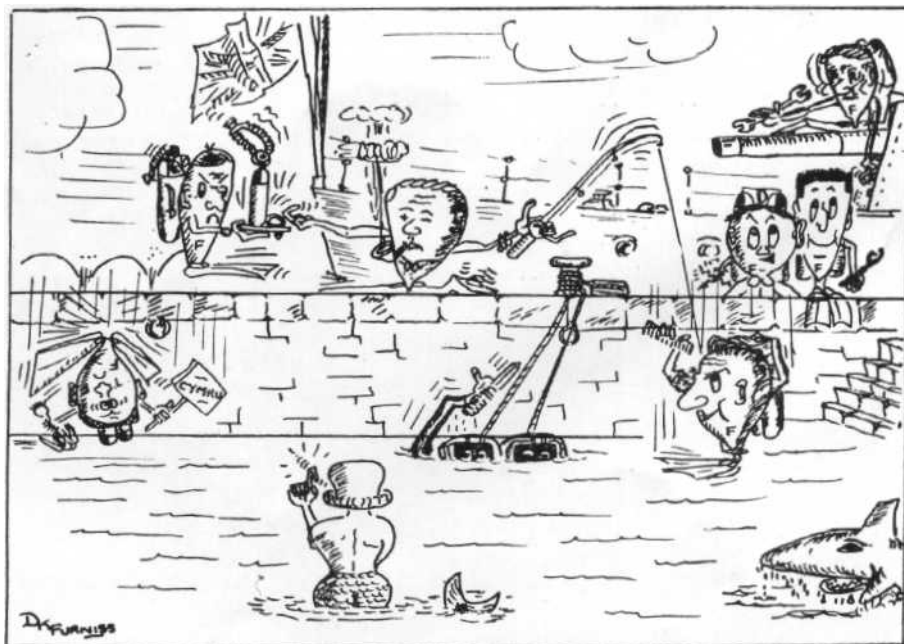
Cassandra's Diver on the Iron Deck

in Hong Kong the only casualties were those resulting from last night's run ashore. The Baracuda, about which we've heard such terrible tales, don't seem to fancy the juicy flanks of *Cassandra's* Team, and the only Octopus seen was so frightened that he lost no time in making like a rock. Looking at the assembled features of the Team, I can't say that I blame him!

At the time of writing, we are trying unsuccessfully so far to catch lobsters in sunny Bermuda. Stories of "the one that got away" get taller and taller, but, well, there's always tomorrow and who knows, some one might be forced to believe us, yet.

Best of luck to all *Cassandras* in their next jobs, service or civilian.

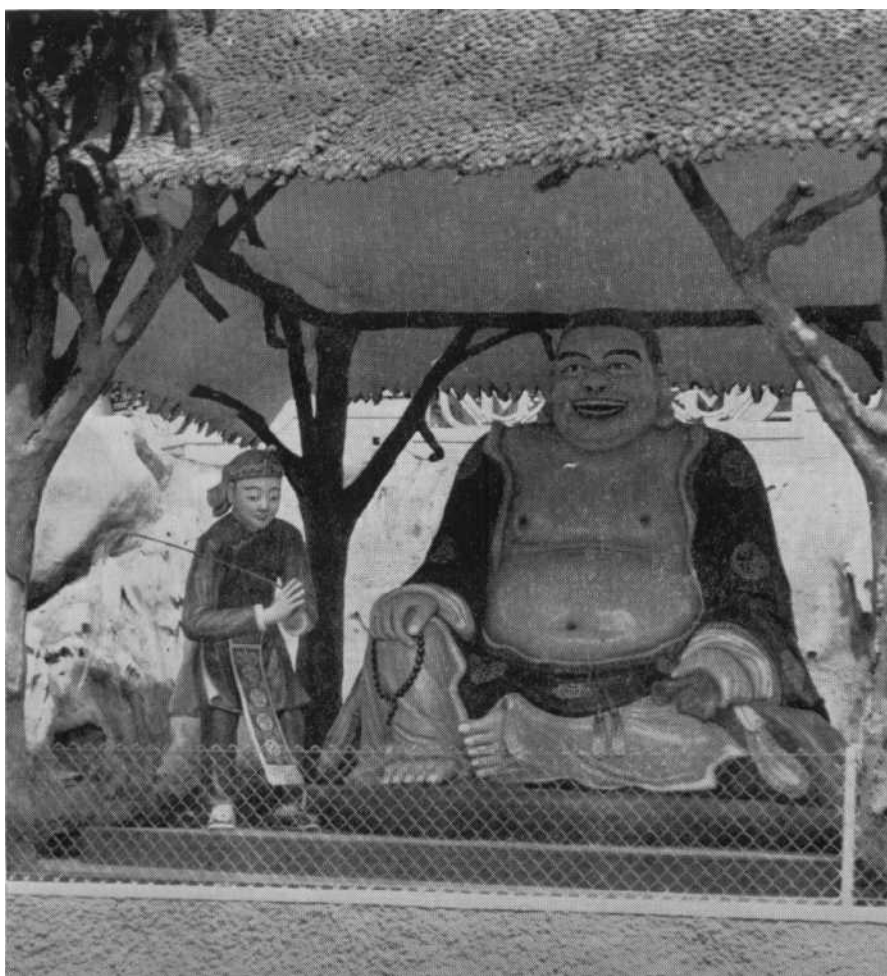
CHIEF GRONK.



AB. REES. A.B. FURNISS. LT. ROBSON. H.E.I. RUSSEL. H.E.I. FLETCHER. L.S. BURGINS. E.M. REDFERN. O.A.I. HAIG. L.M.E.P.E.T.T.

Gronks

Supply & Secretariat Division



Dear Miss Demeanor,

Two weeks ago my husband went out to buy a loaf of bread and he's not come back yet.

Do you think I should wait for him a little longer, or go out and get the bread myself

Doubtful

The food on board was marvellous



Engineering Division at Casablanca

The Topmen in situ



*Weapons, and Radio
and Electrical Division*



Dog Watch Musings

I have just come away from a wedding
And I laughed till I very near cried,
The people I met, I'll never forget
When I married my "Jenny Wren" bride.

Her old man worked in the dockyard
Her mother in the old Marine's Store.
As for their habits, don't talk about rabbits,
They'd got half the dockyard ashore.

Her wedding gown was held up with spunyarn,
And made from an old whaler's sail.
While over her head a deck cloth was spread,
With a spunnet, in front, for a veil.

Her petticoat was made of blue hessian,
Her blackouts were made of green baize,
And as a suspender, a motor boat's fender
With two Pusser's gaiters as stays.

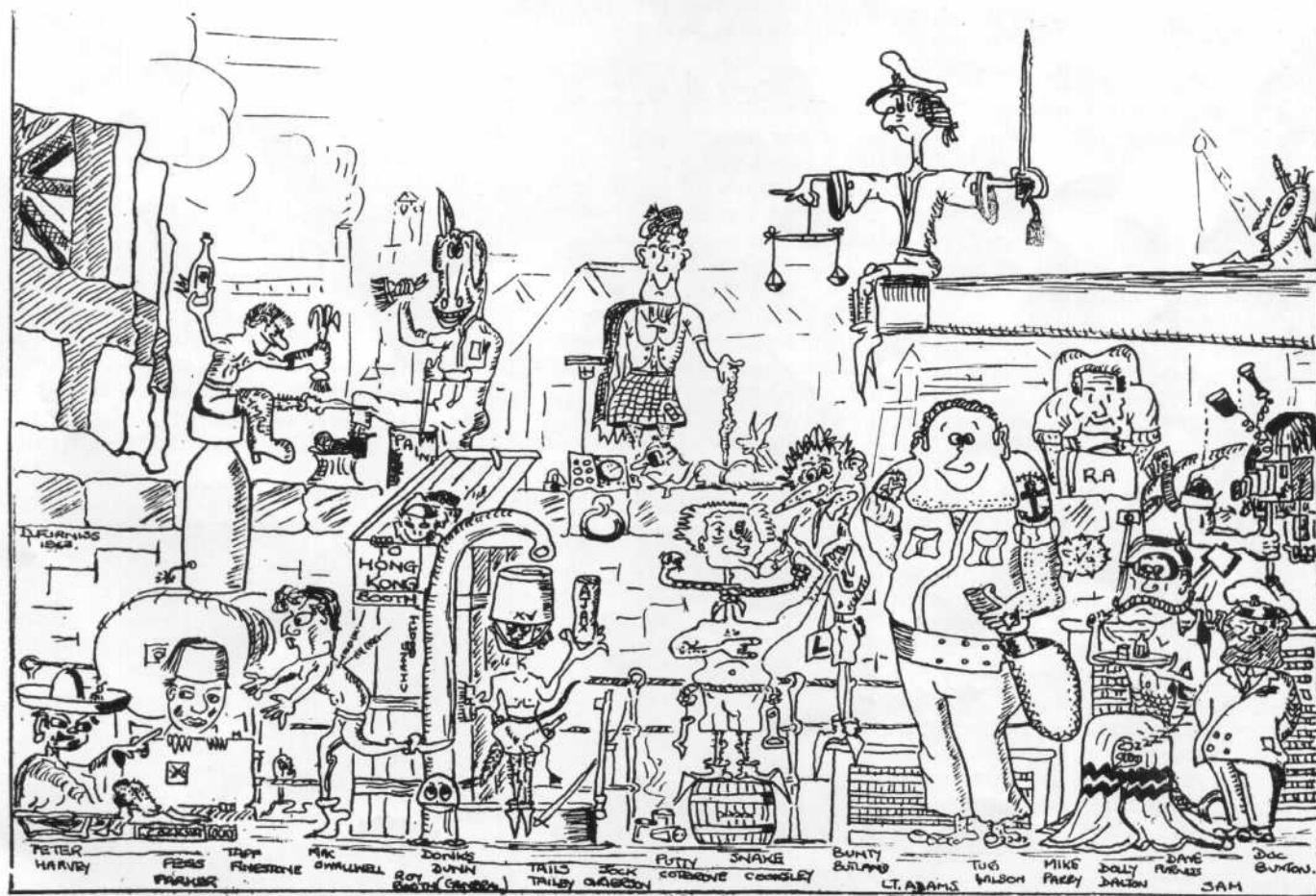
I asked her old man for a dowry
He gave me a drum of soft soap,
A handful of waste, some cleaning paste,
And 52 fathoms of rope.

Her mother a present she sent us,
Was 44 yards of blue jean,
While her brother, a draper, he gave us notepaper,
Six packets of Service Latrine.

Now I'm away on my honeymoon,
I don't know what happens tonight,
But there's a few, who say that they do,
And they say she's a bit of alright.

TAFF.

The Axemen



Q.D. The editor decided that the Quarterdeck would prefer to remain silent owing to their superb photogenic qualities and an innate sense of illiteracy. The above untouched picture speaks for itself.

Communications Division

From N.O. down to J.R.O.,
A staff of seventeen,
Communicators one and all,
So confident and keen.

Jock Slater being Number One,
Pots Morris he comes next,
With Yeoman tagging on behind,
Considered oversexed.

The L.T.O. and L.R.O.'s
Come next in line for power,
Mottershead and Everitt,
With Wardle, what a shower.

Speedy Rush and Knocker White,
Professional Buntings Two,
But both of them get most annoyed
If you call them R.O.2.

R.O. Shead is next in line,
A Sparkers of some spirit,
But ask the P.O. Tel or us,
We'll tell you he's not with it.

Toothy Frederick Frobisher,
And psycho Evans now,
They both passed out as Buntings,
But Buntings wonder how.



Communications Division

Bert Lancaster and Sheppard,
Two Sparkers of renown,
Sheppard for his ugly face,
Lancaster-a clown.

Jim Geddes, yes, and Joe Ince, too,
Both Sparkers so they say,
Both want to pass for Leading Rate,
We fear that fatal day.

Glen Blythe and Ginger Porter,
The last two of the Staff,
Both claim that they are Boffins,
We consider this a laugh.

The above few words of slander,
Could cause me certain pain,
So to prevent this happening,
Anonymous I'll remain.

The Fo'c's'le

The forecastle is that neat, clean, and tidy area at the sharp end which is at all times a picture of efficiency. Consider then how very smart this ship would look with another fo'c's'le back aft in place of that blitzed site, where, in other ships, the quarterdeck is situated. Yes, I say let's have two fo'c's'les, and follow the example of the Hong Kong Ferry Boats!

The commission started with a bang, but Singapore Dockyard soon replaced the area of fo'c's'le that Caprice had removed. The Division then consisted of the Divisional Officer and an Assistant Divisional Officer of even more doubtful origin, the Divisional Petty Officer, and twenty-four other assorted characters including seven juniors attached to the Division (quick prayer for their souls).

We had our fair share of jackstays, tows, and refuellings and everyone grasped the general idea. In the sporting line we came very near to success. We proved that beer is not the best training medium.

During our Australian cruise, and on the way home via America, the fo'c's'le was the scene of eight official cocktail parties. On these occasions no one can deny that we succeeded in turning the cable deck into a bright

shining cross between the Ritz Cocktail Lounge and Kew Gardens. Much hard work was done by everyone in the Division and it was well worth the trouble.

Our only real Divisional run ashore, if one could call it that, was the Banyan at Malé. After a quiet start the party soon livened up and by the time we returned on board it was obvious to all onlookers that the Fo'c's'le Banyan had been a roaring success.

Quite a few of the lads have had "leave" at one place or another, and most came back to take their punish-

ment with good heart, the remainder stayed onboard and cursed their luck, and others.

Now we are back in the United Kingdom for refit and though the ship is in Dockyard hands what we must not forget is that the Commission continues. The fo'c's'le has to be on top line again before we pay off. Keep up the good work, and when the Commission does end, I hope we all get what we wish for-be it Clearance Diving, Submarines or another World Cruise. Good luck in the future, and "come round yesterday."



The Forecastlemen-view of faces

Royal Navy Has Cocktails With The Local Community

By HOPE McLEOD

The cocktail flag was flying from 6.30 to 8.30 p.m. Monday from the forecastle of H.M.S. Cassandra now docked at Pearl Harbor.

Cmdr. J. M. B. Walkey, Royal Navy . . . captain of the Cassandra and his officers greeted more than 70 guests from both the military and British civilian community as they stepped aboard.

The canopied bow of the ship . . . and luckily so, for it did rain a bit . . . was a-glitter with lights and signal flags hanging from the canopy provided color as well as protection from the strong breezes.

H.M.S. Cassandra, which will be in Honolulu until Feb. 13, is one of four ships . . . two British and two Canadian . . . stationed at strategic points in the Pacific during Queen Elizabeth's recent flight to Fiji.

Guests included British Consul Wilfred H. M. Hindle and Mrs. Hindle, Mr. and Mrs. J. Finch, Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson, Miss B. Evans, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Drummond and Mr. and Mrs. J. Pinchin.

Present from the military were Rear Adm. and Mrs. C. A. Buchanan, Rear Adm. and Mrs. A. J. Bourgeois, Rear Adm. and Mrs. J. M. Farrin, Capt. and Mrs. J. B. Gay, Capt. and Mrs. G. T. Ferguson and Capt. and Mrs. J. L. Lowentrout.

Others were Capt. and Mrs. C. R. Chandler, Cmdr. and Mrs. J. T. Doyle . . . he is commanding officer of the host ship, U.S.S. RENSHAW, and Cmdr. and Mrs. R. N. Sutton, Commander Sutton is the 14th Naval District liaison officer for the Cassandra.

Cassandra is in Port

British destroyer H.M.S. Cassandra came into her berth at San Francisco's Pier 18-N. Then the fun began.

Said Commander Michael Walkey, R.N., the Cassandra's skipper: "It was just one of those things."

Le destroyer britannique H.M.S. Cassandra est attendu ce matin au port. 11 fern Line ascale amicale a Casablanca jusqu'au 2 mai. Le H.M.S. Cassandra un destroyer de 2,600 tonnes de la classe CA qui peut filer 31 noeuds se trouve sous le commandement du Capitaine de Fregate Michael Walkey, R.N. et transporte un equipage de 12 officers et 280 hommes. Le batiment pourra etre visite par le public aujourd'hui samedi de 14 heures a 17 heures ainsi que lundi, mardi, et mercredi aux meme heures.

A Tot of Rum for a Weary Crew

H.M.S. Cassandra, a British destroyer, hove into Pier 18N just before noon yesterday for a week-long rehabilitation stay here.

The 230 officers and men of the warship have had nearly a year away from home. They were based at Singapore. They were given their day's rum ration yesterday before lunch, as American sailors on the pier watched covetously.

The 2,000-ton vessel was used on convoy duty in the Russian Arctic during World War 11. A German torpedo once blew her bow off-but she has been virtually rebuilt since then.

On Saturday and on Sunday, from 2 to 5 p.m., the Cassandra will be open to the public. Tomorrow members of the crew will be host to blind and deaf children, and Friday afternoon the men will hold a party for underprivileged children.

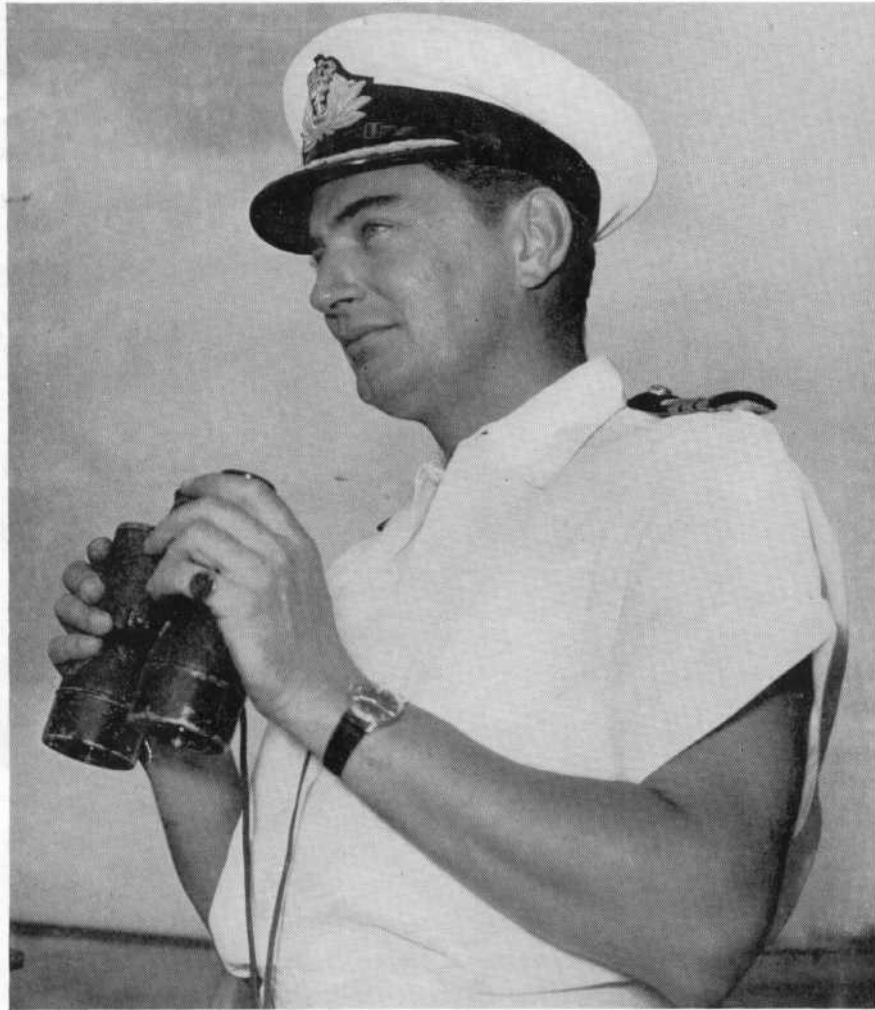
During the week, her crew will compete with Americans at soccer, rugby, water polo, pistol and rifle-shooting and squash.

The warship whose skipper is Commander Michael Walkey, will sail on Monday for Bermuda and England.

Cassandra (home today) showed flag in 25 ports

Twenty-five ports, five continents, and 57,779 steaming miles in a year . . . that was the record of the 2,020-ton destroyer Cassandra, which arrived home at Portsmouth, today, writes our Naval Correspondent.

Commander J. M. B. WALKEY, Royal Navy



It is an old saying that "the last Commission" was always the best. I hope CASSANDRA will be no exception in your memories.

Best of luck to you all, and may you have even more satisfying tasks in the future.

MICHAEL WALKEY

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