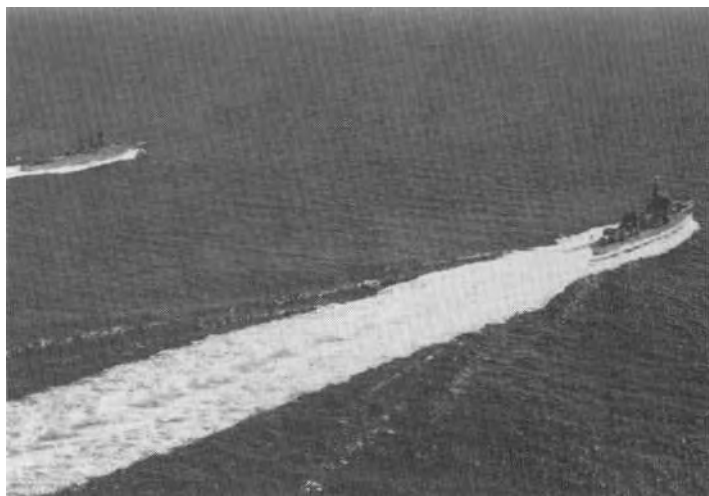


to carry out their Full Power Trials in company in the North Sea. *Cavalier* had spent the past three weeks either off Iceland or the North Cape on Fishery Protection Patrol and therefore it had been possible to bring the machinery to a high state of efficiency.

The first of the press men appeared at 0730 and by 0830, when *Rapid* arrived, they were everywhere. The weather was fine and the sea calm it was going to be a great day. When *Rapid* turned 'Chippy' had the binoculars on her draught marks. The Chief MEM had trimmed us a foot down by the stern to give our screws more 'bite'. We had used a fair amount of fuel steaming down from the North Cape and there hadn't been time to refuel before the race so he wanted to know how 'deep' *Rapid* was.

Bang on time, up came the anchor and away we went for some preliminary warming up in the way of high speed manoeuvres on the way to the starting point. The ships arrived there doing 30 knots, in station abeam - a magnificent sight. Slicing bows threw up great bow waves and, astern, the thundering propellers threw up tumbling white wakes, which towered over the quivering quarter-decks. Indeed the visiting Pressmen were fascinated by this phenomenon. They crowded aft to stand on the quarterdeck, feel the powerful vibration and look up at the wake. The dull roar of the boiler room fans could be heard throughout the ship as they pumped the enormous quantities of air required for combustion into the boiler rooms. In the engine room the main engine tachometers raced around in dizzy circles but otherwise there was an air of calm confidence. There was certainly no requirement to chase anyone up today; it was the Engine Room Department's Day and they knew it. For weeks



The Great Race - we begin to inch ahead.

beforehand they had been meeting all enquiries from their shipmates in other departments with confident tips that everything was fine and this confidence had infected the whole ship's company. Now, on the day, they had to live up to it.

Up top, the Captain checked the position of *Rapid* to ensure that both ships were exactly abeam for the start of the race and found that *Rapid* was astern of station. A last minute flurry of communications to edge her into position and then, the starting gun.

Down below, the MEM's on the boilerfronts put on the last burners and the great fans roared louder still as yet more air was pumped into the furnaces. In the Engine room the Chief MEA and the Chief of the Watch wound the mighty throttle wheels wide open. The speed of the engines crept up and the race was on.

Speed Bonnie Boat... you're the fastest!

Our race with *Rapid* created a lot of interest both inside and outside the Service. In particular most of the Scottish newspapers carried the story as front page news. We also received a number of telegrams and signals both before and after the race - and sent a few of our own!

Warships
set for
the
big race

FASTEST
SHIP IS
DESTROYER

*The clashing Cavalier is
fastest ship in Navy*

Cavalier
is fastest
ship in
the Navy

In the first half hour *Rapid* drew ahead by two cables and hearts sank. The press thought that the race was as good as over; that *Rapid* would win. The engine room were only too well aware of the score. The Officer of the Watch passed frequent information down and there was a steady stream of messages from the iron deck. Time for a careful check round. Fuel pressure two pounds below the optimum - bring it up! Load on the generators not even - get the switchboard to even it up. Most significant of all - a nozzle group control valve on the port main engine half closed - open it!

There followed an appreciable gain of revolutions. Everyone had broad grins showing now, and the MEO told the Captain that we were now steaming faster than *Rapid*. He was right - the gap was closing. Slowly at first then even more quickly. An hour and a quarter of the trial had passed by now and *Rapid* was ahead on the beam but slowly dropping back. Then *Rapid* lifted a safety valve and it was almost over. Bang on the mark after two hours at full power, the green Very light was fired to mark the

***The laughing Cavalier proves
she's the fastest in the Navy***

Heartiest congratulations to all in what sounds like an exciting race.

PETER GODDARD

FM FOSNI
To CAVALIER
RAPID

Congratulations to the laughing *Cavalier* on winning a good race and to *Rapid* for her rapidity and for forcing such a close finish.

FM CAVALIER
To Fo MEDWAY

Thankyou for your good wishes we made it by 30 yards over a 64 mile course.

FM CAVALIER
To F4

Delighted to confirm that your Squadron includes the fastest escort in the Fleet.

finish and *Cavalier* was a mere 30 yards ahead but it was enough! *Cavalier* was the winner. The Great Race was over.

THOSE FIGHTING MEN

Upper Deck Mechanics, Ring Bolt Kickers or just the Smart Smiling Seamen; we have heard it all this commission. There are some cries you will always remember us for: 'Start Recording!' 'Man Overboard!' or "A", "B" and "Y" guns empty". Quite stirs the heart doesn't it?

Wherever we have been we have not met a smarter warship and all credit for this is due to the Upper Deck Seamen, led by Mad Mac McGhee. They range from the unforgettable 'Tiny' Bill Blake (and his rather noisy balding friend) through Ray Moody, who has sometimes been seen with the boats in between hockey matches, to a series of notables on Top and QD. Mario Sanderson has charmingly doled out much time and paint, in between haircuts, from the paint shop. Also we must not forget to say 'thank you' to the Messdecks Party for their unremitting labours down below.

The Gunnery team evokes memories of the Boy Cornwell era, with roughie toughie sailors ramming bullets up spouts. Gunnery has two sorts of blokes, the shouters and the doers. The shouters' honours have been shared by 'B' Gun and the GDP. The doers prize was finally awarded to the 'Y' Gun smoothies and the TS. 'A' Gun gets a tolerance prize, being constantly assailed by noise pollution from above. We thank the Greenies for their hard work in keeping our ancient field pieces serviceable and so helping us to our successes in the Fleet AA Trophy. Most of the credit for our Fleet '22 Shooting Championship goes to the handsome and debonair GI.

The TAS Empire has continued to be a strong silent team locked in the U-Boat battle (if only they could *find* one!). The epic silences following the pipe 'Mortars are about to be fired' will be fondly remembered by everyone. Congratulations go to Chief Fowler on his advancement and to Gerry on his typing. Dave Ellis has been the fastest Gemini Driver in the Fleet and Horace has sometimes been seen at night.

The highly trained RP team in the nerve centre has delighted us all by the way they have managed the ship. The chief sources of information in the Ops Room have often been PLAYBOY and BEANO but nevertheless now and again the CPA's have been nearly right. The free surface of Ki in the Ops Room flat is a grat. issue to the RO's.

CONSTABULARY AND MEDICAL CARE DEPARTMENTS

The Coxswain wishes to say how much he has enjoyed dishing out railway warrants, throwing out leave passes (when we have been entitled to them) and waiting up all night to tuck you in your beddibyes after you've been carried back onboard and stitched up.

In fact Doc Murdoch, that well known theatre comic and Tarzan, has tried hard to have us in stitches all the time. He has also been a leading member of the Sick Bay Rangers football/tag crib/offspin tiddleywinks teams with young George Temple and others, including the unforgettable Wild Bill Dunthorne.

I'M SORRY I'LL SAY THAT AGAIN

1st Lt to FX PO

'We are anchoring tomorrow Get the anchor painted.'

CORRO on the main broadcast:

'We are entering the Pentland Firth, which is between Britain and the Orkneys.'

Lt Hammersley RNR to Duty RO(G)

'You can't clear signals due to bad propagation ? Who is in charge of propagation ? Shake him and get it fixed.'

ChMEA Robinson:

'Doesn't this lovely water make you soft and cuddly' (who to?).

QM (L/Sea Lee)

'Care is to be taken when using the Starboard ladder as it has been removed.'

DIVO:

'I really must get some more intelligence!'

Ck Mason to POck Hallett:

'There are some green things in my vegetable locker, but they can't be cabbages because they are a different shape to my Mum's.'

Bosun's Mate

'All dhobying is to be removed from the Boiling Room.'

LRO Ethell

'The person posting a letter to Cox and Kings, Pall Mall, without a stamp, report to the gangway at the rush.'

LATER 'How was I to know it was the Captain's?'



'Men out of the rig of the day clear off the upper deck ...'

LIFE IN THE AFT END ~



'... Just walked over the roof, past the chimney and TV aerial and down to the kitchen for his dinner.'

THE GREENIES

(including the Armourers)

There was a time in January and February 1970 when few people thought *Cavalier* would ever pass her Weapons Trials (Gunnery).

We suffered no fewer than five HAT(G)'s and four SAT(G)'s before limping, worn out, to Portland for work-up.

Life was all very serious, broken only by the occasional humorous moment like the day when, slipping from North Corner, Portsmouth, for yet another SAT(G), the ship was found to be connected only by the telephone cable. I'm pleased to say neither Wyatt nor Laws were responsible for this oversight.

Work-up passed inevitably and the W.E. Department came out of it very well. Damage Control was our main problem, but as we had advance copies of the Control Sheets for all NBCDX(D)'s ever set by FOST for CA Class Destroyers, it worked out well.

The remainder of the year was very busy operationally and the ship finished runner up in the Fleet AA Trophy twice, largely due to the efforts of C.CMech Thomson's team in the T.S. and the Display Section under CRE Grocutt.

The department has not shone at sport (being too busy with other things) with the notable exceptions of App. McIntosh and LREM Adams at rugby, REA Wise and Mech Harty, who excel at basketball, CHOEL Slater, COEA Wood and Mech. Partridge at cricket, and that great veteran PO Woods (2nd Soccer XI).

The advancement record has been without equal; no fewer than 19 have gone up a step. COEA Wood

selected for Fleet Chief. PO to CPO: Fowler, Healy, Macey and Leech. Leading Hand to PO: Irvine, Corrigan, Harty, Williamson, Rogers, Barber and Rae. To Leading Hand: Brown, Adams, Ozbirn, Giles, Bailey and Tolman (passed but not yet got it), Connor (he's made it twice).

The Department has probably cadged, borrowed or otherwise acquired more Spare Gear and obsolete equipment than I care to think about from our less fortunate contemporaries laid up for scrap. Names that spring to mind are PO Blackhall (who is also noted for his very spectacular last minute returns from LWE) and L/S Back (long departed to P.O.S.).

Five apprentices have had their blooding in *Cavalier* this commission. They will most certainly go back to *Collingwood* wiser and better for the experience.

It has been hard work (witness any Senior Rates' mess any afternoon) holding together this old ship and her equipment, long overdue for refit, and it speaks well of the Department, to a man, that a really high degree of equipment availability has been maintained throughout the commission.

Well done the Greenies.

LH

PARTING SHOT

When your fan stops running and the lights go out
The guns won't move or fire
The radar's bent and the log reads nowt
Tho' you're doing a full power trial
Spare a thought for the boys in green below
Struggling to keep her fit
With a pair of pliers and a soldering iron
The Collingwood standard kit.

LH

THE CAVALIER PAGE OF RECORDS

The Ship has steamed 169,242 miles this commission and 564,140 miles in its life. During the last two years we have visited 32 ports in nine countries.

Since the beginning of the commission we have used
730 gallons of grey paint (of which 700 probably went on the ship's side)
420 gallons of deck paint (none on the QD)
1032 paint brushes (1031 were lost over the side)
428 torches and 3510 batteries
and 10,000 electric lamps

In addition we have eaten
16,000 yards of sausages
130 tons of potatoes
30,000,000 square inches of bread (approximately three football pitches)
24,300,000 individual baked beans
and 180,000 eggs (it would take one chicken 722 years to lay them)

We have drunk half a million cups of tea - and a lot of beer!

Tons and tons of paper has been pushed by the five main offices onboard, but the clear leader in this race has been the Gunnery Office which averages 34 words of GO's Temporary Memorandum per round fired.



THE CAVALIER OSCARS



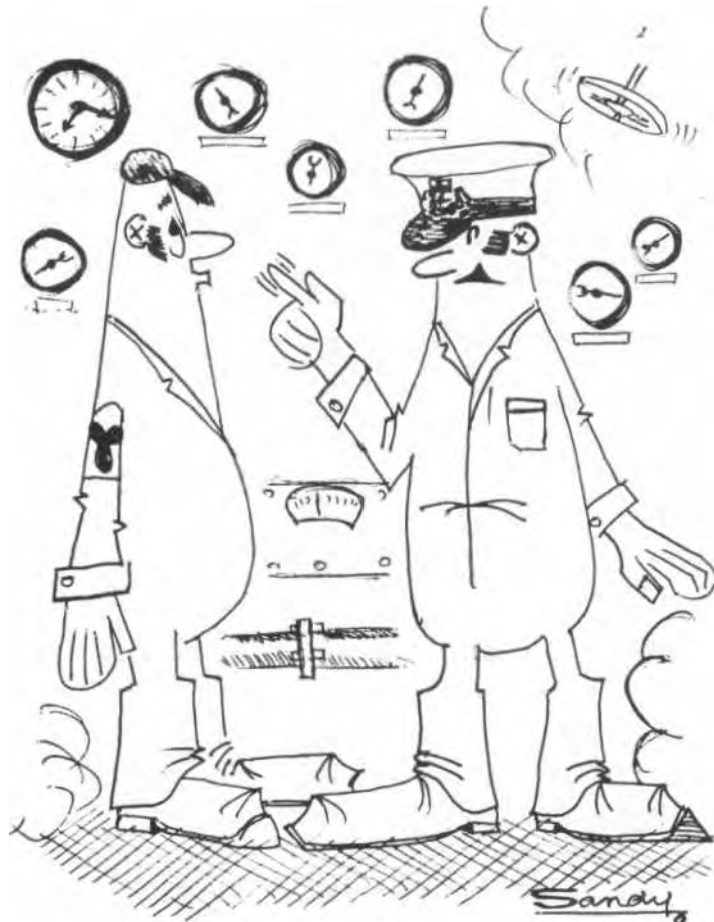
The following Awards have been made for this commission

Photographer	REA Wise
Tall Story Teller	L/Sea Read
Tannoy Terror	WEEO
Stunt Driver	CHREL Grocutt
Stunt Man	PO Ck Houghton
Gourmet	CPOSA Stephens
MFV Coxswain	CY Batten
Golden Bunk	RMECH Healey and SO (Joint Award)
Best Dressed Man	AB Dunthorne
Smuggler Extraordinary	PO Moody
Walter Mitty	LMA Murdoch
Big Spoon	GO
Hippie Beads	LRO Williams
Duty List Compiler	POGI
Bluebell Duster	FIRST LT.
Even Keel Award	CHMEM
Cosmetic Award	CHMEA(P)
Optimist Award	WEEO
Best Presented Inedible Food	PO Ck Hallett
Big Spending Award	PO Writer
Oriental Award	SA Cow-ling
Comedian of the Year	LT. Hews
Cartoonist of the Year	LMEM Barclay

THE HAND OVER

Ah! Chief - yes I wanted to have a word with you today as my relief joins tomorrow and I want plenty of time to plan the turnover. Oh dear, sorry about that Chief, I've been meaning to have a word with Chippy about that seat for a long time. They do say that if he'd had the contract for the cross JC would still be alive. Sorry about the splinters.

I've got three days turnover, then he's got to sign that bit of paper saying that everything's in tip top condition. What do you mean he'll never sign it? Of course he will ! You have to expect the odd defect here and there. Now I have been looking up the regulations - tiresome things don't you think? I reckon that he'll want to see the inside of some of the old ...er . . . machinery. Now we can't have that can we? Don't want him to get the wrong ideas do we - so we'll stay flashed up. Yes, well he'll probably want to see it working then - can't see why myself - brings me out in spots just to go near it. Boiler rooms you say? ... well we haven't been able to get No. 2 alight for quite a while and we can't have him going down No. 1. After all, a turkish bath on his first day onboard could put the poor chap off for the rest of his natural. Tell you what, why don't you get some of the chaps to paint up No. 2 and make a really good job of it - then we can light a bonfire in the furnace just before he goes down there, and pretend that it's steaming. Leaks? course the boiler leaks, been like a bloody colander for ages - even I know that - but we don't have to put any water in it! Besides - I don't think we can spare any for that. So we shut the gauge glasses off and top them up to half a glass through the bung thing at the top. Now - we have to be very careful - can't let



... and remember son, the one with two hands is the clock!

him stay down there too long or the fire will go out. So, just time for a quick once over then we ease him over to the Engineerroom, wherever that is.

What do you mean he'll see the gauges aren't registering anything? Use your imagination Chief!

You'll have to get them fixed to read something then won't you ? Really, I wear myself out in the Wardroom thinking out the policy - the grand design - and you will bother me with these petty details.

Now where were we ... oh yes, the engineroom. Well we all know that there are some things down there that not even the Almighty is going to get to turn before judgement day so they will have to be shut down. What do you mean, 'How can they be shut down when they have never been started ?'. Stop splitting hairs Chief - how's he to know that? All it needs is someone with a spanner taking off the odd nut and bolt - I presume there are some left - and hey presto ! they are shut down for maintenance.

Now dash off and get it fixed Chief, and while you're at it get the Chippy's mate to fix the odd cement box over the holes in the bilge, but remember, don't tell Chippy. Don't want to give the impression that we're sinking do we! Ha, Ha. Well that may be your opinion Chief but kindly keep it to yourself. Anyway, I don't think it's very deep here, so we'll be all right.

Hello Chief Stoker. My relief is certainly going to want to know how many chaps there are in the department. I certainly don't. Thirty? where are they? . . . Yes, I see, one full time cabin hand for me, one for you, one for the Chief MEA and one for the sirens. Then there are the two messmen for the MEA's, two for the POMEM's and one for the Chippy's runner. Looks as though we'll have to withdraw our contribution to messdecks party. After all we have already got the cleanliness of over half the ship on our slop chit. Only three in DQ's? That's better. Oh, two more coming up - morale must be good.

Right Chief, pretty up the watch bill as best you can and pop it onto my desk. Make sure you mark the DQ's chaps down draft, or AMC in *Sultan* and most of the rest on messdecks party. Try and get the writer to be onboard tomorrow and get some of the lads to have their hair cut and parade in the Wardroom Flat so old Hawkeye can see them. Oh, and all the chaps must have a shave tomorrow - yes even the MEA's.

Ah, Master Gunner, nice to see you - I've got a drip about the laundry. You see I have a problem with my pyjamas - my white oovies are not getting back on time and I'm not pleased at having to wear my dirty ones, which look awfully crumpled when I fall out of bed to report the department ready for sea. I think the Captain is beginning to guess and I would like my relief to start on a good footing. I mean we don't want him to get the wrong impression, do we?

MJJ and LH

