

Lucky old Cavalier — some say, but suddenly on June 10th and 11th we all got Flu. 'All' is not an exaggeration, on one particular day there were over one hundred Flu'y bodies lying around the ship. Jet was obviously not 'on' and instead we went to Pulau Tioman and recuperated by ourselves. We met the Cheviot on her way back from Ceylon and before entering Singapore on July 5th we had our Sea Inspection. Everyone went mad for a day, and after it was all over Captain (and his minions returned to Cheviot tired but apparently satisfied.

A month living up in Terror was a splendid change and rest after what had been after all a large amount of Sea time. We had a chance too of playing games regularly and our teams began to win a fair number of matches.

We moved hack on board on July 25th and from then until August 14th we were hard at it preparing for the Harbour inspection. We went up to Pulau again for this and I think that the natives of Teloh Juara almost regard us as their own private movable Island.



Fishermen at Ocean Island.

The inspection over, we felt that our planned visit to Hong-Kong for the duration of September would be, to say the least, 'Just the job'. No such luck. 'At the rush Cavalier' was soon off too relieve the Cossack in the Persian Gulf. Calling only for oil at Trincomalee we arrived off Bahrein on September 5th, and as expected it was very hot.

One week later the prospect of a month or more in the Gulf had us all a bit gloomy and talking mainly on the lines—If only we were in Hong-Kong. Believe it or not twelve days later we were there, after a fast trip and very short stops at Trincomalee and Singapore. The world moves from one crisis to another but the crisis, if there was one, that took us from the Persian Gulf to Hong-Kong was a very welcome one.

Two wonderful weeks in Hong-Kong and back to Singapore for another three weeks under the hospitable fans of Terror and that takes us well into November.

From now on this story is crystal gazing, but it looks like Bangkok at the end of the month. Alright if it is anything like Saigon, then on to Hong-Kong for Christmas and hack to Singapore to greet our reliefs on January 9th.

It will be grand to be home but many years will pass before we have such a varied and enjoyable eighteen months as we have just had.

THE TEAM

(or as we are in the Op's room)

Member. "Since when are you an R.P. This is an Op's room not a B Air Conditioned palace. Shove off."

"Op's Room"?

O.O.W. "What is the range of the ship at 240?"

Member. "040 Sir, wait ten. Now shove off and don't spill the Kye"

(Pause) "Nothing at 040 Sir."

O.O.W. "240 I said, who's on watch?"

Member. "Me Sir. (Aside) Who does he think he is."

(Much later) "Ship at 240, Range 10 miles. Might be cloud."

O.O.W. "Roger. Now brace up down there."

Member. "ROGER Sir. Request permission to leave Op's room and stop 293 and 974 for tuning?"

O.O.W. (Grudgingly) "Yes. How long will it take?"

Member. "That depends."

Op's room is evacuated for up to twenty minutes when R.P.2 and R.P.3 return with cups of tea, a Western and a Beano each.

Member. (Breezily) "Closed up again Sir. Ready to operate."

O.O.W. "Roger. Now lets have some good reports."

Member. "Roger. (Aside) Nip down and get me an Ice-cream."

A little later

O.O.W. "There is a ship at 290 one mile why hasn't it been reported?"

Member. (Sleepily) "It was Sir as cloud ten minutes ago."

O.O.W. "That was at 030."

Member. "I think ship's head has got out of line Sir. Stand by to line up".

Ten minutes later

O.O.W. "What's the course of the ship at 200-4."

Member. "Sorry Sir, can't plot at present, my oppo's gone to the heads. Oh here he is, not feeling very well Sir." (R.P.3 enters carrying four ice-creams and a large supply of writing material.)

O.O.W. (Very frustrated) "I don't know why we have you down there."

Member. "Roger. (Aside) Come on mate lets scoff these, and start being keen or we'll be fallen out and have to go watch on deck.

A little later

Member. "Bridge—Op's. Ship at 230 is tracking 143 and $\frac{3}{4}$. Speed $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots estimate it will pass 1 and $\frac{1}{4}$ miles down the Port side."

O.O.W. (Sarcastically) "The ship at 230 is a Lighthouse and it will pass down the Starb'd side."

Member. "Roger. We forgot to clutch in. (Aside) We can't help him he can see what's going on anyway."

O.O.W. "Fall out. You are quite useless."

Member. "Roger. (Aside) Good-oh! just got time to drop the wife a line before the end of the watch."

(Blip?)



Back Row (L to R)

M(E) THOMAS M(E) PETCH A/B WILSHER S/LT. LAFFERTY M(E) HODGE
L.T.o MOTTERSHEAD L.M(E) LANGTHORPE C.P.o ROOSE.

Front Row.

R.O.2 BOLTON L.E.M ELLIOTT L.R.o. GINNS A/B PICKERSGILL A/B ENGLISHBY

SOCCKER

Had we known earlier of the requirements for a Soccer article in this end of commission magazine we would have compiled a conscientious record of the teams feats (& defeats) and individuals' achievements for inclusion.

Looking back on what I feel has been an interesting season—which I hasten to add was somewhat spoiled by the contradiction of the "Long Time NO SEA" principle—one or two games come quickly to mind.

Sandakan was a place where we found soccer a Major function in the social activities, and each game we played there was under the critical eye of the local inhabitants who turned out in full force, always applauding (& laughing) in the right places. Not only did we enjoy our soccer there but we appreciated the hospitality extended to us by the Social Club.

Saigon too, was another place where we had the chance to be Britain's Little Ambassadors; there we played against the Viet Nam Navy and the French Air Force. We meat the Frenchmen at Soccer, tho' in the evening, armed with ANISETTE in their Mess Ball they took their revenge, arid soon had us toasting any public figure from Gen. De Gaulle to Bridgette Bardot.



In Singapore, a now amusing incident happened when we had language difficulties with our Indian bus driver who took us 40 odd miles in the wrong direction, arriving at CHANGI instead of KRANGI. This gave the Sports Officer excellent experience as the ships linguist to explain the error in his pidgin Hindu and various gesticulations. This however didn't meet with as much success as the efforts of one of the team who with a little less tact and a few more adjectives, soon had us on the right road; when we did eventually arrive there our opponents had given us up, so not to be out done we

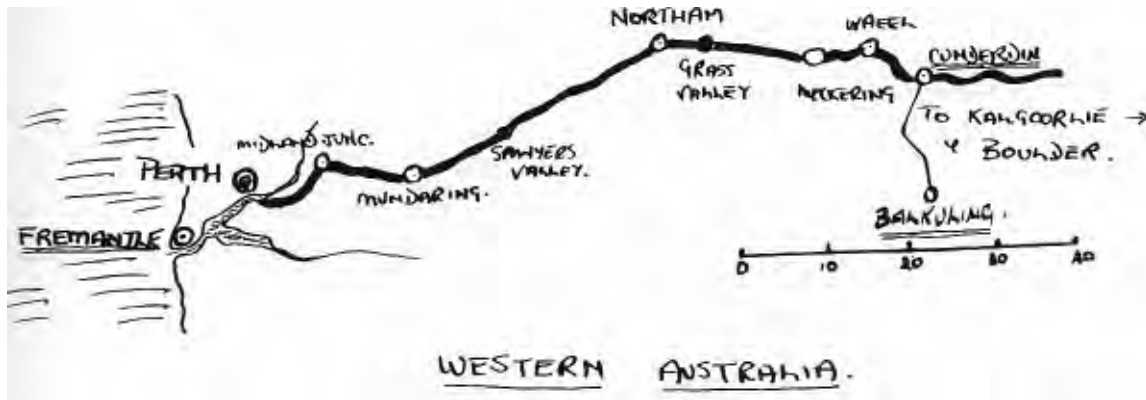
played a six a side game amongst ourselves in a torrential down pour and rapidly failing light.

At this point I would like to thank our spectators whose encouragement and support from the touch line have helped us on many occasions—They were both very loyal! it was also comforting to know that we always had the Buffer close by with his Bag of Medication.



undiscovered soccer talent we still had onboard. In the final we saw the Communications & Electricians beat the Forecastle Division in an exciting game.

Soccer played a big part in boosting the morale of the ships company when we were at Christmas Island. There we held the Inter-part competition, when the Coxswain and Ch.El. Wright, playing the off side trap, brought back memories of their fellow countrymen Young and Cox, the Buffer and GUNS (Football Sec.) showing us just exactly how they wanted us to play the game! Jeremy, who's style could only be likened to that of John Charles proving what a wealth of



To many people the world over the 'Bush' is a word that conjures up in the mind thoughts of Swagmen, Rangers, 'cabers' and Flying Doctors. So it was with us of the Cavalier when we neared Fremantle. The Port of Australia. The New World. (Not the one down a street called Straight either.) Sheep farms, Cattle stations, and Wheat. People from back home lived here. Many who left the U.K. decades ago. Some others, like ourselves, newcomers. Like many people that we meet in our travels they are as ships that pass in the night. We go alongside and wonder what this country is like really.

A message comes aboard from 'up country',—"Grippos",—the various 'Queens' dash to the gangway in a headlong rush to get in on it. "Conderdin"? Where's that. I wonder how far away it is.—How do we get there?

Leave is piped,—away we go. At the station trouble with our tickets, no such thing as a return fare. How did you say we pronounce that place we're going to?

Eventually we are under way. Reminds me of the old western films. Their trains were like this. Crash!—bang.—steaming along at a good 30.

"All change here". The train has to break down just because we're on it. Only an hour to wait for the next one. Ah! well, lets go and have a drink. "Pony and a Schooner please", we say exercising our lingo. "How much did you say"? Blimey! "No wonder the cost of living is so high". In comes the other train and off we go again.

"Conderdin next stop".—"Where's my hat,—hey! give me a hand with my collar." Look at all those people on the platform?

"Hello—yes we are from the Cavalier." "How do you do". Everyone shakes hands with everyone else. Good job that one of these chaps is organising this. "Jan, you and Mick are staying with Mr. and Mrs. _ So we are all detailed off to our respective hosts and hostesses. "Hello,—yes it was rather a long journey. I'm glad to have arrived at long last." "See you later lads". "Which way do we go? oh! I see, the Bar. Yes please a big one I'm rather thirsty. Cheers".

outside the station a crowd of cars await their owners and guests. One by one, as Jack finishes slaking his thirst, they pull away from the station on their way to the various destinations. Wonder how far we have to go to this place. Not far I hope, I've done enough travelling for one day.

"What's that only 20 miles." "oh!"

The Holden leaps down the dark and deserted road at a steady 60. Not a bad car at all. The only one that they make in Aussie.

"Excuse me, have you many horses at your farm?" "You don't use them,—I see." I was a bit disappointed at that. I had had ideas of riding the range looking for lost sheep. Still, can't be helped.

At last,—the farm. Nice place from what I can see. Comfortable, well furnished, I like it. Can't see much of the farm itself though. It's much too dark outside. Roll on the morning.

"Whats that, a drink before supper. Lovely idea". This is more like it. A nice big bottle of ice cold beer. Much better than those silly little glasses that you buy in town.

It's nice sitting on the verandah underneath the stars.—So thats what the Southern Cross looks like. Sitting there swigging beer and swapping tales about the old country. They are quite thrilled to have a 'Tommie' to talk to. They have been out here 35 years. How many acres did he say he had? Wow! ! Mainly Wheat,—I see. Only a small flock of Sheep. Around 2,000 head.—I see.? And this is only a small farm! ? I can see that my perspective is all out of tune in this country.



"Hot isn't it, even with the open air breeze." A shower, lovely I'd like that. "Supper in half an hour you say". "Thanks".

What a day it's been. I shall be glad to get to bed. "Yes it looks lovely and comfortable." I lay down on the bed on the verandah and look up into the night sky and watch the myriads of stars twinkling up above. The Cross moving slowly, slowly by. I get the idea that I can see it moving. I doubt it though. I wonder what we are going to do in the morning?

Very early I wake up. The house is quiet. The only sound is a faint bleating of Sheep far away in the distance. I feel fresh as a daisy. I'd better not get up though until someone starts moving around.

"Good-morning, yes thanks I had a lovely sleep." Must have a wash. "Funny, my shaver doesn't seem to work. Oh T see, you make your own electricity." Still he said that I could use his. Blast,—cut myself.

What a Breakfast. Cereals, Ham and eggs with newly baked bread. Nice pot of coffee to finish off with.

"of course, I would love to look around the farm." Into the Holden we climb.

"Is this all really yours?" Blimey! Miles later we come to the sheep. They are sitting by a dam. Not much water around. I expect that they are used to it all though. Then on to the 'Piggery'. Charlie is massive. He's their favourite. on we go again, more sheep, cattle, turkeys, hens and acre upon acre of Wheat land. Paddocks where the sheep will graze later, or where next years crop will be grown.

"Crutching, — whats that?". What a name anyway, "Yes I'd like that". Away we go to a neighbours farm where the operation is taking place. From a large shed comes the bleating of sheep mingled with the barks of a dog.

Well look at this, there's Butch and Dutch, look at them sweeping the wool that the men are removing from the sheeps rear quarters. "Making you work for a living eh! Good Oh! It's funny the way the men do the shearing. Tuck the head between their legs. First one leg up, then the other, it's soon finished, then a shove and a sharp slap on the rump away they go through a small hole into another pen. "Coo! don't it Phong." Still, can't have everything.

Back to the house for dinner. They had butchered a young lamb for the special occasion. The best bit of meat I've ever tasted.

In the afternoon a walk down the paddocks with a gun to see if I can get any of these Green Parrots that are such a menace. No luck with them though. They must have seen me coming. A poor old Magpie got in the way of one shot though. Flew right into it. I must have been colour blind. It didn't matter though for they are a pest as well.

Back to the farm for tea, and then on into town for a night out. Everyone's there. All gathered together on the lawn of the local boozier. Everyone talking ten to the dozen. A grand time. Jug upon Jug of beer kept appearing from all directions. Natter, natter, natter. Hic! ! ! ? Great life this.

What's that they are talking about. A swim? Good idea. It's too hot to sit around anyway. Down to the town's swimming pool. Nice place this. Splash lovel^y. The pool ablaze with lights. Little kids swimming much better than I'll ever be able to. A little boy of about ten beat me across the pool.—Time I climbed out and got dry.—Big headed little B... !

A young girl gave a demonstration of diving. Before she started I jokingly said that if she could do a double somersault off the top board I would do it as well. How was I to know that she could. As she hit the water I suddenly remembered that I had an engagement elsewhere. I didn't show my face for a while. She was looking for me. What would you do?

Hours later we all wended our way back to our various farms. I didn't really want the night to end. We were off back to the ship again in the morning. What an awful thought to sleep on.

Morning again. How annoyed I was. Ah well, that's life. After breakfast we piled into the Holden once again for the trip back to the station. Away from BLAKISTON FARM, BALKULING. What a lovely name that is. I wonder if I'll ever see it again?

At the station people are milling around. A quick one before the train leaves. A good idea. "Hey, don't forget to get your ticket." Blimey, nearly forgot.

As the train pulled out of the station we all leaned out of the windows waving to these friendly people who had opened their doors gladly to us who were far away from home.

I am sure that anyone who went on this trip will remember it for a long time. I know that I will. Goodbye to the Bush. I'll miss you.

(ANON)



HOCKEY

Unfortunately no record of results are available, so we can say without fear of contradiction that despite a high proportion of drawn matches, more matches have been won than lost.

An encouraging start was made in Malta when after a series of draws we beat 'Ranpura'. "Chippy" Newton, a former Command player, was outstanding at Centre half and the tactician of the side. our first match on the Far East Station was with 'Cheviot' and produced another drawn game. Subsequent matches at Sandakan were particularly strenuous as during the latter visit to Borneo matches were played on successive days. In one match our ability to come back was proved with a draw after being three goals down.

At Hong-Kong we were unable to do better than draw with both 'Cossack' and 'Cheviot' in Squadron Cup games, but later games, 'Cheviot' (New commission) at Singapore have all been won. Five members of the team played in a trial for the Navy team. Lt. Commander Payne and Tel. McDonnell eventually being selected.



We were unfortunate to lose the services of 'Chippy' in January when he returned home to be commissioned, but an able recruit for the centre-half position was found from the forward line in the never tiring Navigator.

At Auckland, over the Easter week-end, in a match against a 'Kiwi' team the Captain, T.A.S. officer and the R.E.A. filled gaps left by 'Gripping' regulars. This match was no kid glove affair in spite of our opponents title of "New entries", McDonnell nursed a badly cut eye for several weeks and 'Postie' is still counting the notches on his leg.

The First Lieutenant was obliged to stand down for a few weeks with leg trouble but was roped in for the always vacant job of umpire. A few players complained of his tight control and even stopped kicking the ball, whilst the R-H Lt Dreyer was noticeably more restrained with his No. 5 iron shot.

On returning to Singapore for our July refit, we had a number of wins against "St Brides Bay" and "Cheviot", an unexpected draw against a strong R.M.N. team and our biggest defeat yet (4-1), at the hands of Terror.

Experiments with wingers resulted in P.O. Franks and L/Sea Chapman being chopped and changed considerably. A.B. Fisher, our latest find is shaping well on the right.

Reserves are no longer a headache when faced with late withdrawals. A.B. Jenkinson, a bundle of energy on the field, deserves a regular place but finds it difficult to displace either hard hitting Turner or Postie at Back.

E.A. Richards has saved what looked like certain goals again and again.

With the present material and given a little time to get fit, winning the Squadron Cup should present no great difficulty. The only remaining problem is to master, what appears to be, the ever changing rules.

FROM HERE TO THERE

Malta, I've heard, is a jewel in the Med.
For those who believe what the guide book said.
But all our lads got in a rut.
In the Cotton Club, just down the 'Gut'

Adens sunshine, really bright,
Wasn't it a pleasant sight.
A four hour booze up, lovely ale.
Then back on board and away we sail.

Singers, Honkers, Borneo too.
All those lively dens we knew.
The Mama's there saying "Hello Dear",
Buy you a drink, No B. . . . fear.

The countries of the Southern Cross,
Roy was the Skipper at a loss.
He found at last amongst the rates,
Who were the Sharks, the Drunks and Skates.

of Xmas Isle what can I say,
Except that it was out of the way.
They put us way out on the fringe,
So we got in training for our next binge.

Back and forth we carried on,
Over the seas where we came from,
Hong-Kong and then Singapore,
Haven't we been this way before?

Christmas time is nearly here,
I expect that we'll be full of heer.
But we know we shall be fine,
on that day January NINE.