

THE INTENTION AS GOOD AS THE DEED

There was a soft breeze which would be just right down the river, the boat was seaworthy and there were four crates of beer. The phrase 'a little optimistic' had been heard but had been brushed aside: "The only question is how long will we have lying on the beach waiting for the ship to arrive." We scrubbed the boat out, loaded our pots and pans (two lifebelts apiece) and quit the Cavalier at mid-day: Pulau Tioman one twenty miles.

It didn't matter that the wind dropped completely after we had gone fifty yards as we were towed by the motor boat almost to Changi, and not far past there—the wind returned. Also rain. Very heavy. In bathing trunks and hats (for some unknown reason) we took in a reef. Then we took it out. "Practice" we were told, "you need it". The rain stopped, the wind stayed; the whaler bounced (not *quite* literally) past the flimsy—looking jetty affairs which housed some individuals whom we bailed in an affable, light-hearted way, and were answered by one of them raising a broom to his shoulder like a rifle. We found it was time to go about.

The bag of apples was half empty—as was one crate. We had reached the mouth of the river by seven o'clock when supper was served—with soup, and the talk was setting to the usual kind. 'The sun went down and the stars came out', the wind slackened, vanished, and to all intents and purposes our boat was becalmed throughout the mild June night. Meantime, of the provisions beer seemed the most popular; — or rather, it *was* the most popular.

Blazing sun in the early morning showed the land on the port side looking no different from the land over there the night before. Breakfast consisted of tinned sausages, 'limers' (very strong). some bread, and beer. Some cheese was also discovered. It was already baking hot and the wind did not come as soon as was expected. All morning the eight of us frizzled, and conjectured, and thought the wind was on its way. Three shark—fighters bathed but were disappointed. From time to time the sails flipped a little, a hung lifeless. "Yes, we must have covered five miles this forenoon". No one questioned it, - aloud.

At Mid-day a cloud appeared egged on by others behind it. The water ruffled, darkened, the sails filled, and in ten minutes we were battling along almost directly before the stiffening wind. The spinnaker had to come down, and an almost disastrous gust took the boat well over as the Genoa went up. Came the rain. Five frozen bodies perched on the windward gun'le hugging oilskins around them. We were making six knots at least. The ship was picked up by radio at five o'clock, and we thought to see her in an hour. Five minutes later we were alongside her, realizing, flabbergasted and crestfallen, just how far we were away from the island: forty miles.

Would we come aboard. No, we'd keep on: this wind would soon get us there. With soup and bubbly 'embarked' we cast off. The whaler edged ahead and the sea guided her under the concave ship's side. The mast caught something, strained, held a moment, and snapped with the report of a thunderflash. Catastrophe. We were speechless, but knew what getting back aboard the ship would be like. Have *you* ever tried to pull in a whaler, with a broken mast on one shoulder and the wet flapping mainsail enveloping the oar?



SHOW BIZ

There are not many ships on this, or any other station, that can compare with Cavalier as regards her entertainment for the troops.

Behind the faces of the lads are minds that nine times out of ten are thinking only of wine, women, and song. The latter meaning usually after too much wine and about women. But there comes a time when they put their talents, hidden or otherwise, to a more specific use. Such was the case when it was decided to hold a "Sod's Opera" on board.

It took our Entertainments officer "Whacker" Payne a month of chewing his finger nails down to his elbows before he eventually rounded up a few of the lads to do their stuff. Not to mention the time that it took to get them to do it the way that he wanted. Eventually after much hard work all round the show began to take shape. (Don't ask what shape). Although to some it may have looked a little rough, it went off without too much trouble on the night. I might add to the amazement of the cast as well as to Whacker, who had, during the evening almost given birth.

The show took place a few days before we arrived in Singapore for the first time. The Forecastle being transformed for the occasion into a miniature Theatre. The programme was varied and each item was introduced by that "old man of the Sea" himself, 'Pony' Moore. His was the first act as he came out and played his 'Squeeze Box' for us. He was accompanied by "Granny" Grantham on his Guitar, "Humph" Humphreys bashing away at the drums and a crowd of Juniors pretending that they were the Luton Girls Choir. The audience was somewhat disappointed when "Pony" managed to finish without once catching his "Shook" in the bellows of his accordion.

Our Leading Coder, Julian Eldridge, then gave us the Monologue about Albert and The Lion, which went down very well.

Like all shows Cavalier had to have some sex thrown in, and the next item was three luscious feminine forms who glided on stage with more white thigh showing than the censors should have allowed. The effect on Jack can be imagined and the three are still trying to get back their good reputations which they lost on that night. With the aid of a record they took off the Andrew Sisters in a miming act. To see Alfie Lomax, Tony Parsons and Buster Brown trying to keep a straight face while miming "Rum and Coca-Cola" was a sight that I won't forget in a long time.

In the second half they were to be seen again with Alfie as a bride, Tony a Guitarist and Buster taking off Spike Jones singing "I went to your wedding". It was hilarious. Alfie doing extremely well in not even smiling at all. Even though the audience were curled up.

A.B's Wakeford, Anderton, Willsher and Peppiatt then gave us a very amusing song that they had written about the ship and her company. The tune being Much Binding. The embarrassment of some of the members of the Wardroom was more than obvious, to the amusement of all.

Sir "Ric" Peppiatt then by way of a change gave us some well rendered melodies on his Harmonica.

The Wardroom also had their turn and here once again were three more females. I have to call them that because they were positively ugly. They were the Jimmy, as Cleopatra, Shirley Eaton, as Godiva, and Whacker as Mae West. Their song was ably assisted by Jimmy Shand on the organ, it had to be the organ because as you know we haven't got a Piano. Dressed as they were to match their roles they looked anything but seductive. We know that Jack isn't too fussy but even they have a limit. The ribald remarks that were thrown at them must have made them blush. But none the less it was good to watch.

R. E. A. Monk and E. A. Richards gave a very good impersonation of the Western Brothers. Dressed as they were in Topper and Tails they looked immaculate. Their song, once again about the ship's company was a riot. Even "tinge" had the mickey taken out of him in that one.

Then Whacker, putting on his best Sunday school accent, gave forth a recitation about "Runt, the Piddling Pup."

Frankie, Schoolie and Doc' did a sketch on salesmanship that went down very well. And to see "Navy" trying to recite "The Green Eye of the little Yellow God" whilst Wally, dressed as an ancient Indian Colonel, made numerous remarks was one of the biggest laughter makers of the evening.

The success of the show was obvious, and the cast were well applauded at the end. I think that everyone was sorry when the curtain came down for the last time. I know that I was.

our second show was done over the air to Cossack and Cheviot while we were on our way down to Aussie. It ran much on the same lines as the 'sods opera', with only one or two new sketches thrown in. Roy Ginns and Motts Mottershead had a well polished comedy act thought out which went over very well.

Also appearing for the first time were the "Three Krowns", a small musical group led by "Granny" Grantham on his guitar, assisted by Tony Parsons on the drums and Buster Brown picking away at the Tea-Chest bass.

The programme was run along the lines of a "Down Your Way" show. The interviewer being Broph. He visited various departments in the ship getting an act wherever he went. What a shock he had though when he visited the Bridge during a Gunnery exercise. The only thing that he heard was people saying, "Get out of the B. . . ."

once again to be heard was "Pony" Moore on his accordion, and he again rendered (apart) some old favourites.

"Granny" Grantham broke out this time and sang a couple of songs accompanying himself with his guitar.

This show turned out to be just as good as the first one, and the cast enjoyed themselves very much. It was a pity that we never put on any more shows.

The person to be thanked for the success of the shows was our producer "Whacker" Payne. But thanks are also due to all those who took part in the entertainments, both in front of the curtain and behind. They all did a good job.

In another branch of entertainment Lt. Vallings has all the credit. His efforts in Radio Cavalier have been much appreciated. The Inter-Part Quiz being the most popular of them all. 20 Questions also went down well. He was assisted in many of the Broadcasts by Broph and Ken Meads. They must of spent many an interesting evening devising all the questions to ask. I think that the lads in general enjoyed listening to the programmes as much as did the chaps taking part.

To conclude I must say well done all those concerned in passing away many an hour by their lively entertainment.

But like most other people aboard my thoughts are turned homewards. Roll on the U.K. (And the B.B.C.)

Circumspect Critic.



ROTORUA — THERMAL WONDERLAND

on what promised to be a day of sun and scenic wonder, two bus loads of Cavalier ratings and a handful of Officers set out on a trip to New Zealand's hot thermal grounds.

If we didn't get much sun, we certainly got the scenic wonder, which New Zealand abounds in. One could at times imagine oneself back in the U.K. looking at the countryside, the fields more undulating but fewer sown with wheat.



Before going into Rotorua we were let loose in a place that would make many of Cavalier's 'quarterdeck wonder fishermen' look twice, then have their fingers itch for a line and a piece of bait. Not that the fish there would have had to have a second bite, after the first they would have just surrendered. The place was called Rainbow Valley Springs. A very apt name as Rainbow trout are bred there in their hundreds. They are then let loose in the lake of Rotorua, eventually ending up on the end of someone's line. The guide demonstrated the trout's love of minced meat by placing a quantity on the end of a stick and holding over the pond. The trout made leaps of twelve to eighteen inches out of the water to "yaffle" the dainty morsels placed before them. Jack, true to the end, tried to make the fish leap two feet out but they just couldn't make it. It looked the easiest way yet to catch a fish; just hold the frying pan out, and the fish jump straight into it and then you're ready to go.

Rotorua, which you have to pass through to get to the Thermal Grounds, is a fine township, but it has one big disadvantage—smell. And it didn't come from the local Gas works either, but from the ground. Wherever we looked off the Main street we saw steam rising up out of the ground. This is the source of the aroma and Rotoruan's have this sulphur like taint to the air, all the time.

But there is an advantage to offset the smell, and that is the hot water, gallons of it. So the gas bills in that township must have been negligible.



Our first sight of a Maori maiden in National costume was when we were in the Hotel having lunch. We were served by one of the many Maori waitresses there. I had always thought that the skirts that they wore were made of Porcupine quills, but it was eventually found to me a type of reed that they break into fibres then plait and roll them.

Princess Rangī was introduced to us after lunch, also two of her contemporaries. Rangī is the well known guide of the district. They showed us the way to the Maori village; a model village depicting how they lived in the less peaceful days of last year. The day when one's hobby might be making war clubs and then trying them out on the neighbouring village. The village was surrounded by a double stockade, then a mound of earth all round inside this constituted the first line of defence. The main worry being whether the opposing force had advanced in science enough to have a Mark II while you only had a Mark I. One way to scare your opponents was by protruding your tongue as far as it will go pointing downwards. Depending on how this is done, it can have another meaning, a sign of friendship for example. This was demonstrated to us when they did a Maori dance for our benefit. They could have been hurling abuse at us for all we knew.

The geyser didn't appear to want to work at all that day, it gave one or two feeble efforts but it wasn't very successful. The hot Thermal grounds were below the model village, and we slithered our way down a muddy pathway to have a closer look. On our way down we saw pools of boiling mud, looking just like Scotch Oats on the boil.

Rangī, making more wisecracks than any messdeck comedian, led us from there to the standing Maori settlement. It is called Whaka, an abbreviation of a much longer name that we couldn't pronounce, so Whaka will have to do.

There are pools of warm water in the village, where the local children seem to live and play, it also gives their mothers a constant supply of Dhobeying water; when we were there a couple of Maori ladies were doing just that. one of the pools was just a little too hot for the dhobey session so Rangī tossed into its centre a handful of grit. We watched the water frothing up almost coming over the rim of the pit. The pit we were informed was bottomless.

Taking our leave of our Maori guides we piled into the coaches, some of us with souvenirs ; pennants, articles made of various kinds of New Zealand woods, or just post-cards. But the best souvenir of all were the rolls of undeveloped film that were in our cameras, taken of Rotorua district.

on our way back to Auckland we stopped for a meal in Hamilton. We couldn't stop for a "wet" anywhere on the way as we were in a hurry to get back to town, the round trip taking in 300 miles. The driver did manage to stop long enough at one point of the journey to let us see a panorama of Auckland by night from the top of a hill. Across the water in Devonport lay the ship. The end of a lovely and interesting day.

CAVALIER CAPERS

A little more than a year ago,
A Destroyer left U.K.,
She was the good ship Cavalier,
But you couldn't call her gay.

First the skipper "tinge" by name,
Who always tries to play the game.
of certain words he has no lack,
Can you hear me at the hack.

Jimmy drives us round the bend,
He's never heard of a Make and Mend.
He works us till we nearly drop,
But still the so and so 'doesn't stop.

The Engineer, his name is Shand,
He's the leader of the band.
His gang of Stokers look a wreck,
And litter up the upper deck.

Now 'Whacker' is the Electric man,
Always does the best he can.
In arranging shows and such,
But he hasn't got the 'Golden Touch'.

Then there's Wally short and fat,
Doesn't know what his guns fire at.
But we know to his eternal shame,
That poor old Frankie' will get the blame.

The Doc is last, his name is Jones
He deals in crabs and broken bones.
He tries to keep us fit you see,
But he's losing the battle you must agree.

And so we come to the end of this ditty,
You must agree it's rather witty.
And even if my blood they seek,
I don't give a damn, I'll be home next week.



CAVALIER'S FIFTEEN CHILDREN

This is the story of the biggest shower of Juvenile Delinquents that ever escaped from an Approved School. They are the fifteen O.D's who joined Cavalier as Junior Seamen.

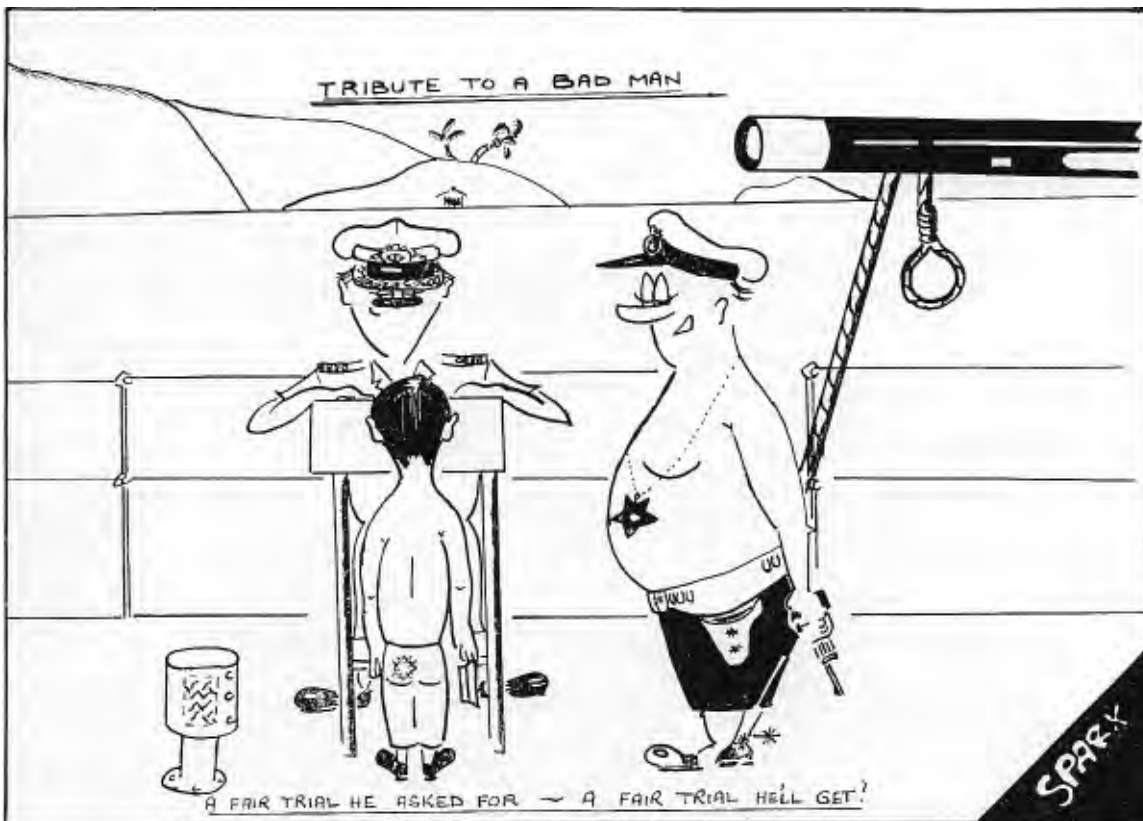
After many hectic runs ashore in many parts of the Eastern world, one of our number left us when we arrived in that port to end all Ports, Auckland, New Zealand. It was O/Sea "Tex" Peters. Who was shanghaied into doing his bounden duty to the C in C by joining H.M.S. Alert. He got a terrific send off from us and even had his kit-bag carried over the side for him. Even then there were still enough of us left to keep the Navigator and "011y" Haiseman on their toes. What with kits to be mustered, requests to be signed, and P.T. on the Forecastle, which, I might add, was soon given up as a bad job by the Navigator.

After the heart breaking departure of "Tex" the job of 'Y' gun sweeper went to "Mick" Mason, whom we have since re-named "Stormy", due to the fact that before joining the R.N. he saw service in a Hull Trawler where, according to him, he went through many storms.

The next on my list is "Stripey" Stubbs our second youngest member and the oldest "up top". He keeps the Bridge clean during the day so that he can spill 'Kye' on it at night.

"Stripey's" oppo, Ron Kilby, is the youngest in the mess. He is due to be rated O/Sea on the 5th October. Apart from reading his fan mail, (Heaven knows where he gets it from), he works on the Squid deck.

As we go on we come to dear Joyce, (thats his Surname), who at present suffering from "Chinke toe-rot", which is making a hole in the Doe's supply of 'Red paint'.



Looking around once more we see "Glimp" Davison, the D.O's `towny'. Is he a boy for his food! If you leave your dinner loafing he will 'Scupper' the lot and then act innocent like. That's Northampton for you.

Looking under the table we see "Jimmy" Quinn, who comes from Ash, near Aldershot. He insists on being a citizen of Ash and not Aldershot. I can't see why. Moving around the Aldershot area we come upon Farnborough which is the home town of "Fats" Cook who, although it's against regulations, insists on not shaving his upper lip.

Moving north to Leicester we meet Sam Hodgkinson, who is the type of chap who, when told, will run to the Gangway to take a shore telephone call even when we are twenty miles out at sea. Also he likes to have 'Heil Hodgkinson' on his station card.

Sam is very fond of our "Granny", alias "Smiffy", whom everyone likes as he always manages to make a wet of tea just as we all need one.

As we gaze around we see "Ferdy" Dimond who put a last one over on us by going into hospital with appendicitis just before Captain (D)'s Inspection, and returning just after.

The pride and joy of the mess is "Roger" Brinton who, for all the world, is just like his namesake in the 'Beano', (much to P.o. Bosleys discomfort).

Then there's Percy Newman, who is the Skippers towny, (hard luck Perce).

"Scurrs" Coburn is the next on my little list. He has a face like a 'File card' even when he has had a shave. of course being from "Arethusa" he is always ready with *advice* When it's not needed.

Now at long last we come to yours truly, so I will ask "Mick" Mason to continue.

Well friends Lomax, or "Alfie", as everyone knows is the "Paint all or B all" type. Judging from his dialect he must come from the wilds of Yorkshire. Although he's not 'all with us' at times, he is the only one of who has it `up top' enough to write this yarn.

Yours truly again. Well after those compliments we come last but not least to the bloke that's in charge of us, "one minute of *Longitude*", alias L/Sea. "Joe" Chapman, whom we all wish every happiness for his future married life.

SIDE PARTY — H.M.S. CAVALIER



RAMBLINGS OF A DELIRIOUS STOKER

The seconds drag, the minutes lag,
The hours dawdle by,
The place is hot, my nerves are shot,
Which makes me wonder why,
I joined this hopeless, useless mob,
To do a hopeless, useless job.

My eyes are heavy on my cheek.
Through swollen lids I try to-peek.
My nails are bitten to the roots,
I've worn out umpteen Boiler suits,
Doing silly useless jobs,
In this the worst of all the mobs.

When on watch my headaches worse.
I rant and rave, I scream and curse.
In my sorrow no-one shares.
Of my heartache no-one cares.
T'was me who joined this useless mob,
To do a hopeless, useless jom.

Five and twenty hours a day,
Working for a meagre pay,
With fingers withered to the bone,
Not through sweat and toil alone.
For Chef's are garbage in this mob,
They do a hopeless, useless job.

Uniforms are badly made,
Yet they must last for one decade,
Or on your head the powers pounce,
For gross misuse of kit allowance.
Then picking rope will be your job,
The favourite torture of this mom.

Four long years have slowly past,
And in nine more I'm free at last.
Then no more will I have to slave.
And perchance I'll start to save.
Some money in a decent job,
And heal the scars left by this mob.

"GHOSTIE".

CROSSING THE LINE

