

"L's A POPPIN

"Here Chief", I said, "how's about a bit of assistance to write an article about the "L" Department for the Ship's Magazine"

A resounding snore echoed its way across the Squid Deck. It was a Wednesday's "Maker", and the grand old man of the sea "was oil". . . . He'd had a hard forenoon.

In the face of such enthusiasm I thought to myself, "What have we done today?"

A short synopsis of progress, to date, would probably show the following startling facts:

Engine Room Section:

Draped dolefully over the guardrails, like a pair of discarded overalls, we meditate the intricate and exhausting problem of keeping No. 2 Boiler Room air-lock light going. Sex is a wonderful thing.

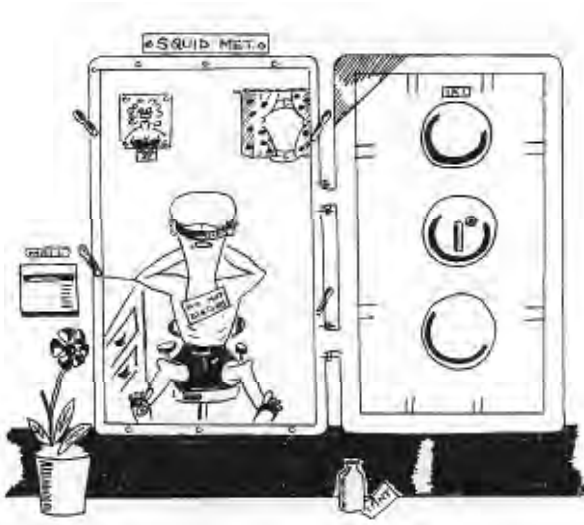


"R" Section.

After a years extensive maintenance , the radar is now able to acquire the Queen Mary at 1000 yards. It can be assumed that performances such as this, do not go unnoticed at Admiralty. Due respect for this achievement will no doubt be forthcoming. A fine body of men. Any takers?

Asdic Section

Nobody really knows what they do, but they are getting nice and brown. It is rumoured that the Squid Metadyne Room is shortly to be fitted with a settee and two easy chairs. We just don't care about Nasser's submarines. . . .



Low Power Section

Due to an unfortunate and completely unsolvable snag on the Captains Stewards Buzzer, he is quite liable to fire Y gun at any instant. I'm sure this snag wasn't in the hook at Collingwood.

High Power Section

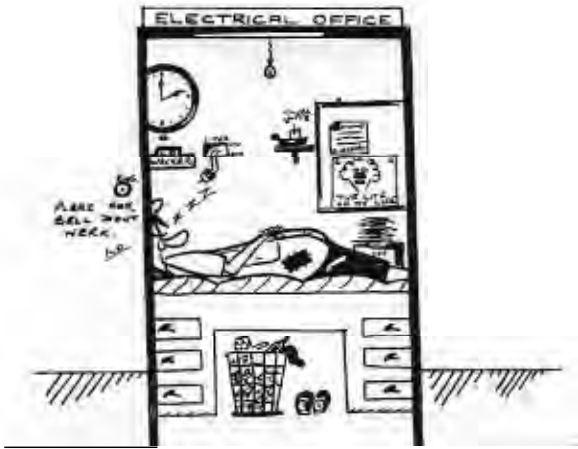
In spite of the undying efforts of the Engine Room Branch, normal service still continues. For this we cannot hold ourselves responsible. "Please shake 0800 14th Hammock from the left, E.M's Messdeck."

"REST IN PEA CE."

Fire Control Section

Quite mad, the lot of them. It is hoped that the Gunnery Officer will cease smoking Woodbines, as we don't care for these grand little cigarettes. "Gunnery Disadvantage will be assumed."





And now we come to "The office," that beehive of Electrical Chaos where sits "L" Supremo, firmly exercising the "grip." From these portals, a constant stream of directive flows. ZZZZZZZZ "There will be a boat trip organised Thursday week for all orchid lovers."

Yes, as you can see, we've had a busy time this commission.

of course, we do have our good points you know, and our usefulnesses. It would be pretty dark with all the lights out, and those fans, don't keep running forever.

In sport too, we've had our fair share of successes. We saw the rifle shooting trophy well and ably won by our B team. Who cares about having a good eye, just as long as you can up well. In swimming, we combined with the Comm's branch to fairly scamper home, and in football and cricket too, we've more than held our own.

Yes, we deserve that recommend we got from Captain 'D'.

"He Knows Y'know."

"oh hello Nobby old man, had a good sleep?" Sea Comms by 0400 you say..... and me with no batteries in my torch. What do you do all day ??????"

MESSMAN'S MEMO'S

I've been their 'Flunkey' now for ten months. Why I ever stayed that long is a mystery both to me and the members. They are enough to drive anyone up the wall with their 'Whims and Ways'.

Take the 'Pres' for example (take him as far away as you can,) talk—, he's like one of the inhabitants of the Monkey house at the Zoo. His arms like the sails on a Windmill when he starts. one of his 'Slaves' once said "One of these day's I'll tie his hands to his side and render him speechless". The one good thing about him is that he is a 'Janner ' and I am a 'Pomponian'. So he won't be able to catch up with me after he has read this.

Two other inmates of the 'Groveling Grot' are the terrible twins. They never go ashore unless they are together. To look at them they arc opposites. one who couldn't grow a set no matter how hard he tried, the other looking for all the world like one of his ancestors , the apes. The former being small and the latter more like an "Orang-outang." One of their capers that stands out in my mind most of all is the time that they returned off shore with a Taxi full of carpets. Apparently they had had a party in the Sergeants mess in Hong-Kong; after everyone had retired for the night our two terrors returned to the mess in a taxi and decided to help themselves to the floor coverings. How they managed to get out of the Barracks with them without getting nabbed is still a mystery. It wasn't until the following morning when they rang up the mess that anyone knew that they were missing. I was pleased to see the back of them. I didn't fancy cleaning that lot.



one other person who is always in the limelight is 'Bones', or as some people call him 'The Human Pull Through.' Now he came back one morning in one hell of a mess. He had decided that it was more comfortable to spend the night in a Monsoon ditch than in a camp bed. So he did. It took one bottle of Dettol and a whole tin of "Phoo-Phoo" to disguise the smell that clung to him. No one went near him until he was back to normal.

Now which P.o. was it who when stepping into the skippers boat missed his footing and went down into the depths of the Harbour. When he surfaced for the third time someone with a bit of heart gave him a hand into the boats. He started screaming for every known inoculation under the sun. He had fallen in front of the sewage outlet pipe of the North Borneo town of Sandaken.

Now our "Sea going Grocer" always on about being one of the lads. He say's that he is used to high living, but as far as we can see the only high living he's ever done is on the 'Roof tops' down Wanchai way. I recall the time when he bought himself an evening suit, white jacket and all. He looked more like an Ice-cream vendor. He borrowed a cummerbund from Frankie our Gunner. The first thing that he did with it was to put it on back to front. He dressed up to go ashore, putting on 'pussers socks' and wearing a dirty old Burberry. I believe that he was going to the Fleet Club to play Tombola.

Of course we must not forget the chap with the big head of curls. You know the one that hangs out all those bits of coloured stuff. His biggest mistake was in forgetting a day. On crossing the line we lost a clay but he had to send a signal asking for an aircraft to come on that particular day. I bet that that incident won't be forgotten in a hurry.

Last of all, but by far not the least, we come to 'Mush', as his band of cut-throats call him. He is commonly known to the rest of us as the 'Gait and Gaiters' kid. Now lets see what he has been up to this commission. . . . Well what do you know. I can't think of anything in particular. He is either a decent upstanding citizen or a crafty devil. He has obviously never been caught. "Take that .303 out of my face." Trust him to look over my shoulder.

Well thats the lot, and leaves me only to say that I hope that this magazine doesn't get published until after T get home. If it isn't I won't get home.

Good luck all Cavaliers of this commission. To our successors T can only sympathise and say ! I'M INBOARD. You should have joined the Boy Scouts.

B.R.O.W.N.



RUGGER

Proudest Moment:— 8th Destroyer Squadron Champions, January 1958.

Blackest Moment:— 33-0 defeat by the Green Ho wards at Hong-Kong Dec. 1957.

Enthusiasts play Rugby all over the world and long may this be so, but I am sure the game wasn't invented to be played in Hong-Kong or Singapore. Singapore has good grass and soft turf, but it is much too hot, and Hong Kong in Winter is cool enough but on how hard the grounds are.

Despite these drawbacks we in Cavalier have played whenever we can and our record of :— .

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
9	6	0	3

.. .. comes out. on the credit side and to date we have never lost to a ship of our own size.

I don't think that the side had any particularly strong or weak points, although we are hoping that, with our new recruit Sub Lieutenant Melhuish, and Surgeon Lieutenant Jones always available, our three quarters will be better than most during the three months before we pay off.

The forwards are a battling crowd of fighters who would be first class if they had more wind. The front row E. A. Richards, Ken Meads and Eddie Fisher is terrific particularly in the first ten minutes. Behind them the heavyweights Prof, Lewis and R. E. A. Monk, have always been in the thick of it and the back row, Joy, Douglas and particularly Graves has had it's moments.

At scrum half Broph was always a tower of strength and his departure in June was a sad. loss. Agonised cries of ON ON ON, Slip it, etc. will long remain in our memories.

The prime mover outside Broph has been Roy Ginns when Soccer has been able to spare him. He has a natural eye for an opening, and with practice, and less shadow tackling, could me very good.

Doc Jones has always played well as did Guy Cleaver and L.E.M. Miller. L/Coder Eldridge has saved us many a time at full back and the sight of Cook Broome steam rolling for the corner flag is a thing we love to see, — determination at it's very best.

Many others have played regularly for us, L/Sea Anderton on the wing, M. (E) Vanneck in the centre, L/Writer Pollock at hooker, and A. B. Horne at full hack, and all our games from Auckland to Hong-Kong have been played with great .spirit, and been enjoyed by us all.

I cannot end without mentioning the Rugby Club Dinner — memorable for big eats, terrific speeches, pints of beer, and dreadful hangovers.

Thats all for now but we don't intend being beaten again before we pay off.

JIMMY SHAND AND HIS BAND

The Engine Room Branch

(CENSORED)

Amid the whining of the horses the following works were extracted. The stories of 'Stokes'. Such a collection of stable hands have never done so much in so short a time. Under the Boss man "Organic" Shand, Lt Cdr. R.N. The musical maverick who whiled away the hours with his water cooled "Gram", the men of the 40,000 horses carried on. What a carry on? !

They called them the pride of the Tiger country. Each and every one has graduated to the "Tops" of Zoological score in a session. (Twenty Tigers). Such celebrated Tiger men as M(E) 's Grahame, Neal, Rhodes, Thomas and Hales, some of us even retire to the Dan (Tiller Flat) for comfort. What a motley crew we were. Horses, by trade, but we looked like Goat men. The unsightly, grotesque, wizened beards that bleated failure until the Borneo trip, then the cowardly "Mass Shave off", excepting of course for "Moby Dick" (there she blows) Godfrey, P.O.M(E), whose minute donation remained, until the law took it's course.

What glorious revelations at Captain D's. The artistic Boiler Room, the `Totish' two, the place of 'Picasso' Donno P.O.M.(E) whose quick draw paint gun sprayed the donkey house. Every effort was made, our renowned 'Alf' Snow P.O.M(E I taking his 'Tickler' on watch in a crate and meticulously using an empty `Lub oil' drum as an ash tray.

Undaunted was that pile of a Foreman "Marty funnel watchkeeper" Kirkland, C.E.R.A., did foil the unceaseless lookouts of King Neptune and his sprites. Where was he? Languishing in the Whaler!

The long drive continued. The Horses pushing back the miles, with the Charioteers, the sightless Tiffs, holding the reins. The quick draw wheelspanner slogging many a gauge glass. The crossed mouth talk of Langthorpe L.M(E) nodding in varied speech. Only stopping the drive for slight repairs on few occasions. When Mansfield M(E) thought that a refit was a *new* suit. Steadily the 'Buffs' and stable hands became masters of the drive, many a man collecting his ticket. That young Buck, Taylor looking on. And so to the end of the drive. From the U.K. to New Zealand, the home of the Kiwi's, Maori's and Vannecks M(E), we thrived in every bar. But let us not forget such Herdsmen as Guy 'Boats' Cleaver, S/Lt R.N.V.R. and his partner John 'Troia' Kersey, S/Lt whose enthusiasm helped us to gain our destination. Let us end in sympathy with three minutes silence for future wedlocks, P.O.M (E)) Donno, L.M (E) Jones and M (E) Scoates. and wish them shorter days and longer nights.

And so as all the Band, the Clebbs and the Shonks depart let us say Adieux, good drinking, and heres to the next drive.

INSPECTIONITIS

We dash around from morn till night
Bluebell and rags to hand,
Polish everything in sight
Till it glows like a golden band.
And oft the cry goes up to heaven
From one and all, roll on my seven.

It's scrub this 'ere and wash that there,
The cry don't ever stop,
'Uck out that filthy flare,
Keep off the new treads in the Top.
As they scrub and scour and make to shine,
With one voice they breathe, roll on my nine.

See with joy my Compass platform,
But where shall I stow my horn,
my pipes, oh! brilliant thought,
Shove 'em away in a Gun support.
From truck of mast to bilges they delve,
As they all mutter, roll on my twelve.

Enemy in sight, Torpedos on,
Slope awnings Number one,
Guns not ready, target there,
Turn around, come back when you dare.
Targets abound, still time to mention,
'Aint 'arf chocka, roll on my pension.

The Atomic dust has settled fast,
Number one moves quicker,
Guns crews banished at last,
The staff 'aint as smart as my ticker.
Twenty-two done, joy to be alive,
But why did I sign for my fifth five.

'L' as a housewife ought to shine,
All is so spick and span,
Chief decided to resign,
As the unenterprising fireman.
Another like this I wouldn't mind,
Upon reflection, I'm glad I joined.

HEARD OUTSIDE THE SICKBAY

Q. What is the best way to prevent itches caused through biting insects?

A . Don't bite insects.



GUNBUSTER AND SHARPSHOOTERS

I feel sure that when the Gunners Party look back on this commission they will remember it for two things, one being the runs ashore, and the other that great sport of "humping ammo". As I write this we *think* that we see our last shoot in sight, which will bring our score of number of 4.5 inch rounds fired to 2,160. (That is if the Gunners ledgers are up to date.) Seeing that quite a few of those rounds were supplied at least two or three times to the guns before the B. . . . Aircraft became serviceable, that is quite a lot of "ammo humping." Then of course there were some 3,800 rounds of Bofor. In fact being one of the Party has not been all "a bed of roses", as some are wont to think. A day may go something like this:— ship about to enter harbour. . . .

0800 G.I. (Mush) "All mountings wash down paintwork."
0815 C.O.A. (Jeff) "Port firing routines to be carried out."
0830 G.O. (Red Devil) "Cocktail Party tonight, all hands on A gun."
0900 Gunner. (The Boss) "All hands down empties for return."
0915 1st Lt. (*!?) "Clear lower deck of seamen. Up awnings."

Is it any wonder the G.I. has lost a lot of hair, the G.O. weight and the Gunner all faith in human nature!

We also see that we have expended some 17,000 rounds of small arms ammunition, but it is not quite true to say that all of this was used to train the rifle team. They took part in the Fleet Rifle Meeting in Hong-Kong in November, at least the meeting was their excuse for flying up. They spent enough time on the range to win the Small Ship's Team Cup and the 300 yards deliberate, rapid, snap cup. Whilst A.B. Kemp brought back the Individual Pistol Cup, and A.B. Taylor came 3rd in the 600 yard event.

So now as we are about to "return ammo", (B. . . aircraft unserviceable again) for the last time this commission and not thinking of life-boats and Junks, we hope the Saint Barbara is pleased with us.

