

We spent five days in Simonstown. A very good run ashore. The only problem for most people seemed to be the 45-minute train ride into Cape Town which was a bit tedious. In spite of the numbers of ships which visit South Africa these days the South Africans still managed a high standard of hospitality—Clubs was allowed to go ashore.

On 12 November we sailed for Beira Patrol and our longest spell at sea. At 1030 on the morning of 14 November off Durban we came across the MV *Griqualand*, on fire and being assisted by two tugs. By midday the tugs had expended their supplies of foam for firefighting and *Dido* offered to assist. The fire had been burning since 2100 the previous evening and, as the ship was carrying chemicals, had

gained a firm hold. We landed a fire party by boat, and urged on by that well known cry 'Salvage Money' from the Chief Stoker, we supplied them with pumps, hoses and foam by helicopter. At 1320 the forward hold blew up and we evacuated our fire party. The *Griqualand* had a Volkswagen lashed down on the upper deck and try as they may the fire party couldn't get it into the boat with them! At 1600 *Dido* was asked to sink the *Griqualand* by gunfire as it was considered a danger to shipping and at 1627 she disappeared slowly stern first. The Chief Stoker was seen to weep genuine pound notes at the sight of it.

We arrived off Beira on 16 November with *Naiad* to relieve *Phoebe* and *Hermione*. Beira Patrol



M.V. Griqualand off Durban, November 14th

turned out to be great fun. 'Times 104' went mad and turned out weekly copies, LREM Wood moved into the quiz business in a big way and the helicopter was banned from the flight deck each evening from 1600 onwards while desperate struggles at Brighter Cricket, volleyball and deck hockey took place. Bridge tournaments, 'Uckers', Crib and Chess took care of most evenings. A conker battle took place on the foc'sle. The ship's SRE produced some excellent record programmes and the Supply Officer increased the quantity of bromide in the 'limers'. Fishing and .22 shooting competitions were run the First Lieutenant cheated a bit here as he tried to combine the two. The Chief Shipwright took the record for the amount of sun tan oil bought

from the NAAFI - which was only fair since he has the largest area to cover!

On 19 December we stopped at Gan for fuel and spent the day swimming and fishing. Then on to Singapore on Christmas Eve. The Christmas holiday, after six and a half weeks at sea, was celebrated to the full. On Christmas Day the traditional messdeck rounds were carried out by JMEM Barlow, whose capacity for Command was quite well demonstrated.

Then followed an AMP in Singapore and the ship's company moved ashore to HMS Terror. Most people managed a week's station leave. The divers took an M FV to the Islands south of Singapore, and a large proportion of the ship's company



*'There was nothing on Daily Orders about this'*

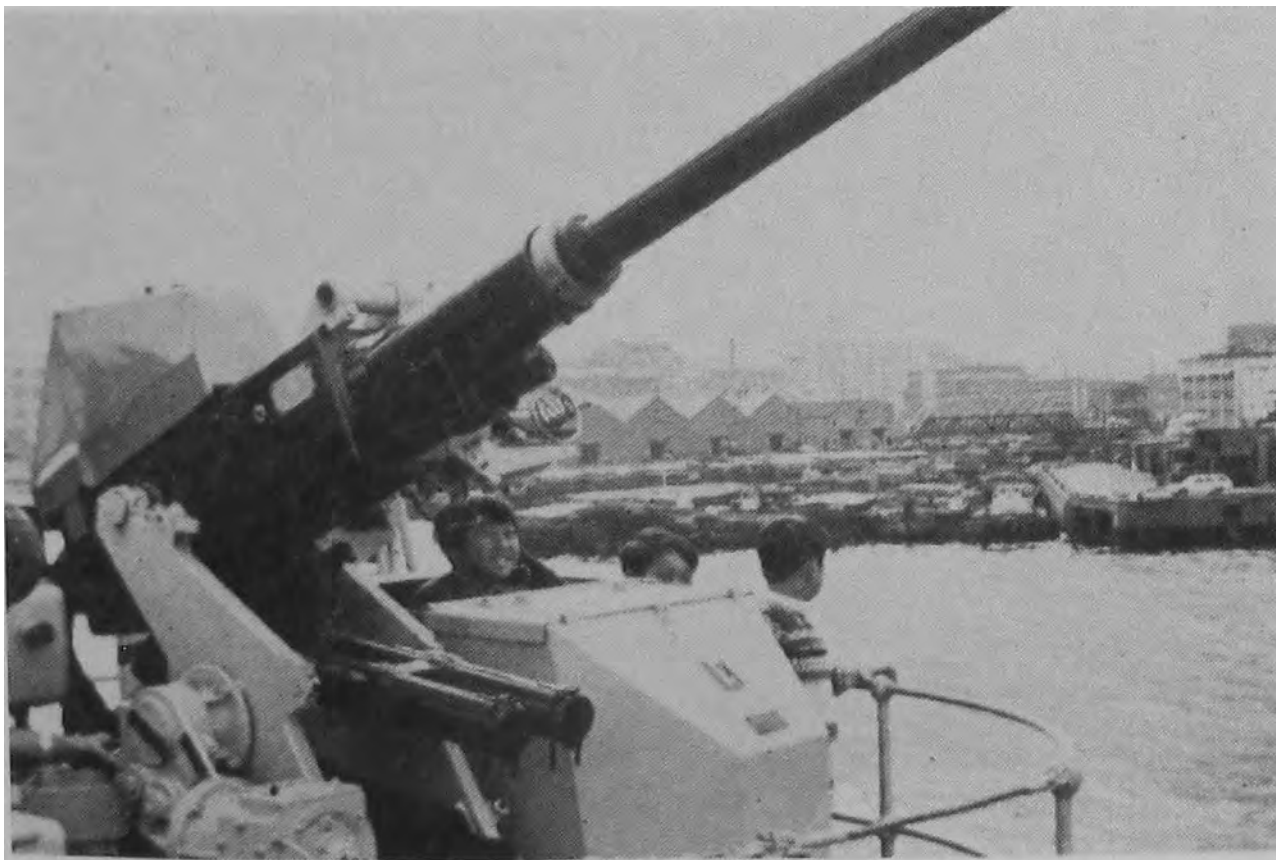


managed to get up country. During February we took part in Exercise Febex 71' and spent some time in the Singapore practice areas trying to sink Pualo Tiomen the island bombardment target.

At Singapore on 26 February, Commander C. S. Argles relieved Commander A. R. Barnden as Commanding Officer. Commander Barnden was rowed ashore by the Wardroom, who had been training for the event since Gibraltar when they beat all the other messes in the ship's whaler race.

Hong Kong for a weekend on 2 March and a complete contrast to Singapore, back to 'Blues' and an introduction to Wanchai and Kowloon.

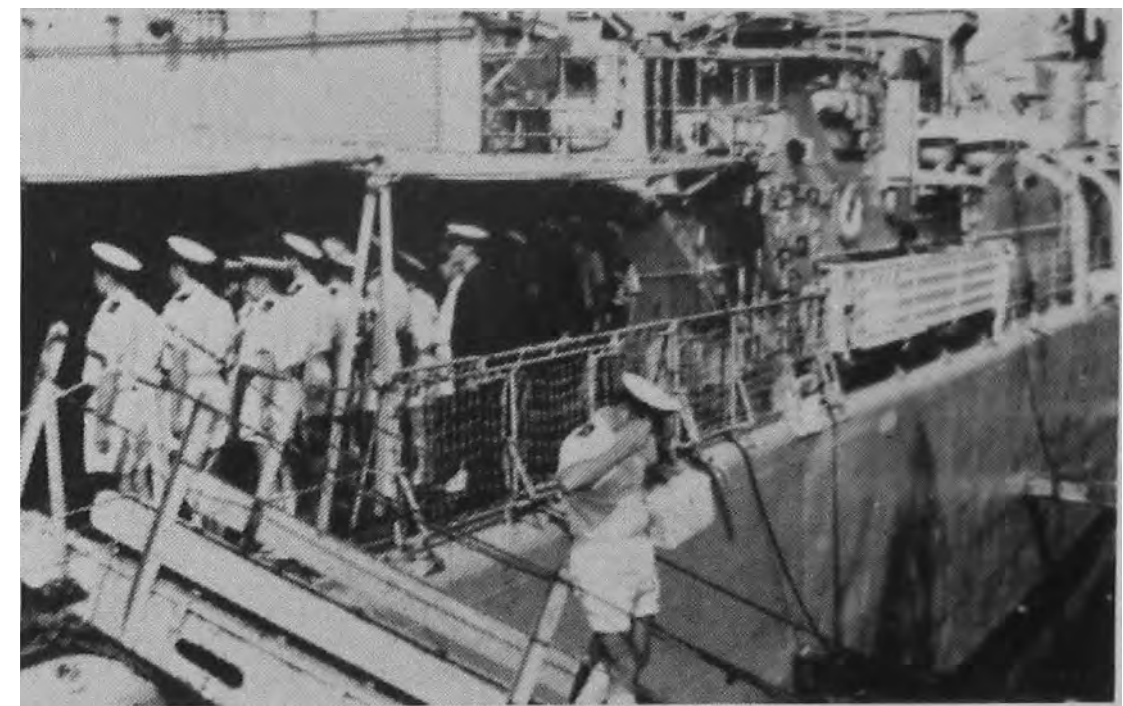
Yokohama for an official visit on 15 March with *Naiad*, *Salisbury* and *Olwen*. The ship's company struck up a close liaison with the Merchant Navy China Town and some even made Tokyo. Japan proved to be expensive but once again we were well entertained with visits, sports fixtures and private hospitality. The ship returned these invitations with a well received children's party and a day



*Open to Visitors, Yokohama*

open to visitors.

Back to Hong Kong on 24 March, the ship's company tried their best to buy the whole of Wanchai and judging by the number of 'Rabbits' onboard, very nearly succeeded. For many this period was probably the high spot of the Foreign Leg. Most of our work was done by Jenny's Side Party or the large Chinese labour force which moved into the ship, thus leaving us relatively free to see the Town.



*Goodbye Commander Barnden*



*Children's Party, Yokohama*



The Landing Party spent a day on the ranges at Stonecutters Island — several messes took advantage of the Tamar MFV for banyaning and the Bowling Alley at the Fleet Club was taken by storm.

From Hong Kong to Bangkok for another official visit. The original force visiting Bangkok was to have been : *Intrepid*, *Salisbury* and *Dido* with F02 flying his flag in *Intrepid*. Unfortunately for us *Intrepid* had to return to Singapore with an engine defect so F02 transferred to *Dido*. *Dido* and *Salisbury* then had to cope with all the entertaining arranged for the original force of three ships.

Bangkok is built beside a fast flowing very muddy river. The Thai's use this river as a general gash chute to the sea and the ship spent most of the time clearing polythene and other products of the civilised world from her inlets. The divers and Engine Room E.R.A.'s saw very little of Bangkok but we kept our Air Conditioning and fresh water running.

*Dido* sailed from Bangkok to the Sattahip Naval Base for a day of sport with the Thai Navy before returning to Singapore for a maintenance period/ final rabbit run and passage home to the U.K.



*Entering  
Hong Kong*





*Is it dead chef?*



*Another Dry Land Sailor*



*All same Beethoven*



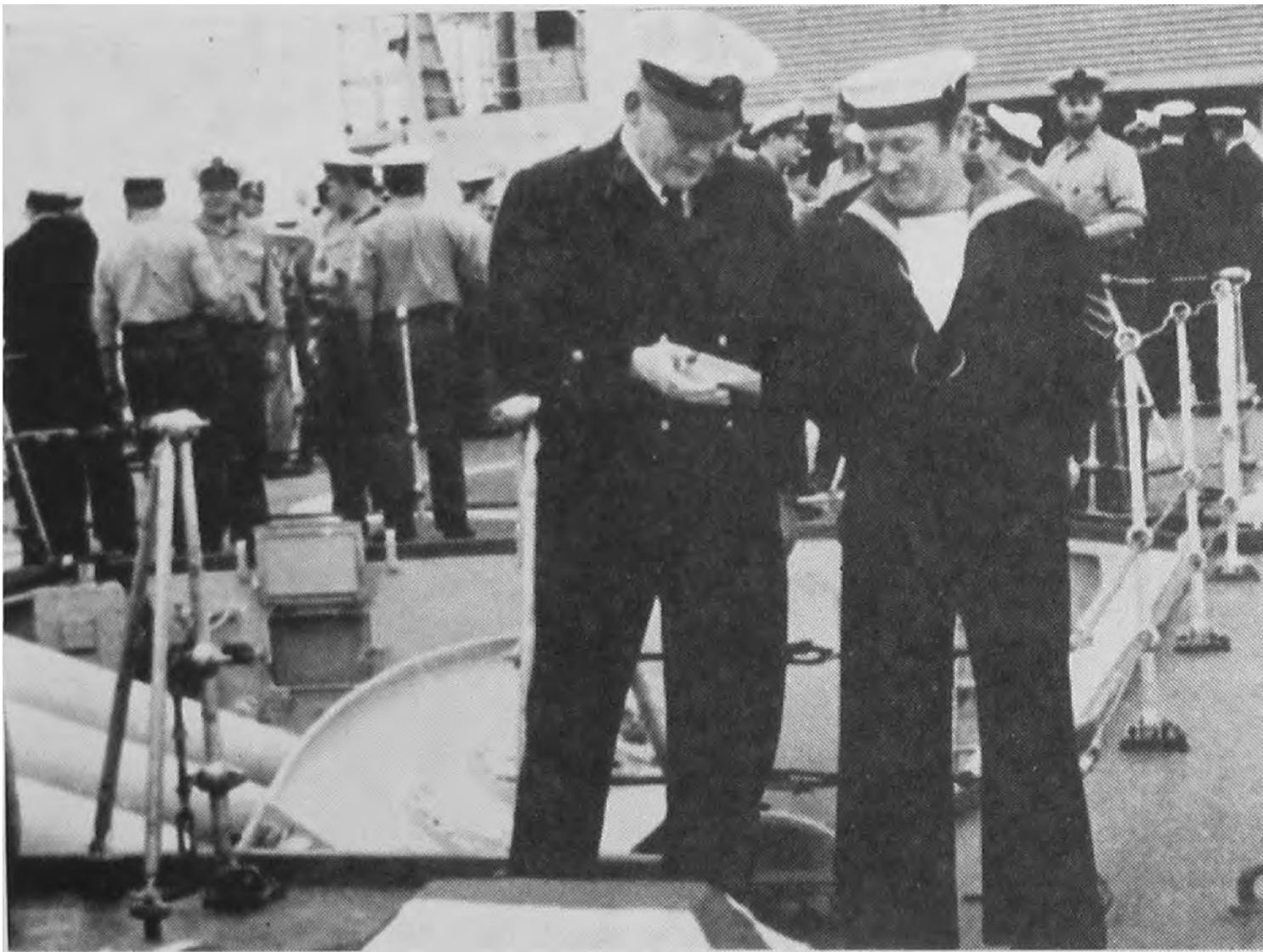
*'One for you, two for me'*

*Up a bit, left a bit!*

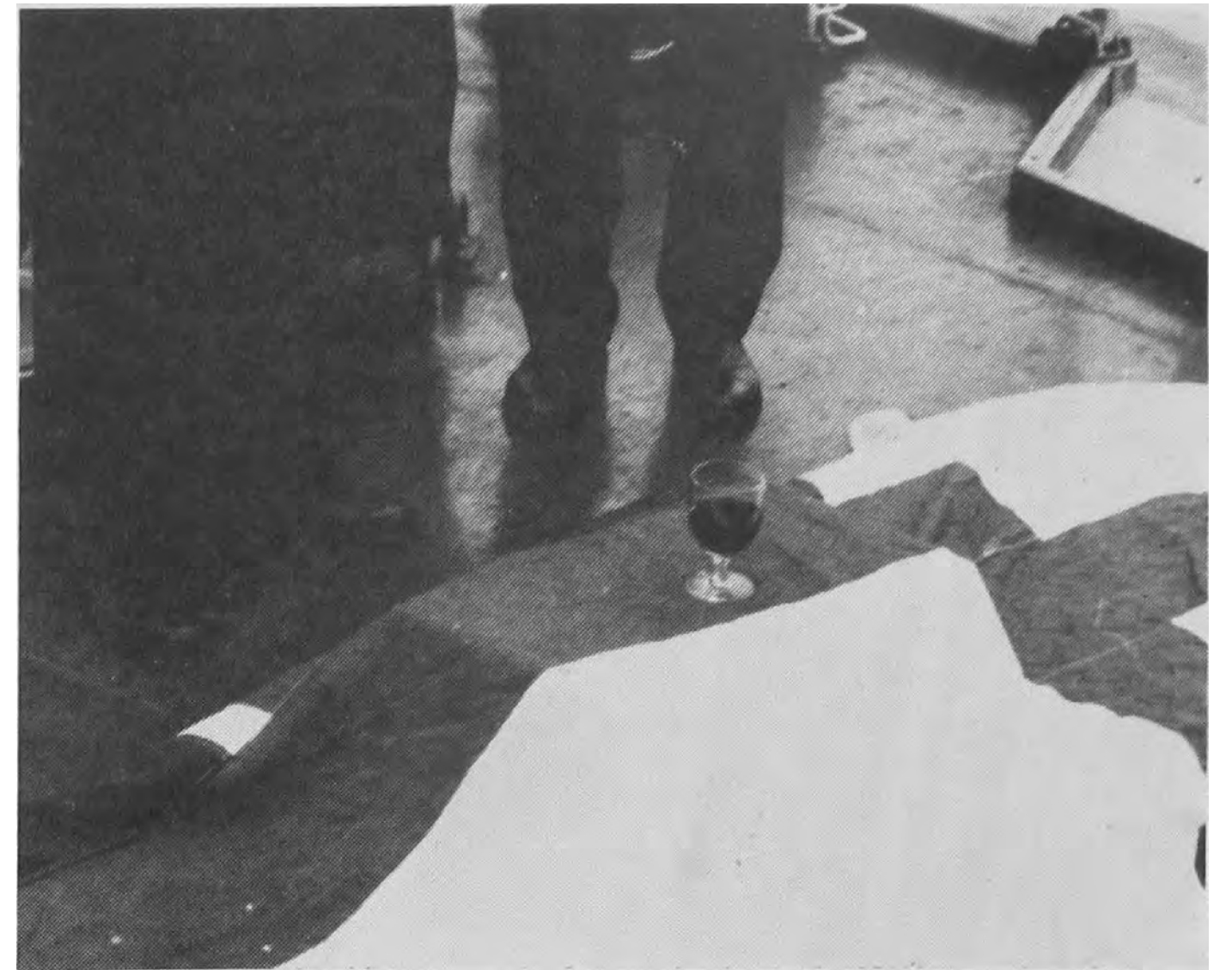




## DIDO'S LAST TOT 31st July 1970



*Ah! well, we still have the pension*



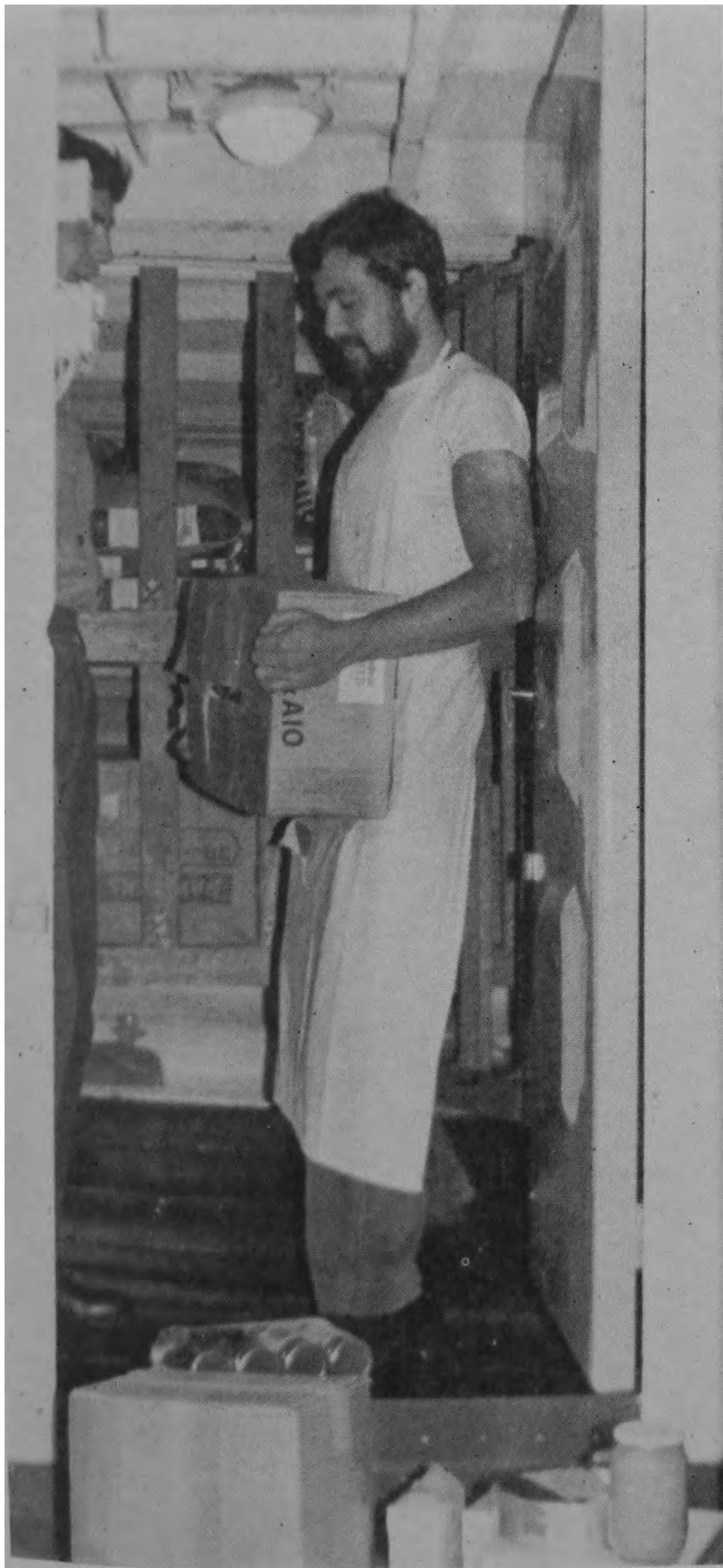
*In Loving Memory*

**From HMS D1DODIDO  
To MOD (Navy)  
Last D1DODIDO consigned to deep  
with full honours in sealed bottle  
in position : 57 44' N 03 12' W.**

*Going deep*







1155 and no greens on! Got to feed the troops

## SUPPLY AND SECRETARIAT DEPARTMENT

We have sometimes been known as the 'SS' as opposed to the S & S Department apparently because we underpay, starve and hold to ransom generally the remainder of the ship's company. Obviously pay and food are the things closest to Jack's heart and if he feels like a good drip it will often be aimed in our direction. However we know that such drips are rarely meant seriously and that we have achieved our aim which is to serve the boys of the Dicky DIDO.

Since the commission started we have seen some nine new faces in the Department, CPOSA Trevor Hayden, PO.CK. Andy Hutchinson, Cooks Colin Gildroy, Raymond Gray, Tony Burrows and Terry Monahan and the Canteen Damager Bob Cameron and his Assistant Colin Roberts, a large turnover which occurred mainly due to all our talented Cooks suddenly being made Leading Hands and therefore landing us in an unworkable situation of 'Too many Chefs and not enough Injuns'. As far as the advancement Roster is concerned the same situation is likely to arise amongst the Leading Stewards, Knocker White, Bill Law, and Scouse Thompson all of whom are sweating or getting rather warm.

Until that happens we are as stable complement-wise as we can expect to be.

The 'SS' are certainly a happy, healthy and virile department. The first attribute we see on many occasions and proof of the latter two lies in<sup>1</sup> the fact that so far we have produced no fewer than seven offspring on the home front - congratulations to Mrs Clarke, Cowper, Walke, Hall, Hardwick, Noton and Fox and of course the proud 'Old Men'. There are two more on the way by Esso Blue and John Hardwick. Mick Mason decided after a few runs ashore that the bachelor life was not for him and married Caroline in July '70, and in the near future Paul Doyle and Steve Kirk follow suit. No wise cracks lads; we hope you will all be extremely happy.

The Captain's and Pay Office have probably been busier than anybody over the past months. They have dealt with the introduction of the New Military Salary, Decimalisation, and now Computerisation of Pay Accounts. In addition there have been numerous changes in administrative regulations and procedures of accounting. It has been hard work certainly but an extremely interesting period. On the more routine side we have paid approximately £233,193 in cash (straight pay negative allotments etc.) to the ship's company. We have dealt in Danish Kroner, Singapore and Hong Kong Dollars, Thai Bhats, Japanese Yen, and South African Rands.

The Naval and Victualling stores section have also been pressed by the numerous changes in regulations

and accounting. Panics for stores have been relatively few. Perhaps one amusing incident, which happened on Beira Patrol, comes to mind. We were badly in need of photocopying paper. This was eventually purchased in Mombasa and sent down to us on RFA *Resource*. When that particular replenishment at sea was completed no trace could be found of the paper. After numerous signals as *Resource* was disappearing over the horizon, it transpired that the paper had been supplied in a box marked Pusser's Butter'- needless to say it was eventually found in the Main Fridges.

In the catering and cooking sections we have managed to make several improvements this commission. With a little fast talking we have acquired a few Mod Cons in the way of Refrigerated Shelves for salads/cheeses, an Ice Cream machine, Ice Maker and 'Daisy' a milk machine. Problems have again been few and far between, although we are fighting (and losing) a battle against our cockroach population ; we did manage to win against a hoard of first Yarpe and later Chinese Weevils.

The stewards are also winning a hard battle in keeping a fairly boisterous Wardroom happy.

Editor's Note :

Overheard outside the Chinese Laundry on-board.

'They've got a new machine in there,'

'Oh ?'

'Yes, this one not only takes buttons off shirts but also shoots them through your socks as well.'



# THE GREENIE

It all started in April 1969, when Lt. Bevan and LREM Smith joined the ship at Portsmouth. *Dido* was then a member of the NATO Squadron.

The first of the few was appropriate as it was not until much later when the ship was at Norfolk Virginia, U.S.A. that CPO's Buckley, Neville, McLean and Josey together with PO Prigg, CEM McNab, 'Stumpy' Holmes (LEM), LREM Wood, REM Allen, CEM Grigg and OEM MacMillan joined us. At Boston Mass. the 'Big Boss' joined in the form of Lt. Cdr. R. B. M. Payne who then became the leader of the new team.

We few finished the 'old' commission by taking the ship into a five-month refit at Chatham, realising, that during this refit, the bulk of our department would be joining from all over the place and would be untried together as a team in *Dido*. It was not long before 'personalities' became known to one another and we completed the refit, finishing with the shake-down cruises. Portland presented no real problems, and after satisfactorily completing our time there we were able to cope with anything and



*'Not a chance lad'  
Greenie on Beira Patrol*

everything that man or the elements chose to throw our way, and on this note we joined the Fleet.

After Portland it was not long before the PPE Books were put out and the fellows were asking each other questions, gaining further knowledge and when the exams came and went a good majority had passed with no trouble. New Leading Hands, Petty Officers and Chief Petty Officers appeared so that we must have presented a problem to CND as to what to do with these newly rated men. Some have left and gone to school to complete training, whilst others have remained to teach the newcomers in *Dido*.

Lt. Bevan finished his time with us during our stay at Singapore and was relieved by the new D.W.E.O., Sub-Lt. Samways. We welcome him amongst us.

The commission progresses with the foreign leg nearly completed and only a few months to go

*'His last Tot's bigger than mine'  
With apologies to CPO Gash 19*

before those early joiners leave us for shore and other duties and *Dido* goes on to her next group of 'Greenies'.

Scene: 1 H Chief Petty Officers' Mess while alongside in Hong Kong

Chief Elec : 'Phone call for the Chief REA'.

Chief REA: 'Tell them to wait, I'm talking to these deaf and dumb people.'

## THE SEAMEN

### THE GUNNERS

The Gunners proved themselves very early on, during continuation training at HMS *Cambridge* where they took the 'Mermaid' by storm on a very successful run. With 'Dino' and 'Blair' taking turns at the piano and the 'G.I.' and 'Bomber' entertaining the locals with Zulu Warrior.

During work-up we managed to escape winning the First Lieutenant's 'Cock of the Week' trophy and at the same time put the Coxswain's lights out on numerous occasions.

Then came the sad ceremony of the last Tot which was given a full ceremonial burial complete with firing party and Blair performing on the organ.

We took an active part in the *Griqualand* affair. The 40/60's and the 4.5in turret in local, with Ken Meek at the controls put 28 4.5in. and 185 40/60 H.E. shells into the burning vessel before she finally went down—we weren't able to hit the Volkswagen despite several efforts.

During Beira the Gunners were well to the fore in the 'Sods Opera'. Joe Binningsley as a country yokel and the Gunner's mess choir helped to make it a very successful evening. Joe Binningsley went home

from Singers to attend his Admiralty Interview Board for S.D., we wish him the very best of luck.

In all sports, but especially at football, the Gunners have been prominent and sometimes also successful.

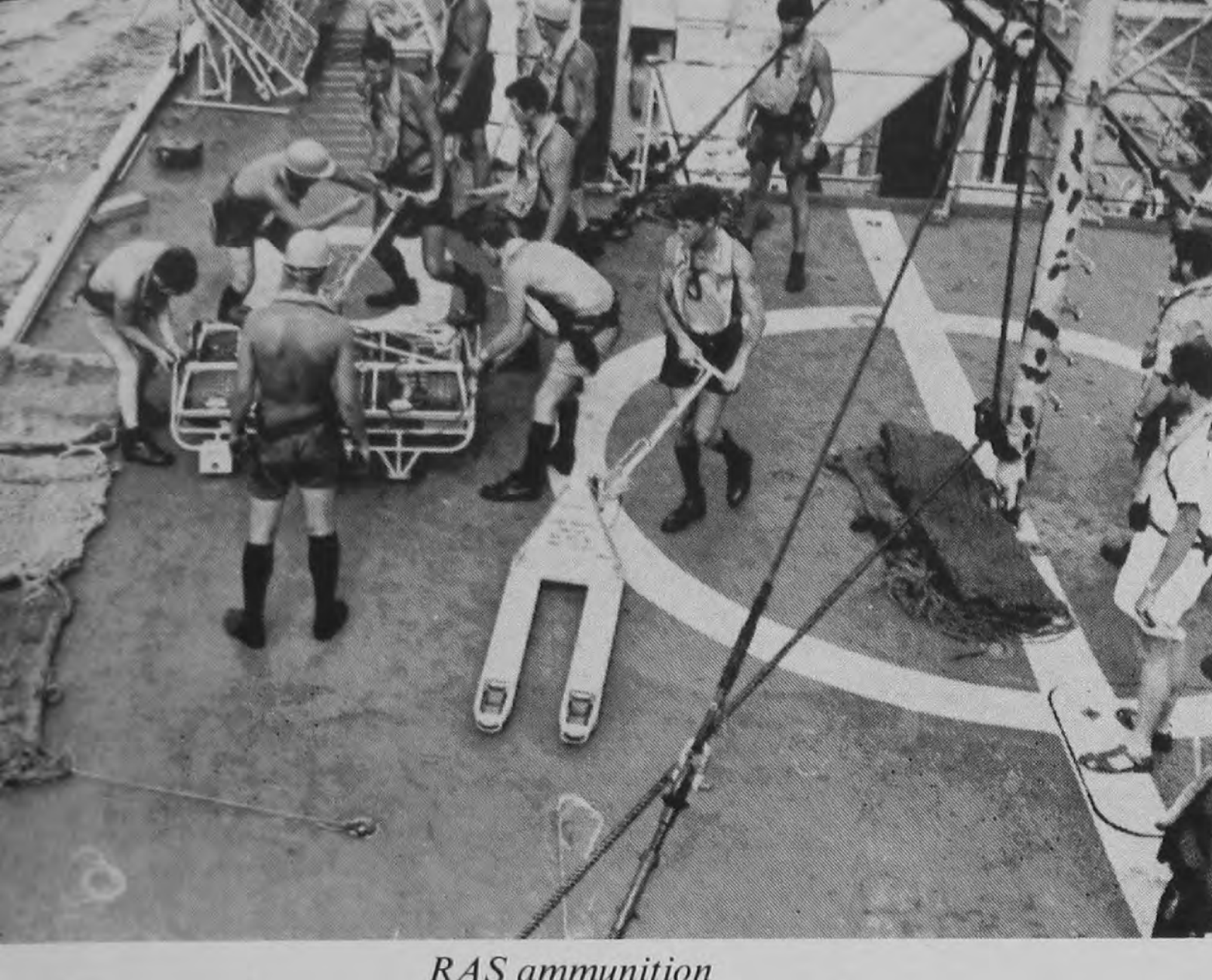


*Divisions. Hong Kong, March 1971*

Editor's Note : My thanks to the G.O.W., Warburton who has slaved away at his typewriter producing this lot and has managed to play football as well.

Tit Bits: We have fired 1270 rounds of 4.5in. ammunition, and 983 rounds of 40/60.





*RAS ammunition*

## TAS DIVISION

The TAS Division has had a very mixed commission to date. What with the change round of six leaders, two in the form of gold ring 'Action Mortar' men, two 'cut right' TASI types and two 'no echoes last . . . 'UC1's. The former TASO Lt. Cdr. David Newsom has been relieved by a steely-eyed ex-submariner (not to mention a few grey hairs) namely Lt. Cdr. Paul Gibbons — it must be getting dodgy in submarines. The assistant TASO Lt. Mike Lewis was relieved by Sub Lt. Peter Meakins, a failed would-be aviator who reckons the only way to gain altitude these days is to climb the mainmast and paint it. Thankfully there is little likelihood of *Dido* ever actually becoming airborne or ever having to trim at 150 feet.

P.O. McClean was relieved by Leading Seaman Anderson (Daddy to the Juniors) who took the ship through *FEBEX 71* prior to the arrival of the new TASI, Petty Officer Pete Pope. It hasn't been incorporated into TAS Standing Orders yet, but as from now comments aimed at the TASI such as 'where's your horse?', are to cease.

Apart from the 4 day 199 Op evaluation in February things have been somewhat quiet in the sub surface world. Oh lest we forget; it has been remarked in passing by a certain TAS man and

for the benefit of 'Sexy', that two into one will not go — whatever that means.

The demolition team has had a few outings. The most successful and useful being the full day at the Ulu Tiram ranges where there was no limitation on the amount of explosives being used. Earth blasting, metal and timber cutting drills were carried out. The visit to Stonecutters demolition range at Hong Kong nearly left the TASI completely hairless. All because a certain PO, who shall remain nameless, insisted on lighting the shortest burning fuse before the longest. Fortunately, or unfortunately, he did not try crimping the detonators with his teeth.

The Jonah of the TAS World has just rejoined us direct from the famous Hong Kong 'Rehabilitation Hotel'. Apart from feeling fit he finds that his caps no longer fit could it be the haircut we ask ourselves ?



*Breaking  
another  
RAS  
record ?*



We have just lost a pair of our finest ears to the diving school at Portsmouth where Able Seaman Cadwell is having a brain transplant to become a Clearance Diver (henceforth to be known as pressure head). We welcome back to the division from the QM's union two of our young members, J/Sea Black and O/Sea Johnson — all is forgiven. We all wish Taff (the voice) Thomas the best of luck for his recovery from his stay at BMH. Due to leave in the near future are PO Barnard and 'Crazyhorse Andrew'. All good wishes to you both, to PO Barnard in his future career in civvy street as a full-time diver and to O/Sea Andrew who leaves to join the Submarine service. Who said the next TASI to instruct Andrew is bound to have more hair than the ship's present one ?

We all look forward to the ship's return to the United Kingdom in July and six weeks in Chatham. In October we shall be joining the NATO Standing Force where it is hoped that we shall be able to make up for a number of casexes that we have either had to cancel or have just not been able to arrange whilst on the Far East Station. Next year's programme ? We shall have to wait and see.

## AND THE R.P.'s

The first time we worked together in an AIO capacity was during PCT at *Dryad* in October. We took along PO.FC1 Scouse Larsen who, whenever he was asked a question by an instructor, always replied, 'Range Discrimination' even when once he was asked the Everton and Chelsea score.

From commissioning on 7 February to the Easter weekend in Portsmouth life was uneventful for the RP's. During the post refit trials and shake-down weeks at sea the Op's Room crew were in cruising watches getting used to the idea of being at sea and for some the novelty of it !

Work-up was as expected, but the AIO team kept cool. It's worthy of note here that AB Porky Peck won a commendation for being the only rating who smiled constantly during a Portland work-up; he spent it boozing in the ship *Leopard* in Portsmouth as he was drafted temporarily to *Victory* Barracks at Easter with a broken ankle. Much to our relief he returned in time for the sea inspection (we needed a coffee wetter).

We had our first RP Divisional run during a harbour week,

in the 'Cove Pub' on Chesil beach, a very quiet but enjoyable affair until somebody mentioned there was £4 still left in the kitty 30 minutes before closing time. Our first exercise since Portland was in the Moray Firth. We worked with the French and Dutch, the latter calling us Yankee Golif when our call sign was Yankee Golf. After a couple of days in Rosyth a fast passage to Portsmouth in time to meet our families. With the First Lieutenant in command and a thick fog we did a quick slow, quick quick, slow type of passage with the Op's Room crew glued to their displays. We arrived only a few hours late which was no mean feat.

AB Mick Court was seen demonstrating a Nubian tribal war dance on roller skates that Saturday in Portsmouth but broke his ankle. So we sailed for Royal Yacht escort minus one RP2. After Copenhagen we were much enlightened of the subject every morning watchman in the Op's Room thinks about - and it's not egg sarnies!

At Chatham S/Lt Roberts left us and a new 'Father figure' Lt Thornett joined. After he joined someone down 3F mess was heard to say, 'I didn't think Chatham was on the equator - King

