



The Shotley Magazine

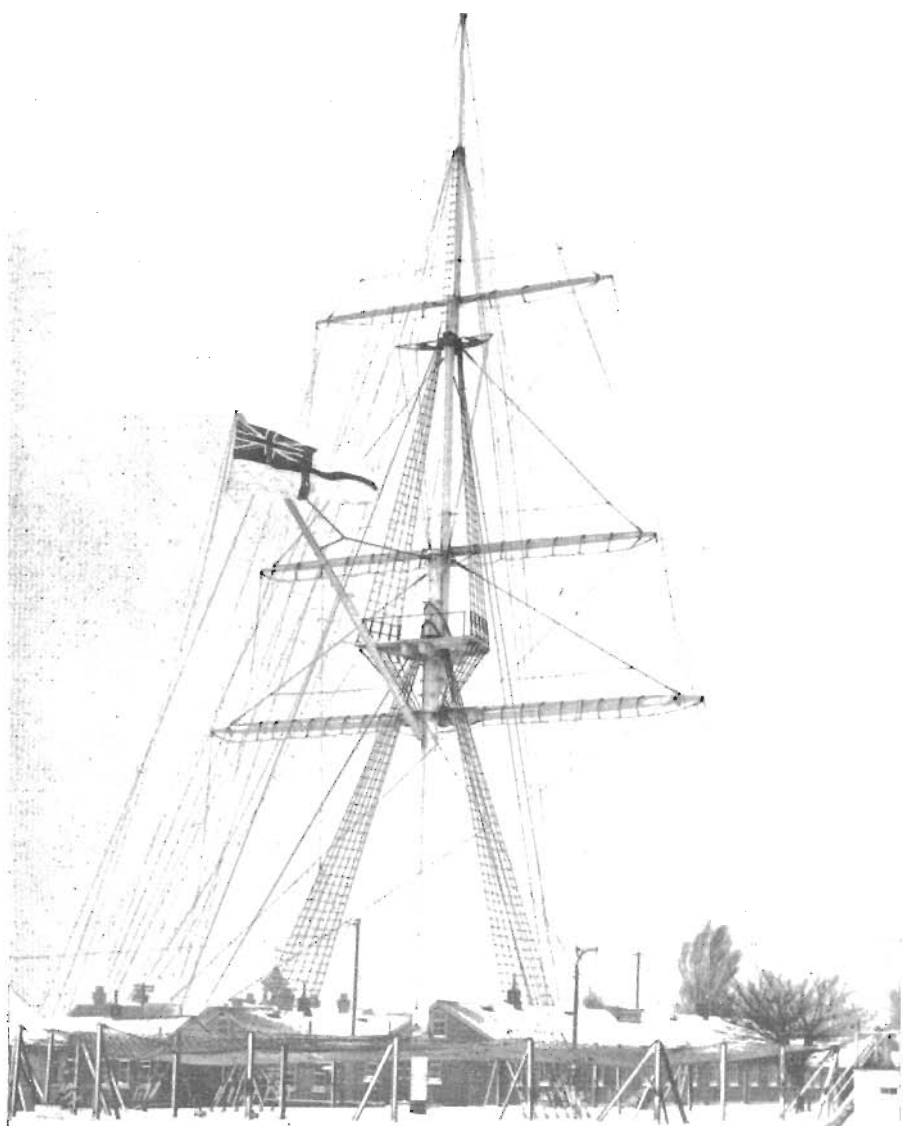
Being the Record for H.M.S. GANGES, Term ending Easter, 1954

The Magazine
of
H.M.S. GANGES



Easter Term
1954

The cover was specially drawn by the late W. L. Wyllie, R.A., for this Magazine. The ship in the centre of the picture is the old "Ganges" as she was with her sails loosed on her last trip from Sheerness to Harwich. The artist made the sketch of her at that time. The battleship on the right is the "Queen Elizabeth" ammunitioning in Portsmouth Harbour —Editor.



The Mast.

Contents

	Page		Page
TERM CARD	4	<i>At Home</i>	
EDITORIAL	5	Wardroom Notes	70
<i>At Work</i>		Chief Petty Officers' Mess	71
DIVISIONAL NOTES—		Petty Officers' Mess	71
New Entry Division	7	Ship's Company Notes	72
Anson	10	Sick Quarters Notes	74
Benbow	14	Supply and Secretariat Division	76
Blake	16	Royal Marine Notes	79
Collingwood	20	Royal Marine Band Notes	81
Drake	27	Regulating Staff Notes	83
Grenville	31	The Naval Discipline Act and	
Hawke	36	its Present Day Application	85
Rodney	39	Married Quarters	87
SCHOOL NOTES—		Shotley Personality—Mr. E. E.	
School Notes	45	Phillips	88
Signal School Notes	46	<i>At Ease</i>	
Gunnery School Notes		The Acromodellers	89
—Gunnery Notes	48	Boy Coxswains Club	89
—Range Notes	50	Entertainments Notes	89
—Bugle Band Notes	51	Photographic Club	91
<i>At Prayer</i>		Boys' Cycling Club	92
CHURCH NOTES—		Music Club Notes	92
Church of England	52	Competition Section	93
St. George's Chapel Choir		Sports Quiz	93
Notes	54	Prize Crossword	94
Church of Scotland and Free		<i>At Play</i>	
Churches' Notes	54	Boys' Soccer Notes	95
Roman Catholic Notes	55	Boys' Rugby Notes	96
<i>The Makers</i>		Boys' Hockey Notes	97
In Vino Veritas	58	Imperial Services' Boxing Asso-	
Matelots	59	ciation Boys' Championships	99
Old 'Tales Re-told—Local Boy		Boxing Notes	100
Comes Home	60	Swimming Notes	103
Mopping-up Operation, 1588 ...	61	Cross-Country Notes	105
"Shcepbash"	63	Establishment Soccer	109
Mau Mau	65	Establishment Hockey	111
Tally Ho!!	66	Squash Notes	113
Elegiac	67	Establishment Rugby Notes ...	113
"Call it a Dream ... But —" ...	68	STOP PRESS	125
A "Just So" Story for Ganges ...	69	LIST OF OFFICERS	126

Term Card

Jan.	5th	Term begins.
„	18th	Cross Country.
„	24th	Visit of the Rev. Owen Roebuck, O.B.E., Q.H.C., R.N., Senior Chaplain to the Church of Scotland and Free Churches.
„	28th	Ship's Company Dance.
Feb.	3rd	R.N. Boys' Boxing Championships in H.M.S. Fisgard.
„	8th	.303 Competition starts.
„	11th	Visit of Dr. N. A. B. Wilson, Senior Psychologist, Admiralty, and Captain G. D. Pound, D.S.C., Deputy Director of Naval Training.
„	22nd	First Confirmation: The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Dunwich. .22 Competition starts.
„	24th	The Imperial Services' Association's Boys' Boxing Championships. Visit of senior officers of all three Services. Prizes presented by Commander-in-Chief, The Nore.
„	25th	Boys' Dance.
Mar.	8th	V/S and W/T Efficiency Competition.
„	15th	Inter-Divisional Swimming Relays.
„	20th	Piping Competition.
„	21st	The Third Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Sir R. A. B. Edwards, K.C.B., C.B.E., takes the salute at Divisions.
„	22nd	Pulling Cutter Competition starts.
„	24th	Silver Call Competition.
„	25th	C.P.O.s' Dance.
„	26th	Visit of the Italian Naval Attaché, Rear Admiral Giuliani.
„	27th	Heaving Line Competition.
April	1st	Gymnastic Competition.
„	5th	Second Confirmation: The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Colchester.
„	6th	Orchestral Concert.
„	7th	Seamanship Competition.
„	8th	Petty Officers' Dance.
„	13th	Leave begins.

SUMMER TERM.

Tuesday, May 4th, 1954 to Tuesday, August 17th, 1954.

Editorial

Apart from a minor conflagration in the Gunnery School and the honour of being chosen to stage (or should it be ring?) the Imperial Services' Boxing Association's 1954 Boys' Championships, this Easter term has been an uneventful one for H.M.S. Ganges. The weather has been cold, miserably cold at times, and we have endured a full ration of rain and snow. But mercifully, there has been no threat of a recurrence of last year's flood perils; and, perhaps less mercifully for the boys, there has been no release from the classroom in order to man the sea defences of Suffolk. Even the snowdrifts failed to assume proportions prohibitive of anything except games. And so with few distractions and no wild inclemency of weather, training has been allowed to pursue the even tenor of its way, without fuss and without spectacle, and seemingly unconscious of the supremacy of its importance in peacetime.

Perhaps the greatest excitement of the term was not unnaturally caused by the announcement of very substantial increases in pay for the Services. It is reported from Ipswich that the second-hand car trade is enjoying an unexpected boom. The road from the Establishment to the Married Quarters has been picketed by the agents of various insurance companies. It is even rumoured that the Petty Officers intend to skyscraper their Mess by building their own glass-floored ballroom on top of the existing building.

The majority of the boys showed a momentary sense of injury when they learned that the First Lord's largesse did not extend to them personally, here and now; and then quickly lapsed into a lofty indifference with regard to the whole matter. But they should take heart - and interest. Though denied the extra sticky bun at present, they too will benefit from the pay increases in a few years' time, when money is required for other things besides a visit to the Canteen.

* * *

As already stated, there has been no outcrop of remarkable incident this term. Yet an insidious growth has been breaking to the surface with unprecedented insistence. We refer to the habit of reading what are known as "comics," henceforward to be termed more appropriately, "horrors." The National Press and the B.B.C. have given much anxious consideration to this subject in recent months, and there is little new to add to their deliberations and conclusions. They have emphasised the dangerous unreality of perpetually burying one's head in the blood and sand of fantastic horror; they have deplored the absorbed interest in crime; they have commented on the poor literary quality of the soap-bubble stories, the lack of development of the characters, and so on.

We submit, however, that they have not pointed out with sufficient force the infectious laziness that the "horror" habit induces. Popular boys' papers of previous years, such as "Hotspur," "Champion" and "Triumph," though possessing no literary pretensions, did at least make their adherents read the printed word and imagine a little for themselves. The "horror" addict need not make even these small exertions. Reading matter is reduced to the minimum, and lurid pictures excel the capabilities of any healthy imagination. The "horror" acts as a drug, giving a false stimulus to the mind without any effort on the part of its taker. Like all drugs, the "horror" becomes a habit, which, unless broken early, can dominate a mind until it ceases to be one.

It is essential that we should all read worth-while books in order that we may increase our knowledge, widen our experience and deepen our understanding, through contact with minds that are better than ours. It is no less essential that we should take exercise in the language, the communication through which that

contact is achieved. For without that communication, human society is an impossibility; without skill in the means of that communication, we cannot take a full part in that society.

The "horror" is not merely an ill substitute for reading; it is the enemy of reading. The sole benefit to be derived from the "horror" is an acquaintanceship with fifth-rate and unscrupulous minds. The inevitable harm can best be described as a putrefaction rather than as a putrefaction, of the human brain.

* * *

It remains to express our continued gratitude to Mr. Martin and the staff of the "East Anglian Daily Times," and to Mr. Fisk, for their help in producing the magazine. Leading Steward K. Freeman, although now serving in H.M.S. Jamaica, has sent us several more of his estimable cartoons, for which we humbly and admiringly thank him. To all those contributors who submitted their work in typescript, whether it has been published or not, we would say thank you very much indeed; to all who submitted their work in longhand we would say thank you very much.

Finally, we wish a speedy recovery to our editor, Instructor Lieutenant Joseph, who sustained a severe injury on the Rugby battlefield at a time most inopportune both for himself-- and for the rapidly promoted assistant editor.

Enjoy the Easter Leave, and come back with that wonderfully insatiable craving for hard work that we all feel at the beginning of term.

But before that, enjoy the Easter Leave.

Instructor Lieutenant C. A. BLACKMAN, B.A., R.N.



Arctic Guard—57 and 60 Class.

New Entry Divisional Notes

Lieutenant Commander H. Brown.
Commissioned Gunner D. Bamfield.
Surgeon Lieut. (D) Boyd.
Reverend Moffatt.



New Entry Divisional Staff

Chief Petty Officer Thompson
Chief Petty Officer Claxton
Chief Petty Officer Beaton
C.P.O. Telegraphist Hemsley
Stores C.P.O.(V) Crowe
Petty Officer Brown
Petty Officer Cox
Petty Officer Obec
Yeoman of Signals Royse
Yeoman of Signals Edwards
Petty Officer Cook(S) Holmes

Instructor Boy Sherriff
Instructor Boy Ledson
Instructor Boy Fair
Instructor Boy Burbridge
Instructor Boy Macaskill
Instructor Boy Allaway
Instructor Boy Polly
Instructor Boy Baker
Writer Franklin
S.B.A. Argent
Mr. S. W. Turner
Mr. S. P. Bowman
Mr. Clark

As for all New Entry Divisional Officers in the Annexe, 2nd Divisional Officers come and 2nd Divisional Officers go, but the Annexe goes on for ever. We have had to bid a fond farewell to Mr. Walton this term and thank him for all

the splendid work he put in. It was very gratifying to learn of his rapid recovery from the illness that laid him low; no doubt "Whaley" is gaining the experience of his high qualities as a short story writer. They would be well-advised to equip the office with frapping lines as we had to do here. A very hearty welcome is extended to his relief, Mr. Bamfield, whose attitude to "Nursery" life augurs well for the future. That he is maintaining the high traditions of this home from home for boys, goes without saying. Indeed, he has to, seeing that he is under the vigilant eye of young "Copper Nob," who keeps a constant watch from the back door.

The beginning of this term also saw one or two new faces in the Instructors' Mess; this, in turn, meant saying goodbye to two very good Instructors, who have maintained a high standard of efficiency during their sojourn here. Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Wasp went back to civilian life from whence he originally came, and Petty Officer Carpenter has gone to "plough the ocean" once more; we all wish them the very best of good luck and thank them for their good work. Many a nozzler, will, in later years, be thankful for their vigilance and dogged insistence on a high standard. That was the glorious past, and now we look forward to an even more glorious future in welcoming Chief Petty Officer Beaton, Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Hemsley and Petty Officer Obee.

One note of sadness must be struck in wishing Mr. Dale, our Civilian Clerical Officer, a speedy recovery from a very serious illness; we hope that his absence from the Annexe will be only of a temporary nature. Many thousands of boys have passed through Mr. Dale's hands, but few have realised what a long and distinguished service career he has had. The present New Entry Divisional Officer can, from personal experience as a boy, vouch for Mr. Dale's able efficiency as a Boys' Instructor, a position he held on board the Battle Cruiser H.M.S. Repulse in 1926. His final job in the Navy prior to retiring, was as Chief Petty Officer in charge of the Seamanship Block in the Main Establishment.

When attempting to decide what Specialist Qualification to embrace for the future, many boys are tempted to opt for "Crusher" (Policeman to all land-lubbers). These mighty bastions of Naval law and order appear omnipotent to the awe-inspired "nozzler," as he waits in the queue at the Annexe Guard House for Mum's delicacies, which are nicely wrapped up in a brown paper parcel. Some doubt as to the wisdom of this decision could possibly arise, when a misguided Boy 2nd Class is thrust into the hurry and bustle of the Main Establishment Regulating Office, to be confronted by an "overworked" and harassed member of the Regulating Branch, whose manner towards youthful misdemeanours is not quite so accommodating as was at first supposed.

Nevertheless, whatever specialist qualification is eventually attained, all sailors, regardless of rig, branch or rank, automatically assume the role of a "policeman" of the seas when they are afloat. This is a long standing naval heritage. Never has this particular role been more plainly in evidence during the first half of this century than in the course of the Spanish Civil War.

During the early months of 1937, the Destroyer Leader Kempenfelt, in company with her squadron consorts (flotilla at that time), was patrolling the seas off the north west coast of Spain, opposite to the ports of Bilbao and Santander, keeping in close proximity to the three mile limit on the seaward side.

At this stage a little explanation on two points is necessary. Firstly, the sea and ocean highways, on which any ship of any nation should be able to move freely in peace time without being molested, includes all the water of the seas and

oceans which is not inside a theoretical line drawn along a distance of three miles from the coast of any country. Within this boundary line ships are liable to interrogation by the country concerned. This is an international convention which is observed by all countries, but has been successfully contested by Norway at the International Court of the Hague in connection with fishing rights; in the boiling pot at present is a similar controversy between ourselves and Iceland. Secondly, when a country at war claims and is granted what are known as belligerent rights, that country reserves the right to stop, examine and, if necessary, retain as spoils of war, any ships which are considered to be those of the enemy or of countries friendly to the enemy.

However, to hie back to the warm climes of northern Spain: the time in particular being a sunny morning in early April or June, 1937. The *Kempenfelt* was hovering off Bilbao, being careful to maintain a position outside the prescribed limit. This was very necessary at that particular time of the day and week because a Spanish man-o-war, a cruiser of some five thousand tons named the *Almirante Cervia*, was patrolling the sea opposite the same port at a distance of about two miles to seaward of the *Kempenfelt*. The cruiser belonged to the opposing side to those Spanish forces which, at that time, occupied the port of Bilbao. The situation was a little tense because, inside the port, unloading her cargo, was a British merchant ship whose captain was a stalwart British character with the nickname of "Potato Jones"; his claim to fame emanated from his obstinate disregard of all opposition whilst pursuing his legitimate trading activities with the port authorities. It must be mentioned here that neither side in the Spanish Civil War had been granted belligerent rights by any of the world powers.

The *Almirante Cervia* was waiting to intercept the merchant ship within the three mile limit during the latter's dash for the high seas on leaving port. The cruiser was apparently not willing to trust herself within this limit because of the gun battery situated within the precincts of the port. Her obvious intention was to fire at the merchant ship from her distant position at sea, and to force "Potato Jones" to remain within the national boundary whilst pursuing a course along the coast; this could give rise to an easy capture at a later date when out of the shore battery's range. The intrepid Jones, however, on leaving port, made a bee line for the three mile limit.

The *Kempenfelt*, in the role of policeman, had, if possible, to maintain law and order with the minimum amount of trouble. It was quite obvious that for the cruiser to put a shot across the bows of the merchantman, the latter would have to be in full view of the cruiser's gun sights. Another very important consideration to be taken into account at the time was that if the cruiser fired on the *Kempenfelt* whilst she was outside the international limit, it would have constituted an act of war. This was to be avoided at all costs. It was amazing how, during the quarter of an hour that the merchant ship was making her dash for safety, the *Kempenfelt* appeared to maintain a position on a direct line between both ships. It mattered not how much the cruiser zig-zagged to obtain a clear line of sight on her quarry, the destroyer conformed to the same movements as a dutiful and zealous pupil would follow his master. When at last the merchantman reached the haven of the high seas, the *Kempenfelt* hoisted the international signal to this effect. Disappointedly the cruiser turned away, and undoubtedly went in search of other merchant ships who might be unfortunate enough to find themselves within that three-mile stretch of water at the wrong time.

Anson Divisional Notes

Lieut. Cmdr R. C. H. Mason.

Mr. Brooks, Cmd. Bosun.

272 281	104 105	332 342	72 73	78 81
C.Y.S. Hay	P.O. Dingle	P.O. Tel Mathewson	P.O. Wisdom	C.P.O. Williams
P.O. Tel. Mills	P.O. Verrard	P.O. Tel. Wood	P.O. Pugh	P.O. Lomer
P.O. Boy Francis	L. Boy Hobson	L. Boy Gill	L. Boy Jones	L. Boy Courtnell
L. Boy Crain	L. Boy Humphreys	L. Boy Redpath		
L. Boy Jackson	L. Boy Messenger	L. Boy Thomas		
L. Boy Roberts	L. Boy Sawyer	L. Boy Chamberlain		
L. Boy Sayce	L. Boy Waters			



"Did fail to win Divisional Cup."

There were no floods; snow, hail, sleet, rain, frost, fog, ice and even the sun came to Shotley, but Ganges weathered the lot and remained a stone frigate.

27 and 28 Messes manfully bore the brunt of the storms for which the remainder of the Long Covered Way should be grateful; very few seaward windows were broken this term. It was far too cold to break out.

Anson has been refloated this term; we're off the bottom at last. In every department we've risen in the league and it looks as though our Trophies will be trebled. Although prophesies cannot be certainties until Tuesday, 13th April, nothing can stop the Water-polo Cup returning home, and with it we hope for two companions.

The fact that Anson is afloat again is nothing to cheer about—we've still got a long way to go and everyone must see that progress is not only maintained but stepped up.

For my part I plead guilty, cap off and shame-facedly, to the charge of failing to win the Divisional Cup.

SPORT.

SOCCER. Captain—Boy W. G. Blight. The young and promising XI that we expected would win the League were back-classed; however, the gaps were filled and we had some most enjoyable matches. The Second XI returned 4 wins out of 7 and we expect to see most of them in their opponent's half next Christmas. Blight, Allaway, Sayce and Messenger deserve special mention for their efforts.

RUGBY. Captain—Ldg. Boy J. Hobson. On a day when the elements were against everyone we suffered a well-deserved thrashing from Collingwood; but this was the only disappointment of the term. Hobson, Francis, Sawyer, Bellamy and Younghusband were outstanding, but all the XV learned to play together instead of against one another. Won 4, Lost 3.

HOCKEY. Captain—Ldg. Boy H. Humphreys. 28 Mess formed the nucleus of a very successful XI, which has finished as runners-up in the League. Again Collingwood got the better of us on that abysmal day and that cost us the Cup. Hicks, Davison and Hibberd played consistently well and we found a goalkeeper in Kitto.

WATER-POLO. Captain—Boy D. J. Trott. The first team looked winners the whole way; the combination of Trott, Wood, Sayce, Robinson, Egan, Jackson and Cooke proved unbeatable. Well done! Incidentally it makes a big difference when the Division turns out to cheer as you did this term.

BASKET-BALL. Captain—Boy I. K. Fender. Possibly the keenest team in Ganges and certainly the worst. Such enthusiasm deserves a better reward than Played 7, Lost 7. Never mind.

BOXING. We're proud of our Jackson and Humphries. The picture overleaf shows (left) the former dealing with his opponent in the finals of the Inter-Services Boxing held in the Gymnasium on 24th February; and on the right we see Humphries receiving the Runner-up Trophy from the Commander-in-Chief. His fight was a very close one indeed and we think he was unlucky.

Only two Ganges Boys represented the Navy and they were Ansons—well done Jackson and Humphries!

SAILING. Captain—Ldg. Boy D. C. Sayce. We're chasing Blake hard on the river. Their large lead, obtained before we started looking, has been difficult to reduce, but it can be done. Sayce and Cook have been our mainstays throughout the term. Bond and Grosvenor have provided some useful points in whalers.

Our total of Boy Coxswains is now 10 and the Training Class is still full.

If Cook doesn't win the Enright Trophy this term, he will do before he's five feet tall.

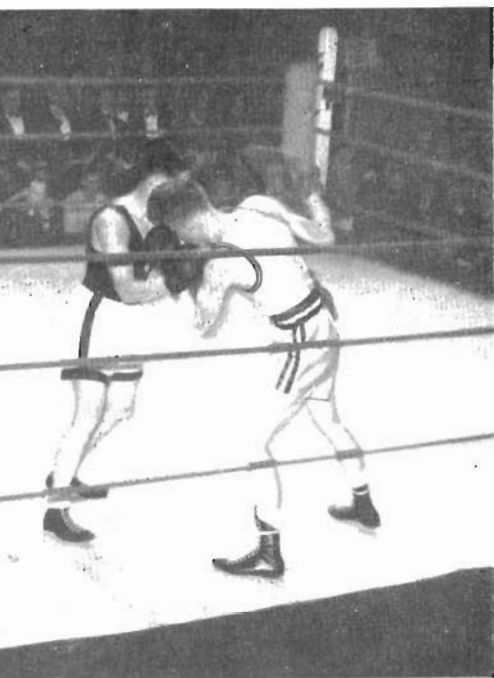
Boy Coxswains:—

Ldg. Boys Sayce, Gill, Redpath.

Boys Bond, Cook, Grosvenor, Head, Mitchell, Suddick, Whatley.

Any more for the wheel?

SHOOTING. Petty Officer Pugh is a good shot.



GANGES COLOURS.

Swimming.

Trott
Wood
Willis
Egan
Robinson
Kingman

Hockey.

L. Boy Humphreys

Rugby.

L. Boy Hobson
Younghusband

Boxing.

L. Boy Jackson
L. Boy Humphries

ANSON COLOURS.

P.O. Boy Francis

L. Boy Sayce

„ Waters

„ Messenger

„ Jackson

„ Humphries

„ Hobson

Boy Hibberd

„ Davison

„ Hicks

„ Page

„ Thorpe

„ Blight

„ Allaway

„ Cook

QUIZ.

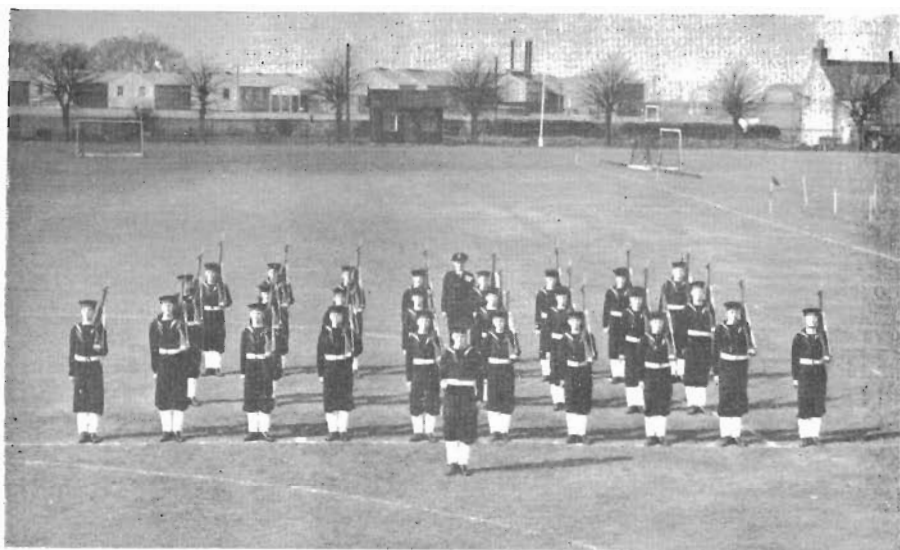
No magazine is complete without a quiz. This one is designed as a guide to your conscience. Count 10 for each "Yes."

1. Have you ever been a Sick Bay Ranger ?
2. When detailed as cheering party, have you ever left the game early ?
3. Don't you like laying out your kit ?
4. Did you walk part of the way when training for the Cross Country ?
5. Have you ever said "* ! * ! * !" ?
6. Do you like Spitfire boats ?
7. Do you like being Mast Class ?
8. Do you skulk in "F" heads ?
9. Will you read your Seamanship Manual during the leave period ?
10. Have you stopped annoying your Instructor ?

Anyone scoring over 30 can apply to me for a prize, with his cap off, on Wednesday, 14th April.

TAIL-PIECE.

Will 104 105 win the Class Guard Competition ?

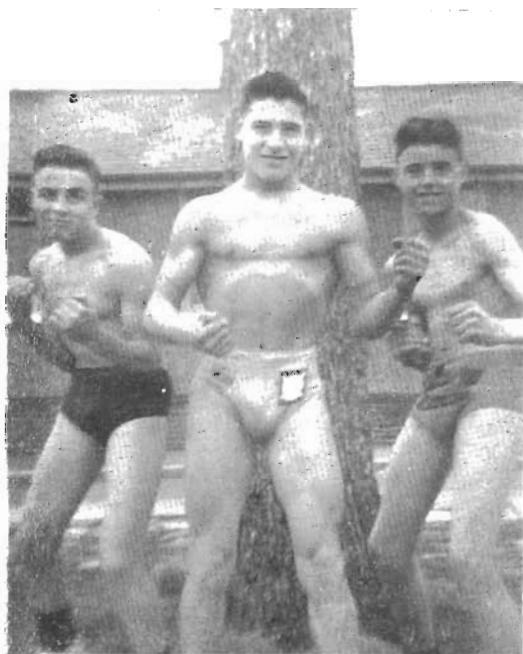


104 105 Class Guard.

'They will if there's any justice.

A Happy Easter to Anson Schoolmasters, Instructors, Boys and supports.

R.C.H.M.



THE ANSON SPIRIT—"Let 'em all come!"

Benbow Divisional Notes

Divisional Officer: Lieutenant Commander J. K. Lyon, R.N.

Second Divisional Officer: Mr. J. W. Goulder, Cmd. Gunner, R.N.

273 Class—C.P.O. Tel. Ashcroft	65 Class—P.O. King
282 Class—P.O. Tel. Bailey	351 Class—Yeoman Bennett
102 Class—C.P.O. Banner	362 Class—P.O. Tel. Hicks
103 Class—P.O. Haward	79 Class—P.O. Bates
64 Class—P.O. Taylor	80 Class—P.O. Bloom

The beginning of the term saw the departure of the 2nd D.O., Mr. Woods, who left us amongst the ice and snow for sunny Malta, where he has joined H.M.S. Surprise, the Admiral's Yacht. As an old Benbow himself, he found it hard to tear himself away from the scenes of his happy youth. Good luck and a happy commission to him. Welcome to Mr. J. W. Goulder, who relieved Mr. Woods as 2nd D.O.

Other departures were 52 and 53 Classes, who have gone to Implacable. P.O. Martyr, 52 Class Instructor, has gone back to civilian life, and P.O. Morell, of 53 Class, has changed Divisions to Rodney. 102 and 103 Classes will be leaving at the end of term and will be a sad loss on the sporting side. C.P.O. Banner will be remaining in Ganges as Chief Bosn's Mate, as he wants to be near his old Division. P.O. Haward will be leaving. We wish them all luck in their endeavours.

Welcome to 79 and 80 Classes and their Instructors, P.O. Bates and P.O. Bloom, and to 362 Class, P.O. Tel. Hicks.

Now to events of the term:—

BASKET BALL. In spite of our five Ganges players we were just pipped for the Cup, but came a worthy second. Barnard, Farrell and Imrie have received their Divisional Colours.

BOXING. Eales, Clark and Hollins have represented us for Ganges this term and Clark has been awarded his Divisional Colours.

HOCKEY. Though still near the bottom of the league table, our Hockey has improved, especially since Beatwell joined us. He has been awarded his Ganges and Divisional Colours.

PIPING. This term we decided to go one better and won the competition. A very high standard was achieved—in fact 30 points higher than last term's winning score. Well done P.O. Blizzard and P.O. King and the Benbow Warblers. In the Silver Call Competition, Harris was 2nd and Brown was 3rd. A fine effort.

PULLING. To date we are still in the Competition with 102 3 crew, who achieved a good 3rd position in Heat 1 and came 2nd in the Semi-finals. 351 362 had a bad start, otherwise they would have been through to the Semi-finals, too.

RUGGER. We have done well this term and should be in the top half of the League. Lang has been given his Ganges Colours, while Roberts, Eales and Mottershead have received their Divisional Colours.

SAILING. At the moment, with one Saturday to go, we are third in the league, an improvement on last term. We have been very short of Cox'ns this term and Hansford, Brown and Jackson have gallantly held the fort. All three have gained their Divisional Sailing Colours. We have plenty of new Cox'ns waiting to be passed out, but the weather has been against us. Bishenden has, however, made the grade, and we hope for great things from him next term.

SHOOTING. We were third in the .303 Competition—8 Section making the highest Section score in the competition with 187. In the .22 competition we improved on last term, coming in a good second.

SOCCER. Lipp, Scott, Baxter and McCormack have played for Ganges this term, the first two getting their Ganges Colours, while all four have been given their Divisional Colours. With this talent and an excellent supporting cast, we have won the Inter-Divisional Shield—a handsome trophy that brightens “Benbow Alley.”

SWIMMING. In the Inter Divisional Swim we came a good 3rd, being beaten by 1 point for 2nd place. Coke, Johnston, and Duthie have represented Ganges for Swimming this term, the first two getting their Divisional Colours.

WATER POLO. Both teams will finish in the top half of the League. Brooks has won his Ganges Colours.

CROSS COUNTRY. Benbow came 5th in the Competition and 351.362 Class team won the Junior Race. G. Taylor has done well in the Suffolk County Junior Competition, coming in 3rd, and was well up in the van in the Eastern Counties' Cross Country.

V S AND W T EFFICIENCY COMPETITION. 362 Class won the Junior Competition, and 273 came in 3rd in the Senior.

WORK OF SHIP. 102.3 Class won the Coal Ship during their spell of duty.

In general Benbow have remained well in the running in all activities and have lived up to their motto, “Bash on Benbow.”

A happy Easter Leave to you all.

J.K.L.



All the sailors love a nice girl!

Blake Divisional Notes

Divisional Officer: Lieutenant K. Gamson, R.N.

Second Divisional Officer: Commissioned Gunner W. H. Freeman, R.N.

4 Mess: 293 Class: P.O. Tel. Kay. 302 Class: P.O. Tel. Rogers.

5 Mess: 113 Class: C.P.O. Mellows. 114 Class: P.O. Staines.

7 Mess: 67 Class: C.P.O. Brotherton. 108 Class: P.O. Hancock.

8 Mess: 353 Class: P.O. Tel. Shackell. 363 Class: C.P.O. Tel. O'Connell

Divisional P.T.I.: P.O. Humphries.

Apart from several rather pathetic efforts way back in the dim and murky past of my schooldays, when the patience and sanity of my teachers were sorely tried by my 'essays', this is my first appearance in print, and so I ask my readers to bear with me and overlook the English if it is 'below Class average.' (With apologies to the Gunnery School).



Blake Boy Coxswains—Winners, Sailing Cup, December, 1953.

The change from the comparative peace and quiet of life in a destroyer into the midst of a thriving community of some 250 Boys is in all ways a remarkable one, and one which takes a little getting used to. The Division was turned over to me in fine fettle early in February by Lieutenant James. I am sure that all 'Blakes' will join me in wishing him good luck and every success in his new appointment to H.M.S. Portchester Castle. At least one ex-Blake, on being drafted to sea recently, would know what he was in for! At that time the Division was strong in numbers, but soon 55 56 and 251 Classes reached the end of their course at Ganges and left to join the Fleet. They too carry our good wishes with them wherever their travels may take them. But their departure meant a reduction by almost a third in our numbers, and is thought to be the reason why Mr. Freeman wears a haunted look on Saturday forenoons. It is rumoured that he is burning the midnight oil trying to invent a mechanical man so that we shall be able to meet our commitments on those days.



Blake 1st XI Hockey.



Blake 1st XI Soccer.

If a daily newspaper were printed in the Establishment, I'm afraid that Blake's endeavours on the sports fields and in the various Competitions would not have made the headlines this term. On the other hand, I'm quite certain that all reports would have contained favourable comments on the spirit and enthusiasm of our teams. Without exception they have given of their best and have never gone under without a fight; despite these efforts, however, it seems likely that we shall finish in the lower half of all the leagues.

Special mention must be made of L. Boy Duncan and Boys D. A. Davies and Kendall who were awarded their Ganges Colours for Hockey, Rugger and Boxing respectively; and also of the following Boys who have represented Ganges, Jones, Sagar and L. Boy Hunnam at Rugger; Couldren at Soccer; Ballard and Cassar at Hockey. Well done all of you.



"Why Need Ganges Tremble?"

The one exception to the above, where success and Lady Luck have smiled upon us, has been on the river. With a large number of Boy Coxswains to choose from at the beginning of the term, and with P.O. Boy Enticknap and Boys Beal and Davies outstanding amongst them, Blake established a fine lead in the Saturday Sailing Races. After the three Classes mentioned previously had gone to sea, the situation did not look nearly as rosy, but we are still clinging on grimly to a somewhat reduced lead. At the time of writing this we are in the middle of the Pulling Competition. Here too, the red shirts have been well to the fore, and we have three crews through to the semi-finals—a splendid effort, especially as two of these crews are only just passing out of the 'Nozzer' stage. Keep it up and I hope to see you all in the final—that is if our Communications representatives follow a straight course and don't try to trace another radio circuit.

During the term, 7 Mess have taken the lion's share of the honours for Mess Rounds, and I now hear that they are thinking of having a permanent fitting made for the Divisional radio. Good luck to them, but I hope they will have some close rivals next term.

And so now we are approaching the end of what might be described as a rather disappointing term—as far as actual results go. But don't forget that the darkest hour comes before the dawn. We may be temporarily down, but we are certainly not out! I hope you all have a most enjoyable leave and come back next term raring to go. Then we shall really "Set 'em alight, Blake!"

STOP PRESS.—Heartiest congratulations to P.O. Boy Enticknap on winning the Silver Call Competition.

K.G.

Overheard at the Inter-Division Swimming Relays—

One D.O.: That's a very fine team of back-stroke swimmers you have.

Another D.O.: So they ought to be. They all attend Backward Swimmers twice a day.



Collingwood Divisional Notes

"BRIGHT LEXICON."

In a written "Quiz", I included the question: "What do you think is the age of your Divisional Officer?"

Amongst the answers were:—22, 32, 33, 39, 50, 52 and 62!

It is to the boy who answered 62 that these notes are respectfully dedicated.
62!

By a simple process of reasoning, the Training Officer must be 65, the Commander 70, and the Captain at the very pinnacle of his dotage!

* * * *

You have all seen those advertisements wherein some worthy character—often your nauseatingly smug and successful boss—transfers his inmost thoughts to a damp and woolly cloud that circles about head high . . . thus:—

Miserable You: "And I've managed to pull off that contract, Sir."

S. & S.B.: "Well done." (but in a veritable storm of woolly clouds

Thinks: "Yes, but even his best friends won't tell him that it's personal freshness that REALLY counts.")

Try this sort of thing with such a common-place as Divisional daily orders and you will see how wide that gulf is fixed between the fantasy of age and the reality of youth.

S. & S.B.'s INTERPRETATION.

COLLINGWOOD DIVISION.

- | <i>Tuesday.</i> | <i>Daily Orders.</i> | <i>April 6th, 1954.</i> |
|-----------------|--|-------------------------|
| 0600. | CALL THE BOYS. (<i>Thinks</i> :—"Poor little devils. I expect this means that 43 Mess will be up at 0530.") | |
| 0630. | ALL BOYS MUSTER IN THE DIVISIONAL AREA. (<i>Thinks</i> :—"I'd better put all Boys although I haven't a hope of getting half of them. I shan't be there in any case, so I'll just have to hope for the best.") | |
| 0645. | DUTY SERVER CLASS TO THE C.M.G. (<i>Thinks</i> :—"I always put this down just in case.") | |
| 0720. | HANDS TO BREAKFAST. (<i>Thinks</i> :—"I expect they feel pretty hungry by this time. I must say I don't fancy those awful beef sausages myself.") | |
| 0740. | ATTENDING LIST CALL. (<i>Thinks</i> :—"A sensible time; they should all be back for Divisions.") | |
| 0815. | 42 MESS SKIRMISH THE PARADE. (<i>Thinks</i> :—"I hope they've had enough time to square off their Mess; after all they were away pulling at 0630.") | |
| 0830. | DIVISIONS. HYMN CARDS. (<i>Thinks</i> :—"They always bring hymn cards even when they're not wanted.") | |

A BOY'S INTERPRETATION.

- | PAY DAY TO-MORROW. | COLLINGWOOD DIVISION. | WHO CARES. |
|--------------------|---|------------|
| | <i>D.O.'s Natter.</i> | |
| 0600. | CALL THE BOYS. (<i>Thinks</i> :—"Good O! P.O. Bloggs is No. 1; shan't have to move until 0620.") | |



Ready to do battle.



Winners of the Cross Country Race, Spring Term, 1954.

0630. ALL BOYS MUSTER IN THE DIVISIONAL AREA. (*Thinks:—*
 "Well, the D.O. won't be there, so I'll try that dodge of collecting my
 boots.")
0645. DUTY SERVER CLASS TO C.M.G. (*Thinks:—*"Extra 30 minutes'
 loaf. We're not duty servers until Friday.")
0720. HANDS TO BREAKFAST. (*Thinks:—*"Smashing. Beef snorkers!")
0740. ATTENDING LIST CALL. (*Thinks:—*"I'm glad the boil's lasted out:
 I can miss the first two periods in School.")
0815. 42 MESS SKIRMISH THE PARADE. (*Thinks:—*"Loaf?")
0830. DIVISIONS. HYMN CARDS. (*Thinks:—*"Sick Bay.")

* * * *

At the age of 62, I have not yet discovered the real meaning of the word
 "justice." "To do justice" is defined in the dictionary as "to appreciate duly."

Thus far, I have appreciated duly that it is generally a crime to get caught.
 Shakespeare might have described one of Collingwood's petty sessions something
 like this:--

(*Scene: The Divisional Office.*)

1st Instructor: "Enter, Boy, and doff thy cap."

2nd Instructor: "Didst thou at yester eve invite the cruel chill of winter's wind
 about thine ears? Didst thou, maliciously and with intent,
 deface, nay break, one window pane?"

Boy: "I"

2nd D.O.: "The lad said "aye" and "aye" it shall be."

Chorus: "Pay three and six."

* * * *

It may not be appreciated quite how much two years of instructing can colour
 one's everyday speech. In both the following cases the answer is "YES."

Yeoman of Signals: "If the affirmative interpretation is auricularly understood by
 the form of the question and by precedent, then it must
 be assumed that the negative answer has been positively
 denied by the recipient of the message."

Gunnery Instructor: "Actuated by impulse, the explosive retort must always be
 negative. In addition, if the two epicyclic protuberances
 known as "lips" (situated on the face or dial. See Fig. 1)
 remain in the closed position, then the negative retort has
 gone home to the full extent."

"In this case the lips (See Fig. 2) are half retracted with the
 result that the air escaping from the inner tubes has given a
 signal proportional to the rate at which this air is escaping.
 (Don't want to worry about that, lad—it's not in the syllabus.)

* * * *

Cubitt had a little broom
 Its handle white as snow:
 So, everywhere that Cubitt went,
 His woodwork had to go.

MEN OF IRON.

I.

Admiral Cuthbert Collingwood (Baron Collingwood of Caldburne and Hethpoole in the County of Northumberland) from the time he entered the Navy in 1761, until his death nearly fifty years later, spent forty-four years on active service abroad.

On one occasion he kept at sea for twenty-two months without dropping anchor.

During his married life of 17 years he spent only one year in England. This was his only complaint—"Indeed I shall be very glad when this war is over—the Service is becoming a little arduous!"

* * *

II.

A.F.O. 659 54.

"Reduction of Periods of Foreign Service—Introduction of General Service Commissions."



263 Class. Winners of the W.T. Efficiency Competition.

INVENTION.

The thought took shape in my mind after one of those casual remarks that so often set one thinking.

I could do it at last!

It was difficult at first to find all the gigantic parts required but, by dint of much persuasion, they began to be assembled one by one in the Divisional Office.

The Instructors gave loving care to the project, and the security arrangements had been completely overhauled at each stage of manufacture.

First the framework took shape, then the wide base tapering to its slender pinnacle of achievement—the crown.

The screw was put on and the strings attached, and at last, our brain child was born.

We had launched the world's biggest fiddle!



I am aware of three things only when I write these notes. Firstly, that no one understands them, which is just as well; secondly, that my long-suffering Instructors would suffer even more if I attempted to brag about Collingwood's achievements this term; and thirdly that 10 years in Alcatraz is generally reckoned in the Instructors' Mess, to be preferable to two years in Collingwood Division.

* * * * *

Systematic education
Cannot teach the 'awful child'
How to keep from dissipation
Or to stop from growing wild.
Only "cuts" prevent abuses:
Learning has its other uses.

* * * * *

(Advert.) THE "HAPPY WEDNESDAY" CORPORATION
PROUDLY PRESENTS:—
"KITWHITE"
(the *cleanest* modern detergent.)

Are your smalls tired and jaded?

Do your flannels make you feel ashamed?
Then:— "KITWHITE"
(the whitest white-line whitener of them all)

OR TREBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

(This product is supplied in barrels of not less than two hundredweight deadweight, and comprises the finest bleachpaste, duresco, teepol, caustic soda, soda ash, spirits of salts, ground packets of Tide, pusser's hard and the NEW ELECTRIFYING DISCOVERY—"MUST," a cunning blend of harpic and egg preserver from our experimental laboratories at Bullshot.)

* * * * *

Desperation: "No, boy, the further the message has to go the harder you have to press the KEY."

* * * * *

I had completely forgotten, at this stage, to put any headings to these notes—who runs the Division and so on.

The Division is run by the Boys, but there are Petty Officer Boys and Leading Boys who run it more than the ordinary Boys.

The Petty Officer Boys are called Thipthorpe, Woodham and Burnett, and the Leading Boys are called Jackson, Needle, Williamson, Jones, Kersey, Hobday, Brown, Palmer, Dowman, Spain-Gower, and Irish. (One Petty Officer Boy called Ledsom is now running the Annexe.)

The Instructors are called C.P.O. Cubitt, C.Y.S. Oxborrow, C.P.O. Tel. Collier, P.O. Huggins, P.O. Dann, P.O. Gausden, P.O. Blythe, P.O. Tel. Buckland, P.O. Tel. Bell, P.O. Tel. Walkett and P.O. Smith . . . amongst other things. They run around for the ordinary boys.

I help Mr. Croucher, so called because he is always waiting to pounce.
Oddly enough I'm called "? × !!"

Kattmandu,
Thursday.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

The expedition has set off in search of the abominable snowman. I do not for one moment believe that they will find him. However, after my experiences at Ganges during the big freeze, I do believe that tucked away somewhere in the hinterland of Tibet, there is a training establishment for abominable snowboys.

The occasional abomination reported to the outside world is obviously an abominable snowboy breakout, or a Leading Abominable Snowboy on week-end or something.

But then again, the larger specimens reported may be Abominable Regulating Snowmen chasing Abominable Snowboy breakouts.

That would account for the large feet.

(Copyright).

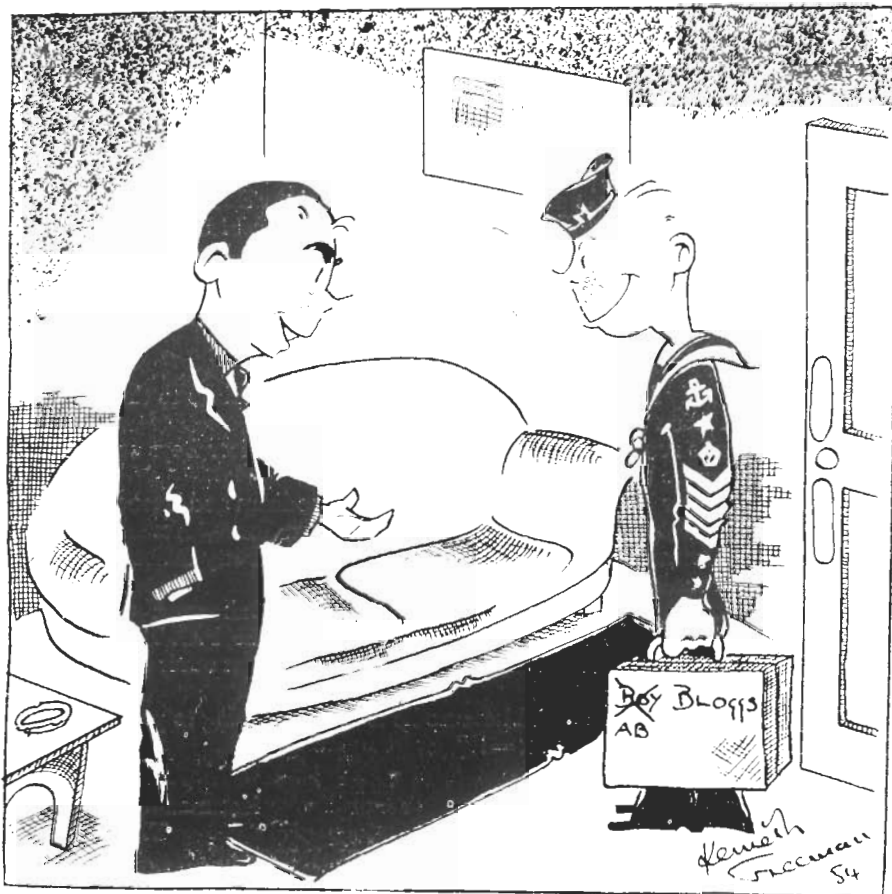
* * * *

I think I said this once: "You must write down every night what you hope to achieve in the morning. It may be a dozen little things or just one big thing, but set your sights high. Don't make your target an easy one for the morrow.

And when, as surprisingly enough you so often do, you find that you have achieved your target, let every evening be a little celebration for the success of the day."

* * * *

"In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as FAIL."



"Well son, you certainly seem to have got on since your mother and I visited you at H.M.S. Ganges."

Drake Divisional Notes

Managing Director: Lieutenant P. E. E. Pain, R.N.

Chairman: Mr. R. P. Goodship, Snr. Cmd. Gunner, R.N.

Board of Directors:	C.Y.S. Coverdale	Y.S. Tant	Y.S. Surridge
	P.O. Montague	P.O. Dowling	P.O. Giddings
	P.O. Rush	P.O. Polling	C.P.O. Mummery
	P.O. Kingsland	P.O. Precce	P.O. Tansley
Shareholders:	303 311 (39)	371 382 (1)	252 261 (3)
	58 59 (38)	111 112 (40)	82 83 (37)

Once again the Spring term has belied its name and we have spent a good deal of the term under semi-Arctic conditions, punctuated by a few lovely days when most of you took what you considered a well-earned rest by going sick. Despite the gruelling demands of the weather and his own personal tribulations of gout, acute depression, palpitations of the heart and sleeping sickness, the Divisional



1 Mess at Sunday Divisions.

Officer has struggled on against the elements. Yes—any hour of the day or night you may see him huddled pitifully against his tiny fire, ruefully inspecting the moth holes in his non-Service pullover and sighing as the acrid coke smoke seeps through the holes of his one and only pair of shoes. And yet, under this heart-rending exterior he is constantly planning and scheming, his razor-sharp brain conjuring up fiddle after fiddle, counter fiddle after counter fiddle, casting his mind weeks, nay months ahead to try and plot the success of his Division and the downfall of the others; the Boxing in the Winter Term; spiking Benbow's field gun just before their run; putting all Blake's sailing coxswains in the rattle on Saturday forenoons, and endeavouring to draw all the Naval Store's quota of brooms and cleaning gear before Collingwood gets there. And the more subtle Schemes, such as the ruthless destruction of every single boat in Ganges, the next game of golf and where he will be in another four months' time (being really sick at sea).



Drake 2nd XI. Hockey Team. Winners.



Blake Cross Country Senior Team.

But the author has prevaricated too long, and he must now leave this pathetic picture of a man old before his time and return to the successes and failures of the Drakes this term.

I congratulate the Rugby team on their series of wins this term; you have established a good record—no lost matches since the Collingwood match just over a year ago. Also I congratulate all those who represented the Division in the Inter-Divisional Swimming relays; well done! This is a record too, for in the last six terms we have won this cup no less than four times. I take off my bonnet, too, to the 2nd XI Hockey team, who have gained the Division a trophy; well done, indeed, especially after our hideous efforts last term (and the season before, come to that). These have been our major triumphs in the sporting world and our overall picture paints a very reasonable canvas. Our two first teams (Soccer and Hockey) were too temperamental, I'm afraid, to deserve places in the league higher than the ones they actually achieved; well tried, nevertheless. Next winter we shall start with a complete new set of teams all round, or very nearly, so maybe we shall dig out some really promising talent.

Basketball was unpredictable and we lost where we should have won, but even so ended up smiling. Water-polo showed fair results—third in the first league and fifth in the second. We might have been placed higher in the latter had Davenport swum with his eyes open instead of shut!

I must mention here, though out of chronological sequence, the Cross-Country race, where we crased our shame of last Spring and came third. It went very smoothly except for Jenkins, of 54 Class, who was sick half way round but struggled on to the finish, and Pemberton, who arrived back in a lorry instead of on his own two feet!

Class Guards were very close, 303 311 just pipping 58;59; I was pleased with both, particularly in the prevailing weather conditions, and I think you both deserve to come in the first four places for marks.

Shooting is talked about in the Divisional Office now with hushed voice; yes you are so right—we came last in the .303. Now that we have acquired a G.I. in the Division we hope to knock the pips out of any ace any place any day; but if you want to see how we did last time, read the little dit at the bottom of these notes.

As I write, the ordeal of the term is not yet over. We are at this moment in the midst of the Pulling Cutter; so far we have two boats in the semi-final, which is just two boats more than we had this time last term. The Captain's Inspection takes place, too, next week, and there is a distinct hum in the Drake covered way, which I hope will rise to a crescendo over the week-end. Marching, too, goes on to the bitter end. We are slowly losing our initial lead, due perhaps to the arrival of the new Classes. The present system of marking is really quite amusing: when I get the weekly chit from the Gunnery Officer with all the plusses and minusses on it, it looks just like a complicated wire diagram of lots of LeClenche cells in parallel (and more negative terminals than positive).

In the Piping we came sixth, and there is still the Silver Call and the Individual Heaving Line to come. Also to come in are the results of the Class Heaving Line, the Swimming Proficiency and the Gym and Seamanship Competitions.

Sailing I will touch on but briefly. None too good a result, I regret to say; next term we (that is I) must concentrate more on Boy Coxswain training. Finch, I may add, has started a new caper: instead of going aground he now comes home half way round and says his crew are a bunch of half-wits—and then goes on to admit that he chose them himself! Never mind, Finch; these notes wouldn't be the same if I didn't have a stab at you!

And now all that remains for me to do is to say the farewells to those who have left us, and to welcome with open arms our new faces. Firstly—good luck to Mr. Bamfield in the Annexe and thanks for all you did for Drake whilst you were with us. Welcome to Mr. Goodship, and may you enjoy yourself in the Division as much as I think you will. Good luck, too, to 54, 252, 261, 58 and 59 Classes, who go off to sea this term; and good luck to your Instructors who have done so much for you, for me, and the Division. The very best wishes of all who remain behind go with you. And a hearty welcome to the new boys: 371, 382, 82 and 83, and to their Instructors: Y.S. Tant, P.O. Dowling, C.P.O. Mummery and P.O. Tansley.

So now, farewell, Drakes. Have a good leave and make the most of it. Come back next term with the will to make it a really good and happy Summer term for Drake. It's my last term, so we'll all go flat out, shall we? And always remember:

THE SPIRIT OF DRAKE LIVES ON!

P.E.E.P.

P.S.—A collection box will be placed outside the Divisional Office for those whose souls are stirred by the sorry plight into which the Divisional Officer has apparently fallen (see para. 1), and all contributions will be gratefully received.

* * *

Fire in the Gunnery School, fire down below;
I'm in the Duty Division but I don't know where to go.

* * *

Heard in the Drake Covered Way:

Boy (in full Defence Company equipment) surveying himself critically before mirror:

"Ruddy Navy gets more like ruddy Army every ruddy day!"

* * *

There was a little boy and he had a little gun and his bullets were made of lead,

But the cunning little blighter shot a very crafty sighter;

Now we've got a new Instructor—t'other's dead!



"But, sir, I do try. My Instructor Officer says that I am a very trying boy."

Grenville Divisional Notes

Divisional Officer: Lieut. Cmdr. G. R. M. de la Pasture, R.N.

Second Divisional Officer: Commissioned Gunner Brewster, R.N.

18 Mess, 292 301—

Yeo. Brunsden, P.O. Tel. Caines.

19 Mess, 106-107—

P.O. Smith, P.O. Watt.

20 Mess, 373—

P.O. Tel. McKenzie.

21 Mess, 74 75—

C.P.O. West, P.O. Marshall.

22 Mess, 331 343—

Yeo. Lee, P.O. Tel. Marsh.

P.O. Boys—Taylor, Leaning.

Having at long last decided to find out what really happens in the Division, I have invited the Badge Boys, whose offerings appear below, to tell once and for all the whole terrible truth. This is an excellent thing, as not only does it save me the labour of writing these notes myself, but also provides a source of information that would otherwise remain untapped.

MESS NOTES.

18 MESS. GRENVILLE'S BACKBONE (In the D.O.'s Neck).

The term seems to have been a prolonged series of experiments, and, although some of them were regarded rather sceptically, most of them have helped towards adding to our comfort and efficiency.

The credit, of course, is due largely to our two excellent Instructors. Their continual efforts towards making life a little easier for us have often been scorned, although our own efforts in that direction invariably lead to disaster.

There have been a few additions to the Mess, but only one departure. This was regarded somewhat as a bereavement, but (little) Boy Fogg seems to be sinking his roots deep in Collingwood.

Everyone is pleased that 301 came out on top in the Junior V S Efficiency, but none more so than 301.

Our standards of cleanliness, we are sorry to admit, have been criticised more than once. We regret to say that we have been rather slack, but solemnly promise to strive mightily for improvement.

With regard to us, it has been observed that obviously communication does not necessarily mean co-operation.

The thought of leave, however, effectively banished the mild form of sleeping sickness that had for a while prevailed, and the Casbah once again became a scene of feverish activity.

(The reason the burden of scribing this epic has fallen upon yours truly is that I happen to be the only bod wot can rite gramer good).

L B. J. JEWELL, 18 Mess.

19 MESS.

During this last term, we have had a very good season of games. Our double Class has provided one third or over of all Divisional teams except Hockey. We have also provided the whole of the Divisional Rifle team, which outnumbers all other Divisions.

Unfortunately, we started the term badly by losing a number of boys to Benbow Division, but the new blood that entered our Division has provided us with more players of Basket Ball, Water Polo and Football.

As a first-class Mess we have continued to hold our heads high by failing to have a single re-scrub for Saturday Rounds.



The Terror of the Covered Way.



331, 343 Class Guard being inspected by the Third Sea Lord.

We are now fast approaching finals and draft routine, and are looking forward to a fine draft supper in either Ipswich or Clacton early next term. We have been saving for this for twenty-five weeks.

We are much grieved at the sad departure of Mr. Taylor, and wish him all the best in his new post. He has been replaced by Mr. Brewster (a very competent Physical Training Instructor), and with his help we should make a name for ourselves in the Pulling Cutter competition in a few weeks' time.

C.P.O. WEST'S COMMENT.

How can they score only 86 for me and then lie down and shoot a 96 for the Postal League!

20 MESS. (The Children of the Division).

The Mess has made good progress so far. We have only had one scrub out and I hope we don't have another one.

The Mess as a "hole" has pulled its weight in everything going; we have several boys in the Divisional Sports teams, and one or two in the Water-polo teams.

We have, so it seems, a promising comic in the Mess, and that is none other than the famous BARNETT. (He is the bloke who walks around with his body awake and his brain still asleep).

The amazing thing about our Instructor and C.P.O. West is that, whereas C.P.O. West walks around giving everybody a lot of help and advice, P.O. Tel. Mackenzie goes around breathing fire and brimstone at everybody.

The Badge Boys are always setting a good example by always being late for musters and never being anywhere when they are wanted, and can always be trusted to do the exact things that they are not wanted to do.

Well, that's all for now,

I. B. SMITH.

21 MESS.

We commenced the term with the immediate prospect of having to change from 20 Mess to 21 Mess, and consequently it took us a little time to get the Mess up to standard. (We hope the Mess has now reached the standard required ?)

There has been plenty of enthusiasm over inter-Class battles on the football ground, and all these so-called football matches were, to say the least, keenly played, with 74 Class killing more of 75 Class in two of the games out of five.

We are honoured by having two Divisional footballers in the Mess, a number of hockey players as selected by P.O. Tel. Caines, and in addition, four water-polo players.

The arrival of work ship split the term, and at the same time disorganised the Establishment, as the Mess were given the duty of Messengers. No doubt there were many sighs of relief when that fortnight was finished.

We passed 12-week kits safely and soon should be going to Divisions with clean suits, much to the D.Os.' relief.

We all wish our two Instructors a happy leave in the mental home, and hope they will be fitter and *fatter* after leave.

22 MESS. (The Nuisances of the Division).

We have only had a couple of scrub-outs so far, and we don't want any more for this term.

Our Instructors are a couple of good chaps, taking everything into consideration, and our Badge Boys are not bad either considering they do their job well, are always there when they are not wanted, and never there when they are wanted.

Most of our Mess are in either the Football, Hockey or Rugby teams or even in the Water-polo team. There are a few comics in our Mess, but the following poem is by one of the more normal of our number.



By Hook or by Crook.



"Where's that Boy Gone?"

Shotley is a grand old place
—Or that's what they would say—
But by the boys in Ganges
It's thought of in another way.

Parents come to visit—
They say the place is swell—
But Oh, have they experienced
16s and 11a's as well?

The P.O.s here are not so bad,
Although they shout and bawl.
But how you love your dear old dad,
And wish you hadn't joined at all.

Well, that's all for now.

Chcerio until next term—
From the Lads and Instructors in 22 Mess.

SPORTS REPORT.

FOOTBALL. Last term we really had a "vintage" season, but this time we have not done quite so well, and both trophies have gone to other cupboards. Nevertheless, both teams have played some good football and we should end up in the top half of both leagues.

HOCKEY. Both teams have played with vigour, but success seems to have eluded them. Perhaps we have been using the wrong end of the stick.

RUGGER. We usually manage to win our contest with Rodney, but this year even that balm to our esteem was denied us. The D.O. thinks this is probably his fault and wishes that he knew something about rugger himself.

WATER-POLO. Both teams have done well, the first winning 3, losing 3 and drawing 1, and the seconds coming through undefeated to win the Cup. Yeoman Brunsden has again been the guide, philosopher and friend of our water-poloers.

SWIMMING. In spite of losing a great many of last term's team, we did well to finish fourth, coming first in one and second in the other three of the last four events. A happy augury for next time.

The strain on the organisers can best be judged by the expression on Yeoman Brunsden's face in the facing illustration.

SHOOTING. Chief Petty Officer West has again had this under his wing, and to our great satisfaction we won the .22 Cup after being runners-up for the last three times.

SAILING. *Coxswains:* Woodley, Jewell, Sandover, Kerr, Fish.

The depth of winter is never the most popular season for sailing, but much keenness has been shewn under adverse conditions. With any luck we shall finish fourth in the table. The St. Vincent games are due to take place on the 4th April, and I hope that the Division will be well represented in the team that travels.

PULLING CUTTER. This as usual has been our main effort of the term. Training has been long and arduous, but will have been well worthwhile if we can retain the Silver Cutter. At the present, on the completion of the first round, both Rodney and ourselves are in the lead with equal points, but we have four boats in the semi-final to their three, and so we have a good chance to complete the treble.

BASKET BALL. Atkinson and Stockley have represented Ganges at this rather weird game. However, the Divisional team has made great strides under the coaching of C.P.O. West and P.O. Jernmett.

Hawke Divisional Notes

Divisional Officer: Lieutenant R. W. T. Abraham, R.N.

Second Divisional Officer: Mr. R. O. Bartlett, Commissioned Boatswain, R.N.

45 MESS.

312 Class P.O. Tel. Wallace.

321 Class Yeo. Elliott.

46 MESS.

262 Class P.O. Tel. Williams.

47 MESS.

68 Class P.O. Soames.

69 Class P.O. Lilley

48 MESS.

115 Class P.O. Thomas.

116 Class A P.O. Pink.

49 MESS.

61 Class A P.O. Hare.

62 Class P.O. Court.

The Spring Term has seen many changes in Hawke, perhaps the most obvious being the loss of Lieutenant Boyd, who passed through the gates of Ganges into the great wide world beyond in early March. We wish him good luck and success



The Winning Smile.

for the future. His last words to me (his relief) after the fastest turn-over on record, were, "Don't forget The Shotley Mag., old chap!" So, with Mr. Bartlett's assistance (a veritable well of sport and Divisional knowledge), off we go.

The first event of the Spring term is the one that always appears to produce the maximum amount of nausea of the whole year. I refer, of course, to the Inter-Divisional Cross Country! Preliminary training for this event commenced at the latter end of the Winter term, and getting the whole Division round the course proved to be a headache even for the hardened organisers in Hawke Division.

On our first run some amazing times were recorded, and we began to think that even R. Bannister himself would have to look to his laurels. A hurried check of the stop watch showed that there was nothing wrong there, so that a closer look at the course was taken. It soon became evident that a boy's memory is a lasting

thing (despite some of the statements made at the Commander's table) and that there should be no such thing as an Annexe course for Nozzers.

Our next run saw all the bolt holes securely stopped by cheerful oil-skinned figures, who, not being runners themselves, saw no reason why they should not pile on the misery, and see that everyone else DID run. (Well done the Attending List!) Our teams soon worked themselves up to winning times and we confidently expected 61 62 to take the Senior 'Trophy. Much to our surprise they became exhausted at the last minute and it was left to 253 262 to bring the trophy home. As it is one of the few "Pots" to see the inside of the Hawke Trophy Case for the first time, it is worthy of a special mention. Congratulations to all Boys who helped to put it there.

No sooner had we finished with this opening gambit than we settled down to the Inter-Divisional Sports in earnest, playing off our first games with outstanding



"Frightfully sorry, Sir, but I'm off on Friday."

success. The next struggle was with Drake, and to our horror the school piped up to say that 198 199 would have to do their exams that very afternoon. A glance at our teams showed that all the diamond-studded football boots verily belonged to those Classes, and we viewed the coming conflict with mixed feelings. Hidden talent manfully filled the gaps and we lost only one Hockey and the Rugby, much to everyone's surprise. This was the Rugby team's only defeat, but I think they will agree that it was their finest game, and but for the awkward bounce of a greasy ball they would have won.

A pause in the sports activity then followed while we glanced hawk-eyed along the sights of our rifles to shoot off the .303 competition. In this we had to give Collingwood best and surrender the trophy that we had held for two terms. The .22 competition followed, where Grenville, who were worthy runners-up to us last term, took the trophy for their very own.

Old Man Snow then took a hand and arrears of Inter-Divisional games piled up. The Inter-Mess snowballing appeared to be the only game worth playing,

and several windows were broken, which 49 Mess disclaimed all knowledge of. With the snow gone we ran through the remainder of our games with outstanding success, despite the loss of 253 Class prior to the last match of the season with Grenville, which had been postponed due to a further fall of snow.

Well done all games players who, out of a total of 42 games, lost only 6. Our thanks must also go to P.O. Court, who nursed the Soccer teams so successfully; P.O.s Thomas and Lilley for the Rugby; and P.O.s Pink and Wallace, who despite drafting, sickness and back-classing, always put a good Hockey team on the field.

Before the end of term we have the Pulling Cutter Competition, Gymnastics and the Inter-Class Swimming Competition to compete for. Good luck to all those boys taking part in these events.

Quite a transformation is taking place in the Messes, and our shaky wooden decks are at long last being replaced by attractive maroon asphalt. Once this has been completed there should be no difficulty in keeping the decks up to a very high standard and "Gym shoes in the Mess" is now the order of the day.

This term we say farewell to 198, 199, 253 and 262. Good luck to them all and every success for their future on the high seas. In place of them we welcome 115 and 116 Classes, who have now, despite the increase of grey hair in their Instructors' curly locks, settled in.

* * *

IF

(with apologies to R.K.)

If you can keep your kit when all about you
Are losing and not washing theirs like you;
If you can trust yourself when all boys doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can work and not be tired by working;
Though being lied about don't deal in lies;
Though being chastened don't give way to moaning;
Nor ever boast too much but keep your pride;

If you can wash and not make dirt your master;
If you can try and never lose your aim;
If you can meet with misery and laughter
Yet hold your head up just the same;
If you can bear to study schoolwork gladly
And come out top and beat the other fools--
Or try again at things you've failed in badly,
And stoop and build 'em up again with work-worn tools;

If you can march with crowds yet stay outstanding,
Or walk alone and keep that smartish touch;
If neither fear nor love of man can hurt you,
And all boys count with you but none too much;
If you can fill the idle minute
With sixty seconds' worth of work well done--
Yours is the Navy and everything that's in it,
And what is more--You'll come from Hawke, by gum!

R.W.T.A.

Rodney Divisional Notes

Divisional Officer: Captain D. L. Roberts, R.M.

Second Divisional Officer: Commissioned Gunner Glyde, R.N.



Rodney Division.

Once again the end of the term rushes towards us, leaving only a few more "Charlies" to the favourite day of term. We seem to be winding it up in one mad rush, with people pulling oars, throwing heaving lines, piping and standing by for Rounds (capital R) all on the same day—Phew!!!

This term, for us in the Royal Division, has been one of Hullo and Farewell, and a lot of new faces have replaced the old familiar ones. The farewells have included Mr. Hathaway, 241, 57 and 60 Classes, and our newly acquired bevy of beauties— 57A. New arrivals at the start of the term were 76, 77 and 361 Classes. It has also leaked from Marine Intelligence that our D.O. has his marching orders.

We lost our D.O. a short time ago; couldn't find him for about three days. And then one Monday he suddenly appeared in the middle of the parade, looking rather hot under the collar, with some military-looking gentlemen, all playing at being soldiers.

What we have lost in points during the term we have gained in experience, and we have learned our lessons the hard way.

Since the Swimming Relays, Communicationist Pimlott has shown a marked improvement, and he now swims breast stroke at 22 glugs a minute.

Congratulations to Yeo, Ryrie and his Bunting Tossers on bringing home the Senior V.S Trophy, and also on the very good performance in the Racing Cutter Competition.

To all those who have left us we wish calm seas, prosperous voyages and the best of luck, and to those who are less fortunate, a pleasant, restful leave.



76 and 77 Classes Coaling Ship.



15 Mess—A Rodney Mess.

57 and 60 CLASS.

P.O. Chappell	P.O. Sayer
Radar Smasher, 1st Class.	Old Sea Salt, 1st Class.
P.O. Boy Baker	L. Boy Heath
P.O. Boy Debenham	L. Boy Walker
L. Boy Williamson	L. Boy Rowe

It is now a year that these two exceptionally brilliant Classes have been in the holiday camp of the Royal Ramrods.

Since we very kindly accepted the invitation of our Soldier D.O., we have been under the gentle guidance of our Instructors. After being in four different bunkhouses, we have finally decided to stay in No. 10.

57 Class left us towards the end of February and are now lazing in the sunny river known as the Mediterranean, on board H.M.S. Indefatigable. We all miss them a lot, but farewells are things we have to get used to in the Service.

During the year, Boy Scholes has done a lot for the Division and Ganges by representing them in the Aquatic World. Boys Myhill and Morley have done so in the Boxing World, and Boy Hyde in the Hockey World.

60 Class is now debating as to whether to go to sea, or stay behind and become Royal Marines. However, I think most of the boys want the Life on the Ocean Waves, and to brave all the weathers of Mother Nature and her Daughters, so we will say cheerio to all our Divisional Messmates and wish them all they wish themselves. "So long, Jack."

May we now say many many thanks to our Divisional Officer, who has been very patient and extremely good to us all, and also to Mr. Glyde, our Second D.O., who is a very good sport. We reluctantly say cheerio to them both.

P.S.—We wonder if the pay is better in the Royal Marines.

MESS THEME SONG TO THE TUNE OF "OH MY PAPA."

Oh our P.O.s, to us you've been so terrible.
Oh our P.O.s, to us you've been so blue.
Now we must part, and you'll be glad to see us go,
As glad as we shall be, to see the backs of you.

Gone are the days when you would call out, "show-a-leg!"
Gone are the days when you would say goodnight.

Oh our P.O.s, we'll really miss the two of you,
Let's hope some day that we shall meet again.

57A CLASS.

This term started well for us with the prospects of going on draft with our respective Classes, but we were all destined to a terrible fate—"FAILERS." Yes, 13 of us. We got right down to Rock Bottom, and we're now called 57A.

Ten of us came from Blake 55 and 56 Classes, and the other three who missed the boat were from 57A.

We are now under the supervision of C.P.O. Wilkinson for instruction, and P.O. Chappell and P.O. Sayer domestically. Between the three of them, they are moulding us into a good Class. (At last!) We are all reasonably certain of saying goodbye to Ganges on April 6th and it won't be too soon, but before our departure, may we say "Thank you" to all those who have given us a second chance.

Good-bye and Good Luck, Rodney.

A piece of advice. *If you are thinking of failing an Exam. or Trainer's Kit.*--
"DON'T!"

109 and 110 CLASS.

Instructors: P.O. Gilkes.

P.O. Hancy (G.I.)

L. Boy Clarkson

L. Boy Halliday

L. Boy Reynolds

A.L. Boy Cripps.

L. Boy Wilson

15 MESS.

We're the boys of 15 Mess,
The boys who are red hot.
We get the Cup, we get the cake,
We get the blinking lot.

But we don't get these prizes,
Because we laze and shirk.
We get them all because the boys
All do their share of work.

On Friday night we're on the deck,
Down upon our knees,
And then for Saturday morning Rounds,
The Officer he sees—

A deck that looks like a sheet of glass,
The windows shining bright,
All the blankets neatly folded,
A really lovely sight.

The locker's nice and tidy,
The beds are put in line,
The Officer just takes one look,
And says, "Well, this is fine!"

The D.O. takes a look,
And says, "Well, you must take
The Cup, to keep upon your stove,
And of course you get the cake."

J. A. (Scraper) SMITH.

283 and 291 CLASSES. 11 MESS.

Instructors: P.O. Tel. Hogben.

Yeo. Signals Ryrie.

P.O. Boys: Dart, Mossman, Hendry.

Leading Boys: Winspear, Kitching.

Licentious Soldierly: 31 in number.

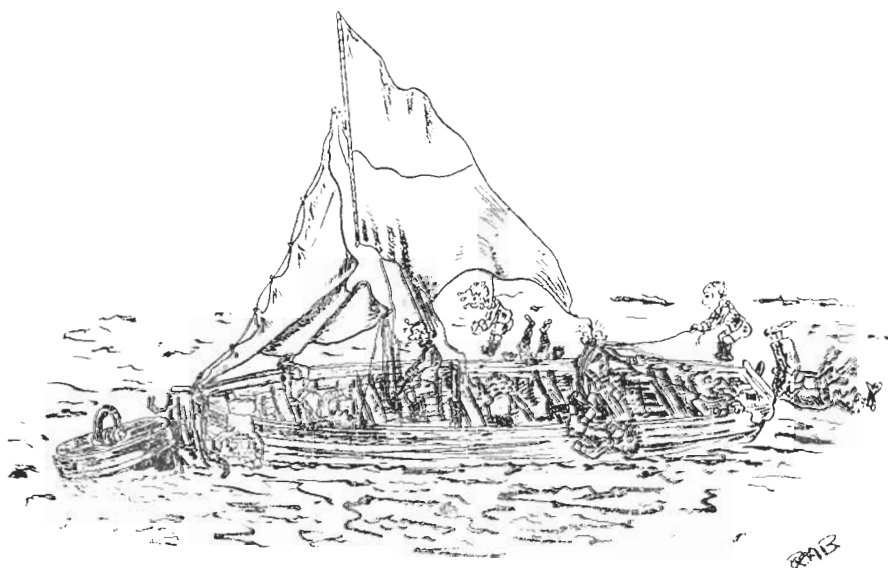
MESS MOTTO.

Of what avail the loaded tube?
The cannon and the shell?
If Flags and W.T. default,
The Fleet will go to hell!

We can all look back on this, now ended, Spring term with a certain amount of satisfaction--mark you, not self-satisfaction but, shall we say, team satisfaction. It is true to say that we have all endeavoured to contribute in some small way to the Division's success in all fields of competitive activity. We have no Stanley Matthews, no Rocky Marciano, no Len Hutton, no Jackie Kyles, but oh, how we do have to have a bash!

The above are the stars in all their various spheres of sport, and it just happens that we do not shine in any of them. But let's have a yarn about V/S efficiency competitions and sailing. Is it a boast to say that we *walked* the V S competition, 291 Class being the junior of the four senior Classes competing? And is it another boast to say that we intend to hold on to that trophy next term? We don't think so.

TRIALS of an INSTRUCTOR (Sailing)



As for pulling races, at the moment of going to press, the Regatta is still in progress, but we have every intention of doing our best in this regatta—in fact, Sir has already ordered the nutty. Over confident? NOT ON YOUR NELLY!

No, we have no stars. But look out when it comes to a team effort. We shine then.

Next term will see both our Classes saying “au revoir” to the Ramrods, so we shall most probably not send another contribution to the Mag. We bid you all Good-bye and Bon Voyage.

Bear in mind our motto for all the Division.

“The impossible we can do now; miracles take a little longer.”

Goodbye all.

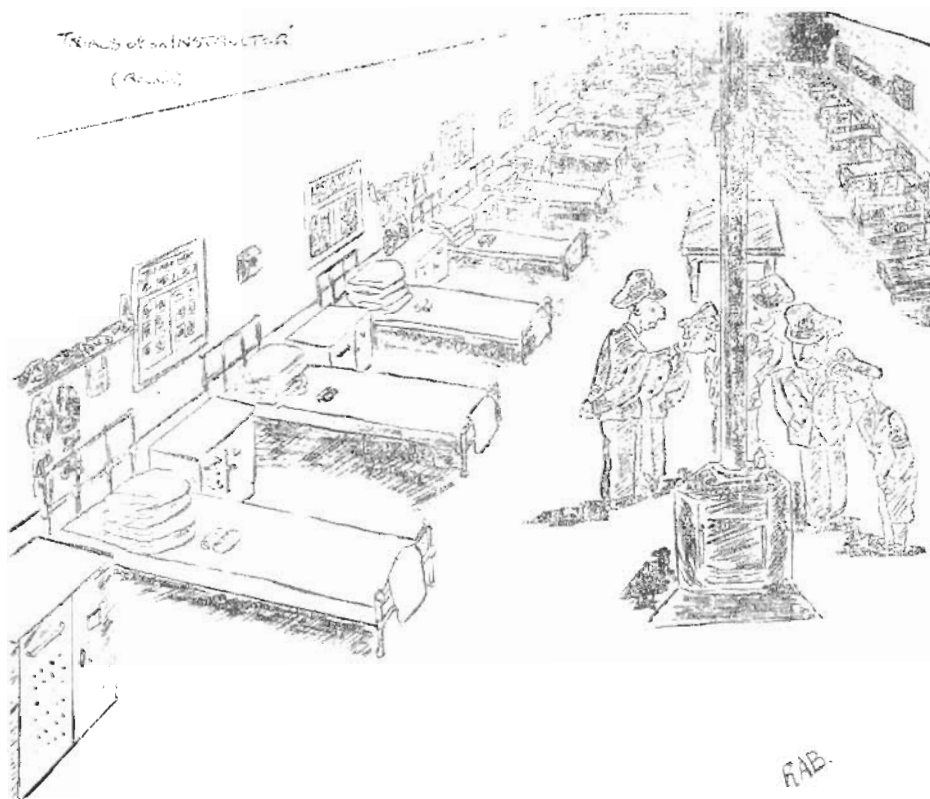
352 and 361 CLASSES. 12 MESS.

C.Y.S. Pattison
P.O. Tel. Sydes

L. Boy Graham

352 Class. We are the budding buzzer blokes and joined the "Royal Rods" towards the end of last term. We hope we make 361 (nozzers who joined five weeks after us) look up to us as seasoned sailors.

We came in all shapes and sizes from the very small to the very tall, but we are told this does not affect the noises that we hear in our cars. The sizes of our



cars vary, but on the whole are pretty large, and as well as buzzer we are good at procuring buzzes, too.

We hope we have helped the Division along in the field of sport. Jack played Hockey for the Ganges 1st Hockey XI, and we provide a good proportion of the Divisional Water-Polo sides. We believe that our tame drummers may take it into their heads to try and earn some money on the side in dance bands during their leave.

361 Class. They call us the Flashing Flag fellows, and we do suffer occasionally from seeing blinking lights. We soon put 352 Class in their place when they tried to come the old soldier over us (taking after the D.O.!).

P.O. White

P.O. Morrell.

I. Boy York.

We joined Rodney at the beginning of the term and found the Main Establishment a bit of a mighty maze at first. It seemed so different from home. We don't think that we'll be able to turn out when we are on leave in the mornings, as we shall miss the golden voice of our Instructor asking us to arise. There are many other small differences, but I expect that you know most of them.

We have our athletes amongst us. York, playing for Ganges 1st XI soccer team; Jenkins, Hamilton and Thompson representing Ganges at boxing (we keep out of their way); and it seems that Savage, Pearce and Farrell will probably shoot for Ganges. Of course not all of us can be in the 1st XIs, but the remainder of us tag along.

We've enjoyed this term, even if it did seem strange to us at the beginning. But we have got used to things now and are looking forward to next term as old hands, and hope that we will be able to win many trophies for the Division.

School Notes

The Spring Term has passed, taking with it the average number of boys through the usual set of examinations. Some of the boys have done well—others not so well, but all have left hoping they have at last finished with school for ever.

Far too many do not realise that the process of education continues from the cradle to the grave, and that what is learnt in the classroom is simply the elementary preparation for the everlasting task of learning to live ashore and afloat.

The school courses are arranged to help boys to pass promotion tests later, while the cultural activities and voluntary groups are organised to help boys to enjoy their leisure.

As usual in the winter months, there has been no lack of keenness to occupy leisure, and the various hobbies have had plenty of support.

Model making continues to be very popular, the music group has a large following, and art and play-reading have continued through the term. The Radio Club flourishes, and many of the Ship's Company have employed their spare time in woodwork and metalwork.

A new activity, that of the Chess Club, has got off to a good start, and its members are carrying on a chess battle by post.

This term we say goodbye and give our best wishes to Instructor Lieutenant J. E. Waller, who has gone to H.M.S. Jamaica, Instructor Lieutenant Commander E. W. Taylor, who takes up an appointment at Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and Instructor Lieutenant A. C. Freeman, who has retired to civilian life.

In their places we welcome Instructor Lieutenants H. Briggs, P. H. Sivil and J. Rodgers.

The Class Averages and Prize Winners for the term were

ADVANCED CLASS.

<i>Class</i>	<i>Class Average</i>	<i>Prize Winner</i>	<i>Percentage.</i>
260A	59.3	Hunkin	85.6
260B	45.6	Cooper, D. C.	59.2
198	62.9	McLean, J. D.	81.8
199	57.1	Boak, K.	73.2
270A	64.4	Thipthorpe, J. C.	84.8
100	58.1	Ledsom, R. K.	82.2
101	50.4	Foreman, I. D.	59.8
280A	55.9	Kay, D.	73.6

Classes 102 and 103 have also taken their finals, but the results are not yet known.

GENERAL COURSE CLASSES.

<i>Class</i>	<i>Class Average</i>	<i>Prize Winner</i>	<i>Percentage.</i>
260C	43.5	Bradley, W. A.	55.7
52	55.8	Tate, A. W.	79.0
53	49.9	Longley, F.	73.3
54	58.4	Oliver, C. S.	69.3
270B	62.7	McKean, J.	71.8
270C	47.5	Blight, W. B.	61.7
55	58.0	Henson, R. J.	76.3
56	44.5	Oswald, J. M.	66.7
57	45.7	Brown, T. W.	65.3
280B	47.2	Whorlow, B. A.	60.3
280C	45.3	McDonald, J. R.	71.0

Classes 58, 59, 60 have also taken their finals, but the results are not yet known.

The prizes awarded each term by the Royal Society of St. George to the best all-round boys in H.M.S. Ganges, were won by:—

McLaren, P.	1st Prize	Drake, 192 Class
Granger, E.	2nd Prize	Rodney, 232 Class
O'Brien, T.	3rd Prize	Anson, 213 Class
Frost, R. N.	4th Prize	Anson, 49 Class

The School Cup, awarded for the best 8th week Examination result, has been won this term by Rodney, 109 Class, with a Class average of 64.4⁰/₁₀.



"Yes, sir, I realise that my work is not up to standard. I suffer agonies of remorse every time I present you with a careless, untidy and incorrect exercise. I promise to do better after Easter Leave, sir; for by then I think I shall have acquired a full sense of responsibility. I promise, sir, that I will restore your faith in the integrity of my species, and in the worth-whileness of your vocation."

"2"

Signal School Notes

This is being written on the eve of the Signal School's busiest period of the term, when both the 260s and 270s are preparing for their finals; and, it seems, most other groups for a progress test. In consequence the atmosphere is acutely tense with Instructors busily engaged in "cramming" their Classes for "E" (examination) Day, and few finding time to think about the other "E" (Easter) Day.

252 and 253 Classes were the first W T Classes to qualify (in February) at the new MTX standard of 95⁰/₁₀ at 22 w.p.m. It proved too much for some boys, but

now, after three weeks' extra morse, they should have no difficulty in qualifying at their re-scrub. 'The importance of achieving this new standard before leaving Ganges for the Fleet, has been brought home to us by the news from the Med. that the Ship Broadcast out there sometimes creeps up to 28 w.p.m. In addition, more and more Communication Boys now leave here to go to small ships, often to fill complement billets, and therefore within a few days of joining their first ship, they may well be required to play an active part as Signalmen and Telegraphists in the Communications Organisation of not only their ship, but also squadron, fleet and the Navy.

The Admiralty have recently stressed the importance of good spelling and writing in the Communications Branch. The reasons are obvious. A message, although read 100% correct, is worthless if the addressee cannot read it; and so often a further handicap may be that he has to attempt this task under poor lighting conditions—for example in an Operations Room or on the bridge at night. Valuable time may be lost whilst the message is returned to the receiving operator for elucidation. Another danger of bad writing is the snowball effect on a message that has to be relayed. This was demonstrated more than once in this term's W T Competition, when, although read correctly in the first instance, the relaying operator misinterpreted certain letters which had been written down in a slovenly way. Telegraphists must never think that the typewriter has or will take the place of the pencil—in fact the occasions when they have to use a pencil are normally the most important.

The V S and W T Efficiency Competitions reverted this term to a similar form to those which used to be held a year ago, in which each Class picked its team of 6 boys, and the effects of back-Classed and backward boys produced no handicap to a Class's chance of winning.

The W T Competition went well, and except for increasing the length of the messages, it is intended to standardise the rules for future terms. Several suggestions for improving the V/S Competition have been received, and these will be incorporated in next term's competition—more emphasis will be put on flag hoisting, and less on A.N.S.B. Coding.

As predicted in our Christmas notes, the operating section of the Amateur Radio Club got off to a good start this term, and our call sign G 3 D 1 D has been heard in several European countries. Congratulations to Boys Steel and Bennett, of 292 Class, on being the first two boys to establish communication on their own—they had an interesting "chat" with a Dutch amateur recently.

There has been the routine incoming and outgoing of Class Instructors this term, and now in the last three weeks we are also having to say good-bye to three stalwarts on the Signal School Staff—C.P.O. Tels. Wearmouth and Chadwick and Yeoman Harris, all of whom are bound for Civvy Street. The first two were Class Instructors before they joined the staff, and Yeoman Harris, of course, has taught a large number of boys to type. So not only will they be remembered by many Boys, but also they leave their mark behind them in the form of neat and comprehensive S.S.R.O. records, the E.C.P. tape library, and touch-typing graphs and plaques respectively. We wish them the very best of luck, success, and happiness outside. We understand C.P.O. Tel. Wearmouth already has his umbrella and bowler hat in readiness for his new "hush hush" job, and Yeoman Harris has been taking tips from P.C. 49.

A happy Easter leave to all Communicators everywhere.

RESULTS OF V S AND W T EFFICIENCY COMPETITIONS.

Senior V S	...	Rodney, 291 (Yeoman Ryrie).
Junior V S	...	Grenville, 301 (Yeoman Brunsdon).
Senior W T	...	Collingwood, 263 (C.P.O. Tel. Collier).
Junior W T	...	Benbow, 362 (P.O. Tel. Hicks).

Gunnery Notes

The Spring term is the one which the Gunnery Department normally regards as the quiet term. Apart from the usual Inter-Divisional .303 and .22 shooting competitions, there are only technical instructions to cater for.

As the term draws to its close, however, Q.B.R. preliminaries, including the composition of Field Gun Battery, Royal Guard and the number of Companies taking part, occupies much of the office staff time. It is really staggering the snags one meets in the process of providing an overall number of 1,380 boys when it is considered that the average numbers borne in the Establishment are 1,900. In order to bring home fully the realisation that the Review will take place next term, it is necessary to start this term, and by the time you read this, an introduction to "Things to Come" will already have been experienced, and many headaches will have been suffered by the Gunnery "Boffins" in the process of production.

On February 4th we suffered a headache of a different kind. Number nine hut in the Gunnery School, which was used for showing instructional films, became a total loss in that it was completely destroyed by fire. You may remember that at the time, the country was in the grip of arctic conditions, and the freezing conditions, coupled with half a gale of wind from the North West, made any attempt at salvage extremely difficult. Sufficient to say here that from the first "Alarm" to total collapse of the hut needed only fifteen minutes. The loss of cinema and other equipment was so serious as to warrant the Commander-in-Chief ordering a full Board of Enquiry. We in this department fervently hope that if in the ordinary way of life fires must occur, we have had our lot. Please keep this domain on the exempt list for future conflagrations.

Technical results in gunnery examinations are very encouraging, continuing as they do to maintain a reasonable Class average. I must, however, in this respect congratulate 100 Class, Collingwood, P.O. James, G.I., on obtaining an overall Class average of 91.2%, which is extremely satisfactory. P.O. James has since left Ganges for Foreign Service, and we wish him a very happy commission. One other departure is that of Chief Petty Officer Marjoram, G.I., who vacated the "Chair" in February to exercise his talents in the Training Squadron. It is perhaps not quite fair, as a matter of opinion, to say he has left us speechless, albeit a deathly silence now pervades the office. However, good luck to Marjoram in the Implacable, where he will renew many acquaintances among ex-Ganges boys.

I wish everyone a joyous Eastertide, and a happy return to Q.B.R. routine with seasonal weather this year, both for rehearsals and training—and, indeed, for "The Day."

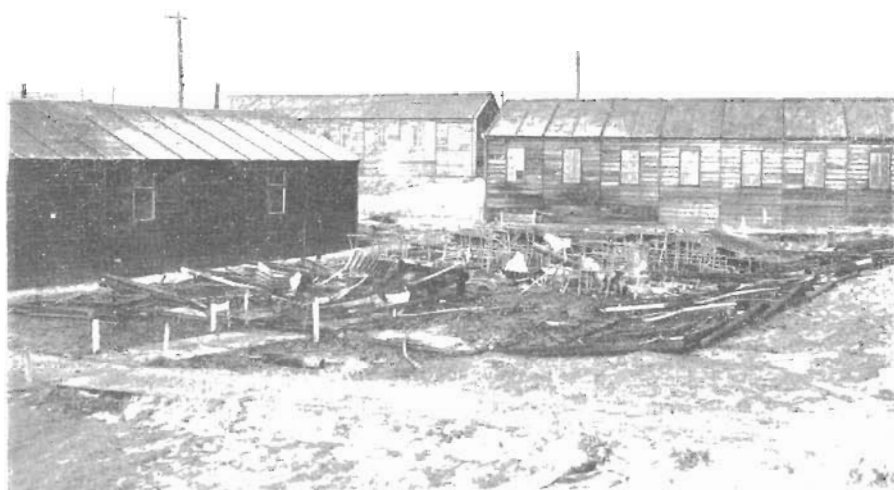
D.H.S.



Going . . . Going . . .



. . . Gone !

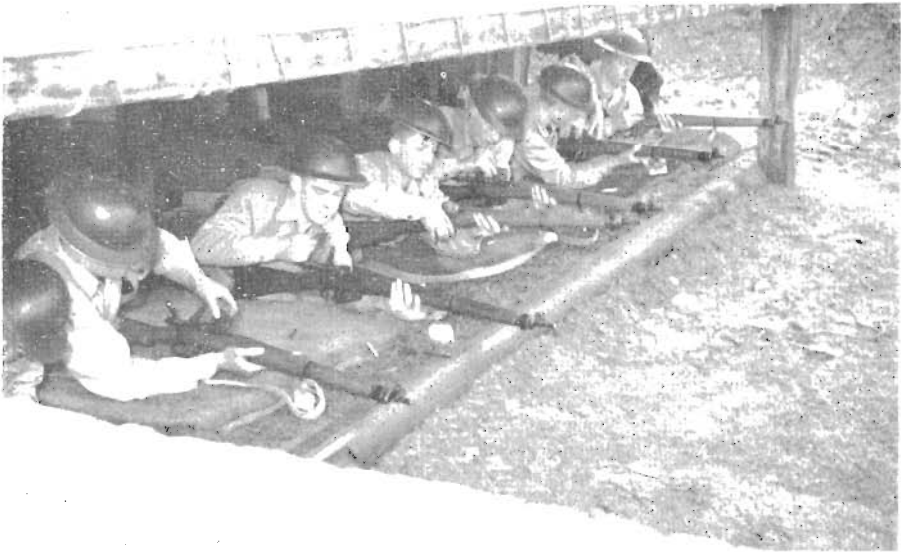


Range Notes

Shooting on all Ranges has been so intensive throughout the term that a much harassed staff have been "flat out" to maintain working conditions in the butts.

The .303 Competition was completed and resulted in a very keen tussle between all Divisions. Collingwood are to be congratulated upon winning the trophy this term in a competition which reached a very high standard of shooting. The .22 Inter-Divisional Competition was also very keenly contested, and here the position was completely reversed, with Grenville at the top and Collingwood occupying the last position in merit. There were only 79 points separating the first and last positions. Very good shooting.

On April 3rd we are sending a team of boys to represent Ganges in the Nore Command Rifle Meeting. At the time of going to press about 40 boys are undergoing intensive training, including shooting on the 200 yards range at Landguard Fort. We are hoping this year to break the stranglehold that Caledonia has



Competitors on the .303 Range.

maintained in the competitive shooting in which Ganges takes part. We are committed again this year to provide butt markers and register keepers for the Suffolk County Rifle Association Meeting at Bromeswell in July. This will entail training boys up for this important job.

The King George V Empire Challenge Shields Competitions are not producing the results hoped for in Ganges. Last year we achieved an overall average of 77%. It is fully realised that lack of training and experience in shooting is responsible for the disappointing results. We must continue to strive to improve the standard results obtained in these competitions and to bring Ganges into the picture.

The Nore Command Postal League competition is drawing to a close for this season. Both Boys' teams have shot consistently well throughout the season, but at the moment we are meeting stubborn opposition from Jupiter and a very close result is expected. The Establishment teams have not done so well in the Postal League, and Officers, Instructors and Ship's Company ratings are exhorted to

come forward if at all interested in shooting. There are facilities for training and practice shoots and particulars can be obtained at any time from the Range Office.

In the Ship's Company 'Tile Shooting Competition, the Wardroom "B" team emerged as the champions. They were, however, appropriately enough, beaten by the Range Staff in a following-up match.

We wish all potential "Gravel Tummies" a very good leave and a happy return to good shooting.

The Range Practice Trophy and Buzzard Trophy have not yet been competed for up to the time of going to press.

Bugle Band Notes

There is very little to write about the Bugle Band for the Spring term. Our outside commitments have been nil, and the Band has not been called upon beyond the bounds of normal routine.

Our main purpose at present is to build up the Band to the very high state of efficiency compatible with being the "Show Piece" in the Queen's Birthday Review, next term. In this respect it is fervently hoped that it won't rain this year. One still has miserable memories of bedraggled white equipment and wet drums and accoutrements as a result of last year's Review taking place to the accompaniment of incessant rain throughout.

Recruitment to the band continues to mark time with losses due to drafting commitments, and we have stepped up our numbers in boys qualifying as Sea Service Buglers. We are always happy to welcome volunteers to the Bugle Band, which has a very high reputation throughout East Anglia.

There will be the usual end of term outing before leave. At present details are not to hand, but it is anticipated that we shall have a run ashore to the pictures and "Big Eats" in Ipswich.

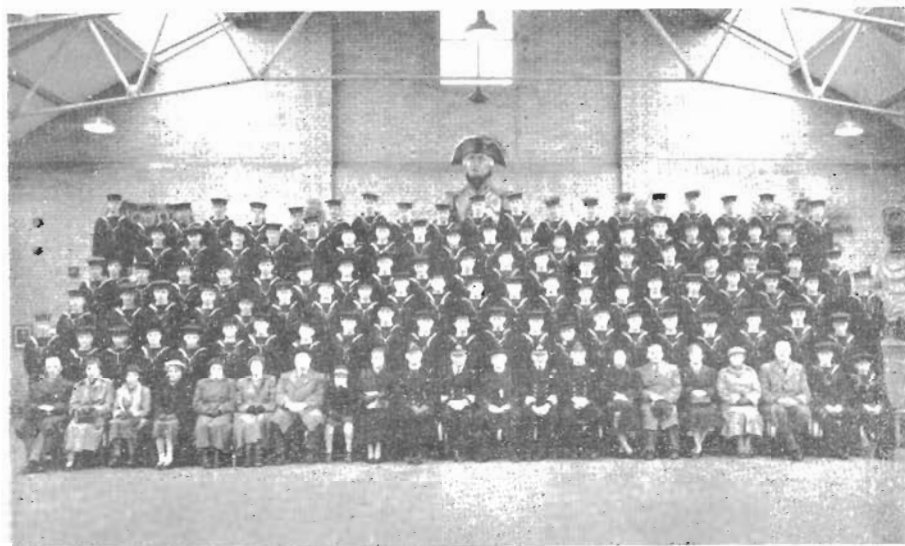
To all the Bugle Band I wish a very happy Easter Leave and a smiling return to bigger and better blows.

"STICKS."



The Bugle Band Marches Past

Church Notes



Confirmation Party and Witnesses, 22nd February, 1954.

Dear Readers,

Old timers here usually warn newcomers that this Spring term is the worst of the three in the year. Some of them also say that the Summer term is as bad because it is a week longer than the others, and that the Winter term is bad because it is followed by the Spring term. There is no truth in these allegations, but we are liable to an overdose of fog, cold and sickness in the January-February period. It has not been all that bad this year, and the coughs and colds have been kept well under control so that business as usual has been maintained.

The Church Militant here at Shotley has maintained its continuous performance of the work of God, and numbers of "parishioners" have found out a little more of what membership of the Church means and involves, and have done something about it.

The man of your family who belongs here can tell you what the normal Church routine is day by day. We have also marked the Red Letter Days of the Calendar with an additional celebration of the Communion, sung, at half-past-six. On some Sundays we have needed to provide an overflow Morning Service, the Gymnasium being overcrowded when the total complement exceeds about 1,800. This has taken the form of Communion in the Chapel with hymns, a good opportunity of corporate worship for the Leading Division of the Parade, attended by less bustle than the earlier Services.

We have marked the season of Lent with the traditional devotion of Stations of the Cross on Thursday evenings.

The Altar Servers have maintained their role of official representatives of the whole Church, two of them every day at the early Service; they went to Ipswich for a jaunt one Wednesday before Lent. The Choir ran out early this term, and was re-formed by my colleague Denlegh-Maxwell and by Instructor-Lieutenant Allen. It is not the sort of Choir that we shall expect to sing oratorios as a performance, the age of our voices not being up to that, but it does produce a congenial party, which maintains the music at Evening Service on Sundays, at the Sung Eucharist when we have one, and which may one day form a nucleus at the Parade Service in the Gymnasium.

Mr. Clutterbuck will have gone from Ganges before next term begins; he is appointed to the cruiser Glasgow for the Mediterranean Fleet, after three years here. Over five thousand boys will be familiar with him as a result of his devoted labours here, and he will find friendly faces in every ship he may visit in the Fleet. The same thing happened to me after my former session here during the two-and-a-half years before the war.



The Church took a lively interest in other Establishment activities.

The Reverend N. M. Denlegh-Maxwell, the Reverend H. I. Clutterbuck and Corporal Belton at the Badge Boys' Dance.

Your young man from Shotley, mothers and fathers, is under obligation to continue his Sunday worship during this and every other holiday. It is taken care of for him by the normal routine of the Barracks during term. You must help him to do it while he is with you. If he is an adult member of the Church by Confirmation, then Easter Day is one of the occasions on which he must receive Holy Communion. Nearly every Parish Church in the country will be offering an opportunity at eight o'clock on Easter Day. Over to you, please?

The following recruits to the Church have been baptised in St. George's Chapel since my last report:—

20th December, 1953—Christopher Ellison Dykes.

21st February, 1954—Adrian Frank Stuart Kingsland.

21st March, 1954—Susan Nicholson.

Confirmation on February 22nd rated up to full and responsible membership, 102 candidates; a similar number will be presented to the Bishop on April 5th.

We shall all be glad of the Easter break, and I hope you will all enjoy the family reunion, especially since this year it includes the public week-end.

Yours sincerely,

B. R. BEASLEY.

Saint George's Chapel Choir Notes

This term the choir has had a completely new start in the hope that we might produce something worthy of the title "Choir." We have now about twenty-five members, and, as the practice is held on Saturday forenoon, most of these should be able to attend regularly. Thus we hope to build up a good body of singers for all sung services in the chapel, which may perhaps encourage more boys to come to these services, especially Evensong, which is very poorly attended at present.

We hope to make choir outings more of a treat, and for this reason only boys with over 85% attendances at practices and services will be able to go, taking into account illness and other skilful excuses.

Some quite useful work has been done already, but we can still do with more new members. No-one expects to find a star performer amongst boys whose voices have just broken or are still breaking, but if you enjoy making music and can groan in key, we shall be very pleased to have you. Just give your name to the Reverend Denleigh-Maxwell or myself so that we can inform your Division. If you don't think you can sing yourself, than at least come and hear the choir at Evensong.

A very happy Eastertide to all out Choristers!

R. C. ALLEN.

Church of Scotland and Free Churches' Notes

With the departure of Padre Currie we have all lost not only a wise counsellor but also a good friend, for in the three years that he was here, Padre Currie won for himself the respect and affection of Officers, Instructors and Boys alike. But he has left behind a permanent reminder of his work in the beauty of the restored St. Andrew's Chapel, and it is good to realise that many generations will benefit from his devoted labours here. May every blessing attend his work in Malta.

In January we had a visit from the Reverend Owen Roebuck, O.B.E., Q.H.C., R.N., Senior Chaplain, Church of Scotland and Free Churches, and his address on the "Two Talent Man" will long remain in our memories as an inspiration to give of our best at all times.

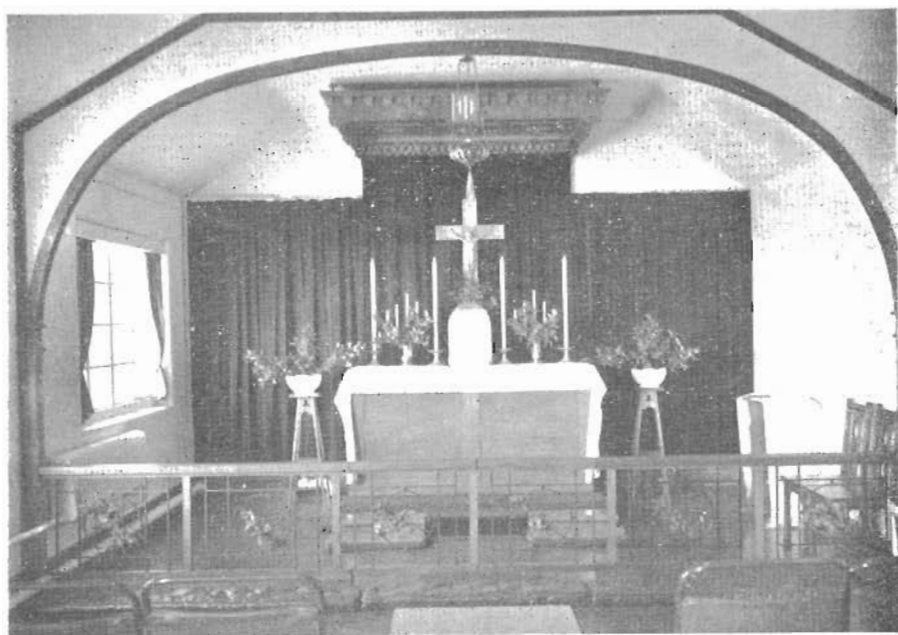
This term 67 boys have been prepared for their First Communion; they will be received into the Fellowship of the Church at a special service in St. Andrew's Chapel on the last Sunday of March. This is the first time that such a service has been held in our Chapel, and I hope it will signify to all that the Christian life

and Christian work in the world are not to be separated or carried on in water-tight compartments, but lived out in the Unity of the One Life in Christ.

It only remains for me to welcome our new Chaplain, the Reverend L. Truelove, who starts his work here in the last week of the term. After serving as a Chaplain in the Royal Navy during the war, Padre Truelove, who is a Methodist, worked first in a new housing area in the West Country, and then out East. We all wish him every success in his ministry here in H.M.S. Ganges.

May I, in saying good-bye, thank you all, Officers, Instructors and Boys, for your kindness to me during my stay here, and wish you all a happy Easter.

Roman Catholic Notes



The Roman Catholic Chapel.

A few days ago I was looking through a Navy List of 1906—the year after H.M.S. Ganges came to Shotley. In those days the Establishment consisted of two old armoured cruisers, each of 10,000 tons, the Minotaur and the Agincourt, as well as the barracks ashore—which of course were quite small. With the exception of three Headmasters, all the schoolmasters in those days were Chief Petty Officers; and there were two Chaplains, each of whom ranked also as an Instructor Officer.

A Boy 2nd Class was credited with 6d. a day pay, out of which he had to maintain his kit, and a 1st Class Boy was credited with 7d. This does not sound much, but remember that the P.O. in charge of the Pigeon Loft (there was no wireless) received only 4 4d. a day. The boys' kit makes no mention of underclothing,

except for two pairs of woollen drawers only to be worn in exceptional weather when special orders were issued. The ordinary working rig was a white (?) duck suit.

Times have changed—there was no R.C. Chaplain then. Indeed, although there were 130 Chaplains for other denominations, there were only two Roman Catholic Chaplains for the whole Navy. Catholic boys in Ganges for many years had to go to Mass in Harwich by boat every Sunday morning. Now thank God, we have permanently a Catholic Chaplain in the Establishment, and we have a beautiful little Chapel, the decoration of which is not yet complete. In this issue of the magazine there is a photograph of it as it is. When the sanctuary has been panelled throughout in oak, it will be much more beautiful.

Mess No. 2, in which we hold the principal Mass on Sundays, has been repainted this term, and in another issue I hope to reproduce a photograph of this, too.

This has been an uneventful term. We have only eight boys to be confirmed and this will be done at the end of May.

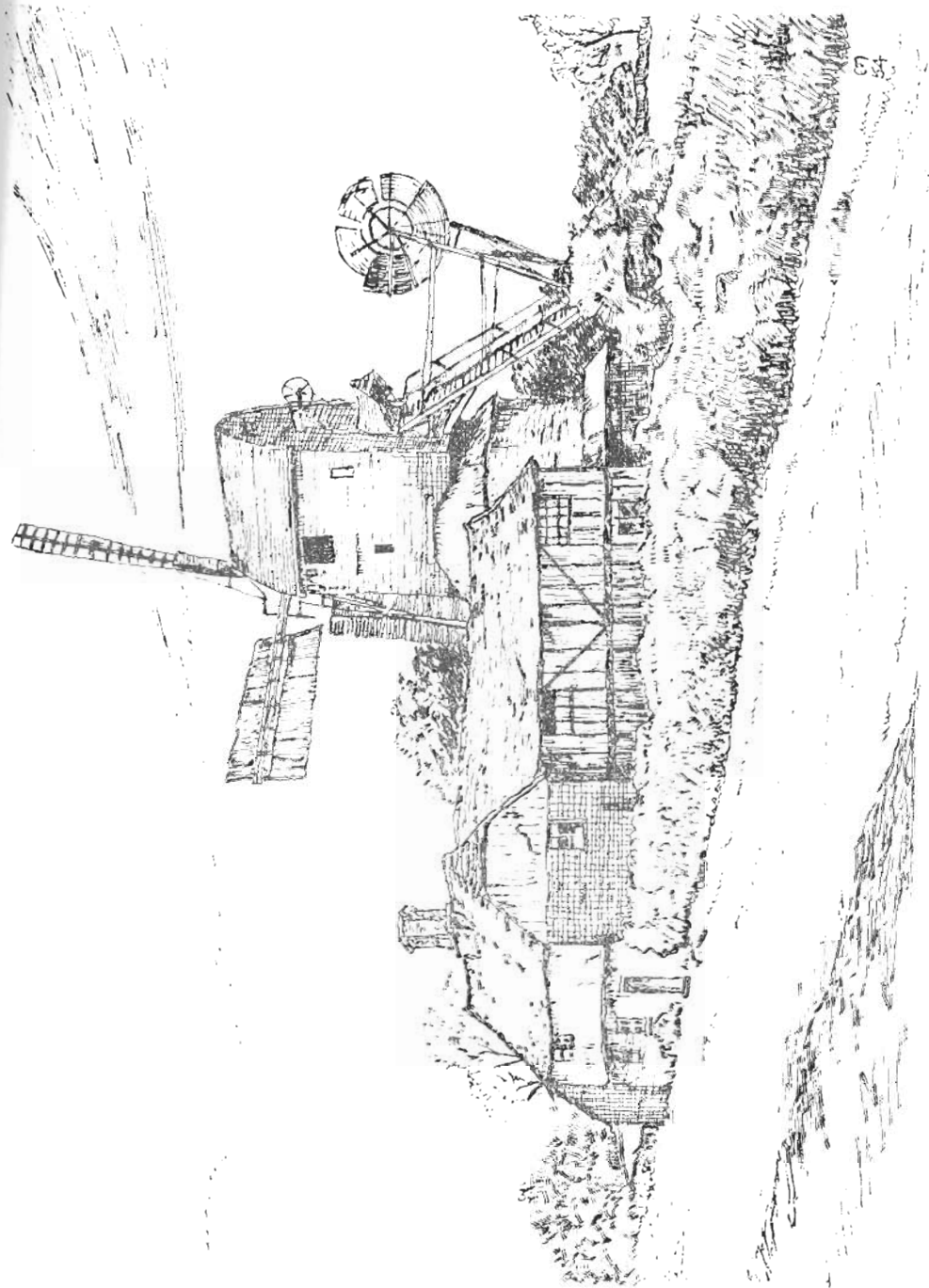
I should like to thank all those parents who sent me consoling letters throughout the term. It is good to know that so many of our boys come from really Christian homes. I try to persuade every boy to make his Easter Duties before leave, but if they have not done so, I urge parents to encourage by going with them.

I wish all my readers a happy Easter.

FREDERICK HEMUS,
R.C. Chaplain, R.N.



Maltese boys in the snow.



A Suffolk Windmill.

The Makers

In Vino Veritas

"Do you hear there, do you hear there? The Captain will address the Ship's Company in one minute. All hands stand by."

With just a few more crackling noises the loud speaker became silent for a while; then some more scraping and blowing until the Captain spoke.

"This," he said, "is the Captain speaking. It has been brought to my notice that one of the bells used by the Quartermaster to mark the time is missing. This is a very serious matter and I propose to take every step possible to find the missing bell. I need not remind you just how serious the position is. If the bell is not found soon, eight bells cannot be struck and I shall be unable to stop time standing still. All Leading Hands and below are to muster outside the First Lieutenant's Cabin to be organised into search parties. That is all."

"Just our luck," said Nobby. "Why the heck couldn't it have been missing just before Reveille, and then we wouldn't have had to get up. I wonder what he means by time standing still. What's wrong with us using our watches to tell the time?"

"No," said the killick of the Mess. "In the Navy the time is regulated by bells being struck every half hour. Now get going and fall in outside No. 1's cabin."

We fell in and were soon detailed off to search for the blessed bell. Nobby and I were sent on the Quarterdeck. As we came up we could see the Captain pacing up and down on the bridge. Honestly, he had not looked so worried since the day the C-in-C. signalled him to point out that the White Ensign was upside down.

Search we did, but the bell was not found. The Chief Bosun's Mate even sent a chap up the mast to see if the bell could be seen from up there.

And time did stand still. There were no meals, no rum, no shore leave. Just search and search. The duty watch was still on duty, and people under punishment were told to resign themselves to staying there for ever. The Chief G.I., with only two weeks to do before going outside, was possibly the most upset about it all.

Just before dark the Captain spoke again.

"I have asked Dockyard if they can lend a bell, but they regret they have none available. The C-in-C. has been informed, and a Board of Enquiry has been ordered to be convened to-morrow. Until then I cannot order the daily routine to be continued. All hands are to turn to and remain at their posts until after the Board of Enquiry."

What a night that was! No food, no rest. The search went on, but the bell was not found.

The Board of Enquiry was convened and did enquire. Eventually its finding was that the bell was indeed missing, but they could not account for its whereabouts.

The C-in-C. ordered the Flag Ship to lend us their eighth bell when they had finished with it. From then onwards, every four hours, the Admiral's barge would bring us the bell. The Captain would be on deck to sign a chit for its receipt, would order it to be struck, and then return it to the Flag Ship. The trouble was

that eight bells were never struck on time owing to the bell's journey taking the best part of twenty minutes.

We never did find the bell. Some people think it was chucked overboard; some even suspect the Chief G.I., saying that the Pay Increase recently announced will not come into force until after he has left the Navy.

A new bell was drawn from Dockyard and life on board continued according to routine.

But we all had to pay for the new bell, and these days a bell is worth more than its weight in gold. That is why I am sure you gentlemen will understand why I am unable to buy a round now that my turn has come. Thanks for the drinks, anyhow. Good night!

PIED DE VIGNE.

As a sequel to "What is a Boy?" and "What is a Girl?" we now ask, "What are Matelots?"

Matelots

Matelots are big and hairy, but not always. Their clothes are blue, their eyes are blue, their conversation is blue, and the ladies on their chests are very blue indeed.

Matelots draw. They draw their tots, a weekly pittance, short commons and the Long Bar. And if provoked, will draw you off one.

They are allergic to Drafts.

Matelots drip. They drip about the food because it's shocking; about their pay because it's pitiful; about the mail because it's infrequent; about their leave because it's inadequate; and most of all they drip about their ship because it's nothing but a — — — (Quite, quite, quite).

Matelots boast. They boast about the food, because it's better than the Army's; about the money they have to spend; about the leave they last had; about not wanting any mail and not writing anyway; and most of all they boast about their last ship, because it was in every way so superior to this — — — (see above).

Matelots hate. They hate foreigners, soldiers, canteen managers, all men with shore jobs, and the N.A.A.F.I.

Matelots wash. They wash paintwork, they wash decks, they wash their clothes in a bucket, and they wash it out if the Jaunty has heard it before.

Matelots are fond of all Beer, except the beer they are drinking, which is nothing but vinegar and water. They are fond of all girls, especially the one they left at home.

Matelots are curious. They are all curious on one point to which no one seems to know the answer.

They all ask, "Why did I join?"

Old Tales Retold—Local Boy Comes Home

Touching Reunion at the Manor House.

The Big House was last evening the scene of great rejoicing when the Squire laid on a sudden and unexpected banquet and entertainment. The younger son of the house, who went away some months ago, had returned during the afternoon, not, unfortunately, having "made good," but destitute and in tatters.

In an exclusive interview, His Lordship, who made no secret of the regrettable escapade of the young man, explained that his two sons had formerly both shared in the work of the estate. The elder had always been devoted to his duties and apparently contented, whereas the younger was always longing for independence, travel and city life, and appeared to be bored by the security and comparative dullness of his life at home. In the end the younger son had asked his father to give him forthwith the share of the inheritance that would fall to him, since he intended, as some would say, to "go places." With great sorrow, but without showing obvious reluctance, His Lordship handed over the younger son's fortune, and released him from further duty. The elder brother made no attempt to disguise his disgust at this desertion.

From that time, to all intents and purposes, the younger son was lost to the family, but the father still cherished the hope that his son would return.

Yesterday the wanderer was sighted at a distance, and the father, whose affection for his child had over-ruled any feelings of ingratitude, ran to welcome him. The son, who was in a sorry state, explained with shame that he had plunged into an orgy of spending and loose living. Men-about-town and spivs had helped him to squander his fortune, and he had been obliged to sell his effects to obtain food. Famine had aggravated conditions, all his recent friends had deserted him, and he had been obliged to take employment as a swineherd. His hunger was such that he had envied his charges the husks with which he fed them. At this point he "came to himself" and realised what a fool he had been. He recalled that anyone in his father's employment had food to spare. He resolved to swallow his pride, return home, beg to be forgiven for his stupidity and wickedness, and to ask to be taken on as a farm labourer.

The father would not hear of this, but forgave him on the spot, sent for a suit of clothes and a ring, and set about celebrating the recovery of his son, even to the extent of killing the fatted calf.

When the celebration was fairly under way, the elder son arrived from the estate and enquired what the noise was about. On hearing that his brother's return was being celebrated, he refused to go into the house, and his father had to come out to entreat him to join them.

The elder son complained bitterly that no such entertainment had ever been permitted for him and his friends, and that the return of a profligate who had spurned his home and disgraced the family was not a matter that he could commend.

The father, after reminding him that he remained the sole heir to all the property, begged him to consider that the recovery of a dearly-loved son, whatever the cause of his loss, provided every justification for the greatest rejoicing.

(Original despatch from St. Luke's diary, Chapter 15).

Mopping-Up Operation, 1588

The day was bright and clear, the sky cloudless and the sea calm. The year was 1588. And amidst all this peace and quiet a battle was raging.

The dismasted hulk of a great, stately Spanish galleon, one of the remnants of the Great Armada that had tried to invade England's shores, lay under a pall of smoke that was stabbed now and again by the flash of guns. Darting here and there around the galleon was a small, stately frigate, and every so often she would nip in and fire her broadsides, whilst the Spanish gunners tried desperately, but unsuccessfully, to find her range.

All was chaos aboard the galleon, whose name was the Santa-ma-Trinidad. She had been hounded by this "accursed English dog" for three days now, and she was in bad shape. Hanging down over her port side was her mainmast, and a gang of men were working feverishly to release the ship from the drag of it. The gunners, standing sweating by what remained of her guns, waited for the elusive English frigate to come into range, but they fired sparingly for powder and shot were running short. There were gaping holes in her side through which water gushed in torrents every time she recoiled from a broadside or the discharge of her own big guns.

Aboard the frigate, whose name was the Golden Hawk, there was not quite as much damage done, but she too was in a sorry state; her sails were ragged with shot holes, and her decks were littered with rigging; two powder monkeys, seizing a spare moment, were swabbing down some ugly stains from the white decks.

Powder and shot were in short supply as the three-day chase had made them use nearly all their ammunition. Even so, the gunners were still quite cheerful, and cracked jokes about what they would do to the Spaniards if ever they came to grips.

Then the frigate came about and rushed into the attack again. Swiftly she glided on towards the galleon, which, having managed to cut free her mainmast, had now swung around and had contrived to find the frigate's range. As soon as the Golden Hawk came into range, the air was filled with flying shot. Still closing, the frigate swung to starboard and exposed her own broadsides. With a thundering roar the Golden Hawk shuddered to the recoil of all her port side guns.

The moment that the broadside had been fired, the frigate hove to and the boats were run out. Hordes of cheering seamen, brandishing cutlasses and pistols, scrambled into them. As a last desperate measure to end the battle, the frigate's Captain had ordered boarding parties away.

Soon the boats were being pulled lustily towards the foe, while a terrific hail of covering gunfire whistled overhead.

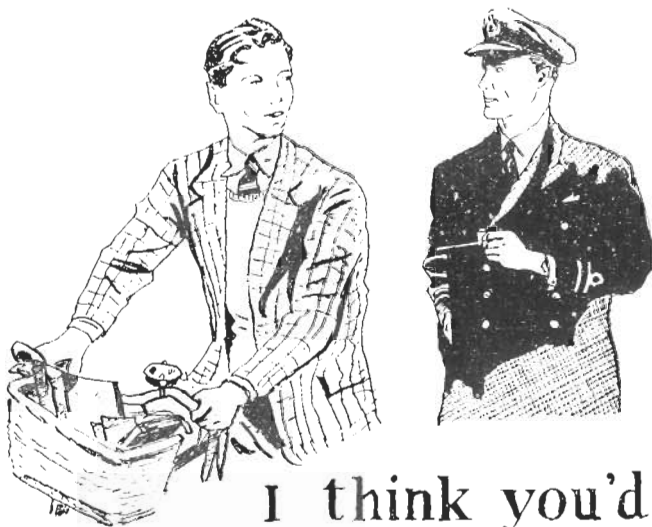
Grapnels were made ready, and as soon as they were alongside they clambered up to the deck above, despite the hail of musket fire that greeted them. The decks rang to the clash of steel upon steel, and they were soon littered with dead and wounded. But the tired, worn-out Spaniards could not cope with the fierce British seamen, and they were driven back and back until they could retreat no more and were forced to surrender. Soon the frigate came alongside and took off the prisoners and the booty that had been taken.

At last there was only a handful of men aboard. As they left the ship they cast lighted brands down hatches and amongst wreckage, and then hurriedly left her.

In a short time the Santa-ma-Trinidad was one mass of flames, and with a great hiss and clouds of steam she sank beneath the waves.

All that remained to mark the grave of a stately Spanish galleon was a few charred bits of wreckage.

BOY GEORGE.



I think you'd like
the Royal Navy....



Not an (official) recruiting poster—Ed.

"Sheepbash"

A subject close to any boy's heart seems to be food! This, no doubt, applies to boys the world over, the type of food varying according to race, custom, and creed, not forgetting, of course, the economic situation of the time. In Ganges it would appear that the amount and type of food consumed "out of working hours," as it were, is governed by two of the above factors-- custom and economics. Custom dictates that boys should at every possible opportunity consume large quantities of "nutty," sticky buns and pop, the amounts consumed being limited by the amount of pocket money drawn each Wednesday at the Pay Table.

In France, I am told, boys delight in eating snails between meals; their parents are often heard to say, "Now Pierre, only one more snail, or you won't be able to eat the succulent frog I have got for your dinner!" Moving further East, however, food habits seem to become more conventional, until we arrive at an Arab state on the shores of the Red Sea. Here the people eat sheep in one form or another, as we ourselves do, but they have one method which is most uncommon in these isles.

If one is visiting this very friendly country, one may be fortunate enough to be invited to dine with the local dignitaries of the town. It is generally under these circumstances that the Arabs will produce a real native dish, which, although composed of common ingredients, is laid out so differently, and is eaten with such great ceremony, as to be worthy of note. I don't suppose any of you have heard the term "Sheepbash." For that matter, I don't suppose that any Arab has heard of it either, but, for want of a better, that is the name we gave to the particular feast we "sat down to"; we never did discover the proper name, if indeed there is a proper name.

Having driven in the most rickety 15-cwt. truck we had ever seen over some of the world's worst roads, we arrived on the outskirts of an indescribably dirty village, composed in the main of corrugated iron lean-to sheds, in which whole families managed to exist. The place had obviously never heard of main drainage. As we arrived at a gate set in an 8-ft. high wall, it opened, and out came a diminutive Arab boy dressed in a flowing robe of spotless white, and on his head a tarboosh. He assisted us from the truck and led us into a beautifully cultivated garden, which lay at the back of a large stone-built house. We were met in the doorway of the building by the Town Clerk and several other officials, and taken into a large room furnished solely with an enormous round polished mahogany table, and endless pictures of the British Royal Family on the walls. These had obviously stood the test of time and had not been hung especially for our benefit.

We stood around talking until the arrival of the Mayor, resplendent in chain of office and the inevitable white robes and tarboosh. After the formalities of introduction had been completed, we were shepherded out once again into the courtyard, where stood an iron stand, on top of which was an ordinary enamel wash bowl. A second Arab boy was in attendance with a large china toilet jug, on the sides of which were painted large pink roses. The drill was explained to us. We had to hold our hands over the bowl, while the boy poured warm delicately perfumed rose water over them, handing us at the same time a bar of the familiar Lux toilet soap. This was followed by the presentation of a warmed hand towel, which was thrown after use into a wicker basket.

Our ablutions over, we filed back into the large room and were allocated positions round the table. Shortly afterwards the doors opened, and in came no less than four servants carrying between them a gigantic silver platter. It was oval in shape, some four feet long and two feet six inches broad, and was piled high with what was to be our meal. It consisted of a mountain of rice, which had been

cooked in goat's milk and flavoured with various spices; the liquid had been drawn from the rice so that although it was moist, it was not oozing milk. Around the lower edges of this mountain were slices of tomato, orange, apple and pear. Mixed in with the rice were chunks of meat. We were afterwards told that here was a whole sheep, which had been roasted on a spit; when the roasting was complete, the chef, quite literally, had with his bare hands torn away these hunks of meat, mixing some with the rice, then placing the remainder carefully on the slopes of the mountain. Surmounting the whole, perched right on the pinnacle, was the sheep's head, quite whole, and complete with ears, eyes, teeth, and lolling tongue, looking most ferocious and, to me at all events, most unappetising.

So far so good. But how do we eat this thing? Where are our plates, our knives and forks? Our hosts probably noticed our puzzled expressions, for they explained that in order to reach the top of the pile we would be forced to stand, anyway, and therefore no chairs were provided. The Mayor remarked that he would find it much easier to demonstrate rather than describe the lack of "eating irons." Whereupon, with his left hand he grasped a piece of meat, and with dexterous fingerwork broke off a smaller piece. Retaining this in his hand, he then picked up a small quantity of rice, which he proceeded to mould with the meat into a small ball, tossing it the while to ensure stability. When the ball was formed to his satisfaction, he balanced it on the first knuckles of his first and middle fingers, with his thumb underneath. The hand was then carried to a position level with and about two inches removed from his mouth, when, with a sharp flick of the thumb the ball was neatly despatched into his mouth! The whole operation, we had to admit, looked quite simple, our only worry being the possible damage to the fronts of our clean white uniforms.

However, it was a case of do or starve. Reach for a piece of meat, tear off a smaller piece. Yes . . . easy, the meat must be very tender, it just falls apart. Now for some rice. Rather sticky to the touch, roll it with the meat . . . not so easy, the grains of rice are sticking to the hand. Press a little harder—no . . . that obviously is not the answer . . . the rice did not squeeze through the Mayor's fingers! Try again, but don't press so hard. A light touch is more successful, and now the ball looks quite respectable. Toss it gingerly—hmm, still quite stable—toss it again with a little more confidence this time. Oh, calamity! The whole thing has disintegrated and fallen back in an ugly mess onto the pile of rice! One looks sheepish—more sheepish than the sheep itself, but there is no cause for alarm the hosts are treating the whole thing as a great joke.

One of our number has made a most successful ball and has it perched precariously on his fingers. A sharp flick with his thumb, and the whole thing falls apart, some hitting his nose, some falling down the front of his jacket, and the remainder dropping onto the platter.

Amid roars of laughter we all try again, and after a short while the whole operation becomes so easy that we all swear never to use knife or fork again.

With surprising rapidity the mountain of rice and sheep becomes a mere molehill, until only the sheep's head is left. Now is the time to sort out the greatest delicacy of the evening—the sheep's brain. The honour falls to the senior guest, and he is told to insert his hand into the back of the sheep's head, feel around until he has the brain securely held, and then gently withdraw his hand. This done successfully, with an accompanying look of triumph on his face, he offers to share the brain with the Mayor, a gesture that brings forth cries of "Bravo!" from the hosts.

A most excellent meal has drawn all too quickly to a close, and we once more file out into the courtyard to be greeted with the garish jug and rose water. This feast has to be experienced to be believed, and I don't think any of us had felt more

satisfied inside in our lives; aching feet were our only discomfort, the meal having lasted for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. However, Ganges boys who are fed up with the interminable “nutty” are advised to save their pocket money for several weeks, then, when they are feeling the pangs of hunger, to approach a local farmer with a view to buying one roasting sheep

Mau Mau

A light wind stirs in the darkness.
Tall grass sways and the night whispers,
Then is
still.

Running figures cross the compound,
Black and moon-sleek, young and strong,
Bent on
murder.

Easy breathing haunts the bedroom,
The sheets caress a woman's arm.
Hated! Alien!
White!

Black feet pad the verandah,
A second's warning; the door is wide,
And waking horror
screams.

Slash her white arm, gash her white throat
Make the husband watch her die.
Helpless, weak and
White !

All my life lives one more moment . . .
Easy knives slide through my flesh.
Blunt on
bone.

Spring away and vault the fencing,
Young men loping down the track,
Virile in their
murder.

Wife's head lolls. I cannot reach her.
Wood smells warm when soaked in blood.
The last
thing.

Tally Ho!!

"Qui va à la chasse perd sa place."

(*Old French Proverb*).

I was spending my summer leave in France where an uncle of mine lives. It was in a delightful little village not far from Bordeaux and I was having a really good time. The food was good and the wine made on the farm excellent. I had spent several leaves there before and my French was good enough to get me by.

It must have been a week after I arrived that it happened. We had just finished eating supper and, while the women folk were clearing up the dishes, my uncle and I sat at the table smoking and finishing that very special bottle of wine.

From the kitchen my aunt spoke. "La Tarue has been seen again." My French not being what it might have been, I failed to understand what or whom "La Tarue" was. So I asked my uncle.

"La Tarue," he said, "is a kind of a wild boar that the Germans tried to introduce in these parts during the occupation. It is very much like a boar, but it is all white and it used to be tame. The Germans used to call it something like Tarroo, and it would come quite close. Since the war has ended it has lived in the woods, but no-one has been able to get close enough to it. It comes out very seldom. We have hunted it, but so far without result. It is believed that it might still answer to its name but nobody, so far, has been able to catch it. We don't want to kill it because it might be possible to cross breed it with one of our pigs."

Well, it must have been that wine that had gone to my head. Anyway, I had an idea and told my uncle about it.

"I wonder if I can coax it out. English does sound a bit like German," I said, "and perhaps I can call to it. I would like to try, anyhow."

It was agreed that I should try, and that very same night. We called for André and his two sons who lived at the next farm, and, armed with a few bottles of wine to keep us awake, and a few yards of rope to tie the Tarue up, we went a-hunting.

We reached the edge of the wood where the Tarue was supposed to be and went in as silently as possible. My uncle explained that there was a clearing a few hundred yards ahead, and we were to spread out, lie in the shadows and wait. I was to call out every so often, "Tarroo, tarroo," but on no account was I or anyone else to move or make any noise that might frighten the animal. So we spread out. I lay beside a tree and waited a few minutes to make sure there was no movement to be heard. It was then that I realised I had been left only the rope, and, to my dismay, I remembered I could not call out for a bottle of wine for fear of frightening the Tarue away.

There were no sounds in that wood, except the usual night sounds, an owl in the distance and a cricket somewhere quite close.

I called out, not too loudly, but in that setting you would have thought there were loudspeakers on every tree.

"Tarroo, tarroo," I said, but nothing ever came into the clearing. I kept thinking about the bottles, which no doubt were being drunk at that very moment. Every so often I would call out again. I guessed that English was not as close to German as I had thought.

I must have been there for hours. Eventually I got hoarse and very, very thirsty. I could hardly speak, so I decided to join my uncle and his friends and see if there was any wine left.

My legs were very stiff and the night air was rather chilly when I got up to search for my uncle. I called out to him, but I got no reply. I started shouting, but only the owl answered me. I was getting cold and tired and still very thirsty, so I decided to return to the farm.

When I got near I saw the light on in the kitchen and went in to find my uncle and his friends sitting at the table with quite a few bottles—all empty—on the table, and smoke floating thickly in the room.

"Where is the Tarue?" they said. "What's the matter? Do you think possibly it has changed its name?"

It was then I found out there never was such an animal as "La Tarue," except, perhaps, in their imagination. They had invented it for my benefit. When we had parted in the wood they had sat together drinking wine and listening to my whistles, making sure I would not hear them laughing. When the wine had been finished they had crept out and gone back to the farm to wait for me. My aunt was getting worried about me and had asked them to go looking for me, but they knew that I would return, eventually.

Before I dragged myself to bed I managed to gather enough strength to drink toast to the best Tarue hunter who ever came from England.

PIED DE VIGNE.

Elegiac

Entering his sixth-third year,
The Divisional Officer of Collingwood,
(Who had turned lean and slipped in the Boys' Training Service
And habitually wore pantaloons)
Was heard to remark,
"Sic transit gloria vivendi . . ."

Crashing his sixty-third gear,
The Divisional Officer of Collingwood,
(Who once offered his indubitably vintage car in exchange
For a return tram ticket to Wapping)
Was heard to remark,
"Sic transit gloria movendi . . ."

Drinking his — — beer,
The Divisional Officer of Collingwood,
(Who had been in his youth a connoisseur of the grape
And a devotee of liqueurs)
Was heard to remark,
"Sic transit gloria bibendi . . ."

Shedding his sixty-third tear,
The Divisional Officer of Collingwood,
(Who was something of a poet along the strand
And continually casting pearls)
Was heard to remark,
"Sic transit gloria scribendi . . ."

C.A.B.

"Call it a Dream . . . But—"

I was strolling along by the river looking for a comfortable place to sit. I found my ideal spot, underneath the shade of a willow tree. Sitting there was like sitting in paradise, with the hot sun, an occasional cool breeze, and the cool, flowing river. All at once it began to rain, so I ran towards a clump of trees for shelter. As I ran I stumbled headlong into a muddy pool, and lay there dazed for several seconds.

I stood up and shook my head. I was astonished, for everything around me had changed. Where once stood a path, trees and a calm river, was now a shattered mass of ruins and smouldering buildings. Here and there lay scorched corpses, many propped up against a wall with a lance or bayonet. I felt sick and turned away.

I began to climb over the ruins in search of a living person. I had not gone far when I heard a faint cry for help. It kept repeating, so I made my way towards the direction of the cry.

It was a British "Tommy," trapped under a pile of debris. I managed to get him free and found that his arm and head were badly cut. I took out my handkerchief and ripped it in half and wrapped it around his wounds. He was thirsty, so I went to find some water. I returned with some in an old jug. He drank it greedily and thanked me heartily.

He then began slowly to tell me of his comrades' fate. It was a brief story. A squadron of well-armed men had suddenly, with no warning, attacked the town and slaughtered nearly everybody. He did not know the fate of the few who escaped.

He got up and said good-bye and went on his way. I began to climb over the debris, wondering what was to be my fate.

. . . . I saw them, but it was too late. They had seen me. They advanced yelling, screaming, their yellow faces grinning in a maniacal way, and their bayonets gleaming.

I turned and ran. Others were coming. I turned left—more of them—right—more—left, right, more, more! Suddenly, I was tripped from behind and scrambled to my feet to find a filthy blood-stained bayonet pointing at my throat. At the other end was a yellow, gleaming-faced Jap. Other Japanese soldiers were standing around, smoking and talking.

The Jap with the bayonet twisted my arm behind my back and guided me towards a hut. Inside was a Japanese officer who ordered me to sit down. I did not accept and this made him angry.

He spoke pidgin English. From what little I understood he thought I was a British Officer and had some information that might help the Japanese Army. Naturally I knew nothing, but he thought I was being stubborn and ordered me to be taken outside.

I was forced to kneel down in front of the officer, who again asked me if I had the information. I said that I had not. Then a razor sharp scimitar was brought forward and lowered above my neck.

It was too late now. The deadly weapon was on its way. A moment of agony. I knew no more.

* * * *

I awoke and found myself back before the river. My temple was bruised and bleeding slightly. I made my way to the main road, hailed a car, and asked the driver to take me to the hospital.

I seemed to recognise the driver's voice, but could not place it. Then he said, "We met before, remember? I always say one good turn deserves another"—and he handed me my blood-stained handkerchief.

Boy LONG.

A "Just So" Story for Ganges

OR

"How the Badge Boy Got His White Gaiters"

Long ago in the history of this Establishment, so long in fact that the Ganges Mast was then but a young beanstalk, there lived a Leading Boy by the name of Cornblower. Now in those days, Badge Boys wore plain gaiters, and were only distinguished from ordinary boys by their kindly dispositions, sweet voices and a love of hard work and extra week-end leave. Our friend Cornblower was himself a typical Badge Boy, the pride of his Divisional and Instructor Officers, and always the first to fetch a broom and give a hand to clear up after his messmates.

The tragic climax of our hero's life came one summer shortly before the occasion of an Admiral's inspection. The week preceding this visit was marked by violent activity. Boys were everywhere seen in happy little cleaning parties, while the Long Covered Way flowed with so much soap and water that night rounds were carried out by boat.

In the midst of this universal ablution, Cornblower and his Mess were to be seen in sportive mood, and as was their custom for "Scrub Out," were pleasantly absorbed in a game of hide and seek with the P.O. Cornered at last near the Information Room, all were ordered to "Stand fast and keep silence!" by an angered Instructor, while he went to negotiate punishment for each and every boy.

Had the P.O. ever returned, what follows might well have been very different, but as he was crossing the Quarterdeck he met an untimely death (some say he was struck by a small blue "Austin Sports" still to be seen in its old age today; we shall never really know).

Meanwhile, our erstwhile friends, ignorant of their Instructor's fate, were left statuesque—"stood fast and silent"—and so remained. As night drew on and cold winds blew up from the depths of Benbow Lane, discipline faltered, and one by one the boys slunk uneasily off to bed. All, that is, save one—Leading Boy Cornblower, who, loyal to the bitter end, and faithful to the glorious traditions of the Badge Boys' Canteen, died undismissed at the post where he stood.

Sweet death was not the last of his indignity, for early next morning, a white-washing party, bent on adding their touches to the Divisional Area, ran across the body, and failing to perceive signs of movement or a returned salute, proceeded to whitewash the object according to instruction. Starting at its feet they had reached the top of Cornblower's gaiters with their brushes before they realised their mistake; aghast, they dropped their whitewash and reported the matter at once to the second D.O.

. . . . A week later, after a full enquiry, the corpse was removed, the gallantry of Leading Boy Cornblower was officially recognised, and he was buried with full Naval honours in the Badge Boys' Rec. Space.

And that, you see, is why every Badge Boy today is wearing white gaiters—as a visible tribute to the devotion to duty of the illustrious and immortal Cornblower.

E.T.

Our God and the sailor we adore,
In time of danger, not before.
Danger past, both are requited;
God is forgotten, the sailor slighted.

Wardroom Notes

Our Christmas Dance on December 11th proved to be a great success. The D.O.s transformed the Mess into a Night Club and the Ante Room into a Man 'o War, while "Buck" Taylor's Hot Dog Stall, in the Guest Room, was very popular. The T.V. Room was the "Love Room," the love for a most attractive bar there being very apparent.

The first Guest Night of the term was spent in entertaining Lieut.-Colonel T. J. Heyden, M.B.E., R.E. and Officers of the Embarkation Unit at Harwich. On March 16th we had the honour to have at Dinner Captain J. A. W. Tothill, D.S.C., R.N., Commanding Officers and Officers of the Fourth Minesweeping Squadron.



The Sproughton Foot Beagles.

It was an evening for which we had waited quite a while. The evening was made unique because one of the after-dinner speakers was Lieutenant Commander N. R. Turner, who was a Ganges boy in 1937 in I09 Class, Drake Division, and is now Commanding Officer, H.M.S. Cheerful. We look forward to seeing more of Captain Tothill and his officers.

An unusual but very welcome event came on Saturday, 20th March. We provided a stirrup cup for the Sproughton Foot Beagles, who met at the Wardroom.

The Wardroom will be "At Home" on the evening of April 9th, so that we may entertain many of our friends.

The Chief Petty Officers' Mess

We have endured a certain amount of inconvenience this term owing to the Mess being renovated by the Works Dept. This job has been in progress since January 5th, and there are no signs of the job being completed, but what has been done does look delightfully clean and bright, especially after the drab look that the interior wore before.

We had a most enjoyable evening on March 11th when we entertained John Browns, of Ipswich, at indoor games, but I am sorry to mention that we lost the gallon on the final game of darts. Any mugs who would like to challenge the Mess next term, please apply early.

The term Dance was held on Thursday, 20th March, and was considered an outstanding success. We had the pleasure of having the Captain and Countess Cairns with us for the first time since their arrival.

The Mess will miss C.P.O. Tel. Wearmouth, the late secretary, especially his voice calling, "All to pay!" at the end of the month.

Another body who is mourned by all should be the late Chief Buffer, who always worked in the background, and was always most elusive when payment was due.

I would like to mention at this stage that this will be my last term in office, so stand by some unfortunate member to take the weight.

Drafting has caused many changes and we are pleased to welcome all new members, and wish luck and God Speed to all who have left the fold, whether to ships or civilian life.

I hope everyone is looking forward to next term when we shall, I hope, be wielding the willow against many of our old opponents on the field, hoping that we can always field a team, and even taking a thrashing when we are not so lucky as to win.

May I wish each and everyone a good leave. Return feeling so much better for a well-earned rest, and ready to stamp the playing fields for Q.B.R.

G. HOLMES, C.P.O.,
President.

Petty Officers' Mess Notes

We had hardly returned from leave when the flow of new faces commenced, and we had to bid farewell to some of the old ones. Amongst the latter we reluctantly saw our old stalwarts the Fleet Reserve men leave us. We take this opportunity of wishing them the very best of luck and success back in "Civvy Street."

The Committee, too, had its usual change round, and now reads: —President, P.O. Hancy; Vice-President, P.O. Polling; Secretary, Yeo. Ryrice; Caterer P.O. Ck. Timms; Sports Secretary, P.O. Pugh.

At sports the Mess teams have done quite well, and the Soccer team (at the time of writing) is top of the Establishment League. Joiner Giles, who has recently left us for H.M.S. Centaur, played well and received his Nore Command Colours. Several of our members have found places in the other Establishment teams, and we were pleased to learn that Joiner Giles' relief, Joiner Lewindon, is a Nore Command Hockey player. The photograph of the Soccer team shows the team that by beating the Royal Marines 2-1, put us at the top of the league.

Yeo. Ryrice, the Secretary, has been walking round smiling and with his thumbs up, which are pretty sure signs that there is "lolly" in the "kitty." Even though we realise that Nelson Hall is of vacant possession, we still intend to continue living in the Mess, and to have a dance too. So the dance committee (at the time of going to press) are getting things under way.

Gold Buttons on sleeves have not been the fashion rage for us this Spring. But we admire P.O. Tel. Collier and P.O. Wilkinson in theirs, and also congratulate them.

DRAFTING - SPRING TERM.

IN.

P.O.S.M. McInverny, P.O.S.M. Hayes, P.O. Tel. Dowling, P.O. Brooke, P.O. Bloom, Yeo. Tant, P.O. Applegate, P.O. Wilkinson, P.O. Mitchell, P.O. Ck. Harlow, P.O. Tel. McKenzie, P.O. Tel. Wallace, P.O. Bates, P.O. Blyth, P.O. Ward, P.O. Pink, St. P.O. Couldron, P.O. Dowdell, Jnr. Lewindon, Jnr. Binks, P.O. Ck. Craft, St. P.O. Lawton, St. P.O. Crawley, P.O. Tel. Shackell, P.O. Tel. Walklett, P.O. Tansley, P.O. Tel. Hollingsworth.

OUT.

St. P.O. Mockett, Yeo. Groom, P.O. Broadway, P.O. Ck. Henderson, P.O. Ck. Snow, P.O. Ck. Wright, P.O. Dennis, P.O. Tredger, P.O.S.M. Turley, St. P.O. Josephs, P.O. Mouzer, P.O. Hickling, Jnr. Brannan, Jnr. Giles, P.O. Ck. Atkinson, P.O. Martyr, P.O. Burrows, P.O. Hutchinson, P.O. James, P.O. Tel. Gray. *To C.P.O.s Mess:* P.O. Tel. Collier, P.O. Wilkinson.



P.O.'s Soccer XI.

Ship's Company Notes

Since Christmas Leave we have seen a large proportion of the Ship's Company changed. The majority of those discharged have now left the service to take up civilian jobs. The last to leave was C.P.O. Saunders, who will shortly be starting work in Ganges as a civilian. We wish all those who have left Ganges good luck wherever they may be.

We welcome to our midst C.P.O. Banner, who has taken over the duties of Chief Bosn's Mate, and nine other ratings who have joined recently. February saw one rare specimen of a three badgemen join, A.B. Wiseman, who had just returned from Cape Town to rejoin his chum, Able Seaman Griffin.

Congratulations to:—

A P.O. Applegate, who has been rated this term.

A Ldg. Sea Handley and Raymond, rated Ldg. Sea. this term.

Ldg. Sea. Allen, who will shortly be rated Petty Officer.

Able Seaman Harris on passing his preliminary examination for Leading Seaman. We wish him good luck with his final exams. Perhaps next term we shall see more Able Seamen forwarding their request to pass for higher rating.

I understand that P.O. Blizzard can now boast of being the oldest inhabitant in the Ship's Company Seamen Division.

PIG CORNER.

On Monday, the 15th March, the foundation stones were laid for Ganges Piggeries by Messrs. Cubitt and Gott. Now the scheme is under way, we hope to see the first pig in Ganges early in May. Watch your pig swill from now on.

It is hoped to keep 60 Large White pigs, and to expand to 250 pigs in progressive stages.

The old chicken runs have departed from the site, and we intend to grow a few potatoes on the freshly ploughed site adjacent to the piggeries.

Whether a pig should have a launching ceremony complete with bottle of champagne, I am sure I don't know.

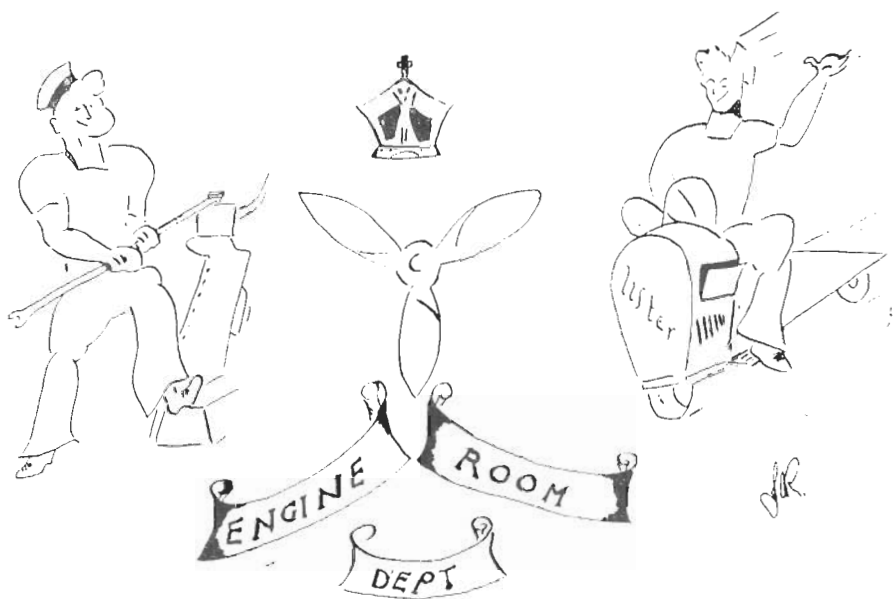
More next term about a new personality who has yet to join--the PIG MAX.

Good luck, Happy Easter, and more bacon for Christmas.

AS I SEE IT.

“THE PAY INCREASE!”





This department has not featured in the Shotley Magazine before, but it is hoped to provide a regular contribution, in the form of notes, in future.

It may seem odd to have E.R.A.s and S.M.s for a "Stone Frigate," but there's plenty of steam to be looked after, and after all, we have in Ganges more boilers than any H.M. ship at present afloat!

Active service chaps come and go with astonishing rapidity, but the hard core of the Department, the civilians, who outnumber us by three to one, go on steadily with very little change. These are the fellows who, among other things, keep up steam night and day, and who keep all the fires burning.

Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Phillips, of the workshop, features as Shotley Personality.

Congratulations to C.E.R.A. Bentley on qualifying for the L.S. & G.C. medal, and to S.M. Lee on his recent marriage.

Sick Quarters Notes

There have been a few changes this term, mainly in the Senior Mess.

S.B.P.O. Mills left here to become Mr. Mills and then to emigrate to Canada. We had a grand farewell in the Bristol Arms and I'm sure he leaves England with all our best wishes for his future career.

Also on the departures list is S.B.P.O. Trivess, complete with B.R.M. type Austin 7 (Old Faithful of previous magazine fame).

We welcome in their places S.B.P.O. (Major) Carroll of the Harwich branch and S.B.P.O. Grundy. Let's hope their stay at Shotley will be a pleasant one. We also extend a cordial welcome to S.B.P.O. (Captain) Whiteside, of the Ipswich branch, who has taken over duties as general factotum of the sick quarters.

I'm pleased to note that the recent spell of bad weather has dampened the spirits of our golfing addict, although he still practices his strokes in the dormitory every morning. Any member of the staff you see minus his head, will be an unfortunate victim of this madman's club swinging. He told me the other day that his motto is "PURDIS ET ARDU QUO BONUM WESTMINSTER," which roughly translated means, "Long live match play—Bobby Locke for Prime Minister."

Matron Chapman left us this term and into the breach stepped Matron Bailey. Let's hope Miss Bailey has a longer stay in R.N.S.Q. than has been usual for her predecessors.

Very soon we are to lose Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Mead. The best of luck to both of them in their new posts.

That's about all for this term. Nothing very exciting ever happens down here. Have a very pleasant Easter leave and don't forget, not too many Rolls Bentleys in the Establishment after leave. The pay rise is very nice but the Income Tax gentleman does all right too. Seems that character in "Ray's a Laugh" is doing very nicely—Jack.

M.I.J.

MEMO.

ADMIRALTY,
WHITEHALL,
LONDON.

It has been brought to our notice that men are dying without the consent of their superior officers. This practice will cease forthwith. It must be fully understood that the shortage of manpower is still acute, and any man who dies, without first obtaining permission, commits a serious offence. I have been instructed to bring to the notice of all ranks and ratings the provisions of A.F.O. 1234 43 (a).

DYING. (The drill for). The following drill will be complied with by all ranks and ratings of H.M. Ships.

1. No man below the rating of Leading Seaman will give the order—"DIE."
2. The man ordered to die will be, in all cases, called the victim, and under no circumstances will a man be allowed to die in Service time.
3. The following drill movements will be adhered to:-

On command—"Victim will die by numbers. VICTIM, ONE!" The man will stagger forward to the full pace of thirty inches, followed by a short sharp pace of twenty-eight and seven-eighths inches, at the same time allowing the eyes to glaze.

On the command, "VICTIM, TWO!" he will sink slowly (but smartly) to his knees, counting the correct pause of two three and then fall forward on his face, arms outstretched, thumbs in line with the ears.

On the command, "VICTIM, THREE!" he will lower his legs, heels resting on the ground, toes at an angle of thirty degrees to the shoulder blades.

In his own time the victim will be allowed to draw his last breath on an S 1096.

The death rattle will not be used except on ceremonial parades or unless especially ordered by an officer not below the rank of Captain.

SUPPLY and RECREATION DIVISION.

I felt some relief when the Editor said that all articles must be shorter this term. I said hopefully that since Leading Steward G. Freeman's heading above puts the whole thing in a nutshell, if you look at it closely enough, perhaps I had better not write anything at all. Unfortunately this did not work, although it has given me ideas for next term.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

There have been no fewer than ninety-six arrivals and departures this term, which must be a record. I am afraid this restricts me to mentioning just a few of the more senior ones. Senior Commissioned Catering Officer Bowie has gone to the new Aircraft Carrier Albion, being relieved by Mr. West from H.M.S. Perseus. Lieutenant (S) Wallis has joined in place of Mr. Hellett, who has gone to R.N.A.S. Ford; and Mr. Fitchett has been relieved by Senior Commissioned Cookery Officer Kettel. We have lost C.P.O. Writer Crowe, who will be much missed in the Pay Office, P.O. Steward Roberts from the Captain's house, and Leading Steward K. Freeman, who did so much work for this Magazine (see end piece). We have had practically a clean sweep in the C.M.G. with the arrival of Petty Officer Cooks(S) Craft, Davidson, Harlon and Holmes. We wish all the newcomers a very happy commission here.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

My attempts to find material for this section always end in people throwing up their hands and saying, "Well- we've been getting on with the job- what else can you say?"

The Pay Office has paid out 51,000 half-crowns with its usual efficiency even in the face of the extreme provocation of a tear gas attack at pay time.

The Captain's Office has a new look--with spanking new typing desks and a new system of lighting that makes the Registry look like the inside of a space ship.

(The trend there certainly seems to be towards Venus!) Astronomical figures have also been reached by the Clothing Store and Implement Store—£30,000 worth of clothing issued, 10,000 loan blankets on charge, 18,000 pillow covers changed during the term. I hesitate to compute the number of baked beans issued by the Victualling Office or niggers inserted in the snow by the Cooks.

The Naval Store lost its oldest inhabitant, Stores Petty Officer(S) Josephs. Otherwise they remained unruffled under the increasing pressure for more of everything for everybody.



I'll give you "New Brooms"

The Wardroom Staff have had a breather, as this term has been a little quieter from the social point of view.

ADVANCEMENT.

Congratulations to:—

L.S.A.(V) Coldron on being rated S.P.O.(V).

Writer Pope on being rated Leading Writer.

Cooks(S) Whiffen and Chapman on being rated L.dg. Cook(S).

Congratulations also to the following for passing their examinations for advancement:--

Act. Local P.O. Stewd. Cooper
Ldg. Writer Cammish
Ldg. Cook(S) Marsh
Writer Lee
Writer Sewter

Cook(S) Howard
Cook(S) Boak
Stewd. Stevenson
Stewd. R. S. Hill
Stewd. Mitchell.

SPORT.

At the time of going to press the Supply and Secretariat soccer team has not lost a game, and although we have the three most difficult matches still to play, I am



Pay Office and Captain's Office Staff.

hoping to put in a Stop Press that we have won the Inter-part League. Ldg. Writer Pope and S.A.(V) Adams have been regular players for the Establishment, and we have an acquisition in Steward Martin.

The Cooks(S) team has not been so fortunate. They have had difficulty in fielding their best team regularly and lost such stalwarts as Ball and Boak at crucial moments.

The bad weather in February delayed both the Inter-part Soccer and Hockey Knockout Competitions and we have played only one game in the latter. Writer Sewter has now become the regular goalkeeper for the Establishment hockey team.

We did not expect to do much in the Water-polo line this term, but we have played regularly once a week and have the makings of a team for the Summer term if we can keep the nucleus of P.O. Wtr. Yoxen, Ldg. Wtr. Dyer, Stewd. Metcalfe and Wtr. Sewter in goal.

The Department entered three teams for the .22 Tile Competition. One team consisting of C.P.O. Wtr. Crowe, S.P.O.(V) Lawton, L.S.A.(V) Green and myself reached the final, but was then beaten by Wardroom "B" team by a few seconds.

Badminton has been in full swing throughout the term and S.C.P.O.(V) Crowe remains the unbeaten champion.

We are looking forward to next term's sport and particularly to the Inter-part Cricket, in which we hope to make the Wardroom look to their laurels.

J.H.D.



Royal Marine Notes

This term has not altogether been uneventful for us, and in consequence the time has passed rather quickly.

Christmas leave behind us, we returned to find the Barracks in a state of chaos with electricians swarming the place, re-wiring the whole of the Barracks. Quite a lot of inconvenience was experienced, as we had to continue to live there whilst the work was in progress, relying on very meagre auxiliary lighting arrangements to cke out the long winter evenings.

Our friends the electricians had hardly finished their task when an army of painters descended upon us to complete the "new look" of the Barracks. They all worked extremely hard and completed the task to time despite a couple of "repaints" caused by the damp weather.

On the 8th March the Detachment and Band were to be inspected by Lieutenant Colonel T. P. Honnor, R.M. This news, coming as it did whilst the Barracks were in a state of general upheaval, caused many a head to be scratched.

The inspection was to cover every aspect of our duties here at Ganges and of our general efficiency as Royals, so we busied ourselves with considerable preparation. Watchkeeping duties continued as normal, and in his standoff, "Royal" could be seen playing soldiers, pounding the parade or busying himself with one or more of the other tasks to be attended to. At the eleventh hour the date of the inspection was retarded for about a fortnight, much to our relief. In consequence we were, on the day in question, completely prepared for any and everything the inspecting Officers cared to shoot at us.

At 0930 on D-Day, or should it be I-Day, the whole Detachment and Band paraded to await the arrival of the Colonel. We had not long to wait, for he arrived on time to the second, accompanied by his two assistants, Captain Gregory and Lieutenant Talling, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M. For the next forty-five minutes both the Detachment and Band were subjected to a microscopic inspection. On



Royal Marines Soccer XI.

Mne. Matthewson, Mus. G. Smith, Mnes. Seddon, Clayton, Cane, Cpl. Lavery,
Mus. Squirrel, Sgt. Loewellyn, Mne. Armstrong, Mus. Prince, Mne. Hunt.

completion we marched past and Colonel Honnor took the salute. The remainder of the forenoon was spent on the parade with both Detachment and Band proving their worth in this field. All N.C.O.s and Candidates for promotion took their turn in showing their prowess at drilling a unit.

Dinner came as a welcome respite before the afternoon's scrutiny of the Barracks, kits and equipment, and the inspection of the Royal Marines Office administrative arrangements. During this time the Band proved their worth in providing in turn Military, Orchestral and Dance Band combinations, performing with great credit. On the whole we emerged quite successfully from all aspects of the inspection, but it was with a sigh of relief that we saw the departure of the inspecting officers.

The inspection over, some may have thought we could relax, but alas, with Exercise "Knockout" but a week hence, such complacency was soon shattered.

On the 11th March we carried out a dummy run. We were towed up the River Orwell for about two miles in two cutters and effected a landing on the beach a mile or so from our objective. It was unfortunate for us that it was low water at the time, for it meant our having to wade knee-deep in foul-smelling mud for some fifty yards. We are not unduly fussy people normally, but it was noted that not a few landed holding their noses.

The landing successfully accomplished, we proceeded on a tactical march to Trimley Aerodrome, which was our objective. We did not enter the 'drome itself as it was populated by unfriendly Alsatian dogs. It was noted that the aroma of Brylcreem was very pungent from some fifty yards distant-- (do dogs use Brylcreem?)

Our objective having been reached, we retraced our steps to the cutters and were towed back to Ganges' Pier. The exercise was successful and not unpleasant, as the weather was kind to us. This is quite a change, as almost invariably the Clerk of the Weather produces something wet, cold and drizzly for such occasions.

During this term we have had four promotions in the Detachment. Our Sergeant Major has been promoted to Quarter Master Sergeant, 'Bungy Williams to Sergeant, Bug. Corporal Tilbury to Sergeant, and Marine Heudebourek to Corporal. We wish them all every success in their new ranks.

Since our last article we have had a few changes in the Detachment. Sgt. Redmond, P.T.I. has left us for the R.M.P.T. School; Cpls. Broome, Heudebourek and Sneller for R.M. N.C.O.s' School; Mnes. Towers and Phelps to T.T.C.R.M. for Drivers Course; Mne. Coulson for "Glasgow," and Mne. Anchor for Civvy Street. We wish them all the best of luck in their new appointments.

We welcome in their places Cpl. Carlin, P.T.I., Cpl. Reeve, Mnes. Thomas Parker, H. J., Parker, B. K., Hammett and Winfield, and hope that their stay at Ganges will be a happy one.

In the sporting world the Royals are well to the fore, having won the inter-part Soccer Competition last Term. We have high hopes of repeating the dose this term, but with four more matches to play at the time of writing, anything might happen.

In conclusion I will say that this Term has been a happy one for us on the whole, and we look forward to next term and its better weather with enthusiasm.

Royal Marine Band Notes

This actually should be the best written article in the Magazine, as I am quite certain you all imagine that a musician's life is one round of pleasure and relaxation, and that therefore more time and energy can be spent on a job such as this. Perhaps during the winter months the Band does more or less hibernate, as engagements are few and far between owing to the wind and rain (not forgetting the snow). And so the aforementioned supposition is reasonably true, within limits. Come the summer months, however, and it is really surprising how much our services are in demand. You will of course read more of our activities in the Summer issue of this magazine.

It is the past and present you really want to know about, so perhaps we had better start with the departure of Bandmaster "Jerry" Dean shortly after Christmas.

leave. He is now in "Civvy Street" earning that £20(?) per week we all hear is waiting for us! We wish him all the very best of luck and good fortune for the future.

Next comes the question of frost, and of all days to be *really* frosty was one particular Thursday. Nothing remarkable in that you say? The half-hour between 0830 and 0900 on Thursday, though, is the time when lungs are really exercised, full paces of thirty inches are taken and arms swung as high as the shoulder as Division after Division march smartly past the Commander as a rehearsal for Sunday Divisions, this being backed up by the whips and snarls of the Instructors. But what happens? No music - only drum solos. "Bandy" nips smartly over to the Chief G.I., he nips smartly over to the Gunnery Officer, who in turn reports to the Commander. The instruments were frozen solid; valves would not move. With heads bent low and making the least possible noise with our boots, we slunk off parade. We could hear the whips being furled and put away by the Instructors, but the snarling and gnashing of teeth had intensified two-fold - led by the Commander. How the mighty do fall. Tailpiece—Sunday March—past cancelled, heavy snowfall.

Our next disappointment was the loss of our Drum Major, Sergeant Williams, who left us for R.M. Barracks, Plymouth. His place has been taken by six-foot Sergeant Ingram, who is shortly to undergo a Drum Major's course at the R.M. School of Music. I must unfortunately discredit the "buzz" that R.M. Bands are being issued with "Drum Majorettes" - a l'Americaine!

We welcome Band Sergeant Collins and hope his stay will be a happy one. He has relieved Band Sergeant Carpenter, who is now on a promotion course at the R.M. School of Music.

Musically speaking, practice proceeds apace. We have now taken over the premises behind the stage in the Careers Room as a practice room, and not surprisingly we sometimes become mixed up with the preparation for a new play. At the moment the deck is covered with paint, although the paint was meant to go on a piece of scenery now covering almost the entire deck. It is a question of who gets there first in the mornings, "Bandy" or the painters. Music and painting are both arts which express people's minds and feelings, so if anyone should happen to be passing the stage door and hear a few choice phrases, please bear in mind that both the painters and band are "arty" folk merely expressing their minds and feelings through the medium of their respective arts!!

Our commitments up to date this term have been mainly Dance Band jobs, one of which took us as far afield as Hull for a R.N.V.R. Dance, and lasted from 2000 until 0200. We also played for the reception of the All Blacks Rugby Team after their match with the Eastern Counties' XV at Ipswich. We have also, of course, had the usual dances for the Boys, Ship's Company, and Chief Petty Officers' Mess. Requests for the services of the Band are rolling in now that the weather is improving, so we will be kept rather busy after the Easter leave period.

The usual end of term Orchestral Concert will take place on the 6th April and I hope the programme chosen will suit all tastes. It is hoped to engage the services of that delightful soprano, Miss Sheila Potter, whose singing has delighted audiences so much in the past, but at the time of writing it is not certain that this is possible.

The F.R.M.O.'s Inspection of the R.M. Detachment and Band went very smoothly. Fuller details of the inspection are contained in the Detachment article, but I am pleased to say that as far as the Band was concerned, the Inspecting Officers went away quite satisfied with our endeavours.

It is on this note I shall leave you until my next article, wishing you in the meantime an enjoyable leave and an equally enjoyable Summer term on return.

F. A. STRATFORD, *Bandmaster*.

Regulating Staff Notes

Commissioned M.A.A. N. R. Smith, R.N., C.O.R.S.

Master-at-Arms J. R. Gray, M.A.A. of Est.

Regulating Office

<i>Staff.</i>	<i>Main Gate.</i>	<i>Annexe Gate.</i>	<i>General Patrol.</i>
R.P.O. Sharpe	R.P.O. Charlton	R.P.O. Mayo	R.P.O. Halliday
R.P.O. Walton	R.P.O. Pellett	R.P.O. Robson	R.P.O. Haoward
R.P.O. Mackenzie	R.P.O. Abbott	R.P.O. Boardley	R.P.O. Blood
R.P.O. Freeman	R.P.O. Nicholson	R.P.O. Humphries	R.P.O. Baldwin
R.P.O. Foster			

Mails: R.P.O. Burford

NOTES.

On conclusion of a very enjoyable Christmas leave, confirmed unanimously by the entire staff, we settled down to the start of the Easter term, 5th January, 1954.

Changes in the staff have been few. Master-at-Arms Walle, after a short stay, was promoted to Commissioned rank and is now serving in H.M.S. Excellent at Portsmouth. We wish him the very best of luck in his new appointment and welcome in his place Master-at-Arms Gray from H.M.S. Pembroke. We trust that his stay at Ganges will be an enjoyable one.

Again the very important event of the term in every boy's mind is, at the time of writing, nearing the final stages of preparation, and will be completed on schedule with numerous "Charlie Charts" skilfully executed and faithfully kept up to date.

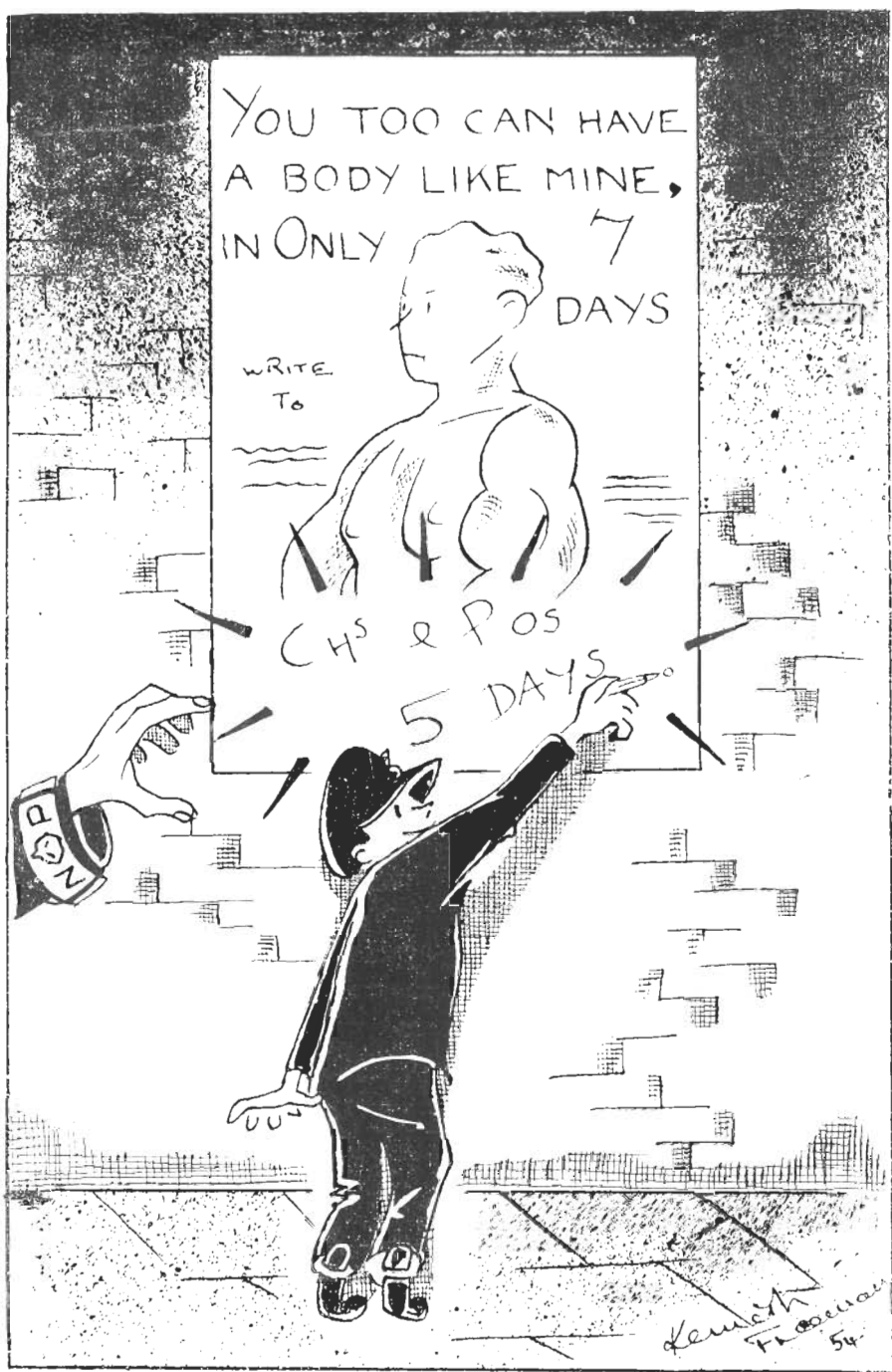
R.P.O. Foster, who is responsible for the preparation of boys' leave, wishes to congratulate, through the medium of this magazine, all the boys who proceeded on leave last Christmas, on their punctual return. Of the 1,820 boys proceeding, only twenty-five were recorded as absentees, and these boys were accounted for in forty-eight hours - a record. Here's hoping the boys will again oblige and return as punctually as they go, all returning to time so that we may present the Commander with a pair of white gloves, at least as far as absentees are concerned. (A pair of white gloves means - No defaulters).

Next term there will be some new faces on the following sections: -

R.P.O. Nicholson will be taking over from R.P.O. Mackenzie on the Boys' Discipline.

R.P.O. Abbott to relieve R.P.O. Sharpe on the Sick Baggage and Discharge Section.

In the near future R.P.O. Foster is hoping to join the New Zealand Navy and will be relieved by R.P.O. Pellett on Boys' Leave.



SPORTS REPORT.

SOCCER. With only twenty-six bipeds available, and with a gross weight of sixty Badges to carry around, the Crushers and Oil Fuel Manipulators sallied forth to do battle on the blood-honoured soccer pitches of Ganges.

The Chiefs fell to a vicious back-heel. Hanging on grimly, boosted by diesel oil and oakum, we held the P.O.s to a draw. Over-run by a young S. & S. team, we had our revenge on a much losing Ship's Company.

The Wardroom sneaked a draw by some devilish war-cry of "Heel! Heel! Heel!"

It's just not cricket you know, Sirs.

So we say farewell to the Soccer pitches, and with heavy hearts and heavier legs we await with confidence the Cricket season, with a last thought of "Mother, was it worth it?"

SHOOTING.

We managed to muster four blind R.P.O.s for the .22 event and reached the semi-finals. That is where everything fell over except the tiles, and we still had one elusive tile standing when the Wardroom "B" team eliminated their last one.

However, here's to the next time and better luck--We hope.

Finally, to all sports fans and indeed to every one at Ganges, we wish a very happy leave-- and don't forget, come back to time and you can always go again--Official.

N.R.S.

The Naval Discipline Act and its Present Day Application

Some attempt was made in the preceding magazine to point out the application of punishment in the early 19th century. In this episode I shall attempt to point out its effect and institution in the present day.

During the restoration period of the Navy, which occurred about Charles II's reign, Admiral Blake had shown the imperative need for discriminating between ships of war and merchant ships. In consequence the title of "Royal Navy" was bestowed upon the fighting service. For the governance of his Royal Navy, King Charles issued a legal code which was called the "Articles of War." They were devised for the admonishment of evil doers, and for the punishment of those who were guilty of drunkenness, insubordination, cowardice and other misdemeanours. They enabled a Commander-in-Chief to act, while afloat, as the King's Vice Regent, and to summon a Court-Martial for offences committed.

They are remembered in their older form by the grand words of their preamble -- "It is upon the Navy under the good providence of God that the safety, honour and welfare of the realm do chiefly depend."

Such, then, under the auspices of Charles II, were the Articles of War, instituted to make provision for the discipline of the Navy. They have been amended accordingly by Parliament as the occasion demanded until the present day form has been arrived at.

The rigidity of discipline in the Royal Navy can be envisaged if one looks back to some of our great Admirals who were ostracised.

Admiral Matthews was dismissed from the Service for failing to blockade Toulon and engage an enemy at one and the same time. Admiral Byng was shot on the quarter deck for failing to relieve Minorca, although he had been in action with the French Fleet and had defeated them, suffering damage to his ship and wounds to a number of his ship's company. There were numerous others . . .

The present day Naval Discipline Act, which is part of the Articles of War, before it can be applied must have certain governing factors; i.e., the person must be subject to the Naval Discipline Act, in a place governed by the Naval Discipline Act, at times applicable to the Naval Discipline Act. Let us take them in that order and see just what is meant:—

PERSON.

All persons in, or belonging to, Her Majesty's Navy, who, at the time of committal of an offence or offences were borne on one of the books of Her Majesty's ships in commission. This would cover all serving personnel.

All persons not subject to the Act, who agree to sign to become subject to the Act and serve in ships or establishments as the Admiralty from time to time determine. This would cover civilians such as N.A.A.F.I. staff.

All persons attempting to seduce others from their allegiance to the Queen.

Spies, pirates, rebels, mutineers and all other Services, inclusive of women, while afloat.

All the above mentioned are covered in the Naval Discipline Act and come under the heading of "Person" factor, which, as you can see, does not leave anything to speculation.

PLACE.

All places outside the United Kingdom, all Naval and Military Barracks, places of recreation, Service grounds and places held on behalf of the Crown, and all Hostels, Y.M.C.A.s, Canteens, etc. as laid down in Appendix 25A of the Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions.

So much for the "Place" factor, which is self-explanatory.

TIME.

A person can be punished for an offence any time up to 3 years after the committal of that offence and up to 1 year after his return from abroad.

A rating remains subject to the Naval Discipline Act up to three months after discharge (which means he can be brought back and punished for an offence committed during his sojourn in the Navy).

But for mutiny and desertion a man may be punished at any time. He also remains subject to the Naval Discipline Act while serving a term of imprisonment or whilst he is in desertion.

It will be appreciated that in the last paragraph a man must be punished for his desertion, and if he is in desertion for five years, then that clause in the Naval Discipline Act will cover the punishment awarded.

That, then, is an omnibus edition of the Naval Discipline Act, which is in itself split up to form the following eight sections:—

Misconduct in the presence of the enemy.

Neglect of duty.

Mutiny.

Insubordination.

Desertion and absence without leave.

Communication with the enemy.

Miscellaneous offences.

Offences punishable by ordinary law.

These offences, with the punishments applicable to them, are made up into poster form and placed in accessible places for all to read, so that they may act as a deterrent towards the offences thereon.

They should be read by all persons on joining the Navy, on joining their first ship and every year thereafter.

(As a point of interest, if any of the numerous boys who have been “chased” to church on a Sunday morning would care to look, they would find that Article 1 of the Articles of War is devoted to PUBLIC WORSHIP).

G. WALTON, R.P.O.

Married Quarters

This term has seen the loss to the Social Committee of two of its original and most hard working members, in the persons of Mrs. Mills (our Treasurer) and Mr. Saunders (“Buffer”). Mrs. Mills and her family are emigrating to Canada, but the “Buffer” will still be seen around in the vicinity of Shotley.

I, too, will be leaving you shortly. I shall miss the friendliness of the M.Q., but have lots of happy memories of good times amid good companions. Shotley will always remain close to my heart and I know my thoughts will often wander back. To my successor, whoever he or she may be, let me say, “Happy times ahead.” I beg of you all to give the new Chairman and the Committee your help and co-operation—and better attendance at General Meetings, please!

(Mrs.) E. A. CHADWICK,
Chairman.

Shotley Personality—Mr. E. E. Phillips

Mr. E. E. Phillips entered the service of the Crown when he joined the Royal Navy in 1913.

He served in the battle cruiser *Princess Royal* during World War I, and between then and going to pension at the end of 1937, he served on the *Mediterranean*, *East Indies* and *China Stations*, having two periods of duty here at Ganges between foreign commissions.



He worked for a short time at Wrabness Mining Depot before joining the civilian staff here in 1938.

He was recalled to the colours in 1940, and went out to the *Mediterranean*, where he served in the *Primula* (corvette), *Coventry* (cruiser), whose sinking he survived, and *Orion* (cruiser).

On returning to U.K. in 1944, he spent a period building *Cossack* at Newcastle before joining N.P. 1754 at Ostend, whence he advanced to Hamburg with the Allied Armies, being attached to the staff of Admiral Sir Harold Burrough.

Mr. Phillips returned here on his release from the Service in 1945, having spent 30 years in the Royal Navy, and having gained nine war medals.

Here, he is the senior civilian fitter in the Engineer's Workshop, his speciality being the ins and outs of the C.M.G. machinery.

Mr. Phillips' son is carrying on where his father left off, as he is Chief E.A. in H.M.S. *Surprise*.

The Aeromodellers

Our numbers have not been quite as good this term, but after a slow beginning we have maintained a keenly interested and hardworking nucleus of a dozen, with "occasionals" swelling the numbers sometimes to twenty.

We have had a few lads working on a number of interesting piston powered kits, but for the most part we have well and truly entered the jet era. We are also developing a new line in model boats. A cheap and inexpensive range has at long last come on to the market and we are hoping to expand next term with more of them on the stocks.

If any boys have been considering joining our club, come along at the commencement of the Summer term and help us enjoy many useful hours of modelling every Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and if possible on "grounds unfit" afternoons.

An enjoyable and happy Easter leave to you all, and please remember on your return to use the club room, even if the weather should tempt you to sample other forms of relaxation.

Boy Coxswains' Club

The nearness of the race against St. Vincent was the first thought on coming back from leave, and training was started almost immediately. As soon as the pier came to life once more, it seemed the weather was determined to stop us from practising. However, in very cold and at times very strong winds, some headway was made and a team was picked, a lot of seamanship and "cold psychology" being learnt as well.

Unfortunately the race was postponed, and some of the brave old hands will have left us before the event. Since that anti-climax we have seen two new dinghies arrive—with no sails as yet—and a Wednesday afternoon race intended for the training and talent-spotting of new coxswains has been started.

This last, I think, is proving popular and useful, as the green and newly rated boys are no longer flung straight into the grimness of a Saturday race with exhortations and threats to finish the course—or else!

Leave approaches, but we have still to see the "Vincent Games," which Division wins the sailing, and last but not least, the Officers versus Boys race. May the worst team lose!

H.R.T.

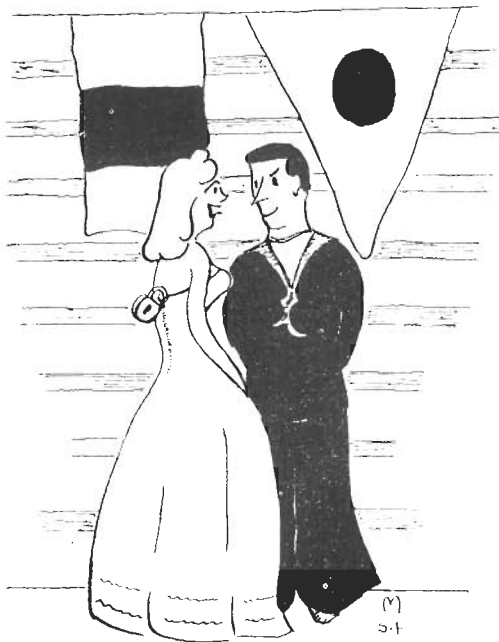
Entertainments Notes

This has been a busy term from the entertainments point of view. A party of fifty boys braved the arctic February weather and crossed the river to see The Dovercourt Dramatic Society's production of "The Hollow," a detective story in play form by Agatha Christie. At the beginning of March a party of thirty saw a production of Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew." If they didn't enjoy

the play, at least they missed their evening preparation. Then on March 25th the Strand Repertory gave two performances of their latest success, "Mountain Air." It was a pity it had to clash with the boys' cinema night so that not as many saw the play as we should have liked. However, the 300 or so who saw it certainly enjoyed it and it was nice to see so many inhabitants of the married quarters there.

On April 6th another party of 50 boys will be seeing the Harcourt Players' production of a comedy called "Queen Elizabeth Slept Here," which had a successful run in London.

The highlight of the term was the winning of the Nore Command Drama Challenge Cup by the Ganges team competing in the Royal Naval Drama Festival. This Festival is held every year in March, and every ship and establishment at home is invited to enter a team performing a play or excerpt from a play lasting not longer than one hour. These plays are judged by British Drama League Adjudicators, who not only give helpful criticism but place the teams in order of merit. For the Festival the Home competitors are placed in three groups, each being adjudicated separately. Every four years there is a final competition held in London for the winners of the three groups. Our group consists of the Nore and Portsmouth Commands and the Home Fleet. In the last four years, Ganges has done quite well. Nore: 3 firsts, 1 third. Group: 2 firsts, 1 fourth, 1 result to come. Also, Ganges won the last London final. So to all who are interested in drama, come and help keep up the good work. Last but by no means least, plans are going ahead to enlarge and improve our own stage, the results of which will, I hope, be seen next term. Good luck- hope you see some good shows during leave.



Photographic Club

The term started very quietly in the Photographic Club. Two or three stalwarts who take pictures in all weathers had the facilities of the dark room to themselves for a few weeks. Then some new members came along, some bringing their first film to develop. These turned out very well indeed. The two pictures on this page were taken by Shaw, 82 Class, and were his first attempts at enlarging.

With the finer weather, more of you will be using your cameras. For you, the dark room is available on Monday and Thursday evenings, to develop, print and enlarge your photographs. It will cost you practically nothing and you can get all the help you require.

R.L.F.



Boys' Cycling Club

The Spring term is, no doubt, the time when the club's touring activities are at their lowest ebb. Only the really keen members think of their bicycles when the ground has a thick carpet of snow, or when gale-force winds howl incessantly and the rain simply pours down.

However, the club has not been hibernating completely. Preparations have been going on steadily for a term of full activities in the summer months, and some limbering up runs will have been made for the really serious touring ahead of us.

The long dark winter nights have been passed in regular maintenance of the club cycles and training on the indoor rollers—the latter have been worth their weight in gold! We hope to organise a cycle workshop next term to enable us to make more extensive repairs, and to put into practice our own pet ideas on how to get that extra turn of speed out of our bicycles. Already we have secured a very substantial workbench, fitted with a strong vice, and this has now been installed in the cycle shed.

Yeoman Bennett, who is an expert in cycle maintenance, has kindly offered his services to the club, so we'll now have the real thing!

Finally, an invitation to any boy who is a keen cyclist. We have a few vacancies in the cycling club for boys who enjoy cycling. Any boys interested are invited to attend the club meeting any Monday night from 1930 to 2030 in the Old Seamanship Block, and arrangements will be made for them to bring their bicycles to Ganges, the club paying half the rail transport cost. We have, in addition, four club bicycles, which can be loaned out if required.

We wish you all a very enjoyable leave!

V.J.K.
D.R.B.

Music Club Notes

Music may or may not be the food of love, but it certainly is one of the best ways of enjoying a few minutes' relaxation, and provides an opportunity to get away from the cares and worries of life in Ganges for a short while. The Music Club provides you with two gramophone recitals each week—on Sunday in the Information Room, and on Thursday in the Old Seamanship Block, both at 1930—and tries to increase your knowledge and interest in serious music.

Many people never come to like serious music (often wrongly called "classical" music) simply because they cannot be bothered to sit down quietly and listen to it. Like all things that are really worth while, it requires a certain amount of effort on your part—but it is well worth it.

The club has quite a large number of regular members, many of whom are themselves musicians, and we are building up a very good record library, which has recently been enhanced by the addition of some long-playing records and a new gramophone.

This term saw the last of the series of Ipswich Civic Concerts by famous orchestras and soloists. There were altogether five concerts, and we were able to send sixty boys to each. Twenty-four boys from the club also went to concerts given by the Ipswich Male Voice Choir and the Ipswich Orchestral Society.

Any boy may come to any meeting of the club, and new members are always welcome—just turn up prepared to listen!

A tuneless leave to you all!

R.C.A.

Competition Section

The Easter Term Short Story Competitions attracted disappointingly few entrants, which is surprising when one remembers the vast amount of prize money involved. However, we congratulate the winners most heartily; their stories appear elsewhere in the Magazine.

Boy Long won the Boys' prize for his story, "Call it a dream, but . . ."

"Pied de Vigne" won the Ship's Company's prize for his story, "Tally-Ho!"

Next term our patronage of the arts will reach new heights of benevolence. There will be three prizes (10 -, 5 - and 2 6) for both Boys and Ship's Company, for the best contributions received. The contribution may take the form of a short story, an article or a poem.

In addition, a prize of 5 - is offered for the best original cartoon.

Send your entries to the Editor, c/o School Office, H.M.S. Ganges.

Sports Quiz

A prize of 5 - will be given to the sender of the first correct solution of this quiz to be received by the Editor next term.

1. What famous annual race takes place along the borders of Middlesex and Surrey?
2. Who are the "Throstles," and what do they stand to gain this year?
3. How many Test Matches have England won against Australia since the war—and where?
4. What are the "Ashes" the ashes of?
5. When and where are the next Olympic Games to be held?
6. What cricket team is touring England this summer?
7. Who is captaining the above touring team? What English County team did he once play for?
8. If fourteen men on a field have played a game lasting fourteen minutes, what game was it?
9. In what sport do the competitors move backwards?
10. Why can a horse not win the Derby twice?

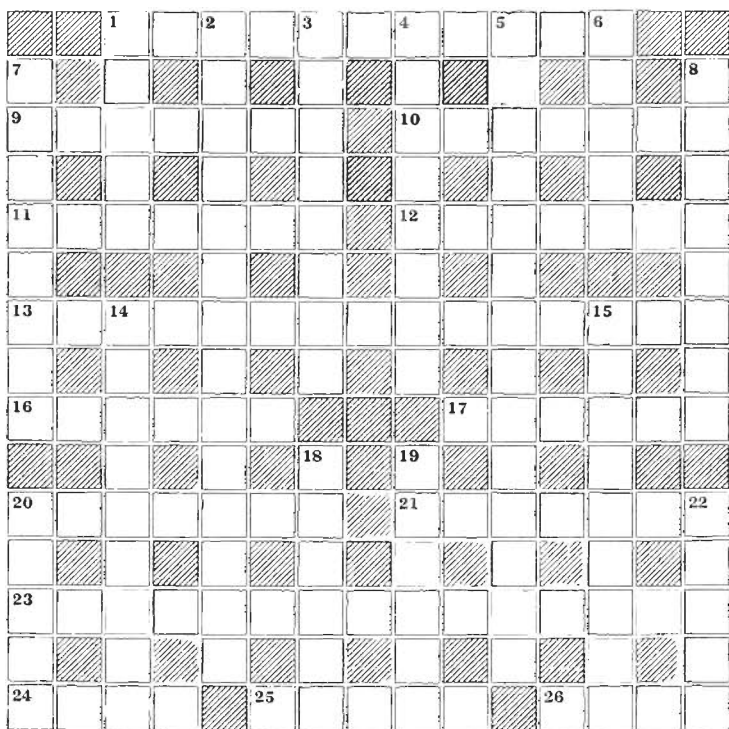
Solutions should be written out neatly with the answers numbered and the sender's name and Division attached.



"But, sir, the Third Programme said that comics are merely a present-day projection of antique mythology."

Prize Crossword

Half-a-Crown each for the senders of the first four correct solutions opened on Wednesday, 5th May, after Stand-Easy.



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Severely frowned on at any muster. (11)
9. A.C. for what G.C. might call a pill. (7).
10. Of French, to transfer temporarily in England, but what the article introduces is not stated. The whole is better left out in Latin. (7).
11. Tonic P.M., possible hangover A.M. (7).
12. Othello might have justified this adjective. (7).
13. Applicable to an established business executive. (12, 3).
16. Blue according to Strauss. (6).
17. When red a disruptive influence. (6).
20. One does this with 11, or you could simply gargle with it. (7).
21. You would get more than Commander's for this. (7).
23. A literary royal residence which ought to be condemned. (6, 9).

24. Fancy loins girder. (4).
25. Lop-sided. (5).
26. Alternative spelling of Cantor's handle, or water disturbance. (4).

CLUES DOWN.

1. Prawns go well in this. (5).
2. Historical company racket. (5, 3, 6).
3. Quite superfluous. (8).
4. Poem by Keats. (8).
5. A Welsh appendage. (4, 2, 8).
6. The route to 5. (5).
7. The fate of many fine old ships. (8).
8. We still need men to work these. (8).
14. We commonly refer to these conveyances by their last two syllables only. (9).
15. Poisonous convent headgear. (9).
18. Unofficial exhortations by Instructor on Parade. (6).
19. May be at ease or easy or neither. (6).
20. Old Timers in Central America. (5).
22. Child's usual description of medicine. (5).

Fill in below, detach this page and drop it into the Senior Chaplain's letter box.

Number, Name and Mess

At Play

Boys' Soccer Notes

Many boys will have, at the time of publication of this magazine, reached their life's ambition of finishing the soccer season without daubing their shorts. Well, stuff them away lads, this is it, the time of handing the sports field to the bat-and-bowl boys.

With no boasting or crying over spilt milk, the prediction of a void in the trophy case has materialised. The Suffolk Minor Cup has departed hence. It all happened one Saturday afternoon when the Boys' team faced up to eleven giants wearing different colours and with "nasty" thoughts in their minds, thoughts of victory. Those thoughts came to a head with the ball resting in the Ganges goal and with no reply. We wish the best of luck to our opponents in their future games in the competition.

The term's soccer has been sadly interrupted by the elements, but we have seen some attractive sport.

The first fixture of the term was the 3rd Round of the Suffolk Cup in which we were successful in defeating Waterside Works. It was the following round that dispelled our hopes of a bright shining Cup.

Then came two games resulting in "treble chance" results against Landseer Y.C. and Hollesley Bay Colony.

Our visit to Clacton High School proved well worth while, with a fast, clean game resulting in a 4-4 draw and a short "shore leave." Eleven boys found that Clacton sea front isn't crowded with Marilyn Ms every Saturday evening.

The present team line-up is—Maxfield (H), Brown (Dr), Blight (A), Pullar (A), Lipp (Bw), Cook (Dr), Allaway (A), York (R), Scott (Bw), Baxter (Bw), Couldron (Bl). Azzapardi (A) has been an alternative choice at inside forward.

Other players on the "books" are:—Sayce (A), Coakes (R), Wilson (R), Mcagher (Bl), Hayes (R), Leaning (Gr), Gardner (H), York (Gr), Sykes (C).

Scott (Bw) has been with us for a long time, but we don't think it advisable to draft him to R.N.S.Q. for another spell in order to back class him.

Most of this season's players will leave during the closed season, and we wish them all the best in their future ships.

The three remaining fixtures are most attractive. The first is a visit to Sir John Laman School at Beccles, and the town ground is being made available for the game. Then the St. Vincent games, and last but not least, the game of youth against older experience, the Officers' game. We wish the boys all the best.

<i>Games Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Lost</i>
7	3	3	1

We haven't had a 100% successful fixture list this term, but the teams have played the game in true "green and white" spirit.

J.W.

Boys' Rugby Notes

From a Rugby point of view this term has not been so interesting as the last one; first of all the grounds were unfit for a time because of frosts, and secondly it is not possible to have so many fixtures, as many schools do not play Rugby this term.

This is a great pity, for the team has had few changes during the season and by the middle of the term was playing at its best.

The forwards were better, particularly in the line-out, where Blythe (Dr) has been conspicuous, and they have also shown more forcefulness and cohesion under the good leadership of Brimble (Dr), backed up by Davis (Dr) and Evans (Gr). Improvement in the forward department, including hooking by Davies (Bl), gave the outsides the ball and a chance to show what they could do in attack. They have had their off days, but the fly-half, Milner (Dr), and the centres Bosomworth (H) and Hobson (A), have certainly shown more dash. When the ball has reached the wings, Lang (Bw) and Pemberton (Dr) have not been slow to take advantage of their chances.

Pearson (C) at full-back has continued to play a sound and capable game.

It is disappointing that the weather caused the St. Vincent game to be postponed, since several of the present team will have left Ganges when it takes place.

To date we have won three and lost four; points for, 82; points against, 75.

The following have been awarded colours during the term:—Evans (G), Davies (Bl), Hobson (A), Younghusband (A), Blyth (Dr), Lang (Bw), Milner (Dr), Bosomworth (H), Hunnam (Bl), Sagar (Bl), Martin (A), Healey (Dr).

Our thanks are due to Surgeon Commander Latta, Instructor Lieutenant Bell and Instructor Sub. Lieutenant Heggie for their help in refereeing and giving a hand with Ganges Rugger.



"But, Sir—I'm a jolly good swimmer down at the shallow end."

Boys' Hockey Notes



Boys' Hockey XI.

The term's hockey results make gloomy reading. Only three games have so far been won, one or two drawn, and very many lost. The reason for this is simple – we have not been able to match the skill or experience of our opponents. In several games we have held our own for over half the match and then suddenly cracked, so that the other side has been able to score several goals. One mistake by the defence has often taken away confidence from the whole side.

I have not known in the last three years such a lack of hockey talent as we have experienced this season. Normally we can rely on a flow of boys who have played hockey at school, but the last few recruitments have yielded a very small quota of hockey players. Instead we have had to train our own players, and this is heart-breaking work when so much has to be done in so little time. Considering all this, the Boys' XI has acquitted itself well.

I would say that the most consistent player has been Galbraith. His enthusiasm has been endless, and many a powerful attack has been broken by his daring reverse stick play. Hyde also at centre half has been quietly efficient. Humphreys has developed well at back, but unfortunately we were without his services for part of the season because he was training for the boxing championships. Beatwell, also, has been a most valuable player in between his visits to hospital. Searle made a dashing come-back to the outside left position, and has distinguished himself on several occasions. Pettit also has been a forceful and dangerous forward. He has scarcely missed a match.

Fullerton was trained almost overnight to be a goalkeeper and has improved with every match. He should learn to develop his kicking.

The best performance of the term? – I think the match against Achilles Club one Sunday afternoon. This is a very strong Ipswich side, and possibly a more suitable fixture for the Establishment. However, for most of the game we were only one down, and finally lost 1-4. The match with Culford School 2nd XI was

also interesting. We were losing 1-4 until the last ten minutes of the game, but then took on a new lease of life, scored two goals, and might have scored more but for the final whistle. Beatwell got a hat-trick.

At the end of the season the team has begun to play well together, and we look forward to a successful visit to St. Vincent on April 3rd.

The following boys have played for Ganges:—Goalkeeper: Fullerton (C), Cassar (B). Backs: Humphreys, Hicks (A), Edwards (H), Jackson (C). Half-backs: Galbraith, Hyde (R), Ballard (B). Forwards: Searle (D), Roll, Pettit, Robertson, Haward (C), Shaw (D), Beatwell, Pope (Bw), Batten (H), Duncan (B).

We are very grateful to those who refereed for us.

H.I.C.

RESULTS.

Orwell Works	...	...	Home	Lost 2-3
Cranes H.C.	...	...	Home	Lost 1-8
Chafford School	...	...	Home	Lost 3-5
Bungay G. S.	...	...	Away	Lost 1-2
Y.M.C.A. "A"	...	...	Away	Cancelled
H.M.S. St. Vincent	...	...	Away	Postponed
Langley School	...	...	Home	Cancelled
Northgate G.S.	...	...	Home	Cancelled
R.A.F., Martlesham	...	...	Home	Drew 2-2
Endsleigh School and Staff	...	...	Home	Lost 2-5
Achilles Club	...	...	Home	Lost 1-4
R.A.F., Bawdsey	...	...	Home	Won 7-1
Cranes	...	...	Away	Lost 1-6
Woodbridge School	...	...	Away	Cancelled
Y.M.C.A. "A"	...	...	Home	Lost 0-1
Holbrook Staff	...	...	Away	Drew 2-2
Langham Oaks	...	...	Home	Won 2-0
Bungay G.S.	...	...	Home	Lost 1-4
Culford School 2nd XI	...	...	Home	Lost 3-4
Framlingham School 2nd XI	...	...	Away	Lost 0-1

REMAINING FIXTURES.

King Edward VI School 1st and 2nd XIs; R.A.F., Martlesham; H.M.S. St. Vincent; Officers.

Imperial Services' Boxing Association Boys' Championships

This season, the Royal Navy is host to the other two Services for inter-Service sports meetings, and we were lucky enough to be "given" the Boys' Boxing at H.M.S. Ganges.

The home team in any sport always feels that it has an advantage, and as Ganges was supplying nearly half the Navy team, an atmosphere of quiet confidence enveloped the boxers and their trainers when they assembled a few days before the competition, and set up their temporary home in the Annexe.

However, it was not to be, and eventually we had to admit that the Army had produced the better all-round team. In all boxing meetings, one requires just that small element of luck in the very close bouts, and this year it was our turn to lose a couple that must have been very close indeed.

The first one came in the Flyweight division; Leeman (Fisgard), ex-Holbrook, was considered to be one of the best boxers in the Navy side, and it was a great disappointment when he lost in the semi-final. The Ganges contingent had mixed success: Monks (Hawke) failed to connect with his favourite right swing, which had caused destruction in the Navy Championships, and lost to greater skill. McCann (Drake) was heading towards a quick victory and about to apply the finishing touches to his opponent, when he was ruled out for using the inside of his glove—sheer bad luck, as he was an almost certain I.S.B.A. winner.

Humphries (Anson) never quite got the measure of the captain of the Army team, who had won his weight last year, though it was a split decision that decided the bout. Knowing Humphries' hitting powers, all Ganges was willing him to move forward and "have a go," but that one punch which might have swayed the fight, never landed.

That brings us to Jackson (Anson), the popular hero of all boxing meetings at Ganges. He had a tremendous battle in the morning against a very good Army boxer; it seemed a miracle that either of them could survive the constant barrage, but Jackson just scraped home with one very black eye. In the final, his R.A.F. opponent had the skill, but nothing like enough strength, and he was slowly worn down by a perpetual attack, encouraged by a continuous roar from the crowd. Jackson got a tremendous and well-deserved reception when he stepped up at the end to receive the one Ganges' winning statuette.

The only other Navy winner was Loughlin, of Fisgard, who boxed very well to take the light middleweight title. So after a very good day's sport, the Army were worthy winners, and came up to receive the trophy from the Commander-in-Chief, The Nore.

Next year, the Army are the hosts, and we hope to abuse their hospitality by recovering the trophy.

MOSQUITO.

Ayres (Army)	1	Ayres	1	Ayres
Taylor (R.A.F.)	1	Travers (Fisgard)	1	

FLY.

Scott (Army)	1	Scott	1	Bellchambers
Leeman (Fisgard)	1	Bellchambers (R.A.F.)	1	

BANTAM.

Utton (R.A.F.)	1	Utton	1	Utton
Monks (Ganges)	1	Paton (Army)	1	

FEATHER.

Saltiel (Army)	o	Saltiel	o	Saltiel
Appleton (R.A.F.)	o	Clinch (Collingwood)	o	

LIGHT.

Hall (Army)	o	Jackson	o	Jackson
Jackson (Ganges)	o	Mullett (R.A.F.)	o	

LIGHT WELTER.

Brooks (R.A.F.)	o	Brooks	o	Davidson
McCann (Ganges)	o	Davidson (Army)	o	

WELTER.

Evans (Army)	o	Evans	o	Evans
Barrow (R.A.F.)	o	Humphries (Ganges)	o	

LIGHT MIDDLE.

Greenwood (Army)	o	Loughlin	o	Loughlin
Loughlin (Fisgard)	o	Hanson (R.A.F.)	o	

MIDDLE.

Robinson (R.A.F.)	o	Robinson	o	Robinson
Hole (Fisgard)	o	Richardson (Army)	o	

LIGHT HEAVY.

Ryan (Army)	o	Ryan	o	Ryan
Thatcher (R.A.F.)	o	Bailey (Fisgard)	o	

ARMY, 23 pts. R.A.F., 19 pts. ROYAL NAVY, 17 pts.

Boxing Notes

With the Christmas and New Year celebrations becoming just another pleasant memory, the Boxing Training Group got down to the real task of the season--training for the R.N. Boys' Championships at Plymouth, and, for those boys who could make the grade, the Imperial Services Boys' Boxing Championships at Ganges.

As always, weight troubles were the main worry, and the sweating and struggling to make the right weight took up the best part of the first two weeks of the term.

The term as a whole was shaping very well, but unfortunately, our annual match with the Rest of Suffolk did not materialise, thus reducing the all-important match practice that all boxing teams need.

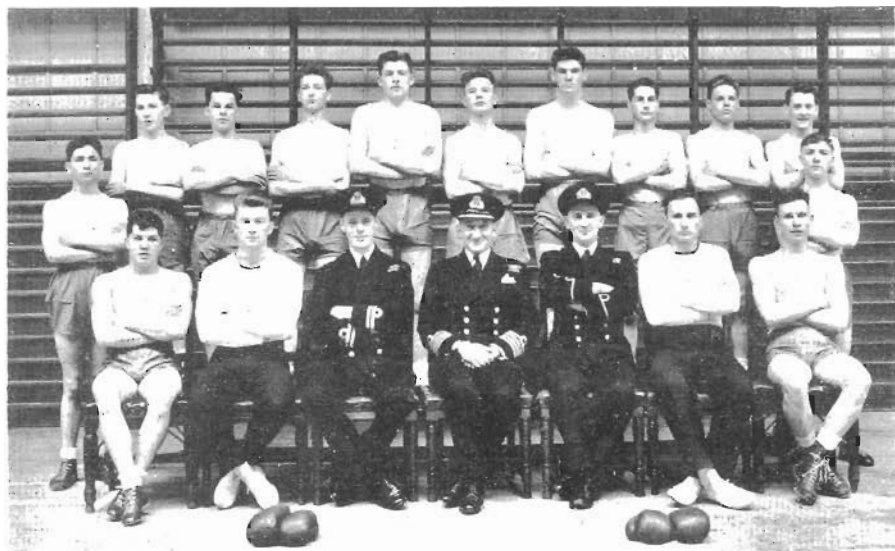
With our ears glued to the ground and by various means we learned that Fisgard were once again in full cry, out to keep that Challenge Cup which they won last year.

On January 22nd we welcomed as our visitors, Norwich Lads Club, who are always very welcome opponents, and our keenest rivals outside the Service. Having

already gone down by six bouts to two at Norwich, it was felt the team must show its home supporters what they really could do. The boxing was good, and if not good, enthusiastic. The result of the match was a close win for Ganges, decided on the last bout of the evening, a real "ding-dong" affair, with Jackson of Anson doing more than his fair share of "dinging." T. Hutson, his opponent, put up an excellent fight, but could not cope with his smaller but very much stronger adversary, and despite his every effort, failed to be the first victor over our Ganges Lightweight.

Amongst our other winners was T. Wright of Collingwood, who was showing us all how unfortunate it was that he lost the Inter-Divisional title by a disqualification.

Also in the honours division were Monks, of Hawke, and Batt, of Collingwood, who both, surprisingly enough, landed K.O.s in their respective bouts.



The Boxing Team.

Myhill, of Rodney, Morley, of Rodney, and Benson, of Drake, failed to master their more skilful opponents, but nevertheless gave of their best.

The special bouts, which were practically all "deciders" as far as the harassed trainers were concerned, came out much as was expected and certainly solved the team selection a great deal. Clarke, of Benbow, Bibbens, of Anson, Hollins, of Benbow, and Kendall, of Blake, all emerged victorious, whilst Short (Anson), Shepperd (Grenville), Hutchins (Drake), and Dagley, of Rodney, suffered, but not in silence.

Thus, with only one match after Christmas, our team was finally selected, and despite the cold weather and the sad last-minute withdrawal of Eales because of "flu," we travelled quickly towards the Sunny West (who said Sunny—17 degrees of frost). It is sad to relate, but we travelled back four days later Cupless and very much subdued.

Fisgard once again had the edge on the other teams, and with eight finalists were worthy champions of 1954.

There are always lots of "ifs" and "buts" with these competitions; "If he hadn't knocked me out with his right, I might have lasted the other two rounds, and I might have won on points, if I had been good enough" . . . and so on, but we offer no excuses, except possibly that we could have at least tied with St. Vincent if we could have produced a light-heavyweight. In fact much restraint had to be placed on P.O. Reeves to stop him from entering.

We had our moments, and we sadly watched our failures, but all in all the team fought as well as they could, and kept Ganges in the running all the time.

This year's Navy champions included Humphries, of Anson, in the Welter division; Jackson and Monks, with Wright a good runner-up - a good proportion of victories considering the large entry of 57 boys.

Special mention should be made of McCann, who without a doubt fought well in his semi-final, but lost to a very good boy from St. Vincent, the eventual weight winner, Boy Parsons.

Kendall, Daggley and Hollins were unlucky, but although well beaten, at least helped to keep us amongst the first three.

Jackson, as usual, stormed his way to a well-deserved Navy title with two beautifully timed knock-outs in his two bouts.

So much for this year's championships.

The I.S.B.A. at Ganges came and went. A separate article has been written about this. And so to the final match of the season at Southend on March 18th.

This was a new fixture, and a certain amount of speculation took place as to the strength of our opponents in this new venture. Our rivals were this time Essex Juniors, and although all credit goes to our boys, we were well beaten in the team match by 16 points to 11.

Our only winners were Wright and Humphries, but our warmest congratulations go to Eales and newcomer Hands, who excelled themselves and gave the large crowd plenty of reason to cheer the visiting side, particularly as their respective opponents were Divisional and County champions of 1954.

Clarke, Monks, Hutchins, of Drake, Batt and Shepperd, earned applause, but were well beaten by, surprisingly enough, much fitter boys.

Midnight and a feast at a local cafe, followed by the long trip back and bed at 2.30 a.m., were the final things to remember about the 1953-54 season.

Good or bad? Well, you decide. Anyway, it was, as always, enjoyable.

Finally, the most important part of these notes, to say just a few words about those whom we tend to forget. "A fight is won or lost in the corner." How true that saying is, and how grateful we must be to our valiant and hardworking trainers and seconds, Petty Officer Reeves and L. Sea. Rickets. They must have covered hundreds of miles in road running, apart from the loss of weight and time given up in their endeavours to produce that elusive "winning team." Congratulations to them both.

So, until the bell for the first round rings again, good luck, and good boxing.

B.W.M.

Swimming Notes

Once again it is good to see that the Spring Term has brought a revived interest in swimming, which has been noticeable mainly in the increased attendance at the Racing Training Class. This class is held every day at the swimming bath to enable promising swimmers to improve their strokes and to get really water-fit, which is the best way to improve on racing times. Any boy who is keen and willing to train is welcome, and stands a good chance of swimming for Ganges later on. The attendance at this class has steadily increased this term from the three or four stalwarts who have come every day throughout the winter, to twenty or more boys, all of whom are keen to improve.



L.S. Russell Demonstrates the Swallow Position.

It has again been difficult to arrange any matches this term, as most clubs have no indoor bath and so do not keep their teams going throughout the winter. However, we are grateful to Clacton for providing us with three matches (1 lost, 1 won and 1 still to come) and a three-cornered gala with Ipswich, which was won by Ipswich, Ganges coming second.

During the term two Anson boys have obtained Navy standard times: Wood for the 100 yards back-stroke (75 secs.) and Robinson for the 100 yards free-style (63 secs.) Both are very creditable performances. Also six boys have been awarded Ganges colours for swimming: Willis (A), Kingman (A), Trott (A), Robinson (A), Chant (C), James (G).

Although our stock of swimmers is increasing, we are still very short of divers. Any boy who thinks he would make a good diver, please join the training class; you may be just the man we need.

The Water Polo team has seen several changes this term. C.P.O. Pearce has taken over its captaincy, and we are grateful for the time he spends training the



The Racing Training Group.

boys. Brooks (Bw) has left his familiar home in goal to play back, and there are several new faces in the side. The only outside matches have been against Clacton (both lost) and Ipswich (drawn).

Next term is the big time for swimmers when we again compete in the East Anglian Swimming League, and this year we are trying our luck in the Norfolk and Suffolk Water Polo League - so you see it's all up to you. The training classes are there - make the most of them. Have a good leave, then come back prepared to train hard and swim well. Good luck!

R.C.A.



Boy Wood (A) Winning the 100 Yards Freestyle.

Cross-Country Notes

Congratulations to all boys who have represented Ganges at Cross-Country this year, and to our two very able trainers, Corporal Carlin and L S Day, for making this the most successful year ever. For the first time we have emerged victorious in the Boys' and Youths' races in both the Suffolk County A.A.A. Championships and the Eastern Counties A.A.A. Championships.

SUFFOLK COUNTY A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.

This meeting was held at Stowmarket on the last Saturday in January. The weather was very cold, and during the Youths' race a blizzard raged; in fact one competitor—NOT FROM GANGES—sheltered until the snow stopped, and then carried on running. Perhaps we can blame the snow for obscuring the markers—anyway the Youths went two miles over their distance, running 5 miles instead of the 3 they expected. Still, the green vests came in in a block—2, 3, 4.

RESULTS:	2nd	Coombes (C)	...	"A"	Team
	3rd	Bird (H)	...	"A"	"
	4th	Winter (Dr)	...	"A"	"
	8th	Englisby (Dr)	...	"B"	"
	12th	Loates (Bl)	...	"B"	"
	13th	Knights	...	"A"	"
TEAMS:	1st	Ganges	"A"		
	3rd	Ganges	"B"		

In the Boys' race we provided the individual winner, with Taylor (Bw) giving a fine performance. Ganges boys this time gave almost a symmetrical pattern of green in the finishing funnel, filling every other place.

RESULTS:	1st	Taylor (Bw)	...	"A"	Team
	3rd	Bishop (Bl)	...	"A"	"
	5th	Rigby	...	"B"	"
	6th	Cox	...	"B"	"
TEAMS:	1st	Ganges	"A"		
	2nd	R.H.S., Holbrook			
	3rd	Ganges	"B"		
	4th	Ganges	"C"		

We were pleased to note the good performance put up by Holbrook—well done, in this, a new field of sport for them.

EASTERN COUNTIES A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.

These were held at Bedford on 27th February over the course to be used in the National Championships, for which we shall enter, in 1955.

The E.C.A.A.A. sent us a map of the course and on this map it said in two places "Water Jump"—shades of the steeplechase—so the boys were wary. On the way round they discovered the water was 8-in. deep and about 6-in. across—no more worries.

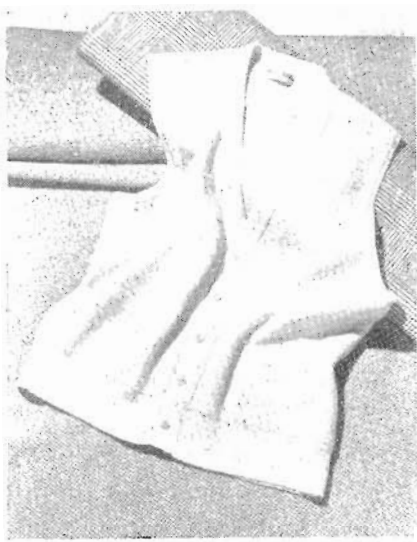
Here we did very well indeed. For the first time ever, we returned home with the two trophies—Boys' Championship and Youths' Championship.

YOUTHS' RACE.

In this race we were slightly more spread out instead of bunched—we finished 4, 9, 12, 16, Winter (Dr) being our first one home.

	4th	Winter (Dr)
	9th	Coombes (C)
	12th	Bird (H)
	16th	Creasey (H)

TEAM: 1st Ganges



*By Appointment
Naval Outfitters
to the late
King George VI*
ESTABLISHED
1785

This is the "Thames" waistcoat in pure wool—grey, yellow, fawn, lovat — of medium weight. Plain back, patterned moss-stitch front—with two pockets **4 gns.**

Behind the waistcoat is a barley-corn Scotch tweed and a Glenurquhart check worsted

Gieves

LIMITED

Outfitters to the Royal Navy
27 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON W1

Telephone: HYDe Park 2276

Bath Bournemouth Chatham Gibraltar Liverpool Londonderry
Malta Plymouth Portsmouth Southampton Weymouth Edinburgh

Ask the man who knows



Near your home—
round the corner maybe—lives the
man who has the answer to many of
your problems.
Money for the family in case of need?
Money in case of accident?
Money if there is a fire?
Money for retirement?
This man is ready to call on you in
a friendly way.
In the familiar surroundings of your
own home he will tell you
how insurance can dispel anxieties
and realize your hopes—

Ask the man from the Prudential

BOYS' RACE.

The Boys' teams ran very well indeed; one of our Boys even finished well up the list after running $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in his socks. Taylor (Bw) did very well again, earning himself a bronze E.C.A.A.A. medal for finishing 3rd.

RESULT:	3rd	Taylor (Bw)	...	"A"	Team
	7th	Bishop (Bl)	...	"A"	„
	11th	Rigby (Bl)	...	"A"	„
	14th	Spilsbury (H)	...	"B"	„

TEAMS: 1st Ganges "A"
2nd Ganges "B"

Once again, thank you all for your hard work in training---that 0720 run is pretty rough. Perhaps it was the milk and eggs that kept you going. Special thanks to Corporal Carlin and L S Day for all their spare time that they gave us, especially for those early mornings.

Have a good leave ---come back fit and ready to tackle ATHLETIC TRAINING.

K. C. LEWIS.



The Winners.
Junior Cross Country. Senior Cross Country.

The
World's
Most
Honoured
Watch



Is in keeping with the many other things immaculate in diamond, gold and silver at

R. Barrett, Goldsmiths and Silversmiths,
BUTTER MARKET, IPSWICH. Telephone 3210
Main Agents for Longines and Baume Watches.

Prompt Service and Personal Attention *for your*

Mess Stationery
Christmas Cards
Account Books
Printing

Personal Stationery
Wedding Cards and
Invitations
Office Equipment

HIORNS & MILLER

LIMITED

40, Marlborough Street, Devonport

Telephone 437 Devonport

Establishment Soccer

This term the Establishment Soccer team has been badly hit by injuries, illness and duty. We have never been able to get a settled team and the results, although good, are not as excellent as they should have been, considering that we have ten players in Ganges with Command football experience.

With our hopes of gaining first place in the Ipswich and District League disappearing after a four goals to one defeat by Wattisham R.A.F., the players have approached the remainder of the matches with a "happy-go-lucky" attitude and have never given of their best as a team.

Looking forward to next season, I think a few points might be borne in mind by the players.

- (1) Football is a team game and it is the duty of everyone in the side to help everyone else. Gone are the days when the centre and outside forwards stayed upfield waiting for the ball. It is as much their duty to drop back and fetch the ball as the inside forwards'.
- (2) Not enough use is made of the "open space." This is not always the fault of the player in possession. A player without the ball can do as much damage by drawing an opponent out of position, as a well laid-on pass.
- (3) Never stand back and admire your handiwork; keep on the move the whole time. If the ball is not coming to you, go and fetch it.
- (4) Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, is fitness. There have been signs during the past season of players not being as fit as they might have been. It is the duty of every player to last the full ninety minutes. He must have speed and stamina if he is to be a useful member of the team.

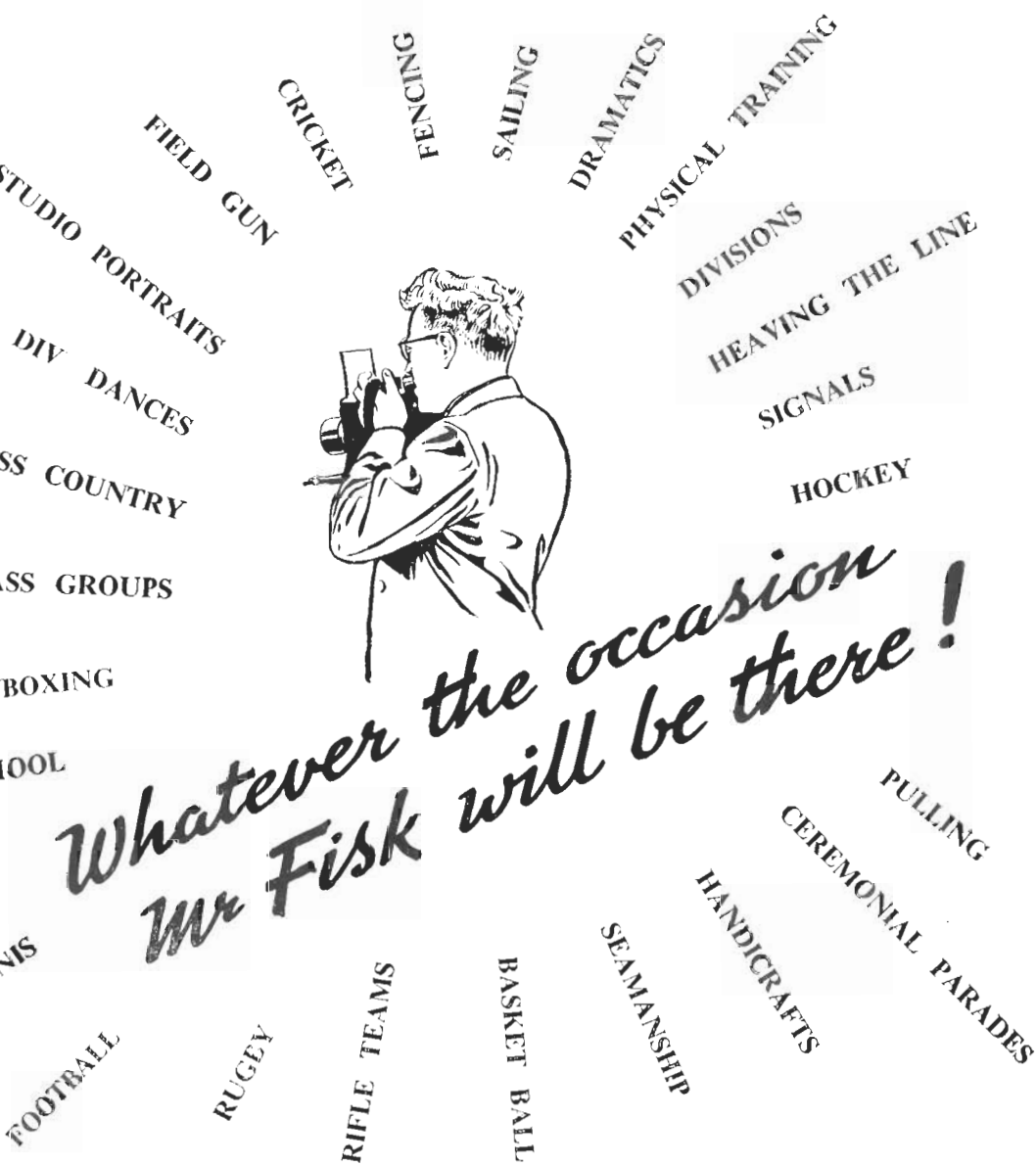
Hoping that these notes have offended no-one, I would like to wish all footballers a very pleasant closed season, and trust that the 1954-55 season will be the best Ganges football has ever known.

RESULTS, 1953-54 CUPS AND LEAGUE.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals		D.G.B.
				For	Against	
19	12	2	5	75	45	



*Wishing the Ship's Company at H.M.S. Ganges
A Happy Easter Leave*



IPSWICH ADDRESS

Tudor Photos

Official photographers to H.M.S. Ganges.

8, CROWN STREET - Phone 51344

Establishment Hockey



Hockey.—Establishment 1st XI.

As usual the weather took its toll of matches earlier this term and as a result we have played only 13 games since Christmas.

We have been extremely well off for players and consequently we have continued to avoid Saturday morning headaches. Our greatest embarrassment has been to give everybody a fair number of games, which is certainly a refreshing change from previous seasons, for usually by this stage the secretary is longing for the end of term and looking forward to a comparatively worry-free cricket season.

The highlights of the term have been our 2-1 and 5-2 victories over Colchester and Culford respectively. This is the first time we have been successful over Colchester, and as our final match is the return fixture, we shall be looking forward to it with more than usual interest and every hope that we may achieve a notable double.

We have also our final meeting with Ipswich Nomads. We have each won a game and drawn the third, and we hopefully expect to win the decider.

Ipswich Crusaders proved too strong for us in January when we were well beaten 5-0 by a side that has enjoyed an exceptionally successful season.

Mr. Middleton, our Captain and previous centre half, has established himself as a very useful centre-forward and has notched far more goals this season than anyone else. Unfortunately we are to lose him this Easter. With much regret we bid him farewell and sincerely wish him a happy and successful stay at Lee-on-Solent.

We have seen all too little of Instr. Lieut. Chadwick this term, but playing for the Royal Navy is considered a legitimate excuse for not turning out in Ganges colours. We have to congratulate Chadwick on his selection for both of the Combined Services games, in which he enjoyed playing with, and against, many notable players in the hockey world, and apparently justified his inclusion by rising nobly to the occasion.

Our special thanks to Mr. Smith and Instr. Lieut. Smith, who between them have umpired nearly all our matches this season.

UNIFORM SPECIALISTS

Officers' Outfits, Chief Petty Officers'
and Petty Officers' and Ratings'
Uniforms made on our premises by
Craftsmen.

Complete Outfits or Single Items
of the Best Possible Quality at
Strictly Competitive Prices.

*Our Representative visits H.M.S. Ganges
First and Third Thursdays of each month*

E. Whitaker
Sons, Ltd.

NAVAL AND CIVIL TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS

28 MILITARY Rd., CHATHAM

TELEPHONE CHATHAM 2829

and at 51 & 99, COMMERCIAL Rd., PORTSMOUTH

TELEPHONE PORTSMOUTH 70971

Finally, many thanks to you all for helping to make this a happy, successful and trouble-free season.

Results to date are—

<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Goals</i>	
				<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
34	20	6	8	106	59

Squash Notes

Because of the February snows, several matches had to be postponed, with the result that only four matches have been played this term so far; Ganges winning three and losing one.

Soon after Christmas we lost both Lieut. Commander Holdsworth and Lieutenant Hodgson from our team, but luckily each was relieved by a Squash player of equal merit, so keeping the numbers up. Instructor Lieutenant Hill has been away from Ganges this term, but he is due to return.

Commander Firth, Lieutenant Parbury and Instructor Lieutenant Beynon have played in each match, each losing once. Lieutenant Commander Wilson and Rev. Beasley have also played well, and Instructor Lieutenant Chadwick assisted once.

During the term an attempt was made to bring forth any hidden lights from beneath their bushels by promoting a mammoth, twenty a side match in the Wardroom. Unfortunately, few matches have been played; the main ones seem to have been those involving Nursing Sisters, and no lights have been found, as yet, lurking beneath any bushels.

RESULTS.

Ganges v. Suffolk R.N.V.R.	...	Away	Won	5-1
Ganges v. R.A.F., Wattisham	...	Away	Won	4-1
Ganges v. Framlingham College		Home	Lost	2-3
Ganges v. R.A.F., Wattisham	...	Home	Won	4-1

Establishment Rugby Notes

Soon the members of that exclusive club, "The Ellipsoids"—you may have noticed their simple emblem worn with any rig, the Black Eye Class 1—will be meeting for the last time this season. The club spirit is extremely good; the only back-biting heard is either between the backs and the forwards (an evergreen, this!) or between them as had the ball in the last game and them as wanted it.

The camaraderie of the club is much in evidence, and is the envy of many of our opponents. The will to play hard is there. It is a happy thought (I hope not premature) that we have beaten every Service side this season, which says much for our small band of enthusiasts. This Rugger, or as I've heard it called, "Ellipsoidal Warfare," is a game for enthusiasts. To the amusement of those of other creeds, often as much pleasure is gained from talk after the match as from the activity, legal and otherwise, in the game itself.

Two Rugger wives were huddled together watching their men pursuing vendettas against selected members of the opposition. Said one, "My husband only ever thinks of two things, Rugger and the — or other thing!" Came the rueful reply from her neighbour, "Mine only thinks of Rugger . . ." Now there's a true enthusiast! I fancy most of our team qualify for the first type.



Such recommendations are constantly made throughout the Naval world and BERNARDS will at all times strive to justify such confidence in their service.

The comprehensive BERNARD service covers the complete requirements of the serviceman and his family, and with branches at all the principal Naval ports and Air Stations at home and abroad it is easy to see why BERNARDS Service is supreme.

When you can declare an allotment be sure to remember the name BERNARDS OF HARWICH.

C. H. BERNARD & SONS, LTD.

Naval and Civilian Tailors and Outfitters

63 CHURCH STREET

HARWICH, ESSEX

Telephone 886

Branches at:—

PORTSMOUTH, CHATHAM, DEVONPORT, WEYMOUTH, FALMOUTH, MILFORD HAVEN, NEWCASTLE-U-LYME, SKEGNESS, GRIMSBY, WETHERBY, LONDONDERRY, HELENSBURGH, ROSYTH, DUNFERMLINE, INVERGORDON, GIBRALTAR, SLIEMA, AND VALLETTA, MALTA, LOSSIEMOUTH, ARBROATH, ANTHORN, ABBOTSINCH, EGLINTON, KETE, ST. MERRY, HELSTON, STRETTON, BRAWDY AND WORTHY DOWN.

HEAD OFFICE:—ORDNANCE BUILDINGS, HARWICH, ESSEX Telephone 880

MEMBERS OF THE I.N.T.A.

This term, as often happens this time of year, we have had a number of games cancelled, mostly due to unfit grounds.

A highlight was the introduction of new jerseys, complete with letters. It has been the secretary's worry each game to see that the three quarter line in particular did not spell out any doubtful words to the spectators. Several suggestions were heard! Enough can usually be heard issuing from a scrum without the need of any additional words to see.

Another feature has been the large number of injuries sustained this term—about four or five times as many as last term. It's just one of those patches that a team sometimes comes upon. We wish a good recovery to those who have been injured—which includes the captain, Instructor-Lieut. Terry.



Establishment Rugby Football Club, Spring Term, 1954.

Back row: Lt. Pain, Mr. Goodship, S.B.A. Baxter, P.O. Thomas, Inst.-Lt. Beadell, Stwd. Hill, Wtr. Hawes.

Middle row: P.O. Marsh, Lt. Parbury, Inst. Lt. Manaton, Inst. Lt. Tyson, P.O. Woods, S.B.A. Gooding, S.B.A. Card.

Front row: Inst. Lt. Swann-Price, Inst. Lt. Coombes, P.O. Marshall, Inst. Lt. Terry (Capt.), Inst. Lt. Oliver, Surg. Lt. Mead, Inst. Lt. Lewis.

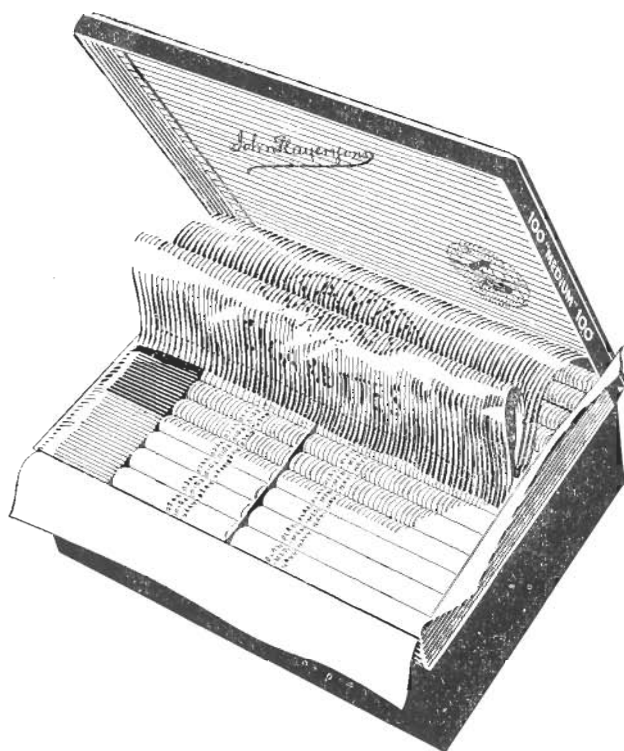
As well as the "selection" shown in the photograph, Licut. Gamson, Instructor Sub. Licut. Carlton, P.O. Lilley, P.O. Quance and L.S. Handley have been members of our team. To mention individual players and their talents would be invidious. In playing together we soon get to know our good points and failings. We thank the spectators for the advice showered on us all—I'm sure it must have helped someone!

A few notes on the games this term:—

HARWICH SERVICES.

Hail, Sleet, Rain— in fact, the "lot!" I've never been so cold—against the wind, second half, we could hardly breathe—a kindly referee shortened the game. Won.

More and More
People are saying . . .



Player's Please

John Player & Sons, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland) Ltd.

OFFICERS v. SHIP'S COMPANY.

An excellent game—sportingly played and hard all the time. Both sides enjoyed it immensely.

ALL BLACKS.

Very enjoyable—oh! that we had just the odd one or two of Tiny White's size on our books.

COLCHESTER GARRISON.

Good rugby played—backs had plenty of the ball and used it well. Forwards excellent in loose rushes. Won.

COLCHESTER GARRISON.

New look team—thirteen changes in their side. An excellent first half with 4 tries, and the backs nearly running themselves into the ground. We tired a little in the second half.

IPSWICH.

A hard game—especially in the forwards, who held them very well. Their backs were stronger than ours. The odd feud delighted the spectators.

Y.M.C.A., IPSWICH.

Again forwards played well—many thought they outplayed their opponents except in the quick heel from the loose. Their backs had more chances, which they took well.

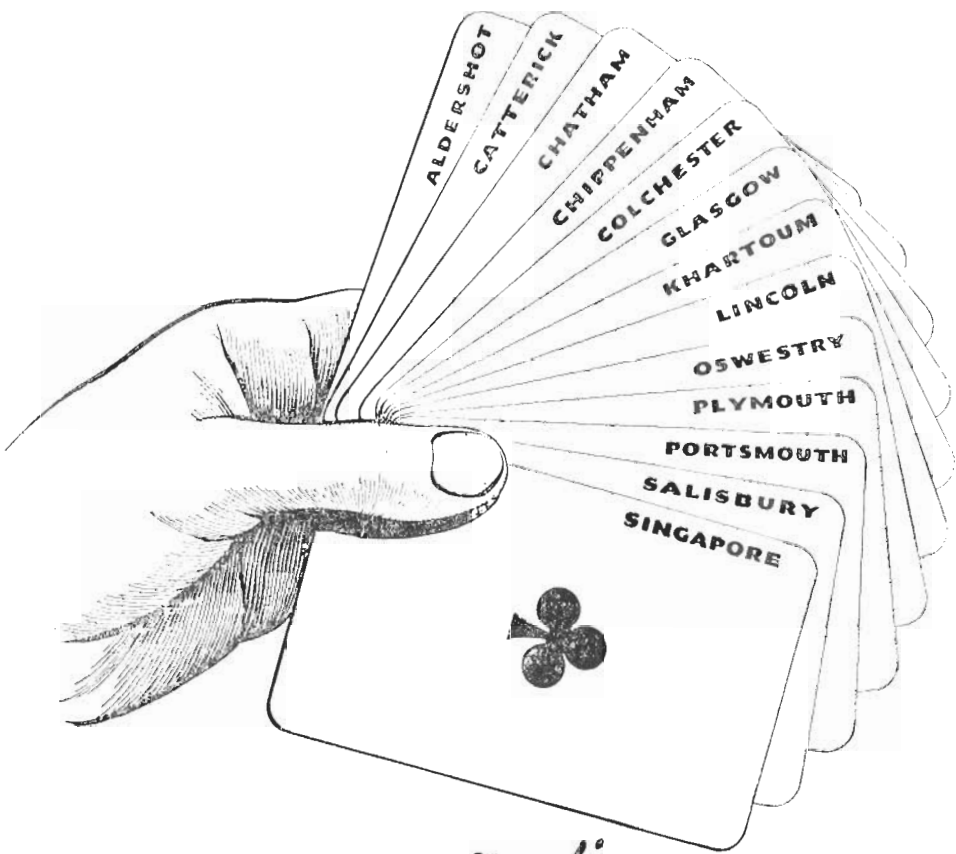
NORWICH THURSDAY.

'nuff said.

COBBOLD BEERS

FAMOUS FOR TWO CENTURIES

CLIFF BREWERY
IPSWICH



Naafi **Grand Slam in Clubs!**

THIRTEEN CLUBS – the kind of hand you dream of and never expect to pick up! But there's nothing visionary about the thirteen clubs which the Naafi has 'dealt' the troops – centres at which the serving man and woman may enjoy all the facilities of a first class social club. Yet a meal costs little more than in any Naafi canteen. All other club amenities (apart from the barber service) are free. The entire cost of establishing the clubs is borne by Naafi.

NAAFI CLUBS AT

ALDERSHOT: Wellington Avenue, Aldershot.
CATTERICK (Residential): Shute Road, Catterick Camp.
CHATHAM (Residential): Brompton Road, Chatham.
CHIPPENHAM: Wood Lane, Chippenham.
COLCHESTER: Flagstaff Road, Colchester.
GLASGOW: Buchanan Street, Glasgow.
KHARTOUM: Gordon Avenue, Khartoum.
LINCOLN: Park Street, Lincoln.
OSWESTRY: Middleton Road, Oswestry.
PLYMOUTH (Residential): Norte Street, Plymouth.
PORTSMOUTH: Cambridge Junction, Portsmouth.
SALISBURY: High Street, Salisbury.
SINGAPORE: Britannia Club, Beach Road, Singapore.

NAAFI

The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces

RUXLEY TOWERS · ESHER · SURREY

SUFFOLK REGT., BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

Their pack-leader said it was the first time they had met a heavier pack—some amusement as we only had 7 forwards—good hooking by them and consequently quite a few penalties by our scrum-half.

R.A.F., MARTLESHAM.

Rather ragged, good work by forwards in loose rushes, but scrummaging poor—we needed the quality known as "excavation"—some of the team tried to contact number 6 of the other side.

Two matches to be played.

Our thanks go to our referee, Surg. Commander Latta, ever ready to ref. and bandage; to our supporters, few as they sometimes are; to the players' wives who, I know, have often let a rugger game take the place of an afternoon out, and who also have the bother of nursing their husbands back to health in time for the next game; to our converts from other games; to P.O. Sears for much patience with the gear; and lastly to our captain, Instr. Lieut. Terry, for his interest and leadership.

RESULTS FOR THE YEAR.

WINTER TERM, 1953.

					<i>Points</i>	
					<i>Result.</i>	<i>For Against</i>
Sept.	19th	Sudbury & Halstead	... H	Won	11	6
"	23rd	Y.M.C.A. (Ipswich)	... A	Lost	0	6
"	30th	R.A.F., Martlesham	... A	Won	29	0
Oct.	3rd	Colchester Town	... A	Lost	3	28
"	7th	R.A.F., Felixstowe	... H	Won	18	3
"	21st	Harwich Services	... H	Won	42	3
"	24th	Y.M.C.A. (Ipswich)	... H	Lost	0	27
"	28th	R.A.F., Bawdsey	... H	Won	22	0
Nov.	4th	Suffolk Depot, Bury St. Edmunds	... H	Won	12	8
"	7th	Norwich City College	... A	Won	16	0
"	11th	R.A.F., Wattisham	... H	Won	35	3
"	21st	Norwich Extra 1st	... H	Won	8	3
"	25th	Harwich Services	... H	Won	15	3

SPRING TERM, 1954.

					<i>Points</i>	
					<i>Result.</i>	<i>For Against</i>
Jan.	13th	Harwich Services	... H	Won	9	0
Feb.	17th	Colchester Garrison	... A	Won	24	8
"	24th	Colchester Garrison	... H	Won	12	3
Feb.	27th	Ipswich 1st XV.	... H	Lost	0	22
Mar.	6th	Y.M.C.A. 1st XV	... H	Lost	0	16
"	17th	Suffolk Regt. Bury St. Edmunds	... A	Won	11	0
"	24th	R.A.F., Martlesham	... A	Won	23	0

Two matches to be played.

<i>Matches</i>			<i>Points</i>	
<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
20	15	5	290	139

To complete the notes here is a little ditty, adapted from the works of a friend.

TOLLY *for* QUALITY

*Tollemache's Breweries Ltd.,
Ipswich, London and Cambridge*

Don't Miss the boat!

If you have not yet been measured for a
BLOOM'S Suit

GET IN TOUCH WITH US NOW

We Guarantee

- ★ Every suit individually tailor made.
- ★ Fitted pockets in jumper to prevent bulge.
- ★ Only the best quality serge used.
- ★ All seams internally piped with silk to prevent splitting.

Write To-day for Self Measurement Form from:—

BLOOM'S (Naval & Civilian Tailors) **LTD.**

Head Office:—33, JOHNSTON TERRACE, KEYHAM, DEVONPORT
Branches at Portsmouth and Chatham

"THE SHOTLEY BOOT."

Hear now the tale of Richard Green
A member of the G's fifteen.
The only flaw in our young Dick
Was his gigantic strength of kick.
This habit had been handed down
To son from father of renown,
Whose exploits on the seventh sea
Have been described as "Jolly Dee."
Especially once when off Zeebrugge
He quite forgot it wasn't rugger,
And letting out a piercing yell
He deftly caught a passing shell.
But then—and this is a bit thick,
He gave it an almighty kick.
The Captain, who had feared the worst,
Became aware the thing had burst
When father's head came whizzing past
And left the poor man quite aghast.

But now to get back to the son.
He thought he would not be outdone,
And on hearing father's story
He too aspired to sudden glory;
But not desiring to be killed,
Sought his upon the rugger field.
And this was why when e'er he played
His skill at kicking was displayed.
This harps back, as you will see,
To his father's feat at sea.
At first his object seemed to be
To catch the ball whenever he
Could, and with a mighty bound
To boot it right outside the ground—
And frequently right o'er the path,
And plop! into the Swimming Bath;
At which his Captain, quite non-plussed,
Said to our Dick, "I say, must
You give it such a mighty smack?
It takes so long to get it back!" . . .
But 'twas in vain. So in despair,
Whilst pulling out handfuls of hair,
He hit upon a plan by stealth
To call upon the National Health
To give to Dick a pair of specs
To give direction to his legs.
(For his sight, you see was not
Quite what you and I have got.)
And so he now would practice passes
Wearing pairs of horn-rimmed glasses.
And so it was he gained more skill
When kicking the elusive pill.
One day the schoolie, occupied
In sorting out the Rugger side,

All trains met upon request

Phone SHOTLEY 243

A. J. FORD

Late W. Edmunds



Taxis and Hire Cars

Day and Night Service

Driving Tuition and Self Drive Cars

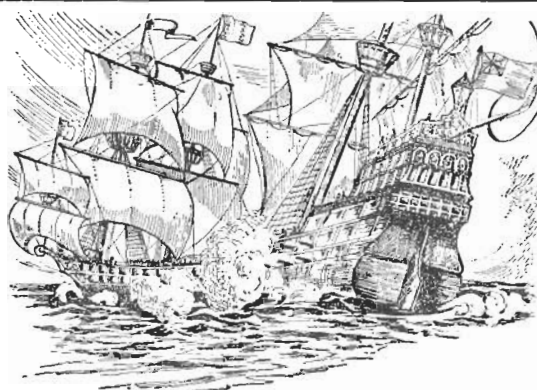
**SHOTLEY GATE GARAGE,
IPSWICH**

*Repairs and Complete Overhauls. Welding and Reboring by
Specialists. Electrical Work.*

Coaches - Vans - Lorries - Petrol Filling Station

Insurances for All Purposes.

Cover Notes upon Request.



*As long as the
Spirit of
England remains*
**...WE ARE
AT YOUR SERVICE**

**A Century of experience in
expert tailoring of both Naval
and Civilian Outfits**

Baker & Co
J. Baker & Co., Ltd.

CHATHAM, 22, RAILWAY STREET. Telephone 45422

PORTLAND
14-15, Castletown
Telephone 2295

PORTSMOUTH
81-82, Queen Street, Portsea
Telephone 4240

DEVONPORT
12, Tavistock Road, Stoke
Telephone 280

Head Office—11-13, ALBERT ROAD, SOUTHSEA. Telephone 33876

Made Richard Green agree to sign
As full back and three quarter line.
At which the schoolie was content,
To cut his team by ten per cent.

And so at last the great day came,
The day for some of lasting fame,
When strapping men from every part
Came down to show the Rugger Art.
And there amid the cheering motley,
Appeared the team from out at Shotley—
With Richard, green and white of shirt,
(Selected to reveal the dirt.)
At first Dick seems but little good
And rolls himself about in t' mud.
Then Dick fields t' ball beneath the posts
And dodges all th' attacking hosts—
So now at last he gets control—
If only he could drop a goal!
All hold their breath as mighty Dick
Prepared himself to make the kick.
His leg goes back, his body tense
(Spectators watch in hushed suspense),
And then just like a shell from gun,
He boots the oval pill—"Well done!"
Cry all the watching hoards of boys;
But what is all this fearful noise?—
This sound of vast explosi-on?
And what's this great erosi-on
Where once our hero Dick did stand
To kick that ball just where he planned?
The referec, who feared the worst
Became aware the ball had burst
When Richard's head came whizzing past
And left the poor chap quite aghast.

My dear young friend, if you too play
This game upon another day,
Pay no regard at all to those
Who play with you . . . just stamp their toes,
And knock them down and break their bones,
Care not one jot for cries or moans.
But here's the rule young Dick forgot . . .
And in forgetting found out what
His father learned while in that ship,
From which he took his final trip.
Here is the rule—remember all,
DON'T BOOT TOO HARD A RUGGER BALL.

COOPERS

for all

UNIFORM & CIVILIAN REQUIREMENTS

Members of the Interport Naval Traders' Association

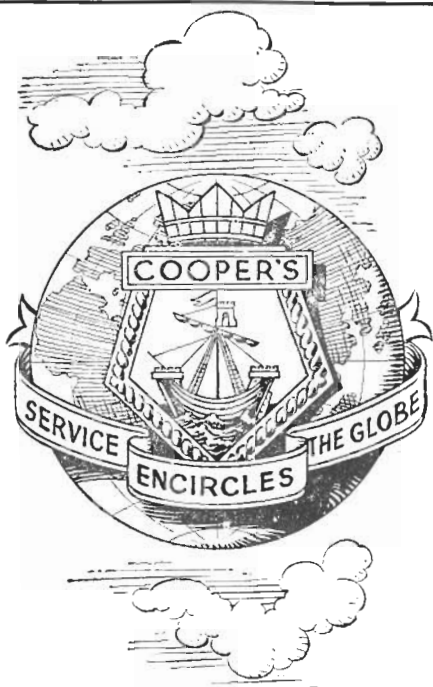
Branches at—

CHATHAM, DOVERCOURT, DEVONPORT,
EASTNEY, HELSTON (Cornwall),
LOWESTOFT, NUNEATON, PORTLAND,
PORTSMOUTH, GOSPORT, STRETTON,
MALTA AND GIBRALTAR.

Send a Card to HEAD OFFICE:—

W. COOPER (Harwich) LTD.
CENTRAL HALL, MAIN ROAD,
HARWICH

Or ask at our Branch for our New
Illustrated Gift List



Write for latest R.N. Uniform Price List

SENIOR SERVICE

Senior service for the "Senior Service" is required—and what more senior service than that of Gardiner's, who ever since the days of sail, have been the leading outfitters of naval men of every rank . . . Sail—steamships of steel—vessels driven by wind and coal and oil . . . Power of propulsion changes—but Gardiner's remain your constant clothiers. **Uniforms**, ready-made in standard shade Doeskin £14 14s. and £16. Made-to-measure, £18 15s. Also made-to-measure in Dark Naval Serge £15 19s. 6d. **Caps** from 24 6. **Shoes** from 45 6. **Shirts**, white from 27/9. **White "Vantella" Shirts** 42 10. (Prices subject to fluctuation).

Gardiner's

Naval Outfitters

1, 3 & 5, Commercial Rd., London, E.1.

(Opposite Aldgate East Station)

Telephone: BISHOPSGATE 6751/3

Gardiner & Co. (The Scotch House) Ltd.

Just to remind you of . . .



. . . the happiest days of your life

The Camera Never Lies.



Stop Press

The St. Vincent Games

RESULTS.

SOCCER	...	...	...	Won	...	4-3
RUGBY	...	...	...	Lost	...	0-18
HOCKEY	...	...	...	Won	...	5-1
SAILING	...	...	...	Won.	...	
BASKETBALL	...	...	...	Won	...	36-17

List of Officers.

<i>Captain</i> ...	... The Earl Cairns.	<i>Instr. Lieut. Commander</i>	... N. Tomlinson, M.A.
<i>Secretary</i> ...	... Lieut(S.) K. D. F. Wilcockson.	<i>Instr. Lieut. Commander</i>	... H. C. Chambers, B.Sc.
<i>Commander</i>	... H. W. Firth, D.S.C.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... E. W. Taylor, B.A.
<i>Lieut. Commander</i>	... J. K. Lyon.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... J. K. Hewitt, M.A.
<i>Lieut. Commander</i>	... H. Brown, D.S.C.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... W. A. Mant.
<i>Lieut. Commander</i>	... G. R. R. Wilson.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... T. Sumner, B.Sc.
<i>Lieut. Commander (C)</i>	... D. O. Dykes.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... H. Bell, B.Sc.
<i>Lieut. Commander</i>	... G. R. M. de la Pasture.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... F. M. Vautier.
<i>Lieut. Commander</i>	... T. O. Hoggate.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... R. C. Lawrence, B.Sc.
<i>Lieut. Commander</i>	... R. E. Butt.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... D. R. A. Hill.
<i>Lieut. Commander</i>	... R. C. H. Mason.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... D. M. Richards.
<i>Lieut. Commander (G)</i>	... D. H. Samson.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... D. G. Burley.
<i>Captain R.M.</i>	... D. L. Roberts.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... C. H. Swann-Price.
<i>Lieut. (P T)</i>	... J. H. Parbury.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... C. A. Blackman, B.A.
<i>Lieut. (P)</i>	... R. W. T. Abraham.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... P. H. Sivil.
<i>Lieut.</i>	... K. Gamson.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... I. D. Hacon.
<i>Lieut.</i>	... P. E. E. Pain.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... K. Oliver.
<i>Lieut. Cdr. (E)</i>	... A. T. Holmes.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... G. Tilzey.
<i>Chaplain</i>	... Rev. B. R. Beasley, M.A.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... E. J. Beadell.
<i>Chaplain</i>	... Rev. H. I. Clutterbuck, M.A.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... D. E. Beynon, B.Sc.
<i>Chaplain</i>	... Rev. N. M. Denleigh-Maxwell.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... D. J. Joseph, B.A.
<i>Chaplain (C. of S. & F.C.)</i>	... Rev. L. Truelove.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... D. P. McGregor, B.A.
<i>Chaplain (C. of S. & F.C.)</i>	... Rev. P. J. Moffett.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... J. S. Manaton, B.A.
<i>Chaplain (R.C.)</i>	... Rev. F. Hemus.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... A. J. J. Hawkins, B.A.
<i>Actg. Instr. Captain</i>	... J. L. Rees, M.B.E.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... R. L. Freeman, B.Sc.
<i>Instr. Commander</i>	... A. J. B. Springall, B.Sc.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... E. A. R. Jones, M.A.
<i>Instr. Lieut. Commander</i>	... R. B. Hollis, B.Sc.	<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... J. Rodgers.
		<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... A. G. Bell, B.A.
		<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	... H. Briggs, G.M.

List of Officers—continued.

<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	D. Smith.	<i>Senior Commnd. Gunner</i>	...	R. L. Mumford, M.V.O.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	A. P. Coggins.	<i>Senior Commnd. Gunner</i>	...	R. P. Goodship.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	R. C. Footitt.	<i>Commnd. Gunner</i>	...	D. G. Bamfield.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	V. J. Keenan, M.A.	<i>Commnd. Gunner</i>	...	W. H. Freeman.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	H. R. Terry, B.Sc.	<i>Commnd. Gunner</i>	...	C. H. A. Brewster.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	J. Williams, A.M.I.E.	<i>Commnd. Gunner</i>	...	A. E. J. Berry.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	D. R. Baker, B.Sc.	<i>Commnd. Gunner</i>	...	G. W. Glyde.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	K. C. Lewis, B.Sc.	<i>Commnd. Gunner</i>	...	E. C. Croucher.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	P. G. Coombes.	<i>Commnd. Gunner</i>	...	J. W. Goulder.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	A. C. Chadwick, B.A.	<i>Senior Commnd. Boatswain</i>	...	E. W. Roberts.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	J. H. B. Moffat, M.A.	<i>Commnd. Boatswain</i>	...	R. O. Bartlett.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	R. C. Allen, B.Sc.	<i>Commnd. Boatswain</i>	...	J. Adams.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	J. D. Wilkinson, B.A.	<i>Commnd. Boatswain</i>	...	G. Brooks.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	A. R. T. Moody, B.Sc.	<i>Commnd. Boatswain</i>	...	B. W. C. Middleton.
<i>Actg. Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	A. J. Price.	<i>Commnd. P.T. Officer</i>	...	A. H. Sharp.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	R. J. C. Hill, B.A.	<i>Commnd. P.T. Officer</i>	...	E. E. Colgate.
<i>Instr. Lieut.</i>	...	E. Tyson, B.A.	<i>Commnd. Commis. Officer</i>	...	E. Gough.
<i>Instr. S. Lieut.</i>	...	A. D. Haggie.	<i>Commnd. Commis. Officer</i>	...	N. R. M. Smith.
<i>Instr. S. Lieut.</i>	...	H. I. Carlton, M.A., LL.B.	<i>Commnd. M.A.A.</i>	...	P. S. Watt.
<i>Surg. Captain</i>	...	D. H. Kernohan, M.B., B.C.U.	<i>Senior Commnd Shipwright</i>	...	G. W. Blackman, D.S.M.
<i>Surg. Commander</i>	...	R. M. Latta, M.B., Ch.B.	<i>Senior Commnd. Engineer</i>	...	H. F. Weller.
<i>Surg. Commander</i>	...	B. W. Walford, M.B., Ch.B.	<i>Senior Commnd. Wardmaster</i>	...	A. M. Oakford, B.E.M.
<i>Surg. Lieut. Commander</i>	...	G. A. Binns, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.	<i>Senior Commnd. Writer Officer</i>	...	J. E. Kettel.
<i>Tempy. Actg. Surg. Lieut.</i>	...	C. D. Livingstone, M.B., Ch.B., R.N.V.R.	<i>Commnd. Catering Officer</i>	...	W. H. West.
<i>Tempy. Actg. Surg. Lieut.</i>	...	M. K. Mead, M.B., B.Ch., R.N.V.R.	Q.A.R.N.N.S.		
<i>Surg. Commander (D)</i>	...	A. M. Watson, L.D.S.			
<i>Surg. Lieut. Commander (D)</i>	...	W. S. Turnbull, L.D.S.	<i>Supltg. Sister, Q.A.R.N.N.S.</i>	...	Miss B. F. Baily, A.R.R.C.
<i>Surg. Lieut. (D)</i>	...	A. F. J. Smith, B.D.S.	<i>Senior Nur. Sister, Q.A.R.N.N.S.</i>	...	Miss E. E. Fisher.
<i>Surg. Lieut. (D)</i>	...	G. J. Boyd, L.D.S., R.C.S.	<i>Nur. Sister, Q.A.R.N.N.S.</i>	...	Miss J. L. G. Bruce.
<i>Surg. Lieut. (D)</i>	...	T. R. Hoggins, L.D.S.	<i>Nur. Sister, Q.A.R.N.N.S.</i>	...	Miss M. S. Mason.
<i>Captain (S)</i>	...	J. K. Highton, C.B.E.	<i>Nur. Sister, Q.A.R.N.N.S.</i>	...	Miss E. M. Ellum.
<i>Lieut.-Commander (S)</i>	...	J. H. Drake.			
<i>Lieut. (S)</i>	...	W. H. G. F. Wadlis.			



*The old
order
changeth*

And the modern navy
demands new ideas, new
technique and a modern
approach to the clothing
problem

We believe in Progress . . .

AND, IN OUR FACTORY THE MOST UP-TO-DATE METHODS OF
PRODUCTION ARE HAPPILY ALLIED TO GENUINE CRAFTSMANSHIP,
TO GIVE YOU THE PERFECT FITTING GARMENTS YOU REQUIRE AT
A PRICE THAT WILL PLEASE YOU.

Send your requirements to:

Members of the Interport Naval Traders Association

A. FLEMING & CO.
(OUTFITTERS LTD.)

*Naval and Civilian Tailors and Outfitters
Contractors to the Admiralty*

Head Offices:

HAY ST. and PORTLAND ST., PORTSMOUTH

Phone: Portsmouth 74352/3 (2 lines)

Grams: "Navserge," Portsmouth

Branches at—

PORTSMOUTH, DEVONPORT, CHATHAM, WEYMOUTH, DUNFERMLINE,
GIBRALTAR, MALTA.