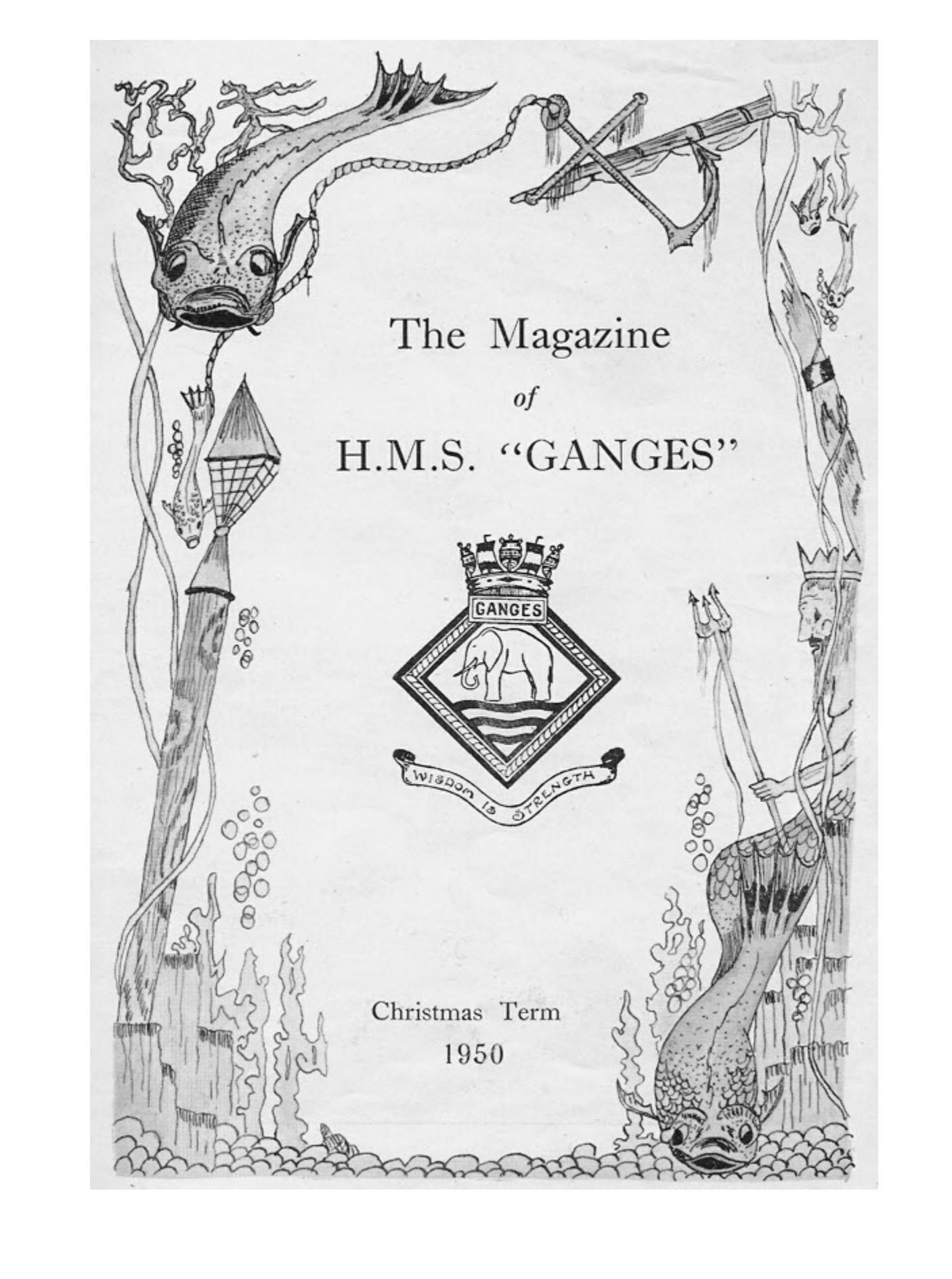




Being the Record for H.M.S. "GANGES," Term ending Christmas. 1950

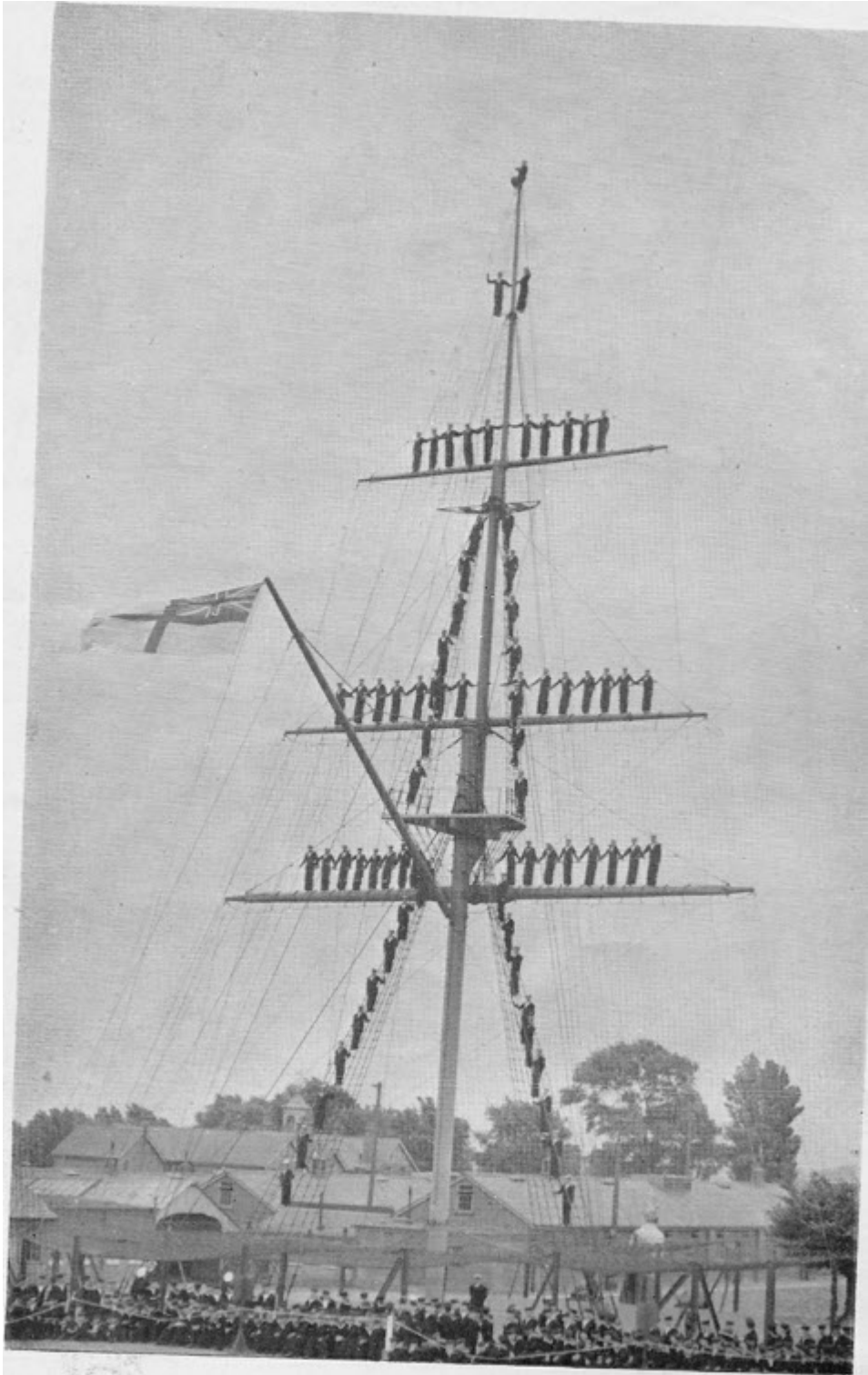
This cover was specially drawn by the late T.V. L. Wyllie, R.A., for this Magazine. The ship in the centre of the picture is the old "Ganges" as she was with her sails loosed on her last trip from Sheerness to Harwich. The artist made the sketch of her at that time. The battleship on the right is the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



The Magazine
of
H.M.S. "GANGES"



Christmas Term
1950



Manning the Mast and Yards

Editorial

Though we cannot claim to have seen flying saucers, or even to have discovered blocks of ice which have apparently fallen from the skies, the term in "Ganges" has been notable for many things. Throughout its course we have been in the hands of the painters, and the present state of the Gymnasia and of Nelson Hall pays tribute to their skill. We only hope that they did not miss any of their turpentine in the period immediately preceding November 4th, for we were most impressed by the abundance of fire and flame on "Bonfire Night," and suspected that the pre-arranged list of combustible materials must have been a long one. We congratulate the Gunnery Department upon their organisation of those festivities, the Hornpipers on their light-footed gyrations, and Duncan's Maze Marchers upon their "death-defying," picturesque display. The re-institution of this pre-war celebration was universally popular, and we hope it will once more take its place amongst the "Ganges" hardy annuals.

Naturally we have had the usual complex mixture of weather this term, and snow and hard frost have done their worst. Fog, too, has intervened, making one particular Sunday Divisions a ghost-like affair, with, the disembodied notes of the Bugle Band filtering through the murk like sand through an hour-glass. Our old friend the rain, has succeeded in turning School Lane into a semi-permanent quagmire, the winds have blown fiercely from all quarters, and, occasionally, even the sun himself has deigned to bless us. Amid the changing pattern of the elements, we have had visits from many distinguished Service figures—from Rear-Admiral Harcourt, D.S.O., the Director of Naval Training, on November 4th, from Instructor Captain Bishop, C.B., O.B.E., A.D.C., M.A., the Director of the Education Department, on November 7th, from Rear-Admiral St. John Micklethwaite, D.S.O., A.D.C., Flag Officer, the Training Squadron, on November 17th, and from Rear-Admiral (S) McBride, C.B.E., who presided at the annual stirring of the Christmas puddings and also presented the trophies at the Boxing Championship. In addition, the Chaplain of the Fleet, the Venerable Archdeacon Coulshaw, and the Reverend Owen Roebuck, the Senior Chaplain of the Church of Scotland and Free Churches, have both spent a week-end here, when they preached to us at Divine Service on the Sunday morning. And now, as we go to press, we are sorry to hear that the Commander-in-Chief has had to postpone his visit to "Ganges" until next term, when we hope to show him our paces.

Our nation has the reputation for producing its best when the clouds are the darkest, and, therefore, at a time when the international situation is grave and confused, and when England is already "one down" in the Test series in Australia, the outlook for 1951 cannot be more hopefully described than as "unsettled." The world is in a state of turmoil, and, moreover, since we returned from Summer leave in September, it has lost two of its greatest sons. On the 11th of that month, Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts died at his home near Pretoria, at the age of 80, and on November 2nd it was announced that George Bernard Shaw had passed away at Ayot St. Lawrence, aged 94. The former, the greatest of South Africans, "covered in his life's span, such a range of pursuits and interests as is seldom brought within the orbit of a single life." He was a philosopher, soldier and statesman, and in two world wars the strength of his counsel was of immeasurable aid to our cause. The British Commonwealth of Nations has lost one of its staunchest allies and dearest friends. G.B.S., too, was a man who, in his time, played many parts. Already in his middle forties when Queen Victoria died, he had made his name as a journalist, critic and playwright, and was pre-eminent in the Fabian Movement, the ancestor of modern Socialism. Throughout his life he continued to enhance his reputation, in the world of letters and in the realm

of philosophy. His masterly combination of wit and wisdom made his plays second to none, and we will long remember this tall, bushy-bearded, intellectual giant. Both of these men have left us after six decades of unsparing creative and controversial activity. Both, in the words of the announcement of Shaw's death, have enriched the world from the coffers of their genius.

As the end of our term approaches, we would now like to bid farewell to all those Officers, Instructors and Boys who will shortly be leaving "Ganges." After over twelve years as a Chaplain in the Royal Navy, the last four of which he has spent here, the Reverend Orrock will shortly be taking a living North o' the Border. Lieutenant-Commander Askwith, another "Ganges" veteran, has already departed and, over in the school, we have also reluctantly said farewell to Instructor Lieutenant-Commander Dennis. To these and all others, departed and departing, we say "God speed and thank you, and many happy commissions in the future," and, at the same time, we trust that their successors will enrich the Establishment as much as they themselves have done.

Finally, we turn to the Magazine itself. First we would like to say how grateful we are to the staff of the "East Anglian Daily Times" for helping us to surmount all the snags and difficulties which inevitably occur, and we would also like to thank Mr. Fisk and the staff of Tudor Photographs, Ltd., for generously providing all our photographic illustrations. If you find your Magazine somewhat more slender this time, we would crave your forbearance, for, in the words of the B.B.C.: "Due to circumstances beyond our control . . ." For several terms we have struggled to keep pace with the ever increasing rise in the cost of printing the Magazine. In a world of rising costs and paper shortages, we have now reached the point when strict economy must be enforced. We have tried to carry out this policy as fairly as possible by asking note writers to "boil it down," by reducing the number of illustrations, and by "pruning" contributions to some extent. To all those whose efforts have suffered under the merciless knife, we offer our apologies. Sorry! "C' est la guerre."

A happy Christmas to you all, and may the New Year be one of peace and understanding throughout the world.

Inst.-Lieutenant P. H. MELLORS, B.A., R.N.
Inst.-Lieutenant A. M. RICHARDS, R.N.



Aerial view of "Ganges"—taken during the war.

Christmas Message from . . .

Commander-in-Chief, United States Naval Forces,
Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean,
20, Grosvenor Square,
London, W.1.

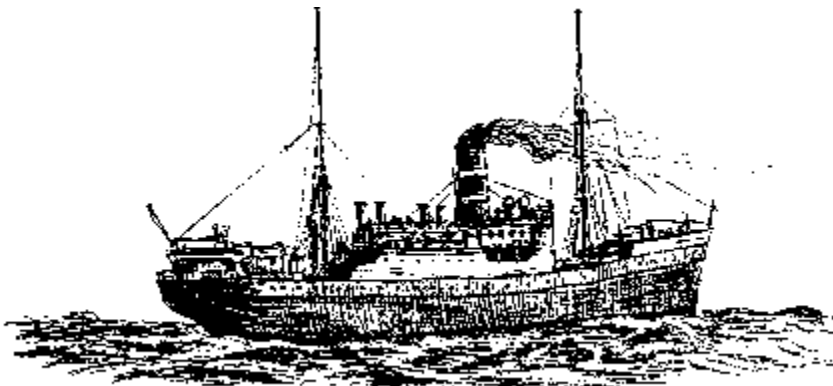
I appreciate this opportunity to extend to the officers and men of the Royal Navy, and to their families, my own best wishes and a warm greeting from the officers, men and women of my Command. We wish you a merry Christmas season and we join with you in the hope that 1951 will witness good progress and success in the great effort to win through to a decent and secure peace.

Although I am a newcomer as Commander-in-Chief of our naval forces in this part of the world, my associations with the Royal Navy have been almost continuous since my destroyer served under the command of Admiral Sir Louis Bayly in 1917. The ideals of our two services are identical, and for very good reason; we are the servants of like thinking governments. Even the customs and traditions of our service, in no small degree, took their beginnings from the Royal Navy's understanding of sea power and the operating and fighting of ships.

Our two services have fought side by side, tactically, and shoulder to shoulder in the spiritual sense when battle was joined, and in the uneasy post-war days have collaborated closely in developing and perfecting sea power techniques to counter any threat to the peace being sought by the freedom loving peoples of the world.

Our mutual and friendly association is a thing of year-round significance, but at this season it is especially fitting that we should all take note of the fact that we have a common determination to preserve our religious freedoms and to re-affirm our mutual belief in Faith as the cornerstone of our determination to maintain the integrity of those things in which we believe and for which we stand ready to fight.

ROBERT B. CARNEY, Admiral, U.S. Navy,
Commander-in-Chief.



"Città di Tripoli"

Drawn by Boy Frayer.

The Diary of William Bunter

(The Editors takes great pleasure in printing the following extracts from the hitherto unpublished diary of Boy William Bunter, of whom it has been said—
"If that skate comes in my office again

Sept. 5th.

Arrived at "Ganges." Wrote to Mum. Was issued with kit to-day — the trousers *are* complicated. Am rather annoyed I can't keep my civilian clothes — what *shall* I wear in the evenings?

Sept. 11th.

A nice gentlemen with buttons on his sleeve (a midshipman, I think) told me to sew in my socks, but I don't think I could have heard him properly, because later he became very angry and told me to get dressed again. I don't understand half what they say here--and the other half I'd rather not understand. Had a hair-cut — told the barber to leave the back — but he didn't seem to know what I meant.

Sept. 28th.

Still sewing in. It would help if we had a needle. They are teaching us to march — apparently it's *very* important in the Navy.

Oct. 8th.

Moved across to the Main Establishment. Everything so much bigger here - especially the commissionaire-man at the gate. Everybody else is going to a Division, but I think I'm going to a House. I *am* pleased. Chummed up with two nice fellows from "St. Vincent," called Alf and George. They *are* clever! They say they've been in the Navy for years.

Oct. 11th.

In the rattle yesterday (I *am* learning quickly) for wearing my cap back to front. Not really surprised — any sign of initiative seems out of place here. I'm not sure, but I think my Instructor is real.

Over in the Annexe they are still sewing in. Alf and George are missing.

Oct. 17th.

I said hello to the Captain this morning. He seemed surprised. Volunteered for some pulling, but then found out that they really meant rowing a boat. Not so keen now. It's very cold, but they say the Navy doesn't recognise winter till December at least. In school this morning we had what sounded like a history lesson, but of course it couldn't have been. Over in the Annexe they are still sewing in. No sign of Alf or George.

Now 13th.

Panic in the school this morning. An Admiral came round, so we all had to pretend we were working. It *was* fun.

Divisional dance tonight. I didn't want to go because I don't enjoy dances, but apparently that isn't the idea. And it's 1/6!

Yesterday I cleaned the Wardroom — they've got a pub in there. I *was* surprised. And such nice people too.

In the Annexe they continue to sew in. Alf and George still missing.

Nov. 28th.

Eighth week examination in the school. They say it's even more important than marching, but I think they are joking. One nice gentleman even said that if I did well he'd let me stay a Communication boy. Isn't that silly!

They can't find Alf and George anywhere.

Dec. 12th.

Over in the Annexe they are still sewing in. Alf and George have been found. They were waiting at the dentist's — apparently he was out shooting.

Am settling down nicely now. Not long before Christmas. I suppose I might even like it one day.

Bonfire Night

Guy Fawkes Day being on a Sunday, Guy Fawkes' Eve saw the revival of the pre-war Fireworks Display on the lower fields.

Planning all this was great fun. Before the war they were always a feature of the winter term, and many recipes were found in dusty files on how to boil Saltpetre into rope to make a slow match, or how to lay a gunpowder trail, and other useful methods of conflagration.

The bonfire was the biggest task, and scavenging started early. Fortunately the bank above the septic tanks had a surfeit of gorse and shrub, and by the time that had been cut, and added to the contributions that poured in from all sides, the bonfire soon assumed proper proportions. The Guy was produced by Mr. Powell and his Sailmakers, and, having acknowledged the contribution of a cap from the Captain, a coat from the Chief of the Seamanship Block, and a tie from the Chief Boatswain's Mate, it finally emerged as a brass-hatted Chief Petty Officer — negative gaiters. There is a story that the tie that originally adorned the Guy's neck was considered too good and exchanged with that of the donor — but there is no verification forthcoming.

The bank above the fields provided a good grandstand and the show opened with a fanfare of Bugles and Drums, with echoes "off stage." Next came the Hornpipe, danced by sixty Communication Boys, who were later to perform in the Albert Hall for the British Legion Festival of Remembrance. In white sweaters and trousers, they put on an effective display on the floodlit grass.

After they marched off, an aerial maroon was fired and this started ten minutes of concentrated fireworks. Shrapnel mines, Golden Jabs, Roman Candles, Italian Snakes, Catherine Wheels and the like, all combined to give a forceful display, and amid the welter of sparks, Mr. Cox and his two assistants could be seen setting light to still more trouble.

With the last of the fireworks, in marched nine torchbearers, who were followed by a hundred more, and we were then to enjoy ten minutes of maze marching. Well done, Duncan Division, for putting on a very neat performance. At the end of their turn, the torchbearers moved off to the bonfire, and as they did so the ship's name was spelt out in letters of fire on the sea wall. This all moved up to the finale, when, with the bonfire surrounded by torchbearers, two guided missiles rocketed across the field from the top of the bank, and plunged into the bonfire, setting it alight. With the torches now thrown on, the bonfire was quickly alight and there remained but the final charge of all the boys across the field to bring the display to a close.

P.S. — Who said anything about the rockets going down a wire?

R.P.D.

An Ode to a Broken Cup

A cup is dropped, the fragments ditched,
Into the gash bin they are pitched.
Then starts a game of roundelay,
To ascertain who is to pay.
The D.O. sees the offending bird
And what a tale of woe is heard.
"The hook, it dropped off in my hand
And on the deck the cup did land."
The D.O. orders "Pay the cost
Of this cup that you have lost."
Form 126 in triplicate
Is then prepared, but then by fate,
This form is lost, or gone astray,
And found in someone's pending tray.
It starts again upon its rounds.
(Oh what a bore this story sounds).
The Duty C.O., he then signs,
Upon the bottom dotted lines,
And so it wends its weary way,
And after several days' delay
It turns up on a ledger section
Complete and really to perfection.
The ledger hand just gives one glance
And then with form proceeds to dance
Up to the Chief who holds the cash,
For him to try and have a "bash."
This worthy man prepares *his* forms,
For the D.O.; he then informs
That he can now accept with glee,
The cost of service cup — for tea.
Up storms a P.O., cash in hands,
And pays this debt and then demands
Receipted bill for what he's paid,
To show D.O. that he's not made
A profit on this great transaction,
But cleared the bill to satisfaction.
The Chief then pays the money to
The officer, who puts it through
His cash account with greatest care,
Stowing the money safely, where
No one but a chosen few,
May now survey these coppers few.

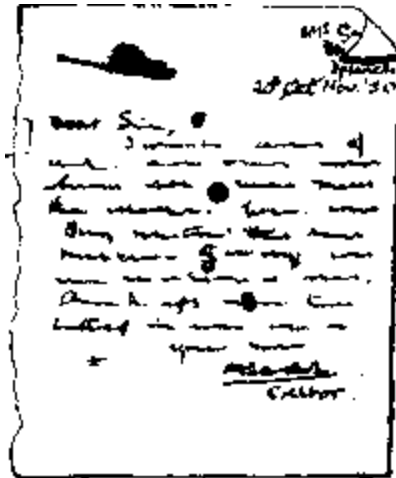
The moral is, DON'T DROP THAT CUP,
But wash it clean then hang it up.

R.C.W.D.

"Graphology"

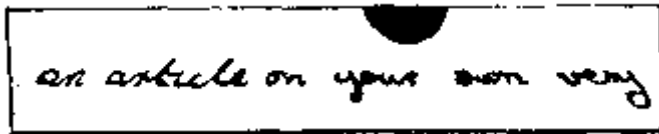
(or the noble characteristics displayed by handwriting).

An Editor recently wrote to a famous graphologist asking him to contribute an article for his journal. Here is what he wrote. "I have decided that the easiest way to let you know a little about Graphology is to use your Editor's letter as an example, and show you how I arrive at an estimate of his character. First I look at the letter as a whole and let the general impression give me some indication of the general character upon which I can build. This letter shows a definite neatness and methodical mindedness not to be found in any but the highly intellectual.



Now we can begin to study the finer points. Notice how the letter "S" is written sometimes "S" and at others thus "3" (or even thus "\$"). This shows a consistent single-mindedness and strength of character (also a certain awareness of the Dollar Gap and a permanent need of money). This is further supported by the letter "T" which is written as "†", "T" or even "t."

The writer has obviously a great power of concentration as can be seen from the slope of his writing. Notice how it remains constant.



Apart from the fact that the writer signs himself as Editor (not Editress) it is evident that the writer is a male. The lack of any ornament shows this, but he has quite an eye for the ladies as can be seen from the way certain touches of femininity creep in on capitals.

I should say he is very fond of outdoor games too, such as ball games and shooting. I came to this conclusion because the writing shows a very straight eye.

The fact that he does not dot any of his "I"s shows a careful attitude towards money matters. (He obviously cannot afford the ink). I should also say that he has red hair, as his writing shows a certain fire and spirit, and a tendency to be an alcoholic. This can be seen from the following examples taken from the letter.

Note how he has broken his pen in his temper.

Note the uneven character of the writing due to hiccoughs.

I find that I can go no further into this man's character without disclosing some terrible vices which, I am sure, he will not want made public. However I can tender one word of advice to whoever reads this article. "Do not lend the Editor any money, offer him peppermints with regularity, and avoid his company should he carry a gun."

"X" Dr. SCRIPTO. (His Mark.)
D.I.C.