

The Rugger team, trained by Instructor Lieutenant Nix, had three excellent games in the league, but allowed themselves to be panicked when playing Blake. Connolly, Giles and Baker played well throughout, and were well supported by their team-mates.

Our Soccer teams did quite well, especially the 2nd. The 1st team won 1, drew 1 and lost 2. Each match was hard fought and, although goals did not come, the spirit and enthusiasm shewn made each match a pleasure to watch. The 2nd team, after 4 very hard-fought games, won their league and were matched against Anson in the final; Anson won 5-0 and, although this may seem a walk-over, it was far from the case. It was a keenly contested battle right to the end, and at half-time was anybody's game, but then Anson's superior ball control told. We would like to congratulate both teams on providing clean, clever and entertaining football.

The Water Polo teams have suffered seriously by drafting, and we have lost many of our stars. We now have two very young teams who, although inexperienced, certainly are not lacking in fighting spirit, and we are sure that next term they will get us back near the top of the leagues, where we have always been.

Our Shooting teams were well to the fore this term, the .303 team gaining 2nd place (not far short of Drake's winning score), the .22 team being 5th. With the recent acquisition of quite a few marksmen in 158 and 83 Classes, and judging by the number of "Dead Eye Dick" books Mr. Farrow finds under the blankets, we look forward to next term's competitions with confidence.

We seem to be winning the Parade Efficiency competition—largely due to the excellent guard we turned out early in the term. The Messes too, have maintained their usual high standard of cleanliness but, while not wishing to discredit the efforts of the other three Messes, I think they all have something to learn from Revenge, where a really good team spirit has led to a very high standard of general efficiency and, in consequence, happiness.

We have the makings of a jolly good all-round team and next term should see us on top in most things. Well done, Rodneys—you've earned a good leave.

P.H.O.



**RODNEY'S BEST WHALER'S CREW.**

Back Row—Rogers, C.P.O. Cubitt, Cooper.  
Second Row—Lawrie, Spence, Booth, Smy.

## From Gun to Garden, or "Engage the Weeds More Closely"

Come with me to the Gunnery School, or should I say the floral gardens of "Ganges"? There, day after day, Seaman Boys gaze with wondrous amazement at the variation in colour and species. This is a land where the "tribi communicati" rarely tread, so they unfortunately must miss this glorious subtlety of tone and shade, of nasturtium and hollyhock, of dahlia and rose.

As we enter the gate we see a narrow road straight before us. To the left and right the "Work Ship" boys care tenderly for the frail shoots and flowers with the skill of trained craftsmen (as indeed they are by the time they're thirteen weeks on course). They're a picture of truly touching industry, though not of course that wretched boy over there who's dragging at the proverbial weed (the fragrant "Woodbine," perchance !). With backs bent, they work under the tutelage of the Chief



"Tenants of the Gunnery School, enjoying an afternoon stroll."

P.O. (Horticulture), who, like a mother, cares for every leaf and bud, and knows all the mysteries of pruning, grafting and compost—yea, a veritable king of the trade! (A Gunner, too !). But what is this? Geese and dogs playing in the sacred grass? Ah, yes—these are the animals borne, like those sprightly birds of old who saved the citadel by their cackling, to give warning of the approach of the enemy. Much skill is exercised, however, in holding the delicate balance between garden and poultry, for there was rumour that strife had broken out in times past between the C.P.O. (Poultry) and the C.P.O. (Horticulture), a terrible crisis being averted only by the death (misadventure) of the erring goose who had devoured a prized floral specimen. (Some say that a large car, bearing "L" plates, was the inadvertent mediator in this sad affair).

Naturally there are ample opportunities for advancement over at the Gunnery School, for even the humblest Weeder 2/c can reach great heights if he do but follow the Departmental Motto — "Engage the Weeds More Closely." In the wink of an eye he is promoted to Digger, or even Planter, whilst some can reach the dizzy

pinnacle of success — Guardian of Goose Trough. This is, of course, the rank for the Superman, for great knowledge has to be acquired as to the diet and temperament of each individual goose, to say nothing of the vertical and lateral deflection of water troughs, the inclination of webbed feet and the tangent elevation of a goose's beak.

Here, alas, our journey into this floral paradise must end. The happy labourers are returning their tools; someone has gone around to wake up those who fell asleep under the pressure of their labours. Darkness is falling, and as we listen to the drone of the "Cheefie" bird, we say farewell to this other Eden.

Boy PASHLEY, 147 Class, Drake Division.

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## A Very Short Story

The hands of your watch say 10.20. At first you are not quite sure that you can make it, but on the first curve, you shift your weight and notice your hands working the machine around that wraith of a centre-mark; you are already crouched over the tank but you have not realised where the next turn begins. You can never be sure what you are thinking about or what will be in your mind in the next second. It always amazes you afterwards, that your hands and feet are guided independently. You watch your fingers caress the throttle and your ears drink the sobbing of the engine, licking your lips as it begins to whine, seeing, but unaware that the needle is creeping higher. An insect crumples against your cheek; a leaf sandpapers your ear. The daylight flashes through the trees and then you straighten up and feel the muscles in your thigh relaxing, and now your shoulders are no longer hunched; you are familiar with the difficulty of breathing and after your hands have clenched and unfastened themselves, you kick your toe upwards and you are welded to the machine again. That was a man you passed and that a side road, but you cannot assimilate the meaning of a gap in the hedge or that speck which is a sign-post; your mind is locked in that cylinder which your right hand is tormenting.

The horizon has narrowed to a hundred yards. Your right hand moves and, somehow, both your hands and feet manipulate, relax and grasp again, and the patch of green that is a hedge, a field and a landscape, are things which were before you as long as thirty seconds ago. A staccato tinkle of gravel, which lasts only while you blink your eyes, forces the needle in front of you downwards and you are frantically searching for the curve, and leaning over to bring you up onto the straight stretch.

Something is smouldering. Somehow you bring your eyes upon that finger which lifts a trigger near your left hand, and see the wheel spinning, a black circle of uncontrollable steel and fibre. Petrol trickles lazily over the tank and seeps into the pocket of your jacket. You feel the salty nip of blood upon your tongue and you try to understand what this weight is, which presses your leg into the ground and holds you firmly, the regular clicking of a torn cable in the spokes reminding you of an old clock you heard once, when you were small.

You wonder how long it will be before that yokel stops gaping and drags you clear. You cannot trust your voice to say anything. You gather that there was no straight stretch. Your watch says 10.22.

A.M.R.

# Bitter Meridians

By HELIOTROPE STENCH.

(Technical advice and Local Colour — Inst. Vice-Admiral Core-Stead).

It was Sunday evening (Zone — 12) aboard H.M.S. "Indefensible" (and elsewhere for that matter, except over the International Date Line, by permission of the Instructor Officer Branch). The Captain had some time ago ordered the ship to be stopped for the night with the rather smart little bell-arrangement on the bridge and, any moment now, the Chief Engineer could be expected to slide from his bed, slip into something flattering yet serviceable, and do something or other. He had certainly been called, this being one of the ships which those lovely sailor-boys term, 'swift.'

The International Date Line could just be seen as a faint stripe on the water, and beyond it, looking indescribably beautiful, mysterious and luring with its behind-the-times air, Zone +12. Both suns (one or each zone, naturally) were just plunging over their respective horizons, the Zone +12 sun looking delightful

in an off-beige hue with saucy duck-egg blue trimmings. The +12 sun seemed pale, puzzled and even cleaner than usual.

Gregory Fitzmaclntosh, aged thirty-five, and just promoted to Ordinary Seaman at an old-world ceremony, the pomp and formality of which had left him still breathless, reclined in the scuppers and gazed at the spectacle. He was not bewildered, knowing the whole thing (or phenomenon as he cleverly thought of it) to be due to the tilt of the earth's axis or something equally sickening.

Gregory, as he himself would laughingly admit when cornered, was a handsome fellow. He stood fully five feet six inches on the bottom rung of the accommodation ladder, and everything about him suggested latent power. Terribly latent. One looked at him and thought of smouldering fires, and the incompletely extinguished cigarette behind his ear added to the impression. He had a magnificent head of hair which he was careful to wear off-the-collar since he had been pulled up by a Wren Officer who just didn't understand. He had had 'permission to grow' for about seven months, and the fine stubble round his ears gave promise of something extraordinary in hirsute appendages in about three years' time. His piercing blue eyes spoke of many an hour's peering through bad visibility to sight 'double-top,' and his teeth were noted on his Service Certificate as "Fl. White ev. 5 secs., vis. 3 M. on a dark clear night, height of eye of observer being 15-ft. above sea level." His very name spoke of noble deeds. It 'vas the result of one of those long-ago, confused Anglo-Scottish skirmishes, which had become even more confused than usual. At the moment, he felt nostalgic.

He dropped his lorgnette wearily to his side, and listened to the merry sounds floating up from the mess-deck. Laughing cries of, "I'll stick on that, Jack," "Button your flap, or I'll probably slash you," and, "Which of my messmates has appropriated my socks for the second time?", mingled with an occasional crunch or thud as the men indulged in one of those hearty games which were causing the twenty-strong sick-bay staff to work four watches instead of five. From time to time could be heard the good-natured " 'ush!" of the leading-hand of the mess. (It was a matter of disappointment to this man that though he had taken E.T. II. his aspirates had been absolutely ruined during a fencing exercise with razors). Soon, he too floated up in an unconscious sort of way-. He looked vaguely discouraged as if he were dreaming of a notation on his Service Certificate, "Needs further experience in handling men," or, "Lacks diplomacy."

Gregory turned away in the scuppers to avoid being further depressed, and continued his dreaming. Recently, he had experienced a strange yearning in his breast. It had started shortly after the promulgation of new rates of marriage

allowance for A.B.'s, and when, a little later, he read the famous and moving passage on Robinson's Patent Disengaging Gear in that frank work, "Seamanship Manual, Vol. I", his condition became chronic. He wanted to settle down, raise a family and hear the pitter-patter of little sea-boots over his ears. He had worked out on paper that, to do this, he would need a girl. Further, included in the working in the margin, there had appeared the word 'promotion.'

He had little experience of girls, beyond having had his cap knocked off by a shy, gazelle-like creature in Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, one New Year's Eve, as part, he supposed, of some strange Celtic rite, but there *was* one who might conceivably be fathomed enough, back home. He had even whispered to her, "You *would* be stupid to marry a fellow like me," and her quiet "Yes" had told him all he wanted to know.

What he needed, then, was advancement and, for that, education, and at the thought his heart sank. "Why?" you may ask, for, as we have seen, his knowledge of Zone-time was probably unique, though meridians confused him, one being very much like another. The answer is that there was a tremendous gap in his training. Try as he would, he had never been able to form adjectives given the appropriate nouns, especially when the ship was in action. His shipmates could never feel safe, and the Captain, at his wit's end in the matter, had only consented to rate him up to O.D. because his rugmaking ability had given the Persians something to think about as the ship came through the Mediterranean. He had tried to equip himself in other ways and had only recently dropped foreign languages because the words seemed strange and unintelligible. He had practised endlessly fixing ships by compass-bearings, and only desisted when an urgent representation from the Admiralty had mentioned the growing shortage of cruisers (though the kindly fellows had allowed that one cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs). He had even invented a new place to put Ohm's Law, but hesitated to mention it to his Divisional Officer. There still remained that fatal weakness, and Gregory groaned in spirit, especially as, at that moment, the ship rolled and he found out what the scuppers were for. He was jerked from his reverie by a sudden piercing cry which could not have come from the mess-deck for there was a certain 'Je ne sais quoi' and public-school quality about the long-drawn "Aaan!" Anyone who has ever seen an Eton boy run over by a steam roller will know what I mean. The cry terminated abruptly in a splash, and Gregory, after some thought, became firmly convinced that someone had fallen in.

He was right, and so, of course, are you—it was the Captain. The gallant officer had been trying out a new cure for foot-rot—a tablespoonful of milk in a tumbler of warm brandy—and the milk had soured his stomach, causing a fainting attack.

It hardly needs me to add that Gregory dived in fully clothed (No. 3's negative Thermogene), and, as the ship receded into the distance, swam, avoiding the pattern of depth-charges fired off by the alert lifebuoy sentry, and towed his almost unconscious C.O., to the International Date Line where they held on until the following morning, Monday (or possibly, in those inexplicable regions, Sunday).

During the long night, the Captain could do no less than produce Gregory's Service Certificate from the filing-drawer which he happened to have on him, and note on it the ringing words "Of average ability. Temporary Acting Able Seaman provisionally."

Gregory's first action on being picked up was to smack in (or 'apply', as they say at sea) for marriage leave. Fortunately in his excitement he applied the time correction wrongly, and arrived home the day after the wedding. The bride was radiant.

There is therefore no likelihood of a series of Fitzmacintoshes passing through R.N. Training Establishments during the next few years (ever, if the Instructor

Officer Branch, which endlessly and tirelessly watches over you, can keep up its clever Zone Time System). And this, for H.M.S. "Ganges," is

A HAPPY ENDING.

Afterthought:— Leave is a privilege, and he should therefore have given three blasts before moving his engines astern, *as well as* posting extra lookouts. The meridians were, in no way, to blame.

E.D.J.

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## Ode to a Driving Course

The pupil was stupid, he crashed all his gears;  
The tutor, poor girl, she wept buckets of tears;  
She was very persistent, though life was so grim,  
Trying to knock some road sense into him.

"Start up your engine, engage your gears so,  
Ease up on your handbrake, away we will go;  
Slowly, more slowly, yes, that's better by much,  
A little more gently now, easing your clutch.

Turn right at the corner, use caution I plead,  
Now that's a good pupil, well done boy indeed;  
Now over the crossing, we'll go up the hill,  
Park on the right somewhere, just as you will.

Not bad—a bit jerky—bit hard on the brake,  
Now let's drive around on the course you should take;  
I will not get angry, or even upset;  
We'll wait till you've finished that half cigarette.

All set then? That's splendid, now watch how you go,  
Bear left at the top, it's so simple you know;  
So off round the circuit, I'll show you the route,"  
To the pupil, so grave, his heart in his boots.

He started off well, but then dawdled until  
She gave him a nudge going down a steep hill;  
He stopped at the lights, without even a care,  
His tutor, meanwhile, she just tore out her hair.

"We'll get to the bridge and we'll turn to the right."  
'Twas then that the pupil gave tutor a fright;  
He did everything wrong; her anger was plain,  
"We'll park on the left, and then start off again."

The tone of her voice, it was just too extreme,  
"Hell hath no fury," if you know what I mean.  
"You must do much better, all rules you resist,  
And as for your mirror, it does not exist."

They drove on in silence, the pupil so sad,  
He'd done of his best, but his tutor was mad;  
They turned and reversed, and her thoughts were quite plain.  
He'll have to begin his course over again.

He HAD TO.

D.D.O'S.

# The Development of the Warship

## PART II. THE SHIP OF THE LINE.

Before examining in some detail a ship of the line of Nelson's time, it is worth while looking into the whole question of ship classification and rating.

Ships were never identical in minor respects, even of structure. Mass production, with its accompanying stereotyped products, was yet to come. In fact, it was not until the early 1880s, that we began to build "classes" of ships, whose features and performances were similar. As late as 1893, the Mediterranean Fleet, at the time of the tragic loss of H.M.S. "Victoria," consisted of either pairs or units of widely differing types with considerably different manoeuvring ability.

However, Admiral Anson had, in the middle of the eighteenth century, produced some order out of chaos. According to him all ships fell into one of two broad classes. Either they were fit "to stand in the line" (of battle) or they were not. The former, battleships we would call them now, were primarily intended to engage their opposite numbers in the enemy's line. The others were used for the many other duties which fall to any maritime country in war or peace, and can be compared with the modern cruiser. Each of these classes was divided again into "rates."

First Rates were three-deckers, carrying one hundred or more guns. Of such is the "Victory," Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar.

Second Rates were three-deckers with ninety guns. There were never many of these in the Royal Navy.

Third Rates formed the greater part of the fleet. At first they were two-deckers with either 74 or 64 guns, but later the latter practically vanished and the "74" became the standard "private" ship (i.e., one not carrying an admiral).

Of the non-line ships the Fourth Rates, 50 or 60 gun ships, were also two deckers, and sometimes served as flagships of small groups of non-line ships.

Fifth and Sixth Rates were single-deckers with between 24 and 36 guns. These were the frigates, the "Eyes of the Fleet."

Let us now look at a typical First Rate, a three-decker. This does not mean that she had only three decks, but three gun decks.

At the bottom was the hold. Here was kept the ballast, three to four hundred tons of shingle and iron; the food, about three hundred tons, and the water, stowed in wooden barrels, another four hundred tons—and the rum.

The most important features of the hold were the Magazines, one at either end. These compartments were lined with felt and secured by copper-covered hatches. No lights were allowed inside the magazines, illumination being supplied from adjacent compartments designed for the purpose. A marine sentry with loaded musket stood at the hatch at all times, and was reinforced in battle by a corporal's guard or a midshipman with loaded pistols. The smaller magazine aft contained cartridges already made up. The forward magazine contained tiers of casks filled with loose powder.

The Orlop Deck was the lowest of the decks proper. Like the hold, this had no ports as it lay below the waterline. Here was stowed the baggage, spare canvas and the anchor cables. These each consisted of one hundred fathoms of stout hempen rope about twenty-five inches in diameter and costing about L400.

At the after end of the orlop was the After Cockpit, the home of the Midshipmen and the Master's and Surgeon's Mates. In battle, it became the





lip again to the open air. Aft lay the Quarterdeck, the part of the ship particularly associated with her officers. The aftermost part was again decked over by the poop, the highest deck in the ship. From here flew the ensign, red, white or blue according to the grade in the flag-list attained by the Admiral. Lifebuoys, with a marine sentry, were always placed here when the ship was at sea.

Below the Poop was the Captain's cabin, so placed that the Captain could be instantly on deck. Forward of the Captain's quarters was the great double wheel, six or eight feet in diameter.

The Forecastle could be gained without descending into the waist. A narrow gangway ran along the inside of the bulwarks, partly decking over the waist. Here were placed marines to repel boarding parties. Some protection was provided by the hammocks of the ship's company which were stowed in nettings along the bulwarks.

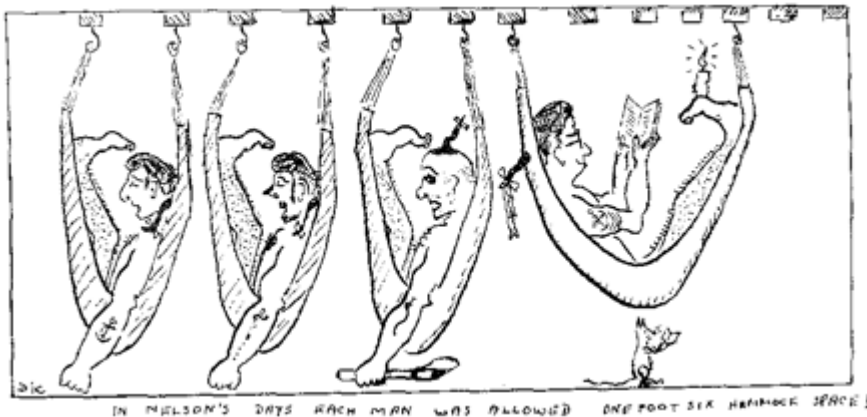
On the Forecastle was the ship's bell, struck to mark the passing of the hours. Here, also, would be a number of carronades, short barrelled, heavy spotted cannon; possibly even a couple of heavy "how chasers." A ladder gave access to the figurehead and the beakhead, the protuberance on which the figurehead was placed.

Above the whole towered the masts and yards. The "Victory's" mainmast is 215 feet from truck to heel and her main yard is 104 feet in length.

There was no regular colour scheme but lack of variety in the Dockyard store rendered some standardisation inevitable. The hull was usually black and white or black and yellow, the latter adopted after Trafalgar and known as the "Nelson chequer." The white or yellow stripes were on the level of the gun decks. The upperworks were blue or red, sometimes edged with gold. The sternworks were often elaborately gilded—if the Captain could afford it. The gundecks were invariably one colour, red, in order that the carnage of battle might not be too obvious to those plying the guns. Masts were varnished and yards painted black, although before an action all masts were painted white to distinguish the ships from those of the French, who always painted their masts black. The seamen's special pride and joy was the figurehead upon which was lavished much care and paint. It was always reckoned that a happy ship could be told by the brightness of her figurehead and the smartness of her forecastle.

A squadron of "wooden walls" must have presented an inspiring spectacle, especially when under full sail.

Inst. Lieut. B. ROWLAND M.A.



# School Notes

There is quite an impressive looking building just across the road from the Main Establishment, next to the fish shop. To some perhaps it is a sort of Chamber of Horrors, maintained purposely to torture boys who already have as much as they can contend with inside the Main gates. To others it is something of a haven where they can at least sit comparatively undisturbed for a couple of hours or so with little more physical exertion than is required to push a pen. To yet others—the majority it is a place of learning; learning conveyed through the medium of books and chalk, which one day they hope to transfer to examination papers, and then largely forget.

There is some truth in all these conceptions, but not the whole story. The School does look like a separate establishment. At one time, and perhaps still, visitors were struck by its severe but majestic symmetry; for until the new Dining Hall was erected, it was the only building in H.M.S. "Ganges" with any real claims to architectural beauty. Nevertheless, it is a building with a strictly utilitarian purpose, as the boys who spend half their instructional time, and the Instructor Officers, who spend all their compulsory hours of duty there, know full well. Its walls, if they could talk, could tell as many tales, grave and gay, as those of any mess.

How far does it resemble a modern built school? In appearance very little. There is no Assembly Hall, for none is needed. The yard looks like, and is, a parade ground. The corridors, except for some pictures of naval happenings, and for pegs for oilskins, are rather bare. The forty classrooms, with three exceptions, contain little evidence of the subjects which are taught therein, or the teaching methods used. The exceptions are two science rooms, and a cinema. To these visitors are always ushered, but, when they have seen them, they have seen all that shows. If visitors want to know more of our work, they must sit patiently day by day in one or more of the classrooms, listen, watch, peep into a notebook here and there, look at the faces that stare up at an Instructor Officer for the best part of a year till he sees them in his dreams, and perhaps laugh at his jokes. These he can use course after course-- "Sit up, son! This is not the Sailors' Rest." "IV Watts, the electrician's girl friend," and others.

What of the boys? Most of them thought, when they left their civilian schools, that they would never see the inside of a school classroom again. Yet one seldom sees a long face. Perhaps at sixteen one realises better than at fourteen how much there is to learn in this wonderful world. At any rate, there is never any lack of questions on every conceivable subject, both inside and outside the scope of the curriculum which Their Lordships have decreed. Woe betide any Instructor Officer who tries to side-track an enquiry, or who merely pretends to know the answer, for boys have an instinct for detecting the dishonest half-truth.

The aim of our school instruction, and the value of it to the Navy, and to the tax-payer, is not clear to everyone. The immediate object is to ensure that every boy has the best chance of mounting the educational side of the promotion and advancement ladder. No boy can say in later life that he might have reached this or that position if only he had had the opportunity educationally. We know all may need it, and so we give it to all. But there is a wider aim which views the work we do, whether in the classroom or, more informally, at voluntary evening activities, and that is, the development of the whole man, a provision for mental needs parallel to that which other departments make for the body and the spirit. A sailor is no sailor unless he is first a man.

During the Winter Term, work has proceeded satisfactorily, without any happening which could be classed as out of the ordinary. Progress has been steady, some classes doing really well, whilst others have been disappointing. Voluntary classes have been maintained, but with so many boys in the Establishment, attendances are not so high as might be expected. Boys can attend classes in woodwork, leather work, photography, aero-modelling, art and French, whilst play reading and choral groups are regularly held. A gramophone recital for boys also takes place every week. The boys who take part in one or more of these activities are quite keen, but there are still very many who have not yet realised that the cultivation of a hobby or an interest outside the daily job helps to make a better and a more contented member of a ship's company.

The class averages and prize winners for the term are:-

ADVANCED CLASSES - SEAMEN BOYS.

<i>Class.</i>	<i>Class Average</i>	<i>Prize Winner.</i>	<i>Percentages.</i>
140	64.3	Stubbs, P.	85.4
141	61.1	Norey, R.	77.8
142	53.5	Ratcliffe, J.	80.2
143	65.3	Gent, R.	87.8
144	56.1	Williams, A.	86.0

ADVANCED CLASS - COMMUNICATIONS BOYS.

250	71.6	Forsey, D.	87.8
260	68.5	Mason, D.	84.2
270	72.8	Havey, J.	92.0

GENERAL COURSE CLASSES — SEAMEN BOYS.

60	53.9	Partridge, D.	66.3
61	38.6	Roberts, T.	70.0
62	56.7	Housley, R.	80.3
63	53.7	Brown, F.	73.7
64	43.3	Hamer, J.	61.0
65	39.0	Willows, J.	54.3
66	52.2	McArthur, T.	68.0
67	44.3	Moore, G.	59.3

GENERAL COURSE CLASSED - COMMUNICATIONS BOYS.

210B	50.9	Windle, B.	67.7
220B	56.8	Telfer, R.	68.3

Some excellent individual results have been achieved at the Admiralty Final Examinations for Advanced Class Boys. They are as follows:-

<i>Class.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Percent.</i>
140	Stubbs, P.	Mathematics.	93
140	Stubbs, P.	Magnetism and Electricity	90
140	Barber, R.	Magnetism and Electricity	95
140	Fillingham, R.	Mathematics.	90
141	Norey, R.	Navigation	92
141	Mackay, I.	Navigation.	90
142	Ratcliffe, J.	Mathematics.	96

<i>Class.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Per cent.</i>
142	Ratcliffe, J.	Navigation	90
143	Gent, R.	Mathematics.	92
143	Gent, R.	Mechanics.	96
143	Ritchie, J.	Magnetism and Electricity.	97
143	Hudson, R.	Mechanics.	96
143	Beale, R.	English.	90
143	Jones, C.	Mathematics.	91
143	Phillips, F.	Mechanics.	92
144	Williams, A.	Mathematics.	92
144	Williams, A.	Mechanics.	93
144	Eldon, R.	Magnetism and Electricity.	95
144	Thornhill, R.	English.	92
144	Williams, A.	Magnetism and Electricity.	92
250	Forsey, D.	Mathematics.	91
250	Forsey, D.	Magnetism and Electricity.	94
250	Forsey, D.	Mechanics.	100
250	Forsey, D.	Navigation	92
250	Mackins, R.	Mechanics	97
250	Hayman, M.	Mechanics	97
250	Haigh, R.	Mechanics	91
250	Cuff, G.	Magnetism and Electricity	90
250	Wrigley, J.	Mechanics	91
250	Saunders, J.	Mechanics	92
250	Doyle, J.	Mechanics	91
260	Mason, D.	Magnetism and Electricity	91
260	Mason, D.	Navigation	92
260	Hough, V.	Mechanics	93
260	Jones, W.	Mechanics	98
260	Hawkes, M.	Magnetism and Electricity	94
260	Hawkes, M.	Navigation	90
270	Hovey, J.	Mathematics	97
270	Havey, J.	Magnetism and Electricity	92
270	Havey, J.	Mechanics	91
270	Havey, J.	Navigation	95
270	Baker, G.	Mathematics	93
270	Baker, G.	Magnetism and Electricity	94
270	Bigland, E.	Navigation	90
270	Cannon, P.	Mechanics	100
270	Chorlton, J.	Mechanics	98
270	Chorlton, J.	Mathematics	94
270	Collins, R.	English	90
270	Gilmore, R.	Mechanics	91
270	Gilmore, R.	Navigation	90
270	Knill, A.	Magnetism and Electricity	91