

odd days away playing Hockey for "Ganges." Other Boy Coxswains are on the way, and we hope to back him up before the end of the term. The first major competition on the river was the Style Cutter competition. A fortnight's hard practice preceded this and the results were satisfactory. 6 Class, P.O. Riggs, was third; 5 Class, P.O. Childs and 168 Class, P.O. Sarsfield were fifteenth equal, and 97 Class was twenty-third. In the aggregate we were second. Despite hard training we did not do so well in the Whaler Pulling and only 321 Class managed to get into the finals. They came in sixth, earning most of the 22 points which gave us fifth place in the aggregate.

In the Heaving Line Individual competition, Ellis and Milner did well in coming in sixth and seventh. 168 and 97 Classes were the only Classes to take part in Class Heaving Line competition, and came in sixth and eleventh respectively. Despite a certain amount of more interest in Piping this term, we were only seventh. Kinnaird and Allan did well in the individual competition, where they were fourth and ninth respectively.



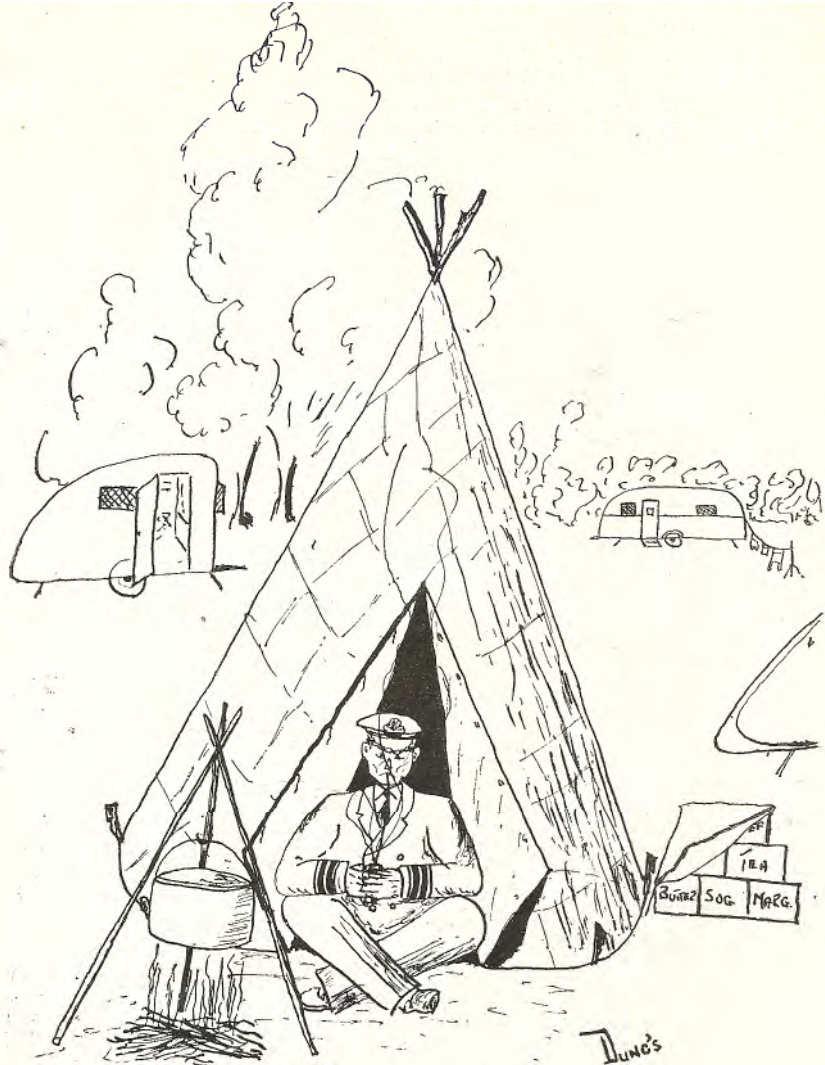
Grenville Field Gun Crew.

282 and 283 Classes were third and fourth in the W/T Efficiency competition.

So much for this term. What of next? From all accounts it will be a full one. First will be the Cross Country, in which we will be severely tested. This time it will be a Class affair as well as Divisional. Another departure is that there will be two Rugby and two Hockey Leagues taking place concurrently. For those who are not playing in these games there will be a Style Cutter competition. One thing, however, there will only be 98 "Charlies" as opposed to 105.

As usual, most boys have worked hard and have made progress, and they have deserved their leave. May all boys enjoy it, have a Happy Christmas and come back refreshed, so that they can make the New Year and term a happy and successful one.

J.T.G.



The Bristol Encampment grows larger.

Hawke Divisional Notes

Divisional Officer: Lieutenant Commander J. P. B. Ellison, R.N.

2nd Divisional Officer: Mr. J. Whetstone, Commissioned Boatswain, R.N.

Senior Instructor: C.P.O. Tomkins.

Instructors: P.O. Charlton, Yeo, Lucas, P.O. Hardy, P.O. Tel. Pitt,
P.O. Price, P.O. Clackett, P.O. Tel. Lees, P.O. Tel. Hagger,
P.O. Pettit, P.O. Tel. Stanley, P.O. Moore, P.T.I.

Senior Badge Boys for Regulating Duties:

P.O. Boy Snape, 252 Class.
P.O. Boy Rowbothom, 252 Class.
P.O. Boy Ralph, 272 Class.

Badge Boys: 45 Mess. P.O. Boy Thomas, D.L.; Ldg. Boy Harries.
46 Mess. P.O. Boy Snape, P.O. Boy Rowbothom, Ldg. Boys
Millar, Duff and Rae.
47 Mess. P.O. Boy Ralph, Ldg. Boys Pearce, Robinson, Brown,
Hunter, Lonie and Heard. .
48 Mess. P.O. Boy Wade, Ldg. Boys Ellis, Rix and Snowden.
49 Mess. Ldg. Boys Self, Pickles, Brisbourne and Jackson.

THE BOYS.

13/14 Classes, 252/272 Classes, 292/293 and 311 Classes, 88/89 Classes,
170/3 Classes.

THE NARRATIVE.

Was it only yesterday or 12 months ago that I (full of foreboding) joined "Ganges"? It has been a most entertaining year in every direction and the best fun of all was the taking over of Hawke Division, tin turrets and all, complete with broken windows, dripping spouts, a duckpond outside the Office (but no ducks—Rodney Division must have got there first) and a Trophy Case with one leg six inches shorter than the remaining three. Since then, O.C.W. has wrought wonders and the Messes, though hardly comparable with the Waldorf-Astoria (except at 1100 on Tuesdays) are much better than they were. We have an arterial road running past the Office and I understand traffic lights are going to be erected any day now.

Other improvements or A. & A.s this term include the mounting of the "Emerald" Bell in the Hawke Colonnade (shortly to be re-named Regent Street under O.C.W.'s Town Planning Scheme) and the spreading of the Crafty Bosun's Extra Special Awning to: keep- the burning rays of the December sun from browning off the boys too much.

A new inhabitant has taken up his abode outside 47 Mess, Harry Hawke himself, complete in glass case. A true Hawke—you can almost hear him grinding his teeth as a member of 47 Mess falls in with his chin stay not sewn in.

Duresco sales have been pretty brisk and the painter reports a trade in this commodity. Could it be that Mr. Whetstone has shares in the firm ? Or perhaps Boy Wright ? Anyway, Duresco has brightened the lives of most of us this term and long may it continue to do so.

Altogether the Happy Hawkes have had quite a good term and we finish up, I think, on the credit side. The old cry "In Awke" has been taken up with redoubled enthusiasm, even at the Fire Exercise and, on one occasion, in the Gaumont Cinema, Ipswich. It is a good thing to have a slogan to shout, whether





RESULTS.

Senior Inter Class Soccer	1st	Style Cutter	1st	
Basketball	2nd	Parade Efficiency	... 1st	170/3
Inter Mess Swimming Relays	1st	Class Guard	1st	Classes)
Inter Divisional Swimming		Senior Boxing	... 1st	
Relays	... 2nd	Junior Boxing	3rd	
Water Polo 1st Teams	... 5th	Whaler Pulling	... 4th	
Heaving Line, Individual	1st & 3rd	Water Polo 2nd Teams	1st	
WIT Efficiency	... 1st	v/S Efficiency	... 1st	
.303 Shooting Competition	... 3rd	Mess Rounds	3rd (to date)	
Piping Competition	... 6th			
Field Gun	... 6th			

Finally, we congratulate Petty Officer Hagger upon his recent marriage, and Petty Officer Hardy and the Rugby team upon scoring their first try and winning a match!

J.P.B.E.



Dohbey Day

Is It True

That a certain Chief G.I. was seen to be turning purple, after "Gas Alarm" had been sounded. (Technical Note.—Plugs are to be removed before placing gas mask on).





Divisional Officer: Lieutenant J. F. Kidd, R.N.

2nd Divisional Officer: Commissioned Gunner J. R. Forbes, D.S.M., R.N.

169 and 98 Classes	C.P.O. Cubitt	C.P.O. Knowles, G.I.
322 and 323 Classes	P.O. Tel. Aston-Jones	P.O. Tel. Miller
9 and 12 Classes	P.O. Trickey, G.I.	Ldg. Sea. Drake
178 and 179 Classes	C.P.O. Muffitt, G.I.	P.O. Norton

Divisional P.O. Traynor.

THE TALE OF ADOLPHUS (ERIC, OR SNIVEL BY SNIVEL).

This is the story of Boy Eric Adolphus, who joined the Division at the end of the Summer term, and then, before he had even had time to find his way to "C" Heads or the Canteen, someone sent him on Long Leave. Three weeks later he found himself once more on Liverpool Street Station—not because he wanted to, really, but because Mum had grown tired of his semi-nautical phrases about the house. The day after this he learnt the way to the Canteen and bang went all the money he didn't hand over to the R.P.O. when he returned on board.

In the early part of the term some of the Classes senior to Adolphus went to sea. These were 158 Class and the well-known 83A, who were pointed out to him as a bad example, but whom he secretly admired; after all it was not everyone who could fail Seamanship Finals three times and still produce the best Mess Soccer team in "Ganges." After their departure Adolphus began to feel the pinch, because, being a bright boy, he was always being required for this and that and there were not many, in the Division from whom to choose. He soon learnt how to be in three places at the same time and still attend church services conducted by the Rev. Basher, B. in 16 Mess on a Sunday evening.

He learnt that the secret of the Field Gun Competition was not to avoid being run over by the gun and limber, but to avoid being run over by the Instructor.

He learnt that if he was caught in the Divisional Area by the Establishment Officer between 0830 and 0900 on a Tuesday, the D.O. would disown him, though he was the brightest boy in the Establishment, and that it was far easier to say that he came from Grenville.—(He tried this the week after and was chased up Laundry Hill by the Grenville Second who seemed to want to know his name; so he learnt that it was safer to say that he came from Anson, as their Second D. O. could not run quite so fast and lived further away).

As the term wore on Adolphus became quite bewildered. No sooner had he finished being a glorified cart-horse dragging a gun, than he had to modify his bulldozing tactics to suit inter-Mess Soccer; and no sooner had he got used to that when he was driven up to the swimming bath every day to be timed over One Length Back Stroke, before he went to Shooting Team Practice. After supper he was taught to pipe, except on Mondays, when he had to make his mark on the "Cleanest Dustbin in the World"; before breakfast he sampled the beauties of the morning from the stroke thwart of a racing whaler or a style cutter. When they gave him spaghetti for breakfast in the middle of training for the Heaving Line Competition, he decided it was taking training too far to make him eat the ruddy things.



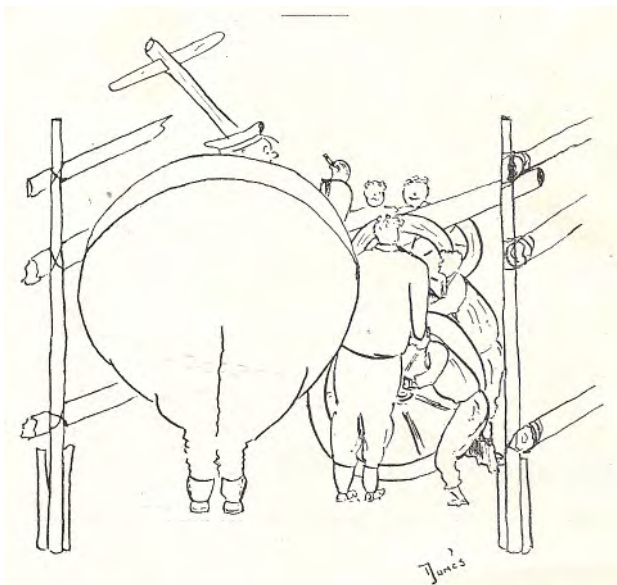


But competitions were not the be-all and end-all of Adolphus' life, even though you may think so. Once or twice he went on Local Leave--that is when the Division was not holding their chorus practice in the Laundry, or helping the Buffer dig up the Establishment as Duty Division, and he learnt how cold and wet one can get between Felixstowe Dock and the Guard Buoy on a rainy evening. Then there were Boat Days which, among other things, taught Adolphus the difference between high and low tides because he always got back to the Mess for tea later when it was low water.

Sometimes, when the Receiving Room was full, Adolphus went to instructions but he learnt more about "dead time" and "time of flight" at the firework display than at the Gunnery School. And the importance of sheerlegs was really brought home to him when they removed the figure-head of the "Ganges" while Dockyard "mateys" attacked his nether regions with "windy hammers."

He learnt by example, that if you wash your blue socks in hot water with soda in it, they turn brown, and you have to buy a new pair, while the old ones are used to polish the "Charlie Noble."

In fact, young Adolphus is learning all the time, which of course is what he was there for, and if you want to find out how he became a Boy First Class, and his subsequent Fall from Grace, because he did his dhobeying on the Mess Square, order your copy of the next issue of this magazine NOW.



"Turn it round, you miserable boy!"

P.O. TRICKEY, REMEMBER HIM?
HE'S NOW A COMMANDER.