

Able-Seaman Jenks stood at the Canteen window, watching a Wren come out of the School Block from evening classes.

"Women and edjucation," he said bitterly, "don't mix." He sipped his beer ruminatively. "I don't say there ain't no come-back from drinking, because there is," he continued, "but you gets you money's worth while it's there. But I don't ' old with women anymore; nor learning, come to that.

"It all started with me when I was courting a porsie what lived out Fareham way: she was all right at first—content to go for a walk and a couple of drinks. But when she see I was getting a bit keen like, she showed 'er affection by trying to improve me. That's women all over—can't let well alone where a man's concerned. She says as 'ow she'd always preferred the intellekshal type what could discuss things with 'er. She'd been out with a Royal Marine before me, so I didn't take no notice at the time. But a few weeks later she started talkin' about a young chap next door what worked in an office, and 'ow nice and refined 'e was. So the long and short of it is, I decides to 'ave a bash at E.T.I.

"Three evenings a week I went along to the school, working really 'ard, 'oping to make 'er proud of me!

"It wasn't so bad at first, the Schoolie in charge being a reasonable bloke and lettin' us smoke if there weren't more than two or three in the class—which there wasn't usually; leastways, not until a couple of weeks before the examination.

"One evening, however, as we was sitting there, a Wren Officer comes in and goes up to 'ave a word with the Schoolie. You could see she wanted a favour done by the way she was straining 'erself to be civil to a junior officer. The Schoolie, a young bloke, was keen to get on with our work, and I could see 'e didn't like 'er cluttering up the room with scent and powder. When she'd gone 'e said we could smoke, even though there was six of us in the room that night.

"The upshot of it was that next time we went to school, we see a Wren Writer sitting there. She'd come along to try E.T.I. so as she could pass for P.O. and sign on for twelve years. I suppose she was getting worried about the future, seeing as 'ow it wasn't likely anyone'd ever marry 'er.

"I took a dislike to 'er from the start. She'd watch the Schoolie working on the blackboard, with eyes like a couple of billiard balls 'anging over the pockets; and to show 'ow clever she was, and not like us common sailors, she kept asking questions all the time. Not that she was any good at the work, 'cos she wasn't, and I could see the Schoolie getting fed up with 'er, too.

"One night 'e finishes showing us a sum on the board, and says: 'Anyone get that right?'

"Up shoots the Wren's arm: 'Yes, I did,' she says.

" 'What,' says the Schoolie, surprised, 'did you get the right answer?' " ' "

Well, sir,' she says, 'the same as on the blackboard.'

"I could see 'e didn't like that very much, but 'e let it pass. As for the Wren, she was quiet for the rest of the evening, 'cos she was cross with 'erself for 'aving said 'Sir, ' what she was very careful not to do as a rule.

"I was still seeing my porsie now and again when I 'ad an evening off, though she wasn't quite so pleased with my efforts at self-improvement when she 'eard there was a Wren in the class. But that's just like women: they worries what you're up to before they marries you, and what the next-door neighbour's up to after they 'ave married you.

"Anyway, the day of the exam. came at last. We 'ad arithmetic in the morning, and I didn't think I'd done too well. I wasn't worried very much because I 'oped to pick up on the English in the afternoon. You don't get no credit for using your imagination in arithmetic.

"As for the Wren, she filled up sheets of paper with little figures all over 'em, and she seemed very pleased with 'erself. I certainly 'oped I was going to pass, but I wasn't going to get swelled-'eaded.

"Come the afternoon, and we was all waiting to start on the English exam. It was dictation first, and the rest afterwards.

"Suddenly the Wren looks up at me and says accost the room: Would you please mind not staring at me like that: 'aven't you ever seen a woman before?"

" 'Yes, I 'ave,' I says, 'and I used to think I could tell 'em apart from monkeys, but I ain't so sure now.' She goes vilent red and says to the Schoolie: 'Are you going to allow 'im to talk to me like that?"

" 'I didn't hear what he said,' answers the Schoolie, 'I'm too busy working.'

"With that she up and bursts into tears, and flings 'er pen and ruler on the deck.

" 'I'm not staying here to be insulted!' she screams; then she picks up 'er 'at and bag, and rushes out of the room. And that's the last I ever saw of 'er."

Able-Seaman Jenks finished his pint of beer, and called for another one. He stood before us in retrospective venom.

"Four munce I worked for that examination! Four munce of 'ard work and self-denial!

"I remembered all the Schoolie told us: 'Do a good essay,' e says, 'and 'alf the battle's won'; so I sits down there and then, and writes a plan and three pages."

"And did you pass?" we asked.

"Pass!" he said. "Pass! No, I didn't pass; I wrote me essay on 'A Woman's Place in the Home,' and lost two badges telling 'em where it was

We all sympathised with Jenks. "But what about your popsie?" we asked. "How did she take it?"

"When I told 'er what 'ad 'appened," he said, slowly, "she says as how it served me right for chasing after other women, and as 'ow she was going out with the boy next-door, what did know 'ow to treat a lady, and 'ow to add up two and two without keeping 'er waiting while 'e did it."

He ordered yet another beer.

"It's what I says," he remarked sadly: "Women and edjucation don't mix."

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### *What Kind of Boy Are You?—Answers*

If you have more A.s than B.s, you are sadistic, nasty-minded and evil-thinking. Your humane instincts have given way entirely to bestiality and you are a menace to the Service. You should be discharged.

If you have more B.s than A.s, you are a weak-kneed, yellow-livered, snivelling little sneak. You are the self-righteous type of person whom everybody loathes and you are a menace to the Service. You should be discharged.

If you have the same number of A.s as B.s, you are in an advanced stage of schitzophrenia and you have no sort of character at all. You are completely incapable of making up your mind on anything whatever, and there is no knowing what you will do next. You are a menace to the Service and should be discharged.

# The Rt, Hon. Hugh Childers

First Lord of the Admiralty, 1868-1871.

A number of the houses now building for ratings of H.M.S. "Ganges" will be on a cul-de-sac to be named "Childers Close." It is thought that a note on the life and work of Mr. Hugh Childers may be of interest.

He was born in 1827 and died in 1896. In 1850 he went out to Australia where he quickly became Auditor General in the new State of Victoria, and was the first Vice-Chancellor of the University of Melbourne. He returned to England in 1857 and was shortly afterwards elected to Parliament.

In 1868 he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet.

His time at the Admiralty was one of great reform. He may rightly be considered the founder of the present Admiralty system. Just as sail and timber were being replaced by steam and steel, so had the old ideas to be replaced by more technical ones. His reforms were not altogether popular but his successors have looked back on him with admiration and thankfulness.

In order to keep this note as short as possible, the work which he carried through will be briefly enumerated.

The first thing that needed reform was the Board of Admiralty itself. Instead of the old system of four Naval Lords and one Civil Lord with a joint responsibility, the Board was in future to consist of three working members, each in charge of a separate department, with one civilian at their head responsible to the Cabinet. This system still holds good except that the Board now consists of Five Sea Lords, a Civil Lord and the responsible civilian First Lord.

While the lopping off of the "excrescences and redundancies" was put in hand by closing superfluous establishments (including Woolwich Dockyard) and scrapping ships lying in harbour which would never be fit to fight again, the expenditure on ship building was increased. Mr. Childers' plan was to commence two battleships every year, finishing them as quickly as possible, never allowing the work to be delayed by alteration in design during construction, but making sure that, as each was commenced, she should be of the newest possible type. This programme was unfortunately not adhered to.

A precedent was set by sending a Flying Squadron of six ships round the world. This had a very great effect on world opinion and stirred the Colonies, particularly Australia, to great enthusiasm.

A fleet of over a dozen ships was sent to sea for a 12-day Whitsuntide cruise in 1869. This fleet was manned by 5,500 men, including 1,700 Naval Reservists from the Merchant Marine. Very few of the latter had ever served before in the Navy; they came from every quarter of the United Kingdom; they were not trained beforehand and had embarked only a few days before they put to sea. The officers were not acquainted with the men; the code of signals was new and unfamiliar; in fact, the conditions were those in which a squadron improvised at the commencement of a war would find itself. The result was highly satisfactory. Mr. Childers himself went on this cruise, and on another a few months later, thus gaining experience that (as "The Times" said) "fifty years of continuous rule at Whitehall would not have given him."

Mr. Childers was the first to recommend that the British Fleet should be equal to that of any two maritime powers, a principle that was recognised by successive governments up to 1914 but not uniformly acted on.

It was during Mr. Childers' time at the Admiralty that the wearing of Naval beards was approved. Up to this time the rule was to shave clean or wear whiskers only. Many senior officers objected to the proposed permission to "grow" but Mr. Childers carried the matter to the Queen who, to her consent to the new order, added the words, "It should be kept short and very clean." A week later she wrote, "On no account should moustaches be allowed without beards."

Mr. Childers was very unpopular in the service at one time owing to his insistence on a new retirement scheme for officers. There were many more officers on the active list than were required to replace normal wastage. The situation was deteriorating, that is to say, the proportion of unemployed officers to employed was increasing year by year. For those officers who could not be promoted he provided a far more liberal retirement than had previously been known. In no other way could the needs of the service, which demanded a far greater number of officers in the junior ranks, be met.

In September, 1870, there occurred one of those tragedies which the defence of the country seems to make periodically unavoidable. Long before Mr. Childers had come to the Admiralty the merits of the Turret system, as opposed to the broadside system of arming a ship, had been discussed and fought over. The construction of a trial turret ship, H.M.S. "Captain," was commenced in 1866 and she was commissioned in April, 1870. In her first cruises she was observed to have very little freeboard and to roll excessively. On her fourth cruise she capsized off Cape Finisterre; of 501 on board only 18 escaped. Mr. Childers' second son, a midshipman, was one of the casualties.

"Mr. Childers" (wrote a Naval Officer of high rank, fully conversant with the subject) "became First Lord at a time of great difficulty. The old order was giving place to the new and he fell upon the transition period."

"No First Lord," writes Sir John Briggs, whose personal knowledge of the Admiralty extended over forty-four years, "has ever done more for the good of the Navy than Mr. Childers. His scheme of retirement, his re-distribution and composition of the fleet (leading up to the present organisation and mobilisation), his grand work at Portsmouth and Chatham, and the consolidation of the Admiralty Departments, are all four most important measures, each bearing lasting testimony to his Herculean labours. These, together with the differences of opinion amongst the members of the Board, caused his health to break down, and finally compelled him to retire from office and leave to others the carrying into effect of those other important measures he had hoped to have been able himself to achieve—measures calculated to improve the efficiency of the Navy and the public good."

Mr. Childers' health recovered and he later became Home Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

L. S. B. SIMEON.

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## "Variety Ahoy"

No-one will deny that Shotley is a bleak place in winter. But that its bleakness is physical rather than spiritual was shown when John Foreman, the producer, brought a lively band of B.B.C. artists to visit "Ganges" one dark and chilly October night. The warmth of the reception which they received almost sent the roof off the gymnasium, and certainly proved to everyone that "Ganges" knew how to enjoy itself. The roar which the audience gave forth as a sign of appreciation must have staggered the cast and technicians of the show.

When the performance began, the impression we received was that everyone was holding him, or herself back, and such indeed was the case, both on and off the stage. This was due, of course, to the requirements of the B.B.C. recording unit, who have to be extremely careful just exactly *what* they record ! We were

treated to a variety of entertainment from the Song Pedlars, Josephine Crombie, Percy Edwards, a native of this area, who gave us some bird and animal imitations, and Harold Smart at the electric organ, with James Moody at the piano. To wind up the show there was, of course, Harold Berens, a comedian who would go down well in a Shakespeare tragedy as light relief. He is a rugged sort of comedian, giving us humour of character rather than humour of the intellect. But whatever he was, he was certainly appreciated.

Following the recorded part of the show, the cast really "went to town" and gave us their brand of entertainment without restraint. It was in exactly the same vein as the recording, but the artistes let themselves go and put their hearts into it. The audience's reception was of a similarly more vigorous nature. My personal memories include that of a small boy in the front row shouting for more and flinging his hat in the air with delight at Josephine Crombie's rendering of "Too Young," and of the really solid rhythm which pulsed through the gym. when Harold Smart played his electric organ.

If we had gone to the gym. expecting caviare in a refined and subtle Noel-Coward type of entertainment, we would have been disappointed, for what we got was the bread and cheese of a vigorous English nature. But as bread and cheese is most enjoyable to a healthy being, so was "Variety Ahoy" to "Ganges."

DONALD MILLS.

## Orchestral Concert

*Soloists:*

Piano: Instr. Lieut. D. I. Colwell, R.N.

Soprano: Miss Yvonne Rands.

<b>OVERTURE</b>	"Orpheus in the Underworld"	<i>Offenbach.</i>
<b>SELECTIONS</b>	"Rigoletto"	<i>Verdi.</i>
<b>PIANO SOLO</b>	... "Clare de Lune" ...	<i>Debussy.</i>
	... "Dream of Olwen"	<i>Williams.</i>
<b>WALT</b>	"Tales from the Vienna Woods" ...	<i>Strauss.</i>
<b>SELECTIONS</b>	"The Works of Gilbert and Sullivan" ...	<i>Sullivan.</i>
<b>Solo ...</b>	"My Love is only for you" ...	<i>Leonard.</i>
	"Dance while the World is young" ...	<i>Oliver.</i>
<b>SELECTIONS</b>	... "Carmen"	<i>Bizet.</i>

This programme was played in the Careers Room on Monday, 12th November, before quite a large audience, in spite of it being the evening before Captain's Rounds.

Bandmaster is to be congratulated on producing a pleasant varied programme, which was very well executed and contained tunes which we all know. I wonder how many of us had realized where the music for the Can-Can came from before. Perhaps if we take "Underworld" in its more usual sense, it sounds more appropriate.

We must thank the soloists for the time and trouble which they had obviously put into their performances and for the quality of the results. There is also one person who was not there to whom we must be grateful for his efforts. He is the Drafting Officer of the Royal Marines School of Music, who lent us five musicians to make a really fine little orchestra out of our band. Incidentally it was the Band Sergeant who rehearsed these as the Bandmaster was away at the time conducting at the Albert Hall.

Did you wonder how long that chrysanthemum was going to last?

M. F. S. B.

## "Pantomania"

If during the first week of next term you see certain persons wandering around in a daze, persons who have obviously gained no benefit from their leave, you will no doubt realize that they are the victims of "Pantomania."

This dread disease hits "Ganges" every year just before Christmas and has very widespread effects. The main symptoms are very easily recognised. At first the victim appears quite normal except for an occasional snapping of the fingers and a cry of "Got it." He then runs at full speed to a man, seriously ill with the disease, who is called a "producer." He listens patiently to the feverish wanderings of the newly afflicted one and then says: "Very funny," laughs a lot and adds: "Can't put that one in though."

This process is called script writing. The whole idea is to get a basic script from a reputable firm and to spice it up with nautical terms and characters. The original script is not very helpful as it contains jokes—I should say one joke—of poor quality: — "I have a boon to beg." "A plain boon or a currant, boon?" The script writers read this far and throw the script away in disgust.

The next step is to write a skeleton script of your own and to get it duplicated. This last process causes great concern in many departments for, or so one is led to believe, His Majesty's Stationery Office must indeed go bankrupt supplying so much paper. Eventually the unhappy few are given scripts, told to learn them and to stand by for rehearsals every day till the end of term.

The producer now turns his fevered brain to songs. Songs that are popular. Songs that are suitable. Songs that no-one can sing. He must do this because the script writers, at the points where they have run out of dialogue, have written in the one ominous word, "Song." The songs are at last chosen, the words are altered, and the music passed over to the Bandmaster. He is entirely bald or grey now as he has been given some twenty tunes, every one of which has to be orchestrated and most probably when he has finished doing this mighty task he will be asked to alter key of half of them.

Rehearsals are the next headache. When can all the cast meet together? This settled, the Producer thinks he can go ahead but at the last minute ninety per cent. of the cast find that they cannot make -it. This of course sends those few who have made it into agonies of despair but the Producer, a tower of strength, though tottering, takes the opportunity to devise a dance routine to fit each song. This is necessary because in pantomime nobody ever stands still to sing; he must caper about the stage in some ludicrous manner to amuse the audience in case they cannot hear the words he is singing; they are most probably rubbish anyway.

At last rehearsals are under way. Piece by piece the script comes to life, its bare bones fattening as jokes and actions are added to the Producer's cries of "Leave it in!" Now the costume problem can be faced. Every character must be fitted out in some rig other than that he wears in normal life. This is not easy, for sizes are found to vary from "small-boy" to "fat-man" and the wardrobes and kits of all "Ganges" as well as the bunting locker are ravaged in the cause of art.

After three weeks of hectic activity the cast perform for four nights running. First the dress rehearsal, when every other line is whispered from the prompt corner and at regular intervals the Producer is heard crying in anguish or blasting the man in charge of "lights," and then the actual performances to the assembled masses. Prancing about the stage looking happy, straining their vocal cords so that the most humble "nozzler" at the back should hear, having every other line drowned, we hope, with laughter, the cast work hard to amuse you. Looking back on such theatrical ventures one can usually see the funny side of things, but at the

time one is in a cold sweat from nerves, in a hot sweat from grease paint and altogether feeling quite bad enough to say "Never again," but next year will see you doing it again unless a draft has taken you from our happy clime.

You will have seen our latest effort by the time you read this and we hope you will have enjoyed it. All we ask is that next term you allow the cast to come round slowly from their daze.

D.I.C.

# What Your Clothing Costs You - 1867 Version

The following extract from the "Young Seaman's Manual," published in 1867, shows "the usual kit of a seaman in a sea-going ship."

Number and Description of Articles	Quantity of Material	Price of Material		Cost of Making-up		Total		
		s.	d.	s	d	J	s	d
1 Flushing Jacket ...		1	1 6			.1	1	6
1 Blue Cloth Jacket ...	1½	15	01	7	0	1	2	01
2 Blue Cloth Trousers, No. 1 ...	2½	1	5 2½	1	9	1	6	11 1
1 No. 2 Cloth or Flushing	14	1	5	1	9			12 2
3 Blue Serge Frocks ...	12	1	0	1	4	1	0	4
3 Cotton Drill Frocks ...	9	6	9	1	2			7 11
3 Duck Trousers ...	9	7	6	1	2			8 8
4 Flannels	8	11	4					11 4
2 Working Duck Suits ...	12		10					11 0
2 Blue Cloth Caps ...	1-	5	01			5	0½	
2 Black Silk Handkerchiefs		8	0					8 0
2 Shoes ...		13	6					13 6
2 Stockings ...		4	0					4 0
1 Comb ...			7					7
1 Scissors ...			7					7
1 Knife... ..			8					8
3 Shirts ...		1	0					10 0
1 Comforter ...		2	0					2 0
2 Towels ...		1	2					1 2
1 Bed, 1 Blanket, 2 Covers		1	6 5			1	6	5
2 Hats (Black and White)		5	0					5 0
2 Hat Ribbons ...		1	4					1 4
1 Type for Marking ...			4					4
2 Knife Lanyards			3					3
1 Duck Bag ...	3	2	6		4			2 10
1 Scrubbing Brush ...			6					6
1 Set of Shoe Brushes ...		1	6					1 6
1 Suit of Oilskin...		12	0					12 0
2 Sets of Black Clews and Lashing supplied by the Service.								
Total						£11	19	7½

# Church Notes

Dear Readers,

We started this term with the melancholy task of unveiling a tablet to the memory of the two Instructor Boys who were lost at sea last February. It was done solemnly during Morning Service on Sunday, October 7th. It is mounted on the wall of the Choir in the Barracks Church, and you will find a photograph of it in this issue. A special copy has been sent to their homes.

The Bishop of Dunwich gave Confirmation to 156 candidates on October 22nd, and the Bishop of the Diocese will confirm a further hundred or so on December 10th. Each occasion is followed by a tea party with the witnesses and any parents who have been able to attend. So we go on supplying the Church with adult



The above Memorial Tablet was unveiled in the Church on Sunday, October 7th.

Christians who make their first Holy Communion with proper preparation and reverence. They make up the losses to the family through death and carelessness. What an unconscious influence in the Navy and the Nation they will be if they remain faithful ! Some do, and some allow themselves to be overwhelmed by the cares of this busy life and neglect to do their share of restoring the standard of right conduct under God for which our Country was once noted.

We have a good party of Choirmen and trained Servers who assist at the Services in the Church. The Choir gives tongue on Sunday evenings, and the Servers assist at the daily celebration of Holy Communion, two at a time, representing officially their fellows in this place and the whole Church everywhere, whether or not many of them are also present. Most of these specialists trundled



into Ipswich on November 14th for a social session at the cinema and the Oriental Cafe. The menu for tea included a mixed grill accompanied by cider and followed by cream cakes, and no Hurt Certificates had to be issued. They had their photo taken before leaving, but no-one thought of arranging a parallel after-tea photographic "heap."

The whole Servers' team includes a few Officers and a few Senior members of the Ship's Company, whose turns at the Altar are entirely appropriate and help to remind us that Church facilities are for the benefit of the whole Barracks and not only for the Boys under Training.

The late Senior Chaplain, Donald Keen, left Shotley in October after two years and ten months, for the new Fleet Carrier, H.M.S. "Eagle," where successive drafts from "Ganges" will meet him again. Your new correspondent returned to England in the Summer after three years as Chaplain of the Dockyard, Malta, and Assistant Chaplain of the Fleet, Mediterranean.



Choir Servers' Winter Term Party.

The Reverend George Knight, an Assistant Chaplain here for over two years leaves at the end of the term, to be married in Sweden, and then to join the cruise "Cleopatra" in the Mediterranean Fleet. His relief is a new Naval Chaplain. O' Ferrall, from Ireland, who speaks English and is good at hockey.

The other member of the team, Clutterbuck, survives the change of two of his colleagues in one term.

Several distinguished visitors have joined us for Morning Service during the term, and we are expecting the new Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, on December 9th. The Rector of Shotley will relieve the home team in the pulpit on December 2nd.

We sent our usual contingent to the Remembrance Day Service at Shotley Parish Church, and provided a Chaplain to preach.

We are beholden to the several people who help in various ways with the religious exercises of the Establishment—the young lady who plays the organ in

the Church; a new Instructor Officer who helps with the Choir and can also make himself at home at the console; the ladies who arrange the flowers for the week-end, and Mrs. Andrews who maintains the unglamorous task of washing, beautifully, the small linen for the Sacristy. The pleasure of the company of all those who come to Church when they might do something else, is much appreciated.

We are to have a Carol Service on the last Sunday evening of the term. It is hoped to make it an Advent Carol Sing, looking forward to Christmas, rather than a "Christ is born today" theme, which is inappropriate half way through the penitential season of preparation for the Lord's birthday. The Choral Society may be able to give us the other half in January as an Epiphany Carol Service, when "We three Kings of Orient are" will be the signature tune. The Establishment will not be providing the link between these two except for the small party which holds the fort during Christmas Leave.

*Can you see anything odd about this picture?*



Sunday morning Service in the Gymnasium.

I hope that every reader who is eligible, will find his or her way to Church on Christmas Day and the Sundays after the festival, so that the sincere wish for a happy Christmas, which concludes this letter, may be reasonably sure of fulfilment.

Yours sincerely,

B. R. BEASLEY.

29th November, 1951.

P.S.—You will see a photograph of Morning Service in the large Gymnasium at or near the end of this section. The Senior Chaplain offers an expensive Bible or New Testament with a tiddley binding to the reader (restricted to a Boy now on course) who submits the best list of "mistakes" noticed—by Wednesday, January 9th.

## Roman Catholic Notes

Dear Fathers and Mothers,

What a rousing term we have had! The visit of the Royal Marine Frogmen; the arrival in state of the Emir; the thrilling soccer game which ended after sunset; bonfire night with the magic elephant that spouted forth rubies and diamonds into the night—these are only a few of this term's memories.

In early autumn His Lordship the Bishop of Northampton, confirmed some of our boys at the Franciscan Friary of East Bergholt. After the ceremony the boys were taken round the fruit orchard.

On Remembrance Sunday a Guard of Honour stood at the Catafalque during the Requiem Mass. It is well to remember the dead in order to pray for them and to honour them. So many of our boys lie buried in the sea without a stone to mark the place.

The flaw in this term has been the weather—but nothing really worries these boys—they. sing before breakfast.

On Tuesday, 18th December, we are coming home for three weeks' leave. You will notice how big your son has grown. I hope and pray that your son is growing into manhood in the way a good Catholic father and mother would wish him. May the Divine Child fill your heart and bones with Peace!

Yours sincerely,

Father DOUGHERTY.

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## Church of Scotland and Free Churches' Notes

Everyone, at the moment, is looking forward to spending Christmas at home. But you do not spend Christmas—you *keep* Christmas. Christmas is not simply an excuse for another three weeks of leave. It is the time when we remember with thanksgiving the birth of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and we call to mind those beautiful and moving stories about the Shepherds and the Wise Men which we heard so often in our childhood days. It is the time when we sing carols. But when you go to Church on Christmas morning I hope that you will discover that it means more—much more—than that. I pray that the little Child who came into the world unnoticed may come quietly—but not unnoticed—into your hearts. Then you will find that the "Christmas spirit" is not something which you may have for a season, but something which is yours always. "Christ dwelling in you" is the finest Christmas present you can receive, and God is offering it to you. Do not cry "No room! No room!"

These notes would not be complete without expressing our sorrow at the departure of Instructor Lieutenant F. L. Culver. He has been the Chaplain's right-hand man all the time he has been in "Ganges," and his influence has been felt and recognised throughout the whole Establishment. Many will miss him, but none more *than* we of St. Andrew's Chapel. We will long be grateful to him for all that he has done for us and with us, and as he returns to civilian life we wish him every happiness and all success in the future.

A very Happy Christmas to you all.

A. S. C.