



[Photograph by courtesy of Columbia Picture Corporation Ltd and 'ABC Film Review']
YVONNE MONLAUR

'GONE, BUTT NOT FOR-GOAT-EN'

'BRING ON THE GOAT!' The stentorian tones echoed over the heads of the assembled devotees. A stir of anticipation rippled through the serried ranks. From a corner of the vast square came the goat, arrayed in its ceremonial trappings, flanked by two acolytes, followed by the Chief Goat Keeper.

Slowly, with wearied step, the beast ambled to the central dais. There stood the chief of the tribe, surrounded by the lesser chiefs; their ceremonial robes of dark blue, gold and white spoke proudly of the heritage that was theirs. Each chief grasped the hilt of a ceremonial sword, encased in scabbard of black and gold.

The small procession halted by the dais and turned to face the warrior hordes. Suddenly the beating of the war drums shattered the silence of the morning, weird native instruments burst into primitive tune. As one the mass of warriors turned to face from whence the goat had come.

Then, rank by rank, these mighty warriors marched past the dais, paying homage to the goat, their tramping feet made the very ground shake. Their heads and eyes turned to gaze into the creature's sorrowful face; the leaders of each group raised their right arms in salute, as if to say 'Farewell, O noble beast!'

Finally, the goat stood alone - alone except for his acolytes and the warrior honoured and trusted with his care. Then, slowly, head held proudly on high, his curving horns throwing a challenge to one and all, he moved forward across the square - the square where at certain times the young men of the tribe were wont to undergo the rituals and tortures of initiation as full-blooded warriors.

At the top of a hill, near to the narrow outlet from the encampment, stood the tribal totem, a figure with human head and torso. Here were now gathered the tribal chiefs, the warriors, and the women of the tribe. Here would occur the

final scenes of this primitive pageant. Up this hill in solemn procession came the goat, its attendants, the drums of war beating a funereal rhythm, and the wailing of the accompanying instruments curdled the blood of the onlookers.

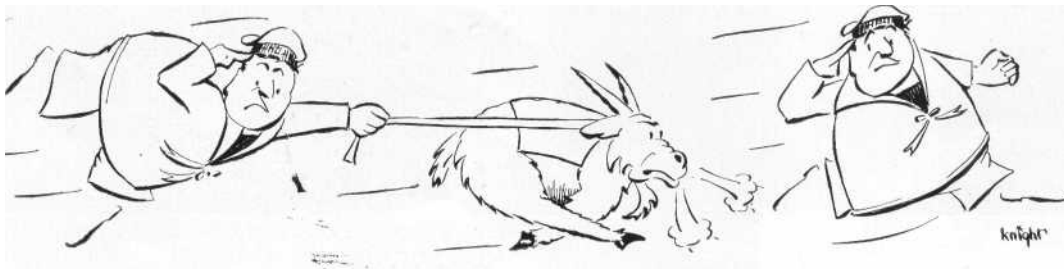
The Chief of the tribe, resplendent in his glorious robes, stepped forward as the goat halted. He leaned forward and began a low, monotonous chant, reciting highlights of the goat's life, calling the blessings of the tribe's gods upon it. He proffered it some morsels of native herbs, which the beast devoured eagerly. (The natives practise the habit of inhaling the fumes of this herb as it burns in tubes of paper or leaf; it appears to intoxicate them into forgetfulness of mundane trials and tribulations.) It seemed for a moment to pacify the goat, to lull it into a false sense of security as the crucial moment approached.

The massed warriors, now grown silent, surged forward as the goat, with hesitant step, moved to the place of sacrifice. As if it sensed the impending doom and the finality of what was to come, he faltered and looked anxiously about him. Several stalwart warriors were beckoned forth. They seized the bewildered animal and forced him up a wooden ramp into a small confined space. The ramp was removed, a wooden partition was pegged into place, and the warriors retired. Suddenly the pregnant silence was shattered as the voice of a lesser chief gave the order for the final act to take place.

With a roar an engine burst into life and a small van sped on its way to Plymouth Zoo, taking with it Walter the Goat - Walter, for the past nine years, mascot of H.M.S. *Raleigh*.

Good-bye to Leading Goat Walter on the completion of his engagement. Hallo, Walter, hairy, horned, bearded, domesticated, ruminant of the genus *Capra Hircus*...

N. J. MARGERRISON, P.O. Writer.



CANON B. W. BENSKIN



ON SUNDAY, 19th July, Canon B. W. Benskin, Vicar of Antony and St. John, was honoured by a parade of combined H.M.S. *Raleigh* and H.M.S. *Fisgard* ratings at which he took the salute and after which he was presented with a clerical scarf embroidered with the badge of a Chaplain of the Royal Naval Reserve to mark his recent appointment as an honorary Chaplain R.N.R., a distinction he holds with only two other clergymen, one of whom is a bishop.

This appointment was in recognition of his services to both establishments since their commissioning twenty-four years ago, since when he has offered material and spiritual hospitality to Service personnel and concerned himself with the confirmation of Anglicans of *Raleigh* and *Fisgard*, his Church School is attended by numbers of children from Naval families.

Mr. Benskin was a scholar of St. David's College, Lampeter, where he graduated in History in 1925, taking a further degree at Keble College, Oxford, in 1927. He was ordained in 1919 and has served on the staffs of Cheltenham, Marlborough and Plymouth Colleges, becoming Curate of Antony in 1924. He was made an Honorary Canon of Truro Cathedral in 1959.

The Revd. Benskin preached the sermon at Morning Service in the Cinema after Divisions.

SUB AQUA CLUB

IN THE DIVING world the effects of pressure can sometimes become uncomfortable, but the pressure brought to bear by the Editor for some news of the Sub Aqua Club has been more than severe, so I am to try to give news of our activities.

These activities have steadily gained momentum over the term with the willing assistance of Lt. Miners, Chief Diver Lock, P.O. Hylands and P.O. Dockett, to name but a few of the willing volunteers. Besides normal basic training, which takes place every Tuesday evening in the swimming-bath, we have been able to indoctrinate our learners to the 'mysteries of the deep' in Cawsand Bay, Firestone Bay, and at Wilcove.

The beginning of the term saw the official opening of the new diving hut and the arrival of the six new S.A.B.A. sets. All that we require now is our long-awaited air-compressor, and the Club will become self-contained. In the meantime, our thanks must be recorded for the help given by H.M.S. *Drake* in enabling us to change our air-bottles and also to give some erstwhile divers a deep 'pot dip'.

M.R.W.





THE VICTORIOUS WRNS TEN TORS TEAM RECEIVING THE FRIENDS OF THE DISABLED CUP AND CERTIFICATES FROM CAPTAIN JERMAIN RECENTLY

RALEIGH, THE COLONY

Scene of earliest English colonising attempt within the limits of continental United States and birthplace of the first English child born in the New World



RALEIGH PRESENTED TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

Fort Raleigh National Historic Site, on the north end of Roanoke Island, North Carolina, the scene of Sir Walter Raleigh's ill-fated attempts to establish an English colony in America, is the connecting link with the Court of Queen Elizabeth and with the golden age of the English renaissance. Among the men of action figuring in the history of the settlements are two of the great 'sea dogs' of Elizabethan England, Sir Richard Grenville, later to be immortalised as the hero of the *Revenge*, and Sir Francis Drake, first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe. Here the agents of Sir Walter Raleigh and the subjects of Queen Elizabeth suffered or died in the effort to begin the conquest of the greater part of the North

American continent by the slow process of agriculture, trade and natural increase. The hardships of the first colony, 1585-86, and the tragic disappearance of the 'Lost Colony' of 1587 caused the English to grow in colonial wisdom. Thus the birth of Virginia Dare in the 'Citie of Raleigh in Virginia', August 18th, 1587, first child of English parentage to be born in the New World, was a prophetic symbol of the future rise of a new English-speaking nation beyond the seas.

RALEIGH, THE CITY

When thinking about Raleigh the city one must remember North Carolina's two Raleighs. The first was the 'Citie of Raleigh' established in 1585 by Sir Walter as the first English Colony in America. The second Raleigh colony on this site was established in 1587 and became the famous 'Lost Colony' whose story is told in the summer drama on Roanoke Island. A photograph of the court scene in this drama is shown on the opposite page.

The present City of Raleigh bears the distinction of being a city that was born a capital. Raleigh, the modern capital city of North Carolina, established in 1792, is the fifth largest city in the state, with a population of 65,679. The city was named after Sir Walter Raleigh, and one of its residential areas, Hayes Barton, carries the name of Sir Walter's home in England.

In the State Museum of Art there is an important collection of paintings of the Elizabeth era, including a portrait of Sir Walter by Marc Gheeraerts, 1552-1618.

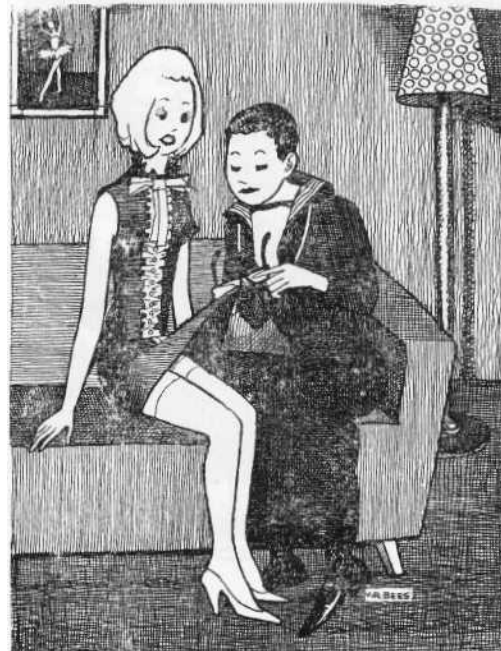
December 3rd, 1954, Sir Walter's four-hundredth anniversary, was observed throughout North Carolina as 'Sir Walter Raleigh Day' and, by virtue of legislation enacted by the General Assembly, a movement started for the eventual erection of a statue to Sir Walter in the Capitol Square.



RALEIGH, CAPITAL CITY OF NORTH CAROLINA



If you feel like that, why did you marry a Chief:



'I thought you had to have 6-6 eyesight to be a seaman!'

BILL

THE GOAT is usually associated with the Land Forces as a mascot, but never before has one gone down to the sea in a ship of the Royal Navy as did Bill, the pet of the giant battle-cruiser *Hood*. Born one mad March morning in lone Glenarty's hazel shade at the foot of Ben Wyvis, where the golden eagle and the buzzard are monarchs of all they survey, and sharing his wild and lonely glen were the pine-marten, wild cat and the blue Scotch hare roaming undisturbed.

He was a sturdy little chap about eight weeks old, when the laird of the Manor of Ross and Cromarty presented him to the *Hood*, and in a short space of time Bill developed his rolling gait and sea legs as good as any old three-badge sailor-man. The ship's many steep steel ladders, with their foot-high combings or the companion-ways, presented no great difficulties to his sure-footed perambulations, even the full-charge broadsides from the cruiser's fifteen-inch guns neither disturbed a hair on his foot-long beard nor made him blink an eyelid. He always was first down in the liberty boat, taking up his position in the bows as a look-out, and where there was a patch of rich roadside grass or a luscious parkland near when he landed, he'd

fill up. To his credit, it may be said he was never absent without leave.

To see his nimble lips extract the securing-pin of a lunch-basket or undo the reef-knot of a bandana handkerchief holding some Dockyard matey's dinner, was an object-lesson in the saying, 'Look, no hands!'

So he was not looked upon with favour by the Devonport Dockyard's workmen when the ship came to her home port for a refit, and woe betide anyone trying to retrieve his purloined lunch or the Cornish pasty - his much-favoured meal.

Gib, Toulon, Malaga, Algiers, the Balearics, Santos, Barcelona, the Barbadoes, and St. Lucia in the Fortunate Isles were his happy hunting-grounds one time or another. But perhaps his finest hour was when he headed the British contingent of seamen and marines at the Brazilian centenary celebrations in Rio in 1922. Led by a bugler of the 'Royals' to that grand old marching tune 'A Life on the Ocean Wave', his proud bearing and perfect 'keeping in step' won the loudest applause from the assembled representatives of the nations present, even from the President himself.

In Trinidad on the homeward journey there was a blot on his otherwise clean shield, he charged the assembled notables and natives on the pier-head at Port of Spain and there were many bruises as they beat a hasty retreat, so an order was given by Admiral Cowan that henceforth when on shore he was to be led (he hadn't seen a coloured man before).

Alas! His growing fondness for My Lady Nicotine compelled him to seek fresh fields and pastures new, where grass was more beneficial to his disordered set of stomachs than half-smoked fag-ends. So, at the beginning of one autumn Scottish cruise, the *Hood* poked her bows between the Souters at the entrance of the Cromarty Firth and, after a two-year commission, Bill was landed to roam once more over the lands of his forefathers, to dream mayhap of the rolling seas, ships, sailor men and 'furrin' parts' when the moon and tide were full on Loch Maree.

Bill has long since passed over the Great Divide to that Happy Land far away from whence no billy-goat ever returns, and his ghost perhaps mingles with *Hood's* great company one thousand fathoms deep. Perhaps the little zephyrs, coming over the banks and braes at eventide when the sun is low and stirring the heather bells from their silence into a musical note, are but chanting a solemn requiem for the soul of a very gallant four-footed gentleman. Who knows?



Since going to press, sad news has been received from Plymouth Zoo, that Walter the Goat has passed peacefully away in his sleep.

The cause of death was fatty degeneration due to over feeding over the years.

We extend to all Walter's relations our deepest condolences.

YOU AND THE CHURCH

MANY OF THE pieces of paper which find their way to the 'IN' tray in my office are addressed to 'C.S. Chaplin', and I do muse at times on whether I and my colleagues, all 'Chaplins' together, are considered as a set of 'Charlie Chaplins'. I would not mind being the rather put-upon little Charlie of the 'Gold Rush', but it wouldn't be so nice to think that we are compared with 'The Great Dictator' or with 'M. Verdoux'. Maybe we are rather strange and unfamiliar figures to a lot of you, whose early meetings with clergy have been along the length of the School Hall, or perhaps outside the Church Hall door, while you have been awaiting your girl friend's reappearance after a choir practice - now is the chance to get to know us a little better and to discover why we exist.

'Q.R. & A.'s, that great collection of Service wisdom, tells a chaplain that he is to be 'the friend and adviser of all on board'.

This brings me to the questions one is asked from time to time. At the end of an instructional period it is usual to ask if there are any questions. Some that have come to my colleagues and to me in recent times have been wonderful, to say the least. One padre was asked: 'How do you get your head through a dog-collar?' Another was asked: 'Are you a minister in the village?' Yet another: 'Are there any uniformed padres?' Well, dog-collars button behind, and we are ministers all the time - and as to being in the Service, all chaplains in Raleigh are 'regulars'. We have uniforms, sometimes described as similar to those worn by Corporation Tramway conductors. These we seldom wear. Not because we are afraid of being offered someone's fare on the Torpoint ferry but because we wish to be seen as men 'out with' rank. Note that I did not say without rank - for we hope that we earn the respect that you would accord to a parish minister or parish priest in civil life and that you may find us at least as accessible and approachable as the minister at home.

Other thrusts we have to parry at times are questions like 'What do you do with your time?' or statements even more pointed like 'Of course, you're still working a one-day week!'. First and last we are servants of God, and of His Church, and what you make of that is not so much a criticism of us but of yourself. I often hear complaints about the Church. People say our services are stuffy, our appeals for decision to live a Christian life are embarrass-

ing and over-emotional, that a lot of parsons are out of touch with 'real life'. You don't need to tell me, I know. I see a lot more of it than you do.

I am told that going to church doesn't make a Christian or that 'You don't have to go to church to be a Christian'. Within their limits both statements are true.

THE CHURCH IS A SIGNPOST TO THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. A signpost may tell you that it is six miles to Much Binding, but it stays still, and you travel on the six miles. The signpost has to stay where it is because there will be another like you along in a few minutes seeking the same information. Only within the family of the Church, both by giving and receiving, can we improve our life and faith.

THE CHURCH IS FULL OF PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIVE UP TO IT. The Church was founded for sinners, so who is to worry when we hear that a lot of them go there. What does worry me is when I hear of one that contains only 'good people', because there might not be a welcome for me there!

Thinking you are good isn't enough. That is the way the Pharisees thought in Jesus' time, and they were strict keepers of the Jewish Law, but quite insufferable.

THE CHURCH IS DYING ON ITS FEET. The Church has been going for two thousand years and has been doing steady business all that time. There are branches in even the smallest villages and amounting to tens of thousands of branches in Great Britain alone, not to mention the hundred thousand plus in other countries. Do you think that Woolworths or Marks & Spencer will be doing that kind of business around the year A.D. 4000?

THE CHURCH IS A REFUGE FOR THE WEAK-WITTED AND THE IGNORANT. Welcome in brother!

THE CHURCH IS UNPRODUCTIVE. Except that it has, in addition to giving a way of life, provided the world with education, pioneered hospitals, trade unions, social services, civil rights, and a host of other things too numerous to mention.

So be proud of Christ's Family, the Church. Without it life would be very different for Christian and non-Christian alike. For you and for me there would be no Bible, no Christian Faith, no 'Aggie Weston's', no social security. No one that I know has ever abandoned their family because of the kind of hat their mother wears or the way that Dad drinks

his tea. I often disagree with things that are done in the Church or in the name of the Church but the Church is my family and I can only do as you would - I try to help my family to live a little better.

Maybe you still think I am a bit of a 'Charlie' well, look at this which was written by St. Paul to the people of well-to-do Corinth nearly two thousand years ago. They thought St. Paul was a 'Charlie' because he was prepared to live in poverty while they were wealthy, so he tells them what is really worth having:

'We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks

foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God' (1 Cor. i, 23-24).

'We are fools for Christ's sake' (1 Cor. iv, 10).

Go to the trouble of reading the Epistles to the Corinthians. They have much to say that is more relevant to your situation today than anything in this week's magazines, or in today's newspapers !

NEW JOB FOR THE C-IN-C.?



[by courtesy of the Western Morning News
ADMIRAL SIR NIGEL HENDERSON INAUGURATING THE 'GOLDEN HIND', PLYMOUTH TO LONDON RAIL SERVICE,
RECENTLY

"SMOKEY" IS AN UNBEARABLE HONEY

BY ZOOLOGISTS 'Able Seaman Smokey' may be classified as a honey-bear, but as far as the Royal Navy is concerned he is decidedly unbearable and very much in disgrace.

He was acquired some months ago from the Army by a party of naval ratings stationed at Samatan, near the border of Indonesia and Sarawak and rated-up to A.B. by his sailor owners out of a misplaced respect for his previous service as a soldier.

From the first, however, Smokey found himself in trouble in the Senior Service. He did not take kindly to naval jam as a staple diet and became a defaulter by overstaying his leave without even a honeyed explanation.

The mixed-up young bear, however, really blotted his naval copy-book when he made an uninvited call on a local resident and proceeded to eat his prize orchid collection and then raided the galley to put away pounds and pounds of sugar. Smokey apparently took the view that his official diet, which embraced just about everything but included a daily half-can of beer, occasional drinks of tinned milk, and a mixture of processed cheese, jam and marmalade, was just not enough.

The Royal Navy in Sarawak decided, however, that Smokey had gone too far when he bit a visiting Ghurka officer, an act too much even in a unified command in which the eccentricities of individual services are suffered in silence with only an eyebrow raised in admonition.

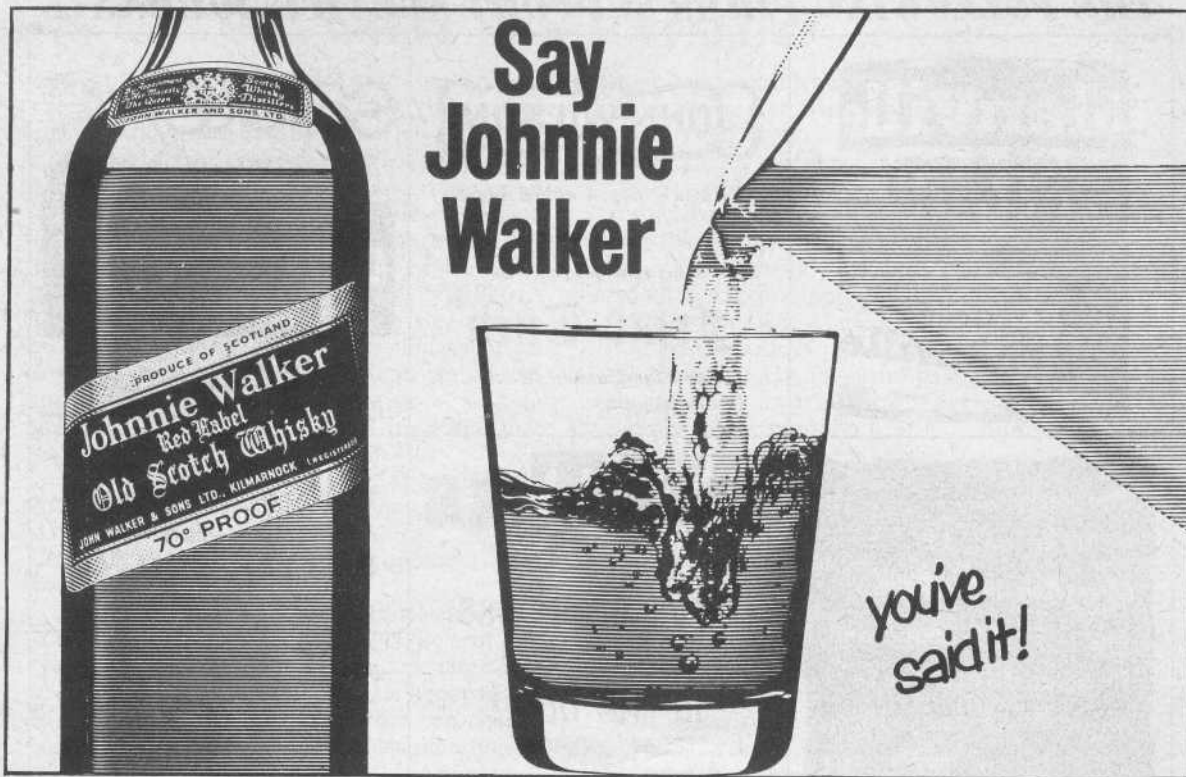
A 'Smokey Must Go' enquiry agreed that he must be discharged as 'Services No Longer Required' and deported to Singapore on board the minesweeper *Fiskerton*, accepting the risk that he might decide to consume all of the ship's fuel oil while on passage.

Latest news is that Smokey has arrived in Singapore, the First Lieutenant of the *Fiskerton* nursing two bitten fingers and an awful lot of scratches when the ship finally berthed. On board the only honey-bear to undertake active service with the Royal Navy, showed a taste for charts left unguarded on the bridge and electrical wiring on the deck and is reported to have given the ship's dog a distinctly 'Come hither, I'm hungry again' look.

Smokey is being offered to the National Museum of Kuala Lumpur and the Navy Department believes that the bare facts speak for themselves.



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WHAT IS A MATELOT?

OF ALL THOSE who wander in and out of our midst there is none more widely discussed nor so little understood as a Matelot.

Cloaked in the anonymity of uniform, classified in the ledger as a number and regarded in the drafting office as just one unit to move here or there, irrespective of class, race or religion, he nevertheless contrives to rise above it all and emerge as an individual, uniquely different from his neighbour in the same rig, able to wear his uniform in a thousand ways, all frowned upon by Their Lordships, yet all just inside the law of the clothing class, and to generally act the living lie to the adage that regimentation is soul-destroying.

He will drip, moan and howl about his job, his ship and the Service, yet should any outsider dare run down these same things, he will demolish the critic with a flow of invective as picturesque as it is blistering.

A Matelot can be all things to all men at all times. In the messdeck argument he will don the profundity of a lawyer and discourse at great length and detail on subjects about which he knows nothing. A piped order can change him without pause for breath, or alteration of tone, from a happy optimist to a cynical pessimist.

On board, ashore, on duty or on leave, waking or sleeping, he seems eternally to be at the mercy of some mysterious 'dozen', the expiration of which he will likely, sadly, hopefully, winsomely, imploringly, scathingly, or frantically, entreat to 'Roll on'. And when the '12' has duly rolled by he goes to the ship's office and asks for another ten. This being granted, he returns to his mess and ever after raises the cry, 'Roll on my pensh'! In this matter, as in many others, he is his own deceiver.

In his ship is no one as 'hard done by' as he. He will voice this sentiment as he performs some difficult or dangerous task for which he claims, 'Some blankety-blank brownd him off'. Yet, if discreet inquiries are made, it will usually be found that, unknown to anyone, he volunteered for the job in the first place. If, however, he finds that his chum working with him has volunteered also, he will go into fits of laughter and deliver a long lecture about never volunteering.

When ashore a Matelot is, by his own light, a paragon of virtue. He seeks lurid experiences and strange adventures, not so much for his own satisfaction but for his subject of conversation at next morning's breakfast table. If he doesn't find these adventures - and he rarely does - then he just invents them. Should a young, storm-tossed irresponsible actually involve himself in

trouble ashore, the punishment he receives from authority is many times lighter than that received from his own messmates; for the motto which guides a Matelot is the one which says 'Never get found out'.

A Matelot is a person who goes to Home Park with the express purpose of cheering the visiting side. If he can do this from the middle of a crowd of Argyle supporters, so much the better. Yet hear the same Matelot speak when his ship is at Portsmouth, 'Come to Guzz if you want to see football'. His favourite pastime is to start an argument in a hitherto quiet pub, leaving silently when the noise is at its zenith.

He is a jack-of-all-trades and master of them all. He is a dishwasher and a plasterer; a model-maker; a midwife; a dressmaker and a cook; an electrician and a child's nurse. When a job comes up which he has not the faintest idea about, he will set about it with a curious mixture of common sense and brazen 'flannel', which convinces any onlooker that he is watching the original inventor at work. The phrase which a Matelot never uses is 'I don't know'. This in itself leads him into strange places.

He is a born navigator and he takes his bearings from naval tailors and public-houses. The phrase 'out of bounds' intrigues him greatly, no matter what obstacles authority places in his path - such places will draw him as a magnet to find out why they are out of bounds. He lives for the 'first boat' ashore and then wonders who is making a fortune out of suppers he does not eat. He is fully convinced that he and his kind are being perpetually 'seen off'. But the fact is that the business expert who can put one over on jack has yet to be born.

He is a man whose natural nautical up-bringsings and training have coated him with a shallow veneer of artificiality. But beneath this, and it is never far below the surface, is a deepness not to be found in other men. He distrusts the rites of the Church but very willingly he attends a service at sea. There on the same oceans in their many moods he places his faith in God, the ship, and her captain. He never talks overmuch about such things, because he is aware that those who have not attended such a service cannot possibly understand.

A Matelot is a suitable combination of applied indifference and deep concern. He is humour with a pusser's sausage; near truth at the defaulter's table; Casanova with bell-bottoms; a bon viveur with a pint of beer. He is, my friends, A MATELOT