



350 - Sea Training

during the term, 378 and 361 have taken the honours. 378 were the winners in the swimming gala. A very good performance indeed! It is hoped that they now match that standard set in their dormitory.

361 are also to be congratulated on proving themselves the most fleet footed class within the Division. We hope that neither class made themselves too ill with their edible rewards

Sea Training so far this term has been completed fully only by 350, who were fortunate enough to taste the fish of Lowestoft for several days. I am assured by certain members of the class that the trip was enjoyed by all - there were no comments about the homeward voyage. A Yorkshire voice was heard to utter, "the best part was showing them Show Girls round the Ship." 373 at the time of writing are somewhere on the High Seas. I don't know where, I hope they do, however.

During the term 310 and 321 have left us, whilst 346 are due on draft in one month's time. Their familiar figures will be missed especially when Tattoo Night comes round again and there are vacant berths in a "Battle Cruiser". In their place we have welcomed 401, who have already made a forceful contribution on the Sports Field. At present they are "leading" the inter-Class cricket table.

Congratulations from all in the Division are extended to P.O. Junior Hollingdale and P.O. Junior McIvor on their promotions to Junior Instructors, also to L./Junior Twiggs (361) on his promotion to P.O. Junior.

There have been and will be till the end of term additional changes within the Divisional framework. We are sad to see the exit from the service of Inst./Lieut. B. F. Waites, who has been with BLAKE for the past three years and has made notable contributions not only in the classroom but also on the sports field. We also say farewell to Inst./Lieut. R. J. MacGillivray who leaves us at the end of term to journey to Malta where he hopes to continue the good work he has done here in a better climate. We offer them both our sincere best wishes. We have also lost the most valuable services of C.P.O. Nicholson, who has left the service, but is at present, I believe, having a final search for jewels in the Far East. We have said farewell to P.O. Stanford who has gone outside, as well as losing P.O. Hayes to H.M.S. *Vernon*. We shall miss them all but wish them every success in their future appointments.

It only remains for me to express the hope that you all have a very good leave. Even if your return brings you with empty pockets, at least you should be refreshed after four weeks to make the effort to keep the red flag at the top of the mast and uphold the tradition of the Division. R. R.



Divisional Cricket Team



J/Sea J. Radford D 377 - Pole Vault

DUNCAN

By the time that these notes go to print you will have a new mentor in Lieut. Nesbit. No doubt you will try to pull the wool over his eyes, but don't forget that he has been around for some time and that this evolution will not be as easy as it looks.

The less we say about this term the better. To date it has definitely not been one for DUNCAN. It is with rather more pride that we can look back to the end of the Easter Term, dim memories perhaps, but brighter than those of this term. The Hockey Team managed to pull off wins in all their inter-Divisional matches, an excellent result after some of the very hard fought games. Well done - especially Swain, the Captain, Pughsley and Carter (the soccer player press ganged by the organiser - you know who) and Brockman. The Rugby team surprised themselves (and everyone else) by beating BLAKE, but that was the limit of their success, while the soccer results have been censored. Water Polo meant some hard fought matches but eventually we went down to the winners, BLAKE.

This term the limpid waters of the indoor swimming bath have been stirred with a frothing mass of bodies, diving, swimming, sinking or just drowning. The end result was not altogether unexpected and except for some excellent diving by Feetham and Radford the "Blues" had little look in against their multi-coloured enemies. Still, there is always another time and the engraver must get bored when always doing the same name. After Aquatics came Athletics. Unfortunately, as far as we were concerned our professionals had all just gone on draft and the amateurs had to take over: Gribble ran extremely well to come 2nd in the Steeplechase as did Marklove in the Mile. Radford and Carroll came 3rd and 4th in the Pole Vault, well deserved positions after all the hard practice that they had put into that terrifying pursuit.

The rest of the team tried hard but the rougher elements in the Q.M.R., Boat race and Obstacle race met with more success than the genuine types. It was a pity that the best example of how to run a race was set late in the day (you know by whom) and therefore could not be followed

Now it's the turn of cricket and pursuits of a more gentlemanly nature such as archery and tennis. Archery is becoming popular and some "Dunks" are now actually hitting the target (which is more than I can do), but the rest spend hours skulking in the long grass supposedly looking for their misguided missiles.

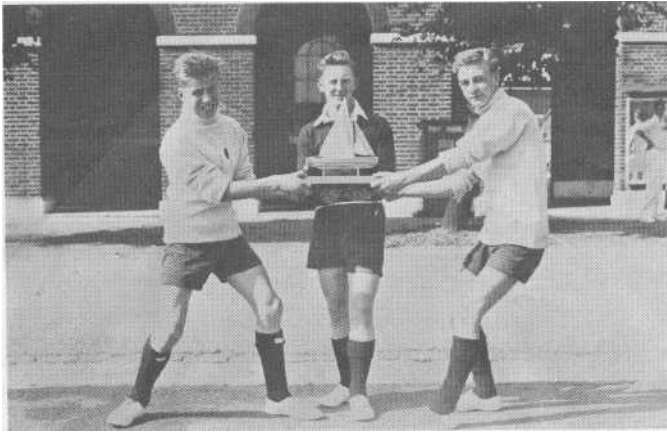
Tennis is also becoming very popular, and although not yet to centre court standard there seems to be plenty of fun in it. Amongst all these efforts by the land-bound part of the Division we must not forget the gallant sailors who every Wednesday, weather permitting, have a hit and miss game with the buoys in the harbour. In fact the coxswains are doing very well but never quite closing the gap upon . . . yes, it's them again! Shearer and Winson in their respective whaler and dinghy have been doing some sterling helmsmanship and have, been well backed up by Smyth, Watts and various other second class coxswains. Congratulations also to Shearer on being awarded his Sailing Pennant after coming third in his cutter during the *Ganges* race.

The one expedition of term so far involved a certain amount of initiative and endurance, and to everyone's surprise went off very well without losing any members *en route*. In future more complicated plans will be laid. Beware!

Some of the more salty members of the Division had a week-end onboard H.M.S.T.Y. *Marabu*, but read more about these exciting days in the respective articles by French and Shearer.

There have been many comings and goings this term. We welcomed to our midst P.O's Turner,

Cowan, Dodson, Mitchell and Marrant, and now say good-bye to P.O's Hobart, Hull, Dodson,



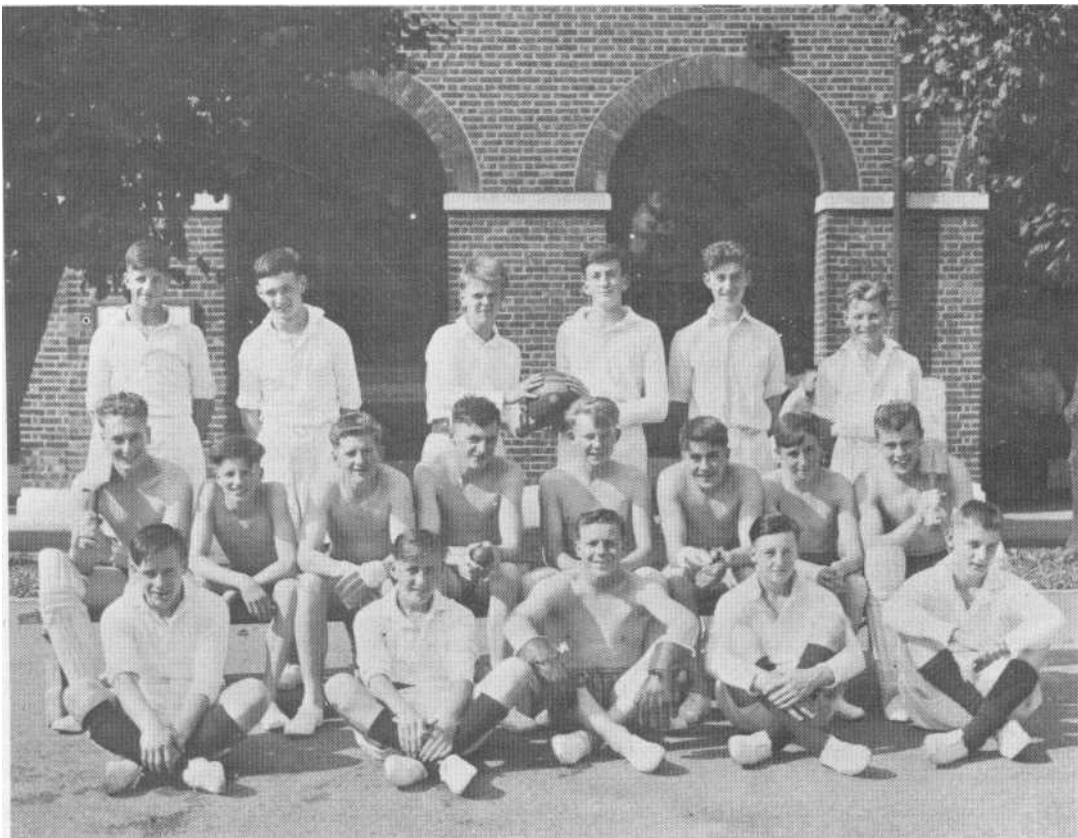
Can They Take This One From Us As Well?

*Duncan First Class Coxswains
Winson, Shearer, Smyth.*

Marrant and Foster. As you see, some of them cannot stand us for even one term. We also welcome to this happy throng 400 and 411 who are replacing the notorious members of 316, 320 and 331. It is also about time that I departed for this chair is getting frightfully hard. Beware any of you who come

to Whale Island to attempt the noble art of gunnery or who have the misfortune to come guided missing in any ship with me.

So there we are. The end of another good term's work and play. Good luck to those who are leaving us and welcome to those who are joining the happy "Dunks". N.H.N.W.



Will They Make It? Cricket or Water Polo

HAWKE

When I received my appointment to St. Vincent I knew that soon I should be doing a lot of things I had not done before. One of the things that did not enter my head was having to write notes for a magazine. However, that moment has come to pass and now I must get down to the serious business of reporting the progress of the Division since the last edition. In those far off days, 356 was the junior class and Lieut. Currey was still in the chair that I now occupy. He left HAWKE at the end of May, but before leaving altogether spent a month in the Captain's Secretary's Office. Anyway we all wish him the best of luck in Malta.

There have been many changes in the Establishment over the last few months and HAWKE have had their share. After Lieut. Currey the next to go was P.O. Leatham who was so keen on training Juniors that he is now doing the same job in the Solomon Islands where already Kit Musters are taking the place of ritual torture. Recently the two Mitchells have left us, the P.O. to DUNCAN Division to bring them up to scratch and the Ldg. Seaman to the Royal Naval Barracks for a Petty Officers' course. This latter loss is only temporary and we hope to have him back soon. P.O. Marrant was with us for a short time and now he too has gone to DUNCAN. I must remember to take that division seriously in future.

While on the subject of departures I must look a few weeks ahead to the time when Sub-Lieut. Martin will leave the Division. We shall be very sorry to see him go as he has so often done so much towards the securing of the Division's sporting successes. However, he is not finally leaving *St. Vincent* until Decem-



Hawke D.O. Lt. J. Lock



Walters of 356 Class receiving the Swimming Trophy from The Captain.

ber and until then I am sure he will continue to take a keen interest in the affairs of HAWKE. With him as "our man in the Training Office" and all C.P.O. Usbornes "friends" we should be all right.

Arrivals this term consist of P.O. McConnell from the Iron Deck Division of H.M.S. *Trafalgar* and P.O. Harvey from the frozen wastes of the South Atlantic where he was the G.I. in H.M.S. *Protector*. By the time that this magazine appears in print they will both be well known to all.

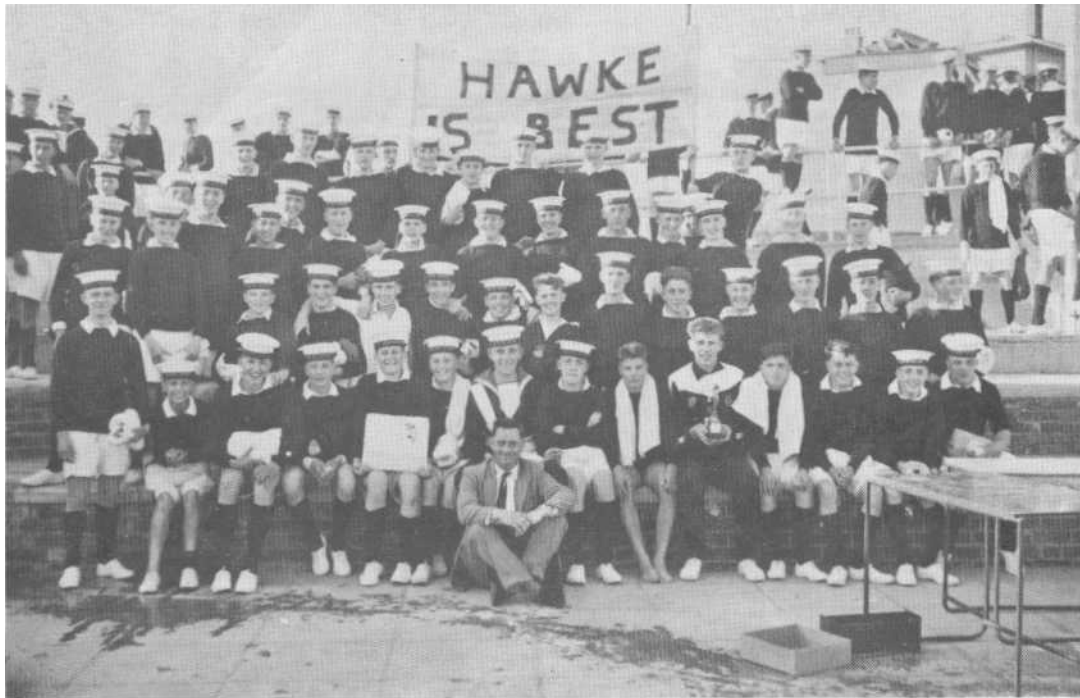
This term the Division have been all out to fill some of the gaps in our trophy cupboard and at the time of writing we have gained two cups and lost none. I should like to think that we were setting a trend. The first gain was a result of a magnificent effort at the Aquatic Sports which HAWKE won with a decisive lead over the other divisions. Everyone did their best and this was reflected in the forty-eight man relay in which our last man finished with two lengths lead. Walters of 356, Henshaw, McPhee and Mack K. are all worthy of special note having won their events.

The Saturday after the mid-term week-end was one of those English summer days of which one dreams when far from home. This was fortunate because it was the day of the Athletics Meeting. Once again everyone did their best but this time ANSON and BLAKE managed to do even better. Nevertheless HAWKE won a fair share of the events including the Mile in four minutes fifty-five and a half seconds by Mack C. This gave us the second cup we have won this term. Bennellick and Green also did well to be placed second in the Hurdles and 100 Yards respectively.

So far this term only one class have been Sea Training. That was 356 who started off in *Chaplet* and *Paladin* and then spent the second week in *Droxford*. Unfortunately for them they did not get a trip across the Channel, but seem to have made good use of their time as I received a good report of them.

Only four and a half weeks remain of this term and in that time the Pulling, Water Polo and Cricket will be contested. Who knows, perhaps some of those trophies will find their way into the HAWKE messdeck.

In two weeks time 330 Class will depart for *Collingwood* and *Ariel* and at the end of the term 341 and 347 Classes also complete their course here. We wish them all the best of luck in the future. J. L.



The Victorious HAWKE Swimming Team .

HAWKISMS

I was originally born in Yorkshire.
 I have one sister aged twelve and two animals.
 I have **difficulty** in **exsspressing** myself on **parper** and
 I am poor at spelling.
 I like girls in my spare time.
 I have a couple of hobbies, the two I like best are
 woodwork and stamp collecting.
 One day I hope to live on a boat of my own. That's
 when I retire from the Navy.
 Besides me I have a brother aged 9.
 Mum and Dad are good to me so I can't complain.
 I had a look round for a good job, but there was
 none to be found. So I did the next best thing and
 joined the Navy.
 As I came from Leicester, which is said to be the

centre of England, I thought that I would like to
 join the Navy.
 That is all I can say about myself. I wish I could say
 more.
 The trouble with Letchworth is there are too many
 many churches and not enough amusements.
 My fathers and all his fathers before were in the Navy.
 My hobbies are stamp collecting, football and foot-
 ball.
 I don't sweat very easily (non-sequitur last line).
 Goldfish and cats don't mix, and the cat won, so we
 haven't any goldfish now.
 I have lived in two different public houses and was
 resident in one while my parents managed it for a
 magician, he gave us his whippet.
 I have many girl friends back home, enough to last
 for long leave.



G. Green - 370 - winning 4 x 440 Relay



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST BATCH OF NEW ENTRIES, MAIN GATES H.M.S. "St. VINCENT" JUNE 7TH 1927.

NEW ENTRIES

Despite pleas for a regular intake we have been subjected to the mixture as before - our numbers ranging from 99 in No. 40 Entry to 31 in 41 Entry. In the latter case the staff nearly outnumbered the classes. Nevertheless we have continued to deliver the goods to Main Course very much as usual and have been comparatively unhindered by drafting changes.

C.P.O. Randall we were sorry to lose to Chief Buff-oonery and P.O. Imray was with us for all too short a time. C.P.O. McAllister has joined from H.M.S. *Woodbridge Haven* and C.P.O. F. Richardson, one time Chief of the Range here, has joined from H.M.S. *Falcon*. We welcome them to the empire. This term P.O. Bird drew the short straw and is temporarily away in the Black Mountains. He will return next term, no doubt, a shadow of his former self. P.O. Faiers carries our best wishes with him to H.M.S. *Meon*, East of Suez.

We have had a full house of Junior Instructors for most of the term - this is particularly useful when it comes to collecting the TV rental. However, there are signs of their numbers being depleted very soon. Apart from their usual duties with classes they have again been sent recruiting, this time to East Finchley, Portsmouth, Brighton, Reading and Jersey. J.I's Evans and Hitchens had a busy time in H.M.S. *Droxford* for Portland Navy Days and J.I's Birkett and Gordon were fortunate enough (?) to go for a

jolly to Jersey in the same vessel, being stormbound to boot. Four J.I's had a day at sea in H.M.S. *Thule*.

As for the "Nozzers" themselves. 40 Entry were an unruly crowd to begin with, but soon settled down, their numbers being reduced from 99 to 88 by the time they classed up. This was due to the elimination of Communication Volunteers and others. This entry was also notable for having Ellis on its books (no marks for any reader who says "Who's Ellis").

41 Entry was a nice small entry - a good lot. Who will forget little Martin in the backward swimmers race, or indeed anywhere else? This entry had the good fortune to go to Earl's Court and also to witness Commander-in-Chief's Divisions. It was during this entry that the Main Course Athletics were held and in the D.O's 100 Yards (no handicap) N.E.O. extinguished himself by coming 3rd to Lieut. Wright (spikes) and Lieut. Gooden (bare feet). The time was something less than a minute.

42 Entry has barely settled in as I write this. The most outstanding points about them so far are firstly their unusual names, and secondly the Brennan twins who hit the BBC sound and TV headlines on joining the Royal Navy.

The accompanying photographs of "Before" and "After" were taken by the staff of the Birmingham Sunday Mercury who visited the Establishment during 40 Entry. The Editor of that paper has kindly permitted us to reproduce the photographs here.

T.J.A.



Arrival of another batch of new Entries June 1961.



'We've changed a bit, Mum.....'

CHURCH NOTES

The First Confirmation of the term was celebrated in the Ship's Chapel on Sunday, 11th June by Bishop Brian Robin, the Assistant Bishop of Portsmouth. Fifty-six candidates were presented and it was a full house owing to the visits of so many parents and friends who were very welcome.

The Second Confirmation is due to take place on Sunday, 30th July when the Bishop of Maidstone will visit us for the occasion. The Bishop of Maidstone is the Archbishop of Canterbury's Suffragan Bishop for the Armed Forces, and as such visits Ship and Naval Establishments, Army and Royal Air Force Units all over the world. He usually tries to visit us about once a year.

The usual round of Confirmation Preparations and Religious Instructions have taken place during the term and it is most encouraging the number of candidates who are ready to be presented each time. We are able to use the periods of Religious Instruction very usefully as systematic post-confirmation Refresher Courses - an arrangement which is the envy of the Vicar at home.

We've had a change- this term in the Roman Catholic Chaplain and have said farewell to Fr. John Coughlan who has looked after our Roman Catholics since September 1959. He has been temporarily relieved by Fr. Ellis until the arrival of the Rev. Fr. Stephen O'Connor next term. Fr. Stephen, like his predecessor will live in the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, and will "do us" from there.

The Rev. Peter Price continues to look after our Church of Scotland and Free Church party from H.M.S. *Collingwood* and joins me in sending our best wishes to all parents and readers.

As a tail-piece it ought to be reported that on two occasions this term the Chaplain understands that he has been guilty of expecting the impossible from the congregation - "We will now sing 'in silence' the last verse of Hymn No. 540." But like all good congregations you executed a "cover act" for the Chaplain and sang it "quietly" as intended, even if some were puzzled and some "giggled" in silence. D. Y.

A TRIP TO JERSEY

On the morning of Monday, 10th July, at about 0730 Junior Instructor Gordon and I sailed for Jersey in H.M.S. *Droxford*. The crossing was not too rough, and we arrived in St. Helier harbour at 1600.

As the trip was mainly a "jolly" we had a pretty easy routine all the week. The coxswain shook us at about 0630 each morning and after we had had breakfast and cleaned ship the rest of the day was ours, *i.e.* from 1030 to 2300,

J.I. Gordon and I worked in the galley while we were in harbour, and alternately in the galley and on the wheel at sea. So when we were in harbour one of us had to go back on board to dish up dinner and supper.

We both went ashore almost every day and had a very good time; the cost of living being noticeably lower than here in England. On the Wednesday, Gordon and I went to the Sea Cadet Corps Unit at St. Helier and gave a talk on H.M.S. *St. Vincent*. All the boys are keen to join the Navy - or so we were led to believe.

The favourite run ashore for the Ship's Company was the Bird Cage Bar of the Sunshine Hotel. We were told that it was a fairly large bar, with a large cage filled with birds of all colours, with lights which

kept changing colour. The bar was very busy each night, with a pianist accompanying much singing.

For the first few days the weather was glorious but it later turned stormy. When we left Jersey on Friday morning it was so rough that after half an hour the Captain decided to return to St. Helier.

By Saturday evening the weather had calmed down and we sailed again at about 1900. Gordon had the first watch in the wheelhouse and I had the middle. I had just finished my watch when we entered Portsmouth Harbour so I had to stay up a bit longer and help secure. I finally turned in at about 0430 for a couple of hours sleep.

At 0630 we turned out again, had breakfast, tidied up, and came back to *St. Vincent*, rather tired but happy. As Gordon says, "it was fabulous and I wouldn't mind going again." J.F.B.

PROMOTION PLOYS

The following gambits are suggested for those who have the idea of promotion lurking at the back of their minds. Although of particular use to Divisional Officers and "in the zoners", they are also a boon to potential C.W. candidates and those juniors who are convinced that they have an admiral's telescope in their kit bags.

The Coffee Ploy (to demonstrate industry).

(a) Early. Carry cup of coffee into mess at 1210 and remark, "Back to work," and then retire to bed.

(b) Late. Enter mess at 1320 with coffee and exclaim, "What a forenoon" - having just turned out.

Ash Tray Ploy (courtesy).

Rush across mess with 4-in. shell case to senior officers who are burning the fingers.

Mineral Ploy (of sober and temperate habits).

At any time when offered a drink, remark, "Squash please, sir. I'm duty again." (N.B. In a ship remember your nautical language, e.g., "I've got the forenoon").

Moral Leadership Ploy (a good all-rounder).

Exclaim after Church, "Chilly in the cinema this morning." (N.B. Before using, check that Church wasn't in the Chapel).

Indispensability Ploy (Self explanatory).

(a) Sheaf of pink signals ploy.

(b) Top secret folder ploy.

Carry either "a" or "b" around all day.

Sense of Humour Ploy.

When seen in the mess in football shorts, sandals and sunglasses two minutes before a mess dinner, exclaim, "Just looking for the mess rules." (N.B. Do not laugh when being blasted by the Commander, it may be misconstrued).

Einstein Ploy (J.E.M's and Technicians only).

When involved in a technical argument and losing, say, "But Einstein said, 'E equals MC²'"

Gangway Ploy.

Flatten self against bulkhead or passage wall when senior officer passes. (Requires considerable practice for 34-in. waists and above).

Zest and Enthusiasm Ploy (Badge Juniors and above only).

(a) Shake D.O. at 1300 on Saturday and ask for the loan of a parbuckle.

(b) When woken by instructor during period ask at least ten questions before the bell goes to square your yardarm.

N.B. If the above fail to bring promotion, try Amplex. G. M. D. C.



"BEN."

(ST. VINCENT MAGAZINE 1988)

MEET BEN THE TAILOR

Ben Woodard - "Ben the Ripper", as the Juniors affectionately call him - holds a world record. He has spent more time in *St. Vincent* than any other person - half a century. Some Juniors think a year is an eternity, but to Ben the last fifty years have been filled with vivid and varied experiences in which *St. Vincent* has never remained exactly the same but has constantly changed.

Both Ben and his friend and workmate Jack Stabb started as Greenwich schoolboys. Their fathers were in the Navy and they thought of nothing else than to follow the service life themselves. Jack went to sea as a Boy 1st class - *ex-Ganges* and Impregnable - in 1908. He served thirty years in the Royal Navy, through both World Wars, and has been at *St. Vincent* for sixteen years. It is typical of his lasting concern for the welfare of the Service that he should still have played a part after leaving. He gained his commission as Sub/Lieut., R.N.V.R. in 1949, and was subsequently First Lieutenant of the Gosport Sea Cadets.

Ben joined the Red Marines at *St. Vincent* on 9th October, 1911, to be taught the gentle art of playing drums, bugles and fifes. What solid walls these historic buildings must have to withstand more than fifty years of bugle bands. Britain's reply to the walls of Jericho. Ben found routine hard. Reveille was at 0600 - not dreamily introduced by the discordant tones of some modern Junior Harry James, but given the crescendo worthy of Wagner at his noisiest - forty buglers, twenty at each end of the drill shed, all sounding off together. No one was in doubt about reveille in those days.

Food rations were doled out to each boy - ¾lb. of meat and 1 lb. bread a day. Potatoes, flour, suet and salt to make the duff had to be bought and then, worst of all, the food had to be cooked by the boys themselves. They had to be real all-rounders in those days. Sometimes, after drill, many found time to drink beer in the wet canteen, while the others went to get on with their dinners in the barrack rooms (i.e. the present Juniors' messdecks). No central heating,



'BEN'

and no hot plates then, just a fire-stove in the middle of each room. The duty cooks always put the "old soldiers" (i.e. beer drinkers) dinners on the stove - even if there wasn't a fire to warm it.

Living conditions were rigorous. There was only gas-jet lighting. The 5,000 men in the place slept on straw mattresses and pillows which they refilled every three months in the drill shed. But they were a fine sight on Sunday mornings as they marched to St. John's, with Captains and above on horseback. Pay was 7s. 1d. a week with stoppages of 1d. for library (pay as you learn) and 1½d. for National Insurance, when it came out in 1912.

With this strict training behind him Ben transferred to the Royal Marine Artillery at Eastney (the Blue Marines) in August 1914. He did this to better himself. He was Private at St. Vincent, but immediately became a Gunner 2nd class at Eastney. This made him a rich man with 2d. a day extra. When he left Eastney in February 1915, as a Gunner 1st class he was earning 13s. 5d. a week. But the Great War had begun and was to bring with it stern and testing times.

Ben served throughout the war on the Western Front as a Marine Signaller and Observer in observation posts for the 15-in. Howitzer Brigade. The war was a bitter struggle in which many died in the trench fighting and huge artillery barrages so typical of such battles as the Somme, Ypres, Passchendaele, Marne. Those who came through will not easily forget. It was as the war drew to its close that Ben was wounded, the last time that his gun was in action. He was invalided out in August 1919.

After some time as telephonist with the Navy and Army Canteen Board he started a course of tailoring, and then spent three years in the tailor's shop at Eastney. He witnessed the sad occasion when the Red Marines marched in from *St. Vincent* to be amalgamated with the Blues. The R.M.L.I. lost their scarlet tunics and took over the blue tunic with the Red Marines' cuffs, but kept the R.M.L.I. trousers with the thin red stripe instead of the broad R.M.A. one.

Ben joined *St. Vincent* for the second time when it re-opened as a Boys' Training Establishment in May, 1927. So he returned to his happy hunting ground, but in a very different capacity. He was the Master Tailor, and as numbers increased over the years his tasks became greater. In September 1939 the Second World War began. But as early as March the boys had been out digging trenches on the parade ground and the under-ground shelters were being constructed by Dockyard men working 24 hours a day. On 6th September the Boys and Ben went to St. George in the Isle of Man - alias Cunningham's Holiday Camp, Douglas. But this was no holiday. Conditions were very poor and food bad. The beds had no blankets in the early days. Each term 465 boys would come to

the Establishment. Soon numbers increased so rapidly that Ben had a superhuman tailoring task. After a year alone on the job he was able to employ some local labour, but when he was made responsible for the outfitting of 450 bandboys from another place work piled up again. He was able to take his wife and daughter to the Isle of Man which was one consolation. Ben praises the Boys of St. George days: "I take my hat off to them, they were brave to join in those times."

Many of those Boys still remember Ben and always call in to see him. Sub/Lieut. Parry was one of them as were several Chiefs and P.O's now in the Establishment. When war ended in 1945 everyone came back to *St. Vincent*, and so it was business as usual and Ben got down to work with his usual tenacity and efficiency. In 1952, "much to his surprise", he was awarded the Coronation Medal. This was fitting

accompaniment to the War Medals he was awarded for 1914-18.

Now Ben is to retire after fifty years loyal and devoted service, which deserves the fullest recognition and praise. Both he and Jack have seen so many changes that they have had to be resilient and adaptable. They have taken them in their stride - wireless, television, movies, electricity, atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs and all the other paraphernalia of twentieth-century life. Let 'em all come - the more the merrier.

Ben will be occupied three days a week collecting all his various pensions and will keep in touch with *St. Vincent*, if only by hearing those melodious (last part of the word being the most operative) tones of the bugle band straining to leap the walls and reach Ben's nearby house. He has had four cars since 1930, but will dispose of the present specimen on retirement as roads are getting overcrowded and motorists too impolite. His favourite hobby is gardening and he hopes to concentrate much of his time on this. He is to build a small greenhouse as a "retreat". His speciality is roses. One ambition has been to learn bowls and he hopes to join the Gosport Club.

Ben's favourite holiday place is the Goring Gap. He is going there this year with the Civil Service Touring Association.

Ben has found great satisfaction in seeing the Boys he knew make good. He is especially glad when they call on him to relive old times. He feels personally happy that his life has achieved something for the service, and he has every reason to think so. His advice to present day Juniors is to work and study hard. Opportunities are better than ever before - "get and give all you can for the Service - realise all that can be gained but don't forget what you can give too." Ben would join the Navy as a Boy if he had his time over again and, "knowing what he knows now he would come out an admiral," says his workmate Jack.

We wish the best of health and happiness to Ben, always. He will be remembered by all of us, and we hope to see him visiting us in the future. The quality of his experience and work is something we value highly and we are grateful for the many, many years of service given on our behalf.

APOLOGY TO MABEL

You're a grand lass, a honey, my Mabel,
And I'd marry you quick as could be
And I'd buy you a house with a gable
If only I wasn't at sea.
But look dear, I'm serving my country
(And I've fifteen more years yet to do)
So I'm off once again in a minute,
Back to Pompey - change once - Waterloo.

In a fortnight the ship will be sailing
(And marriage can be such a bore)
But a ring I'll shortly be mailing
As I've promised you often before.
Now look dear you know that I love you
And have done these seventeen years,
And there is no-one else, that I promise
So kiss me and let's have no tears.

Oh! blast, there's the train come already
And much I've forgotten to say
But remember you're still Geordie's steady
And he'll think of you (once) every day.
'Ta 'ta love, remember to write me,
You know that I would if I'd time,
But we're worked near to death in the squadron
And I never can drop you a line.

That's it, lass, you smile and keep waving,
I'm sick at our partings like you,
And this trip I'll really be saving
To make all our fine dreams come true.
But now the express is departing ...
Good-bye dear ... she's just out of sight ...
My oath, it's a good job we're sailing
Cause she very near caught me tonight!

G.M.D.C.

SPANISH INTERLUDE

On Sunday, 11th June, the Spanish sail training vessel *Juan Sebastian de Elcano* arrived in Portsmouth for a seven day unofficial visit and H.M.S. *St. Vincent* was the host ship. A four-masted topsail schooner, the *Elcano* is used by the Spanish Navy as a training ship for her midshipmen. Every midshipman does one six-month cruise under sail during his fourth year of studies, irrespective of his branch. At the time of her visit there were 77 midshipmen under training and a crew of 18 officers and 300 men.

As the Liaison Officer for the visit I had hoped to provide the B.B.C. and I.T.V. cameramen with some opportunity to film the vessel under sail. I arranged to board the ship south of the Nab Tower and as we approached this lovely ship we were very disappointed to see she had no sails set. However, once I had paid my respects to the Captain and welcomed him to Portsmouth, he asked if we would like to see the ship under sail so the cameramen could get their films. For the next hour we were taken back to the past. A brief order over the broadcast system followed by a bugle call and the deck was alive with bare-footed sailors rapidly taking up their positions prior to getting the ship under sail. Once the sailors were in position all orders were given by the Bosun's Call. No orders were given by word of mouth. The rather sleepy cook who was hauling away on a tackle didn't need to be told he was slow, it was obvious by

