THE BOY SOLDIER

Ex-Boys Association

RAOC BOYS' SCHOOL

THE BOY SOLDIER

The magazine of the Enlisted Boys of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

Ex-Boys Association

Vol. I, No. 1. September 1955.

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BRIGADIER C. ARNOLD-EDWARDS. O.B.E

Commander RAOC Training Centre

Foreword

by

Brigadier C. Arnold - Edwards O.B.E.
Commander, Blackdown Garrison

It gives me great pleasure to write a few words of welcome to this first number of the RAOC Boys' School magazine.

I am very impressed by the fact that this finely produced little publication is entirely the work of members of the School. Its inspiration, compilation and production are entirely due to these enthusiasts. It is this spirit which bodes well for our School in the future, when we look forward to welcoming the Boys of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers into our houses as though they are of us. It is my sincere wish that this merger of our Boys will be a great and fruitful experiment.

I wish "The Boy Soldier" every success.

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C. Arnold - Edwards,
Brigadier,
Commander.

Message from Major W. R. Eccles, RAOC.

I am very pleased to have an opportunity to write a few words for the first School magazine, which, I hope, will be published regularly in future. I wish the editor and his staff every success and thank them for their hard work; just one of the many things the RAEC members of the Unit do so well for us.

As I have only just arrived at the School, there is little I can say about the past, except how sorry we are to say goodbye to Major Underwood, who has largely been responsible for the Boys being so highly thought of during the past twelve months or more. I am very proud indeed to have taken over from him and hope that in the future we will consolidate the good work of the past. Meanwhile, all our good wishes go with Major and Mrs. Underwood to Longtown.

By the time these notes are printed we will have separated from our friends in 1 Regular Training Battalion RAOC and become an independent unit. It is therefore more important than ever that our future standards should be raised still higher, in the classroom, in our military training and on the playing fields.

You are probably about to travel home as you read these notes, so I wish you an enjoyable holiday with your parents and friends. Return in October refreshed and ready to do your best for the School and the Corps. Let us show the rest of the army that the RAOC Boys' School is second to none.

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W. R. Eccles,
Major, RAOC,
Commanding RAOC Boys' School.

A few words to all Boys.

You have volunteered to enlist in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and I assume that each one of you is inspired with the ambition to reach as high a rank as possible. As promotion is closely related to educational attainment, I and my staff of Officers, Warrant Officers and Sergeants of the Royal Army Educational Corps are here to help you to achieve your ambition by providing tuition for the Junior, Intermediate and Senior Tests, success in which gives exemption from the Third, Second and First Class Examinations and opens the way to promotion to substantive Warrant Officer rank. Those who show most promise are coached for the Sandhurst entrance examination.

We do not, however, set our sights only at examinations. We are offering this term a range of twelve studies which are desirable for their own sakes and for their usefulness to the soldier - citizen. These we group under the name Social Studies and at present we hold them on Tuesday evenings.

On Wednesday (in future Thursday) evenings and at weekends we aim to enable you to practise a leisure pursuit of your own choice and accounts of some of the seventeen current hobbies are included in these pages.

Now is the time to study and learn. Grasp the opportunities offered and when the time comes you will leave without regrets.

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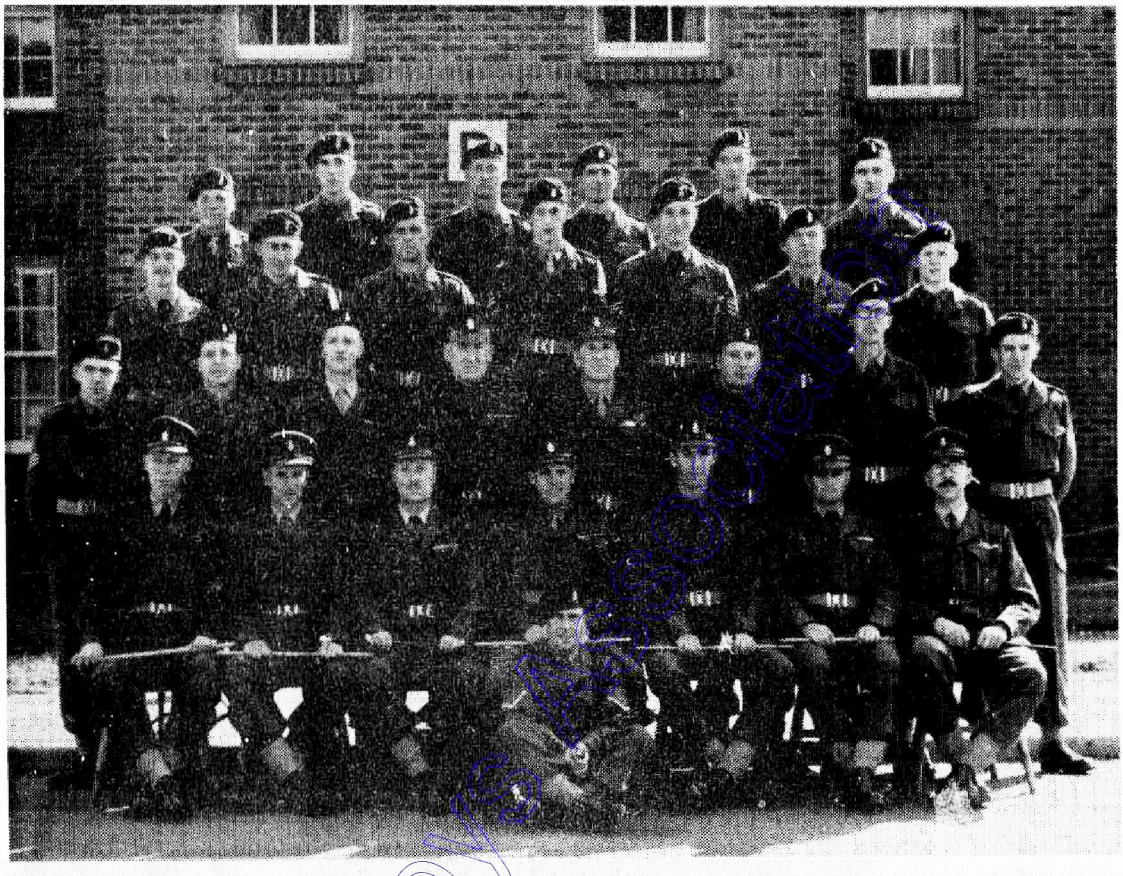
R. Woolley,
Major, RAEC,
Senior Education Officer.

RAOC BOYS' SCHOOL.
STAFF LIST.



EX-BOYS ASSOCIATION

Officer Commanding	-	Major W. R. Eccles RAOC
Second - in - Command	-	Capt. B. M. P. Hubbard RAOC
Senior Education Officer	-	Major R. Woolley RAEC
House Officers	-	Capt. P. A. Mason RAOC
	-	Capt. A. A. Camfield RAOC
	-	Capt. P. C. Pearson RAOC
Education Officers	-	Capt. G. J. Forrest RAEC
	-	Capt. J. Roscoe RAEC

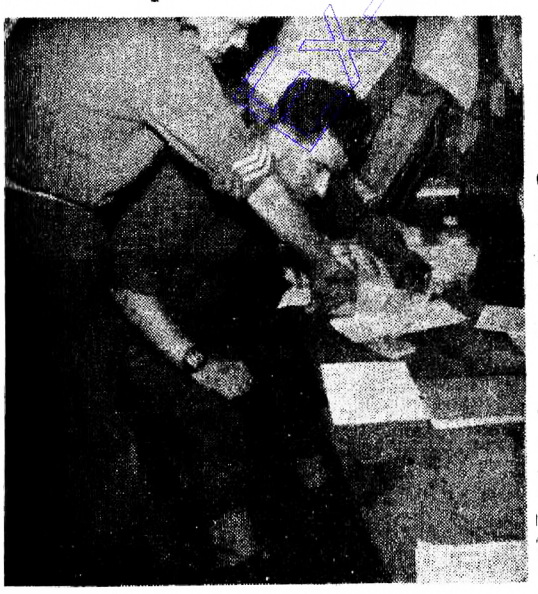
Regimental Staff - W.O.II Hall, S/Sgt Watson.
Sgts Middleton, Oddie, Adams. Cpls. Day, Ranken, Goss, Watts. L/Cpls. Geddes, Long. Ptes. Lowery, Smith.

Educational Staff - W.O.I Mustoe,
W.Os.II Greenbat, de Lacey. S/Sgt Durrant.
Sgts Whittington, Turbitt, Cumpsty, Morgan, Poyner, Brunton, Salt, Owen, Patrick.

EDITORIAL

This is the first edition of "The Boy Soldier," - an historic event; and it is most auspicious that the Foreword is provided by our Commander, Brigadier C. Arnold - Edwards, O.B.E. His words will be our inspiration for our future editions. It is intended that this magazine shall mirror the School's activities so that mums, dads, friends and brother soldiers can discover in its pages a little of our life in the Boys' School. The magazine will be a permanent record of our achievements and a personal tribute to those Boys whose articles appear in print. It is hoped that our circle of readers and subscribers will embrace many ex - Boys of the RAOC so that our magazine will be enriched by their world - wide articles and our editorial pages will provide a medium through which Boys and ex - Boys may keep in contact with each other and with the School.

That we are "in print" is rather a miracle to some of us for there were occasions when the caprices of our small hand printing machine almost drove us to despair. In fact, without the unstinted help supplied by the Printing and Stationery Branch of the Vehicle and Printer Company, 4 Trade Training Battalion RAOC, many of our articles would not have been printed and it is possible that WO I Mustoe, Sgt Salt, Sgt Owen and Sgt Patrick would be in their almost habitual posture now, crouched round the "infernal machine" with diabolical expressions on their anguished faces. But the job is finished now; well done the amateur printers and sincere thanks to the professionals!



We are grateful to all those Boys who submitted articles, and it is regrettable that, through shortage of time and space, many excellent contributions could not be included in the magazine, but some articles not printed in this issue, may well appear in the next edition.

Finally, a word to the ex - Boys and those about to leave us. We should be delighted to hear from you at any time, and if you have any experiences of general interest, do write to the Editor.

The following Boys have recently left the School. We wish them happiness and success in their army careers.

9 Battalion, Donnington.
Chadwick, Duffield, Edwards, Monamy, Pert.

School of Ammunition, Bramley.
Borresen, Hynes, Jenkins, Turner.

BOD, Bicester.
Bennion, Cooper, Eldridge, Ferguson, Gatford, Gilbert, Hampton, King, B., Mulligan, Petty, Phillips, Pick, Scargill, Simmons, Scott, F., Spicer, Terry, Thistlethwaite.

14 Battalion - Didcot.
Christie, Clarke, Dudgeon.

COD Chilwell.
Driver, Hurrell, Wilson.

15 Company - Corsham.
Hart. A., Utley.

Army Apprentices' School - Chepstow.
Lloyd.

Royal Navy.
Nicholas.

4 Trade Training Battalion - Deepcut.
Forty, Marsh.

The Editor.

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HOWLERS

"Cigarettes are made from tobacco, paper, saltpetre, nicotine and other minerals."

"The feminine of bird is ladybird."

The above have been culled from the work of Boys in this school.

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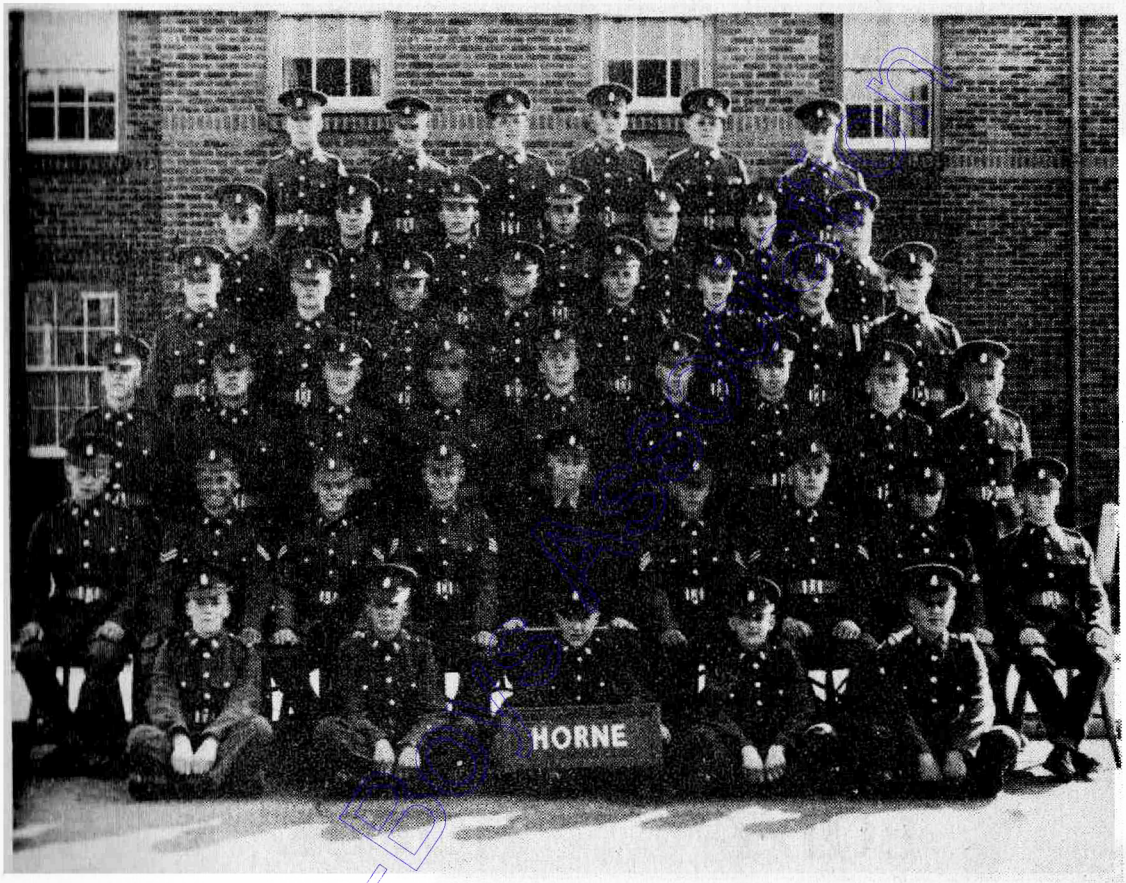
HOUSE NOTES

HORNE HOUSE



THE advent of a school magazine is an event which is greatly desired and in this, our first appearance in print, we should like to wish the Editor and his staff every success.

The summer term, although longer than normal, has passed swiftly, due to the number and variety of activities which have occupied the time.

The major occupation has been the "Toy Soldier" Display which, by the facilities for travel and publicity it affords, has proved once again to be a popular event.

In the world of sport we have pride in recording our achievements. After a close finish in the Inter - House Competition we tied with Body for first place. The result was in the balance until the last day of the competition when we had an exciting softball match with Body House and a closely fought

cricket match with Baker House. At basketball we improve steadily; this year we provided four of the school team which won the Aldershot District Enlisted Boys' Championships. Softball has recently been introduced into the school and is enthusiastically welcomed. On the diamond the Boys may be seen, with perplexed expressions, muttering, "Pop Day is making up his own rules; Benji should have been based out and not tagged out." We hope that this keenness will bring eventual skill at the game.

Hobbies are many and varied and new among them is aero - modelling which appears to be enjoying ample support. It is hoped that a club will shortly be opened by Sgt Poyner RAEC who at present is the adviser on things airborne.

We wish Boys Boyd and Whatley every success in their recent G.C.E. examination; results are awaited with eagerness.

Boy Halls has been selected to attend an ACF camp in August as a representative of the RAOC Boys' School. We feel sure that his own keenness for the School will be infused into the people he visits and that additions to our strength will result.

Our congratulations are extended to Boys Rainsforth and Sheppard on their promotion to Boy/Cpl and to our House Sergeant, Sgt. Oddie, on recently passing his promotion examination.

The end of term looms ahead and the holidays are eagerly awaited. In the next issue we will doubtless see articles of interest answering the inevitable query, "Had a good leave?"

P. . C. Pearson.

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BODY HOUSE

The merry month of May heralded the return to school and with it energetic display training and, of course, education.

Sporting activities began with strict training of the basketball team by Cpl Day. Our House contributed its fair share of players, B/Cpl Walker, D., and Boys Darke and Budgeon. Our hearty congratulations to them for their keenness and ability.

With the start of athletics, we had the usual grumbles and threats to dig up the track but once we had commenced training, we proceeded to show the other houses a clean pair of heels and consequently we were well represented in the School Athletic Team, which did well to gain third place in the Aldershot District Athletic Championships.

A hard fought sports league finished with our tying for first place with Horne House. Our basketball team carried all before them, as did our cricket and cross - country teams. Those

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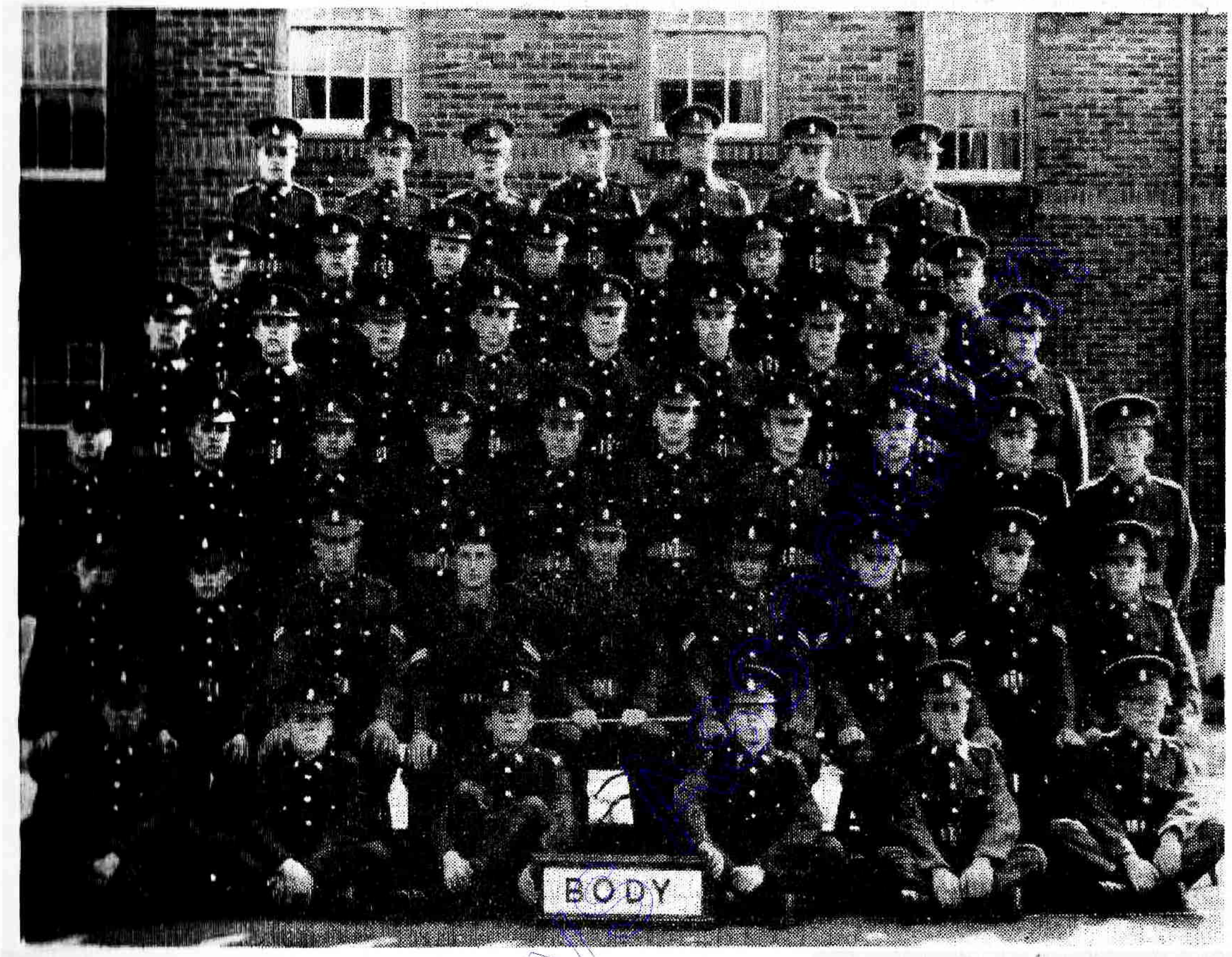
who are specially worthy of note are Boys Jacobs, Sanderson, O'Hara, and Greaves who gave of their best throughout the competition.



Our scribe humbly suggests that we of Body House should learn more of the art of potted sports.

As a result of their efforts for the school and in particular for their house, Boys Walker, Diffin and Cook were promoted to the rank of Boy Corporal and we all heartily congratulate them, although sorry to lose B/Cpl Cook to Baker House.

The training of the RAOC Boys' Display Party took up much of our spare time but the congratulations of the organisers of the shows at which we performed made it worth while. It was a pity CSM Hall did not come to Blackpool with us as it would have been a change for him to see us in "salt" instead of "hot" water.

A. A. Camfield.

BAKER HOUSE

Baker has many individual achievements of which to be proud during the last few months and we would like to take this

opportunity of compiling a "Roll of Honour".

The boy with most achievements to his name is Tweddle whose shooting, cross - country running and long jumping have brought much credit to the Unit and House. Still in the realm of the physical we must not forget B/Sgt Ling the boxer and Boy Willcocks who won the shot - putt at the Aldershot District Enlisted Boys' Championships, breaking the army record. Last, but not least, our newcomer, B/Cpl Cook, brings added glory in that he is a champion runner.

Our pride is not, however, derived only from the sports arena for in the world of brains as opposed to brawn we can record that Boy Wells passed his Senior Test and is going on to take G.C.E., the first RAOC Boy to attempt it in five subjects at Blackdown. Norsworthy's wit has kept up the morale of the B R.M. He is also to be congratulated on having been chosen as our representative at an Army Cadet Force camp.

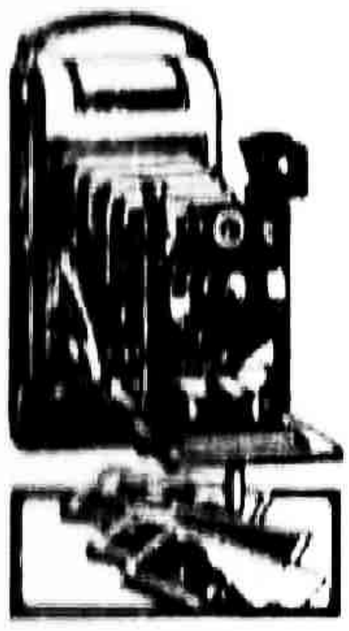
We may be proud of possessing the first Boy Drum - Major but, on the other hand, Sgt Davis will be able to tell you that we have not been backward in his province either. We wish Sgt Bennelick happy landings in his new posting to Cyrenaica.

K. Middleton.

STOP PRESS.

Congratulations, Sgt Middleton on passing your Army Certificate of Education, 1st. Class.

P. A. Mason.

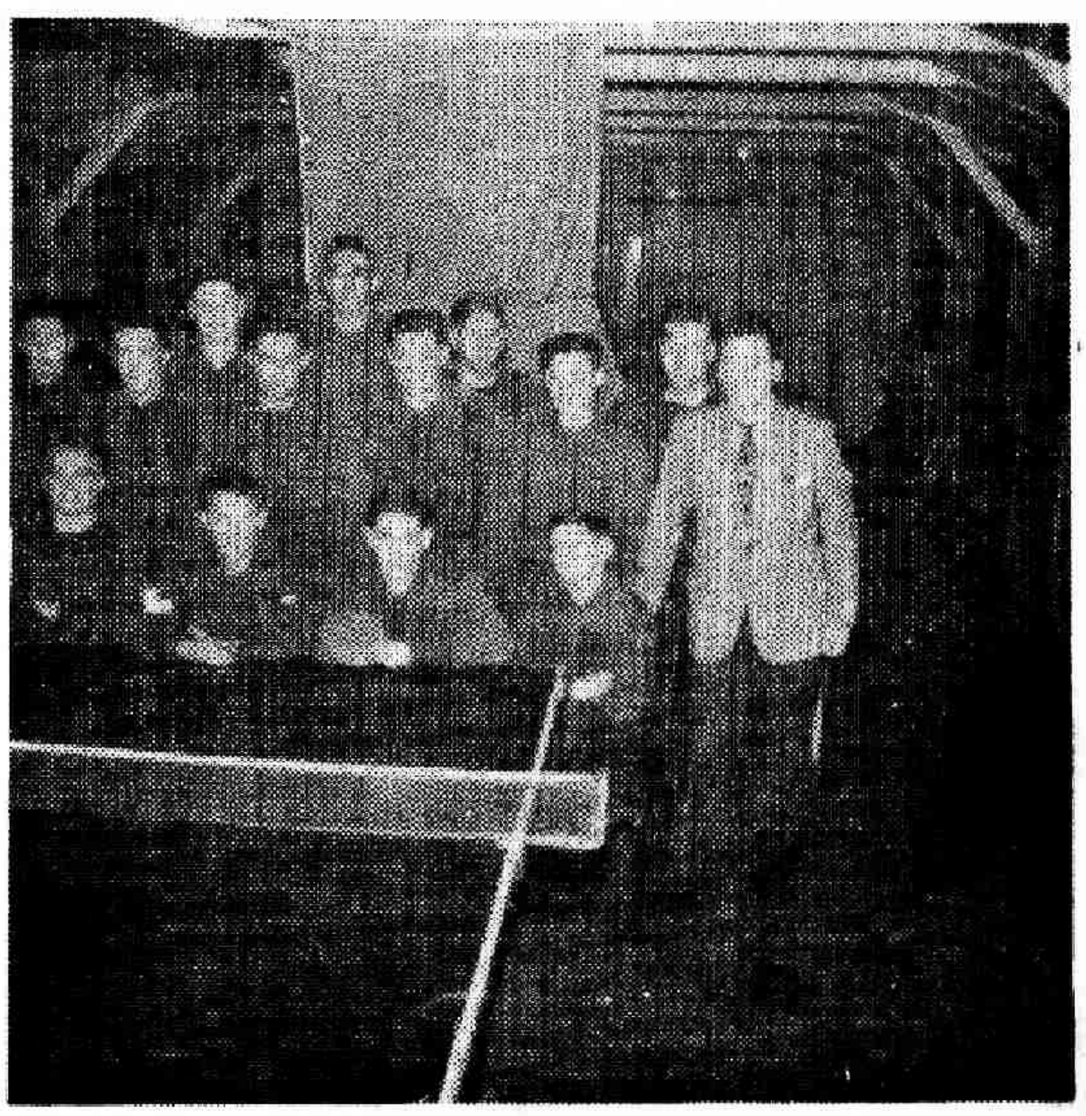


CAMERA CLUB

THERE are few of us who do not enjoy having our photographs taken, though none but the most glamorous of us would boast of possessing photogenic qualities. We in the Camera Club, however, have found an added fascination in photography. Most Boys, as soon as they use a film, snapping anything from their comrades in the barrack room to their girl friends back home, immediately take the spool to the nearest chemist's shop to be changed by a strange process into eagerly awaited photographs. Since last autumn, the members of the Club have been learning this mysterious dark-room procedure and producing their own prints.

Though for practice the Boys have often used their own films and negatives, they have also learned how to handle the two club cameras and have visited other clubs to record their activities. During the winter evenings we have employed the club's flash unit which can be attached to the Kershaw camera. At weekends the outdoor activities and cycling groups have returned with memorable scenes in a little black box.

Composition. Hill and sky dominate this picture. With a distant view it is better to break the skyline with a tall, near object e.g. a tree or a boy on the left.



A clear photograph taken with the club's flash gun. The team has been grouped well but some of them are not in the picture.

EX-BOYS

During their visit to York for the Northern Command Tattoo parties of Boys were taken on conducted tours of various centres of interest in that ancient city and most of those groups had their photographer; in Terry's beside the chocolate machines, in the Minster in touch with mediæval grandeur or at Knavesmire in their Toy Soldier uniforms.

In all spheres of life, we learn from our mistakes but in photography these mistakes are costly and disappointing. For instance, a slip of the finger can produce a blinding but useless flash at the wrong moment when indoor work is being done; a film developed for 12 minutes instead of 10 minutes, or at 70 degrees instead of 65 degrees can result in negatives too dense, (black), for good photographs to be printed from it; a stray chink of light in the darkroom will fog the sensitive paper on which the final print is made.

The photographs on these pages show some common mistakes to be avoided.

Not the cameraman's fault. In printing the picture, the negative has been used in reverse. Members of the club have to guard against this error.

Double exposure. Is the guard suspended over the camper's fire? Remember to wind on the film after each exposure.

T. Brunton.

Ex-Boys' Association

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PUZZLE - An old Arab had two sons who were wont to boast of the prowess of their respective horses. At his death, the old man decreed that his entire wealth should be given to the owner of the horse which should LOSE a hundred mile race.

After several days, having covered only five miles, both sons were despairing of ever completing the contest when they met an old gypsy who, on receipt of a bribe, whispered some advice to the younger son. The younger son immediately mounted and galloped furiously forward.

WHAT WAS THE GYPSY'S ADVICE?

The Toy Soldiers.

We were all spruced up and very smart,
Waiting for our turn to start.
Then the sun went in, it had to yield
To the storm clouds gathering over the field.

The rain came down and drenched the grass,
Soaking horse and riding lass.
Mud was here, mud was there,
Mud was churned up everywhere.

On we marched to get wet feet,
In the mud six inches deep,
Squelching through the figure of eight
With the C. S. M. watching at the gate.

Then the cannon went off with a shattering thud
And the Blue Guard fell in the oozing mud.
But never a hint of despair they showed
As up they scrambled and away they strode.

Then the sun came out and off we marched,
Our long white trousers no longer starched,
Mud on our sashes, mud on our braces,
I'm sure we all knew what was on our faces.

This little event caused us much laughter.
We dreamed of mud for a fortnight after.
But if we appear at Rushmoor again,
I hope to goodness it doesn't rain.

N. Graham.

Ex-Boys Association

The following *aide memoire*, which appeared recently in the National Press, may help geography students to differentiate between stalactites and stalagmites.

"Mites grow up, while tights come down."

ON PARADE!

LADIES and gentlemen, when we were young - - - ." These words which have introduced the R A O C Boys' Display in previous seasons have, like the parade itself, undergone drastic changes this year. No longer will tattoo crowds see the "redcoats of Wellington's day" inspected by the Duke himself and the Toytown Banner trooped, for in 1955 we march on as the armies of Redland and Blueland engaged in friendly rivalry on the field of tournament.

These two armies perform a double eight movement which has proved a great attraction under searchlights as the red and blue jackets have mingled in colourful harmony. Then, a novel innovation in the Display, the two rival forces join battle, with the Redland troops having an overwhelming superiority in cavalry and artillery. It is quite a scene to watch, with the wooden muskets blazing away and the wooden horses charging across the field of battle. An advance in review order with a frontage of forty boys brings us to the salute and march off.

The number of bookings has not been as large as in previous years but this is because the bigger Tattoos have featured the Display and these of course run over long periods. Appearances have been made at the Aldershot Show in the famous Rushmoor Arena, "Sandhurst Day" at Camberley, the SSAFA Searchlight Tattoo at the White City, the Northern Command Tattoo at York, the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Blackpool and the Ryde Carnival in the Isle of Wight.

Two TV performances can be reported, one from Blackpool when a detachment represented Aldershot and helped them to defeat a Catterick team in "Top Town" and the other when the White City programme was altered to give the Toy Soldiers an appearance.

This is the last season for the Boys' Display and it is good to be able to record that The Toy Soldiers marched out for the last time in a blaze of public limelight and appreciation.

A. Greenbat.

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VITAL STATISTICS - - - Boy Dingle writes to inform us that after detailed research he has discovered that 50 per cent of married people are women.

DRAMA GROUP AND CHOIR

THOSE who remember school concerts at Hasiar will no doubt recall how the dining room was hastily converted into a theatre. This was brought about by the use of much ingenuity involving the erection of the boxing ring for a stage, window curtains pinned together for tabs and lines and lines of string lxing lights and holding the entire Heath Robinson affair together. Little did audiences realise that one cut in a strategic place would have brought the whole lot tumbling about the ears of the actors and "actresses."

Here at Blackdown, however, the Drama Group and Choir perform on what the Boys' Wing have made into the best equipped unit stage in the Garrison and, in consequence, the standard of production has been raised proportionately.

Easter 1954 saw a production of *The Monkey's Paw* and a venture into Shakespeare when the *Pyramus and Thisbe* scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was performed.

In the summer, Boy Ferguson was the star of the RAOC Boys' Concert Party at the Isle of Wight annual camp, provoking much laughter in his part as The Backward Boy.

At Christmas 1954, the group performed the traditional pantomime, this year's tale being *Babes in the Blackdown Woods.* A one-act play, *Thread of Scarlet*, introduced the evening's entertainment.

All the previous shows seem as nothing when compared with the ambitious production of *1066 and All That*, a musical comedy of English History which was given before the Garrison Commander and some eighty parents on Presentation Day, Easter 1955. This show had twenty-three scenes and involved ninety-three changes of costume. In addition to the cast, a section of fifteen from the RAOC Staff Band played during the evening under the direction of Cpl Smith.

With such a large cast, it is difficult to single out names but Boy Fraser Clarke deserves special mention for his part as The Common Man as he appeared in no fewer than sixteen scenes and credit must also go to B/CSM Phillips and B Sgt Weatherstone who managed the backstage and construction of props.

Numbers will preclude any such large future production but we feel sure that the standard of talent will in no way diminish. This is being ensured by the inclusion of Drama in the evening Social Studies curriculum thus giving every Boy the opportunity to show his paces.

A. Greenbat.

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The Battle Of Toyland.

The crowd was silent, waiting;
The message was revealed,
An order from the Redland king
To his forces in the field.

The message, written on a scroll,
Was read with great to - do.
"To my Armies in the field," it said,
"Join battle with the Blue."

The challenge is accepted,
A gauntlet hits the ground.
The general says, "Let battle start,"
And quickly turns around.

But the Redland King's a crafty chap,
Just see what he has done,
He's brought along his cavalry.
(And Bussell with his gun).

Off goes the cannon with a bang,
The Blue Guard starts to fall.
They tumble like a pack of cards,
The rear rank one and all.

With muskets primed and ready,
In style they blaze away.
A cloud of smoke hangs o'er the field.
Which side will win the day?

The Cavalry assault the foe
And charge like soldiers good,
Their horses prancing up and down,
A Cavalry of wood.

Right through the Blueland ranks they go,
"Hurrah! it's in the bag."
Their trumpeter has captured
The Blueland Army's flag.

Victorious, they trot off in style.
The Blue Guard all are dead.
But then Toy Soldiers never die,
At least, so Perry said.

E. Hay.

E.B.O.S. Association

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

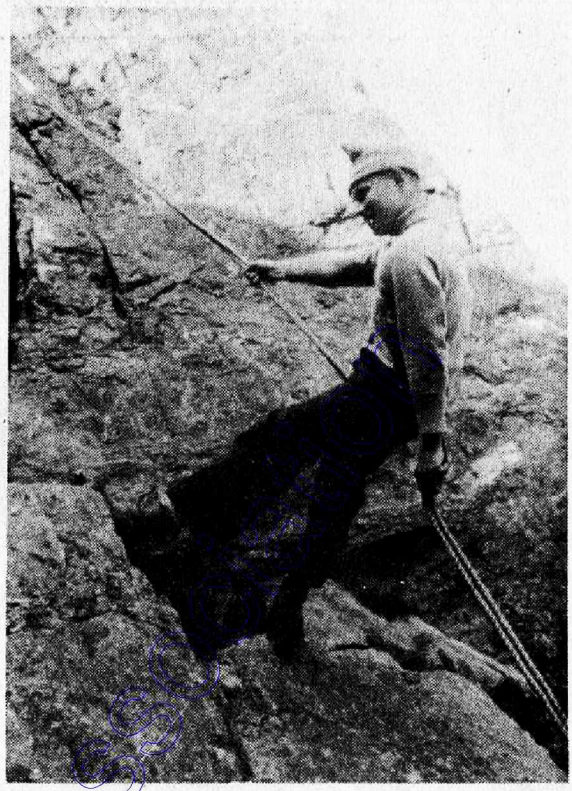
When this club was first started, its equipment was quite insufficient consisting, as it did, of six tents, six stoves and four Everest carriers. Consequently, the loads which had to be carried were enormous and Boy Bussell still has cause to remember the marks made on his back when he carried a load of seventy - five pounds on one of the frames. This state of affairs did not last and soon we were the proud owners of ropes, rucksacks, climbing boots and all the other paraphernalia of mountaineering.

During the terms which followed, several camps were held at week - ends at which members of the club learned to cook for themselves and, what is more important, to eat what they had cooked. We considered, however, that these jaunts were too easy and all of us hoped that we would be able to go to North Wales to indulge in real hiking and climbing.

Our chance came last Easter and we set off for the mountains determined to enjoy ourselves. Our arrival in Llanberis caused much conjecture among the local inhabitants who identified us first as paratroops, then as Marines and finally as a party sent to survey the terrain with a view to reporting on its suitability as an army camp.

We selected our camp site by a stream in the shadow of the Three Cliffs in Llanberis Pass. The hot, dry days which followed were a pleasant exception to the usual climate of North Wales where wind and rain is the rule. We spent our time in rambling about the district and climbing the surrounding mountains.

In the evenings, the cinema in Llanberis provided light entertainment for those of us who were a little weary, while the beautiful countryside around the village claimed the more energetic boys who continued to explore on foot.



In case of accidents we maintained a wireless link with No. 88 sets, between climbing parties and base camp.

Rock climbing was attempted by most of the group for the first time and it was generally agreed that the sight of the summit of the rock was a most welcome sight. Boy Diffin must be mentioned for his superb effort which ended below a particularly nasty bulge in the rock face. Had he been endowed with a slightly longer reach, he would have managed to complete the climb in fine style. These climbs, though not high, were quite technical and all members of the group put up a very fine performance. Coming down from a climb is always a much easier matter than making the ascent, which accounts for the unconcerned look on the face of Boy Collings in the photograph.

Snowdon was climbed but, unfortunately, mist deprived us of the magnificent view from the summit.

After sweating all day under a hot sun, we bathed in an ice - cold stream. Sheppard, Hay and Hadden appear to be conscious of the camera but Diffin seems more interested in his ablutions than in having his photograph taken. It was at this spot that the group dammed the river and made a bathing pool and the fact that it was only eighteen inches deep did not detract from our enjoyment in cooling off in it.

All too soon our stay ended and we reluctantly began to pack our kit for our return. We had experienced an enjoyable week on the mountains and all regretted that our stay could not have been a longer one. Striking camp was not a particularly cheerful business.

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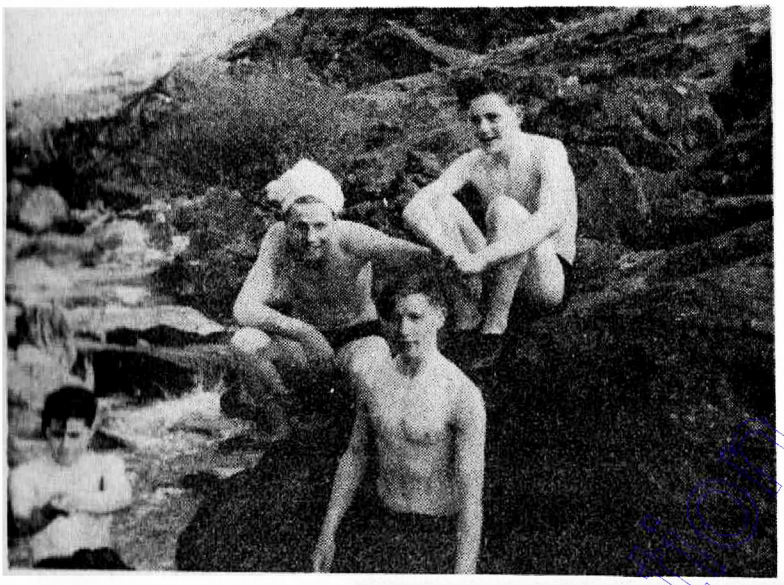

During Summer leave we are to make a trip to Langdale Pikes in the Lake District and all of us look forward to the joys of camping, rambling and climbing.

Glyder Fawr.

Ex Boys Association

A Watch.

A watch is a thing you must cherish with pride,
You must never try to fiddle inside
For the works of a watch aren't built like a house,
They're as delicate as a flea on a louse.
Now I have seen a man in a Manor
Trying to mend his poor watch with a hammer
But all he could do, when he'd finished the job,
Was sell the gold case for a measly bob.
So if your watch breaks there are easier routes
Than trying to mend it with one of your boots.
A watchmaker's handy whether knock - kneed or bandy,
He'll mend your poor watch as good as it can be.

N. Graham.

HOWLER - - - Sir Francis Drake burned his old boots and sent them among the Spanish fleet.

CORPS OF DRUMS.

THE Boys' Corps of Drums was formed in November 1954 with a strength of twenty seven.

Practice started in full swing just before Christmas and in January we received one grant from the War Office and another from the Boys' Wing Fund. We purchased some new bugles and flutes and started to form the first "Drum and Flute" Corps of Drums in the RAOC.

Our first engagement was to play for the Annual Administration Inspection at the CAD, Bramley on April 7th. and it was quite a success. Our next engagement was to march a detachment of the AER to church. The Corps of Drums also took part in a pres ntation parade held at Blackdown in June and had the great privilege of being presented with a Drum - Major's mace by 2 Battalion and two silver bugles, one from the Ammunition Organisation and the other from the Technical Stores Organisation, for which we are very grateful.

In May our first Boy Drum - Major was appointed and those duties fell to Boy D/M Crisp, an ex - Duke of York's Boy.

We are looking forward to many engagements in the future and perhaps a tour to some of the Depots with the Staff Band.

A. Collman.

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H. M. FORCES' LEAVE CENTRE, ST. LEONARDS.

Quarry House is a converted country house which stands in its own very pleasant grounds and is two minutes from the sea front.

St. Leonards and Hastings have much to offer in the way of entertainment and recreation.

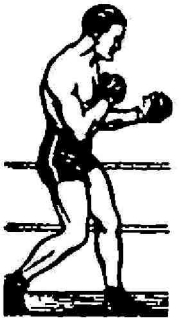
It has an excellent staff headed by the warden and his wife, Major and Mrs. Travers - Griffin, who both thoroughly understand the requirements of servicemen on leave and cater for them in a most charming manner.

It is an ideal spot at which to spend a leave.

A brochure about this establishment is available in the Information Room.

Ex-Boys Association

SPORT



In October 1954, having entered a team for the Aldershot District Enlisted Boys' Championships, we started training for the boxing season. In November we met our first rivals, the boys of 'D' Coy, Army Apprentices' School at Arborfield. After some very good bouts our "young hopefuls" came out on top and so passed into the semi-finals of the Competition against 'C' Company of the Army Apprentices' School, Arborfield. We won this contest quite easily and went confidently forward to meet our friendly rivals, Boys' Squadron R A C. We left the Aldershot Boxing Centre as finalists but not Champions.

This took us to the Southern Command Enlisted Boys' Championships for which we entered ten boys, six of whom emerged as champions. The champions were B/Sgt. Henley - Featherweight, B/Cpl. Crickard - Lightweight, B/Sgt. Ling - Middle weight, B/Cpl. Walker - Light Heavyweight, Boy Scott - Welter - weight, and Boy Evans - Featherweight.

In February, we entered five Boys for the Army Enlisted Boys' Championships and for the first time in the history of the R A O C Boys' School, one Boy, Boy Clarke, won his weight and became the Army Boy Welterweight Champion. Boy Clarke represented the Army in the Imperial Services' Boxing Championships and was awarded his Army Colours.

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From boxing we turn to football. This season school teams played in several leagues, both military and civilian. The boys started in splendid fashion and the early days of the season found them at the top of their leagues. Soon, however, Fortune ceased to smile and the end of the season saw the teams much nearer the bottom of most league tables. Nevertheless, everybody who played in these leagues learned a great deal and it is with hopeful hearts that we shall enter the new season, determined to carry all before us.

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SHOOTING. - - - - In the capable hands of C.S.M. Hall, our small bore shooting team prepared for the Horne Cup competition, and for the first time in the history of the R A O C, the school won the cup.

R.A.B.S. Association

Against some very fierce opposition, nineteen Boys became Empire Marksmen in the King George V Trophy, which is a great honour in the field of shooting.

In full bore shooting we again excelled ourselves and gained third place in the Young Soldiers' Cup at Bisley. Boy Tweddle deserves special mention in this field, as he gained twenty-third place in the R A O C shoot.

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BASKETBALL. ---- While the marksmen were winning laurels on the ranges, the basketball team, by dint of hard training, were sowing the seeds of victory in the gymnasium. Under the expert guidance of Cpl. Day, himself an Army basketball player, we entered for the Aldershot Enlisted Boys' Championships. In the first round of the competition we played the R E Boys and had a very narrow win of 20 points to 18. In the semi-finals we met the Army Apprentices' School, Arborfield, and beat them comfortably by 37 points to 18.

In the finals we were drawn against the A C C Boys and again won, by 35 points to 21. This was an unofficial competition but it gave our team valuable match experience. Players who are worthy of special mention are B/Sgt. Henley, B/Cpls Howitt and Walker and Boys Darke and Bellamy.

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ATHLETICS. - - - - Our last major sporting event of the year was the Aldershot District Enlisted Boys' Athletic Championships, in which, after hard training allied with great keenness by all concerned, we finished in third place, a fitting reward for the great determination shown by all. B/Cpl. Howitt shone this year by breaking the record for each of his four events, while a great show of spirit was shown by B/Cpl Cook who, in his half-mile race, strained his leg severely but went on to run a second half-mile in the Medley Relay Race. Boy Wilcocks broke the record for the shot and gained first place.

When not in actual training, we have run an inter-House Sports League for basketball, cricket and soft-ball, a game which has recently become very popular in the school.

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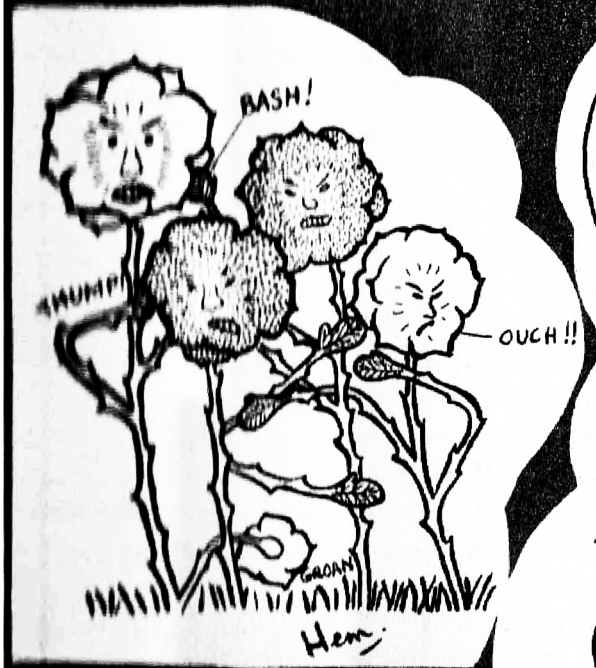
Finally, a word of thanks to all those whose untiring efforts behind the scenes have helped our sportsmen and athletes immeasurably. We are very grateful to them, for without their help our year of effort could not have been so successful.

A. A. Camfield.

HOWLER - - - The equilateral forests are in Africa.

ex Boys Association

THE WARS OF THE ROSES



OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

BLACKDOWN SMILES

POLICEMAN: WHY WERE YOU DRIVING DANGEROUSLY — THE COACH WAS SWAYING!

DRIVER: I SHOULD THINK SO, WITH TWO HORSES AND A CANNON ON TOP!

TOY SOLDIERS

My Toys Association

BOYS WING

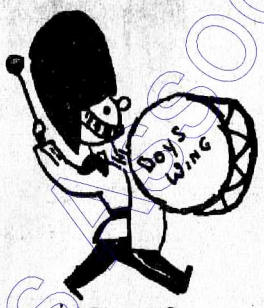
PERSONALITIES

McNEILL & CHIPS

RECKNELL

McDOUGALL

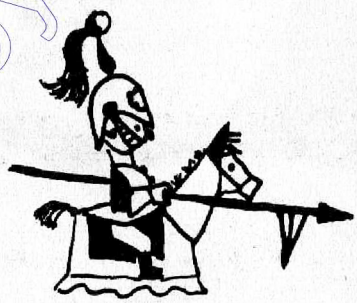
SCOTT



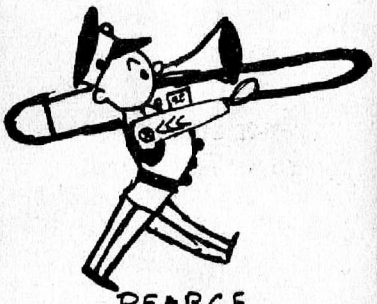
KEELOR

THE SHEIK

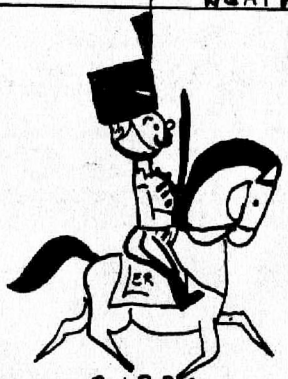
DRUMMY



WEATHERBRICK



PEARCE



GIBBO

SIR. BENJY

Ex Boys Association

MAP PUZZLE

This puzzle is intended to be solved with the aid of O. S. 1 inch map, sheet 169 which can be seen in the information room. The start is at map reference 944614. Where is the finishing point?

Towards the west where people bray,
Near end of road you'll find a tree
Below the number ninety - three.

Go towards John O'Groats we will,
Way up to the mad bird's hill.

Then "Weston Ho!" with the sun in rear
To a sporting inn for a pint of beer.

Way south - east to a dozen oaks
To Broadway (not for Yankee folks).

At Lightwater, direction change
To a place that's famous for its range.

In a straight line t'wards the noonday sun
To Waterloo and London's fun.

C. R. Clifton.

A prize will be awarded for the first correct solution received. Solutions must give the name and map reference of the finishing point.

EX-Boys Association

CALLING ALL OLD BOYS

This first edition of your school magazine has many faults and one of the biggest of these is the absence of articles from old boys.

Everybody at the school is very interested to know how you are, where you are, something about your job, your station and so on.

Please send your contributions to the S.E.O., and mark envelopes, "MAG."

OUT AND ABOUT

ON Sunday 17 th. July, in company with twenty other boys, I left the Boys' Wing for a visit to the lake at Frensham. After a rather arduous half - hour's journey we reached our destination, which was reminiscent of the seaside, for there were peach - coloured sands all around us. The fern covered hills of the surrounding countryside formed the background to this holiday scene. The lake itself was in a valley between two areas of hilly country. In the morning, everybody doffed his uniform or civvies for a bathing costume and spent an enjoyable hour swimming in the clear water. Then, ringed about by people relaxing under sunshades, we had our lunch. Numerous portable wireless sets, picnic - baskets, buckets and spades added to the holiday atmosphere.

Our meal over, we played beach - cricket. There were guttural yells from debonair "Butch" Norsworthy behind the wicket and Gerry Goodwin, with his antics, contributed much to an amusing game. After a keen match, most of us lay down and relaxed in the sun. At first, I gazed into the clear blue sky but, troubled by a heat haze which appeared in front of my eyes, I turned onto my stomach and as I lay there, I was impressed by the beauty and serenity of the place.

The water glittered with lovely colours and rippled gently when a stone was thrown into it. In contrast, I could see little children, with their buckets and spades, busy building sand - castles and I thought of my early childhood days, remembering the satisfaction I had found in such simple pleasures. But all too soon my reverie was interrupted, for it was half - past three and we had to set off for our return journey to Blackdown. Travelling back, we discussed the trip and everybody expressed the opinion that the day had been well spent.

R. J. Wells.

EX-Boys Association

WHO SAID THAT?

(a) "Yar lika lotta little girls." [i] .....

(b) "Band - Band char!" [ii] .....

(c) "More yet karprle." [iii] .....

(d) "Parade - Parade hum!" [iv] .....

C.S.M. Hall; Cpl Ranken; Drum Major; W.O.II Greenbat.

Can you fill in the blanks correctly? NO PRIZES!

H. Collings.

HOMEWARD BOUND

AFTER living for many years in the Argentine, my father decided to return to Scotland. I was born in the Argentine and the prospect of seeing a new country appealed to me very much. All the formalities of documentation were soon over and on the 4th. of November 1953 we boarded the R.M.S. "Alcantara" at the port of Buenos Aires.

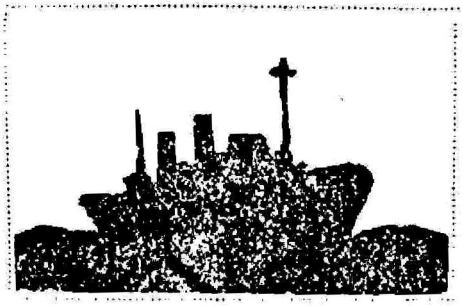
Here was all the hustle and bustle of a busy modern port and ships of many nations were lying side by side in the basin. Most of the ships were passenger - carrying, for the bulk of the meat is exported from the port of Eva Peron and the grain ships sail from Rosario. That evening we sailed down the River Plate to Montevideo, the capital city of Uruguay.

We arrived in Montevideo early in the morning. It was a dull, cloudy morning and the mist from the water enfolded the ship so that it seemed as though we were sailing not on water but on a cloud. From the deck of the ship I could see only blurred outlines of the white buildings which lie along the dock front. Unfortunately there was not enough time to go ashore and visit the city, for after a two hour stay we sailed for Santos, a port in Brazil. As we reached the open sea, a deckhand pointed out to me the remains of the one - time pride of the German Navy the "Graf Spee," scuttled in the harbour mouth, rather than face the ships and guns of the Royal Navy in 1939. We sailed on in beautiful tropical sunshine. The passengers basked in the sun on deck and the more energetic of us played deck games. However, this weather did not last, for a tropical storm caught us and we were all very thankful when we eventually reached Santos.

Santos, unlike Buenos Aires, is a very dirty port and the surrounding area is not very pleasant. Here we loaded bananas; these fruits forming a very considerable part of our cargo. The bananas were handled by negroes dressed in brightly coloured shirts, dungarees and very dilapidated straw hats. Unlike their counterparts in the American films, these fellows did not sing as tney worked but cursed, sweated and grumbled.

Our next port of call was Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. I could see lush tropical vegetation; stately palms swayed in the breeze and the many coloured orchids broke up the green monotony of the jungle with bright splashes of colour.

ExBoys Association



Brightly coloured birds flitted through the trees, their harsh cries echoing through the jungle. Most of these birds were members of the parrot family, and their plumage was rainbow coloured. Slowly the jungle became less dense and the city came into view. This city is one of the most beautiful in the world and by night it is a fairyland of coloured lights. Beyond it is Sugar Loaf Mountain which provides the perfect background to a beautiful scene. We went ashore in this city and walked along the tree - lined avenues admiring the beautiful buildings, peering in the windows of the shops that sold souvenirs and wishing that our stay could be longer. We had, however, to return to the ship and after buying some souvenirs we hailed a horse - drawn victoria and returned to the ship in style. That evening we sailed, leaving the city and its beauty behind us.

Three and a half days later we reached the port of Bahia where we picked up passengers and took on some cargo. It is a big port with full facilities for large ocean - going ships. The water in the harbour is crystal clear and looks perfect for swimming. However, one can see roaming across the surface the triangular dorsal fin of the shark. Needless to say, I did not go swimming.

Before crossing the Atlantic, we called at Pernambuco, a naval base and the last port of call for many ships crossing the Atlantic. The scenery is not very appealing and we did not go ashore. Contrary to expectations, we crossed the ocean in calm weather and arrived at the Canary Islands.

As soon as possible I went ashore and travelled round the island in a hired car. The most interesting things I saw were the banana plantations. These plantations are spread all over the island and when the bananas are ripening the yellow fruit and green valleys soften the harshness of the surrounding hills. Tomatoes are also grown on the islands but not in greenhouses as they are in this country, and the tomato groves also provide a bright splash of colour. Around the islands are long stretches of golden sands on which the local people spend their leisure time. These islands belong to Spain and taxes on the islands are very low. As a matter of interest, a carton of American cigarettes costs 10/-. Each carton contains 200 cigarettes. After refuelling, we set sail for Madeira.

On our arrival at Madiera, we were greeted by a great number of small craft, the owners of which had come out to peddle their wares. Some of the boats were manned by young boys who were diving for the coins thrown into the sea by the passengers and crew. We did not stay in Madeira very long and were soon on our way again.

Lisbon was the next port and once more I went ashore to see the sights while the ship took on fresh water. Lisbon is the port of call of many large ocean going liners and the passengers of these ships flock ashore. You can no doubt imagine the number of different languages one could hear when ashore. Seamen of many nations rubbed shoulders with wealthy tourists who were buying souvenirs at very high prices. The shops sold all manner of things and the bargaining in the market place which we passed was conducted in a very excited manner. All too soon, it was time to return to the ship and soon we were sailing on the last leg of our journey to Southampton. We crossed the Bay of Biscay in fine weather and after being held up off Cherbourg by fog, we made good time to Southampton. On arrival at the port, we passed through the Customs and caught a train for Scotland.

So ended the most interesting journey of my life. I had seen various places and people, and different ways of life. I had also come to my new home and I must say that although I like England, I sometimes long for the hot sun of the tropics.

C. Clifton.

A Boy's Predicament.

In days of old, when Boys were bold
And CSMs. weren't invented,
Boys did just anything they pleased
And never were prevented.

But nowadays the world is grim,
CSMs. are here in force,
And who d'ye think they holler at?
Why, Norsworthy of course!

Who other can they pick upon?
I'll give you just one guess,
It's poor old Williamson again -
Six feet of idleness!

And when there's something to be ruined,
Who always gets it done?
There's only one Boy capable -
Smith zero zero one!

'Butch' Norsworthy.

Ex-Boys Association

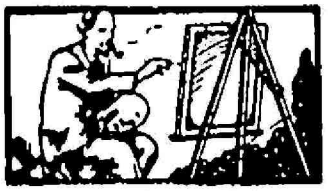
Modern Handwriting

In this mechanical age, the opportunities of the individual to express himself artistically are few indeed, but one we can all practise, and one of the most neglected, is the commonplace activity of writing by hand.

The problem of designing a hand which can be written at speed without producing the illegibility so typical of modern writing has been solved by reference to the works of the Italian writing-masters of the sixteenth century. The result is the so-called 'Italic' style which is rapidly gaining popularity. This style has three main points in its favour; it can be written at speed, the letters are simple in shape and easy to learn, and the finished product is attractive to view.

Italic handwriting is being taught in schools throughout the country, and will be included in the timetable at Blackdown next term, as before.

Ex-Boys Association



ART CLUB

THE false idea that one's work must please others, or at least be understood by them, is probably responsible for the fact that Art Groups are usually small. This, however, proves a boon to the members of unit groups as it means that limited supplies go further and that the desired peaceful atmosphere prevails.

Some good work is being done by our group. Boy Walker D. has tackled the problems of perspective and is successfully overcoming initial difficulties. B/Cpl Howitt and Boy Neal are making great strides in figure work. Boy Neal has a certain gift for portraiture and would be well advised to continue along this line.

We have all admired the beautiful and delicate aquarelles of Sgt Morgan who has only recently taken an interest in Art but who has notable ability.

There is an interest in oil painting among the staff at the moment. Capt. Forrest started the ball rolling with a successful landscape; Sgt "Dick" Whittington is making initial manœuvres around an, as yet, virgin canvas. Sgt Cumpsty is of the opinion that his movements have something to do with ritual practised by Northern British Cave Decorators.

We are having fun, and anyone who wishes to share our pleasure, or who feels an urge to express himself in a gentle way, will always find a welcome in the Art Room on Wednesdays.

F. de Lacey.

Ex-Boys Association

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I should like to make known, through the medium of your pages, our desire to start a Boys' Wing Dance Band.

I think we have enough Boys who can play instruments. Boy Gill can play the double bass, Boy Counsell can play the trumpet, Boy Neal can play the accordeon and I can play the drums. We should need practice, no doubt, but I think that could be arranged with the Staff Band.

We are all very keen on this and would be pleased to contact anyone else who may be interested.

J. A. Wheeler.

Perhaps their first tune will be "Far, far away." (Editor)

Dear Sir,

It has come to my ears that many Boys are keen on the "Harmonica." I play this instrument myself and would like to start a Harmonica Band.

Could you please inform all the potential Larry Adlers and Max Geldrays among the Boys, that if they wish to join forces with me on the "Lazy Half - note Ranch," they will be extremely welcome.

All Boys wanting to sign up with the one and only, come to my room and ask for "Max the Mouth." I must go to catch the Runaway Train now.

B. Gill.

Look out Drum - Major, there are rivals in the field. (Editor)

EDITOR'S NOTE

Remember that this is your page and, as such, should be a platform for the exchange of news, ideas, questions and answers. We hope that in time this will be the most interesting page in the magazine.

It is up to you.

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How to rid your dog of fleas.

Rub whisky and sand into the dog's coat. When the fleas are drunk, they will throw stones at each other.

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Ex-Boys Association