



It was brilliant to see a pic of the sea school from the yard. Sent in by Phil Hughes (hope he doesn't mind me using his photo) It was a long time ago but if my memory serves me correctly the accommodation block and toilet block are the ones arrowed

What follows is a small anecdote of my time there

*Arrived with others on the 25th Jan 1965, it was freezing. None of us had been away from home before (although I had spent a week away at HMS Ganges when I was 13, hence the photo in sailors uniform) I think there were 25 in the class, which halved within three days. I can't remember how soon we were issued with our uniform but possibly the second day. It was not very flattering. Then it was haircut time. Carried out by a sadist.*

*I cannot remember how many were in the dormitory, poss 350 plus. It must be what prison is like without the doors. I think I had a window but it was on the top floor, My cell mate was Wally Lavery from Ireland. Brilliant lad & hard as nails.*

*The heads, outside in the yard in a row, no doors either!. No one would go but By Thursday all embarrassment went in the rush!.*

*To make us all feel better we were told that it was made this bad, so that anything we would face in the future, would be an improvement. They were right.*

*Not allowed out of the school until Thursday and then on strict instructions. Worse no Home leave for 2 weeks and only 5 bob a week to spend. Then there was the food!.*

*Being in catering in our last week we had to get up earlier than anyone else to get the "food" prepared. I am sure everyone blamed us!.*

*Made some good friends both among those in catering and on the deck side, the camaraderie was something else. We had some good instructors as well. The responsibility of looking after us must have been tremendous, as none of us were angels.*

*Only allowed out in threes and the highlight was the cafe near the ferry terminal (anyone remember the name?) .Top of the hit parade was "you've lost that loving feeling" which kept being played. And the waitress, oh the waitress, she had a tattoo at the top of her thigh and would show it to those on their final week. Happy days!*

*I can remember looking across at the docks at night seeing all the lights on the ships and being in awe. I couldn't wait to get on one for real. It seemed an eternity to the end of the course.*

Regards

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