

THE T.S. INDEFATIGABLE

They travelled up from villages, the city and the fen,
Young lads sent to `Inde` to train as sailormen,
Most were only fourteen – raw or streetwise youth,
Some from broken families, all of them uncouth.

Arriving at this training ship upon the Menai Straits,
Embarking on a tough regime once passing through the gates,
Instilled in them a discipline learning all the while,
Comradeship and fortitude to go that extra mile.

There was no mollycoddling while gaining self respect,
Marching to a bugle band and drummers beat erect,
Torn away from apron strings, standing quite assured,
Confident and able, afore they went abroad.

Sitting on old Nozzer`s Rock they never will forget,
Reflecting on the values they`ll also not regret,
The vista of Mount Snowdon across the other shore,
While manning up the whalers and pulling on the oar.

Rodney, Drake, Raleigh, Hood were divisions there,
Leading hands and head boys served a handy share,
Supervised on navy lines by officers and peers,
The making of our seamen, all throughout the years.

Developing a character bringing to the fore,
Reliant sturdy mariners in times of peace or war,
Eventually they sailed away – began a life at sea,
Joining ranks of hardy souls with `Inde` pedigree.

Many served as Captains, others came ashore,
All of them indebted for biding there before,
Recalling all the standards and qualities back then,
That set the course of youngsters and turned `em into men.

P.O. Boy J.Earl No. 98 Hood Division Jan. `56 – July`57.