

Vindi Boys

by Doug Duxbury

They arrived at the gates, looking lost and forlorn;
Some with a suitcase, all battered and torn,
Some came adorned with the very latest fashion,
Some came with nought but a dream and a passion.

From all parts of Blighty they travelled express,
To a little backwater then known as Sharpness.
There were Cockneys and Geordies, Scousers and Jocks,
Welsh and Irish from the school of hard knocks.

Their Mother tongue was English, but it was difficult to guess,
By the manner it was spoken,
Understood, more or less.

Conditions were made deliberately tough;
As for the food, there was never enough.
They weren't to know then, if ever at all,
That the plan was for them to stumble and fall.

At the end of the Course those still standing,
Could look forward to a happy landing
After three months of learning and being cut down to size,
To join their first ship was the ultimate prize.

To all points of the Compass they travelled and scattered,
And a shocking World War left many bruised and battered.
But in spite of the elements and every adversity,
Many thousands won through to graduate at Lifes University.

So when the question crops up on anyone's lips,
What is so special about this Vindicatrix?
The Vindi boy smiles, remembering back when,
Twas an old ship where younger boys were taught to be men.