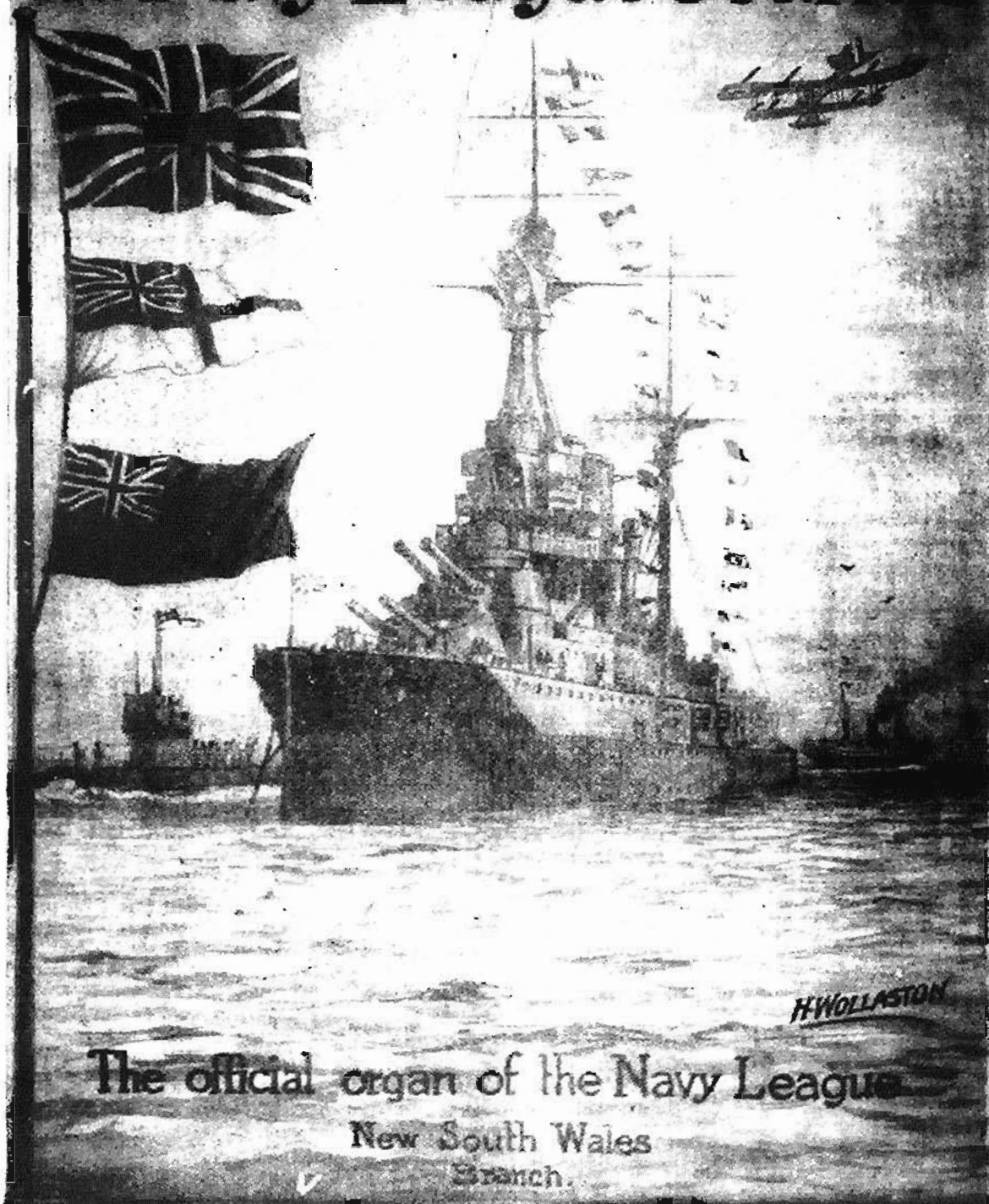


# The Navy League Journal



The official organ of the Navy League  
New South Wales  
Branch.

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## THIS YEAR

ever it was necessary for the  
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v. In most cases incomes are  
er and in many, outgoing is  
greater, and consequently reduced  
margins must be provided for.

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# The Navy League Journal

SYDNEY.

MARCH, 1931.

PRICE 3d.

## Co-operation

"Tis not my talent to engage,  
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page,  
With wind and noise.

I prefer to engage on a subject of interest and  
importance to all Navy League members.

The co-operation and spirit of animation or (*esprit  
de corps*). This is an essential factor, without which  
no organization is worthy of the name.

The combination of these important factors  
develops easily and quickly through Tradition. The  
influence of Tradition in the Royal Navy is very  
noticeable, for, no Service can delve into a deeper,  
or, more prideful past than the British Navy. It is  
only by rendering the seas secure that our Industries  
can be sustained, by the co-operation of the Royal  
Navy and the Mercantile Marine. It is in this sense  
we interpret the time honoured preamble of our  
Naval Articles of War: "It is the Navy whereon,  
under the good providence of God, the wealth,  
safety and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend.

and no less depends on the Merchant Service, which,  
under the sure shield of the Navy, welds us into a  
powerful whole.

We have handed down from the reign of Alfred  
the Great 880 A.D. a powerful Navy, maintained by  
the co-operation of British subjects.

The co-operation and (*esprit de corps*) exists in  
the Navy League, it shows itself in the various  
branches of League work, by the Committees, Cadets  
and Officers. The social side, sportsmanship and sea-  
manship displayed, and by the co-operation of these  
branches of activity, the Navy League will advance  
rapidly, whereas divided they would fall. The  
foundation of the Navy League so far as Cadet  
training, is solidly established in this State and every  
member is to become a maker of its Tradition, both  
material and abstract.

## Join The Navy League NOW

The Navy League is the only Organisation whose  
sole object is to watch the interests of THE  
NAVY. All patriotic citizens should therefore  
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### Captain W. W. Beale, O.B.E. (M.L.)

It is difficult to estimate the value of any person with whom we have to do with every day. But when that person leaves, we realize the value of his service. Capt. W. W. Beale sailed from Australia on 13th January, 1931 by the S.S. Barradine. Many Officers, Cadets, and Navy League supporters who could attend were present to bid him and his family Bon voyage.

He founded the Navy League Sea Cadet movement in Australia, steered it through many heavy seas, and he leaves it, not because he is offered a more remunerative position in England, or because he desired, but he had his duty to perform, that being to study the interests of his wife and children.

He was a most efficient Organizing Secretary and Editor. His cheerful disposition, courteous and patient bearing was of great assistance to all Officers who desired his advice. He was remarkable for the diplomatic manner he handled the affairs of his office. Although he appeared inconsistent in a few exceptional cases, he did that which he considered, was in the best interest of the Navy League as a whole. Without fear or favour, Australia can ill afford to let men of the Capt. Beale type go. But sentiment must drop, when duty calls.

Many small presents were made as readers will observe by the Company notes, and all members wish the Captain and his good wife and children the best in their future destination.

## The Flag

The manner of the compilation of the Union Jack is known—or should be known—to every school-boy. In 1605, after England and Scotland were united under King James, a Royal Ordinance decreed that the national flag of England (the red cross of St. George on a square white ground) should be combined in one flag. The result was a square flag very like the present Union Jack, but without the red St. Patrick's cross (which runs from corner to corner). Charles I., in 1635, forbade any but Royal ships to carry the Union flag, all merchantmen carrying, according to nationality, the cross of St. George or the cross of St. Andrew. In 1707, Queen Anne decreed that merchantmen should fly a red flag with the Union flag in the upper corner next the staff. In 1801, the flag was revised, put into oblong shape,

the red cross of St. Patrick was added (being superimposed on the white cross of St. Andrew), and the present Union Jack is the result.

The name "Union Jack" was first used in the reign of Queen Anne. According to W. J. Gordon, the careful author of "Flags of the World," it derived its name "from the upright spar from which it is flown as a ship's bowsprit or bow, as distinguishing it from St. George's Jack, flown from a similar spar in a similar position which it replaced at the accession of James I. A great deal of print was wasted in endeavouring to persuade people that it got its name of Jack from Jacques, the French for James, but this laboured derivation was blown to the winds when the yachtsman asked the antiquary "how about the jack-yard?" and inquiry showed that Howard's ships in the Armada battles are described as carrying a "jack" on the jackstaff, their jack being but a small edition of the red cross of St. George."

Kindly supplied from clippings by W. E. Stopford, Esq.

The Union Jack is always lowered at sunset. "The sun never sets on the British Flag." All hands stand to and give the salute. Colours should be hoisted sharp at 8.0 all hands stand to and give the salute.

The flag should never be used as a table cover.

All Cadets are aware what the Union Flag symbolises, the thousands of lives that have been given to defend it, the blood and treasure that has been poured out to keep it flying.

Colours should never touch the ground, and be cased.

The Blue Ensign should only be used by the Royal Navy, Royal Navy Reserve, or by special permission.

The Commonwealth Blue Ensign by R.A.N., R.A.N.R., or by Commonwealth Govt. Departments, when authorised.

Mercantile Marine may fly the Blue Ensign or Blue Commonwealth Ensign, when an ex R.N. or R.A.N. Officer is in command. Otherwise the Red Ensign should be flown.

The WHITE Ensign must never be used by any persons than His Majesty's Ships of War; or by special grant.

The Executive Committee of the Navy League, are still very active.

The committee meeting is held at, Royal Naval House, on the second Monday in each month.



## Great Shipwrecks of the World

### THE FOUNDERING OF THE CAPTAIN

Since the days of the Royal George the British Navy has sustained no such disaster as that which befell it when, in September, 1870, the Captain turned keel uppermost in the Bay of Biscay, and foundered with nearly five hundred men. She was a new ship, a costly experiment, and the controversy which had raged while she was being built had apparently been lulled to rest by her successful trials. She was the pioneer of the turret-ships, the first sea-going monitor, built according to the designs of Captain Cowper Coles, who shares with the famous Swedish-American Ericsson, and, according to some accounts, claims priority over him, in originating the fortress class of warship.

It is hardly fair, however, to say that she was designed by Captain Cowper Coles, for after years of worry he had succeeded in forcing our Admiralty to have the ship built, and the Admiralty officials introduced such modifications into the original plans as practically made the Captain nobody's child in particular. And these alterations affected her in two vital points—in the enlargement of her sail plant and in the decrease of her freeboard; and the freeboard was still further decreased by an error ascribed to the builders, so that when the ship was launched she floated twenty-one inches deeper than had been calculated.

She was a double-screw ship-rigged ocean cruiser of 4,272 tons; she was 320 feet long by 43 feet

beam, and had engines of 900-horse power. She had six guns, two 61-ton guns unprotected and four 25-ton guns, two in each of her turrets. Her armour ranged from eight inches in thickness down to three inches. She had a very low freeboard so as to allow the guns to be worked all round, and a high poop and fore-castle, connected by a hurricane deck, the bottom of which, once she was on her beam ends, acted as an enormous sail and prevented her ever recovering herself.

Her officers were the pick of the Navy. In command was Captain Hugh Talbot Burgoyne, V.C., the son of Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, and among her officers were the son of Mr. Childers, then First Lord of the Admiralty, a son of Earl Northbrook, and a brother of the Marquis of Huntly, and on board as a passenger was her originator, Captain Cowper Coles. The survivors were the gunner, Mr. May, and seventeen of the crew. The rest, 480 in all, were drowned.

It was not her first passage across the Bay, for she had been twice to Vigo before she foundered, and in her early cruising had behaved so well that many who had been prominent in asserting that she was unseaworthy had admitted that they had been mistaken. The disaster occurred on the 7th of September, 1870. She was cruising with the fleet under Admiral Milne, and the admiral had been on board during the day conducting his inspection, so that the

crew had been through a prolonged drill. In the evening the admiral, declining to dine on board, had left for his flagship, and his galley had been nearly swamped alongside as he went away.

As the night closed in the eleven sail of the fleet were counted all safe; when day broke there were only ten of them—the Captain had disappeared.

A storm had come on, and about midnight, just after the starboard watch had taken charge, a squall struck the monitor and heeled her over. She was at the time under snug canvas on the port tack, close-hauled. The captain was on deck, and gave orders to "Let go the foretop sail sheets!" and then "Let go the fore and main topsail sheets!" but before the men could get to do so the vessel had gone over so much that they were washed away. A furious sea struck her before she could recover, and on to her beam ends she went. For an instant she floated on her side, and then she slowly turned bottom upwards. She remained for a few minutes rocked on the waves, and then sank stern foremost with a tremendous explosion.

As she turned the water rushed down her funnel, and a loud roar began, which continued for a short time. And above the din were heard the shrieks of the stokers, for the probability is that the fires were shot out into her stokehole. Her boilers were fired athwart her, and the stokers, lying or standing on the starboard boiler-fronts were, there is only too good reason to suppose, covered with the blazing fuel, which must have forced the furnace-doors open with its weight and filled the ship with smoke and flame.

The catastrophe was so sudden that there was no time to give warning below. Of those who were saved all belonged to the watch on deck, with one exception—a seaman named David Dryburg. He had felt the ship heel over, and, fearing that she would not right again, had made a desperate rush and got to the weather hammock nettings as she laid on her beam ends. And then, as she kept turning over, he slowly scrambled up her side until he reached the spot where her keel would have been if she had had one. From here the seas washed him off, and finding one of the boats drifting past he clung to it, and was saved.

A strange experience! But not much stranger than that of Admiral Hope, who, curious to relate, was the president of the court-martial which conducted the inquiry into the loss of the Captain. He was on board H.M.S. *Racer* in 1836, when she capsized in the West Indies. With others he had been on her side as she lay on her beam ends, and on her keel as she turned stem downwards, and as the hull rolled over—for the *Racer* actually righted herself—had scrambled down again over the bulwarks and on to the deck as the ship resumed her normal position!

Some of the Captain's boats broke away. To one of them—the steam lifeboat pinnace, which was floating

keel upwards—Captain Burgoyne and four others were clinging as the canvas-covered galley and launches came drifting by. The gunner and some of the men jumped on to the nest of boats, cut the canvas away, and threw the galley out, and then the first launch floated from underneath the second, the oars were got out in the second launch to take off the captain, who was still with the pinnace to windward. All efforts to get the boat up to the wind proved useless. The furious sea threatened each instant to swamp the boat, and when her head was turned to windward the waves swept in, filled her to the thwarts, and washed two of the men out of her. The pump was set going, and the men baled away with their caps, and again the boat was turned towards the pinnace, but to no purpose. One of the men was going to throw his oar to the captain, but the captain stopped him with, "For God's sake keep your oars, men; you will want them!" All had left the pinnace but himself. He had remained to the last, refusing to jump till his men were in safety. The last man that left his side had asked him if he was going.

"Come, sir, let us jump!"

"Save your own life, my man; jump and save yourself! I shall not forget you some day!"

And the seaman jumped to the galley and was saved, while the captain remained—to die.

His country could ill spare him. As one who led, but did not drive, his men, he was very popular, and although very young for his command—only thirty-seven—there was no more accomplished sailor in the service. He had entered the Navy in 1847, and risen to be commander in nine years. In fact, the story goes that when appointed to the *Ganges*, the Admiral had told him he was too young, and requested him to refrain from entering on his duties until he had communicated with headquarters—which Burgoyne had firmly but courteously declined to do, on the ground that he would not have received the appointment unless the authorities had expected him to set to work immediately.

As the gunner and his men were tossing about in their boat the Inconstant went driving past them in the gale. Their wild shout of "Ship ahoy!" was unheard and unheeded, and, knowing that the coast was to leeward, they gave up all hope of being rescued by the fleet, and made for the land, which they reached at Corbucion, near Finistère, whence they were brought home in the *Volage*.

The news of the loss of the Captain arrived when the country was in the throes of excitement over the surrender of the French Emperor at Sedan, and at once it superseded even that great event in interest. It was indeed appalling to lose such a ship and crew so suddenly and completely; and the monument in St. Paul's Cathedral to those who perished speaks truly of the nation's grief.

## Old Service Days

### CHAPTER ONE

Flogging is now entirely abolished in both the navy and army, and boys who have once passed from the training ships will never more run the risk of having their better feelings hardened or deadened altogether by being compelled to witness and assist at one of the most brutal exhibitions of man's cruelty to his fellow-man.

It is impossible to describe the effect of a spectacle of this kind upon a youth fresh from all the kindly and softening influences of home.

We have ourselves witnessed a soft-hearted and emotional youngster affected to tears at the sufferings borne by a seaman while undergoing this degrading and cruel punishment, while it is a well-known fact that youths who have afterwards turned out brave as lions when fighting for their Queen and country have actually fainted while assisting for the first time at a flogging.

For some years the punishment of the cat had been reserved for the most serious offences, but there is no doubt that under any circumstances it was a mistake to grant the power of inflicting a terrible punishment to one man, who might be a tyrant, cruel by nature, or even if he were not so was at all events liable to error, prejudice, and mistakes.

As a case in point, in which we truly believe that an innocent man was punished, we will relate the first flogging it was our misfortune to be present at.

It was in 1865, and we were serving on board a corvette on the coast of Africa. She had only lately been commissioned, and the men had not become thoroughly accustomed to one another and to their officers, or, as they say at sea, they did not yet "pull together."

One evening, as is usual after quarters, we were practising the men with "sail drill;" reefing topsails, we believe, was the work being carried out.

The yard had to be lowered, the men sent up aloft, the reef taken in, and then the yard hoisted again.

Of course the object was to get this all done in the shortest possible time, and very often it had to be performed over and over again until the captain was satisfied with the manner in which the operation was conducted.

In order to attain the desired end it is necessary that every man should know his duty and do it smartly and with all his power.

The officers have to see that the men carry out the orders given promptly and efficiently, encouraging or scolding them as the case may be.

The reef had been taken in, and the yard was being hoisted once more, but the second lieutenant, who was standing by the mainmast, did not consider that the men who were hauling on the maintop sail halliards were working properly.

"Pull away, men," he cried, excitedly, wishing to get the maintop sail yard up before the others, "put some strength into it! Fall back on it!"

Then noticing one man in particular, a marine named Hopkins, he added.

"Why don't you haul, Hopkins? You're not pulling a bit!"

The man muttered something in reply, which, what with the noise and excitement, must have been somewhat difficult to catch.

He always said that he replied "I am, sir." But the lieutenant maintained that he swore at him, using a word that has very much the same sound.

He reported the man, who denied the charge, making the excuse we have mentioned, but of course, his word could not be taken against that of his superior officer. Unfortunately for him also he happened to bear a bad character as a lazy idle fellow, and only the previous week it had been found necessary to shave his head on account of his want of cleanliness. Of course this went against him, and he was found guilty of insubordination, and sentenced to receive four dozen lashes.

The following day the sentence was carried out as follows. . . . one grating was securely fastened to the side of the ship in the gangway, and another one placed on the deck for the victim to stand upon. The boatswain's mate then piped the "hands" to "witness punishment." The seamen all gathered forward, the marines were drawn up under arms with fixed bayonets, and the officers in full uniform congregated aft.

Then the captain appeared, and the first lieutenant having reported "all ready," the prisoner was sent for.

The captain now read the particular article of war that the man had infringed, and we all listened bareheaded. Then followed the warrant and the sentence, after which the prisoner was "soaked" up.

This was done by fastening his wrists and ankles to the upright grating, with a species of webbing, in such a manner that, his hands being stretched out over his head and his feet stretched apart, he could not move an inch to avoid the blows of the cat.

A piece of canvas was then fastened round his waist, and another round his neck for protection, thus leaving the whole of his back bare for the infliction of the torture.

The first boatswain's mate was then ordered to "lay on." He removed his jacket, and taking the cat, measured his distance, and swinging it well over his shoulder, brought it down on the prisoner's back.

The cat consisted of a small wooden handle about two feet in length, to which were fastened nine long pieces of thick white line, about the size of coarse whipcord, but harder in consistence.

The first stroke left nine red marks, the seventh tore the skin, and the blood began to spurt forth amid the howls and yells of the poor wretch who was suffering the punishment.

At the end of twelve lashes a fresh boatswain's mate stripped and went to work, administering the next dozen.

After this every cut brought away portions of skin and flesh, and the victim's shrieks for mercy were heart-rending to listen to.

The master-at-arms counted "thirty-nine," when the man's head dropped on to his shoulder, his cries ceased, and he fainted.

The doctor, who was standing by me, immediately attended to him, and by his direction he was cast loose and carried down below.

He was in his hammock in the sick-bay under the surgeon's care for some weeks, and then the captain, having remitted the remainder of his punishment, he returned to duty.

But this, although disgusting and brutalising enough in all conscience, was nothing in comparison to the really awful punishment of "flogging round the fleet."

This was awarded to men who had been guilty of some crime legally punishable by death, but who, through extenuating circumstances or any other cause, escaped the capital sentence. In many cases, however, death would have been preferable, for it generally ensued, after lingering torments impossible to imagine or describe.

This torture—for it can be called nothing else—was carried out in the launch of the ship to which the prisoner belonged. A grating was erected in the middle of the boat, which contained, besides a party of armed marines, a surgeon, master-at-arms, two or three seamen to attend to the victim, and an officer in charge. This boat was then taken in tow by the boats of the fleet, and towed from ship to ship.

Alongside each vessel it was made fast, while the boatswain's mates came down and administered their four dozen lashes, the rigging being manned by the crew in order to witness it.

A flogging round the fleet was generally considered to be equivalent to five hundred lashes, so that it is no wonder that so few men ever survived it, and that those who did were broken-spirited

cripples or imbeciles for the remainder of their shortened life.

Let us be thankful that this blot upon our naval glory has been removed, and that "rigging the gratings," as a preparation for a flogging used to be termed, is a thing of the past.

## CHAPTER TWO

"Hurrah, Jack, we're homeward bound!" That's the sound to make the blood flow through the veins more swiftly, while the various pictures of far-away homes pass swiftly across the absentee's mental eyes.

For, no matter where he may be, the sound of "Homeward bound!" has a wonderful effect upon a true seaman. He may be sailing amidst the balmy breezes, smiling wavelets, and azure skies of the Adriatic, but it will not compare, to your true Jack Tar, with the green, choppy Channel wave, blowing half a gale, and under close-reefed topsails, "homeward bound."

Of course, we need not explain to our reader the meaning of the term; in the mercantile marine it speaks for itself, and in the Royal Navy the difference is that the "commission," or length of time on duty on that particular station, is over, and they are all going home to be "paid off," and then enjoy six weeks' holiday with their friends and relatives.

A man-of-war is now usually only kept three years in commission, but formerly the period was much longer. There are well-founded yarns of a vessel going out to the West Coast of Africa on a five years' commission, and not one of the original officers returning in her when she was homeward bound. This would be caused by exchange, and the direful effect of the climate on that coast, which has not inaptly been termed "the white man's grave."

Occasionally a ship is paid off one day and re-commissioned the next. This is when the ship is in good condition and is a particularly serviceable one for that part of the world wherein she may happen to be stationed.

There was a twenty-one-gun corvette on the West Coast of Africa named the Rattlesnake that was re-commissioned—I should be afraid to say how often—without returning to England.

She was lying at anchor off Sierra Leone when I paid my first visit to that place, under the command of Commodore Wilnot. He was somewhat laughed at for many of the peculiarities in his way of carrying on duty; but as he who laughs last laughs best, he certainly had the advantage, for although his ship was the largest, it was also the healthiest on the West

Coast. His idea was that in a malarious country like that men required occupation and amusement, and he carried out his idea to the full.

I had the pleasure of seeing one of his favourite "fads," as they used to be called, the first evening of our meeting. It was during the first watch, and we were down below, when a cry on deck caused us all to scamper up. And well worth our while we found it.

The Rattlesnake had manned her yards and rigging, and the seamen were letting off blue lights, rockets, etc., from all parts, illuminating the delicate tracery of the rigging and outdoing the finest exhibition of fire-works possible.

She had gone through the hands of innumerable first-lieutenants, who had each tried to outdo his predecessor in the way of ornamentation, and I must confess I have never seen any yacht that could compare to her quarter-deck.

Precious woods are cheap out there, and we have plenty of good taste in the Navy; so, what with the ivory-white deck and gratings, and Tonbridge ware mixture of ebony, catin-wood, etc., mingled with the bright brass-work, our readers may imagine that it was a sight worth looking at.

It is usually the custom for the ship that is going to take the old one's position on the station to come out and relieve her predecessor, and then is the time to hear the men hurrah as the new-comer enters the harbour and swings round to her anchor.

There are exceptions, however, to every rule, and we can remember one exceptionally miserable homeward-bound voyage. We were in one of the old-fashioned frigates that had been altered and done up, until nearly as much money had been spent upon her as would have purchased a new one. One of the best men in the ship was Will Emery; every one liked him, and he was a sharp, smart man, that knew his work and always did it.

We were on the North American and West Indian station, and one day he informed the midshipman to whose boat he belonged that he had made arrangements for his wife and two little ones to join him at Halifax.

That being our headquarters, he knew that he should have more opportunity of seeing his better half, and his time being out in another two years, he anticipated being able to settle down out there.

But alas for poor Will! On the following day the mail came in, and with her our orders to return home, as it was considered necessary that our noble craft should be surveyed out of the service.

Will nearly went mad. For he anticipated that his wife would arrive at Halifax about the same day he would anchor at Spithead. At the same time there was nothing to be done but grin and bear it. Every-

body except himself was glad enough to be homeward bound, while every thought of it was agony to Will.

At last we were to sail in two days, when one evening Will Emery was reported missing. I doubt there was hardly a man in the ship, from the Captain down to the master-at-arms, but felt at heart glad that he had got off all right.

"Of course I must make a report of it," said the Captain, but he took twice as long, I know, to do it as was necessary.

The following day passed, and then in the forenoon we weighed anchor, set all plain sail, and saluting the Admiral, were about to run out of harbour.

Suddenly the signal middy adjusted his glass, muttering, "Hallo! what's the meaning of this? Hum! Hum! Hum! Return to your anchorage. Furl sail. Anchor."

The answering pennant was hoisted, and in a state of startled amazement we obeyed the Admiral's order. The anchor had scarcely disappeared from sight when a launch with half a dozen of marines and poor Will Emery in irons came alongside.

He had been found out and given up ashore, and the Admiral (I won't mention his name) said that it was necessary to make an example, and he should try Will by court-martial. There were two or three cockroach-traps, alias gunboats, in harbour, so there were plenty of officers, and when the day arrived Will had a full court.

They did not take long over it. Will pleaded guilty, and showed his characters, every one "Very good," and threw himself on the mercy of the court.

He might as well have thrown himself on the mercy of the sharks in Port Royal Harbour. Verdict—Guilty. Sentence—Four dozen.

It had to be done, although I know our Captain humbled himself to ask to have it remitted, but it was useless. Poor Will took the whole forty-eight lashes without a sound or a flinch. But he was never the same man afterwards. It killed him as surely as any poison will kill, and when we entered the Channel he had been given up.

That was a funny homeward-bound cruise. No larking or joking. Nobody had the heart to be merry, with that poor fellow dying down below.

We rounded the Wight, and I was mid of the watch when we anchored at Spithead. We were soon surrounded by boats, and the Captain gave the order that no one was to come on board.

Presently the corporal of the gangway came and half-whispered to me.



"Poor Will's wife is in a boat at the gangway, sir."

I reported it, and the Captain at once gave permission for her to come on board.

I heard her prattling to the old corporal as he took her below:

"Will will be so pleased that I waited for him, because, don't you see? I happened to hear through a friend that you were a-coming home."

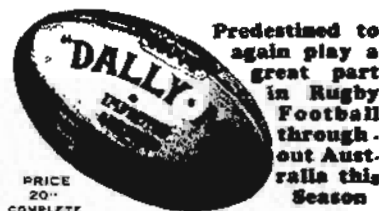
A few minutes elapsed, and then there arose a chuck. It sounded all through the ship, and for months it echoed in my ears.

It was the shriek of death, and two loving, truthful hearts mingled together, and flew aloft to the quarter-deck of the Almighty Admiral, who, although He is just, is also merciful.

(THE END)

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"The Leaders in Outdoor Sport and Home Entertainment"

## RULES TO GOVERN ALL NAVY LEAGUE SEA CADET CORP BOAT RACES

(January 14th, 1931)

1. The Fairfax Whaler and Moorman Gig be classed as service boats. All boats brought into the League for the purpose of racing, must be approved by a Board of Senior Officers.
2. No person except a bona fide Navy League Sea Cadet or Officer to be allowed to take part, and no Cadet over the age of 18 years on the day of the race be allowed to pull.
3. The handicaps for all boats to be decided at a meeting of Senior Officers. The handicapping of last race may be used as the circumstances may require.
4. All races are to be pulled on course in district where the trophy is donated.
5. Should any Company hold any trophies and the Company disband, the trophies will revert to Headquarters of the N.L.S.C. Corp.
6. On no occasion is it permissible for a coxswain to touch any oar in the boat, except to replace a broken oar.
7. The Rule of the Road must be strictly carried out, no boat to cross the bows of another, unless two boat's length clear. Penalty, disqualification.
8. All protest to be lodged immediately after the race, before leaving the course, to the Judge verbally and in writing to Headquarters within 48 hours, accompanied by a deposit of £1. In event of protest being dismissed, the £1 to go to the Navy League Sea Cadet Corp A/c. Fund.
9. No Soft Soap, Black Lead, or grease shall be used on Boat's bottoms. Any Company infringing this rule shall forfeit all trophies won during the past 12 months, from date of offence.
10. The Judge's decision is to be final. In the event of a Judge not being able to deal with a protest, he shall convene a meeting of Senior Officers to investigate the matter. Parties concerned in the protest shall not be allowed to sit on the Committee of Inquiry.
11. All boats to be allotted a Pendant or Pendants for identification.
12. No race to start before stipulated time.
13. Boats to be moored according to their position as drawn. No. 1 boat having the right to choose whether they shall pull outside boat on PORT or STARBOARD hand. No. 1 boat to report to starter a quarter of an hour before the race, to state from which position he intends to take.
14. All crews to be uniformly dressed. On no occasion are crews to pull bare buff. Rig of boats' crews are to be Blue or White trousers; Singlets or Flannels.

### Rugby League Competition

The Commandant S. Cooper, S.S.D., has arranged with the Rugby League Football Association for football grounds in the oncoming season.

When obtaining your footer gear, remember to consider Messrs Mick Simmons.

## KEEP WATCH

### Adventures of four Australian Navy League Sea Cadets

(By N.C.)



Four boys, who had left their Depot an hour before, were walking home together leaving the ferry. All were busy talking of the coming Boat Race and the chances they had with their Gig and Cutter of pulling off the Trophy. Strong, sturdy lads, full of vigour, trained to the minute and ready to row, swim or fight for their lives; absolutely jumping out of their skins. The white caps and three rows of tapes showed them to be sailors, but, on getting closer, one could hear by their conversation and their shrill voices that they were not the voices of Australian Tars, but of boys of the Navy League who may some day wear the King's uniform in the Royal Australian Navy. Suffice to say they were trying to be sailors as near as it was possible to be in their hobby, the Navy League—and no one could be more proud of their uniform than these four lads who were wending their way home after drill.

"The skipper must have had liver complaint tonight," said one, after a pause; "the way he shook up at Fire Station practice and Life Boat Drill. I thought he would jump off the Quarter Deck a couple of times when some of us could not get out of the Depot door quick enough."

"I thought he was a bit tough myself," said another, "but I suppose he was right. Look mates, the fact of him roaring at us at times is what makes us the smartest Company in the League, so it's no good rousing. He knows what's best and if his ship-mates moved half as fast as he expects us to do, well, he must have been in some very smart ships. We must all admit he is proud of every one of us, especially when anyone does anything out of the ordinary. What about the time you dived in and swam after the cutter, Vic, after training that night; fancy, mid-winter and we had been away

training for a race, and the blooming cutter broke adrift when that kid sang out: "Sir, the cutter's adrift and nearly out of sight."

Vic here said, "I'll get her, Sir, and before the skipper could say 'Don't go,' Vic was in and going for his life. I looked at the skipper's face and he looked a real demon. I thought he was going to bust and go mad about you going in. 'A quarter to ten is too late for boys to swim in Sydney Harbour,' he said, but Vic was gone. Then a smile came over the old man's face and I knew he was well pleased to think he had a boy game enough to go after her."

"Shall I hop in too, sir, and give a hand," said Dubbie, it will take two of us."

"No," roared the skipper—one d— fool is enough to get drowned or taken by a shark. I don't want to lose two. One live boy is worth 20 dead ones to me, and when Vic here managed to work the cutter back, the skipper was roaring like a mad bull and at the same time, you could see a sparkle in his eye thinking that, for a boy, it was a bold thing to do and he often spoke of it to the other boys from the Quarter Deck when at Drill.

"What about Clem when he went down the cliffs at Bondi and saved those two men who had got halfway down and were afraid to go further or come back again. Real scared, they was, and Clem goes down on a line, along the men one at a time and sent them up. When the skipper heard about it, he blew off as usual, but made Clem a Leading Seaman afterwards. He thinks we are all absolutely 'it,' so no matter what ever comes, we have got to face it," and each said in chorus, "Well, the old chap will never find me a squib, anyway, and we have to keep the name of the Navy League up, no matter what happens."

Such was the talk of those four lads as they were nearing their home, which were situated near each other. Each yawned, and thought of bed. Training to-morrow night and the race to follow.

"Good night, Dubbie."

"Cheerio, Syd."

"Hooray, Jim," each sang out to the other when, one accord, each stopped suddenly and listened hear muttered curses and blows coming from a dark corner near by.

One or two at a time I will take—but four of you at once is not playing the game. You miserable wine. I only (bang) wish I had you at sea (biff I smack 's) for a month and I'd teach you to tackle a man in nacks. "He's down now. Hold him, Buck. While I get his watch and go through him. You other two hold his legs. Gee, what a scrapper." Don't be afraid to kill him if need be; and the sound of a strutting, heaving body, conquered by their weight of numbers mingled with the curses of conquered and conqueror alike came.

"In gum" in, said Vic, some one is getting hurt with and by his talk, he is a sailor, so it's up to us to help him. "Say, Vic," said Dubbie, "is this to be a private battle or general assembly?"

General," said Vic, and these four lads dived into the dark lane and by a ray of moonlight saw four dark forms struggling with a man who appeared to be covered in something bright and sparkled. Here he came, in the struggle, a white cap lay some distance away, but, although on the ground, the man was by no means beaten, and although against great odds, continued to give the thugs a great amount of trouble.

"I'll tackle the biggest one," whispered Vic, and you, Dubbie, tackle that bloke holding his legs. Syd and Jim, you nit anything you see, but don't hit him on the ground. The four lads rushed in and Vic met his man with a right swing straight to the point. A despairing cry and number one went back with a terrific thud, hitting the ground like a bag of flour.

Dubbie missed his man with the right, but, keeping his balance, crossed with the left, and in the twinkling of an eye, out went his man.

Jim and Syd were not so fortunate. Both their men must have heard the rush and were to a small extent prepared, and a ding-dong battle, each with his man was going on.

"Watch his right, Jimmy," said Vic.

"Smash him in the pantry," said Dubbie to Syd. Neither of these lads looking on, thought of going into the fray. The British sportsmanship showed itself and they believed in man to man although the thugs deserved to get thrashed by all of them, odds or not. Vic and Dubbie stood round and watched

their mates giving the others a fair go.

Jim stopped a beauty which rocked him a little.

"Good," said Jim, "I did not see that one coming but take that." A straight left well to the point steadied his man. A return blow was well ducked and a right uppercut placed him well and truly down for the count. In the meantime, the officer, for an officer he was, who had been attacked, had risen to his feet, and although badly bruised, he stood quietly on one side watching these Navy League boys who had so timely come to his rescue, do their bit, and wondered where they had learned their scrapping.

Syd, who was still scrapping his man, was thoroughly enjoying himself, and although his opponent was a great deal heavier, Syd, being in training, young, clean-living, was more than a match for him, his young body was weaving in and out of the flaying upper cut, a right cross left hook, and the smile and the others, keeping an eye on their late opponent in a ring watching this terrific battle. The on Syd's face was one that never came off.

"Stand back everybody," said Vic. "A fair go," officer, who had now fully recovered, stood by, wondering where such fine sportsmanship had been inculcated in these lads and admired such a fine exhibition of fighting, with bare knuckles, which he now saw. There was no call for time, no three minutes rounds, but all in light to a finish. Badly watching the grus battle they did not notice that the man that Vic outed, had regained his senses and was craftily watching his chance to help his mate. Syd's man was rocking and as Ranger stepped in to give the final blow, Vic's man, as we must call him, swung an unmerciful blow to the back of Ranger's head and knocked him senseless. Vic turned in a flash, and before the villain who had hit Syd knew what had struck him, Vic fetched him a blow between the eyes that again put him out for keeps. It was only with difficulty that Vic was held, as losing his temper at such a dastardly trick, would have picked his man up again and battered him out of shape.

"That will do, son," said the officer, "don't forget, although against cur, you are still a sportsman." During this time Syd had regained his senses.

The sound of the officer's voice brought Vic to his bearings, and saluting, said, "I am sorry, Sir, I forgot myself for a moment." The officer returned the salute in a dignified manner, and turning to the lads, said, "Well, men, and what ship do you belong to?"

Each one saluted and said, "Sorry to say Sir, no ship, but only Navy League Cadets, but we hope to be sailors some day."

"Oh I is that it," replied the Captain, as Captain of a ship he afterwards turned out to be. "No wonder England and Australia has a name that every nation envies, when lads like you show your mettle

and realize the meaning of fair play. I only wish I had you four lads on board my ship. You are the making of sailors, and when I say sailors, I mean Sailing ship sailors, and not the tin can sailors in steam ships, where they have hot baths and arm chairs. In my ship you get a bath when it rains, as all water must be conserved for drinking and no waste, but I am afraid sailing ship life, or Traders' life would be too hard for you."

Each listened eagerly and said, "Too hard for us. We only wish you could or would give us a trial."

"But of what good would you be on board?" replied the Captain.

"Well," replied Dubbie, "we know practically every knot used, and can handle a wheel, box a compass, heave the Lead and call sounding; and all can read and send Semaphore, also climb a mast with the best of them. We learned it all at our Depot and can sail a 12-footer, a cutter or whaler, and we reckon in a very short time, we would sail your ship, if given a chance."

During that time, they had gradually strolled down towards the wharf, where, unbeknown to them, the brig, Mary M., was lying.

"That's the sort of ship we'd like to be in," all chorused.

The Captain smiled and said: "I know the Captain of her—if you would like to look over her, be here at 8 a.m. to-morrow morning, and I will ask him to let you see over her and you can then show me what sort of sailors you are." He did not mention that he was Captain of her. As an afterthought, "you can ask your parents if they would allow you to go to sea for, say, six months, round the South Sea Islands. If they say yes, I may be able to manage a trip for you all, but don't forget, you will have to rough it and it is a hard life, but has its good side, new sights, sounds and sailing as free as the birds."

"Well, good-night," said the Captain.

Each boy sprang smartly to attention and as one, saluted, turned, and quickly walked away. Not a sound was heard from them until well off the wharf when Vic commenced to do a hand spring, Dubbie and Syd were chucking summersaults and Jim was shadow sparring to every shadow around him.

"Whoopee!" all cried exultingly. Fancy a trip round the Islands, and all over a scrap. We'd scrap all Sydney, one at a time or in a bunch if the skipper decides to take us. Each sang out "Good-night," to the other and scattered for their home like grey hounds. Needless to say, the parents of these boys had no rest or sleep that night until they had given their consent to the trip on condition that they, the parents, had seen the Captain first to know all about this new escapade of the lads.

Next morning at 7 a.m. each boy was waiting and all asked the same question. "You're early, Vic and Dubbie," said Jim and Syd. "Well you must be early to see us here," the others replied, "fact was, I could not sleep."

"Neither could I," each one chorused, and what Navy League boy could sleep with such an experience waiting for him.

The Captain, on returning the salute the night before, watched the boys march off the wharf in step, stroked his chin and said, "What lads! Game, brave as young lions and care-free. What fine seamen and afterwards what fine officers they would make with sailing ship's training. Somehow taking notice of youngsters, I must be getting soft in my old age. I must certainly tell Mac about them, and I suppose he thinks I am a damned old fool taking a cargo of kids on board. He'll reckon them passengers or ballast, but I am afraid if they are allowed to come by their parents, he will get a shock when he finds they are not such dummies as he will think they are." Mac, it appears, was mate, and a bluff, hard-headed, soft-hearted Scotchman, who likes everyone to think he was a holy terror. He was a good seaman and brave as any sailor afloat and never knew defeat. The harder it blew, the more he swore, and dangers, no matter what they were, he simply revelled in. Nothing afloat, nothing ashore could scare Mac, and a fitting leader for boys and one to take pattern by.

The Captain was up early, but Mac was about at daylight. The Captain called Mac and told him of the doings of the night before. "Och!" he said. "I only wished I had been there. What a fight to miss. Onyhow, I'm glad you found someone to stick nowadays. When a scrap is on, the majority of people seem to look the other way." Although the Captain said he might take the lads to sea, Mac, not daring to argue with the Captain, said under his breath: "a hell of a Kindergarten this ship will make."

At 7 a.m., Mac saw these lads walking up and down the wharf, smart in their uniforms and incessantly casting longing eyes at the ship. The Captain, looking through his cabin port hole noticed the lads and smiled.

"They don't mean to be late," he said.

Going on deck in full view of the boys, he half expected them to come on board directly they saw him, but Navy League training stood them in good stead. Eight o'clock was the time and not a minute before would they venture on board. Eight o'clock, 8 bells, was an long time in striking, but at the moment eight bells had struck, the four lads had mounted the gangway, saluting the Quarter Deck, fell in, and stood at ease. The Captain came over to where they were and said "Good morning, lads. Glad to see you. Why did you not come on board when you saw me come on deck?"

Each saluted, and Vic, being the Senior, said, "Eight o'clock was the time to report, Sir, and it has just gone eight bells."

"Eight bells," said Mac, "what the devil do you know about eight bells?"

"We understand ship time, Sir."

"Oh! do you? Then that's something I won't have to teach you brats if you come aboard here, and I see you have learned to say 'Sir' too. I expect that and want it, don't forget."

"Yes Sir," each replied, touching his cap.

"But if you come on board this ship you don't salute me, understand, but you do the Captain."

"Ay, ay, Sir," came the reply, which left Mac thinking "where the devil did these kids learn ship slang or seaman-like answers."

The whole forenoon was spent in climbing and seeing the hundred and one things to be seen on board ship that the landsman knows not of. Mac undoubtedly was well pleased with the lads, and asking them the name of different knots he was making, which all seemed to know, put him in a good humour and he could be entertaining if he liked, but he did not forget to tell the lads to visitors as they were then. He was a good fellow, but to the ship's company he was a holy terror. He laughed when Syd said "If you know how to give an order, Sir, we know how to obey it. All we ask is the chance to prove ourselves."

"Good bye, boys," said the Captain, when the boys left at noon, and both he and Mac shook hands with each of them and each had noticed that Mac shook the hand of friendship with them, firm, strong and hard. No jellyfish grips with Mac.

During the afternoon, the parents came on board and saw the Captain and being well satisfied, decided to let the boys go to sea with him. The boys, waiting on the wharf to hear the verdict, did not know how to contain themselves and when the Captain called them on board and in front of their parents said, "Well, lads, you are to be allowed to go," each turned simultaneously, saluted, and hugged his mother and dad, saying, "Mum, you will never be sorry."

After this outburst of feeling in front of the Captain and Mac, each felt a little ashamed and embarrassed, thinking they had been caught in a boyish act, because, were they not going to be sailors. Then permission had been given and they were going to follow their forefathers and wander, perhaps, to the furthest ends of the world. Little did they know that, before they saw their parents again, many dangers, troubles and trials would be their lot.

Articles were signed and they were to be prepared to sail on Saturday. The officer in charge of the company of cadets to which they belonged, wrote to the Captain and invited him to

their Depot for Wednesday night, to see where these lads had learned the seamanship and what little they knew. The Captain, being interested, kindly accepted the invitation and also brought Mac along.

The motor launch went for them and they were received with all ceremony due to their rank. Surprised they were to see the many Cups and Trophies which had been won and were pleased to see how smartly the Cadets moved when an order was given. Fire stations were practised and Life Boat crew exercised and smartness was the order of the evening.

During the evening a call of fire was reported on board a ferry in dock. Eight boys were detailed under the Chief Officer as fire party and an hour after, the party was brought back to the Depot and the report, fire extinguished.

"Sir" came crisp and business-like, as if it was an every-day occurrence. "That is only one of the things boys in the Navy League are ready for."

"Do you practise this every night?" asked the Captain. "Yes," replied the Chief Officer, "but it is the first time we have had to deal with a real fire." "That was a real fire, then," said the mate. "Yes," replied the Chief Officer. "Then it was very cleverly done," replied the Captain.

Good-byes were said at the Depot and the Cadets gave three hearty cheers for the mates who were going away and many boys were envious of their luck.

"What about some more of us, Sir?" cried one lad.

Mac looked up quickly and said, "Four is enough but we will see how they turn out. If they show they are men, some of you may yet get a turn. Learn all you can, lads, as good seamen are always wanted."

Saturday morning came at last, and the boys, with their kits went aboard and were soon in working rig. Parents and friends were there to say good-bye and good luck. The Tug came alongside, bawlers were put on board of her, lines were cast off and she gradually drew away from the wharf to start on a host of adventures to our heroes, which will be seen were not long in coming.

The Captain was on the poop and the Chief Mate, Mac, was on the fore-castle, the boys were stationed on various parts of the ship eagerly taking in all they saw.

A cat, which Mac was greatly attached to, often followed him about like a dog and he used to talk to this cat as he would to a human being. Very rarely this cat came on the fore-castle, but somehow she had followed him up there unknown to Mac, and when the bawlers were cast off, the rope slid quickly from the fore bits. Evidently the cat must have thought it was a rat and dived for it. The bit, being newly oiled was no grip for even a cat. A scream and overboard she went, seemingly right in the wake of the tug's screw. A flash of blue passed

the Chief Mate and hardly a ripple rose as a living form hit the water and re-appeared 20 feet away right near the unfortunate cat.

"Man overboard," roared the Captain. "Away dinghy." Mac looked, and the first he saw was a sailor's head and jumper swimming for his life away from the ship. "One of those kids already, blast them. It's a good start for plenty of trouble."

Mac tumbled into the dinghy with two seamen and pulled for the swimmer who had now turned toward the ship. Mac did not know at the time that it was his pet that had caused the commotion, as Dubbie, who was the swimmer, had put the cat inside his jumper and Mac, when he reached the lad, tumbled him into the boat with a good cuff under the ear.

"I'll teach you, you brat, to take swimming lessons when the ship is going to sea. If you want to be shark bait, don't do it while I am on deck. Ye devil, you won't be fit for another swim when I get you on board." This, and the following flow of language was real Chief Mate's stuff. After he had finished, Dubbie looked up and said, "I am sorry, Sir, but I could not see a cat drown."

"I'll drown ye, ye swine," roared Mac, who, while in the temper he was now in, was not responsible for what he said. Dubbie said no more, but when they got alongside and Mac had gone up the rope ladder hanging over the side, Dubbie passed the cat up all wet and shivering. "Will you take the cat Sir. She is cold."

Mac was staggered. "My cat. Where the hell did you get this, ye swine?"

"It was her I went over for, Sir. She fell overboard and I went in. I am sorry Sir, but you can belt me if you like, but I'd go again should the same thing occur."

Mac could not speak for a minute. "Well, I'll be —" he said. "Why didn't you tell me before why you went over, eh?"

"You did not give me a chance, Sir. You simply banged me when you pulled me into the boat and I have been taught not to answer an officer back."

Mac looked hard at Dubbie.

"Well, son," he said, "the bang I gave you will do for another time when you do something wrong and I am not there to clump you. Go forward and you needn't come on deck this watch and don't forget, lad."

"I don't forget."

"Make plain sail," came the order, and the lads looked about them and made themselves as useful as possible, but at sail drill they were all at sea.

"I suppose we will have to teach the Kindergar-

ten," said a seaman in the fore-castle. "Fancy going to sea with a lot of kids."

"Fancy going in for a blasted cat," said another. "These kids are going to cause trouble in this ship and they will get no change out of me, or any of us."

"I don't know," murmured an old hand. "You have all been boys, so give the lads a chance."

All went well for a few days and the ship was making good headway when the glass began to fall and sail was shortened and all made snug for a blow. And blow it did. Mountainous sea rushed past the little vessel and when the heavy seas came rolling on board, the Sea Cadets knew they were at sea with a vengeance. Each, by this time, had found out that although Mac roared and swore, he never seemed scared; and taking pattern of him they felt at home.

Seasickness soon wore off and then they were as happy as sandboys ready for anything that came along. Mac, seeing the boys eager to learn, was just as willing to show them and teach them what each rope was for, and in a very short time they were able to pick any rope or go to any rope that required attending to, which pleased Mac greatly.

Owing to the blow, the ship was making a bad passage and the seamen in the fore-castle became discontented and murmuring of a disturbing nature was heard by the boys.

Syd heard these mutterings and said to Vic: "Eh! Vic, I feel some of the fellows are likely to cause trouble. They are talking about the old man and Mac. We will listen to-night and try and hear something of what they are saying. It's wrong, I know, but if one suspects trouble, we may be able to stop their little game. They are men and we are boys, but the way they all came aboard drunk, they cannot be in good nick, and we still keep in training, even if it is on the quiet."

These lads did not forget their physical jerks and religiously did them when they got the chance, but, although paying attention to all they heard, they discovered nothing to cause them to think anything serious was wrong.

Gales do not last forever and eventually the gale blew itself out. Full sail was set and we bowled along. One morning, about 3 a.m., sails having been shortened to topsails the night before, Jim was on the look-out on the fore-castle, when all of a sudden he saw, right ahead, a glow on the horizon. He had often seen a ship lights at sea whilst on the same duty, but never had he seen such a glow at sea before and did not know how to report it, anyhow.

"A light right ahead, Sir" sang out Jim.

The second mate, being on watch, replied, "Hi, hi."



Jim then knew he had heard his report. It seemed to be getting much plainer and he rubbed his eyes to see if he was really awake. It could not be the moon, as that was now down, and it was too early for the sun to rise, but still there it was, getting larger every minute.

"Light right ahead, Sir," again called out Jim. "Hi, hi," answered the second mate again, and between the shadow of the mast and sails, Jim saw the mate coming forward.

"Gee, boy, some light, too. Must be a bonfire night somewhere," answered the mate, who hurried aft to take a glance at the chart. He knew that land should be miles and miles away, but you never know what happens at sea and he wanted to make sure they had not run off their course, or that the course had been altered during his watch below. Coming forward again with his telescope, he took another good look and said, "Well, sonny, that's the first time I have seen a burning volcano at sea, but I'll call Mr. MacDonald. You had better call him and I will stay here. Ask him to come on the fore-castle, please."

Jim dashed off to the Chief Mate's cabin and knocked gently. Directly he touched the door, Mac sang out, "Who's there?" "Jim, Sir," was the reply.

"What's the matter?" said Jim.

"The second mate's compliments and would you come on the fore-castle, Sir."

Mac was out in a flash, straight into his sea boots, great-coat over his pyjamas and was beside Jim almost as soon as Jim had got the words out.

"Gee, thought Jim, you'd be the bloke for depot-fire-station and sea boots crew. I wonder if Mr. — still shakes the lads up, and these boys, now real sailors, their thoughts often turned to the Depot, especially on a Wednesday night, when they knew their old mates would be at drill. Jim darted forward and the big mate was not a second behind him.

"Thought I had better call you, Sir. That glow is getting brighter each minute and I can't quite understand it," said the second mate.

"Of course you canna. Slip off and tell the Captain I would like to put every stitch of canvas on the ship. That light ahead is a sailing ship on fire, and a big ship, too. You stay here, Jim and report anything further you see."

"Ay, ay, Sir," replied Jim.

"All hands on deck. Make plain sail." Down dived the Chief Mate, roaring like a tornado. Get out of your beds, you loafing landmen. There's a ship on fire and maybe lives to be saved. Get out ye coots."

Out tumbled all hands and the boys were the first dressed and on deck. When first going to sea, they made it up between themselves that as they did not know anything about sailing ships, yet they would be always first on deck and first to obey any order that may be given, so that that would, in a little, compensate for their lack of knowledge. Mac and the Captain were not slow to notice this. The result was that they were always shouting the others up for being slow. Looking up, they saw the Captain on the poop, dressed, shaved and clean, as if he had never been in his bunk. "Set to, gallant sails" came the order. Away flew Syd and Dubbie to loose the sail. "Let fall. Hoist top gallant sail. Sheet home," came the order. "Set Royal and Flying Jib and further aloft went these two lads. Down dropped the Royal. "Hoist Royal. Sheet home, down from aloft came the order. "Set Flying Jib, and with a will" the jib was hoisted, the sheet hauled in. "That means another couple of knots, Sir. Set fore-trysail. Fore topmast staysail," was the next order, and although a steady fresh breeze, the little craft seemed to fly through the water faster than ever, before. "Git spare sails up, ye loafing devils. Something may crack and every minute is valuable," said the ever-troubled Mac and between Mac's prayers for speed and curses because, to him, she was not going fast enough. "Full in more of that sheet. Hoist and a bit more."

And, although the Navy League boys were enjoying the excitement, the older hands were grumbling, especially a Yankee seaman, who considered himself a tough. He had made the life of these youngsters miserable in a way, always nagging. Nothing they could do was right and hundreds of times he had promised to murder them, or batter them to pieces. The youngsters kept well out of his way and little did he know the terrible lacing he was to get from them, eventually.

"It was coming to him as sure as the sun will rise on the morrow. "That's the fruits of bringing those blasted Navy League kids on board," he said. By this time, the boys had practically told everybody of their Navy League training. "The useless lot of articles," he said. "I will smash one of them yet."

"If we save this blasted crew whose ship is on fire, how are we going to feed them? There is not enough tucker in this hooker as it is, and with water, it is worse. Let 'em die, I say. Just their bad luck."

"Yank," "Bennett," "Andrews" and "Jan." You will go in the boat with me when we get alongside," said the mate. He picked them owing to their size and not because of their ability as oarsmen. "Whose that cackling about 'let them die,' down there. You, Yank? You helpless hullage. I just heard you abusing those League boys. Keep your tongue between your teeth or I will knock it in," roared the mate. "Useless," you call them. If you had half as much brains as either of those boys, you might know as

much as them if you stayed at sea another twenty years." Needless to say, the four boys laughed, which turned Yank into a perfect demon. He made a dive for them, but they side-stepped and he tripped over the little Italian cook and raised a lump on his own forehead as big as an egg. Murder was in his eyes and turning, he smashed the little dago right between the eyes, breaking his nose.

"Sacra, sacra. I will keela you, you dumb yanks, comarra. I will stabba you with a the knife." This is the worst term that can be used to any man aboard ship.

"Stab me, you dago. There will not be enough of you left to hit a knife." Bash went the Yank again.

During this time, the Captain, first and second mates were watching the distant burning ship and aloft. "If the sticks hold, Mac," said the skipper, "I am afraid the little packet will be strained."

"To the devil no matter," said Mac. "While we float, we'll do our best to help them."

The now thoroughly maddened Yank rushed the poor little Italian when—smack—and a stinging straight left to the point came from somewhere, that shook the Yank to his heels.

"Which of you swines hit me? I'll smash the lot of you, and with a rush he made for the four boys who were standing together. Vic and Dubbie stood their ground, and as the Yank rushed in, each side-stepped and hit two terrific blows, Vic with his right and Dubbie with his left. Down sank the Yank to the deck.

"I thank you, thank you boys," said the dago, "but I keel him by and by."

The remainder of the seamen stood around as Vic and Dubbie stood with arms folded, watching the Yank trying to get to his feet. The seamen did not know whether to side with the Yank or not. The unconcerned way these four lads stood together, mystified them. Jim and Syd pulled the dago into the middle of them and looked at his face. What a mess it was. "Never mind, chef, you'll soon get over that."

"Chef, you calla me." The word chef fairly won the dago's heart. He was not much of a cook, but to be called chef.

"Chef," he muttered, and the look on his battered face plainly showed that that word to him had made him the boys' friend for life.

"We all did," chorused the lads, and our motto is, "Hit one, you hit the lot," so if you want more, start the fireworks. After this ship that is on fire has been fixed, in a fair go each one of us will scrap you Yank, and the best man win. We will draw lots or you can take your pick and now it is started,

if any of your pals feel inclined for a scrap, you cowardly gas-bag, say the word, and you'll find it's Fire stations with a vengeance. With our old O.C. behind you, how this would have ended goodness only knows," when all of a sudden, crack, went something like the sound of a giant stockwhip and the fore Royal was in ribbons. "Royal Yard men, stand by," and away went Vic and Dubbie to the mast head to take off the tattered sail. Jim and Syd flew to the lifts and braces and in a twinkling down came the yard and hauled taught, and Vic and Dubbie were out on the yard trying to get the torn sail off her. "Away aloft. A couple more hands. Those two boys cannot manage it," roared the skipper, while Mac was bending the new sail, one that had been got up early in the morning. Syd dived for the rigging, and, strange to say, so did the Yank. He was never known to rush any kind of work before.

"Watch that devil, Syd," called out Jim, and away aloft went the man and boy. Syd beat the Yank to the top easily and was well at work on the yard when the Yank arrived. The new sail was bent on the yard and the old one cut adrift as it was of no further use. All hands laid in but, strange to say, somehow Vic slipped and down he went. The other two lads turned sick and waited to hear Vic's body crash to the deck 90 feet below. A violent shaking of the topgallant yard, and a voice: "Hold on sunny," came from below. Looking down, they found Vic had fallen across and grasped the topgallant yard but was lifeless. It was a miracle how he hung there. Swiftly the boys came down and held him till the big, heavy mate, who flew up the rigging got to their side.

(To be continued next issue.)



Hitchgrove Navy League Band.

## Nautical News and Nonsense

When serving on H.M.S. — in port at — we were unfortunate in having a ship-mate die. The usual procedure was taken. The coffin was made on board. Body placed in and taken ashore. The escort marching behind the field gun, we duly arrived at the cemetery. Service was read and three volleys fired. Later the funeral escort was granted permission to fall out. Quietly strolling about reading the various epitaphs, on the head stones, one read as follows:—

Such as I am, so you will be,  
Prepare yourself, to follow me.  
Bill Smith.

A member of the escort borrowed a piece of wood in fine Old English letters, made the following inscription—"underneath or below"

To follow you, I'd be quite content;  
But I'm blown if I know, which way you went.  
J. Green.

There was once a rheumatic old whale,  
Who moaned as he wagged his tail,  
'Till he was a treat, when the bridge is complete:  
'Cause then I can travel by rail.

American Economy—They eat what they can,  
and, can what they can't.

Piano.—A large Steamship Co.

### Chat Sea Serpent

The "Sea Serpent Again!" The announcement that a sea serpent had appeared off Sydney was later contradicted. On investigation it turned out to be a large tree trunk with branches. Another report from America deserves more consideration. This is regarded as the biggest sea serpent ever seen.

It was as long as a street, and, of course, an American street is meant. Although many particulars were given there was no detailed description of

the sea serpent's face for he was going the other way. The mail boats making for San Francisco were four days late waiting for the monster to pass. Elmer F. Coteler, Vice President of the Consolidated Corporation for Extracting Gin from Ginner, was fortunate to be an eye-witness, and it is to him and his party that the world owes a debt of gratitude (not to be confused with the other debt which bears a slightly higher rate of interest) for some very interesting details. "The whole thing was highly coloured," he is stated to have said. "The body, which is that part lying between the head and the tail, consisted of red and white stripes. There were 49 stars near the tail. The ears were laid flat back as it suffering from dyspepsia. The tail was carried out in the Clippendale style and it appeared to have been trodden upon. The whole body was covered with scales the principal varieties noticed being chromatic, tonic saltish, beam and scales of seaside charges."

According to Professor Sands O. D. Fiddler, a notable authority on piscatorial matters and author of that classic essay, "Whopping Jonah's Whopper," in his opinion the fins were admirably placed for the performance of their several functions. They were all on one side, viz., the outside. There was apparently only one means of access to the interior, through the front end. . . . There was some conflicting evidence regarding the sounds made by the brute, but the following was permitted by the committee to be published. "Rah! Rah! Rah! Oojah! Oojah! Eeney meeneey mino mo!" It was agreed to by all, however, that the creature gave no evidence of a musical training. . . . Professor Hyam A. Lyre was of the opinion that the beast was in pain, but in the absence of spectroscopic diagnosis of the ulaligitis he was unable to form an opinion as to the shape of the pain. It was assumed that the sea beast had no heart for the tail was pointing down. The presence of some very short dark hairs just above the collar gave evidence of a recent shingling on some nearby bench. There was a complete absence of side, the sea snake being built flounder fashion, or, to use non-technical language the serpent was clinker-built for and aft, copper fastened top and bottom, with ninety side gussets and corrugated planks only to be opened in emergency. Owing to the enormous size it was impossible to give anything like reliable measurements. As an indication of the huge dimensions, taking the 1930 cost of living index figure as the differential calculus, the fare for a family of four and a dog from a point seven furlongs west by south of the left ear to a hydrant position near the tail, would amount to six months' interest on the land tax values of Manly. This does not include entertainment tax. This report, incomplete as it is, is unlikely to be surpassed this year!

## THE NAVY LEAGUE SEA CADET CORPS

Parents! Is your boy a  
Member?

If not write for particulars.

How to join the Navy  
League Sea Cadets.

Apply to the Officer in  
Charge of your district.



For the BOY, AUSTRALIA and the EMPIRE

### Monthly Notes and News

(Contributed by S. Cooper, S.S.D. Commandant, and L. E. Forsythe, Assistant Commandant)

#### Lea Wilson Cup

The magnificent way the boys swam on February 18, for the Lea Wilson Cup, is deserving of great praise. The Certificates are in the making and I think that a concert should be arranged, so that those lads who won first, second and third places should have their certificates presented publicly. Any Company who can provide any vaudeville turns, I would be pleased to hear from. Some of our supporters are both sinners and dancers, and also have friends who can perform in some way. Please ask them their style of biz and forward name, etc., to headquarters, as I feel sure everyone would be willing to help. We can obtain a hall free and can see no reason, if each company does its bit, why we should not have a concert at least twice a year.

#### Easter Camping

It is proposed to hold a camp at Newcastle at Easter, the cost per boy, including fare, would be 14/-, and we would camp in the Cathedral Hall. Any officer who may have boys that want to go, send names or numbers in as soon as possible, not later than March 20th. It is proposed to go up in a steamer on 2nd of April, arriving at Newcastle the following morning, Good Friday.

#### Events for the Year

The following events have to be decided this year:—

- The Cooper Corso Cup. Cadets to 18 years.
- The Cooper Corso Cup. Cadets to 21 years.
- The Oswald McMaster Cup Race. Cutters only.
- The Oswald McMaster Medal. Signalling.
- Miss Charles Fairfax Flag. General Efficiency.
- Cockran Shield. All Companies, Lane Cove River.
- Rugby League Competition. Inter Company.
- Athletic Sports. All Companies.
- Senior Naval Officers' Inspection.
- Navy League Executive Inspection.

Mosman Bay Company. Manly, made small presents to show their appreciation to our Ex-Secretary, Capt. W. W. Beale, O.B.E.

## BIRCHGROVE COMPANY

(Contributed by D. Waterfield, O.C.)

As in the past, Birchgrove still reports all's well with the Fleet. Our annual meeting of the Welfare Committee was held in January and reports for the year were very glowing. Mr. Harvey was again elected to the chair, making the fourth year in succession: Mrs. Lampard, treasurer; Mrs. Cooper, secretary; Mrs. Robertson, assistant secretary. Apparently these ladies are permanent, as they never seem to get shifted. It speaks well for their stewardship, when they are continually elected. They are certainly making Navy League history. The same can be said with our officers. The same faces in the same places ever since we started. No wonder we don't strike trouble in Birchgrove. Everyone seems to be able to work to one point.

Our gig, now re-converted for pulling, is still going strong. The motor launch still running. Cutter constantly in use, and now our lads have bought the 12-footer "Aramac," and are busy learning the art of sailing. The mainsail is very weak and tears frequently. Has anyone a spare mainsail to donate to us, or sell to us, cheap? The lads saved up and bought a jib, 25/- and at 6d a week £6 for a mainsail will take some saving up.

Birchgrove Company and Woolwich Company held their combined picnics and at the last one four Companies joined in. Birchgrove, Woolwich, Drummoine and Leichhardt. Mosman was to have come along, only their engine took a fit to play up, so they were wise not to risk it. Hitherto, the greatest expense regarding picnics and outings were transport charges, now 5 or 6 Companies have motor launches and cutters, so transport is practically nil. For instance we take about 120 persons from our Depot to Rodd Island and back on three gallons of benzine, towing cutter and gig. Say oil, petrol, wear and tear, 10/- for a day's outing, leaving Depot at 9.30 a.m., arriving back, 7 p.m. We hope by next Xmas practically every Company will have power installed in one boat at least.

Now times are hard and many lads are unable to find the 3d. per week, still we show 76 financial members, and have registered them. We can consider our compliment roughly about 100 lads, allowing for boys sick, at night school Tech, and boys who will not attend on account of not having the necessary to pay tram fares and subs. Anyhow lads fetch along your mates. Every boy should be either a Scout or Cadet. Of course, we say Cadets are the best, but both are good for you, so get in one or the other. Birchgrove has tons of room for you all. Parents, brothers, sisters, all are welcome in their own Clubs.

Boys in the Cadets, dad and mum in the Welfare big sister in the Felix girls and younger sister in the

junior girls, so we can take care of the whole family if you would like to be in it. Some years ago we wanted to buy the old "Lindstol," and have a real ship. That want is not forgotten. Someday, and its not far off, when we will have a ship or big yacht so that we can go outside and be real sailors. To get that we must get everyone interested and work hard in the way of concerts, dances, bazaars, or anything that will raise money. Birchgrove has several schemes, but want all the help we can get. Its up to every boy to fetch along his mates and make all things possible.

The Officers and Birchgrove members of the Sea Cadet Corps, had the pleasure of showing their esteem to Capt. W. W. Beale, O.B.E., by presenting him with a pair of binoculars.

The Birchgrove Company and Committee also made presents to Mrs. Beale, Miss and Master Beale, fire, and when thoroughly melted boil quickly.

Hearty good wishes from Birchgrove to all.

## RESULTS OF COMBINED PICNIC SPORTS

Boy Toddlers' race	C. Jones
Girl Toddlers' race	C. Hillier
Cadets, 10 to 12 years	P. Locks
Cadets, 14 years	T. Middleton
Cadets, 16 years	W. Sterry
Cadets, 18 years	J. Edwards
Old Buffers	Mr. Cooper
Married Ladies	Mrs. Frankland
Boy & Girl Thread the Needle	

High Jump	Mrs. Tottman, J. Edwards
Married Men's race	G. Hillier
Victoria Cross	Mr. McDonald
Ladies' Walking race	Miss Frankland, P. Stevens
Cadets' Boat race on Ground	Minnie Robertson
Wheelbarrow race, Boy & Girl	T. Middleton, C. Barr

Boy & Girl 3-legged race	P. Stevens
Blindfold Horse race	Miss Carrol, P. Stevens
Musical Flag	W. Stitt
Company Cock Fight	E. Sterry, Cadet Taffe
Single Men, 18 & over	Jim Cooper
Single Ladies' race	Minnie Robertson
Boys' 3-legged race	W. Stitt, G. Hillier
Girls' 3-legged race	Minnie Robertson, S. Frankland
Ladies' High Jump	S. Brownlow

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## DRUMMOYNE COMPANY

(Contributed by Mr. Charlton, 4th Officer)  
Sydney Training Depot

The old year was finished up with a wonderful afternoon aboard the Flagship of the Australian Squadron, H.M.A.S. Australia, where, at the invitation of our Patron, Admiral Evans, we expended our energies in all sorts of deck sports, not forgetting the slippery dip, life-saving chute and trips up in the seaplane hoist. We take this opportunity of thanking the Officers and Ship's Company for the splendid time we had.

Newcastle's newly-formed Company camped at our Depot during the New Year holidays and from remarks heard, several have formed keen friendship with our Cadets. In fact, it is rumoured the P.O., Marlow, feels that he has shares in the North-eastern Company.

New Year's Day provided us with the time-honoured Balmain Regatta, and incidentally with a Navy League race on Iron Cove. Woolwich again proved winners, with our boys a good second. Newcastle's Cadets started in this race with only a few days boat drill, and under the circumstances, did well.

Our next outstanding event was the big regatta on Anniversary Day. This proved a rather strenuous day, for we not only pulled the gig in a Navy League event, but also sailed the cutter in the Service Sailing Race. In this event we came second out of five starters, the other four being Naval Reserve units.

Manly's Naval and Military Tattoo was both inspiring and interesting, and true to the nautical tradition of the sailor returning from a long voyage, some of our boys returned home by taxi, after leaving their ship at Circular Quay.

Saturday, February the 7th, found us afloat and bound for the Lane Cove River, where the local citizens organised a regatta. Mr. Stuart Doyle's motor cruiser, "Miamer II," was Flagship for the day and our motor cutter, acting as service boat between the mainland and flagship. In the Navy League race, we had to be satisfied with second to Woolwich. We congratulate Woolwich on their win and can assure them of our determination to always be good opponents.

Saturday, Feb. 14th, gave us another opportunity to try our mettle against our friendly enemy, Woolwich, and after a ding-dong race, we lost by half a length. Such racing is spectacular to watch and with Birchgrove only three lengths away third, it had the crowd on Rodd Island on their toes. This particular afternoon had a rather exciting climax. Our supporters and crews had hardly landed back at the Depot, when a Southerly squall suddenly hit the bay. The next hour saw our motor cutter doing its

bit in rescuing crews and salvaging racing craft. Amongst our collection being two eights, a four, a skiff, and canoe. We finished the afternoon by returning to Leichhardt Rowing Club—the racing eight—slightly damaged and crew (very wet). Our reward for this particular effort was a feed of water melon. Thanks, Leichhardt!

On Wednesday, Feb. 18th our night drill was suspended and all our Officers and Cadets attended a showing of the British war talkie "Journey's End" at the Drummoine pictures. Our thanks are due to the management for the invitation.

White Horse Baths, Balmain, on Saturday, Feb. 28th, saw our swimming champions endeavouring to win the "Lee-Wilson" Trophy from the holders, Birchgrove, the surprise of the day was the convincing win of the Newcastle Company. A party of their Cadets, under Mr. McCulloch, arrived the previous night and they stayed with us over the weekend. Before leaving the swimming, we appreciate the efforts of those cadets who represented Sydney Training Depot, and congrats to our "Novo Castrians" Cadets on their win.

Our latest acquisition is some naval Morse signal lamps and after a brief trial during one of our night drills, our signal ratings are keen on this form of communication. When, later on, we try this method out in our boat manoeuvre training, it should provide interest for everyone engaged in it.

During the last three months, several picnics have been organised in conjunction with our motor cutter and both socially and financially, our Depot has benefited.

## MANLY COMPANY

(Contributed by Eric A. Solomon, R. O. C.)

The Company had many pleasant days during the Xmas vacation.

Three camps were held at Middle Harbour, we were pleased to have the Woolwich Company alongside.

Mr. A. M. Ricketta, owing to pressure of business, has not been able to attend as regular as he could desire.

Navy League Medals were presented for General Efficiency for the past year, as follows:—

T. Dinale, C.P.O., Senior Medal, A.I.  
L. R. Hermes, Actg. L.S., Junior Medal, A.I.  
W. Bates, L.S., Senior Medal, 2nd Class.

We thank Mrs. Brookman for donating one of the medals.

Capt. H. G. Nobbs presented the awards and a pleasant social evening was held.

The Company is now full strength and is making favourable progress. We regret that it is not permissible to compete in the Cooper Corso Cup, as our boat is disqualified, because the handicappers find it too difficult a job. I realize that this is not very encouraging to the Cadets of Manly, not being able to compete in their own race, however, I look forward to when we can obtain a gig at a reasonable cost.

The Cadets who attended the wireless classes of instruction were very interested and found time to travel from Manly to Drummoynes every class. They expect to continue as soon as the Assistant Commandant is able to resume.

The Naval and Military Tattoo was a success, and I desire to thank all Officers and Cadets who attended.

The Sub-branch Committee have not been able to accomplish a great deal, owing to the unsatisfactory times, so far as finance is concerned.

We attended the send off to Capt. W. W. Beale, O.B.E., Ex-Secretary to the Navy League, N.S.W., and have no doubt that his services will be appreciated in England.

A number of charitable organizations were given voluntary assistance in Manly, since the last publication of the Navy League Journal.

## NEWCASTLE COMPANY

(Contributed by R. D. McCulloch, O.C.)

The above Company has been in full swing since last September.

We meet at the Cathedral Parish Hall, which is our temporary Depot, and parades are held every Monday evening and Saturday afternoon. There are 65 Cadets on our Roll, and it has been found necessary to form a waiting list.

We visited the Drummoynes Depot during the Christmas holidays and had a most enjoyable time. The camp proved to be a very instructive one.

The Company took part in the gig race on Anniversary Day, but ran a good last. We hope to have our own gig in a week or two, and are looking forward to sending a first-class crew to compete in the race this year.

The boys are overjoyed in winning the Lee-Wilson Cup and hope to keep it in Newcastle for some years.

We contemplate building a Depot on the Southern wave trap as soon as the land is made available.

Two new Companies will be formed in the Newcastle district in the course of a few weeks.

I am very thankful to Mr. S. Cooper and Mr. L. E. Forsyth for their ever ready help and advice.

## COOK'S RIVER

(Contributed by W. J. Faulkner, O.C.)

Cook's River have missed the publication of the Navy League Journal and have to refer back to November, 1930. The past three months have not been very exciting, however, we have no doubt that all Companies are finding things quiet.

The cricket team is well under weigh on Saturdays and we had the pleasure of playing the Birchgrove Company II. We are pleased to report that the visiting team won, which is the object of all visiting Companies. We hope to play a return match in the near future.

We regret that we are without a Depot, as the position is very awkward, not having accommodation for our visitors.

I have reviewed the site for our future Depot, this is ideal 365 feet frontage by 132 feet deep, situated by Cook's River on the Arncliffe side. We will have to think out a money-making scheme to try and build. It will have to be an extraordinary scheme to raise finance at the present time. December showed a slight improvement, the parades were more frequently attended, but the boys appear unable to pay their subscriptions and travelling expenses owing to unemployment.

Mr. and Mrs. Braybrook, the parents of one of the cadets, kindly organised a party at their home. The party was a great success, many presents were donated by our supporters for prizes. The competition was keen and we had a great night of amusement with plenty of refreshments included. I won a box of chocolates, which broke adrift a few minutes later, these were recovered on the way home, they were in the possession of my daughter. Through the effort of Mr. and Mrs. Braybrook, the Company funds were increased to the extent of £2/16/0. This came in very handy to meet our ground rental, also our annual Xmas party that I hold each year. The cadets who attended the Manly Naval and Military Tattoo on Wednesday, 28th January had an enjoyable evening. They reported that the fireworks were great and the torchlight display was splendid.

Mr. Ryan our sports officer keeps the boys busy, they have a match every Saturday, and do not always come off second best.

Capt. W. W. Beale, O.B.E., our ex-secretary will be well in England as this Journal is printed, and I have no doubt he will receive a copy to show him how the Navy League, N.S.W. Branch, is looking; after itself since his resignation. Cook's River wish him every success in the Old Country, where, on doubt, he will remain this time. Australia has a magnetic feeling for any person who has lived here for some time, this is known as the "Boomerang feeling" (I go to return). He will recall that splendid function held at the Birchgrove Depot, when all Officers of the Navy League attended to wish Mrs. Beale, Miss and Master Beale and himself "Bon voyage" with hearty good wishes from all concerned.

## EASTERN SUBURBS COMPANY

(By Mr. W. Hudson, Officer in Charge)

The re-organisation plan is progressing satisfactorily, ensuring a more systematic training, and desire on the part of each Cadet to acquire a higher rating, thus improving the standard of efficiency. Each P.O. has been working to place his watch ahead, and with training classes for all hands, they have very little time to spare. To place Eastern Suburbs on top and keep it there, is their object (in the Silent Navy fashion). Many visits have been paid to H.M.A.S. ships, and Merchant ships, to gain a practical knowledge of the instruments and appliances that our Depot does not possess.

We hope to take over the upper deck of our Depot this month, when we expect to provide a Canteen, signal and ward-room flat, sick-bay and P.O.'s mess-room. Sick-birth attendants, are being instructed by St. John's Ambulance instructors. We hope to have some L.S. and P.O.'s rank as S.B.A.'s. The week ends are devoted to sailing, the whaler and skiff have been reconditioned, and we are considering the advisability of obtaining another boat to accommodate all hands. Trips through the Heads aboard the Pilot Ship, Captain Cook, and inspections of old Fort Denison, with many pleasant sailing excursions, have made our whaler, with its brand new sails a familiar sight on the harbour, with the spinnaker balloons out, the Easterns (as termed by our supporters) pass by the various crafts in the harbour.

The following appointments have been made:—  
R. Graham, R. Roche: First class writers.  
P. O. Barnes, Boatswain: H. Abrahams, Boatswain's mate.

## BALGOWLAH

Since the new year we have been steadily gaining recruits. The progress is very satisfactory considering the times. We still have our very conscientious committee with us, as before, Mesdames Stewart, Traveller, Hendy, Behrman, Johnson, Shannon, Waterer and others, who are ever ready to lend a hand when needed.

At our last meeting, the re-election of officers, Mr. Moloney was re-elected President and Mrs. Stewart, re-elected Hon. Treasurer; Mr. J. Creary, Hon. Secretary.

Our band is going on just as before, only our bandmaster resigned, so we now have Mr. Stanton, Deputy Bandmaster of Manly Municipal Band.

We have been doing a good deal of sailing lately. Sunday, March 8th, the junior officer and several of the boat's crew took a few of the ladies' committee out to view the Harbour swimmers.

They came to Manly with Miss Copplestone and returned as far as South Head to encourage Miss Rolfe to Manly. These boys can certainly barrack.

It is a great draw-back, living this side of the water, when it comes to races. We are too far away to pull, and to sail would mean three hours, depending on the wind, and to pay to have us towed means 10/- per hour, there and back. So one can see we are very unfortunate.

We are hoping to win back the Cooper Corso Cup next month.

Contributed by W. A. Waterer, O.C.

## LEICHHARDT

(Contributed by Mr. M. F. Litto, O.C.)

Our Company is affected like all others by the existing circumstances. It is a difficult struggle to maintain our old position.

Many Cadets cannot attend our parades owing to unemployment, but we are endeavouring to help them as much as possible.

The gig's crew are very interested, as they rowed to Lane Cove from Leichhardt Bay, and competed in the half mile race. We thank Birchgrove Company for towing us on the return to the Depot.

We intend to install a larger engine in our cutter this is partly donated by Mr. J. Degan, one of the Leichhardt Boat Builders. He is installing it free of charge. This is a great assistance to us, as we are short of funds at present.

Mrs. William Epps, organiser to the R.P.A.H. Aux. Secretary, is giving us great assistance to procure a brass band. We thank Mrs. Epps for the keen interest she takes in the movement. The Navy League is always prepared to assist the hospitals when called upon.

I am pleased to have Mr. Brambury, who recently joined the Company as Chief Officer, and have no doubt that we will keep marking time until things brighten up.

If some generous person would kindly donate us a gig, we could show them that our boat's crew would make up the lost time that we have had with the waterlogged barge at present.

I thank Mr. Forsythe, Assistant Commandant Acting, who never passes us without taking us in tow.

(Continued on page 27)

### Navy League Sea Cadets Essay Competition

The Honorary Editor invites Sea Cadets of eligible Competition age, 11 to 18 years, to contribute suitable composition for publication in the Navy League Journal.

All articles published will be paid at the rate according to their merit.

1st Prize—12/6

2nd Prize—7/6

3rd Prize—5/-

Other articles published—2/6

#### Rules

- 1.—Cadets must send M.S.S. before 1st June 1931.
- 2.—Write on one side of paper only. Type or ink (not pencil).
- 3.—Send Name, Address, Age and Company.
- 4.—Articles, Nautical preferable.
- 5.—Address M.S.S. to Honorary Editor, Navy League Office, Royal Exchange Buildings, Pitt St., Sydney.

### On Sailing

*Long of the body, untrammelled and free  
Exposed to the passing breeze;  
For who has not tasted the wine of life  
That has not tasted of these.*

What other sport can compare with the joy of sailing? Running free before a stiff breeze, logging a good eight knots as regularly as clockwork—close hauled at about 20 deg.—how swiftly the time flies, an hour seems but a minute on the water.

The swish and gurgle of the water as it rushes past—the shrill whistle of wind in the cordage provides a treble to the dull and hollow thump of the waves. What sweeter music in the ears of the sailor what harmony, what melody?

The wide expanse to the seaward, unbroken except by the occasional smoke of a steamer, or even a glimpse of the ship itself; the rugged coast, the cliffs, sheer and precipitous; the beautiful beaches, with the red roofs of houses peeping through the the greenery beyond; the coves luxuriant in growths, where one may land and the cup of joy overflow—what has the cricketer, the golfer, the footballer, the tennis and hockey player against this?

These sports may have thrills, but then sailing has thrills; they may be refreshing but what of the fresh, clean, sea-breeze?

If from a health point of view only, sailing is at least as beneficial as any others sports, and infinitely more pleasure may be obtained, if one is not a prey to "mal de mer."

CADET W. BATES, L.S.

### Royal Australian Navy Appointments

Commander: CHARLES F. HAMMIL to "Cerberus," additional for passage to England per R.M.S. "Narkunda" for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 10th March, 1931; HAROLD L. QUICK to "Cerberus," additional for duty at Navy Office as Acting Director, Naval Reserves and Naval Reserves Mobilization, to date 23rd March, 1931; CHARLES W. STEVENS to "Penguin," additional as Acting District Naval Officer, New South Wales, to date, 16th March, 1931.

Lieutenant-Commander: HAROLD B. FARNHAM to "Cerberus," additional for duty at Navy Office, to date 19th March, 1931; (S1) IAN C. R. MACDONALD, to "Cerberus," additional for duty at Navy Office as Assistant to D.S.C. and as Port W. T. Officer, to date 23rd February, 1931; ROSS V. WHEATLEY, to "Penguin," additional for duty in Hydrographic Branch, to date 23rd March, 1931; COLIN G. LITTLE, to "Penguin," additional for charge of Huon River Survey, to date 23rd March, 1931; WILLIAM H. THURLEY, to "Penguin," for "Adelaide" in Reserve, to date 9th March, 1931.

Lieutenant: JACK DONOVAN, to "Cerberus," additional, to date 3rd March, 1931; (S1) ALAN D. CASEY, to "Cerberus," and for charge of Signal School, to date 15th March, 1931; GLEN I. CANT, to "Albatross," to date 9th March, 1931; ARNOLD H. GREEN, to "Cerberus," additional, to date 2nd March, 1931; HECTOR M. TREBILCO, to "Penguin," additional as Assistant Surveyor, 4th Class, for duty with Huon River Survey, to date 19th March, 1931.

Sub-Lieutenant: RODNEY RHOADES, to "Australia," additional, to date 13th March, 1931; RUPERT C. ROBISON to "Canberra," additional, to date 13th March, 1931.

Engineer-Captain: PERCIVAL E. McNEIL, to "Cerberus," additional for Foreign Service, Leave, to date 24th February, 1931.

Surgeon-Lieutenant: FRANCIS J. MATTHEWS, to "Penguin," additional, to date 3rd March, 1931.

Commissioned Gunner: JAMES F. WIDGER, to "Cerberus," additional for passage to England per R.M.S. "Cathay," for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date, 18th March, 1931.

Gunner: LESLIE E. HARRIS, to "Albatross," and for D.F. duties to date, 7th March, 1931.

Signal Boatswain: ALEXANDER E. L. MacLEOD, to "Penguin," additional, to date 2nd March, 1931.

Commissioned Telegraphist: ROBERT TAYLOR to "Cerberus," additional for passage to England per s.s. "Ceramic" for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 24th March, 1931.

Navy Office, Melbourne.

March, 1931.



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intrigue in the strong  
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G.A.F.

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Melbourne on Friday  
March 27th.

Watch for it in other  
State Capitals.

## LADIES COLUMN

(Conducted by Mrs. Lampert)

### SCOTCH TAFFY

Melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter in saucepan, then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. golden syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. brown sugar and tablespoon of water. Stand pan by side of fire until sugar is dissolved. Now heat until nearly boiling point, continually stirring, then add 1 teaspoon lucose, then boil to (300). Now add 1 teaspoon each of lemon and vanilla extract. Pour into buttered tin, when half cold, mark with buttered knife, and when cold break up and wrap in wax paper.

### HONEY COMB

Two tablespoons sugar, 2 do. of golden syrup. Melt well on slow fire, then boil hard to (280). Take off fire, stir in good tablespoon of baking powder, and pour it out on the rise. Cut up with saw and wrap.

### FUDGE

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cps milk 2 oz. butter, 2 oz. scraped block chocolate. Place all in saucepan together, dissolve slowly (stirring) and boil to (240 deg.) stirring all the time. Take off fire, and add teaspoon vanilla, and beat until creamy and will just pour. Pour into buttered tin and mark in squares before it gets too hard. Any flavour can be used.

### MIXED KISSES

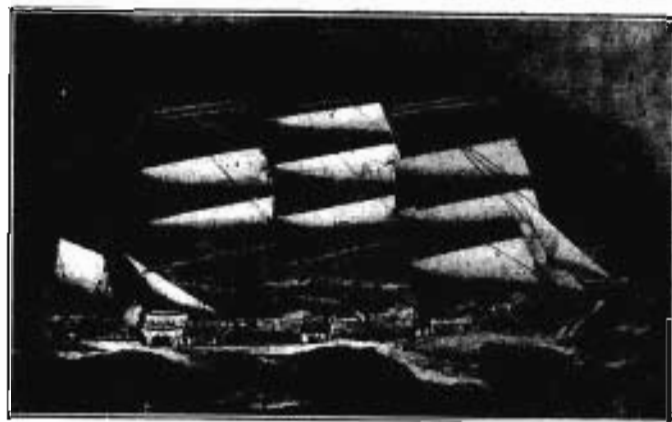
$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar, moisten with water, put on low fire and stir till dissolved. Add pinch cream of tartar and boil quickly to (240). Take off fire, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. desiccated coconut and teaspoon vanilla. Beat until creamy and drop from the tip of a spoon on wax paper.

### TURKISH DELIGHT

Without Thermometer

Soak 2 oz. gelatine for 20 minutes in one cup of cold water. Pour  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups of boiling water over it. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. sugar, and boil with a few drops of essence lemon for 10 minutes. Wet plates and pour out about inch thick. Leave four hours, then cut into squares and roll in icing sugar.

P.S.: In all sweet-making, melt sugar slowly on fire, and when thoroughly melted boil quickly.



## Sailors and Seamen

(By Benzine Top-sail)

The days of wooden ships and iron men have now past, and in place of spars, sails, balyards and sheets, so necessary to the sailorman, we find they are replaced by propeller, steam and motor power, for the seamen of the present.

The time when the fool of the family may have been sent to sea is no more, for the intricate mechanism of the modern ship requires delicate handling and technical skill.

The present-day British sailor is just as formidable a fighting power as in the days gone by, because of the scientific knowledge and study he displays in the long range gunnery, torpedo, mines, and other deadly weapons of defence, he knows nothing of the control of a vessel under canvas, of reefing, furling and setting sail, and when we remember that the "H.M.S. Victory" carried 32-pounders on her lower deck, 24-pounders on the main and upper deck, fought in close proximity to the enemy, so that resolute and courageous men could get as near as possible to the foe, in order to board the enemy ship, almost before the smoke had left the old pattern muzzle loading guns. What a contrast to the deadly torpedoes, with a range of about 4,000 yards and travel at about 33 knots. The heavy gunnery 13.5

in.; discharging a projectile of 1,400 lbs. in weight, causing disaster to a foe at a distance of about six miles at sea.

The seaman has slight knowledge of the sailorman's art for the Navy men are taught to splice and knot ropes, and pull a good oar, but he is quite unable to reef or turl a topsail in a heavy gale. The romance of the square-rigged wind jammers are past, when sailors discovered new countries, ships of sail did not arrive in port on schedule time as advertised in the papers now. It was the adventure and uncertainty that made sea life romantic in the days gone past.

The seamen of to-day adopt the sea as a profession, as a means of earning a living, the sea chanties that sailors used to sing as they manned the capstan are now forgotten, they are replaced by "Fifty Ginger-Headed Sailors," or "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder," whistled shrilly and mostly out of time and tune; these can never compare with such ringing chorus as "Blow the man down," or "Yo ho: Roll and go." No longer do the sailing advertisements publish: "A fine Clipper Ship with a milch cow aboard, and all conveniences"; but "a palatial steamer, electric fans to each cabin; speedy first class.



Mr. Leo Wilson

## Results of Leo Wilson Cup, Swimming Carnival

**Event No. 1. 33 Metres Breast-stroke, 11 to 12 years**

1. Barr	Birchgrove	36 secs.
2. Watt	Birchgrove	36 1/5
3. Locke	Birchgrove	42 secs.

**Event No. 2. 50 Metres Free Style, 13 to 14.**

First Heat		
1. Noble	Newcastle	37 secs.
2. McKenay	Newcastle	39 2/5
3. Boughton	Manly	45 secs.

Second Heat		
1. D. Boylan	Newcastle	34 secs.
2. Nicholls	Newcastle	38 secs.
3. Flaxman	Newcastle	40 secs.

Final		
1. Noble	Newcastle	35 secs.
2. D. Boylan	Newcastle	38 2/5
3. Nicholls	Newcastle	39 secs.

**Event No. 3. 50 Metres Free Style, 14 to 15 years**

1. W. Boylan	Newcastle	33 secs.
2. Murray	Newcastle	34 1/5
3. Nickson	Newcastle	35 -/3

**Event No. 4. 33 Metres Free Style, 11 to 12 years**

First Heat		
1. J. Barr	Birchgrove	26 3/5
2. McKenay	Newcastle	29 3/5
3. Pierce	Newcastle	30 secs.

Second Heat		
1. Rundle	Newcastle	22 4/5
2. Bennett	Newcastle	28 2/5
3. Paxendale	Birchgrove	31-2/5
3. Tait	Birchgrove	31 2/5

Final		
1. Rundle	Newcastle	24 1/5
2. Barr	Birchgrove	27 secs.
3. Bennett	Newcastle	27 1/5

**Event No. 5. 100 Metres Free Style, 15 to 16 years**

1. W. Boylan	Newcastle	1.16 3/5
2. S. Waters	Birchgrove	1.17 secs.
3. Murray	Newcastle	1.21 secs.

**Event No. 6. 100 Metres Free Style, 17 to 18 years**

1. F. Andrews	Woolwich	1.14 2/5
2. Sorby	Birchgrove	1.20 4/5
3. Matthews	Drummoyne	1.23 secs.

**Event No. 7. 33 Metres, 12 to 13 years, Free Style**

1. McKenay	Newcastle	24 secs.
2. Hermers	Manly	25 3/5
3. Bath	Birchgrove	27 secs.

**Event No. 8. 100 Metres, 14 to 15 years. Free Style**

1. W. Boylan	Newcastle	1.22 secs.
2. Murry	Newcastle	1.28 2/5
3. Middleton	Birchgrove	1.32 secs.

**Event No. 9. 100 Metres, 15 to 16 yrs. Breast Stroke**

1. G. Barr (d.h)	Birchgrove	2.50 secs.
2. Murray (d.h)	Newcastle	2.50 secs.
3. Sterry	Birchgrove	3.25 secs.

**Event No. 10. 100 Metres, 16 to 17 years. Free Style**

1. Andrews	Woolwich	1.18 1/5
2. Waters	Birchgrove	1.21 2/5
3. Sorby	Birchgrove	1.24 secs.

**Event No. 11. Relay Race, 11 to 19 yrs. 200 Metres**

First Heat		
2. Woolwich No. 1 team		2.28 4/5
1. Newcastle No. 1 team		2.27 2/5
3. Drummoyne No. 1 team		2.35

Second Heat		
1. Birchgrove No. 1 team		2.34
2. Drummoyne No. 2 team		2.57
3. Birchgrove No. 2 team		3.35 3/5

Final		
1. Birchgrove No. 1 team		2.21
2. Newcastle No. 1 team		2.26
3. Woolwich No. 1 team		2.34

**Event No. 12. Diving, 11 to 12 years.**

1. L. Watt	Birchgrove
2. Paxendale (dead-heat)	Birchgrove
3. F. Watt (dead-heat)	Birchgrove

**Event No. 13. Diving, 12 to 13 years**

1. J. Barr	Birchgrove
2. Tait	Birchgrove
3. Furnett (dead heat)	Drummoyne
3. Martin (dead heat)	Woolwich

**Event No. 14. Diving, 13 to 14 years**

1. Nicholl	Newcastle
2. Valla	Birchgrove
3. Flaxman	Newcastle

**Event No. 15. Diving, 14 to 15 years**

1. Nixon	Newcastle
2. Boylan	Newcastle
3. Kendrick	Drummoyne

**Event No. 16. Diving, 15 to 16 years**

1. Eden	Birchgrove
2. Kendrick	Drummoyne
3. Doylan & Nixon (dead heat)	Newcastle

**Event No. 17. Diving, 16 to 17 years**

1. Eden	Birchgrove
2. Andrews	Woolwich
3. Lampard	Birchgrove

**Event No. 18. Diving, 17 to 18 years**

1. Eden	Birchgrove
2. Collerson V.	Woolwich
3. Nicholls (dead heat)	Newcastle
3. Andrews (dead heat)	Woolwich

**Event No. 19. 100 Metres Breast Stroke, all comers**

1. Andrews	Woolwich	1.44 secs.
2. Murray	Newcastle	1.52 1/5
3. Barr	Birchgrove	1.55
1. Andrews	Woolwich	1.44

**Event No. 21. 33 Metre Ladies' Race**

1. Miss Robinson	27 secs.
2. Miss E. Watts	31 secs.
3. Miss Brownlow	33 3/5

**Event No. 20. 50 Metres, All comers Race**

1. Noonan	28 2/5
2. Dally	33 secs.
3. Marlow I.	34 3/5

**Total points towards the Leo-Wilson Cup.**

Newcastle	56 1/2
Birchgrove	32 1/2
Woolwich	12
Drummoyne	5
Manly	3

## Editors Note

The Honorary Editor desires to thank his brother Officers who assisted in the compilation of this Journal.

Also, the advertisers, who made the publication possible. The Navy League trusts that many more will respond and so make it possible to assist us to help and interest the boys.

It is the duty of all Navy League members to support our advertisers.

In presenting this publication the Editor wishes to point out that the main intention is to interest our Cadets with good reading, that cultivates good breeding, also, there is a certain amount of matter that may interest our adult members.

We trust to improve on this edition, when we next go to press, this will be possible with the co-operation of Navy League members and advertisers.

## NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS and SHIPPING CO'S.

The Navy League have a number of well trained and educated Cadets. There are two who have passed the University entrance examinations, and desire to become apprenticed at sea.

If you require boys, give the Navy League a call B 7808 or MA 4985.

(Continued from page 21)

## WOOLWICH COMPANY

Contributed by C. Tottman, O.C.)

We are still slowly forging ahead, having just lately enrolled five new cadets since Xmas, which makes the total of 42.

We have been very successful this year with boat racing, having obtained four first and a second. The credit must go to the boys for their hard training. Also we are looking forward to retaining the Cooper Corso Cup.

On the 15th February, along with Birchgrove, Drummoyne and Leichhardt, we held a picnic at Rodd Island, which we hope was enjoyed by all. During the day we held races, which made the day a success and are looking forward to another soon.

We would like to thank Birchgrove for attending our dances and also we have spent many an enjoyable evening at their Depot.

Since the departure of Captain Beale for England, we have to congratulate Mr. Cooper on being appointed Commandant of the Navy League, and we wish him every success in his new position.

The Ladies' Committee have been working hard and are pleased to welcome several new members. We wish to thank Mr. B. W. Snow for his kind donation of a Silver Cup, which he presented to the boys for signalling on the second Anniversary party.

## A Naval Incident

It is Sunday. The fleet had been holding divine service. Slowly, one after another, their church pennants fluttered down on the different ships as the service on each was concluded.

A steamer, reported during church, approaching from the south, had made her number, and was seen to be the despatch vessel "Caradoc," steaming full speed, heading straight for the Commander-in-chief. The appearance of the hurrying despatch carrier caused much surprise, our English mail not being due at Malta for two days.

All eyes were on the newcomer as she sped across the head of the lee-line. Rounding-to, a ready manned cutter was quickly lowered, and with racing stroke made for the flagship which had just dropped out of the weather line with her mainyard to the mast, the whole fleet, by signal, coming up in the wind "close hauled." An officer sprang nimbly from the "Caradoc's" boat, and up the side on to the quarter-deck of the flagship like a flash.

We were not kept long speculating on the little incident. But a very few moments had passed when, in a rapid succession of gaudy flashes, signal after signal was run aloft, and, like a transformation scene, the old "Marlborough" was covered in bunting. Fleet signals, ship's pennants, with their accompanying signals, to a dozen or more individual ships, while their ever watchful signalmen flung their answering pennants aloft. A burning eager moment of hardly repressed excitement as our signal midshipman and yeoman, with code book and slate, approached the captain. Then a few sharp, eager words from Captain Hilliar, and the commander springs to the poop-rail with face aflame and flashing eye, and a shout ringing clear as a bell, "All hands, clear lower deck!" The shrill pipes of the boat-swain's mates, their hoarse roar, "Clear lower deck. Up there my hearties," they shout encouragingly, as eight hundred bluejackets and marines rush and surge up the ladders to their stations. There's no waiting. The clear, ringing voice again, "Hands, make sail," and three hundred "tars" spring into the rigging with a joyous, laughing shout of anticipation, and away aloft. The Captain sending his cheery voice after them: "Now, then! 'Queens', for a bit of your best." The reef is shaken out of the topsails, upper sails let fall, sheeted and hoisted, and, like magic, the great ship is under a cloud of sail. And, heading south, with starboard stun-sails set, we raced away through the lee division, which was now broken in several places by the different ships leaving their stations, and crowding away south.

The general signal had been "Make all haste to Malta. Coal sail with all despatch."

It was a glorious sight—a sight to remember for a lifetime, as ship after ship of that great British fleet squared away under a press of sail that coaxed the favouring breeze to freshen.

By 2 p.m. we were all hard at it, the leading ships being "Victor Emanuel," "Queen," "James Watt," "Agememnon," and "Renown," with "London," "Exmouth," "Aboukir," and "Orion" close on our heels.

All the old dodges, and many new ones, of shifting all moveable weights about, and altering "trim," were resorted to, with the constant trimming of sails to the most exact nicety, to get the very utmost out of the ships, the result being a rate of sailing that was simply a revelation.

In the pride and exultation of that glorious sight, our thoughts turned backward to Great Nelson, who, on that very spot, just sixty-three years before—after provisioning in Syracuse—was feverishly hunting the French fleet. Nelson's frigates (the eyes of the fleet) having got separated from him during a heavy gale, the "Alexander" and "Swiftsure," seventy-four-ships-of-the-line, were detached to reconnoitre along the Egyptian coast. "As in a picture" one saw the "fretful hero"—after finding the long-sought enemy in Aboukir Bay—sweeping his telescopes round to leeward for his two belated battleships.

Though getting nothing but the bare orders the signals conveyed, we knew full well that something serious had happened to disturb peace; some complication that would demand proof of our fitness in the hour of need.

As the afternoon drew on a few ships improved their position with the leaders as the weight of wind increased. By 4 p.m. the wind had hauled a point to west, getting well round on our starboard quarter, and freshened considerably, our starboard stun-sails straining at their booms like racing chariot horses.

Within a radius of less than two miles raced the seven leading giants. And, with buckling spars and bellying sail, over the long, heaving swell, now capped and feathered by tumbling foam-crested waves, swept the proud "fliers" of the "grand fleet," flinging great showers of glittering spray from their weather bows back into the face of the westerling sun.

The coast of Sicily lay abeam, not far away. The purple mountains darkening as the evening shades crept down their sides and over the crested sea,

past those giant British warders of the Mediterranean hurrying to their base. For what?

Was last week's "Reet" target practice, with that hellish rain of battering shot and bursting shell (off flame-belching Stromboli), and those magnificent tactics and manoeuvres, under steam and sail, was that to be our last—our "dress" rehearsal? And was the curtain to be rung up with the morrow's sun on the great drama of war?

Conjectures and theories as to who, or what, was the cause of this sudden "call," were many and charmingly varied among both officers and veteran seamen. The intelligent petty officer who had served a couple of commissions in the Mediterranean was invariably well informed as to the general trend of events political in Europe, and frequently evinced a remarkably shrewd sense and grasp of the situation in those rickety times.

I was once considerably surprised, and much edified to hear the captain's coxswain repeat a fifteen minutes' conversation between Garibaldi and Captain Hilliar anent the treaty of Villafranca, and the Nice-Savoy annexation, that risky little game of "under and over," between the two Emperors, Napoleon the Third and Francis Joseph of Austria. And I feel pretty sure that if our Ambassador at Athens, when discussing with the Greek Minister the abdication of King Otto, whilst being conveyed on board H.M.S. "Queen" at the Pircæus, had known that same absorbing coxswain was a Jersey man, the interesting conversation concerning the secret arrangements for the hurried flight of the King and Queen Amelia would not have been in French.

The first bright rays of the morning sun were dancing on our gilded trucks to the strains of a regimental band playing reville on the Point-parade that came sweetly on the crisp morning air as we steamed close after the "Victor Emmanuel" into the harbour of Valetta. On past grim Ricasoli, and through the crowd of Sicilian feluccas, those early caiffers with their freights of fruit and other produce. On past Dockyard Creek to our moorings. There, lying in the dark shadow of the Burmola sheds and cliffs, were a score of unromantic deep-laden coal barges waiting for us.

The captain was "away off" in his galley to Admiral Codrington's official residence at the dockyard before we had got hold of the buoy. But by the time the first lighter had got alongside and we had started coaling, we were crammed with news of the most startling description. And, conveyed in excited Maltese-English, it took a lot of sorting out and tuning over. By the time the "fligree English" and "Maltese bumboats—lower deck" had been eliminated there remained very little besides. "America had declared war," "America had sank British mail boat," "America had taken and made English passengers prisoners." Then we got too busy and too critical to care for Maltese war news, and went ahead merrily with our coaling. All news would have to keep sweet till the bunkers were full.

The harbour of Valetta, or grand harbour, is at all times a scene of picturesque bustle, and gaudy coloured activity, accompanied at that time, by the constant clanging of church bells, which blended oddly with the stirring music of the military bands playing in the Square, on the forts, and Florian-parade.

On that November morning the scene was one to be long remembered. In the midst of all that indescribable noise, the incessant passing and re-passing of countless boats, gondolas, lighters and barges, large and small, came the towering sparred line-of-battle-ships, flying in past fort St. Elmo. Folding their great white wings, they passed through the myriad of "small fry" to their moorings, to, in turn, add to the general bustle from ships to shore.

By noon we had all the reliable news there was in the fleet. It was very meagre, but contained all the elements of the gravest nature between the two hitherto friendly nations. An American warship had stopped a British Royal Mail steamer on the high seas, taken, by force, a number of passengers from her, and carried them to an American port as prisoners. There were no details, and the P. and O. mail boat, due at Malta on the morrow, had left England some days previous to the report of the outrage.

In the meantime we were preparing for sea, and were likely to be away by noon day following.

The "Agememnon" and "Aboukir," line-of-battle-ships, and "Melpomene," frigate, were or-

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dered away under sealed orders. More than that were mere speculation and guesswork.

By "gun fire," 9 p.m., it was known we were to sail early next morning. Nothing was known, however, as to our destination.

With the first flush of dawn the harbour was alive and humming with the innumerable and motley small craft that can be seen only in Valetta harbour. We were too busy to ask questions, but by breakfast time we knew we were to sail for Gibraltar in a few hours without waiting for the mail.

Six bells—!! a.m.—we were lying with steam up and a ship-rope on the buoy, ready. At a signal from the flagship, "Well done, Queen," we slipped, and passed out into the crowded "fairway," the bands of the fleet playing us down the harbour, while their ship's companies swarmed the rigging, sending along cheer after cheer from ten thousand British throats. Amidst the strains of "Rule, Britannia" and "Auld Lang Syne," the waving of ladies' handkerchiefs, and cheers from officers and men on the forts, we passed under fort St. Elmo, and out into the blue water of the Mediterranean again, bound west. We were "off the chain."

The run to "Gib." was speedy, but uneventful. Drill of all kinds, taking up every hour of the day watches, kept the natural excitement down, and the men in good condition of body and mind.

Anchoring in Gibraltar Bay late on the Saturday night, we obtained no further intelligence as to the situation till next day. We knew then that the U.S. (or, more correctly, Federal) warship, "San Jacinto," commanded by Captain Wilkes, had stopped the West Indies Royal Mail steamer, "Trent," carrying the British flag, and forcibly taken from that vessel

### "THE CALL OF THE SEA"

A film which should be of special interest to officers and cadets of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, is the British Dominion talking film "Call of the Sea," which is shortly to be released in every capital city in Australia.

A British Naval story, revolving about mysterious happenings on a strange island, features Henry Edwards, well known star of such past "silent" successes as the "Flag Lieutenant" and "Further Adventures of the Flag Lieutenant."

The British Admiralty lent great assistance in the producing of the film, by making available H.M.S. Repulse for the numerous authentic naval scenes.

four gentlemen passengers—Messrs. Mason, Stiddell, Eustis and McFarland—conveying them to Boston as prisoners, and subsequently handed them over to the Federal military authorities. The American Government had refused Britain's demand for their restoration. Our Ambassador, Lord Lyons, awaited instructions to leave Washington with the archives of the Embassy. The Guards had embarked for Canada; the West Indies and North American squadrons had been doubled. We waited, ready, for that one word "War."

Day after day passed slowly, while the men chafed at the seemingly long delay. Conflicting rumours were reaching us only to excite the men and make matters worse. We knew that an ultimatum had been delivered by our Ambassador, but we knew not what time was allowed.

The strain was evidently beginning to tell on the men. At gun-drill it was specially noticeable by a want of steadiness, and by fits of violent temper, though working the guns like demons. Stripped to the waist, their naked bodies reeking with grimy sweat, they would work our 8-inch guns on the lower deck, tumbling them about as if wooden dummies, and, with savage imprecations on the heads of Lord John Russell and the new Government, would curse the empty guns and those who were dallying and parleying while the honour of the British flag was at stake.

Those who knew them best could find excuse for that, and more.

Their whole teaching and training, morn, noon and night, for years had been to perfect them in all their strenuous and difficult drills. And how "fit" were those splendid seamen! Fit, I believe, as the British bluejacket and marine had never been in the proud history of our great and glorious navy. "Trained to the hour."

And through all this great preparation there was ever before them the "first great precept," soaking into their very souls. That "first" before everything else—the honour of the "flag." Their unselfish devotion was and is—and God grant it ever may be—a religion before their lives.

All leave being stopped, the prolonged anticipation made those few days seem long and irksome, getting no news from outside.

Then came a day—a day when that proud ship rode in her might and majesty on the blue waters of the great sunlit bay, bearing her nine hundred throbbing hearts waiting their country's call.

The Captain had gone ashore, landing at the Racket Staff abreast the ship. Very shortly after-

wards the signal-midshipman reported to the officer of the watch: "The Captain returning in his galley to the ship." One glance was enough. The galley's crew were straining at their oars as if on saving life. Commander Woolcombe came quickly on deck. After a hasty glance at the rapidly-approaching galley, "Quartermaster, tell the master-at-arms to stop that noise on the lower deck." Below, on the main and lower gun decks reigned the utmost uproar and confusion. The ship's company were in a state of frenzied excitement, crowding round the gun ports to get a glimpse of the galley as she raced to the ship with all the might of her fine crew, and drawing each other's attention to old "Charley" and old "Nobby" as they familiarly but affectionately called him, who sat erect in the galley with the yoke-lines tucked under his arms, gazing straight ahead. As the galley came alongside it was noticed that "Jack," the Captain's black Newfoundland dog, was not in his accustomed place—in the bow of the boat, looking out—but was aft at the Captain's feet looking up into his master's troubled face.

The Captain came slowly up the accommodation ladder without his usual critical glance along the gun ports and aloft. Taking his cap off on the quarter-deck he walked towards his cabin accompanied by the Commander. Turning suddenly to Lieutenant Burnaby, the officer of the watch, the Captain gave orders to "turn the hands up," "Clear lower deck. Lay aft every soul but the sick. Marines on starboard side: officers on the poop." In a few moments the ship's company crowded on the quarter-deck. With flushed, eager faces men were holding each other by the hand like little children, and seemed barely able to control or steady themselves.

There was something undefinable, and strangely stirring in the sight and presence of that vast crowd of restless, passionate faces, that gave one a sense—a feeling—of fierce delight.

Boom! A gun from the "Rock" sending a thrill through every soul as report of gun had never before

The Captain came quickly out of his cabin, and up on to the poop. Swinging round sharply, and facing the men, he ordered "Caps off." Removing his own cap he passed his hand slowly across his eyes, then gripped the poop-rail, standing there silent for several seconds.

Boom! came the heavy, sullen report again.

Then, in a voice loud, but with a "catch" that was strangely affecting, he called: "Men of the 'Queen,'—the Prince—Consort—is—dead."

A gasping sound, half moan, came from that band of stricken fighters. A dazed feeling, a half consciousness of calamity. The moments passed in ter-

rible silence, broken by the dismal boom of the minute gun from the "Rock." "Boatwain's mates, pipes down."

A little fever-stricken "middy" (an Admiral now), who had managed to get out of his sick-cot on the main deck, and crawl up the after ladder, with wan, upturned face, eager for the "war news," had fainted. "Big Mac," an assistant-surgeon, picked the limp, frail form up in his great arms, and carried him tenderly below.

That dire day left its mark for a long time. The sympathy with our beloved Queen was deep and lasting. Her brave and true seamen shared her sorrow as few, who do not know them well, can realise.

Immediately after the sad news, intelligence was received of the restoration by the American Government of the people taken out of the "Trent." They were placed on board a British warship, and taken to England. An apology was tendered, and thus the regrettable incident of blunder and bungle, known as the "Trent" affair, was closed.

The following days, with Christmas, passed with little to note. The New Year came, and with it our orders to return to Malta, refit ship, and give leave. Then to rejoin "Pincher" (Admiral Martin's nickname) and the watch-dogs—alert and watchful for signal or sign of danger or threat. Ready, aye, Ready!



A Junior Cadet



## The Navy League

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## Aims and Objects of the League.

THE NAVY LEAGUE is a Voluntary Patriotic Association of British People, entirely outside party politics, desirous of rendering the greatest service of which it is capable to the Empire, particularly in connection with all matters concerning the sea. It upholds as the fundamental principle of National and Imperial policy **Complete Naval Protection for British Subjects and British Commerce all the World over.**

### Its Objects Are :—

1. To enlist on Imperial and National grounds, the support of Australians in **Maintaining The Navy at the Requisite Standard of Strength**, with a view to the safety of our trade and Empire.
2. To convince Australians that expenditure upon the Navy is the national equivalent of the ordinary insurance which no sane person grudges in private affairs, and that **Since a Sudden Development of Naval Strength is impossible, only Continuity of Preparation can Guarantee National Security.**
3. To bring home to young and old alike that "it is the Navy whereon, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend," and that **the Existence of The Empire, with the liberty and prosperity of its people, No Less Depends on the Merchant Service, which, under the Sure Shield of the Navy, welds us into a Powerful Whole.**
4. To encourage and develop the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps not only with a view to keeping alive the sea spirit of our race, but also to enable the **Boys to Become Good Citizens of the Empire**, by learning discipline, duty and self-respect.

"For AUSTRALIA and the EMPIRE."

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& Nonsense



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Cadet Essay  
Competition



A I Bell Yarn  
Pinchers Monkey



Ladies Column



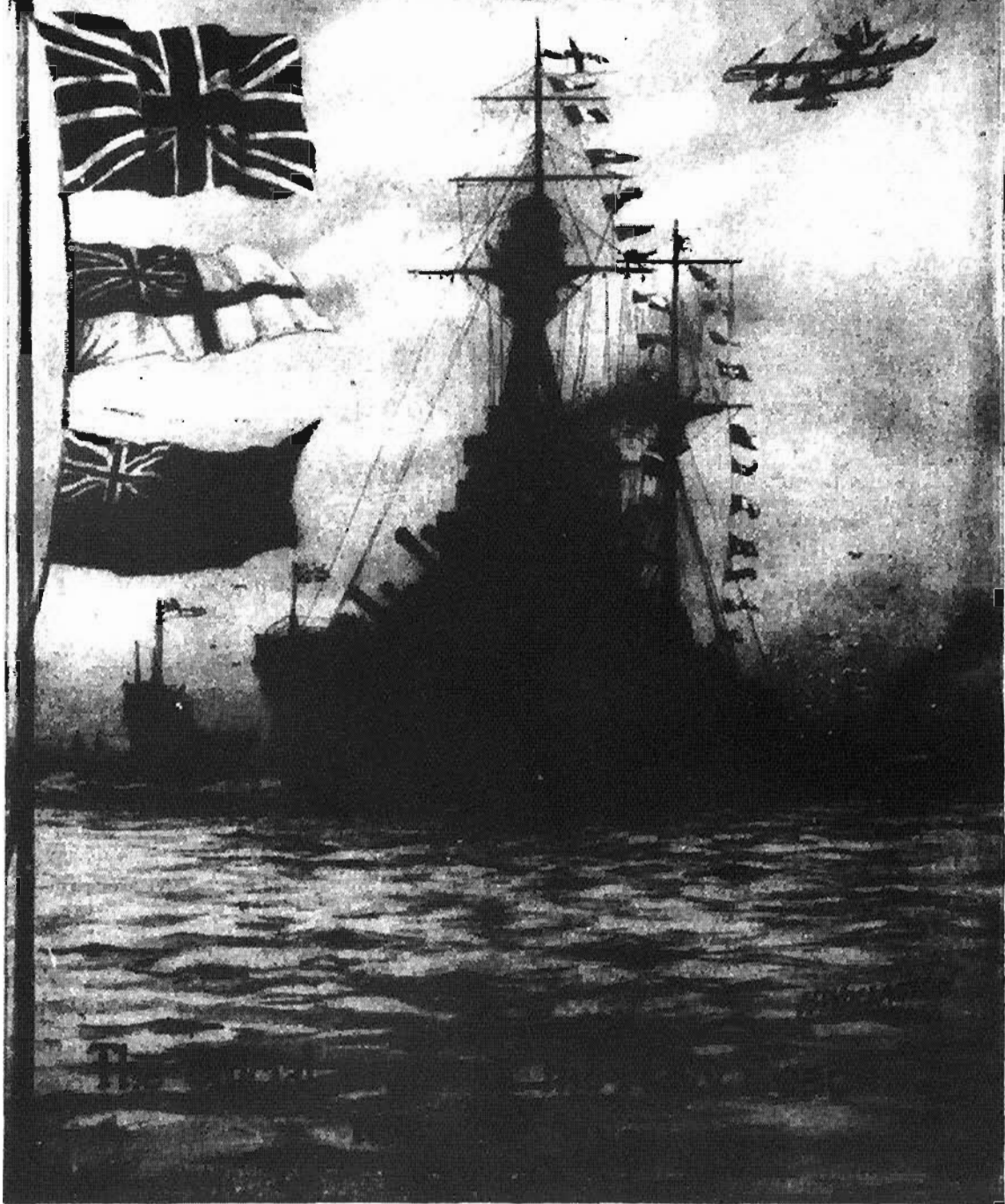
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Company Notes



# The Navy League Journal



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# The Navy League Journal

Sydney.

JUNE, 1931.

Price 3d.

## The Value of Discipline

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,

These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Yet not for power you would come uncalled for.

But live by Law, acting the law we live without fear;

And, because right is right, to follow right,

Where wisdom is the scorn of consequence.

(Tennyson).

Order is heaven's first law, and no organization can be efficient without order; we must at all times remember that laws are worse than useless, if not observed.

Discipline is the most important factor, where collective evolution is required. It is the last essential in a trained man, without such he could not have the self-control, or power to control other men.

It is often stated that the Australian could never become amenable to the strict discipline required in the Naval Service.

This is not correct as has been clearly demonstrated by the fact that many Australian men hold responsible positions in Naval, Military and Civil life.

In the Senior Service, discipline is a chain in which there can be no weak links; all must be strong and true when tested, from the one that binds the Admiral in command with his Captains to that which unites the Petty Officers with the seamen, the stoker and the boy.

Discipline and training aboard a Man-of-war, of whatever size, is the breath of her life. The Navy deals harshly with excuses and requires results.

Navy League Sea Cadets are required to voluntarily accept Discipline to become good citizens by doing their duty for "Australia and the Empire." The Cadet who can stand the test is the man who will be able to steer efficiently and well, when he receives his ticket as a master to embark on the long voyage of life.

The navigation of this voyage is most interesting. No chart to point out the dangers ahead, he must always Keep Watch, and in a heavy gale, he must do the right thing at the right time. To command his ship, Success, he must understand discipline to maintain the respect of his crew. Therefore the Cadet who can obey cheerfully, smartly and efficiently, will in time receive the confidence of his employer and obtain the commission when responsibility and control is required to command.



Miss Charles Fairfax and Members of Navy League Executive, N.S.W.

## MISS CHARLES FAIRFAX FLAG COMPETITION, 1931.

## SQUAD DRILL

In this drill it will be noticed that the number of points between several companies was very small and this alone goes to show the high standard by all concerned.

The Petty Officer in charge of Manly Company failed to carry out any forming whilst on the march, thereby losing his company 40 points.

## BENDS AND HITCHES

Keeness was displayed by all concerned, and few mistakes were made. The speedy manner in which everything was carried out was specially noticeable.

## SIGNALS

This section was carried out with great precision and speed, and the general smartness left little to be desired.

The opening and closing of ranks was exceptionally well performed, and all competitors are to be congratulated on their fine performance.

BEST DRESSED CADET: F. Darcy of Woolwich, deserved and earned this honour with Cadet Carroll of Mosman a good second.

Total points obtained are as follows—

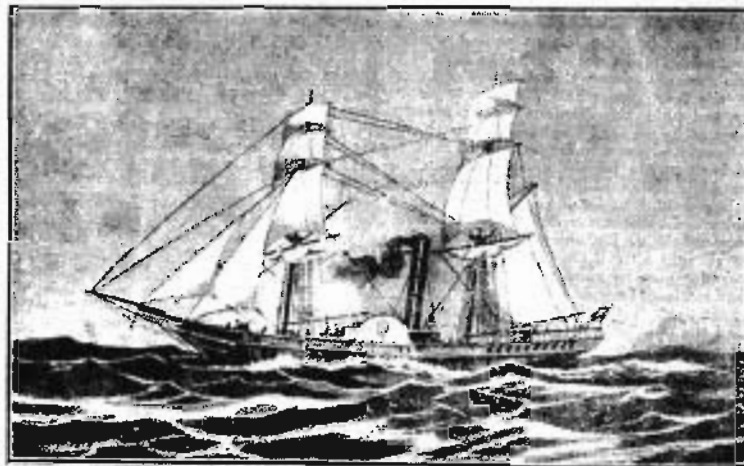
Company	Squad Drill	Bends & Hitches	Signals	Total
Birchgrove	160	110	148	418
Mosman	163	103	120	386
Druimoyne	158	96	130	384
Cook's River	143	90	135	368
Eastern Suburbs	144	101	115	360
Newcastle	142	74	140	356
Woolwich	165	96	75	336
Leichhardt	137	88	90	315
Manly	124	105	85	314

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## The London

## GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD

The London foundered in the Bay of Biscay on the 11th of January, 1866. On the 16th of that month there landed at Falmouth from the Italian barque, Marianopolis, only eighteen survivors out of the two hundred and thirty-nine passengers and crew that had left Plymouth eleven days before.

The London, like the Royal Charter, was one of the old class of auxiliary screws, fully rigged and sparred as a clipper, though of the longer build of the steamers of to-day. She had been launched in 1864, and became quite a famous ship, having distinguished herself by a run to Melbourne in fifty-nine days. She was of 800-horse-power and 1,752 tons register, and was owned by Money Wigram and Co.

She left the docks on the 28th of December, 1865, and Gravesend on the 30th. The year ended in a storm, and the London started in the thick of it. She had to lay-to off the Nore. With difficulty she made her way down Channel, and so threatening grew the weather that Captain Martin ran for shelter into St. Helen's Roads. The gale lulled a little, and the London left Spithead and steamed out to sea again past the Needles.

To take her into Plymouth Sound a pilot was signalled for. The pilot's boat capsized. The ship's boat was launched to the rescue; but though his two companions were picked up the pilot was drowned.

After this ominous commencement the ship anchored inside Plymouth breakwater and completed her passenger list. At midnight on the 5th of January she left for Melbourne. The storm had blown itself out. The sea was calm and there was a light wind ahead. On board of her, amongst others of lesser note, were the Rev. D. Woolley, the head of Sydney University; the Rev. Daniel Draper, a Wesleyan minister, who had been sent home on a mission as representing the Methodist Conference of Australia and the Methodist Conference of Great Britain; his wife, the daughter of one of the first missionaries to Tahiti, Mr. G. H. Palmer, the editor of the "Law Review;" and last, though, as it proved by no means least, a Mr. George "Vaughan," who had taken his passage in that name in order to ensure a certain amount of quiet and privacy during the voyage.

Regardless of the sailors' superstition, it was Friday when Captain Martin put to sea. Friday was fine; Saturday was fine; but on the Sunday the wind began to freshen, and on the Monday it had increased to quite a gale.

The London rolled tremendously. She had fifty tons of coal on deck, and twelve hundred tons of railway iron below, and this did not improve her behaviour. She would go over, down, down, as if going for good, and then whip up with such a sudden recovery as to throw the passengers nearly off their



legs. As the wind increased the seas came dashing over her, and as the hatches were not quite tight the water found its way into the saloons until it was washing about nearly a foot deep.

The gale grew in violence, and at eight o'clock on Tuesday the foremast and jib-boom were carried away, and during the afternoon the port lifeboat was swept off by the sea. The night was rough, the weather threatened worse to follow, and the ship was headed back to run for shelter to Plymouth. Soon afterwards the starboard lifeboat was lost, and then the starboard outer broke away.

The jib-boom had been saved and was hoisted along the engine skylight. It shook loose, and about half-past ten at night a tremendous sea swept over the deck, dashed it on to the glass, and poured down the hole it had made. The wind roared through the wire rigging, the lights shining up the masts showed the foretopsal the only sail set, blown to ribbons, with the tatters streaming out straight from the yard, and only one corner standing; and the phosphorescent waves foamed round the ship in hills ten or fifteen feet above her deck.

The seas dashing down into the engine-room drowned out the fires. In vain sail after sail was hurried along to place over the hatchway; the wind was so fierce, and the waves were so wild, that the canvas was torn away as fast as it could be placed in position.

The hold slowly filled with water in spite of all that the pumps could do. The donkey-engine was kept going full speed under charge of Mr. Angel, the third officer; and all hands, passengers included, were called to take their turn at the manual. The seas broke over so that at times the men were up to their armpits in water, and still they stuck to their work. Each time the pumping slackened, "Keep them going," shouted the third mate; and again the speed would quicken, though the effort was in vain. Cheering on the passengers as the mate did the men, stood Mr. Vaughan, now recognised as G. V. Brooke, the tragedian, who, bareheaded and barefooted, in only his shirt and trousers, kept at the pumps for hours, and worked to the last like the giant that he was.

At four o'clock on the Thursday morning the sea drove in four of the stern ports and the water poured down in torrents into the saloon. The passengers, women and children, were gathered there trying to follow Mr. Draper as he read snatches of the service and led them in prayer. But the rolling of the ship, the washing about of the water, the howling of the storm, and the rattling of the pumps, rendered the attention of his audience almost impossible. Yet, happily, even when words fail, Christ can listen at the heart.

When the ports drove in, the captain entered the cabin and confessed that there was no longer any hope of safety. The scene that followed was heartrending. Families clustered together, some in hopeless despair, some cool and resigned to the last, some on their knees praying for deliverance, some

nervously twitching over the leaves of their Bibles in search of some well-known text they hoped might comfort them in their final agony.

The ship, however, kept afloat. Angel and Brooke did not let the pumps rest for an instant; the water streamed overboard fast, but not fast enough.

At ten o'clock an attempt was made to launch the starboard pinnace, but the sea smashed her as she floated and five men were thrown into the water struggling for their lives. As the news that a boat was being got ready one of the passengers appeared on deck with his carpet bag! "Fancy a man thinking of his goods at a moment like this!" said the captain, turning away in disgust.

At one o'clock the ship was down to her main chains, and was slowly settling. Still the pumps were going, and still the sea kept heaving in. Two small boats were all that were left. One of these, the port pinnace, was rated to Mr. Greenhill, the chief engineer, and the captain ordered the crew to launch her.

"There is not much chance for the boat," said he, "but there is none for the ship. Your duty is done, mine is to remain here. Get her out and take command of the few it will hold."

The other boat, a very small one, was provisioned by the boatswain, but she was never launched. The ship went down too quickly to allow of her being got off.

With difficulty the pinnace was lowered, and then came the question who were to go in her. "Fetch a-h-h-h," said one, and a man ran in search of a friend of his, but not finding her brought a strange girl to the side to give her a chance of her life. But as she saw the little boat tossing in the raging sea she drew back in terror and refused to move.

Another of the men dashed down into the saloon in search of his friend John Hickman, who was sitting with his wife and children. When asked to leave them, "No," he said, "I promised to stay with them to the last, and I will do so!" On the side where they sat the bunks were covered with water. "Lend us a hand, Jack, to move them over," and the two helped the wife and the children across the saloon, and then, with a "Good-bye, old fellow," they were left to die.

"Well, we are going to go," said another who was left in the ship. "There is only one thing I regret. I had a draft of £500 on Ballarat, and only had £20 of it. I should like father to get the balance." And the wish was afterwards complied with.

The captain was asked to come.

"No," he said, "I will go down with the passengers. But I wish you God speed and safe to land."

The wind was so fierce round the boat that the men in her could not hear their own voices. There were fifty people clustered on the poop, but none dare venture into the boat.

She pushed off. As soon as she left the ship a woman rushed to the rail, and shrieked, "I will give you a thousand pounds if you will take me!"

The boat had not got eighty yards away before

the end came. The London sank stern foremost. As she went down the keel was out of the water as far as the foot of the foremast.

The captain was on the poop; Brooke in his red shirt was leaning on one of the half-doors of the companion; Angel was still running the donkey-engine, and had his hand on the lever as the waves closed over him.

In the boat were three passengers, the three engineers, a midshipman, a fireman, and ten of the crew. They had not been afloat two hours before a full-rigged ship sailed past them. At three o'clock on Friday morning a brig saw them, but lost them as she tacked, and went on her way. At daybreak a cutter was sighted and a shout hoisted on an oar to attract her attention—in vain. Then the barque came by, sighted them, and picked them up, and, after a stormy voyage, brought them safe to Falmouth.

(THE END)

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## R. A. N. Appointments

### APPOINTMENTS

Captain: ARTHUR M. LECKY, D.S.O., to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per S.S. "Ceramic" for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 2nd April, 1931.

CYRIL H. C. BENSON, D.S.O. (Second Naval Member of Naval Board) to "Cerberus" in Command and as Captain Superintendent of Training, to date 2nd April, 1931.

Commander: HUGH F. CURRY, D.S.C., in "Cerberus" to date 4th April, 1931. REGINALD M. SERVAES to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per S.S. "Orford" for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 14th April, 1931.

Lieutenant-Commander: PAUL H. HIRST to "Cerberus" additional, to date 18th March, 1931.

Lieutenant: (5) DONALD MCKENZIE to "Penguin" and for change of W/T Station and as Port W/T Officer, to date 20th April, 1931. GEORGE D. TANCRED to "Albatross" additional, to date 16th April, 1931.

Engineer Rear Admiral: ERNEST D. SYDENHAM, C.B.E., to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per S.S. "Makura," etc., for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 15th April, 1931.

Engineer Captain: PERCIVAL E. MCNEIL to "Cerberus" additional for duty at Navy Office as Director of Engineering (Naval), to date 9th April, 1931.

Lieutenant (E): EDWIN A. GOOD to "Australia" additional, to date 13th April, 1931. ROGER G. PARKER to "Penguin" additional, to date 13th April, 1931.

Surgeon Lieutenant: HENRY W. GAULT to "Cerberus" additional, to date 1st April, 1931. WILLIAM G. FARRELL to "Australia," to date 1st April, 1931.

Paymaster Lieutenant-Commander: ALFRED E. SHARP to "Albatross," to date 1st April, 1931. FREDERICK E. KEDGE to "Penguin" and for Supply duties, to date 1st April, 1931.

Commissioned Gunner: WILLIAM J. CALE to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per R.M.S. "Chitral" for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 15th April, 1931.

Gunner: (T) WILLIAM PAYNE to "Anzac" to date 13th April, 1931. FRANK H. R. LEY to "Australia" additional, to date 13th April, 1931.

Schoolmaster: JOHN E. PEARCE to "Cerberus" to date 30th March, 1931. ALLAN O. HURST to "Albatross," to date 30th March, 1931.

PROMOTIONS

Lieutenants ROBERT B. A. HUNT and GEOFFREY A. HALL to Lieutenant-Commanders, to date 26th February, 1931.

Lieutenant (C) ROY R. DOWLING to Lieutenant-Commander, to date 15th March, 1931. Sub-Lieutenant JOHN L. BATH to Lieutenant, to date 16th March, 1931. Lieutenant (E) RICHARD M. ROWLANDS to Lieutenant-Commander (E), to date 30th March, 1931. Acting Sub-Lieutenant (E) OSWALD T. AMOTT to Sub-Lieutenant (E), to date 1st March, 1931. Paymaster Sub-Lieutenant PHILIP O. L. OWEN to Paymaster Lieutenant, to date 14th March, 1931.

APPOINTMENTS

Captain: CHARLES FARQUHAR SMITH to "Penguin" additional, to date 10th April, 1931.

Lieutenant-Commander: NORMAN H. SHAW to "Penguin" additional, to date 10th April, 1931.

Lieutenant: JAMES SANDERS to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per M.S. "Ramo" for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 2nd May, 1931. LAURENCE E. TOZER to "Cerberus" to date 2nd May, 1931. ALEXANDER E. POWELL to "Penguin" and for Group of Destroyers in Reserve, to date 23rd April, 1931. LESLIE R. BROOKS to "Penguin" additional, to date 10th April, 1931. CHARLES R. REID to "Cerberus" additional for passage to Eng-



## ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY

land per S.Y. "Discovery," to date 15th April, 1931.  
 Engineer Commander: TREVOR W. ROSS to "Penguin" for "Adelaide" in Reserve, to date 1st April, 1931.  
 GEORGE I. D. HUTCHESON to "Penguin" as Assistant Manager (for Gunner duties) to "Engineer Manager," to date 1st April, 1931.  
 Lieutenant-Commander (E): FREDERICK C. HODGSON to "Australia," to date 30th April, 1931.  
 Lieutenant (E): LIONEL S. DALTON to "Albatross" to date 13th April, 1931. KENNETH McK. URQUHART to "Canberra" additional, to date 5th May, 1931.  
 Engineer Lieutenant: JAMES H. DARDEL, M.S.M. to "Cerberus" additional, to date 20th April, 1931.  
 Gunner: DAVID V. STRATTON to "Canberra," to date 29th April, 1931.  
 Warrant Engineer: ALEC NAIRN to "Cerberus" additional, to date 30th April, 1931.

## PROMOTION

Lieutenant (E) FREDERICK C. HODGSON to Lieutenant-Commander (E), to date 15th April, 1931.

## APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments have been made, to date 29th May, 1931, consequent on change of Flag—  
 Rear-Admiral EDWARD R. G. R. EVANS, C.B., D.S.O., to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per m.a. "Tudor" for reversion to the Royal Navy.  
 Captain: LEONARD S. HOLBROOK, M.V.O., to "Canberra" as 1st Captain additional and Commodore 1st Class Commanding His Majesty's Australian Squadron. WILLIAM S. CHALMERS, D.S.C., to "Australia" in Command. CHARLES FARQUHAR-SMITH to "Canberra" in Command and as Chief Staff Officer to Commodore 1st Class Leonard S. Holbrook, M.V.O., Commanding H.M.A. Squadron.  
 Commander: CECIL H. GIBB to "Canberra" and as Squadron Navigating Officer.  
 Lieutenant-Commander: VICTOR A. T. RAMAGE to "Canberra" additional as Staff Officer (Operations and Intelligence) to Commodore Commanding, Australian Squadron. (T\*) PHILIP H. F. COLOMB to "Australia." (T) ARTHUR H. SPURGEON to "Canberra" and as Squadron Torpedo Officer. (N\*) ARTHUR J. G. TATE to "Australia." (S\*) HECTOR M. L. WALLER to "Canberra" additional as Squadron Signal and W/T Officer. (G) JOHN M. ARMSTRONG to "Australia." (G) EVELYN I. R. LEIGHTON to "Canberra" and as Squadron Gunner Officer.  
 Lieutenant: (X) ROBERT S. PEARSON to "Canberra" as Squadron P. and R.T. Officer. (C) RAYMOND P. MIDDLETON to "Canberra." (T) THOMAS A. GODSELL to "Canberra." (X) MAURICE W. LANCASTER to "Australia." ROBERT J. HODGE to "Canberra" additional. ALAN J. TRAVIS to "Canberra" additional. NEIL A. MACKINNON to "Australia." CALDERY C. O. GATAGRE to "Canberra" as Flag Lieutenant to Commodore 1st Class Leonard S. Holbrook, M.V.O., Commanding H.M.A. Squadron.  
 Engineer Commander: ALEC B. DOYLE to "Canberra" additional as Squadron Engineer Officer.  
 Paymaster Commander: ERNEST W. TRUVETT to "Australia." WELLINGTON T. HOGAN to "Canberra" and as Squadron Accountant Officer.  
 Paymaster Lieutenant-Commander: ALEXANDER J. WHITE to "Canberra" additional as Secretary to Commodore 1st Class Leonard S. Holbrook, M.V.O., Commanding H.M.A. Squadron. ROY W. LETHBRIDGE to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per R.M.S. "Nalders" for reversion to the Royal Navy.  
 Paymaster Lieutenant: PATRICK PERRY to "Canberra" additional for duty in Commodore's Office and as Secretary to Chief Staff Officer. RICHARD F. MATHERALL to "Canberra." ERIC D. CREAL to

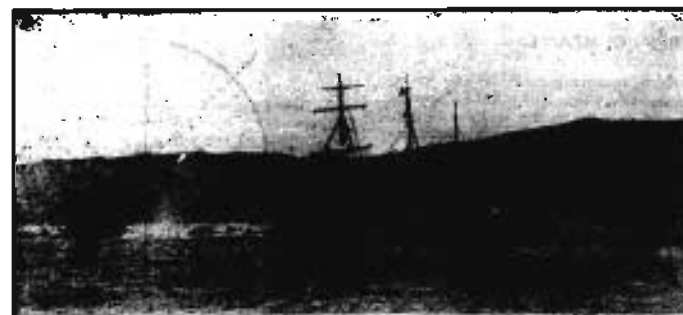
"Canberra" additional for duty in Commodore's Office. RALPH F. M. LOWE to "Australia" additional. PHILLIP O. L. OWEN to "Canberra" additional for duty in Commodore's Office.  
 Commissioned Engineer—JOHN D. OWENS to "Canberra" additional as Assistant to Squadron Engineer Officer.  
 Paymaster Midshipman: WILBUR K. JACKSON to "Canberra" additional.

## APPOINTMENTS

Commander: EDWARD P. THOMAS to "Australia," to date 14th May, 1931.  
 Lieutenant-Commander: RONALD M. H. SOWDON to "Cerberus," to date 11th May, 1931. NORMAN H. SHAW to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per m.a. "Ormonde," to date 23rd May, 1931.  
 Lieutenant: KARL E. OOM to "Cerberus" additional as Assistant Surveyor 2nd Class, to date 4th May, 1931. ROBERT J. HODGE to "Cerberus" additional, to date 29th May, 1931. JAMES C. MORROW to "Cerberus" for R.A.N. College, to date 26th May, 1931. ALEXANDER M. WILKINSON to "Cerberus" additional, to date 4th April, 1931.  
 Surgeon-Commander: ALEXANDER S. MACKENZIE to "Penguin" for charge of Naval Wing, Prince of Wales Hospital, Randwick, and as Senior Medical Officer, Ships and Establishments, Sydney, to date 29th May, 1931. DAVID S. PRENTICE to "Canberra" and as Squadron Medical Officer, to date 29th May, 1931.  
 Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander: JAMES M. HENDERSON, M.C., to "Australia," to date 27th May, 1931. ROBERT MARTIN to "Cerberus" to date 1st June, 1931.  
 Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander (D): ALFRED R. WOOLCOTT to "Australia," to date 29th May, 1931. JOHN E. RICHARDS to "Cerberus" to date 1st June, 1931.  
 Surgeon Lieutenant: HENRY K. B. BAILEY to "Cerberus" additional, to date 25th May, 1931.  
 Headmaster: ARTHUR M. HOPKINS to "Penguin" additional, to date 29th June, 1931.  
 Gunner: (T) FRANK CHARD to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per m.a. "Ormonde" for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 23rd May, 1931. (T) WILLIAM G. COTGROVE to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per R.M.S. "Nalders" for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 29th May, 1931. (T) ADRIAN I. LOWER to "Penguin" for Destroyers in Reserve, to date 16th May, 1931.  
 Commissioned Boatwain: JOHN F. TUCKER to "Penguin" and for Ships in Reserve, to date 29th May, 1931. JOSEPH W. WILLIAMS to "Australia," to date 29th May, 1931.  
 Warrant Engineer: JOHN A. HUTTON to "Australia" to date 4th May, 1931.  
 Warrant Ordnance Officer: THOMAS R. VENUS (Acting) to "Canberra," to date 29th May, 1931.

## PROMOTIONS

Rear-Admiral WILLIAM MUNRO KERR, C.B., C.B.E., to Vice-Admiral, to date 21st April, 1931. Acting Sub-Lieutenant GERALD CHESTER CARTER to Sub-Lieutenant, to date 16th September, 1930. Lieutenant (E) FREDERICK CHARLES HODGSON to Lieutenant-Commander (E), to date 15th April, 1931. Acting Lieutenant (E) RONALD ALFRED PHILLIPS to Lieutenant (E), to date 1st October, 1930. Sub-Lieutenant (E) NEVILLE MCQUIRE to Lieutenant (E), to date 16th May, 1931. Cadet Midshipman JOHN HASTIE DOWSON. GEORGE FREDERICK EDMUND KNOX. ATHOL HERBERT ROBERTSON. VICTOR ALFRED SMITH. PETER SAMUEL FULLERTON HANCOX. GEORGE WILLIAM ALLEN LANGFORD. and NORMAN BUCK WILSON to Midshipman, to date 1st May, 1931. Cadet Midshipman BRUCE D'ARCY HARVEY to Midshipman (E), to date 1st May, 1931.



## The Compass

In navigating a ship out of sight of land, her position is found as often as possible by observation of the sun and stars. But often circumstances arise which make it impossible to take these observations; for instance, several days of cloud; or, in the case of submarines, inability to rise to the surface during a clear interval. It is then that navigation has to be carried on by what is called "dead reckoning."

The principal instruments necessary for successful navigation by dead reckoning are a compass to show direction, a log to show speed, and a chronometer to show time. Given the point of departure, the courses sailed, the time the ship has been going on these courses, her speed, and also allowing for tide or current as the case may be, her position at any given time can be worked out with considerable accuracy; this position to be verified by astronomical observations as often as may be. It is with the compass that we are concerned at present; and this instrument may be considered the first and essential requisite of the navigator.

Until recently the compass was some form of the magnetic needle. This is known to have been in use in Europe since the twelfth century; and there are many indications that the Chinese made use of it 2,000 years before this. But, probably, as soon as it was observed that a piece of iron rubbed with the lodestone took up a more or less definite direction, then some form of primitive compass came into use throughout the world wherever civilisation had advanced sufficiently to appreciate it.

It is a fact that a piece of iron or steel placed in a magnetic field will become magnetised, and the more easily if it is hammered, so as to set the molecules in motion to take up what is called polarity. While an ironclad is being built on the stocks it is in the earth's magnetic field, and it is being thoroughly

hammered, as anyone can hear who has passed close to a building slip. Consequently, when the ship is launched, she is one huge magnet, and capable of affecting her compass in the most complicated ways. To counteract this deviation the compass has to be corrected by magnets and soft iron spheres, the positions of which have to be found by experiment in order that they will exactly balance the magnetism of the ship. Another difficulty to be overcome, especially on warships, is the effect which movements of large masses of steel, such as the turning of a gun in its barbette have on the magnetic compass.

As has already been said, the earth is itself one big magnet, possessing north and south poles, as all magnets do. But it so happens that the magnetic poles do not coincide with the geographical poles. Consequently a compass does not point to true north, but to the magnetic north. And the angle between these is called the variation of the compass.

From the foregoing it will be seen that though the magnetic compass is an instrument capable of great precision after having much care expended on it, still it is primarily dependent on a varying and wayward force (the earth's magnetism); and any instrument that could be devised which would be free from all these outside influences would be a great advance on it. Such an instrument has been evolved during the last few years, and is called the gyro-compass.

The gyro-compass has nothing to do with earth magnetism, but depends for its working on the scientific fact that a wheel or other body rotating about an axis will tend to take up a certain position with relation to the forces acting upon it, and, having attained that position, will retain its direction in space continually. This is the first principle of gyroscopic motion, and is illustrated on a large scale by

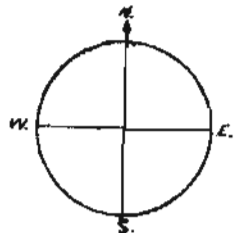
## SHIPS' COMPASSES.

the earth itself, which, revolving round its axis once in twenty-four hours, keeps that axis pointing nearly to the Pole Star, and so gives us the seasons during its journey round the sun. A gyro-compass is nothing more than a wheel on an axis, made to rotate at an enormous speed, and, being acted on by gravity and the earth's rotation (both of which are constant), in a manner rather too deep to explain within the limits of this article, eventually sets its axis in a true north and south direction; and having reached this position, tends to remain there as long as it is kept rotating.

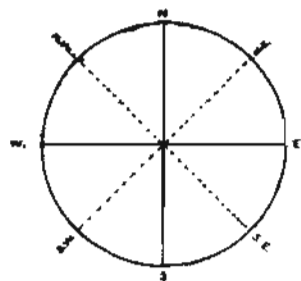
Mount such gyroscope in a bowl of mercury, or preferably suspend it by a wire, place it on a ship, and, however many turns the ship makes north, east, south, or west, the axis of the gyroscope always points north and south. In practice the suspension is formed of a number of strands of stout pianoforte wire, so arranged as to be free from torsion. Here, then, is the ideal compass. And this type is now being used on warships and submarines where electric power is available. The gyroscope of the gyro-compass is run by electricity, the heavy wheel being practically the rotating part of an alternating current motor, rotating round the fixed magnets.

The instrument is somewhat larger than the magnetic compass, and, though it may be used on deck like an ordinary compass, it has the advantage that it may be placed below the water-line, and its movements transmitted electrically by gearing, so that the readings of its card may be exhibited in any part of the ship.

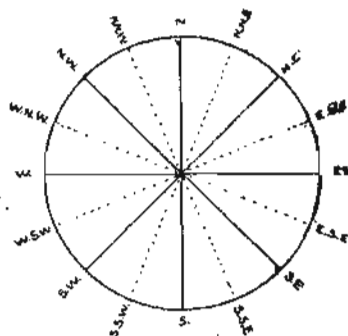
It is doubtful whether the gyro-compass will ever totally supersede the magnetic, as one must have something to fall back on in case electric power fails, as does sometimes happen. Like all machines, especially of such a delicate nature, the gyro is liable to partial failure at times through mechanical faults, dirty electric contacts, or leakage of current to earth.



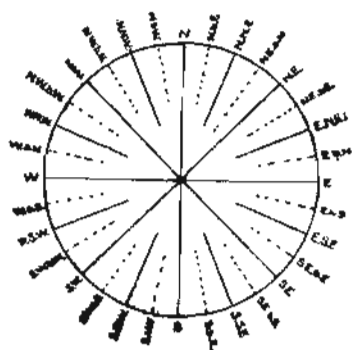
FOUR CARDINAL POINTS



FOUR HALF CARDINAL POINTS



8 INTERMEDIATE POINTS



16 BY POINTS

## KEEP WATCH

Adventures of four  
Australian Navy  
League Sea Cadets

(Continued from last issue.)

(By B.O.)



Signalling Squad Fairfax Flag.

"You go down lads and leave him to me."  
"I think he is done," said Mac with a tear in his eye.

The Yank came slowly down and said: "I guess he slipped some."

"To H— wi ye. I guess you'll slip when I come down, ye cur."

"Careful lads," yelled the mate. "Go slow; it's enough to scare any lad."

The boys were not worrying about themselves, but Vic, holding on to Vic, considering the best way to get him down, Mac felt a slight quiver in the young form.

"God save him," said Mac under his breath. A simple prayer, but the only one he knew—in the next breath, when he again felt Vic move—"and God save that Yank, too. He will remember this when we meet."

The mate got Vic to the lower top and sat by him chaffing his arms and legs and giving him a rough massage and was rewarded to hear Vic groan and open his eyes.

"I'm sorry, sir, but my feet seemed to go from under me."

"Yes, lad, they did. I saw it," said Mac. "I expected you to fall."

"I have never slipped before, sir."

"No lad, but ye will often slip when that d— Yank is near you and you must look out for trouble from him."

Vic, by this time, had regained his wind and with the help of the first mate, got down from aloft. All this time their ship was nearing the ship that was on fire and excitement was growing greater,

especially between the lads. Another hour and they should be alongside her.

When the Chief Mate got down on deck, he strode straight to the Yank, and spinning him round, looked square in the eyes. The Yank's face blanched.

The mate never said a word, but the Yank knew that he had been seen when he had whipped the feet from under Vic, whilst he had stood on the Royal yard directly after the sail had been bent to it. No word was spoken between the two. Yank knew the mate's motto "I never forget," would be kept to the letter and wondered what was in store for him.

It does not matter how bad a man is on a ship, he always has some followers, or pals, and Yank, because of his gas-bag powers, had practically all of them, with the exception of the Italian cook and the old hand who once said "Give the kids a chance"; so if it came an "all in" scrap, these lads were certainly in a tight corner. It came all right, as you will read later.

The ship was now well in sight of the burning vessel and all eyes were glued on her. A steel barque she proved to be and her sails were completely burned off her. What was left of her crew were out on the jibboom as that was the coolest place on the ship, and broken gear, ropes, yards, spare spars, which they had tried to throw overboard was trailing in the water, acting as a lee anchor and keeping her head to wind, so that gave the crew a chance, small indeed, or not being roasted to death. A terrible sight met their eyes when the Captain round our ship too and Mac prepared to get the Brig's mail boat, which she carried for trading purposes, over the side. "Call for volunteers," the first mate called out.

"Volunteers for the rescue party. Mann the whaler", as we shall call her, and before the order was fully given, the four cadets were hopping over the side into her. Up to now they had no chance of showing their ability in a boat, and the way Syd. hopped forward, Jim next, Dubbie, and the Vic perfectly balanced the crew. The skipper looked surprised and Mac noticed this also. It was nothing to the boys. That was the places they pulled in their own whaler at the Depot. Had they not won five trophies in a somewhat similar boat?

Mac jumped in and grabbed the tiller. Oars were out and laying there in the crutches, or rowlocks, as merchant seamen call them. Syd had the bowline ready to let go and Jim and Vic were fending her off with a boat hook. They made a fine picture. Each knew his job and did it as if born to it. "Ye gods," muttered the Skipper, "and those mongrels called them useless."

We speak of them as boys, but Vic weighed 11 stone, Dubbie 10 stone 12 lbs., Jim 10 stone 5 lbs. and Syd 10 stone, so these boys were not exactly weaklings and being hardened somewhat with the short time they had been at sea, not forgetting their physical jerks, which they still kept up, made them a force to be reckoned with in a rough and tumble.

"Stand by to let go forward." "All ready, Sir," came the reply.

"Sip," cried Mac, and as Sid let the bowline go, Jim fending her off, passing the boat hook to Syd, each sat on his thwart and the way of the ship gave her a lift ahead.

"Out oars. Give way lads together." Sid's oar was tossed in real naval fashion and dropped quickly in the crutch and each bent their back and gave one mighty stroke, and the boat literally was lifted out of the water.

Mac, standing up, was a little unprepared for this, and he sat down more suddenly than he intended to, although heavy swells, there was not much broken water and being accustomed to racing in that clam of boat, they made her spin. Each lad put his whole weight behind his oar and she simply flew over the water.

"Useless articles, are you? Me bonny lads. Useless articles, eh?"

Evidently Mac, like the skipper, must have heard Yank say they were useless articles. "There is not one of those coots on board could hold a candle to ye; well done lads!"

He did not urge them, because he knew, as a seaman, that every ounce of strength was being put into their work. Long and steady, that surf boat had never travelled so fast before.

"Swish" came the water off the oars. Each

oar went in as one. The boys were on their mettle and they knew it. The Captain, watching them, smiled. "Would that every living boy be made to have the same training that these boys have had. What a nation we would eventually be."

"All hands get the trading blankets up, rig hammocks and get gear ready for those people, ordered the Skipper, and away went the second mate to see those orders carried out. The whaler was steadily drawing toward the doomed vessel. Vic sang out to his mates two words: "50 yards." At the same time, Mac stood up at the words 50 yards. Each put a little more weight into their strokes and Mac sat down more suddenly than before.

"Ye devils," was all he said, and that 50 yards was pulled with their famous rally racing stroke. Each knew what to do at these rallies. Every fraction of an ounce must be given.

Mac did not know that this was one of the winning cards in a race. Fifty yards off a winning post their coxswain used to call "50 yards," and that was the signal to go all out and every bit of reserve strength was put into their strokes and it had won them many a well contested race.

She made to go alongside the burning vessel, when the heat from her sides made Mac sheer off, as she was practically red hot. The way on the boat carried her nearly under the jib. A cheer came from the crew when they saw help so near them, high above them, and the next moment—swish—went the dolphin striker in the water, to lift, a minute later, high above them again as the ship pitched and tossed in the swell. Here was a poser for Mac. How was he to get them in the boat. No one could get on board of her and she was red hot and there was not a line to be had.

"Excuse me, sir, how about telling them to jump into the water? We will keep as near as possible and we are all swimmers. They won't get drowned."

As it happened, she was a Russian vessel and understood very little English, but the captain did not advise jumping in the sea. At last one took a risk and jumped off somewhat near the boat and Vic hooked him with a boat hook and tumbled him into the boat. Two more, seeing the first one had got to the boat, came off and with a bit of a struggle they were got in. They now seemed to have no fear. Three persons, a young girl, and a woman about 33 were screaming hysterically. A man, who was evidently the Captain, tried to pacify them, but of no avail. Eventually there were three of them left, the two females and the Captain.

The wind was freshening and Mac was in a quandary. No thought of leaving them entered his head and each moment the wind and sea was getting up. It was too infernally hot to get on board.

Mac scratched his head and muttered under his breath.

"Swing her stern near the bows of her, Sir," said Vic, "I will get on."

Mac looked at him. He could not see how Vic could solve the problem when it had him thinking so hard. Mechanically, he manoeuvred the whaler so that her stern was as near the bows of the disabled ship as it was safe to be without getting her smashed by the pitching and tossing ship. Vic shipped his oar.

"What was the idea, son?" Vic stood up and poised himself on the gunwhale for an instant and dived through a broken mountain of water, coming out the other side near the dolphin striker. A couple of strokes and he was alongside of it. Up it lifted, 10 or 12 feet above the boy.

"Look out Vic," shouted Sid, as he expected to see the end of it go through the lad like a bayonet. Down she came, missing Vic by inches. As she rose again, Vic grasped it in both arms, clinging on for dear life. He was hoisted clear of the water and started to climb up it.

"Hold on," said Mac, as she came down again and Vic hit the water, hanging on to the dolphin striker like a leech. Swish—in the water and out of sight seven or eight feet under. Up she rose and Vic was still there, clinging for all he was worth. He gained a couple of feet, then down again, under the water. All Vic thought of was to hang on. Directly his head was clear of the water, up, up for his life. Another couple of feet gained. Those on the brig, having drifted a little nearer, could not see why the others would not jump off. The Captain told them what was happening, as he was valiently watching through his telescope. Each time Vic appeared there was a cheer, and the two females waved their hands in encouragement, shouting out in a language Vic could not understand. All they knew was this sailor man had come to save them. The Captain of the brig called out through the megaphone: "What's up, Mac? Hurry up please. Weather will be very bad shortly," and Mac, well knowing what was coming, waved his hand. Crash—the heavy sea hit the Dolphin and Vic was gone. No, he held by simply superhuman strength.

Mac was afraid to call to him to hang on, for fear he would draw Vic's attention and make him loosen his grip. He knew the battle Vic was having, and he was mentally praying that this boy would see it through. Again he dipped, again Vic reappeared. A minute and Vic had climber clear, pulling himself on the jibboom.

Vic laid down spent. Mac did not call for him to hurry. He knew it was physically impossible for Vic to move for a few moments. Left to himself he would soon overcome that awful feeling of their exhaustion. All eyes were on the lad and no one

spoke. Presently Vic moved and stretched himself on the jibboom, tried to raise one arm, then the other and let them drop to his side. The terrific exertion he had gone through had left him like a kitten. "Would you take those in the boat back to the ship, Mr. Mac, and come back for me. I can't move a limb yet, my muscles are all paralyzed," called out Vic.

"No laddie, I take you and the remainder. I'm no leaving you," said Mac.

"Hurry up, hurry up, please Mac," bellowed the Skipper. Mac waved his hand. "Ay, ay, Sir," he shouted back. He alone understood what a fearful struggle Vic had had again and again. The boy tried to move his arms and legs, but they would not respond. Mac's eyes started from his head. "Good God, Vic is fainting," and Vic's body gradually crumpled and sank sideways on the jibboom. How he balanced none could tell, but he lay there unconsciously awaying his young body, to counteract the movement of the ship, exhaustion had done its work. The dolphin striker was tarred, and with the continual dipping in the sea during her voyage, had made it as slippery as ice. The acum of the sea that you cannot see when dry, on becoming wet, makes anything it is on like tallow, or in this case, as a greasy pole. That is what Vic had climbed up and the terrific buffeting he had got from the sea had practically finished him. Owing to the heavy sea and the now loaded whaler, it required all the seamanship Mac knew to keep her right side up. Mac was torn between two fires. He could not go to Vic's assistance, nor let either of the lads go. All wanted to. As he could see there was not a decent sailor amongst those rescued and there was no one to trust the tiller to, and he would not leave Vic.

Sid leaned aft and whispered to Jim, who was in the—

"Gee," said Jim, who then leaned after and spoke to Dubbie.

"The cows," said Dubbie. Something serious was happening in the boat. It seemed those that were in the boat wanted to make for the ship. They were partly safe, and as long as they got on board the brig, they did not care about the others.

It appears Sid heard one swarthy, evil-looking fellow say to another, "There is only three boys and the big male. If they were knocked, we could take the boat ourselves to the brig and say the mate fell overboard, and to blame with the others."

Sid could not believe his ears. They were both foreigners, and it appears one could not understand the other's language, but both could speak a little broken English, and what little they knew, they were able to make each other understand. Evidently they were getting scared of the weather and thought that if the boat remained much longer, she would

capsize and they would be all lost. How could Dubbie let the mate know, without these scoundrels hearing or guessing what was being told.

"Go in and help that kid, ye swine," Mac kept shouting to the man on the jibboom, but he could not understand, or was too scared to move.

Mac was nearly distracted. "Vic, Vic," he kept on shouting. The brig kept on paying off and the Captain had to brace his yards up and sail round and come back to the same place, or nearly. So time after time, "Vic, ye swine, wake up, Vic my bonny boy, get up, get up. You useless article," called Mac, swearing at, and cajoling Vic in turn, to bring him out of his fainting stupor.

"Won't he ever wake," said Mac. "Say something, ye loon," but Vic still, swaying, was dead to the world.

The foreigners in the boat had by now got the tip about rushing the boat, and they said they could dump the lot over when the brig went off again, and as she was a small ship, they might be able, if once on board, make the skipper do what they wanted and leave the others to their fate. Sid told Jim the news and what he had heard, but how could Dubbie let the mate know, was a poser for these kids.

Suddenly Jim remembered that at school his other mates and he used to talk back along, his dad had taught him, which he had had learnt as a boy at school. Dad had said every lad in England, Ireland and Scotland could talk it, as it had become a rage for a time. Did Mac know it, as he seemed to be about dad's age. Jim knew the foreigners would be unable to understand it, but the Chief Mate might. Mac was still cursing and calling Vic, but no matter what he shouted, Vic was well and truly out.

Here was a predicament indeed for the boys to be in. Vic was lying senseless on the boom and they were waiting for him to fall off. Each was waiting to dive in for him should he drop. Those two ladies and the man were still to be saved. The sea and wind was playing havoc with the fears of the foreigners and trouble was brewing amongst them. Jim decided it was the back slang or nothing.

Sid undid his fender from the side of the boat and nudged Jim to do likewise. Dubbie, watching, grasped the hint and each boy got ready for the fray, which was likely to come. The fenders were canvas bags full of sand and about 14" long and 2" in diameter, with a lanyard, a formidable weapon in the hand of a strong and determined person.

The Mate noticed them messing about the fenders and undoing the lanyards.

"What the devil are you playing with those fenders for? Pay attention to me. Watch me all the time if you want to get out of this."

The foreigners seemed to tumble to what the boys were doing, and wondered if the boys had heard about their plot.

Sid said, "It's all right sir, but if these Lanyards are tied, we might, if the boat capsizes, entangle our legs."

"To — with your legs," said the mate. "When is Vic going to come round, Vic, ye swine, wake!" in the next breath, "Vic my bonny, bonny boy, get up. It's the Mate that wants you. Oh! God," and Mac sat down and wiped his hands across his face. He would never admit he shed a tear, but it was very like it.

Jim looked Mac straight in the face and said: "Ouya alkitt achba angia isterna acma?"

For a second Mac was a boy at school again and in a flash he answered: "Aga esya ouble tra irsa esetha oicinetisa oingga ota ockna ouya ona etha hhead anda aketa etha oniba."

Mac was not surprised and now understood why the boys had loosened their fenders and had them ready at hand.

In back slang he told Jim that he would say something and make the foreigners look forward, and when they did, each boy was to clout a man apiece and skin him.

"Hit him as hard as you like, but make a cert of it, or it is the finish."

Jim put Sid and Dubbie wise what to do, and the boys were prepared. Frantically Mac jumped up, and pointing in the direction of the bows of the boat yelled, "God look what's coming down on us." Although the foreigners could not understand English, the way Mac yelled and pointed made each one turn to look forward to see what the new danger was.

"Hit!" yelled Mac, and the boys did. Three sank to the bottom of the boat with a groan and laid still. Whack—and Dubbie and Sid accounted for two more. That was enough. The others were cornered. A small heaving line was in the boat's bang and Mac pulled it out.

(To be continued.)

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For the BOY, AUSTRALIA and the EMPIRE

### Quarterly Notes and News

#### COMMANDANT JOURNAL REPORT

(Commandant S. Cooper, S.S.I.)

The League generally, is again on the up grade. There is now 16 Companies and am expecting to open Companies at Seven Hills and at Lismore. Any member of the League having friends or relations in country districts who may be interested in the League and have water, such as a river or lake near by and would care to start a company, ask them to get in touch with me as soon as possible.

In England there were more men joined the Navy from inland districts than on the waterfronts. The same thing could apply here. There are many, I feel certain, would like to start, but they don't know how to go about it. Should this strike their eye, write in to head office Pitt Street, City, and all information will be forwarded return post, and, if possible, an officer sent along to assist during weekends, till they get properly started.

Congratulations to Birchgrove and Woolwich on their wins during the last quarter. Congratulations on the splendid showing on the occasion of Executive Inspection and Fairfax Competitors for the Miss Charles Fairfax Flag. The whole League feels honored in having that lady inspect the Companies on that day and finally presenting her flag to the winning Company, Birchgrove. We were

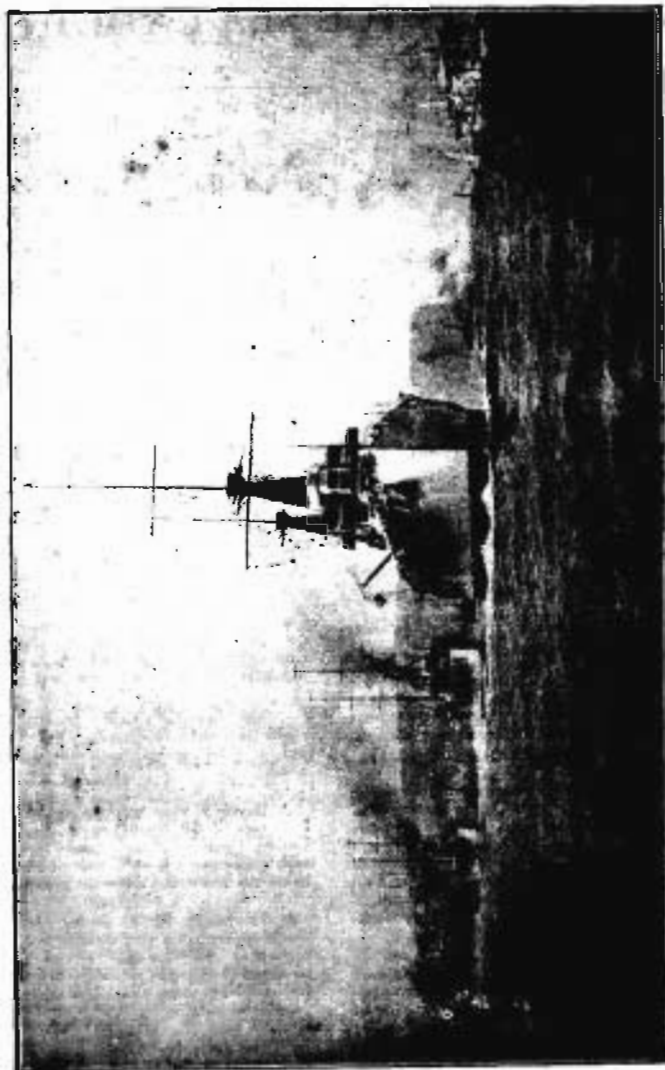
very pleased to see the way our Executive members came along and feel confident in saying that our numbers will be greatly increased next year.

Mr. Forsythe's arrangements were all that could be desired. Each officer knew what to do and did it. The general impression was remarkably good.

It was a very gracious act of T. W. Hixson, hon. sec. of the Navy League, to present the two Cadets, Camal of Mosman and Darcy of Woolwich, with a guinea each on behalf of Mr. Cochrane, for being the smartest Cadets on parade that day.

The judges, Mr. H. Butler, Mr. McGovern and Mr. Hopper, had a very difficult task and we greatly appreciate the very fine service these gentlemen rendered the League, in conducting the examinations for us. Many, many thanks, gentlemen all, for your wonderful help.

The executive meetings are still going strong and Judge Backhouse never fails, although fairly well attended, we would like all our executive members to come along if possible.



SILENT SENTINELS OF SEVEN SEAS

April 11.

**Cooper Corso Cup**—1st Race for Cadets to 18 years of age (course, half mile). Result: Woolwich Gig 1st; Birchgrove Gig 2nd; Drummoyne Cutter 3.

**Cooper Corso Cup**—2nd Race for Cadets to 21 years of age. Result: Birchgrove Cutter 1st; Woolwich Gig 2nd; Drummoyne Gig 3rd. Both races very close finishes.

May 23.

**The Oswald McMaster's Cup** (pulled at Drummoyne: Birchgrove Cutter 1st; Woolwich Cutter 2nd; Drummoyne Cutter 3rd.

#### J. B. Sharpe Cup Levies

J. B. Sharpe Esq., of Balmain, a Vice-president of Birchgrove Company, has donated four Cups to be pulled for by N.L.S. Cadets. The first was pulled at Leichhardt on June 13th, result being: Birchgrove Cutter 1st; Woolwich Gig 2nd; Drummoyne Gig 3rd. A magnificent race.

Mr. Sharpe has been connected with pulling races and aquatic sports for many years, and this type of sport has no finer supporter than this gentleman. The person who does not know J.B., is certainly not interested in water pastimes. Many thanks Mr. Sharpe, for the splendid donations, and may you be long spared to witness the young virile lads of the Navy League straining every effort to be the proud possessor of one of your Cups.

#### BIRCHGROVE NOTES

Lt. Commander D. A. Waterfield in charge; 1st Lt. A. Lamperd; Lt. H. Kendal; Jun. Officer N. Lamperd; Boat Officer E. Evans.

Many thanks to all those who sent along their congratulations when we won the Cooper Cup, McMaster Cup and Fairfax Flag, during the last three months. Training, training, training. We sometimes grumble when we have to turn out to train, but it brings results if kept at.

The turn-outs generally, during the past three months have been well attended, and, somehow, it seems to me that every Saturday there is something on just when we think a Saturday off is in the offing. A note from headquarters arrives: "Please attend so and so, 1.45 p.m., 2 p.m., move often at 2.15." "Be on the course at 3.30" and so we put off again to some other date, what we intended to do on that very rare Saturday off.

Newcastle Company must be complimented on the very creditable showing in the Fairfax Flag Competition, and we were pleased indeed to have

them stay at our depot for the week-end, only too pleased to see them, or anyone who likes to come along and spend a week-end with us.

Congratulations to Woolwich in again winning the Junior Cooper Cup.

Captain Aiah, of the *Louis Therault*, very kindly came to our assistance on the occasion of the McMaster Cup Race. Our launch had broken down and he very kindly hopped into the breach by towing us up to the Drummoyne Depot. Thanks very much, Captain, we appreciate your help greatly.

Our dances have been a great success and the support of our Woolwich cronies has been simply great. They never fail us. Recently we had a function, and representatives of five Companies being there. Certainly a great night. The football season has also been keeping us busy, and will now be established in the League.

What about a cricket tourney for the coming summer? I dare to say, if Mr. Cooper was approached or was suggested to him, he would arrange it. He seems to be able to arrange or devise ways and means to get us anything we want, especially in the way of sports. Mr. Forsythe must be congratulated on the efficient way he handled the Inspection at the Fairfax Competition.

Certainly glad to see Miss Charles Fairfax out on that day. It was simply a great day for all hands. Of course, we're glad we won, who wouldn't be, anyhow?

The annual meeting was held at the Depot on April 31. Mr. Silk in the chair, and the meeting consisted of 40 members, including J. B. Sharpe and Alderman Robinson, the same faces in the same places for the past five years. The same officers re-elected, and the Birchgrove machine still runs as smooth as ever. Mr. Cooper is living in great hopes of getting a trophy or shield for the football Competition and all at Birchgrove are putting great faith in Our Boys pulling it off. (Bar protests).

Our Vice-president, J. B. Sharpe, has promised the League four Cups to be pulled for. All comers' races in the following order. Leichhardt Regatta, Drummoyne, Balmain, Haberfield. Some of these will be pulled for and won before these notes go in the press. We are likely to get other trophies from other League supporters, which will keep the League interested all the year round.

In conclusion of my reports, I must especially thank Mr. Lamperd, Mr. Harvey and Mr. Evans. (the Boat Officer), for their splendid work at the Depot. These officers are on the unemployed list, and should any of our readers know of a likely job for these gentlemen, please let me know.

With best wishes from all at Birchgrove. (Keep Watch).



## MOSMAN BAY COMPANY

The Company is still going along steady. We are losing a great number of Cadets this year, age of 18 years, but we are pleased to say new recruits are taking their places. We have had a few disappointments in not being able to take part in some of the boat races, as our Cutter has been out of commission, but now that is over, thanks to members of our committee for their good work and support. We hope not to miss Races and Picnics in future.

On 21st March we took part in Manly Ambulance Carnival procession in company with Manly, Balgowlah, Cook's River, Birchgrove, Mr. C. Walsham (hon. sec. Manly and District United Friendly Societies Assn., addressed Officers and Cadets, thanking them for their good work.

On 21st April we took part in the Manly Ambulance Carnival procession in company with Manly, Balgowlah, Cook's River, Birchgrove, Mr. C. Walsham (hon. sec. Manly and District United Friendly Societies Assn., addressed Officers and Cadets, thanking them for their good work.

Last February we inspected the submarines "Oxley" and "Otway" at Garden Island, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. No doubt it will be some time before we get an opportunity to see submarines again, so we would like to thank Lt. Fowler, H.M.A.S. "Oxley" for his kindness. April 25th, Anzac Day, in Company with Vauchuse, Eastern Suburbs and Mosman Municipal Band. We escorted the Junior Red Cross from Queen's Square to Government House, where the Governor took the Salute. Anzac Sunday we attended Church Parade Service at Saint Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay. May 30th.—We heartily congratulate Birchgrove Company on their success in taking the Flag from us. We hope to do the same next year.

Thanks to Mr. Forsythe, Assistant Commandant, for passing the State Theatre, June 5th, was ended for all.

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## MELBOURNE



Miss Charles Fairfax, handing the Flag to the victors,  
Birchgrove Company.

We participated in the Jutland Day Church parade, when the men of the Fleet and the Naval Men's Associates placed a wreath on the Cenotaph and marched to the Cathedral to the Commemoration Service and after the service we marched to Mar o' War Steps and dismissed for dinner. At 2 p.m. we embarked on Drummoyle Company's cutter and visited H.M.A.S. Canberra. Thanks to Mr. L. E. Forsythe for the trip in the boat and we had an enjoyable afternoon, all Companies concerned.

### LEICHHARDT COMPANY

(Contributed by M. F. Litto)

Leichhardt report that the Company has had a very busy quarter in renovating their boats and depot, and the progress of our Company is getting back to their old strength in getting their old boys in training again; also a number of new recruits.

I would like to mention in our Journal that we have connected to our Company one of New South Wales' most popular boy reporters, namely, Mr. J. B. Sharpe, of Darling Street, Balmain. I state that I am a native of Balmain and do not know of any younger set that is without J. B. Sharp on their Roll.

Speaking of boat racing, I am sorry to say that our gig is worrying our supporters very much and its not the want of looking after. If any kind person would like to donate a gig to our Company. We have always lined up for our race in the past.

Our Company wishes to congratulate Birchgrove cutter crew in winning the McCarter Cup for Cutters, also the runners-up, for their attempt. Unfortunately we are installing a powerful engine in our cutter, otherwise we would have been on the line, as the showing the Leichhardt Company put up last year was highly commented on.

On June the 8th, Leichhardt and other Companies held a Parade and Sports on the Double Bay Oval in aid of the Royal Hospital for Mothers.

## NAVIGATION OFFICER

The Navy League is indeed fortunate in having the services of Mr. D. Herbert, who, having joined the Navy League, has voluntarily given his services as Navigation Officer, and is giving instruction free to any Cadet or Officer who would care to attend the classes, which are held each Thursday night at Royal Naval House. Many thanks are due to this gentleman. These classes are well attended and everyone is keen and always looking forward to their next lecture night.

## DRUMMOYNE NOTES

(Contributed by Mr. Joel)

The last three months have been crammed full of important events for the personnel of the "Sydney" Training Depot, foremost of which has been the visit of inspection to the Depot by Vice-Admiral Munro Kerr, C.B., C.B.E., and Captain Benson. This visit by the first and second member of the Naval Board, marked the second time an Admiral has entered our portals, and from correspondence received they were very impressed with all they saw, especially the interest shown by the cadets in their various duties.

We participated in the Fairfax Banner, and Jubilee Day commemoration and in the afternoon following the Church Service, a party of cadets adjourned to H.M.A.S. Canberra, where a pleasant and instructive afternoon was spent.

All hands are kept exceedingly busy preparing our craft for the vigours of winter. Parties of cadets with P.O.s and Officers, resided at the Depot over the week end. Leading the life of rating aboard ship, this gives them a great insight into the actual life of the "Service", makes them enthusiastic and extraordinarily keen.

We were all very pleased to hear of the "Special Service Decoration" bestowed upon our popular Assistant Commandant, Mr. Forsyth, and on behalf of his own Officers and Company, I would like to proffer our congratulations.

The last month saw the departure of our popular patron, Rear Admiral E. R. G. Evans, C.B., D.S.O., who, in a farewell letter to the Depot, in which he enclosed a beautiful autographed cabinet photograph of himself in full dress uniform, said that the Navy League in New South Wales, as he had seen it, was something he would never forget, and concluded by extending to all companies his very best wishes.

The Wednesday night parades are well attended and each parade brings along a batch of new recruits.

## MANLY COMPANY

(Contributed by Eric A. Solomon, R.O.C.)

Manly is still advancing and expects to hold a big function in the form of a dance and gala night on the Manly Amusement Pier on Saturday, August 8th. This will be the first serious effort to raise finance for the past year. The Committee of Officers wisely suspended all social functions, as there are so many calls on the public for cases of distress. However, we hope this will be given the support of all who are interested.

We congratulate the successful Companies who have been able to carry off the events in the past three months. I intend to train Manly Petty Officers on Clements Tonic for that nervous feeling before the next Fairfax Flag Competition.

We congratulate the Assistant Commandant, L. E. Forsyth, on gaining his S.S.D. The time and money this officer has devoted to the Navy League is remarkable.

The Commandant, S. Cooper, S.S.D., is to be congratulated on the capable manner he is dealing with the difficult position he holds. Life is one continual rush with this officer, who leave work to begin work at the Navy League Office.

## COOK'S RIVER COMPANY

My Company does not seem to race ahead very much. We just keep up the old Dockyard stroke, marking time.

The trip to Newcastle was very exciting to some of the boys. They all came back delighted with the trip and looked forward to some future date to have another such camp.

The march we had at Paddington in aid of Central Ambulance Station was enjoyed by us, and as it was coupled with a marching competition, made it more so. We congratulate the Woolwich Company in winning the competition.

The Miss Charles Fairfax Competition and the Inspection of the Navy League by the Executive Committee of the Navy League, I'm pleased to say was a great success.

We congratulate Birchgrove Company on winning the Miss Charles Fairfax Competition, 1931. It is pleasing to the Officers to know that the boys under them do try to show what they have been instructed in. We are pleased to have fourth place.

## WOOLWICH NOTES

(Contributed by C. Tottman, C.C.)

We are still going ahead and adding to our number.

We would like to congratulate Birchgrove on their three successive wins: The Cooper Corso Cup at Manly, the McMaster Cup at Drummoyne, The Miss Charles Fairfax Flag at Inner Domain. Also we have been to several dances at Birchgrove Depot and always had a wonderful time.

We were pleased to see Newcastle down for the Fairfax Flag and hope to see more of them in the near future. They worked hard in the competition for the Flag, and did well. We wish them every success next year. We would also like to thank Mr. Forsyth, who made it possible for some of the cadets and officers to see the screening of the Australian-British picture "Wind Jammer." The boys said it was O.K., so again we wish to thank you.

We are thankful to Rushcutters' Bay for loan of a cutter, which enabled us to compete in the McMaster Cup race. Our boys were second and hope to do better next year.

Also we wish to thank Mr. John Hay for his assistance in towing us to the race and Mr. Stan Edwards, for his services in towing the cutter back to Rushcutters' Bay.

Our boys are still looking forward to the football matches. Although we have been beaten up to date, we hope to have a victory soon.

We wish to thank Mr. Cochrane for the gramophone, for which we are very grateful.

## BALGOWLAH

(Contributed by W. Waterer, O.C.)

This Company is still making steady progress. Our Officers now consist of—W. Waterer, O.C.; K. Doodson, Chief Officer; V. Dunn, Second Officer; G. Smith, Third Officer; and R. Stanton, Bandmaster.

We held a parade on Anzac Day at the Manly Monument, on which we placed two wreaths, the shape of anchors, to commemorate our Glorious dead.

The race for the Corso Cooper Cup (gig race) was held in our own water on 11th April last. It was certainly a great success, all Companies being present. But it was easily seen the best trained crew won. Good luck, Woolwich. The senior race, raced for the same day, was won by Birchgrove. This, too, was a great race to the onlookers. To make everything up to standard, the weather was made to order.

Many thanks are due to Mr. W. Cooper, for his presentation of these two beautiful Cups. We would also like to extend to Mr. B. Ford, secretary of the Manly Sailing Club, our thanks, for his sincere help in the organising of both races.

Our band is still making rapid progress under our new Bandmaster, Mr. R. Stanton, and our Deputy, D. Grosvenor. The band plays every Fri-

day night at Balgowlah from 7.30 to 8.0. When they have finished, the players are then admitted free of charge into the Balgowlah Picture Theatre. Many thanks are due to the proprietors, both from cadets and officers, for their kindness. How many Companies have sports like this in their districts? Taking into consideration the times as well.

Mr. Shannon has been very kind in fitting out his huge garage with electric light, and seats for the benefit of our band boys. Another good sport.

Commandant Mr. Cooper and Assistant Commandant Mr. Forsyth, deserve great praise in the splendid organisation at the Miss Charles Fairfax Flag Competition. Our Company and committee were very pleased to see the Executive Committee in attendance.

Last Saturday we held our dance, to bring forward the winner of our Queen competition. The laurels go to Miss Stewart, getting 1000 votes. She was presented with prizes by Mr. E. A. Solomon, on behalf of Balgowlah Company. The runners-up were: Miss M. Hendy and Miss Smith.

Congratulations, Birchgrove, upon winning the Fairfax Flag.

## NORTH SYDNEY COMPANY

Officer in Charge, B. J. Collins; Chief Officer, R. J. Ebbitt; First Officer, T. Bundon

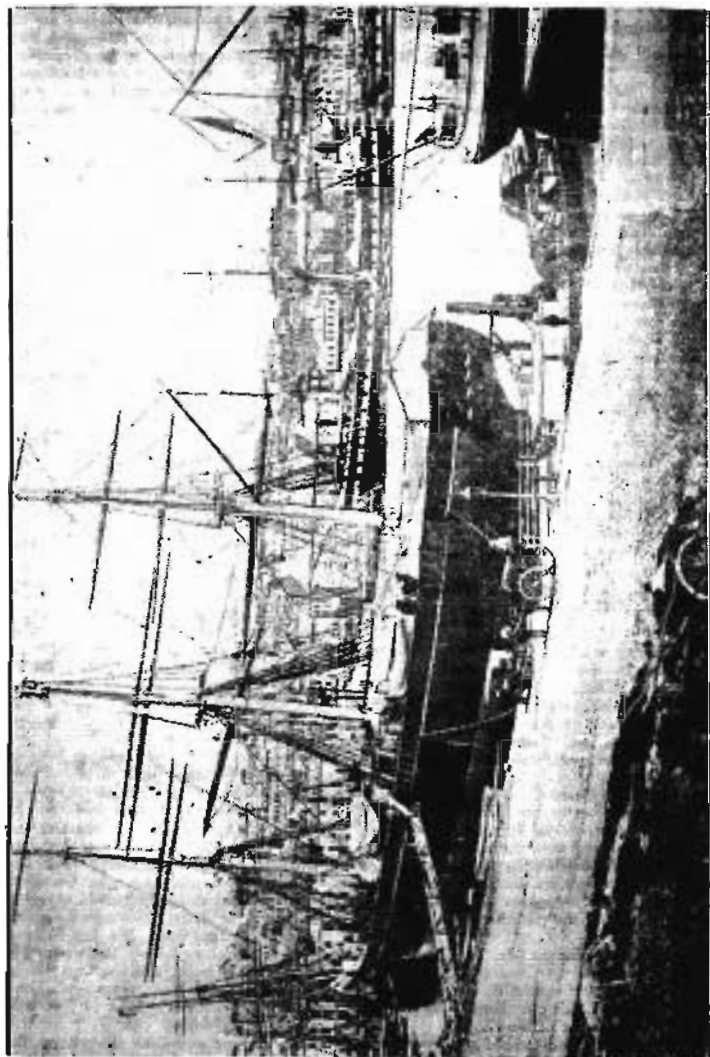
Congratulations to the winners of the Fairfax Flag. We regret that, owing mainly to the difficulty in getting uniforms, the North Sydney Company did not compete.

The success of the Company depends largely on whether the North Sydney Council decides to continue the present arrangement of our having the Depot rent free.

Recruits are still coming in, and we take this opportunity of thanking the Moseman Daily Ltd., Chas. Blanks Ltd. and the Orpheum Pictures Ltd., for their help in advertising for recruits, etc.

The Commandant, Mr. S. Cooper, and Mr. Lee Wilson, paid a visit to the Depot one night during last month and found twenty-five Cadets on parade. The Commandant, in his address to the company, spoke of the time, a few years ago, when the North Sydney Company was the most feared at boat racing, and had the premier crew for nearly three years. The presence of Mr. Lee Wilson also brought back happy memories of the time when North Sydney and Richmond Companies were keen rivals at cricket, football and boxing. There are still many of the Petty Officers and Cadets of that time in various companies. Mr. Lee Wilson promised to give a medal and have the winning Cadet's name engraved, as before, on the Cup which he presented to the Company three years ago. The previous winners were: 1928-29, P.O. D. McArthur; 1929-30, Cadet E. McMullen.

Our gig is on the slip-way at the R.S.Y.S. to be overhauled and painted in readiness for the forthcoming boat races.



West Circular Quay, 1871.

## THE EASTERN SUBURBS TRAINING DEPOT.

The Cadets of the above, with their O.C., desire to offer their congratulations to the winners of Cup at the Central and Paddington District Ambulance Competitions in Paddington, to celebrate the opening of the new Ambulance Station.

We also tend our congratulations to the winners of the Cutter Race, held on the River on 23rd of May last. We would have liked to have been present, but we were otherwise engaged in the Inter-Company Football Competition versus Cook's River in which we were fortunate enough to win; and we are in hopes that we may still continue to have good fortune on our side in the forthcoming matches.

On Anzac Day we had the pleasure in parading with Mosman and Vaucluse Companies at Government House.

We wish to add further congratulations to Birchgrove on winning the Miss Charles Fairfax Flag Competition. It being our first occasion to compete, we are satisfied to have gained the 5th place and trust by intensive training next time to hold this coveted flag within our grasp and to maintain our grip.

On Jutland Day we celebrated the event by attending with other companies and men of His Majesty's Ships a special Naval Service at St. Andrew's Cathedral. The conduct and muster of the Navy League Cadets being very favorably commented upon by the Church Officials. We spent the afternoon visiting (with Cook's River and Drumoyne Companies) H.M.A.S. Canberra, and here we wish to place on record our hearty appreciation to Assistant Commandant Forsythe and those associated with him, in transporting the Cadets of our Company in their motor Cutter to the ship.

"The Eastern Suburbs Advocate" Newspaper, circulating in Woollahra, Bondi, Waverley, Randwick and Coogee, now publishes in their news columns the activities of Cadets, and it is hoped thereby to make known to the general public, the Sea Cadets of the Navy League.

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(Girls' Gaiety Club Contribution)

### WAFFLES

Ingredients:—1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 egg, pinch salt.

Method:—Sift dry ingredients, beat eggs well, and mix with milk and melted butter. Then add gradually to dry mixture. Cook on well-grassed waffle irons. Serve with honey or maple syrup.

### DATE AND NUT LOAF

Ingredients:—1  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. stoned dates,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of walnuts (chopped), 1 tablespoon treacle, mixed with 1 cup milk.

Method:—Mix in order given; allow to rise; bake in moderate oven for 40 minutes.

### COFFEE SPONGE

Ingredients:—1 packet pure fruit jelly (Mum's for preference), boiling water, 2 tablespoons good coffee essence.

Method:—Pour boiling water on to jelly crystals, sufficient to make one pint, add coffee essence when cold, but not yet set; beat to a stiff froth, turn into a mould. When set turn out and serve with whipped cream or custard.

### REAL PUFF PASTRY

(This recipe won First Prize at the R.A.S. Sydney)  
By one of our Committee

Ingredients:— $\frac{1}{2}$  margarine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  plain flour, juice of 1 lemon, water (cold), 1 egg.

Method:—Beat egg well in a cup, add juice of lemon, then fill cup with cold water.

Have flour in readiness in mixing bowl, pour in ingredients in cup, mix to a stiff dough. Roll out to a three-corner star shape, place margarine in centre, double the three points over the margarine, roll out. Repeat this for three times, each time folding the corners into the centre. When done three times, fold, and is ready for use.

In the process of rolling, always be particular to roll away from you. This is the secret. Cut into shapes and cook in a very hot oven.



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5 O'Connell Street, Sydney

## NAUTICAL NONSENSE

A sailor on night leave, was going on board at 11 p.m. He had to either walk about four miles around the road, or jump a fence and cross through a cemetery. By doing so, he shortened the journey about a mile and a half. Needless to say, those in the know, always jumped the fence. This chap, who was three sheets in the wind (half full), jumped the fence and was making his way through the cemetery, steering a very erratic course, fell over numerous tombstones, and at last landed into an open grave prepared for a funeral on the morrow. Disgusted at the knocking about he had got from the tombstones, which he blamed for being in the way, and the "goal" he considered, who had not planted them straight; he decided to sleep in the grave. It was mid-winter and snow was falling, but he was sheltered from the wind. He soon fell asleep and forgot all his troubles. At daybreak, about 7 a.m., he woke, and hearing the church bells ringing near by, stood up. Everything was quiet as death. Looking round, awed by the stillness and forgetting he had fallen in the night before, said to himself, "Gee whiz, Judgment Day, and I'm the first one up."

In Salonica, some years ago, the watch was ashore on Thursday afternoon leave. Horse riding was the order of the day and a neddly could be hired at 2/- for the afternoon. Having had a few drinks, two Jack tars got on one horse, and one was looking forward, the other aft, and neither of them being horsemen, one can imagine the difficulty they were having, especially as the horse was a little frisky. After a while, they managed to get him bows on, in the direction they wanted to go. Everything went well until they got to a corner. The horse here took charge and bolted. All of a sudden it ran into a gentleman and two ladies who were quietly walking down the street. The gentleman turned out to be one of the Lieutenants belonging to their ship. "Smith," the officer roared out, losing his temper, "why the ——— don't you look where you are going?"

"Nothing to do with me, Sir," answered the sailor in front. "The bloke aft is in charge of the steering gear."

Officer: "Now Tom, can you tell me what it is we get from whales?"

Cadet: "Whale bone, sir."

Officer: "Good. Now perhaps you can tell me what comes from seals?"

Cadet (brightly): "Why yes, sir. Sealing wax."

Self-opinionated Cadet (to Officer): "Is old Noah's Ark full?"

Officer: "All but the donkey—jump in."

## THE AUTOMATIC LIGHTHOUSE

(Contributed by R. McDougal, Vaucluse Company)

The lighthouse keeper is a romantic figure, and one that has figured in many a good yarn, but it looks as if modern science will find a substitute for him.

An entirely mechanical lighthouse, where no keeper is required, has been invented and several are installed round the English coast, the first at Burnham on the sea.

Each lighthouse will be fitted with two very powerful electric lamps so connected that, should one fail, the second will at once come into action. In the event of complete failure of the electric light, an acetylene lamp is lit automatically to maintain the light until the electric gear is repaired.

This system has not yet been placed in any of the light ships, but if it be, it will release men from one of the most monotonous jobs ever known.

## GIANT PROPELLOR

The Mauretania is one the fastest ships in existence, and in need of a new propeller, and one in course of construction. This propeller, when complete, will weigh 18 tons and will be made of special hard metal, called turbinon bronze, which is remarkably hard wearing.

Although its weight is 18 tons, and its diameter over 16 feet, this giant propeller is so perfectly balanced that a touch of the finger is sufficient to turn it round. It is not very generally known what costly things propellers are, but it will give you some idea when you know what this one is to cost, about £3,000.

New Cadet: "Look, they have dropped their anchor."

Mate: "Serve them right. Its been hanging over the side all day."

## NEW RECRUITS

ALL RECRUITS on joining

up the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, N.S.W., should get in touch with the Honorary Equipment Officer, Mr. L. E. Forsythe, at 516 Kent Street, City, Phone MA 1411.

Cadets can be fitted out from 15/- to 21/-, according to the uniforms available from time to time, from the Navy Department.

By enquiring from the above address you may save the cost of you kit up.

## ADMIRAL'S RETORT

## A Comparison

Replying to an utterance by the Minister for Education to the effect that "teachers were better than admirals," Rear-Admiral Evans, in a speech at Trinity College — remarked: "I think, if a review of our lives were made by a competent authority, the example of an admiral's life would show up better than that of a teacher."

"I think deeds are better than words," he said. "Our discipline in the Navy is a wonderful thing, born of self-help and mutual support. There is no reason why this discipline of the sea should not extend to the cities, for it is a fine thing, and has been built up by thousands of men over several thousands of years."

"My ideal humans," he declared, "are great men who are human—men like the late Earl Haig and Sir John Monash, who remained unspoiled and cheerfully devoted their lives to helping their fellow-men."

Sir Mungo MacCallum said that, to all appearances, the coming generation would not have an easy time. Never before had it been so important that we should have efficiency and trained intelligence.

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE.  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.  
QUESTION FOR THIS DAY.  
NOTICE PAPER NO. 127.

## Question —

Mr. Marks: To ask the Minister for Defence—What were the conditions, if any, financial or otherwise, arranged with the British Government for the taking over by the two Australian submarines Otway and Ozley, and is such transfer permanent or temporary.

## Answer —

These two submarines form part of the Empire quota under the London Naval Treaty, and it is important that they should be maintained in the highest state of efficiency. The Naval Board reported that this was very difficult in Australia where they were a small specialized unit. The British Government was consulted and agreed to take over the submarines as a free gift and maintain them at their expense. The transfer is permanent.

Close up.—Think of all the money you save on the things you can't afford to buy.

## EDITOR'S NOTES

The Honorary Editor regrets that the Journal can not be enlarged on, as many have requested; but when finance will permit, this may be possible.

I trust that all Navy League members will support our Advertisers, and they will make every endeavour to obtain more advertisements.

The Editor desires to thank the following for the publications received.

"The Navy," Navy League Journal, England.  
"The Sailor," Navy League Journal, Canada.  
"The Auckland," Navy League Journal, New Zealand.  
and Nagg, Carlo De Rysky, Italy.

The two Cadet compositions published, will be judged for the essay competition, and those Cadets notified in due course by letter.

Many entries were too late for publication.

## Cadets Essay Competition

P.O. Cadet DOUGLAS A. WATERFIELD, Birchgrove Company. 14 years of age.

## THE COCHRANE SHIELD

## Cadet Jones' First Boat Race

After training for weeks for one of the most coveted trophies of the Navy League, "The Cochrane Shield," the day eventually arrives. The competing boats take up their appointed stations on the Lane Cove River course.

The coxswain's eyes are focussed on the starter's boat. The flag drops at last and the whole pent-up life and energy which has been held in leash, as it were, for the last six minutes, is let loose and breaks away with a bound and a dash, which he, who has felt it, will remember all his life, but the likes of which will he ever feel again.

The Coxswain gives the word and the oars flash into the water. The spray flies from them.

For the first ten strokes Billy is in too great fear of making a mistake to feel or hear or see. His whole soul is glued to the back of the boat before him. His one thought is to keep time and get his strength into the stroke, and as the crew settle down into the well-known long sweep, what he may call "consciousness" returns, and while every muscle in his body was straining and his chest heaved, and his heart leapt, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life.

His mother and sister on board the athletic steamer following the race, are gazing him on to victory. How much further? It seems an eternity. At last the Coxswain gives the order for the final rally. . . And fall is over.

Cheers are given for the conqueror and conqueror. The judge's decision is final. (No protest.) Great! His boat had won.

## Cadet Essay Competition

Cadet THOMAS McMAHON, 201 Rowntree St.,  
Belmain, Birchgrove Company. 14 years of age.

## A CLOSE SHAVE

Jack Hardy was walking home from the Depot after drill, thinking hard for a way in which to serve his country. It was during the Great War, at a time when patriotism is aroused in every heart. But Jack was only fifteen. "You are too young" the Naval Department told him. His thoughts were wandering off like this when suddenly a small boy darted out of a shop and across to his father. When half-way, a big lorry turned the corner towards him. The child stood petrified with fear, while the lorry driver tried to pull up, but of no avail. Someone screamed. Then out of the crowd dashed a boy in Navy League uniform. He was across in a leap, grasped the boy and across the other side.

The boy's father came across, pale-faced, and almost speechless. "Come with me, lad." When they reached the boy's house, the father had control of himself once more. "Listen," he said, "if there is anything I can do for you, speak up."

Jack blushed and felt uncomfortable. "Oh it was nothing, sir." "Have you any parents?" the man asked. "No," replied Jack. "I live with my Aunt." "Well, my son and his mother are going to America, and if you wish you can go as travelling companion to Ray."

"I'd love to, sir," said Jack; so all arrangements were made to leave the following week. It was a long week for Jack, but at last Wednesday came. A taxi took them to the dock, and after passing certain officials they got on board the liner S.S. Britannia. Then, with a hoot of horns, the throwing of streamers, they went off.

The first two days were spent in exploring the ship, which they found armed. On the third day smoke was seen on the horizon and gradually took the shape of a liner. At first the passengers were overjoyed, this being the first they had seen since they had left. Then panic! She was flying the German colours.

"All passengers below," bawled the Captain "Gun crews to their stations."

Excitement reigned everywhere. This was a fight to a finish.

The German, S.S. Wolfe was about two thousand yards off, when the Britannia opened fire with her 4.7 gun; the shot went over the bows of the enemy and splashed about fifty yards off then there was a flash of red from the enemy's bow guns and a shell screamed over the bridge. The next one was more accurate, exploding in the forward winch, killing one and injuring three.

Then the Britannia set to work with her quick-firers. The Wolfe's bridge caught fire and a gaping

hole appeared in her side. During all this, Jack was itching for activity, so he walked amidships where the magazines were situated, when he saw a strange man creeping, all unconscious that he was being watched by Jack.

The stranger was carrying a black box with a dial on its side like a clock. In a flash Jack recognized it as a time-bomb. The man meant to blow up the ship. "But not if I can help it," muttered Jack.

He crept along at the man's back. Then, when about two yards off him, he sprang. The man, taken by surprise, dropped the bomb, and emitted a stream of oaths in German, when a well-timed blow to the mouth cut them off.

Then started a struggle for life. Jack had been the middle-weight champion in the League, but this man was more than a match for him. He aimed a blow to Jack's head, but he ducked and his first only grazed him. He heard the man grunt as he hit him in the bread-basket. Then his opponent leaped, caught Jack by the waist and pinioned his arms to his sides, and proceeded to give Jack the bear's hug. Jack kicked and struggled to no avail. Suddenly there was a crash. Jack found himself flying through space, to land with a sickening thud on the deck. When he got his breath back again he looked round for his opponent, to see him rising groggily from the deck. When he got his breath back again, Jack saw his chance. Taking a rush he hit him fair on the point. The man dropped and took the count.

Jack ran up on deck just in time to hear the men cheering. Looking over the water at the Wolfe, he saw her taking her last dive, with a huge hole in her water-line. Also speeding towards them was a British destroyer, attracted by the sound of firing.

Then he just ran up to the Skipper and told him about the man he captured below. The Captain and four men went to him and found him unconscious. He was taken to a cabin and searched, and papers found on him, to be a German spy on his way to America to find the whereabouts of a certain Naval Base.

Afterwards, when the destroyer came alongside, the Captain turned out to be Ray's father, and when the matter was reported to him, he congratulated him and said he had been the means of saving the ship.

Back in England a month later, Jack was invited to a big party and ball, where he received three presents. One from the Admiralty, one from Britannia's owners, and one from the American Naval Authorities. He was promoted in the Navy League from petty-officer to second officer. Also, Ray joined up and is now a first class leading seaman.



## Cold at One Bell

"PINCHER'S MONKEY"

(By "Dan")

"Number thirteen house," yelled Wiggie as he held the Fanny up to the rum cask for the Bubbly, (Rum).

"Four and a half: one stopped," says Dusty the steward; and the Captain of the Fore Top, Snowy Black, who always seemed to have a nervous breakdown in his right hand when he was Duty P.O. serving out rum, treated Wiggie very kindly with a little extra.

Wiggie, in his excitement, tried to unship a ring-bolt with his big toe as he wandered towards his mess. "Yer stiff to-day, Pincher; yer Bubbly's stopped," addressing Pincher Martin who sat near the mess shelf, which was the handiest possee in the mess should any Bubbly go a-begging.

Everyone knew why his rum was stopped, as that morning he had been before the Skipper for coming onboard half sprung, and disorderly conduct. Not that the latter charge meant that he had used strong language, for Pincher was very particular with his language at all times. But just because he came onboard during "Divisions" at 9 a.m., 26 hours adrift with a live goose tied to a string of sausages they had the audacity to give him Scale and Pay, thirty days rum and leave stopped.

"Well I suppose I'll have to grin and bear it," says Pincher. "It will give me a bit of a chance to do a bit of jewing now." (sewing).

"Daisy," Adams, with a sympathetic look at Pincher said "You can take my tot to-day, Pincher."

"Scuth! What's happened to Daisy?" exclaimed Pincher, rubbing his ears to make sure they were not defective, but wisely refraining from questioning him further, in case Daisy should change his mind.

The truth was that Daisy had lately fallen in love with a Salvation Army girl who had persuaded him to turn T.T. So, by way of recompense, Pincher promised to dooby (wash) out a "Dickey" (collar) and Lanyard ready for Daisy to go ashore that evening.

Pincher wormed his way in pretty well and received a fair amount of his messmates' Bubbly, which made him pretty talkative.



"Well, messmates," Pincher said, "Although I deserve the 30 days' Rum and Leave stopped this trip, the greenest tub I ever had was when I was onboard the old P—— in Sydney Harbour, all over a Cookem Fry."

"A monkey!" they exclaimed in chorus. "Spin the yarn, Pincher."

"Well, Messmates, there appeared on the notice board one day, this notice, 'No animals to be carried onboardship.'"

"But while ashore on the pigs ear (beer) I half-inched a Cookem Fry from a shop in George Street. He was a fair beauty of a thing and stood about as high as a mess table. We took the monk down to the launch and stowed him forward. All the Mate-locks (sailors) were wise. The trouble was now, to get him onboard. We couldn't take him up the gangway because the Jaunty and the Duty Crusher were on the Q.D."

"I'll tell you what," says Tanky. "We'll all double up the gangway. Then Daisy Primrose and Nobby Hewett push him over the side and hook his thieving irons (paws) on the heel of the Galley's davit. I'll bet he'll get onboard; he won't jump back into the water. He's bound to climb the davit, and nobody will catch him once onboard, because he's like a streak of greased lightning." Righto:—

"Away we double up the gangway and as I got on the Q.D. I see a flash and that Cookem Fry was up the davit, down the falls which were made fast inboard and Good-night. Finish. That monk was well and truly out of sight."

"After Libertymen had had the once-over (inspected) by the jaunty and had been ticked off, we all went to search for the monk. Nowhere could he be found. At a sudden there was a crash of glass on the Fore Bridge and a yell from the Marine Sentry. 'You hairy-faced —— What, or who are you?'"

Spud Murphy dashed up to the Bridge. "What's up Bazia Bazook?" (marine) addressing the Sentry.

"What's up?" queried the leather neck. "I just went into the chart house when an ugly faced son of a —— looked through the window at me and it's face was upside down. Strike me lucky, if Mick Flannigan had 'akera, I would have sworn it was him, as it's face was like the map of Ireland. I rushed out of the Chart House to see what it was and it was gone. I looked into the Chart House window and the blooming thing, whatever it was, sprang at the window trying to get at me. I made a clout with the butt of my rifle, missed him and went clean bang through the window and bent it. If that's not Mick Flannigan I'll swear it's one of his dead blood relations."

"Fourteen days Jankera for being drunk on duty and seeing things, that marine got. Eventually we discovered the monk climbing through Cooky's cupboard in the Galley. Had Cooky seen him, that monk would have died an awful death."

"Our next question was where to stow him away. Tanky, being a sport, says: 'Stow him in the tank room.' (which was on the mess deck)."

"Next day at 'Evening Quarters' Number One was going the rounds and he had never been known to look in the tank room before. 'Everything all right?' he says to the Captain of the Hold. 'All correct, sir,' said Tanky. 'Fourteen full tanks, three empty, one half full and one half empty.'"

"At that moment Jimmy the One stuck his head into the Tank Room. The monk was perched over the Tank Room door on some oars which Chippy had stowed there. The white cap of Number One must have taken the monk's eye, because, as Number One withdrew his head from the door, his cap disappeared. Great was the consternation thereof."

"Number One turned white. Nothing could be seen in that black hole of the tank room. Jimmy felt his head. He wasn't dreaming. His cap had gone. Tanky offered up a silent, fervent prayer that the Good Lord would cause a hole to appear under his feet and he too disappear through the mess deck, flat, bilges, bottom or any other hole likely to be out of sight. 'Hell!' said Jimmy the One. 'What was that?'"

He put his head into the tank room again, but it was too dark to see anything. Looking straight ahead, he felt something grasp his curly hair. Two cold, clammy, claw-like fists became entwined in his marcel waves. A scream, and he pulled away. 'The Devil!' he said.

"No," replied Tanky; 'the Monk.' Needless to say Number One was by this time raving."

"Who owns that animal?" 'The ship's Company,' replied Tanky. 'Who brought him onboard?' 'No one, sir; he came onboard himself.' 'Destroy it immediately,' ordered Number One.

"Tanky grabbed the monk and was going to Rino it over the side. The ship being at sea, Number One said 'Don't let the poor brute struggle by drowning. Get it shot or something.' 'Aye, Aye!' said Tanky. 'Cookem, the number of your mess is up.'"

"I will not report you," said Jimmy the One, 'but I don't want to see the animal in the ship again.' 'Very good, sir,' said Tanky."

A consultation was held by Tanky and some of his messmates, and they eventually decided to put him in the empty spud locker on the booms. They bored some one-inch holes in the side of the locker and the monk was in gaol during the daytime, being let out after Pipe Down, 9.45 p.m., when he would be given a run about the deck."

"It was an open secret about the monk being in the ship, all hands knew except the skipper and the sub-lieutenant, who, nosing around the boom one day, the sub, happened on the spud locker. Hearing something move about inside, he, like a goat, put his fingers through one of the holes. The monk promptly bit it. The explosion then began."

"Who owns this locker? Who has the key? What is inside?" and the usual ten thousand questions generally asked by a junior Lieutenant."

"Tanky owns the locker sir. 'Tell him I want to see him.' And to his credit it should be mentioned he did not put his finger in again."

"Tanky got the office and kept well out of the way until the Sub. left the booms. Jumping up to the locker, Tanky pulled out the monk and jammed him in a large box, which held a white cockatoo, putting the cockatoo into the locker and locking it. Tanky nipped aft to the Q.D. and smartly saluting the Sub-lieutenant, said 'Did you send for me sir, please?'"

"Yea!" bellowed the Sub. 'Have you charge of that locker on the boom?' 'Yes sir,' replied Tanky.

"What have you in there?" 'A cockatoo,' said Tanky."

"Would a cockatoo do that?" displaying the distinct marks of two teeth on his fingers. 'I suppose so sir,' said Tanky. 'What! did you put your finger in?' 'I did,' says the Sub. 'I should have thought once was enough,' said Tanky. 'Once was enough I said the Sub. 'Well, how do you account for getting two bites?' says Tanky."

"Who's asking the damned questions?" asked the Sub. 'You or I? Have you got the keys?'"

"No sir, it's in my ditty-box. Shall I get the key, sir? 'Oh no my bird; you don't leave my sight till I see inside that locker. Corporal of the Gangway, go and get this man's ditty-box for me.'"

"The box was brought up and after rummaging for some time the key was discovered. 'You don't seem to feed your bird very often, when you have

such trouble to find the key. 'No sir, I poke it through the hole, and the Cookern, I mean cockatoo must have thought when he saw your finger coming, it was Cooke to the Galley,' says Tanky.

Up they both went, accompanied by a crusher keeping Tanky well in sight. The locker was reached and stealthily opened, and the white cockatoo was before their eyes. Tanky held his breath. The Sub. held his finger and the crusher held his handkerchief to his mouth. Beaten by a web-toed flatfoot (sailor). "The Sub. went aft to the Q.D. by no means satisfied.

"That night we returned to Sydney after preliminary trials. The skipper went ashore; Liberty-men were piped to clean, and by some means or other the monk got loose. All hands chased him. He dashed into the Commander's cabin, upset the ink on his desk, walked in it and climbed all over his bunk, and the inky marks of his feet and hands were everywhere.

"At last he was caught. Jimmy the One was raving. 'Send for the Captain of the Hold.' Tanky came up as white as a ghost. 'Martin,' says Jimmy the One, 'you will take that monk ashore immediately.' 'Aye, aye sir!' said Tanky.

Tanky caught the next liberty-boat. The Sub-lieutenant, who was Officer of the Watch, said: 'Captain of the Hold, I feel satisfied that the cockatoo that bit me had hair instead of feathers.' 'Aye, aye,' said Tanky, and he and the monk disappeared over the side. We got down into the launch right forward and proceeded ashore, and I invited Nobby Clark, Dusty Rhodes and Shorty Long to come and have a tonic in the First and Last hotel, and have a confab as to what we should do with the monk. We all had a long sleeper each and being a hot day the monk's tongue was hanging out very thirstily. 'Give him a drink,' says Nobby. So I orders a lemonade. While I went to get it the monk seized my beer with his two paws and half of it was down his neck before I noticed him. I made a hit at him and missed, capsizing Nobby's drink in the attempt. The monk jumped on to the bar at the Hotel and caused a great commotion and grabbed a customer's drink, and it was was pretty plain that that Cookern was used to drinking beer. While he was drinking I grabbed the back of his neck. He started to spit and play up. Eventually we got settled down again, and Nobby suggested we take him to the Zoo.

"No," I said, "I think I will take him to a friend's place where they can care for him and keep him for me."

So they hung on to the monk while I ran up to my friend's place in Leichhardt. Hello, hello, is that you Jim? Well it's Pincher speaking. I am down at the First and Last Hotel. Yes, near the Quay. I have a little pet here, a monkey. Yes, a monk, and I would like you to look out for him for a while. Yes, you could keep him in the stable. He is quite harmless

and very playful. Could you bring the pony and milky down here and pick us up. Right, we'll wait here until you come. Good-oh!

"I told the boys what arrangements I had made so we all decided we'd have a few more pots and wait. I might tell you, the monk had a glass of beer every time we shouted, and it didn't appear to affect him. He'd hold the glass in his two paws and drink like a man.

"In due course Jim arrived with the pony and sulky. I called him in. 'Struth, is that the monk? Strike me blue, it's a baboon.' And he was a bit dubious about having anything to do with it. But after a couple of pots and a bit of persuasion we all trots into the sulky.

We called at a few hotels along George Street and the monk kept the people amused the way he could swipe beer, and we had to keep him in check from drinking other people's.

"By the time we reached the Town Hall, the monk was beginning to feel the effect, so we decided we wouldn't have any more, till we got to Leichhardt.

"We sailed along George Street singing all the chancies we knew ('Blow the man down,' 'Rolling Home,' and 'The Midshipmate'). My friend Jim had the wheel, Nobby and Dusty sat on the fore-bridge, me and the monk aft. Shorty Long scented trouble, so left us at the Town Hall to keep an appointment.

"Everything went off all right till we got close to Marcus Clarke's when the pony went sprawling right across the tram lines and sent me and the monk flying into the road. I tore one leg of my trousers from the bottom to the top and the monk went for its life down George Street, me after it. I caught him before he had got far and by this time, a great crowd had gathered. You would have thought the Prince of Wales had arrived. I carried the monk back by the scruff of the neck and tail and threatened to choke him if he didn't keep quiet. The traffic was held up and there was a stream of trams as far as the Town Hall.

While they were fixing up the pony, I sat on the kerb, and a sympathetic young lady, seeing my plight, went and asked her mother for a needle and cotton out of her hand bag to mend my trousers, and he mother insisted that she would do the mending herself if I held onto the monkey, so after an argument they both set to work to mend the rip, mother from the bottom and the girl from the top.

"The old lady stuck the needle into me several times and the girl tickled me, that caused me to giggle. The monk, thinking they were hurting me, grabbed the old lady's helmet, which sent her into a faint. I was in a fine fix and my trousers half repaired.

"By this time, the pony and sulky were on an even keel waiting for me, so I rushed over with the monk and told Nobby to mind it while I went to the nearest hotel for some brandy. I procured a fair sized flask and I ordered the crowd back while I brought the old lady round.

"Away we went again, the happiest ship's crew that ever sailed George Street, and calling at several ports en route, we finally anchored in Leichhardt, and by that time we were all pretty lively. We congratulated ourselves on getting so far without any real accidents, and then made a bee-line for the hotel.

"Nobby called for the Pig's Ear, but forgot to shout for the monk and he, not going to be left out, sprang on to the counter and proceeded to clean up whatever came his way. The customers, being sports, let him go. I caught hold of him and sat him in a corner where he appeared to go to sleep. Thinking he would be all right, we filled 'em up again and discussed the situation.

"All of a sudden there was a great commotion outside and in rushed a very excited Italian. There he is, mister (pointing at me). He owns the monkey,' said a kid. Over came the Greengrocer, tearing his hair. 'You come a quick. On monk. He ruins my shop. I call da police. Come quick.

"Great Scott! What's happened now?' we exclaimed in chorus, and the jockey led the way out and elbowed his way through the crowd towards his shop, Nobby and me following, and there, before our eyes, sat our bold hero perched on top of the fruit. What he couldn't eat, he was throwing to the crowd round the shop.

"The shop front, having no windows, gave a better view for the audience. I made a grab at him, and in his fury at my interference, screeched and jumped from one pyramid of fruit to another, capsizing them as he went, the crowd applauding each time he evaded capture. I made a hit at him with a spud which caught him fair amidship and fairly shook the sail out of him; and capture was easy. I would have killed him if it hadn't been for Nobby, who said, 'Don't hurt him, Pincher. We'd die of melancholy if it wasn't for him.'

"Who pay for da fruit?' said jockey.

"All right, jockey,' I said. 'Put it down to Pontas Pilate,' but wrote out Jimmy the One's address and gave it to him.

"You send bill to him, jock, he fix up all right."

"Everything fixed up, we returned to the Beer Emporium, and the hotel was so crowded, we could hardly move. They had all come in to see the antics of the monk, but they were doomed to disappointment, for we shoved off again to our next port of call.

"And the send-off we got from the crowd. They must have heard the cheering at Woop-woop.

"Jim steered the craft up the side-street to the last hotel before reaching his home, and in less than than it takes a leatherneck to strike eight bells, we reached the bubbly shop.

"Down from aloft went the order, and with the assistance of Jim and a friendly beer chawer, I landed with the monk.

"A John Cop, making out his time-sheet, eyed us with suspicion.

"The monk led the way in and we managed to find a partitioned-off part of the bar all to ourselves. After the first drink, Jim said he would take the pony and sulky home, which was in the next street, and come back again.

"All right, Jim, I says. 'You bet we won't stray far from here.'

"The monk rolled under a seat and went to sleep.

"After several more swipes, an argument started the other side of the bar. One bloke said that the whale was an animal and another said it was a fish, so they appealed to us for advice. I then asked the question, 'Do fish peraspire?'

"And one argument brought on another and everyone was talking. Nobody knew what the other was talking about, and a couple of beer chawers were looking after the unattended beer.

"All at once: 'Who's a liar?'

"That was a signal for clear ship for action. The fight soon got fast and furious and it was not long before a squad of Johns arrived and we sailed into them as well, and with skilful manoeuvring, they landed us in their little mansion down the street.

"The monk in the meantime, woke up, and not finding us there, wandered about, and strolling upstairs at the back, got into one of the bedrooms where a servant girl was attending a barty in a cot just under the window overlooking the street.

"The girl screamed and got out on the window sill and closed the window.

"A crowd soon gathered in the street, and all running about frantically suggesting different methods of getting the girl down. The John Cops were rushing in and out of the hotel.

"A ladder was procured, but it was about six feet too short. The monk, more frightened than anything else, was perched on the end of the cot and the police and the boss of the hotel and a host of others were around the bedroom door.

"The police were in favour of shooting the monk, but were afraid of hurting the baby. A big fat sergeant, screeching operations, told a John to keep an eye on the monk, and another John to go and get the owner out of the lock-up.

"During this time the girl was clinging to a pipe close to the window and the crowd was enticing her to jump into a canvas held by all that could get a grip on it.

"While this was all happening, Nobby, Dusty and myself were all fast asleep in Dreamland when I woke up and found a John tugging at my arm.

"Come on. Wake up there. Does that monkey up at the hotel belong to you?"

"Yes, I said. What's the matter with him now. Where am I?"

"Never mind where you are," said the John. "Come at once, and catch him."

"With that I shook myself, and we made our way towards the hotel.

"At that moment the Fire Brigade arrived, and running a ladder up to the window, rescued the girl from her perilous position amid cheers from the multitude. I then strolled into the hotel and went towards the bar to have another drink, but the John, in a kindly way, altered my course towards the stairs leading to the bedrooms, the people making room for me. I got to the room and the monk immediately ran up to meet me and I could see he was very pleased I had arrived.

"When we got downstairs, the boss of the hotel came over and thanked me for my trouble and said that the baby wasn't in the least disturbed over the incident, and while the John wasn't looking, pushed a flask into my hand, which I promptly stowed away.

"I wanted to stay, but the John led me down again to keep my mates company.

"I wanted to take the monk in the cell with me, but the John said he'd make a nice bed for him in the next cell.

"All right," I said, and went and laid down, using Nobby for a pillow and again went to Dreamland.

"The following morning, Nobby was the first to shake his feathers, and wondering where he was, gave me a shake.

"What's up, Nobby?" I said. "Close your ports again. We are due for a Guard and steerage this morning."

"Struth, Pincher, I've got a lovely fat head. I'd give a fiver for a reviver."

On reviver being mentioned, it suddenly dawned upon me of the flask I had stowed down South.

"Hand over your fiver," I said, and at the same time gave Dusty a shake.

"I then passed the fire-water round, and we had just got it down our necks when the rattle of keys told us we were about to be released.

"Well, how are you feeling this morning?" says the Sergeant.

"Not too bad," we chorused. "We have been in worse positions than this."

"And, after a friendly yarn the Sergeant told us all that had happened and said that the Naval Authorities had been informed and would be at the station to take delivery about 8.30.

"But what about the monk," says Nobby.

"The monk?" says the Sergeant. "Why he is well and truly across the water by this time, but if you want him you had better apply to the Zoo."

"Well I suppose he'll have a good home there," says Nobby. "It's a pity we didn't take him there at first."

"The patrol arrived and we all proceeded on board. On stepping on the Q.D., who should we spot but the jockey of the fruit shop and that is where our troubles began.

"We lined up before the O.O.W. and before we had been told in long, all the satellites of the ship were buzzing around; No. 1 Jaunties, Crusaders, P.O.'s, Messengers and other non-producers too numerous to mention.

"The First Lieutenant came up in a rage with the jockey and a letter in his hand. 'Do you know anything about this, Martin?'"

"Well sir," says Pincher, "being as you are known to be, a good Skipper to the front priest of the Parish, Man John and Rep Cap here, decided you should foot the bill." Needless to say, all around burst out laughing, which only increased No. 1's temper; ordering the prisoner to be marched below and placed in Captain's report.

"The following day, we lined up before the Skipper.

"Prisoners, 'shun," bellowed the jaunties; "off caps."

"George Martin, A.B., second class for conduct, second class for leave; James Hewitt, A.B., first class for conduct, second class for leave; Alfred Rhodes, A.B., first class for conduct, second class for leave. Did on the first day of April appear drunk and disorderly in a public street, creating a disturbance in Bull and Bush Hotel. Assault the Police. Did destroy fruit in an Italian fruit shop and caused Fire Brigade to be turned out.

"Also did on the first day of April tell the Italian to send accounts of damage to First Lieutenant of this ship, of the damage done by defendant, and was disrespectful to First Lieutenant on arrival on board." The Skipper. "What have you to say?"

"Well," says Pincher, "being the 1st of April and being born on a wet Friday, we were just keeping it up."

"Why?" bellows the Skipper, and that 'Why' seemed to put us all in Queer Street.

"Because," says Pincher.

"Because what," says the Skipper.

"Why," says Pincher, and Dusty and Nobby knew we were in for the bundle.

The Skipper looked at Pincher, and Pincher looked at the Skipper. Both knew that the opposing forces had come to a dead-lock. The Skipper, after consulting with the Commander, barked sharply out: 'I sentence you to fourteen days' cells, 30 days rum and leave stopped and reduced to second and third.'

And that is about the greenest rub I ever had. "On caps. Right turn," says the jaunties, and Dusty Rhodes in his beautiful baritone voice, Nobby and me joining in as we marched off the Q.D., rendered that most appropriate little ditty in full throat song:

"This is the end of a perfect day.

Kings and Presidents go their way,

Their armies march behind them.

But where would they be.

Said the man from the sea.

Without us Jacks to mind them."

"Gee, there goes that blooming Call again, out pipes and clear up decks. Hands to Quarters, clean guza."

## THE BALMAIN LADIES ROWING CLUB

On Tuesday, 14th April, the Balmain Ladies Rowing Club held an evening in Lever Bros. Sunlight Hall at Balmain. Commencing with dancing, we then opened up on to an affinity hunt, which caused much rushing around looking for peas hidden in various places in the hall. When time was up each pair counted their findings, the winners having found 700 odd, and to whom the prize was given.

Next on the programme was a balloon football game, lady competitors only. This caused much amusement, as in some cases the balloons refused to be kicked around the room. The wise one, however, gently propelled it along, with a final burst for home at the finish.

Following on after a Jolly Miller dance, two surprise parcels were passed around, and which did indeed prove a surprise for the winners. The next game was an interesting, but hard one for most. Evidently none entering proved to be good housekeepers, as only two guessed the correct name for the various groceries, which were tied up in a bag.

"A Honey-moon Trip Through Australia" was the title of the next game. It sounds rather thrilling—but there were not as many thrills as there was fun—especially for the onlookers, who didn't stop laughing while the trip was in action.

With the advent of supper, the programme was postponed till all had partaken of refreshments. We finished up with dancing and altogether had a suc-

cessful evening, even though the hall was rather large for the number present, and in closing, would like to extend, through this journal, a vote of thanks to all present for helping make a successful evening.

On 9th May, we hired a launch and went up to the C.P.S. Regatta. Had a most enjoyable trip, and a very exciting time.

Since our entrance into amateur rowing circles, we have steadily progressed and are now about to enter our new shed, which will enable us to house four. But unfortunately for us, the bank has closed, and special efforts have to be made to pay the rent, so if any girl desirous of joining, gets in touch with the secretary, 22 Crescent Street, Rozelle, she would be welcomed with open arms.

In the season just over, we were very successful in double and single scull races, but next season hope to compete in fours, and to make as good a success as we have done this last season. The Club victories in the various regattas are as follows:—

### Y.W.C.A. Regatta, 2nd November

Double Sculls	1st M. Harvey (Stroke)	Balmain
	L. Harvey (Bow)	
	2nd Mrs. P. Allen (Stroke)	Balmain
	D. Alley (Bow)	
	3rd D. Gunther (Stroke)	Balmain
	L. Jensen (Bow)	

### N.S.W.L.R.A. Regatta, December 20th

Double Sculls	1st Mrs. P. Allen (Stroke)	Balmain
	D. Alley (Bow)	
	2nd M. Harvey (Stroke)	Balmain
	L. Harvey (Bow)	
	3rd J. Cairns (Stroke)	Balmain
	K. Annen (Bow)	

### Sydney Regatta, 7th March

Single Sculls	1st Mrs. P. Allen	Balmain
	2nd A. Mann	Sydney
	3rd D. Gunther	Balmain

### Abbotsford Regatta, 12th April

Double Sculls	1st J. Cairns (Stroke)	Balmain
	K. Annen (Bow)	
	2nd D. Gunther (Stroke)	Balmain
	V. Ritchie (Bow)	
	3rd Mrs. P. Allen (Stroke)	Balmain
	D. Alley (Bow)	

### Balmain Regatta, 1st January

Double Sculls	1st D. Gunther (Stroke)	Balmain
	L. Jensen (Bow)	
	2nd M. Harvey (Stroke)	Balmain
	L. Harvey (Bow)	
	3rd J. Cairns (Stroke)	Balmain
	K. Annen (Bow)	

We also held our annual picnic at Clark Island in — and spent a pleasant afternoon, holding foot races, etc. Afternoon tea was served and the prizes were presented. On the way home it started to rain, but this did not succeed in dampening our spirits, for we had some community singing to cheer us up.



## The Navy League

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## Aims and Objects of the League.

THE NAVY LEAGUE is a Voluntary Patriotic Association of British People, entirely outside party politics, desirous of rendering the greatest service of which it is capable to the Empire, particularly in connection with all matters concerning the sea. It upholds as the fundamental principle of National and Imperial policy **Complete Naval Protection for British Subjects and British Commerce all the World over.**

### Its Objects Are:—

1. To enlist on Imperial and National grounds, the support of Australians in **Maintaining The Navy at the Requisite Standard of Strength**, with a view to the safety of our trade and Empire.
2. To convince Australians that expenditure upon the Navy is the national equivalent of the ordinary insurance which no sane person grudges in private affairs, and that **Since a Sudden Development of Naval Strength is impossible, only Continuity of Preparation can Guarantee National Security.**
3. To bring home to young and old alike that "it is the Navy whereon, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend," and that the **Existence of The Empire, with the liberty and prosperity of its people, No Less Depends on the Merchant Service, which, under the Sure Shield of the Navy, welds us into a Powerful Whole.**
4. To encourage and develop the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps not only with a view to keeping alive the sea spirit of our race, but also to enable the **Boys to Become Good Citizens of the Empire**, by learning discipline, duty and self-respect.

"For AUSTRALIA and the EMPIRE."

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# Keep Watch

## Navy League Ball

## OCTOBER