



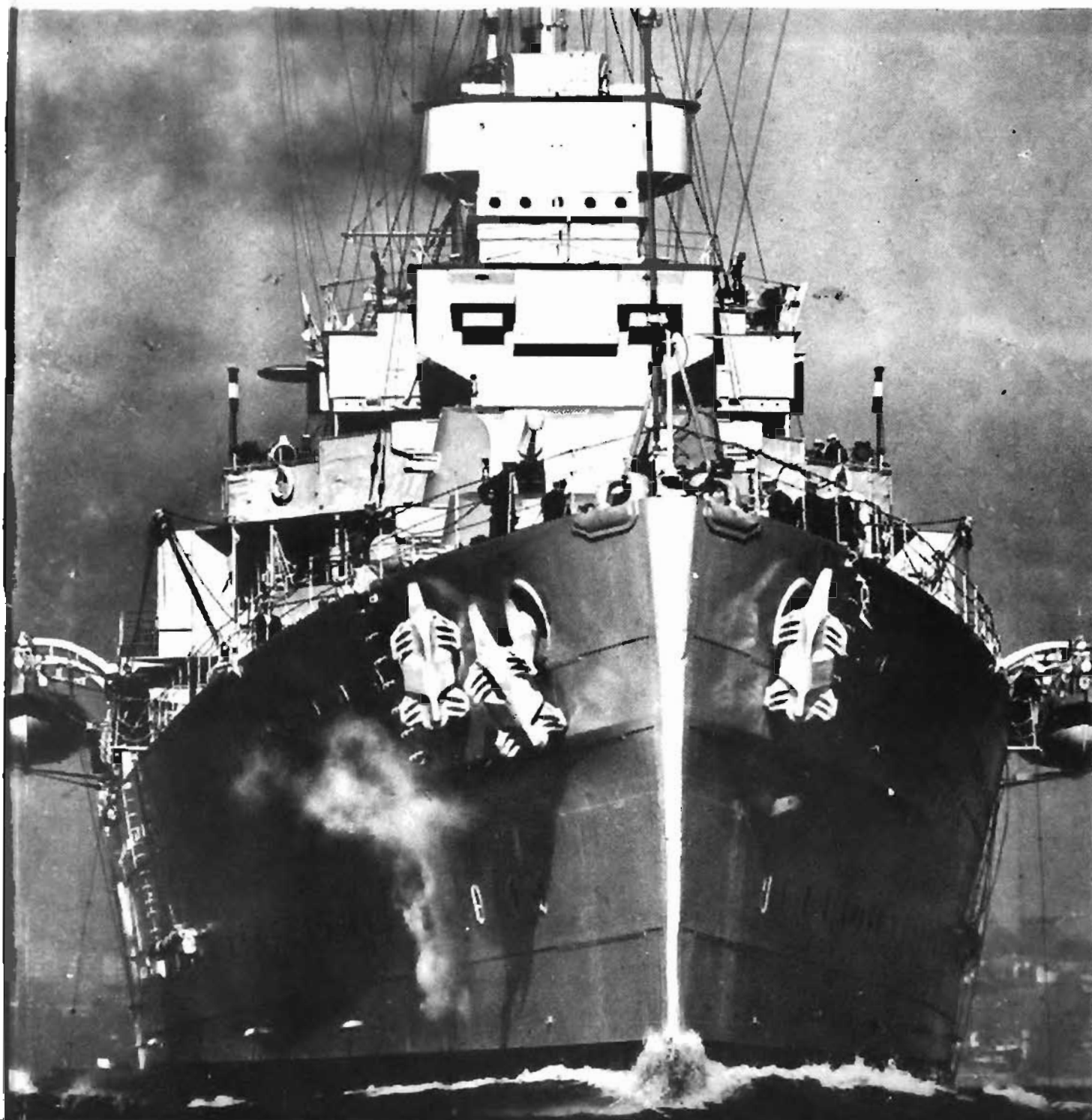
NAVY JOURNAL



N.S.W.

SEPTEMBER, 1938.

6d.



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The Official Organ of the Navy League, N.S.W. Branch
Royal Exchange, 54a Pitt Street, Sydney. B 7808

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Sydney, September, 1938.

Pride 6n

ARNHEM LAND—TWO THOUSAND MILES AWAY!

The recent departures of the new patrol vessels "Vigilant" and "Kuru" to northern waters, the timely organisation of a Yachtsmen's Volunteer Coastal Patrol, the increasing interest of the public in all naval matters, are new and recent events of special import and significance.

Earliest times saw voluntary organisation among our mariners. Often their preparations proved invaluable. The seeds of voluntary service spring to life on every occasion that menacing conditions threaten, and from the long-ships of King Alfred to the fire-ships against the Armada, from the swift privateers of Napoleonic times to the amazing "mosquito-fleet" of the Great War, the private owner and the naval volunteer have proved themselves as disciplined and capable auxiliaries.

The smart whaler "Policy" in the year 1804 was the first vessel to successfully carry letters of authority in our Northern Australian waters. Armed only with six twelve pounders she had

an argument with the Dutch packet "Swift," and outsailed and captured the more heavily armed Dutchman. Brought to Port Jackson the "Swift" was condemned as a prize and sold. Her cargo included 20,000 Spanish gold dollars.

That adventure was typical of the times, and similar blood-stirring adventures were the common lot. New threats, however, produce new cures. When the submarine menace in the narrow North Sea waters threatened the Grand Fleets, and corralled ships in close harbour behind nets and booms, the solution lay in fleets of "mosquito craft," drifters, trawlers, pleasure yachts, smacks, and, later, swift power boats manned by volunteers and skilled private owners. The spirit that animated the crews of these extraordinarily varied types of craft deserves to be preserved and commemorated, and no better method exists than to study, encourage, and perpetuate their history and their exercises.

(Continued overleaf)

Famous forever is the heroic deed of volunteer Skipper Thomas Crisp, V.C., master of the armed sailing smack, "Nelson." Attacked and shelled by a German submarine, this little vessel, with a sister ship, fought a spirited gunnery action. Struck by a whole shell in the fight, Skipper Crisp fell. But, fully conscious to the last, he gave orders with courage undimmed while his vessel foundered beneath him.

Acting on his orders, the last shells were fired by his son, serving as Mate and gunner, before he was left to go down with his ship.

The memory of deeds like this, of such dauntless courage in the face of overwhelming odds, must remind us of our duty with the greatest force. Let others develop an "inspired" Press or Radio as instruments of hollow propaganda. Our fields for voluntary training are pregnant with good results. The eyes of some of us have actually seen how our best and bravest were willing to fight for that which was dearest to their hearts.

For the rights and liberties of free people who strove to bring peace and safety to all nations, for their faith in the universal dominion of Right, for their hope for inspired leadership to these ends, such men as Skipper Crisp dedicated their lives, their small ships, everything they had, with the pride of those who know the day has come to take as a privilege the right to expend their powers for the principles that give manhood happiness and contentment.

For all who now require a watchwork to broaden their minds to voluntary service and effort, and aid to that end, let them remember this thought:
"Arahem Land — two thousand miles away!"

THE CORPS' NEW COMMANDER

It is with pleasure, and with pride, that we report the acceptance of the post of Honorary Officer Commanding, Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, by Captain Maurice Blackwood, D.S.O., R.N. (Ret.)

An officer with a distinguished sea career, both in peace and war time, Captain Blackwood

is the senior officer in Australia on the Royal Navy Emergency list. His record in the Great War, in which he was decorated for conspicuous gallantry in action, is a remarkable one, particularly in operations involving the use of small craft manned by yachtsmen volunteers.

The Sea Cadet Corps counts itself very fortunate in having secured the services and leadership of one of Captain Blackwood's Service and professional experience. It is felt that this new appointment is a move which will send the Corps on to unthought-of heights of efficiency and strength.

Captain Blackwood has also accepted a seat on the Executive Committee of the N.S.W. Branch of the Navy League. Thus a permanent link with the Sea Cadet Corps and its parent body will be established, which should promote an ideal method of liaison.

The new Honorary Officer Commanding takes up his duties as from September 1st, 1938.

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HOW THE SOLOMONS GOT THEIR NAMES

(By A.H.)

Fairly close to the large island of New Guinea, between the Equator and the parallel of 10° South latitude lies a large group of islands; its name, the Solomons, must be familiar to readers. That name, however, is rather a peculiar one for the South Pacific. Even nowadays the mention of "Solomon Islands" conjures up visions of head-hunters and cannibals secure in hidden jungle villages or mountain fastnesses. This is by no means a stretch of the imagination, in spite of regular steamer connections between Sydney and the Group, the efficient Administrative service, well-ordered plantations, or the trim bungalows of Tulagi, the capital. Memories of Bully Hayes and the blackbirders, and the none too distant native outbreaks on the island of Makita make a trip to the Solomons seem rather in the way of an adventure to the average stay-ashore citizen.

The title of the island group itself is redolent of romance; King Solomon's mines in the land of Ophir! A glance at a map of Oceania will show the large number of Spanish names given to various islands in that section of the Pacific, particularly in and around the Solomon Group, and this article proposes to make the reason for them apparent.

To commence, then, we must turn back the calendar more than three and a half centuries. In the year 1567, at Lima, the Spanish capital of Peru, a young nobleman named Don Alvaro de Mendana was staying at the Court of his uncle, De Castro, the Viceroy. Mendana was a keen student of cosmography, and although but twenty-five years of age at this particular time, had amassed quite a store of knowledge concerning the physical features of the known globe, and also possessed advanced theories in geographical matters.

The Viceroy's Court had been startled out of its usual comolence by the stories and deductions of Sarmiento, a knight, and a typical Conquistador. He had made a study of old Peruvian

manuscripts, and claimed to have discovered detailed descriptions of islands lying far to the westward of Peru. These, he stated, were described in the old parchments as being rich in gold and silver. It was Sarmiento's earnest desire to be sent on an expedition to seek these natural treasure houses.

It is also within the realms of possibility that friend Sarmiento had another, and more personal, reason for a long voyage; Peru, at the time, was not a very comfortable spot for him, for he had in some way or the other incurred the displeasure of the dreaded Inquisition.

His claims interested the Viceroy's nephew, and with Mendana's assistance, Sarmiento's story was granted a hearing in high places. Mendana's interest was twofold; as well as seeking the islands of gold and silver, he saw an opportunity to search for the then mythical Great Southern Continent which he firmly believed lay to the South-West of Peru. Therefore, with Mendana pleading on his behalf, Sarmiento's request was granted.

The Viceroy sanctioned the expedition, and agreed to provide two ships and furnishings; Mendana's suggestion of a search for the legendary Southern Continent, which, by the way, was depicted in various shapes and sizes on most maps of the period, was agreed to. The main object, however, was to be Sarmiento's islands of gold and silver. Efforts were to be made to find these first, and then the possibilities of the Southern Continent to be investigated. Settlements were to be established in all lands discovered, and the territories annexed to the empire of Spain.

The expedition was composed of two ships, of 250 and 107 tons respectively, with a personnel of 150 sailors, soldiers, and miners; four Franciscan friars were taken to attend to the spiritual welfare of the party. Mendana was appointed Commander in Chief; he was assisted by one Gallego, as Chief Pilot, and, of course, by Sarmiento, who was probably in charge of the soldiers.

A FATEFUL DECISION

On November 19th, 1567, the expedition sailed from Callao, the port of Lima. As soon as land was cleared a course was shaped to the South-West; this was held to for days, until latitude 15½° South was reached. At this point a decision was made; one which was momentous, as far as the future of our land of Australia was concerned.

Mendana, acting on the advice of the Chief Pilot Gallego, and against the wishes of Sarmiento, ordered the course to be altered to west. West it was, and after sailing some 1,900 miles, the course was again altered to a little north of west. Again chance had taken a hand in the proceedings. If the westerly course had been continued, or if, in the first place, Sarmiento's protest had been heeded and the ships kept heading south-west a few days longer, the discovery of the east coast of Australia would have been practically assured; these wandering Spaniards would have forestalled James Cook, Lieutenant and Captain, Royal Navy, by some two hundred years! However, it was not to be.

LAND I

The little fleet held on, meeting with storms and calms, fair weather and foul, until, on January 15th, 1568, fifty-seven days out from Callao, land was sighted. This was an island in what is now known as the Ellice group. Tired of the confined spaces of the ships, the sailors and soldiers desired to land but Gallego, fearing the heavy surf and strong currents, advised against the boats being allowed to leave their ships. As usual, his advice was taken.

Mendana gave the name of Island of Jesus to the discovery, and the expedition sailed on. On February 7th, after twenty-three more days had elapsed, a cry from the masthead-lookout on the Commander's ship turned the voyagers' eyes to the west; it was land, sure enough. Slowly but surely it appeared above the horizon; first lofty mountain peaks, then the ranges themselves, and lastly the green coastline.

After cruising along the shore, the Pilot selected an anchorage, and Mendana, his officers, the friars, and a large party landed on a sandy beach, the first known Europeans to set foot on the shores of what we now call the Solomon Islands. Prayers were offered up, and the ban-

ner of Spain unfurled. Little did that advance guard of civilization dream that the proud red and gold standard would in later years, be supplanted by the flag of a people who were, in Mendana's day, the deadly enemies of Spain. That the colours of Castille would be replaced by the Union Jack of Great Britain!

Mendana, as a tribute to the patron saint of the voyage, on whose feast day Callao had been left, called the land Santa Ysabel. Of course, he did not as yet know that it was an island.

At the landing place, the nucleus of a settlement was formed. The miners prospected for gold and silver, and the keel of a small brigantine was laid down. This craft, when finished, did yeoman service — If one could apply that figure of speech to a ship! With it, the Spaniards explored the coastline of Ysabel, found it to be an island, and carried out a voyage of discovery throughout the major portion of the group.

On this tour, observations and chartings were carried out with praiseworthy exactitude; so precise were they, in fact, that it is possible nowadays, three hundred and eighty odd years after the Spaniard made them, to identify every harbour surveyed, every island or islet discovered, even down to each tiny creek and stream examined.

The explorers proved the group of islands to be such, and not a northern promontory of the Southern Continent, as had first been assumed. Land lay all around; a huge archipelago of countless islands. South of the settlement the crew of the brigantine found a long and apparently unbroken coastline. We now call that place New Georgia.

A survey of the lengthy coast of Guadalcanal Island, again gave rise to the hope that the Southern Continent was at last discovered. This surmise was once more proved incorrect, but the Spanish were still hopeful. Their imagination had been fired by natives, who informed the explorers that vast lands lay away to the Southward. However, these were not destined to be discovered by Mendana's party.

TROUBLE

At the settlement itself matters did not run smoothly; the Spaniards, with the peculiar mixture of piety and cruelty characteristic of the Dons of the times had not endeared themselves

to the natives. To be perfectly just, one must admit that the natives had not themselves displayed many lovable traits. They were treacherous, barbarous, and addicted to the eating of human flesh, and maintained, in most cases, a persistent hostility to the newcomers. Therefore the Spaniards met barbarity with barbarity, and specialized in the particular type of inhumanity which the Conquistadors dispensed to subject races.

The miners, through the frequent attacks of the natives, were unable to prosecute their search for gold and silver to any great extent. They had seen traces of gold; signs of it had been found in the soil but continually harassed by the islanders, the miners were unable to work it.

Six months passed; months of toil and hardships, interspersed with exploratory expeditions and forays against the blacks.

Then arose the bugbear of all commanders of old-time voyages; discontent, and incipient mutiny. The rank and file of the expedition were heartily sick and tired of their lot; gold apparently waited to be dug up but the ferocious man-eating savages would not permit the digging; food was running short, and tropical sick-

ness and wounds were undermining the general health of the little community.

RETREAT

Influenced by the continual grumbings, and still more by the fact that his ships had suffered from the attacks of sea worms (the Teredo, or borer), and were in a very bad condition, Mendana decided to put to sea while his vessels would still float, and to return to the Americas.

Mendana left the islands on August 11th, 1568, with the two original ships of the expedition; no records are to hand of the fate of the brigantine, built at Santa Ysabel; it was probably destroyed prior to departure. The homeward-bound route was sailed well to the north of the outward voyage; Mendana and Gallego were of the opinion that the winds would be adverse for a direct run back to Callao, so the course was laid for Mexico. On the passage across the Pacific; a short stay was made at a group of islands — The Marshall Group of our times — and here Mendana's men made a curious find. This was a chisel made from a large nail; a relic, in all probability, of some shipwreck. Perhaps some long-forgotten European vessel had ended her voyaging in the vicinity of the Marshalls.

(Continued on page 19)

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A TASK WELL DONE

(The following article has been compiled from the scrap-book of Mr. D. J. Mort, O. in C., "Fairlight." On the occasion of the rescue, Mr. Mort was a member of the crew of H.M.A.S. Melbourne.—Editor, "Journal.")

The Helen B. Stirling, 4-masted American schooner left Newcastle, N.S.W., for Papeete, Tahiti, in January 19, 1922. Practically from the commencement of the voyage the ship encountered trouble. Two days out from Newcastle the gas engine working the pumps broke down, and thereafter the hand gear had to be used to keep down the extensive leakage which is a usual thing with wooden ships. Two days later, fire broke out in the fore hold, but this was promptly extinguished. On Saturday, 21st January, a strong easterly gale blew up, accompanied by very heavy seas. That night it increased to almost hurricane force necessitating the vessel being hove-to under double reefed sails. The sea rose still higher and broke aboard constantly, filling the main deck, fore and aft; the only dry spots aboard being the poop and fore-castle-head. The hand pumps situated amidships on the main deck, were right in the way of the breaking seas, and it was humanly impossible to man them.

EXCESSIVE LEAKING STARTS

The labouring of the ship soon started extensive leaking, and, through lack of pumping, and with her weighty coal cargo, she soon sank lower and lower in the water. At 5 a.m. on Sunday morning the main mast went by the board, and the position became hopeless; it was clear that the Stirling was doomed. The ship would have to be abandoned. But the problem was how to launch boats in that raging sea. Throughout the long morning the vessel was pounded by the storm, with water steadily rising in the holds, until the windjammer wallowed in the troughs, a sodden, lifeless, barely-floating hulk. All this time the radio, which had fortunately been installed, mainly for experimental purposes, was spluttering out calls for assistance. Lucky it was for the men of the Helen B. Stirling that this modern adjunct to the safety

of navigation was installed aboard the windjammer!

One can imagine the relief of the crew when the "Sparks" announced that his calls had been answered by H.M.A.S. Melbourne, and that the cruiser was hastening to the rescue.

HELP COMING

Melbourne picked up the first S.O.S. from the Stirling at 8 a.m., when in the vicinity of the Three Kings, a small group of islands off North Cape, North Island of New Zealand, some 210 miles from the schooner. Opening throttles wide out, the war ship steamed at full speed through mountainous seas to the help of her sinking sister. At 4 p.m. a more definite position was obtained from the Stirling and the Melbourne, awash from stem to stern, plunged ahead on her errand of mercy. Through the blackness of night and storm she tore, searchlights ablaze, her entire crew working like Trojans, keeping up steam, preparing rescue gear, and making arrangements for the reception of distressed seamen.

The Stirling was sighted at 2 a.m. on Monday morning, and Melbourne trained all her searchlights on her, rendering the wild sea brighter than day. In view of the high sea running it was apparent that Melbourne could not close Stirling to any degree; it was also clear that the schooner's crew would have to be taken off by the warship's boats! It was utterly impossible to launch a craft from the windjammer's sea-swept decks.

Making a lee, Melbourne managed to get her sea boat away safely, which battled across to the Stirling and picked up a line. A breeches buoy was rigged, and after two hours hard and dangerous work everybody, even including the ship's cat, was removed from the sinking vessel to the cruiser. Among those saved were

the wives of the master and mate of the Stirling. Mere words are a totally inadequate medium for the description of this magnificent effort of seamanship. One salient point, however, stands out clearly; and that is the Navy's ability, and preparedness to meet, cope with, and overcome an extremely difficult and dangerous situation. The story of the Stirling's rescue, by the Australian cruiser, Melbourne, has gone down as an epic in the story of the Seven Seas.

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Commander James Patrick R.D.
R.A.N.R.

APPOINTMENT TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

With this issue we welcome Commander James Patrick, R.D., R.A.N.R., to Navy League ranks. Commander Patrick has accepted the Executive body's invitation to a seat on the Committee.

Widely known in Sydney and Interstate shipping circles, Commander Patrick is the head of the Sydney firm of ship owners, James Patrick & Company Pty. Ltd. He has served many years at sea himself, including time spent in command of two of His Majesty's Australian ships in the Great War.

A holder of the Reserve Decoration, Commander Patrick is Chairman of the Highland Society, a Director of the Mercantile Mutual Insurance Company and Messrs. Anderson & Com-

pany, and is Chairman of Directors of a prominent Brisbane stevedoring Company.

His experience, both at sea and in a successful business career will render his advice at Executive meetings of great value, both to the Navy League and its Sea Cadet Corps.

Commander Patrick's patriotic works are well known in the community and in the past, though officially unattached to the League, both he and his firm have supported it to no inconsiderable degree.

The League has done well in securing the advisory services and the practical assistance of Commander Patrick, and trusts that the association will be a long and enduring one.

SEA CADET NOTES

"Fairlight" N.L. Training Depot
(By D. J. Mort, O. in C.)

"Fairlight" is about to carry out alterations to the depot which should give the cadets something to be proud of, and will repay them for their loyalty and enthusiasm. The alterations are in the form of a drill hall on the waterfront. This has been made possible by the generosity of Mrs. Chase, the "Fairlight" Godmother, and by the concurrence of Commander Hixson.

The training of cadets is still progressing favourably, and the boys are fast becoming good Sea Cadets.

A picture evening was organised by Miss Barrie, a keen supporter of the Company, and resulted in a substantial addition to our funds. "Fairlight" expresses its thanks to Miss Barrie and her friends for their support.

We welcome Captain Blackwood to the Corps, and assure him of our loyal support. By next issue we hope to have the pleasure of reporting great progress in the reconditioning of our Depot.

THE SMARTEST CADET IN THE CORPS!

On Saturday, 13th August, a combined parade was held at "Fairlight" for the purpose of engaging in a competition to pick the smartest cadet in the Navy League.

Officers in Charge of depots had been instructed some weeks previously to select cadets to represent their companies. In order to give new ratings a chance, general nautical knowledge was not taken into consideration, and competitors were limited to ratings below petty officer. Points were allotted for general appearance, uniform and method of wearing same, smartness, and cleanliness.

Competitors, and representatives from North Sydney, Birchgrove, Manly, Fairlight and Woolwich companies mustered at 3 p.m., and the parade was formally handed over by Chief Officer Grant of "Fairlight" to the Officer of The Day, Mr. Smith, O.C. Victory Training Depot, North Sydney.

A display in Semaphore signalling was given by Manly Company, followed by a smart Physical Training squad from North Sydney Company.

At 3.30, the Parade reported to Commander Hixson, V.D., O.B.E., S.S.D., judge of the competition, as ready for inspection. The parade was inspected, and at the request of the judge, carried out squad drill as a combined unit.

Commander Hixson then made a short speech, praising the general efficiency of the parade. He said that though there was still room for improvement, it was apparent that the Sea Cadets are becoming smarter on each parade.

At the termination of the address, three cheers were called and given for Commander Hixson, followed by three more for Mrs. Hixson and Mrs. Chase, for their kindness to officers and ratings in making the parade possible.

Ratings for the competition then mustered, and Commander Hixson had the unenviable task of selecting from five cadets, each apparently equal in competitive value. After an exhaustive examination of the candidates, Commander Hixson judged Cadet Green, of Manly

MARTINS

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The Patron of
"Victory"
(Sir Thomas Gordon
Kt.), inspecting
the Guard of Honour.

Photo. "Sydney Morning
Herald."

Company, as the winner, and Cadets Roberts, North Sydney, and Simmonds, "Fairlight," as second and third respectively. Leading Seamen Jones, of Birchgrove, and Crosskill, of Woolwich, can rest content in the knowledge that the points separating them from the place-getters were merely fractional.

The winner was then presented with an open order for one guinea, by Commander Hixson, and the runners-up with jack-knives, by Mrs. Hixson.

Mrs. Chase then took over the commissariat department, and cadets were treated to soft drinks and cakes. In this point of the parade at least, all hands distinguished themselves, and there was certainly no lack of efficiency in the moving of eatables and drinkables.

Officers were entertained at afternoon tea by Commander and Mrs. Hixson. A vote of thanks to the Host and Hostess was proposed by the Chief Executive Officer.

At 4.30 the parade dismissed, and a splendid afternoon's entertainment concluded.

BIRCHGROVE (By S. Cooper S.S.D., O in C.)

Birchgrove Company reports "still going strong." The lads held a "Chum's Night" at the depot recently, each cadet being allowed to bring along a friend. Although the weather was very cold and wet we had quite a good night.

First came instruction, then followed all kinds of games; and in the different competitions our lads won practically everything. Of course, we had trained strenuously for the occasion, and so were right up to the mark. Hence our success!

The wet weather has certainly set us back lately, especially our Welfare Committee, many of whom are down with the prevalent influenza. Anyway, those who have not got the "Flu" are decidedly out of fashion.

Warmer weather seems to be in the offing, however, so we hope to be stirring up presently, and getting into full swing again.

Birchgrove welcomes Captain Blackwood to the Navy League, and hopes that his stay with us will be a long and happy one.



Photo by courtesy of "Sydney Morning Herald."

Sir Thomas Gordon, Kt., Patron of "V.T.D.," presenting Officers' Warrants at "Victory."

In the photo are also the Secretary of the Navy League and Mr. J. M. Prentice, of Station 2UW.

APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS
HON. OFFICER COMMANDING NAVY
LEAGUE SEA CADET CORPS:— Captain
Maurice B. R. Blackwood, D.S.O., R.N.
(Ret.)

Hon. Medical Officer Navy League Sea Cadet
Corps, N.S.W.—Doctor Herbert Schlink.

Warrants have been issued to the following
Officers, and their ranks confirmed.

OFFICER IN CHARGE.—
D. J. Mort, "Fairlight" Company.
C. Tottman, Woolwich Company.
G. H. Smith, Manly Company.

CHIEF OFFICER.—
Donald Smith, North Sydney Company.
A. Reid, Birchgrove Company.
R. Grant, "Fairlight" Company.

SECOND OFFICER.—
S. T. Seary, North Sydney Company.
F. Huxall, Birchgrove Company.

THIRD OFFICER.—
D. A. Dodson, North Sydney Company.
F. Mills, Birchgrove Company.

FOURTH OFFICER.—
E. J. Turley, Manly Company.

MANLY COMPANY

(By G. H. Smith, O. in C.)

Manly Company is forging slowly but surely ahead, and we hope to be up to full strength shortly. The Company was paid an Official visit on August 17th, by Captain Blackwood, Mr. Giles, and the Chief Executive Officer. Cadets formed a guard of honour for the official party. It was Manly's first guard duty, and the cadets responded very well, and hope to soon take part in bigger events. We are looking forward to the time when we will have our boat, as the sailing season will be with us shortly, and we hope to win some of the events.

The Committee are very busy at present, raising funds for the Company. Any parents, or persons wishing to co-operate with our Committee are asked to get in touch with the Secretary, Mrs. Soars, or with G. H. Smith, Officer-in-Charge. The Company thanks Mrs. Brassington for lending her home for a house party. Mr. Brassington had a strenuous time showing the lads the gentle art of billiards, and he discovered that we have some coming champions in our ranks. A good night was enjoyed by the cadets.

We are feeling very proud at present, as we had our first win in Inter-Company Competitions. At the parade described elsewhere in the "Journal," Cadet D. Green carried off the first prize for the smartest Cadet in the New South Wales Companies. At this parade our squad gave a semaphore demonstration, under Acting L. S. Soars, and were commended on their performance by Commander Hixson. C. P. O. Turley is to be congratulated on his promotion to Acting Fourth Officer. The step up was well-deserved.

NOTE.

Gear For Sale. Caps and tallies, badges (cap and proficiency), blue jean collars and lanyards, all at very reduced rates. Also, one officer's uniform in good condition, about size 4. Price £1/15/-. Apply to S. Cooper, care of Headquarters.

ANOTHER CALL FROM NEW ZEALAND

David MacGregor, of 66 Tennyson Street, Napier, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, would like to strike up a correspondence with Navy Leaguers aged 16 to 17. His main hobby is the Navy League — and the other, stamps.

NOTICE

It is unfortunate that all officers in charge of Sea Cadet Companies do not forward notes of their depot's activities for publication in the "Journal."

We of the League know all they are doing in the training of youth in the ethics of good citizenship, and in the glorious sea traditions of our race. But the outside world has but little knowledge of this important work, and the "Journal" is an excellent medium for bringing it to the notice of the general public.

Again, the "Journal" is a splendid recruiting agent for the Sea Cadet Corps, and additionally, inspires cadets to greater efforts.

Lastly, the "Journal" is YOUR magazine, and "Sea Cadet Notes" is YOUR special section of it. The inference is obvious!

"VICTORY" TRAINING DEPOT

(By L. R. V. Smith O. in C.)

On Wednesday 3rd, Captain Blackwood and Mr. Giles of the Volunteer Coastal Patrol, in the company of the Chief Executive Officer, inspected the unit, Capt. Blackwood stated that he was quite surprised at the efficiency of the unit, spending quite a long time looking over the equipment and listening to the classes receiving instruction.

On Tuesday 6th, a squad of picked lads formed a guard at Selfridge's Ball at the "Troadero." Two Officers and thirty-four ratings attended the guard and were inspected by Mr. Midlane, Managing Director of Selfridge's. The guard were treated to supper and had a very good night, most of them staying till 11 o'clock. The Officers were kindly invited to the table of Mrs. and Mr. Stuart McDonald of the Far West Committee who, in conjunction with Sydney Hospital, received the benefit of the night's proceeds from Selfridge's.

The complement of the V.T.D. wish to congratulate Cadet Green of Manly for his success in the recent competition at "Fairlight" Depot. Mr. G. Smith is to be congratulated for the manner in which his lads carried out their duties at this parade after such a short period of training. It is obvious from this parade that the Navy League is rapidly returning to its old standard of efficiency and numbers.

Working parties have been held at the Depot for the last few week-ends to paint the whalers and clean the moorings in preparation for the summer months which are drawing very close now.

Mr. Seary, our Second Officer, has improved conditions in the Ward Room by building ward-ropes and settees in there; he has also made up curtains and upholstered the stools in the Petty Officers' Mess. Mr. Dodson, the Third Officer, has started an ambulance class on Wednesday nights in preparation for his father coming down to take an advanced course later.

During the past month we have obtained the services of a gentleman as honorary auditor, Mr. Cotter. We wish to thank Mr. Cotter for his kindness in accepting the position.

A Vice-Patron, Mr. H. M. Barker, of Dunhill & Barker, Solicitors, has been added to our strength. Mr. Barker will be a great help to us and it shows great kindness and interest in such a busy man to spare some of his valuable time in the interest of the V.T.D.

Both the above gentlemen have become interested in the movement due to the efforts of Miss Susan and Captain Bell. The former has kindly consented to accept the position of God-mother and the latter President of the V.T.D.

We wish to thank Messrs. Nestlé's, Peters Ice Cream Co., Arnott's Biscuit Co., and Toth's Breweries for their kind donations to the supper for the cadets on Wednesday 31st. Once again these firms were interested through the efforts of Miss Bell. On that date the unit was inspected by Sir Thomas Gordon, Patron; Mr. Barker, Vice-Patron; Mr. Cotter, Auditor; Mr. Prentice of 2UW; and Dr. Schlinch, Hon. Medical officer to the League. Sir Thomas promised the unit his full support and hopes to find us a cutter. All the visitors expressed their pleasure at seeing the lads in such fine shape. Capt. Hill the retiring Senior Officer, and Capt. Blackwood our new chief, were in attendance. We know that Capt. Hill will take just as much interest in the Sea Cadets as he has done while carrying out the job of Senior Officer, and we all thank him for his good work. We hope to see Capt. Blackwood again soon, on one of our regular meetings, so that he can really see the unit at its regular duties, pick out all our faults, and so help us to improve.

I think that after hearing the speeches of the various gentlemen that I can safely again report "All Well at the V.T.D."

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SEA LANES

The following extract from the Evening Post (Wellington, N.Z.) is worthy of republication in the Journal. Firstly, it serves to inform Australian members of the Navy League of the interest taken in matters maritime by our sister across the Tasman. Secondly, many of the trenchant points brought forward could be well applied to this country of Australia.

tection, and their improvement, were discussed last evening by Commodore H. E. Horan, D.S.C., Chief of the Naval Staff, in a talk to the annual meeting of the Wellington branch of the Navy League. He described them as the arteries of Empire, and urged the need for co-operation if security were to be obtained; to that end he would suggest the fostering of a sea cadet corps in New Zealand to assist in meeting the demand for man-power when the need arose.

The Empire, said Commodore Horan, was far flung. There were islands and continents populated by people with the same thoughts and same ideas, and if by any chance one of those parts of the Empire disappeared the whole of the Empire would go as well. The Empire was kept together by sea communications, which were the Empire's arteries. Those arteries represented 85,000 miles, and the Navy had to think of the security of every ship that passed along them; in peace that was easy, in war it was not so easy.

In peace, food and raw materials, and the goods Great Britain exported and exchanged, were carried on those trade routes. That had also to be done in war, together with a most important task—the carriage of troops and ammunition across the seas. The means was the Merchant Navy.

The tonnage of the Mercantile Marine before the war was the same as it was now, but instead of having the large number of ships of over 3,000 tons, as before the war, to-day, because of the improvement in ship-building and the need for economy, the number of ships had dwindled by a third, with the very large reduction in men of 50,000.

bolt-hole in New Zealand waters if necessary; at any rate, it had something in the country from which it could work.

The Navy had always looked upon the fishing fleet as being a reservoir for men—trained men capable of doing auxiliary jobs—but there again there was more economy, and there were fewer ships and fewer men. Every ship and every man that sailed the high seas was worth twice what they were before the war, and that was the problem that faced the Empire's protectors.

PROTECTION IN WAR.

How were those lines of communication to be protected in war? asked Commodore Horan. Since the last war there had come in a new arm, the potentialities of which could be proved only by actual warfare. He could not give any idea of how this new arm, the air arm, was going to act at sea, but if the Empire's opponents played the game and abided by the results the situation would not be much more complicated than it was; on the other hand, if they did not play the game, it was going to be much more complicated. In 1917 the steamer "Wairuna" was passing close to the Kermadec Islands when an aeroplane appeared over her and dropped a weighted bag on the fore-castle, ordering the ship to stop. The aeroplane came from the German raider Wolf. It was the first case he had seen, or heard of, where a ship had been interfered with—and eventually sunk—as a result of air co-operation. New Zealand was 12,000 miles from England, but that incident happened about 300 miles from New Zealand—it might happen again.

He had seen the efforts that were being made to make Auckland a suitable home for what was expected in the future, said Commodore Horan. That base was going on: there were a dock, a dockyard, and new machinery there, and he was very pleased to see the progress that had been made. It made him feel that the Navy had a

Sea communications and their vital importance in the preservation of Empire unity, their pro-

CO-OPERATION NEEDED.

The control of sea communications was not a matter for the Navy alone. The Navy could not operate on the high seas unless the Air Force were assisting the Army for the security of bases, and assisting the Navy at sea with reconnaissance. For the Navy to be able to do its work properly it had to be backed by everybody —by the Government, by the Army, and by the R.A.F.

An analogy was Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata: the effect of its being played with one finger as opposed to its being played in its full strength with all ten fingers.

The first of the naval problems was men. Apart from trained engineers and artisan ratings, the Royal Navy was getting all the men it wanted. Because of the reduction in shipping there were not enough men in the R.N.R., but the R.N.V.R. was looked to to fill that bill, and more would be called upon in the future than in the past.

In England there was a sea cadet corps, and he would suggest the development of that in New Zealand as something that should be fostered.

He did hope, when he saw the young of the Empire going in for sea cadet corps work, that they were going in for it simply because it breathed the spirit of their forefathers, the spirit of adventure.

Owing to disarmament conferences Great Britain was well behind with her ships, but thanks to a revulsion of feeling she was now gradually getting up to date—but at what a cost! The reason for the cost was because people did not look into the future: they did not see that instead of having to meet the bill they now had to meet they could have been meeting it over the years between 1910 and 1935.

"I, as a seaman, say that no new ship should be designed or built unless she is equal, at least—I hope, superior—to her opposite number in the enemy fleet," said Commodore Horan. "It is not fair to ask men to man ships that are out of date. We have the great lesson of Coronel staring us in the face—that ought never to happen."

Commodore Horan referred to the fact that every merchant vessel over 3,000 tons now carried wireless. In the event of attack the Navy and other vessels would know what was happening, and raiders' activities would be reduced

very considerably. Wireless telegraphy had produced a feeling of security, and would, he hoped, in the event of another war, keep the trade on the seas.

He could assure the meeting that direction and co-ordination at Home had never reached such a high peak, concluded Commodore Horan.

OUR NEW COVER.

The Journal's new cover has been made possible through the generosity of Captain S. G. Green, of Messrs. Burns, Philp & Co. Ltd., Sydney's veteran Marine Superintendent.

Captain Green has, once again, proved his friendship for the League, and may rest assured that it is highly appreciated.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. W. Hammer, who provided the embellishing design.

Editor, Journal.



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THE BILLS OF HEALTH

(By "Jonathan")

"To-morrow," quoth Ruskin, gazing critically out of the office scuttle at the sunlit cliffs of Cape St. Vincent, "we shall be Senior Officer, Gibraltar."

"Paper-work, pandemonium and panic stations," I groaned.

"Bugles, brass-hats and bottles of acid," he retorted brilliantly.

"And bills of health," I added, almost under my breath.

Ruskin swung round suddenly and we looked at each other for a moment without speaking. At length:—

"No mistakes this time," he barked.

"I like that. You know you had it at the bottom of your basket."

"It was your day on and you should have kept your eyes open."

"It's your day on to-morrow," I countered. Ruskin glanced at the duty list and swore softly. It was.

As practice is of paramount importance, the orders for collecting bills of health on arrival at a foreign port are very clearly defined. "Immediately on anchoring, all bills of health are to be sent to the ship of the senior officer arriving in company. They are to be enclosed in separate envelopes marked Bills of Health, and addressed to the Senior Medical Officer. They are not to be enclosed in a correspondence bag, but are to be delivered direct to the officer of the watch of the senior officers' ship."

And yet consider how easily things may go wrong. One or two bills of health may find their way into large correspondence bags through lack of intelligence on the part of an orderly. The officer of the watch has many important things to attend to on anchoring, besides bills of health; he may be receiving a flag officer at the star-board gangway while a correspondence trip comes up the port side. The Senior Medical Officer, impatiently awaiting the bills of health on the quarterdeck, may rush to collect them from the Admiral's office; while a frantic sick berth at-

tendant, having received them in the sick bay, is tearing round the ship to find the Senior Medical Officer. Yea, bills of health are indeed thorns in the flesh.

I entered the office early the following morning, pinned a placard to Ruskin's desk bearing the words "Bills of Health," and then went on deck to watch the squadrons approaching the Rock. After the cold green waters of the North Sea and the Channel to which we had grown accustomed, it was good to see the deep blue water beneath us, and to watch the sun shine mildly down from a clear sky on to the heights of Gibraltar. Slowly we edged our way through the narrow harbour entrance and proceeded to the Fleet flagship's billet alongside the South Mole. The destroyers sped into their berths at the North Mole, the cruisers followed more sedately. It was a fascinating sight. Ship after ship came to rest, secured, hoisted out boats. One boat from each ship, manned by sailors and carrying an orderly with correspondence in the stern sheets, made towards us. The balloon, as they say, was about to go up. I sprang below, to find Ruskin looking at my placard with a jaundiced eye.

"They'll be here in three minutes," I told him. Ruskin rang the bell; an orderly appeared. "Get below to the quarterdeck and see that the bills of health are sent here immediately they arrive." As he spoke, the Senior Medical Officer, resplendent in frock coat and sword, entered the office. "And see," added Ruskin, not noticing the new arrival, "that they don't go forward to that — sick bay!"

The Surgeon Commander's face assumed rather a purple hue, but he made no comment. "When do you expect the bills of health?" he enquired.

"Any minute now, sir."

At this moment, as if in response to a cue, the Admiral's Secretary entered with three signals for immediate despatch. He was closely followed by the Flag Lieutenant, who came up to my desk. "I'm expecting a report from the 'Resolute' on her signal halliards," he rapped out, "send it to me as soon as it arrives."

"Aye, aye, sir" I replied, and made a note on my blotting pad.

"Look here," boomed the stentorian tones of the Squadron Gunnery Officer, as he put his head inside the door, "when are the orders for that gunnery shoot going out?"

"Ready packed up to go, sir, as soon as the orderlies arrive," answered Ruskin, and wheeled round to me as the S.G.O. vanished. "Where are they, J? You were dealing with that."

"The corporal's running off the copies on the duplicator now. I'll go down and see if he's finished."

On my way out I passed two more staff officers, one of them waving a signal, and noticed Ruskin receiving them with a dangerous calm.

Down below, in the printing office, the correspondence orderlies were arriving and discharging the contents of their bags in cascades on to the deck. The place had begun to resemble a branch of the G.P.O. during the Christmas rush. Corporal and orderly were sorting feverishly. I grabbed the exercise orders which were lying in a tray, still wet from the press.

"The orderlies are to wait outside the office until these are ready to go out," I told the corporal, and was leaving the office when I noticed an envelope lying under the duplicator. I picked it up. It was addressed to the Senior Medical Officer, and in the corner, "Bill of Health" was inscribed in red ink.

"If you come across any bills of health," I ordered, "send them up to the office at once."

I saw, as I re-entered the Admiral's office, all the indications of what is known in the vernacular as a "flat spin." The Chief Petty Officer Writer was dealing steadily with a huge pile of official letters; another writer was typing a lengthy draft to which was pinned a purple "Immediate" chit; while to a third the Secretary was dictating in person. A signal distributing office messenger was vainly trying to attract Ruskin's attention, but the latter was too busy telephoning.

"Make this signal," he was saying, "To 'Hermione' and 'Crocus,' your bills of health not received. Make—"

"One moment," I interposed.

"Damn you, don't interrupt."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"To 'Hermione' and 'Crocus.' Your bills of health not received. Make your own arrangements for obtaining pratique. . . . Repeat that. . . . Right."

He slammed down the receiver. "Now," he said ferociously.

"The 'Hermione's' bill of health," I said, placing it before him.

"Why the hell couldn't you say so before? Where's that — orderly? Here, Jones," to one of the writers, "nip down below with this and give it to the S.M.O. He's just going ashore with the bills of health." He lifted the receiver and rang up the signal distributing office once more. "Cancel 'Hermione' from that last signal; make it to 'Crocus' only," he told them.

The corporal entered with a pile of letters. "That's all the box, sir."

"No bills of health?"

"No, sir. The orderlies are waiting outside for the exercise orders."

"Right. They're all ready."

We worked for some time in silence. Every five minutes the orderly took a pile of correspondence in to the Secretary and returned with a larger pile for Ruskin. Then came a timid knock on the door, and a sick berth attendant entered.

"Yes?" said Ruskin, writing busily.

"Can you tell me where the Surgeon Commander is, sir?"

"Ashore, getting pratique. Why?"

"I've been trying to find him for half-an-hour with this letter sir."

"Just Heaven!" Ruskin cried. "Give it to me." He snatched it from the bewildered sick berth man. It was merely a plain service envelope addressed to the Senior Medical Officer, but it did not need the ship's stamp H.M.S. "Crocus" in the corner to tell us its contents. Ruskin gave me an unearthly look, ran his fingers through his hair and reached wearily for the telephone . . .

—With acknowledgments to "NAVY."

VOLUNTEER YACHTSMEN AGAIN!

(Following the article on the Volunteer Coastal Patrol published in the August Journal, the following information, appearing in the current Auckland Navy League Journal is of interest.

It would appear that a similar movement, sponsored by the Navy League, is well afloat in New Zealand.

Editor Journal.)

INSTRUCTIONS FOR YACHTSMEN

Recently there has been expressed in the daily papers appreciation of steps which have been taken by the Auckland Branch of the Navy League to set up classes for instructing yachtsmen and launchmen in navigation, signalling, etc. These classes are entirely free from official control, and are intended to give such knowledge as will make the members of the utmost use to the Naval Service in the event of war occurring.

During the Great War the services of amateur yachtsmen were of the utmost value to the Navy and were of special use as motor boats, trawlers and minesweepers. Much time, about six months, was, however, taken up in necessary instruction, and our idea is to give in peace time much of this instruction.

The response to our offer of instruction has exceeded our expectations, and has demonstrated the extreme patriotism of these yachtsmen and their desire to fit themselves to be of service to their Country in the event of national emergency.

"AVAILABLE FOR SERVICE"

An Excellent Scheme

A "senior class" has been formed by the Auckland Branch of the Navy League, the objective being to enable yachtsmen with sea-going experience to study advanced seamanship.

The first meeting of this class was held in the League's rooms early this month. The reasons for the formation of the class and the purpose and scope of the lectures to be given were explained to members by Commander C. H. T. Palmer, president, and Mr. J. H. Frater, chairman of the Auckland branch of the League.

Captain W. J. Keane, who is about to retire from the Marine Department, has been engaged by the League as instructor of the class, which is composed of three members from each of the major yacht clubs. The course will embrace coastal navigation, meteorology, chart reading, position-finding, Morse communication and allied subjects to a standard which will enable those completing the course to sit for the yachtsmen's home trade master's certificate examination of the marine Department.

When the training of the senior class is finished, it is proposed that the members will commence classes of instruction in their own clubs under the supervision of Captain Keane and associate instructors.

It is considered that under this scheme a number of skilled men will be available for marine services in time of national emergency. Instead of being drafted into the army, such men could be drafted into the navy or assigned special duties in the performance of which their special knowledge would be of advantage.

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"How the Solomons"—Cont. from page 5

HOME AGAIN

Mendana and his battered fleet made the Californian coast on December 19th, 1568, and the voyagers rested. After a stay of some months they sailed again for Callao, where they arrived in July, 1569.

Mendana had returned practically empty handed and, apart from the discoveries made and information obtained, the expedition was accounted a failure. In spite of this, rumours arose concerning the fabulous wealth of the islands discovered by Mendana, and by the time twenty years had elapsed, instead of having returned with almost nothing, the explorers were reported to have brought back treasure to the extent of 40,000 pesos of gold, and vast quantities of the then precious commodities, cloves and ginger.

HOW THE NAME WAS COINED

They were popularly supposed to have found a land rich in gold, silver, and precious stones. A country comparable to the Biblical land of Ophir, from whence King Solomon of old drew vast stores of treasure; and so gradually the name came into being, and was given to that lonely group in the Pacific Ocean, the Solomon Islands.

THE SECOND ATTEMPT

Now for the account of Mendana's second, and last, Pacific voyage. Twenty-eight years after his discovery of the Solomons, Mendana interested another Viceroy of Peru—Mendoza, Marquis of Canete, in a project to colonize the islands, and a new expedition was equipped. It consisted of four ships:—San Jeronimo, the flagship, Santa Isabel, the ship of the second in command, Lope de Vega, a frigate, and a galliot. Mendana, of course, was in command, and on this voyage he was assisted by Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, who held the position of Chief Pilot. De Quiros, in command of a later voyage of exploration, discovered the New Hebrides group. The various ships' companies were made up of 378 people of whom 280 were able to bear arms. As a permanent colony was to be established a large number of married people were carried; indeed, Mendana's wife, Dona Isabel, accompanied him. Unfortunately for the success of the expedition, a number of bad characterers was included in the various crews.

The expedition sailed from Peru on April 9th, 1595. On 21st of the same month the fleet arrived at a group of islands which Mendana called Las Marquesas de Mendoza, after his patron the Viceroy. They were the group now known as the Marquesas.

MUTINY AGAIN

A short stay was made at the islands, where the first trouble of the voyage occurred; the soldiers of the expedition became mutinous. They were subdued by their officers, and the fleet sailed on. On September 7th, an island was sighted, and on the same night the ship of Lope de Vega, second in command, disappeared and was never sighted again. What caused her disappearance will never be known; possibly mutiny, perhaps she foundered. It remains to this day one of the mysteries of the sea.

The remainder of the fleet anchored off the island on September 8th and landing parties went ashore. Mendana, named the island Santa Cruz, and proceeded with his scheme of colonization. This was doomed from the start. The Spaniards commenced operations by murdering the natives, and from that arrived at the stage of murdering one another. Sickness fell upon the unhappy band of adventurers, many of whom died, amongst them, poor Mendana.

His widow, on whom the nominal command of the expedition fell, determined to leave Santa Cruz, and to look for the island of San Christobal, one of the Solomons, where she hoped to find the missing Lope de Vega. Santa Cruz was left on November 10th, 1595, but San Christobal and Lope de Vega were never found.

The Pilot, de Quiros, navigated the remnant of the fleet across the Pacific. After indescribable hardships and privations, the worn out, starving voyagers arrived at Manila in the Philippines in February, 1596.

So ended the last voyage of Mendana; for all practical purposes, a failure like his first, spoilt by sheer bad luck, combined with the workings of mutinous members of the rank and file, and jealousy among the officers of the expedition. The map of the world, however, had been added to in no inconsiderable degree, and it is sad to think that the gallant Mendana died, leaving so much of his avowed life's work unfinished. But, in the list of seamen adventurers who dared the perils of unknown waters, Mendana's name finds a worthy place.



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AIMS AND OBJECTS OF THE NAVY LEAGUE

The Navy League is a Voluntary Patriotic and non-Sectarian Association of British Peoples, 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 all classes in Maintaining the Navy at the Requisite Standard of Strength, not only with a view to the safety of our trade and Empire, but also with the object of securing British prestige on every sea and in every port of the World.
2. To convince the general public 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 and Im-

perial Security.

3. To bring home to every person in the Empire that commerce can only be guarded from any possible attack by a Navy, in Conjunction with the Air Force, sufficiently strong in all the elements which modern warfare demands.
4. To teach the citizens of the Empire, 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 peoples, No Less Depends on the Merchant Service, which, under the Sure Shield of the Navy, welds us into One Imperial Whole.
5. 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 in the spirit of their motto—"For God, for the King, for the Empire."

The NAVY LEAGUE JOURNAL

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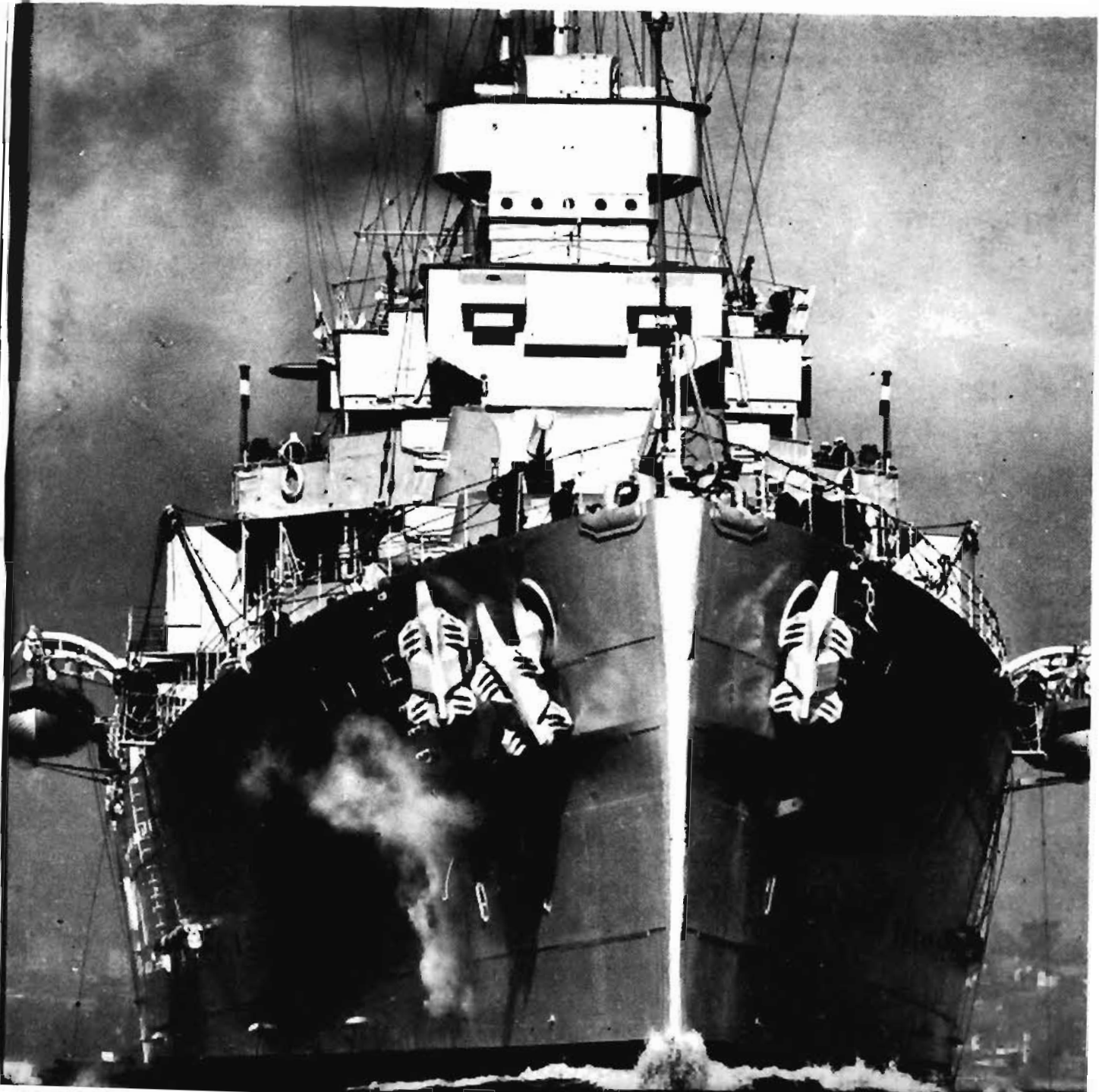
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SYDNEY, OCTOBER, 1938

Pride 60

REMEMBER TRAFALGAR!

On the 21st October, 133 years ago, the decisive naval action that broke all hope of Napoleon establishing France as a power commanding the seas was fought.

Trafalgar made England safe; it proved that, whilst the Royal Navy still had keels to plough the waves, it would stand watch and ward over the homes and lives of Britain.

Nowadays, France is our tried and trusted ally. Through the welter of suspicion, intrigue, and hatred that is Europe to-day, the two great nations stand shoulder to shoulder, calm in the realisation of the complete understanding between them. Nowadays the old world is not a very happy place, but whilst the friendship of England and France endures, there is still hope for sanity in Europe. Enemies at Trafalgar—but worthy foes—they, and they alone, provide the greatest moral and physical force for peace in existence.

In the dark days which Europe has been passing through, one false step on the part of Britain's and France's leaders would have pro-

vided the excuse to set the world ablaze in horrible, soul and body destroying conflict. But these two nations, enemies for centuries, now friends, stood firm. Civilisation was saved from chaos.

Truly then, Trafalgar is an object lesson which all nations might well study. Former foes now comrades; old contentions have been shelved, and by this enduring friendship the peace of the world has been saved, even though it may be but a brief respite.

Would that all nations could shed their lusts for power, their greed for the possessions of others. Truly Utopian; but it is a vision well worth dreaming; the day when all the nations will march together in step, not to war, but to further the interests of mankind and civilisation.

Let us hope, then, that the peoples of the world will endeavour to make something of a reality out of the vision.

One thing, however, must be guarded against. From the feeling of relief that has swept the Empire may be engendered a state of mind that

(Continued overleaf)

October, 1938

certainly will end in disaster. Our peoples might be impressed with the fact that the recent European crisis was settled by discussion, and not by force, and that future crises may be similarly treated. But the power of the mailed fist is still the main force for argument with certain European nations. Therefore, beware of a wave of Pacifism that most surely will work up in the near future. Almost certainly the clamour for limitation of armaments will be heard in the land and, should it be heeded, then definitely a future crisis will loom up; a more serious one than this last.

Let us, in anticipation of that strength-sapping menace of Pacifism and limitation of fighting strength, paraphrase Nelson's famous signal. Remembering Trafalgar, let us say with courage and conviction that: "THE EMPIRE EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY."

—THE EDITOR.

BOYS...

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THE GREATEST SAILOR OF HIS TIME!

(Compiled from notes left by the late D. R. Mitchell, one-time Chief Officer of "Victory" Train Depot, North Sydney.)

As the one hundred and thirty-third anniversary of Nelson's death occurs this month, it is fitting that some details of the "Little Admiral's" life and work should be given to readers of the Journal.

Horatio Nelson was born on September 29th, 1758, in a Norfolk village. His father was rector of the parish. In 1767 Nelson's mother died, leaving a large family to mourn their loss, and her brother, Captain Morris Suckling, R.N., offered to take charge of one of the eight boys. Young Nelson, then twelve years old, wrote from boarding school to his father, and asked to be allowed to go to sea with his uncle. His request was granted, and Horatio joined Captain Suckling in his ship "Raisonable."

Off To Sea

He made a voyage to the Falkland Islands, about which there was at that time a dispute with Spain. He was not long away from England, and returned to spend quite a lengthy period with his ship in port.

This comparatively quiet existence irked Nelson, and at the age of 13 he went for a voyage in a merchant ship. He returned a practical seaman, and rejoined his uncle on the 74 gun ship "Triumph." Some time later he was selected to go on an expedition to the Arctic, and at the age of 18 he was coxswain of the "Racehorse," sailing for the northern ice. His adventures and courage on this Polar expedition stamped him as one whose coolness and nerve was high above the average.

On his return to home waters he transferred to H.M.S. "Seahorse," 20 guns, and went to the East Indies. Eighteen months in the eastern climate played havoc with his delicate constitution, and he became ill and was invalidated to England.

He Becomes an Officer

His health was restored, and he joined the 64 gun "Worcester" as acting Lieutenant, and made a passage to Gibraltar and return. On 8th

April, 1777, he passed his examination for his lieutenancy, received his commission the next day, and was appointed Second Lieutenant of H.M.S. "Lowestoft," aboard which ship he fought in several actions against French and American privateers in the West Indies. For his excellent work he was promoted to First Lieutenant of H.M.S. "Badger," a ship on which he had his first real chance to show his seniors his metal. This he did to no uncertain degree when the Spaniards threatened Jamaica. Nelson commanded the Fort Charles batteries at Port Royal, and time and again saved the Fort itself from capture, fighting again terrific odds.

Again Nelson's health broke down, and he had a sick leave spell of four months. Then he was appointed in charge of H.M.S. "Albermarle," and took her to the North Sea, and later to Quebec. After a lengthy service he returned to England, and seriously considered leaving the Navy. The outbreak of the French Revolution changed his mind, and he took command of a Mediterranean ship engaging in the sieges of Bastia and Calvi.

Wounded!

At the attack on the Fort at Calvi, a shot struck the ground in front of him, driving sand and gravel into his face. He treated the injury lightly, but as a result of it he lost the sight of one eye.

After the Mediterranean, promotion came quickly. He was first appointed Captain, and soon after Admiral, hoisting his flag on H.M.S. "Minerve." At the time England was at war with France and Spain, and Bonaparte was well started on the meteoric career that ended so sadly at Longwood, on the Island of Saint Helena. Strangely enough, Nelson was then hardly known to the English public, but his name was both feared and respected in the Mediterranean.

Nelson's first great victory was the battle of Cape St. Vincent, when, on February, 1797, with 15 ships, he engaged and decisively defeated a Spanish fleet of 27 vessels.

(Continued overleaf)

Wounded Again!

In action at Tenneriffe Nelson, while stepping ashore from his boat, was shot through the elbow, and the wound necessitated the amputation of an arm.

Nelson's next spectacular victory was in 1798, when he led his fleet in H.M.S. "Vanguard" against the French in the famous battle of the Nile.

The hero's next great achievement was in 1801, when he sailed with the fleet from Yarmouth and took part in the battle of Copenhagen at which, through his disregard of the Commander-in-Chief's signal to discontinue action, the tide of defeat swung away from the English, and set against their opponents. For his part in this action Horatio Nelson was created a Viscount.

After a spell ashore Lord Nelson was once again called to the fleet early in 1805, and leading with his flagship, the famous "Victory," he sailed with 32 other ships to the Spanish coast. Near Cape Trafalgar he encountered the combined French and Spanish fleets.

Soon after daybreak of the morning of 21st October, Nelson came on deck, made sure that all was ready for battle, then, retiring to his cabin, wrote this prayer:—

"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature of the British fleet. For myself, I commit my life to He who made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is committed to me. Amen."

Victory And Loss!

All being ready for action, Nelson returned to the upper deck and made the famous signal which will be remembered as long as Britain is Britain:—"England expects that every man will do his duty." The fleet resounded to the roars of cheering, sail was made, and the battle joined.

The fight continued through the morning, and by early afternoon victory was in sight. Then, with triumph approaching, came England's dark hour. Though urged by his officers to remove his decorations, which provided a conspicuous

mark, he declined to do so on the grounds that it might lead to indicate fear to the men under his command.

The glitter of his orders and trappings caught the eye of a sharp-shooter in one of the enemy's fighting tops. A careful, steady aim; the pressure of a finger on a musket trigger—and the ball that was to send England into mourning sped to its mark.

Nelson dropped to the deck, and to his friend, Hardy, who rushed to his side:—

"They have done for me at last, Hardy; my backbone is shot through."

Below, the cockpit to which he was carried was filled with wounded men, and—irony of fate—they laid the great Admiral in a midshipman's berth. Though in mortal agony he insisted on knowing from time to time how the battle was going.

An hour passed, and then Hardy was able to report to his commander the news that victory was complete. Nelson replied:

"That is well. Anchor, Hardy, anchor."

Then Hardy asked him whether he would hand over to Admiral Collingwood, his second in command.

"Not while I live," replied the dying Nelson. Calling Hardy to him, he said:—

"Don't throw me overboard, Hardy. Kiss me, Hardy."

Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek.

"Now I am satisfied," said Nelson, "thank God I have done my duty."

Soon after he passed away. His gallant spirit left his frail body, but surely that spirit still watches over the great Service to which he was such a splendid and faithful servant.

Nelson has left us his signal, and that signal is a worthy watchword for all Britons. Truly, England expects that every man will do his duty, not only in war, but at all times.



THE "JAMES BAINES"

(By Frank C. Bowen)

The famous "James Baines" was an Australian sailing ship in which England and the United States had equal right to take a great pride, for she was one of the finest ships flying the Red Ensign, run in the traditional fashion of James Baines' fleet, but was designed and built by Donald McKay, of Boston, who is acknowledged by Britons just as readily as Americans to have been the master of his craft and the builder of some of the finest clipper ships ever launched.

It was in 1854 that James Baines, that strange, lovable character who did so much to raise the prestige of the British Merchant Service and who died a ruined man after a meteoric career, went to Donald McKay, of Boston, for four ships of roughly the same size but differing very considerably in design. The "Lightning," of just under 2,100 tons, was the smallest, next came the "James Baines," of 2,275, then the "Champion of the Seas," of 2,448, and finally the "Donald McKay," of 2,598, all as measured by the old British rule.

All these ships were extreme clippers, and as such were apt to be exceedingly uncomfortable, but they were magnificent vessels and capable of a high and sustained speed under a huge cloud of canvas. At that time James Baines' principal rival on the Australian trade was Pilkington and Wilson's White Star Line, which immediately responded to his challenge with the "White Star" and the "Red Jacket." Naturally enough, British opinion was not pleased with this going to an American yard, but so much interest was aroused by the performances of the clipper ships in those days that as soon as they were built they were eagerly received and the country took the greatest pride in them.

On her dimensions 286 feet overall by 44½ by 29 feet depth of hold, she had very comfortable accommodation for her day, the head room between decks being nearly eight feet and numerous state rooms being built round a dining saloon 35 feet long by 15 feet wide, after what was then the usual fashion. A small deck house was all that was considered necessary for the accommo-

dation for smokers. Apart from the first class she carried a large number of second and third class passengers and even they were given an appreciable degree of comfort, which was not by any means invariable in those days.

In rig, she was rather extreme and set flying kites like skysail-studding-sails and main-moon-sails which were belayed by the American clipper man, but which were of doubtful value in helping drive the ship along. With a fair wind she would set no less than 34 sails, carrying 13,000 yards of canvas. Both Donald McKay and James Baines believed in their ships having the very finest possible gear, and it was the trouble that was expended on the strength of her running rigging and sails that had a lot to do with the magnificent passages that she was able to make. Even the best of gear, however, would not stand the treatment that she got sometimes.

As a new ship she was commanded by Captain McDonnell, who had made his name in the "Marco Polo," and did the passage to Liverpool from her building port in 12 days, 6 hours, although the skipper always used to boast that he could have managed it in eight had the wind been rather more favourable, and claimed to have touched twenty knots running up Channel. It must be remembered, however, that on this passage she was light, for in those days it was customary with ships built in the New World to await their arrival at Liverpool before they received their passenger fittings and sheathing.

The ship could not have been delivered at a better time for the steamers which had begun to run the mail service had been taken off troping to the Crimea, and the sailing ship owners had the chance of tendering for the mails. James Baines had sufficient confidence in his ships to offer to pay a forfeit for every day over 85 between Liverpool and Melbourne; the "James Baines" did her maiden passage in 63 days, 18 hours, 15 minutes. The steamer "Pacific" left 15 days before her, but had not yet arrived when she made her numbers. This was her best passage, and although it was an excellent one in most favourable circumstances, it was three days more than the famous run of the British-built "Thermopylae."

(Continued overleaf)

The average speed on this passage works out at rather more than nine knots the average run 221 miles per day. There is a tradition that she ran 21 knots by the log on this passage, but it is more than doubtful, and it must be remembered that some of the Australian captains were just as keen as the American packet men to please their passengers and were quite capable of doing a little exaggeration in conversation. They could scarcely have imagined how many of their pleasantries have passed into serious history.

At that time the Australian gold boom was at its height, and there were no lack of passengers outwards, while the amount of gold that was shipped home put colossal values on their cargoes. On her first homeward voyage she carried 360 passengers and 4,000 ounces of gold, making the run in 69 days. It may be mentioned that she only did this at very considerable risk to herself, and very nearly came to grief.

After such a passage there was no curbing her popularity on the service between Liverpool and Melbourne, and in spite of the high price that he paid for her, and the somewhat extravagant manner in which he ran her, old James Baines must have found her a perfect gold mine. It was quite a blow to his balance sheet when she was taken off service to become a trooper in the Indian Mutiny of 1857, together with the "Champion of the Seas" and the "Lightning." Queen Victoria inspected the ship before she left and there is a tradition that she offered her captain a very handsome gratuity if he could make a record passage. She was so deeply concerned with the affairs in India at that time that it is quite possibly true, but although the "Champion of the Seas" and "James Baines" both made passages of 101 days, the "Lightning" did it in 87.

Old James Baines thought that while she was in India he might just as well pick up a cargo to bring her home, and such was her reputation that he had no difficulty in finding a very valuable one. But he had the worst of luck, for soon after arriving in the Muskisoon Dock at Liverpool the ship caught fire, and in spite of the heroic measure of scuttling her in the dock she was damaged beyond all hope of reconstruction, and the greater part of the cargo was consumed. Had it been possible to get her out into the deep water of the river and scuttle her there so that she was completely covered the result might have been different.

The disaster broke Captain McDonnell's heart, for he was absolutely wrapped up in his ship and he made no effort to get another command, although it would have been very easy for him.

THE VICTORY OF TRAFALGAR

THE STORY OF THE ACTION—

Lord Nelson, on board the Victory, directed his attack on the enemy's line between the tenth and eleventh ships in the van; but finding it so close that there was not room to pass, he ordered his ship to be run alongside the Redoubtable, opposed to him; his second, the Temeraire, engaged the next ship in the enemy's line; and the others singled out their adversaries in succession, according to the order of battle. For the space of four hours the conflict was tremendous, particularly in that part of the line where the commander-in-chief had commenced the onset. The guns of his ship repeatedly set fire to the Redoubtable, and the British seamen were employed at intervals during the heat of the battle in throwing buckets of water on the spreading flames, which might have involved both ships in destruction.

Both the French and Spaniards fought with a degree of bravery and skill highly honourable to their officers and men, but the attack was irresistible. About three in the afternoon, the Spanish admiral, with ten sail of the line, joining the frigates to leeward, bore away to Cadix. Ten minutes afterwards, five of the headmost ships of the enemy's van, under Admiral Dumanoir, tacked, and stood to windward of the British line; the sternmost were taken, but the others escaped. The heroic exertions of the British were rewarded by the capture of nineteen ships of the line, with the commander-in-chief, Villeneuve, and two Spanish admirals. The tempestuous weather which came on after the action rendered it necessary to destroy most of these prizes, of which only four were carried into Gibraltar. The fugitive ships, under Dumanoir, were captured off Ferrol on the 4th of November, by a squadron under the command of Sir Richard Strachan.

The loss of the British in the battle of Trafalgar was estimated at one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven men, killed and wounded, but great as the victory was—and in importance and brilliancy it yields to none in the annals of naval warfare—it was purchased at an immense expense to the country—England lost her greatest sailor.

Quite soon after he died as a result of exposure in a gallant effort to save life, while his beloved ship was brought to the surface only to be made one of the floats of the new Liverpool landing stage.

GUN RUNNING IN THE PERSIAN GULF

By W. H. Roffey, Chief Instructor, Toronto (Canada) Sea Cadets

The object of this article is to give an insight into one phase of the work of the "Empire's Navy" that receives very little publicity. I refer to the suppression of the illicit gun-running trade that is carried on by the Arabs bordering the Persian Gulf. For a number of years this illicit trade was a matter of great concern to both the British and Indian Governments as it had assumed alarming proportions. Arms were being surreptitiously smuggled into India and sold to the war-like tribes of Baluchistan and Afghanistan. To suppress this trade a small squadron of H.M. ships was maintained in the gulf, with headquarters at Muscat. These ships were employed in patrolling the Persian Gulf and stopping and searching any suspicious dhow encountered. Notwithstanding these precautions, the smuggling still continued.

Men-of-War were too conspicuous, so that the ship's boats and an armed launch were used to do most of the waylaying and searching, particularly in shallow harbours and close under the land where it was impossible for the larger ships to venture. The crews of these boats were usually away from the parent ship for a period of two or three weeks, alternately pulling and sailing up and down a certain stretch of coast allotted to their patrol. They were exposed to a scorching hot sun during the day and the heavy dews at night, occasionally landing at some isolated spot to stretch their legs and get needed exercise. Often it was necessary to land under arms and march overland through a hostile country and intercept a caravan laden with arms that had been landed further down the coast, and fighting often ensued with losses on both sides. The sturdy band of a dozen or so Bluejackets usually accomplished their object, however, by capturing and destroying the arms and ammunition found packed on the backs of the camels. The crews of the dhows engaged in this traffic are a villainous-looking crowd, armed to the teeth with long knives, and guns and muskets of an antiquated pattern. When searching a dhow at sea the crew of the cutter is always on the alert for the first sign of treachery on the part of the Nakhoda and his crew of cut-throats.

Bitter experience has taught the Navy engaged in the work of searching at sea, not to approach a dhow (suspected of carrying arms) on the lee side, as the Nakhoda has been known to rap out an order in Arabic to his crew to drop the huge sail which these vessels carry, and smother the luckless crew of the service cutter laying alongside and scupper its crew, without a chance to defend themselves. But the Service has profited from past experience of this nature, and meets guile with guile by keeping the Nakhoda and his crew under cover while the search is in progress.

All kinds of wiles are practised to try and outwit the vigilant eyes of the search party. Often as not the arms are concealed under a ballast of sand and sometimes it is necessary to rip up the bottom planks of the dhow before search is rewarded. They have also been known to sling the bales of rifles under the keel, but no matter what strategy is employed they are usually detected and the contraband is sunk in deep water where there is no chance of recovery. The officers and men engaged in this work look for no reward except possibly the satisfaction of knowing it is to be a duty well done and the hope that their next commission may be in a ship that is a little closer to civilization. To have served in the Gulf, however, usually places the Bluejacket in a class by himself, as it is one of the few stations where romance is still to be found by those who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters.

PLEASE NOTE

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one of the Grain Fleet.

THESE NAVIGATORS MADE NEWS

Remarkable Voyage in Small Craft

(By Lawrence G. Green)

Men still set themselves hard tasks at sea. In 1935, on the wide ocean between Australia and South Africa the lookout-man in the steamer "Katos" sighted a patch of canvas and an open boat. Now that is usually the prelude to rescue and a tale of disaster croaked through swollen lips. But the two Swedes in this open boat asked nothing more than that a postcard should be sent to Sweden reporting their safety.

They were sailing round the world for pleasure; or, perhaps, for the sake of the achievement. There can be little happiness in ocean cruising under burning suns and the lash of cold spray. Lone voyages like Slocum, Gerbault, and Pidgeon, with their strong, decked craft, enjoyed luxury in comparison with the hardships of the open boat.

Romance of the Small Boat

The open boat! There you have a man's struggle against the moods of the sea reduced, almost, to its simplest terms. Sailors who steer far from shelter in small decked boats rank one step higher in the scale of ordeal. And how many adventures of this kind have gone unrecorded—voyages as worthy of a book of their own as the published masterpieces of Slocum and Gerbault.

Many remarkable feats of seamanship in South African waters live only in the yarns of the men who survived—men handier with marlin-spikes than pens. Some have been told in a paragraph of print, a few lines in a log-book, a short report handed to a harbour master. Filed, forgotten, lost. In those corners of Table Bay Docks where small craft rub topsides I have listened to such adventures. Some of the little ships and their masters have gone; the scenes which they suggested flicker across the screen of memory like a cinema film.

Oldest of all these small ketches and cutters was the "Purveyor." Indeed, you would not expect to find such a vessel, in the post-war era, outside an honoured place in a naval dockyard. Her whole appearance supported the fact—discovered by a naval officer with a taste for histori-

cal research—that she was built soon after 1800.

Here, beyond doubt, was one of the tiny "oak walls" of Old England still in service in this southern port after a century of hard work. The "Purveyor" was not more than forty feet in length; but her oak timbers and planking, blackened with age, were immensely heavy. She had bows so bluff that I wondered how long she spent on the high seas before Table Mountain rose over the horizon.

It is known that the "Purveyor" was used as a supply ship to Nelson's fleet; some say that she was within hearing distance of the guns at Trafalgar. Her first port of registry could still be read in quaint, carved letters under her battered counter—Falmouth.

Who nows how many tropical ports and islands she made, how many storms the little oak cutter weathered? Navies changed from oak to steel, but the "Purveyor" sailed on. When the teredo worm threatened her hull, when her decks leaked beyond repair and the fast motor coasters took her cargoes, she was left to decay.

A year or two passed in idleness—the first long holiday in her busy life. Then, in 1922, a whaling company bought her for a coaling bulk—this ship which deserved a Viking funeral. I was on the wharf the day before they towed her away. They were stripping her of the few solid, ancient fittings which might still have a value; and finally they rigged tackle and hoisted the thick, ancient mast out of her bilge. There was not a coin, not a sentimental fragment under the heel to throw light on the life of the doomed old lady of the sea.

The Purveyor escaped the fate planned for her. On the way to the whaling station at Saldanha Bay, sixty miles north of Cape Town, she broke away from the towing steamer and drifted on to the rock-bound coast. Thus died the "Purveyor," with all her memories of pig-tailed sailors, wide oceans, and the thunder of muzzle-loading guns.

(Continued overleaf)

Many young adventurous sisters have rubbed their planking against the ancient oak of the "Purveyor." One of them was the Forget-me-Not, a little Dover smack, which made a remarkable passage to South Africa in 1908. She was manned by three brothers named Pearson, a friend and a Creole. One of the brothers was a certificated master; the rest of the ship's company had no previous sea experience. It must have been a grim training for them.

Two Hundred Days at Sea

The passage to the Cape lasted 202 days and the only "port of call" was the remote island of Tristan da Cunha. When the peak of Tristan lifted over the horizon most of the sails needed repair and the "Forget-me-Not's" provision lockers were almost empty. The islanders, usually in need of stores themselves, helped to fit out the smack. After cruising among the islets of the Tristan group in search of guano, Captain Pearson set a course for Table Bay, across 1,500 miles of empty ocean, arriving on Christmas Day. The "Forget-me-Not" remained in the South African coasting and fishing trade for many years—a tough ship that rode out great gales in safety.

Another small fishing smack from England which made the long run to South Africa successfully was the "Chance." In 1921 she covered 8,050 miles in 90 days, calling nowhere; the mail steamers on the direct route of 6,000 miles, take only seventeen days. But for the seven men on board the hard-driven "Chance" there were no liner comforts. Heavy weather in the Bay of Biscay, a typhoon off the coast of Brazil, broken spars, intense heat in the tropics—all these hardships, and more, went down in the log of the little "Chance."

Three weeks before they reached Cape Town there was only one bucket of fresh water left—then heavy rains saved them. Provisions ran short; during the last part of the voyage they lived on biscuits and potatoes. They, too, were heartily glad to smell the land after the ordeal of the ocean.

Little—But Good

Tiny craft built in South Africa have ventured far from their home ports. Undoubtedly the smallest of all was the half-decked cutter "Homeward Bound". She was built a long way from the sea—at Harrismith, in the Orange Free State—by a Norwegian sailor named Nilsen. He found it easy to carry her to Durban on an

ox-wagon; for she was only twenty feet long, with a beam of seven feet.

Nilsen left Durban in May, 1886, cruised along the stormy South African coast, and sailed on, calling at many ports, to Norway. He had two friends with him; but apparently not one of them was a writer, for there is no description of this strange and perilous achievement. The Norwegians have always been fearless seamen in small craft; but the three men of the "Homeward Bound" must have suffered almost as much from violent motion and exposure as the two Swedes in their open boat.

Fishermen, and the crews of auxiliary coasting cutters who spend winter and summer at work off the South African coast, are a tough breed. Along some parts of the coast there are stretches of hundreds of miles without a safe port in which to shelter during a south-east blow or a freezing gale from the north-west.

In Table Bay Docks recently I saw a black-painted fishing boat, less than thirty feet in length, which had just struggled south all the way from Port Molloth, 350 miles, to join the Cape snooking fleet. Her men had their straw mattresses and bedding in the sun that day. I suppose there was hardly a dry spot inside or out during the long sea passage.

Dangerous Harbours

Some of the South African fishing ports, like Houdekilp Bay and Knysna, have narrow entrances made more dangerous by bars. The fishermen go out in fine weather, the sea rises, and they are forced to remain in the open until it is safe to return to harbour. Almost every year the sea claims some of these men. But for every lost crew there are a hundred escapes and feats of seamanship which go unchronicled.

Those who have told the stories of their adventures off the old "Cape of Storms" give us strong impressions of the misery of it all. I remember the words of Captain Axel Ingwersen when he brought the 27 ton ketch "Shanghai" into Table Bay Docks, on his way from China to Denmark. "If I ever go to sea again in a small boat I shall avoid the Cape," he declared. "It was the worst part of the voyage—my worst night at sea."

Skipper Harry Pidgeon, the lone hand of the little yawl "Islander," was lucky in his weather when he rounded the Cape of Good Hope. His narrowest escape from destruction came after he left Table Bay, bound for St. Helena. Worn-out after thirty hours on watch, he trimmed his

sails, set a course to clear the land, and dropped into his bunk exhausted. The roaring of heavy surf awoke him. He leapt through the hatchway to find the "Islander" pounding on a sandy beach.

The wind had changed in the night and driven him miraculously past hidden rocks and reefs on to the shore. But the "Islander," built by Pidgeon himself, was a sound job; she stood the strain without cracking a plank or opening a seam. A coasting steamer towed her into deep water. Pidgeon lived to complete his voyage round the world.

For some of the most wonderful small-boat voyages along the South African coast we must go back to Dutch East India Company days. When the Indiaman "Stavenisse" was wrecked on the Natal coast in 1686, for example, her men salvaged a few great beams and other wreckage. They worked feverishly, and at the end of eight months a queer, clumsy boat was ready for launching. But she was seaworthy. They named her "Centaurus", rolled her down to the water, and sailed in her to Table Bay.

It is probable that Arab seamen in dhows from Zanzibar and the Indian Ocean ports visited the South African coast before Vasco de Gama. I have seen a dhow as far south as Belra—a crazy, high-pooped vessel, with a great open hold, a rickety mast, frayed rigging, one huge, patched mainsail and sea-worn sides. In such ships do the Arabs cross the oceans. The type has not changed for a thousand years.

Stout Hearts

Yes, there were bold hearts in all these frail ships. The man I remember best of all was an elderly Swede who made his living in a little motor cutter along the Cape coast. Sealing, fishing, cargo-carrying—there was no task too hard for that little boat. The Swede was a kindly man with a pair of great, gnarled hands capable of fine work in the way of wire splicing and sailmaking.

Somewhere between Table Bay and Saldanha he lies in a sailor's grave. Caught out, I suppose, in a gale that overwhelmed the old cutter, so that no trick of seamanship or desperate effort could save him. No one saw him go. But his fearless spirit lives on in the men of his own race who are sailing round the world in an open lifeboat. For pleasure? Who can define that quality which has come down through the centuries from the long ships of the Vikings?



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BOAT-STATIONS

Those who go down to the sea in ships (to use the time-honoured phrase) know what an important part in the routine of the vessel is played by the evolution of "Boat-stations." Practically every company of any magnitude, going one better on the Board of Trade, now insists on this manoeuvre being carried out at least once a week while the vessel is at sea. However, the axiom, "different ships different long-splices," is never so true as when applied to the varying interpretations given by different skippers to the company's too often ambiguous instructions concerning this operation.

Be that as it may, from the day on which Captain Muff first stepped aboard, one wet morning in Cardiff, boat-stations considered as a spectacle commenced to ascend the scale and greatly enhanced their formerly rather wan attractions. Captain Muff was a painstaking old gentleman with a penchant for "stunts"; to any subject of vital importance he would give earnest, laborious and concentrated thought, and the result was usually highly original.

Boat-stations, we soon discovered, were one of his pet themes; and the first Thursday morning on the outward voyage—Thursday was our boat-and-fire-stations day—the Chief Officer, looking a little distraught, for he was a conservative soul and couldn't bear things not to be done "as they were in sail," came round to apprise the various boat-commanders of their new roles. Boat-stations, it appeared, were in future to be done by numbers; one blast on the steam whistle meant "Launch for'ard"; two blasts meant "Swing out stern"—and so on.

The Chief explained matters carefully to his unsympathetic Second and Third Mates; then to the Senior Cadet in charge of No. 4 boat, and then to the Chief and Second Engineers. After that it was borne in upon him that he had got to make the situation clear to the serang and tindals—for we had a lascar crew—and his resolution became visibly weaker.

Captain Muff, meanwhile, strolled complacently up and down the bridge waiting for four bells to chime. Everything was planned to a nicety, so far as he was concerned; if anything went wrong it would be the Chief Officer's fault. At ten o'clock one long blast, followed by six short

ones, was to be sounded on the steam whistle by the long-suffering Third Mate, giving the signal for boat-stations—after which everything should go like clockwork.

Four bells at last cut crisply on the morning air; the whistle blared its summons, and along scampered the crew, eager to sample this new "tamasha" of the Captain's "Sahib's".

"One blast!" called Captain Muff, and the Cadet stationed on the whistle lanyard obeyed. The after boats began to swing for'ard, but horrors! Here were Nos. 1 and 2 moving aft!

In the heated argument which ensued the Chief was generally considered to have won, since his point, "How could his something boat move for'ard through a forged steel weather-screen?" was held to be logically unassailable.

"Two blasts!" cried the Skipper, by way of ending the argument without further damage to his dignity, but the Cadet was exchanging endearments of the "I told you so" variety with his colleague in No. 2 boat, and the command fell upon deaf ears.

"——!" said Captain Muff and, grasping the lanyard in a hairy fist, gave a mighty heave. The wire parted somewhere over the galley, and the Captain assumed an unpremeditated sitting posture on the megaphone, which had been placed handy by the thoughtful Third Mate.

The discipline of the assembled ship's company underwent a severe strain for a few minutes, until Captain Muff succeeded in borrowing a police whistle as a substitute for the steam one. The substitute he blew three times by mistake, followed by a long blast to cancel this, followed by two shorts to indicate "Swing out stern." The ship's company fell into heated speculations as to what the deuce this meant; a strong minority, headed by the Second Mate, in favour of "Square up and knock off," suffering defeat by a narrow margin. The bridge Cadet received stoppages of leave which should last him well into his Mate's examination, and a flattened object, which closer inspection proved to be the bridge megaphone, hurtled with a splash into the sea.

"Push out your stern!" roared Captain Muff, with appropriate gestures; and the boats complied with the exception of No. 6, which had

carried away a guy and assisted the Chief Engineer, who was coming up the Marconi ladder, to descend again.

The boats now lay, as it were, half in and half out; this part of the operation is usually accelerated as much as possible, and got over as rapidly as may be; but some minutes elapsed thus while another guy snapped, and the Chief did some creditable if inaccurate mental arithmetic concerning how much manilla he could spare for guy lanyards, and wished he hadn't got rid of that coil of 2-inch in Cardiff last time.

Two blasts, a spit (owing to sand in the whistle) and another blast apprised the expectant crew that they must "launch aft."

At last the third and fourth manoeuvres were completed and the boats were out and made fast. There followed an harangue from the bridge, in which the words "blast" and "blasted" occurred with unusual frequency, and then the evolution recommenced, to get the boats back inboard again.

The Chief Engineer's boat, having come in and gone out again (owing to the ocean giving a playful little roll or two) three times in rapid succession, to the intense gratification of the Second Mate, who had had words with the C.E. the day before, made a bad last; but eventually all were secured, and the Chief Officer (who had aged visibly during the proceedings) realised with a sinking sensation that his sufferings were not yet over. Fire-stations were still to be got through.

An appalling clamour broke out upon the bell, and a rocket, gingerly attended by the Third Mate who seemed a little uncertain whether he might not go up as well, screeched into the blue and burst. The engine-room staff, entirely unprepared for such a spectacular Thursday morning, and surprised and charmed at these unlooked-for pyrotechnics, laid hold of the fire-hoses with a will. The Downton pump was rigged, and willing hands worked the handle, but no spurt of water resulted. Eager helpers investigated the cause of the trouble; the nozzle, as the centre of interest, swaying this way and that, now pointed to the deck, now to the sky.

Coincident with the arrival of the Chief Officer and Captain Muff in person, to grasp the nozzle with authoritative and masterful fingers, and to apply the eye of authority to the business end of the hose, the cause of the trouble—a piece of waste—shot skywards; and there resulted, to quote the Wireless Operator who was watching from the security of the Marconi deck, "The

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finest aquatic fountain display be'd ever seen."
Yes, decidedly the advent of Captain Muff has added vastly to the gaiety of "Stations."

SEA CADET NOTES

THE CORPS ON PARADE

Two spectacular and excellent ceremonial parades were held in the month of September. The first was the formation of a guard of honour at the Lyceum Theatre for the Admiral Commanding H.M.A. Naval Squadron, Rear-Admiral W. N. Custance, C.B., at the filming of the premiere of "Our Fighting Navy" on the night of Friday, 18th. A squad of fifty picked Navy League Sea Cadets assembled at Circular Quay, moving off at 7 p.m. The squad marched along Pitt Street to the Lyceum at the peak of the rush hour of Sydney's late shopping night. Traffic arrangements were admirably handled by the Police, and complimentary, and indeed enthusiastic comment was heard from spectators all along the route.

The Cadets lined the stairs leading from the Lyceum foyer to the dress circle, and after Rear-Admiral Custance and Captain Phillips (Captain-in-Charge, Sydney) were welcomed by the President and members of the Navy League Executive Committee, the guard was inspected.

The Admiral expressed his pleasure at the smartness and excellent bearing of the cadets.

The second ceremonial occasion was the forming of guards of honour at the church, and later at the Town Hall, at the marriage of the Mayor of Balmain. Again, the Cadets, seen by thousands of Balmain residents, made a very impressive showing.

Officers-in-charge of Companies are to be congratulated on the splendid job they have done with the Cadets under their charge, and the Cadets themselves deserve great praise for their general smartness and ability.

SO NOW YOU KNOW!

Bell-bottoms. Sailors originally wore tight trousers which were difficult to turn up. These were criticised by an English Queen, and the King asked her to produce something better. This she did by cutting her skirt up the middle and sewing the sides together. The result was trouser legs with bell-bottoms.

The jean collar worn by sailors was adopted for the purpose of preventing the fat on the pig-tail from soiling the coats which, in those days, resembled a soldier's. There is a tradition that the three white braids near the edges of the collar denote Nelson's three great victories—The Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar.

"VICTORY" TRAINING DEPOT

(By L. R. V. Smith, O. in C.)

On Wednesday, 7th September, the Depot was honoured by a visit from the new Officer Commanding Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, Captain M. B. R. Blackwood, D.S.O., R.N. (Ret.)

Captain Blackwood was very interested in the system of training ratings, examining our Log, training syllabus, curriculum etc., and suggested certain alterations to the existing system which are being put into effect.

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On Friday, 16th, representatives from V.T.D., together with picked numbers of other Companies, attended a parade through the city to the Lyceum theatre, where a guard of honour was inspected by Rear-Admiral Custance. The parade is reported elsewhere in this issue. The general efficiency of all concerned was quite a noticeable improvement, and the League deserves a pat on the back for being able to parade a squad of its Sea Cadet Corps along Pitt Street on Friday night, at the height of the shopping hour.

After the inspection, ratings attended the premiere of "Our Fighting Navy," a picture which was produced in England with the co-operation of the Royal Navy and the Navy League, London. On Wednesday, 28th September, the depot was again visited by the C.O., who attended a meeting of the North Sydney Navy League Sub-Branch Committee. Captain Blackwood met the members, thanked them for their work, and expressed the hope that it would continue while the Corps is under his Command.

Our strength is steadily increasing, and once again "Victory" Training Depot can report "All Well."

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SALTS IN SESSION!

The President of the Shiplovers' Society of New South Wales, Captain W. J. Wade, received the following letter from the Honorary Secretary (alias "Purser") of the Cutty Sark Club. The Club is a Canadian institution devoted to the interests of those who love the sea and ships, and principally, to those who have had any connection with the famous clipper from which the Club takes its name. The Club was founded and originated by Charles F. Gray in 1932, and has provided a popular venue in the principal cities of Canada for those who still have the memories of the Tall Ships strong in their minds. Each branch of the Club has its members divided into ranks and ratings, the branch itself being designated a "Watch". The letter printed below seemed to the Editor of the Journal to be one worthy of reproduction in our columns, both from the humorous strain stressed in the first part, and its references to the famous "Cutty Sark," which has been "in the news" quite a good deal during the past months. Following on the letter is an extract from a Manitoba publication, which deals with the broadcast mentioned in the "Purser's" screed.

Cutty Sark Club
Winnipeg Watch.
Winnipeg, Canada
July 21st, 1938

Dear Shipmate,

The weather for the last few days has been hot; as hot as the hearthstones of Hell; and myself, I am fatigued at the moment (caused by overwork) but did that make any difference to the Old Man? No. The Old Man, Norman L. Hall (Simon Legree No. 1) and his Scotch Mate, Robert Morrison (Simon Legree No. 2) insisted! — insisted, mind you, that I get out a letter P.D.Q. Pronto, or else . . . When I say those two bucks insisted, I mean just that. And the language! My word, you should have heard it. It was enough to make the rope ends curl up. Why, it even blistered the paint work, and it was addressed to ME! (Your Purser!) ME, who in the days of my youth sang in the church choir and sometimes — just once, now I come to remember, passed the collection plate, or did I pass it? I forget. ME whose parents intended me for Holy Orders! But alas and alack, I went to

sea instead, and had to mix with rude rough sailors. Woe is me. When the Old Man called me a Zeppelin-bellied loafer, and the Mate told me how I would do the Devil's fox trot on this hoop-la of Hades (why did I sign on this blasted Sampan?), I thought of resigning. I would have but for the salary (which I don't receive). Then I thought I would refuse orders, but when the Old Man mentioned mast-heading, keel-hauling, marooning, and a few other maritime amusements, I thought I had better obey, but under protest.

Well, shipmates, here goes. Duty must be done, or else death and destruction, for it is all grass that withereth. On Friday, July 8th, we held the regular monthly meeting in the Club Rooms at No. 3, Music and Arts Building, Winnipeg. The Old Man was in command, and thirty-five of the ship's company were present on this muster, and did we have a good time! Oh boy! There were yarns, all truthful ones, that would have raised the hair on your head . . . Then chanteys . . . Boy! They were good! And, believe it or not, we had refreshments. Cake—more cake, and coffee. It sure reminded one of his days at sea (it was so different!) Then there was music. Jim Williams entertained the boys with his North Sea piano, and it was good. Some interesting letters were read, including letters from Shipmates Ireland, Catherine Dowman, J. C. Cattanach, Leslie Shenton, and others, and these letters were worth going a long way to hear. In passing, let me say that we are always glad to hear from our out-of-town Shipmates or friends of the Club, so write again, Shipmates. Your letters will be answered.

On Saturday, July 16th, the Club held its annual picnic on the banks of the Red River, at the home of Shipmate and Mrs. C. F. Gray. One of the features of the afternoon was a half-hour broadcast over our local station, CKY. This broadcast was made possible by Shipmate D.R.P. Coates, and from all accounts it was very much enjoyed by those who listened in. Everybody had a good time, but we missed our beloved Shipmates, Captain Everett MacDougall, Stanley Atkin, Captain Pahir, and others who were unable to attend on account of sickness. It is the

earnest wish of all that these Shipmates will soon be able to attend the meetings in the near future.

In the last Old Country mail, we received from Captain J. C. Cattanach a photo of the "Cutty Sark" being towed up the river Thames. Thanks a lot Captain! The Thames! What memories that name brings to most of us. The Thames, the London River, a river of liquid history. Every river is a world in itself, but the London River is more so than any other. It is a river of indescribable fascination. It has so much life and character of its own, and it is utterly apart from the great and busy city through which it flows. The scenes along the river, with its wobbling old gang-planks from the river wall, the ships of all the world resting on its breast, the yards along its banks with their indescribable confusion, the barges, one more ancient than another, resting on the muddy shingles of the shore at low tide, and the old and grimy buildings along the shore — And it was up this river a few days ago that the famous old clipper ship "Cutty Sark" added one more to her long list of voyages. She sailed from Falmouth to the London River, where, anchored off Greenhithe, she is to be used as a sister training ship to H.M.S. "Worcester." The old ship's trip up the Thames was a triumphal procession. Steamers and tugs sounded their sirens, while the crowds cheered as the graceful old ship, content with memories of past triumph, dipped her ensign in gracious acknowledgment of the salutes. Since 1922, when she was bought by the late Captain W. D. Dowman, the ship has been kept at Falmouth. Now she has been presented to H.M.S. "Worcester" by our shipmate Catherine Dowman, the widow of the late Captain Dowman. What a grand gift to the nation, and what a fitting end to such a splendid ship! It is pleasant to think that, like Odysseus, she has found, after her wanderings, an affection unshaken by time and other suitors, which would not allow her to pass into the oblivion of the ship breaker's yard. It is pleasant to think that when, for the last time, the order "Let Go" was given aboard her, and following the splash of the anchor, she lay asleep upon her iron, it was only to awake to a new and honourable activity. She is becalmed, but not fretful and impatient as in the doldrums, and if, on the other hand, she missed the glorious days when she flew down the Trades, or was hounded by greybeards in the Roaring Forties, at least she has a crew whom youthful imagination will delight to accompany her memories of heroic adventures.

(Continued overleaf)

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The sailor's profession is steeped in great tradition, and one cannot imagine a setting more likely to foster that feeling than the ship beloved by sailors and shiplovers the world over, the "Cutty Sark."

E. RYAN,

Purser.

(Extract from August, 1938, "Manitoba Calling").

Sea chanteys sung as only real sailormen can sing them were heard in a novel programme from CKY on the afternoon of Saturday, July 9th. The occasion was a picnic for members of the Cutty Sark Club, in the garden of the founder of the Club, Mr. Charles F. Gray, at Elm Park, Winnipeg, overlooking one of the most beautiful parts of the Red River. A microphone in the grounds picked up brief talks by several members of the Club, introductory to the chanteys, which were roared out just as these men used to sing them while hauling on the braces or walking round the capstan in the good old days of sail.

A feature of the programme was a conversation between the picnickers ashore and CKY's "Visiting Microphone" afloat in a small sail-boat which was equipped with a portable broadcasting transmitter. Handling the tiller and main-sheet of the tiny craft in addition to the mike and a pair of head-phones was about as complicated a business as the "Visiting Microphone" has yet encountered. A drizzling rain which commenced shortly before the programme, and cleared up immediately after, added to the announcer's discomfort. All went well, however, and the first broadcast from a boat in Manitoba waters was voted a success.

Among the appreciative letters subsequently received have been a number from listeners who heard the programme while driving along various provincial highways in automobiles. Our younger generation, born to accept wonders as everyday occurrences, may see little or no romance in the story of this broadcast. What, though, we wonder, were the thoughts of some of the old mariners who sang their chanteys that afternoon and heard immediate acknowledgments coming by radio from a sail-boat on the river?

Did their minds go back to days when their only audiences were the flying fish darting across the waves; the white gulls wheeling overhead; or maybe the folks waiting on the wharf as the tall ship — the most beautiful of man's creations — glided majestically into port?

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or The Rough

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Rose by Any Name

A very impressive thing is often the title carried by a foreign officer. To one without any linguistic accomplishments, it is rather an anti-climax to find that the Argentine rank of *Guardiamarina*—a good bold mouthful that—cancels out in English to a mere Snotty. Likewise *Enseigne de Vaisseau de 1ere Classe* seems a bit weighty for a Sub-Lieutenant, don't you think?

A Surgeon Captain in the German Navy bears the title of *Gechwaderarzt*, which savours of ether and blood-letting to untutored ears, as does his Surgeon Sub-Lieutenant's label of *Marineassistentarzt*.

One would imagine that a Gunnery Sub-Lieutenant of Cuba finds an abbreviation for his Sub-Teniente de Artilleria if they have the equivalent of liberty tickets and the like in that Navy.

The palm for full round ranks to trickle round the mouth seems to be held in all navies by the Engineer branch. The Cuban Engineer Sub-Lieutenant is a promising star with his Sub-Official *Mechanico*, well supported by the Korvetten Kapitän Ingenieur of the German two-and-a-half striper, while the Argentine Officer of similar rank bears in with *Ingeniero Maquinista Principal*.

Undoubtedly, however, the *aspidistra* must go to the Netherlands Officer. Is he not an Officer van den *Marine-Stoomvaartdienst Der 1e Klasse*?

THANK YOU!

The Sub-Branch Committee, North Sydney Navy League Sea Cadets desires to express its appreciation to two generous donors, who by their combined gifts, have made possible the erection of a boat's wharf and slipway at Victory Training Depot. These gifts—£60 from Mr. Dixon, and £30 from Mr. Marks—are deeply appreciated, both from the financial viewpoint, and especially as splendid gestures of goodwill.

DEPRESSION

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If all the seas were made of beer,
And all the land were cheese,
And crayfish grew already cooked,
Like leaves upon the trees—
If Banknotes fell instead of rain
And all the grass were gold,
And summer days were not too hot,
And winter days too cold;
If houses sprouted in the night,
And motor-cars cost nil,
And everyone were full of vim
And no-one ever ill,
If rows laid ninety eggs per day
And ink was made from wine,
And man's allotted life-span was
Three thousand years and nine
If every man had thirty wives
And all of them were dumb,
And diamonds grew like hazel nuts
And cows provided rum,
If cigarettes were three feet long,
And politicians barred,
And loaves of bread were thick as logs
And measured by the yard.

THE MORAL

"Ah!" some will say, "Indeed 'twould be quite nice!" But then some owl—
Some poor benighted, moaning fool
Would find some cause to growl!



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The Navy League is a Voluntary Patriotic and non-Sectarian Association of British Peoples, 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 all classes in Maintaining the Navy at the Requisite Standard of Strength, not only with a view to the safety of our trade and Empire, but also with the object of securing British prestige on every sea and in every port of the World.
2. To convince the general public 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 and Im-

perial Security.

3. To bring home to every person in the Empire that commerce can only be guarded from any possible attack by a Navy, in Conjunction with the Air Force, sufficiently strong in all the elements which modern warfare demands.
4. To teach the citizens of the Empire, 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 peoples, No Less Depends on the Merchant Service, which, under the Sure Shield of the Navy, welds us into One Imperial Whole.
5. 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 in the spirit of their motto—"For God, for the King, for the Empire."

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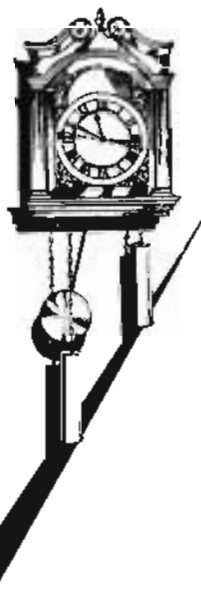
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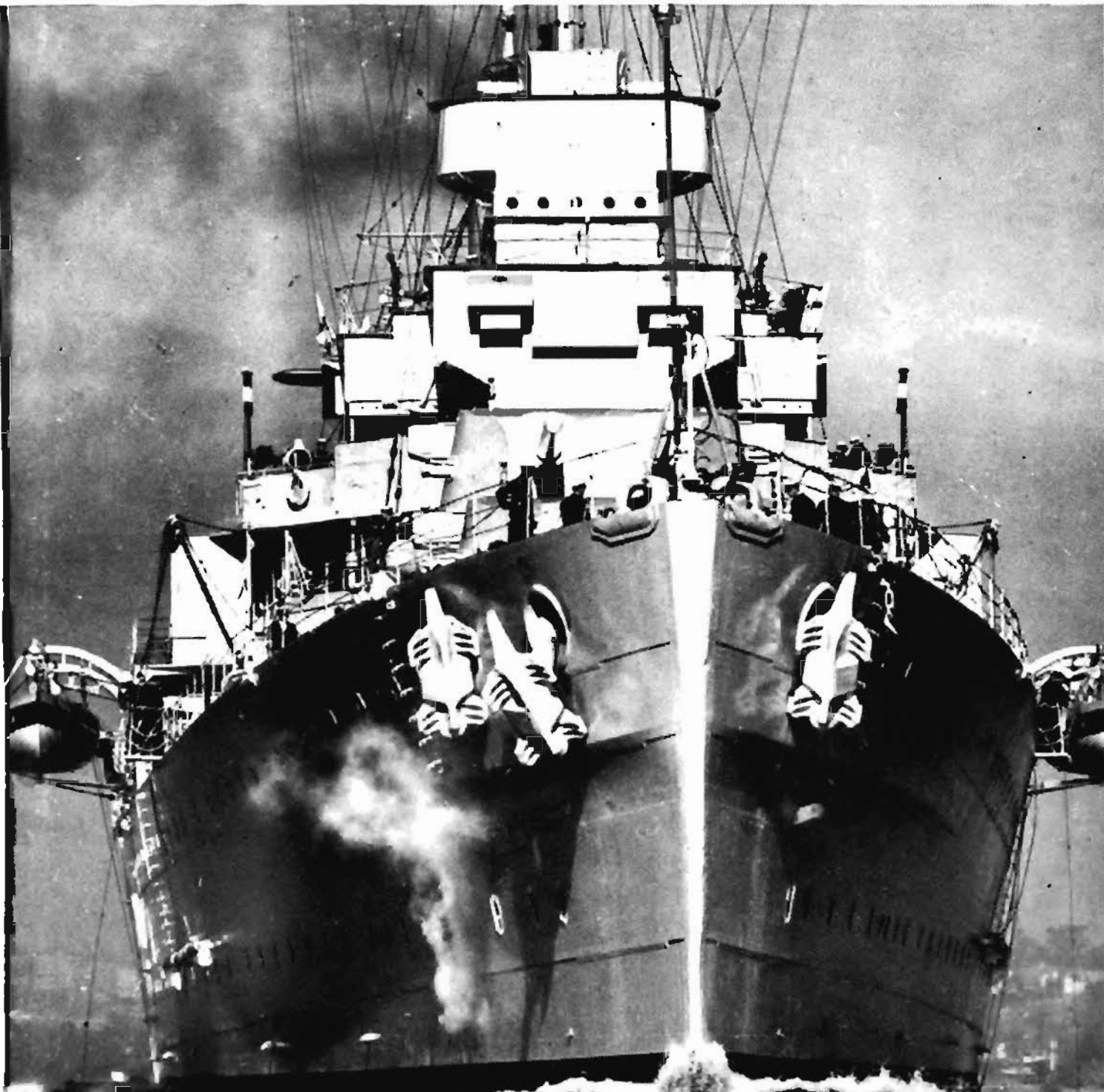
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THE NAVY LEAGUE JOURNAL

The Official Organ of the Navy League, N.S.W. Branch
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SYDNEY, NOVEMBER, 1938

Price 6d

"WITHOUT COMMENT!"

As its heading indicates, this editorial is written entirely without comment.

It is felt that those who read it will be sufficiently concerned to draw their own conclusions.

After the turmoil surrounding the recent European crisis had died down, Australia was informed that adequate steps had been taken to put the country into a state of defence. Now let us consider a summary of a report by the Defence Correspondent of the "Sydney Morning Herald" (27/10/38):—

At the end of September our Naval squadron was weaker even than it had been during depression years. The Navy found itself with two of its four cruisers undergoing long refits, and its one remaining heavy cruiser without sufficiently protective armour. When the squadron was mobilized three 20-year-old destroyers were taken out of reserve, and an ancient oil tanker and a non-armed supply ship

added to the strength. This, to go to sea with, and to defend our shores from a possible invader, or to protect our trade routes and sea lanes from the harrassings of enemy raiders!

The Army could not have effectively opposed the landing of even small hostile raiding parties at any one of many strategic landing points on the coast.

The Air Force had no machines with which to oppose enemy aircraft. In fact, the planes at its disposal could not even equal the performances of passenger craft that have been operating in commercial air lines of Australia for the past year.

There were but a few anti-aircraft guns in Sydney and Melbourne, certainly not enough to engage raiding aircraft borne by enemy battle-ships. Thus, large industrial centres, railways, roadways, and bridges would have been at an invader's mercy.

November, 1938.

The Militia strength was negligible, nor did the Militia itself possess any anti-tank guns, so rendering impossible any opposition to hostile tanks or armed lighters, such as are in present use in the Sino-Japanese conflict.

There were only ten modern tanks in Australia, and few armoured cars; indeed, none at all of the latter in New South Wales.

There is good reason to believe that the artillery ammunition supplies were dangerously low. It is a worrying point to realize that Militia artillerymen are only allowed twenty-five to fifty shells per year for each four-gun battery.

Searchlight equipment was definitely very poor. Anti-gas precautionary measures were practically unknown, especially to the general public.

A final (and very trenchant) point:—

The largest ammunition that can be made at present in Australia is 8-inch; therefore the 8.2-inch coastal batteries have to depend on stores of imported shells. It would be well to bear in mind that projectiles are not like groceries; one cannot ring up the source of supply and order a few dozen to be delivered within 24 hours!

The foregoing surely justifies a straight-out question from all thinking Australians, and that question deserves — and demands — a speedy answer. The question:

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO WAKE UP?

The Editor.

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Naval Notes from Other Lands

BRAZIL:

Names of the six destroyers under construction in this country have now all been announced. They are the "Jaguaribe" and "Juruema", laid down by Messrs. John I. Thornycroft & Co., Ltd., at Woolston, Southampton; the "Javary" and "Jutahy", by Messrs. J. Samuel White & Co. Ltd., Cowes; and the "Japura" and "Jurus", by Vickers-Armstrongs, Ltd., Barrow-in-Furness. They are ships of 1,375 displacement, armed with four 4.7-inch guns and eight torpedo tubes, generally similar to the British "Hero" class.

Six minelayers of 552 tons to be built at Rio are being named "Cabedelo", "Camocim", "Cananea", "Canavieiras", "Caravelas", and "Carioca". They will mount two 4-inch guns and carry 50 mines apiece.

GERMANY:

In the review of the progress of naval construction, published recently, Vice-Admiral Guse, Director of the Operation Division of the German Naval Staff, reveals few fresh facts. He suggests that in due course, under the Anglo-German Naval Agreement, the German Fleet will require to possess 265,000 tons of battleships. Including the three units of the "Deutschland" class, the total tonnage built and building is at present only 152,000, though it is believed a third and perhaps a fourth battleship of 35,000 tons will soon be added to this figure. In this connection the reported reopening of the Vulkan shipyard at Stettin may not be without significance.

Two battleships of 35,000 tons and two aircraft carriers of 19,250 tons, begun in 1936, have still to be launched. The third 10,000-ton cruiser with 8-inch guns has been launched and named "Prinz Eugen". Also under construction are two 10,000-ton cruisers armed with 5.9-inch guns, while three of over 7,000 tons are in the current year's programme. Otherwise, the only additions to existing construction to be made this year, according to Vice-Admiral Guse, are four more destroyers of 1,811 tons, five more submarines and four more motor torpedo boats.

To sum up, it is evident that German naval construction is not being unduly hastened, the total of tonnage in hand falling well short of that allowed under the Anglo-German Naval Agreement.

ITALY:

The 12 "esploratori" of the "Agrippa" class should be completed by the end of 1940, since most, if not all of them, are believed to have been begun by Easter last. Four are being built by the Odero-Terni-Orlando combine at Leghorn and Spezia; two by Ansaldo, two by the Tirreno yard, two by the Riuniti Ancona yard and one each by the Riuniti Palermo yard and the Napoletani yard. A speed of at least 30 knots is forecasted, with a probable main armament of eight 5.2-inch (dual purpose) guns.

With the exception of two units—the "Alpino" at Ancona and the "Lanciere" at the Tirreno yard, Riva Trigoso—all twelve destroyers of the 1,620-ton "Aviere" class had been launched by the beginning of August, so there should be few obstacles to rapid progress with the new 3,500-ton ships. It is true that 20 or more submarines are believed to be building, apart from those already launched; but these are mostly in hand at different shipyards from those engaged on surface vessels, which should not therefore be affected.

NETHERLANDS:

The nine submarines under construction for the Royal Netherland Navy, which were originally to have been numbered K 19 to K 27, are to be numbered O 19 to O 27 instead. Originally these initials were used respectively for submarines destined for the East Indies Station and for home service; but it is unlikely that future Dutch submarine construction will be definitely earmarked for either purpose. As it is, certain earlier submarines with "O" numbers have recently proceeded to the East.

The small submarine O 7, of 168-tons, built at Rotterdam in 1916 has been scrapped.

NORWAY:

The third 550-ton torpedo boat of the "Sleipner" class was launched on July 2, and named "Gyller". It is now proposed that the

remaining two ships of this type which were projected shall be built as 32-knot destroyers of 1,160 tons, armed with three 4.7-inch guns and four 21-inch torpedo tubes.

Two minesweepers of 360-tons have been ordered from Nylands Verket. They will be armed with one 40-mm. and two 12.7-mm. machine guns.

SPAIN :

The Nationalist cruiser "Navarra", of 5,500-tons, is reported to have completed an extensive refit, in the course of which her boilers were retubed. Originally launched at Ferrol in 1920 as the "Reina Victoria Eugenia", she was renamed "Republica" on the overthrow of the ancient monarchy. When the present civil war began, she was at Cadiz. Her crew mutinied and endeavoured to take her to Cartagena, but the strain of raising steam proved too much for her defective boilers, and she was unable to escape from the range of the forts, which were under Nationalist control. Forced to surrender, she was brought back into harbour, and has since been in dock under repair. On trials she exceeded 25½ knots with 26,000 shaft horsepower for eight hours, and on a four-hour run approached 27 knots with over 28,000 S.H.P. She has a main armament of nine 6-inch guns, and should be a useful addition to General Franco's cruiser squadron, which recently has comprised only two ships—the "Canarias" of 10,000-tons, with eight 8-inch guns, and the "Almirante Cervera" of 7,850 tons, with eight 6-inch.

SOME NIGHTS

(Continued from Page Six)

were, but he lifted his range cannily, judging his night ranges with workmanlike calm.

Little in the way of tangible target was to be seen where the smoke of flares, grenades, and a thickening swirl of marsh mist cloaked all but the staccato clamour and flash of automatic guns in close conflict. The stabbing gun flashes, low to the ground, were useless for direct aim. At that distance the only possible tactic was sustained sweeping bursts in enfilade and the gunner was about his work like a veteran. Again and again the Lewis spoke its racketing clamour. Full magazines replaced empties on the loading post as the weapon consumed its deadly food, and the empty cartridge shells flicked from the gun, cluttered the ground

The Roll Call.

Standing-to for muster in the sunken road that was our reserve position in the early dawn of the following day, our Sergeant called roll:

"Corp'l Wright . . . Privates . . . Arnold . . . Drinnan . . . Drew . . . Gaston . . . Gordon . . . Howe . . . on and on.

No voice answered some of the names. We knew there would be none. Five were down beside one machine gun. Against the other bank of the road waited a file of reinforcements with the sleek fitness of the base on their clothes and faces. Soon they would be hard and strong.

"Lee, N . . . Lee, S . . . McMaster, A . . . Noble . . . The Sergeant was near the end of his score.

As a prop to the dragging weight of the equipment on my shoulder the Lewis gun was serving a new purpose while we waited for the dawn

A machine gun can be a handy weapon . . . sometimes . . .

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The NAVY LEAGUE JOURNAL

Some Nights On Active Service

(By "Aereon" with the A.I.F.)

Our platoon Sergeant shoved his head suddenly into the bough and tarpaulin covered bivouac that still sagged in places to a burden of unthawed snow. "Go," he said, "and draw your bombs!"

"Ouch!" we groaned in the darkness.

"Ain't war terrible?" he ended smoothly. "Laddie, we are for it, one and all, at three forty ack emma precisely. We move at midnight. Got ready!"

The winter through we had garrisoned slushy trenches, through thaw and freeze, through freeze and thaw, occasionally sending raiding parties just to keep combat spirit high; and now, in the clear land beyond the old winter lines, we were to test the enemy strength with naked steel. We were to have it out hand to hand.

No need for any further instructions. The routine was known well enough. After days of waiting, an advance into enemy country was for us long overdue. An ordinary company of Australian Infantry, troops hardened by two full years of war campaign, making no superfluous movements, in two hours were reported ready. Without any milling about, orders decided now by leaders above could be executed to the letter. Trained troops on active service, we represented the solid striking force of our nation's massed thought.

We were, in boxing parlance, the chopping left hook that worries the opposition! More than that, we were the living symbol of that fighting will of common men, without which a nation is as nothing!

strategic skirmish. Once we had been only a valorous rabble, as awayed by excitement as a lynching mob, but now, our frontal attack on machine guns emplaced for defence in enfilade, entirely unsupported by artillery or tanks, had not teetered for one instant on the brink of defeat. To a staccato crashing of bombs, resistance had crumbled and the attack had swept what was left of the enemy forces into a re-lieved-looking huddle of nondescript figures in jack boots and field grey. By test of war they were now beaten men — just worthless mouths to feed.

We had been invincible. The fortified village had been cleared, as had the wide sweep of clear upland. But the shallow rifle pits which were now occupied, although they gave clear observation over a large area of country to the eastward, were dangerously exposed in daylight, and too widespread for safety at night. Only at night was movement possible. Patrols moved then only singly.

It was no situation for greenhorns!

It was a very dangerous military situation indeed. Every man that could be spared did double fatigue for water, food, and ammunition, leaving a very thin line to face the enemy, who would, everyone knew, soon try to avenge his severe defeat. That was ever his way, as yet his will for victory was still high. Not yet did he realise that from this month of April, 1917, his hopes of final victory would slowly fade. Potent still, he was, and very strong. We who felt first the lashing fury of that strength knew what he had to expect.

Yes; we knew what to expect . . . and when!

The Action.

Two nights later, standing watch in a new outpost beside a covered Lewis gun, a full two thousand yards further advanced, there was time to consider how our fighting spirit had developed, dominating superiority over the enemy forces we opposed. That two thousand yards advance meant much more than just a

The Outpost

Consider then the responsibilities of the outpost watchers that night. Open warfare offers its greatest dangers after dark, for unobstructed distances, a defence in daylight, then become a menace. Doubled machine gun defence under experienced men only was the answer.

November, 1938.

The black darkness of that sleety winter night was for nerves that could keep every sense alert — hearing particularly. Eyes were useless, but hearing both sharp and shrewd was necessary to identify every sound at once — particularly footsteps or the accidental clank of equipment — which would be a warning.

Officers did patrolling between the dead hours from midnight and dawn, and the characteristic Australian footsteps of our Company Commander, short, firm, toed-in steps, so absolutely the opposite to the loose, clumping, jack-booted stride of a German, were easy to recognise! (He had walked many a mile, as the saying goes, to catch a horse to ride!) Approaching from the right rear, correct to his patrolling time, he was easy to identify and to challenge.

The cocking lug of a Lewis gun, jerked hard, comes home with a metallic clank that is warning enough for anyone.

Added beauty, it does not betray position as a voice would do — a betrayal that can instantly be answered with a percussion fused bomb.

And as it is well to challenge long before the outline of a man can be seen, the cocking lug came home very loudly.

"Dad!" came back the countersign. "Don — ack — don!"

Spoken quietly and without any force whatever, spoken rather as by a man preoccupied, before he appeared from the gloom it could be sensed that our leader was watchful and alert. From the ranks, and from the hard school of Queensland cattle runs before that, his success as an infantry Commander was due to the example he always gave of warlike vigilance.

"Too quiet by half they are, over there tonight" he said, forthright and abrupt, looming huge in his Burberry coat and knee boots above the black gash that was the trench. "See here, sentry; . . . If they come at us it'll be to the left of here . . ."

The Warning

There was nothing vague at all about those orders. Nor was there anything vague about the important article of war about which he spoke: ". . . to annihilate your enemy it is necessary to take him in enfilade." It was understood and remembered too that although the

loader (No. 2.) was fast asleep, hunkered down beside the gun, our Commander chose to ignore the fact that it was absolutely contrary to routine rules. A greenhorn would not have known that strength and leadership rest on firmer ground than petty fault-finding. Leadership is soon recognised in war, and the backbone of our organisation was now a mutual trust. Swept away was every other trapping or useless pretext of discipline. On a common level of danger the man of the Australian Imperial Force found mutual faith in his neighbour to be the basis and bedrock of its strength — and foundation for victory.

When illuminated hands on a wristwatch showed 2 a.m. it was time to stand down. Stirred in the ribs with a boot toe the loader came instantly awake to take watch until the "hot rations" came up. It was a full half hour before the storm broke. It came as a crashing salvo of mortar bombs, and a flat swooshing of shells aimed at the support line, three hundred yards in rear.

Already on the parapet in the glare of Verey lights that were rising in a startled flight, the leader was watching to the left where shell smoke rolled over a vapour mixture that was mist, fumes, and debris.

Pandemonium shrieked there. The thrum and (hudding splatter of long range machine gun fire rooted at our parapet again and again as it swept on a traverse that flayed the hillside.

Spellbound in the crazy illumination of bursting lights and shells, we waited for only one other sign. It came. Over our front to the left a soaring rocket grenade burst into three coloured lights perpendicular — two red and one green.

It was our S.O.S.!

The No. 2, was already lifting the gun. He ran with it. To snatch green canvas covered magazine panniers was the work of an instant.

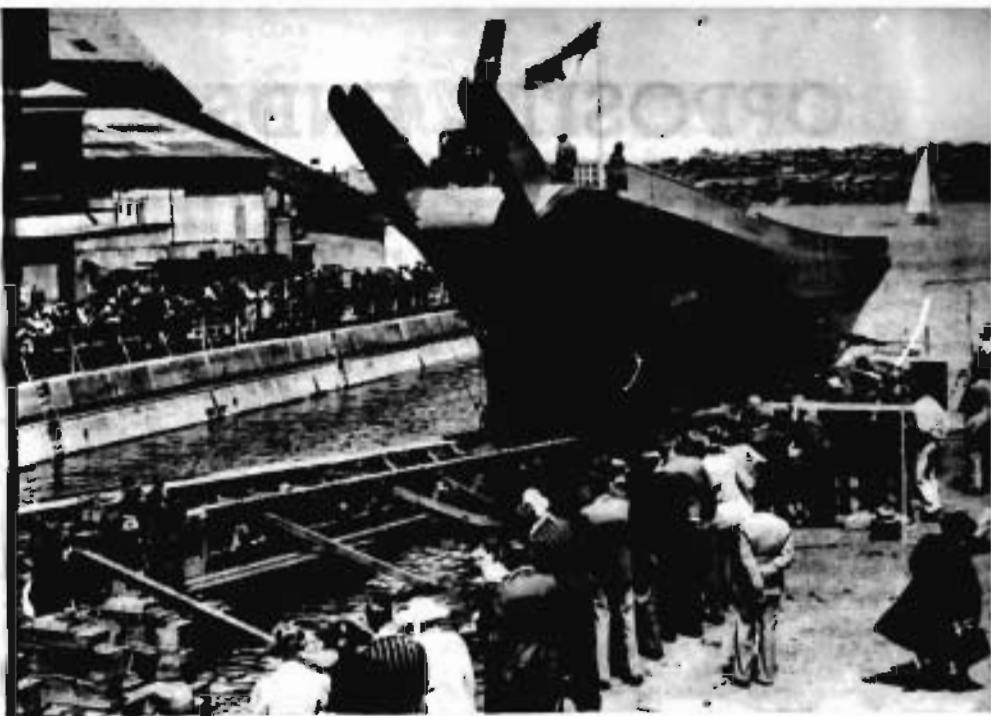
Enfilade Fire!

Fifty yards left, the low bank of a railway gave cover and opened up a wide field of fire across the disputed front. As a position for enfilade it was ideal. Prone in his firing position, his cheek hard against the jerking stock, the gunner loosed short bursts to sweep the shallow valley below.

No more than careful warning shots they

(Turn back to Page Four)

The NAVY LEAGUE JOURNAL



H.M.A.S. Kookaburra Takes the Water
—Block by Courtesy "Sydney Morning Herald."

BOOM LAYER FOR NAVY

H.M.A.S. KOOKABURRA — Launching Ceremony

H.M.A.S. Kookaburra, the first boom defence vessel for the Australian Navy, was launched at Cockatoo Dock on Saturday, 29th October. It was the first of the boom-laying and anti-submarine vessels which are being built at Cockatoo Island for harbour defence.

The Kookaburra was named and launched in the presence of Mrs. P. E. McNeil, wife of Engineer Rear-Admiral McNeil, Director of Naval Engineering, in the presence of a large naval and civil gathering. About 120 feet in length, unusually broad of beam, and strangely lengthened at the bows for its boom-laying duties, the new vessel, although unfinished, presented an impressive appearance on the slips.

After a short service conducted by the Rev. A. G. Rix, rector of St. John's, Balmain, the vessel was named by Mrs. McNeil, who broke a bottle of wine across its bows and released the lever which was set to send it on the short run into the water.

There was no response, and officials worked for 10 minutes before the vessel stirred. It then slipped silently into the water, amid the cheers of the crowd, and with a dozen of the workmen who assisted in its construction waving from the deck.

When completed, the Kookaburra will be about 100 tons. It will be quite unlike the naval vessels to which the civil population is accustomed. A naval official said that in times of war the Kookaburra would perform such duties as laying a net across the entrance to the harbour to keep out submarines.

NEW DEFENCE PHASE

At a luncheon after the launching, Captain H. C. Phillips, Superintendent of Naval Establishments at Garden Island, said that the commissioning of the Kookaburra would mark an entirely new phase in the defence of Australia.

The Kookaburra, he said, was the first of three vessels designed primarily for operating booms as an important defence measure in time of war. In peace time it would be used as a training vessel for anti-submarine work.

The directors of the company presented a gold representation of a kookaburra to Mrs. McNeil. She said that she wished the Kookaburra a peaceful life.

November, 1938

OPPOSITE ENDS

There seems to be but little "ship-sentiment" left in this hustling world of ours. However, that some does remain was proved by the handing-over of the famous clipper "Cutty Sark" (described in the October "Journal") as an adjunct to the Thames training establishment of H.M.S. "Worcester," Cadet-Ship for Naval and Merchant Service aspirants.

But the last job of work of the old "Macquarie," a clipper even more famous in Australian waters than the "Cutty Sark" shows the reverse — and grimmer — side of a nautical picture.

The name of Macquarie stands for much: It is something more than the name of a ship, or of a river. Macquarie was an outstanding Governor in the early days of New South Wales; he was no doubt something of a martinet. Conditions demanded the stern disciplinarian, but they also called aloud for the humanitarian and the impartial judge. Macquarie's title to a special place in the history of Australia is established by his gift for picking out from the convict ranks men who ought never to have been transported. He gave them their chance of making good as free men; a moving story of enlightened philanthropy is therefore enshrined in Macquarie's reign as Governor of New South Wales.

Now let us consider the fate of the ship "Macquarie" as opposed to that of the "Cutty Sark":

Built in 1875 as a Blackwall clipper for the Australian trade, she was first named the "Melbourne". She cost all told nearly £45,000. Her tonnage was 1,965, her length 269 feet 8 inches, her breadth 40 feet 1 inch, and her depth 23 feet 7 inches. She sailed from London on August 18th, 1875, and arrived at Hobson's Bay on November 8th, 84 days out. Twelve years later she was bought by Messrs. Devitt & Moore and renamed "Macquarie," replacing the firm's equally famous passenger ship, the "Parramatta." She continued in the Australian run till 1897, when she succeeded the "Har-

binger" as a Devitt & Moore training ship. Six successful voyages were made under her most notable skipper, Captain Corner. Sold to the Norwegians and renamed "Fortuna" in 1903, she still traded to Australia. A few years later she was bought back by British owners, who sent her on a voyage to Sydney carrying coal. There she remained, to be converted into a coal hulk, and she can still be seen in Sydney Harbour, her plates in marvellous condition. She had rendered excellent Empire service, like those who manned her; she was of sterling quality, with her iron hull built from man o' war plates; she carried not only important cargo, but some sixty or seventy passengers on nearly every trip, and if she could speak would doubtless refer to her own record with a pride which she shared with the owners and the public who saw her on the Thames or in Port Phillip or Port Jackson. But in her advancing years through no fault of her own but from force of circumstances she fell out of the running, and like Tom Bowling lies "a sheer hulk" awaiting the call which comes inevitably to ship as to man.

And so the "Cutty Sark" will spend her latter years "asleep on her iron", as a starting-place for men of the sea, while the "Macquarie" eats her heart out in lowly employment, probably filled with envy of her more fortunate sister.

When "Macquarie's" stout hull can carry its burden no longer . . . then away to the breaker's yard and the scrap heap!

For business is business — but all real sailors like to believe that a ship has a soul!



SEA CADET NOTES

"VICTORY" TRAINING DEPOT.

(By L. R. V. Smith, O. in C.)

To commence, we must revert to last month's issue of the journal in which the "V" T.D. committee passed a vote of thanks to Mr. W. Dixon and Mr. T. Marks for their very generous donations towards the unit.

The Officers and Ratings of "V" T.D. also wish to stress their thanks to these gentlemen, Mr. Dixon, so well-known in Sydney financial circles, and Mr. Theo Marks, noted throughout Australia as a sporting man. Both have shown their fine national and sporting spirit in helping us generously, in what was an uphill battle to build a boats' ramp alongside the depot.

On Friday night, the 30th September, Cadets met at the depot in preparation for a camp at Clontarf. Mr. Vaughan, of the Volunteer Coastal Patrol, very kindly transported the tents and an advance party of six ratings and a C.P.O. in his motor boat "Lellan" to Clontarf wharf, thus saving us considerable time and trouble. The remainder of the camp went down in the whalers, towed by a hired launch.

Thirty two ratings and two officers attended, swimming, sailing, and rowing were enjoyed, and a jolly fine time was had by all. We had a large gathering of visitors on Sunday (visiting day), and were honored with the presence of Captain Blackwood and Mr. Nobbs. Capt. Blackwood stayed with us for quite a while, inspecting the tents, boats, gear, etc., and expressed his satisfaction on the general efficiency displayed.

Our first aid instructor — and incidentally our new Fourth Officer — visited us on the Sunday and Monday and treated our casualties. Mr. Chamberlain has had considerable experience in first aid and also in Youth movements, and we have every confidence in him as our Fourth Officer. He has agreed to take over Mechanicians' course, in order to train our future Cutter's Crew, it being his trade, so we have been very lucky in finding a man so helpful to our unit.

We held a social on Wednesday, 5th, and had quite a good roll-up. Capt. Blackwood came down for a short visit but unfortunately had to hurry away; still we are very pleased that he honored us with his presence at our first social gathering to be held on a Wednesday night.

On Sunday, 16th, the Navy League attended St. Andrew's cathedral for the annual Seafarers' Service, a squad of "V" T.D. ratings being present, but unfortunately none of our Officers could manage it. The parade was a very good one and fine marching and general efficiency was shown by all those at the parade. Our Mascot, Ian



Wreath laid on the Cenotaph by the Navy League President, Rear-Admiral J. B. Stronson, C.M.G., on "Sailors Sunday," October 16th 1938, in memory of Sailors, who made the great sacrifice 1914-1918.

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Mitchell looked very proud carrying a wreath almost as big as himself from the Quay to Martin Place. Admiral Stevenson placed the wreath on the centopah and the parade carried out their ceremonial duties in a fine manner.

On Saturday, 8th, the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron opened their sailing season, and an usual sent over a barrel of ginger beer and buns which the lads enjoyed after rowing a hard race, which was won by the Birchgrove crew in very fine style; North Sydney coming second with No. 1 whaler and last with No. 2 whaler, which we expected to be the victor. Still we are living in anticipation of next year's race.

The sub-branch committee, officers and ratings wish to congratulate Captain and Mrs. Hill on the birth of their son Peter Neilson. With such a name we hope him to be a member of the complement of the "V" T.D. in the near future.

The training at the depot is a little slack at present. We have a few ratings at "Fairlight" training for a special parade at that depot; otherwise we are just carrying on with general work but can still report "All's well at the V.T.D.!"

"FAIRLIGHT N.L. TRAINING DEPOT"

(By D. J. Mort, O.I.C.)

"Fairlight" Depot has been out of routine for the last three Saturdays for the purpose of making alterations to the Depot.

These alterations are well under way and the result should provide the boys with a small, but efficient Depot. The lower hall has been built in and a floor laid down making a very strong Drill Hall. It is proposed to hold an "At Home" at "Fairlight" in the near future when Officers and Cadets from other Depots will have an opportunity to inspect our new home.

The strength still remains the same, but with the improvements to the Depot we hope to increase our strength twofold.

Mr. Farr, our 2nd Officer, has been transferred to H.Q. to assist the Inspecting Officer. "Fairlight" regrets to see this Officer go, but wish him good work in his new appointment.

"BACK TO BIRCHGROVE"

(By S. Cooper, O.L.C.)

A very pleasant evening was spent at the Blue Tearooms in the City on the night of Saturday, October 29th, when Birchgrove Navy League sub-branch committee staged a "Back to Birchgrove" evening for the benefit of old boys, supporters, and friends.

There were about 100 people present, and the O.C. was particularly delighted at the numbers of old Birchgrove hands who turned up. Old shipmates met again, had a "crack" with one another, and many were the deep sea yarns put over.

Mr. George Darling, President of the Ex-Naval Men's Association, took charge of the operations as M.C., and handled the floor with his usual dexterity and success. The show started at 8 p.m. sharp, and things were kept moving until midnight. The evening was a splendid success, both from a social and financial point of view. Our thanks are specially due to the Ex-Naval Men's Band of seven members, who provided music (and what music!) for the expounds of the terpsichorean art. Indeed, each dance was encored time after time, and as every member of the orchestra is a staunch Navy League supporter all requests were met with and responded to in full measure.

This band deserves all our appreciation and support for the manner in which it co-operates with Birchgrove depot in its frequent Saturday night socials. The band is always on deck, ready and willing to give its services gratis, all of which is of very material assistance to depot funds.

The "Back to Birchgrove" night netted a profit of a shade over £10. This, considering that the evening was a very hot one, was really a good effort.

Things are progressing steadily at the depot, instruction and drills are being maintained, and the usual Navy League syllabus carried on. Our cutter has figured in a couple of rescues lately, which we hope to have written up by C. P. O. Willis in the next Journal.

In short we can report that, for the month of October, Birchgrove is definitely under way,

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and in conclusion would like to express our pleasure at winning the Navy League Open Service Boats' race at the opening of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron on Saturday, 8th October. We also extend our congratulations to the runners-up in providing a very thrilling and close tussle, in which Birchgrove can count itself fortunate in sneaking the necessary half length required to win.

"THE BOAT RACE"

On Saturday, 8th October, the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron staged its Opening Day for the season.

By the generosity of the Club's Committee a race was arranged for Navy League Sea Cadets, rowing in Service type boats.

Four boats entered, North Sydney No. 1 whaler, North Sydney No. 2 whaler, Birchgrove gig, and a combined crew from "Fairlight" and Manly rowing in the "Fairlight" gig.

North Sydney No. 2 whaler was granted a start of 20 seconds and a really thrilling race followed over the course from Kurraba Point to the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron's jetty. The result of the race was an extremely close finish, with a boat's length covering all four crews. Birchgrove, with a magnificent steady effort, came first, by half a length from North Sydney No. 1 whaler.

A particularly good effort was made by the combined crew's gig, the members of which had had no previous practice whatsoever. Undoubtedly but for a little wide steering, this crew would have secured second place. As it was, North Sydney No. 1 whaler came up with a splendid spurt, and just managed to get their stem over the finishing line not more than a foot ahead of the combined crew's gig.

A highly placed Naval officer who was standing by with the judge stated that both the race and the rowing were of a particularly high order. "Indeed," he said, "it would have done credit to any Service crews' race." Coming from the source that it did, this information was particularly gratifying, and only goes to prove that our Sea Cadets are carrying on their job in the right manner.

The executive Committee, the Officer Commanding, Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, and

the Inspecting Officer, extend their congratulations to the winners, and their assurances to the other crews that the splendid tussle was one worthy of the highest traditions of the Navy League, and of good clean sport.

MANLY DEPOT

(By G. H. Smith, O.I.C.)

Training and recreation are going ahead at Manly, and the depot is looking really shipshape.

On Saturday, 28th October, Mr. P. Spender, M.L.A., officiated at an "At Home" at the depot, and presented Warrants of Appointment to the O.C. and his assistant, Mr. Turley, and badges to leading seamen, a writer, and a boy signaller.

The Inspecting Officer of the Corps was also present, and members of the welfare committee provided an excellent afternoon tea, plus a very welcome five gallon keg of ginger beer for the cadets.

In his remarks to the Cadets Mr. Spender mentioned how pleased he was to see the youth of Manly carrying on this work, and by so doing giving many other lads a very definite lead in matters of patriotism, preparedness, physical fitness, and love of country. He was, he said, extremely gratified to note the smartness and efficiency of the lads present, congratulated them on their showing, and threatened to drop in unannounced at any convenient Navy League depot on some Wednesday night or Saturday afternoon in the near future.

Now that the local Federal member has shown such a definite interest in our Company we can only hope that residents of the Manly district will turn their attention to us a little more than they have in the past, and render the community and our Company the public assistance which is so necessary to the wellbeing of a unit of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

and their discomforts

(By Frank C. Bowen)

Often enough, particularly when travelling in or referring to the crack luxury liners, one hears expressions of regret at the passing of the good old days of hemp and canvas, although one cannot help thinking that those who say most on the subject are the last who would take advantage of any opportunity that might be given them to travel under the old conditions; the lukewarm response to Captain Gustaf Erikson's scheme of passengers in his sailing ships carrying grain from Australia seems proof enough of that. The old conditions at sea certainly produced magnificent sailors, although, unhappily, they broke many who might have been very useful to the sea had conditions been different. These conditions were nearly always truly appalling, and the trouble is that quite a lot of them were unnecessary.

A certain measure of discomfort is unavoidable in a sailing ship, particularly if she is bent on making a passage, but there was a good deal more than was at all necessary, and, unhappily, the reputation of British ships was bad when compared with many of their foreign contemporaries. Any number of books of reminiscence have been published by old sailors which touch on this subject, but they are always invariably devoted to the two aspects of harsh discipline and bad food; comparatively few deal to any extent with the accommodation provided for all seafarers, although it is an interesting subject and well worth attention. How it came about that shipowners who were estimable men in their private lives, kindly to their neighbours and having an excellent reputation for humanity and charity, obliged their employees at sea to live in circumstances that were frequently appalling is an undecided question of psychology. Perhaps it was that their knowledge of the seamen was very limited, and generally concerned his vagaries ashore after many months of enforced abstinence.

There is, however, little doubt of their very bad influence on the sailor, and the first thing that strikes the old sail-bred seamen when they naturally take the first opportunity of visiting windjammers that come into British ports, generally under the British flag, is the quality of the forecastles as compared with their own day. The placing of the fore-castle at the forward end of the ship was really a fetish based on ill-understood tradition, for it was the very worst place that could possibly be found. In the old days it was no doubt justified, for there was a certain amount of dry accommodation under the forward fighting castle, but its retention, particularly when so many ships under foreign flags were accommodating their hands in reasonably comfortable deck-houses, is rather a mystery. There were some British ships which adopted this latter fashion at an early date. Messrs. Killick Martin's clippers on the China trade in the 'sixties for instance, but generally speaking, the men were accommodated forward.

If would not have been so bad if the fore-castle were reserved for their accommodation, but it housed the windlass, and therefore the chains had to run through it to reach the hawse-pipe and the anchors outside. Every sailing ship unshackled her anchors as soon as she got well out on her voyage, and left them stowed on the fore-castle head until she was again in soundings, but however carefully the hawse-pipes were plugged and cemented, they always let a certain amount of water directly into the men's living quarters. As a measure of precaution the anchors were naturally shackled on again as soon as the ship got into waters where she might have to let them go in a hurry, and when that was done it was impossible to plug the hawse-pipes to any extent; and as a ship might be many days beating up channel at the end of a voyage, the state of the fore-castle can well be imagined.

Certain ships at the end of sail had an improved type of top-gallant forecabin which was divided into two watches by longitudinal bulkheads with the hawse-pipes and windlass in the open section in the centre. This offered more chance of sleep during the watch below by dividing the port and starboard watches, and it also afforded a certain amount of opportunity to dry wet clothes and oilskins in the central passage-way, while the worst of the water coming in through the hawse-pipes ran down this and out on to the main deck. As such, these forecabins might be regarded as a very high standard of comfort, but it must not be thought that they were dry in anything but a comparative sense.

Nor, for that matter, were the deck-house forecabins, which were regarded as a great improvement. They were lighter and more airy, for it was possible to provide them with reasonable sky-light, but water found its way in, and in them it was not nearly so easy to work up a real sailors' atmosphere by the simple means of plugging up the only ventilator with an old pair of trousers.

At the very end of sail such big four-posters as the "Garthpool," the last British square-rigger to survive, had her accommodation in a raised midship section running right across the ship and generally known as a "Liverpool House." This was occasionally flooded, it is true, but far less frequently than any other type of forecabin: its great disadvantage, from the point of view of the sailor who was really keen on his work was that it made it very difficult to get from one end of the deck to the other when gear had to be handled in a hurry, and more than one master, having sufficient men for the purpose, divided his watch on deck and ran his ship as two, a brig forward and a brigantine aft.

The Board of Trade cannot be held altogether blameless for the bad reputation of British accommodation, for although it led the way in framing regulations for the protection of seamen, these regulations were very easily evaded and even when interpreted literally they only gave a small measure of comfort. The authorities under foreign flags who had very few regulations of this sort contrived to give their

seamen much more protection, particularly when ships were built under a subsidy which gave the Government the right to supervise their plans and delete anything considered undesirable.

After the actual accommodation came the furnishing, and this was of the plainest description. In comparatively few British ships, and those mostly from the Colonies, the men along their hammocks Navy fashion instead of sleeping in bunks, in which case the Merchant Shipping Act provided that each man only had to be given nine square feet of floor space against the normal twelve. But even the latter figure was very small, and with a full forecabin, with bunks fitted wherever they would go in, it gave little enough air space, and this, admittedly coupled with the seaman's dislike for any excessive ventilation, led to a number of sailing ship men being invalidated.

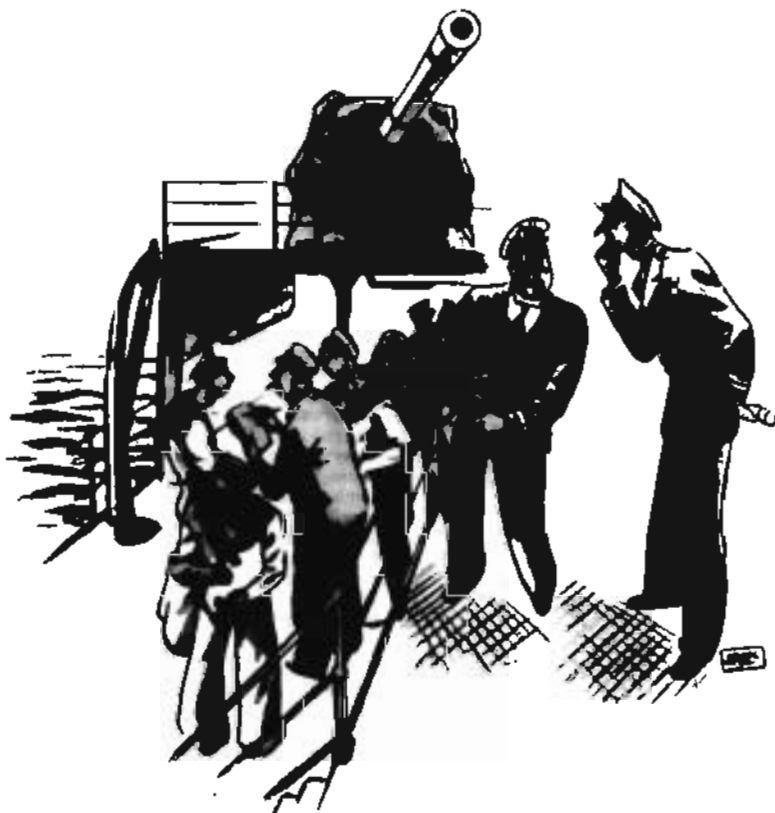
The bunk was provided as a matter of course, and there the owner's liability stopped. The sailor's usual mattress was the traditional "donkey's breakfast," a straw-filled sack that could be bought in any of the seaport towns for a shilling to eightpence apiece. Most of them, particularly when the buyer was not in a state to be critical, were far too narrow for the bunks and were known as "razor strope," permitting the men to roll off and making a big difference to the sleep that was very badly needed. British seamen usually provided themselves with a few bed-clothes as well, if they were in a financial position to do so, and the Americans and some Continental seamen always made themselves very comfortable. In Italian ships it was the tradition to have no bed-clothes but the mattress, but their mattresses were infinitely better than the "donkey's breakfast."

Only in the later British ships were tables provided forward; normally the seamen had to eat his food on his knees or on his sea-chest, which also acted as a seat. In some ships, it is true, tables were fitted, generally to slide up and down stanchions to be out of the way when they were not in actual use, but even to the end there were any number of ships without them. Italian vessels always had tables, no matter how small they might be, but curiously

enough, the tradition was always for the men to eat their food out on deck whenever the weather permitted it. British seamen also had to provide themselves with everything that they wanted in the matter of eating, generally plates

and pannikins of the cheapest description provided by the boarding-house keepers at an extortionate price against the man's advance note. Forks were a refinement; the seaman's inevitable sheath-knife and fingers were almost universal. All refreshments were served in hook-

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pots which were not unlike the soldier's canteen in the Great War, holding rather more than a pint and having one or two hooks hinged on the flat side to attach the pot to the edge of the bunk.

Not much comfort in that, and the method of serving the rations, and the usual state of the "kids" in which they were brought from the galley may be gathered from any number of books of sea reminiscence.

Although it does not really come into the subject of accommodation, for it was never provided by the owner, the sailor's sea-chest deserves a word or two of description. In the old days no self-respecting seaman would dream of joining a ship without his chest; to do so would suggest that he had been shanghaied. "parlah-rigged" by a boarding-house keeper as so many of them certainly were. But the quiet sober seaman always took the greatest pride in his chest, sometimes very elaborate, and put in a lot of time decorating it. Pictures of ships and geometrical designs would go inside the lid; crude enough and often painted with ship's paint and a brush home-made from the hair of the ship's cat, but a matter of great pride to the artist. Really beautiful ropework was often put into the becket handles and shackles, many a first-voyager being tempted to make himself proficient in ropework by the wish to emulate an old hand who had done some really excellent work on his chest. It was only in later days that the real seamen turned to the kitbag instead of the chest, usually for convenience of stowage, but then he gave his sailorising an outlet by fancy rope designs worked into the bottom.

The lighting and heating in forecastles were also very poor in British ships, whereas many foreigners paid careful attention to them. If the men were lucky they could get a small bogey stove, or improvise one from a paint drum and some stolen piping, but they were luckier still if they managed to get a constant supply of fuel for it, and even if they did, except that it provided facilities for drying clothes and oilskins, it was not universally popular. For one thing the warmth woke up the bugs, with which so many sailing ships were afflicted, and once another, the back draught from the sails al-

a bug is awakened he is invariably hungry. For ways prevented the stove from drawing properly, and, finally, there was invariably a quarrel as to whose job it was to clear away the ashes and to bring up coal.

Lighting was as bad as heating in most ships. As a rule the only artificial light was a "slush lamp," which was originally a second-hand meat tin filled with fat from the galley, which the sailor invariably called slush, having a wick made from shredded sail canvas. The supply of light was thus entirely dependent on the goodwill of the cook who controlled the supply of slush, and as the cook was not usually a popular figure in the fore-castle he contrived to get a good deal of his own back. Even when such a refinement as colza oil lamps were introduced they were generally still called slush lamps.

On the China trade, for instance, ordinary oil was often difficult to get and coconut oil was used instead. This congealed in bad weather

and had to be melted before it could be used, but once it was melted it burned reasonably well but gave a filthy smell. Most oil provided in sailing ships seems to have given out more smoke and smell than light.

Many a fore-castle of a sailing ship homeward bound from the Colonies was lit by a hurricane lamp found guarding a hole in the road, but here again the supply of oil was a difficulty, for few seamen had enough money to buy any. In that case a mate who was a heavy sleeper was a godsend, for the man who went to rouse him for his watch on deck took the opportunity of emptying his cabin lamp of all the paraffin that it contained.

On the other side of the picture must be mentioned the fact that one or two kindly ship-owners tried to provide far greater comfort. In one freak sailing ship built in the early 'eighties various refinements were provided—



MENIVEN'S ICE CREAM

two-berth cabins, washing basins, curtains, mirrors and mess-traps—and in consideration of this the crew was signed on at rather less than standard pay. When they reached the Colonies all the pretty fittings were smuggled ashore and there paid for a glorious orgy.

It must also be remembered that the majority of the seamen of that day were rough men who were not accustomed to any very great standard of comfort, but they certainly might have been given very much more than they were, and in any circumstances that argument does not apply to the half-deck, which accommodated apprentices from good homes, who were shipped by the owners to learn their craft in return for a premium that was sometimes very stiff indeed. In such circumstances they might well have been given good quarters, although here again a hungry apprentice was usually a genius in raising money on anything that was movable, and in one famous Aberdeen clipper the brass-borders were discovered by the captain taking ashore a spare fore topsail on a truck to sell to "Johnny Allsorts."

Yet, except that they were generally housed in a deck-house instead of under the fore-castle head, their quarters were seldom very much more elaborate than those of the men before the mast. There were some conspicuous exceptions in which the apprentices had really good quarters, such as Milne's "Invers" from Aberdeen. In some of these the half-deck, as the apprentices' accommodation was called, was divided into small two-berth cabins round a central mess-room—cramped, it is true, but affording some privacy and very much more comfortable than in most ships.

A further discomfort in any number of sailing ships was the vermin. Rats were expected, and bugs and cockroaches were practically inevitable. The more effort to give comfort there was in the matter of lining quarters with wood, the worse these pests became, and although a spell of really bad weather off Cape Horn would occasionally clear the ship, the usual method was to run paraffin down the seams and set light to it, an appallingly dangerous practice which caused many casualties.

Where any official effort was made to fumigate quarters it was usually with a bucket of tar into which a red-hot chain was dipped—another frequent cause of ships being burned—but even after scientific and non-dangerous methods of fumigation were in general use there were some captains who refused to allow them to be employed to clear the fore-castle or half-deck. In one well-known Scottish sailing ship the apprentices applied to the captain time after time for fumigation, but were always refused. Their chance came through the half-deck being situated under the poop in that particular ship, separated from the captain's cabin only by a wooden bulk-head. A small hole carefully bored through this bulk-head just under the captain's bunk, and a nightly hunt for vermin which were all carefully pushed through this hole, finally got matters rectified.

The afterguard, captain, mates and steward, were almost invariably accommodated under the poop, and occasionally the petty officers as well, otherwise the last-named lived in a deck-house which generally adjoined the half-deck. Traditionally, the first mate had the cabin on the port side of the ship under the break of the poop, his port-hole looking along the main deck,

and the second mate was abaft him. Even in ships which were not designed to carry passengers there were usually one or two spare cabins which could be used for various purposes, as store rooms, sail lockers and the like, and the captain's accommodation was usually right aft. In many ships this was quite comfortable, a sleeping cabin and perhaps a bath-room and a day cabin as well. The saloon, with or without a separate mess-room for the officers, was amid-ships, and the afterguard had one very great advantage over the fore-castle or half-deck in the fact that their quarters could be reached from the comparative dryness of the poop by way of the companion when the alleyway leading on to the main deck had to be barricaded against sea water.

When sailing ships were carrying passengers in any numbers the first-class cabins were under the poop with the officers, this poop often being of considerable length. The state-rooms usually opened directly into the saloon and every effort was made to secure comfort, although the small size of the ship for the number of passengers that it carried prevented very much being done in that way. The emigrant who travelled in the 'tween decks had little enough in the way of comfort—all too often little enough of elementary decency—but they were pioneers going to a land of promise and there were remarkably few complaints.

There is a happy medium between the accommodation of the old sailing ships and the super-luxury of certain liners to-day, where the passenger is encouraged to forget that he is at sea at all, but it is surprising that more effort was not made to provide the elements of comfort for the crew. It was true that the existing conditions produced the finest breed of seamen that the world has ever known, and that the sailing-ship man was not by any means an unhappy individual, but they produced them at a very heavy price in men that were forced away from a sea career or who broke down physically under the strain. They were the good old days in many ways, but as far as the treatment of the sailor is concerned, present-day practice, especially as shown in some modern cargo ships, is infinitely preferable.

("The Navy")

NAVAL NOTES

H.M.A. SHIPS' PROGRAMME

(This programme is provisional only and liable to alteration at any time).

Place	Arrive	Depart
H.M.A.S. "Canberra"		
Sydney	14th Oct.	14th Oct.
Twofold Bay	15th "	15th "
Flinders Island	16th "	17th "
Burnie	18th "	20th "
Adelaide	22nd "	26th "
Melbourne	28th "	8th Nov.
Frankston	8th Nov.	10th "
Sydney	12th "	—
H.M.A.S. "Voyager"		
Sydney	14th Oct.	14th Oct.
Launceston	16th "	18th "
Devonport	18th "	20th "
Adelaide	22nd "	26th "
Melbourne	28th "	8th Nov.
Frankston	8th Nov.	10th "
Sydney	12th "	—
H.M.A.S. "Yarra"		
Fremantle	—	17th Oct.
Melbourne	24th Oct.	25th "
Hobart	27th "	—
H.M.A.S. "Swan"		
Fremantle	—	24th Oct.
Broome	29th Oct.	1st Nov.

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The Navy League is a Voluntary Patriotic and non-Sectarian Association of British Peoples, 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 all classes in Maintaining the Navy at the Requisite Standard of Strength, not only with a view to the safety of our trade and Empire, but also with the object of securing British prestige on every sea and in every port of the World.
2. To convince the general public 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 and Im-

perial Security.

3. To bring home to every person in the Empire that commerce can only be guarded from any possible attack by a Navy, in Conjunction with the Air Force, sufficiently strong in all the elements which modern warfare demands.
4. To teach the citizens of the Empire, 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 peoples, No Less Depends on the Merchant Service, which, under the Sure Shield of the Navy, welds us into One Imperial Whole.
5. 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 in the spirit of their motto—"For God, for the King, for the Empire."

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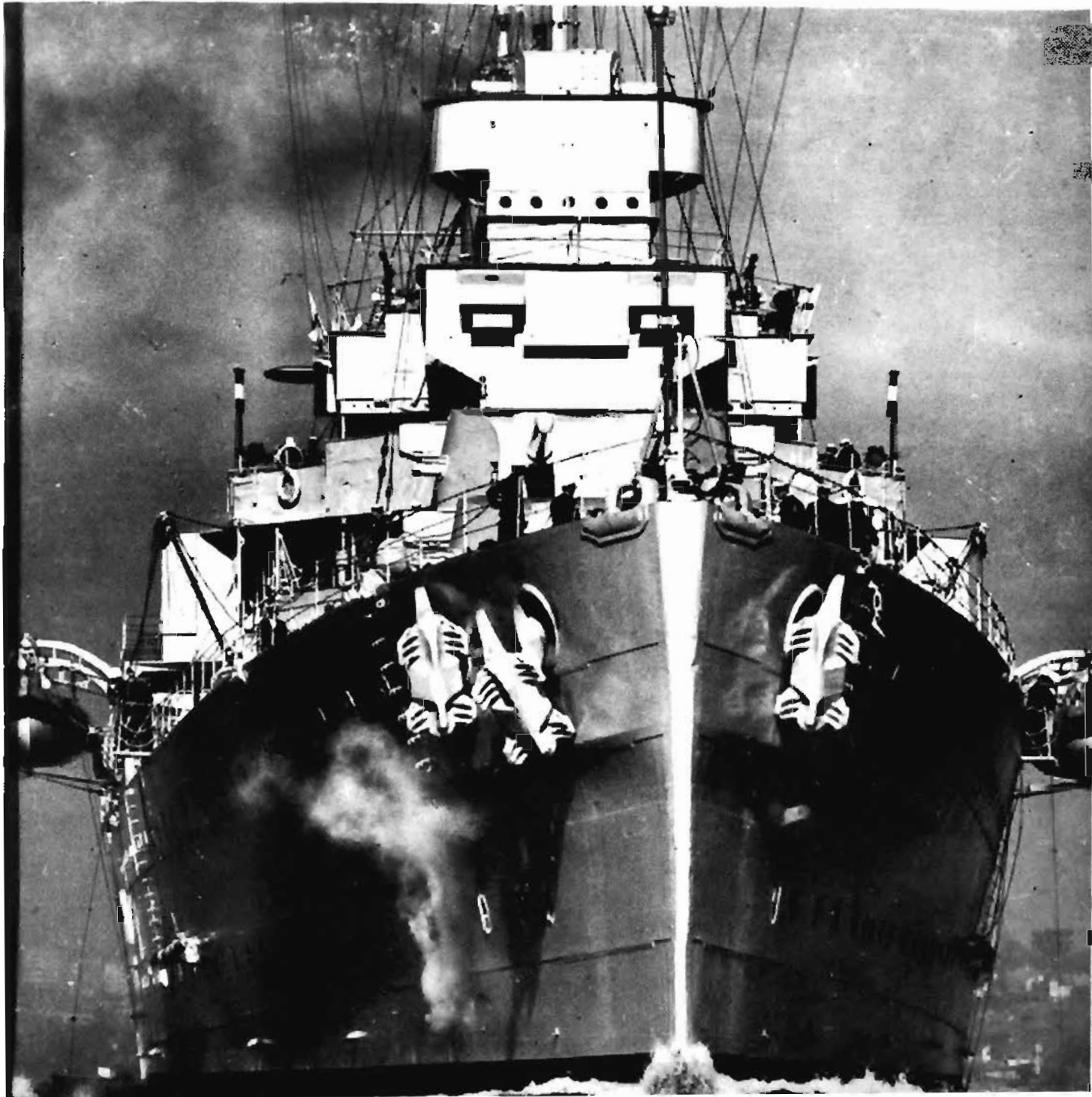
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The Shelved Service

In the rush and bustle of defence precautions, allocations for war stores and materials, and services, the Navy has, once again, been overlooked in one important department at least.

It is particularly disappointing to note that in spite of promises that they would be effected, adjustments in pay and conditions have once again been shelved by the Powers That Be.

An additional £5,000,000 has been provided for defence, and neither in that amount nor in the supplementary statements being considered this month has any attempt been made to remedy conditions which have provided for a long time a cause of grievance in the Service. Naval strength is being increased by a provision of extra ships, but it seems very likely unless strong representations are made, that the system of inequality maintaining in the Australian Navy will still go on.

Many people think that members of the Australian Service have far better conditions, especi-

ally in regard to the matter of deferred pay and discharge allowances than members of the Royal Navy. (Here it is worthy of note that the British Government has stated its definite intention of improving matters in the Royal Navy to an even greater extent).

As a matter of fact the position of Australian officers compares very unfavourably with their British confreres. Take for example, a R.A.N. Lieutenant Commander. Should he retire after serving 32 years, including his cadetship, he does so a comparatively young man, with a cash deferred payment of a sum of £2,000. A British officer under similar conditions retires on an allowance of £400 a year for life.

Admittedly the Australian scale of naval pay is higher than the R.N., but the opportunities in both Services for an officer to save for his years of retirement are extremely remote. Those

(Continued Overleaf)

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1

"THE SHELVED SERVICE" (Cont.)

knowing little of Service conditions are apt to jeer when "The Fleet goes South for the Cup."

"Ah," they say, "There goes the Navy, off to enjoy itself once again at the taxpayers' expense." They entirely overlook the fact that all entertainment offered to visitors aboard ship is subscribed for by officers out of their own pockets.

In industry, and other Government Services the basic wage is calculated to cater for the married man, but in the R.A.N. the scale of payment for officers seems to be designed to discourage marriage. Moreover, though it has been laid down as a principle in the Public Service that salaries are adjusted in relation to the cost of living, this principle has never been applied to the R.A.N. Since the war no attempt has been made to keep Service pay in reasonable ratio to changes in the value of money.

Again, the argument that deferred pay, presented in a lump sum is preferable to pensions is rejected by the majority of members of the R.A.N. Indeed it seems hardly possible that a man in early middle life would be content to have to come ashore to face conditions in business and every day living with which he is entirely unfamiliar, having as his sole background some few thousand pounds, when, on the other hand, his future, and that of his wife and family can be assured by the regular payment of an adequate pension.

It would appear that feeling in the Service is that instead of respecting the traditions and loyalty which forbids the formation of any organization to protect the rights of the Service man, the official attitude is rather one of taking advantage of the fact to ignore the legitimate claims of the personnel of the Royal Australian Navy.

In additional financial arrangements provisions have been made to give an annual bonus to members of the Militia forces, in order to provide an inducement for enlistment. Can no similar arrangement be made to give a bonus, either in the form of a salary increase to members of the R.A.N. or the money diverted to form the nucleus of a pension fund? Surely this would serve as an encouragement to the potential recruit.

THE EDITOR.

PLEASE NOTE

Contributions of a suitable nature are cordially invited, and should be addressed to the Editor, The Navy League Journal, Royal Exchange Building, Pitt and Bridge Streets, Sydney.

The Navy League does not necessarily endorse the opinions of contributors to the Journal.

Season's Greetings

The N.S.W. Branch of the Navy League, and the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, extend to members, friends and supporters the Compliments of the Season, and the wish for a happy, prosperous and peaceful 1939.

"A SCRAPPY ENGAGEMENT"

(By G. Casey)

Outside the closed scuttles of the smoking room, a heavy fog, seeping with thin rain, soaked the awnings and hid the shore from view. About six of us were sitting about the room, reading the newspapers and wondering if the fog would lift before lunch and we should be back late from the postponed exercise or whether it would hang out until the trip had to be abandoned.

The air was damp and thick with tobacco-smoke. The heavy, oppressive silence was broken only by the rustle of newspapers and the clatter of the coal-scuttle, as Sub-Lieutenant Crassin, detailed by common consent for that duty, methodically dumped coal on the fire.

Main-Ballast sat on the club fender staring round the room and occasionally leaning forward to read the back page of an upheld newspaper. Occasionally people would wander in, brood over the barograph for a few minutes and then wander out again. Less frequently, a paper would be flung down and the reader would bustle out in the manner of one whose duties will brook no further delay.

Breaking the Ice

It was nearly eleven o'clock before there was any indication of this frigid reserve relaxing. The steward came in with a basket of bottles, the fire suddenly blazed up and Crassin started back in fear of his eyebrows. Main-Ballast stretched himself and yawned and then delivered himself of a great thought.

"Why don't we have a mess scrap-book?" he asked. He had no immediate response. Eventually, three newspapers were lowered cautiously, followed by two illustrated weeklies and a crossword puzzle. The mess considered the question in critical reserve.

"What for?" asked Planes at last.

"Oh, just for sustaining interest, you know. Awfully interesting to look through in a few years.

"Yes, and so will you," said Planes sourly and with no particular point. The mess began

to take interest. Planes v. Main-Ballast was always a popular fixture.

"Might have a picture of the ship's launch, when the bottle wouldn't break."

"Or a sketch of Number One starting his car."

Suggestions began to pour in.

"Or the true story of Torps' Christmas leave." This from Main-Ballast, for whom allowances must be made.

Torps countered immediately.

"Or what the shipwrights' parrot said when Main-Ballast brought the Pansy Wetwhite party off to lunch."

"That," said Main-Ballast smoothly, "will cost you one round of drinks, Torps. AND a cheap price for the pleasure of mentioning a lady's name, I think."

A plea of stage-names was unanimously rejected.

"Waiter. Five gins and a cocktail to Lieutenant Commander Pendant, please. The cocktail," he explained, "is for me."

Interest increased and two regular passengers by the 12.30 boat decided to lunch on board for a change. Then Main-Ballast got above himself. He always does, sooner or later.

"What about including your wine-bill for last month, Planes?" he asked.

"Certainly. By all means. I have nothing to fear. Also, it would be most unfair not to mention your last bathing-party, wouldn't it?"

The reference was a sore one with Main-Ballast. One day, when his submarine was being re-fuelled, the casing was oily and Main-Ballast completed a tour of inspection by slipping and entering the turbid waters of the harbour. Planes, who happened to be Officer of the Watch in the Depot Ship at the time, was so impressed by the spectacle of Main-Ballast being assisted by about ten sailors to clamber up the greasy, whaleback side of his submarine that he thoughtfully delayed rescue operations

until he had run to the smoking-room and summoned his mess-mates to share his enjoyment.

"We ought to have a signed confession from Buster about those liqueurs."

Buster, the chaplain's Sealyham, had a thirst for any sweet drink. He assuaged this once by lapping up the contents of several liqueur-glasses, which stood on the deck near their owner's chairs. Four brandies and a sloe gin, they reckoned, when the culprit was found and smelt and his owner politely requested to make good his depredations.

The postman, whose duty it was to exercise every dog in the ship twice daily, described Buster's appearance for the ensuing three days as "Kind of dazed. Looks as though he's been maltreated or 'ad 'is memory lost." The Captain, scanning the wine-books, was reluctantly compelled to censure the chaplain for exceeding his wine-bill, so now the entry "Dog, Chaplain's," appears between Craasin and Drummond in the archives.

A Memorable Occasion

"I'll provide a picture of my skipper dropping the brick, if you like," offered Buoyancy, generously. Blower, the officer in question, had consented to lay the foundation stone of some village hall or other. He left the ship impeccably attired in morning-coat and silk hat, the traditional costume of all foundation-stone layers, and returned in a cloth cap.

He was remarkably uncommunicative about the whole affair and it was somewhat of a mystery until Buoyancy, by some means best known to himself, "acquired" a Kodak print, which shewed beyond doubt that Blower, who had admitted that his knowledge of the ceremony was somewhat hazy, had placed his hat on the lower half and, resisting all attempts to rescue it had lowered the foundation-stone on top.

"Etching of Craasin stoking the fire. True until death."

"Ship's battle honours in red ink. Fifth Battle of Jutland and General Strike."

Eventually it was put in the suggestion-book, the fog suddenly cleared and we all went to sea.

It dropped up again at a general mess meeting, the mess committee having been unable to reach a decision.

"One of the suggestions in the suggestion-book," said the Paymaster, who is mess sec-

retary, polishing his glasses, "seems to require a general expression of opinion. I refer to the suggestion of a mess scrap-book. It has, I see, as its sponsor, Main-Ballast and is fairly supported."

Main-Ballast, who had forgotten the whole matter, looked up and hurriedly prepared to defend the child of his brain. A good deal of discussion ensued and a vote was taken. "Will those in favour of the suggestion please hold up their paws nicely," said the President. "A forest of hands appeared."

"Thank you. Now those who are opposed to the suggestion." The forest of hands re-appeared, with the exception of those of Main-Ballast, who was filling his pipe.

(Continued on Page 11)

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A NAVAL INCIDENT

(By Vice-Admiral J.E.T. Harper, C.B., M.V.O.)

(Vice-Admiral Harper, well-known in Navy League circles, wrote the following article for "Reveille," official organ of the R.S.S.I.L.A., after his recent visit to Sydney.

The article is republished in the journal by courtesy of the editor, "Reveille.")

When writing for a journal which is read mainly by ex-soldiers, it may seem somewhat strange to state that any war, with a maritime nation, in which our Empire may be, unfortunately, engaged, is won or lost at sea.

We who have served our country by sea, or land, or air know full well that in time of war it is the soldiers and the airmen who do most of the actual fighting; their's the discomfort, their's the danger and the casualties; in short, while the navy continues its work in comparative comfort, those in the sister services experience all the horrors of war. But, geographically situated as it is, our Empire depends for its existence on the safety of the highways of the ocean. It is the duty of the navy, assisted by its air arm, to maintain that control at sea without which the people in the United Kingdom would starve; the people in the overseas Dominions would lose their prosperity; our troops could not be transported in safety over the oceans; and our aircraft would be useless, because the fuel which gives them motive power has, mainly, to be brought from overseas under naval protection.

In short, sea power is necessary to our existence; without sea power we surely perish. The very foundation of that sea power, or power derived from the sea, is in our merchant navy.

We all want peace, because it is only in times of peace we prosper. We cannot have peace without also having security, without security we might have defeat, but defeat is not peace. It behooves us, therefore, to support any movement which will make our peace-interested Empire strong, so that it can be a real power for peace. In years gone by our Royal Navy has, time and again, proved itself the greatest peace machine in the world. If the navy is strong enough and

is distributed about the world it can act at the first sign of any disorder or disturbance. We all know that if disorders are not quashed in their early stages they may assume serious proportions, and may even lead to war.

I will now describe one typical case in which the British Navy, being strong enough, and being in the right place at the right time and used in the right way, prevented trouble which might have resulted in a war with Turkey.

In 1922, after Sultan Mahomed VI. of Turkey had abdicated and fled, the whole country became very disturbed. An International Conference was summoned to sit at Inddanla to discuss the future of Turkey. International Conferences are slow to move, and may never reach a decision, so while it was sitting steps had to be taken to preserve order. As usual, the "Peace Machines"—British defence forces—were called upon, and besides having a strong squadron on the spot, several regiments were sent to occupy the area in and around Constantinople and the Dardanelles. At Smyrna, in Asia Minor, we had one small cruiser to watch over British interests. Now Smyrna is an important seaport; a large number of British subjects are resident there, in trade or business. There is an English church and an English chaplain, and a large amount of trade is carried on with various parts of the Empire.

The Turkish authorities sent a telegram to the naval commander-in-chief to say that the cruiser lying off Smyrna was to leave within twenty-four hours. This of course, was quite an unreasonable demand in times of so-called peace, so the commander-in-chief replied asking for reconsideration of the order. He then received another telegram saying the matter had been reconsidered and the time would be extended,

but if the cruiser was still at Smyrna at the end of forty-eight hours, she would be fired on. The commander-in-chief, knowing that it was useless to argue with a Turk, sent a telegram which even a Turk could understand: "Before the end of 48 hours there will be two cruisers in Smyrna Harbour."

It would have been madness to send another small cruiser unsupported, so H.M.S. "Resolution," a battleship commanded at the time by the present writer, which was on her way to the Dardanelles, was ordered by wireless to proceed to the island of Mitylene. On arrival there late at night, we found assembled another battleship (H.M.S. "Emperor of India") a cruiser with an admiral on board, some torpedo-boat destroyers, and a seaplane carrier. Before break of day this little squadron left for Smyrna. Leading the line was the cruiser with the admiral on board; then came the "Resolution" with her 15-inch guns; the "Emperor of India" with her 13.5-inch guns; six destroyers, and the seaplane carrier.

On arrival at the entrance of the Gulf of Smyrna a signal station, in a fort on the top of a nearby hill, hoisted the signal "Stop engines." We all steamed just a little faster. Then followed another signal: "Heave to," which means the same thing. Again we went a little faster. Then a flash of a gun was seen; the third warning, "a blank charge" we thought, but: "That was no blank charge," because a large tree in front of the fort was seen to fall to the ground, so it seemed it must have been a live charge which, by accident, had hit the tree. A Turkish soldier was then seen running to the tree, which he picked up and stuck back in its hole. A camouflaged tree, and a very good one, so it was a blank charge, after all. Our ship's guns looked as if they were not at the "ready"; but they were—ready for action at a few seconds' notice. A live charge never came.

The two battleships anchored as near as they could get to the town, and the cruiser, with the admiral on board, went into the harbour and anchored near her consort. The admiral went on shore to pay an official call on the Turkish Governor.

"Good morning," said the Turk, "but do you realise you have no right to be here?"

"So I understand," replied the admiral, "but you see I have come."

"If you and all your ships have not left Smyrna by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I will order all my forts to open fire on you," said the Governor.

Now, the forts around Smyrna are manned with modern guns, and ships stand little chance against shore batteries.

"Will you, please, look out of the window," said the admiral, "and tell me if you can see those two battleships anchored ten miles away?"

"Yes, I can just see them," was the answer. The admiral then said: "The very first shot which is fired from one of your forts will bring thirty tons of shells a minute into the town of Smyrna. Good morning."

He then returned to his ship. All those British ships lay there for fourteen days without a shot being fired, after which they proceeded to Constantinople, leaving one light cruiser behind at Smyrna.

The above true incident is an excellent example of the necessity of power if peace is to be preserved. Let us consider, for a space, what the result would have been if Great Britain had not had sufficient force available at short notice. When, in the first instance, the cruiser at Smyrna was ordered to leave, the captain of that ship would have had two alternatives only: He might have obeyed the order, in which case some 2,500 British men, women and children would have been left at the mercy of the Turks; to say nothing of the loss of trade. If he had refused to leave, and no reinforcements were available, the Turkish forts might have opened fire on the ship, which would have been sunk in ten minutes. Could we, a leading nation, calm, sit down under such an insult? No. If no force had been available it would have meant, at least, war with Turkey, and we all know how easily a war can spread.

The great Admiral Lord Nelson, once said: "A line-of-battle ship is the best negotiator in Europe." We might well bring this saying up-to-date by saying that if, in recent years, we had had more cruisers and fewer conferences, there would be far less trouble in the world than there now is.

EPIC OF CAPE RACE

(By W. J. Passingham)

The island of Newfoundland blocks the wide mouth of the River St. Lawrence, forming two narrow passages through which surge the broken waters of the broad Atlantic. Although both these passages are naturally twin dangers to navigation, however, neither is to be compared in this respect to that long tongue of rock which thrusts itself outward from the island to form the famous headland of Cape Race. This long tongue of living rock is serrated with indentations and promontories like the blade of a clumsy saw, and is a succession of submerged reefs running far out to sea. On the southward side of the headland lies a submerged tableland of considerable extent, and in the shallows thus created mammoth icebergs, drifting from the frozen north, are buffeted in terrific collision against what mariners have named the "Grand Banks."

Now the route of ships entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the Old World extends across the northern half of the Grand Banks, and this spot is dreaded by all mariners for its treacherous nature. Thus Cape Race has had an evil reputation among navigators the world over since sea routes between the two hemispheres were first established. On this spot in 1858 was built one of the first lighthouses of the New World. It was erected on an eminence 87 feet above the sea—a small cylindrical tower maintained at the expense of the British Government. The light itself was only 6,000 candlepower, and quite inadequate for the vital part it played in the safety of ships from all parts of the world. To pay for the cost of maintenance, a tax of one-sixteenth of a penny per ton was levied on all ships passing the light.

Like many other important institutions which require considerable expenditure for improvement, the Cape Race Light had to become the scene of many terrible disasters to shipping before it was rebuilt. In 1864 the Allan liner "Anglo-Saxon" crashed headlong into the cliffs, and sank with the loss of 290 lives. But this disaster was not in itself sufficient to unlock the money-bags, and during the following 37 years more ships were lost in the vicinity of Cape

Race—together with cargoes valued at millions sterling—than upon any other corresponding stretch of coastline. Then, in 1901, came three fearful disasters on the rocks at Cape Race which stirred the whole world.

A week of great tragedy began in that year when the "Assyrian" ran ashore at Cape Race. The vessel became so tightly jammed on the rocks that it was impossible to move her. Within 48 hours of this wreck, a fine ship and her cargo—valued at £80,000—was also dashed to pieces alongside the abandoned "Assyrian." While the same storm raged, a French steamer, the "Lusitania", ran on to the same reef with 800 people aboard—and the story of their rescue from this graveyard of the sea is an epic of human courage and supreme sacrifice on the part of the lighthouse keepers.

From the high promontory above the rocks, the lighthouse keepers saw the whole tragedy. Hundreds of passengers leaped into the boiling sea and were flung headlong on to the rocks by giant waves. Those who were too injured to move were tossed about like corks, while those who could, climbed to comparative safety on a narrow ledge jutting out from the cliffs. It was the pitiful sight of this crowd of humanity—doomed to be drowned by the rising tide—that moved the lighthouse keepers to herculean efforts. They ran back to the lighthouse store-room and dragged great coils of rope to the edge of the cliff. But the people on the crowded ledge below were too numb with cold and exposure to climb up the ropes sent down to their rescue.

The keepers realised that there was no time to lose, and lowered themselves down to the ledge at imminent risk to life and limb. Their encouragement and help put new hope into the exhausted passengers and crew. Gradually they ventured to climb the ropes, and even to assist those weaker than themselves. After the ledge was cleared, the heroic lighthouse keepers went into a pit of darkness on the rocks below to rescue all whom they could find. But for the heroism of these men the death roll would have

been doubled. Meanwhile, men from the telegraph station on Cape Race had arrived on the cliffs, and assisted to alleviate the sufferings of hundreds of passengers.

These two disasters at Cape Race, coming as they did within a few hours of each other, at last roused the authorities to action, and public opinion demanded that something be done to combat the danger to shipping at this spot. A sum of £20,579 had accumulated through the tax levied on all shipping that passed Cape Race Light, and this money, together with the responsibility for building a new lighthouse, was handed over to the Canadian Government. The tax was abolished, and plans drawn up for a magnificent tower on the summit of Cape Race.

When the new lighthouse was completed in 1907 it proved to be one of the finest in the world. It is now a cylindrical tower of reinforced concrete 100 feet in height, and is surmounted by a light that ranks among the world's largest even to-day. A giant ray, produced by an incandescent oil-burner and mantle, gives a warning flash of a quarter of a second's duration every seven seconds, and this is visible to navigators at a distance of 19 miles. The light is estimated to be of 1,100,000 candle-power, and, since the height of the lantern is increased 87 feet by the cliffs, it is shed from an elevation of 195 feet above the sea.

Far above the graves of many men and many ships it stands, a mighty beacon that has become famous among mariners of all the world.

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THE NAVY LEAGUE JOURNAL

BOOKS WORTH READING

"SECRET AGENT IN SPAIN"

Messrs. Robert Hale Ltd., London, have published a very interesting book dealing with the activities of a Secret Service man in Spain during the present crisis.

The author of "Secret Agent in Spain," Mr. Herbert Greene, was employed by General Franco's Intelligence Service to investigate and report on various phases of the Civil War—morale, equipment, etc.—from within the Spanish Government territory. In all, Mr. Greene made three separate and distinct journeys into Spain, and he had many thrilling adventures in his work of information gleaned for his revolutionary employers.

Apart from the dangers which beset a secret agent on every hand, Mr. Greene encountered discomforts and hardships by the score.

The book gives a very interesting description of conditions behind the Government lines, and especially tells of Madrid and its siege.

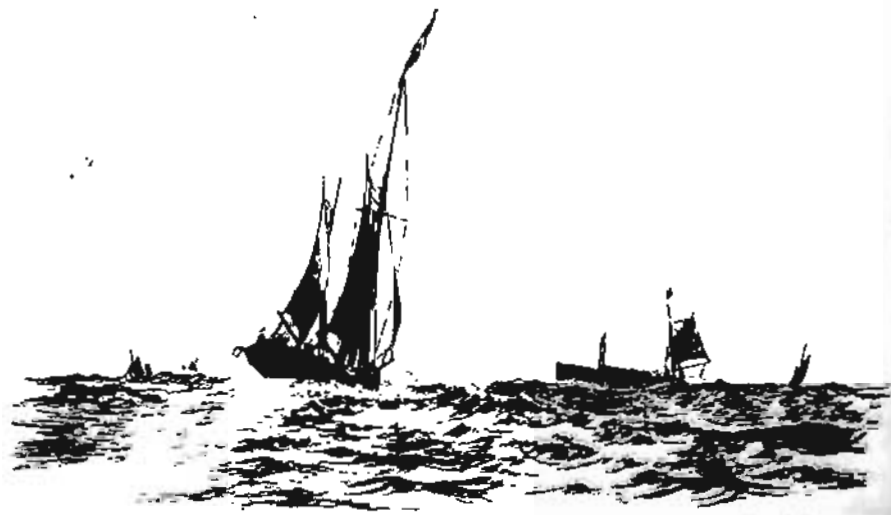
The author went through many hardships, and, indeed, one is forced to acknowledge that he was extremely lucky to escape with his life. The shrift of a spy is short at all times, and in time of war his fate is never in doubt should he be caught red-handed in the act of convey-

ing information to the enemy. Mr. Greene literally took his life in his hands from the time he entered Spain on each of the three separate journeys he made, and the account of his near captures and escapes makes excellent reading.

The book is a carefully compiled record of all Mr. Greene saw and did, and is well illustrated with excellent photographs. The work throws a new light on the Spanish question, and proves a welcome addition to the very sparse data gleaned from the Press. Its publishers claim that it is one of the few books—if not the only one—to have been written by an active member of the intelligence service during the progress of the war in which he was playing a part, and claims to give "an insight into the dangers and nerve-wrecking strain suffered by those who work alone and up-sided in a foreign country where every step is fraught with peril."

"Secret Agent in Spain" makes excellent reading, and as an additional point of interest to the Navy League, the author is a nephew of Sir W. Graham Greene, K.C.B., late permanent secretary to the Admiralty.

Our copy from Dymock's Book Arcade.



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December, 1938



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MUNICH AFTERMATH

"Remember, Prendergast, if another crisis occurs, you'll find me at the golf club!"

"A SCRAPPY ENGAGEMENT" (Continued from Page 4)

"Thank you. The motion is carried. A mess scrap-book will be provided, having the advantage of Main-Ballast as honorary proprietor or keeper, whichever term he prefers."

And there the matter rested, except that Main-Ballast went round all the ships in harbour, asking for suggestions and returning at odd hours in the afternoon, looking dazed.

I went away on leave shortly after and, on my return, found a handsomely-bound volume

lying on a little wall-shelf in the Mess, with the ship's badge embossed in gold. Letterpress invited officers to collect any papers of interest to the ship and hand them to the indefatigable Main-Ballast for inclusion.

I opened it and was delighted to see that Main-Ballast, out of his scanty leisure, had already found time to fill the first page. A large white envelope, addressed to the Captain and Officers and stamped "Postage due, Three-pence," occupied the centre of the page. Underneath, a caption ran "Part of the C. in C's Christmas Card."

SEA CADET NOTES

An Outline of the Work of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps

By D. J. MORT

The training of a Navy League Sea Cadet is an effort to make the boys healthy in body and mind, by giving them Physical and Recreational training, besides the instruction they receive in useful subjects of seamanship and mind training.

Every boy looks forward to being able to take control of others and to fill an executive position, no matter what he undertakes to do. Boys joining a Navy League Sea Cadet Corps Depot get this opportunity and the discipline teaches them to be good citizens; and able to take the hard knocks that may come to them in life. They are taught to be obedient to their Officers, and respectful to parents and other citizens. Such an organisation must necessarily keep the boys off the streets, and with a cheerful and healthy outlook on their associates in the League, they do their best to make the Depot to which they are attached, the pride of the Corps.

Boys who cannot enter into the voluntary spirit of training are not desired, but every applicant is given a chance and serves his probation under strict discipline and every consideration is shown to his moods and reactions to such discipline. If he is in earnest and desires to become a good and efficient Cadet he is confirmed in the rating of Sea Cadet and signed up for 12 months, during which time he is subject to the Rules and Regulations of the Corps. The signing of the agreement does not bind the boy to the sea, but it does place him in honour bound to respect the Rules of the Organisation he has joined. The training at the Depot may seem a little rigid at times, but it is on the same lines as naval training and the subjects he is

taught are on Naval and Mercantile Marine lines therefore it is necessary for him to take it very seriously if he wishes to go ahead. The various ratings in the League coincide with those of the Navy, such as Cadet Petty Officer, Leading Seaman, etc., and there is a great deal of study and work necessary to qualify for them.

Boys must be able to swim before they are allowed to enter a boat; this is necessary, in order to lessen the risk of danger in the event of the boat capsizing. Officers and Instructors are required to be good swimmers.

Cleanliness is essential. Officers pay particular attention to this point, and boys are expected to keep their persons and uniform spotlessly clean. When an opportunity occurs, cadets are taken away camping under the charge of competent officers. This is great fun and teaches them to be independent and able to look after themselves. During these camps they perform sentry duties and cooking and keep fit with Physical and Recreational training.

The boys pay 3d. per week, which goes into their funds. Such an organisation requires the support of the adult members of the League and thus we have a Committee for each Depot, who administer the financial side of this work. The more adults who become interested in the movement, the greater are the facilities for training, as their assistance means more gear for practical and theoretical training.

"VICTORY" TRAINING DEPOT. (By L. R. V. Smith, O. in C.)

In the first place the complement of "Victory" would like to congratulate "Fairlight" Company on their fine parade on Saturday, 19th November, on the occasion of their "At Home." It is quite apparent that the Navy League Sea Cadets are now forging ahead.

On Thursday, 10th November, detachments from Manly, "Fairlight" and "Victory" attended the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital for the purpose of forming a guard of honour for Her Excellency, Lady Wakehurst at the unveiling of a statue of the Egyptian God of medicine, Imhotep. Her Excellency inspected the guard, and an amusing incident occurred when Lady Wakehurst questioned one of the ratings, asking him his age. Being a careful Cadet he replied "Sixteen, Miss."

Taking into consideration the fact that the parade was held on a working day, and that examinations are being held in schools at present, it was excellently attended. After the ceremony the guard fell out, and were treated by the Board of Directors of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital to a very lavish spread, to which all hands did full justice.

Parades are going very well at V.T.D. and we are recruiting strongly and are very hopeful of having 100 on the books by Christmas. Ratings attending first-aid classes are very interested, and early in the next year we should have some sick bay attendants on the strength.

The Company is looking forward to the Christmas camp, to be held at the Basin, Pittwater. It is pleasing to see the League going out of the harbour for camps once again, and is a move keenly appreciated by members of the V.T.D.

At our last social, held on 19th October, the orchestra did not arrive, so after refunding the admission charge to our many supporters it was decided to hold a games night, which turned out to be a great success. To make up for our last social lapse we intend to put on a monster Christmas social on December 17th, on which occasion we hope to have our Patron, Sir Thomas Gordon, Kt., in attendance.

This being the last issue of the JOURNAL in 1938 we wish to extend our best wishes for a merry Christmas and a prosperous new year to



An advertisement for Ship by Patrick Steamers. It features a map of Australia with the text "SHIP INTERSTATE BY PATRICK STEAMERS" written across it. Below the map, the text reads "Ship by Patrick Steamers . . . Ship by Patrick Steamers and be sure of the most careful handling of fragile cargo. Prompt and safe delivery is assured. Most your orders 'Ship per Patrick Steamer' and get all the advantages of Patrick service." At the bottom, it says "JAMES PATRICK & CO. PTY. LTD. SCOTTISH HOUSE, BRIDGE STREET, SYDNEY Telephone: BW 4181 (4 lines)".

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Sea Cadet Corps, and, as in previous months,
are proud to be able to report ALL WELL AT
V.T.D.

"FAIRLIGHT N.L. TRAINING DEPOT (D. J. Mort, Officer-in-charge)

The normal training routine of the Depot
will commence on Wednesday, 23rd November.
Two Classes are under instruction, No. 1 Ad-
vanced, and No. 2 New Entry Class. The altera-
tions, although not quite finished, have reached
a stage that makes it possible to commence
training under better conditions than before.
The Depot now has a small, but very serviceable
Drill Hall. The Strength is now, two Officers
one C.P.O., one Petty Officer Instructor and Yeo-
man of Signals, one Petty Officer, Provisional,
one Leading Seaman Provisional, one Writer,
one ordinary Signalman, two ordinary Signal-
men Provisional, four new Entries. Total 14. Mr.
Farr who is attached to H.Q.S. is borne on
"Fairlight" books as Supernumery.

On Saturday, 19th November, "Fairlight" held
an "At Home," which is reported elsewhere.
Warrants were presented to the Officer-in-
Charge and Chief Officer. Badges were awarded
as follows:—Petty Officer Thomas, Crown (In-
structor), Yeoman of Signals Provisional,
Marksman, Leading Seaman Treers, Petty
Officer Provisional, Able Seaman Goodhew Lead-
ing Seaman, Ordinary Seaman Simmonds, Ord-
inary Signalman, Ordinary Seamen, Smith and
Heather; Ordinary Signalmen, Provisional.
"Fairlight" now reports "All's Well," and hopes
to make good progress in the future.

"FAIRLIGHT" DEPOT RECOMMISSIONED.

A very successful ceremonial parade was
staged at "Fairlight" on the occasion of the re-
commissioning of the depot on Saturday, 19th
November.

A large number of guests were invited, and
a muster of some 200 — including parents and
friends of officers and ratings — attended what
proved to be a spectacular and splendid per-
formance.

The official party included Rear-Admiral J. B.
Stevenson, C.M.G., President, Navy League; Mrs.
and Miss Stevenson, Judge A. P. Backhouse,

Chairman, Navy League; Commander Hixson,
Honorary Secretary, Navy League, and Mrs.
Hixson; Sir Kelso King, Joint Honorary Treas-
urer, Navy League and Miss Olive King; Mr.
C. M. C. Shannon, Joint Honorary Treasurer,
Navy League; Mrs. Shannon and Master Shan-
non, Commander and Mrs. Spain, Mr. T. H. Silk,
Captain and Mrs. E. J. Bayldon, Captain and
Mrs. Hart, Captain Hempton, Mr. and Mrs. Eric
Blackmore, Miss Blackmore and friend, Mrs.
Rowe, Mrs. and Miss Flochart, and Captain Alan
Hill, Secretary, Navy League.

The programme arranged by Mr. D. J. Mort,
Officer in Charge "Fairlight," and rehearsed for
several weeks prior to the event, ran very
smoothly, and reflected considerable credit on
the hard training and good staff work that
showed its evidence on the great day.

On arriving, Rear-Admiral Stevenson inspected
a guard of honour and took the salute at the
march past of the ship's company. Signalling,
knotting, physical training, and boatwork dis-
plays were given under the general charge of Mr.
Grant, Chief Officer of the depot. Instructor
Petty Officer Thomas handled his various squads
with great efficiency, and the squads themselves
deserve great praise for the almost clockwork
precision with which they carried out evolu-
tions.

At the conclusion of the display badges were
presented to ratings, and Warrants issued to
Mr. D. J. Mort (Officer-in-Charge) Mr. Grant
(Chief Officer "Fairlight") and Mr. Farr (Chief
Officer attached to Headquarters).

The whole parade was the cause of consider-
able enthusiastic comment among the specta-
tors, and the greatest of credit is due to all
those taking part.

The thanks of "Fairlight" and the Navy
League are due to the officers and ratings of
other Companies who joined in so wholeheartedly
in order to make the recommissioning a suc-
cess, and last, but certainly not least, thanks
are due to Commander and Mrs. Hixson for their
hospitality and generosity in making their home
and grounds available, and to Mrs. Chase and
the ladies of the "Fairlight" committee, who
worked so hard to make the social side of the
occasion the success it undoubtedly was.

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BIRCHGROVE COMPANY
By A. WILLIS (C.P.O.)

Birchgrove Company is going along nicely, and the Company's strength and efficiency are steadily increasing under the popular charge of Mr. S. Cooper.

The usual weekly training and drill are being carried out efficiently, and a good standard is being maintained. The Company was recently featured in a minor rescue, when two young ladies in a rowing boat got into difficulties off Cockatoo Island. Their plight was seen by an ex-Birchgrove boy who immediately got in touch with the depot, who soon had the Cutter on the scene, and they successfully "rescued" them. The people afterwards offered to pay expenses, but the welfare committee declined. The Company is only too pleased to render assistance to those who are in need of it.

The Company, in the past three weeks, have felt the absence of their popular First Officer, Mr. Reid, whose work is preventing him from attending the meetings.

In conclusion, I can report with confidence "Full ahead at Birchgrove."

HOW THEY DO IT IN AFRICA!

1st Rhodesia N.L. Sea Cadet Corps

REPORT ON FIRST ANNUAL CAMP.

Held at Mazoe Dam from 23rd August to 6th September, 1938.

One officer and twenty-two Ratings left Salisbury by motor transport at 9.15 a.m., on Tuesday, 23rd August, for the site appointed on the west bank of the Mazoe Dam by the B.S.A. Company. This was reached about 11 a.m.

Immediately on arrival, parties were detailed to erect tents, dig camp latrines, etc., and to scuffle a certain amount of ground. Tents (marquees, bell and cottage) were erected by the Cadets themselves (only one native being in camp to assist with the kitchen). They also dug the trenches to a depth of 2ft. in very hard ground. The site allocated was in fairly thick bush with little or no shelter from the mid-day heat. Trees were not allowed to be cut, and consequently, tents had to be pitched wherever space was available.

The kitchen was in working order by 3 p.m., and tea was served at 4 p.m.

Five Cadets had been released from duty at 3 p.m., in order to prepare for Mounting Main Guard at 6 p.m.

Water-carrying parties were sent down to the Dam with buckets to bring in water for kitchen and drinking purposes. All water was boiled before being used.

Supper was served at 7 p.m., and following recreation, "Lights Out" was sounded at 9 p.m.—ending a very strenuous day.

The Main Guard was visited every night of Camp; sometimes twice and sometimes more.

The "Alert" was sounded at 6 a.m.; coffee or cocoa and biscuit at 6.15 a.m., followed by ten or fifteen minutes P.T.

Camp fatigues, water carrying, etc., occupied the Cadets until 7.45 a.m. Breakfast was dally issued at 8 a.m., and from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m., further fatigues and lectures took place.

It was soon evident that the site given us was unsuitable for a permanent camp. Almost at the foot of very high hills, it held the heat during the day, and was then lost to the sun from about 4.45 p.m. The ground was very soft, and any scuffing or cleaning immediately produced an uncomfortable amount of fine yellow dust. The blue naval uniforms could only be worn in the early mornings or late evenings. White uniforms were worn during the day, and it was almost a matter of impossibility to keep them clean for two hours on end.

Lunch was daily at 1 p.m., followed by rest until 3 p.m. or when cool enough for the Cadets to work.

The Montagu Whaler arrived the day after the Cadets and was off-loaded at water edge with little difficulty. When pushed into the water it immediately sank. This was anticipated owing to the length of time that it had been out of water, and also to the damage done to it in off-loading at the Port of Beira. However, after thirty hours under water, it was hauled up, baled out, and since then very little water at all entered.

The afternoons, from 3 p.m. to 5.45 p.m., were mainly occupied with boatwork, rowing, lead and line depths, rule of the road, etc. At 5.50 p.m. each Cadet took his quinine under the eye of the officer in charge.

HEALTH:

The health of the Cadets was excellent throughout. Minor accidents, temperatures and stomach troubles were very mild, and, with the excellent first aid and medical equipment provided, were easily dealt with. Three cases of influenza were reported to the medical officer who visited the camp. On his advice these three Cadets were sent in to Salisbury. Subsequent enquiries showed that it was very mild and, with the exception of one, they were all out and about again within a day or so. The government medical officer who visited the camp was satisfied with all camp arrangements, but not with the site. He reported the conditions to the Director of Medical Services, who, himself, visited the camp on Sunday, August 28th.

Lt.-Col. Martin expressed his disappointment with the site, and intimated his intention to try and arrange for a more suitable spot for the Corps' permanent camp. Up to the time of striking camp, no further instructions were received in this connection.

MESSING:

The Messing was in many ways extravagant. The Cadets were each charged 1/- per diem, and in some cases this was impossible to collect. Fresh bread, meat, milk and vegetables arrived on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The only tinned food opened in camp was milk and jam. It is not possible as yet to give full details of costs, but it is very certain that the Messing will be high. This was very necessary for two reasons: (1) The extreme youth of some of the Cadets, and (2) the fact that it was the first camp of this nature in the colony.

Five cadets of under 11 years of age were in camp—at the express wish of their parents. Although they stood up to the work given them quite well, it was in ways a mistake. Each of them needed so much individual attention at all hours and in many ways.

DISCIPLINE:

The discipline of the Cadets was exemplary. On one occasion only, a Cadet was found asleep on Main Guard duty between the hours of 2 and 4 a.m. In this particular case, the Cadet concerned had, through some oversight, been on two guards in three days, and it was

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felt that a reprimand met the case. It is here interesting to note that one Cadet (aged 13 years) when visited at 3 a.m. one morning, reported having seen "a large dog with spots" pass the Guard tent. Investigation at daybreak showed the unmistakable spoor of a large leopard. Certain minor incidents of a nature to be expected from lads of such varying ages occurred. This was in a way helpful in that it assisted in marking out certain Cadets for further observation with a view to promotion and their ability to carry such promotion.

GENERAL:

The Cadets, on the first day that the "Whaler" was seaworthy, performed a commendable action. Two yachtsmen were capsized on the far side of the dam, and despite the Cadets' inexperience with oars and boatwork, they succeeded in reaching the men and also towing in the wreck.

No bathing was allowed and all water was boiled before use in either cooking or drinking.

The Cadets, on frequent occasions, scrubbed their own uniforms, so necessary owing to the conditions of the camp site.

The camp, although organised for the purpose of preparing the site for more permanent use, was successful in all respects but this. It is felt that the Cadets learned a certain amount of self-reliance, a large amount of naval routine work and boatwork, besides learning to do their own washing and to generally look after themselves without the aid of native servants. They also benefited by the practical demonstration of camp life and hygiene.

It is felt that, in the event of future camps, more adult assistance is necessary; for one man only, it is an almost impossible undertaking. The camp was visited by the Hon. Minister for Defence, who expressed his appreciation of the work in progress and general conditions. The Hon. Minister gave practical expression to his appreciation by sending the Cadets a large box of minerals. This was utilised in "Splicing the Mainbrace," and drinking the Minister's health at the Ship's Concert before camp broke up. Church parade was held on Sunday, August 28th. The service was attended and appreciated by all Cadets and visitors.

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NAVAL NOTES

H.M.A. SQUADRON

Programme for Period 6th February to 28th April, 1938.

Independent Cruise

H.M.A.S. "CANBERRA" (flying the Flag of the Rear-Admiral Commanding, H.M.A. Squadron), H.M.A.S. "SYDNEY," H.M.A.S. "HOBART" and H.M.A.S. "VOYAGER" will carry out the following programmes, which, however, is provisional only and liable to alteration at any time:—

H.M.A.S. "CANBERRA"

Place	Arrive	Depart
Sydney	—	13th February
Hobart	17th February	16th March
Port Lincoln	20th March	23rd March
Adelaide	24th March	31st March
Portland	1st April	3rd April
Melbourne	4th April	14th April
Jervis Bay	19th April	28th April
Sydney	28th April	

H.M.A.S. "SYDNEY"

Sydney	—	6th February
Jervis Bay	8th February	13th February
Hobart	17th February	18th March
Waterloo	20th March	23rd March
Adelaide	24th March	31st March
Port Fairy	1st April	3rd April
Melbourne	4th April	14th April
Jervis Bay	19th April	28th April
Sydney	28th April	

H.M.A.S. "HOBART"

Sydney	—	(When ready)
Jervis Bay	—	13th February
Hobart	17th February	16th March

INDEPENDENT CRUISE

Melbourne	1st April	13th April
Westernport	13th April	18th April
Jervis Bay	19th April	28th April
Sydney	28th April	

H.M.A.S. "VOYAGER"

Sydney	—	6th February
Jervis Bay	8th February	13th February
Hobart	17th February	18th March
Port Arthur	13th March	18th March
Sydney	18th March	

Captain: Harold B. Farncomb, M.V.O., to "Cerberus" for passage to England, per "Orontes", 19th November, 1938; Harry L. Howden, O.B.E., to "Yarra" in Command, 9th November, 1938.

Commander: Stanley H. K. Spurgeon to "Cerberus" for passage to England per "City of Capetown," 12th November, 1938.

Lieutenant-Commander: Philip C. Patten-Thomas to "Cerberus" for passage to England per "Orcades" for reversion to the Royal Navy, 8th November, 1938; Thomas A. Godsell to "Cerberus" additional for duty at Navy Office as Assistant Inspector of Naval Ordnance, 5th September, 1938; Philip Bailhache to "Canberra" as Observer and as Squadron (O) Officer, 2nd November, 1938.

Lieutenant: Ian H. McDonald to "Cerberus" for passage to England per "Oronsay," 27th October, 1938; John J. Cody, to "Moresby" and as Assistant Surveyor, 4th Class, 12th September, 1938; Ronald J. Robertson to "Cerberus" for passage to England per "Oronsay," 25th October, 1938.

Acting Sub-Lieutenant: Thomas Milner to "Penguin" additional, 15th October, 1938.

Schoolmaster (C.W.O.): Edmund T. Griffith to "Sydney," 30th September, 1938; Richard J. Matthews to "Penguin" and for Escort Vessels, 30th September, 1938.

Signal Boatswain: John G. Woolmer to "Cerberus" and for Signal School additional, 27th September, 1938; Charles H. Nicholls to "Canberra," 1st October, 1938.

(Continued Overleaf)

PROMOTIONS.

Lieutenant Edmund H. C. Chapman to Lieutenant-Commander, 16th September, 1938; Sub-Lieutenant Timothy M. Synnot to Lieutenant, 1st October, 1938; Lieutenant (E) Ronald Phillips to Lieutenant-Commander (E), 1st October, 1938; Sub-Lieutenant (E) Leslie L. Williams to Lieutenant (E), 16th September, 1938; Paymaster Lieutenant John C. E. Burston to Paymaster Lieutenant-Commander, 15th September, 1938; Mechanician 1st Class Stanley W. G. Heithersay to Acting Warrant Mechanician, 21st September, 1938.

The following Officers have been appointed to H.M.A.S. "Hobart" on commissioning, to date 28th September, 1938:—

Captain Robert R. Stewart; Commander George S. Stewart; Lieutenant-Commander (N) David H. Harries, Frederick R. James, Christopher W. Johns; Lieutenant (G) Richard C. J. Dwyer, Charles J. Stephenson, (T) Thomas K. Morrison, (T) Eric E. Mayo, (O) Claud V. S. Malleson, (G) William B. M. Marks, George W. A. Langford, William K. Tapp, James M. Ramsay, Timothy M. Synnot; Commander (E) Allan D. Cairns, Lieutenant-Commander (E) Harrie, G. D. Olive, Edward P. Liddell, Kenneth McK. Drughart; Paymaster Commander Joseph O'Reilly; Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander Hill G. Wells; Surgeon Lieutenant (D) Trevor A. Hall; Paymaster Lieutenant Keith T. Ridley; Sub-Lieutenant Rolfe L. Williams, Peter R. Jellicoe; Paymaster Sub-Lieutenant Stephen R. G. Sharp; Commissioned Gunner Edward F. Durrant, (T) Adrian I. Lower; Commissioned Shipwright Ernest V. Gooch; Gunner Arthur A. Andrews, (T) John McDonald (Acting); Warrant Engineer William Weinburg, Reginald W. Hailes; Warrant Mechanician John C. L. Sibun; Warrant Electrician Henry M. Pittway; Schoolmaster Neville J. Gaven; Warrant Supply Officer Edward A. J. Wallace (Acting); Paymaster Midshipman Neil H. Bryson.

"IF STILL WE DARE TO ARGUE"

—From "Our Fathers."

By Admiral R. A. Hopwood.

Wherefore, when we've raced the seagulls,
Run submerged across the Bay,
When we've tapped a conversation,
Fifteen hundred miles away,
When the gyros spin superbly,
When we've done away with coals,
And the tanks are full of fuel,
And the targets full of holes.

When the margin's full of safety,
When the weakest in the Fleet
Is a Hyper-Super-Dreadnought,
When the Squadrons are complete,
Let us pause awhile and ponder,
In the light of days gone by,
With their strange old ships, and weapons,
What our Fathers did and WHY,

Then, if still we dare to argue,
That we're just as good as they,
We can seek the God of Battles,
On our knees and humbly pray
That the work we leave behind us,
When our earthly race is done,
May be half as well completed
As our Fathers' work was done.

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