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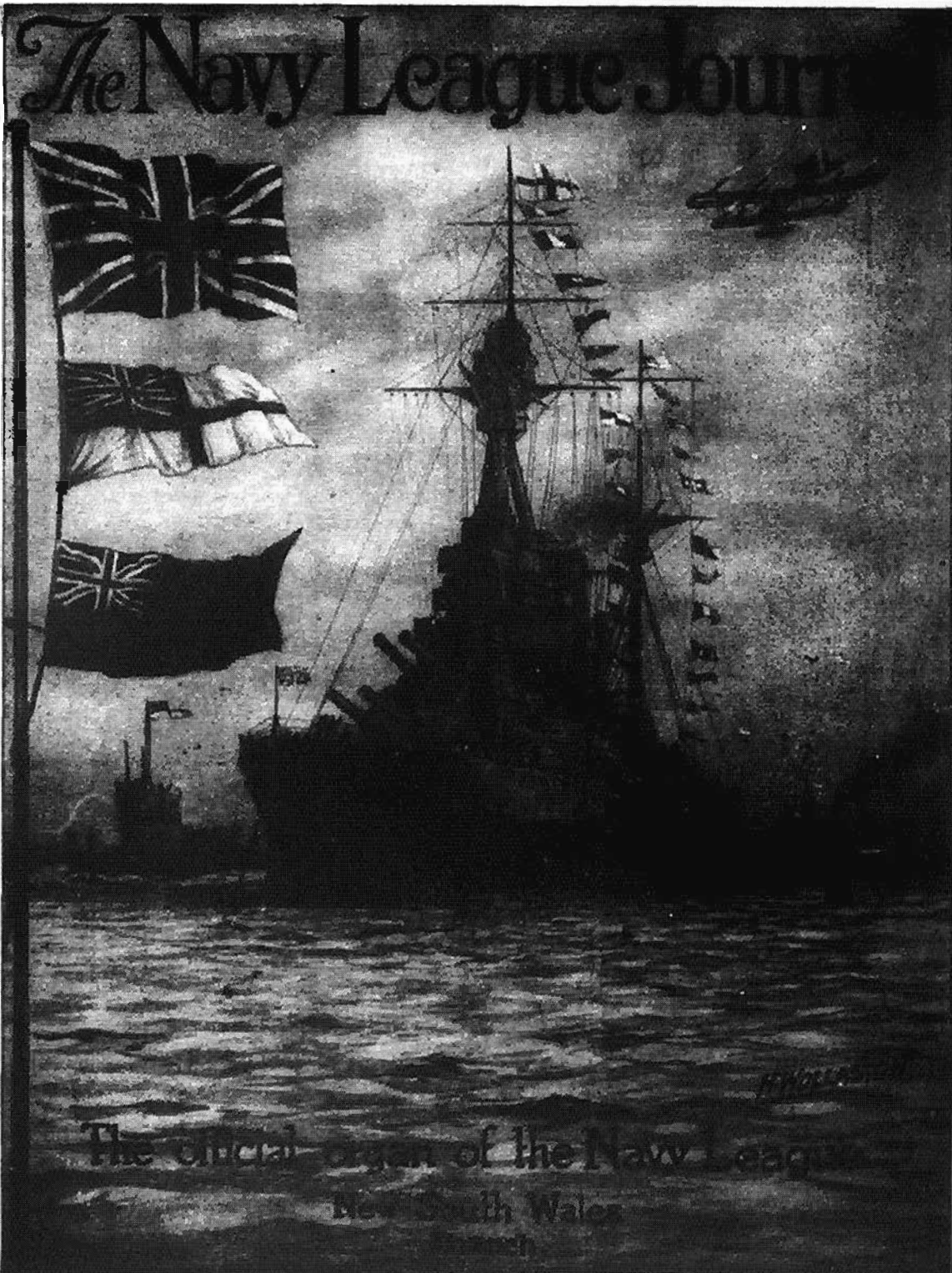
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## The Victory of Trafalgar

The last telegraphic signal issued by the great commander at the moment of going into action, was "England Expects Every Man to Do His Duty."

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 on board 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 Cadiz. Ten minutes afterwards, five of the headmost ships of the enemy's van, under Admiral Dumanoir, tacked, and stood to the 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. About the middle of the action, as Lord Nelson was walking the quarter-deck, attentive to its progress, and anxiously expecting the issue, he received a shot in the left breast from a musket ball, which wounded him mortally, and he instantly fell. He was immediately carried to the cockpit, where he lived about an hour, and employed the short space of time now allotted to him, giving orders, receiving reports, and making inquiries concerning the state of the action. The closing scene of his glorious career was not unworthy of his former exploits. In the hour of death he displayed the same magnanimity that had marked his character and conduct through life. Conscious of his approaching dissolution, he sent for admiral

Collingwood, the second in command, to whom he communicated particulars of his situation, and then gave the necessary orders to the officers by whom he was surrounded.

On being told this the British flag was triumphant, and that fifteen sail of the line had struck, he appeared much consoled. A few moments before his death he said to Captain Hardy: "I could have wished to live to enjoy this day; but God's will be done." "My lord," replied the captain, "you die in the midst of triumph!" Nelson replied "God be praised!" and almost instantly expired. Thus fell the hero of the Nile, of Copenhagen, and of Trafalgar, after a victory which utterly blasted the hopes of Napoleon for the subjugation and ruin of England. His contemporaries mourn his loss, posterity will revere his talents and courage; the pages of history will record his fame and immortalize his name, while his example will long be held up to the imitation of future commanders. The mortal remains of the British admiral were conveyed to England, and interred with the highest public honours. Having left so soon, the title of earl Nelson, with a permanent revenue annexed, was, by an act of national and enthusiastic gratitude, conferred upon his brother, a private clergyman, all parties on this occasion vying in their expressions of grief and admiration.

(THE END)

## THE NAVY LEAGUE OF SOUTH AFRICA. COPY OF RESOLUTION

The Navy League of South Africa has had under its consideration the position created by the London Naval Treaty of 1930. Though it realises with satisfaction that the Treaty has removed the danger of an outbreak of naval competition between Great Britain and the United States of America, it views with alarm some of the provisions of the Treaty, and in particular those which—

(a) Limit the number of cruisers allowed to the British Commonwealth of Nations to a total of 50, this number being considered insufficient to provide for the protection of the commerce of the Commonwealth in time of war.

(b) Limit the programme of replacement of the cruisers allowed to the British Commonwealth of Nations, with the result that a large proportion of the 50 cruisers will be obsolete before the expiration of the Treaty.

(c) Limit the number of destroyers allowed to the British Commonwealth of Nations, there being no corresponding adequate limit to the number of submarines and destroyers which France and Italy maintain or contemplate building.

The League considers that the disarmament of Great Britain and the British Commonwealth of Nations has already been carried to a point which is incompatible with safety, and trusts that no further reductions will take place, until there have been very great reductions in the land and naval forces of other Powers.

It comes further that when the London Naval Treaty comes up for revision, steps will be taken to ensure that defects such as those referred to above are not perpetuated.

## BALMAIN LADIES' ROWING CLUB

Since the last edition of this journal, we have made a very marked progress, consisting now of 24 members, and are gradually getting settled in our new shed. We now possess a Pair Oar, and a Four, the latter being a gift from the Abbotsford Club. A vote of thanks to the aforesaid club for their very generous gift, which was greatly appreciated by all our members.

On October 11th, we propose holding a novice race, for our newest girls, and physical jerks and skipping is now the order of the day. The Captain has given an engraved Cup for first prize, which is an added attraction to the race. Mr. Coleman, a Vice-President, and a great helper in our Club, has very kindly donated a prize for second, and also third positions.

We also took part in a combination race, staged at Abbotsford, and spent a very enjoyable afternoon at their shed. And in November, we hope to see our dreams realised by carrying off our first race in competitive racing.

A little while back, we had an exciting tussle with the waves in trying to reach Rood Island. The water was extremely choppy and we all arrived at the island feeling very wet and cold, but exercise and running soon warmed us up, this being followed by a steaming cup of tea. Truly, the new girls were initiated into rowing circles, but enjoyed the thrill just the same. Various successful evenings have been held at Mrs. Coleman, our President's home, and also a successful dance in the Memorial Hall, Darling Street, and are holding another on 10th October. With these efforts we were able to purchase a Pair Oar, which has been in great demand by our girls, since our doing so.

Last week we went out to practise cricket, having arranged a match with the Felix Club from Birchgrove Navy League, and in which respect we hope to "dosh" them up.

Through the wook work of some of our helpers, we had our boats re-varnished and repaired, free, gratis and for nothing. Our sincere thanks to these gentlemen, to whom we are very grateful, for the boats badly needed repairing.

# Great Shipwrecks of the World

## THE HINDOSTAN.

In the year 1804, the Government sent out the Hindostan, of 1100 tons, laden with supplies for Lord Nelson, then commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet. This ship was commanded by Captain Le Gros, with 259 persons on board, including passengers, women, and children.

She arrived at Gibraltar in the month of March, and sailed again from thence in company with the Phoebe frigate, to join Lord Nelson off Toulon, but she was separated from her consort during a heavy gale of wind, in the Gulf of Lyons.

On the 2nd of April, at about seven o'clock in the morning, the ship being then thirteen leagues to the south-east of Cape St. Sebastian, a thick smoke was observed to issue from the fore and main hatchways.

Lieutenant Tailour, who was on the quarter-deck, heard the cry of "fire," and saw the people rushing up the hatchway in the midst of volumes of smoke, coming from the orlop deck. He instantly called for the drummer and the mate of the watch, and desired the former to beat to quarters, and the latter to inform Captain Le Gros of what had occurred, whilst he himself would go below, and endeavour to ascertain the cause and the place of the fire.

Lieutenant Tailour then went down into the orlop gratings, and penetrated some distance into each tire: the smoke was very thick in both, particularly forward. He next went to the sail room, where there was no appearance of either fire or smoke. He was then joined by Lieutenant Banks and several other officers, and they proceeded together to the hold. Here the smoke was very dense, and it affected the throat like that from hot tar. The officers were satisfied, upon inquiry, that there had not been either light or tar in the hold. They then tried to re-enter the tiers, but were driven back by the suffocating smoke. The absence of heat, however, convinced them that the fire was not in that part of the ship. A cry was heard that the fire was down forward,—but we will use Lieutenant Tailour's own words to describe the scene. He says,—

"When I reached the fore-ladder, none being able to tell me where the fire was, I went down to examine, when at the orlop, I put my head over the spars which were stowed in the starboard side, then behind the ladder in the larboard side: the smoke came thickest in the starboard side from aft; feeling nothing like fire heat, I attempted to go down to the cockpit, but ere I reached the third or fourth step on

the ladder, I felt myself overpowered, and called for help. Several men had passed me upwards on my way down, none I believe were below me. By the time I came up to the orlop ladder, some one came and helped me: when I reached the lower deck I fell, but not, as many did that day, lifeless."

When Lieutenant Tailour recovered, he made strict inquiries whether any fire had been discovered in the cockpit or storerooms, and being assured that there had not, he ordered the lower deck to be scuttled.

So energetic was this officer, that eight or ten minutes only had elapsed since the first alarm had been given, before the hammocks were all got on deck, and the ports opened, to give light and room below, until the place of fire could be discovered, and better means obtained for drawing water. Mr. Tailour did not recover from the suffocation so fast as he expected, and was obliged to go upon deck for air. There he found Captain Le Gros in consultation with the master, who, being of opinion that the fire was on the larboard side, gave orders to wear the ship, so as to allow the water which had been hoisted to flow over her. Mr. Tailour differed from them, and said he was convinced that the fire was on the orlop starboard side. In a few minutes he again went below and assisted in working the engine, and giving directions for scuttling on the larboard side, where the smoke appeared most dense.

The engine, however, proved of little avail, for the smoke increased to such a degree as to prevent the people working on the orlop deck; the hatches were, therefore, laid over, the ports lowered, everything covered up, and all means used to prevent the circulation of air. Having taken these precautions, Lieutenant Tailour reported to Captain Le Gros what had been done, and at the same time advised that the boats should be got out without loss of time. The captain seems to have objected to this, on the plea that if the boats were got out, the people would all crowd into them, and abandon the ship without an effort to save her. To this objection Mr. Tailour replied, that to save human life must be their first consideration, and that every moment's delay was fraught with peril and death. "If we wait," said he, "till the last moment, it may not be possible to save any; we can get the marines under arms." Captain Le Gros yielded the point; he directed the sergeant of marines to get his men under arms, with orders to load with ball, and to shoot without hesitation the first man who should attempt to go into the boats.



without permission. All hands were then turned up, and the command given to "out boats."

The order was promptly executed, and as soon as the boats were out and secure for towing, the ship's head was pointed to the north-west, with the view of nearing the land, and in hopes that she might fall in with the Juno.

In the meantime, a party was employed in getting the booms overboard for a raft, the fore and main gratings were laid up and covered over, and Lieutenant Banks was sent down to get the powder out of the magazine, and stow it away in the stern gallery. He could only partially accomplish this, for the smoke increased upon them so much that the men were obliged to desert. The powder they had got up was thrown overboard, and water was poured down to drown that which remained, but the task of filling the magazine was hopeless, and therefore abandoned. Many of the men were drawn up apparently lifeless, amongst whom were Lieutenant Banks and the gunner. Lieutenant Tailour then went below to ascertain how matters were going on; he found only the boatswain's mate in the cockpit, who was almost stifled by the smoke. Mr. Tailour assisted him to reach the deck, and then the gallant officer was preparing to return to the magazine, taking a rope with him by way of precaution, when Lieutenant Banks, with noble generosity, darted past him, also with a rope in his hand, and descended on the dangerous service; but in a short time he was drawn up in a state of insensibility. All hope of doing anything with the magazine was then given up; but although the smoke was so powerful below, it had not yet got possession of the after part of the lower deck.

It was therefore proposed, and the proposition was immediately acted on, to cut scuttles through the starboard gun-room, into the magazine. This was found more practicable than was at first supposed, as the cabins kept out the smoke. When they were cutting these scuttles, the smoke came up in such dense volumes through the after-hatchway, that it was necessary to shut it closely up, and the scuttle in the after-part of the captain's cabin was opened for a passage to the ward-room, and they began to haul up the powder and heave it overboard out of the gallery windows. The ward-room doors, and ever y other passage for the smoke were carefully closed, and thus it was kept tolerably well under; yet many of the men employed in the duty were taken up to all appearances dead. Amongst them was again found Lieutenant Banks and Mr. Pearce, the gunner. We cannot proceed without expressing the admiration we feel for the heroism and self-devotion displayed by officers and men. This is the third time we have seen Lieutenant Banks risk his life in the performance of his duty, and it was not the last of such efforts to save the vessel and the lives of his fellow-sufferers.

For the present, we will again adopt the lan-

guage of Lieutenant Tailour:—"About noon," said he, "I went aft upon the poop, where many were collected, but the marines were drawn up on duty upon the poop above. Francis Burke, the purser's steward, was lying dead on one of the arm chests, said to have been suffocated by the smoke below. Soon after this, my attention was drawn forward, where a vast body of smoke issued from the hatchway, gallery doors, funnels, and scuttles, which I soon saw were blown off; I rushed forward, and got them secured again, and in coming aft found the hatches had all been blown off, the two foremost main-gratings had gone down the hatchway. The after one I assisted to replace, also the tarpaulin, which was excessively hot, and left the carpenter to get it secured on. I next thought of the magazine, where I dreaded some accident. On my way aft, I met some people again bringing Mr. Banks up in their arms. On reaching the ward-room I saw through the windows the stern ladders filled with people; I broke a pane of glass, and ordered them on the poop, threatening instant death to any one who dared disobey. On their beginning to move up, I just took time to summon the men from the magazine, and went up to the poop to see every one was once more under the eye of the marines. This done, the smoke having in a great measure subsided, the main-top-sail was filled, and to-gallant sails set."

About two o'clock in the afternoon, when they had been seven hours contending with the fire and smoke, land was discerned through the haze, on the weather-bow, and it was supposed to be above Cape Creux.

Captain Le Gros, fearing the signals might fall into the enemy's hands, hove them all overboard. The sight of land gave a turn to the men's thoughts, and spurred them on to greater exertion. The fire rapidly increased; but the efforts of the captain and his noble crew increased with the danger.

Again they attempted to clear the magazine; but the smoke again drove the men from below, and rendered them powerless. Their courage was, indeed, kept up by the sight of land, though still five leagues distant; but there was still much to be done—many perils yet surrounded them—and it was awful to feel that fire and water were contending for the mastery, and that they must be the victims of one of these elements, unless by the mercy of God the progress of the conflagration was stayed, and time allowed them to reach the distant shore. The fire was increasing fearfully; so much so, that Lieutenant Tailour describes the lower deck "burning like the flame in an oven." All communication was cut off from the fore-part of the ship. The flames flew up the fore and main hatchways as high as the lower yards, but still the brave crew remained firm to their duty; and by keeping tarpaulins over the hatchways, and pouring down water, they managed for a time to keep the fire from taking serious hold afloat.

But the crisis was fast approaching when human skill and human fortitude could be of no avail. In defiance of all their exertions and precautions, the devouring element pursued its course. Every moment it was gaining aft; and had not officers and men been true to themselves and to each other, they must all have perished. The mizenmast was on fire in the captain's cabin, and the flames were bursting from all the lee-ports. It was now a quarter past five o'clock, and they were entering the Bay of Rosas. Could they venture to hold on their way, and still remain in the ship? A moment's glance around him sufficed for Captain Le Gros to decide the question. The now triumphant element was no longer smouldering and creeping stealthily onwards amidst smoke and darkness, but with a lurid glare, and a sullen roar, the flames rolled on. The word was given to launch the raft; it was obeyed, and in a few minutes more the vessel struck, about a mile from the beach, between the Fort of Ampurias and the Church of St. Pierre. She was now on fire both fore and aft. Self-preservation is the law of nature, it is said; but there is a stronger law governing the actions of the British seamen. Officers and men were of one mind. They all united in putting first the women and children, then the sick and the foreigners, into the launch. The two yaws and the jolly-boat took as many as they could carry from the stern, and put them on board some Spanish boats from La Escada, which had been sent to their assistance, but which neither threats nor entreaties could avail to bring them near to the ship.

The remainder of the people were then ordered on to the raft, and by the time it was covered, the flames came aft so thick, that it was necessary to send it off from the stern. All now held left the ill-fated vessel, except the gallant Captain Le Gros, Lieutenant Tailour, and the master. When they saw all the rest clear away, and not till then, did they descend by the stern ladders into one of the yaws and pulled towards the shore, which they had scarcely reached when she blew up.

The value of this ship was estimated at 100,000L, and the loss to Lord Nelson must have been incalculable. Yet it is said that he was much distressed by the loss of the despatches, which were taken by the enemy, about the same time, in the Swift cutter.

In a letter to Lord St. Vincent, dated the 19th of April, Admiral Nelson says, speaking of Captain Le Gros—"If his account be correct (he was then upon his trial), he had great merit for the order in which the ship was kept. The fire must have originated from medicine chests breaking, or from wet getting down, which caused the things to heat. The preservation of the crew seems little short of a miracle. I never read such a journal of exertions in my whole life."

The captain, officers, and ship's company were

most honourably acquitted by the sentence of court-martial.

Brenton in his *Naval History*, remarks: "In support of the reasonable conjectures of the Admiral (Lord Nelson), as to the origin of the fire, we might adduce many instances of ships in the cotton trade having been on fire in the hold during a great part of their voyage from China, owing to the cargo having been wet when compressed into the ship. Hemp has been known to ignite from the same cause; and the dockyard of Brest was set on fire by this means in 1757. New painted canvas or tarpaulin, laid by before it is completely dry, will take fire; and two Russian frigates were nearly burnt by the accidental combination of a small quantity of soot, of burnt fir wood, hemp, and oil, tied up with some matting."

Mr. Thomas Banks, acting-lieutenant of the *Hindustan*, was recommended to Lord Nelson for promotion, by the members of the court-martial, in consequence of his conduct on this occasion; and he was advanced to the rank of lieutenant on the 23rd of June, 1804. This gallant officer died in 1811. Lieutenant George Tailour was appointed to the *Tigre* in 1808, and was promoted for his gallant conduct in cutting out a convoy of transports which had taken refuge in this same Bay of Rosas, where, five years before, he had equally distinguished himself, under even more trying circumstances.

\* Clark and McArthur, vol. ii. p. 361.

## ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY

Mr. MARKS.—Is the Minister for Defence aware that the various navy leagues in Australia have made the strongest possible protest to the Prime Minister regarding the severe financial cuts that have been made with regard to the Royal Australian Navy? In view of those heavy reductions, can the honorable gentleman assure the House and the people of Australia that the economies will in no way lower the high-efficient standard to which the Royal Australian Navy has been built up and left by Rear-Admiral Evans?

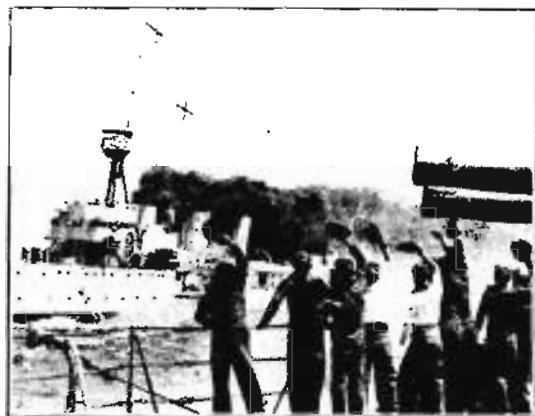
Mr. CHIFLY.—The Government, despite the difficult financial period through which Australia is passing, is fully alive to the need for maintaining the efficiency of the Navy at the standard which it reached under Rear-Admiral Evans. Everything will be done to that end.

## INSPECT THE R.M.S. STRATHNAVER

Saturday, 21st November, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Sunday, 22nd November, 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

(See Page 14.)



SCENE AFTER THE ACTION OF CORONAL  
AND FAULKLAND ISLANDS.

## Our sea Power?

The British Navy is the greatest influence for the preservation of world peace which exists. Its duties are:—

- Defence of our Island against aggression, which implies primarily, a guarantee of the food and fuel supplies.
- Defence of Dominions and Dependencies of the British Empire, which implies primarily, the prevention of foreign usurpation.
- The maintenance of British interests abroad on the occasion of international troubles or of local disorder, and the assistance of victims of disasters due to natural causes: e.g., Egypt, Palestine, Madeira, Yokohama and Hawkes Bay (earthquake).

It is natural that the enemies of Great Britain and of our Empire, should make every endeavour to whittle down our Navy and destroy our Sea Power, and a considerable part of the propaganda directed towards the unilateral disarmament of Great Britain can be traced to such sources.

There are over 20 Pacifist Societies in the United Kingdom. They are engaged in a so-called campaign for disarmament, which results in many voters in this country desiring further reductions in our Fleet.

The principal Society of this kind is the League

of Nations Union, which has great numbers of meetings and much press propaganda, always directed towards advocating our making more reductions in our armed forces.

### SOME FACTS AND FIGURES.

Before the Washington Conference of 1921, Great Britain voluntarily scrapped a total of one and one third million tons of fighting ships, and followed that up by destroying nearly 500,000 tons of completed modern battleships. The total of Naval vessels scrapped by Great Britain (excluding small vessels, e.g., Trawler), between 11th November, 1918 and 31st December 1928, was 2,169,291 tons.

### NAVAL PERSONNEL.

The number of Officers and Men in the Royal Navy was 146,047 in 1914, and was 97,050 in 1930. This enormous reduction of our Naval Personnel indicates how greatly our Navy has been reduced.

In the same period the Naval personnel of the following countries has been increased as follows:—

U.S.A.	from 67,258 to 114,600
Japan	from 50,645 to 80,000
Italy	from 40,023 to 46,000

Great Britain has led the way in reductions in armaments. Other nations have not followed our lead, but, on the contrary, have increased their naval forces.

The LONDON NAVAL TREATY established a "Numerical Parity" between the "British Commonwealth of Nations" (this is the term used in that Treaty) and the United States of America.

France and Italy, not having agreed to Part III. of this Treaty, are free to build whatever they consider necessary for their national security, except as limited by the Washington Treaty of 1922.

Both the U.S.A. and Japan will actually increase their naval fighting strength by carrying out the terms of this Treaty. Great Britain alone suffers, by the terms of the London Treaty, a further diminution of her already greatly reduced fleet.

The Treaty has been made possible by the renunciation of our traditional sea prominence.

The Treaty restricts our principal means of defence, which is upon the sea, but other nations, whose chief forces are on the land and in the air, have no such restriction.

Seagoing Aircraft, although a part of many Navies, are not affected by the Treaty.

### STATISTICS

Those great seamen, Eary Beatty and Earl Jellicoe of Scapa, have told us that the minimum number of cruisers essential to our safety, to guard the 85,000 miles of trade routes, was 70.

The present Government have officially stated their intention of reducing this number to 50. But according to the present rate of building, we cannot have more than 39 effective cruisers in 1936.

The "LEANDER," the only British Cruiser in the 1929 Estimates, has not yet been launched (4th June, 1931).

The three Cruisers of the 1930 programme have received their names, i.e., "ACHILLES," "NEPTUNE," and "ORION": the "Achilles" is to be laid down on 11th June, 1931, but the "Neptune" and "Orion" will not be laid down for some months yet, so that these three ships will not be ready for service until 1934.

Of the nine vessels due to hoist the pennant for the first time in 1931, five are sloops and gunboats of negligible fighting value.

We are not maintaining the Royal Navy at the standard of strength specified by the London Naval Treaty.

Both France and Italy have new naval constructions in hand, which, together, is nearly five times as great as the British Empire is building.

The U.S.A. has six new cruisers on the stocks, each being of 10,000 tons.

Under the London Naval Treaty the tonnage of destroyers allowed to the British Empire is 150,000 tons: at the present rate of building we shall have less than 30,000 tons of effective destroyers in 1936.

In the suggested agreement between this country and France and Italy, which appears to have been abandoned (if it ever really existed) the tonnage of submarines allotted to France was put down

as 82,000 tons, whereas, we, in the London Naval Treaty, are restricted to 52,700 tons.

If we take submarines built, building and projected, we shall have 66 at the end of the Treaty period in 1936, while Japan will have 71, Italy 70, France 110 and United States of America 111.

The unilateral disarmament of the British Empire which has been taking place during the past few years, at the same time as the increases in the armaments of many other nations, is a very great danger. Never forget that unilateral disarmament tends to war rather than peace.

### CRUISERS.

France	has 5 cruiser building (4 of 10,000 tons and one of 6,500 tons).
Italy	has 11 " " (4 are of 10,000 tons).
Japan	has 4 " " (all of 10,000 tons).
U.S.A.	has 6 " " (all of 10,000 tons).
The British Empire	has 1 cruiser " (only 1 of 6,500 tons).

### DESTROYERS

France has 19 destroyers building (all flotilla leaders and all larger than ours).

Italy	has 13 " "
Japan	has 10 " "
The British Empire	has 24 " "

### SUBMARINES.

France has 56 submarines building (one is armed with 8" guns).

Italy	has 30 " "
Japan	has 4 " "
U.S.A.	has 3 " "
Great Britain	7

The scrapping of the Battle Cruiser "TIGER", which has been carried out in accordance with the terms of the London Naval Treaty, is most deplorable. Here was a fine ship of 28,900 tons "standard displacement" which was in good condition and able for many years of useful work.

This leaves us with only three Battle Cruisers, and these are the only ships able to catch and fight the new German Pocket Battleships, of which the first, "Deutschland," formerly called "Ernst-Preussen" has been launched, a second is in course of construction and money voted for a third.

A number of our destroyers are in process of being sent to the scrappers' yards and are not being replaced by new construction. These destroyers are capable of many years of useful service, and in case of war, would be invaluable for escorting convoys and in patrol and anti-submarine work.

Notwithstanding our admitted shortage of cruisers, those fine cruisers "Frobisher" and "Ebbing" are going to be scrapped (See Article 20 of Part II. of the London Naval Treaty).

It is most alarming that we should be rapidly approaching a time when our Navy is too weak to defend our trade and food supplies. Many distinguished Officers have expressed the opinion that we are already in such bad case; it is certain that, if foreign nations continue to build and man fine ships at the rate they are doing now, and we continue our present slow and utterly inadequate provision of ships and men, war will come and defeat will be likely. We shall then become the slaves of some more vile nation—and our fate will be deserved—but will be more awful than can be imagined.

It has been reckoned that if our food supplies were cut off, seventeen million people of these Islands would be dead of starvation within three months.

The extraordinary vulnerability of the British Empire must be emphasised. The 45 millions of our populations at home are only a small proportion of the enormous population of the whole Empire; and

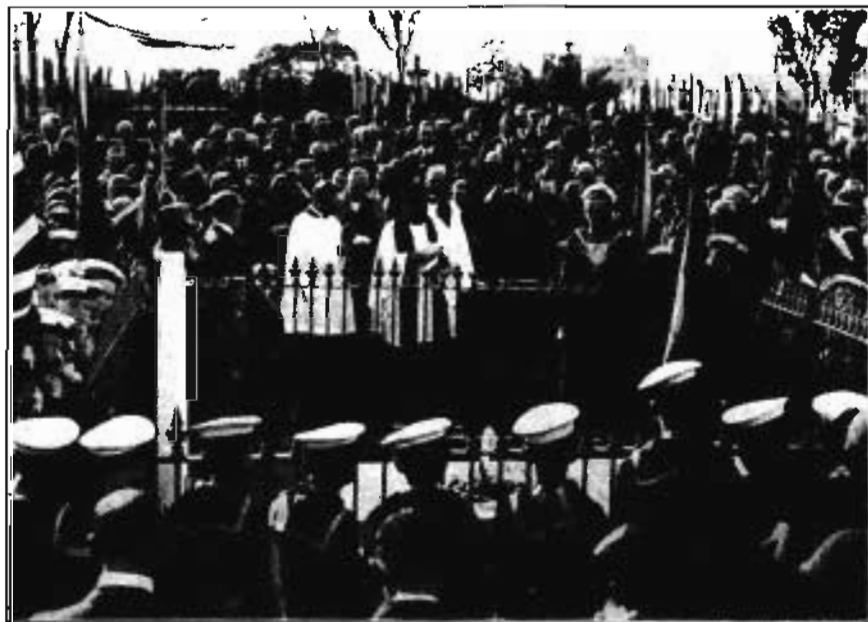
the safety from foreign aggression of the whole of this Empire population rests upon the basis of our sea power. The British Navy is the cement which binds the whole together.

It is not yet quite too late!

Another year, and the time will be gone to retrieve our errors, and our fate be sealed; not now, and we may still save the Empire.

Every citizen, realizing these facts, and desiring to avert the horrors of war, should rally to the Navy League and do all in his or her power to help us and avert the catastrophe hanging over our heads.

The British Navy, being a purely defensive force, and peace being the principal interest of the British Empire, the security of the Empire guaranteed by the Navy has always been a powerful influence for international peace. We are slowly and steadily losing our influence for peace, as it becomes realized by foreigners that we are no longer secure.



SPECIAL SERVICE TO COMMEMORATE THE WRECK OF THE DUNBAR.



## KEEP WATCH

### Adventures of four Australian Navy League Sea Cadets

(Continued from last issue.)

(By S.O.)

"Take the tiller, Dubbie," and in a few moments Mac had the unconscious Russian well and truly under the thwart.

It was all done in a few moments and the whole happening was much quicker than it takes to tell. Vic seemed to be moving, or was it the ship swaying his body more.

"Hell!" said Mac to the boys, "have ye no a war cry or something that will bring his memory or senses back? Yell at him. Say something to him boys"; but they didn't know of anything that would rouse him.

"What about our racing rally," said Dubbie. "When he was coxwain of our boat in a race, he went mad if anyone spoke. We can yell all together. Come on. We will yell '50 yards.'" All together they yelled "50 yards, one, two, three, four, five, six." "Vic moved again," said Dubbie. "Fifty yards" screamed all the boys and more movement came from Vic.

"Keep on lads. Ye've done it." "Yell with us, Mr. Mac," said the boys. Right, altogether, "Fifty yards to go," and you could have heard Mac in New Zealand.

Vic sat up. "Who's coxwain of this flaming boat?" he said. "Shut up and pull," and he sat up, and holding the Jack stay, started to sway his body as he did when he coxwained a boat in a race.

"Keep at him," said Mac. "Lift her lad," shouted the boys, and Vic, rocking steadily, "Fifty yards," yelled Jim again. Pull lads. Put your weight in. We win! We win!"

Then, all of a sudden Vic sat up like a flash and looked around. "Get up, you useless article, and save those women, save those women." Vic looked to where Mac was pointing and seeing the three people on the end of the jib. What he was there for came to him in flash.

He was better now, and looking at Mac, said, "I'm better now, Sir."

Around went the brig again and sailed closer this time to the whaler. "What was all that fighting in the boat? Mr. Mac, do something. We are not here for a picnic," shouted the skipper. He did not know what trouble Mac and the boys had been in. The mat did not answer. The cold stare he gave the Captain spoke louder than words; and Mac had never before had he spoke like that. Trained men and boys do not answer officers back but each understood.

Vic had now full recovered his senses and smartly worked his way out to where the three people were. "Get off," he shouted to the man, "Jump, dive," but the man shook his head.

Vic sang out to Dubbie. "Stand by to go in for

Jim, Dubbie, I am going to out him."

"Right oh," answered the boys. Smash—and straight to the point went Vic first, like a flash. Not a sound came. The man's eyes closed and slowly his hand relaxed its grasp and down he went. As he hit the water, Jim and Dubbie hit it too, and in a couple of strokes, grasped him. Dubbie turned him on his back and also turned over. Jim swam to Dubbie.

Mac swung the stern of the boat round and the others were in, in a twinkling. "Next please," sang out Sid. "This way for the cooling chamber." Neither of the women would jump, but the elder one kept on pointing to the keel of the jibboom and screaming something of which Vic could not understand.

"What am I to do? sir, They won't let go. I can't dive in with the two of them."

"Hit one," said Mac.

"I cannot hit a woman," said Vic. "You go back to the ship, Sir, and I'll stay here with them. The Captain may think of some way to get them off."

"I'm staying," said Mac. "and I am Mac. Don't forget, son, choke one, then they will soon let go. He grasped the girl by the throat and slowly her face went an ashen colour, then slowly her lips started to blanch. Would she never let go? Yes, slowly her hand released it's grip.

"Look out kids," said Vic. "here he goes," and Sid said, "My turn to be a hero," and as she hit the water, Sid was alongside of her.

"One is enough," said Mac, "if he can swim."

"Swim!" said Jim: "when Sid goes in, all the fish round about get out, as they don't like to be made a fool of," and he was right. Sid could swim. Sid brought her to the boat. After she was in Sid clamber in the boat and said, "Gangway for our hero."

Vic now decided to tackle the elder woman, but she still screamed and pointed to the night heads. Vic could not understand her. She let go a mixture of bing and croaking her arm made motions of nursing a baby. The movement that every nation always knows, "a baby," thought Vic "Gee!"

Letting go of the Jack stay was fatal. A sharp jerk of the ship and she went over. All hands were watching and Jim was in again in a flash, and along side of her. Being conscious, she struggled, and Jim was having an awful time.

"In and help him, one of you," roared Mac, and Sid again went in and helped them. They managed to get her aboard. Vic wondered what was under the heel of the jibboom. Should he go or dive in? He decided to have a look, and crawling along the jib, crept into the night head, and, wrapped in blankets, was a tiny morsel of humanity under the housing plate; not dead, but nearly so.

Vic grabbed it, tucking the little mite inside his loose jumper and folding his arms across it. He said "Look out, I'm coming."

"What!" said Mac, and he worked the boat under the jib. "Down when I sing out," said Mac.

Vic now waited. "Go!" shouted the mate, and swish—he was in the water. If you tried either of these boys' arms and legs, they were equally at home in the water. Vic was grasped, pulled in the boat and the brig went around again, and came up close to them. A boat rope was thrown and caught, and the rescued and rescuers were got on board, boat hoisted, halyards squared and away she went, leaving the ship to her fate.

The skipper called the boys into his cabin and complimented them on the rescue, and each lad said it was only what they were expected to do in the Navy League, and supposed it stood for here too. Things settled down to regular ship life. The Yank seemed to find some pals amongst the foreigners, which made things more awkward for the boys. They had forgotten that it was the boys who had rescued them. The Captain was making for the nearest port so that he could land the rescued, especially the ladies. The Boys knew that Yank was getting restless again and they were expecting trouble at any time. Vic warned his mates to keep well in wick, as it was coming to them.

They kept religiously to their training and skipping. Banding and sparring they barred, in case any of the others found out that they could use their hands, and they could, all of them.

Vic was not ready yet. The knocking about he had got on the jibboom had punished him badly, but he was fast improving and now not so sore.

The Captain, anxious to land these people, took a short cut and also a risk, and made for a port of which he had some old charts. Everything was going well and they were making good progress, when all of a sudden, crash—and the ship shivered like a leaf. Rip—rip—again she staggered and heeled over. Hands shortened sail, everyone rushed on deck. All knew what had happened. The ship had gone ashore on a low island. Sail was taken in, which steadied her up. She was making very little water and the boys and mate lowered the whale boat and laid on an anchor stern to haul off by. There was practically no wind, and being in no immediate danger, the skipper decided to wait till daylight, before making efforts to lighten the ship and get her off. She seemed quite comfortable.

The action of the foreigners when she struck, showed that it was no good depending on them. Both the Captain and Mac depended on the boys, and strange to say, the others of the crew seemed to follow their lead.

Morning came, calm and clear. At daylight,

everyone was put on to getting—stores, tradine gear, spare anchors and cables and anything that would lighten the ship, ashore and the majority of the work seemed to fall on the lads.

What a story to tell at their Depot when they returned.

Everything possible was taken ashore and the next day the Captain decided to try and haul the ship off. The anchor that had been taken out stern was lifted and placed further out. An anchor dropped from the bows to prevent her drifting board-side on. Luff upon Luff was put on the stern wire and taken to the captain, and all hands were put on to steadily work the capstan round.

At first she did not move, but after a time a slight movement was discernable. "She moves!" cried the lads, who were first to notice it. Could they believe their eyes? Yes, she was moving and slowly but surely she was gradually hauled off into deep water. A ringing cheer rose from all hands, and each felt safe again. The well was sounded, and the mate found out that now she was making much more water than when aground, the Captain decided to go ashore and see if there was a place he could haul her down and repair her. To take her to sea was simply courting trouble. With the extra hands his provisions were getting somewhat short, so he and mate decided to ration everyone in case the job was going to be longer than anticipated. The food was not his chief worry, but water was, and as it had not rained, it was naturally getting short. This disquieting fact was well known to Mac, so the Captain landed. He had taken Vic and Dubbie, as somehow, he knew, they were to be depended upon in case of emergency. Mac, he knew, would have two good supporters in Jim and Syd; the dago cook and second mate. The reason of these precautions were that the Yank had become somewhat troublesome again and with these foreigners he had found more supporters.

Whilst getting the gear ashore to lighten the ship, they had discovered a small cask of rum, hiding it, and in turn gone and had a drink. Coupled with the small water ration and the hot sun and ran made the Yank very cantankerous and his mates also.

Mac could see things were coming to a crisis, but was diplomatic enough not to hasten trouble, but wished that the Captain and two boys were on board with him. They, he knew, he could depend on but Mac was not scared. There was nothing that could frighten him, and although he could always keep his end up, he did not intend to bring things to a climax just yet.

The skipper, soon after getting ashore, found a spot where he could lay the ship on her bilge and do the necessary repairs. That matter settled sooner than he expected, he decided to go inland a little way and see if he could discover a spring or some Natural water hole. The land being fairly flat, there

was no chance of water being found in the gullies of which, as far as he could see, there were none. He did not mention the fact to Vic and Dubbie, what he was searching for. He may have forgotten to do so, but the lads followed his lead willingly, and were walking along a black basalt ridge only about 10 feet high from the ground level, when, with a roar, there was a terrific upheaval and the Captain yelled "Lie flat!" and each one dropped simultaneously. The hill seemed to them to rise and they had the same feeling that one gets in a fast-travelling lift. The fast-rising feeling began to slow down and apparently stop.

"Good God!" said the skipper, "a subterranean volcanic eruption," and standing up, looked around him. There were a couple of about three hundred feet in the air. The boys were astounded.

"Strike me lucky!" said Vic. "what's going to happen next?"

"Don't worry," said the Captain. "we will find a way down directly. This often happens in the South Sea Islands. Islands come up in a night and disappear in a night; also we are lucky to be on the apex of it, and that it is basalt. Had it been ordinary rock, it may have split and we would have dropped down into it, perhaps into a cavern which we would never have got out of again."

To say these lads were not a little scared, would be wrong. There were so many things that were happening lately, that this shock threw up a bit, but where the Captain was, their fears were soon allayed. Although the Captain was not certain how they would get down, he did not let the boys see his fears. He glanced around him quickly and could see at a quick glance that they were in a tight corner.

"It seems to be," said Vic, "that we are on one of the peaks like the Blue Mountains." And he was right. Some peaks there are that do not give a foothold for anyone to climb. Here they could not see a foothold to get down by, when the shock was over the Captain and the boys had a good look round, and after a very careful survey, found they were well and truly marooned. The Captain knew that if they did not turn up by dark, Mac would be coming ashore to look for them, but he did not know that Mac was expecting trouble from the Yank and his followers.

The Yank was getting more drunk and mutinous all the time, and for the life of him, the mate could not discover where the Yank had the rum hidden. Mac was continually watching the shore and wondering what was keeping the skipper and two boys ashore. He could not leave the Yank and his ruffianly mob, to go and find what trouble the party ashore was in, as he rightly guessed something had happened, or they would have come on board before now. Things were getting desperate on board. Mac called the two boys, the Italian cook and 2nd mate aft and explained the position to them; warned them



to expect trouble and to work close together if it did come, not to get parted.

Syd said, "Sir, why not fill them all up with rum? A drunken mob are more easily handled by men sober, than sober men of their physique."

That gave the mate an idea.

"Good for you, son. What you say has given me a tip how to quieten them for a time. I will keep them busy on deck. You lads go down in the after store room and you will find five small casks and then fill them up with salt water. Keep half a bucket of the rum handy and throw the remainder overboard."

"I want you men to go and clear out the forward hold (which was situated under the seamen's quarters) and said he wanted them to carry all the rum casks forward and stow them there. The Yank laughed and calling the others, willingly went to do the work, knowing that if the rum was put down there, they could easily break the hatch where it was stowed, and during the night get uproariously drunk. The supposed rum was carefully stowed away and the full one left on top, the hatch put on and locked. Some rope was next put on top and the mess deck floor hatch was put in its place and also locked. If these seamen wanted the rum, they had to lift two sets of hatches.

Mac told the second mate and the cadets his idea. "They can stay there and die for all I care," said Mac, "until I find the Captain and those two lads." He was chaffing to get ashore.

The one whom all hands thought was the Captain who was saved from the ship, proved to be a seaman; also the women folk had told Mac the skipper and mates had suddenly disappeared in a storm and the crew had been drunk for days, the ship going where she will. It was only through their carelessness that they had set the ship on fire, while they were incapable through drink.

Mac called all hands aft and told them as they had worked hard during the day he intended to knock off now, so that, having a good night's rest, they would be ready for work in the morning, as the skipper had found a suitable place to haul the ship down, and was clearing scrub ashore near some trees to fasten the tackles to. The men were too stupefied to know that the Captain had not been seen since early morning. The men went forward, and after dark Mac and the two boys went on the fo-castle. Mac swung over the side and, looking through the porthole, was glad to see that they had broken the lock off the hatches, and were down below moving the rope off the lower hatch, preparing to break in the lower hold to get the rum. How to get the fo-castle door open, which the men had fastened on the inside without their knowing, was the question. As they knew that if the men heard them breaking in the door, the would dash up and the battle Mac was trying to avoid, would surely come about. Mac had taken a long steel marlin spike forward with him and

was wondering how he would get the door open.

Another burst, and another try and Mac was pleased to see the door had started. There was a lull, but Mac knew that in a few moments it would burst louder than ever.

He had warned the boys, also the cook and mate who had come forward what was expected of them.

Another burst of thunder and—crack—every nerve strained to concert pitch. Crack—went the door and it was open.

An expected sigh met their gaze. Down in the lower hold they had drawn the bung of the cask that was full and all were sitting round singing drunk. Each had a mug of rum in his hand and did not hear what had happened above them. Mac signalled the boys to put the hatch on, and quietly the hatch was put in its place. The iron battens were put on and a spare lock to replace the one broken by the crew.

"What a shock they will get when they wake up to the fact that they are all prisoners," Mac, going aft, told the women-folk that they were safe to come on deck now without any bloodshed. So far, when he had found the men getting drunk, he advised these two ladies to keep well out of sight, and they had kept in the Captain's cabin all day. Mac was by no means in a settled frame of mind. The skipper and two boys were in trouble and he would have to take the whaleboat, the Captain having taken the dinghy ashore in the morning. The sea was infested with sharks and if he left the remainder on board, and that drunken crew managed to force the hatches before he came back, God knows what would happen. To take them ashore was as bad, as the ship was still making water, and it was only by pumping at intervals that she was able to be kept afloat and should he take the dinghy, their only means of escape would be cut off. To think, was to act with Mac. He suddenly remembered while at the Depot, some boys had some fireworks, Chinese crackers, or Tom Thumbs as they are called. Some of the boys had given him a few and he was showing them how to make coloured fire with them and copper fillings which the boys had found on the plumber's bench at the dock. The boys were called away at drill and he had slipped them in his pocket.

Did he still have them in his coat, he wondered. Down he dived. Yes, they were there sure enough, and his ingenious brain hatched another plot. He told Jim what he intended to do. He was to keep the pump going every two hours for fifteen minutes and the dago cook and Syd were to come with him.

The second mate and the two ladies were to keep watch over the hatches and explained what they were to do with the fire works. He next got some wire and made a number of pieces like hair pins, which he fastened across the holes. That done, he decided to go ashore. With the assistance of the second mate and two boys, he fashioned a raft and tied it up alongside in case it was wanted by those

on board to get away with. It seemed ridiculous his going ashore now, but it was a moonlight night, and Mac had taken a fancy to the two lads, Vic and Dubbie, and felt that any trouble, he was to share it.

Both the Dago and Syd got into the whale boat and ashore they went. They left the ship as quietly as they could, so as not to let the crew know that anyone was leaving the ship, and they quietly pulled ashore. The boat softly grounded and out stepped Mac and the Dago. Syd had orders to keep in the boat, and when he saw a light, he was to flash his. Three lamps were taken. Syd had one on the boat, the Dago had one and Mac the other, and the orders were that these lights were to act as beacons. Mac strode off with the Dago and went as straight as possible through the scrub. Mac stopped now and again and yelled, but no answer came. When he could just see Syd's light faintly, he made the Dago stop. The moon was up by now and it was fairly light. Away strode Mac. A chief mate's voice is generally piercing, especially in sailing ships and Mac now and again yelled his hardest. A dark cloud now came over the moon and every sign of one of those terrible storms appeared.

Hark! What was that? Cluck, cluck, cluck. What was this mysterious clucking? As if small clappers were being knocked together.

Cluck, cluck was now being heard on all sides. Strange, thought Mac. The sounds seemed to come from every direction. He looked around him and the ground seemed to be one heaving mass. Sudden pain in his leg; severed like a knife piercing it. Again on the foot, then the left foot and something was literally tearing his sea boots to pieces.

"God in Heaven!" ejaculated Mac. "What can it be?" With the aid of the lantern he saw that they were those terrible creatures, land crabs, which will rend a man to pieces in less time than it takes to tell. These awful creatures on some islands are there in their millions, and no chance of getting away from them. Trees are no refuge, as they can scale trees very easily and quickly, working round them spirally. Mac beat them off frantically. Still they came like ants around a wounded centipede or anything placed on their nest. Mac frantically beat them off, but still they came; a run or dart in any direction, made no difference. His legs were covered and they began to lacerate the flesh. The pain was awful. "God help the boys and the Captain," said Mac, to himself. He started to retrace his steps as quickly as he could, as the terrible weight of these crabs on his body was beginning to tell and Mac was a powerful man. He looked in the direction of the light the Dago had, but it could not be seen. Nothing but blackness. Not a star for him to steer his course by. Still staggering along, he had managed to keep them from his throat so far, but the nippers of these deadly things were pinching like red-hot needles. Still Mac would not give in. He fought, yelled, swore, but still he staggered on, stumbled and rose again. "Must be careful," thought Mac. "Once down and a man would never rise again."

Still beating them off, still staggering, Mac blindly fought his way back. What was that—the boat. Syd's light. "Am safe." But down he went and this time, could not rise. The loathsome creatures had won at last. He shielded his face with his arms.

"Oh God," said Mac, and again he struggled to his knees. "Scotland forever! Be ye devils or men," Mac yelled. His Scottish blood, which had never known defeat, welled up, and straining every muscle and nerve he got first on one foot and then—no he had fallen again. The devils will win yet. No, he wins; he is up. He staggered a few more feet and with a crash Mac dropped down.

Daylight! and Alive! Was it a nightmare Mac had had? He looked around. Not a sound or sign of the things he had dreamed of last night. Where was he? It was no dream he had had. The fact came to him when he found his body, arms and legs black and bleeding through those terrible pinches. What had saved him.

"Dawn!" At the first show of dawn, these terrible creatures scuttled for their holes, leaving him. The peculiarity of these creatures is that on a moonlight night or daylight they scuttle away to their holes in the ground, but on a black night they come out in thousands and with their powerful nippers they can tear a coconut to pieces as if it were cotton wool. The first ray of dawn had saved Mac.

Bleeding and sore, Mac retraced his steps to the boat. On his way he found the remains of the little Dago cook. The devils had got him. His body was picked clean to the skeleton and every bone was crushed to pulp. Mac had lost his cap, but raised his hand to his head and said reverently, "God rest your soul, Dago, and you were straight." He eventually reached the beach and Syd was there, laying off in the boat. He pulled in and the mate climbed into her.

"Good heavens, Sir," said Syd, "you must have had an awful time during the night." He saw his clothes were in ribbons.

"Awful," said Mac, "worse than that, son."

"Where is the Dago?" asked Syd.

"Those devils got him," replied Mac.

"I heard him yell," said Syd, "so I put the boat on the beach and started to go to him, but there were thousands and thousands of crabs, and although I used the boat stretcher, they came quicker than I could kill them. Look, sir, and he showed the mate where he had also been nipped by those terrible things. "If they had got me down," said Syd, "it would have been finished." Mac told Syd to pull to the ship. He tied the boat up. Both went aboard.

Mac said, "Get plenty of tucker into yourself. We are in for an awful time before we get the Captain and the boys back, but we no leave here until we find them or their remains." "If you had decided to have gone sir, I would have stopped until I had found Vic and Dubbie," said Syd. "Crabs or no crabs, but they were awful, sir."



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"I ken it," said Mac, who sometimes broke into Scotch.

The people left on board had had rather a bad night. Also the crew had happened to strike the right cask, or the one with the rum in, so they drank until, after some ribald songs, one decided the ladies should be fetched down and made to drink and dance for them.

"Good idea," said the Yank, "but don't forget the young one's mine, mine, mine," he said, and folding his arms, squeezed them tightly. If a person had been enfolded in those strong powerful arms in the state he was in, they would have been crushed.

The one who suggested the ladies should be made to sing and dance, then made as if to go on Deck, and after a few efforts, found that the rum did not lend itself to climbing ladders. Up jumped the Yank.

"I'll carry them both down," he said. He got to his feet and climbed the ladder fastened to the side of the hatch, when suddenly he woke up to the fact they were locked down there. With fearful oaths, he demanded the hatches to be taken off, and finding it of no avail, looked round for something to prise the hatches off.

"Up here, you foreigners," called the Yank, "and altogether-heave with our shoulders might force the hatch off."

The ladies had heard all this and were trembling with fear. "This is where we shine," said Jim, who had, between pumping, kept his eye on the closed hatches. He got one of the crackers from the ladies and placed it between the piece of wire the mate had fashioned like a hair pin. He struck a match and lit the tiny wick. Bang!—it went off like a pistol shot, the sound reverberating in the now practically empty hold. A piece of the powder or paper must have blown down through the hold and hit one of them on the back of the neck. A smart, stinging burn he must have received.

"I am shot," he called out.

"Shot, yes," yelled Jim, "and I'll shoot everyone who tries to force those hatches." He motioned to the ladies to light another one.

"That's enough," said Yank, "we surrender," now slightly sobered, to think they could be shot without being able to reply.

"You stop there until you are sober, or you can drink all that is in the remainder of the casks, and you will be let up when the Captain thinks proper; and don't forget those useless articles, the Navy League Boys, are on guard, and we don't miss when we shoot. Go to sleep, Yank; it's good for sore heads."

"A drink," yelled the Yank.

"Yes," said Jim, "you have got all the drink you are going to get for a while anyway. Go to sleep

and you'll forget you want a drink."

Bang!—went another cracker, and as luck would have it, another one got burnt slightly. That settled all argument, and shortly after, the sound of snoring told them that the crew were all well asleep and likely to be so for some hours. The revolvers were too dashed dangerous to face, they thought.

Mac had a look round, and seeing no immediate danger to those on board, had some breakfast and taking Sid, left the second mate and ladies in charge of the vessel. Taking a little food and each a flask of water, Mac and Sid again went ashore to try and discover where the Captain and the boys were.

"Look for the highest point," said Mac, "as the Captain is bound to try and find, if possible, a 'look-out place. It's strange there is no smoke, as that would be the first thing in daylight I should think he would try to show."

They trudged on, and Mac led Sid well clear of the cargo's remains, but came to the place where he had had such a terrific struggle last night. He did not tell Sid about it, as he did not want to unnerve the lad. "Time enough, if we get caught," thought he, standing on a small mound.

Sid saw that looked like a black mountain, yet it was bright sunlight. They made good progress toward this and getting nearer, stopped and looked intently. Mac unlung his glasses and looked earnestly through them. Something moved on top of it. No natives, as far as he knew, were about, having seen no tracks or signs. Again something moved.

"That's them, I think," said Mac, "why the devil don't they come down."

They made their way laboriously toward the spot, and at each 500 yards they made a small fire so that those on top would know they were working their way, towards them, and be prepared to answer any calls made. After the third fire had been lit, three figures were seen standing silhouetted in the sky. They at last got to a small clearing where they could see the others plainly.

Dubbie, on top made a semaphore, or signal alphabetical sign. Sid asked Mac to lend him his shirt, and with his own flannel and Mac's shirt, made the alphabetical sign in reply.

Dubbie, who it turned out to be, made a semaphore message: "We are on top of a mountain thrown up during the night. While we were on it, we cannot see any way down; not a foothold for a spider, and the Captain has gone mad, and we have tied him up. Will you please tell Mr. Mac."

Mac looked in wonderment at this further sample of Navy League training.

"We will work nearer, son," said Mac, "and see from below whether there is any place or way they can come down."

Not a foothold anywhere. Just one straight,

smooth-sided mountain of Basalt. We say mountain, but its height was about 300 feet. A most difficult problem; they had to come down, but how to get them down puzzled Mac. "Skipper's gone mad," said Mac. "God help those boys. Fever again. I suppose. He's waiting to make another signal Sid," said Mac. Up went Sid's arms to the "Have you any ropes or gear with you?" Sid spelt it out.

"No," answered Sid.

"Will you get a couple of hanks of sailmaker's twine, a light line, and a heavier rope long enough to reach about 350 feet," came Dubbie's signal.

"Right," said Mac, and with "Cheeno" spelt out, Mac and Sid made record time back to the ship. "We will get the gear," said Mac, "but how in the name of St. Peter are we to get it up to them? We have no distress gun to shoot a line and a kite will not fly without wind, and we may never get it over the rock in a month of Sundays. Anyhow, we'll get the twine and rope."

Sid, on their way back, said, "Don't worry. Sir. Vic and Dubbie will get out of this, even if the Captain has gone mad and cannot help them."

"There is one thing; you can read signals made from one to the other, and that is one in their favour. One would never understand if we, or they shouted, as the echo would muddle the words up."

Mac and Sid eventually got on board, and Jim and the ladies explained what they had done, and how they had bluffed the drunken crew into thinking they were being fired at with revolvers.

The mate told the second mate to watch the bulkheads down below, in case the crew tried to break through into the main hold from where they were, although there was nothing they could use for a hammer or lever, so they felt pretty safe.

Mac advised them to put a piece of woollen

material down the hole so that they could reach the prisoners, and saturating it with water first, then put the other end in a bucket of fresh water, so that they could get a drink by sucking it; three or four pieces, in fact, as it was not safe, short-handed as they were, to allow the crew up. Food they could do without, but water was impossible. Everything seemed alright on board.

Away went Mac and Sid, and also Jim, as the gear they had to carry required another hand.

"What about a pinch bar, so that they can fasten the end of the rope to come down on?" said Sid. "I don't suppose there are any trees up there to fasten to."

"Well done, kid," said Mac, and armed with bar and ropes, away they went ashore, and trudged again through the scrub. Mac impressed that they must be on board by dark, on account of the crabs, and Sid was well acquainted with the creatures, by his experience the night before. Even if the Captain and boys could not get down, they felt sure that those loathsome creatures could not get up to them on the mountain.

At last they arrived at the foot of the mountain where their mates were. By this time, it was late afternoon. Mac told Sid to make them a signal. "How are you off for water?"

The reply, "Can manage, there are small holes and terrible fog here last night which filled and covered every well with a heavy dew and we scraped in the holes and can manage, but feel fairly hungry."

"Can you manage until to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, but why not get us down to-night?" said Dubbie.

(To be continued in next issue).

### A ROMANCE

A girl's blue eyes,

A first class dance,

The Navy League Ball

And there's Romance,

THE NAVY LEAGUE BALL

THE WENTWORTH

WEDNESDAY, 21st OCTOBER

(Trafalgar Day)

### Remember to visit

INSPECT THE R.M.S. STRATHNAVER

Saturday, 21st November, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Sunday, 22nd November, 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

(See Page 14.)

## THE NAVY LEAGUE SEA CADET CORPS

Are you A Member of  
the Navy League  
Sea Cadet Corps?

If not Apply to the Officer  
in Charge of your  
District for particulars



For the BOY, AUSTRALIA and the EMPIRE

### Quarterly Notes and News

#### COMMANDANT JOURNAL REPORT

(Commandant S. Cooper, S.S.D.)

I am glad to state that, despite depression, the Navy League throughout N.S.W. is going ahead.

There are now 18 Companies formed, compared with 10 six months ago. Boys are joining up every drill night, and the reports from the various Companies are very rosy.

Newcastle and Districts are going very strong and will be a second Sydney Branch this time next year. Well done Newcastle.

Victoria intends to launch out, and when they do, N.S.W. will have to look to their laurels, to keep ahead.

The Executive meetings are well attended, our Chairman, Judge Backhouse, never fails, and Mr. Hixson, our hon. secretary, keeps the members well informed with the Sea Cadet activities.

A good sign of the progress being made, is seen by watching our fleet of motor boats grow numerically. Birchgrove, Drummoyne, Woolwich, Mosman, and Leichardt have power boats, also Auburn. Vauluse is also installing an engine in their Cig. It appears to me that the more difficult the times, the harder Navy Leagues fight and that is certainly the spirit required by officers and cadets.

Mr. S. J. Lea Wilson called in casually to head

office the following conversation occurred: "Good day, Uncle" (as he is affectionately known by the cadets) "Good day Mr. Cooper, I hear you are going to have a cricket comp?"

"Yes, I thought about it."

"Good-oh! Get a trophy and put it down to me."

"Thanks, old chap."

"Good day, Mr. Cooper," and he was gone.

If brevity is the soul of wit, well Uncle must be full of it. I eventually managed to get him to come and attend the officers' meeting, where he met all the O.C.s., and a very pleasant meeting it was.

Directly Mr. Hixson heard we were to have a sports, he leaned over my desk: "Put me down for a couple of Guineas for prizes, please Mr. Cooper."

In my monthly report to the executive, I mentioned that any member having any old cricketing gear, or knew of any, we would be very pleased to have it donated. Mr. Harry Shelley sent along an order to get what I could to the extent of £10. If any person knows where practical interest in the Navy League equal to the three examples I have just mentioned, is to be had, well, lead me to it, with these three gentlemen. It is the old Navy proverb which used to be in brass letters on the old

steering wheels of Navy Sailing Ships. In my mind's eye I can see it to-day on the wheel of the Pylades, in which I served for over three years: "Deeds, Not Words," three words, and they meant a lot then, and do so now, especially in the Navy League.

Everyone seems to be enthusiastic about the ball, and we are very fortunate people. His Excellency and Lady Gair have promised to come along Miss Charles Fairfax, Sir Kelso and Lady King, Capt. Feakes and his good lady, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Silk, Capt. Hixson, in fact all that are, will be; and the officers appreciate the warm support that is being given to us.

I would be pleased if all O.C.'s. would be so good as to furnish a monthly report to Head Office concerning the doings of their respective companies and anything of interest that occurs. I visit all I can, and the frequent visit of the different officers to Head Office I appreciate. Drop in any old time during my hours and I am certainly never too busy to have a yarn.

#### NOTES FROM BIRCHGROVE COMPANY

Lt. Comdr. D. A. Waterfield

Birchgrove Coy. seems to still keep in the winning vein. Not content in winning two of the Sharp Cups, they also clear off with the Rugby League Tournament, and have also got a wicked eye on the Cricket Competition. Always training, no wonder they win. Each one is looking forward to the sports at Lyne Park. The results will be known before we get this issue of the Journal. Anyhow, we hope to have our share of wins during 8-hour day. No one can accuse us of not trying: What our Welfare Committee, Felix Girls and Cadets, in fact all hands are working for and looking forward to, the Trafalgar Day Ball.

We wonder what the next stunt Mr. Cooper, the Commandant, has on, he sure keeps us moving. We have more this year. When I say we, I mean the whole League, have done more this year than ever before, races innumerable, concerts, dances, parades, competitions, etc., does he ever stop? The League generally, does not seem to feel the depression, especially in work. Companies are springing up everywhere, which is a healthy sign. If money was more plentiful, or able to operate on the banking account, I am afraid he would want a bigger staff in head office.

I hear that Victoria is likely to start, also Queensland. Go ahead Mr. Cooper, or Skipper, as he is generally known, for the sake of old times, Birchgrove is behind you every time, and I know, personally, that every O.C. and cadet in the League will give you all the support needed. Anything you take on, call on your old Company, Birchgrove, and you will never find us wanting. Several Companies have had the use of our depot to run various

functions, for the Ball etc., and everyone has proved a success, financially and socially. The depot is open to all to use. It will cost you 2/6 for lighting, and that is the only cost, and you will get the support of Woolwich Coy., Drummoyne, Leichhardt and Birchgrove. Our doors are always open to any that likes to come along.

Mr. Gorman, Balmain Town Hall Hotel, was successful in winning the ham.

Best wishes to all from Birchgrove.

#### DRUMMOYNE NOTES

Many have been the changes and moves made by the "Sydney" Training Depot since the last issue of the Journal, most important of all being the acquisition of Schnapper Island, on which we intend to build a new Training Depot. Having worked on it for about a month, our labours are bearing fruit, by the fact that we have made sufficient progress to commence building operations very shortly.

We were again honoured by the visits paid us by such naval and shipping dignitaries as Commodore Holbrook, who has accepted the patronage of the Depot, which lapsed with the departure of Admiral Evans, and Mr. Mackay, senior partner of McDonald Hamilton and Co., who appeared to be really deeply interested by the work performed by the cadets. Accompanied by Mrs. Mackay, they inspected the Island, and, apparently taking compassion on the hard work being done by the cadets, Mrs. Mackay sent the following Saturday, a large case of oranges, which proved a very acceptable gift.

We were very fortunate in being able to obtain the services of a Mr. Black as an Instructor-officer. This gentleman has had some years of army experience and is a decided asset to the League in general and our own Company in particular.

Last Saturday night a dance was held in our Depot and it filled one with a certain amount of satisfaction to note the faces of many of the League's most generous supporters present. At the present, our parades are well attended and we have a growing roll, that if it continues, will force us to call a halt to our recruiting activities, as we are staunch believers in the adage that too many is as bad as too few.

Against many predictions to the contrary, the Drummoyne cadets seem to be thriving, not decreasing on the hard diet of rock chopping they are getting, and if hard work and enthusiasm will accomplish anything, then we are as good as established.

Our congratulations must again go out to the Commandant, Mr. Cooper, Assistant Commandant Forsythe and Mr. E. A. Solomon, R.O.C., for the exceptionally fine job he has made of our rejuvenated Journal.

#### MANLY COMPANY

(By E. A. Solomon, R.O.C.)

A. Rickets, Chief Officer.  
R. Doodson, First Officer.  
T. Dinsdale, Junior Officer.

Manly, after four years consistent application, have obtained a depot. The influence of the Hon. J. B. Suttor, M.L.C., who is responsible for our success in this direction. We thank the Hon. J. B. Suttor and the Directors of the Manly Amusement Pier for their assistance in the Navy League. Mrs. Hopkins has rendered valuable assistance also, the Social Dance organized by her was a financial and social success, and on the last two functions she has supplied refreshments to the visiting officers of all companies, and the committee guests. Mrs. Wild has sent a donation of furniture and still continues to take an interest in the movement. The Officers and Cadets thank Mrs. Hopkins and Wild for their support and trust that other past members will assist to the best of their ability.

The newly organized Company at Seven Hills is now launched. This Company will be known as the "Victory" Company. The Officer-in-Charge Acting is the Rev. Geo. W. T. Laverack (ex-Chaplin R.N.). I have no doubt that under the capable administration of the Rev. Laverack that this Company will live up to its name.

It is with interest that, in the past four years service in the Navy League Sea Cadet Movement, I have watched the Companies of Sea Cadets. I consider it remarkable that in the last six months the Cadet movement has made rapid progress, in such a time of financial difficulty and distress. New Companies are being formed in N.S.W. and Victoria every month, and the old Companies are increasing in strength. This speaks volumes for the administration of Commandant S. Cooper.

The Assistant Commandant, L. E. Forsythe, continues to remain a live wire, still maintaining the keen interest displayed by him, spending a considerable amount of time and money in the movement.

Visitors to Manly Depot are asked to obtain the Return Concession tickets. This entitles them to free dancing on the Manly Amusement Pier, without extra cost.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. R. Doodson as First Officer.

Mrs. Considine intends to hold a Century Ball at Narrabeen, to assist the Company.

A Dance and Golf Tournament will be held at the MANLY AMUSEMENT PIER, on THURSDAY, 29th OCTOBER, to help the Company.

#### MOSMAN BAY COMPANY

(Contributed by H. Parkin, Junior Officer)

Officer in Charge, E. Hammond; First Officer, G. Williams; Junior Officer, H. Parkin.

Usual weekly parades have been held at the Depot, an average muster being about 25 cadets. The majority of these are small, but very keen, as is shown by the fact that no less than 13 have entered for the Leading Seamen exam. and eight for the Signaller exam. Results of these exams are not yet to hand.

Our motor cutter sank in the big July storm, but she has since been refitted and is now in the water again; we are also looking out for another gig or sailing cutter, as the gig is permanently out of commission.

Our president, Mr. B. Addison, has been obliged to resign, owing to lack of time in which to carry out his numerous duties. We wish to thank him for his past services and hope that he will still remain a member of our committee. Mr. V. A. Carroll was elected as the new president, and he has already done a lot for us.

On the 7th July, the committee held a very successful card evening, from which we benefited by about £15. We wish to thank the Mosman Bowling Club for letting us have their hall on this occasion, and also Mr. Maxwell Porter for a donation of £1 and Mrs. Maclean for 25/- the proceeds of a tennis afternoon.

On 25th July we visited the Chilean training ship, General Baquedano, the cadets being very interested in everything; their only complaint was that they could not test the strength of the rigging, and Birchgrove bands, Cook's River and Leichhardt, we paraded at Camperdown cemetery for the wreck of the Dunbar ceremony.

Our cadets have been helping the Mosman Council on Saturday mornings on their drives for the Mayor's Unemployed Relief Fund. The Town Clerk, Mr. Marshall, has assured us that they are very useful.

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## NORTH SYDNEY COMPANY

Officer in Charge, B. J. Collins  
Chief Officer, R. J. Elliott; First Officer, T. Burdon.

The North Sydney Council have decided to grant us the use of the Depot, rent free, for twelve months. This is a big help, and we thank the Council for such encouragement.

Several ladies and gentlemen have been attending meetings and working in the interest of the Company. They are: Mesdames Wilkinson, Francis, J. Collins, Smith, Ingram and Davidson, Miss M. Taylor and Messrs. Smith and W. G. Nolan. It is expected that a Welfare Committee will shortly be formed.

A dance was held at Mrs. Francis' place on Saturday, 22nd August, and was a decided success. The proceeds went to the Company funds.

Officers and parties from Woolwich, Manly, Mosman Bay and Birchgrove attended the Company dance at St. Francis Xavier's Hall, Lavender Bay, on Thursday, 27th August, Mr. Hammer and party, and dozens of old Petty Officers and Cadets were also present.

A number of ladies, officers and cadets were conveyed to Birchgrove Depot on Saturday, 10th August, for the dance, by Mr. C. Taitman in Woolwich cutter and returned to North Sydney by Mr. L. E. Forsythe in Drummoyne cutter. Many thanks to those officers.

Signaller K. Collins won the Lea Wilson Cup and Gold Medal for the year 1930-31. Mr. Lea Wilson made the presentation before a large gathering, including friends and relatives of the cadets, at the Depot on 8th of July.

Cadet J. Francis was second in the competition; is now on the convalescent list, having spent a fortnight in hospital as the result of an injury to the eye.

Mr. Bartholmew of the R.S.Y.S., donated two dozen tiles necessary for repairs to the roof of the Depot, and we take this opportunity of thanking him.

## COOKS RIVER COMPANY

(Lieutenant-Commander W. J. Falkner)

Cook's River have attended many parades, since the last publication of the Journal.

Well, now the Company has got a boat, the Cadets may see their way clear to attend more frequently and bring others. This last quarter I've been wiping some names off the company's list.

The boat race at Drummoyne was a very good race. Woolwich kept ahead from the start and won by five lengths. Half-length between Leichhardt and Drummoyne boats, and the boatrace at Haberfield was a good one too, won by Birchgrove. So of the four Cups presented by Mr. Sharpe, two have gone to Birchgrove and two to Woolwich Depots. We congratulate Birchgrove on their win.

## BALGOWLAH COMPANY

(Contributed by J. J. R. Wood, C.P.O.)  
Mr. W. Waterer, O.C.

We are pleased to state that the Balgowlah Company of the Navy League Cadets are being built up rapidly, and hope to soon have it to original strength, if not surpassing that happy condition. New boys continue to come along in a steady flow and thereby making a happy company of it.

We attend Forty Baskets Beach for the Saturday afternoon parades. The boys enjoy this the more as some of the ladies of the committee come over and when parades are finished, they turn it into a picnic by regaling us with tea and cakes. We have thus a combination of drill and fun, which is enjoyable, and we all look forward to the following Saturday.

Our gig is at present in dry dock Mr. Waterer, our O.C., is getting a new false keel put on to it. This and the way our crew are progressing, I think we will make a good showing in the next boat race.

On Saturday the 2nd August, we journeyed to Newtown, where we held a parade at the Newtown Cemetery, with Birchgrove Company. The band of Balgowlah and Birchgrove Companies were massed, and together made a good show.

Sundays we spend by making up parties who visit different warships and any big merchant ship that may be in the Harbour. Thus gaining knowledge and at the same time having pleasure.

In addition to our usual Navy League Drills, we are being taught the art of lifesaving. The instruction is being given free and the boys are getting on fine at it.

The Younger Set (boys and assisting ladies) are endeavouring to raise funds for the Company, by holding parties every Saturday evening. To assist this, parents and interested people are lending their homes for the use of the young people and we have very enjoyable evenings.

## The Racing Gig of Balgowlah

Who knows not the racing Gig, with its sturdy Aussie crew,  
That shining, slippery, slender craft, that skims the rippling waves,  
The instant dip, the Navy League grip, the rowlocks clink together,  
The forward sweep, the backward leap, that speed the flying craft.

## Support our Advertisers

## WOOLWICH COMPANY NOTES.

(C. Tottman, O.C.)

For the past three months we have been very busy, what with boat races, football and meetings; also with dances for the ball in aid of the funds, we have not even time to think of the depression.

We have secured a whaler from Garden Island, thanks to Mr. Forsythe, and we will now be able to put two crews in the boat races.

The whaler's crew are very proud of their boat and say they are going to beat the Gig. (perhaps) We have been very busy overhauling all our boats and they are in tip-top condition, all ready for the summer, and everyone looking forward to the picnics at Rood Island, also the sports on Eight-Hour Day.

We would like to congratulate Mr. Cooper, Commandant of the League, on the fine way he is carrying out his work. It is great to have such a live-wire at the head of things.

On Saturday, 19th, we played Mosman cricket and managed to have a win. Our boys were in great form, Fred Murray making 77 not out, also taking five wickets. Mosman were not able to field their best team, but they put up a fine show and were great sports. Our wicket-keeper was very unlucky, being hit in the eye with a fast ball and had to retire. We are all hoping he will be right for the next match.

## THE EASTERN SUBURBS TRAINING DEPOT.

The Cadets of the above are very grateful with the record of their Rugby team, and very hopeful of the premiership. It is realised that it will be a very close finish.

It is regretted by our racing crew that they were unable to take part in the Parramatta River events, for we fully appreciate the donor's (Mr. Sharpe) donation of three silver cups, which we say was generosity "itself." It was most unfortunate that the three races should have been held in the midst of winter. We therefore hope that the committee responsible may see their way clear on the next occasion to hold them in Spring weather, and to avoid the necessity of crews training in the fog of Sydney Harbour. This we feel was the cause of so few entries. We all join in hearty congratulations to the winners.

We are looking forward to the forthcoming pulling races in October, for we are in hopes of the crews giving a good account of themselves, especially on Anniversary Day Regatta, as their endeavor is to make at a win three times in succession, and a sailing victory against the R.A.N.

Sports day events are also being looked forward to, and we trust to have a fair share of suc-

cesses on that occasion.

All Cadets have been hard at work on our Fairfax whaler, that she may still be their pride, and to have the satisfaction of doing the painting, repairing and sailing themselves, as well as live up to the traditions that Jack is a handyman.

The personnel of the Depot was extremely gratified to receive a letter from Rear Admiral Stevenson, commending on the smartness and efficiency of the Company. It came as a most agreeable and unexpected remark. We trust we may still continue to merit such approbation from the Admiral.

## VICTORY COMPANY, SEVEN HILLS

Contributed by Rev. Geo. W. T. Laverack, Actg. C.O.

This new Company, in the process of formation as yet it is the day of small things. We are handicapped by lack of a boat and funds. The new Cadets have attended parades, more or less regularly. They form the nucleus of a company, which we anticipate will grow, as soon as a boat is obtained.

Some very promising material has been enrolled, which we believe will be a credit to the Company and the Navy League. Special thanks are due to N.L. Lieut-Commander E. A. Solomon and Junior Officer, T. Dinsdale, of Manly, for their visits to Seven Hills, they have greatly assisted in the organizing and instruction of the new Company.

A small committee has been formed, including Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Burrell (parents of Lieut. Com. Burrell, R.A.N.), also Mr. Fred Smith, Headmaster Seven Hills School, whose loyal support, with that of others, is secured. It is intended to form a Younger Set Committee to organize social functions for necessary funds. A Church Parade will be held on Trafalgar Sunday.

Notwithstanding the difficulty in forming a new Company, we intend to go ahead, and do our best to make the "Victory" Company Sea Cadets worthy of the Navy League of N.S.W.

## A ROMANCE

A girl's blue eyes,  
A first class dance,  
The Navy League Ball  
And there's Romance.

## THE NAVY LEAGUE BALL

## THE WENTWORTH

WEDNESDAY, 21st OCTOBER

(Trafalgar Day)

## THE Q SHIPS

Contributed by Mr. Joel

The story of "Q" Ships provides one of the most thrilling romances of sea that have ever been told. Towards the latter part of the Great War, what were known as Britain's "Mystery Ships," or "Q" Ships, became the terror of the German submarines, which were attacking the British and Allied Mercant Marine and War Ships.

No one outside those actually engaged on these Mystery Ships knew what they were or where they came from. Hence their names. At the time that the U-boat menace was at its worst the Commander of one of the biggest German submarines, on attacking a very modest and innocent-looking schooner in the North Sea, was chagrined to find that it was fully armed and manned, and a few minutes later, this same innocent-looking sailing ship provides a tirade of devastating gun-fire. This was the German's first experience of what was to become their undoing.

Previous to the advent of the Mystery Ship, the first real blow was struck by the convoy of Merchant Ships. The effect of these unknown phantoms of the deep becomes almost demoralising on the Senior Officers of the German Navy. A U-boat Commander, returning to report at the headquarters of the U-boat flotilla in Flanders, was in despair, and was told that excuses were not required—only results. From this time on, however, results are fewer and fewer.

Next came the conflict between the H.M.S. "Prise," a camouflaged boat commanded by the New Zealand, Lt. Commander W. F. Sanders, V.C. and the U-93. It was a magnificent fight. The Germans were deceived, and they came into range of fire. The gun crews spring into sight, the guns were brought into action, and shot after shot seems to take effect. This U-boat limped home, holed in several places and was damaged beyond repair.

Then came the invention of the hydrophone, which added to the power of the Mystery Ships. The hydrophone is an instrument by which it is possible to locate the position of a submarine and record its movements. One saw a gunboat dropping depth charges over the spot where the submarine was supposed to be.

A thrilling incident that took place, was the combat put up by the Mystery Ship "Stockforce," under Lt. Commander Harold Auten. The old ship had two guns mounted in a dummy deck house aft. The periscope was seen on the starboard bow, and, at the same time, the ship was shaken from stem to stern. The enemy's torpedo had found its target. The "panic" party put off in the ship's boat, leaving Auten and his gun crew hidden on board the burning Mystery Ship. From his concealed position, Auten watches the submarine, and keeps his crew cheered by reports, even though the ship was ablaze and sinking by the stern.

The U-boat Commander sees what appears to be there rings out Commander Auten's welcome signal, "Let Go F Down falls the deckhouse, round swing the guns—and the Germans were trapped.

Shot after shot took effect, and the English Mystery Ship sent another sub. to the bottom. him to be an ordinary tramp vessel blazing and sinking; but, nevertheless, he is careful, and some time elapses before he comes to the surface. For an hour the U-boat warily circles around. At last the German Officer is convinced that the vessel is harmless, and slowly comes into range of the "Stockforce's" guns.

### LEICHHARDT COMPANY

(Contributed by Lieutenant-Commander M. F. Litto)

First Lieutenant, L. Bambyr; Bandmaster, H. Lindin; Asst. Bandmaster, C. Griffiths; Physical Instructor, C. Milson.

Leichhardt congratulate Woolwich and Birchgrove Companies on their success in the races held for the J. B. Sharpe trophies, donated by our consistent supporter, J. B. Sharpe, esq. We desire to thank the Commandant and Birchgrove Officers for the assistance they gave in training our boat's crew, also for the loan of a set of oars, that enabled us to compete in the races. We were defeated by a small margin. We hope that, with the assistance of Commandant and one of our greatest supporters, Mr. J. B. Sharpe, to form a committee to surpass the previous year, that was 3 adults and 16 juniors, all hard workers.

The Company has made a start by purchasing several band instruments, and under the careful supervision of Bandmasters H. Linden and C. Griffiths. If there is any reader who has a band instrument they are not using, Leichhardt Company will be pleased to receive such, as a donation, thereby assisting a boy to learn something useful, that he may not be in the position to obtain at his own expense.

We attended the parade at Camperdown, to commemorate the wreck of the Dunbar.

The Cadets, under our First Lieutenant, enjoyed the pleasant evening at the Juvenile Ball to assist the Balmain District Hospital.

Leichhardt Company, like all other Companies, are experiencing a difficult time at present, but we are still on the map, and with the continual support of our members and the intending supporters, we will weather the storm and become one of the deciding factors of the Navy League.

### INSPECT THE R.M.S. STRATHNAVER

Saturday, 21st November, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Sunday, 22nd November, 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

(See Page 14.)

### NAUTICAL NONSENSE

Years ago, merchant ships used to carry a sailing gun which was well looked after; generally brass, and burnished as bright as the sun. In fact, it was usually the ornament of the ship. Some skipper carried round shot for show. Of course, they were never fired.

Two Irishmen, taking passage in S.S. — were always attracted to the gun, and hoped, before the voyage was over, to see it fired. One day, they got the Lamp-trimmer, who had charge of the powder, to give them a charge. The Lamp-trimmer, never dreaming they would fire it, gave one to them. They took it on deck and while the remainder of the passengers were having lunch, loaded it in the gun, and obtaining a friction tube, suddenly thinking of the round shot one said, "How would it be to fire a shot?"

"No," said the other, "They might miss it." "You have a head," replied the first. "We won't lose it. You get one of those iron ash buckets (used for emptying hot ashes over the side), and sit on the barrel of the gun and hold the bucket over the muzzle. I'll fire the gun, you catch the bullet, then we will still have it." (The "bullet" as he called it, weighed about 32 lbs.)

"Then, if there is no row about it, you have a go another time."

"Right!" said his mate, and the shot was put in the gun.

Bang—flash—and away went Mick; bucket, bullet, blown to smithereens. He had disappeared out of sight.

Everyone ran on deck and saw Pat looking away in the direction which the gun had been fired.

"What's up?" they all said.

"Oh I nothing," said Pat. "We just fired the gun."

"But where's Mick?"

"He's gone," answered Pat.

"But where?" said another. "Um! Um!"

"Oh I he's gone to get a bucket of water."

"Will he be gone long?" murmured a third.

"Gone long!" said Pat. "Holy smoke! If he comes back half as fast as he went, well, he ought to be here hours ago."

A sailor was once riding a donkey, and with the jolting he got, was sitting right on the rump of the animal, having lost the reins, and the donk, going for his life back to the starting place, Jack was having rather a bumpy time. "Whoa! whoa!" he was yelling.

A young lady passing, laughingly yelled out, "Where are you bound for, Jack?" The sailor by this time had got to the swearing stage, and at that moment, the donk hee-hawed. Like a flash, Jack, hanging on with one hand, pointed to the donk's mouth and yelled, "Look in the flaming port-hole and ask the skipper."

This sailor's luck seemed to be out. One of two passer-by yelled, "You're too far back, Jack. get further on. Why don't you use the middle?"

At last one gruff voice bawled out, "You're too far aft, main top men in the waist."

Despite his awkward position, Jack turned and bawled back: "Look, now, this is the first packet I've been in command of, and it's flaming hard lines if I can't sit on my own quarter deck."

### A PIRATE'S ADVENTURE

Cadet Ray Grant, 14 years of age, Birchgrove Company

In the eighteenth century in the calm waters of the Mediterranean a stately merchant ship was ploughing her way steadily along, her bows pointing to the west. Her mate, a sinewy fellow, was on the poop when he noticed a sail on the starboard bow. He raised his old-fashioned telescope to his eye, and after studying the strange sail for a moment gave a low grunt of amazement, for the ship approaching the trader with billowing sails and a steady wind behind her was one of the dreaded Moorish pirates.

The Mate turned swiftly on his heel and called a young lad who was making his first voyage.

"Oakes," he bellowed, "run down the Captain and tell him there is a swift sailing Galley Rover approaching at the starboard bow."

The lad obeyed with a brisk "Ay, ay, sir!"

A few moments later aboard the trader, was a scene of great activity. Orders were being given and taken like a flash. Trading ships carried guns in those days for defence against such foes, and these were now being prepared. The lead aprons were removed from the guns, and spare rounds of shot were laid in rings on the deck, so that they would not roll off with the motion of the ship.

At last all was ready; they waited patiently, when after what seemed an age, the rover put a shot across the trader's bows as a signal to haul to. The trader ignored it, her only reply being with a broadside of round shot that sent the pirate scuttling for shelter, and brought down their main mast. Shot was exchanged for shot and the battle waxed fiercely.

At last the pirate was close enough to the trader to use his rapping hooks, which were immediately brought to light. A moment later the two ships were locked together, and the pirates swarmed towards the trader's deck. They were now about to see what kind of metal British seamen were made of at a hand to hand battle. They were met with force by the seamen and were driven back, only to come pouring forth again. Pistols cracked and steel clashed against steel, but at last the pirates were glad to retreat, leaving thirteen of their number dead upon the trader's deck. At last the so-called invincible Moors were beaten, and by British sailors.

## The Honary Editor

The Hon. Editor, in presenting the third issue of the Journal, for this year, trusts that it will receive the support necessary to continue the cost of publication, as it is required that the Journal should be self-supporting.

Subscribers' forms are available for those interested, and may be obtained at Headquarters : Navy League Office, Royal Exchange Buildings, Pitt Street, Sydney.

The results of the Cadet Essay Competition, as follows :

1st, Cadet Thomas McMahon, Birchgrove Company 12/6

2nd, Petty Officer Cadet Douglas Waterfield, Birchgrove Company 7/6

I thank the "Sydney Morning Herald" for their kind assistance, for the use of illustration blocks in the Journal.

The Executive Committee accept no responsibility for any contentious matter that may be published in this Journal.

\* \* \*

A sailor died on board a sailing ship, and being far from land, was to be buried at sea. The body was sewn up in canvas and made ready, but they had no weight to put at his feet to sink him. Nothing that could be spared.

Eventually a large lump of coal was lashed to his feet for the weight. The service was read by the Captain and the body slid off the grating. A splash and it disappeared in the deep.

A wag in the ship said: "I've heard of sailors going to Heaven; I've heard of sailors going to Hell; but it's the first time I've heard of a bloke taking his own coal with him."

## The Ladies Column

Contributed by Mrs. Lamperd

### HOME MADE CONFECTIONERY FRENCH JELLIES

One ounce of gelatine, half pint cold water, 1lb sugar. Soak the gelatine in half the water, put the remainder with sugar. Soak for half-hour. Then put altogether and boil for 5 minutes, stirring all the time. Put in a piedish and pour jelly into it; let it stand for at least two hours and cut up with knife or

scissors dipped in equal quantities of icing sugar and corn flour mixed (this is very good).

### EVERTON TOFFEE

1½ lbs. sugar, 3 ozs. butter, 1½ cups of water, 1 lemon. Boil water, sugar, butter and half the rind of lemon together for about half an hour. Take off gently and let stand till boiling has quite ceased, then stir in juice of lemon. Butter sandwich tin or dish and pour in the toffee about a ½-inch thick. The fire must be quick, and stir nearly all the time.

### BISCUITS

#### GINGER BUTTONS

Take 1lb. treacle, 6 ozs. castor sugar, 6ozs. ground ginger, 6ozs. caraway seeds and 3ozs. butter, rubbed in 12ozs. flour. Mix all together, and drop on tins; bake them in a slow oven

#### PLAIN BISCUITS

Make a pound of flour, the yolk of an egg, and some milk, into a very stiff paste; beat it well and knead till quite smooth; roll very thin and cut into biscuits. Bake them in a slow oven till quite dry and crisp.

#### AMERICAN BISCUITS

Rub 3ozs. butter into 1lb. flour, mix well with one cup of milk or water. Break the dough well, and bake in a hot oven.

#### ALMOND BISCUITS

Blanch ½ lb. sweet almonds, chop them fine and add ¼ castor sugar, the grated peel of one lemon and a little chopped citron peel. Add to this, the yolks of 3 eggs then the 3 white (previously beaten to a froth). Mix all well together, put into paper cases and bake carefully.

#### CHOCOLATE BISCUITS

Mix ½ lb. castor sugar, six ounces blanched and chopped almonds, 3ozs. grated chocolate, and the whites of 2 eggs, beaten to a froth. Beat all up together, and make into snapes on a buttered tin. Bake in a moderate oven and when done, cover with an icing made with white of egg and icing sugar.

#### CRACK NUTS

Mix 8ozs. flour, 8ozs. castor sugar and 4ozs. butter; then make into a paste with 3 eggs, well beaten; add caraway seeds. Roll out as thin as paper, cut with the top of a glass, wash with white of an egg and dust sugar over. Lay on a buttered tin and bake in a moderate oven.

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## R. A. N. Appointments

### APPOINTMENTS.

Captain: HENRY J. PEAKES to "PENGUIN" as Captain Superintendent, Sydney, and Captain-in-Charge, New South Wales, to date 7th August, 1931. CUTHBERT J. POPE to "Albatross" in Command, to date 3rd August, 1931.

Lieutenant-Commander: (A/S) JAMES C. D. ESDAILE to "Penguin," to date 31st July, 1931; (T) FREDERICK G. H. BOLT to "Penguin" additional for (T) duties in Reserve, to date 31st July, 1931; (O) GEORGE R. DEVERELL to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per s.s. "Monowai," etc., for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 26th June, 1931; JOHN R. MILLER to "Tattoo," in Command, to date 31st July, 1931.

Lieutenant: (ST) FRANK B. TOURS to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per s.s. "Niagara," etc., for to date 31st July, 1931; (N) DAVID H. HARRIES reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 24th June, 1931; RICHARD H. W. ATKINS to "Penguin" additional, to date 31st July, 1931; (N) DAVID H. HARRIES to "Tattoo," to date 31st July, 1931; ALFRED E. BUCHANAN to "Australia," to date 3rd August, 1931; JAME B. S. BARWOOD to "Cerberus," additional, to date 24th June, 1931; ROBERT J. HODGE to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per s.s. "Orana," to date 27th July, 1931; ROBERT W. RANKIN to "Albatross" additional, to date 31st July, 1931; GEOFFREY C. INGLETON to "Tattoo," to date 31st July, 1931; JOHN L. BAIL to "Tattoo," to date 31st July, 1931.

Midshipmen: The following Midshipmen are appointed to "Cerberus" additional for passage to Naples (for Malta) per s.s. "Orana"—DAVID LOGAN, W. L. LIAM B. M. MARKS and HARRIE B. CERRELL, to date 18th July, 1931; ALAN N. PALMER and ROBERT L. WHITE, to date 21st July, 1931; ERIC L. MAYO and GEORGE GOSSE, to date 23rd July, 1931; LINDSAY MACIVER and HENRY A. E. COOPER, to date 27th July, 1931.

Lieutenant-Commander (E): WALTER H. S. RANDS to "Penguin" additional, to date 31st July, 1931; FREDERICK C. HODGSON to "Tattoo," to date 31st July, 1931.

Lieutenant (E): WALTER J. M. ARMITAGE to "Cerberus" additional, to date 1st August, 1931; ERNEST B. VALLANCE to "Canberra," to date 1st August, 1931; ALFRED M. CLIFT to "Australia" additional, to date 31st July, 1931.

Sub-Lieutenant (E): NOEL A. C. LETCH to "Albatross" additional, to date 23rd July, 1931; SYDNEY G. GALLEHAWK, to "Canberra," additional, to date 23rd July, 1931.

Instructor-Commander: MORTON H. MOYES to "Australia," and for Squadron duties, to date 20th July, 1931.

Instructor Lieutenant-Commander: GEORGE LUCAS to "Cerberus," to date 20th July, 1931.

Paymaster Lieutenant: WILLIAM E. McLAUGHLIN to "Cerberus" additional and as Interpreter (Japanese), to date 20th July, 1931.

Commissioned Gunner: ERNEST F. AYLING to "Australia," to date 9th July, 1931; JOHN S. GILDERSON to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per M.S. "Thermopylae" for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 13th July, 1931.

Gunner: WILLIAM PAYNE to "Tattoo," to Date 31st July, 1931.

Signal Boatswain: ALEXANDER E. L. MacLEOD to "Australia," additional, to date 1st July, 1931.

Warrant Telegraphist: ARCHIBALD D. McLACHLAN, to "Albatross," to date 27th July, 1931. BERTRAM

HARDING to "Cerberus" and for Signal School, to date 20th July, 1931. RALPH LANE to "Cerberus" and for charge of Navy Office W/T Station, to date 8th July, 1931. WILLIAM H. JONES to "Canberra," to date 13th July, 1931.

Commissioned Engineer: WILLIAM F. KEARNS to "Canberra," to date 1st July, 1931.

Warrant Engineer: WILLIAM L. NICOL to "Cerberus," to date 1st July, 1931.

Commissioned Electrician: WALTER H. WRAGG to "Cerberus" additional for passage to England per R.M.S. "Narkunda" for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 26th June, 1931.

Warrant Electrician: NORMAN H. SIMMONDS to "Australia," to date 26th June, 1931.

### PROMOTIONS:

Engineer Lieutenant JOHN VINCENT CORRELIANO to Engineer Lieutenant-Commander, to date 1st July, 1931. Surgeon Lieutenant CHARLES ANTHONY DWONWARD to Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander, to date 12th June 1931. Mr. GEORGE HENRY COPELAND, Gunner, to Commissioned Gunner, to date 1st July, 1931.

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# Told at One Bell

## NOBBY'S WEDDING

(By Dan.)

"What's for dinner, Spud," exclaimed Pincher, as cooks to the galley was sounded.

"Pea Dew," says Spud Murphy, who was a bit of a winger of Pincher's, also Flonkey of the P.O.'s Mess in the 6" Casement.

"Why? Do you want a drop, Pincher?"  
"You bet I do," says Pincher. "I haven't tasted a decent drop of soup since the Arrogant bumped the Whale. Come in No. 13 house when the juice is served out and I'll give you a tooth-full."

"Bet your life," says Spud.

Pincher, being cook of the rook that day, trots off to the Galley for the burnt offering. Arriving just as cookey was sorting out the nets of spuds. "Which is your spuds, Pincher?"

"The one with the South Afr Medal on key."

"Here you are," says Slushey. "Catch!"  
Having secured his dish comprising of a schooner, a rock, spuds and Harry's cot beans, Pincher takes his way to the mess, placed the dish in the centre of the table for his hungry mess-mates to devour, sat down and polished off the Pea Dew Spud had ready for him, then proceeded on deck with the Fanny to take his Ranko for the Bubbly.

There was something radically wrong with Pincher that day, and his messmates knew it, and wondered what it was, as Pincher was full of life at all times; but to-day he seemed to be kind of dopey.  
The dinner was soon over and the mess boy, Jimmy Smigget always dished up by himself when Pincher was cook, as Pincher was teaching him Jewing, soon cleared up the Mess and arranged the basins ready for the bubbly.

Rum Call sounded and Pincher was not long before he arrived carrying the Bubbly with more care than a nurse with a baby; proceeded to dish out each man's allowance in a mournful, moody morgue manner, that Andrew Miller said "What's the matter, Pincher? Have you heard bad news?"  
"Yes," said Pincher: "Very bad news."  
And you could see he was very much affected, way he wiped away a tear.

"What's wrong, Pincher?" says Wiggie.  
And after taking a deep swig, Pincher said: "You might not know him, but my bosom chum,



"I remember the time when he got married. You know, Nobby and me were always happy, even Nobby Clark, has been taken out to Long Bay for wife desertion.  
If we did have a friendly scrap occasionally, we were in the Impreg, together, up the Straits, the Yangtze. We fought side by side against the Swaddies. Holy-stoned the Q.D. in our spare time.

"I never forget when Nobby and me arrived in Sydney after a three months' cruise," Pincher then paused to take another swig.

All the mess-mates edged in closer, scenting a good yarn, as Pincher, whenever he was Rum Cook, could always spin a good ditty.

"Well, as I was a saying, we arrived in Sydney, and the Admiral signalled 48 hours gens to the Port Watch.

"Nobby and me, being in the same watch, decided we should go ashore together. I borrowed a couple of quid and a clean flannel from Nigger Brown. Nobby being pretty flush, we decided we would catch the 4 o'clock boat. I had a seven beller, drank half my ten, shaved with the other half and had all sprucey ready to land, when liberty men were piped to tail in.

"After a few friendly words from the Jaunty, we trots into the launch and in due course arrived at Man-o-War steps. Hurried along to the First and Last Hotel. Sp'd our Tank Lockers, then made our way up Macquarie Street.

"Nobby suggested that they should cut through the Domain as he wanted to introduce Pincher to some friends who resided at Woolloomooloo, at the same time informed Pincher that he was going to get married on the morrow, which fairly shook the sail out of him; also wanted him to be best man.

Pincher walked on in silence. Didn't know what to make of it. "It can't be true," he thought, or Nobby would have told him before. He was always up to some strange antics, so decided he would wait and see. He must be joking.

As they were walking through the Domain, a broken-down toff and Pincher spotted a two-bob piece on the grass, and both made a dive for it. Needless to say Pincher won by a whisker, to the consternation of the Toff, who was rebuking Pincher with the best of English, some words in the dictionary, and some not.

Addressing Pincher, with his chest thrown out: "Do you know who I am? I'll have you know that I am a 'Knight of the Garter'."

"Oh I!" said Pincher. "Do you know who I am? I'm Pincher Martin, K.B., Knight of the Broom. Lower Deck Dodger, ashore to-night, to-morrow night and the night after," at the same time handing him the two bob, as, by his appearance, he could do with it. Pincher learned afterwards that he was a remittance man; and the three of them went and blew the wealth in the nearest bubbly shop.

After a couple of drinks, Nobby and Pincher proceeded to their destination at Woolloomooloo.

Nobby wasn't certain which was the right house, as he had never seen it in his sober senses.

"We eyed each house off, Nobby suddenly remembered the house with the red blind and a gently knocked, and before he realized that the door was opened, he received a dish of dirty water with spud peelings, all over him. Peeling were clinging round his ears like a quail on a peg.

"It appeared that some kids had been knocking at the door and scooted, and Nobby's intended main-law was waiting for them to return.

"When she saw who it was she nearly had a pink fit.

"Who's your lady friend, Nobby?"

"Who do you mean?"

"The battleship that just fired a broadside," said Pincher.

"I might say that the lady mentioned weighed about 18 stone, with a stern like a cruiser dread-nought. The lady was full of apologies and took us in tow.

Pincher advanced cautiously, as he had been with Nobby before to a lady friend's house, which was the cause of his nose having a kink to Gilboard. It wasn't long before Nobby was himself again and Ma sent Tilly, her young daughter over to the Blue Anchor to inform Nobby's long-haired winger that he was at the house with a sailor friend.

In a short time the party arrived.

Then came the introducing ceremony. There was Kate, Nobby's flapper; Snowy, her brother, close-cropped hair, looked as if he could do with a shave, and general clean up; her father, pretty ancient, with a bunch of seaweed attached to his chin, an asthmatic cough like a fog horn; Betty, Kate's chum, and about a dozen hangers-on of different sizes and shapes, which put me in mind of the Baltic Fleet (obsolete).

After a good deal of hand shaking, Ma began

teasing us how good Kate was; never given any trouble since she was a small gangoo, and what a wife she would make. How well she could cook. On the word cook being mentioned, she suddenly remembered the dinner left in the oven and darted towards the kitchen to find the burnt offering well fizzled.

She came in lamenting, pouring out all her troubles, cursing all and sundry and wondering how they would get on for dinner that night.

Then Kate's brother reminded the assembly that it was five minutes to six.

There was a general stampede for the door. You would have thought they were going to fire stations. They all rushed over to the pub., Nobby and Pincher following.

One thing I particularly noticed, they waited at the door until we caught up; a matter of courtesy. They pushed us inside and then voiced their requirements. I asked Kate what she cared to have.

She said, pretending to be shy, "Oh, Mr. Martin, so as not to confuse you in your orders, I will have a pint, the same as the remainder."

"I looked at Nobby and Nobby looked at me. However, they soon got rid of their beer, the old man gathered in the glasses and Nobby ordered a refill.

"The way they shifted beer was ample proof they had been weaned on it from birth.

The barman then announced: "Time gentlemen, please."

"I suggested to Nobby we take a little in, and Kate's brother, who heard the remark, informed us that if we took a dozen bottles the landlord would make a reduction. That gave me cause to think, as my Oscar Asche was beginning to fade. However, Nobby assisted me and we took six each.

"We landed back at the house, and Kate, after whispering to me, told the company that the beer would not be opened till the morrow after the wedding. One or two fled out, and Kate, by way of getting rid of a few more, wished them a good night and hoped to see them at the wedding.

"The family then sat down, and Ma, with the aid of a surgical operation and a few sars, fixed the dinner O.K.

"After filing our bunkers, we retired to the next room and discussed the procedure for the next day. I heard Ma whisper to Kate something about her best dress and Pop shop.

However, that didn't concern Pincher.

"I unearthed a couple of bottles and after a friendly game or cards, I went for a walk. Promising to be back later.

"I had arranged to meet a couple of Main Top-men and a Bunting Tosses at 8 p.m., so took a tram for the Quay and walked up to Johnny's (Navy House). They arrived at the rendezvous before me.

I told them about Nobby, and thought it a great joke, saying they would give anything to be there. I then took it upon myself to extend a hearty invitation and make the party about six in number. Buntin opened a bottle of rum and we all drank to the success of Nobby and his bride-to-be.

"After giving directions where to go and what time, I left them and made my way back to the house, to arrive just as Nobby was opening another bottle.

"Ma told me that Nobby was being put up for the night at her house, making arrangements for me to stay at Mitchen's boarding house opposite.

"The Old Man, who was night-watchman on board one of the boats alongside the wharf, had taken a couple of bottles with him.

"After consuming the remainder, I decided I would make my way to Mitchen's and go to shut-eye. Ma took me over; introduced me, and was shown my room. Turned in resolving to forget about everything and have a good night's rest, ready for to-morrow.

"During the night I had an awful dream. I saw Nobby in a cottage by the sea with kids all round him. Then the dream would switch on to somewhere else: I was being chased by a grizzly bear; the faster I ran the bear would overtake me. I could feel its hot breath against my face.

I gave a shout which woke me up. Putting my hands out I felt a clammy, hairy object alongside me. Reaching for my matches from beneath the pillow, I struck one. Lo and behold a real live Collie dog was keeping me company in the bed.

I hauled my foot back and gave him a push that landed him clean through the door.

He ran down the stairs yelping for all he was worth, which woke up the boarders.

I laid down again. They were talking about dogs having distemper, and other kinds of disease, eventually I fell asleep again.

It's a wonder I didn't dream of sleeping on an ant hill, by the traces in the morning.

I was up bright and early: strolled down to the Hotel just after they had opened; thinking I would have a quiet drink, when two or three friends of the night before, who must have slept on the door-step, greeted me with a cheery "Good morning." I could plainly see they were waiting for a Good Samaritan to come along and shout a drink.

I called them in and gave them a revive; then had a friendly chat with the Boss for about an hour.

Nobby made his appearance, then the old man until finally the party of the night before was complete. We went over for breakfast about 8.

That over, the women busied themselves get-

ting ready for the wedding. The question arose as to how they would get to the church. Taxis were too dear. So Wood, a cousin of Kate's offered to take the crowd in his motor lorry. That settled, then there was the ring. So Nobby and Kate elected to go to George St., and do some shopping, taking Pincher with them.

While they went to procure the ring I wandered into a draper's shop, made my way to the hosiery department and asked a young lady if she had any baby's socks.

"What size, please?"

Pincher felt as big as a minute.

"The smallest size you have please. The baby ain't born yet."

The girl understood; fished out a pair and inquired if they would do.

"Yes," said Pincher, "wrap them up."

On gaining the street I found Nobby and Kate waiting.

After other sundry articles had been procured, we returned home to find most of the guests had arrived, also Buntin and five other Flat Foots who were good but for the non-producers of the district.

There was no lunch that day. Those not drinking beer were too busy preparing for the wedding. Wood's coal and coke lorry arrived, and after giving it a good washing down announced that all was ready.

At 2 p.m. they all took their places in the lorry. Kate and Ma in front and the remainder wherever they could get. It put you in mind of a football crowd, instead of a wedding.

They had made Nobby three sheets in the wind in case he altered his mind.

We arrived at the place of execution, followed by a motley crowd and all the urchins of the district and filed into the Church.

Kate looked the picture of essence. She had white shoes, pink stockings, white dress and veil I could have sworn I had seen it at the house as window curtains, and a large ostrich feather, which I knew Nobby had brought from Port Said some time previous.

The Church Warden eyed the crowd suspiciously and removed the collection box to a more safe keeping.

It was evident that most of the assembly were not used to Church etiquette, as they had to be reminded about removing their helmets.

When they all settled down into their pews the Parson arrived and commenced reading the Articles of War.

He then asked Nobby if he would take the woman to be his lawful wife, etc.

"Too right!" says Nobby, and was asked for the ring necessary to bind the contract.

Nobby was in a fine fix. He couldn't find the ring. He searched everywhere, even the lining of his hat, so thought he might have put it in his cholera belt, so ducked behind the pulpit to remove a part of his clothing to find out. Nobby was in a devil of a fix; no ring could be found.

Kate scowled at her brother in an accusing way.

Ma, at that moment came to the rescue and produced her own ring.

Kate gave a sigh of relief and the ceremony concluded. Then came the signing up. Kate slung her arms round the Parson's neck and kissed him.

Nobby, to show his gratitude, unearthed a bottle of rum, and offered him a toothful.

There was no question of payment, as, by the Parson's attitude, it was evident he wanted to get rid of them as quickly as possible.

All the mob were waiting round the porch, and when the Bride and Groom elbowed their way out they were greeted with all kinds of missiles: confetti, rice, etc. That was alright till some goat had a packet of oatmeal and fairly smothered Nobby but he took the joke smiling and passed through the arch of six mattoes, formed with long-handle brooms and made their way to the lorry. That concluded the wedding ceremony and Nobby was well and truly spliced.

On arrival at the house they all disembarked and filed into the dining room, where a cask of beer stood on the table already tapped.

Kate had to have the first drink, the Nobby, and the way the others settled down to it was a glorious sight to behold.

In their excitement the wedding breakfast was overlooked, so Buntin and Pincher went and procured a fair amount of pigs' trotters and sags, from a nearby cook-shop, calling at the hotel on the way back for a bottle of Fire-water.

Arriving back, the eats were placed on a table for all and sundry to devour.

Pincher opened the bottle, gave the Mattoes a taste, then handed it to the old man, who grabbed it greedily, tilted his head well back, and, with the neck of the bottle half-way down his throat, rolled the whites of his eyes. With a gasp like an engine letting off steam, placed the empty bottle on the table and exclaimed: "Not too bad, Pincher!"

"You didn't leave much in the bottle," said Kate.

"It's a wonder he left the bottle," exclaimed Snowey.

A dance was then suggested.

To dance in the house was out of the question, so we all trotted into the yard.

A local musician with a mouth organ, perched himself on the dust bin and broke into a melodious waltz.

Kate then persuaded Pincher to dance the Hornpipe. Ma chipped in to assist Pincher, with the result that the Hornpipe automatically switched on to an Irish jig.

All went well till the musician received a well seasoned tomato fair between his bow lights.

That finished him for good. As the only thing to do was to get back into the dining room.

The beer by this time was getting pretty low. However the Navy came to the rescue with a fresh cargo.

Tilly, the girl, sang "Grace Darlin'."

Buntin sang the "Spanish Maiden."

The Old Man gave "Whisky For My Johnny."

Snowey caused a gloom over everyone by rendering "The Prisoner's Song."

"Pincher hasn't sung yet," says Betsy approaching, and placing her arm around his neck.

"Sing for me, Pincher. Won't you, dear?"

Pincher didn't know what to do. He knew a good many songs, but none were fit to sing in decent company, so he said he would recite the "Sailor's up Mount Vesuvius". After a good deal of clapping, Pincher took a deep breath and after a good drink to clear his throat, commenced:

#### The Sailor's Trip Up Mount Vesuvius

A jolly young sailor in Naples one day Was cruising around in a quiet steady way. Said Jack to himself, "My cash is near gone," And my leave is not up till to-morrow at morn. But now, said he, "I have made up my mind, and to wash all my clothes, I don't feel inclined. And sponging on shipmates is hateful to me. So I'll jog along steady, as steady can be. There is old Mount Vesuvius. I've often heard tell Is one of the thoroughfares leading to Hell. Confound such a yarn, I don't think it true. So I'll go up the mountain and have a good view." At the station Jack paid for a sixpenny ride. Said he "I must look out and get a good guide." He very soon got one, who said he would take him As far as the smoke and the vapour would let him. But when they had almost got up to the top. The guide told him suddenly that he must stop. "Why, dash it," cried Jack, "you cowardly elf. Just give me your stick, and I'll go up myself." Over lava and ashes, Jack scrambled along. Till he came to a hole where the brimstone smelt strong.

And being surrounded by smoke, heat and vapour, Began to think, 'twas the top of the crater.

The ashes were burning poor Jack's legs and feet. So he thought it near time to beat a retreat. He turned round to go; he slipped and he fell Head over heels, slap, bang into Hell. When he came to his senses, he thought he was

dying

But found in the court-yard of Hell he was lying  
There was lings all around him, and devils so well  
"Why, blow me," said Jack, "I believe I'm in Hell"  
The Devil came to him and then he did say,  
"Hullo! My brave fellow, what brought you this way?"

I've Captains, Commanders, Lieutenants as well,  
But you're the first sailor I've had come to Hell.  
And now I have got you, I won't let you go.  
A hallet you'll have with me here below.  
I'll clothe you in a rig that will keep out the fire,  
Gave you beef, rum, tobacco and all you require,  
So now follow me, and I'll give you a poker.  
From this day henceforth, you're my chief leading stocker.

Jack put on the rig, and a poker in hand,  
At a big, large furnace, he first took his stand.  
He opened it wide and who should he see,  
The well-known phizog of old Captain G.  
"Hello there, old shipmate," said Jack with a frown  
"You remember the day when you dusted me down?"

"I'm so pleased to see you, so sick and so sore,  
So I'll warm your old carcass, behind and before.  
But pray," said Jack, "and what brought you here?"  
"Oh, for," cried the Captain, "I do feel so queer,  
A cup of cold water is all I require.  
Gave me one d— you. It's what I desire.  
When I had a ship I was cruel I will own.  
I always delighted in dusting men down.  
But since I've been here I've had time to repent.  
So pray, Jack, relieve me if here you are sent."

Said Jack, "Your repentance comes rather too late,  
You must turn over and submit to your fate.  
For I'll do my duty as I am bidden.  
So turn over, Captain. Get ready for burning.  
You have been standing too long on one tack,  
So put down your helm and lay on your back,  
And I'll make such a fire tight under your tail  
That you'll wish you had never met me in Hell."  
To pot No. 2 Jack next took his way,  
To replenish the fire he made no delay.  
When a voice reached his ears that he knew very well  
His old friend, the Parson, had at last come to Hell.

"Hullo, old shipmate," Jack said with a grin,  
"You know the old saying, 'Let those laugh who win.'"

So long you have cheated poor sailors like me,  
So I think you are better in Hell than at sea.  
Well I remember you led me a dance,  
By cheating me out of my first month's advance.  
To say nothing of soap, tobacco and slops.  
I bet my old boots that I warm your old chops.  
I reckon I'll make that young rascal regret  
The day that you joined us a Middy Cadet.  
Well I remember the day I was cook,  
At inspection you put my name in a book.  
You reported me drunk, and in prison next day.

I got ninety days and dare not say "Nay."  
But now I must leave you, I've seen you before,  
And see who is waiting at Pot No. Four.

He opened the door with a kick from his toe.  
"Holy Smoke!" said Jack, "why, it's old Holy Joe.  
Now look here, Parson, it's no good you preaching.  
Cause there's no one in Hell caud a jot for your teaching.

And as for you growling, well you've got a nerve.  
For you have no more than you do deserve.  
But when at sea, you treated sailors so well,  
I'll just show you how sailors treat Parsons in Hell.  
Three wicked lings he first put in his cell.  
And told them to treat the old Parson well.  
They promised with glee, and he gave them a poker  
For they all loved Jack, their chief leading stocker.

To Pot No. 5 Jack next took a walk  
He stopped and he listened. Oh Laws, they could talk.

"Their voices, they seemed so familiar to me,  
I'll open the door slowly, just pop in and see.  
The Devil told me, there were no sailors in Hell."  
But Pincher was spinning a yarn at One Bell.  
There was Nobby and Tanky, Rob Tanner and Nott.  
They were all sweating badly. By cripes, it is hot.  
All said with a frown, "as their hands swept their brow.

Said Jack with a laugh "You are getting it now  
When on earth 'Onboard Ship', you were a good lot  
of lugs.  
You'll all get good jobs 'Here' so don't make a noise.

So Daisy you can start and polish the Stars  
And you, Mr. Nobby, Wash Venus and Mars  
But on second thoughts, leave a cloth on the shelf.  
You can wash Mars, I'll wash Venus myself.  
Murphy my lad, you shall shine up the Sun,  
And you, Dusty Miller, just see that it's done.  
Shine up one side, most brilliantly bright.  
As we get it all day, we don't want it at night.  
When the Jaunty from — come trotting this way,  
We will roast him by night as well as by day.  
We will boil him in fat, bath his feet in hot lead,  
And of Navy Sword Bayonets we will then make his bed.

He has been pretty tough from the day of his birth,  
And sorry he'll be that he left the old Earth.  
As the sailors all know. He is fond of a joke  
Then to finish him off, he'll go up in smoke.  
Of all Jack's adventures, I've not time to tell.  
But he visited many an old shipmate in Hell.  
There were Bosuns and Gunners and Skippers in plenty.

Of good tars like himself he found it was empty.  
Said Jack to the Devil "With your kind permission.  
I'll stop where I am till you're out of commission.  
And I'll never regret the day that I fell  
Head over ears slap-bang into Hell.

Pincher received a great ovation, and after

receiving more Bbbly than was good for him, laid himself down on a couch. How long he slept he did not know, but when he opened his ports the place seemed deserted. He enquired of the Old Man where Nobby was. But was told they had left on their honeymoon, whereto, Heaven only knows. Bunton and his cobbles had disappeared also.

The Old Man lifted me up and fishing 2 or 3 bottles from underneath the couch that he had quietly stowed away, we made our way ("half carrying me), towards the wharf and with the aid of another watchman was placed in an empty bunk onboard the ship to sleep.

There was no bedding, just the bare bunk.

Waking up about 3 a.m. and it being pitch dark, I put my hand out to find out where I was. My hand struck wood. Feeling out with the other hand, I again struck wood. Sitting up, I bumped my head. Feeling up, I felt wood again. Great Scott, am I in a coffin, and in my muddled senses I thought I had been buried alive.

I fairly got the wind up and tried to think if I had read of anything anyone had done in similar circumstances. But nothing seemed to come to be.

I felt for my pipe and matches. If I was buried they wouldn't have put them in with me. My thoughts again turned to being buried alive. I must not light a match, as what little air might be here will burn out quicker, and I'll float off quicker, to be fitted with a pair of wings.

All of a sudden I saw a light and the Old Man coming through the Foxcle door.

I sang out, and quickly hopped clean out of the bunk. I was wet through with perspiration. After shaking my feathers and reshaking where I was, had a drink with the Old Man and went to sleep again.

I finished my Cens. with Bunton, and now this morning I got the news that Nobby was taken out to Long Bay for wife desertion.

"Come on, Martin. Always the last Mess"  
Bellows the Jaunty

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## Aims and Objects of the League.

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

### Its Objects Are :—

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

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Nautical News  
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Shipwrecks of  
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Adventures of four  
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The Far East



Cadet Essay  
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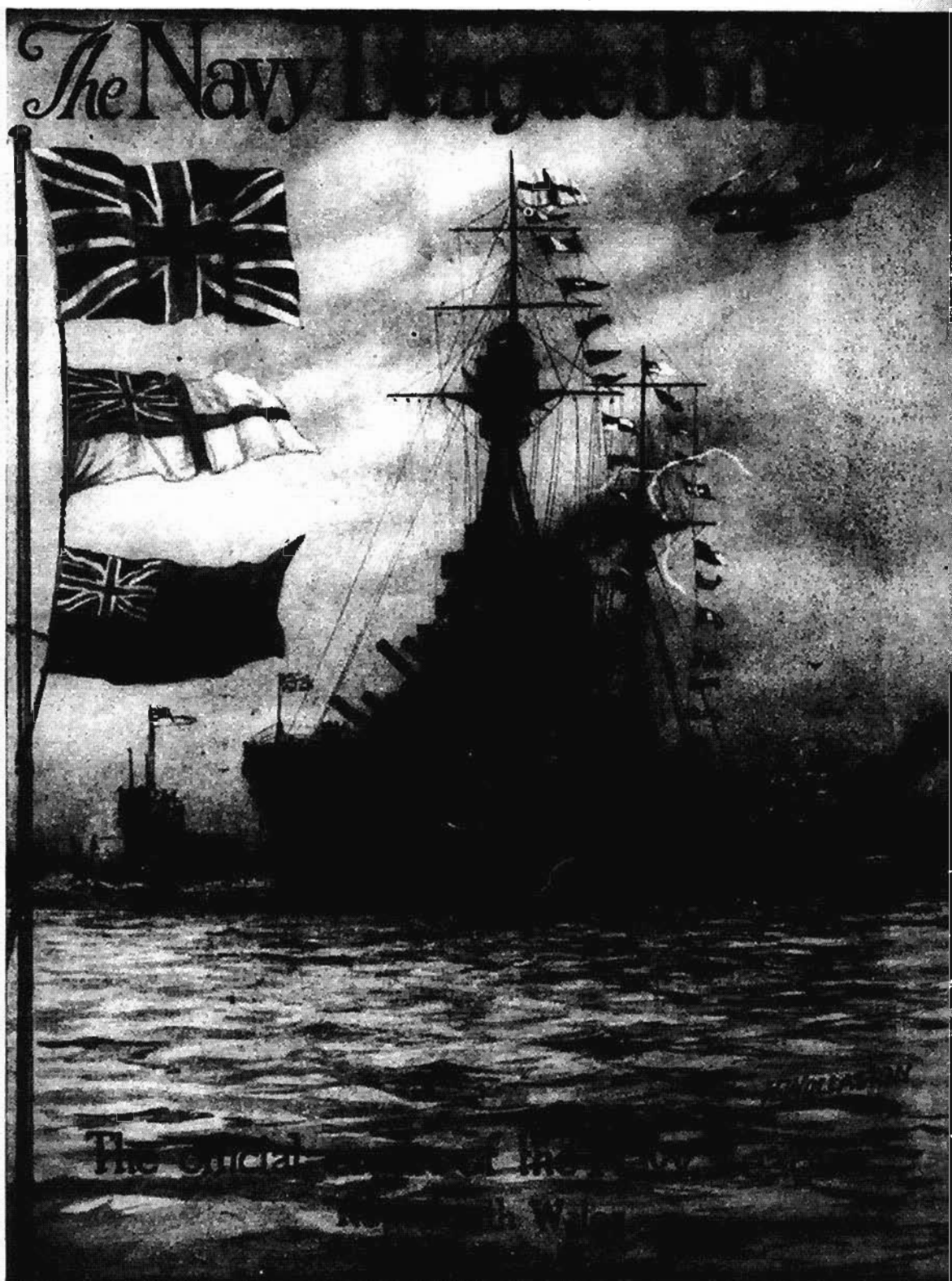
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## TODAY - TOMORROW

Yesterday does not matter any more. But what you do to-day may make or mar to-morrow. It is of no use repining about what should have been done—it is what lies to our hands now that really counts.

To an extent contemplation of yesterday may help, for everyone made mistakes then, especially the errors of omission. Whatever of hardship or disappointment they may have brought, they have at least pointed a lesson for us. To-day, now, is the time to do things, and this applies especially to the thifty accumulation of money. We cannot read our needs for to-morrow, but we can begin to provide for them. There is no easier, better plan than the Commonwealth Savings Bank provides.

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# The Navy League Journal

Sydney,

December, 1931.

Price :

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"Come cheer up my lads, 'tis its glory we steer;  
To add something new to this wonderful year.  
To honour we call you, as free man and brave,  
For who are so free? as the Sons of Wave."

Time flies and many have good cause to give a sigh of relief and look forward to a brighter New Year. However the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps have held their own, and a depression is nothing to a shipwreck so far as we are concerned.

Many officers will not be in the position to "splice the main brace" this year, but the Cadets in many cases will receive the usual "scrub" and "gossers" so necessary to the juvenile on such a festive occasion.

Members of the Navy League have had their hard knocks, but they have had to work harder to cope with the times, this has made the work more interesting and proved positively that the nucleus of the organisation has that indomitable determination so pronounced in the Australian people.

We will reflect on the pleasant and unpleasant incidents of 1931, but our main thoughts will be. What can we do to further the interests of our boys in the year 1932?

This will be the problem of all officers and will be solved by that masterly activity displayed in

the past, intensified if necessary.

Already there appears a silver lining—the G.S.B. have decided to generously allow us some of our own cash back. The Federal Government have decided that they cannot accomplish anything constructive, therefore they will give the people another chance to elect a Government that, perhaps, will improve conditions. The Home Government have changed for something better.

Sunny New South Wales retains the Lang Government with its plan unwept, unhonoured and unsung. Still the Navy League will not be affected while they have an executive and officers such as they have now, and the Lang Government may define the constructive from the destructive. Many of our supporters would prefer the 'bus conductors, in place of the New Guards (tram Guards). However the Navy League is non-political, and I will possibly be bailed on the Q.D. for this transgression.

With this cheerful summing up of the case I will conclude, wishing all members of the Navy League a successful NEW YEAR.

## Join The Navy League NOW

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## Menace of the Far East

(Specially Written for the "Navy League Journal.")

(By E. GEORGE MARKS.)

(Author of "Watch the Pacific," "How Fuch Makes War," "Merit and Democracy," "Napoleon and the War," (2 vols.), etc., etc.)

Over a series of years I have contributed articles to the "Navy League Journal" relative to Japan, especially regarding her aspirations in the Pacific and Manchuria.

In those articles I made predictions. Are they coming true?

The situation in Manchuria is fraught with the greatest danger to the entire world; it may involve Soviet Russia at any moment, with her huge population of 136,000,000; her highly trained Red Army of 5,000,000.

Russia has vital interests in Siberia, Mongolia, and Manchuria.

Since the Russia-Japanese war of 1904-1905, Imperial or Soviet Russia has fastened no less on the Japanese.

Japanese rights in Manchuria and Russia's interests were the cause of that great war. The cause is the same this day to-day.

Japanese acquisition by conquest of just such territories as international law and international ethics forbid Japan to invade Manchuria is inevitable. It is a complete probability that the Japanese will conquer and hold Manchuria.

### AUSTRALIAN INTERESTS.

The Commonwealth of Australia is interested in this Far East, not only directly but indirectly just the same as the Japanese is interested.

During the last few years Japan has been experiencing more difficulty in finding an outlet for her surplus population.

Into her annexed territory of 148,750 square miles she has to compress and feed nearly 50,000,000 persons to the square mile.

Australia carries less than two white people to the square mile; she has 3,000,000 miles of territory.

The excess of births over deaths each year in Japan is 900,000.

Manchuria—one of China's Outer Territories would be a colossal prize for Japan. It has an area of 363,610 square miles; a population of 20,000,000.

Japan now holds Mukden—the scene of the Russia-Japanese war of 25 years ago, when a million men faced each other under General Kuropatkin and Generals Nogi, Oku, Nodzu and Marshal Oyama.

Owing to the enormous development of the soya-bean industry (cultivated on 5,000,000 acres) and the vastly improved railway facilities, Manchuria has grown more rapidly than any other part of China under the Republic.

An agricultural country, its soil is amongst the richest in the world; the wheat potentialities of Manchuria is enormous; 10 mills turn out 15,000,000 sacks annually.

Then there is the mineral wealth in gold, silver, coal and lead.

### DIVERTING JAPAN'S GAZE.

The holding of Manchuria would solve Japan's acute problem—an outlet for her surplus population; the question of food for her nationals.

Once Manchuria belonged to Japan her gaze would be turned forever from the Southern Seas; Australia's unoccupied 3,000,000 square miles, inclusive of the 500,000 square miles in the Northern Territory carrying only one white man to every 30 square miles, would be forgotten by her.

Russia is fearful that should Japan seize and hold Manchuria, her next conquest would be the vast and indefinite tract of country called Mongolia, with an area of 1,367,600 square miles; a population of 2,600,000.

It is an important link with Manchuria and another great outlet for Japan's surplus millions.

The Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic has been paying much attention to the strategic importance of Siberia—there are nine provinces with a territory of 4,210,420 square miles, and a population of 10,000,000—in connection with possible hostile encroachments by Japan upon Mongolia.

Japan is being vigilantly watched by the Russian Republic; Russia's sinister attempts to Sovietise China would be completely thwarted were Imperialistic Japan to dominate the rich territories of Manchuria and Mongolia.

### MUST AGAIN LOOK SOUTH.

Should Japan's design be frustrated in Manchuria and Mongolia—her natural outlets—she must again look South to the vast and unpeopled wastes of the island continent of Australia.

Japan's surplus population problem is one which she must inevitably face. There is no escape

from it.

She can't send her surplus nationals to the U.S.A. to New Mexico, to certain states of the Latin America, to Canada, to Australia, because of the immigration laws, and should the Russian barrier against her in Manchuria, Mongolia and Siberia be insuperable, then she may as a last resort be impelled to fight for the supremacy of the Pacific with all its dire possibilities to Australia.

Although there are germs of a world war in the far east involving Australia because of her vital interests in the Pacific, the Commonwealth Government is taking no steps whatever to augment the naval or military defences of Australia.

Such a policy of negligence is suicidal.

### R. A. D. Appointments

Commander: ALFRED O'LEARY to "Cerberus," additional for passage to England per R.M.S. "Sirithaven," for reversion to the Royal Navy, to date 27th November, 1931. CLAUDE M. BUTLIN, D.S.C. to "Cerberus," to date 25th November, 1931.

Lieutenant-Commander: (G.) JOHN A. COLLINS to "Cerberus," additional to date 18th November, 1931.

Lieutenant: (C.) HERBERT J. BUCHANAN to "Cerberus," and for charge of Gunnery School, to date 18th November, 1931. (T.) WILLIAM T. A. MORAN to "Cerberus," and for Torpedo School, additional, to date 20th November, 1931. ALAN C. MATHER to "Penguin," additional, to date 5th November, 1931.

Lieutenant (E.): WALTER J. M. ARMITAGE to "Penguin," additional, to date 25th November, 1931.

Surgeon Lieutenant (D.): DUDLEY O. SOUTHWAY to "Albatross," additional temporarily, to date 17th October, 1931.

Shipwright Lieutenant: WILLIAM J. T. WHITE to "Cerberus," and as Barrack Master, to date 9th November, 1931.

Commissioned Signal Boatwain: JOHN A. COLEMAN, M.S.M. to "Cerberus," to date 20th November, 1931.

Signal Boatwain: REGINALD S. BOOTH to "Cerberus," and for Signal School, to date 20th November, 1931.

Warrant Shipwright: WILLIAM C. J. WARD to "Australia," to date 14th November, 1931.

Commissioned Supply Officer: HERBERT W. SHEPHERD to "Australia," to date 15th November, 1931.

Warrant Supply Officer: FREDERICK W. NELSON to "Cerberus," lent for duty at Navy Office, to date 10th November, 1931.

### PROMOTION.

Lieutenant Commander JOHN CLEMENT McFARLANE to Commander, to date 1st July, 1931.

Navy Office,  
Melbourne,  
November, 1931.

## THE Q SHIPS

Early in 1915 the U boat menace first began to show itself in occasional attacks upon our unarmed mercantile marine. Many and varied schemes were tried to combat this peril, some with great success and others with none.

After a great deal of consideration, it was decided to fit ships out as decoys. These were typical tramps equipped with hidden guns, and sent out to sea on a roving commission to decoy and sink submarines.

The accommodation on these ships was very limited. In many cases twenty naval ratings were placed in quarters suitable for ten. However, the men did not mind as they realised that such conditions were essential for their safety.

There was a great deal of competition among the "Silent Service" for duty on the Q ships. One admiral went to sea as a captain in command of a Q boat. The barracks were filled with officers and men who had volunteered, and everyone considered himself considerably lucky if he were appointed to one of these ships.

The officers and men were all called by their merchant service names. No one spoke of a "wardroom," but of a "saloon." The methods of anchoring in the merchant service are entirely different to those of the navy. No one would expect to hear coming from the foc'sie head of a dirty, greasy, grimy tramp: "There's three shackles awash, sir!"

Never in naval warfare have such apparent rabble served His Majesty. It was a triumph of training over training; men were trained to be inefficient, lazy, and dirty to the outward appearance. It was almost ludicrous to see these quaintly-garbed seamen moving about below decks with the smartness and alacrity which is to be found nowhere but on a British man-o'-war. The men themselves seemed to see nothing incongruous in the situation. The whole thing required most careful rehearsing, and just as an actor has to practise before he can assume careless nonchalance, so the Q boat had to be rehearsed in unseamanlike characteristics.

The Q boat has come and gone, the meteor of naval history. Whatever the future may have for the British Navy, there will be no more Q ships. Before the next naval war, the advance of submarine construction will render laughable the transparent deceptions of these tramp-warships. Even now, the "P" class (of which the "Poisedon" was one), would treat with disdain such impostors. But while its period of usefulness lasted, the Q boat very successfully prevented many U boats from further carrying on their work of destruction.

By W. Bates, P.O. Manly.

# Great Shipwrecks of the World

## THE FLORA.

Early in January, 1807, H.M. ship *Flora*, of 36 guns, under the command of Captain Otway Bland, had been cruising off the Texel, for the purpose of reconnoitring the ships of the enemy. This object having been effected, they shaped a course towards Harlingen, the captain ordering the pilots not to run the slightest risk, but to give the sands of the island sufficient berth, so as not to endanger the *Flora*; and so often did he reiterate these instructions that the pilots appeared hurt that their nautical skill and knowledge of the track should be doubted. However, to the astonishment of all on board, and to the dismay of the pilots, the ship took the ground, and struck on the Shelling Reef, about noon on the 18th of January. It was only just past high water when she struck, and there was therefore no chance of getting her off till the next tide. In the meantime all weight was removed from aloft, and the topmasts were lowered over the side, to shore her up. Towards evening the wind increased to a gale, and a heavy swell came on, which prevented their getting out a bower anchor, although a raft was made for the purpose; but the night became so dark, and the seas so rough, they were obliged to relinquish the attempt and resolved to wait with patience for high water, lightening the vessel as much as possible, by starting the water, and heaving most of the shot and other heavy articles overboard. All hand took their turn at the pumps, and worked vigorously; yet the water gained rapidly upon the vessel: this was partly attributable to her having struck amidships, and having a hole through her bottom, instead of her side, to supply the cistern. At about nine o'clock p.m., she began to heave but as the tide made, the wind freshened, the sea rose, and she brought home the stream anchor, backed by the kedge, and forged on the sand. At half-past nine o'clock, a last effort was made to get her off, by letting go a bower anchor with a spring abaft, which brought her head round. They then made all sail and forced her over the reef. The ship once more floated in deep water; but this object was not attained without a most serious loss. The rudder had been carried away, and with it the launch and the jolly boat, so that only one anchor and the worst boat were left for service. After those moments of breathless anxiety, and after giving utterance to a short but fervent expression of thankfulness that they had got clear of the reef, the men, almost worn out as they were, by so many hours of continued labour, again betook themselves to

the pumps, in hopes of keeping the water under until they could reach an English port. But in spite of every exertion, in spite of continued bailing and pumping, and though a thrumbed sail was under the ship's bottom, the water gained to eight feet. As the danger increased, so did vigour of the men. All was order, energy, and steady obedience throughout. The captain perceiving that it would be impossible to keep the vessel much longer afloat, gave orders to wear ship, and run her on the enemy's shore; nor could even this be done without much difficulty and danger, as it was necessary to let go their last anchor. Most of the guns were now thrown overboard, and everything done to lighten the ship; and about half-past six a.m., on the 19th, her head was brought round, and, steered by the sails and a cable veered astern, towards the islands. The weather was becoming more gloomy and threatening, and before ten o'clock a.m., the vessel was so terribly shaken, that it became absolutely necessary to cut away the main and mizen masts, leaving the foremast standing, with sail set, to force the ship on as much as possible, and also to prevent her from drifting off with the ebb, or with a change of wind. Although the dangerous situation of the *Flora* was clearly perceived by the people on shore, no boat put out to her assistance, the authorities having forbidden them to render such aid on pain of death.

Captain Bland, during his cruise on these seas, had allowed the fishing-boats of the enemy to range unmolested, and had given strict orders that not a fish should be taken from them without payment; but even these boats now came near the labouring ship and passed on, leaving her and her crew to perish. About four o'clock in the afternoon when she seemed to be sinking, she took the ground and there remained, surrounded by breakers, the crew in vain firing guns and making other signals of distress, which were totally disregarded. All hands that could be spared from the pumps had been employed in making rafts, and these were now launched into the surf, and about one hundred and thirty of the crew got upon them, and were fortunate to gain the high land.

Captain Bland, with a few officers and men, pushed off in the barge, the only boat that was left, and after rowing for eighteen hours without any sustenance, they reached the Island of Amoland, where they were made prisoners.

The rest of the crew, who had chosen to stay

by the ship, remained on board for four days and nights, and, excepting nine, who perished from the severity of the weather, they all got safe on shore. The above is a plain, unvarnished account, taken from the narrative of Captain Bland: it is a true tale, and needs not the aid of romance to give it interest. For more than twenty-four hours the crew suffered the horrors of uncertainty; their vessel thrown upon a hostile shore, whose inhabitants were forbidden on pain of death to assist them, whilst of all their boats one only remained. Yet, even during this time of trial and danger, discipline was not for a moment abandoned; no man's heart appeared to fail him; each one performed his duty with cheerfulness and alacrity; and nobly did they all earn the praise bestowed on them by their commander.

"I cannot help paying here," said Captain Bland, "the last tribute of praise to my crew; they behaved with order, respect, and perfect coolness to the last moment; nor would they quit the ship's side in the barge, though at the risk of her being dashed to pieces, till I took the place they had reserved for me."

The gallantry and seamanship displayed by Captain Otway Bland, when in command of the *Espoir*, 14-gun brig, in his attack and subsequent capture of a Genoese pirate, well deserve a place in these pages.

On the 7th August, 1798, the *Espoir* was sailing near Gibraltar in charge of part of a convoy, when a large vessel, which appeared to a man-of-war, was seen steering apparently with the intention of cutting off some of the convoy. Captain Bland, notwithstanding the superiority of the force with which he had to contend, determined upon attacking the stranger, which proved to be the *Liguria*, mounted with 26 guns of various calibres.

On approaching within hail, an officer on board the *Liguria* ordered the commander of the *Espoir* to surrender, or he would sink his ship, enforcing the demand by one shot, and afterwards by a whole broadside. The fire was returned in a spirited manner by the *Espoir*, and was kept up on both sides by the great guns and musketry for upwards of three hours, when the captain of the *Liguria* hailed the *Espoir*, begging her captain not to fire any more, as he was a Genoese. Upon this, Captain Bland desired him to lower his sails, and to come on board. As no attention was paid to this demand, and the Genoese appeared to be attempting some manœuvre, the *Espoir* poured in another broadside, which the *Liguria* returned; but on the *Espoir* tacking to fire her opposite broadside, her opponent surrendered.

The crew of the *Liguria* consisted of one hundred and twenty men of all nations, whilst that of the *Espoir* was but eighty men, of which the master was killed, and six men wounded.

Captain Bland died in 1810.

The Hon. Editor, in presenting the final issue of the Journal for 1931, desires to thank the assistance of the advertisers and officers who helped to carry the journal through the many difficulties that have occurred.

The Commandant and Assistant-Commandant deserve special mention owing to the hearty co-operation they have granted.

Many companies have pulled their weight, but a few have slacked. I hope that all will assist in 1932, and, although the journal has shown a deficit, I will endeavour to continue, although it may not be advisable to publish 32 pages and two-colour cover, but whatever is published will be interesting to Navy League supporters and members.

The executive committee have given great financial support, and our advertisers, who have stood by the Navy League in such difficult times, deserve the loyal support of our members at all times.

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# Don Bradman

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## KEEP WATCH

### Adventures of four Australian Navy League Sea Cadets

(Continued from last issue)

(By S.C.)

"Because at night, the island is covered with terrible land crabs that have killed the Italian last night while we were looking for you. Mr. Mac also nearly got killed, and it will be dark shortly."

"We have only just time to get to the beach," answered Mac, "and if we wait until you get down, everyone will surely be killed later by the terrible things," replied Mac, "How do you propose to get the line up also," asked Mac.

"I can't see any way from below. We can get it up alright, if you fetch the twine," said Dubbie.

"We will wait. Go on board, sir."

Jim also read the message and talking on the way back, Mac asked "If they could all read semaphore or signalling in the Navy League," "Everyone learns it in the Navy League," replied the lads.

"And several other useful things, too, eh! I can see that," said Mac.

They arrived at the beach just as it was getting dark, and, as they got into the boat, those frightful cluck, cluck, cluckings, could be heard.

"What is that noise," said Jim.

Sid told Jim about the crabs and Mac told the boys of his awful experience, which made them decide never to be on shore after dark if it were possible to avoid it, and when they both heard about the frightful death of the little Italian cook, each lad was glad that the Captain had decided to remain on the mountain for the night. Had he decided to come down, Mac would certainly have stopped, and it was quite likely that all hands would have met the same fate as the poor little cook.

Going alongside, they soon got on board and the ladies had tea prepared for them and Mac, but what of the crew! They were beginning to think that they were to be prisoners forever, and having found that the other rum casks contained salt water, decided not to touch it, but by now they were very hungry men. Mac decided it was no good allowing them up, so calling out that he intended to put some ship's biscuits down, and that when he lifted the hatch if anyone made any move to force their way on deck he would

shoot him on sight. The battens were taken off the end of the hatch, lifted, and some biscuits passed down to them.

"How much longer are we to be kept here," called out the Yank.

"Until the Captain gives orders for your release," roared Mac, "You are working out the cost of the rum now, in sleep, and you want to get all you can, too."

"I'll drive ye when ye start work again and dinna forget it."

Oaths and curses followed his remarks but to no purpose. Down went the hatch, on went the battens and then Mac and the ladies were safe again. Once ashore, they made the best speed possible, considering the weight they were carrying. To take enough rope to go to the top rescue, through a block and down again would have taken too long, as Mac guessed that they were all the time getting weaker. So only enough to reach the top was taken. Mac was deep in thought, and occasionally murmured, "No good." The boys looked at him and wondered what was the matter with him.

"No guid, no guid, no guid at all," Mac looked up suddenly and noticed the boys looking at him.

"Caught," said Jim. "I'm sorry if we were watching you," he added, "but it is not very often you talk to yourself, sir."

"No, son," replied Mac, "but how the devil are we going to get this rope to the top. I'm hanged if I know. I never like to admit defeat, but it certainly has me guessing some."

"Anyhow, if Dubbie wants rope, he must have some idea of getting it to the top; and while they were trudging along, Mac was all the while wandering and trying to solve the problem.

We must return to the Captain and two boys on the top of the mountain, because a mountain it certainly was to them. After a very careful survey by each of them, the Captain sat down and thought deeply. The boys looked at him and pitied him. They knew he was not worrying about himself, but about them, and they were right. He pictured the look of agony on their parents' faces when they heard about the loss of these two lads and the thought of what a terrible

fate these two boys had to meet. What scheme could he devise to get down? He had been thinking, thinking, thinking, but no solution to the problem came. He thought of all he had read of people who may have been in awkward circumstances and of what they had done, but could not remember a case similar to their own.

"Dam, I feel as if that fever is about me again. I suppose it's the worry. How much longer is Mac going to be. He is bound to come and look for us, anyhow. Good old Mac. Fine seaman, he is. Rotten feeling, there, it's the fever coming alright. Better tell the lads, I think, maybe it'll frighten them if I do. No, I'll wait awhile. It may pass off. Wish I had some quinine with me to steady me. Fin' building that, though new fangled. I suppose—"

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Dubbie, "what building."

"Eh! son?"

"You were talking about a building, sir." "Was I," replied the Captain. Oh! it's all right. I was wandering a little. I was thinking of a building I have seen in Italy. Dam this fever, I must not let it beat me. Those kids are in an awful pickle now, without me going mad. It's the fever. Think I had better tell them I am getting it. They would be better prepared. But what could they do if it does come. They will have to face and face me. They cannot get away. Hope they are strong enough to overpower me. In the struggle we might all go over. Yes, I'll tell them. Come here, Vic and Dubbie, rotten fix we're in, eh! If I should go—oh! never mind, we must be cheerful, eh, wait until we get to Sydney lads. We must certainly see your depot again. Jump quick, boys, these dam motorists will kill us if we are not careful. Jump, I said."

A strange look came into his eyes. Vic and Dubbie returned the stare.

"Gee," said Dubbie, "the Captain is going mad. Watch him, Vic. Each lad was waiting his chance to grab the Captain and closed in near to him."

"Don't give him a chance to swing on you," said Vic. "Down him and hold him if he cuts up rough. You remember how he tied those four coots up the first time we saw him."

"Ha, ha," laughed the captain, with a diabolical laugh.

"Well, Mac, I am taking a kindergarten to sea this trip and you will have to watch they don't fall overboard. Keep your mouth shut, Yank. Useless articles, you say. Useless articles. The worst thing you can call a man at sea and yet you call those boys that. Strange. Useless articles, Gee, Yank, I hope you never meet any of them in a scrap, you beachcomber. If ever you do, you will fancy it is the first of April and you have been made a fool again."

That awful laugh and terrible look on his

face and the boys crept closer to him all the time.

"If we can't manage to down him, hit hard to the point, Vic," said Dubbie, "and then we must tie him up, somehow. Poor old chap, he must be suffering."

Could anyone, let alone two boys, be in a worse plight than this? Marooned on top of what seemed, to them, a mountain with no hope of getting down or anyone scaling it to rescue them, and the captain, the only one they could depend on, going mad. Perhaps they would not have worried so much had they known it was only fever and would pass as quickly as it had come. After a while they thought that the Captain had really lost his reason.

"Hit him on the point," said Vic. "Nothing doing. Anyone else and a fair go, yes, but he has been good to us boys and if he gets too bad, we must master him and tie him up, but to hit him to put him out. It's impossible, Dubbie. I simply can't do it. He seems to fancy he's talking to the Yank, then he goes off about motor cars. Clout me Dubbie, and let me see if I'm dreaming. By heavens, I'm hungry. What do you do when you're adrift in an open boat or something else like that, when you start to get hungry."

"Take a hole up in your belt," said Dubbie. "We're stiff," said Vic, "neither of us has a belt on. Give me another, Dubbie."

"Blowed if I know. Chew tobacco." "Strike me lucky!" said Vic. "do you think we are in George Street, Sydney near Mick Simmons. We don't smoke, so tobacco's off. What's next on the menu."

Even although these lads were up against it and in a most terrible difficulty, they could still jest and laugh.

"Hold on," said the skipper in his madness. I'll jump, you boys follow."

"Not on your life," said Dubbie.

"Do you dare disobey me," yelled the Captain, working himself into a terrible passion. "Mutiny, you swine. I'm captain of this ship and I'll have you know it. I'm going to jump and if you don't follow me, I'll come on board again and flog the pair of you."

They edged closer to the captain. "We are not refusing duty, sir, but say we'll all go together. Link arms like—"

"Do you want to go through the boat," cried the Captain. "I thought I was making seamen out of you, not tailors."

If they could only grip him now and overpower him.

"If he in his madness jumps, God help us," said Vic.

Again that maniacal laugh.

"I wish he would not laugh like that," said Vic. "It gives me the horrors."

"Same here," said Dubbie. "Watch him



Vic."

And the Captain took his coat off and stepped back nearly to the edge of the mountain.

"30 feet run and clear 13 feet 8 inches. That's my record, boys. In the Worcester Training Ship at our sports last year I cleared 13 feet 8 inches and at only 17. I can beat that this year."

"It's a case," Vic said. Dubbie, he's gone and we've got to fix him. Hang on, Captain. What take off did you have? What run? 30 feet was the limit. You ought to know that we always jump that good-oh."

"We're in," said both the boys. "Measure the distance with us, Captain," as the got each side of him.

"Captain, yes you will all call me captain some day when I go to sea," replied the Captain. He fancied he was a boy again on the training ship.

"Mad as a hatter," said Dubbie.

They got hold of the Captain's arms and walked him to the centre as the mountain was only about 30 feet from edge to edge. It was too risky to tackle him near the edge and in the centre they had a better chance of overpowering him and were less likely to go over the cliff.

"I'll trip him," said Vic, "and try and throw him. He's tough but we've got to save him, but I won't, and you must not, hit him unless we can help it. I don't fancy the job of mastering him after what I saw when he handled that crowd in Sydney. It took four of them to get him down and there are only two of us. Wish Jim and Sid or Mac was here to help."

Again that awful laugh, and coming so suddenly that each boy let go and stood back. The Captain ran.

"God," yelled Dubbie, and flew for him. Too late, he was gone. No, Dubbie's got him. He tripped as he was going over, and Dubbie dived for his legs as his body slid over the side to drop 300 feet below. The old low tackle Dubbie had learnt for the Navy League football competition had come in handy, but the slope, the weight of the captain was pulling him over too quick. "Vic, lay on my legs. I'm going too," and as a flash, before the words were out, Vic was on top of him. "Can you hold him, Dubbie?"

"Yes-er-er-Vic, I got all-er-the flaming wind knocked out of me," he gasped.

The captain was practically hanging in mid-air, and still struggling. "Get something and bash him, Vic, or we'll both be over."

"Bash him," replied Vic; "there is not even a blade of grass here. What can I bash him with?"

"Gee, he's slipping. Keep still, you. I say, Vic, is 'cow' swearing?"

"No," said Vic.

"Right," said Dubbie, "I didn't know what to call him. Keep still, you flaming cow."

Still the captain struggled. "I wish the cow would hit his head and go unconscious."

"Hang on to him," said Vic.

"I'm hanging," said Dubbie, "and if he goes over, then we will all go home together. He wouldn't let me go if I was him, and I'm not letting him go. Gee, I'm glad we've kept up our physical jerks, eh, Vic? Steady, whoa, whoa. You called him a cow just now, and now you are yelling as if was a horse;" and the struggle continued. "Ain't he a swine? Stop trying to kick, you cow," yelled Dubbie.

"I say Dubbie," said Vic, "you saying 'cow' is that way is swearing."

"Is it?" said Dubbie. "Then I'm stiff. I've said a lot of prayers since we've been here: praying to find some way out of this, and now, if 'cow' is swearing, all the prayers I've said are squashed through this cow, and I'll have to start praying again, and if prayers would let us get out of it and whoever it may be thought of answering them and showed us a way down, he will think all the prayers I've said bunkum, and won't believe a new lot. By cri my belly is sore. Help me get back, Vic. You will have to pull two of us until I can get my toes in a crevice. Just behind my feet, then I can help a little. Go slow, Vic. If you get off me quick, then I will certainly go over. Get your heels in the crevice and pull and don't forget, Vic, you have two to move. Stop kicking, you devil, will you. Hit him now Vic, when we get him up. If you had done so before, this would not have happened."

"Too right I will," said Vic. "It's the only chance of saving his life!"

"The cramps in my hands are gone now," said Dubbie, "but my hands are numb."

"Don't lose any," said Vic, and gradually working back off Dubbie's legs and still pressing them down on the rocks, Vic slowly worked himself into a position holding Dubbie's legs awhile until he was set.

"Say when," said Dubbie, "and I will help with my elbows all I can, which won't be much. Just think, Vic, we are back on the old tug-of-war again. You are going to hurt me, but there's no way out of it. Count three, Vic, like Uncle George used to in our tug-of-war matches. Gee, I wish he was here."

"Ready," said Vic.

"Right," said Dubbie. "One, two, three. Heave. Good. We got an inch or two when you are ready again. Right, Vic? Yes, go ahead. One, two, three, heave. Good boy, Vic," said Dubbie. "I have got my toes fixed now."

"If I go back," said Vic, "I have no foothold, so what are we going to do now, Dubbie."

"Don't know. Think I'd better say another prayer."

"Not yet," said Vic, "you made a mess of the

last lot. Say when."

"Right," said Dubbie. "One, two, three, heave. Another couple of inches. He's coming, both said together. I'm glad the—gee, I nearly said 'cow' again."

"Vic, the captain is quiet now. If he only keeps quiet for another five minutes, we will have him safe. Let my leg go each side of your body, Vic, and use the same foothold."

"It will only do one more heave," said Vic. "Then we will have to try a new stunt. Ready again."

"Yes," said Vic. "Right. One, two, three, heave. About six inches that time. He's ours. We win again. Heave, heave, heave;" and that last pull brought the skipper's feet to the top."

"Take my place, Vic, while I get some feeling in my hands."

So Vic laid down flat on his stomach and held the skipper. Dubbie sat on his legs, and as well as he could, smacked his hands together to get some circulation into them. A convulsive shudder went through the captain's frame, and Vic held on. "He's starting again," said Vic.

"You can call him what you like," said Dubbie. "You haven't said any prayers."

"Don't you believe it," said Vic. "I've said my share also, but I didn't like to mention anything about it, so we are both in the same boat."

"No, I've squashed mine," said Dubbie, "by calling him a bald sister. I did not say 'cow' that time, Vic."

"No, you're right, Dubbie, but under my breath I called him more than that, but as I didn't say it loud, I'm excused I reckon and my prayers should stand."

Both laughed. Whether in desperation or to keep their spirits up so as not to admit defeat or that they were scared, none knows; but many people, although in danger and in fear, will often joke for some peculiar reason. It seems to make one at the time more brave and puts fear aside.

"Change places again," said Dubbie, "I'm right now, and you are stronger than me, I think. All set, Vic when you are ready—Right. Co. One, two, three, heave. Good. He's ours, hold him Dubbie till I get hold of his legs, and we can lift him then. Righto, Vic," said Dubbie, "hold the captain."

Dubbie got to his feet, and between them they pulled the captain back to safety once again. Safe, we say. Saved from one death to perhaps meet by starvation, thirst, or maybe go mad, and in the end all jump over the cliff. The captain wasn't sensible and seemed likely to remain so for some time, but the boys took no risks.

"How are we going to tie him up, Dubbie. Gee," looking round. "I wish Mac would come along and see us. He'll get us down somehow, and if the skipper waits again he might want to rehearse that spasm."

"I know, Vic. Tie his hands with his braces and button his coat with his arms inside. Buttons to the back. That will fix him. Take his tie off and use it to tie his feet. Good-oh!" and no sooner said than done. The captain was safely secured.

Night eventually came, and the boys, making themselves as comfortable as possible, lay down and went to sleep, to wake early and gaze steadily around every few minutes.

"Wish there was a tree or something, we could put our flannels on as a signal," said Dubbie, "but there is not even a blade of grass."

They were wringing wet with the dew and some potholes peculiar to basalt rock were all around them. The very heavy dew during the night had caused some water to run into them. Vic and Dubbie scraped the rock around the holes with their fingers until they had got all the water it was possible to get collected.

"We are not now," said Vic, "if we only had some tucker. What do you do when you are adrift in an open boat and you haven't any food?"

"Take a hole up in your belt," said Dubbie.

"Well, we have no belts, so we are stiff. By cripes, I'll wear a belt after this and look out there are plenty of holes in it to take up, I bet."

"Same here," said Dubbie. "There will be more holes in mine than there is in a colander. Gee, I wish Mac would come;" and the boys gazed earnestly around in every direction waiting for the man whom they knew would never fail them.

"Say, Dubbie, am I dreaming or is that someone moving over there?" said Vic.

"Where?" said Dubbie.

"Can't you see something or some one? Hullo, I believe that's Mac. Look, they have lit a fire," said Vic.

"Blooming niggers, I expect," said Dubbie.

"No fear," said Vic. "That's Mac. See, they have lit another fire and are working this way. By gee, I'm hungry."

"Same here," said Dubbie. "That's them, Mac and two more with him. Give him a cheer. Good old Mac;" and the boys were jumping about madly with joy.

"Captain, wake up. Sir, wake up. Sir, here's the chief mate."

"Dubbie," said Vic. "I've lost them again. Surely I saw them, and when we shouted, they seemed to disappear."

"I saw nothing," said Dubbie. "Say, Vic," said Dubbie. "Keep your head. Don't you go getting ratty the same as the skipper."

"No fear, Dubbie, but I saw someone, I'll swear."

"Wouldn't swear if I were you, Vic, unless you got some more prayers handy. You got some to the good, I know, but be careful, old chap."

"Look, Dubbie, this is no time for joking."

"No, Vic, and it's no time for going dippy, so

keep your block, because I don't know how I'm going to get your jumper over your head with your arms inside. Boy, I do not know."

"Here, I'm not dippy," said Vic.

"No, perhaps not, but you will be if you get seeing things. Strike me lucky, look, Vic: there is someone making the semaphore sign."

"Where?" said Vic.

"There, Vic."

"Take your jumper," Dubbie. "It will be easier for me presently. I tell you, I see the alphabetical sign, arms with something while there they are waving to us."

Dubbie tore his jumper off and his flannels.

"Vic, for the love of mike, give me your flannels."

"I see them," said Vic, "in that bit of clearing."

"Yes, Vic boy, we've saved; hooray!" and the signals came through, as explained in the previous chapters.

Mac, Jim and Sid arrived at the foot of the mountain with the necessary ropes, twine, and iron bar. They could not see the others from where they were at the top, so Jim went to the clearing and read the signal, and relayed it to Sid, who, with Mac, stayed at the foot to do anything that was required by those on top. The first signal came from Dubbie.

"Has Mr. Mac any idea how we are to get down?" Jim relayed to Sid.

"Not yet," answered Mac. "If you boys know any trick, for heaven's sake use it," said Mac.

"Right," said Dubbie in reply. "Ask Mr. Mac to look out for a line coming down. We are unravelling our socks which are worsted and putting some buttons on for a weight to carry it down. We are making double and knotting it here and there so that it won't unlay. We will try four trouser buttons first, each about 20 feet apart. Hope no wind comes along. When you get the worsted, tie on the sailmaker's twine and see it run clear."

"Right oh," signalled Jim, "I forgot that trick," also signalled Jim, "and we heard it often enough."

When Jim signalled Dubbie's message to Sid, Sid burst out laughing.

"What the devil's the matter with you," said Mac. "What did Jim signal, lad?"

Sid told him about unravelling the worsted socks.

"Well, I be danged. We call ourselves sailors, men, you so-called useless articles could lose us. Where did ye learn that trick?"

"At our depot, Sir, we know dozens of tricks: that a lot do not know."

"I should think you do, Sid. If I ever take on master or captain of a ship again, I'll have no other in my crew than men who have been in the Navy League and boys who belong to it."

"I told you Vic and Dubbie would get out of

this, Sir."

"You did, son, and I must apologise for doubting your ability."

Slowly and steadily, down came the worsted line. Mac tied the end of the sailmaker's twine up, and the boys gradually, slowly-oh-so slowly, hauled it to the top. At last they got hold of the twine. Next came a skein of makerel line, which all ships carry. After that the light line, and, best of all, the 2½ rope.

When Vic started to unravel the worsted sock, and Dubbie was making it into a oall, the captain woke up, and there was no more surprised man than he. He knew he had the fever, and guessed, by the way he was trussed up, he must have been violent.

"Thank heaven. The boys must have overpowered me and they don't seem to be hurt at all. I am sore. My legs and thighs," he said to himself. "I feel all skinned."

And he was. He had passed through a very rough handling, but it was not the boys' fault. They did their best under the circumstances. Anyhow, he was alive. He looked cautiously over to where the boys were, and saw Vic unravelling a sock.

"Good God, surely they are not going mad. Surely must be, or why should they be playing with a sock."

He watched carefully, and saw Vic unravel the other one, and Dubbie balled that one also. He saw them put the strand of each ball together, and haul them at frequent intervals; saw the four buttons put on and the flimsy line paid gradually over the cliff edge.

Dubbie stood up and signalled, "Our line is coming down."

"Blazes," said the captain to himself. "I would never have thought of that."

Evidently Mac or someone had found them and the young brains had solved the problem over which he had worried and had brought on the fever. He saw the lads were intent on their work of getting the line down, and did not speak. He was afraid he might startle them, and perhaps snap the line—their one chance of rescue—but he fervently thanked heaven he had brought this kindergarten to sea. Kindergarten. "Great scott," The kindergarten had proved more resourceful than he, with all his sea training. Then he saw the twine, the line, then the rope, and best of all, a heavy steel bar. Now he thought it was time to speak. Softly he said, "Well done, boys."

Both Dubbie and Vic looked round and saluted.

"I'll return that, boys, when you untie me."

"Nothing doing, Sir. You might dive for the edge again and Dubbie has no bark on his knees and legs now."

"Did I dive for the edge?"

"You dived over, but Dubbie was our star Rugby League player in the company, and he got your legs as you went over. We had a cow of a job getting your back, Sir, but we're all here anyhow so we won't talk about that again, Sir."

"Please heaven," sighed the captain.

"We are not untying you, Sir, until the goods are delivered to Mr. Mac, who is waiting the consignment down below, and it has to be delivered in good order and condition."

"Is Mac here?" asked the skipper.

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, you can take this coat off. I am all right now."

"It's like this, Sir, you are not strong enough, and we are. We are going to lower you down, then one of us goes next, and the last one goes down and takes the rope with him, cos' Mr. Mac would go crook if he should lose it."

"You have it long enough to double it, eh?"

"Oh, no, Sir, only about 30 feet to spare." So Jim signalled, "Take the rope down with you."

"Hope you are not getting light-headed, son."

"Not light-headed, Sir, though they do sometimes call me 'Bluey.' The last one has to take the rope down, so that's all about it. Tied up, you cannot struggle, Sir, and if you go dippy again on the way down, you can't play up."

So around two pinpoints about a foot high, they wound the rope, and made a sling for the captain, tying him in, so that it was impossible to fall out. They made a cert of it, and the captain smiled to himself. They carefully lowered him over the rock, and directly he was clear he noticed some scratching on the face of the cliff.

"What's these marks, Vic?"

"Oh, they're only the mess you made when you dived over."

The captain closed his eyes and muttered a prayer.

"All right, Sir?"

"Yes, lads, but, as captain, before you lower me, remember it's my honor to leave a ship last, when all are safe as possible."

"That's right, Sir, but this ain't a ship. It's a cow of a rock," said Dubbie.

"More prayers," sang out Vic.

"Oh, goah. Forgot again, I apologise. Come back all I said, especially the cow part."

Steadily the two boys lowered the skipper, never once taking their eyes off the rope going over the edge, and watching that it did not chafe. Slow, slow, very slow, and eventually the line became slack. The captain had landed on the bottom. Up went the rope, and down came the twine and light line.

"Am afraid Mac is going to lose about 20 feet of rope," said Vic.

"Yes," said Dubbie, "unless we can whip the

end ere we get down."

They made the rope well fast round the rock, formed bits of cleat, and put a good sheep shank in long eyes in the two ends and with the sharp point of the iron bar, they chopped the standing part off the sheep shank in two, tying it lightly by a little bit of twine they had broken off before sending it down.

"I'll hold the sheep shank till you get over, Dubbie," said Vic, "and when you are set and she is taut, I will come over, too, and we'll go down together. Not scared, Dubbie?"

"Scared? What rot. I'm not a kid. We must take it easy. We know the sheep shank will hold. We've done this trick before. Wonder if Mac knows it, eh?"

"I bet he does. Right, Dubbie?"

"Yes, Vic."

"Good oh."

Dubbie climbed carefully over.

"Got the sheep shank, Dubbie?"

"All A1, Vic. Come on."

"Good oh."

Over went Vic, and the two lads slid slowly down. Each twined his leg round the rope and slid down as easily as if they were playing at the depot, stopping now and again and making no haste. They were too cute for that. At last Dubbie's feet touched the ground, and, soon after, Vic landed too. When Jim saw they had started down he dashed for the foot of the mountain, and all shook hands, but did not speak. The strain had been too great. Mac dived his hand in his capacious pocket, and brought out some biscuits and handed them to the boys. The skipper was untied, sitting down, and looking very pale.

Mac, in his anxiety, had forgotten to pass the captain some biscuits. Seeing that the captain was not eating; he was as hungry as them they knew.

"You have forgotten the captain, Mr. Mac."

"Hae ye teaching me my duty, son?"

"No, Sir, we apologise."

"I could think of nothing but you," said Mac.

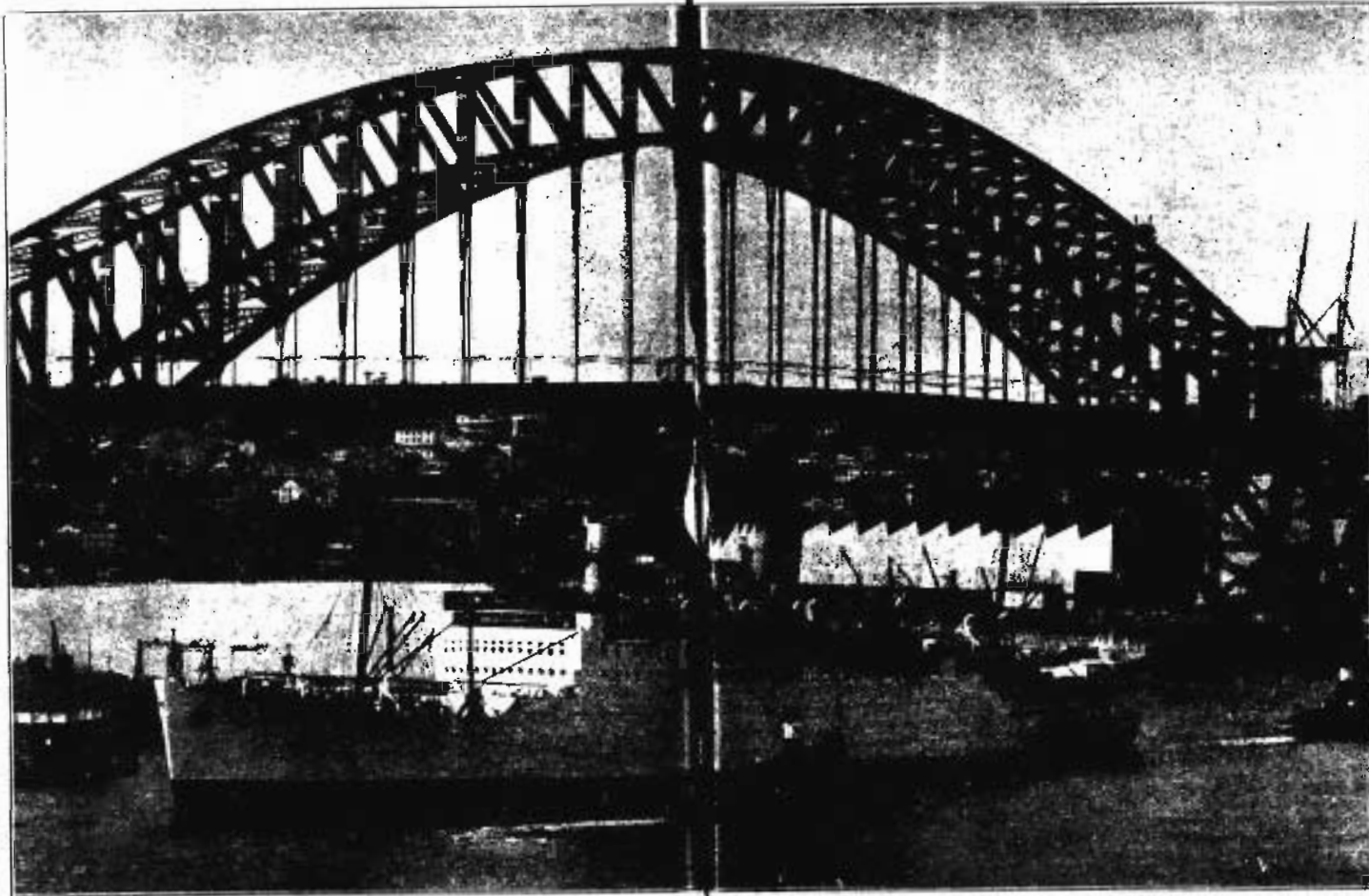
Mac passed the captain some, and after the captain, who had stood up, had sat down, the lads sat down, and together they had something to eat. No bread, dinner or in fact any meal they had ever tasted, like those biscuits.

"Ye God's, a feed for a millionaire," said Vic.

"Wonderful, bosker," was all the lads could say.

The captain occasionally looked up toward the top of the cliff and murmured, "My God, My God." He could fancy himself falling, falling from that terrible height and these lads had saved him. Would he ever forget it or them? Never, to his dying day, nor Mac either. Mac kept on saying, "Don't eat so fast, two days' fast."

# R. M. S. Strathnaver



The P. and O. Liner Strathnaver (9,000 tons; 664ft over all)

# THE NAVY LEAGUE SEA CADET CORPS

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Sea Cadet Corps?  
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for particulars



For the BOY, AUSTRALIA and the EMPIRE

## Quarterly Notes and News

### COMMANDANT JOURNAL REPORT (Commandant S. Cooper, S.S.D.)

The Navy League still forges ahead. Good news from Victoria in that they have finally decided to launch out in the beginning of the New Year with cadets.

Very cheering news from Auckland, Canada and England. Mr. S. J. Lea-Wilson is still unbuttoning his pockets. The latest advice is an Efficiency Cup to Drummoyne Football Shield and Cricket Shields having so many functions for Saturdays & cricket competition is a bit on the air. Anyhow it is much better to be busy than not. The Ball was a success, both socially and financially, and the support given to the League on that occasion proves, despite the dep. (I nearly said depression), the League still have friends who think of us occasionally. The Ball has been the means of the welfare committee forming a general welfare committee, whose first meeting takes place in January, and we certainly hope and feel that great good will come of it. Enthusiasm, instead of being on the wane, is generally on the up-grade.

#### SNAPPER ISLAND.

Site for Training Depot.

Snapper Island, which is almost within a stone's throw of Cockatoo Dock and Spectacle

Island, has been leased for 15 years by the "Sydney" training depot of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, New South Wales. The island is now being levelled off, and when this has been done the three-storied signal station, 85ft. x 45ft., now standing on 47 Carey Street Drummoyne, will be taken down and re-erected on the island, along with the amateur transmitting and receiving station, which has been in operation for the past two or three years. Tennis courts, swimming baths, and miniature rifle ranges will be installed. Accommodation will be provided for about 150 boys, which is twice the number that has been in training at the old depot.

The depot maintains a fleet of nine boats, including two motor launches, and its property is valued at £1750. It will cost only £2 a year for rent of Snapper Island, as against about £100 for the present depot.

On Saturday afternoon the ceremony of unfurling the first flag on the site of the new training depot at Snapper Island, was performed by Mrs. J. Payne, wife of the manager of the Cockatoo Dock, in the presence of a gathering of friends and well-wishers.

Mr. Forsyth, who has been in charge of the depot for years, said the new depot would be a memorial to H.M.A.S. Sydney.



THE CEMETARY ON ARMISTICE DAY.

Many solemn services were held in and around Sydney on Armistice Day, but the principal one took place at the Cenotaph in Martin Place, where thousands of citizens took part in the ceremony of Australian soldiers and sailors who were killed in the Great War. Our photograph shows the thousands of people gathered there, and the Cenotaph in the background. The service was held in the afternoon, and the weather was very fine. The service was held in the afternoon, and the weather was very fine. The service was held in the afternoon, and the weather was very fine.

### DRUMMOYNE NOTES.

Contributed by Mr. J. Joel.

The day for which the officers and cadets of the "Sydney" training depot have been patiently, but eagerly, awaiting ever since work commenced on our new training depot at Snapper Island, took place on the afternoon of Saturday, the 7th of November, when Mrs. Payne, wife of the Superintendent of Cockatoo Island and ardent supporter of the sea cadet movement, unfurled the first flag of the new depot before a large number of shipping and naval dignitaries, members of the press, and parents and friends of the cadets.

A routine was arranged for the day that gave all the visitors a keen insight into the workings of a well-regulated Navy League depot, such as, boats away under sail and oars, signalmen on duty, knotting and drill squads at work and cadets performing numerous other duties.

At the conclusion of the ceremony boats con-

veyed our visitors back to our present depot where they were entertained at afternoon tea, followed by a spread for the officers and cadets.

At the present, all our efforts are entirely concentrated on the completion of our new depot, and as a result we have not been able to compete in as many boat races as we would have otherwise liked to, but the old axiom, "one job at a time," and when that is finished we will rise out of our racing lethargy and hope to compete against many of our respected rivals.

I would like to include in this report the appreciation which we feel is due to two of our very hardest manual labourers, who have worked with untiring energy on the island ever since work commenced, and that is Messrs. Johnston and Spillane. These two gentlemen, who have practically devoted every spare moment that came their way, to work of the very hardest variety, can be assured that their kindly actions are certainly appreciated by the entire complement of the "Sydney" training depot.



## MANLY COMPANY.

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

The Company reports that everything is A1. Cadets visited Peters' American Delicacy Co. The visit was very interesting. The management of Peters' Ice Cream Co. ate to be congratulated on the efficient and very clean Staff and Factory they possess.

The Depot on the Manly Amusement Pier is O.K. Many Companies have visited us, and we are pleased to have them on week-ends whenever we are in Depot.

The fine dance floor is an attraction to many of our visitors.

Parents and supporters held a meeting on the 8th December. Mr. Doodson, 1st Officer, presented a Gorse to be raffled on the 19th Dec. to supplement Company funds.

Messdames Hopkins, Grenvold, Doodson, Broadbent, Hermes, Attwater, Hunt, Hon. J. B. Sattor, Messrs. Bates, Doodson. We hope to form a large Committee and active one for 1932.

First Officer Doodson has proved a very enthusiastic worker and made arrangements for the Cadets to inspect the "H.M.A.S. Albatross." He also completed a very fine knot board and instructional compass.

Seven Hills Company held a Dance, and were very successful. The "Victory Company" should be a great success.

Manly is improving in efficiency and numbers also in support.

The Hon. Archdale Parkhill, M.H.R., donated £1/1/- toward a Gig. William Cooper, Esq., 7/6. A. E. Hermes, Esq., £1/1/-.

We regret to hear that the Hon. Archdale Parkhill has been suffering from indifferent health, and wish him success in the forthcoming elections. The Directors of Manly Amusement Pier are to be thanked for their support and by assisting the Navy League they are indirectly assisting a number of charitable institutions who use our Depot occasionally for social card evenings.

We have a new set of sails for the Senior Cadet and will carry about 175 square feet of canvas. Manly conclude wishing all supporters the best of luck in 1932.

## NEWCASTLE COMPANY.

(Contributed by R. McCulloch, Leut.-Com. N.L.)

The Newcastle Company celebrated its first birthday last August. The temporary depot was turned into a miniature harbour, in which several ships of the line were at anchor. The H.M.A.S. Canberra, flagship of the squadron, rode proudly at the top of the depot. The other ships were Albatross, Australia, Anzac, Parramatta, and Sydney. The ships in reality were the tables.

Each table had its masts and funnels, its guns and its turrets, but its decks instead of being "cleared for action," were heaped up with good things to eat. The fangs of the guns had been drawn for the night, and they seemed to frown angrily on the gaiety around.

There were 200 people present on this occasion. Commander A. Way (Consul-General for Roumania), patron of the Company, presented the gold medals to the cadets who took part in the "Fairfax Flag" competition. Commander Way has been a tower of strength to our Company and is ever ready to help in any way.

One of the most important functions at the birthday, was to make Mrs. Way our Godmother, and we are all proud of her. Our Welfare Committee meet every month and are indeed an energetic band of workers.

We are very fortunate in regaining the services of Sister Thompson, who is conducting a first aid class. The cadets are showing great interest in this work. We are now in the fortunate position to go ahead with our boxing and when a glove connects with a jaw, we are able to fix it.

A Bugle Band has been formed in the Company and has been found valuable on our monthly route marches.

A monthly Church Parade has been held since the formation of our Company and the attendance has been excellent.

Through the support of Mr. P. Connolly, M.L.A., the Public Works Department have signified their willingness to lease a block of land on the southern wave trap, for a period of seven years at a rental of £1 per year.

We were to have opened our depot last month, but building operations have been held up owing to a search being made for title deeds of the land. When this is settled, building operations will begin immediately.

It was proposed to hold a Navy League week during the month of October, but owing to the depression it was thought advisable to cancel it till next year.

A very successful moonlight excursion was held last month and it certainly put our Company on the map. The Welfare Committee have been running a monthly social for the building fund. A successful bridge party was held at the home of our Godmother towards this object.

New recruits are coming along every parade, and there are now over 100 cadets in the Company.

The Newcastle Company extends a hearty invitation to any of the Sydney Companies who would like to hold their Christmas Camp at Newcastle.

The junior branch of the League is still going from strength to strength and the general efficiency is very good.

EASTERN SUBURBS.  
"Nelson" Training Depot.

The Cadets of the above are progressing most favorably.

It is believed that their whaler is the most overworked boat in the League—rain, hail or sunshine.

Speaking about rain and hail, the boys were all out to it that cyclonic afternoon of the Sydney Flying Squadron's Regatta at Clark Island, rescuing damaged eighteen footers and towing them to safety, cyclone, hailstorm and lightning, going for the lick of their lives, with all the joy of youth. Inspiration and perspiration.

It is believed that the O.C. is overworked, too, but he likes it! O.C. to ordinary Seamen are like fish out of water when not in their "Fairfax." She gets their constant care,—washing, polishing and painting her; they can't leave her alone, either sailing her or sprucing her up.

On a fast trip when homeward bound one afternoon a leading seaman was heard to say to a new recruit: "Say there can't you see the fin is on fire?" With consternation in his eyes this salt-to-be was enlightened, that the fin rushing through the water had caused it to run red hot, but he woke up to that leading hand when ordered to salute a dead marine. When going through his salutes and marks of respect.

Now, like Nelson, he cannot see, even the seaplane, (see plain.)

Speaking about Nelson that's what we have decided to call our depot. Perchance a young Nelson may slip out some day. Who knows?

We are increasing! Holy smoke where will we put them? Now all you kind hearted and generous people, Knights and Commoners, our O.C. wants another boat to put them all in. We want every cadet to have the sailing sense, and we want you to have the sense of satisfaction in giving a helping hand—write out your cheque, you will be relieved.

A guard of honor will be provided if necessary.

## VAUCLUSE COMPANY.

This Company like many others is feeling the effect of the depression, but we still have good hopes and wishes for the New Year. This company have again moved their depot to a more convenient place called Signal House, which is situated near the Signal Station, we have a beautiful view of Sydney Heads and of the Harbour. Owing to the lack of funds we have not yet placed the gig in commission, but are hoping to get enough money after Xmas, from Bridge and Supper Parties, which are now being organised. We are hoping during the holidays to go camping. Vauclose wishes all other companies A Merry Xmas and A Happy New Year.

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## MELBOURNE

# "VICTORY" COMPANY, SEA CADETS, SEVEN HILLS.

Contributed by G. W. T. Laverack, Actg. C.O.

This company is moving, tho' not so fast as we would desire. We have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Waddell, an Ex-Warrant Officer of the R.N., as a First-Officer, and he has already been a great help to the company. At a meeting of the committee Mr. Burrell, of Wentworthville, was elected chairman, and Mr. F. Smith, of Seven Hills, secretary and treasurer.

Trafalgar Day was duly observed, and a Parade Service was held in the Sunday at St. Andrew's Church, Seven Hills, when the Rector gave an address on Nelson's motto, "England Expects Every Man to do His Duty." During the service, a new company flag—the Blue Ensign—was dedicated. Afterwards the flag was ceremonially hoisted on the flagstaff. There was a good attendance of cadets, and we were favoured with the presence of Lieut. Commr. Solomon, O.C., of the Manly Company, and Junior Officer Dunsdale, whose interest in the new company we would again gratefully acknowledge. On December 5th a successful dance was held in St. John's Hall, Carrara, in aid of the Boat Fund. It is obvious that little progress can be made until a boat has been secured. Then interest will be aroused and maintained.

In such a large district, of which Seven Hills is the centre, and in proximity to the Parramatta River, a strong company ought to be able to be organised. We have hopes that our ambitions in this direction will be realised at no distant date.

## THE BIRTH OF THE NAVY.

By R. McDougall.

The British Navy! Magic words to thrill the heart of every Englishman and every English boy.

The beginnings of the great Service of to-day were small enough, so small, in fact, that the early history is based largely on stories, some of them as legendary as the famous story of King Alfred and the cakes!

## THE SEA RAMPART.

Living in an island fastness, the sea forming, as they imagined, an impregnable rampart against outside foes, the wood-stained inhabitants of our islands dwelt secure from attack, secure to carry on their tribal wars in peace!

The Phoenicians, merchants from the Near East, came, traded and went away, leaving perhaps the germs of the idea which led to the Navy to-day.

## THE COMING OF THE ROMANS.

Then came the Romans, and the ancient Briton heard of fighting on the sea, for the Roman fleets did battle with pirates and even with each other, as revolutions mapped the strength of the Roman Empire.

It is not difficult to picture a naval engagement

of those days, when the long sweep of the slaves oars brought the big ships into actual conflict.

One can imagine the terrible ordeal of the galley slaves of those days chained to their seats what time the lash of the whip urged them into renewed effort.

Through across their bare shoulders and the monotonous voice of the Roman who called the time of the stroke and urged them on to greater efforts with his voice.

In these ancient ship-to-ship engagements, should disaster befall, the slave, still chained, would sink to his watery doom or fall the victim to the enemy's ram when the wooden sides of his craft were striven in.

The Saxons followed Rome, and Danes the Saxons, each invading our islands from the sea and each in turn abandoning the sea in favour of the ease and prosperity they found in the conquered land.

Each race in turn brought sea knowledge and sea instinct with it, laying the seed which has borne fruit in the Island Empire of to-day.

## THE FATHER OF OUR NAVY.

But the naval spirit was not born yet; the sea was looked upon still as a protecting barrier against the enemy, and even the invaders, successful as they were, looked upon the ship merely as a transport to enable the army to reach the enemy. But the raids on our islands continued, and the very need of self-preservation awoke the dormant sea spirit to overthrow the raiders before they could get foothold.

It was Alfred the Great, who has been called the Father and Founder of the British Navy, who seems to have realized first the possibility of defeating the invader before ever they could land. Not disturbed by early disaster and defeat King Alfred, if the story is to be believed, built a fleet of ships twice the size and of an entirely different design to those employed by the Frisians and the Danes in their raids upon our shores.

## THE FIRST FIGHTING SHIPS.

The idea of meeting the enemy upon the sea and destroying them there was born. Alfred built fighting ships, with which to meet the enemies' transports; the attack on the sea had become possible, and the Navy, vastly different as it was from that of to-day, was founded indeed.

But though the foundation was laid, naval history shows by no means an unbroken record of efficiency and success. Times of comparative freedom from invasion followed and, when the islanders were faced with the biggest danger they had known, a crisis which changed the whole history of these islands, such navy as there was lay at Sandwich, only to be disbanded before William the Norman set sail. Pictures of the Conqueror's fleet of some seven hundred vessels, full of soldiers and unprepared for battle at sea, and imagine the havoc which would have resulted from an attack by Alfred's fighting ships. But who would say that victorious Norman and conquered Britain had not learned at last the importance of sea power!

## EXPLANATION ACCEPTED.

John Citizen States his Case.

Dear Sir,

For the following reasons I am unable to send you the cheque for which you ask.

I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked upon, sat upon, flattened out, and squeezed by the Income Tax, the Endowment Tax, the Motor Tax, the Super Tax, the Sales Tax, the Wages Tax, the Tobacco Tax, the Beer Tax, the Spirit Tax, the Amusement Tax, and by every society, organisation, and club that the inventive mind of man can think of, to extract what I may or may not have in my possession.

The Government has governed my business till I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined; informed, required, and commanded; so that I don't know who I am, where I am, or why I am here at all.

All that I know is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every need, desire, or hope of the human race, and because I will not go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I am cursed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied about, held up, hung up, rung up, robbed and damned-well ruined.

The only reason why I am clinging to life at all is to see what the hell is going to happen next.

Yours,

John Citizen.

## NAUTICAL NONSENSE

(Continued by S.C.)

A seaman who left H.M.S. "Powerful" in 1908 finishing his twelve years' service, looked round for a job and managed to strike one; to drive a fruit van. Knowing nothing about horses, Sydney traffic regulations or fruit dealing, he soon found himself in some very awkward positions, as the reader will see later. He applied about 4 p.m., and not being required that day, was told to start in the morning at 2 a.m. to go to the Fruit Market for fruit.

He went round to a pal of his whom he knew understood horses, and asked him to come down and put him wise how to harness the horse, and put it in the shafts. When his pal heard the name of the place he was to work, he laughed quietly to himself and thought, "There will be something doing here, this particular animal had rather a bad name of being a bit of an outlaw, and there was . . .

Over went Jack's friend. "Get over," he

Paint now with . . .

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yelled; as he went in the stable accompanied by a thump in the ribs of the mare as it turned out to be, made her get over. He was not in any way careful, but bullied the mare all the time.

"Get over. Whoa! Get up! Whoa back!"

These orders came out with a harsh rasping voice, with a thump now and then, occasionally.

The mare was harnessed and put in the shafts, Jack taking particular notice how everything went, not wishing to appear dull in learning anything. When she was unharnessed, his pal said to him, "Going to have a go?"

"Oh! No, replied Jack. I'm set. It's not half so hard as rigging a cutter or whaler for sailing the first time you do it."

His mate said to himself, "I bet cutters and whalers, or whatever you call them, don't kick like that mare does, anyhow."

Jack woke at 1 a.m., so, to have plenty of time, hurriedly washed, dressed, and went over to the stable.

He did not wish to wake the neighbourhood up by yelling or making unnecessary noise, so he quietly got the cart out and then went into the harness room and got the winkers down. Going to the mare's head, he got them slightly mixed and had a hard job to find out how they went on. In fact, for a long time, he couldn't find the place where she was to look through. They seemed all holes, straps, and buckles, but twisting them this way and that, he eventually found how they were to go on, but the next thing was to get her to look through them so that he could get them on. When he tried, she simply lifted her head so high that Jack could not reach up high enough. Several times he tried, but at last he got hold of her ear and pulled it down, nearly got them on, but a violent shake, and it was off again. Jack got disgusted. He went into the box-yard and got a gin-case to stand on. Just as he got her to look through the winkers to his satisfaction, she shook her head and commenced to jump round. Over went the box, down went Jack, and the box falling near her heels; bang, went two hoofs and the box went flying through the door. During this spasm, Jack was sitting rubbing his shin,

and the look on his face when he saw that box travelling through the door at the rate of 50 knots per minute, was a study.

"Gee," he said, "if I'd been on that box when she let go, I reckon I would have met myself coming back from the market again."

He had no thought of bluffing the mare or letting her see he was boss, so therefore, she played the bluff on Jack. He was now on his mettle, and he was determined to harness her whether she liked it or not. Back he went with the winkers, and whizz—two hoofs met him. Turning to duck out of the stable, bang, went those hoofs again, this time catching Jack fair and hard on the stern sheets, and away he sailed the same way as the box. Back rushed Jack, and crack, he hit her with the winkers. Whizz, went those hoofs again. Crack, again went Jack's winkers and those hoofs came faster and faster until Jack decided to retire.

He tried time and time again to get into the stable and each time he tried to go in, she moved over from side to side, first one way and then the other, keeping him well and truly out of the stable, and those hoofs were doing overtime. He sat down and tried to think of some other tactic to defeat this move on the part of the mare, when he thought of the boxes. He grabbed two, and stealing quietly up, he flung them to the end near the manger. Back again and two more went in. Back again and he continued to fling those boxes in until he had the boxes piled up as high as her back. Climbing over the top of them, got to her head and by sheer force and hard work, he managed to get the winkers on. He was well satisfied with his handiwork. Out he goes and gets the harness, flinging it on her back. She jumped about a bit, but Jack managed to do up the girth and belly-band.

"I'm set," said Jack, but when taking a final look round before backing her out he suddenly discovered that the standing bowline (crupper), was not under her tail. The bowline (rupper), sort that did not unbuckle made it a problem to get on.

"Gee," said Jack. "I wish that blooming bowline went on the bows instead of the stern, and it's the blunt end that kicks. Of course, it's bound to have to go on that end, but on it's going. It wouldn't be there if it wasn't wanted."

But how to get her tail through was a tough proposition. "If it was only a running bowline," thought Jack, "and big enough; I could lead her through it and pull it tight after, or perhaps open it out and back her into it. Anyhow, here goes."

He grabbed her tail and she closed down like vice. Eventually he decided to reeve the end through, stand on the boxes, and give a mighty pull getting it through that way. No thought of undoing the belly-band, girth, and sliding the saddle back, came to Jack. At last he got the

end of her tail through. She danced about a bit, but Jack was standing on the boxes, which were on one side of her, and the side of the stall on the other. She could not get away and, so far, she had been reasonably quiet. Everything ready, "heave," he said, at the same time giving a mighty pull. The cyclone then occurred. The mare decided the game was getting too rough. She kicked, and down fell Jack. Bang, bang, went those hoofs, and it seemed as if an earthquake had happened. The pile of boxes Jack was standing on, toppled over. Biff—out went a box. Bang—out went another. Bang, bang, then thud, and out went Jack. Then those boxes flew past him and around him like bullets from a Lewis gun. Jack was not only hurt aft, but he was kept busy dodging those flying boxes like a champion boxer dodging the blows of an opponent. Jack picked himself up and murmured, "'Struth,' who unchained that d—d earthquake."

The mare was still going for her life as her tail was in a bight and not properly rove through the bowline. Eventually out came the last of the boxes.

His pal, living a few doors away, hearing the noise, jumped out of bed and ran to Jack's assistance. Jack was standing amidst the boxes looking at the mare, and said musingly, "Treat dumb animals kind! Well, if that swine's dumb, she more than makes up for it in another way. If I did not know it was a horse by the number of feet she seemed to have, I would have took her for a blooming overgrown centipede when she's busy."

Jack's pal dashed in and seeing the wreckage, sang out, "What's up Jack, a southerly buster?"

"Oh! no," said Jack. "A southerly buster would only be a light breeze, compared with the wind I made when that four-footed lump of chain lightning booted me through the door. Nineteen boxes I put in there, and after she kicked me out, she banged them out like bullets and hit me with eighteen of 'em. By gee, I'm sore."

"Sore. Where?" asked his pal.

"Where?" said Jack. "If there's any part not sore, then it don't belong to me. That cow can boot a box as straight as a gun barrel, and it didn't matter where I ducked, she met me with another flaming box."

"I was just wondering if the goat who invented 'Be kind to animals week,' would care to come along and harness this mare up. If he did, I reckon he'd start another society and it wouldn't be kind to animals, either."

"What happened," asked his pal. "Did she clear decks for action?"

"No," said Jack. "She cleared ship for battle, away life-boat crew, and fire-stations all in the one evolution. Cripes, she's a corker and when she's busy, she seems to have more feet than an octopus."

# Told at One Bell

## DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

(By Dan.)

Pincher and the mess bay, Jimmy Smigget, had cleared away what was left of the burnt offering No. 13 drum had had for dinner, and after giving Jimmy instructions what to order for dinner for the following day, proceeded on deck to line up for the bubbly.

While the usual preparations were in progress, mixing up the juice, etc., Pincher was interested in Billy, the ship's goat, performing various kinds of tricks with a young middy. If you held your hand out horizontal about the height of Billy's head, he would charge it; withdraw your hand smartly and invariably Billy's head came in contact with the bulkhead. The middy, observing Tubby Smith, P.O. of the day, in a bending attitude mixing up the rum, couldn't resist the temptation of waving his hand behind Tubby's stern quarters.

The goat stepped back, raised himself on his hind quarters, and plunged. The middy withdrew his hand and the goat's head and Tubby's stern sheets came in contact. The "laugh" was as good as a circus. With the aid of the ship's steward, Pincher pulled him out of the rum cask with his beaver and head drenched with rum. The 1st Lt., who had witnessed this, couldn't suppress a smile whilst rebuking the middy for his unseemly conduct. Tubby, with the aid of a stoker's sweat rag, was soon himself again, and started serving out the bubbly. In his excitement, instead of giving Pincher 6 pints, he gave him 8 in mistake.

Pincher hurried away in case he found out the mistake, and made his way down to mess bursting to tell them about the goat. The way he entered the mess, laughing, was sufficient proof Pincher had something important to impart to his messmates who had gathered round eager for the news, which caused another outburst of laughs.



"That's the second time to-day," exclaimed Wiggie Bennett. "I can see that goat disappearing mysteriously over the side yet. I saw a dockyard matie walking the upper deck, just outside the galley, this morning, and his nibs, the goat, rammed him astern causing his beak to come in contact with the deck. You should have seen that matie. He picked up his mallet and flung it at the retreating goat, missed him, and hit a stoker fair across the bows as he was coming up the hatchway. "More laughter."

Pincher agreed with him, but didn't let on about the extra two pints he scored out of the transaction. He started serving out each man's allowance.

While this was going on, Jimmy Smigget, was in a fix (biting his pencil). Pincher had told him to order tapioca for the morrow. Ordering was one thing, but spelling was another, so he appealed to Pincher for the correct way to spell tapioca.

"Do you mean to tell me you can't spell tapioca?" exclaimed Pincher. "I can see you never went in for your intermediate. T-a-b-b-y o-k-e-r," spells out Pincher.

Pincher could see at once that there was something wrong with his vocabulary by the uproar he caused in the mess, which placed him in queer street.

"Well, if you can't spell tapioca, then put down r-i-s-e for rice. That's easier," which sent the mess into convulsions of laughter.

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Pincher, realising that he had made a proper mess of things, passed it off by taking a long swig of bubbly. Beckoning to Wiggie Bennett to take up a position at the head of the table, and to share the extra rum. Wiggie was Pincher's pen pusher and confidential clerk in all his love affairs, and being Thursday make-and-mend day had ample time to impart to each other their domestic troubles. The difference between the two was that Wiggie was very much married, and after helping themselves to the flowing liquid, Wiggie suggested that they wait until the messmates had cleared off on deck to get their heads down for the much-needed afternoon's rest.

"You know, Pincher, I hate to be disturbed when writing. It fills me with an anguish that cries to Heaven for fire and brimstone with nobis on."

"I often wonder how many poor flatfoots in a home port are situated as I am. My wife and I have picked up stations in a room. Surry Hills way. She dotes on it. I pay for it. Our landlady is called Mrs. Swift, and can't she Shift Guinness, too. She is not fitted with her own means of ignition. She borrows my matches instead and keeps them. She has a slavey who counts every piece of coal my missus extracts from the last sack I paid for, and wriggles odd coppers out of me for the blooming gas meter. When my landlady passes me it seems as if a brewer's dray has gone by."

"My Missus plays hit and giggle with the slavey. She might as well be in her hammock. All three conspire to disturb me when writing, which makes my blood boil with the indignation of a Chinese chicken."

"The other night, my fountain pen having misfired for the second time, I borrowed the landlady's. What a capture? Was like a post office boat hook. When I had settled down to write in quietness, Mrs. Swift trotted into my room about as gentle as a dockyard horse."

"I don't want to disturb you," she said, banging on the table, upsetting the ink on a couple of flower pots, "but don't you lose that pen. I always keep it for holding the window up. It belonged to my old man's grandfather, Cooking Chum. He used to use it up the range when he was qualifying for a bow and arrow course."

"How interesting, now, Mrs. Swift, I am very busy. If you don't mind, etc."

"If you don't like it you can jump it," said the lady, turning up her nose. Bounded out of the room, and went down the stairs like a traction engine, muttering something unintelligible as she

went.

"I sighed with relief and seized my pen again: but two minutes later, the son bounds in on a scooter. 'Oh, Mr. Scribbler, what's the name of a place in the tropics where the climate never alters in your letters.'"

"Hell, I said in a hurry."

"Oh, thanks so much," said the delighted urehln, running from the room. 'You're a marvel, you are. I'll always consult you in future.'"

"Once again I started and a moment later in comes the slavey with a bucket, mop, squeegee, vent bit rimer and the other implements of torture. When she saw me she dropped the whole wash deck locker."

"Oh, Lor," she screamed. The fright you gave me."

"Thanks, I said. Return the compliments. 'Oh, my 'art! Oh, my 'art, she gasped. I'm sure I've changed over dynamo. Are you busy writing.'"

"No, I was just cleaning my teeth with a pig's foot."

"Ho! You think you are funny, I suppose. The only thing funny about you is your bloomin' dial."

"People who live in glass houses should never throw stones, I said. Did the tram leave the line when it hit you?"

"Here, Mr. Scribbler, I didn't come here to be insulted. I've come here to clean this room, hump your barrow and top your boom, she yelled, at the same time rolling up her sleeves. Commenced pulling up the carpet and cackling all the time, distributing tea leaves from a tin all over the floor like a chief buffer sprinkling sand."

"Ye gods, I groaned, grant just one hour's peace to the son of my father and I will sacrifice to thee a pair of night clothing trousers."

"The dust must be kept down, she snapped. Oh, by the way, I saw your wife when I was out. She was in her lemon coloured beige kaasha over her satin marocain, with the crepe-de-chine trimmings and the turquoise—"

"She was in what, I roared, seizing a spanner. Villainess, I roared, take those damned hairpins out of your mouth and explain. Good Heavens, woman, surely my Missus would never go to a place like that."

"I've no hairpins in my mouth, you blind donkey. Can't you see I'm bobbed; and look here, don't you villainess me. I won't have it, she stamped, as she filled my ear with tea leaves."

"In comes the dockyard horse, wanting to know the cause of all the noise."

"Mrs. Swift, I began, for the last two hours I have been trying to write, but might as well try and say bubbly with my mouth full."

"Look here, young man, said the landlady, you're too big for your shoes. You think you are clever, you think you're somebody, you do. But don't forget I'm two or three of them myself."

"At this time the Missus came into the room, beaming with a parcel in her hand. Hello Wig., she says, I just met Nobby Clark and he gave me a lovely present for you. A bottle of whisky."

"Whisky, gasped the slavey, capsizing a cartload of tea leaves down my neck."

"After a bath and another shift of clothes, I gave up all idea of writing."

"It is like Nobby's chuck, sending me a bottle of whisky to me, I said. He knows very well a box of chocolates is more in my line. Or a banana said the missus."

"In any case, it is very good whisky, says Mrs. Swift, after taking a double barrel swig and wiping her gills on my blotting pad."

"I thought it I was to get any, I had better get in quick. So I imbibed sufficient to give me courage to ask the wife where she had been putting in the time whilst out."

"Oh, she said, I called at Mrs. Clark's place and we went out to Moore Park and we learned to play rugby. We had a lovely game; awfully exciting in the scrum, she said."

"Well, you know, Pincher, marriage is all right, but it's a bit of a drawback when your wife takes to rugby football. You know, I don't mind the Missus playing the game, nor do I mind her playing in the ladies' team, but I do object when she brings the game to bed with her. As she dreams of nothing else but rugby, I am at present attending the sick bay. Coming home after a hard day's graft, I have picked up soundings on the fender more than once. I must congratulate her to-day, because last night she played the game of her life. I felt very happy when I saw her sleeping so peacefully. Oh, thank Heavens, I sighed, there'll be no match to-night. Five minutes later the match started. Quick, Roste, she gasped, mark that cat with the salmon knickers and pearl green fringe—quick. I don't like the ribbons on that stuck-up three-quarter, common looking thing—quick, pass—forward—take it. I sustained a fracture of my collar bone from the hot water bottle (will you let me sleep, I groaned). Quick, lineout—scrum up, quick. (Let go my—ear, I roared), wheel left—right, pass go it, hurrah, she yelled, tearing the flannel off my back. With a fearful oath, I turned my back on her and curled myself up."

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"Over—on the line, got it, try, she screamed. I'll take the place kick, Lily. Watch me put it between the posts. Hold it up a bit. That's right, stand by—biff!"

"Away went my cholera belt and only pair of pyjamas between the bed post, I finished the night on the rug, coiled up in my oilskin. Now, Pincher, think of my troubles and trials I have had to contend with before you venture on the same path as myself."

Yes, says Pincher with a far-away look in his eyes; look at the fun I have missed."

"It had just struck five bells and Pincher had to get his letter posted before evening quarters, so reaching down his box and gave Wiggie the necessary material for Wiggie to carry on the pen pushing for him. They were bosom chums and confided with each other in all their domestic troubles. Pincher was not gifted with the education Wiggie was so fortunate to possess."

"Are you ready," says Pincher.

"Kick off," says Wiggie, and with a long sigh Pincher commenced:

"To my own long lost stick of chubarr, How can I thank you for the rag paper which I was happy to receive this morning. You were so long answering my letter that I thought you had left me forever, but you turned up again like a bad shilling. The world seemed full of bitterness last night, you were miles away from me, and we had cheese and pickles for supper. I felt almost sick, but after the receipt of your dear letter this morning, I felt as strong as Jago's haddock. Darling, no matter where I go, I see your loving image before me. I see your dear face in the twilight, in the moonlight, in the hammock nelling, under the bag racks, on top of the mess shelves, in fact everywhere. Only this morning I opened the wash deck locker and there was your dear face on top of a tin of caustic. You come to me in my dreams, your spirit is ever with me, dear one, but often the spell seems too sweet to last. To-night I watched the pale moonbeams dancing on the waters, your spirit was near me and you whispered to me in the magic silence. Then a bloke came along and capsized a kettle of dishing

up water, and the spell was gone, your spirit vanished down the chute. O dear heart you shall ever be with me in my dreams, till I shift night clothing. I shall dwell on your rosebud lips every time I see a corky float. I know it is very hard for us, darling, that your mother is against me. Take no notice of her dear, she's "wet"—she's as wet as a waterlogged scrubber. I regret to observe that your father doesn't favour me either, but never mind, he's dafter than your mother knew how to be, and it's nearly time the old beaver was gagged up. If you love me darling, give him a passage. It's nearly time he had a draft chd, anyway. Never doubt me, my best beloved, my thoughts dwell on you alone from the smile of early dawn to down all washed clothes off the fore-castle. You are dearer to me than 5 tins of flathead. My only little rasher forgive me, for it is nearly place spit kids. What's that I hear. Ah! the sun, place wash deck gear ready for the morning. Darling, farewell. I may never see you again. Duty calls and I must obey; think of me where the

haircuts are thickest, think of me when I get picked up for a shave with my gas mask on my shoulder. There is no one can be bolder, think of me with an aching heart packing my bedding down the sand tank and remember if I lose my paint brush over the side, I will go overboard like a man and for your dear sake I will do my own washing, although I picked up no soap last Tuesday. Ever yours, my love till they serve out the lime juice,

Pincher."

Out. Pipes clear up deets. "Come on Martin," blows the jaunty, "get a move on, your the best mess again."

Ida, my dearest, I fondly aspire  
To win you ere leaving for sea,  
The key of your heart is the thing I desire,  
I covet that priceless key,

I might add a ruler before I depart,  
You know what poor sailors are,  
So, if you cannot give me the key to your heart  
Won't you give me the key to the bar.

# NEW RECRUITS

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

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



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3. To bring home to young and old alike that "it is the Navy whereon, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend," and that **the Existence of The Empire, with the liberty and prosperity of its people, No Less Depends on the Merchant Service, which, under the Sure Shield of the Navy, welds us into a Powerful Whole.**
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