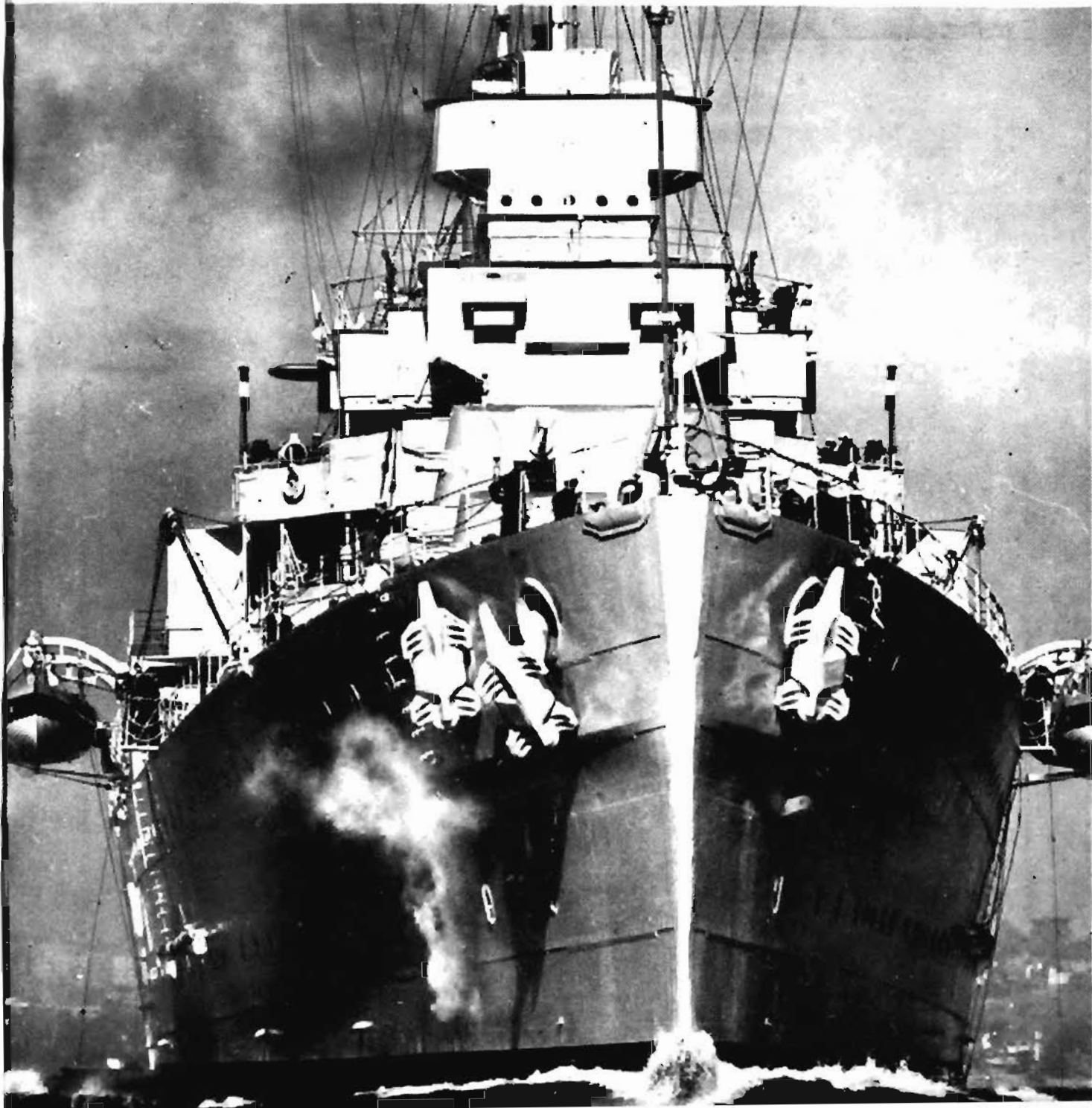




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WHAT DOES THE NEW YEAR HOLD?

1938 has passed, a year of anxieties, of alarms and excursions, of invasions, marchings and counter marchings, of pacts and of appeasements.

It was an unhappy year. Armed might arose, throwing its shadow over the continent of Europe, a shadow of bombing planes, of long range guns, and of apparatus for gassing and obliterating humanity.

In Europe, two conflicting parties in Spain were, and still are, locked in a mighty grip, a struggle out of which neither side can come wholly victorious. The third sire in that troubled triangle, the civilian population, was, of course, in a state of defeat from the time Franco's guns first roared their defiance at the Spanish Government.

The war in China still drags on, and, as a result of it thousands of men have laid down their lives either for, or in defence of, a principle. Again the civilians are the main sufferers.

Out here in Australia we have felt the shivers of a distant earthquake; and at one time, in September, 1938, not even the most sanguine of us could see peace maintained for twenty-four hours ahead. The results of the warnings

heard in Australia have been to spur the authorities on to greater efforts, in a frantic attempt to put the country on a self-defensive basis. Whether that effort is too late or not remains to be seen. A militia recruiting programme is in full swing, and according to Press reports is achieving a certain degree of success. Still more satisfactory from a defence point of view is the fact that, at last, the Royal Australian Navy has been thought worthy of serious attention, and is gradually being brought up to a point where it will be of some definite value in resisting an invader who may cast covetous eyes on these shores. But a lot more remains to be done; let us not be lulled into a sense of false security by the undoubtedly splendid efforts that are being made here to-day.

The programme of training for Merchant Service officers by Naval experts in the essential points of merchant ship defence is an excellent idea. However, no allowance has been made for training Merchant Marine ratings along these lines, and it is too much to expect the officers to pass on the knowledge they have gained at lectures to their men at sea. Routine

(Continued overleaf)

January, 1939

work aboard ship takes up nearly all available time, and for officers or men engaged in watch-keeping duties a certain proportion of the twenty-four hours is vital for rest.

It would be good to see instituted a system of recruiting amongst merchant seamen for the Royal Australian Naval Reserve (Sea-going), like that in force at the present time in Britain. In that way only can an efficient Fleet Reserve be built up, one that will be able to free ordinary Naval Reservists for active service when, and if, the war telegram does arrive.

It seems a terrible thing to have to visualise this New Year of 1939 as one which needs the utmost preparation for War, in order that Peace may be preserved. One might well be classed as a "gloom-spreader." However, no sane person in these troublous days will deny that such a state of emergency does exist. That being granted, it would be well for all citizens to keep in mind the motto of the Navy League

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—THE EDITOR.

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WITH THE HARWICH FORCE

1914-1916

(By Capt. Maurice Blackwood, D.S.O.,
R.N.)

One would think that by now the Great War had been described from every angle, but I doubt if many people have heard of the Harwich Force, which shared with the Dover Patrol the honour of being nearest the German bases.

The Harwich Force consisted of half a dozen light cruisers and a varying number of destroyers, usually about twenty-five, but that number varied considerably. This variation was due to casualties and also to vessels being detached for escort and patrol work in other areas. The duties of the force were many and varied. It provided reinforcements for the Dover Patrol, convoyed the Hook of Holland mail steamers, escorted and protected mine sweepers, had divisions constantly detached to assist in escort work from Portsmouth and Plymouth, and even sent a division to the Mediterranean for six months. In the Battle of Jutland, one Harwich division was acting as the submarine screen for the battle cruisers.

So that, although our normal complement of destroyers was thirty, we seldom went to sea as a unit with more than twenty. The reduction in numbers also made a great difference to the amount of sea time those left at the base had to put in. One division of four boats was always ready at five minutes' notice for forty-eight hours until relieved by the next lot. This duty-division was moored just inside the harbour in a most uncomfortable billet, and no shore leave was given—it went to sea the moment any submarine report was received. With a reduced number of destroyers, this duty came round far too often to be pleasant. In the Summer—what there was of it—it wasn't bad, but in the Winter the destroyers were desperately cold. The recollections of the Harwich Force which stand out most clearly in my mind are the difficulties of navigation and weather.

With regard to the first, the North Sea from Dover to The Wash is a mass of sandbanks for some miles off the coast, and, although some of the navigational marks remained, the light-

houses were not lit at night, which added enormously to the difficulty of navigation. I remember, as far as I was concerned, the enemy was the last thing I troubled about, and I think it was the same with most of the commanding officers. We were most of us senior lieutenants, and a grounding or a collision with another boat would have ruined any chance we had of promotion to commander; once that obstacle was passed, we felt we could sit up and take a bit of notice of the enemy.

The weather was, for the most part, vile—in the summer we had fogs, in the winter fogs, gales and snowstorms. The latter were the worst, as in a fog it is usually possible to anchor, whereas a snow-storm was usually accompanied by a gale from the north-east, which made it impossible to do so.

We used to act as escort for the numerous flying raids on the enemy coast, and my first introduction to the Royal Naval Air Service occurred after one of these raids—in March, 1916, I think it was. I think we were raiding Borkum, and the seaplanes had got off the water all right for this attack. My division of destroyers was detailed to sweep back along the Dutch coast and try to pick them up on their return journey. At about 10 a.m. we sighted the tail of one of our machines sticking up out of the water, but no sign of the pilot. Not knowing much about aircraft at that time, I foolishly thought that the machine was of some value, so stopped and picked it up at the grave risk of being torpedoed by a submarine. After a good deal of difficulty we got it on board and found that its bombs had not been released, but were still in the rack. During this operation we were bombed by a Zeppelin, which was driven off by a light cruiser. On our return to Felixstowe, I asked the flying people to come and look after their property, and shortly afterwards a party arrived, led by a sergeant, with an axe, and proceeded to chop up the machine I had risked my ship to save.



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"WITH THE HARWICH FORCE" (Contd.)

On the 5th of August, the day after war was declared, the Harwich Force was at sea doing a sweep in the direction of Heligoland. The force consisted of the light cruisers "Amethyst," "Fearless" and "Amphion," with the First and Third Destroyer Flotillas. In accordance with the orders, the flotillas spread out apart, and at half-past ten the "Amphion" sighted a steamer, which, in appearance, resembled the vessels on the Harwich-Hook of Holland service, but, as her course did not agree and she appeared to be in somewhat of a hurry, the destroyers "Lance" and "Landrail" were despatched to investigate. A destroyer on the wing of the screen spoke to a fishing boat, who reported that the steamer had been dropping what apparently were mines. The "Lance" signalled at 11.30 a.m. that she and the "Landrail," who had been hotly pursuing this suspicious vessel, were "engaging the enemy"; so, with the remainder of the flotilla, the "Amphion" proceeded at full speed to join up and take charge of the situation.

Many claims and statements have been made as to who fired the first shot in the war from the British sea forces, but there can be no doubt that the "Lance's" first round was the first shot fired at sea for our country in the Great War.

On getting range, the "Amphion"—which was the best shooting ship of the year of her class—showed what good gunnery could do on a live target. The "Konigin Luise," as she proved to be, was a passenger vessel converted into a mine-layer, and could offer little resistance, being armed only with a few light guns suitable against small craft. Salvo after salvo from the "Amphion" got the target in addition to the fire from the destroyers, as they came within range, and quickly the "Konigin Luise" settled down well on fire amidships, finally sinking at about half-past twelve, 48 survivors being rescued and made prisoner out of a crew of about 100.

It was thus that the British Navy scored the first success of the war.

The selection of a homeward course for our squadron was attended by considerable difficulty. Instruction had been given to avoid one route as being dangerous, owing to enemy submarines; while another was impossible as it took us over a mine-field. The open

road home was practically over the outward course and it was known that somewhere on or near that course the "Konigin Luise" had been busy early in the day. The problem was delicate, yet it was advisable to ignore definite instructions; consequently a course was shaped which, it was hoped, would clear the uncharted mines. For those who were aware of the situation, it was an anxious night.

At about a quarter to seven on the 6th, that is, the next morning, the "Amphion" struck a mine under the forebridge, which was practically wrecked by the explosion. Flame and smoke poured from the side slits of the conning tower, and from the entrance which opened direct from the roof to the lower bridge. This was apparently from burning cordite and continued for some time, killing two gunners' crews in the fore-castle—and burning more or less severely all the occupants on the bridge. As the hands were at breakfast, a large number of men were trapped on the mess decks, being killed outright or suffocated by fumes.

The engines were stopped, and destroyers ordered to send boats. The "Amphion's" own sea-boats were lowered, but were so badly shaken that they were useless. The fore part of the ship was well down in the water and the mess deck on fire, so that there was little hope for any who were not aft in the ship. Efforts were made to extinguish the fire, but these had to be abandoned and the survivors transferred to destroyers. Two officers had gone to the fore-castle to destroy a steel box of confidential books, and they left the ship with the last boatload. They had barely left the gangway when the forward magazine exploded. The vessel still had way on and appears to have circled round until she encountered the same row of mines, another of which she struck. The fore part of the ship was now reduced to atoms, and debris was scattered among the destroyers who had closed for rescue work; these had to clear smartly away as the "Amphion" slid suddenly astern before sinking about 7 o'clock. Thus the ship which had primarily assisted in gaining the first victory in the war, by a turn of unexpected events, became our first loss.

Of the 21 prisoners rescued from the "Konigin Luise," from the "Amphion," only two escaped, the remainder being killed by the explosion.

(Continued on Page 19)

"THE FINISHING TOUCH"

(By A.D.D.)

It was the day of the admiral's inspection, and His Majesty's sloop "Geranium" lay at anchor, spotless and glistening, in the morning sun. On board, the last precious finishing touches were being attended to, so that nothing should mar the picture when the great man arrived at 9 o'clock.

The first lieutenant, a young lieutenant-commander, whose first inspection in his capacity of executive officer was now about to take place, went slowly round the ship for the last time, peering into dark corners for gear illicitly bundled out of sight, and scrutinising every compartment with a piercing eye. With an occasional word of praise to the men responsible for the finish that was manifest wherever he looked, and here and there a suggestion for infinitesimal improvement, he at length came aft the starboard side. Suddenly he paused, as his glance was arrested by a row of green service pattern canvas suitcases on top of the kit lockers. "Better get rid of that lot," he murmured to the petty officer at his elbow—"looks better."

"Aye, aye, sir," returned the petty officer.

"But wait a bit—where do you propose to stow 'em?" asked the first lieutenant. The petty officer hesitated for a moment.

"Exactly," smiled the executive officer—"we can't. I tell you what," he continued after a few moments' thought, "the captain has arranged with the flagship to send a boat over at 8.30 for some gear I want to dispose of temporarily—I've fixed up the details with the commander over there, and they'll return it all this evening . . . we'll get rid of this junk at the same time."

"Aye, aye, sir," saluted the petty officer.

Pleased with this simple solution to the problem, the first lieutenant reported to the captain that he had made a final tour of the ship, and that he could think of nothing further that could possibly be done before the inspection.

"Excellent, No. 1." The captain was in the middle of his breakfast. Finishing a mouthful,

he turned with a smile to his second in command: "I wonder where the fatal blot will be detected," he said.

"I hope nowhere, sir."

"On the contrary—must have one blot you know. It's infernally aggravating to go round inspecting a ship and not find a single blemish to criticise. However—oh, I've fixed up that boat—"

"Thanks, sir, and I've collected a lot of gear to get out of the way this morning."

"Good—well, have everything ready by five minutes to nine."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The first lieutenant withdrew, and proceeded to the wardrobe and sat down to his own breakfast. All officers were down early this morning to allow the stewards to clear away and clean up the pantry in ample time before 9 o'clock. Everywhere on board there was an atmosphere of tense suppressed excitement. Outwardly calm and collected, there was scarcely an officer or man who did not, in some degree or another, feel anxious and nervous as the time of the commander-in-chief's arrival approached.

How different from the feelings of the commander-in-chief himself. To him the ship's inspection was but a rather tedious duty which kept him from his normal routine; it would take two days. To-morrow he would go to sea in the ship and order drills, exercises and firings; to-day he would go round the ship, inspect the men, visit the engine-room, and climb up and down ladders into every compartment. He would get extremely hot and more than likely spoil a clean suit of whites. Of the feelings that his inspection of the sloop would engender on board he was perfectly aware. After years of experience of it himself, ever since he was a midshipman, he felt he knew just how apprehensive and desperately eager everyone on board would be, how keen to be prompt with the right answer first time. He knew all the tricks of leading a flag officer round a ship, imperceptibly guiding him past compartments where there might be grounds for criticism, and

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"FINISHING TOUCH" (Contd.)

equally unobtrusively conducting him to others justly considered show places by their proud occupants. The commander-in-chief chuckled inwardly when he reflected that nowadays he was in the position of inspecting officer himself, and that all the old tricks would undoubtedly be worked or attempted on him.

"Barge alongside, sir," reported the flag lieutenant, stepping into the admiral's cabin.

"I shan't be two minutes, Flagg," replied the admiral, blotting his signature on to a paper on the desk before him.

On board H.M.S. "Geranium" the captain and officers stood waiting on the quarter-deck as though preparatory to Sunday divisions. For better or worse it was too late now to take any last-minute precautions; the admiral's barge was already half-way across from the flag-ship.

"Will the officers please fall in here . . . step forward and salute as the captain calls your name?" The first lieutenant moved over to the top of the gangway as the barge approached. He was joined by the captain.

"Are we all set, No. 1?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't forget the old man's got a sense of humour," smiled the captain—"just in case anything—well, here she goes—"

To the shrill piping of the side, the commander-in-chief, followed by his secretary and flag lieutenant, mounted the gangway.

"Good morning, Compton."

"Good morning, sir."

"Ship lookin' very nice to-day . . . from the outside." With this ambiguous greeting the admiral crossed the quarter-deck to where the officers were fallen in. After introducing them individually, the captain led the admiral forward a few paces. "Will you inspect the men at divisions first, sir?"

"Yes—usual routine—my secretary can be getting on with the books, and I'll look at them later, after the bags and hammocks."

Slowly the procession went forward, the admiral leading, and looking closely at every man. Now and again he turned to his flag lieutenant and told him to take the name of some individual he had picked out, who would later be detailed to lay out his bedding and kit for muster. Sometimes the admiral stopped to ask a question, or interrogate the recipient of some

"FINISHING TOUCH" (Contd.)

unusual medal. So far all seemed to be going well. After inspecting the sailors the admiral said he would like to go round the mess decks working forward, and then come aft, visiting the lower compartments and engine-room.

Both externally and internally the ship was undeniably spick and span, and the first lieutenant began to breathe more easily at the commander-in-chief occasionally indicated satisfaction and approval of the mess decks and living spaces. A new design of kit locker soon arrested his attention, however, and then suddenly the first lieutenant heard his name being called from the head of the procession. "First lieutenant, where do you stow these new suitcases, nowadays . . . I don't see any about?"

The first lieutenant pushed his way forward, his brain working like lightning. Impossible to explain they were usually stowed on top of the kit lockers, the admiral would instantly want to know where they were now; and the explanation of that was equally impossible. Hastily, and as convincingly as he could, the first lieutenant extemporised a likely stowage—a spot not yet reached in the inspection round—and, with the evil moment postponed, he turned unobtrusively to his seaman messenger following behind him, and bade him go like an arrow for the Supply Petty Officer. In less than a minute that portly individual appeared in a highly nervous state of apprehension as to what such a summons could mean. Rapidly the first lieutenant turned to him, and in a low voice demanded to know if he had any new suitcases in stock.

"Yes, sir, at the last issue I mustered—"

"Never mind that now—go and place every suitcase you've got in the store on the port side, in the space abaft—" the first lieutenant became technically detailed. "Understand? . . . and at once, before the commander-in-chief gets there."

"Aye, aye, sir." The stout figure withdrew, bewildered by his strange instructions, but determined none the less not to let down the first lieutenant. At the first opportunity that officer managed to whisper to the captain how the hand lay, and of the steps he had taken to justify his impromptu reply to the commander-in-chief.

In due course the mess deck rounds were completed, and the admiral started on the lower

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"FINISHING TOUCH" (Contd.)

compartments, up and down vertical ladders with the captain and departmental officers concerned, the remainder of the procession, unless specially summoned, standing about at the top of the hatches so as not to congest the space below.

The morning wore on, and at last the admiral emerged from the engine-room and suggested a five-minute stand-easy to the captain. Grateful for this interlude, officers and men dispersed for a quick cigarette, while the captain led the admiral into his cabin.

Meanwhile on the upper deck the six "selected" ratings were laying out their bags and hammocks which were to form the next item in the inspection.

"Kits ready yet?" inquired the admiral, glancing at his watch after the stand-easy, and extinguishing a cigarette in the captain's silver ash tray.

"They should be, sir. I'll send for the first lieutenant," replied the captain, ringing a bell.

"I'll look at the books here to save time," announced the admiral, and sat down at a table piled with logs, journals, accounts, official statements and records of every kind, glancing at some, scrutinising others closely, and occasionally placing his initials under the latest entries.

"Bags ready for inspection, sir," announced the captain presently.

"What was the cause of the delay, demanded the admiral.

"I'm finding out, sir," replied the captain.

But even with this part of the inspection the admiral could find no real grounds for adverse comment, beyond a muttered growl that it had taken too long to get ready.

"You were asking about the suitcase stowage, sir," ventured the captain, after the last sailor had been questioned about the rolled bundles of clothing laid out on the deck.

"Ah, yes—well, er—never mind now," replied the admiral. "Any men want to state complaints or want to see me?"

"No, sir."

"Good. Well, I think that'll do for to-day. Compton."

And shortly after the great man and his staff departed with due pomp and ceremony.

"I was afraid I was going to slip up badly, sir, over those suitcases," observed the first lieutenant, "and as a matter of fact—"

"Oh, that's nothing," smiled the captain, "you forget that I was once a flag lieutenant myself;

you merely divert attention at the crucial moment . . . and then, later on . . . But what was the delay with the bags and hammocks?"

"I was just going to explain, sir. I had to substitute one of the men chosen by the C-in-C. to lay out his bag for another at the last moment."

"Why?—I don't understand."

"The right fellow couldn't find his kit, sir."

"Couldn't find his kit?" queried the captain incredulously.

"Only a pair of socks and a hair brush." The first lieutenant hesitated, and a queer smile flickered across his face. "I seem, sir, that remainder of his kit had vanished altogether, he had temporarily placed it in his—er, suitcase, which—"

"—was among those you carefully sent over to the flagship to get out of the way this morning," grinned the captain.

"Yes, sir."

The grin broadened into a burst of joyous laughter. "Well, No. 1, since the admiral specifically asked me the cause of the delay, I feel bound, in the circumstances, to er—let him know . . . Yes, by gad, we'll jolly well tell him," roared the captain in delight. "You leave it to me."

—"Navy."

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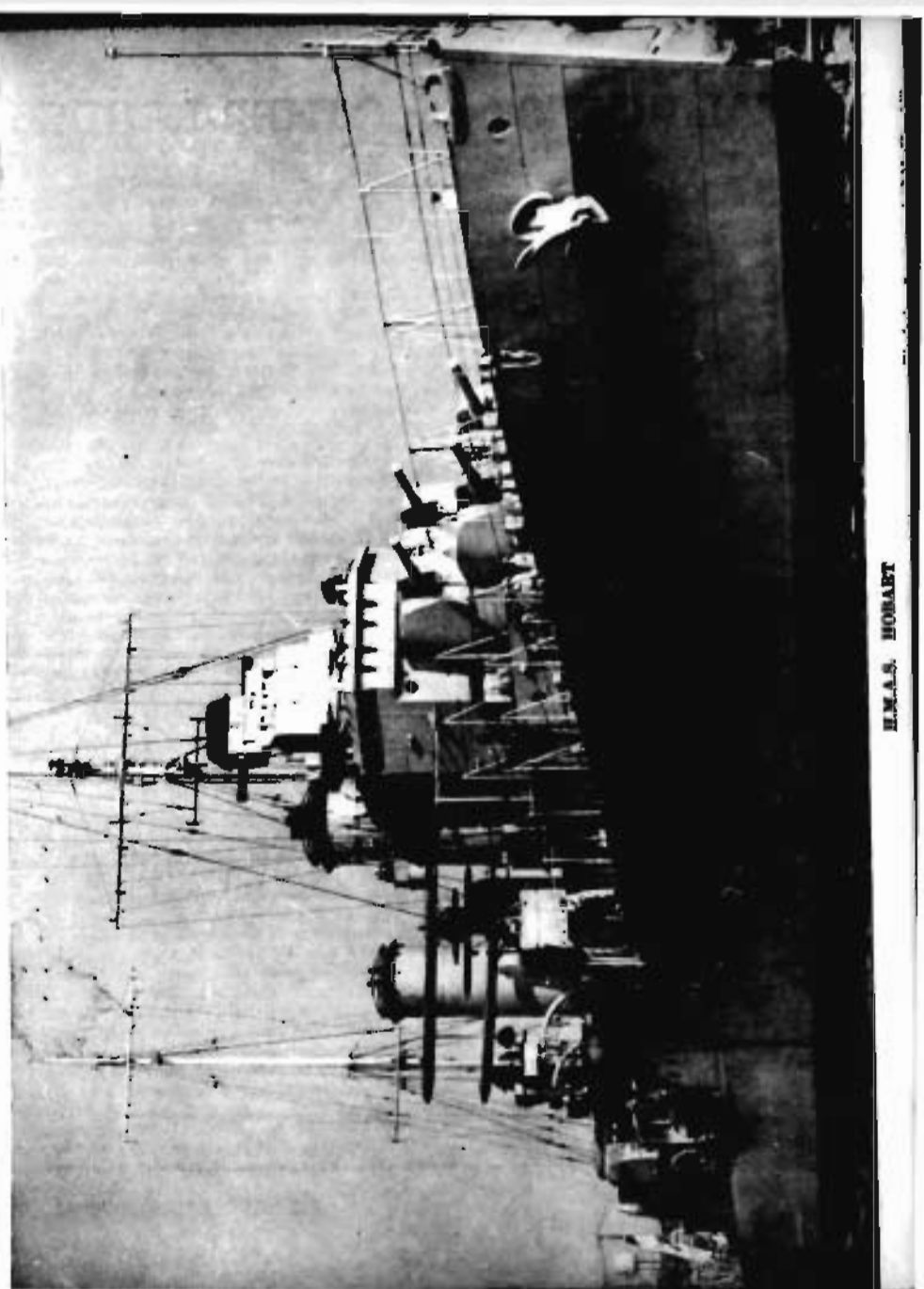
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NAVAL NOTES from OTHER LANDS

Argentina:

Four escort vessels of 1,000 tons, to be known as the "Murature" class, after the first ship laid down recently at Rio Santiago, are being built for the Argentine Navy. They are to be attached to the Naval College in order to give the cadets seagoing training.

China:

A list of Chinese warships reported to have been lost during the conflict with Japan includes some 40 names, in addition to several that are so far unidentified. The cruisers "Ning Hai" and "Ping Hai" have both been salvaged and taken over by the Imperial Japanese Navy, as has the escort vessel "Yet Sen." The cruisers "Hai Chi," "Hai Shen," "Hai Yung," "Hai Chou," "Chao Ho," "Ying Swei" and "Tung Chi" have all been sunk, some in action, and others as part of boom defences. A similar fate has befallen the gunboats "Yung Chien," "Yung Hsiang," "Tse Chion," "Ta Tung," "Chu Tai," "Chu Yu," "Chu Yiu," "Kiang Li," "Hsien Ning"; the seaplane carrier "Teh Sheng" and "Wei Sheng"; the torpedo boats "Chien Kang," "Tung An," "Hu Ying" and half-a-dozen of the motor type; the patrol vessels "Wei Ning," "Sub Ning," "Wu Ning," "Kiang Ning," "Chung Ning," "Cheng Ning," "Chang Ning"; and the surveying vessels "Chiao Jih" and "Chin Tien." Ships reported seriously damaged, but which may still survive, are the gunboats "Chu Kuan," "Ming Sen" and "Ming Chun." This also applies to the torpedo boats "Hu Chun" and "Hu Peng." It is evident, therefore, that for practical purposes, the Chinese Navy has ceased to have any effective existence.

Finland:

A warship of somewhat novel type was launched in September, 1938, for the Finnish Navy. This is the "Sisu," which combines the functions of a submarine depot ship and an ice-breaker. She is of 4,235 tons displacement, with Diesel-electric propulsion, a speed of 17 knots and an armament of two 3.9 inch anti-aircraft guns.

France:

France's first 35,000-ton battleship, the "Richelieu," was launched at Brest in November, 1938. She will have a speed of over 30 knots and will be armed with eight 15-inch and fifteen 6-inch guns. Her place on the slip she vacated will be taken by a sister ship, to be named "Clemenceau." Similarly, when the "Jean Bart" is launched at St. Nazaire, in 1939, it is expected that a fourth 35,000-ton ship, authorised in the current programme (to be named "Gascogne"), will be laid down in the vacant berth.

The 8,000-ton cruiser "De Grasse," of the 1937 programme has been laid down at Lorient. Her sister ships of the 1938 programme are to be named "Chateaufort" and "Guichen." Of the two 18,000-ton aircraft carriers to be built, the "Joffre" has been ordered from the Penhoet yard, St. Nazaire, but the "Painleve" has still to be put in hand. Other ships for which the contracts have yet to be placed include the first class submarines "La Guadeloupe," "La Martinique" and "La Reunion"; and four minesweepers of the "Elan" type, the "Amiral Senes," "Enseigne Ballande," "Matelot Leblanc" and "Rageot de La Touche."

Germany:

The launch of the first German 35,000-ton battleship took place at Hamburg, during November last, so it will coincide fairly closely with that of the "Richelieu." Two (if not three) more battleships of similar displacement are building or projected. No information is available as to the names to be assigned to them, but it would not be surprising if those of the battle cruisers that took part in the principal actions in the North Sea during the Great War—"Derfflinger," "Moltke," "Seydlitz" and "Voo der Tann"—were to be selected. It is believed that their speed will approach 30 knots, and it is known that they will mount eight 15-inch and twelve 5.9-inch guns.

The first of the ten big destroyers of 1,811 tons, the "Diether von Roeder," was commissioned in September, 1938. It has also become known that the three submarines of the new

740-ton ocean going series have been completed. Yet another vessel of the new type to pass into service recently is the M1, first of a new class of 600-ton mine-sweepers, 24 in number.

Additional depot ships include the "Havel," "Warnow," "Isar," "Lech" and "Samoa," four of which are understood to be merchant vessels that have been taken over and refitted.

Russia:

A fresh series of destroyers is reported to be passing into service in the Soviet fleet. Names so far reported are "Gajevni," "Gordl," "Gromki," "Grozni," "Gremiastchi," "Grosiastchi," "Grosvozi," "Smetilivi," and "Stremitelni," all revivals of names popular in Imperial days. It is not clear whether these are identical with the batch of destroyers which were previously reported as the "Kharkov," "Kiev," "Stalinak," "Moskva," "Perekop," and "Volochnaevka," but ever since 1918 there have been frequent changes of names in the Russian Navy. Three more torpedo boats of the "Shtorm" type are reported to be in commission, the "Purga," "Snieg" and "Tucha."

Siam:

It is reported from Italy that an order has been placed by the Siamese Government with the Cantieri Riuniti dell' Adriatico, Trieste, for two 10,000-ton cruisers. Hitherto the biggest fighting ships in the Siamese Navy have been the coast defence vessels "Ayutia" and "Dhamburi," of 2,265 tons, recently delivered from the Kawasaki shipyard at Kobe.

U.S.A.:

Names have been chosen for a further batch of United States' warships, to be built under the 1938 programme. These include "Hornet," for the new aircraft carrier; "Terror," a large mineslayer; "Albermarle," "Barnegat," and "Biscayne," seaplane tenders; "Prairie," a destroyer tender; "Neosho" and "Platte," oilers; "Cherokee" and "Seminole," fleet tugs.

Yugoslavia:

A new flotilla leader, to be the biggest ship in the Royal Yugoslav Navy, has been laid down at Split. At present this distinction is held by the old training ship "Dalmacija," an ex-cruiser, of 2,370 tons, so it is evident that the new vessel will be equal in dimensions to some of the big French contre-torpilleurs.



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A "STEER"-AGE CROSSING

(By R. C. Patterson)

Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea? . . . The writer went one better—He took a farm to sea! . . . Not exactly a farm, but enough steers to stock a good-sized ranch.

As one of twelve cattlemen acting as victualers, stewards, chamber-maids and what-nots (especially what-nots), I went to sea.

The idea of taking the trip came up quite casually one Saturday night when a friend of mine suggested I go with him just for the experience. He said I would be sure to enjoy it. Just a pal. Looking back on it I can enjoy it now. Then—ah, as Shakespeare or Dickens or someone has said—thereby hangs a tale. And not a steer's tail either!

We left Toronto on a cattle train, three of us, our foreman and some 500 head of cattle. All destined for the same ship, which was lying at Saint John, N.B. We rode in style, going by train—free and easy in the caboose, which, I must admit is by far the most comfortable way to travel. Occasionally at stations we gave the cattle a cursory glance, although not until we got to the ship's side had we anything whatever to do with them. Later we gave them the curses and glances separately.

We had a three-day trip to St. John. Then the fun started. We had to rope every single head of cattle. No, not "roping a la cowboy," or in wild west style, but just slipping a form of halter over the beasts' heads. Sounds simple, doesn't it, but someday try to put a halter on a "rambunctious" steer, especially when it is one of a bunch which has been running wild on a western ranch and has the utmost dislike for ropes, ships, cattle-men or anything pertaining to them.

It took four hours to rope them. Even then we were assisted by longshoremen, experienced in the work. At the end of four hours we were sweating (and I had always prided myself before that I never did more than perspire), dusty, bedraggled and blistered. Oh, it's hard on the hands. And it's even harder on the morals.

The cattle were driven into the various sections of the ship they were to occupy during the crossing. That night we were quite con-

tent to let them roam comparatively free; berthing them properly could be done the next day. We had, however, to go ahead of them and bed them down for the night; place straw for them, feed and water, and all the et ceteras.

Let me now ask you to picture the "tying up process" which came later. Imagine the hold of a fairly large ship with wild, nervous range cattle roaming freely around; imagine a bunch of greenhorns instructed to get them tied up individually and in orderly fashion. The storm was at its height; they were thrown in all directions—so were we. We were under them, we were on top of them, we twisted their tails; they in turn kicked us, they bunted us and "so on" for hours until every one of them was safely berthed and had a chance to settle down to enjoy "chewing his cud."

Then we decided to turn in. Not too soon, for we were all pretty well fagged out. In our quarters we had very decided evidence that "better men than we, Gunga Din" had taken the "steer"-age route to the Old Land. University crests from all over the North American continent, including many of the leading U.S. Universities as well as those of the Dominion, had been pencilled, painted and burned into the wood of the table and of the walls. The quarters were not bad—neither were they too good. "Nobody," as A. A. Milne says, "can call me a fussy man," but really, I do object to having cold, salty seawater pouring into my bunk, as transpired later. I was told it was only a trickle, but if that was a trickle I would have hated to sail with Noah when he met a real flood. The bunks were comfortable—but then, we were tired—with paillasses filled with straw. In our cabin (swanky, aren't we?) there were four bunks. In the next one there were ten. We were cramped, the ten men must have had a great sympathy for sardines!

Don't ask about the meals! You know the old joke about a man having six meals a day crossing the Atlantic—three down and three

SEEN AT PALM BEACH



Block by courtesy "Bulletin"

"Gad, Prendergast, This'll Revolutionise Surf-Bathing."

A "STEER"-AGE CROSSING. (Contd.)

up. None of mine came up, but even if they had I would not have appreciated them any more. To the best of my recollection we had two "good" meals on the way over. Fish and chips on Sunday and bacon and eggs on Sunday. If anything was needed to make me a truly religious man, fish and chips and bacon and eggs would swing the scale.

The next afternoon we set sail. That's being nautical, for the benefit of "The Journal," for really all that happened was a couple of longshoremen cast off our mooring lines, the "Old Man" rang down for "half ahead" and

"half astern" and "half ahead" again, and we steamed away from the dock into the Bay of Fundy. What a day! What a bay! She has a reputation for dirty weather. It is well earned! We should have made Halifax in seventeen hours. We were hove-to for more than two days, and completed the trip in seventy-two hours. Again I am reminded of the story of the sure cure for sea-sickness—to sit beneath a tree for one day. There were several of our crew who would have welcomed a nice, sturdy, steady tree during that time! Without wishing to brag I might say that I "held my own"—but it was a strain. The "Old Man" said it was the worst storm he had seen for

thirty-one years. Of course Poseidon (excuse me preferring the Greek God to his Latin counterpart, Neptune) must save that sort of a trip for me.

During the height of the storm (that's what the ship's officers called it, we thought it was closer to a hurricane or typhoon or what-have-you) we were introduced to the routine we were to follow for thirteen days—three of them in the Bay of Fundy (maledictions on its name) and ten days in open ocean. We arose at 4.30 a.m. (what a delightful hour) and went straight to the 'tween decks to water those cattle. Now, I am a sympathiser with the aims of the R.S.P.C.A., but I do think a whole lot of pity is wasted upon cattle. What I mean to say is, there is a limit to the kindness which can be shown to an ordinary—and 'ornery—steer. And when the beasts insist upon fifteen pails of water each before their thirst is quenched—well, I'm ready to testify that they expect too much.

After watering them we had to feed the brutes. Hay, by the ton-load. Stalking down the gangways, a third of a bale to each animal. And a bale weighs between 150 and 170 pounds. Each of us had to feed between thirty and thirty-five animals. Now figure it out I ask and you will see we had to cart a lot of hay before the feeding was over.

Having fed and watered the "dear" beasts, we were allowed to consider the needs of our own inner man. A wash was much in demand—baths, of course, were not in the routine—and we did enjoy fetching a bucket of cold water from the deck and toting it to our cabin. To our credit let it be said that even W. S. Gilbert himself could not have found an "imperfect ablutioner" amongst us—we were most meticulous, although our eyes were heavy with lack of sleep and subterranean rumbles within us gave warning of an empty void somewhere below. And then breakfast came! Stew! Imagine stew before the dew was off the decks! However, it went down splendidly, and, as a couple of my more unfortunate confreres said, came up easily. For those of us who were really hungry, and were not just eating to prove to the others that mal de mer had not ruined our appetites, there were lashings of bread and butter and oceans of coffee. We were not

starved, but I have had better meals.

After breakfast we turned to again, throwing back straw which the "confounded" animals had scattered all over the place. Then, at nine o'clock, we gave the steers a treat—fed them grain.

The next day had then to be considered. And so, although we did not look forward to the job, we got together the fodder for the animals' next day's meals. Down in the hold half of us went, the other half remaining above. Bales of hay and sacks of grain were laboriously brought up from the nethermost depths and stacked on each deck. Just two hours' heavy work, that's all! At 11.30 we were ready to cry quits and transfer our attentions to getting dinner for ourselves. After all, the cattle could not have all the attention.

Prepare for a shock. What do you think we had for dinner? Believe it or not—"stew!" And, I might as well break the news here, our almost invariable menu for supper, as well, was—"stew!" Oh well, the chef might have not had much originality, but he was a wonderful cooker of—STEW. We tucked into it come morning, noon or night, so perhaps he was not such a bad guesser at that.

The menu was about as diversified as our job. After dinner we cleaned up the alley-ways and fed and watered the animals. After supper we cleaned up the alley-ways. Well, it was all in a lifetime, and we did not really find much to kick about. It was a great experience—"to look back upon."

And so it went on for days. One day, two days, three days—and so on until the tenth day. On the tenth day we arrived at Birkenhead, at 3 a.m. Just as a parting memento, as it were, we were turned to at that hour to bring up 250 bales of hay from three holds, just so the cattle would have something to chew when they went ashore. And, to make the contract even more decided, we were lying alongside the H.M.S. "Conway"—that aristocratic training ship of the Merchant Marine—as we did so. Oh well, we did not mind. There were many weary leagues behind us and many far more weary hours. And we were still living, and still fit and very healthy. It was not a bad trip—"to look back upon."

THE CORPS ABROAD

Christmas Camp, 1938

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

Ratings and officers of "Victory," "Fairlight" and Manly divisions attended a combined Sea Cadet Camp at Pittwater during Christmas Week.

A special bus transported the complement from Manly wharf to Palm Beach. Arriving at Palm Beach at 10.20 on Monday, 28th December, the ratings had to get straight into work and training. The two "Victory" whalers which were towed from Sydney had to be unmoored and rigged. Imagine two whalers having to carry the equipment of thirty hands, tents, spare masts, tables, stools and provisions! It was a work of art for the officers to stow gear and still leave sufficient space for rowing.

Fortunately, after rowing a short distance, two launches took the boats in tow, thus saving considerable time and hard work.

Arriving at the camping ground, just outside the Basin at Pittwater, at 12.05, lunch was prepared immediately, being served at 13.00.

Tents had been erected previously, but only temporarily, so the afternoon was spent in gathering wood, erecting the tents permanently and generally settling down into the eight-day home. Fortunately there was a water tap right on the camping ground, fed from a dam a short distance up a hill from the camp. The water was a trifle hard but quite good.

Hands were divided into three watches, the duty watch carrying out the necessary work aided by any lads who happened to be on Fatigue Duty. Sentries were stationed throughout the night to watch the boats, each part of a watch doing two hour tricks.

Swimming drill was carried out each day, poor swimmers being assisted by officers and senior ratings. The sailing whaler was out practically every morning and afternoon with different boats' crews and some excellent experience was obtained by ratings from Manly and "Fairlight." This will be of great use to them when they obtain their own sailing whaler in the near future.

On Tuesday evening one of the "Victory" ratings was found to be running a high temperature and had all the symptoms of sunstroke, so he was transported by whaler to Mr. Nobb's boat, the "Mariemac," in case he became worse and had to be taken to the doctor. Fortunately, he recovered during the night and was able to resume duty the following morning.

Early on Wednesday morning "Mariemac" led the two whalers, one under sail and the other under oars, from the bay into the Pittwater, and semaphore signalling was carried out between the three boats. This gave signalmen an excellent opportunity of getting in plenty of practice, and also gave seamen a chance to carry out some training.

Some very heavy rain fell on Wednesday afternoon, which dampened everyone's spirits slightly, and also their clothes, as the tents were not capable of holding out the torrential rain.

Ratings were given classes regularly in various subjects, such as Ship's Time, Rules of the Road, Semaphores, etc. These classes were found to be very acceptable to the ratings, who all seemed keen to learn something rather than be in idleness.

Cooking in camp, in most instances, was quite good, but the public is warned against mentioning the word "stew" to any of the lads who were in camp. The only time this delicacy was on the menu the cook fell down on the job and turned out a mixture of charcoal and water, which was not accepted too kindly by the unfortunate eaters.

The camp was inspected by Capt. Blackwood, Officer Commanding N.L.S.C.C., on Saturday morning. He was met by a whaler's crew at 11.30 and rowed across to the camp. He inspected all hands, tents and boats, and was quite pleased with the camping site. He left the camp at 11.45 in "Mariemac" with Mr. Nobba.

Sea Cadet Notes

"Victory" Training Depot

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

V.T.D. is still improving in strength and looking forward to the time when the ratings will be able to go to and from the Quay by Motor Cutter.

A Christmas Social was held at the Depot on Saturday, 17th December, practically a hundred people attending, and the night was a huge success. Captain Bell, Miss Susan Bell and Mr. Clifford Arnold, of Station 2UW, were the guests of honour. Unfortunately our patron, Sir Thomas Gordon, was unable to attend, as was also Mr. James, of Station 2UW; but we hope to see them both at some later function.

The complement of "Victory" Division wishes to thank all those people who have taken such a keen interest in their activities during the past year and hope that the improvements at the Depot have shown that "Victory" is really worth helping.

We are looking forward to the Anniversary Regatta in order to give the boys a chance to prove their keenness in trying to carry off all the prizes. We are slightly handicapped in training, as both of our whalers are away at Palm Beach.

Eighteen ratings and two officers from "Victory" attended the Combined Christmas Camp and a good deal of training was given to them while away.

We wish to thank Sir Thomas Gordon for his generous donation of bams, tongues, nuts and dates for the camp. His continual interest and assistance is keenly appreciated.

We can again report "All Well" at V.T.D.



"A Well-Fed Crowd"

"CHRISTMAS CAMP" (Contd.)

The routine laid down before setting out for the camp was carried out almost without a hitch, and the camp was a credit to the Sea Cadet Corps.

Those who were not at the camp missed something which it will be found hard to equal; all hands were a friendly and hard working group, and the officers received no trouble whatsoever. A spirit of companionship existed between officers and ratings, which was surprising in its sincerity.

Reluctantly the camp was left at 15.00 on Monday, January 2nd, to row across to Palm Beach for the last time, the crews still having enough strength and spirit left to race for over a mile, and do the trip in record time, although the boats were fully loaded.

The camp was voted a success by all hands, and for the first combined Navy League Sea Cadet Camp for many years it was a credit to all concerned.

NAVAL NOTES

Commander: ARTHUR H. B. DAY to "Cerberus" for passage to England per "Orama" for reversion to the Royal Navy, 20th December, 1938; EDWARD M. HAES to "Cerberus," 12th December, 1938.

Acting-Commander: HARVEY M. NEWCOMB to "Penguin," as Officer-in-Charge, Anti-Submarine School, Sydney, 24th November, 1938.

Lieutenant-Commander: JACK DONOVAN to "Penguin" and for Reserve Destroyers, 14th November, 1938; ARTHUR G. SKIPWITH to "Cerberus" for passage to England for reversion to the Royal Navy, 15th February, 1939; ALAN C. MATHER to "Penguin" as Staff Officer (Intelligence) to Captain-in-Charge, Sydney, 11th January, 1939; JAMES B. S. BARWOOD to "Cerberus" for duty at Navy Office (temporary), 18th November, 1938; ALEXANDER E. FOWLER to "Cerberus," 28th November, 1938; JOHN A. WALSH to "Vampire" in Command, 12th November, 1938; WILFRED H. HARRINGTON to "Cerberus" for R.A.N. College, 28th January, 1939; ALEXANDER M. WILKINSON to "Swan," 25th January, 1939; ALAN J. TRAVIS to "Penguin" for "Kookaburra," 19th January, 1939; (G) WILLIAM F. H. C. RUTHERFORD to "Cerberus" for passage to England for reversion to the Royal Navy, 19th January, 1939; EDMUND H. C. CHAPMAN to "Cerberus" for passage to England for reversion to the Royal Navy, 7th January, 1939.

Lieutenant: (G) COLIN C. MARTELL to "Cerberus" for passage to England for reversion to the Royal Navy, 19th January, 1939; (N) JACK S. MESLEY to "Yarra," 29th November, 1938; (A/S) GEOFFREY B. CORLETT to "Vendetta," 19th January, 1939; (T) ERIC E. MAYO to "Cerberus" and for Torpedo School, 13th January, 1939; LINDSAY MACLIVER to "Sydney," 19th January, 1939; (G) WILLIAM B. M. MARKS to "Cerberus" and for Gunnery School, 18th January, 1939; GEORGE W. A. LANGFORD to "Sydney," 22nd December, 1938; GEORGE L. FOWLE to "Canberra," 11th January, 1939; JAMES M. RAMSAY to "Swan" for Navigation duties, 22nd December, 1938.

Sub-Lieutenant: ERIC J. PEEL to "Canberra," 24th January, 1939; HAROLD G. BURGIN to "Voyager," 12th November, 1938.

Lieutenant-Commander: (E) KENNETH McK. URQUHART to "Penguin," additional, 22nd December, 1938.

Lieutenant: (E) LEONARD N. DINE to "Penguin," additional for "Adelaide" in Reserve, 11th January, 1939.

Chaplains: Rev. JOHN E. ROMANIS to "Hobart," 14th January, 1939.

Instructor-Commander: JOHN C. SLATER to "Cerberus," for R.A.N. College, 1st February, 1939.

Paymaster Lieutenant-Commander: CHARLES H. BLACKLOCK to "Penguin," additional, 18th January, 1939; RICHARD F. HATHERELL to "Yarra," 13th January, 1939.

Paymaster Lieutenant: PHILIPP O. L. OWEN to "Moreby," 8th January, 1939.

Surgeon Lieutenant: FRANCIS H. GENGE to "Cerberus," additional, 1st December, 1938; FRANK F. COFFEY to "Penguin," additional, 1st December, 1938.

Shipwright Lieutenant-Commander: WILLIAM J. T. WHITE to "Cerberus" and as Barrackmaster, 10th January, 1939.

Headmaster Lieutenant: WILLIAM S. EDGERTON, M.B.E. to "Penguin," 10th January, 1939.

Commissioned Telegraphist: BERTRAM HARDING to "Cerberus" for duty at Navy Office, 9th January, 1939.

Commissioned Shipwright: WILLIAM E. E. NICHOLSON to "Canberra," 21st January, 1939; DUNCAN McLEOD, M.B.E., to "Penguin" and for Reserve Ships, 28th January, 1939.

Schoolmaster (C.W.O.): RICHARD J. MATTHEWS and ALLAN O. HURST to "Cerberus," 10th January, 1939.

Gunner: DOUGLAS A. HOLMES to "Cerberus" and for Gunnery School, 21st December, 1938; JOHN S. GODFREY to "Yarra," 12th December, 1938.

Warrant Telegraphist: ARTHUR G. W. WINTER to "Penguin" for charge of W/T Station and for Reserve Ships, and as Port W/T Officer, 8th January, 1939.

Schoolmaster: ROY F. COPLEY to "Canberra," 11th January, 1939.

Acting-Warrant Supply Officer: ANGUS B. GODFREY to "Swan," 1st January, 1939.

Promotions

Sub-Lieutenant LESLIE M. HINCHLIFFE to Lieutenant, 1st November, 1938; JOHN C. ELLEY, Warrant Instructor to Commissioned Instructor, 17th November, 1938; WILLIAM WEINBURG, Warrant Engineer to Commissioned Engineer, 1st November, 1938; ANGUS B. GODFREY, Supply Petty Officer to Acting Warrant Supply Officer, 1st December, 1938.

H.M.A. Squadron

PROGRAMME FOR PERIOD 6th FEBRUARY TO 28th APRIL, 1939

H.M.A.S. "Canberra" (Flying the Flag of the Rear-Admiral Commanding, H.M.A. Squadron), H.M.A.S. "Sydney," H.M.A.S. "Hobart," and H.M.A.S. "Voyager" will carry out the following programme, which, however, is provisional only and liable to alteration at any time:—

H.M.A.S. "Canberra":

Sydney	—	12th February
Hobart	17th February	16th March
Port Adelaide	20th March	23rd March
Adelaide	24th March	31st March
Portland	1st April	3rd April
Melbourne	4th April	14th April
Jervis Bay	19th April	24th April
Sydney	28th April	—

H.M.A.S. "Sydney":

Sydney	—	8th February
Jervis Bay	6th February	13th February
Hobart	17th February	16th March
Wailgroo	20th March	23rd March
Adelaide	24th March	31st March
Port Fairy	1st April	3rd April
Melbourne	4th April	14th April
Jervis Bay	19th April	24th April
Sydney	28th April	—

H.M.A.S. "Hobart":

Sydney	—	(When ready)
Jervis Bay	—	12th February
Hobart	17th February	16th March

Cruise with "Voyager" in company

Melbourne	4th April	12th April
Watersport	12th April	15th April
Jervis Bay	19th April	24th April
Sydney	28th April	—

H.M.A.S. "Voyager":

Sydney	—	6th February
Jervis Bay	6th February	12th February
Hobart	17th February	16th March
Port Arthur	18th March	16th March

Cruise with "Hobart"

Melbourne	4th April	14th April
Jervis Bay	19th April	24th April
Sydney	28th April	—

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Probably there is a school bank in your own school — if not, the nearest Post Office is an agency of the

(Cont. from Page 4)

Thus ended the British Navy's first encounter with the enemy.

One pitch dark night we were returning from an air raid on the enemy coast, and steaming at about 22 knots into half-a-gale of wind. We were being led by the flag-ship, the "Cleopatra," when suddenly, at about 10 p.m., two points on the starboard bow, sparks were observed in the darkness coming from the funnels of a number of vessels steaming a high speed on a converging course. There was not the slightest doubt but that these vessels were the enemy, since the remainder of our squadron, consisting of the seaplane carrier and the destroyer flotilla, had been ordered to return to Harwich independently at dusk, and should have been by now at least fifty miles to the southward. Then again, all our ships burned oil fuel, whereas the sparks coming from these craft undoubtedly proved that they were burning coal. The heavy spray caused by our speed drenched to the skin those on the bridge, and made it difficult to see anything in the darkness.

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Two cables (roughly 400 yards) astern of the "Cleopatra" was the "Undaunted," followed by the "Conquest" and "Penelope." The enemy forces could scarcely have been a thousand yards away and were rapidly approaching, so that there was but a few seconds in which to decide how to act. It was a tense, hair-raising moment! Immediately after having sighted the enemy, both the flagship and the "Undaunted" opened a rapid independent fire at what was almost point-blank range, and very shortly after this the flagship put her helm "hard-a-port." Scarcely a moment later two dark objects leapt out of space, as it were. One was singled out by the "Cleopatra," which headed straight for it. There was a loud, resounding and sickening crash, the grinding of metal, the hiss of escaping steam, and sheets of flame—and the German torpedo-boat destroyer (as she proved to be) had been cut clean in two. The "Undaunted" passed between the two halves, now rapidly sinking, and heard the poor wretches shouting and moaning, but the heavy sea soon swallowed them up and there was never a hope of a survivor, so swiftly had the unpremeditated work of destruction taken place.

(Contd. on Page 20)

"WITH THE HARWICH FORCE." (Contd.)

It will be seen from this that events in a night action between small craft happen so fast that instant decision is necessary.

I remember on one occasion being sent out to escort the s.s. "Copenhagen," coming from the Hook of Holland to Harwich. We were to pick her up in the middle of the North Sea. We found the "Copenhagen" all right—not steaming for home at full speed, but abandoned with a large hole in No. 2 hold, and the crew and passengers adrift in two lifeboats.

It was a dull sort of day, blowing fairly fresh from the north-east, with a nasty chop on. The submarine which had torpedoed the "Copenhagen" was bound to be hanging round waiting for a chance to get a shot in with his torpedoes at any vessel coming to her assistance, but the occupants of the two lifeboats had to be picked up, and it was our job to take risks, so we stopped alongside one of the boats and started to get the survivors out. This took longer than it should have done, as it was very cold, and the men were feeling the effects of the exposure in the boats.

During this operation a sharp lookout was kept for a periscope, by means of which the enemy submarine could have a good sitting shot at us—and he did. As the last survivor was being pulled on board, a yell from the signalman: "Torpedo, sir!" Too late to do anything. The white streak in the water, the wake of the torpedo, was barely 200 yards off, and the torpedo itself a couple of hundred feet ahead of that. Only a few seconds to wait for the result of the shot, but they seemed ages. Our luck was in. The torpedo passed right under the bridge. How much it missed us by we shall never know; but the main thing was that it had missed us.

Full speed ahead down the wake of the torpedo, and dropped a couple of depth charges without any visible result.

It was no use trying to tow the "Copenhagen," as the submarine would have sunk us both in a very short time, so, having signalled for a tug, we started for home.

Asking after the condition of the "Copenhagen's" crew, I was told that they were all right except for one man who had been badly injured, having fallen between the lifeboat and the ship when abandoning the latter. I went

down to see him. He was in a bad way and kept on moaning: "My bag! My bag!" At last we managed to get out of him that he was a King's Messenger, and his bag of despatches was still in his cabin on board the "Copenhagen." Back we went; the vessel was still afloat. The wind had freshened and it was no weather for boats. Besides we had no desire to try our luck too far by offering the enemy another sitting shot. The King's Messenger had managed to tell us the location of his cabin and where the precious bag was stowed, and with a young and active sub-lieutenant ready on the fore-castle we went alongside the "Copenhagen." It sounds simple enough, but in reality it was not; both vessels were knocking about in a nasty sea, and the only possible way to go alongside was fore-castle to fore-castle—and trust to the overhang of the bows to take the bump and save the side from being holed.

With the sub-lieutenant ready for his jump, we steamed up alongside, and when the two vessels rolled together with a crash, the youngster managed to get on board. We backed clear, and raced round the sinking ship at full speed, expecting to see the track of a torpedo at any minute. But luck was with us, or perhaps the enemy had gone off. We were not fired at. To repeat the evolution and take off the sub-lieutenant, complete with bag, was only the work of a few moments, and, leaving the "Copenhagen" at the mercy of the sea, we started off for home.

The King's Messenger died from his injuries on the way home, poor chap, but lived long enough to learn that his despatches had not fallen into enemy hands.

(From "Revue")

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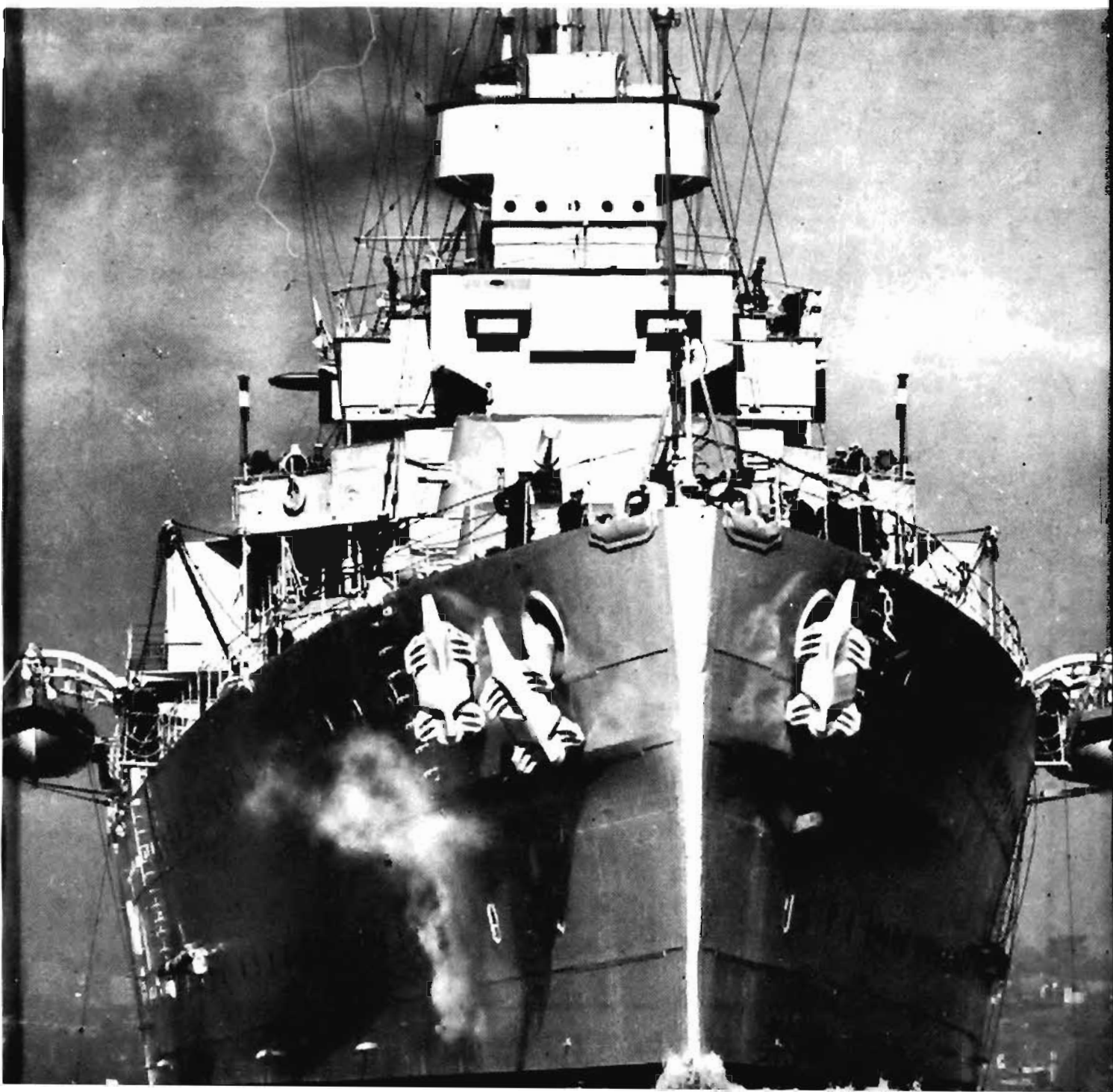
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Sydney, February, 1939

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**AN EMPIRE FOUNDED ON
THE SEA**

No more fitting Editorial could be presented in the "Navy League Journal" than a reprint in full of the stirring speech made by Admiral Evans on Trafalgar Day, October 23rd, 1938, at the Grand Parade of Navy League Sea Cadets in Trafalgar Square, London. In himself Admiral Evans needs no introduction to the New South Wales Branch of the Navy League. The League has many pleasant recollections of happy associations with Admiral Evans during his period of service in Australia.

We give the speech in its entirety:—
"Navy League Sea Cadets,

When Lord Lloyd, the President of the Navy League, invited me to carry out this inspection, I wrote back and said that I should be honoured and delighted because the Sea Cadet movement is one that should appeal to every boy in Britain, and it certainly appeals to me.

We have a heritage as sea-fighters and sea-adventurers, handed down to us by great sail-

ors like Sir Francis Drake, Sir Richard Grenville, Lord Jellicoe, Lord Beatty, and, above all, by Lord Nelson, whose statue dominates this gathering to-day in the square that commemorates the greatest of Britain's sea battles—Trafalgar.

What you boys must never forget is that our Empire was founded on the sea, that it still depends on the sea, upon its Navy, and upon its glorious Mercantile Marine. The ocean highways are our life-blood, and if ever we allow ourselves to lose command or right of way at sea, then our British Commonwealth of Nations is doomed.

Those of you who take up the sea as a profession will do more for England, and that means the Empire, than all the stay-at-homes who take no part in the National life, or those who don't "play for the side."

(Continued on Page 17)

February, 1939

ANNIVERSARY REGATTA

The Corps' Flotilla in Action!

Anniversary Regatta, 1939, held on Monday, January 30th was the finest day for that event ever seen by the writer.

Starting off cloudy and cool, with a complete calm which lasted until about 11 a.m., the rowing course over which Navy League events were contested was ideal. The water was smooth, and the boats had only to row against the second hour of the flood tide. The rowing events, both senior and junior, were started by the Senior Officer of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, Captain Maurice Blackwood, D.S.O., R.N., and judged on the flagship by Captain Alan Hill, Secretary of the Navy League, and Inspecting Officer, Navy League Sea Cadet Corps.

The first event, the Junior Pulling Handicap, proved that Woolwich, the League's "dark horse" had, under the guidance of Mr. Chris Tottman, their Officer in Charge, been putting in some excellent training work at their quarters on the river. This was displayed in no undecided manner in the Junior Pulling Handicap when Woolwich whaler, keeping a good steady stroke with double banked oars, swung past the gunboat to win by 6 lengths from North Sydney and 6½ lengths from Woolwich skiff dinghy. In the Senior Pulling event, Mr. Smith, O.C. "Victory" Training Depot, pulled his handicap up splendidly, and nursing his boat in a very skilful manner, cut Mr. Tottman's craft out of first place in what was one of the most thrillingly fought out pulling events of the day. Half a length separated the winners, three between second and third, and one quarter of a length between fourth and fifth, were the judge's placings.

The Sailing Handicap for Navy League boats of Service pattern settled any doubts that might

have arisen as to the Navy League's capability of handling boats under sail.

By the time this event was started a fresh, steady north-easterly wind was blowing, providing an ideal medium for a good race. The course was from a line between the starter's boat and Lady Macquarie's Chair, down the Harbour to Watson's Bay Pile Light, and return, finishing across a line between the gunboat and M.V. "Port Fairy," the flagship.

There is only one word to describe the sailing of this race—that is, "splendid." The boats were handled by all officers and crews competing with consummate skill, keeping the margin of safety well in view. The writer, who has seen many such races involving boats of Service pattern and rig, has never seen boats handled better, and rarely as well.

Here a tribute must be paid to the fine sailing qualities of the two new whalers built by Pritchard Brothers, of Neutral Bay. In their first appearance in contests, they proved beyond all doubt that as sailing and pulling craft they are unsurpassable by any in the League. Pritchard's boats took first place in two events and second place in a third. This, one would imagine, speaks for itself.

To the winners and losers alike we extend the Journal's heartiest congratulations. All boats cannot win, but all crews, winners and runners up alike, did their best to put their craft over the line ahead of the other fellows, and exhibited that element of sportsmanship which is so necessary in the League, and for which (we feel confident in saying) the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps is noted.

To sum the whole Anniversary Regatta, 1939, up, it was definitely a "day out" for the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, and for the Officers who so unselfishly gave their time in the training of the various crews.

(Continued at bottom of next column)

"RAISE STEAM WITH ALL DESPATCH"

(By Captain M. B. R. Blackwood, D.S.O., R.N. (Ret.))

"Was that a whistle?"

The sleeper sat up in his bunk, switched on the light, and looked at his watch. One a.m.

Yes. There it went again, a succession of shorts. The general call in the Morse code.

Swearing softly to himself, he pressed the bell push at the head of his bunk and heard the faint answering ring of an electric bell forward in the ship, followed by the clatter of the quartermaster's heavy boots on the iron deck. He could tell how the wearer of the boots progressed aft by long practice. The footsteps suddenly muffled—off the iron deck and on to the matting. Closer they came, stopping at the hatch labelled "Captain", which was his.

"Sir!" the wearer of the boots shouted.

"Is the signalman up?"

"Yes, sir!"

"All right."

He snuggled down into his blankets again. He had forty minutes' grace. In thirty of these precious minutes he would be shivering on the bridge of a destroyer of the Harwich Force, waiting for the order to slip and "proceed to sea." He lay in his blankets listening to the police whistles blowing furiously all round him. With only two signalmen allowed to destroyers by complement, it was impossible to have a man continually on watch; so a division of four boats would split the night up between them—the signalman on duty at the time rousing his mates by piercing blasts on a police whistle.

"That's a 'Q.O.' all right," he thought.

He was right.

"Q.O." was, and perhaps still is, a two-flag signal used in the navy meaning—"Raise steam with all despatch."

"That's a 'Q.O.' all right."

How well he knew all the preliminaries attendant to this unpleasant night alarm.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

That was the signalman's sea boots coming down the bridge ladder.

Heard him shout "Q.O." down the mess-deck hatch.

Bang! Bang! along the iron deck to the engineers' quarters.

Heard him yell, "Q.O., chief!" down their hatch.

The same down the officers' quarters, and finally a huge pair of sea boots clambering down his own ladder and the tired face of the leading signalman (and his very good friend).

"Raise steam with all despatch, sir!"—followed by details of organizations the flotilla was to assume.

"All right, Collins. What's the weather like?"

"Very cold, sir. Just starting to snow."

(Continued on Page 4)

ANNIVERSARY REGATTA

RESULTS:—

Junior Pulling Handicap

Woolwich whaler	1st
North Sydney whaler	2nd
Woolwich skiff dinghy	3rd
Six lengths between 1st and 2nd, and 1 length between 2nd and 3rd.	

Senior Pulling Handicap

North Sydney whaler	1st
Woolwich whaler	2nd
Birchgrove gig	3rd
Half length between 1st and 2nd, and 3 lengths between 2nd and 3rd.	

Sailing Handicap

Woolwich whaler	1st
North Sydney whaler	2nd
North Sydney (No. 3) whaler	3rd
Won by 7 minutes, with 3 minutes between 2nd and 3rd.	

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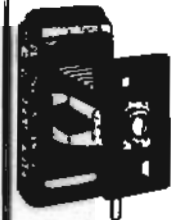
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"RAISE STEAM WITH ALL DESPATCH" (Contd.)

The signalman turned and climbed wearily up the ladder. He had just had four hours in his hammock after two days at sea, mostly on the bidge, and he wasn't looking forward to a repetition so soon—but "c'est la guerre," though he didn't put it quite that way.

The foregoing is an attempt to describe the happenings on board a destroyer of the Harwich Force at 1 a.m. on a January morning in the winter of 1916-17.

The force at that time consisted of from four to six light cruisers and from thirty to forty destroyers, the numbers of both classes of vessels depending on our casualties at sea, collisions, accidents, striking mines, etc. It had been a bad winter so far, continually at sea in all sorts of weather. If by chance one struck a fine day when it wasn't blowing half-a-gale from somewhere, the certainty of a pea-soup fog to follow robbed the fine weather of its pleasantness.

"Oh! well—it's got to be faced, I suppose." He kicked off his blankets, shivering as his bare feet felt the cold chill of the iron deck. "But we're better off than the poor devils in the trenches."

He dressed quickly, climbed as a matter of course into his oilskins (still damp from their last spell on the bridge), and felt rather than saw his way to the wardroom.

"Have some cocoa, sir?" (This from the sub-lieutenant, a youngster of about 20, whose death in the "Ariel" a few months later robbed the navy of a fine officer).

He took a cup of cocoa from the sleepy steward.

"Get the books out, Sub.," he said, throwing him a bunch of keys.

The youngster vanished, to return in a few moments with his arm full of signal books—codes of all sorts; various documents varying from the deployment of the Grand Fleet to detailed instructions for the conservation of mess-deck scraps for pig food. It seemed that every day brought new orders, which all called for returns to be rendered, usually weekly, if not daily.

(Continued on Page 5)

The Sub. stowed his burden in a wooden box heavily weighted with lead, and told the quartermaster to take it up on to the bridge.

"Did you put in envelope 'X,' Sub?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir, but I haven't had a chance to put that new minefield on the chart. I'll put it on going down the harbour."

The captain looked at his watch. Ten minutes to go.

"Come on, you fellows—now for another German victory with no trouble to them."

He clambered up the hatch, having a struggle to get through by reason of his girth, so bloated was he in his bad-weather kit. He climbed slowly on to the bridge, a platform 15 feet long and perhaps 9 feet wide, with just room to pass between the wheel and binnacle and engine-room telegraphs. It was in pitch darkness except for the reflection of a few lights on deck far below. He sensed rather than saw the shapeless figure of the coxswain turning the spokes of the wheel to "hard over" each way.

"All right, Simpson?"

"All right, sir."

"Try the compass light."

The cox'n found a switch, and a faint glow illuminated the compass card and his own figure. The captain walked three steps to the side of the bridge and looked round him. In two long lines stretching past Parkeston Quay, perhaps a mile up the Stour, were dim shapes illuminated by isolated points of light; farther seaward the light cruisers were indicated by largely grey shapes and more lights. Over all hung a thin pall of smoke caused by the force hurriedly raising steam.

"I wonder what we are up to this time?" he thought. The first lieutenant came on the bridge.

"All ready, sir. "Challenge" and "Reply" are thought. "Belgian coast, I suppose." on the signal board."

He was followed by the gunner, who reported all guns and torpedoes ready.

Two minutes of the forty had still to elapse.

The chief engineer reported, "All ready below."

(Continued overleaf)



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"RAISE STEAM WITH ALL DESPATCH"

(Contd.)

"Darken ship," sang out the first lieutenant.

All lights went out except the pencil point illuminating the mahogany features of the coxswain at the wheel.

"I shan't want you, Sub.," said the skipper. "Go down and put that minefield on the chart."

"Signal to slip, sir!" said the signalman.

"Executive, sir."

The destroyers were moored to buoys with just room for the ships to swing round without fouling each other, and when swung to the ebb tide would be pointed inland instead of to seaward. In the very limited room available for manoeuvring in a strong tideway, it was sometimes difficult to turn the necessary 180 degrees without fouling either a buoy or the numerous oiltankers and other craft at various moorings in the harbour. Add to this a pitch dark night with an occasional flurry of snow, and an unpleasant picture is complete.

There were orders laid down as to the sequence in which the ships were to leave harbour. This was all right in theory. In practice the golfer's motto of "Never up, never in" guided our movements. Every man for himself.

As luck would have it the ships were swung the wrong way, full ahead one engine and full astern the other. Still hanging on to his mooring buoy, the captain bucked his ship round against the current. He had 27,000 horsepower available, and he wanted it all to get the ship round. But she was round at last.

"Slip! Half-speed ahead both."

With a destroyer each side of his, so close that damage to somebody seemed inevitable, he streaked off for the harbour entrance.

"Well up in the hunt this time," he thought.

Round the Beach end buoy at 15 knots. Only two boats abreast now. The third's nerve had failed, and he had dropped back. A faint, almost imperceptible glow on a white patch of water a short distance ahead of them was the stern light of one of the cruisers.

"Can you see the "Arethusa?" he asked the torpedo coxswain.

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, follow her. Sing out at once if you lose her."

(Continued on Page 7)

A shaded light flickered ahead. "Twenty knots, sir," said the signalman.

"Six hundred revolutions," ordered the captain.

The seaman at the revolution telegraph wound the handle round till 600 was showing opposite the pointer. The ship quickly picked up her speed. The vibrations in the long black hull became more pronounced, the whine of the turbines sharper. The spray and light driving snow stung their faces harder. A light-vessel showing a very subdued light loomed up. The Sunk light-vessel. The shaded light ahead started blinking again.

"Course N.E., 25 knots, sir!"

"My word!" thought our friend, "someone in a hurry."

With the first glimmerings of dawn the squadron was formed on a line bearing N.W. and S.E., or at right angles to their course during the night. Envelope "X" was to be opened at 7 a.m. Its contents weren't very interesting. A routine search, that was all.

A wind had risen with the sun. It was blowing the best part of a gale. The squadron had reduced to 15 knots, and even at that comparatively slow speed was making heavy weather of it. The dirty, greyish-brown water of the Broad Fourteens off the Dutch coast was whipped into a short heavy sea.

The light cruisers were worse off than the shorter and lighter destroyers—these did lift a little to the seas, but the cruisers were burying themselves. No chance of keeping an efficient look-out. Everything, including binoculars, wet through. The lash of the icy spray was blinding. A quick look over the top of the bridge didger, and then duck, was the best one could manage in the circumstances.

An unusually heavy lunge had shifted the captain's hand-hold on the bridge rail, and as he slithered along the bridge to leeward he felt a dull thump. Scrambling back to his station again, a cloud of smoke on his port beam hid his next number in the line from him.

"Hard a starboard. Full ahead both!"

The ship jumped ahead to the increased revolutions of the engines. A heavy sea hit the

(Continued overleaf)

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"RAISE STEAM WITH ALL DESPATCH"

bridge, a crash, and a mountain of water seemed to fall on them. Gasping for breath, the captain and helmsman looked round for their two companions, and were relieved to find them still there. The bridge rails had been laid flat by that sea.

The captain clawed his way to the telegraphs. "Half speed both."

Another plunge and another cascade of water over them, but they held on grimly.

Half-a-mile ahead was all that was left of the "Lark." The mine or torpedo, whichever it was, had done its work well. There was some of the "Lark" left, but not much. The ship stopped short at the bridge. The fore-end simply wasn't there. The bridge itself was just a tangled heap of wreckage. A few men lined along the upper deck, perhaps twenty of them. Where were the rest of the 90 who composed her complement? Must have all been caught on the forward mess-decks having breakfast.

The wreck was lying beam on to the seas, every other one sweeping over her. The survivors were hanging grimly to the rails and stanchions.

"I'm going to take her in tow. Hard over the helm, coxswain, and come up close under her stern."

"Hold on, everybody!"

As the destroyer turned away from the wind to get into position for her attempt to pass a line, her whole after-end was swept by a savage sea. Fortunately the few men on deck knew what to expect, and nobody was washed overboard. Round head to wind again; things were better, in spite of having no protection on the bridge. Passing close under the "Lark's" stern a line was thrown, caught, bent to a heavier one. That in turn was made fast to the towing wires which were always ready.

Then came the battle with the elements. The "Lark," lying in the trough of the sea, had to be dragged round stern on to wind and waves. If too much power was used by the towing vessel the wire rope would part. Too little power and the "Lark" wouldn't budge, simply wallow in the trough. A nice problem in seamanship.

The towing wire fast, engines were put to half-speed ahead. The revolutions gradually worked up till the tow was stern to wind. Course was shaped for Harwich.

"Had the "Lark" been torpedoed or mined?"

If the latter, there would surely be some more mines about; and, if an enemy submarine had been responsible for the damage, wouldn't he come back for another shot? No good worrying.

With two divisions of destroyers as escort, the tow struggled slowly across the North Sea. The wind dropped, and at the Sunk light-vessel two dockyard tugs took charge of the cripple.

Tired—cold—miserable. He was glad to see the last of the "Lark." Her captain had been a great friend of his. They had passed out of the training ship together, and then hadn't seen each other for years till the fortune of war brought them together again in the Harwich Force.

As he steamed slowly up, the harbour even a signal from the "Arethusa"—"Manoeuvre well executed"—did not cheer him up. He wondered if the sweep had been worth while. They were already short of destroyers, and now the "Lark" would be laid up for a couple of months. Lives lost, say 60. Damage to enemy—nil.

He wondered if the sweep had been worth while. Secured alongside the parent ship; "Ring off the engines, Sub. I told you it would be a German victory."

("REVEILLE")

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THE NAVY LEAGUE JOURNAL



H.M.A.S. HOBART leaving Sydney for exercises.

"SIGNALS"

SOME HUMOROUS INCIDENTS

Signals between ships have been in use ever since squadrons or divisions of vessels have acted in unison. In early days these consisted of flags by day and guns or lights by night, but it was not until the dawn of the 19th century that a complete naval code, such as that in use at the battle of Trafalgar, came into common use. The writer does not purpose in this article to discuss either the origin or evolution of signals between ships at sea, but to give a few examples of signals which have come under his notice during years spent afloat, and commended themselves either by their humour or the appositeness of their wording.

Perhaps a few words would not be inappropriate concerning that most famous of all signals, that of Nelson to the officers and men of his fleet as they stood at their stations ere the battle was opened at Trafalgar. Lieut. John Pascoe, R.N., was the officer in charge of signals on the Victory on that historic occasion. Lieut. Pascoe went to Lord Nelson, who, after ordering certain signals to be made, said, "Mr. Pascoe, I wish to say to the fleet—'England confides that every man will do his duty.'" Pascoe replied, "If your Lordship will permit me to substitute 'expects' for 'confides,' the signal will soon be completed, because the word 'expects' is in the vocabulary and 'confides' must be spelt. 'His Lordship,'" records Pascoe, "replied in haste, and with seeming satisfaction—'That will do, Pascoe, make it directly.'"

One winter's eve, a particularly wet and dirty one in 1911, the writer was navigator of a destroyer which was returning to the welcome shelter of Portland after an arduous day's exercise with a couple of battle squadrons. We were in company with the entire 4th Flotilla, some 24 boats in all, and most of us, no doubt, were looking forward to a pleasant evening in Weymouth. When about five miles distant from Portland breakwater the officer commanding the Flotilla made a general signal for the Flotilla to turn 16 points (i.e., about turn), and proceed to a rendezvous 30 miles to the eastward, and there to carry out night manoeuvres. Commander A., of the ———, on being informed of this, then made the following signal to Commander

B., of the ——— (both officers ardent students of Shakespeare)—"Macbeth, Act II., Scene 1, line 48."

On receipt of this Commander B. at once turned up his copy of Shakespeare, and in the place mentioned read: "It is the bloody business which informs thus to mine eyes." Not to be outdone, he replied:—"Tempest, Act I., Scene 1, last four lines." Commander A., referring to this read: "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death."

One of the wittiest and aptest retorts by signal that ever came within the writer's knowledge happened thus:—Two destroyer captains were keen rivals in the smartness and appearance of their respective ships and their crews. Neither ever neglected an occasion of pulling the leg of the other whenever the opportunity occurred. One morning in pre-war days they were despatched in company from Malta to Gibraltar. As they cleared Valetta Harbour, X., who in virtue of being senior officer by a few days, was leading the way, observed a rope trailing in the water on the port side of Z's ship. He then made this signal by semaphore: "What is that you have towing from your port side?" On receipt of this signal Z. looked over the side of the bridge, and saw the offending piece of rope (no small offence when a ship is leaving harbour) and promptly replied in these words: "My first lieutenant's reputation."

Although the following story does not actually come under the heading of signals, I have introduced it here as evidencing the danger of having telegrams opened and their contents signalled as a quicker means of delivering than the usual method.

One bitterly cold afternoon in the winter of 1910, the writer and his C.O.—who, by the way, is very well-known in Sydney society circles, as much by his gypsy-like charm as by his amazing civilian attire when on shore—were toasting their feet in front of the wardroom stove. Their ship at the time was lying at Saltash giving Christmas leaves. By-the-bye a signalman came

(Continued on next page)

to the door, and, after knocking, said to the C.O. "Telegram for you, sir, at the main steps." Now, the main steps were many miles away, down the harbour in Devonport, and telegrams passed from there to Saltash by signal had to come via several repeating ships. The C.O., thinking in a somnolent way, it was merely a wire from one of the ship's company requesting an extension of leave, replied, "All right: open and signal contents." Then he closed his eyes and subsided into the depths of his armchair.

About an hour later, when the wardroom Steward was laying out the afternoon tea, the signalman returned, pad in hand. "Contents of telegram, sir," he said. "Right, oh," yawned the skipper, "read 'em out." The signalman, with a face as emotionless as a seaboot, "Read 'em out thus:—

"To Commander C., H.M.S. ———, Received your letter and bangle, you perfect darling. I treasure them both. I will be there, and mind you don't keep me waiting. Your Norah."

Considering that the signalman was as well aware as myself that the skipper was a married man with a couple of youngsters, and that his wife's name did not even remotely resemble Norah, the lack of emotion in his face or voice was truly commendable. The skipper, after he had recovered from the shock, said: "Er, signalman, there is no need to enter that in the signal log." "Very good, sir," quoth the stolid man of flags, but there was nothing said about the yarn he would spin the lower-deck when he went off duty.

During the war, one of the most apposite of signals was made by a Rear-Admiral commanding a cruiser squadron, which one Sabbath morn was out scouring the middle portions of the North Sea. A Zeppelin was sighted just about the time when those of the ship's companies not actually on duty would be assembled for prayers. A lucky shot brought the Zep. down in flames, and after the survivors had been picked up the Rear-Admiral made the following general signal: "Ships' companies will now sing verse —, hymn —." And accordingly the church parades sang:—

O, happy band of pilgrims
Look upward to the skies,
When such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

Another war signal which the writer can vouch for was made under rather dramatic conditions. The gentleman (let him be called Brown) responsible for this particular effort was a "dug-out," that is to say he had been retired from the service several years before war broke out. To be brief, he found himself one summer's morn in command of a "Q boat" or mystery-ship, as the public termed them, not very far from the Isle of Wight. A German submarine was playfully throwing four-inch shells at this vessel from a range of about 1,500 yards and gradually closing in. The usual performance of abandoning ship, too well-known by now, was gone through, and just when it looked to Brown as though Fritz was about to be lured within certain destructive range of his masked guns, he observed a trawler approaching fast. He knew that once the submarine spotted her she would not remain on the surface very long. Inwardly cursing the trawler and all aboard her, and quite unable to tell her to clear out in view of the fact that the entire ship's company was supposed to be in the boats, he held his breath hoping against hope that Fritz would get sufficiently close for him to make certain of sinking her before he observed the trawler. But Brown's luck was out, for a few seconds later Fritz saw the trawler and forthwith began to dive. Full of fury Brown opened fire with every available gun at the fast-disappearing Fritz, but alas, before the range could be found the elusive submarine was well beneath the waves. Frantic with the loss of his prey Brown sent the following in clear wireless to the approaching trawler: "Clear to ——— out of it; you've — up the whole — performance."

The sequel occurred a week later, when Brown, returning to Portsmouth, made his report to the Admiral commanding that place. He was greeted pleasantly and, after making his report was about to retire, when the Admiral exclaimed, "Oh, by the way, Brown, are your signals usually couched in these er—lurid terms?" with which gently remonstrative query the Admiral

(Continued on Page 12)



(Sketch by courtesy "Sydney Bulletin")

"To the devil with you, Prendergast, and your snoring!"

"SIGNALS"

handed Brown a copy of his own recently-despatched wireless signal to the trawler. Brown, looking somewhat abashed, started to explain, but was cut short by the Admiral, who understood the situation just as well as Brown did, and sympathised with him accordingly, but at the same time he suggested to Brown that if

called upon to make signals of a similar nature in the future he should endeavour to be rather less picturesque in his choice of adjectives. "For, owing to the war," the Admiral concluded, smiling deprecatingly at Brown, "many of my clerks in the signals' office now wear skirts instead of trousers!"

GRACE DARLING — HEROINE

Even now, a century after the event, it is impossible to read without a thrill the story of superb courage which lifted Grace Darling to the front rank of national heroines.

When on the stormy morning of September 7, 1838, the "Forfarshire," one of the first of the much vaunted early "luxury steamers" for passengers, bound from Hull to Dundee with sixty-three persons on board, struck the Harcars Rock in the Farne Island, overwhelming and complete tragedy seemed certain.

The "Forfarshire" parted amidships, and half the ill-fated vessel was lifted on the Harcars and wedged firmly between the rocks.

In fifteen minutes forty-three lives were lost. The starboard-quarter boat, with the first mate, the engineer, five of the crew and a cabin passenger, had a miraculous escape, being caught by a strong current and whirled through the raging waters of Piper's Gut to the outer sea, where it was picked up by a Montrose sloop.

A Nightmare Journey

The survivors on the Harcars, lashed by a fierce wind and torrential rain, clung desperately to the battered wreck, but when a rising tide began to crash down on them, literally tearing their clothes away, their hopes sank to zero.

Not far away the Longstone lighthouse reared its tower, seemingly mocking them with its promise of security. And, as it happened, from that very lighthouse their plight had been observed.

Grace Darling, the daughter of the lighthouse keeper, William Darling, tired after half a night's exhausting toil in securing their property from the ravages of a hungry sea, took a look across the tumbling waters, and saw the wreck.

Immediately all thought of rest vanished. Precious human lives were in peril, and there was rescue to be attempted. The conditions at this time were appalling. Darling had

(Continued on Page 14)

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"GRACE DARLING" (Contd.)

only to glance across the surging waves to understand the frightful risks that would have to be encountered. His chief concern was for his daughter, neither a robust nor very muscular girl, yet called upon to do man's work.

But Grace's spirit was unconquerable. Where her father saw the gravest danger she saw merely the plain course of duty, and so the pair set out for the wreck in their coble. They were compelled to follow a course which considerably lengthened the distance to be traversed; yet, half blinded by the rain, soaked to the skin, and tense with anxiety they pulled through the bitter cold, battling first with tremendous swells, then with treacherous currents, and needing always to keep alert watch for sunken rocks.

"There's a Lassie Coming"

Nearer and nearer they got to the wreck, and to their surprise there were not just one or two but nine survivors crowding to the water's edge. At the very moment when the sufferers on the rock begun to despair the coble had been dimly discerned approaching, and as its occupants became more recognisable one of the shipwrecked men, an old sailor, with tears of joy and amazement streaming down his face, exclaimed: "For the Lord's sake, there's a lassie coming."

Two journeys had to be made back to the lighthouse into safety, but with the aid of two of the men the arduous undertaking was successfully accomplished.

The Grace family devoted themselves wholeheartedly to the well-being of their unfortunate guests, and there, in their midst, all snug and comfortable, the crew of the North Sunderland lifeboat found the people they had themselves set out to save.

When the news of the gallant rescue became known the country was stirred from end to end. Popular opinion was expressed by "The Times," which declared that "It is impossible to speak in adequate terms of the unparalleled bravery and disinterestedness shown by Mr. Darling and his truly heroic daughter, especially so with regard to the latter." The writer added that "other women had risked their lives through love of their country or their families, or those they loved, but Grace had risked her life for love of people whom she did not know."

Both honours and personal gifts were showered upon the young heroine.

Unspoilt by Praise

In addition, £725 was raised by public subscription, and the Duke of Northumberland became Grace's guardian and friend.

Poets like Wordsworth and Swinburne belauded Grace: artists painted her portrait; a panorama and a play helped to spread her fame.

Born at Bamborough on November 24, 1815, she had all her life been accustomed to solitude. Until she was ten her home was on the Brownsman, one of the largest of the group of islands, and here with a Newfoundland dog as pet, and study of the birds and seals that frequented the spot as her favourite diversion, the years passed happily enough.

Removal to the Longstone meant only a change to more comfortable housing conditions. For both islands food and water had to be secured from the mainland, and all the Darling children, Grace and her five brothers and three sisters, were taught how to handle boats, acquiring confidence even in the roughest weather.

Somehow, it was contrived that Grace should spend an interval in the mainland, where she received a boarding school education. But on her return she settled down with renewed earnestness as assistant to her parents.

Vigilance Saves Life

Her vigilance was demonstrated during the Christmas of 1834 when she was attending to the lantern. Something unusual on the Knavesstone caught her eye, and on careful inspection she made out the topmast of a vessel which had struck the rock and sunk. Through the telescope she perceived a sailor waving wildly, with another lying beside him.

She immediately roused her father and brothers, and had the satisfaction of seeing the sailor brought to safety after a terrific struggle. His companion perished from exposure.

Grace, unhappily, did not long survive her ordeal on the Harcars. In the spring of 1842 she contracted a chill. Nothing serious was anticipated, but gradually she grew worse, consumption developed, and on October 20, 1842, she died in her father's arms.

A monument in Bamborough church-yard, a full-length figure lying with an oar by her side, bears tribute to the heroine's memory, but her great glory was that she became part of our sea history, contributing to its pages an unforgettable epic.

T.B.F.
(“NAVY”)

THE NAVY LEAGUE JOURNAL

"The Lazy Helmsman"

(By H. R. Hodding)

In the days of the old "wooden walls," every A.B. rating had to take his trick at the wheel, sometimes under the experienced eye of a grizzled old Quartermaster, who did nothing but con the compass sedulously, and sometimes under the less experienced eye of a little Middy as on the occasion of which I write.

The ship was a frigate, the steering gear being under the break of the poop. The frigate was about the middle of the Western Ocean, outward bound for the North American station, the season winter, and bitterly cold. The "world's worst" helmsman was at the wheel, stripped to his flannel. Hard up, and hard down, he put the wheel, as hard as he could go, with the moisture exuding from every pore of his body, in his desperate efforts to keep her somewhere near her course, much to the exasperation of the Quartermaster.

Then at long last came "four bells," and the wheel was relieved. The new helmsman was a big fellow, and the best helmsman in the ship. (Helmsmen, like poets, are to a large extent born, not made.) It was only a few moments before the new man steadied her, and steering with a spoke or two of weather helm, and a spoke or two of lee, was having a happy time. This, however, did not please the little Middy (who was a first voyager) and, giving the big A.B. a look of withering scorn, he said, "Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You're a lazy big brute. Why, the last man worked twice as hard as you, stripped to his flannel, sweating like a bull, and here you are, monkey jacket, jumper and muffler on, and you haven't turned a hair!"

Incidentally, the men-of-wars'-men of those days were great men, dependable and reliable, like monkeys aloft, and thorough seamen to the backbone. So are our men of the R.N. to-day. They are just as reliable and dependable as their forbears were, and the handiest men in the world, afloat or ashore. In those days men-of-wars'-men had nicknames for everything and everybody. The master-at-arms and the ship's corporal were the "jaunties," from the French "Gendarme." They called themselves

"matlows," also of French derivation, "matelot," while they irreverently dubbed the senior service, "John Andrew Miller," why, only they could tell you. Our present personnel of the Fleet, although perhaps more mechanics than sailormen, are of the same fighting spirit as of old, and have the same kind hearts beating beneath their rough exterior. They still are, and always will be, our "Merry little lads in navy blue." God bless 'em!

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SEA CADET NOTES

MANLY DIVISION

By G. H. Smith, Officer-in-Charge

Manly Division has been very busy lately. We have had a few socials which proved a great success, even although we were unfortunate enough to pick wet nights for holding them. However, sailors don't care.

All hands are just recovering from the Christmas camp held at the Basin, Pittwater. Manly ratings reported having had a splendid time, and are looking forward to their next holiday under canvas.

The Division is gaining rapidly in strength, and altogether the outlook is very fair. We offer our best wishes to Signaller Gidley, who is taking a wireless course under the able tuition of the Manly Radio Club. We all wish him the best of luck, and would like to also thank the Radio Club for their good offices, and for the music they supplied at our last social.

All hands in the Division were very disappointed at not being able to take part in the Anniversary Regatta, 1939, but hope to be well in the next time the Corps takes the water in a combined aquatic event.

Our Committee have been working very hard to obtain a boatshed to house our new whaler, and it looks as if our hope will shortly be realised. Our gratitude is also due to Mrs. Soars for her generous donation awarded to the "best Cadet at Christmas." Signaller Gidley won, Leading Seaman Green filling second place.

Our thanks are also heartily rendered to Mrs. Green, who is raising funds for the new boatshed. Mrs. Green is doing her part of the work unassisted, and her efforts are greatly appreciated.

WOOLWICH DIVISION

By E. C. Colman
Hon. Secretary, Woolwich N.L. Committee

After a lapse of nearly two years Woolwich Division's old O.C., Mr. Chris. Tottman, an ex-naval man, has rejoined the division in his old

position of officer-in-charge. Since the date of his rejoining, he has lost no time in getting cadets together, being ably assisted by three junior officers, Messrs. J. Driver, J. Niemier, and H. Collison. No efforts have been spared in their endeavours to restore the division to its old standard of the days before its temporary disbanding.

On Thursday, 26th January, a committee meeting was held at the depot, and the following officers were elected to take office on the committee:—

Mr. C. A. Fairland, well known sporting identity, Chairman.

Mrs. Williams, Hon. Treasurer.

Mr. R. C. Collison, Hon. Secretary.

Mr. P. J. O'Byrne and Mr. Williams, Trustees.

The League thanks all those who were present, not only for their attendance, but for their ready desire to give service to the cadets and the League.

Woolwich cadets put in some spirited work in boats, training for the Anniversary (1939) Regatta, and the results of Mr. Tottman's and their hard work was ably demonstrated on the great day. A complete report of the regatta appears elsewhere in the journal.

On the morning of Sunday, 22nd January, the senior Woolwich crew challenged Woolwich Old Sea Cadets to a race. The lads put up a great effort to hold the Old Boys, and were only beaten by two feet.

Recruits are joining in satisfactory numbers, and we feel confident in saying that it will not be long before Woolwich Division is occupying its old position in the League, both in regards to numbers, sport, and general training.

Our special thanks are due to Mr. A. Bonnington, a keen Woolwich supporter. Mr. Bonnington intends to present a silver cup for competition in the League early in February. This generous action is bound to provide the additional touch of inter-divisional competitive spirit, and Mr. Bonnington, apart from his much appreciated gesture in presenting the cup itself, presents with it the necessary stimulus to good clean competition. Again, many thanks, Mr. Bonnington.

(Continued on Page 17)

"VICTORY" TRAINING DEPOT

By L. E. V. Smith, O in C.

V.T.D. ratings are gratified to know that they now have four boats in which to carry out their favourite training, which is, of course, practical boat work.

We now have two sailing whalers, one rowing whaler and a gig and are looking forward to the new cutter being launched.

The whole training routine of the unit is slowly being re-organised and we hope to have shortly a system of training by which each member of the unit will have the maximum benefit of the facilities available.

It is to be hoped that the Sea Cadet Corps advances at its present record rate during this year, for it is apparent to everyone that the N.L.S.C.C. is forging full speed ahead.

V.T.D. has taken over a sub-depot at Woolloomooloo Bay, at which we store three of the boats. This is a valuable asset to the unit, as the care of our boats has always been a problem. Part of the unit has been drafted to the new sub-depot, and a spirit of friendly rivalry has already crept into the division, the boys at the new depot jealously guarding every little article for fear the others take it across to the main depot.

I think the V.T.D. can safely say they are slowly approaching the standard attributed us by our Patron, Vice-Patron, President and many friends at Station 2UW.

The Anniversary Regatta, 1939, was a very fine day for the Sea Cadet Corps. Some very fine rowing (described elsewhere) was seen, and the companies concerned should feel proud at the display of zeal by all the crews concerned. Once again the signal is, "All Well at V.T.D."

AN EMPIRE FOUNDED ON THE SEA

(Continued from Page 1)

To those of you who wish to join the Navy I should like to say that it has never been so attractive as it is to-day. The living conditions, the feeding, the games and welfare are far better attended to than in any other Navy, and the pay of an Able Seaman now averages more than

I ever got when a Sub-Lieutenant! But, best of all, your prospects will be particularly bright for promotion and from an educational viewpoint. You will, no doubt, have a few setbacks when you first go afloat, but just treat misfortunes with a smile and successes with a cheer and you will come through all right.

The Navy is not our only sea service. I firmly believe that there is to be just as good an opening for boys with courage and determination—plus ability—in our incomparable Mercantile Marine, as there is in the Navy. I have had a great deal to do with the merchant service in my time, and I have learned to love and respect the Red Ensign, which is the flag that merchant ships wear whilst bringing home our food supplies and the raw material without which our factories could not function.

You see, boys, the Merchant Service and the Navy belong to one great family, and thinking men and those who believe in fair play are striving to give the merchant seaman a better deal, a much fairer deal, than he has had in the past. The Nation has got to see to this or go under, which I can't somehow see it doing, and for this reason I hope many of you will have for your ambition such prizes as the Merchant Service will offer in the near future.

There is something magnificent about our merchant captains. Imagine being in command of the "Queen Elizabeth," that great 83,000-ton masterpiece of British ship-building.

All of you by nature are not fitted to command; some small defect in eyesight or physique may prevent you joining the executive side, but there are a dozen other avenues that have their own attractions. There have been occasions when I have thrilled with pride at the behaviour of British stewards in ships. They are often far finer men and better folk than the passengers they look after.

And then comes that admirable department that never seems to get the honour which is its due; the engine room department.

You know, boys, before any of you were born, when Britain was almost beaten to her knees by the submarine menace, and unprotected merchant ships were being torpedoed by the hundred, we in the Navy established what was called the convoy system, and by this we very largely overcame the submarine menace; because large

(Continued on Page 18)

numbers of merchant ships sailing together in squadrons or convoys were protected by light cruisers and destroyers which guarded the merchant ships like sheep dogs rounding up their flocks.

This convoy business brought home to the Navy better than anything in the Great War what the Nation owed to its Mercantile Marine. We shall not easily forget the days and especially the nights spent in company with those slow-moving, deeply-laden ships. The whiffs of smoke from their funnels, the phosphorescent wakes, the thud of their large propellers, and the metallic clang of iron doors as the firemen came up from below at the end of their long arduous watches in the heated boiler-rooms of those iron tramp steamers which ran the gauntlet of torpedo for most of the four years of war.

How eager they were, those merchantmen, Captain, greaser, and so forth, to acquit themselves in accordance with sea tradition—yes, we owe them far more than we know.

Less than a month ago this country, this great nation of ours, stood on the brink of war. The Navy was ready. It has never been so efficient as it is to-day. But war won't be what it used to be when the fighting man bore the brunt and faced all the dangers himself. Nowadays the bombs mostly fall far beyond the fighting lines and peaceful people who have no hatred in their hearts and no wish for war get killed and maimed beyond all recognition. This is happening in Spain and in China to-day, and it would have happened here and in Germany, in Czechoslovakia, and all over Europe, had it not been for Mr. Chamberlain's magnificent moral courage in flying to Germany and unflinchingly facing the issue. By doing this he stopped the signing of the death warrant for perhaps ten or twenty million people and, we hope, made the Nations face the problem with an entirely new heart.

And that brings me to my message to you, as representing the best form of our Empire's youth—those who give up their leisure time to a movement, the Sea Cadet Movement, which is one of the best emblems of National Service. Your holidays especially during the summer time are spent, whenever possible, on the water. You are getting God's good air in your lungs, you are learning to row, you are learning the elements

of seamanship, and the elements of duty to your country and to yourselves.

By keeping fit and giving live, intelligent, loyal service to the Sea Cadets, you are unconsciously making yourselves ready for careers; I hope sea careers, which will bring you that first class health and undimmed happiness and that host of true friends which, to my mind, constitute life as Britons think it should be.

Finally, boys, let me voice your sentiments and say "thank you" to those splendid men, your own Sea Cadet officers, who have freely given so much of their time to serve you. They are like big brothers to you and we owe them a very great debt."

DEFENCE OF SHIPPING

(Continued from Page 20)

on convoys and single ships more dangerous than ever. Mines, too, may constitute a grave peril, for it is known that new types have been evolved which are less readily located and swept than the older models.

Events in Spain are demonstrating the obvious truth that aircraft are capable of destroying unarmed merchant ships. The air menace to convoy will be met by the provision of anti-aircraft ships—re-armed sloops and converted cruisers and destroyers—and of high-angle guns as part of the merchantman's own defensive equipment.

On the outbreak of war in 1914, the Merchant Navy was entirely without means of self-defence. The next time it will be different. A very large number of ships are being structurally modified to receive the guns and other protective equipment which are ready for issue at the principal ports. Further, about 4,500 officers of the Merchant Navy have now received training in the use of this equipment. On the whole, therefore, the "navy of supply" is well prepared to meet an emergency, and were it not for the patent shortage of ships, the future as regards this vital branch of national defence, could be faced with confidence.

—From "The Navy."

DEFENCE OF SHIPPING

IN TIME OF WAR

(By Hector C. Bywater)

When the Mediterranean crisis was suddenly sprung upon the country less than three years ago, bringing us face to face with the imminent possibility of a naval war or two, if not three, widely separated fronts, it revealed not only our dangerous weakness in modern naval and aviation material, but the absence of both means and organisation for safeguarding our sea-borne trade. The successive Governments which had allowed the Navy to sink to a level of relative strength lower than it had reached for two centuries ignored the experience of 1914-1918, purchased at terrible cost. Even before the concentration in the Mediterranean, which left us almost impotent in every other strategic area overseas, we were woefully short of modern cruisers and destroyers, and this deficiency was in no way repaired by the existence of the numerous sloops, slow, small and feebly armed, for which the Admiralty showed so marked a partiality.

Nor was it only in respect of material that the problem of commerce protection gave rise to acute anxiety. There was a strong suspicion that the naval authorities looked askance at convoy and were planning instead a system of evasive routing, under which merchantmen would sail independently and avoid as far as possible their normal tracks. As this was virtually the same system that had prevailed up to the late spring of 1917 and cost us enormous casualties, it is not surprising that murmurs were heard in the Navy itself, which had not forgotten the stubborn opposition of the Admiralty staff in 1917 to the introduction of convoy. Incidentally, post-war apologists have signally failed to satisfy the public that this opposition was justified. It stands, therefore, as a well-documented example of official obstinacy pursued to the brink of disaster, and equally as a disclosure of the blindness of high naval officers to the teachings of naval history.

Fortunately, a more progressive school of thought now appears to be in control of policy.

If convoy were really frowned upon three years ago it now seems to have been restored to favour. Speaking in Liverpool on May 24, Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, outlined the Admiralty scheme for safeguarding the trade routes and said that "plans are laid on the basis that we should have to go into convoy on certain routes immediately the danger matured." The change of heart, if it really occurred, apparently dates from the Autumn of 1935, when the massing of ships in the Eastern Mediterranean left the ocean highways unpoliced. Had war resulted enemy raiders, both surface and submarine, might have pursued their operations unmolested, and it was obvious that the immediate adoption of convoy would be our sole chance of salvation. So, in November, 1935, a special convoy branch was established at the Admiralty, one of its members being Paymaster Rear-Admiral Sir Eldon Manisty, who had been intimately associated with convoy organisation in 1917. He was called from retirement to serve his country once again in the same capacity.

It is generally accepted that an attack on this country could succeed only by virtue of (a) a knock-out blow by the heavy and continuous air bombardment of London and other great centres of population, or (b) by producing famine conditions through interrupting the supply of food and essential commodities. Both methods might, and probably would, be tried together. They would, in fact, overlap in so far as the bombing of docks, granaries, etc., and of ships berthed or entering or leaving harbour became part of the air offensive. That, however, is not the Navy's problem, even if it is clear that perfect co-ordination between all three defence services will be the only tall-man of victory.

Apart from its general importance as a vital element of national security, the problem of defending sea-borne trade demands special con-

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sideration by reason of the fact that from the very outset we shall be short of cargo-carrying tonnage. As compared with 1914, we have, roughly speaking, a deficit of 2,000 ships, and at the same time four million more mouths to feed. This being so, we simply cannot afford to incur losses on a big scale. In a future emergency cargo tonnage will be of priceless value. And let us not forget that since the average modern merchantman is larger than its predecessor of 1914-1918, every ship that is sunk will represent a proportionately greater loss. In these circumstances we should indeed be ill-advised to indulge in more or less experimental methods, such as evasive routing, in preference to the well-tried system of convoy.

It goes without saying that the successful operation of convoy depends on many factors, chief of which is the provision of suitable escort units. These are happily coming forward in numbers which promise eventually to be adequate, though it will be another three years before the gap between danger and reasonable safety is closed. We started so late on the cruiser replenishment programme that even including ships voted but not yet laid down we have only 555 in the underage category. The destroyer position is more satisfactory, though the omission of this type from the 1938 building programme is to be deplored. Unlike their predecessors, the escort vessels now under construction possess real fighting power, thanks to their armament of eight 4 in. high-angle guns. In deciding to re-arm the older units of this type the Admiralty have tacitly justified the criticism directed against them when they were built, on the score that they were of no military value except as mine sweepers. There is, however, still a strong case for building ocean-going escort vessels of 2,000 tons or more, with an armament of 6 in. or 5.5 in. guns. Such vessels could face anything short of a regular cruiser, whereas few of our present sloops would stand a sporting chance against an armed merchantman raider of the "Moewe" type, or even a big submarine mounting 8 in. guns.

The organisation of convoy on the far-reaching plan necessitated by modern warfare is a complicated business, but fortunately for us we have as a foundation all the data and prac-

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tical experience accumulated between May, 1917 and November, 1918.

Convoy has so many disadvantages that nothing short of national security would warrant its adoption. It means using our mercantile tonnage in the least economical manner. Not only does it completely dislocate the normal schedule of arrival and departure, of loading and discharging cargo, but it throws out of gear the whole mechanism of inland distribution of supplies. However perfect the organisation, it is obviously impossible to arrange that each convoy shall consist of ships of uniform speed and manoeuvring power. The speed of each formation must therefore be that of its slowest and least handy unit. Further, the simultaneous arrival in port of a large number of ships leads to serious delay in handling and distributing their cargoes. In the last war enormous quantities of food rotted away in holds or on the quay before they could be dealt with. At a conservative estimate the introduction of convoy on a comprehensive scale would involve an immediate loss of 30 per cent. in the cargo-carrying capacity of our Merchant Navy. It was, no doubt, the realisation of this fact that caused the Admiralty to consider alternative measures for the protection of trade, only to find that convoy, with all its drawbacks, offered the only means of safety.

While the experience gained in the Great War provides a framework for future convoy organisation, it would be a grave mistake to assume that the methods of 1917-18 would be adequate to-day. War experience is not the monopoly of any one belligerent, and it may be taken for granted that potential enemies have studied the science of trade attack in the light of experience no less closely than we have pondered the problem of defence. The danger from surface raiders remains more or less what it was, with the qualification that auxiliary Diesel plants end certain foreign warships of to-day with a greater radius of action than was possessed by any fighting ship of the war period. The modern submarine is not in itself much more efficient than the wartime U-boat, but it can now discharge torpedoes which leave the tube without the usual upheaval of water and run without leaving the tell-tale track of air bubbles which, in the last war, saved many a ship from destruction. These new devices promise to make submarine attacks

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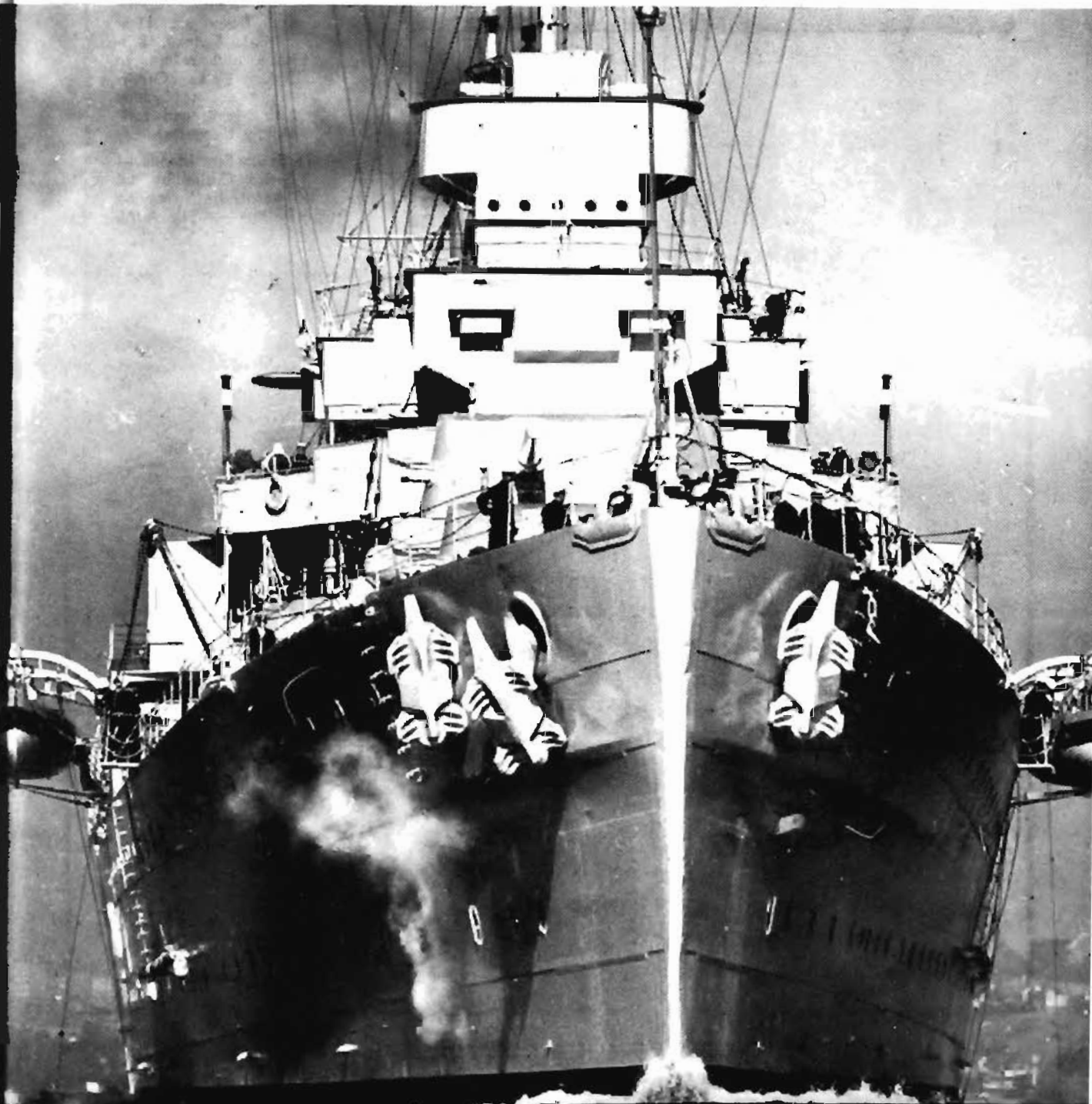
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AS OTHERS SEE US

"The onlooker sees most of the game."

However, Earl Beatty could hardly be termed an onlooker in the accepted sense of the word, filling as he does one of the most important positions in the Navy League.

Earl Beatty, at a public luncheon given in his honour in Sydney, expressed very forcibly an opinion which, from him, coming from the other side of the Empire, brought up a point that stressed an urgent need in Australia's defence programme. At this luncheon, and on many other public occasions, Earl Beatty urged the fortification of the chain of islands lying to the north and north-east of Australia, thus providing a defence "fan" to protect her from a possible invader striking southwards from the Northern Hemisphere. This contention of Earl Beatty's roused a considerable amount of comment, and one highly placed authority (the Minister for Defence) replied that the job was

primarily a matter for Great Britain's consideration.

Truly, the islands in question are in the main administered by Great Britain; but critics of Earl Beatty's view seem to overlook the fact that Bougainville, biggest island of the Solomons, has been administered by Australia for the past eighteen years, and that it possesses excellent harbours for fortified naval and seaplane bases.

Bougainville, apart from its natural recommodations, would be approximately the centre of a defensive chain lying in an arc between Port Moresby (which is to be fortified), on the left arm of the "fan," and the New Hebrides on its right. This latter group is administered under condominium government in conjunction with our ally, France.

(Continued Overleaf.)

March, 1939

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Surely islands which are under the control of Britain, through the administration of the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, stationed at Fiji, could, by a simple business of transference, be controlled by Australia herself? It is all very well to say that fortifying these islands is Britain's business, but is any attack from the north Britain's affair rather than Australia's? It seems to this commentator that the answer is obvious. The white population of these islands is composed mainly of Australians, and Australian business interests are predominant. The administration of them from Fiji is definitely cumbersome, and many authoritative opinions have stated, both in the Press and from public platforms, that a change over to Australian control would be welcomed.

Certainly, it would be a matter of careful negotiation with the Home Government, and would entail a considerable amount of expense in the establishment of fortified naval bases. But the Federal Treasurer has assured us that there is no need to worry financially as far as defence is concerned.

At present Australia is spending £3 per head of the population per annum on defence, of which, roughly, £1 is allocated to our first line of defence—the Navy. Surely it would be an addition to our Peace Insurance Fund to add the amount necessary to carry out Earl Beatty's suggestion.

Think of the long empty shore of Queensland, of unfortified harbours—providing excellent landing places for an enemy—like Gladstone, and then visualise this "fan" of fortified bases! A glance at a map of the Western Pacific will bring home beyond any possible argument their strategic value. It is no good putting off the day; a job like this takes time, and it seems to be in the line of an urgent defence requirement that needs commencing forthwith.

That chain of fortified islands could then, as far as Australia is concerned, carry out the Navy League's motto, and

"KEEP WATCH!"

The Editor.

OBITUARY

With regret we report the passing of the Hon. John Lane Mullins, a member of the Executive Committee of the New South Wales Branch of the Navy League, who died on Friday, 24th February, at the age of 81 years.

Mr. Mullins was born in Sydney. After a brilliant university career he was associated with some of the largest commercial institutions in the State. He was secretary to the Society of Arts, a trustee of the National Art Gallery, President of the Australian Ex Libris Society from its foundation, and President of the National Art Gallery. Mr. Mullins was a helper and friend of Australian artists and writers, and himself possessed one of the largest and most valuable collections of bookplates in the Commonwealth.

He was born on June 12th, 1855, and educated at St. Mary's College, Lyndhurst, and St. John's College, University of Sydney. A notable scholar, he graduated M.A. at the age of 21. In 1885 he was admitted as a solicitor of the Supreme Court, and was called to the Bar on August 1st, 1930. He assisted in the formation of the New South Wales Irish Rifle Corps, in which he held the rank of Captain. For twelve years he was an alderman of the City Council, and was Chairman of its Financial Committee over a long period. In 1917 he became a member of the Legislative Council, and served in this capacity for 17 years. His son, Lieutenant Brendan Lane Mullins, was killed whilst serving with the Royal Artillery in the late war.

The Navy League, and indeed, the whole community, has lost a leading figure by the death of this eminent citizen.

EARL BEATTY'S VISIT

Bearer of a name that ranks in the forefront of British Naval history with those of Drake, Blake, Rodney, Shovell, Nelson, and the galaxy of heroes that have made Britain the supreme maritime Power of the world, The Right Hon. The Earl Beatty, son of the famous admiral, arrived in Sydney by the "Awatea" from New Zealand on February 10th.

Lord Beatty's visit was on behalf of the Navy League. As London Chairman of the Navy League Grand Council, his main object in coming here was to inspect Australian branches and to attend a meeting of the Australian Navy League Council, the League's Federal body.

Practically from the moment he stepped ashore, Lord Beatty commenced what must have been an arduous and exhausting round. The morning of his arrival was spent in a discussion of local League and Sea Cadet affairs with representatives of the New South Wales Executive.

On Monday, 13th, Lord and Lady Beatty attended a luncheon in their honour given by the

Executive Committee at the Royal Sydney Yacht Club, where, in an informal atmosphere, many of our problems were discussed. On 14th came the official luncheon to Lord and Lady Beatty at the Hotel Australia, given by the Navy League and the Royal Empire Society, and attended by the Executives of the combined organisations, heads of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, and some 250 guests. The affair was a tremendous success; Lord Beatty's address, simple, yet stirring and challenging in its simplicity, received tremendous publicity, coming as it did at a time when the public's attention was (and is) set on defence. The speeches of Lord Beatty, Rear-Admiral Stevenson (Chairman) and Sir George Mason Allard (Vice-Chairman) were broadcast by Station 2UW, and, additionally, Lord Beatty's speech received space in practically all the local Press, and was favourably commented on "over the air" by leading broadcasting stations.

(Continued on Page 9)



(Block by courtesy "S.M. Herald.")

The Countess Beatty; Rear-Admiral J. B. Stevenson, President, N.S.W. Navy League; and the Earl Beatty, Chairman, Grand Council (London), Navy League, at the official luncheon at Hotel Australia.

THE STORY OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR W. R. CRESWELL K.C.M.G., K.B.E.

(By A.W.B.)

"I have been grateful for a good innings, also the satisfaction that altogether I did not work long and hard against apparently impossible odds for nothing," wrote Sir William Creswell in 1928 to his friend and former British colleague on the Australian Naval Board, Admiral Bertram Chambers. "What would not Von Spee have done if he had had (against him) only the old 'Powerful' and 'P' class cruiser Winston Churchill deemed ample for Australia? He would have had fun fright-fulling Australia, skinned up everything afloat, and shattered everything within gun-range of deep water."

With this assertion, coming from the man who, more than anyone else, was the creator of the Australian Navy, few at least of his fellow countrymen will disagree. But for the presence in the Pacific in 1914 of the battle-cruiser "Australia," not only our own coastal cities but those of New Zealand assuredly would have known the horrors of war, our seaborne commerce would have been brought to a standstill, and not a single Australian or New Zealand soldier been able to go abroad as long as Von Spee's squadron remained afloat. It was to Creswell's vision and dogged persistence that the Australian fleet was in existence at that fateful time, and for this achievement his name should be revered by present and future generations of Australians.

SERVICE IN ROYAL NAVY

William Rooke Creswell was born at Gibraltar in 1852, the third son of Edmund Creswell, deputy postmaster-general of the colony. There he received his early education, and it is not surprising that, after spending the impressionable years of his life in the naval and military environment of The Rock, he should have chosen one of the services as a career.

At the age of 12 his father sent him to England to be coached for the Navy, and in December, 1865, the youngster entered the training ship "Britannia," from which he graduated as a midshipman eighteen months later. His first

ship was the "Phoebe," a 35-gun screw frigate on the North American station, and it was in her in 1869, as a member of Admiral Sir Phipps Hornaby's flying squadron, that he paid his first visit to Australia. Later he served in the "Minotaur" in the Channel Fleet, and then, as a junior sub-lieutenant, was appointed to the "Thalia" on the China Station. Always a good footballer and runner, he here won a 440 yards hurdle race—open to the whole of the combined fleets in the China Seas—for a cup presented by the Grand Duke Alexis, who was then serving in the Russian Navy.

Service on the China Station was at times enlivened by skirmishes with Chinese pirates. In one such action—in the Larout River, Penang—Creswell, who was then temporarily serving in the gunboat "Midge," was severely wounded; and for his distinguished conduct during the scrap he was specially promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

On recovering from his wounds, Creswell received an appointment at the Royal Naval College, but it was not long before he was posted to the "Topaze," one of the squadron sent out to India during the visit of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII). After serving for a short period in the flagship of the East Indies Squadron, H.M.S. "Undaunted," he next joined the "London," which acted as depot-ship at Zanzibar in the operations against the East African slave traders. The naval parties used to cruise about in small boats, often being absent for as long as a month at a time. During the three years (1875-8) that he was engaged in this work, Creswell had many a brush with Arab dhows, one of which, on being captured, was found to contain a record cargo of slaves. On another occasion he landed with six men with the object of liberating some slaves, when the party was attacked and one man badly wounded, but he was saved by Creswell, who swam off with him to their boat.

(Continued on Next Page.)

COMES TO AUSTRALIA

In 1878, his health having been affected by exposure in these fever-ridden parts, Creswell was invalided to England. Naval reduction was in progress at this time and, as the prospects for junior naval officers were not bright, he retired from the service, and with his brother came out to Australia to engage in pastoral pursuits. He spent some years in Queensland, and is said to have been a member of the first party to take cattle overland to the Northern Territory.

But in the end the call of the sea reasserted itself. In October, 1885, he joined the newly formed naval service of South Australia, as first lieutenant of the small but heavily armed cruiser "Protector," the command of which he was given in 1891. At the same time he was appointed Naval Commandant, and was also placed in charge of the colony's life-saving service; in 1895 he received his captaincy. "My earliest recollections of him are at this time," writes one of his sons. "He was always very active and very fit, and used to race us boys on the beach at Largs Bay. He would hop and we would run."

Creswell became Naval Commandant of Queensland in April, 1900, but in August was chosen to command his old ship, the "Protector," which, manned chiefly by South Australians, was sent to China to take part in suppressing the Boxer rebellion. The little vessel's light draft rendered her particularly suitable for service in the unsurveyed Chinese waters, where she was employed mainly in carrying despatches and doing survey work. She returned to Adelaide in January, 1900, and Creswell at once resumed duty in Brisbane.

"I can see him now walking up the path to the little Navy Office in Edward Street," says an officer who served on his staff for many years, "with his uniform cap just a trifle over the left eye after the manner of the famous Beatty touch of the war years . . ."

Creswell was essentially a seaman—trained in the Navy when masts and yards and sails were in use and boat work the order of the day (no fast motor boats then!). He was a practical sailor, and believed in getting in working and sea-going order all ships and craft that came under his orders.

It is not surprising, then, that he had not been long in Queensland when he had the two gunboats, "Gayundah" and "Paluma," the 56-foot picket boat "Midge," and the second-class torpedo boat "Mosquito" all under way, and participating in a big Easter camp at Peel Island, Moreton Bay. Similarly, when he took command in Victoria, he astonished the natives by taking the torpedo boats "Countess of Hopetoun" (75 tons) and "Childers" (47 tons) out across Bass Straits to Hobart. It was a mercy they got back safely.

Creswell was characterised by indomitable courage and the persistent pursuit of his objective. He was a man's man. He kept himself physically fit, and, I recall, had a horizontal bar erected in the grounds of his home for regular exercise, while it was a common thing for him to dive overboard from a gunboat for a morning dip even in waters where sharks were not unknown."

But above all, he had far-sighted vision and patience, and an unswerving devotion to duty. A senior British officer, who served with him immediately before and during the war, has written:—

"Sir W. Creswell was a man whose characteristics were so varied as to be almost contradictory. . . . His knowledge of the limits of political possibilities was unrivalled, but his difficulties were greatly increased by the fact that the Minister for Defence was almost entirely occupied at the military headquarters, finding little time for the Navy Office. . . ."

"Whilst the Admiral's brain was quick to grasp ideas, he was sometimes lacking in decision. . . . At other times, in the political field, to which he was accustomed, he would act more decisively. . . ."

"Admiral Creswell was undoubtedly a fine seaman in a small ship. In a battleship he would have been lost, but that did not matter. His concern was with the political side of naval work. He knew Australia and its people. He had a considerable knowledge of Pacific conditions and of the Far East. . . ."

Certainly Admiral Creswell was an easy chief to work under, if due allowance were made for tricks of evasion, learned from long intercourse

(Continued Overleaf.)



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Vice-Admiral Sir W. R. Creswell (Continued from Page 5.)

with politicians. He could be an entertaining host, and when, as often happened, he entered what he called his 'anecdoteage,' he would tell many tales of his early days."

INITIATION OF R.A.N.

To Admiral Sir George Tryon, who commanded the British naval force in Australian waters in 1886-7, is generally given the credit for implanting the idea that Australia should eventually have a navy of its own—when he laid down the principle that personal service was better than a subsidised force. It is true that the auxiliary squadron which came into being as a result of the colonial premiers' conference in London in 1887 did not realise Tryon's ideal of a locally manned and locally controlled squadron, but this was out of the question so long as the Australian colonies remained under mutually independent governments.

With the coming of Federation in 1901, the 1887 agreement and its financial obligations were necessarily taken over by the Commonwealth

Government, under whose control now came the local naval and military forces of the various States.

"The amalgamation and development of the military establishments presented no major difficulties and were immediately proceeded with," writes Rear-Admiral Feakes. "Not so with the naval units. Considerable confusion of doctrine as to the naval objective existed among ministers and members of the new parliament.

"Victoria had for half a century developed what (in 'Brassey's Naval Annual') was described as 'formidable flotilla,' and South Australia and Queensland had also supported the principle of local naval forces. But the senior partner in the Federation, New South Wales, had maintained no permanent naval force. Sydney was the base of the Imperial Squadron, the Commander-in-Chief's residence was there, and strong economic and social interests combined in opposing the transfer of the naval administration to the temporary seat of the Federal Government, Melbourne. On top of this the Admiralty suddenly reversed its policy of encouraging the

(Continued on Next Page.)

formation of local navies, which it had followed for two generations, in favour of a scheme of annual subsidy payments in return for British naval forces. The policy of local naval development, therefore, had many influential opponents, both at Whitehall and in Australia."

In 1899, just prior to Federation, Creswell and the naval commandants of New South Wales, South Australia, and Tasmania, together with the secretary of the Victorian Defence Department, had met in conference and had drawn up a report which (says A. W. Jose, "Australian Official History," Vol. IX) was "of great importance."

"Basing their recommendations avowedly on Admiral Tryon's ideas, they asked for means whereby the existing local forces should be made 'efficient and available for service in vessels of war.' They pointed out that when the auxiliary squadron was first established by agreement between the colonies and the Admiralty, it was generally understood, in Australia at any rate, that the ships would form a means of drilling and training Australian seamen. This expectation has never been realised, the vessels in reserve having always been laid up in Sydney, and no attempt has been made to utilise them for the benefit of the local naval forces.

"This report (continues Jose) was obviously intended for consideration by the new Federal Government whenever it should come into existence. Before that happened Australia found itself engaged in the South African War and the Boxer War, and schemes of reorganisation were put aside."

HIS 1902 REPORT

"Early in 1902, however, before the Colonial Conference of that year had been arranged, a report from the Naval Commandant in Queensland (Captain Creswell) revived the suggestion of 1899, but with one important alteration. Instead of begging training ships from the Admiralty, he advised the Federal Government to provide its own; four 3000-ton cruisers for training local forces, a training-ship for boys, and a navigation school for naval reservists. The cruisers would be manned by reduced crews in peace-time, and raised to war strength when necessary from the naval reserve, so as

(Continued on Page 18.)

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SOME NAVAL NICKNAMES

(By Lieut. Comdr. H. R. Gordon Cumming)

Many British warships have been unofficially re-christened in the past, sometimes with a special reason. An early example was of "Thetis" being nicknamed "Tea-Chest"; she was the first ship to try the experiment of halving the rum ration and substituting tea and sugar in 1823.

Names of mythological characters usually came in for slight changes, for the Lower Deck insisted upon simpler pronunciations. Thus we had "Andrew Mack," "Penny Lope," "Pom One," "Hermey One" and "Bally Ruffan," while "Agamemnon" was first called "Eggs-and-Bacon" and later "Aggie Weston" after the founder of Sailors' Homes. Her memory was preserved when the new sloop "Weston-super-Mare" was dubbed "Aggie-on-orseback," but later the ship's name was officially curtailed to "Weston," the original being too unwieldy. The "Swift," our first flotilla leader, was almost as big as the "Scout" class light cruisers: she was therefore known as the "Boy Scout!"

Our big navy of 1914-18 contained pseudonyms in plenty. "Aginocourt" was "Gin Palace;" "Sutlej," "Subtle J;" "Lord Nelson," "Lord 'elp us;" "Colossus," "Galoshes" or "Slosher;" "Iron Duke," "Tin Duck;" "Versatile," "Vesta Tilley" and so on. During the Armistice period the fleet flagship—hitherto known as "Q.E." or "Lizzie"—became very popular with the Press. So for a time we had H.M.S. "Daily Mirror." Among depot-ships we have had "Aquarium" and "Cycle-box" for "Aquarius" and "Cyclops," while "Lucia" is called "the Banana Boat" because she was a West Indian fruit-carrier before being bought by the Admiralty.

A STRANGE DERELICT

"Furious" and "Courageous," built as enormous light cruisers, were nicknamed "Curious" and "Outrageous" on account of their original design and the great secrecy maintained over their construction. When converted to an aircraft carrier the latter was called "the Covered Waggon," while "Argus"—also without mast or funnel—became "the Flat Iron." On one occasion, when sighted at sea by a

foreigner, the last-named was reported as "a derelict, capsized and on fire!"

Even foreign men-of-war have not escaped nicknames from our sailors. The French "Henry IV" and "Conde" were known as "Angry Cat" and "Fluid" respectively, and the Russian cruiser "Askold," with her five tall funnels, was "the Packet of Woodbines." At the Battle of the Yellow Sea in 1904 the Japanese shot away two of her "woodbines" but she survived and took part in the Great War ten years later.

The simple names of our navy of to-day—many of them well-known towns and counties—do not lend themselves to much alteration, either by the wag or by the author of genuine "howlers." A few, however, crop up from time to time. When the destroyers "Amazon" and "Ambuscade" first appeared, their engines gave a good deal of trouble. Hence "Am-a-dud" and "Am-bust-again!"

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EARL BEATTY'S VISIT

(Continued from Page 3)

On 15th Lord and Lady Beatty left for a couple of days' rest in the country, and arrived at Canberra on 18th, where they dined with Mr. Casey, the Federal Treasurer, and Mrs. Casey. Lady Beatty returned to Sydney and left for Java by "Nieu Holland" on 22nd.

On 20th Earl Beatty reached Melbourne, where he received a civic reception, attended Navy League functions, inspected the local Sea Cadet Corps, and sat at the meeting of the Australian Navy League Council on February 23rd. From Melbourne he flew to Adelaide, where another civic reception and a round of Navy League functions awaited him. From Adelaide he returned by air to Sydney, arriving on the evening of 1st March. On 2nd March Lord Beatty addressed the Legacy Club at their luncheon, and attended a meeting of the Executive Committee of the New South Wales Branch of the Navy League.

On 3rd March Lord Beatty addressed the Constitutional Association at a luncheon at the Hotel Wentworth, his subject, "Naval Preparedness and the Navy League," gaining great approval and splendid publicity. On 4th Earl Beatty carried out a divisional inspection of the Sea Cadet Corps at "Victory" Training Depot, North Sydney. A full description of this inspection will appear in the Sea Cadet Notes in our April issue.

After a thorough and comprehensive survey of our problems, our methods and our work, Earl Beatty expressed his admiration for those patriotic people who assist in carrying on Navy League affairs. To the members of the League who provide the financial "sinews of war," and to the officers and cadets of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps Earl Beatty summarised his views in a farewell message before he left by plane for Java at daylight on the morning of 5th March.

"Carry on with the good work. You are doing splendidly and getting results. Much, however, still remains to be done, so remember our motto—"Keep Watch!"



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AUSTRALIA'S BEST

A "TINGIRA" MEMORY

By D. J. Mort, N.L.S.C.C. (Ex "Tingira" Boy)

Only those who have been through the training ship "Tingira" will realise what a valuable part of Australian naval training service has passed on.

Apart from the romantic aspect of training afloat, the "Tingira" attracted the "Sea Mind" of the boy. I well remember, just prior to my entry into the Navy, how I would longingly gaze at the magnificent white ship as she swung to her moorings in Rose Bay, and feel that I would give anything to be aboard her.

To watch the spic-and-span boats running to and from the ship, and to see smart boys drilling in Lyne Park; stirred a desire to adopt the sea as a career.

It was a proud day for me when I was accepted for the Navy, and instead of gazing from the shore at the "Tingira" could proudly gaze at the shore from her snow-white decks.

Training was strict, and a few months made boys hardy and ready for drafting to the sea-going units of the Service. Our young minds readily assimilated instructions, and, above all, the routine gave us the right spirit of obedience, and the necessary activity required for efficient service to superior officers.

And so it is with the Navy League Sea Cadets who, like the "Tingira" boys of past years, take to training more readily than their older brothers, because they have not had time to develop on other lines. As well, they find the excitement of the sea, ships and boats a romantic calling, even though Sea Cadet Service is voluntary.

It is surprising that a number of people still believe that the "Tingira" was a reformatory ship for uncontrollable boys. This idea was undoubtedly caused by the fact that "Tingira" was at one time "Sobroan," a reformatory ship. Later, however, she was taken over by the Navy and converted into a "Naval Training Ship," to which only boys of undoubtedly good character were admitted.

There is something about training afloat that can never be substituted for by shore training.

Whilst afloat the sailor very rarely wants to do his "Depot Time." This, though, is essential for his advancement. All the schools are situated on shore at Flinders Naval Depot, which is a self-contained "town," where the sailor has every comfort and facility to aid him in his study for higher ratings.

Like the passing of the old "Australia," sunk off Sydney Heads, the passing of the "Tingira" brought a sigh from many of the old hands who had served in her, and I feel sure that many of us would like to see her in full commission again, or some ship like her, once more training the boys for our fighting ships.

If the routine of boys in the Navy League proves instrumental in inspiring the sea-minded with a desire to serve afloat, it is hoped that the preliminary training in the Sea Cadet Corps will in some way assist them to realise what is before them, and that it will give them an understanding of the discipline they will be expected to observe. This preliminary knowledge prevents a shock when one is thrown into the rigid discipline and routine which greet new entries to a Naval Training Establishment. They have every convenience at hand at their Depot, and with a little knowledge of their duty towards their superiors they should be very contented and happy during their training period.

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NAVAL NOTES FROM OTHER LANDS

ARGENTINA:

The transport laid down at Rio Santiago Naval Dockyard last January is to be named "Ushuai," after the southernmost settlement in the Argentine Republic, situated not a great way north of Cape Horn. She will be a vessel of 1,250 tons displacement, Diesel-driven, with a speed of 12 knots. She will probably replace the 15-year-old "Pampa."

BELGIUM:

A new fishery protection vessel has been ordered from the Cockerill yard at Hoboken, Antwerp, to replace the "Zinnia." As her name denotes, the latter was originally one of the famous "Flower" class of sloops, built during the War for the Royal Navy and employed on escort and minesweeping duties. This particular ship was launched from Messrs. Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson's yard at Wallsend-on-Tyne in August, 1915, and was purchased by the Belgian Government in June, 1920.

BRAZIL:

The first of the six minelayers building at the Government Dockyard, Ilhas das Cobras, Rio, was launched in October last and named "Cananea." She is a vessel of 552 tons, with a speed of 14 knots and an armament of two 4-inch guns and several smaller weapons. Fifty mines are carried. The engines, of the triple expansion type, are being supplied by Messrs. Thornycroft.

After lying stranded on the rocks outside San Juan, Puerto Rico, for over a month, the Brazilian training ship "Almirante Saldanha" has been salvaged and patched up sufficiently to be towed to Rio de Janeiro for permanent repairs. She was launched five years ago from the Vickers-Armstrong naval yard at Barrow-in-Furness and is the most elaborately equipped training ship afloat. Rigged as a barquentine, she has an auxiliary Diesel engine of 1,400 horse power which is capable of propelling her at a speed of 11 knots and gives her a radius under power of

12,000 miles. Though she displaces only 3,325 tons, she is quite well armed for a training ship, with four 4-inch, one 3-inch and seven smaller guns, as well as a torpedo tube.

CHILE:

The coastguard vessel "Leucoton," built in Finland in 1919, is reported to have been lost 31st last. A wireless SOS stated that her engine-room had been flooded, and though the oil in heavy weather off Constitution on October tanker "Rancagua" and the destroyer "Riquelme" searched the area, no trace of the unlucky vessel could be found. She was a ship of 530 tons, with triple expansion engines of 1,400 I.H.P., giving her a nominal speed of 14.5 knots. Together with two sister ships, the "Elicura" and "Orompello," she was fitted out for her present service by Messrs. J. Samuel White & Co., of Cowes, in 1920.

Two new vessels are under construction at Valdivia, in Southern Chile, which will replace this ship and the "Aguila," lost in somewhat similar circumstances a year earlier.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

The nucleus of a navy is being assembled by this republic, which occupies more than one-half of the large island of Haiti, or Santo Domingo, in the West Indies. An armed transport, the "Presidente Trujillo, of 3,349 tons gross, is officially classed as a cruiser. She was built by Messrs. W. Gray & Co., of West Hartlepool, as far back as 1910, being launched as the "Registan." Subsequently she became, in turn, the "Guantanamo," the "Comerio" and the "Presidente Machado," before assuming her present name. This ship is supported by three 75-ft. patrol boats of 37 tons each, driven by petrol engines, with a nominal speed of 12.5 knots. These were acquired last year from the United States Coast Guard.

A sum of ££1,023,000 has been provided in the new Defence budget for naval construction.

(Continued on Next Page.)

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When "Brown," then in his thirtieth year, began to save and invest £6 '12 '8 a year (equal to about 11/- a month) through A.M.P. Life Assurance, he at once established for his family an estate of £200 in the event of his death—whenever that might happen. Happily, he didn't die: and year by year the A.M.P. added bonuses to the original assurance.

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Ships to be provided comprise six torpedo boats, six minesweepers and a patrol vessel. No particulars of these vessels have yet been received, but it is probable that shipbuilders in this country will be invited to tender.

The launching of the 35,000-ton battleship "Richelieu," originally fixed for November last, is now expected to take place this month, postponement having been dictated by the labour situation.

A further list of names to be conferred on new warships building or authorised has just been issued. Three destroyers of the 1,772-ton "Le Hardi" type are to be called "Intrepide," "Opinaitre" and "Temeraire;" three "torpilleurs" of the 1,000-ton "Agile" class, "L'Alsacien," "Le Breton" and "Le Corse;" three submarines of the "Aurore" class, "L'Andromede," "L'Antigone" and "L'Astree;" and three additional oilers, "Baie," "Charente" and "Mayenne." Presumably these last will be of the same type as

the "Saone" and "Seine," referred to in this column last month.

Germany's first aircraft carrier (one of a pair) was launched on December 8 and named "Graf Zeppelin." Of 19,250 tons displacement, with a speed of 32 knots, she can operate 40 aircraft. Her armament includes sixteen 5.9-inch, ten 4.1-inch and a number of smaller guns. The speed is the same as that of the new French aircraft carriers "Joffre" and "Painleve," of which the former was laid down last November. They are 18,000-ton ships, and are reported to be armed with 5.1-inch guns.

It is hoped to complete the first of Italy's four post-war battleships, the "Littorio," in May next, and to have her sister ship, the "Vittorio Veneto," ready a couple of months later. They are ships of 35,000 tons with a main armament of nine 15-inch guns. Both were begun in

(Continued Overleaf.)

Naval Notes from Other Lands

October, 1934, and are reputed to be designed for a speed of 32 knots.

Official details of the 12 new cruisers of the "Regolo" class show them to be ships of 3,362 tons displacement, with a main armament of eight 5.3-inch guns and a speed of 41 knots.

More names of new submarines under construction have been published, these being "Cagni," "Caraccilo," "Enrico Millo," "Luzzi," "Saint Bon" and "Tarantini."

EGYPT:

Egypt is the latest country to contemplate naval expansion. Plans are being prepared for a small fleet, to include ships of various types up to small cruisers.

At present the nucleus of a Navy exists in the shape of two escort vessels and a surveying vessel, built by Messrs. Swan, Hunter on the Tyne; a motor patrol vessel launched two years ago by Messrs. J. S. White & Co., of Cowes; the transport "Solium," which was originally the British "Flower" type sloop "Syringa," dating from 1917; and the Royal yacht "Mahroussa," built at Poplar in 1865 and twice reconstructed, once on the Clyde and once at Portsmouth Dockyard.

FRANCE:

A new surveying vessel has been acquired for the French Navy. This is the research ship "President Theodore Tissier," built at Le Trait in 1933, and driven by Diesel engines which give her the ability to "steam" continuously for 100 days at 10 knots. She is equipped with modern deep sea sounding apparatus and various other "gadgets."

One of the four new aircraft tenders building under the 1937 programme has had her name changed from "Sans Crainte" to "Sans Reproche."

An order has been placed with the Chantiers de France at Dunkirk for two fast naval oil tankers of 19,500 tons displacement, to be named "Seine and Seine."

Seven fleet tugs are under construction in various private shipyards on the Atlantic coast of France. Six are of 1,000 horse power, the seventh—to be named "Buffle"—of 2,000.

GERMANY:

Two of the so-called escort vessels of the "F" series, of 800 tons displacement and 28 knots speed, have been re-classified as fleet tenders. In place of the numbers by which they were formerly known they have been given the names of "Konigin Luise" and "Hai." Similarly, two of the old pre-War torpedo boats have been given names, "Klaus van Bevern" and "Eduard Jungmann," on assignment to duty as tenders.

The ex-Austrian river flotilla has been re-organised with headquarters at Linz. It is now known officially as the "Donauflotille," and includes not only the former Austrian craft, but a number of additional units, names of which are reported as "Alberich," "Brunhild," "Kriemhild," "Uta," "Nothung," "Nibelung" and "Schildung," taken from the "Nibelungen-Lied."

GREECE:

Sundry obsolete vessels of the Royal Hellenic Navy have been removed from the list, including the "Kissa," "Kichle," "Avra," "Nautilus," "Amphitriti" and "Prometheus." Of these the most interesting was the "Amphitriti," which began as a transport in 1876, was later converted into a Royal yacht and ultimately became a hospital ship. The surveying vessel "Nautilus" and patrol vessels "Kichle" and "Kissa" were also somewhat antiquated, dating from 1884, while the "Prometheus," built in 1889, must have been almost the oldest oil tanker afloat.

ITALY:

Additional names of new submarines under construction that have been reported are "Alfredo Cappellini," "Baracca," "Faa di Bruno," "Leonardo da Vinci," "Guglielmo Marconi" and "Michele Bianchi." The majority are believed to be building at the Odero-Terni-Orlando yard, Muggiano, but the first pair were laid down at Monfalcone on September 19. No particulars have yet been published of these vessels. Presumably the war-built monitor "Faa di Bruno" will be renamed or discarded.

(Continued on Next Page.)

JAPAN

Two new destroyers of 2,000 tons, the "Kurocio" and "Oyasio," were launched at Hudnagata, in October, and Maiduru, in November, respectively. No information has been received as to their armament, but it will probably be eight 5-inch guns and an equal number of torpedo tubes. They will be the biggest destroyers ever built for the Imperial Japanese Navy. Five cruisers of 7,000 tons or more and eight big submarines are also reported to be under construction.

NETHERLANDS:

The so-called flotilla leader "Tromp," of 3,350 tons, which visited Portsmouth last month, is surely the biggest ship ever so classed. Internally she is very well planned, there being no waste of space apparent anywhere, while the arrangements for the comfort of officers and men are excellent, which is as it should be in view of the station where she is to serve—the East Indies.

Altogether seven armoured gunboats are to be built, three of them to replace the pre-War "Brisio" class. They will be vessels of 1,250 tons displacement, with a main armament of four 4.7-inch guns, and will have exceptional protection for such small ships.

NICARAGUA

This Central American republic has purchased a 75-ft. patrol boat from the United States Coast Guard.

NORWAY

It is understood that the two destroyers to be laid down for the Royal Norwegian Navy this year will be vessels of 1,170 tons displacement, with a speed of 32 knots and an armament of three 4.7-inch guns, four smaller weapons and four 21-inch torpedo tubes. They will be fitted for minelaying.

ROUMANIA:

A sail training ship of 1,630 tons, the "Mircea," was launched at Hamburg in September, for completion in January. In most features she resembles the German "Horst Wessel." Her name is that of the first Roumanian warship, an auxiliary composite brig of 350 tons, built at Black-

wall in 1882 and for long afterwards regarded with affection in that country as the cradle of its Navy.

SIAM:

Later advices concerning the two cruisers ordered in Italy suggest that they are not more than 4,000 tons in displacement. It is probable that they are similar to the new Italian ships of the "Agrippa" class, which displaced about 3,500 tons, and are reported to be armed with eight 5.2-inch guns.

SPAIN

Repairs have been effected to the Republican destroyer "Jose Luis Diez," which has been lying disabled at Gibraltar since August last. French labour and material were used, being brought by sea from Oran. It remains to be seen whether, now that the work is completed, the "Diez" will make a dash for Cartagena.

TURKEY

A new minelayer of 500 tons, the "Atak," has been launched from the Government dockyard at Goleuk. This is understood to be the second ship built there for the Turkish Navy, the first being the oiler "Goleuk." Presumably the "Atak" will replace the 52-year-old "Uyanik," which began her career as the Hugel salvage tug "Warren Hastings."

U.S.A.

Contracts have been placed for the four battleships of the 1938 programme as follows: "Indiana," Newport News Company; "Massachusetts," Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Quincy; "Alabama," Norfolk Navy Yard; and "South Dakota," New York Shipbuilding Corporation. All are expected to be 35,000-ton ships, similar to the "North Carolina" and "Washington," laid down in October, 1937, and June, 1938, respectively. But it is reported that the two battleships of the 1939 programme will be of over 40,000 tons.

Following the British Admiralty's example in the case of the "Dale" class of oilers, the U.S. Navy Department has taken over a couple of tankers that were building for private concerns.

(Continued on Next Page.)

These are the "Neosho" and "Cimarron," building by the Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company and the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company respectively. Both were laid down early last year.

VENEZUELA:

A new "Mariaca Sucre" is in service, replacing the 50-year-old ex-Spanish gunboat of the same name. No information is available as to the new ship, which is thought to be a converted yacht or possibly an ex-torpedo boat.

YUGOSLAVIA

An oiler of 3,400 tons deadweight is reported to have been laid down for the Royal Yugoslav Navy at the Cockerill Yard, Antwerp.

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NAVAL NOTES

Commander: HENRY A. SHOWERS to "SWAN" in command, 26th January, 1939; FRANKLYN B. MORRIS to "CANBERRA" and as Squadron (N) Officer, 26th January, 1939; DAVID H. HARRIES to "CERBERUS" for duty at Navy Office, 28th January, 1939.

Lieutenant-Commander: (S) JACK B. NEWMAN to "CERBERUS" for duty in connection with Wireless Telegraphy Stations, 13th February, 1939; (N) JOHN F. RAYMENT to "PENGUIN" as Master-Attendant, 24th January, 1939; LAURENCE E. TOZER to "PENGUIN" for "ADELAIDE" in Reserve, 1st March, 1939; WILLIAM H. DICKINSON to "MORESBY" and as Assistant Surveyor 1st Class, 9th March, 1939; JAMES B. S. BARWOOD to "PENGUIN" for "ADELAIDE" in Reserve, 1st March, 1939; (N) HENRY M. BURRELL to "CERBERUS" for duty at Navy Office, 13th March, 1939; (S) JOHN A.S. BRAME to "CERBERUS" for duty at Navy Office as Assistant to Director of Signals and Communications, and as Port Wireless Telegraphy Officer, 13th February, 1939; KARL E. OOM to "CERBERUS" for passage to England per "OTRANTO," 14th January, 1939; HARLEY C. WRIGHT to "PENGUIN" for "ADELAIDE" in Reserve, 13th March, 1939.

Lieutenant: (N) GEOFFREY W. H. H. PAINE to "HOBART," 25th January, 1939; RODNEY RHOADES to "VAMPIRE," 13th March, 1939; (G) MICHAEL M. SINGER to "SYDNEY," 17th January, 1939; CLIVE M. HUDSON to "CERBERUS" for passage to England per "ORCADES," 28th February, 1939; JOHN J. CODY to "CERBERUS" for passage to England per "ORONSAY," 11th February, 1939; ROBERT H. E. KERRUISH to "CERBERUS" for passage to England per "MALOJA," 4th March, 1939; ROLFE L. WILLIAMS to "CANBERRA," 13th March, 1939; SAMUEL S. JAMES, M.B.E. to "CERBERUS," 5th February, 1939.

Instructor-Commander: FRANCIS G. REDNALL to "CANBERRA" and for meteorological duties and as Squadron Instructor Officer, 10th February, 1939.

Nurse-Commander: FRANCIS J. MATTHEWS to "SYDNEY," 17th January, 1939.

Nurse Lieutenant-Commander: HENRY W. GAULT to "CERBERUS" additional for passage to England per "NIAGARA" and "SAMARIA," 19th January, 1939.

Surgeon-Lieutenant: WILLIAM J. McLAREN-ROBINSON to "YARRA" for Medical charge of Escort Vessels, 25th January, 1939; CLIVE L. STATHAM to "CERBERUS," 23rd January, 1939.

Headmaster-Lieutenant: WILLIAM S. EDGERTON, M.I.E. to "PENGUIN," 10th January, 1939.

Paymaster Sub-Lieutenant: ATHOL L. ROSE to "CANBERRA" for duty in Admiralty Office, 16th March, 1939; ALAN B. BRYAN to "PENGUIN" for "ADELAIDE" in Reserve, 18th March, 1939.

Gunner: (T) HAROLD H. EDMONDSTONE to "PENGUIN" and for Reserve Ships, 27th February, 1939; (T) FREDERICK W. DEAHM to "CANBERRA," 26th January, 1939; (T) JAMES E. PETERSON to "CERBERUS" and for Torpedo School, 24th January, 1939; (T) JOHN McDONALD (Acting) to "VENDETTA," 13th January, 1939.

Warrant Telegraphist: SYDNEY J. WILLMETTS to "PENGUIN," 16th January, 1939.

Warrant Electrician: KEITH I. KELLY to "PENGUIN" and for "ADELAIDE" in Reserve, 27th February, 1939; ROBERT W. NICHOLSON (Acting) to "SYDNEY," 23rd February, 1939.

Paymaster Midshipman: NEIL H. BRYAN to "CANBERRA," 6th February, 1939.

Cadet Midshipman: PHILIP BERRY-SMITH, ALEXANDER D. BLACK, DOMARA H. CLARKE, EDWIN R. EDDY, GEOFFREY V. GLADSTONE, ELDRIDGE P. KEATINGE, ROBERT C. SAVAGE, ERIC H. SIMMONDS, DUNCAN H. STEVENS, JOHN P. STEVENSON and ROBERT G. WATKINS to "CANBERRA," 26th January, 1939.

PROMOTIONS

Sub-Lieutenants WILLIAM F. COOK and HAROLD G. BURGIN to Lieutenant, to date 1st January, 1939, and 1st February, 1939, respectively; SAMUEL S. JAMES, M.B.E., Commissioned Gunner (T) to Lieutenant, to date 5th February, 1939; Paymaster Sub-Lieutenants WILLIAM D. H. GRAHAM and WALTER H. ROSS to Paymaster Lieutenant, to date 1st January, 1939, and 1st February, 1939, respectively; HAROLD P. WALKER, Warrant Master-at-Arms to Commissioned Master-at-Arms, to date 7th January, 1939; REGINALD P. ORAM, Warrant Engineer to Commissioned Engineer, 1st January, 1939.

Vice-Admiral Sir W. R. Creswell

(Continued from Page 7.)

to form a reserve squadron for the Imperial Squadron. It was estimated that the cost would not exceed current naval expenditure if one ship was built every second year."

At the same time Creswell wrote:—

"It has been said that the Australian is a poor seaman, and does not take readily to sea work. This scarcely needs contradiction. Australia has inherited her due share of the nation's genius for sea enterprise, either for war or commerce. The scheme put forward has been designed to develop our naval capacity at the least (if any) additional cost to the country; but I would respectfully ask whether it would not be in the true interests of Australia and the Empire, even at considerable cost, to develop locally those qualities of race and that sea profession which first gave us, and has since held for us, the land we live in."

BECOMES HEAD OF R.A.N.

Creswell's report also was shelved, since the agreement of 1902 between the Commonwealth and the Admiralty (referred to above by Admiral Feakes) over-shadowed and superseded it. "But (says Jose) in the debates on that agreement it was frequently quoted and discussed, with the result that in the Validation Act a clause was specially inserted whereby 'purely Australian naval defence forces' were explicitly maintained in addition to the new Imperial squadron. 'Such Australian forces,' says the Act, 'ships, and armament as may be approved by Parliament shall be maintained by the Commonwealth and be solely under its control.' Further, while all discussion of naval defence schemes was for a time neglected in favour of urgent internal reforms (e.g. compulsory arbitration), the author of the 1902 report was in 1904 deliberately promoted by George Reid—then Prime Minister—to be Director of the Commonwealth Naval Forces."

At this time the local naval forces consisted of about 1000 men (nine-tenths of them engaged on a militia basis) and a few hundred cadets. The ships available were the "Cerberus" (launched in 1899) and "Protector" (1884), the gun-boats "Gayundah" (1884) and "Paluma" (1884); the first-class torpedo-boats "Countess of Hopetoun" (1891) and "Childers" (1883); second-class torpedo-boats "Nepean" (1884), "Lonsdale" (1884), and "Mosquito" (1885), and two launchers.

A "DISAFFECTED PERSON"

Their replacement was repeatedly urged by Creswell, whose task also (says Feakes) "was to inform, and oftentimes to convert, to the Government's declared naval policy an almost bi-annual change of Ministers."

"To many in Australia, ignorant of Australia's naval history (continues Feakes), and disregarding the fact that Creswell was simply carrying out duties imposed upon him by the Government, his efforts were criticised as having a 'cut the painter' objective. A London journal, equally uninformed, though of great authority in naval circles, suggested that the agitation for a local navy was largely due to the personal self-interest of local officers."

"Visiting England in 1906, Creswell found himself 'persona non grata' at Whitehall. Commanders-in-chief at the home ports he was permitted to visit were notified that he was to be treated as a 'foreign naval attaché.' Officially he was considered a 'disaffected person.' Had not he unfavourably and publicly criticised the Admiralty's selection of the comparatively weak 'Powerful' to relieve the new armoured cruiser 'Euryalus' as flagship of the Australian station, and, later, the withdrawal of all vessels of fighting force to European waters to meet the ever-growing German naval strength in Europe, thus leaving the outer fringes of the Empire defenceless?"

"To Creswell, so orthodox of temperament, and so intensely proud of his early and family service connections, this was galling treatment. However, a drastic change of policy at Whitehall was at hand. The strengthening by Germany of her Pacific fleet by the addition of fast cruisers and the armoured vessels 'Scharnhorst' and 'Gneisenau,' also other happenings strongly represented by Creswell throughout the community in Australia, aroused a feeling of insecurity at Whitehall. From the policy of opposition to all local effort maintained by the Imperial Defence Committee, the Admiralty suddenly changed to a policy of unsparing assistance and encouragement. Personnel, material, counsel and guidance were freely given."

"Creswell, the erstwhile 'disaffected person,' was promoted to flag rank, created K.C.M.G., and appointed First Naval Member of a Naval Board formed on the lines, and exercising the unlimited powers and authority, of Admiralty."

(Continued on Next Page.)

"To Lord Fisher must be ascribed the vision whereby, through the creation of the Fleet Unit (a battle cruiser with attendant fast light cruisers, destroyers and submarines), the situation in the South Pacific and Indian Oceans was saved in the Great War so soon to burst upon the world; but it was largely Creswell who, over a period of years, had kept the spirit of naval consciousness alive in Australia. He should be regarded as Fisher's 'John the Baptist.' In years of thankless pioneering he prepared the way."

"For fifty years the British vessels of war in the South Pacific had flown, some the White Ensign and others a British Ensign with the Southern Cross in the field. It must have been a proud day for Creswell to have finally controlled a force whose vessels flew the White Ensign at the ensign staff and the Southern Cross at the jack staff—the White Ensign under which he had been born and bred, and the Southern Cross, symbol of the country in which he completed his life's work."

THE GREAT WAR

In August, 1914, thanks largely to Creswell's efforts, the Australian Squadron consisted of the battle-cruiser "Australia," the light cruisers "Melbourne" and "Sydney," the destroyers "Parramatta," "Yarra" and "Warrego," and the submarines "AE.1" and "AE.2." Besides these the Commonwealth "owned or controlled" the light cruiser "Encounter," which had been lent by the Admiralty until the "Brisbane," then building, should be completed; the small cruiser "Pioneer," which had been presented to the Australian Government by the Admiralty; and several other out-of-date vessels, which had been taken over from the States at Federation, but were "still considered fit for minor coastal services." Three other destroyers—"Huon," "Torrens," and "Swan"—were then in course of construction at Cockatoo Island, Sydney, and were commissioned in 1916, as was the "Brisbane."

Throughout the period of the war Creswell, as first naval member of the Australian Naval Board, continued as the Government's chief naval adviser. At the beginning of August, 1914, in accordance with arrangements made during the previous two years, the Australian navy was brought under the direct control of the Admiralty for the period of the war. "It was a proud moment for Creswell," writes one of his officers, previously quoted, "when he and his assistants,

driving in a taxi to the Prime Minister's Office, drafted the cable to the Home Government offering to place this force under the direct orders of the Admiralty."

"From this time on, therefore, to the end of the war (says A. W. Jose, "Official History," Vol. IX., p. 8) the Naval Board occupied a rather anomalous position. On the one hand, it was part of the normal machinery of the Commonwealth Government, dependent for money, and for authority to spend it, on Federal Ministers and the Federal treasury. On the other hand, its actions and orders were controlled by the British Admiralty, exactly as would be the actions and orders of the admiral commanding, say, at Dover; while the ships for whose upkeep it was responsible to Australia became part of the Imperial Navy, and were in course of time dispersed among British squadrons in various oceans. Stated on paper, this dual control obviously afforded unlimited opportunities for friction; and even the pettiest sort of friction might easily have imperilled the whole arrangement."

"In practice, however, the amount of friction was extremely small and quite harmless, because in employing the new machinery all parties exercised great discretion. The Admiralty, while using its power on all normal occasions in the normal manner, was careful to give the Federal Government an opportunity of considering exceptional or very important orders before they were put into force. The Federal Government loyally concurred in all such orders, and made no difficulties about providing the means of executing them. The practice of this tactfulness occasionally resulted in delays which would not otherwise have occurred, but which were worth the price, well worth paying, for satisfactory co-operation between two overlapping authorities. The usefulness of the Australian Navy for Imperial purposes thus depended on a dual control which, stated in black and white, might seem almost unworkable, but which was made perfectly workable by the exercise of personal tact, inspired by a loyal enthusiasm for the greater objects of naval administration."

On the Australian side this happy state of affairs was largely contributed to by Creswell's innate courtesy, an example of which (taken from A.O.H., IX., 156) may be given here. When at the end of Sept., 1914, H.M.S. "Minotaur" and

(Continued Overleaf.)

Vice-Admiral Sir W. R. Creswell

(Continued from Page 19.)

the Japanese cruiser "Ibuki" were bringing the New Zealand contingent to Albany to join the ships of the first Australian convoy, the officer commanding the "Minotaur," knowing that Australians were rather sensitive about the use of Japanese warships on the Australian coast, wired to the Australian authorities:

"Request information as to whether Japanese cruiser 'Ibuki,' on arrival in company with the 'Minotaur' at Australian port, would be expected to salute the flag—observing that 'Minotaur' is senior officer."

Creswell at once replied:

"Commonwealth Naval Board consider active service in alliance with our flag and in company with a senior naval officer flying our flag is a mark of respect to British Empire higher than any salute."

The captain of the "Ibuki," touched by this chivalrous reply, responded as follows:

"Allow me to express to Naval Board on behalf of Japanese Navy my deep appreciation of the friendly action so fittingly expressed in your telegram to captain of 'Minotaur.' We are grateful to Providence for the honour of co-operating with our Allies in the restoration of the peace of the world, and trust Providence will further honour us with an opportunity of co-operating actively, and to some effect, in the defence of a common interest in Far Eastern waters."

The war over, Creswell was created a K.B.E., and in August, 1919, at the ripe age of 67, he retired to a farming property that he had acquired at Silvan, outside Melbourne. The loss of two of his sons during the war—Randolph, captain in the Camel Corps, at Tel el Khuweilfe in Palestine in November, 1917; Colin, submarine lieutenant, in the North Sea in August, 1917—was a heavy blow to him. A third son, Edmund, lieutenant in the Australian Pioneers, was severely wounded at Bullecourt (France) in May, 1917.

During the remaining years of his life Sir William still took a keen interest in public questions

—among other things he propounded a scheme, and advocated it most assiduously, for giving the River Murray direct communication with the sea by extending the Coorong Channel to Lacedpede Bay. He died on April 20th, 1933, in his 81st year.

"His life story (wrote Admiral Chambers) is one which should be held in remembrance by coming generation of naval officers, for his career was unique and one which can never be duplicated, for the conditions which led to the creation of the present Australian Navy can hardly arise again in any other part of the British Empire."

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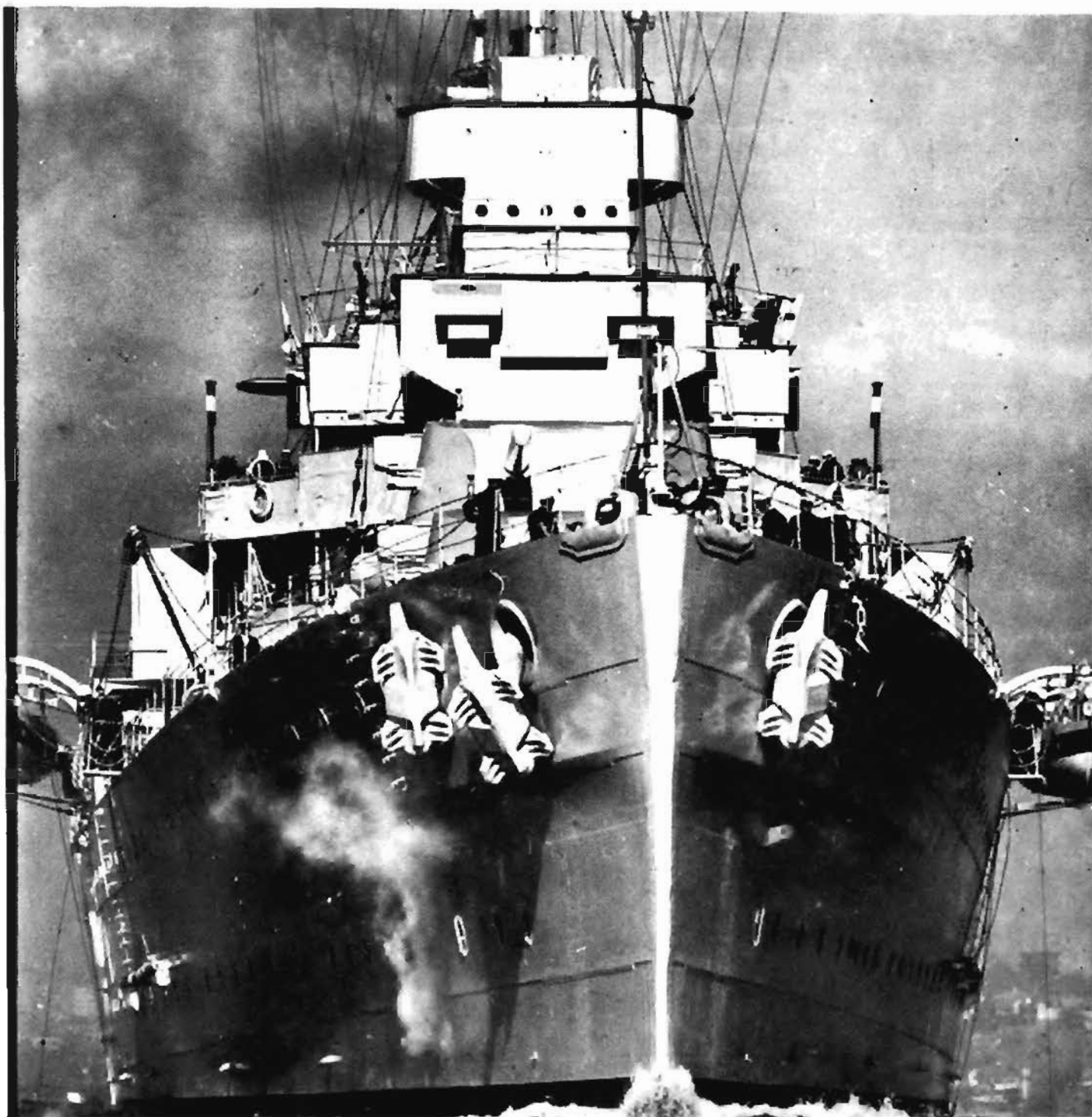
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Sydney, April, 1939

Price 6d.

EDITORIAL

Where are Our Fishing Fleets?

Recent articles in current nautical publications give prominence to the work being done by various countries in augmenting and strengthening their fishing fleets.

Germany, as part of Goering's four-year plan, has completely rebuilt her deep sea fishing fleet. The motor trawlers to be put in service are, it is stated, far superior in seaworthiness, engine power, and cruising radius to any vessels of their type that are now afloat. These small vessels are initially a means of bringing prosperity to the fishing industries of the Third Reich, but additionally, they are also intended for mine-sweeping and trawling duties in time of war.

Again, reports from Canada tell us that the establishment of a Fisherman's Reserve is now an accomplished fact. The scheme provides the means for the Royal Canadian Navy to have at its disposal, in times of crises, an auxiliary force of trained men — professional seamen — who know every bay and inlet of the long Canadian coastline.

British Columbia has taken the first step in this campaign. In February, 200 fishermen, manning some 42 fishing vessels, assembled at Esquimalt, B.C. The craft in use are mostly diesel or petrol-engined, and under normal working conditions serve as salmon trollers, fish packers, and cannery tenders.

Regulations are sufficiently elastic to allow the fullest individualism to members of this group. Training will consist of 28 days of concentrated routine covering gunnery, signalling, general sea exercises and formation, and service discipline. In time of war this reserve will operate independently, and its members will not serve aboard any of His Majesty's Canadian ships other than their own fishing craft. Their work will be to report enemy movements, to annoy and harry raiding parties, and to carry out the general functions of mine sweeping flotillas.

(Continued Overleaf)

April, 1939

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The foregoing leads up to some points which might be borne in mind here in Australia. With our vast, and largely unprotected, coastline the formation of a reserve on similar lines to the Canadian Fishermen's Reserve would be of immense benefit to the Navy in carrying out patrol duties, and so freeing ships of the Service proper for their real job of preventing a raider from reaching these shores. As well, a scheme such as that adopted in Canada might well add necessary impetus in peace time to what is a shockingly neglected industry on this coast. It has taken visitors from overseas to discover for us the vast fishing potentialities and sources of marine wealth along our coastline, and our Australian fishing fleets would stand increasing to an immense degree.

England bewails the loss of her fishermen. In the Old Country the industry has been allowed to decline, with the result that it can now be termed a "depressed trade." Not only has the trade itself declined, but the numbers of men serving in it have dwindled to a fraction of their 1914 strength. And it would be well to remember the invaluable service the fishermen of England gave to the Navy and their country during the years of the Great War. The articles mentioned in this Editorial certainly provide food for thought, and it would be a good thing for Australia if her fishing industry could be increased to absorb sufficient men who would, in time of war, be at their country's disposal as a force of trained seamen, ready to perform duties particularly peculiar to the business of deepsea fishing.

THE EDITOR.

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LIVING DANGEROUSLY

The Story of the "Trevesa"

BY ALAN HILL

I suppose the title of this article is self-explanatory — but there are many ways of "living dangerously." In this tale of long chances I am confining myself to one sphere of hazardous existence — life at sea. I am going to tell you the story of the British tramp steamer "Trevesa" and her crew; a story which is the modern counterpart of Captain Bligh's 4,000 mile voyage in the "Bounty's" launch.

The "Trevesa" was built in 1909, at Flensburg, in Germany, for the German Hansa Line's East Indian cargo trade. Her original name was "Inketurn." Fully loaded, she displaced about 8,000 tons. After the Great War she transferred to the British Register, and flew the house-flag of the Hain Line.

Hain's ships are well known in Australian ports; doubtless many Journal readers will have seen them — big black tramps, their names starting with the prefix "Tre," and with large white letter "H's" painted on their plain black funnels. In accordance with the company's practice, Hain's altered the name "Inketurn" to "Trevesa."

On 2nd February, 1923, "Trevesa," with Captain Cecil Foster in command, left Liverpool on what was destined to be her last voyage. There were 46 men in her crew — 31 Britishers, 1 Swede, and 14 natives — Arabs, West Indians, Burmese, Malays, Africans and Indians. The coloured people were employed as firemen, stowagers and trimmers.

Trouble from the Start!

Right from the start the "Trevesa" struck trouble; she ran into a hurricane in the North Atlantic. After a severe buffeting the ship reached her first port — Sidney, Cape Breton, Canada. However, she was soon forced to leave, as there was grave danger of her being "iced in." From her next port — Louisville, Nova Scotia — she proceeded to New York, to com-

plete her loading for New Zealand and Australia. After an uneventful voyage by way of the Panama Canal, "Trevesa" reached New Zealand, called at several Maoriland ports, and then steamed across the Tasman to Sydney. From Sydney she went to Melbourne, her final port of discharge, and thence to Port Pirie, South Australia, to load for Europe.

At Port Pirie the empty ship was prepared to receive zinc concentrates. This is an awkward cargo, as even with a full load the hatches are only partially filled. Therefore strict regulations with regard to loading have to be complied with. Zinc concentrate is an extremely heavy, dust-like substance, and in the case of the "Trevesa's" cargo, contained about 10 per cent. moisture, giving it a cement-like consistency. Special supervision had to be exercised in stowage; once concentrates are in a ship's hold, the chances of re-stowing the mass at sea are slender. The stuff sets, and its surface has to be broken before shovels can be used.

A Warning!

A marine surveyor inspected the "Trevesa's" holds before loading commenced, and discovered three leaking rivets in the ship's side in No. 1 hold. Keep these rivets in mind — they may have had some bearing on what followed a couple of weeks later.

At the surveyor's instructions, the rivets were caulked and hammered up, and the leaking ceased. The ship was then passed as being in a fit condition to load and proceed to sea. The "Trevesa" completed her loading, and left Port Pirie for Fremantle on May 15th, her final destination being Antwerp, via Durban.

Now let me digress a moment, to air some nautical superstitions. In the first place, it is supposed to be unlucky to change a ship's name — and "Trevesa" was originally "Inketurn." And then there were the cats! Black and other-

(Continued Overleaf)

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY"

wise, they caused many a member of the crew to forecast trouble in large quantities for the "Trevesa." A black cat, adopted at Port Pirie, left just before the ship sailed. Another black cat had deserted at Timaru, New Zealand — and Captain Foster had "disposed" of two of her litter of six black kittens! As soon as the "Trevesa" left Port Pirie she struck bad weather, and a beautiful tabby, special pet of the foc'sle, sickened and died! No wonder wiseacres in the crew's quarters wagged their heads!

Headed for Home

The "Trevesa" punched her way across the Eight, picked up 400 tons of bunkers at Fremantle, and left Western Australia in fine weather on 25th May, en route for Durban.

But the fine weather only lasted a day. Twenty-four hours out the ship was bucking into a wind that was rising to gale force, bringing a big sea along with it. The bad weather continued until it reached its peak on June 3rd. In the morning a green sea came aboard, tearing the two port lifeboats from their lashings, and smashing their chocks.

The ship was hove-to, and the boats secured after a fashion. All day, still hove-to, seas swept over the "Trevesa," washing her down like a half-tide rock. Then came black night, with the vessel heaving and plunging, continuously hammered by huge, driving waves. All things considered, she behaved very well—save for one thing. She was not lifting to the seas as buoyantly as her officers would have liked. This "logginess" was put down to the dead-weight of zinc concentrates in the forward holds.

Disaster

Then, at midnight, came the news every seafarer dreads — the ship had sprung a leak! An A.B. struggled to the bridge with the report that he could hear water swishing around beneath the deck in the foc'sle — down in No. 1 hold! Remember those leaking rivets at Port Pirie? Had they worked loose again? Captain Foster immediately ordered the wells sounded, and the pumps to be started. The pumps WERE started, but failed to pick up any water. It was soon apparent, by the ship's sluggish movements in the seaway, that she was taking water into No. 1 hold, and taking it in fast!

It was also evident that the leak was above the level of the concentrates in the hatch. This, being almost impervious, would not allow the water to percolate through to the bilges, where the pumps could suck it up. This factor made the position doubly dangerous; pumping was the only hope, as the hatches on deck could not be taken off — the holds would have been swamped by the heavy sea running.

A Gallant Effort

The chief and second engineers went below into the forepeak, and attempted to knock rivets out of the collision bulkhead between the forepeak and No. 1 hold. This would allow the water egress to the forepeak, where the pumps could cope with it. But the engineers were only working on that bulkhead for a short time when it buckled and cracked with the weight behind it. By this time No. 1 hold must have been nearly full. It was clear now that the ship was doomed.

The End of "Trevesa"

At 1 a.m. Captain Foster gave orders to prepare to abandon ship. The two port lifeboats were not utilised, on account of the battering they had received, so the two starboard boats were provisioned and swung out. Again cats come into our tale. A tabby and her four newborn kittens were placed in the captain's boat, but puss had other ideas — she bolted! It was useless taking the kittens without their mother, so they were returned to the deck.

At 2.15 a.m. the "Trevesa" was down by the head at an alarming angle — and "abandon ship" was ordered. HOW the boats were got away is a mystery — a feat of marvellous seamanship. Remember, there was a fifty-mile-an-hour gale in full blast, pitching up seas thirty feet high — and huge seas were sweeping the stricken "Trevesa" from end to end. However, they DID get the boats lowered and away; one fireman fell between the ship's side and a boat, but was speedily rescued.

At 2.45 a.m., two and three quarter hours after the leak was first reported, the "Trevesa" gave one final lurch, and slithered bow-first into the depths of the Indian Ocean. The dynamos had been left running, and she must have presented a strange and heart-breaking

(Continued on page 16)

BEATTY OF JUTLAND

By EDNA COUSINS

From the thrilling Armada days of Drake to the present time there have been many courageous sons of the sea who have fought for the freedom of the Empire under the White Ensign. The most illustrious admiral of the modern navy was a daring young Irishman by the name of David Beatty. As years went by he proved to be a second Nelson.

Joining the Royal Navy on his thirteenth birthday, he spent two years aboard the training ship "Britannia" before going to sea.

At the early age of 25 we find him in command of a gunboat, and for his conspicuous service under heavy fire he was awarded the D.S.O. From the rank of lieutenant he was promoted to commander, and in 1900 served aboard H.M.S. "Balfour" on the China Station. Here it was that he proved himself a born leader. During an attack on a small fort he was severely wounded, and only his indomitable will enabled him to carry out the work with which he had been entrusted. When the fort had surrendered and the Union Jack hoisted, Beatty received a blow on the head which almost proved fatal.

This was followed by a long period of ill-health, which threatened to bring his naval career to a conclusion. He made a complete recovery, however, and was later promoted to the rank of captain. It is worthy of note that he was the youngest officer in the history of the Royal Navy to hold that position. At the age of 38 he rose to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and he also became an A.D.C. to the late King Edward. Two years later he received a knighthood.

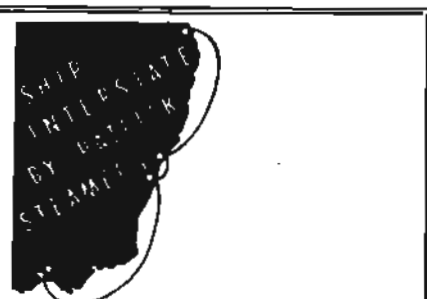
The outbreak of war in 1914 found Sir David in command of the First Battle Cruiser Squadron, flying his flag in the "Lion." On the morning of 28th August, 1914, he led his ships into action at the Battle of Heligoland. In January, 1915, came the Dogger Bank engagement, when the flagship was put out of action. Beatty proved his fearlessness by boarding the destroyer "Attack," when the fight was hottest. "Attack" came safely through the bombardment.

The climax of Beatty's career was reached at Jutland, one of the greatest naval battles of history. He led his ships into action as fearlessly as did Nelson at Trafalgar. It was here he showed the world that Britannia is still

Mistress of the Sea. One of the finest manoeuvres of the battle was in drawing the German ships right into the jaws of the battle squadron commanded by Lord Jellicoe. The Germans were so severely bitten by the British bulldogs that they never ventured outside their ports again in full force.

One of the greatest moments of Beatty's illustrious career was when, as Commander-in-Chief, he led the Grand Fleet in the "Queen Elizabeth" to receive the surrendered ships of the German navy, and escorted them back to the Firth of Forth. He ordered a thanksgiving service to be held aboard every ship that day.

Beatty answered the last call on the 11th March, 1936, and was laid to rest among the honoured leaders of the Empire in St. Paul's Cathedral. His deathless spirit will still be watching over the navy that he loved so well, and he will for ever be the inspiration of the lads who have been chosen to serve their King and Empire under the glorious White Ensign.



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THE U.S.A. BLUEJACKET

BY PATRICK VAUX

The U.S.A. bluejacket? The man who knows, or, rather, pretends he knows, persists in advancing the "fact" that some sixty per cent. of its personnel consists of those who have previously served in the British Navy! This wiseacre is quite a number of generations behind the times, apart from the utter fatuity of his percentage, for what applied to the American personnel in the 1812-14 hostilities does not apply to-day. Then, they that "ran" from the Senior Service, to enlist under the Stars and Stripes, "ran" to escape what appears to us, in a number of instances, to have been an existence of almost incredible tyranny and harshness, and found their new Service just as bad! Even as late as the times of Hermann Melville in the U.S.A. Navy—and, incidentally, his "White Jacket" did as much to abolish flogging in the American Navy as Reade's "Never Too Late To Mend" did for prison reform in England—English or British naval seamen still bulked in the American personnel; though, in some instances, the individuals concerned had but injured themselves for further trials on their hardihood.

To-day, however, the U.S.A. bluejackets are a hundred per cent. American. And the quickness and thoroughness of moulding the raw material, the greater part wholly ignorant of ships and the sea when first dumped into the training station, form the augury against that hour, when all is at stake for the command of the Pacific, and the U.S.A. Fleet selects the real from the adroitly-misleading passages on the arsenal bases of islands that have been mandated for peace and progress and not the malfeasance of war.

The alacrity with which young American manhood adapt themselves fittingly to the change of environment—some 85 per cent. of them, and more, never having even sniffed salt water afore—is, as the German War proved, enough proof that, to become an "efficient Navee" or bluejacket, you do not need to have been born in a trawler or other fishing smack, much less, a herring boat; though a coastal

recruit takes to the Navy quicker and easier. Incidentally, the efficiency of inlanders, in both the British and German Navies during the last war, was noteworthy. But, as the U.S.A. have found, few of them are stayers on their present term of service having been completed. And this is unfortunate for Uncle Sam with his increasing number of vessels to man.

From 5.30 a.m. till 9.30 p.m. personnel on service lead a most active life. They, however, of the Atlantic Fleet, cruising on the Home Stations, the East Coast, Gulf of Mexico, and West Indian waters, have much more leave and rest.

At 5.30, after he has had his "cawfy," he turns to and cleans ship's guns and brasswork, till at 7.30 breakfast is piped; and he is thoroughly glad to hear it. Great attention has been and is paid to his rations, and the following, only an average breakfast, is one which vanishes in a few minutes notwithstanding its vast quantities:—Boiled eggs, oatmeal porridge and cream, bread and butter, and coffee. If friendly with the cook, you may supplement supplies with a kipper or two, and such like delicacies.

Breakfast over, the men proceed to dress in the rig of the day, which rig is usually announced during the breakfast. Anything fit enough to conceal the nakedness of the male can be worn from "All hands," or five in the morning, until "Colours" at eight o'clock. At this hour the buglers, exact to the second, sound off "Colours" — notes that with the British Navy's girdle the globe — the Ensign is hoisted, and the band strikes up with the national air. As the last notes ring out, the crew, standing at attention and facing aft, salute the flag. If the vessel is in port all hands are on duty from "Colours" to sunset; but, in the dog watches, from 4.30 to 8 p.m. the men are allowed plenty of leeway as regards leisure.

At 8.15 a.m. they turn to, and prepare for

(Continued on page 8)



Photo by Courtesy "T.M. Herald"

Anti-aircraft practice with 4-inch gun on H.M.S. "Phoenix."

"U.S.A. BLUEJACKETS"

daily drill and inspection; and, at 9.15, come morning quarters, all the divisions mustering for a minute examination of each man by his divisional officer. Already at 9 o'clock the executive officer has begun his daily inspection of the vessel. Meantime, the divisional officer is running his "tape" over each man—cleanliness, the general trim of him, compliance with uniform requirements, and all the six and half-a-dozen points called for in the smart "Navee."

The muster finished, he reports to the executive officer, who in turn reports to the officer commanding. Physical drill carried out, the bugle or microphone proclaim what the "stunt" of the day is; for from 9.30 till 11.30, week in, week out, year following year, the U.S.A. "blue" is at drill, drill, drill, varying from gun exercises to infantry formations, and boat drill, collision drill, torpedo attack drill, abandon ship, and others till, at 11.30, the plying for efficiency concludes for that forenoon. Suddenly the alarm gongs clang forth all over the ship, and whistles pierce; every man jumps to take the post required by his number; and, in a remarkably brief time, all hands are at stations, and the seeming confusion and tumult are succeeded by order and quiet. Drill, drill, till the retire is sounded.

Meanwhile, justice, and sometimes tragedy, is being dealt just abaft the mast.

Transgressors having been assembled on the quarter-deck by the master-at-arms, the officer commanding takes position opposite the middle of the row of delinquents, who, on his arrival, promptly salute. There is a group of officers behind him, and idlers perch themselves here and there, impelled by curiosity. The ship's writer with the report book and enlistment records calls out the first name on the report and the offence therewith. The individual concerned steps forward, facing the O.C., and usually gets it "in the neck;" the Head of the Ship tries to do his duty conscientiously.

The call of mess gear is sounded at 11.45, and at noon dinner is piped. Like the other meals of the North American Lower-deck, it is made up of pleasing, plenty and attractive variety throughout the week. One day there is roast veal and mashed potatoes with a bread sauce

and lashings of gravy, sweet corn, fresh fruit and coffee; next day, fresh roast beef with a dressing, boiled cabbage, bread and butter, and the inevitable coffee; and so on, though the menu has varied with the years. The food is prepared by cooks under the supervision of the ship's cook-in-chief. And a mightily important officer he is. Only of late years has the British Admiralty also realized that the way to the men is per ventrum!

After an hour off, the hands turn to at 1 p.m. Then, on the day they wash their clothes and bedding, it is now the pipe is heard to down clothes and bedding. More drill follows at 2 p.m., together with boat exercises and the all-necessary "clean ship." Not till 4.30 is work knocked off, to be resumed at 5 p.m. with evening quarters for muster, followed by the inevitable calisthenics. At last, on the stroke of six, comes the pipe to knock off for supper, and it is as varied and toothsome as the other meals. Sometimes, canned salmon and salad dressing, fried potatoes, stewed fruits, mountains of bread and butter and oceans of tea; or, again, cold sliced meats with potato dressing, fresh fruits, bread and butter, and tea. Their "eats" are very varied, and few grumble thereat. Hammocks are served out at 7.30, and from 8 to 9 p.m. the men are busy drilling—searchlights, signals, and the rest. Tattoo is sounded off at 9 o'clock; and, at last, on the stroke of three bells of the first watch, comes the very welcome "tape" that, generally speaking, closes the day's work.

Than the U.S.A. naval seaman there be none better fed, and none, too, as handsomely paid; yet the percentage of deserters is all too high, consequent on the greater attractions of the shore with its freedom and higher wages. Though in these times of financial depression in the States only the Jack Shaloo decamps ashore for the charity ticket and garbage cans! There will be no deserters when the need arises with the sounding off of "Action stations" in any fight for the Philippines and the command of the Pacific.

SEA CADET NOTES

"VICTORY" TRAINING DEPOT

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

The Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, and especially "Victory" Training Depot, has been a hive of activity during the past month. On Saturday, 4th March, The Earl Beatty inspected detachments from the various depots at V.T.D., and although rainy weather alighty upset the programme of inspection, on the whole the day was one of the best seen in Sea Cadet Circles. V.T.D. ratings were very proud when Earl Beatty crossed the harbour in the A.Y. "Susan Bell," owned by the President of their depot.

On Saturday, 18th March, V.T.D. experienced possibly the greatest day in its history, namely, the launching of a new 28 ft. motor cutter, presented by Sir Thomas Gordon. The cutter was launched from the new slipway, the cost of which was met through the generosity of Mr. William Dixon. After breaking a bottle of champagne across the cutter's bows, Sir Thomas cut the mooring line, and the cutter slid gracefully into the water. The League of Ancient Mariners, on a hired Manly ferry, honoured the cutter by their presence.

Mr. W. M. Hughes (Minister for External Affairs), Sir Kelso King, Alderman Stanton (Mayor of North Sydney), Judge Backhouse, Rear Admiral Stevenson, Captain M. B. R. Blackwood, and many other official guests attended.

A fete in aid of votes for Miss Navy League (Miss Susan Bell) was opened by Mr. Hughes, who thanked and praised Sir Thomas Gordon, Mr. Dixon and Mr. Theo. Marks for their generous gifts to V.T.D.

It is through the generosity of Mr. Marks that we have been able to instal sanitary arrangements.

Rear Admiral Stevenson presented "Victory" with a very handsome writing stand made from wood from the old H.M.A.S. "Sydney." This will, indeed, be a treasured addition to the ward room.

The heat of the "Blackwood Trophy" between North Sydney and Woolwich resulted in a dead heat. It was a very fine race, and both crews deserve praise for their efforts. The heat was re-rowed at Woolwich depot on Saturday, 25th, resulting in a win for Woolwich by a quarter of a length. Woolwich are to be congratulated upon their excellent racing crews. They carried off every race, and thoroughly deserved the trophy with which they were presented. It certainly looks as if "Victory" will have to look to their laurels, and get some much needed rowing practice in.

Our thanks are due to Mr. F. Lewis, of Strathfield, who presented the depot with a knotting board, all the knots having been carved in wood and tacked to a handsome base board.

Once again we can report "All's well at V.T.D."

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Earl Beatty Shows Them How!

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"SEA CADET NOTES"

DIVISIONAL INSPECTION

On Saturday, 4th March, "Victory" Training Depot was honoured by a visit, and a Divisional inspection, by the Rt. Hon. the Earl Beatty, Chairman of the Grand Council of the Navy League, London.

Earl Beatty, Rear-Admiral Stevenson (President, Navy League, N.S.W. Branch), and the Secretary of the N.S.W. Branch of the Navy League, were met at Man-of-War steps by the auxiliary schooner yacht "Susan Bell," and proceeded at "easy steam" across the harbour, arriving at "Victory" Training Depot at 3 p.m. Earl Beatty disembarked to the clicking of Press camera shutters and the whirring of movie cameras, to be received on the wharf by Sir Thomas Gordon (Executive Committee, N.S.W. Branch, Navy League, Patron of "Victory," Commander Spain (Executive Committee, N.S.W. Branch, Navy League), and Captain Maurice Blackwood, D.S.O., R.N. (Ret.), Officer Commanding, Navy League Sea Cadet Corps.

On being introduced to Mr. Smith, O.C., "Victory" Training Depot, Earl Beatty inspected the guard of honour and divisional and visiting officers of the Sea Cadet Corps were presented to him.

Splendid displays of signalling, squad drill, boatswork, seamanship, and general Navy League routine were given, and Earl Beatty expressed himself very pleased with the general standard of efficiency maintained. He was particularly interested in the "new entry" class. The ceremonial side of the parade was in the capable care of Mr. D. J. Mort, Officer-in-Charge, Signalling and Physical Training, N.L.S.C.C., who carried out his particularly difficult part of the manoeuvres with the snap and precision that can only be acquired by years of naval service in smart ships. During the afternoon boat-pulling races were engaged in, and in spite of a wet, drizzly afternoon, everything went with a swing.

Earl Beatty was entertained at afternoon tea in the Depot wardroom, and whilst there expressed his keen appreciation of the good work being done by Navy League Sea Cadet officers.

The community spirit of the Sea Cadet Corps was well in evidence, as special squads from Woolwich and Manly combined to assist North Sydney Division in presenting what was undoubtedly a very creditable performance to all concerned. Addressing the cadets, Earl Beatty said:—

"The uniform you are wearing gives you entry into an organization that provides a chain of disciplined youth throughout the Empire. In the Navy League discipline is insisted upon right from the start, and indeed, the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps is the only youth organisation which actually does so. You are looked upon to do a job of work in the future, and I would ask you to see to it that you prepare yourselves for it. Good-bye, good luck, and remember always the Navy League's motto: 'Keep Watch!'"



WOOLWICH DIVISION

(By R. C. Collison, Hon. Secretary, Woolwich N.L. Committee)

Since our last notes, Woolwich Division has increased considerably in numbers, and we are getting a strong force of cadets together. Instructional work has been mostly confined to signalling, knotting and boatwork, and interest in all phases of the work is very keen. At the week-ends cadets are making full use of the skiff and whaler for sailing.

On Saturday, 11th March, the Inspecting Officer, Captain Hill, shouted the Woolwich Cadets ginger beer and cakes as a reward for their splendid performance on Anniversary Day last. His generosity was very much appreciated by the whole Division.

The regatta held on the Lane Cove River on 25th March, was quite a success considering the adverse weather conditions. Woolwich crews put up a good effort to scoop the pool, thanks to the excellent coaching of their O.C., Mr. Tottman, by winning the first heat of the "Blackwood Trophy," the "Bonnington Cup" for juniors, and the "Cook Cup" for seniors. North Sydney must be congratulated on their fine pulling. They put up a good effort, but conditions did not favour them. The afternoon's racing was finished off with a hard-fought race between Lane Cove Old Boys and Woolwich Old Boys. The judge's decision was Lane Cove first by two feet. Our hearty congratulations are extended to the Lane Cove Old Boys on their splendid pull, and to Mr. W. Clarke, who stroked the winners to victory. During the interval of races, afternoon tea was served by the ladies' committee.

We have found an ardent worker in the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Williams, to whom we offer our sincere thanks, and also our thanks are due to Mr. Tom O'Byrne, who has been putting in some hard work at the depot.

MANLY DIVISION

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

Manly Division is still gaining steadily in strength, and prospects are very bright for its future. We hope to have the boatshed built shortly so that we will be able to take delivery of our new whaler. The lads have been putting

in a good deal of boatwork, thanks to the generosity of North Sydney, who allow us to use their boats.

We have been holding classes for Leading Seamen, and great interest has been taken in them. The Division hopes to be holding an "At Home" shortly, when a presentation of medals and badges will take place.

We would like to extend our congratulations to Cadets Niverson, L. Soars, R. Perse, E. Perse, and Hamilton for the excellent work they did in the last regatta. The last three mentioned had never been in a service boat before, and they put up a very good effort indeed. We hope to see them row Manly to victory in the near future.

We would like to thank Mr. Rye for his untiring efforts to put this division on its feet. Also Mesdames Soars, Gidley and Walsham for the excellent work they are doing.

The Manly Division is going to form a younger set, under the guidance of Mrs. Walsham, and officers and cadets wish them every success.



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COMMANDING AND COMMANDS

(By D. J. MORT, O. in C. Signals and Physical Training, N.L.S.C.C.)

In the April, 1938, issue of the Journal a few words on discipline were submitted for the guidance of Cadets of the Sea Cadet Corps. Particular emphasis was placed on the duties of Petty Officers and Leading Hands, with regard to taking charge of Classes and Cadets generally. So long has elapsed since this article appeared that it may have been forgotten; perhaps indeed, it was passed over as being of small importance in the duties of a Petty Officer or Leading Seaman. But to these ratings the subsequent result of the Cadets' training and general efficiency is a responsibility entrusted to them by the Officers of the Divisions to which they belong. They must remember that they have been rated with the object of assisting Officers, and of relieving them of some of the work and responsibility of training a large number of boys.

"Taking charge" does not only mean ordering a few Cadets around; it means giving correct orders, to bring about a result which both looks well and is highly efficient. Petty Officers and Leading Seamen are quite useless if they cannot give correct orders or be trusted to control a class, or body of Cadets, either under instruction or working.

The first care of the rating in charge is to see that he himself presents a smart appearance when giving orders. Quite often a rating in charge of a class or working party may be seen walking about, shouting unintelligible orders, pointing at Cadets — and getting nothing done. Especially is this apparent when some of the Petty Officers and Leading Hands are taking a class in physical drill.

It should be borne in mind that the instructor is the base on which the class builds its results. If he cannot show the class an exercise done correctly and smartly, it cannot be expected to do it with any degree of efficiency. He should demonstrate the exercise first, with the class standing "at ease." His "caution" and "executive" orders should be in accordance with the

exercise he is performing. Some exercises require a smart and sharp "executive" order, others a slow one. Every movement of the class must be smart, and this can only be accomplished if the instructor knows how to give his orders.

It is his duty to control the class and not the class to control him. He should discourage talking during drill. Cadet Petty Officers and Leading Seamen will not be advanced or confirmed in rating until they have passed a practical examination in taking charge. Existing Petty Officers and Leading Seamen will, in the near future, undergo a "Requalifying Course" in taking charge.

The Navy League Sea Cadet Corps should become the most efficient and smartest body of youths and boys under training in N.S.W., and this can only be accomplished by every Officer, Petty Officer and Leading Seaman paying particular attention to the correct orders and methods of training. Even though the movement is purely voluntary, there must be strict discipline, so that Cadets will bring credit to their Officers and Instructors, as well as to the Depot and the Division to which they belong. An incompetent Petty Officer or Leading Seaman can do a lot of harm to the system if not checked. Only by strict observation by the Officers can this checking be ensured.

Leading hands may be excellent and efficient ratings in some particular branch of the Service, but when it comes to the trusted position of "Taking Charge" they are all at sea. It is not fair either to the Cadets or to themselves to allow such a state of affairs to continue, and in lots of cases ratings are not entirely to blame. They are sometimes rated to make up numbers. This, unfortunately, cannot always be avoided; but is not advisable, without first putting candidates through a short course of "Taking Charge." In future this course will be a compulsory part of their training.

MEN WHO HARNESSSED A GIANT

From the Longship to the "Queen Mary"

BY "A.H."

Right up to the time of the displacement of sailing ships by steamers on the oceans of the world, scientific minds ashore and afloat have been exercised by one big problem. How, in the absence of oars, sails, or wind, to propel a ship through the water at a reasonable speed.

As far back as the third century B.C. there are records of man at sea attempting to overcome his reliance on sail or oar. In 284 B.C. Appius Claudius Caudex transported Roman troops across the Straits of Messina in ships propelled by paddle wheels, rotated by oxen-driven capstans. A bas-relief of the period is in existence showing a galley rigged with these paddle wheels on either side.

This idea was exploited by many, notably Blasco de Carray, a Biscayan, in 1543. He tried out a mechanically propelled vessel of 109 tons, the paddles being turned by man-power. Later he experimented with a ship twice that size. In each case the speed attained was about three knots. Even as late as 1829, Captain Charles Napier, R.N. drove the frigate "Galatea" with side paddles turned by winches on the ship's main deck.

The idea of using steam to supply motive power seems to have originated in the early 17th century, and later in that era various discoveries and inventions led men on in the investigating of the potentialities of steam. The giant was nearly harnessed to do man's will.

The demonstrations of Solomon de Caus, Otto von Gueneke, Torricelli, and the inventions of the Marquis de Worcester, Thomas Savery, and Thomas Newcomen gradually brought about the near-solution of the steam propulsion problem. The first man to meet with success in this field was Denis Papin, a Frenchman; but, like so many other inventors, his work was unappreciated.

A Calvinist, he was born at Blois in 1647. Calvinists were not popular in the France of

Papin's day so, after a period in Paris as assistant to Huygens, the famous Dutch scientist, Papin went to England. He was then 23 years of age. His ability as a physicist won the approval of the great Boyle, whose assistant he became. In 1630 Papin was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and later became Curator of that institution. In 1688 he accepted a professorship of mathematics at the university of Marburg, in Hesse. In 1707 Papin invented what was actually the first steam-driven ship. He carried out his experiments on the River Fulda, and the trials were so successful that Papin determined to steam down to the sea and cross to London!

But the Hessian boatmen had other ideas: possibly they saw a threat to their livelihood in the new-fangled craft propelled without sails or oars. So the watermen of the Fulda attacked the vessel when it reached Minden, and totally destroyed it. Papin barely escaped with his life.

Denis Papin never recovered from the shock and grief occasioned by the destruction of his brain child. He died in 1712.

Whilst he was in England, Papin also invented a steam-cooking apparatus — he called it a "digger" — which incorporated a device which was in many respects the forerunner of the modern steam safety valve.

The first Englishman to employ steam as a means of driving ships was a Gloucestershire man, Jonathan Hulls. In 1736 he patented a method for propelling ships which, in the following year, he outlined in a pamphlet as "A Description and Draught of a New-Invented Machine for Carrying Vessels or Ships out or into any Harbour, Port or River, against Wind or Tide or in a Calm."

His idea was to provide a steam tug to assist vessels making or leaving port, and for towing in rivers and inland waters. His reason for not making sea-going ship and engine-bearing tug

one entire unit was the unwieldiness of his apparatus and the sacrifice of valuable cargo space. Hulls' description of his quaint power plant is interesting:—

"In some convenient part of the Tow-Boat there is placed a Vessel about two-thirds full of Water, with the Top close shut. This Vessel being kept boiling, rarifies the Water into a Steam, this Steam being convey'd thro' a large Pipe into a Cylindrical Vessel and there condens'd into a Vacuum, which causes the weight of the Atmosphere to press on this Vessel, and so presses down a Piston that is fitted into the Cylindrical Vessel in the same manner as in Mr. Newcomen's Engine, with which he raises Water by Fire."

Hulls tried his tug on the River Avon near Evesham. Commercially, it was a failure. Then, as now, the question was how to obtain maximum efficiency with minimum cost, and in these essential points Hulls' craft fell far short of the mark.

Hulls went farther with his idea, and suggested that his "Tow-Boat," when navigating shallow waters, could be converted into a kind of dot-and-carry-one machine. As he said, "the Tow-Boat . . . could remove the propelling paddles, and have cranks placed at the hindmost Axis to strike a Shaft to the bottom of the River, which will drive the Vessel forward with greater Force." A variety of mechanical punt-pole!

The illustration of his "Tow-Boat" printed in his pamphlet would make modern tug-masters smile. One point, however, is worthy of note. Unlike all mechanically propelled craft up to that date, the paddle wheel is placed at the stern instead of on either side. Indeed, in appearance, Hulls' "Tow-Boat" could not have been unlike the river stern-wheeler of our time.

Peculiar, and "Heath Robinson-like" as Hulls' invention, with its straps, pulleys and gadgets may seem to-day, it was one of the antecedents of the modern ocean liner. And had it not been for the ingenuity, vision and daring of men like Papin and Hulls, who often worked against outraged public opinion, the Seven Seas might still to-day be crossed by vessels under sails alone.

ANZAC DAY, 1939



THE NAVY LEAGUE HONOURS AUSTRALIA'S
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sight to the men in the boats. Can you imagine their feelings, as their "home," with black smoke pouring from her funnel down to leeward, lights blazing, took her last dive?

Adrift!

And then they were alone; two 25-foot lifeboats and their crews, tossing about in a gale in mid-Indian Ocean, 1,728 miles from Mauritius and 1,600 miles from Fremantle!

An S.O.S. had been sent out, and had been picked up by the White Star liner "Runic" and two other ships — but they were too far away to be of the slightest assistance. It was decided to head for Mauritius rather than the Western Australian coast, in spite of the additional distance, as the winds were more likely to be favourable.

Perfect discipline was maintained and the boats' crews immediately put on sea watches, and a scale of rationing adopted. The stores in the boats consisted of water, condensed milk, biscuits, and tins of cigarettes. Each man was allotted one third of a cigarette-tin of water per day, and one biscuit, and one cigarette-tin's lid of condensed milk three times per day. The boats' complements were:—Captain Foster's boat, 13 Europeans and 7 natives, and the Chief Officer's (Mr. J. Stewart Smith), 19 Europeans and 5 natives.

The two boats kept company for four days, and then the Captain and Chief Officer determined to carry on independently. Keeping together was only a drag on progress. So, by 4 p.m. on the 9th May, the boats were out of one another's sight.

Space does not permit of the telling of the boats' progress day by day. Perhaps it is just as well — as it would make a harrowing story. I will only touch on some of the highlights of the voyage.

Most of the time, bad weather was the order of going. On rare occasions rain allowed the castaways to obtain a good drink, but, with their scanty water allowance, they suffered terribly from thirst. In the Chief Officer's boat, Allehn, the cook, was the first to cave in; he drank salt water. In the Captain's boat, nine days adrift, Jacob Ah, a native fireman, became

light-headed. On the fourteenth day, the Captain decided to throw a suitcase overboard; he had packed some spare clothes in it before leaving the "Trevesa," and had distributed them among the crew. A confirmed optimist (a fireman) asked for the case; he thought that it might come in handy later, ashore! When the fireman examined the suitcase, he found a comb, and a nail-file. These articles were solemnly passed around, all hands had a spruce up, and felt all the better for it! The oars were used in the cool of the morning, in order to exercise the men; at other times, when practicable, sail was set.

By June 18th all hands were weakening to an alarming degree. On the sixteenth day in the Captain's boat, Nagi, another native, collapsed, and Jacob Ah died. The next day, Nagi died; this was especially sad, as his brother was in the boat. Only one man in the Captain's boat did not play the game. Somehow he managed to steal a spare boat's compass one night, and drank the spirit from it; he nearly died as a result.

On one occasion a member of the crew entertained the Captain and his mates with an hour-long discourse on mineral waters and fruit cordials. Though tormented, the Captain allowed him to ramble on, as it at least gave them something unusual to talk about. And the man wasn't wandering mentally — just interested in his subject!

Unbeatable!

After 19 days rations were still further reduced. One of the things that did a lot to keep the men's spirits up was the frequent rendering of some of Sir Harry Lauder's ditties, "community sung." No one tired of them. Captain Foster, to ward off thirst, had his men snuff handfuls of salt water up their noses, care being taken that it was breathed out again, and not allowed to trickle down into the throat. He also made them strip, and sluce themselves with sea water. Both these methods were very effective.

On June 26th at 2.45 p.m., exactly 20½ days after the foundering of the "Trevesa," land was sighted from the Captain's boat. It was

Rodriguez Island, one of the Mascarene group, 344 miles east of Mauritius. At 8 p.m. the lights of the cable station were seen, and at last the wanderers reached Port Mathurin, where they were taken in hand and well cared for.

The Chief Officer's boat missed the Mascarene Islands, but made Mauritius itself, where the crew landed on a planter's estate at 7 a.m. on the 29th June, nearly 25 days from the commencement of their voyage.

The Value of Discipline

In all, the losses from the Captain's boat were two firemen. In the Chief Officer's, eight men perished, including the second engineer, who fell overboard in heavy weather and sank almost immediately. Allehn, the cook, from the Chief Officer's boat, the man who drank salt water, died in hospital shortly after landing.

At the subsequent Marine Court of Enquiry, Captain Foster was completely exonerated from any blame attached to the loss of the "Trevesa," and the respective Courts offered their congratulations, and admiration at his and his crew's plucky and seamanlike behaviour, and for the splendid discipline maintained. The loss of the "Trevesa" was attributed to the possible opening of seams in the ship's side at No. 1 hold, occasioned by the vessel straining in heavy weather with a heavy forward dead-weight load.

The master, officers, engineers and crew received a presentation from the owners, and the captain another from the Board of Trade. Captain Foster and his Chief Officer, Mr. Stewart-Smith, were decorated with Lloyd's silver medal for saving life at sea, and were presented to Their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary.

And what was the finish of it all? Surely the "Trevesa" survivors had just about had enough of the sea and its vagaries to last them a lifetime?

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NAVAL NOTES FROM OTHER LANDS

BELGIUM

The new "Zinnia," which is to replace the old fishery protection vessel of that name, will be a ship of 1,800 tons full load displacement, to cost 30,000,000 francs (about £215,000). Turbine engines will give her a speed of 30 knots, nearly double that of her predecessor. The armament will include two 4.7 inch, one 3 inch and some smaller guns. Depth charges, minelaying equipment and smoke screen apparatus are also included in the specification.

CHILE

Rear-Admiral Gerken, the new Chief of the Chilean Naval Commission, is of Scandinavian ancestry. Unlike his predecessor, he is an officer on the active list. His career of recent years shows a curious parallel with that of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir John Kelly. In September, 1931, there was a mutiny in the Chilean Fleet which lasted a week. After its suppression, changes in command took place, and Captain Gerken, as he then was, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the force corresponding to the British Home Fleet, with the rank of Commodore. Following his successful tenure of this appointment, he was promoted to flag rank, and for four years was Commander-in-Chief at Talcahuano (the Chilean Portsmouth), with his flag in the coast defence ship "Huascar." His selection for the post which he has now assumed is doubtless due to the decision to replace a number of the older units of the Chilean Navy.

COLOMBIA

An American Naval Mission is to proceed to the Republic of Colombia, according to trans-Atlantic Press reports. This is the third such mission that has been sent from the United States to South America in recent years, the others having gone to Brazil and Peru.

It will be recalled that for the past four years the organisation and training of the Colombian Navy has been mainly directed by a number of retired British naval officers, the senior being Captain B. O. Bell Salter, R.N., who has held the rank of Contra-Almirante.

SWEDEN

Four motor torpedo boats are being built in England for the Royal Swedish Navy. Messrs. Vosper, Ltd., are constructing two of these at Portsmouth, and the other two are in hand with the British Power Boat Company at Hythe, Southampton. It is understood that the latter pair will be generally similar to those building for the Netherlands. Evidently it is the intention of the Swedish naval authorities to try out two rival designs with a view to determining which is better suited to their local requirements.

It has been decided to lay down two 8,000 ton coast defence ships, officially rated as battle-ships, later in the year. These will have a speed of 22 knots, and a main armament of four 10 inch guns, and together with the torpedo boats mentioned in the preceding paragraph will constitute the first instalment of the 1939-1943 naval programme. Later it is intended to begin two more coast defence ships, three coastal submarines, and a submarine depot ship, the last-named to replace the ancient "Svea" built in 1886.

U.S.A.

Twelve boatbuilders who entered for the United States Navy's design competition for small craft have been instructed to prepare final plans, though no actual building programme for the vessels has yet been formulated by the Navy Department. Types covered by the competition include 64 feet and 70 feet motor torpedo boats, 110 feet and 185 feet submarine chasers. Closing dates for the final design period are on February 1 and February 8 for the respective categories.

The Government of the Philippines are reported to have ordered a motor torpedo boat from Messrs. Thornycroft.

YUGOSLAVIA

It is reported that the new flotilla leader under construction at Split will be a vessel of 2,400 tons standard displacement, with a speed of 40 knots. She will thus be almost comparable with the latest Russian destroyers and with the French "Mogador" and "Volta," as her armament is to comprise five 5.5 inch and several smaller guns, besides six torpedo tubes. Machinery and boilers will be supplied from England by Messrs. Yarrow & Co. Ltd.

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

Its Objects are:—

1. To enlist on Imperial and National grounds, the support of all classes in Maintaining the Navy at the Requisite Standard of Strength, not only with a view to the safety of our trade and Empire, but also with the object of securing British prestige on every sea and in every port of the World.
2. To convince the general public that expenditure upon the Navy is the national equivalent of the ordinary insurance which no sane person grudges in private affairs, and that since a Sudden Development of Naval Strength is impossible, only Continuity of Preparation can Guarantee National and Im-

perial Security.

3. To bring home to every person in the Empire that commerce can only be guarded from any possible attack by a Navy, in Conjunction with the Air Force, sufficiently strong in all the elements which modern warfare demands.
4. To teach the citizens of the Empire, young and old alike, that "It is the Navy whereon, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend," and that The Existence of the Empire, with the liberty and prosperity of its peoples, No Less Depends on the Merchant Service, which, under the Sure Shield of the Navy, welds us into One Imperial Whole.
5. To encourage and develop the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps not only with a view to keeping alive the sea spirit of our race but also to enable the Boys to Become Good Citizens of the Empire, by learning discipline, duty and self-respect in the spirit of their motto—"For God, for the King, for the Empire."

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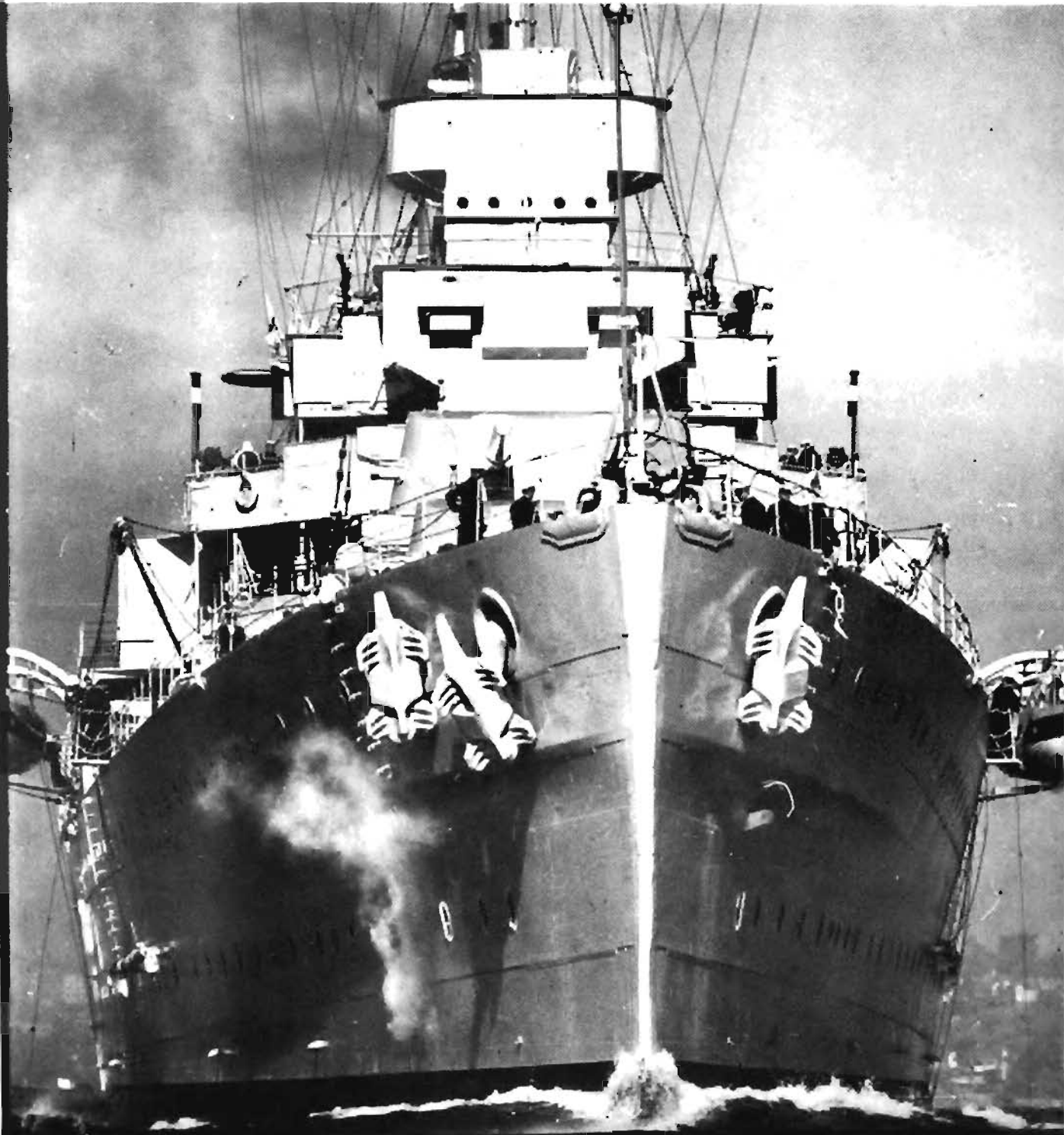
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BONDS OF EMPIRE

Empire Day this year has probably a greater significance than ever before.

Nineteen thirty-nine has been, up to the present, a period of alarms, crises and upheavals in Europe and Asia. There have been marchings and counter marchings of troops, movements of battle fleets, all leading to the subjugation of small countries by the powerful and arrogant forces of Totalitarianism.

How do these months of bloodshed and international strife affect US as a Nation and as an Empire?

In the first place, Australia must now consider herself a Nation, and be prepared to defend her own seas and her own territories. Secondly, she must be capable of playing a part as a fitting member of that vast company of peoples, the British Commonwealth of Nations, and to be ready to assist the head of that Commonwealth, Great Britain, to (as an Australian statesman declared in the early part of the Great War of 1914-1918) "The last man, and the last shilling."

Our Government is fully awake to the dangers that beset this country, and Australia on the whole is making a noble effort to offset the terrible dangers which arose from its previously total lack of preparedness for war.

Soldiers have enlisted, and are being trained. New ships of war have been added to our small but efficient fleet. But we are merely on the fringe of preparedness, and the work is not one quarter completed.

The already heavily taxed Australian citizen must be prepared to thrust his hand deeper into his pocket in order to provide for materials with which to defend Australia if—and when—the time comes. Certainly this last statement will not be a popular one. But we have the example of the Mother Country's people spending £9 per head per annum on re-armament, as opposed to our £3 per head per annum.

Admittedly we have not the financial resources that Great Britain has, but we can, and must, be prepared to go even farther with our

May, 1939

spending. Only when we are fully equipped in war stores will we be on the well-guarded road that leads to peace in our time.

Therefore, in remembering this Empire Day of 1939, let Australians keep in mind the fact that only by preparedness in its entirety, and especially naval preparedness, can the British Commonwealth of Nations be held and maintained. Naval preparedness most certainly, for it is our fleets that form the mighty chain which holds together the component parts of the greatest Empire the world has known.

THE EDITOR.

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CONVOY

By CAPTAIN MAURICE BLACKWOOD, D.S.O., R.N. (RET.)

One of the chief reasons for the failure of the German submarine campaign in the Great War was Britain's adoption of the convoy system, whereby no vessel of the mercantile marine was allowed to put to sea without being escorted by a war vessel of some description. This precaution was employed on every trade route.

Each convoy carried a commodore, usually a retired naval officer, whose duty it was to take charge of the vessels while in convoy. The senior officer of the escort, usually the commander of a sloop or a large destroyer, was responsible for the convoy's defence and navigation. Admiral Jellicoe emphasises the effect of the constant strain on the officers-in-charge of escorts in his admirable book, "The Crisis of the Naval War."

Convoys used to leave Plymouth for New York and the Cape of Good Hope twice a week, escorted by a mixed collection of men-o'-war, sloops, destroyers and trawlers, which, when they were about 200 miles out, would part company and pick up a homeward-bound convoy, which they would escort up the English Channel.

The convoy I was interested in consisted of about thirty ships, assembled off the Eddystone lighthouse. They made an impressive sight. They were in eight lines of four ships each—the most valuable ships were always put in the middle of the convoy, so that their less fortunate sisters on the outside might afford them some protection with their own hulls.

After the usual delays we got the convoy formed up and started off on a south-westerly course, the various ships of the escort disposed on the beam of the columns. My ship was well ahead of them, with a destroyer astern as "whipper-in," whose unenviable job it was to urge the lame ducks to keep up with the rest of the convoy. Each ship of the escort had been told off respectively for "first casualty" (that is, "first torpedoed ship"), "second casualty," "third casualty," and so on.

Shortly after dark I received the unpleasant news that one of the stragglers had been torpedoed. I had felt a slight shock a few moments before, but hadn't paid much attention to it. Shocks were pretty common in those days. A little later came the message from a destroyer that the "Berenice," which had dropped astern of the convoy in spite of the efforts of the whipper-in, had been torpedoed. "Sinking, crew safe," ended the brief message. She was full of motor lorries and army stores for Salonika.

I thought to myself—three hours at sea and lost a ship already—not so good. Fortunately, a slight fog came down—not thick enough to upset the convoy, but heavy enough to reduce the visibility to a couple of hundred yards. Thanks to this fog, the submarine astern of us lost the convoy, so we weren't attacked again.

The next day was uneventful, but late in the afternoon the wind began to blow from the south-west. The harder it blows the better, I thought, as we had an idea that submarines couldn't operate in bad weather. But this idea was wrong. It blew harder and harder, and about 10 o'clock had increased to half a gale. Safe for to-night, I thought.

Ten minutes later the too familiar "crash," and I knew that somebody had been torpedoed. Who was it? As my luck would have it, it was the commodore's ship, the "Knight Templar," the most valuable ship in the convoy, and as such had been stationed in what we considered the safest place in it. Torpedoed in half a gale of wind and in a pitch dark night! The escort was helpless. Through the black night we could just make out the outlines of the nearer ships plunging into seas worked up by the gale. Miraculously it seemed, the three ships astern of the "Knight Templar" managed to clear her.

The destroyer which had been warned for "second casualty" stood by the stricken vessel.

(Continued overleaf)

sel, and the convoy went on. Half an hour later another "crash"—the "Port Jackson" torpedoed! Two ships in half an hour! And we foolishly thought the rough weather would be in our favour! This submarine commander must be a fine seaman and a brave one—to take two ships out of the middle of a convoy in that sort of weather.

Again we were helpless. In desperation, I made the signal for the convoy to scatter, and off they went; the faster ships drawing ahead of the slower ones were soon strung out in a straggly line heading roughly south-west.

Dawn came at last. A few ships were in sight. The wind had gone down and been followed by rain. I was told by wireless that the "Knight Templar" and the "Port Jackson" were still afloat.

The sound of gunfire ahead sent me on at full speed to meet a large oil tanker—the "San Domingo." I think her name was—which was blazing away apparently at nothing with her one little gun. She reported that she had just been torpedoed—fortunately, in her tanks, in which she could, of course, carry either oil or salt water. I told her to follow me—she could still steam 15 knots.

The position at 9 a.m. was one ship lost, and three torpedoed, but still afloat. A bad night's work!

Thoroughly miserable, I collected what I could find of the other vessels of the escort—about half, I should say—and started off to meet an inward bound convoy at a rendezvous about 100 miles away. In due course we met them and shaped course for the entrance of the Channel. About 4 o'clock the next afternoon we were due south of the Scillies. I was on the landward side of the convoy in a beautiful calm sea.

Suddenly the look-outs yelled: "Torpedo!"

There it was, the white wake plainly visible, well clear of us, but a beautiful shot for the convoy. Again one of the most valuable ships, and the commodore's—the "Rushine," laden with frozen mutton from New Zealand—had been hit.

The convoy of, I think, 32 ships looked like a dog-fight. Ships were steaming in all directions—whistles blowing—guns firing. I added to the general uproar by dropping thirty depth charges on the position from which, as nearly as I could estimate, the shot had come. No

sign of the submarine. The torpedoed ship still afloat.

Signalling to Plymouth for tugs, I re-formed the convoy and went on. I wondered if I could get the rest of these helpless ships in safety. That night passed off without any fresh disaster. So did the next day—till about 4 p.m., when we ran into a bit of fog off the Channel Islands. I made a signal to stream fog buoys. Fog buoys are usually caeks towed about 200 yards astern of a ship in a fog. The splash of the buoy gives the following ship an idea of the position of the next ahead.

Bang! Someone was firing. Who was it, and at what?

The fog lifted for a moment and revealed the leading ship of the port wing column, a large Japanese liner, firing as hard as she could at the fog buoy towed by the leading ship of the column next to her. I had spent twelve years on the China Station, but had never learned Japanese. I had never regretted it till then.

Shortly after dark we were off St. Catherine's Point, with the huge naval port of Portsmouth a few miles off. I would get rid of the convoy next morning and hoped my troubles were over. Halfway through the first watch we saw and felt an explosion dead ahead, and only a few miles off. It could be nothing else but a ship blowing up. It seemed a locality to be definitely avoided. So the course of the convoy was altered by signal 45 degrees towards the land.

After an hour on the new course and having received no further alarms, I decided to alter back to the old course—and made the necessary signals.

So far good—

As far as I could see (the ships had no lights, of course) the convoy had got on to the new course without accident and were following me in good order. I was just thinking they had done it rather well, when, to my horror—on the starboard bow and almost on top of me loomed up four ships! They were the starboard wing column of the convoy, who had either not received or had not obeyed the signal for the first alteration of course. The leader was an oil tanker, the "O. B. Jennings." In her forward tanks she carried I don't know how many thousand gallons of naphtha.

We watched the two lots of ships converging. No reply to my frantic signals to the "O. B. Jennings." Again that awful feeling of helplessness.

(Continued on page 16)

OLD ENGLAND

(The following poem was written during the last year of the Great War. However, it seems peculiarly apt nowadays.)

Old England's just an island, if geography is truthful,
But she isn't very sociable, nor affable, nor youthful;
And tho' you're sometimes furious, and often disapproving,
There is something in old England that you simply can't help loving!

The men who made her what she is were doubtless human too;
They laugh'd and quarrell'd, fought and grous'd, as you and others do;
But when the foe was at the gate, they promptly would prepare
To meet the foe—and die perhaps—as many do "out there"!

They braved the dangers of the deep in ships of tiny size,
They hung aloft in howling gales, and fought their enemies;
They played the game as sailors did, and as they do to-day,
Tho' they didn't have much fun and had extremely little pay.

The men who made old England didn't do their job in vain,
Tho' she sometimes needs re-roofing to protect her from the rain,
A lick of paint, some extra beams of oak, more windows, too;
But the structure's there for ever—she'll outlast both me and you!

Old England's just an island; but she's "Home" to all her sons,
She's attractive to relations, though repellent to the Huns;
And when they talk of scrapping her, the boys come riding in
From the four corners of the earth, and say:
"All right! Begin!"

But the folks who want to scrap and they've scrapped themselves instead,
Tho' the Seven Seas are graveyards and the fields of Flanders red;
And England bows her head—and weeps; her sons were good and kind,
Yet she always comes up smiling for the ones still left behind.

Old England's just an island, and her weather might improve;
But in spite of spoiled summers we have given all our love
To that green-gowned minx Britannia with her petticoat of foam,
And we're thankful for the privilege of calling England "Home."

—FRANK STAYTON, 1918.

FORGOTTEN STATISTICS

In the war of 1914-1918, throughout the world, there were:—

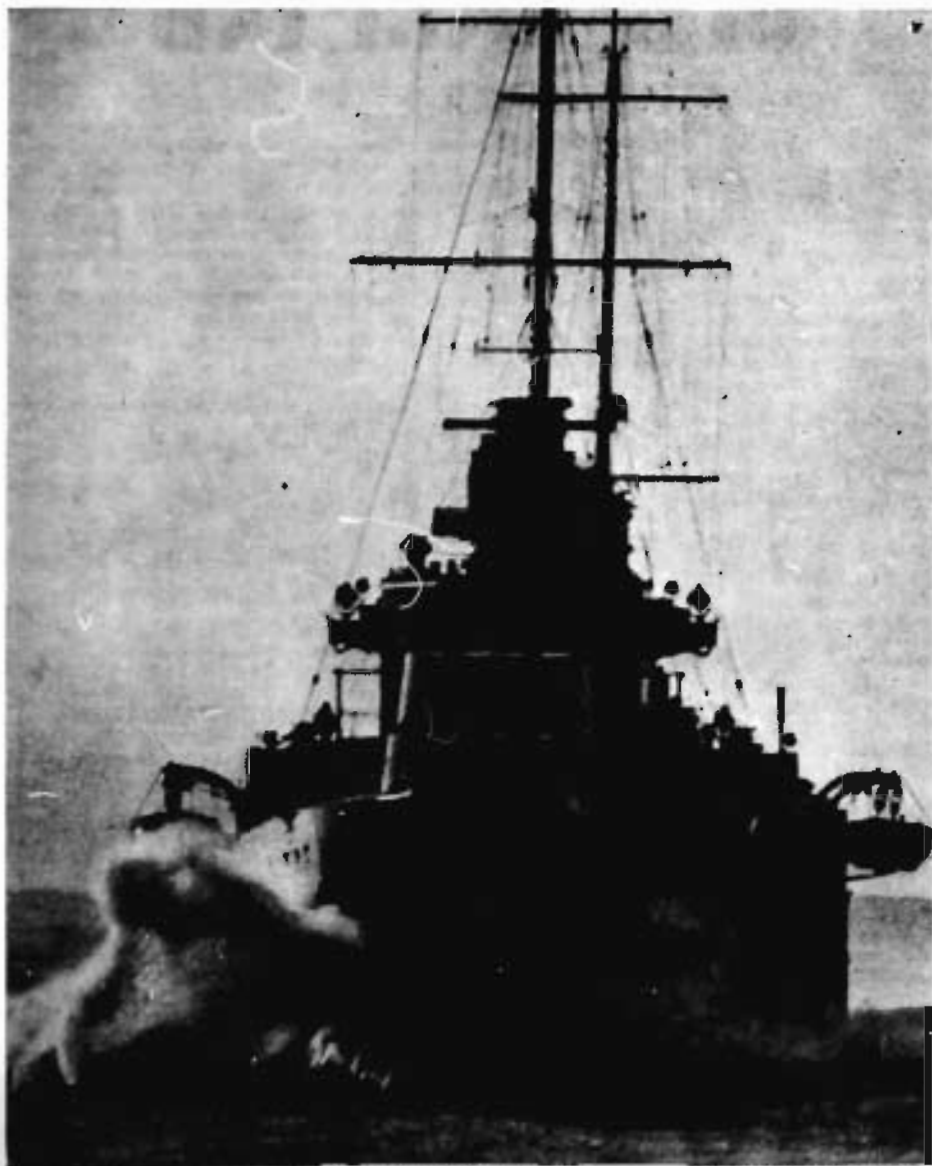
74 million men mobilised.
10 million killed.
3 million missing.
19 million wounded.
10 million disabled.
7 million prisoners.
9 million orphans.
5 million widows.

10 million men, women and children forced to flee from their homes.

6,400 men killed daily, and this went on for 1,558 days.

The above surely indicates the value of peace in our time.

Therefore peace must be preserved—but not at the expense of preparedness.



TAKING IT OVER!
H.M.A.S. "Hobart" Shipping a Sea

(Block by courtesy "H.M. Herald.")

THE NAVY LEAGUE JOURNAL

LANGUAGE! -- And The Lower Deck

By MORRIS JOHN

The desire to be proficient in languages other than our native tongue springs from various urges. Maybe it is a wish to enjoy holidays abroad, or a longing for that sense of superiority which many people enjoy from linguistic attainments. It is rather surprising how few men on the lower deck of the Navy can speak foreign languages. Spells of duty in foreign parts do not apparently inspire any wish for proficiency in the local tongue.

I do not propose to discuss the officer side of the Navy, as in addition to school training they have paid jobs as interpreters to encourage them to study. This article is confined to the ratings.

One factor influencing the question may be that instruction in ships and establishments does not include any foreign languages; mathematics, history, geography, navigation and so on—but no French or Spanish or German. Not even English!

Cosmopolitan Lingo

If one were to ask a sailor (particularly one with a few years' service) for an explanation of this state of affairs, it is highly probable that the following remarks would be offered:—

- (a) Beer, like Esperanto, is International;
- (b) "Jack" ashore in foreign ports is not expected to know the local tongue; he is merely regarded as "fair game," requiring to be shown local sights, and supplied with refreshments, at the highest possible prices;
- (c) In any case, after a year or two, sailors of all nations become very efficient at indicating their wants by means of signs and a word or two of "pidgin."

I have been present at festive gatherings of several nations' seamen, and it is amusing, and amazing, at the ease with which the participants get along and have a really enjoyable time in spite of the absence of a common tongue.

I do not think this state of affairs will go on. Modern conditions are forcing more and more secondary school boys to join the Navy or the Merchant Service, to make their own career

from the bottom of the ladder. As the spread of higher education goes on, so the knowledge of languages will spread.

A Probable Development

It is also not beyond the realms of possibility that modern languages will be added to the subjects which may be taken in the Naval Higher Educational Test, although it is probable that for the first few years candidates would have to find their own instruction.

The addition of these subjects would do much to encourage language study, and the cult of the correspondence course offers instruction, although the problem of finding a really quiet retreat in the ship, where one could master irregular verbs or similar matters without some fool quartermaster piping everyone up to hoist boats and so on, may well offer a poser.

The tame cynic will probably say that the sailor, like the proverbial "trooper," is already well versed in a language which certainly is NOT English!—"Navy")



THE ORIGIN OF SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL TRAINING

By COMMANDER P. F. NEWCOMBE, R.N.

The few remaining officers who were instrumental in introducing Scientific Physical Training to the Services some thirty-three years ago, must by now be on the Retired List.

That its value as a national necessity is at long last recognised and that the Government are organising for it on a national scale, must be, to them above all people, a source of great satisfaction.

Probably it is not known to many that the causes which forced the adoption of compulsory exercise on both Services then are much the same as those from which the country is suffering now, and the story may be of interest.

During the industrial revolution around the middle of the last century, overcrowding became rife, and the conditions of living in the poorer quarters of larger towns and cities deplorable. A large percentage of recruits came from these centres, and it was not long before a marked deterioration became apparent in their stamina and physique. So serious did things become that the Army authorities were forced to take steps.

At that time little or nothing was known about physical education and welfare. Gymnastics were the prerogative of the few enthusiasts who could afford the hobby, or the professional strong man and acrobat for show purposes. Selection in method, therefore, was very limited, so they made the best choice available, and sent a carefully picked party of officers and men to Oxford, where one Mr. McLaren conducted the foremost gymnasium of that day. Here they were taught a series of exercises with heavy bar, dumb-bells and clubs (with what horror must old timers remember these, especially those extra drills!), and many clever feats on horizontal and parallel bars.

As promised by the professor, the combination of all these did produce colossal muscular development, so having perfected themselves in the system, the party returned to train other instructors, and thus, by its adoption in 1860, a start was made with physical training in the Army.

Except for minor alterations these original methods remained the official form of torture for the next forty years.

It was a considerable time before the Navy began to experience similar trouble, for, until 1880, all Men-o'-War were principally dependent on sail.

The sailor, aloft in all weathers, hanging on by his toenails to masthead or yardarm, for ever heaving and hauling or away in boats, was possessed of sinews of steel, a courage, balance and agility which no artificial methods could begin to emulate. But the lamentable advent of steam and all its accompanying labour-saving devices soon produced their inevitable effect, until their Lordships, seriously disturbed, were driven to consult their brethren at the War Office.

Under their advice and co-operation training quarters were established at Whale Island, that great Naval establishment from which so much of vital importance to the efficiency of the Senior Service has emanated. Here instructors were trained, though every candidate spent a portion of his course in the Military Gymnasium at Aldershot, and Naval physical training was modelled on Army lines.

Things continued thus for some thirteen years, by which time medical returns showed an alarming percentage of invaliding from heart trouble, not only amongst the men, but the instructors as well. Subsequent and thorough inquiry by medical experts proved beyond doubt that the system of training was principally the cause. The constant use of heavy apparatus imposed a strain on the vital organs which many were incapable of standing. By overloading the body with unnatural muscle the heart was given an impossible job in pumping the extra blood required to supply it, the same as an overloaded car with a light engine. That the instructors, who were always at it, and, of course, outwardly splendid specimens were the worst to suffer, was the surest proof things were seriously wrong.

(Continued on page 17)

CAPTAIN COLES AND THE TURRET

THE TRAGEDY OF H.M.S. "CAPTAIN" — By NIGEL HARVEY

Of all defences, inaccessibility is the best, and so the Russian garrison of Tananrog, in the Sea of Avoff, were little perturbed by the appearance of a British squadron before their port in the spring of 1854, for they were well aware that the shallowness of the water prevented all but the most insignificant of craft from entering within gunshot. Unfortunately, they reckoned without a certain Captain Coles, R.N., who, within twenty-four hours of discovering this fact, invented and constructed a raft out of casks, on which stood a thirty-two pounder mounted in an ingenious revolving cupola heavily protected by iron plates. How this curious craft, known as the "Lady Nancy," was propelled is not stated, but her fire proved so deadly that the Russians, unable to make any impression on her, soon hauled down their flag. Thus did the turret, foreshadowed in the writings of Leonardo da Vinci, enter the world of naval architecture.

After the war, Coles, though now on half-pay, devoted his time and money to experiments and worked out in detail his scheme of mounting guns, not in the broadside system which had prevailed since the appearance of cannon at sea in the days of Henry VIII., but in revolving armoured turrets. By 1860 he was able to lay before the Admiralty a plan for converting into mastless turretships all existing wooden men-of-war, which, barely adapted to the new power of steam, had suddenly been rendered obsolete by the appearance of shells and armour. The authorities, however, were sceptical, and it was not until public interest had been aroused by the famous fight between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" in 1862 that Coles, thanks to the skilful use of press support—perhaps the first instance of the press campaign in our history, incidentally—received permission to superintend the reconstruction of a three-decker and to experiment with a small monitor.

The success of these coast-defence ships, however, was not enough for the ambitious Coles, who submitted designs for a sea-going masted turret-ship, but the plans of this revolutionary type of vessel were so altered by a naval com-

mittee that he indignantly repudiated the result: H.M.S. "Monarch." Once again the press came to his aid, and finally the experts, not without misgivings, gave way, and the overjoyed Coles went down to Birkenhead to co-operate with Messrs. Lairds in building a ship to his own designs and principles. But when she was christened the "Captain," was completed late in 1869, the clamour of the experts rose afresh. They pointed out that in armament, speed and seagoing qualities she was inferior to the despised "Monarch," and that, despite a freeboard only half that of her predecessor, she carried a heavy superstructure as well as three tripod masts. Indeed, the builders themselves cast doubts on her stability, but when she had passed the severest dockyard tests and weathered two storms in the Bay of Biscay, her detractors held their peace, and the public felt confirmed in their faith in their protege.

In the autumn of 1871 the "Captain," popularly regarded as the crack ship of the Navy, and the possible model for all future battle-ships, set out on her third cruise with the Channel Fleet. She was commanded by a recent convert to Coles' idea, Captain Hugh Burgoyne, a distinguished officer who had won the V.C. in the Crimean war, and spent some time on a naval mission to China, besides serving as a blockade-runner in the American Civil War, and she also carried the son of Childers, the then First Lord, as well as the inventor himself. Her success seemed assured, and when, on September 6, Admiral Milne went on board to observe her behaviour in squally weather off Cape Finisterre, he found Coles radiant with joy, saying: "She will go like a witch to-night." Nevertheless, the admiral noted she was rolling heavily, and declining, fortunately for himself, the inventor's invitation to stay the night, he returned to his flagship and watched the "Captain," lurching and pitching more and more, vanish into the gathering dusk. That was the last ever seen of her, for in the morning, when the squadron reassembled, she failed to appear, and finally the admiral, growing anxious, signalled "General search." Hope survived the

discovery of a few spars and even the floating body of one of her men, for they might have been washed overboard, and it was not until the table of Burgoyne's cabin was picked up, that the "Inconstant," the fastest ship of the squadron, was sent home with the terrible news that the "Captain" had foundered.

On the evening of the next day, however, eighteen exhausted and starving men staggered ashore from a small boat on the Asturian coast, and a few weeks later gave their accounts before the Court-Martial. The "Captain," they said, was proceeding under sail alone and making such heavy weather that she lagged far behind her consorts. Shortly after midnight, when the watch was mustering on deck, she was struck by a sudden squall and heeled over so much that it was only with extreme difficulty that she righted herself. Burgoyne, presumably aroused by the terrible lurch, appeared on deck and gave the order "Let go the mainsail halyards," but before this could be done the ship heeled again to starboard so steeply that some of the men at the halyards were washed away—and this time did not right herself. Very slowly she turned turtle; so slowly that one man had time to climb from the sloping deck on to the horizontal side and then down towards the keel, where he remembered catching his foot in a Kingston valve before the great smooth hull, which a few minutes before had been a secure home for himself and his shipmates, dropped from beneath him. As she hung on her beam ends, the survivors of the watch had time to cut loose a pinnace and a launch. The latter capsized, and the captain and a few others, clinging to her keel, jumped for it as they drifted near the pinnace. Burgoyne was heard to shout, "After you, my lads," but when the boats parted he was not in the pinnace, and his last action as he floated away into the darkness, never to be seen again, was to refuse the oar they tried to throw him, saying they would need all they had. A very gallant gentleman indeed.

Coles and everyone else below decks, four hundred and twenty-two souls in all, went down with the ship, and thus the inventor perished with the creation of which he was most proud. But his work survived the reaction caused by this tragedy, and by the late 'eighties the turret had become the commonplace architecture it has remained to this day.

—("NAVY")

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NAVAL NOTES FROM OTHER LANDS

Argentina

The new cruiser, "La Argentina," left Gravesend last month for Buenos Aires. She was laid down by Vickers-Armstrongs at Barrow in 1935, but her delivery has been unavoidably delayed owing to the immense amount of additional work in hand under the British re-armament programme. Designed as a training cruiser, "La Argentina" has a standard displacement of 6,500 tons, a main armament of nine 6-inch guns, a speed of 31 knots and a fuel capacity of 1,000 tons. Her equipment includes two Seagull amphibian aircraft and a catapult. Contract price of the ship was 6,000 gold pesos, the equivalent of £1,750,000, which is less than she could have been built for to-day.

Chile

Though relatively little has appeared in the European Press about the Chilean earthquake, it has been a major catastrophe unequalled in the history of the country. It is believed that the number of lives lost is approximately 25,000. One of the places to suffer most is the port of Talcahuano, which is the Chilean Portsmouth, the gunnery, torpedo, submarine and other training establishments being situated there. There are two dry docks, 614 and 800 ft. in length respectively, one of which is reported to have been badly damaged. The Gunnery School has been so severely shaken that its foundations are no longer secure, and it will have to be rebuilt.

Denmark

Two torpedo boats of 700 tons, with a length of 279 ft. and a speed of 35 knots, have been laid down at the Royal Dockyard, Copenhagen. These will be by far the biggest torpedo craft ever built for the Royal Danish Navy, which does not at present possess anything larger than the six boats of the "Dragen" type, displacing 290 tons.

Estonia

An order for a motor torpedo boat has been placed with Messrs. John I. Thornycroft & Co. Ltd. Presumably she will become the model for a number of similar vessels which it is proposed to build in Estonia.

Germany

The first of Germany's 35,000-ton battleships, the "Bismarck," was launched from the Blohm & Voss Yard at Hamburg on February 14. A second ship of this type is nearing the launch-

ing stage at Wilhelmshaven, and a third was laid down at Kiel last year. The fourth ship of this class is due to be begun shortly. Dimensions of these ships are 792 ft. in length, 118 ft. beam and 26 ft. mean draught. They are probably the biggest ships that can be passed through the Kiel Canal, the official limit of draught being 29½ ft. This explains the decision to enlarge the Canal, since Germany evidently considers that at some future date she may require to build ships of 40,000 tons or more.

The "Bismarck" has a main armament of eight 15-inch guns, which are believed to be arranged in four double turrets, two forward and two aft, and a secondary armament of twelve 5.9-inch guns.

On January 19 the 10,000-ton cruiser "Seydlitz" was launched from the Weser Yard at Bremen. She is a sister ship of the "Prinz Eugen," which went afloat six months ago, and has a main armament of eight 8-inch guns. Originally it had been intended that she should be armed with 5.9-inch guns, but Germany has now decided to exercise the right given her under the Anglo-German Naval Agreement to build five 8-inch-gun cruisers, instead of three as previously proposed.

Italy

It is officially announced in Rome that during 1938 twenty submarines were laid down for the Royal Italian Navy. These comprised four vessels of 1,461 tons surface displacement; six of 1,036 tons; four of 1,031 tons; two of 951 tons; and four of 600 tons. This works out at a total displacement of 20,426 tons, corresponding to the approximate figure of 20,000 tons stated officially nearly a year ago. When these submarines are completed Italy's total strength in under-water craft will amount to 133 units, assuming that none of the seven war-built submarines are scrapped in the meantime.

The cruiser "Quarto," of 2,903 tons, five old destroyers and two torpedo boats have been removed from the effective list.

Netherlands

The new gunnery training ship "Van Kinsbergen" was launched on January 5. She is a ship of 1,760 tons standard displacement, with an armament of four 4.7-inch and eight smaller anti-aircraft guns. Geared turbines of 16,000 shaft horse power are designed to give her a speed of 25.5 knots. She was ordered in Novem-

ber, 1936, and will be completed about June next. She will then relieve the cruiser "Gelderland," which is now over forty years old, and has been relegated to gunnery training duties for many years past. Her chief claim to fame is that Lourenco Marques took passage in her from Lourenco Marques to the Netherlands in 1900.

Siam

Some further particulars of the two cruisers building at Trieste have now been received. Their displacement will be 4,800 tons, and their main armament six 8-inch guns. It appears that the speed will not be greatly in excess of 30 knots. It is reported that some of the older vessels of the Royal Siamese Navy have been scrapped, following the delivery of various new ships.

Spain

On the fall of Barcelona the Nationalist forces took possession of two submarines which were lying in the harbour, presumably disabled. One of these was B.1, a vessel of 556 tons surface displacement, built in 1921. She was last reported at Alicante in November, 1937, when she received some damage by collision with a mer-

chant vessel. The identity of the other submarine is not certain, but it is possible that she is B.2, a sister ship.

Turkey

Contracts have been placed in Britain for the construction of the four destroyers authorised last year. Two of these will be built by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong Ltd., at Barrow-in-Furness, and two by Messrs. William Denny & Bros., Ltd., at Dumbarton.

U.S.A.

A considerable fleet will be concentrated at New York for the opening of the World's Fair, on April 30. It will comprise nine battleships, four aircraft carriers, seven heavy and fourteen light cruisers, fifty-three destroyers, five submarines and twenty-six auxiliary vessels of various descriptions, including the ex-destroyers "Childs" and "Williamson," which are now rated as seaplane tenders.

The light cruisers, "Atlanta," "Juneau," "San Diego," and "San Juan" are to be ships of 6,000 tons. It is expected that they will be armed with eight or nine 8-inch guns, four 5-inch anti-aircraft weapons, and six torpedo tubes. The speed will probably be in the region of 33 knots.

SEA CADET NOTES

MANLY DIVISION

By G. H. SMITH, O. IN C.

The Manly Division reports all well on this side of the Harbour.

We have been very busy of late. On Saturday, 15th April, an "At Home" was held, when medals and badges were presented by Mr. P. C. Spender, M.H.R.

The Division assembled at the top of the Corso and marched along the main thoroughfare of Manly to the depot (where Mr. Spender took the salute), and thence to the parade ground, where the presentations took place.

Cadets who received medals and badges were: Signaller Gidley: Good Conduct and Seamanship Medal, and Leading Seaman's Badge; Cadet Nivison: Promoted to Leading Seaman; Cadet E. Perse: Rated Shipwright; Cadet Fergusson: Rated Writer; Cadet Mosley: Rated Officers' Steward; Cadet McGee: Rated Officers' Steward.

Hands were treated to buns and soft drinks supplied by the Social Committee. Mr. Spender made a very impressive speech, in which he said:

"The Australian public will have to depend on the younger generation, and you lads will, in all probability, play a prominent part in Australia's future."

The Official Party consisted of:—Mr. P. C. Spender, M.H.R.; Mesdames Soars, Gidley, and Smith; Misses E. Barry, E. Cousins, B. Gidley, and Walsham; Messrs. Rye, M.A.; L. R. V. Smith, O.C., North Sydney Division; G. H. Smith, O.C., Manly Division; and J. Turley.

Manly Division has formed a younger set under the capable guidance of Miss C. Walsham. Its first social was held on 20th April, and proved a great success.

Our thanks are due to Mr. L. R. V. Smith, O.C., North Sydney Division, for his co-operation at our "At Home."

The Officer in Charge, Manly Division, is pleased to say that reports are coming from various sources praising the march through "The Village."

We are very glad to report the splendid progress made in the last twelve months, and hope to be able to do so again next year.

"VICTORY TRAINING DEPOT"

By L. R. V. SMITH, O. IN C.

On the night of Thursday, 6th April, the unit went to Forty Baskets Beach for its regular Easter Camp.

Three officers and thirty ratings were under canvas, and we were very fortunate in having splendid weather throughout our stay. The new cutter behaved very well, considering the hard work it had in beginning its career. It towed a boatload of gear from "Victory" to Forty Baskets on its maiden trip. The camp was carried out successfully, and plenty of boat-work was obtained, as well as a varied routine. A small bush fire started nearby on the Saturday night, so most of the lads obtained a short, but warm, experience in fire fighting.

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About a dozen ratings and two officers attended a parade at Manly to attend the Manly Division's annual presentation of badges and efficiency medals. The parade marched through Manly to the depot, where the salute was taken by Mr. P. C. Spender, K.C., member for the district in the Federal Parliament. It was a splendid effort, and Manly Division is to be congratulated on the marked improvements it has made in such a short period.

A squad of twelve ratings and one officer paraded at the Cenotaph on Sunday morning, 23rd April, when a wreath was placed by Captain Hill, Secretary of the N.S.W. Branch of the Navy League, in memory of the Zeebrugge action of St. George's Day, 1918.

North Sydney and Manly Divisions combined in a ceremonial parade held by the Harbord Branch of the R.S.S.I.L.A. on the afternoon of Sunday, 23rd April. This should help the recruiting campaign of Manly Division to a great extent.

The Navy League Sea Cadet Corps was well represented on Anzac Day, 25th April. A parade of sixty ratings and four officers marched from Grosvenor Street to Martin Place, where a wreath from V.T.D. was placed on the Cenotaph. The parade then took up its position lining the route of the Anzac Parade. After the Anzac had passed, the N.L.S.C.C. marched to the Sydney Domain and dismissed. It is certain that the marching was the best seen at a Sea Cadet parade for some time. The mascot from "Victory," Ian Mitchell, did a splendid job of leading the parade. It is to his credit that, although the step was long at times, he stretched his legs and matched the bigger lads.

The thanks of V.T.D. are due to Miss G. Fewkes for her kindness in making the wreath for them, very appropriately in the shape of a ship. So noticeable was this tribute that the "Sydney Morning Herald" reported it as being one of the most noticeable wreaths at the Cenotaph.

There has been a steady influx of new recruits for the past few weeks. If the present rate continues we will be forced to use our Boats' Depot as a training centre in the near future.

Once again we report:—

"ALL'S WELL AT V.T.D."

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CADET MIDSHIPMEN are required for the Royal Australian Naval College, Flinders Naval Depot, Victoria.

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A qualifying examination is held in September in the following subjects:—Arithmetic (Elementary), Geometry, English, History, Geography, and ONE, but not more than one, of the following:—Arithmetic (Harder), Algebra, Latin, or French.

Candidates who qualify at the Education examination will be medically examined and interviewed by a Committee of Officers. Those selected will join the Naval College in January next for a four years' course before being appointed as Officers for sea service.

Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the following:—

The Secretary, Navy Office, Melbourne, S.C.I.,

The District Naval Officer, Edgecliff, Sydney.

The closing date for applications is 30th June, 1939.

OBITUARY

The Navy League, New South Wales Branch, and its Sea Cadet Corps, extend to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of North Sydney Navy League Sub-Branch Committee, and to Mr. L. R. V. Smith, O. in C., "Victory" Training Depot, North Sydney Division, deepest sympathy in the recent death of their son and brother.

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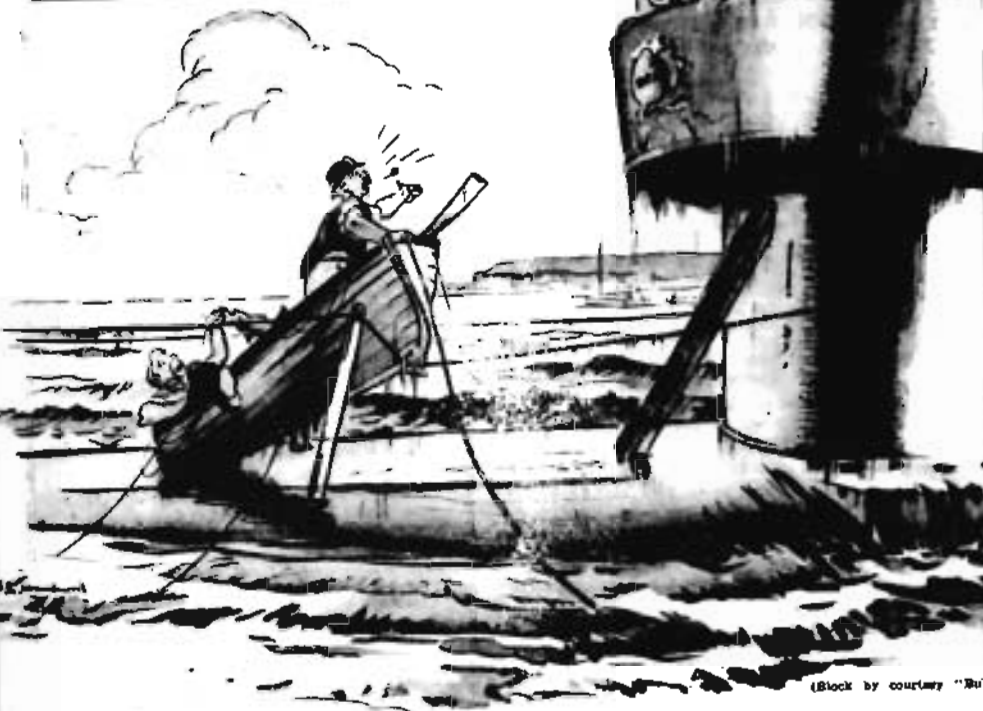
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(Block by courtesy "Bu")

"CONVOY"—Continued from page 4.

In the centre of the convoy was a grain-laden ship from Canada—the "War Knight." She hit the "O.B.J." square in the tank which contained these thousands of gallons of highly explosive spirit. The result was awful. No—"awful" isn't strong enough, it was "frightful." There was no actual explosion, but a huge ball of flame slowly rose from the deck and pierced the side of the tanker.

The two ships were still locked together. The flaming naphtha had engulfed the "War Knight," and in a moment she was a blazing inferno. The ships drifted apart. We were close enough to see the men on the "War Knight's" deck, their clothes on fire, jump overboard into the sea of fire which surrounded her. It was awful—again that feeling of helplessness—we could do nothing. A destroyer of the escort gallantly went alongside the tanker and took her crew off to the last man. The only men saved from the "War Knight" were the second mate and

six men who had been trapped down below by a jammed door and were unable to get on deck till the fire had burned out. The "War Knight" burned for days, but she was eventually salvaged. The "O. B. Jennings" burned for a week and had at last to be sunk at Spit-head. She, too, was salvaged and repaired; but she met her Waterloo on the American coast when, having fought an enemy submarine for nine hours, she went down with her colours flying.

The convoy continued on its passage up the Channel, the escort wondering what trick Fate was going to play them next. It was with a real feeling of relief that at daylight next day the convoy was left to its own devices and the tender mercies of the Dover patrol, while with nerves on edge the escort turned and made for Plymouth at full speed, there to fill up with coal, and prepare for the next convoy in two days' time.—("Reveille")

"THE ORIGIN OF TRAINING"—

Continued from page 8.

This time it was the turn of the Senior Service to take action. In 1902 the late Admiral Palmer, then a Commander and Superintendent of Naval physical training, was instructed to examine and report on the various systems, which, by then, were in vogue on the Continent. His wanderings eventually brought him to Sweden, where he was greatly attracted by their system of free arm and body exercises carried out devoid of heavy apparatus, in the Swedish Service and Civil establishments. On Palmer's report it was accepted by the Admiralty.

A Swedish professor was installed in the Royal Naval Barracks at Portsmouth, and the first course started for a mixed class of officers and ratings in 1903. So successful did it prove that the Admiralty decided to establish a separate Physical Training School, and erected what is still probably the most complete establishment of its sort in the country, consisting as it does of a splendid gymnasium equipped with every possible requirement, swimming baths and open air training quarters as well. Specially selected medical officers were appointed to deal with the anatomical side of the new found science. Excellent lecture rooms were embodied in the school and all potential instructors, officers and ratings alike, underwent a course and had to qualify in anatomy.

The Army, realising the Navy were on to a good thing, were soon on their trail, so that by 1914 the system was thoroughly established in both Services and had reached a high standard of efficiency.

This, then, was the origin of Scientific Physical Training in our country some thirty-six years ago.

Great experience was gained during the war. This, together with constant experiment and research since by the experts and medical officers attached to the three Schools, have naturally led to a vast improvement in its application and methods of teaching. Save that this naturally varies to meet the individual needs of the respective Services, the original system as brought from Sweden by Commander Palmer is still the basis of all training.

—("NAVY")

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Its Objects are:—

- To enlist on Imperial and National grounds, the support of all classes in Maintaining the Navy at the Requisite Standard of Strength, not only with a view to the safety of our trade and Empire, but also with the object of securing British prestige on every sea and in every port of the World.
- To convince the general public that expenditure upon the Navy is the national equivalent of the ordinary insurance which no sane person grudges in private affairs, and that since a sudden development of Naval Strength is impossible, only Continuity of Preparation can Guarantee National and Imperial Security.
- To bring home to every person in the Empire that commerce can only be guarded from any possible attack by a Navy, in conjunction with the Air Force, sufficiently strong in all the elements which modern warfare demands.
- To teach the citizens of the Empire, young and old alike, that "it is the Navy whereon, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend," and that The Existence of the Empire, with the liberty and prosperity of its peoples, No Less Depends on the Merchant Service, which, under the Sure Shield of the Navy, welds us into One Imperial Whole.
- To encourage and develop the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps not only with a view to keeping alive the sea spirit of our race but also to enable the Boys to Become Good Citizens of the Empire, by learning discipline, duty and self-respect in the spirit of their motto—"For God, for the King, for the Empire."

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