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The Navy League Journal

NEW SOUTH WALES BRANCH.

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SOME BLACK BALL LINERS.

BY CAPT. J. H. MATSON, R.N., R.M.S.

II.

DURING the last twenty years numerous writers have told the romantic story of the ships, with their wonderful spread of canvas, which were once the pride and glory of the English speaking race the world over.

It has been given to us by such writers as the late Frank T. Bullen, William Clark Russell, and others in works of fiction; whilst Cornwall-Jones, Lieutenant Coates, Arthur H. Clark, and Basil Lubbock have written the history of the clipper ships which has been fascinating reading to those who have had anything to do with them, when they were the only connecting links between all commercial people. Whilst a local pressman, the late J. A. Barry, did much by his contributions to increase our knowledge of the departed charm of the sailing ship:

"The beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea"

But much confusion has been created by newspaper paragraphs and letters, which have told marvellous yarns of fabulous passages of celebrated ships. Each one upholding his particular "hooker" and perpetuating a yarn told in the fo'c'site by some blatherskite.

I have before me now newspaper cuttings which in some cases are preposterously untrue, one has it that "the record of the Thermopylae was 61 days from London to Melbourne," when the Captain's report makes it 63 days, 17 hours, from the Start Point to Hobson's Bay.

Then, a newspaper criticism of Basil Lubbock's "The China Clippers" has, "the author says that the Thermopylae broke the record by sailing from London to Melbourne in 60 days on her maiden voyage." If he did say so he was wrong.

And "one of the crew" writing to a paper in 1906 out-herods Herod, for he says in speaking of the Thermopylae, "she made her first three passages to Melbourne all under 60 days, and when I was in her she came out in 56 days." No one has attempted to go one better, nor is anyone likely to. But in spite of these fictitious voyages some of the old clippers were flyers, and following on the Marco Polo and the Lightning of the Black Ball Line came the James Baines, Champion of the Seas, and Donald Mackay. All built by Mr. Donald Mackay, perhaps the most celebrated wooden ship builder of his day. A native of Nova Scotia descended from an old Highland family, he was born in 1810, and when sixteen years of age he went to New York and learnt his trade in the best yards there, but it was at Boston that he established himself, and where he made a name for himself by building the celebrated ships for a line commenced by Enoch Train to run between New York and Liverpool.

Soon after the discovery of gold in Australia and when ships of all kinds were being diverted to that distant and little known or thought of part of the world, a young man in Liverpool recognising the good points in Donald Mackay's ships gave

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him an order for the four celebrated ships, Lightning, James Haines, Champion of the Seas, and Donald Mackay. These with the Marco Polo, built at St John, New Brunswick, were the commencement of the fleet of James Haines & Co., of Liverpool, which had a world-wide reputation and in the sixties owned 86 vessels.

Why the name of the Black Ball Line was adopted it is hard to say and no explanation has ever been given. It was really adopting the name and taking the house flag of an old established American Company with which it had no connection.

Donald Mackay and launched in June, 1852, and said at that time to be the largest ship afloat. She was put on the New York to San Francisco line, commanded by Captain Lauchlan Mackay, a younger brother of her builder, and carried a crew of 105 men; a present day ship of her size would not have more than about 35. Wages, however, were very low in those days and would not amount to more than the smaller number cost now.

She was a large ship and appears on the American Register as of 2,321 tons. The Sydney Shipping Gazette of December 5th, 1853, gives a full description of her, which, however, is too long



BLACK BALL CLIPPER SHIP "JAMES HAINES."

The original Black Ball Line of Packets was formed at New York in 1816 and its ships voyaged between New York and Liverpool. The first vessels on this line being the New York, Canada, Pacific, London, Oxford, and Yorktown, which sailed under the house flag of the line, a red swallow-tail flag with a black ball, the same as James Haines & Co. adopted. It can hardly be said that this came within the category of strict business morality, but there was no law to prevent it, so there was no remedy. Many of the ships which sailed under James Haines & Co.'s flag were chartered vessels. One of these, and which arrived at Melbourne on November 24th, 1853, was the Sovereign of the Seas, a vessel built by

to give here, but it may be quoted that "her towering masts now form a most remarkable object, even amongst the splendid fleet lying in Hobson's Bay." After she had completed her San Francisco voyage she was sent across to Liverpool with Donald Mackay as a passenger, she was there taken up by James Haines & Co. and put on the Melbourne run with Captain Warner in command, who had been her chief officer on her first voyage. She took 77 days to reach Melbourne, which was considered good at that time, and still is for a sailing ship.

New York newspapers in an article which appeared after her San Francisco voyage, which included a run to Honolulu, said: "The run from

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Honolulu to Cape Horn, a distance of 6,340 miles was accomplished in 37 days; in 25 of these days consecutively the ship ran 6,480 miles, and one of those days was distinguished by an extraordinary run of 430 miles." This is just as it is printed, but there seems something wrong with the figures.

This particular Sovereign of the Seas only made one voyage to Australia, and was shortly after sold to a German firm, and whilst on a voyage from Bombay to Hong Kong was lost, August 1859, in the Strait of Malacca.

On Sunday, September 1st, 1861, a ship named Sovereign of the Seas of 1226 tons arrived in Port Jackson under command of Captain Cruikshank, from Liverpool, with immigrants, and was berthed at Campbell's wharf, Circular Quay. This vessel was under the Black Ball flag, having been chartered by James Baines & Co., she also was a wood ship, much smaller than the original clipper, the second of the name it is said, and built more to carry a large cargo than to make a fast passage, and to emphasize which fact she took 113 days on this occasion to reach Sydney.

On Tuesday evening, September 10th, when she still had 1,800 tons of cargo undischarged, it was discovered at 9 o'clock that she was on fire. On the alarm being given the fire engines from the stations that there were then mustered in force, but in spite of all efforts, with a plentiful supply of water, the fire gained, and the vessel had to be scuttled.

She was raised in about 10 days, but was too much burned and was past repair. Eventually what was left of her was made into a steamer and named T. S. Mori, and put into the New Zealand timber trade, but she had a short life, for returning from New Zealand with a cargo of timber she became water-logged and was abandoned in July, 1863.

At the time the Lightning was being loaded at Liverpool to commence her first voyage to Australia the second of the four ships Donald Mackay was building at Boston for James Baines & Co. was launched. This vessel, the Champion of the Seas, took the water in April, 1854, at which time she was the largest ship afloat, being 2,470 tons.

The first intimation received here of this ship appeared in the newspapers of September, 1854, when a description of her is given, taken from American papers, which stated that she was quite an attraction at New York while loading for Liverpool.

The Liverpool Courier of July 12th, 1854, announces the arrival there from New York of the beautiful vessel Champion of the Seas, which has three decks. She had light winds all the way across, and never had occasion to take in her royals, and came under the command of Captain Alexander Newland, formerly of the Golden Age,

who knew her from keel to truck, having superintended her building. This ship had a most conspicuous and appropriate figure head, being the life size "counterfeit presentment" of a British sailor "who waved aloft his shiny tarpaulin hat in the grip of his brawny tattooed right hand."

She left Liverpool on October 11th, 1854, and arrived at Melbourne December 24th, 1854, being 74 days on the passage, three days less than the Lightning's 77 days.

This was a good average run, as three London ships and two from Liverpool, which arrived the same week averaged 77 days.

For many years the Champion of the Seas brought immigrants to Australia, many thousands must have come by her, and she terminated her career off Cape Horn in 1877.

It always seemed the aim of Donald Mackay to go one better, and in the ship James Baines he seemed to have achieved his object. The Light-



DONALD MACKAY.

ning was 2,096 tons and 244 feet long; the Champion of the Seas 2,447 tons and 252 feet long; and the James Baines was 2,525 tons and 266 feet long; thus in two years he had increased the length of "the largest ship afloat," as each of these was in turn, by 22 feet. For comparison with present day ships, or at least with recent ones, the Mount Stewart, a regular trader here, a three mast ship of 1,903 tons, has a length of 273 feet 6 inches; and the well-known training ship Port Jackson, which a while since was put out of commission, was 2,222 tons, with a length of 286 feet. The tonnage of these cannot be compared, as it is now calculated in a different manner, but the lengths stand.

On the occasion of the James Baines' arrival in Liverpool to take her place on the line for Australia a banquet was given "on board the magnificent ship the James Baines, perhaps the largest merchant ship in the world." Much was said by speakers,

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on the history and prospects of the commercial life of Liverpool and of the Black Ball Line, which is very interesting reading, but would take up too much space to reproduce here.

The James Baines left the Mersey on December 10th, 1854, under command of Captain C. McDonnell and arrived at Melbourne February 12th, 1855, having taken 64 days and 9 hours, just 16 hours over the Thermopylae's 63 days 17 hours in 1869; and the Lightning's run home in 1854 being 63 days, 18 hours. On this voyage the James Baines ran home in 70 days, leaving Hobson's Bay March 15th, 1855, and anchoring in the Mersey on May 20th.

She was not so successful on her next voyage as she left Liverpool on August 5th, reaching Melbourne October 23rd, being thus 79 days, although the papers of that date congratulate Captain McDonnell "on having accomplished the quickest passage of the season."

There has always been a difficulty in tracing ships of the Black Ball Line; the reason is to be found in a paragraph in the Liverpool *Daily Post* in 1855, which says "The James Baines, we need not say, has a high reputation among ships of the highest character. The owners offered her to Government to transport troops to the Crimea; and on the sea there is not assuredly a vessel better suited to the purpose. Did Government embrace the proposal with alacrity? No, they declined the offer, because the James Baines was not entered at Lloyds."

Once more the James Baines sailed for Melbourne, April 6th, 1856, and on June 25th arrived at the destination in rather a disabled condition, having been struck by a squall three days previously which completely stripped her of sails, the whole suit being blown away, and the main yard and top

gallant mast were carried away, her time being 80 days.

Her next voyage out she reached Melbourne March 23rd, 1857, in 77 days. On arriving at Liverpool on the completion of this voyage she was taken up for a troopship, as the Indian mutiny was at this time creating great activity in shipping circles. Previous to embarking her troops Queen Victoria visited Portsmouth and inspected the James, and expressed her astonishment at seeing such a magnificent ship, and she had no idea that the mercantile marine possessed such a fine ship.

She embarked 1,037 men of the 96th Regiment (now 2nd Battalion, Manchester Regiment) and 42nd Regiment (now 1st Battalion, Royal Highlanders—The Black Watch) being twice the number taken by any other sailing ship, except the *Champion of the Seas*, which had the same number. Having landed her troops safely at Calcutta, she went round to Bombay, and there loaded a full cargo of jute, hemp, linseed and rice for Liverpool, where she arrived on Sunday, April 18th, 1858, and the following day the discharge of the cargo commenced. On removing the hatches on Thursday to continue the work it was found that the cargo was on fire, and all efforts to suppress it were futile; she was scuttled, but as the depth of water was not sufficient to submerge her she was destroyed beyond any possibility of restoration.

In October "the hull of the well-known clipper ship James Baines, the famous Australian ship, was offered for sale at the Cotton Sales rooms, Liverpool," she was finally knocked down for a bid of £4,080. She originally cost £35,000. After being raised she was made into the floating landing stage at Liverpool, and perhaps few of the thousands who regularly used it knew that they were on the once magnificent ship James Baines.

THE WARSHIPS.

LORD JELICOE'S MESSAGE

The Governor-General has received from the Governor-General of New Zealand a letter in which Lord Jellicoe states that the recent visit of H.M.A.S. Melbourne gave great satisfaction to the Government and people of the Dominion. Lord Jellicoe's remarks were as follows:—"The presence in these waters of a vessel of the Royal Australian navy will strengthen the bond of comradeship, and facilitate that co-operation which is so necessary between the naval forces of the Commonwealth and the Dominion, both units of the Empire navy. It has been a matter of regret to the Government of New Zealand that it has not hitherto been possible for H.M.S. Chatham to take part with the ships of the Royal Australian navy in any of the exercises

which have been carried out since the arrival of the Chatham in New Zealand waters, but it is hoped that circumstances may admit of this in the future, as the value of such combined exercise is fully recognised.

The gallant and seamanlike rescue of the crew of the sailing ship Helen B. Sterling, effected by the Melbourne on her passage from Sydney to Auckland, created a great impression on the minds of the people of New Zealand, and the value of the visit has been still further enhanced by the fine bearing and exemplary conduct displayed by the ship's company when on shore, as well as by the courtesy extended by the Rear-Admiral, captain, officers, and men, to all who were privileged to visit the ship. In thanking your Excellency and the Government of the Commonwealth for the visit, I join with my Ministers in expressing the hope that it may be possible to repeat it at no very distant date."

A Voyage in Southern Seas.

BY H. A. CARRER.

Did you know that a ship has a "heel," is steered with the boom to the keel; with each stringer a mastic, and a heart what she's met that period end seabed, and know travel and wind?

IN the month of April, 1885, the writer went aboard the A1 clipper brig "John Wesley" of 238 tons register, built by the celebrated Hall of Sunderland for the Wesleyan Mission, about the year 1869.

Later on she became a trader and when I joined her, was owned by the late Mr. John Palmer, a merchant whose head office was at the corner of Market and York Streets where Henry Bull & Company are located now. Her Captain was Mr. Robert Lancaster with Mr. Earight as Mate and Mr. Anderson, Second. There were six seamen, a cook and his mate, and two stewards. Being a trader she carried Mr. Oatey Johnstone and Mr. Albert Palmer as supercargoes, so that for a vessel of her tonnage her crew was quite ample—for when a pinch came, all hands and the cook got to work. She was a beautiful little vessel, with clipper bow and carried royals and double topsails, so that she made a very pretty picture when all her washing was drawing to a quarterly breeze.

We started from Smith's wharf in tow of the "Kate" and dropped anchor just below Garden Island, and lay there for a couple of days, till clearances were effected. After that we beat down to Watson's Bay, and stayed there till a light westerly gave a chance to clear the harbour. Well—Ugh! All I can recollect of the first week was a constant application to the water cask and an equally constant rush to the rail casting out devils. It seems from my experience in after life that Neptune got more than he wanted, for he has never demanded further tribute from me.

Then rapidly a gargantuan appetite asserted itself, and from three meals a day paradoxically it diminished to one—and that was all day, so that at the end of three weeks from a skeleton my physical proportions had developed so wonderfully that Thactambau would have no doubt pronounced himself satisfied with a cut from me as "long pig."

After gaining a fair offing, the wind strengthened, and the wonder of the sea began its mastery. With the sizzling water just awash with the covering board and the gentle curtesying movement, every atom of bodily ailment was dispelled, and the solace of it has remained through many long years.

On the eve of the 27th day out, the lookout, who was perched on the upper fore topsail yard, hailed the deck, and announced "land ho!" "Where away?" the officer of the watch asked, "right ahead, sir" was the reply, and as the land (Tongatabu) is very low-lying, sail was shortened and we jogged along under a brilliant sky, with the strange perfume of a tropic isle lulling our senses. Of course there was no need to rouse anyone out the next morning, everybody was on deck before the glory of a tropical daybreak had departed, but it was noon before we reached the channel into the harbour, and then the wind dropped. Our position was so perilous that the boats were lowered, and every ounce of muscular energy was applied to tow out again, as the reefs beset us on both sides and anchoring was impossible owing to the depth where we were. The tide must have been favourable as eventually we got clear and drifted away from the land. At about 4 o'clock that afternoon, orders were given to shorten sail, "all hands on deck quick and lively men! Clew up the foresail!" etc., and as fast as human beings could work, every stitch of canvas was put to rest, but not before a terrific burst of wind struck us with such force as to press the starboard rail under water. The picture remains clear to my mind, sailors were coming down the weather rigging on their hands and knees and the force of the wind was making every strand of cordage play its part in the storm fiend's orchestration. We ou e ou; woo ew e whew, wuff! the spray all the while hissing over all like a beaded sheet. Soon good seamanship got control, and away we tore before the gale. It was then that the dainty aristocrat of naval architecture showed her classic breed, and spurned the Goliath like seas that challenged her way, up she climbed till the crest was reached, and then with the disdain of a princess she swayed and seemed to take bearings o'er the bare-sacker sea, and, rushing in ecstasy downwards buried her stem in the manes of Neptune's steeds, till the eyes of her figurehead shed tears of bime in ecstasy. The squall passed away about nine o'clock that night and next morning broke over a slightly heaving sea, sail had been made while we land lubbers had been sleeping. There was no sight of land again for four days, what little wind there was came from ahead. At last the welcome call came from the second mate who was up on the fore top-gallant yard, "land ho!" "Where away?" "Fine on the port bow," he replied, and the following morning we made the entrance again, when a big double-ended boat carrying the native pilot and rowed by

a bronzed crew came alongside. The pilot went up to the fore top, and his orders—(through the mouth of the first mate) came in a series of staccatos, "port! hard-a-port! steady; starboard; starboard." The helmsman answered in like terms as the wheel was spun each way. The pilot boat in the meantime had passed her painter aboard, her crew of perfect physical models enjoyed their ease by singing, and big as they were, strangely enough had light tenor voices, which they used in a most charming manner.

We made the anchorage in time to have everything snug by nightfall, and next morning the consigned cargo was broken out and for a couple of days the boats were busily engaged landing it on the spotless beach. My duty was to stand by it during the day. The first morning I was badly scared when a big grinning native approached with a dog following him, and squatting on his haunches said, "Tulufo"; the next remark was "coolie" at the same time pointing to the dog, the word seemed familiar, and my trepidation passed as the connection between coolie and collie came clear, and realising that he was not going to eat me like a carrot, we became friends as he later on proved by gifts of nuts and fruit to the veli veli pupalungi.

At night time courtesy visits were exchanged, and the mornings after the nights ashore usually meant a lazy day aboard, this possibly was the result of playing dominoes too strenuously, or maybe attending a meeting of the native councilifiers, who are renowned for their talkative abilities. I was much too young then to judge.

We stayed in Tonga for two weeks during which the vessel was changed into a shop. The 'tween decks resembled an ordinary general store, open cases of all sorts of goods, from canned foods to clothing were arranged in rows, and the buyers came aboard and exchanged their cash (Chili dollars) for what they needed. It was a busy time for the supercargoes.

After leaving Tonga we shaped a course for Haapai, and on the fifth day it was reached. My recollection shows a low-lying islet with a lot of reefs scattered indiscriminately about, and the straight stemmed topsail schooner Sandfly—one of the early Australian ships of war—passing close to us showing her weather bilge. She made a good marine study with a bone in her teeth and a swirling wake in the emerald sea. After a couple of days we cleared out for Vavau, with its beautiful harbour. Reefs are noticeable by their absence. Deep water invites the sailor to "carry on" and under royals we boldly sailed in, but before the objective was reached became becalmed. The tide, however, being favourable, kedgess were run out and with the aid of the windlass, we clanked, clanked; clanked it and so hauled our

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way into a splendid anchorage. At night pyrotechnics were indulged in much to the pleasure of the natives, who expressed themselves in the same manner as white people. The traders and their families came on board and were freely entertained. In those days the visits of the John Wesley were much appreciated as the Wairarapa was the only regular steamer—and she only called once a year, the occasion being an excursion run for tourists by the Union S.S. Co. The other visiting vessels being the John Williams and a few whalers. Our next port of call was Apia, in Samoa and as my sea knowledge was improved considerably the joy of the life on the ocean wave was entering into my blood. We had splendid food, so good in fact that the same hands signed on for several consecutive voyages. Each Sunday the main brace was spliced by all the adults, and as a solace I was taught the value of spirits as applied to the compass. A landsman might wonder as to how the time was spent by the crew between ports, but there never was a minute of idleness, except on Sunday when only the very necessary work was done, the other days were never too long, as cleanliness and good gear kept everybody busy. Each morning the decks were scrubbed down and the holystone was applied to keep them in yacht like condition. Renewing gaskets and loot ropes, splicing and serving kept all hands in contentment, and when in port the handling of cargo in the boats gave a pleasurable variety and good appetites to all. The passengers really envied the sailors their entertainment.

We expected to make a fast trip and surely enough on the seventh day the loom of high land was seen to the North, and on the following day entered the harbour that two years later was the scene of Captain Kain's great and historical exploit of taking H.M.S. Calliope to sea through a labyrinth of reefs in a hurricane, when many ships of war of other nations were wrecked and a number of men drowned. The Calliope was a barque rigged, straight stemmed vessel of about ten knots speed and only the wonderful seamanship of her crew successfully saved her.

Three German warships—the Falke, Albatross and Cormoran were in the bay when we arrived, and the usual courtesy of dipping the flag was performed. Then the natives came alongside in their canoes, each of which was laden with a great variety of fruit, and being keen to sell many collisions occurred, with the result that capsize happened, the excited barterers, however, only laughed as they were a careless lot of Nature's children, and their wares grew wild in abundance. They were very kindly as was demonstrated to us on many occasions. One instance is worth recording. Being ashore one day, I wended my

way to a native cricket match, where an old chief who was sitting on a mat, with a wild (?) pigeon resting on his right shoulder, smilingly invited me to a seat beside him. W. G. Grace and Vic. Trumper would have been entertained by that game as clubs were used as bats and full pitchers were always bowled, and when the ball was hit fairly it went well we will say "out of bounds" and mostly was a lost ball. We replenished our water supply here from the Vailele, the cascading stream alongside of which the late Robert Louis Stevenson made his home. Canoes were towed ashore, and trundled over the beach to the lagoon and floated to the dowfall, where they were filled and lugged and then towed off to the vessel.

One morning three big war canoes with high curved and shell bedecked prows, paddled by about forty men in each and with flags flying from their stems came into the bay. They were slim clean lined craft with a great turn of speed, as their crews dipped their blades to the rhythm of a chant of defiance. "Ah tar tar, lee ay oh where, 'I'a masese, matoti noi, 'Te Vuli Vuli Vuli, Ah! Wa he!" The meaning is unknown to the writer, but the German crews cheered. Years after Taniasese, a rival chief to Matietoa, who was friendly to the British, was proclaimed King and Matietoa was deported to the Marshall Islands by the Germans when they annexed Samoa.

One calm morning two of us cruised about the harbour in the dinghy. The bottom could be plainly seen through the crystal like water. Tiny fish of multifarious shapes and colours were discernible as they went about their day's work in their gardens of gorgeously coloured sea plants. Corals of all forms and hues invited a visit, but a shark now and then would patrol about like a sentry on go. The far off booming of the surf on the outlying reefs almost crooned us to sleep, till fearful of its effect, the oars were dipped into the glassy surface to break the spell. No wonder Louis Stevenson made his home on this elysian island.

Having disposed of most of the cargo we were "flying light" so some stiffening of stones was put aboard and away we sailed for Nux Foo, an island without an anchorage, being but the apex of a submerged volcanic mountain. Being invited by the mate to act as baiter in the whaleboat, I had a splendid view of the brig as she lay off and on under full sail in a breeze that filled her canvas nicely. She was a picture, with her graceful clipper bow and yacht-like trimness, lirting and gliding upon the ocean's bosom.

Owing to a drought the natives were very short of provisions so a large number were taken aboard for Wallis Island. This is a real coral island. Encircled by a reef with the exception of one

channel at the entrance of which the wreck of an iron man-of-war was piled, and made a good beacon mark. We picked up a native pilot who came out in a ten foot canoe with a crew of one to ferry him and so snaked our way into a very big lagoon and made snug under the lee of an islet about the size of our Clark Island. The bottom could be plainly seen, being of snowy coral grit. Here we filled up with copra, working when the tide served to float the boats over a flat reef that extended for half-a-mile from the village to the deep water of the lagoon.

My charge was the whaleboat manned by a crew of artistically tattooed Samoans, who came off each day in canoes laden with husked green coconuts and a variety of fresh fruit to placate the *veli veli pupalungi* (little white man) who handled the steer oar. They worked very willingly, and when the last trip for the day was accomplished, would slip overboard and display their skill in the water, finalising the entertainment by racing away in their canoes, faces all agleam, their bodies glistening and the blades of their paddles flashing rhythmically to the "uhs" of deep breathing.

Leaving Wallis Island, our next call was New Tab Tabu, to land some goods for the isolated settlers there, who were frontiersmen of Britain, and would really have been moonstruck had not Mr. Parker been altruistic, for monetarily it was costly

to call there, and the risks were great. Lord knows how the white settlers came there, maybe like the first flotsam that became entangled in the reefs, they or their forebears drifted ashore on some wreckage.

We anchored in about fourteen fathoms over a reefy bottom and at such a distance from the habitable island that it could not be seen from our deck: About noon next day we sailed away for Futuna, a fine lofty island that supplied us with an abundant store of tremendous yams. Each morning broke with the fleecy trade clouds overhead, changing their colours from orange gold to heliotrope and later on to the soft white fluffiness of cotton bursting from the pods.

It took some skill to safely moor in Futuna's tiny harbour, we ran in under scanty canvas, and dropped the starboard anchor short, a keedge was hooked on to a dry reef off the port bow, and a spring was run ashore from the stern. These restrictive measures were necessary as the harbour is too small to allow any freedom. We met with great kindness from the French Missionaries who sent off fresh cream, cheese, and plenty of fish which were meshed by the natives in nets taken down to the bottom by them and held there in position by large stones. The natives were darker than any of the other islanders we had seen, and were not so friendly in disposition but they were wonderful navigators, going for hundreds of miles in the open sea on their catamarans.

Owing to the intense heat, a local variation of the wind often occurs and it really is because of it that one can, in a vessel dependent upon sails alone, take her out again. The navigators in the old days realised the fact, otherwise, well—they never would have entered a harbour that was generally to lee. About three miles away was a New Bedford whaler waiting for us to clear out, she was under patchwork rig, sousing along with a sluggishness of barely steeerage way, the wind was on her port, and there we were with it right astern, able to come from the opposite direction. So up came the anchor, lower topsails were set, and the after spring was let go, and out we glided to the freedom of the deep sea. Nature is a great teacher. Chemists may lay down doctrines, but a sailor seems to be subconsciously endowed with knowledge appertaining to many undefined, oft called, "phenomena."

About half-a-mile out the wind headed us, and braces and sheets were flattened in. For two days the fates played ticks with the wind, and then lifted it off the sea. It was an experience. Heat! Hades could not surpass it. We were in the doldrums, very close to the line.

Word does not convey one particle of its intentional meaning. The ship literally groaned

Continued on page 14

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NAVY LEAGUE



SEA CADETS

BALMAIN CORPS.

It is very satisfactory to learn that the Cadets so thoroughly enjoyed their first two week end "campus." Reporting from the Depot the Officer-in-Charge, writes:—"On Saturday, 18th February, at 1.30 p.m., the cutter having been manned by 30 Cadets and three Officers moved off under oars until mid-stream was reached when sail was hoisted and remained in use for the whole journey—Snail's Bay to Fig Tree Bridge over the Lane Cove River. Mr Macdonald superintended the messing and cooking arrangements, while Mr Edwards had charge of camping operations. Every Cadet supplied his own food, utensils and blankets.

At daylight on the 19th February, all hands were aroused by the Bugle Call and turned to to bathe. Later, the camp was made shipshape and the boys dismissed for breakfast. After the eating and drinking utensils had been washed and stowed away in readiness for dinner, the "hands" were dispersed and allowed to enjoy themselves in their own way until 9.30 a.m., when they were mustered to attend a short Prayer Service.

The second encampment took place on the 25th and 26th February, and, if anything, was more enjoyable and successful than the previous one—the weather being more propitious and the camping ground on the shores of Tambourine Bay being more suitable."

We are glad to hear that the camps are such a success and we feel sure they will be welcomed by the Cadets as a pleasant addition to the round of routine work at the Depot.

On the evening of the 28th ult., 50 Cadets under Messrs. Edwards and Macdonald marched from Snail's Bay to the Headquarters of the Drummoyne Corps. Considerable interest was manifested by the public along the line of march.

DRUMMOYNE CORPS.

The Executive Committee of the Navy League has confirmed the appointments of the under-mentioned:—

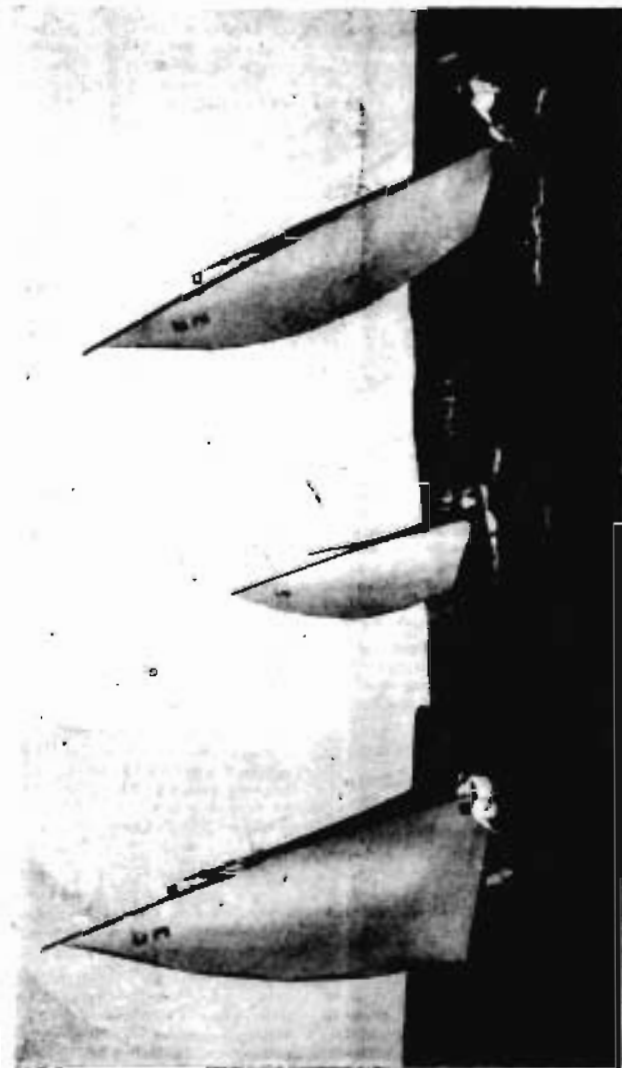
| | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| Officer-in-Charge | A. MELLOR |
| 1st Officer | M. MACDONALD |
| 2nd Officer | B. SIMPSON |

48 Cadets, in charge of Mr. Mellor, visited the Italian Cruiser "Libia," at the invitation of Commander Buzzati, C.R. The Cadets greatly appreciated the inspection of the Cruiser, it being their first visit to a warship.

Swimming parades at the Drummoyne baths prove very popular. Every cadet being a good swimmer, many cadets are training for the Sea Cadet Swimming Championship, to be held at the Western Suburbs District Swimming Association Carnival on 16th March.

Continued foot of page 14.

On Sydney Harbour.

BOOKERAND
(A. ALBERT).INEZ
(P. DARRAL).E.O.J.
(J. L. RILSON).

Three out of the six competitors in the race for the 21-foot restricted class yachts at the Anniversary Regatta on the 26th January, 1923, on the lead from Bradley's Head to the Blakely Booy at South Reef. The race resulted in these three finishing—Inez, first; E.O.J., second; Bookerand, third.

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with the agony of swelter; the pitch in the seams boiled and bubbled, every fibre in the sails and cordage relaxed, blocks "clumped" against the spars, and the "k' rump" of a swell as it rebounded from the steely horizon and met the agonised ship, seemed to be an expression of displeasure from the Almighty. If you watched the compass, there was a lesson to be learned, for from North to South and round again in a circling way we turned and looking over the side one could see concentric circles forming in the treacherous sea. Maybe some denizen of the deep was passing its soul up from the depths, or—to be practical—the gases of its defunct self were rising to greet the lighter life of the air above. "Pour water on the deck," you would say, "pour water." Well, sea water was sluiced from buckets constantly, but the result was steam, and a briny mixture of pitch. The rudder thumped in the gudgeons and the wheel kicked viciously. The cargo of oily nut was thickening the air with its greasy perfume. There was danger there of spontaneous combustion and well the officers knew it. For six days we suffered sixxian tortures, and our relief can be imagined when a breeze began to ruffle the surface. The wonderful change in everything. Vitality reigned in the air, flocks of birds hovering over shoals of predatory fish that chased their lesser kind, and at night the pop, pop of flying fish as they came over the weather rail, foretold a change of diet for the crew on the morrow. In all we were sixteen days making Tonga on the homeward voyage and stayed there long enough to set everything in order for the final stretch of about two thousand miles to Sydney.

Having repainted the topsides and renewed the white ribband that belted the waterline, the cheery orders to get under weigh set all hands smartly to work and to the lil of the chanty, "Rio Grand," the anchor was weighed.

"Where are you going to my pretty maid?
Hill hi, high ho,
I'm going a milking, sir, she said,
And I'm bound to the Rio Grand."

Every stitch of canvas was set, the passengers took hold of the tails of the trysail halliards, and to the call of "walk her along, walk along," the heavy gaff was hoisted, the creaking of the blocks made pleasant music, the "Old Man" was genially personified, even the ship's dog wore a grin, the "doctor," old Charlie Price, forgave the cockroaches, the Chief Steward warbled, "Gracious she has kissed him, her parents are away, if they knew her actions what do you think they'd say?" The wind seemed to enter into the homeward bound spirit, and with the exception of two days calm off Lord Howe Island, was steady all the way from the port quarter, so that we made Sydney light on the fourteenth morning from Tonga.

Tugs came off with their offers to tow us in and so many removals. The first was the Port Jackson Co.'s paddle boat, Mystery (Captain Clayton), but as we were bowling along nicely and it looked as though the breeze would stand their offers were not accepted, till having arrived at the heads, our friendly wind betook itself off, having fulfilled its promise made at the start. Our old friend the "Kate" passed her line aboard and at eleven o'clock that Sunday morning we dropped our hook in Woulloomooloo just off where the sheer legs stand on Garden Island.

It was a wonderful trip in a wonderful ship. Everybody knew their work. The officers were capable navigators with the dignity of their calling to uphold. I can recollect the "Old Man" each day sending his compliments and invitation to his chief to join him in a glass at 11 a.m., and how they would toast each other with an old time courtesy. The fore-castle was as spotlessly clean as the faultless poop, and the brass work was the envy of everybody who came aboard.

I believe Captain Robert Lancaster was blown away by a hurricane in a schooner called the Ocean when she was refitting in Fiji. He was a navigator as was Mr. Enright, in every sense of the word, with an awkwardly rigged vessel such as a brig is, one is glad to admire their skill. There were no tugs, and in most cases no pilots to help them amidst the merciless reefs and fluctuating currents, in spite of which they never flattered.

Now we will imagine them aboard of a comfortable ship sailing through the seas of countless stars with Captain Cook and Commodore Goodenough as guests, and Gemini from the Friendly Isles filling their glasses with nectar at 11 o'clock each morning.

SEA CADETS—DRUMMOYNE CONTINUED.

It is hoped that arrangements will be made, through the kindly interest of Mr. H. A. Summergreen, General Manager of the State Trawling Industry, to send small parties of cadets to sea on the trawlers occasionally. It will give the boys an opportunity to find their "sea legs" and to get the healthy "tang" of the "briny" into their systems.

Mariner's Compass and Knotting and Splicing Classes under Mr. McDonald, 1st Officer, have progressed excellently. The Signal Class is also progressing favorably, only Semaphore Instruction being carried on at present.

Skipper Otter of the Harbour Tug, "Cooper-nook," arranges for the Leading Sea Cadets to get their tuition at the helm of the various River and Harbour steamers. Leading Sea Cadet Cooksey, it has been stated, handles the helm with credit. Sea Cadets Ross and Locke have been promoted Leading Sea Cadet (Act.).



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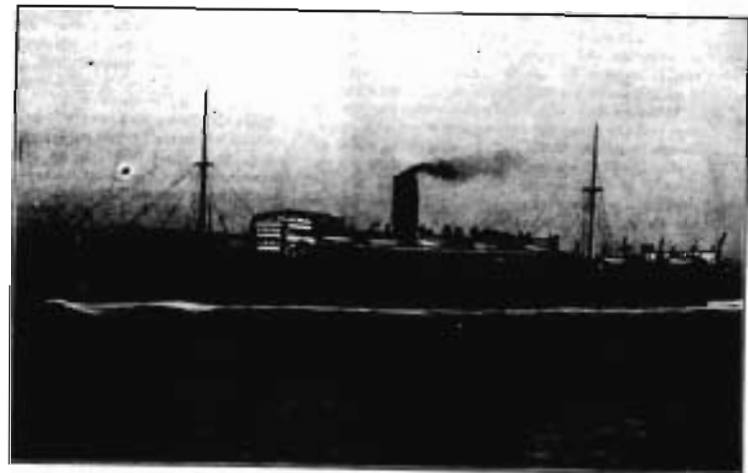
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THE BOY SCOUT.—SANITATION IN CAMP.

BY F. BARBER POWER.

AUSTRALIAN PARENTS ALERT!

Have you ever realised what a Boy Scout is? Then, if not, read the 'Boy Scouts' page in this Journal each month.



ONE very important thing in connection with camping is sanitation. The Australian aborigine constantly shifts his camp; partly because an old camp becomes unhealthy, and partly because he has to hunt for his food and does not go in for cultivation so gets eaten out.

Many an up-country township which has sprung into existence anyhow, especially when the population increases, is subject to epidemics, such as typhoid, which causes the loss of so many young lives. Most diseases can be avoided if the necessary precautions are taken. Typhoid is also known as enteric fever, and is a disease which visits places where large bodies of men camp together as in the case of armies. It may be considered a dirt disease which impresses on us the importance of keeping ourselves clean inside as well as out, and that we must take every precaution to prevent bowel discharges from re-entering the human system. Some people sickening for certain diseases, and some who are recovering from others, get rid of many disease germs with their discharges, whether solid or liquid.

It is a provision of Nature, that we throw off from our system the refuse from the food we take and do not require to nourish our bodies. Every

person should go to stool at least once every twenty-four hours, and may want to make water four or five times a day. These waste products must be disposed of in such a manner that they cannot again enter the system, at least in the form in which they were rejected. If left lying about on the surface, some of it may become buried by beetles, but in the meanwhile flies lay their eggs in it and as they are not particular where they go, they are just as likely as not to settle on food if any is within reach, on the edge of your cup, or commit suicide in the milk jug, and so contaminate the food with any refuse clinging to the hairs of their legs. Or, again, if the excreta is not covered, it may dry up and be blown about in the form of dust. Obviously the proper thing is to dispose of the refuse in a suitable manner.

If anyone wishes to relieve himself in the bush, he generally seeks the shelter of a tree or the bank of a creek. Both places are bad. In the first case, others may be attracted to the same tree for shelter and a rest, or perhaps to have a meal, only to find the place fouled. In the second case rain or flood may wash the excreta into water used by others for drinking purposes.

It is surprising what a small thing will form a shelter to one who has to respond to the call of Nature. A small boulder, bush, or even a tuft of grass makes it difficult to see a man squatting down so long as he remains quiet. A scout should always scrape or kick out a small hollow in the ground whenever he has to relieve himself in the open, and when finished, he should cover the deposit with sufficient soil to keep the flies away. Thus the excreta will soon decompose and become harmless.

On forming a camp, one of the first acts should be to make a latrine. This should be at least fifty yards away from the camp or kitchen, and to the leeward of the prevailing wind. It should be at a lower surface level than the place from which drinking water is drawn, and well away from any natural drainage.

The nature of the latrine largely depends on the permanency of the camp and the class of country. The simplest form of latrine is a trench not more than twelve inches wide and six feet deep. The excavated soil is formed into a ridge on one side and is not spread about. The trench is dug narrow so that it can be straddled by those using

THE BOY SCOUT.

CONTINUED.

it, and it is made shallow so that the excreta can decompose quickly. A low seat, not higher than fourteen inches, can be made if required, out of a pole lashed to supports, in which case the trench may be made two or three feet wide. Squatting is the natural position, as then the abdominal muscles are better supported when straining; and when squatting, it is better to straddle the trench than to have both feet on the same side, unless troubled with piles. A trench fifteen feet long, one foot wide, and one foot deep, will serve 100 boys for one day. Some of the excavated earth is placed over the excreta by each boy as he finishes. As a trench is finished with it is carefully filled in and refurled, and if another is required, it is dug parallel to the former a foot or two away. A latrine should be screened both for decency's sake and also for protection from the weather. If there is a large quantity of urine, a special urinal should be provided. This generally consists of digging a shallow pit and loosening the soil about it, placing a layer of small stones at the bottom of it, and covering the stones with sand.

At night a kerosene tin should be placed at some convenient position near the camp so that boys can urinate in it without having to go far to the fixed urinal.

Greasy water from the kitchen should not be thrown about the place, but should be poured into a properly constructed sink. The soil if not porous is loosened and a basin dug out. Into this basin are thrown a few small sticks. When hot greasy water is poured into the basin, it cools, and the grease settles on the sticks leaving the liquid to drain away. The sticks can be taken out periodically and burnt. Wash water from the camp is also thrown into sinks.

Any food-scrap and other rubbish must be collected and burnt in an incinerator; even tins are best put in the incinerator also, so as to burn off any remains of food, the heat in addition tends to rot the meat. What cannot be burnt is buried. There are many forms of incinerator which to all intents and purposes consists of a cylinder, say two or three feet in diameter, built out of sods, stones, or sheet-iron, holes being left near the bottom to admit air, also a door for the extraction of the ashes.

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When the Ocean Calls.

A FEW WORDS TO BOYS WHO DESIRE
TO MAKE A CAREER ON SHIPBOARD.

BY WALTER W. BRILL.

I.

"Yet, 'mid the clatter and the rump of steam,
How strangely memory years ago is felt."

IN normal times the mercantile marine of the British Commonwealth of Nations offers a wide field for employment. From the insignificant two mast coastal schooner, with a total complement of "four men and a boy," to the magnificent turbine driven leviathan of fifty thousand tons, carrying a crew of about one thousand souls, comprising of captain, deck officers, engineers, doctors, stewards, cooks, bakers, butchers, printers, carpenters, hairdressers, wireless operators, bar-tenders, stewardesses, donkeymen, greasers, firemen, trimmers, boatswains, able seamen, ordinary seamen, deck boys, bell boys, lift attendants, quartermasters, signalmen, ship's police, and sometimes a few embryo officers in the shape of cadets. In the present day floating hotel there may be other ratings unknown to the writer, and therefore not mentioned in the above list.

A boy is not likely to join his first ship as commander, unless it be in imagination, which would be a promising start, for imagination is just as necessary an asset to one's mental kit bag as are ability and persistency, the combination forming a very suitable ladder on which to scale the ramparts of success,—therefore, we will get to work just below the bottom rung of the said ladder. The first thing, then, is for the boy to say to his parents: "Mother and dad, I don't want to go into an office when I leave school" or, "I don't want to carry bricks," as the case may be, "I want to go to sea." "Sea!" exclaim your horrified parents, "Sea! never! anything before that." Parents invariably say that, but I tell you, boys, they will come round to your way of thinking, provided you are in earnest and can convince them that life on ship board is not so terrible as many people—usually in innocent ignorance—conceive it to be, and that you are honestly anxious to give it a trial. Not very many years ago able seamen (and most of them were real able seamen) in the forecastle of a deep sea sailing ship considered they were well off on a wage of three pounds to three pounds ten per month, and the sailors of an ocean going steamship thought likewise if they had "signed on" at the rate of four pounds per month. Even a chief officer of a two thousand ton sailing vessel

thought himself extremely fortunate if he could command a salary of £ to a month.

At the present day able seamen draw anything from £10 to £16 a month, exclusive of overtime rates, for doing less work, and under vastly improved conditions, whilst officers, according to rank and class of ship, earn anything from £12 a month to £500 a year and more. The remuneration to captains has also expanded considerably—£400 a year in the smaller types of deep sea ships, to as much as £1,000 and over in the crack liners. When comparing sea wages with those ruling ashore, it must not be forgotten that in all the above quoted instances the man of the sea is "found," that is, he is allowed free board and residence in addition to his pay. On the whole, then, he is probably better off financially, qualification against qualification, than his brethren on land.

We will revert to you—the boy. Let us suppose that your parents have decided or agreed to apprentice you in sail. Two questions immediately arise. How much will it cost? Where are the offices of the sailing ship owners to be found? The answer to the latter question is, Britain. The first query will be replied to further on.

Although there are a few coastal and Island trading schooners, with here and there a brig, brigantine, small barque or barquentine belonging to Australian owners and registered in the Commonwealth, there are no real deep sea sailing ships claiming Australia as their mother, so far as the writer is aware; it is, therefore, necessary for us to turn to the land where the finest ships the world has ever known have been designed and built, and where the majority of the best seamen have been cradled. That land is Great Britain. Even in the old country the number of ocean going sailing vessels has steadily decreased in recent years, and to-day a world renowned port, such as Liverpool, boasts the ownership of one such sailing ship only—the barque "Birkdale," while London, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen each claim skeletons of the proud "white winged" fleets of thirty years ago and upwards.

Of course, there are hundreds of smaller sailing craft belonging to the United Kingdom, but they are mostly employed in the coastal trade or en-

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| Narrabri | Woolgoolah |

gaged in the whaling industry in Arctic waters, and none of these vessels carry apprentices or cadets.

The names and addresses of the sailing ship companies employing apprentices are as follows:—Liverpool: Messrs. Chadwick, Wainwright & Co., 28, Brunswick St.; London: John Stewart & Co., 26, Billiter St., E.C. 3; Devitt & Moore, 12, Fenchurch Buildings, E.C. 3; Glasgow: John Hardie & Co., 11, Bothwell St.; Thomas Law & Co., 123, Hope St.; Aberdeen: Messrs. Donaldson, Rose & Co., Union St.; and at Dundee there is Messrs. James Nicoll & Co., of Commercial St. There may be other companies scattered about the seaports of the country, but they are unknown to the writer. In any event those mentioned are the most important, as they have their own ships—not merely agents.

Now we—but let us hasten slowly. Is your eye sight good? Take no risks of wasting years of life afloat, but go to a good oculist and have your eyesight thoroughly tested. If you are short-sighted or in any way colour blind don't go to sea if your ambition is to learn seamanship and navigation and ultimately sit for the Board of Trade Certificate of competency, because you will be "failed" by the examiners if you cannot pass the sight tests, and the years of effort would be wasted. Of course, if you have no ambition to become an officer or captain of a ship, slight defects of vision will not interfere with several other jobs at sea, such as purser, steward, cook, baker, fireman or trimmer. The first thing, then, is your sight, if it is good and you are otherwise physically fit, you will have rounded the first mark on your way to a career afloat.

The usual age of acceptance of boys as apprentices direct from home is about fifteen years, and the premium demanded by the companies mentioned above, before completing and signing the indentures, is approximately £31 for the four years' apprenticeship, and which amount is usually returned as wages, with something added if the boy proves a willing worker anxious to make good. It is estimated that on an average a deep sea "windjammer" makes three voyages in four years. Obviously there can be no guarantee as to the number of voyages in the time specified, as the ship will go to any part of the world where suitable freights are offering, and a single passage may vary in length—say anything from 40 to 60 days Newcastle, N.S.W., to the West Coast of South America, or 100 to 140 days from Sydney to Falmouth or Queenstown for "Orders," or 120 to 180 days from Glasgow to Portland, Oregon. The periods spent in port also vary very much.

In addition to the amount to be paid as premium a certain outlay on a sea chest and an amount of suitable clothing is desirable. But it is folly to

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equip a boy with a large and costly wardrobe, because if he runs short of cash in a distant port and the "old man" is deaf or hard hearted he will sell his clothes. In other words, it is labour in vain for the boy's parents, sisters, brothers, and the cat to sit on the lid of his sea chest and make frantic and often ludicrous efforts to close it so that our embryo seaman can turn the key, for no matter how trimful the chest be at the beginning of the voyage, the completion will find his fully fledged "man of the world" groping in its rag

(brass rags) inhabited corners for his sole surviving shirt to put on to go ashore, and that, perhaps, will be minus sleeves and buttons.

[In our next issue something will be said about the training ships "Conway" and "Worcester"; together with a few remarks about cadets for steamships; length of time at sea before a candidate is eligible to sit for his first examination—that of 2nd Mate; joining ships as boys "before the mast" and opportunities for advancement.]

Salt Water Notes.

COMMENCING in the current issue of the Journal we are devoting a portion of our space to "Salt Water Notes." We are anxious that some of our readers who have been, or still are, interested in sailormen, ships, and the sea, will unshrink from their memories any little items with a briny flavour and send them along.

In a letter to the Editor, Captain Gawthrop touches upon what he calls "the crucial period between the supremacy of Wind and Steam, as a propelling agent." "The climax," the letter proceeds, "appears to have arrived in the Merchant service about the early 80's, and the change was rapid, considerably more so than in that of iron wood to steel, the duration of the latter metamorphosis having endured about a quarter of a century.

In the merchant service some of the last liners to be fitted with full masts and yards were represented by the "Moselle," "Tagus," "Don" and "Para," of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company and the "Mirzapool" and "Kaiser-i-Hind," of the P. & O. Company. On the occasion of the "Para's" engines breaking down in mid-Atlantic that vessel made ten knots an hour under sail before a strong westerly breeze and a following sea. The gradual reduction in square canvas shews, first in removal of top gallant yards, then in conversion from brig to brigantine rig, abolition of yards on the main-mast, till about 1890 poles had generally taken the place of sail masts in all but the older vessels. The expense of keeping sail on full powered steamers was considerable, as not only more deck hands were required and more supplies in sails, masts, and ropes, but the canvas was injured by heated smoke and cinders, also it was not unusual to lose a sail or sails in a heavy shift of wind; the crews carried not being large in proportion to the spread of canvas. In a contract mail service it was not convenient to run off one's course to make, carry, or to take in sail, when steaming 12 to 14 knots an hour.

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In the Royal Navy the last full masted capital ships (ships of the Line) were represented by those forming the Channel Squadron about 1872, "Agincourt," "Black Prince," "Minotaur," "Iron Duke," "Belerophon," and "Northumberland," with four and five masts; also by the "Monarch" and "Captain," though the "Neptune," completed in 1878, was fitted with full masts after the loss of the "Captain" in 1870. Some of the last survivors in the Navy, except small craft, of vessels fitted with full masts for sailing, were the corvettes "Ruby," and "Cleopatra," on the South American Station in the 80's, and the "Royalist," well-known in Australian waters.

One of the chief diversions of the cadets during the time of their training on board the Thames



Marine Officers' Training ship H.M.S. "Worcester," was to watch the coming and sea going of the famous ships of that time—just that period, in the early 70's, before steam revolutionized the occupation of those "who go down to the sea in ships."

During the two years spent on the "Worcester," moored off Greenwich in the Thames, where the river is not too wide to allow a good view of passing vessels, there was good opportunity for seeing pretty well all the most famous craft which made, or left, the Port of London: also, as, passed down from preceding times, one gathered records of "crack ships" of former days, particularly of the gold ships and the fast tea and wool clippers, whose names are still those to conjure with among seamen.

This record would begin with the first clipper built at St. John's, New Brunswick, for the Australian trade.

The "Marco Polo," of 1620 tons, belonging to the old "Black Ball Line," famed in the time honoured chanty.

Oh! the Black Ball Line's a bully Line
To my Who-Hay-Hay—Hay-Za-a-a.
In the Black Ball Line I served my time
Three cheers for the Black Ball Line.

The "Marco Polo" sailed in 1851, reaching Melbourne in 68 days, she made the passage home in 77 days, and also sailed twice round the world in one year.

Later on were the "Chariot of Fame," 66 days; "Red Jacket," which ship sailed round the world in five months and four days, bringing home 45,000 ounces of gold dust.

"Sovereign of the Seas" made Melbourne in 77 days: and home, with four tons of gold, in 68 days. The crew of this ship mutinied—no doubt there was a good deal of box-hauling and sail trimming: stun' sail and skysail amusement: also, the four tons of gold may have proved too inviting—however, Captain Warner was a live man and placed the ringleaders in irons, so their gambols were stopped.

The "Cutty Sark," the ship which carried the palm, as her record has not been excelled, beat the "Thermopylae" in 1874 making the passage in 61 days (N.B.—The writer, who saw both ships go down the Thames in 1874, always understood the time to be 59 days, but gives 61, as being generally received).

"Lord of the Isles," in a race with the American ship "Maury," for the first ship to be home with the season's teas from China, beat the "Maury," making 87 days, from Shanghai to London.

The "Orient," "Whampoa," and "Stirling Castle," 1833-77 were, with others of the Glen Line among the first Steam Ships to make records to Australia, and from Shanghai. The time of the S.S. "Orient," namely, Melbourne in 42 days, in 1874, would compare well with most of the mail times of quite recent date.

The "Stirling Castle," S.S., maintained 17 miles an hour for days.

The first mail steamer, from England to Australia, appears to have been the S.S. "Chusan," of the P. & O. Company, which arrived in Sydney in 1853.

Other ships, well-known in their day, and some for good work they did, about the early 70's, passed up, or down, the Thames at that time.

The "Great Eastern," last used to lay the Trans-Atlantic cable, to be broken up soon after. Also, the first Telegraph cable laying vessels "Faraday" and "Hooper."

The old "Dreadnought," a wooden 3-decker, degraded in her old age to be a smallpox hospital.

Such well-known passenger vessels, clipper ships, and sailing liners, as the "Wave of Life," "Palestine," "Damascus," of the Aberdeen White Star (Geo. Thompson & Co.); "Carlisle Castle," "Highflyer," "La Hogue," "Essex," "Somersetshire," of Henry Green's, and Money Wigram's lines: "Land o' Cakes," "Samuel Plimsoll," "Furness Abbey," "Harbinger," "French Empire," "Persian Empire," "Assyrian," etc., etc., of Bly's Black Ball Line.

A ship, rather notorious than famous, of the 1870-80 period was the S.S. "Murillo," a Spanish steamer which ran down the sailing ship "Northfleet" in the Thames near Gravesend, with great loss of life, among the emigrants.

Now, it is not impossible that some Navy Leaguers have actually sailed on board one or more of the ships mentioned by Captain Gawthrop; if not, it is highly probable that your fathers' did. Please let us know all about that record passage, that lost propeller, or the Flying Dutchman's "foo too" band.

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Sir J. Russell French Memorial Fund.

FROM Mr. Kelso King and General H. Finn, Honorary Secretaries, we have received a copy of the Balance Sheet of the above mentioned Fund, which we have much pleasure in publishing. The late Sir Russell was closely identified with the life of the Navy League.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.

| To Donations received— | £ | s. | d. | By Expenditure incurred in collecting Donations | £ | s. | d. |
|---|-------|----|--------------------|--|-------|----|--------------------|
| In Cash | 4,630 | 17 | 6 | .. Amount to be handed to Permanent Trustee Co. of New South Wales Ltd. as Trustees of Fund— | | | |
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NOTES.

Contributions of a suitable nature are cordially invited, and should be addressed to the Editor, The Navy League Journal, Royal Naval House, Grosvenor St., Sydney.

All alterations of standing advertisements should reach the Journal NOT LATER than the 1st day of the month of issue.

PHONES: CITY 7786 and CITY 6817.

THE principal aim of the Navy League is twofold: (1) To teach the youth of Australia to take a more personal interest in the sea and in those that ply their calling thereon; (2) To impress on every boy and girl the value of service and sacrifice for one's country.

The League tender its heartiest good wishes to Mr. J. W. Clark, late General Manager of H.M.A. Dockyard at Cockatoo Island, who is returning to England this month. Mr. Clark was a frequent attendant at the monthly meetings of our Executive, of which body he was a member.

We have much pleasure in announcing the acceptance of Mr. C. M. C. Shannon, General Manager of the Australian Bank of Commerce, of a seat on the Navy League's Executive.

The thanks of the Navy League are due to the Committee of the War Chest Fund, who have made a grant of £250 available for use by the League. The cheque was received by Mr. F. W. Hixson, and has been placed in the hands of a small "Trust" consisting of Messrs. E. P. Simpson, F. W. Hixson and A. G. Milson. The money will be utilised in providing uniforms for members of our Cadet Corps who lost a father in the Great War.

Lady Henley has kindly consented to present the silk flag, donated by Miss Violet Gibbins, of Epping, to the Navy League Sea Cadets at Drummoyle at an early date.

THE FLEET.

H.M.A.S.'s Melbourne (flag of Rear-Admiral Dumaresq), Sydney, Anzac and Stairway are at present undergoing a course of training at Jervis Bay.

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