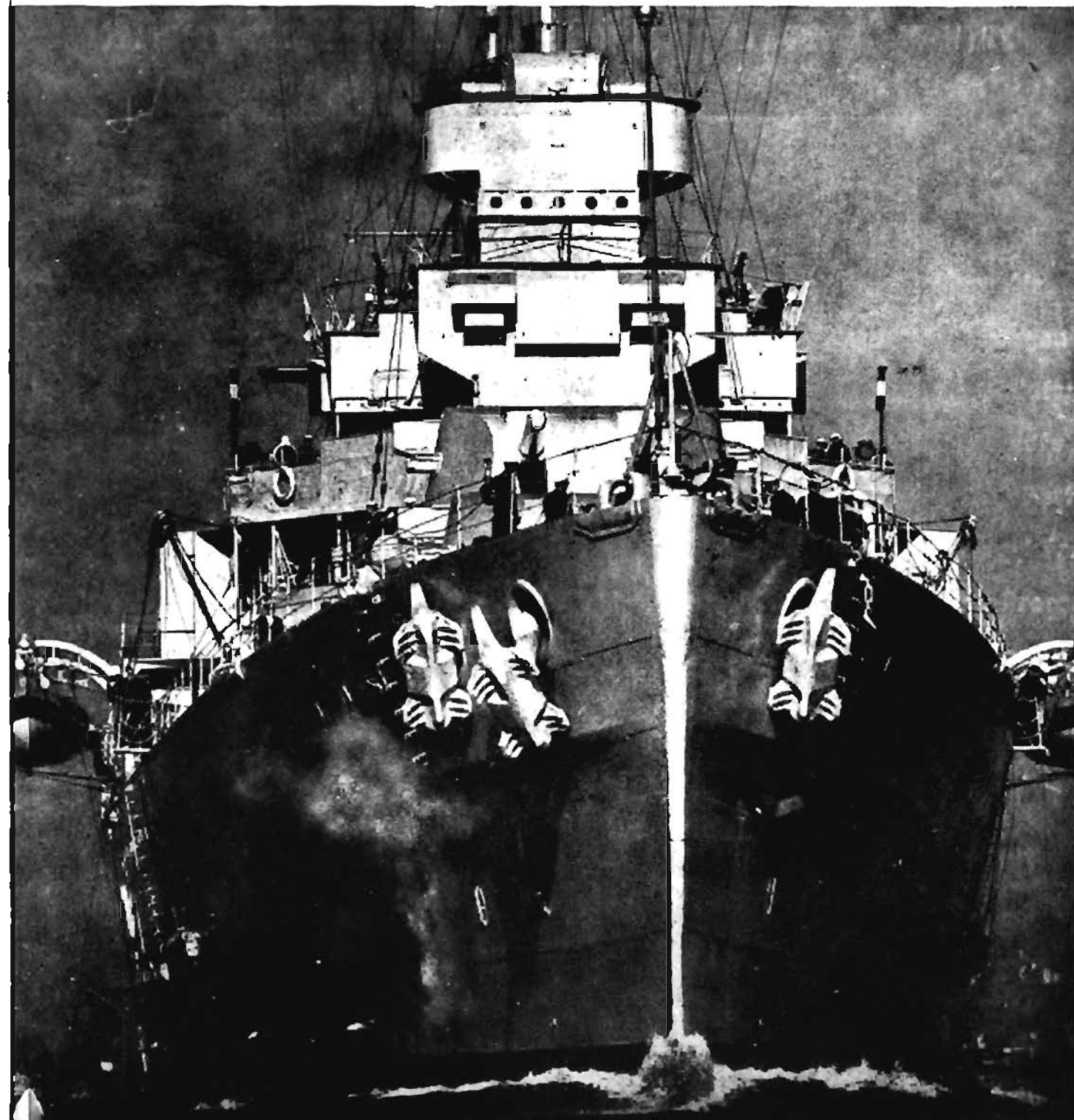




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THE opening of the year reveals the increasingly improving position of the Allied nations. And it would seem that nothing short of major blunders on the part of Allied leaders can alter the position.

But what the ordinary citizen—the taxpayer must keep in mind is that the war is far from ended. The Germans are far from defeat, while the Japanese have so far only had a toe or two damaged.

The taking of Tarawa by the Americans illustrates convincingly the task that lies ahead of us in the Pacific. Tarawa is but a geographic pinpoint in the ocean and yet its capture was costly. It is not too much to say that when Japan has had the outer fringe of her island defences wrested from her the bloodiest fighting will begin. Tarawa on a gigantic scale is a pointer to what can be expected.

The Philippines would seem to the layman the obvious choice for the eventual major landing for the purpose of cutting the newly acquired Japanese empire in two, but to accomplish such a colossal task is to multiply Tarawa by not less than a hundred thousand. As the attackers' lines of communication lengthen they are apt to be more readily broken; so too as the defenders' lines of supply shorten they become stronger and more effective.

There are still some people who believe that long distance bombing will be the principal method of subduing the Japanese people; this writer entirely disagrees with such a belief. Perhaps complete and overwhelming defeat of the Japanese will be found in Tarawa repeated on an improved plan and on a scale the vastness of which has not yet been objectively visualised or fully contemplated even by our leaders.

The taking of outer-fringe atolls and islands is not likely to entice the main Japanese naval strength to a decisive showdown, but when there is no alternative, or before, the Jap fleet will be there.

OCEAN HAVOC

By L. LUARD in "The Seagoer."

"...Whilst passing through the Firth the Albermarle... shipped two heavy seas which washed away her fore-bridge, with everyone on it, and even displaced the roof of the conning tower; hundreds of tons of water flooded the decks and poured down below... The ship presented an extraordinary sight, the sea having made a clean sweep of her bridge and everything on it. In all our experience of the Pentland Firth, we had never witnessed such havoc before..."—(Extract from "The Grand Fleet, 1914-18," by Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Jellicoe.)

WHEN Fairfax—midshipman of the watch—

brought the news, one morning early in November, 1915, that the six senior snotties of H.M.S. Africa were to be transferred to H.M.S. Albemarle, we felt certain that our new duties promised far more excitement than those in the grey obscurity of northern mists.

H.M.S. Albemarle was one of the Duncans, a class before our ship, differing from her in that she carried no 9.2-inch turrets. We were still clinging to our position as Third Battle Squadron of the Grand Fleet, but our lack of speed handicapped the Dreadnoughts, and complicated deployment problems. The dispatch of Hibernia and Zealandia in company revealed the beginning of the end. Our day was over. The King Edwards were bowing to seething shipyards; soon men would remember them only in name. The "wobbly eight" and the "mine bumpers" would be recalled in fleeting reminiscence, in flashes of wit, in fullness of wisdom; but their stars shine in the night of time.

None of these thoughts struck me then. I was glad to be on the move. Fleet sweeps, coal ship, gunnery evolutions, following one another, month after month, had chilled the first fiery ardour of war. But our imaginations had been incited by the heroic.

"Four twelve-inch, fourteen six-inch, and a collection of twelve-pounders," Fairfax said. "Supposed to be a shade faster than the old Africa. Hasn't quite the freeboard forward, has she? We'll be the only snotties aboard. Decent sort of sub, too. Wonder what the commander's like?"

The last question was vital. Upon the whims of the commander pivoted our fate. He was King by divine right, and his every word was law; in his hands were held the keys of heaven and hell, and we wondered which he would loose. He met us at the gangway, surveyed us, seemed satisfied, and we, in our turn, surreptitiously scanned his features, seeking to discover hidden traits.

"Gunroom for stations," he said to the senior midshipman. We doubled away.

I found myself told off as a watchkeeper; and this, of course, meant anything. One might be allowed to con the ship in quieter moments, or keep station and exasperate the engine-room staff with terse increases or decreases of revolutions. But when the atmosphere on the bridge became tense, the chief art in watchkeeping was to lie low, fade from vision, vanish, disappear—remaining only within earshot, in case of command to convey to others Olympian messages. This duty was no sinecure, demanding often a discriminating tact and an ability to paraphrase sentences, transposing frank assertion into shrewd suggestion.

"We're favourites of fortune," Fairfax said. "Commander's a good sort, sub-lieutenant's easy-going. What else could we wish? ... The owner?—oh, he's all right. You'll be able to give me your first impressions at eight bells."

I made my way to the bridge, climbed the ladder to monkey's island, and reported: "Midshipman of the watch, sir." Nobody took any notice. I caught snatches of conversation: "Destination Dardanelles... Coal first at Milford Haven... Gibraltar... Based at Mudros... Evacuation probably..."

"Signal from Hibernia to weigh, sir," the chief yeoman reported. "Answering pendant close up," he sung in a hoarse mutter to the signal boy below. "Executive, sir," he announced a minute later.

"Weigh," the captain ordered through a megaphone to the first-lieutenant on the fo'c'sle.

The cable came home, link by link, hosed and scrubbed by duty men; and the ship quivered to the strain as if in protest.

(Continued on Page 4)

"RABAU FROM THE AIR"



(Continued from Page 2)

"Anchor's aweigh, sir. Clear anchor," came faintly from her bows.

From Hibernia's yard-arm a hoist of flags broke: "Form single line ahead. Ten knots."

The navigator stooped over a voice-pipe. "Half-speed ahead, both. One fifty revolutions." The water astern swirled into seething foam; the ship vibrated, gathered way; a deepening tremor turned into a steady rhythmic pulsation. We fell into line two cables astern of Hibernia with Zealandia an equal distance astern of us.

It was difficult to realise we were bound south, so sudden had been the news; and as we slipped past line after line of anchored ships, steadying finally on the central span of the Forth Bridge, we took on new life and purpose, as if freed from an immensity of silent power that, dominated by an implacable force, screened an inscrutable intention.

A voice broke upon my thoughts. "Midshipman of the watch."

"Sir." "Make up the log."

I went to the chartroom and wrote: "1 p.m. Weighed. 1.5 p.m. Ten knots; single line ahead in company with Hibernia and Zealandia. Course as requisite for leaving harbour." I entered up the wind, the reading of the barometer, noticing it was falling, the state of sky and sea, the temperature of the water, and various other oddments, then returned to the bridge.

We slid past the outer boom defence vessels, and increased speed to fifteen knots. On the fore shelter-deck, the anti-submarine guns' crews tested circuits, shipped sights, loaded, closed up. May Island swung from bow to beam, from beam to quarter, swept away astern as we turned north and started zig-zagging. For we turned north in order to steam south with less danger. A passage down the East Coast, and through the Straits of Dover was too hazardous; the ships were vulnerable; one well-placed torpedo could hardly fall in its mission and our doom would be swift and sudden, enlivened, perhaps, by the surplus supply of 12-inch common shell lashed on the upper deck.

In the afternoon watch the circle of the horizon merged into an indefinite blurred outline; a rising wind moaned in the rigging, changing in gusts to a plaintive treble, modulating to a

steady drone, subsiding suddenly in hulls to a sobbing dirge. Our bows, slicing into the bowels of a sullen ground swell, rose in slow, ponderous sweeps, steadied, swung down, burying themselves deep in smothered foam. I looked aft. The Zealandia, ploughing into our wake, lifted a streaming ram clear of the water, and the last rays of a stricken sun flashed on the glinting mass of metal, poised as if to crush. It descended like an immense sledge, carrying the ship with it until she displayed a slanting deck plan, with two distorted funnels spuming masses of flying smoke. Ahead, the Hibernia, rising and falling with slow deliberation, unwound astern an agitated seething lane that swirled everlastingly into two diverging ridges of foam tumbling from our bows. From the level of the bridge, her form, swelling into immense breadth, appeared squat, gigantic—a deserted structure powered by an invisible might.

There was no doubt we were in for heavy

(Continued on Page 7)



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THE FISHERMAN

By MICHAEL GRAHAM in "Britain To-day"

THE strength of a country lies in the character of its people, and so does its contribution to the life of the world. A healthy and vigorous human community is not in the least like a bee-hive, where every member does its pre-appointed task in the pre-appointed way. Now a bee-hive needs no governing at all, and a human community is less and less easy to govern the more valuable and varied and interesting it is—so we can never expect the more valuable members of the community to please the people who have the day-to-day duty of governing a country.

Among the awkward citizens I count the fishermen of England, but on the whole these have neither been neglected nor oppressed: with the curious gift that England has of doing the right thing for no well-defined reason, the fisherman's welfare has, in fact, had at any rate some attention from successive Governments from Tudor times to the present day, sometimes more, sometimes less.

Just now, when the pieces that lately formed society are all awry, old truths that we accepted subconsciously, or that established themselves without the conscious aid of any man, need re-statement: any of the pieces that are not prominent by their size or obvious necessity are liable to lose their place if their value is not understood. So it is now that I write about the fishermen and their unfamiliar calling.

Some things about fishermen are reasonably easy to understand. Seventeen, I think it was, of half-decked and open boats from the coastal villages of Norfolk assembled within eight hours of calling, and with their crews of two or three found their way across the sandbanks of the wide Thames estuary to the Straits of Dover. One or two had left their crab pots in the water off their native villages, one or two had served in one previous war, or two; none had ever been friendly with his rivals from the next village, with whom he now had to work and sail in company. As they crossed the strangely empty and calm sea, away from their homely bearings, bound on an unknown but certainly perilous mission, one of them who had sailed the world in sailing ships of many nationalities looked slowly round at each in turn. "Well," he said,

"there is this about it. No one will do anything foolish. No one will get lost; and even if we cannot get the orders to them they will do what is best—because, at any rate, they are all fishermen."

It is so. The fishermen are the craftsmen of the Narrow Seas. They do not travel the waters in great ships, as merchant seamen do, approaching the coastal waters with anxiety, and calling on the services of a pilot. The coastal waters are the fishermen's home; the tide-races and the boiling of the waters on the shoals are their familiars, dangerous but understood, and as natural to them as crags are to a mountain shepherd. Merchant seamen know the seas as stage-coachmen knew the country, and Naval seamen are something of policemen and something of diplomats, but to the fishermen the seas are merely their countryside.

(Continued on Page 8)

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Dutch merchant seamen who have carried on during the war and have performed their duties well, are to receive special consideration after the war, according to a new regulation provided by the Netherlands Government. This was declared by Minister Piet Kerstens in an article in the November issue of "Het Kompas," the Netherlands Merchant Navy's periodical. The new regulation is of a temporary character and will be valid for two years only.

According to this regulation, fishing fleets based in Holland, but which have been working in English waters, will have the right to special leave on the liberation of Holland in compensation for their long absence from home. Leave is fixed at two days for every month's sailing, with a maximum of 60 days with full pay and, in addition, a living allowance. Leave will be granted as soon as possible after the return to Holland.

Should seamen returning from leave find that there is no employment for them in the fleet they will be entitled to waiting wages amounting to 100 per cent. for nine weeks, 80 per cent. for the following eight weeks, and 70 per cent. for the following twenty-seven weeks.

This also applies to the Merchant Navy and concerns both captain and crew, including female members of the crew.

The regulation stipulates that "seamen receiving waiting wages must accept 'suitable labour' which need not necessarily be their ordinary jobs."

The time spent as prisoner of war will, for regulation purposes, be considered as sailing time.

The regulation provides that seamen, although no longer sailing to-day, but who have faithfully discharged their duties, are entitled to the same rights as seamen to whom the compulsory sailing decree of 1942 applies.

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(Continued from Page 4)

weather; the glass was falling rapidly and the wind was hardening fast. Large banks of olive-hued clouds, rising from the western-board, spread rapidly to the zenith, shining in a steely glare. Below, the watch on deck were reeving life-lines fore and aft, passing extra lashings on boats, securing hatches; and on the shelter-deck the twelve-pounder guns' crews tested night circuits, shipped night sights, stamping sea-booted feet, muffling themselves in duffle coats, their hoods, triangulated, like monkish cowls.

The captain appeared suddenly, walked to the bridge dodger, and stood staring ahead, hands thrust deep in the pockets of his British warm. He turned once, glanced at the standard compass, then looked astern, his face seamed as if by thought. "Feeling seasick, youngster?" he rapped out, a hidden smile leaping to life.

"Not yet, sir."

"Hum! If you're proof to-night you need never pay tribute," and he turned forward again, one hand gripping the bridge rail.

I heard the wail of the bosun's pipe, and knew my watch was over. An able-seaman, clattering up the iron ladder, reported: "Navigation lights switched on, sir. Oil lights placed in conning tower."

"Very good," the officer of the watch replied, then turned to me. "Make up the log, enter force of wind as five, and turn over the state of the glass to your relief."

I made up the log, and ran into Fairfax as I left the chart-room. "Phew! Who wouldn't sell his little farm?" he shouted, buttoning the collar of his oilskin. "Who's up there?"

"Owner and officer of watch."

He pulled a wry face. "All right?" "Can do," I said. "Speed of fleet, fifteen knots. Glass twenty-nine-two—dropping fast. Wind five, rising hard. Sea—oh—four; but it'll be forty when we reach the Pentland Firth."

"Holy Caesar," he cried, "and it's my middle watch. Don't forget to relieve me punctually at midnight. Oh, Lord—what joy! Swap watches with me for a hundred tin of De Reszkes?"

"Not for a thousand tins," I shouted, and

tumbled down the lower bridge ladder to avoid his sea-boot.

In the gunroom it was hot and stuffy; tea seemed less inviting than usual, and the liquid that bore this name looked blacker and more viscous, tasted stronger and ranker. A fetid effluvia filled the room, as if the vibration of the propellers had stirred into life noxious creeping gases that permeated every corner and crevice. I settled myself upon a settee, fighting down a faint nausea. A suspicious feeling I might pay tribute arose, a treacherous thought, then I fell asleep.

When I awoke the motion of the ship had increased. It was difficult to stand upright without support. One felt her rise, then lurch into a spinning roll that ended in a vibrating whirr of shafting and a sudden sickening shock as the stern sank, forcing the screws to grip the water. Forks and knives danced on the fiddled table; a pale-faced steward staggered through the gunroom door, gripping a large soup tureen; but the prospect was not inviting. I slipped a few ship's biscuits into my oilskin pocket, pulled on sea-boots, and made my way on deck to stand the first watch.

The wind greeted me like a fated blow, roaring in resonant gusts, humming and walling in the rigging, singing, from a merciless vastness, a streaming wall of blackness. The ship was being driven, and she knew it. She crashed sullenly into breaking seas—boring deep, burying her bows, volleying solid walls of water aft in foaming cataracts, and whipping high sheets of spray that spattered against the bridge dodgers.

"Still doing fifteen knots," the midshipman of the watch yelled. "Course North-a-half-West. Log written up. Thank the Lord we'll be through the Pentlands before my morning watch . . . Any supper below? Good . . . O.K.? Right, I'm off."

He disappeared. I looked over the canvas screen and was engulfed by a disintegrating tumult, speckled afar by the flash of uprearing seas that leaped together, tumbled, broke, burst into a hissing roar, and imparted a deep, continuous note to the high-pitched song of the storm. Ahead a pin-prick of blue light shone dimly, disappearing, leaping high, steady, dancing and gyrating in dizzy circles. Occasion-

(Continued on Page 13)

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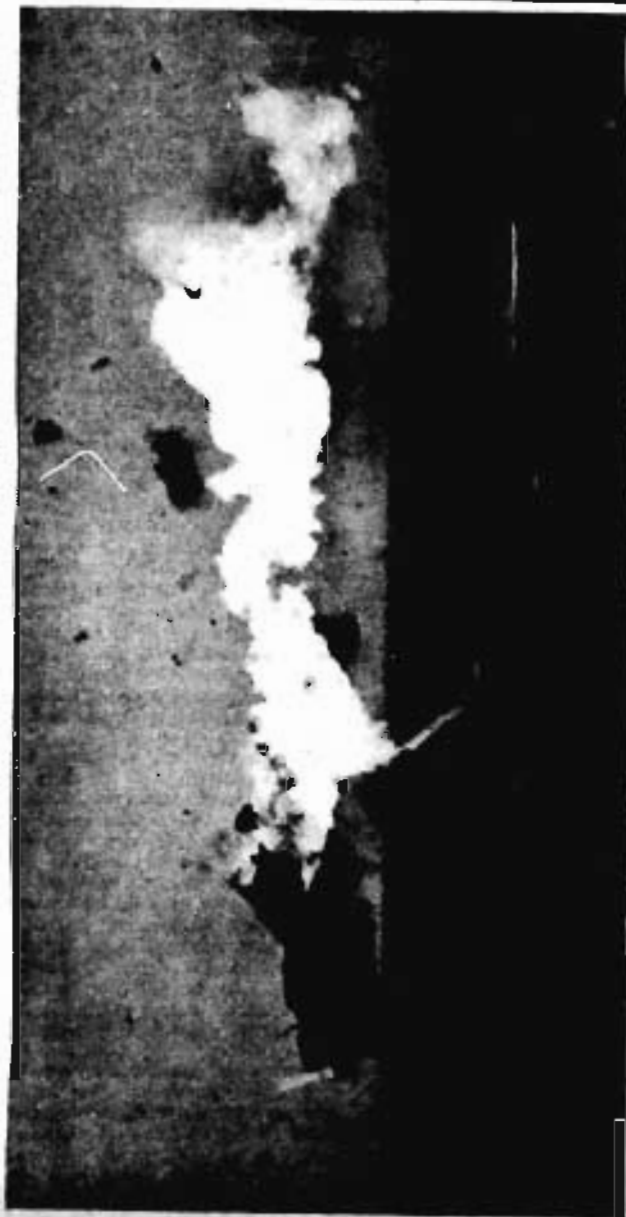
But there is something more than knowledge that enables the fishermen to do so many new tasks, both in peace and in war. Throughout history they have always shown themselves adaptable. English fishermen were pioneers in the entirely different cod fishery of Newfoundland and Labrador—a fishery that brought bullion from Spain, by way of trade for salted cod, in Tudor and Stuart times when Spain controlled the sources of the precious metals. In recent years English fishermen have helped to start the fishery for sharks in Australia and for herrings in the Caspian Sea. Even to-day men who are conservative enough to wear earrings to improve their eyesight, and who would not mention a pig at sea any more readily than they would tell of a daughter's frailty, can yet explain to you clearly and tersely why one of the many methods that were proposed for destroying magnetic mines was more promising or less dangerous than another. The same men learned to use the echo-sounder and wireless telephony to their best advantage, and in the days of the Italian invasion of Abyssinia could give you an appraisal of the situation that would bear comparison with the most sensible of the News Letters.

And if you know how a fisherman lives you will not find any of this surprising. Let us consider the man who collects £400—perhaps half or all of his family's capital—and decides to invest in a sail and motor-boat, for fishing and crabbing. He has to decide how big his craft shall be, and that means considering her capacity for carrying fishing gear, the ability of the local boat builder, what engine will do for her, the speed that he will need, the canvas that he intends her to carry, whether he will be able to get her up the beach or slipway with the tackle available, and what the prospects are of her paying her way. And every time he sails there will be the question of wind and tide to help or hinder his passage, the effect both will have on the height of the waves, the times of nightfall and dawn, and the time of meeting the train with his catch.

Also he must know his grounds, the seasonal movements of fish on to or away from them, and the signs of local plenty and scarcity. At any moment he must know how the wind and

(Continued on Page 10)

Japanese Torpedo Plane Shot Down by U.S. Warship



A Japanese torpedo plane exploding in the air after being hit by anti-aircraft fire from a U.S. aircraft-carrier which attacked the Marshall Islands on December 4. One of the aircraft's wings has been blown off and behind the falling plane is a trail of blazing petrol.

(Continued from Page 8)

tide are moving his craft, even in fog or in the dark. He must also know how the tide is affecting his gear on the bed of the sea, and when he is hauling or shooting his gear the operation must take account of what is happening both on the sea and under it. It is the easiest thing in the world for a skilful sailor who is no fisherman to get ropes under his craft and round the propeller, or to get lost or blown away. And when a fisherman is caught out in sudden bad weather and finds himself driving on to a lee shore, he must have the skill and courage that will give him that thousandth chance of life, that will save him for his wife and children, who are down on the beach with their shawls about their heads, and the wind and rain lashing their clothes to their bodies.

Strength and skill, wisdom, patience and courage—can any country wish for more than that in its men? But the life of a fisherman is such that these virtues have to be commonplace. And with them goes something a little more subtle, the rapidity of decision that comes with personal responsibility. It is not at all surprising that, in a matter of weeks, both in 1914 and in 1939, the Royal Navy could have thousands of them skilfully engaged on countering the old mine and the new. It takes several months to make a soldier of a recruit, but you can use fishermen just as they are, because they do not need warlike discipline to fit them for the Death Game. They have known it since boyhood.

They have also known their own discipline. This is more noticeable in the trawlers, where the skippers and mates, who are generally paid almost entirely out of profits, have to keep the pace going in the crew, the rest of whom are paid by wages largely. The task is made more easy by the engineers and deckhands also being paid something out of profits. "I like," says the skipper, "to see the hands do 24 hours on deck once in a trip anyway." We were leaning out of the wheelhouse window watching the men standing ankle deep in the pound of moving slippery fish, each man balancing on his feet for the easier motions of the ship, but with a shin against a partition pound board to steady him if he lurched too much.

The fingers that held the gutting knives were

curled with cold and puffy with wetness, but the fish were gutted cleanly enough and the work went on in dogged silence, though always skilfully. The only jest was when cold spray caught a man unaware and got down the neck of his oilskin smock before he had time to hunch his shoulders and shrink his neck to bring the wide brim of his sou'wester down to protect him. Then the skipper laughed loudly so that they could hear him out on deck, and glumly share his merriment. But they knew that if the fish from successive hauls accumulated faster than they could dispose of them, he would be down among them to help them out with the toll that robbed them of their usual six hours' rest out of the twenty-four, and meant money out of the ordinary for all of them. Instead of drawing £3/10/- for that week's work a man would draw £5.

It is at table down below that you will see most sign of discipline, where everyone waits for the skipper to come down before starting on the food of the first sitting, and where only the chief engineer or another privileged person will indulge in conversation unless the skipper himself has started it. The skipper will hold the men to his will by his competence, by his care for the ship's company, and his capacity to make the enterprise pay them all; and by the knowledge that a recalcitrant who does not pull his weight may feel the weight of the skipper's character, perhaps even of his fist—though in 25 years I have never heard of that.

At any rate the thing goes. Day and night the year through, with no more than one day in seven's respite, the trawl, a bag of net 50-80 feet wide at the mouth, goes over the ship's side on the end of wire ropes as thick as a man's thumb; is laid skilfully on the bed of the sea; is drawn along for three or four hours; is hove in with its clanking accompaniments of otter-boards, shackles and chains; is hoisted up by a tackle, and the fish are spilled slipping and thumping on the deck. Cod, haddock, plaice; whiting, hake and soles: in fact all the sea-fish we know well, except herring, mackerel, sprats and sardines come to us by trawling.

Herring and the like are caught in drift-nets, each little steamer and her 1-2 miles of net drifting with the tide, waiting for the fish to strike the net and be held sticking in it, caught

(Continued on Page 12)

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SEA CADET NOTES

The O.C. (Mr. A. R. Armstrong) reports:—

A communication has been received from Lieut. Commander A. D. C. Inglis, R.N., Commanding Officer of H.M.A.S. "Warrego," thanking officers and ratings of N.L.T.D. "Warrego" for the parcels of reading matter recently forwarded for the entertainment of the ship's company. "It is most pleasing to feel," writes the C.O., "that an establishment bearing a similar name to ourselves is taking such an interest in our welfare. As a mark of our appreciation we shall be forwarding, in due course, a ship's pennant."

Woolwich Company is receiving instruction in sailing under Junior Officer R. Holloway, and detachments from Gladesville Company have had some very enjoyable recreational parades during the school vacation. A party from Gladesville rowed up the Lane Cove River in Woolwich's whaler and enjoyed a swim at the picnic reserve at Fuller's Bridge. Another outing was held at Manly, where swimming, surfing and visits to the local amusement establishments contributed to an enjoyable day, and this was followed by a trip to Cronulla.

Both Companies are pleased with the small arms on loan to them from the Department of the Navy. We hope that other useful items will, in due course, emanate from the same source.

We acknowledge with thanks the kindness of the editor of the "Church Standard" for making known to his readers our need for suitable men to become officers in our two Companies.

Promotions.—The following have passed the prescribed examinations for promotion and are rated accordingly: A/B. to Leading Seaman, Cadet C. Lithgow (congratulations on the excellence of his pass). O/D. to A/B.: M. Kable, D. Harrison, E. Davis (Woolwich). Writer P. Bullen, B. Day and Ken McLeod (Gladesville).

Appointments.—A/B. M. Kable and O/D. K. Binns to be Watchkeepers at Woolwich and Gladesville respectively.

Every effort is being made to obtain a suitable boat for the use of the trainees at Gladesville Sub-Depot. We are also desirous of having a small Blue Ensign so that the customary "colours" ceremony can be observed. The cadets are doing everything possible to make their headquarters look like a training establishment. Woolwich ratings have every reason to be proud of their little depot; it is very nicely appointed and equipped.

PLEASE NOTE

Contributions of a suitable nature are cordially invited, and should be addressed to the Editor, the "Navy League Journal," Royal Exchange Building, Bridge Street, Sydney. The Navy League does not necessarily endorse the opinions of contributors to the Journal.

Telephone B 7808

(Continued from Page 10)

by the snout, the cheek or the shoulder. This is the biggest gamble of all British fishing—Scots have a rather larger share in it than Englishmen, and it certainly bulks larger in their national economy than it does in ours. Dutch, too, and French, share the fisheries with us. The herrings only strike the net in quantity when they are engaged in a great movement called the "swim," and the skill of herring fishing lies in being ready for the swim.

But neither skill, necessary though it is, nor luck, of which many talk, is the main factor of success. "This game," said the herring skipper with £400 worth of herring in his hold, the best catch of the season, "this game, I'll tell you what it is: it's one part skill, and one part luck, and three parts persistence."

(Continued from Page 7)

ally we lost it completely, and the officer of the watch, placing his lips to the bell mouth of a voice-pipe, spoke an unheard command to the duty-men in the conning tower below. The glow from the binnacle, shining on glistening oilskins, threw his figure into sudden relief.

"Perishing cold," he shouted as he straightened up. "Come and try your hand at station-keeping."

I stood by the binnacle and looked ahead, straining my eyes to glimpse the elusive blue glow, while below me a plunging, pulsating mass of steel smashed into the wake of a ghostly leader. The wind screamed and yelled, scuffling round the canvas screens in a defiant clamour that conspired, with the reeling universe, to stifle thought, shatter action, deaden decision. And I could see nothing. I shot a desperate glance at my superior, but he seemed to be busy. I searched ahead again, my throat dry and parched, my heart beating hard; but saw only pitch blackness stabbed by white flashes. This was unendurable. I stared despairingly astern to determine whether "Zealandia" was visible; and a wild waste of foam-tossed waters blurred vision. The binnacle wrenched at my arms as we pounded into a breaking sea. I heard it thunder over the fo'c'sle and smash aft: a welter of spindrift drove hard against my face, and a blinding squall detonated in a high-pitched vibrant burst.

Somehow I had to keep my consternation in hand. "One-nine-two revolutions," I said grimly, and heard the tinkle of the revolution bell.

"One-nine-two revolutions on, sir," a voice reported in stolid tones.

I looked up, caught sight of a blue gleam poised high above our bows, and experienced a sickening sensation as if the pit of my stomach had received a deadly blow. "One-nine-0!" I shouted.

"One-nine-0 revolutions on, sir," the voice replied unperturbed.

For a moment I closed my eyes, afraid our stem would batter into the flagship's stern, then the slish glow doubled its distance, as if whisked away. I increased two revolutions.

"Getting the bang of her?" the officer of the watch asked.

"Trying to, sir."

"She's not really difficult yet. Don't strain at 'Hibernia's' stern light too hard. If you do it'll play you tricks. Sing out when you want a spell."

I set to again, and gradually caught the feel of the ship. It was difficult to realise I was controlling close on twenty thousand tons of pulsating, throbbing steel battering, like a Titan, against an elemental wrath, obedient to a whispered command, carrying within its walls seven hundred lives and their hopes and fears. I became more confident; I began to enjoy the ordeal; soon my orders came in steadier tones...

At midnight Pentland Skerries light lay broad on the starboard bow. I turned over to Fairfax. "Go steady," he yelled. "The battery's being swept." I went steady, clinging to life-lines and fighting my way aft foot by foot. Down in the chest flat chaos reigned. Six inches of filthy water swirled haphazard with each jerk of the ship, carrying with it an assorted collection of gear. An army of boots shot suddenly to leeward, intermingling pell-mell with caps, rifles, sweaters, and scarves. A row of oilskins swung from hooks, then flopped back against the bulkhead. Our hammocks jerked athwartships in drunken arcs. A luckless messmate crawled on all fours towards a bucket lashed to a stanchion. As the ship kicked her stern high, shuddering to the whirl of her screws, he slithered forwards, flat on his stomach, and was violently sick before he reached his objective. I scrambled into my hammock all standing, closed my eyes, and commanded my soul to stand fast. But I felt ill. The air was thick, hot, fetid, clinging. A damp sweat covered my forehead, turned to a rising nausea that drained all strength from my limbs. I struggled to no effect; as I tumbled from my hammock I saw a yellow, drawn face break into a ghastly grin.

I must have dropped into a fitful doze, for I woke suddenly to feel my feet pressed hard against the hammock nettles as the ship swooped into a reeling plunge that seemed to last an eternity. She brought up suddenly as if she had struck a solid rock, and the shock of impact, reverberating through her, was followed by a series of nerve-shattering crashes, and by torrents of water cascading down the ladder in a steady onrush. I leaped from my hammock. For a moment I thought we had

(Continued Overleaf)

(Continued from Page 13)

been torpedoed, and expected to hear the cry of close water-tight doors. Then the pulsation of the engines dropped—ceased. On the mess-deck I ran full tilt into a crowd of stokers splashing through three feet of water. Nobody knew what had happened; then a rumour spread like wild-fire.

"Swept the bridge away; she 'as," a man shouted, struggling to secure a bread-bin.

I hurried on, clutching at objects to steady myself, making for the gunroom. I had two precious notebooks there; and I wanted to see they were safe. I waded through a litter of floating debris, jumped aside to avoid the rush of a table as it shot against a bulkhead, and, gripping a stanchion, fumbled at a shelf, found the books, and shot them into a locker. I breathed a sigh of relief, then struggled on deck, caught hold of the ladder leading to the after-bridge, and climbed, clinging for dear life as she careered over. The wind, playing a devil's tattoo, boomed and roared, tearing at one's body. We seemed for a moment to steady on our beam ends, and the aftermost, lying over tall and grey, loomed indistinct. Then a flood of dazzling light spilled over us, and her battered contour leaped to vision.

I saw, in the pitiless glare of the other ship's searchlights, a magnificent and a terrifying sight. The bridge had gone. In its place a heap of bent and twisted wreckage lay stark and naked—battered and contorted beyond belief. The beams of light, sweeping the ship, picked out here the upreared muzzle of a dismounted twelve-pounder, there the remains of a boat, revealed a smashed-in funnel, a dented lower fore fighting-top, huge stanchions twisted and buckled like pliable wire, searchlights smashed to smithereens. As the ship rolled heavily, reeling into darkness, a beam of light exposed mountainous seas, whose crested upsurging combers smashed into a full-throated roar, and rioted far into the blackness of night.

The ship wallowed, sinking into green troughs with a ponderous inertia, rolling like a thing demented. Surrounded by the eager eyes of invisible men, outlined in a blinding, pitiless glare, she lay stopped awaiting control.

On the upper-deck stretcher parties were carrying the injured below; on the after-bridge

two officers and several men moved space. Signal lamps winked rapidly; and I found myself running urgent messages. Then the throb of the engine started, slow, the renewed beating of a silenced heart.

"We're following 'Hibernia' into Scape Flow," someone shouted.

In moments of emergency time plays strange jests, changing seconds into hours and hours into seconds. One learned, in snatches of conversation, the loss of life, the damage the ship has sustained, amazing facts. The captain had been washed from the bridge to the upper-deck, but before losing consciousness had succeeded in getting an order through to the engine-room. The torpedo commander and an able-seaman had been washed overboard; most of the shelter-deck guns' crews were seriously injured, some dying before we reached harbour; a thousand tons of water had found its way below; the roof of the conning tower had been wrenched from its seating; and a twelve-inch gun had been run back on its mounting.

It was difficult to realize at first, but the full significance of the disaster reveals itself in personal contacts. Passing the wardroom, converted into a temporary hospital, I stopped a surgeon to enquire about Fairfax.

"Paralysed," he said, his voice set in finality.

"No hope?" I whispered.

"I'm afraid not."

I did not see him before he was sent to the hospital ship. It was better not to: words could never help—then. But he recovered later, and we met again years after. He had been washed from bridge to boat-deck, from boat-deck to quarter deck by successive seas, and that was all he remembered. It was an amazing escape, and he summed it up in his own carefree way.

"Joss," he said slowly. "That's all it was. Joss—just joss."

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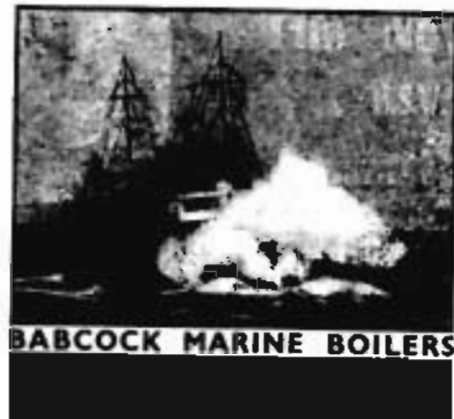
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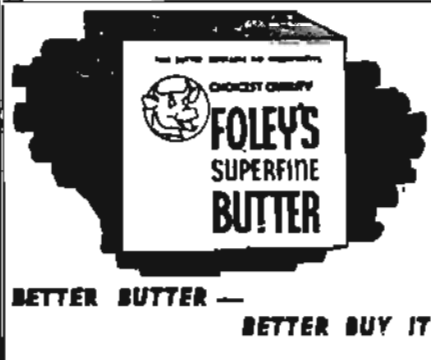
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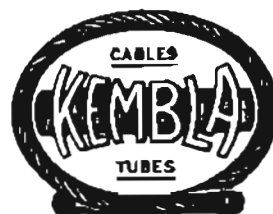
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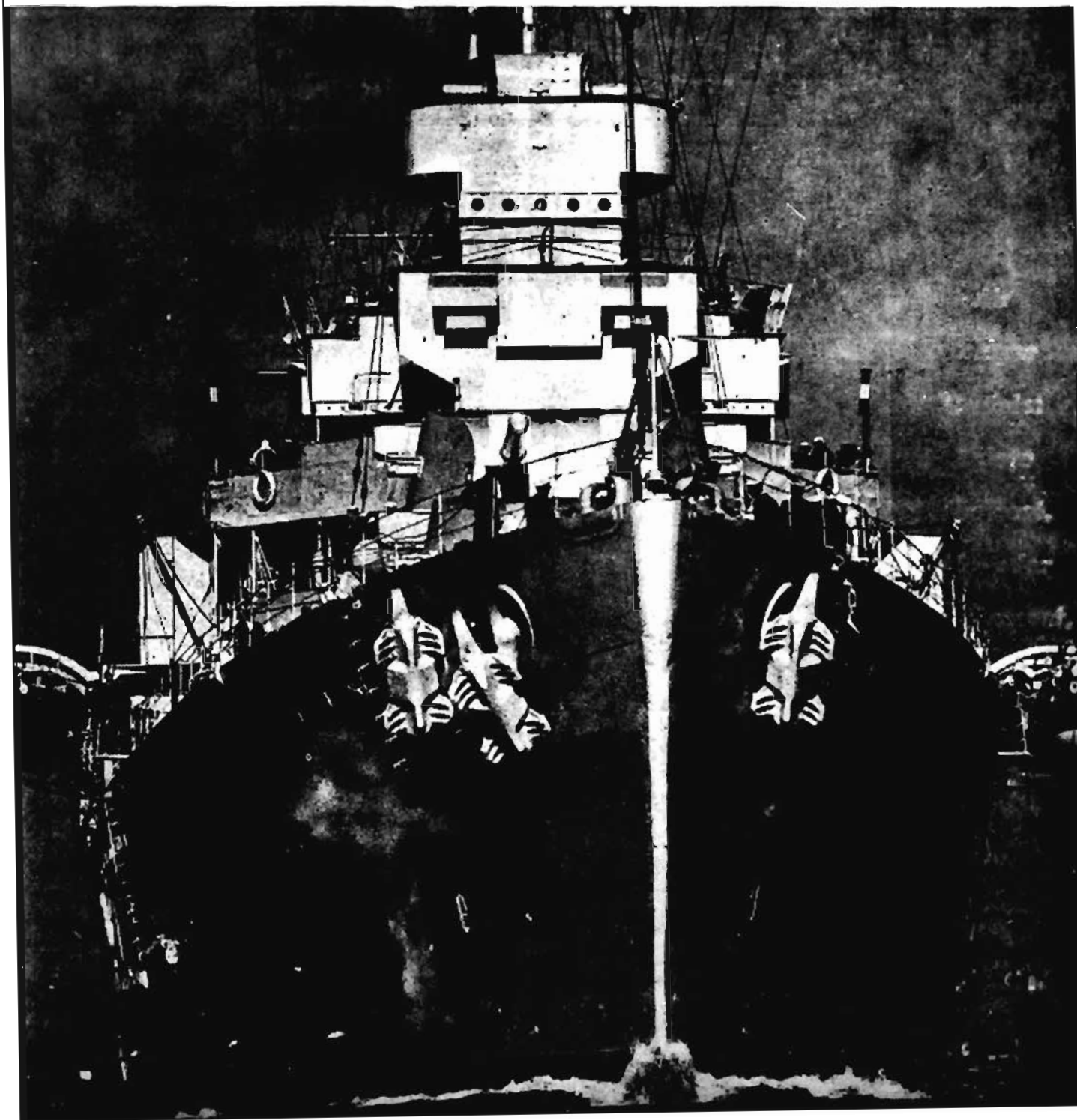
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ATTENTION!

THE Navy League and its Sea Cadet Corps in New South Wales, and in other
Australian States, are branches of the parent League in England, but they
do not have the parent's privileges, nor are they accorded any similar privileges,
encouragement or like help from the "powers that be" in this country to that
made available by the British Admiralty to the Sea Cadet Corps in Britain.

The Admiralty, by arrangement with the Navy League, assumed control of
the training and organisation of the Sea Cadets, leaving matters of administra-
tion the responsibility of the League. Under this arrangement the Cadets have
been expanded to a training strength of 50,000. Every cadet under this scheme
between the ages of 14 and 17 receives a free issue of uniform, and the Navy
League Headquarters receives an annual grant of 12/- for each of these lads
towards the provision of equipment and training facilities, any further finance
necessary being the responsibility of the League. These cadets have become
a reservoir of trained embryo seamen from which the Royal Navy draws increas-
ingly valuable supplies.

But what a different story would have to be told about the lack of official
support to the Sea Cadet Corps in Australia! Here in New South Wales the
Cadet Corps has struggled along for 24 years varying in strength from one
hundred to seven hundred, according to the boats, other necessary training equip-
ment and suitable honorary officers and instructors available and willing to serve
and teach their younger brothers in the elements of seamanship and to inject
in them the salt of the sea—without which salt Australia and the Empire would
have perished. Let there be no mistake about that!

What a nightmare it has been during the war years to find, beg or buy even
old and worn gear to enable our Sea Cadet centres in Sydney to continue their
training activities! What a debt the League owes to its officers and petty officers
giving so much voluntary service under such adverse conditions. How these
fine, loyal workers have improvised, and worked seeming miracles to maintain
the interest and enthusiasm of cadets, when equipment needed most—signal
gear, rope, etc., was unobtainable. And yet despite weekly disappointments

(Continued on Next Page)

regarding uniform or gear, hundreds of keen, eager Australian lads determined to gain a sea-sense before going to sea and to acquire some practical knowledge of a ship's boy's duties, or find out and prepare to fulfil any exacting demands made on recruits at naval training depots or on shipboard.

Despite the limitations of the League's training facilities, especially the chronic shortage of equipment due to circumstances outside the League's control it continued a sheet-anchor and a beacon and many League cadets now serve in our Merchant Navy, and more than 260 from League training depots in Sydney have passed through the recognised naval channels and become ratings on board Australia's ships of war.

Every serving cadet a volunteer.
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Surely the League deserves well of the public.



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ENGLISH SEA CADET CORPS NEWS

A fund in memory of the late Lord Lloyd was inaugurated at a meeting at the Mansion House on September 27. The purpose of the fund is to endow the Sea Cadet Corps, in order to provide it with social and recreational services and well-equipped training centres, and for the development, after the war, of the interchange of parties of sea cadets between the various parts of the Empire and the home country.

The meeting was called by the Navy League and presided over by Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, who recalled that six years ago, at a meeting at the Mansion House, Lord Lloyd appealed to the City of London for help in expanding the Sea Cadet Corps. The Navy League had now entered into a partnership with the Admiralty, which had resulted in a four-fold expansion in the number of cadets who were under training, and a great increase in efficiency. To-day the League was asking for renewed help in maintaining this great work as a memorial to the late Lord Lloyd.

Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, in supporting the appeal, said that he had had the good fortune during the past three-and-a-half very difficult years to see in various parts of the country some evidence of the great work being done by the Sea Cadet Corps, and he certainly agreed that the foundation of the work by the Navy League, and especially the development for which Lord Lloyd was responsible, had been an enormous factor in the growing success of the Corps since it was taken over by the Admiralty for direction and control. There were now something like 50,000 in the various Sea Cadet Corps.

Lord Bennett said that the Navy League was one of the cements of the Empire and one of the most powerful factors in welding our Dominions together.

Admiral Halsey announced that Colonel J. Gretton had promised £500 and Sir Bernard Docker £1,000.

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SEA POWER WILL BEAT JAPAN

By CAPTAIN RUSSELL GRENFELL, in "The Navy"

When the war against Germany is brought to an end, which may not be as soon as some people evidently believe, the war against Japan can receive the Allies' undivided attention. How will it be waged?

First, let us examine the Japanese resources. War potential is made up firstly, of armed forces and secondly of the industrial organisation and raw material reserves by which the armed forces are kept supplied.

The Japanese Army is large. Its total size has been spoken of as being in the region of 200 divisions, though this may be an under-estimate. These divisions, moreover, whatever their number, are composed of racially homogeneous troops of excellent fighting quality.

They must, however, be widely dispersed in watching the Russian Far Eastern frontier, in fighting the Chinese, in preparing to meet the Allied offensive from India, in fighting against General MacArthur's forces, and in garrisoning the occupied Chinese provinces and the numerous captured South Sea Islands. Nevertheless, they represent a mass of military strength which the Allies, dependent on sea transport, will find it extremely difficult to challenge directly. Victory over Japan by the outnumbering and defeat of her armies is unpromising—that is, by the British and Americans alone.

Japan's air force is generally thought to be inferior to and of a lower degree of efficiency and technical quality than the American and our own. Little is publicly known of her aircraft production or whether the heavy losses she is suffering in the South Pacific are greater or less than her total output. It seems virtually impossible that she can in any way approach the Anglo-American scale of production.

As a nation on the defensive, however, she enjoys an already existing, organised, and suitably distributed airfield system, whereas the Allies must largely build these services up as they advance—if they make their approach from the south or the east. From the west the Chinese airfields offer a more ready hospitality, but full use of them presumably depends on the

reopening of the Burma Road. Russian Siberian territory is the most inviting of all for air attack on the Japanese main islands. But the future attitude of Russia towards a Japanese war is unfortunately unpredictable.

At sea, one can make a more confident estimate of relative strength, by reason of the comparatively slow tempo of ship construction and the fairly wide knowledge of the world's navies which is common property in peace. We know, for instance, that the pre-war Japanese fleet was approximately only two-thirds the size of either the American or the British, and that the damage done at Pearl Harbour has now been mostly made good.

In the matter of war-time construction, the advantage must be heavily on the side of the Allies, for their initial shipbuilding resources were undoubtedly greatly superior, and subsequent development should also have been in their favour. Admittedly, the Japanese capture of Hong-Kong, Singapore, Manila, Sourabaya and Batavia, all with dockyards and marine workshops, will have added something to her naval development possibilities. But these yards must have been in a more or less damaged condition when taken over; and are, moreover, primarily repair yards, with only limited building facilities.

Again, the Japanese Navy is known to have suffered severe losses since 1941, considerably heavier than it has been able to inflict on the Americans. One would imagine that by now the American naval superiority must be great. When the British fleet is added after the demise of Germany, the combination should be overwhelming.

For the raw materials for feeding her war industries, Japan is in a rather peculiar position. Her home supplies of essential commodities are small. But she has the mineral wealth of Manchuria, the Yangtze Valley and Indo-China to draw upon. Her chief pre-war deficiencies lay in petroleum and rubber, and both these are now available to her in ample quantities from the captured territory in the south.

The solution, however, of this problem produces another: how to transport the newly acquired supplies. For they are situated from 1,500 to 2,000 miles to the south of Japan proper, where nearly all the war industries are situated, and they can only reach these industries by sea.

Japan's difficulty is that she is seriously short of shipping. A large arc of her defensive perimeter in the south consists of islands, which means that her military forces in that area which are in action with MacArthur's men are entirely dependent on sea-borne supplies for their maintenance. The provision of these supplies not only locks up a considerable volume of tonnage, but involves a steady loss of merchant tonnage through Allied offensive action.

There seems little doubt that merchant shipping represents Japan's principal problem. If enough of it can be destroyed, her military operations in the southern islands will fail for want of sustenance, her armies in Malaya and Burma will find their sea-borne supplies through Singapore and Bangkok running short, while the transport of the vital raw materials to Japan herself will become more and more difficult.

Japan, like Britain, is the island heart of a maritime system, of which the arteries and veins are sea communications, and the vitalising blood stream the ships moving along them. If sufficient of the blood vessels can be cut the whole system must wilt and collapse.

This seems to point clearly to the Allies' most promising strategic object. It is one, moreover, in pursuit of which their assets of naval or air superiority can be most effectively displayed, while doing the most to neutralise Japan's primary advantage of military strength.

Exactly how the Allied strategy should be developed will necessarily depend on many factors. But if the Japanese main fleet can be disposed of the chief defensive barricade of the Japanese Empire will have been blown down, and the way will be clear for severing her maritime arteries. To bring about a situation which forces this fleet to fight under disadvantageous conditions should, therefore and doubtless will be, the Allies' main endeavour: and it should not prove too difficult.



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In the Navy the 1939-43 Star would take precedence over the Africa Star, Mr. Makin said. No person would be entitled to both decorations.

The following qualifications are necessary for the 1939-43 Star: Six months' service afloat in areas of active operations in the period September 3, 1939, to December 31, 1943, inclusive.

Areas of active operations: From September 3, 1939, Atlantic Ocean (including United Kingdom home waters, North Sea, Baltic and portion of the Arctic Ocean), and the south-western portion of the Indian Ocean; from June 1, 1940, as above, with the addition of the Pacific Ocean and the remainder of the Indian Ocean; from June 10, 1940, anywhere at sea. Service after December 31, 1943, will not be taken into account.

Service in the landings on the coast of Morocco on and after November 8, 1942, will be a qualification. Personnel not eligible by length of service afloat who served in certain operations and commando raids—to be specified later—will also be entitled to the decoration.

Operational service for less than six months, if terminated by death, wounds, or other disability, due to service, will also be a qualification. Personnel granted any honour, decoration, or mention in despatches for service in operations will be entitled to the Star.

CLASP TO STAR

For naval personnel, the clasp to the 1939-43 Star (a silver rose emblem) will be confined to North African service.

It will be awarded to those qualified for the 1939-43 Star, who, for instance, served in inshore squadrons or in some of the escort vessels off the North African coast, or in submarines or other craft specifically engaged in cutting Rommel's or von Arnim's communications from October 23, 1942 (Battle of El Alamein), to May 12, 1943 (cessation of hostilities in North Africa).

It also will be awarded naval personnel qualified for the 1939-43 Star who may have served as part of the First or Eighth Armies between the dates mentioned.

The Africa Star will be granted for service in North Africa from June 10, 1940, to May 12, 1943, but in the Navy it will be awarded for service on shore and in harbour only to those not eligible for the 1939-43 Star.

Mr. Makin said that although ribbons for the 1939-43 Star would be available shortly, supplies of the 1939-43 and Africa Star themselves would not be available until after the war.

We must beware of trying to build a society in which nobody counts for anything except a politician or an official, a society where enterprise gains no reward and thrift no privileges.

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BOUGAINVILLE

By D.H.

Of the Pacific prizes captured from Germany in the last war one of the least heard of and yet most valuable as well as beautiful is Bougainville. This was the only large island owned by Germany in the Solomons. Originally discovered and named by a Frenchman in 1768, it became a German possession in 1886 under the terms of an agreement between Britain and Germany. At that time Germany had control of other islands in the Solomons. But in 1899 another Anglo-German agreement was made, when in return for certain concessions in Samoa, Germany handed back to Britain all Solomon Islands over which she had previously had control, except Buka and Bougainville. Buka is only a small island at the northern end of Bougainville, which is one of the largest and most important of the Solomon Group. Although until 40 years ago it was quite uninhabited by white people; before that time traders might sometimes attempt a landing at some of the coastal villages, but they did so at their own risk. In 1906 a Catholic Mission was established in a commanding position overlooking one of the entrances to the harbour of Kita, which eventually became the seat of government.

When the islands were first captured from Germany by the Australians, rumour had it that the ex-Kaiser described Bougainville as "the pearl of the Pacific." A visit to the island makes credence of the rumour easy. For the whole hundred and fifty miles or so of its length it is a chain of majestic, verdure-clad mountains. To ascend to one mountain top is to discover a vista of peak after peak—many of which are frequently partially enveloped in clouds, but the majesty of which on a clear day, coupled with the wonder of the yet to be explored regions of these innumerable heights and intervening valleys, is an awe inspiring one.

The white people's houses—with what the servants frankly consider their unnecessary litter

of furniture and dishes and house linen and clothes that require washing are a source of unending wonder to the less sophisticated bushman on his infrequent visits. The gramophone, radio and camera seem to rank about equally as debil-debil boxes.

The range of mountains of which the island is formed extend right to the coastline, in some places their sides forming sheer cliffs, which terminate in great rocky boulders in the sea. The island is blest with a plentiful supply of fresh water rivers. Coconuts, paw paws, bananas, and in some parts rubber trees are planted on the island.

Travellers have the pleasure of journeying through tree shaded avenues with, on all sides, feasts of tropical beauty for the eyes, to which gaiety is added by the flitting of the many sized and gorgeously coloured butterflies. As in many of the places along the coast of Bougainville it is impossible for even a native canoe to land, most travelling is done on foot. Even if rowing boats or canoes are utilised for coastal travelling it is necessary to land somewhere at night to sleep, and this necessity is recognised and met by the provision every here and there of "rest houses" at the roadside. The houses provide a very necessary requirement in the way of shelter at night, as even when no rain falls the heavy dews make sleeping in the open undesirable.



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FIRST PICTURES OF ADMIRALTY ISLANDS INVASION



General MacArthur (right) with Vice-Admiral Kinkaid and Rear-Admiral Brerly watch the naval bombardment which preceded the landing of U.S. troops on Los Negros, in the Admiralty Islands, last Tuesday. (Department of Information photograph.)

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SEA CADET NOTES

N.L.T.D. "VICTORY"

(J. R. WILLIAMS, O.C.)

Good work is being carried out in all departments of the above depot.

P.O. Jackson has been promoted to Midshipman for his devotion to duty at the depot.

Fifty boys from "Victory" helped the Merchant Navy Appeal on the 18th February, and twenty cadets volunteered to help in the button appeal for comforts to Russia, which was held on 25th February.

Officers and cadets regret to hear of Captain Beale's serious illness, and all join with me in wishing him a speedy recovery.

In view of the extreme difficulty in obtaining essential equipment for training purposes, the rope made available by the Navy Department has helped us considerably. Such practical aid is much valued by all hands and is an added incentive in our efforts to provide useful training and increased proficiency.

Keith Trimmer, an old cadet of this depot, visited us recently. Keith had been on service with the U.S.A. supply ships section.

We have in hand the reconditioning of our boats and other gear used in training operations.

OBITUARY

Cadet Jack Donald Wolf lost his life 1st February, 1944. Officers and cadets of "Victory" Depot sincerely sympathise with his relatives in their sorrow.

N.L.T.D. "WARREGO," WOOLWICH

Monthly Reports, January and February, 1944

Mr. A. R. Armstrong, Commanding Officer, writes:—

We wish to extend a welcome to ex-Lieutenant P. Walters, who has been appointed Chief Officer of Gladesville Company. Chief Officer Walters also served as an officer of the Merchant Service, and possesses a sea-going certificate; he will find ample scope for good work at Gladesville.

A boat has been purchased for the Gladesville Company, and will shortly be put into commission. The lads are keenly looking forward to this event. It would appear that the infant Company is successfully negotiating its teething troubles.

Thirty-five ratings from Woolwich and Henley took part in the recent "Australia Day" parade in the city, the first occasion upon which both Companies paraded together. Several of them also combined for a recreational parade at Manly, where swimming and surfing were enjoyed by all.

A steady influx of recruits is in evidence at Woolwich, and with the school vacation at an end, more recruits are likely to be attracted to the Gladesville Company. The combined strength is at present close to eighty.

Appointment.—Ex-Lieutenant P. Walters to be Chief Officer on probation at Henley.

Resignation.—The resignation of Third Officer F. S. Vyall, R.A.N.V.R., of his probationary appointment is accepted with regret (Woolwich Company.)

Promotions.—Junior Officer R. Holloway to be Third Officer (Woolwich), and O/D. N. Wannell, having passed the required examination for A/B, is advanced to that rating (Gladesville).

Two more officers are required at N.L.T.D. "Warrego" (Woolwich), and also at N.L.T.D. "Warrego" (Gladesville). The C.O. would be pleased to hear from volunteers in this connection.

In this report we greatly regret to announce the loss of Third Officer R. Holloway, who has joined the Merchant Service. Mr. Holloway was a popular, enthusiastic and efficient young officer, and we all miss him. However, we wish him all the best in his chosen profession, and look forward to seeing something of him whenever he happens to be in his home port.

The assistance of Mr. F. Ward at this time is more than welcome. Mr. Ward has become a civilian instructor of general seamanship and comes to us full of enthusiasm, and spares himself no end of trouble to make his instruction both interesting and effective. He has printed and issued to cadets of both companies, free of charge, large compass cards, and is compiling a series of leaflets dealing with the Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea, with explanatory paragraphs, which he is also distributing to all ranks without cost, with the idea that they should paste them, in sequence, in their

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Continued from page 11.

seamanship notebooks. This type of instruction is invaluable to any ratings who contemplate making the sea their future profession.

Owing to the loss of all our former officers, it has become necessary to suspend recruiting at Woolwich for the time being. A pleasing feature is that a number of senior lads have become attracted to our ranks of late, and the weekly attendances at both "Warrego" Depots is invariably 90 per cent. of the total enrolment, or even higher.

A donation of 16/9 by Mrs. Rostock, of Hunter's Hill, to Woolwich Company, is gratefully acknowledged.

Gladesville Company seems to have negotiated its teething troubles and is now firmly established. Wednesday evening parades have been commenced, and, to make this innovation possible, oil lamps have been secured. The boys have displayed a great pride in their little depot, which is fast taking on the appearance of a regular training establishment. They have voluntarily brought along such articles as a ship's bell, an excellent knot-board and miniature set of international code flags (both executed by P/O. A. Wheeler), and various other items of equipment, all of which help to transform a "building" into a depot. A flag-pole, with yard, has been erected at one end of the parade-ground, near the sea-wall, and the ratings have cleared the ground in the vicinity of their drill-hall, and the place looks quite shipshape. Cadets of both companies bring along periodicals and books, and these are forwarded on to H.M.A. ships.

Before this is published Gladesville Company will have possession of its boat, which has just been reconditioned by the Maritime Services Board.

Promotions.—The following Gladesville cadets, having passed the prescribed examination for promotion to A/B., are rated accordingly:—

G. Hallinan, F. Thompson, K. Blinn, W. Irving, R. Evans, H. Tutti.

Probationary P/O. A. Wheeler to Petty Officer (23/2/44).

Petty Officer A. Wheeler to Acting-Warrant Officer (26/2/44).

Appointments.—Mr. F. Ward to be Civilian Instructor of General Seamanship (Woolwich).

Cadets J. McDougall and R. Davies to be Acting Writers (Woolwich).

A/B. N. Wannell to be Shipwright (Fourth Class), and A/B. K. Binn to be Watchkeeper (both Gladesville Company).

Mr. E. Barton, O.C., "Vendetta" Depot, Manly, reports:—

Progress is well maintained. L/S. M. Carter (1) and L/S. C. Neilsom (2) were the outstanding cadets for the year 1943.

Miss E. Cousins, the Hon. Secretary, continues her interest in the work of the unit, and her valued work in publicising cadet activities is appreciated.

Classes are held at the depot on the nights of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday each week. On Saturday the general parade is held when 50 to 60 cadets regularly attend.

We value the space given to our activities by the "Manly Daily," the "Warringah News" and the "New Leader."

The services of our cadets were availed of by the local committee in Manly for Navy Day and Merchant Seaman's Day. Cadet Steve Taylor collected the sum of £17/10/-, including a cheque for £10 on Navy Day. The cadets were warmly thanked for their services.

We regret to report that whilst our company was on parade in Sydney on Australia Day, our depot was broken open and two kettle drums, two steel helmets and a quantity of bandages were stolen. The matter was placed in the hands of the police.

The entire personnel of N.L.T.D. "Vendetta" sincerely hope that Captain W. Beale has recovered from his serious illness.

Mr. G. H. Smith, O.C., "Beatty" Depot, states that he is still handicapped owing to lack of facilities at the depot, but he is doing his best in the circumstances. He believes that in time his depot will be the centre of much cadet activity. We can only encourage Mr. Smith and his cadets to make the best of things as, owing to labour shortage and the shortage of repairs supplies, there is little that can be done to help him from outside.

IN THE "SEAGOER"

By FORSTER HAIRE

The mention of Cape Horn brings no pleasant memory even to the mind of the most hardened seaman. Great gales sweep from the westward past its iron-bound coast, leaden skies and icy fogs add to the cheerlessness of wet decks, and the homeward-bound "windjammer" rolls her sides under when she approaches the latitude of the dreaded "Corner."

It happened in the year 1893, during the month of June, and the dead of winter down there, while I was serving my apprenticeship in the 1,698-ton full-rigged ship "Senator," one of a fleet of fine Liverpool clippers, whose names were then household words throughout the Seven Seas. We were bound from Frisco with a cargo of grain to "the Channel for orders," and were already about two months out on the long tramp.

Some seventy-five miles to the south-west of the Horn there rise sheer out of the sea the jagged, pointed rocks of the Diego de Ramirez Islands, against which the mighty South Pacific rollers break in merciless fury. This is the graveyard of many a dead man's bones. Here lies the wreckage of many a gallant vessel whose name has been posted "missing" at Lloyds and for which the Lutine Bell has tolled a last farewell.

A forty-mile an hour gale on the port quarter drove our ship a full twelve knots through mountainous seas which filled the main deck at each roll, foaming across the hatches with a roar like thunder as the water crashed from side to side. A feeling of ominous unrest seemed to have crept into the minds of the crew, and we knew from the anxious look on the Captain's face, as he paced the weather side of the poop, eagerly scanning the misty horizon ahead with his binoculars that nothing could ease his mind more than the sight of these islands, provided our course had taken us well to the southward.

Many sunless days had prevented sights being taken, and, skilful navigator though the Captain was, dead reckoning in the variable winds we had encountered was unreliable. The exact position of the ship was a matter of grave uncertainty. Soon after midday a thick rainy mist reduced visibility to little more than a mile. Our

canvas had been shortened down to a main upper topsail, fore, main, and mizzen lower topsails, and foresail; but even with this amount of sail the old ship raced along at a speed which meant a mile covered every five minutes.

It was my afternoon watch below, and, after a sailor's somewhat dreary meal of "salt horse" and weevily biscuits, I turned in, wet through and dog-tired, hoping for a couple of hours of uninterrupted rest. Half-dreaming of the soft glow of an English fireside on the silver and tea-cups of my home, I was rudely awakened to the stern reality of a sailor's life by the hoarse roar of the Bosun's voice, as, flinging the door of the half-deck open to the howling of the gale outside, he shouted above the whine and wash, "Turn out there, you boys. All hands to shorten sail, and blinkin' well look lively about it. The Old Man wants the main upper topsail in while there's a bit o' daylight left."

Struggling into wet oilskins and sea boots is none too cheerful a task at the best of times; but five minutes later all hands were standing by the buntlines, trying to dodge the icy seas which crashed over the rail at each lurch of the ship.

"Away aloft now and make the sail fast," shouted the Mate. The next moment we were clambering up the main rigging, eager to finish our dangerous task on the swaying yard and to get down again to the comparative safety and shelter of the fore part of the ship. Scarcely had we reached the yard, however, before there loomed out of the mist and spume a sight which well-nigh froze the blood in our veins.

There were the rocks, their dark cliffs rising above the fog right ahead of us and stretched out a full three points on both bows, less than two miles away. Certain death in ten minutes seemed to stare us in the face.

"Land right ahead!" we shouted in a wild chorus, and never did sailormen so quickly scramble down rigging and backstays, without even waiting for the obvious command from the deck. We knew full well that our one chance for life lay in bringing the ship to the wind on the starboard tack; but it was an almost impossible task to beat off the lee shore and regain

(Continued overleaf.)

Continued from page 13.

the open sea to the southward before it was too late.

It speaks volumes for the coolness and courage of the officers of the British Merchant Service that not for one moment did our Captain or Mates lose their heads. The order to man the lee braces was given as calmly as though the ordinary manoeuvring of the ship was taking place in fine weather and smooth seas.

Slowly our bows swung over to starboard and the great yards were braced to the wind, the weather leeches barely flapping as the "Old Man" kept everything drawing so that we still made some headway on the altered course. Nearer and nearer we drew towards the rocks, now close aboard on the port beam. "It's all up," someone exclaimed tensely. Everything that seamanship could devise had been done. With a kind of stunned helplessness we stared across the narrow strip of boiling surf which raged between us and death.

We were now forging slowly through the broken water, and could see the spray flung high into the air, while above the shriek of the gale there came the thunder of the waves, as they broke on each outlying spur. The last rock hove into view its cruel sides half-submerged as each wave roared past. A foot more of leeway and all would be over. So close were we that a heaving line could have been thrown over its pointed peak. Just then, glancing round from the braces, I saw Olaf, a fair, blue-eyed young Finnish sailor, kneeling by the galley door, his wet, panic-stricken face raised to the skies and his arms waving wildly in a paroxysm of prayer. "O mein Gott, save us! O mein Gott, save us!" he cried again and again.

"Get up, you blithering Dutchman," yelled the Mate. "Bear a hand with those b—y braces." Straining every muscle and nerve in waist-deep

water, endeavouring to trim the yards to the wind, we all agreed with the Mate's somewhat roughly expressed sentiments.

In a sudden fierce squall the wind hauled out three points to the northward. There was not a second to be lost. "Down helm!" yelled the Captain. "Up! Up! Old Girl!" he coaxed, as if a living soul inhabited the gallant old ship he loved so well. Right nobly she responded to the call, her streaming bows swept crashing through the sea to the southward, and, about twenty fathoms away, we gazed dumbfounded at the last rock, as it passed harmlessly away under our stern. We had reached the safety of the open sea.

Many long years have rolled away since that wild adventure down "off the pitch of the Horn," but its memory is as clear as though it had happened yesterday.

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BOMBING WILL NOT DEFEAT JAPAN

Japan had become a great Continental Power, and could not be defeated through blockade and bombing alone, General MacArthur told correspondents recently.

"Japan's greatest potential is inland rather than on sea or in the air," he said. "Her strongest military element is the Army, which must be defeated before success is assured."

General MacArthur was discussing recent successes in the South-west Pacific in which blockade and bombardment had played a big part.

"Blockade and bombing alone are both powerful weapons, but in modern warfare decisive results can be achieved only by the combined forces of army, naval, and air action," he went on.

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It is useless and misleading to talk of short cuts. They do not exist. It is the teamwork of a united and well-balanced command used as a unit, not the preponderance of any one element, that is essential to victory.

"Just as is the case with Germany, we must defeat Japan's Army. Our strategy must devise ways and means to bring our ground forces into contact with the enemy's at decisive points."

"The old concept of Japan as a predominantly maritime nation based upon her island empire is no longer factual. With her immense holdings on the Asiatic continent, Manchuria, Korea, and Northern China, to say nothing of her southern mainland conquests, she has become intrinsically a Continental Power. Her outlying islands of the Pacific represent an outpost position, important, it is true, but no longer decisive."

PLEASE NOTE

Contributions of a suitable nature are cordially invited, and should be addressed to the Editor, the "Navy League Journal," Royal Exchange Building, Bridge Street, Sydney. The Navy League does not necessarily endorse the opinions of contributors to the Journal.

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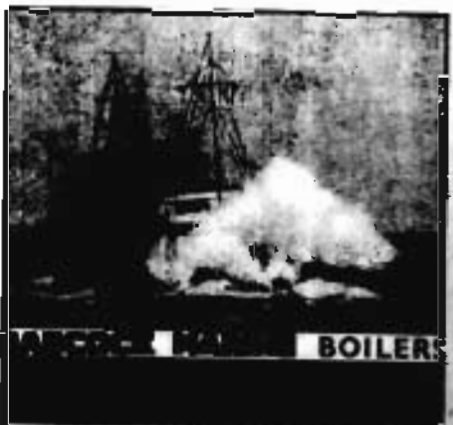
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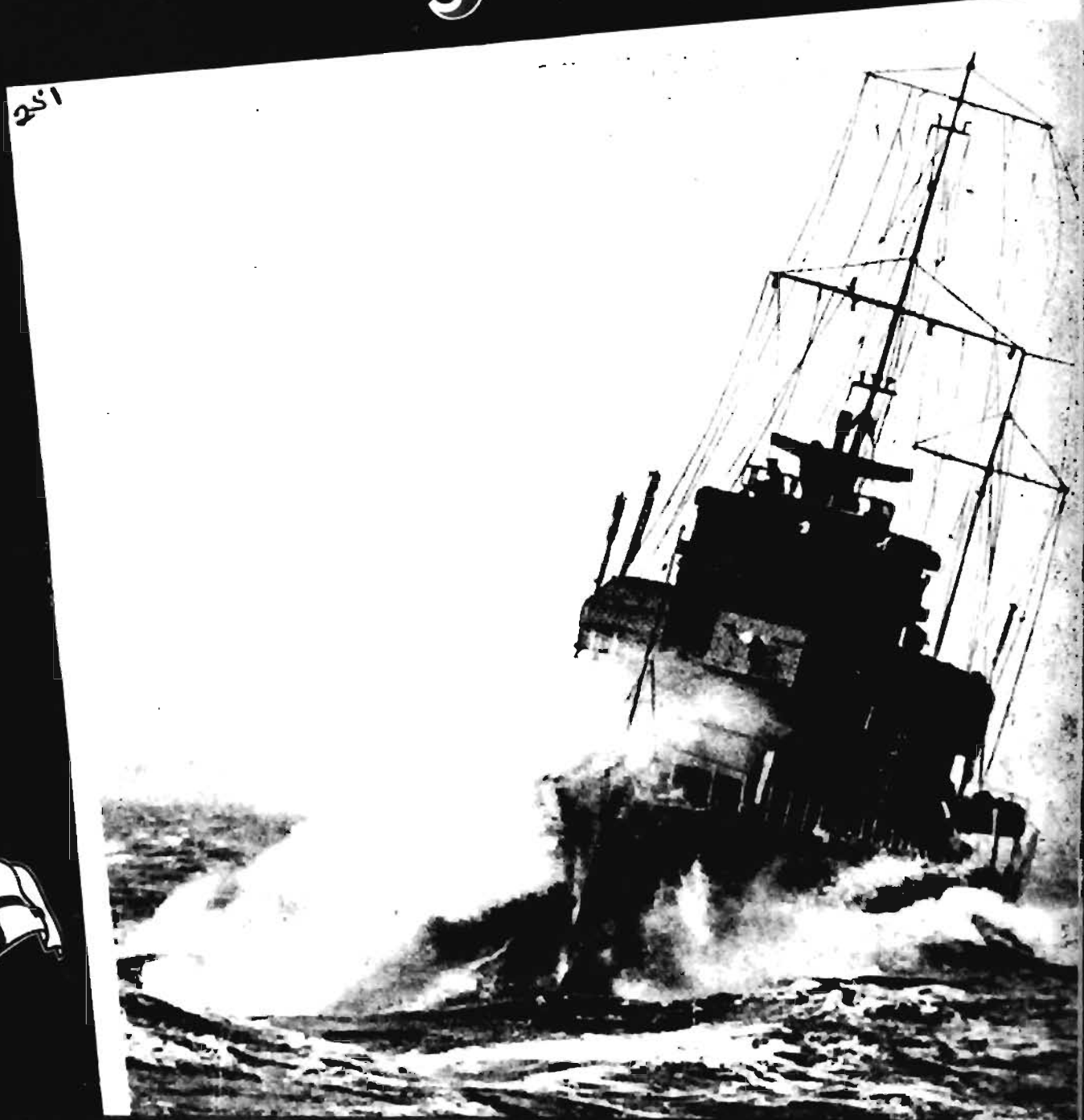
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N.S.W.

APRIL, 1944

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"IN COMMAND OF THE PACIFIC"

WE are told that the United States Navy is "in command of the Pacific." The man in the street, then, can take it for granted that the way is open to make landings at will on any point on Japanese occupied territory anywhere in the Pacific. If the command of the sea does not mean that, then it is meaningless. The Allied Navies, then, are in a position to cut Japanese sea-communications where and when it is desired, denying to the foe the ability to supply essential material to its far-flung armies without which they must eventually lay down their arms or perish.

The censorship sees to it that very little information is available about the enemy's side of the war picture, but unless the Jap fleet has committed harakiri, is contemplating surrender a la Italoame, or has taken down its shingle in the Pacific and put it up in, at present, the more pacific Bay of Bengal, the claim "command of the Pacific" is not justified by the results achieved by the Allied Navies after more than two years of war against Japan.

Few, if any, students of this theatre of the war, see an early end to the conflict. Most believe with General MacArthur that the Japanese must be conquered on land as well as at sea and in the air. While believing in final and overwhelming victory over Japan, the accomplishment of the mighty task is still hidden far in the future. Japan itself with a home army of probably three million men, while Manchukuo, Chosen, and China account for two million or thereabouts, and another one to two millions are busy in Burma, the Indies, Malaya, Philippines and sundry places of minor importance. Add to these the almost countless people in occupied territories who are forced to assist the Japs to consolidate the gains won and you will have a better mental picture of the tremendous job that still waits on the main roads leading to Tokio.

Because of local victories well-planned and successfully achieved the Allies must beware of the growing tendency to complacency. For before Japan is utterly conquered, what has gone before will be trifling compared with what is to come in destruction and death and we cannot expect few losses.

THE SERVICE OF YOUTH

By J. MACALISTER BREW, in "Britain Today."

IT betrays a definite misunderstanding of the whole conception of youth work in Britain if one refers to it as a youth movement. "Movement" suggests some form of propaganda, some form of unanimity of programme, and some degree of self-advertisement. Youth work in this country has not been the result of any definite plan, no one has ever sat down and said "Now we will have a youth movement" and issued a blue-print accordingly. It is true that since 1939 and the publication of the Board of Education's circulars in connection with Youth Service more attention has been paid to the needs of the adolescent community, but the history of the British Youth Service is a long and varied one. It would be fair to say that all popular education in this country has been initiated by voluntary bodies who were aware of the enormous potentialities of ordinary young people and who were desirous of bringing those potentialities to fuller fruition.

It was for these purposes that the Sunday schools, one of the earliest forms of youth work in this country, were founded. The Ragged Schools, the early club and settlement work, even the early Night Schools, were all of this nature. They were all designed to give young people something better to do; they were all activated by the high motive of giving young people some place in which they might meet their fellows, and some activity which might develop body, mind, and spirit. The result is that youth work in Britain is of infinite variety, ranging from Boys' Brigades (the earliest uniformed organisation in the country) to Scouts and Guides, from the very loosely organised Youth Service Squads to pre-service organisations, from one-night-a-week clubs meetings on church premises to youth centres with a membership of 600 or so meeting in a large modern school.

This infinite variety is at once the strength of the work, and its weakness. It means that there is very little likelihood of youth work in this country becoming a vast network of regimented and regulated compulsory service, but it does mean that because there is freedom of choice and no compulsion a certain percent-

tage of young people will always remain outside. To those people who have tidy minds this is a great disadvantage, but for those of us who believe that freedom for individual choice is one of the essentials of a democratic community, it is a worth-while risk.

It might be helpful to give some brief outline of the history of government concern with Youth welfare during the present century. A great problem of the last war was the general neglect of young people—the general lack of facilities for their welfare and recreation and the rise in juvenile delinquency figures which is characteristic of all times of national stress and strain. As early as 1916 the Home Office and Board of Education were both concerned with the problem of adequate leisure-time provision for the young worker. Encouragement was given to Local Education Authorities to establish Juvenile Organisations Committees, whose terms of reference were the provision of suitable physical and recreative activities for young people in their area. This necessity was further recognised in the 1921 Education Act. In clause 86, sections 5 and 6 of that Act, all Local Authorities were empowered to provide suitable recreative and physical facilities for young people, but like so many of the Board's regulations this was permissive rather than obligatory.

Many authorities failed to appoint Juvenile Organisations Committees. Few of those who did so felt that the matter was of sufficient importance to employ full-time secretaries, and during the years of the depression and the inevitable cuts in social services, Juvenile Organisations Committees gradually faded out of existence in all but a few areas. King George's Jubilee Trust, the National Fitness Council, the Community Centres movement, all gave a certain fillip to youth work during the 1930's, but for the most part the bulk of youth work was still in the hands of those enormously valuable voluntary organisations which had been working in the field for so long, only too often with inadequate funds, premises, and equipment.

(Continued on page 4)

LOW-LEVEL ATTACK ON JAPANESE TRANSPORT



A Boston bomber climbing after having dropped its bomb load on a Japanese transport off the New Guinea coast near Wewak. The ship was in a convoy of two transports and three escorting corvettes which were destroyed by the American bombers. (U.S. Fifth Air Force photograph.)

Block by courtesy of Sydney Morning Herald

(Continued from page 2)

By 1939, however, the position had changed. It is a truism to point out that busy people are the only ones who ever have time to do extra work, and at the outbreak of the present war the majority of voluntary organisations were faced with a man-power "black-out." Boys and girls' club leaders, Scouters and Guiders, were the very people who were swept up at the very outset into the armed forces, A.R.P. work, N.F.S. duties, evacuation schemes, and so on. One after another, organisations found themselves bereft of leaders who had gone to work which seemed of more immediate urgency. Moreover, organisations which had lost their leaders were frequently also ousted from their premises, which were taken over by various government departments, and where they were left with their premises, they were faced with heavy bills for black-out if they were to continue to function.

It is to the eternal credit of the Board of Education that they realised what an enormity would be committed if the majority of youth work should thus cease at a time when the need for it would be greater than ever before. Consequently in November, 1939, the Board issued its now famous circular 1486, "The Service of Youth," to be followed very rapidly by circular 1516, "The Challenge of Youth"; and these two circulars taken together form what might well be termed the Bible of British youth service. They enjoined on local authorities a triple duty:

Firstly, the duty of helping with grants those voluntary organisations who would otherwise be unable to function under the impact of war conditions, such grants to be made available for the payment of leaders, the rent of premises, and equipment.

In the second place, it enjoined on local authorities the duty of making a careful survey of their areas and of seeing to it that adequate provision should be made for spare-time activities for young people and that if necessary teachers should be seconded for that purpose and school premises should be made available.

Lastly, it demanded that all local authorities should set up Youth Committees in their areas, whose main responsibility should be the welfare of young people in the 14 to 20 age group. This

was the beginning of the "Service of Youth" as the fourth arm of the educational service. It can be regarded as an extension of the educational services on the welfare side, or as an experiment in further education—education not so much by instruction as by giving people something to do—giving them an opportunity to become socially aware and socially responsible.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the next move was one which rapidly changed the service of youth into service by youth. Young people who were given opportunities for meeting young people, whose clubs and scout troops were being restored to them, were anxious to serve the community. The next important stage therefore was the development of uniformed pre-service organisations such as the Air Training Corps and the Girls' Training Corps, and the revival of the Army Cadet Corps and the Sea Cadets. All these bodies have recruited large numbers of young people, all with a very

(Continued on page 7)



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THE HOMELY TEA

We, to-day, have some difficulty in realising that there was a time in British history when tea was not. For the tea-table is now one of the most firmly established of our national habits—indeed, one of the most firmly established vogues of civilization the world over. The invitation to a cup of tea is one of the commonest, yet withal cheeriest, of hospitable compliments. Yet, as history counts periods, we have not to travel a long way back to discover the "No Tea-time Age." Neither the ancients of Europe, nor those of the Middle Ages, tasted tea. Modernity, comparatively speaking, marks the coming amongst us of the tea-cup, the filling of which, thanks to British enterprise, provides us with one of our Empire's greatest industries.

It was somewhere about 1610 that the Dutch, through their East India Company, first brought tea to Europe. It has been erroneously stated that its introduction to this country was due to Lord Ossory and Lord Arlington, who imported it from Holland in 1666 and brought the tea-table into fashion. That these noblemen did much to popularize tea-drinking is undoubtedly true, but it was coming into favour here some years before they brought their cargo from Holland. Thus Arbuthnot tells us that in 1637 "the China leaf was appreciated by persons of substance, who could afford its purchase from certain apothecaries, as a specific against the vapours and melancholy." Then, too, Samuel Pepys records in his Diary that he partook of his first cup of tea on September 25, 1660. Moreover, in the same year, we find an Act of Parliament (12 Ch. II, c. 3) imposing a duty of eightpence upon every gallon of tea made for sale in the metropolis. This goes to show that tea-drinking was then becoming fashionable with the wealthy. We say the wealthy, for the lowest price for the leaf at that period and for a number of years after, was £6 per lb. The time of the great tea-merchants who "brought the

cup of comfort to the poor," was not yet. But it was rapidly approaching.

In 1669 the British East India Company began to import tea, and speedily wrested the business from the hands of the Dutch. This may be said to be the real beginning of the British tea-trade. At this period tea was sold in London at 80s. per lb., and remained at that price until 1707. After this date prices lessened somewhat, but not greatly, until 1715, the year which saw the introduction of green tea. This at once found favour and became very fashionable, and this fact, coupled with increased importation, caused a considerable fall in the prices of black teas. So in 1728 we find the prices of black teas ranging from 13s. to 20s. per lb., and green from 14s. to 30s. per lb. In 1801 the price of the cheapest tea was 4s. 2½d. per lb.; in 1871, thanks to the removal of the East India Company's monopoly of control and the encouragement of Indian tea-growing, the price had been brought to a popular level.

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The Tower of London was first built by William the Conqueror, for the purpose of protecting and controlling the city. As first planned, it lay within the city walls, but its enlargement late in the 12th century carried its boundaries eastward beyond the walls. Part therefore of the Tower is in the City of London, and part outside the City, but it forms, with its surrounding fortifications, a Liberty in itself. It covers an area of 18 acres within the Garden walls.

The present buildings are partly of the Norman period; but architecture of almost all the styles which have flourished in England may be found within the walls. It is well to remember that though the Tower is no longer a place of great military strength it has in time past been a fortress, a palace, and a prison, and to view it rightly we must regard it in this three-fold aspect.

The oldest and most important building is the Great Tower or Keep, called the White Tower. The Inner Ward is defended by a wall, flanked by thirteen towers, the only entrance to it originally being on the south side under the Bloody Tower. The Outer Ward is defended by a second wall, flanked by six towers on the river face, and by three semicircular bastions on the north face. A Ditch or Moat, now dry, encircles the whole, crossed at the south-western angle by a stone bridge, formerly the drawbridge, leading to the Byward Tower from the Middle Tower, a gateway which had formerly an out-work called the Lion Tower.

The Tower was occupied as a palace by all our Kings and Queens down to Charles II. It was the custom for each monarch to lodge in the Tower before his coronation, and to ride in procession to Westminster through the city. The Palace buildings stood eastward of the Bloody Tower.

The security of the walls made it convenient as a State prison, the first known prisoner being Ralf Flambard, Bishop of Durham, who had been active under William Rufus in pushing on the buildings. From that time to the beginning of the 19th century the Tower was seldom without some captive, English or foreign, of rank and importance.

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(Continued from page 4)

high sense of purpose and a very real desire to contribute their service in the national emergency.

However, we are a nation of individualists, and side by side with those young people who find satisfaction in a uniformed organisation are those who either resent the stricter discipline or perhaps dislike the wearing of a uniform, and therefore the more loosely-formed Youth Service Squads sprang up. These were started in country areas; in a village where there are five boys and six girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty it is a little difficult to form anything like an exciting youth club. The Youth Service Squads, however, banded together to do jobs which were otherwise no one's business. Youth Squads attracted also certain types of young people in the towns. Boys and girls who liked to run their own show, who were "school-shy," or who were previously nothing but street gangs, found in the Youth Service Squad a medium for community action in a loosely-run organisation where they themselves took on the duties of leadership.

The Service of Youth and the Service by Youth, however, were not greeted with unanimous approval. There were those who feared that the voluntary organisations who had borne a heavy burden for years would lose their members to the better equipped and more financially stable local authority provisions. There were those among the voluntary organisations who felt, not unreasonably, that their wealth of hardly-earned experience was not always being taken into full account, and there were also those ill-informed members of the public who felt that this service of youth was the thin edge of a not very well disguised wedge which was to initiate a pale imitation of Nazi or Fascist youth work.

It is these troubled folk who are inclined to comfort themselves at the moment by reflecting that after all, when the new Education Act is launched, the proposed Young People's Colleges will do away with the necessity for Youth Service. This is an astonishingly prevalent misconception of the whole purpose of

youth work—which is an endeavour to cater for the free leisure-time activity of young people. The Young People's Colleges are part of the compulsory day-time provision for the education of youth, and no matter how many far-reaching reforms will be achieved by the new Bill—it certainly will not abolish nights or make them illegal! Young people will still have their evening leisure-time, and although it is not unfair to hope that when their education has been extended they will require a different type of leisure-time activity, although it is hoped that they will no longer be under the necessity of attending vocational evening classes, yet they will still require places in which to meet and opportunities to pursue those hobbies and interests for which it is hoped their extended education will have given them increased appetite and zest.

This leads one to stand back and survey where all this youth service seems to be at the moment. What has been achieved already? In the first place it is undoubtedly true that the percentage of young people (which in 1939 was estimated at 60 per cent.) who are now untouched by some type of leisure-time provision is very much lower. It is true that much of the reduction is due to pre-service organisations which will not have the same appeal when peace is declared. It is also true that much of the provision takes the form of "the godless youth centre where they do nothing but dance" as "Indignant Ratepayer" and his friend "Pro bono publico" do not fail to remind us from time to time. But it is also true that a great deal has been achieved. The new youth centres have learnt much from the older established organisations. Young people have been provided with places where they can meet. Adult help and leadership have been forthcoming in surprising numbers when one considers war-time difficulties, and gradually youth leaders generally are beginning to grapple with the problem of how to organise these young people so that they shall learn to practise the art of democracy in the small unit and so that they shall have the opportunity to follow up those pursuits which appeal to them most.

Youth Service in Britain can be regarded as an interesting experiment in further education. It is not a movement. It is not an organisation.

(Continued on page 13)

FUTURE OF BRITISH MERCHANT SEAMEN THE NATION'S WAR DEBT

By SIR ARCHIBALD HURD, in "The Navy"

THE landsman, as a rule, cannot understand why the sea has always made an irresistible call to adventurous youth in this country. Dr. Samuel Johnson no doubt spoke the thoughts of many of his contemporaries in the 18th century when he declared that no man who could get into gaol would ever think of going to sea, because in gaol the quarters were much more comfortable, the food was much better and the company was much more congenial, in addition to which he did not run the risk of being drowned. But, nevertheless, over the centuries, even in the days when there was little comfort on board ship and pay was small, there has never been any difficulty in manning British merchant ships. Indeed, in time of war, the Admiralty, the victim of the Treasury and Parliament, has always had to take men from the mercantile marine to complete the complements of men-of-war; the story of the Press Ganga forms one of the saddest chapters in the history of British shipping. The fact is that, though both shared the dangers of the sea as well as of war, and in the later years of the Victorian age merchantmen were unarmed, the merchant service was more attractive than the naval service in the rough days of the sailing era.

Neither the rates of pay nor the amenities of life on board the merchant ship lured youths to sea; it was the love of adventure. Though many men who served before the mast became shipowners, they were the exceptions; British shipping offered a poor reward to youths of ambition. Conditions of work were hard, hours of duty long, wages low, but discipline, though strict was not as rigid as in the Royal Navy. Whether shipowners were less generous or more exacting than employers in other industries may be doubted.

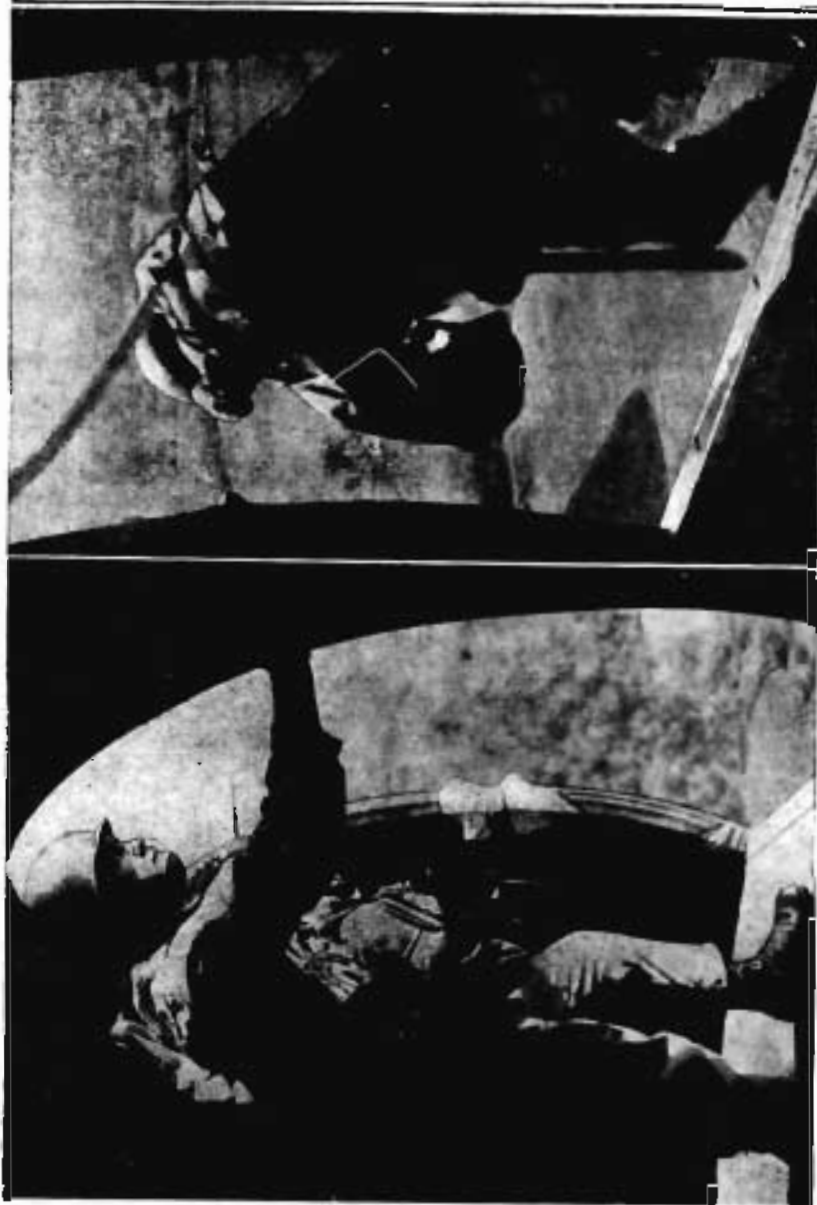
Only very gradually were the conditions in the merchant service improved. The seamen's

first friend was the late Mr. Havelock Wilson, who amalgamated the weak trade unions which had been formed in the various ports and founded the National Union of Seamen. He later gained the support of the late Lord Runciman, who had himself suffered all the ills of life before the mast, and, as a shipowner, became a missionary to the less enlightened shipowners of the country and more especially those owning tramp ships, which were most exposed to the competition of foreign ships in which pay and conditions were far worse than under the Red Ensign.

During the last war the nation learnt by bitter experience how much it owed to the officers and men of the Merchant Service—no less than salvation from starvation. The U-boat war on shipping brought us near to defeat; we owed our escape to the seamen in ships which were not built or manned for the violence of war. Nothing in all my life impressed me more than the stories of the continuous battle which these men fought in the years 1914-18, which I had to read when I wrote the official history of the essential contribution which the mercantile marine made to victory.

No fewer than 14,287 officers and men—a high proportion of the number engaged at sea—made the supreme sacrifice, and thousands of others received injuries which crippled them for life. Parliament, voicing the gratitude of the Nation, placed on record the debt that was due to these seamen. And then that debt was forgotten. Owing to unfair competition, British shipping suffered the longest and severest depression ever known; 853 ships, of 2,196,140 tons net, had at one time to be laid up in idleness, and thousands of officers and men, unable to find employment afloat, drifted into other occupations or existed as best they could. Parliament, reflecting the indifference of the electors, did nothing to relieve the tragic situation, with the result that between the close of the

(Continued on page 10)



Allied paratroops, veterans of the Markham Valley campaign, prepare to make a jump during a training exercise. Left: The jumpmaster in charge of a flight of paratroops, alighting his objective before the men make their jump. Right: One of the men caught by the camera as he left the plane.

How big a memory of "Daddy's Army" is still.

(Continued from page 8)

First World War and the opening of the Second World War the number of seamen of all ranks and ratings declined by 70,000.

The officers and men who are now engaged in a more arduous and hazardous fight than in the First World War against the more effective U-boat and the more deadly mine, reinforced by the bombing aeroplane, wonder whether history will be repeated. Two factors support the hope that they will be better treated. The first is that they have the sympathy of the ship-owners to a degree that they did not have after the last war. The owners have declared that, if they are allowed to restore their fleets and operate them under fair trading conditions, they will never let down the officers or men. And the second factor is that the personnel is better organised; the officers have powerful organisations at their back, and the men possess in the National Union of Seamen a trade union which is stronger than it ever was. Owners, officers and men have, moreover, in the National Maritime Board an industrial council which works rapidly and smoothly with the single aim of making the seaman's life, afloat as well as ashore, more attractive; ensuring that the wives and families no longer have to eke out existence on the lowest standard of life; and guaranteeing that, in the event of the breadwinner meeting his death, his widow and orphans will not be reduced to penury, becoming the objects of promiscuous charity.

In these circumstances, if the nation is mindful of its debt to these seamen and imposes its will, as it can, on Parliament, the prospects of any lad who enters the merchant service are at least as good as those in any other industry. And British shipping, it cannot be too strongly emphasised, is an industry operating on the free seas in competition with the shipping of other countries. It carries outwards to the markets of the world goods which are made in the factories and workshops, and it carries inwards a large part of our food and an even larger proportion of the raw materials which our industries need. The officers and men value their freedom as workers who, through their own organisations, can bargain with the ship-

(Continued on page 14)

IN ITALY

The whole world knows that the Allied campaign in Italy has not made the progress expected.

We are told, however, that 25 German divisions there are pinned down by the Allies. It is a fair question to ask the number of Allied divisions required for the job, also the amount of precious shipping tonnage necessary to ensure adequate supplies reaching the Allies.

BRITISH LOSSES HALF TOTAL OF EMPIRE

Empire war casualties in the first four years of the war were 667,159, of which 387,996 were British troops, 109,800 Indian troops, and 74,338 Australian troops.

Figures of battle casualties to all ranks of the armed forces in the British Empire in the first four years of war (excluding deaths from natural causes), made available by the United Kingdom authorities, were issued by the Prime Minister, Mr. Curtin.

The colonies suffered most heavily after Britain, India, and Australia, with 25,786 casualties. New Zealand suffered 25,717 casualties, South Africa 23,825, and Canada 19,697.

Figures for the Empire are: Killed, 158,741; missing, 78,204; wounded, 159,219; prisoners of war, 270,995. Total casualties, 667,159.

Figures for the United Kingdom are: Killed, 120,968; missing, 29,469; wounded, 63,622; prisoners of war, 143,947. Total, 387,996.

Figures for the Dominions and colonies (killed, missing, wounded, prisoners of war, and total casualties) are:—

Australia: 12,298, 11,887, 29,393, 20,760, 74,338.

Canada: 9,209, 2,745, 3,383, 4,360, 19,697.

New Zealand: 5,622, 884, 11,315, 7,896, 25,717.

South Africa: 3,107, 279, 6,473, 13,966, 23,825.

India: 5,912, 17,810, 13,230, 72,848, 109,800.

Colonies: 1,635, 15,130, 1,803, 7,218, 25,786.

[In the first four years of the war 109,380 civilians were killed or seriously injured in air-raids on Britain.]

SEA CADET NOTES

MONTHLY REPORT

Woolwich ratings, under Instructor F. Ward, have been undergoing a course of sailing instructions; the whaler has been on duty each Saturday and Sunday for some weeks past. Mr. Ward is also rendering a very fine service to the Company by compiling and printing a series of instruction sheets dealing with the Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea, with explanatory notes. These, together with compass cards, are issued free to the cadets as they are published. A progressive programme of training is being made use of.

Remarkable progress in the training of cadet ratings is in evidence at our sub-depot at Gladesville. The routine and discipline is strictly in accordance with Royal Navy procedure. The Company is now in possession of its boat, and the vessel will be put into commission when the lads have effected a few minor alterations and have applied a couple of coats of battleship grey paint. A small ward room and writer's office is being constructed adjacent to the depot gangway. Every credit is due to the cadets, who are giving up their Sundays to carry out this and other projects in order to improve their training quarters. A flagpole, complete with yard and gaff has been erected on the parade ground. Scarcely a week passes without some new article of equipment or other improvement putting in an appearance. A camp is to be held over the Easter week-end, when the programme will include both instructional and constructional activities.

The C.O. acknowledges with thanks the following donations of equipment:—Woolwich: Instructor F. Ward, a very fine knot-board; A./B. M. Kable, a claw hammer. Gladesville: Chief Officer P. Walters, timber for the construction of a boom; Warrant-Officer A. Wheeler, a cupboard, a knot-board, and an equipped first-aid cabinet; Mr. J. W. Forsyth and friend, a set of rudder fittings for the boat; Mr. J. Grant, of Wm. Grant and Co., a blue ensign; O./D. Myers, for paint and for painting the exterior of the depot; O./D. N. Weaver, a table; A./B. F. Thompson, a chair; Master M. Bissett, a pair of gaiters. We are also indebted to the Depart-

(Continued on page 13)

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WOMEN IN THE SERVICES

As in other branches of war work, Australian women are doing a fine job in the auxiliary services of the Navy, Army and Air Force.

"Facts and Figures of Australia at War," the Department of Information's official review of the war effort, states that women have released for more active duties 38,508 sailors, soldiers and airmen.

At the end of September last, enlistments in all women's services, including the Nursing Services and Women's Land Army, totalled 50,107. Of these, 47,902 were in the Navy, Army and Air Force Auxiliaries and Nursing Services.

Australian women in the services are used exclusively for defence. They are not allowed to join aircraft crews or to fire a rifle. But they may be, and are, used by the R.A.A.F. for radio location work to warn of the approach of enemy aircraft, and by the army in searchlight and anti-aircraft batteries.

First formed in April, 1941, the Women's Royal Australian Naval Service (W.R.A.N.S.) is 1,715 strong. Its members are serving at naval shore establishments in every State and new regulations permit them to apply for overseas as well as home service.

Since recruiting began in January, 1942, the Australian Women's Army Service (A.W.A.S.) has grown into the largest of the three women's defence services. It now has 19,688 members enlisted for full-time duty for the duration of the war and pledged to serve anywhere within the Commonwealth.

The Women's Australian Auxiliary Air Force (W.A.A.A.F.) was the first women's defence service established in Australia. Recruiting began in March, 1941, and the auxiliary now has 17,105 members.

Many members of the W.A.A.A.F. are serving in New Guinea and along Australia's northern line of defence.

The Australian Navy, Army and Air Force each has its own nursing service staffed by fully-qualified nursing sisters.

Oldest of the three services is the Australian Army Nursing Service, which was founded before the Boer War in 1898 and whose members have accompanied Australian soldiers wherever they have fought.

The Australian Army Medical Women's Service acts as an auxiliary to the Australian Army Medical Corps. Its function is to supply Army hospitals, at home and in the field, with their clerical, kitchen, and non-skilled nursing staffs.

In all, there are 9,394 members of the nursing and other associated services.

The Australian Women's Land Army is regarded by the Government as the fourth women's war auxiliary.

All types of rural jobs are being done by Land Army women on sheep stations, wheat farms, dairy farms, cattle stations, vineyards, orchards, vegetable and poultry farms, tobacco plantations, scientific experimental farms and in the flax industry.

—From Department of Information.

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(Continued from page 7)

It is not a system of patronage which gives people who are otherwise devoid of any adult interest an opportunity to practise their virtues on others; it is not a cross between social work on the one hand and a Hitler Youth movement in disguise on the other. It is a genuine attempt which is being made in an infinite variety of ways to give young people an opportunity to fulfil their greatest need—the need to grow up.

Much has been written about the needs of youth, but when all is said and done, it is well that we should remember that there are a great many more people in the world over the age of twenty than there are between the ages of 14 and 20. It would be a great pity if adolescents were segregated into some closed corporation presided over by social workers and psychologists, and those responsible for youth service in Britain are well aware of that danger. It is for this reason that experimentation is being encouraged, and that uniformity of organisation is deprecated. While all are united in an endeavour to give young people a purpose and an interest in life, the methods by which it is being achieved are extremely varied. Young people long for responsibility; they long to be of use and of service to the community; but they must have some security and some help in growing towards this responsibility.

It is this which the Youth Service endeavours to provide; through their parades and their aircraft recognition, through their discussion groups and their drama groups, through craft, through physical training, and above all through their members' committees, all these various youth groups are endeavouring to teach young people how to live and, what is more important, how to live in a free democracy. The whole service is impregnated with the faith that one cannot expect older citizens to learn the art of choice if they have not practised that art in their adolescence, that they cannot expect to be interested in government if they have no opportunity to practise the art of governing themselves, that they cannot be expected to join adult societies if they have never experienced the adventure and advantage of belonging to a vitally organised society in their most formative years.

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(Continued from page 11)

ment of the Navy and to various cadets of both depots for gifts of rope to their respective Companies.

A parcel of books and periodicals was recently despatched from N.L.T.D. "Warrego" to H.M.A.S. "Platypus."

Appointments.—L. S. C. Lithgow to be boatswain (Woolwich). Our late 3rd Officer, Mr. R. Holloway, writes enthusiastically of his work in the Merchant Service. We wish him "good sailing and a happy landfall."

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(Continued from page 10)

owners, and they recognise—as Havelock Wilson always insisted—that if they are to earn their living they must have ships in which to serve, and those ships must pay their way if they are to receive their wages.

Owing to the work of the National Maritime Board, a community of interest between shipowners and the officers and men, who are all represented upon this industrial council, has been established which is at least as close and cordial as exists in any other industry. In that new sympathy lies the hope for the future. But if the new spirit is to become effective the seamen will need the persistent and consistent support of the people of this country. If that is not withheld, the outlook for all and one is brighter than it has ever been. British shipping will offer a career to every youth with the salt of the sea in his veins who wants to go out over the oceans to visit other lands.

The status of officers and men has indeed been greatly improved of late years. Owing to co-operation in fighting the U-boats, they have won the admiration of their "opposite numbers" in the Royal Navy, who have become their outspoken champions. Of classes of seamen it can be claimed that they are no longer the happy-go-lucky and often shiftless and heavy-drinking men that they once were. All ranks and ratings now have a pride in their calling, and though they are uncovenanted to the State and are in private employment, realise that they form this island country's fourth line of defence in time of war and its first line of supply under peace conditions.

As the conditions of life have changed so the "tone" on board ship has risen. There are men of all types—"saints and sinners," as the phrase goes. Officers and men, though they belong to their trade unions in order to protect their several interests, are conscious of the great part they play in the life of the nation. They are determined to do all in their power to make existence under the Red Duster—now far less dangerous than it was owing to the progress of naval design and equipment—such as will offer to self-respecting and adventurous youths of all classes a life really worth living.

THE NAVY LEAGUE

The Navy League was formed in London fifty years ago. To-day (1944) branches of the parent body function not only in Great Britain, but throughout the British Commonwealth of Nations.

In Australia there are branches of the Navy League in South Australia, Victoria and New South Wales.

The League is a voluntary, patriotic, non-political and non-sectarian association of peoples, desirous of rendering to the British Empire the greatest possible service, particularly in connection with all matters concerning the sea.

The League is especially interested in boys between the ages of 10 and 17 years. It encourages them to consider loyalty and discipline as indispensable to the highest form of citizenship. The League also seeks to voluntarily train such lads in seamanship and in allied nautical subjects, including Morse and semaphore signalling.

The League does not ask the boys to adopt the sea as a career, that is for themselves in consultation with their parents or guardians to determine, but it is ready to assist them in any reasonable manner should they decide to go to sea.

The League with the late Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Jellicoe, believes that such nautical training as it gives help to keep alive the sea spirit of our race which, in a Maritime Empire, is of paramount importance.

Boys wishing to know more about the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps and its training in depots and in boats should consult the Secretary of the Navy League, New South Wales Branch, Royal Exchange Building, Pitt and Bridge Street, Sydney. (Telephone B 7808)... or the officers commanding the League depots at North Sydney, Woolwich, Manly, Gladesville or Woolloomooloo Bay.



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Its Objects are:

To enlist 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 Empire, but also with the object of securing British prestige on every sea, and protecting our vast Mercantile Marine.

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 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, by learning discipline, duty and self-respect.

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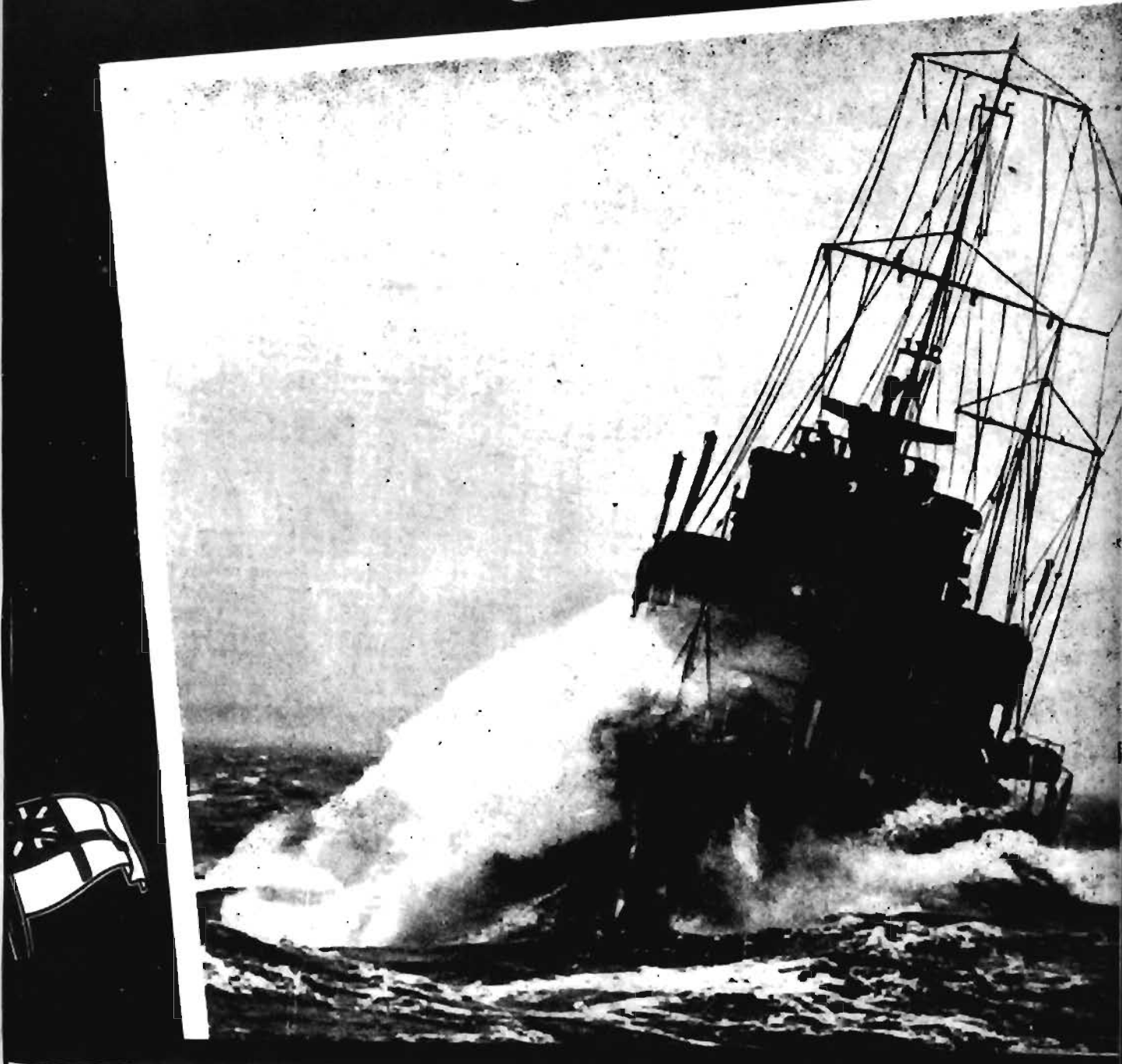
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THE NAVY LEAGUE JOURNAL



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WORDS and WAR

WE have read (not in this Journal) that Truk is the Japanese Navy's last main base in the Pacific, south of Japan, and that the U.S. fleet, under the command of Admiral Nimitz, is so strong that it can be split into task forces and attack several objectives at once. All this makes cheerful reading, even if the Bonin Islands are still in the ocean between Truk and the mainland of Japan, and the Japanese Fleet is somewhere aloft and still intact.

The hazards of War are incalculable. War, like cricket, is full of unexpected surprises.

Let us pray that the lustre on our arms on land, on the sea and in the air will not be tarnished by any omission on our part to clearly visualise and to fully appreciate the possible latent capacity of our adversaries to side-step or even hit hard if and when the occasion vitally demands it. A cornered tiger is a dangerous animal.

Let us believe it is good sense to temper aggression with caution, for time is on our side.

A major disaster to Allied arms as a result of over-confidence, or the under-estimation of our foes, would have reverberations far-reaching and foundation-shaking. Even healthy optimism must be flavoured with realism if the lessons of the past are to guarantee satisfactory results in the future.

We have been told that the war is receding from Australia's shores and this, in part, is a fact; but it is a fact which may become the father of complacency if it is allowed to cloud judgment or to encourage a relaxation of effort. To relax, to imagine final victory round the next corner, is to invite rude awakening. The way to Tokyo, or to the China Coast, is not yet "wide open," as has been implied by a writer, notwithstanding the splendid work done by our own men and by the mighty efforts of our gallant and powerful U.S.A. ally.

'THE SILENT SERVICE'

NEWS OF THE NAVY—AND ITS LIMITATIONS

By ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM JAMES, K.C.B., in "The Navy Quarterly"

The Navy was called the "silent service" during the latter half of the nineteenth century, for the simple reasons that no one except the inhabitants of the three manning ports ever saw a man-of-war, and there had been no maritime war since Napoleon's defeat. Hardly a year passed without a military campaign in some part of the Empire, and soldiers were to be seen everywhere on parade and practicing the arts of war. The term "silent" ceased to be applicable at the beginning of this century, when it was necessary to rouse the interest of our people in their Fleet so that we would be ready when the Kaiser was ready to make his bid for domination in Europe. The Navy League spread the gospel. "Jane's Fighting Ships" and "Brassey's Annual" became best sellers, the Press told the people of the growing might and increasing fighting efficiency of the Fleet, Press correspondents went on manoeuvres, visits to seaport towns became a regular feature of the Home Fleet programmes. The Navy was no longer silent. Publicity was essential if we were to retain our position as a power in the world. Lord Hawke had once worn himself out trying to persuade the Government that the war just ended was not really the last war we would ever fight, and ever since then Boards of Admiralty have been struggling in between wars to keep going an efficient nucleus of naval strength that could be expanded quickly when the clouds appeared on the political horizon, and their task in more recent years has been much easier than the task of their forbears because of the immense spread of education and the great increase in circulation of newspapers and periodicals. So much for publicity in peace-time. In war-time there are conflicting elements. Publicity is necessary for several reasons:—

(a) Our whole war effort depends on our ability to keep the sea lines of communication for our own use, so that our vitally necessary flow of imports is unchecked and so that we can pass our army overseas when we wish and land them where we wish. If our people are allowed to forget this, not only will the best youngsters seek service elsewhere, but after the war Boards

of Admiralty will be as hard put to it as old Lord Hawke to keep up an efficient nucleus.

(b) The fathers, mothers, wives and sweethearts of the men at sea want to know what their men folk are doing. Those with men folk in the Air Force are told every day of the gallant exploits of their loved ones, and the Army has now shed its silence about the individual regiments taking part in operations. Why, they ask, should those with men folk in the Navy be debarred from feeling the same pride in their men?

(c) If the whole remarkable story of the work of the Navy is never disclosed our Allies cannot measure correctly the true extent of our war effort.

Publicity is also difficult for several reasons:

(a) The Navy possesses a far greater mobility than any other service. In a few days, the naval strength in a war area can be radically changed. The Army can only proceed slowly on land or sea; though aeroplanes can fly fast to a new base, a squadron cannot operate until a slow moving convoy brings its stores, equipment, petrol and ground staff. The success of our naval operations frequently depends on withholding from the enemy exact knowledge of our strength in an area. It also depends on withholding knowledge of our weakness. It has frequently happened that, owing to mishaps, losses due to the enemy, docking of ships, and urgent demands from other areas, we have been temporarily dangerously weak in an area, and the Naval Commander-in-Chief has stressed the vital importance of "silence."

(b) The fog of war nearly always surrounds naval battles, particularly in northern latitudes, where the visibility is so often low. After a night encounter no one is quite certain what they have come up against. If we are fighting convoys through with comparatively weak forces it is of extreme importance that our exact strength should not be known.

(Continued on page 4)

JAPANESE PLANES DESTROYED AT HOLLANDIA



In a series of heavy raids the Japanese Navy at Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea, has received a heavy pounding from Allied bombers. More than 200 planes have been destroyed on the ground during five air attacks on successive days. A trail of smoke is seen from burning planes. (U.S. Fifth Air Force photo.)

(Continued from page 2)

(c) Battle often takes place half-way through a voyage. The Naval Commander-in-Chief cannot afford to break wireless silence to report the battle, nor does he know all the facts until he can call together all the Commanding Officers. By the time his report reaches home other dramatic events have taken place. What might have been a splendid piece of "hot news" has gone cold.

How different is publicity in the case of the other two Services! Though a curtain is drawn down when a military offensive is being prepared, once it is launched reporters and camera men can be given a front line seat. When our bombers attack, reporters wait for the news on the aerodromes, because the enemy know just as well, or better, where the attack has been made and its effect.

Publicity falls into two categories—"background" publicity, which includes Press articles, films, broadcasts and books, and "hot news" publicity, which deals with current operations. In all the "background" forms it can now be said that the Navy has its fair share. The Press, the B.B.C., and the film industry have always been only too ready to help, and now that the "links" between them and the seagoing personnel have been strengthened, statistics show that the work of the Navy is now kept well before our people. On the other hand, for reasons already given, the Navy is still not in the same field for "hot news" as the R.A.F., whose output of publicity is enormous. Every bombing raid and every "intrusion" to attack trains, etc., can be subjects of "hot" or, at least, "warm" news, whereas the hard, unremitting, daily toil of the mine-sweepers and escort vessels cannot be turned to account. The loss of two trawlers, with a large skilled crew, extremely difficult to replace, appears in a corner of a back page; the loss of ten bombers is under the banner headlines. Yet it is those trawlers that cleared the fairways for the other that filled the bombers' tanks. It is all unbalanced, but in the one case there is drama and the other is, from a publicity aspect, colourless.

But there is something else that profoundly affects naval publicity. The Navy is fighting continually to keep the sea lines of communi-

cation open. It has, as always, been a hard, widespread and bitter fight; once against frigates and line of battleships, now against submarines. It was decided by our Government and the Government of the U.S.A. that our war effort would prosper the better if we denied to the enemy all news of the Atlantic battle. Though from their submarine commanders' reports and from information gleaned in neutral countries, the enemy could doubtless make a fair estimate of our losses, their calculations might be sufficiently wide of the mark to lead them to erroneous conclusions about our ability to launch an overseas expedition or our strength to continue the war. Scientists and naval officers working in double harness were gradually improving our counter-weapons. It was vital that the enemy should be kept in complete ignorance of our intentions. No doubt there were other reasons. So, whilst the Army and the R.A.F. were free to publicise their operations the Navy had to keep silent about their main operations. This has been the great handicap to "hot news" publicity, and effort has had to be diverted to increasing background publicity.

Though no one can foretell what new weapons or methods the Germans will adopt in their endeavour to recover their lost position in the Atlantic battle, it is true that after four hard years the Navy, working hand-in-glove with the Coastal Command, has now obtained control of the sea lines of communication in the western hemisphere, and as "hot news" wanes in the west it will wax in the east, but there again communiques in certain areas will be the entire responsibility of an Allied Commander, not the British naval commander, and it is possible that, operating in those vast waters, the necessity for secrecy may be even more important than it has so often been in the western war.

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BATTLESHIP AND BOMB

SEA-POWER IS STILL A "FIRST PRIORITY"

By R. V. B. BLACKMAN in "The Navy"

The recent revelation that the American battleship which in October, 1942, shot down 20 dive bombers and destroyed at least 32 enemy aircraft in three attacks, sustaining only incidental damage to herself, was the new "South Dakota" sheds fresh light on the proof of the modern battleship against aircraft, and suggests that, given enough small calibre high angle guns, the battleship can hold its own.

When we lost the new battleship "Prince of Wales" and the old battle-cruiser "Repulse" the extreme protagonists of Air Power gloated. They ignored the fact that these capital ships had been sunk not by bombs but by torpedoes from naval aircraft. The battleship had always been vulnerable to torpedoes, provided enough of them found their mark.

They forgot that torpedo-bombers and naval aircraft used for or against ships are instruments of Sea Power, even when operated from a shore base, and that the torpedo is essentially a sea weapon, whether delivered by surface, submarine or aircraft.

The air exponents read every lesson into the sinking of the "Prince of Wales" and "Repulse" except the obvious one that those ships were not abreast of the air power they were obliged to meet. They disregarded the fact that neither the "Prince of Wales" nor the "Repulse" was a modern battleship designed without limitations.

The "Repulse" was originally laid down in 1914 as a battleship of the "Royal Sovereign" class, but she was redesigned, lengthened by 170 feet and completed in nineteen months as a lightly armoured battle-cruiser. She subsequently underwent reconstruction, but she was at best a compromise of reduced gun power, inadequate protection and moderately high speed.

At the time of her loss she had a displacement of 32,000 tons and carried six 15-inch guns, twenty 4-inch weapons, 16 smaller pieces and eight 21-inch torpedo tubes at a speed of 29 knots, with armour protection including a 9-inch waterline belt and 7-inch gunhouses. She represented a type which had outlived its usefulness—obsolescent if not obsolete.


The "Prince of Wales," although a new battleship, was handicapped because she was designed

within treaty limits. Everything was subordinated to a displacement limit of 35,000 tons, whereas the ship should have represented everything that the strategy and tactics of our naval requirements demanded, the wealth of our country permitted and the knowledge of our constructors and engineers allowed, subject only to dock and canal capacities.

The unfortunate ship carried ten 14-inch guns, sixteen 5.25-inch weapons, six multiple pom-poms and several smaller pieces at a speed of over 30 knots, with armour protection including a 16-inch waterline belt.

The trend of normal development had been shown by the original design of the "Nelson" class, which was intended to merge the battleship and the battle-cruiser in a platform of

(Continued on page 7)



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INVASION CRAFT CROSS HUMBOLDT BAY



Part of the amphibious invasion force under the command of General MacArthur moving across Humboldt Bay towards its objective near Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea. These shallow-draft landing craft, loaded with men and equipment, are able to pull in close enough to the beach to enable supplies to be unloaded without becoming soaked with sea water. (U.S. Signal Corps picture.)

BUY WAR SAVING CERTIFICATES

(Continued from page 5)

48,000 tons with an armament of nine 16-inch guns and sixteen 6-inch weapons, and a speed of 33 knots.

In effect they were battleship editions of the battle-cruiser "Hood" of 42,100 tons, which carried eight 15-inch guns, twelve 5.5-inch weapons, eight 4-inch A.A. guns and 19 smaller pieces at a speed of 31 knots, but which was originally just as much a compromise as earlier battle-cruisers as regards protection, which included a 12-inch waterline belt and 11-inch turrets.

The achievement of the American battleship in destroying so many aircraft, and the resistance of the German battleship "Bismarck" to sinking after being struck by numerous torpedoes and shells suggests that a battleship can be designed with such protection against under-water and above-water projectiles and such a barrage of anti-aircraft guns that it can destroy any type of aircraft using any weapon, and if any aircraft do get through, can survive damage from any projectile or even the aircraft itself being projected at her.

The "Prince of Wales" was one of the first ships of her class, and, like the American "Washington" class, later units may be heavier, more powerful and more resistant to any form of attack with a multiplicity of anti-aircraft guns of small calibre, which seems to be the secret of successful defence against aircraft.

Our new battleships of the "Lion" class, which before the war were stated to be about 40,000 tons designed displacement, were also laid down under modified limitations. The latest American battleships of the "Towa" class displace 45,000 tons and carry nine 16-inch guns, twenty 5-inch weapons, sixteen 1.1-inch A.A. pieces and 50 A.A. machine-guns, as well as four aircraft, at a speed of 33-35 knots, with maximum protection.

The captain of the "South Dakota," known until recently as "Battleship X" because she was the first ship of a new class, with new armament and special equipment for combating aircraft, has stated that no other warship has been called upon to endure such concentrated strafing from the air, and none acquitted her; self better. The conditions of battle favoured the enemy, yet they were powerless to damage the ship beyond a glancing bomb on the edge of

a turret top in the third attack, the armour absorbing most of its destructive power.

The displacement of the "South Dakota" has not been officially released, but may be about 40,000 tons. Only on such huge gun platforms is there room for the multiplicity of A.A. guns necessary to throw up a deadly curtain of fire against enemy aircraft.

Of the "Washington" group of six American battleships, the first two, the "North Carolina" and "Washington," displace 35,000 tons and carry nine 16-inch guns, twenty 5-inch dual-purpose weapons, sixteen 1.1-inch A.A. pieces and 50 A.A. machine-guns, as well as three aircraft, at a speed of 27 knots, with armour protection including a 16-inch main belt, 8-inch upper deck and 4-inch lower deck.

The last four ships, the "South Dakota," "Massachusetts," "Indiana" and "Alabama" constitute a new class. With a heavier displacement, increased engine power and enhanced defence against aircraft, they are much more powerful than their half-sisters and incorporate the lessons of war in their design and construction. They also have a higher speed of 30 knots.

Tested in battle, the "South Dakota" of this class has proved herself to be a redoubtable champion against aircraft, and it behoves the extreme exponents of air power to take stock of their position. Has the antidote to aircraft attack on warships, lagging behind aircraft in development, caught up at last?

When ships of the Navy "heave to" this rope holds fast!



THE SEAMEN'S AID ASSOCIATION

(Copied from a "Japan Times," published before this war)

The shipping industry in Japan was placed on a fair way to development with the introduction of Western type vessels into Japan in the early years of the Meiji Era. But it was a matter for regret to note that at that time Japan was suffering from a miserable shortage of competent officers and seamen. Especially, the rough ways of seamen were the centre of public criticism, with the result that applicants for seamen's jobs decreased every year. Greatly concerned about the future of the mercantile marine industry in Japan the Government had the Mitsubishi Kaisha established a Mercantile Marine School in 1877, granting a subsidy to the latter in order to train future officers of ships. But there was no institution for the protection and training of seamen. This is the reason why the Seamen's Aid Association was organized at the instance of Baron Mitsu Maejima, the then Postmaster-General, Mr. Shuzo Tsukahara, the Chief of the Shipping Control Bureau, and fifty other influential officials and business men in August, 1880, for the purpose of enforcing the discipline of seamen, training excellent seamen, setting up seamen's homes, establishing clinics for seamen and promoting the welfare of the seamen. Since its organization, the Japan's Seamen's Aid Association has made substantial contributions to the uplift and culture of the seamen in Japan.

Almost fifty-five years has passed since its inception, during which time the Association has achieved a remarkable development with its foundation placed on a stable basis.

Subjoined is the major works conducted by the Association:

1. Training of Common Seamen

Young candidates for seamen are trained gratis at the seamen's training institutes in Yokohama and Osaka for about two months. Those who have completed the course at those institutes are allowed to board vessels as seamen on probation. These training institutes are unique not only in Japan but in the other parts of the world.

2. Training of Officers

Officers' training institutes are set up at Kobe, Kure, Moji and Sasebo in order to give necessary

education and training to seamen who aspire to become officers.

3. Seamen's Hospitals and Clinics

The seamen's hospitals under the management of the Japan Seamen's Aid Association are situated at the principal ports including Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe, Moji and Nagasaki, with a clinic in Tokyo in order to give medical treatment to the seamen and their families.

In addition to these medical institutions, there are hospitals which are under special contract with the Association, in Hakodate and Otaru in Hokkaido. These hospitals and clinics give medical treatment to seamen and their families at a low charge or gratis. Moreover, foreign seamen are also permitted to receive medical treatment at the hospitals. Seamen who are victims of venereal diseases are treated at these hospitals at reduced rates.

4. Seamen's Homes

The Seamen's Homes under the management of the Japan Seamen's Aid Association are established in the principal ports, including Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokkaichi, Osaka, Kobe, Moji, Nagasaki, Hakodate, and Otaru to give lodging to seamen and their families at such low rates as to amount almost to nothing. Furthermore, these homes are equipped with various entertainment facilities to give consolation to the inmates.

5. Entertainment for Seamen and Their Families

Various arrangements, such as lectures, cinemas, plays and others are made for seamen and their families with a view to giving entertainment and instruction to them at one and the same time.

6. Relief Work for Seamen

Allowances are granted to seamen, if they are wounded on duty. A solatium is given to seamen, when they fall victims to sea disasters. When a seaman dies, his surviving family is given condolence-money. Moreover, in case the

funeral of the deceased seaman cannot be held owing to the poverty of his surviving family, the association conducts the funeral service for them.

7. Honouring of Seamen

The Association gives medals of diligence to those seamen who have remained long in service and are faithful to their duties; medals of exemplary service to those seamen who have rendered exemplary service such as saving of lives; distinguished service medals to those who have rendered distinguished service to the cause of shipping.

8. Propagation of Maritime Affairs

A monthly magazine is issued and lecture meetings are regularly held at various places by the Association in Japan in order to popularise knowledge concerning maritime affairs.

9. The Business Results of the Association

Though the Association was not in a position to enjoy prosperous business at the time of its inception it has steadily developed in direct proportion to the expansion of the shipping industry in Japan.

The following table shows the business results of the association done up to the end of March, 1935:

Works:	Number	Expenses (Yen)
Training of Officers	11,540	407,947
Training of Seamen	83,615	1,542,239
Lodging of Seamen	247,200	1,252,526
Medical Treatment of Seamen and Their Families	405,643	3,871,354
Condolence-money	4,275	252,373
Honouring of Seamen	17,955	24,849
Seamen Given Employment	701,823	1,481,013

The Organisation of the Association and Its Staff

The staff of this association consists of five to fifteen directors, less than three auditors, and 30 to 60 permanent members. Directors and auditors are elected from the permanent members while the director-general is chosen from the directors. The branches of the association are established in all the prefectures throughout the country, and the places where the naval bases are situated and the posts of the chiefs of those branches are placed in the charge of the Governors of the prefectures, and Commandants of the naval bases.

TROOPS FIRST THEN COMES THE A.C.F.

Wherever Australian fighting men and women go, the Australian Comforts Fund follows. Often the Fund's honorary commissioner arrives with the troops. He always does if the Generals permit, but the troops and their equipment are the first essential. So the A.C.F. gets there as soon as possible—usually in time to cheer the lads when they pause to sharpen their bayonets or allow the Tommy guns to cool.

The name Australian Comforts Fund usually creates an impression of an Aussie sailor, soldier or airmen receiving a package of sweets, tobacco, nuts, shaving soap or other semi-luxury which helps to make life more congenial in the fighting areas.

That is an accurate picture of a small part of the scene. The A.C.F. operates widely enough to do anything to buck up the fighting men and women.

There was a recent gift of rat traps to the boys at Milne Bay, for instance. What could be less comforting than a rat trap—especially for the rat? But the troops were being assailed as viciously by rats as they had been by Japs. So the A.C.F. shipped a cargo of traps and the boys were comforted.

The Australian Comforts Fund is a very big show. The Salvation Army man who produces hot cocoa and biscuits when the boys are cold, wet, tired and hungry, the Y.M.C.A. man who set up a recreation tent or hut with easy chairs, games and writing materials are both on the job because the A.C.F. has financed their organizations. The facilities of the Y.W.C.A. for Service women and nurses have been provided by the Australian Comforts Fund. These four bodies—A.C.F., Salvation Army, Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A.—work in association, the A.C.F. making the appeal for funds to cover the work of them all. In addition the Salvos have themselves been finding 30 per cent. of their war expenditure.

It is amusing (and exasperating at times) to hear a soldier back on leave tell what a marvelous lot was done for him by one or another of

(Continued overleaf)

these organisations, and perhaps questioning why the others are doing nothing.

Last month it was announced that the A.C.F. had opened a club and hostel in London at a cost of £25,000 for R.A.A.F. and other Australians. Incidentally, that club would have been established long ago only the authorities did not want too many picked men concentrating in London while the German air raids were going strong.

That club house is one of many. One was opened in Jerusalem ten days after the first of the Australians arrived there in February, 1940. Other clubs were set up by the A.C.F. in Syria, Egypt, Malaya, Canada, U.S.A. and New Guinea. Hostels were scattered wherever our boys or girls were stationed.

Honorary Commissioners travel here and there, working day and night receiving and distributing the goods, mingling with the troops and finding out what they need, sharing their dangers and laughing when they laugh. The Commissioners give cakes of soap, tooth brushes, tooth paste, boot polish, cigarettes, tobacco, chocolates, lollies, chewing gum, handkerchiefs, writing paper, face washers, cakes.

At Christmas every man and woman on the job receives a marvellous hamper containing a pudding and a cake, nuts, fruit, smokes and various heart-warming sundries. The Christmas hamper is one of the A.C.F.'s big jobs. There are over 250,000 to be made up, and before anything can be done, arrangements have to be made in many directions to secure all the materials required. The hampers themselves cannot be made until, after several experimental packings, its size and shape are determined. Although Christmas is still a long way off, already the A.C.F. has been busy for many weeks working out what is to be go into the hamper and arranging to obtain supplies. The big idea is to send a hamper with the most and best that can be put into it, and to make sure that every Australian in an operational area gets his or hers on or before Christmas Day, not a day or two late. That applies whether a boy is stalking Japs in the jungle or sizzling in the desert, whether he is strolling on leave along Piccadilly or Broadway, on garrison duty in Iceland, travelling at sea or under the sea or among the clouds.

So it will be perceived that much money is required to keep the A.C.F. in action. Hosts of

women sew and knit for the A.C.F., raise money by various means. In every town and suburb, patriotic men and women give their work as token return for the risks which the fighting forces are taking. Some organisations have raised substantial sums which are very welcome to the A.C.F. That organisation through its branches and supporters gathers a million pounds a year, spends it all, and like little Oliver asks for more—asks you, gentle reader!

The A.C.F. uses the money to the utmost purpose, buys in the best and cheapest markets, obtains goods at enormous discounts, has nothing to pay for postage or transport by rail or ship or plane.

No private individual, no local patriotic group which wishes to do something for the boys or a particular boy can do what the A.C.F. is doing—except through the A.C.F.

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THE CHARTER FOR MANKIND AFTER THE WAR IS WON

THE President of the United States and His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom deem it right to make known certain common principles in the national policies of their respective countries on which they base their hopes for a better future for the world.

1. Their countries seek no aggrandisement, territorial or other.
2. They desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned.
3. They respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of Government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them.
4. They will endeavour, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further enjoyment by all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity.
5. They desire to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field, with the object of securing for all improved labour standards, economic advancement and social security.
6. After the final destruction of Nazi tyranny, they hope to see established a peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries, and which will afford assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want.
7. Such a peace should enable all men to traverse the high seas and oceans without hindrance.
8. They believe all of the nations of the world, for realistic as well as spiritual reasons, must come to the abandonment of the use of force. Since no future peace can be maintained if land, sea, or air armaments continue to be employed by nations which threaten, or may threaten, aggression outside of their frontiers, they believe, pending the establishment of a wider and permanent system of general security, that the disarmament of such nations is essential. They will likewise aid and encourage all other practical measures which will lighten for peace-loving peoples the crushing burden of armament.

HOW THE NAVY WILL DEFEAT JAPAN

By DONALD COFFIE, in "The Navy"

When the war with Germany broke out we knew that most of the offensive fighting would fall to the Army and Air Force; but it is equally evident now that the war with Japan will reverse the position and give most of the big opportunities to the Navy. Prospective war zones of the East stretch across thousands of miles of ocean; where there must be land fighting, in China, we have an immense Chinese Army, waiting only to be equipped; our air forces are precluded by the great distances from fulfilling more than a subsidiary role.

Thus the Americans are to build no fewer than 70,000 landing craft between 1944 and 1947, and we have already started to give the Navy priority in this country (for building and for recruit intakes), and thus Admiral E. King, the U.S. Naval C-in-C., stated the other day that "Allied naval forces would be transferred from the European theatre to the Pacific when the German defeat appeared to be close at hand." Then they "would be used along the main lines of attack, already determined."

What will be those "main lines of attack," and how exactly will our Navy be used in the Pacific when the signal is given?

Our American allies naturally take great interest in lines across the Pacific as such, from Hawaii westwards to Japan direct, from Hawaii south-westwards towards the Marshall and Caroline Islands via the Gilberts and the Solomons—New Guinea theatre, and from Alaska via the Aleutians towards the Kurile Islands immediately north of Japan.

Yet an expedition to invade Japan across the Central Pacific might still seem somewhat impracticable. It is 3,380 miles direct from Pearl Harbour to Tokio, a distance far beyond the capacity of a self-contained invasion force, and if it were planned to pause at the intervening islands of Midway, Wake and Marcus one must remember that these are themselves situated some way on either side of that direct route, as well as being infinitesimally small and lacking in facilities. Another American spokesman has admitted that carrier-based aircraft would have to form the spearhead of any such attack. Could any number of such aircraft hope to secure a

sufficient degree of mastery over Japanese home-based aviation for an invasion fleet to be able to approach Japan from the open ocean, after such a long voyage, and thrust its dagger successfully home? Even if there were no Japanese Navy?

It would be analogous to an invasion of Europe by the Americans without the aid of England, the invasion fleet to travel across the Atlantic with a stop at the Azores, and go ashore in France with only the protection of carrier-based aircraft against German fighters.

To attack Japan via the Aleutians would be more feasible. Operations would, however, be confined to a few summer months on account of the fogs, and before an expedition could be passed that way large naval and air bases would have to be built on the small, inhospitable, unsuitable Aleutian Islands. Then it would be necessary to tackle the powerful Japanese base at Paramushir in the Kuriles.

President Roosevelt has remarked, apropos of the current operations in the South-West Pacific, that "If we captured an island once a month it would take fifty years to reach Tokio." And indeed, to attempt the reduction of Japan via the Marshall, Caroline, Ladrone and Bonin Islands would be to defy all the most firmly established laws of strategy.

That, at least, would not apply to an expedition from India via Singapore and the coasts of Indo-China and China to the Pescadores, Formosa, the Ryukyu Islands and Japan. Such a naval thrust could nearly always be a combined operation—note that the operation would come under Lord Louis Mountbatten's South-East Asia Command—and, as it proceeded, would establish land communications with permanent bases. By the time it was ready to make the final jump from the China coast it would be thrusting outwards from interior lines. First, however, it would be necessary to recapture the Andaman and Nicobar Islands in the Indian Ocean, re-open the Straits of Malacca and retake Southern Malaya with Singapore, land an expedition at Tavoy to work its way quickly across to Bang-

(Continued on page 4)

NAZI "DOODLEBUG" TANK CAPTURED



One of the Nazi tanks, called "doodlebugs" by the Allied troops, used unsuccessfully by the Germans at Anzio beachhead and later at Cisterna. Originally thought to be radio-controlled, this captured "doodlebug" revealed the electric cable by which it was steered. The "doodlebugs" contain 250 lb. of explosives and are 69 inches long.—Courtesy "Herald."

(Continued from page 2)

kok, and other expeditions from the McArthur zone would have to hasten, with reinforcements, to the reconquest of the Philippines and Borneo. Meanwhile, it would probably be necessary for Lord Louis to devote strong naval forces with carriers to a blow at Rangoon, without which Burma could not easily be retaken. And that would be expensive, as the ships would be exposed to three-sided attack from land-based aircraft in the uncomfortable corner of the Indian Ocean where Rangoon is situated.

Thus it can be demonstrated that, though the war against Japan must be predominantly a naval war, yet it presents very considerable naval problems if we propose to attack Japan directly. Our enemies have been clever. They have thrust out their defensive screens to such an unprecedented distance—many times the distance of Hitler's in Europe—that the most powerful thrust must be blunted before all the defences have been pierced, and any operation of this kind must take an agonizingly long time.

Yet there is a simple solution to every problem, and a little hard thinking, with constant attention to the essentially naval character of the Pacific war, should reveal the answer to this one. It was said that the defeat of Japan would take a long time if we planned to attack her by direct expeditions. What, then, of indirect methods? Supposing we concentrated, in this naval war, not on attacking Tokio but on sinking the Japanese Fleet?

There are grounds for believing that that is our strategy, and all other operations, island-hopping, combined Mountbatten plans, are either designed to provoke the Japanese Fleet into battle or to await the sinking of the Japanese Fleet before they are pushed ahead seriously. The attack on Truk of February was essentially an attempt to draw the Japanese Fleet into action, and the same applied to subsequent raids on the distant Ladrone (or Marianne) islands and on the Kurile base of Paramushir. That the enemy preferred to emulate Italian naval strategy might have been clever, but was expensive.

The Japanese defensive screen, from China to the Carolines, from Timor to Rangoon, is very impressive. But not one of those outlying garrisons could do much harm for long if the Imperial Navy were broken. Aircraft would soon be grounded. This has been demonstrated already, by the blockading of the remaining enemy garrisons in New Guinea (including the strong base of Rabaul), thanks to Allied sea and air superiority in that region. An analogy would be Hitler's Europe suddenly deprived of its transport system. With naval opposition at an end, we could sail our expeditions where we cared, and land them in the knowledge that the garrison's opposition, however momentarily strong, could not last long for lack of supplies and reinforcements. With control of the China and Yellow Seas we could maroon the Japanese armies in China and give Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek his chance. . . .

Even to date the various Pacific operations have been singularly effective in reducing the enemy's naval power. Twelve battleships, 12 heavy cruisers, 20 light cruisers, 120-odd destroyers, 80 to 90 submarines, perhaps 12 aircraft carriers was the Japanese Navy before the war. We have already sunk at least 2 battleships, 7 aircraft carriers, 22 cruisers, 80 destroyers and 40 submarines. When the huge wartime Navy of Britain sails with French, Italian, Norwegian and Dutch ships at the collapse of Germany to join the massed Atlantic and Pacific Fleets of the United States, then it should be primarily just a matter of bringing a foredoomed enemy to battle. That is how the Navy will win the Pacific war (save that the enemy will have, by clever strategy, to be brought to battle).

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WITHOUT FEAR Niagara's Daredevils

Condensed from "Variety"

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

Niagara Falls has irresistible lure for daredevils. A motley procession of foolhardy or mercenary men and women have dared death by prancing above the chasm on a tightrope, plunging over the cataract itself in a barrel, trying to swim the torrent, or shooting the Rapids and the Whirlpool in boats. Some died, but a surprising number got away with their stunts.

Only one won fortune and worldwide fame. This was the Frenchman, Blondin, who "for the glory of France"—and some cash—cavorted on a rope stretched across the chasm in the summers of 1859 and 1860. Among those who watched from the U.S. and Canadian shores were the Prince of Wales, ex-President Millard Fillmore, governors, millionaires and socialites, rubbing elbows with a horde of timber gamblers and the populace. Tens of thousands travelled by excursion steamer and train to watch as the gay performer, sometimes with a sack over his head, did his incredible antics over the churning waters and rocks almost 200 feet below. Gamblers made book on Blondin's fate, and the amounts wagered were many times as much as Blondin gleaned when his assistants passed hats among the throngs. It is legend that one gambler cut a guy rope to try to make the Frenchman fall.

Blondin, born Jean Francois Gravelet, son of a hero of Napoleon's armies, had won considerable reputation as an acrobat in Europe. When he announced his plan to brave Niagara, the newspapers here and abroad gave him project wide publicity. On his way to America he dived from the steamship and rescued a seaman who had fallen overboard.

Blondin's rig at Niagara was a three-inch rope anchored on the Canadian side to axletrees implanted in rock; on the American side, a horse-powered windlass kept it taut. Even so, the rope sagged 50 feet at the middle of its 1100-foot length. Guy ropes every 20 feet extended from the main rope to the riverbanks. Sacks of salt were hung from these guy ropes to help keep

them taut. Still, there was a space above mid-stream which no guy ropes could reach, and it swayed in the wind like a giant hammock.

When Blondin announced that he would walk the rope on June 30, 1859, the whole country was excited. Crowds of spectators blackened the cliffs on both sides of the river, filled the improvised grandstands, and paid lavish prices for vantage points on housetops. Wagering was heavy on whether Blondin would succeed, and also on whether he would lose his nerve at the last moment and refuse to attempt the feat.

But Blondin had no nerves. At the appointed hour, carrying a 50-pound balancing pole, he walked boldly from the American side to the middle of the rope. There he sat down, got up, walked a short distance, and lay down on the

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rope with his pole resting across his chest. Arising, he turned a back somersault, then walked to the Canadian shore. A Canadian band struck up the "Marseillaise" but its music was drowned in the cheers. After a 20-minute rest, Blondin started back, carrying a chair. Midway, he balanced the chair on the rope and sat in it. He was back on the American shore, fresh and unwearied, an hour from the time he began his performance.

Blondin walked his great rope a second time on the 4th of July, and again on Bastille Day. Many other performances followed, in which he stood on his head, danced a jig, or carried out a chair and table and sat down to a meal halfway across. He crossed at night in the glare of locomotive headlights; when part way over, the lights were extinguished and he finished in darkness. He made the perilous trip blindfolded or with his feet in baskets; twice he crossed walking backward, and even went over on stilts. Once he lowered a flask on a rope to the little sight-seeing steamer "Maid of the Mist" and pulled up a drink.

But the supreme thrill was when he carried a man on his back. Blondin offered a large sum to anyone who would dare the ride. Several volunteered, took a look and changed their minds. Eventually his assistant, Harry Colcord, agreed to go. Crowds had been growing steadily for each appearance and on this August day the multitude, estimated at 300,000, broke all records.

Blondin appeared in gay tights. Colcord, wearing formal evening clothes, climbed on Blondin's back, put his feet in stirrups and clung to a harness. With a flourish they started out. Cautiously Blondin inched along. Out 150 feet or so, he had to rest, and instructed Colcord to climb down for a moment. Colcord's heart nearly failed him: this was not in the program. But the probable alternative was death, so he dismounted and stood grasping Blondin's hips.

After a moment Blondin ordered, "Get back on!" At the second halt for rest, Blondin held out his hat at arm's length. Beneath, on the deck of the "Maid of the Mist" stood John Travis, a famous pistol shot. He fired. Blondin examined his hat, and signalled "No." Travis fired again; another miss. Then a third shot.

Blondin gaily waved his hat—pierced by the bullet.

In midstream, where there were no guy ropes to steady the swaying span, the balance pole jittered. Blondin started to run. When he reached the first guy rope ahead, where he expected to pause and regain steady balance, it was limp. Someone had cut it at its anchor.

Straining forward with his human cargo, Blondin kept his balance, gained speed, and raced to the next guy rope, which held. Here Colcord dismounted again. Finally they made shore, where weeping, hysterical men helped them to the ground.

Forty years later Colcord wrote: "The thought of that day still haunts me. Again I see the shores black with people and look down on the swirling river far below. I feel Blondin stumble and away as the ruffians try to upset us, and he breaks into a wild run for life. When it all comes back to me, I jump up in a cold sweat."

Blondin reaped his real reward when he returned to Europe. He packed London's Crystal Palace during a long engagement, performing on a rope rigged 70 feet above the floor. Eventually some slicker got his money. In 1896, 72 years old and broke, he gave a tightrope exhibition in Belfast, wearing stilts and turning somersaults. He died the next year—in bed.

Blondin's imitators got busy even before he left the scene. Signor Ballini in 1860 crossed above the Rapids on a slack rope, his feet in a sack. He, too, carried a man over on his back. In 1865 Harry Leslie, an American, crossed the gorge on a cable. In 1876 a woman, Maria Spelterini, dared the rapids on a rope two inches in diameter and later crossed with hands and feet manacled.

For pure courage, Captain Matthew Webb, an Englishman, was supreme among those who faced Niagara. A strong swimmer, he had conquered the English Channel and in 1883 announced that he was going to America to swim the Whirlpool rapids.

A short distance below the Falls, the gorge narrows and the drainage of almost half a continent tries to escape through a rocky pass only 400 feet wide. The current runs as high as 40 miles an hour. Farther down is the famous Whirlpool, a 60-acre cauldron of madly swirling water. Objects caught in it often circle for

hours, beyond reach of men on the bank; sometimes they are sucked under water, to reappear far downstream.

Captain Webb did not hesitate. Plunging in, he made headway for a time toward the other bank as the current swept him downstream. Then a great wave hit him and he disappeared. Four days later his battered body was found seven miles down the river.

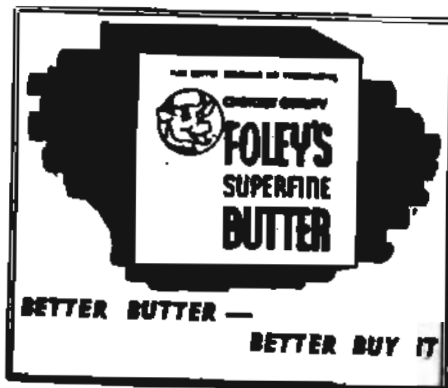
Bill Kendall, a Boston policeman, succeeded in swimming the Rapids in 1886, but he wore a cork life preserver.

It was Carlisle D. Graham who first conceived the idea of shooting the Rapids in a barrel. He did this five times in the early '80's. On the fifth trip the barrel was trapped in the Whirlpool, and circled for hours. When at last watchers on shore managed to snare it, they dragged Graham out unconscious and near death from suffocation. He never tried it again.

He had several imitators. Maud Willard, an actress, took her dog along. Her barrel was caught in the Whirlpool and circled for five hours. When it was retrieved and opened, the dog leaped out alive but the woman was dead.

The apex of foolhardiness is the plunge over the Falls. Three have done it and lived. The first, in 1901, was Mrs. Annie E. Taylor, a school

(Continued on page 13)



HUT NUMBER TEN

By GODFREY WINN, in "The Navy"

Mr. Winn served for some time as an Ordinary Seaman on active service afloat. He has now, unhappily, been invalided out of the Service.

They called it Hut No. 10. We all had white shirts with it embroidered on in red letters. It didn't matter whether you were a stoker, or a petty officer, an ordinary seaman like myself, or a Royal Marine, you wore the same uniform in bed. It was strange to think of a long, bare, wooden hut as a home, but it was a home for us; we were all home from the sea; at rest for a time in one of the naval wards of a famous peace-time Scottish hospital.

Our day began at five-thirty when the night nurse came down the ward with her trolley of hot mugs of tea. It was quite a change to be woken up with a cup of tea, after the usual routine at sea, when it only seems a moment ago that you came off the middle watch, and now the bugles are sounding "Wakey, Wakey, Rise and Shine." Instead there was that fresh, friendly buoyant voice coming towards you down the long row of beds. Good morning, Johnson, Good morning, Causier, Good morning, Winn, Good morning, Hanna, Good morning, Longstaff.

I discovered later that Longstaff had the D.C.M. and bar ribbons on his blue serge jumper tucked away in the locker beside his bed. But all I knew that first morning was that he was mad keen to be up and out of hospital and back to his ship, "The Wrestler," the best ship in the world to him. He thought it was a frame-up his being there at all. Sick! Never heard of the word. . . .

As my neighbour nattered away—until Sister shut him up with one of her full calibre shoots—I found myself remembering the verse that in great block letters stands on the wall of the drill shed that many of us know well. You may remember that it goes like this:—

When a ship that is tired returneth with the
signs of the sea showing plain,
Men place her in dock for a season and her
speed she reneweth again,
So ahalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary
in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Pray for leave for the good of the Service, as
much and as oft as may be,
But come back to it.

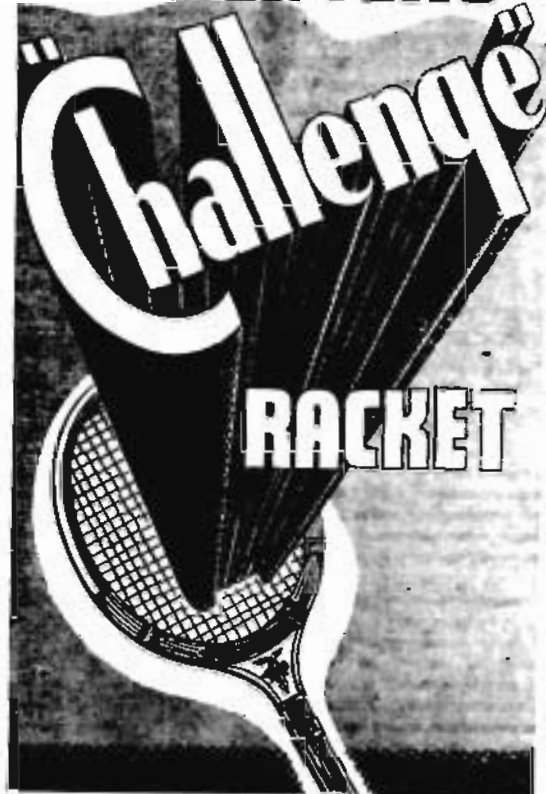
Those of us who had the energy, like Longstaff, used to get up to wash. If you liked you could have a bath. It was pretty marvellous after months at sea, sharing a wash-house with the rest of the mess deck, fighting a strategic battle for a basin, to have a real bathroom for five minutes all to oneself. But there was one fellow who would never be able to get up and wash, however long he stayed in Hut 10, because he had rheumatic fever too badly, affecting his back and legs. It wasn't Johnny's first attack, either, but somehow he had wangled his way back into submarines. They must have told him it would be no go, but I gather he just wouldn't listen. His favourite retort to everything was, "You're telling Tony." He backbatted the nurses all day long, but they took it as part of their job.

Johnny always had to go to sleep sitting up, so, of course, he had some stuff to help him along, and sometimes when he woke, at first he could not get things quite straight. He used to think he was back in the "Talleman," where he and I had first made friends, two years before, among the other Dead End Kids, as they call the stokers in subs. Then he'd remember that no one would ever sail in her again and you'd see as his face changed for an instant, that look that is there and gone and isn't to be described. "I bet, Johnny, you'd like to serve in a ship with a crowd like that again." "You're telling Tony . . . what about a game of solo, suckers?" And that afternoon, those who were able would crowd round Johnny's bed and have a game, for the love of the game and the companionship.

In the afternoon, too, the visitors would come, tiptoeing down the ward, and settle themselves round the bed in which they had a proprietary interest, just like a human screen. And those of us who had no visitors would turn our back politely and pretend to be asleep, waking up, of course, in time to share the "big eats" which the visitors left behind.

(Continued on page 11)

SLAZENGERS



Is YOUR Faith in God Worthless?

Notwithstanding your ready acknowledgment of your faith in God, it is tragically possible that every passing day is bringing you nearer to Eternal Damnation.

In Matthew's Gospel, Chapter 7, Verses 21 and 22, Jesus states that many shall say in that day, "Have we not done many wonderful things in Thy Name," to which Jesus will reply, "I NEVER KNEW YOU." What a shock to so many.

DOES JESUS KNOW YOU? Unless your faith in God is supported by the knowledge that Jesus Christ is your Lord and Saviour, there is no possibility of having Eternal Life.

Consider these Scriptures quietly:
In St. John's Gospel, Chapter 14, Verse 6, Jesus said: "I am THE WAY, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father BUT BY ME."

Acts 4:12 reads: "There is none other NAME under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

John's 1st Epistle, Chapter 5, Verse 12: "He that hath the Son (Jesus) hath life (Eternal). He that hath not the Son of God HATH NOT LIFE."

By the foregoing it should be clear that there is no access to God or Heaven except through our Lord Jesus Christ.

As YOUR Eternal Welfare is dependent upon YOUR acceptance or rejection of GOD'S WAY OF SALVATION—BE WISE AND BE SAVED through our Lord Jesus Christ.

REMEMBER

Jesus has already died on the Cross for YOUR sins and paid the price that you might have Eternal Life.

YOUR PART is to repent and have faith that will lead you to acknowledge Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Lord. SEE 1 PETER 3:18.

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CADET NOTES

"VICTORY" DEPOT, NORTH SYDNEY

J. Williams, Commanding Officer

Training in all departments continues to give satisfaction. Signal Officer Fields, in charge of Wireless and Visual Signal Classes, is doing a particularly good job of work, the results of which are most gratifying.

Paymaster Rand is also commended for his department's good work. There is always a considerable amount of clerical work to be done at a depot numerically strong in Cadets, and the manner in which records, etc., are handled and dealt with by Mr. Rand and his staff is very creditable.

This company invites any sister unit to a game of football, and the O.C. would welcome inquiries so that arrangements can be made.

The Air Training Corps recently defeated a football team from this unit. Their team showed excellent combination, allied to physical fitness, and their win was well merited.

PROMOTIONS.

Supervision Department.—Leading Writer McStag to Petty Officer Writer; First Class Writer Green to Leading Writer.

Records Department.—Leading Writer Lyburn to Petty Officer Writer; Second Class Writer Hill to First Class Writer; Ordinary Writer Wheeler to Second Class Writer.

Requests Department.—Leading Writer Land to Petty Officer Writer; Second Class Writer Lucock to First Class Writer; Ordinary Writer Dean to Second Class Writer; Ordinary Writer Ward to Second Class Writer.

Attendance Department.—First Class Writer Young to Leading Writer; Second Class Writer Dixon to First Class Writer; Second Class Writer Sparks to First Class Writer; Ordinary Writer Shaw to Second Class Writer; Ordinary Writer Wells to Second Class Writer.

Supply Rating Griffith to Leading Supply; Ordinary Seaman Bourdett to Supply Rating; Ordinary Seaman Pheaney to Supply Rating; Ordinary Seaman Wardlock to Supply Rating.

The O.C. (Mr. G. H. Smith), "Beatty" Depot, Woolloomooloo Bay, reports that the Cadets show much promise, being very keen on their work.

(Continued on page 12)



Their Hats
are different but
in the NAVY

'NUGGET'

is the polish
preferred
by all ranks

(Continued from page 8)

At last I had a visitor myself, though an unexpected one. I hardly recognized the figure limping down the corridor, in hospital blue, with the wide bandage round his forehead, as a boy from my mess in the "Ganges," whom I had last seen in the drill-shed at Chatham, wildly excited because he had got the draft chit he wanted, a destroyer. "Isn't it marvellous! I'm going to the 'Harvester,'" he said.

Now Jack Hempell sat down beside my bed and told me the rest of the story. It happened on his very first trip into the Atlantic. They had been helping to guard a convoy to America, when they had run into a pack of U-boats. His ship, in which he was a sprog, succeeded in ramming and destroying one of the enemy, but in doing so damaged her steering gear, so that she had to drop out of the convoy, more or less helpless. Everyone stayed at action stations all night and waited.

"The next morning," Jack continued, "it must have been round about eleven o'clock, I came

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 11)

The depot is receiving a coat of paint inside and out at the hands of the lads.

Promotions are announced as follows:—L/S. Hohnen to P.O.; A.B. Clark to L/S.; A.B. Finney to Boatswain; A.B. Malmont to Cook.

"Beatty" personnel expects to pay its sister depots a visit in the near future.

2nd Officer M. Cunningham is doing much good work for this unit and is highly commended.

Mr. Barton, O.C. the League's depot "Vendetta," at Manly, reports that the good work of the past months is maintained.

The Cadets are eager to learn, take pride in their unit and are ever ready to lend a willing hand to any worthy cause outside their own particular sphere of activity.

WOOLWICH AND GLADESVILLE COMPANIES

A. R. Armstrong, Commanding Officer

Excellent progress is being made in semaphore signalling by the ratings who are attending the instruction classes each Friday afternoon at the Women's Emergency Signalling Corps, Clarence Street, Sydney. Some of the lads are acquiring considerable speed in sending and receiving, together with a rhythmic arm movement, which is the hall-mark of the proficient signaller. Instructor F. Ward reports that the trainees will soon be ready to take the examination for appointment to the rating of Signaller (V/S). Mr. Ward has installed an oil stove and an urn, and cocoa is served out to the cadets at "stand easy" each Saturday. As our electricity supply has been restored to the Depot, we are resuming our monthly "Recreation Evenings" as from 3rd June, when we are going to entertain our shipmates from the Gladesville Depot. All hands are appreciative of the very fine work which is being so cheerfully performed by Mr. Ward on their behalf.

Ex-Chief Officer R. Grant, now of the R.A.A.F., and ex-Third Officer R. Holloway, were recent welcome visitors to the old Company. Mr. Holloway looks very trim in his Merchant Service uniform, and he testifies to the valuable grounding in seamanship that he received during his membership of our organisation. Mr. Grant made the point that N.L. Officers and ratings were eagerly sought for by the R.A.A.F.

A camp was held at Gladesville depot during the recent May school vacation, and Chief Officer P. Walters is to be congratulated on the efficient

manner in which he conducted it. As for the cadets, they are asking for more. These camps do more to foster spirit of esprit-de-corps than is possible during the regular Saturday afternoon parades. Proper hammocks and home-made lockers are gradually making their appearance. Owing to limited accommodation at the depot, Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth have kindly made available for our permanent occupation a room containing a gas stove and a water supply, which will serve as a galley for future camps, and an adjoining room which will be used as a seamen's mess. The boys showed their appreciation of the many kindnesses of these fine people by asking Mrs. Forsyth to accept a small token from them at their parade on Saturday, 27th May. All hands realise the impossibility of adequately repaying Mr. Forsyth and his good lady for the unstinted help that they have given to the infant company since its inception; they have done more than their fair share.

We are pleased to welcome our new Third Officer, Mr. W. T. Olsen, who recently returned from active service with the Army in New Guinea. Mr. Olsen comes to us with a warm enthusiasm for his new work, and has already earned the esteem of his fellow officers and the respect of the lower-deck ratings, with whom he enjoys a large measure of popularity. Now that the shortage of officers has been considerably relieved, there seems to be no reason why our Gladesville Company should not forge ahead. We are all very proud of the strict naval discipline which is a feature of the training at Gladesville. The precise movements of the gangway sentry would gladden the heart of any Serviceman!

Appointments:—The probationary appointment of Mr. P. Walters as Chief Officer of Gladesville Company is confirmed (21/4/44). Mr. Wm. T. Olsen to be Third Officer on probation, Gladesville as from 16/5/44. A.B. Robert Bickerstaff to be Assistant Writer, Gladesville, 20/4/44. Shipwright N. Wannell has, at his own request, been permitted to relinquish this rating and revert to the rank of A.B. O.D. N. Myers to be temporary Leading Shipwright pending his passing of the prescribed examination. (Gladesville, 27/5/44.)

Promotions and Awards:—O.D. H. Eatock, having passed the examination set down, is advanced to A.B. as from 20/5/44, and A.B. E. Davis is awarded a Good Conduct Badge as from 27/5/44 (both Woolwich Company).

(Continued from page 7)

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teacher. She had designed a padded barrel fitted with straps to hold her in place and an anvil which served as ballast to hold the barrel upright.

She started a mile above the Falls. Reaching the brink, the barrel plunged 170 feet into the roaring foam and was not seen again until it was hundreds of feet downstream. When it was caught, eager hands ripped off the cover. Mrs. Taylor was a mass of bruises. She had planned to exhibit herself and her barrel for an admission fee, but she got little out of it and died in a poorhouse.

Bobby Leach plunged over the Falls in a steel barrel in 1911, breaking his jaw and both kneecaps. After 23 weeks in a hospital he recovered—to lose his life in Australia when he slipped on a banana peel.

George Stathakis, an eccentric who went over the Falls in a wooden barrel, was imprisoned 15 hours before it could be captured, and was dead when rescuers opened it.

The last person to plunge over the watery precipice and live was Jean Laussier, in 1928. He used a rubber ball 11 feet in diameter with a steel framework to which he was bound rigidly with a harness. There was oxygen supply for 40 hours. Laussier, pulled out below the Falls 50 minutes after the start of his adventure, suffered only minor bruises.

The saga of Niagara's daredevils presumably is complete, for to-day the law forbids such hare-brained stunts.

(Continued from page 11)

down into the mess. I was dead beat. So was everyone. I had five minutes to get a cup of char. I remember putting my head down on the mess table and then suddenly there was an awful explosion and the ship started to heel. A torpedo had got us. Somehow I got on to the deck. They were trying to launch a whaler, but as they were just about to lower it over the side something made me hold back. I shall never know why. Some instinct of preservation, I suppose. I decided to jump for it and try and climb on to a Carley float. I was lucky, very lucky. Two minutes later, after I was in the water, another torpedo hit the ship, just where they were launching the whaler."

I said nothing. But now I know that there is nothing to say. After a pause Jack went on speaking again, almost as though he were talking to himself, working something out in his mind, as you do in hospital. This is what he said, "I am going off soon on sick leave. I am going home. And then I shall go back to sea again. At first, when I was brought in here I said to myself that I never wanted to see a ship or even look at the sea again. I suppose I'd had enough. But I don't feel like that any more. I feel I owe it to my mates to go back."

After he had gone I suddenly realized why I hadn't recognized him at first, coming towards me. It wasn't simply the bandages round his head; it was that his eyes were no longer the eyes of the boy I had known at the "Ganges." And as I lay there, thinking about the change in his eyes, the fellow in the bed next to me said softly: "It's nice seeing an old shipmate, isn't it?"

In a way John Causer and I were old shipmates, too, for we soon discovered, stuck there side by side, that we had once been in the same convoy to Russia, that had had more than its fair share of attacks, he in a destroyer—the "Keppel"—myself in an anti-aircraft ship—so we had that to yarn about, except that I soon discovered, too, that all John wanted to do was to lie there quite still and get his strength back.

Even now I can still see John's hands holding on to the sheets tight, with the curious blue

markings on his knuckles standing out so vividly, the legacy of a lifetime from the coalmines in which he had spent all his days underground in the uneasy peace between the last war and this. Back in the Service again at forty, John had spent the last four years on one grinding convoy after another. The Atlantic, Russia, the Med., and then back to the Atlantic again. When the doctors came to make their survey, one of the specialists said: "I see from your case-card that they wanted to keep you in hospital on the other side" . . . there was a pause, the ward was very quiet . . . "but you wanted to get home; was that it?" "Yes, sir," said John simply. Home to Hut No. 10.

After breakfast each morning the nurses pushed two trolleys down the centre of the ward; one contained nothing but bottles, the other was filled with a different kind of medicine. Vases of flowers. Sometimes when presents from outside were low, there would just be ferns from the hospital rockery. But they were living and green, and pretty wonderful to eyes accustomed only to the unchanging, monotonous grey of northern waters. One morning John called out to a passing nurse. It was the only time I heard him raise his voice or ask for anything all the weeks we were together, "Hi, Ginger, could we have the flowers our end of the ward to-day? It makes me feel better just to look at 'em." "Yes—if you stop calling me Ginger."

So he lay there and gazed his fill, while George and I had a bit of a friendly argument across the ward. George was a Royal Marine who used to play football for Bradford City. He had come off the "Illustrious"; he wore a gunner's badge on the sleeve of his tunic, and he was no end of a decent chap. All the same he told us that at sea there was one job he always wangled his way out of every time. That was going down on his hands and knees to scrub the decks. He didn't mind polishing, he didn't mind mopping up, he didn't mind anything so long as he didn't go right down on his hands and knees. To him that was women's work.

Well, we had all done it at sea. It was part of the routine like chipping ice off the decks, or polishing the stanchions, and it seemed to me lying there in bed, and having a rest from it all, that when you have been down on your hands and knees in one of the Services it certainly makes you appreciate much more what

is done for you in hospital, or, for that matter, what's done for you at home. And though it was my own first time in hospital it didn't take me long to realise that there isn't any calling in the world that works harder than the nursing profession, or for that matter with greater results—even George would agree with me there.

Anyway Hanna did. Hanna had the bed on the other side of me, and it didn't take me long to discover either that he came from Skye, because sometimes in the soft, changing light of the dusk, just before the night nurse came on her rounds, we used to get him to sing to us "The Road to the Isles." Once upon a time he had been a deerstalker, and he would tell us how you must always tim at the deer's throat. That is what he had always taught his pupils, and in peace-time he'd had some very famous ones. But Hanna's real hero was the captain of the destroyer "Obedient."

The "Obedient," you'll remember, was with the "Onslow" when Captain Sherbrooke won the

V.C. for the way in which he beat off the attacks of the German cruisers, and thus saved another British convoy on its way to Russia. And Hanna never tired of describing to us how his own captain on the bridge, as calmly as though he were counting sheep, counted one, two, three, four, five, six, before he changed course, dodging between the enemy's salvoes. There wasn't a man on board who wouldn't have licked his boots, Hanna said, "for the way he handled our ship that night . . ."

And now it is night again in Hut No. 10. Hanna's last night before he goes to have a medical board at another hospital. If they give me my ticket (he confided in me) I shall try and enlist again with the Lovat Scouts. A deerstalker turned human stalker, but then Hanna had two brothers in the Cameron Highlanders—once. And I had a sudden picture in my mind again of that panel on the wall of the drill shed at Chatham, with its last line in capitals—GO BACK TO IT. Somehow . . .

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Its Objects are:

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