

STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA

main,stk

940.9B327

70,000 miles on a submarine de



0 0001 00335599 5

70,000 Miles
on a
Submarine
Destroyer

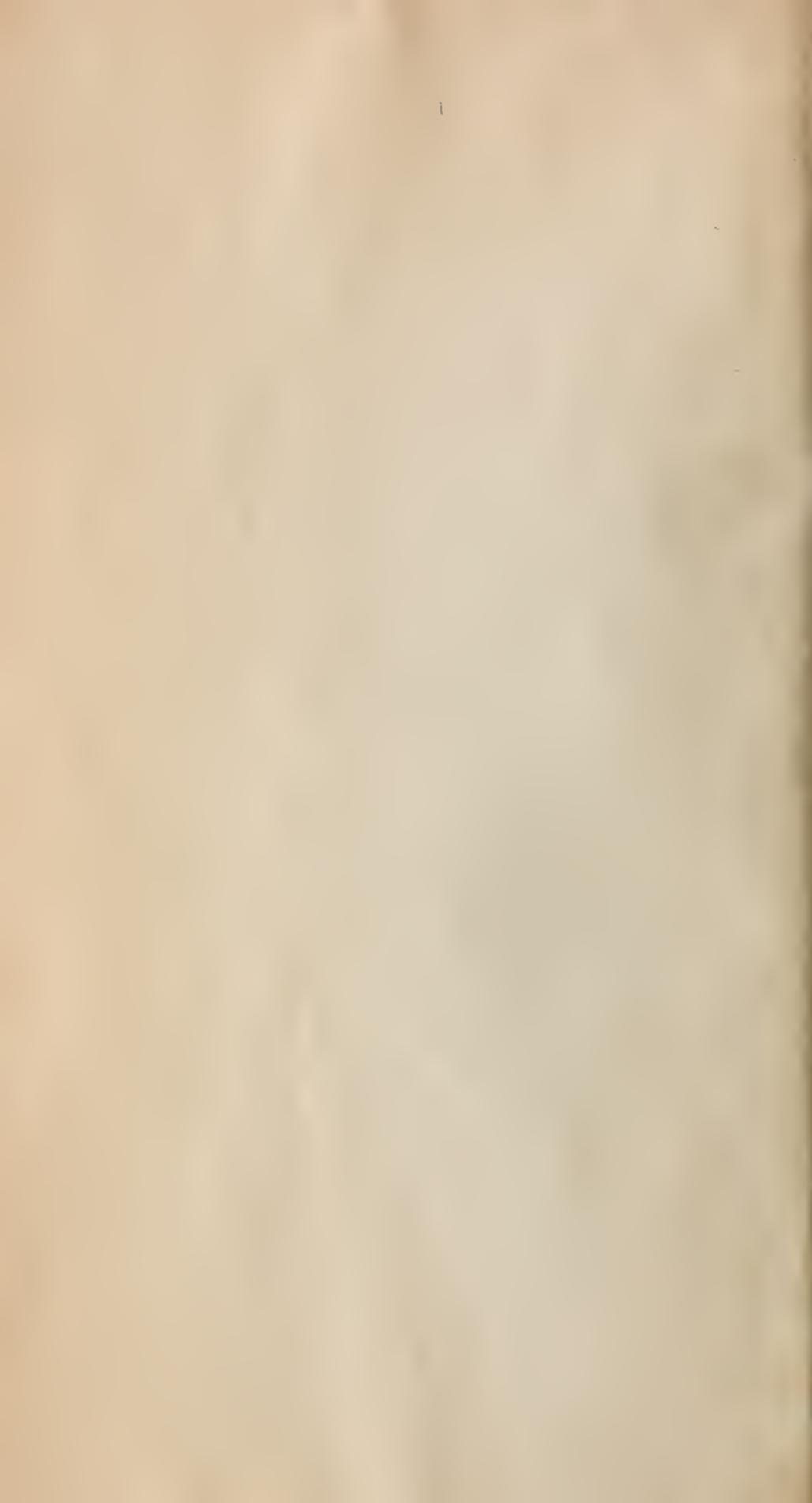
GEO. M. BATTEY, Jr.

CLASS 940.9 BOOK B327

VOLUME



PENNSYLVANIA
STATE LIBRARY



70,000 Miles on a
Submarine
Destroyer

REVISED EDITION

Copyright, 1920, by
GEORGE M. BATTEY, JR.
(*All Rights Reserved*)

70,000 MILES
ON A
SUBMARINE
DESTROYER

or,

The Reid Boat in the World War

By GEORGE M. BATTEY, Jr.

with Photographs mostly by the Author

Sketches by

SERGIUS J. BECKER



ATLANTA
THE WEBB & VARY COMPANY
1920

War Zone Course of the Reid

July 21, 1917: Left Charleston for war zone.

July 23, 1917: Arrived St. George's, Bermuda.

July 26, 1917: Left St. George's, Bermuda.

July 31, 1917: Arrived Ponta Delgada, Azores.

Oct. 7, 1917: Left Ponta Delgada, Azores.

Oct. 13, 1917: Arrived Queenstown, Ireland.

Oct. 13, 1917: Left Queenstown, Ireland.

Oct. 14, 1917: Arrived Cardiff, Wales.

Oct. 15, 1917: Left Cardiff, Wales.

Oct. 16, 1917: Arrived Queenstown, Ireland.

Oct. 21, 1917: Left Queenstown, Ireland.

Oct. 22, 1917: Arrived new base, Brest, France.

Dec. 11, 1918: Left Brest, France, for home.

Dec. 14, 1918: Arrived Ponta Delgada, Azores.

Dec. 19, 1918: Left Ponta Delgada, Azores.

Dec. 28, 1918: Arrived Grassy Bay, Bermuda.

Dec. 29, 1918: Left Grassy Bay, Bermuda.

Dec. 31, 1918: Arrived Charleston, S. C.

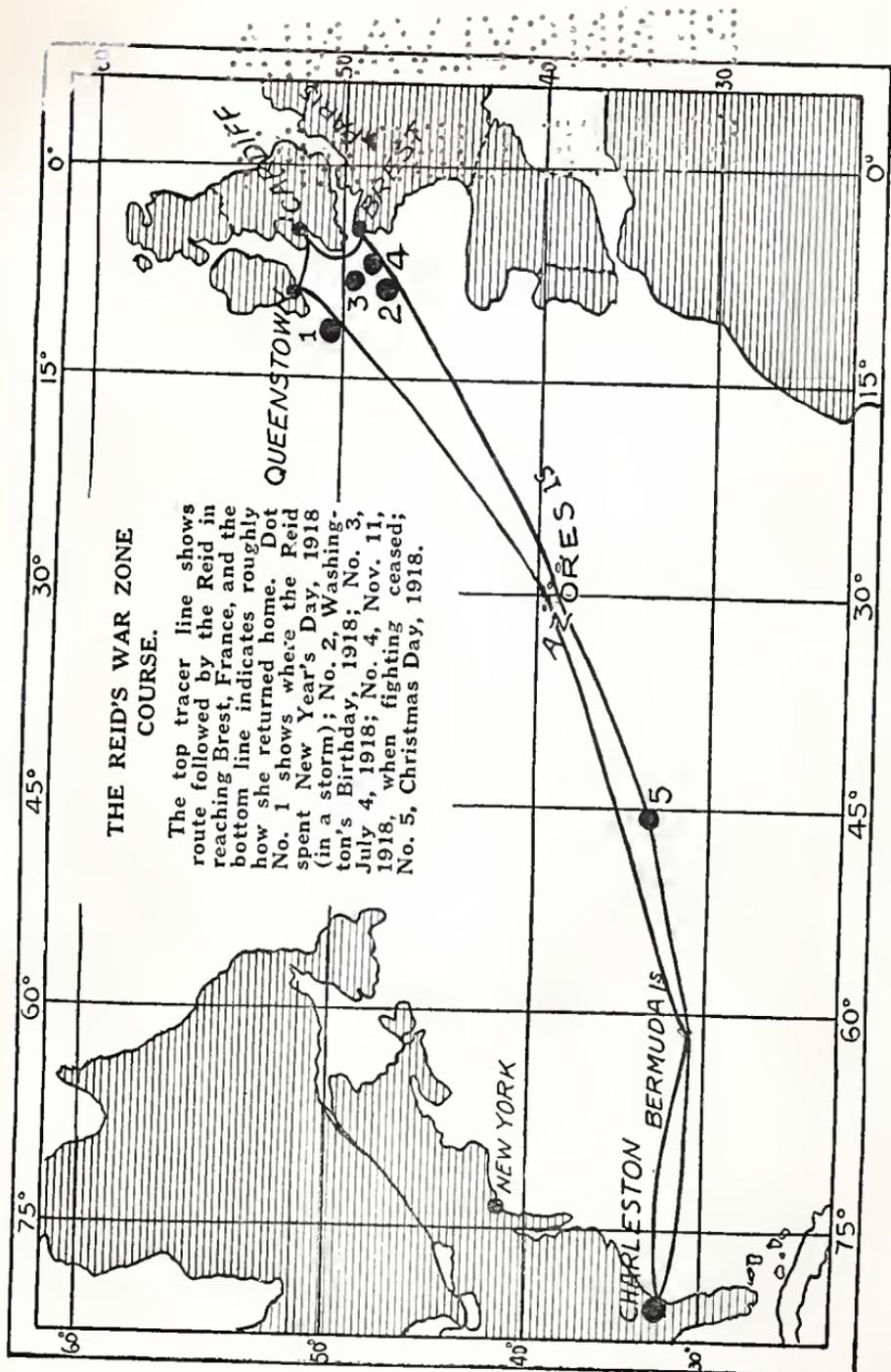
Completing more than 70,000 miles at sea.

Table of Contents



Chapter		Page
	Historical Sketch	7
I	Off for the War Zone	11
II	Nine Weeks in the Azores	35
III	The Base at Brest	75
IV	Attack on a Submarine	109
V	Sinking of the Covington	139
	“Barnacles” from the Log	176
	“Barnacles” from the Log (continued)	227
	“Barnacles” from the Log (concluded)	265
	Standing by the Wing Locker	301
	Life Aboard Ship—“Dear Family”	
	Letters	358
	Tables of Convoy Service	399
	With the Sea-Going Poets	417
	The Gobs’ Dictionary	445

Thirteen sections of pictures, sixteen pages to each section (total, 208) alternating with each section of sixteen pages of text, beginning with Page 17. Six maps illustrating various features of the cruise.



THE REID'S WAR ZONE COURSE.

The top tracer line shows route followed by the Reid in reaching Brest, France, and the bottom line indicates roughly how she returned home. Dot No. 1 shows where the Reid spent New Year's Day, 1918 (in a storm); No. 2, Washington's Birthday, 1918; No. 3, July 4, 1918; No. 4, Nov. 11, 1918, when fighting ceased; No. 5, Christmas Day, 1918.

Historical Sketch



THE Destroyer Reid was built by the Bath Iron Works Co., of Bath, Maine, as a sister ship of the Destroyer Flusser, whose experiences in the World War just fought were largely the same as her own. She was commissioned Dec. 3, 1909, and at that time was regarded as the last word in the construction of vessels of that type. On her trial trip she is said to have attained a speed of approximately 31 knots, and at the end of 70,000 miles of steaming in the war she could still make 26 or 27. Her length is 293 feet, 10½ inches; her beam 26 feet, 4 ½ inches; her draft 9 feet, 6 inches; her displacement 700 tons; her coaling capacity 303 tons; and her fresh water capacity 37 tons. At 15 knots her radius is 2,000 miles, and at 20 knots 1,700. Her engines are of the Parson type, 5-turbine installation; her boilers are of the Normand type and number four. She has three torpedo tubes and her torpedoes are the Whitehead type. She carried five three-inch guns early in the war, but the installation of depth charges made it necessary as a precautionary measure to remove No. 4 gun from aft. In its place early in the fall of 1918, a Y-gun was installed for the further use of depth charges, and the 3-inch gun turned into storage. Her war complement was 99 men and 7 officers, but toward the end of the war she carried 121 men.

The Reid's number is 21. She lies at this writing at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, where she has been put out of commission with her sister vessel the Flusser and their companion coal-burning destroyers of the old First Division,—the Preston, the Smith and the Lamson. Many were the predictions at the outset that the Reid and these destroyers would

never survive a winter in the Bay of Biscay; that Uncle Sam would swap them for the Azores Islands and throw the Philippines in "to boot"; but they survived in a manner that reflected credit upon their crews and upon their builders. In fact, it was a source of considerable satisfaction to inhabitants of the group to ponder the wisdom of old-fashioned destroyer building as they contemplated the experiences of several of our latest type oil-burners which were turned out last year in sixty days or so and which put into Philadelphia after a few stiff blows with rivets loose, stanchions behaving queerly and steel plates buckled up. The spirit of their crews is expressed in the following sentence:

"If you new-fangled oil-burners can't stand the pace in the strenuous times that are ahead, just let us off the junk pile and we will show you how it's done!"

It is customary to name battleships after states, cruisers and light craft after cities, and destroyers after men who have distinguished themselves by conspicuous service at sea; and it was appropriate that the Reid should have been named for a sailor who explored the main in the days of sails and calms and cutlasses, when wireless and seniority were practically unknown; for a sailor who invented a helpful telegraph system and designed the present American flag. Thus Capt. Samuel C. Reid became the Reid's "patron saint", and from Leslie's Illustrated Weekly of June 5, 1858 (copy of which is framed and hanging in the wardroom of the Reid today) the following historical sketch is summarized and presented as a matter of interest to the crew and the general public. It is also worthy of note that one of Captain Reid's grandsons busied himself during the war just closed in the work of the

HISTORICAL SKETCH

Navy League and made a tour of states in interest of naval recruiting. Captain Reid won his spurs by harrying the British at the Island of Fayal, Azores Islands. This island, by the way, the Reid visited August 4, 1917, at the port of Horta, and it was at Horta that the American Airship NC-4 landed on May 17, 1919, on the remarkable trans-oceanic aerial flight to Europe in which Commander John H. Towers, of Rome, Ga., flying the NC-3 as flag airship of the group, was lost at sea, but finally made port at Ponta Delgada. Here is Leslie's account:

At 8 o'clock on the night of September 26, 1814, the Privateer Brig General Armstrong (Captain Samuel C. Reid, U. S. N.) was lying in the neutral port of Fayal, Island of Fayal, Azores Islands. Captain Reid was entertaining the American Consul aboard when three British warships—the Ships-of-the-Line Plantagenet (74 guns), the Frigate Rota (44 guns) and the Carnation (18 guns), all under Admiral Loyd, of the English Navy—put in. Captain Reid sent the American Consul ashore and prepared for an attack. Four small boats left the enemy ships and on their failure to halt when challenged, Captain Reid fired on them, killing several men. The British fired at the same time, killing the General Armstrong's first lieutenant and wounding one other.

The boats were dispersed and an hour later fourteen more were put out, several of them carrying as many as 50 British sailors. On their failure to halt when challenged again, Captain Reid gave them another round of grape and canister from "Long Tom", the ship's 48-pounder, and as the trusty weapon was re-loaded and fired, several of the boats crumpled up and sank, and their occupants were thrown dead or dying into the water. There were so many boats, however, that Captain Reid saw a hand-to-hand encounter was coming, so he sent some mess cooks and deck hands down into the hold to break out the cutlasses. In the meantime, the crew of the General Armstrong were peppering their antagonists with small gun fire, but the enemy soon swarmed over the vessel's side and gave battle at close range. Captain Reid was left-handed and in his left he brandished a cutlass, while the cabin boy handed him pistols to fire with his right. A lieutenant joined battle with

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

Captain Reid back aft, and the combat for some time waxed hot. The cutlasses of the combatants struck fire and the fight might have resulted in a draw had not the lieutenant stumbled on a hatch, which gave the captain an opportunity to send him reeling over the side. Captain Reid had not used his pistols at all.

The few survivors retreated, and Admiral Loyd signalled the Civil Governor to force the General Armstrong from under the protection of the cliffs, but at the same time the American Consul wrote a note to the Governor imploring him to stand firm. At dawn the next day the British attacked by steaming in. Captain Reid shot away the mainmast of one of the vessels, but seeing the odds were against him, beached his ship and blew her up. The British burned her and sent word to the Governor to surrender Captain Reid and his men, who had taken refuge in a convent, or the ships would shell the city. The Portuguese paid no attention and Admiral Loyd lifted anchor and went to New Orleans, where he was due to help capture that city.

It developed that Admiral Loyd was delayed ten days by the battle in the Azores and was unable to help in the combined land and naval attack on the Louisiana city. This delay saved the day, because General Andrew Jackson was able to overcome the British before their naval reinforcements arrived. The battle of Fayal was the last of the War of 1812 on the seas and did much to revive hopes at home and to discourage the British. It is recorded by the historians as one of the most daring achievements of the war. The Americans lost two in killed and five wounded. Admiral Loyd lost 560 men in killed.



Note—The original Destroyer Reid having been put out of commission, its successor by the same name was launched Nov. 6, 1919, at Boston, Mass. It is an oil burner of 1,200 tons and can make 35 knots.

Chapter I.

OFF FOR THE WAR ZONE.

THE boatswain's mate was rigging in a small boat, setting it securely in the boat cradles, aided by several nimble seamen. He paused as the job was done, and leaning over the bow with an air of firm conviction, whispered to his star line-whipper:

"We're goin' across!"

The sea-going master of salt and spray, veteran of many a sharp blow along the coast and unwilling convert to back-channel inaction and quietude, looked up with a jerk of his head and the spontaneous exclamation:

"The hell you say! Quit your kiddin', 'Shorty'!"

"All right now; that's straight."

"Shorty" did not wait to explain that his dope was "pure grape-vine" or "reliable scuttle butt." He whisked himself off to the forecandle as fast as his hoop-like legs would carry him, mounted the ladder at the break of the forecandle with a Simian-like agility not to be surpassed in the jungle itself, and caught the Captain's sharp order as it came caroming from the bridge via the Officer of the Deck:

"Haul in your lines!"

"Shorty" repeated the order aftward, and it was passed by seaman to seaman from forecandle to fantail. There was a hurried shuffling of feet on the steel deck as the deck force loosed the lines from the dock and pulled them in hand over hand. For a brief moment the star seaman who had received "Shorty's" message paused at the seamen's compartment hatch to shout vociferously below:

"We're goin' across! Snap out of it, all you rum-hounds!"

"Tell it to Sweeney!" shot back a doubting machinist's mate.

The Captain stood calmly surveying the scene, overlooking a bit of dumb work here and there as green material tried to control the heavy lines, then as the task was completed, he yelled:

"Shove off!"

The engines began to turn and the propellers to churn up a mass of foamy suds, sending us in an even glide forward, with hardly a ripple as our razor-edge bow slit the murky water of the Cooper River. That was the way the Destroyer Reid was built,—to slip along like a gar, with a minimum of resistance from the water, to make all the more speed. So with the Destroyer Preston, accompanying her under similar orders. Same with the Smith and the Lamson, which had sailed a day or two previously from Charleston, and likewise the Flusser, the remaining member of the First Division of coal-burning destroyers, which was being left behind to escort the mother ship, the Panther.

Near the mouth of the river, just before hitting salt water and the swell, the Officer of the Deck clambered down from the bridge and spoke to "Shorty".

"Pass the word that we're on our way across," said he; "St. George's, Bermuda, the first stop."

"Aye, aye, sir!" acquiesced "Shorty," and passed it.

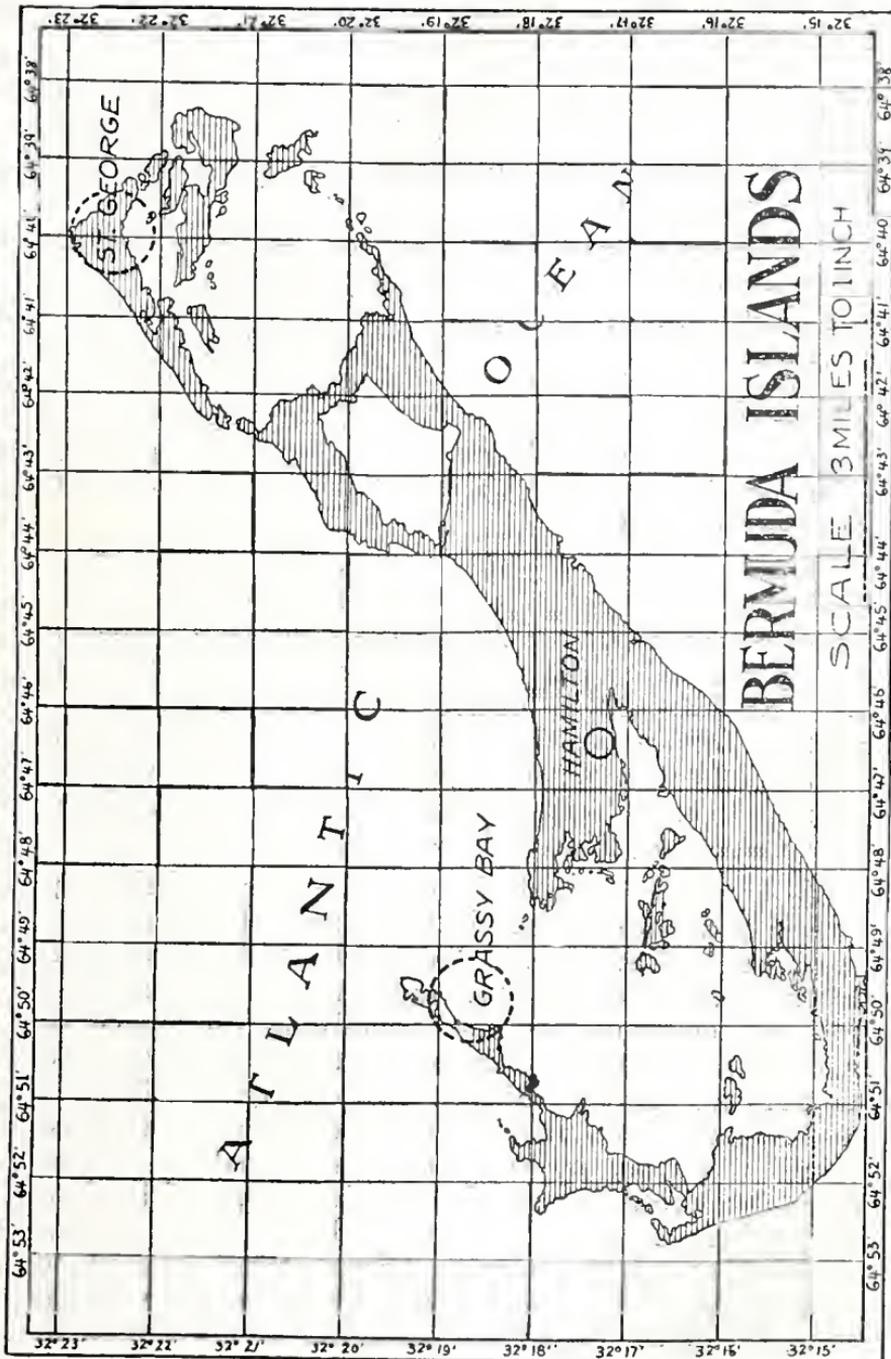
A shout went up from every throat that heard this welcome announcement, and the more exuberant gobs jumped up and down, hugged each other like playful bears and executed little dances, pigeon-

wing and buck style, around the deck. At last we were to get into the game of hunting submarines, and not a man of our hundred in dungarees would have swapped his job with a king.

Along we skimmed at 20 knots, receiving the tail of a wave now and then on the outboard edge of the deck. Soon we began to rock in Father Neptune's cradle of the deep, the eyes of civilian sailors turned green, then pale, and finally lost color altogether, but the deck and the coils of rope and the ammunition boxes held everybody up. The penalty of sea-faring was not to daunt us, for we were on our way across!

Silly young flying fish, acting like candle-flies, hurled themselves at us and met a sad end at the bases of the smoke stacks, where they were gathered up by old salts and fried to a turn. A couple of days of this, with a lookout stationed in the crow's nest 40 feet above the deck and others hovering in corners, broken with a night slashing through the phosphorescent waters of the Gulf Stream, and we stumbled upon Beautiful Bermuda.

Ah! what paradisal wonders were held up to our gaze as we leaped at this splendid geological specimen! Larger and larger the hills grew, perfectly outlined against the mid-summer sky crammed full of cumulus clouds resembling the fleece of heavenly sheep, but this was not enough. Around to port we curved, shifting the scenery at will as in a cinematograph, and always with a lapse of a few minutes getting newer and more startling effects. Soon we could follow the slender strips of land as they tapered off from the hill bases down to the pure coral of the bays. These strips seemed to come together from opposite directions like dovetailing and to forbid the intrusion of craft such as

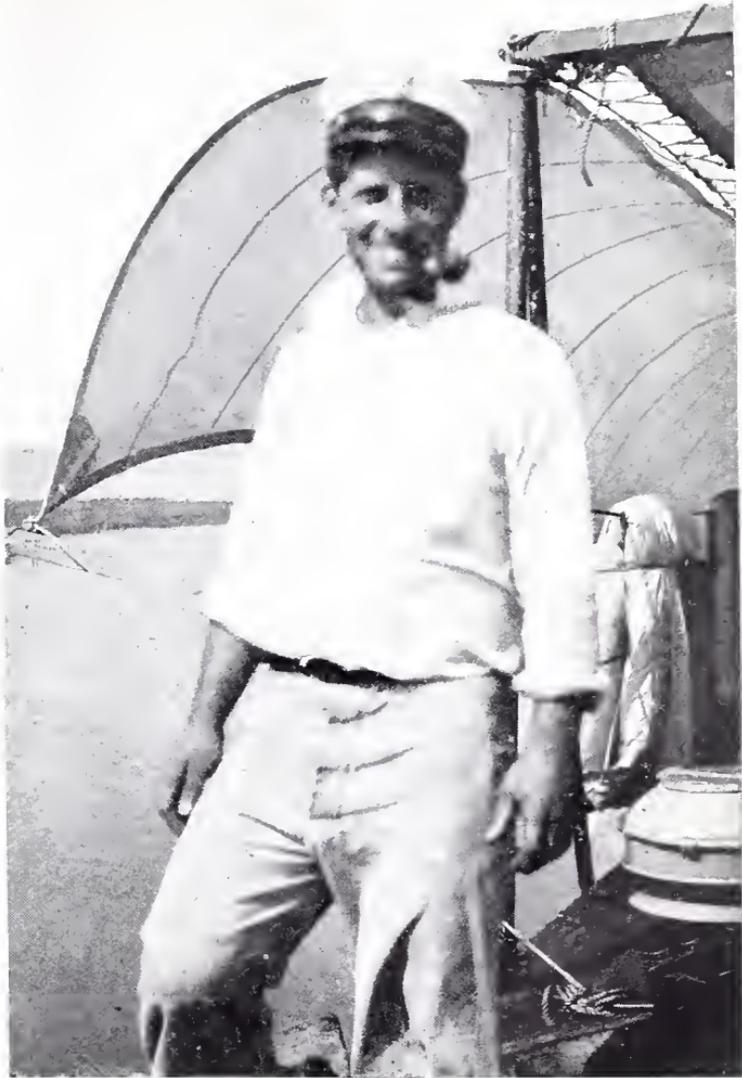


ours, yet closer up we made out spaces between them which constituted the channels. A black speck appeared at the entrance to the city of St. George's, until 1815 capital of the Islands. It came creeping toward us, looming up pudgily as a well-fed spider faring forth to greet a guest, and the effect of fairyland was dispelled further when a rasping British voice bellowed through a megaphone, "I'm going to board you!" This gentleman showed us how to get into the harbor without sticking on a sandbar or running afoul of coral reefs, and we next beheld a little white city crouching in the embrace of tumble-down hills. St. George's, the guide books said, was founded in 1612, two years after the death there of Admiral Sir George Somers, for whom it was named. Built after the Spanish plan, it had retained its narrow streets and low buildings. Here it was that two ships set sail in 1610 with supplies for the starving British colony at Jamestown, Virginia, and it was here that powder was obtained which caused the British evacuation of Boston. Galley poets and others who had been singing the praises of the sea on the way over now turned their attention to the land, while the rest of the crew piled into the small boats for a trip ashore. There was no special interest for the majority of the men in the fact that Will Shakespeare got his idea of Prospero's Cave in *The Tempest* from nearby; King William IV of England and Sir Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, lived there; that such writers as Mark Twain, Kipling and William Dean Howells spent considerable time recuperating in the islands, and that the blockade running headquarters of the Confederate States of America beginning in 1861 was located on the hill where St. George's leading hotel now stands.

Bicycle riding, the smooth shell roads, the lone gin-mill, the semi-tropical shrubbery and fruits, and

the caves where Annette Kellerman dived for the movies, however, attracted our intensest interest. One got the impression of orderly government and righteous respect for it, of neighborly, industrious, satisfied citizens who never worried or hurried. The chief of police declared there hadn't been a homicide thereabouts for 40 years, he seldom arrested anybody for an offense beyond drunkenness and theft, and nothing much remained for policemen to do but play checkers and whittle white pine and talk nice things of King George. His jail, asserted the chief, was built of sandstone which any sailorman, gold brick salesman or millionaire profiteer could escape with the aid of a pocket knife. The main offense of the American gobs, continued the chief, was to straggle in after dusk from the caves and hills, their bicycles bearing no lanterns, thus endangering the precious lives of pedestrians. Hamilton, the present capital, was located 12 miles away, and was visited only by sailors who could pedal there and back, with a stop-over for ice-cream sodas and bananas and post cards, in the rather limited time of three or four hours.

After a swimming party in the bay had been enjoyed, with no losses at the hands (or fins) of sharks, and after native colored citizens had stacked on a deck load of coal, we bade farewell to Beautiful Bermuda and pursued a bee-line toward the Azores. We had painted our ports black on the inside and covered our single compartment lights with sox or shades, with no lights on deck, so the submarines could not see us far at night, and thus we steamed along at 18 knots. Some estimated the distance at nearly 2000 miles, others said 1500. The nights were pleasant and the sea generally smooth, so that little groups of gobs gathered on deck to sleep, a few in the lee of smokestacks, one or two on huge



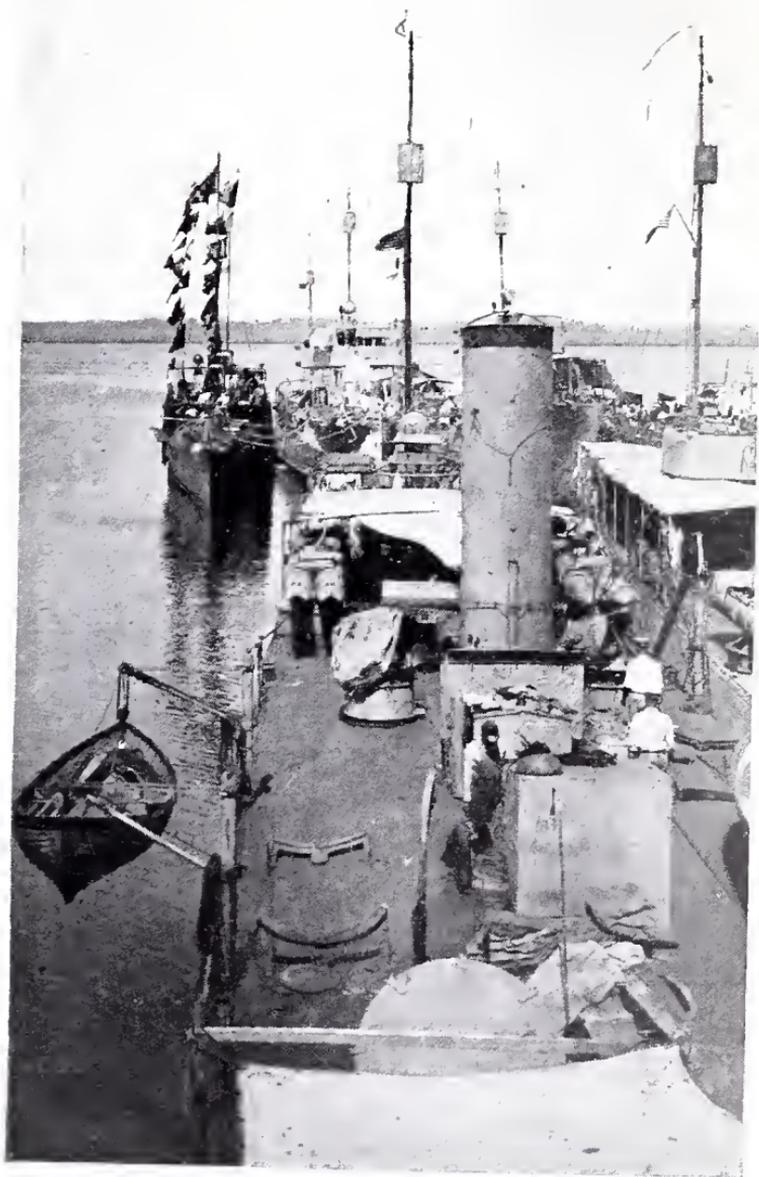
OUR SALTY BOATSWAIN'S MATE

"We're going across!" declared "Shorty." The glad news was passed quickly as soon as it came officially from the bridge, and the happy sailormen danced with glee.



THE CREW THAT TOOK HER OVER

Here are about 75 jolly spirits as they appeared draped around the bridge and the fore-castle, garbed in dress blues and white hats. Many of these men were transferred to other stations and other ships, but 38 hung on and took her back.



JUST BEFORE LEAVING CHARLESTON

The Reid with three smoke-stacks removed for overhauling, in July, 1917. Astern are the Worden, Lamson and Flusser, and to port of the Reid the Preston.



A GAME LITTLE SEA WASP—"RED MIKE'S" BATTEAU

The Destroyer Preston kicking out 18 knots going to Bermuda from Charleston in July, 1917, in company with the Reid as flagship. During their two months in the Azores the Preston and the Reid steamed practically all the time together.



ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA, FROM THE SHIP

On our arrival in July, 1917, we found Bermuda practically deserted by tourists, and few steamers running. Submarines were just beginning to operate near the islands.



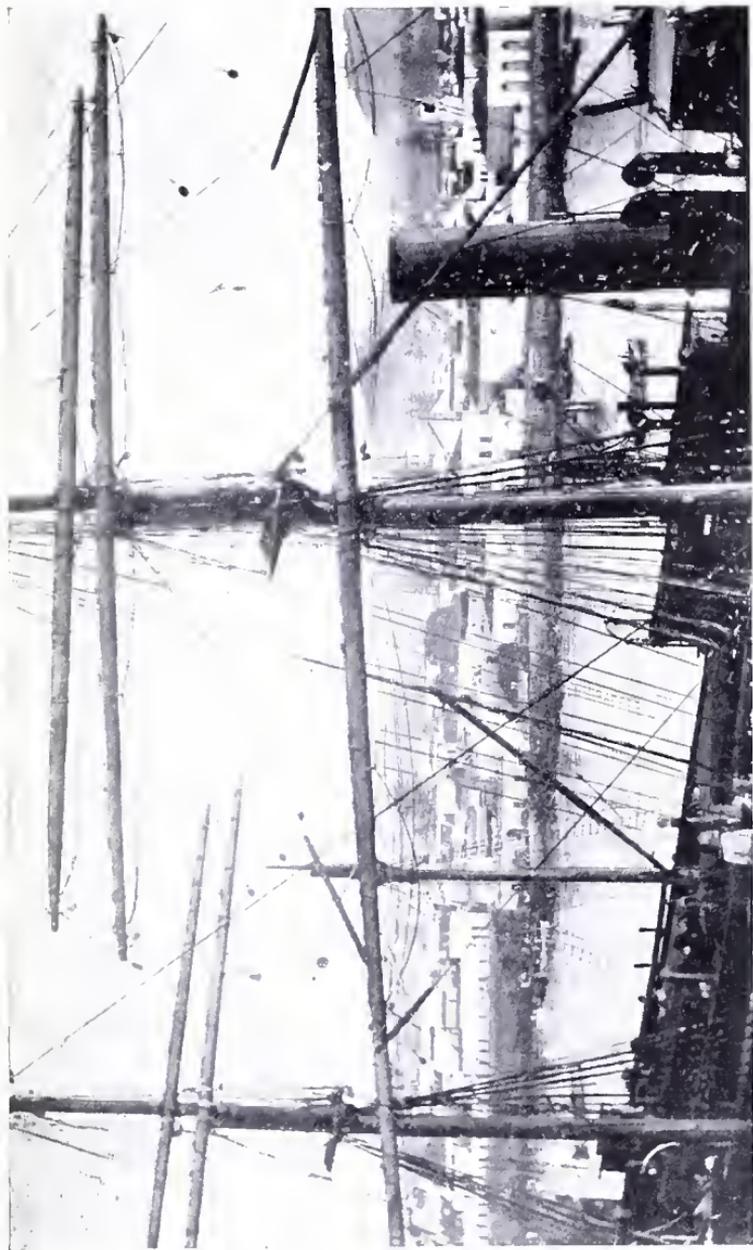
AMERICAN WAR VESSELS AND AN OLD WORLD BEAUTY SPOT

This is the harbor of Ponta Delgada, Azores, with the First Division of destroyers lying at moorings and American submarine chasers manned by French sailors and other craft putting in. Tourists say there is no more picturesque city than Ponta Delgada; so do the gobs.



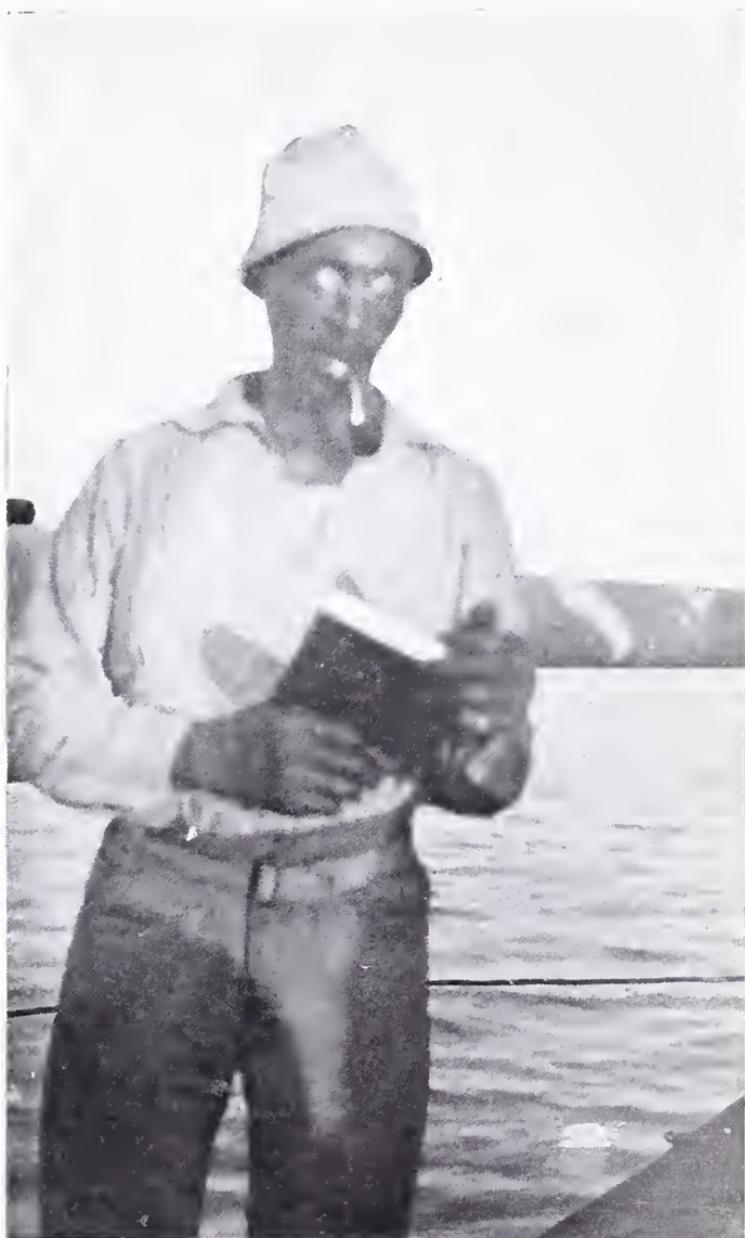
DRESSED UP AND UNDERWAY

Notice the pretty white canvas canopy protecting the engineroom hatch. A similar arrangement screened the quarter deck, before the storms ripped it off.



ONE PLACE WHERE WINE CAN BE HAD FOR A SONG

Ponta Delgada, St. Michael's, Azores—as quaint, clean and picturesque a city in as wonderful a setting of hills and valleys as can be found in two hemispheres. Seen in our picture through the rigging of the British Bark Birkdale, August, 1917.



OUR "FIRST LORD OF THE GALLEY"

A sea-cook of scholarly attainments who won his spurs (or heels) in the Battle of Santiago. In fighting trim he referred to mess cooks as "automatic boobs."



THE FAMOUS CLOCK IN THE HEART OF PONTA DELGADA

The capital of St. Michael's Island has a population of about 30,000 people and it is the busiest city in the archipelago. Hundreds of peasants come into the city every day with their produce in rude carts. This picture and twelve others by A. J. Raposo, Ponta Delgada.



AN AZOREAN MERCHANT PRINCE

Rolando Viveiros, poet, ship chandler and man of affairs, and his assistant, "John," who supplied American vessels at Ponta Delgada with the necessities of life during the war.



ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE SUBMARINE BOMBARDMENT

A woman of the middle class in the hospital at Ponta Delgada following the attack of an unidentified U-boat which sent several shells into the city July 4, 1917. A girl of 16 was killed and several other women injured before the marauder was repulsed.



*Mr. J. Boesch, Master e Valoroso Comandante
do navio de guerra Americano Orion*

L. A. — 7 — 1917.

A "LITTLE KING" TO THE AZOREANS

J. Boesch, Lieut., USN., commanding the Coal Collier Orion, who trained gun on submarine attacking Ponta Delgada at daylight, July 4, 1917, and drove the U-boat away.



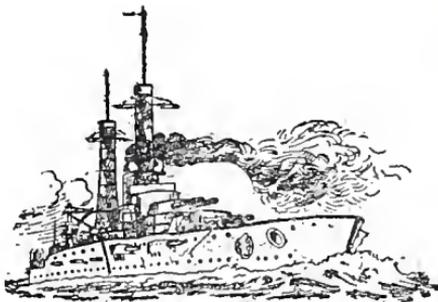
MUTE EVIDENCE OF THE GERMAN VISIT OF JULY 4, 1917

These fragments of the submarine's shell were picked up by the natives near the spot where the maiden Thomasia was killed and several women wounded. One shell struck a house at Faja de Cima, a Ponta Delgada suburb, and one hit in an open field. They were 5 or 6 inch.

rope coils beneath the torpedo tubes aft, pillow life preservers tucked under their heads; others in the small boats, canvas pulled over their legs, and always a lookout on the after deck house whose snores could be heard above the mechanical hissing and sputtering of the engine room and the chugging of the propellers.

A circulator broke down on July 28, 1917, and steering aft by hand was resorted to. Hand steering brought back to old time sailors the days of manpower before machine power had advanced so far; it made us feel like we were pushing her along, so to speak. On July 30 we ran into playful schools of porpoises making twenty knots, and raced with them. At dusk a lookout sighted an object that appeared to be a submarine conning tower and periscope. All hands went to general quarters when the alarm bell sounded, and the gun crews made ready to bang away. For some reason the order to fire the 3-inch rifles was not given, and the responsibility of saving us was put on a couple of tars at the port machine gun. "Fire!" yelled our executive officer when we had dashed within range. The men at the machine gun tugged away to make the thing shoot, but it refused. "Damn it!" shrieked Ballard, seaman known far and wide for his steady sea legs; "The thing has jammed!" "Fire!" repeated the executive officer; and other officers, nervous over the rapid approach of the object, echoed, "Fire—hell—fire!" The gun still refused to function and as we turned a broadside to the supposed submarine, a lookout fell off the bridge and a chief petty officer moaned, "God, we're gone!" It was only an old target left by some passing ship, however, and we let off steam by shooting at porpoises when the gun got to going well.

Next morning, bright and early, July 31 (Tuesday), to be exact, we made out a dark mass ahead which we thought at first was a bank of clouds near the horizon. This dark mass soon began to take shape and we recognized it as Pico Island of the Azores group, the highest peak of which is reputed to be 7460 feet high; distance estimated by an ancient mariner manning wheel, 52 miles. We let Pico pass on our port side and headed straight for St. Michael's Island, largest of the group, whose wonderful mountains were sighted at 2 P. M., 65 miles away. At 4:45 P. M. we anchored at Ponta Delgada, capital of St. Michael's and largest city in the archipelago, with 45 tons of coal aboard and a lot of anxiety to get ashore, which was satisfied from 7 P. M. to midnight. Ponta Delgada was to be our base from which to escort ships and to hunt for submarines, covering a period of nine pleasant weeks.



CHAPTER II.

NINE WEEKS IN THE AZORES



THE Azores Islands, little known to laymen in America, are situated in the area of the Atlantic Ocean between Lat. 37 N., Long. 25 W. and Lat. 39 N., Long. 28 W., approximately 830 miles west of Lisbon, Portugal, to which country they belong, and approximately 2,500 miles northeast of Charleston, and 2,228 miles east of New York. In the archipelago are nine islands,—San Miguel (St. Michael's), Santa Maria (St. Mary's), San Jorge (St. George's), Terceira, Flores, Pico, Fayal, Corvo and Graciosa. They were discovered between 1432 (St. Mary's) and 1452 (Flores) by navigators from Portugal encouraged financially and otherwise by the Infante Don Henrique. The name Azores is derived from the word "azor," meaning hawk, given them by the discoverers on finding many hawks (or kites) in the interior. Less commonly the group are known as the Western Islands.

Marine volcanic action caused the islands to rise up from the ocean and on cooling to assume approximately their present form. There are still evidences of volcanic eruptions, being crater cups filled with water, making beautiful lakes, at Sete Cidades (Seven Cities), St. Michael's Island, and also the geographical phenomena at Furnas, same island, which furnishes hot water boiling up geyser-like within a few feet of bubbling cold water. Most of the material used in buildings, breakwaters and public roads is a dark slag which is very plentiful. Mineral waters, according to geologists, also point to the original volcanic upheaval.

The climate is temperate and even, winters and

summers being equally delightful; the water runs pure out of the mountains and is brought regularly to the coast. Sanitary conditions are good, making fevers and other contagious diseases practically unknown. The Island of Pico offers the only snow, then solely on the tip of Mt. Pico and in winter. Agriculture is the principal industry, but gradually labor-saving devices are finding their way to the group, and a tremendous development may be expected, with a heavy flow of tourist trade, when normal conditions are restored. There are extensive vineyards which produce the most luscious grapes in all Europe, Southern France not excepted, and the chief by-product is wine, which is likewise unsurpassed for table and personal uses. Fruits of delicious flavor rule throughout the group, mainly seedless oranges, pineapples of largest size, and bananas, which, though smaller than the average, are none the less palatable. The women turn out laces and handiwork that are known all over the world. The inhabitants are of the Latin race and Portuguese is the language generally spoken, yet there are numerous natives of Spain who retain their own speech and Flemish who speak French, and many of the Azoreans formerly members of the colony near Boston have returned with a good command of English. Mosquitoes are seldom seen or heard.

When the Portuguese navigators discovered the islands, birds were the only vertebrates living thereon. The birds are numerous and varicolored: the blackcap, the canary, the wagtail, the goldfinch and many others whose beautiful songs delight the visitors from crack of day till shadowy dusk in every bush and tree. The kite, the hoot owl and the screech owl make up a carnivorous group, and there are numerous birds of the seagull family which fly about the harbors and nest in the cliffs. The quail is

also found in increasing numbers. It is smaller than the game bird of the United States and England, but the flesh is white, sweet and tender.

The Portuguese are among the best fishermen in the world, as they used to be among the most noted mariners. Many of the inhabitants earn a livelihood fishing, and fish is the chief meat food of the inhabitants. Salmon-trout, grouper, smelts, sardines, mackerel and mullet are caught in large numbers; shrimp, crabs and lobsters are also abundant.

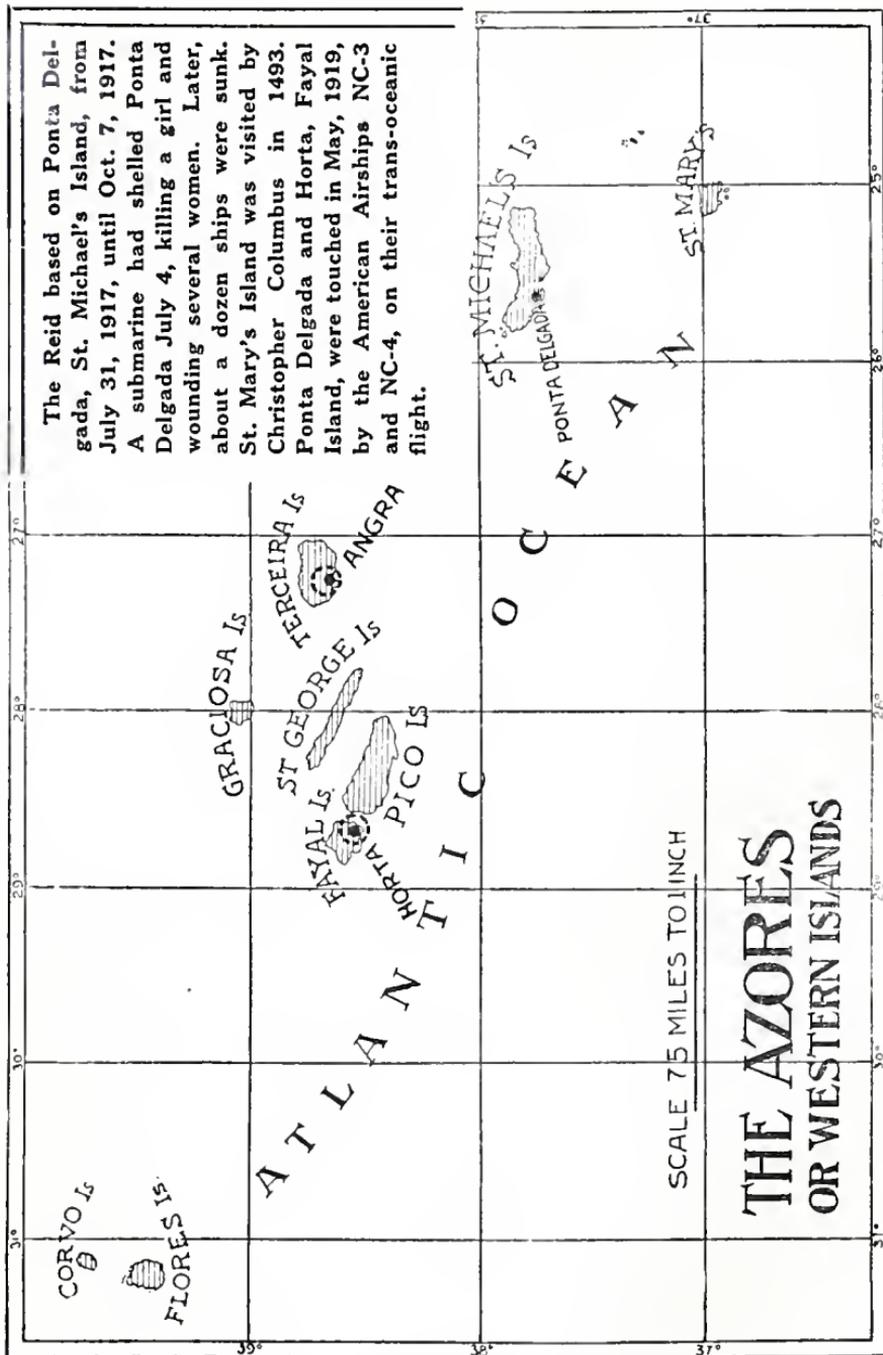
The principal products are corn, wheat, potatoes, beans, sugar beets, cauliflower, and cabbage. Figs, pears, peaches and apricots are grown in limited quantity, as are tea and coffee. Two Chinese tea experts were employed in 1873 to raise tea, and they established a product which has found great favor in Lisbon and in Porto, scene of the attempt in 1919 to overthrow the Portuguese Republic. Dairy products are an important item of trade.

Many old vineyards were damaged years ago by blight, then the American Isabella grape was introduced, and it is doing well. In peace times the annual output of wine from this grape was 1,210,000 gallons. Oranges were exported in great numbers up to 1859, when 261,700 boxes were sent to England. Owing to plague, the output in recent peace times was about 40,000 boxes. The pineapples are particularly juicy and sweet, and are raised in hot-houses which contain 200 to 2,000 plants each. London and Hamburg took 1,500,000 pineapples in 1910, London paying six to eight shillings (\$1.44 to \$1.92) for the most luscious specimens.

Cantaloupes grow to a weight of four pounds and cost 3 cents per pound. A small watermelon is grown, and the price is about the same.

The Azores (as well as the Madeira group to the

The Reid based on Ponta Delgada, St. Michael's Island, from July 31, 1917, until Oct. 7, 1917. A submarine had shelled Ponta Delgada July 4, killing a girl and wounding several women. Later, about a dozen ships were sunk. St. Mary's Island was visited by Christopher Columbus in 1493. Ponta Delgada and Horta, Fayal Island, were touched in May, 1919, by the American Airships NC-3 and NC-4, on their trans-oceanic flight.



southeast) are considered a part of Portugal and have the same judicial, legislative and executive plan. There are three administrative districts, a civil governor at the head of each: the Ponta Delgada District, named after the city, is made up of St. Michael's and St. Mary's Islands; the Angra do Heroismo District, named after the city, is composed of Terceira, San Jorge and Graciosa Islands; the Horta District, called after the city in Fayal, comprises the remaining four islands—Fayal, Corvo, Pico and Flores. The Ponta Delgada District elects three delegates to the Portuguese Parliament at Lisbon, and the other districts two each. The Angra and Ponta Delgada Districts enjoy local government. The population is shifting, but is estimated to be about 300,000. Ponta Delgada (city) has about 30,000 and St. Michael's Island approximately 150,000.

St. Michael's is the largest of the islands, being 37 miles long and 8 or 9 broad, and from the standpoint of trade it is the most important. It was discovered in 1439 by Gonzalo Velho Cabral, the Portuguese navigator, and the first immigrants arrived in 1443. Pico da Vara, the highest mountain point, is about 5,000 feet in altitude. The chief cities are Ponta Delgada, Villa Franca, Ribeira Grande and Povoacao, while Sete Cidades and Furnas in the interior are perhaps of greater interest to tourists. St. Michael's offers a splendid example of man in the contest with nature and against fate, with man never giving up. Blight or commercial circumstances cut off at various times production of cereals, indigo, the pastel plant, oranges, bananas and flax; and lastly, through the war just fought, an export trade estimated at \$1,000,000 a year in pineapples, mostly with England, was reduced to nearly nothing. Inhabitants of St. Michael's have always been

patriotic and in the latter part of the sixteenth century contributed much to the fight of the Portuguese rulers to overthrow their rivals from Spain. In the war to down the Germans, it is needless to say, they fought valiantly.

Santa Maria was landed upon Feb. 18, 1493, by Christopher Columbus on his return from the discovery of America, the story having it that his crew prayed for land in a severe storm and swore if they reached it they would give up suitable thanks. This they did in semi-nude condition at a little church which is supposed to be standing today at Anjos. The island is eleven miles long and five broad, with 7,000 inhabitants. Pottery, wines and laces are the chief exports.

Graciosa Island is one of the flattest in the archipelago, and is noted for the beauty of the Furno do Enxofre (Cave of Sulphur). Fouque, the distinguished French chemist, mentions this cave in his treatise on the geology of the islands. Graciosa is $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and 5 across, with 9,000 inhabitants. It exports wine and cattle. In 1810, Almeida Garrett, the Portuguese literary leader, visited the island. The name means "gracious," and the reference is to the beauty of its scenery and its green fields.

San Jorge exports wines, flax, cheese and butter, mostly to the well-to-do in Lisbon. It is 36 miles long and $4\frac{1}{2}$ broad, with 17,000 people and a peasantry which has tenaciously clung to its old customs and costumes.

Terceira Island is the only one of the group in which bull-fighting has survived. It is the home of old Gungunhana, African chief captured in a revolt in Portuguese East Africa. The dimensions are 19 by 9. It took a prominent part in the wars between two Portuguese kings, and erected Castle Me-

moria in memory of one of them, Don Pedro IV, at Angra do Heroismo, the capital. Angra is built on a slope and flanked by Monte Brazil, an eminence overlooking the harbor. It boasts a fine brass band and a hospitality that is unusual. There are about 50,000 inhabitants on the island. On a clear day the islands of Graciosa, San Jorge and Pico can be seen, and the effect is marvelous. Cattle, butter, alcohol and corn are exported.

Fayal Island witnessed in 1814 a naval battle between the British and the Americans under Capt. Samuel C. Reid, after whom the Destroyer Reid was named, in which Capt. Reid emerged victorious. It is 14 miles long by $9\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and contains the Caldeira, a fine crater amidships of the island. Flamengos, a village, has a Flemish population; Horta, the capital, is one of the most picturesque cities in the group, nestled in among steep hills and with a good harbor. There are 25,000 people or approximately that number.

Pico Island is 30 miles long and 10 across, with a population of about 30,000, and exports wine and fruit. Its main attraction is its great mountain, which raises its head to a height of 7,460 feet, 749 feet higher than the loftiest peak in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains (Mt. Mitchell, North Carolina). At the top is a small crater which still belches forth volcanic smoke. Mons. Fouque, mentioned in the foregoing, ascended this height and engraved the word "France" at the mouth of the grotto. The climate is recommended for consumptives. Grapes and wines abound.

Flores (flowers) is 12 miles by 9 and has nearly 10,000 people. It is the farthest west of the group, with Santa Cruz as the capital. Grain, cattle and butter are exported, and caves, waterfalls and grot-

toes are the principal attractions. The highest point is 3,087 feet.

Corvo, smallest island of them all, is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles by 3, and boasts 806 peasants, living in 192 dwellings in one settlement. In 1832 the population was only 100, and the 706 increase represents an internal growth. Door locks and thieves are unknown; isolation forces the peasants in winter to light bonfires to attract residents of Flores when help is needed.

It was into this little nest of islands that the old First Division of destroyers wended its way late in July, 1917, and took up its base. We became fond of our Portuguese allies from the very start. We had been thrust into a new environment that was so different that it charmed us and challenged our admiration. Gladly did we accept the advances of the Azoreans as they showed us their town; gratefully did we acknowledge their help as we swapped our dollars for their reis at the rate of 1,500 reis, strong money, per dollar. Their politeness and courtesy astonished us. The costumes of the peasants attracted us, as did the primitive way they lived. Surely here were the happiest bare-footed workers in the world, toiling as day laborers for 35 cents a day and as farmers for a pittance. Yet think of what 35 cents would buy: oranges and bananas 10 cents a dozen, pineapples three for a quarter, Irish and sweet potatoes three-quarters of a cent per pound, wine two cents a glass, practically all other vegetables per pound three cents or less. No High Cost of Living there, even in war times! And wages went up to 50 cents, it was said, while we were at the base. High living naturally costs more. Gasoline to run the automobiles to see the sights of Furnas was about \$1 per gallon, and none too much to

spare at that. Sugar was dear, making little coconut cakes cost 4 cents each; chocolate was hardly obtainable and all candies high and scarce and poor; but as for meals, American sailors were defied to eat as much as they could at the American Cafe for a dollar, which meant three helpings of chicken, beefsteak and everything else if the gob so chose, and our stiff-jointed friend at the Orion Cafe set a mighty good dinner for the same price, but with less of fowls and more of pig. Azorean hens did their best to supply the demand for eggs at 18 cents per dozen.

It was a treat to feed the spiritual man on the wonders of nature in the Azores: gardens with a profuseness and beauty and fragrance of flowers scarcely surpassed anywhere; caves caused by fissures in the honey-combed slag, their entrances draped with moss and ferns; pretty little ponds and lakes belted with winding pathways and plots of grass running down to the water's edge; a lone windmill far up in the hills, turning merrily in the summer's breezes; a peasant threading his weary way down the hill road with his cart full of sugar beets or brush or faggots.

Scenery in the Azores is prettier than in Bermuda because it has more color and is more rugged. It typifies the seeming hard life of the peasant in his long, sweaty hours day by day as he toils to make a good crop, and it bespeaks the quality of his soul, which glorifies the beautiful. There is hardly an acre of uncultivated ground on the Azorean hillsides. The farms are cut up into little tracts of two to six acres by the landlords and are leased out to the tenants. They are inclosed in high stone walls which age covers with moss and discoloration, and from a distance these patches, bright with green vegetables and waving brown grain, broken with an occa-

sional vineyard, and colors we wot not of, present the effect of crazy-quilt, a picture never to be forgotten by the passing voyager.

Down in the villages, peaceful people keep the shops, handle the peasants' produce for the villagers and the ships, attend the park musicales, frequent the cafes, loll on the benches, go to church when Sunday rolls around. The streets are narrow and usually cobble-stoned; they wind as occasion demands, past low buildings kalsomined in the gay tints of the rainbow—pink, green, blue, brown, lavender, orange and white, but never black. The dwellings are in many cases pretentious, and surrounded with walls and acreage. Walls, walls—everywhere are walls, for cats to perch upon and senhorinas to hide behind! On the other side of the wall senhor thrums a guitar and sings his love song. Upstairs near the postoffice the musical club of the young Azoreans meets twice a week regularly—Wednesday and Sunday afternoon and night, and informally at will; keeps the neighborhood dancing a jig and especially the sailor searching for diversion.

If Ponta Delgada and the other ports of the Azores had better hotel facilities, they would draw tourist crowds in record numbers from the unsettled parts of the world. They represent at least one spot on this mundane sphere where peace and sanity still reign supreme. Little else is to be desired there below; steamship lines with good steamers from the principal ports touch at Ponta Delgada; all they need is a thoroughly modern hotel or two for each town and managers who speak Portuguese, either more or less; also more automobiles.

We had been ashore only an hour or two when we learned that the Azoreans were predisposed to treat the Americans with the greatest respect and

courtesy. This was due to the fact that the Collier Orion, commanded by Lieut. J. Boesch, USN, had driven away a submarine which on the early morning of July 4 had steamed in to bombard Ponta Delgada. In unloading coal, the Orion had assumed a list which threw her stern high in the air, so that her stern gun could be trained above the city's breakwater. The submarine fired three or four shots at a distance of two or three miles, from a five-inch or six-inch gun, these shells hitting in Faja de Cima, a suburb above Ponta Delgada, near the far-famed windmill, and killing a girl of 16 years and wounding several women seriously. Portuguese troops of the local garrison sought to return the fire from a fort, but their gun and ammunition were so defective that they could do nothing; yet a few quick shots from the gun of the Orion caused the U-boat to submerge and steam away.

The grateful islanders went in a solid phalanx to the Orion to thank her commander and to press upon him a handsome silver service. Their enthusiastic young leaders posted placards calling for a mass meeting on the day following to adopt a flag signifying autonomy and to petition their friends the Americans for a protectorate. Desire for a form of independence had become acute because the Azoreans claimed that while they had been forced for years to pay tribute to Lisbon in the sum of \$2,000,000 yearly, they did not receive reciprocally in government expenditures for island improvements more than a small fraction of that sum; furthermore, they asserted, all efforts to obtain railroads and other commercial and industrial enterprises through British and American capital had been blocked by a wilful little coterie of land barons and exploiters of the peasantry nearly a thousand miles away. The Governor of the Island persuaded the

patriots not to assemble by ordering Portuguese gun-boats into the harbor, so the independence of the Azores was postponed indefinitely.

On July 29 the Orion sailed away to the tune of songs and cheers and whistles of half the local population assembled at the quay, and on that self-same day Evaristo Ferreira Travassos, the lace dealer and stationer, piped her praises thusly through the native press:

Ponta Delgada, on the Fourth of July, without the Orion in its port, might have been a stonepile. For this, it rests with the corporation and the municipal government to present to the captain of the Orion a sincere expression of their gratitude. The dawn of July Fourth—who can ever forget it? Who can ever forget the awakening horror of a sleeping city that at vespers the night before went peacefully to its repose without any premonition of the death and destruction ahead? The unhappy Thomasia that in her poor village fled to the street full of fear and terror,—little did she know at vesper time that at daybreak of the following morn the splinters of a German grenade—vehicle of a civilization still much appreciated among us—would fracture her skull, causing instantaneous death!

We must not forget the frequent visits that the captain made to the wounded in the hospital and to the scene of the disaster, especially to the old owners of the house on which the grenade fell and who miraculously escaped death. Sail the seas proudly to the land of liberty and of Washington, and when you arrive, tell your compatriots that you carry in your soul the gratitude of a whole people; and if some day you return in company with your comrades, may you bring branches of olive as messengers of peace!

It was into this atmosphere of cordial gratitude that the rough-and-ready gobs of the Dungere Navy, as represented by the First Division of five coal-burning destroyers (the Reid, flagship; the Preston, the Lamson, the Flusser and the Smith), were catapulted in their mad dash after the Hun. They

bought Orion cigarettes, Orion souvenirs, Orion pillow cases, quaffed Orion beverages and kissed Orion babies barely old enough to kiss. Hospitality was so open-handed and open-kegged that on the very first night of general liberty—August 1—a fight broke out that was anything but an expression of the mutual good feeling which prevailed. Sticks and stones and oaths and fists and pistol shots began to fly, with the result that the gobs finally repaired to their vessels in the harbor and several natives fled to the hospital. While the excitement was at its height, somebody on the Lamson fired a three-inch gun, thinking to call the sailors back aboard, but this created panic in the theatres, since the people thought submarine vandals had returned. Lieut. H. H. Good, of the Reid, ordered out the rifles and was about to send a landing party ashore when the disorder subsided. It was wild enough for an hour to turn Captain Kidd's thatch another color than red!

"Seria cerca da meia noite de terca feira," asserted the newspaper *A Republica*, "quando se sentiu nesta cidade um tiro de canhao, que como e natural alarmou toda a gente, na previsao de que a cidade estava sendo novamente atacada." And the editor said a lot of other things not trimmed with curse words, the translation running somewhat as follows:

It must have been about midnight of night before last when our city was startled by the sound of a cannon shot, which very naturally alarmed the entire population, causing the belief that our city was again attacked. In the pursuit of our mission we rushed to Baixa Street and there we found in progress a regular battle between American sailors, civilians, civil guard and police, a very serious disorder which might have brought about grave consequences. The shot, which had been fired by one of the destroyers anchored in our harbor, soon brought on the scene the officers and guards on shore. There it was not possible to secure definite information, but all agreed in attributing it to several civilian dis-

turburs of the peace on the one hand, and to the fumes of alcohol on the other.

In the theatre, where was being staged a performance by the actor Cunha Moreira, an awful panic was caused, and many ladies fainted. All imagined a new bombardment, and most of the people began to leave, commencing to run, anxious to know the cause of the firing, which brought to mind that which took place during the performance of "Velho Alsaciano" and caused the play to be interrupted.

Those who found it necessary to go to the hospital for treatment were: the two policemen, No. 31, Manuel de Medeiros Fragoso, seriously wounded in the foot (?), and No. 13, Caetano Rebelo, struck on the sides and on one arm (?), private Joao Simoes Corceia, wounded in the head, and citizens Jose Botelho de Lima, in the head, Augusto Tavares, member of the crew of the "Autonomico", struck about the body, and Joao Joaquim de Azevedo, wounded by a revolver shot in the foot. Our worthy chief of police, Senhor Joao Martins Botelho, appeared on the scene of the disorder and his efforts were sufficient to cause the pacification of the excited participants. Contrary to appearances, we can give the assurance that the Portuguese sailors took absolutely no part in the conflict.

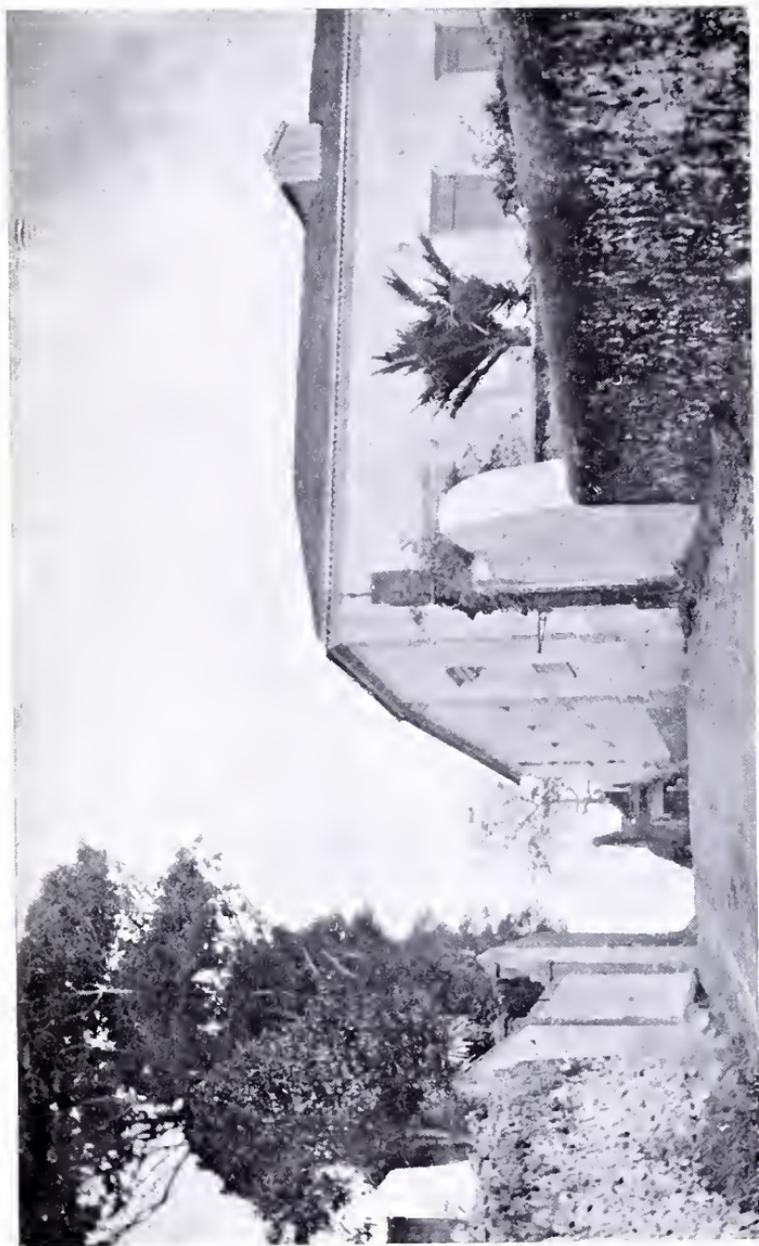
The affair aroused the lively indignation of the populace, who registered a vigorous complaint. These regrettable happenings were generally attributed to the work of a half dozen miscreants, who should be searched out and severely punished. In any case, we must excuse the strangers, who became overcome by liquor, because, above all, they should have the sympathy of the city. In these days, indeed, in which the American government is sending vessels for our protection, in order to safeguard our property and our lives, because of which we have contracted towards the American nation, in the case of the Orion, a solemn debt of gratitude, in such times as these, such an occurrence as that of night before last offends the sensibilities of nearly all the inhabitants of the city, and it would be unworthy of all of us if we failed to protest.

Our skipper happened to be drawing more depth than any other naval gent in those waters afloat, so



CONVOYING STEAMER DANTE ALIGHIERI

On Aug. 25, 1917, the Reid escorted the Dante from Ponta Delgada toward Gibraltar. In 1918 three vessels with the Alighieri were sunk, but she eluded the sub.



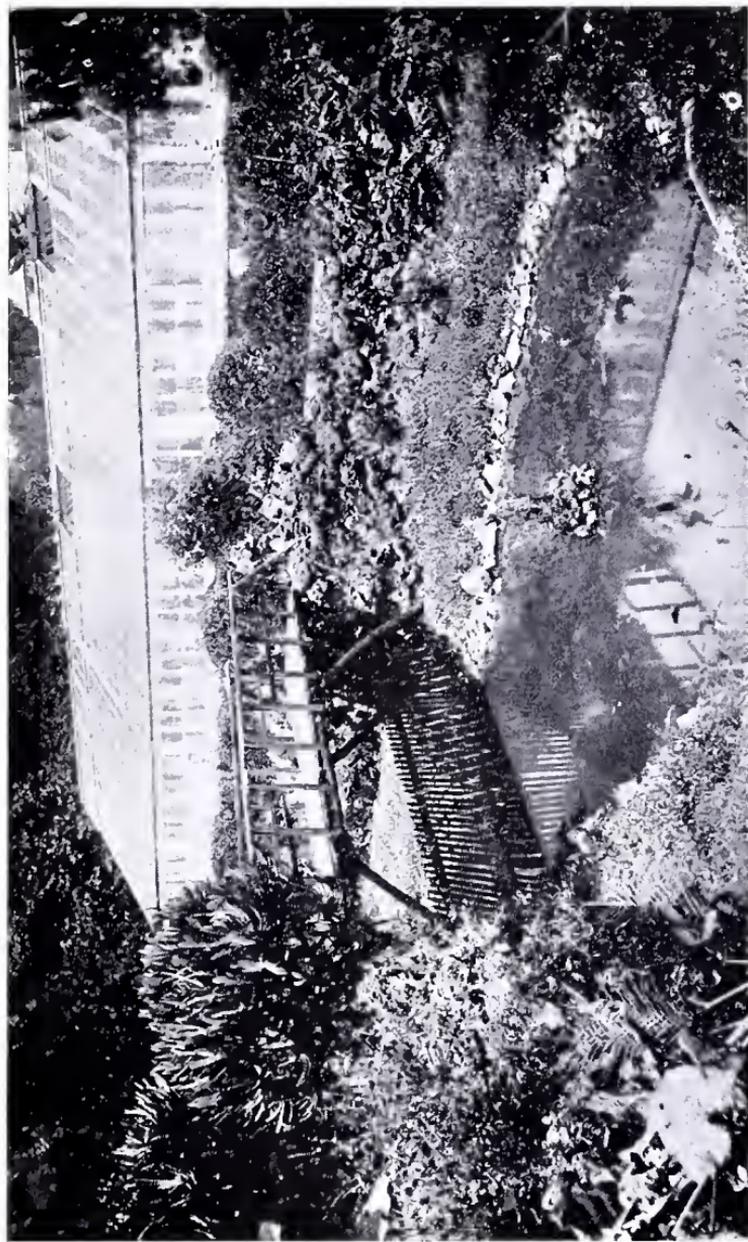
SPANISH ARCHITECTURE AND FOLIAGE TO MATCH

A typical home of the well-to-do class of Azoreans, the location being Penta Delgada. Notice the wall to right, the like of which is used extensively to inclose gardens and farms. Trees on left are in garden of Senhor Jose do Canto, richest man on the island.



"MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS"

A satisfied Azorean peasant who could not be persuaded to wear shoes unless somebody perpetrated the O. Henry hoax of scattering chestnut burrs through the streets. His "automobile" carries him anywhere.



THE ANTITHESIS OF WAR: AN AZOREAN GARDEN

The well-to-do class of inhabitants have an eye single to the development of the beauties of nature. Their taste runs to gardens more than to any other thing of art, and the native shrubbery lends itself readily to the informal garden scheme. Ask Senhor Borges.



OUR MOTHER SHIP, FIRST PERIOD

For ten months the Panther, under Capt. Andre M. Procter, served the First Division of destroyers in European waters, and many regrets were expressed when she left to base on Pauillac, near Bordeaux.



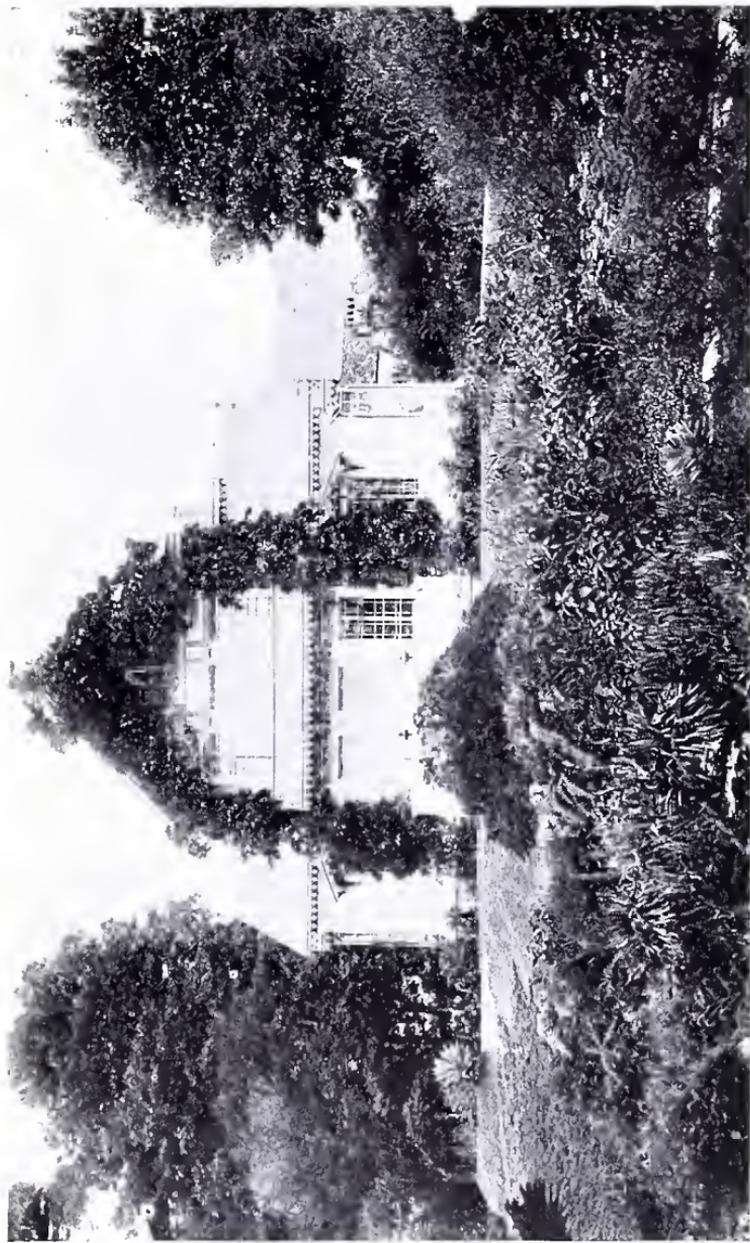
LASCARS (EAST INDIANS), SURVIVORS OF A BRITISH STEAMER

The Iran was sunk by torpedo southeast of St. Mary's Island on Aug. 6, 1917. Although the ship had numerous lookouts on duty, nobody saw the torpedo. The Iran's crew were covered with pistols by the Germans, then told to row to land, about 200 miles.



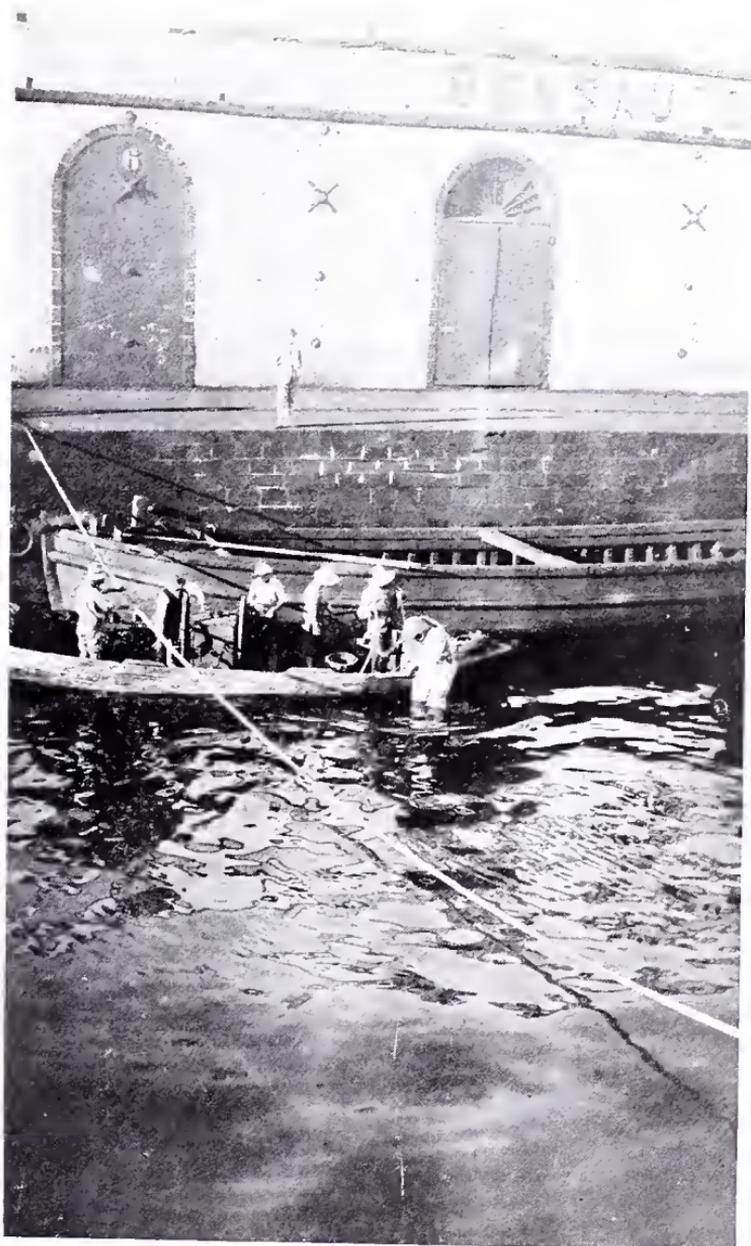
TO GET THE RIGHT DIRECTION

In order to rectify variations in our compasses, the evolution of "swinging ship" was resorted to. Our machine lathe, lost in storm of Dec. 15-17, 1917, is shown.



COUNTRY LIFE IN THE AZORES: A GENTLEMAN'S CHALET

The estate of Ernesto do Canto at Furnas, St. Michael's Island. Note the trellised arch of climbing vines which breaks the monotony of the white of the house, and the charmingly informal arrangement of semi-tropical plants and shrubbery. The terrace also helps.



DOWN GOES THE DOUGHTY DIVER

Here is the highest paid laborer in the Azores starting after American coal worth about \$37 a ton. From a photograph taken through a porthole.



AN AMERICAN SUBMARINE IN THE AZORES SERVICE

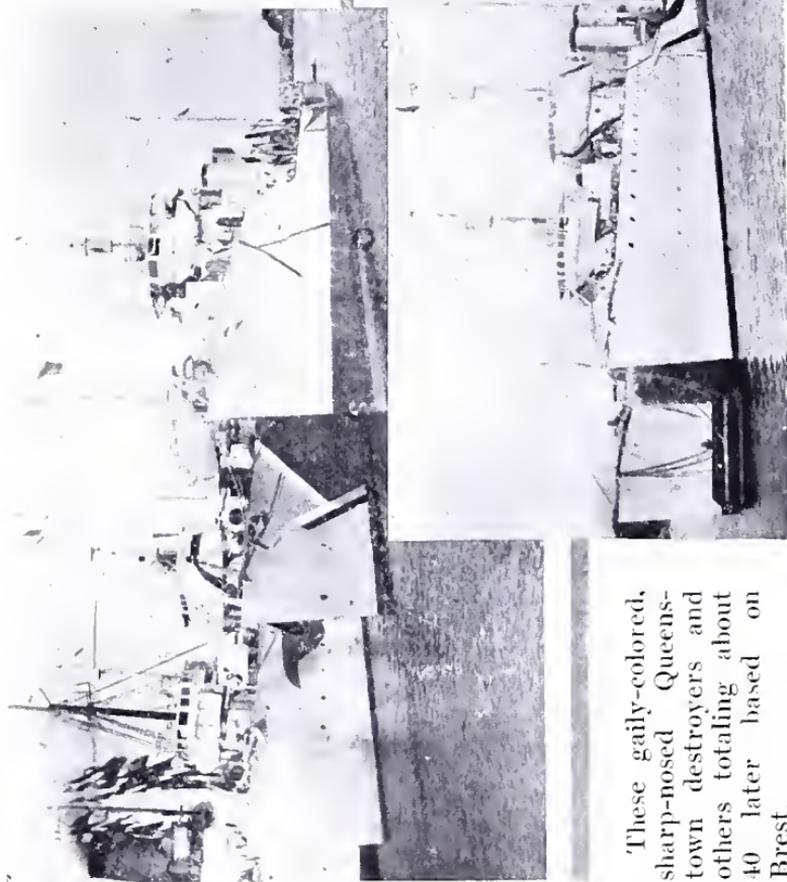
The O-1, which with other submarines attached to the Submarine Tender Savannah, was based on Ponta Delgada for a time during the war and also served along the Atlantic Coast. The O-6 was mistaken for a German by the Destroyer Paul Jones and her conning tower was peppered with shrapnel. Her crew had waved blankets as a warning signal.



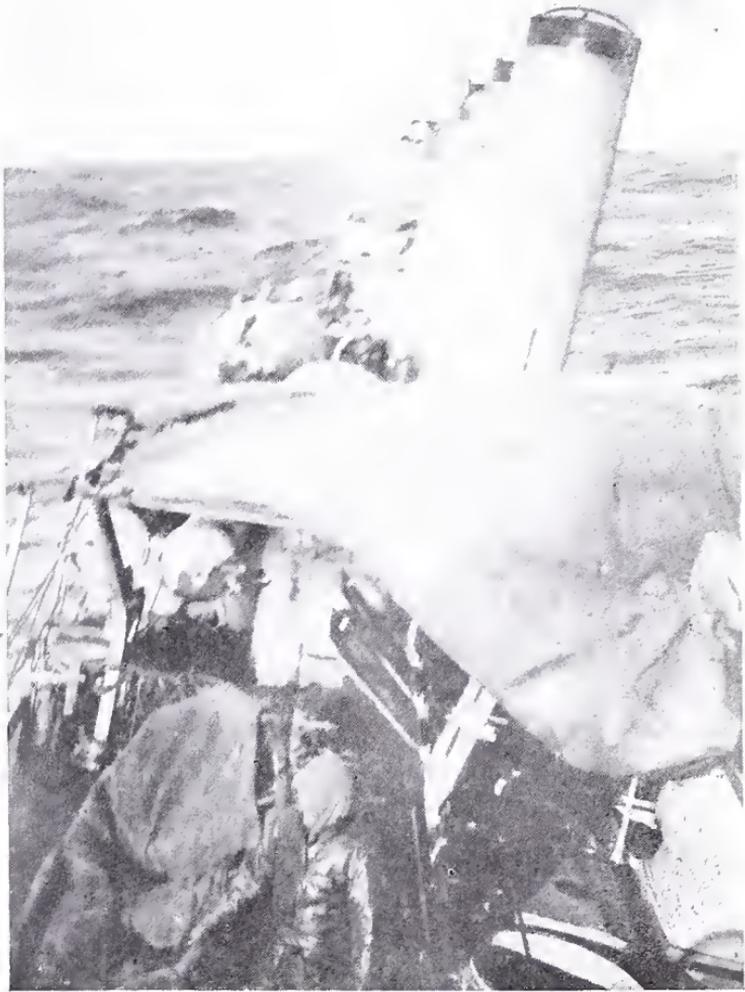
"HOLD EVERYTHING, SAILOR!"

Here is a bit of spray sweeping across our stern in the Portuguese storm of Dec. 15-17, 1917. The need for individual tails is apparent.

Trim "Sea Dogs" at Queenstown, Ireland, Oct. 21, 1917. At top, the Destroyer Warrington (30) alongside companion destroyers of the "Dungaree Navy"; at bottom, the Destroyer Allen (66).



These gaily-colored, sharp-nosed Queens-town destroyers and others totaling about 40 later based on Brest.



IT WAS A WILD SEA, MATES!

The Reid on leaving Azores, bound for Queenstown, at beginning of storm. Deacon Halliburton, of Tennessee, Jack-of-the-Dust, is all bundled up in the foreground.



FOREMAST SNAPPED IN STORM, BUT STILL FULL OF LIFE

The Destroyer Flusser on Oct. 14, 1917, at Cardiff, Wales, after having been hit by Azores-Queenstown storm in company with Reid and Collier Nero. The Flusser got a coat of dazzle paint at Queenstown, but had to wait for arrival at Brest before she received a new mast.



ADMIRAL SIMS' EUROPEAN HOME

The Melville, flagship, and the Repair Ship Dixie lying in Queenstown Harbor, October, 1917, with oil-burning destroyers alongside. Notice the seagulls, which are counted in thousands.



THE U. S. MONTANAN AT PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND

On Jan. 28, 1918, Reid, Lamson and Flusser conveyed Montanan and Amphion out of Plymouth. The steamers were heavily loaded. After midnight on Jan. 29 there were two submarine scares and the steamers blazed away. On Aug. 16, 1918, the Montanan was sunk.

collaborated with the American Consul, Mr. William Bardel, and other personages highly placed in framing a diplomatic note to the Governor of the Island deploring the occurrence. This note recited the long-standing friendship of the two nations (the United States and Portugal), and as a sample of equatorial diplomacy it was without equal. At any rate, things piped down until two sailors had a fight in a cafe, upsetting a bird cage and breaking the canary's leg. The cafe proprietor set down the bird's virtues as being worth 15,000 reis strong money (\$10), and failing to collect this amount before the fight principals escaped, he laid the matter before Mr. Bardel, whose representations, it was reliably reported among the native ship chandlers, caused gob liberty to be cut off an entire day. Should the State Department or the Senate ever investigate Mr. Bardel's peace expenditures, it would find that he dropped many a reis to the bum-boat men who ferried him from ship to ship in the harbor. The next time this gracious and obliging American consul was sought, he found it convenient to be out. Dispute arose between the Reid's commissary officials and an alleged would-be profiteer ashore as to what amount of "tare" should be paid the baker for making twist rolls out of a 100-pound sack of American flour. Baker claimed he could give the Reid 100 pounds of rolls and keep 25 pounds for himself, since cooked-up bread weighs more than flour. Rolls when weighed tipped scales at 90 pounds and led to belief profiteer counted in the weight of his basket. Limited knowledge of Portuguese lingo enabled native to get away with his version and our rolls. A case of down-right honesty cropped out a few days later, however, when a ship's cook on the Panther who had just sampled hotel cooking on

Main Street received word from the proprietor to come over and get a wallet with \$40 in it which he had carelessly left on the floor.

Well, having established or confirmed amicable relations, we set out to find the submarine commander who had bombarded our base and new-found friends. At first we lacked a definite policy, due to the fact that we were new to the game and the environment. It was necessary to fit wooden men in square holes, to see if our guns would shoot and if we could hit anything should they do so, to impress the lookouts with the importance of keeping awake when underway, to differentiate between seagulls and periscopes, between lights and the moon, and in a dozen ways to increase efficiency. Lacking a policy at first, we soon adopted one,—to steam around the ocean looking for submarines. That was what we were after: SUBS, and since U-boats continued to sink small vessels, we continued our rambles. These efforts met with no success; every time a vessel was sunk we happened to be somewhere else, so there was nothing to do except adopt a new policy. We started convoying ships. This worked finely, for not a ship convoyed was sunk, or got a scare.

Our skipper tried to find lookouts suffering from insomnia, but he evidently got a bunch who had never done much of anything but sleep, especially in back channels before the war, hence he posted the following warning notice with good effect:

NOTICE—There have been a number of people going to sleep while acting as lookouts. Men on lookout must remember that perhaps the safety of the ship depends on their keeping wide-awake. The submarine that has been operating where we shall patrol is not going to show itself very much, and in order to discover it our lookouts must be strictly on the job.

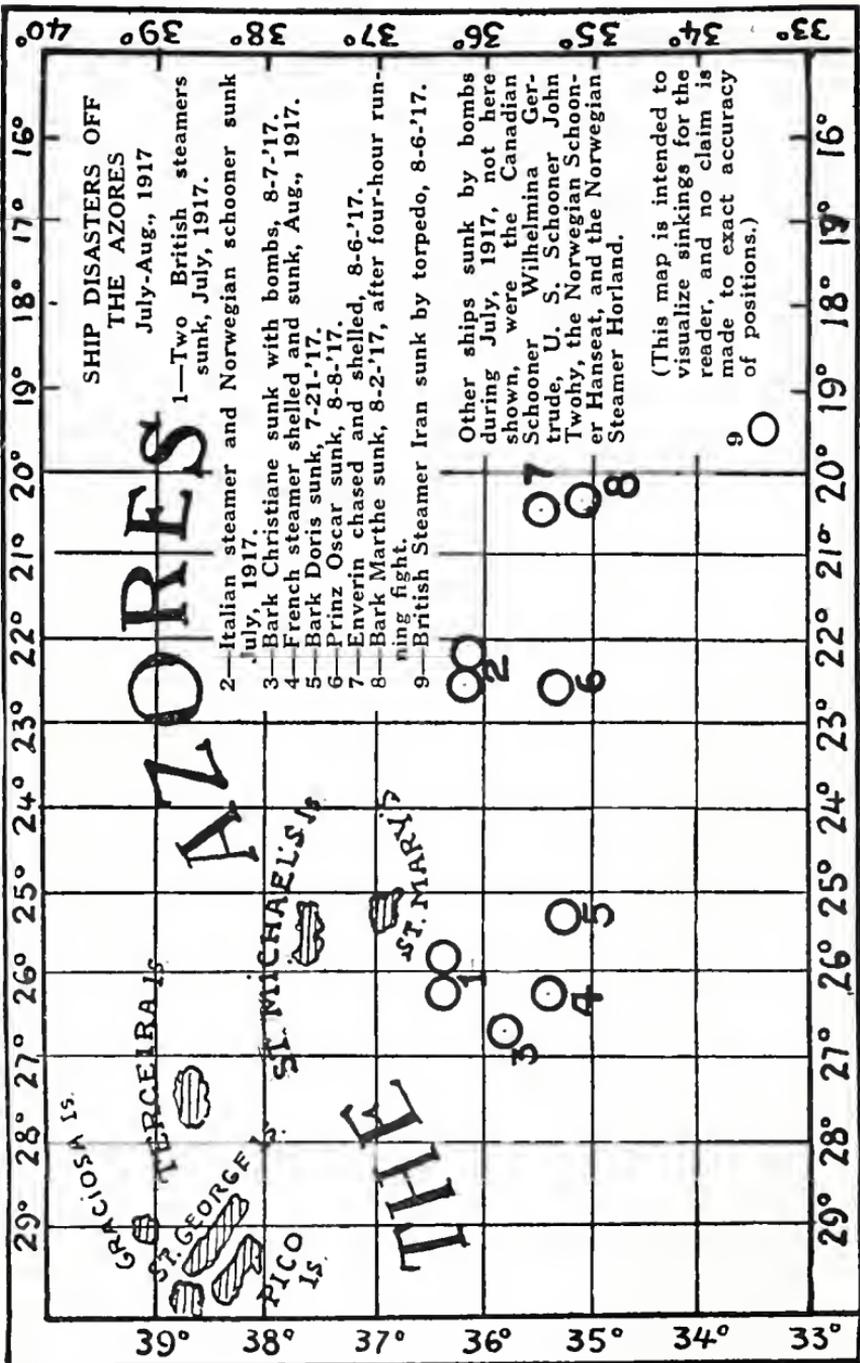
Two examples may be given of this same submarine: There have been about 10 vessels sunk by one submarine within a few hundred miles of the Azores, and in several cases victims did not see the submarine at all until too late, probably on account of inefficient lookouts. The Steamer Iran was sunk by a torpedo. The crew did not see the submarine until after they had taken to the boats and the ship was sunk. In another case, that of the American Bark *Christiane*, the first intimation was a shell bursting in front of them.

Now, it is up to us to see that submarine first, then God help him, but if we don't see him, God help us!

The Iran was a British steamer of 6,250 tons, bound for London from Calcutta with a general cargo, and spices and laces. She had made a wide detour westward in the hope of avoiding submarines along the Spanish and French coasts, but at 7:30 A. M. on Aug. 6, 200 miles southeast of St. Mary's, in position 36-45 N., 20-48 W., had been torpedoed. Captain Bacon, of the Iran, came aboard the Reid and reported as follows on Aug. 8:

It was 7:30 A. M. and we had six or eight lookouts stationed. Nobody saw the submarine, but a mile away the wake of a torpedo was sighted, headed for port bow. We went full speed and put her hard ahelm. The torpedo struck near No. 8 hatch (astern), 12-20 feet beneath the surface, making a deafening report, and the ship's lurch threw me and others on our backs and tore the 4-inch gun from its stern mounting so that it bounded overboard. The decks were awash in two minutes and we sank in 13 minutes more. I had ordered the men into the small boats, and as we were pulling away, the submarine came to the surface and ordered me to come alongside.

The U-boat commander ordered me to come aboard, which I did promptly. A German sailor pointed a pistol at me and their two 4.7-inch guns, forward and aft, were used to cover the men in the boats,— these being 73 Lascars and 15 Europeans. The crew appeared pleased when told the name of my vessel, and one looked up the ship in a ship register. I was then ordered back to my boat and told to proceed to St.



NINE WEEKS IN THE AZORES

Michael's Island, 200 miles away. I asked, "Do you think we can make it in these small boats?" "Maybe so, maybe not," he replied, handing me some sea biscuits like those used on Spanish ships. We rowed fast to get away from them, and they did not submerge for several hours. Their crew was dark and villainous looking, and glared at us. Our third mate, who was on duty when we were hit, said he saw another submarine standing by. The U-boat I boarded was 250-300 feet long, 12-15 feet beam and had a tonnage of 1000-1500 tons.

The British Steamer *Hortensius*, Houston Line, (Capt. Davies), bound from Belle Ile to Dakir, picked us up at 4 P. M. after we had been in the water 8½ hours, and put into Ponta Delgada with us on Aug. 8. Our crew has been housed temporarily on the island here and will be reassigned soon at the nearest British port.

The Iran's steward told Reid how 40 Britishers of the Belgian *Prince* were stood on a submarine deck and all but three drowned when the U-boat finally submerged.

The *Hortensius* reported having received an SOS from the French Steamer *Enverin* on Aug. 6, saying she was being shelled and chased by a submarine in position 35-22 N., 18-50 W., the time being 2 P. M. What became of the *Enverin* was not learned.

On Saturday, August 11, at 6 P. M., just as the evening shadows were preparing to fall over the island, an island tug puffed into the harbor at Ponta Delgada towing two small life boats in which makeshift sails had been raised, and which carried 18 survivors of the American Bark *Christiane*, Capt. C. M. Crooks. The crew's fuzzy cur dog stood proudly in the bow of the leading life boat, with his paws resting on the gunwales. Part of the Reid's crew were just going ashore on liberty and directed Capt. Crooks how to reach the Reid, accompanied by two of his outfit. The old salt told the following tale of his experience:

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

The *Christiane*, an American bark of 918 tons, received a shot across her bow at 7 P. M., Aug. 7, in position 36-42 N., 20-52 W., about 100 miles southwest of St. Mary's Island. That was Tuesday. We were ordered to abandon the bark, and got into our life boats. I was taken aboard the submarine and questioned, and the commander said, "I am sorry to do this, but it is my business. I wish the war was over." The U-boat captain grew friendly and confided that he had sunk two steamers that day and a bark (maybe the *Marthe*) in that approximate position. He gave me a receipt for the vessel signed with his own name. Then he sent a bombing party aboard the *Christiane* and blew her up with time bombs. She sank quickly. He gave us some life preservers and biscuits and the direction to St. Michael's, which we reached after strenuous rowing.

Capt. Crooks said the submarine looked like the U-53, which visited Newport, R. I., in 1916 and on the way back out to sea sank several British merchant ships. It was called the *Deutschland II* by the captain of the French Steamer *Magellan*, which put into Ponta Delgada Wednesday, Aug. 8, and left Friday, Aug. 10. Others thought it was the same submarine commanded by Lieut. Meusel with Lieut. A. L. (or A. C.) Eyring, which operated off the Azores July 18-22. The crew were described as dark and stocky, with dark hair.

The receipt given Capt. Crooks bore the name of Lieut. Eyring and read as follows, translated from the German:

Originally from Finland. Registered March, 1917, under American flag. Bark *Christiane*, at Sea, Aug. 7, 1917. A. L. (or A. C.) Eyring, Oberleutnant, V. l. y. S. M. Unterseeboot X.

The German seal read thus:

Kaiserliche Marine, Kommander der II Unterseeboots.

At five minutes after midnight, Aug. 8, the *Reid* and the *Preston* got underway from Ponta Delgada

NINE WEEKS IN THE AZORES

in response to a radio message from the French Bark Marthe saying she was being shelled 200 miles southeast of St. Mary's Island. At 10 A. M. the Lamson joined and a white life boat with the name Marthe painted on it in black letters was discovered. It was smashed on the starboard side, was partly filled with water and contained some oars and a life preserver or two. We also passed a cabin chair, some wreckage and another life boat, bottom side up. Later we heard that the Marthe's gun crew fought the attacking submarine for an hour in a running fight, and did not surrender until four of her gunners had been killed; likewise that 35 of her crew were picked up by the British Steamer Marswield and landed at Funchal, Madeira. Her men had been tossed about four days in their small boats.

Other reports of submarines and ship disasters follow:

During July: Canadian Schooner *Wilhelmina Gertrude*, U. S. Schooner *Jno. Twohy*, and Norwegian Schooner *Hanseat* and Norwegian Steamer *Horland* sunk around islands with time bombs; unknown French steamer sunk 125 miles southwest of St. Mary's; *Prinz Oscar*, Norwegian steamer, sunk Aug. 8, 150 miles southeast of St. Mary's. Submarines: Aug. 6, at 2 P. M., 35-22 N., 18-50 W.; Tuesday, Aug. 7, 7 A. M., 36-45 N., 20-48 W.; 8 P. M., 35-37 N., 23-45 W.

Through August and September, 1917, convoy and patrol duty continued in this fashion. We went out for two or three days, then came in for a few days of coaling, rest and liberty, then fared forth again. At sea we usually encountered smooth water and beautiful weather, and in port we enjoyed excursions ashore to the fullest. The nights inside the breakwater at Ponta Delgada proved delightful; many of the sailors pulled their bedding to the fore-castle to catch the full strength of the breezes.

Astern of us usually lay the Portuguese Gunboat *Cinquo du Outubro* (The Fifth of October), which boasted a mighty bugler. This bugler tooted his bugle every hour or two each day, reminding us of war at first, but finally making us believe his solo bespoke the peaceful serenity of things. The bumboat men became a part of our daily lives, and we always got a thrill as the red flag was raised at the quay by the customs officials, denoting that a warship was standing into port. The *San Miguel*, steamer, stole in now and then from other ports of the islands. The American yachts came and went on to France; so with the fish boats or tugs, and finally the submarine chasers.

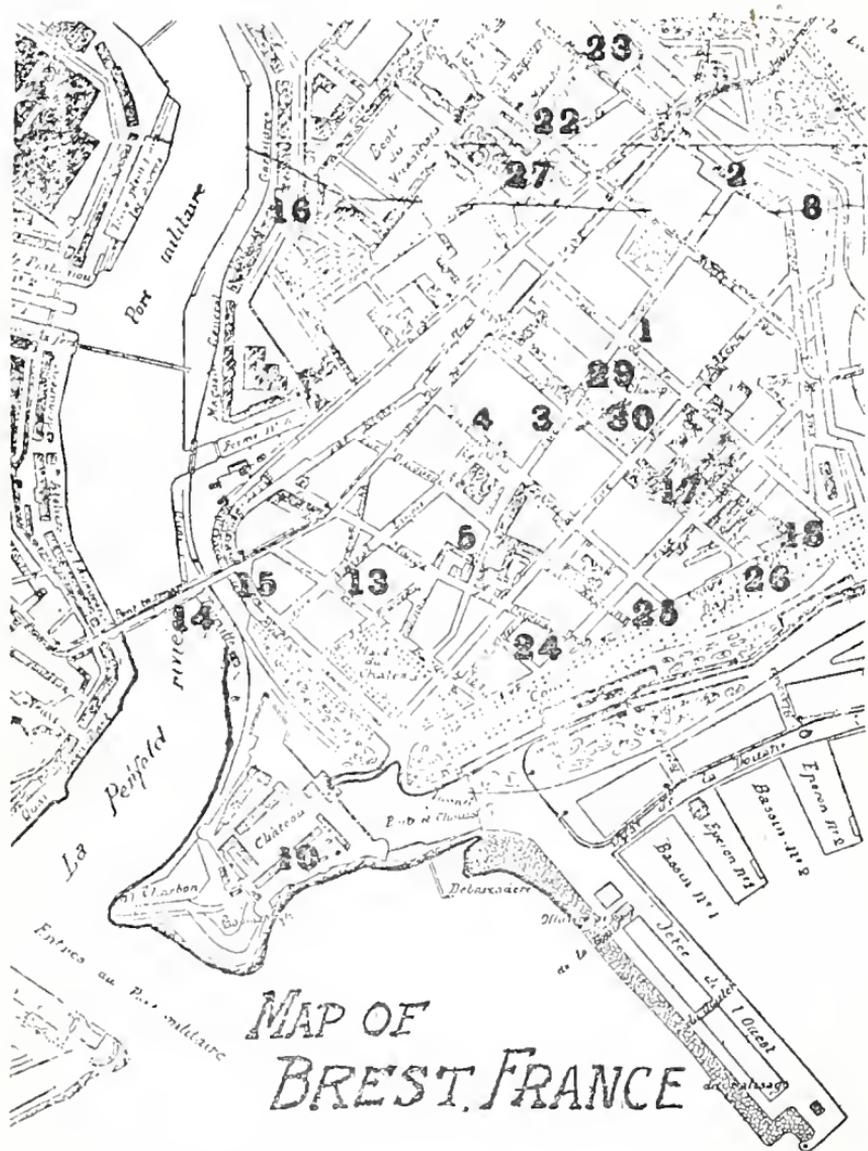
It soon came our turn to go on to France, too. The natives came aboard for the last time about Oct. 1 to coal us up, bunkers and deck, and left their cheerful cries of "Porokee! Porokee!" ("Come over here! Come over here!") ringing in our ears. On Oct. 5 the ships hauled out their gay pennants to honor Portugal's seven years as a republic, the Americans entertained the islanders with a baseball game, and the Mother Ship *Panther* left for Queenstown, convoyed by the Destroyers *Preston*, *Smith* and *Lamson*. The next day the *Reid* and the *Flusser* laid in a six-days' supply of vegetables from ashore, and on the seventh (Sunday), after the men had attended church, left for Queenstown, convoying the *Collier Nero*. Our friends the Azoreans gathered at the landing and waved at us and shouted us a hearty farewell.

After a day out, a furious storm broke upon us, which lasted 78 hours; for details, see sketch herein entitled "Standing by the Wing Locker." After coaling at Queenstown we proceeded with the *Nero* through the submarine-infested Bristol Channel to

NINE WEEKS IN THE AZORES

Cardiff, Wales, accompanied by the Flusser. Returning to Queenstown, we nearly hit a floating mine and were hit by a sharp all-night blow which lifted our motor boat off the deck and sent lots of water into the compartments. Awaiting orders, we lay moored in Queenstown Harbor five days, near Admiral Sims' Flagship, the Melville, and the Repair Ship Dixie; saw the Destroyer Cassin put into dock with her fantail blown off; got a good look at the Irish, Irish castles and pretty Irish girls, but on account of short liberty hours and official restrictions were unable to get far into the country or to visit Dublin or Cork. We noticed a tenseness in Cardiff and Queenstown caused by the rigid conditions of the war, and this spirit shed a different light on the new work we were to assume.





Rade de Brest

KEY: 1—Admiral's Office. 2—Army Headquarters and Postoffice. 3—Y. M. C. A. Money Exchange. 4—Restaurants. 5—Dormitory. 8—Store-house. 10—Navy Hut. 13—Officer's Club. 14—Navy Canteen. 15—Patrol Office and Navy Postoffice. 16—Small Stores. 17—French Postoffice. 18—Army Base Hospital No. 1. 22—Market. 23—American Consul. 24—British Consul. 25—British Headquarters. 26—Protestant Church. 27—Catholic Church. 29—Municipal Theatre. 30—Y. M. C. A. Headquarters.

CHAPTER III.

THE BASE AT BREST.



ON Friday, Oct. 19, 1917, the Panther, mother ship of the First Division of coal-burning destroyers, left Queenstown, convoyed by the Lamson, the Smith and the Preston, and on Sunday, Oct. 21, they arrived at Brest as the first organized unit for destroyer convoy service to base on this important European port. On Oct. 21 the Flusser and the Reid left Queenstown, arriving at Brest Monday, Oct. 22, thus making the unit complete at the new base.

The duty of the division during its 14 months at Brest was to escort convoys out several hundred miles toward the United States, then usually to meet an eastbound convoy at rendezvous and escort it into Brest, or occasionally to Quiberon Bay or Bordeaux. On several occasions we went nearly 1000 miles to the west, since it had become the custom of submarine commanders to drop far out (400 or 500 miles) and bag a prize, as in the case of the President Lincoln, whose destroyer escort is supposed to have been speeding back to base when she was sunk. The range of the division included the lower sweep of the English Channel at its confluence near Brest, the southern coast of England and Ireland and as far south (on occasion) as Spain and Portugal. One or two of our destroyers reached Gibraltar on a special mission. The general convoy and escort plan was thought out intelligently and was executed by the commanding officers with precision and admirable devotion to duty.

In the late spring and early summer of 1918, when the French were sorely tried and the British were fighting with "backs to the wall" in defense of the

Channel ports of Dunkirk and Calais, the American troops began to arrive at Brest at the rate of 250,000 to 300,000 per month, and it was during this period that the coal burners and destroyers which had been sent from Queenstown saw their hardest service. It was convoy out for two days, convoy in for two days, make a short liberty, coal ship (frequently all night long), and repeat the performance. These were our most melancholy days, and likewise our happiest days, because we felt that our licks were now counting for the most. In this duty the yachts and submarine chasers and mine-sweepers and tugs rendered notable service, mostly close along the French Coast. In two weeks a mine-sweeping tug bagged fourteen German mines; and the part played by these redoubtable craft will be adequately told one of these days. The Repair Ships Panther, Bridgeport and Prometheus held up their end in commendable fashion, it is unnecessary to say.

Secretary Baker will probably have no hard feelings at this late date to learn that when he landed at Brest on Sunday, March 10, 1918, a day before executing his famous "down cellar" movement in Paris, he probably plowed through a mine field on the Cruiser Seattle. He should feel good over it. A wireless message sent the group was intercepted by the Reid. It had evidently been delayed in transmission. This was immediately shown to the officer of the deck, a man who could often pull strange things out of the very air, and he said: "Too late to decode that message now; I think I know what it contains; it tells us to steer around a mine field we just passed through." All's well that ends well, and so with many little mishaps in the big war game.

It seemed to be German policy (in return for ex-

pected commercial concessions after the war) to sink no troopships coming into France from America, if the record is any indication. Numerous empty transports were torpedoed or attacked but apparently none blown up going east, the destroyer protection being practically the same in both directions. The case of the *Tuscania*, a British ship carrying about 2,000 doughboys, was one of the exceptions of the war, but it was torpedoed in Irish waters, with a loss of about 171. Numerous merchant ships with munitions and food were sent down coming into France; Admiral Wilson took no chance, but dealt the protection out according to the resources in hand.

This view is largely confirmed in a feature of the story of the war by Gen. Erich von Ludendorff, chief of the German General Staff. Gen. Ludendorff's account is somewhat contradictory but he gives the impression that the Germans felt it advantageous to concentrate on merchant tonnage and cargoes and to sink American troopships only incidentally. A few paragraphs from his statement as presented by the International News Service follow:

From our previous experience of the submarine war I expected strong forces of Americans to come. But the rapidity with which they actually did arrive proved surprising. General von Cramen, the German military plenipotentiary with the Austrian imperial and royal headquarters, often called me up, and asked me to insist on the sinking of American troopships; public opinion in Austria-Hungary demanded it. Admiral von Holtzendorff could only reply that everything was being done to reduce enemy tonnage and to sink troopships.

It was not possible to direct the submarines against troopships exclusively. They could approach the coasts of Europe anywhere between the north of England and Gibraltar, a front of some 1,400 nautical miles. It was impossible effectively to close this area by means of submarines. One could only have concentrated them on certain routes; but whether the troopships would choose the same routes at the same time was the ques-

tion. As soon as the enemy heard of submarines anywhere, he could always send the ships fresh orders by wireless and unload at another port.

It was, therefore, not certain that by this method we should meet with a sufficient number of troopships. The destruction of the enemy's freight tonnage would then have been undertaken only spasmodically and would have been set back in an undesirable manner; and in that way the submarine war would have become diverted from its original object.

The submarine war against commerce was therefore continued with all the vigor possible. According to the information available, the enemy's remaining tonnage and his food supply was so reduced that the hope of attaining our object by this means was justified. The shortage of cargo space, at any rate, was established.

The General's argument that troopships could change course and put into any one of a number of ports, and the submarines could not tell which way they would go, applies equally to merchant vessels, and since the Huns did attack and sink many merchantmen coming into France from the United States and did not attack the troopships to any extent, the conclusion is inevitable that instructions to U-boat commanders covered this point definitely, though it is difficult to understand how the commanders distinguished transports from merchantmen in the short time they had for observation. In many cases and particularly during the early days of America's participation in the war, the transports had better protection than the cargo vessels. The American destroyers at Brest usually convoyed the troopships, while the yachts and French sloops and destroyers convoyed the merchant ships, which mostly put into ports south of Brest, usually Bordeaux. Later on, however, as new destroyers from home relieved the Queenstown destroyers and released them for service at Brest, the protection of the costal convoys was increased. Naturally the

merchantmen were slower than the transports and were easier victims. The Leviathan was one extreme at 24 knots and the Wabash or Mexican at 8 knots another. A U-boat might get one "pot shot" at a fleeting transport, whereas by steaming with a convoy of "slow boys" it might take half a dozen shots covering a period of 12 hours or even longer. Then if a "lame duck" (ship in a temporary breakdown) fell behind, it had not much more than an even chance to reach port.

From the information obtainable, therefore, it would seem that the Germans concentrated on British tonnage and cargoes in the hope of forcing Great Britain to her knees, which would have won the war finally as far as continental Europe was concerned. They gave for the most part an incidental attention to American troopships and cargo vessels, because of that policy, and further because they hoped America would be too late to save her Allies, and it would hasten American participation at the front to sink any appreciable number of doughboys. Furthermore, the German leaders believed that under a traditionally altruistic policy America would give back to Germany or pay for every seized German ship; if the U-boats sank them, Germany would lose them, and she needed tonnage badly in the commercial war to follow the war. However, it is announced that German ships are to be kept for other tonnage destroyed. It was entirely a different matter to sink an occasional empty American transport going to the United States, manned by a crew of 300 to 700 men, and risk the loss of a handful, as a sample for the folks at home of German frightfulness. An analysis of the principal American ship losses as reported unofficially at Brest sheds light on this policy. The first vessels to be torpedoed, the Antilles

and the Finland, both American, were attacked while steaming from France toward the United States. The Antilles sank and the Finland was able to return to port at Brest. The Covington and the President Lincoln, old German liners, were sunk while returning to America. It is probably true that the first American troopships sent to France were attacked by submarines, as a warning of what might follow, but these attacks were not generally continued.

Among merchantmen, the Westward-Ho, the West Bridge, the Cubore and the Montanan were all hit while making for French ports from America, and these facts seem to establish that the Germans drew a line between the personal and the financial elements in the situation.

Naval authorities have stated the estimates of submarines operating at any given time off England, Ireland and France, and the destruction of submarines by destroyers and in nets, were greatly exaggerated. Off the Azores at any one average time there were supposed to have been not more than two U-boats operating; off the coast of France not exceeding four or six, and at periods as few as a single pair. Indications of submarine strength were best given in radio messages reporting attacks and suspicious circumstances; these SOS calls in the aforesaid area were made in practically all cases where signs of submarines were seen, and they seldom if ever showed that more than six were active. Of course the same U-boat might be reported several times a day.

The American war vessels based on Brest officially credited with submarines, as indicated by the stars they wore on their smokestacks, were the Destroyers Fanning, Tucker and Stewart, and the Yacht



THE HISTORIC BRIDGE AT BREST

This high structure and surrounding buildings furnished the first view which hordes of our soldiers and sailors had of Europe's chief port of landing.



WHERE A MILLION OR MORE "DOUGHBOYS" FIRST TOUCHED FRANCE

Here is the landing for soldiers and sailors at Brest. At the top of the stairways is Rue de Stann, the main business street; in the foreground is the barge of Rear Admiral Schweret, of the French Navy; the bridge connects Brest and Old Brest.



WHEN A TUG RUNS AMUCK

On Oct. 23, 1917, 24 hours after taking up our base at Brest, our bow was rammed by the Tug James, putting us into dry dock. The James and her skipper escaped.



"OH, WOULD THAT I MIGHT GO BACK TO THE FARM!"

This is not "Shanty Irish Castle" in the gay shambles of County Cork. It is a pastoral scene between Brest and Lambézellec, France, a rare peek-in at historic Brittany, which, situated southwest of Normandy, continues to turn out the sturdy Breton stock.



A GAY TOUCH OF FRENCH LIFE

Sunday afternoons during the war the Bretons used to promenade out to The Rocks at Plougastel, and here is a prosperous party crossing a neck of Rade de Brest.



TAKING THEM OVER THE FORECASTLE

On Dec. 8, 1917, the Reid and the Smith, Preston, Roc, Flusser and Warrington accompanied the Cruiser San Diego and the Transport Mt. Vernon 800 miles west from Brest. The weather part of the time was rough, our speed 21 knots and we all got a good bath.



LES ROCHES (THE ROCKS) AT PLOUGASTEL

Here is a freak of nature which is more striking in its miniature form than the great monolith at Stone Mountain, Ga. Thousands of Uncle Sam's boys saw it near Brest during the war.



ENTRANCE TO PETITE PARIS, BREST, FRANCE

Here is the end of Rue de Siam, a point known to hundreds of thousands of American sailors and soldiers. At this spot any time during the war could be seen the representatives of a dozen nationalities. From a photo by M. F. Essex, U. S. S. Flusser.



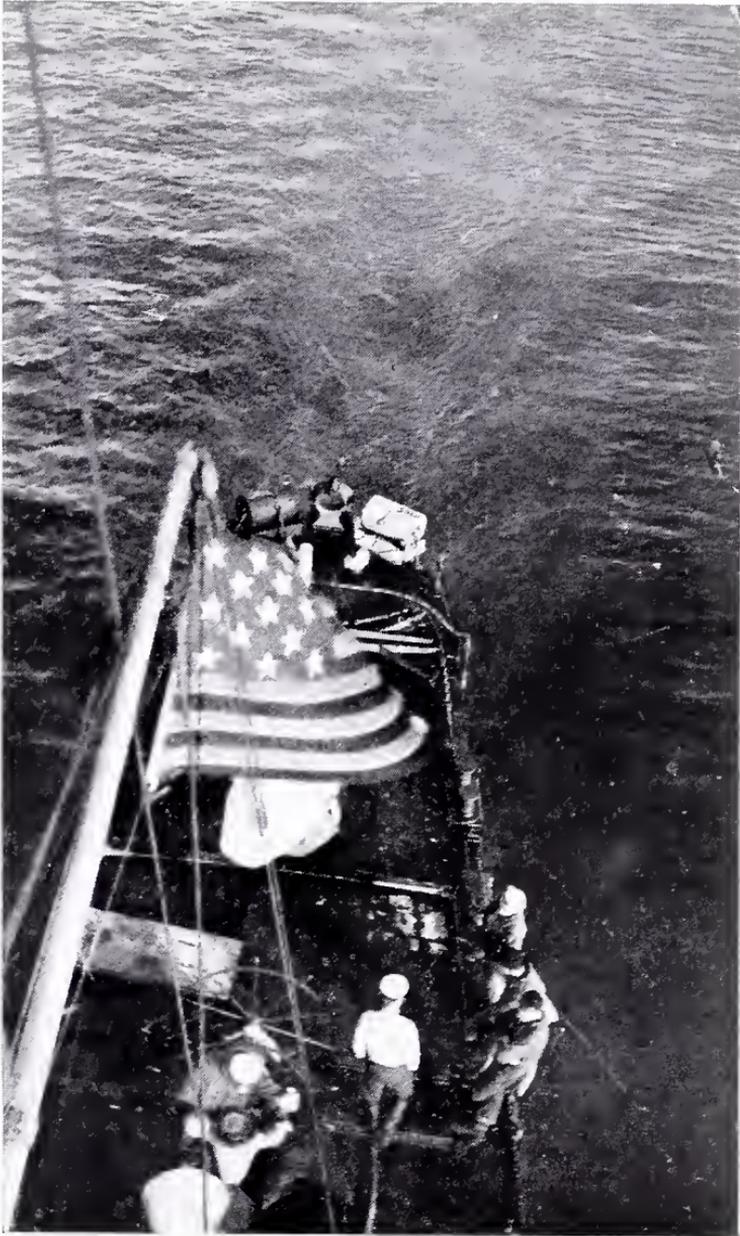
ALL HAIL TO SUNNY FRANCE!

The Hospital Ship *Comfort*, sister of the *Mercy*, which abandoned plan to steam lighted up at night; the Transport *Ohioan* getting underway at Quiberon, and the Transport *Henderson* nearing Brest.



A LETTER FROM THE SON AT THE FRONT TO HIS BRETON MOTHER

Madame Breton, residing on a farm between Brest and Lambazellec, receives glad tidings of her boy, who is serving around Ypres, in France, the rural postman having just crossed the orchard. Although poor, she and the old man have wine and war bread for visitors.



"OLD GLORY" IN THE BREEZE

Swinging ship, Dec. 15, 1917, at Quiberon Bay, France, where John Paul Jones got 9 French guns in 1778, celebrating the independence of the Colonies.



A YACHT WITH A WAR RECORD: J. P. MORGAN'S CORSAIR AT QUIBERON

On Dec. 17, 1917, the Reid, practically put out of commission in a severe storm, sent an SOS message to the Corsair. The yacht came within sight, but after struggling more than an hour to reach the Reid, went for herself to Lisbon. The Reid made port at Porto.



WHICH IS MADAM? WHICH MADEMOISELLE?

Mademoiselle is behind, Madam between her husband and the naughty little boy. The officer is home at Royan, near Bordeaux, on leave from the front, and is not thinking much about the war.



"VIN ROUGE" HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS POSE!

Henry Grady ("Nick") Carter (or, "The Man with the Mop") at Les Roches, Plougastel (Brest), France, in the act of falling into a strawberry bed, with picturesque landscape all about him. "Nick" was a champion swimmer and diver, and kept our propellers in trim.



A TYPICAL FRENCH CHATEAU

Here is the home of the wealthiest man in Plougastel, who owns the great rocks and the old-fashioned ferry which people must patronize to see them. He enjoys a comfortable old age.



“WHAT DO YOU SAY, SAILORS? TURN TO!”

Chief Boatswain's Mate Harry Berg and deck hands pulling together No. 1 whale-boat after it was smashed by waves in storm of Dec. 15-17, 1917. Our wherry was knocked into bits, our lathe bounded overboard, and vegetable locker and life preserver locker upset.

Christabel. There may have been transports in addition to the Mongolia; also vessels at Queens-town (where the Fanning got her star).

Mr. Lloyd-George told Parliament in 1918 that the British accounted for five submarines one Saturday. Whether the Admiralty allowed stars to be hung up was not known. The Reid failed to notice any stars in her cruises with British destroyers.

Admiral William S. Sims, commander of the United States Naval Forces in European Waters, with headquarters at London, indicates in his story of sea warfare as presented by Pearson's Magazine, London, and in this country beginning in September by the World's Work and other publications, that Germany did not want to antagonize America, feeling that our forces would be too late to gain victory, and that we would be counted as her "friend" after the war; also that our armed merchantmen were not seriously attacked. Admiral Sims estimates the largest number of submarines operating at any one time between the North Coast of Ireland and Brest at 15, and states that they ranged from that figure to as low as four. The American secret service and radio reports furnished the basis of these estimates.

Admiral Sims declares he concurred in the British official opinion expressed early in 1917 that unless new devices were introduced or help rushed quickly from the United States, our Allies would be hopelessly beaten, and this view he cabled to the Administration at Washington. As an offset to pacifism and pro-Germanism, he cabled later that the pyrotechnic effect of submarine attacks along the American Atlantic Coast should not deter us in our duty and purpose to whip the Germans in Europe, for they would be inaugurated without any idea of real destructive value but for the purpose of diverting

American destroyers from the main object of assisting the British seamen to down the Hun. It was Admiral Sims' opinion that had Germany sent her submarines to our shores upon our declaration of war in April, 1917, instead of waiting until 1918, she would have won the conflict. He indicates that the pacifism with which so many of our war efforts were tainted and ham-strung would have kept our destroyers from crossing the seas. His story throughout is an illuminating though conservative account of the glorious part played by our sailors in the fight to save France, Belgium, Great Britain and America.

On the whole, the officers of the anti-submarine craft were of a high type, courageous, efficient, approachable and generally humane. They possessed the initiative that is necessary to the success of military measures. There were some exceptions to this rule, but the exceptions will soon pass. The men of the crews met their tasks with fortitude and uncomplainingly, and civilian sailors generally praised them as fair and square and worthy of the name of shipmate.

Our physical needs were well attended to by Uncle Sam, in respect to food and clothing and recreation, and the part played by the home folks in providing little comforts, often at heavy personal sacrifice, will never be forgotten. Altogether it was a great experience. We learned to like and respect the French, too, who suffered most severely through the war; it was a pleasure to divide our gifts with the little Breton tots and to feel that the French appreciated what we did for them. Many things we shall forget, but never the experiences that we encountered while serving in the old First Division based on Brest.

An unfortunate occurrence was noted in the mid-

dle of August, 1918, which served to transform the Good Ship Reid temporarily from a home into something else. At noon of Tuesday, August 13, the crew had put on 45 tons of coal, and at 4 P. M. the Reid steamed in smooth water toward Bordeaux with the Lamson. On Wednesday morning the two destroyers met a convoy of 30 merchant vessels bound for the United States, with the Yachts Aphrodite (senior escort), Noma and Corsair in charge. After convoying these vessels a sufficient distance westward, an eastbound group of 17 merchantmen was picked up Thursday, bound for French ports. At 7 P. M. the Montanan, of the Hawaiian-American line (convoyed Jan. 28, 1918, by the Reid from Plymouth, England, to Quiberon Bay, France) was struck by a torpedo; position approximately 46-40 N., 12-25 W. Her 81 survivors quickly put off in small boats and were picked up by the Noma. The water here was also comparatively smooth. The wireless reported that a torpedo had passed under the stern of another ship, thought to have been an Italian.

At 10 P. M. the Cubore, another American vessel, of about 7500 tons and slightly larger than the Montanan, was torpedoed. Her 50 passengers were picked up by the Etourdi, sprightly French destroyer, which had been doing good work along the coast. The vessel sank in about an hour. The submarine was evidently following the convoy, which was making only eight or ten knots. The convoy seemed to be divided into two or three units in close touch with each other, and the Reid was with one of these.

Midnight came and ushered in Friday, Aug. 16. The 12-4 A. M. watch had been on duty only an hour when the American Ship West Bridge (sister

ship of the Westward-Ho, torpedoed Aug 8) was struck. The captain of the West Bridge wirelessly the other ships that he had little hope of saving his vessel. (Flour in her hold kept her floating and she finally made port at Brest). The skipper and 99 survivors, who included two American girls dressed in watch caps and dungarees, were picked up after several hours in life boats by the Destroyer Burrows. The Drayton dropped depth charges on an oil slick, with doubtful results, and the Aphrodite reported having seen a large submarine submerge. At 3 P. M. the Montanan sank.

The remaining ships of the convoy continued toward Bordeaux and coastal points during Saturday, Aug. 17, the weather remained calm and in the morning we met 14 more ships and two French destroyers headed south. At midnight a green rocket was fired and the Reid's crew were called to general quarters by the ringing of the gong. When the men had assembled on the "top side", Captain Davidson addressed them from the head of the forecastle ladder, asserting that somebody had been tampering with the torpedo tubes, and telling them that if the guilty man were caught, he would be severely dealt with. Captain Davidson did not attempt to conceal his anger, and punctuated his remarks with a sea-going profanity which the occasion seemed amply to justify. "I suspect two men," declared Captain Davidson, "and if I can prove it on them I will make it hot for them."

The crew remained silent and after they had been dismissed gathered in little groups to discuss the happening, or sidled up to the gunner's mates to get all the dope on just what had been done. Gradually they climbed down the compartment ladders and went to sleep.

It had been reported that on a previous occasion a similar act had been attempted and told by the gunners to the wardroom, and that a depth charge had also been tampered with so that it would explode at a depth of 40 feet, so close to the ship that our 32 depth charges would probably have gone off at the same time. Considering that the chief petty officers occupied the compartment farthest aft, directly under the explosives, their anxiety can well be understood, and the "Black Gang"—firemen and water-tenders—were just a little farther forward. As the gunner's mates explained it, a pin or plug was pulled out of a part of the mechanism of the torpedoes, either with the idea of making the torpedoes fail to explode when shot or to explode prematurely. Since we had not shot our torpedoes in more than a year and had little idea of using them, that anybody should fool with them was quite beyond comprehension. This detail did not concern the crew, however; all they asked was to catch the culprit, and the last entry in his record would probably have read "Lost at sea." Regular watches were put on around the torpedo tubes and the depth charges, and the officers also kept a close watch. The boatswain's mate who was on duty from 8 P. M. to midnight of Aug. 17 stated that nobody left the forward compartment—quarters of the deck force—at any time that would have permitted of fixing the torpedoes, and the men aft were equally as positive that none of their number was implicated.

When we reached Brest, the matter was reported at the Flag Office, and it was put up to Captain Davidson to find out who was guilty. The old navy game of "sweating the crew" was resorted to,—the men were ordered out of this uniform and into that in double quick time, then back into the original

uniform; the deck force were kept busy legging it around deck; messengers were sent on queer errands; attempts were made to shake up the crew by a rearrangement of bunks; the "Up all hands!" call was sounded an hour earlier each morning; the yeomen were put to work on paper jobs at sea, and using a typewriter was a bit of jugglery that the land lubber would have enjoyed could he have seen it. All of which so confused the Knights of the Dungarees that they could only wail, "My Gawd, what's comin' next?"

"Everybody and the ship's cook" were hauled out to coal ship, and after they had finished and had taken their places in line with buckets for baths in the wash room, the chief petty officers stood nearby like eagles and sought to pick out the offender. A situation was presented which reminded our sailors who had volunteered from civil life of a ballroom or party scene in which a lady had lost a diamond pendant, and every person present felt uncomfortable, to say the least, not even excepting host and hostess. So the crew grinned and bore it.

"Carry on, mates;" yelled a bo'sun; "it all goes to make the world safe for democracy!"

"Where do the Republicans come in?" shouted one of them.

By this time nearly half the crew had gone "dippy" and the "padded cells" were pretty well filled.

"Lock this nut in Padded Cell No. 231" yelled a coxswain to our compartment policeman, as our lamp-lighter came raving down the ladder. And pointing to a wild-eyed little man who was dancing a jig and singing mournfully over by the starboard chow table, he ordered,

"Shove that bug in No. 24, and be sure not to put 'em together!"

Officers and men disguised as detectives came aboard to ferret out the mystery, but the way they balled up the evidence (granting there was any) led our Jack-of-the-Dust to remark that the whole bunch could not follow the course of a bull through a china shop or a broken-legged elephant in broad daylight through a swamp. The disciples of "Hemlock Jones" soon passed on to warmer trails and the incident was all but forgotten. The gunner's mate in charge and several of the crew expressed the opinion that a certain sailor transferred off the vessel before we left Brest for Charleston might have been the offender, and that thereafter we would have no more Bolsheviki or ferret pests to haunt the crew.

For a year there was very little thievery aboard, the sum total being one large theft and a few francs lost here and there, yet on reaching home the men and the officers began to miss money. The lockers of the righteous and the unrighteous alike were searched, and on failing to find anything it was announced on deck that "nobody was suspected in preference to anybody else." "Old navy" sailors confined their insinuations to the statement that it was well known numerous "new navy" gobs were going back to civilian life and would need capital to start business again.

Such irregularities were exceptional. The average sailor is entirely above them, but was often the innocent victim of them. And so with civilian volunteers.

There were a lot of civilians who went into the navy without asking for anything more than an opportunity to serve, and certainly seeking advancement and exercising the meal ticket privilege only

incidentally. They enlisted in the lowest ratings available, although in many cases they had held positions on the outside which would entitle them to use the average inexperienced young naval officer as a messenger boy, and perhaps lose money at that. It was not necessarily galling to execute orders issued by these youngsters when it was considered that such orders usually expressed the wisdom of persons of mature judgment and experience with human nature; it was also considered part of the game not to show impatience with an occasional young officer who did not know enough to drive geese. The civilian realized that he had not had the opportunity of the exceptional education enjoyed by the Annapolis men, nor yet the experience at sea through which the older officers had passed. Although he had been rubbing elbows with his fellows in civil life, in some cases ten years, he did not feel competent to take charge of experienced sailors and try to tell them how to sail.

The civilian found himself going through "kindergarten," as it were, in his efforts to fit into the sea-going game. All the casual tortures he could stand in the name of winning the war, for he had been through physical suffering before. What he could not stomach was the impression that some officers (not all, by any means) gave him of their own superiority. The "gob" from civil life was foredoomed to a sort of military serfdom from which he had little chance to free himself. He might have received a commission by waiting a year at home and have been taken in full communion and fellowship into the charmed inner circle of officers, instead of jumping in head-first so he might go across with the initial contingents. But on donning the uniform of an ordinary sailor he put himself in a category from which

he had about one chance in a hundred to emerge. Lifting himself by bootstraps was what every "gob" did who got a commission by virtue of a cruise on the ocean blue. In many cases he preferred to remain a "gob" and finish his job with his shipmates, rather than pay the awful price necessary to become an officer from below decks.

The theory on which our participation in the war was based held that a partnership was being formed in which all of the participants were to share, not that certain individuals were to arrogate to themselves all the omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence that could be got together. Wise indeed was the officer who rejected the attitude which said "To hell with you, Jack,—I got mine!" and who realized that after the war we should all have to live together as before.

On the whole, the civilian did remarkably well. His performance compared very favorably with anything the old sailormen accomplished, in spite of the evident handicaps. This was particularly true in the Covington affair, which will long be recalled with pride by the "New Navy" men who lived up to the traditions of real seamanship.

Yacht crews especially can claim credit for good records, since they were made up largely of college students and graduates of considerable experience on the "outside",—bankers, salesmen, lawyers and others. A reserve force man from a yacht at Brest, 29 years old, graduate of a college larger and older than Annapolis, and engaged on the outside in an important manufacturing industry, put in his application for examination for a commission. He had enlisted about May, 1917, and had served perhaps a year in the hardest trick of the anti-submarine game. The examination board asked him to name three rivers in China. He couldn't have named three in New

Jersey, hence was knocked cold. This man was far above the average in intelligence, education, leadership of men and other personal qualifications, yet he happened not to be on the "inside" and he never did get in. "You would not make a good officer," ruled the committee in effect. "You couldn't steer a ship into Pekin, and besides, you are too fat!"

But hark to the civilians' savior! Whatever may be said of his ambition to be president, whether of the United States or Haiti, civilians of all degrees have him to thank for most of the consideration they received. At the outset Mr. Daniels issued an order to commanding officers calling attention to the fact that a large number of exceptional laymen were coming into the war to help the men whom the taxpayers paid to fight, and suggesting that it would be unwise to treat them like children, or words of similar purport. This was construed in an attack upon the Secretary to mean that favoritism was to be shown the sons of the rich, but the inference was unjust. And sailors generally, while they believed the credit for planning success in the fight against submarines should go mostly to the Bureau of Navigation, the admirals on the ground and their staffs, gave Secretary Daniels credit for accomplishing more democratic reforms than any man who has occupied his chair. He broke down the tradition that nobody but the appointees of congressmen should enjoy the opportunities of the naval academy by arranging that 100 men from civil life might enter each year on passing entrance examinations. He very sensibly issued an order recently allowing officers to reduce their wardrobes, including, if memory serves, the highly-ornamental spangles and gold cord that on occasion bedeck them. This reform should do something toward lowering the cost of living for officers; for that matter, the officer is in

much better shape than the fireman who endures the tortures of hell on a small craft at sea for \$46.50 per month and his board; and the firemen and the other ratings, too, should be raised before anybody else. The 10% war increase, now made permanent, will not attract many from the outside. Our Irish copper-smith on the Reid used to say that another reform contemplated by Secretary Daniels was to put a commissioned officer at the head of every mess table aboard ship, to ask the blessing, elevate the tone of the conversation and see that the gobs did not eat peas with their knives or bombard each other with pie crusts. It will be an ideal outfit when gobs politely say, "Mate, will you please have the goodness to pass me the spuds?"

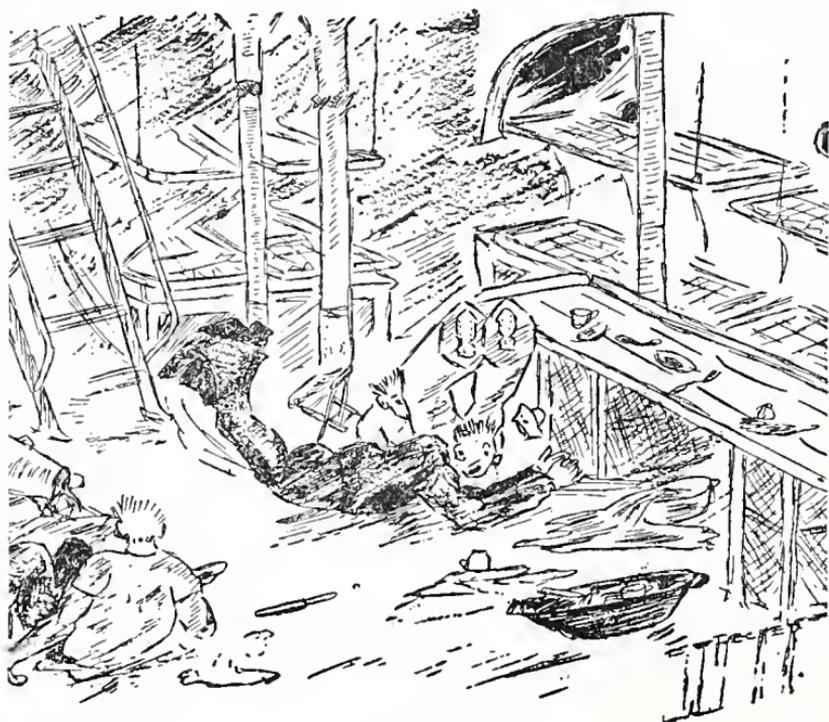
With similar planks in his platform, Mr. Daniels could count on a good many votes, although he might suffer defections among Annapolis graduates and he might not even win back the knitting prodigies of the Navy League.

Wherefore, our remarks are meant to apply only to those officers and gobs who happen to be included in the facts. There were too many good sailors who sensed the spirit of the times and conducted themselves accordingly, despite the immutable customs of this aged institution; these good sailors have qualified for the support of their crews and the folks at home, and they will be the daredevil leaders of the future, whose exploits will call for our cheers and whom it will always be a pleasure to honor and to respect. And so we revert fondly to ours and leave theirs to them.

"Uncle Sam" can always count on his sailor nephews to lend him a hand in his emergencies, to help him protect life and property from all enemies as guaranteed under the Constitution, provided his delegated leadership becomes more courageous and

less compromising on principles than it has always been. "Jack" has learned the lesson of sacrifice and still awaits opportunities to prove his mettle.

The biggest events in the life and experience of the Reid during the war were the attack on the U-48 March 18, 1918, about 40 miles west of Brest, and the sinking of the Transport Covington on July 2, 1918, about 150 miles west of our base. These features are fully covered in illustrated chapters which follow. For additional accounts in chronological order, covering the Reid's adventures in general, her visit to Portugal as the result of the most severe storm the Bay of Biscay had seen for years, and her return home to Charleston via the Azores and Bermuda, the reader is invited to wade into "'Barnacles' from the Log."



Chapter IV.

ATTACK ON A SUBMARINE.

 NEW chapter has been added to the controversy over credit for the internment at Ferrol, Spain, of the German Submarine U-48. On April 27, 1919, the Director of Naval Intelligence of the British Admiralty wrote us claiming credit for H. M. S. Loyal, asserting that on March 20, 1918, off the Isle of Wight, this vessel attacked "Pen-March Pete," as the villainous, underhanded renegade of a submarine commander was familiarly known along the French Coast. The director's letter is reproduced elsewhere herein, and contains the only official statement we have been able to obtain from our friends along the Thames.

Since the Reid was awarded a star for the exploit, then deprived of it, and the Yacht Isabel is said to have hung a picture of the U-boat in her wardroom labeled "Our Submarine," the controversy waxes interesting, to say the least. Just what the authorities are doing to clear up the matter is problematical and causes the maritime world to hold its breath.

Although the Reid's star is down and dimmed, it reposes merely behind the clouds or below the horizon. It has been stored carefully in the engineer storeroom back aft, beneath the chief petty officers' compartment, where a curlew captured at sea used to hop about and a New Navy chief machinist's mate slept on the way home from France because there wasn't room for him one deck above. This is a buoyant and resilient star, and stars slammed to deck will rise again,—maybe! At any rate, picture of the star as it graced the Reid's stack is presented elsewhere for whatever it may be worth as symbol or hunk of tin.



N.I.D.11768/O.L.1094.

The Director of Naval Intelligence presents his compliments to Mr. G.M. Battey, Jnr. and begs to inform him that the German submarine U.C.48, subsequently interned at Ferrol, Spain, was damaged by depth charges dropped by H.M.S. "LOYAL", off the Isle of Wight on 20th March, 1918.

Naval Staff,
Intelligence Division,
27th April, 1919.

01.

ATTACK ON A SUBMARINE

But to the yarn: On March 16, 1918, at 4 P. M. the Reid, Isabel, Warrington and Flusser left Brest convoying westward the Seattle (which had just brought Secretary of War Baker to France) and the President Grant and the Rappahannock. The convoy soon separated, the Warrington and Flusser taking the Seattle southeast and the Isabel and Reid remaining with the President Grant and the Rappahannock. At noon on March 17, (Sunday, St. Patrick's Day), the Reid and the Isabel left the two vessels and went toward rendezvous to join an eastbound New York convoy. The weather was rough, the Reid had turbine trouble and "lay to" 40 minutes. At 3:45 P. M. sighted convoy and exchanged signals with the Scout Cruiser Chester, which had accompanied convoy from the United States. At 9 P. M. left this convoy and hit up 18.5 knots for Brest, Isabel accompanying as senior.

Monday, March 18, 1918, dawned clear and pretty; sea smooth and there was a light breeze from out of the south. At 8:30 A. M. passed the British Tramp Steamer Roath, steaming alone. At 10:54 A. M. Captain Slayton sighted a submarine from his position on the bridge. He yanked the annunciator handle backward, then forward, signalling the engine room for full speed, which happened to be about 25 knots on three boilers; he ordered course changed so as to put the submarine from broad on starboard bow to two points on port bow. Then he pressed the button that called all hands to general quarters.

This was the first submarine we had sighted definitely and positively in nearly eight months of steaming in the submarine zones, and everybody piled out eagerly from below and rushed to their posts. Lieutenant Davidson, executive officer, began to prance back and forth on the bridge like a tiger. Ensign

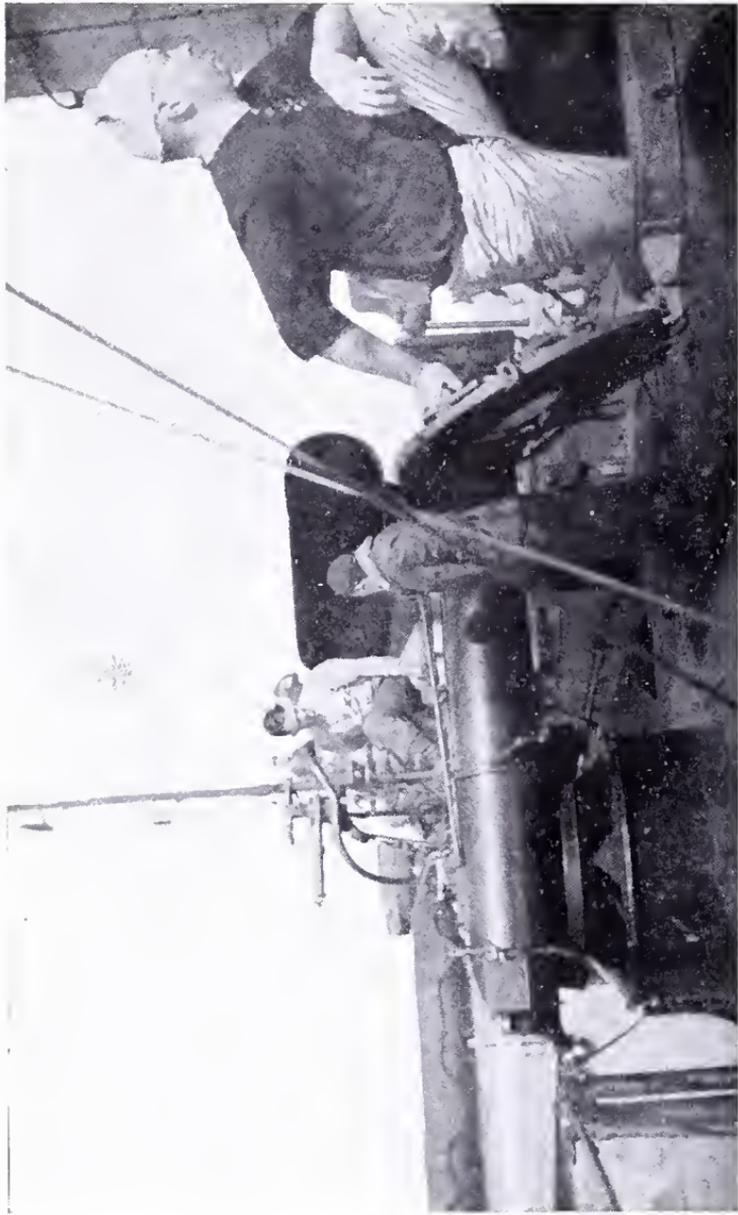
Wilson kicked a seaman from the chart-house to the fore-castle gun. Berry, ship's cook, upset a hot pot of bean soup in the galley. Lieutenant Good perched on the after deck house and directed operations at No. 3 gun. Everybody got busy. The Reid was slashing through the water like a sturgeon, kicking up a frothy wake that betokened business, and belching out a heavy smoke from the stacks that was left quickly behind as the ship leaped forward on her thrilling mission. Near the horizon dead ahead a column of black smoke curled upward; it came from a small French tramp steamer which the submarine was evidently trailing to sink with shell-fire. The tramp slapped on an extra knot until he must have been making eight, and plugged along in his own peculiar way. Signal had been sent to the Isabel, which held position on our port quarter, not less than a mile distant, and the Isabel was likewise making smoke and knots, and skimming proudly over the glassy sea with her bow high. On putting on extra speed, the Reid tooted her whistle six times, which was the accepted way of spreading a submarine warning of this kind. Whether the U-boat commander heard this whistle is uncertain. He was distant about four miles when sighted. His wireless masts, conning tower, dark mass and a grim figure or two on deck could be seen plainly; then after the Reid and the Isabel had covered about a mile he folded his wireless masts over to the side (like a sail-boat capsizing), and submerged in two minutes.

This brought a gasp of disappointment from the expectant watchers. Fire from our guns had been withheld hoping to get into better position for placing depth charges, and this was regarded as the wise thing to do, since shells could only have scared him and even in the event of a hit would probably have punctured his superstructure without sinking him.



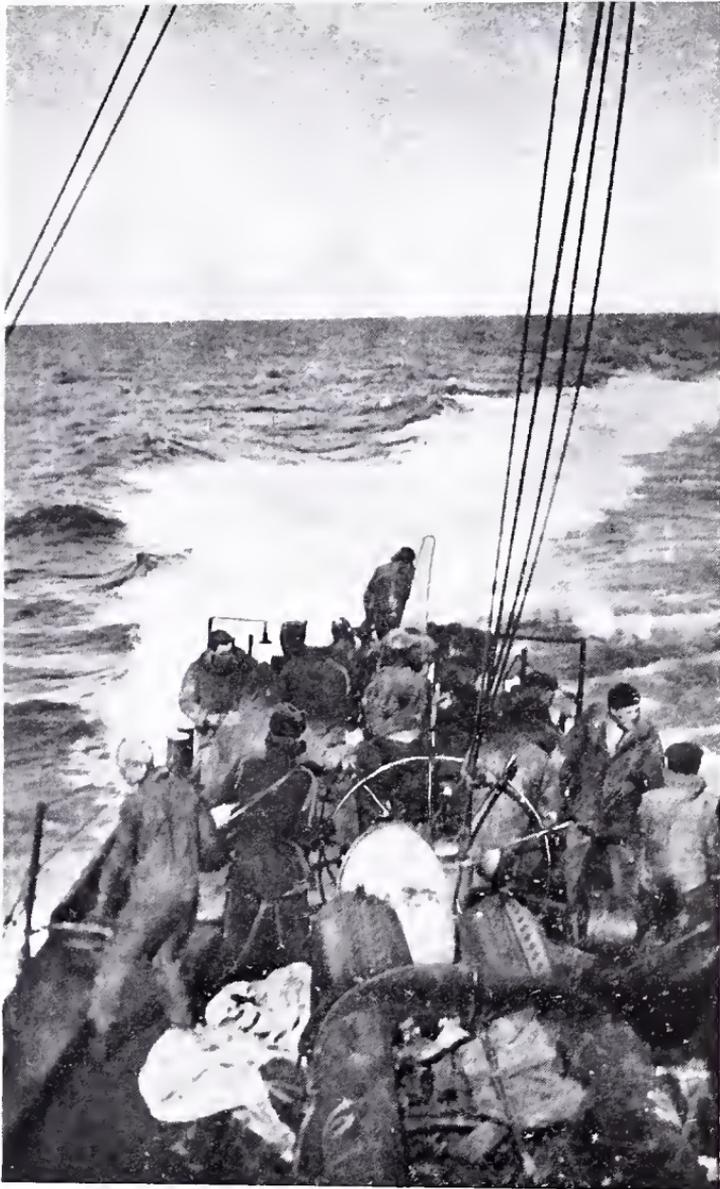
OUR MAIN SUBMARINE ACTION

On March 18, 1918, 40 miles west of Brest, France, the Reid fired three depth charges at a German submarine. Details are told in the accompanying chapter.



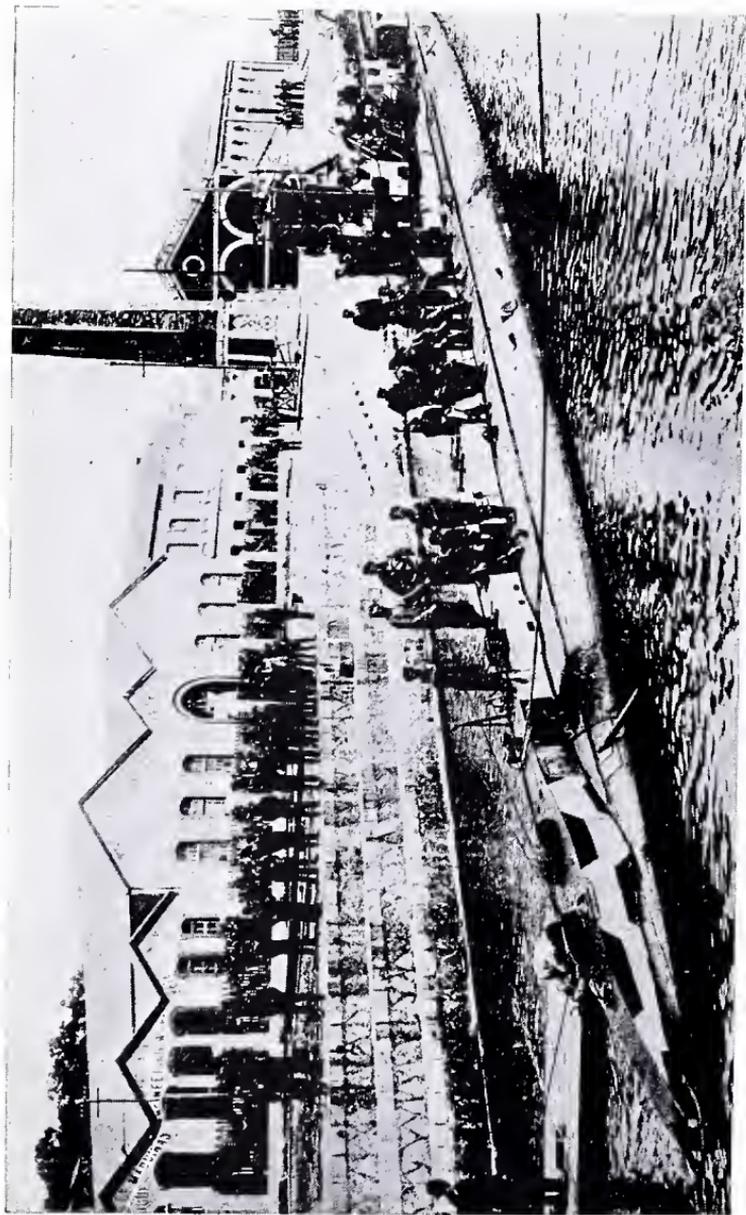
ALL HANDS SNAP OUT OF IT WHEN A SUBMARINE IS SIGHTED

The picture shows Chief Gunner's Mate Chas. Razzeto giving instructions to Gunner's Mate W. F. Anderson on how to cover movements of "Pen-March Pete," March 18, 1918. A torpedo from Anderson's "blow gun" would put Fritz out of business with a vengeance.



MAKING KNOTS CHASING "PEN-MARCH PETE"

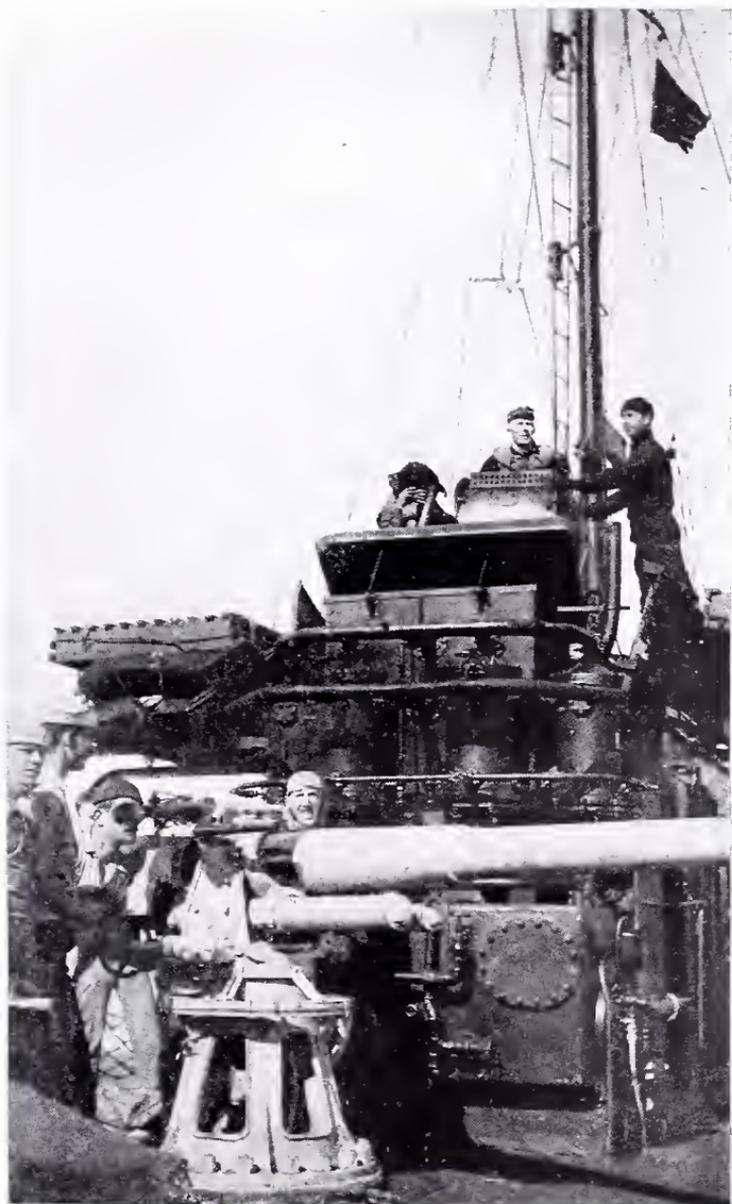
After dropping two depth charges, the Reid swung around to port and let go a third. Unfortunately, we had only six "ash cans" aboard, and three were saved for emergency.



(Copyright, Int. Film Service.)

U-48 ("PEN-MARCH PETE") INTERNED AT FERROL, SPAIN

This submarine limped to port six days after the attack of March 18, 1918; tried to escape May 21, 1918; and on trying to escape again Friday night, March 14, 1919, was sunk by the Spanish Destroyer Antalo. Her exploits furnish a thrilling chapter of the war.



"TRAIN ON THE OBJECT AHEAD!"

The attack on "Pen-March Pete," in which "Heinie" Good's division manned the after deck house and No. 3 gun. Fire was withheld, hoping for better position.



GETTING UNDERWAY ON A SEARCH FOR "FRITZ"

The French Submarine Nereide leaving base at Brest, Apr. 25, 1918. This duty was hazardous because the Allied undersea boats were often mistaken for Germans and occasionally were fired on. It was reported that an American vessel sank a French submersible.



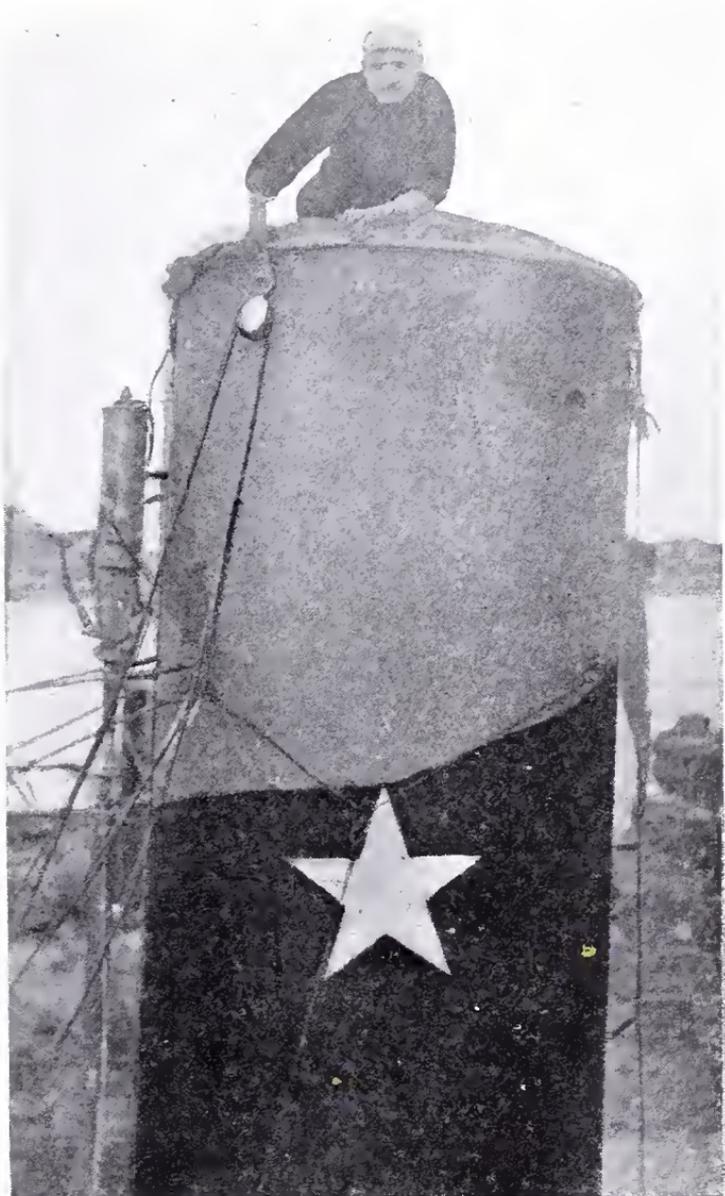
HE SIGHTED OUR FIRST SUBMARINE

The Reid was a home while Chas. C. Slayton commanded it, and the crew gave him the customary send-off when he went on May 26, 1918, to the Wadsworth.



A DESTROYER WITH A RECORD: THE FANNING (57)

This vessel's chief war exploit was to capture the crew of the U-58 outside of Queenstown, Ireland, Oct. 27, 1917, and save the Supply Ship Bridge from the submarine. During the closing months of the war she was based on Brest.



THE STAR THAT ROSE AND SET

The illustration shows the star awarded the Reid for damaging the U-48 on March 18, 1918. The Yacht Isabel and H. M. S. Loyal also claimed the credit.



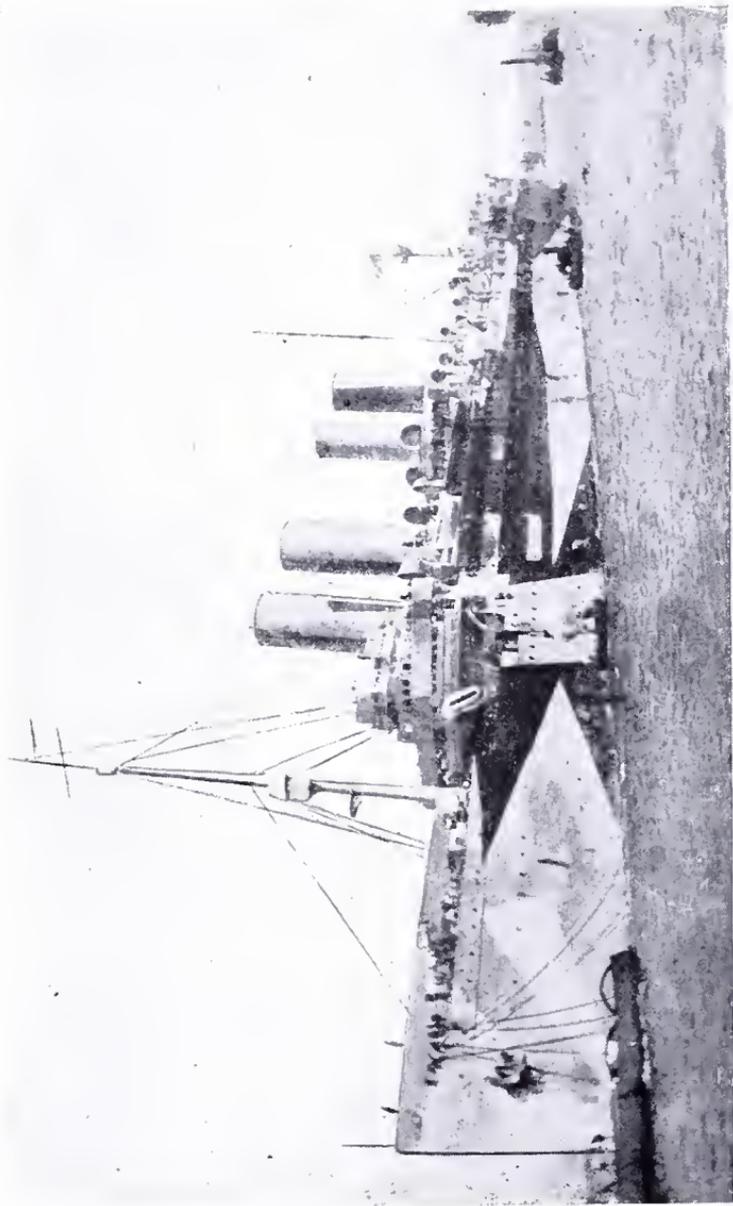
A TRIM DESTROYER IN A FUSSY SEA: THE WARRINGTON

In the winter of 1918 the Reid and the Warrington often steamed together, and here the oil-burner is shown crossing the coal-burner's stern. The Warrington made some of the longest trips of the war at sea, and several times gave out of oil, barely making port.



"HEINIE" HELPED TO MUSS UP "FRITZ"

Howard H. Good, of Warren, Ind., who did his duty as an officer and also knew how to handle men. We gave him three rousing cheers when he left for the States.



WHEN "LILLIPUTIANS" TRY TO TAME A "GIANT"

Twelve tugs wrestled nearly half a day before they could put the Mt. Vernon into dry dock. She was 12 feet down by the stern. The torpedo tore a hole 8 feet square, hitting a bulkhead between firerooms. Four feet lower and it would have passed safely underneath.



THE REID IN A FRISKY HUMOR

Here is our destroyer, mates, in one of the few snaps obtainable of her underway. Taken by J. A. Chappell, CMM., U. S. S. Flusser, between the Azores and Bermuda, Christmas Eve, 1918.



ONE OF OUR REPAIR SHIPS: THE PROMETHEUS, AT BREST

The Panther acted as mother ship of the First Division of coal-burning destroyers for ten months, then the Prometheus took them over, along with many oil burners. The Nicholson is alongside and a liberty boat is whisking by in foreground.



DEFYING HIS "SECRETARY OF INTERIOR"

Lettuce and potato chips, taken in the open air, are prescribed for officers who feel "uncomfortable" at sea. This sailor soon went to a larger ship.



"A TORPEDO ON THE STARBOARD BEAM, SIR!"

The "whale" took the right direction, fired at practice by the Destroyer Lamson near Brest, autumn of 1918. A torpedo travels at the rate of about 30 miles an hour and leaves a wake or trail that can be seen either by day or night. Photo by Chief Machinist's Mate Markey, of the Lamson.

ATTACK ON A SUBMARINE

Captain Slayton had changed course to avoid steaming between the sun and the submarine, where the Reid would have been more pronouncedly outlined against the sky.

On arriving near the spot of submergence one depth charge was exploded. The second was fired over the spot of submergence, and the third on a perceptible oil slick, intended to follow up his course ahead. The Isabel dropped one depth charge and signalled over to ask the Reid what things looked like. After hunting for an hour without seeing anything further, at 1:03 P. M. the Reid and Isabel put on 20 knots for Brest, arriving at 3:40 P. M., and two hours later the French tramp puffed in. The position where the submarine was attacked was 47-58 N., 05-34 W., off Ar Men Light and approximately 40 miles west from Brest.

We thought little more about the incident until March 25. While we were coaling ship on that day, Captain Slayton had the following French newspaper clipping posted on the bulletin board:

A German Submarine Damaged at the End of a Combat Seeks Refuge at Ferrol.—A 400-ton submarine has entered the port of Ferrol, Spain (on March 24). A Spanish war vessel was sent to meet it. The submarine carried two 11-centimeter (4-inch) guns. The Captain asked entrance to the port for reasons of urgency, the submarine being badly damaged after a combat which he had with three war vessels. The crew consisted of 30 men.

A report made to the authorities on reaching port after the incident contained the following:

1. At 10:54 A. M., 18 March, in company with U. S. S. Isabel, in Lat. 47-58 N, Long. 05-34 W, a submarine was sighted bearing about 130 degrees true. While looking at a column of smoke in that direction a black object like a heavy spar was seen about four miles distant. Signal was made to the Isabel, went full speed and went to general quarters. Course was

altered so as to bring object about two points on port bow. Shortly after changing course, the broadside silhouette of a submarine with two radio masts was seen. Fire was withheld, hoping to get closer.

2. The submarine apparently saw the Reid, quickly housed her masts and at 11:01 submerged. Judging the distance to be about 3.5 miles at time of submerging, a depth charge was dropped about 600 yards to the south of point of submergence, at 11:12. Seeing a noticeable oil slick, two more charges were dropped, one about 100 yards to windward, and one exactly on the slick. The slick was about 300 yards long and 50 yards broad.

3. The Isabel also dropped a depth charge in the vicinity, and both vessels cruised about for an hour and then continued the original course on orders from the Isabel.

4. It is believed the submarine had just come to the surface when sighted, steering about east, perhaps toward the smoke in that direction. He then changed course to about south, when the radio masts were plainly seen. The appearance was somewhat like the plates of the U-53 (which put into Newport in the fall of 1916 and on leaving for base sank several merchant vessels), but the conning tower seemed higher, its height being apparently greater than its length.

The following entries were made in the deck log by our executive officer :

Headed for submarine at full speed and went to general quarters. Upon our approach and when distant about three miles, submarine housed wireless masts, same having been unshipped toward side, giving appearance of sail-boat capsizing. Within two minutes submarine was completely submerged. Although all guns were manned, fire was withheld in the hope of gaining better position, submarine being in direction of sun, and also to obtain submarine's correct position for use of depth charges after submergence. At 11:10 dropped depth charge near spot where submarine was last seen; at 11:12 dropped second depth charge; at 11:15 dropped third depth charge. Third depth bomb was dropped and detonated exactly in distinct slick in water about 300 yards long by 50 yards wide. Patrolled vicinity in hope that enemy would again show

ATTACK ON A SUBMARINE

himself; holding guns, torpedoes and depth bombs ready for action. No further trace was seen of the enemy. At 1:03 secured from general quarters and came back to course; standard speed, 20.5 knots. At 1:40 sighted lighthouse ahead and at 3:40 stood into Brest harbor and moored. At 4 French pilot reported aboard for duty. At 5 sent liberty party ashore. At 7:10 coal lighter came alongside and was secured. At 9 liberty party returned; no absentees.

On March 26 the Paris Edition of the New York Herald stated that two reasons were given why the submarine entered the port. The first was as stated above, the second that the U-boat had torn a hole in her hull by hitting rocks in the channel. The second explanation, following the first news by at least 24 hours, was thought on our vessel to have been made with the idea of pleasing the Germano-Spanish political faction. The Herald account follows:

Madrid, March 25.—The submarine which took refuge at Ferrol yesterday on account of her damaged condition is the U-Boat 48, of 400 tons. On her entry into port the submarine was deprived of her propellers and her war material, and placed under the close supervision of several torpedo boat destroyers. It is stated that the crew of 30 will be interned at Alcala-de-Henares. Telegrams from Ferrol give different explanations of the reason which compelled the submarine to seek refuge. One dispatch speaks of damage inflicted on the submersible in the course of a fight with several of the Allies' ships. Another reproduces a statement by the commander according to which the damage consisted of a leak caused by impact with a rock in the course of a plunge in the Channel.

The Liberal, commenting on the incident, says:

Aggressions against our merchant ships multiply. Not only is it a case of ships which penetrate in the war zone, and of those which transport articles which Germany has arbitrarily declared contraband, but they torpedo our ships carrying inoffensive national products, and those which navigate on the coast. They attack and stop boats engaged in the Canary Isles service and those which go to America. They wish evi-

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

dently to deprive us of all relations with that country and ruin our commerce. And those who create such a prospect for us come with the greatest coolness to seek asylum in our ports when they find themselves in difficulty, and we have the weakness to receive them and to forget all. Havas.

On April 8 our captain had the following notice posted on the bulletin board:

Admiral Wilson reported to Admiral Sims concerning the probability of the U-48 interned in Spain as the one we attacked off Ar Men. Later, Admiral Sims cabled here that his contention was apparently confirmed. Advices from Spain are that the submarine had a bad hole or dent in her side.

Under the heading "U-Boat's Escape Stopped," the London Daily Mail of May 22, 1918, carried the following squib:

Madrid, Tuesday.—A message from Corunna says that the German submarine U-48, interned at Ferrol, tried to escape last night. It was prevented by a Spanish destroyer.—Radio.

On September 21, 1918, at Brest, Thos N. Kurtz, Chief of Staff to Admiral Wilson, Commander of the United States Naval Forces in France, wrote the commanding officer of the Reid the following letter:

You are authorized to paint a white star on the forward smokestack of the U. S. S. Reid as indicating the action of that vessel on March 18, 1918, with an enemy submarine, as a consequence of which the submarine was put out of action.

It is unnecessary to state that the star was hung up quickly. The best previous time to hang a star on a smokestack had been 45 minutes (by the Tucker, also at Brest), but Clarence M. Stanley, a fireman and the man behind the paint brush, clipped 15 minutes from this record. On November 5 (just six days before the armistice, by the way), Mr. Osgood, the executive officer, passed the word

informally that since British patrol boats had claimed to have attacked the U-48 after the Reid's attack, the star would come down. Stanley accordingly daubed on a smudge of black paint much quicker than he had fashioned the star in white. There was no objection on the part of the crew to placing the credit where it belonged, but the question was raised whether after granting the star it might not have been just as well to have let it remain, especially since no satisfactory evidence was presented the men as to the validity of rival claims.

On Friday night, March 14, 1919, while the Reid and the Isabel were lying in reserve at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, the dare-devil "Pen-March Pete" again tried to escape from Ferrol, and newspapers carried the following accounts:

Madrid.—Details of a desperate attempt by the German submarine U-48 to escape from the harbor of Ferrol, only to be pursued and sunk by a destroyer Friday night, March 14, 1919, were made known in dispatches today. The crew of 30 and her commander were saved. The attempt of the U-boat to escape after being tied up more than a year was characterized by officials as a "bold, defiant act." It is not known just what action will be taken against the captain of the undersea boat.

Picking out a time when only one warship was stationed over her, the U-boat quickly slipped anchor and in the guise of a Spanish submarine slowly proceeded down the harbor. The attempt was immediately noticed by the crew of the destroyer which was stationed to guard her. The captain of the destroyer immediately ordered full steam and the chase began. Several shots were fired at the U-boat. It was not stated today whether the U-boat was sunk by gunfire or was rammed by the destroyer. It is believed, however, that she was sunk by shellfire, as there would have been little chance for the crew to escape had she been rammed. The crew was brought back to Ferrol under heavy guard and the authorities notified.

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

An investigation has been ordered and it is likely that the U-boat will be raised to the surface for examination. Naval officers evinced surprise as to how the craft succeeded in getting under way, as she had been stripped of her propellers when she first came to this port. The boat had been carefully guarded since. Before fleeing into Ferrol for safety from a number of destroyers which were chasing her, the U-48 caused many sensations. In 1917 she was reported off Bermuda, and sank many merchant vessels.

London (By U. P.).—The crew of the German submarine U-48 sank their undersea vessel just as a Spanish destroyer was about to recapture it after an attempt to escape from the Bay of Betanzos, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch today. The submarine was interned in the bay, was to be handed over to the Allies under the terms of the armistice. Spanish authorities at Ferrol had ordered the submarine crew to prepare their vessel to be turned over, but rather than do this the Germans decided to make an attempt to escape. A Spanish destroyer sighted the periscope leaving the bay and gave chase. The Germans made a running fight, but as the destroyer gained on them an explosion occurred and the submarine was seen to go down, end up. All members of the crew are believed to have perished.

Paris, March 15.—The German submarine U-48, while attempting to escape from Ferrol, Spain, last night, was chased by a destroyer and sunk, according to a Havas dispatch from Madrid. The U-48 took refuge at Ferrol in March, 1918, and was interned. The attempted flight of the U-boat was observed and the torpedo boat destroyer Antalo pursued her. The German boat was sunk outside the Ferrol roads. The crew was saved.

When the German submarine U-48 sought refuge at Ferrol, her propellers were unshipped by the authorities and her guns and munitions were taken out, according to dispatches from that port. The captain of the submarine stated that his craft had been damaged severely in a fight with three ships. The U-boat carried a crew of 30 men and for a time a Spanish warship stood guard over her. In 1917 the U-48 was reported off Bermuda.

ATTACK ON A SUBMARINE

London, May 9.—The captain of a German submarine arrived in London from Spain today and was placed in the Tower. The Star understands that he was the commander of a U-boat which sank several hospital ships.

Paris, March 20.—The small French naval vessel Samson has taken charge of the German submarine U-39, a telegram from Cartagena, Spain, says. Another small French vessel has taken charge of the guns and other war material of the German submarines U-48 and U-23 at Ferrol, Spain. Divers have examined the U-48, which was sunk last Friday night, March 14, 1919, by a Spanish destroyer while trying to escape from Ferrol, and believe that the boat can be salvaged if the weather remains favorable.

In the absence of proof that H. M. S. Loyal damaged the U-48, it is permissible, perhaps, to speculate on some of the probabilities and the possibilities. Would a submarine badly damaged off the Isle of Wight, southern coast of England, risk the time and the elements, not to mention the American destroyers, by traveling 600 miles to Ferrol, Spain, or would he hike 200 miles through the Strait of Dover to his base at Ostend, defying the English destroyers and the dangers of a narrower body of water?

If damaged off Brest, would he steam 343 miles to Ostend or 357 miles to Ferrol? In any event, he undoubtedly lay to a day or so making repairs, so the time elements would be confusing. If attacked by the Loyal on March 20, he had four days to make Ferrol. Taking off a day for lying to, would give three steaming days, and steaming at nine miles an hour on the surface all the time, he could have made it; but this old type submarine could do only ten miles on the surface under the best conditions, and it is improbable that with a bad hole in his side and delicate mechanisms shaken up by depth charges he could have negotiated the distance in the specified

time. It is more likely that he lay to a day or two and covered 357 miles from off Brest to Ferrol in four or five days, limping along the surface at night and steaming mostly submerged in daylight. A storm, possibly, swept him out of his course.

There is one person who can settle the matter when he gets out of limbo, and his name is "Pen-March Pete."

Since the above account was written and just as we are ready to go to press, we have received additional information through official sources direct from the Commander of the U-48. This information will undoubtedly be used to clear up the controversy. The U-Boat Commander made a statement to a Spaniard of German sympathies shortly after the arrival at Ferrol, and the Spaniard confided in a British official, who informed the American authorities. Following is the account attributed to the Commander of the U-48:

Just a few days before our putting into Ferrol with damages to our U-Boat's hull, we entered the French port of Cherbourg, following up the waters of a French submarine, owing to which manoeuvre we were able to get through the fields of mines successfully. Once in, we placed there in the bay ourselves various mines. Afterwards we went out again to the English Channel, where we remained submerged at a depth of 80 meters (260 feet) till dark, when we came to the surface. We then saw a convoy at some distance and which we followed up immediately, but we had scarcely reached the named convoy when a destroyer, the nationality of which we could not ascertain (she was either British or American, but not French), faced us. We then submerged at once our U-Boat at a depth of 30 meters (97 feet) and a few seconds later we felt the consequence of an explosion of a depth charge quite close to us and which doubtless had been fired by the destroyer above named. This happened near Cape— (Ushant?).

ATTACK ON A SUBMARINE

The explosion named above unseamed several of our U-Boat's plates and which caused a great leakage, so much so that it took us six hours to be able to come to the surface once more. When on the surface we had to make for the nearest port available to us, and which was Ferrol.

A point touching the Reid's claim is that we attacked our submarine before noon, whereas the U-48 commander is reported to have stated that he was attacked after dark. Therefore, unless "Pen-March Pete" was lying or the Spaniard mistaken, this would seem to give other claimants the advantage. Either is entirely possible in view of the hazy atmospheres surrounding any statement of occurrences from Spain. We are inclined to believe one or the other was not just what he ought to be; that it is very unlikely such a cunning and slippery person as "Pen-March Pete" would allow himself to be seen by a destroyer at night; and that could our British friends establish the presence of three ships as it is commonly accepted were present when "Pete" came to the top, they would meet the request that they do so along with putting in a claim for H. M. S. Loyal. Finally, one naturally couples the statement that "Pete" dived 30 metres (97 feet) with the fact that the Reid's "ash cans" were set to explode (and exploded) at 80 feet; and this much is certainly true, that since the explosion affected "Pete's" plates in such unseemly fashion, it must also have knocked his jaw teeth loose. Quod erat demonstrandum!



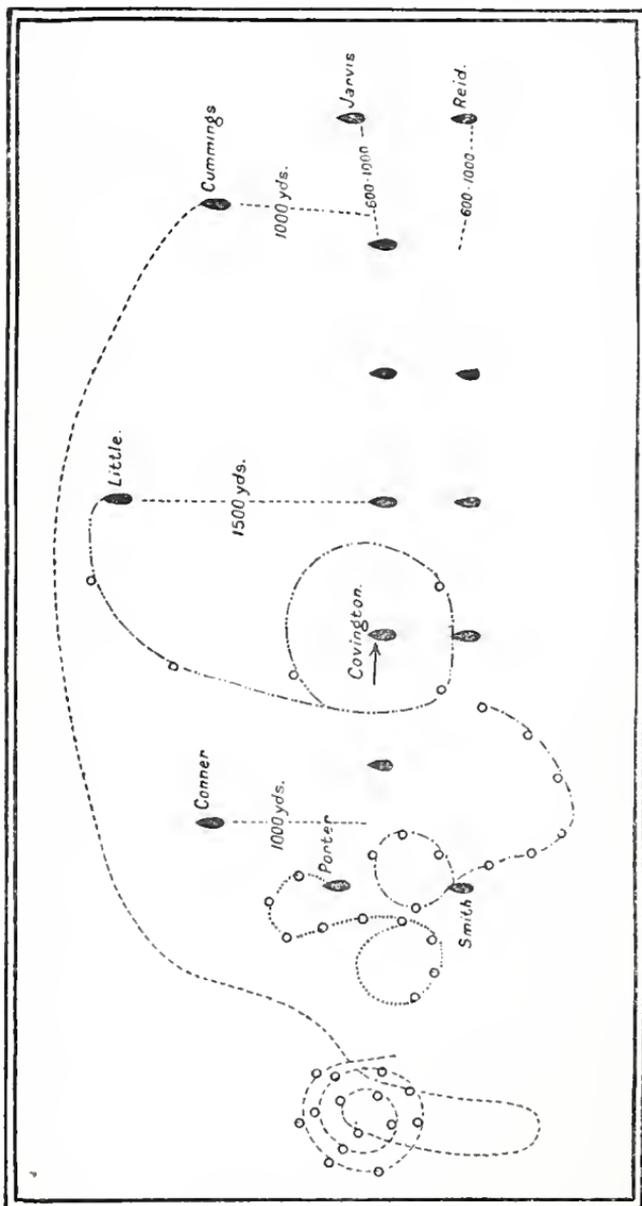


DIAGRAM OF ATTACK ON THE COVINGTON

The Covington was the leading ship in the second column. Since she was struck on the port side, it is evident that the submarine attacked from the port side of the convoy. Small circles show where destroyers dropped depth charges. The other ships went full speed ahead.

Chapter V.

SINKING OF THE COVINGTON.

 AT 11 o'clock on the morning of Monday, July 1, 1918, the Destroyers Little (flagship), Reid, Conner, Porter, Cummings, Jarvis and Smith left Brest convoying the Transports DeKalb (flagship of convoy), the Covington, the George Washington, the Dante Alighieri, the Lenape, the Rijndam, the Wilhelmina and the Princess Matoika westward toward the United States, these vessels having just landed a fresh contingent of American troops for the Western Front and having lifted anchor to bring more across. The speed was not quite fifteen knots, the weather fair and the sea calm. The DeKalb was in the center leading the five columns and the Covington to port of her and abreast as No. 2 from left. The Smith's position was port flank and quarter of convoy, the Porter's flank and bow, 1,000 yards ahead; the Conner's port bow, the Little's 1,500 yards ahead, the Cummings' 1,000 yards ahead on starboard bow, the Jarvis' 600-1,000 yards off the starboard flank, and finally the Reid's 600-1,000 yards off starboard flank and quarter. The DeKalb carried the Reid's book, which it was hoped could be published during the war.

At 5:20 P. M. ships received an "allo" (submarine warning) from the Flag Office at Brest, as follows:

"Enemy submarine active Lat. 47-50 N., Long. 07-50 W. Convoy change course; acknowledge."

The Little wired Brest: "Verified position submarine." This was at 7:30 P. M.

At 9:10 P. M. heard depth charges fired on opposite side of convoy from Reid, in neighborhood of Smith and Porter; also saw flashes from guns. Went

to general quarters. Received at 9:15 P. M. radio message saying "Covington torpedoed. Position 47-24 N., 07-44 W." Little issued instructions to steer West until Long. 08-00 W. was reached. Reid proceeded with convoy.

The Little repeated the Covington message to Brest. At 9:43 P. M. the Covington commander wirelessly the Little: "Covington apparently not sinking. Possibly can be towed to Brest." At 10:40 the Little wired base: "Covington floating well. Will leave Smith and Reid with her at 11 tonight. Little will proceed to join convoy." And at 10:40 the Little answered the O'Brien: "Yes, come and stand by." Then about 1 A. M. on July 2, the Little wired the Reid, "Join Covington; expedite."

The following messages were exchanged:

Little to Smith: "Keep Brest informed on situation."

Smith to Shaw and Brest: "Survivors aboard. Standing by Covington. When Reid joins, commanding officer recommends Smith proceed Brest with survivors, Reid remain Covington. Commanding officer standing by."

From Brest: "Concord ordered to assistance Covington."

Smith to Reid at 4:30 a. m. "Commanding officer Covington aboard."

Ships intercepted wireless message saying a French sloop had been torpedoed.

Tug *Revenge* to Brest: "Covington in tow three tugs. Believed none lost. Captain on board *Revenge*."

British warship message (intercepted) said: "Convoy five hours late. Request extra escort in view submarine activity. Give location 47-50 N., 06-52 W., at 0302 today Tuesday a wide berth."

Sixty miles away, the Reid put on all speed and joined the Covington at daybreak. Everybody was up on deck to see the sight of the helpless ves-

sel as she stood in fairly smooth water leaning over sharply to port, her great gray hulk silhouetted sharply against the rapidly brightening horizon. With a distinct feeling of sadness and of irrepressible curiosity the men shifted positions about the deck to better their views. The silence was broken for those occupying points of vantage on the bridge and the searchlight platform when Lieutenant Smith, garbed in his trusty buck-skin trousers and saffron shirt, bawled out: "Now you men stay on the other side of the ship; this is no sight-seeing party." After a few minutes the "sight-seers" became curious again, and as we dropped depth charges to scare off any possible submarines we could still hear Mr. Smith shouting, "All right, now, trim ship. Everybody keep their eyes open for a submarine!"

The Smith's deck was thick as blackbirds with Covington survivors and she pulled out presently for Brest at 20 knots. Due to the unusually heavy load her draft had been increased about three feet. The British Tugs *Woonda* and *Revenger* steamed up; at 7 A. M. the *Wadsworth* joined, at 7:30 the *Shaw* and at 8:50 the *Nicholson*. The *Reid* had sent a working party of seven men aboard the *Covington* under Ensign John A. Wilson, USNRF., of Chicago, to handle lines, and these men remained aboard. This proved Ensign Wilson's war opportunity, and he made the most of it.

Our men had raised a large new flag aft on the *Covington*, and to the destroyer men and the men on the tugs it spoke out a message harking back to the time when *Washington* fought to raise it, and *Jefferson* fought to preserve it, and *Roosevelt* fought again to see it triumph as the symbol of practical patriotism, of honesty in speech and fair dealing among mankind. At first it floated a few feet above the

water, then as the Covington began to settle, its tips flapped in the brine, and after a while it disappeared from sight.

At 2:32 P. M. Greenwich Mean Time, the Covington sank astern, her bow mounting majestically in the air as if to split a bank of low-lying cumulus clouds. Her last remaining bulkheads gave way under the terrific pressure and small boats and a mass of debris hurtled from forward toward aft along the slanting deck; her bridge was smashed into an egg-shell with a sickening noise of creaking, twisting, groaning timbers; her great stacks collapsed like celluloid; her huge lines made fast to the tugs snapped sharply back to the ship in spirals as the axes were laid on; and a cloud of brown dust arose above the wreck just before she disappeared. When the water closed about her there was left on the surface a great confusion of small things that go to make up a ship's deck equipment. A French sloop towing four of the Covington life boats put off a punt with a sailor who went pecking through the wreckage to see what he could see. The Frenchman perched himself for a moment on a raft; the destroyers got their orders and steamed for their European home.

The final plunge of the Covington was wonderful as the crumbling of a mountain might be; it was terrible and sad as the passing of a life-long friend. It was a sight to see once, but never again.

Capt. Hasbrouck was roundly criticized for not staying on board his vessel, and Capt. Davidson for allowing the Nicholson to take the Reid's party off the Covington when we could have done it ourselves.

Ensign Wilson made the following report:

Shoved off from U. S. S. Reid in whaleboat at 4:20 A. M., July 2, with detail of G. C. McCabe, CBM., David

SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

T. Sanders, BM-1c, J. A. Lynch, MM-2c, W. F. Anderson, GM-2c, David Udofsky, SeaGnr., J. G. Michalo, Sea, and J. A. Robbins, Sea. Boarded the Covington via the sea ladder on port bow just abaft the bridge.

The Covington had a port list of about twelve degrees. Proceeded at once forward and hailed the British Tugs "Woonda" and "Zulu," which were standing by, distant about 100 yards on the bow. The sea was calm and the weather clear. Found one seaman aboard, who said he had been aboard all night. He was evidently slightly dazed. Immediately made arrangements to get on board two wire hawsers from the "Zulu" and "Woonda." After about one hour's work, succeeded in securing both to forward bitts. The "Woonda" to port and "Zulu" to starboard.

(Note—The Tug "Zulu" was better known as the Revenger).

While engaged in securing hawsers, the U. S. S. Concord came within hail and I at once hailed her and directed her to pass us an additional hawser. The Captain of the Concord rendered us great assistance by his skillful handling of the Concord. The hawser which was secured to the Concord was a 12-inch manila and was secured aboard the Covington to the starboard bitts. While the work of securing the hawsers was being done, I noticed that no colors were flying, nor commission pennant. At once gave orders to have new ensign hoisted. Could not find a commission pennant.

At 5:55 A. M. tugs were under way and headed on course 72 degrees by steering compass. While the lines were being passed to the tugs, a boat with some of the Covington's crew, under a lieutenant, came alongside and some of them came aboard. They took stores from the canteen and the paymaster secured his accounts, etc. The lieutenant talked a couple of minutes with me but I was busy keeping track of the ship. Detailed two of my men to help them get their gear to the boat. The paymaster got into the boat without his valise, containing his money, but Boatswain's Mate Sanders, of the Reid, carried it aft and gave it to him. The boat then shoved off and proceeded to the "Woonda."

Then being under way and the Reid circling around the Covington, I ordered Machinist's Mate Lynch to in-

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

spect the engine room, etc. Ordered Chief Boat-swain's Mate McCabe to take all his men and secure all ports, etc., on port side, which was done, with all found open. The Covington then had a list to port of 18 degrees by the chartroom clinometer. I inspected the battery and found all the 6-inch guns loaded and primed. Had the primers removed and the powder bags replaced in the containers. The forecastle and poop were both littered with powder containers.

Ordered breakfast for all hands at 7 A. M. from canteen stores, which the late paymaster of Covington had said were available for our use. Upon inspecting found a seaman on a raft under the port quarter. Ordered him hauled on board. His name was Bryant and he stated that he did not know ship had been abandoned, and when he discovered no one aft, and saw the destroyers circling around, he jumped overboard on the raft. Further search for possible survivors revealed Sprague, seaman, in one of the after crew's spaces. He did not know that ship had been abandoned, and claimed to have suffered an injury to his back. Had him placed in one of the bunks abaft the chart room.

Examination of the engine room showed water covering the tops of the cylinders of starboard engines. Sounded and found 27 feet of water in engine room. Ordered Machinist's Mate Lynch to inspect the same and take soundings every half hour. Read the clinometer every half hour. The wireless was still buzzing and I had it disconnected. The fire rooms were under water. The standing lights in the main deck passage way were still burning, and continued until 12:45, when I made my last inspection of them. They evidently got their power from the storage batteries located abaft the after funnel on the boat deck. All the boats on the boat deck abaft No. 2 funnel were wrecked by the force of the explosion and the port davits just above the spot where the torpedo struck were torn from their sockets and lay athwart the deck. The speed boat was secured on the starboard side of the well (main deck) and was uninjured. There was very little water in any compartment forward of the engine room, and No. 1 and No. 2 holds were completely free and remained so until we abandoned ship. Water was found below the berth deck abaft the engine rooms, and gained gradually, probably coming



THE COVINGTON IN SINKING CONDITION

About 9 P. M., July 1, 1918, the Transport Covington (formerly the Cincinnati of the Hamburg-American Line) was torpedoed, and sank at 2:32 P. M., July 2.



"CUT LOOSE QUICK, OR WE'RE IN DUTCH!"

At this stage the towing line of the Tug Concord was still fast to the bits aft, and in 30 seconds more she would have been swamped by the Covington. The man standing by the bits let the axe fall just in time, and all aboard sighed with relief.



COVINGTON "CAPTAIN" FOR 8 HOURS

Ensign John A. ("Jaw") Wilson, a civilian officer, who took working party of 7 men on sinking liner and was cited for excellent seamanship.



GREAT LUMPS CAME INTO OUR THROATS AS SHE SANK

This was a wonderful scene as the crumbling of a mountain might be; a terrible scene as the death of a life-long friend. Debris went hurtling down the deck, smashing the superstructure, stacks collapsed, timbers crashed, and a mass of floating things was all that was left.



COVINGTON BOAT CREW ACCEPTS A TOW

The whaleboat contained an officer and men who had boarded the ship to get provisions and money. It was helped into position so the foragers could return to the Tug Woonda.



THE COVINGTON, WOUNDED AND APPEALING FOR HELP

The disabled transport, her somber hulk silhouetted against the gray dawn of the horizon at 4 A. M., presented a spectacle of utter helplessness. The Smith, with Covington men draping her deck like black-birds, circled around, and the Reid piped a mournful refrain with depth charges.



"NAVIGATING OFFICER" OF THE COVINGTON

George C. McCabe ("Mc"), chief boatswain's mate, who led search below when our men thought they heard imprisoned sailors yelling for help.



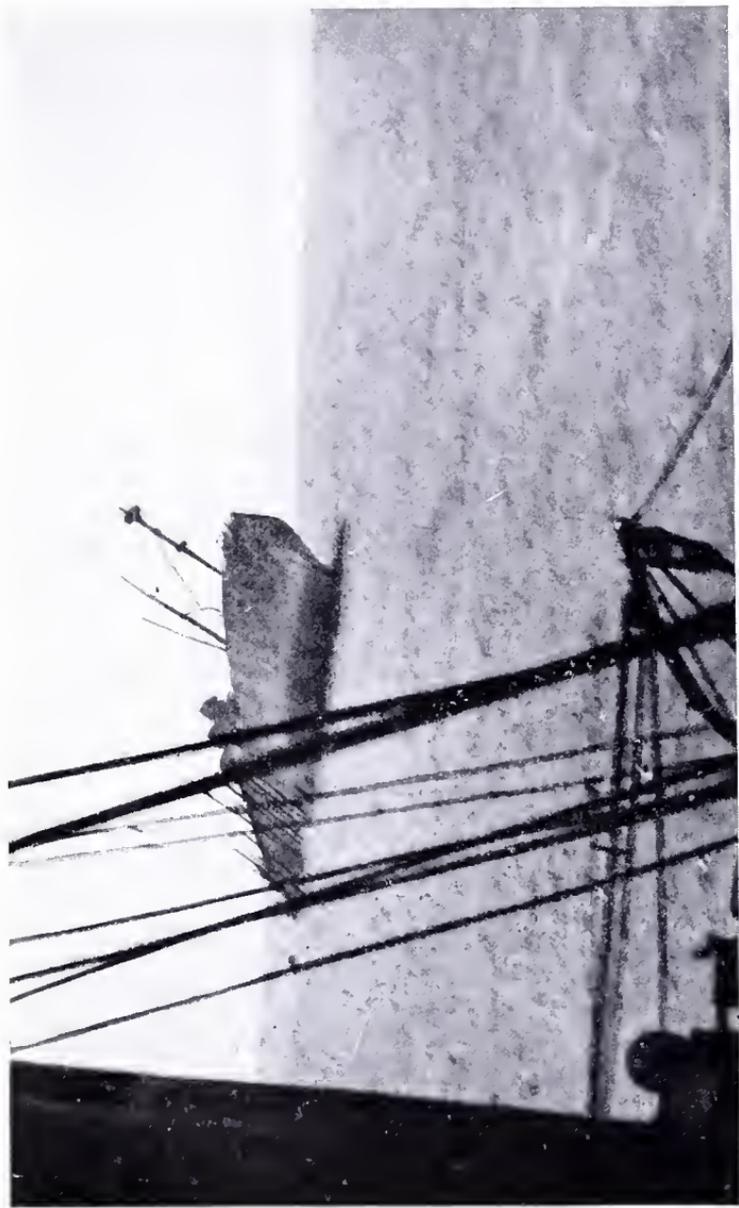
LINES MADE FAST ABOARD, AND IN TOW OF TUGS

Owing to the condition of the Covington, the small towing craft (the Woocnda and the Revenge, British, and the Concord, American) could make only about 5 knots. They kept well ahead, tugged tirelessly, with a spirit that made us admire them tremendously.



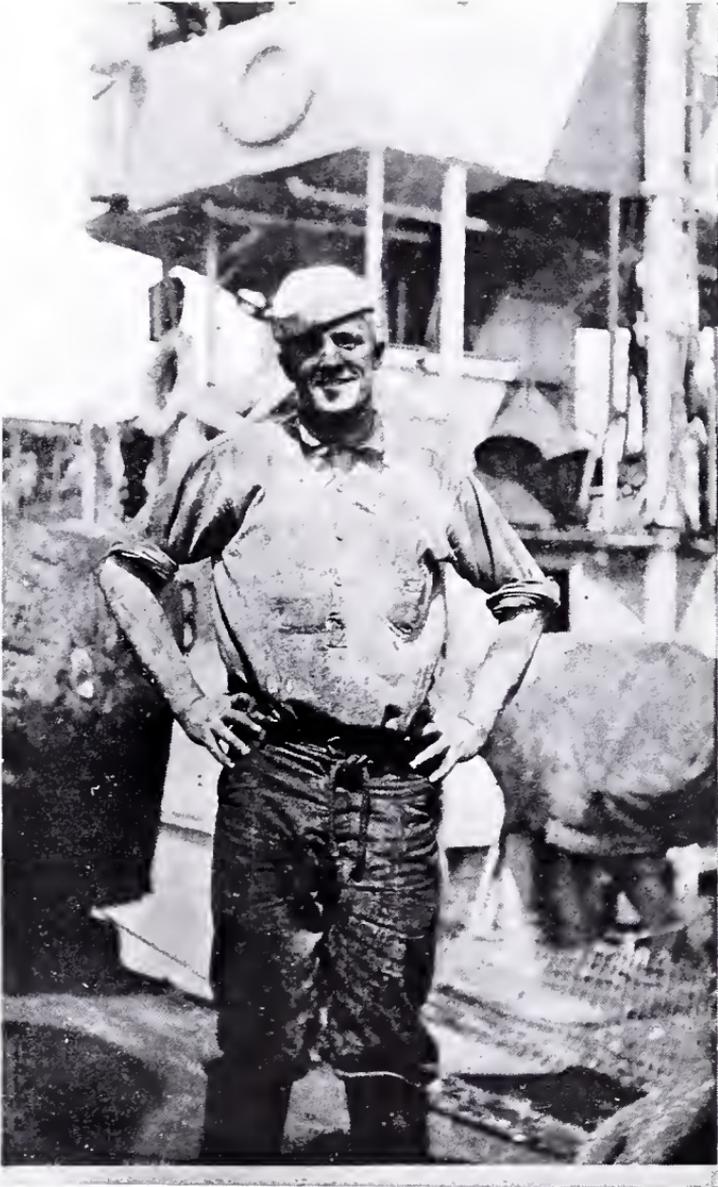
HE BROUGHT UP THE REAR

W. S. Davidson, skipper of Reid when Covington was hit, who sent working party and new "captain" aboard transport and patrolled astern until she sank.



SPIRIT OF LAWRENCE AND GLASSFORD: "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

Our working party under Ensign Wilson still aboard of her, indifferent to their personal danger, and the tugs fighting as game a fight as was ever fought. The Nicholson's small boat can be seen near the stern; one hour before she sank.



THOUGHT HE HEARD VOICES CALLING

David T. Sanders, a rough-and-tumble boatswain, who led Reid's party below in search of imprisoned Covington sailors, and received citation.



THE REID JUST AFTER THE COVINGTON DISAPPEARED

From a photograph taken by Allah, member of the Tug Concord, who took four other pictures presented herein. In the distance is the French Sloop Vigilante, with four Covington life boats in tow. The sloop faithfully towed the boats to port.



DISCOVERED WATER DEEP IN ENGINE ROOM

J. A. Lynch, machinist's mate, was directed to take soundings in the Covington's engine room, and he found 27 feet of water, with heaps pouring in.



SHE PICKED UP THE COVINGTON'S 685 SURVIVORS

The Destroyer Smith (17), of our First Division, which stood by the torpedoed ship and at daybreak sped with her survivors to Brest. The Smith picked up about 1,000 survivors of disasters during the war. In the storm of Dec. 15-17 she lost both of her masts.



A REBEL WITH A POSSUM SMILE

Wm. F. Anderson, gunner's mate, took a leading part in the attack on "Pen-March Pete" and the attempt to save the Covington, receiving honorable mention.



SHE TOOK OUR MEN OFF THE SINKING SHIP

The Destroyer Nicholson (52) made a spectacular race to the aid of the Covington. She assisted the Fanning (57) in the capture of the submarine U-58 on Oct. 27, 1917, off the coast of Ireland, and helped save the Supply Ship Bridge.

SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

through the shaft tunnels, which were no doubt started by the explosion. It appeared the torpedo hit about the position of the bulk-head between the engine room and the compartment abaft it, and then flooded both compartments immediately.

At 8:45 A. M. a light breeze from north-northeast sprang up. Nicholson hove in sight and joined the Reid and the Wadsworth. A French sloop was distant about three miles on starboard quarter with four of the Covington's boats in tow. Examined the engine room at 9 A. M. and found little change in conditions. Roll increased to 18 degrees to 20 degrees to port. At 10:25 list increased to 23 degrees. At 10:30 received signal from Reid "What do you think of her?" Signal made in reply: "She is gradually settling astern and to port." At 10:45 main deck abaft garbage chute on port side was even with the water.

At once gave orders to have lashing removed from speed launch and all the boats on deck so they might clear the deck when she sank, since after this time it was evident from increasing list that she could not be towed into port. At 11 o'clock clinometer showed 25-degree list to port. At 12 o'clock clinometer showed 31-degree list to port. Had all hands to mess and afterward made rounds of ship. Found water increasing in engine room to 30 feet and after holds filling up. (No. 2 holds were still free from water). Had all hands mustered at starboard rail on boat deck just abaft the bridge. At 12:45 again made examination of ship and found water gaining and list increasing to 36 degrees. At 1 o'clock received signal from Reid: "Abandon ship immediately on life rafts and we will pick you up." Reid had maintained a position from 400-800 yards abaft the Covington's starboard beam.

At 1:10 Boatswain's Mate Sanders, stationed forward to stand by hawsers, reported loud banging coming from below decks forward. At once had all hands proceed along starboard rail and on account of list of 40 degrees rigged life lines from starboard rail to forward hatches and companion ways. Then Seaman Gunner Udolfsky and Chief Boatswain's Mate McCabe and Boatswain's Mate Sanders and myself went below to investigate. Udolfsky and Sanders went down to keelson and shouted, but received no reply. Cut away the hatch cover of No. 1 hatch and raised the hatch.

Then McCabe, Sanders and Udofsky went below and investigated and shouted as before, but obtained no replies. I ordered them on deck, as I feared they might get caught below if the ship took a sudden list.

Then all hands stationed themselves along starboard rail life lines by two life rafts which were floating in water held by painter, and waited for the approach of the boat. Then the Nicholson edged in close on starboard bow, lowered a boat and signalled "We will pick you up." Meantime, a boat manned by the Covington's crew put off from the Tug "Woonda" and pulled down toward the Covington on the port side. Shouted to her to keep away, as the life rafts and boats sliding down to port and coming away made it very dangerous to leave via port side. The list was increasing and she was gradually settling by the stern. In my judgment she was good for an hour yet. Observing that the Nicholson's boat would reach about forward of second funnel, as we still had way on, ordered all hands to pass along the starboard rail and leave via the life lines hanging over the side. This was done with some difficulty owing to the list, and at 1:30 P. M., having seen all hands safely down in the Nicholson's boat, I went over the side into the boat, which then shoved off and pulled to the Nicholson. I estimate that this took place about 1:30.

I reported to the Commanding Officer of the Nicholson and he directed me to remain aboard in accordance with signal from Reid. At 2:32 the Covington sank by the stern with colors flying. Upon arrival at Brest that night, I reported myself and men to the Officer of the Deck of the Panther.

The conduct of my men from the Reid was excellent, and they had the "punch" at all times. I especially desire to call your attention to the splendid spirit and zeal of Seaman Gunner Udofsky, Boatswain's Mate Sanders and Chief Boatswain's Mate McCabe in going down No. 1 hatch and searching that section of the ship just before abandoning ship, although the Covington was then getting lively.

Captain R. D. Hasbrouck made the following report on the sinking of the Covington, as outlined in the New York World of Jan. 22, 1919. The state-

ment that "a salvage party from the Smith boarded the Covington" is taken as a reference to the Reid's party:

At night on July 1, the lookout on the Covington, which had sailed from Brest with several other transports escorted by destroyers, saw a streak of white 300 yards from the port quarter. The torpedo struck with terrific detonation, throwing a column of water above the stacks. In an incredibly short time the crew were at their stations awaiting orders from the bridge.

Engine and fire rooms filled quickly. In fifteen minutes the ship lay dead in the water and listed to port. "Abandon ship" was bugled. The behavior of officers and men was wonderful.

Twenty-one of the twenty-seven lifeboats were lowered without lights to guide, with the ship listing badly and without the aid of a single winch, for steam had failed. It was a stirring sight to see the men go down the ladders as though in drill. The Destroyer Smith took the men aboard.

A working party of thirty officers and men remained on the Covington, collecting records, charts, sextants, etc. At 4 A. M. a salvage party from the Smith boarded the Covington. The Smith headed for Brest full speed at 5:20 A. M. Two British tugs and an American tug came up. By 6 o'clock the tugs had the Covington in tow, making five knots. Two more destroyers, in addition to the Reid, which had been standing by, joined shortly after.

At 2:10 the salvage party was taken off; at 2:30 the Covington began to sink rapidly by the stern.

Captain Davidson reported as follows:

At 9:15 P. M., July 1, 1918, proceeding on right flank of convoy, heard explosion of depth charges and noticed gunfire by escort on opposite flank. Went to general quarters. At 9:18 P. M., U. S. S. Covington was reported torpedoed. Convoy changed course to about 300 degrees true. Reid continued in assigned position protecting right flank.

At 1:20 A. M., July 2, in obedience to orders from

U. S. S. Little, Escort Commander, proceeded at full speed to join U. S. S. Covington. Sighted Covington at 3:35 A. M. and joined her at 3:55 A. M., at dawn. Upon our arrival U. S. S. Smith stood to S. E. two miles to position of boats and rafts apparently in search of survivors. At 4 A. M. commenced circling Covington at 20 knots, dropping depth charges at about 15 minute intervals, so timed and placed alternately to port and starboard of vessel and at intervals reversing direction of circling to hinder enemy plotting my station. At time of joining, Covington was listed about 30 degrees to port and very slightly down by stern. There was only one man visible aboard the Covington and there were neither colors nor commission pennant flying. At 4:10 A. M. British Tugs Revenger and Woonda joined. I signalled Revenger to call on me for any assistance. Revenger signalled about half dozen men would be required on Covington to handle lines. After having circled and mined the area sufficiently to stave off any immediate attack, I sent immediately aboard Covington Ensign Wilson, USNRF, and seven men from deck and engineer's force to handle towing gear and to be of any other assistance in saving the vessel. This party ran up colors and secured towing lines. At 6:45 A. M. Covington was in tow of U. S. S. Concord, H. M. S. Revenger and H. M. S. Woonda.

At about 4:30, upon return of U. S. S. Smith, he signalled me, "Do not send men aboard Covington," to which I replied I had already done so and asked if I should remove them. He replied, "Continue circling until destroyers arrive," with which I complied.

The Smith departed with survivors headed for Brest, leaving Captain Hasbrouck, and ordered me to communicate with him by semaphore. Captain Hasbrouck boarded H. M. S. Revenger before towing began. I spoke with Revenger that I would transmit any messages and be ready to give any assistance desired.

At 7 A. M. U. S. S. Wadsworth joined and I reported that I had placed on board Covington one officer and seven men to handle lines. I then dropped astern to pick up a boatload of men from Covington and at their request towed them to Tug Revenger with provisions. Tug would not receive boat and upon questioning boat officer he replied that Capt. Hasbrouck had

SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

shoved them off because he did not bring back enough provisions. I gave the boat bread and fresh meat and again towed them to alongside Tug Revenger. At 7:30 U. S. S. Shaw joined. At 8:50 U. S. S. Nicholson joined. Under tow of three tugs the Covington was able to make about 5 knots per hour. This vessel took station as directed on starboard quarter patrolling that sector.

Signals were received from Ensign Wilson on Covington as follows: 11:35 A. M.—“Ship has listed seven degrees from time of our arrival.” 12:30—“Ship is listed 73 degrees.” The vessel appeared to be slowly settling to port and by the port quarter, and her rail was awash.

At about 2 P. M., U. S. S. Nicholson, directed by U. S. S. Shaw, removed all men from Covington. At 2:32 G. M. T. July 2, U. S. S. Covington settled by the stern, her bow rising high out of the water, assumed an almost vertical position practically without a list; forward deck plates bulged and broke off and she sank stern first in less than one minute.

Reid was then directed by the Wadsworth to proceed under original orders.

J. A. Robbins, seaman, told the following story as a member of the Reid's rescue party:

I had the 12-4 A. M. lookout watch and had just been relieved when the Reid arrived on the scene of the torpedoing. We steamed up near the Covington, which had a heavy list to port. Capt. Davidson called out for an officer and seven men to volunteer to go aboard the Covington in our port whaleboat, and I climbed into the boat as she was being lowered. The sea was choppy, with a light swell running, and as the boat hit the water she nearly capsized, but righted herself and we seized the oars and made off. W. Mulholland, Chief Water Tender, stepped on the gunwale, and being extra heavy upset us somewhat. We pulled away and left him hanging to a life line down the side, and one of his legs was in the water. He climbed back on board on order of the Captain.

The U. S. S. Smith had stood by the Covington since the torpedoing and she was busy picking up survivors on rafts and in boats when we arrived. There were

about 743 survivors aboard the Smith, including Capt. Hasbrouck, of the Covington; a paymaster, the executive officer and a number of others, including perhaps a dozen engineer ensigns. One small boat was trailing the Smith astern and several lying to when we came up on the Reid, and these were soon ordered on board the Smith. After steaming around the Covington several times about sun-up, the Smith set out for Brest.

As our boat got underway the Smith came near and our captain shouted to the captain of the Smith that he had shoved off a small boat, and asked if the men should be recalled. Receiving no definite response, he did not recall us. A slight breeze was blowing out of the southwest. It was probably about 4 o'clock when the Reid came up, and the sun rose about one hour later. We consumed some time circling about the vessel.

In our boat besides myself were Ensign J. A. Wilson, USNRF., in command, and Chief Boatswain's Mate G. C. McCabe, Boatswain's Mate David T. Sanders, David Udolfsky, seaman gunner; A. J. Lynch, machinist's mate, second class; W. F. Anderson, gunner's mate, second class; J. G. Michalo, seaman. Three other members of our crew had got into our boat, and returned with it when the main party boarded the Covington. We climbed up the starboard side by way of the forward boat boom to the deck. It was then about 6 o'clock. Our duty was primarily to handle lines for the Woonda and the Revenger, British tugs which had come up, and the Concord, American tug from Brest, which had followed them shortly. We found the deck aslant and on reaching the chart house saw by the indicator that the ship was listing 18 degrees to port. We rushed to make the tugs' lines secure for towing; I had found a large flag in the charthouse and we hoisted that aft, and then we inspected and unloaded the four 6-inch guns; the two machine guns on each wing of the bridge were loaded but we did not bother them. The two one-pounders at the break of the fore-castle were found unloaded. As I searched forward a little man fully dressed in blues except for a hat rushed past me and refused to stop when I called after him. He ran through the passageway and jumped over the side at the stern onto a life-raft in the water, and in getting on he was hit by the waves. We shouted for him to come back and he then climbed up and handed

SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

his watch to Sanders for safe-keeping. He appeared to be slightly dazed, but not out of his head. He made a statement in which he said he remembered the last life-boat being lowered over the side and his companions leaving him; it was dark and he could not find his way out to take his place with them. So he wandered about and probably fell asleep. We examined him carefully and found a small knot on his forehead, as if he had hit his head on a stanchion when the alarm was sounded. We pressed him to change his clothing, giving him a dry change, and handed him some canteen stores. He slipped on a suit of dungarees and we went about our work looking for other survivors.

The next thing we did was to close all port holes on the port side of the berth deck, the other ports apparently having been closed. We went as low as we could in the ship and found water in the engine room flush with the top of the starboard cylinder head. There was no water forward and none aft, all the way to the keel, for the torpedo had hit in the engine room. All of us went about our work systematically. The lines were got aboard in about 20 minutes,—two ten-inch steel cables—one for each of the British tugs and one 12-inch hemp hawser, which was considered good mule-hauling for seven men, since there were no hand capstans where we could reach them and all this work had to be done by hand. We stripped off all life preservers and excess clothing so as to be able to work better. It was hot work.

A paymaster of the Covington came aboard about 5 o'clock, having put off from the Smith in one of the Covington's life boats, manned by a Covington crew of about 16 men. He came aboard for his pay accounts and money from the ship's safe. He opened up the canteen, extracted a quantity of stores for his crew's use, and turned the canteen over to Ensign Wilson. The paymaster appeared somewhat excited, the Reid dropping several depth charges as he was getting his accounts together and chucking them into his valise, and adding to the confusion, the boat crew below kept yelling, "Come on, the submarine is coming again; hurry or we'll pull away and leave you!" On his orders, I was peering through a port hole, watching for the submarine to return. The paymaster had also left a considerable sum of money behind, for he had

put this on his bunk in the cabin. After filling his grip with papers, as the boat crew yelled again, the paymaster rushed out of the cabin, leaving the money, and the sum was handed to him by Sanders. The paymaster was rushing around the cabin looking for things, knocking his hat off and now catching it, and stumbling over obstacles. Happening to catch his foot in a waste basket, he seized it and crammed money into it, making off hurriedly. About this time I left, because I could hear our Chief Boatswain's Mate yelling for me not to bother about things down there, but to come on up on the bridge.

After the paymaster had departed, we began to perfect our organization. Ensign Wilson called us to the bridge, and we looked off to port and saw the U. S. S. Wadsworth, which had just come up, in charge of Capt. C. C. Slayton. Capt. Slaton yelled, "Who's in charge of that ship?" and the reply came back through signal from Udofsky, "Ensign John A. Wilson, U. S. N. R. F." They asked if they could do anything for us, and we said, "No, we are making out all right."

Mr. Wilson called us around him and said, "Men, we have got to save anybody who may still be aboard and get this ship back to Brest. McCabe, I appoint you executive officer. Udofsky, I appoint you navigator and chief quartermaster. Sanders, you are to be the boatswain. Robbins, you are ordinance officer. Michalo, you attend to the rations." Udofsky pulled out a long piece of fool's-cap paper which he said he would use to keep the ship's log. Capt. Wilson next stationed a watch forward, consisting of one man, who was relieved every little while by somebody else.

In the forward compartment I ran across a second survivor. He was coming up the ladder carrying his mattress and bed-clothing under his arm, and had started down into another compartment when we stopped him. He looked a bit dazed, but talked coherently, and was greatly surprised to find that the ship had been torpedoed. He said that he had gone to sleep at 8 o'clock the night before, an hour before the U-boat got in its lick, and had not awakened since. Said he found it a little bit close below and was taking his mattress to the main deck to continue his nap and get more air. This man was about 23 years old, with light

SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

hair, blue eyes, stumpy, and was in his underwear. He complained of pains all over his body, and could not walk very fast. This fellow was a sleepy-headed individual without much life, and he would talk little, and did not seem much elated over his deliverance, but shambled off in the direction of the waiting boat. Instead of getting into the boat, however, he flopped his mattress down on deck and went to sleep again. He stayed with us until the ship sank and was taken off with us.

The tugs in the meanwhile were towing the ship at the rate of four or five knots, hoping to make Brest, but it was about 150 miles away. It was now approximately 11 o'clock. When we first started back there was a life raft floating on the starboard side of the vessel, attached to the deck by a line, and lines, rafts and rope ladders hung pretty generally over the sides, particularly the starboard side. About 11 o'clock this life raft was hanging on the side of the ship, entirely out of the water, and the list had increased to about 25 degrees. We had a time making our way about the deck, for it seemed to be slipping from under us, so we caught hold of things and held on. When she would lurch suddenly, the ballast we held to would slide across deck, and us with it.

On boarding the Covington we inspected the radio shack and found the buzzer active, making a rasping sound which we cut off by reversing a switch. The forward hatches were closed, and only a few port holes were open in the sick bay, and we closed them. There was a great deal of personal property scattered about, indicating the haste with which the departure was made; chiffonier drawers stood open, clothing was on the deck, bunks disarranged, for the most of the men were just about to turn in for the night. We found several phonographs and records in good condition, and after doing all we possibly could to secure and save the ship, we hauled a machine to the bridge and had a little music and refreshments from the canteen. Everybody was in good humor and we talked about a hundred plans for saving the ship, provided we only had enough men to shift ballast or a pump to pump her out, or a huge jack to jack her up, or a barge to tie her to. Some of us thought if we didn't get into rougher weather we would make it to port anyhow.

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

This was at 11 o'clock, but on reading the indicator again we saw that the ship was listing 25 to 28 degrees, and she seemed to hesitate on her side longer than before. She would go over with the swell and lie there a few seconds, then slowly come back to the minimum list and stay there three or four minutes. We had made a line fast between two points on the starboard side, which was always high, and when we wanted to get about along deck we swung onto this line or clung to the railing or anything else handy. Soon we realized that the fight to save her was hopeless, that it was just a question of time before she would go down. The wind had increased and white caps were beginning to spring up. The wind swept through the rigging in the direction of the ship's list, and sometimes we felt like she wasn't coming back. Then she struggled to right herself and her hawsers creaked, dishes rattled, tables slid around, we would pull hard with her, and back she would come again. McCabe kept us in good spirit by chirping as he hung onto the outboard railing like a rat, "She's going over this time!" Then he would say more hopefully, "Nope; next week!"

The stern was slowly settling and the bow rising high. The bow was the highest main part of the ship at this hour—about 1:30 P. M.—and we all clambered as far forward as possible and straddled the railing. Mr. Wilson then ordered us to stand by to be taken off, for the Reid had signalled us to leave immediately on life rafts; as they didn't think they had time to lower boats, and would pick us up later. By this time two French boats of small size had come up, one of them towing empty life boats of the Covington, and three destroyers (including Nicholson) were circling around the sinking ship, then standing by at a respectful distance. It was a stupendous sight.

We did not abandon ship yet, because we thought we heard pounding and voices below. We went below and searched for the sounds, but the noises seemed indistinct and from all directions. This was far forward, near the chain locker. From that time until the Nicholson lowered a small boat for us we searched for more imprisoned men, but not knowing the ship well, or definitely where to look, we could not find them. The flag astern was half under water, and the waves were washing across the stern. The captain of the Nichol-

SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

son hollered through his megaphone for us to leave the ship at once. It was now easier to walk on the starboard side of the vessel than on the deck, so we walked along the side to a point amidships, as the small boat was drifting with the wind and they were having a hard time reaching the ship. Finally they came alongside, all out of breath and practically exhausted, and the coxswain of the small boat shouted, "Damn it, hurry up!" And Udofsky yelled back, "Don't lose your head, mate; there's not much in it." We clambered down into the boat and Ensign Wilson remained a few minutes aboard. When he had counted our seven men and the two survivors, and had seen that the indicator registered 48, he came down. We then were landed on the Nicholson, and from the deck watched her slowly sink. I felt like I had lost a good friend, a friend that there was a fighting chance to save, as we had told our shipmates aboard the Reid that we would let them come and inspect her when we reached Brest.

The London Daily Mail carried the following account of the Covington disaster in which claim was made that the attacking submarine was sunk :

Dr. W. H. Fulton, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Rockford, Ill., the only man in khaki on board the American Transport Covington when she was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine a week ago last Monday, has just arrived in Paris.

Describing what happened to a representative of the Chicago Tribune, after the first alarm, Dr. Fulton said:

"Four or five minutes after the torpedo exploded we caught sight of the submarine's conning tower. The gun crew were the first to notice it. Their first shot went wild, but the second exploded exactly on the spot where the conning tower had been seen. The next thing we saw was a large black mass on the surface of the water. Another shell from the gun landed right beneath this dark object. We saw the explosion.

"The fragments seemed to glance off the U-boat's side and fly upwards. Then the thing went down, not to appear again. We had sunk a submarine. At least twenty men standing around the gun platform watched this take place.

"One of the crew, a young Portuguese, regaining

consciousness next day, came down to the main deck. An English tug stood alongside the Covington and its crew were trying to put a line on the transport to tow her to port. The Portuguese protested against such interference. He said he would come down and throw the tug crew into the water if they persisted in their design. They had to fetch one of the ship's officers before the Portuguese would allow the tug crew to go on with their work."

Dr. W. H. Fulton's version was disputed in a statement made by Arthur C. Lervik, a Covington machinist's mate who was later assigned to duty on the Reid. Lervik's story ran thus:

At 8:45 P. M. o'clock I was at my station in the engine room and had just taken the temperature readings, and was about to report them to the throttle man to enter in the engine room log, when the explosion came. The explosion knocked me down, a quick rush of air having come through the air shaft leading into the throttle room and from thence to the engine-room. I was stunned but not really hurt; I felt deaf, with a slight headache, and doped from the fumes of gas arising from the explosion. The engineer officer, Lieut. Johnson, was in the engine room at the time. Several floor plates under the logroom desk were lifted up and crevices formed. Mr. Johnson was looking over the log, and as the floor plates parted, he fell into the bilge, catching by his arms, and was assisted back to the deck by two throttle men.

The Covington seemed to rise suddenly, then to settle back down and to list over on her port side, on which side she was hit. The commanding officer, Capt. R. D. Hasbrouck, and others expressed the opinion that it was a torpedo that hit the ship. The torpedo hit just forward of the bulkhead between the engine room and the after fireroom on the port side and tore a big hole through which water rushed, filling up both firerooms. There was no bulkhead between the two firerooms, that is, there was a large passage-way through the bulkhead which had no doors, so that the water flowed freely from the after fireroom to the forward fireroom.

All hands left the engine room hurriedly and went

SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

to the top side. We found the deck hands and others running about trying to get the small boats over the side. Six men were missing when the roll was called; three of these are supposed to have been killed in the explosion, and the other three were lost over the side when they jumped without waiting for the order to abandon ship. I had on only dungarees and light underwear, so rushed below in the starboard crew's compartment about midships to get more clothing, and found water coming through ports and thence through the wash room and into the crew's quarters, the ports having been smashed by the explosion on that side. It was supposed that open ports in the sick bay let in additional water. These ports were kept open usually for ventilating purposes. By a patent arrangement of port cover, which was appended inside the ship, air could be admitted without admitting water except under extreme pressure like in a case of immersion, and the light from inside did not shine through the ports. These ports were high and the waves seldom gave any trouble.

I hastily pulled on my jumper and went up on deck, the general quarters alarm having been sounded, and everybody having sprung to their stations. There was quite a slant in the deck due to the list, and straight walking was difficult. Twenty minutes after the explosion I looked down through the engineroom hatch, and saw that the water had immersed the cylinder heads. I do not know how water could have got into the engineroom, since it was protected by bulkheads, unless one of the bulkheads gave way, which was improbable. About 25 minutes after the explosion the crew was ordered to abandon ship. Several of the small boats on the port side had been smashed in the explosion, but there was ample accommodation for the officers and crew of 685 men. The boats were got over the side in very good order; they were put off both port and starboard sides, but could be handled more easily to port, because the list was that way and the boats swung clear of the side. Inside of about half an hour practically everybody had left the ship and the boat crews manned the oars and put us into position to be picked up by the USS. Smith (destroyer), which from the first had stood by the Covington under orders. The Smith first circled the Covington and dropped a string of depth charges at intervals. The

boat that I was in went alongside the Smith within an hour and all of us clambered to the decks, and all of the officers and crew were aboard within an hour and a half, after which the Smith continued all night to circle around the Covington, dropping depth charges at intervals of about an hour. Two other destroyers stood by for a time, but proceeded on duty assigned.

The officers were the last to leave the ship, that is, the deck officers, including the captain. We heard later that two or three men had been left on board, since they were asleep and the force of the explosion did not awaken them.

Shortly after daylight the next morning, July 2, 1918, the Destroyer Reid hove in sight and stood by the Covington, circling and dropping occasional depth charges. The Smith shoved off a boat's crew to get stores out of the Covington's canteen, this crew being made up of Covington survivors and commanded by a lieutenant, and this crew presently brought back a lot of stores. They went back again and increased their stock and returned aboard the Smith.

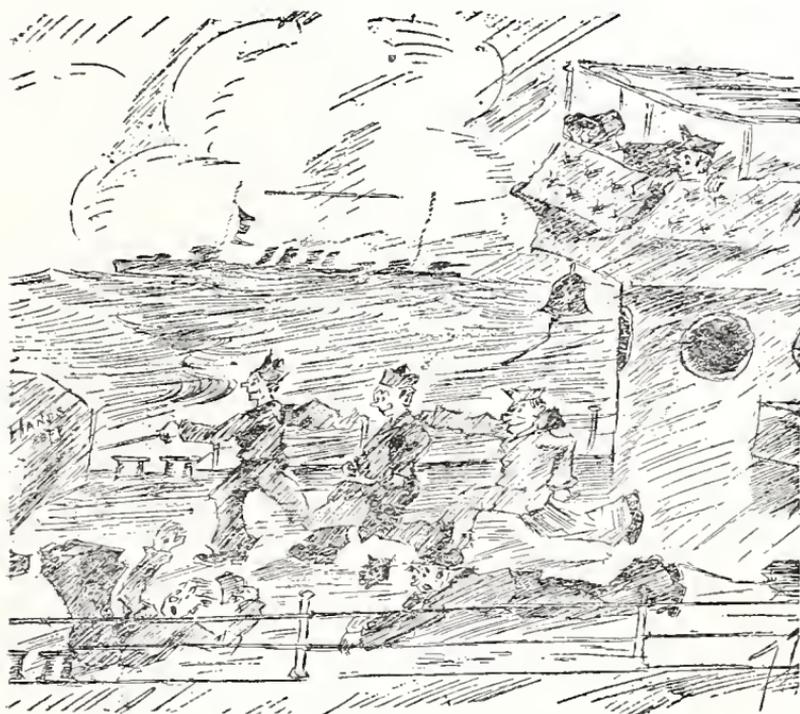
Soon after the Reid arrived, two British tugs and an American tug, the Concord, arrived on the scene and made ready to take the Covington in tow. One of the British tugs was the Woonda. They happened to be steaming in the vicinity when they heard the Covington's wireless call telling of the torpedoing. The Concord had made a quick run from Brest. About 5 A. M. the Smith departed for Brest at about 20 knots, negotiating the 150 miles by about noon. Members of the Smith's crew gave up their bunks and places at table to members of the Covington's crew, furnished them with clothing and other necessities and cared for them in a very seamanlike manner. On account of the small space, most of the Covington men were forced to remain on deck, and the crowding was such that the only way to make it forward from aft was to walk along the deck by the life lines. On arrival at Brest, the Covington men were taken to the Chateau and reassigned to duty.

The Covington was not quite 17000 tons, having formerly been the Cincinnati of the Hamburg-American line. She could make 14 knots. It was her sixth voyage carrying American troops to Brest. She

SINKING OF THE COVINGTON

was in ballast. Ordinarily she could transport 3,000 men, but on occasion had carried as many as 3,500.

The weather was fair and the sea nearly smooth at the time of the torpedoing. A gun's crew shot at something they thought was a submarine shortly after the impact, but there is doubt that the object was a U-boat. Other ships in the convoy were the DeKalb, the Rijndam, the Powhatan, the Huron, the Pocahontas and one I do not remember. I shall never forget the sight of the Covington as I saw her from the deck of the Smith. She lay there like a spectre, helpless and ghostlike, with only a beam of light through a hatch to indicate that there was any life aboard.



“Barnacles” from the Log



AND now we come to the good ship's log, kept more or less informally by a landsman gob, for the benefit of readers who prefer that style of literary lore, and covering more than 70,000 miles of steaming in the submarine zones during 16 months of the war. A record of the total number of miles steamed was kept in the engine room log by Chief Machinist E. G. Ziemann, and was computed from the revolutions of the engines.

Preceding the “log barnacles” is a step-by-step outline of war movements and incidents concerning our Allies, dating from June 28, 1914, and ending May 21, 1917, after Congress declared war on Germany for the United States. It is believed gentle readers everywhere will appreciate this feature, since it links up the earlier days of the cataclysm with the later days and enables one to get a perspective that would be impossible otherwise. Therefore you are requested, should the first part prove a trifle burdensome, to wade through it nevertheless with a stout heart in the interest of fidelity to history; for lo! you will soon enough find your precious self head over heels in the adventures and the accomplishments of the wild and wooly crew of the Reid!

1914.

June 28—Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and wife assassinated at Sarajevo, Bosnia.

July 28—Austria declares war on Serbia; Germany mobilizes fleet.

August 1—Germany declares war on Russia.

August 3—Germany declares war on France and Belgium and invades Belgium.

August 4—Britain declares state of war exists with Germany. Liege attacked.

August 6—Austria declares war on Russia.

August 9—Serbia declares war on Germany.



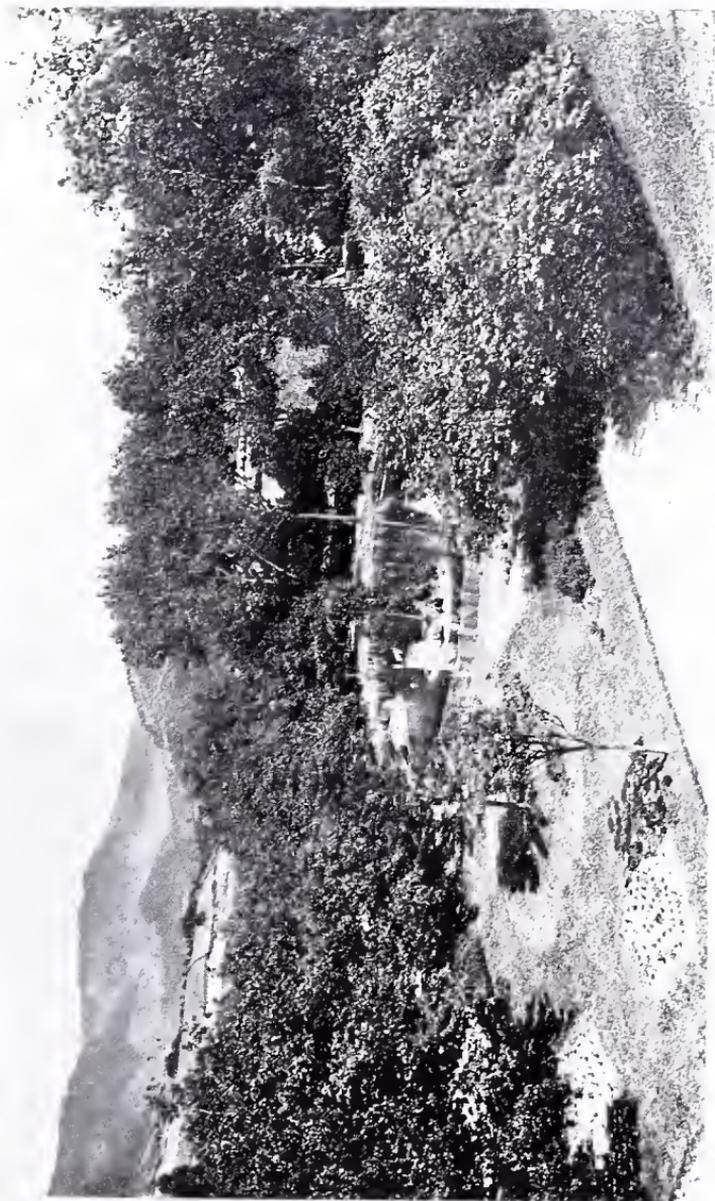
THE HAPPIEST FOLKS ON EARTH

Azorean peasants in "evening dress" at Ponta Delgada. Uncorrupted by joy rides and city ways, they cling to old customs, attend to their own business and only ask to be let alone.



"LAVADEIRAS NAS FURNAS"; GUESS WHAT THAT MEANS!

Anyway, it is wash day up in the hills 30 miles from Ponta Delgada, and the women, as usual, are handling the wash, while the men mind the sheep and the fields. This is one of the clear streams of water that pours out of the mountain sides and threads its way to the sea.



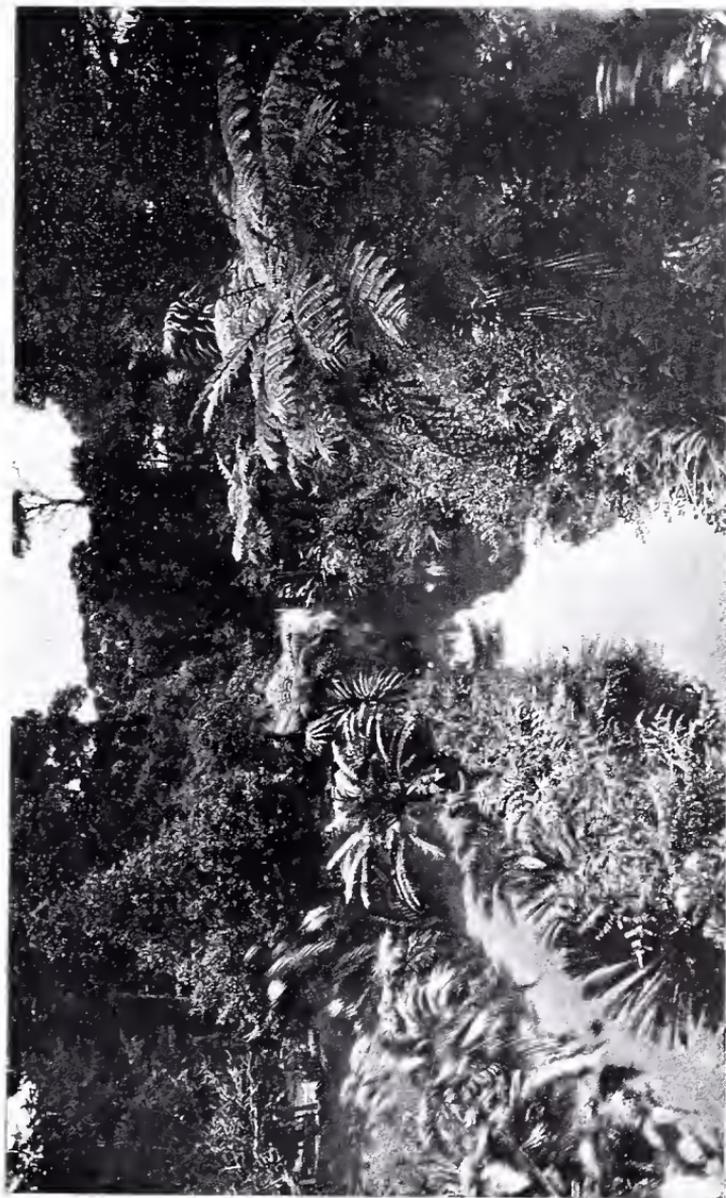
A FORMAL GARDEN AND SWAN LAKE, FURNAS

Around the body of water is wire netting to keep the swans inside, and on the little island are two "huts" with straw-thatched roofs for the birds to roost in and the children to admire. In the distance are small farms enclosed with walls, and beyond, the mountain peaks.



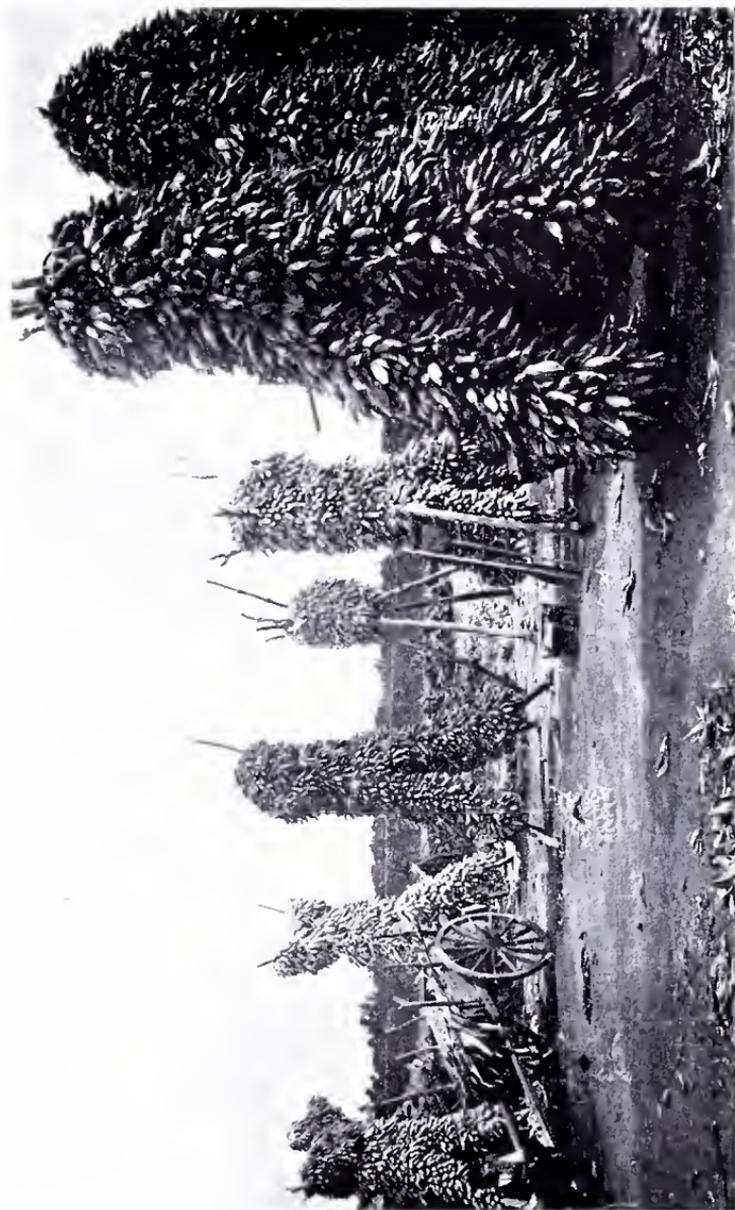
GENERAL VIEW OF PUNTA DELGADA AND HARBOR

The Campo de San Francisco, known to Americans as the public park, as seen from the top of the city hospital, and beyond, looking in the direction of Furmas, the center of the city. The band is in its place in the bandstand. Concerts are rendered two afternoons weekly.



A TOUCH OF FAIRYLAND IN MID-ATLANTIC

All the romance of shipwrecks, the buried treasure of corsair kings, the hot love conquests of Latin race Lotharios, is bound up in the Azores Isles. Here is a "Lovers' Lane," and if need be, a "Lovers' Water Leap." This is a puzzle picture; find Senhor Borges and his guest.



"KING CORN" LOOKS HUSKY WHEN HE STALKS AROUND ON STILTS

The ears are stacked in this fashion instead of being left on the stalks in the original rows, and are shucked when the corn has been cured by sun and wind. The shelling is done by hand. The Azorean farmer uses primitive methods, but he gets there just the same.



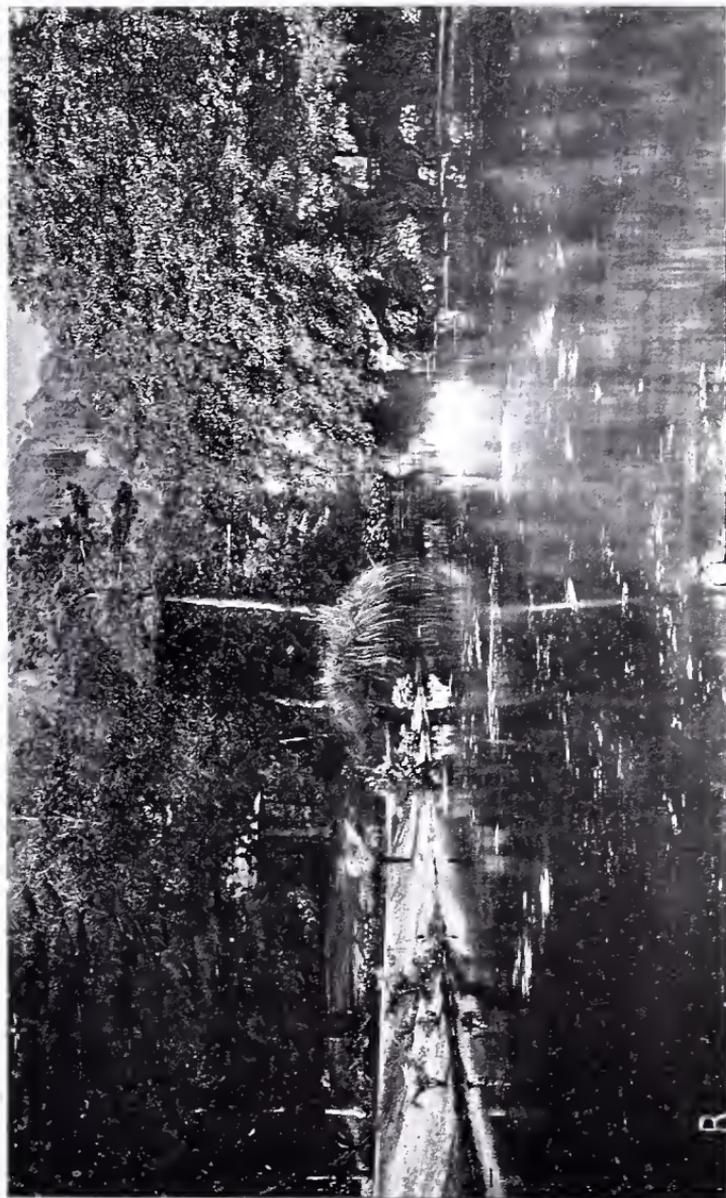
A COLLEGE GRADUATE AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER

Senhor is a lawyer, owner of a fine home and a beautiful garden, and speaks French very well. Senhorina also speaks French, having been educated by private tutors in the home. If you climb the wall she will give you the biggest rose on the bush.



A LINE OF MODERN SHOPS AT PONTA DELGADA, AZORES

In the center is the establishment of Evaristo Ferreira Travassos, one of the best informed men on the Island of St. Michael's and a staunch friend of American tourists. Senhor Travassos is the publisher of a travelers' guide which is a great help to visitors.



ANOTHER EVIDENCE OF THE HIGHER CIVILIZATION

Pure, sparkling water rushing down into the valleys from the mountain tops gives the Azorean many a chance to make ponds and lakes. The pond in the picture is in the public park at Furnas; it is ideal for sailing miniature sail boats and for gay young ducks.



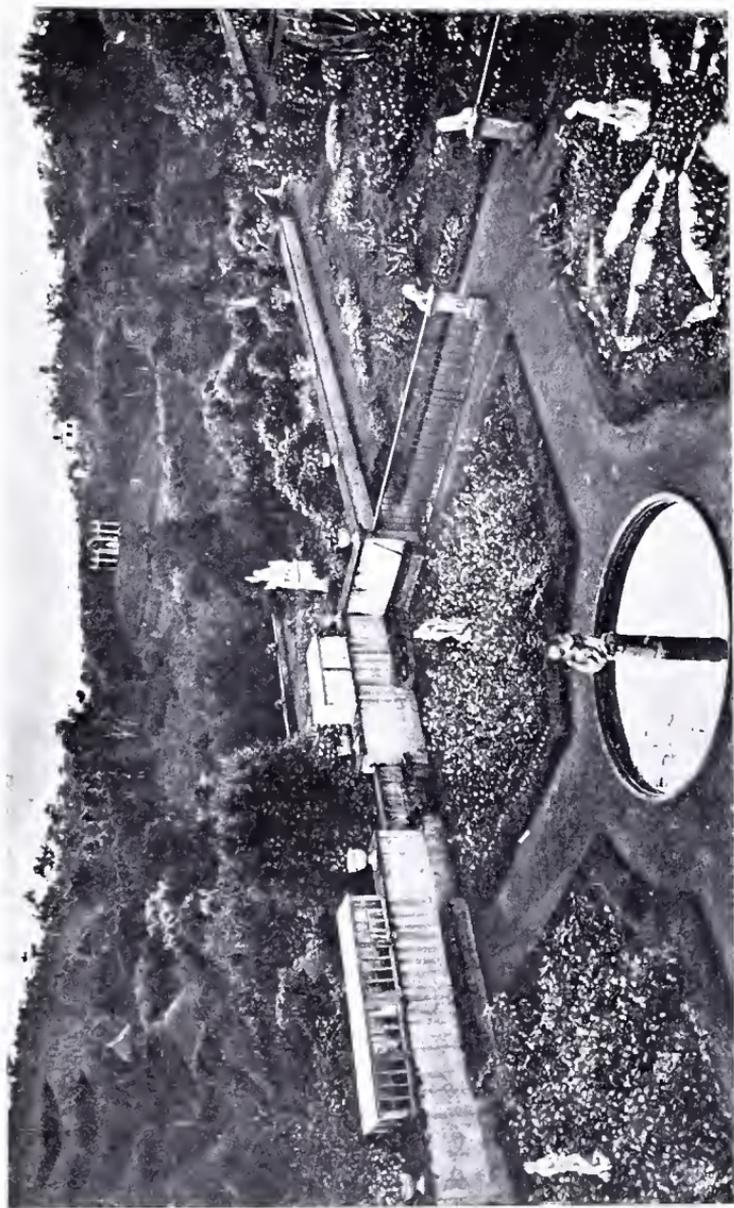
"HOT WELLS" AND "COLD WELLS" AT FURNAS, ST. MICHAEL'S ISLAND

The Azores Islands are of volcanic origin, and the Valley of the Furnas has been selected by nature as a place for the subterranean steam to "pop off." Boiling water gushes forth geyser-like in one spot, and cold water a few feet away. Mineral waters are obtained by boring.



WANTED: A THRESHING MACHINE, TO REPLACE HAND-POWER

Great quantities of wheat are raised on the islands. The old woman takes her place beside the stack, spreads a cloth on the ground and begins to thresh with her hands. When she is through, the men and boys come with oxen and rude pitchforks and scatter the straw so it will dry.



A BARON'S GARDEN WHICH ENJOYS A HARSH FORMALITY

This "jardin," as the Portuguese would say, is located at Botelho, St. Michael's Island, and belongs to Baron Fonte Bella. It gives a striking effect but does not blend with the landscape, suggesting the rigidity of the marble figures in King Louis' grotto at Versailles.



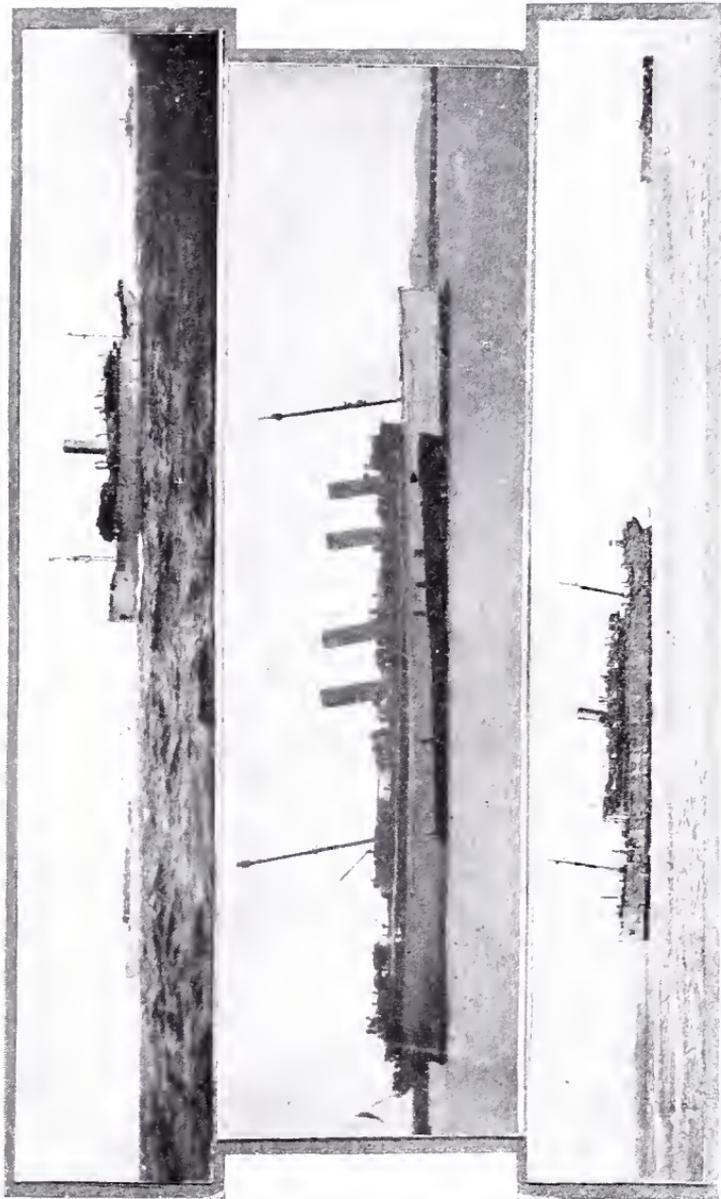
A TYPICAL AZOREAN VILLAGE NESTLED IN THE HILLS

Here is a small settlement near Ponta Delgada, Azores, which the visitor reaches in an hour or so of vigorous pedaling on a bicycle. There are many of these villages and to reach them it is necessary to go high up from sea level. Photo by J. Caesar Hill, of the Reid.



A TYPICAL CONVOY SCENE ON THE FRENCH COAST

The Reid in position escorting munition ships into Quiberon Bay, winter of 1918. Aided by sister destroyers, yachts and French vessels, we often escorted convoys of 35 ships. Submarines once torpedoed three vessels in the same convoy, and missed a fourth.



OUR ONLY TRANSPORT ALWAYS ACCOMPANIED BY A "DESTROYER"

The old German Liner Von Steuben anchored at Brest, fall of 1917, showing destroyer painted on her starboard side, to scare the submarines. At the top is the United Fruit Steamer Calamares underway, and ahead the Mercury, and ahead the Madawaska (Konig Wilhelm II), leaving Quiberon Bay.



AMERICAN GUNBOAT CASTINE CONVOYED TO PONTA DELGADA

At 6 A. M., Aug. 16, 1917, the Reid and the Preston, patrolling around the Azores Islands, bumped into the Castine, fresh from the States. "Have you any news?" signalled the gunboat. "Submarines making to eastward," we replied. The Destroyer Preston also appears.

"BARNACLES" FROM THE LOG

- August 11—Germans invade France at Longwy; Montenegro declares war on Germany, France on Austria.
August 12—England declares war on Austria.
August 20—Germans occupy Brussels.
August 23—Japan at war with Germany.
August 28—Five German warships sunk off Helgoland.
September 3—French capital moved to Bordeaux.
September 7—German advance on Paris turned back at the Marne.
September 12—Allies attack on the Aisne, opening the world's greatest battle.
October 9—Germans capture Antwerp.
October 30—Russia declares war on Turkey.
November 1—Germans sink Admiral Cradock's fleet off Chile.
November 5—Great Britain declares war on Turkey.
November 9—Germans surrender Tsingtau.
December 8—Four German cruisers sunk by British off Falkland Islands.
December 16—German ships bombard West Hartlepool.
December 24—First German air raid on England.

1915.

- January 24—Naval battle off Dogger Bank.
February 2—Britain declares all food contraband.
February 11—United States warns belligerents not to attack American ships.
February 17—Germans begin submarine blockade, despite United States protest.
February 23—United States steamer Carib sunk by North Sea mine.
February 25—Allied fleet attacks Dardanelles.
March 18—Three Ally battleships sunk in Dardanelles.
March 23—Allies land at Dardanelles.
May 6—Lusitania sunk by U-Boat; 1,000 die; 100 Americans.
May 13—Wilson demands reparation for Lusitania lives.
May 22—Italy declares war on Austria.
July 2—Pommern sunk in Baltic.
August 18—Russian fleet victorious in Riga Gulf.
September 1—Germany agrees to sink no more liners without warning.
September 25—Allies' drive begun in France; 20,000 captured.
October 6—French and British land in Greece.
October 9—Germans occupy Belgrade, invading Serbia.

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

- November 6—Bulgarians take Nish, Serb capital.
- December 4—Ford peace party sails.
- December 9—All Allies driven from Serbia.
- December 19—Allies evacuate Gallipoli.
- December 25—Ford leaves peace party.

1916.

- January 17—Montenegro makes separate peace.
- February 23—Germans open attack on Verdun.
- April 24—Irish revolt in Dublin.
- April 28—British surrender to the Turks at Kut-el-Amara.
- May 15—Austrians open offensive against Italy.
- May 30—Fourteen British and 18 German warships sunk in great naval battle in North Sea.
- June 14—Allied Conference in Paris votes commercial boycott of Germany after war.
- July 9—German submarine liner reaches Baltimore.
- August 27—Roumania entered the war.
- December 15—French victory at Verdun.
- December 20—President Wilson's peace note.

1917.

- February 1—"Unrestricted" U-boat war begun.
- February 3—America broke with Germany.
- March 12—Revolution in Russia.
- April 5—U. S. S. *Missourian*, unarmed, sunk in Mediterranean. Horse ship *Canadian*, carrying 56 Americans, sunk.
- April 6—U. S. Congress declared war with Germany.
- April 17—Destroyer *Smith* (17) reported by wireless to Boston that a submarine tried to torpedo her.
- April 28—Lieut. Thomas and four gunners lost when U. S. S. *Vacuum*, an oil tanker, was sunk.
- April 30—Washington reports that the impression is gaining ground that President Wilson will embark a small force for France shortly after more conferences with the Allied commissions.
- May 2—U. S. S. *Rockingham* sunk by submarine, London reported.
- May 4—Squadron of American destroyers reached Queens-town for duty.
- May 14—Paris reported 17 unarmed French merchant ships sunk during February, March and April, 1917.
- June 4—Yachts *Kanawha*, *Christabel*, *Noma*, *Harvard*, *Vedette*, *Sultana*, *Corsair* and *Aphrodite* left New York for France. Reid at Brooklyn.

- June 12—Reid convoying Battleship Illinois toward Yorktown. **King Constantine abdicated Greek throne.** Yachts Kanawha, Christabel, Noma, Harvard, Vedette and Sultana arrived at St. George's, Bermuda.
- June 30—Arrived at Tompkinsville, S. I., with Destroyer Preston (19). Left at 10 P. M., Preston accompanying, convoying French Steamer La Touraine, with Prince of Udine and Italian Commission to United States aboard. Ships darkened.
- July 4—Yachts Kanawha, Christabel, Noma, Harvard, Vedette and Sultana arrived at base, Brest, France (via Ponta Delgada, Azores). Shortly before entering harbor, the Noma sighted a periscope and the Steamer Orleans was torpedoed; 50 survivors of Orleans landed at Brest by Sultana.
- July 21—Reid left Charleston at midnight at 20 knots for Bermuda with Preston. Capt. Slayton and ship's cook made their wills.
- July 23—At 6:10 P. M. arrived at St. George's, Bermuda; met by Tug Powerful, whose commander shouted through megaphone, "I'm going to board you!" Mumps epidemic aboard.
- July 26—Left St. George's for Ponta Delgada, Azores, Preston accompanying. Lookout reported cloud bank as submarine and received bawling out by officer of deck. Weather fine; sea smooth. At 10 P. M. several lookouts were caught asleep by executive officer, who let them off with warning.
- July 29 (Sunday)—Fine and smooth; nights pleasant and part of crew sleeping under torpedo tubes and around smoke stacks and in small boats.
- July 30—Ran into schools of porpoises which raced with us. At dusk sighted suspicious-looking object two miles away on port beam; looked like

conning tower of submarine. Turned out to be a floating target left by some ship. Banged away with machine gun, which jammed at first.

July 31—At 6:05 A. M. sighted peaks of Pico Island, Azores, 52 miles away. At 2 P. M. sighted St. Michael's Island 65 miles away. Officers shooting at fish and turtles with pistols. Epidemic of mumps continued and poetry broke out in the galley. Anchored at 4:45 P. M. at Ponta Delgada, St. Michael's Island, Azores, with 40 tons of coal aboard. Boarded by Portuguese port officer and health officer. Bum-boat men came alongside with pineapples at three for a quarter and wine under the boat seats. Not allowed to bring wine aboard. Destroyers Smith (17) and Lamson (18) in harbor. Liberty granted from 7 P. M. to midnight and all hands went ashore. **Great Allied attack started around Ypres.**

August 3—Sacramento stood out, probably bound for England. Reid and Preston skirted islands hunting submarines.

August 4—Steamed into Angra do Heroismo, Terceira Island, and Horta, Island of Fayal, with Preston.

August 5 (Sunday)—At Ponta Delgada. Two boatloads of survivors of Bark Doris and their dog rowed into harbor. Governor of Island and Secretary called on commanding officer in high hats and with canes.

August 6—Natives coaling ship, assisted by crew. Commanding officer was informed French steamer was sunk with gunfire and her motor boat stolen.

August 7—Portuguese Steamer San Miguel stood out. Destroyers Smith and Lamson stood out, patrolling islands, watching for pro-German signal

lights in the hills. Preston received radio message saying French Steamer Marthe was being shelled by submarine. Reid and Preston stood by waiting for more information. **U. S. S. Motano sunk by submarine and 24 lives lost.**

August 8—At 12:05 A. M. Preston and Reid got underway to assist Marthe. At 10 A. M. joined by Lamson and discovered Marthe life boat, smashed; also a cabin chair and some wreckage. Passed another life boat, bottom side up. Received S. O. S. from Prinz Oscar II, Norwegian vessel. Heard Marthe's crew fought submarine an hour and lost four gunners; 35 survivors landed at Funchal, Madeira. Steamer Dunraven shelled and torpedoed by submarine off Coast of France; Yacht Noma forced submarine to submerge; Dunraven sank.

August 9—Steamer Tidewater (U. S.) put in with captain and survivors of Prinz Oscar II. British Steamer Hortensius put into Ponta Delgada with Captain Bacon and 88 survivors of the British Steamer Iran. Captain Bacon came aboard and told his story.

August 11—San Jorge, Beira and Cinquo du Outubro (Portuguese man-of-war) stood in and Halifax stood out. Nashville (gunboat) stood in; Panther (U. S.) stood in, convoyed by Destroyer Flusser. Captain C. M. Crooks, of the American Bark Christiane, and two boatloads of survivors landed. Captain Crooks came aboard and told his story to Captain Slayton, and exhibited a receipt for his vessel signed by the submarine commander, Ober-Leutnant E. L. Eyring. **Announced U. S. S. Campana, Standard Oil tanker, sunk and captain and four of naval guard probably captured.**

August 13 (Sunday)—Reid and Preston patrolling

in loop toward Madeira. Set mines for firing and ordered everybody on deck to don life preservers. Steaming dark at night.

August 14—Went to general quarters on sighting Italian steamer. Exchanged recognition signals and convoyed her until 8:30 P. M. Lookout reported rising moon as light. **Announced five U. S. citizens lost when U. S. S. City of Athens hit mine off coast of Africa, August 13.**

Aug. 15—Yacht Noma fired ten shots at submarine on surface off Coast of France, submarine replying with three shots, then submerged; position, 47-40 N., 5-05 W.

August 16—Preston and Reid escorted Gunboat Castine into Ponta Delgada. Swung ship. Tide-water and Flusser stood out.

August 18—Portuguese Schooner Livramento, with cargo of pigs from Fayal, reported sighting submarine 20 miles off St. Michael's Island. Day watch put on all United States ships at Ponta Delgada.

August 19 (Sunday)—The following yachts stood in from the States: Alcedo, Guinevere, Carola IV, Corona, Wanderer, Remlik and Emeline. Flusser stood in.

August 20—Sailor shot a sailor ashore and all yacht crew liberty was cut off.

August 21—Portuguese patrol boat fired green rockets and shot outside break-water when American tramp steamer attempted to run dark into harbor. All crews went to general quarters, and tramp ran on rocks.

August 23—Steamer Roma, Fabre Liner, stood in. Alcedo, Guinevere, Carola IV, Corona, Wanderer, Remlik and Emeline got under way for France.

"BARNACLES" FROM THE LOG

August 24—Italian Steamer Dante Alighieri stood in from New York, loaded with Italian reservists. Twenty-seven ships in harbor.

August 25—Convoyed Dante Alighieri 300 miles toward Gibraltar, and reservists cheered, whistled and sang as we left them. Flusser with us.

August 26 (Sunday)—Ship's cook reported "periscope." Machine gun jammed again. It was only a floating spar. Steaming toward coast of Spain. Rough weather and dishes won't stay on chow tables.

August 29—Escorted Italian Steamer Pediladia into Ponta Delgada. U. S. S. Seneca stood in from States. **President Wilson wrote another note to the Pope.** Yachts Guinevere and Carola IV arrived at Brest.

August 30—Italian Steamer Re D' Italia and Danish Schooner Fritz stood out. Lamson and Smith stood out. Yachts Alcedo, Wanderer, Remlik, Corona and Emeline reached Brest base.

September 5—Portuguese Steamer Funchal stood in with 200 Portuguese troops for garrison. Chester stood out toward Gibraltar. Lamson and Smith stood in.

September 6—The following U. S. vessels stood in from the States, bound for France: Bath, Wakiva, Cahill, Courtney, James, Rehoboth, McNeal, Ossipee, Douglas, Anderton, Lewes, Hinton, Bauman, and Submarine Chasers 383, 384 and 385 (manned by French crews). Reid out patrolling islands.

September 8—Escorted Revenue Cutter Manning until relieved by Flusser.

September 9 (Sunday)—Reid returned to base.

September 16 (Sunday)—In morning baseball game

Reid beat Flusser 12-11. Gunboat Wheeling and Destroyers Truxtun (14) and Worden stood in. Parana, Royal Mail Steam Packet, put in from Newport, Eng., after running fight of one hour with submarine, 200 miles south of Lizard Head.

September 18—Supply Ship Bath, Yacht Wakiva and the Trawlers City of Lewes, Anderton, Bauman, Douglas, James, Hinton, Cahill, Rehoboth, Courtney and McNeal reached Brest.

September 20—J. Sweeney this date caught a large fish which he landed on deck. Submarine reported near island by Portuguese fisherman and gun crew slept on deck at guns.

September 28—Reid and Preston patrolling St. Mary's Island. French Steamer Roma stood out.

September 29—At 9 A. M. picked up British Steamer Canopic, White Star Liner, and convoyed her west five hours, when turned her over to Whipple (15) and Truxtun. Passed wreckage and ship's mast peak painted white.

October 1—Back to Ponta Delgada with Preston.

October 2—Canopic stood out at 11 P. M. Whipple stood out.

October 4—Portuguese Gunboat Cinquo du Outubro and Steamer San Miguel stood in. **Tug Rehoboth swamped and sunk in storm between France and England.**

October 5—Ships dressed ship in honor of seventh year of Portugal's independence as a Republic.

October 7 (Sunday)—Sailors attended church. At 4:30 P. M. Reid and Flusser left for Queenstown, convoying Collier Nero at 8 knots.

October 8—Uneventful.

October 9—At 4:30 P. M. storm broke.

October 10—Storm continued. Moon rose at 1:40

"BARNACLES" FROM THE LOG

A. M. French Ship *Transporteur* sunk by torpedo off France; 21 survivors picked up by French Patrol Boat *Afrique II*.

October 11—Storm at its height. Canaries hatched three young birds in firemen's compartment. Nero kicking out six knots.

October 12—Poured oil overboard and sea's fury abated somewhat.

October 13—Storm slowed down and we increased speed. At 9:45 A. M. headed at good clip toward mine fields entering Queenstown Harbor; patrol boats ran out and turned us into different course. Light rains. Mother canary flying over fan-tail gobbled up by seagull. Underway at 1:09 P. M. for Cardiff, Wales, through Bristol Channel.

October 14 (Sunday)—At 3:05 P. M. entered Cardiff with *Flusser* (which lost foremast in storm). Sunday afternoon liberty.

October 15—At 7:58 P. M. underway for Queenstown with *Flusser*. Storm started. Steered clear of floating mine.

October 16—At 2:30 A. M. storm carried away motor boat. Sighted empty life boat. Moored at Queenstown at 1 P. M. Liberty. Old Irish women at pier sold gobs "apples, pears and beautiful nuts."

October 17—Transport *Antilles* sunk off France; 70 of 237 aboard reported lost. *Wadsworth* (60), *Wainwright* (62) and British Cruiser *Adventure* stood in.

October 18—Destroyer *Cassin* (43) towed to dock, having been torpedoed astern by submarine.

October 19—*Panther*, *Lamson*, *Preston* and *Smith* left for new base, Brest, France. American steamer *J. L. Luckenback* exchanged 200 shots

with submarine on surface 200 miles west of Brest. Seven of U-boat's shells hit the steamer. Luckenback sent an "allo," which was intercepted by the Destroyer Nicholson. The destroyer wired: "I am coming; make all smoke possible to make yourself visible." After two hours a shell put the steamer's engines out of order and cut down the smokestack, causing her to stop. An hour later the Nicholson hove in sight and fired four shots at the submarine, forcing it to duck. The Luckenback limped into Le Havre, badly damaged and with a fire in her crew's quarters. British Steamship Austradale torpedoed off France and sank in three minutes. Survivors manned three life boats.

October 20—Melville and Dixie and Destroyer Wilkes (67) in harbor. Wainwright, Shaw (68) and Walke (34) stood out.

October 21 (Sunday)—Alongside Burrows (29). Warrington (30) and Allen (66) in harbor. At 4 P. M. Reid and Flusser underway for new base at Brest, France. Capt. W. B. Fletcher detached and Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson ordered to take charge at Brest.

October 22—At 11 A. M. tied up at Brest beside Panther. Smooth trip. Liberty at 5 P. M. Two boatloads of survivors of Austradale reached Port Kerrel; whaleboat with 24 men lost.

October 23—Rammed by Tug James.

October 24—Towed to French Navy Yard for repairs. Yachts Noma and Alcedo stood out.

October 27—Destroyer Fanning (37), assisted by Destroyer Nicholson (52), captured crew of U-58 about 40 miles out of Queenstown.

October 28 (Sunday)—Transport Finland torpedoed 200 miles west of Brest.

- October 29—Yser stood out. Reid went into dry dock with Tug Cahill. **Fall of Udine.** Two American hydroplanes off France dropped four bombs at a submarine seen beneath the surface of the sea. The U-boat dived deeper.
- November 3—Commanding Officer called on Rear Admiral Wilson.
- November 5—**Yacht Alcedo, first United States war vessel, sunk 60 miles west of Brest. A. T. Edwards, seaman of Norfolk, Va., formerly of Reid, reported killed in bunk by torpedo and body not recovered.** Note: George Greene, of Columbus, Ga., and George A. Borgman, seamen formerly on Reid, previously reported killed in explosion on Cruiser Des Moines. **Big Allied Conference at Hotel Crillon, Paris.**
- November 8—**Bolshevist coup d'etat in Russia.**
- November 14—**Germans within 15 miles of Venice.**
- November 20—French steamer sunk near Brest, and numerous submarines reported lying in wait for American transports. Reid towed out of Navy Yard, passing old French Monitor Furieux. **British victory at Cambrai.**
- November 23—At 7 A. M. left for below St. Nazaire to convoy U. S. S. Santa Rosa and two merchant ships to Brest.
- November 24—Two floating mines exploded near Brest Harbor by mine sweepers. Arrived Brest 4 P. M. French destroyer reported blown up. String band gave concert in wardroom.
- November 26 (Thanksgiving Day)—At 7:10 A. M. stevedores came aboard and started coaling ship.
- November 27—Destroyers Monaghan (32) and Roe (24), arriving at Brest from St. Nazaire on first trip to Brest, without proper French charts, entered Iroise Channel mine field, instead of tak-

ing Raz de Sein, as warned by a Flag Office message. Steamed safely through. Von Steuben tugged to outer harbor. Agamemnon and Von Steuben underway westward, accompanied by Reid, Roe, Lamson, O'Brien, McDougal, Patterson, Paulding, Jarvis and Monaghan. Reid and Roe left convoy at entrance to channels and returned to base under orders.

November 28—At 6:20 P. M. Yacht Kanawha, with west-bound convoy, Steamships Koln and Medina, reported periscope headed for the Medina. At 6:50 the Yacht Noma sighted a periscope, and dropped two depth charges. At 7:02 the Yacht Wakiva sighted a periscope. The submarine swung out of position on the convoy to cover the Wakiva with a bow tube, but the Wakiva gave hard left rudder and let the submarine cross her stern, at the same time firing three shots from the port aft gun, the periscope disappearing as the third shot hit it. The Wakiva then dropped two depth charges which functioned perfectly. The conning tower of the U-boat emerged a minute afterward and the Wakiva opened fire with her starboard forward gun, the second shell detonating. The conning tower went down and as the yacht passed over the spot, a large number of bubbles and some wreckage were observed. Two more depth charges were exploded and, passing again over the spot, the commanding officer thought he saw three men clinging to wreckage, but on turning and swinging around again, the objects had disappeared. At midnight the Yacht Noma sighted a periscope and fired two depth charges, but without discernible results. Two submarines are thought to have been operating, for the radio man on the Noma heard three messages in German, sent at low power. It was con-

sidered certain that the Wakiva sank one of the submersibles.

November 30—French Cruiser Conde tugged to French Navy Yard. Monaghan and Roe stood in. At 6:30 A. M. left with Preston, Yacht Corsair and French destroyers convoying 20 merchant vessels southward to coast points. **Germans threw British back at Cambrai.**

December 1—At 7 P. M. submarine reported in convoy and destroyers dropped 7 depth charges.

December 2 (Sunday)—Anchored at Brest at 5:30 A. M. Corsair and Noma stood in.

December 3—Picked up Morgan liner and 8 other vessels with Warrington, Smith, Lamson and Preston. Arrived Quiberon 4:30 P. M.

December 4—At 8:55 A. M. commanding officers held conference on Cruiser San Diego. At 10 same destroyers hit up 19 knots for Brest. French Sailer St. Antoine de Padouex, bound for Fecamp, engaged in running fight with submarine.

December 6—**Armistice on Russian Front.**

December 7—Rear Admiral Sims spent 5 minutes on board. At 3:07 P. M. Reid, Roe, Smith, Preston, Warrington and Flusser convoying San Diego and Mt. Vernon 800 miles westward. Making 18 knots. Received several SOS messages; passed two life boats, one bottom side up. Increased speed to 21 knots.

December 8—The French Steamer Voltaire II was sunk off Belle Ile.

December 9 (Sunday)—Preston fired a shot near Reid. Nothing seen. At 8:25 A. M. left San Diego and Mt. Vernon and hit up 15 knots for base, column formation. **British captured Jerusalem.** French Steamer Barsac sunk between Brest and Le Havre with loss of eighteen men.

- December 11—Stood into Brest with destroyers at 5 A. M. Heard of sinking Dec. 6 of Destroyer Jacob Jones off Queenstown; position 49-25 N, 06-22 W.; torpedoed by submarine.
- December 13—Twenty-four of crew of Voltaire II picked up by French trawler and landed at Lorient.
- December 14—At 3:55 P. M. left Brest with Preston, Flusser, Lamson, Smith. Convoyed merchantmen to Quiberon.
- December 15—At 4:57 A. M. arrived at Quiberon. At 9:40 A. M. started swinging ship; bay and weather calm; finished at 11:45 A. M. At 2:10 P. M. Monaghan and Roe underway and stood out, convoying southeast along coast. At 2:20 P. M. Corsair ditto. At 2:30 P. M. Warrington underway. At 3:40 P. M. First Division underway, convoying Powhatan (flagship carrying S. O. P., formerly German Hamburg) and Madawaska (formerly Konig Wilhelm II).
- December 16 (Sunday)—At 7:30 A. M. increased speed to 14 knots; reduced to 12. At 5 P. M. stood to southward to investigate strange steamer in compliance with orders from S. O. P. on Powhatan. Steamer proved to be a French destroyer. 8 P. M. to Midnight: Steaming on course 292 degrees psc. At 10 P. M., owing to heavy seas, it became dangerous to continue on course with sea ahead; changed course to 225 psc. (223 degrees true), bringing sea on the starboard quarter. Thereafter the ship rode much easier. Reid nearly rammed Powhatan, Lamson and Smith in maneuvering. Permission was requested for all destroyers to heave to, to rejoin convoy after weather moderated; request ignored. The seas increased.

"BARNACLES" FROM THE LOG

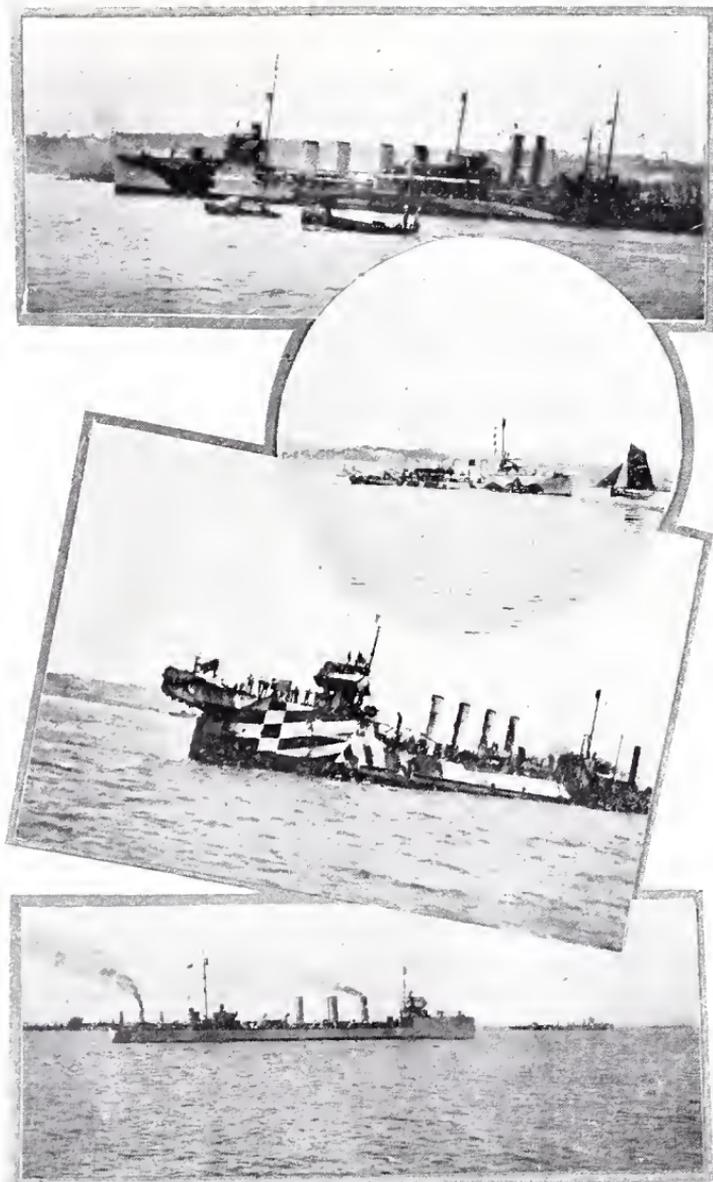
December 17—Midnight to 4 A. M.: Steaming under Nos. 1, 2 and 3 boilers on course 214 degrees psc., running before the sea; standard speed, 9 knots. Steaming at two-thirds speed (6 knots). At 2:50 A. M. changed course to 208 degrees psc. Torpedo truck carried away and washed overboard during watch. 4 to 8 A. M.: Steaming on course 208 degrees psc. At 4:10 A. M. changed course to 45 degrees psc. At 5:40 A. M. changed course to 208 psc. At 7 A. M. stopped engines to fix bearing. At 7:10 A. M. ahead; one-third speed (3 knots). Lost machine lathe and wherry during watch. (Made requisition for new lathe, which arrived aboard March 27, 1919). Whaleboat smashed and ice box, life preserver locker and vegetable locker broken loose by seas breaking on board. Lost one life buoy light, (exploded and landed on deck, burning), compass binnacle light, guard to wheel chains (port side) and hose reel with deck hose. (No other ships in sight). 8 A. M. to Noon: Steaming as in previous watch. Having serious main engine bearing trouble, due to salt water in lubrication system. At 9 A. M. passed U. S. S. Corsair close aboard and asked her to stand by us and assist us back to Brest. (Corsair had answered our S. O. S. from nearby). Lost sight of Corsair at 10:30 A. M., due to rain squalls and heavy weather. (Note.—Foot of water in firemen's compartment through hatch wave at 3:30 A. M., and engine room and all other compartments flooded; several small leaks. Only enough electricity left in wireless batteries to receive one message; none to send). Noon to 4 P. M.: Steaming as in previous watch. At 2:05 P. M. changed course to 202 degrees psc. Decided to seek port of refuge along coast of Portu-

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

gal, as seas and weather grew worse, with no sign of moderation. (Portugal approximately 225 miles away). 4 to 8 P. M.: Steaming as in previous watch on course 202 degrees psc. At 4:15 P. M. changed course to 214 degrees. At 5 P. M. increased speed to $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots. At 5:15 P. M. increased speed to 8 knots and changed course to 202 degrees psc. Wireless apparatus put out of commission by salt water flooding and by entanglement of aerial. 8 P. M. to Midnight: Steaming as in previous watch. At 9:10 P. M. increased speed to 10 knots.

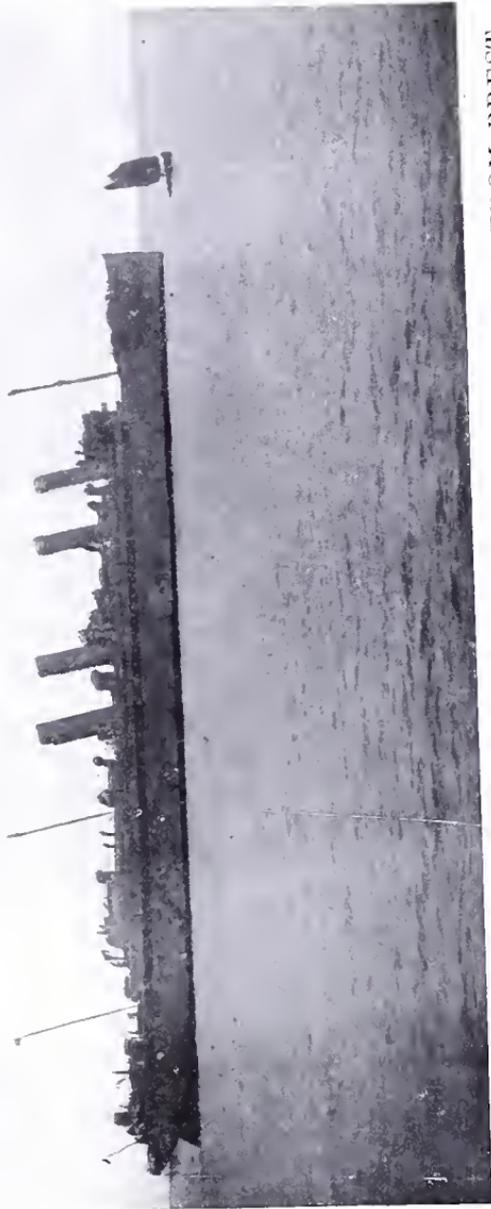
December 18—Midnight to 4 A. M.: Steaming under Nos. 1, 2 and 3 boilers on course 202 degrees psc.; standard speed, 10 knots. 4 to 8 A. M.: Steaming as in previous watch. At 6:40 changed course to S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 8 to Noon: Steaming as before. At 8:20 increased speed to 12 knots. At 9:15 changed course to 112 degrees psc. Noon to 4 P. M.: As before. At 12:15 P. M. sighted land two points on port bow. At 3:20 P. M. pilot came on board. At 3:33 P. M. let go port anchor in harbor of Port Leixoes, Portugal; $6\frac{3}{4}$ fathoms of water, 45 fathoms of chain. At 3:40 P. M. let go starboard anchor. At 3:55 P. M. secured from mooring. Draft of ship after mooring, 8 feet forward, 9 feet, 9 inches aft. 4 to 8 P. M.: Moored as in previous watch. At 6 P. M. liberty party left ship (for Leixoes and Porto). Wireless ready for temporary duty. 8 P. M. to Midnight: No remarks.

Note—The Powhatan was disabled in the Portuguese storm and was forced to go into dry dock at Brest for repairs to her engines and steering gear. The Madawaska alone was able to pull through to the United States. The other destroyers had practically the same experience as the Reid. The Smith lost both



FOUR "WASPS" OF THE DUNGAREE NAVY"

At Brest: Ericsson (56), Cushing (55), which took to sea the first observation balloon; Jarvis (38), after ramming Benham. At Quiberon: Roe (24), Monaghan (32), Lamson (18), Smith (17).



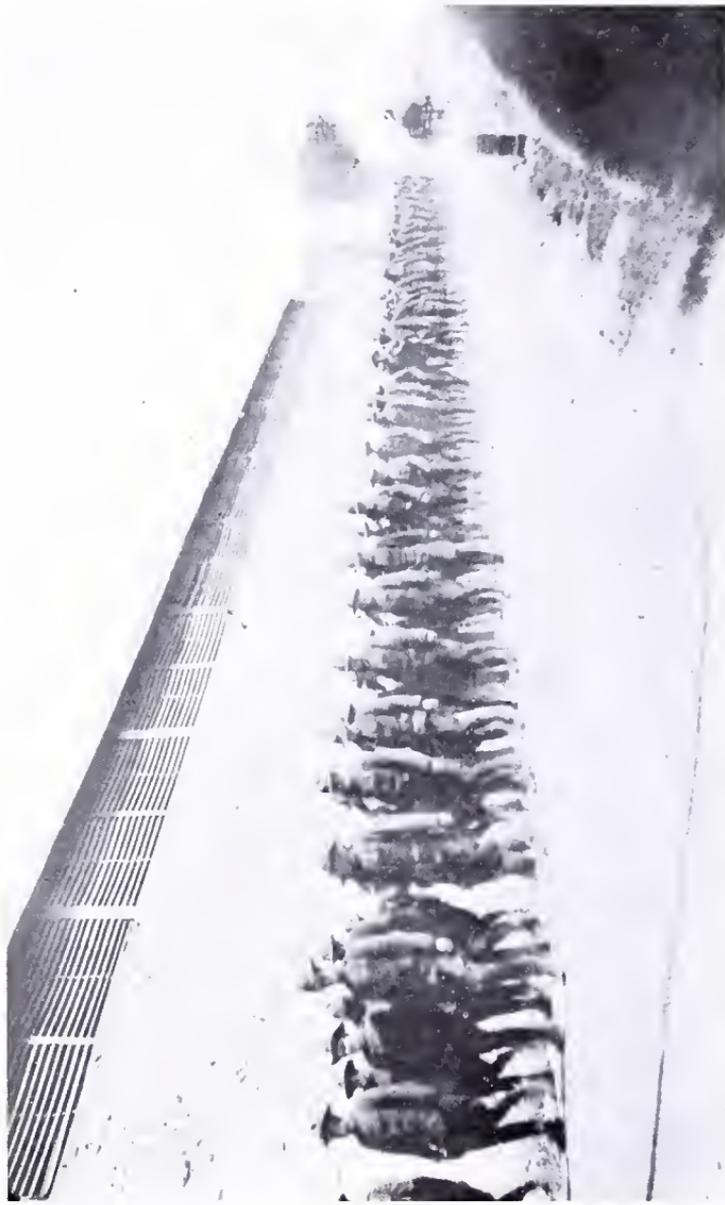
THE AGAMEMNON (KAISER WILHELM II) READY TO SAIL FROM BREST

Fitted out to please William Holenzollern, with three pianos, a swimming pool, all furniture heavily plushed and a painting of William and the Crown Prince entering Potsdam Castle, this liner was truly a palace afloat. A submarine appeared between the Agamemnon and the Mt. Vernon, Sept. 5, 1918, and chose to torpedo the latter vessel.



THE END OF A PERFECT STORM: OCT. 15, 1917

Boats smashed, davits and stanchions bent badly, life lines down, and nearly everything swept off deck, but the crew in a jolly humor just the same.



A COLUMN OF DOUGHBOYS ON A HIKE AT BREST

Men in khaki could be seen at all times going after the job in the principal debarkation port of France. The doughboy handled himself in a business-like manner and with great credit, and he and the eternal gob always got along famously together.



OH STORM, WHERE IS THY STING?

"Captain of the Wing Locker" surveys damage of Azores—Queenstown blow. A twisted boat davit. Notice absence of Flusser's foremast in the background.



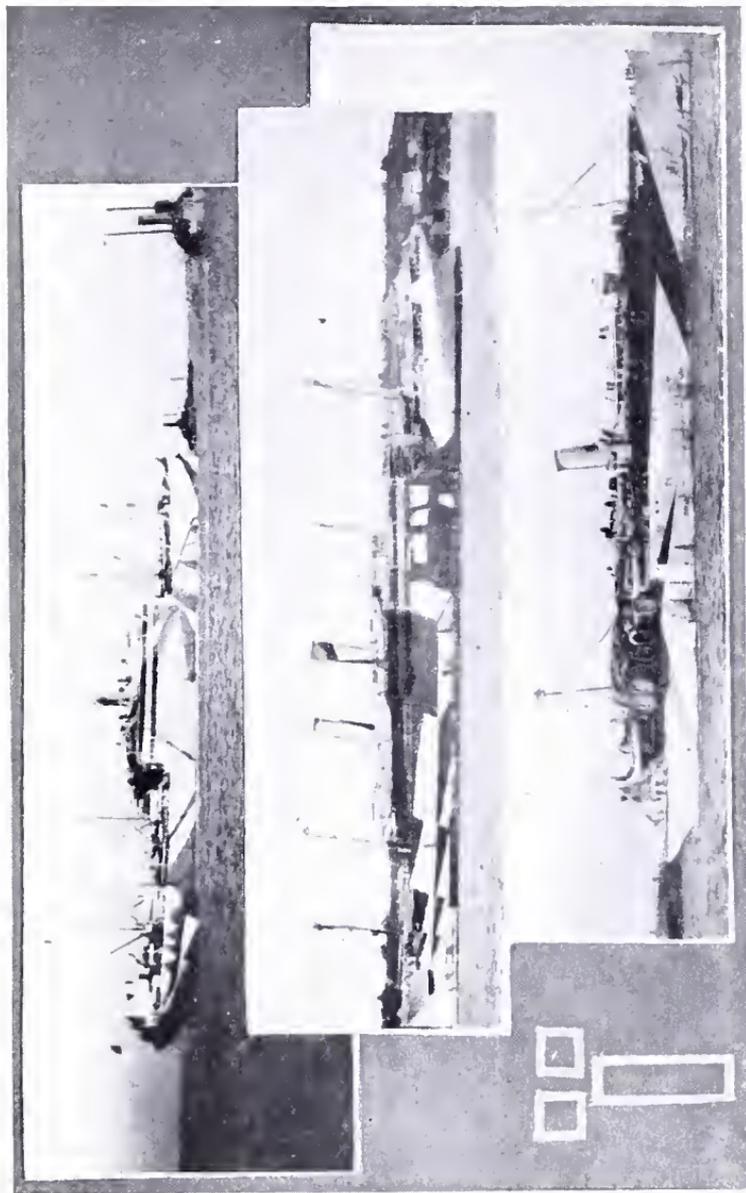
ONCE TORPEDED, REPAIRED AND AT IT AGAIN

On Sept. 28, 1918, exactly a year after she was hit by a torpedo off the coast of France, the Finland was escorted into Brest by the Reid and other destroyers, with a load of dough-boys who were too late to get to the front. She made a great war record.



THE VALUE OF LIFE LINES

Two sailors making their way forward from aft in the storm of Dec. 15-17, 1917. Our small boats were smashed. Note condition of the ice box.



ONE OF THE FEW TRANSPORTS WHICH SANK A SUBMARINE

The Mongolia (top), winter of 1918, towed out of Brest breakerwater by tugs. She accounted for a U-boat in 1917. Middle, the America (old German Amerika), sunk at her pier in New York by a pro-German. At bottom, the Transport Lenape, one of convoy with Covington when she was torpedoed.



HARD ON THE "HIGH AND MIGHTY"

Chief petty officers who thrive on pork in every kind of weather, and in the background, an officer fallen from the grace of the gravity tank.



MAKING SEA LANES SAFE FOR SHIPS

Hundreds of munition ships plied along the French coast during the war, and toward the end most of them were American. The illustration shows the Lamson (18), a destroyer with a war record, in position with convoy, steaming in business-like fashion for St. Nazaire.



ONE GENT NOT WORRYING ABOUT THE WAR

A broken-down French millionaire golfer whose name is withheld for obvious reasons; he is an all-round good fellow—will drink to your health and at your expense.



THE KIND OF SHOOTING THAT MADE THE U-BOATS DUCK

Gunner Frank W. Kluge and crew of No. 2 Gun caught just after knocking down a target with the second shot. The target fell before the forecastle gun "got on," and practice was over. Frank could always shoot the eyes off of a frog.



“BON-JOUR! VOULEZ-VOUS PROMENADE?”

Rue de Siam, the main business street of Brest, where the gobs bought most of their souvenirs and gathered to tell their strangest yarns.



AN ARTISTIC SETTING FOR A PRETTY FOREGROUND

Two French mademoiselles and "petite fille" at Plougastel, near Brest; more easily caught by the kodak than otherwise. *Elle sont tres joli, ne c'est pas, Monsieur?* We can hear you answer, "Oui, oui, oui!" The church is Catholic, the churchyard full of statuary.



SINK A SUBMARINE, HANG UP A STAR

On Aug. 9, 1918, the Destroyer Tucker, with 130 survivors of the French Cruiser Dupetit Thouars aboard, dropped a depth charge on a U-boat and sank it.



"FLAY-FOOT, STRAW-FOOT!" FOR THE CAPTIVE BOCHE

A detail of German infantrymen at Brest, summer of 1918, on the way to the waterfront in charge of French guards, to coal Allied ships. Several of the Huns are of the Landsturm. The initials on the man's back stand for "prisonnier guerre" (prisoner of war).

"BARNACLES" FROM THE LOG

masts and a fireman overboard who was rescued after an hour when a sea cook swam to him with a line. The Smith's paint locker was staved in and her yeoman office was also flooded, so that lots of valuable paper work was destroyed. She spent about two weeks in dry dock at Brest. The Preston sought refuge in Lisbon; likewise the Corsair, which had to have repairs before she could get back to base. The Roe and the Monaghan each lost a mast, nearer the coast. The Flusser and the Warrington were damaged similarly, and two men were reported drowned in a Panther liberty boat at Brest, so rough was the water inside the breakwater. The following entry was made Dec. 17 on the 4-8 A. M. watch in the engine room log: "Heavy sea swept over engine room hatch at 4:30 A. M., carrying away ventilators and lathe and flooding engine rom. Glass covering to oil manifold carried away and settling tank flooded. Salt water in lubricating oil, and bearings running warm. Too much water running in from sea. Impossible to keep a log." The log sheet for Dec. 17 was washed down into the bilges and was recovered with difficulty, and on Dec. 18 this entry was made: "Too wet to keep a log." The following damage was done: Wherry smashed by wave; captain's lifeboat banged in on both sides; ice box set down off supports and scuttle butt demolished, freeing steam from pipes; steam whistle pipe unjointed; potato and life-preserver lockers washed across deck to life lines; lathe washed overboard; 12 inches of water in firemen's compartment, and all compartments except forward flooded; Old Dr. Drum's medicines ruined aft; boat anchor, grapnel, boat bucket, 10 emergency rations, 25 pillow type life preservers, 10 vest life preservers, a hose reel, some hose, a handy billy, a ventilator cowl, 2 barrels of ham, 450 pounds of potatoes, 300 pounds of onions and 75 pounds of cabbage were lost. The French called this storm the most severe in about 20 years, and Capt. Slayton and Machinist Ziemann declared it was the narrowest escape they had ever had. A number of firemen prayed and read the Bible on Dec. 17, when it appeared that the ship would be swamped. A sailor remarked to an officer: "Half the crew are ready for shore jobs, sir!" The "gold striper" replied "And all the officers!"

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

- December 19—Liberty granted to Porto. Took aboard 212 dozen eggs, 375 pounds onions, 500 pounds potatoes, 450 pounds beef.
- December 20—At 8 A. M. underway at 20 knots for Brest. A. J. Croft, seaman, Royal Navy, H. M. S. Victory, aboard as passenger.
- December 21—At 10:50 A. M. moored at Brest. At 4:05 P. M. received two coal lighters alongside. Liberty. Moored alongside Warrington. Portuguese Steamer Boa Vista struck with two torpedoes near Quiberon Bay.
- December 23 (Sunday)—Ceased coaling at 12:25 P. M., having taken aboard 260 tons of coal. Norwegian Steamer Spro torpedoed near Brest and sank in one minute, only eight survivors being able to clear and clamber aboard the Yacht Emeline. The Emeline lowered a boat when the struggling men cried for help.
- Christmas Eve—British Destroyers 30, 34, 39, 99, and H-20 stood in to oil dock. Whipple, Noma and Truxtun stood out.
- Christmas Day—Church party 10 A. M. Football game in afternoon. Movies and Christmas tree for French children, arranged by the sailors, at night.
- December 28—At 8:05 A. M. shoved off to Quiberon. Arrived Quiberon at 4 P. M. and started out 700 miles westward with Aeolus (flagship), Susquehanna, Edward Luckenback, Huron, Wyandotte, Pennsylvanian and one. Accompanied by Lamson and Flusser. Stormy; off our course a bit.
- December 30 (Sunday)—Storm continued. Two men hurt by waves on deck. Looking for east-bound convoy of 20 vessels.

“Barnacles” from the Log

(CONTINUED)

1918.

- January 2—Unable to locate convoy, so formed column at 10 A. M. with five destroyers and steamed toward base at 9.5 knots. Wind high, 6 to 7.
- January 3—Put into Brest with five destroyers at noon.
- January 5—French Steamer LeCour sunk in 45 seconds by submarine 8 miles west of Pen March, France, at 11:30 A. M. At noon the British Steamer Harry Luckenback was torpedoed, and 25 of her survivors were picked up by the Yacht Wanderer. No submarine was seen.
- January 6 (Sunday)—Underway at 4:13 A. M. at 15 knots; wind 1-6. Picked up Bridge and convoy at 2:11 P. M. and took position on starboard bow. At 7 P. M. anchored at Brest, in outer harbor. French Trawler St. Mathieu, 77 miles southwest of Belle Ile, was attacked and sunk by submarine gunfire; four killed. At 1:30 A. M. the Steamer Dagny, in convoy of January 5 entry, sighted submarine and blew whistle. Ten minutes later the ship was torpedoed, and sank in two minutes more. At 2 A. M. the Steamer Kanaris saw the wake of a torpedo which hit her starboard bow; she sank rapidly.
- January 8—Four drowned when rescuing patrol boat ran into life boat of St. Mathieu near La Pallice, France.
- January 9—Left Brest at 4 A. M. with Warrington, Lamson, Roe and Smith, convoying U. S. Ss. Nansemond, Artemis and four others. At 7:30 A. M. passed place where four vessels were sunk.

At 9:15 Nansemond hoisted submarine signal 8 miles off Pen March. Artemis shot stern gun and Nansemond forecastle gun 8 times. Reid, Lamson, Smith and Roe raised smoke screen. Known as "Battle of Pen-March." Nothing but porpoises seen. Arrived Quiberon Bay at 5 P. M. and went alongside DeKalb (Prinz Eitel Friedrich) and the Yacht Guinevere. McNeal alongside.

January 10—Left Quiberon 8 A. M. with destroyers, convoying DeKalb, Huron and eight other vessels westward. Twelve knots.

January 11—Wind 2-8. Left convoy about 10 A. M. and headed for rendezvous. At 12:50 P. M. wireless carried away by wind and storm. At 2:30 P. M. rigged up temporary aerial. Wind and seas increasing. Must have missed convoy, so headed toward base.

January 12—Nearly ran into lighthouse in fog and signalled Flusser to change course. Tied up alongside Roe at noon; Smith, Lamson, Flusser, Warrington, and Monaghan also at Buoy 14.

January 17—At 2:30 P. M. Reid, Flusser, Smith and Lamson stood out, convoying President Lincoln, Covington and Pocahontas toward states at 10 knots.

January 18—Left convoy at 2:30 A. M. Trip rough and lockers full of water. At 8 joined eastbound convoy; zig-zagging at 12.5 knots.

January 19—Arrived Brest 9 A. M. and went alongside Truxtun and Panther. Flusser moored alongside Reid's port side.

January 21—Reid's orders changed. Ralph D. Paine, the author, came aboard to make sea trip. Preston towed from navy yard.

January 22—At 3:30 P. M. left Brest to convoy President Grant, Praetorius and two others toward States. Speed 14 knots; zig-zagging. Mr. Paine helping to con.

January 23—Storm started; wind 4 to 7. Mr. Paine quit bridge for skipper's bunk. Left convoy at 7 P. M. and headed toward Brest. Two men nearly washed overboard. Changed course to ride easier.

January 24—Dropped depth charges, two failing to explode. Speeded up to 18 knots and arrived at Brest, alongside Smith, at noon. Preston, Warrington, Lamson and Monaghan stood in.

January 27 (Sunday)—Reid, Lamson, Preston and Flusser underway at midnight under four boilers; 20 knots. Preston broke down and returned to base. Yacht Guinevere went on reef one mile east of Pte. de Talut, France; officers and crew abandoned her and landed at Lorient.

January 28—At 8 A. M. steamed into harbor of Plymouth, Eng. At 9 picked up Montanan and Amphion (both U. S., and heavily loaded), and convoyed southward; 14 knots.

January 29—Eleven knots. At 1:54 A. M. Montanan fired two shots to port, astern of Reid. Went to general quarters, but saw nothing and came back to course. At 3:24 A. M. Montanan and Amphion fired three shots each. At 1:47 P. M. let go starboard anchor in Quiberon Bay. At 3:02 P. M. underway with convoy. At 4:48 P. M. Belle Ile seven miles. At 8:10 P. M. moon rose.

January 30—At 1:58 P. M. left convoy and headed for Brest at 18 knots. At 2:17 P. M. turned to

resume position with convoy. At 8 P. M. left convoy; hit up 18 knots.

January 31—Sighted land at 9:25 A. M. on port bow. At 11 A. M. Reid and Preston moored to buoy.

February 6—U. S. S. Tenadores stood in. Reid underway at noon; 20 knots; with Monaghan and Lamson. At 7 P. M. anchored Quiberon Bay.

February 7—At 1 P. M. underway with Lamson and Monaghan, convoying U. S. Ss. Nyanza and Kentuckian; 11 knots.

February 8—At 7:30 P. M. left convoy and proceeded with Lamson and Monaghan toward base at 20 knots.

February 9—Arrived at Brest at 11 A. M.

February 12—Nicholson stood in. At 4:35 P. M. Reid, Lamson and Monaghan left to convoy Tenadores and Huron westward. Fine weather; 14 knots.

February 14—At 8:25 A. M. left convoy and with Lamson and Monaghan headed for Brest; 18.5 knots. At 4 dropped two Sperry depth charges to see if they would explode; one did.

February 15—Passed convoy of 16 vessels. At 9 A. M. passed Destroyer Sampson (63) and several other oil-burners returning to Queenstown after convoying Wilhelmina and other transports in. Tied up at 11 A. M. alongside Smith.

February 19—British submarine C-5 stood in and went to oil dock. Smith, Warrington, Reid, Nicholson, Lamson, Preston and Flusser convoying Powhatan, Ohioan, Aeolus and Calamares toward states; trip smooth, speed, 13.5 knots.

February 20—Left convoy at 8:30 P. M. and turn-

ed south to join east-bound convoy at rendezvous.

February 23—French Pilot, Monsieur Paul LeDantec, sighted lighthouse at 4 P. M. Passed quantity of driftwood, some painted white, and four barrels or kegs. Felt explosion as of depth charge from another ship; unable to fathom trouble. Tied up at Quiberon at 8 P. M. and borrowed a sack of potatoes from the Mexican.

February 24 (Sunday)—Delivered sealed orders to Charlton Hall and Santiago, then underway at 6:30 A. M. with division at 20 knots for Brest.

February 25—Put on 180 tons of coal up to 4 P. M.

March 1—Yacht Isabel stood in. At 3:30 P. M. Reid, Roe, Monaghan, Lamson and Preston stood out, convoying Agamemnon, Von Steuben, Tiger and Martha Washington west toward States.

March 2—Received several SOS messages saying ships in course were being shelled by submarines. At 5 P. M. Lamson left convoy for dry dock at Chatham, England. At 7:30 P. M. Reid and Preston left Tiger and Martha Washington and steamed southward toward rendezvous; 12 knots.

March 3 (Sunday)—At daylight joined Wilkes* (67—flagship), Roe, Monaghan, O'Brien (51), and eleven other destroyers with eight American ships, some with troops, some munitions. Exchanged signals with Wilkes and Covington.

March 4—At 6:40 A. M. joined by Smith. At 11 A. M. moored alongside Panther.

March 9—Whipple and Nokomis stood out; Stewart stood in. At 4 P. M. Smith and Reid left Brest

and at 6 P. M. anchored in Anse de Camaret to spend the night.

March 10 (Sunday)—Left Camaret at 7 A. M. with Smith, convoying President Grant and President Lincoln toward United States. At 10:10 A. M. met Cruiser Seattle (with Secretary of War Baker aboard, accompanied by troopships and destroyers); joined Seattle convoy and arrived at Brest 11:35 A. M.; speed, 18 knots. At 3 P. M. underway with Smith, Isabel, and Warrington, convoying Covington and George Washington at 16.5 knots, and troops on ships at anchor cheered us. Rough.

March 11—Left convoy at dark and headed into light rain-squall. Steaming at 20 knots for Brest.

March 12—At 3:30 P. M. arrived Brest and went alongside Flusser. Seattle still in harbor. Pilot M. Renault, succeeding Monsieur Le Dantec, reported aboard.

March 16—Smith, Roe and Drayton stood in. At 4 P. M. left with Warrington, Isabel and Flusser, convoying Seattle, Rappahannock and President Grant westward.

March 17 (Sunday; St. Patrick's Day)—Irish members of crew put on green. About noon left convoy and went after eastbound convoy with Isabel. Rough. Had turbine trouble and "lay to" 40 minutes. At 3:45 P. M. sighted convoy and exchanged signals with Scout Cruiser Chester. At 9 P. M. left convoy and hit up 18.5 knots for Brest with Isabel.

March 18—At 8:30 A. M. passed British Tramp Steamer Roath. At 11:55 A. M. sighted submarine steaming on surface three miles ahead trailing small French tramp steamer. Reid dropped three depth charges and Isabel one. Circled for

"BARNACLES" FROM THE LOG (CONTINUED)

hour, then preceeded to Brest. Position of submarine, 47-58 North, 05-34 West, about 40 miles west of base.

March 21—Drayton stood in. Roe and Jarvis stood out. Seaman J. A. Robbins fell 18 feet to deck from boatswain's chair when wire bridle broke and was taken unconscious to Panther sick bay. At 3:30 P. M. Reid got underway.

March 22—Steaming in scouting line of five miles. At 9:45 A. M. joined convoy and executed ships about. At noon fog lifted. Speed of convoy, 6 to 8 knots.

March 23—At 9 A. M. convoy separated, British vessels going southeast and Americans continuing on course eastward. Calm and pleasant. War-rington, Monaghan and Roe joined from east. Smith and Flusser went back to pick up French birdman whose machine had fallen in sea. Moored at Brest 1:10 P. M. alongside Flusser and Panther.

March 28—Left Brest 6 A. M. with Preston, Flusser and Jarvis. At noon anchored at Quiberon in 9.5 fathoms of water. At 2 P. M. commanding officers of Reid, Madawaska, Kroonland, Manchuria and Neches went to Madawaska in Jarvis motor boat for conference. Underway at 4:30 P. M. convoying above ships. Rough weather.

March 29—Moonlight; cold. At 8 P. M. left convoy and went north, and Preston, Jarvis and Flusser fell into column on Reid. Speed 12.5; wind 2-4.

March 30—As before. At 6:30 A. M. made contact with eastbound convoy of 20 ships, mostly British, escorted by ten destroyers—French, British and American.



March 31 (Easter Sunday)—Making ten knots; occasional squalls, high sea and low visibility obscuring convoy. Sighted land at 7 A. M. and entered Brest outer harbor at 11 A. M.

April 1 (All Fools' Day)—Bill Ayles, ship's cook, wrote a new poem. Liberty from 4 to 9 P. M. Drayton and Wadsworth stood out. Gunner Johnson toured French shops looking for bird seed for canaries.

April 2—Captain Slayton and Lieutenant Good reviewed "Volume I" of crew's book. At 8 A. M. held life preserver inspection. Macdonough stood out; Smith in.

April 3—Crew coaling in rain from lighters; 143 tons aboard at 7 P. M. Phonograph playing in forward compartment. Lamson stood in. Matsonia and Henderson stood out; also Flusser, Roé, Monaghan, Lamson, Worden and Jarvis. Received 50 vest life preservers from Panther. Reid left Brest at 4 P. M. and anchored in harbor of Camaret, 10 miles to south.

April 4—Left Anse de Camaret at 6 A. M. (daylight) with Isabel as flagship and Jarvis. Isabel, Smith and Preston located Olympic, and Reid and O'Brien joined. Set speed at 27 knots in zig-zag and 22 knots straight ahead. Arrived Brest 7 P. M. with about 8,000 American troops on Olympic.

April 5—Flusser stood in. At daylight Wadsworth, (flagship), Macdonough, Reid, Drayton, Nicholson, Jarvis and Preston left in column to meet Northern Pacific, Von Steuben and Mt. Vernon 350 miles at sea, all full of American troops. Making 12 knots.

April 6—Made speed 20 knots and met convoy at

daylight. Preston broke down at noon and fell behind, making only 10 knots.

April 7 (Sunday)—Intercepted wireless message (SOS): "Port Campbell torpedoed. Port Campbell torpedoed. Port Campbell— — —". No position given. Reid on port bow of convoy. At 5:52 A. M. sighted Creach Light on port bow. At 5:55 A. M. sighted Ar Men Light on starboard bow. Arrived at Brest 9 A. M. and tied up to Panther.

April 9—At 8:55 A. M. Lamson came in with story of attack on submarine April 5, 1:20 P. M.; U-boat's conning tower seen three miles away and depth charges were dropped; Monaghan and Roe also present.

April 10—"Heinie" Good left Brest for Washington duty; gave the crew the glad hand and received a cheer. Smith, Wadsworth, Jarvis and Stewart stood in. At 4 P. M. Reid, Preston and Drayton left Brest for Le Verdon, Gironde River, near Bordeaux.

April 11—Arrived Le Verdon at 10 A. M. and was met by two balloons. Strong tide flowing out. Met Powhatan (flagship) and Martha Washington and at 6 P. M. escorted them to sea.

April 12—As before with Powhatan and Martha Washington. Dave Curran, boatswain's mate, reported two seagulls as periscopes and was ordered below. At 10:15 A. M. Martha Washington hoisted submarine warning flag to port and changed course to starboard. Destroyers stopped zig-zagging and steered north magnetic. Sighted oil slick running northwest and southeast. Drayton, on port wing of escort, stood toward slick, but failed to find anything.

April 13—At 8 A. M. left Powhatan and Martha Washington and headed north to join Northern Pacific (flagship), Agamemnon and America with troops.

April 14 (Sunday)—At 8 A. M. joined Northern Pacific, Agamemnon and America; Wadsworth (flag) leading in column. Also joined by Nicholson and Smith. At 4 P. M. sighted two square riggers escorted by French destroyer, and passed convoy. Very bad night; at 11 P. M. lost convoy and steered base course.

April 15—Picked up convoy and destroyers at 7 A. M. At 7:45 A. M. steering gear jammed and we steered by hand from after station. At 9 passed convoy of 16 ships, escorted. At 10 steering gear jammed again and Reid was nearly rammed by Agamemnon. Ran up break-down flag; underway in half hour at 17 knots and caught convoy. Arrived Brest 1 P. M. with 46 tons of coal. Wadsworth and Nicholson stood in; Truxtun stood out. Lieutenant (jiggy-jig) Jas. H. Smith, Jr., USNRF., reported aboard for duty from Lorient and Guinevere. **Bailleul lost to Allies.** U-108, newly commissioned, left base on first cruise in Atlantic, via north of Scotland and west of Ireland to Brest assignment. Soon afterward was attacked at entrance to Brest Channel by Destroyer Porter. Seriously damaged by Porter's depth charges, she was forced to return to base via the Shetland and Orkney Islands; three weeks out with only one opportunity to fire a torpedo, and that without a hit. (From a report made by Admiral Henry B. Wilson).

April 16—At 7:30 A. M. French Tug Hanneton towed us to coal dock to coal, slipped towing line and ran us bow-on into coal dock.

April 17—At 2:30 P. M. French naval officers inspected Reid's damaged bow. **U. S. S. Florence H. blown up in Quiberon Bay; 34 out of crew of 80 reported saved by destroyers.**

April 20—Fire in paint locker caused by bow welding. Crew subscribed more than \$4,000 for liberty bonds, setting record for all ships at base.

April 22—At 5 P. M. Drayton, Smith and Reid stood out convoying America toward States; 18 knots. Reid leaking in eyes of ship.

April 23—At 4 A. M. left America 200 miles out and headed north. At 7 A. M. made contact with 30 merchant vessels, escorted by British destroyers. Passed bannister post, keg, box, planks and an orange. Speed 10 knots; zigging. Intercepted long wireless message written in German. At 1:10 P. M. convoy separated, Reid, Warrington, Drayton, Smith and Lamson continuing with Brest division. Manxman present; other names not known. Two American hydroplanes and a destroyer attacked a submarine off Pen March, France; dropped explosives and brought oil and cork to the surface.

April 24—At 2 A. M. lookout discovered large rat trying to effect entrance to wardroom through passageway. Headed him back to ice box and reported affair to executive officer. Put search light on steamer with motor trucks to force her into column formation. At Brest in fog 6 A. M. Destroyer Stewart, escorting 15 ships near Quiberon Bay, sighted two American aviators dropping smoke bombs. Conning tower of submarine was observed 3,000 yards away, and an object was seen breaking the water at the end of a wake.

Stewart saw U-boat in clear water and dropped two depth charges, on either side of the U-boat and within 50 feet of it. The charges brought up columns of water and heavy oil patches, and a thick red substance and some debris were seen. A submarine star was awarded the Stewart.

April 26—Destroyer Stewart rammed in fog near Brest by French steamer. Harvard stood by her and she was towed to Brest.

April 29—Drayton and Smith stood out at 2:45 P. M. At 4:45 P. M. Reid, Isabel and Lamson stood out to convoy Pocahontas westward.

April 30—Smith and Drayton joined at 7 A. M. Intercepted more German wireless messages. Speed 15 knots. When 200 miles out, curlew flew to deck and was captured by David Reyes, wardroom steward. Left Pocahontas at 8 P. M. and sped northward for rendezvous to meet east-bound convoy.

May 1—Firing off the Irish Coast reported by radio. At 1 P. M. sighted oil slick. Went to general quarters and Drayton dropped one depth charge. Nothing seen. At 3 P. M. picked up largest convoy yet—34 vessels, making nine knots. Passed quantity of driftwood sighted by Ensign Wilson. **Germans captured Sebastopol, Russia.**

May 2—Convoy separated, 12 vessels proceeding with us to Brest. Wireless intercepted requesting extra deep anchorage, and we concluded Leviathan (Vaterland) was putting in. Arrived Brest 4 P. M.; passed near Leviathan, full of troops, some shoving off on liberty.

May 4—Continued coaling at midnight and finished at 1:30 A. M.; 178 tons aboard.

May 5 (Sunday)—Roe stood in. Church party

9:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. At 7 P. M. left Brest with Isabel, Smith, Lamson and Drayton, convoying Leviathan homeward. Reid dropped out at Camaret, anchored, and other destroyers continued with Leviathan.

May 6—At 3 A. M. underway at 21 knots outside to meet eastbound convoy. At 6 A. M. picked up Mercury, Henderson, Siboney, escorted by Allen (66), Ammen (35), Wilkes and Terry and four aeroplanes and a dirigible. Transports full of troops, as usual, and some sailors in old destroyer drafts. Tied up at Brest at 8 P. M.

May 7—Heard of wireless message submarine commander sent captain of Gunboat Castine: "You are doing great work, but for heaven's sake tighten up your loose propeller blade. It makes us nervous." Out again at 4 P. M. with Isabel and Preston convoying British Steamer Czaritza; 12 knots; calm and pleasant.

May 8—Left convoy at 7 P. M. and steamed northward to meet new convoy of 34 vessels. Column order,—Isabel (flag), Preston, Reid. At 9:40 P. M. lost contact with Isabel and Preston.

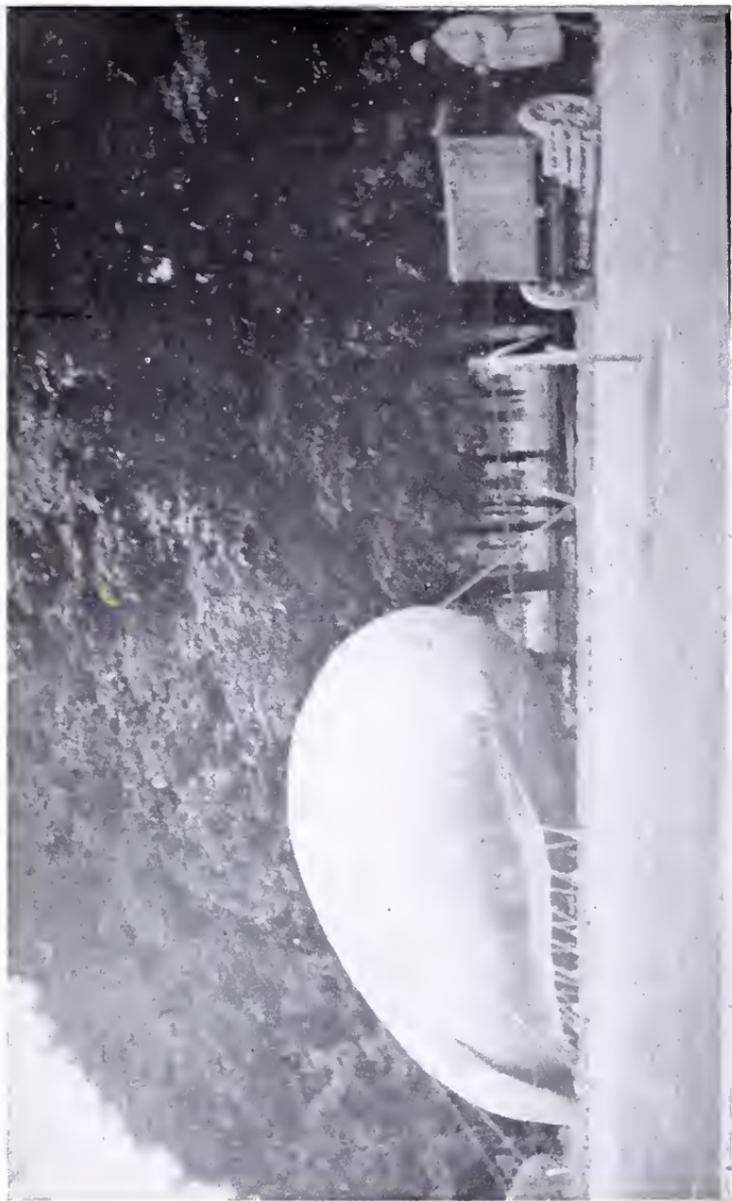
May 9—At 6 A. M. made contact with Isabel and Preston, and picked up convoy. Request of SOP of merchant vessel for smoke screen on joining was ignored. Wireless warned of submarine operating north of Brest, and skipper made note to expect it in path May 10 at 7 A. M. Message also said most channels to Brest were closed on account of submarine operating close to shore and warned of mine fields. **British staged second naval raid on Ostend.**

May 10—Rumored we were passing through mine field, so most of crew left forecandle and perched on deck. Hailed Steamer River Otranto and or-



A "GRIM ACTUALITY OF WAR"

On May 27, 1918, twelve 5-inch "Big Bertha" shells hit Paris from St. Gobain Forest, 67 miles to the northeast. The above shell landed one block from Montparnasse, station for Brest.



PARIS IN WARTIME; ON GUARD AGAINST THE GOTHAS

Hundreds of these silk balloons were tied at convenient places to intercept the Germans in air raids on the capital. Equipped with machine guns, the pilots sent a sputtering fire at the airships, and with the guns and bombs bursting, the nights proved hideous.



RESULT OF A GOTHA BOMB EXPLOSION

When the Germans spread death among Parisians, President Poincare and military leaders hopped into automobiles, and without regard for danger visited the families of the victims.



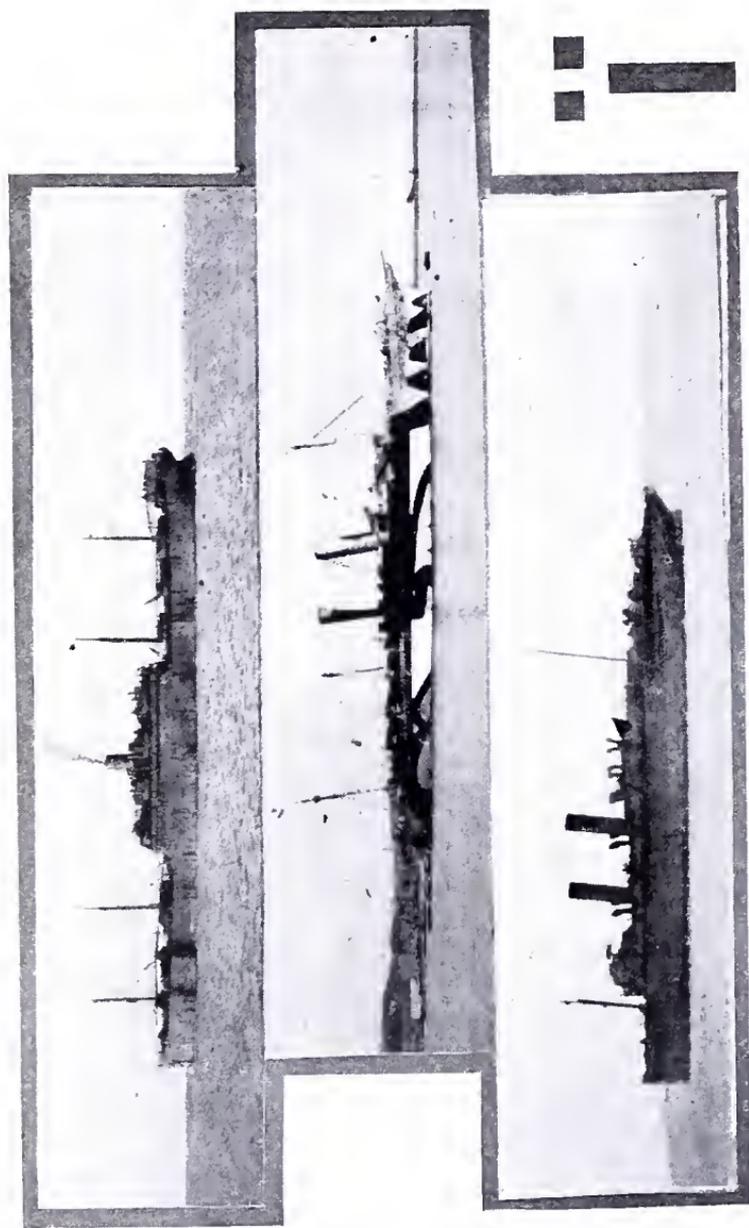
JUST BEFORE U-BOAT SWAGGED HER: THE PRESIDENT LINCOLN

On May 31, 1918, 500 miles off France, after destroyers had left, this German liner was torpedoed and sank in half an hour, her 743 men being picked up from small boats. The Reid had conveyed her three times. W. A. Haerer, Reid radio man, was a passenger for States.



A SIGHT FOR SAILORS ON PARIS LEAVE

Church of St. Gervais, where on Good Friday, 1918, 65 persons were killed and 90 wounded by a "Big Bertha" shell aimed at Notre Dame Cathedral or Hotel de Ville.



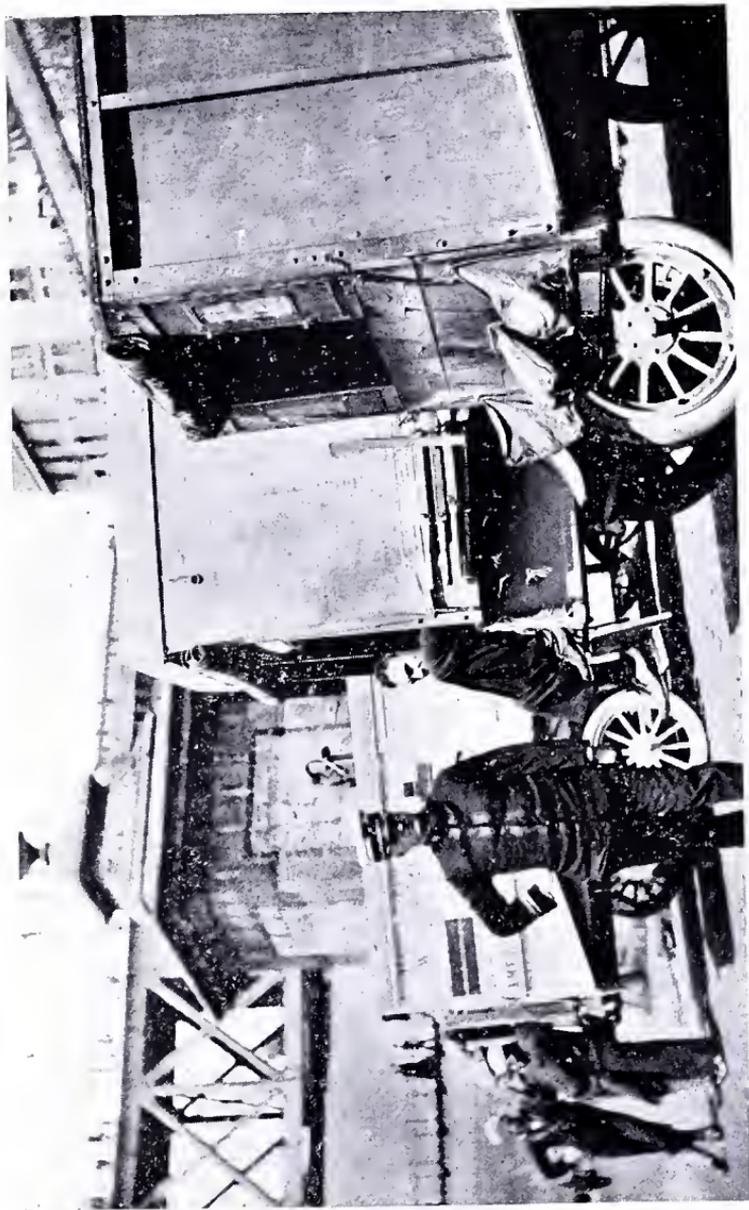
THREE SHIPS WHICH HELPED FERRY DOUGHBOYS ACROSS

The Nansmond, an old German liner, fired eight times on Jan. 9, 1918, at an object off Pen-Mareh, France, and signalled "Observed submarine porpoising!" It was actually a "porpoise submarining." In center is the Plattsburg (old New York), and below, the Northern Pacific, which stepped out fast.



SHE SANK THE YACHT WAKIVA

The U. S. S. Wabash, which rammed the Wakiva in a fog off Bordeaux on May 22, 1918. The yacht sank in about five minutes; practically all of crew were saved.



"STANDING BY" FOR SURVIVORS OF THE PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Ambulances and a "Doc" from Base Hospital No. 5, Brest, waiting on Sunday afternoon, June 2, 1918, at the dock for the wounded and those suffering from exposure. Since the troopship was torpedoed and sunk after the destroyers had left her, the men were in small boats for some time.



A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE

Hall of Mirrors, Trianon Palace, at Versailles, where the French signed peace in 1871, Emperor William I was crowned and the Germans signed for peace in 1919.



ONE OF OUR CONVOY SHIPS, WITH "DOUGHBOY CARGO"

The Siboney (on first trip) arriving at Brest May 6, 1918, when Uncle Sam was approaching his record of 300,000 troops landed in a month. Four aeroplanes and a dirigible helped escort her in, and the doughboys sent up a great shout as they sighted land.



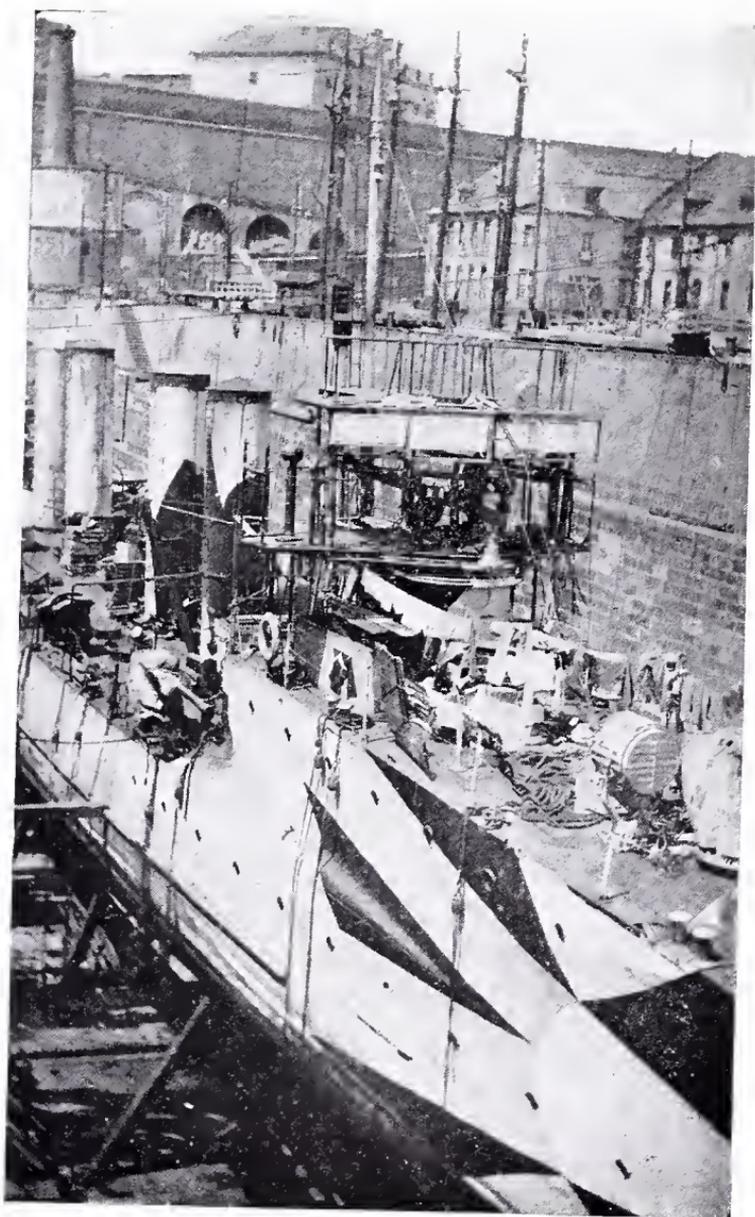
A CHARACTERISTIC FRENCH SMILE

Mademoiselle is busy nursing her heroic countrymen back to health in a hospital near the Palace of King Louis XIV at Versailles, but pauses for a picture.



ANOTHER WAR VICTIM: THE U. S. S. NECHES

This vessel was convoyed three times by the Reid and on March 28, 1918, her captain came aboard. On May 14, 1918, she and a steamer were sunk in collision off Scotland, all hands on the Neches being saved and all on the other ship lost.



RESTING SNUGLY IN DRY DOCK

On Saturday, May 25, 1918, the Reid was docked at the French Navy Yard, Brest. One of the main jobs was to scrape the barnacle-covered bottom, by all hands.



A GALLANT LITTLE DESTROYER IN A PECK OF TROUBLE: THE STEWART

On Apr. 17, 1918, the Stewart (Lt. Comdr. H. S. Haislip) fought her way through a hell of fire and saved twelve men of the ill-fated Florence H. at Quiberon. On Apr. 24, off Quiberon, she sank a submarine and won a star and on April 26 she was ranned in a fog.



FROM "CHEESE-CLOTH TO BROAD-CLOTH"

An old Breton Frenchman at Brest whose doleful "Mer-ci, Monsieur; Mer-ci!" was known to thousands of Americans on liberty. He soon became prosperous.



AFTER OUR OVERHAUL IN DRY DOCK

The Reid was undocked on June 8, 1918, and lay inside the yard until June 11. She required additional work until June 30. On her first trip out again the Covington was sunk, and there was no rest until the armistice was signed.

"BARNACLES" FROM THE LOG (CONTINUED)

dered her to slow down to 9 knots. Assigned anchorage to merchant ships. At 3 P. M. tied up to Lamson.

May 15—At 6 A. M. left Brest with Lamson, Preston and five other destroyers convoying H. M. S. Czar at 12 knots towed Quiberon. At 9:10 A. M. passing steamer shot gun three times. Circled but saw nothing. Passed wreckage of Yacht Guinevere and Steamer Florence H. (Luckenback), and were met by aeroplanes. Arrived Quiberon at 7 P. M. Saw mysterious flashes in sky, two hours, followed by explosions as of big guns. Left convoying H. M. S. Czar and City of Atlanta; 13 knots.

May 16—Passed much wreckage, barrels and oil slicks, and received message submarine was operating outside Brest. Left convoy at 10 P. M. and steamed in column on Lamson (flag), with Preston trailing; proceeding on duty assigned.

May 17—At 7 A. M. made contact with convoy and took position well ahead. At 9 A. M. passed corpse of man in dark clothes and gray life preserver, face downward; 100 feet off starboard side. Sighted more wreckage, and received messages from two sources warning against submarine 80 miles west of Brest in our course, which had just sunk two steamers. At 1 P. M. part of convoy headed toward England. One Luckenback ship in our convoy.

May 18—At 8:30 A. M. tied up at Brest. At 11:30 paymaster paid crew; then crew coaled ship.

May 20—At 5 A. M. got underway with Flusser and Jarvis for Quiberon Bay. Arrived Quiberon at 11 A. M. Escorted Finland, Kroonland and Ohioan out toward States; 13 knots, smooth sea.

Near midnight hit fog bank, changed course and lost convoy.

May 21—Back with convoy at 5 A. M. when fog lifted. Then left convoy with Isabel and picked up eastbound convoy of twelve vessels, including Nokomis with Yacht Noma in charge. Held general quarters on receiving report of periscope; nothing but blackfish, of which there were many. At 5:15 P. M. fog bank obscured convoy. Yacht Christabel, escorting convoy along coast, sighted a periscope on her starboard beam; distance, 300 yards. Several depth charges set at 70 feet were exploded. When the second had functioned there was a violent third explosion which sent up an enormous quantity of water. The surface of the water for a radius of 100 feet was found to be covered with air bubbles, black oil and pieces of wood, evidence that the yacht had sunk or damaged a submarine (U-56?). The Christabel was awarded a star on her funnel for the exploit.

May 22—At 3 A. M. Yacht Wakiva II was rammed in fog by U. S. Steamer Wabash in position 46-21 N. 02-50 W. Sent SOS: "Sinking slowly; unable to receive any signals." Lieutenant Davidson, Reid's executive officer, wanted to dash to aid, about 40 miles away, but skipper said it was impossible. Her survivors picked up by American yacht. Went into LaPallice and brought some ships out. Anchored in fog with nine fathoms of chain, on order of senior naval officer. Noma anchored off our port bow, near Royan. Left convoy at 5 A. M. and hit up 22 knots for Brest. Held target practice and knocked down target at 1500 yards on third shot. Put on 24 knots and arrived Brest 5:30 P. M., time for liberty. Yacht Christabel dropped depth charges on an oil

slick. Three hours later a submarine appeared near the convoy and the Christabel dropped two more depth charges, bringing heavy oil bubbles and bits of splintered driftwood to the surface. A sympathetic explosion followed the second depth charge, thought to have come from within the submarine.

May 26 (Sunday)—Captain Slayton left ship and was cheered by crew. Reid towed from Panther to dry dock. Panther workmen busy on damaged bow. Crew taking down rigging.

May 27—At 6 A. M. **"Big Bertha"** started shelling Paris, announcing resumption of big German land offensive in the west, with Paris as objective. Twelve shells hit the capital.

May 29—"Big Bertha" dropped six shells into Paris. Soissons captured by the Germans; Rheims held.

May 31—President Lincoln torpedoed and sunk about 500 miles west of Brest by lurking submarine after destroyers had left her. **Germans again reached the Marne River.**

June 2 (Sunday)—Survivors of President Lincoln disaster put into Brest, ambulances from Base Hospital No. 5 taking care of the wounded.

June 5—La Depeche, Brest newspaper, reported German submarine off American coast and large cities darkened at night.

July 1—At 11 A. M. the Reid and six other destroyers left Brest convoying the Transport Covington and seven other troopships westward. At 9:10 P. M. the Covington was torpedoed; position, Lat. 47-24 N., Long. 07-44 W.

July 2—At 2:32 P. M., G. M. T., Covington sank, having been towed 25 to 40 miles. Reid and other destroyers returned to Brest.

July 3—Reid stood out to sea with companion destroyers.

Fourth of July—Steaming west at 15 knots, looking for eastbound convoy. At 4:04 P. M. sighted Jarvis. At 6:40 P. M. took position on starboard quarter of Pocahontas, Manhattan, Susquehanna, Re D'Italia, Duc D'Aosta (Italian), and French Transports Patria and Nopatin, filled with troops. At 8 P. M. lookout reported submarine, and "allo" was received. At 8:30 P. M. Benham reported seeing three feet of periscope seven miles ahead of convoy and dropping 18 depth charges. At 10:25 P. M., Lat. 46-22 N., Long. 06-54 W., while patrolling on starboard quarter of convoy, Reid sighted suspicious wake running towards convoy. Went to general quarters and at 18 knots crossed wake to get between it and convoy. Followed wake to what appeared as its head where was large patch of smooth, unrippled water. Captain Davidson laid depth barrage of 8 mines, turning with 10 degrees right rudder, circling around and across wake. Came back to direction of wake towards convoy and proceeded about 1,000 yards ahead in direction of wake and laid line of three more depth charges. Searched vicinity, but found nothing. Result doubtful. All depth charges functioned well. Rejoined convoy at midnight. Little SOP.

July 5—At noon put into Brest with convoy as above and with Little (senior), Shaw, Wadsworth, Porter, Conner, Jarvis, Benham, Isabel, Cummings and others.

July 8—At 4:15 A. M. Birmingham stood out; also Lamson, Fanning, Wainwright, Drayton, O'Brien, Burrows, Porter, Pocahontas and Monaghan. All hands cleaned and painted ship. At 4:45 P. M.

- out: Reid, Warrington, Sigourney (flag), Nicholson, Benham, Tucker, Jarvis and Cummings, conveying at 13 knots Pocahontas (flag), Gold Shell, Susquehanna, Czaritza, Re D'Italia and Duc D'Aosta.
- July 9—Wind 3-5; Reid astern of homeward-bound convoy. At 10:13 A. M. exchanged positions with Cummings, taking port beam. At 10:14 A. M. Sigourney, Tucker, Cummings and Benham circled on starboard quarter of convoy, dropping depth charges.
- July 10—At 10 A. M. sighted large hospital ship on starboard bow steering southerly course. At 5 P. M. passed American steamer steering to eastward. At 9:20 P. M. left convoy and formed column on Sigourney; 16 knots; wind 3-6.
- July 11—At 5:30 A. M. joined eastbound convoy at rendezvous: President Grant, Calamares, Magnolia (Mongolia?) and others. The Westover, of the Naval Overseas Transportation Service, torpedoed twice near Brest; eleven men lost; five boatloads of survivors landed at Morlaix, France.
- July 12—As before. At 11:55 A. M. ship on left hoisted break-down flag and dropped astern. At 10:35 P. M. entered Brest Harbor with convoy and destroyers and went alongside Lamson.
- July 14 (Sunday)—At 7:30 A. M. French Steamer Patria left anchorage. At 8 A. M. full dressed ship, with ensign at mainmast, celebrating birth of the French Republic.
- July 16—Underway at 6 P. M. conveying George Washington (?) and H. M. Ss. Czar and Roepat, Vauban, Ohioan and Mercury, in company with Nicholson (flag), Flusser, Smith and Lamson; 15 knots.

July 17—Blowing up rougher. At 6 A. M. Lamson joined convoy of 36 vessels, including destroyers; 9 knots. At 6:05 A. M. Nicholson hoisted submarine warning flag and opened fire with 4-inch guns on her starboard bow. Reid went to general quarters and put on 21 knots; gave right rudder and dropped depth charges at intervals of 10 seconds. At 6:10 A. M. observed torpedo broaching on surface (or submarine) approaching spot on which Nicholson's gunfire was centered. Gave hard right rudder to avoid object and circled spot, dropping 18 depth charges; last charge set off sympathetic explosion that was thought to have come from spent torpedo of submarine. At 9:15 P. M. Reid, Nicholson, Lamson and Flusser left convoy.

July 18—At 4:10 A. M. sighted British destroyers. At 5:45 A. M. joined eastbound convoy and took position on starboard beam; 11 knots. At 10:30 A. M. heard two shots fired on left of convoy; nothing definite seen. **Gen. Foch launched big Allied counter attack.**

July 19—At 11 A. M. convoy and destroyers tied up at Brest, Reid alongside Smith and Panther.

July 22—Flusser stood in, "buckled up," trying to step out too fast ahead of the Mt. Vernon. Rumor said Burrows lost a chief gunner's mate and Warrington a man overboard in storm just encountered. Benham was towed in by tugs in sinking condition, having been rammed on starboard side by Jarvis in fog. **Allied drive continued between Chateau-Thierry and Soissons; 20,000 prisoners.**

July 23—At 11:45 A. M. Jarvis was towed in, her bow badly smashed in collision with Benham. Cruiser San Diego sunk off U. S. coast by mine

At 6 P. M. left Brest with Fanning, Burrows, Cummings and Nicholson, convoying President Grant; 12-14 knots.

July 25—At 10 A. M. sighted two ships on port bow and reported same by flag hoist. At 9 A. M. received SOS saying U. S. S. Tippecanoe was torpedoed 40-60 miles away; one position 44-36 N., 16-52 W. At 10 A. M. raced to scene, Fanning and Conner searching from other directions. At 2 P. M. sighted empty life boat and tin cask; off course. At 3 P. M. Conner picked up 60-70 survivors of Tippecanoe and turned toward Brest. Conner and Reid put on 26 knots chasing after submarine reported shelling British Ship Zamora in course, 60 miles away. Nothing seen, not even Zamora.

July 26—Trailing Conner at 20 knots; coal low. Fanning went ahead, oil low. Arrived at Brest 4:30 P. M.

August 1—Moored alongside Warfish. All hands up at 6 A. M. Reid, Cushing and other destroyers left at 7 P. M. with convoy going west, Cushing carrying first captive observation balloon to be used to spot submarines off the French Coast.

August 2—Observation balloon went up at 4:50 A. M. Destroyers making 13 knots. **Soissons wrested by Allies from Germans.**

August 3—Continued rough. Left convoy at 9:30 P. M. after stay of 51 hours and steamed at 18 knots with Wadsworth and Monaghan to meet New York convoy at rendezvous. Monaghan broke breakdown flag for five minutes.

August 4 (Sunday)—Wadsworth sighted convoy and all joined at 9 A. M., including Drayton, Winslow, Nicholson, Warrington, Conner, Sus-

quehanna (flag), Finland, Kroonland, Dante Alighieri and three others.

August 5—At 5:10 A. M. sighted westbound convoy. At 5 P. M. held gun drill. "My God—WHAT stupidity!" cried Lieutenant Smith as fore-castle gun crew trained on wrong target. At 10:30 P. M. Finland reported man overboard and threw off flaming buoy, but did not stop. Reid and Roe searched for an hour without finding anything, then rejoined convoy at 18 knots.

August 6—Wireless from Brest warned us to look out for submarine operating in one of the channels close to land, so convoy and escort went out of the way; no trace of submarine. At 11 A. M. Monaghan reported sighting floating mine; shot it with gun. Arrived in outer harbor at 5 P. M. where Reid steamed around for two hours, then gave 7 P. M. liberty. Heard story that on day before, Preston, out of coal, burned boots filled with oil to make port.

August 8—Three men left for States to man new destroyer and six left on Paris leave. Preston stood out; La France (largest French transport), Pocahontas, Sigourney, Nicholson, Cushing Wadsworth, Burrows, O'Brien, Drayton, Wanderer, Macdonough and Emeline stood in. Westward-Ho torpedoed about 200 miles west of Brest; floating well. **British launched fierce attack at Amiens.**



“Barnacles” from the Log

(CONCLUDED)

August 9—At 3 P. M. left with Little (flag), Wadsworth, Flusser, Preston and Monaghan convoying Dante Alighieri and four (probably Finland, Kroonland, Susquehanna and one); 14 knots. Destroyer Tucker picked up 130 survivors of French Cruiser Dupetit-Thouars, torpedoed about position Lat. 46 N., Long. 18 W., and sank submarine 600 miles west of Brest. The periscope was sighted at 800 yards and the Tucker dropped two depth charges 200 yards beyond the point of submergence, then kicked off 14 in a circle, after which the bow of the submarine broached on the surface and the Tucker fired four blunt-nosed shells, two taking effect. The submarine again submerged and the Tucker passed over the spot, sighting the U-boat at a depth of 20 feet and dropping two additional depth charges, set at 150 and 200 feet, squarely over the enemy. Oil appeared on the surface. French officers and men declared there could be no doubt that the Tucker sank this U-boat, and a star was allowed when the destroyer's claim was filed. The Destroyer Fanning dropped seven depth charges in this action.

August 10—At 9 A. M. condensers started leaking and salt going into boilers, so Reid got permission to return to base. Received several radio messages from Westward-Ho, which was 60 miles to south, saying vessel was still afloat and was backing toward port under her own steam. Rumor said “Pen-March Pete” had slipped out of Spain and was laying “eggs” along the coast again, so brushed by Pen-March Point to give him a chance.

Arrived at Brest at midnight and tied up to the Prometheus for the first time.

August 11 (Sunday)—At 11:30 A. M. Leviathan, Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Sigourney, McDougal, Burrows, Parker, Nicholson, Lamson and Smith in; Smith out. At 6 P. M. Westward-Ho backed in under her own power, with bow low in water; cargo of aeroplanes, trucks, munitions and hay; only one per cent of "floatability."

August 13—Crew coaled ship until noon, taking aboard 45 tons. Ensign Wilson left for Paris on 7-day leave. Sigourney stood out to sea. At 4 P. M. Reid got under way with Lamson for Bordeaux; water smooth.

August 14—Early met convoy of 30 merchant vessels in charge of Yachts Aphrodite (senior), Noma and Corsair; bound for United States.

August 15—Left westbound convoy and picked up 17 merchant vessels from the United States, bound for French ports. Sea still smooth and weather fair. At 7 P. M. the American Steamer Montanan, of the Hawaiian-American Line, was torpedoed in position approximately Lat. 46-40 N., Long. 12-25 W. Her 81 survivors took to life boats and were picked up by the Yacht Noma. A radio message was received saying a torpedo had passed under the stern of another vessel in the convoy, thought to have been an Italian. At 10 P. M. the American Steamer Cubore, 7500 tons, was torpedoed. Her 50 survivors were rescued from small boats by the Etourdi, a French gunboat. At 11 P. M. the Cubore sank.

August 16—At 1 A. M. the American Steamer West Bridge (sister ship of the Westward-Ho, torpedoed Aug. 8) was struck. The 99 survivors

of the West Bridge were rescued from life boats after twelve hours by the Destroyer Burrows. Included in the survivors were two American girls dressed in dungarees and wearing watch caps, which they said they put on to keep their skirts out of the way. Submarine evidently following convoy, which was making about eight knots. Captain of West Bridge soon reported by wireless that he had little hope of saving his ship, but cargo of flour kept her floating. (She was towed to Brest two or three days later). Yacht Aphrodite reported having seen large submarine submerge, and Destroyer Drayton dropped depth charges on oil slick; result unknown. French vessels rushed to assistance of West Bridge. At 3 P. M. the Montanan sank, the Concord and other tugs steaming from Brest being too late to save her.

August 17—Left convoy and picked up 14 more vessels headed toward Bordeaux, escorted by French destroyers. At midnight a green rocket was fired and the crew summoned to general quarters, and Captain Davidson announced that somebody had been tampering with the Reid's torpedo tubes. U. S. S. Cudahy sunk off France; hit by two torpedoes fired by two submarines. Captain of Cudahy taken aboard U-boat and questioned; loss, 62 men.

August 18 (Sunday)—Smooth and quiet except for radios saying "Idaho" was being shelled by submarine. French vessels sped to aid. On order of Lamson (flag), anchored at Royan, near Bordeaux, at noon and had liberty for first and second sections. Left at 7 P. M. for Brest; 18 knots.

August 19—At 9 A. M. Reid and Lamson arrived at Brest. Burrows alongside Repair Ship Bridge-

port. Franklin D. Roosevelt, accompanied by Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, addressed the sailors at the navy hut; called for best efforts to whip the Germans, and made quite an impression as a humorist.

August 22—Burrows, Conner, Roe, Winslow, Wadsworth and Sigourney out; Lamson in. Mess attendant who refused to press commanding officer's pants and seaman disrespectful to petty officer released from five days confinement in paint locker on bread and water.

August 25 (Sunday)—At 4:30 P. M. set sail with Smith toward States with two gilgadgets—War Python and Manchester Castle. Nine knots and rough during night.

August 26—Sea piped down and book entitled "Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla" proved popular below. At 1:50 P. M. had steering engine trouble and steered a while aft by hand.

August 27—A British destroyer with captive balloon sighted. At 1 A. M. bade farewell to War Python and Manchester Castle, and at 4:30 A. M. made contact with 18 gilgadgets of seven knot speed in a pinch, Middlesex included. Flusser flagship now; Smith, Preston, Yser (French destroyer) and six British destroyers. Convoy separated in afternoon, 11 gilgadgets going to England and six gilgadgets toward Brest, us with them. Smooth and pleasant.

August 28—At 9 A. M. man was reported overboard from merchant ship, and Reid's life preservers were made ready to heave. Went back and searched but could find nothing, so rejoined convoy at 18 knots. At 11:05 A. M. passed body of Frenchman floating to port side. At 4 P. M. Ens. Wilson snapped some kodak pictures

"BARNACLES" FROM THE LOG (CONCLUDED)

- on the forecastle. Made base at Brest at 5 P. M. and went to coaling instead of liberty. Finished coaling at 12:20 A. M.; 125 tons.
- August 30—Underway at 1 P. M. convoying Von Steuben, America and Martha Washington (?) westward at 16-17 knots, accompanied by Roe and others.
- August 31—At 9 P. M. left convoy. At 10:35 P. M. Roe flashed breakdown lights, steaming ahead. Gave left rudder and passed her safely.
- September 1 (Sunday)—Met eastbound convoy at 7:50 A. M. **Peronne recovered by Allies.**
- September 2—At 11:50 A. M. Brazilian merchant ship hoisted breakdown flag and fell behind. At 5:30 P. M. sighted three submarine chasers escorting 35 gilgadgets steering southwest. About 9 P. M. Fanning flashed "man overboard" lights, but did not stop. Reid searched but found nobody.
- September 3—Made base at 10:30 A. M. with twelve ships. One ship listing to port as Reid passed, heavy with doughboys, who cheered.
- September 6—At 2 P. M. Mt. Vernon stood in, having been torpedoed; report said 36 lost lives. Slight list to starboard and ship was 12 feet low in water, due to leakage. At 3 P. M. Reid went alongside Tucker, which later stood out. At 6 P. M. Sigourney (flag), Reid and four others left Brest with homeward-bound convoy at 15 knots.
- September 8 (Sunday)—Position four miles ahead of convoy. About noon left convoy because of poor coal, Sigourney and four continuing westward. Heard New York convoy was 17 hours late. Making five knots throughout night.
- September 9—Dagfin, Norwegian steamer, reported

by SOS in distress; Corsair ordered to stand by her until arrival of tugs from Brest. Reid steaming to kill time. At 5 A. M. Sigourney granted Reid's request to return to port due to inferior coal. Warrington near us, low in oil, returning to port at 18 knots; Reid at 15.

September 10—Warrington in at 3 P. M.; Reid at 5 P. M. Two-hour liberty granted crew, but on account of influenza epidemic among French sailors, no public places were visited. Bodies of 36 men reported taken out of firerooms of Mt. Vernon in dry dock.

September 12—Liberty cut off due to influenza. Finished coaling about 5 A. M. and at 6:30 A. M. sailed with Warrington, Little (flag), and Lamson at 15 knots toward England. **Americans launched hot attack against St. Mihiel salient.**

September 13—At 7 A. M. picked up large east-bound convoy of gilgadgets. At 8 A. M. convoy separated and American destroyers proceeded with five, including Osage, toward Brest at 9 knots. Arrived at Brest in afternoon.

September 14—U. S. S. Buenaventura hit by two torpedoes off Bordeaux and sank in six minutes; French Destroyer Temeraire picked up two boatloads of survivors and a third boat landed Captain and 28 men at Corunna, Spain.

September 16—Ericsson stood in. Flusser bent starboard boat davit coming alongside. Crew put on 72 tons of coal from lighter. Visiting officer precipitated hot discussion in wardroom by reflecting on Admiral Wilson's sea legs. Captain Andre M. Procter, of the Panther, was praised as an officer without an opportunity in the big war. Captain Davidson "broken down with sea service" and gone to hospital. British Steamer Phil-

omel sunk near Lorient, France, and her 41 survivors rescued and landed by Yacht Rambler.

September 17—At 8 A. M. crew drew small stores. Ensign Murdoch on "win-the-war" voyage to Paris. Lieutenant W. H. Osgood, executive officer, commanding temporarily, impressed crew very favorably as a navigator by backing Reid outside breakwater and righting her in ten minutes; best previous time, 30 minutes. Underway at 4 P. M. with Lamson and one to meet incoming convoy; 18 knots. Executive officer slightly sea-sick and got underway to gravity tank.

September 18—Uneventful. Night perfect, with moonlight and water in ripples.

September 19—At 3 A. M. bumped unexpectedly into convoy in rain storm, convoy being 10 hours ahead of time.

September 20—Making 13 knots. About 5 P. M. Taylor (94), new oil-burning destroyer, fired guns and depth charges at submarine. Reid went to general quarters; fired six depth charges, but saw nothing. Sea smooth. Sigourney flagship.

September 21—Moonlight on 12-4 A. M. watch. At 9:30 A. M. arrived at Brest with convoy.

September 23—Crew up at 4:25 A. M. coaling ship. U. S. Ss. Sylvan Arrow and McDougal stood in; Manchuria, Burrows, Sigourney and Cushing out. Captain Davidson returned aboard from hospital. Coal at base reported low. At 4 P. M. Reid, Lamson, Flusser and Monaghan left Brest convoying Harrisburg and Plattsburg westward. Heavy seas and compartments receiving water.

September 24—Continued rough.

September 25—Calmer, and began to talk to east-

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

bound convoy, which was 17 hours late. Crew aired bedding on deck. Nearly 1,000 miles west of base, setting record. Cushing, Burrows and Reid left convoy and formed scouting line, going slowly to kill time. Cushing asked if Reid had enough fuel; answered yes. Cushing's short course plan put us with convoy at 5:45 P. M.

September 27—At 2 A. M. Finland and Henderson collided. Finland lit up like a church and destroyers flashed red lights. Convoy sped up for fear of torpedoing. Damage small and Finland and Henderson soon underway and rejoined convoy after daylight. Porter, ahead, shot several "ash cans" at suspicious wake, and explosions were heard and felt through skin of ship. Crew piled out from below decks to participate in the excitement, but nothing was seen. At 11 P. M. Sigourney warned Benham to put out light. **Hindenburg line broken in the west.**

September 28—About 10 A. M. tied up at Brest.

September 29 (Sunday)—Continued coaling ship from Blanchette, and finished about daylight. **Bulgaria surrendered to Allies.**

October 1—Commanding Officer raved when approached at midnight by yeoman requesting information as to progress of Will Mulholland's permanent appointment as chief water tender; commanding officer made a move as if to inflict condign punishment, but changed his mind, pulling coverlets over his head and going to sleep instead. **St. Quentin recaptured by Allies.**

Oct 2—At 6:30 A. M. underway with Lamson (flag); 15.5 knots; going west to meet incoming convoy. At 1:15 P. M. went to general quarters and investigated pronounced oil slick; patrolled



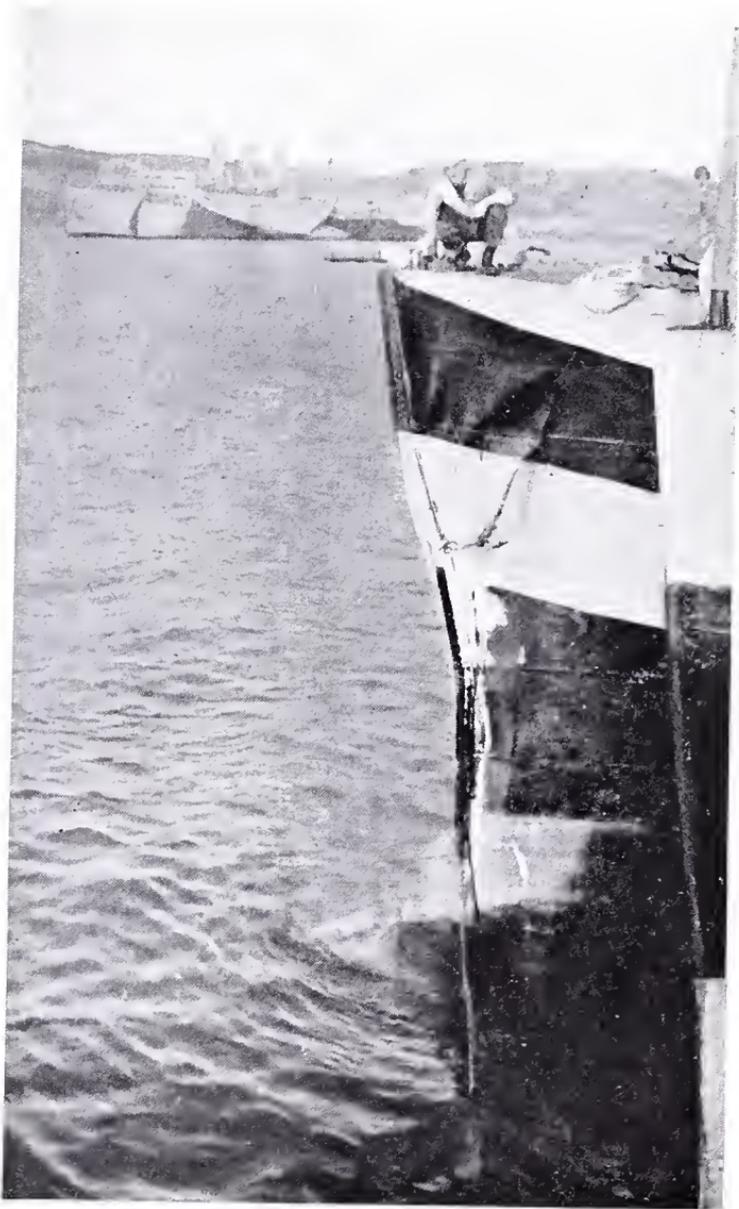
THAT ONE GAVE FRITZ A HEADACHE!

Letting loose a depth charge at 20 knots, with a considerable percentage of the crew gathered back aft to witness the performance. Near Brest, 1918.



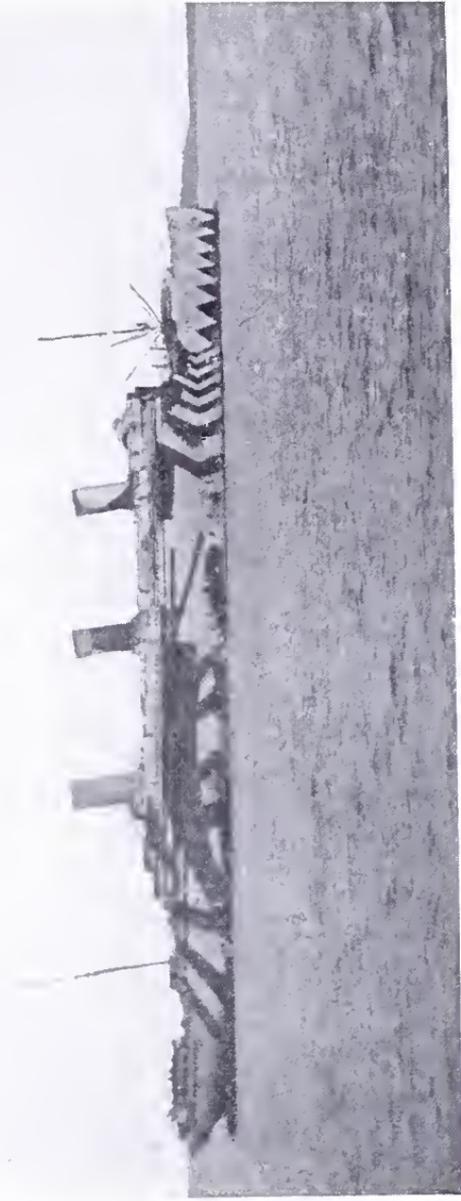
A FRENCH CRUISER WHICH HELPED RECEIVE THE GERMAN FLEET

The Amiral Aube, companion of the Cruiser Cende, led the French Fleet accompanying the American unit in the ceremonial surrender of the Hun ships at Harwich, England. The picture was taken at Brest in November, 1918, just before she left for the grand event.



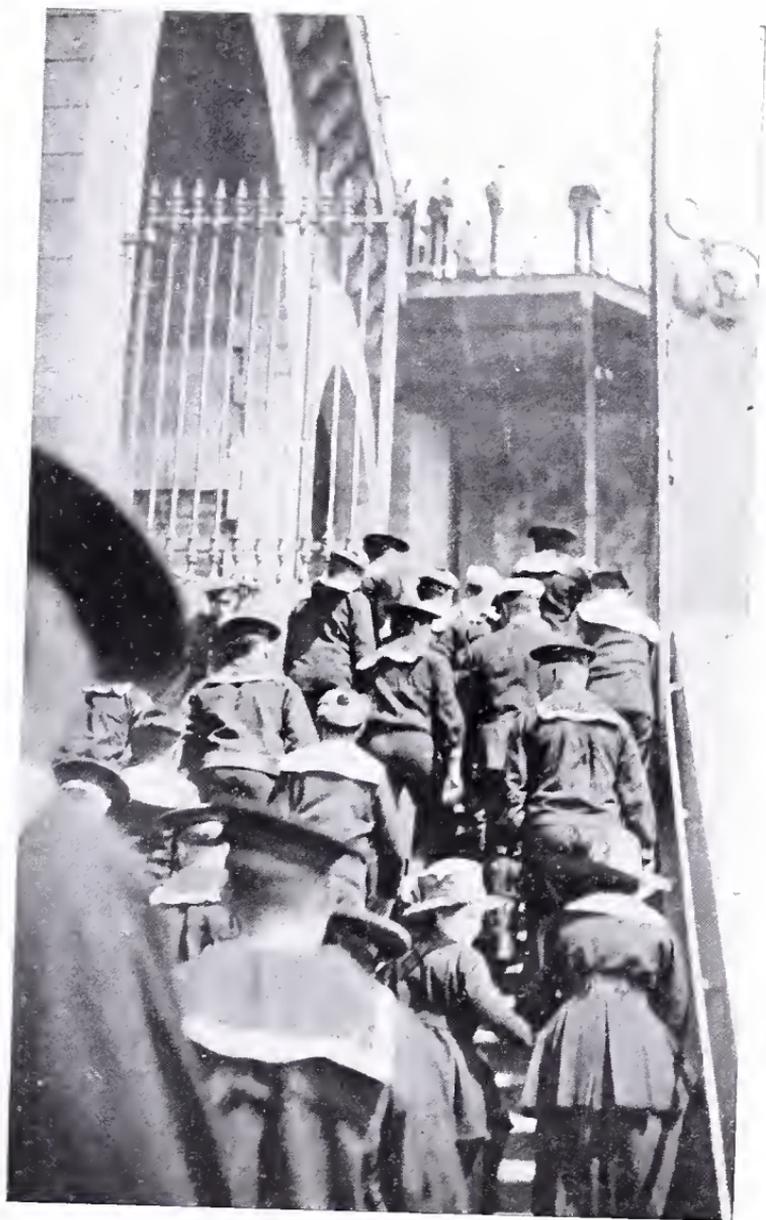
A JOHN BULL SOUVENIR

In the swirling tide of the Gironde River near Bordeaux on Dec. 5, 1918, in a fog, a British steamer backed into the Lamson, with this result. The French steamer Patria is seen in background, at Brest.



THE LARGEST TRANSPORT AFLOAT: THE LEVIATHAN

“Levi,” as the former German Liner Vaterland was familiarly known, could make 24 knots and carry more than 10,000 troops each trip. Her tonnage is 60,000. Although the submariners regarded her as a capital prize, her speed was too much for them.



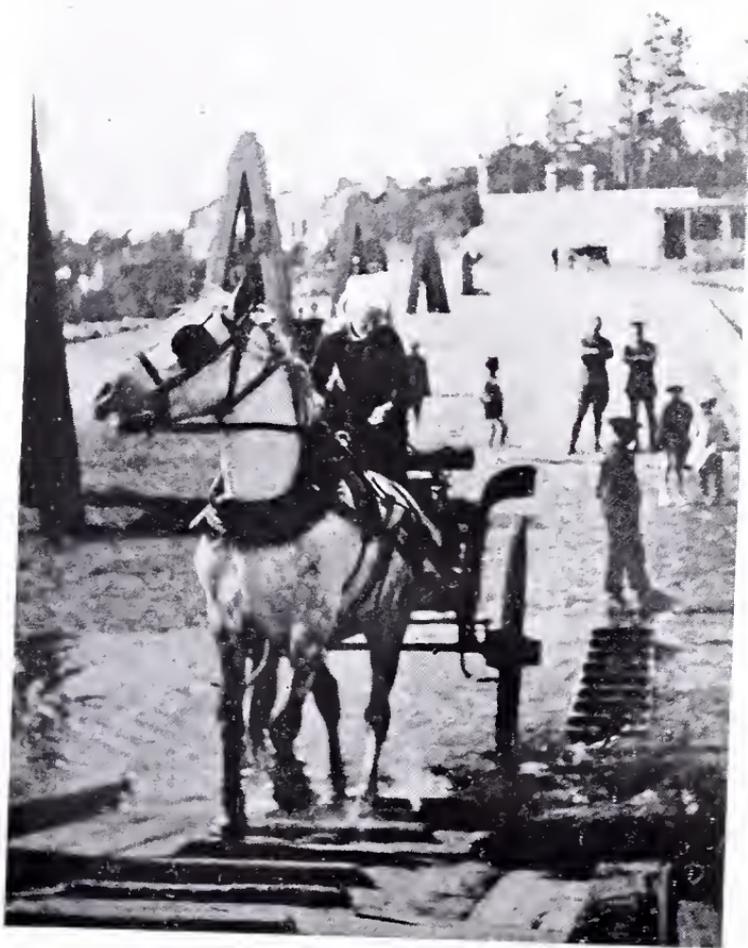
UP, UP, UP—THE BOYS ARE COMING!

The landing at Brest for soldiers and sailors is about 60 feet below the main street, and here we see a bunch of sailors mounting the stairs.



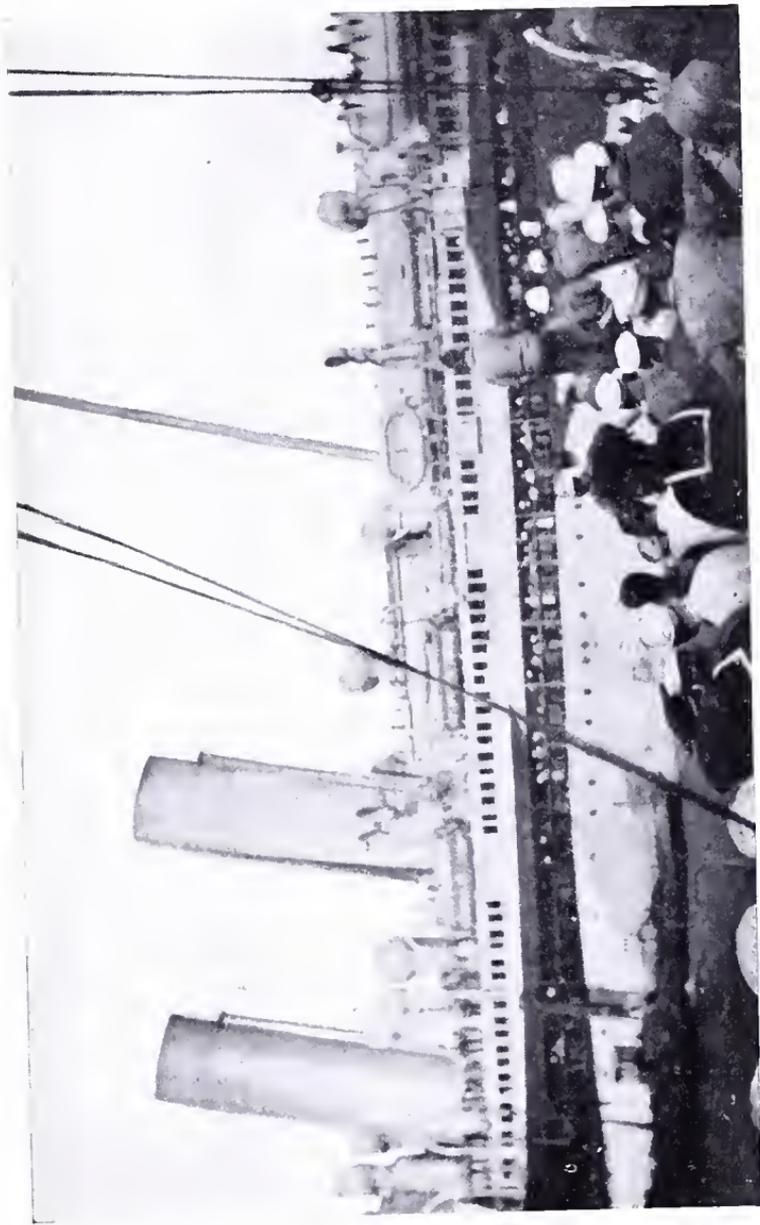
AN OLD GERMAN LINER ONCE USED BY KAISER WILLIAM AS A "YACHT"

Whenever bad luck broke, the Powhatan (Hamburg) seemed to be around. Her worst offense against us was to get us into the storm of Dec. 15-17, 1917. This picture was made at Le Verdon, Gironde River, near Bordeaux, Apr. 11, 1918; Martha Washington also sailed.



SORT OF A CRUCIAL MOMENT—

But Madame Breton stayed on the box and caught the ferry to Plougastel. A typical French peasant woman whose thrift made her prosperous even in war times.



CREW WATCHING TORPEDED MT. VERNON AS SHE PUT INTO BREST

This giant transport, formerly the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, was struck by torpedo Sept. 5, 1918, and 36 of her fireroom crew were killed. Twelve small craft tugged her into dry dock. When the war started she was chased into Boston with \$10,000,000 of German-American gold.



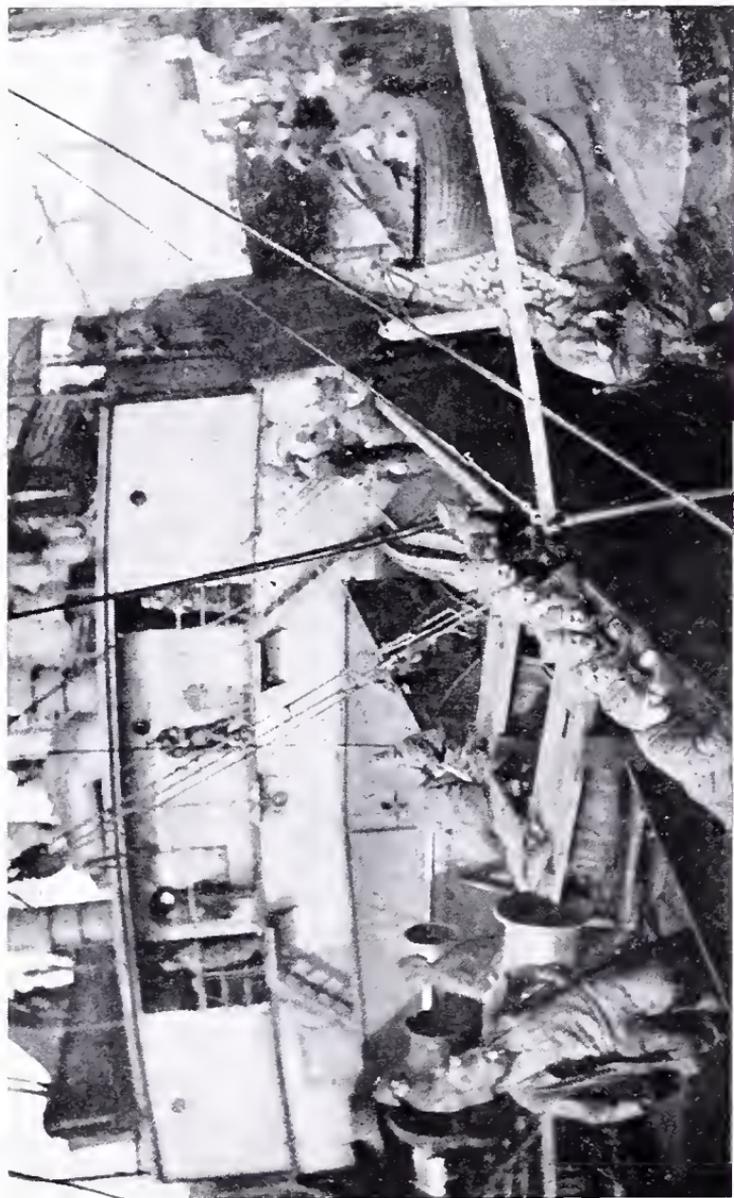
A HERO SHIP WITHOUT A PEER: THE DESTROYER SHAW

On Oct. 9, 1918, the Shaw was rammed by the British Liner Aquitania on the way to Southampton via the English Channel. Ninety feet of her bow was cut asunder and floated off, and with the ship on fire Commander Glassford steered her unaided into port.



CLOSE-UP OF A GERMAN SHIP SERVING UNCLE SAM

The *Aeolus* (formerly *Grosser Kurfurst*), with after gun crew on Dec. 28, 1917, at Quiberon Bay, France. This vessel was flagship on the above date and carried the Reid, Lamson and Flusser into a storm. She was in dry dock when the Reid left Brooklyn, July 2, 1917.



AIDING THE ALLIES TO WHIP THE KAISER!

German prisoners (on collier alongside Reid at Brest) were supposed to help us coal ship, but on account of the politeness of their French guards never worked hard enough to get up a perspiration, and were sleek and fat. Successful army drives also made them haughty.



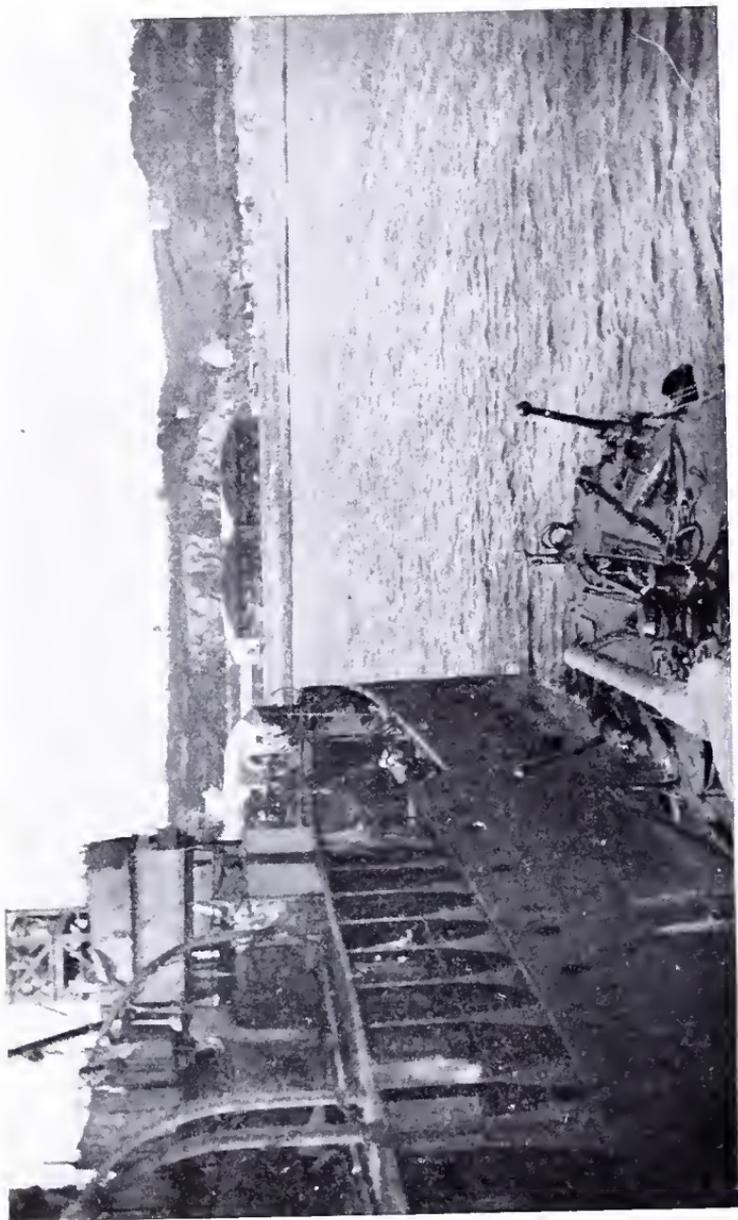
A VIEW IN THE AZORES AND TWO IN FRANCE

At left is a bum-boat man at Ponta Delgada with pineapples, oranges and laces shifting berths around Preston's bow; in center is tug filled with American soldiers about to make landing at Brest; and on the right is a junior officer scraping a motor boat for Capt. Platt.

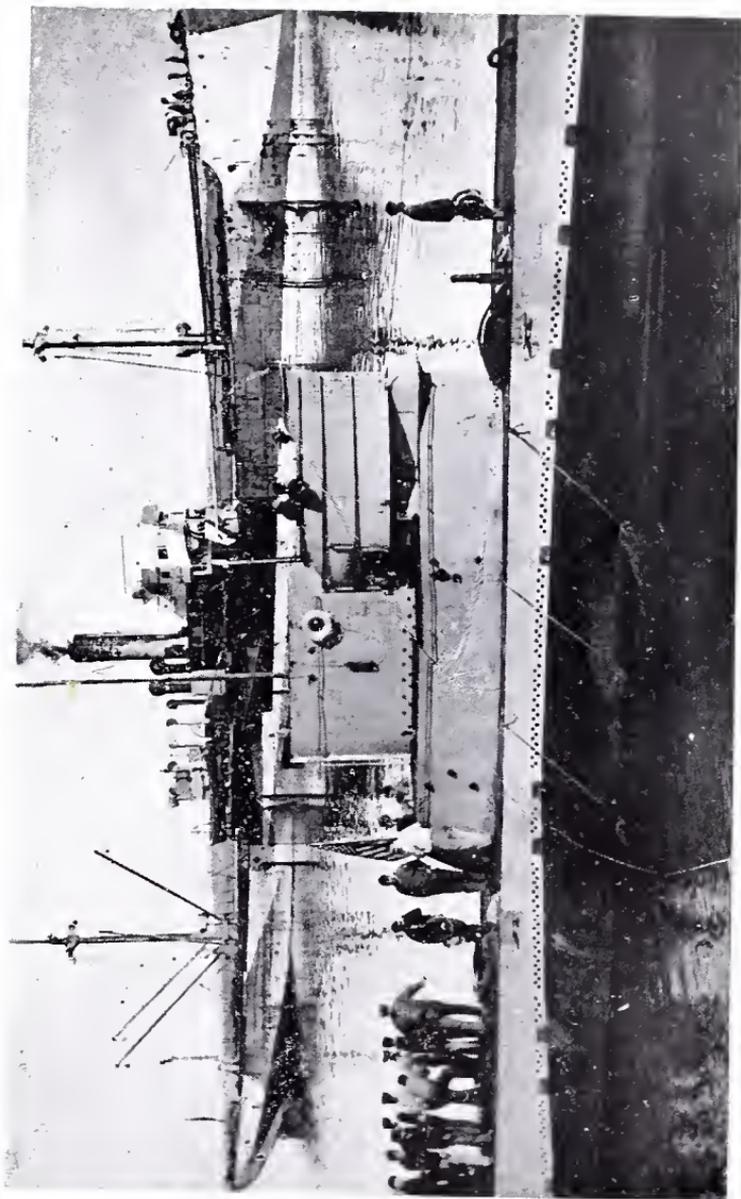


"IRISHMEN" DOING THEIR BIT IN FRANCE

Ladies and gentlemen, meet these croquemorts who professionally bear the pall! They are only ten minutes late now. Contrary to facial appearance, they are of sturdy Breton stock, and have never set foot on Irish soil, nor are they apt to.

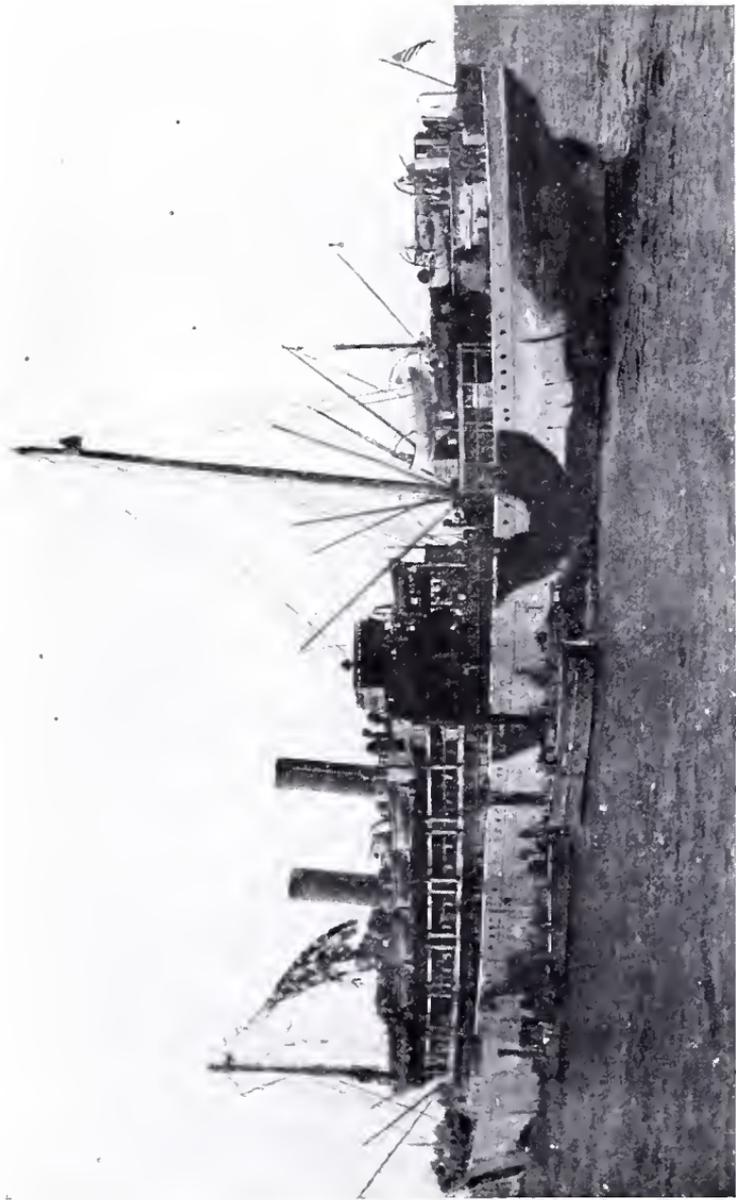


A FAMOUS COLLIER GIVES US COAL AFTER BRISTOL CHANNEL RUN
The Astoria (Frieda Leonhardt) was lying in Charleston when we left; later it was used to carry coal between Cardiff, Wales, and French ports. The American Airship Station is seen hard by. From a picture taken Sept. 11, 1918, at Brest, before she left for Germany.



"CLOSE-UP" OF OI AND PART OF HER CREW

A submarine job is said to be the hardest thing afloat. The submarine not only approaches closer to hell than any other type of craft, but her sailors swear she passes through it. In the background is the Supply Ship Bridge, which had many a thrilling tiff in the war zone, including escape Oct. 27, 1917, from the U-58.



THE HURON (FRIEDRICH DER GROSSE) UNLOADING AT BREST

This vessel made numerous trips across the Atlantic carrying doughboys and after the armistice did splendid work returning home fighting units, including 82nd Division, trained at Camp Gordon. She was convoyed three times by the Reid. Her speed was 14.5 knots.

"BARNACLES" FROM THE LOG (CONCLUDED)

at 18 knots and secured on failure to develop anything interesting.

Oct. 3—Early picked up convoy. At 9:50 Agamemnon and America with destroyer escort passed dead ahead.

Oct. 4—Steaming ahead of convoy. At 10:25 P. M. sighted lighthouse two points on starboard bow. **King Ferdinand of Bulgaria abdicated the throne.**

Oct. 5—At 4:10 A. M. entered breakwater at Brest and tied up to Flusser; Lamson to Reid. Supply Ship Bridgeport, steaming into approaches to Brest Harbor, sighted a torpedo close to surface. Bridgeport put on full speed and gave rudder hard left. Torpedo skipped across stern and was plainly seen by watchers aft. The Destroyer Fanning dropped six depth charges on an oil slick, then repeated elsewhere, but saw nothing. The submarine which attacked the Bridgeport is believed to have been sunk by a French patrol boat near Brest shortly afterward. The "frog eater" dropped depth charges after sighting a periscope. The vessel's listening device showed the submarine to be resting on the bottom; additional charges were released and patches of oil came to the surface.

Oct. 9—At 6:30 A. M. underway with Lamson (flag), steaming southwest at 15 knots. Sea calm and weather pleasant. Lieut. Osgood started a new "reform": put yeomen to work doing paper work at sea, trying to pull battleship stuff by compiling Ship's Order Book. **Cambrai recaptured by British. Destroyer Shaw (U. S.) rammed and cut in two by Liner Aquitania in English Channel on way to Southampton. With destroyer afire and ammunition exploding,**

Commander Glassford, assisted by Ensign "Ted" Briggs, old Princeton crew captain, steered her unaided into port.

Oct. 11—Flusser joined. At 6 A. M. picked up convoy of 16 ships from States mostly bound for Bordeaux; Espiegle (French) senior ship, and Yacht May also present. Radio shack reported several submarines, but none in our course. Making ten knots. Commanding Officer explained to landsman on bridge uses of annunciator, pelorus, ladder to searchlight platform, the wheel and such nautical things. Rough most of the day; wind 2-5. Left ships bound for Bordeaux and with Lamson proceeded at 11 knots toward Brest with Oil Tanker Maumee; seven submarine positions reported, with four submarines sighted, but none near us. At 10:30 P. M. ship on port side (Maumee) flashed breakdown lights. At 10:55 P. M. Maumee turned off running lights and white lights and slowly dropped astern.

Oct. 13 (Sunday)—At 3:45 A. M. Maumee again showed breakdown lights.

Oct. 14—At 7:05 A. M. sighted rocks and Pen March Light abeam. At 9 A. M. entered Brest and moored alongside H. M. S. Throstle. At 10 A. M. paymaster paid crew. Liberty.

Oct. 20 (Sunday)—Destroyer work slackening up a bit; Reid has been lying in port a week, the longest in a year except when disabled. Underway at 3:30 P. M. with Tucker as flagship and Roe, Monaghan and one convoying Oil Tanker Maumee westward at 10 knots. Four radio decoders now working, which gives four hours on duty and 12 off. At 9:40 P. M. Tucker fired two green rockets and convoy changed course. **Belgian Coast cleared by Allies.**

- Oct. 21—Smooth and uneventful. Only one submarine warning so far, off Lizard Head; probably a U-boat making its way back to base. At 9 P. M. left Maumee. Reid's position astern of Santore.
- Oct. 22—Continued pleasant and crew held general quarters and drills, after joining convoy at 5 A. M.
- Oct. 23—Weather sunshiny and crisp. Opened ports and played phonograph, and crew lolled about deck. One ship lagging behind and Reid with it; 10 knots. Passed Benham and Mt. Vernon, bound for Boston. Arrived at Brest 3:30 P. M. and made liberty. Harvard and Stewart stood in; Truxtun out.
- Oct. 29—At 9 A. M. Lieut. Comdr. W. S. Davidson was detached and left the ship for the States, and Lieut. Comdr. Comfort B. Platt, formerly in command of the Harvard, succeeded to command. At 9:30 A. M. Sigourney (flag), Reid and six other destroyers left Brest with convoy of 10 ships headed west, at 12 knots. Reid zig-zagging ahead of convoy, five miles. **Serbs reached the Danube, going strong.**
- Oct. 30—Rough weather; secured motor dory to prevent loss. Still five miles ahead of convoy; no submarines reported. **Turks granted armistice.**
- Oct. 31—Continued rough. Several officers seasick and chased seamen off gravity tank. Smoke sighted on horizon. Now 750 miles west of Brest. At noon left convoy and maneuvered; caught it again. Made contact with eastbound convoy, escorted by Battleship New Hampshire and others, and turned back toward Brest. **American drive on West Front turning German Army retreat into rout.**

Nov. 1—New Hampshire left convoy and turned toward America. In this convoy were Pocahontas (flag), Hospital Ship Comfort, a Brazilian ship, an Italian (Duc D' Aosta) and four others, all with troops except Comfort, which had Red Cross nurses. Escorted by Little, Lamson, Monaghan, O'Brien and Reid. Passed a French ship and a British ship at noon which dipped to us, and we returned the salute as soon as a quartermaster could run back aft. Storm hit ships in afternoon, probably second worst in 15 months. Reid's engines went dead five minutes, due to water in engine room, and crew was ordered to deck to stand by with life preservers; motor boat wrecked; wardroom furniture smashed, books and clothing scattered around deck. Keen competition among New Navy officers and men for places on gravity tank, with an occasional Old Navy sailor horning in.

Nov. 2—Storm continued and drove Comfort away from other ships, and Little was detailed by Brest to find her. Coal low; only 95 tons at 4 P. M. **British captured Valenciennes.**

Nov. 3 (Sunday)—Weather more settled. Pocahontas, Sigourney and Reid together. Little trying to reach Comfort by wireless, but without much luck. Comfort hove in sight at 1 P. M. and took position. At 2:30 P. M. tied up in Brest, and crew made liberty. **Austria surrendered; mutiny at Kiel.**

Nov. 7—Left Brest at 7 A. M. for Quiberon Bay. No submarine warnings. Arrived Quiberon Bay at noon. Picked up Steamer Euripides and steamed out to sea. Weather a bit rough. **Bavarians proclaimed a republic.**

Nov. 8—At 1 P. M. left Euripides and turned back

toward Quiberon. Sighted French patrol boat on starboard bow. At night burning side lights (screened) for first time since leaving the Azores.

Nov. 9—At 2:30 A. M. arrived at Quiberon. Passed convoy of four ships putting to sea. At 9 A. M. swung ship. At 1 P. M. underway for Lorient, up the coast. At 2:30 P. M. arrived at Lorient, where had liberty at 3:30 P. M., and returned to ship at 9 P. M. **Gen. Foch received German peace envoys. Kaiser Wilhelm II fled to Amerongen Castle, Holland. Prince Max of Baden resigned. People of Berlin staged mock revolt.**

Nov. 10 (Sunday)—At 6 A. M. Hubbard came alongside. Capt. Platt (the "Little Corporal") tried to turn around in narrow channel; stern stuck in mud and steering cable broke. After hour and a half got off again (at 12:30 P. M.) and arrived at Quiberon at 2 P. M. Underway at 4 P. M. convoying U. S. S. Freedom (formerly the Iroquois) and British Steamer Ulysses. Smooth sea; making twelve knots. **British reached Mons.**

Nov. 11—Continued smooth. Held fire and collision drills. Received during morning a submarine warning from Lake Nereide (French?), with position given as 49-38 N., 01-39 W. Steering west true. At noon received wireless from Brest in French: "Hostilities cease 11 November beginning 11 A. M. Bretagne patrols continue with convoys in progress." This message was repeated to American Destroyers Reid, Truxtun, Taylor, Cummings, Bell and Drayton, all of which were proceeding on duty assigned. As it was read below deck the sailors cheered wildly, for it looked good to them. At 2:35 P. M. sighted two-masted schooner. At 3 P. M. sent farewell sig-

nals to Freedom and Ulysses and turned back toward Brest.

Nov. 12—At 1:30 A. M. wire to Truxtun from Devonport Station said: "Armistice is signed. Hostilities to cease forthwith. Submarines on surface are not to be attacked unless their hostile intentions are obvious." Arrived Brest 8:30 A. M. Dozens of French patrol vessels standing into Brest. At noon a French salute of 42 guns was fired. French ships flying all flags gaily; American ships flying flags as usual. Bands of Frenchmen, mostly sailors, paraded at Brest throughout night, shouting and singing; they were much more intoxicated than ordinarily, and the women of the shops joined in the celebration. Some American sailors and soldiers paraded with the French.

Nov. 22—Winslow, Monaghan and Little stood in; Fairfax (93), Stringham and Jarvis in. With French pilot aboard Reid got under way at 11 A. M. for Quiberon Bay; 15 knots. Anchored at 6:15 P. M. at Quiberon.

Nov. 23—Under way at 7 A. M. piloting Hospital Ship Comfort out of harbor. Sea smoother. Left Comfort in an hour or two and hit up 20 knots for Brest, Capt. Brandt declaring, "We don't want to hang around out here all day!" When off Pen March, 40 miles of Brest, 80 miles of Quiberon, Flag radio sent us back to Quiberon to pick up Stewart's motor boat. Reid's motor boat was made ready to go after Stewart's motor boat, but gasoline machinist could not make Reid's motor boat work, and had to bring Stewart's motor boat to ship with Reid's whale boat. Standing by on five minutes notice. Rolled in for the night.

Nov. 24 (Sunday)—Under way at 7 A. M. for Brest at 16 knots. Increased speed to 23.6 knots, then trimmed to ten knots on entering channel to Brest. Moored alongside port side of Prometheus and Tucker at noon. Expended 120 tons of coal on this trip, and cost at French Government's minimum price of \$20 per ton would be \$2400, not to mention wear and tear on the ship.

Nov. 25—Little, McDougal and Preston stood out with two British transports. On returning at 9:30 P. M. from liberty in Brest in tug and small boats, the American sailors were hooted and jeered by crowd of French (mostly small boys) on bridge above. Several shouted "Americain no good!" French boys threw nut hulls and pebbles and spat upon sailors, who kept quiet.

Nov. 29—At 4 P. M. departed for Bordeaux with Lamson and Preston on recreation trip. Reid flagship first time since May 25, 1918. Rough at start, but soon piped down. Picked up Mallory about midnight off Ile d'Yeu, making 15 knots.

Nov. 30—At 3 A. M. a lone steamer nearly ran into Reid. Blew him away with six toots on the whistle. At 1:30 P. M. arrived at Bordeaux after trip up Gironde River. Crew impressed with size of docks and amount of material standing in rain.

Dec. 3—Crew roused out at 6:30 A. M. and at 10 A. M. lifted anchor and sailed for Brest. Tide strong and whisked Reid against a coal-lighter, propeller guard punching hole in it, then by backing on the engines we managed to nestle snugly up against the Danish Steamer Alf-Kobenhaven, whose sea cook shouted in tones none too soft. Underway at 3 P. M. and at 5 P. M. stole up on Panther at Pauillac and moored alongside. Preston and Lamson anchored nearby because of dan-

- ger of breaking Panther's anchor chain, due to strong tides.
- Dec. 4—At daylight, fog clearing a bit, shoved off down Gironde River with Preston and Lamson toward Royan.
- Dec. 5—Anchored all day in fog. Supplies running low. Crew doing little but writing letters. Ringing bell on the forecastle every two minutes.
- Dec. 6—At 3 A. M. fog lifted and three destroyers got under way, Lamson with smashed bow plowing up a lot of spray. Arrived Brest 4:30 P. M.
- Dec. 11—Underway at 7:45 A. M. for Ponta Delgada, Azores, with Lamson and Preston. Smith rammed by a tug and condition of her bow keeps her at Brest for repairs.
- Dec. 12—Stormy and rough all day and New Navy Officers and gobs broke out the lemon drops. Coppersmith Denning smoking a vile pipe and telling tiresome yarns in forecastle. Slowed down to 16 knots.
- Dec. 13—Not so rough. Off our course at night. At midnight changed course to southward.
- Dec. 14—Lost islands early in morning, then went south and sighted St. Michael's at 10 A. M. Making 12 knots now so as not to frighten the natives. Passed cities of Lagoa and Faial de Terra at foot of mountain. Tied up with Lamson and Preston at 2:30 P. M.
- Dec. 15 (Sunday)—Christabel stood out; Truxtun shoved off from Reid to collier. At 8 A. M. diver went down to Truxtun keel to make examination. Reid moored between Preston and Stewart; Lamson next to Preston. *Diario dos Azores*, a daily newspaper, announced on bulletin board assassination of Dr. Sidonio Paes, presi-

dent of Portugal, in attempt to restore monarchy. Met our old college chums Rolando Viveiros, Augusto S. and Luiz Moreira, Evaristo Ferreira Travassos, Henrique Machado Avila and Waddington Resende. Jacome Torrao escorted a party of Reid men to the Azorean Musical Club's club rooms, and put on a stringed instrument concert that was a wonder. Vedette stood in.

Dec. 16—Day broke clear and sunshiny. All flags ashore and aship half-masted for the assassinated President of Portugal. Machinist George Ziemann arranged with native chauffeur to provide four automobiles Tuesday, Dec. 17, for trip of 20 gobs to baths and hotwells of Furnas, at rate of \$5.20 apiece on account of prohibitive price of gasoline. Senhors Avila, Manuel Antonio de Vaz-ioncellos and Antonio Monez Feijo used their good offices to beat down the price.

Dec. 17—Chauffeur Jacome Luiz Tessorara took station at Catholic Church with four automobiles, awaiting arrival of Reid party, but the trip to Furnas was disapproved by Capt. Chandler, who gave no reason for his high-handed action. Members of party kept out of sight of automobile drivers all day long. Gentle breeze sprang up and night proved wonderful for sleeping purposes.

Dec. 18—Sky overcast. Warm; thermometer about 60 degrees. Two mine layers stood in. Crew and natives putting coal on deck for long trip to Grassy Bay, Bermuda; 260 tons. Services held ashore for the late President of Portugal. Crew begged "comical steward" to buy some cheap fruit, but his lordship said one of the officers said we couldn't afford it, so the crew went and bought its own fruit. Beans and "red lead" for breakfast. Had only one feed of fruit in week, with

fruit plentiful and cheap. Crew began filling up lockers with pineapples and oranges for long trip to Bermuda. Shawmut and Aroostok stood in. Aroostok and Shawmut stood out.

Dec. 19—Beans and "red lead" for breakfast. Preston flew homeward bounder and stood out; same with Stewart; same with Lamson. Jarvis, Cummings, McDougal, Burrows and Isabel stood in. Continued coaling. At 1 P. M. Repair Ship Dixie stood in and Coppersmith Denning went up in crow's nest trying to sight old shipmates. Finished coaling at 4:43 P. M., having taken total of 293 tons aboard, part of it on deck. At 5 P. M. flew homeward bounder and followed Preston and Lamson and Flusser toward Bermuda. Steaming astern of Flusser, SOP, and starboard beam of Whipple. Reid to stand by Whipple if her coal gave out; Flusser by Worden; Lamson and Preston by Stewart and Truxtun. Steaming at 12-15 knots, separately by groups at times.

Dec. 20—Smooth sailing. Using coal supply from deck. Decided to steer southerly course to escape storms and to cover 2400 miles in nine days. Moonlight, cool and pleasant.

Dec. 21—Whipple had condenser trouble and Reid slowed down to eight knots to stand by her. At 9 P. M. made out steamer heading in southwesterly direction. At 9:35 P. M. made speed 16 knots to avoid collision with steamer. At 9:37 crossed bow of steamer, distant 300 yards, then resumed standard speed.

Dec. 22 (Sunday)—Began getting rough; wind 3-4.

Dec. 23—Storm continued. Compartments flooded and in hapless condition; yeoman office littered with forms and papers, but happily dry. At 11

A. M., while waves were very high, Whipple signalled, "Man overboard." (It was Chief Quartermaster Lee, swept off by a wave). Reid circled and presently sighted two buoys, one flaming, dropped by Whipple, but saw nobody with them. After an hour Capt. Chandler signalled Whipple, "Do you see anything? If not, suggest we go ahead." No reply to this suggestion, and search continued another hour, when search was abandoned. Tip of Reid's mainmast snapped off and was secured; aerial down temporarily, but rigged it out again. Intercepted wireless message from Wenonah saying she had just lost overboard Lieut. (jg) Reuben Orey, U. S. N. R. F., of Somerville, Mass. Report went to Washington via Cruiser Wheeling at Grassy Bay, Bermuda.

Dec. 24—Smoother and pleasanter, but still disagreeable. Oranges and pineapples from Azores making life worth living for crew. Worden, escorted by Flusser, broke down, lacking water.

Dec. 25 (Christmas Day)—Calmer. Bunch playing poker in forward compartment. Sun came out and crew celebrated Christmas by fishing for seaweed and reading around chart-house. Had mackerel with tomato sauce for dinner; spuds with jackets on, apricots, white bread, butter, beans and pumpkin pie which was no good.

Dec. 26—Choppy sea. Flusser ordered Reid to give Whipple 15 tons of coal. Capt. Chandler wired back that Reid had sacks for only four tons, and suggested the advisability of taking the Whipple in tow. Lamson, Preston, Stewart and Truxtun nearby but out of sight. Flusser waiting with Luckenback to take Worden in tow. Reid took Whipple in tow about noon.

- Dec. 27—Flusser wired Reid to take on enough coal at Bermuda to make New York at 20 knots, plus 50 tons reserve, so as to arrive Dec. 31 if possible, in time for big fleet review Jan. 1, 1919.
- Dec. 28—Raining hard 12-4 A. M.; then drizzling. All hands up at 6 A. M. to haul in towing line when Whipple was released from tow. Arrived Grassy Bay at noon. Preston went on beach in trying to cut through narrow channel. Tug rushed to pull her off.
- Dec. 29 (Sunday)—Crew continued coaling at midnight. Showers. Finished coaling at 9 A. M., having taken aboard 178 tons, as ordered by Capt. Chandler, chief petty having advised only 150. Old Dr. Felts gave crew change-of-climate pills. Overcast and damp as Flusser, Lamson and Reid departed. Preston still stuck on mud bank. Going to Charleston instead of New York.
- Dec. 30—Rough all day. Making 15-20 knots. At 9:50 P. M. Flusser dropped out of column and fell behind, making 15 knots to save coal.
- Dec. 31—At 4 A. M. sea piped down, and balance of day was smooth. At noon out of our course and followed coast to south. At 1 P. M. sighted Cape Romain Light and Wreck of the Hector. Tied up in Navy Yard near U. S. S. Savannah at 6 P. M. Thirty-six hour liberty granted sections rating liberty. Lieuts. Brown and Murdoch filed applications for discharge, and commanding officer passed the buck to headquarters at Washington. Seventy per cent of the crew also prepared to commence to take the necessary steps to gain their freedom by signing up with the "Good Ship Outside."

Standing by the Wing Locker

(From the Journal of a Landsman, with special reference to some features of the Azores-Queenstown storm of Oct. 9-13, 1917, and the Portuguese storm of Dec. 15-17, 1917).



WE HAVE the speed, the cans, the gunners—the “ambish and the ammunish,” as Rosy, our Italian gunner, put it—if only they don’t see us first and plug us from dead on broadside! I was wrapped in this sort of thought when I heard a lookout call to the bridge, where our officers were busy peering at the horizon through glasses long and short:

“Sail, ho!”

“Where away?”

“Three points on starboard bow, sir. Looks like a periscope.”

A stiff breeze was blowing out of the southwest, cooler now than it had been since we set out, and our heavy coats felt unusually comfortable as we scampered up the ladder of the seamen’s compartment to the deck. The sea was a trifle more turbulent, bathing our fore-castle now and then in a beautiful white spray which skipped across from side to side and was picked up and whisked against the chart house by the wind. On our port beam was a purple glow which lent a peculiar radiance to that section of an otherwise uninteresting horizon, while off in the direction indicated by the lookout, between two and three miles, a heavy fog was gathering fast.

“I can’t see anything,” declared “Port-hole Johnny,” our alert chief quartermaster, straining his minky black eyes through a pair of binoculars.

“Nor I,” returned our watch officer, who had hopped across the bridge from the port side.

“Must be another case of periscopitis,” suggested our engineer officer as he dropped his glasses to his side.

Our captain alone seemed to be hopeful of making out something, for he held his glasses to his eyes and swept them back and forth through a 45-degree arc.

"Hold on," he said. "Seems like I see a small object out there in the fog. Train your glasses again."

All obeyed the order promptly and eagerly.

"I see it now," cried several in chorus, and the skipper shouted to our salty little helmsman to cut her nose two and a half points to starboard, and then he signalled the engine room to give us 25 knots. The steering engine hissed and rattled as the helmsman put her over, the ship's sides creaked ominously, and her vitals groaned as our veteran chief machinist's mate shot the extra steam into the cylinder heads and cut in the blowers on the boilers to make steam all the faster. Our hardworking heaves grabbed their shovels and began feeding in great masses of coal, heavy black smoke rolled out of the four smoke stacks and our propellers whipped the water into angry wavelets that bubbled and boiled like a giant's wash pot, then gradually settled in our wake, a silken cord of gray. Our razor-edge bow cut a fine slit through the sea, sending an occasional wave top sweeping across the forecastle, and it was thrilling in the extreme to feel the ship's tremendous power under our feet and in the very air as we manipulated the devices which had held it subdued. We were traveling twice as fast as a hay-burning locomotive on its way to a North Georgia mountain resort, and I could not help but wonder what would happen if by any chance we should ram a whale. Certainly we would get oil on the water, and perhaps give up some wreckage, too.

Now we heard the general quarters bell clanging, and each Jack Tar scrambled to his regular post. The guns were all manned and the ammunition rushed up from the boxes. Our gunner's mates climbed to the tops of the twin torpedo tubes and perched on their high seats like jockeys ready for a race of geldings.

STANDING BY THE WING LOCKER

"Range, 2,000 yards!" shouted our executive officer at a guess, forgetting all about the range finder. "Train on target half a point on starboard bow." The order was repeated through the tubes to all the guns which could be brought to bear, and the men got on their tip-toes quick.

"Tell Ducky to stand by the mines!" ordered our executive officer, snatching a pair of glasses from a quartermaster and sighting the object again. Ducky was the ranking member in our firm of chief gunner's mates. We called him Ducky because of his legs, and he was one of the best men in the game, and had also done some diving in his younger days. Ducky always stayed within earshot of our executive officer, so he made off as fast as his legs would carry him.

"Train the starboard machine gun on the object and begin firing," was the next order. Our machine gunner rammed in a clip of cartridges and peeked through the sight. He could see a dark, slender object sticking three or four feet above the surface, and he became so excited that he forgot to cock the gun. The bunch on the bridge began to squirm as the machine gun man pulled hard on the trigger, but failed to get results. The target appeared to be leaping at us now.

"Fire!" yelled our executive officer, hoping to smash a periscope at the first shot.

"The damn thing won't work!" declared the gunner, fumbling about the breech lock.

A seaman stepped up and announced that she had jammed. The bridge bunch tore their hair at this juncture. You couldn't blame them. The suspense was awful. We either wanted to shoot at the thing or get shot quick. Closer and closer we sped, and must dash by in a minute or two and maybe get a torpedo smack in the ribs.

"Fire the forecandle gun!" interposed our captain.

"Bang!" went the forecandle rifle with a roar that shook us up and made us all feel good. The shell hit the water 400 yards beyond the target and went skipping out of sight.

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

"Give her another! We are not out here to save powder!"

"Bang!" and the second shot hit fifteen feet to the left and sent a slender column of water into the air.

"Cease firing!" ordered our executive officer. "It's nothing but a spar."

Several pairs of glasses were raised, and it was now seen that the object was floating as if it were water-logged at the lower end, or carried a weight of some kind. "Keep away," warned the captain to our helmsman. "The darn thing might have a mine on it." The helmsman cut her sharp to port and we could see the other destroyer racing toward us at top speed. Our lame duck of a convoy with the wooden gun seemed to be marking time. Then she cut zig-zag capers.

As our stern passed the spar we felt a sudden shock of great force. The bow of the vessel dipped low and the fantail went up in the air correspondingly. We held on to the nearest objects and peeked over the sides, looking aft, and could plainly see the propellers spinning like gyroscopes. Quite as quickly we settled down again and a mountainous deluge of water fell astern of us.

"What was that?" asked our executive officer as he leaped across the bridge, upsetting the helmsman.

"It was a can or I'm no sailor," declared a chief petty officer.

Ducky came waddling forward at this point to explain that one of our mines had slipped overboard accidentally and had exploded too soon; said he hoped there would be no board of inquiry; nobody was hurt or to blame. Our officers held a short consultation and decided that a full report of the affair was the least that could be done, and then we got into our course again, and I walked across the deck to ask a seaman what our engineer officer meant by a case of periscopitis.

"Haven't you heard of the new disease?" he asked, amazed at my ignorance. "That's what sailors have when they think they see submarines. Everything looks like peri-



A "CLOSE-UP" OF OUR ENSIGN

This flag was broken out especially for our homeward journey. The flags we usually carried were about $2 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and several lasted through the war.



A GAY WARTIME PROMENADE OF BRETON FOLK

Residents of Brest and vicinity passing Hotel Bellevue, Kerhuon, summer of 1918, on way to Plougastel, to rusticate and gather strawberries (fraises). The ambitious stride of the gentleman on the right gives ample evidence of his desire to quit the mud and the steam of the city.



A LIFE FULL OF COFFEE AND ROLLS

Here is one of the latter, and a luscious one of 45 degrees, too; taken Dec. 23, 1918, between the Azores and Bermuda in the height of a blow.



MOURNING FOR THE ASSASSINATED PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL

The Portuguese flag half-masted at the custom house, Ponta Delgada, day after the killing on Sunday, Dec. 15, 1918, of Dr. Sidonio Paes, in an attempt to restore the monarchy. An Italian sailor is passing and poor people in the foreground are discussing the tragedy.



HONORING PORTUGAL'S DEAD LEADER

The picture shows the American Flag half-masted at the Consulate for Dr. Paes. William Bardel, the American Consul, notified the ships and all colors were drooped.



DESTROYER DECKS HAVE THEIR DANGERS AS WELL AS THEIR THRILLS

Three pictures taken Dec. 23, 1918, near the Azores, the third picture showing our mainmast snapped off and wireless down. In this storm the Whipple (accompanied by the Reid) lost a chief quartermaster and the Wenonah a reserve lieutenant, swept off by waves.



SUNK OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST: THE CRUISER SAN DIEGO

This prize among cruisers fell victim to a torpedo or mine July 19, 1918. Lieut. Paul F. Shortridge, later assigned to the Reid, was on her at the time. This picture was taken Dec 7, 1917, off France; the Smith is shown in distance, the Mt. Vernon is ahead,



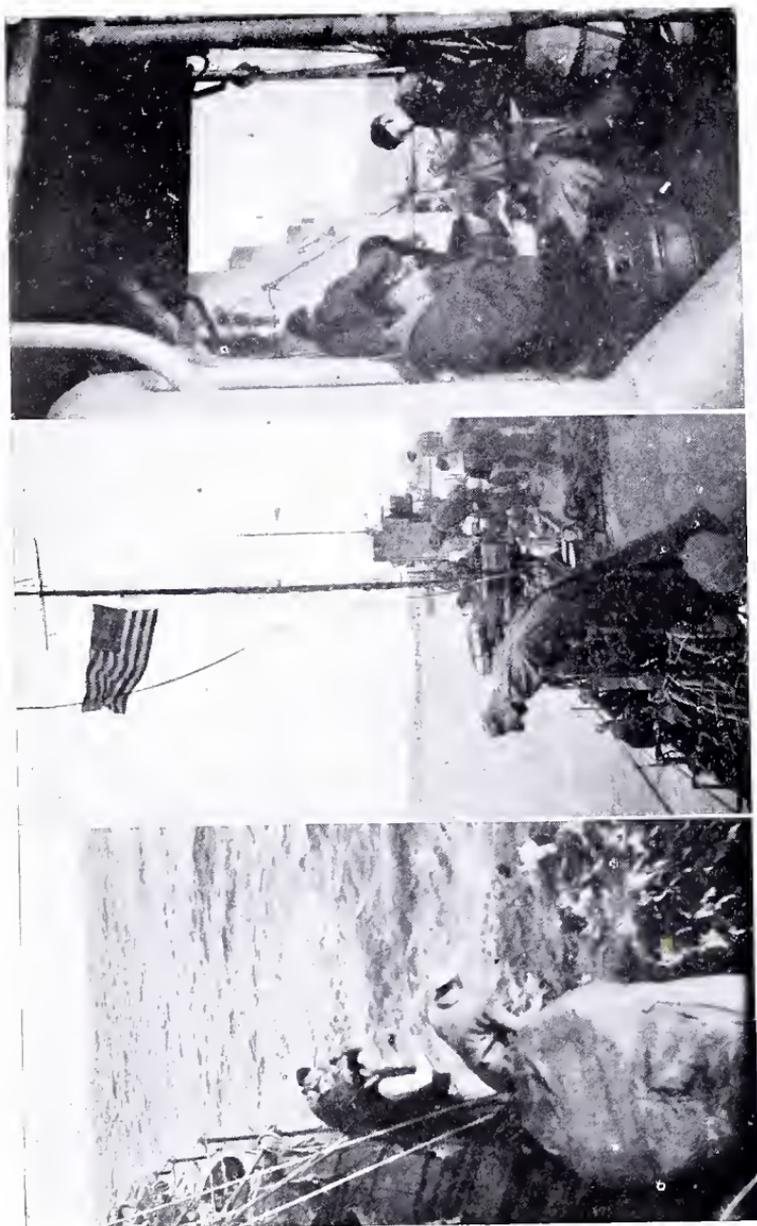
A GAME LITTLE DESTROYER, LOW IN COAL, ACCEPTS A TOW

From the Azores to Bermuda is about 2,000 miles, and in order to get across, the coal-burners were forced to carry deck-loads of coal. The Reid towed the Whipple 400 miles (40 hours at 10 knots) beginning Dec. 26, 1918, to within 100 miles of Grassy Bay, Bermuda.



OUR "HOMEWARD-BOUNDER" AT HOME

From a picture taken in a mist Dec. 31, 1918, as we passed Fort Sumter, Charleston, S. C., and entered the navy yard via the Cooper river.



CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS 900 MILES FROM LAND

The end pictures show members of the crew fishing for seaweed and reading fiction on Dec. 25, 1918, when hard-tack proved a feature of our noon meal. In center is the Flusser at Grassy Bay, Bermuda, Dec. 29, shoving off for Charleston and chafing the Reid's bow.



THE DESTROYER SIGOURNEY (51) SHOVED OFF FOR SEA

This oil burner and flush-decker was one of the latest type vessels to base on Brest, and was flagship in all of her assignments. The Lamson is to the left and the Reid to the right, with crews hauling in the slack of the lines.



A WIDE-AWAKE DESTROYER: THE CUMMINGS

After the Cassin had been torpedoed off Queenstown, the commander of U-58 went hunting the Cummings. The Fanning, protecting the Supply Ship Bridge, turned the tables on the U-58, capturing her crew, aided by the Nicholson; date, Oct. 27, 1917.



MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE FRENCH

Wilbur C. Biggs, machinist's mate, and Paul W. Gaskins, seaman, digging frog houses in the sand at Royan, mouth of the Gironde river, near Bordeaux, Aug. 18, 1918. The polite little boy in the man's hat conducted a party to the Casino and the Punch and Judy show.



THE BEST FRIENDS IN THE WORLD

Our experiences in France taught us the value of French friendship. Here we see a liberty party from the Reid fraternizing with French sailors at Royan, Aug. 18, 1918. From this point the visitors went to the bathing beach, which proved quite a breezy affair.



A REFRESHING OASIS IN THE DESERT OF SEA LIFE—

Royan, France, Aug. 18, 1918. Dropping into this crisp French summer resort for five hours, we found much of interest in the way of architecture, promenades, mademoiselles, Punch and Judy shows and champagne. The bathing costumes, by the way, proved an eye-opener.



DESTROYER CONNER WITH 60-70 TIPPECANOE SURVIVORS

On July 25, 1918, the Reid, the Conner and the Fanning raced after survivors of U. S. S. Tippecanoe, sunk about 44-36 N., 16-52 W. The Reid passed wreckage, but the Conner got the crew. Then Reid and Conner sped to intercept submarine shelling British Ship Zamora.

STANDING BY THE WING LOCKER

scopes. One fellow has got it bad. You had better keep away from him."

"Is it contagious?" I asked with a trace of apprehension.

"Not always; depends on the condition of your constitution," he replied.

I pinched myself to see how my opsonic index was getting along. It seemed to be there all right, but I was not sure but what I would have the periscopitis before night. Sort of wished I could hitch onto a cloud, but felt it would be impossible with so many grim realities around me.

Presently a seaman they called "The Bird" clambered up the ladder to the chart house and took his post beside us.

"Where the hell you been, 'Bird?'" the other sailor inquired.

"Standin' by the wing locker—where you reckon?" he asked.

"The Bird" used to be a baggageman on a well-known and popular railroad running out of Chicago and had traveled extensively as a land lubber. He was a small man of 27, with heavy wrinkles in his face, due to playing solitaire and checkers late of nights; his eyes were black and beady and close above them his dark hair grew out profusely, giving him a fierce appearance that did not exactly comport with his reputation for humor of the finest and most spontaneous kind. When he started a story or song he was in the habit of squinting sidewise at you and bending his body a trifle at the waist—like a modern Captain Kidd on the verge of shooting up a saloon on liberty, or skinning a frog alive.

"I don't get you," returned the seaman, smiling broadly.

"You been a seaman six months and don't know what the wing locker is?" inquired "The Bird." "Well, I'll tell you, Bubber. The wing locker is the place where you get your wings when a torpedo hits you. You put on the wings and fly away to the nearest land. Your uncle is captain of the wing locker; salute your captain!"

"Fine, but how do you put them on—with wax, like the

wretched Daedalus, or simply with glue?" asked the other, who was a college man.

"That's the big secret. My own invention. Costs only ten dollars to learn, and is well worth the price. First time we get abandon ship drill you stand by the wing locker with me and help me keep the bunch in line."

"The Bird" sprang away to report a cork floating on the port bow. He volunteered the information that it looked like a beer bottle cork, from which it might be inferred that Germans had passed in the neighborhood. The other lookout went into the chart house to borrow a piece of beeswax to strengthen a string, and I was left to my own reflections. My back was beginning to hurt from leaning against a protruding portion of the flag box, and I wondered if it wouldn't be possible to bring enough pressure on my congressman to cause him to introduce a bill setting aside a sum of money to provide cushions for certain places where lookouts must lean or hang in order to detect submarines. It also seemed reasonable that seats of medium comfort should be provided, because it is no easy matter to stand four solid hours on aching feet, and besides, a man can see as far in a sitting posture as in an upright position. However, Chips, our chief carpenter's mate, said it was easier to sleep sitting down, and I guess there's a good deal in that. Maybe that explains why the decks of destroyers are the only flat surfaces thereon.

As I gazed toward the far-off horizon I thought of another thing. Why shouldn't sailors have decently deep pockets to keep their effects in? Maybe you say that after a reasonable time a sailor has no effects, but that is not literally true. I know a lot of sailors that would like to carry a comb, a small looking glass and a pencil except that their three dress blues pockets measure only an inch square each. Why, lots of sailors have more gold and currency than they can carry in two pockets, and of course it is fair to allow the third—over the heart in the blouse—for a handkerchief.

Personally, I carry my money, a nub of a pencil and a wad of note paper in one pocket of my trousers, a ditty box key, a small piece of soap and some twine in the second, and cram my handkerchief into the third. Occasionally I stick post cards and letters in my flat cap—peanuts, cheese and bananas in my blouse, but that is considered very bad form, especially when gold-strippers are around. Sailors are subjected to another grim obsession in respect to clothes,—trousers legs that contain several yards too much cloth in the cuffs and not enough in the waste (we mean waist). This extravagance was practiced when sheep and the entire world were crying for more wool, just to perpetuate an absurd old custom. One excuse commonly offered for loop-legged trousers is that the men can roll up the pants legs easily when making landing parties. Don't swallow that, people of intelligence! In the first place, landing parties for sailors are very infrequent; ask the men themselves. In the second place, no captain worthy of the name would send his men on a landing party dressed in liberty blues; if a scrap was due they would go in dungarees or whites, chopping their pants legs off at the knees if necessary. Should blues by any chance be used, the water would soak through them as through a sponge, and the weight of the water and the speed of the gob would pull the pants legs down around the shins. Then once on land the great pants legs would flap about so as to tangle him up and throw him often, with possibly serious injuries, so that all in all he would be about as fit to fight as a beturbaned, rheumatic old plantation washerwoman.

There is another thing without rhyme—the flat cap. (The Blue Jackets' Manual calls the flat hat a cap and the white cap a hat; everything seems backward in this confounded outfit, so we let it go at that!) The cap grommet makes the cap set on the head like a pie plate, and spreads it out like a sail so that every little gust of wind blows it off, and, since it is round, it goes skipping down the avenue

with the speed of a hoop. The gob goes chasing after it, and of course if officers or civilians are nearby in sensible attire that stays put, that is amusing. Finally we have the thirteen buttons in the front of the pants—ye gods! No. 1 is Massachusetts and the other twelve doubtless stand for the remaining twelve original colonies, for which let us be proud of it and thankful there are not forty-eight! Otherwise we might be inclined to rip the garment slightly up the back. The rig serves at least one purpose—to make a sailor look like something foreign to land or sea.

Rear-Admiral Ralph Earle, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and a humorist beyond compare, started an interesting win-the-war measure under date of March 25, 1918, consisting of an attempt to change the old tight-fitting blouse of officers by vote to a reefer similar to that worn by British officers and American chief petty. In a memorandum to the service, Admiral Earle admitted that it might be hard to understand how a campaign could appropriately be launched through the Ordnance Department, yet he had all the dope and would present it anyhow for the sake of efficiency. Undoubtedly he drew his inspiration from the following verse written by C. McK. Lynch, Ensign, U. S. N.:

TOO TIGHT TO FIGHT

I've heard it swore in days of yore
Men went to war "too tight to fight"
With all their might.

Of Gin and Beer we now steer clear,
But to the blouse as to a spouse
Cling year by year,—
"Too tight to fight."

Last week I crossed the deep
Too tight to eat or sleep;
When two points to right
I spied and tried to cry "A periscope!"
Alas! my blouse,—I choke;
We did not float!
. . . To win the war we must have the coat!

STANDING BY THE WING LOCKER

"As to the present blouse being distinctive," continued Admiral Earle's unfeeling assault on the old order, "such an assertion is ridiculous. During the past summer, Commander Castle spent a day in the Vickers Company Yards at Barrow in Furness, England. Twice during that one day were he and companion officers mistaken for Italian officers and once for Russian officers. Being rather proud of our own service, they did not appreciate these mistakes. Again, the officer in charge of an inland ordnance plant has been taken for a hotel bell boy and never for a naval officer. How many of us have had wraps offered us and received angry expressions when we did not take them or open the automobile door and so on in public places? No one has ever thus mistaken an English naval officer. The Fall River Line and other inland water lines copy our blouse and are more gorgeous than the Admiral himself. The deep sea merchantmen seldom wear a blouse. In a conversation of two army officers recently overheard in the lobby of a theatre, the door-keeper of which wore a high, tight-fitting collar adorned with much gold braid, it was remarked that they had been much confused of late in their efforts to distinguish bell boys and porters from naval officers, but in this case felt more inclined to salute the door-keeper for one than a person in any uniform they had seen."

Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson was quoted as declaring the blouse "is an abomination and I cannot understand how any older individual who is obliged to wear it can stand by it," and Capt. W. W. Phelps was quoted as declaring "Anything to supplant that abomination called the service blouse, or service jacket, or what not."

Such changes will be entirely for the good of the service. And while the changes are being made it might be well to make more distinction between chiefs and galley aristocrats, or, to attain the ideal, to force these aristocrats by regulation to shoulder all the gold lace, braid, epaulets, chevrons and everything remotely akin to them whose strongest appeal is to vanity, mimicry, savagery and prehensibility.

These important matters I was pondering deeply when 4 o'clock came and we were relieved from watch. As we left our posts a rainstorm burst upon us. Down shot the mer-

cury to 55, a drop of fifteen degrees almost immediately. Our boatswain's mate of the watch dived into the hold and dragged forth the oilskins, and handed a suit to each lookout. The cold was so penetrating that he went down again and brought out the sheepskin coats for the first time. A high wind blew out of the southwest, driving the rain into the necks of the lookouts with a sharp pain. The sea became choppy, then our slender craft rolled like a gar-fish from side to side, varying with pitches and lurches as we changed course slightly or the sea misbehaved from a different direction. After a while the rain held up, but the wind whipped our loose canvas-ends into shreds. I was quite taken aback to see our comical steward weeping softly against the ice-box as he held on with both hands. Said a case of eggs had gone to the deck from the refrigerator top, and the responsibility would be traced back to him.

"But why grieve over demolished eggs?" I inquired reassuringly. "Nobody is responsible for such things around here."

"They are six cents apiece, and 30 dozen to the case!" he wailed.

A wave lifted us suddenly and I went down on my right hip, sustaining, as they say in Brooklyn, severe contusions and abrasions, as well as a shaking-up that transposed my entire visceral mass. Our chief pharmacist's mate rushed up with a tourniquet, some iodoform gauze and sticking plaster, and asked which I needed worst. I told him I guessed the sticking plaster would do, and I would put it on as soon as the ship got still. He said to come around in the morning to the apothecary shop and he would give me some witch hazel for soreness,—that he was well fitted out to care for the wounded. I thanked him and made my way below to the seamen's compartment and hitched to a stanchion for chow. I call attention to the stanchions because our tureens were tied to them, containing food and silverware, while the rest of the food was in aluminum platters which the mess

STANDING BY THE WING LOCKER

cooks surrounded as best they could with their feet and knees. Occasionally a platter would get away from our inexperienced mess cook of the Reserve Force and he would dive across the compartment to nab it, only to lose other vessels he had been safeguarding. The hungry sailors would lend a hand and assemble the chow again, whereupon each man would help himself and eat under whatever endurable circumstances he could find.

Gentle reader, imagine yourself perched on a camp stool with face to port and back to starboard—at the seamen's dining table—trying to steer a bowl of soup safely into your alimentary canal. The ship rolls 45 degrees, and your stool and soup bowl begin to slide at the same time. You hold the edge of the table with your left hand, clasp your spoon down hard into the bottom of the bowl to secure it, then cautiously push yourself to your feet, for the stool threatens to carry you across the compartment in a jiffy. The angle of the bowl now being constant with regard to the relation it bears to the table, the angle described by the ship's lurch spills half your soup. You quickly release your grip on the table edge and take the bowl in both hands to steady it. This leaves the soup suspended perfectly between zenith and nadir, fixed in its relation to the bowl, and altogether incomparable if you do not weaken. Stated another way, the soup will not spill, although it may be getting cold. Yet you must devise some way to eat. Your spoon and slice of light bread have been sliding all over the table, kept from hitting the wet deck only by a wooden flange. Before you can plan your campaign, your feet begin to slip and ere you can blink an eye you have slid four yards across to the starboard dining table, getting your feet hopelessly tangled up in the legs of a prostrate stool, bumping without demanding gangway into a shipmate who turns loose his soup so it fits perfectly down your neck. No apologies are needed; you are too glad that your soup is still intact and you are still existing, but ere you have recovered

from the confusion the ship rolls from 45 positive to the same negative and you rejoin your old friends the spoon and the bread where you left them a moment ago. You set the bowl down like it was a baby, cling to the table with your left hand and go after your spoon with your mighty right, hoping a lapse will come so you can swallow a spoonful and be happy. But the lapse does not come and the bowl goes caroming to the deck. All the while the mess cook has been casting angry, furtive glances at you, and he now calls you harsh names; and everybody who is not your next friend scoffs and asks how you ever pried your way into this man's organization anyhow.

I saw a queer happening which our lawyer and notary public will swear to. A tureen of canned salmon skidded off a nearby locker and hit under the starboard table. The mess cook plunged after it, but missed by a hair. The vessel bounced plumb into the lap of our Irish oiler, who shouted gleefully as he seized it with both hands, "I've got the bloody thing!" I was reminded of a fat football center receiving the ball on the kickoff in the region of his center of gravity, and not knowing what to do with it. The ship's swing-back upset our hero and the salmon slipped away from him, landing on the locker of a gunner's mate and spoiling a brand new suit of liberty blues. I had the misfortune to let a ration of stew get away from me to the deck. There was no use staying below to hear the mess cook rave, so I seized a cold potato between my teeth and followed it madly all the way to the chart house, where I feasted in peace. I was thankful to be alive,—thankful that I had a slippery deck to skate on, a speaking tube to cling to, and an oil-skin coat that fit so snugly about my neck that not more than a quart of briny water seeped in every time our good ship did a smart courtsey to the angry waves. Only a third arm could have made me happier. Every sailor needs one in his business. In the matter of prehensile things evolution has not even started to begin to provide.

STANDING BY THE WING LOCKER

The deck continued to be a sort of good-natured joggling-board that regularly teased you, smashed you and exterminated you. In another hour I had contracted "decorations" on my knees that stuck out like hen eggs, and several slivers of perfectly good epidermis had been peeled off my shins; but pains of various kinds convinced me that my heart, lungs, and diaphragm were still working, though in different places than they had occupied before. I had grown so feeble from underfeeding and excitement that anybody could have knocked me flat with a dried herring or an ostrich feather. Perhaps it would be an advantage to go below and try to sleep; but no, it was nearly as unsteady down there and I did not relish the stifling closeness of it. Furthermore, I didn't care to be calumniated by a mess cook while not able to defend myself. After a while he would surely forget, or at least listen to reason.

Along came a wave that catapulted me from one side of the ship to the other, and my head hit our boatswain's mate of the watch in the middle and sent him reeling. He seized me by the neck and looked around for a marlin-spike, but failing to find one, relented and demanded to know what I was doing near the chart house when not on duty. I stammered that I was watching the waves in order to report any submarines that might be hovering near. He shoved me into a corner and tied me about the waist to a bridge upright, saying I was a dangerous person to be loose on deck, and after two hours I might go below. I thanked him, and presently a gunner's mate staggered by, shifting from fore-castle gun to quarter deck to test his sights. A steam exhaust pipe hissed steam into my ear, and, oh! those odors from the galley!

I gazed at my shipmate appealingly.

"What are you hitched up for?" the gunner shouted.

"Got the crew's pay slips in my pocket," I replied.

"Good boy! Want any more rope?"

"Nope."

He disappeared and I was free to gaze upon the most wonderful white-caps that I had ever seen. Perhaps they were more than white-caps; they were the tops of waves 50 feet high. They flirted with us, laughed at us, danced about us and occasionally hurled themselves upon us. Hobgoblins and mermaids seemed to be tripping and splashing in a cavernous fairy kingdom, brandishing torches of fox-fire as they came and went, for it was night, and dark. Streaking through this mass of coral castles and gay sea sprites we appeared to be a huge dragon breathing hot blasts of flame from our nostrils and loosing reserve stocks of fire from our sides and tail. The fancy sorties of the waters gave the effect of myriads of subdued electric lights. It was the phosphorus in the sea. Huge fish sped toward us to see what brand of monster we could be, then swished away at right angles or turned tail about as they realized we traveled without fins. Little fountain spouts grew up out of the wave tops and broke into fine rainbow spray. Overhead a hazy white canopy encompassed it all, with now and then a star shining dimly. Professor Paine's peerless fireworks were nothing by comparison. My second self told my mortal self that I was lucky to gaze upon a scene like this, that submarines did not matter, and that I should take a brace if I wished to survive. My mortal self replied to my second self that my fate was a matter of indifference so long as I could have an end of the agony.

It was now time to go below and I unhitched and put the rope coil under my belt for future use. A sudden encounter with a wave sent me to my hands and knees. Bethlehem steel is hard, so I crawled the distance to the ladder and fell to the quarter-deck, then fell down the other ladder to the head of my bunk. Only one light was burning, and it was all wrapped up in black cotton socks so the subs couldn't see us far. I groped my way to my bunk and removed my shoes, this being an old custom with sailors, to rest the feet. Then I stretched out and was ready for a

STANDING BY THE WING LOCKER

few hours of slumber. However, the waves continued to pound us and make the night hideous. The machinery creaked and groaned and a leaky steam pipe kept whistling like a peanut parcher. I thought I could hear one or two men snoring, but I could not go to sleep. To stay in my bunk it was necessary to run my arms beneath an elastic strap that goes over the middle of my mattress and under the metal cot. In this position I remained doggedly silent until midnight, when our watch was called again. I was so sleepy that I remembered little of what happened during the next four hours, except that at the end of it I noticed a radio man swinging around No. 1 smokestack in an effort to snag our flying wireless apparatus and put it to rights again. After two or three hours more of misery on the bunk, breakfast time came, with beans and loaf bread as the menu, and I felt sure I would be lucky to stomach a single bean. While I was not exactly sea-sick, I was very much disturbed on the interior. Beans didn't look a bit good to me. They were about as acceptable as fried eggs on the seventh successive day, yet I was forced to eat something or could not possibly stand another watch. Besides, the bean has been considered standard since time began, and to eat it is largely an expression of patriotism and satisfaction with the established order of things. Our sea cook—better known as the First Lord of the Galley—stood up for the bean whenever it was attacked from any quarter. Our comical steward swore by the Irish potato because he could disguise it so easily,—by mixing with salmon, corned beef, soup, hash, salads and other things. However, the sailors do not get salads often; and when they do they always get red pepper and raw onions. Our First Lord of the Galley insists that sailors don't rate much, and lets them know their place whenever possible. He always fed himself well, it was openly charged; ate dessert, peaches and pears in the hold while the crew were eating their beans.

At the table we did not waste much time on etiquette. To

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

wash your face for breakfast during a hurricane was considered a decided economic disutility; then we didn't care much whose place we occupied just so we got a mouthful of grub. But one thing we always insisted on, and that was for a man to remove his headgear at meals. It didn't make any difference whether a fellow had on any pants or not, but he musn't presume to wear a white hat or a watch cap. Everybody would howl him out of the compartment.

Wednesday continued rough, but Shorty insisted that the deck hands should wash down deck as usual. He claimed that our executive officer would fuss if he saw cinders around the smoke stacks, but Bullard, who used to be captain of a tugboat in the East River, opined that he would never see them. Seemed like all our chief petty officers had out forked sticks for their men. The gunner's mates had to remove gun covers and grease the guns, the heaves were ordered to shovel more coal, and the engine room force to do repair work on the side. Looked like time for the yeomen to get busy, so our other yeoman started shining a brass stanchion with emery paper, while I tied to the ammunition hoist abaft of the seamen's compartment hatch and began to prepare a survey on the eggs that had gone overboard the day before. When we survey things it is first necessary to fill in a form containing a request from our surveying officer to our commanding officer for the survey to be held. This form is heavily signed, countersigned and witnessed, whereupon our commanding officer addresses a form permission or order to the surveying officer, also heavily signed and countersigned. The surveying proper consists of giving the history of the article as far back as it is known—when received, when lost or discarded, cost, characteristics in use, etc., etc. As I was estimating the age of our eggs our junior lieutenant, formerly an efficiency expert in New York who manufactured celluloid collars, some of which have quite a vogue in the ward-room, came along and asked what I was doing. I told him

and he seemed very much interested; wanted to know all about our system, how I worked the job and how it worked me. I explained that the job had been wished on me by our ensign, and that while business methods were new to me I was picking up ideas fast. I was continuing the system which I found in vogue when my predecessor jumped overboard,—and really was not responsible for it. He asked a good many embarrassing questions, against which I braced myself and tried to answer.

"Could you tell me instantly how many hen eggs to the egg you have aboard?" he inquired.

"Heavens, no!" I exclaimed, almost forgetting that I was in the presence of an officer. "A good many of our eggs are duck eggs, and there are some guinea eggs, too."

"Could you tell me how old the mackerel is in the hold?" he persisted.

"Not exactly, sir," I replied uneasily, "but it must be pretty old. The crew won't touch it any more."

I gained a little advantage by warning the lieutenant to look out for a wave that was headed our way, but he kept on.

"You could not tell the age of your mackerel or the exact number of your eggs unless you kept a perpetual stock record, could you?"

"I suppose not, sir," I answered, wondering what a perpetual stock record could be and shuddering at the thought that it might have to be installed.

"I guess I had better investigate the yeoman office to see just what you've got, if anything," said he coolly, and our executive officer, who had come up in time to hear part of the conversation, hit us again:

"Two yeomen hammering on typewriters will never win the war."

Our executive officer always considered yeomen a sort of necessary evil, but we had managed by painting the office once to forestall a searching investigation, so that when

the officers came below thereafter they would only sniff contemptuously. I started to say that I was in favor of a more vigorous policy myself; that our side could do a great deal more fighting if we only did less bookkeeping and note writing; and that it would be a distinct public service if we could make reports annually and spend the rest of the time digging for the enemy. A hot siege of correspondence, for instance, had once upset our war plans considerably. Our superiors ashore wanted to put metal treads in our galley, claiming it would keep the cooks from slipping up; but we had tried them once and found that when they got wet they were more slippery than ice, banana peelings or anything you can think of. The correspondence would fill a book; we are carrying it yet. So with countless other musty records which we fear to touch; but at that I suppose we are contributing a bit to the sum total of good, because every ounce of ballast counts heavily when we are leaning at 45-degree angles and higher.

Our executive officer disappeared in the wardroom in time to close the door on a wave, and there reported to our captain that our \$40 chopping block had just been swept overboard. He also said he had investigated strange noises in the galley and found a hind quarter of beef flopping around among the pots and kettles.

"Sounded like the biscuits they cooked last week," drily remarked the captain. "Looks like they never went to sea before,—the way they tie things down."

Luckily our sea cook did not hear that remark, else it might have finished him. His record showed that he rendered valiant service as a coal heaver in the Battle of Santiago, had gradually worked up to ship's cook, first class, and was entitled by virtue of so many re-enlistments to wear more service stripes on his forearm than an admiral. He possessed an originality that extended far beyond culinary affairs. The term "automatic boob" originated in the galley, being applied at every favorable opportunity to all

STANDING BY THE WING LOCKER

young mess cooks who ball things up to the dissatisfaction of their superior in rank. However, our First Lord of the Galley had his downs as well as his ups. He had incurred the ire of our chief petty officers by serving out too much cold food, part of which they claimed was raw. In their eyes he was the champion can-opener of the maritime world, and on this particular day they paid him a visit in committee of the whole.

"Look a-here," began the largest of the committee, without saluting, "get busy and send down some hot food. Cook it better. Snap out of your bunk earlier in the morning. No use to get in wrong with the crew. Do you suppose anybody would throw you a life-preserver if you went overboard?"

The chiefs were flanked by a liberal assemblage of quartermasters, seamen, firemen and gunner's mates, including the Captain of the Hold, the Captain of the Wherry and the Captain of the Phonograph. All held on to something as we rocked about.

"I would throw him the anvil," interposed a mess cook.

The First Lord started to say something about "Chief Pettifogging Ossifers tryin' to stir things up;" he said no mortal could do more than heat water under the awful conditions, but he was told to pipe down and deliver the goods. A marked change came shortly. Evidently our First Lord considered the anvil.

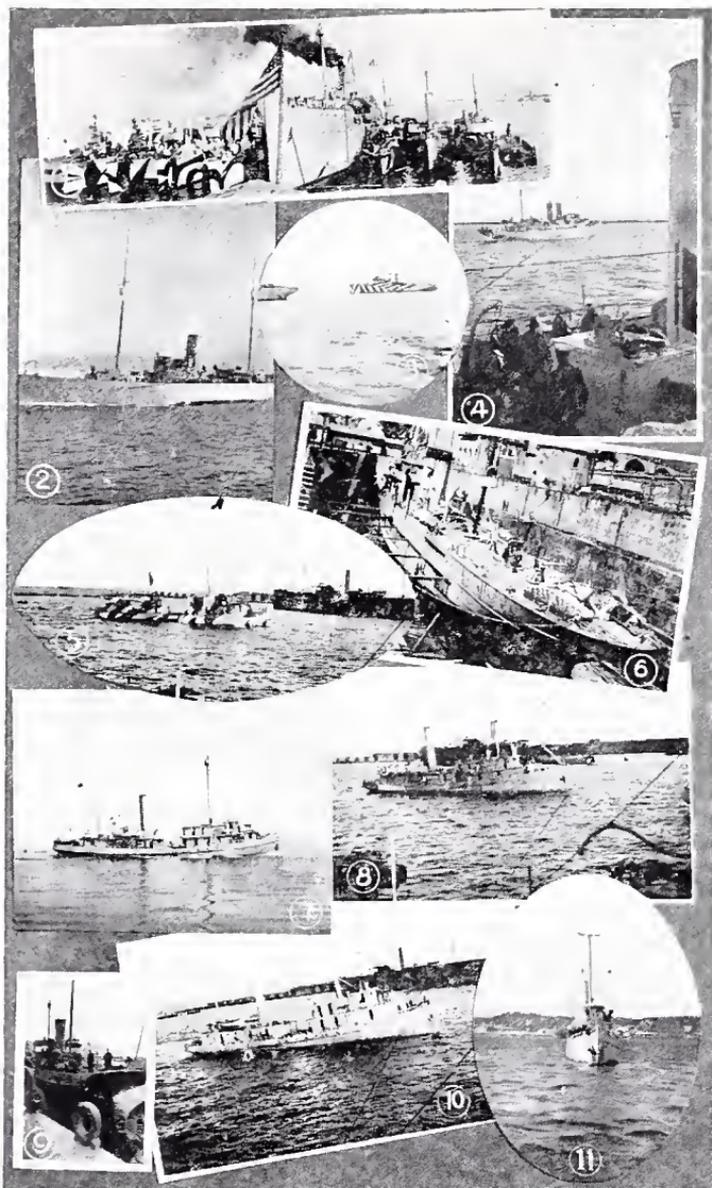
The wind had now shifted. It was boosting us from the port quarter, nearly dead astern, raising huge waves that carried us high and let us slide at an angle into the trough of the sea. As the elements continued to harry us I could notice a changing sentiment among certain members of the crew,—mostly the green material. Several expressed the opinion that we would soon break in the middle; it was only a question of time. Others were too far gone to have any opinion about anything, and lay helpless, clutching wherever they could gain a hold. These were attended

by their close friends, who were utterly unable to help. Our lawyer held to a table and scribbled on a pad. He was framing a poor devil's will. The recruits had long since forgotten about the U-boats, and would gladly have swapped our storm for one. A brave lad from the Middle West suggested that it might be well to throw out some ballast—too much water was flowing through the hatches to feel comfortable. He said we might spare a ton or so from the forward hold, which was crammed with smoked shoulders, flour, sugar, lard, assorted jams and jellies, evaporated milk, chipped beef and sea biscuits. Our Captain of the Paint Locker replied that he wouldn't give up any ballast, but that Shorty might, such as leather, bath bricks, soap powder, turpentine, padlocks, boot-topping, snap hooks and cutlasses.

"His rat guards could also be spared," asserted our Jack of the Dust, who helps with the commissary. "Who ever heard of hunting submarines with rat guards?"

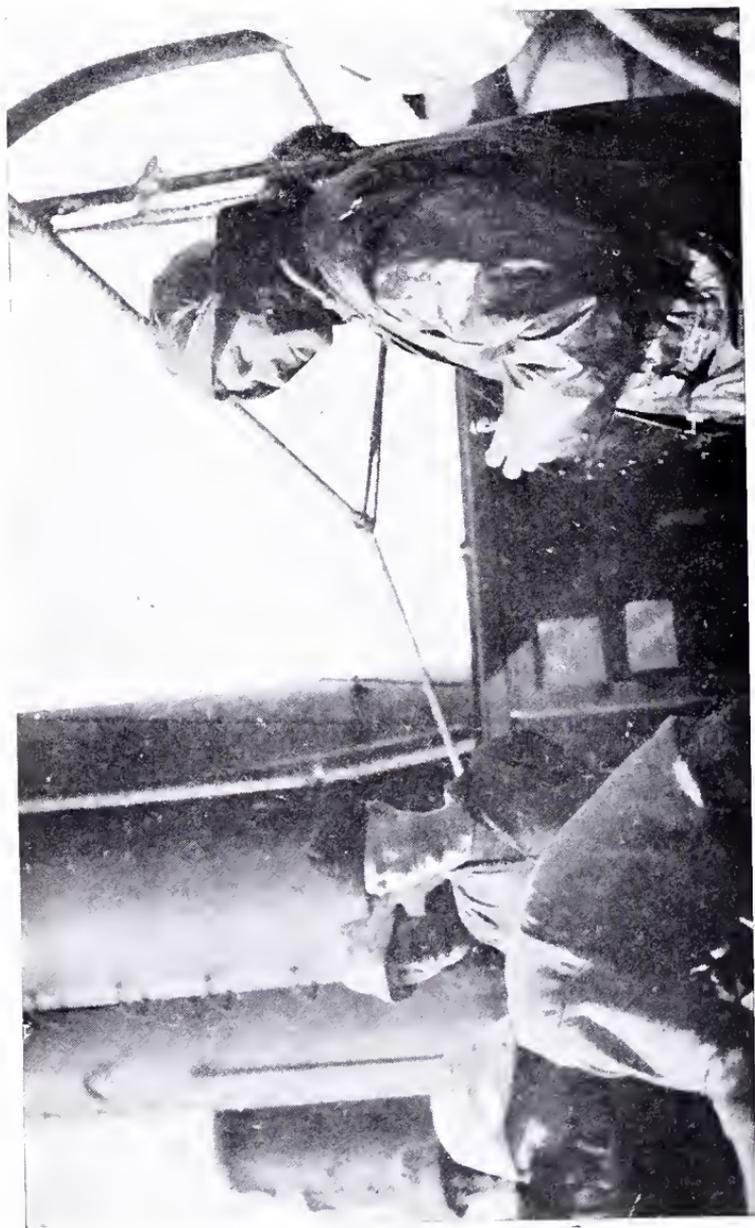
A deck hand who has a righteous respect for Shorty passed the buck to the Engineering Department, which he said was about to sink the ship with enough truck to outfit several auxiliary cruisers, and including solder bars, sal-ammoniac, bolts and nuts, brass unions, packing sticks, rat-tail files, tallow candles and flake graphite. None of the department people would give up a pound. The only volunteer was a seaman who said if necessary he could spare a guitar.

Wednesday night our Doc ministered unto the needy, shooting half the crew full of candy pills, and Thursday did not look any better. The storm gave us a terrible pummeling, and off in the distance our convoy was madly struggling like a devil's-horse dashing up a window pane or an ancient dinosaur extricating himself from a hole of mud. Off our port beam the other destroyer lay mastless but grand, behaving like a hobby-horse, but never giving up the fight. My extra store of vitality returned at this



THEY PUT IT OVER "OVER THERE"

1.—Prometheus, Smith, Lamson, Flusser, Reid, Preston, Whipple, Harvard, Stewart, at Brest 2.—Corsair. 3.—Isabel 4.—Noma. 5.—Hubbard. 6.—Isabel. 7.—Mine sweeper. 8.—Rehoboth. 9.—Harvard. 10 & 11.—James.



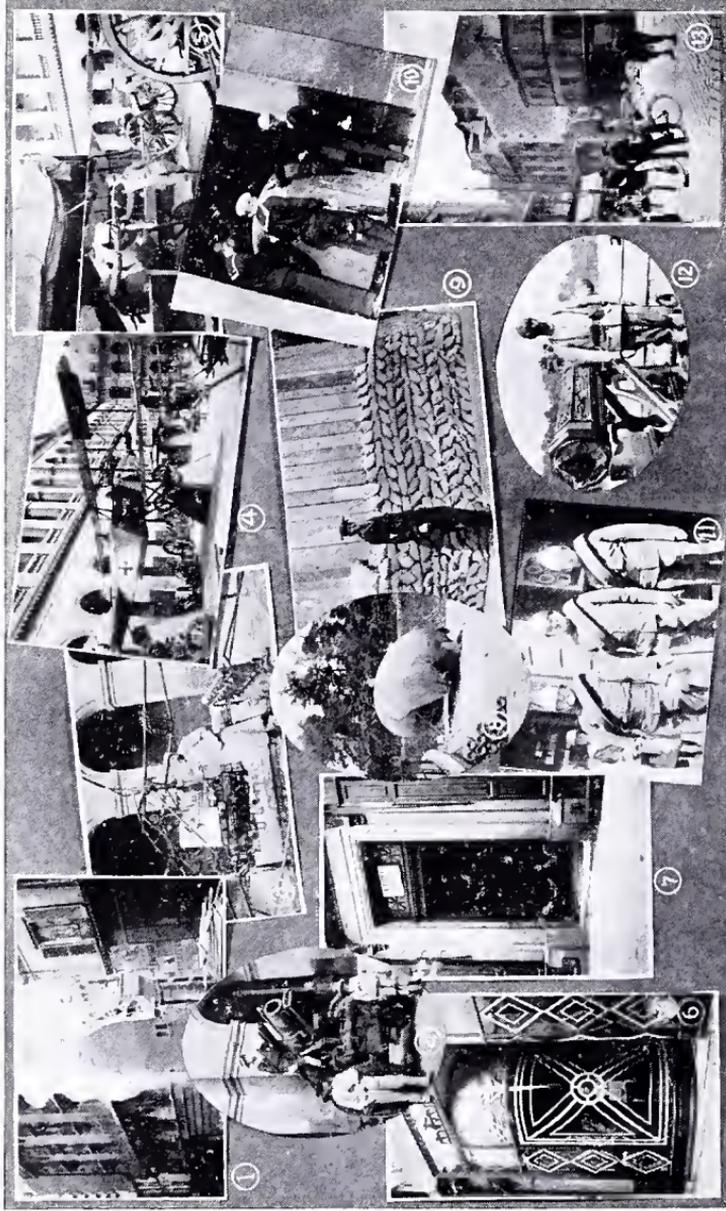
"BROWNIE" AND "MATES" PROTECTING STARBOARD BEAM

No. 1 Gun Crew training on target at 1,600 yards, Sept. 26, 1918. The men have just answered a call to General Quarters and have taken stations previously assigned. The low position of this gun makes it difficult to stay on the object when the waves are rolling high.



UP 40 FEET TO THE CROW'S NEST

This point of vantage was used to sight things from afar and to knock sea-sickness out of "New Navy" men. Seaman Timothy Brown, author of "Dear Family Letters", is shown taking his post.



PARIS DURING BOMBARDMENT BY 75-MILE GERMAN GUN

1 & 13.—Six-story building razed by "Big Bertha" shell. 2, 3, 4 & 10.—German war trophies. 5.—Guynemer's airship, at the Invalides. 6.—Windows protected from shrapnel. 7.—Abri (cellar) for refuge in air raids. 8.—Captive balloon ("the educated pig"). 9.—Le Matin office exterior. 11.—Alertemen. 12.—Russian cannon captured by Napoleon.



HERE'S YOUR LINK, MR. DARWIN!

Two of our galley aristocrats in a protective coloration and personal adornment scheme that suggests the evolutionary course of gold braid. "New Navy" men, do not smile!



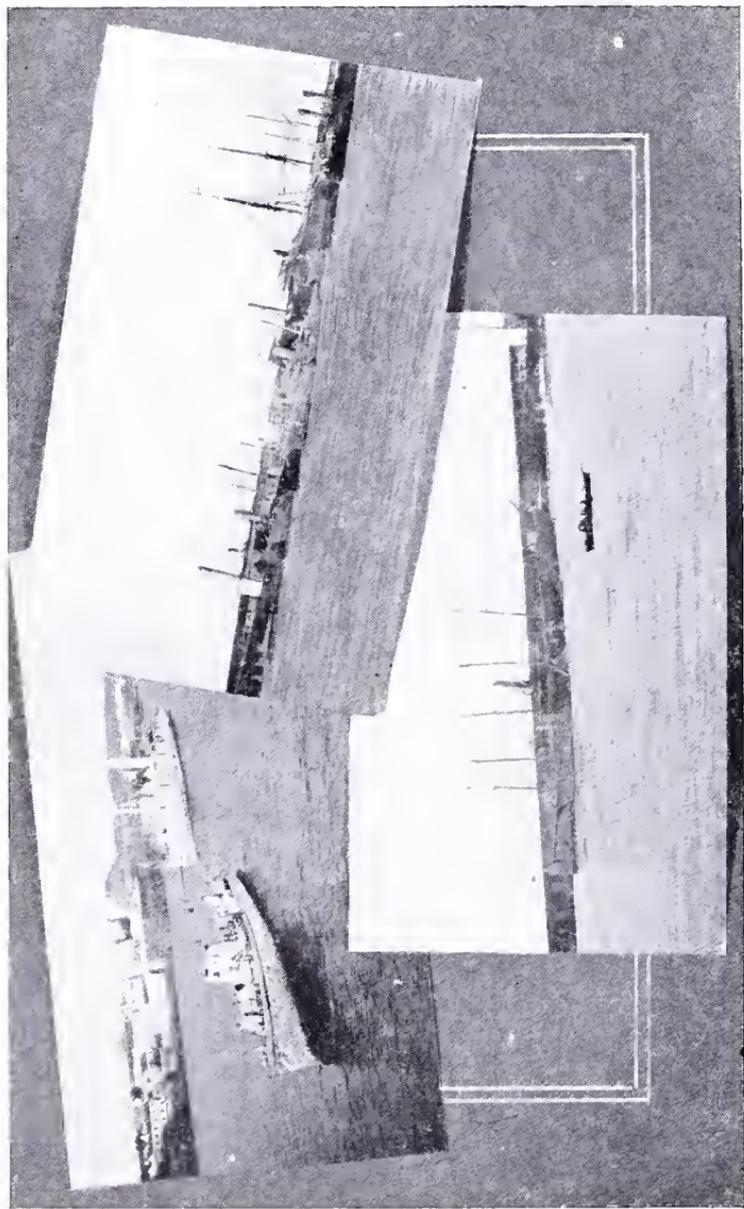
THREE LARGE SHIPS WHICH DID GOOD WORK

At top, the Wilhelmina, unloading cargo on lighter at Brest, France, winter of 1918. At right, the United Fruit Steamer Tenadores, and a French submarine steaming into base at Brest. At bottom, the Steamship France, largest of the French transports, which carried many doughboys across.



PLEASE PAGE MR. JOHN BURROUGHS!

"Mike" Tracey, chief water tender, and canaries bought in the Azores which hatched three little birds in the firemen's compartment during a fierce storm.

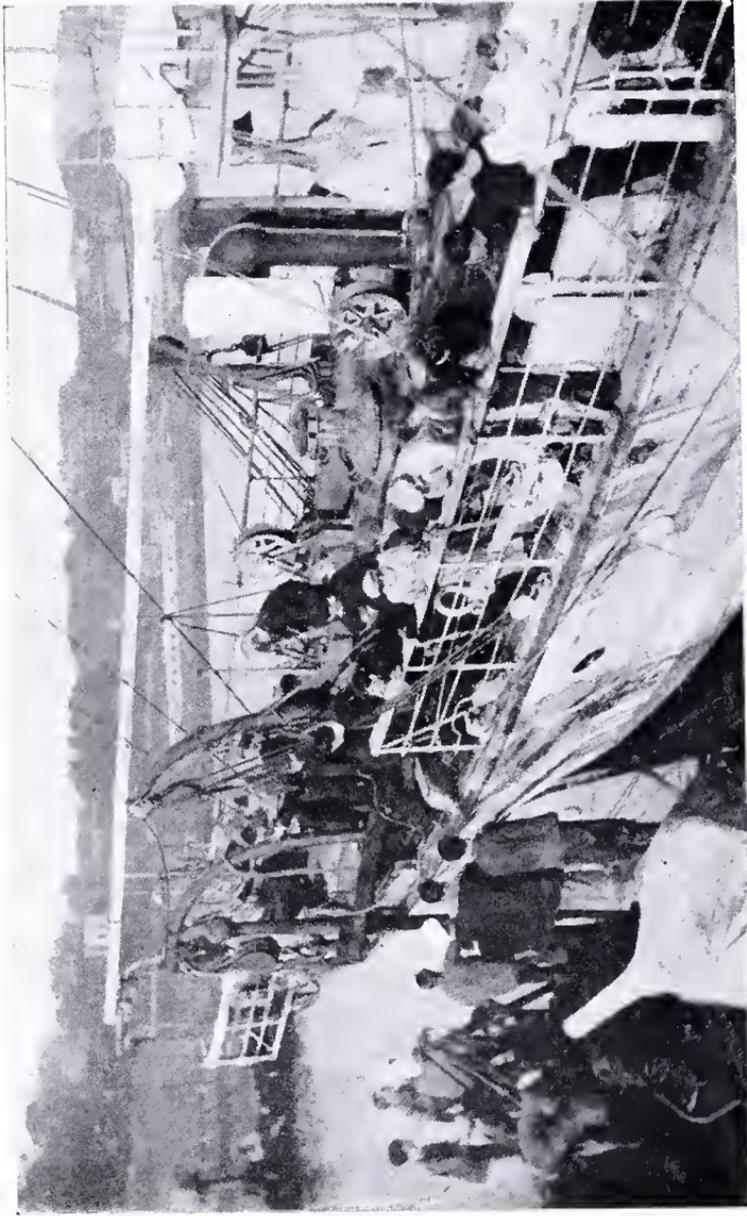


THE "EASTER EGG FLOTILLA" AS IT REACHED PONTA DELGADA
On Sunday, August 19, 1917, a number of converted American yachts stooed into the Azores for a short stay. At right are the Alcedo, Carola IV, Corona, Wanderer and Eneline; at bottom, Guinevere alongside Panther; at top-left, a submarine chaser and a tug arriving Sept. 6, 1917.



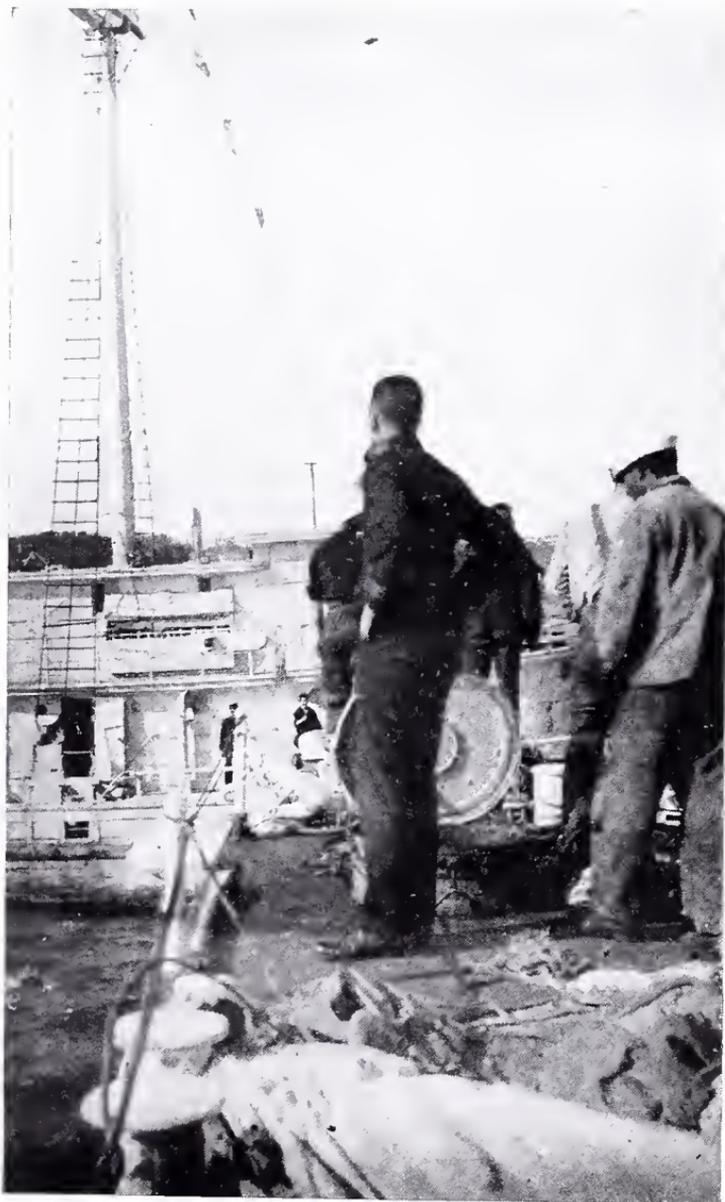
A SURVIVOR OF TWO DISASTERS

Seaman W. R. Guyton, of Defiance, Pa., was on the Tug Rehoboth, swamped and sunk Oct. 4, 1917, and the Yacht Alcedo, sunk by torpedo Nov. 5, 1918, off France.



THESE "LIMEYS" WRECKED OUR LIBRARY

On Dec. 8, 1918, the Reid was lying alongside the British Cable Layer John Pendar at Brest, and our British sailor friends came over to see us. One of the visitors was given several books, and his companions came back and took all we had.



"YOU HAVE PLAYED HELL NOW!"

The excitement caused by the James' ramming was like swatting a hornet's nest. A sickening crash, our stern rose high, and we piled out from below.



NINE SNAPPY VIEWS OF ROYAN, FRANCE

Royan is at the mouth of the Gironde River near Bordeaux, and is one of the most attractive summer resorts in the Republic. Outside of the beach and the harbor the features are the Casino, the dummy-line, the Punch & Judy Show and the park spaces.



YO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!

Give them the once-over, folks! Here they are in their native environment, a straight-from-the-shoulder bunch who work when they work and play hard rest of the time.



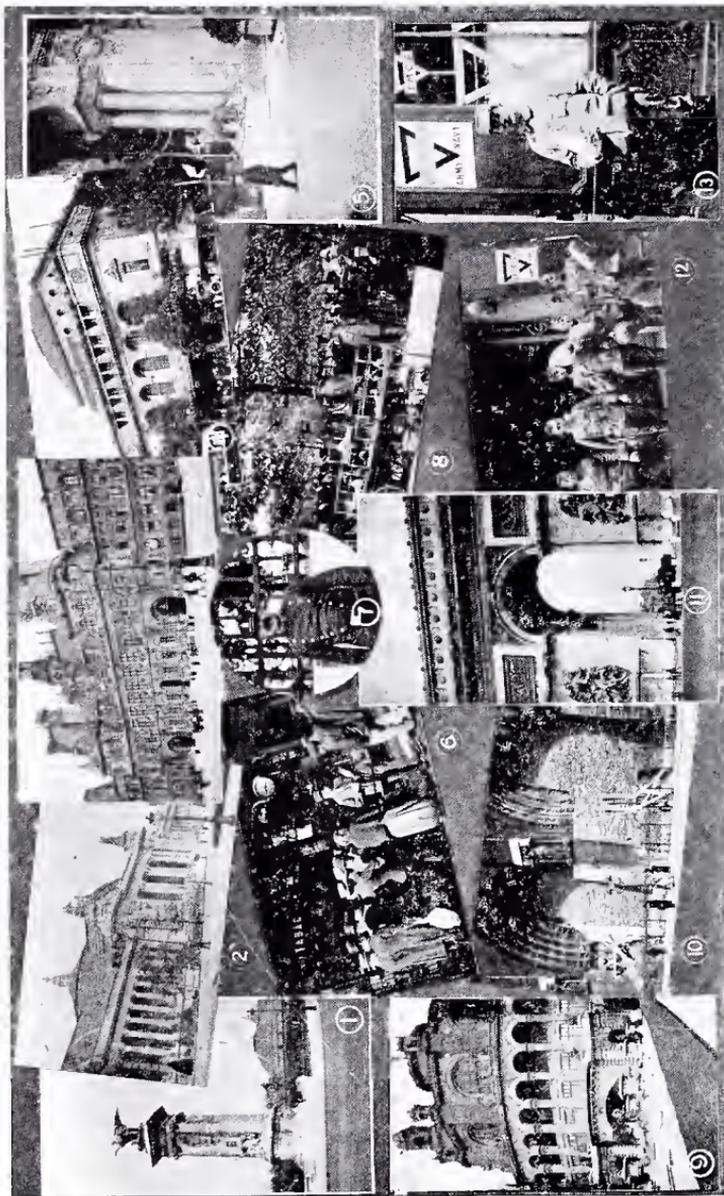
WHERE THE SEAMAN CATCHES IT

Capt. Slayton returning aboard on Dec. 15, 1917, from Madawaska (Konig Wilhelm II) in Quiberon Bay; rough water gave the boat crew a good taste of salt.



A PASSENGER FROM PORTUGAL

After a sharp blow, A. J. Croft, H. M. S. Victory, declared: "Hereafter when I see an American sailor, I shall say, 'There goes a very salty man!'"



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF PARIS IN WAR TIME

- 1.—Pont Alexandre. 2.—Grand Palais. 3.—Hotel de Ville. 4.—Sarab Bernhardt Theatre. 5.—Beaux Arts. 6.—A tobacco line. 7.—A gendarme. 8.—Latin Quarter trading place. 9.—Trocadero. 10.—Notra Dame Cathedral. 11.—Arc de Triomphe. 12.—Doughboy group. 13.—Wounded Poilu at Y. M. C. A. Pictures taken May 26-29, 1918, during bombardment.

stage of the voyage, perhaps due to the fact that I had eaten two hard-boiled eggs and a sea biscuit, and in an unguarded moment I climbed to the bridge to watch the wonderful scenery. I say unguarded because it is a horrible thing for a gob to loaf around this sacred shrine. It is comparable to doing unauthorized work, or looking cross-eyed at a chief petty officer, or lounging on deck lost in a love story when brass parts are due to be shined. The bridge is reserved exclusively for the commissioned officers, the quartermasters and the helmsman. Anybody else's feet are in the way and are apt to get stepped on. There would be only enough room for the quartermasters if the officers and the helmsman didn't play such an important part. Officers and helmsman are accordingly allowed a small space, with the further provision that the helmsman must apologize at stated intervals for his existence.

I reached the bridge deck unobserved and was drinking in the glorious sight. It felt fine to be so high where nothing could hit you but a light spray, and I could eat that. I hooked my elbow around a metal support of the searchlight platform. The officers had no good handholds and were slipping about like drunken men on roller skates. Our captain was almost unrecognizable in a saffron-colored slicker that hung down to his heels, and on his head was perched a southwester to match. He reminded me of the old salt who swings an enormous fish over his shoulder and advertises cod-liver oil. They say our captain used to teach school and at little entertainments became expert in legerdemain,—that he could play card tricks and take bowls of gold-fish out of handkerchiefs and rabbits out of silk hats. Maybe he had conjured the submarines out of the ocean. It looked very much that way.

Our Junior Lieutenant appeared to have unusually good sea legs, for he could stand with his arms folded, shifting from foot to foot, stolid and Napoleon-like. Our ensign was staggering under the weight of a life preserver and a

number of coats,—all bundled up like an Eskimo, with nothing of his anatomy showing but his eyes.

Our chief petty officers hanging under the wings of the chart house had not shaved in nearly a week, and looked like they might have made good if given a trial with the modern Captain Kidd. Grotesque figures draped in horse-cloth outer garments topped off with hoods, aviator style, hovered wherever corners were.

My picnic ended there. My unholy presence had been discovered by a quartermaster, a "meal ticket sailor" of the Old Navy.

"What'll ye have, ye rumsकुल्लion?" he demanded fiercely. "A punch in the nose?"

I looked for a hole to crawl into. None was handy, so I replied:

"Please, sir, sparrow me; I did not mean any harm."

He turned to get back on course and when he looked around I was gone. But before I left I saw our captain hand our executive officer half of an egg sandwich, having devoured the first half himself. I took the shortest route down,—bridge chart desk to Charley Noble, Charley Noble to quarter deck,—Charley Noble being the smoke stack that emits odors from the galley right under the nose of the searchlight platform lookout. Presently the officers gathered in the wardroom to finish their meal. The chairs were lashed around the table with ropes, and the officers stood shakily spearing at the various articles of food. Our captain was wrestling with a piece of steak—it may have been army mule—and saying he would like to trade it for a baked apple or salmon croquette. Our junior lieutenant was trying to dig into an orange with one hand, while our ensign was yelling into the galley for double-quick on a ham sandwich.

"It is 24 hours since I have slept," declared our navigation officer, yawning.

"I can't remember when I slept last," returned our en-

STANDING BY THE WING LOCKER

gineer officer, "but I remember very distinctly having fallen out of my bunk five times. Some voyage, I call it."

That night after chow we began to ship water in the seamen's quarters, until the deck had a good six inches which sloshed from side to side and stole into our lockers, keeping everybody up until nearly dawn. Jolly spirits helped matters as we baled; "The Bird" began to sing,

We are jolly old tars of the sea,—yo-ho,
It's a jolly old life for me, you know,
And I'd rather be here with a keg of lagerbeer
Than bouncing my girl on my knee,—yo-ho!

"You're a cheerful liar!" piped a machinist's mate, and then several joined in the chorus. Our Filipino wardroom steward hauled out his mandolin and began to play. All our lights were turned on so we could see to arrange our things. No submarine could exist in such a storm. The ordinary rules of safety were suspended so we could save ourselves from a nearer danger.

On Friday our chief quartermaster made the following entry in the deck log:

"The storm continued. At 10:20 A. M. the vessel rolled so far to starboard that the water circuit in the circulators was broken, putting the engines out of commission. At 10:30 the trouble was remedied and we proceeded on our course."

Friday night Shorty rushed excitedly into the wardroom to announce:

"Sir, it grieves me to report that we have lost overboard a set of running lights, a bow pudding, a set of oars, a boat cloth, a set of cushions and covers, a boat grapnel, an anchor, 20 fathoms of chain, a bucket, a fire extinguisher, a set of gripes, a set of canopy covers, a deck and boat book, four boat fenders, two double wooden block swivel hooks, —"

"Stop!" ordered our Captain sharply. "What in the world has happened?"

"That ain't half yet," drawled Shorty, who was now reading from a hastily-drawn list, all wet with salty spray. "We also lost, sir, two suits of oilskins, two boat cradles, two flag staffs, twelve vest life preservers, two circular life buoys, two monkey wrenches, a pair of ride cutter's pliers, a cold chisel, six spark plugs, two squirt cans and 24 emergency rations."

"Land save us!" shrieked our captain, throwing his hand to his head. "The motor-boat's gone overboard again!"

"There was one other article," said Shorty, fumbling with his list. "A medicine ball."

"What was the medicine ball doing in the motor-boat?" demanded our executive officer.

"Some of the sailors slipped it in there; was to have played the natives a game on the day we shoved off."

"Guess our baseball outfit was in it, too," suggested our ensign.

"Maybe; I dunno for sure," answered Shorty as he beat it aft.

Saturday dawned bright and clear. During the night we had lost our convoy, but after putting on 20 knots we picked her up again and steamed into our harbor, where Sweeney took the names of all who wanted liberty to test the Irish brand of grog. The sun warmed us up again and as the sailors pulled themselves together and swapped yarns about the deck the news of the birth of three canaries in the storm reached the wardroom.

Our captain rang for our chief boatswain's mate, who appeared.

"Shorty, is it true that Mike's canaries hatched young birds Thursday?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me all about it."

"Three out of four eggs hatched, sir. The old birds had been settin' for nearly three weeks."

"Good; I guess Mike gets the red suspenders."

STANDING BY THE WING LOCKER

"But the mother bird stepped on one and killed it."

"Well, the others will grow up."

"No, sir,—Mike just took the cage up on deck to sun. Must have been too cold for 'em."

"The old birds will raise more, won't they?"

"No, sir; it was this way: Mike let the mother out of the cage to stretch her wings and a seagull ate her up. All we got left is the father bird, sir, and somebody's done pulled his tail-feathers out!"



Life Aboard Ship



IT is not often that a ship can boast of a sailor who, in addition to doing his regular work about the deck, can find time and inclination to write vividly and grippingly of the things he does and sees day by day; but in Timothy Brown the Reid had such a man. "Brownie" wrote from the Azores Islands and France a series of "Dear Family" Letters to his homefolks in Madison, Wis., that contain the best material of its kind we have been able to find, and we take pleasure in presenting it here after saying a few words about "Brownie" himself.

"Brownie" had graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1911 and from Harvard Law School in 1914, moved away to Milwaukee, and was enjoying a good law practice when war for us was declared. His friends urged him to go into intensive training to become an officer, but "Brownie" declared he wanted to get into the game quickly so as not to miss any experiences or opportunities for useful service, so he signed up with the recruiting officer at Milwaukee as a second-class seaman. From there he proceeded to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he got his first touch of the life, fighting his way with the rest of the sailors into the chow compartments, but without any broken bones. This was aboard the Receiving Ship Prinzess Irene (later renamed the Pocahontas, and used to transport troops abroad), from which ship, on or about June 8, 1917, "Brownie" went to become a member of the crew of the Reid.

Having previously dined with tramps and kings, it did not upset "Brownie" in any respect to join a submarine destroyer of the so-called "Dungaree

Navy." He could either get along in peace with the crew or use his fists; and he could tell many so-called authorities things about seafaring they never heard of before. As a sailor he was always first to rouse out of his bunk in the morning, always lowest in the stifling dust of the coal lighter when the crew were coaling ship, and always the last to ask a hand on anything he could do for himself. He was advanced rapidly to the places of seaman, coxswain and boatswain's mate; and then he stood the second best examination in a European port for advancement to temporary ensign as a regular of the establishment, and after seemingly unnecessary delays he received his commission, in June, 1918. "Brownie" was advanced again, to the rank of lieutenant (junior grade), with which rank he finished the war voyage with the Reid and was discharged so he could resume the practice of law. It is unnecessary to say that as an officer his orders were promptly obeyed with spirit, and when he left the ship he was given the glad hand by the entire crew and three rousing cheers. "Brownie" exemplified the spirit of patriotic young America in the war, and it remains for some author who wants a good subject to take a hint from "Tom Brown at Oxford" and write fully of "Tim Brown at Sea."

So get underway, "Brownie"; tell our families like you told your own how we lived on the Good Ship Reid!

TELLS OF ODD INCIDENTS.

Ponta Delgada, Azores,
August 20, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

This has been a big day, for another mail came, with many letters and papers for the boys. I have read my letters and made a start on the rest. I am so glad to hear

from you all. Your letters are so much more interesting when you are at home than when you were shooting around foreign ports.

Things are going along well. We have the most delightful temperature, both for working and for sleeping. We don't get more than our share of rain, but it usually comes down just after we have spread out our bedding to air. The place where we stay mostly while not at sea is attractive and most picturesque ashore, while the harbor life is always interesting, and the boats of the inhabitants are so well kept that it is a pleasure to see and watch them. There is one little schooner in particular that is a perfect joy and she is not a yacht, but a cargo boat at that. An old man owns and runs her, and spends his time shining and rubbing her up, except a few times a day when he crawls into his dinghy and sculls himself around the harbor, or ashore for a bottle of red wine. He is known to us as Robinson Crusoe, and fits the part to a nicety, but Friday must have got away from him.

Speaking of schooners, we passed one the other day with her name, "Bom Jesus," painted in big white letters on the stern. The crew stared and one man exclaimed, "Bum Jesus! What a hell of a name!"

Funny things keep happening. For some time no one seemed to have a taste for spuds, and the same dish of them, boiled with the jackets on, came down from the galley for several meals. Of course in their many journeys they get rather dilapidated. One day they didn't appear. We asked the mess cook where they were and he said: "They done wore out." I guess they did. Anyway, our appetites returned and we are now eating a new lot.

The old boat rolls quite a bit and pitches like a hobby-horse, but I will start a letter and tell you how glad I was to get a fine lot of mail day before yesterday. I have been busy ever since and this is the first chance I have had to write.

A couple of nights ago I saw a beautiful sight at sea. The sea was full of sportive fish and phosphorus. We would plow along and the sea would get all milky, and gradually lighter and brighter till a whole school of fish would come to the surface, and then—how the fire would flash! And we kept running from one school of porpoises to another, and you bet they made some fireworks, and I could trace their paths way below the surface by the white trails

they made as they plunged along. I never saw anything just like it, nor do I expect to.

Night watches are always quite interesting anyway—at least the start of each and the finish of each are. The boatswain of the watch comes down and wakes you. There is no light at all, or at most one very heavily shaded, so you dress in the dark and go up on deck. It is dark there, too, except for the stars, but there is quite a little activity—men coming off watch and others going to take their places pass each other, hanging on to the life lines—coal heavers, all tired and grimy, coming forward to the wash room with their pails, towels and clean clothes; engineers trying to rub off some of the oil with handfuls of waste; and deck hands all bundled up in pea-coats or oil-skins and wearing life-preservers. There is a little crowd around the galley where the new watch gets a cup of "Java" (coffee) and a sandwich, and the old watch stops to take a smoke and discuss something that has been sighted, a submarine lying in our course ahead, or to kid the unlucky one who reported a "light" that later turned out to be the moon. Then the ship quiets down for another four hours, and those who have been relieved go below, where it seems warm and stuffy after the cool night air; and they get undressed (some of them) and pile into their bunks. Pretty soon someone starts to talk in his sleep, but not enough for you to learn his secrets, for he is mixing Portuguese with his English; and you try to find some way to lie so you won't roll around or out of the bunk; and the cups and dishes clatter in the mess lockers and something slides off the range in the galley and bangs on the steel deck like a giant hammer in the establishment of Vulcan; the ship's cook swears and the sea thunders on the bulkhead next to your ear; then the sun comes down the hatch along with the boatswain, who shouts, "Up all hammocks! Arise and shine! Where do you think you are—at home on a furlough?" You take a wash, the mess cook brings down the beans and you go on watch again.

I am not leading the bloodthirsty life you might imagine. In port my life is about as hazardous as any of Bernard's boatmen, and at sea, standing watch in the crow's-nest and leaning up against a mast is not as dangerous as leaning against a lamppost at home, for here there are no runaways, or building material to drop upon me. You have no doubt been reading some of the newspaper stories back home, and imagine that we go around with a blunderbuss in one hand

and a belaying pin in the other, with a cutlass between the teeth, looking for Germans equipped with even more terrible and scientific weapons; but while we would be glad to find the German and hit him with anything we could reach, the fact remains that we find little opportunity to imitate Captain Kidd. Our existence is almost pastoral and idyllic in its serenity.

I am still feeling fine. Lots of love.

TIMOTHY.

* * *

GREATEST LIFE IN THE WORLD.

Ponta Delgada, Azores,
September 2, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

A quiet Sunday in port gives me a chance to start a letter. My clothes are washed, but frequent rain squalls keep them from drying on the line back aft. I usually go to sea with a locker full of wet clothes, so it will not be any surprise to me to get under way. It is always fun to start out to sea again, though, wet clothes or not, and it is fun to come back to port, too, and get a good night's sleep with no rolling and the air ports open and work enough to give you a real appetite. Then we stay in long enough that I am ready to move; so you can see that things are arranged just right. The only drawback is that sometimes we go to sea with the decks and compartments dirty, and that is bad, because there is never a real chance to get cleaned up properly while we are under way. On the big boats work goes on pretty much as usual, but with us, about all we can do is to stand watch and look for trouble until we come in again. We are not usually rushed in that way, though.

Somebody bought three rabbits for mascots the other day and they have a box on the fan-tail near the firemen's compartment. I don't know as rabbits are very good mascots for a man-of-war, but if association with the "black gang" doesn't make them tough, it will soon kill them, so my worry is purely academic. Our Executive Officer has ordered the rabbits put off the ship, saying, "Who ever heard of trying to raise rabbits on a destroyer?" but I suspect the real reason is that they got into the ice box the other day and ate a plate of lettuce that had been reserved by our wardroom steward for him. Speaking of pets, another sailor bought a puppy for two dollars, but after lugging it around for a few hours, part of the time slung by the legs

over his shoulder, he traded it to a bum-boat man for a ten-cent watermelon that he could carry on the inside of him.

There is another boat in the harbor somewhat larger than we are, and today she had a concert on board by a local band. "Hail, Columbia!" sounded pretty good from where I sat. As they were to windward, we could hear pretty well, till rain drove the band below. Mr. Mendelssohn's battle song was also rendered with spirit. The other pieces did not fit in with anything I had heard before.

It is mighty nice here this evening. I have had a good bath in my pail, had plenty to eat and enough pulling trips in the wherry to enjoy the grub, and now I feel just tired enough to be contented. My clothes are scrubbed, today was pay-day and I have no anchor watch to bother about. *C'est la guerre!*

A good breeze comes in through the port, and outside is a harbor full of ships with many foreign flags and a sprinkling of our own. On the other side is a little town full of low buildings with bright-colored walls and roofs and picturesque country on the steep hillsides behind. The boat rolls just enough to be rocking me to sleep. My friends are sitting around writing and reading or playing cards or *acie-deucie*, a game on a backgammon board. I'm glad nobody raised me to be a soldier! And maybe we will be broken out at midnight and pitch around outside for a week, and the soldiers in their nice, muddy dugouts will say, "God pity the poor sailors on a night like this!"

Lots of love,

TIMOTHY.

* * *

A POET IS DISCOVERED ABOARD

At Sea, July 29, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

Today is Sunday—warm, and not too much wind to be in comfort anywhere on the ship. I have stood my morning watch, washed my clothes, eaten a good dinner, and am now waiting to go on watch again, from 4 to 8 o'clock this evening. Then I will take a bath and sleep until 4 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Yesterday I saw a beautiful bark going along with a 15-mile wind on her quarter. She was one of the most wonderful things I ever saw. Do you know the names of her sails? I do. I enclose a drawing I made of her.

Our regular routine still keeps on; stand watch, sleep, scrub clothes, make the ship tidy, eat and loaf; study if you are ambitious and wakeful at the same time. In port, of course, there is more work daytimes getting ready for sea again, and less standing watch. In the gun drills I am still being shifted around to see which one of several jobs I can be most useful at. Lately I have been acting as "talker." He stands on the bridge, does some of the work figuring out the range of the target, and hollers the result to the guns, via the speaking tubes. The position calls for one whose voice carries clearly over the tube and who can figure without being rattled. I don't know how long I will be tried out there. The last one on the job was not able to make himself understood clearly, so they are trying me.

The other day I asked to take the wheel and was allowed to do so for a while. I did not steer a good course and found it was quite a trick. The ship swings around and yaws a good deal, and of course you can't feel her, as the wheel only controls the steam steering engine. I think it must take some practice to learn just when to act to keep her steady. The stunt, of course, is to keep a "lubber's line" on the binnacle opposite that point on your compass card which is given you as your course. I am going to try again and get what practice I can at the wheel, so I will be better than I am now when an extra man is needed there.

The last time we coaled, we did so from lighters, and one of them was an old square-rigger. She must have been very handsome once, and still has the remnants of an elaborate figure-head, and a most beautiful sweep to her bow. She made me think of an old actress who had turned property woman when she got old, and was trying to help the new generation make a good performance.

I got a scare the other night. I was on watch, and there was a lot of phosphorus in the water. Suddenly, from about 50 feet away a white streak shot through the water toward our side, right below where I was standing. I guess it was a large fish. I thought it was a torpedo, for I hollered, "Hi, look at that!" The officer of the deck asked what the trouble was and the bo'sun's mate said, "Brown got a little scared about a fish, sir." Brown was more surprised than scared, but if I had had time I would have been a good deal more scared than I was. I will be scared next time, too.

We have a Maine Yankee for one of our cooks. The day he came aboard he told me he was a brick-layer by profession, and was a poet in disguise. I thought my disguise was

LIFE ABOARD SHIP—"DEAR FAMILY" LETTERS

probably about as perfect as any one's, and to prove it I borrowed the yeoman's typewriter and hammered out a poem. One of the men posted it on the bulletin board, where it was received with more appreciation than my efforts have always had, much more than it deserved. The men said, "Brown has written a good piece; have you seen it?" and the officers asked the yeoman to make some copies. People look at me as though I was the three-legged boy, and quote parts of it around the deck. I have sworn off now lest they say that as a sailor Brown is a good poet.

Sailors have a wonderful fund of information. It is simply inexhaustible. Bullen noticed this when he went to sea on the *Cachelot*, and it is still so. They have told me that the British West Indies is that part of South Africa that the English took from the Boers. That piece of combined geography and history is hard to beat. It makes arguing difficult. The specialists are certainly posted in their fields, though, and are extremely kind and good-natured in giving their time to explain things to me, when I can think of a question sensible enough to ask.

The man who knows the sea and sailors and ships is John Masefield. I have often wished that I had along my copy of his verses, for they just hit things, and being so appropriate it would be easy to learn the whole lot of them by heart.

I am having great times. Just now I think of all the fun I have had sailing and at football games and all the good picnics and parties I've been to, and when I get home I'll certainly have something more to remember that doesn't happen to everybody. I wish I could tell you where we are and what we are up to. I think you would all be proud to have me here and would tell everybody, and your insides would clasp hands, as mine do.

With love to all,

TIMOTHY.

* * *

COALING BY NATIVES APPROVED

Ponta Delgada, Azores,
August 5, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

The last time I had liberty I took a long walk out from the town where we stopped and saw something of the country. The inhabitants were well brought up and took off their hats as we passed. I took the walk with George Zie-



A MIGHTY MAN WAS OUR "FIRST LORD OF THE GALLEY."

When it came to opening cans, our ship's cook was without a peer in the "Dungaree Navy." He specialized on hot dogs and canned salmon, and his word was law even with our "Comical Steward." Well heeled, he could stand up in any kind of a storm.

mann, one of our chief petty officers, who is from Oshkosh and of course knows the people I know. The walk was extremely interesting, but we went too far and had to hit up a stiff pace to get back to the ship on time. That was four days ago, and my shoes are lame yet. The shoes will soon be forgotten but I shall always remember the walk.

The last two places we have called have been made pleasant by the fact that the coaling has been done by local talent. I am convinced that that is the best way, for the natives are wonderfully fast. Of course I do not sit around and watch them do it. There are always plenty of things that need to be done, and which ordinarily we do not have time to do. Cleaning the side was the latest one of these odd jobs. The cleaner stands on a guard rail at the water line, four or five inches wide, reaches up to the deck with one hand and hangs on to the tiller rope, while with the other hand he dips a swab into a strong solution of cleaner and cleans the side of the dirt and the grease that has been accumulating for centuries. A companion quickly rinses off the solution so it won't take off the paint, too. This preparation takes the dirt off your hands even better than making bread does.

I was surprised to notice the other day that, even though there was a fairly heavy swell, I wasn't conscious of the motion unless I paid particular attention to it. I suppose that means I am getting my sea legs. I hope so, for the walk convinced me that I had lost my land ones. Another thing I realized yesterday, for the first time, was how commonplace things have become, which a little while ago would have seemed strange enough. For instance, as I was taking my afternoon nap on my favorite couch (an ammunition chest on the port side of the fo'castle) I was awakened by a shout from the lookout, and peering between the range finder and No. 5 gun, I saw, two points off the starboard bow—(deleted by censor).

Doesn't that sound romantic? But it needs a good loud yell to wake me up. Just the same, there is a romance about the sea that has grown on me.

I have not been disappointed about my anticipations on it. Of course there are bound to be times when I won't like it for a bit, but I am sure that after I am through here I will often be homesick for the feel of it. We have been lying near a good-sized English bark and I have got a lot of pleasure in trying to puzzle out her rigging as well as I could. I would surely like to make a voyage in her and see

LIFE ABOARD SHIP—"DEAR FAMILY" LETTERS

if the romance of sails stacks up as well as the romance of the sea has done.

With love,

TIMOTHY.

* * *

PREFERRED TO ENLIST AS "GOB."

Ponta Delgada, Azores,

August 11, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

I will start another letter without any idea of when you will get it, and add to it from time to time until I get an opportunity to post it. I last wrote and mailed a long letter covering about three weeks' time, a couple of days ago, which I hope reaches you safely.

Things are still going well with me. We are somewhat shut off from news, even war news, and I wonder a lot what is going on. Of course, things that occur in our own little district filter down to the crew with many modifications on the way. Information of this character—rumors from the wardroom, etc.—are tales brought from shore and are known as coming "straight from the scuttle butt."

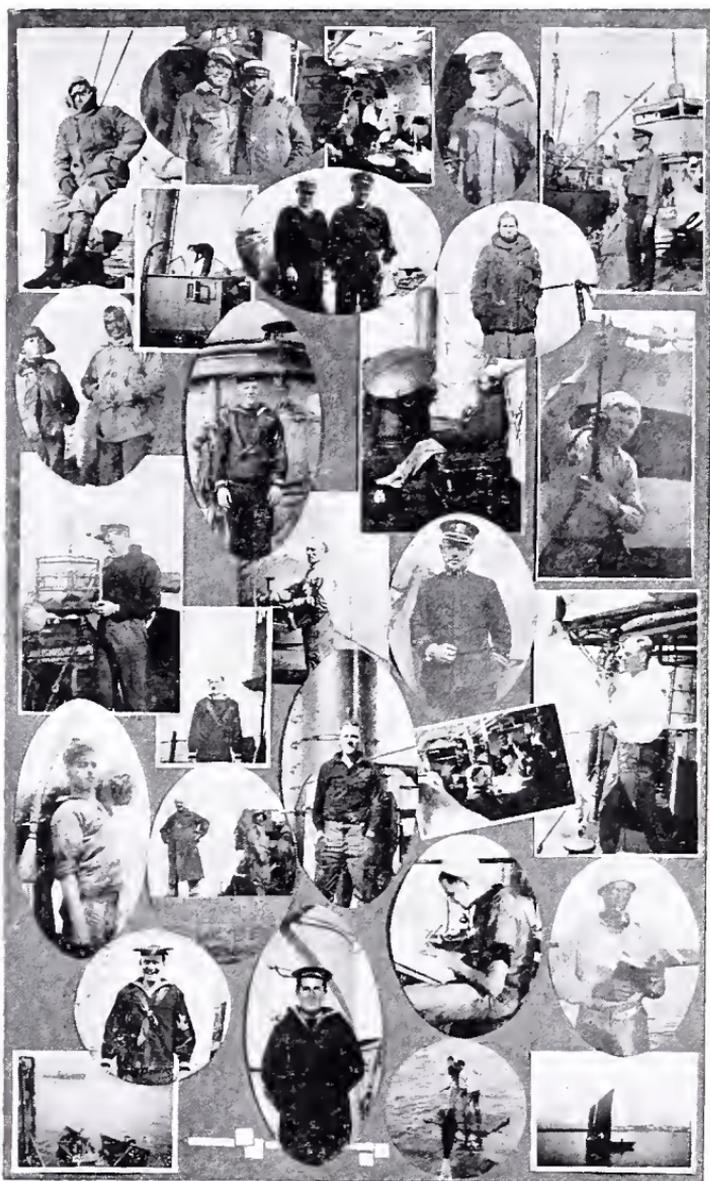
I saved a lot of papers to wrap things in, and now I am going over them again with the greatest attention to detail.

Today I went over the list of people from the state who are at Ft. Sheridan and was surprised to see how many I knew from the state at large. Before, I had read only the Milwaukee and Madison lists. My friends certainly came across in pretty good style. It tickles me when I think of them trying out at Ft. Sheridan and maybe not getting commissions, and anyway, having to wait a long time for an army to be raised, while I struck luck and am busy almost at once where I hope it is counting, and am getting my training as I go. I'll bet that in the long run I'll be of as much use this way as if I had held off for the more high-sounding job so many advised me to wait for. I am lucky in another way, and that is, being on a destroyer where there is a real fo'castle. On a battleship, of course, the crew's quarters are more or less all over the ship. Here we are all together just like in the books, and it is really a good deal of fun, and is surely an experience to be remembered. If the food is a little bit slow in coming down, the more exuberant members gather around the ladder and yell swear words at the cook up through the hatch, while all the rest



BROKEN DOWN WITH SEA SERVICE!

One of our doughty firemen (who will be recognized by his shipmates) dons his Easter sox and takes a siesta on an ammunition box.



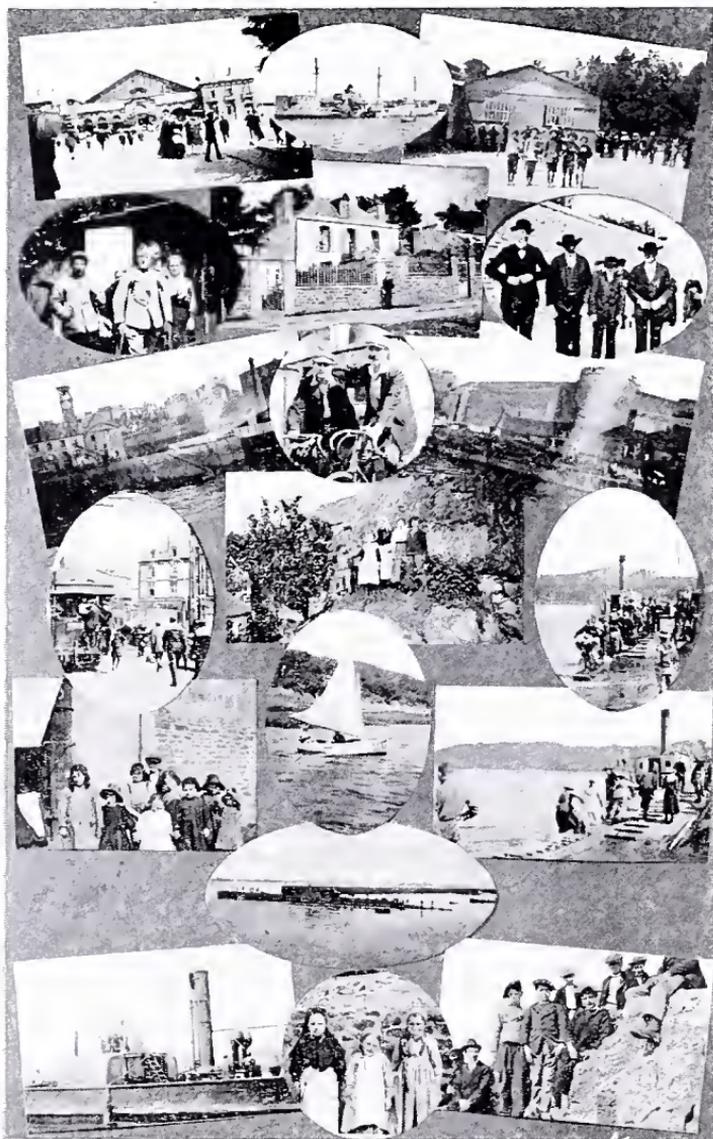
BEHOLD THE JOLLY SAILOR MEN!

In this group we have the "glad bird" and the "sad bird" (suffering from mal de mer) and a score of other types between the two extremes.



IT'S GREAT TO BE HOME AGAIN!

A group at the engine room hatch admiring the scenery as we steamed up the Delaware River to Philadelphia. The natives gathered and cheered us wildly, as at Charleston; no they didn't, either! Nor did we get into the grand fleet review, but *ce n'est rien!*



WAR-TIME BREST IN PICTURESQUE GARB

No matter what the conditions may be, the sturdy Bretons find time for recreation. On a Sunday afternoon they go promenading through the streets, the woods and fields.



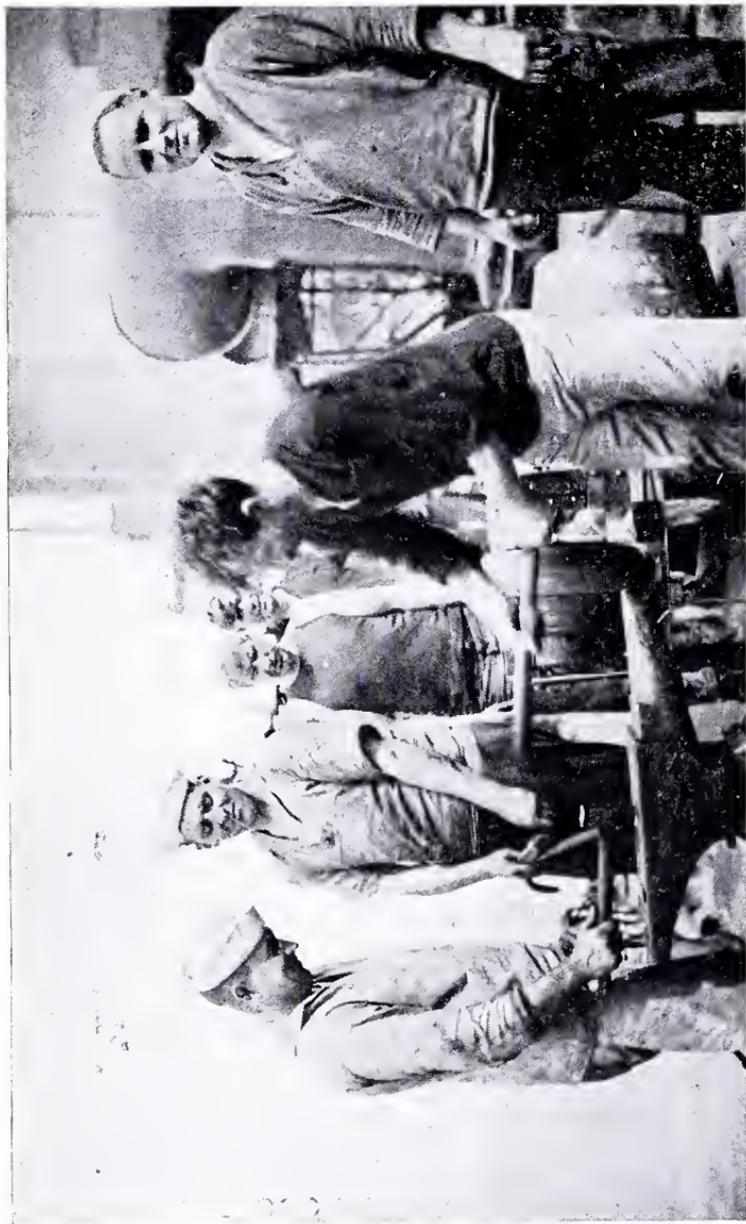
THIS GAY BIRD WAS UNABLE TO STAND OUR PACE

A long-legged land fowl, driven 200 miles to sea, flew to our deck on Apr. 30, 1918, and was captured by David Reyes, our salty Filipino wardroom steward. He (the bird) died on reaching port, from lack of earthworms, having refused to eat the canned salmon offered him.



AND HERE THEY ARE IN GROUPS!

Deep down in the forecandle, well up on deck and in the dizzy heights of the rigging you can hear them sing, "Begone dull care, for we are sailor men!"



ALL HAIL THE DOUGHTY BLACKSMITH AT HIS FORGE!

The big boy second from the left is Robt. L. Baber, of Virginia, a power with the sledge and a favorite in Old Brest. "Pork Chops" and Sweeney surround the anvil, which the "chorus" reserves to throw overboard with worthless officers and gobs.



THREE THROWS FOR A NICKEL!

John Herche ("Port-hole Johnny") had the sharpest eyes on the ship, and could see a bottle of beer or a mademoiselle as far as a submarine.



THIS IS THE LIFE IN THE FORECASTLE!

Should Jack of Forecastle Fame peck down below decks after working hours he would see the gobs at their games of chance, or he would hear a champion story-teller spinning yarns of things that could not be on land or sea.



HE HELPED US NAVIGATE

Monsieur Paul LeDantec, pilot loaned to us by the French government, guided us through narrow channels and proved to be an all-round good scout.



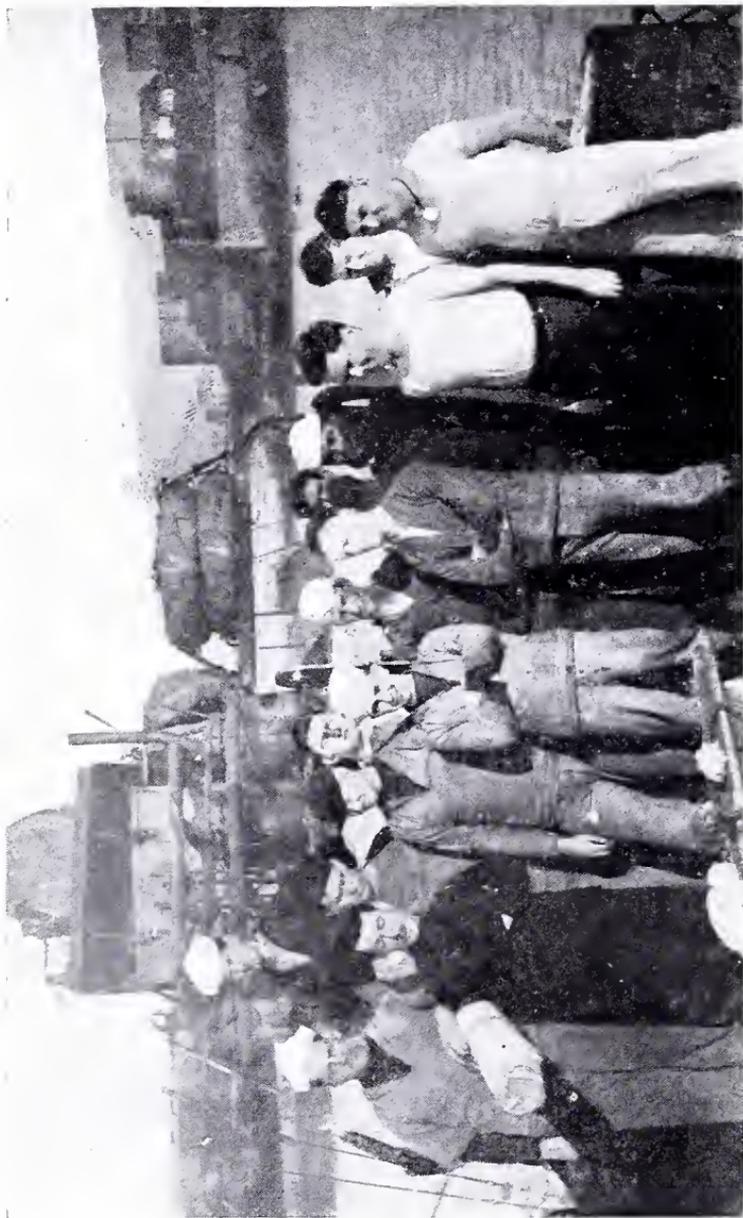
THEY SWEAR BY BOSTON BAKED BEANS: A GROUP OF YANKS

There is one principal reason why Northern cooking is superior, according to Seaman John Thomas Cavannaugh, our "comic valentine" (standing behind bird cage), and that is because Southern cooking is too greasy. After making this remark, Cavannaugh went to roost in the crow's nest.



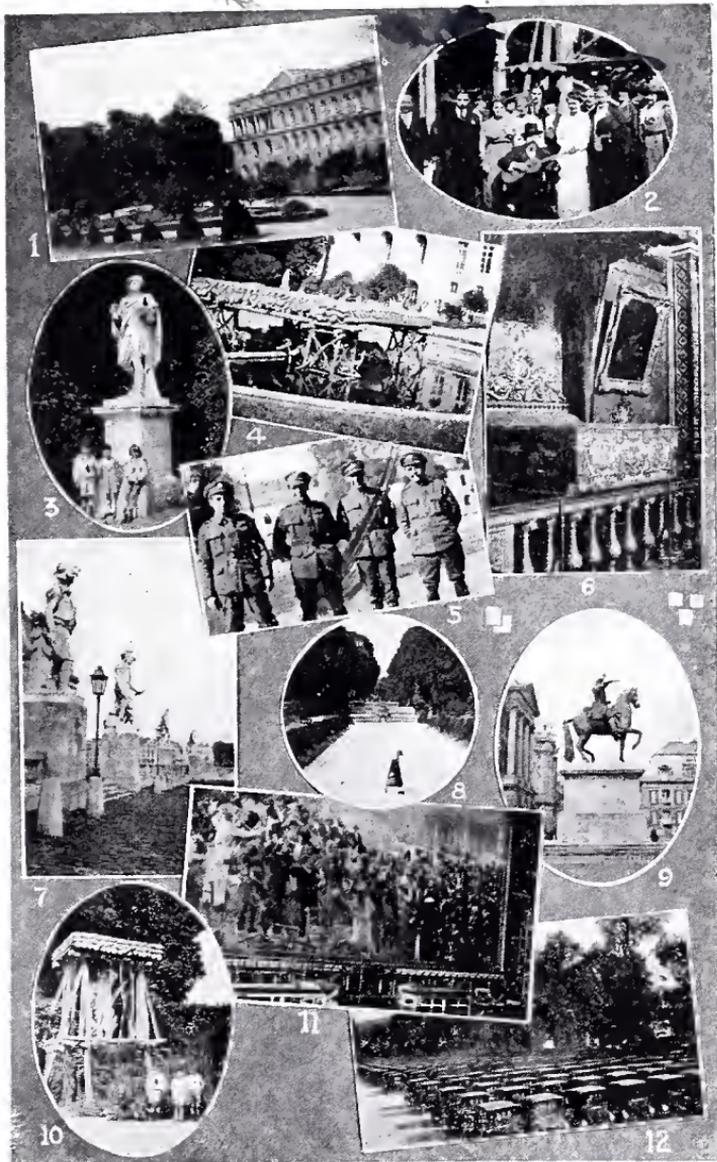
A COUPLE OF BUGS AND NUTS AT SEA

Seamen "Danny" Hughes and "Rag Doll" Cavannaugh, painting the side one day, went adrift, but by excellent seamanship (using boathook and handkerchief) got back.



REBELS ON BOARD SNAP OUT OF IT FOR THE KODAK

Our Dixie lads engaged in many hot arguments with the Yankees over the merits of Southern and Northern cooking, but it remained for a Tennessean to knock the Yanks cold with this: "The best eatin' in the world is fried chicken and honey—Oh, boy!"



VERSAILLES PREPARES FOR THE HUNS

1.—Palace of Louis XIV. 2.—Dramatic club. 3.—A statute. 4 & 10.—Screened statuary. 5.—Tommies. 6.—Louis' bed. 7.—Figures at palace. 8.—Garden scene. 9.—Louis' statue. 11.—Royal picture. 12.—"Taxicab army."



COALING SHIP, A LUXURY NEVER ENJOYED BY THE OIL-BURNERS

W. J. B. Hill, a water tender, seen in the foreground, would not swap places with the dustiest minstrel man on earth. Say what you will about chinquipins, match stems and goat-power for lawn-mowers, but it was coal and gobs and deughboys that won the war.

LIFE ABOARD SHIP—"DEAR FAMILY" LETTERS

pound their plates with their knives, and howl like hyenas. It is also like a bear pit at the zoo.

We have a funny little mess cook named Chisholm, aged 17. He is just out of short pants. It is great to see him come down the ladder with dishes of food in both hands. He sits on one rung and shifts his feet, one at a time, to a rung lower than the one he is standing on, then slides his seat until he bumps on a new rung. He can come down pretty fast that way, and as he hops down with both hands holding up dishes with a pleased smile on his face, he looks more like a performing dog than anybody has a right to.

Many of the boys are getting their heads shaved. They look like small-town cut-ups, but in spite of that the epidemic seems to be spreading.

Today I had work of the kind that I like,—splicing and whipping lines and fixing up a wind screen for one of the lookout stations. It is fun to sit up high somewhere and swing your feet and fool with a nice piece of line. The trouble is that the work to be done is nearly always just to lee of a smoke-stack and the Black Gang usually seize the opportunity to work up a smoke screen or blow a tube.

I hope father is missing hay fever this year. I haven't had any yet, but it may be a little early!

As ever, TIMOTHY.

* * *

SALARY RAISED \$2 A MONTH.

Ponta Delgada, Azores,
August 12, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

I will write just a line and get it off as soon as I can in the hope that it will catch a mail which I expect will go home. A ship came today bringing letters.

Yes, I am a seaman now. No, it doesn't bring any noticeable change in duties. On these little boats we are all more or less utility men. The only difference that I know of is an increase of \$2 per month in pay, and we haven't been near a paymaster since I was rated! I appreciate the promotion, though, as a certificate that my work has been cared for satisfactorily.

With love,

TIMOTHY.

GETTING OVER SEA-SICKNESS.

Ponta Delgada, Azores,
August 15, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

My interest still keeps up and I see new and interesting things every day. I have seen a good many armed merchantmen of various nationalities, and notice that they have their flagstaffs very far forward so as not to interfere with the fire of their stern-chasers. It looks queer at first to see the colors any place except the stern. Most of these ships carry pretty good sized guns and look quite adequately protected, assuming that they are able to see the submarine at all.

I have not been sick in the crow's nest or anywhere lately, nor have they dug up new jobs to make me ache in new places, so I guess I am getting broken in. There is a little too much water coming in through the port, so I will have to secure things and go on deck and write some more later.

With love, TIMOTHY.

* * *

HOW WE ACTED AT SEA.

Ponta Delgada, Azores,
Sunday, August 18, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

I have not had much time for writing the last few days, not because there has been nothing to say, but because work has taken up even more time than usual. As we get further into the war, things tighten up somewhat, and lately we have had to work Saturday afternoons and Sundays the same as the other days in order to keep the old boat where she belongs. Every time we go into port there is a lot of coaling to be done and little things to be fixed up.

As soon as the coaling is over, cleaning ship, scrubbing the sides, and sometimes painting is necessary, and we are on the go now to such an extent that we have to put in our spare time as well as our regular working hours in order to get finished by the time we have to get out again. Often we move at short notice with the work half finished, and have a rush to get things stowed and secured for sea by the time we get outside. There is always a little thrill about going out unexpectedly. Of course in the crew we don't know anything, and that makes it more exciting when

we hear the cry, "All hands—get under way!" Sometimes it comes in the night; then the petty officer of the watch comes down the ladder with a flashlight and shakes each man. We dress in the dark (those who have removed their clothing or parts of it), then get on deck, where there is always a little light from the sky, swing in the boats that are trailing astern while we are in port, secure all loose objects around the deck, then all up on the fo'c's'le to assist in the ceremony of hoisting anchor and getting it aboard. By that time the "black gang" (firemen and machinists) have the engines turning over, and out we go. Our turbines run so smoothly, and I am so interested that usually the first I know of our being under way is when we leave the harbor and meet the swell of the open sea. As soon as the anchor is secured, those who have the watch as look-outs are posted, and the rest after the odds and ends are cared for turn into their bunks again.

The first couple of times we had alarms I was pretty wakeful after getting under way, but now I can go back to sleep quickly and be glad of the chance. Those who have the watch go to various points on the ship—in the crow's nest, if it is getting light; the bridge, out on the fo'c's'le if the seas are not coming over; and keep a sharp watch for anything at all which may appear on the water. Turtles, porpoises, bits of driftwood, oil, etc., are all reported as well as sails and lights. The moon first appearing, is nearly always reported as a light by some alert lookout. Submarines are apt to be most any place these days, and it would be foolish not to take every precaution, not so much for our own safety, but in order to get the sub before she can submerge.

Sometimes we see something that looks like a periscope, and then there is more fun. The men go to quarters and the ship goes at it. It tickles me the way we don't try to sneak by, but go to anything that looks like trouble. Of course that is our job, and it is a good job. When the object turns out to be a bit of wreckage or other harmless thing, there is a curious feeling of mingled relief and disappointment. By relief I don't mean relief from being keyed up. I don't believe any of us have anything but regret at losing out on a chance to improve our batting eyes.

In the place where we now are, they have the best little cakes (especially the cocoanut with pastry rims), and when I get a chance to go ashore, which is something that doesn't

let him go alone, so I hopped over too. We got into a much prettier part that way and walked down a fine drive to the gate, but when the old man saw us he was crazy with rage, and came running up and grabbed us each by the elbow, and started us up toward a pink palace. When we got there he rang a bell and told the maid all about us. She went and brought a good-looking, well-kept gent whom I whispered to Battey we had better show respect. Evidently the owner of the villa had been called away from his supper, for he had a napkin tucked under his chin; he said a few things to the watchman and waved us out. The keeper jabbered all the way to the gate, evidently playing for a tip by telling us what a narrow escape we had had, and we jabbered back. We could not understand a word he was saying, and he fared little better. We thanked him for showing us the place and introducing us to his boss, and passing him a European penny with a hole in it, came away. When we got down the hill to the town we bought postcards and asked the proprietor of the Cafe Cosmopolita where we had been. Our friend said we had visited the estate of the Marquis Joaquim Correa, which was the erstwhile stopping place of an old king of Portugal. I bet the king would have laughed to see us. Battey is well over six feet, built like a pair of newspaper shears, and the gate-keeper was shorter than I am.

Still no mail. We expect some daily, but I am afraid we won't be in port when it comes. We have had two mails since leaving the states. A couple of ships came in today, but they were not "ours".

Many happy birthdays, mother! Wish I could be with you to celebrate.

With lots of love,

TIMOTHY.

* * *

GREAT FUN PAINTING COMPARTMENT

Ponta Delgada, Azores,

September 11, 1917.

DEAR FAMILY:

I write this on my lap till the mess cook finishes cleaning the table. I've been pretty busy lately, for besides the regular daily work I have been working some on the study of navigation, as I had already written you, and a week ago our Chief Boatswain's Mate, ("Stump"), told me he had recommended me for coxswain, the next step after seaman. He

broke the news in the classic phrase that he was "putting me up for a crow,"—the crow meaning the eagle which is a prominent part of a petty officer's rating badge. I was immensely pleased and very much surprised, for, while I thought I was qualified for the rate of seaman when I got that, this new rate presupposes a knowledge of work belonging purely to the navy, and I didn't think I knew anything about that. However, I studied up pretty hard so as not to fall down on the bo'sun, and when the time came I took the examination and was told yesterday that I had passed creditably; so now, as soon as some kind of office paper is made out, I will be a petty officer of the lowest grade and will have to acquire an authoritative manner. I know you will not be as surprised as I was at the promotion, and Aunt Millie and Uncle Frank will think I should be admiral by now, but I will be more pleased than any of you can be so as to make up.

Life grows more pleasant all the time. The last time we were at sea we discovered some whales,—two, loafing along on the surface, and amused ourselves by trying to sneak up on them, as we were not in any hurry. Twice we got so close that I thought surely we would hit them. We leaned over the side and could look right down into their nostrils, or spout hole, or whatever it is, and the surf would wash upon their backs, and all of a sudden they would notice we were there and would hump up their backs and disappear right under our cut water. It was a long time before they got scared or tired of us. It was a most interesting experience for us. If I had had a brick to throw I could have got one for you to put in a tub in the yard. There I go talking like a landsman again! "Irish confetti" is the proper name on our ship for bricks!

For the last two days I have been painting our compartment and the wash room. It is a mean job, especially the overhead, in between the pipes and wires and deck beams, and the paint runs off the brush and down your arm; but there is something sociable about slapping on the paint with a bunch of fellows, and it was pretty good fun. Afterwards we had the phonograph on deck, and sat around on boat cradles and buckets, with the phonograph in the center on a keg of sea stores, and we heard all the latest music of last year. Somebody has named the phonograph the "Agony Box," but we would not be without it for all that. After the music I had an anchor watch, and after that a bath in my pail, and washed some clothes and turned in at mid-

LIFE ABOARD SHIP—"DEAR FAMILY" LETTERS

night, with nothing to do till the morrow, and a fine night for sleep.

We are still without mail and have no idea when any will reach us, or whether the department has forgotten where we are. All of us are anxious to hear from home, and the speculation on when the mail will come takes up almost as much time as discussion of things we have eaten or expect to eat when we get back home. Beer, properly cool, seems to get the most votes, but ice is scarce when you get away from the states. Having lived a while as a struggling lawyer in Milwaukee, I am considered somewhat of an authority on this subject. Alas! the poor sailor can't get beer at all now at home, and this reconciles many to an extended cruise.

With love,

TIMOTHY.

* * *

"JENNIE" DRAWS THE COLOR LINE

Brest, France,
February 10, 1918.

DEAR FAMILY:

We got in yesterday after an unusually pleasant trip. We had a little rain the first day, but except for that the trip was a rest for us. Part of the time we ran close to the beach, and as there was a heavy ground swell, we saw some wonderful surf, but we wouldn't care to go swimming off some of the rocks we saw the waves breaking over.

In the afternoon after we arrived I made a liberty, and of course the first thing I did was to go around to one of the restaurants for something to eat. I was late for dinner, but "Jennie" (the French girl who keeps the place) said she could cook some "uffs" (eggs) and coffee, and as I was the only customer, we had a great visit. "Jennie" knows all my shipmates and the place is a regular hang-out for them. She wanted to know when the batteau came in, and when I told her she said she guessed she would be rushed that night.

"Jennie" is fast learning to draw the color line, which is very necessary if she wants to keep a select trade. It is also based on her own feelings, apparently, because while I was eating she confided, "You know, sir, that one American neggo came here and ate eggs and did not want to pay for them?" I asked her if she finally made him pay, and she replied, "No; I just said, 'If you do not want to pay, please go out and never come back. I do not want to see

you again. I do not like neggoes.' And he does not come back. He was very mad and I was much pleasure." While I was there several burly blacks applied for sustenance, but she blocked their entrance in a manner that made me understand Verdun. After I had eaten enough to last me until supper, I hunted up a barber shop and got a very good shave from the man in charge; a man-boy, I might say, because he was only 15 and still in short trousers.

After buying a picture showing the deportations from Lille (buying it out of a window filled with gay bottles of Vin Rouge), and then promenading a bit, hunger began tugging at my vitals again, and I went to the cafe brightened by the presence of "Germaine." There I had steak and eggs and much conversation. Next I went to the Y. M. C. A. and had a row with the lily-fingered "canteen lizard" behind the counter over the prices he was charging me for some stuff, said prices being in excess of the ones in the advertisement he referred me to. After he had hollered enough, I went out and invested in a large bag of peanuts (the French call them cackowets, or something like that), took them to the cabaret near the dock and handed them around the audience generally, including the proprietor of the place, the barmaid and some of the fellows from our ship. At 9 I returned to our batteau; the quartermaster felt of my blouse, but he passed me when I told him I had only a few peanuts in a large bag. You can certainly have a big liberty here on a few francs, simply by wandering around and talking to people.

The French dictionary reached me safely and is a great help. I looked it over thoroughly while at sea, and one of the first things I noticed was the sentence, "Do you love me?" A gob who was peeking over my shoulder asked how to say "Give me a kiss." Now, I was surprised at this gob, for he is a perfectly law-abiding individual,—one whom the French refer to as "serieux"—but I went ahead and looked as he took out his pencil and an envelope. Believe me, it was not there, so hadn't you better send me a different kind of book? Perhaps I should write Mr. Funk, Mr. Wagnalls and Mr. Vizetelly about this!

I see they have published news of the sinking of the *Tuscania* in the Paris papers, so I suppose they have also at home. I hope no one we knew was lost on her. It isn't the soldier's game to be drowned, although it is all right in a way for the sailors. This event ought to have the effect

LIFE ABOARD SHIP—"DEAR FAMILY" LETTERS

of making the Americans mad, so that all will want to come over to get even.

Today is Sunday and we are lucky in being in harbor that all can attend church. Just think—no coaling to do and little of any kind of work except mending and writing letters home! Some of the fellows say they believe President Wilson's stand against Sunday work is a good one, and they wish he would consider the other days in the week. This outfit is not perfect, but it happens to be the only one we have, and I like it. I would not advise anybody to choose it rather than the army because he might not be able to stand our special kind of grief at all, but if one likes sea lore he can get it on one of the gadgets, and I think it is the very place for me.

With love to everybody,

TIMOTHY.

* * *

TRYING TO SPEAK FRENCH

Brest, France,
March 18, 1918.

DEAR FAMILY:

Having reached port in safety, tied up, taken a very enjoyable bath in my bucket and helped to get a coal lighter alongside, I still have a part of the evening left to write you. I have much more time than news, although that is the fault of the censor, and if I do not tell all I know, at least you may comfort yourself by reflecting that the Kaiser is going to be left just as much in the dark as you are, and that it all goes to help win the war, along with raising pigs and saving cigarette stubs and putting on overcoats instead of more coal.

I was in great hopes of finding mail waiting for me today but had no luck. I am beginning to expect the box of phonograph records you sent by express, as this is about the length of time it took the other box to come. I am looking for the tin box that Mother said she sent some time ago.

We just had a very nice run and the ocean looked like Fourth Lake again, although it does not always do so. Weather is very much more pleasant in the spring than the winter, and there is quite apt to be a friendly sparkle in the water and warm sun on the back of your neck, instead of the solid gray sea and sky for weeks at a time. Even when it is rough the ocean does not seem to be as forbidding as it was a couple of months ago. I read in one of the last Literary

Digests that you sent a letter from some one who evidently belonged to the forces we have been working with, as it dealt with a storm that we were in, and they ended up in about the same locality that we did, when the weather cleared. That was a regular blow, and the ocean did not remind me of anything we have around home at all. I wrote you about being washed overboard at the time, and I got a good idea of the power of water in other ways, too. For instance, a wave came and sat down in our wherry and when the water went away, the wherry did also, all except stem, stern board and strip of the gunwale, while another small boat was reduced to a lot of loose lumber but stayed with us. Every ship that was in it had quite a lot of repairs to make, but some way destroyers seem to be pretty tough and nothing really happens to them. This time at sea I got a chance to read part of "Pincher Martin," which I received on my birthday, and was much interested in it, although I did not consider the story a masterpiece. To tell the truth, I think that people who are not familiar with life on destroyers would appreciate it a good deal more than I did, for although the story is very accurate as to life on board, reading about that is not as much fun as living it. The conversation of the various sailors, judging by the examples given, is very different from that of our boys, both in manner and matter. It is a trick to produce conversation so it sounds life-like. For sailors, it seems to me that Connolly, who writes the stories about the Gloucester fishermen, does it about as well as anybody, at least in his earlier writings.

The substitutions that have grown up in the navy for regulation terms are peculiar, and some of them are pretty apt. Others don't seem to have any reason for them at all. As you know, every sailor is a "gob." If he is to be distinguished from a marine, who is a "leatherneck," he is called a "flat-foot." Reason unknown to me. A coal-passer is a "heave" and one who has worked up in that line to be a first-class fireman or a watertender is an "educated heave." Anybody in authority is "the man." A further designation is made in references to commissioned officers. They are the men with the shiny shoes. A warrant officer is known as a "bolo man." This, I understand, dates back to the Spanish-American war, for on state occasions the said officer used to carry a cutlass and that, of course, was called a bolo as soon as the sailors found out what a bolo was. Naturally food comes in for many nicknames, but they are neither very nautical nor very permanent. "Sea-dust" for

LIFE ABOARD SHIP—"DEAR FAMILY" LETTERS

salt is about as typical as any. Various ratings and occupations have time-honored titles. A master-at-arms is a "Jimmy-legs." Maybe your recruiting officer at Madison can tell you why. I can't. A seaman who is detailed to issue provisions from the commissary hold is "Jack-of-the-Dust." A carpenter's mate is "Chips," and is seldom called by his own name. "Radio" or "Sparks" will get a radio operator. Destroyers are the "black boats." They were painted black in peace times. If you are in that branch of the service you are in the "Dungaree Navy," because at work we all wear dungaree suits made of overall material instead of the regulation outfits of whites or blues that are compulsory in the regular navy.

I noticed that many of the terms we use are used in "Pincher Martin," or modifications of them; and the traditional reasons given for such appellations are the same, thus showing that our service has had a growth practically parallel to that of the British Navy, although I suspect the enlisted men would deny all similarity.

This war is apt to bring in a lot of new terms. Our language across the water is undergoing a very extensive remodeling, as I have said before. Everybody uses the most outrageous hash of mispronounced English, French, Spanish and Portuguese tongues that you ever heard, and new effects in verbal camouflage are desperately striven after. When one of our liberty parties returns from the beach after talking near-French for a few hours and still thinking in that argot, it is most amusing. As far as I can see, it is an even break, too, for while none of us talk pure English any more, none of the inhabitants are talking pure French. Quite often a compromise is reached by the natives trying to learn some English noun, getting it wrong, and then the Americans taking up the French mispronunciation. For instance, "chicken" and "poulet" are no more. "Shicken" is the recognized way of ordering, and the slang meaning of chicken also seems to have filled a long-felt want in the French vocabulary. When we first got here the French were suffering from English influence and were saying "Compree?" for "Do you understand?" and "Comprenez-vous?" (I think that is correct.) Now they say mostly "You savvy?" which our boys brought with them from Vera Cruz and Tampico, although "savez" is good enough French, as well as Spanish, but not the way it is pressed into every sort of duty. As you are not here to profit by the instruction, I guess you

will find all this lesson in war-vocabulary pretty tiresome, so I will close.

I hope you are all well. I am still feeling fine. After coaling ship tomorrow I shall feel still better, provided the day is nice.

Lots of love,

TIMOTHY.

* * *

ENCOUNTER WITH A SUBMARINE.

Brest, France,

March 26, 1918.

DEAR FAMILY:

The papers say the Germans have at last started their spring offensive and are running a side-show to boot by shooting at Paris with a gun that carries 75 miles. You are reading all about that now at home and of course are getting a lot more information about it than we are. I hope the offensive will be over soon, with good, big losses for the Germans and not too many for us. I wonder if the Americans will be shifted over to help out. It must be quite an anxious time at home until we know just how things are coming along.

I am going to tell you about a little fun we had the other day. We had been pretty well out to sea and were looking for land on the way home and wondering if we would be in time for liberty. It was going on toward noon and the watch was being relieved. The fellow who was to relieve me was just as slow as ever, so I was still on deck when the officer of the deck leaned over the railing of the bridge and told me to have the fo'c's'le gun manned. I started down to the main deck, passing the word to the boatswain of the watch, and hollered the order down the fo'c's'le hatch, and then got the little board I use in the talker job, and went up to my battle station on the bridge. From there I could see the officers all looking out over the water in the direction we were going; and looking the same way, I saw the smoke of a steamer on the horizon, and between us a low shape in the water which I knew to be a submarine. She was several miles off, but her conning tower and wireless masts showed plainly. In the meantime, the general alarm bells had been turned on and the word passed to the engine room and the fire room that we would want lots of steam; and I was pretty busy taking the reports from the different guns as they were made ready for action, and testing out the voice tubes to make sure that whatever orders I might have to pass would be clearly heard. Naturally I could not keep my eyes on

LIFE ABOARD SHIP—"DEAR FAMILY" LETTERS

the submarine all the time, and it took advantage of my duties elsewhere to fold up its wireless apparatus. When I got another chance to take a peek, it was starting to submerge. Our captain did not think it worth while to try a shot at the thing at the range we would have to use, and it went under, although all of us "concentrated" to hold it up. I was awfully disappointed, for I had hoped that perhaps we had found one in some kind of difficulty so it would have to stay on the surface and maybe put up a fight before we took it. When it went under we estimated the distance it was away and then made for that spot at high speed, timing ourselves, and a little before we reached what we judged was the proper place, we dropped one of our "ash-cans" (depth charges), which exploded with a most satisfying shock and a kind of thud and sent up a lot of water. The depth charges sound just about like dynamiting fish at home, or it used to, on calm Sundays when the game wardens were away, getting out the vote. A couple of minutes later we ran through the oil slick which floated on the spot where the submarine had submerged, and we dropped another mine there, then cruised around and dropped two others in localities that appeared good; and soon another ship (a yacht) came up at full speed on getting the good news from our signal, and she added a "can" of her own. Much to our disgust, we didn't see any of the oil and wreckage that all the stories mention. Evidently "Fritz" forgot to cough out any through his torpedo tubes! After some running around in circles, we came on home, arriving several hours later. We found that our wireless had had a wide circulation, for as we came by the other boats in the harbor their men hung over the rails and hollered, "Did you get her?" to which we replied, "Sure!"

I couldn't see much justification for that reply, but I made it as often as anybody. We were all a little disappointed, for we wanted that sub for a pet most awfully, and it was hard to go away and leave it without being sure it was "feenesh." As we were about to secure from quarters and I was leaving the bridge, I heard our captain say to the other officers, "Well, anyway, I want you all to take notice that it was the 'Old Man' who found her for you!" None of them disputed the claim, so I guess it was the skipper who flushed our first real sub.

After we were tied up and cleaning up from our trip we had great disputes as to whether we got her or not, and everybody felt good and swore that our ship was a "home."

Then the boys started to brush up their blues for liberty—those who rated it—and to make plans for the evening. I thought I would stay aboard and see if the mail orderly would bring anything off the beach for me, but I had lots of fun listening to the songs and laughter, for by this time the boys had convinced themselves that “Fritz” was surely destroyed, and were planning to try a raid on the Kiel Canal the next time out. One boy who was restricted to the ship for a breach of discipline was even allowed to go along with the crowd when he told the executive officer that he wanted to break the news of the submarine to his girl. When the party returned from ashore at 9 o'clock they were still in high spirits, and the story had grown: An aeroplane had seen the U-boat lying in pieces on the bottom of the ocean. The crew of the Reid wasn't allowed to pay for a drink anywhere in town that night, and everybody accepted our version, except the crew of an envious destroyer which beats off a porpoise attack every few weeks.

Well, the story properly ends here, and the affair was fun while it lasted, but since then we have received information which makes it appear that we shook up all the little von Tirpitzes in the time of their lives. The official report says “Pen-March-Pete” (for such was his nickname) has been badly damaged (undoubtedly by us) and that he has put into a neutral port for repairs.

I understand the families at home are all worrying about the ocean trip their boys have to make to get here. That is the thing that bothers the boys, too—all of them. It seems funny to us, because we know how we have to work to see a submarine at all—one U-boat for sure in nearly eight months in the barred zones—but the doughboys can tell of many attacks on the way over. Attacks of nerves, I guess, induced by being on strange ships and seeing fish kicking up phosphorus in the water, and other things we are used to. When summer comes and it thunders, they will think they are shelled as well as fired at with torpedoes. They feel fine when they get on land, though, and act as if all their troubles were gone; and sometimes they hang over the railings of their transports in the harbor, before they have disembarked, and cheer us as we pass them on the way out. We know they will be heard from at the front when they get the word.

This letter is much too long. Poor family! Poor censor!
Love to all,

TIMOTHY.

Tables of Convoy Service

THE following incomplete tables are intended to give an idea of the convoy service performed by the Reid in company with transports, merchant vessels, destroyers and other craft between July 1, 1917, and Dec. 31, 1918. Vessels sunk or damaged by torpedo or otherwise are indicated by black face type:

Old German Name	New Name	Gross Tonnage	Speed	Times with Reid
Grosser Kurfurst	Aeolus	13,102	15.5	2
Kaiser Wilhelm II	Agamemnon	19,361	23.5	3
Amerika	America	22,622	17.5	3
Neckar	Antigone	11,000	14.	2
Cincinnati	Covington	16,339	14.5	4
Prinz Eitel Friedrich	DeKalb	8,200	15.	2
George Washington	George Washington	25,569	19.	4
Friedrich der Grosse	Huron	10,771	14.5	3
Vaterland	Leviathan	60,000	24.	1
Konig Wilhelm	Madawaska	9,410	15.5	2
Barbarossa	Mercury	10,984	14.	2
Kronprinzessin Cecilie	Mt. Vernon	19,503	23.5	3
Prinzess Irene	Pocahontas	10,893	15.5	6
Hamburg	Powhatan	10,531	16.	3
President Grant	President Grant	18,172	14.5	5
President Lincoln	President Lincoln	18,172	14.5	3
Prinzess Matoika	Princess Matoika	10,500	15.	1
Rhein	Susquehanna	10,058	13.	5
Von Steuben	Von Steuben	6,900(?)	23.	3

Vessel	Nationality	First Trip to France	Times with Reid
Dante Alighieri	Italian	5-10-'18	4
Duc d'Aosta	Italian	5-18-'18	3
Great Northern	American	3-12-'18	2
LaFrance	French	7- 9-'18	2
Lenape	American	5-10-'18	1
Manchuria	American	2-18-'18	1
Martha Washington	Austrian	2-10-'18	1
Mongolia	American	3- 7-'18	2
Northern Pacific	American	3-29-'18	2
Patria	French	6-23-'18	2
Re d'Italia	Italian	5-18-'18	2
Rijndam	Dutch	5-10-'18	1
Siboney	American	4-23-'18	1
Wilhelmina	American	5-10-'18	1

Destroyer	Times with Reid	Destroyer	Times with Reid	Destroyer	Times with Reid
9—Macdon'gh	1	29—Burrows	2	57—*Tucker	2
13—*Stewart	1	30—Warringt'n	12	59—Porter	2
14—Truxtun	2	32—Monaghan	12	60—Wadsw'th	5
15—Whipple	2	36—Patterson	1	64—Rowan	1
16—Worden	1	37—*Fanning	2	66—Allen	1
17—Smith	17	38—Jarvis	9	67—Wilkes	2
18—Lamson	33	44—Cummings	3	68—Shaw	2
19—Preston	24	49—Benham	3	72—Conner	4
20—Flusser	29	51—O'Brien	3	79—Little	4
22—Paulding	1	52—Nicholson	6	81—Sigourney	4
23—Drayton	6	53—Winslow	1	91—Harding	1
24—Roe	10	54—McDougal	1	94—Taylor	1
25—Terry	1	55—Cushing	2		

*Officially credited with subs.

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

Other Ships	Nationality	Character	Times with Reid
Amphion	American	Merchantm'n	1
Artemis	American	Merchantm'n	1
Bridge	American	Supply	1
City of Atlanta	American	Merchantm'n	1
Calamares	American	Transport	3
Canopic	British	Transport	1
Comfort	American	Hospital Ship	2
Cubore	American	Merchantm'n	1
Czar	British	Transport	2
Czaritza	British	Transport	1
Edward Luckenback	British	Merchantm'n	2
Euripides	British	Merchantm'n	1
Finland	American	Transport	4
Freedom	American	Transport	1
Gold Shell	British	Merchantm'n	1
Harrisburg	American	Transport	1
Henderson	American	Transport	2
Iowan	American	Transport	1
Kentuckian	American	Transport	1
Konigin der Nederlanden	Dutch	Transport	1
Kroonland	American	Transport	5
Mallory	American	Transport	2
Manchester Castle	British	Merchantm'n	1
Manhattan	American	Merchantm'n	1
Maumee	American	Oil Supply	2
Mexican	American	Merchantm'n	1
Middlesex	British	Merchantm'n	1
Montanan	American	Merchantm'n	2
Nansemond	American	Transport	1
Neches	American	Transport	2
Nero	American	Collier	2
Nokomis	American	Transport	1
Nopatin	French	Merchantm'n	1
Nyanza	American	Transport	1
Ohioan	American	Transport	2
Olympic	British	Transport	1
Osage	American	Merchantm'n	1
Pediladia	Italian	Transport	1
Pennsylvanian	American	Transport	1
Plattsburg	American	Transport	1
Praetorius	American	Transport	1
Rappahannock	American	Transport	1
River Otranto	British	Merchantm'n	1
Roepat	British	Merchantm'n	1
Santa Rosa	British	Merchantm'n	1
Tenadores	American	Transport	1
Tiger	British	Transport	1
Ulysses	British	Merchantm'n	1
Vauban	British	Merchantm'n	1
Wabash	American	Merchantm'n	1
War Python	British	Merchantm'n	1
West Bridge	American	Merchantm'n	1
Westward-Ho	American	Merchantm'n	1
Wyandotte	American	Transport	1



THEY WOKE UP WITH A START

Old Azorean couple who escaped death by sleeping in another room, and their dwelling struck by submarine shell July 4, 1917, in attack on Ponta Delgada.



FLAG OF ANOTHER "LITTLE PEOPLE" WISHING SELF-DETERMINATION

This emblem of blue and white, with a star for each island and the sacred bird beneath, was stamped on postcards in the proposal for "complete autonomy for the Azorean Archipelago" under an American protectorate. In a plebiscite there's no doubt of the way the islanders would vote.



TWO OF A KIND IN THE AIR

A French dirigible carrying crew of five putting out to hunt submarines, and in distance, a captive "caterpillar" which occasionally went to sea.



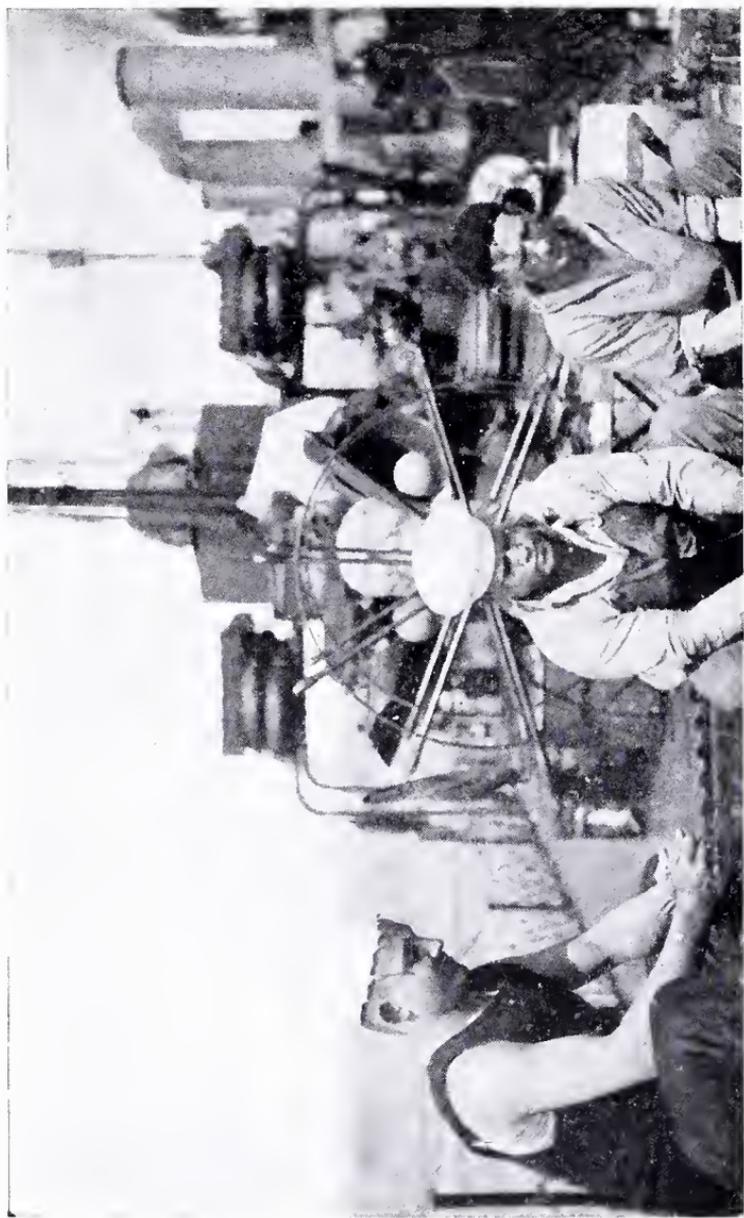
OUR "BLACK GANG" IN A HAPPY FRAME OF MIND

This bunch might well be mistaken for a college glee club on a tear, but in reality it is our aggregation of coal heavers and water tenders enjoying a short period of rest on deck; date, Apr. 25, 1918; place, Brest, France. Note the "instruments of torture."



"YOUR TWO AND RAISE YOU TWO!"

A quiet little game like the ones Mr. Osgood, the alert executive officer, used to raid when the crew's mess needed the money.



A MODERN DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Since nobody in the outfit holds down the rating of "washwoman," each man scrubs his own clothes. This training is great to develop self-reliance, and the recipient feels at an advantage when Money and Manhood clash. A scene on our fantail at Brest.



"CHIPS" CAUGHT DOING SOME WORK

Frank E. Cooper, carpenter's mate, taken through the yeoman office porthole. His nemesis, Lieut. Smith, is probably lingering on the forecastle just above.



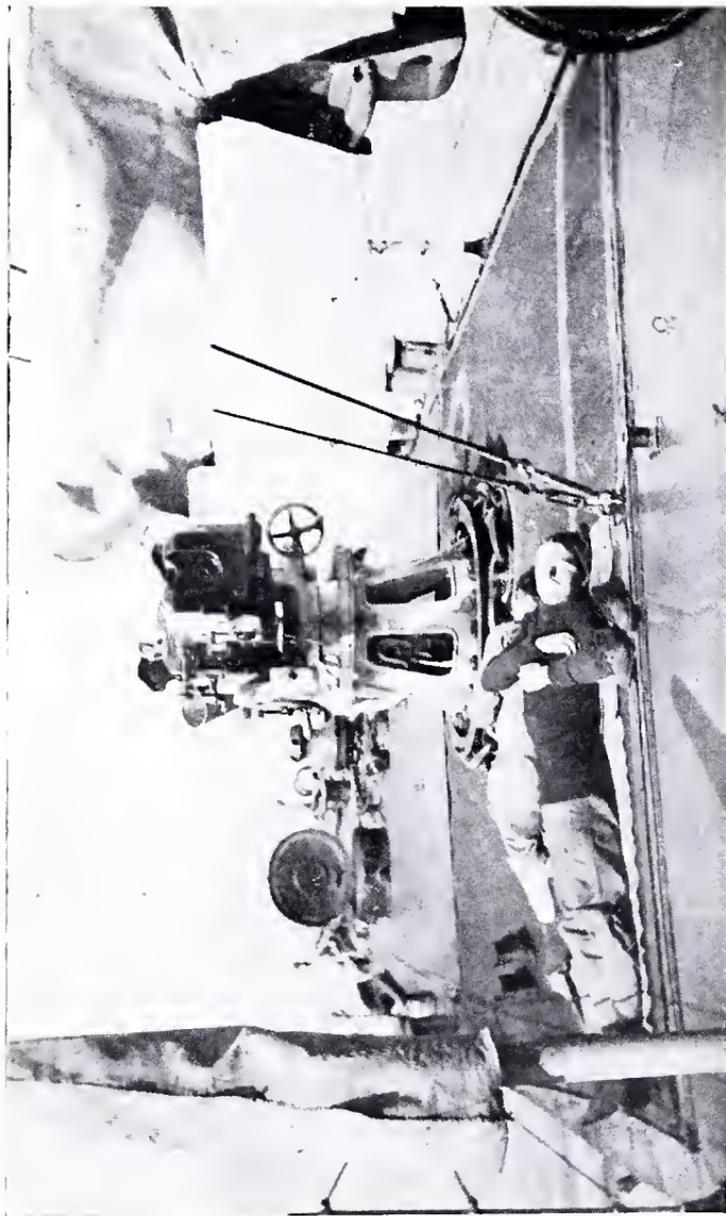
THE CREW THAT BROUGHT HER BACK

Here we have part of our complement as they appeared at Brest in November, 1918, shortly after the armistice with Germany was signed. We went to Europe with about 100 men and at one time we had 121, which made sleeping difficult and eating a joke.



NOT AS FIERCE AS HE LOOKS

Albert S. Denning, coppersmith, was one of the highest-paid petty officers in the Dungaree Navy. He lived in the forecabin and he kept it lively.



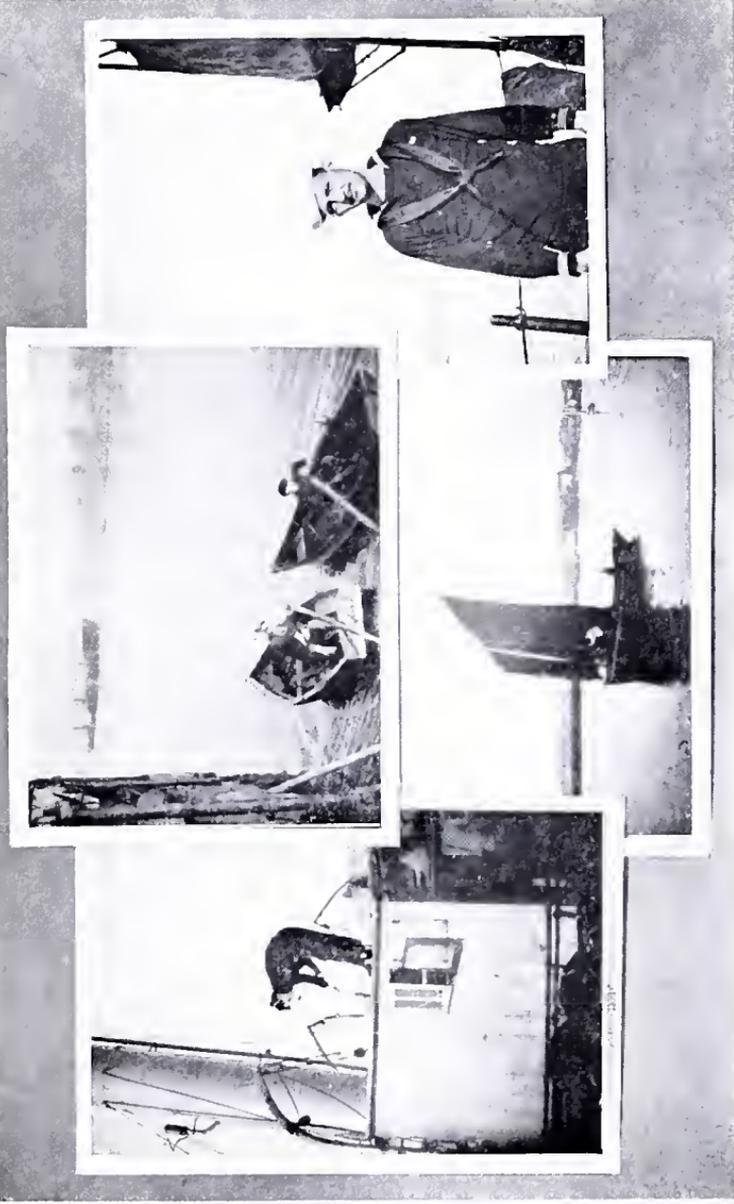
SLEEP, SAILOR, SLEEP,—THY CARES FORGET IN DREAMING!

Exhausted sailor men are accustomed to seek repose wherever inviting nooks are available, and here we are gazing upon Daniel M. Lamb, a quartermaster, and J. J. Lynch, a ship's cook, at sea on the cocoa matting of the forecastle. The gobs are so comfortable that the officers on the bridge leave them undisturbed.



WHICH IS WHICH?

Homer Evans, oiler, is caught in bad company on the coal dock at Brest (being of Irish descent himself) and is warned to stay aboard.



FOUR VIEWS TAKEN AT LORIENT, FRANCE, NOV. 9, 1918

A "frog-eater" painting his galley top; scullers giving us the once-over; an old fisherman hoisting sail, and Arthur B. Stedman, seaman, in civil life a banker and broker of Hartford, Conn., who made good as "Jack-of-the-Dust" in charge of the commissary hold; salary, \$36.50 per month.



THIS IS NOT AN ESKIMO—

It is only Geo. E. ("Possum") Johnson, gunner's mate, diked out in a full rig of storm-proof, wind-proof, fool-proof clothing furnished by Uncle Sam.



BEGONE, DULL CARE, FOR WE ARE SAILOR MEN!

A jolly crowd of mess cooks, manning the ice hooks, snapped at Leixoes (port for Porto), Portugal, Dec. 19, 1917, after we had been driven to land by a storm. Left to right, Kuglarz, Herlihy, Chisholm, Schlesselman, Becker and Mignery—a devil-may-care bunch.



"TOM BROWN," PLEASE TAKE A BACK SEAT!

"Tim" Brown will fill your place! Here's "Tim" as he looked after shedding the garb of a gob. We raised a racket when he left for home.



"SHAKE A LEG, CONSWAIN, WITH THAT LIBERTY BOAT!"

A party of gobs standing by on the deck of our Mother Ship, the Panther, ready for a promenade along Rue de Siam, Brest. From a picture taken in the spring of 1918, when promenading and ship's duties alike were at their height.



BIFF! THAT RUINED OUR NOSE!

On Apr. 16, 1918, the French Tug Hanneton ran us bow-on into the stone coal dock at Brest, and the dock did not budge.



FELLOW SHIPMATES, MEET THE COAL-DUST TWINS!

Oscar Kluge, chief water tender, admits that he lives at Golconda, Ill., and John Herche, chief quartermaster, is proud that his home is Hoboken, N. J. Both are as salty as grocery store mackerel and can eat pork at sea or frog legs all over France.

With The Sea-Going Poets

STEAMING TO THE EASTWARD

By Timothy Brown.

Oh, the meat is getting rotten
And there's mold upon the bread;
There's a smell around the ice-box
That's enough to knock you dead.
But with these things and some others
I am game to take a chance,
For we're steaming to the eastward
And we're on our way to France.

Oh, it's lousy in the fo'castle
And there's scarcely any air,—
It takes mighty little motion
To make you sea-sick there;
Though it's very inconvenient
To be heaving up your grub,
Still, we're steaming to the eastward,
And we're looking for a sub.

When you go aft in the mid-watch,
Climbing over bags of coal,
Grab a dirty, sooty life-line
And hang tight at every roll,
Keep a look-out from the deck-house,
Feel the vessel pitch and toss,
While we're steaming to the eastward,
For we're on our way Across.

Draw your quarter pail of water
And forget the taste of booze,
And be careful that your letters
Contain anything but news;
Battle bravely with the bed-bugs,—
Little things don't matter much,—
For we're steaming to the eastward,
On our way to lick the Dutch!

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

Hush little ensign, don't you cry—
You'll be an admiral by and by!

THERE'S A BIT TO DO!

By Harry C. Black.

It's flies and sweat and coal dust,
And coal dust, sweat and flies;
Coal dust in your nostrils,
Coal dust in your eyes;
A lousy gang of rough-necks
To make into a crew,—
If you wish to do your bit,
There's a bit to do!

Wait till your nerves are frazzled,
Laugh as you get done in;
Dwell amid the muck of it,
The never-ending din.
Do you dream of glory
On the ocean blue,
And do you wish to do your bit?
There's a bit to do!

Stories of this service
Are better left untold;
Who cares about the wretched tramps,
Unpicturesque and old?
Forget them, gentle reader,
But here's a tip for you,—
If you wish to do your bit,
There's a bit to do!

It's not the least romantic,—
You never hear applause;
The muscle that's behind your fist
Is what upholds your laws.
Boredom born of steady grind,
Tomorrow, nothing new;
If you wish to do your bit,
There's a bit to do!



WITH THE SEA-GOING POETS

WAR'S ROMANCES

By Harry C. Black.

Steam into port,
Steam out of port,
Steam into port again:
Sail into fog,
Sail into snow,
Sail into soaking rain:
Roll up the seas,
Roll down the seas,
And count the storms by scores:
Let the poets sing of war's romance,
But I sing of its bores!

A girl lives here,
A girl lives there,
But "port girls" are the same;
A painted cheek
And a rat-like eye
And a soon-forgotten name;
Let poets sing of war's romance,
But I sing of its shame!

What in the Hell is the use of it?
What in Hell, I say!
Is a man a blithering, blighted fool,
A joke composed of clay?
Sail out of port,
Sail into port,
And drink the native wine
Till the hero who is hymned at home
Is simply a sleeping swine!
Let poets sing their senseless songs,
But I'll sing one of mine!

It was always thus,
It is thus today
And tomorrow will be the same:
Down with the weak,
Up with the strong,
For might you cannot tame.
I can't fill up these forms for nuts,
But verse is not the same,
I can kick out this Kipling stuff,
In a style to win me fame!

THOUGHTS OF HOME

By Harry C. Black.

Three thousand miles of ocean
'Twi'x't you and all that's dear,
Three thousand miles of ocean,—
Lord, it's long!
And it's hard to keep a-laughing
And to joke just when you hear
That every blessed thing has all gone wrong!
But still you keep a-laughing,
Though you're bored, dog-tired and blue,
Bored,—God strafe the Kaiser and his hate!
To hell with early rising, take away the wat'ry view!
Jove, when the war is over
I'll sleep late!

There's three thousand miles of ocean
To cross when it is done,
Three thousand miles of ocean,
Lord, it's long!
And already some have shot their bolt
And had their earthly fun
And a shell it was that sang their burial song!
But still you keep a-laughing,
Hold your tears back with a sneer,—
There's stupidity to swear at, and the crew.
If a submarine should rap us,
Will we forget all fear?
Is the ocean quite as warm
As it is blue?

There's three thousand miles of ocean,—
Miles weary, rough and wet,
Three thousand miles of ocean—
Lord, it's long!
And the things we can remember
We wish we could forget,—
Forget dear days, now dead, forever gone!
But still you keep a-laughing,
Though your mirth is mostly sham;
For God's sake keep a-laughing
And do not give a damn!
My lad, here comes an Admiral—
We must give him a sa-lam!
Three thousand miles of ocean,—
Lord, it's long!

THE EIGHT-KNOT TRAMP

By Harry C. Black.

If promotion means nothing to you,
And comfort you can forswear:
If you're willing to be forgotten,
And to work every day in the year;
If you're fond of taking your chances,
And the praise of Admirals you shun;
Pick an eight-knot tramp of the N. R. F.
Carrying coal on the Channel run!

The job is a stranger to honors,
It's also a stranger to shams,
There's naught to win and your life to lose
Midst its dirt, its dangers, its damns;
But once you have laughed its laughter
And the cynic has captured your soul
You can smile at the rest as you do your best
To reach an unreachable goal!

My lad, there is nothing to it,
There's nothing—and yet—and yet
It's something to strive for nothing,
It's something—don't you forget;
So if you're in for the hell of it,
And you've got sufficient nerve,
Pick an eight-knot tramp on the Channel run
Of the U. S. N. Reserve!



THE PAPER WEIGHT

By a Reserve Yeoman

Have you seen the letter Six Six O,
That arrived on board a week ago—
Eight sweet pages for you to know,
As merrily on your way you go?

Full paragraphs with subs galore,
And lots of three fat pages more,
Superseding the one that came before,
Crammed to the brim with gunnery lore.

Instructions state that you should read
The records of each past good deed;
Of course they're useless,—that's agreed,—
For so it states in that same screed.

With seventeen yeomen standing by,
A mountain of paper four miles high,
Such appearances just cannot lie,—
The ordnance yeoman's job is pie!

There's a daily test, and a weekly test,
And a test every now and then;
There's this report and that report,
For the C. O.'s trusty pen!

There's data here, and there's data there,
And there's data on the moon,
A berth in Anacosta waits
For an ordnance yeoman soon!



HURRAH FOR GOOD OLD MAINE!

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

Bar Harbor, Maine, has won its fame,
For its good old pork and beans,
And Boston, Mass., will also pass,
If you have money in your jeans.

But when I speak of Frisco fair
I always have the shakes;
For the air is ever scorching there
And the earth is full of quakes.

And Colorado's a fine old state,
And I've heard its history told,
And many a man has met his fate
While searching there for gold.

Fried chicken meat is hard to beat,
And honey from the South;
The waffles that the Rebels eat
Would melt in any mouth.

They say the Rebels use too much
Of grease in cooking things;
But give me pot licker and greens
And plenty of chicken wings.

Savannah makes a specialty
Of fresh-caught shrimp and rice;
Hoboken has the swellest beer
That was ever put to ice.

The Portuguese are fond of cheese,
The French are fond of wine,
There are lots of places 'cross the pond
For a hungry gob to dine.

But when the people leave this state,—
The good old State of Maine,—
They one and all seem to think it great
To get back home again.

GAY BIRD

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

I wonder if
You all have heard
The wonderful story
Of old Gay Bird.
A noble beast
He must have been
When full of life
And in trotting trim.
He was brought to the island
By a Bar Harbor gent,
Who soon discovered
His money well spent.
For he seen the day
When he could out-shine
'Most anything
In the trottin' line.

He now enjoys
A country home
Where no one cares
For skin or bone.
His will is good,
But I have a doubt
If he will last
The summer out!

We can truthfully say
If the end is near
That we are not to blame
For his short career.
For he is favored
In many ways
Out of respect
For his better days.
But when he is dead
And laid to rest,
We really can say,
"He done his best."
With every stride
And gentle will,
He strove to fill
His master's bill.

GALLEY RHAPSODIES

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

When evening's twilight shadows come
A-stealin' o'er the hills,
Oft-times I sit and ponder while
My heart with longing thrills.

I close my eyes and softly sigh,
And visions come to me
Of a home down in the wild-wood,—
I can hear the honey bee!

I can hear the song-birds singing sweet
As they flit from tree to tree,
But best of all I see a face
That's all the world to me.

With curly rings of golden hair
'Float in the summer's breeze,
With roguish eyes so full of love,
And lips that like to tease.

Though I am many miles away,
Sweet visions come to me,
Of fairy face and cozy nest,
So far across the sea.

When stars are softly beaming bright
From the gentle skies above,
I waft on high an evening prayer
And send to Her my love.

I pray this fairy maid may keep
Her fullest love for me;
"Old Glory" from the galley flies,—
I fight for VICTORY!



A WAR-TIME LULLABY

(Inside the breakwater, Ponta Delgada, Sept., 1917).

By Timothy Brown

Nigger cooks a-singin' in the galley,
Crew a-standin' round the galley door;
In the dusk the signal-lights go blinkin',
Talkin' back an' forth with lights on shore.
Over toward the entrance to the harbor,
Spots of red an' green go glidin' by;
Overhead, like big, blind, clumsy fingers,
Searchlight beams go sweepin' 'cross the sky!
Sleepy ship a-tuggin' at her anchor,
"Taps" comes floatin', sweet an' soft an' slow,
Niggers start to put away their music,
Time for sailormen to go below.
Bugle sounds, a-singin' through the darkness,
Halyards gently tappin' 'gainst the spars,
Overside the gurgle of the water;
Foc's'l' lookout dreamin' 'neath the stars!

THE AZORES

Gems of the ocean we call the Atlantic,
Pride of the Portuguese, beautiful isles,
Princess of nature in robes quite romantic,
Sun-god looks downward upon you and smiles!
Even in temperature, perfect in health,
Leader in peasantry, grand are thy hills;
Living so simply, untouched is thy wealth,—
Hope for the future thy native heart fills!
Columbus once landed on Santa Maria,
The tale of the New World was told by his crew;
And so will Columbus the Modern make freer
The spirit of freedom that wells up in you!



THE BEST OLD SHIP

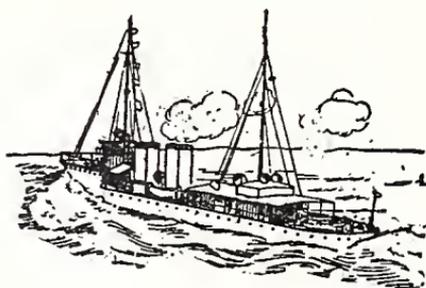
(By a Member of the Black Gang)

Where salty waves are rolling high,
And nearly reach the azure sky,
Right there we're found, Friend Jack and I,—
And everywhere there's need.
In waters where the sub is bold
And ships are worth their weight in gold,—
'Tis there you'll find us as of old,—
On the trusty "Centipede!"

(In camouflage we give our name,
Not like it's written on the scroll,
The censor won't allow the same,—
So let our batteau roll!)

It's true she eats up coal like hell,
And then, she's under every swell,
But boys, she's there—(the figures tell)—
With all the beaucoup speed!
They say the days of coal are done
('Tis bear's grease makes the bronchoes run),
But not the last,—Old "Twenty-one"—
The bucking "Centipede"!

(Up, glasses, mates,—suds on your lip,
Then champ the filthy weed;
Smite any man that puts his ship
Above the "Centipede"!)



THE GLORY OF FRANCE

Oh, great is France! You disagree?
Come into frank discourse with me!
One million and a half of dead,
 Just thirty to each gallant Yank;
As many more saw gory red,
 Deep draughts of disappointment drank!

You say the Frenchmen profiteer?
Who wouldn't pay a franc for beer?
And virtue likewise do you score—
 You've counted all the vicious well;
Of proof enough what wish you more
 Than millions of brave Frenchmen fell?

Oh, vice and patriotic fire
Are strangers first and last, entire!
Queer visitors and hosts, no doubt,
 Grew tired soon; and yet the French
Have something left to think about:
 Four years in Madcap Woden's trench!

ALL HONOR TO JACK

Here's to Jack, the squarest gent
That ever o'er a gang-plank went!
Two-fisted, on the level, brave,—
Hit up the lick, some life to save!
You man the wheel, swish through the deep,
A constant all-night vigil keep,
To derelict heave welcome line,
Steer safely past the floating mine!
Fair history sings its praise to thee,—
You'll rest in Gob Eternity!



SAYING AU REVOIR TO FRANCE

By Timothy Brown

On deck all hands, and wash her down, then single-up your
lines;
Lay aft, O Gunner, with your gang, and see about them
mines!
"The engines, sir, are ready now!" The "Old Man" gives
a cough,
Then says, "Stand by; one third ahead; sound one long
blast; SHOVE OFF!"

Our brand-new H. B. pennant, mates, is trailing far behind,
And a battle-wagon's ensign there is snapping in the wind.
Out past the mole we proudly steam, then swing around to
West;
Go slipping down the Channel ways; "Kenavo!" girls of
Brest!

Good-bye, adieu, and au revoir,—we're homeward bound
at last!
The ground-swell starts to lift us high; Saint Mathieu's light
is past.
Pierre Noire is in the distance dim, Ushant is fading now;
First, Azores; next, Bermuda, mates, then Charleston's on
the bow.

We took the old boat over, mates, to lick the bloody Hun;
We've had a little trouble, mates, but a damn sight more of
fun!
The sal Boche now is feeneesh, mates, there's nothing else
to do,—
So we're going home to tell 'em how the Rolling Reid came
through!

A REJOINDER

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

Some folks don't seem to ever know
The proper place for them to go,
But snoop around the ship all day
Poking their noses in the way.
If they would 'tend to their affair,
They wouldn't smell things in the air;
If they would try the galley game,
They'd find the odors just the same.

THE SEA DOGS.

By Timothy Brown

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark—
Berry is coming to town!
He cooks them all in his iron pot—
Fido, and Rover, and Towser and Spot,
Bulldog and Pug and Hound.
The galley range has caught the mange,
It's had its fleas quite a while:
Each man in the crew, when he sees a tree,
. (line deleted by censor)
And we wag our tails when we smile.
We had heard before of the dogs of war,—
We're well acquainted now;
They're long and narrow, with bright red skins,
And round and smooth and they live in tins,
And they're coming down for chow!

A LAMENT

(To "Bill the Biscuit-Maker")

By T. Brown.

Our cook, the boy from Maine, has gone,
Our Biscuit-making Bill has left;
The Reid-boat knows his art no more,
And we remain here all bereft.

No song now lightens labors in
The galley, where he reigned in state;
The mess-cooks sadly peel the spuds,
And Berry mourns, disconsolate.

Gone is our cook, and never again
Shall we with grateful gusto dent
His biscuits; nor shall e'ermore scan
His poetry, for Bill has went!



DAYS OF DREAM LAND

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

I used to love the ladies so—
I did the best I could
By not using the lights in the parlor
Or burning the old folks' wood.

We often took the old arm chair
Through many a bitter storm,
And there we did the bunny hug
To keep each other warm.

We've climbed the highest mountain tops
And sat there by the hours,
We've roamed through fields and valleys fair
In search of the rarest flowers.

I know a very pretty spot—
We used to go there daily,—
Where the birds were singing in the trees
And the squirrels chattered gaily.

But halcyon days are over now
And it fills my heart with pain
To think those days of gentle dreams
Will never be again.

I left her by the willow
As I went away to war;
Again I asked her for her hand,
And again she answered, "Naw!"

Oh, well, it doesn't matter much;
I have a French girl, too;
My girl at home would have a fit
If she could see the things we do!



LAND LUBBER, BEWARE!

By "Bill the Biscuit Maker"

I had a little sweetheart,
Her name was Annabelle;
She was a queen among the daisies,
And I loved her, Oh, so well!
We went to all the dances,
After which we'd go and dine;
I bought her silks and laces,
And I bought her dresses fine.
We were like lovers in a dream,
Until one autumn day,
A city guy with better looks
Stole Annabelle away.
When I recovered from my trance
The wedding was all over,
And I became—I know not why—
A regular world-wide rover.
My sweetheart Annabelle is gone
To fairer land than this;
I know he did not treat her well,
Life held for her no bliss.
For years I've hunted for that man,
And I'm still hunting yet,
And when we come together, boy,
He'll get his fill, you bet!
I swore to her I'd have revenge,
And if we ever meet,
Life for life he'll pay the debt,
Because revenge is sweet!



Verses Written at Sea
(From Chart-House Poems)

THE BASE CENSOR

We write of pastures, birds and fish,
Of caves and creeping things,
Of gifts that fill the Christmas wish,—
The fate of tramps and kings.

We sing of ships and lantern wicks,
Of letters writ from home,
Eschewing war and politics
As with the muse we roam.

We write of music, art and weather,
And also states of mind,
And then we pause to wonder whether
The censor will be kind!

A JOY-RIDE IN BERMUDA

Having time in Bermuda, I hired a bike
And pedalled away down a shell-covered pike
To the place Samuel Twain used to idle his time
With musings all mental and writings in rhyme,
And likewise where Kipling drew strength from the air,
Or failing of ideas would pull out his hair.

I stood on the rock where these notables stood
And felt just the same as I otherwise would;
No poem sprang out of the rock or the trees,
And the nearest to song was the hum of the bees,
So mounting my cycle, I pedalled away
To see what was possible while it was day.

I came to a sign which declared that Annette
The Swimmer and mermaids from nearby had met
In a cave of the hill to see which could swim
And dive for the movies with greatest of vim.
The guide took my money, but Annette the Fair
Had slipped on her robes and departed from there.

Another sign over a second cave said
That all the cave-dwellers around there were dead,
Except at **this** grotto, whose great stalagmites
Furnished excellent setting for Anne in her tights.
I turned to examine a third rustic sign
That hung to the west from an ancient grape-vine,—
"Step this way," it began, "for Shakespeare arose
At dawn for 'The Tempest', his yarn, to compose!"

I looked around next for a sign that would tell
How Adam and Eve on the island did dwell,
And Crusoe found Friday a-pluming himself
Long after old Adam was laid on the shelf.
(P. T. Barnum, I reasoned, these ads must have writ
In the days when his circus was making a hit,
And he fooled all the people a part of the time
By faking up side-shows and charging a dime).

All skeptical now, a bright shilling I threw
At the broken-down gateman, and then I withdrew
'Long the pike whence I'd come, till a funeral loomed up
Which blocked the slim highway at hour for to sup.
I attended the service; the grim colored folk
Stood by in gay costumes, and nobody spoke,
And when it was over, I sped by the hearse
Quite happy my outing was not any worse.

I think of Bermuda as good place to go
To romance a sweetheart who never would know
That most of the high-brows they claim wintered there
Never sighted the islands, or went anywhere!

FLEETING PEACE

(Written at midnight by moonlight, Sept. 20, 1918)

Moonbeams and starlight
Symbolize the perfect night;
O'er the ocean's face they dance
And now they hesitate, to prance,—
Silv'ry spangles leap and race
To rippled nook and resting-place.

Starlight and moonbeams
Say the world's at peace, it seems!
And in the south the banks of cloud
For peace and rest are perfect shroud;
But peace is gone when daylight breaks,—
Man sleeps a while, and then he wakes!

THE SUPREME LAW

(Written Oct. 15, 1917, at Cardiff, Wales)

"It is the law of England, Sir!" At right and left the cry
Was sounded by the shop-girls as the sailors hurried by;
The lights were dimmed at 8 o'clock, the doors closed with
a bang;

"It is the law of England!" and the bell in the church tower
rang.

"It is the law of England!" cried the barmaid as she dashed
The sailor's goblet to the floor; he stood there all abashed,
And then he rushed another bar, his thirst for ale to
quench,—

"No ale until tomorrow!" chirped the sprightly little wench.

"It is the law of England, and we take no risk with chance!"
Piped a maiden of the dance-hall as she spurned another
dance;

Then she grabbed her shawl and gained the door, and lifted
up the latch;—

"Oh, Mister, I forgot something; do you happen to have a
match?"

"It is the law of England!" This we heard on every hand,
And before the night was finished we could plainly under-
stand;

Then to tune of scampering footsteps and of bread-cry on
the lip,

We breathed a prayer for England's weal, and went back
to the ship.



TO A ROLLICKING SEA POET

(Written to Harry C. Black at Brest, France, Sept. 11, 1918)

It gives me exceeding great pleasure
To acknowledge receipt of your verse,
And to say in my trimetric measure
I've seen poems a thousand times worse.
In fact, if the truth you are seeking,
Lend ear and I'll tell it to you:
My book with your poems is reeking,
And your name is atop of them, too!

Please pardon me, sir, for presuming
To purloin your Kiplingesque stuff,
But we scribes have a way of assuming
And of poems I've not near enough.
Besides, you are better than Folger
McKinsey, or Scollard or Kirk,
Or Harman, or Loveman; they hold you
Enthralled and unable to work!

You say you are sick of the sea, sir,
And would gladly go back to the States,
But it seems very much like to me, sir,
You had better fill all of your dates;
For what could be more to your notion
Than life on a sea-going tramp?
She hasn't that hobby-horse motion,
And your deck is no wetter than damp.

The coal that you carry is helping
To make us all safe from the Hun,
And now that the Dachshund is yelping,
The march to Berlin is begun.
Of course you will sink like a pebble
Should a submarine get in a rap;
Remember your Dad was a Rebel,—
Get out of your bunk with a snap!

The price that we charge unknown scholars
For printing their poems is this:
Each agate line, couple of dollars
In francs that they never will miss;
Or better, sign up in a hurry
For a hundred books right off the press;
Come across with the bones and don't worry,—
Your verse is past censure, we guess!

THE KING OF KINGS

(Written in a stifling, smoke-filled compartment)

The kings are dead,—long live the King!
The audience will rise and sing!
Let no one breathe remonstrance vile,—
King Cigarette will reign a while!

We loved the other rum old kings
For their drollery and senseless things;
Their romance charmed until we met
The crusading knight, King Cigarette!

O King of Kings, thy power is great
In private life and affairs of state!
So needed by the human race,—
Like meat and drink and resting-place!

Thou givest comfort to the weak
And goad the strong in weather bleak;
Fair woman falls before their charms,—
Thy praise is sung by the babe in arms!

Time was when thou wert crowning joke,—
When Walter Raleigh first did smoke;
But lo! thou'rt flaunted everywhere,—
To windward, leeward, through the air!

'Tis meet that men commune with thee
In parlor on land, in bunk at sea;
Man hath no use for lungs or throat
Since the rank and file struck up thy note!

So reign in state, O monarch grand,
And soothe thy subjects through the land,
And should one mortal raise protest,
Throw him in to die among the rest!

It matters not that time sounds knell,
And many who smoke will smoke in hell;
What the most folks want is the one best bet:
Reign on and on, King Cigarette!



"PARDON, MADEMOISELLE!"

In Paris, while "Big Bertha's" voice
Broke shrill upon the hustling throng,
I paid a visit to a shop,
But did not tarry very long.

"Donnez-moi des cartes postale, Ma'mselle!"
Said I to the girl who kept the place;
"Yes, yes, Monsieur; one moment, please,"
And a radiant smile lit up her face.

"Vous parlez l'Anglais tres bien!"
I ventured as she turned her head;
Her secret was not secret long,—
"I am English, kind sir!" she said.

CATS WILL BE CATS

(After Oliver Herford)

An ancient French cat
In the moonlight sat
On a high board fence
A-wonderin' where he was at
Following a memorable spat.
A fine cat, that,
Brave hero of many a feline bat,
An aristocrat too sleek and fat
To soil his chops on an ornery rat.
It had been tit-for-tat
On the front-door mat
With a common yellow cat
From the Barnegat;
And the cat of which we mainly speak
Did scratch and bite and vainly squeak,
But the stranger cat
Made him take the mat,
Put a sty on his eye,
Made him cry,
Made him sigh,
Mussed up his handsome coat
And generally got his goat,
And sent him to perch himself
On the back-yard fence up high,—

A-wonderin' where he was at,
And craving a dish of catnip,
But having no particular appetite
For canary birds,
Then this gentleman cat
Heard on the still night air,
"Scat, you brat!"
From the hired man,
Who objected to his cries
As adding to insomnia.
So a noise began
That really was a brick-bat
Whizzing to the place
Where the naughty cat
Was at.
The missile clipped his tail
And he released a wail,
And he went away from there
With his remaining hair.

Now, gentle reader, don't you feel real sad
About this cat, though he acted bad?
I'd hate to have been so weak and wan and hoary
And found myself in that awful cat-egory!

ODE TO RALPH D. PAINE

In January Ralph D. Paine
Did board our ship to try the game
Of canning submarines at sea,
So's to write *The Post* of our bravery.
This learned man and author bold
(Yclept "Umslopogaas" of old)
Once pulled an oar in the tub at Yale,—
So harken to our wondrous tale:
Grim Father Neptune has his throne
In the Bay of Biscuits, all alone,
And on the days of which we speak
He served out weather rough and bleak;
He sent us hail and he sent us rain,
And 'twas not long ere Ralph D. Paine
Did hie himself to the skipper's bunk
And swear the writing game was punk.
The submarines were driven back

To leeward shores to take a tack,
 And that is why—'tis sad to tell—
 We did not bag the subs so well.
 Some said they didn't mind the subs,—
 Would welcome one to swag us dubs—
 But no such luck, and all sat tight,
 While Author Paine kept out of sight.
 Our First Lord of the Galley stood
 This sort of thing 's long's he could,
 Then shambling to the cabin door
 Into Ralph's ear these words did pour:
 "Musher Paine, sense youse de Post Reporter,
 Hit pears to me dis ship do owe to
 You de best what's in de logs,—
 We have for dinner, sir, hot dogs."
 Our hero now was far too weak
 To navigate or even speak,
 So he seized a pad and on it wrote,
 "This hobby-horse has got my goat;
 King George told me to put an egg
 Into my shoe and shake a leg
 To the South where 'Pen-March Pete' hangs out,
 But believe me, cook, I'm up the spout!"
 Third morning, sun peeked from the sky;
 "Paine's Fireworks" then the crew let fly,—
 A brace of cans kicked off the stern,
 To show we had the cans to burn;
 And likewise for to honor him
 We shot the guns with all our vim;
 Then off shoved Ralph to keep a date
 With the Blank Navy,—'twas on his slate.
 (Base censor scratched the verse above
 Because he swore it wouldn't do
 To make a statement in cold type
 That were not absolutely true;
 He claims 'twere quite beyond the pale
 Of regulations for to shoot
 Our guns to honor any gent
 All braidless, and sea-sick to boot!
 And so we take our pen in hand,
 Although the ship and waves do fuss,
 To make you fully understand
 The reason why he crosses us.
 We beg your kind indulgency
 The while we finish out our yarn—

The balance of the thing is true,
So gentle reader, please read on):
Alas! just sixty days apres
Did "Pen-March Pete" get in our way,
And tried to stop three cans at once:
He limped to Spain—(not such a dunce!).
We weep because our friend did go
To another hobby-horse and so
We pray that Mr. Ralph D. Paine
Will write us up, and call again!

LIFE ALL PETTIEST

Petty, petty, petty things,—
Pettifogging clan;
Petty, petty, petty wings
For the sailor man!

Oh, it's petty this and petty that,
And petty all the day,
And make them wear a petty hat,
And petty up their pay!

The wardroom bunch is petty too;
It's petty down below;
'Most everything is pettified,
No matter where you go!

And then we have the pettiest
Of petty punishment;
(We like to think this pettiness
At least is kindly meant!)

Petty dudes with petty power
Will put you on report;
"Out on deck, you petty Dub,—
Come on and be a sport!"

Damn this petty outfit all,
So full of small-town stuff;
One cruise of pettifogging gives
A landsman gob enough!

Petty, petty, petty gang.—
But civilian, what's the use?
Just let 'em gloat o'er pettiness
And stew in their own juice!

THE LITERARY SHIP

By a Deck Hand

THIS is a literary ship, we'll put you hip right off the bat so you'll know where you're at in talking to our gobs. Go elsewhere for your snobs. You see, it's this a-way: Out there on deck, we'll say, is a lad in dungarees who acts like he might have lived in trees in the days when monkeys began to walk around on hind legs upon the frozen ground. So lithely he swings to stanchions and things you'd think he had aeroplane goggles and wings; but haul him to deck by the nape of the neck and he'll give you the maritime dope by the peck. This gob has just finished some work in the states that causes much wonder when told to his mates; how he pulled down diplomas at this school and that—you would wonder his head would fit into his hat. (Ah-hal we are geting the swing of this stuff, for the further you go it is easy enough, and maybe we'd thrill you a fortnight or so, if to chow in the "diner" we had not to go!). Now some would apply to this bo'sun the name of "chocolate sailor" who don't know the game; but take it from me, Jack, he is not from the woods, and in spite of that handicap he's got the goods. The "meal-ticket sailor" in peace times was clever, but give me this new lad in all kinds of weather, for back in our country his girl waits for him to sink all the subs and to work with a vim.

After passports you get from the QMOD., just peek in the wardroom and see what you see: An ossifer quiet and steady and wise, from the tip of his toe to the white of his eyes, who finished at Harvard with highest high mark since John Harvard's forbears emerged from the ark; then he went into business and there did so well he could tell J. P. Morgan to step down to hell! Hard to port you will notice a Dartmouth man, too, and to starboard a Penn. hero digs into stew, while LaFayette colors are tacked to the mast, right under the skipper's, and slightly avast. Dame Rumor says Heidleberg has a smart son hauling ammunnish out of the hold to the gun—a football star whose "flying wedge" will set the Kaiser's teeth on edge, helping to make democracy safe for the world with victory. Wisconsin sends a lad to bear her loyal banner in the air, and when he's shaken off red tape, an ensign's place he'll surely make. Forsooth are Princeton and Georgia here; you can tell them all by their thirst for beer!

WITH THE SEA-GOING POETS

Nearly all our crew can write poems and plays, though some have different manners and ways; the galley, for instance, we thank for a cook whose biscuits were bad but whose verse filled a book; partly ours as you notice by reading enough—his bread was atrocious, his poems the stuff. Same way with the Black Gang, they pen poems too, in morning and evening for me and for you. Around the good ship we have numerous men who know all the how and the why and the when of things that count for the most in life; I don't mean sweetheart, friend or wife—you see my meaning as plain as day,—for the small-town stuff is far away.

A Yale guy helps us run the ship; from deck to deck he puts 'em hip; and yes, I mean to say some more (our skipper moves to slam the door!): There's worlds of good old regular knowledge you don't get out of any college. I'd just as soon as not have been to the School for Boobs for what I ken. Today the ossifers from there have got the sailor men just where they want 'em, but believe me, Jack, when in civilian life we're back (granting all the peaceful nations junk their wartime, hellish stuff as punk), won't it be nice to deal out jobs to deserving ossifers and gobs?

My daddy's elevator plant is shut down now and simply can't do what it did a year ago: it had its ups and downs and so I guess there's lots of work to do to start the thing and see it through; and when it gets to goin' good, in a swivel chair I'll knock on wood and call our skipper from the line and tell him if he wants to jine an outfit forging to the top, to man a lift, relieve the Wop. Hash marks for every year aboard, his seven francs a month to hoard, and buy a uniform quite neat with buttons brass and double seat; after a while, his record best, he shines his shoes and stands a test for second class and badge of brown, which makes him looked up to in town. I recommend this lifting game for bright young men to make a name; the conductor keeps all change and wraps and can lift himself by his own bootstraps!

All this apres la guerre, by heck! Right now I'll go and paint the deck!



THE IMPORTANCE OF POETRY

The printer says we needs must write
Another page of verse tonight,
The very tail-end form to fill;
He swears we must, and so we will!

Ye gods! what subject shall we take
And stimulant to stay awake?
Already for this printer-czar
We've writ six yards on old Jack Tar!

Quite naturally we hesitate
To pen these lines and sit up late,
For fear the folks that buy our stuff
Will quickly yell they've got enough!

And yet the book is one page shy,—
The printer will not let it by!
So here we go as best we may,
And hope to sleep by crack of day!

Full many subjects there remain,
And some give joy and some give pain!
The world gives latitude galore,—
The human race gives even more!

Of Reconstruction might we sing,
And from subscribers echo bring;
Of toothless League of Nations too,—
Most anything that's bothering you!

But, gentle reader, why give thought
To weighty things that come to naught?
While statesmen fight for good or worse,
Your bards will save the uni-verse!



The Gobs' Dictionary

<i>The Corruption</i>	<i>The Meaning</i>
Aft	Stern of Ship
Agony box	The phonograph
Alchy	Alcohol
All hands	The ship's company
"Arise and shine!"	Leave bunk
Ash can	A depth charge
Big ticket	Money for re-enlistment
Big wagon	A battleship or cruiser
Black boats	The destroyers
Black gang	Watertenders and firemen
Blackie	The vessel's blacksmith
Boat cloth	Cloth for officers to sit on
Bolo man	A warrant officer
Bo'sun	Chief Boatswain's mate
Brig	Place for culprits
Broken down with sea-service	Out of commission
Bunker plate	A European penny
Captain of the Hold	The storekeeper
Captain of the Paint Locker	The carpenter's mate
Captain of the Phonograph	Ship's music master
Captain of the Wherry	A rowing coxswain
Captain of the Wing Locker	A self-nominated seaman
Charley Noble	Galley smokestack
Chips	A carpenter's mate
Chocolate sailor	A reserve
Chow down!	Meal is ready
Cocoa matting	Anti-slip deck cover
"Come out of your hop!"	"Quit dreaming!"
Comical steward	The caterer for crew's mess
Convoy	Troopship fleet; to escort ships
Coppers	A coppersmith
Crow's nest	Lookout station, foremast
Davit	Iron arm to lift boats
Dago red	Red wine
Disrate	To award lower rating
Down for a shoot	A courtmartial report
Dungaree Navy.....	Small craft navy
Dusty	Jack-of-the-Dust

<i>The Corruption</i>	<i>The Meaning</i>
Educated heave	Fireman or watertender
Exex	Executive officer
Eyes of ship	Acute angle of bow
First luff	First lieutenant
Fish eyes	Tapioca
Flat foot	A gob, not a marine
Forecastle	Fore part of ship; sleeping space
Forward	Bow of vessel
Funnel	Smoke-stack
Galley	Kitchen
Gasket	A batter cake
General quarters	Battle stations for men
Get underway	Steam out to sea
Gilgadget	Small, slow steamer
Gob	A sailor
Gravity tank	Refuge for sea-sick
Hard guy	A bully
"Hard left!"	Column left with left rudder
"Hard right!"	Column right with right rudder
Hash mark	A service stripe
Heave	A fireman (coal passer)
"Hell's bells!"	Expression of exasperation
How's to— —?"	Asking a favor
Imitation officer	A chief petty
Jack-of-the-dust	Commissary storekeeper
Java	Coffee
Jiggy-Jig	Junior grade lieutenant
Jimmy legs	Chief master-at-arms
Jump ship	Leave without authority
Lame duck	Disabled ship or U-boat
Lamp lighter	Similar to printer's devil
Land lubber	A landsman
"Lay down below!"	Go below deck
Laying eggs	Planting German mines
Leatherneck	A marine
Lend a hand	Help somebody
Liberty cabbage	Sauerkraut
Lie to	Stop without anchoring
List	Fixed lean to side

THE GOBS' DICTIONARY

<i>The Corruption</i>	<i>The Meaning</i>
Mal de mer	Sea-sickness
Meal-ticket sailor	One looking for "three squares"
Mess boy	A colored wardroom flunkey
Mess cook	A waiter on table
Moored	Tied to ship or buoy
Mud hook	An anchor
Naval Intelligence	See Webster: "vacuum"
Oil slick	Ship or U-boat oil on water
Old college mate	A chum
Old man	Captain of ship
O. N. S.	"Office of Naval Stupidity"
"Out you go, Jack!"	"Beat it!"
Painter	Line for small boats
Patrol	To scout; scouting ships
Periscopitis	Seeing many periscopes
Pilot	A navigator; to escort ships
"Pipe down!"	Keep quiet
"Plenti zig-zag!"	French for "rummed up"
Port	Left-hand side of ship
"Put him hip!"	Tell or inform him
Radio	Wireless operator
Rat guards	To keep rats off ship
"Red lead"	Catsup
Red tape	A string to wrap with; much ado about nothing
Rendezvous	Place to meet ships
Salt	Old-time sailor
Savvy	Understanding
Sea dog	An experienced sailor
Sea-going	Worthy of the sea
Seconds	Extra helpings at table
"Secure!"	Make guns fast
Send-off	What good officers get
"Shake a leg!" or "Shake it up!"	Get busy
Shave-tail	A warrant officer
Shipmate	A square fellow
Ship over	Re-enlist
Ship water	To leak
Shoestrings	Spaghetti
"Shove off!"	Go or get underway
Skin of ship	The hull

70,000 MILES ON A SUBMARINE DESTROYER

<i>The Corruption</i>	<i>The Meaning</i>
Skipper	Captain of vessel
Slumgullion	Navy hash
Smith	A blacksmith
"Snap out of it!"	Wake up
Sparks	Wireless operator
Spuds	Potatoes
Stand in	Steam into port
Standing by	Waiting to sail
Stand out	Go to sea
Starboard	Right-hand side of ship
Submarine turkey	Salmon
Swag	Money; to hit with torpedo
"That's Jakel!"	"It pleases me!"
The man	Anybody in authority
"Trays beans!"	"Very good!"
"Trim Ship!"	Make even keel
"Up all hammocks!!"	Lash hammocks, arrange bunks
Up for a crow	To stand petty examination
"Up on deck!"	A challenge to fight
Wake	Water churned by propellers
"Wash down!"	Scrub deck
Weather eye	A sharp lookout
Weigh anchor	Pull up anchor
Whale	A torpedo
"What do you say?"	"How about it?"
Win a home	In France only
Wing locker	Place to get wings in an emergency
Worms	Macaroni





1925 288

1926 289

