A LIFE AT SEA.

by

CAPTAIN WALTER WINGATE.

To my dear Wife

With sincere appreciation of her
consistent interest,

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Foreword.

Some time ago my daughter Browni said to me, "Dad, why do you not write an account of your life, so many of your stories are fascinating".

By a coincidence my old friend, James H. Hamilton, a literary man better known under his pen name "Captain Kettle", made that same remark to me a year ago. I would never have undertaken such a voyage into unknown waters without his encouragement.

Walter Wingate,
Shawnigan Lake, B.C.
November, 1955.

INTRODUCTION

Having known Walter Wingate many years.it was not until I came to live in Victoria that we had opportunity to sit down and talk leisurely about experiences and to exchange ideas.

Since he retired and "swallowed the anchor" we have had many an evening session over a pipe and maybe a glass or two. His remarkable memory struck me as unusual;- I was impressed by his facility in recalling dates ---accurately, that is---- which I checked on several occasions.

The variety of his experiences of life at sea, as apprentice , junior officer and later in command; in sailing ships, merchant steamships and passenger liners, coupled with Naval service in the first World War , would suffice to be classed as wide experience. But in addition he has acted as superintendent ashore , and as owner-operator in coastwise trade, and has acquired thereby an inside view of the problems of transportation seldom gained by seafaring men . Also, as British Columbia Pilot , he has added to his experience an intimate knowledge of the coast of British Columbia and Alaska.

It is no wonder that this long and varied service has given him an insight and appreciation of the trials and problems of those, be they afloat or ashore, who are concerned with ships and the sea. Several times I said to him -"Why don't you write down on paper what you so fascinatingly relate verbally ?". He replied -" I am no writer. My daughter asked me to write my reminiscences, but...Oh: I don't know,It's not my line."

Being a writer myself, I determined to induce him to show what he could do. He was about to leave on a four-month vacation in sunny Mexico. Handing him a blank manuscript-book as a gift, I secured his promise to write in it one hundred pages of his memoirs and to bring it to me on his return. Being a man of his word,he did so. I read it:- first with interest, then again critically, noting his capacity to make alive the ships and persons he had known and the joys and dangers which have been his lot. Also I noted the sagacity of his analyses and comments on the difficulties and problems which beset those connected with the sea, which he states with clarity and Scottish directness, administering praise or blame as may be necessary, letting the chips where they may.

So I obtained his promise to write on-- to complete the tale of his career , and to ensure his doing so I enlisted the support of his wife, who enthusiastically acted as his secretary.

It is with pleasure that I am now able to read his completed manuscript. In many ways an unusual book ,this is not a book of adventures, nor of shipwreck and tragedy, nor of war,-- it is all of these and more. One can permit oneself to envy the man who can recount so interesting and informative a story of his career.

It should take its rightful place among the books of the sea. No one , be he sailor, shipping-man or ship lover, can read it without benefitting by the experience.

Union Club.
Victoria. ~~B.C.~~
British Columbia

(Signed) James H.Hamilton.

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Chapter 1.

Why did I go to sea? A brother had gone five years before and I was much intrigued with thoughts and tales of foreign shores. There had been a sneaking wish to be a doctor. I had loved construing"Caesar's Gallic Wars", but when it came to studying Arnold's Latin Prose and Grammar, I felt completely frustrated with Latin; as it seemed such an important part of a doctor's education the wish to be a doctor evaporated. The time had come to choose a vocation. There were six sisters, two of whom had already elected to have a University education, and, feeling that my father could ill afford an expensive education for all his children, I announced my determination to go to sea. The underlying reason was a wish for freedom and independence that I felt would most quickly be realized that way. My father said little, but agreed to further my ambition. My mother was strongly against the idea, but her objections were finally overcome.

Having announced my determination not to return to school, it would have been a matter of entrance to University, I got myself a job as stocknroker's clerk. After a month or so, approaching my father on my seafaring ambition, he just remarked "have a little patience". Another month passed without any encouragement, so I wrote to a number of shipping companies making application for engagement as apprentice. The first favourable replywas from Thomas Law & Company, owners of the Shire Line of sailing ships. A premium of twenty pounds was required. On approaching my father he said all right, but was disappointed at my lack of patience as he had arranged with a Mr. Dunlop, shipowner and personal friend, for me to have the first vacancy in his ships.

Having completed the application and paid the premium, I was instructed to report to the "Arctic Stream", a full rigged ship then lying at Barry Docks, near Cardiff. Duly outfitted with a double breasted, brass buttoned uniform and cap, I reported at Barry Docks. The only soul really connected with the ship was the ship's husband, Captain Anderson. I had to board and lodge myself on two shillings a day and report for work at eight a.m. in dungarees. My first job was to clean out the biscuit tanks and white wash them. Down in the after peak, a black hole, with just a candle for light; what a dirty job at fifteen and a half, with not a soul to talk to. When Captain Anderson, seeing the disappointment no doubt written all over me, suggested that it was not too late to quit, I just gritted my teeth and decided to stay with it. It must have been nearly two weeks before the Captain joined the ship with three other apprentices, who were much older than I and not inclined to fraternize. Curiously, I was given no opportunity to familiarize myself with rigging or sailorising, as we generally call the practical duties, only running messages or sweeping up while sails and rigging were got up and put in order. Finally we loaded a cargo of coke for Freemantle, West Australia. The balance of the crew were shipped and we sailed, being towed to the neighborhood of Lundy Island. With all sails set, I can still remember the feeling of satisfaction that I really was started on the adventure of life. All the members of the crew were Welsh, with the exception of the second mate, the apprentices and a negro cook, and I was to have a very lonely life on board. During that first night the wind increased; first the Royals were furled, then the topgallant sails, and I, as far as anyone knew, had never been above the deck, was ordered aloft and out to the yard arm. What an experience that was, clamb-

ering up over the foretop and topgallant crosstrees, dark, the ship rolling and pitching violently. I had ventured myself over the top before in daylight, when there was no one to watch me, but never had I ventured to the crosstrees. Well for me that the seaman next to me was alert; the sail finally rolled snug, came up on the yard with a jerk and I, all unprepared, lost my grip and would have fallen backwards either into the sea or on to the deck some hundred and fifty feet below. He, however, had grabbed me by the arm and I brought up sitting on the foot rope, my head against the yard, and was shepherded back to safety on my feet. It may have been that the seaman spoke to the first mate, in whose watch I was, as it was sometime before I was sent aloft again in bad weather and at night. In any case it was not long before I could undertake any duty aloft. The voyage thereafter was without incident. Loaded with coke, she was light, about eighteen inches below her load mark, and sailed like a yacht, sometimes reeling off over three hundred ~~knots~~ miles in twenty four hours. We arrived in Freemantle only eighty days out, a very fast passage.

The stay at Freemantle was a pleasant interlude, as the Australians took a particular interest in the apprentices and welcomed us into their homes. The discharge of coke took about three weeks and, as we had already ballasted before loading the coke, we sailed for Newcastle, N.S.W. where we discharged ballast and loaded coal for Iquique, Chile. The bread our cook produced was an evil lump of sour dough and it was a great relief to get bread from shore. Our working hours in port were six a.m. to six p.m. six days a week. One morning, having slept in, I decided to feign being ill and recover about eight a.m., but nothing doing. The first mate produced a doctor by seven a.m., who looked at my tongue, felt my pulse, and prescribed castor oil. The mate brought a glass full and watched

me drink it. Then I was really ill. On the first issue of lime juice at sea I conceived the idea it tasted of castor oil, and was never again able to drink the brand they served at sea. As it had been one of the few items on the daily fare that I had looked forward to, it was a great loss to me.

The "Arctic Stream" was well known as a fast sailer, but loaded with coal to her marks, proved very dirty in a rough sea, and when the seas became mountainous there was nothing for it but to heave to. Considerable damage was suffered to rails on the fo'csle, the impact of heavy seas twisting and bending the rails as though they were made of soft wire. Often we wondered how the hatches could withstand the onslaught of the seas.

At Iquique the coal was discharged by the crew, a long, arduous and dirty process, the tubs of coal all being hoisted out by hand winch, four men on the winch and one man relieving. Hard, monotonous work, from six a.m. to six p.m. It was actually a relief to shovel coal in the hold, I escaped a good deal of this, being told off with a young ordinary seaman to man the Captain's boat, either to take him ashore or to visit on other vessels. There were about forty ships anchored in three rows, of various nationalities, mostly British. On completing discharge, the crew were given twenty-four hours' leave in watches, but no place for them to go other than the red light district. Iquique was a very uninteresting town for a boy of fifteen. The crew were all Welsh from the Captain's home district, a very quiet, decent lot, and most returned on board after a few hours' ashore with no casualties. Loading nitrate was not so arduous, as we seldom had sufficient barges alongside to provide a full day's work. Hoisting one three hundred pound sack of nitrate at a time by hand winch, two Chileans in the

hold to stow the cargo. We were amazed to see one man run all day with a three hundred pound sack of nitrate on his shoulders, stow it with one throw so that it never had to be moved again. The cargo was stowed pyramid fashion to bring the weight as high as possible. There were no 'tween decks on this ship to help getting the weight up. The cargo settled into a solid mass and even in the wildest weather never shifted at all. While at Iquique one ship caught fire and there was great excitement salvaging all kinds of equipment and stores. There was no hope of putting the fire out. The ship was not a total loss, and was towed to Britain. The Captain had a miserable time going round all the ships begging to get what he could of equipment and stores back. What could be eaten he never did get. Somewhere we obtained small bombs about the size of a walnut, which made great sport of a Sunday. Thrown from the end of the jibboom, with a boat standing by, the concussion brought dozens of stunned fish to the surface and it was a race to get them before the seals or sea lions gobbled them up.

One day the carpenter bet me a pound of tobacco I would not jump off the topsail yard into the sea, probably seventy or eighty feet. Nothing daunted, I jumped and got my pound of tobacco. The carpenter bet I would not do it again, so up I went, but this time nearly killed myself as my shoulders started to come forward and I could not straighten up, and had every breath in my body crushed out and bruised on top of that. I could hardly swim to the gangway. The carpenter and I each had had enough.

By this time I had become friendly with one of the older apprentices, Paddy Doran. He and the other two had completed their apprenticeship and the eldest, a Londoner, was promoted to third mate, a nice fellow, but quite reserved. The other, an

Aberdonian, was, I think, disliked by all except the cook, with whom he curried favours. Inclined to be a bully, one early morning he started to bawl me out, using language I felt no self respecting person could tolerate. So I up and at him, and would have killed him although he was bigger and heavier than I. It was quite a fight, in the dark, with the ship rolling steadily. Like all would be bullies, he was a coward at heart and gave in very readily while the others restrained me because, as they said, I might have become too uppish if I demolished him completely. However, he left me severely alone ever after.

We had the usual storms off Cape Horn and many times expected to see the hatches stove in with the heavy seas that pounded on board. We saw a ship dismasted in a squall just after we cleared the north east trades. She was caught aback in a sudden shift of wind, and we too might have suffered had we not been forewarned. We made a very fair passage to the "Downs" for orders. On letting go the anchor the windlass must have been left in gear, as the shock of the cable taking up smashed windlass and capstan beyond repair. When our orders came we had to slip and buoy our cable and were towed to Antwerp. At the mouth of the river the pilot conceived that with the aid of another tug we could dock that night and the wind being favourable, all sails were set. It meant the constant trimming of the yards as we sailed up the winding river. It was a lovely summer day and a Sunday. What a sight it must have been to the many people lining the banks to see a full rigged ship under full sail go by. Despite the extra tug and sail, we did not make the dock and dropped a kedge anchor to await a morning tide. A few days after docking I was allowed to

go home and made the passage from Antwerp to Leith without incident.

That was the last I was to see of the "Arctic Stream". Years later I read Captain Dixon's "Million Miles Under Sail", describing some of the ten years during which the ship was under his command, and in 1927, taking passage to the Queen Charlotte Islands in the tug "Pacific Monarch", Captain Barney Johnson entertained me all one day with an account of his first voyage to sea in the "Arctic Stream" under Captain Dixon. A very much happier ship then, by all accounts, and when he had exhausted himself on her wonderful sailing qualities, I told him that I too had made my first voyage to sea in the same ship just ten years before he did. The ship, I believe, was eventually lost with all hands on a voyage from the Continent, loaded with cement for Los Angeles.

I have written nothing of any spare time, but with twelve hours a day, four on and four off, there was very little of that. In bad weather it was frequently "All hands on deck", "Wear ship", "Tack ship", or "Take in sail". Only in fine weather could one count on a full watch below, and even then occasionally some excuse would be found to chip a little off one's watch below. Sunday would be a lazy day, but for any necessary work the boys would be called out. We always seemed to have birds or fish with us, and if the ship did not have too much way on, lines would be put out - for birds a bent pin with a piece of meat. The birds would swallow the bait, and pulling steadily on the line we would get them on board, albatross, mollyhawks, cape pidgeons and mother carey's chickens. I've seen the decks full of mother carey's chickens. They would run along the decks, take wing and collide with

with some object a dozen times before clearing the rail and getting away. Many a shark we caught with a chain hook and bait, and we used to make walking sticks of the backbones, with an albatross bill for the handle. Once in a while we managed to harpoon a porpoise. Their flesh was just as good as the salt horse,("Salt horse, salt horse what brought you here after pulling a cart for many a year?"), or the pork we were rationed on. I only remember catching an edible fish once , a dolphin.

Dana

Chapter 2.

After a month at home I was ordered to join the full rigged ship "Aspice", then loading general cargo at Liverpool for Sidney and Newcastle, Australia. The "Aspice" was one of the type we used to say were built by the mile and cut off as they were wanted. A big box, she was larger than the "Arctic Stream" and comparatively more heavily sparred. Running before the wind she could make up to twelve knots, and while she could never compare in sailing qualities, she was remarkably dry in heavy weather. She was under command of Captain John Bremner, a noted character. He affected a very nasal accent, and when visitors enquired, as they often did, whether he came from Nova Scotia, he invariably replied "Christ no, I come from Old Scotia, right at the top, I live in tough alley, the further up you get the tougher it is, and I live in the last house". He was tough and a hard driver, but he took an interest in his apprentices and encouraged them to study navigation and saw to it that they had an opportunity to learn seamanship. There were eight other apprentices, one of whom, just about to complete his time, was acting third mate and did not live with us. I was welcomed with open arms and immediately re-christened "Wattie". What a happy, agreeable crowd they were, very largely due to the influence of one Jack Mawson. A native of Dunedin, New Zealand, he had not gone to sea until about nineteen and was as old as the oldest apprentice. With his fine character he really dominated the lot of us. With the ship

finally loaded the crew was completed, with four exceptions, all ex-apprentices. One of the exceptions was a West Indian negro. He had completed his service in the Royal Navy, and was a musician, with a very fine baritone voice. We sailed, towed outside the Bar lightship, the wind favourable, all sails were set and the tug cast off. Next day we were becalmed about six miles off Waterford Island. In the meantime it had been discovered that there was no tea or coffee on board. A boat was lowered and, manned by apprentices, set off for Waterford. We were met at the little port by the Harbour Master, who enquired in his deep brogue "If that was one of His Majesty's ships out there". Captain Bremner gave him a very fanciful reply. By nightfall we were back on board with a supply of tea and coffee of much better quality than would have been put on board at Liverpool.

We were off in summer weather and soon Jack Mawson had us all organized for sports and games in the dog watches. We fenced, boxed and wrestled. If the weather was not suitable for that, Jack had organized a band, mostly home-made instruments, and we had sing songs and generally quite a happy time. The rations were just as short and indifferent as in the "Arctic Stream", but I found my fellow apprentices were experts at purloining cabin stores, and had carefully noted the stowage of canned goods in the holds and, while we were not able to get much there, we did get a little. The negro cook co-operated to the extent we were allowed in the galley to make up our extra side dishes. This cook was quite a character, and the finest chanty leader I ever heard. He could improvise ad lib on topical matters and members of the crew, as we joined in the chorus and pulled on the ropes. Many years

later he stopped me on the street in Vancouver, calling me by name. The Captain had a way of dropping into the"half deck" (our quarters) at meal times, whether suspicious or not we did not know, but we had always to be alert and get our side dishes out of sight on these occasions. We would often make disparaging comments on the food to try and discourage him, but it was of no use. The mate I do not remember, but the second mate, Charlie Davidson, son of the Dean of Bristol, was a character. He was always in a hurry, his pants forever slipping down. He never hitched them up, but would reach down and turn up his trouser legs at the bottom until the seat of his pants was down about his knees. His blasphemy was the most original and colourful I ever heard. He drove the men just as hard as ever the Skipper could wish, but was always interested in the apprentices. Altogether, the "Aspice" was a very happy ship. The weather was fine without incident until we passed close to under the lee of Tristan da Cunha, that lonely island in the South Atlantic. Observing a boat putting out from shore, the Captain hove the ship to, but the wind freshening off shore, the boat put back and we did not communicate after all. We had the usual westerly gales making our "Easting down" until after passing south of Melbourne, with a whole gale behind us, we experienced a tremendous electrical storm. The thunder would crash so that you imagined the masts and yards were coming down about your ears, with balls of fire running all along the jack stays on the yards it was an awe inspiring experience. A few days later we arrived and docked safely at Sidney.

I had a letter of introduction to a prominent family in Sidney and was given a very good time, meeting many interesting people, shown all the sights, including the many beautiful bays

which make up Sidney's wonderful harbour. After a month at Sidney we sailed for Newcastle and made it in twenty-four hours. We all had friends there and time passed quickly, but we did have the experience of both a"Southerly Buster" and a "Brickfielder" while we lay at the dock. The approach of the "Southerly Buster" was heralded by a long dark cigar shaped cloud approaching from the south, and all was made secure in ample time. The first intimation of the "Briskfielder" was the sudden dash of hot air, as though a fire door had been opened right in our faces. The air was soon full of fine particles, as the blast of hot air tore out to sea from the interior. We had a curious a ccident when lying at the dock. One of the apprentices, handing up a heavy hawser above the main top, was dragged out of the rigging with the weight of the hawser, falling forty feet to the ship's rail. His right ankle caught and jammed between a brace block and the rail, his whole body going overside; like the effect of a whip his body swung back on board. The bone in his leg was not broken, but he experienced what is called a "green fracture", and the doctor said it might have been better had he had a clean break. However, he recovered and I do not think there was any permanent injury sustained, a miracle if ever there was one.

Loaded with coal, we set sail for Honolulu, sailing south of New Zealand to get Easting before turning North. No severe weather was experienced and we duly arrived at Honolulu. This was 1899 and the British were still predominent there, although the move to have the United States take over the Islands was well under way. The ship lay at anchor for some time awaiting a berth. Some of us apprentices would swim ashore at night, our few clothes and shoes strapped on our heads. Our feet would

be scratched and cut on the coral, we had no money to spend and our feet hurt, so we soon swam back to the ship and would spin a yarn of what a wonderful time we had had. When we did get alongside we did have a good time. The crew did not have to discharge the cargo. Every Sunday we played cricket with the British Community, and on week day evenings were entertained in their homes. We gorged on bananas and pineapples, and had fruit to last us nearly all the way to Portland, Oregon, where we sailed to next. The voyage was uneventful. We sailed across the Bar, the wind being favourable, and off Astoria were taken in hand by a stern wheeler; lashed to our quarter, she pushed us up the river. We had to anchor at night, and in the morning found a great log boom across our stem. Half the day was lost clearing that boom in the swift current. What a difference between the Portland of that day and this - then a wide open roaring Western town. From where we berthed it would have been fatal to attempt to go ashore or return after dark, except in fairly large groups, and then armed with sticks and batons. Many a ship's crew were slugged, drugged and woke up to find themselves on board another ship bound for sea. A few went off willingly enough, attracted by the high rate of pay, probably double what they had been getting, only to find they had been docked two months' pay by the boarding house keeper for goods they had never received. A whole ship's crew were sometimes kidnapped, slugged, drugged and shipped off. One stubborn Scots Skipper tried desperately to get a crew himself, took it up with the British Embassy in Washington and filed suit against the boarding house keeper, but finally had to pay the 'blood money' of forty dollars a head to get a crew. His action, however, I think, led to the break up of the racket. We

lost only two men, the Captain paid the 'blood money' and two men were carried aboard accompanied by two armed guards, who stayed with us to Astoria. The two tough birds we shipped were not sailors, and might have been bullies employed by the crimps, had become troublesome and were hoist by their own petard. Anyway they were soon convinced by the Captain and the crew that they could make no trouble. They remained surly throughout the voyage and we never got a word out of them as to their former lives.

Nearly all the ships at Portland were British. There was a line of British steamers chartered by the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, running to the Orient, also a compact British community, and socially we had a very pleasant stay in Portland.

The voyage south was made in good time and the Captain intended to communicate with Pitcairn Island, inhabited by the descendants of the "Mutineers of the Bounty". However, approaching the Island, wind and current headed us off, so we only had a distant view. Some two hundred miles west of Cape Horn, in the month of August, winter, we were becalmed for fully three weeks with quite heavy frost every night. The sea became so smooth that the ship lay absolutely motionless, the sails hanging straight down with never a flap against the masts. To occupy the crew, old hawsers were unravelled and the good yarns respun into gaskets. We finally passed Cape Horn about five miles off, with a fresh beam wind off shore. Another sailing vessel approaching westbound, the Captain laid a course to pass very close, and stood by the rail, megaphone in hand, and as he raised the megaphone to hail, the two crews let go with such a round of cheers I doubt if anything was heard by either skipper. Lord, was he mad! After passing the Horn we got

our full share of bad weather. If we were not shortening in sail we were making sail, and soon all our finger nails were worn down to the quick with salt sores, so that our hands were in dreadful shape. After three weeks of that we were kept busy sending down our heavy weather canvass and bending on our old light sails. After that it was sand and canvass cleaning ship, painting and varnishing until the ship looked spic and span everywhere on deck. By then it was time to send down the old sails and bend on our heavy weather sails. We had barely lost the north east trades when we got a nice fresh leading wind, steadily freshening during the night; the second mate furled the Royals and Mizzen topgallant sail, which he could do without calling the Captain. That done and wind fast approaching gale force, he asked permission to shorten sail and was only told to "break her up first". Finally, the scuppers under and every rope cracking, the Captain arrived on deck with a roar "What are you trying to do, break up the bloody ship?" "Slack off the main sheet - slack off some more - all hands on deck". The upper and lower t'gallant sails were furled, the big mailsail, the upper topsail, then the order was given to take in the foresail. The sheet was barely started when with a roar like the shot of a cannon the sail tore to pieces. We were hardly in the rigging to secure the flapping remnants, when the wind shifted right aft, and the order was " Square away the yards". The fore upper topsail was set and taken in again, as the ship would not run without the foresail, and there was nothing for it except to heave to. Two days elapsed before the weather moderated sufficiently to get a new foresail up from the locker and bend it on. With the foresail set,all sail was quickly made, the wind remained fair and our hearts were light with the thought we would soon be

home. We had passed south of Ireland and were entering the Bristol Channel for Bristol, our destination, when the wind came out of the east and blew gale after gale without ever a shift to the west. For three weeks we just tacked back and forth most of the time hove to, our hearts in our boots and provisions getting very low, as we already had had a long passage. Finally, of course, the weather turned fair and we arrived off Avonmouth with the tide just right, were towed up the narrow Avon, passing under the Clifton suspension bridge, one of the sights of that day, were locked into the dock at Bristol and the voyage was over. Next day the crew were all paid off, with the exception of the apprentices, of whom there were now only four, the rest having completed their time. We four were informed the ship had been sold to Italian owners, and we would have to remain until the cargo was discharged and clear out the limbers. Bristol was Charlie Davidson's home town, and every day he came to visit us, bringing his girl friend, a most charming, beautiful girl. Charlie failed to pass for mate, and went off to sea again as second mate. What became of him and his girl I never heard. When the cargo was discharged and the limber boards lifted we found the limbers full of wheat in perfect condition, and we felt very blue over the days it would take the four of us to clean them out. However, we cleaned them out, as far as the Captain could see without getting down into the limbers himself, and were allowed to go, although we knew we had left tons of wheat still in the limbers.

On arriving home I found an appointment as midshipman in the Royal Navy Reserve awaiting me, and put in a month at the drill ship H.M.S."Durham" at Leith very happily. Then I received orders to join the "Berwickshire" lying in Princess dock,

Glasgow, on Christmas Eve. I had been in port with this ship on the previous voyage and had heard her reputation, which was not a very happy one. Reporting on board Christmas Eve, I caught the next train home to Edinburgh, and reported back two days later in a vile temper. There were only three apprentices, myself the senior, with a bare year to go, Adam Compton, from the "Aspice", and a new first voyager, with the prospect of a voyage lasting perhaps two years. The former apprentices belonging to this ship apparently took sick at home so they could not re-join. One of them, Appleby by name, I was to meet twenty years later under interesting circumstances. The ship was a small bark, only nine hundred and fifty tons register, and we sailed on New Year's Eve with a general cargo for Brisbane, Australia. With the exception of the Master, two officers, and three apprentices, not one of the crew had a word of English - Finns and Russians mostly. The mate, a big Shetlander, turned out to be a would be bully, but never seemed to be able to control his watch. The second mate, Murdock, with one fearsome glass eye, seemed to do better. A broad dour Scotsman in his forties, I still think he had the happiest nature of any man aboard. Real bad weather was run into almost immediately. The second night out, furling the inner jib, the ship pitched so violently the boom went right under. Coming up and looking aft, I saw the mate hanging to the forestay; down we went the second time. I was washed aft, but somehow managed to grab the forestay. When the water cleared there was not a soul in sight. I went over to the lee rail and found the mate overside hanging on the anchor stock, and managed to retrieve him before the ship sank her nose again in the sea. The remainder of the watch was safe, shivering under the f'c'sle head. Later that night, when in my bunk, I heard the dread shout "Man overboard". Before I had

time to throw on any clothes, Adam Compton came into the half deck, water streaming from him. "Where have you been" I asked. "Overboard" he replied. We had been hove to under two lower topsails and sent aloft to furl the fore lower topsail; the ship had plunged most violently and pitched him clear over the yard into the sea. The skipper on the poop at the cry , rushed forward. Just then the ship rolled the lee rail awash - he saw Adam's head and grabbed him, two narrow escapes in one night.

Many times I've seen the deck of that ship full of water rail to rail from foc'sle to poop. She would then have a sluggish feeling, with all that weight of water on board, but gradually would rid herself and again roll and plunge. The scuppers were very shallow, the scupper holes slightly above the level of the deck, so that even in fair weather the decks were never free of water and soon became so greasy, footing in any weather became most difficult. One night, while working on the main braces, a big sea came over, sweeping all the watch off their feet. Picking myself up and looking around for the remainder of the watch, I found two seamen, who had apparently clutched each other's arms through and beneath the bottom step of the poop ladder; the deck still half full of water, they hung on to each other's arms and were fast drowning, till I pulled them apart. The comedy of the situation struck me so hard it restored my sense of humour and rid me of the vile temper I had been in since joining the ship.

After passing the "Cape" (of Good Hope) we had a succession of gales and for three weeks none of us had a dry stitch of clothing. Going to bed off watch I would be doubled up with cramps until some warmth got back into my body. Arrived at Brisbane, the cargo discharged, the ship was moved into the river and no shore

leave allowed. We were set to work chipping and scraping the fresh water tanks, terribly rusty and paper thin, and I could not resist driving my chipping hammer through the tank so that a new tank had to be installed. There was a barge with a donkey engine alongside to load the ballast and I used to sneak ashore every night with the donkey man, and generally managed to get somebody to put me on board late at night. One night, failing to get anyone, I found a boat, rowed off, and at the gangway just cast it adrift. Next morning a water policeman appeared, and after interviewing the Captain, told me I would have to go ashore with him and see the owner of the boat I had taken the previous night. The Captain said "Go, and suffer for your disobedience". The boat owner enquired my age, and remarked that it was sad that a lad, apparently from a good home, should have embarked so young on a career of crime, but if the boat was returned he would take no further action. I asked the policeman "What next?". "We'd better go to the station, get a boat and go look for the lost one". Rowing down the river we soon came to a boat stranded at a bend. The only way I could identify it was by a nail in one oar, on which I had scratched my hand in the dark. We towed the boat back to the station; the policeman took me up to a pub, treated me to a bottle of beer and told me not to worry any more about it. A very nice fellow, about thirty-five, a fellow Scot from Edinburgh, and the son of a parson. From there I went off and stayed with friends for a week, then, figuring the ship would be nearly ready for sea, returned on board - no questions asked and no explanation given. I am quite sure every one thought I had spent the week in jail.

From Brisbane we sailed for Newcastle in ballast, and arriving there, tied up to the ballast wharf. One day, working aloft with Adam Compton, a beautiful ship passed up to the berth ahead of

us. White masts, yards and hull, her brasswork gleaming, she was a beautiful sight. Something about her struck me as very familiar. "Why Adam", I called, "There's our old ship, the "Aspice". He was very doubtful and, although she had a new deck house aft, I still felt it was our old ship. After quitting time Adam and I walked along and boarded her. At first she seemed strange, the deck capstan plates had been changed, the new deck house completely altered the character of the deck, but on the poop bulk head the builder's plate was unchanged and it was the old ship. We knocked on the door of the Captain's quarters, were invited in and, on telling him who we were, requested to sit down and have a glass of wine while the Captain told us his story. The "Aspice" had been towed to Cardiff from Bristol, where a cargo of coal was loaded for Genoa. On arrival there, the coal discharged and holds swept down, hoses were turned on and the holds scrubbed clean as everything was to be painted white. When the limbers were lifted there were the tons of wheat we had left, now ruined by salt water. Had he but known before , what a nice piece of change he could have made. The ship had been bought by one of the largest Italian Steamship Lines as a training ship for officers and now had thirty cadets on board.

Our ballast discharged and loaded with coal, we sailed for Coquimbo, Chile. Quite a few of our Finns and Russians had deserted in Australia and were replaced by the scum of the sailors' boarding houses, two real tough characters among them who did not hesitate to draw their knives on occasion. The usual rough weather was experienced in the "Roaring Forties", and without anything of unusual note we made the land just south of Coquimbo. On the inshore tack at dusk, with the land not very far off, only a light air, why

the Captain would not put her on the off shore tack I would not know. Anyway, during the night, the ship drifted so close to shore we just had time to unlash the anchor, heave it overboard with capstan bars and brought up with the stern just a few feet from the rocks. Even then, when a light air came along, we had to set the spanker and heave it out to windward to keep the stern from bumping. Soon after daylight a small Chilean steamer hove in sight and, seeing us apparently on the rocks, closed us. The Captain put out a boat, boarded the steamer and made probably a private dicker to pull us out to an offing. We gave the steamer one of our mooring lines and, with the anchor weighed, we were soon all clear and the next day arrived at Coquimbo. The crew discharged the cargo and, given the usual twenty-four hours' leave, our two tough characters got themselves into jail, where we left them. We ballasted, but barely enough to keep the ship upright. There were no tugs available and the Captain secured the services of a Chilean Destroyer to tow the ship to sea. Given a brand new hawser, the Destroyer soon had us well clear and, on getting the signal to let go, went full ahead, parted the hawser at our bow and turned back to port with a nice little cumsha for his services. We made Iquique without incident, except that sometimes we thought the ship might capsize with nothing more than a fresh breeze, even though our upper sails and yards had been sent down on deck to relieve our top heaviness. By this time I had completed my apprenticeship and been promoted to third mate, an empty honour, except that it meant an extra ten shillings a month and I had no menial duties to perform. Among the thirty odd ships at anchor were two of the same company's ships, each much larger than our little bark, and equipped with donkey engines, which were used to load the cargo, while our loading was all hand power. Anchored as

we were, with no boat available but the Captain's, there was little opportunity for any visiting or fraternizing with the other ships. In due course we were loaded and set sail for Terneuzen, Holland. After rounding Cape Horn we had a lot of terrible weather and when hove to under one lower topsail a tremendous sea took both our life boats; the painter of the lee boat somehow caught and we were able to pass it around the poop and make it fast to windward. All day long that boat rode beautifully and we had hopes of somehow salvaging it. I particularly looked forward to its salvage as I had a lot of South Sea Island curios stowed under its seats, but before dark, and before the weather had moderated, the painter carried away and the boat was soon out of sight. With us at Iquique was the four masted bark "Dumfrieshire". Captain Gibbs had some doves and now one day in the South Atlantic, and in the southeast trade winds, three of them flew on board our ship. They stayed with us for twenty four hours, then flew away, probably back to the "Dumfrieshire" down over the horizon somewhere. We had a fair passage thereafter as far as Eddystone lighthouse in the English Channel, where we again experienced a succession of easterly gales, delaying our arrival a week or more. Arrived in Terneuzen the voyage was over and I swore to myself that I would never go to sea ~~again~~ in sailing ships again. Arriving home I found several of my "Aspice" shipmates studying at Navigation School for their examination for second mate. I thought that, with my studies at sea, I was sufficiently schooled in navigation and seamanship and presented myself for examination without attending the school. Word must have been passed from the Navigation School to the Examiner that a smart Alec was coming up, because the ragging I got on oral seamanship was terrible. Finally I told the Examiner I had had enough. "What's the trouble" he said. I replied "When I came here for Second Mate

I never expected to have to answer questions which I had no idea pertained to second mate's work". "Just wanted to see how much you knew", and he sat down and wrote out my "blue paper", which meant that I had passed. What a relief! Only one other of my shipmates from the "Aspice" succeeded in passing at the same examination, Two others passed in Glasgow and now four of us had our second mate's certificate. After a week of celebration we all parted. Jack Mawson I met again when he was sitting for extra master and I passed for first mate. Jack got through on his second attempt, and twenty years later we met again in Vancouver, he as Captain of the R.M.S."Niagara", and I as Marine Superintendent of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine.

Chapter 3.

I now put in a month's naval reserve drill on H.M.S."Durham"; having finished that,applied to the P & O Line for appointment as an officer. Arriving in London, and not realizing the size of the place, I stepped into a hansom cab and said "Royal Albert Docks". "How much would you pay me?" says cabby. "I don't know", said I. "We will see when we get there". " I want sixteen shillings", says cabby. As sixteen shillings was an awful lot of money to me then, I stepped out of the cab, proceeded to make enquiries and took the tube to Fenchurch Street and the train from there to Royal Albert docks. My brother, Tom, was chief officer on one of the New Zealand Shipping Company's ships, then lying at the dock, and he posted me on how to find my way about London, Next day I called at the P & O offices and, after a satisfactory interview, was put through a stiff eye examination to discover there was a defect in my right eye, and I was regretfully turned down. Returning home, I made application to the Clan Line steamers and went to Glasgow for an interview. While there I called on Thomas Law & Company, with

whom I had served my apprenticeship, and was offered Second Mate on the "Berwickshire", the "Kincardineshire" and the "Primrose Hill", the last a large four masted ship, and momentarily I was tempted. Well that I turned it down as the ship was lost on the Skerries the same night that she left Liverpool. In a furious gale all hands were lost, including the Second Mate. Very soon I received an appointment as Fourth Officer on the "Clan Lindsay", a brand new Turret Steamer, sailing from Glasgow and Liverpool via the Suez Canal and Colombo for Calcutta. What a change from life in a sailing ship. Good food and plenty of it and servants to wait on you hand and foot. The Captain was a very pompous, very bald headed old gentleman. He was a junior brother of Trinity House and occupied himself with writing letters to the "Times". He had been with the Company since it's beginning - always master of a passenger vessel; this was his first voyage as master of a freighter as the Clan Line had just disposed of it's passenger steamers. Funny old duck - he was treating his bald head and was convinced new hair was coming, which I used to admire, although I couldn't see it, and he would read me his letters to the "Times". He would have me take his time for sights and I am quite convinced he never worked them out and when the noon position was handed in by each officer mine was always made the official position, to my embarrassment and the Second Officer's exasperation. One day the Second Officer got hold of my work book and pointed out an error in my calculations. On trying to point out my error to the Captain he would have none of it and insisted his position was the same as mine and so it must be right.

How great the contrast from life on a sailing ship. Our steady progress, our frequent sights of land and, instead of having to bear away to avoid a lee shore, we so often passed suffic-

iently close to observe the character of the coast, our arrival at Port Said and our passage through the Suez Canal exciting and interesting. We ploughed our way through fair weather and foul, slowed down sometimes by head seas, but decks always dry and life secure and comfortable. Anchored inside Colombo breakwater, cargo was discharged into comparatively small lighters built in the manner of surf boats. No opportunity to go ashore, as the Officers had to direct amd oversea the discharge of cargo. At Calcutta we were locked into wet docks and although fully occupied with cargo during the day we did have an opportunity to take in the sights of the city during the evening. Having loaded a full cargo for London and Glasgow the voyage home was uneventful, except that this was now the season of the south west monsoon and we experienced very heavy weather crossing the Indian Ocean. On arrival at Perim, in the Gulf of Aden, to bunker, our funnel, masts and derricks would be completely encrusted with salt and always with Indian coal we had to fight bunker fires. After discharge at London we sailed for Glasgow and anchored for fog in the downs for two days. The fog was not really bad and ships would pass up and fown, but there we remained until it really cleared up. On arrival at Glasgow the new manager, Commander Cayzer, recently retired from the Navy, and eldest son of Sir Charles, the head of the Company, was waiting on the dock for us. Captain MacMahon waddled forward with outstretched hand to greet him - he had known Cayzer since childhood - but Cayzer drew back and asked peremptorily why he had taken so long to come from London. "I got the ship safely to London and wasn't going to lose her coming round here" barked the Skipper, with his chin stuck out, and there was no more to that. Promoted to Third Mate, we sail-

ed for Cape Town , Port Elizabeth, Durban,Delagoa Bay and Beira. We had discharged a great quantity of sash weights at Durban and Delagoa Bay and had received full clean receipts. The receiving clerk and I had got tired of counting them and, as no more were in sight, concluded they were all discharged. But on completing discharge at Beira a few tons of sash weights were found to be still on board. I wanted to sell or dump them, but the Chief Officer, Teddy Boden, a nephew of the Owner's, and later to become manager of the Liverpool office, insisted on transhipping them back to Delagoa Bay, costing more than they were worth and more noise was made about them than if we had lost half of the entire cargo. From there we sailed to Cuddalore, on the Coromandel coast of India, to load eight hundred tons of peanuts. On leaving port I reported our numbers were up, the signal station wished to communicate. "Oh, they just want to say 'good-bye'" says the Skipper. "Just give them three toots on the whistle". and off we went to Vizagapatan to load a thousand tons of manganese ore, to be met with the news that the signal station had tried to direct us to Bimlipatan first to load two thousand tons of cotton. It was real hard work for the deck officers on the Indian coast. Labour was shipped at out first port of loading with their pots and pans and bedding, and remained on board, sleeping between ports. We would leave one port perhaps at six p.m., arrive at the next at three a.m. and immediately resume loading, and we officers had to direct stowage, check all marks and numbers, keep a careful record of the stowage of each parcel,and keeping our regular sea watches we got very little sleep. Such a thing as overtime was quite unknown in those days. Arriving at Madras, our final loading port and head office of the Company, the Captain

was much perturbed over reprimands he had received for not loading at Bimli before Vizag and the demurrage charges incurred on the cotton cargo. I comforted him with stories of the damage that might have resulted to the cotton from Manganese dust had it been loaded first. On the voyage home I checked up on the authorities and drafted an explanation to the owners showing how the Captain, and he alone, had saved the Company from serious claims for cotton damage far outweighing any loss from demurrage. He was tremendously pleased and thereafter I was the real whitehaired boy and could do no wrong, a situation I did not like as it embarrassed my position with the other officers, and I was glad to be promoted and transferred to the "Clan Shaw" on arrival at Glasgow after discharge at London and Antwerp.

The "Clan Shaw" loaded for Cape Town, East London, Durban, Delagoa Bay and Mauritius. Captain Young was a very religious man who conducted service in the salon every Sunday at sea and in port and specifically mentioned any absentees in his prayers with a wish that they had found some other place of worship ashore, and might have been horrified at some of the places they worshipped in. From Mauritius we proceeded to Calcutta and thence to Chittagong to complete with tea and had quite a stay there waiting for cargo. One evening, visiting with friends, a cobra was killed in one of the beds, and we were entertained the rest of the evening with snake stories. One, of how a servant had died of snake bite and how his successor very shortly died, and when the third quickly followed suit an investigation was held. It appeared the first servant had been bitten through the shoe, his successor inherited the shoes, had an abrasion on his foot infected from snake venom in the shoe and so with the third. The shoes were destroyed. Returning to the ship in bright moonlight

wooded road we had to follow the shadow of every twig looked awfully like a snake. Cargo loaded, we sailed for London, Antwerp and Glasgow, coaling at Colombo, Perim, at the entrance to the Gulf of Suez and Port Said. At Perim we picked up a French Sergeant, who had missed his passage on the Transport, and took him along to Port Said. He berthed with me and I had an interesting account of his service in Indo-China.

On entering the Thames channel dense fog enveloped us, the tide ebbing, no room to anchor, ships ahead and astern of us, we moved very slowly up river. Hearing the whistle of a steamer apparently outbound and approaching rapidly on our port bow, we heard a shout from the other ship to put the helm over on a course that would lay her right across our stem. The anchors were let go and the engines put full astern, but she swept right across our stem. An empty ship, we cut her nearly in two, holding on our anchors the cables tautened and threw her over on her side, her engines still going full speed ahead, she made shallow water as she sank. When she was across our bow I could look right into her No.2 hold and see the water rushing in and swirling around her beams and stanchions. We picked up our anchors and proceeded slowly up to Tilbury Reach, where we anchored. The anchorage was filled with ships and several collisions occurred as ships swung to their anchors at the change of tide. Our stem was badly damaged and, after discharge of the London cargo, we dry docked for repairs. An appreciable part of our pay was called 'safe navigation money' and although the accident was no fault of ours we had to lose that portion of it.

On arrival at Glasgow I asked for leave, which was granted, to sit for my first mate's certificate. After passing,

and doing a month's R.N.R. drill, I reported for duty and was informed I might have to wait several months for a vacancy. Applying to the New Zealand Shipping Company, I was appointed Fourth Officer of the R.M.S."Ruapehu" then loading in London for Madeira, Cape Town, Hobart, Tasmania and Ports in New Zealand. She carried about seven hundren passengers in three classes, her speed about thirteen knots. We had fine weather all the way until after leaving Cape Town. In the Southern Indian Ocean, with just fresh wind and moderate sea on the port side, I had just relieved the Bridge for lunch and was walking briskly back and forth on the Bridge and, having just turned in the port wing, a sea climbed up the port side and knocked me head over heels into the lee side of the Bridge. Picking myself up, I could see no sign of the sea that had hit us and, looking aft, there were portions of our promenade deck bulwarks floating away in the sea. Ten minutes before there must have been at least a hundred passengers on the promenade deck and, fortunately all having gone to lunch, the deck was deserted. Besides fifty to seventy five feet of bulwarks, one boat on the top deck had been smashed, with a number of skylights,and several passenger cabins flooded. Where that sea came from, and it was not a very big one, and why it should have climbed the side of the ship with such violence, will always remain a mystery. The Officers mixed freely with the passengers, each one having a table in the main salon. Not long before arriving at Hobart a fancy dress ball was staged. I was all set to go as an Irish dandy with round hat, clay pipe and tail coat with silver buttons, but had to relieve the Bridge

for dinner at 6 p.m. and was very mad at not being relieved myself until after 9 o'clock; not too late for the party, but so mad I had to have a few drinks to restore my good humour. Late in the evening, while dancing on deck, I managed to knock the Captain off his feet, but still had enough good sense to apologise and immediately beat it. The party was very successful and my collision with the Captain was never held against me. I was still a rather raw Scotsman and the Third Mate, Jack Squires, a perfectionist, became a great friend and insisted on improving my speech. Years later it was at his home in London that I found refuge when I returned from Siberia stoney broke. Arriving finally at Auckland all our passengers left the ship and we went on a tour of the two Islands discharging and loading cargo. The ship was fully refrigerated and practically all of our homeward cargo consisted of frozen mutton, butter and cheese. We called at Napier, Gisborne, Wellington, Port Littleton, Invercargill and back to Wellington, from where we sailed for home. This would be about 1903 and in 1922 I was to re-visit these Ports as Master of the S.S. "Canadian Winner" and renewed my friendship with many of the passengers who had sailed with me on the R.M.S."Ruapehu".

Leaving New Zealand we followed the Great Circle route around Cape Horn to Montevideo for bunkers and then non-stop to London. I had never seen ice on my various voyages in the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans in sailing ships, but on this voyage we were twice in the vicinity of small bergs and rotten, spongy ice flows. I made but the one voyage on this ship as, on arrival in London, I found a vacancy awaiting

me with the Clan Line and I was appointed Second Mate of the S. S. "Clan Stewart", Captain Lennox, a most interesting character, who used to entertain me on my night watches with the most eerie, blood curdling ghost stories, told in such a manner that I could feel my flesh creep. As Second Mate I now had the graveyard watch, twelve to four, often lightened as the Captain retailed his stories to me, many of which were published in Thriller Magazines. We had loaded for Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban. East London was a river port, the entrance protected by a breakwater. Our second day there, after work, the Chief Officer and I went ashore to play billiards, pouring rain, in oil skins and sea boots. In the midst of our game all the steamers in the Port seemed to let go with their whistles. Alarmed, we hurried on our oil skins and, returning to the ship, found the wharves all awash, the river having suddenly risen to a serious flood stage and the crew had just completed putting out additional moorings. Just as we got on board a coal hulk brushed alongside, and throwing ropes on board the hulk, we managed to secure her. Anchored in the stream, with no one on board, she had burst from her moorings, collided with a Union Castle Liner, whose Second Mate and three visiting Apprentices, jumped on board, but were unable to secure her until she brushed alongside our ship. Had she not made fast alongside us, she would probably have been swept to sea and smashed up on the beach outside the breakwater. The next day practically the whole population of the town walked down to the beach which was strewn with jetsam of every description brought down by the flood and including many poisonous snakes. People were warned against the snakes as many were far from dead, but only in a

comatose condition. Captain Lennox had gone to the hospital until the ship was ready for sea, so just before sailing, Mr. Young, our chief officer, interviewed the owner of the hulk, threatening him with a serious salvage claim from the Clan Line if he did not make an immediate settlement. The owner paid over twenty pounds, which we divided amongst five of us, four officers and the carpenter, and no one was ever the wiser.

From Durban we sailed direct to Calcutta with mail and two passengers, but no cargo. Loading full at Calcutta for Antwerp, London and Glasgow, the voyage was without incident. On arrival at Glasgow I left the ship to do four months' gunnery and torpedo training and twelve months' service in the Royal Navy.

Chapter 4.

Appointed to Devonport, H.M.S."Cambridge", January 27th, 1905, for two months' gunnery and two months' torpedo training, I found about twenty other officers appointed for the same courses. From Liner and Tramp Companies, five or six actually having had command, we were quite an interesting group, swapping stories of our experiences. Much to my astonishment, I graduated top of the class with a first class in gunnery, but only second class in torpedo. Word had gone forth that, as a measure of economy, no R.N.R. officers were to do their service on foreign stations. The thought of serving in the Home Fleet, in port for ten out of the twelve months, did not appeal to me, so I hot footed it to London and sent my card in to the Second Sea Lord at the Admiralty, who directed the appointments of R.N.R. officers for their twelve months' active service. To the undersized clerk who enquired my business I stated my ambition to be appointed to a foreign

station only to be informed that that would be quite out of the question. Sizing him up, I replied that while I had expected that answer, I felt there might still be some possibility of appointment abroad, and would leave it entirely in his hands to do what he could. He visibly swelled with importance and informed me that the Cruiser "Argonaut" was sailing shortly for China with reliefs, and that an appointment might be possible. Two weeks later I was detailed to the H.M.S."Flora" on the China station, and was ordered to report on board the H.M.S."Argonaut" for passage to Hong Kong. With about forty relieving officers on board there were not enough cabins to go round and many of us, including myself, had to sling hammocks and live out of our "sea chests". I was detailed as aid to the gunnery officer, who hated to be bothered with me, and only had a watch to keep about twice a week. With nothing much to do, we played bridge morning, noon and night. The monotony was broken by stops at Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Colombo and Singapore. We had ample opportunity for sight seeing at each of those places, and I played golf at Colombo and Singapore. By that time about twenty of the reliefs had been discharged to their billets. On arrival at Hong Kong I learned that the H.M.S."Flora" was on a cruise somewhere in South America. I was then attached to the H.M.S. "Tamar", the depot ship, until the "Flora" returned to the station. I was welcomed with open arms by the staff of the "Tamar", and immediately initiated into the duties of each member of the staff, so that they could get leave, with me to substitute in their absence. As "Officer of the Guard", I had to meet all foreign Men of War entering the port and direct them to their allotted moorings. My first relieving job was that of "King's Harbour Master", correcting charts, winding chronometers and allotting

berths to Foreign warships (with the approval of the Commodore). My first allotment was to a small German Cruiser and, on boarding her, I pointed out his berth. The Captain, on examining his chart, disputed the whereabouts of the berth and I, new and diffident, did not argue, but felt very uneasy. On arrival at the buoy, I boarded my launch and directed the Coxswain to verify the number on the buoy, returned on board the Cruiser, informed the Captain he had taken the wrong berth and requested him to move to the berth I had already pointed out to him. The Marine Officer on the "Tamar" had been watching and was much relieved to see the German Cruiser shift his berth, as the buoy he had gone to was reserved for our own ships. Taking time out to look at the German's chart, I pointed out that it was an old edition, with no corrections for quite a number of years. Right then my admiration for the efficiency of the German Navy took quite a drop.

I next relieved the First Lieutenant and had the job of directing the daily tasks and routine, inspection of divisions and defaulters. In the absence of the Commander, who was also Governor of the Marine prison, I had to oversee the exercising of the prisoners, inspect their daily output of work (picked oakum) and listen to any complaints. Next I relieved the Marine Officer in charge of a nucleus of marine ratings. A busy and interesting two and a half months until the "Flora" arrived from her cruise. On the "Flora" I was again welcomed with open arms as they were an executive officer short and I was fortunate in being detailed for full duty instead of being merely a supernumerary. On return from a long cruise, her engines were completely dismantled for overhaul and at six o'clock one morning half the crew left in launches for Stone Cutter's Island to do rifle

training. At eight thirty A.M. the preliminary notice of an approaching typhoon was hoisted. By nine A.M. the "great typhoon" of September, 1906, with all it's fury, was upon us. With our engines dismantled, we could only hope our moorings and anchors would hold. With practically no visibility, we saw nothing of the disasters taking place all around us. Junks would barge up against us and we would try to persuade the occupants to come on board, but they would not leave their junks and we dared not let them tie up alongside, so they were swept on to certain destruction. In the space of forty-five minutes over ten thousand people lost their lives. A Canton River steamer, with more than three hundred souls on board, went down quite close to us, but we never saw her. The C.P.R. Steamer "Athenian" broke away from her anchors and was dashed on the Kowloon shore, crushing two French destroyers between her and the shore and very few of the French crews were saved. The "Athenian" was floated without having received very serious damage. A party with the Bishop of Hong Kong, numbering ten in a houseboat, were all lost. By ten A.M. the typhoon had passed, the weather cleared and what a scene of destruction was revealed! We were the only vessel left at it's moorings. The wharves had been swept clean away, the masts of several vessels visible above the water and wrecks on the Kowloon shore. Our party at Stone Cutters Island had been able to rescue over two hundred souls. I was immediately detailed in charge of a self-propelled water lighter, which had escaped damage, to search the bays for survivors. In two days' search we found nothing but broken bodies. Beach parties, which had been a daily event, were abandoned for over a month

as it was too gruesome to find a body suddenly pop up beside you. A week after the first typhoon we had another, and the Captain and I were both caught on shore and were unable to get off to the ship until the typhoon was over. This one was much less severe. Soon afterwards the remainder of the China Fleet arrived at Hong Kong and the "Flora" was ordered to Shanghai to "Show the Flag".

For four months we swung around a buoy in the Woosung River. The only variation in the daily routine would be the assembling of landing parties from the various British River gun boats and the "Flora", which was the senior ship, I was placed in charge of the machine gun detachments and we would march up and stop all traffic over the Soochow Creek bridges as a parade of British prestige. Other countries had warships visiting Shanghai, and we occasionally staged boat races and the Sicilian boatmen from an Italian cruiser edged out all the other nationalities. We entertained, and were entertained by the officers of the visiting cruisers and we never considered our hospitality complete unless we had to carry our visitors back to their own ships.

One of the social events of Shanghai was the paper chase on Saturday afternoons, the prize being the privilege of wearing a tall hat and a red coat. All Shanghai swarmed to the starting point. One afternoon the newly appointed American Judge and newly arrived wife, enquired who were the beautifully dressed women in the beautiful barouches with thoroughbred horses, and were horrified to find that they were American prostitutes; lovely girls and nearly all university graduates. The Judge's wife immediately demanded that her husband do something about it,

and he forthwith ordered their appearance in the American Court as American citizens under his jurisdiction. what a rush there was to acquire husbands of other nationalities to avoid deportation. Some sailors were reputed to have received $500.00 to assist in the ceremony and get out. The one who said "No, I'm staying" got out very fast when the pressure was put on him. These girls occupied mansions with a full retinue of servants. On Sunday afternoons receptions would be held, tea and cakes served, classical music enjoyed and the conversation would revolve around literature and the arts, with never a hint as to the occupation of the hostesses. Needless to say, the guests were all men. Their prices were high and quite beyond my means. One of these girls eventually married one of the wealthiest men in Shanghai and twenty years later, when I re-visited Shanghai, I found she was accepted as one of the leaders of the social set. There were other resorts, just as beautiful girls of all nationalities, but more sordid in their surroundings.

Regretfully we left Shanghai to join the Fleet for three weeks of naval manoeuvers, the only experience I had of naval tactics and keeping station in all my twelve months' service. We rendezvoued at Wei Hai Wei, a British Naval Concession on the North side of the Shantung Province of China. After a few days there visiting the other ships of the Fleet, and playing golf on one of the weirdest golf courses I have ever known; a bare, parched course and with a high wind blowing one could drive onto the green and have the ball blown right back to you, the Fleet then left and continued on to a "Banzai" visit to Japanese ports. We were entertained lavishly by the Japanese and were invited on one occasion to dinner at the famous Cherry Club of Tokio. After dinner there was a theatre show and, to the

horror of the senior Naval Officers present, when the curtain rose there was I squatted between the Geishas in the front row. Presumably word was passed to the Japanese Naval Officers and I was hurried off the stage.

My twelve months in the Navy was now nearly completed and the time had come for me to return to Britain. Not relishing the long trip home by P. & O. Steamer, I schemed, with the co-operation of the Captain, to return home across Canada, pointing out to him that it was the opportunity of a life time for one in my position. Vacation time for European residents in the Orient was now on and I found the only vacancies left were on two slow second class ships. I now conceived the idea of travelling home across Siberia, an opportunity I certainly would never have again. Daily I checked with shipping offices until every available berth was booked via Canada or the United States, and then put in my application to return home via Siberia. My routing was approved and I was advanced the money, to be accounted for on my arrival in England. Booking my passage, I duly arrived in Vladivostock to find advanced fees and cables reserving my accommodation on the train was money thrown away and I had to cue up with the other passengers and was fortunate in securing a coupe to myself as far as Irkutsk. We had crossed from Japan on a Russian steamer, which was delayed leaving the Japanese Port until Nine P.M., although all the passengers were on board at Six P.M. This was a piece of sculduggery requiring the passengers to pay extra for their dinners as the ship was not under way. We had twenty-four hours at Vladivostock before the train left. The City at that date, June 1906, was a very gay place. Beautiful buildings, sidewalks clean, but the streets

were seas of mud. Troikas, a sort of cabriola with three horses fanned out in front, dashing here and there with Russian Officers and their lady friends, while the wives toiled the sidewalks; Cafe Chantants and night clubs doing a roaring business all night long. The story we got was that when the money arrived to pay the troops the Colonel took what he needed, the Officers divided the rest, with a little for the Petty Officers and nothing for the rank and file.

The International wagon-lit was a very luxurious train. Between each coupe a wash room, with hot and cold running water; the coupes so commodious that we could comfortably set a table for four for bridge. A large lounge and restaurant car, and, if you accepted the Russian table d' hote, the food was remarkably cheap and good, if a la carte, quite expensive. By rising reasonably early I was able to have an nice warm sponge bath every morning; the late risers generally ran out of water. There were thirteen different nationalities on the train and we quickly settled into congenial groups. At Mukden an American Military Officer, Attache from the Embassy at Pekin, joined the train and retailed the story of his experience on the train from Tientsin to Mukden. A Russian Officer boarded the train, pulled up the window the American had pulled down for air, then took off his high boots. The American remonstrated and told him he could have the window down and his boots off, but if the window was up he had to keep his boots on. On arrival at Irkutsk, instead of cueing up for my accommodation to Moscow, I tipped my porter handsomely and left it to him, again getting a coupe to myself. Along the way in sidings, we passed innumerable immigrant trains composed entirely of box cars, with shelves for the occupants.

On our train drawing to a stop the immigrants would gather around our restaurant car and seize on the remnants of food thrown out by the stewards, like so many animals. We were told that these immigrants were shipped out, whole villages at a time, to settle Manchuria and on their arrival at their destination the money and equipment ear marked for their establishment never appeared and they slowly drifted back to the villages they had left, poorer than ever. No wonder the Bolshiviks overthrew the Government when the time arrived. On arrival at divisional points throngs of these immigrants would be gathered on the platform, surrounded by their bundles and grouped around a tall,handsome Cossack policeman, plying him with questions, all answered apparently with a most amazing patience. At all those places there were handsome public buildings and, on enquiry, we were informed they had been built under the direction of the Czar Alexander, who had freed the serfs, as libraries and schools for the education of the masses and so far had never been put to the use for which they were intended. At Omsk a great, tall, black bearded individual, with Russian cap and long high boots, approached a table I was sitting at in the Lounge car and in the broadest of Scots enquired "Mind if I sit doon here?" . He was a Scotch mining engineer and had lived there quite a number of years and was just travelling to Tomsk, the next station. My little group on the train consisted of an English Colonel, a French Pole engineer and a Dutch business man from Java, and we played bridge almost incessantly. Other groups played baccarat and roulette and large sums changed hands daily. We arrived at Moscow at ten o'clock in the evening, ten days from Japan and immediately every one made for hotels and baths. After my

bath and foregathering in the lounge of the hotel Metropole, the newest and finest hotel in Moscow, on the top floor of which I had quite a cheap room, I met Waligorski, the French Pole Engineer, who invited me to join with his party in taking in, first, a wrestling match between a huge Russian and an American Negro; a very sporting audience whose sympathies were entirely with the Negro, although he was beaten by the Russian. From there we adjourned to a Cafe Chantant, where a Frenchman, who had won a great deal of money at baccarat (on the train) had reserved a table immediately in front of the stage, and whose guests we now were. At five-thirty A.M. we wended our way back to our hotels, broad daylight, the streets crowded with troikas, their bells ringing gsily, other pleasure seekers all homeward bound. The following noon the elevator opened to discharge a most beautiful English girl into the rotunda, accompanied by a man, whom I imagined might be her father. In the midnight hours that night, who should appear on the stage of the Cafe Chantant but this English girl, who sang a pretty little song and bowed off the stage. My companions were the American Attache from Pekin and an Englishman. The head waiter, a negro from Chicago, whom the Attache had recognized, and now sending for the head waiter, I enquired whether it would be possible to have Madamoiselle join us at supper. Requesting my card, he said he would let me know. In due course he informed me that I must meet her in a "Chambre Separet" and that the lady now awaited me. Having called for champagne, and been informed that she was a "Colonel's" daughter who had to earn her living, two other girls appeared on the scene and I requested the waiter to inform my friends I needed their support. The girls requested fruit, another round of

drinks was served and I asked for the bill. Horrified at the amount (about all the money I had left) and sending for the head waiter to protest, he itemized the fruit at ten rubles a pit and I paid the bill, a sadder and wiser young man. I had had very poor luck playing bridge and used to say it was fortunate I was a sailor and could work my passage home. Meeting the Colonel the following morning, he enquired how I had got on the previous evening. "Colonel, I guess I will just have to work my passage home", and he offered to lend me some money, which I then declined. Later, going to the bank to change my last ten sovereigns, and wondering what in heck I was going to do, I met the Colonel coming out of the bank; "Your last chance, Wingate, if you want any money say so". I took him up and burrowed ten pounds. I returned to the hotel and booked my passage home second class on the evening train via Warsaw and Berlin. Saying 'good bye' to no one, on arrival at my train I found most of my friends beating it the same way. I had a second class ticket, but spent all my time in the first class playing bridge at which my bad luck continued and to get away from them I said I was staying off in Berlin. One of the party getting off to attend to his baggage, missed the train and we foregathered together to take in the sights of Berlin. At the Cafe Unter den Linden I thought I would try my German on the head waiter. He looked mystified, so I tried my French on him, to which he listened patiently, and then in an altra Oxford accent, suggested that I use the language I knew best! We caught the train to Flushing that evening and the following evening I arrived at Charing Cross station with exactly one and sixpence in my pocket, just enough to pay my way to New Cross, where I had friends. It took the Admiralty six months to sort out my accounts for the passage home.

~~months to sort out my accounts for the passage home.~~

Chapter 5.

By the end of another month I had sat for and obtained my Master's Certificate. The building of the "Lusitania" and the "Mauritania" was well advanced and I conceived the ambition to sail on these ships before perhaps retiring from the sea. Reporting to the Clan Line, I was not disappointed that they did not have a position for me immediately available, so put my application into the Cunard Line, was accepted and appointed Fourth Officer of the "Coronia". I was possibly the youngest officer ever to join the Company as, shortly previous to my appointment, it had been the policy to require experience in command in addition to a Master's certificate. The "Coronia" and "Carmania" were sister ships, except that reciprocating engines had been installed in the "Coronia", while the "Carmania" had been equipped with turbine engines, to demonstrate any advantage that one might have over the other. As a result of these demonstrations it was decided to equip the "Lusitania" and the "Mauritania" with turbine engines.

Back and forth across the Atlantic, a round trip every month, the "Coronia's" speed was ninetten knots, except when she was slowed down by heavy weather. In those days immigrants were largely accommodated in dormitories, so that we carried a relatively larger number of passengers than a Liner of the same tonnage does today; besides having space for six thousand tons of freight. One of my duties was to go the rounds of the steerage at ten o'clock when all lights were supposed to be extinguished. I had heard the story of my predecessor, who, venturing a few steps down to a girls'

dormitory, full of young Irish girls, caught unawares, had his pants taken down and was well spanked before the Master at Arms could come to his rescue. Being thus warned, I was very careful never to get into such a predicament.

In November we sailed from New York on a winter cruise to the Mediterranian. A depression was on and the demand for steerage space to Italy was so great that cordons of police were required to control the embarkation. At the gangway every steerage passenger was searched for weapons and we accumulated a tremendous pile; stilettos, sword sticks, knives, guns and revolvers, and to their protests were told they could claim them on arrival at Naples. Even without weapons, a number of bloody battles broke out between sects and fortunate it was that they had been disarmed, as otherwise it would have been very difficult to have restored order. At Naples the arms were turned over to the Customs authorities, who assured us that they would be confiscated, so we picked out a few unique pieces for ourselves as momentos of the trip. We called at Madeira, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples, Alexandria, Fiume, Naples, Gibraltar and back to New York. Two young Jewesses, leaving at Naples, asked if I would take a few things back to their folks in New York, and on return to Naples I found a huge packing case awaiting me, and on breaking it open, found it packed with lingerie, laces, gloves etc, all of a highly dutiable nature. There and then I resolved never again to take things back for anyone. After bunkering at Gibraltar, we took the Southern route across the Atlantic, and enjoyed warm, quiet weather until twenty four hours out of New York, and with the temperature rapidly falling, it was close to zero on our arrival. There had been a shake up in the Customs person-

el. who were all supposed to be very much on the alert, and I was in a great quandary as to what to do about landing the girls' gifts. I decided the only way was a bold course, and sending for a taxi to come to the gangway, I had all the stuff packed into two big laundry bags, and when challenged by the customs guard, who looked into the back of the taxi and said "Laundry?" "Yes". It was a great risk, as had I been caught it would have ended my career with the Cunard Line.

As Fourth Officer, I had the oversight of the stowage of all cargo, and while loading at Fiume, I noted a badly damaged case, had it broken open, carefully re-packed and re-coopered; it contained the trousseau of an apparently very wealthy bridg, and I was careful to note it's discharge in good order at New York. A year later, informed that the Marine Superintendent wished to see me with regard to a claim for undelivered cargo, and on being shewn the marks and numbers of the undelivered package, it recalled immediately the bride's trousseau, and I assured him definitely that it had been discharged in New York. "How can you say that of one package out of six thousand tons of cargo'" exclaimed the Super. "I just know, that's all." "Well, you'd better come ashore and see if you can pick it out", and looking up at the great stack of unclaimed goods on the mezzanine floor of the dock, and with a picture of that re-coopered case in my mind's eye, I pointed out a package that reminded me of it, and sure enough, that was the case with a claim of three thousand, five hundred dollars against it. I never told Captain Roberts, the Super, just why it had been imprinted on my memory, and thereafter he considered me the most marvellous cargo officer in the Company.

Carrying immigrants from Fiume, the regulations re-

quired the employment of an Hungarian doctor, and several days out of New York, a fireman collapsed on deck after coming off watch. Our young doctor, who had just completed his internship, diagnosed the case as an appendicitis. The Hungarian doctor, a much older man, declined any responsibility in the diagnosis. Four hours later the man was still moribund, and the young doctor decided to operate. All preparations made, the ship was hove to, to lie as quietly as possible, and the operation was performed. The young doctor told me later that on cutting his patient open, he felt very mystified, removed a gooey mass, and sewed him up as quickly as possible. Whether or not he had removed the appendix he could not say, but three weeks later the man walked ashore at Liverpool.

In those days professional gamblers and card sharks travelled back and forth across the Atlantic on every Liner. Notices were posted in every smoke room and card room warning passengers against playing cards with strangers, but notwithstanding, the passengers were milked of thousands of dollars on every trip. On this last cruise to the Mediterranian we had two, a little man and a great big chap. They were the life of the party at sports and games, and after their departure from the ship at Genoa the passengers compared notes, decided they had been taken for a ride; the gamblers had taken between six and seven thousand dollars on the trip. On another ship a year later I noticed the big chap coming on board, and passed the word around that he was a card shark; remembering the fun he had been at sports and games, I felt kind of sorry to see him sitting at a table playing patience by himself.

On arrival at Liverpool, Captain Pritchard was relieved by Captain Turner, who was to be the Master of the

"Lusitania" when she was torpedoed. The "Coronia" now made a cruise to the Mediterranian with a full list of first class passengers, and returned to Liverpool without cargo. Turner was a very rough diamond, who, on every opportunity, liked to assure his listener that "he might be no bloody gentleman, but he was a sailor". I could quite agree that he was no gentleman, and often had my doubts as to his capacity as a sailor, but he must have impressed the Directors, as he was jumped over the heads of many senior to him, to command the "Lusitania" when Jimmy Watt retired.

Arriving back in Liverpool, I was posted Third Officer of the "Mauritania" on her maiden voyage. It was quite a thrill to have so quickly realized my ambition. It was a great privilege to serve under Captain Pritchard, whom I still regard as the most competent ship master I ever knew. The first docking of the "Mauritania" at the landing stage was very close to tragedy. Approaching the berth, with two large dummy barges twixt ship and dock, starboard side to, the port engine was rung full astern and the engines went full ahead. The first ships to be equipped with engine indicators on the bridge, I immediately noticed the error and called to the Captain that the engines were going ahead. He called "stop the engines". The ship, of course, had nosed toward the dock, and from the bridge I could see panic in the faces of many of the thousands gathered on the landing stage to celebrate her maiden voyage. The Captain waited an appreciable moment, then gave the order again "full astern port". The ship brought up, but the dummy barges were crushed like eggshells between the ship and the stage. I have since then often experienced a similar situat-

ion, but never one ~~which~~ that might have had such tragic consequences, and will always admire his calm and prompt appreciation of the situation. I doubt if anyone, other than Captain Pritchard and myself, ever realized how close they had been to tragedy. Crossing the Atlantic in these fast ships, we would hardly get baggage and mail stowed away before it was time to get it all up on deck again. The Captains on the Cunard Line always docked their own ships at New York, while the pilot took a back seat, and never have I seen such sure and perfect judgment as Captain Pritchard displayed in handling his ship. On my first voyage with him on the "Coronia", on entering the dock at New York, I felt sure he would cut the "Carpathia" in two at the other berth, and then when he missed the "Carpathia" I felt we would end up in Wall Street, but no, we would bring up right in place for the gangways to be swung on board. I timed him then, as fifteen minutes from our position off the dock until the first gangway was on board and now, in the "Mauritania" he made the same performance. There would be umpteen tugs standing by to assist us into berth, but we moved in so fast they could never keep their stems against the ship, but would fall alongside. To accommodate the entrance of these large ships into New York harbour, a new channel called "The Ambrose Channel" had to be dredged and the first ship to use this channel had been the "Coronia" on my last voyage on her outward bound from New York. At a turn in the channel a slight shudder, with quite a lot of noise, had been experienced and Captain Turner had queried the pilot as to whether or not we had touched bottom and the pilot had assured him that it was quite impossible. Now, outward bound

on the "Mauritania", at exactly the same position in the channel, with no tremor, but a tremendous clatter, as though every tin can on the ship had fallen down the ventilators, I told the Captain that the ship must have touched bottom, as we had experienced almost the same thing in the "Coronia" some months before. Our pilot insisted it was impossible, but the Captain demanded that the chanel be examined and swept in the neighbourhood, and it was found that a small ridge had been missed by the dredges. At Liverpool the ship was dry docked and sure enough, the bottom plates were scored for three fourths the length of the ship. A few inches less water and the bottom of the ship might have been very seriously damaged. ~~For yea~~ For years I used to have spells of a terrific earache, and although I had been to doctors, I never got any relief. Now, one night, approaching Queenstown homeward bound, I had another attack. Immediately on leaving Queenstown I retired to my bunk, suffering terrific agony for two hours, when the abscess burst into my ear; what a relief! On my last trip I had arranged with the Superintendent to have four days' off immediately following our arrival. I had made dates with friends in London, and although I knew my ear should be attended to, did not think it serious enough to interfere with my holiday. Arrived back at the ship on sailing day, the ship completed with passengers and mail, and had to anchor in the river to await higher water. Going down to dinner, and passing by the Doctor's cabin, I stepped in to have him look at my ear. "Good God, you'd better get ashore, I might save your life, but make an awful mess of your face." Taking the Doctor with me, I went up to interview the Captain. "Why didn't you do something about this before?" "I had no idea it was so serious

and I am quite willing to make the voyage, but the Doctor thinks I should go ashore." It was impossible to get a relief for me at this late hour and I went ashore, leaving the ship an officer short. The specialist our Doctor had recommended I found was confined in an insane asylum, and I had to find me another. It was arranged I should go into a Nursing Home on Sunday night, to be operated on the next morning (this was Saturday night). Sunday afternoon I wandered into the Lounge at the Compton Hotel, where the trans Atlantic officers used to foregather, to be hailed by the Chief Officer of one of our ships. "Wingate, come and have a drink". "Sorry, I have to be operated on at nine o'clock tomorrow morning and shouldn't drink". "Hell, man, it might be your last chance!" , so we had a couple together. The operation over, I was determined to get well quickly and give the authorities no time to appoint an officer to the "Mauritania" in my place. I pleaded with the Doctor to release me from Hospital, and with my head swathed in bandages and every step on the pavement ringing a bell in my head, I reported for duty the day before the ship arrived back from New York, a bare fifteen days after the operation, and I was allowed to sail with her five days later.

From the "Mauritania" I went to the "Lusitania" with Captain Jimmy Watt, a completely different personality from Captain Pritchard. Running across "The Banks" twenty-six knots, dense fog, Captain Watt would parade back and forth the center of the bridge, his hands behind his back, his eyes apparently on the deck at his feet, an officer stationed in each wing of the bridge. Should either officer turn his head momentarily to wipe the fog from his eyes, "Jimmy" would bark

"What way you looking?, that's not the way we're going". Crossing the Atlantic one voyage, with nary a sight of sun or stars, and not a sight of Ireland, which we had expected to raise before dark, the six Officers were agreed that the ship must be south of her course. Jimmy Watt arrived on the bridge, perambulated back and forth half a dozen times, sniffing the air, then he ordered the course altered to the southward, and sure enough we picked up the Fastnet light right ahead, the ship being to the north, and not to the south of her course. Leaving Queenstown for Liverpool in dense fog, on my way aft to check soundings, the ship gave a heavy lurch to starboard, and I knew the helm must have been put hard over; looking over the side I saw a sailing schooner right alongside, the helm immediately put hard over the other way, the schooner passed clear, undamaged. What an escape! I never heard of Jimmy Watt having an accident in all his career, but I do know of many near misses. On every occasion, on docking at New York, Captain Watt would become completely speechless with excitement and end up with one arm over the ridge pole on the bridge, waving his megaphone at the officer he wanted to give an order to. As we docked at the same dock every trip we could make a very good guess at what he wanted us to do so that all ended well. Captain Watt had reached retirement age, but his time was extended so that he might have command of the "Lusitania" for six months, and he was then relieved by Captain Turner. The top speed of these ships was around twenty-six knots, their most economical speed around twenty-two. Slowed down to ten knots, the consumption of fuel was excessive. Ordinary heavy weather seemed to have little effect, but when it became extremely bad they had to slow down and even then, would make terrible weather of it. Mountainous

seas would come over the bow, and on one occasion smashed in the bridge-house and both the Chief Officer and Quartermaster were seriously injured. I have seen seas roll in over her stern fifteen feet high, sweeping sounding machines away from their fastenings. One one occasion, when a heavy sea smashed in part of the bridge-house of the "Mauritania", I was hit by a piece of five-eighths inch thick glass, caught on the point of the chin, a fraction lower would have cut my head right off. As it was it required seven stitches, and the Doctor said it was well I was a friend of his, otherwise I might have had a Hell of a scar. One voyage with Captain Turner, and a succession of tremendous westerly gales, the Captain hesitated as to whether he should put into Halifax, but decided to keep on to New York, arriving finally at the dock with barely enough bunkers for one hour's steaming. Life in those ships was always interesting, so many men of note and character travelled on them. One voyage the famous Pierpont Morgan, the head of our opposition line, made the trip to satisfy an ambition to do over six hundred miles a day, but with heavy weather, we never once got up to the six hundred miles. I had the pleasure of showing him over the ship, while he inspected all our newest navigational devices, which he compared with those he had on his yacht, the "Corsair". It was now 1909, and with the prospects of promotion looking very dim, I accepted an offer to come ashore in the United States and made my last trip on the "Lusitania" as a passenger.

Chapter 6. (6)

In 1910 Prince Rupert was very much in the news. The projected end of a Transcontinental Railway line; business lots composed of muskeg and rock were reported as selling for as much as thirty thousand dollars, and a great future was being predicted for this new port. Walking along the streets of Seattle I ran acorss an old shipmate from the Cunard Line. He told me how he had been persuaded by a passenger on the "Lusitania" of what a great future he might have if he came to Alaska; and how, on his arrival in Alaska, he found the job consisted of serving in a waterfront store and running a motor boat freighting supplies to outlying fishing camps, the work hard, under-paid, and seeing little future in the job, he had come down to Seattle and was now washing cars in a garage.

With the vision of the development of a great new port at Prince Rupert, I suggested that, with his knowledge of motor boats, I might buy one, which he could operate while I developed some business connections which I had. Taking him at his word as to his knowledge of motor boats, we proceeded to Vancouver, B.C., where I purchased a thirty five foot Columbia River type fishing boat. After a trial trip which seemed quite satisfactory, I concluded the purchase, arranging with the vendor to spend a day with my companion, so that he might become thoroughly familiar with the engine, while I attended to my business connections. Having assured me that he was thoroughly conversant with the engine, the following day we filled up with gasoline and oil, plenty of food stuff and at four o'clock in the afternoon we sailed for the North,

but with charts only as far as Cape Caution and railway maps for the remainder of the trip; I had been unable to obtain any charts for Northern B.C. Fortunately I had purchased a book on two cycle marine engines. Off Cape Roger Curtis, only ten miles from Vancouver, the engine stopped. While my companion struggled unsuccessfully to start the engine, I sat in the cabin studying the book. My companion, whom I shall call "Alec", finally admitted the job of starting the engine was quite beyond him. Carefully following the instructions in the book, omitting no detail, we finally cranked the engine and away we went. With night falling and a strong westerly wind, I decided to take the first watch until we were clear of Tuxedo Island, then, turning the wheel over to Alec, I found that he was quite hopeless at steering with no land and only the compass to guide him. So my dream of a quick passage to Prince Rupert, sailing night and day, went overboard. Slowed down by head winds, we did not reach the vicinity of Seymour Narrows until an hour after high water slack, and I had intended to anchor and await the next slack water, but a big Alaska Fisherman passed me, heading straight for the Narrows and I, quite enthused with the seaworthy quality of the boat I had purchased, felt that if he could go through so could I! Passing Maud Island with a swift, favourable tide, we were immediately engulfed in heavy tide rips, seas washing all over us, and by the time I got my breath we were through into smooth water. So bewildered by the experience, I pulled into Deep Bay to anchor and regained my equanimity, although it was still early in the afternoon of our second day out. The following night we anchored in Port Neville and getting under way in the morning

the engine started alright, but in the wrong direction, then having stopped, it refused to start at all, no matter how much we read the book. Drifting up Broughton Strait with the tide, we arrived off a logging camp, and putting our rowing skiff over the side, towed in near enough to anchor. The owner of the camp offered to sell me everything from a spark plug to a new boat, and he too, being unable to start the engine, I compromised with the purchase of a mast and sail. We made good time up to Cormorant Island under sail, the wind being fresh and fair and just two miles from Alert Bay, with the tide against us, I had finally to sail completely around the Island and come in to Alert Bay from the West. After dropping the anchor, I pulled over to another motor boat in the skiff and enquired if they had a motor expert on board. The man replied "The Professor, now having his supper, is quite an expert", and the "Professor" agreed to come over and see what he could do after supper. Arriving on board, he asked a few questions, one as to whether we had any trouble with the timer, I replied "Yes", I had found it loose and screwed it up tight". "That's all the trouble" and, loosening up the timer, he turned over the engine, listening to the spark, set the timer, cranked the engine and away she went. From then on I was never at a loss and grew to understand every beat of the engine.

Leaving Alert Bay in the early morning, we anchored at Port Alexandria in Christie Pass, having been advised not to attempt the passage of Queen Charlotte Sound before eight P.M. and then only if the weather was quiet. It was early afternoon on a beautiful day in May, and after a couple of hours I became restive, could wait no longer and set off for Queen Charlotte

Sound. Soon after passing Pine Island a real humdinger of a southeaster blew up, but the wind was fair and with our sail up we made good time. Alec was scared stiff to see the seas breaking astern, as though to engulf the little vessel, but always her stern lifted and the seas rolled harmlessly away. We passed Cape Caution and now had to depend on the Railway map. Safety Cove looked like a good anchorage, so we pulled in there to rest up, finding the anchorage pretty well filled up with small craft and tow boats waiting for the weather to moderate. Getting under way next day at noon, following the steamer track marked on the Railway Map, we had no difficulty making Bella Bella, where we spent the night. Next morning, on approaching Millbank Sound, we found a heavy southwester blowing, with mountainous seas, so I ducked into a narrow bay which seemed to afford shelter. The Bay became a narrow channel, at one point becoming quite shallow, but with open water ahead I kept going, and eventually got back into the north end of Millbank Sound. With the seas now astern and the sail up, we kept on running to the eastward of the steamer track and, according to the Railway map, no channels by which we could get back to our course. However, I felt sure there must be some openings by which we could regain the main channel, and we kept boldly on and eventually made the main channel without having to turn back. That night we spent at Butedale, a large cannery, and the next day made it to Prince Rupert without incident.

The station and hotel had been built, outside of that most of the buildings were merely board sided, board floored tents. No streets, just plank walks with trestle bridges crossing the ravines; apart from a boat works, with machine

shop for repairs, no industry of any kind, and it was not long before I decided Prince Rupert would have to grow up without me. Meantime, however, I found lots of work for my boat, seeming to be Johnny on the spot whenever a good charter was available. One pleasant charter I had was to take a banker, representing a New York syndicate, who was interested in timber on Queen Charlotte Islands. We spent a month there checking up with various timber cruising camps, which we had to hunt for. At ten o'clock one night, racing my engine to make a short cut at high water, the engine brought up with a bang. Realizing it must be something very serious that would require daylight, I didn't bother to make any investigations, just let go the anchor and went to bed. Up at the crack of dawn, I soon found it was a broken connecting rod. Removing the piston from engine and crank shaft, I blanked the inlets and outlets with the tops of tin cans and found my engine ran almost as well on one cylinder as on two. My charter was Fifteen dollars a day, ~~including fuel~~ and all expenses, including fuel, oil and food, paid for. We lived on the fat of the land and had a most interesting time together, while I gained an intimate knowledge of the Queen Charlotte Islands from Queen Charlotte City South; knowledge which served me very well later on as a pilot. On another occasion I was chartered to take out mail and supplies to the light houses in the approaches to Prince Rupert. At Lucy Island I picked up a woman and child for passage to Prince Rupert with Holland Rock and Lawyer Island still to be called at, with the best luck it would be m idnight before we could get back to Prince Rupert. Before reaching Lawyer Island dense fog enwrapped us and I had

difficulty finding my way to the landing amongst the kelp. Having given the Keeper his mail and supplies, he begged me to wait while he answered a letter. It was about ten o'clock when I left the Island, dense fog and pitch dark. I had to stop every little while to listen to fog signals and get my bearings, always afraid that the strong flood tide, which I knew was running, would sweep me off my course. I felt very keenly the responsibility of having a woman and child on board and it was with the greatest relief from anxiety that I finally arrived at Prince Rupert at six A.M. The woman's husband had waited all night at the landing to receive his wife. However, all was well.

I had made many friends and if my boat was available it was often chartered for picnic parties and evening fishing parties. The evening parties were always stag and very hilarious. Prince Rupert is on an island and there are two Reversing Falls, or Skookum Chucks, which only small craft could negotiate, and I made several trips circumnavigating the Island.

During the summer, on reasonably fine Sundays, and in Prince Rupert it was reasonably fine when the rain wasn't pelting down, everyone seemed to want to go to Metla Katla, a pretty little fishing village on the north ~~seid~~ side of Prince Rupert Harbour and in the channel between Digby Island and the main land. The fare would be a dollar one way, or a dollar and a half for a return trip and sometimes, being short of change, I would tell them to pay me on the return trip, but soon learned the error of my ways as many of them I never saw again, they having returned on another boat and saved fifty cents. Notwithstanding the defaulters, a good Sunday would easily be worth between forty and fifty dollars to me, with very little expense involved.

Come November, there were no more picnic parties, work was falling off, and competition was very, very keen. Late one night the head of a timber cruising outfit appeared at my boat, saying he wished to charter a launch to take his outfit to Wright Sound, while his own boat was being repaired. There was no one else around, and while he considered my boat too small, I eventually persuaded him to charter it. I immediately got busy and filled up with fuel and provisions and at six o'clock in the morning we loaded all his gear and men on board. The boat was deeply laden, and I cautioned the men that I must keep the boat listed over so as not to immerse my exhaust before starting the engine, and just as I was ready to crank two hulking men came over to the high side, immersed the exhaust and flooded the engine with salt water. However, by this time I knew exactly what to do and it wasn't long before we got away. Arriving at Wright Sound at six P.M., pitch dark, blowing and raining, we unloaded the boat, erected their camp and I was invited for supper. Leaving my boat anchored safely, as I thought, I had supper, then thought I'd have a look at the boat. Arriving at the beach there was no sign of it. Besides the boat, all my worldly possessions, including a thousand dollars in cheques, were on board. Getting into my skiff, and well knowing that should I fail to find the boat there would be no hope of my ever getting back to the camp. For half an hour I pulled madly to leeward, keeping the wind and rain blowing in my face, laid to on my oars, looked around and there was my boat close to! Climbing aboard, making fast the skiff, I was soon back at camp and then, and ever afterwards, took a line ashore and tied it to a tree. Meantime, I persuaded

the cruising outfit to charter me until their own boat should arrive, and made a couple of trips to Swanson Bay for mail and food supplies. Their boat arrived, I bid good bye, and with favourable winds made it south to Bella Bella without incident. For several days I was held at Bella Bella by a succession of heavy southerly gales. As soon as the weather moderated a little I headed South again and spent the night behind Pointer Island. Morning broke bright and clear, with a westerly wind holding fair until I arrived at Queen Charlotte Sound in the late afternoon, when the wind hauled to the south again. While at Prince Rupert I had acquired charts to cover all my likely sailings and had been told there was a good anchorage at Table Island, but after sailing all round the Island in good daylight I failed to find any place where I would dare to lay my head down and go to sleep. It would be a long way to go back to Safety Cove, the nearest anchorage I knew of, and looking at my chart I felt I could make Seymour Inlet to the south before the weather got too bad. To go outside Egg Island would put a lot of distance on, and looking at Iron Reefs, I felt my boat could pass safely inside, so on I went. Coming to the Reefs there were mountainous swells, running along the trough, I would put the helm over, meet the crest head on, then over the helm again, run along the trough and soon I was clear of the Reefs, but it had been a frightening experience. Soon it got dark, but I was around Cape Caution and by eight p.m. was off the entrance to Seymour Inlet. Every time I headed inshore, could find nothing but breakers ahead of me. Giving myself a good offing, I stopped the engine, layed to and considered the situation. Rolling a cigarette, I reflected that, although the course ahead across the Sound

was full of reefs, the seas were big enough to cause heavy breakers and give me sufficient warning to keep clear. Studying the direction of the wind a course with the wind just before the beam would take me straight across to Christie Pass. I had to steer by the wind because in the heavy seas my compass just went round and round. Getting under way the boat made good weather and I sat comfortably in my wheel house, and when I thought I should pick up Christie Pass light, a fixed light appeared to cheer me. Keeping it right ahead I was surprised that the wind seemed to haul aft and I now became a little dubious and hove to until my compass quieted down. Sure enough, it was a steamer's mast head light and not Christie Pass. Sticking to my course now another steamer's head light appeared, but I stuck to the course by the wind and in due course picked up Christie Pass. ~~and was~~ Soon I was in sheltered waters and made for Port Alexandria, stopping my engine and letting go the anchor. Thankful that I no longer had to dodge breaking combers, I looked around to see the water perfectly smooth, but it seemed to me that all the shore was moving up and down. It was about four A.M. and I was very glad to turn into my bunk. I had left Alec at Prince Rupert and being all alone, was prepared to take chances which I would not have taken had I had the responsibility of another life.

Next day I made it to Fort Rupert, where I had spent some hours on the way north. There was nothing there but a trading store, run by a man named "Cadwallader", who was married to an Indian. They had five beautiful little children and I was glad to rest up for a day and replenish my oil, gas and stores. Leaving Fort Rupert before dawn, I made Rock Bay that night, avoiding the bad tide rips at Salmon River

Foregathering with a fisherman, and hearing some fearsome stories of the whirlpools in Euclataw Narrows, I decided to wait and follow the fisherman through the Narrows, he having informed me that he was bound for his headquarters there. Next morning, giving him an hour's start, as my boat was bigger and faster than his, I, notwithstanding the start, soon overhauled him. With quite a way still to go to the Euclataw, I decided to go on as the tide was fair. As I approached the Narrows I could see great whirls ahead of me and thought it might be wise to wait and let the fisherman lead me through. As his boat approached he was caught in one of the whirls and made a complete circle; when he started on the second circle I got out my glasses and could see that he was sound asleep in his cockpit. Starting up my engine, I followed him around and carefully laid the two boats together and lashed his boat to mine. He was completely blotto, with an empty bottle of whiskey at his side, so I carried on through the Euclataw towing him alongside till I saw a small wharf in a little bay and pulled in to a landing. On our approach a man came down the wharf and, looking down, remarked that it was not the first time the fisherman had come home like that, in fact one time, when he came to, he had found himself high and dry on a rock.

Setting off again and entering the Gulf of Georgia, a strong westerly wind on my tail, I set all sails. The wind kept fair and, although there was quite a sea running, I was making a good ten knots, while ordinarily eight knots was my best speed. I doubted very much that there was enough gas in the tank to take me into Vancouver Harbour, but to fill up my tank I would habe to heave to and I hated to lose this beautiful

wind. About eleven o'clock that night I passed Point Atkinson, the wind dropped, the ebb tide bucked up against the swell and the boat tossed and rolled and finally the engine coughed and died. I re-filled the tank and tried to start the engine, but there was no gas coming to it. The boat rolled and pitched. I sat on the floor and cursed it, finally had to disconnect all the gas lines, as the pitching and rolling had so stirred up the dirt at the bottom of the tank it had completely choked the gas line; finally cleared, connected up, cranked, the engine started merrily and I tied up in Coal Harbour, Vancouver, at four a.m., utterly exhausted and thankful that the voyage was over.

While at Prince Rupert my boat had been chartered by Thomas Hooper, a well known architect, accompanied by two ladies, one of whom was eventually to become my wife. They had entertained me to dinner at Prince Rupert and had invited me, should I ever be in Victoria, to call on them. After disposing of my boat I hastened to Victoria, and who should I meet at the Empress Hotel my first morning at breakfast, but Commander Thompson, R.N., Commander of the drill ship at Leith, where I had so many R. N. R. trainings, a chance encounter which completely altered my plans for the future.

Chapter 7.

I will pass over my career in industry, a fascinating interlude, and come to 1914, when, shortly after war broke out, I received a telegram ordering me to report to the Senior Naval Officer at Esquimalt, B. C. , probably at the instance of Commander Thompson. Just that spring I had foolishly burned all my naval uniforms, figuring I never would have any further use for them. My first appointment was in charge of patrols covering

the entrance to Barkley Sound, with particular regard to Banfield, the cable station. My headquarters were on the C.G.S. "Restless", a small fisheries patrol vessel, and three other fishery motor patrol boats under my direction. I had never been seasick in my life, but now off Cape Flattery, in the little "Restless", had I not stayed on the bridge I am sure I would have been deathly sick. We had no guns of any kind, and if ever there was a futile patrol, this was it. Just after I arrived at Banfield a small American motor boat was wrecked in Pachena Bay. The vessel was a total loss, but the crew of three escaped with some photographic equipment. They camped, and remained in the neighbourhood until the Superintendent of the cable station became alarmed at their continued presence, and had them arrested. Appearing before the Magistrate, their tale of shipwreck only aroused the Judge's sympathy; he dismissed the case and the men returned to their camp in the proximity of the cable station. The Superintendent was more alarmed than ever, and I advised him to call up the Immigration Commissioner at Vancouver and report the presence of aliens illegally in the country. An Immigration Official promptly appeared, escorted them to Vancouver, from whence they were deported to the United States.

We had exceptionally fine weather until the middle od December, and my time was occupied examining all the bays and inlets in the neighbourhood, a valuable experience for my later life as a pilot. My orders for patrol were to enforce a "notice to mariners", forbidding the use of the only protected anchorage in the neighbourhood, and to provide distinguishing signals for steamers entering the "Eastern Channel". The only vessel that ever called in the two and a half months' of the

patrol was the "Princess Maquinna" of the C.P.R. on her regular schedule. I had asked the Admiral to clarify my instructions as to Government vessels using the anchorage and was reminded that my instructions were "No vessels are to use that anchorage". One day the C.G.S."Quadra", the lighthouse tender, approached Bamfield by way of the forbidden anchorage, and the patrol vessel on duty chased him out of it. Captain Bilton, of the tender, was furious and informed me that that was the only place he could re-charge the "Eastern Channel" buoy, which was due to go out any day. I put the situation up to the Admiral and got the curt reply "Certainly, she is a Government vessel."

After the battle of the Falkland Islands, the danger of German interference removed, the patrol was abandoned and I was ordered to return to Esquimalt. The weather had now turned very bad so I caught the train to Esquimalt, reporting there New Year's Day. The "Restless" did not arrive until three weeks later. Reporting to the Admiral, he said I could go back home, and I was furious, and told him so. To have wound up my civilian affairs, brought my family to Victoria, spent three months at Bamfield, practically playing the fool, and now to go home! Diffidently, he enquired whether I would go watch keeping on the "Rainbow". Feeling very humble, and fearing that the Commonwealth was now in desperate straits, I told him I would gladly do anything useful, and was told to report on board the "Rainbow". This ship was anchored in Royal Roads, with both anchors down and a heavy cable around the "Galiano", a fisheries cruiser, which had gone ashore in a heavy gale the previous night while attempting to assist another vessel in distress. I was welcomed on board with open arms, to find an

old shipmate from the Cunard, Lieutenant Commander Barber, who had been Chief Officer with me on the "Caronia". For three days we struggled to pull the "Galiano" off broadside to the beach. On the third day a C.P.R. tug put a line on her stern and anchored in line with her fore and aft line. Just before high water, and before we started to pull, the tug tautened her tow line and the "Galiano" slid off.

The job on the "Rainbow" was a very monotonous one. We would cruise south, off the coast of Southern Mexico, steaming north and south at night, acting as a wireless post in the Pacific, accompanied by a collier to re-fuel our bunkers from time to time. On one cruise we called in at Turtle Bay to observe salvage operations on the Japanese cruiser "Asamo". which had hit a rock while entering the bay and had sunk to the bottom, in about sixty feet of water. The Japanese did a wonderful job, as the "Asamo" had been badly holed, but they succeeded in raising her and towed her to Esquimalt, where sufficient repairs were made to enable her to return to Japan. On another cruise we called at Santa Rosalia, in the Gulf of California, where a number of German sailing ships were interned, steaming around the ships while the Germans glowered at us. To re-bunker we always had to find sheltered waters and so visited Magdalena Bay, Manzanillo, Acapulco and Salina Cruz. Therewas nothing at Acapulco in these days but a few huts, and we always had to leave port within twenty four hours, as Mexico was a neutral nation. On another occasion we had orders to seek for the small American Steamer "Mazatlan", reported loaded with ammunition for the Germans in East Africa. We finally located her anchored in

a little bay on the South end of the Island of Socorro, laden to the guards. Our boarding officer, after examination, reported her full of fuel oil and no sign of any arms, her papers all in order, she was given a clean bill and released. Her officers came on board and enjoyed our hospitality, I'm sure with their tongues in their cheeks. I was furious and cannot conceive what explanations they had given as to her lying at the isolated Island of Socorro, with a full load of fuel and with a deeper draught than a cargo of oil should have given her. She was later interned by the Dutch in the East Indies, where her tanks were found full of munitions in oil tight cases. While lying at Socorro, we found time to go on a hunting trip. Many years before, Captain Cook had left a few sheep on this Island. They had multiplied, become very wild and frequented the high peaks. With our glasses we would pick out a motionless ram sentinel on a promontory. They were very difficult to stalk, but we succeeded in shooting two and capturing a little male lamb, which became the mascot of the ship. Eighteen months later he had to be destroyed, as he had become too fierce. The hunt took all day, and our party returned to the ship completely exhausted. We were then ordered to seek two schooners, reputedly purchased by Germans, with a view to their conversion as bases or supply ships for submarines. Our information was that they were then loading at Manzanillo, and would be sailing shortly for Mazatlan or Guaymas. The first one we intercepted was the "Oregon" under the U. S. Flag, a Mexican Captain and a German Purser. She was bound for Guaymas with a perfectly legitimate cargo, but on examination of her papers I found, while still registered at San Francisco,

considerable structural alterations had been made to the vessel, on instructions from a German firm at Guaymas. Searching through all the correspondence for months past, there was never any reference to American owners, and nothing in the original charter party allowing for any alterations being made. Reporting back to the Captain of the "Rainbow", he ordered the "Oregon" seized and sent another officer on board as prize officer and the collier took her in tow for Esquimalt. The Captain, that night, hailed me on the quarter deck and told me how he hoped the collier would get back to us with provisions in three weeks. I offered to bet him all I had in the world, and give him odds o n that, that the collier couldn't be back in six weeks. Then I reminded him that the collier's best speed was eight knots without a tow and only in fine weather, and then it would take her three weeks. Now the season of strong northerly winds was on. With wireless reports from the collier showing that she was making desperately poor time, he finally ordered her to proceed to the Island of Guadaloupe and await us there. After nearly three weeks' of search, our bunkers low and nearly out of provisions, a dead line was set for six A.M. the following morning. With the luck of the Gods, at six A.M. precisely, the second schooner hove in sight. As boarding officer, I felt like a pirate, armed to the teeth. She had on board a number of Mexican Treasury Officials and millions of dollars of almost worthless Mexican pesos. There was nothing suspicious about her cargo, and the only excuse for seizing her was that papers on board clearly showed she was owned by Germans, although flying the Mexican flag. The officials,

with their paper money, and the crew, were landed at San Blas, and we only retained the Captain. I was left on board as prize officer and the first thing I did was to rig a big six fold purchase as a preventer forestay. I then doubled the anchor cables of the schooner through both hawse pipes before shackling on the "Rainbow"s towing hawser. Away we went at twelve knots, and all went well until we rounded Cape San Lucas and hit the northerly swells. It was not long before all the forestays were torn out, only my preventer tackle holding the masts in place. I signalled for reduced speed, but before the night was over one of the schooner's cables parted and I had to signal the "Rainbow" to stop. Having made temporary repairs, I advised the "Rainbow" that she must not proceed at more than six knots, or my end of the tow line would carry away. Arriving at Guadaloupe, we went alongside the collier to bunker. While bunkering, I requested a piece of nine inch hawser to act as a spring. The Executive Officer of the "Rainbow" declined to cut a nine inch hawser, so I requisitioned the complete hawser. While the bunkering went on, I marled the end of this hawser to the schooner's anchor cable, taking the other end right aft on the deck of the schooner, out through the after quarter pipe, forward outside the ship, through the fore quarter pipe, and set it up to the bits. When the "Rainbow" took us in tow again the nine inch hawser did its work perfectly. Every eight hours I eased out hawser and chain to keep the spring in the hawser and avoid chafe on the same part of the schooner's cable and hawser. The H.M.S."Newcastle" south of us overhauled the collier with her tow and found them in difficulties. As S.N.O.

he ordered the "Rainbow" to return south and look after his prize. We were not far from Cape Flattery, with a full south west gale behind us, the "Rainbow" increased her speed to fifteen knots. It was a wild experience, as the schooner yawed behind the cruiser, shaking like a rat on the end of a string. Well inside Flattery, we were ordered to cast off the tow line and make our own way to Esquimalt. The schooner had twin standard gas engine auxilliaries, lots of kerosene, but we could find no gasoline on board. So, before casting off our tow line, I prepared boiling kettles of kerosene, charged the carburetors with boiling oil, having first disconnected two of the three cylinders, we put the remaining cylinder in gear and with the speed at which we were being towed, away went the engine. As each cylinder got good and hot we would connect up another cylinder until we had all three firing on both engines. We slipped the tow line and came proudly up the straits and into Esquimalt harbour entirely on our own. The prize crew on the schooner had had one great advantage over their shipmates on the "Rainbow", in that the schooner was pretty well stocked with fresh food supplies. We had a Midshipman R.C.N. on board the prize, who was later to become Chief of Staff and Vice-Admiral of the Royal Canadian Navy, and he will well remember our short voyage together.

With the "Rainbow" re-fueled and provisioned, we were ordered to sea on a very secret assignment, having on board two civilians. One of them turned out to be a director of the Canadian Mint, the other, General Manager of the Canadian Express. After sailing, word was passed around that we were to transfer ammunition from two Japanese cruisers to the "Rain-

bow". Meeting the Japanese off Barkley Sound, we attempted to go alongside one of the cruisers in the shelter of a fairly large Island, but there was too much swell to lie safely alongside, so we proceeded to an anchor in Uchucklesit Inlet, and the Japanese cruisers came alongside, one at a time, and the transfer of "ammunition" commenced. Very shortly one sling load dropped heavily to the deck and a box of the so-called "ammunition" broke open to display about twenty bars of gold. This was bullion from Russia, and amounted to over a million pounds I was given to understand. Having completed transfer, we sailed for Vancouver, accompanied by the C.G.S. "Malaspina". The "Malaspina" was supposed to lead us, but, after passing Race Rocks, we encountered dense fog and soon lost contact with her. Running through Boundary Passage we escaped disaster by a mere hair's breadth, when Monarch Head loomed close alongside. Crawling into Vancouver Harbour, still dense fog, we docked at four A.M., and by eight A.M., all the bullion was transferred to armoured cars and on its way to Washington, D.C. Arrived back at Esquimalt early afternoon, I was accosted by a friend who told me all about our trip, including the number of armoured cars, and so our apparently "secret trip" was not very secret.

Shortly after that we were ordered to Comox for range practice, where we spent a very pleasant month in fine weather. It was the month of September, the salmon were running and fishing was at its best. I used to go out at four o'clock every morning and always came back with one or two nice fish. The Captain would go off in his launch at eight o'clock and very rarely came back with anything. Then the Doctor asked if he might come fishing with me in my little row boat, and thereafter the Doctor caught all the fish snd I caught none.

One day, when I was senior officer on board, our Wireless Operator handed me a message. I had been given the key to the code box, in case anything important should come in; starting to decode the message, the first word was "personal". I immediately put away and oocked up the code book, and when the Captain returned on board, delivered the message to him, remarking as I did so, that I had started to decode, but had stopped on the word "personal". We left for Esquimalt the next day and, on the way down, our Chief Gunner told me that he had word from the Range Officer as to our movements in the near future, word which he, the Range Keeper, had received from the Captain of the "Rainbow" at dinner the previous evening. When the ship arrived in Esquimalt that evening our immediate future movements were apparently known to everyone, and Captain Hose sent for me and made the accusation that I had decoded the message and spread the news around. It looked to me very much as though the shoe was on the other foot. I mention this as an example of how easily secret information leaks out.

Chapter 8.

I was now ordered to Sidney, Nova Scotia, to take command of H.M.C.S. "Grilse", Canada's one torpedo boat destroyer. Only two hundred and nineteen feet long and nineteen feet beam, she had a speed of thirty-five knots. She had interning propellors. Going ahead both propellors had to go together and only one propellor went astern; she was a delight to manoeuver. Her armament consisted of two twelve pounders and an eighteen inch torpedo tube. With one torpedo in the tube and two spare on deck, she was quite a formidable craft. We were ordered to patrol a prescribed area for five days in search of

submarines and in order to remain at sea for five days I was ordered to bank fires during daylight and cruise the area after dark. After breakfast we would heave to and, weather permitting, would send my boats away to act as a protective screen and not be caught like a sitting duck should a submarine happen along. The patrol over, we would reach our base at dawn, refuel and reach our berth about eight A.M. Always, immediately on berthing, we would receive a signal for the "Grilse's" boats to form off Flagstaff Steps at ten A.M. for exercise. The whole idea seemed to me to be to make the personnel of the ship as unhappy as possible and give them no opportunity for relaxation. We never had a night ashore and always sailed after dark to renew our patrol. On each of these evenings in port I was "invited", or more properly commanded, to dinner and bridge with the S.N.O. and on one occasion he enquired why I did not come with my boat to exercise. I had to inform him that I had repairs to see to, sick to be treated and other details with little time to attend to them. Besides, I said, "What do you think I am doing when my engines are ~~banked~~ stopped and I am laying to?" "I have no idea" was his reply. "All my boats are away acting as a screen to my ship, so that I might have some warning if a submarine should approach our vicinity."

After a period of this, the ship was detatched from Sidney for duty at Halifax. Never having seen Halifax in my life, and likely to arrive in the vicinity in dense fog, I very carefully laid off all the courses, ~~from the~~ particularly from the examination vessel to our berth in the Harbour. My young Navigating Sub-Lieutenant queried my course from Number nine buoy to the gate as we would pass over a shoal,

but I pointed out to him that we only drew ten feet of water, while there was twenty feet on the shoal at low water and that one straight course in dense fog would be much the safest. We made the channel and picked up the Examination Vessel, whom I asked for a bearing of Number Nine buoy. We made the buoy alright, when I ordered my Navigator to put the ship on the direct course for the gate while I stepped into the port wing of the bridge to listen to the fog horn of a sailing vessel tacking across our bow. Having cleared the sailing vessel, I stepped to the compass and was horrified to find the ship not on the course ordered. Ordering the helm hard aport, the words hardly out of my mouth, my Number One shouted from forward "water shoaling, Sir." The Navigator rushed to the telegraph to ring the engine full astern. Such action would have put her stern right on the rocks, but I grabbed the telegraph from him, put the engines ahead again and the helm hard over the other way to throw the stern clear. It was the "hen and chickens" and we omly missed it by inches. Arriving safely at our berth, I afterward asked my young Navigator why he had not put her on the course I had ordered. "I was thinking of the shoal, Sir." "Then why, after passing the shoal, did you not alter the course?" "I got listening to the sailing vessel's horn, Sir, and forgot." "You are under orders to proceed to the North sea for service and I hope this will be a lesson to you to always obey your orders and I will say no more about it."

On reporting to the new Commander in Chief, Vice-Admiral "Hooky"Browning ,(he had a hook for the left hand) he enquired how I had been used at the Sidney Base. Detailing the routine I had been ordered to follow, he just made the one

remark "Criminal, risking a valuable ship like that." I seemed to find favour with the Admiral and always, when the Flag Ship went to sea, was detailed as his escort. Up till now I had had three R.C.N. sub-lieutenants and the ship's company had been almost entirely Imperial Navy ratings, and now my officers were drafted overseas and a good half of my ship's company to other ships. I was very sorry to lose both and officers and the men. I had a First Class gunnery certificate and although somewhat rusty, was ordered with the ship to McNab's Island to put the ship's company through annual rifle training. Making fast to the wharf at McNab's Island, we were scheduled to leave at two P.M. Friday, dead low water, and I instructed my new navigator to take lines of soundings and make a sketch of same during the three days we would lay there. I left the ship and stayed at the barracks with the ratings, returning in time for lunch on Friday and asked for the sketch of the soundings. No sketch had been made. I looked at him - "Did you take the soundings?" "Yes Sir, there is plenty of water everywhere." Mistrusting him entirely, I decided to warp the ship's stern around the corner of the dock, but he frustrated me by letting go the after lines without any orders and we drifted clear of the dock. Going slow ahead, the helm hard over, my Number One shouted "Water shoaling, Sir." Giving the order "Away kedge anchor", got the ship stopped and within a matter of minutes the kedge was dropped in deep water. The ship was warped around the kedge anchor and we proceeded to her berth at Halifax. A couple of days later the Chief Gunnery Officer of the "Niobe" accosted me with - "Too bad you got your ship ashore at McNab's Island," "Who in the world told you that?" "Your Navigator". I was amazed, and bringing the young man before me, enquired from him

why he had told the Gunner of the "Niobe" any such thing. "I thought she was ashore" he replied. "You are responsible for the ship's log and if you thought so, why is there no entry in the log to that effect? Not only is it no fault of yours that the ship did not go ashore, as you had assured me there was plenty of water everywhere, ~~and~~ you seemed to be quite unaware of any sense of responsibility." The vessel was drydocked a few days afterward for routine cleaning and paint, and a careful examination showed no signs of her having touched anywhere. I now had very green officers and never left the bridge myself when the ship was on patrol. One of my duties was to scour the offing before the departure of the troop ship "Olympic" and then escort her thirty miles to sea. On one occasion , while waiting for her at the end of the swept channel, dense fog, we picked up a message from the "Olympic" to the S.N.O. that she was anchored in the channel with her starboard propellor foul of a channel buoy and asking for assistance. I immediately steamed to her and found they had a boat overside and were clearing the buoy themselves and I acted as a screen till she was ready to proceed. A week later, out on patrol, dense fog, dead calm and quite exhausted, I thought I would catch an hour's rest and came into the channel, throwing a piece of old line, barely strong enough to hold the ship, over a channel buoy and lay down to rest. The mine sweepers returning in the channel reported me to the King's Harbour Master as being fast to a channel buoy. The Commander, whose great idea of his duties seemed to be to bully anyone junior to himself, and had tried to have me disciplined before, now thought he had Wingate on the spot, and I was ordered to appear before the S .N.O. "as having dragged the buoy across the channel, thereby en-

dangering His Majesty's transport." Appearing before Captain Martin "Did you really make fast to a buoy, Wingate? I never would have thought it of you". "Yes Sir, I know I was a damn fool, but it was an old line that couldn't possibly have dragged a buoy across the channel, and the only buoy out of place is the one that the "Olympic" reported over a week ago, and that buoy is still out of place and it is the Commander's job to replace it and not mine". The Commander was sent for and given a thorough dressing down before me. The S.N.O. told him not to bother him any more with any foolish reports on his juniors, and to attend to his own business.

About December 10th, 1916, I was ordered to proceed to Bermuda and completed bunkering with a deck load of fuel oil. The ship had run out of fuel oil on a previous trip and I was determined that should not happen again. We sailed about two P.M., the sea a glassy calm, and a forecast of perfect weather. About ten o'clock that night, overcast, still calm, a feeling of foreboding descended on me and I told my Number One that if on the next weather forecast, due shortly from Arlington, I could find any excuse I would run back to Shelbourne. The forecast was perfect and, with a deep feeling of regret that there was no excuse to turn back, I carried on. At ten A.M. next morning we were hove to in a hurricane, with the wind from south east. I rigged a sea anchor with the only long spar we had, a canvas sail heavily weighted, secured by a bridle to our best hawser, and with an oil bag to windward we rode the sea very easily. It was an awe inspiring experience, as the sea soon became a solid mass of foam, apparently feet thick, and each breaking comber would throw chunks of foam into the air. For six hours we laid to comfortably, hoping the gale would moderate,

but the wind shifted to the southwest and in the terrific cross sea our hawser carried away and I had no material with which to rig another sea anchor. The ship began to pitch and roll violently and water was reported making in the foreward mess deck, from which there were no pump connections. There was a water tight door from the mess deck to the foremost compartment of the ship and I ordered this to be closed in order to confine the water to one compartment, and set the crew to bailing the water out with a bucket brigade, as much to keep them occupied as anything else, as the water was coming in faster than they could bail it out. Without my knowledge, and with no authority, apparently the second engineer suggested to the boatswain that by knocking out a few rivets in the bulkhead the water would run into the foreward compartment, and he could then pump it out from the engine room. The pump, apparently, was soon choked and the foreward compartment filled up with water, putting the ship well by the head, and making her swing head on to the seas and dive, until I thought she might break in two. There was nothing for it then but to put the ship before the wind and hope she would run without broaching to. Conning the ship carefully, avoiding the crest of the biggest combers, I ordered the deck cargo of oil cut adrift, but to leave the barrels of oil stowed in the torpedo racer untouched to help counteract the weight of water in the foreward part of the ship. We now developed a twenty degree list to starboard and the ship became almost unmanageable. We had two life boats swung out on the starboard side, which had become full of water and were causing the list. It was pitch dark, a mountainous sea running. I got the Navigator and the Boatswain on the bridge, giving them very specific instructions

to cut the two starboard life boats adrift, and how to go about it. Watching for a smooth in the seas, I ordered them down on deck and to be quick about it. Minutes passed with no sign of the boats being cut adrift and dared not leave the bridge myself as I had to continually watch to avoid the biggest of the seas. Finally, I saw a tremendous comber that seemed to stretch the whole horizon, and let out a yell for everyone to look out for themselves. Taking this comber perfectly end on, it looked as though we might escape, but at the bottom of the trough, the ship broached to violently, rolling over so hard she stove in both funnels and the lee side of the bridge, and tearing the boats from the davits at the same time. The ship was now on her beam ends and it did not look as though she could survive and could last but a minute or two before she must sink beneath our feet. I remarked to Number One, the Signal Yeoman and the Quarter Master, that it was too bad, but this indeed looked like the end, and climbed off the bridge onto the side of the ship, thinking I would thus see the very end of her. ~~Slowly she began to right herself~~ There seemed to be a smooth in the seas and the ship lay so quietly I could stand upright on her side without support; slowly she began to right herself and I felt deep in my soul that she must survive. Climbing back on the bridge, I remarked to the others "Have no fear, lads, after <u>that</u> we are bound to go home." The seas seemed to moderate immediately and while the ship partially righted, she remained with a twenty degree list. Instructing Number One to watch carefully that she did not swing around to bring the sea on the other side, I left the bridge to survey the damage. The masts had gone as well as the boats, and I found the Navigator jammed between the engine room hatch and a torpedo, his mouth all cut to pieces. I also

found a seaman with a broken hip inside the torpedo racer, and checking up the crew, found there were six missing, including the Chief Engineer, the senior Wireless Operator and the Boatswain. It was very dreadful to feel that there was nothing I could do in way of rescue. The Engineer had been sick and I had ordered both he and the Operator under no circumstances to go on deck. The Engine room was full of water and the only dry compartments were the stokehold (under atmospheric pressure) and the Officers' accommodation in the after compartments. Having given first aid to the injured, I resumed my watch on the bridge, just steering the best course to avoid further damage. At dawn I was able to get an approximate latitude by the North star, and set a course for Shelbourne. The sea kept moderating and soon we were able to set to work with bucket brigades and hand pumps to clear the engine room of water. All this time our turbine engines had run smoothly at slow speed, even with a lot of rigging round the starboard propellor. The Second Engineer now reported he could get no oil to the turbines, and the engines were stopped. With comparatively smooth seas, I retired to my cabin and reviewed the circumstances. My orders not to touch the oil stowed in the torpedo racers had been disobeyed, and on querying the Navigator as to why he had disobeyed my instructions to cut away the boats, he told me the Boatswain had persuaded him not to, as he thought he could clear the boats of water. It is impossible to say whether or not, had my instructions been carried out, the disaster would have occurred. Had they been carried out, the ship would undoubtedly have been in better trim and better able to avoid broaching to.

The ship was now a shambles, everything plastered with fuel oil and there was nothing I could do to clear the fore-

ward end of water. With oil to the turbines we now proceeded on our way to Shelbourne. From the time we had first hove to I had endeavored to contact the Naval Wireless Station at Barrington without success, and just before our disaster, broadcast an S.O.S. giving our position. We must have presented a sorry spectacle, with a twenty degree list and way down by the head. While we sighted several ships this day, on sighting us they turned and ran, thinking probably we were a submarine in disguise. My charts were a mass of pulp, and I had never been in to Shelbourne Inlet and knew nothing of any dangers or shoals, so kept carefully to mid channel. A dark moonless night, approaching the town, I could see a wharf outlined against the light. I let go with the whistle to wake up the town so that I might get prompt assistance, and arriving off the end of the wharf, tried desperately to put the ship across the end of the dock, but she absolutely refused every attempt I made. At last a small boat appeared alongside and enquired the name of the ship. "The Grilse." "Can't be, she was lost with all hands two days ago." "Still its the Grilse" I replied. "Tell me, is there plenty of water alongside the face of that dock?". "Plenty," they replied, and I went ahead alongside the dock. In the morning I was horrified to see the rocks where the ship had refused to go! First off we got an ambulance down to take the injured to Hospital and the fire department to pump out the ship. When the ship went so deeply by the head I had had our fresh water tanks, which were forward, pumped out to relieve the situation. For food and drink we had had to rely on canned soups tied to a steam pipe to heat, and my private supply of mineral waters. Our last twenty four hours the weather had turned extremely cold and the ship was covered in ice and I think each man's tongue felt like a piece of leather. We were all deeply shocked to ~~find~~ learn

that we had been given up for lost. Our S.O.S. had been received and a vessel despatched to our assistance and reported finding an oil slick when he arrived at the area and it never seemed to occur to anybody that we could be still afloat and unable to communicate.

The morning after our arrival at Shelbourne another tremendous gale blew up, but we were safe at the dock. All telegraphic communication was put out of business and I was deeply perturbed at receiving no word from my family. The remainder of the crew had all had word from their families, but I, engrossed with official messages, the care of my crew, their billeting and the care of the ship, was only able to get a personal message away just before telegraphic communications broke down. I sent a personal message by radio to the S.N.O. at Halifax, which was ignored. After four days, with still no word from my family, temporary repairs completed, we sailed for Halifax, arriving safely in the evening. Thankful to be alive, I could ignore the discourtesy of my superior, but it was distressing to find that the navy had made my wife an official widow for two days.

An enquiry was ordered "to establish and record the deaths of the six members of the ship's complement who had been lost". I was pilloried for five days while the Presiding Captain R.N. of the Court of Enquiry, did his damndest to find some action of mine which he could censure, but the Court finally credited me with having taken every seamanlike precaution to avoid disaster, but added a rider that had I had the engine room equipped with stronger hatches the disaster might have been minimized. I later had the gratification of receiving a copy of a letter directed to the Presiding Officer of the Court, reprimanding him

for not having made these recommendations himself instead of leaving it to me, a junior officer.

Of all my experiences at sea, the incident of the "Grilse" was certainly the most dramatic from the time the decision to run before the storm was taken. At first, in daylight, watching the great combers approach, I kept the ship up or away to avoid the highest crests, ~~and~~ see them crash and roll harmlessly away, after having escaped seemingly certain destruction. By dark the whole surface of the sea seemed to be a mass of solid foam and as the crests broke pieces of foam seemed to fly in all directions. With a small ship, such as the "Grilse" was, we were very close to the surface and the sensation grew that we were running through a lot of valleys, never on top of a great sea, and great combers crashing on all sides. The flying scud close overhead created an awsome scene and at the same time one of great grandeur. The behavior of the little ship was marvellous, and it was only when she broached to and turned over on her beam ends that I momentarily lost confidence in her survival. Every man on the ship was drenched in fuel oil and soaked to the skin, but never a word of complaint did I hear. The crew had a cat on board, and when the ship went on her beam ends, the cat must have been penned below, and when she finally righted herself the cat was released and apparently crazed with fear, dashed on deck and over the side. I had a bull terrier, but he never seemed to be worried and took everything in his stride and survived.

In making my report to the Naval Authorities, I made a great error in not going into greater detail of the weather and the performance of the ship, as Naval Headquarters seemed

to come to the conclusion that the flooding of the engine room was the principal cause of the disaster, losing sight of the fact that the engine room only flooded after the ship broached to. It is quite possible that the flooding of the engine room was the factor that aided the ship to right herself. My report that the rivets in the wake of the forward gun mounting had carried away, thus flooding the forward part of the ship and putting the ship dangerously by the head so that she was in poor shape to weather a tremendous gale and sea, was never appreciated. Instead it was taken as a reflection by me on Naval Headquarters. I said "Good-Bye" to the "Grilse" at Halifax.

Chapter 9.

The "Rainbow" had been decommissioned and officers and crew drafted to Halifax, leaving only a nucleus of bad hats. She was now re-commissioned as a training ship for officers and ratings, with myself as Executive and Navigating Officer in charge of training. The "bad hats" were all Imperial ratings with crime histories, but not of a serious nature. I fell them all in, giving them quite a lecture, at the same time telling them how much I needed them to help me make a success of my training program, and that I was forming classes to give them all an opportunity to qualify as petty officers. They responded magnificently, and with the assistance of the Chief Gunner, E. Haines, (now Commander E.Haines, retired at Ottawa) my right hand man, whose services were invaluable, we soon had a very efficient organization. The naval sloop H.M.S. "Algerine" had been demobilized at the beginning of the war and was lying at anchor in Esquimalt Harbour. I conceived the idea that she could be made very useful as a training ship for officers, and would be much more economical for sea going trips than the "Rainbow".

So I wrote a private letter to the Honourable A.K.McLean, who was now Minister for Naval Affairs, and who had become a close personal friend of mine, detailing my plans and specifying that if they should find favour in his sight, that he in no way allow the Naval Staff to know that the idea had originated with me. A signal was duly received that the "Algerine" was to be re-commissioned under my command and I was ordered to lift her anchors and bring her alongside for reconditioning. This was quite a job, as the "Algerine" had lain at two anchors from 1914 to 1917. Meantime the cables had become hopelessly twisted, with a solid growth of barnacles and mussels. Meantime the S.N.O., a Vice-Admiral, had a dream, and ordered the "Algerine" reconditioned as a barracks for officers and not as a sea going ship, so my plans went all haywire. Ther e was a nice little story going around of our dear old Admiral. He had been sick for a couple of months and the Doctor finally released him for duty. On leaving the house his wife cautioned him - "Oswald, when you go down to the dock yard this morning you must be very careful." "Me, be careful?", "Yes, Oswald, you must be very careful." "Me careful; its not me who had to be careful, its THEY". Completely frustrated, I tried to resign, but was told my services could not be spared. During the following year we made four sea-going cruises in the "Rainbow", each lasting not more than ten days. We would go to sea in the morning and anchor in any one of the numerous inlets for the night, personally a very valuable experience for me, as we never anchored in the same place twice.

In November, 1917, the citizens of Victoria had organized a Victory Loan ball and invited the U.S. Admiral and

his staff from Bremerton, which invitation had been accepted. On the day of the ball, as Executive Officer, I enquired from the Admiral's Secretary as to whether any arrangements had been made to meet the U.S.Admiral. "No, the Old Man says nobody consulted him, so he wasn't going to do anything about it." "Yes", I replied, "But the U.S.Admiral won't know anything about that." Borrowing two Cadillac cars and with the owners as chauffeurs, I met the Admiral at the dock, presenting the apologies of our Admiral, who was indisposed and who had directed me to do all in my power to make his visit a pleasant one. I drove him to the Empress Hotel, saw him established, then took the party for a drive around Victoria, then to my home for cocktails and tea, and so back to the Empress Hotel in time for dinner and the ball, a very successful affair. Next morning there was an official reception at the Parliament Buildings for our ~~eminent~~ eminent guests, at which our Admiral had to appear. I drove up to the Parliament Buildings with the U.S.Admiral, to meet on the steps our own Admiral and I made the appropriate introduction. Admiral Koontz thanked our Admiral profusely for the hospitality he had arranged for himself and his party. The U.S.Admiral continued to the reception and our Admiral turned to me with "My God, Wingate, where did you get those cars?" "Oh, I have friends, Sir". Today I cannot even remember the names of the owners of those two Cadillacs.

At the end of the year all the officers and ratings were recommended for draft, the "Rainbow" was de-commissioned and I was out of a job. On pay, but with nothing to do, I became very restless and to get me out of the way Captain Martin, the S.N.O now, shipped me off with despatches for Lima, Peru.

Leaving on my trip to Peru I took passage on a U.S. Destroyer from Seattle to Bremerton. Awaiting the Admiral in the wardroom, we all stood up on his arrival, when he came over and sat down by me and the destroyer got under way. There was complete silence for some time and then I turned to the Admiral and said - "You don't remember me, Sir". "Yes, I do, Wingate, and hope the day will come when my wife and I can return the hospitality we received in Victoria." Perhaps the Admiral had heard part of the story. On arrival at Bremerton he had his man put my baggage in his car and drove me to the ship I was sailing on, got the Captain out of his bed and instructed him to give me every attention. Arrived at Panama, I caught a P.S.N.C.Liner to Callao and delivered my despatches to the Naval Intelligence Officer at Lima. My first Sunday morning in Lima, a friend invited me to play tennis at Wagner's country home, saying he knew they would be very glad to entertain me. On arrival at the very lovely country home, we found the place crammed with German nationals. My friend wanted to leave immediately, but I said "no," and within a few minutes the Germans had all disappeared and no introductions attempted. We played tennis, had a nice lunch, and returned to Lima, where I had dinner with our Intelligence Officer that night, and related to him the circumstances of my visit to Wagner's. Apparently Wagner, who had a beautiful Oxford accent, posed as a British citizen and was allowed to import goods without restriction. The Intelligence Officer was extremely imterested, as he had wondered how so many German firms were so well supplied with goods, not withstanding that they were on the black list. Now he would be able to restrict Wagner's imports.

With no means of direct passage back to B.C., I inveigled a passage to New York with despatches for London, and obtained passage on the Grace Liner, "Santa Paula" for New York. Elected treasurer for sports and Red Cross drive, I organized the most popular girls in each group of passengers to solicit subscriptions. We had on board a wealthy German, and it was common knowledge that he would be arrested on arrival at New York. I insisted that each girl must solicit him, and he complied with a very valuable contribution. Reporting to the Purser that I had twelve hundred dollars, he was amazed, as the average amount raised on previous voyages had been about three hundred dollars. Delivering my despatches to the British Intelligence Officer at New York, I had a pleasant visit, renewing old acquaintances, and then entrained for Ottawa. A few hours before arrival, I wired Naval Headquarters to please arrange my transportation to Victoria. On reporting to the Intelligence Officer at Headquarters at five P.M., I was informed that the Admiral was waiting to see me. "What are you doing here, Wingate?" enquired the Admiral. "If not here, I would be kicking my heels doing nothing in Peru, so here I am". "What we are going to do with you I don't know". "Give me a job of work, Sir". "How would you like the Intelligence Officer's job?" I said "work, Sir". Please give me a ship if you can." He said he would see what could be done. Returning to the I.O's office, to be informed that the Admiral was going West on the train that night and did not want me on the same train. I did not know anyone in Ottawa, but had lots of friends in Montreal, so I got me some despatches for Montreal and had a day there before returning home to Victoria.

After two days at home I was ordered to Sidney, Nova Scotia, to take command of H.M.C.S. "Hochelaga". I arrived in Sidney desperately ill. The 'Flu epidemic was at its height. My ship was not in port, and there was no accommodation to be had at the hotels. So I obtained a cabin on the H.M.C.S."Cartier", drank the best part of a bottle of whiskey and retired to bed. The next morning I woke, weak as a fish, but knew the germ was beaten and was ordered to take command of H.M.C.S. "Canada", which had just arrived in port with the Captain under arrest. The "Canada" had been built for the Customs Preventive Service, and was a peculiar vessel, with a long protruding ram on her bow and large inturning propellors. She was a poor sea boat and difficult to manoeuver in narrow waters. We sailed that evening for Gaspé and ran into a heavy gale in the gulf. During the night the steering gear carried away and the ship fell off broad side to the heavy seas. Two boats were smashed and, had we not been able to quickly repair the broken steering chains, I believe she might have foundered. Arrived at Gaspé, I soon gathered some of the story of the Captain's arrest. To meet the convoy the ship usually sailed from Gaspé at midnight, and the officers expected to spend a pleasant social evening ashore. It now appeared that the former Captain had had an altercation with the Captain of another escort vessel, which so upset him that he decided to sail at seven p.m. instead of at midnight, upsetting his officers' social commitments. Sending for his Number One, he gave orders to raise steam at once. In a little while Number One came back and told him that, if he laid down for a little while, he would feel much better, and in any case they weren't going to sea before midnight. The Captain sat down and coded a message to the S.N.O. at Sidney reporting his Officers refused to obey his

orders. The W/T Operator refused to send the message. As a last resort the Captain told the First Lieutenant he had written himself out a warrant for Railway transportation back to his base and would turn the ship over to him. That was a situation that he, the First Lieutenant, could not cope with, so he now agreed to carry out the Captain's orders and the ship sailed. Having given written orders for the courses to be steered and to be called at midnight, the Captain retired for a rest. Awaking after midnight and looking at his watch, he proceeded to the bridge and demanded from the Officer of the watch reasons for his not having been called. The O.W. sent for the First Lieutenant, who now informed the Captain that he had been placed under arrest and the ship was on her way back to her base. Completing my tour of escort duty and returning back to base the first man on board was this First Lieutenant, who had reported sick so that he could not sail with me, and he immediately went into a huddle with the other Officers. I found myself appointed a member of the Court of Enquiry into the circumstances of the Captain's arrest and why the First Lieutenant had not carried out the orders for escort duty. It was alleged that the Captain had been too drunk to carry out his duties. The Court found that no evidence had been produced to substantiate the allegation and that the First Lieutenant's actions had been most irregular. I had had to hear each Officer swear that they knew nothing of the whereabouts of the rendezvous, notwithstanding that the rendezvous was always at the same place and very clearly marked on the chart. I had an excellent crew and felt very sad to have such a bunch of poor Officers, in whom I could place no trust whatsoever.

I had been appointed to the "Hochelaga" originally

to replace a young man, whose promotion seemed to have gone to his head. On report of a submarine having been sighted, he was ordered to rendezvous with two other escort vessels and search a given area. The young Lieutenant had become very arrogant on his promotion and refused to allow his juniors to consult the chart, relying on his own knowledge of navigation, which was entirely inadequate. He had failed to meet with the other vessels, had not carried out any search and became completely lost, finally arriving back in Louisburg instead of Sidney.

On the "Canada" on one occasion, having completed my escort of a convoy through the Straits of Belle Isle, I was ordered to return, meet two fast ~~Tangkers~~ Tankers and escort them through the Straits. Having done that and laid off the courses for my return to base, a light in sight fifteen miles ahead, and orders to call me when it was abeam to alter the course already laid out on the chart, I sat in my chair and immediately was sound asleep. Waking up with a start, looked at my watch and rushed up on the bridge and found the light almost out of sight astern and land looming up right ahead, I asked the O/W. why he had not called me. He said he had and that I had said alright and apparently he was quite satisfied to steam straight into the land ahead, although I had pointed out to him that the course had to be altered when the light was abeam. Later that same night, the weather cleared and I picked up a fixed light, presumably St George's Point. Another Officer this time, I cautioned him carefully that we only thought it was St George's Point, but did not know for certain. If so, we should see nothing until we saw the light on St Paul's Rocks. "Now, no matter what you see, whatever it may be, let me know at once", and I sat in my chair and went off to sleep again.

After a while he called me to say there was a steamer's light on the starboard bow. Telling him to bring it on the port bow, give it a wide berth and call me when it was abeam, I dropped off to sleep again. Shortly, in great excitement, he called me saying "It's a submarine, Sir, I can see her wake." "Good for you, Action Stations", and I dashed on the bridge, first to realize the mountains towering up on the port side and close aboard the starboard bow a dim light with white water close to. Scared stiff that someone should fire a gun, I shouted "Cease Fire", "Full astern on the engines and a hand in the chains." Stopped, we found five fathoms of water and, thank God, we were still afloat. Knowing the Coast very well, I now knew that it was not St George's Point we had seen and that we were now inside Port au Port, and the dim light was a house on the beach. How fortunate for me a gun had not been fired. It was quite evident that when I told the O.W. to give the "ship's light" a wide berth, he had just done nothing and continued on his course with never a word about the land, perhaps he had not even seen it. After that, no matter how tired, I never ventured to close my eyes while at sea.

The night of the Armistice I joined my last troop convoy, a fast one with a heavy cruiser as Commodore of Convoy. A strong norwest gale blowing, snow squally after snow squall, I picked up the Convoy three hours late and five miles south of the rendezvous. Taking station and given a course, no zig zag, I laid the course off on my chart to find that, at a speed of twelve knots, it would put us on St Paul's Rocks about seven o'clock that night. I attempted to signal the cruiser, but was ignored. About six thirty p.m., between squalls, I glimpsed the lights dead ahead, and again the cruiser ignored my signal. I ordered my Yeoman of Signals to stand by with the emergency signal to alter course

eight points to port. A squall cleared momentarily and all in the convoy could see the light dead ahead and the cruiser immediately shot off the rocket signal "Alter course eight points to port". A mountainous sea was running and while I could maintain twelve knots before it, I certainly couldn't broadside to and might founder my ship, so I altered two points to starboard to pass under the lee of the Rocks. The cruiser shot a signal at me "Why don't you obey orders?". To the Yeoman I said -"No answer; if he doesn't know why let's not tell him".

Clearing St Paul's Rocks I set a course to close the convoy about four a.m., figuring the cruiser, having discovered his error, would get back to the course he should have been on. The snow having cleared away, there was no difficulty in picking up the convoy and without any challenge I took up my station again on the bow of the cruiser. During the night we had picked up the Armistice signal on our radio and at eight a.m. the cruiser signalled me "Armistice has been declared, you may return to your base, indicate when you wish to part company". Reply - "Wish to part company now". "Approved", and we left for Sidney and shortly were ordered to Halifax. The war over, I was most anxious to return home, but was told my services would not yet be spared.

One noon, temperature about zero, a howling norwester blowing, I received a signal to report to the Admiral's Office immediately. It was more or less an unwritten law not to call away boats in the dinner hour, but the signal being peremptory, I called away my "whaler" and made the flagstaff steps to leeward of my ship. As the crew could not possibly make it back to the ship, I sent them to the "Niobe", the depot ship, to get their dinner. On reaching shore I was cased in ice from head to foot

which, instead of shaking off, I carefully preserved so that the Admiral might realize the weather outside his comfortable office. On entering his office, he ejaculated "My God, I didn't know the weather was as bad as all that". All he wanted was to ask me some foolish little question that had suddenly popped into his head. I was not able to return to my ship until the late afternoon, when the weather moderated and with the aid of a steam pinnace. My last duty was to escort twenty three minesweepers and drifters to Liverpool, N.S. and tie them up to the booms of the Southern Salvage Company. The minesweepers were supposed to return all stores, except necessary navigational equipment, and to report to me when ready for sea. On the "Grilse" I had had a navigating officer, who was able to collect small pilotage fees entering and leaving strange ports, although I did the piloting. On the "Canada" I had no navigating officer and no pilotage fees could be collected, so I asked the Admiral to provide me with a pilot for Liverpool. "You have never had a pilot before, why do you wish one now?" "I am entitled to a pilot, it will be dark when we arrive at Liverpool and I have never been there before". The minesweepers finally reported they were all ready for sea, and the weather being suitable, I gave orders to proceed at eight the following morning. By seven a.m., still dark, half of them had disappeared out of the harbour. At eight a.m. a few stragglers were still tied up to their berths, reporting that they had either engine or boiler trouble, and when I gave them orders "To prepare to be taken in tow", their engine and boiler troubles apparently were solved, as they immediately got under way.

The little fleet I was escorting was manned entirely by Nova Scotia fishermen, who wanted to hang on to their jobs in the Navy as long as possible, or at least until winter was over.

Nursing them along from the rear, I finally arrived late that night with only six minesweepers out of the twenty three, and it was three weeks before I had the fleet tied up to their moorings. When asked for reasons for the delay in arrival, their excuses were all the same, that they had had to put into some little place for "engine repairs".

On my arrival at the Fairway buoy, entrance to Liverpool Harbour, I found a pilot waiting for me. Taking over direction of the ship, he headed between the Fairway buoy and the first port hand buoy, which could not be seen in the dark, and I queried his not closing the range lights before passing the Fairway buoy, but he insisted that that was the better course. Peering over the port bow, I suddenly saw the port hand buoy come right alongside. I stopped the engines and ~~when~~ when the buoy was amidships, put the helm hard over to port to try and throw the stern clear of the buoy, but our port propellor fouled the buoy mooring, which took a half hitch on one blade. We did everything we could to try and free the propellor and had no time to waste, as the tide was falling rapidly and at low tide there would be only fifteen feet of water where we were and the ship was drawing nineteen feet. We had dropped the anchor so we now put a boat over the side, swept up the mooring of the buoy, raised our anchor and proceeded on one propellor. To my distress, and in spite of my remonstrances, the pilot kept hugging the port side of the channel, telling me there was more water on this side. Finally I saw a cribbing appear close aboard and setting down on it fast and was just able to get the ship stopped before the propellor could take it. There was a very heavy freshet in the river, which held us against the crib for two days, although I had anchored two mine-

sweepers abreast to try and pull me off. Their efforts were futile until the freshet eased up. Had I had no pilot I would have been most careful to keep the range lights in line until I got up to my berth. However, no damage was done and in daylight we were able to clear our propellor from the buoy's moorings.

We were at Liverpool for over a month and the young ladies of the town were most hospitable, entertaining the men to dances and concerts at the Community Hall and I felt that the officers should put on a show as a token of appreciation of the hospitality that had been extended. A smoking concert was organized, to which all and sundry were invited, but the dance following would be restricted to the Officers of the ships and the ladies of the community. The men resented this, there were over five hundred of them, and the hall could not accommodate more than a quarter of that number. As we greeted our guests at the dance, I found that my band had been kidnapped, but we had three officers who were able to provide music. Looking out of the window during the first dance, I saw four hundred odd men marching in fours up to the entrance of the Hall. Dropping my partner, I dashed down the stairs and stood in the entrance and the men, observing me there, marched in one gate and out the other. Returning to the dance floor, I shortly observed the doors crowded with sailors. Dropping my partner again, I walked over to a door and was fortunate to find two men without their blouses and in dirty singlets, so was able to rate them sharply for being out of uniform and in such a dirty condition that they showed no respect for themselves, let alone the ladies who had entertained them so well. With that they all turned sheepfacedly away and we had no

further trouble.

On inspecting the fleet i found that no stores had been returned at Halifax, so I borrowed a warehouse and had all the stores carefully inventoried and tagged. It was suggested to me that it was a waste of time and effort to return these stores to Halifax, and that I should just junk them. There were many coils of wire, coils of rope, bolts of canvas, drums of paint, endless engine room stores and the value must have been close to two hundred thousand dollars. I replied "No, and I would try and make it impossible for anyone else to junk them". I had five copies of inventories made and forwarded to every department I could think of. What became of those stores I do not know but am strongly of the opinion that they were eventually junked.

My plea for demobilization was finally granted and I was relieved of my duties December 20th, 1918, and returned to Victoria.

Chapter 10.

The Canadian Government was building a number of merchant ships, to be operated by the Canadian National Railways, so I now applied for employment, but received no answer to my application. In March, 1919, I was fortunate in having an interview with Mr. D. B. Hanna, then President of the Railway, on behalf of the Canadian Navy League. Having completed my business on behalf of the League, I asked whether I might discuss myself. I told him how I had applied for employment and received no answer. After questioning me on my experience, he took out his little note book, made some entries and assured me that I would be employed. Months passed without any word

from him, and in the meantime I did some compass adjusting and entered into a contract with a young man to raise and cut up an old burner at Chemainus Mill, where my experience as a rigger was invaluable. Neither of us had had any experience with an acetylene torch, but within a day or two we became quite expert. On the first day a helper hit my right elbow with a sledge hammer, breaking a bone, and although I had my arm in a plaster cast, it inconvenienced me very little. Notwithstanding our lack of experience, we cut up and blew off the top of the burner with dynamite, making a perfect job of it. The top had been cut into a lot of sections with our torches and then I went around with pieces of sticks of dynamite, guessing at the length of fuses required, so that they might all go off together; having sent everybody out of the way I lit the fuses and retired to a cubby hole I had prepared. One of the helpers remarked "Gee, you've got guts". "No", I replied, "Just ~~no-how~~ know how". My know how, I guess, was pretty lucky. We then set to work cutting ~~half inch~~ steel plates half inch by eight feet by twelve feet, and the job went very smoothly. When nearly finished I received a letter appointing me Master of the S.S. "Canadian Aviator", and to report immediately in Vancouver. My partner knew nothing of rigging and my mind was bothered about leaving him to finish the job. With my mind distracted, my burner caught in my left hand glove and cooked my left arm to the elbow, six thousand degrees fahrenheit. I was now completely disabled so we made a settlement on the work done to date and I reported in Vancouver with both arms in casts. It was two months before Iwas able to remove the casts.

The "Canadian Aviator" was launched, her trials were completed and she commenced to load. The Marine Superin-

tendent from Montreal had arrived for the trials, and when the ship was about half loaded he announced that I was going to be kept in Vancouver and would not take the ship to sea. Now he became extremely rude and hostile. I thought then, and am still of the opinion, that he either wished I would quit the job, or perhaps beg to be allowed to take the ship to sea. I did neither, but decided to say nothing, but "saw wood", attend to my knitting and hope the hostility would blow away. I could only surmise that he had somebody else in view for the post of Marine Superintendent at Vancouver and resented my appointment. Forty eight hours before the ship was ready for sea he remarked "What are we going to do for a Master?" "That", I replied, "should be entirely up to you". "Do you know Captain H?" "Not personally, but I know of him". "Please go and see him and let me know what you think". I reported him quite suitable, but Captain H. must have applied for the job before, and, I think, always held it against me that he got so little notice.

I was now appointed Acting Marine Superintendent and the riding became worse than ever. Besides being Marine Superintendent I also had the duties of Superintendent Engineer and Shore Steward. My only assistant was a clerk without even a high school education, whom I could not fire, as he was a protege of the housekeeper of the Hotel Vancouver, who was a friend of the Marine Superintendent in Montreal. The ships were now coming along fast, and I would have to load them and find non-union crews, as the ships had been declared unfair by the Unions. A Manager and an Assistant Manager were now appointed and booked cargoes for ships still undelivered. I would have a ship completing at False Creek, another at North Vancouver Shipyards and a ship loading at the docks. I was forever on the jump

from six o'clock in the morning until midnight, my only time for office work being in the late evening. What a life, with never a word of appreciation from any direction. After a few months of this we had our first visit from the Manager in Montreal. The local Manager, Assistant Manager and myself had agreed to make certain representations with regard to local conditions, but at the round table conference the next morning these representations were never brought up. Mr Teakle opened the conference with the announcement -"Where has anybody in the world done what we have done, forty ships in operation in twelve months". What an attitude to take while, in fact, ships had been wished on him when fortunately ships were scarce. He then announced a policy on all questions, to which each of the others expressed entire agreement. When asked for my opinion I would suggest that before coming to any definite conclusions certain aspects should be considered, and these would be the matters we had agreed amongst ourselves to draw to his attention. However, the matters were settled and it was quite hopeless for me to make any expression of opinion. When Mr Teakle announced a policy of not employing a Master on any one ship. or any one route for more than twelve months I was amazed and suggested that a Master who knew his ship and knew his route could be very valuable to the Company. He replied "No, they get to know the ropes too well", and that "If he ever heard of a Master accepting so much as a pocket knife from any source he would fire him immediately". What a slur that was on the whole profession. All my hopes that by sitting tight and by conscientiously performing my duties I would eventually win recognition, now went overboard. On top of all this I encountered extreme animosity from the Inspector supervising the building of the ships. He wished to deny me entrance to the ship-

building yards, because on several occasions I had drawn attention to several omissions which, while not in the specifications, were obviously part of the equipment of a ship. One item I had drawn to their attention was that no provision had been made for an ash chute to get rid of ashes. They we re coal burning ships. Curiously, after my raising that question, the ships following, while oil burners, were equipped with ash ejectors as well as ash chutes. and could have no use for either. However, the ship builders declined to comply with his request to deny me entrance to their yards. as they realized, by drawing their attention to thses details while the ship was still at their yards, would save them money. If the work had to be done after the ship left the yard it would cost a great deal more.

After nine months as Acting Marine Superintendent, and with no improvement in my position, I asked to be relieved and to be appointed to command of a ship, and was finally appointed Master of the S.S."Canadian Winner". The first two voyages of this ship were to Australia and New Zealand; fine weather voyages and completely uneventful. We had accommodation for six passengers and generally had a full complement. On our first voyage to Australia, with a nice big deck load, we ran into a heavy southwest gale outside Flattery. When about forty miles off Flattery the Chief Engineer asked me to stop the ship while he made some adjustments. The ship lay very quietly, not quite broadside to the sea, easing gently over the mountainous swells. The passenger ship "Niagara", bound ~~from~~ for Vancouver, passed close by, rolling her rails under and making quite heavy weather. Soon after, we went down to supper and one passenger remarked "How steady the ship is, one would never realize she was moving." He never knew that the ship had been stopped for over an hour.

While at Sidney on our second voyage, standing by the counter in our Agent's office, a young man came to the counter and asked me if Captain Wingate was in. "You are speaking to him", I replied. "My name is Proctor". "Oh", I said, "from Brisbane". "Yes, you won't remember me as I was only five years old when you were there. My mother and sister are in town and, seeing your name in the paper, wondered whether or not it could be the same Wingate. I was just going down to meet them at the ferry, and passing the office, thought I would enquire." "I am certainly coming with you," and we started out from the office together. As we walked along my mind was filled with visions of a cute slim blond of seventeen with long golden hair, who used to take me riding in a horse and buggy just twenty two years before. These were the people with whom I had stayed when the Captain of the "Berwickshire" thought I was in ~~gael~~ jail for having taken a boat without permission. I recognized the mother as she came off the ferry, but what a shock to look at her companion! Now, thirty nine years of age, she must have weighed all of three hundred pounds. I took them to tea, but my dream of glamour was completely shattered.

The next three voyages were to Japan and China. On the first, when bound for Yokohama, we encountered a tremendous gale just south of the Aleutian Islands. Hove to, the seas swept wire reels off the foc'sle head and burst the chain lashings of our deck cargo. Putting her before the wind, we got the deck cargo secured again, and feeling very uneasy about the damage we had suffered, I decided to stop the engines altogether and let the ship take up her natural position. With oil bags to windward, she rode the seas very easily, drifting to leeward

at least two miles an hour and leaving a nice oil slick to windward. While drifting helplessly, we picked up a distress call from a Japanese steamer some two hundred miles to windward of us, so it was impossible for us to go to her assistance. Loaded with wheat, she eventually sank, but her crew were all saved. When the weather moderated we proceeded on our way. Thereafter, whenever the weather became so severe I could make no progress on my course, I found the best thing to do was to stop the engines and just lay to and conserve fuel. Westbound in winter time I always sighted the Aleutian Islands, and after the first of January I used always to feel that we would get finer weather the further north we went. I had been told by some Japanese captains that in winter they would go through Unimak Pass and go north of the Islands, getting better weather and more fair winds. There was always danger of ice coming through the Kurile Islands, but I never sighted ice. On one voyage, by keeping north and west, I beat a sister ship by at least three days to the longtitude of Yokohama.

After a year on the "Canadian Winner" she was due for drydocking and we were ordered to drydock at Esquimalt at eight a.m. The ship was lying at Vancouver, Pier H. C.P.R., in dense fog. At midnight the fog lifted. With a pilot on board, we got under way, and as we passed Brockton Point dense fog enveloped us. It was dead low water with the first of a big flood making, our only guide a fog horn at the entrance to the harbour. With the engines at slow, we were barely stemming the tide and after a little while we could see a dim light close under our bow, (it was a man digging clams on the north shore.) There was a very gentle sound, just like a whisper, and I said to the pilot

"we're ashore". We stopped the engines and, after lying there for half an hour, we floated off, drifted back into the harbour and, when east of Brockton Point, let go the anchor. The pilot wanted to go on, but I told him once in one night was plenty for me. In the early morning the fog cleared and we proceeded to Esquimalt and duly drydocked. On examination it was apparent that the ship had not suffered any damage. At that time there was no beacon on Calamity Point and Captain Reed, the Harbour Master of that day, asked me for a detailed report as we both felt that, if there had been a beacon on Calamity Point, the incident would not have occurred. He asked me to stress that point and shortly thereafter the horn and light were established.

After three and a half years in command of the "Winner" I obtained leave of absence to visit my father in Scotland, who was very seriously ill. In the meantime the ship made a voyage to Australia and New Zealand and on my return to Vancouver I found she was scheduled to load for Great Britain. Two days had to elapse before the ship could commence loading cargo, and I was ordered to proceed to Nanaimo and take my full bunkers. I protested against doing so, as the big cross bunker still had over three hundred tons of Japanese coal, which had been in the bunker for over six months, and I recommended that it would be wiser to use up as much of this coal as possible before completing with cargo. To bunker, with that old coal still in the bunker, would create an ideal situation for spontaneous combustion. I was over ruled, and bunkers were completed before loading cargo. Two weeks later, with only one more day left to complete loading, the Chief Officer called me up at my home at ten o'clock at night -(I had just come home from the movies),

to advise me the ship was on fire and that the Marine and Engineer Superintendents were on board. Gathering my Chief Engineer, who lived across the street from me, we took a taxi down to the ship to find the two Superintendents peering down the cross bunker hatch and four firemen shovelling out coal on to the deck. There was a longshore strike on at the time, and the situation seemed to me to be utterly ridiculous, and I had no hesitation in saying so. The Manager had arrived on the scene by this time, and when asked what I would recommend, I suggested the hatches and ventilators be closed up tight until all arrangements had been made to discharge the eight hundred tons of coal in the bunker, as the fire must be near the bottom where the two kinds of coal joined. In view of the strike situation the only organization capable of handling the discharge would be the Salvage Company on a cost plus basis. Asked what I thought that would cost, I suggested $1.25 a ton. The Manager thought that excessive. The hatches and ventilators were covered up and in the morning the Management reached a decision to discharge the coal with the ship's crew. A clamshell derrick was hired, but we had to use an inexperienced ship's engineer to run it, and when a nice big hole had been dug in the coal, the derrick broke down. The Coal Company had called me up to enquire whether there was anything they could do. I requested a dozen gas masks, with men to show how to operate them. With the derrick broken down, we had to put men below with shovels and buckets to hoist the coal out, and the only way they could stay in the hold was with gas masks. Soon, however, heat as well as smoke drove the men out of the hold and there was nothing for it but to start putting water on the fire. In the meantime the ship had been moved to

anchor in the stream and with water on the coal the fire was quiet, discharge was resumed and the men were able to work without gas masks. The Manager now announced that he was bringing the Port Warden on board, and I begged him not to do so until we had the fire and coal out. However, the Manager brought the Port Warden on board, and he immediately ordered us to stop putting water on the fire, and the Manager and the Marine Superintendent concurred with these orders despite all our protests that water had only been used as a last resort. Denze fog now descended on the harbour and Mr Edwards, Lloyd's Surveyor, had remained on board. Before dark fell the men were driven from the hold by heat, gas and smoke, and the Surveyor left with one of the ship's boats to seek assistance. He got completely lost in the fog and somehow arrived back a t the ship without having contacted anyone. In preparation for extreme eventualities, I had had a door cut from Number 2 hold, through the wooden bulk head into the bunker space, and drilled a succession of holes in the steel deck along the face of the wooden bulkhead in the bunker space and plugged them with wooden plugs. The Salvage Company's fire boat had been hanging around all day, and I had asked the Captain to stick around as I was quite sure I would eventually need him. Soon the ship's fire apparatus was unable to subdue the flames and I called upon the Salvage Company's fire boat to bring their hose on board. Armed with gas masks, I led the salvage party through the emergency door from Number 2, knocking out the wooden plugs in the steel deck. With two hundred and fifty pounds pressure on the fire hose we soon had the fire under control. Taking the hose down into the hold, we drove the remaining coal clear of the wooden bulkhead and definitely proved that the fire originated at the juncture of the two

coals. All the cargo in Number 2 hold was condemned on account of smoke damage and had to be discharged. Had I been listened to in the first instance, and had the Salvage Company been employed to discharge the bunkers, all this damage, delay and expense might have been avoided. As it was, the bill from the Salvage Company for putting out the fire alone amounted to Five thousand dollars.

After the damaged cargo was discharged more cargo was booked, and when the cargo was completed fresh bunkers were taken and we sailed for Devonport, Bristol and Glasgow.

While the ship was unloading at Devonport I made a visit to London and called on my old friend, Captain E.C.Shankland, Chief Harbour Master for the Port of London. Ernie suggested that I join Trinity House, and gave me a letter addressed to the Deputy Master. I presented this letter to a very much uniformed doorkeeper and was ushered into a waiting room, which was a veritable museum of antiquity. After a wait of about fifteen minutes, during which time I examined models of lighthouses, inspected the first"Waterman's Charter" on the river Thames granted by Queen Elizabeth the First, an Elder Brother, Captain S - , interviewed me. He expressed doubt that, at my age, I might ever become an Elder Brother. Saturated by the atmosphere of the place, I told him that to be attached to such an institution in any way I would deem a great honour. "That's the spirit" he replied and "You're not so damned old anyway". "Let's find the Deputy Master", and having found him, we duly filled in my application to become a Junior Brother. The next day I received formal notice that I had been duly elected a Junior Brother. Trinity House was destroyed during the last war with all its records, but when I called at their temporary quarters in Ocean House in 1948 my

name was remembered and I was invited to lunch with the Deouty Master and Elder Brethren. I was greeted by the Senior Warden, Commodore A.S.McKay, R.D., R.N.R., whose name recalled nothing to me until he started to talk about my school days, when I was reminded of an awkward and very broad and rough young Scotsman, with no resemblance to the tall, cultured, elderly gentleman I now met.

We left Devonport on New Year's Eve for Bristol, where we discharged about three thousand tons of wheat from Vancouver. While at Bristol the ship was given a Civic reception and the Mayor and City Council came on board, sporting all their regalia of office.

We left Bristol for ~~Cardiff~~ Swansea, a very short voyage, but during the night we experienced a terrific gale. At noon next day, the wind having moderated, but a very heavy swell still running, we anchored as close in to the entrance to the Harbour as I dared go. High water slack was about seven p.m. and by that time a great many ships had anchored. Shortly before high water a pilot launch came out and, being closest in, I got the first pilot and we picked up our anchor and proceeded in the channel to tie up to the pierhead entrance to the dock. A small coastal steamer overtook us in the channel, which he was not supposed to do, and tied up at the pierhead ahead of us, and we had to tie up outside him, overlapping him ahead and astern. When the dock gates were opened and each out-going ship passed us the ship would surge in the wash of their passing. In the surge we damaged the port light of the small coaster; Next morning I was presented with a bill "Three pounds damage to their port sidelight".

I hurridly O.K'd the bill and got a quit claim and a statement from their Surveyor that it was in full of all damage sustained. As this coaster was loaded she began to leak, and it was found that some midship frames had been sprung and a further claim was made against us. However, as I had a quit claim, and pointed out that the damage could quite well have been sustained in the gale two nights previous, or in passing through the locks, the claim was not pressed. After bunkering and loading some tinplate for Vancouver, we sailed for Glasgow, where the remainder of the cargo was discharged.

After leaving Glasgow, and off the Cumbrae Islands, a stowaway was discovered, and had it not been blowing a strong gale I would have endeavoured to put him ashore. A young Irish lad of twelve, an orphan with a sister in Toronto, he planned to go to Canada and see his sister, having no idea of how large a city Toronto was, or how far away it might be from Vancouver. He so impressed me during the voyage that, on the passage through the Canal, I wrote to Alderman Almond, also Irish, and a very successful business man in Vancouver, telling him all the circumstances of the case and asking that he make every endeavor with the Immigration Authorities to approve his admission to Canada, and that I would personally be responsible for the lad. While writing this letter, I heard the cry "Man overboard" and rushed from my cabin to be told our little stowaway had jumped overboard. We were approaching one of the locks in the Canal and there was a boat not far from where the lad jumped over, but failed to reach him before he sank out of sight. On interrogating the crew as to the reasons for his jumping overboard, it became apparent that he had become depressed by members of the crew constantly jeering him that he could never

land in Vancouver and would be returned to Glasgow. The very men who had jeered so much at him were sitting on the poop, saw him jump overboard, and never moved a hand to go to his rescue. I told these men that I considered them just as guilty of the boy's death as if they had actually pushed him over. He had donned his best clothes to jump overboard, but he left behind a little memorandum book, in which he had pencilled a few quotations, showing that he was a boy of high ideals and considerable ambition; a very sad ending to a young life.

On the ship's arrival back in Vancouver, I resigned from the Company, as it was very apparent that, if they could not make any profits when freights were high and ships were scarce, it could not be long before the Company would fade from the picture.

Chapter 11.

I now hung out my shingle as a Marine Surveyor, as had been suggested by some of my shipping company friends. Very little business was offered me and a good deal of it of a contentious nature. As an example, the owner of a small vessel requiring repairs, and getting a survey report from another Surveyor requiring a more expensive repair than he had anticipated, he would come to me to see whether I would give a seaworthy certificate on a cheaper repair bill, I was not seeking that kind of a reputation.

Prowling around the water front I found that a great quantity of wheat screenings was being shipped to Seattle by rail. I got an option of space on the S. S. "Morning Star", a small U. S. coasting vessel, at two dollars a ton, (the rail freight was four dollars a ton). Contacting the consignee in Seattle, I put through a deal to ship the screenings by the "Morning Star". Coming up to Vancouver on her next trip, the little vessel had a large coil of submarine

cable on her deck, consigned to the B.C.Telephone Company. Coming through Active Pass a strong tide rip caused the vessel to list heavily, and the coil of submarine cable, worth many thousands of dollars, slid over the side. On arrival at Vancouver the Telephone Company put a lien on the vessel, and during the night the "Morning Star" slipped her moorings, left the harbour and could never come back again. I had to look for space elsewhere for my screenings. Wandering around the waterfront in Seattle, I saw a covered scow belonging to the Washington Tug and Barge Company. Asking permission to inspect the barge, and having done so, I asked for an option on her hire and towage to and from Vancouver on a basis of twelve hours free time in Vancouver and forty eight hours free time in Seattle for discharge. I was given an option at eight hundred dollars a round trip. Approaching the consignees of the wheat screenings, I renewed my offer of two dollars a ton, this time by barge placed alongside their dock; they to discharge the barge within forty eight hours. My offer was accepted. The barge arrived for its first load at six p.m. one very wet and stormy night. Placed under the grain spouts, the barge had two hatches through which we spouted the screenings, and we got five hundred tons on board without any trimming at all. My expenses were fifty dollars, which included a grain certificate, so that I had a nice net of one hundred and fifty dollars for a few hours' work. Going down to Seattle I persuaded the barge owners to cut me two more hatches in the roof of the barge. On her next two trips the barge loaded seven hundred and fifty tons with my total expense on each trip fifty dollars. A nice profit of six hundred and fifty dollars per trip. By this time the owners of the barge had got into close

touch with the purchasers of the screenings. They possibly thought my share of the profit on the deal a little high. However, they told me the consignee wished them to instal a conveyor on the barge to speed up the discharge. If they undertook that they would have to cancel the agreement with me. I had heard rumours that the import of screenings into the United States was liable to be shut down any time under the "Noxious Weeds Act", so I told the barge owners they could take over the whole thing, provided they paid me fifty dollars for each barge load loaded out of Vancouver. The conveyor was installed and the barge made just two more trips when the import of screenings was stopped.

Somehow or another I had contacted a Mr. Davis, well known on account of his devising the Davis raft method of moving logs, and was offered a contract for any quantity of spruce logs delivered in Portland, Ore. at forty two dollars per M. The Powell River Company agreed to sell me logs in the water at Queen Charlotte Islands, and I made a deal with the Washington Tug and Barge Company to freight them for twelve dollars per M. This looked like a very nice peice of business for me, to just sit in my office and receive two dollars per thousand feet. Then I ran into trouble, being refused permission to put a foreign vessel into the Queen Charlotte Islands, despite the fact that there were two Norwegian vessels loading there at that time. However, the Washington Tug and Barge Company had become very interested, and suggested I buy some of the wooden hulls then lying in Lake Union, Seattle. Obtaining some financial backing, I signed an agreement to purchase three at one thousand dollars each, and now ran into political opposition, and after a great deal of delay, was

allowed to bring the three hulls to Canada on payment of thirty five hundred dollars duty on each one. The first one we selected was the "Bingamon", which was a nearly completed vessel of about four thousand tons. Before leaving Seattle we cut through the complete superstructure at main deck rail level, jacked it up and launched it overside in one piece, which was then towed to a beach and burned. The "Bingamon" was now towed to Vancouver where the hatches were enlarged and a thirty five ton crane installed. I had no capital of my own and, to obtain the capital needed to continue with my venture, I had been forced to give up control of the company. I was constantly badgered by attempts of my associates to change my plans. The crane we had ordered I had seen in operation at the Capilano Timber Company's booming grounds, and was guaranteed to take thirty five tons. The builders had designed a carriage to be placed on the barge with the same guarantee, but my associates produced engineers and designs for another cheaper carriage, but with no guarantee. It was built, and on the first test with ten tons of logs, collapsed. After further delay and re-design it passed the Surveyor's test, but had cost a great deal more than had been anticipated. More than six months had elapsed since I had entered into the agreement with The Multnomah Box Company, of Portland, Oregon, and they now cancelled the agreement to purchase logs, but we had no difficulty in finding a purchaser in Vancouver. The barge finally sailed for the Queen Charlotte Islands on the sixth of January and arrived off Cumshewa Inlet at six p.m. in tow of the tug "Masset". The weather was quiet and clear, but the barometer was falling rapidly. For some reason known only to himself the Skipper of the "Masset" would not take the barge

inside the Inlet, and lay to off shore. By midnight it was blowing a howling gale, with mountainous seas running. The Tug turned and ran before the gale. I spent the rest of the night on the bow of the barge consumed with anxiety as to the outcome. About six a.m., with just a glimpse of Triple Island light, not more than a mile away, the tug slowed down until she was abreast of the bow of the barge, went full speed ahead, raised the complete tow line, including thirty fathom of the ship's cable clear of the water, burst the tow line and within thirty seconds had disappeared from sight, leaving us to our own devices. I could hardly believe my eyes, and what a shock it was to see all my plans of months past now completely in ruins. However, I had the lives of the six men on board beside myself to consider. Realizing we were dead to windward off Stenhouse Shoal, and to drift down on it broadside would give no chance of survival, the only hope was to get the barge before the wind and get sufficient headway so that we might be able to steer to one side or the other and miss the Shoal. Our crane, whic h had been stowed forward, acted like a sail and soon we were making from three to five knots. Our life boat was got in readiness, with provisions lashed to it, and soon enough we saw the breakers and just missed the Shoal. Day beginning to break, we managed to miss another shoal and were setting into more sheltered waters. I had the anchor lowered to thirty fathoms in the water and finally, when we were drifting close in amongstsome rocky Islets, we let go the anchor and brought up with sixty fathoms of chain and the stern of the barge ten feet from the rocks. During the forenoon the wind shifted to the southwest from southeast and we were in safe, smooth anchorage. Meantime the tug had arrived at Prince Rupert and reported that our barge

had been lost with all hands. This was the second time my obituary ~~had been~~ was published, in which I was quoted as "having been quite a nice fellow". Late that night, fine, clear, the weather moderating, I saw the mast head lights of a steamer far to the south, and set off a series of rockets and Roman candles. The vessel turned out to be the lighthouse tender, lying off Triple Island lighthouse, awaiting a moderation in the weather, and, seeing our signals, came north to investigate. She arrived alongside us soon after daylight and with her radio was able to advise of the safety of the barge and her crew. The lighthouse tender had to go about her business, but she contacted the small steamer "Marmion", which was not very far away, and she came to our assistance and after we lifted our anchor, towed us into Prince Rupert. The tug "Masset" had reported that his towing hawser had fouled a rock, the barge had broken adrift and that by the time he cleared his hawser the barge was out of sight and he had been unable to contact it again. To me he frankly said that the tug was making a great deal of water and it looked as though she might sink. There were ten men on the tug and only six on the barge, so he abandoned us to our fate. Needless to say, I refused to use that tug again.

On another occasion (I, myself, was not on the barge this time,) in tow of the tug "Hopkins Brothers" (now called "Canadian National No.1"), in a heavy gale off Pine Island, the tow line ran off the tug's towing winch. The tug stayed with the barge and twice during the night, when it seemed the barge might go on the rocks, they managed to get a line aboard and were able to keep it clear and eventually got her into safety cove, where the tow line was recovered. ~~What After a while we had three barges in operation and were buying~~

What a difference from the performance of the "Masset"!

¶ By this time it was developed that there could be tremendous profits in the movement of logs by barge; that logs could be bought in areas where flat rafting was quite impossible, at prices that would realize exceptional profits. We got two more barges into operation, using the "Bingamon" for loading the other two. Business was good for a year, then the log market went flat.

On returning to Vancouver I found the Company had engaged to transport logs from Seymour Inlet to Ocean Falls. Seymour Inlet involved negotiating a "Skookum Chuck", and the logs were hemlocks, with poor scale and hard to handle. I was horrified to find that my associates had chartered the tug "Pacific Monarch", a most excellent tug, but the charter party had been written by the Tug Company, at, to me, an excessive rate, with never a clause for cancellation in event of anything happening to the tug. Never had such a charter party been written anywhere. Next, the Master of the tug was changed from an extremely competent one to one who was a complete misfit at towing barges. The first barge she arrived with in Vancouver, he landed amongst the boulders at the berth we had prepared, having no idea of the weight of his tow. Next tow he put a barge on the rocks at the entrance to Seymour Inlet. I was at Ocean Falls when word came of the accident, and obtaining a small roll of the cloth with which they covered the rolls of the paper making machine, and some planking, I chartered a launch to take me to the scene and sent the tug after the "Bingamon". Arrived at Seymour Inlet, I found the damaged barge afloat, but full of water. The bow

of the barge had collided with a little island in the center of the "Skookum Chuck" when the tide was running at its maximum, had caromed off and the tug had continued to its destination. There was no beach that I could use for repairs, so we started to load logs into the after end of the barge, piling them up until the bow started to rise out of the water. Now, with the tug's syphon, and two pumps I had borrowed from a logging camp, we pumped water out of the damaged barge and soon had the damaged portion of the bow clear of the water. We then covered the damaged planking with the heavy cloth from Ocean Falls and bolted the planks over the cloth. Having completed the temporary repair, we loaded a full load of logs on the barge and towed to Vancouver for repairs. The barge's own pump had no difficulty pumping out what water leaked into it.

At Draney Inlet, on another occasion, pulling the first boom of logs alongside, an elderly man passed a rope around the boat falls, found the rail shake in his hand, let go ~~the rail~~ and fell face down thirty feet to the logs. The instant I saw him go I slid down a boat fall and reached the logs almost as soon as he did. I found him bleeding at the mouth, nose and ears; both arms, both legs and gosh knows how many ribs smashed, unconscious but still alive. We rigged a stretcher and hoisted him tenderly back on board. Eighty miles from the nearest hospital, the owner of the logging operation denied me the use of his motor launch, and I had to ride the "Skookum Chuck" with my little skiff and outboard engine to obtain the services of a launch from a nearby cannery. At the cannery I was informed that the operator of the logging show was compelled by law to maintain a launch for use on such occasions, and while the man survived his arrival at hospital

was delayed at least two hours by the refusal of the use of the launch.

To make up for the losses sustained in the Seymour Inlet operation I now decided to try towing two barges tandem and started south from Gardiner Inlet with two barges in tow of the tug, cautioning the Captain of the tug to get under way very slowly and to always slow down on any sharp turns. After passing Seperation Point and turning south ninety degrees to Mill Bank Sound, the tow line was carried away. Having repaired the tow line, we crossed Mill Bank Sound, and he hove to off Grassy Island, not wishing to take the risk of going through Main Ship Channel in the dark. The barges were drifting down on top of Grassy Island and after a good deal of commotion and shouting the tug went ahead and the barges just missed going ashore. He went up to windward and hove to again. Less than an hour later the barges were in the same position. We set off Roman candles to get the attention of the tug, but nothing happened until the stern lights of the tug shone on the Island, lighting up the rocks. The tug then went ahead, but the tow line between the two barges went right across the Island and the second barge brought up on the rocks and, of course, the tow line carried away. He then proceeded with the first barge through the Channel and anchored it at Bella Bella. Coming back for the second barge, it was now daylight and the tide had risen two or three feet, he put a line on the barge and pulled her off. On arrival at Vancouver I took the matter up as to the quite unsuitability of the Master of the tug, even to the length of warning the tug's underwriters that apart from severe damage to the barges they were liable to have severe damage to the tug. The Insurance Surveyor supported me, but my representations were

without avail. The very next voyage the tug attempted to cross a shoal with sufficient water for the empty barge, but not enough for the tug, and the weight of the barge pretty well tore the bottom out of the tug. Under the tug's charter, we had to pay two hundred dollars a day, and all expenses, for six weeks. When repairs were completed a new Master was appointed to the tug.

Due to the poor log market we now entered into a contract with the Powell River Company, to transport logs by barge from the Queen Charlotte Islands to Squirrel Cove. On one occasion, with two barges at anchor in Cumshew Inlet, a gale with hurricane squalls was experienced, During one squall the lumber mill was blown absolutely flat and one barge was driven ashore. During the lull immediately following the squall we were able to pull the barge off the shore and had hardly got her clear, with both anchors down, when another squall blew up and drove the second barge ashore. I had an exceptionally good crew, and taking advantage of the next lull, was able to get the second barge afloat again.

The contract with the Powell River Company had been with me, personally, and on the completion of loading the last barge I took off for Vancouver, although the Powell River Company offered to continue indefinitely. On arrival at Vancouver I found a new company had taken over the operations and I was offered the position of superintendent, but declined as I felt the directors of the new company were largely responsible for the failure of the old one.

Chapter 12.

I now entered into negotiations to charter a four masted schooner, whose owner agreed to alter the vessel to my specifications. The negotiations all hinged on getting a satisfactory charter with the Powell River Company. Unfortunately the President of the Company, Mr. Lang, died in his chair two hours after we had reached a satisfactory agreement, which was unsigned. After waiting a month for the appointment of a new President, I was unable to get a written agreement, although assured of more work than I needed. Without the written agreement I could not finance myself.

On the evening of the day of my final interview with the Powell River Company the Manager of the Independent Pilots of B.C.

called me up by telephone. He asked if I had ever thought of piloting and if so, would I come and see him in the morning. After discussion of the organization of a new body of pilots, to be called "Canadian Pilots Limited", I agreed to participate. My first job was slated for six that same evening to take the "Eurana" from Barnett Mill through the Second Narrows bridge to Rithet's Wharf, Victoria. For the next twenty seven years I found piloting an absorbing and interesting occupation. Although one might be piloting the same ship, and even to the same dock, the conditions might be entirely different. The passage of the old Second Narrows bridge was one I always dreaded, feeling sure that one only had to attempt it often enough to eventually meet disaster. Just four years after taking the "Eurana" through the bridge I was again detailed for the same ship, but on this occasion the ship was fully loaded, drawing thirty feet of water and an extreme low tide. Had I not undertaken the job someone else would. As we approached the bridge the Captain complemented me on having her in such a favourable position when we were just four hundred feet from the bridge, but I felt very uneasy. The tide had every appearance of being quite slack, but I was afraid that, with the ship's displacement, she would tend to swing to starboard. Giving her helm to port she just kept heading for the middle of the span. Within a hundred feet of the bridge, the helm hard over to port, the ship's head on the middle of the span, I put the engines full ahead. Immediately the ship swung hard to starboard. Both anchors were let go and the engines put full astern. The ship eased gently under the bridge. On the forestay meeting the bridge the topmast gently collapsed, then the foremast leaned against the bridge

and laid quietly down, the ship finally coming to a stop against two Samson posts the aft end of Number two hatch; there was no sign of her coming astern, so the engines were stopped. My imagination immediately went to work and I could visualize the tide rising and our lifting the center span off its piers and drifting back with a bridge across our foredeck. The ship was held at the bridge by the foremast gilpoked underneath. By running water into the forepeak, Number One tank and Number one hold, in the matter of an hour and a half we put the ship down three feet by the head while the tide rose two feet. The ship began to roll in the strong tide, now running between seven and nine knots, and finally the mast tore clear and we were free of the bridge without any very serious damage to either bridge or ship. The engines were put ahead until we were sure that the anchors were holding and that we would not drift back and tear out the water pipes on the bottom of the channel. At high water slack the anchors were lifted and the bridge safely negotiated. A lawsuit followed, which finally went to the Privy Council with a judgment against the bridge. There were a number of other cases pending in which this case was used as a precedent.

A week later I had another very close call, taking a heavy ship up. As we neared the bridge I suggested that the Chief Officer should be on the foc'sle head while passing through; the Captain ordered the Second Mate to take the wheel and sent the man at the wheel to go forward with the Chief Officer. Within two hundred feet of the bridge and the ship headed for the middle, I told the Second Mate "now, steady as you go". Whether he was deaf, stupid, or thought I had said "starboard", I don't know, but the ship immediately started to swing hard to

starboard. The Puget Sound Pilot, who was standing beside him, immediately grabbed the wheel from the Second Mate and swung it hard to port. The Pool Elevator wharf was close on our starboard hand; there was no hope of bringing the ship up by going astern on the engines and letting go anchors. The only hope of avoiding disaster was to go full ahead and hope the ship would answer her helm quickly. We just missed the south pier, heading straight for the north pier, then with the helm hard the other way we just missed the north pier by a matter of inches. "What do you think of that?" I asked the U. S. Pilot. "I wouldn't have given you ten cents for your chances of missing the bridge", he replied. What a relief it was, when it seemed almost inevitable that I should hit the bridge twice in the space of one week. The only pilot who ventured to criticize my hitting the bridge met his Waterloo about a month later when, with the "Norwich City" he passed completely under the second span, both anchors down and engines going full astern, tearing out her masts, bridge and funnel. With no one on the bridge, she brought up, gained sternway and went back stern first through the bridge again, scraping off a little more of her upper works. With pieces of the ship flying in all directions, one could be quite sure that no one was left on the bridge to direct navigation.

Not long after the accident with the "Norwich City" a large log barge got stuck under the fixed span at low water. With no imagination as to what was bound to happen, the operators used tug after tug, until they finally had six tugs trying to pull the barge clear. All this time the barge was gradually taking the weight of the bridge, and the bridge was pulled off its piers and sunk in the middle of the channel. When the bridge

was rebuilt the channel was through the center span, where it should have been in the first place, instead of at the side.

I used to consider pilotage as absolutely free from any physical hazard, until one beautiful Sunday morning, on boarding a Grace Line steamer, I had almost reached the rail when the pilot ladder carried away, plunging me into the sea. I was fortunate in missing the pilot boat, unconscious until I came to three or four hundred yards astern of the ship, surrounded by a ladder and several life buoys. My first thought was that the ladder had not been properly made fast and I felt so mad that I never noticed the temperature of the water, probably about forty five degrees fahrenheit. Although the water was perfectly smooth, it was quite a job to get on board the pilot boat, cumbered with my wet clothes. The boatman had practically to parbuckle me on board with a rope. The ship put another ladder over and on reaching the rail I cursed the Mate for not having had the other ladder properly secured and was flabbergasted when told the other ladder had broken, and not carried away. The Captain was on the lower bridge and called to me to come and have a glass of whiskey. I told him I didn't want his damned whiskey and to take his ship off Victoria and get another pilot. Reminded that I might catch pneumonia, I realized I was chilled to the bone and drank down his whiskey. Retiring to the Chief Officer's cabin, I stripped and found my right knee all torn, having hit the edge of a plate as I fell, my knee coming up and hitting me under the chin and that was what had knocked me out. Rubbed down, bandaged and warmly clothed by the Chief Officer, the whiskey got in its work and I felt well able to take the ship to Vancouver, which I did.

it was a great mistake on my part, I might say, as I did not realize the effect of shock and shortly thereafter came down with a streptococcus infection. The Grace Line put out a circular letter to all their ships to check the pilot ladders to be sure another such accident would not be incurred. It took me two years to recover from the Grace Line the value of the depreciation in my clothes and effects caused by the immersion.

The closest call I ever had was one November night, about two a.m., a strong southeast gale blowing and a big ebb tide. The ship made a good enough lee, but the pilot boat was no sooner alongside when the Captain let her come around to the sea. I had just time to take one hitch of the heaving line on my grip when the pilot boat took a violent plunge; the ship's heaving line must have been fast to the rail, as it snagged me and like a flash I was over the side. I swam to the pilot boat and we now had a short chain ladder on the boat to meet such an emergency, but the ladder was snarled, and while the boatman cleared it the pilot boat took another violent plunge in a heavy tide rip, came down on top of me and knocked me out. When I came to, both ship amd boat seemed a long way off in different directions and I said to myself "If you are to survive this you'd better take it damned easy". The ship had her search light going, searching for me in the dark and the boat finally located me, but by this time I had very little interest left in survival. A gentle voice seemed to say "It is just as easy to go to sleep", and I would presume from my experience that drowning is a very easy way to pass out. As the boat came alongside me I called to the boatman "Tom, you'll have to be quick as I am nearly through". Throwing me a rope with a bowline on it, he told me to put it round. At first I thought

that would be impossible and then realized I just had to get it round me, and with a final effort made it. I was now lashed to the boat and secure and it so happened, when the ladder came over, my foot hit the rung, the boatman got me by the scruff of the neck and in a moment Iwas on board. He helped me off with my coat in the cabin, lit the fire and put water on to boil. Returning to see how I was getting on, I was just as he'd left me, standing, as I felt that any move on my part would leave me in utter collapse. I could not touch the coffee he had prepared as I felt I would be very sick. I had been in the sea for perhaps twenty minutes and had probably swallowed a good deal of salt water while unconscious. The Quarantine boat, sensing something was wrong, had come out to investigate, went alongside the ship, got a bottle of rum and passed it on to my boat. With the first drink of hot rum I could feel my whole body relax and I think that is what saved me from a very severe case of shock.

Boarding a ship in the open ocean off Cape Beale was always a risky business. On one occasion, with a heavy sea running, just as we got alongside the ship, she rolled heavily to leeward and I stepped right over the rail without the aid of any ladder. As the ship rolled to windward the surge from her bilge keels sent the pilot boat away from her side. Every time the boat attempted to come alongside again she was met by this surge and much as I wanted my grip - I was going to be ten days on this ship -we left without it; it was a whole month before I saw it again. On another occasion, boarding an empty ship, no sea, but a very heavy swell, I had a very nasty experience. When the boat was right on top of

the swell I jumped for the pilot ladder, which at the moment was swinging clear of the ship's side. Both my feet slipped on the rung and left me sitting in midair, sometimes banging up against the ship's side and then swinging clear. Try as I would, I could not unreeve my long legs from the rung of the ladder. The boat came back alongside, realizing my difficulties, and getting one foot on the boat, I was able to unreeve the other leg and get properly established on the ladder. By this time I was pretty well tired and still had to climb up the lofty ship's side; by the time I got to the rail I was completely exhausted. We never had any casualties there, but was sometimes unable to put the pilot on board and had to wait until the weather moderated.

One pilot, having taken a ship to sea from Port Tassis, was taken off by a fisherman and transferred in smooth water to the only boat available as a pilot boat. It was night by this time, the boatman had a girl friend with him, and in the dark hit a snag, ripping the bottom of the boat. The boatman and the girl friend, with the only two kapok cushions, succeeded in reaching the shore, the poor pilot only ~~had~~ having an oar to hang on to, apparently collapsed and was drowned.

And I had thought there were no physical hazards to piloting !!

Pilotage was always interesting, always different and it was a great satisfaction to feel that you had estimated the weight of the tide or the strength of the wind correctly, and put the ship safely into her berth. The two greatest bugbears we had to contend with were the stopping of the engines when you needed them most, or the engineer putting the engines the wrong way. On one occasion the ship had had the crew taken off

at Quarantine for smallpox, and eventually cleared for Vancouver with "runners" for the trip. Passing Prospect Point, and putting the engines to "stand by", the runners apparently presumed they had plenty of fire to give the ship all the steam she needed, and come up on deck to take in the scenery. The ship was bucking a strong ebb tide and although still at full speed, I noticed she was going slower and slower. Finally, passing Burnaby Shoal, I put the helm hard over to head for the C.P.R. Pier "B" and stopped the engines. The ship having swung far enough. I ordered "slow ahead" with the helm the other way to steady her up for the dock. There was a whistle from the voice pipe to the engine room, and we were informed that they had no steam and could not turn over the engines. The ship swung to Coal Harbour, then an eddy in the tide caught her bow and she swung back until she was headed for her berth, and finally laid herself alongside very gently without any further movement from the engines. A very remarkable and extraordinary experience.

Another occasion of a successful docking without any engines, was my first experience entering Victoria Harbour with the R.N.S. "Aorangi". The engines had completely failed as the ship's bow passed the end of the wharf. I had called for slow astern on the port engine and finally for full astern, remarking to the Captain "This ship takes a lot of stopping"."I told you so", he replied. Neither of us quite realized that the engines were not functioning. Fortunately, wind and tide were all favourable, the ship was close alongside, boarding lines were put out and she was brought to rest by her lines. The ship was delayed a couple of hours before leaving for Vancouver, until we were assured the engines would function. Backing out from the dock, we were just clear of the dock when the engines com-

pletely failed again. A fresh southwest wind was now blowing and when we let go the anchor the ship had just enough room to swing and no more. A small tug attempted to push the ship's bow up in the wind, but could not move her, and it was only the affect of the tide that kept her in a favourable position until they were enabled to get one engine started. We proceeded out of Victoria on one engine, and did not get the second engine going until we were ten miles from the dock, and another ten before they got the four engines going. This ship did not ordinarily use tugs for docking, but I had insisted on having a suitable tug stand by in Vancouver to assist in our docking. On the way up the Chief Engineer asked me to go easy on movements of the port engine, and I told him that the way I had it figured out, when I stopped the port engine I would not use it again. Swinging around Burnaby Shoal the starboard engine was stopped and the port engine put to "slow". A very strong tide was running and the ship began to set down fast on the "Princess Adelaide" at the end of the dock. To avoid collision the port engine was put "full ahead". So close did we set down on the "Adelaide" that her crew pretended to push us off with their hands. As soon as it was seen we would not touch her, the port engine was stopped, starboard anchor let go, starboard engine put "full Ahead" and the tug, which had been told to stand by, pushed on her starboard bow; the ship moved into her berth with no further trouble. As we moved up the dock the Chief Engineer telephoned his compliments, and said he would like to try the port engine. The Captain looked at me, and I said "Go ahead, put them ahead or astern, my bet is the engine wont go." And true enough, the engine failed to start. Following that incident improvements were made ~~and~~ in the ship's air com-

pressors and I never had any difficulty again.

The most curious incident I had of loss of engine power was with a Japanese steamer, when the engines suddenly stopped with a terrific bang, due to loss of vacuum. At first I thought we had hit something solid, and looking over the side we apparently still had lots of way through the water. We tried the helm both ways and that was alright. Now we had a message from the engine room explaining the trouble. Again I was fortunate in that the ship was in such a position that no damage resulted.

Trouble with the steering gear at critical moments has often been the cause of accidents, or great anxiety. Coming south from Englewood with a fully laden ship bound for Seymour Narrows, and bucking a strong ebb tide; the ship handled very well until we arrived at the strong tide rips off Salmon River. The ship swung heavily in the tide rips, but the steering gear brought her up and when I was out of the rips and knew that I was in straight current the ship swung hard to port. The helm was put over to correct this without avail. Feeling something was wrong, I immediately put the engines full speed astern, and told the Third Mate to go aft and see what was wrong with the steering gear. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the Captain arrived on the bridge with a "My God, Pilot, Why don't you go slow through those narrow passages"? "You can't go slow, Captain, when you have to buck a five knot current, there must be something wrong with the steering gear". The Third Mate came back and reported the steering gear was all right, but I was absolutely certain it was not. The ship was a turbine engine one, with not too much backing power, but she finally answered her propellor and swung parallel to the shore,

now very close to. She still had little headway through the water, but ~~nothing~~ none over the ground. We had a reef of rocks directly ahead of the ship and she was setting in very slowly broadside to the shore. I could feel the trees on the shore gradually coming to me, and finally we laid up against Helmcken Island beacon light, alongside Number four hatch. So close were we that you could reach the rocks with a pike pole the full length of the ship. Outside the ship there was not less than eighty feet of water throughout her length, and the tide held ~~the ship~~ her where she was. What to do next? There was nothing, but wait until the tide eased when it would probably get the ship on the inside of the bow and take her off the Island. Meantime, I went down below myself to examine the steering gear, but it was of a type with which I was unfamiliar and in a dark chamber, where I could not distinguish details. Eventually she drifted off the Island and went clear; going slow ahead on the engines, all she would do was answer her propellor. When in the center of the channel I went astern on the engines and brought her to a stop."Now, Captain, when you find out what's wrong with your steering gear and correct it we will go ahead, otherwise we will stay in the middle of the channel, where I think I can keep her with the engines". "Nothing wrong with the steering gear", exclaimed the Captain. "We will go to an anchor". "Tell me, Captain, if we can steer into an anchorage what are we going to an anchorage for?". "I will go down myself and look at the steering gear", replied the Skipper. Returning shortly, "Pilot, you had no steering gear; the clutch was out, and while the steering engine was working perfectly, it was not connected to the rudder". The

clutch engaged, we went merrily on our way without any further incident. The people on the ship, and I mean the Captain, ~~and~~ the Engineers, as well as the Third Mate, should have immediately checked the clutch, as I found, on questioning, that they had frequently had that trouble before as the proper spring pin for holding the clutch in place had been lost and a makeshift repair had never operated satisfactorily.

Bound north for Englewood one voyage, with a big ten thousand ton freighter, I had had no cause for complaint about the steering. We were not going to be more than fifteen minutes late on a high water slack at Seymour Narrows, but some instinct told me not to run this ship late on the tide, so we went into Duncan Bay and anchored, to await the two oclock afternoon tide. I had often run Seymour Narrows a little late on the tide and waiting for the afternoon tide meant I would have to dock at Englewood in the dark instead of daylight, but the premonition was so strong I did not hesitate to anchor. Getting under way in the afternoon, we turned Maud Island at dead slack water, to find a small vessel in the center of the channel. To avoid collision, I told the helmsman to give her helm to port, and when the ship didn't apparently answer, I got after him, and he complained he couldn't move the wheel. The Captain jumped to his assistance, and between them they got the wheel over a few spokes, and as we cleared the other vessel they had difficulty easing the wheel back. Running with a fair tide, and not meeting any traffic, we had no further difficulty and docked at Englewood without further incident. On examination of the rudder next day in daylight, it was discovered that the four upper pintels of the rudder had been broken off in heavy weather and all that was holding the

rudder in place was the pintel on the shoe of the rudder post. Going full speed, the rudder could be moved a little way until the weight of water became so great it would spring the rudder and jam it. Going slow, the helm could be put hard over, as there would not be sufficient weight on the rudder to jam it, which accounted for my being able to dock the ship without any trouble. While the ship was loading cargo the engineers, with the aid of the Mill staff, fashioned a top locking pintel to hold the rudder in place until the ship could be dry docked at Vancouver.

One night, taking out a Japanese freighter bound to sea from Vancouver, we were drawing thirty feet of water and bucking a strong flood tide, the steering gear carried away abreast of Brockton Point. The ship immediately swung towards the point, both engines were put full astern (she was a twin screw ship), both anchors were let go and braked at fifteen fathoms. Then the brakes were gradually eased and the cables gradually slacked out. When the ship brought up I am quite sure she did not have six inches of water under her stem. The cables were hove short and when the steering gear was reported in order the ship proceeded on her way.

Putting the engines the wrong way to the outsider would seem very unusual, but it has become so common that a great many ships are now fitted with a device making it impossible for the engines to be put in a wrong direction from that indicated by the telegraph. The worst case of this kind that I experienced was one of Reardon Smith's steamers docking at Lapointe Pier, a nice, solid, concrete dock. The ship moved beautifully into her berth all alongside a foot off the fender logs. The linesmen walking alongside the ship with

the heaving lines in their hands ready to put the hawsers on the bollards. Finally a spring was put on a bollard, and the wharfinger signalled the ship was in place. The ship had very little way, but not wishing to break the spring the engines were put slow astern. Instead of going astern they went ahead. The telegraph was put to "stop"; after an appreciable pause half astern was rung and the engines went half ahead. Ringing stop, both anchors were let go, and after a slight pause the engines were rung full astern, with a double ring, and the engines were put full ahead with all they could give her. The people on the dock were half drowned with the wash from the propellor, and the ship's stem crashed into a twenty ton concrete block, splitting the block and smashing her stem. The ship suffered serious damage and had to be dry docked; a sad ending to a nice docking.

There was a sequel to this. Four months later I boarded a sister vessel of the same Company, and the Captain related the story of the accident at Vancouver, and told me that on arrival in the Bristol Channel the ship had had a similar accident. The Chief Engineer had been dismissed and, he added, "I have the same Second Engineer on this ship". "Yes, Captain, I was the Pilot on the ship at Vancouver, and I am convinced the Second Engineer has a quirk in his brain, so we will try him out. We will go into Quarantine, stop the engines, wait quite a while, and with lots of room to manoeuver, put the engines half speed astern and see what happens". When the engines were rung half astern, sure enough, the Engineer put them half ahead. "Don't touch the telegraph, put the helm hard over to starboard and send for the Chief Engineer". When the Chief arrived on the bridge we pointed

out to him what was happening, and that although the telegraph had been answered correctly, and some time had now elapsed, it still hadn't penetrated the brain of the Engineer on watch (it was the Second Engineer) that he had put the engines in the wrong direction. "If you want to hang on to your job you'd better be on the floor plates watching that man any time we are near a dock."

On another occasion, on board a U.S.freighter, laying to off Quarantine, in a strong southeasterly wind, drifting down on another freighter, I put the engines half ahead, the engine room replied correctly, but did nothing. After considerable pause, we put the engines half speed astern, the engine room answering correctly again, but still doing nothing. The Captain said he'd find out what was the matter, and got a reply from the Engineer that they had a little trouble with the engines and wouldn't be very long. Of course they should have notified the bridge immediately that they were having trouble with the engines. Fortunately, the other freighter went ahead on his engines and got out of our way. Arrived in Vancouver Harbour, I asked the Captain if we were going to have any trouble with the engines and he assured me it had never happened before and wouldn't happen again. Arrived off my berth, I had a very awkward approach to make and had to go between two other steamers with little room to spare. To make sure I would get the right response, I put the engines slow astern, then gave the order "Full astern". To my horror, the engines were immediately put full ahead. To have stopped and rung astern again could not have avoided disaster, but she might avoid killing anyone if the engines kept going full ahead and she was quick on her helm. "Don't touch the telegraph, and get the Chief

Engineer up here". We just missed the stern of one ship and a lot of small craft at the B. C. Marine Repair Yard, and were headed for a cannery. "The only place for your ship now, Captain, is the beach. That Cannery is probably full of women and I'm not going to kill anybody. Tell the Chief Officer to stand by both anchors". As soon as I saw we would miss the cannery building (the Chief Engineer had now been alerted), we rang the engines again "full astern", let go both anchors, bumped the corner of the cannery dock with our bow and brought up without hitting the rocks. Alarmed by the shock of the ship's collision with the wharf, scores of women poured out of the building on to the dock, but no one was hurt. We picked up the anchors and manoeuvered back to our berth, which we made without any further difficulty. During the ten minutes the engines of that ship were going full speed ahead, I had visions of hundreds of thousands of dollars damage and felt the strain had taken two or three years off my life. What a relief it was to have no damage to the ship and very slight damage to the dock, ($275.00).

The height of the salmon fishing season pretty well coincided with the start of the foggy season, adding very much to the hazards of navigation. In bygone days, before the introduction of radio and gyro compasses, to say nothing of radar, it was very easy to get almost completely lost trying to avoid the fishing fleets. Today, with radar and fog horns synchronized with radio beacons, it still remains quite impossible to distinguish which net belongs to which boat, and I have had to go seven miles off my course to clear the fishermen. One morning, just before dawn, and following in the wake of another steamer, we observed a light, obviously on a net. The Chief

Officer and I searched the waters ahead with our binoculars, looking for any sign of a boat that might be attached to the net. The first intimation we had of the boat, which the vessel ahead could only have missed by a few feet, was a cry of "Help". Rushing over to the port side, stopping the engines, we found we had hit the fishing boat, showing no lights, right stern on and she was sinking fast. With the engines ahead and the helm hard over, we quickly got back to the fishing boat, to find the fisherman clinging to the mast and only the stem of his boat showing. Running the ship alongside, we got the fisherman on board and made his boat fast to the ship. With very smart work on the part of the Chief Officer, the boat was levelled up, re-slung and hoisted clear of the water. The fisherman claimed that he had hung his sweater over his light to warm it. The regulations called for him to show two lights, the lower in the direction of the net, and had there been any light at all, even covered by a sweater, there would have been some reflection on the water. His hold was full of fish and his stomach of whiskey or rum, and he must have been completely blotto. Sending a message ahead to Vancouver to have a scow put alongside the ship on our arrival, we landed the fishing boat on the scow.

At the end of the war many of these fishermen had very little experience, and on one occasion, daylight and a howling westerly gale, we passed one lone fishing boat. I remarked to the Officer on watch that they must be from the prairie, or they wouldn't be out in that kind of weather. The Officer, watching him through his binoculars, drew my attention to a man on the boat waving his arms. "Call the Captain, put the engines to stand by", and putting the helm over we got

him dead to windward. ~~and~~ We were steaming for twelve knots, but head on to the sea, could not have been making more than four or five. When the boat was just by our bow I stopped the engines and by the time he was alongside by our engine room the way was completely off our ship. Our bow fell off and I was afraid we might drift bodily over the boat, as they seemed to be such a long time getting the two men off. As soon as I saw them clear of the boat I put the engines full ahead, with the helm hard over, to avoid sinking the fish boat. The men turned out to be two youngsters, brothers and from the Prairies. They had a full load of crabs, and when they tried to run for shelter they became afraid of being swamped and hove to. They had put an anchor over, with a hundred and twenty fathom line, and looking back, the boat was riding the seas very comfortably. They were very glad to come on board the ship and, when given cigarettes, they could neither find their mouths nor hold the match, they shook so terribly. The following morning, the weather having moderated, the boat was recovered in good order by other fishermen.

Lack of cooperation by the ship's personnel can easily lead to disaster and example of this occurred on my first trip north with a U. S. Transport. Two pilots were assigned to each transport, taking six hour watches. Relieving my fellow pilot abeam of Cracroft Island light in Johnston Straits at midnight; clear weather with a large fishing fleet in sight ahead, dense fog descended upon us before we reached the fishing vessels. There was no possibility of anchoring for twelve miles after the fog descended upon us, and we did not dare stop on account of a strong tide then running. We safely negotiated the fishing vessels, and by echoes from the

shore I was reasonably sure of the position of the ship. I asked the Second Mate to check the time and speeds since we left Cracroft Island and he reported the time there as one a.m. "My", I said to myself, "What a long hour this last one seems to have been". Checking on the time and the echoes I had heard, I now felt completely at a loss for my position. I stopped the ship and ordered a check on the fathometer, which registered fifteen fathoms. Now I was very much alarmed, as in these waters the depths generally shoal very rapidly. Ordering the engines full astern, the Captain announced that the fathometer was out of order. With the ship completely stopped, I demanded a sounding with a hand lead, and after twenty minutes wait the hand lead was produced and the sounding showed six fathoms. The ship had swung about six points while going astern, and the whistle now gave an echo from the high land, which had been behind us, and I had a very good idea that we were in the anchorage I had been seeking. Turning on the fathometer again, we manoeuvered back into fifteen fathoms and let go the anchor. Safely anchored, on going into the lighted chart room from the dark of the bridge, and looking at my watch it registered two forty-five a.m., while the clock in the chart room said one forty-five. "What's happened to the clock?" I asked the Second Mate, and only then he told me he had put it back an hour. My one hour of suspense had really been two hours and had thrown my reckoning completely out. That was a very narrow escape.

The limit of our pilotage with these Transports was the anchorage behind Pleasant Island in Icy Straits, some nine hundred odd miles from Seattle. There were more and better aids to navigation in the Alaskan waters, and altogether

pilotage was simpler than in our B. C. channels. I made five trips from Seattle to Icy Straits, the pleasantest being on the largest and heaviest ship, one of the Luckenbach Line. Captain Gilbert and I had a suite, with twin beds, to ourselves. The Quartermasters had been in the ship for over twelve years, and were a great comfort steering through the narrow channels. We had an amusing incident on this ship. As we approached the border between Canadian and U. S. waters, a Canadian Corvette was sighted steering to intercept us. The young Ensign in charge of the Armed Guard was quite excited, and on his toes to do the correct thing, and when challenged, had his flags all bent on, ready to hoist. Back came a signal, "Your signal is wrong. You are now in the ninth time zone". The Ensign was distracted - "What does he mean?" he asked me. "Your signal is based on Greenwich Mean Time, go look at your chronometer". Coming back he said "My signal checks with G.M.T." "All right, tell the Corvette", and we got an apology from the Corvette.

The most trying voyage was on a United Fruit Company Liner, a beautiful little ship, turbo electric drive and a speed of fifteen knots. Her Quartermasters were all Honduran Negroes, whose steering was most erratic. Going through Seymour Narrows I had to ask Captain Bush, my co-pilot, to take the wheel. The ship was full of troops and Bush and I were allotted one bunk in a cabin with five military officers. I drew the twelve to six watch, got no sleep in the evening previous to going on watch at midnight, as officers would be going in and out and in the enjoining cabin an hilarious game of poker would last right on to midnight. I would get turned in about six thirty a.m. and by seven everybody was getting

up and I might snatch a few winks between ten and eleven a.m. We had a good deal of fog, and during the three days I did not get more than three hours' sleep. We would be taken off at Icy Straits, and go on board the Guard Ship "Swiftsure", to await a ship south bound. It might be only a few hours, but on one occasion it was all night and the only accommodation was a couple of chairs, one to sit on and one for your feet. In November the U. S. Authorities dispensed with our services - we would not take a cut of twenty five per cent in the rates. No Canadian Pilot suffered any accident to any of the ships they were in charge of, but from November on casualties became so severe that the large ships were all routed outside under escort. Fortunately for us, new ships were now beginning to come off the ways, and we were kept increasingly busy from then on to the end of the war.

As an illustration of how easy it is to get into trouble; I left Union Bay for Vancouver with a brand new ship. The Captain was most anxious to check his compass on the range lights in Baynes Channel. The range lights came into view looking perfectly normal, one high light, one low light, which should have come quickly in line. In a minute I realized something was wrong, put the helm hard over, but was too late and went on ~~the~~ a sandspit at twelve knots. It was high water, and the next high water would be two feet lower. What had happened was the low range light had gone out, and the low light we had seen was a light from the lightkeeper's house, below and to one side of the high light. This light presently went out, and it was four hours later before the low range light was re-lit. During this time an anchor had been hove well aft, the water

in the forward tank pumped out and the after peak tank run full. Shortly before high water in the morning we hove away on the anchor and, going full speed astern on the engines, the ship slid off the spit, fortunately having suffered no damage whatever.

In 1952 I quit the sea, after fifty-two years of active service, and now live in happy retirement on the shores of Shawnigan Lake, with nothing larger than a twelve foot fibre-glass speed boat to pilot. In the winter of 1954-55 I took a three months' busman's holiday on a ten thousand ton freighter from Los Angeles to the Orient, as far as Singapore and Penang, and never regretted that I no longer had any responsibility for the ship.

Finis.