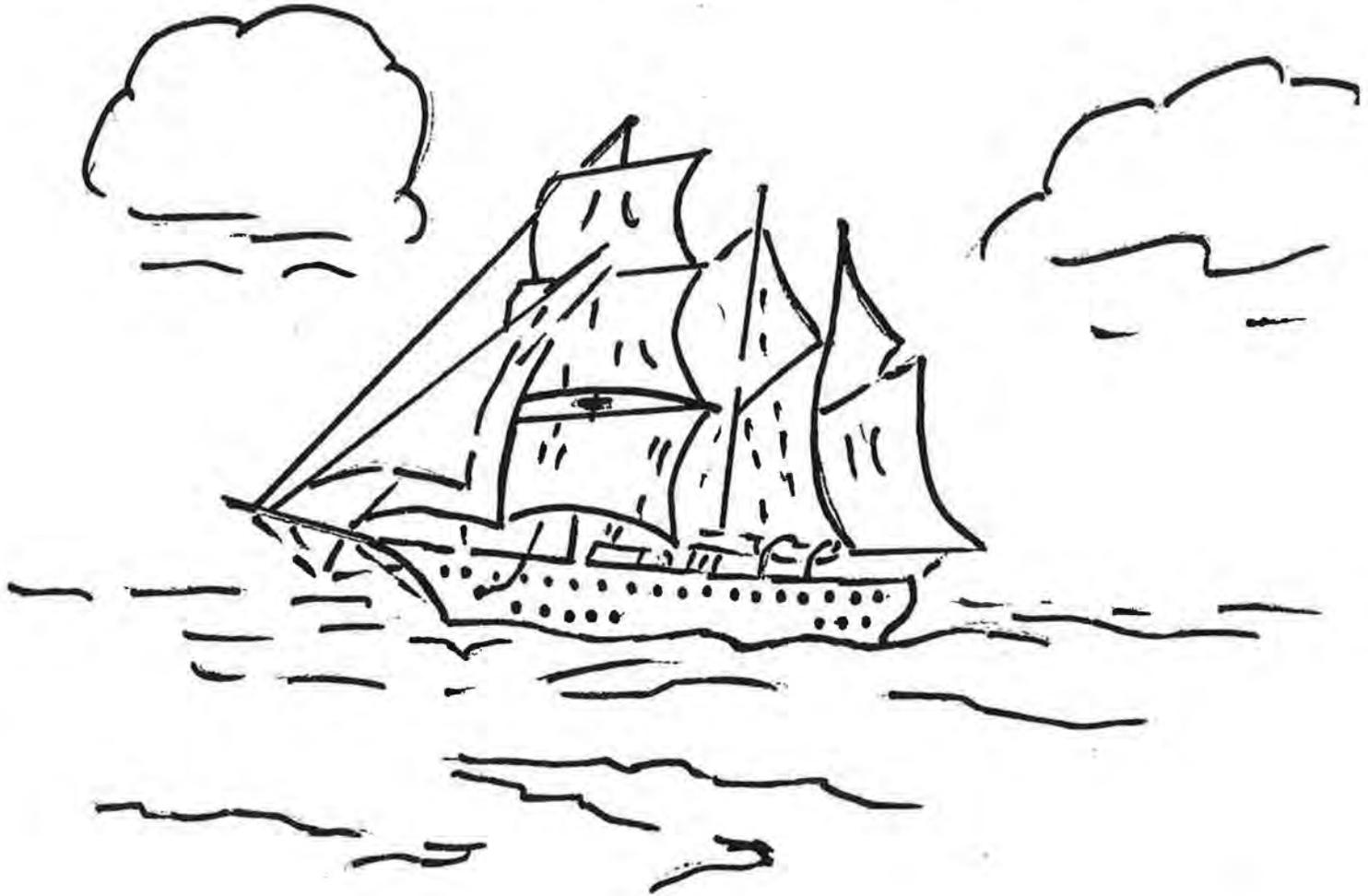
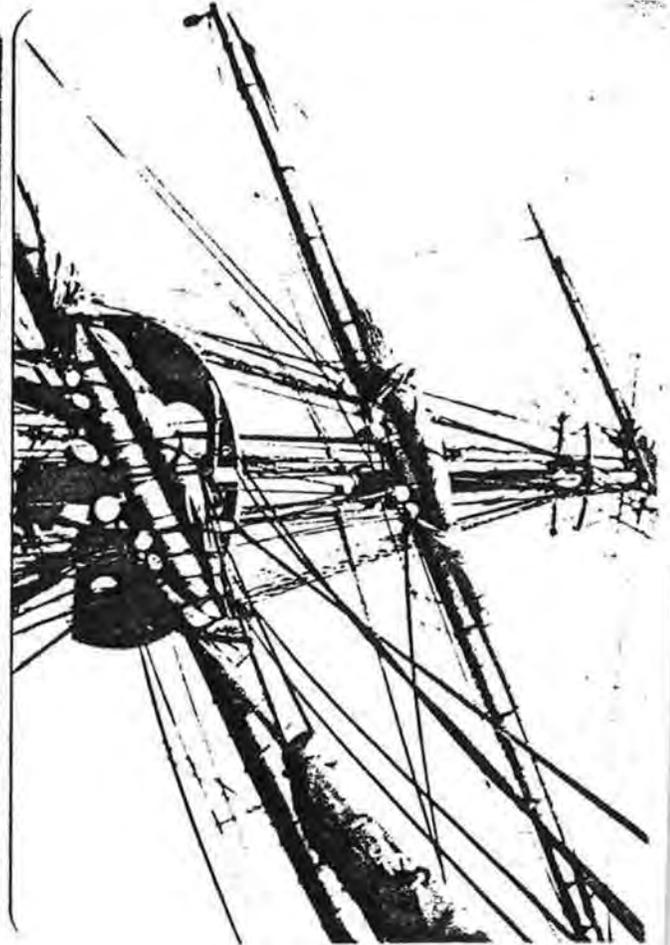
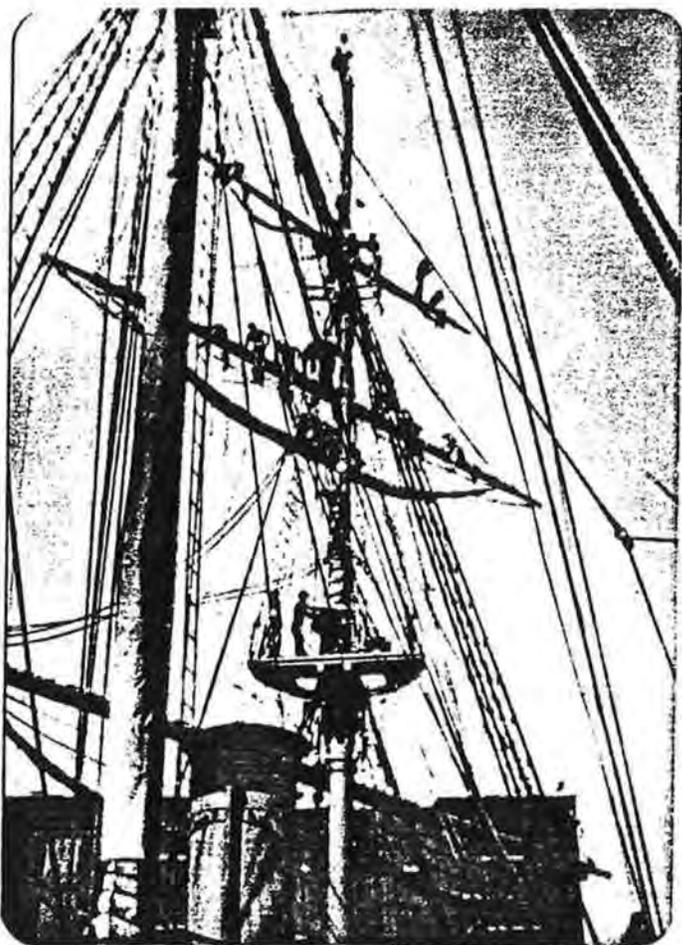
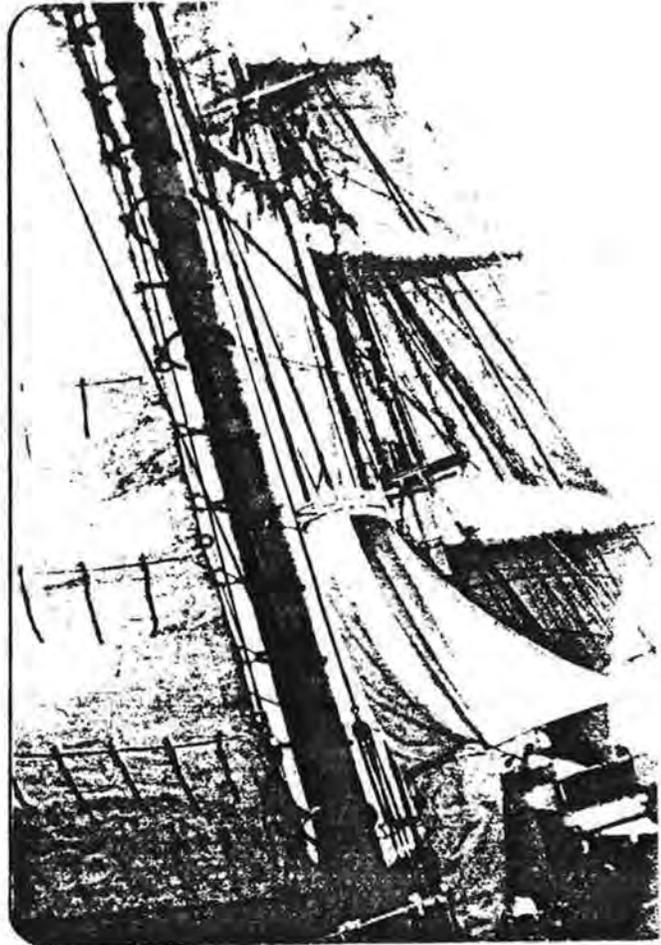
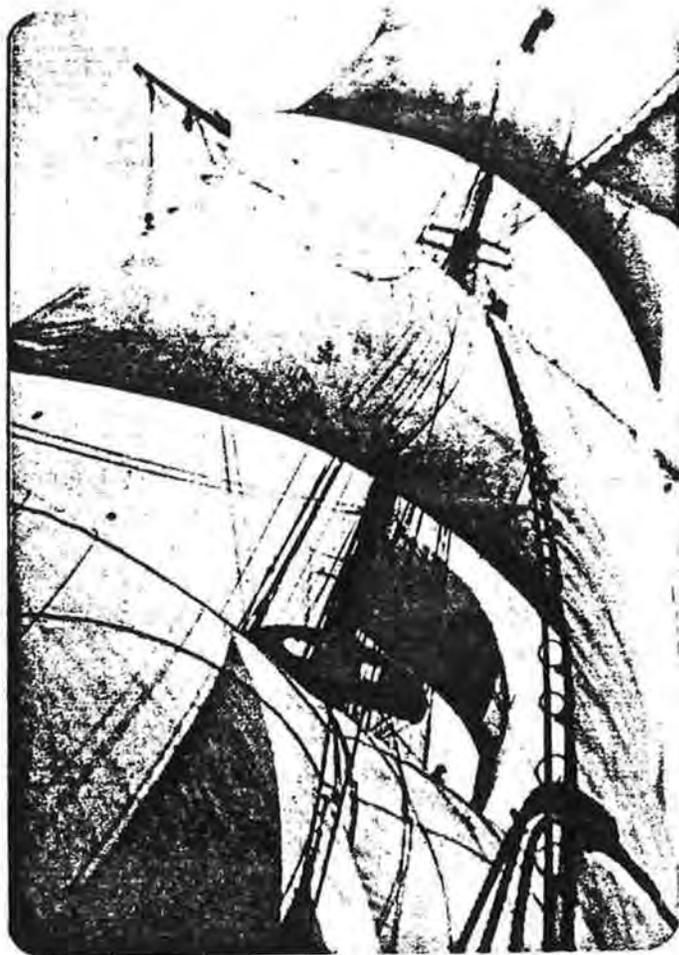


TALL SHIP TALES



AN ACCOUNT OF TWO YEARS ABOARD THE USS NEWPORT,
A BARKENTINE RIGGED TRAINING SHIP OF THE NEW YORK
STATE NAUTICAL SCHOOL, NOW THE MARITIME COLLEGE
OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK.

By Edward F. "Nick" Carter
Class of '29



The USS NEWPORT, an auxiliary barkentine, was our training ship. She had been built by Bath Iron Works in 1897 as a gunboat, and as we were told, for use on the China station, where, in times of quiet she could cruise under her square rigged foremast and schooner rigged main and mizzen and conserve her coal bunkers which might be needed for an emergency run under steam. She was of composite construction, steel frames, steel shell plating above the water line and wood planking with copper sheathing below the water line. All decks were of wood. Her water line length was 168 feet, beam 36 feet and she displaced a little over 1000 tons. Propulsion machinery was a triple expansion engine supplied by two coal burning Scotch boilers. Speed under power was about twelve knots. Sail area was about 12000 square feet. She had three sister ships: "ANNAPOLIS", "PRINCETON" and "VICKSBURG".

The NEWPORT had been loaned by the navy to the New York State Nautical School, presently known as the Maritime College of the State University of New York. The ship was based at Bedloe's Island, the Statue of Liberty island, where there was a small army post. The tourist boat to and from the Battery maintained year round service and the franchise provided for the free passage of military and cadet personnel.

My class did not go aboard until early in December 1927. As most of the boys lived near the city of New York many had previously seen the ship and knew something of it. I had traveled a thousand miles to join and knew nothing of the school except what was contained in a nicely worded brochure. On going aboard I received an awful shock and my feelings hiked back to "home, sweet home".

Within the first hour on board I managed to put both feet in and lead with my chin. As soon as we came on board we were given a medical examination by the ship's doctor. This was done in the sick bay, the adjoining dispensary serving as a dressing room. Looking back to the dispensary I noticed a cadet going through papers in my coat pocket. He probably just wanted to find the name of the then naked string bean being examined. Not realizing this, and in not too nice language, I inquired of his interest and gave notice of drastic happenings should it occur again.

In less than a minute the passageway outside the dispensary was mobbed with first and second classmen wanting to get a look at the "mug", as fourth classmen were called, who had dared to threaten a boatswain's mate. The comments in the passageway were not reassuring to my future.

There was no tuition for attending the school; neither was there any pay. Upon entering, each cadet was required to deposit \$150 to cover the cost of necessary uniforms. The uniform contractor was "Battleship Max Cohen" whose tailor shop was located on Sands Street near the Brooklyn Navy Yard. One of the family came on board to measure us individually and we could hardly wait to see ourselves in uniform. When the big day arrived all the new uniforms were brought on board at the same time and the try-on scene was absolute bedlam.

The dress uniform at that time was the standing choker collar type, uncomfortable by any standard, and more so to a boy in his first uniform. They had the good feature of forcing the wearer to stand erect.

When properly fitted they were so tight that it was almost impossible to slump. This was probably the reason why we all complained to Cohen's representative. With dozens of boys complaining of fit, and on cue from upper classmen questioning quality, all at the same time, it was absolutely unmerciful the way we treated him. In retrospect they were pretty good uniforms.

Physical hazing was in full bloom at that time. Underclassmen were required to cut square corners, could not smoke cigarettes, could not speak unless spoken to, and in answering questions were required to start with "Mister-----" and end with "Sir". These things were innocuous but there was another area which was not. Upon demand we were required to scrub upperclassmen's clothes, supply them with cigarettes, writing paper, stamps, soap, and in general anything the upperclassman wanted and did not have. The usual "punishment" for any infraction, real or imaginary, or failure to produce wanted items was a beating or being sent over the rigging. If it were to be a beating the order was "bend over". Then the upperclassman would use his fists, a broom handle, a cartridge belt, a piece of rope or anything handy.

"Going over the rigging" meant climbing the ratlines of the fore and fore topmast shrouds. During the winter this was plenty of punishment because for safety's sake one could not wear gloves. And a hundred feet above the deck the wind always seemed stronger.

My rewards for the dispensary incident began the first night. After taps I was roused out of my hammock and sent over the rigging in light underdrawers and bare feet. This was in December.

1

The next morning my rewards continued when I was assigned to clean the "head", so called because in the old days such facilities were invariably located in the head of the ship. I had to soogee (wash with a soda ash mixture) all the bulkheads enclosing the head, sand and canvas the long brass trough until it shone like the ship's bell, and then scrub the deck with lye water.

The pet peeve of all cadets was "Jimmy Legs", the Master-At-Arms. It was his job to maintain below-decks discipline and that he did. He was also in charge of keeping the gun deck clean and for that reason we sometimes referred to him (but not to his face) as the janitor. On board ship he wore dungaree pants which had been boiled in soogee to remove the new look, a white shirt, white socks, black shoes and a hard boiled face. But upon going ashore he outdid the officers. I have never seen such a perfect fit in a tuxedo as when our Jimmy Legs headed for the beach. His quarters were in the fo'c's'le head on the port side, in a cubby hole that had been the lamp locker. Another obvious nickname was "Duke of the Lamp Locker".

One day when most of us were swinging paint brushes one of the boys painted on his door "Wanted: One Master-At-Arms. Not over five feet tall. Wear white socks. Content to sleep in the lamp locker". There were so many of us working with paint that day that Jimmy Legs couldn't begin to single out the culprit. So we all suffered for several weeks. At one time there was a piano in the starboard forward corner of the gun deck, but apparently not to the liking of Jimmy Legs. On scrub-down days he handled the hose and it took only a "slight accident" to thoroughly wet down the piano.

Occasionally, in a friendly and talkative mood, and with an attentive audience, he could entertain by the hour telling of his experiences in various parts of the world. It seemed that no matter what part of the world was mentioned, he had not only been there but had spent some time "on the beach" there and knew the place backwards and forward.

The cadet quarters consisted of the gun deck. This was the deck below the top or weather deck and the one on which much of the armament had been mounted in gunboat days, the gun ports in the sides having been plated over. It was here that we ate, slept and did a major portion of our studying. We had wooden mess tables and wooded benches to accommodate eight men in a group which was called a "top". This name comes from the platform around the head of a mast where, in earlier days, the top captain stood while directing the work on sails to which his men had been assigned. In those days all the men working together on any one top also ate and were quartered together. The cadet officer in charge of a top was called a "Top Captain". Each top had a wooden mess chest where all eating utensils for the men in that top were stored. As you might guess, the "messman" was always a fourth classman.

The gun deck was always cleared of cadets while mess was being spread, leaving only the "galley country" and the "head country" available for waiting. The upperclassmen just about filled these spaces so the third and fourth classmen were sent up on the spar deck regardless of the weather.

At mess call all hands rushed to their tops. The upper classmen sat down but the mugs had to stand at their places and say "grace" which ran:

"Good Lord, from above
 Look down with love
 And see we're not forgotten.
 Please give us meat
 That is fit to eat
 For this is surely rotten.
 One spud must do for four of us
 Thank God there are no more of us."

I don't know for how many years this had gone on but Jimmy Legs stopped it while I was still a fourth classman. The upper classmen helped themselves first and we mugs did not dare take any food until all upper classmen had taken theirs. This meant that they took an oversized percentage of the desirables and we mugs divided what was left. If our own food became cold while we peeled upper class potatoes it was just our hard luck.

Sometimes we didn't miss the short portions but it was at breakfast that we were really hurt. The upper classmen hogged the milk. There was a wide variation between tops, the pattern of food division being set by the top captain. Some of them tried to be half-way decent but the general feeling among upper classmen was that since they had gone through it we could be expected to do the same.

When it came to milk the only break for a mug was to be on the early morning milk detail. That involved pushing a small but heavy four wheel flat car along narrow gauge track which ran from our pier across the island to the dock used by the Statue of Liberty steamer.

The milk was delivered in large cans to the Battery in Manhattan and brought to the island by the steamer. Those on milk detail frequently took an unofficial sample, just to make sure that the milk was up to specifications, of course. On a bad winter day that island could be cold and there were times when being on the milk detail was not worth it.

Our port routine called for reveille at 0600 and formation roll call on the open spar deck at 0615. The only excuse for having formation below deck was rain; cold weather did not count. In that fifteen minutes we dressed, stowed our blankets inside our hammocks, lashed our hammocks shut, took them up on the spar deck and stowed them in the "hammock nettings" which were formed by a box type bulwark rail. It was a rare day when a mug could get by with taking only his own hammock to the nettings. Very few self-respecting upper classmen would carry their own. If the double job delayed the mug, it was the upper classman who made it to formation on time and the mug who took the demerit for being late.

When we had a bugler it was he who greeted us first. This was followed by the duty boatswain's mate with, "All right, you guys. Hit the deck along here. Up all hammocks." The latter was usually slurred so that it sounded like "Paul Hammocks".

The cadet electrician seldom made it to formation because he made sure that it took him that long to turn off the standing lights on the gun deck. These were the blue colored lights placed low on the bulkheads showing just enough light for a walking person to see at night. If the weather were cold the formation deteriorated somewhat as upper classmen gravitated towards the fireroom fiddley where heat from the boiler rose through the gratings. The boatswain's mate taking the roll call had the

hardest time of all as he had to stay out in the open and fight wind and weather while checking off the names in the roll call book.

After roll call formation we were supposed to wash. Most of us did so but there were frequently a few who crawled off to some remote corner for a few more winks of sleep. On board ship there was a small wash room in the head country capable of accommodating about eight comfortably and perhaps sixteen uncomfortably. While the ship was moored at Bedloe's Island for the winter this wash room was closed and we made use of a pier shed converted to a wash room. Water was heated by placing a stem^a jet in a bucket of water. There were three steam jets and these barely provided for the needs of the upper classmen. However, it was beneath the dignity of an upper classman to heat his own water so the mugs were kept busy doing this, so much so that there were times when the mug didn't get time to wash. Some of the upper classmen were decent enough to give the mug a basin full of hot water from the bucket full he had just heated. However, if some other upper classman then ordered him to heat a bucket full, the poor mug didn't get a chance to use the basin full just given to him.

The wash house was the scene of some wild happenings, it being rather remote and seldom visited by any of the officers. Mugs entering the wash house were required to knock three times and all mugs already inside had to answer "Come in." When the mug entered he had to say "Good morning, gentlemen". Frequently the mug had been instructed to say "Good morning, gentlemen, and Mr. So-and So". Upper classman So-and-So would then take it out on the mug even though the latter had been instructed to say it by another upper classman. We were frequently between the devil and the deep sea.

At 0715 all hands except the messmen were mustered on the dock for setting up exercises, or "monkey drill" as we called it. This lasted until pipe down to breakfast at 0730. The upper classmen then rushed for the gangway while the mugs were forced to continue the last exercise until the last upper classman was over the gangway. Then the mugs could follow.

At 0800 we "turned to" at our cleaning stations, each cadet having a regular cleaning assignment. Of course, my job was cleaning the head. Still, in some respects, that was better than some of the work details on the dock or the spar deck. During the winter it seemed that all winds converged on Bedloe's Island. Also at about 0800 we had sick call which was piped by the duty boatswain's mate and followed by "Lay aft all the sick, lame and lazy". Any mug answering sick call was under suspicion of being lazy until proven otherwise.

At 0845 we knocked off work and cleaned up for inspection which sometimes was a farce, with the inspecting officer walking up and down the deck with eyes straight ahead. The Navigating Officer seldom made an inspection but when he did, we knew it. The Chief Engineer took his turn at inspections and gave them the comic opera twist. If a cadet's clothes appeared unbrushed he would come out with "You look as if you have been through a snow storm". Or, if a cap were not on straight he would say "Your cap has a heavy list to starboard".

The Third Officer gave us a fit. He frequently tried to surprise us with a clothing stencil inspection. It soon ceased to be a surprise, and when he appeared on deck to inspect the line, without waiting for orders we turned our watch caps and rolled up the bottom edge of our

jumpers so as to show the name stencils. One day when we prepared for this he decided not to have the stencil inspection and roasted the boatswain's mate with "Why are these men not at attention?"

From 0900 until noon we were in class. There were three classrooms in an old schooner, the "Guilford D. Pendleton", moored across the pier from the "Newport". Each room was heated by an old fashioned coal "bogey" and although the rush to classes might appear to be a thirst for knowledge, it was actually a race to get the seats closest to the stove. Now and then an instructor would refuse to hold classes there because of the low temperature and there would be much rejoicing among the cadets.

The three classrooms were in use every period so we spent our study periods at the mess tables on the gun deck of the "Newport". Occasionally classes were held on the gun deck which at times could be miserably cold. We had steam radiators but the shell plating was just plain steel plate with no insulation and although we ate, studied and slept there, many a time the shell was covered with a thin sheet of ice from condensing humidity.

Pipe down to dinner came at 1215 and classes were resumed at 1330. "Mast", or ship's court, was held at 1315 and frequently the array of "prisoners" was so lengthy that classes did not resume at the scheduled 1330. It was at mast that the officers and cadet petty officers made their charges against the cadets. It goes without saying that 99% of those accused were under classmen. About the only time an upper classman was placed on report was when done so by an officer.

The reports were turned in to the Executive Officer who in turn presented them to the Commanding Officer who was the "judge". The Captain listened to each report and then gave the "defendant" a chance to tell his side of the story. During that first winter it was useless to make much of a defense because all upper class petty officers stuck together and their word carried more weight than that of a non rated cadet.

As an indication of how the upper classmen could "ride" a new mug I remember one of them being charged, all at the same mast, with "shirking duty, disrespect to a petty officer, smoking during working hours, reading a magazine in the head during working hours, obscene language, improper attitude, slowness of movement and out of uniform".

The punishment was usually in the form of demerits, one demerit calling for one hour of extra duty. A cadet who had an accumulation of ten or more demerits was restricted from week end leave. The Chief Boatswain's Mate kept the extra duty records and assigned the extra duty. An upper classman unfortunate enough to have acquired demerits was usually given the easy jobs in working off the extra duty. The under classman most in trouble got the dirtiest of the extra duty jobs.

The afternoon classes ended at 1630 and supper was "served" at 1700. From 1730 to 1800 we were allowed to go to the army canteen on the island and that is where we filled up on sweets.

We had a study period on the gun deck from 1900 to 2000. One night an upper classman tried to hide a copy of the Decameron inside Dutton's Navigation when the Executive Officer came through the gun deck on a spot inspection. He said to the cadet, "Don't waste your time reading that here. If you will spend your time studying you will graduate in a few months and then you can get out and see all those things for yourself".

After evening study period we had a one hour period of "silence" which was supposed to be for writing letters and optional studying. There was seldom any silence and it was during this period that the upper classmen made things hot for the new mugs. One night we were informally mustered in the wash house for "crew drill" and ordered to straddle the benches and go through the motions of rowing, a third classman beating out the stroke with a broom handle. The upper classmen went around with cartridge belts whaling those who were supposed to be doing less than their best. One evening it ended abruptly when one of the benches gave way and the "crew" went on the concrete deck in a heap.

At 2100 the boatswain's mate piped "stow your silence" and it was bedlam until 2115 when hammock formation was piped. This was a spar deck formation similar to the morning formation, with mugs carrying hammocks for the upper classman.

All mugs had to be in their hammocks at "first call" which was five minutes before taps. At the order of any single upper classman all mugs had to put both legs outside the hammock, one on each side, and move them back and forth as if they were pedaling a bicycle. It was called a bicycle race and any mug who "coasted" took a beating from the under side of his hammock. By the time taps sounded it was quite a workout. If a mug were not ready at first call, even though he had been carrying hammocks for upper classmen, he had to get into his hammock as he was, and undress in the hammock. Taking off a pullover sweater or jumper in a swinging hammock lashed to within six inches of the overhead was no easy accomplishment. There were occasions when a mug had to "get into" an unopened hammock.

The mugs frequently were required to say a "prayer which ran:

"And now I lay me down to sleep
 With a bag of peanuts at my feet
 And pray the Lord the shells to keep.
 God bless the old mugs.
 God help the new mugs."

The master-at-arms suppressed this "prayer" at about the same time that "grace" was outlawed.

On nights when Jimmy Legs went ashore we mugs were roused out of our hammocks about six at a time and taken forward to a "head country mast" where we were "tried" for all our offenses, real or imaginary. Guilt was a foregone conclusion and the punishment was invariably a trip over the rigging or a rear-end beating while in a bent position over the anchor windlass.

The hazing system as a whole was bad and occasionally got out of control. Sometimes the results required medical attention but the "patient" usually complained of having slipped on the ice or fallen off a ladder. From a strictly practical standpoint a boy had to take it and keep his mouth shut or leave the school. If anyone were to squeal he would wind up with so many charges that there wouldn't be enough hours in a year to work off a month's demerits.

We mugs sometimes discussed and plotted ways to overthrow the system but nothing concrete ever came of it. We were certain that the Commanding Officer was against physical hazing. Our grapevine told us that when he assumed command it was with express instructions that he was to stop the wilder doings. The New York State Department of Education was quite concerned over the rate of attrition, and undoubtedly some of the boys who dropped out no longer felt the necessity of keeping the mouth shut.

Toward the middle of the winter some of the upper classmen abandoned all caution and four were expelled for hazing. Three were eventually reinstated but the fourth was out for good. The whole affair was very hush hush and we never did find out exactly what precipitated the action. We suspected that one of the boys who left had named names.

As a result of this the number of beatings took a decided drop. But apparently the upper classmen resented this intrusion upon their liberty and vented their resentment by putting us mugs on report whenever possible.

It was at about this time that the Commanding Officer approved a set of class rates. The list was posted on the gun deck and was supposed to represent the limits within which class hazing was confined.

CLASS RATES -----SCHOOLSHIP NEWPORT

1. All members of 1 & 2 class will be addressed as "Mr." by all members of the 3 & 4 class.
2. Members of 3 & 4 class will:
 - a - Confine themselves to the use of the fore hatch in going from gun deck to spar deck and vice versa.
 - b - Knock for admittance to the wash house.
 - c - Keep clear of the forecastle head.
 - d - Act as mock sideboys at Battery Landing.
 - e - Perform small services for 1 & 2 class where such services are not of menial nature, and do not interfere with study periods.
 - f - Cut square corners in turning.
 - g - Sing and dance for entertainment of upper classmen.
 - h - Turn in at first call.
 - i - Refrain from use of hammock stretchers.
 - j - Carry matches at all times.
 - k - Upper classmen will not require lower classmen to perform any personal services or any stunts during study periods, recitation periods or at any formation. Except for mock sideboys at the Battery Landing these rates will not be exercised beyond the Nautical School limits.

Among the upper classmen were some of the deadbeat variety. Although school regulations stated that there was to be no borrowing and provided penalties for both borrower and lender, the deadbeat group "borrowed" razors, towels, soap, toothpaste, shoe polish, cigarettes, tobacco, fountain pens, writing paper, postage stamps, etc. The fact is that a few upper classmen were thus supplied with most of their needs and rarely bought a thing. While there were upper classmen who did not agree with the inclusion of "sponging" under "hazing" nothing could be done because perhaps the strongest thing aboard the ship was the bond between men of the same class.

During the so-called silence period the mugs were frequently called upon to amuse the upper classmen. If one were ordered to sing or dance even the rankest performance was acceptable. But woe betide the mug who said he could not do it. Supposedly every cloud has its silver lining and during one of these evening sessions I was ordered to find out what had happened to the piano which had been in the passenger saloon on board the Statue of Liberty boat. By that time I had learned enough to know that I must supply an answer regardless of how ridiculous it might be. On the next week-end leave I made inquiries of the ferry company and with their information and my own fabrications gave a complete "report" including dates, reason, truck license number, haulaway route and ultimate disposition. Even though a small part of the report was true I don't think they believed any of it. Anyway, they seemed to enjoy my standing up and giving the report with a straight face and I was promptly dubbed "Nick" Carter, a nickname which has stayed with me.

Although I came in for my regular share of hazing I am sure that this incident served to sidetrack some of the additional "hell" planned for me because of my run-in with a first classman on my first day on board. In fact, from that time on it was usually possible for me to tell whether I was in for it or not by the way I was called. If some upper classman called "Nick" or "Nick Carter" I knew it wasn't going to be too bad. But when I was called just plain "Carter" I knew that my number had come up again.

This bit of relief from being the "most wanted" mug was not without its price. The orders for me to solve additional mysteries and to tell of my famous exploits became so frequent that my imagination was having difficulty keeping up with the demand.

The cadet corps was usually granted leave from Saturday noon until Monday morning. On Saturday morning we had what was called a "field day", which was just another way of describing a complete clean up of the ship. The work under those circumstances was easy to take as we all looked forward to the boatswain's mate piping, "All Hands! Take a strip wash and shift to liberty blues".

Most of the boys lived in or close to New York City and went home for week ends. About half a dozen of us lived too far away and stayed on board, calling ourselves the week end club. I soon found out that it was not good policy to stay on board over the week end because even though we were on leave the class ratings still prevailed if we were on board. An upper classman staying on board by choice was likely to relax his rights a little. But it was on week ends that many cadets worked off the extra duty demerits which they had been unable to work

off during the week. If it were an upper classman that was a good week end for under classmen to stay away because it was a foregone conclusion that any mugs present would be doing part of the extra duty work.

During the first winter two of us started a week end laundry, washing clothes for other cadets who lacked the inclination and who had the money to pay for the service. It was hard work for the money and kept us on board at the mercy of any upper classmen who remained on the ship. It fitted with our saying:

"For six days shalt thou labor
And do all that thou art able
And on the seventh
Holystone the deck and scrape the cable."

We soon gave up the laundry and found jobs loading freight cars for the Erie Railroad at Croxton Transfer, N.J. We worked Saturday night and finished in the small hours of Sunday morning, being paid in cash when we finished. After a bed and a shower at the National Navy Club we were free Sunday afternoon and evening, and with money in our pockets.

"Here you will be neither robbed, instructed nor uplifted" read the sign over the door to the National Navy Club at 93-95 Park Avenue, just south of Grand Central Station. It was a service club for Navy and Coast Guard enlisted men, privately operated by a local volunteer organization. Membership cost one dollar per year. We cadets really did not belong there but our Boatswain, "Ducky" Holmes had been long time shipmates with "Paddy" Ryan, one of the managers, and with a word from "Ducky" we were "in". There was only a handful of us from the week end club who were interested so our intrusion was hardly noticeable.

There was also a practical reason for our acceptance at the club. On the Newport we made our own mops and when Paddy Ryan needed mops he sent word to "Ducky" and one of us members became the mop couriers.

In addition to providing sleeping, shower and laundry facilities the club operated a first class canteen. The ladies who ran the canteen had good connections because there were frequently tickets available to some of the Broadway shows. That the ladies had good connections there is no doubt. I remember a "command" performance where several members in different types of uniforms were "invited" to provide color, and also to play, at a fund raising bridge party at the Ritz-Carleton. I think we played creditably well but we were certainly not at ease.

We soon learned the New York subway system in detail. We found that in asking subway directions most people could help if your destination lay on the route normally traveled by that person to and from work. If not, it was a case of ask someone else. With our week end visits to Manhattan and various suburbs the "week end club" probably had a better than average knowledge of the system. Being in uniform resulted in frequent questions asked of us and that acted as a spur to our learning what went where. To indicate our expertise, we determined that the IRT station at South Ferry was the only station on the system where one could get to the toilets without first paying the nickel and going through the turnstile.

We had a popular explanation for the presence of every officer on board. Very little of these biographies were complimentary and I strongly suspect that they varied from ⁶⁴⁻⁸⁴ to class depending upon the inventive powers of the story passer and the likeability of the officer.

The Commanding Officer was a good sort. He was what might be called portly, but not fat. Nevertheless someone dubbed him "Blubby" and the name stuck. Whenever he spoke to more than one of us he invariably addressed us as "Gentlemen", even though we might have a soogee bucket in one hand and a deck swab in the other.

In the spring, before starting on the cruise, several of us were detailed to remove the safe from the skipper's office and prepare to put in place a new one to be delivered to the ship that day. We got the old one up on the spar deck via the cabin skylight and a tackle on the spanker boom. and were waiting for the new one to be delivered. Amusing ourselves while waiting, one of the boys played "Jimmy Valentine" with the combination dial, and to the surprise of all, the tumblers fell and the door could be opened. Just at that instant "Blubby" came on deck and while we shivered at the thought of what would happen to us, he merely commented, "That proves that I needed a new safe".

The Executive Officer was exactly that. He knew his work, was a hard driver and stood for no monkey business. Rumor had it that he had been a destroyer commander during World War 1 and that just suited his dashing, ruthless manner. In seamanship class he could cut us down to size and make us feel like six cents worth of dog meat. During the last few weeks before our class graduated he was questioning us in class. One poor fellow didn't know his answer so the Exec started in on him, "You will graduate in just a few weeks. Just imagine yourself on the bridge of a ship as Third Officer in charge of the watch. A seaman has come up to the bridge to report so-and-so. Now what is your answer? The seaman is waiting. He is looking to you, the Officer of the Watch, to tell him what to do. He is still waiting. What are you going to say?

Are you going to stand there as you are now, with your knees shaking and your face as red as a beet? That is exactly what will happen to you if you don't pay attention to what we are going over in this classroom".

In spite of his apparent hardness he must have had some soft spots in his heart. At that time my family lived in Saint John, N.B. and economy dictated that if I were traveling home it would be by coastwise steamer. There was a daily run from New York to Boston but the Boston to Saint John sailings were only twice a week. Our spring leave was due to begin at noon on Friday but that was the day of the sailing from Boston. If I could get away on Thursday I could make Friday's sailing from Boston. During the winter I had earned the passage money with our week-end laundry and loading freight cars and it would be heartbreaking to miss half a week of leave. So when Thursday arrived I made a request for special leave and submitted it at mast at 1300. The Captain refused the request saying that it would open the door to similar requests. In mid-afternoon the Captain left the ship to start his own vacation a day early. I was over the side on a stage with a soogee bucket when the orderly poked his head over the rail and said, "The Exec wants to see you right away". I went back to the half deck not knowing what was up. The Exec said, "Carter, if you were granted leave right now could you make your boat connection?" Dirty as I was at the time, and with a long walk, a ferry ride and a subway ride it would be a close squeak. I thought I had a chance of making it and said so. The Exec continued, "Since the Captain has left I am in charge of the ship. Would you like to re-submit your request?" My answer was, "Yes Sir". Then showing a real understanding of the situation he said, "Granted. Now get yourself cleaned up. Don't waste time coming back here for a pass. The quartermaster at the gangway will have it by the time you are ready to go."

The Navigating Officer during the first year was a good man but he seemed to hold himself aloof from much of the ordinary cadet routine. We called him "Dreamy". When we requested of him permission to do something perhaps borderline his stock answer was, "Well, I don't have the authority".

The Junior Deck Officer was quite human, inwardly. He knew his subjects and was a good teacher. However, possibly because he was at the bottom of the officer seniority line, he had a tendency to be very stiff and formal. We called him "The Admiral".

Our Medical Officer was a good old chap, a veteran of Peary's Arctic expedition of 1902. If there were any doubt as to whether or not a cadet was fit for duty he decided in favor of the cadet and marked him "XD" meaning exempt from duty. There was also an "XHD" meaning exempt from heavy duty, but that didn't mean a thing when it was an under classman. During our first cruise he became very sick and we called at Marseilles to put him in a hospital where he died. The entire cadet corps felt this keenly as we had great respect for this old gentleman and his kindly ways. Somewhere along the line we picked up a replacement doctor and he was a character. In no time at all, according to the Pharmacist's Mate, he had polished off the dispensary supplies of grain alcohol and tried to drain the lifeboat compasses.

Our instructor in practical seamanship was the Boatswain, and as rumors went, a former Warrant Boatswain with thirty years in the navy, once boss rigger at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and a former heavyweight boxing champ of the navy. His nickname was "Ducky" and for his sixty or more years he certainly was active. If several of us were straining

on a piece of hauling gear with little result he would come along, brush us aside and do the heaving himself. He had the strength and apparently liked to show us youngsters that we were not yet of age. He must have loved the days of handling sail and bellowing orders when a voice had to carry above the wind and the creaking of spars and blocks. When sail handling work was going on he seemed to live those old days again and the more the boatswain's mates hollered the better he liked it. At other times he would take a few of us aside and with a fatherly attitude explain to us the various tricks of the trade that would help produce good work. He would tell us not to mind his "laying us out" saying that it was necessary for all of us to get jacked up now and then.

My job of cleaning the head stayed with me throughout the winter. I tried to do a good job but one morning I neglected to pick up a piece of paper behind the trough. Our Top Captain was responsible for all cleaning work in the head country and it was his duty to see that we did our duty. On this occasion I failed to clean and he failed to check, with the result that he was placed on report and received three demerits. It would have been better if I had been given a dozen demerits because the head country mast which I attended by "request" that night was a rough one.

The brass trough in the head was a long one with quite an incline to it and with water entering at the upper end. There was room for six wooden seats each separated by a steel plate shield to give some degree of privacy. The under classmen had to use the seats at the lower end and there were several upper classmen who delighted in wadding up a large ball of tissue, lighting it with a match, and letting it float down under the under classmen at the lower end.

If one were to take a loose interpretation of hazing perhaps some of the officers were guilty too. One evening the lock on the shore gear shed was found to have been tampered with. When spot questioning produced no answers the duty officer ordered all hands to "stand on a seam" on the spar deck. This meant that in a long line abreast of each other we toed the same seam in the wooden deck planking and didn't dare move until released. We were never allowed to wear coats at formations regardless of how cold the weather might be, but the formations were usually of very short duration. On this particular night it was bitter cold and many of us had just finished a hot strip wash. Nevertheless, we stood on the seam for fifteen minutes, which seemed an eternity, and then as no information was forthcoming we were dismissed. Sometimes the officers would send a cadet over the rigging for a misdemeanor such as talking in class, but never in bitter weather and without ordinary clothing.

Among the cadet ratings Chief Boatswain's Mate was the highest. It went to the cadet with the highest scholastic standing provided that he was also efficient at practical work and in handling men. Soon after I graduated that rating was changed to Cadet Executive Officer. There were two second class boatswain's mates to assist the chief boatswain's mate. In port the second class boatswain's mates rotated the duty and at sea they stood watch and watch. In setting sails each boatswain's mate took charge of a mast, the chief boatswain's mate taking the foremast with the square sails. The three boatswain's mates had responsibilities but they had many privileges. In the engineering department their counterparts were the machinist's mates.

Navigator's Assistant was a good rating. In port his duty was taking care of the navigating equipment, obviously a good detail.

62

He was under the direct orders of the Navigating Officer and under those circumstances was not included in ordinary work routines. Before leaving a dock or weighing anchor he had to test the steering gear, whistle, siren, running lights, bring up necessary charts, have lead lines ready, etc. When entering or leaving port he always stood on the bridge keeping the log. At sea he stood watch with the navigating officer.

The bugler usually came out worse off than other cadets. He had to rouse out earlier in the mornings to sound reveille and was the last one to turn in after sounding taps.

The detail of Mail Orderly was always assigned to an upper class no-rate, an upper classman who because of studies or other reasons did not make it to the select group of petty officers, now called cadet officers. The Chief Boatswains Mate assigned the mail orderly each day and it was the feeling to give the job to a less fortunate classmate so that he could avoid the morning's work and instead enjoy a ferry ride to and from the Battery and a walk through civilization to the Post Office.

Store-room keeper was a good rating, working under the direction of the supply officer in the clothing and food store rooms. I do not know of any storekeeper who made away with any clothing by use of his position or rating, but food was different. There was always work to be done in the food store rooms, such as cleaning and stowing or breaking out food. Whenever there was any great amount of work to be done one or two cadets were assigned to help the storekeeper. I remember working in the store room scrubbing the bulkheads with soogee which is a solution of water and soda ash. As a perquisite we finished off a couple of bottles of gingerale and then sank the empty bottles in the soogee bucket. When we were finished with the work we carried the buckets of dirty soogee up on deck and dumped

them over the side of the ship, the bottles going to the bottom. We dared not leave an empty bottle in the store room and it was pretty risky to carry one out under a sweater. The storekeeper found frequent soogee work to be very necessary.

Another time while working with the storekeeper there were several cartons of oysterettes to be thrown out on account of mold. I was told, "You're elected", which was another way of saying, "You do it". In the first carton of oysterettes I buried a jar of honey, intending to ditch it temporarily in the hammock nettings. When I reached the spar deck there was the Executive Officer standing on the quarter deck. So over the side went the oysterettes and the honey. On the second try the "Admiral" was on the quarter deck so over the side went another jar of honey inside the carton of oysterettes. On the third trip the spar deck was all clear and the honey went into the nettings and the oysterettes over the side. The only problem was that there was no hammock at that particular spot and the honey jar hit the steel plating. I gave up. All this was before we became ecology conscious.

The galley was a potential, but not good, source of extra, and stolen food. Two sides of the galley were open but well protected by a heavy wire mesh which extended from deck to overhead. Breaking into the galley was a major escapade, with considerable risk and very meagre returns. After all, it was not a store room, although there was usually bread, canned milk and perhaps an opened can of jam.

During my upper class year I was on board one Sunday afternoon when the Supply Officer came to the gun deck desperately in need of help. He had the duty that day and had invited his lady friend to the ship for

afternoon coffee. He was able to make the coffee but the wardroom messman had locked up the milk and sugar and had gone ashore with the keys. The Chief Cook who usually had a full set of keys had also gone ashore.

Together we checked all the mess chests on the gun deck and they were all locked as they should have been. He said, "Here I am the Supply Officer and I can't even serve my friend a cup of coffee. I'll never live this down". He was quite upset and I felt so sorry for him that I took a chance and made this offer, "If you will go back to the ward room, close the door and stay there I will get you milk and sugar". He was so desperate that he agreed. I then removed a section of the galley wire mesh where the bolts were only finger tight, filled the ward room creamer and sugar bowl and replaced the wire mesh. The Supply Officer was relieved and happy and actually thanked me. To his credit he never did institute a search to find my source. At least I don't think he did, because the removable section was still there when I graduated.

In the spring we shifted to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for overhaul and prepared the ship for the summer cruise to the Mediterranean. The day before sailing we all had to stay on board for the last bits of paint cleaning and scrub downs. The class of new boys came aboard in time for the noon meal and they were a sad looking group. But I assume that my own class was just as unlikely a group when we came aboard. It was a real Shanghai job with little time for change of mind.

In the afternoon the Boatswain sent the motor launch to Bedloe's Island to pick up a few forgotten spares which might be needed on the cruise. He must have had something special in mind because as the launch was about to leave he called over the rail, "See that the damned thing

breaks down for a couple of hours and don't show up before six o'clock. I guess that will fix our sailing hour". We carried out his "instructions" and the ship left the Navy Yard at noon the next day for Glen Cove, Long Island. I was detailed by the Chief Boatswain's Mate to make a list of next of kin for all hands on board. The Executive Officer must have told the Chief Boatswain's Mate to pick a cadet with intelligence. Upon reporting to the Executive Officer his first words were, "Are you the man of supposed intelligence?" He could certainly cut us down to size.

We were ever devising new ways of obtaining food other than that which was issued in the regular way. The biggest scrag that I can remember was when a lighter load of cruise stores was delivered alongside. Between the lighter and the store rooms five cases of canned fruit disappeared. Only the two upper classmen concerned knew about it until I accidentally discovered the cache under a pile of life preservers. So one night on anchor watch I said to the upper class quartermaster, "If I dig up a can of pears do I get my cut?" We mugs did not rate eating stolen food but we rated stealing it. The quartermaster shared it with me, told me to keep my mouth shut and contrived to keep me on his watch.

We stopped at Newport, R.I. for a day and then sailed for Gibraltar. There was a heavy ground swell and quite a number of the cadets were sea sick. It was actually comical to watch a formation line swing like a pendulum with the roll of the ship and occasionally to see a cadet break ranks and rush for the ash chute. The heavy rolling continued and at one point we were rolling our gun deck ports under. They had not been dogged down in time and with several inches of water on the gun deck the mess chests semi-floated and chased each other around the gun deck. After we

dried up we had Captain's inspection. During the inspection a nice big roll sent all the mess gear sliding off the tables.

As mugs we stood watches as lifebuoy watch, lee wheel and bow look-out. The mugs stood lee wheel watches while the upper classmen took the senior wheel watches. The idea was to have an experienced upper classman in charge and he was to teach the mug how to steer. On night watches some of the upper classmen brought up blankets, went to sleep at the base of the wheel and let the lee wheel do all the work. Of course it was taking a chance but Heaven help the mug who went off course while the upper classman was "caulking off". The wheel was actually a large diameter double wheel that could be manned by four men when necessary. It was located well aft on the spar deck so that the helmsman could see the sails on the fore and mainmasts. For entering and leaving port we used a small wheel on the bridge. This wheel was connected to the steam steering engine.

At sea we always had a lifebuoy watch on the quarter deck. When he heard the cry "man overboard" it was his duty to release one of the life buoys and then go aloft in the mizzen rigging to keep an eye on the buoy and to look for the man. In addition to that each watch had a lifeboat's crew assigned to stations for lowering a boat and going after the man in the water.

One night on the midnight to 0400 watch the "Admiral" tested our alertness and hollered "man overboard". The boatswain's mate on watch mustered the lifeboat crew in satisfactory time. Although he had no instructions to the contrary the lifebuoy watch knew it was a drill and did not release the buoy. The next night the same thing happened.

In preparation for the following night the boatswain's mate reminded the lifebuoy watch that when he heard "man overboard" it was his duty to release the buoy. Unless he had been previously instructed, how was he to know whether it was a drill or the real thing. The plot was to have the buoy released, the ship would have to double back on her course to recover it, the commotion would bring the Skipper on deck and eventually the "Admiral" would catch it. However, the "Admiral" was not to be caught. In some way he must have suspected that the trick was brewing, because he never again hollered a fake "man overboard".

I had previously been away from home, and at school, for four years, but at no time did I feel so lonely as during my first night watch at sea. I was on lifebuoy watch at the very stern end of the quarter deck. There was a fine drizzle, a cold wind, a heavy sea running and my only companion was the taffrail log clicking off the miles farther and farther from home. That was under steam power. The next morning we set foresail, fore topsail, fore topgallant, main topmast staysail and spanker. With a very lively ship we were making eleven knots.

Our spar deck and gun deck were of wood and in addition to almost daily scrubdowns were holystoned occasionally. The holystone was a large and heavy block of sandstone fitted with a girth frame and long wooden handle. The deck was first wet down and sprinkled with sand. Then the holystones were pulled and pushed back and forth, this abrasive action removing surface dirt and also a very little bit of the wood. The final result was a deck which could be called beautiful, but in the process the holystones seemed to increase in weight with each stroke. For corners which were too small in which to properly maneuver a holystone we had broken pieces of holystones which were called "prayer books", aptly named

because the only way to use them was on hands and knees. Some areas of odd shape were cleaned with sand and a wet scrap of canvas. A "sand and canvas" scrubdown by others was always a threat to a boy who failed to keep clean.

The "scuttle butt", or what has now been supplanted by the drinking fountain, was located on the port side of the spar deck. It consisted of a fifty-five gallon drum with a spring loaded faucet. There were no restrictions on the amount of water for drinking but fresh water was in such short supply that a bucket was kept under the faucet to catch the drippings which were then used for washing clothes. This was an upper class privilege. The scuttle butt, like the office water cooler, was an informal gathering place and the source of "scuttle butt rumors".

Washing water was in short supply and was carried in the after peak tank. Access was by means of a manhole on the storeroom deck which was below the wardroom. To get there one had to enter the half deck, descend a ladder to the wardroom and then another ladder to the storeroom deck. All this was in "officer country" so the water was as safe as the gold in Fort Knox. As an extra precaution the manhole cover was fitted with a padlock and Jimmy Legs was keeper of the key. Each morning he dispensed the water, using a bucket lowered into the tank. Each top of eight men rated one bucket of water. By the time the upper classmen took the lion's share a mug was lucky to get more than an inch of water in his basin.

The engineer cadets probably fared a bit better than the deck cadets when it came to fresh water. On a coal burning plant such as ours they just had to take a complete wash after each watch. Through the engine room pumping system they had access to the boiler feed water

tanks without rationing by the Master-at-Arms. Probably one of the earliest washing machines was fashioned in the engine room. It consisted of a wooden barrel with a "manhole" cut into it and with a suitable cover for the "manhole", was mounted horizontally with a short shaft attached to each end, and placed parallel to the propeller shaft. A piece of spliced manila rope around the barrel and the propeller shaft acted as the drive belt and as long as the shaft was turning they had a washing machine. This was all rather hush hush and the facilities were never offered to anyone in the deck department.

When the weather was good the night watches on deck were delightful. If the winds were steady there was very little sail work to do and we spent the time "caulking off" on the wooden deck. Although many people can not sleep except on a soft mattress, we boys could sleep anywhere and the wooden deck was as good as an innerspring. If the weather were cold the most sought after location was the fireroom fiddley where the heat came up through the gratings. This was an upper class privilege.

Handling sails could be a pleasure or it could be a nightmare, depending upon temperature and weather. It was always hard physical work because our canvas was heavy, nothing like yacht canvas. When wet and cold the canvas was stiff and when reefing or furling we just had to lean over the yard, make folds in the canvas and grab it at the folds. Occasionally a boy would lose part of a finger nail doing this.

A sailing ship such as the "Newport" has about a hundred or more pieces of running rigging, a term which includes all pieces of rope which must be hauled in, slacked out or made fast, all in the ordinary routine of setting, trimming and furling sails. Each boy was given a copy of a

"gear plan" which showed the location on deck where every piece of running rigging was made fast. Then we had to learn it by heart.

During daylight there may be some margin for error because a boy can look aloft and see the results of his action. At night there is no room for error. In the dark a boy must be able to accurately locate every piece of running rigging on the ship. Regular and impromptu tests were given the mugs to check on their learning. Failure to properly identify a particular piece of gear called for several sound whacks across the bottom with that particular piece of rope. We learned the gear plan rapidly.

Sewing canvas by hand was something else we had to learn. This included sail repairs and making canvas covers for boats, compass binnacles, skylights and all those things that look so nice in scrubbed canvas jackets. From scraps of canvas we made our cleaning mops. This was done by unthreading the canvas, thread by thread, until we had a thick bunch of cotton threads which could be attached to a mop handle.

Hauling ashes was not a popular job. This was done by a hand hoist somewhat similar to a dumbwaiter, running from the fireroom to the fiddley on the spar deck. When the ash tub reached the spar deck it was unhooked and carried to the ash chute which consisted of a hopper connected to a chute leading down through the spar deck and out through the shell plating. The hopper was hinged and when not in use folded into the bulwark. The ashes were heavy and dusty and we had to be careful to use the chute on the lee side. No one was ever threatened with being thrown overboard. The equivalent was to be "shoved down the ash chute". That threat was common.

Sometimes in good weather classes were held on deck. It was delightful but with the sight and feel of a ship under sail it was not conducive to studying. So far we had sighted only three ships and all of them were at a distance. Our Executive Officer was the only one who was not timid about carrying sail and on his watch we generally cracked on all she would carry, with the next watch taking it in. It was the same performance twice a day. An uncomfortable situation was a sudden quieting of the wind with rough seas remaining. The ship would roll like a barrel and sails were doused to prevent them from flapping themselves to shreds.

Bow lookout during the day was a good job as he was perched on the fore topsail yard well removed from the work and hazing on deck. One of the most beautiful and welcome sights I have ever seen was the view of Cape St. Vincent, visible above the early morning mist on the twenty-third day out, and when I was on the yard as bow lookout. What a thrill it was to sing out, "Land ho." "Where away" came the question from below? "One point on the port bow, Sir", I replied, forgetting for the moment all the unpleasantness and hazing. Soon we had quite a few ships in sight and we actually overhauled one steamer. The Officer of the watch called down to the ward room, "Do you want to see something? We are passing a steamer." At night the lookout was stationed on the fore deck and when the cadet quartermaster struck the bells the lookout hollered back. "Seven (or whatever) bells and all's well."

The following morning we started holystoning the decks and gangways in preparation for Gibraltar, our first port of call. And what a hot place it was! The sun beat down as at no other place we visited and there

was not a breath of air. One of the boys was reluctant to believe that it was Gibraltar because he could not see the "Prudential" sign. We had no sooner moored to a mooring buoy inside the breakwater when we were surrounded by bumboats peddling shawls, laces, tapestries, guns, swords, fruits, candies and American cigarettes.

This was the first chance we had, other than in practice, to use the Captain's gig which was a very fast modified whaleboat design, and was pulled by single banked eighteen foot oars. The Captain's gig was the pride of the ship. The gig, canvas seat cushions, tiller ropes and trailing lines were scrubbed by the gig's crew after each day's use.

For me, as a mug, to be in the gig's crew was not unheard of but it was not common. In addition to the honor the gig's crew had a few privileges and it was the feeling that all privileged duties should go to upper classmen. In port the gig's crew was at the sole disposal of the Commanding Officer. They were to be available to take the Captain anywhere and while on that duty did not do any work which would get their uniforms dirty. And therein was one of the drawbacks. While cadets on board worked in skivvy shirts we had to take the sun and do our rowing in full gig uniform of jumpers, neckerchiefs and hats. We had a special gig stroke which called for a slight hesitation at the end of each stroke. Then we snapped our blades forward and dug in. It was a powerful stroke and looked well.

On one trip taking our Captain to the landing in Gibraltar harbor the Captain of an Italian cruiser left his vessel at about the same time in his motor gig. Since both commanding officers were of equal rank there was no protocol for use of the landing stage. Whoever got there first

could land first. With a little exhortation from our Captain we managed to reach the landing first and the motor gig had to ease down until we cleared away from the landing. The Captain was quite proud of us and gave the gig's crew extra liberty.

Our big sightseeing excursion was a trip across the Straits of Gibraltar to Tangier, Morocco in the small passenger steamer "Gibel Tarik" (Hill of Tarik). That was on a Sunday when we had an early breakfast immediately after reveille. The fare was three dollars each and our liberty party of seventy-two cadets went to the steamer wharf in the motor launch and first and second cutters. Near the wharf the motor launch cast each of the cutters adrift, the momentum allowing them to make the landing. The first cutter, carrying the "Admiral" who was in charge of the party, came in with too much way on it. The "Admiral", not to be balked at that, made a flying leap to the landing steps which were thick with green moss and slime. He held up the party for forty-five minutes while he went back to the ship and put on a clean white uniform. Regardless of the fact that he was an officer we just roared and his face turned redder than the Gibraltar sun.

On arrival at Tangier the "Gibel Tarik" anchored well out and we were taken ashore in a tender. My father told me that when he was there many years before the only way of getting ashore was on the back of one of the Berbers. As soon as we landed we were besieged by dozens of guides or "couriers" as they called themselves. A small group of us selected an old-timer named "Hamdusi" and his fee was one shilling each for the entire day. As a tour it was pretty good. We saw the primitive and native parts of the city and finished up at the Continental Hotel for dinner.

We returned to Gibraltar the same evening and coaled ship the following day. Coal was brought alongside in barges. Native labor filled wicker baskets with coal and passed them on board by hand. The coal was dumped on the spar deck over manholes connected by temporary chutes to matching manholes in the gun deck and thence to the coal bunkers. When the job was finished the ship was a mess. That called for a general wash down and field day. Our personal problem was keeping the coal dust out of our lockers. This was long before the days of scotch tape or masking tape.

While leaving Gibraltar we had a rather serious accident in setting the fore topsail. All hands were hauling on the topsail halyard. When hoisted, about five or six men "fore-hand" the tackle so that those on the hauling part may ease back to give the necessary slack with which to belay it on its cleat. They do this by taking all parts of the tackle in their hands and pressing them together, the friction on the rope parts usually being sufficient to hold. This time it was not. When the tackle started to slip all boys except one let go and jumped clear. This one boy became entangled in the tackle and up he went as the topsail yard came down. Fortunately the topsail yard tackle was rigged very close to the bridge and as he went up someone on the bridge grabbed his feet and got him clear. He suffered severe rope burns on his hands and feet and was nearly two months making a full recovery. On board a ship any piece of rope is known as a "piece of gear", a "line", or a "hawser". There are a limited number of properly called ropes, such as, bell rope, bucket rope, man rope, foot rope, back rope, dip rope, bolt rope and boat rope.

Our next port of call was scheduled to be Nice, but shortly after leaving Gibraltar our respected ship's doctor became so sick that we put in to Marseilles to get him to a hospital. On the way in to the port we saw the Chateau D'If of the story, "The Count of Monte Cristo". The pilot took us to the "Vieux Port" which seemed to be a yacht basin and where we dropped our hook, congratulating ourselves on the pleasant surroundings. However, the Harbor Master's launch came alongside almost immediately and ordered us out. We then went to the "Neuve Port" where cargo and passenger steamers berth and where we found the filth usually associated with commercial docks. We then put the old doctor ashore little realizing that we would never see him again.

We moored to a dock and in no time at all the spar deck was a veritable bazaar of vendors selling all kinds of things. Mooring to a dock was contrary to preferred practice because it offered too good a chance to "jump ship" for the evening. We made use of that chance, a group of us winding up at the "Monkey Bar" which advertised, "English spoken, Man spricht Deutch, Dancing, With nice ladies, Jazz". The following day a few stores were taken on board and we sailed for Nice in the early evening. The French coast has a wonderful lighthouse system and at one time six coastal lights were visible.

The next day we arrived at Villefranche and tied up to a mooring buoy, this because of poor anchorage for us at Nice proper. It was a beautiful place. During the afternoon we soogeed over the side to clean up our white paint. This was broken with a swimming party. The water was buoyant and so clear that we could see our bilge keels, propeller and rudder.

On our first liberty day two of us took the train to Monte Carlo. We purchased third class tickets and mistakenly got into a second class compartment. At Monte Carlo the station guard would not let us out of the station until we had paid the difference between third and second class fares. Going to the casino we were denied admittance because we were in uniform. So after a look around we boarded a train back to Nice. We barely made the connection so we hopped into the nearest third class compartment, which turned out to be for women only. There were two Frenchmen and two girls already in the compartment, and the train was no sooner in motion than one of the men pointed to the sign, "Pour Dames Seules". In English and fractured French I asked if they considered themselves women.

At the next stop they left the compartment and the girls laughed. I had a suspicion that the men had changed compartments and had told the guard about us. And so it was, but, by the time the guard came at the following stop we had found out that the girls were Americans from the University of Georgia and we were soon on good speaking terms. The guard ordered us out but the girls protested, saying that we were all traveling together. One of the girls spoke French fluently and spoke so fast to the guard that I was unable to get the drift until she explained it later.

We did a lot of swimming and had several water polo matches with local teams. Our stay on the Riviera, no less, was interesting and delightful. But all good things come to an end and we left Villefranche on a Saturday afternoon.

We arrived at Naples on the following Monday, with Vesuvius smoking and it being possible to see its red glow at night. When we drew alongside there was one cadet on the wharf waiting to rejoin the ship. He had missed the ship at Newport, R.I., had worked his passage to Naples, and for all his trouble was given fifty demerits on the charge of being "Absent without leave". I was feeling under the weather because of a boil in my ear and was packed off to the Ospedale Internazionale because we had no doctor on board.

The hospital life was just fine. I slept in a bed with clean sheets and the food was better than on the ship. I wore my sailor whites most of the day and walked in the gardens which were well kept. The head doctor was Swiss, the nurses were Swiss and the head housekeeper was German. They spoke very little English and conversed in Italian, French and German. Since I had studied the latter two languages in high school I got along reasonably well. My only regret of the hospital stay was that I missed the excursion trips to Rome, Vesuvius and Pompeii.

The grounds of the hospital were quite extensive and were surrounded by a stone wall fully ten feet high. During my ramblings there I discovered a pruning ladder and a clothes line. With the line swung over the limb of an accommodating tree I could raise or lower the ladder from the street. So, it being against my liking to be a prisoner in any form, I would disappear some evenings to return shortly with a large bottle of Chianti to share with the other patients. My means of going off bounds was discovered with the result that the ladder was stored under lock and key. The only English reading materials were several copies of "Strand Magazine", in which I found addresses of several former patients written in pencil, along with notes of what they thought of the hospital.

I wrote to three of them and received answers from two.

For a thrill in riding there was nothing like a Fiat taxi in Naples. There seemed to be no speed limit and the driver I had passed oncoming vehicles either right or left, whichever suited him best. It was in Naples that "Sparks", our radio operator, was knocked down by a taxi, injuring his right arm and shaking him up rather badly. That was on sailing day, and, as I held a commercial operator's license I became the Radio operator on the run to Algiers. Our new Doctor joined the ship here, having come from the United States especially to join the ship.

We arrived at Algiers at 0900 and moored bow riding to our anchor and stern made fast to the shore. Most of the buildings were white and the reflection from the sun was almost blinding. The American Consul came aboard and warned us not to go into the Arab section of the city, saying, "If you don't return, the police will not go in after you". Of course that meant that fully 90% of the cadet corps visited the Arab quarter, but none went in after dark. Several of us found a French pastry shop and being sweets starved we gorged ourselves on the spot, the proprietor marking it down as we ate and settlement coming later. Near the landing the Arabs delighted in standing on a wall which formed a rail or parapet from the street above, and tossing fire crackers on to the landing place, trying to place them just a few feet behind someone standing there. When the person jumped at the explosion and turned around he was greeted with a chorus of laughter from the wall above. The best thing to do was to laugh with them.

One day a special party started out in the four lifeboats for the other side of the Bay of Algiers, some seven miles distant. We had a signalman in each boat and the sailing launch acted as "flagship", giving orders for various maneuvers. We started out under oars to get some practice in formation but soon broke out sail. The trip was interrupted with orders from the "flagship" to "close in, douse sail and make fast with one boat behind the other". That meant a swimming party, and, as we wore our bathing suits for underwear it took very little time before we were over the side in the clear Mediterranean water. On the beach across the bay we had our lunch, the Executive Officer acting as chef and doing a good job of it. Finding a good quality of sand we loaded the boats with it to take back to the ship for holystoning purposes. Ordinarily the Executive Officer wore a cloak of severity and was generally unapproachable on anything except business or studies. But on a day like this he let loose and became a kid again, and instead of being officer in charge, became one of us. It was at Algiers that two cadets, one a third classman and the other a fourth classman, jumped ship and made their way back to the United States as seamen on a cargo ship.

From now on our movements were westward. We stopped briefly at Gibraltar just for coal and with no shore leave. Clearing the Straits of Gibraltar we headed for Las Palmas and ran into a heavy northeaster. Our skipper was very conservative about carrying sail, not wishing to endanger the lives of the cadets in bad weather, so we just jogged along under a double reefed topsail. The old Boatswain said that she could have carried every rag we could put on her and in that respect I was

disappointed. The weather continued bad all the way to Las Palmas but we made six to eight knots with very little canvas on her.

At Las Palmas we moored to a buoy in the midst of a fleet of fishing trawlers and were immediately surrounded by bumboats. The gig's crew took the Captain ashore and later brought the American Consul aboard. We took on coal, cleaned ship and then painted ship. We had time for a water polo game at the Nautico Club. We lost the game but came out ahead in all the straight swimming events.

We were invited to a dance one evening and it was suggested that the ship provide the orchestra. We had one pianist and one cornetist, both of questionable ability, so we danced to phonograph records. Large Spanish shawls were much in evidence. Our only disappointment was that with few exceptions the ladies appeared to be in the thirty and above age group. To young fellows eighteen and nineteen years old that seemed to be a terribly ripe old age.

On going ashore one afternoon with a buddy we visited our idea of a beer garden, with tables and wicker chairs placed under the trees. We had a beer after which I left, being unable to persuade my friend to come along. I wanted to see something of Las Palmas but he was too comfortable under the trees. Along the way I met another cadet and quite accidentally we came across a cigar factory and went in to get some smokes. We paid one peseta, then about nineteen cents, for twenty cigars. Apparently the owner didn't have many foreign visitors and insisted that we visit the shop where there were about twenty girls making the cigars. The girls immediately asked if we had American cigarettes and in return for each cigarette made us a jumbo cigar.

One of our cadets told such weird and unbelievable tales that most of us regarded him as partly cracked. It was in Las Palmas that he came to me suggesting that I borrow a gun bought by one of the boys in Algiers. He said he had a quart of nitro-glycerine and thought it would be a good idea to blow a hole in the side of the ship and then we would all have to return home on a passenger steamer. His idea was to place the nitro in the hold where the planking was rumored to be weak and then fire at it from on deck. The nitro project was too rich to quash immediately so I pretended that it would be difficult, and take time, to get anyone to admit that he had a gun in his possession, and more difficult to borrow it. So it dragged along until we lost our propeller and then there was no necessity for the nitro business.

We left Las Palmas with a choppy sea outside and with spray flying over the forecastle head and soon we were rolling the gun deck ports under. The bad weather continued but we were doing seven knots under square sails and trysail, with a following sea. After two days the wind fell off and both boilers were fired to help us along.

On leaving Las Palmas we took the steamship route intending to steam direct to New York, but to make use of the wind when available. On the fifth day out it happened, just after supper when most of the cadets were on deck enjoying the soft warm breeze. Suddenly the ship vibrated from stem to stern and then all was quiet. There could be only one explanation--the propeller had dropped off. We thought it was a huge joke and it was some time before the laughter died out. We had none too much food--provisions for eighteen days when we left Las Palmas--and we were five hundred miles north of the northerly limit of the northeast trade winds. This was not a good position for a sailing ship.

The only thing to do was to try to sail in, but with every rag set we were able to make only about three knots. The Captain then framed a radio message advising the New York office of the accident and saying that we would arrive behind schedule. Late that night "Sparks" reported that he had been unable to get the message through because there were no ships within range of our transmitter. I was then taken from deck work and assigned to stand radio watches in turn with the operator. The change suited me as I was only too glad to get into the radio room where no upper classman could bother me. I was an ex ham station operator.

On the morning after the accident we were placed on short rations as there was no telling when we would make port. The winds were mostly westerly so it was difficult to make any distance good on our course. Fully half the time we had no wind at all. One day we made several miles to the eastward. It was then that the Captain sent a message asking that food be sent out by a navy ship, but after the message went through several relays to reach New York it became somewhat garbled and had us almost starving. The result was that the nearest ship was sent to us without bringing the provisions asked for.

That ship was the Coast Guard cutter "CHELAN", then at Bermuda on her trial trip. She did not have her regular stores aboard, just enough for the trials. Thinking that we were in immediate need she put out from Bermuda at once so as to keep us from starvation with a portion of her own small supply of stores. While all this was going on we heard a call from the s/s "Ethel Radcliffe" asking for medical advice and attention. She was bound from England to South America and her course would take her close to our position. Since we were nearly motionless the "Ethel Radcliffe"

came to us, reaching us at about 0830 in a Monday morning. We sent our whaleboat over with our Doctor and Commissary Officer. The Doctor diagnosed the illness, and with prescribed treatment considered the man able to continue the voyage. The Commissary Officer was able to scrounge 800 pounds of flour for which the school eventually received a bill.

The following day we had a bit of wind. It forced us into a north-easterly course, not what we wanted but at least it would take us closer to the North Atlantic steamer track. For a brief time we did eleven knots. The wind hauled and we wore ship to steer west, but the wind soon eased off. Breakfast consisted of two pieces of French toast and some oatmeal. For dinner we had two slices of bread, some beans and potatoes, a nice balanced meal.

We had a spell of radio problems all in one day. The short antenna had carried away and there was leakage in the main antenna. I went aloft and found a partial ground on the main antenna and corrected that. We were charging storage batteries when one blew up, a dungaree jumper thrown in the nettings causing wires to short and hydrogen gas to ignite. Then we found a bad brush on the generator commutator.

Winds were variable and we headed in various directions. Once we were caught aback. We had regular Saturday morning inspections just as if our stomachs were full. On Sunday our breakfast consisted of stewed prunes, bread and corn meal mush, all in limited quantities. Sometimes we had stewed raisins. The usual dinner fare was potatoes, beans and bread, and not much of it. For a few days the short rations were a joke but the shortage soon became physically apparent. After trimming a few sails the watch seemed to be exhausted.

One morning we were struck by a heavy squall with all canvas set. Before we could even start to get the canvas off her she was laying over to it and making fourteen knots. It was a real thrill to catch the spirit of the little ship suddenly transformed to a thing of life, with all her canvas, spars, gear and blocks straining under the squall.

To check our speed we used the old fashioned chip log. A float attached to a small diameter line was thrown overboard astern and timed with a sand hour-glass which actually ran for about half a minute. When the sand ran out of the glass we noted the length of line which had been pulled astern. The line was marked to suit the time span of the hour-glass and the markers gave the speed directly in knots.

Because of the misinterpretation of messages the "Chelan" did not stock up on stores to leave with us. She had insufficient to supply us for the long sail home from the doldrums, south of the westerlies and north of the trade winds. The only solution, considering the shortage of food for both ships was to take us in tow.

It was eleven days after the loss of our propeller that the "Chelan" arrived. We sent our boat over for the few provisions she could spare and took the messenger line with which we were to pull her twelve inch manila towing hawser aboard. All hands went on this job and it was all we could do to get it on deck. We then shackled the hawser to our starboard anchor chain and payed out about thirty fathoms of chain to give the hawser a bit more spring.

The men on the cutter asked our boat's crew if we had sufficient cigarettes and the officer in charge of the boat, or the supply officer, replied that we had plenty. That may have been true for the ward room

but it did not hold true for the cadets. We finished the trip cutting up cigar and cigarette butts and smoking them in pipes. It was a cruel sight to see floating past us an empty cigarette carton thrown overboard from the "Chelan".

When it was decided that the cutter should tow us in, it was thought advisable to have signalmen for communications while under tow. We had been taught signalling with flags and blinker but only to the extent of recognizing individual letters. What we needed now was speed in handling messages and four new rates as "signalman" were now created, open to all cadets regardless of class. Ordinarily, ratings were given only to upper classmen but this was now an emergency. Only four, all mugs, were in the running for the new ratings and they were promptly warned by the upper classmen that it would be inadvisable to accept the rates. The four had done a bit better in signalling than the rest of the boys. That was a matter of record on their grades and from the quarter deck came the word that they were expected to apply. It was a true command performance.

The four spent all their spare time in signal practice to such advantage that when the "Chelan" did arrive they were able to handle communications creditably though not with Coast Guard speed. The best feature about the signalman rate was that they stood watch on the bridge, away from the powers of the upper classmen. However, when they were not on signal watch they made up for it and I think those four did ninety per cent of the sweeping all the way to New York. The rating was short lived and was not offered to succeeding classes.

The days passed monotonously while we were being towed except for one day when we ran into a full gale with green seas coming aboard

regularly and the bowsprit burying. We were slowed down to about two knots. The "Chelan" was a brand new turbo electric cutter and in good weather she easily walked us along at eight knots.

We were all very happy to pick up Ambrose light and to anchor off quarantine early in the morning. There the "Chelan" left us and two Navy tugs took us into the Brookly Navy Yard. By the time we reached the yard not one of the two tug crews had a cigarette left. They were real samaritans. We found out later that the crew of the "Chelan" was getting beans three times a day towards the end of the trip and were nearly as short of provisions as we were. It was a long tow--fifteen hundred miles--and the "Chelan" did it in nine days. We all saved our razor blades, the last ones for the morning of our arrival. During the two hours off quarantine there was a lot of shaving done.

The customary three weeks' leave was not expected until after the Board of Governors inspection which usually held up leave for three or four days. On the completion of this cruise we had no sooner moored the ship and connected water and electric lines than all hands were piped to "liberty blues". What a relief!

There was an unusual and comic aspect to our communications during the emergency period. Our radio transmitter was a half kilowatt spark with very limited range. We could receive the coastal stations as well as the more powerful ship stations. Our problem was in sending a message and to do that we had to send it to another ship, which might have to relay it again before it reached land.

When we left on the cruise our call letters were NMH, as far as we knew. At about that time the Navy decided to reserve all three letter calls for shore stations and to assign four letter "N" calls to the ships. The

call sign "NENQ" was assigned to the "Newport", but we didn't know that. Our out-going messages went out under the NMH call sign but return messages were corrected and sent to NENQ. Every coast station from Cape Race to Florida had NENQ on its traffic list but we did not know that it was us. It made little difference because we could not transmit that far. However, had we known that we were not NENQ we could have asked some ship with more powerful equipment to get the messages for us.

One of the slickest acts at getting back at an upperclassman occurred on this cruise. The target upper classman would wash his whites and hang them on the line to dry. The mug then turned out early, took them off the line and wore the clean whites to inspection. At the end of the day he saw to it that the whites found their way into the "lucky bag" which was the ship's lost and found department. As a reminder to be less careless, each item that went into the lucky bag came out with one demerit for the owner. This bit of reverse hazing went on for quite a while and the story was not uncovered until that mug became an upper classman. Of course there was a risk. A cadet wearing another's clothes picked up fifteen demerits.

From experience on the first cruise, when we noticed the lack of musical entertainment, it was suggested that we try to get a phonograph. As a committee of one to provide the music I managed to have two phonographs donated. Then the hat was passed to buy records and needles. This gave us a dozen of the latest records and two thousand needles. A number of cadets had promised records from home and by sailing day the number of records mounted to seventy-five. "Chips", the carpenter, built a record box for us and Jimmy Legs came up with an empty locker in which to keep the "agony box".

It was all for the entertainment of the upper classmen but now that we were upper classmen do you suppose that we would demean ourselves to crank the machine? Certainly not. That was a mug's job and a desirable one from their point of view. To them it meant freedom from other details and allowed them to be in the upper class audience and listen to their conversation.

Prior to every foreign cruise we had what was called a practice cruise, usually two weeks at Glen Cove. There we had sail drills to give the new boys an idea of what was required at sea. We also had small boat drills, the Chief Boatswain's Mate assigning a crew to each boat with a Top Captain in charge as coxswain. The first few of days of practice would produce some laughable sights. Every man was watched and the best six were picked for the Captain's gig. To encourage proficiency an oarsman "catching a crab" was made to wear a rope fender around his neck. These fenders weighed about six pounds and it was no joke to wear one for half a day and to try to sit down at mess with the fender hanging around the neck.

On the second day at Glen Cove the new "Sparks" came aboard. He took one look at the radio equipment, one look at his quarters, another at the ship, and left. We were not at all sorry, as he appeared to be rather "uppity".

Graduation was held on the quarter deck. The ship was spotless. All of the graduating class were in dress blues and all other cadets were in whites. Parents and visitors provided color with their gay summer clothes.

Because of a change in the class entrance system we did not take aboard the usual new class just prior to sailing. I can imagine that some parents had complained that the old system was a "Shanghai" operation. And that it was!

In contrast to our first cruise all hands seemed to be happy, in spite of the extra work entailed by lack of a fourth class. Upper classmen who previously did nothing but supervise work were now doing some of the work. The number of bosses had to be cut down. I feel certain that the better feeling was due to the passing of physical hazing. Even the upper classmen were more cheerful.

Partly through the efforts of Jimmy Legs an unused corner of the gun deck was assigned to the boatswain's mates and machinist's mates. In that corner was placed a table, desk and swivel chair. Ordinarily we all ate on the wooden mess tables which were scrubbed regularly. But now that we had a nicely varnished table, and our own corner, we introduced the table cloth, bringing our own on board. The table cloths got dirty very quickly due to spilling caused by the ship's rolling. But the mugs washed them so why worry?

About a week before reaching the English Channel a rumor circulated that we would put in to Plymouth for coal. Along with the rumor came a fresh gale and the old "Newport" bobbed around like a cork, burying her bowsprit and rolling her gun deck ports under. About a dozen of our best phonograph records were broken. The day before, the larger of the two phonographs suffered a broken spring.

At the height of the gale a foot of water was discovered in the forward hold. The pumping system didn't work because of a clogged strainer so we rigged up hand pumps. Stores were transferred to other holds. Excitement aplenty! There were rumors of drydock in Plymouth--if we got there. And there was the devil-may-care attitude, arguing as to which lifeboat would get the remaining phonograph. It turned out to be a minor

matter. A cement plug to seal the anchor chain pipe to the chain locker had cracked during the heavy weather.

The evening after the leak excitement two pigeons landed in our rigging, apparently well tired out. Time after time they almost reached the rigging when a sudden squall of wind would blow them back. We watched this for nearly half an hour before they made a successful landing. After dark two of the boys went aloft and brought them down. Leg bands bearing numbers indicated that they were homing pigeons. Since we were some seven hundred miles from shore we thought it best for the birds to build a cage for them. They were reluctant to eat but the caging was more merciful than turning them loose in the bad weather then prevailing. The moment we arrived off Plymouth we set them free and after circling overhead a few times they headed off to the northeast.

The day after the pigeons landed it rained heavily. Scuppers were plugged and we soon had several inches of fresh water on the spar deck amidships, with much greater depths in the wings as the ship rolled from port to starboard. Routine was cancelled and all hands washed themselves and their clothes. Normally our fresh water ration for washing was one bucket (there is no such thing as a "pail" on a ship) of fresh water for a top of eight men. That meant that we would lather up with the small allotment of fresh water and then rinse off with a salt water hose. So whenever we could trap enough rain water on the spar deck we reveled in it.

A sure sign of approaching port is cadets pressing their uniforms and putting clean white tops on their caps. Approaching the English Channel we ran into heavy traffic, fishing trawlers, cargo steamers and the trans-Atlantic liners. We were able to pass a few but most passed us.

At 2115 on our twenty-second day out the lookout in the crosstrees sighted Bishop Rock light, twenty-six miles away. We arrived off Eddystone light in the early part of the next afternoon, but hove to in Cross End Bay waiting for sunset. It was July fourth and an American naval vessel in port on that date must dress ship. As a matter of diplomacy the Captain did not want to dress ship on that date in a British port. At sundown the ship would have been "undressed" so we were than able to proceed to the pier.

Early the following morning the "Mauretania" and the "America" put in to leave mails. There were several sacks for us and that made us very happy. We coaled all morning and most of the afternoon. After cleaning the sides we got under way, a field day on the spar deck going on at the same time. The following evening we picked up the Dungeness pilot who took us to Gravesend. Just before dusk a small coaster started to overhaul us, giving us the raspberry as she hauled ahead. To save our pride the Executive Officer, who had the watch at that time, sent word to the engine room to "open her up" and we then hauled ahead. Our full speed as registered on the engine room telegraph was not our maximum speed. It was the speed at which she operated most efficiently, so, in a pinch, we always had a couple of knots up our sleeve.

At Gravesend we waited for the tide, and another pilot took us up the Thames as far as Tower Bridge where we moored to a buoy until St. Catherine's dock was opened. In London all docks are enclosed so as to keep the water at a steady level, unaffected by the tide in the Thames, the dock gates being opened only at high tide. The upper Thames is quite narrow and carries a heavy volume of traffic. The Thames River barges with their red sails made interesting sights.

22

We had a tight squeeze getting through the dock gates, it being necessary to lower all boats on the starboard side. The basin was surrounded by warehouses and it was impossible to see anything unless one went aloft. From the crosstrees we could see the Tower of London, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament and other places of historic interest. We could also sit in the crosstrees and wave to the girls on the approach to Tower Bridge.

Because the water in the basin was locked in until the next high tide there could be no sanitary discharge into the basin. Consequently we had to use toilets ashore, but still within the dock area. The London "Bobbies" for that district had a club within the dock limits and very kindly extended us guest privileges. It soon worked out that an official trip to the head also meant a short stay at the club which housed a bar and pool tables.

The next day we were granted leave. I had a letter of introduction to one of the Warders of the Tower of London. He had been very sick, was now pretty well recovered but still on the official sick list, and thus was able to show us around. That was a real break for us because normally one tours the Tower using a guide book with numbers corresponding to numbers on articles on display. Our friend was able to tell us stories that would never find their way into a guide book. Returning to the dock early we stopped in at the Bobbies Club and found a good portion of the cadet corps there. At 2100 all except the liberty party returned to the ship for hammock formation. After taps most of them came back.

Returning to London in the early evening after a four day visit with friends in Manchester I stopped in at the Bobbies Club where it

appeared that the goose was hanging high. It seems that Jimmy Legs had been away most of the week and that the Boatswain was in a continual good humor, with the result that routine was pretty well shot. Even during working periods of the day many of the upper classmen were at the club.

One day a party of fifty cadets was presented to the Lord Mayor of London. After the ceremony a group of us took a bus to Hendon to see the Royal Air Force display which was great. Leave was up at 2100 and as we were toeing the seam for liberty check-off one boy rolled aboard, making a brave effort to walk straight. He did just fine until abreast of the compass binnacle when he took a ninety degree lurch into it, knocking off the cover. Another boy came aboard even later and had to report to the Executive Officer who started, "You are thirty-two minutes over leave". The cadet replied, "Your'e crazy". Ignoring that, the Exec said, "Do you realize that you are thirty-two minutes over leave"? "No sir", was the reply. The Exec, pointing to a nearby clock tower, asked, "Why don't you look at the clock"? The boy looked straight at it and replied, "Don't know where the clock is, sir." He worked extra duty for some time.

It was our last night in London, so after taps most of the upper classmen roused out and went over to the Bobbies Club. Four boys started a pool game but before long everybody had a cue, and balls were being rolled on the floor. I imagine that the Bobbies tolerated us because we were putting on more of a show than we realized. They were a great group, good companions in the club, and courteous and efficient when on duty. Some of them found spare helmets which they gave to us. One could not have imagined a better souvenir of London.

That last night the "Admiral" was officer of the deck. He came up at about 0200 and found one boy, fully clothed, prancing around the spar deck. He was ordered to stand on a seam and the "Admiral", followed by the quartermaster, went below to check the gun deck. Returning to the spar deck they found the cadet toeing the seam, at rigid attention, but clad only in his undershirt, the rest of his clothes in a pile on deck. The "Admiral", who believed in going through channels, asked the quartermaster, "Why has this man no pants on?" The quartermaster replied, "I don't know, sir, but I will find out." The quartermaster repeated the question to the cadet who answered, "Well, I knew I would have to turn in sometime so I took the clothes off to save time in turning in."

We had a smooth trip across the North Sea to Hamburg. Since much of the water there is rather shallow we had sounding practice with the hand lead. To take hand lead soundings was what we called "Flying a blue pigeon". The North Sea chart showed innumerable wrecks, many of them named, and it certainly stirred the imagination.

All the way up the Elbe we received hand waves from people along the shore. At the harbor of Hamburg we moored to mooring piles in the stream, a Chilean Navy supply ship on the other side of the piles. She was a cargo ship purchased in Hamburg for conversion into a navy supply ship. We enjoyed watching her crew as much as they apparently enjoyed watching us. We were moored so that from the forecastle head we had a good view of the Baumwall landing. The forecastle head became an upper class hangout, all binoculars doing heavy duty in watching the girls.

On the first full day the Burgomeister of Hamburg provided buses for a liberty party of forty, taking us through the city and winding up

at Carl Hagenbeck's zoo. There we were served coffee and strawberry shortcake. Then, as an afterthought, the good Burgomeister asked if we would like to have some beer. Before the Captain could veto the idea we sent up a chorus of yeas. The cat was out of the bag and it was then too awkward for the Captain to refuse. As if we didn't have enough of ships and water some of us spent part of our liberty time sailing on the Alster, a lake near the center of the city. Knockabouts could be rented at moderate rates and there was quite a cadet flotilla on the lake. Near our moorings in the harbor the volume of boat traffic was such that it created quite a chop in the river and made it a tough job for our running boat, a cutter under oars.

Our stay would not have been complete without coaling. We finished at midnight and immediately started to clean up. It was warm and the moorings were away from shore, so most of us worked in our birthday suits. We had four hoses going so it was not long before we had a four cornered water fight. We finished at about 0300. Then came reveille at 0500 to get the ship under way and leave Hamburg. On the way out we saw the "Europa" at the shipyards, a wreck after her fire, and later the entrance to the Kiel Canal. Near the mouth of the Elbe the Hamburg-America liner "Milwaukee" overhauled us as if we were stationary.

We passed Cape Gris Nez, made famous by cross channel swimmers, at 1830 the following evening. The next morning we arrived off Le Havre. The pilot said that we would lie starboard side to the pier so all the starboard boats were lowered and followed under oars. When we arrived at the Bassin Ballot, as our dock was called, it was determined that there had been a mistake, perhaps a language misunderstanding, and that we would moor port

side to the pier. That necessitated the port boats being lowered and the starboard boats hoisted, all by hand. The French pilot was not popular among the cadets.

The following morning a Fox Movietone crew came aboard to take sound pictures. In the midst of the movie shooting the Mayor of Le Havre arrived to pay an official visit. He got as far as the gangway when the quartermaster, not knowing who he was and fearing that he would interfere with the movie making, rather unceremoniously shoved him back. The Mayor, who apparently spoke little English was at loss to understand, when the Captain, recognizing him from the quarter deck came to the rescue.

Shortly after this the Governor of the Province came aboard. He was dressed in morning pants, cutaway coat and top hat, and was preceded by two attendants in ornate uniforms including "Napoleon" hats. The Officer of the Deck pulled the second boner of the day when he extended his hand first to one of the attendants. Again the skipper came to the rescue.

While on board, the Mayor extended an invitation to fifty cadets to a reception at the City Hall. Fox Movietone asked for fifteen cadets to pose at various historic spots in the city. The reception was scheduled for 1600 so it was arranged that the fifteen movie stars would leave with the Movietone crew at 1330 and then join the other group at City Hall. The two cameramen and two cadets sat on the front and only seat of the sound truck. Five cadets were on the roof and the remainder hung on to the sides. To my mind the loaded truck would have made the best picture.

The sum total of "historic spots" was a Norman cafe where the waitresses wore old fashioned costumes. The microphones were hidden behind flowers placed on the tables which lined the sidewalk. The idea was to

show how hard it was for us, not knowing the language, to give our orders so that they could be understood. That is where the plan was weak, for in no time at all we had what we wanted, the beer being brought out in an unending stream. Two cadets kissed waitresses who seemed more than willing before the camera. To the best of my knowledge this is one news clip that was never put on the screen, and probably just as well.

We straggled into City Hall just as the speeches were being made. The Mayor started with his welcoming remarks. When he paused and looked around it was our cue to nod and smile. Then after a few more sentences, another pause and more nods and smiles. When he finished we gave him a great hand, not having understood a thing he said. Then it was the Captain's turn, to thank the Mayor for his hospitality, etc., but in English. At each of his pauses everyone nodded and smiled and the applause equaled that given the Mayor. They could have insulted each other and very few would have known the difference.

The champagne glasses had been filled and were waiting on a table extending the length of the reception hall. At the end of the speech making the Mayor waved us over to the table and it seemed as though we moved en masse. No false modesty was exhibited. The Mayor was a rather jovial person, mingling with the cadets and painstakingly speaking with any who had even a smattering of French.

The next day the French Line held a champagne reception for us aboard the "Isle de France". The guest of honor was Alain Gerbault who had just completed a round-the-world trip in his little "Firecrest". We had the usual speeches followed by champagne. The only incident which may have marred the affair was one cadet hauling out of his pocket a one inch cigar butt

and lighting it in the presence of the elite of Le Havre. After the reception we were invited to the tennis club to see the French Davis Cup team play an exhibition match. Taxi fares in Le Havre were ridiculously low. We could ride through half the city for the equivalent of about twenty cents.

We had a package tour to Paris arranged by Thos. Cook, riding third class rail. When we arrived at St. Lazare station the Cook man met us, piled us into buses and took us to the L'Hotel de Russe. It was a new experience for us. We had to pay extra for soap and extra for a bath. Immediately upon arrival at the hotel we had to fill out a police questionnaire. Being hearty eaters we were especially disappointed with the Continental breakfast which was part of the tour package. In the afternoon we had a sightseeing tour of places of historic interest.

In the evening we all headed for the Montmartre. As a group we were quite conspicuous and were soon besieged by runners from the cabarets, each trying to get us to the cabaret he represented. What they didn't know was that we were poor to start with, and being near the end of the cruise, nearly broke.

It was a tired cadet corps which left Le Havre for Ponta Delgada, Azores. The second day out we were bucking heavy seas in the Bay of Biscay. The "Newport" was poking her nose into them, burying her bowsprit. This driving loosened the outer jib and it had to be secured before it was ripped to shreds. I went along with three others to secure it and while we were out there the ship took a dive which lifted our feet clear of the footropes on which we were standing. For a moment we were buried in water, upside down, and hanging on with hands only. Beyond a thorough soaking we were all right.

Before leaving Le Havre we shipped two stranded Americans as workaways. The older of the two was all right for deck work. The Boatswain didn't think much of the younger one and sent him to the fireroom. He lasted there two days and then, as a sort of last resort, he was assigned as messman for the Boatswain's and Machinist's Mates.

We arrived at Ponta Delgada on 19 August and immediately prepared for coaling. The Portuguese training ship "Sagres", a four masted barque, was there. We had no sooner dropped our hook than the bum-boat navy came alongside and did a lively trade, the articles offered being cognac, laces, linens and fruits. We were not granted shore leave there, having put in only for coal. The "Sagres" sent her boarding officer over on the customary official courtesy visit. When ours went over to the "Sagres" to return the visit we watched him through the glasses. Our officer made a dignified and graceful jump from the cutter to the gangway but on the top step his sword got the better of him and he measured his length on the platform.

When we left the same night the "Sagres" gave us a great send-off. She hoisted an American ensign with a light above and a light below it. It was hoisted furled and lights out. Then a trip cord was pulled and the flag streamed out in the breeze, the lights being turned on at the same time. It was a perfect piece of work.

Ten days after leaving Ponta Delgada we arrived at St. George, Bermuda. It was a Friday and there was no liberty that day. Instead we broke out stages and started to scrub and paint the sides, and sent men aloft to scrape the masts and paint the yards. This was to be our cleaning and painting port preparatory to arriving at New York where we would have Board of Governors inspection.

Bermuda was rumored to be a "dead" place, especially on Sunday. We were to have only one liberty there so all hands wanted to be in the Saturday liberty party. That was impossible, so to prevent hard feelings the Executive Officer suggested a water tug-of-war between the port and starboard watches, the winning team to get leave on Saturday. The carpenter made a marker float for the center of the manila line which was used. The marker was placed off the stern in line with the keel. Thirty swimmers from each watch lined up in the water waiting for the Exec to fire the starting pistol. After see-sawing back and forth for fifteen minutes the starboard watch displaced the marker float twelve feet, the pre-arranged distance necessary for victory.

Even Saturday turned out to be relatively "dead". I stopped in at the local drug store which was operated by the American Consular Agent. Over a couple of ice cream sodas which were the first in as many months he became quite friendly. His wife joined in and suggested a tennis party for Monday afternoon. At first that appeared to be almost impossible because our stay in Bermuda was intended for work, with the exception of Saturday and Sunday. The good Consul got around that by sending an official invitation to the Captain for twenty cadets to attend a tennis party.

I had understood it to be a tennis party but when we received the liberty authorization it was a "tea party" and we had to wear dress blues. Someone had blundered, for when we arrived at the location for the party we found it to be the tennis courts. There was nothing else to do but douse our jackets and collars, showing off a veritable rainbow of colored suspenders.

The Consul's wife had invited twenty girls, and she, along with other ladies who were the girls' mothers, had made cakes and sandwiches galore. The Consul had lemonade and ice cream from the store. After raising hell of sorts in other ports, where the prime pastime was separating us from our money, we suddenly found ourselves among this group of absolutely fine and hospitable people. It was a complete surprise and thoroughly enjoyable.

A swimming meet had been arranged for Tuesday evening with the crack St. George team. That meant liberty for the swimming team only, but the manager of the hotel invited all the cadets, through our Captain, to attend a dance there after the swim meet. So the skipper allowed forty cadets, in addition to the swimming team, to go ashore that evening. Our team won the relay race as well as two other events, and lowered the pool record. The dance, on the open air floor, was a great success. All the tennis party girls were there. From bits and pieces of information we got the impression that the local boys were sometimes inclined to ignore the local girls, preferring to shine up to the "rich" American girls staying at the hotel. So when something like the "Newport" visit came along the girls made the most of it.

We found out through the tennis party invitation that there was one sure way to get extra liberty and that was through an invitation direct to the Commanding Officer inviting a sizeable group of cadets to some affair. With the girls we cooked up some of these parties, the girls prevailing upon some local dignitary to be the official host and to extend the invitation direct to the Commanding Officer. The Skipper was not averse to good publicity for the school and it always worked. By contrast the Executive Officer was figuratively pulling out

his hair because it was his job to make the ship presentable for Board of Governors inspection upon arrival at New York. He wanted us in our hammocks early so that on the following day we would be able to do a good and full day's work.

The most memorable port stay of all came to an end too soon and we sailed for New York. In spite of our partying we survived the Board of Governors inspection and graduation was just around the corner, Nov.21,1929. Our diplomas were signed by Captain J.H.Tomb as Superintendent of the Academy and also by Dr.F.P.Graves, the Commissioner of Education for the State of New York.

Graduation was not quite the end of it. It merely provided us with sufficient "sea experience", under the law, to be eligible to take the examinations for a license as Third Mate or Third Assistant Engineer. And therein lies the answer to the question, Why did we put up with the bullying and hazing instead of just leaving? Because it was the shortest route to an officer's license, at least a year shorter than sailing as ordinary seaman followed by able seaman. The latter route was called "coming up through the hawse pipe".

The license exams were given by the Steamboat Inspection Service of the U.S. Department of Commerce, a service since taken over by the U.S. Coast Guard.

We were all apprehensive at the prospect of these "government" exams given by complete strangers but we all passed. Each higher grade of license required additional sea experience before that examination could be taken.

It is a tribute to the school that in spite of many makeshift arrangements, we had been taught enough to pass the examinations for Master or Chief Engineer. All we needed was more years at sea to fill the legal requirements for experience.

USS NEWPORT

(PG-12: dp. 1,153; l. 204'5"; b. 36'; dr. 12'9"; s. 12.8 k;
cpl 156; a. 1 4", 2 3", 2 6prd.)

The first NEWPORT (PG-12) was laid down by Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me., March 1896; launched 5 December 1896; sponsored by Miss Frances La Farge; and commissioned 5 October 1897, Comdr. B.F. Tilley in command.

After fitting out in Boston, Newport sailed for duty in the Caribbean 15 October 1897. Between December 1897 and August 1898, the ship patrolled off the West Indies and Central America. During the Spanish-American war, she received credit for assisting in the capture of nine Spanish vessels. The ship returned to the United States and decommissioned 7 September 1898.

Recommissioned 1 May 1900, NEWPORT served as training ship at the Naval Academy and at the Naval Training Station at Newport, R.I., until decommissioning at Boston 1 December 1902.

Recommissioned 18 May 1903, she operated with the Atlantic Fleet along the eastern seaboard and in the West Indies until decommissioned 17 November 1906. NEWPORT was loaned to the Massachusetts Naval Militia 2 June 1907 and on 27 October 1907 was reassigned to the New York Public Marine School. She also served as a training ship for the 3rd Naval District until June 1918, when she was returned to the Navy for wartime service. On 26 July 1918 she was reassigned to continue duty as a New York State training ship under control of Commandant, 3rd Naval District. The gunboat sailed on a training cruise from New York to the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies from 9 December 1918 to 25 May 1919. On 3 June 1919, she returned to full control of New York State. She was redesignated IX-19 on 1 July 1921.

Struck from the Navy List 12 October 1931, she was turned over to the city of Aberdeen, Wash., by Act of Congress 14 May 1934, to be used as a training ship for Naval Reserves.

(Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships
Navy Department, Naval History Division
Volume 5, Page 77)