

Mr. C. W. King,
Landscape House,
Romsey Road,
Southampton.
ENGLAND.

MY OLD PACKING CASE.

In August, 1905, I was serving as Torpedo Instructor in 98 Torpedo Boat when I received news of my promotion to Acting Gunner (Torpedo) and appointment to H. M. S. "Vernon". On joining the "Vernon" a number of my old messmates in the Staff Mess presented me with a very useful Packing Case. This Packing Case was well constructed from a very hard wood, and was so fitted that it could easily be shaken for stowage in a small space. This Packing Case remained in my possession during the whole of my service as Warrant and Commissioned Officer, and travelled with me in every ship to which I was appointed.

After a short stay in the "Vernon" I joined H. M. S. "Thetis" at Chatham on October 13th, 1905. I remember how proud I felt travelling from Portsmouth to Chatham in uniform Frock Coat and Sword with my new Packing Case. On joining the "Thetis" I took over Gunner(T.) and Boatswain's Stores from the Gunner and my life as a Naval Officer really commenced. The Packing Case remained intact as I found plenty of room for it in one of the many storerooms in my charge, and it was unnecessary to shake it.

Early in 1906 we were ordered to prepare for a trooping trip to Suez with a ship's company, to relieve one of the small cruisers on the East Indies' Station. I believe her name was "Pactolus". Her gunner was an old friend of mine. We had been

together in the "Vernon" before promotion. We sailed, I believe, sometime in April, 1906, and what appeared likely at first to be a rather dull trip, very soon became quite interesting and at times quite exciting.

Under my charge I had quite a lot of stores and torpedoes to transfer to the ship we were relieving. The torpedoes being in cases, had to be stowed on the upper deck, but we were fortunate in having quite good weather and no harm came to any.

Our first call was at Gibraltar. Here we completed with coal, had a run ashore and then off we went to Malta. Here things were happening. We were ordered to complete with coal and stores with all dispatch and proceed to Port Said with all speed. Many other ships and Torpedo Boats were leaving, and as soon as we were ready we made all haste up the Mediterranean to Port Said, but unfortunately something in the way of a defect developed in one of our propeller shafts and we had to reduce speed. On arrival at Port Said we heard there was some political trouble with Egypt and we were ordered to prepare to patrol the Canal. My Captain sent for me and said he wanted a Wireless Installation as quickly as possible. A cable was sent to Malta for this, and a few days after a store ship arrived and I had a complete wireless set with a fine spar for a prolonger for mainmast placed on board. Of course wireless was in its early stages then, and the Torpedo Officer in any ship was Wireless Officer too, and the operators were volunteers from the signal staff. While waiting for the stores, we had transferred the new ship's company to "Pactolus", and had taken her old ship's company on board. I remember we had the gunner on board to dinner

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with another old friend of mine the carpenter. The only change really as far as the Warrant Officers went, was that our carpenter and the carpenter of "Pactolus" changed ships.

It was found that in carrying out our duty in the Canal, it might become necessary to fire over its banks, and it was necessary to rig some sort of gun platform on the mainmast. Our gunner unfortunately, had injured his foot, and was on the sick-list, and consequently I was instructed to assist the carpenter, and between us we constructed and placed aloft quite a useful platform. On this we mounted a three-pounder Hoskiss. Before this was tested, however, the trouble ashore fizzled out, and we were ordered to proceed to Malta. Just as we were leaving Port Said, we received orders to proceed to Suda Bay where the then annual riots were taking place. So we altered course for our new destination. During that afternoon we tested our gun and gun platform and found it a complete success. Soon after midnight our first useful bit of work with our wireless set was carried out. Our operator picked up a signal which I believe was from the old store ship "Tyne", which had been towing one of the Torpedo Boats back to Malta. The signal said the Torpedo Boat had capsized on tow and was lost. We altered course in case we could be of any assistance, but were soon told to proceed on our proper course.

On arrival at Suda Bay we found two destroyers. Our Captain landed, and on his return I received orders to fit a Scott's Flashing Shutter to the forebridge searchlight for communications with the military station ashore. One incident which occurred here was very humorous in a way. The ship's company we had on board had not been on shore leave for some time, and it

was not possible to give them any leave at Port Said or at Suda Bay. So the Captain arranged for a cask of beer to be purchased from the canteen funds from the military canteen ashore. Unfortunately there was no conveyance available to bring it to the landing place, and consequently it was rolled along the road which was very rough, and when tapped on board ship the beer looked more like soup. However it was soon served out and I don't remember hearing any complaints.

On arrival at Malta we had orders to dismantle our wireless set and return it to the store, as none of these sets could be taken off the station, but we were allowed to retain the spar and the aerials. So we earthed the aerials and kept them aloft out of pure swank. After coaling and returning stores leave was given. The carpenter and myself had a quick run round Malta, finishing up at the club. On arrival on board I discovered that two blankets had been stolen from my bunk. They had apparently been pulled through the scuttle from a boat alongside. Somebody had to pay for those blankets, but not me, so I had better say no more about them.

The next morning we left for England. On the way home we heard that the annual manoeuvres had commenced. On arrival at Chatham we were placed straight in dock for the examination of our defective shaft which had limited our speed. Here a thing happened which I had not seen before. We coaled while on the blocks in dock, and when we were floated the ship did a very disturbing wobble, but no damage was done. I had orders to demand another wireless set, which was approved, and with a completed ship's company, consisting of some R. N. R. units we proceeded to Milford Haven. Here we anchored near Stack Rock Fort and were connected to it by telephone. Our duties were to assemble merchant ship convoys, and when ready

give them instructions as to course etc., and send them on their routes. We were joined here by a chief signal boatswain in charge of carrier pigeons, so we were becoming quite a large mess for so small a ship. As soon as manoeuvres were completed we returned to Chatham and on arrival I received my next appointment to H. M. S. "Swiftsure". So up came the old Packing Case from the store, ready for our next adventure.

On the 17th July, 1906, with the old Packing Case, I joined H. M. S. "Swiftsure", a unit of the Channel Fleet, in dry dock at Chatham, under the command of Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, our first captain being the late Admiral Sir Christopher Craddock. The "Swiftsure" and "Triumph" were light battleships, built for the Brazilian Government I believe, and purchased by our own government. Their main armament was lighter than in our ships, being 10-inch where we carried 12-inch guns, but their secondary armament was 7.5-inch guns where ours were 6-inch. Everything in these ships as regards fittings, anchors and cables was much lighter than in our ships. They had many interesting and useful electrical installations. For instance they had an electric fire alarm, an electric buzzer attached to the firing keys of all guns to indicate when the gun was at the ready, many powerful electric motors at useful positions on the upper deck, an electric capstan on the quarter deck, and hydraulic cranes for lifting in and out boom boats. Her submerged torpedo tubes were quite different from ours, being discharged by a cordite charge instead of compressed air.

These light and new fittings assisted in every way to

make our ship the smartest in the then Channel Fleet. In practically every major evolution or exercise when the times were signalled the "Swiftsure" was at the top of the list. I will quote a few instances which I am sure will interest many readers, and any of my old messmates who are still alive. Our arrangements for "Out nets" or "In nets" were really wonderful and always assured us being first. Here the upper deck motors, the quarter deck electric capstan and the steam capstan on the forecastle were brought into full use. As soon as the nets were unlashd, a whistle was blown, and by means of wire messengers brought to the various motors and capstans, the whole net defence was hauled off the shelf and into position in a matter of seconds. In the "In net" evolution the messengers were reversed, and by means of wires the whole defence was neatly rolled up on to the net shelf without any manual labour or anyone stationed on the shelf except to secure the lashings.

Another interesting evolution was "Away all boats and pull round the fleet", in which some of the boom boats which were inboard had to be lifted out by derricks. In the "Swiftsure" I have seen a launch, a whaler, and a skiff on one hoist, which meant the going of many valuable minutes in completing this evolution. Then just tell you of one which affected my own department. About half through the commission Admiral Lord Charles Beresford took over command and he ordered that a night boat's crew should sleep on one of the sea boats, and that some means of alarm should be coted between their sleeping quarters and the signal bridge. He alrdered that a searchlight should be ready for use, and the crew to be in the same quarters. He mentioned that these evolutions

would be exercised at unknown times. In the "Swiftsure" we made full use of all these new and useful electric fittings in making preparations for these exercises. For instance as regards searchlights our projectors were quite different from the Admiralty type in those days, the controls being on the bridge both for switching on and for training and elevating. The lamp was of the old inclined hand lamp type, but motor operated. For many nights I waited up for this exercise. The night boat's crew was exercised and our alarm was a complete success, but time went on and I began to think the searchlight exercise was forgotten. One night I turned in rather early and was reading in my bunk, when I saw a sudden flash of light cross my cabin scuttle. I leaped out of bed, quickly donned my clothes and slippers and bolted on deck, where I found our starboard waist searchlight burning, and the beam trained directly on the bridge of the flagship. I looked round and could see no other light and I got a bit worried at first, but on arrival at the projector I found the crew attending to the training of the light, and the signalman of the watch informed me we were the first ship. Next morning the times for the evolution were signalled. First on the list was ' "Swiftsure" ...Immediately', while the second ship's time was well over two minutes. Then came the signal "C.- in -C. will visit "Swiftsure" at 11 a. m. Torpedo officer, searchlight crew and signalman of first watch should be mustered on the quarter-deck on my arrival". On his arrival he first congratulated the captain on having such a smart signal staff and then congratulated the signalman, and then the torpedo staff for their efficiency. The secret of this success was that a searchlight was prepared in each

waist of the ship, and switches made on the switchboard. The masthead flashing lamp key was fitted to the top of the searchlight control switch on each side of the bridge, with the alarm signal push on the side of the box cover of the control switch, so that when the signalman had read the signal, he immediately switched on the searchlight. This had been previously adjusted and fitted with a spiral of fuse wire across the arc space so that as soon as the current was applied the arc was struck. The final remark of the C.-in-C. was, "No one knew that this evolution had been decided on, not even the flag captain, and immediately the signal was completed your beam flashed on the bridge of the flagship. I expect you will have many inquiring how you do this," and believe me we did.

There is one more interesting and rather humorous incident during this commission. Our captain was rather keen on inventions of any kind, and one day he asked me whether I could invent some method of releasing both lifebuoys electrically from the bridge with suitable indicators and instructions for the guidance of the officer of the watch. With the assistance of the staff I fitted a very efficient arrangement, and either lifebuoy could be released by just pressing a push on either side of the bridge. There was an illuminated indicator reading, "LIFEBUOY" over each of these pushes, and the instruction "TO RELEASE LIFEBUOY PRESS PUSH". On one occasion we were leaving Portland, for a cruise round the United Kingdom. The fleet was leaving by two openings in the breakwater, the first division through one and the second through the other. Our captain had on board two titled guests. When we had got well clear of the breakwater

both lifebuoys were released from the "Swiftsure", and we had to haul out of the line and lower both sea boats to pick them up. A signal was made to the flagship explaining how they had been released by error. I at once thought something had gone wrong with our invention, especially when a messenger came and reported that the captain wished to see me on the bridge. On arrival there the captain said to me, "A very good test for your installations and fittings. I was explaining to my guests how it worked and pressed the pushes and someone reported 'Both lifebuoys have been released.' Of course it was my error but a good job it was your captain who did it." I expect many wondered what had really happened.

We augmented this arrangement afterwards to fire a rocket by pressing the same push. Drawings and a working model of this release were sent to the Admiralty, who acknowledged the receipt of them but that was all we ever heard of this invention. On joining the "Vernon" after this commission I found this installation fitted in the senior lecture room but not to release lifebuoys, and on asking the officer in charge what it was and what use was being made of it, I was informed that some fool in the fleet had sent it to the Admiralty as a release for lifebuoys.

In October, 1908, the old Packing Case was again packed and we returned to the "Vernon" where my old friend found a resting-place in a roomy cabin for eighteen months. During this period I was appointed Whitehead experimental gunner (T.) and although it meant hard work, long hours and picnic meals nearly every day, it was very interesting. When I say hard work I really mean manual labour for the party was so small that often even the senior

officers had to lend a hand in hauling on a tackle, or a nose line or tail line.

During this period I was in charge of loading and firing the first 21-inch submerged tube, which had been fitted in a cruiser, and which afterwards was built into the "Lion". Another interesting experiment was firing a submerged torpedo from a barless tube. This was amusing, but not a success, as the torpedo took a flight through the air for a considerable distance at a height of about thirty feet. Also we tried a very heavy experiment with torpedo net defence, the result of which, I feel sure, decided the Admiralty to abolish net defence for seagoing ships.

At this time, as now, there was a shortage of torpedo gunners and you were lucky if you served in a staff appointment for more than a year. I served for eighteen months, but only because when I had completed twelve months we happened to be in the middle of a very important experiment, so in April, 1910, the old Packing Case was again packed for further adventures.

My next appointment was a complete change from big ship to small ship, as I was appointed to the "Cherwell", one of the "River" class destroyers stationed at Chatham. This meant another railway journey for the old Packing Case, and on arrival on board the "Cherwell" my old friend had to be shaken on account of lack of stowage. This was a very dull affair and only lasted a month as the ship had to be reboilered, and on the 19th May, 1910, I had to re-assemble my old friend and return to the "Vernon".

But we were due for a little adventure even on this short journey. We travelled from Sheerness to Portsmouth via Victoria the day previous to the funeral of the late King Edward VII, and on

arrival at Victoria found the platforms packed with people. It was hopeless to attempt to move my old friend from one platform to another, so I had to leave it in the hands of a porter to be forwarded later. I found it at Portsmouth Town Station the next day. It had made the journey during the night.

The old Packing Case and myself now had a short stay in the "Vernon", and in June, 1910, I received an appointment to the "Victory" for H. M. C. S. "Rainbow". On August 10th, 1910, the old Packing Case and myself started on the longest voyage of our careers, travelling about halfway round the world, from Portsmouth to Esquimalt, British Columbia, via the Straits of Magellan. In 1909, the Canadian Government decided to run a navy of its own and bought two old cruisers, one the "Niobe", and the other the "Rainbow". These two ships were taken in hand to be refitted and brought up to date with modern fittings. The officers and ships' companies were made up of volunteers from the Royal Navy, Royal Naval Pensioners, and recruits direct into the Canadian Navy. The active service officers and ratings were lent for two years. I received my appointment to the "Rainbow" for service on the Pacific Station, and also a fresh warrant signed by the Prime Minister, and the Minister of Defence and Fisheries of the Canadian Government.

We carried out commissioning trials during which this old ship, which had been condemned for further service, attained a slightly greater speed than she had ever reached previously. I must explain that there was a certain amount of inducement to volunteer for this service. The pay was approximately double the rate of pay in the Royal Navy while the messing allowances and arrangements were much

better. For instance, you would see a van arrive alongside the ship in Portsmouth Dockyard, loaded with trays of fresh cod cutlets for breakfast, and we carried a staff of cooks about double the number allowed in the Royal Navy. A very up to date kitchen adjoining the cook's galley had been built on the upper deck, with electric potato peelers and dough mixers and many other then new inventions. But there was one thing lacking which caused a good deal of amusement for the other ships' companies in the same basin. There was no issue of rum, and consequently the familiar grog -tub was missing from the after deck. I mention this fact as I served three years in the "Rainbow", and no rum ration was allowed during that period and there was nothing to take its place. On reading a recent article in a Canadian magazine I found that rum is issued to those who require it, so I am under the impression that this alteration must have been made during the war.

The old Packing Case having found a resting place in the electrical storeroom, we sailed from Portsmouth on August 14th, 1910, with stores to last for two years. At the moment of sailing I received on board a complete Marconi wireless set, with an operator who had to make the trip to Esquimalt with us. Our first call was at Plymouth where I had to discharge six 14-inch torpedoes for the "Niobe". Then we sailed for Las Palmas. By this time we had fitted the wireless set and were able to keep up communications with the Admiralty, and also receive the daily news bulletins.

As is usual in a newly commissioned ship, most of the time was spent in drills and evolutions and cleaning ship, and by the time we reached Las Palmas we were looking very smart and to all appearances everyone seemed to have shaken down and was quite happy. The only

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incident of note I can call to mind was a cricket match in which I played against a team from the Eastern Telegraph Company, the wicket being of coconut matting, and the outfield very rough and hard, which caused much amusement in fielding the ball. As soon as we had coaled and taken in water we sailed for Rio de Janeiro. Fine weather prevailed and plenty of drills and games on deck and a canvas bath all helped to pass away the time and kept everyone fit and happy. I should like to mention that we had fine weather during the whole of this long trip from Portsmouth to Esquimalt. We did not even get a wet deck due to seas, and the only wet and uncomfortable weather was during our passage through the Straits of Magellan. We carried out the old ceremony of "Crossing the Line" which caused much fun, and from this was built up a very fine concert party, and we soon found out that we had some good talent in this line on board.

It was a wonderful experience entering the beautiful harbour of Rio through the entrance, which opened out to us the glorious scenery in the midst of which stood this delightful city. After salutes had been fired, we cleaned up ready to receive the city officials, and I believe it was the cruiser "Royalist" we found here and of course we were boarded by her captain. I remember having a very interesting run round on shore here. What struck me most was a wonderful avenue of palms and the beautiful buildings, especially when one remembers the numerous revolutions and riots which occurred here.

All was quiet during our stay except that there was a strike amongst the natives coaling our ship. As far as I could understand they wanted more pay, better food, and that no member

of our ship's company should be allowed to assist in the coaling. This was put right by pay equal to £1 per day. A large tug was placed alongside with a fully equipped table laid for meals with serviettes, toothpicks and waiters to attend all complete, and the only sailors allowed to handle the coal were the engine room ratings checking weight and stokers trimming bunkers.

I discovered that the carpenter of the "Royalist" was my old friend of the "Thetis", so I asked him to dine with me the night before we sailed. It so happened that his captain was dining with ours the same night so they came alongside together in the galley. We had a most interesting evening in the mess, swapping old yarns, and also talking of the future. My friend was rather surprised at what he saw in our mess, as it being a similar mess to the "Thetis" one did not expect to see much difference in mess furniture or mess traps, etc. On commissioning we had applied for, and it was approved, that by purchase we could have some better furniture and more silver for the table. Also there being no issue of spirit we were allowed to have our wines, etc. in bulk through the wardroom mess. Early on our arrival my friend had advised us against sending any laundry ashore, as the prices were prohibitive and that it was more economical to purchase new underwear etc. During the dinner he informed us that there were no potatoes to be had except at a prohibitive price, and that they had to wait for a shipping from England, or till they went across to the Cape. It so happened that before leaving Portsmouth we had embarked a ton of potatoes, so we offered my friend a hundred-weight, as we still had over half a ton stowed on the booms in quite good condition. This offer was accepted so we promptly got a sack

down from the booms and placed them ready in the bow sheets of the galley, and when the boat shoved off no one but those in the know noticed that the galley was slightly down in the bows.

From Rio we sailed for Montevideo. We found this to be a well equipped port. Leave was given but I did not land. I remember we had one absentee, and were on the point of making arrangements about him with the Consul when he arrived alongside. We completed with coal and water here for this was our last coaling place in the Atlantic. On leaving Montevideo we shaped course for the entrance to the Straits of Magellan. What thrills there may be for those who round the Horn were never mine, but those who have never made the passage through the straits have missed a real adventure.

We called at Punta Arenas at the entrance, and anchored some distance off shore for the night. I could dimly see the outline of buildings ashore, but the weather was turning cold, and there was a good deal of mist and dampness in the air. Some of my messmates landed and from them I gathered that this was a trading station for skins and furs. One of them brought on board several skins roughly dressed and a lovely white feather boa. This he parted with in Victoria, British Columbia, at about two hundred per cent profit. For those who have never made the passage through these straits I had better mention here that no navigation marks or lights on buoys were anywhere found during the passage at this period. So it was very difficult to avoid disaster through the many dangers which appeared from one end to the other.

On account of this, arrangements had to be made

to fix a definite day's run according to the speed of the ship, so as to reach one of the anchorages before darkness sets in. There are only a few of these anchorages, as the water is very deep, and the mountains rise sheer from the water's edge on both sides. There is one place during the passage where there must be a submerged mountain and on its peak is moored just an unlighted black buoy. We took soundings with the sounding machine on going over this spot. As we approached we were veering 100 fathoms wire and no bottom. Close to the buoy we got a reasonable depth, but still too deep for anchoring, and the next cast gave us 100 fathoms with no bottom again. At this period of the year it became dark about 5-30 p.m. if the day had been fine, but if the day were dull it would become too dark for safe navigation soon after 4 p.m.

The first night we anchored off a point which was the only flat piece of land we saw during our passage. This point looked exactly like a huge cemetery, for there appeared to be hundreds of boards nailed to stakes with the names painted on them of ships which had made the passage through the straits and had anchored at this point. Of course the name of our ship was added to this novel method of recording. There appeared to be plenty of animal life on this point, chiefly birds and furry animals, but although some of the officers landed with guns, no trophies were brought aboard as far as I remember, and as darkness set in very quickly there was a danger of shooting one's friend in the dense bush. Next day was fine with sunshine, and we made a good passage to our next anchorage, passing many wrecks of fine ships piled up mostly on the northern side of the straits. Some appeared to be quite modern ships which had probably been caught

in fog or a gale of wind with rain so dense that it was impossible to see through it. I came to the conclusion that the reason why they were all piled up on the north side, was because the south side was always a sheer face of rock rising from the surface of the water, whilst on the other side were broken rocks at the foot of the mountains.

Our next anchorage was a small inlet between two very high mountains. We had just room to steam in and anchor. With a prevailing wind blowing from the land always tending to drive us astern, there was no room to swing, and anchor watch was kept with steam on the engines ready to manoeuvre the ship on her anchor if necessary. In the morning we had to back out stern first on getting under way. This day proved to be our most exciting day, and nearly our undoing. The captain and navigator had measured up the run for this day and as we were due to change over boilers, it was found that by using all boilers, and providing weather was favourable, and that no unforeseen incidents occurred to delay us, we could just complete our passage through the straits and gain one day by missing one anchorage. The glass was giving a favourable reading and it was decided to make this attempt. During this day's run we had to traverse a very narrow part of the straits called the Narrows. There was only room for one ship at a time to pass through here and before entering from either end each ship had to make sure that no other ship was making this passage, by firing a gun or sounding a syren. If no answer was received you proceeded.

The eastern entrance was made by a sharp turn. The waters through the Narrows were full of sea animals, such as seals, and these

could plainly be seen close in to the cliffs from the ship, and there seemed to be much more bird life on the rocks. All went well with our passage. I was officer of the watch in the afternoon and at 3 p. m. a very sudden and unexpected change came in the weather. The sun suddenly disappeared, the clouds became very low, and a drizzly rain started with some mist, which made visibility poor, and speed had to be at once reduced. The captain and navigator then began to get busy at the chart table. Earlier in the afternoon we passed a large raft on which seemed to be a large family of Patagonian natives. There must have been from fifteen to twenty males and females, some young and some very old, all entirely naked. They had a fire of some sort burning in a crude sort of brazier, and the oldest and youngest were gathered round this, whilst the younger men were propelling the raft by means of roughly made sweeps or oars. I wondered at the time what happened to all, if any, survivors of the wrecks we had passed, as I read soon afterwards that some of these tribes had cannibal instincts.

About 4 p. m. it became evident that we should be unable to get clear of the straits before darkness made it absolutely impossible to proceed further, and on being relieved from officer of the watch, I received orders to prepare all three searchlights for immediate use, and arrange searchlight crews for all night burning. This meant starting up another dynamo, but fortunately we were running a new dynamo fitted on the upper deck during the refit, and it was capable of producing about double output compared with those originally built in the ship, so that I was able to report that they were ready for switching on in a very short space of time. By this time we had reached the part of the straits on

the west side where they opened out a bit, and in the centre of this opening was a small island with very high mountainous rocks on it. It appeared to me that there was a channel round either side of the island. I received orders to switch on and the ship was manoeuvred so as to place her in the centre of the opening with the island ahead. On the face of the cliff on the island was a distinct white patch, which looked as though a large piece of rock had fallen. This proved to be one of our marks. On the starboard hand was a cascade of water. This being the mainland was our mark for this side, and on the port hand was a clump of growth of some sort which stood out clearly, and this was our mark on that side. The searchlights were trained on these marks, and the position of the ship fixed by them, and that was where the ship, by careful manoeuvring, had to remain for twelve hours. As soon as darkness came down it was just black, and all that was visible were the three marks referred to above. It meant twelve anxious hours for the captain and navigator, and I don't think very many turned in that night. Frequently one could hear the engine-room telegraphs working, and then the engines moving ahead or astern as required, and orders to the quartermaster for the required helm. Sometimes the engines were going full speed. This was after squalls during which the driving rain had made it impossible to see our marks, and as soon as they were sighted again, the ship was gradually worked back to her correct position. Of course this meant that we had to renew carbons in the searchlight lamps two or three times during the night. This had to be done quickly whilst they were hot, and during a lull between the squalls. Hundreds of sea-birds chiefly puffins, dashed themselves to death against the front glasses

of the lights, and we had to keep sweeping them away. When daylight came heaps of these dead birds were shovelled overboard.

To the relief of everyone, and especially the captain and navigator, the dawn began to break about five. The morning broke fine, the wind died down, the sun shone, and soon I had orders to switch off the lights, with a word of thanks from the captain for their efficiency and the able manner in which they had been handled by the crews. The ship began to proceed through the port channel and in about an hour we were out in the Pacific in open waters. Here we found a long, heavy swell, but perfect weather. The sun continued to shine, but these long, heavy swells, obviously due to a southerly gale, made it very uncomfortable for movement on board, but still we had dry decks. The usual routine was carried out. My own staff were busy fitting illuminating circuits ready for coming events, and the remainder of the ship's company still improving the appearance of the ship. She was beginning to look a real picture of cleanliness inside and aloft. As we proceeded on our northerly course we gradually lost the heavy swell but there seemed to be no signs of any other shipping, in fact we had only sighted one ship at sea since leaving Montevideo, and so we made our way to our first port of call in South America on the Pacific.

On our passage north we called at three ports. These were Coquimbo, Callao and Acapulco. The calls at these ports had been previously arranged so that we could complete with coal and water and also pick up our first mails from England. Here we found two German cruisers, and one American man-of-war of sorts. Although I don't remember the names of the German ships, I know they were two which formed part of the German squadron under Admiral Scheer

which sank our ships under Admiral Sir Christopher Craddock in the early part of the war. They were carrying out heavy gun practice during their stay. They went out during the day and we could hear the booming of their guns, and one night they remained out all night carrying out night firing. This was at Callao.

We gave leave here, and with other officers I went up to Lima, the capital of Peru, a nice city but everyone seemed nervous and in a bustle. We heard that trouble of some sort was brewing, and we were warned to avoid any crowds or assemblies. As soon as our mails arrived we left for Magdalena Bay, a quiet, but large bay in Mexico. There was no sign of life ashore here except an old building which we heard had once been a factory for the manufacture of iodine. The bottom of this bay was covered with a weed called kelp from which the iodine is made. The bay was full of every description of salt water fish and during an afternoon's fishing with our seine net, we filled the cutter with fish which ranged from whitebait to a bottle-nosed shark. Unfortunately, after examination by our surgeon, we had to put them all back in the sea, as he declared them unfit for food, and in fact they did smell strongly of iodine. We saw many sea lions out in the centre of the bay. They often broke surface with a huge flounder, and after eating it on the surface would dive again for another. During our three days' stay here, we painted aloft and outside the ship, and we really looked a smart craft by the time we left.

Our next call was at one of the ports in California, but I have lost the name, and it was at this port we met the "Algerine", one of the two sloops which, except for the "Egeria", a surveying vessel, was the only Royal Navy ship on this station.

We invited the gunner and warrant engineer on board for dinner. These ships carried only two warrant officers and we spent a very pleasant evening, and incidentally acquired a lot of information about the station. These small sloops used to carry out very long cruises south and north of Esquimalt. At about this part of the Pacific we often met large schools of turtles, and they looked like islands at a distance. We also saw large patches of the kelp I mentioned during our stay at Magdalena Bay.

At last, one day in November, we sighted the "Swiftsure" lightship which marks the Swiftsure bank at the entrance to the straits leading up to Esquimalt and Victoria, British Columbia. Nearing Esquimalt our wireless became very busy, as we were one day ahead of schedule, and so as not to upset the arrangements already made for our reception we anchored early that afternoon in a small harbour west of Esquimalt, and our illuminating circuits having been completed, we took this opportunity of trying them all out ready for the many occasions we should have to illuminate ship during the following year.

The following day at about 11 a. m. we entered Esquimalt harbour and came to anchor in this pretty little bay after our long voyage of approximately 15,400 miles. The entrance to Esquimalt harbour is very narrow, having a lighthouse on a rock almost in the centre. The harbour is irregular in shape, but what struck us most were the beautiful fir and pine trees growing almost down to the high water mark. The coast was chiefly rocks. On the starboard hand on entering, we saw the dockyard boat-slip and sheds, and the basin with landing steps for boats, and small cranes. Next came the dry dock, owned and worked by the Provincial government of British

Columbia, where all ships on this station were docked for repairs. Then came a jetty with coaling sheds, the town landing wharves, the ordnance depot and pier, then a long stretch of low land forming one boundary of the naval recreation ground with its various buildings, then the hospital and except for a small magazine the remainder of the coast was irregular rocks. On landing at the dockyard one was immediately struck with the pretty layout, for even here were fine trees between the buildings, unlike any dockyard at home.

After anchoring, we were boarded by the officer of the guard from H. M. S. "Shearwater" which was refitting here. After this we were boarded by quite a large crowd of Canadian officials. First came the Premier, Dick McBride, the youngest Prime Minister in the Empire. He was accompanied by the Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, the Mayor of Victoria, Members of Parliament and many others. Many speeches were made by these, and had to be replied to by our captain, and I think we were all glad when the end of this reception arrived, for there was plenty of guessing and calculating by the speakers. After writing a couple of letters I landed with our carpenter, and my first duty was to deliver a letter and parcel to the civilian carpenter of the dry dock. This letter and parcel I had brought from one of my messmates in the "Vernon" who had been on this station many years before. I found his friend living in a house in the dockyard. He was a dour Scotsman, and he produced a huge jar of what he assured us was the real Scotch whisky. The jar had a label marked "The Tap et K'en", and had we listened to him, I don't think we should have got very far that evening. We found that Esquimalt was but a small, scattered town, with a main road leading to Victoria about three miles away, which was made

accessible by a very good service of tram cars. At this period, Victoria was rapidly being built up, but just off the main road through the city, only timber side walks and roughly made roads were then in use. Yet when I left Victoria three years later, miles of macadam roads had been laid out with concrete side walks and wide grass laid boulevards at the sides. There was a land boom on, and building lots were changing hands daily at a profit of from fifty to a hundred per cent.

From now and for quite a long period it was one long string of dinners and other social functions, which we all had to attend, as they were in honour of the arrival of the first unit of the Canadian Navy on the Pacific Coast. Then followed visits to Vancouver on the mainland, where further celebrations were gone through, and during these visits the ship was illuminated at night and open to visitors all day, so that it was hopeless to think of doing any work after 9 a. m.

After we had exhausted all these social activities we commenced our serious business of a training ship, and already a few recruits had joined up from Victoria and Vancouver. With these and some dozen Dr. Barnado's boys we had quite a class of boys under instruction. A short recruiting cruise was suggested, and soon we left Victoria for a cruise to Vancouver, Nanaimo, Comox, Duncan and so back to Esquimalt. All these places are on the east coast of Vancouver Island, except Vancouver City which is on the mainland eighty miles across the channel from Victoria and is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Before commencing this cruise there was held a meeting in one of the dockyard buildings concerning the old

warrant officers' club and its future. This old wooden structure stood partly on piles on the shore side of the Naval recreation ground. At the time of which I am writing, it was occupied by a married civilian at a nominal rent, which was collected, and remained in the hands of the Admiralty agent of Esquimalt dockyard, who was the only person left when the dockyard closed down. Those who attended the meeting were representatives of H. M. S. "Shearwater" and H. M. C. S. "Rainbow". We were all of us Royal Naval warrant officers. The captain of the "Shearwater" was in the chair, and his secretary acted as clerk. The Admiralty agent was called in, and eventually elected as treasurer. Through this meeting we found out that all the furniture had been removed from the club, and was being used by the warrant officers of the "Shearwater", who were living ashore during the refitting of the ship. It was at once decided not to re-open the club, but to keep it in the possession of the Royal Naval warrant officers. As there were not enough of us in the "Rainbow" to keep it going as a club, and as the Royal Naval officers were so seldom at Esquimalt, it was unanimously decided to let it to a suitable tenant at the best terms possible, keeping in mind that at a future time, another big fleet might be stationed at Esquimalt, and that the club would then be required again. This course was not settled so easily as it reads here, as we had documentary evidence that the building itself was the property of the Royal Naval warrant officers, but the site at this time was in the hands of the Canadian Government. However it was all satisfactorily arranged in due course.

We found a good tenant in the chief and first class petty officers of the "Rainbow", who acquired the building as it

stood, with the furniture, to run it as a club, at a really good figure in rent, with provision, that if required by the warrant officers, only short notice was needed. Under these arrangements the club was soon put into a state of good repair both inside and out, and railed in, all this work being carried out by the various tradesmen and artisan ratings of the "Rainbow" with no expense to the warrant officers. Under these arrangements the old building became a very important place in Esquimalt, especially when the ground was opened for cricket and other sports, and was a real gold mine to the tenants. When I left Esquimalt, the club was still running under these conditions, but what happened when prohibition came in force I have no knowledge.

Now for our first recruiting cruise. Every time we had visited Vancouver City we left with our ship's company reduced by desertions, and this visit proved to be no exception to the rule. This was because of the high rate of wages paid on shore, the very easy facilities of becoming lost in these colonial cities, and the many tempting offers made to the ratings, especially the artisans. I myself received a big offer from one of the big electrical companies, after one of our visits to Vancouver during which time we illuminated ship.

From Vancouver we sailed for Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. There is a colliery here, and I understood that the miners were a mixture of British and Chinese, the British working underground and the Chinese on the surface. There were often labour troubles here, and I was informed that an

ex second class petty officer was the leader of the trouble gang. Our recruits were not coming in very fast, but I was enjoying the cruise. We ran into some quiet little bays, where there was no sign of life on shore, and here we found plenty of sport, both fishing and shooting. A day ashore, deer shooting, was always good exercise, as well as good hunting, for it wanted skill and patience to secure one.

On arrival at Comox I found much to interest me on shore, for I had been invited to visit a lady who I had shown over the ship at Vancouver. I found that both she and her husband were from old English families in Birmingham. They had a small fruit ranch of about ten acres, a couple of cows, many chickens and a horse and buggy. They had a very fine house, which had originally belonged to a pensioned Blue Marine. It had been enlarged by my friends, and stood on the top of Nob Hill. Anyone who has visited Comox would be sure to see it on entering the harbour. I spent many happy hours at this spot, and even now writing about it brings back many happy memories, such as sitting on a ladder picking and eating cherries until I could stow away no more.

Comox has a rifle range on the sand spit which forms a sort of breakwater at the entrance to a fine harbour. This had belonged to the Admiralty until it was taken over by the Canadian Government. Just outside Comox harbour we used to carry out our heavy gun practices, and inside the harbour our torpedo practices. On one of our visits here we landed the ship's company, half at a time, to camp on the spit for rifle practice. It was a real picnic and I think everyone enjoyed it. There was plenty

to amuse one after working hours, one thing being a pet bear which had been presented to the ship by the citizens of Vancouver City, as a mascot. This mascot also caused much amusement on board, and would give a fine exhibition of wrestling with one of the Barnado boys. On this occasion the "Algerine" was in port, and I had a rather embarrassing experience. I was spending two days' leave at Nob Hill, and had been pottering around doing odd jobs, when my hostess informed me that she had some guests coming to lunch. On taking my seat at the lunch table I found myself sitting opposite my own captain and the captain of the "Algerine". Imagine my complete surprise, and I know I felt for a moment rather upset about it, as I thought some trick had been played on me. However I thought, "Well, I am here, and there is no backing out now". After introductions, which of course were unnecessary, as apart from my own captain, the captain of the "Algerine" knew me well, as I had boarded his ship as officer of the guard, the conversation during lunch was chiefly concerning the general elections then taking place in Canada. This meant the fall of the "Laurier" government, which had been in power for about eleven years. It was this government that had founded the Canadian Navy, and it was well known that the Opposition now coming into power were opposed to a navy of their own, but preferred to pay a lump sum to assist the Imperial Government in the upkeep of the Royal Navy.

Soon after lunch the two captains departed, and I said to my hostess, "I shall have to offer an apology to my captain about meeting him here at lunch without letting him know". My hostess replied, "No apologies are necessary. I informed them you would be lunching with them, and they both agreed that

it was quite alright, and you were a good fellow". I found out afterwards that nearly all the captains and wardroom officers who were on the station at this period, visited Nob Hill.

Another amusing incident happened when I assisted my hostess at a fruit exhibition at Courtenay, a small town then, but I believe quite a big city now, about three miles from Comox. I drove the buggy with the fruit to put in this show. I was becoming quite expert with the buggy by this time, for you can easily have an accident with one, on account of the front wheels being only half lock. While we were placing the fruit in position on the stands, a Jap came to me and asked me to give him the name of some apples he was exhibiting in the show. I tried to explain to him that it was not in my line, and pointed out to him that there was a gentleman there who would give him the name of any new specimen that came in the show. However he was adamant, and I wrote on his exhibit card, "Johnny Walker, (perhaps)". He was jubilant and gaily placed the card on the dish of apples, but I don't think he got a prize. Even then the Japs were competing successfully against the Canadian fruit growers. I wonder how this matter stands today.

On another of these cruises we went up the west coast. Very little of this side of Vancouver Island was inhabited at this time. It is a very rugged coast, nearly always washed by a big swell from the Pacific Ocean, but there are many harbours. We visited one called the Alberni Canal, a very narrow entrance with a heavy swell rushing through, although the weather was fine. A lighthouse stands on the dangerous looking rocks on the starboard hand, but in a few minutes we were through, into a fine

waterway where all was calm and quiet. We saw the same rugged scenery, with pine and fir trees right down to the water's edge. We passed a fine bay opening out on our port hand, which later we visited and had some good duck-shooting. There was a little snow about, which had fallen recently.

We steamed many miles until we came to the head of this fine waterway. Here we found a small village of not more than a dozen roughly built and very scattered houses. The captain and one or two officers landed, but previously we had noticed just one man on the beach, who waved to us when we dropped anchor. Just as the captain was stepping into his galley there was a loud explosion on this piece of beach, and pieces of rock and stone dropped into the water quite close to the ship as the waterway was not very wide at this spot. The captain, on landing, went along to investigate and discovered the man we had seen. He owned the water front lots at this point. He was blasting to find coal, and apparently had coal right on the surface.

We found a community which had a roughly built hall, in which they held dances, and an invitation to a dance that night was sent on board for the ship's company. Quite a few landed, and were met by the men-folk with lanterns, and I heard the ratings who attended this dance say they had a very time, and had invited the whole community aboard to tea next day. We entertained two of the married couples in our mess, and we heard a very interesting story, as to how they came to purchase these lots, and the difficulty they had to locate them. Their greatest difficulty was finding transport but even at this period a small

coasting vessel called weekly from Victoria with supplies.

On inquiring what they did for a living, one said he was just working on capital, clearing his lots, and hoping for some luck in selling when the time came. The other said he was the local barber, and on my remarking that there did not appear to be very much business in his line, he remarked, "No. The people here only get their hair cut once a year and that is at Christmas!"

Alberni today is a thriving city. The Canadian fisheries on the west coast are some of the best in the world, and I must here tell you a short interesting story concerning them. Early in 1911, many complaints reached Ottawa from civilian sources that the fisheries around Vancouver Island were being frequently raided by American fishing vessels, and we received orders to stop the recruiting trips and watch these fisheries for a while. There were at this time three small vessels like tugs, employed in watching the fisheries, but they came under some government official located in Victoria or Vancouver acting for the Minister of Fisheries.

We left on this cruise and proceeded by the inside channels to the north end of the island. First of all we met one of the small fishing protection vessels, towing a huge raft of timber. On being hailed, its captain explained he had found this raft adrift, and was towing it to Vancouver. However, he was ordered to tow it into a convenient bay, while our captain made investigation and it was found that the skipper of this craft was doing a little private towing business. He had to leave his timber raft where it was secured, and proceed to fill up with stores and coal which he said he needed. In the meantime his beat on the fisheries was unwatched.

Still passing through the inside channel we anchored off a small village, and the captain and a few of us landed, and we found a wireless station here. It was a government station, but the people living here were obviously German, and our wireless operator had often heard what he said were signals from German war-vessels. What happened on the captain's report of this I have no knowledge.

A little farther north we found another small harbour where we anchored for the night, and most of us went duck shooting. In rowing around the rocks I came to a huge cave, with a beach shelving down to the water. This beach was covered with broken clam-shells. Entering the cave, I discovered a large machine for crushing clam shells, and in one corner a stock of crushed clam shells in bags, with the name of a poultry food firm in San Francisco. It was clear that a vessel came here for this shell, and using a portable petrol engine of some sort, crushed the clam shells as required, for there were many empty petrol cans in another part of the cave. I informed our captain of this, but heard no more about it.

On the next day there was a real adventure for us all. We knew that by mid-day we should be arriving at one of the halibut fishing grounds. We were due to change over boilers during the forenoon, which meant that at eleven a. m. we had steam in all boilers, about the time we were rounding the north end of Vancouver Island. As we came round the point and turned south we sighted a vessel not more than a mile and a half from shore, with a long line of fishing dories strung out from her.

A quick look through our glasses told us she was American. Orders were given to our engine room to connect up all boilers, and raise steam for full speed. A signal was hoisted at our mast head asking for the name of the vessel. As soon as this was seen by the American there was much commotion on her decks, and they began to hoist in her dories, and it became obvious that she meant to make a run for it. She looked like a vessel with a good turn of speed, and as soon as her last dory was hoisted in, she began to make tracks south. By this time we were making a good eighteen knots and the vessel was well within gun range. Signals calling on her to stop were of no avail, and a blank charge was fired from our bow gun. This also had no effect, so a shot was fired across her bows and she stopped. A boat was lowered by our ship and she was boarded by one of our officers, who brought the captain of the fishing vessel on board, where our captain proved to him by range finder and bearings that he was still within the three mile limit. After a short discussion it was decided to make her a prize and tow her to Vancouver, which meant about three days' towing for us. We found out that she was from Seattle and this was her last day out. Her holds were full of beautiful halibut weighing nearly a hundredweight each, and her last haul was still on deck, as there was no more room in her holds to store it. She was a valuable prize indeed. The fish on deck were taken aboard the "Rainbow" and used as a breakfast dish for the ship's company. The captain selected me as the officer in charge of the prize crew, and we boarded the vessel under many protests from her captain, who I soon found was going to be very difficult to handle.

We were taken in tow, and turned north to round the north

end of the island, and make use of the sheltered water of the inner channels, as a bit of a sea was getting up and by this time the best of the day-light was gone. Even with all these precautions, before we reached sheltered waters our tow had parted, but we managed to get a good hawser aboard, and were again in tow before darkness set in. This was a tedious job, and I had to keep my wits about me for the captain was making it very difficult for me. He continually asked me to leave his bridge, and he would then go amongst his crew. Eventually I had to have a good talk with him, pointing out that I had my duty to perform, and that I should either have to have him taken aboard the "Rainbow" or kept in his cabin under armed guard. This seemed to have the desired effect, and we soon became quite friendly. The next day he showed me all the different halibut fishing grounds along the Canadian coast on his chart, and told me how he located them at different seasons of the year. It was very interesting, but all the same I had a very anxious night and was glad when day-light came.

We anchored the second night, and the fishing vessel was hauled along side the "Rainbow" and I was relieved for the night, and got a good night's rest in my own cabin. Next day we were early under way, and during the forenoon we passed another vessel from the same company as our prize. A good deal of banter went on between the two ships' crews which in the end caused quite a bother on board. The captain broke out again, and one remark he made caused me to be on the alert. He said that all his men were armed and that we should be no match for them if they cut up rough, and that he could not do anything if they decided to take the law into their own hands.

Looking forward I saw some of the men coming on deck with guns and rifles. I advised the captain to go down and point out to his men that unless they put the guns away I should signal to the captain of my ship. I also told the captain that if they started any bother I had a secret signal to give to my ship, and the gun's crew standing by the after gun would blow us off the tow rope. Actually the "gun's crew" were keeping watch on the tow rope. He asked, "In that case, what happens to you and your men?". I said, "We just take our chance". This was enough. He rushed down the bridge ladder, and I saw him in conversation with his men, and soon they disappeared below. When I told my captain about this later he had a good laugh.

It was early one fine morning, but as we passed the narrows to enter the harbour at Vancouver a thick blanket of fog nearly put an end to our adventure when we were within a mile of our anchorage. I could tell that the way of the ship had decreased, and amidst the din of sirens from the ships under way, and the bells of vessels anchored, and shouting, I heard my own look-out reporting the tow-line was slack and pointing straight down from the hawse-pipe. Suddenly there was a shout which seemed to me to come from almost overhead, and it was the shout of the look-out in the bow of a huge ship. I gave a sudden order to the helmsman, who obeyed immediately, and our ship being in a tideway, her stern quickly swung away from the danger, and we only brushed sides with what proved to be a Japanese passenger and cargo ship, outward bound. It caused quite a commotion on board my prize. The crew got a bit panicky and begin to hook on the dories for hoisting out. However a sharp order from their captain calmed them down.

the "Rainbow's" arrival on the station the committee of this club used to organize and hold a regatta for the ships of the Royal Navy on the station.

From here we went to Vancouver North, a growing town site directly opposite Vancouver, and at that time a good service of ferry boats across the Fraser River made a good connection. Here we had the usual round of festivities, lunches and dinners on shore, a regatta in which two races were arranged for our boats, and at night, instead of illuminating ship, a searchlight display formed part of the items in the programme. I went with a party for a motor trip up in the mountains, taking a road which ran alongside a deep canyon, with a stream rushing down amidst beautiful scenery. Half way up we crossed on foot, a wire cable suspension bridge. We had quite a thrill crossing this. On the other side was a chute made of timbers, down which huge blocks of cedar were floated from the lumber camps up in the mountains. These blocks were used for making shingles for roofing houses. On the other side large water pipes carried Vancouver's water supply, which was piped under the bed of the ~~Fraser River~~ ^{BURRARD Inlet} from a huge reservoir and pumping station. At the top of this canyon was a large hotel where we were entertained to lunch by the Mayor and Councillors of North Vancouver. It was a very fine and interesting town, for the scenery was the finest I had seen in British Columbia.

From here we went to Nanaimo for one night, then on to Comox for a couple of days, and we next anchored at the mouth of a small river which I believe was called the Duncan River. Here we got some fine fishing, chiefly trawling salmon and some

fine specimens of both Sockeye and Steel Heads were caught here. From now on, our cruise was breaking fresh ground for us, or should I say fresh water. We went into wonderful little bays and harbours, most of them without a sign of human life, but with plenty of wild birds, and the waters generally teeming with salmon. When entering one very large bay we passed the entrance to another waterway leading off the main bay and we noticed smoke rising behind the high land at the entrance to this inlet. On investigation we found a fully equipped salmon cannery being run by a Japanese company. They had built up wooden buildings with corrugated iron roofs, and had installed the machinery and even had a small cemetery near. Apparently they were here unknown to even the British Columbian Government. They were fishing with illegal nets according to the fishery regulations, and had a service of steamers running these cargoes of tinned salmon packed and labelled to Japan and China. On our return to Esquimalt there was a conference, and the whole of the fishery protection on this coast was placed under our captain instead of under civilians at Vancouver and Victoria. A committee was formed on which I myself sat, to draw up the establishment of stores for the vessels other than naval, employed on this service, and two new ocean going tugs were brought into service.

On the next day's run we entered a waterway well north of Vancouver Island on the mainland, and we steamed many miles up this sometimes very narrow inlet. At one point we saw a few huts on the beach and some human beings could be seen walking about, but whether they were Indians or not it was difficult to decide. About fifteen miles further steaming brought us to the

head of this fine waterway, and we found a small river running into it. We anchored here for two days. The next day, while out with one of my messmates in a skiff, trawling for salmon, we noticed on the beach one side of another small inlet, a hut and a dug-out, or Indian boat, and a man and some children were waving their hands to us. We rowed in to see what was wanted. We found a very big man and two half caste children between the ages of four and five. As soon as the man began to speak we noticed that he had a real Cockney accent, and in conversation we found out that he was born in Bow, London. He had married an Indian squaw and these were his two children of the marriage. By this time his wife was standing at the door, and after a bit she was introduced to us, but she did not seem very pleased to see us, and soon went indoors muttering as she went. The man told us that he owned six hundred and forty acres of land there and that he had coal, copper, mica and many other useful minerals on this property. He pointed on the hillside to a large building and told us that it was the ruin of an old copper mine. He said he bought the property from a real estate agent in San Francisco, and that it took him six months to locate it. We took him on board the "Rainbow" and the captain and officers had a chat with him. He was given a sporting gun by one of them, and one of the ratings gave him a sailor's knife. He collected quite a store of provisions and we took him back to his estate. In my final chat with him he inquired how far it was to the nearest railhead, or port where shipping called, but I explained to him that he was hundreds of miles from either.

He showed us a shaft he had sunk quite near the water,

It was about ten feet deep, and he had a roughly constructed windlass at the surface. He went down, and on coming to the surface, hauled up a bucket of coal, and apparently he was over a coal mine. Then I understood his inquiries about the railhead and shipping but there were no means of transport except at great cost. I asked him if he ever felt lonely, but he said "No", so I told him we had passed some huts on our way up stream about fifteen miles away. He remarked, "If I have a neighbour fifteen miles away, this place is becoming too crowded for me". From this remark I came to the conclusion that for some reason he was seeking isolation.

From here we went further north to Prince Rupert, a new town in the course of construction. The roads and streets were being blasted out of solid rock. It stood on the side of a very fine harbour, with a depth of water that would admit the passage of any ship afloat. At this time the Canadian Northern Railway was in course of construction, and Prince Rupert was to be the terminus on this coast. The idea was to compete with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and with this fine harbour only half an hour's run from the open sea, it would save time in passage when compared with the eighty miles difficult channel running from Vancouver to the open sea. The railway was being constructed from two points at this time, one point being Prince Rupert. The company had two fine steamers called "Prince Rupert" and "Prince John" running a good service from Vancouver. The town was developing rapidly, and we were entertained on shore to a very fine dance and supper. I had a letter of introduction to a friend of my brother, who was a real estate agent and notary. I found this gentleman a real friend, and he was able to give me some interesting news about

this new townsite. He was an ex-corporal in the Irish Guards and he formed one of the Canadian contingent which attended the coronation celebrations in London, when the late King George the Fifth was crowned, and in doing so made the longest journey of any colonial troops in the Empire. He was at this time a militia officer.

He said that they had a very cosmopolitan population in Prince Rupert, and that he was certain there were more speaking foreign languages than English, and that the largest number of people were Germans. I had lunch with him and his wife and family, and he was very proud to point out to me that the potatoes and cauliflowers we were eating were of his own growing, in spite of a rather putrid climate. He said that they got few days during the year without rain falling, or snow in the winter. The joint was cut from a fine haunch of venison which he himself had hunted and shot. They were apparently having labour trouble here, as just before our arrival there had been some rioting, and they had had to send to Victoria for military assistance. My friend with his small detachment had not only quelled the riot, but had also arrested the ringleaders. A company of special police were on the way even then. The cause of the trouble was that the Mayor, during the election campaign, had promised increased wages to the corporation employees, and was now unable to get the vote passed by the council. As most of the population at this period were working under the corporation, it involved practically the whole of the working classes. I spent about two hours in my friend's office, and most of the time he was busy registering plots of land, and those having these lots registered were chiefly Germans. My friend asked one of them what they were going to do with all this land and he said "All

Prince Rupert will be German soon". This was in 1911. My friend remarked that they would have to kill off a whole lot of Britishers before that came off, but I often thought about this conversation in after years. Our stay here was all too short for me, for in addition to having found such good friends, it was most interesting looking over the lay-out of this growing city, and thinking of its possibilities.

On our way south again, we made another call at Comox, and I was able to spend another day's leave with my friends on the ranch. We stopped at Union Bay, a few miles from Comox, to fill up with coal. This proved to be just a very small village, but with a long pier, alongside which big ships could berth to fill bunkers. It was connected by rail to Cumberland, some miles inland, where there was a colliery. The method of filling bunkers from the pier was by tilting 10 ton trucks so that the coal slid down into the bunkers, or in our case on to the upper deck, whence it was shovelled into the bunkers. We found salmon were running here, and I went trawling in the skiff with one of my messmates, and we were lucky enough to catch two 15 pounders, and a small cod which must have strayed from its usual haunts.

We next called at a small town where there was a very large timber mills. We were invited by the manager to look over this mill, And I found it very interesting. The mill was connected by its own railroad to the vast tracts of standing timber in this district. We were taken out to the distant railhead, where we found loading operations in full swing. We could hear the axes being plied in felling these fine trees, and went out in the bush and watched

one of these giants brought down. The men worked in pairs. The trees to be felled were marked, and the lumbermen first decided just where the tree should fall, so as not to damage other timber. They then cut notches in the trunk of the tree about four feet from the ground. Into these notches they fitted iron shod boards, called spring-boards, and on these boards the lumbermen stood, one on each side of the tree, and began with a cross-cut saw to make what they called the undercut. After cutting in as far as was necessary with the saw, they began to ply their sharp Canadian axes, cutting away beneath the saw cut, this being the side on which the tree was to fall. They now shifted their spring-boards, and began with their saw again on the opposite side, cutting in to meet the undercut. They had frequently to sprinkle the blade with some kind of oil, to lubricate the saw, on account of the large amount of resin found in the heart of the tree which was very sticky. Very soon the cut began to approach the undercut and the huge tree began to tremble. The lumbermen jumped from their spring-boards, shouting loudly, "Timber!". This was a signal to the others that their tree was falling, and very gracefully the giant toppled to earth with a great crash as it hit the ground.

As soon as the tree was down, other lumbermen approached with very wide axes, and removed all the limbs and branches, and trimmed the trunk ready for transport to the mills. I had seen many different methods used in transporting the timber from the bush. In this case they were very much up-to-date, and had an aerial wire which was secured high up between two specially selected trees. On this wire was a large steel traveller, with a large pulley-block. To this traveller was secured an endless wire.

One of the trees selected was out in the bush where the timber was being felled, and the other at the railhead, and the endless wire passed round the drum of a powerful winch, driven by a donkey engine. This arrangement hauled the traveller along the fixed aerial wire to the railhead, and then, reversed by the engineer, hauled the traveller out to the distant timber. Through the pulley-block on the traveller was another wire with a strong hook, which was attached to the sling made of chain, passed round the tree to be transported. The other end of the wire was worked by a winch at the railhead, and used to lift the timber from the ground, and when hoisted as high as the traveller, the whole was hauled out to the railhead and the timber lowered on to a truck. When all the trucks were loaded, they were hauled by the engine to a wharf alongside a pond over which part of the mill was built. On arrival there, the trucks were unloaded into the pond, where the timber floated till required.

On entering the mills I got a surprise. I was expecting to see many men working, but there were only three. An engineer was working a lever which controlled some oscillating cylinders under the floor of the mill. These lifted the timber up a steep incline into the mills. Here a huge ram would push, and a claw would grip the trunk, and place it on a large steel travelling bench. On this bench stood two men, who secured the timber on an adjustable platform which was adjusted between each cut to get the various thicknesses of planks. As soon as the timber was in place the engineer would start the bench, which passed a rapidly revolving band saw, and each time the bench passed the saw off would fall a cut plank of timber. This in turn fell on to a floor of revolving rollers,

and so was carried along to a set of circular saws. A large number of these saws was operated by a man who was stationed in a sort of look-out near the roof. In front of him was a row of levers, and by means of these he lowered the circular saws into position for cutting the planks into the various lengths and widths. So we followed the timber until we came to where the planks were planed and then to the assembly room, where doors and window-frames were being constructed, and floor boards being tongued and grooved, all by machinery. The mill was run on very economical lines. The furnaces for the boilers were automatically fed by a travelling belt conveying the shavings, sawdust and trimmings from the dressed timber to them. We also visited the lumber camp, where the men were housed and fed. At the time of our arrival the tables in the dining rooms were laid ready for the next meal, and we visited the kitchen and saw the cooks preparing the food. From what we could see and were told, they lived better than our ratings on board.

From here we returned to Esquimalt. We had quite a good cricket team on board, and during the cricket season we played a great number of matches. Our groundsman had got the recreation ground into first class condition, and usually prepared a good wicket for our home matches. We played all the best teams in British Columbia, amongst them being Victoria and Vancouver. Both of these teams had a few ex-English county players and while we were on this station they played the Australians who were on their way back to Australia from England. The Army had a very good team at Work Point Barracks at Esquimalt. We generally played two matches with them. We played the Vancouver team on their ground in Stanley Park, a very fine park with some magnificent timber left standing. One of the trees

spanned the road, having its trunk cut through at the base so that a carriage and pair could drive through. I played in most of the matches and enjoyed the exercise, while these games brought you in contact with the best people, which generally meant invitations to their club dances in the winter months. We had a fine dance club in the "Rainbow" and held our monthly dances in the season in one of the large unused storerooms in the Dockyard. So we were always in a position to return the invitations. We had a fairly strong batting side in the field, and our first lieutenant, paymaster commander and two seamen were our best bowlers. I myself was put on to bowl once. We had been in the field many hours, and the opposing side still had three wickets to fall. I believe nearly the whole side except the wicketkeeper had one or two overs. Then my turn came, and I took the remaining three wickets in two overs for no runs, to my complete surprise. However, after this I was often put on as a change bowler with fair success.

We had a very smart wicketkeeper, a young seaman who learnt his cricket in the training-ship "Mercury" under C. B. Fry. This lad was sought after by many teams and I know had many tempting offers put in his way. Some clubs wanted to purchase his discharge. Even clubs in the States were after him, for there was quite a lot of cricket played on this coast in the U. S. A., Seattle and Portland Oregon having strong teams. However, he remained with us until his two years service came to an end, and then returned to England. We also had a leading seaman, a splendid left-handed bat, also from the "Mercury". His style of play put me much in mind of Phil Mead of Hampshire, a real plodder and always sure of making a good score. I don't think he ever reached his century while playing with us, but often got into the eighties and nineties. He also had many tempting

offers, but turned them all down. Nevertheless we did lose a lot of men by desertion.

Quite a few of the men recruited in England left us and also many of those recruited after our arrival on the station. As regards the Canadian recruits it appeared to me that it was a case of using the "Rainbow" as a winter resort, for we always had more join in the winter months, but they all left us in the Spring, when they could obtain work at a high rate of wages. At this period wages were specially high. For instance, bricklayers, carpenters, joiners and masons were getting five dollars a day, equal approximately to one pound in English money. Engine fitters and plumbers earned four and a half dollars, and even labourers got three and a half dollars. In the west at this period you often heard the remark passed, "There are no poor people in British Columbia". There was no copper coinage in circulation. For instance you paid five cents for a one or two cent newspaper in the streets of Victoria, that being the lowest coin in circulation.

Of course the coronation of King George V. was duly celebrated throughout the Dominion, and in Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster great preparations were made to entertain the population. As far as the "Rainbow" was concerned, she was anchored for the occasion near the entrance of Victoria Harbour where the people on shore could get a good view of her, dressed ship over all with flags until sunset, and in the evening was illuminated. Although I was not ashore that night I was told that the ship looked a real picture, and thousands of people assembled near the C. P. R. Hotel to see it. There was a special service at the cathedral and the officers and ship's company landed at the Commercial Wharf at Victoria

and marched to the cathedral for this service, headed by a band. The ship's company usually attended divine service at Esquimalt Church when in Esquimalt, and in this church there were two lifebuoys, relics of the old H. M. S. "Condor" which was lost with all hands during a cruise in the Pacific, and no one ever heard how or where it happened. These lifebuoys were found at sea during a long search for her.

During one of our long stays at Esquimalt, the Governor General of Canada, the Duke of Connaught was making his long tour of the western provinces. He was accompanied by the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia. The Duke paid a visit to the "Rainbow" and after inspecting the ship's company, had a long talk with our captain, and each one of the officers was introduced to him and he had a few words with each of us. One afternoon during this visit, I was officer of the day, and received instructions to get a motor-boat alongside to take Princess Patricia on a fishing trip. In due course she arrived, accompanied by one of the staff, and with our first lieutenant they left for this trip in the straits outside Esquimalt Harbour. They were not gone very long and on their return I assisted to weigh a fine specimen of a steelhead salmon which the princess had caught with rod and line. The fish, as near as I remember, weighed thirty pounds. The princess took tea with the wardroom officers before returning to Victoria, and appeared to have enjoyed the afternoon's sport, the whole thing having been carried out without any fuss or ceremony.

While on the subject of salmon, I should like to mention that the largest fish I saw taken during my three years in the west was caught in Esquimalt Harbour by two of our smallest boys. They asked to be allowed to go away in the dinghy to trawl for salmon. This was permissible providing they remained in sight of the ship. They had not

been away very long before I noticed a commotion in the boat, but from their position I did not expect them to find salmon, as they were in very shallow water. I was on the point of calling away another boat to find out what was happening when, looking through my glasses, I saw them both busy with gaff and net, and they hauled on board a salmon weighing nearly sixty pounds. This one must have lost its way for it was unusual to find them in the harbour.

We were playing cricket on our recreation ground one day against a Victoria team, when who should I see fielding for them but one of our lost seamen who had been a deserter for some months. I was not the only one who noticed him for our captain, who was watching the game, came and asked me if I had recognised him, and when the first lieutenant had finished his innings he was informed. It so happened that a detective of the Victoria Police Force was also a spectator and when approached by the first lieutenant he said he had a warrant for his arrest in his pocket. The arrest was made quietly when the innings was finished and the man was taken to the ship under escort. He was sentenced to a term of detention, but as there was no naval prison he was sent to the military prison at Work Point Barracks. Soon after this we were playing the military at these barracks. After I had batted, one of the officers whom I knew very well asked me if I would take a drink with him and we walked to the officer's mess. As we entered the gate which opened to a lawn, there sat our deserter, smoking a cigar and with a long glass of beer in front of him. I mentioned the matter to my friend, who explained that they were short of stewards in the mess, and as this man was the only prisoner in the detention quarters, and had volunteered to fill the vacancy, he was given the job.

During the summer of 1912 the active service Royal Navy

ratings who had been lent to the Canadian Government for two years were sent home, and most of the Royal Navy officers went with them. Our captain, who had relieved the captain who commissioned the ship at Portsmouth, had retired from the Royal Navy and joined the Canadian Navy permanently. Some of the officers, myself among them, were lent for another year.

I should like to describe a visit the officers paid to a salmon canning factory in Esquimalt Harbour. I was very interested in this because of the hygienic methods used. This was only a small factory but during the season it dealt with nine thousand salmon a day. The scows, or barges, arrived alongside the factory wharf, having come in from the traps round the coast, at 9 a.m. regularly. The salmon were at once taken in hand. A sort of dredger carried them from the scow into the factory where they were dumped into a huge trough of running water, and this was the only place where the fish were handled by human beings during the whole process of canning. It is extraordinary but true that the salmon were all of uniform size, and it is really unusual to find a very large or very small fish in any catch. This fact made it possible to adjust the machinery to suit the process without any hitch. The scrubbing of the outside of the fish was done by hand by Indian women. The fish were then placed on a travelling belt which carried them to an ingenious machine called the "iron Chink". When the fish arrived at this machine, guides made the belt take a turn which placed the fish on its back, and as it passed under a sharp knife it was ripped open, and a revolving brush together with a powerful jet of water washed all the gut clean out. As the belt proceeded, another arrangement on the same machine cut off the head and shoulders of the fish and this fell through a trap into a receiver. The same knife,

coming down at regular intervals, cut the prime parts of the salmon into neat slices, but the tail also fell through the trap. Then another belt from another direction fed into the machine the tins without the tops, and a slice of salmon was neatly placed in each tin. As the belt proceeded, a lid dropped on to each tin and was pressed lightly on by a metal disc. The belt then passed over a furnace which kept a gutter of solder hot and ready for use. As the tins arrived at this point, the belt took a twist which turned the tins bottom up, but at a slight angle and the tins revolved through the solder, and the lids were fixed. The belt next carried them to a line of ovens, where they were placed on steel trays and placed in the ovens for cooking at a set temperature for a set time. As they were taken from the ovens, a party of Japs made rapid work of soldering the small vent in the lids, with electric soldering irons. The trays of tins were then lifted by slings and dipped into a bath of caustic soda water, to clean off any grease, and after being washed with clean water, were dipped in lacquer to prevent rusting. They were now taken to a cooling room, to cool under a draught made by electric fans. It was amusing listening to the noise made by the contraction of the tins in this cooling process. It sounded like a rifle range in full swing. We were asked to come to the factory again at 5 p.m. and on our arrival we were first shown the canning part of the factory, which had been washed down and looked beautifully clean with not even a smell of fish remaining. One could hardly believe that nine thousand salmon had that day passed through that room and were now in tins ready for transport. We were then taken to the packing room, and here the day's consignment was being labelled and packed in wooden cases, with the firm's trade mark stamped on the outside. On leaving the factory, we were each presented with a large tin of salmon

and a whole fish from the day's catch. It seems to me I have always relished tinned salmon since that day more than ever before.

Victoria Day, Queen Victoria's birthday, was observed as a general holiday in British Columbia, and in Victoria a very fine regatta was held on one of the large lagoons on the outskirts of the city. It seemed to me that everyone flocked to this lagoon and the surrounding grounds on these occasions, as other sports were held on the shores of the lagoon, in which there were always plenty of competitors. Some fine boat races could be seen here, but the race that thrilled me more than any other was the war-canoe race by crews of Siwash Indians in their old time Indian costumes. These boats carried a crew of twenty, all experts with the padule, and the boats attained great speeds. There was usually some squabbling among them as to who had won, and it required a firm body of men on the committee to settle their arguments. Another fine sight was the fleet of decorated boats and models. One of our boats usually carried off first prize. I remember once we had a cutter made into a perfect model of our then latest "Dreadnought" battleship, and it was a fine piece of work. Every detail had been thought of, model guns were turned on the lathe, and even an aeroplane was perched on a special deck. The model looked wonderful as it was towed along the shores of the lagoon. In the evening the boats competed again illuminated, and here again our boat took first prize, being a wonderful sight illuminated on the same lines as a battleship on review occasions. When my torpedo gunner's mate went to collect his prize for the illumination he also received an offer of a post as foreman with the Western Electric Light Company, but turned it down promptly.

At about this period the Indians, who had a reserve

on the shores of Victoria Harbour, now most valuable ground and required for factories and wharves, were offered a large tract of land with its waterfront in Esquimalt Harbour and a large sum of money. This was not arranged easily, as the Indians, in spite of being a degenerating race, and gradually decreasing in numbers through disease, had a long headed leader in Chief Cooper, the head of the tribe. He sought advice from the best solicitors in Canada, and before it was finally settled I understood the matter was referred to our House of Lords. The outcome of this was that the Indians were moved to the new reserve at Esquimalt where they were in full view of the ships in harbour, and we were able to get some idea of their ways of life. The Chief Cooper had a fine modern house built on the roadside running from the harbour to the station, he dressed in the latest English fashions, and he owned the latest type of high powered car. These Indians never attempted to till the soil, no matter how rich it might be. They simply fished and hunted for food and lived a lazy life altogether.

After the active service ratings had left for England, we never received any reliefs to replace them, and so we seldom left Esquimalt on account of being short-handed in the stokeholds and engine room, and in 1913 the pensioner ratings also completed their three years for which they were engaged. After they had gone, some special moorings were laid down for the "Rainbow" and it appeared that our cruising days had come to an end. Time began to go slowly with nothing much to do to pass away the time, and our navigator suddenly made up his mind to make a survey of Quarantine Harbour, not far from Esquimalt, with a view to constructing a chart, as the old chart seemed to be inaccurate. He asked me if I would assist and I jumped at the chance of some interesting work, and I enjoyed this job immensely. We had a

steamboat and skiff placed at our disposal, and with some surveying instruments borrowed from the surveying staff in the dockyard we set off. We took a picnic lunch with us, but very often we had lunch with the Medical Officer and his wife at the quarantine station. The work of taking a round of angles and measuring base lines was tiring, as it meant a good deal of climbing, but it was fine exercise. On our return to the ship each evening we worked out our problems separately and then compared notes, and we were very seldom at variance. The navigator made a new chart which he sent home to the Admiralty.

Soon after this the navigator was appointed to H.M.S. "Alg^erine" and I took over the navigation stores, and from now until I left for home I wound the chronometers and deck watches and kept their records. During this period the "Karluk" was bought by the Canadian government to take their expedition north under Stephenson, and our carpenter had to survey the ship on her arrival at Esquimalt from San Francisco, and he actually condemned the ship in his report as being quite unfit for such work. However, a shipbuilding firm in Esquimalt took her in hand and I know amongst other things a new stem piece had to be made and fitted. During this time I had the chronometers of the "Karluk" in my care, and was able to turn them over to the "Karluk's" captain with a very good report of them. He was very profuse in his thanks, and asked me to join the expedition. I declined as I was shortly returning to England after three years abroad. Also, I did not like the way this expedition was organised, and I was not really surprised when I read the news of its failure and the loss of the "Karluk" by crushing in the ice. One of our engine room artificers sailed in her as chief engineer and I corresponded with him for some time. He survived and returned, but a half of the party was lost.

At about this time the H.M.S. "New Zealand" was carrying out a tour of the British Empire and called at Esquimalt for a week.

As soon as we heard of this in the "Rainbow" we thought it would be a good idea to organize some method of entertainment for the officers of the ship. A meeting was called and it was decided to arrange for a motor tour of a part of Vancouver Island, followed by a concert in the evening. A small committee was formed, on which I served, and I was deputed to arrange for the cars required. A sum of money was voted from the club funds, but only a very small part of it was actually used for the purpose. As soon as possible we got our invitation through to the "New Zealand" by wireless, and it was a good job we did this as we heard afterwards that ours was the first invitation received and accepted, and many others had to be turned down through lack of time.

I went into Victoria to interview a friend of mine as regards the best garage from which to hire the cars. "Garage!" he exclaimed, "You don't want to go to a garage. How many cars do you want?" When I told him he said, "Leave it to me and I will let you know in an hour how things stand!" By that time he had arranged for a car for each officer of the "New Zealand" attending and I could have got as many more as I wished, at no charge, the only stipulation being that the owners themselves drove them. The Devonian Club offered to provide dinner and find the artists for the concert. On the day fixed the cars duly arrived and the different officers were accommodated for the tour. I had the torpedo gunner with me, not only an old class mate of mine but also an old friend. We started in beautiful weather and drove through beautiful scenery to a lake well in the interior of the island, called Shawnigan Lake. Here we took lunch and had a

ramble to stretch our legs, before returning by a slightly different route to Victoria. The dinner was everything that could be desired and ^{te}after a very fine concert which all enjoyed we were driven down to Esquimalt Dockyard to embark for our ships after the most enjoyable day I had experienced in British Columbia.

Soon after the departure of H.M.S. "New Zealand", reliefs for the carpenter, gunner and myself arrived from the "Niobe" and the transfer of stores began. By this time we had been practically reduced to a nucleus crew. The captain lived ashore in the hospital grounds, there was only one wardroom officer who also lived ashore, so the wardroom mess was closed. So it looked as if the "Rainbow" had finished her service. After I had transferred my stores to one of the warrant officers who had arrived from the "Niobe" I made a water trip to Comox in the old "Queen Charlotte," a very old C.P.R. coastal steamer, to say goodbye to my friends there, and soon after that we received our sailing orders for England.

As regards our passage home we were permitted to choose between the Canadian government's offer of a first class passage by C.P.R. and liner, or accepting a lump sum and finding our own passage. As I wanted to arrange a break of a few days at Ottawa on my way across by train to visit my brother and his wife who were living there, both the carpenter and myself accepted the cash offer, and incidentally, by travelling tourist on the train and what was termed 'one class only' on the boat, we saved a sum of fifteen pounds each on the trip. The day arrived at last when we had to say our farewells to all on the "Rainbow" and I was sorry to leave the old ship even though I was homeward bound and looking forward to meeting my wife and family from whom I had now been parted for over three years. I thought too, that the old ship would

soon be on the scrap heap.

But this was not to be yet, for in less than a year, on the declaration of the Great War, she was recommissioned, and one of my brothers, a torpedo gunner, was one of the warrant officers, and actually took over my job on his arrival. The "Rainbow" and two submarines purchased from the United States made a demonstration outside the Straits of Juan de Fuca and scared away the two German cruisers which had been hunting the "Shearwater" in the Pacific. This little sloop was in one of the ports of Central America when war was declared and made a dash for Esquimalt, and after a hair-raising trip dodged the Germans and arrived safely. So the old "Rainbow" did some useful work despite the failure to tempt recruits to join in peace time.

On the 17th. August, 1913, the old packing case came into the daylight again, and was duly packed for passage to England. After getting all my baggage together I found that owing to a limit in the amount of luggage allowed on the train and ship, the case had to be left in the charge of the naval store officer at Esquimalt Dockyard to be forwarded separately to England. When the carpenter and I booked our passages, we were unable to secure a whole section on the train and had to be content with a lower berth each on opposite sides of the coach. Our sea passage was to be made in the S.S. "Teutonic," then running under the White Star Dominion Line. This ship was running as one class, and we obtained a fine two berth cabin on the upper deck.

The last night in Victoria we spent with friends, and next morning they all accompanied us to the C.P.R. wharf where we were due to start our journey in one of the regular steamers running from Victoria and Vancouver. Just before the time for us to go aboard, who should arrive but our captain, who had motored from Esquimalt to see us

off. And so at last we moved out of Victoria Harbour for our interesting journey across Canada. Passing through one of the narrow waterways we found the forest on fire on one side. The huge trees were glowing red from the base to the top and it looked as if a very large area was involved. We arrived in good time at Vancouver and as we had some time to wait before our train left we decided on a last look over the city. It had grown in three years beyond all expectation, and at the time thousands of emigrants were pouring in every week. This had taxed the available accommodation to the limit, and most of the newcomers had to go under canvas until shacks could be erected for them.

At last came the time for us to make our way to the C.P.R. depot. Here we found our train already waiting, and on showing our album of tickets to the conductor, were shown to our berths. This was the first time I had travelled on one of these fine trains. We had time before it got dark to have a look over it and found everything possible done for the comfort of the passengers. Before we actually left Vancouver I discovered that my fellow passenger in the upper berth of my section was a young lady travelling right through to Montreal to catch a liner for Liverpool. Realising the difficulty of the upper berth for sleeping I offered to change berths, and she gladly consented. There was a very fine dining car on the train, but we did not make use of this until breakfast the next morning. At last we started our long journey, passing through the city of New Westminster, adjoining Vancouver. This city is very British. Soon we were crossing the Fraser River over a wonderful bridge which at this time was in the course of reconstruction. The old timber bridge, built by the Royal Engineers of the British Army when this railroad was first built, was being replaced by a great steel bridge. Crossing this you looked down into the muddy

depths of the great river. We continued passing through magnificent scenery until darkness came down and blotted out our view. Soon the coloured attendant came round to prepare the berths for the night. I turned in and found it a very comfortable bed with plenty of room. I was afraid it would be difficult to sleep, but the rocking of the train soon sent me off, and I had a really good night's sleep. Next morning we took our first meal in the dining car for we had no intention of relying on the communal kitchen. We found the menu was a long list of very tempting variety and we decided on halibut steak. When this was served we found that one portion would have been ample for both of us. Eventually we tipped our waiter, ordered one portion of whatever dish we wanted and divided it between us. Even under this arrangement we had to cut out lunch, as with lack of exercise we found two meals a day plenty. Returning to our berths we missed my fellow passenger and it was quite late in the forenoon before she came to her seat. She had provided for her meals by using the communal kitchen, and even at that time of day had been unable to get a cup of tea, on account of some difficulty with the kitchen fire and there being so many at the same game. So I persuaded her to go along to the dining car and I don't think she bothered any more about communal kitchens on trains.

During this day we were running through really beautiful scenery and it was not much use to try to settle down to reading a book, as constant remarks by fellow passengers would cause you to take another look at the country. We were now approaching the Rockies. At one station we stopped at there had been a small avalanche just before our arrival. Huge quantities of snow and ice had slid down the mountain side and enveloped a part of the platform and line. The line had been cleared

but great boulders of frozen snow still remained on the platform. We were informed that this was a periodical occurrence and did not worry anyone. As we wended our way up the western slope of the Rockies the scenery began to get more rugged, and at one point the line ran close to a very deep g^orge. We stopped here for a short time to allow passengers to get out and take a look at this wonderful view. It was really magnificent. On the other side of the gorge the mountains were snow-capped even in August, and towered away into the air, while gazing down into the gorge you could see a waterfall some distance down, which appeared to come straight out of the side of the mountain and tumbled away out of sight.

Proceeding again we came to a large railway depot and here we stopped for extra engines to be attached to the train for our climb to the top of the Rockies. Here you could see the line winding away up the mountain side like a spiral staircase. There were many powerful engines here, and great snow ploughs, kept in readiness for any emergency. Up till now we had had, I believe, two engines drawing the train, and now they attached two more in front and one behind. Soon we began our climb, the gradient becoming steep almost at once. We passed under timbered roofs over the track, which I was informed, was to carry falls of snow or rock, which sometimes came hurtling down the mountain side, safely over the track without doing any damage. It was a most fascinating sight looking down the mountain side. Our coach was about in the centre of the train, and you could see the tail end of our own train coming round a bend on a lower level, and although I had been warned to look out for this sight, I could hardly believe at first that it was the same train. Reaching the top, we stopped at Banff. Here again was lovely scenery, And I believe it was here that we got a

view of the Great Divide.

Next morning the country began to get flatter, and we entered the Province of Alberta, and soon ran into Calgary. It is arranged on these journeys that the train makes two long stops a day, one about noon and the other about six in the evening, and during these stops of about half an hour the passengers are allowed to alight and stretch their legs. It is not advisable to go very far away as the length of the stop depends on whether the train is up to schedule or not, and when the bell begins to ring on the engine and the conductors begin to shout "All aboard," you have to get back into your coach quickly or you will be left behind. We did not leave the platform at Calgary, but took a walk along the train, and as some of the passengers were getting off here, and others boarding the train, the baggage van doors were open and we saw our belongings packed neatly up in one corner. This was the first sight we had had of our baggage since registering it at Victoria, except for our suit cases which we found under our seats in our section on boarding the train at Vancouver.

From now on the country became very drab in appearance, the land being very flat, and no matter which way you looked, nothing but prairie to be seen. By this time a good deal of the harvesting had been done, but the fall ploughing was progressing. This fall ploughing, following directly on the gathering of the harvest, goes on until one day the plough begins to drag a bit, and before the day's work is completed the workers find their ploughs frozen to the ground, and there they remain till Spring. At least, this is what I was told by a Canadian farmer on the train.

Now that there were no changes of scenery to take up one's attention, one found more time to observe the other passengers.

In our coach we had rather a cosmopolitan group. There was a Jap, a young man, asking many questions in good English, and obviously making many notes of his observations, probably a Japanese agent for some big business firm. There were many Americans. When you get used to them you can tell them distinctly from Canadians, in spite of the Canadian accent being very much the same. Most of these were apparently travelling for pleasure. There was one German, a young man none too well dressed, who told us he had come to Vancouver from California. He was always taking photographs, when there was anything of importance to take. He went right through to Montreal, for on our joining the "Teutonic" for our sea passage we met him again, making his way home to Germany. I could not place him as regards his business. Whatever it was he was very discreet. In the light of after events, I placed him as a German spy.

During our stay at Calgary, one lady was brought into our coach by her husband, and she had a berth booked in the section next to my friend the carpenter, and before he left her the husband asked my friend if he would mind taking her under his wing, as she was crossing in the "Teutonic" on her way to London for some internal operation. She was an elderly lady, an English emigrant, who had been in Canada about seven years and married a Canadian. The lady was charming and in spite of her trouble she was good company and could tell us a good deal about Canadian life in the cities. Before we parted at Liverpool my friend gave her his address at Portsmouth and when her health was good enough to travel after her operation she called on him and his wife, on her way to join her ship at Southampton for her return journey to Canada.

One soon began to tire of this endless view of the prairies, and got very excited when anything cropped up to make a break, such as stopping at some point between cities to take in water for the

engine. The passengers were allowed to alight and walk up and down the track during this operation, for at this point there was only single track at the time. We were able to do a good turn to one old lady who came aboard at Regina. There seemed to be some difficulty about her berth, and after the train started again, the coloured attendant and she had quite an argument and eventually he placed her in a seat which up till now had been the attendant's sleeping place. After a while the old lady got into conversation with the young lady in my section, and between us we gathered that someone else was in the berth for which the old lady was booked. We had a talk with the attendant and I had my suspicions that he had sold this berth to a casual passenger, who should really have been travelling in what was called the day car. As luck would have it, the conductor came along to see that all were comfortable as he did at odd intervals, and we brought the matter to his notice. The outcome was that the lady got her proper berth, and the person who was in it was conducted to the other part of the train. We received thanks, not only from the old lady, but also the conductor for bringing it to his notice, and he told us that there were isolated cases like this, but that the attendant would be dismissed at the end of the journey.

During our stop at Regina, we had time to have a quick look round the city. A few years before, it had been practically destroyed by a hurricane, and we could still see the remains of some of the wrecked buildings, but a new city had been built up and seemed to be flourishing. At both Saskatoon and Winnipeg we found the central ^{R Brandon?} halls of the stations crowded with emigrants waiting for their start on the next stage of their journey. We had a walk round the busy part of Winnipeg and found it full of hustle and bustle. Everyone seemed in

a hurry here. We also had a good walk round Medecine Hat. At this city we found natural gas from the earth being used, not only for lighting purposes, but also for driving machinery in factories and flour mills. We were told that provision was being made to convey this gas by pipes along the track of the railway to other towns some distance away. The town itself was very scattered, and the surface soil and all the buildings seemed to be of a yellowish colour due to the gas. The street lights were left to burn day and night, as it was cheaper to do this than to pay an attendant to go round lighting them and putting them out.

We soon came to the Great Lakes, and the railway skirting the shores of one of these, we got a good view of this vast expanse of water. All along the shore were wharves to which the huge grain carrying ships were moored while loading or unloading their cargoes and lofty granaries in which the grain is stored ready for shipment abroad or to the various grain markets in Canada and the U.S.A. From now on the scenery began to improve again. The drab appearance of the prairies gave place to tracts of forest and farms. In this district there seemed to be general farming carried out, more cattle rearing and vegetable growing, and orchards seemed more in favour. I believe it was about this part we passed through a large railway construction camp where they were double tracking the railway.

On the morning of the fifth day of our journey we ran into Ottawa Station. As the train slowed down I caught sight of my brother who had arrived to meet us, and we were soon in a conveyance and on our way to my brother's house near the Houses of Parliament. Here we first took advantage of the offer of a bath, and we needed it after nearly five days in the train. We spent a pleasant Four days here and with my brother and his wife having plenty of time on their hands,

and the weather being gloriously fine, they were able to show us round the city in style. One was given the impression of great prosperity. The time passed all too quickly. During the afternoon of the day before we left, my brother, who was on the staff of the late Gen. Sir Sam. Hughes, Minister of Defence and Militia of Canada, conducted me into the presence of this interesting and very popular man. I had already had a talk with him during his **tour** in the west, during which he decided to mount two heavy guns in the fort at Esquimalt which had been lying by the side of the road during the first two years I was there. This meeting with the minister was at his request when he heard I was in Ottawa. We had a long talk about the Canadian navy and about defence matters at Esquimalt. He asked me what I was going to do at the end of my leave, and when I told him I was rejoining the Royal Navy he remarked "You will be required over there soon." I often thought of this remark during the war and wondered how much this great man knew of coming events. On parting, he told me he was sailing next day for England on his way to witness the German Army manoeuvres, but he was making his passage in the "Royal Edward," one of the new Canadian Northern liners running from Montreal to Avonmouth in England. As a matter of fact my friend and I travelled with my friend the carpenter in the same train next day to join our ship at Montreal, and through his quiet chat with the railway officials, my brother and his wife were permitted to go on the departure platform to see us off, which was unusual there.

On our arrival at Montreal we first of all located our ship, as we had to be on board that night, for we were sailing at daylight. When we arrived at the shed at the dock side where the "Teutonic" was berthed, we sighted our luggage again. We went aboard

and saw the purser and were shown to our cabin where we deposited our suit cases, and after a quick look round we went ashore for a walk round Montreal. Although I had visited it before, as far back as 1895, the river side was altered beyond all recognition. We got a view of the Grand Trunk Railway bridge across the River St. Lawrence, and a distant view of the Lachine Rapids, which I had seen before. But I could not remember any part of the city until I came to the Notre Dame Cathedral. This part came back to the memory, but practically every other part seemed fresh ground to me. Soon we made tracks for the docks again and went on board and unpacked what we required for the trip across the Atlantic.

Next morning when we arose, we found that we had already undocked and were steaming down the St. Lawrence. At breakfast we could see that the ship had her full complement of passengers, for practically every table was fully occupied. It was a fine day and going to the promenade deck, we got a good view of both sides of the river. The muddy coloured water was alive with all types of traffic. The one thing I missed, which in my former travels up and down the river always looked picturesque, was the old type of river steamer with the beam engine, many tiers of decks and very musical whistle. There were no particular places on shore that I could remember until we came to Three Rivers. I could recall this town, because in the old days when speeds were lower we anchored here for the night so as not to have to navigate the river at night, especially at this point where there were many bends. Late in the afternoon we sighted the bridge spanning the river at Quebec. Of course, this was my first view of this bridge, as it had only recently been completed, it being only a matter of months before this that the centre span had fallen into the river while being

placed in position. We passed under this centre span which towered above us, and turning so as to stem the tide, slid gracefully alongside the wharf at Quebec City. The "Royal Edward" which had left Montreal before we did was berthed in the next berth downstream.

As we approached the wharf, we got a fine view of the cliffs up which Wolfe's men climbed to capture Quebec from Montcalm, and we could see the monument on the Heights of Abraham, where the battle was fought. The Citadel and the Hotel de Fontenac stood out clear, overlooking the lower part of the city and the harbour. In the old days in 1894 and 1895, when I visited Quebec with the whole of the then North American and West Indian Fleet, we landed a large battalion of bluejackets and marched to the Plains of Abraham and carried out battalion exercises, so that all these places were familiar to me. Another point of interest which came into view while the ship was turning to point up to her berth was the Montmorency Falls, a very fine waterfall just east of Quebec. These falls I had driven out to see at close quarters in my previous visits, and I remember we had to cross a toll bridge, for which the passengers in any conveyance had to pay so much each and so much for each wheel. On this occasion there was no time to move very far from the ship as we were only waiting for a certain train to arrive bringing a honeymoon couple for whom the best suite had been booked. We walked along to the "Royal Edward" and the Minister of Militia and Defence, catching sight of us, had to crack a joke about 'our old tub' being so slow that they would be in England days before us. As a matter of fact, although we did not leave Quebec until four days after the "Royal Edward" we were in London when she had only just been reported at Avonmouth, as I made enquiries at the offices of the Canadian Northern Line on our arrival in London from Liverpool. The

train was very late arriving with the honeymoon couple, but as soon as they were on board we backed away from the wharf, and turned stern first so as to point down the river. It was getting quite dark by this time and Quebec and Levis, the town opposite Quebec, looked very pretty as lights were switched on.

There was a lot of traffic under way, both large and small, for this is a busy waterway. The weather continued fine and clear, so that we were able to proceed at the "Teutonic's" best speed. She was quite a fast boat, despite her old age. She had been in the Merchant Navy line at Spithead at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Review, when she was a new ship and one of the fastest afloat. We soon settled down in this really comfortable vessel, among a very friendly company of people, and there appeared every prospect of a very pleasant trip. Next morning we stopped off Rimusky, a town on the southern side of the river. Here we dropped our pilot and received some more mail bags and were able to send last postcards to our Canadian friends.

We had, of course, not seen any sign of the "Royal Edward," but we soon found that we were making our passage through the Straits of Belle Isle, instead of the southern route which we learned the "Royal Edward" had taken. By this route we stood to shorten the distance by many miles, but at the risk of encountering fog or ice-fields. That night was wonderfully clear, but about midnight we noticed the ship's engines had slowed considerably. Hearing no syren, we went on deck to see why we had slowed down. We had met with a rather large icefield and the captain was feeling his way round the edge. But in less than an hour we had steamed clear and we were running at normal speed again. This is where we gained on the "Royal Edward." Once clear of the icefield we made good progress in clear weather, and the remainder

of the voyage passed without any incident worth recording. We anchored in the Mersey off Liverpool on the seventh day out of Montreal.

Those who wished had been able to book places on a special boat train while still on board, and soon after landing we pulled out of Liverpool Docks for our run to Euston. Before boarding the train we had sent telegrams to our wives informing them of our safe arrival, and telling them when we were due at Portsmouth, whither we were both bound. Actually, thanks to a breakdown near London, we were delayed, missed our connection at Waterloo and reached Portsmouth at 2 a.m. instead of 10 p.m. having taken just sixteen days to get from Victoria including the four days' stop at Ottawa, compared with my three months' voyage out by sea. Thus ended a wonderful and interesting period in my service career.