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MOSER’S NAVAL VIEWS
ROOM 406, WORLD BLDG.,
NEW YORK CITY
You Have Done Your Part

To help win the war—win it six months earlier than anybody believed possible—we at home incurred debts for so many tons of steel and so many pounds of beans, so many feet of timber and so many yards of cloth, so many horses and so many mules, so many blankets and so many shoes.

Some of all this was used before November eleventh, some of it was not. Some of it was paid for by the preceding Liberty Loans, some billions of dollars’ worth was not. Some of it will continue to be used for months to come—all of it, because it was ready to use, helped you to win the war six months sooner and saved one hundred thousand of your comrades’ lives. And all of it must be paid for according to contract. These are our debts of honor.

Ask your folks back home how much they will subscribe to the Victory Loan. It’s a debt of honor.

This space contributed by “The CONVOY”

GOVERNMENT LOAN ORGANIZATION
Second Federal Reserve District
LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE
120 Broadway — — New York
The "Force" Will Come Across

The Cruiser and Transport Force is noted for their ability to deliver the goods. In the first few months of the war, they delivered thousands of troops to France. They "Put 'em across." And they did this with hardly the loss of a man. During this time they found ample time and money to invest in the Liberty Loan, proving their patriotism and love for their country, in more ways than one. When the boys of the service were asked to buy bonds, they did so knowing that it meant money to carry on the war and bring it to a close more quickly, for the war meant to them, exposure and little comfort, yet these boys did not think that with all the discomfort and danger in which they lived that they were doing too much, so they bought Bonds to help out, just to do a little bit more, and they did so, so generously that it turned into a big bit and the country had to admit that the fighting man was doing a lot to finance the war as well as fight it.

The Armistice stopped all action, relieved the strain, and brought relief to the feelings of all, and a release from hard duty to many, but not so the boys of the Force. They are still carrying on. Day after day, week after week they continue on the job, the same job with the exception that the tide is now flowing towards America instead of France.

And that brings us to the Victory Loan, which is soon to be launched. Will these boys say: "We have done enough, let some one else do it?" No; they will not, when the call comes they will answer in the same manner as they did in all previous loans, and once more it will be recorded, that the Force has delivered the goods, and put 'em across.

The following message was sent broadcast to the Navy on the 27th of last month:

"Victory Liberty Loan Campaign runs from April 21st to May 10th. In these three weeks every man should be at his battle station to fight for victory. The Navy is smaller than at the time of the Fourth Liberty Loan, but that is no reason why we cannot do as well or better. The Navy has won harder fights than that and it can do it again.

"Campaign plans should be made immediately, and to that end Commanding Officers should appoint Victory Loan agents and instruct them to organize detailed campaigns, co-operating wherever possible with local Victory Loan Committees. No real Navy man will need any convincing to show him that his duty in the war is not yet over. Each man must answer the country's call, stand by his post and carry his country over the top to victory. The battle is on—NOW, ALL TOGETHER FOR THE BIG FIGHT."

SIG. COWIE.
Vessels Lost and Damaged

As Prepared from the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy

On October the 15th, 1917, the U. S. Destroyer Cassin was patrolling off the south coast of Ireland; when about twenty miles south of Mine Head, at 1:30 p.m., a submarine was sighted by the lookout on watch four or five miles away, about two points off the port bow. The submarine at this time was awash and was made out by the officers of the watch and the quartermaster of the watch, but three minutes after submerged.

The Cassin, which was making fifteen knots, continued on its course until near the position where the submarine had disappeared. When last seen the submarine was heading in a southeast direction, and when the destroyer reached the point of disappearance the course was changed, as it was thought the vessel would make a decided change of course after submerging. At this time the commanding officer, the executive officer, engineer officer, officer of the watch, and junior officer of the watch, were all on the bridge searching for the submarine.

At about 1:57 the commanding officer sighted a torpedo, apparently shortly after it had been fired, running near the surface and in a direction that was estimated would make a hit either in the engine or fire room. When first seen the torpedo was between three or four hundred yards from the ship, and the wake could be followed on the other side for about four hundred yards. The torpedo was running at high speed, at least 35 knots. The Cassin was maneuvering to dodge the torpedo, double emergency full speed ahead having been signalled from the engine room and the rudder put hard left as soon as the torpedo was sighted. It looked for the moment as though the torpedo would pass astern. When about fifteen or twenty feet away the torpedo porpoised, completely leaving the water and sheering to the left. Before again taking the water the torpedo hit the ship well aft on the port side about frame 163 and above the water line. Almost immediately after the explosion of the torpedo the depth charges, located on the stern and ready for firing, exploded. There were two distinct explosions in quick succession after the torpedo hit.

But one life was lost. Osmond K. Ingram, gunner's mate 1st class, was cleaning the muzzle of No. 4 gun, target practice being just over when the attack occurred. With rare presence of mind, realizing that the torpedo was about to strike the part
of the ship where the depth charges were stored and that the setting off of these explosives might sink the ship, Ingram, immediately seeing the danger, ran aft to strip these charges and throw them overboard. He was blown to pieces when the torpedo struck. Thus Ingram sacrificed his life in performing a duty which he believed would save the ship and the lives of the officers and men on board.

Nine members of the crew received minor injuries. After the ship was hit the crew was kept at general quarters.

The executive officer and engineer officer inspected the parts of the ship that were damaged, and those adjacent to the damage. It was found that the engine and firerooms and after magazine were intact and that the engines could be worked; but that the ship could not be steered; the rudder having been blown off and the stern blown to starboard. The ship continued to turn to starboard in a circle. In an effort to put the ship on a course by the use of the engines, something carried away which put the starboard engine out of commission. The port engine was kept going at slow speed. The ship, being absolutely unmanageable, sometimes turned in a circle and at times held an approximate course for several minutes.

Immediately after the ship was torpedoed the radio was out of commission. The radio officer and radio electrician chief managed to improvise a temporary auxiliary antenna. The generators were out of commission for a short time after the explosion, the ship being in darkness below.

At about 2:30 p.m., when we were in approximately the same position as when torpedoed, a submarine conning tower was sighted on port beam, distance about 1,500 yards, ship still circling under port engine. Opened fire with No. 2 gun, firing four rounds. Submarine submerged and was not seen again. Two shots came very close to submarine.

About thirty-five feet of the stern was blown off or completely ruptured. The after living compartments and after storerooms were completely wrecked or gone, and all stores and clothing from these parts of the ship were gone or ruined. About forty-five members of the crew, including the chief petty officers, lost practically everything but the clothes they had on.

At the time of the explosion there were a number of men in the after compartment. How they managed to escape is beyond explanation.

The officers and crew behaved splendidly. There was no excitement. The men went to their stations quietly and remained there all night, except when called away to striking than the case of F. W. Kruse, fireman first class. He was asleep in his bunk on the port side, only a few feet forward of the torpedo’s point of entry into the fireroom. Four frames, eighty-four inches of side, was disrupted immediately alongside his body. He made his way through each of the three compartments, climbed the ladder to the main deck in a state of unconsciousness, and did not regain his mind until he had gone forward as far as No. 4 stack. His duty was in No. 2 fireroom, which it is believed his subconsciousness was urging him toward.

Others caught below in the crew space probably did their duty of dogging watertight doors from a like cause and in a similar state. The two doors leading into the after compartments, and the door between the C. P. Q. quarters and the engine room P. O.'s quarters were all found firmly and perfectly dogged. Yet all the men escaped up the ladder from this deck declared that from the first instant of the explosion they had been absolutely blinded. Seven men were in the after space, and about the same number in each of the two others.

Of the two other doors, that to port threatened to carry away soon after the seas began to pound in. The main mass of the wreck which dropped off did so upward of an hour after the explosion. It was at this time the bulkhead began to buckle and the port door dogging weakened. It was shored with mattresses under the personal direction of the executive. Up to this time and until the seas began to crumple the bulkhead completely, there was only a few inches of water in the two O. C. compartments; and even when the Cassin reached Queens- town, hardly more than three feet. None of the compartments directly under these three on the deck below—handling room, magazine, and oil tanks—were injured at all. The tanks were farthest aft, and were pumped out after docking.

One piece of metal entered the wash room and before coming to rest completely circled it without touching a man who was standing in the center of the compartment. Another stray piece tore a six-inch hole in one of the stacks.

The Sinking of the Antilles.

We lost the Antilles on October 17, 1917, two days out from Quiberon Bay, France. She sank in just four and one half minutes. About three hundred miles west of Quiberon Bay, Four...
of the guns crew went down with her; sixteen men of the U.S. Army; forty-five of the ship's merchant crew, including three engineer officers, a civilian ambulance driver, who had been in the French army, and one colored stevedore—sixty-one in all.

On October 15, 1917, we left Quiberon Bay, bound for America, with the transports Henderson and Willehad forming the convoy, and the Corsair, Canawha and the Alcedo, acting as escort; all followed a zig zag course, as we knew they were to be infested with submarines.

The second day out we were forced to reduce our speed to permit the Willehad, which had been feeling the effects of the heavy seas, to regain her place in formation. The weather grew unsettled, with a strong wind and head sea. Late in the afternoon fog set in and we were ordered to stop zig zagging and proceed on a straight course. Later this fog lifted and we again resumed zig zagging.

In passing through the war zone or areas where enemy submarines are known to be operating everyone is more or less on edge, and when fire was discovered early the fol- lowing morning on port side of the promenade deck, it had the effect of stimulating everyone on board to swift action. Some difficulty was experienced in locating the fire, as the ship was darkened and the passageway filled with smoke, but once located it was soon under control. I mention this only because I think the circumstances contributed to sharpen the wits of those on board, so that when the torpedo struck it was immediate and, so far as humanly possible, it was effective.

A half hour later, just after daylight, a torpedo was sighted heading for us about two pnts abaft the port beam on a course of forty-five degrees with the keel. The torpedo was seen by the second officer on the bridge, the quartermaster and the signalmen on watch; by the first officer and first assistant engineer from the port side of the promenade deck, and by one of the gun crew on watch aft. They estimated the distance from four hundred feet to as many yards. Immediately on sighting the torpedo the helm was put "hard over" in an attempt to dodge it, but before the ship began to swing the torpedo struck us near the after engineer room bulkhead on the port side. The explosion was terrific; the ship shivered from stem to stern, listing immediately to port. One of the lookout in the main top, though protected by canvas screen about five feet high, was thrown clear of this screen and killed on striking the hatch. This case is sighted as indicating the power of the "ship" caused by the explosion. Gun crews manned instantly in the hope of getting a shot at the enemy, but no submarine was seen.

The explosion wrecked everything in the engineer room, including the ice machine and dynamo, and almost instantly killed the engineer, chief engineer and four boys. The engineer room was filled with amonia fumes and with the high pressure gases from the torpedo, and it is believed that everyone on duty in the engineer room was either instantly killed or disabled but one oiler. This man happened to be on the upper gratings at the time. He tried to escape through the engine room door, which is near the level of the upper gratings, but for a moment it was jammed, and the knob on his side blown off. Unable to force the door and finding he was being overcome with the gases and amonia fumes, he managed to escape through the engine room skylight just as the ship was going under. Within a few seconds after the explosion the water was filling the head of the main engine, which was still turning very slowly. Of the twenty-one men on duty in the engine room and fire room only three managed to escape. Besides the oiler, two firemen managed to escape through a fire room ventilator. The fact that the engines could not be manouvered and the headway of the ship checked, added to the difficulty of abandoning ship.

Just as the torpedo struck us I was on the way to the pilot house from the scene of fire. Before I could reach the bridge the officer of deck had sounded the submarine alarm, and immediately sounded the signal for "abandon ship on watch, quarter-master and signalmen to their boats. Radio Electrician Watson being relieved by Electrician 2nd Class in the radio room reported on the bridge for instructions. I sent an order to get out an "S.O.S." signal. Radio Electrician 2nd Class, who was lost, remained with me on the bridge until the guns' crews forward were or- dered to save themselves. He was wearing a life jacket and was on his way to his boat when I last saw him.

When there was no one left in sight on the decks I went aft on the saloon deck, where several men were struggling in the water in the vicinity of No. 5 boat and making no attempt to swim away from the side of the ship. I thought that perhaps these men could be induced to get clear of the ship, as it was feared two suction would carry them down. By the time that point was reached, however, the ship, being at an angle with the horizontal of about forty-five degrees, started to up- and go down, listing heavily to port. This motion threw them across the deck where I was washed overboard. The ship went down vertically. The suction effect was hardly noticeable.

The behavior of the Naval personnel throughout was equal to the best traditions of the service. The two forward guns' crews, in charge of Lt. Tisdale, remained at their gun stations while the ship went down, and made no move to leave their stations until ordered to save themselves. Radio electrician Ausburne went down with the ship while at his station in the radio room. When the ship was struck Ausburne and McMahan were asleep in adjacent bunks opposite the radio room. Ausburne, realizing the seriousness of the situation, got his life preserver on saying, as he left, to take his station at the radio key, "Good bye, Mac." McMahan, later finding the radio room locked and seeing the ship
was sinking, tried to get Ashburne out, but failed.
As soon as the Henderson saw what was wrong she turned to starboard and made a thick smoke screen which completely hid her from view. The Wilhelde turned to port and made off at her best speed. The Corsair and Alcedo returned to the scene of the accident and circled for about two hours, when the Alcedo began the rescue of the survivors, the Corsair continued to look for the submarine. The total number of persons on board the Antilles was two hundred and thirty-four, the Corsair rescuing fifty and the Alcedo 117. Too much credit cannot be given to the officers and men of the Alcedo and Corsair for their rescue work and for their whole-heartedness and generosity in succoring the needs of the survivors. The work of the Medical Officers attached to the above vessels was worth the highest praise.

An instance comes back which indicates the coolness of the guns’ crew. One member was rescued from the top of an ammunition box which, by some means, had floated clear and in an upright position. When this young man saw the Alcedo standing down to pick him up he semaphored not to come too close as the box on which he was sitting contained live ammunition.

**Sinking of the Jacob Jones**

At 4:21 p.m., on October 6, 1917, the U.S.S. Jacob Jones was struck on the starboard side from an enemy submarine. The ship was one of six of an escorting group which were returning independently from Brest to Queenstown. All other ships of the group were cut out of sight ahead. I was in the chart house and heard someone call out “Torpedo!” I jumped at once to the bridge, and on the way up saw the torpedo about eight hundred yards from the ship approaching from about one point abeam the starboard beam headed for a point about midships, making a perfectly straight run (alternately broaching and submerging through apparently four or five feet), at an estimated speed of at least forty knots. No periscope was sighted. When I reached the bridge I found that the officer of the deck had already put the rudder hard left and run up emergency speed on the engine-room telegraph. The ship had already begun to swing to the left. I personally rang up emergency speed and then turned to watch the torpedo. The executive officer, Lt. Normand Scott, left the chart house just ahead of me, saw the torpedo immediately on getting outside the door, and estimates that the torpedo, when he sighted it, was one thousand yards away, approaching from one point, or slightly less, abaft the beam and making exceedingly high speed. After seeing the torpedo and realizing the straight run, line of approach, and high speed it was making, I was convinced it was impossible to maneuver to avoid it. Lt. (jg) S. F. Kalk was Officer of the Deck at the time, and I consider that he took correct and especially prompt measures in maneuvering to avoid the torpedo. Lt. Kalk was a very able officer, calm and collected in emergency. He had been attached to the ship for about two months and had shown especial aptitude. His action in this emergency entirely justified my confidence in him. I deeply regret to state that he was lost as a result of the torpedoeing of the ship, dying of exposure on one of the rafts.

The torpedo broached and jumped clear of the water at a short distance from the ship, submerged about three feet below the water line in the fuel oil tank between the auxiliary room and the after crew space. The ship settled aft immediately after being torpedoed to a point at which the deck just forward of the after deck house was awash, and then gradually until the deck abreast the engine room hatch was awash. A man on watch in the engine room, D. R. Carter, oiler, attempted to close the water-tight door between the auxiliary room and the engine room, but was unable to do so against the pressure of water from the auxiliary room.

The deck over the forward part of the after crew space and over the fuel oil tank just forward of it was pawn clear for a space astern of ships of about twenty feet from starboard to port, and the auxiliary room wrecked. The starboard after torpedo tube was blown into the air. No fuel oil ignited and, apparently, no ammunition exploded. The depth charges in the chutes astern were set on ready and exploded after the stern sank. It was impossible to get to them to set them on safe as they were under water. Immediately after the ship was torpedoed, Lt. J. K. Richards, the Gunnery Officer, rushed aft to attempt to set the charges on “safe,” but was unable to get farther aft than the after deck house.

As soon as the torpedo struck I attempted to send out an “S.O.S.” message by radio, but the main-mast was carried away, antenna falling, and all electric power had failed. I then tried to have the gun sight lighting batteries connected up in an effort to send out a low-powered message with it, but it was at once evident that this would not be practicable before the ship sank. There was no other vessel in sight, and it was therefore impossible to get through a distress signal of any kind.

Immediately after the ship was torpedoed every effort was made to get rafts and boats launched. Also the circular life belts from the bridge and several splinter masts from the outside of the bridge were cut adrift, and afterwards proved very useful in holding men up until they could be got to the rafts. Weighted confidential publications were thrown over the side. There was no time to destroy other confidential matter, but it went down with the ship.

The ship sank about 4:29 p.m. (about eight minutes after being torpedoed). As I saw her settling rapidly, I ran along the deck and ordered everybody to jump overboard. At this time most of those not killed by the explosion had got clear of the ship and were on rafts or wreckage. Some, however, were swimming and a few appeared to be about a ship’s length astern of the ship, at some distance from the rafts, probably having jumped after the ship was struck. Before the ship sank two shots were fired from No. 4 gun with the hope of attracting attention of some nearby ship. As the ship began sinking I jumped overboard. The ship sank stern first and twisted slowly through nearly
180 degrees as she swung upright. From this nearly vertical position, bow in the air to about the forward funnel, she went straight down. Before the ship reached the vertical position the depth charges exploded, and I believe them to have caused the death of a number of men. They also were the paralyzing, stunned or dazed, a number of others, including Lt. Kalk and myself and several men.

Immediate efforts were made to get all survivors on the rafts and then get rafts and boats together. Three rafts were at the time of the ship sank and one floated off when she sank. The motor dory, hull undamaged but engine out of commission, also floated off, and the punt and wherry also floated clear. The punt was wrecked beyond usefulness, and the wherry was damaged and leaking badly, but was of considerable use in getting men to the rafts.

The whale boat was launched but capsized soon afterwards, having been damaged by the depth charges. The motor sailor did not float clear, but went down with the ship.

About fifteen or twenty minutes after the ship sank a submarine appeared on the surface about two or three miles to the westward of the rafts and gradually approached until about eight hundred to a thousand yards from the ship, where it stopped and was seen to pick up an unidentified man from the water. The submarine then submerged and was not seen again.

I was picked up by the motor dory and at once began to make arrangements to try to reach the Scillys in that boat in order to get assistance to those on the rafts. All the survivors then in sight were collected and I gave orders to Lt. Richards to keep them together. Lt. Scott, the navigating officer, had fixed the ship's position a few minutes before the explosion and both he and I knew exactly the course to be steered. I kept Lt. Scott to assist me and four men who were in good condition in the boat to man the oars, the engine being out of commission. With the exception of some emergency rations and half a bucket of water, all provisions, including medical kit, were taken from the dory and left on the rafts. There was no apparatus of any kind which could be used for night signaling.

After a very trying trip during which it was necessary to steer by the stars and by the direction of the wind, the dory was picked up about 1 p.m., December 7, by a small patrol vessel about six miles south of St. Mary's. Commander Randall, R. N. R., senior Naval officer, Scilly Iles, informed me that the other survivors had been rescued.

One small raft (which had been separated from the others from the start) was picked up by the S.S. Catalina at 8 p.m., December 6. After a most trying experience through the night, the remaining survivors were picked up by the H.M.S. Camellia, at 8.30 a.m., December 7.

I deeply regret to state that out of a total of seven officers and 103 men on board at the time of the torpedoing, two officers and sixty-four men died in the performance of their duty. The behavior of officers and men under the exceptionally hard conditions is worthy of the highest praise.

The Sinking of the U.S.S. President Lincoln

On May 31, 1918, the President Lincoln, in company with convoy, was steaming on the return trip to America from France. The ships were about 500 miles from the coast of France and had passed through what was considered to be the most dangerous part of the war zone; at about 9 a.m. a terrific explosion occurred on the port side of the ship about 20 feet from the bow and immediately afterwards another explosion occurred on the port side about 20 feet from the stern of the ship, these explosions being immediately identified as coming from torpedoes fired by a German submarine.

It was found that the ship was struck by three torpedoes, which had been fired as one salvo from the submarine, two of the torpedoes striking practically together near the bow of the ship and the third striking near the stern. The wake of the torpedoes had been sighted by the officers and lookouts on watch, but the torpedoes were so close to the ship as to make it impossible to avoid them. It was also found that the submarine, at the time of firing, was only about 800 yards from the President Lincoln.

There were at the time 715 persons on board, including about thirty officers and men of these were sick and two soldiers were totally paralyzed.

The alarm was immediately sounded and everyone went to his proper station which had been designated at previous drills. There was no slightest confusion and the crew and passengers waited for and acted on orders from the commanding officer with a coolness which was truly inspiring.

Inspections were made below decks and it was found that the ship was rapidly filling with water, both forward and aft, and that there was little likelihood of her remaining afloat. The boats were lowered and the life rafts were placed in the water, and about fifteen minutes after the ship was struck all hands except the guns' crews were ordered to abandon ship.

The guns' crews were held at their stations hoping for an opportunity to fire on the submarine should it appear before the ship sank, and orders were given to the guns' crews to begin firing, hoping that this might prevent further attack. All the ship's company except the guns' crews and necessary officers were at that time in the boats and on the rafts near the ship, and when the guns' crews began firing the people in the boats set up a cheer that they were not downhearted. The guns' crews only left their guns when ordered by the commanding officer just before the ship sank. The guns in the bow kept up firing until after the water was entirely over the main
deck of the after part of the ship. The state of discipline which existed and the coolness of the men was well illustrated by what occurred when the boats were being lowered and were about half way through their davits to the water. At this particular time there appeared to be no possibility of the ship not sinking immediately, and the commanding officer gave the order to stop lowering the boats. This order could not be understood, however, owing to the noise caused by escaping steam from the valves of the boilers which had been lifted to prevent explosion, but by a motion of the hand from the commanding officer the crews stopped lowering the boats and held them in mid-air for a few minutes until, as usual, they were dropped into the water. Immediately after the ship sank the boats pulled among the rafts and were loaded with men to their full capacity and the work of collecting the rafts and tying them together to prevent them drifting apart and becoming lost was begun.

While this work was under way and about half an hour after the ship sank, a large German submarine emerged and came among the boats and rafts, searching for the commanding officer and some of the senior officers whom he had left with the prisoners. The submarine commander was able to identify only one officer, Lieut. E. V. M. Isaacs, whom he took on board and carried away. Thus the submarine commander remained in the vicinity of the disaster for about two hours and returned again in the afternoon, hoping apparently for an opportunity of attacking some of the other ships which had been in company with the President Lincoln. However, this opportunity was not presented, and the submarine, steamed as rapidly as possible from the scene of attack.

By dark the boats and rafts had been collected and secured together, there being about five hundred men in the boats and about two hundred on the rafts. Lighted lanterns and cots were hoisted in the boats and flare-up lights and cots were mixed every few minutes, the necessary detail of men being made to carry out this work during the night.

The boats had been provided with water and food, but none was used during the day, as the quantity was necessarily limited, and it might be a period of several days before a rescue could be effected.

The ship's wireless plant had been put out of commission by the force of the explosion, and although the ship's operator had sent the radio distress signals, yet it was known shortly that the nearest destroyers were 230 miles away. The German submarine was therefore able to arrive for the rescue, and about an hour afterward the destroyer Smith also arrived. The transfer of the men was made from the boats and rafts to the destroyers as quickly as possible and the destroyers remained in the vicinity until after daylight the following morning, when a further search was made for survivors who might have drifted in a boat or on a raft, but none were found, and about 6 a.m. the return trip to France was begun.

Of the 715 men present, all told on board, there were lost with the ship, and that one officer, Lieut. Isaacs, was lost with the ship, and that one officer, Lieut. Isaacs, was lost with the ship, and that one officer, Lieut. Isaacs, was lost with the ship, and that one officer, Lieut. Isaacs, was lost with the ship. The three officers were Passed Assistant Surgeon C. C. Whiteside, ship's medical officer; Paymaster Andrew Mowat, ship's paymaster; and Assistant Paymaster J. D. Johnson, U.S.N.R.

The loss of these officers was peculiarly regrettable as they could have escaped.

At about 2 p.m. Doctor Whiteside and Paymaster Mowat had seen the men under their charge leave the ship, the doctor having seen to the placing of the sick in the boat provided for the purpose, and they then remained on the ship for some unexplainable reason, as testified by witnesses who last saw them, and apparently those two officers were taken down with the ship. Paymaster Johnson got on a raft alongside the ship, but in some way was caught by the ship as she went under, as C. M. Hippard, ship's cook, 3d class, U. S. N., states that he was on the raft with Paymaster Johnson and that they were both down under the water, but when he came to the surface, Paymaster Johnson could no longer be seen.

Although the German submarine commander made no offers of assistance of any kind, yet otherwise his conduct for the ship's company in the boats was all that could be expected. We naturally had some apprehension as to whether or not he would open fire on the boats and rafts. I thought he might probably do this as an attempt to make me and other officers disclose our identity. This possibility was evidently in the minds of the men also, because at one time I noticed some one on the submarine walk towards the muzzle of one of the guns, apparently with the intention of preparing it for action. This was evidently noticed by some of the men in my boat, and I heard the remark, "Good night, here comes the fireworks." The spirit which actuated this remark under such circumstances, could be none other than cool courage and bravery.

There were many instances where men showed more interest in the safety of another man than he did for himself.When loading the boats from the rafts one man would hold back and insist that another be allowed to enter the boat. There was a striking instance of this kind. I noticed that Chief-Master-At-Arms Rogers, who was rather an old man, and had been in the Navy for years, was on the raft, and I sent a boat to take him from the raft, but he objected considerably to this, stating that he was quite all right, although, of course, he was very cold and cramped from his long hours on the raft.

The conduct of the men during this time of grave danger was thrilling and inspiring, as a large percentage of them were young boys, who had only been in the Navy for a period of a few months. This is another example of the courage and bravery of the young manhood of America.

(U. S. S. Mongolia and the First Shot of the War.

The U. S. S. Mongolia was built by the New York Ship Building Company, at Camden, N. J., in 1903, and was one of the crack liners owned by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company of San Francisco, Cal. She was used in the trade between San Francisco, Honolulu and China.

In 1915 when the Allies were in such great need of bottoms to carry food and munitions across the Atlantic, she was bought by the Atlantic Transport Line, and made the passage around Cape Horn in December, 1915. She was then operated between New York and London. When the Imperial German Government placed into effect the famous submarine blockade in March, 1917, the Mongolia was armed with three six-inch guns manned by a crew of one officer and twenty-two enlisted men. She was the first ship to sail after the Kaiser's proclamation of the barred zone, and on April 9, 1917, the Mongolia encountered and engaged a German submarine in the English Channel, seven miles southeast of Beachy Head, which apparently ended disastrously for the submarine. This was the first American shot fired on the high seas after the declaration of war.

In March 1918 she was chartered by the U. S. Army to carry supplies. On April 29, 1918, she was taken over by the Navy and fitted out as a troop ship. On May 26, 1918, having taken on a full load of troops she proceeded to the rendezvous to await the assembling of the convoy, and later got under way in company with Henderson, Siboney, America, Mallory, Tenedores, Hungary and the Cruiser North Carolina and Von Steuben as escort.

The Mongolia completed the first trip to France and back in twenty-eight days, covering a distance of 7,006 miles. Shortly after her return she was continued on the job and is now bringing 'em back as fast as she can complete the ferry boat cycle between New York and Brest. The name "Mongolia" will go down in history with a work which will always have the distinction of having had the first shot at Fritz and firing the first shot of the war, which it is as it should be.)
U. S. Naval Artillery in France

It is generally known that the Navy had batteries and men engaged on the west front in France. Little has been said upon the matter however, and the excellent work done by these batteries is worth recording. The public followed with interest the reports on the shelling of Paris and Dunkirk with long range guns by the Germans. But one thing they did not follow was the shelling of these guns by the Allies. The reason is plain, it was not given out.

At the signing of the armistice there were five Naval Batteries in France. There were five hundred men in the five batteries. The guns were all mounted on railway trucks with a complete train to each battery. The crew of these trains were all bluejackets, from the gunners down.

The construction of these guns is one of the great achievements of the Navy. The guns were 14 inch, 20 caliber naval guns, mounted upon railway trucks, and were capable of hurling shells far behind the German lines. The following is quoted from the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Navy:

"The mount was designed, built and delivered in less than four months. On December 26, 1917, not a drawing had been started. On April 25, 1918, a complete gun was rolling on its own wheels to Sandy Hook Proving Grounds for long-range tests.

These guns were originally intended for the new battle cruisers, but a change of design left them available for other use. As the Navy had no immediate use for them afloat, Rear Admiral Ralph Earle, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, recommended that they be utilized for land service with our Army in France. It was more than good fortune that in these testing times the Navy had Admiral Earle, one of the ablest and fittest officers, in direction of great ordnance plans and operations. With a staff of men of like mettle, achievements have been made that will always live.

It was realized that to be most effective the railway battery must be completely mobile and independent of any permanent artillery base. The guns themselves were mounted on cars which could move freely over the French railways. It was necessary to make the repair shops and barracks for the personal mobile. Twelve cars were constructed to accompany each gun. There were machine-shop cars, armored ammunition cars, kitchen cars, berthing, crane and wireless cars. These cars, as well as the gun mounts, were all built and equipped under the direction of the Bureau of Ordnance. This battery is sufficiently mobile so that were an order to move position received while the gun was in action, gun, personnel, kitchen, fuel, berthing cars, and all could be under way in about an hour.

The land battery is manned exclusively by bluejackets under the command of Rear Admiral C. P. Plunkett. The men were trained at the Naval Proving Ground, and went to France ahead of the guns to prepare everything for their assembly. The first group arrived in France on June 9, 1918. The first gun was shipped from the United States on June 20. It was ready to fire the last week in August; but did not go into action against the enemy until September 16 in the vicinity of Laon, from which time this gun with its sister guns were engaged in firing against German bases far behind the enemy lines and hitherto completely beyond the reach of allied artillery.

The naval land batteries fire heavier projectiles and have greater range than any gun ever before placed upon mobile shore mounting. The German long range "freak" guns which fired on Paris were non-mobile. They were built
on permanent steel and concrete foundations, which were eventually sought out by allied airplanes and the guns subsequently silenced. The shells were small and specially built for long flight. This fact reduced their military efficiency. The American long-range guns, while they had a certain moral effect, were without great practical military value. The American naval guns fired projectiles approximately seven times heavier than the shells the Germans used against Paris.

In 1916 the Germans had one fifteen-inch naval gun in Flanders, which became famous through its long-range bombardment of Dunkirk and other allied bases. This gun was on a permanent foundation and could not be shifted from point to point on the front. Ours fourteen-inch guns can move from one end of France to the other, and it hurls a projectile a distance of approximately 30 miles (52,000 yards).

Briefly, the American Navy has designed, built, and is now manning with bluejackets specially trained for land service, the largest and most high-powered mobile land battery in the world. So successful have these guns been that additional orders for many more were requested before the armistice.

Now that the war is over and the question of disarmament unsettled it is impossible to say what will become of the batteries. But it is very plain that such a battery would be extremely valuable to a country like the United States for coast and border defense. These batteries could be moved from coast to border so quickly that fortifications would almost be unnecessary except at very vulnerable points, which would be greatly strengthened upon the arrival of a reserve naval battery.

The fact that America has the best railroads in the world would tend to strengthen this point. With fleets of these batteries in reserve at various points, equipped with and in company with zero spotters, invasion of the United States would almost be impossible. This is not a new idea, as this was advocated as a coast defense in this country long before we entered the war. However, let us hope that some permanent agreement is reached throughout the world abolishing the necessity of such measures to insure a people's peace.

The Cruise of the "Comfort"

f variety be the spice of life, then truly the U.S.S. Comfort has had a spicy career, for she has passed through many varied experiences since that memorable day when the United States entered the war for freedom. Formerly the "Havana" of the Ward Line, and plying between New York and Cuba, she became a part of Uncle Sam's war machine in April, 1917. The Army Transport Service, then in its infancy, chartered the ship for the transportation of troops to France. On June 15th she, with four other ships similarly chartered, set sail with fourteen hundred men of the 16th regiment, regular army. These soldiers were the first to set foot on the soil of Europe, and were received as only such pioneers of freedom could be by the French population of St. Nazaire. Thus did our ship come upon the scene in the very first part of America's participation in the Great War, and rendered service that was in every way unique and of the greatest significance.

She returned to New York during July and was immediately taken over by the Navy Department. Her first duty as part of the naval forces of the United States was as receiving ship at Brooklyn. Until October she functioned in this capacity, and it was then decided to transform her into a hospital ship to operate with the Atlantic Fleet. The work of reconstruction was carried on in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, and comprised a most complete change in the interior arrangement. From a passenger liner she was transformed into an up-to-date floating hospital, equipped with every facility and device for taking care of sick or wounded men. In the matter of medical and surgical need no expense or pains were spared to make her fit for duty. This work occupied the months from October, 1917, to April, 1918. In March she had been commissioned and renamed the "Comfort," this being thought a title appropriate to the work she was to do. Her commanding officer at this time was Commander C. M. Oman, M. C., U. S. Navy, and his executive, Lieut. Commander R. A. Warner, M. C., U. S. Navy. Ten physicians and surgeons comprised her medical staff, while the crew and other personnel of the ship made up a total of about four hundred men.

It was on April 22d that we sailed forth from the Navy Yard and began our career on the high seas. We felt a pardonable pride as we steamed under Brooklyn Bridge and down New York Harbor for the first time, virtually a new ship with a task ahead which promised to be replete with interest and eminently useful. Yorktown, Va., was our destination on this first voyage. The Atlantic Fleet was lying there and we were to serve for a short time the needs of these ships. Our first patients came aboard on May 6th, and for two weeks we carried on regular hospital work. This period was to be cut short, however. On the 19th we were ordered back to Brooklyn to make ready for overseas duty. The news thrilled all the ship's personnel as only men could be thrilled who were longing for service in the war zone. But events were shaping differently than were desired, and it was not until the fall that we finally made the start across the submarine-infested Atlantic. The months of June, July, August and September of this year brought news of German depredations on the seas, not the least of which were the reports of the torpedoing of hospital ships, unarmed, non-combatant, and trusting to at least a semblance of humanity still lingering in the Hun breast. The situation made it difficult to determine on the manner in which the Comfort should go across. For weeks it was a matter of daily comment in the press of the country, the report being that the Comfort would go alone, unarmed, uncamouflaged, "with flags flying by day and lights burning by night." Opinion throughout the country was freely expressed for and against this project. Meanwhile, however, workmen were busy making the ship fit for the trip, medical stores were brought aboard and all things were
arranged for the momentous voyage. During this time all hands of the ship’s personnel worked at high speed to facilitate this preparation. Never a word was heard of protest against the proposal to send the ship alone and unprotected. On the other hand all were eager to set forth, ready to meet whatever fate lay in store. This needs to be emphatically stated in view of utterances which appeared in certain New York papers to the effect that the crew of the ship was unwilling to undergo this great risk. No such unwillingness ever manifested itself at any time. Only disappointment of the keenest nature was felt when week after week went by and our orders to set forth beyond the net across New York Harbor were not forthcoming.

During the enforced lingering around New York the Comfort was by no means idle. The influenza epidemic was at full swing, transports were coming home bringing many seriously sick men. Land hospitals were filled to overflowing. At this point the hospital ship served notably in taking the overflow from both transports and land hospitals until she, too, was filled to capacity. In the treatment of this serious and often fatal disease a truly remarkable record was made, in the small number of deaths to the total cases treated. The ship lay off 86th street, Brooklyn, during this period in full view of all the vessels passing in and out of the harbor, our crew often casting envious eyes upon the transports going out through the net into the adventure of the high seas.

But our time was to come. On the 5th of October we again put into the yard under orders to prepare with all speed for overseas. This time we knew it was in earnest. All signs distinctive of a hospital ship were removed, camouflage was put on, lookout stations and signal tubes installed. In every particular the ship was put into shape as a transport, with the one exception of guns. Again everyone worked at high gear and on October 21st we were last out beyond the net and on our way to France. Commander Oman had been transferred to the base hospital at Brest, and Capt. A. W. Dunbar, M. C., U. S. Navy, was in command, with Lieut. Commander H. R. Hermesch as his executive. During the trip across Capt. F. D. Berrien, U. S. Navy, was in charge of the ship, the command being temporarily transferred for the voyage. We were part of a convoy of nine ships, six of whom were transports, two cruisers and one destroyer. All the peculiar sensations and hardships of travel in the submarine-cursed waters were felt by the men of the Comfort, and then some. For, as we were approaching the Bay of Biscay, after days of more or less rough going, we met up suddenly with a howling nor’wester. The convoy was completely broken up, we narrowly missed collision with the accompanying ship and then for twenty-two hours were left alone and helpless in the dangerous waters of this war zone. The storm ceased suddenly, the seas calmed and we were left a splendid, easy prey to the enemy devils that prowled beneath the waves. It is needless to say there were mingled feelings of apprehension and expectation during that helpless night. Next day we were able to rejoin the convoy and in a few hours more steamed into the harbor of Brest.

Our first load of wounded soldiers came aboard at this port on November 22, 1918. Wounded men had been sent back in small numbers on returning transports, but this was the first large consignment and the first to go home on a hospital ship. The splendid organization and equipment of the ship was now seen to be of great value, for every sort of case was encountered, demanding all the resources of a thoroughly furnished institution. As we steamed out of St. Nazaire all the ship’s company felt that it was a distinct honor as well as a deep responsibility to be bearing home the heroes of Chateau Thierry, St. Mihel, Soissons and other battlefields where American arms had acquitted themselves so illustrously. Our first acquaintance with the Azores occurred on this homeward journey. The stop was made there to put on coal, our supply having been depleted by the stormy weather encountered.

Thus began the last and most important phase of the Comfort’s career, a phase which has now occupied five months of continuous work. During this time she has made three trips to Europe, making a different port each time. On our second voyage Plymouth, England, was our destination. On the third we made Bordeaux. On all three return voyages we have put in at the Azores. More than a thousand men have been returned to America from the hospitals of England and France, almost without exception in vastly better shape than when they were put aboard our ship. Other larger ships can beat this record in point of numbers; none can equal it in the character of the work done, for transports are not equipped as this ship for the care of badly wounded men. The record of the Comfort is clear and honorable. We have played the roles assigned us, varied as they have been, with cheerfulness and enthusiasm, thankful for having had a part in the program that brought victory to our colors.
The "Siboney"

When the history of the Great War is really written—fifty years hence—and the performance of the American transports is viewed in proper perspective, the troopships will probably be classified after the fashion of the two sisters in the parable: those who sat alongside the docks and talked, and those who got out and hustled. Following this method of distinction, the world will come to recognize the deeds of many vessels whose names are now but vaguely known; among these the Siboney will surely take high rank.

The Siboney was building at the "Orient" for the Ward Line, at the Cramp Shipyards at Philadelphia, when she was taken over by the Shipping Board shortly after war was declared and named "Siboney" after the place of an important engagement in the Spanish-American War. She is 443 feet in length, with a beam of 60 feet and displacement of 11,250 tons and a speed of 18 knots. There are 475 men in the ship's company—45 officers and 430 crew, with accommodations for approximately 3,500 troops. Before the armistice the Siboney carried to France 19,910 military passengers, 2 per cent. of those taken over by the U. S. N. Transport Force during the whole period of the war. The grand total carried up to and including the trip ending March 3, 1919, was 34,379 passengers, steaming 71,425 sea miles in eleven months. Not in the service until one whole year after the U. S. entered the war, it is therefore apparent that the Siboney's collective efforts, under the direction of Vice-Admiral Gleaves, must surely have had a material effect in winning the war. She was commissioned by Commander A. T. Graham on April 6, 1918 and left Cramp's April 15, having been rushed to completion weeks ahead of time.

On April 23 the Siboney embarked her first quota of troops for France at Lambert's Point, Va., and stood out to sea to join her first convoy. The Siboney got into the game right from the start; the second night at sea her steering gear jammed, and in getting clear of the Siboney, the Aeolis rammed the Huron amidships; after an anxious hour both ships returned to port and the Siboney resumed the straight and narrow path.

Since that exciting first trip the Siboney has been a regular member of the Trans-Atlantic Ferry Service of the Transport Force, at first under the command of Commander Graham and later Captain Robert Morris, who was already a veteran of the Transport Force, having been executive officer of the Mount Vernon and commanding officer of the Lenape. Her tenth round trip was completed March 3, 1919.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of her performance is the brevity of her stays in port, both in France and at home. Since the finish of the many small jobs left uncompleted at Cramps, she has depended entirely upon her crews for repairs, and this fact makes it possible for her to confine her time in Hoboken, as a rule, within the limits of a week. She is therefore in that respect self-contained and perhaps that is one of the reasons why the Siboney's name was unknown to civilians at first—she has really never remained in port long enough for people to become acquainted with her.

Another unusual characteristic of the Siboney has been her ability to demonstrate her axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Her crew member with joy the day when, after the Orizaba had shown us a clean pair of heels in mid-ocean the pilot at Ambrose informed us that our sister ship was apparently behind us. All hands gloated over the Orizaba when she stood up the river the next morning, but our navigator was the man best entitled to grin.

Although she has had her share of sub-scares, the Siboney has come off without a scratch. During the first three trips, it would have been physically impossible for the Hun to catch us napping; every day in the week the morning abandon ship drill commenced around 3 o'clock and we secured from evening drill, generally at 8 or 9. The lookouts experienced the usual beginner's difficulty of distinguishing between John Porpoise and his German mechanical cossin; and the day after we held our first target practice with a dummy periscope, whole squadrons of periscopes were sighted.
Seattle's News Letter

Maintaining her dignity as Flagship of the Cruiser and Transport Force and upholding her reputation as one of the "First and Finest of the Force," the U.S.S. Seattle is the first ship to complete three trips as a Cruiser Transport and holds the record for the number of troops brought home by a Cruiser. Work of equipping the Seattle with standee bunks was not started until the same work on several other ships was well underway so we were somewhat handicapped at first, but this was of small moment when we once got started.

The three trips we have made this winter have been quite remarkable in the severity of the weather, and compared to those of last winter, have been almost a pleasure. With lights all night, fewer drills and watches, movies, and candy and cigarettes from the Chaplain every day, some of the crew have expressed the fear that the Paymaster would be around to collect a fare.

This, our third trip, started quite auspiciously February twenty-first, with a new Commissary Stewart. We left our Hoboken dock shortly after noon, at the same time as the U.S.S. Charleston, whose crew, made the ludicrous claim that they would beat us to Brest. When we stopped off Sandy Hook to drop the pilot, she passed us and that was the last we saw of her until she steamed sheepishly into Brest Harbor eight hours behind us, having made a splendid passage.

Eleven calm, mild days were consumed making the trip, only one electrical storm creating a slight diversion when a bolt of lightning struck the water less than a hundred yards from our bow with a crash that sounded like the discharge

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Captain Robert Morris, U. S. N.
U. S. S. Siboney

Beyond the scares that were wholly imaginary, we did run into more than one tight place. No one can easily forget "that Sunday" when we were jumped four times in one day and the soldiers camped out permanently on the boat deck. It has always been a matter of dispute among the black gang, how many turns we made that day; nevertheless we made enough speed to leave the rest of the outfit on the other side of the hill in very short order—we surprised even ourselves.

In conclusion, let us rise to remark that the Siboney has a remarkable amiable and good-natured crew, even if she does spend most of her time at sea. Perhaps that very fact has caused our men to fraternize a great deal more than if we spent the greater part of our time at the dock. We came into an awkward conglomeration; old-timers who had been in the Navy so long that they were beginning to look like ships; "wise" Reserves (the writer was one) taking their disillusionment very seriously; "boots" from the yards and training station displaying all the pitiful helplessness of the human fledgling.

In a few months all the rough edges had been rubbed down and those too smooth had been given a little edge; we had a crew that was as one man. For the past three trips we have published our own daily paper—"The Siboney Signal" yields to none in the timeliness of its editorials or the interest of its news. Not only that, but when we set out to give a dance, last trip, we made the Astor sit up and take notice.

So, though we may not have an "Ex-German Liner," or a West Coast speed king; though the few torpedoes launched at us managed, through one reason or another, to miss us; though we have succeeded in avoiding all the rocks and shoals on the chart—and some that were not there; in short, though our claims to notoriety are few, we have been doing the work, month in and month out, and when the final batting average is computed we think that we shall come pretty close to shaking hands with "Ty" Cobb.

—F. D. W.
of a six-inch gun. There was a little excitement until it was learned that we had not opened fire on a submarine pirate.

In Brest Harbor we tied up along side the U.S. Collier Proteus at eight o'clock on the morning of our arrival and provided at once to coal. With the assistance of the 801st Pioneer Infantry and coaling all day and night, we were ready for Liberty at noon and at two o'clock the Liberty Party was received with open arms by the French—shopkeepers.

In the meantime, and during the absence of the Liberty Party, the ship was boarded by some sixteen hundred officers and troops who seemed to have important business on the other shore of the Western Ocean. We promised to give them among the troops were the 101st Machine Gun Battalion and the Camp Dix Detachment of the 101th Infantry, part of the famous 27th Division, six Casual Companies, Mobile Hospital 102, and several Casual Officers.

A detailed account of the activities of the Liberty Party ashore would be censored, but it is enough to say that in three short hours the party was escorted to the dock by a committee of French civic officials and a number of those guides and interpreters (called S. F.'s) who are maintained by the French not for the benefit of American Sailors in France. While the returning members of the party, burdened with packages, were helped down the steps to the dock and into the tug, the cheering populace lined the banks and bridge and blew us a thousand GOOD BYE.

An exhibition of the efficiency of the Seattle's gun crews, an elate smoother and rough enough weather to demonstrate that a sailor's life is not all sunshine served to enliven our homeward bound trip, which started the evening of March 6th. The first few days of the trip were spent by the crew getting acquainted with and accustomed to the troops and by the troops in getting used to the motion of the ship and finding their way "up and down stairs" and out on the "front and back porches." A soldier's day on a Cruiser Transport consists of three square meals a day and a soft bunk with twenty-four hours to use it.

The third day out an object which we all were sure was a camouflaged floating mine was sighted very near the ship. In an effort to sink it and remove a menace to navigation, rifle fire was directed at it. This resulted only in knocking off a few chips, so, circling the ship, a machine gun was brought into play and a steady stream of bullets was poured into it. With the ship rolling and pitching and the supposed mine bobbing about, it was no easy target, yet the accuracy of the firing showed even some of the trench hardened army machine gunners aboard some new tricks with a Lewis. Even this stream of lead did not satisfactorily identify the nature of the suspicious object and circling again, three shots from a three inch gun were fired. Two direct hits scattered the "mine" over several miles of water and our fears concerning it.

Rain, snow burries and rough weather preceded and ushered in the Seventeenth of March, but even this and the fact that we were a thousand miles from land could not dampen the ardor of the Irishmen aboard nor prevent a fitting celebration. So a stage was erected on the Quarter Deck and suitably decorated with green bunting, and a performance quite worthy of the occasion was produced. Fourteen acts by soldiers, sailors and army and navy officers, ranging from card tricks to a female impersonator occupying the loozen and the bit of the show was the unexpected appearance of the Paymaster who sang an Irish ballad in a real Irish way.

Two days later we steamed up the North River accompanied by cheering reception committees and welcomed by the shouting huzzas of river craft and handkerchief waving crowds on the ferries, and tied up to our dock in Hoboken.

The Bride Ship

The old Plattsburg, most staid and dignified of transports, was treated to a rather rude awakening along about the latter part of January. We were laying in Southhampton when, like a bolt of rather blue bolt from the blue, some thirty English wives of American gobs and soldiers descended on her peaceful decks and made themselves secure for the voyage to America. It was in response to Uncle Sam's generous invitation to take passage for their new homes on the Navy Transports. To the Plattsburg feminine passengers were rather a novel experience, Mary, the ship's cat, being the sole representative of her sex aboard for some months past. But we turned over some of the second class cabins to them, washed out the crows on our jumpers, said "darn" when we wanted to say "cat" and left them alone. Funny thing for a gob to do, you say. Yes, it was you know, and you can rest assured that it wasn't of our own volition a-tall. The powers that be, with great wisdom and foresight, issued instructions that the first man caught chewing the fat with our new sisters-in-law would be summarily and without fail put up for the time-honored pea-coat. We left 'em alone all right—oh yes, of course. Taken, all in all, they were a pretty fairly representive lot of English girls. All of them were inlanders and the family bath tub was the largest body of water they had ever had any experience with. Hence the details of the first few days at sea need not be dwelt upon at any length. Suffice to say that the "life on an ocean wave" promptly lost its charms. But it wasn't long before they were on deck again and taking a keen interest in the many cornered side of a gob's life that they had never had an opportunity of seeing before. From scrubbing down to Saturday morning inspection they took it all in and, from the remarks, appeared to admire our way of doing things aboard ship as much as they did our manner of conducting a liberty in England. As the time of our arrival grew shorter their excitement and anticipation grew in proportion and the beautiful morning on which America never forget. Every girl was on deck and straining her eyes towards the "Land of Promise." And as we steamed slowly up the river and past the Statue of Liberty, there were many of them who found use for their handkerchiefs—and we liked them for it.

So far we have carried two loads across, the last time bringing forty-six, and the Plattsburg has earned for itself the name of "The Bride Ship." We are watching their progress in their new homes with a great deal of interest and believe that this little experiment of our Uncle Sam's will prove to be a big success.
The U. S. S. Henderson

The story of the U. S. S. Henderson is one of the most interesting that can be found among American transports. She has experienced everything that a war-time transport can experience with the exception of being torpedoed, having survived submarine attacks, a serious fire and three collisions.

She is at the head of the list in number of round trips made to France during the war, together with the Leviathan, Agassiz, Great Northern and Northern Pacific, all of these have completed ten trips. She is fifth on the list in time record for the fastest cycle, having made it in twenty-five days.

The Henderson is Naval Transport Number One designed originally as an advance marine transport with accommodations for a crew of 200 and 2,000 marines, together with horses and complete fighting equipment. In her present war service she carries a crew of 350, and owing to her stande-bunk equipment, is now practically a hospital ship, having brought home wounded for the past four trips.

She was built at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and her commissioning was hastened by the declaration of war, which took place May 24, 1917, when she went into commission under Captain George W. Steele as her commanding officer.

She left Philadelphia for New York to get her first load of troops with yard workmen still aboard and her mainmast not yet set up. She sailed for Europe without a trial trip and has the distinction of being a member of the first convoy of American soldiers and marines to France.

The passengers numbering fifteen hundred sailors and marines were transferred to the already crowded Von Steuben by the destroyers Paul Jones and Mayrant while the Henderson turned back to the States six hundred miles distant. Her situation became serious as the water, which was flooded in to put out the fire, gave her a starboard list of twenty-five degrees. Then her crew, except the minimum number needed to run the ship were transferred to the Paul Jones, which in turn put them aboard the Mayrant, which proceeded to Philadelphia and the Paul Jones stood by the Henderson through days of fog while she struggled for port. A rising wind and sea caused a sudden keel over from starboard to port, and the serious consequences of the

(Continued on page 30)
Clippings From The High Seas Press

Under this heading each month will appear extracts from the various newsy and interesting sheets published at sea by ships of the convoy.

Extracts from the S. O. S.

(This is not a distress signal, but the name of a snappy little publication as printed on a mimeograph on board the small but lively transport "Iowan."

THE WORLD WAGS ON

Ordinary news will be found on the bulletin board. There you can learn that the armistice is still in effect and that Congress is still alive and kicking, and the proposed tax of 2 per cent. on walking sticks will be reduced to one and two-thirds. We are omitting all this from the S. O. S. to make room for local stuff, which you may find more interesting.

SOLiloquy OF A SEASICK SOLDIER.

Oh, I am too young to die! If I ever make another trip it’s gonna be in a prairie schooner. I—I don’t mind the hills in the ocean if they would only stay in one place. Oh! Oh! Where’s my bucket? Hey, don’t play that Victrola; or change the record, anyway! You can’t rock-a-bye this baby to a Dixie melody or any other tune. I’ll never ride in an elevator again. What time is it? Only two o’clock? This day is never gonna end. Is that bugler blowing for chow? You don’t mean to tell me any one is gonna eat! Hey, pal, stand by. My mother’s address is—Oh, gee, I’m sick! I feel like last year’s bilge water. Why doesn’t this ship sink and be done with it? (Enter practical joker with pork on a string. Curtain.)

Newman (at the wheel humming to himself): “I am always chasing rainbows.”

Q. M.: “Oh, is that it? I wondered where you were going.”

HALF SEAS OVER ON THE IOWAN.

By the great horn spoon! This old packet lay pretty darn near over on her beam ends when the dirty weather shut in last week, oh, boy! And where were all our sea-going shipmates who wear their flat hats ashore like awnings on a drug store and are so salty they spit brine? Laid low, I’ll say—taking the bunk cure for old Mal De Mor, which is frog talk for that good old-fashioned feeling which makes you pray, “O Lord, show me a cure!” Seasick? Why three-quarters of the crew was in the hay, boots and saddles, moaning with every roll, groaning with every pitch, and heaving every time the ship came up. One lad said it felt like the ship came up every time he heaved. Even at that it’s a wonder the ship didn’t heave to.

And those after-quarters! Say, Buddy, history can tell about the Black Hole of Calcutta, but no hole was ever more damp, dark and slimy than the crew’s compartment when day broke Tuesday. Carpeted with mess-gear and broken, unbreakable cups it was a skating rink for eight lively mess tables and sixteen busy benches. To walk across the place was more dangerous than crossing Broadway in the fifties during the evening rush hour. Bodies—not dead, but wishing they were—lay here and there carelessly.

Wednesday saw an improvement. At least we had something more than sandwiches to eat and more than a handful to eat it. Anyway it was some initiation for the new bunch.

TO OUR PAL, SINBAD THE SAILOR.

“I seen a show called ‘Sinbad,’” said Slim one night to the bunch; “and if this Winter Garden gang’s not looney I sure have one awful hunch that Sinbad the Gob was some sailor, and Bagdad, his town, was some dump. He had girls who could sure hula hula, and a mule! We been kept on the jump—what! with wine, wild women and song. His booze flowed like water, and the Sultan’s fair daughter fell for young Sin pretty strong.”

“Now, why can’t we tie up in Bagdad and spend some Arabian nights? I’d like to visit this Sinbad and have him show me the sights. He’s only a Gob like we are, and he’d have us all up to his palace, where two claps of the hands mean two highballs; and we’d clap like the applause at Keigh’s Palace. There’d be barrels of booze and brand new dress blues for the old ones in case you should tear ‘em; and Inbad, the porter, if you slipped him a quarter, would slip you a key to the harem.

“Oh, why can’t we go to Bagdad instead of Bordeaux or Brest? Give me one night ashore in this Bagdad and I’ll stay safe aboard all the rest.”

New Seaman: “Gee, you can’t even get a drink of water on this ship on a health and comfort slip.”

It’s a small world after all. Last night the Radio Room heard Paris and Washington at the same time.

JACK AND DUD

Dud Gets Aboard to Jack’s Disgust

By Wes Andrews
Gob: You call yourself a savy guy? I'll bet you don't know how to get down from the Crow's Nest.

Boot: Don't show your ignorance! You don't get down from a Crow's Nest; you get it from a goose.

The Iowan was rolling like a chip, but as usual one soldier was aggressively, disgustingly healthy.

"Sick, eh?" he remarked to a pale, green soldier who was leaning over the rail.

The pale, green person regarded the other with all the scorn he could muster. "Sick nothing!" he snorted weakly.

"I'm just hanging over the front of the ship to see how the captain cranks it."

First K. P.: "Why do they always put the stew on the table an hour before mess?"

Second K. P.: "That's to scare the flies away."

"That's how we do things in the army," said Sammy, pointing to a news heading which bore the words: "Five Hundred Germans Drowned in Champagne." "Got nothing to beat that in the navy, I'll bet!"

"Oh, haven't we?" retorted his sailor friend. "My lad, that's nothing to get excited about—nothing at all. In that last little affair along the Belgian coast we sank three German submarines in port."

HINTS FOR SOLDIERS.

Don't waste water. If you have a chance to get plenty don't get too much or there won't be plenty again.

Don't call a sailor a bluejacket or a jackie.

In case of fire jump off the bowsprit and turn to the right.

SO THERE YOU ARE.

The gas-smothered soldier, scouting at midnight in the land where no man lives long, lay flat on his belly, weary and homesick. In his ears this ran like a song: "Gee, I wish I'd joined the navy."

The storm-tossed sailor, waist-deep in water, and land only five days away, clung to a stanchion—firm at his station—but the wild wind heard him say: "Gee, I wish I'd joined the army."

CARRYIN' SOJERS.

By the Bosun's Mate.

Split me flyin' jib tops'l! Ain't this old packet loaded to the gunwales with khaki? Some of 'em ain't feeling so cocky when she rolls, but there's enough on deck at that to make it worse'n Coney Island on a summer's night—just sittin' around. One of 'em says: "Ooh, gee! Nothin' to do but smoke cigarettes and look at the sea." Suppose you could only see cigarettes and look at the smoke? . . .

And all the old decks and ports and bulkheads is changed now to floors and windows and walls. I heard one big buck, looking at the patent log towing from the rail astern, say: "I ain't sure what that things is, but I think they're dragging for mines."

"Chip" told one of the sojers the ship's name was pronounced 'Ten-Wan. I-O-W-A-N—Ten-Wan. See? The sojers wanted to know why. "Because," says Chips, "it's ten to wan you'll get seasick."

One of 'em says he'd rather buck the Hindenburg Line again than this canteen line on here. Oh, well, we'll be in the States in nine days now, or near enough to smell the heliotrope cologne the Janes on Broadway use.

THE BALLAD OF "LIBERTY BILL."

"Give me liberty or give me death," said Liberty Bill one night.

"I gotta date I gotta keep or there's gonna be a fight!"

He went to the Q. M. privately in order to explain.

"Troubles of my own," said Quarters. "Your plea is all in vain."

He went to the Q. O. to give him a little spiel.

The Q. O. shook his head—he did—denying Bill's appeal.

Bill thought of the lights on River Street and his Jane who waited there.

He went back aft with his liberty blues and bay rum on his hair.

"There's just one way," Bill murmured, though not without a shiver.

Half-way down the stern line he slipped and fell into the river.

We hauled him out and pumped his arms, and before he died says he:

"It's the long furlough, boys, this time. The navy's done with me.

No more liberty lists, nor navy clothes, nor chow:

I may go to hell for ages to come, but I'm out of the navy now!"

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

Says the Army to the Navy,

You took us safe to France,

And you kept our grab a-comin'.

While we made the Kaiser dance.

You loaned us of your big guns

That raise hell at twenty mile,

And for all these little favors

We thank you with a smile.

But all that ain't a marker

To what you're doin' now—

That dodgin' subs and keepin' Fightin' doughboys full of chow.

We're runnin' deeper in your debt;

A bill we'll never pay

If we work every day we live

And live till Judgment Day.

The debt piles up with every mile

That we plough through the foam—

For, gob, you're workin' overtime

And takin' us Back Home!

These crumbs are being swept up because the editor found at press time that the paper was one column under-set, and, being an editor, he promptly passed the buck.

(Continued on page 39.)
News Items from the "Sierra"

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER J. K. KOUGHAN, U.S.N.R.E., has resumed home.

Just before the U.S.S. Sierra departed overseas for her quota of khaki clad doughboys, Captain Koughan, who for twelve years was "skipper" of the ship in the San Francisco to Sydney run on the west coast, reported aboard as aide to the Sierra's commanding officer.

Commander James D. Willson, U. S. Navy, captain of the transport since she became a regular in Vice Admiral Albert Gleaves' cruiser and transport service, accompanied the former merchant service captain over the ship explaining the many changes and improvements made. Mr. Koughan found the revelations of particular interest.

The "gossip hall," where in the old days tourists lounged as the Sierra ploughed through the peaceful waters of the Pacific en route to and from Australia, has lost the splendor of the upholstered lounges and divans, but in place have come the efficient equipment of a Navy transport. The bar has been transformed into a busy office and the salon into the officers' ward room. The ball room has given away to the crew's mess hall and the big safe where gold was carried in the other days now keeps safe the secret papers transported between Army and Navy commanders on this and the other side.

"The Sierra has always carried a precious cargo," Lient.-Com. Koughan recalled, "We used to haul gold from Australiia to the States, and now we're bringing back the boys we took over there."

The Sierra is known to the men of the cruiser and transport force as the "happy" ship. The spirit of the men aboard has given her this name. And every member of her complement, officers and men, will tell you it's the direct result of the influence of its commanding officer, Commander Willson, who as head of the family, sees to it that it is a "happy" one.

Because the United States Naval Transport Service waits for no man, Lieut. J. W. Dunn, of the U.S.S. Sierra, succeeded in marrying Mlle. Anne Marie Scielor, of Brest, France, only after four attempts and two years. Lieutenant Dunn and his bride arrived in New York on the Mount Vernon recently and newspapermen who met the vessel found in their arrival another romance of the war.

Lieut. Dunn met Mlle. Anne Marie when, as mate of a cargo ship, he was making regular trips through the submarine-infested zone to Brest. In her home in one of the quaint old seaport's stone flagged streets they used to sit and talk of the little home they were to establish in Connecticut, 3,000 miles overseas. But then came the war and Dunn entered the U. S. Navy and was attached to the Sierra, one of Admiral Gleaves' ships. The wedding was planned for the first overseas trip of the troops transport, but French law intervened; until the bans had been advertised eleven days there could be no wedding. But before the Sierra left Brest all arrangements had been made for the ceremony on the next trip.

Orders, however, sent the Sierra to Bordeaux, 400 miles to the Southward. There little Mlle. Anne Marie journeyed only to learn that again the French law interfered and that one or both contracting parties, it provided, must have lived in the city a month. That was late in October of 1918. The next two trips of the Sierra were to Bordeaux also and long distance telephonic conversations were the couples' only solace.

But when the Sierra, ordered to Brest, sighted land on February 12 and then was diverted to Bordeaux again, Lieutenant Dunn acted. Through Captain J. D. Willson of the Sierra and the Commander of the U. S. Naval Forces in France he obtained twenty days leave with the privilege of rejoining his ship in Hoboken. At Brest he told his story to Admiral Wilson and the ceremony was performed.

U.S.S. Sierra in a New Stunt.

How the U.S.S. Sierra transferred forty-eight standee bunks with the stanchions for them to the U.S.S. Powhatan at sea without the two vessels coming within ten miles of each other was told when they arrived in port the other day.

The ships were about one hundred miles north and west of the Azores, when Captain Murdock, of the Powhatan, using the wireless telephone, informed Captain Willson, of the Sierra, that he had had a bad outbreak of influenza among the troops aboard and was short of standee bunks.

The Sierra was carrying about one hundred extra standees and arrangements were made whereby the bunks were loaded on a "doughnut" raft, dropped over the Sierra's side and left to float astern to the Powhatan. Using the wireless telephone Captain Willson told Captain Murdock just how the raft was rigged. As a result the Powhatan changed her course until she was directly astern of the Sierra and, using a grappling iron, was able to pick up the raft with ease.
THE CONVOY

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The present question throughout the Cruiser and Transport Force seems to be "When will the troops be back?" It is generally understood that when the troops are all back, the Cruiser and Transport Forces' work will have been completed. The Force will probably then return to its former pre-war rating, being simply "The Cruiser Force." At the present time no one seems to know exactly what will be done, but it seems to be the general idea that the great fleet of liners now employed by the Navy will return to their commercial status.

At what date the work of bringing the troops home will be completed is vague. Probably toward the latter part of August.

It seems probable that a part of the Naval personnel employed in operating the Force may be used for a time at least to assist in operating the great merchant marine fleet, which will be released at that time. The navy is more than willing to co-operate in future with the merchant marine, which has been so sadly neglected in the past, and in which, in most quarters seems to favor maintaining the merchant marine fleet. Many of the men in the Navy would gladly continue their service on board the Leviathan, Agammenon and other ships of the Force. No doubt Trans-Atlantic service is much more interesting than ship and gun drills day after day at Guantanamo with the Grand Fleet, and through all the hard work and inclement weather which they have passed in the Force, the men have never envied their comrades in the fleet.

When the work of the Force is completed and the merchant vessels now employed returned to their former status, some 60,000 men will be released from duty with the Force for duty elsewhere; this will either mean a wholesale mustering out throughout the service or the greatly increased complement of each vessel. Of course the reserves will be the first to go, many of whom will no doubt go into the merchant marine. At the present, however, everything is an illusion and nothing will be known in regard to this until after the Peace treaty is signed and all the kinks straightened out.

The following clipping from "Navy Life" is printed for the benefit of those who were acquainted with that excellent naval publication:

"It is with great regret that we announce that this will be the last number of Navy Life. The release of many of our staff members, the unexpected decrease in the personnel of the station, not to mention delay in opening the new annex, the general unsettled status of naval affairs ashore, and various other considerations have prompted us to meet the issue squarely rather than decline by degrees. It has seemed best to cease at once with whatever measure of credit has been attained. It is hoped that no long time will elapse before another publication is put out by our men."

The passing of "Navy Life" is truly a loss to the service, their pages were clean, interesting and humorous, having done a lot to increase the ever-growing respect for the Navy in spite of many old and worn traditions.

The Navy was given a rather decided advantage by the influx of excellent material at the start of the war, which consisted of artists, newspaper men and journalists, many of whom were famous. Now that these men are returning to civil life the various station publications feel their loss extremely.

If you were willing to back the boys in France with Liberty Bonds, you should be double willing to back them now they have won with VICTORY BONDS.

The following editorial from "The Hatchet," as printed on board the U.S.S. George Washington, is reprinted here with the interest of our readers: "Mr. President, we welcome you back to the George Washington. We are proud to be entrusted again with the safe-conduct overseas of our President; we are proud to fly again the flag of our Commander-in-Chief.

"But in these few months since you stepped on board our decks, you have become something more to us than President and Commander-in-Chief. The several thousand miles we have traveled together, alone upon the seas and away from the hurrying events of the world, have given us to feel something even deeper and more intimate than the respect and affection of the seaman for his Commander-in-Chief. We are happy to have on board again our friend and shipmate. We like to feel that the George Washington is, in a sense, your home, to which you may come and rest and gather renewed strength for the tiring labors which are your lot."

"And we are equally happy, Sir, again to have on board our other new shipmate,—the charming lady who, with such sweet grace and becoming dignity shares with you your burdens and who is your only rival for first place in our affection."

WHEN THE WAR BREAKS OUT AGAIN.

When the war breaks out again I'll be there! Yes, I will!
I'll be there with an opey glass to see
Who the hell it is who seeks,
In those Rocky Mountain peaks,
One old whiskered guy who sneaks beneath a tree.

LIEUTENANT SELDON WASH GETS A BATH.

Being unable to sleep Lieutenant Wash arose at an early hour yesterday morning. He wandered about the ship in his pajamas for some minutes. No one was yet up.
Finally, coming to an open door, his curiosity became aroused and he stepped inside. To his amazement he found it to be a bathroom! He had no idea there was any such thing on ship. There it was—nice hot and cold water for either shower or tub, and all he had to do was to take off his pajamas and crawl under. He decided to soak in the tub. This was a mistake, for while he was soaking the keeper of the bath came along. He saw the door open and, taking out his watch, he was horrified! It was almost 6:30 and some one would soon be along to wash. He locked the door quickly and ran.

Alas! Poor Lieutenant Wash could not get out. He beat upon the door hopelessly for hours; then becoming exhausted he resigned himself to his watery fate in the hope that the door would again accidentally be left open the next morning. Accidents will happen!
NEW YORK DIVISION, TRANSPORT FORCE.

U. S. S. Agamemnon, arrived Brest April 28.
U. S. S. New York, will sail for Brest April 7.
U. S. S. America, due Boston April 6, will sail for Brest April 13.
U. S. S. Balclutha, due New York April 2, will sail for Brest April 9.
U. S. S. Calumet, due Brest April 4.
U. S. S. Dakota, due Brest April 5.
U. S. S. Grecia, New York, will sail for Brest April 1.
U. S. S. Great Northern, at New York, will sail for Brest April 3.
U. S. S. Harrisburg, due Liverpool April 5.
U. S. S. Henderson, due New York April 2, will sail for Brest April 9.
U. S. S. Iowa, due Brest March 31.
U. S. S. Kentucky, at New York, will sail for Brest April 8.
U. S. S. Levitavus, due New York April 2, will sail for Brest April 3.
U. S. S. Liberator, due New York April 2, will sail for Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Louisville, at New York, will sail for Liverpool April 5.
U. S. S. E. F. Luckenbach, due New York April 2, will sail for Brest April 11.
U. S. S. J. J. Luckenbach, due New York April 12, will sail for Brest April 14.
U. S. S. L. Luckenbach, arrived Brest March 16.
U. S. S. W. A. Luckenbach, due Brest April 6.
U. S. S. Mallory, at New York, will sail for Brest April 5.
U. S. S. Manchuria, due Brest April 10.
U. S. S. Maine, due Brest April 19.
U. S. S. Mau, at New York, will sail for Brest April 10.
U. S. S. Medway, due Brest March 21.
U. S. S. Mexico, arrived St. Nazaire March 29.
U. S. S. Minuteman, due New York April 16.
U. S. S. Mongoolia, due Brest March 30.
U. S. S. New Jersey, due Boston April 4, will sail for Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Northern Pacific, at New York, under repairs until about April 20.
U. S. S. Oregon, due New York April 2, will sail for Brest April 17.
U. S. S. Panama, due Brest April 8.
U. S. S. Pliedburg, arrived Liverpool March 30.
U. S. S. Cape Coal, due Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Santa Anna, at New York, will sail for Brest April 5.
U. S. S. Santa Barbara, due Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Santa Clara, due Brest April 2.
U. S. S. E. A. Obliger, due New York April 1, will sail for Brest April 23.
U. S. S. Santa Pola, due Brest April 3.
U. S. S. Santa Rosa, due Brest April 7.
U. S. S. Santa Teresa, due Brest April 6.
U. S. S. Sereniss, due New York April 6, sailing date indefinite.
U. S. S. Slieve, at New York, will sail for Brest April 7.
U. S. S. Sierra, due Brest April 2.
U. S. S. Texan, due Brest April 10.
U. S. S. Virginia, due Brest April 1.
U. S. S. Von Steuben, due Brest April 7.
U. S. S. Wilhelmia, due New York April 4, will sail for Brest April 11.

NEWPORT NEWS DIVISION, TRANSPORT FORCE.

U. S. S. Aoeus, at Newport News, will sail for Brest April 2.
U. S. S. Antigonac, due Brest April 10.
U. S. S. Avedin, at Newport News, will sail for Brest April 3.
U. S. S. Buford, due Brest April 6.
U. S. S. Carey, due Brest April 10.
U. S. S. De Kohls, due Brest April 5.
U. S. S. Duford, due Brest April 3.
U. S. S. Freedom, due Brest April 8.
U. S. S. Huron, due Charleston, S. C., April 2, will sail for Brest April 12.
U. S. S. K. Der Nederlanden, at Charleston, S. C., will sail for Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Kronland, at Newport News, will sail for Brest April 5.
U. S. S. Madawaska, due Charleston, S. C., April 1, will sail for Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Nanaimond, due Brest April 8.
U. S. S. Nauru, at New York, will sail for Brest April 20.
U. S. S. Pocahontas, at Charleston, S. C., will sail for Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Powhatan, due Charleston, S. C., April 19, will sail for Brest April 12.
U. S. S. President Grant, due Newport News April 1, will sail for Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Princess Matilda, due Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Prince, due Brest April 8.
U. S. S. Svezhennaya, due Brest April 14.
U. S. S. Zeelandia, due Brest April 8.

BATTLESHIPS CARRYING TROOPS.

U. S. S. Connecticut, at Hampton Roads, will sail for Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Georgia, at Hampton Roads, will sail for Brest April 15.
U. S. S. Kansas, at Hampton Roads, will sail for Brest April 16.

U. S. S. Louisiana, at Philadelphia, will sail for Brest April 14.
U. S. S. Michigan, due Brest March 29.
U. S. S. Minnesota, at Hampton Roads, will sail for Brest April 1.
U. S. S. Missouri, at Philadelphia, will sail for Brest April 1.
U. S. S. Nebraska, at Boston, will sail for Brest April 3.
U. S. S. New Hampshire, at Navy Yard, Norfolk, for repairs, sailing date indefinite.
U. S. S. New Jersey, due Brest April 6.
U. S. S. Ohio, due Philadelphia April 2 for repairs, sailing date indefinite.
U. S. S. Rhode Island, due Newport News April 6, will sail for Brest April 22.
U. S. S. South Carolina, due Brest April 17.
U. S. S. Vermont, at Hampton Roads, will sail for Brest April 5.
U. S. S. Virginia, due Newport News April 6, will sail for Brest April 22.

ARMORED CRUISERS CARRYING TROOPS.

U. S. S. Frederick, due New York April 4, will sail for Brest April 11.
U. S. S. Huntington, at New York, will sail for Brest April 3.
U. S. S. Montana, due Brest April 31.
U. S. S. Pueblo, at New York, will sail for Brest April 3.
U. S. S. St. Louis, at New York, will sail for Brest via Azorea, April 4.
U. S. S. South Dakota, at Portsmouth, under repairs until about May 27.

VESSELS FITTING OUT FOR TRANSPORT DUTY.

U. S. S. Ancon, at New York, sailing date indeterminate, about April 25.
U. S. S. Canandaigua, at Boston, sailing date indeterminate, about April 4.
U. S. S. Canons, at Boston, sailing date indeterminate, about April 4.
U. S. S. Europa, at New York, sailing date indeterminate, about May 1.
Graf Waldersee, arrived Brest March 8.
U. S. S. Honington, at Boston, sailing date indeterminate, about April 4.
Kaiserliche August Victoria, arrived Brest March 29.
U. S. S. Montpellier, at New York, sailing date indeterminate, about April 16.
Mobile, arrived Liverpool March 30.
Patricia, arrived Brest March 11.
U. S. S. Peerless, at New York, sailing date indeterminate, about April 16.
Ras Radun, at New York, sailing date indeterminate, about April 22.
S. S. Santa Cecilia, at New York, sailing date indeterminate, about April 19.
S. S. Slesham, at New York, sailing date indeterminate, about April 6.
S. S. South Bend, at New York, sailing date indeterminate, about May 1.
S. S. Tiger, at Newport News, sailing date indeterminate, about April 20.
S. S. Troy, at New York, sailing date indeterminate, about May 1.

Did This Ever Happen to You?

The other evening
While on my way home
I went into the subway
And while waiting
For an express
A lady
Came up to me
And asked me
About some train
That I knew nothing about
And I told her
I did not know
And she got mad
And said "You ought to know"
And then I realized
That she thought I was a trainman,
But I didn't get mad
For I know a lady
Who handed a Lieutenant
Her suit case, thinking
He was a porter,
And he took it
And carried it to her room
And she tipped him a quarter
And he kept it
The U. S. S. Mount Vernon

One week prior to the outbreak of the European war, the North German Lloyd Liner, Kronprinzessin Cecile, steamed out of New York harbor with $10,000,000 in gold aboard, bound for England. Arriving off the British Isles her wireless picked up the broadcast message that war had been declared between Germany and England. Immediately she was headed back towards America, and under full steam she eluded the British Navy, and five days later was safely interned in Bar Harbor. Two months later American warships escorted her to Boston, where she was taken over by the Department of Justice on account of libel against her for failure to deliver the $10,000,000. There she remained as a floating palace for her German captain and crew until February 3, 1917, when the U. S. Government, because of the strained relations existing with Germany, ordered all interned German ships manned by Americans, and all German seamen interned on shore. This order was carried out six hours later, when a United States Marshal boarded the Kronprinzessin Cecile; but the Germans had received secret information of the order, and, acting under orders from their government, they had already wrecked the machinery of the ship to such an extent that their captain, Captain Pollock, declared that the ship could not possibly be used by any one for any length of time. He informed the American Engineers that it would be impossible for them to put the ship into running order, so effectively had he carried out the orders of his superiors. Two months later war was declared with Germany, and on May 5 the Kronprinzessin Cecile was taken over by the United States Government. After two months of thorough repairing of machinery, and complete conversion into a transport, the Mount Vernon was put into commission on July 28 by the Navy Department.

For the past fifteen months the Mount Vernon did valiant service in carrying our army overseas. Her sides were covered with camouflage, and her movements shrouded in secrecy, but suffice it to say her record is one of speed and efficiency.

Among her passengers she has numbered Secretary of War Baker, Assistant Secretary of Treasury Crosby, President of Inter-Ally War Council on Purchase and Finance, Colonel E. M. House, Admiral Benson, General Bell, General Bliss and many others of equal fame. On occasions she has made her round trip in two weeks, and been on her way across again within three days after docking. Perhaps no ship in the service has been worked harder, and certainly no ship more willingly than the Mount Vernon. Of the many thousand soldiers committed to her: on each trip she has never lost one by accident, and not over an average of one for each trip by disease.

Her physical equipment consists generally of all appliances and conveniences of a modern city. Her twelve decks furnish ample space for power plants, refrigerators, stores, repair shops, ventilators, elevators, libraries, telephones, electric heaters, hospital, church, school, safety appliances for all on board and the most effective battle equipment. Three of our largest Mogul locomotives each pulling its capacity
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Delicious
Nourishing
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¼ and ½ pound Package
The Mount Vernon Honor Roll
'Twas a clear September morning.
Of the fifth, on Thursday morn;
With a rainbow—sailor's warning—
Arched across the radiant dawn;
And our proud ship swiftly steaming
To the throbbing of engines' sound,
Seemed to chime in with our dreaming
To the tune of "homeward bound."

All the firemen aain would tarry
On the boat deck in the sun,
Ere they go below to carry
Rest to mates whose work is done;
But the hour is seven-fifty,
All the "watches" change at eight,
And we see them rise and swiftly
Go below to meet their fate.

For a submarine is lurking,
Listening to our engines' throb,
Now the periscope is working
As they plan their hellish plot;
Barks our forward gun a warning,
Answers back the tell-tale "wake."
Death the U-boat now is scouring,
With MOUNT VERNON as its stake.

 Comes the swift torpedo winging,
Straight and sure has been their aim;
As our huge transport is swinging
For position in the game;
Fair amidships strikes the warhead
Just beneath the boiler room,
Squarely on our center bulkhead,
Hurling firemen to their doom.

Ere our ship has ceased to shiver,
The story of two men who fought in the Civil War

FROM a certain little town in Massachusetts two men went to the Civil War. Each of them had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and so far as anyone could judge, their prospects for success were equally good.

One man accumulated a fortune. The other spent his last years almost entirely dependent upon his children for support.

HE “had hard luck,” the town explained. He “never seemed to catch hold after the war.”

But the other man did not “lose his grip.” He seemed to experience no difficulty in “catching hold” after the war.

The difference in the two men was not a difference of capacity but a difference in decision. One man saw the after-the-war tide of expansion, trained himself for executive opportunity, and so swam with the tide. The other man merely drifted. The history of these two men will be repeated in hundreds of thousands of lives in the next few months.

After every war come the great successes—and great failures

Is your future worth half an hour’s serious thought? If it is, then take a history of the United States. You will discover this unmistakable truth:

Opportunity does not flow in a steady stream, like a river—it comes and goes in great tides.

There was a high tide after the Civil War; and then came the panic of 1873. There was a high tide after the Spanish-American War; and then came the panic of 1907.

There is a high tide now; and those who seize it need not fear what may happen when the tide recedes. The wisest men in this country are putting themselves now beyond the reach of fear—into the executive positions that are indispensable.

Weak men go down in critical years—strong men grow stronger

If you are in your twenties, or your thirties, or your early forties, there probably never will be another such critical year for you as this year, 1919.

Looking back on it, ten years hence, you will say: “That was the turning point.”

Thousands of the wise and thoughtful men of this country have anticipated the coming of this period and prepared for it.

They have trained themselves for the positions which business cannot do without, thru the Alexander Hamilton Institute Modern Business Course and Service.

The Institute is the American institution which has proved its power to lift men into the higher executive positions.

These men have already decided to go forward

Among the 85,000 men enrolled in the Institute’s Course, 13,534 are presidents of corporations; 2,926 are vice-presidents; 5,572 are secretaries; 2,652 treasurers; 11,206 managers; 8,236 sales-managers; 2,876 accountants.

Men like these have enrolled with the Institute: E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammermill Paper Co.; William D’Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Manufacturing Co., and scores of others.

Men who have trained themselves to seize opportunity, will make these after-war years count tremendously.

You, too, can make them count for you.

Send for this book. There is a vision in it for you of your future

To meet the needs of thoughtful men, the Alexander Hamilton Institute has published a 112-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business." It is free.

Send for your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" now, while your mind is on it. You could not seize the chance that came after ’96 or ’98. But it will be your fault if ten years from now you say: "I could have gone on to success with 85,000 others, and I did not even investigate."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
145 Astor Place, New York City

Depth bomb rolls from off her stern, Salvos roar and engines quiver, As the U-boats might we spurn. Every man sticks by his station— "Stand by till death" is Naval law— Traditions of our mighty nation. Again are kept without a flaw.

Soon we circle wide the ocean, Like a crippled bird in flight, While destroyers spread commotion With the searching depth bombs’ might. Then to port our ship is headed, Listed now and wounded sore, Off across the war zone dreaded; Back three hundred miles to shore.

Sixteen hours of super steaming On one-half our boiler power, Brings us to a lighthouse gleaming, Traveling fourteen knots an hour; Through a mined and narrow channel, Dark, and swept by inbound tide, Water-logged and hard to handle, Glides our ship to berth inside.

Letters, wireless, orders, cable Praise our captain and his crew For the work so brave and able Which has brought us safely through; But our hearts are bowed in sorrow, And the praise is tinged with pain, As we view with deepening horror, Thirty-six of comrades slain.

Thiers the price and theirs the glory, Ours the task to "carry on," Thiers the right to history's story, Ours to fight till war is won— Till the sacred right of freemen Meet and hate the brutal demon, Triumphant in the Right o'er Mighty.

—W. A. Hopkins, Chaplain U. S. N.
IN PRE-WAR "pipin days of peace" the Huntington was known as the best ship on the West Coast. Her cups and trophies were counted by the dozen. The spirit that won these made of her a first class fighting ship and in the war she won for herself the reputation of doing more than was asked. She always performed her "duty assigned" plus!

Statistics are interesting only if you have imagination enough to realize and visualize that for which they speak. Here are the facts in the case of the Huntington. Put a bit of imagination into them and you will have a story of days and days at sea in all sorts of weather; of tons of coal beyond computation stowed away under a sweltering sun or with the thermometer at zero; of tons of meat and supplies put aboard to keep the ship and men going; of hours and hours stood at sea, hoping for a sight of a "tin fish"; of minutes when the guns blazed at suspicious objects and one thought that at last the big minute had come—only to find that the "object" was a spud crate. All this and more these statistics will tell you, Sir you know the sea, the Navy, and "the men who go down to the sea in ships."

The Huntington made nine trips through the War Zone, convoying sixty-one transports. Four short trips were made with eighteen ships from Hampton Roads to a rendezvous with eighteen ships from Hampton Roads to a rendezvous with New York convoys. From 11 May, 1917, to 29 December, 1918, she burned 44,459 tons of coal in steaming 71,391 miles in 6,485 hours under way. In the course of events many "suspicious objects" were picked up and burned.

The armistice made unnecessary ocean escorts, so other duty was found for the Huntington. With twenty-three other battleships and cruisers she was converted into a troop transport and given a "ferry boat schedule" between New York and Brest. True to her winning spirit the Huntington is carrying more troops each trip than any other one of these twenty-three sister ships. On the first trip she carried 1,702 army officers and men. That was going some, but not enough. On the second trip she jumped the total to 1,979. Look out for the report of her third trip!

Commissioned in February, 1905, the Huntington is still going strong and will make another trip before she is ready for the back bay and oblivion. Whatever may be the duty next assigned her and her sister ships she will be the first to "proceed on duty assigned."

---

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The Iowan

"How-dye-do. Homeward bound. Welcome Army to our little ship. It may not be a Leviathan, or a George Washington, but it is the first step home, and you're bound to feel right toward the Jitney that carries you back to God's country."

There is little doubt but what the Iowan will be long remembered by many soldiers who will hold a soft spot in their heart for her as being the means of crossing the Atlantic to their loved ones at home. And no matter how rough the weather or how hard the trip, for she is small, the stronger the boat in after years. The following bulletin issued by the commanding officer of the Iowan to the soldiers is of interest:

To the Men of the U. S. Army Now on Board This Ship:

Soldiers—You are on your way back to the U. S. A. Remember that when things seem uncomfortable to you here. We realize that accommodations are not the best; but neither are they the worst. The Army undertook the work of installing bunks and making a transport of this ship as a part of its larger undertaking of getting a million men home by summer. The Navy is co-operating to the fullest extent. Together we shall get you home if such a thing is possible. We hope the trip will not be unbearable.

And I speak for both the ship's officers and crew when I say we want to do everything for your comfort and safety. Such conditions as can be improved will receive attention. We only ask of you that you realize there are conditions beyond our control.

Lastly, I want to say in all sincerity that it is a matter of pleasure and pride to us all to transport our share of the glorious American Expeditionary Force back to America and the welcome that is waiting there.

(Signed) F. L. Dow, Lt. Com.,
Commanding Officer.

The Henderson

Sudden rush of water in her holds was averted by Captain Steel quickly throwing the rudder hard right. Fog and bad weather continued, but on July 5 the Henderson steamed up the Delaware under her own power, a dangerous journey again interrupted by going aground in the harbor for several hours.

After the damages caused by the fire were repaired, she left Philadelphia for New York now under the command of Captain William B. Sayles. Off the Jersey coast she sighted what was thought to be a submarine to starboard. Her rudder was thrown hard right, and later hard left, as she made for the enemy. Almost immediately she passed through the floating oil of the tanker Frank W. Kellogg, which had been sunk two hours previously by the submarine. Some weeks later when in drydock it was discovered that her bilge keel was damaged. These two facts coupled with the data discovered concerning the German submarine U-139 which cruised American waters the time of the Henderson's encounter, and which had her periscopes broken and her conning tower bent by a transport which rammed her—make it probable that the Henderson has this to her record. The facts are being investigated and verified by the officer of Naval Intelligence, and if this is accomplished, it will determine the fact that the U.S. Naval Forces had contact with the enemy off the American coast during the war.

She has had other minor experiences. A third minor collision, and three times she has been aground for several hours, but from June, 1917, when she sailed with "the first to France," to her present thirteenth trip, she has been steadily in the service of her country.

Clippings From the High Seas Press

Out in Indiana they believe that Moses built the Ark. Private Randle Smedley, isolation No. 2, Hoosier by birth and education, has $600 (also out in Indiana) to bet that Moses was the guy. Brother Noah, please write!

The Comfort may be a hay-wire outfit, but if she makes the big town any time before St. Irishmen's Day she's Jake with us.
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SWEET'S 10-Monthly Payment Plan.—Your choice sent on approval—and you have 10 months in which to pay for it! A first payment of only 1/5 the price is required—the balance is divided into 10 equal monthly payments—just a few cents a day. First payment should accompany the order as we make all shipments to Naval Vessels by registered mail. But if upon receipt of your purchase, you are not thoroughly satisfied, return it at our expense, and your deposit will be promptly refunded.

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HOME, SWEET HOME.
I've had my leave in Liverpool, in London and Bordeaux;
I've stayed a while in Brest and St. Nazaire;
Queenstown, Archangel and Marseilles are wonderful, I've found.
But when it comes to leave, New York is there.

Oh, when you leave the Navy Yard and Sands Street greets your eye
You turn into the Navy "Y" for air;
You telephone to some girl friend and tell her that you're back.
It's great to be in New York, I declare.

It isn't New York after all that makes you feel so good;
It isn't the Broadway girls that swell your dome,
You've got a little town somewhere; you have a girl there, too—

It's what it represents to you—it's HOME.
—G. D. Ware.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST.—A week's chow between here and the Azores. Reward, 1,000 Reis (strong money). See "Tex" Honey-cut, Isolation No. 3.

THE SEASICK SEATTLER.
March 11, 1919. Published Spontaneously.

Staff.
Editor-in-Chief .................. A. E. F. Traveler
Editor .............................. S. Cognac
Sporting News .................. Madam Sweet
Society News ..................... Lieutenant Spouse Hunter
Pictorial .......................... Willing Penn

THE MYSTERY.

Shortly after coming on board ship, and hauling anchor and sailing out into the little opening to the sea, which we were afraid we would miss, and right when nervous tension was right at its height, a sailor lad sneaked out on the back platform of the ship with something which looked like a clock with a rope tied to it. Before any one noticed him he had thrown the rope overboard, and hence all the speculation. The mystery is: What is the clock-thing and what is at the end of that rope? No one saw it! No one knows! But we are suspicious, and that man who put it there has not showed up since.

Our first thought was that he was fishing, but a true fisherman would surely return to see if he had caught anything.

"Maybe it's to keep the boat from going too fast," said the major.

"Mais Non! This could not be," said the sage young second lieutenant, "for the rope is not strong enough to hold the ship back."

Then walking up to it and looking over the dial very knowingly he put forth the hypothesis that its function was undoubtedly connected with the steering of the ship. "When the ship goes crooked," says he, "this little instrument immediately sets it back upon the right course."

So good and well. We conceded it definitely settled.

But our curiosity was not long latent, for some mechanical genius of the engineer variety began weakening our faith by saying: "Aw, hell, I don't believe it! If that's what it's for, why the hell does the damned thing turn?"

So what's a feller going to do when he can't believe anything? He gets suspicious, that's what; and as yet we don't know what that little clock-thing is, but we are suspicious and we won't believe what anybody tells us, not even the captain of the ship. I wonder if he knows!—Editor.

CAPTAIN WANTS SUGGESTIONS.
Local Talent to Be Given Square Deal.

The captain of the ship, realizing that there must be a considerable amount of maritime talent aboard ship, would appreciate any suggestions that might be made in regard to running the ship.

"The Seasick Seattler" will be on sale at all leading newsstands in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, (Brest no longer on the map.)
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Catalog 104 sent on request.
Edward vom Hofe & Company
112 Fulton Street, New York City

The Convoy
Advice on Reaching Home.
Your first evening home should be a merry one.
Tell the folks about the war and be sure to use a lot of French phrases. Say "Bong Shaw" as you enter the room and that you are so "Pomme de Terre" to see them and that the house looks very "Cafe au Lait."
At the proper time show them the German helmet you bought on the ship coming back. Make the story of how you captured it an exciting one.
Try not to scratch yourself in company. Some of those present may know.
Call her on the phone immediately and see if she recognizes your voice. If she doesn't you may learn something.
The family does not stand in line for breakfast. There is a chair for every one, including yourself, so do not knock any one over.
Do not salute the policeman. He may think you are kidding him.
Begin immediately to write a book about your experiences. Nobody else will think of that, and you will make lots of money.

Consolation To The Dough-Boy.
The Navy took 'em over, and the Navy brings them back.
That is the foremost cry today, you know it is a fact;
You ask a Dough-boy or Marine, he'll tell you this full well,
The Navy took him over, and the trip was one of Hell.
The Gob that sails the Troopship, on the salty road to France,
The waves that pass him on his way, are friends he met by chance.
But when you speak of waves as friends, to a Dough-boy or Marine,
You want to speak in accents low, or he'll hit you on the bean.

A rough sea to a Dough-boy, is like Hell personified,
I've seen them stand and feed the gulls, until they almost died.
"Oh waves come to attention!" I heard a negro cry,
But the prayer it went unanswered, the big waves still rolled by.

We know they couldn't build a bridge, from the U. S. A. to France.
But still I've heard of soldiers, who would gladly take a chance—
To build a bridge, and walk across, with pack lashed on his back.
Would be a soldier's one delight; I know he would not slack.
A sailor looks with pity, at a soldier on the sea—
A Dough-boy hung across the rail, as sick as he can be.
"I wonder will the moon come up?" I heard a Gob once say, The soldier really thought it had, because he felt that way.
There's nothing funny after all, for a Dough-boy on the sea, He's on his way across to fight, and save old Liberty; Sea duty takes a shot at him, before he gets to France, Then comes Fritz, and takes one, too, if he gets half a chance.

The Dough-boy's done, the war is won, he's homeward bound once more,
But still he has one battle left, and this sure makes him sore:
His friends, the gulls, they watch for him, as he starts for his home, They know it's banquet time again, they wait there on the foam.
Dough-boy, you're no sailor, but our hats go off to you. You did your bit, and made a hit, as true as Navy Blue. We took you through the U-boats, to put you over there, Cheer up, forget the sea you're on, you sure have done your share.

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4x5.................. .05 .08
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