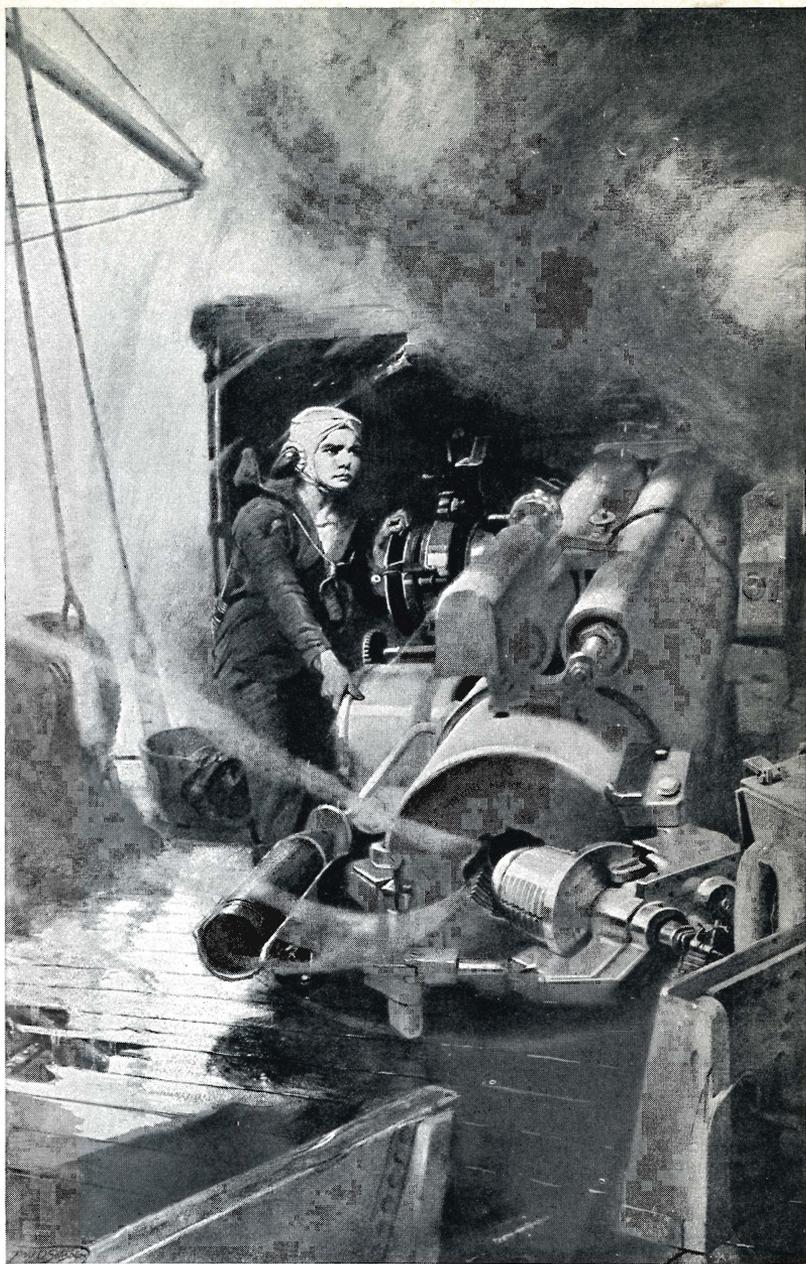


DARING
STRATEGY
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DARING
STRATEGY
AND
COURAGE



JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL, V.C., sixteen years of age, who, although mortally wounded, remained at his gun quietly awaiting orders aboard H.M.S. Chester, in the Battle of Jutland, surrounded by the dead and dying members of the gun crew, thus giving a glorious example of devotion to the traditions of the great Nelson at Trafalgar.

See "Daring, Strategy and Courage," page 18

Preface

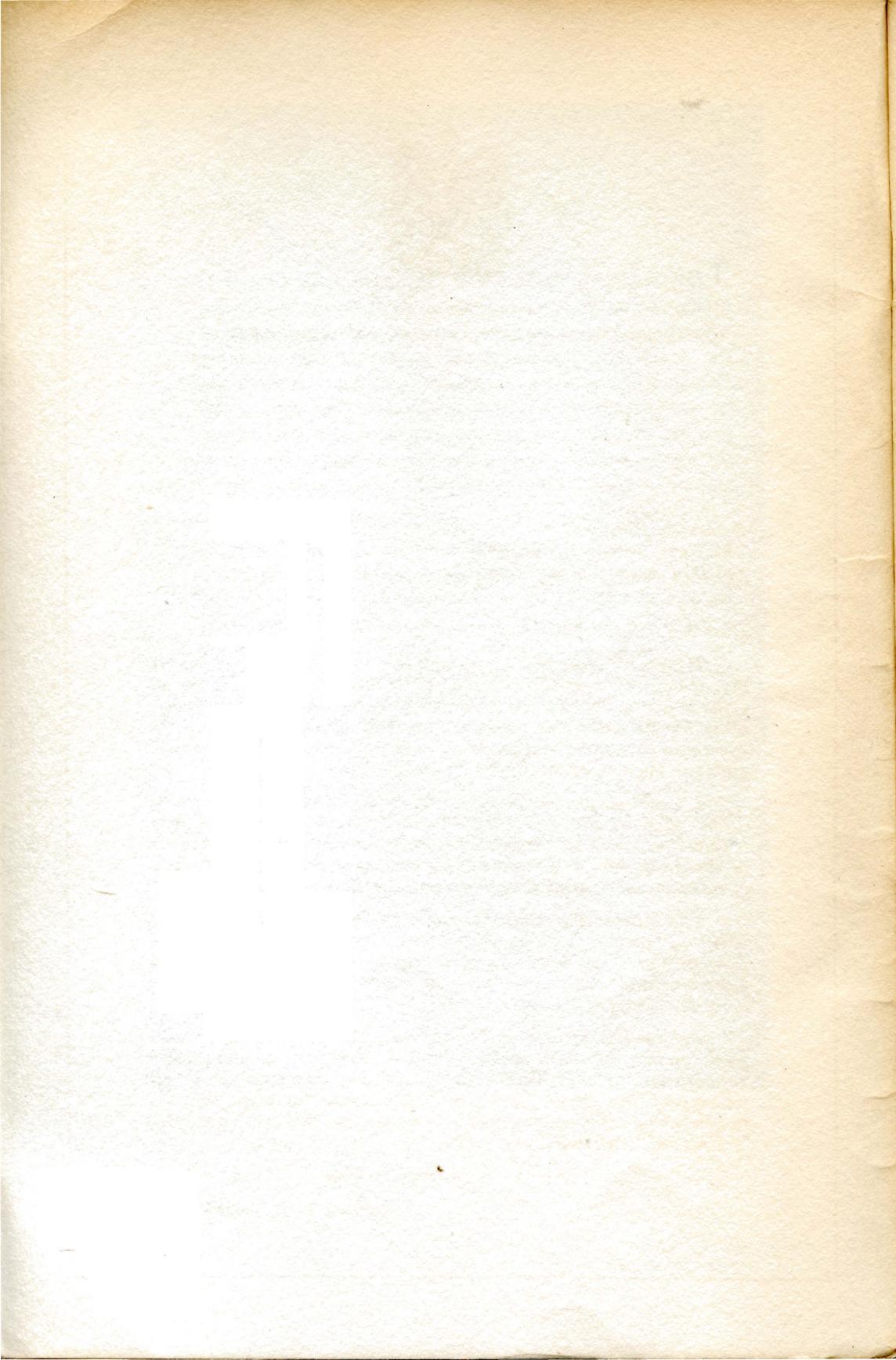
THE NAVY LEAGUE OF CANADA feels that it is fitting at this time to recall the noble deeds of our seamen, who through the centuries have braved the dangers of the seven seas to guard the shores of our far-flung British Empire. One way in which even the youngest of our citizens may recognize the debt he owes to the seamen of past and present generations is to support by every possible means the Royal Navy, the Royal Canadian Navy, and the Merchant Navy.

The Honourable Ministers of Education and the Superintendents of Education of the various Provinces have at all times expressed their confidence in the Navy League of Canada by their unqualified approval of the work of the League. The educational information contained in this booklet, which has been prepared by the League, is being circulated throughout the schools of the Dominion in order that children may be inspired by the example of brave men to play their part as worthy citizens of a great nation.

It is indeed a great privilege to relate the glorious traditions of the sea from the time of Nelson to the present, and we will be filled with gratitude and well repaid for our continuous efforts to help all sailors as we see thousands of school children deepening their interest in the gallant and noble men "who go down to the sea in ships."

S. R. NOBLE,
*Hon. Secretary-Treasurer,
The Navy League of Canada*

D. H. GIBSON,
*Dominion President,
The Navy League of Canada.*





CANADA
DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES

OFFICE OF THE MINISTER

Ottawa,
September 20th, 1941.

D. H. Gibson, Esq.,
Dominion President,
The Navy League of Canada,
320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Gibson:

It gives me great pleasure to have this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the valuable work that the Navy League of Canada has undertaken in assuming a major measure of responsibility for the welfare at Canadian ports of officers and men of the Merchant Navies, in addition to the excellent services which they are giving to the men of the Royal Canadian Navy.

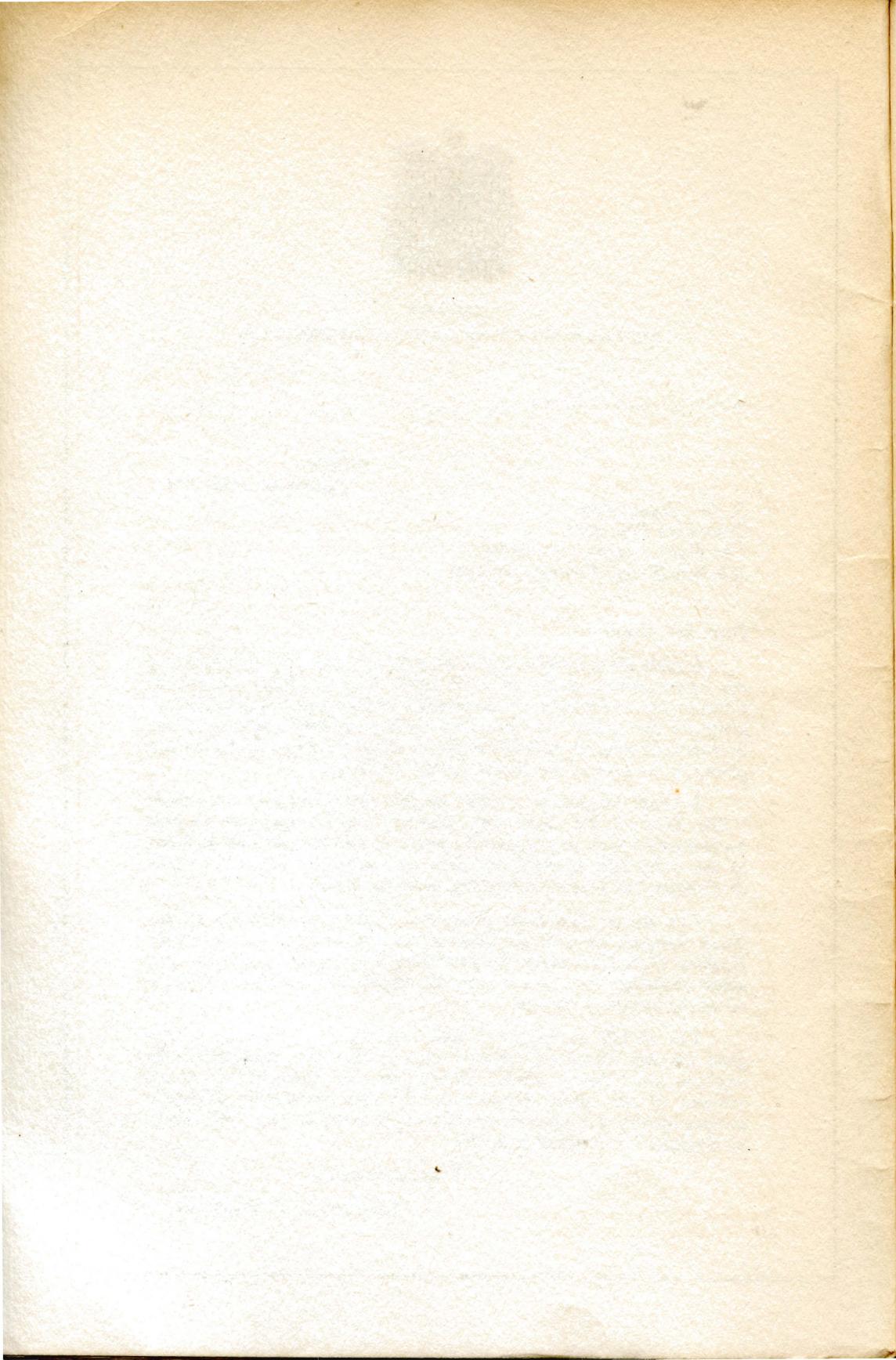
I would emphasize to your readers the contents of the article "The Men of the Merchant Marine," which appears in this booklet and which so graphically portrays the dangers and hazards of the daily life of the brave men who man the merchant ships of Canada, the United Kingdom, and our Allies.

The Allied Merchant Seamen's Clubs now operated by the Navy League, as well as those shortly to operate at the major Eastern Canadian ports, by providing beds, meals, canteens and other amenities will, I am sure, be responsible for improving the lot of the heroes of the sea.

The article to which I refer concludes, "Nothing is too good for our merchant sailors" and I, therefore, wholeheartedly support the "Navy Week" Campaign and commend it to all citizens of this great Dominion. In commemorating Nelson's famous victory it is appropriate to bring to mind that the "Mariners of England" still stand supreme.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) J. T. THORSON.





CANADA
DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT

Ottawa, September 9, 1941.

Dear Mr. Gibson:

In endorsing to the full the article appearing in this publication entitled "The Men of the Merchant Marine," I am very glad to have by this medium an opportunity of emphasizing the importance and significance of the Merchant Navy and the major part it is playing in the war effort.

It is not generally recognized that the Merchant Navy, which comprises the ships of Britain, Canada, and our Allies, can be regarded as the fourth arm of the fighting services.

The dangerous tasks which are daily undertaken by the brave men who man our merchant ships are of paramount importance to the Empire and to the world. They do their work without glorification and, in many cases, with little recognition for the hazards they face. Risking their lives daily and constantly without respite, except for the short time they are in port on this side, these heroes are entitled when on shore to every consideration that can be shown to them.

Many Allied seamen are deprived of the ability to visit their loved ones in their homeland. Many of the British seamen learn in their absence at sea that their homes have been destroyed and their families dispersed. During their sojourn on the other side they get no rest at all, being subject to the dangers of bombing and the inconveniences of blackouts and frequently are obliged to stand by their ship without very much leave.

It is with a view to ameliorating their lot that this Department has been so happy to assist and encourage The Navy League of Canada, which is taking such efficient steps to provide comforts ashore for men of the Allied Merchant Navies. Through the medium of the Allied Merchant Navy Clubs, which The Navy League is establishing in Halifax, Sydney, and Montreal, some measure of comfort, rest and recreation will be assured to both officers and seamen when their ships are in these ports.

Even this improvement in the situation still leaves many gaps and, in bringing the services of the men of the Merchant Navy to the attention of your friends, let me assure you that you are doing a most valuable and humanitarian job.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) ARTHUR RANGLES,

Director of Merchant Seamen

MR. D. H. GIBSON,
President, Navy League of Canada.
320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20

Our Great Empire Leaders

AS CITIZENS of the greatest Empire in the world—the British Empire—and as boys and girls of Canada you will, ere long, be called upon to prove your claim to enjoy all the rights and liberties for which your fathers and brothers are now fighting, by becoming defenders of Canada and of the Empire yourselves. It is only fitting, therefore, that you should read the words of our great Empire leaders and that you should know, through their statements, what Canada and the Empire are fighting for.

That greatest of all modern leaders, Winston Churchill, is leading an Empire, under His Gracious Majesty King George The Sixth, in the most critical period of its life. He has come to be, through his leadership, his robustness of character, his courage, his bull-dog tenacity, his statesmanship, and not least of all, his belief in the power of Almighty God, the shining light, the great leader—a man in whom nearly five hundred million people of the British Empire have placed their supreme faith, and are willing to have him direct them as he thinks best.

His statements are frank. He tells the truth to the people of the Empire, whether the news be good or bad. He reiterates his belief that only under Divine guidance can the mighty efforts of our Empire succeed in smashing the brutality, ruthlessness and godlessness of the German war effort, which is designed to take from you and all freedom-loving people the right to live, work, think and worship, **FREELY**.

That is why he is beloved, admired, trusted and respected.

When the Empire early this year began to look to the United States for help, this is what Churchill said in a message to President Roosevelt:

“Put your confidence in us. Give us your faith and your blessing, and under Providence all will be well.

“We shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire. Neither the sudden shock of battle nor the long drawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down.

“GIVE US THE TOOLS AND WE WILL FINISH THE JOB.”

Again he said:

"Come then, let us to the task—each to our part, each to our station. Let us go forward together in all parts of the Empire, in all parts of this Island.

"THERE IS NOT A WEEK, NOR A DAY, NOR AN HOUR TO BE LOST!"

Churchill's love of Empire and the precepts upon which it is founded are shown in this statement:

"In the British Empire we not only look out across the sea towards each other, but backwards to our own history, to Magna Charta, to Habeas Corpus, to the Petition of Right, to Trial by Jury, to the English Common Law and to Parliamentary Democracy. These are the milestones and monuments that mark the path along which the British race has marched to leadership and freedom. And over all this, uniting us all with our majestic past, is the golden circle of the CROWN. What is within the circle? Not only the glory of an ancient, unconquered people, BUT THE HOPE, THE SURE HOPE, OF A BROADENING LIFE FOR HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF MEN."

His understanding and courage are well illustrated in these words, uttered after an inspection of the terrific damage inflicted on an ancient English city by German air-raids:

"God bless you all. I see, side by side with the devastation and amid the ruins, glad, confident, bright and smiling eyes, gleaming with consciousness of being associated with a movement finer, higher, wider than any human or personal issues. I see the spirit of an unconquerable people. I see a spirit BRED IN FREEDOM, NURSED IN TRADITION, which has come down to us through the centuries and which will enable us most surely at this moment, this turning point in the history of the world, to bear our part in such a way that none of our race who come after us will have any reason to cast reproach upon their sires."

His regard for the sailor men of our Empire, both as Prime Minister and as former head of the Admiralty, is reflected in the following words:

"I am sure the sympathy and affection of the British people go out to our sailormen—Royal Navy, Merchant Marine, trawlers, minesweepers, fisherfolk, and all who love them

and depend upon them as they toil, day by day and night by night upon the dangerous stormy waters, doing their duty with unrivalled skill and with cheerful, unquestioning courage, that we may eat our daily bread each day, and that our cause may prosper."

And finally, Churchill's faith is best illustrated in these words:

"The day will come when the joy bells will ring again throughout Europe, and when victorious nations, masters not only of their foes, but of themselves, will plan and build in justice, in tradition, and in freedom, a house of many mansions where there will be room for all."

A great Canadian, Lord Beaverbrook, whose brilliant mind and energy and push as Minister of Aircraft Production in England have been responsible for much of the British Empire's air successes, is one of the Empire's great leaders of whom Canadians are justly proud. In a recent broadcast to Canada he said:

"Here in England I can assure you that every citizen from the New World gives his admiration to the spirit of the British people. They are a grand people. The trials are many, the suffering is great, the hardships are difficult to bear. Here there is a comradeship which comes to each of us; exalting us to higher ideals and greater ambitions. There is a deep and moving purpose which has been pumped into the hearts of us by the suffering we have seen and by the endurance and courage of those who are called upon to sustain them. These are the benefits of the spirit which we derive."

Sir Robert Vansittart, Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the British Government and an Empire leader, has this to say of our defenders in Britain, of our sailor men upon the seven seas of the world, and of our airmen:

"A. E. Housman, wrote of our fighting men in 1914:

'Their shoulders held the sky suspended,
They stood, and earth's foundations stay.'

"That was true in 1914; it is ten times truer today. Our fighting men have been joined by every man, woman and child in this island, by the very stones of our cities, that cry out against the Brazen Horde. All these harmless, humble people, YOUR brothers and YOUR sisters, are holding 'the sky suspended.' If they failed, the heavens would fall,

and the human spirit would know a second flood—a flood without an Ark. They are doing this not only unto themselves but unto you—to save you in the Old World, to shield you in the New. Even as Christ suffered for our Salvation, every man Jack, every babe Jack, in this tried and United Kingdom is suffering to redeem YOUR earth from the Powers of Darkness.”

These are the words of our leaders in the FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!

Declaration of the British Empire and the United States of America

HISTORIC in its significance, a meeting took place on “the calm blue sea of the Atlantic” during the early days of August, 1941, between the Right Honourable Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States of America. At that epoch-making conference, these two governmental chiefs of the two greatest English-speaking countries of the world “considered the dangers to world civilization arising from the policies of military domination by conquest upon which the Hitlerite government of Germany and other governments associated therewith have embarked,” and made clear the steps which their countries are respectively taking for their safety in the face of these dangers, in an eight-point, jointly-signed, declaration. The Dominions of the British Empire “beyond the seas” have fully endorsed the signature to that manifesto by Right Honourable Winston Churchill, indicating their fullest approval of, and subscription to, the principles embodied therein.

THE DECLARATION

1. “Our countries seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other.”
2. “Our countries desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned.”

3. "Our countries respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government order under which they will live; and wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."
4. "Our countries will endeavour, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further the enjoyment by all states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity."
5. "Our countries desire to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field with the object of securing for all, improved labour standards, economic advancement and social security."
6. "After the final destruction of the Nazi tyranny, our countries to see established a peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries, and which will afford assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want."
7. "Such a peace should enable all men to traverse the high seas and oceans without hindrance."
8. "Our countries believe that all of the nations of the world, for realistic as well as spiritual reasons must come to the abandonment of the use of force. Since no future peace can be maintained if land, sea or air armaments continue to be employed by nations which threaten, or may threaten aggression outside of their frontiers, our countries believe, pending the establishment of a wider and permanent system of general security, that the disarmament of such nations is essential. Our countries will likewise aid and encourage all other practicable measures which will lighten for peace-loving peoples the crushing burden of armaments."

(Signed) WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

(Signed) FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Churchill's World-wide Broadcast

The magnificent broadcast delivered on Sunday afternoon, August 24th, was a memorable one in which Churchill employed all his unrivalled ability for vivid description in the wonderful picture he drew of the fateful conference with President Roosevelt. Very moving was his account of the solemn religious service on shipboard in which fighting men of Britain and the United States joined in singing famous old hymns, enshrined in the hearts of the two peoples.

Mr. Churchill asserted he had been "uplifted in spirit and fortified in resolve" as a result of this conference with Mr. Roosevelt and although "the tunnel may be long and dark, at the end of it there is light." His speech was heard in every land and in every clime and he gave great encouragement to those countries that had been overrun and placed under the heel of Hitler when he stated:

"Do not despair brave Norwegians: Your land shall be cleansed, not only from the invader, but from the Quislings who are his tools. Be sure of yourselves Czechs; the heroism of your people, standing up to cruel oppressors, the courage of your soldiers, sailors and airmen, shall not be forgotten. Your country shall live again and resume its rightful part in the new organization of Europe. Lift up your heads, gallant Frenchmen: Not all the infamies of Darlan and of Laval shall stand between you and the restoration of your birthright. Tough, stout-hearted Dutch, Belgians, Luxembourgers; tormented, mishandled, shamefully cast away peoples of Yugoslavia; glorious Greece, now subjected to the crowning insult of the rule of the Italian jackanapes: Yield not an inch. Keep your souls clean from all contact with the Nazi. Make them feel, even in their fleeting hour of brutish triumph, that they are the moral outcasts of mankind. Help is coming. Mighty forces are arming in your behalf. Have faith; have hope. Deliverance is sure."

Mr. Churchill did not overlook the non-aggression treaty that Hitler made with Soviet Russia, and, as usual, ignored. "Let Russia be blotted out. Let Russia be destroyed—order the armies to advance." Such were Hitler's decrees. To this unprovoked treachery Russia has given her answer, and how splendid were Churchill's words of unreserved praise for the Russian people and

their armies, rallying "with magnificent devotion to the defence of their hearths and homes."

All right-minded citizens will be uplifted in this declaration of confidence and faith in the future and we cannot but realize the significance of the heads of the two greatest nations of the world meeting side by side, singing the same hymns, in the same language and committing themselves to the same Creator and at the same time stating they would do everything in their power to create a new world with liberty and freedom for all mankind.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21

Trafalgar Day

NELSON

IN THIS WEEK OF WEEKS—Navy Week—when throughout the length and breadth of Canada, from Victoria to Halifax, whence brave men sail to keep open the sea lanes of the world for the passage of British arms and goods, citizens and boys and girls are thinking of the glorious epics that adorn the record of our Empire's naval history, and of the men of yesterday and today who fought, and fight, to keep our flag flying on the seven seas.

Our thoughts have dwelt with proud satisfaction on the glorious feats of arms and seamanship, featured by calm resolution and courage, that marked the destruction of the Spanish Armada, the defeat of the French and Spanish at Trafalgar, the defeat of the Germans at Jutland and Zeebrugge in the first Great War, and the defeat of the Germans in the River Plate action and at Narvik, as well as of the Italians in the Battle of the Mediterranean in this war.

Bravery to spare, singleness of purpose, brilliant daring against tremendous odds, death to gain victory, have marked all our famous naval actions. Down through the centuries British sailors have been equally brave. As brave at Jutland as at Trafalgar; as brave at Narvik as at Cape St. Vincent; as brave in conquering the might of the Italian fleet as they were in destroying the Armada that threatened England's safety.

Tradition has bred tradition. Men have gone into modern naval battles of the last war and this war inspired by the glorious example of Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh and Nelson and Collingwood and Jellico and Beatty and determined to measure up to their standards of achievement. In living up to the traditions these heroes created, our sailors of today have established traditions for the sailors of tomorrow to live up to and enhance if they can.

With the daring exploits of Raleigh, Drake and Frobisher before him, Nelson had a great tradition to live up to. That he maintained the glorious traditions established by his predecessors, and in doing so made England and the British Empire mightier yet, is a matter of history.

On October 21st, this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-one, we celebrate the one hundred and thirty-sixth anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, when, in freeing England from the fear of domination by central Europe and in establishing more securely our freedom of the Mediterranean, by his victory over the French and Spanish fleets, Nelson lost his life. A great leader, a brilliant tactician, the benefactor and protector of the men who served under him, a patriot who ever placed his country's interests before his own, a man who added prestige and lustre to the record of the country that bore him, was that day stricken to death. He gave his life while securing a victory for England, the effect of which has lasted right up to this day.

Born at Burnhamthorpe, Norfolk, England, in 1758, the son of a Church of England rector, Horatio Nelson's imagination was early fired by the record of his maternal uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, with the result that when, at the age of 12, Nelson learned of his uncle's receiving command of a sixty-four-gun ship, the *Raisonnable*, he immediately asked his uncle to take him to sea. Weak and sickly though he was as a youngster, Nelson's spirit was indomitable. Throughout life his spirit was stronger than his body, and his spirit carried him through much pain and suffering to the highest pinnacle of success, and also won for him the admiration and love of a nation whose history recorded the names of naval and military leaders who were brave and also brilliant as tacticians.

Within a year or two of beginning his apprenticeship, Nelson was so skilled in seamanship that he was attached to the cutter of the Commanding Officer's ship at Chatham, becoming pilot for vessels sailing from Chatham to the Tower, and from the Swim Channel to the North Foreland, "acquiring a confidence," the great historian Southey writes: "Amongst rocks and sands, of which he often felt the value."

Whilst serving aboard the *Triumph*, still a young lad, Nelson heard that two ships were being equipped for a voyage of discovery toward the North Pole. Nothing would satisfy him but to go with the expedition, hazardous though it was, and using his uncle's influence he secured an appointment as coxswain to the *Racehorse*, commanded by Captain Lutwidge.

On this voyage young Nelson chiefly distinguished himself by his fight with a polar bear whose skin he wished to take home to his father, and in his command of a four-oared cutter which he and his men had to drag over the ice when the ships could make no further

headway. Although some discoveries were made during the voyage, bad weather and the approaching end of the polar season forced the ships to return to their home port.

Nelson was named midshipman for his good conduct and knowledge of seamanship, and, after his return to England, he was appointed to the *Triumph*, on which he sailed for the East Indies. The tropics reacted badly on his constitution, reducing him almost to a skeleton. Referring to his condition at this time, Nelson later said: "My spirits had sunk with my health. I felt impressed that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero! And, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!'" Nelson often referred to the feeling of that moment and from that time, he said, "a radiant orb was suspended in my mind's eye, which urged me onward to renown." He believed that "the light which led me on was a light from Heaven."

These were the words of the man, who, inspired, conquered his illness, his limitations, his dejection, to become England's greatest hero and naval commander.

Soon afterwards his health improved and he was appointed Acting Lieutenant in the *Worcester*, sixty-four guns, going out with convoy to Gibraltar. On his return he passed his examinations for a Lieutenancy, before he was nineteen years of age. His uncle sat at the head of the board that examined him, but this relationship was not disclosed to the other members till Nelson had passed with Honours, his uncle being confident that his nephew would pass without undue influence.

At the age of twenty, Nelson was appointed commander of the *Badger Brig*, already displaying those traits of leadership and daring which distinguished his career from then on.

After seeing action in command of the batteries at Port Royal and at Cape Gracias a Dios in Honduras, Nelson was invalided home to England with dysentery. Recovering his health he was appointed to the *Albemarle* and ordered to sail for Quebec, where he was stationed for some time. Convoying, in the Bahamas against the French and off Venezuela, accounted for his service until the

preliminaries of peace with the French brought him back to England.

Always careful of his men's comfort and health, Nelson strove throughout his career to improve the conditions and pay of the men who served in the British Navy. In this connection it should be remembered that many of the sailors of Nelson's day who followed him in battle, were really Merchant Navy men. In fact, practically every ship carrying supplies in those days sailed in convoy, and was manned and gunned by men of the Merchant Navy. History is repeating itself today. Nelson's efforts on behalf of his men were successful to a degree and he earned the lasting gratitude of British sailors of his generation and generations that followed him.

In the expedition against Teneriffe, where he lost his right arm, and at the siege of Calvi, where he lost the sight of one of his eyes, as well as in many other important battles and in a number of minor actions, he displayed daring, strategy, self-sacrifice, solicitude for his men and generosity—qualities which had never been so remarkably blended in a leader before. His devotion to England and her prestige guided and inspired his every action and made him the admired and beloved of the people of England from the King himself to the humblest cottager.

For the final thrust against France and Spain that ended in that victory at Trafalgar and the sacrifice of his life, Nelson was drawn from retirement. Full of honours, the darling of England, the hero of a hundred actions, with an excessively full life behind him, Nelson had, he thought, concluded his active service for his country, although he had signified his willingness to again take the lead were he called upon.

He felt, when he was called on again to command the *Victory* that, equally as surely as victory would come for the English, would he fall in battle. Yet feeling this, he again led the English into battle, his country ever first in his heart and mind. He made his will. He caused the coffin which for many years he had carried on his ships, to be inscribed with the record of his life. He wrote in his journal the day he left his lovely home to join the *Victory*, "I drove from dear, dear Merton, whence I left all I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the great God whom I adore, enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country . . . if it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission. His will be done. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

In the actual battle of Trafalgar he was constantly exposed to danger, seeing that his men were not unduly exposed and keenly watching the progress of the battle. His famous message: "England Expects That Every Man Will Do His Duty" was his last inspiring message to the men of the Navy.

When he was wounded his thought was for his men who were also wounded. In fact his death can be traced indirectly to the thought of his men, for, in order to inspire them to greater courage, he wore his medals on his breast that his men might see them and see what reward would be theirs for acts of valour. Those medals, his officers knew, glinted in the sun, and did attract the attention of musketeers in the cross-trees of the ship that engaged the *Victory*, and it was from a shot aimed by a musketeer—Nelson's medal guiding his aim—which struck his left shoulder, passed through to his back and fatally wounded the great man.

As he lay below deck wounded and dying, Nelson's thoughts were of victory for England, and before he drew his dying breath he knew that England's fleet, under his direction, had conquered. With this knowledge he feebly muttered to the faithful Hardy, "Thank God, I have done my duty" as his noble spirit slipped away.

In spite of his worldly honours, the hero-worship with which he was showered, the knowledge of his great achievements for England, and the power he could command, Nelson remained an intensely religious and God-fearing man, always recognizing the Divine Power that "shapes our ends."

As he entered upon what he thought would be his last battle he prayed: "May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessings Light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend."

His example is yours to follow!

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22

Daring, Strategy and Courage

IN THREE PARTS

Part One

Daring

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL, V.C.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND, a glorious epic in Britain's naval history, showed clearly that the spirit of Nelson still lived in the officers of the British Fleet and in the seamen who served under them.

The highest point in Britain's naval history of the Great War is marked by the glorious victory won off Jutland by the British Atlantic Squadron, under the late Admiral Beatty, over the German High Seas Fleet, which was composed of the finest ships that Germany possessed. This battle, in which the German Fleet was largely destroyed, proved once more that Britain's claim to the world's finest and greatest battle fleet was fully justified.

The British losses in cruisers sunk, as well as in the lives of men, were considerable, but the heroism displayed by men of all ranks was in keeping with the finest traditions of the navy and won the admiration of the world.

No reference to this battle would seem complete without making mention of John Travers Cornwell, V.C.—a boy sixteen years of age whose action on H.M.S. *Chester* showed that England's fighting spirit was as keen as ever.

Listed as "Boy, First Class," Jack Cornwell was a member of the crew of this ship which was one of the cruisers sent to worry the ships in the van of the enemy's advancing fleet. He was attached to one of the gun-crews and helped his mates man their gun as the *Chester*, riddled by shell-fire, continued her devastating attack upon the enemy.

During the course of the battle, he was severely wounded; but, as his mates lay dying and dead around him, and as there was no one to man the gun but himself, he scorned to seek shelter and relief from the terrible pain he was suffering. He stayed with his gun, and thereby set as noble an example of fortitude in extreme suffering as did Lord Nelson who, mortally wounded at Trafalgar, lay on the deck of his ship watching the progress of the battle and

only consented to his removal below deck when he knew the Battle of Trafalgar had been won for England by the ships under his command. Jack Cornwell, at the age of sixteen, made the supreme sacrifice.

Posthumously he was awarded the Victoria Cross for Valour, the citation reading, "In justice to his memory and as an acknowledgment of the high example set by him."

At the Battle of Jutland, May, 1916, Nelson lived again!

Part Two

Strategy

HE DID NOT FAIL HIS TRUST!

H.M.S. JERVIS BAY

CAPTAIN FOGARTY FEGAN, V.C.

WHEN the history of the British Empire's naval engagements in this war is written, one of its brightest pages will be the record of the attempt made by His Majesty's Ship *Jervis Bay*, commanded by Captain Fogarty Fegan, V.C., to protect thirty-eight merchant vessels, laden with food and arms for England, when they were attacked by a German pocket battleship.

Outclassed and outgunned as they were, for the *Jervis Bay* was only an armed merchantman, Captain Fegan did not hesitate to close with the enemy. "Close up closer with the enemy," was his command, and his men fought and died, as Britons, all along the years, have fought and died. While this resulted in the loss of the *Jervis Bay* and its noble skipper and crew, it kept the enemy occupied until the ships had a chance to scatter. In view of the superior strength and equipment of the German battleship, it seems almost incredible that thirty-five of the thirty-eight ships succeeded in reaching port safely and with their cargoes unharmed. Is it any wonder after incidents of such self-sacrifice and heroism that Britons everywhere feel that the White Ensign flies more proudly than before?

In this engagement, both the captain and his men lived up to the finest traditions of the British Navy and were ready and willing to die, just as thousands of others have been through the centuries, that England might live and that freedom of thought, action and speech might be enjoyed by people in every part of the British Empire.

DETAILS OF THE ACTION

H.M.S. *Jervis Bay*, with egg-shell plating and only six-inch guns, pitifully inadequate against the tremendous armament of the enemy battleship, without hesitation headed straight for the raider, staggering under the murderous punishment of her eleven-inch shells. Laying a smoke-screen, behind which the merchant ships scattered for safety, the *Jervis Bay* went into action.

Hit below the waterline, set on fire, she kept steaming for the raider, her commander seeking to get within a range that would permit his guns to penetrate the enemy's armour.

"Closer, keep those guns going!" shouted Captain Fegan. The flag was shot away, but at Fegan's order, a seaman replaced it. Most of the main bridge went. Captain Fegan's right arm was shot away. But, shouting for more speed, the wounded master made his way to the after bridge with its duplicate controls. A direct hit blew the forward guns clean into the sea. Another salvo had wrecked the steering gear, the Quartermaster informed the Captain.

"How's she heading?" asked Fegan.

"For the enemy," was the reply.

"Keep her so," ordered Captain Fegan.

With the forward guns out of action and the steering-gear shot, the Captain proved the *Jervis Bay* hadn't lost her sting, by manoeuvring her so that the after guns could bear on the enemy. There stood Captain Fegan, his arm useless, but still in command, giving orders until the after bridge was shot from under him and he was forced to take his stand on the almost completely shattered main bridge.

The gallant *Jervis Bay* was in flames now and settling fast by the bow. A blazing inferno! Only then did her master give the order to "abandon ship." Himself, he remained true to his trust. So the *Jervis Bay* went down with her ensign still flying and her captain at his post. The ship to its grave, the master to death, but not defeat!

His courage and seamanship and the gallantry of his officers and men had held at bay the powerful enemy, that thirty-five ships out of that convoy of thirty-eight might escape.

In honouring Captain Fogarty Fegan posthumously with the Victoria Cross "For Valour," the British Empire honoured herself.

May you, too, so play your part that, having faced danger for the Empire "thousands shall rise to bless your name."

A complementary action to that of the *Jervis Bay* was that of the crew of the tanker *San Demetrio*, in the same convoy, which, set afire by an enemy shell, was finally salvaged and brought into port by her crew, some of them wounded, thereby saving the British Government \$1,250,000—the value of the ship and cargo.

“In the Battle of the Atlantic, Nelson lived again.”

Part Three

Courage

THE BLAZING SAN DEMETRIO

THE MERCHANT SERVICE “CAME THROUGH”

NO more thrilling story of the courage and devotion to duty of the Merchant Seamen, who are today holding the lifeline of our foreign trade amidst almost inconceivable dangers and handicaps, may be found than the story of how the crew of the tanker *San Demetrio* risked their lives to salvage that vessel for the good of the hard-pressed Merchant Marine. It is an incident of the war in which English, Canadian and American seamen, some grievously wounded, faced imminent death by fire and explosion in order that their ship might continue to sail the seas bringing much-needed supplies of oil to the allies.

As the tanker *San Demetrio* was one of the ships that were being convoyed by the *Jervis Bay*, the incident is really a sequel of the episode that occurred in mid-Atlantic, November 5, 1940. As the tanker scattered with other ships when the *Jervis Bay* closed for action, she was hit by a shell. The Captain, realizing the danger of remaining aboard when her tanks were full of gasoline, ordered the crew to abandon the ship. The crew went over the side in three boats, shortly before a second shell hit the vessel, turning her into a raging inferno from stem to stern.

As the weather grew worse the boats became separated. Second Officer Godfrey Hawkins and his crew rode out the worst of the storm in one of the boats till, when dawn came, he sighted the tanker, which miraculously had not sunk, but was still afire, surrounded by large pools of gasoline. The weather was still dirty. The men remained in their boat all that day, enduring privation stoically—two of them seriously injured.

By dawn of the next day, the weather was improved and Second Officer Hawkins and his men boarded the tanker, which was still afire and glowing hot amidships. The bridge and superstructure had gone. Gone, too, were compasses, steering gear, charts and wireless. The steering gear aft was partially destroyed, only four spokes of the wheel remaining. Through that day and the following night the men fought the fire, eventually putting it out. They erected a temporary steering platform. By the next afternoon they had the main engines going, maintaining a speed of nine knots. The tanker was now headed for England. On November 14th a British warship arrived on the scene.

With a party of officers and ratings placed aboard to supplement the efforts of Second Officer Hawkins and his men, the tanker proceeded to port and two days later she made the Clyde with 10,000 tons of cargo still in her.

The bravery and skill of the tanker's officer and part crew would still be a matter of official record only, were it not for the court action which took place to settle the salvage dues. Then the world learned, for the first time, what feats the storm-ravaged, starving, and, in some cases, wounded seamen, had performed just as their plain duty.

The Admiralty Court Judge showered praise on all members of the crew for their "courage, resource and skill," especially mentioning John Boyle, a greaser, who, wounded, and after two days of agony in an open boat, never complained, but continued to work in the stokehole of the salvaged tanker till he was removed to one of the few undamaged cabins, where death released him from his suffering; and Ross Preston, an American, who had signed on as a Canadian from Nova Scotia, in order to make his way to England to fight for her. In the language of the Court, "their action was simply magnificent."

From the days of Sir Richard Grenville and the *Revenge* one can recall stories of British heroism at sea which make the blood run faster and keep high the pride we have in British sailors, but perhaps none which tells of greater heroism than these men displayed.

Learn well the words of this anonymous tribute to the men of the British Merchant Marine!

"They faced the seas; they took their ships
Through storm and fogbank, night by night,
Now, meeting murder—seamanlike
They strip and man their guns, and fight!"

"Nelson's spirit still lives" in the men of the Merchant Marine!

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23

The Sinking of the Bismarck, the Hood Avenged!

IN the sinking of that German dreadnought the *Bismarck*, the newest pride of the German Navy, off Greenland, on May 27, 1941, the British Navy not only avenged the sinking of the world's largest battleship, H.M.S. *Hood*, a few days previously, but also removed a probable highly dangerous threat to the safety of Canada and the United States. If the giant *Bismarck*, with its complement of more than two thousand men and armaments equal to those of a small fortress, had reached Greenland, there to land its men and occupy that island as a base for flying operations, Canada and the eastern United States would soon have been an object of Germany's ruthless aggression, and this would have happened had it not been for the bravery and seamanship of our gallant sailors, the fine marksmanship of our naval gunners, and the intrepid daring of the navigators and observers of our aircraft that found the escaping *Bismarck*.

On May 23rd, four days previous to the engagement of the giant *Bismarck* by ships of the British fleet, the mighty battleship *Hood* had engaged it off the coast of Greenland. An unlucky shot for the British from the *Bismarck's* guns hit the magazine of the *Hood*. She sank almost at once, carrying 1,200 men to their deaths. The cruiser *Prince of Wales* was damaged, too. Twelve hundred brave officers and ratings were lost in an attempt to defend the British Empire, by giving battle to a newer ship. None of them survived. They died in defence of the people of Canada and England and of every possession in the British Empire.

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE

On May 23rd, when word was flashed that the *Bismarck* was running loose, the Atlantic squadron of the Royal Navy, including the great aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, the aircraft carrier *Victorious*, the battleships *King George V*, *Prince of Wales* and *Rodney* and the destroyers *Cossack* and *Maori*, received orders to intercept the *Bismarck*, if she came south. Our ships sailed westward hoping to cut her off.

Shortly after receiving these orders, word was received that the *Hood* and the *Prince of Wales* were in sight of the enemy. Then further word came that the mighty *Hood* had been sunk by an explosion in her magazine and that the *Prince of Wales* was damaged.

Word reached our ships that the *Bismarck* was steaming south at a speed of twenty-six knots. The squadron proceeded westward on an intercepting course during the day and night of the 25th, bent on hunting down the enemy warship that had blasted out of existence the world's largest battleship and the lives of 1,200 of their brother seamen.

The *Bismarck* all but escaped for good that night, running the gauntlet of our ships before she was hit by an aerial torpedo dropped by a plane from the aircraft carrier *Victorious*. This injured her rudder, but her reduced speed still showed twenty-one knots. She passed unobserved, during the night of the 26th, about forty miles south of the *Rodney*, it was learned next day.

Then continued one of the most dangerous and exciting games of hare and hounds across the Atlantic in which ships of the British Navy ever took part. A chase of seven or eight hundred miles that ended about 500 miles west of Brest, France, for which haven the *Bismarck* was apparently making.

On the morning of the 26th, the *Bismarck* was again located from the air by a Catalina flying-boat from one of our warships and by aircraft from the *Ark Royal*.

It was obvious that something must be done to reduce her speed or she might escape us and make a French port.

Two torpedo-bombing attacks were launched from the *Ark Royal*, but no hits were reported.

Closing-in manoeuvres were ordered by the Commander-in-Chief and the *Rodney*, *King George V*, *Ark Royal* and aircraft carrier *Victorious* commenced their deadly encircling movements that were to bring the great *Bismarck* into battle.

At 9.30 that night of the 26th, with the news that the *Bismarck* was obviously disabled, was reduced in speed to twelve knots and was steering directly towards our ships, the ships companies were told that decisive action with the *Bismarck* would be delayed till the morning of the 27th, as word had been received by the Commander-in-Chief that our destroyer flotilla was in touch with the *Bismarck* and shadowing her.

British sailors cheered to think that the *Bismarck* had been damaged by our destroyers' attacks, but chafed at the delay in

getting into action against her for a decisive result. By then the *Bismarck* was practically surrounded by five of our warships with little chance of permanently escaping.

During that night our destroyers, *Cossack* and *Maori*, made torpedo attacks on the enemy ship, scoring hits that slowed up the *Bismarck* still further, while the British warships kept in covering positions.

On the morning of the 27th, the *Bismarck* was revealed in the early light considerably slowed down and in precarious shape. It looked as if she might sink before our warships could get at her. The destroyers assured us that, although greatly reduced in speed, the *Bismarck* still retained her main and secondary armaments.

At 8.40 that morning, although the visibility was still poor, the Commander-in-Chief ordered the battleships *King George V*, and *Rodney* to go in, find the enemy and bring her into action.

The first ship sighted by our battleships was one of our shadowing cruisers which had pursued the *Bismarck* from the Denmark Strait. She reported the enemy in sight and a few minutes afterwards the British battleships themselves sighted the *Bismarck* steering toward them twelve knots away.

The *Rodney* and *King George V* proceeded toward the *Bismarck* in a line abreast and immediately opened fire on her at a range of 23,000 yards, getting a crossfire at her at right angles. She didn't appear to be very manageable, turning to the south and again to the north. However, she opened fire on the *Rodney*, her shells falling 1,000 yards short. The *Rodney* turned to port to get all her guns bearing on the enemy.

By this time the *Rodney* and *King George V* were in full action, steering a southerly course while the *Bismarck* steamed north. Smoke from funnel and cordite caused considerable interference to the *Rodney*, while on the southerly course, and for this reason she turned north on a course parallel to that of the *Bismarck*, trying to head her off. With the changed course the range closed rapidly and the *Bismarck* was very severely hit by crossfire from the *Rodney* on her port bow and from the *King George V* on her port quarter, the first hit on the *Bismarck* being scored by the third salvo from the *Rodney's* "A" and "B" turrets.

The *Bismarck* changed its fire to the *King George V*, but there were no casualties on either British battleship, although some of the *Bismarck* salvos landed within twenty yards of the *Rodney*. By

now fires could be seen aboard the *Bismarck* and her fore turret was pointing in the wrong direction, unable to move. Again the *Bismarck* was hit in the forepart and another turret was out of action, her guns drooping almost to the deck.

Now the *Bismarck* was moving much more slowly and the *Rodney* and *King George V* had to turn round her several times. The *Bismarck's* after turret was still firing, but at longer intervals.

Further fires were seen aboard the *Bismarck* and the back of one of her turrets blew right off and went over the side. The range closed still more and many hits were scored on the *Bismarck* with our main and secondary armaments. Terrific hits were registered on her bridge and quarterdeck.

The *Bismarck* still rode the sea, even with many fires aboard her, her main guns dismantled, her fire-control system disrupted and her Krupp armour belt showing the effect of British shells. She apparently didn't respond to sinking by gunfire and there was no major explosion aboard her.

No motion had been made to haul down her colours, although now, in forty minutes from the commencement of close action, her guns were completely silenced.

It was necessary to try to sink her by gun and torpedo as the *Rodney* and *King George V* were in continual danger from expected attack by air and submarine. This was at 9.30, less than an hour from our first action.

The *Rodney* was ordered to attempt to sink her by torpedo. Two torpedoes, aimed amidships, reduced the enemy ship to a mass of flames and black smoke. She was lying very low in the water. Seven more torpedoes were fired by the *Rodney*.

The Commander-in-Chief ordered the cruiser *Dorsetshire*, which had just arrived from the south, to close right in and despatch the sinking *Bismarck* with more torpedoes.

Powerfully armed, well manned and protected with heavy armour, the pride of Germany's navy sank beneath the waves under British fire at 11 o'clock, to grant revenge in full for the sinking of our gallant *Hood* and the death of her courageous crew!

Battleships, destroyers, and the eyes of the Navy, the fleet air arm, had satisfactorily completed their appointed task as part of their daily line of duty, removing forever Germany's latest menace to the freedom of the seas, which British sailors are daily fighting to maintain for all liberty-loving people.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24

The Men of the Merchant Marine

THE story of the men of the British Empire's Merchant Marine is one of unending hardship, suffering, near starvation, bravery, calm courage and vigilance displayed by thousands of seamen, untrained as fighters, who knowingly risk their lives on the seven seas in almost undefended ships, that Britain's defenders of the front line of freedom may have the arms and the food, without which they cannot stop the onslaughts of Hitler's mighty hordes.

That the British Empire is still holding her own against Germany's seemingly endless blows, and is even now taking the offensive against her mighty enemy, is mainly due to the fact that the goods and arms for Britain's civilian defenders, for her Navy, for her soldiers, for her airmen, for her industrial workers, are kept flowing to England in a constant stream from all parts of the world through the efforts of the men who handle our merchant ships and the men who man such of the Empire's warships as may be sent to help protect those merchant ships.

England is a small island, producing a large quantity of goods and arms, but to fully equip her millions of defenders in the navy, army and air force, and in civilian ranks, too, and to provide them—nearly fifty million of them—with food, is a mighty job entailing the sailing of the seven seas of the world by hundreds of vessels daily.

Without this food and without arms from outside her island shores, England would shortly become not only defenceless, but also unable to send out her warriors to battle with the enemy, to smash the German occupied ports of the continent and to throttle the German submarine warfare.

England's warriors are great and fearless; England's defenders give battle daily as Hitler's evil birds fly over her land intent on destroying her cities and people; England's spirit—the spirit of Nelson—is unconquerable; English men and women, and Canadian, South African, Australian, New Zealand, and other allied troops in England manning her defences and battling the enemy in the skies will die in their tracks before they'll allow Hitler to let loose a flood of savagery on this continent; but those defenders have to be fed

and armed. They must get grain and machines and articles of food and airplanes that they may live and fight. Otherwise they cannot defend England, and in defending England, defend the Empire.

And who gets the food and the arms to England? The men of the Merchant Marine; Canadian merchant seamen taking goods from Canada; English merchant seamen bringing their ships over here to fetch stuff to England; Australian and New Zealand and South African merchant seamen also bringing their supplies of food and arms to that tight little Island—England.

These men are untrained for war. They were peaceful citizens who, before the war, only asked to be allowed to take their freighters to distant countries to carry goods out and bring other goods back. Or they were officers and deckhands of passenger ships and luxury liners, whose daily routine consisted of keeping their ships trim and neat, keeping steam up in the boilers, looking after the passengers' needs. They were not trained as sea fighters. Even now taking their full share of risk, manning the one small gun most merchant ships carry, travelling in ships practically undefended against submarine, torpedo and air attack, continually displaying all the bravery of a front line trench defender or an air pilot or an air bomber, they have no official uniform, and they are not reckoned as members of the Empire's armed forces.

But, protected to some extent, by armed vessels of the Royal Navy or the Royal Canadian Navy, they deliver the goods, not looking for thanks or decorations or increase in rank with consequent increase in pay. It's part of their job.

When they decided on a life at sea, they didn't bargain for the hardships, the risking of their lives in bullet-spattered lifeboats when their ships are sunk beneath them, the long hours in the water, the near-starvation they undergo when they sit crowded in little cockleshells of boats for days, nerve-wracked and anxiously waiting, sometimes in vain, to be rescued. That was in peacetime. But, when war came and they were asked to ship on undefended vessels because England needed them to man the ships that would bring her food and arms, did they refuse to sign on? No! Those men signed on as eagerly in war as in peace, for England must be fed and armed.

Stories of the heroism displayed by these men daily in all parts of the world are legion. Every day tales are grudgingly told by these men, of near death, fire, hardships, exposure, so that they have become commonplace.

The glory of Dunkirk, when England's little ships in the thousands, unarmed, part of England's merchant marine, sped to Dunkirk to evacuate hundreds of thousands of our soldiers after they had been trapped in France and Belgium will never be forgotten. The privations undergone and endurance shown by our merchant sailors who, with their ships sunk beneath them, were made prisoners aboard the German prison ship *Altmark*, will ever be remembered by British people; the brave merchantmen who salvaged their blazing tanker *San Demetrio* and brought it home to England to be used again to carry supplies to England, will always be honoured by freedom-loving people. However, these are but a few examples of the bravery and strength which our merchant seamen display day after day in face of a relentless enemy, that "the folks at home" in England may be armed and fed.

The soldier in his front-line trench, defending England from invasion, is brave, but he may get some respite from air attack in the dug-out below the fire-step, and he is able to fight back with anti-aircraft gun and hand-grenade; the brave sailor aboard His Majesty's Warship can man his guns and is protected by inches of armour-plate from the effect of the enemy's shells; the gallant airman defies death, but he is not defenceless. The merchant seaman, however, is not equipped to any extent to fight the enemy; wooden or thin steel shells afford little protection against direct hits by enemy shells; too often his ship carries too few lifeboats to give him an even chance of survival when his ship is sunk beneath him. Ashore the merchant seaman has not the official protection that his brother-warriors in the Navy, Army and Air Force enjoy. He has no official home—no Manning Pool, no barracks, no headquarters to even rest in when off duty.

But that doesn't discourage him. While at sea he suffers, and watches, and tries to manoeuvre his ship out of the range of fire so that it may get to its port to deliver the goods to England's beleaguered defenders.

When Sir Francis Drake, after completing his historic voyage round the world landed again in England, he sent a message to Queen Elizabeth. This is what he said: "We have opened the gates of the sea. We have given you the keys of the world. The little spot ye stand on has become the centre of the earth. From this day forward the British merchant can rove whither he will and no man shall say him nay. See that ye hold fast the heritage we leave you. Yea, and teach your children its value, that never in the coming centuries

their hearts may fail them or their hands grow weak. Henceforth we will fear only God."

Since Drake "opened the gates of the sea" to British merchants and their ships, that became known as merchantmen, merchant seamen have worked their ships through the seven seas to develop England's trade and to bring the necessary goods to England from the far corners of the earth. In peace they have done it, leaving homes and families to sail the seas for England. In many wars they have sailed the seas, enduring hardship and risking death to bring Britain the goods and arms she needs to defend her freedom and her possessions. In peace, merchant seamen sailed the seas to bring the British Empire prosperity, to carry the peoples of our Empire from one Dominion to another and to the heart of Empire. In this war, sailing more merchant ships than ever before, serving more countries, enduring greater hardships and risks caused by modern warfare, the British Empire's Merchant Seamen, in greater numbers than ever before, are the unsung heroes!

They live and work and endure and fight, aye and die, that the Motherland and the glorious Empire, of which it is the corner stone, shall be defended; that Canada shall not be overrun by Hitler's mad hordes; that you may learn, and live, and worship God, and grow up free citizens in a free country.

The full story of their daring and courage can never be properly told or written in any language.

"Nothing is too good for our Merchant Sailors!"

The Navy League, Its Contribution to the Empire

IN peacetime and in wartime the Navy League of Canada has, day in and day out, successfully striven to carry out the aims and objectives it set itself when it was first formed. These are:

(1) To keep constantly before the minds of the Canadian people the necessity of having adequate naval protection for our shores and of giving effective co-operation to the Royal Navy, the Royal Canadian Navy and the Merchant Navy.

(2) To do everything possible in every way to help our sailors and British and Allied sailors, by sending them comforts such as woollens, etc., by providing recreation centres for them and by giving care to their dependants in cases of special needs.

(3) To provide, through its Sea Cadet Training Programme, young men who, at the conclusion of their training, at little or no cost to the Government, are able to take their place in the ranks of Canada's armed forces as practically, fully-trained men in the art of seamanship.

Thousands of Sea Cadets are serving our Empire today.

In peacetime the responsibilities of the Navy League are great; in wartime they are greater.

When this war commenced, our Navy, apart from the Merchant Navy, consisted of "half a dozen ships and a personnel of 1,700 men." At present the Royal Canadian Navy is growing so rapidly that by the end of 1941 we shall be proud in Canada of possessing an important arm of the Naval Service on both Atlantic and Pacific oceans. As the Navy increases, the responsibilities of the Navy League increase. As the Merchant Navy increases, the personnel of which is described by the Minister as being composed of "the unsung heroes of this war," the need to care for them also increases.

During the past year the Navy League of Canada has sent out many thousands of ditty bags and woollens to our sailors, millions of cigarettes, chocolate bars, maple sugar, magazines, books, packs of playing cards. It has thousands of men and women throughout Canada working for it in every possible way, recognizing as they do the sacredness of the cause of helping our sailors.

Over a period of years the Navy League of Canada has contributed to sailors' organizations in England and Canada which help

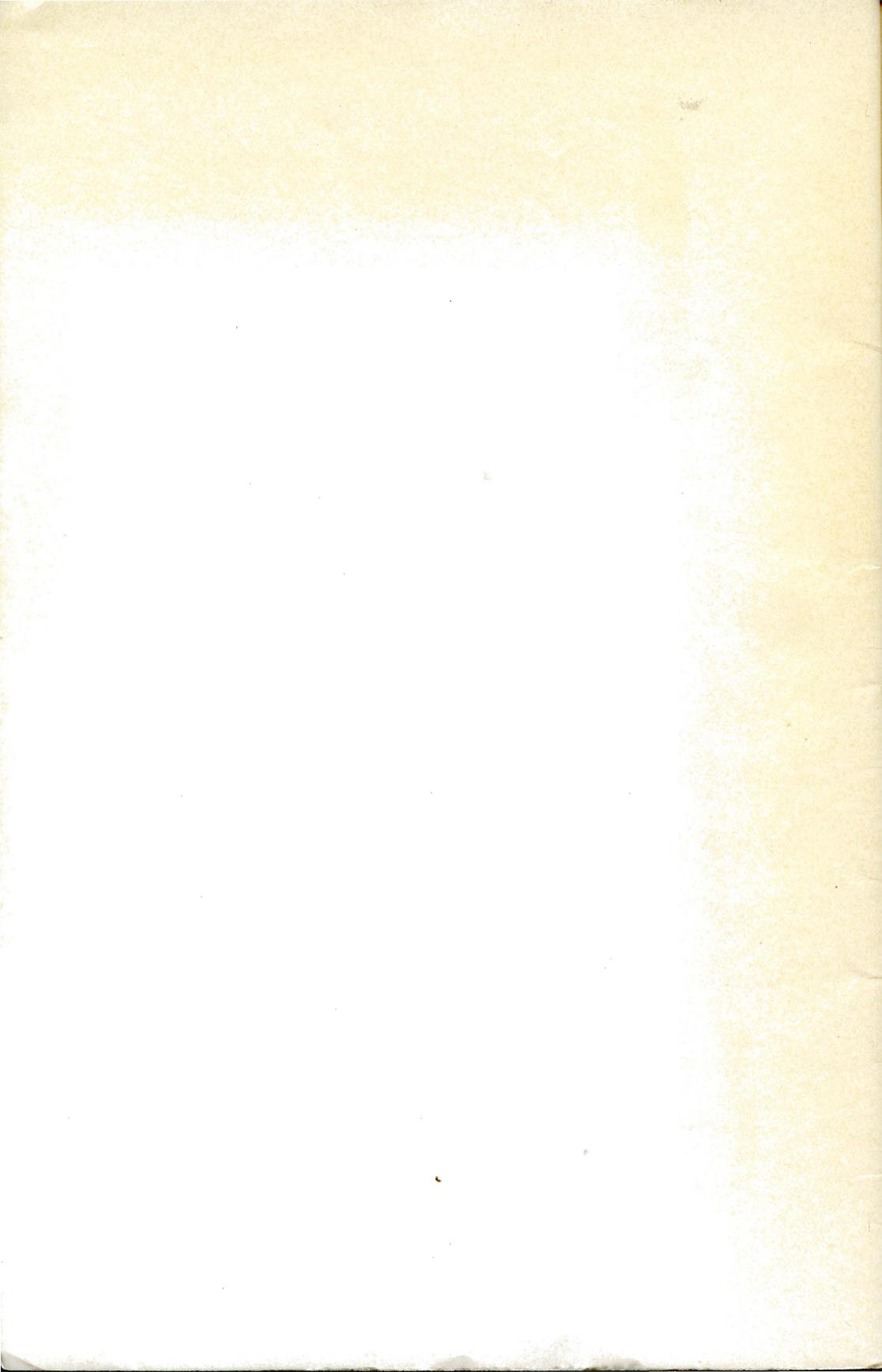
sustain British and Canadian sailors, contributing to their bodily comfort and ease of mind, and strengthening their morale.

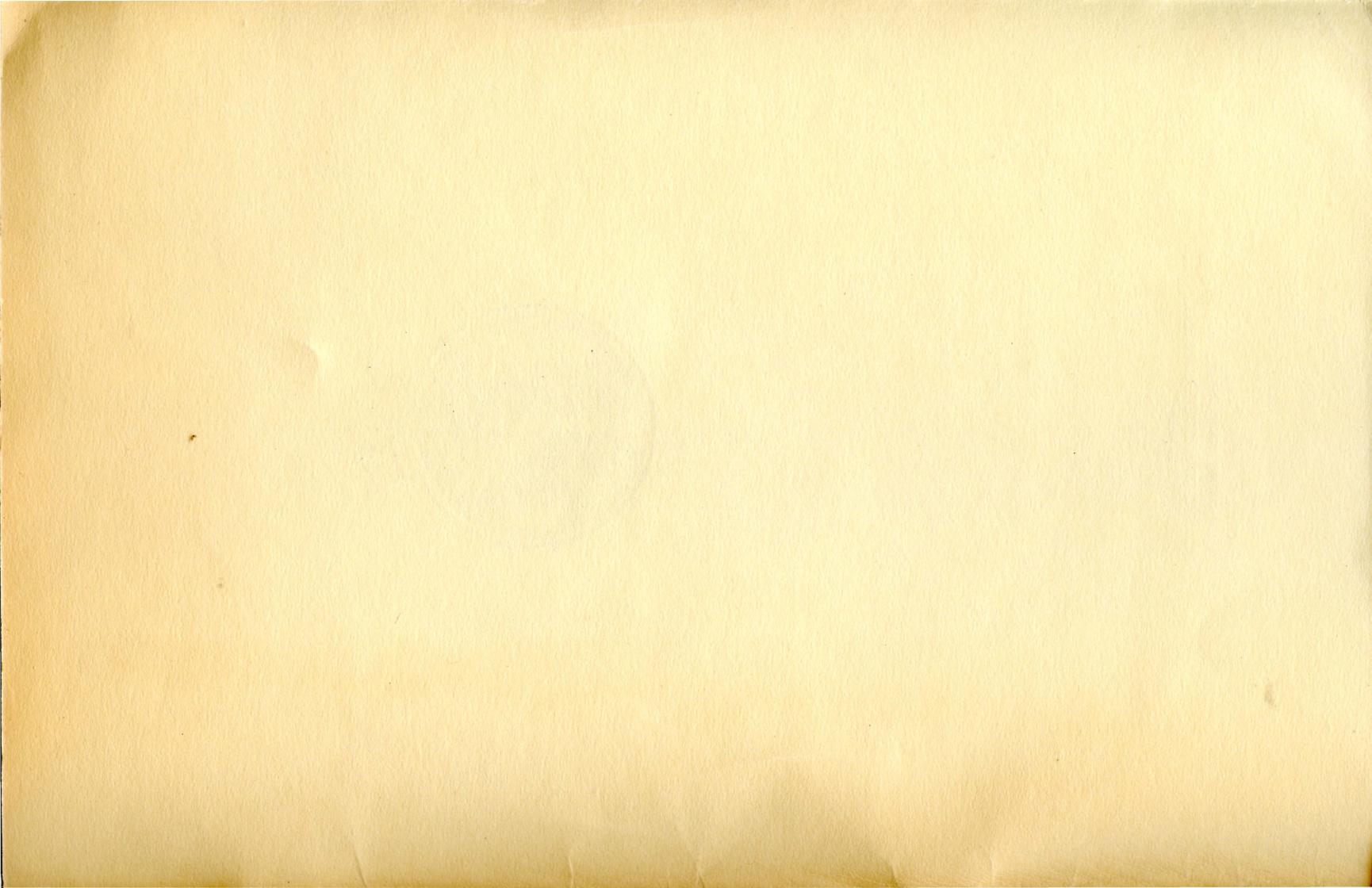
In its latest efforts to help our sailors, primarily Merchant sailors, who, ununiformed and unsung, ply the seas carrying goods and arms to England, risking their lives in our Empire's righteous cause, the Navy League is erecting hostels at two eastern Canadian ports. The hostel at the largest port will be in a specially-erected building, said to be the best war-service building in Canada. It will be for the men of the Allied Merchant Services, will provide sleeping accommodation for 500 men at a time, and will serve meals to three or four thousand men a day. Special rooms have been provided where merchant seamen of Norway, Free France, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Belgium, Holland and other Allied Nations may gather together to speak their native language and to enjoy their own native pastimes. It will be a home from home. It has cost a lot of money to build it, and a lot of money will be needed to furnish it. The second hostel will cost a lot of money, too, but the Navy League, and the people who contribute to the Navy League will know that they are doing something definite and constructive to help the men who are helping the Empire's cause.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill says of the Navy League, "We are all deeply sensible of the work of the Navy League. It is our hope that this work will continue;" while the Admiralty says, "The Board of Admiralty members do look on the Sea Cadet movements as being of national importance."

The Navy League of Canada in the next eight weeks will have some ten more centres in operation at various ports in Canada, all well administered and ready for the coming fall and winter demands that will be particularly heavy in comparison with the needs of men of the Royal Navy, the Royal Canadian Navy and the Merchant Navy.

This powerful influence upon the lives of these noble Heroes of the Sea makes for the building of our British Empire as a people bound together in one noble purpose—freedom and peace for all mankind.







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