

PATROLS

experiences, because they love him and because his language is volcanic and wonderful—what you might call Popocatapocalyptic. I saw the Old Navy making ready to lead out the New under a grey sky and a falling glass—the wisdom and cunning of the old man backed up by the passion and power of the younger breed, and the discipline which had been his soul for half a century binding them all.

‘What’ll he do *this* time?’ I asked of one who might know.

‘He’ll cruise between Two and Three East; but if you’ll tell me what he won’t do, it ’ud be more to the point! He’s mine-hunting, I expect, just now.’

WASTED MATERIAL

Here is a digression suggested by the sight of a man I had known in other scenes, despatch-riding round a fleet in a petrol-launch. There are many of his type, yachtsmen of sorts accustomed to take chances, who do not hold masters’ certificates and cannot be given sea-going commands. Like my friend, they do general utility—often in their own boats. This is a waste of good material. Nobody wants amateur navigators—the traffic lanes are none too wide as it is. But these gentlemen ought to be distributed among the Trawler Fleet as strictly combatant officers. A trawler skipper may