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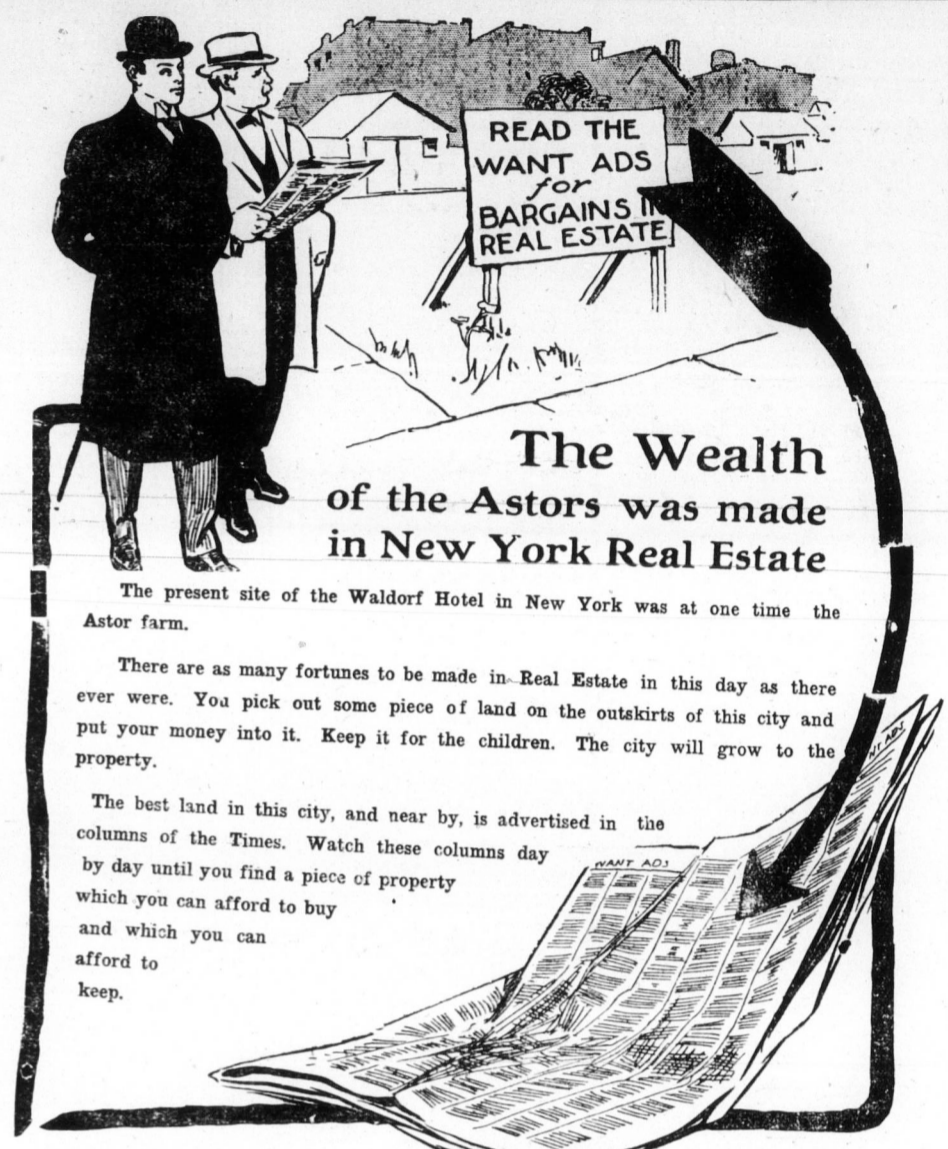
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Aboard a U. S. Battleship

The Day's Work In the Fleet—How the Time Passes—No Rest for the Weary—The Thousand and One Things That the Jackies Have Got to Attend to.

(By Franklin Matthews, of the New York Sun.) Unusual and attractive as an extended cruise on a warship is to a civilian, and however it may cause him to be envied by his acquaintances, it must also be set down, if one would chronicle the truth and nothing else, that it has its drawbacks. Probably the first that the superannuated cargo discoverer is that there is practically no place on the decks where he may sit down. He soon realizes that a warship is not a passenger steamship, with staterooms, smoking rooms, deck stewards and all the other appurtenances that go to advance the traveller's comfort. The next drawback that forces itself upon one's attention, after the novelty of looking round wears off to some extent, is that the warship passenger is a night lonely person, and, unless he can amuse himself or is naturally one of the reserved kind and lives in his own shell, he'll find time hanging heavy on his hands. You see, you can't go up to an officer and gossip when he's drilling a crew in loading shells in a gun. You can't peep upon the captain whenever you see him on the deck and make him chat with you. You can't exercise conventional powers when general quarters or fire drill is on. The work on hand is to move a floating fort of steel weighing 20,000 tons, more or less, swiftly through the water in complete synchrony with a lot of other floating parts of nearly the same size, and then to prepare for just one thing, and that is to destroy and kill. Everything is subservient to one idea—to be ready to fight at the swiftest pace for just about one hour; for he knows that if one of the warships in this great battle fleet were fought at its swiftest and fullest capacity, it would be all over, one way or the other, in an hour or less. It's all a matter of course, part of the day's work, with the sea dogs and gunners. And when you suggest that you are thinking of writing a piece for the paper telling about the routine of a warship, they are surprised that any such topic could be interesting, and tell you that it's nothing new, and is going on for decades and centuries. Then they admit, perhaps, that the general public doesn't realize the amount of work done on a warship, and they'll produce this schedule of hours and tasks that sum it up: 2.00—Call ship's cook. 2.45—Call the section of the watch, relieve wheel and look-outs. 4.00—Relieve the watch on deck. 4.30—Turn to, out smoking lamp, pipe sweepers, clear up deck. 4.50—Call music, master-at-arms, and boatswain's mates. 5.00—Reveille, bugles and drums; call all sections except midwatch sections. 5.15—Execute morning orders. 5.30—Tie up clothes line. At sunrise station masthead lookouts, take in deck lookouts, and put out running lights. 5.30—Break up and send below to be burned all boxes and articles that will float. 6.40—Tie up six bell hammock cloths. 6.50—Up all hammocks, serve out water, hoist masts, etc. 7.45—On deck duty sections. Section on deck to breakfast. 7.55—Breakfast for sections below, light smoking lamp; ditty boxes allowed. 7.50—Mess gear for watch on deck. 8.00—Relieve wheel and lookouts. 8.15—On deck duty sections. Section on deck to breakfast. 8.15—Turn to, clean guns, and deck bright work. 8.25—Sick call. 8.45—Report at mast. 8.50—Clear up decks; down towel lines and ditty boxes; sweepers. 8.55—Officer's call. 9.00—Quarters for muster and inspection; setting up drill. 9.30—Drill call. 10.00—Relieve the wheel and look-outs. Signal (1) absentees, (2) number of sick. 11.00—Hoist ashes. 11.30—Retreat from drill. Pipe down clothes, if dry; sweepers. 11.45—Mess gear for section below. Noon—Dinner; duty section remain on deck. Signal (1) coal on hand, (2) coal expended, (3) latitude, (4) longitude. P. M.—Mess gear and duty section. 1.00—Turn to; out smoking lamp; ditty boxes; sweepers; pipe down clothes, if dry, then aired bedding, if up; start work about decks. 1.30—Serve out provisions. 2.00—Relieve wheel and look-outs. 3.00—Hoist ashes. 3.00—Relieve watch. 4.30—Knock off all work. Clear up decks; sweepers; pipe down clothes. 5.15—Mess gear for sections going on watch. 5.30—Supper for sections going on watch. 5.45—Mess gear for other sections. 5.55—Relieve wheel and look-outs. 6.00—Relieve section on duty. Other sections to supper. At sunset—Set running light; lay down masthead look-outs; station deck look-outs; couple fire hose; muster lifeboats' crews; coxswain report when crews are present and lifeboats ready for lowering. Test night signal apparatus. 6.30—Turn to; sweepers; scrub clothes on forecastle (except Sunday). 7.00—Hoist ashes; clear deck for hammocks. 7.30—Hammocks. 8.00—Relieve watch; wheel and look-outs; signal and searchlight drill as ordered; signal (1) latitude, (2) longitude. There is a daily port routine, similar in general outline to the one for cruise-

ing. It calls for the ceremony of colors, hoisting or lowering the flag, boat duty, and other things which can only come when a ship is in port. But those two schedules only hint at the full story. Probably the first impression that a stranger to all this ship routine gets is that a warship is one of the most discordant places in the world. They are everlastingly blowing bugles, each bugle out of key with the others. There are 98 of these bugle calls on a man-of-war, and how the men differentiate them passes your understanding. You finally get to know how many of these calls, and then somehow the discord seems to leave you, and like the ship that found herself, you begin to find yourself on shipboard, and you feel the warship arranging on that bugling ceases to trouble you further. The pipes of the bos'n also pierce your ears. Always shrill, they seem to end in a piercing shriek. At first they make you grate your teeth. You feel as if you would prefer that someone would cut you out, as the bos'n's expression is, rather than give you orders in that mean way. And when you hear these same mates, one of whom is stationed at every place of importance where the men live and sleep, roar out something that seems to be a mixture of the expression of the trumpeter of an elephant, and the bray of another animal, you think that if you were the sailor man addressed you'd feel like saying to that mate, you be— if you'd do it, whatever it was he was ordering you to do. Why such language as the bos'n's pipe employ is more calculated to inspire profanity than the term applied by Daniel O'Connell to the fisherman when he called her out of her name by saying she was a hysomote. But gradually you learn some of those calls too—there are no rhymes or jingles for them—and that worry blows over. The work on the bridge also soon excites your admiration. When you are in a squadron or fleet formation it's a different game from when you are alone. Then all you have to do is to keep your course and go sailing along at the speed set for you, keep your eye on things, receive reports, give this and that order, and when you are through set down a record of what has happened in the deck logbook. All that's simple and easy, compared with training in a fleet. With a fleet you are not on the bridge five minutes before you are aware that a peculiar kind of game is being played. It is "Watch the Flagship." The watch officer, the signal officer, the quarter-masters, the signal boys, all are engaged in the work. Let a signal go up from the flagship. There is a hasty peep through glasses, and then a hoarse cry for certain flags, a rush for the bunting, a quick bending of it on the halcyards, and then a mad rush by half a dozen lads across the bridge as the signals are hoisted. Hurry; be the first to answer is the sentiment inspiring all. After the signal is hoisted you take a hasty look around, and you grin as you see that ship hasn't got hers up yet, and you say to yourself that it was pretty smart work. When the first sign of a flutter comes from the flagship that the pennants are coming down the hoarse yell of "Haul down!" comes like a thunder-clap; and you betide the clumsy signal-boy who gets the halcyards foul and doesn't have the signals out of sight before the flagship has hers hoisted. Or perhaps it is approaching sunset and the time comes to lower the speed cones for the night and start the masthead and truck lights to glimmer. Intently all hands watch the flagship, and at the first tremor of the cone the boy begins to be hauled down. In a jiffy not a cone is to be seen at the yards of the entire fleet. Then there is the night signaling with the ardois red and white lights. There flashes from the flagship a row of vertical lights, four of them. "Cornet!" is the cry. It means that each ship must turn on the same signal as an answer to attention call. Then the flagship talks with this and that combination of red and white lights, all flashed so fast that before the impression of one combination fades from the eye two or three others have followed, and you wonder how on earth anyone can read them out. But as each one is flashed a boy calls out the letter, and another writes it down in the cubbyhole where the navigator's chart is sheltered, and you find that these messages are recorded as fast as a telegrapher could write out his clicks. And then in halcyards, in cruising there is that sufficient job of keeping distances. The favorite cruising formation in this fleet before Rio was reached was at 400 yards distance from the preceding ship. The Louisiana was fourth in what-ever line was formed. That meant 1,200 yards from the flagship. Now the engines of no two ships move the 18,000 tons of those ships at exactly the same speed through the water. You may know theoretically how many revolutions of the propellers are needed to go at the rate of 10, 11, 12 or even more knots an hour, but even then one ship will inch up, so to speak—foot up might express it better—and you have got to correct this all the time or you will be crawling up on the quarter-deck of the ship in front of you, or lagging so far behind that the ship after you will be in danger of crawling up on your own deck. You have a midshipman using the sander all the time, every 15 or 20 seconds or so, and then you are kept signaling to the engine-room to make one or two or three revolutions faster or slower until you get your right place and you don't have to fly your position pennant, confessing to the flagship that you are making a bad job of your work and have got more than 40 yards out of your position. You see, coal varies in its steaming qualities from time to time, and sometimes the engine-room mixer gets a little slack or orders get forced and it is one perpetual struggle to keep exactly where you ought to be. Then you have to sail on the course announced and the helmsman and quarter-master have to be continually correcting the rudder back and forth to correct the raws from the seas and other influences that throw you off that exact line. Then there is the routine bridge work, giving orders, receiving orders, making decisions, tasting the food of the crew that is brought always to the officer on watch, sighting ships and other things and always notifying the captain day or night of all important things going on. Oh, yes, there is plenty to do on a

bridge in a fleet, and you watch its progress with fascination for hours until you suddenly begin to realize the presence of that drawback mentioned first in this article, that there is no seating place up there, and you go below to read or get some rest sitting down. As one becomes accustomed to the naval routine there are ceremonies that he skips as a matter of course, and some that he does not. One of the latter is the general muster of the officers and crew on a Sunday morning once a month. Quarters are sounded as usual, and then comes the inspection of the ship and the men in their stations, while the band is playing lively airs. When this is over the entire ship's company not engaged in actual duty in running the ship is summoned aft. The officers and their divisions come to the quarter deck, and each officer reports his division "up and aft" to the executive officer, who in turn reports that fact to the captain. The latter then orders the ship's roll to be called. The paymaster steps out from the group of officers with the roll. On the Louisiana he calls: "Richard Wainwright!" "Captain Wainwright responds." "E. W. Eberle!" "Lieutenant-Commander, United States Navy," the executive officer responds. "C. T. Jewell!" "Lieutenant-Commander, United States Navy," says the navigator, and so on down the roll of officers the paymaster proceeds, each man saluting as he answers to his name. Then the paymaster retires and the purser steps up and takes up the call. He reads the names of the members of the crew. As each man hears his name called he answers with his designation on the roll. John Jones will answer, "Coal passer, United States Navy," William Smith will declare that he is an ordinary seaman, and so on. As each man answers to his name he drops out of the ranks, proceeds aft and walks by the captain hat in hand. When the name of a man not duty somewhere in the ship, in the engine room or the bridge or elsewhere, is called the ship's writer, who stands beside the executive officer, says: "On duty, sir."

The absentee is marked "accounted for." Men in the sick bay are accounted for in the same way. It requires almost an hour to go through the nearly 1,000 names, and when it is all over the paymaster reports to the executive officer that all are present and accounted for, and that fact is duly communicated to the captain. By that time the deck is clear of men, and only the officers remain, and these are dismissed. It is a pretty ceremony, and originated, it is said, from the fact that before a complete assembly of officers and crew was made from time to time and the roll called there used to be padded rolls in the engine room. It requires almost an hour to go through the nearly 1,000 names, and when it is all over the paymaster reports to the executive officer that all are present and accounted for, and that fact is duly communicated to the captain. By that time the deck is clear of men, and only the officers remain, and these are dismissed. It is a pretty ceremony, and originated, it is said, from the fact that before a complete assembly of officers and crew was made from time to time and the roll called there used to be padded rolls in the engine room. It requires almost an hour to go through the nearly 1,000 names, and when it is all over the paymaster reports to the executive officer that all are present and accounted for, and that fact is duly communicated to the captain. By that time the deck is clear of men, and only the officers remain, and these are dismissed. It is a pretty ceremony, and originated, it is said, from the fact that before a complete assembly of officers and crew was made from time to time and the roll called there used to be padded rolls in the engine room.

AN EXCHANGE. Choirs of East End Churches Changed Places.

Last evening the choirs of Emerald Street Methodist Church and St. John's Presbyterian Church changed places, leading the service of song each in the other church. The congregation in each church was large and the choirs acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner, each rendering the anthems, solos and duets in admirable manner. At the close of the services many comments were made in reference to the innovation, nearly everybody agreeing that if more of this kind of thing were done it would help to inculcate a friendly spirit among the city churches. It was missionary Sunday in Emerald Street Church. The contributions were ahead of any previous year.

ONE DINNER. Highlander Officers Talking of a Regimental Affair.

A suggestion has been going the rounds of the officers' and sergeants' messes of the 91st Regiment to have the annual company dinner combined into one large dinner, to be held in the new Armory. The officers are of the opinion that it is a good scheme, and at the same time would save a great deal of expense to the various companies. While the matter has not taken definite form as yet, there is every likelihood that it will be arranged. THEATRICAL MECHANICS. Hamilton Lodge, No. 25, Theatrical Mechanical Association, has elected the following officers for 1909: President, Walter Britain; Past President, Robt. W. Stamp; First Vice-President, T. G. McNab; Second Vice-President, C. Holmes; Treasurer, William Stroud; Recording Secretary, W. F. Pudge; Financial Secretary, George Eville; Assistant Financial Secretary, T. Armstrong; Marshal, J. Walman; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. Howstead; Trustees, F. M. Thomas, Ed. Ward, John Lavis; Physician, Dr. A. E. Hillier; Grand Lodge Delegates, R. W. Stamp and William Mitson. This lodge is going ahead rapidly. Although only twenty-two months old, it has greatly increased its membership, and has a good surplus. It has received the first consignment of its souvenir, and is now arranging for the annual benefit. The members will try and surpass last year's, which was a big success, as an augmented show.