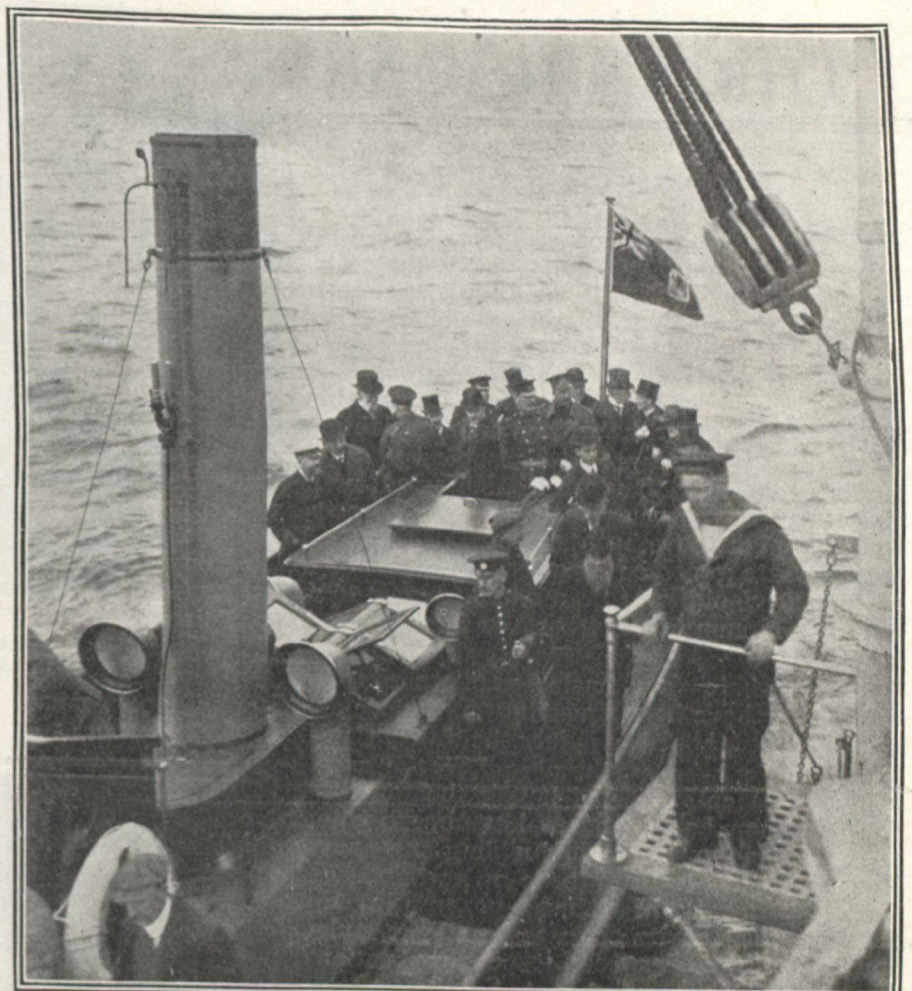


H.M.C.S. Rainbow—Gun Deck, looking forward.



Welcoming Party reaching the Vessel.

## THE REJUVENATION OF 'ESQUIMALT

By C. L. ARMSTRONG

**F**IVE years ago Esquimalt "went dead" when the Admiralty called the North Pacific Squadron to guard other shores. The key to the Pacific was deserted until the grey misty dawn of November 7th, when it suddenly

awoke. Dominion Government ships lay at anchor. As daylight came pennants broke from peaks and signal flags fluttered from halyards. The great, invincible basin was *en fete*. Far out in the Straits that which had been a small speck took on form. A bluejacket in a signal tower flashed the word, and the harbour was a-flutter with excitement. H. M. C. S. "Rainbow," Plymouth, Eng., for Esquimalt, the first ship of the Canadian navy on the Pacific, and the training school for the Canadian navy of the future, had reached the end of the cruise.

Steaming fast, the grey-painted Rainbow flashed past Fishguard Light. As the

anchors splashed at her bows a bugle sounded clear and shrill. Before the notes died away a gun cracked from the cruiser's side. Immediately a gun from the land battery at Dunze Head crashed back. Then came gun after gun, echo meeting echo as land battery and ship's guns boomed together while the Rainbow broke out her bunting and dressed. The echoes of the salute were still reverberating, when a small launch which had shot out from shore and drawn up under the warship's bows debarked her passengers. First up the ladder was Admiral Kingsmill, in command of the naval service of Canada. He was followed by Commander Roper, chief of staff and Commander Macdonald, of H.M.C.S. "Niobe," now lying in Halifax. As the

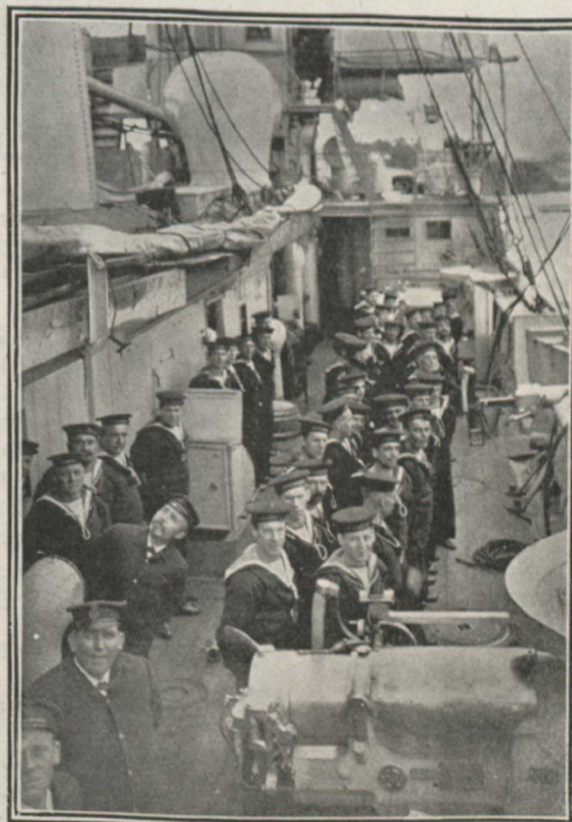
Admiral stepped on board he was received with a salute of thirteen guns.

During the morning, while the crew of the Rainbow were busy setting the ship to rights after her long voyage, the harbour was dotted with small craft bearing spectators. The surprising thing about this new Canadian ship is the fact that she showed no signs of the hard wear of her trip from England and that, while she is eighteen years old—a very Methuselah of war craft—she doesn't look it.

In the afternoon the Hon. William Templeman, accompanied by a host of provincial, municipal, army and militia officials as well as private citizens, boarded the cruiser and were received by Commander Stewart and the ship's officers. Then, at a pretty ceremony, the Rainbow was officially welcomed to the Pacific.



The Ship's Bugler.



"The Starboard Watch."

Later in the week, after the bluejackets from the new cruiser had stretched their legs and repopulated old Esquimalt in old-time style, the festivities were taken up again. There were banquets and feastings and some of those gay private functions where "both arms of the service" are mingled.

The Rainbow's crew are a fine lot. Numbering in its ranks picked men from the Imperial Navy who have been loaned to Canada for two years to teach the youngsters how to be British tars, as well as men who have finished their time in the Imperial navy and have joined for the Canadian service, the crew of the Rainbow will stand comparison with the crew of any battleship in the world.

When the Rainbow left Plymouth she had 15,012 miles of straight steaming before her. "Blimy" remarked one of the most stalwart of her tars as he kicked his heels on the cobbles of an Esquimalt street, "Blimy, if I thought we should ever reach this 'ere blooming plice. Sailing is all roight, oi soy; but w'en it comes to blooming-well waftin' round the blawsted globe, it's a bit thick. Oi soy, old cocky, w'ere does a cove get a gloss of beer?"

Yet the Rainbow had a remarkably nice voyage. "Fair took down wiv 'honway,' we wuz," remarked another W. W. Jacobs character from the Rainbow's crew. Except for some nasty water kicked up by a bit of head wind between Rio and Monte Video and heavy swells along the coast of the United States. The feature of the voyage was the carnival of Father Neptune, held when the Rainbow was crossing the equator. According to the men of the cruiser, Old Father Neptune came aboard just as the Rainbow's bows touched the line. "'Ow did we know w'en we 'it the line?" responded a big tar to an interviewer's question. "W'y, old chap, blow me if the blooming water didn't rise right up like a jolly old 'edge." When Father Neptune came aboard the Rainbow he learned to his huge joy that many of the Rainbow's 204 officers and men had never crossed the equator before. Nep' arranged his court at once. The chief feature of it was a large canvas tank of salt water. The initiating party rigged up in fearful fashion included policemen, whose duty it was to seize all greenhorns and bring them before the court. Arraigned there they were made to plead guilty to having never "crossed" before. Then a large pot of lather and a whitewash brush was brought forth and they were lathered and shaved with a wooden razor three feet long. The shaving done, with mouths half full of lather, they were tipped back into the tank, where a party of four "bears" awaited them. When they fought their way out they were met by a bunch of huskies who plastered them with black lead and tar and threw them back again. Then they escaped.