

Comrades of the Mist.

British Navy Honoured in Verse—
Poems of Warm Regard.

(From the New York Times.)

Officers and enlisted men of the American dreadnoughts that served in the Grand Fleet under Admiral Sir David Beatty, as units of the Sixth Battle Squadron, are mailing to relatives and friends, both here and in England, copies of a book entitled, "Comrades of the Mist and Other Rhymes of the Grand Fleet." Just such a book was never before compiled for the reason that never before in history was there a squadron that served in the same capacity as did the squadron commanded by Admiral Hugh Rodman during the great war. This squadron was made up of the New York, which was Rodman's flagship; the Texas, Wyoming, Arkansas and Florida.

As the title indicates, the volume is a tribute to the officers and men of the British Grand Fleet under Admiral Sir David Beatty. The book contains thirty-nine poems, written by officers and bluejackets of Rodman's command. It was compiled by Lieut. Commander Eugene E. Wilson, U. S. N., and is printed and copyrighted by the New York publishing house of George Sully & Co. By their courtesy The Times is able to print some of the verses written by American officers and enlisted men who served under Rodman and Beatty in the North Sea in 1917-18.

The first copy of the book went to Admiral Rodman, the new Commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet, and the second to Admiral Beatty. Hundreds of other copies are now in the mail-bags on the way to officers and men of the British service who served by side with the Americans in the war, while other hundreds are finding their way into civilian homes in America and in Great Britain.

The dedication of the book reads: "To our Comrades of the Mist—the officers and men of the British Grand Fleet, this volume is affectionately dedicated."

In a foreword Commander Wilson writes that "in collecting these verses the names of the authors have been ascertained and are given under the titles where possible," and he then adds that "after months in the North Sea I feel capable of assuming the responsibility for the others, no matter how reckless it may seem."

"It is hoped," concludes Commander Wilson's foreword, "that these rhymes by reflecting some of the spirit of the Grand Fleet may help to bring

out of its self-imposed obscurity, Britain's splendid 'Silent Service.'"

The place of honor in the book is given to the verses "Comrades of the Mist," written by a blue-jacket of the dreadnought Arkansas, the inspiration of them being Sir David Beatty's farewell message to his American comrades.

COMRADES OF THE MIST.

Where the long bridge spans the mighty Forth,
Twixt towering headlands bold,
And thin white fog drifts silently,
Dark and gray and cold,
There lean gray ships at anchor ride,
Their guns by the salt breeze kissed—
Ah, they are the flower of Britain's power,
Our Comrades of the Mist.

When the North Wind whipped the frothing sea
And drove the biting spray;
When the great fleet smashed the towering wave
And sped upon its way;
When the mighty ships rolled heavily,
And driving rain squalls hissed,
How proud we were to sail the sea
With our Comrades of the Mist.

Down through the years that are to come,
To the farthest corners of the earth,
That break in the sun's warm rays,
We'll dream of the days when we were part
Of Britain's strong mailed fist—
When we kept the sea and nations free,
With our Comrades of the Mist.

There are two expressions in the British service that every man who ever served alongside them knows. One is "Cheer-O" and the other is "Right-O," and "Cheer-O" inspired one of Rodman's young gunners to write the following:

CHEER-O!

The British have a funny word—
Cheer-O!
At first it seemed a bit absurd—
Cheer-O!
They say it when we joined the fleet,
They say it now when'er we meet,
Till smilingly we all repeat,
Cheer-O!

They say it when they take a drink—
Cheer-O!
They say it in their sleep, I think—
Cheer-O!
They'll say it when they meet the Hun
They'll fire it with the opening gun,
They'll sing it when the battle's won—
Cheer-O!

In the dark days of the Spring and

early Summer of 1918, when the German hordes were sweeping forward in France, and when the whole allied world was in gloom, Lieut. H. E. Crossman, U.S.N., who was of the Sixth Battle Squadron, showed his contempt for the Germans by penning these verses, which he captioned "Der Tag."

When eau de cologne comes from
Hamburger cheese,
When the jelly fish swallows the
whale,
When kangaroos roost on gooseberry
trees
And grasshoppers feed upon quail;
When the laws of gravity cease to
exist
And the rivers all run up hill;
When young Americans no more en-
list
To shoot at "All Highest Bill";

When humbebees whistle "Die Wacht
am Rhine";
When feathers are found upon
frogs;
When the mule is blessed with a voice
divine,
And humming birds prey upon
hogs;

When submarines swim through the
air at night;
When powder won't burn in our
guns,
Then maybe our allies will give up
the fight
And the world will be ruled by the
Huns.

Verses that have appealed with
particular force to Admirals Beatty
and Rodman are said by officers of
the Sixth Squadron to be those that
are captioned "When the Grand Fleet
Goes to Sea." These were written by
an enlisted man, and they tell the
story of those mysterious but un-
successful forays of the Grand Fleet
in search of the German High Seas
Fleet. These verses, which follow,
are by many considered among the
finest penned by fighting men in the
course of the war.

Here follows "When the Grand
Fleet Goes to Sea":

The low acid flies across the skies,
The rain beats hard on deck;
The white-caps pelt the armor belt,
The tide-rips roar in the neck.
The white mist sweeps in flying sheets
And dank is the speeding spray;
The black hulks loom in the drizzling
gloom
Two cable lengths away.

There comes a rift as the fog banks
lift
To the height of the turret tops;
The sirens scream, a searchlight beam
Swings dead ahead and stops.
And in its light the sweep in sight
Destroyers steaming free;
The speeding craft glide swiftly aft,
And onward out to sea.

The sun breaks through and reveals
the blue
Behind the hovering gray;
The rain squalls slack, the wind shifts
back,
And drives the mist away.
There on the beam come now a
gleam,
As ships turn sharp about,
Swing to the tide and swiftly glide—
Light Cruisers standing out.

Off on the bow the shore line now
Gleams green in the morning light
Against gray stack and turret back
And mastheads' towering height.
The huge ships turn, and down
astern
Are lost in the haze ale;
As propellers sing and rudders swing
Battle Cruisers out to sea.

The moist wind dies, the clearing
skies
Shed warmth on the placid bay;
The lazy steam from off the stream
Drifts upward and away.
With hulls unseen, but topmasts lean
Thrust out above the white,
The battleships have left their slips,
And slowly pass from sight.

The sun comes out and puts to rout
The last of the vapory screen;
And there behold, twixt headlands
bold
No sail or craft is seen,
But far away on horizon gray
A myriad speck drifts on,
Till a deep smoke pall obscures it all,
And the Battle Fleet is gone.

Oh, wondrous hour! Oh, mighty
power!
Oh, work of mortal man!
Your cause is just—guard well your
trust.
As only real men can;
Stand fast for right throughout your
fight,
To keep the ocean free;
We stand or fall, we stake our all,
When the Grand Fleet goes to sea.

On the Arkansas there served a
blue-jacket who expressed his utter
contempt for the German submarine
in these verses which he called "Sea
Going Mother Goose":

Ten little submarines, all new and
fine,
Depth charges got one, and then there
were nine.
Nine little submarines, exponents of
hate;
Sky-gun potted one and then there
were eight.

Eight little submarines, floating under
heaven;
Seaplane dropped a bomb and then
there were seven.
Seven little submarines, up to naugh-
ty tricks;
One fouled a cruiser's wheels and then
there were six.

Six little submarines, didn't look alive
One lost its bearings and then there
were five.
Five little submarines headed for the
shore;
One hit a big rock and then there
were four.

Four little submarines in a heavy sea;
One was flooded through a hatch,
then there were three.
Three little submarines, getting
mighty few;

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And would not play the game.

3.—The Faith.

O God to Thee, we of the sea

Give thanks for the wondrous light

That reveals Thy power in this Time

hour,

The hour of Truth and Right.

The song, "Good-Bye-e-e," has the

last page of this little memorial of the

Grand Fleet. It tells the story of the

departure of the American ships for

home and under the bluejackets of the

famous Sixth Battle Squadron sing it,

this is what they say:

Yankee ships are under way,

Standing out to sea—

British ships escorting them,

Colors floating free;

Signals, passing ship to ship,

Flash "Good luck and pleasant trip!"

Parting cheers on every lip,

Singing, "Good-bye-e-e-e!"

British ships are turning now,

Standing toward the shore;

Yankee ships are steaming on—

Home-bound pennants soar;

Misty eyes with sorrow gaze;

Thoughts return to happy days;

Friends are lost in distant haze—

Grand Fleet days are o'er.

Yankee thoughts now homeward fly,

Far across the sea;

Christmas in our native land

Beckons you and me.

Yet our hearts must long retain

Memories of the message plain,

"Britain wants you back again."

Good luck and "Good-bye-e-e-e!"

Nfld. Scotch

Cured Herring.

The market continues dull and

without special features. Some small

sales are reported at low prices, but

there is no volume of business being

done and the trade is reluctant to

take on supplies at this time. Many

operators and importers hold a hope-
ful view of the future however, and

in spite of the fact that there are

some 5,000 barrels yet to be shipped

from St. John's, it may be expected

that there will be an overplus of

this grade if normal demand prevails

in the fall. The present inactivity is

due to the inferior quality of supplies

from Newfoundland as much as any-

thing else. The trade of New York

always discriminating in the matter

of herring purchases has taken only

such quantities as could be disposed

of at once. This hard to mouth trad-

ing has of course restricted the free

movement of the herring, and con-

sumers have taken but little in com-

parison with other years because of

the exorbitant prices being asked

by retailers to a considerable extent,

as has been pointed out in these col-
umns many times during the season.

While it is possible to purchase New-

foundland Scotch cured herring to-

day as low as \$13 @ \$14 per barrel,

holders of good quality stocks are

asking \$15 per barrel for their goods,

and some are inclined to hold for \$30

@ \$22 per barrel for fancy herring.

The stocks now held in Newfoundland

are of the winter and spring catch,

and these cannot be expected to com-

mand high prices, unless in cases

where the quality is exceptional—

N. Y. Fishing Gazette, July 26.

The Clam Bake

That Didn't Come Off

Says the Shelbourne (N.S.) "Gaz-

ette":

"A number of the young people

went out on an island in the harbor

one evening last week to have a

'clam bake,' but in the excitement

they forgot that they could not de-

clam when the tide was high! So

they built a bonfire and had a pleas-

ant chat, and returned home minus

the bake."

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