

# FROM STOKEHOLE TO BRIDGE EVERY MAN JACK CANADIAN

Dominion Mans Her Own Fighting Ships for First Time in  
History—Come From Every Province to  
Chase Subs From Coasts

## Special to The Star

Aboard Royal Canadian Naval Destroyer Somewhere at Sea, Nov. 17.—In this war, the crews of our Canadian destroyers from the man in the stokehold to the man on the bridge are Canadians. In 1914, they were mostly sailors from London or Lancashire or other parts of England. Since then this country has trained its own sea-fighters.

Every manjack on this boat is a Canadian. One is the son of a doctor in Calgary, another is from Regina, and ten of the boys sold papers in their earlier days. They have much fun when the day's work is done, but when on duty they rank second to none of any navy in the world. They are the stalwarts of the small but efficient navy which this country possesses.

## Cussing Is Costly

Swearing costs money aboard this war craft. At five cents a cuss-

word, the "kitty" in one month has been loaded down with \$10 in nickels. The money in the pot now, 20 cents of which this landlubber contributed, is destined for the purchase of turkeys and other Christmas delicacies.

The bluejackets, it seems, were anxious to supplement their rations with a few luxuries. Various methods of financing such a plan were suggested, but none was satisfactory. Someone finally hit on the idea of taxing the use of strong language.

"We decided," said one sailor, "that five cents a word wasn't too high a price for the privilege of cussing. A sailor is supposed to use rather unusual language at times, so we decided to see how much we could collect. We haven't done badly, either."

"How does it work?" asked the greenhorn. "See that box over

there?" replied the bluejacket, pointing to a large tin box with a slot in the lid. "Well, that's the kitty. Now start cussin' and we'll give you a practical demonstration."

The request was granted, and the newcomer was immediately told to deposit 20 cents. "Isn't swearing tolerated under any circumstances?" the sailors were asked.

"Well," answered the spokesman, "if you are sitting at the mess table and feel a spell coming over you and you can control yourself long enough to get up and take four steps backwards, you can cuss all you like."

Whether by design or accident, the landlubber was given an example of what the spokesman meant. The mess-punk was carrying a teapot around when someone jogged him. He dumped the contents into the lap of a sailor.

The unfortunate bluejacket jumped to his feet, his face crimson with rage. He bit his lips, clenched his hands together and then leaped violently over the seat and took four quick steps back. Then came forth a torrent of real, old-fashioned sailor strong talk—but there was no fine. He had observed the rules.

## Substitute For Tag Days

One of the nefarious schemes for raising money is to inveigle a sailor into a situation where he wants to knock somebody's head off. He is goaded until he gives vent to his tortured soul. After the blast subsides he finds he owes the kitty a sum equivalent to the volume and strength of his remarks.

This is part of the good time below deck in the mess room. Now let's go from here to the engine room, where the unsung heroes of the navy do their bit. To get there you have to squeeze yourself through a round hatchway. It's almost like trying to get into the manhole in a boiler.

After the clean coolness of the upper deck, the heat down below seems stifling. At first glance the place seems like four walls covered with wheels and gadgets. Then you see six men eyeing myriad gauges and indicators and listening to the whine of pumps and the roar of the turbines.

These are the men who make the wheels turn. They seem to have less room than men in a submarine. Gleaming guard rails run around the machinery to protect them from the spinning wheels when the destroyer makes a lightning turn to elude an enemy or when she fights a mountainous sea.

## No Double Bottom

"No double bottom?" the visitor shouted above the roar of the motors. The engineer-lieutenant shook his head, and you get a funny feeling down your spine as you see the ship's frame beneath the maze of wheels and cranks. Then you realize that all there is between these men below decks and the cold water is a steel plate three-eighths of an inch thick and a couple of coats of good paint.

This isn't the last phase of the energy-producing machinery of a Canadian destroyer. The turbines actually turn the propeller, but what turns the turbine? You ask to see the stoker and his stokehole. To reach this source of power you have to return to the deck and crawl through another hatchway.

The hatchway lets you into an air-chamber, much the same as on any oil-burning vessel. This chamber prevents the escape of air from the stokehold, where it is blown by huge fans to furnish the extra pressure needed for the proper combustion in the burner.

Inside this second door was a giant of a man—a typical stoker—hat tilted at a cocky angle, stripped to the waist. Perspiration steamed down his body. The air in, the engine room is hot, but in here it is stifling. Space is at a premium. There is plenty of headroom, but little in which to walk around.

His life is a steady rush of air and blazing heat. He is the man who, in a pinch when an extra half-knot means catching or eluding the enemy, can give it.

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