

The Admiral made the signal to wear and come to the wind on the starboard tack, wishing, I believe, to keep his squadron collected near the prizes as well as the "CAPTAIN," that was much disabled, besides the "COLOSSUS," which ship, very unfortunately, lost her foreyard very early in the action. This ill-timed, but doubtless necessary manœuvre, lost us the additional triumph of having the "SANTISIMA TRINIDADE" to grace the ships already in our possession, and I experienced the regret of again seeing her resume her Spanish colours."

In the following month we hear of "ORION" off Lisbon attempting unsuccessfully to intercept several rich Spanish cargo ships from Vera Cruz; in May she was engaged in the blockade of Cadiz. But it was in the following year that she took part in her next engagement of note.

The Battle of the Nile. August 1st, 1798.

Napoleon had been preparing his fleet at Toulon, and having completed his preparations set sail for the East. Rear-Admiral Nelson had, of course, heard of these preparations, but could not know what was in Napoleon's mind. However, he felt convinced that the French fleet was bound for Egypt and thither he went after it. He drew a blank, and retraced his steps, only to learn on the way back that the French had taken Malta on their way to the East, and consequently he made for Egypt again. It was on August 1, 1798, that his leading ship signalled to him "Sixteen sail in Aboukir Bay!"

The French Fleet, under Vice Admiral de Brueys, had ensconced itself in what was thought to be an impregnable position, guarded on either side by sand-banks near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. In theory his ships could only be assailed along their front.

A naval historian writes of the situation as follows:—
"The French dispositions both helped and hampered him (Nelson). By lying at anchor, Napoleon's ships were waiting to be destroyed; and as the day was far advanced,

and darkness approaching, Nelson hoped to overwhelm his opponent's van without letting the rear guard guess the fate in store for them. On the other hand, the proximity of the French wings to the sand-banks protected them from a turning movement and jeopardised the chief feature of his plan of attack. Eagerly Nelson scanned their formation through his glass, and at length discerned the encouragement he needed. The shoals were invisible, but he detected the French anchor-buoys. His adversaries were not tethered bow and stern, but were held (like a led horse) by a single grip, and required therefore sufficient space to revolve. "Where there is room for a French ship to swing," he said, "there is room for an English ship to anchor!" And he carried out his intended plan—burning, sinking, or destroying the enemy's ships until two alone remained. These owed their escape to their position at the extreme rear of the line, and were subsequently hunted down and captured."*

The battle of the Nile eclipsed all previous British Naval victories, for besides restoring our prestige in the Mediterranean, ruining Napoleon's eastern adventure and the army of the Orient, and having certain beneficial political results in England, it endowed us with two Naval Bases, Malta and Minorca.† "ORION" took a strenuous part in the engagement, and came out of it with surprisingly few casualties, viz. eleven seamen and one marine killed, and sixteen wounded, including the captain—and we must bear in mind that during action she had been exposed to close fire and was severely battered.

When repairs had been completed in so far as they could be, she set sail for England in company with several other ships. It was a long journey, and they did not reach Gibraltar until mid-October. She arrived at Spithead on November 25th, and paid off at Plymouth on January 6th, 1799. And so ended Sir James Saumarez' long connection with "ORION."

*Callender—"The Naval side of British History" pp. 200-201.

†Minorca was ceded to Spain under the Treaty of Amiens in 1802.

torpedo tubes. The weight of her broadside is given as 12,500 lbs—almost exactly sixteen times that of the first "ORION." She had a complement of 754—52 Officers and 702 men.

Her keel was laid on November 29th, 1909, by Mrs. A. G. Tate, wife of Rear-Admiral Tate, the Superintendent of Portsmouth Yard, and she was launched on August 20th, 1910, by the Countess of Winchester, whose gift of a Christening Cup to mark the occasion adorns the present Wardroom table, where it is used as a flower bowl. The ship commenced her trials on September 11th, in the following year, and was eventually commissioned on January 2nd, 1912, at Portsmouth, by Captain A. W. Craig, R.N., with a Devonport crew. Ten days later she hoisted the flag of Rear-Admiral H. G. King-Hall, C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O., relieving H.M.S. "HIBERNIA" as 2nd Flagship in the 2nd Battle Squadron, Home Fleet. When "ORION" paid off in February, 1914, she was flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir R. K. Arbuthnot, Bart., M.V.O., and it is interesting to note that the 2nd Battle Squadron was then composed of "KING GEORGE V" (Flagship) "AJAX," "AUDACIOUS," "CENTURION," "CONQUEROR," "MONARCH" and "THUNDERER."

We know that "ORION" the Fourth was the first ship of the Dreadnought type to carry 13.5 inch guns, and to have all her five turrets on the centre line. During the gun trials, which were entirely satisfactory, a broadside of ten 13.5 inch guns was fired with full charges, the heaviest simultaneous discharge which to that time had ever been made from one ship. The total weight of metal was over 5½ tons. She was one of the first ships to be fitted with gyro compass.

In May, 1912, the Home Fleet was reviewed by King George V at Weymouth. His Majesty personally visited and inspected "ORION," and during his visit he entered 'B' turret and worked the right gun from the side position. Among other interesting people who visited the ship at this time was the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty.

In February, 1914, "ORION" paid off at Devonport, and again commissioned with a West Country crew for further service in the 2nd Battle Squadron. The Great War came the same year, and "ORION" played her part, and in 1916 took part in the Battle of Jutland (the fifth honour mentioned on our history scroll) as the flagship of Rear-Admiral Leveson. In the decrease of armaments which followed the War, "ORION" with others met her doom, and in 1922 she was sold.



CHAPTER II.

THE PRESENT.

AFTER that we must just say a word about the ship in which we now find ourselves. Statistics are usually boring, so we will not put down a page of figures, but try to weave them into a little story. (!)

The ship was laid down in Devonport Dockyard on September 26th, 1931. She was launched just over a year later, on November 24th, 1932, by Lady Eyres Monsell. It is alleged by some that for the naming ceremony a bottle of Devonshire Cider was used instead of the usual stronger fluid, and to that they are wont to attribute the blame for quite a lot of subsequent events. Whether this is true or merely a legend the writer does not know. On January 18th, 1934, the ship was completed.

These are some particulars of the ship. Her length between perpendiculars is 522 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ in; overall 554 feet $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. Her beam is 55 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. Her draught under deep load is 18 feet 6 in., forward and 20 feet 6 in., aft. She is driven by four turbines which develop 72,000 horse-power, giving a speed of 32 knots. Two aircraft are carried, both "Seafox" light reconnaissance float planes. Her main armament consists of eight 6 inch guns in twin turrets; eight 4 inch and several smaller anti-aircraft guns; and eight 21 inch torpedo tubes.

The ship's crest, as has already been mentioned, is a reproduction of the figurehead of the second "ORION," and her motto "ORBE CIRCUMCINCTO" (which, being interpreted, means "Having engirdled the world") was the motto of Captain Saumarez of whom we read in Chapter I.

"ORION" first commissioned on January 16th, 1934, at Devonport for service in the Second Cruiser Squadron, Home Fleet. She was under the command of Captain Edward de Faye Renouf, C.V.O., R.N., and until December 12th, of the same year flew the flag of Rear-Admiral P. L. H. Noble, C.B., C.V.O. Rear-Admiral Noble was relieved by Rear-Admiral S. J. Meyrick, C.B., who remained in the ship until January 1st, 1936, when, after his promotion to Vice-Admiral on February 2nd, he became Commander-in-Chief of the Station on which we now serve.

Captain Renouf was relieved on April 1st, 1936, by Captain James Patrick Brind, R.N., who remained in command until the end of May in the following year, when the ship was already in Dockyard hands under-going an extensive refit. While the ship was under his command, she wore the flag of Rear-Admiral T. P. Calvert, C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., from December 14th, 1936, until April 7th, 1937. When Captain Brind left the ship, the command passed for a month to the Commander, Commander Basil Charles Barrington Brooke, who was relieved on June 29th, by the present Captain.



CHAPTER III.

WE COMMISSION.

IT came as rather a shock to the writer of these few words to discover, when he first opened that Bible of Naval Officers—the Navy List—that he joined the ship on July 14th, 1937. A shock, I say, because he distinctly remembers joining the ship—preceded half an hour earlier by the greater part of the ship's company with his luggage—exactly thirteen days later and he wasn't adrift either, although the sailors might have been!! Why this date is given as the commissioning date, we shall never know—but can the Navy List lie? And in any case it is as good a date as any other, because it is quite impossible to say that "ORION" commissioned on any particular day when one knows what happened. Apparently, if one is to be guided by what a very high authority said at the time, a ship *never* commissioned under more adverse circumstances than we did.

Anyway, this is what did happen. We will allow that some of the ship's company, viz. some of the Engine Room Department, a few "sparkers" and of course V/S ratings, together with innumerable Dockyard "maties" and some of the last commission who were loath to leave, were in possession on July 14th, or even before that, but we are sticking to the facts, and they are these. On Tuesday, July 27th, 1937, at 0735 a train left R.N.B. Station at Devonport en route for Chatham bearing the clerical luggage and a Ship's Company for H.M.S. "ORION." This is true enough because the writer saw them march up to the train, and in any case he had discovered that by leaving North Road exactly five hours later, it was possible to arrive in Chatham at practically the same time.

But even now the Ship's Company was not complete, and to add to the confusion it was discovered that most of them had not had their leave, and so arose a problem the solution of which ultimately delayed the final sailing for some days. Actually the Ship's Company was never complete until the day before we left England—and it hardly ever has been since.

The Wardroom and the Warrant Officer's Messes were complete except for a temporary Navigating Officer and he whom the Americans call our "Aviator," who eventually put in an appearance. Apart from them, the Instructor Lieutenant and the Padre were the last to arrive. We found that of the Wardroom, two Commanders, the First Lieutenant, the Paymaster Lieutenant, the Senior Engineer, and Lieutenant (E) Hodges were of the last commission, and of the Warrant Officers, Mr. Wyllam, Mr. Keeping and Mr. Gatley had helped to steam "ORION" before and light her on her path. As for the Gun Room, it wasn't even open—and didn't open until August 5th, when its occupants arrived and the Captain's Secretary left the Wardroom in a flood of tears.

During this time the Commander was almost in despair. His one ambition was to get the ship clean, and to use his own expression, "looking something like a ship," but as he cleaned, the Dockyard dirtied, and so we went on.

Saturday, July 31st, dawned bright and clear, bringing with it Navy Week, and hordes of visitors. We had to be on view. It was enough to make anyone "throw their hand in"—and we had to be ready to sail from Chatham on Monday, 9th. But the visitors came and went, and some came and didn't seem to want to go, and the crowds were in number above several thousand. But eventually August 9th came and we went, and to our great joy anchored for the night off Sheerness close to the "RAMILLIES" and "RESOLUTION." It seemed that at last the commission had really begun. Our first cruise was to be from Chatham to Devonport (hereinafter to

be referred to occasionally as "Guz") and was to be taken up largely with our speed trials—or so we thought. Every semblance of an imminent speed trial was evident—worried looks and whispered consultations among the Engineers, and the descent upon us of a civilian army looking very important. But it was not to be—our first "cruise" was to be interfered with, this time by a Channel fog, which remained with us all the way to Devonport, and delayed us appreciably. Fortunately the sea was calm. During that journey nothing seemed to be happening until more than one person was startled—and not for the last time—by a sudden firing. It was the morning of Thursday, August 12th, before we arrived in the Sound, and eventually we entered harbour and made fast alongside the "RODNEY," where was to be our home for the next eleven days. For the first and last time in the commission we were made to feel very small.

Some returned from leave and others went, and in spasms fresh drafts joined the ship, what time, of course, the "natives" enjoyed themselves. And then in the afternoon of the 23rd, we slipped and anchored in the Sound for the night, and hands were piped to bathe.

August 24th also dawned bright and clear—at least one would like to say that it did, and it ought to have done, but it didn't. Together with typical Plymouth weather a not unnatural atmosphere of gloom pervaded the ship, and we did our long delayed speed trials. Something had to go wrong, so the funnel caught fire, but few realised at the time what a nasty situation was happily avoided and overcome. In the evening after the trials we returned to the Sound, put ashore the "Trial Party," took aboard mails, and turning our back on "Guz" sailed for Bermuda, while many watched familiar twinkling lights fade in the distance, some sadly, some anxious to be off on a new adventure.

Then followed ten days at sea, during which time between intervals of sea-sickness we were able to look round and get to know the faces of the people with whom we had to live for the next two and a half years. One

of the first things that struck us was the exceeding youth of the ship's company, due, of course, to the rapid expansion of the Service. There was to begin a cry which even to the end never really died—"Well, of course, this is your first ship; but when you've been in the Service a little longer, etc." In point of fact to quite half the ship's company it *was* the first ship, and this, coupled with that exceeding youth (already referred to) of the remainder, was to provide the older hands with the subject for a good "drip" for quite a while—until they found other things to "drip" about as well.

Those ten days passed quite quickly, and eventually on the morning of September 3rd, Bermuda hove in sight—the S. George's end. Then for the first time we tackled the "Narrows" and ere long we were gazing on the beautiful panorama of Ireland Island and the Dockyard, which was to be our home for so long.

"Bermuda at last!" we sighed in great anticipation and expectation. How well-founded those expectations were we were soon to learn.



CHAPTER IV.

BERMUDA.

HOW can we describe Bermuda with sufficient justice? There is not one of us who would not be prepared to try! But fortunately for the morals and the vision both of the printer and any non-naval readers into whose hands this tome may fall, only one is allowed to do so. Even he has a difficulty in finding words sufficiently expressive of what he wishes to say.

"The Emerald Isle set in a Sapphire Sea" is a description of Bermuda which has before now graced the advertisement pages of the "Bermudian." The "APOLLO" expressed the desire that they should be allowed to write such advertisements, and tell the world the naked truth; the "DRAGON," the "AJAX" and the "YORK" have, as we know, expressed in their turn similar sentiments on paper—but we must be fair, and admit that the "Isles of Rest" are every whit as beautiful as the advertisement implies. We are also bound to admit that we are prejudiced, and that we allow our knowledge and/or opinion of the place itself to colour or discolour every reference to it, so that ultimately we tend to convince ourselves, if nobody else, that Bermuda is little more than an unlovely "coal tip."

The truth is that we are out of our element there. To start with—the question of transport. We miss our cars, our taxis, our busses and our trains. Bermuda is in shape rather like a fish-hook, and we find ourselves at one end with all pretence of civilization at the other. We can get there by either land, air or water, but not very easily by any of them. By land we cycle (if we have

one or can beg, borrow or steal someone else's), or walk (14 miles); by air there is the "SEAFOX" (if we care to risk it); by water we can swim or take the "D.D.B." the "Schock-boat" or the "Transportation"—usually we compromise and take the D.D.B.—and then find ourselves stranded in Hamilton for hours. And what do we find there? For recreational purposes there is a cinema at prohibitive prices, or the Yacht Club, the "Princess" (name of a hotel), the "Twenty One," the "Ace of Spades," the "Blue Moon," the "Royal Prince" or "Dirty Dick's"—and even then food costs rather a lot per bottle.

Eventually we are forced to the conclusion that there is no place for us in Bermuda, neither are we really wanted there. It is beyond the pockets of both officers and men, and eventually we resign ourselves, if we are not married or "up-homers," to Ireland Island, with the Dockyard Cinema, the R.N., and W.O.'s Clubs and the Canteen. Bermuda, we think bitterly, is for the wealthy American—"Matloes" (properly spelled "Matelots") not admitted. Its history begins with prohibition in the "States," as the Mecca of all those who could afford a long drink at 36 hours distance; it lives by, with and on the American visitor, and this greed for the tourist's gold has, as our learned physician once said when writing of Jamaica, "reached its apotheosis in Bermuda."

But its inherent beauty, though not its climate altogether, none can deny. It is a beautiful collection of islands—and if we deny that, it means one of two things; either we have not explored Bermuda, or we have no soul. St. George's, St. David's, Port's Island, Warwick and South Shore we shall never forget, neither shall we forget it if we have ever "considered the lilies of the field" in their Easter array. The smell of her cedars on the evening air is Bermuda's alone—and this and her other beauties are ours and nobody can charge us for them.

But we did not know all this on September 3rd, 1937, at 1455 when we contemplated Bermuda Dockyard for the first time. Dockyard "maties" with all their generations of tradition behind them had never moved so

slowly, and the unusual heat of that month slowed them up even more. Never had we encountered such a sleepy place, and we, ourselves, soon began to succumb to the spell.

The first week we spent trying out our sun-glasses and exploring Ireland Island, and then we began "working up." We had the place to ourselves, but though we had no other ships to worry us the pace did not slacken. We had our first whack from September 13th to 17th, by which time "buzzes" as to our date of paying off, and "dripping" generally, had seriously begun. The ignorance of the "new" and "green" tried the patience of the old and staid, and between the two parties those who had been to sea once before made hay while the sun shone by going to "screwing down" stations on the slightest provocation, so that eventually many of us felt like giving the speakers a bar of "nutty" and shutting them up for the rest of the commissior.

On Monday, September 20th, we exercised in Grassy Bay, and on the following day we put to sea for exercises. All went on according to the usual plan until 1830, when our peace was shattered by a signal. The Captain-in-Charge informed us that he had received a message from the American Consul asking for naval assistance. The U.S. Training Ship "ANNAPOLIS," whose position at 1800 on that day was Lat. 35° north 54° west, roughly something over 400 miles from Bermuda, had a Cadet on board suffering from acute appendicitis. An immediate operation was considered imperative, but having a maximum speed of only 7 knots, "ANNAPOLIS" could not reach Bermuda (the nearest point of land) in time. We were ordered to stand by. Three quarters of an hour later we received orders to proceed and meet "ANNAPOLIS" at full speed. Then followed a somewhat uncomfortable journey.

At 0858 the following morning the "ANNAPOLIS" was sighted ahead. At 1015 the cot case was hoisted on board; at 1030 Captain Hines of U.S.S. "ANNAPOLIS" came on board to see the Captain, and by 1038 we were again proceeding towards Bermuda at full speed. We

arrived in Grassy Bay at 0246 the following day, having tackled the very unfamiliar Narrows by night—a feat in itself—and Cadet Robert Hugh Quinn was immediately landed and taken to R.N.H. where the operation was performed. His condition was serious, and we were only just in time, but he made a splendid recovery. We can say without undue self-praise that the Commander-in-Chief's signal of "Well done" was really deserved.

On the following Sunday we were to make our initial acquaintance with the "YORK," the Flagship. She was a "Chatham" ship and we were not to get to know her very well, although we were to see quite a lot of her as the commission progressed. Like ourselves, she belonged to the Northern Division of the Station.

The ensuing weeks were taken up in exercising, chiefly with the "YORK," and later with both "YORK" and our great "oppo" the "APOLLO."* On October 4th we fired our duty 15-gun salute to the flag of the Commander-in-Chief in "YORK," and then proceeded to sea with her. It was on the following day that we had our first glimpse of the "APOLLO" as she passed us on her way into Bermuda, after her cruise up the Amazon River. The Dockyard was now becoming quite full, and on October 15th, "SCARBOROUGH" and "DUNDEE" arrived.

October 18th and 19th, will always remain in the memories of those who in these early days in a ship found the sea a little "trying," for it was on those days that, in company with "YORK," we took the Sherwood Foresters to sea to witness the firing. It is perhaps a negative and unworthy thing to draw comfort from the sufferings of others, but many could not but draw both that, and encouragement, from the sight of soldiers littered listlessly about the "Rec" Space and the Upper Deck between shoots. But we enjoyed having them for themselves, and we were to continue our acquaintance with them subsequently on land, chiefly in the realm of sport.

*Now H.M.A.S. "HOBART."

But the Marines couldn't take it, and on October 23rd, they retired to Warwick Camp for a restful week to recuperate. On the same day, as soon as they had left, Sub-Lieutenant (E) E. N. Clarke, R.C.N., thought he could safely join the ship, and this he proceeded to do. Everybody, except perhaps the Padre, whom he had, all unknowingly, robbed of his office for'ard, was glad to see him—and even the Padre subsequently yielded to his charm and forgave him.

Now we were to enjoy the pleasure of watching others exercise, until our next job arrived—and this was not very long in coming.

"Buzzes" are always with us, and probably always will be, but one persistent "buzz" filled these early days on the Station, and they all centred round the possibility of our becoming the Flagship. Reasons were put forward as to why the "YORK" should go home, or why she was unsuitable, and why the "APOLLO" would not wear the flag again; those with "vision" speculated, and even dogmatized, as to what changes would be made in personnel and what officers would leave the ship. "After all" said some, "we came out here to be flagship, "ORTON" was the Commander-in-Chief's Flagship when he was R.A. Commanding the 2nd Cruiser Squadron, and he likes the ship. He's bound to come here," and so on. But time went on and the Admiral didn't seem to budge. Then it looked as if there was going to be more trouble in Trinidad and a ship had to go down there. "APOLLO" was very much in "Dockyard hands" and couldn't move; we were having things done and were able to laugh too; "YORK" was all in one piece, and she was also Emergency Ship, so that she was unlucky. The Commander-in-Chief was to remain at Bermuda—at Admiralty House—so that after all the flag was transferred temporarily to us. This was on October 27th, and we wore the flag until November 21st, when "YORK" returned. We were not to wear it subsequently, but "buzzes" reappeared from time to time.

Meanwhile, other things happened. Dame Rumour again began to fill the air and the truth was soon known. The Rt. Hon. James Ramsay MacDonald, formerly Prime Minister, had died suddenly on board the "REINA DEL PACIFICO" at the beginning of a cruise which was to take him to South America. Bermuda was the next port of call, and the body was to be disembarked there and entrusted to Bermuda and the Navy until its return to England. One of the two ships now in Bermuda was to take it home to England, which was it to be? We remained in suspense for some time, but eventually, as we had the flag, "APOLLO" caught it up and rapidly completed her refit and prepared for sea. We were to be responsible for the funeral arrangements in Bermuda.

In due course the "REINA" arrived, and at 1230 on the day of arrival (Monday, November 15th), the "SANDBOY" left Old Coal Wharf bearing the Padre and the Dockyard Chaplain, Guard, Sentries and Bearers. At 1300 the body was lowered from the liner into the tug, which then stood by until the time to proceed to Hamilton. At 1500 all Bermuda was on Front Street to pay its respects to a Prime Minister it had never seen, and there was the Gun Carriage and all the local dignitaries waiting. The procession, which consisted largely of the Ship's Company and the Sherwood Foresters, moved slowly along Front Street, and along Reid Street to the Cathedral where the Bishop and the Clergy were waiting, and there the lying-in-state was preceded by a short Memorial Service. Early the next morning, the procedure was repeated but in the reverse order and the body was again embarked on the "SANDBOY" and borne away to the "APOLLO." At about 1100, "APOLLO" sailed for Plymouth taking with her Miss Sheila MacDonald, who had accompanied her father on his last voyage.

In the "busy-ness" of those two days the arrival of another officer to join the ship passed almost unnoticed. Lieutenant Commander Madden, our Navigating Officer, had also travelled out on the "REINA DEL PACIFICO" to



Photo by]

FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE RT. HON. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD TO THE CATHEDRAL, HAMILTON, BERMUDA—NOVEMBER 15TH, 1937.

[C. Torpe.]

take up his appointment again after his illness, which had prevented him leaving England with us. On the same day we were joined by Midshipman Baldock, R.N.V.R., of Balliol College, Oxford, for a short period of training.

Bermuda was now beginning to pall; we felt we had seen quite enough of it for the time being and wanted to move. The Commander-in-Chief had visited us on Sunday, November 14th, but for some time before then we had known that the end of November would see us away on our first cruise. We now began to look forward to it with rising spirits until at last, on Wednesday, November 24th, the great day came.



CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST CRUISE.

MANY, many times have people said to the author, when speaking of what we will now describe as this "monumental work," "We don't bloody well want a diary. Make it interesting and funny." Well, now it's all very well for people to hand out advice like that, but surely the history of a commission is bound to be something in the nature of a diary—and why not? We want to know what we did, and when, don't we? And as for the humourous side of things, the opportunities presented for being funny at other people's expense, when one is one's own censor, are so prodigious, that it is felt safer (personally so) to take advantage of none of them. But there is one person about whom we must say a word or two before we go on. We met him at St. Petersburg, Florida, on November 29th, 1937.

The "Baron," for it is he of whom we speak, is a rather mysterious person whose ancestry is wrapped in oblivion, and whose hope of posterity, if the Navy remains on this side of the Atlantic much longer, is extremely hypothetical. Starting life as plain Mr. Harry Freeman, he had passed through all the stages of Knighthood, to be rewarded at last with a very shaky peerage as Baron Freeman—a peerage which, in all probability, he would be better off without.

At least one of those who had come to sea for the first time can remember how he originally heard of him. It was on one of those "gash" evenings in Bermuda, when nobody seemed to have anything to do. Three