



# PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

## Chief Gunners.

H. Bennett to the *Temeraire*; J. P. Cutler to the *Vivid* for Dockyard Reserve Stores, both August 13th.

## Gunners.

L. Parsons and W. G. Taylor to be acting gunners (T), July 25th; A. R. Taylor to be acting gunner, Aug. 6th; J. J. Delahunty, H. W. McClland, G. Harris, W. F. Williamson, and F. A. Oakley to be acting gunners, August 2nd.

J. Hamilton to the *Orion* for the *Earnest*; J. B. Brannan to the *Duke of Wellington* for the *Kent*; W. A. Rose to the *Duke of Wellington* for the *Good Hope*, all July 30th; W. Sergeant to the *Hogue*; A. Northcott to the *Vivid* for the *Niobe*, both undated; W. Street (act.) to the *Pioneer*, July 30th; L. Slight to the *Warrior* for *Flirt*, H. J. Rose to the *Warrior* for *Lightning*, W. J. Holwell to the *Triumph* for the *Gipsy*; S. A. Williamson to the *Triumph* for the *Skato*; W. J. Branton to the *Cambridge* for the *Daring*; W. Frederick to the *Cambridge* for the *Decoy*; W. Hunt to the *Audacious* for the *Angler*, all to date August 1st; A. R. Limbrick to the *Anson*; D. Burnett to the *Excellent* for *Hero*, both August 6th; M. Harrigan, F. C. Marston, A. J. Weekes, A. J. Parker, F. J. Palmer and R. J. Sweet to the *Cambridge* staff for tenders; A. J. Gunn to the *Cambridge* for *Undaunted*, all to date August 26th; F. Crocker, J. L. Browne, M. Hall, A. Horbury, all to the *Orion* for the *Dragon*, *Bruizer*, *Boxer* and *Foam* respectively; W. J. Uden, R. Harrison, F. C. Russell to the *Vulcan*, all undated; F. Hill (F) to the *Hawk*, August 7th; T. J. Kingston to the *Audacious* for *Sunfish*, August 2nd; W. S. Eaton to the *Terror*; W. R. Scott to the *Caledonia*; W. Donovan to the *Secern*; H. E. F. Hurst to the *Vivid* for *Undaunted*; C. Ovendon to the *Vulcan*; G. Fitzgerald

to the *Aolus*, all to date September 13th; F. W. Smith (T) to the *Cormorant*; W. Slade to the *Duke of Wellington* for *Marathon*; R. F. Jay to the *Melampus*; W. Dunlop to the *Pembroke* for *Porpoise*; H. Wood to the *Bonbon*; R. W. Lineham (act.) to the *Persus*; A. R. J. Ginn (act.) to the *Diana*, all to date August 13th; A. Lefevre (T) to the *Defiance* for *Dreadnought*; F. S. Scott (T) to the *Defiance* (staff), both August 20th; E. Duffett to the *Duke of Wellington* for *Swiftsure*, August 16th; H. A. G. Page (act. T) to the *Revenge*, August 28th; W. H. May to the *Pembroke* for *Alexandra*; E. H. Neale to the *Lion*; J. Wilkes (T) to *Albion*; H. D. Lloyd (T) to the *Vulcan*; L. Parsons (T) to the *Duke of Wellington* for *Powerful*, all August 19th; A. Grant to the *Illustrious*; A. H. Bridges to the *Pembroke* for *Diadem*, both August 21st; W. G. Taylor (T) to the *Aolus*, September 16th.

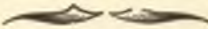
### Chief Boatswains.

W. Marchant to be honorary lieutenant on retirement, June 20th.  
J. Johns to the *Vivid* for *Inconstant*, August 15th.

### Boatswains.

J. D. Cleall, A. E. Warren, W. Evans, and W. J. Ovenden to be acting boatswains, August 1st.

G. Kayner to the *Duke of Wellington* for the *Kent*, July 28th; G. E. Turner to the *Vivid* for Dockyard Reserve, July 29th; J. Bennett to the *Vivid* for the *Niobe*; R. Hodge and P. J. Jones (act.) to the *Hope*, all undated; P. Johnson to the *Victory*; J. B. Agget to the *Victorious*, both August 11th; T. Hutchinson and A. G. Bruce to the *Hannibal* and *Victory* respectively, August 14th; A. H. Goatley to the *Vulcan*, undated; W. H. Way (act. S) to the *Pembroke*, undated; A. W. Brown (act. S.) to the *Goliath*; W. Baker (act. S) to the *Prince George*; W. Reid (act. S.) to the *Collingwood*; C. R. Gibbs (act. S) to the *Bonbon*; W. J. Cusack (act. S) to the *Camperdown*; W. J. Reeks to the *Anson*, all to date August 11th; M. Hate (act.) to the *Vulcan*, undated; H. J. Hicks (act.) and G. H. Barker (act.) to the *Duke of Wellington* for *Vulcan*, both August 7th; G. Steel to the *Pembroke*, September 1st; J. Davies to the *Defiance* for *Dreadnought*, August 20th; G. Wybron to the *Triumph* September 12th; G. F. Vasper to the *Talbot*; A. H. Farnley (act. S) to the *Magnificent*; H. O'Donnell (act. S) to the *Victory*, all August 15th; E. R. Parrott to the *Vivid*, August 31st; W. Beare to the *Hannibal*, August 14th; W. H. Reed to the *Revenge*; J. H. Betts to the *Pembroke* for *Isis*; J. D. Cleall (act.) to the *Revenge*; R. J. Holy (act.) to the *Duke of Wellington*, all to date August 21st.



## WHERE PROMOTED RANKERS CAN BE EMPLOYED.

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**I**T is sometimes asked, by those who cannot see their way to support the principle of the promotion of Naval rankers to even the position of Honorary Lieutenant, where are these rankers lieutenants to be employed, if promoted? The question is a reasonable one, although we are afraid it is not always propounded in a right or reasonable spirit. The answer is, of course, from our point of view—and it is a point against which we have never yet seen any cogent argument successfully launched—that there are a large number of billets both in the home and foreign dockyards, and depôts, where our present Chiefs shoulder responsibilities which should command for them the rank and pay of a lieutenant. In these billets there is no question of messing in the wardroom, as the officers who fill them are on food and lodging allowances, and are wholly unconnected with ship life in a way which would raise any question about wardroom messing. This point should be borne in mind and pressed home on our seniors whenever opportunity offers; as it is a point which often proves a stumbling block to our best well-wishers, in this matter of honorary lieutenant rank for a number of our Chiefs. “Where would they go after filling one appointment as a honorary lieutenant?” they ask.

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## THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

**T**HE Navy Estimates, which were introduced and discussed somewhat earlier this year, have not proved so pregnant with good things for the Chief and Warrant Officers as had been hoped would be the case. Last year Mr. Arnold Foster was very sympathetic to our claims, and stated that *something must and should be done*. Naturally this inspired most of us with a strong hope and belief that, coming from such a strong member of the Board, the Admiralty intended to do something to ameliorate our conditions, satisfy our just claims and create a higher rank for a number of our Chiefs. Unhappily this has not come to pass, and once again we have to wait with such patience as we can command; for all the concessions which have been announced are a few openings in the Naval Ordnance Department. For whom these billets are to be open, and what rank, pay and emoluments they are to be given, there is at present no sort of information. The only rumour which is floating around is that they are to be poor ones, and not worth the taking by our Chiefs. But it would be both unwise and unjust to criticise or condemn on mere rumour. We must wait the good pleasure of their Lordships and see what is to happen. There is just one remark, however, which may be intruded here. It is this. If billets are opened, as Mr. Arnold Foster said they would be opened, then even though they are not all that we might have expected, still there must be no hanging back on the part of suitable men to accept them. There is now a Rear-Admiral at the head of the Naval Ordnance Store Department, and with Chiefs or Warrant Officers in subordinate positions the effect can only be to accelerate the gradual introduction of naval men to this naval department, until the whole machinery is, as it should be, entirely in the hands of naval men from top to bottom and

side to side. It is not reasonable, as it would not be sensible, to dislocate this part of the naval machine by casting out one set of officials and installing another right away, and without adequate time for the new men to acquire the necessary experience to work the system. We do not say that naval resourcefulness would not be equal to such an occasion, but we do say that it would be much better to make the change gradually. If good men are chosen for the billets, and they will work hard and make some sacrifices, even in pay and position to begin with, then in five years the doom of the soldier and civilian in the Naval Ordnance Store Department should be sealed; and the men who had made the sacrifices at first would probably be amply rewarded later on, as well as be surrounded with naval colleagues both above and below them. That is the object to keep in view; but in saying this we do not wish to cast any sort of reflection on the officials of the Naval Ordnance Store Department at present. We look at it from a higher point of view, and from the broader ground of national expediency. It stands to reason that if naval men are worth their salt—and we have never heard that fact disputed yet—then they must of necessity be more conversant with naval needs and naval manions of every kind and description than men who have sat close to their desk and have never been to sea. Trained as the naval men are from their boyhood up among naval weapons of every description, and daily handling their parts and their ammunition, they must perforce be more familiar with it all than those who have never placed their foot on a ship's deck outside a dockyard port. The placing, therefore, of the Naval Ordnance Store Department in the hands of naval men will not only remove an anomaly, which brands naval men as being unable to run their own affairs without the assistance of soldiers and civilians, but it will also make for that thing which is of infinitely more importance to the empire and its citizens, viz., naval efficiency.

Beyond these appointments, whether they be good or bad, remunerative or unremunerative, for gunner, boatswain or carpenter, there is nothing conceded or promised in this year's Estimates for the Chiefs and Warrant Officers. It is disappointing though it need not be disheartening, for we have lived and worked through many similar years, doing our duty cheerfully but determined that success should yet be ours, if it were possible to bring home to the hearts and minds of the authorities that our disabilities were real and our appeal for their removal equitable, just and

## PROMOTION FROM THE RANKS.

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*(Specially written for this Journal by Fred. T. Jans.)*

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**I** BELIEVE in ranker promotion, but I have now to confess to a perception of certain difficulties that seem more apparent now than they did some while ago when I had had less opportunities to study the question. These difficulties should I think be kept to the fore, because the end can only be attained by overcoming them. To fail to see them or to minimise them unduly may lead to the loss of all chance of ranker promotion getting into the "scope of practical politics."

There are two points of view from which the whole question can be considered, (1)—The sentimental, that is to say the question so far as it concerns ambitious rankers. (2)—The national.

The first I am getting to feel should be ignored altogether. For the present at any rate it is not going to tell. The quarter deck will not be open, save in isolated instances, on any grounds that can even remotely be characterised as "sentimental." There is no sentiment in the management of naval affairs; and this, however hard on individuals is probably best for the bulk. The Navy exists to smash the enemy, its units are and must be regarded officially as mere machines. Any appeal to sentiment, therefore, may damage rather than assist the cause.

This leaves us with the national question. Is it to the nation's advantage that W.O.'s should be eligible for the quarter deck? Everything will turn on that, nothing else is of real moment. Now let us first consider the quarter deck. We find that the line of social demarcation is not what it was, the rank and file are vastly superior to what they used to be, while the class from which the quarter deck is supplied is being broadened, and as time goes on is likely to be broadened more. It is the tendency of the age. With the advent of people like Sir Thomas Lipton the old social barriers between class and class are being totally swept away, and though a plutocracy is to some extent replacing the aristocracy, yet side by side with all this there is a widening of old caste distinctions. As yet the quarter deck is only just beginning to feel this, but it is the last barrier. In every other walk of life the prizes are for those who can "get them," irrespective of rank or wealth. If a man have these things to aid him so much the better is he equipped—but that is all. Therefore, it is on the face of things desirable that the Navy should be on a par with all other walks of life. If it be not, the ultimate result is sure to tell against the class of boy recruited. It would so tell imperceptibly, but it would be felt in the long run. The class of boy best wanted, is the boy whose parents give some consideration to his future career, and to such the off chance (no matter how slender) of a great rise will appeal. In addition as the boy grows to manhood he will be all the better for feeling (if he cares to) that the possible prizes have no limit. It all tells, individually. History has

instances of men who have risen, it has instances also of men who ought to have and did not. Parker the mutineer for instance was a man who—had the right chance come to him—might have risen as high as Nelson or Blake. He would have been far more valuable to the nation beating her enemies than hanging in chains at the Nore. Every age produces men like him; men who fettered by circumstances “grow the wrong way.” It produces many men who simply go slack for a similar reason. I have seen more than one good W.O. go off like this, simply because when W.O. is reached, he has done all he can. It is to be seen too, any day with senior Lieutenants who have been passed over in the promotions. All this means waste of good material—and the urgent need of reform is obvious.

This does not necessarily mean a clear case for ranker promotion, because there is the other side of the question. It is the other side the W.O.'s should most consider.

The ‘social question’ is a minor difficulty—in great measure an imaginary one *per se*. The financial one is more important, but if the W.O. who aspires to the quarter deck has the sense not to fall in love and marry he can carry on all right on his pay.

Perhaps the chief question is whether as yet many W.O.'s really aspire to the Q.D. or would take it if they could. I am beginning to think that comparatively few desire it. They haven't the time to. However, this may be all the better for those who do. It would not be to the Navy or nation's advantage to take all the best W.O.'s and make watch-keepers of them in a new Supplementary List. All that is needed is to give a genius his chance. The right man will find it at the right time.



This is the greatest point of all from the national point of view. We know next to nothing as to what the next naval war will be like. But there are plenty of indications that the necessary man will be born not made. The art of winning naval battles cannot be taught save moderately. We cannot obtain a Nelson or a Drake by teaching. He will have to be born with a knack for dealing with the unknown. The next naval war will produce such a man—probably one able to knock out a battleship with a cruiser, four ships with three, or some other theoretically impossible feat. Probably at this very day a dozen such men exist. No one can lay hands on them—no one can say even in which Navy they are. But the Navy that finds the man—that Navy will win no matter how the total displacements of the ships may tot up. The Navy that has the largest field to draw from is the most likely to find him. And this is where and why rankers' promotion is most desirable; so that if by any chance the necessary man is at present scrubbing decks or polishing brass-work the chance may be his when the hour comes.

This is not at all a sentimental view, but a sternly practical one. No one has any idea of the right thing for the next naval war. It is all guesswork. Certain things are demanded which we hope may be sound training; but it is not at all difficult to prove, or next

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## NO PROMOTION.

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### AN INTERVIEW.

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[The following "Interview" was published in the "Daily Mail" of September 11th, and was crowded out of our last issue. We reproduce it now for the benefit of our readers abroad who do not have the advantage of seeing the London daily newspapers as do those who are serving at home. It is interesting and important, coming behind the articles we have published by other prominent Journalists recently, as showing that Mr. Begbie the author of "The Hardy-man," and "Grounds of the Terrible," and lower deck poet generally, has not only a warm sympathy for the cause of the naval ranker, but a pen that can and will help him. We thank Mr. Begbie on behalf of the Chiefs and W.O.'s, and the rank and file of the Navy generally.—Editor N.W.O.'s J.]

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"It's a fine service," said I.

The old sea-dog nodded his head. "None better.

"If fortune hadn't made me a journalist I should be an Admiral."

"Not a doubt of it," said he.

"As it is, I hung about the dockyards dreaming that some day a grateful country will make me First Lord of the Admiralty."

"What an opportunity for a man," sighed the old sea-dog. Picture him to yourself—a small, broad-shouldered, wide-necked, deep-chested man, grey-haired, grey-bearded, with forty years of ocean knowledge in the clear blue eyes of him, and forty years of sun, wind, and spray in the tanned face. "What an opportunity for a man who knows the sailor?"

"But that is a disqualification," said I.

"There's a sight of things wants altering, you know," he went on, rubbing his beard. "A sight of things. The public doesn't know nothin' of what the sailor thinks to himself when he's lying in his hammock, or standing under the stars looking dreamy at the wash of the sea. But the sailor does think, you know. No parrot ever thought like him—not even the one that couldn't talk, even on rum and biscuit. He thinks, sir, that he hasn't got the inducements offered to him which his knowledge, his responsibilities, and his loyalty deserve, so to speak. Now I'll tell you what stings a man. Take me. When I was little more than twenty years of age, you know, I passed for a Warrant Officer; a Warrant Officer I became; and now with something more than forty years' service, I'm a Warrant Officer still! No encouragement, no promotion ahead, nothing to make a fellow look forward except a pension, which is the worst thing a sailor can look forward to. And during those years I've done a little bit of fighting in Egypt and Birma. I've helped many an officer to his promotion, I'm a Chief hand at the dockyard here, and I know a ship inside and out better than I know myself."

“What would you have?” quoth I.

“Well, sir, I’m one of the old lot, and I don’t want a commission that will take me into the wardroom. But I should like a rank and pay that would show I’d served well as a Warrant Officer you know. A rank same as the Army’s quartermaster or riding-master; a rank and pay equivalent to my knowledge and responsibility. They give commissions from the ranks in the Army; in the Navy we’ve had two such promotions in the last ninety years! Think of that for inducement! No, the old lot don’t want to go into the wardroom; they aren’t seeking to become familiars with men bred at better firesides than themselves. Don’t you go and imagine that, or you’ll imagine what can’t be proved. But the new lot, the modern sailor—well, he’s different, you know.

“What about him?”

“He comes of a better class than what some of us came from. He’s, so to speak, an educated man. He’s like the rest of us outside; the same old breed; a long-winded, lean-flanked, big-throated man; but his innards are more polished: he’s got a taste for scholarship, and he aims high. Such men deserve commissions—if they’re honest, sober, moral-minded men—no much as an Army sergeant. And does anybody say, ‘Ho, but what would the wardroom say!’ Well, the sailor isn’t a fool, you know. He don’t want to wear feathers that don’t belong to him, so to speak, an’ he isn’t for thrusting himself where he isn’t wanted. His plan is this; Let the recommendation for promotion come from the Captains and Admirals. Let our officers—we can trust ‘em—pick the men they desire to honour. They won’t make any mistakes—no, they won’t. And the Navy is content to leave it in their hands, which is logic.

"And look," he added slowly, "at the way you treat old sailors! What inducement, so to speak, is held out to the Chief Gunner to remain on in the service after forty; Nothing! And mark you this: a gunnery instructor when he is teaching the young 'uns to shoot is learning something himself. He's an expert. Lord, I've seen a little gunboat swung round sudden in a splashing sea, the target nothing more than a little flag bobbing misty two thousand yards away, and bang!—and down goes the flag before you can say 'How's m'her!' Two men like that as captains of turrets, one at each end of the ship, would be worth to a Captain in the day of battle half a ship's company. Yes, they be worth more to England in that day than their own weight in gold. Ask the officers, and they'll tell you so. And why? Because, you know, they'd rap home in the first five minutes. What they go for they hit. No mistake about it. They're experts, they're miracles of men; and at forty you say to 'em, 'Here's a pension; good afternoon, and I hope you've enjoyed yourself.' The pick of the Fleet! Kicked out in their prime!

"But don't you go and think," he added, after I had muttered an encouraging "Sham-ful!" or two, "don't you go and think that the sailor is bursting to go slick from the lower deck to the wardroom. Not a bit of it. Only, when he's proved himself what he's called, 'the practical professor of the Fleet'—when he's got to that experience and knowledge that the captain sends for him to consult with on knotty problems, when, you know, he's a first-rate fighting man, a first-rate gunner, and something of a seaman (though we leave, you must understand, the highest seamanship, the science of it, to our senior officers,) when he's got to that—give him a rank that stamps him for a good, well-trying man, and give him generous pay with it—pay that a man at forty may feel proud of. Isn't it only fair, and isn't it only wise!"

He turned away from the sea, and I walked by his side.  
 "You've got the soldier always with you, like the poor, and you know exactly what he's thinking about, and what he wants. But the sailor's cut off. He's isolated. And the public does'nt know whether he wants anything or not. But I can tell you that the sailor, though he's as far from a grumbler as a farmer is far from an optimist so to speak, has his ambitions and has his desire. He wants encouragement. He wants inducements. He serves long, he serves well, and he's called the First Line of Defence, which is a very pretty title but carries no emolument along with it. If the British public want to have a happy and contented Fleet, let them say out: 'The sailor deserves as much encouragement as the soldier.' That's all we ask. You value your sergeants, why not your warrant officers—your chief gunner, your chief bo'sun, your chief carpenter? Think of their responsibilities! Why there's nothing in the Army below field-marshal that touches 'em. They're the practical professors of the Fleet, they're the —

"But, look here, don't you go and think, you know, that I'm after something for myself? My day's over; I'm one of the old sea dogs drawing very near a pension and Marine Cottage, with a few chickens and a pig in the backyard. No, it's not for myself, but for the young 'uns—the men who are coming along, the men who talk about these things and think about 'em, and keep hoping for decent inducements. It's for them. They're worth looking after, I can tell you. A better class of men, a cleverer, keener, pluckier set never wore the blue jacket."

And he nodded his head and went back to the dockyard. Brisk and alert—an old sea-dog, a first-class fighting man.

HAROLD BEGGIE.