



Be Proud Of Your Uniform

The musician has his musical instrument. The lawyer has his books. The farmer has his plough. All men of professions and trades are closely associated with an object which indelibly connects them with the work they do. Sometimes it is a tool with which they work. Sometimes it is the product they are producing. Sometimes it is the garb they are wearing. The symbol which clearly shows the profession of being a man-of-warsman belongs in the latter class. It is the uniform of the United States Navy.

How often before we became an integral part of the Navy did we look at the Naval Uniform as a thing typifying the life of the sea? When we did enter were we not a little proud to put it on the first time, and did we not feel then and there that we were truly men-of-warsmen? Now that we have spent some time in the service, the country's first line of defense, and now that we have worn that uniform most of the wakening moments since, it begins to mean even more to us than just a symbol. We are able to distinguish readily between a sloppy, untidy misfit and a uniform that is the acme of smartness.

A smart uniform reflects the smartness of the ship. An untidy, wornout uniform not only is a bad representation for the ship, and not only holds a man back in his advancement because he sometimes is judged by his superiors in a share by his appearance, but it makes that man conscious that he is not at his best. This latter feeling often times begins to show also

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Source Of A Few Naval Customs

The custom of piping a boat alongside originated in the practice of piping as a form of cheering or welcome to the visiting personage in the barge or gig that was approaching.

The use of sideboys originated in the practice of holding conferences on the flagship, and of inviting officers to dinner, while at sea, for in the days of sail the duration of periods at sea was much longer than it is now. In order to go aboard a ship at sea it was often necessary to hoist the visiting officer aboard in the boatswain's chair, the pipe being used for "hoist away" and "avast heaving." As age and seniority generally brought with it an increase in proportions and weight, the more senior an officer was the more sideboys needed to hoist him aboard.

Hence, an admiral needed eight sideboys while a young lieutenant could be hoisted aboard very satisfactorily with two sideboys.

The custom of tending the side with the concomitant piping of the side by the boatswain's mate is one of long standing. The boatswain's pipe itself is one of the oldest and most distinctive pieces of personal nautical equipment.

A pipe or flute was used in the Roman and Grecian galleys of antiquity to keep stroke. In the Crusade of 1248 the pipe was used as the signal to attack.

The new U.S. Constitution was signed on 17 September, 1787. On 21 September, 1784, the first U.S. daily newspaper was published.

Sailor Causes Warranted Exasperation

Many are the yarns spun over a cup of black navy 'jamoke'. Some have the thread of truth strung through them, others are pure fabrications, while a few have the ring of sincere reality. You can take the following tale with your tongue in your cheek if you so desire, yet the old salt who told me this vowed that every last bit of it actually took place as narrated.

It was during the hectic war days of 1918 when the furore of recruiting a fighting navy to man the new destroyers was at its height. The large bulk of the crews were naturally quite green and inexperienced as compared to the small percentage of old hands on each crew. Yet into this group of green hands on one destroyer stepped a recruit far greener and vastly more muscle-bound behind the ears than any of the rest. The tough bos'n mate tried all his powers at instruction, coaxed, wheedled, then finally stormed and cursed at the luckless individual. How a man could remain outside the pall of doing something right sometime was a mystery, but as time went on the young sailor improved but little.

One day the man in question was told to scrub paintwork with salt water. After getting some advice interspersed with a few choice expletives he proceeded to his job. He was back again in a minute.

"How will I get the salt water," he innocently asked?

"Tie a bucket to your arm and cast it over the side," roared the bos'n mate in exasperation, "you can only

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