



## Slaughter Among the Icebergs By GUS

(Continued from Last Week.)

Over and over again the peals of wild uncontrollable laughter and sobs floated from No. 2 messing compartment like the spasmodic wheezing of a dying asthmatic sufferer. Chaos beckoned.

Now if it was any one thing which the crew of our ship prided itself above all else and for which they had received many compliments throughout the fleet it was their incessant ability in keeping level headed thru any and all emergencies. Yet flesh and blood can endure so much. Where human beings are concerned as they were in this case the slender thread that supports the prop of reasoning began to weaken at an alarmingly fast rate. There could be only one remedy. The cause must be removed so action was paramount.

A flying squad of corpsmen converged at last upon the hapless mess-cook and managed to lead him off to the sick bay where a straight jacket prevented him from further harming himself. This, however, did not hamper the style of his outcries. Something had to be done to effectively gag his almost inarticulate mouthings. The wise saying that necessity is the mother of invention was aptly proven when a capable yeoman brought one of his brain childs into play. Saying that a gas mask had more uses than a cat had lives he rapidly fitted a mask to the mess-cook. The pitiful cries were thus at last silenced and men breathed normally again.

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Robert Harold Christenson

Robert Christenson of Salt Lake City was swept overboard on the night of 30 January. Each and everyone remembers well the heartbreaking task of trying to locate his body in the face of the hurricane-like winds and waves which were prevalent on that night.

It suffices to say that all hands felt his passing more keenly than could ever be imagined. He was a good shipmate. More words are unnecessary.

## First American Fleet

At the beginning of the hostilities, prior to the Revolutionary War, the Colonies carried on the war at sea by means of "privateers" or private vessels which were authorized to capture British merchant ships. This was a cheap method of waging war as the privateers were not paid salaries but given the entire proceeds from the sales of such ships as they captured. About 70,000 men in Massachusetts alone were engaged in privateering. In one year they captured over three hundred British ships.

These privateers had an indirect effect on the results of the war, as they undermined English commerce and increased our standing among the other nations. However the privateers had little effect upon the military operations as they preferred capturing richly laden and poorly armed merchant ships to engaging men-of-war in battle.

In order to protect their harbors, many of the Colonies established small navies of their own. This proved

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## Impressions of Gonaives

Gonaives, Haiti, with a population of 8,000 negroes, is situated 65 miles north-northwest from Port-au-Prince, the capitol of the country. Its only manufacturing claim is the salt works although a mineral spring nearby is highly prized by its inhabitants.

Gonaives, as cities go, proved to be about as attractive to a sailor as a swarm of yellow jackets would be at a highland clan gathering. Although not possessing any of the desirable attributes of other towns and cities with which we are familiar nevertheless we found a few novel and interesting sights there.

Probably the erect bearing of the negro women as they carried huge baskets of clothes on their heads was watched with admiration. Our women back home should take a tip from them provided they desire that graceful swing in walking.

The dwellings, patched together with everything from brush to driftwood, are painted blue and white. The paint, if it is paint, resembles a white-wash mixture of rather mediocre grade. Its pastel tints resemble nothing found in our country.

Over the white graveled roads numerous small donkeys provide the chief means of transportation. To ride on one is a distinct experience one will never forget. Along these roads runs a long ditch which is used for everything from washing clothes to watering live stock.

One thing for certain, one will never forget Gonaives. No doubt all of us are a bit happy that it isn't our lot to live there.