

THE NAVAL REVIEW

TO PROMOTE THE ADVANCEMENT AND SPREADING WITHIN
THE SERVICE OF KNOWLEDGE RELEVANT TO THE HIGHER
ASPECTS OF THE NAVAL PROFESSION.

Founded in October, 1912, by the following officers, who had
formed a Naval Society:

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Lieutenant H. G. Thursfield R.N.
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It is only by the possession of a trained and developed mind that the fullest capacity can, as a rule, be obtained. There are, of course, exceptional individuals with rare natural gifts which make up for deficiencies. But such gifts are indeed rare. We are coming more and more to recognise that the best specialist can be produced only after a long training in general learning. The grasp of principle which makes detail easy can only come when innate capacity has been evoked and moulded by high training.

Lord Haldane

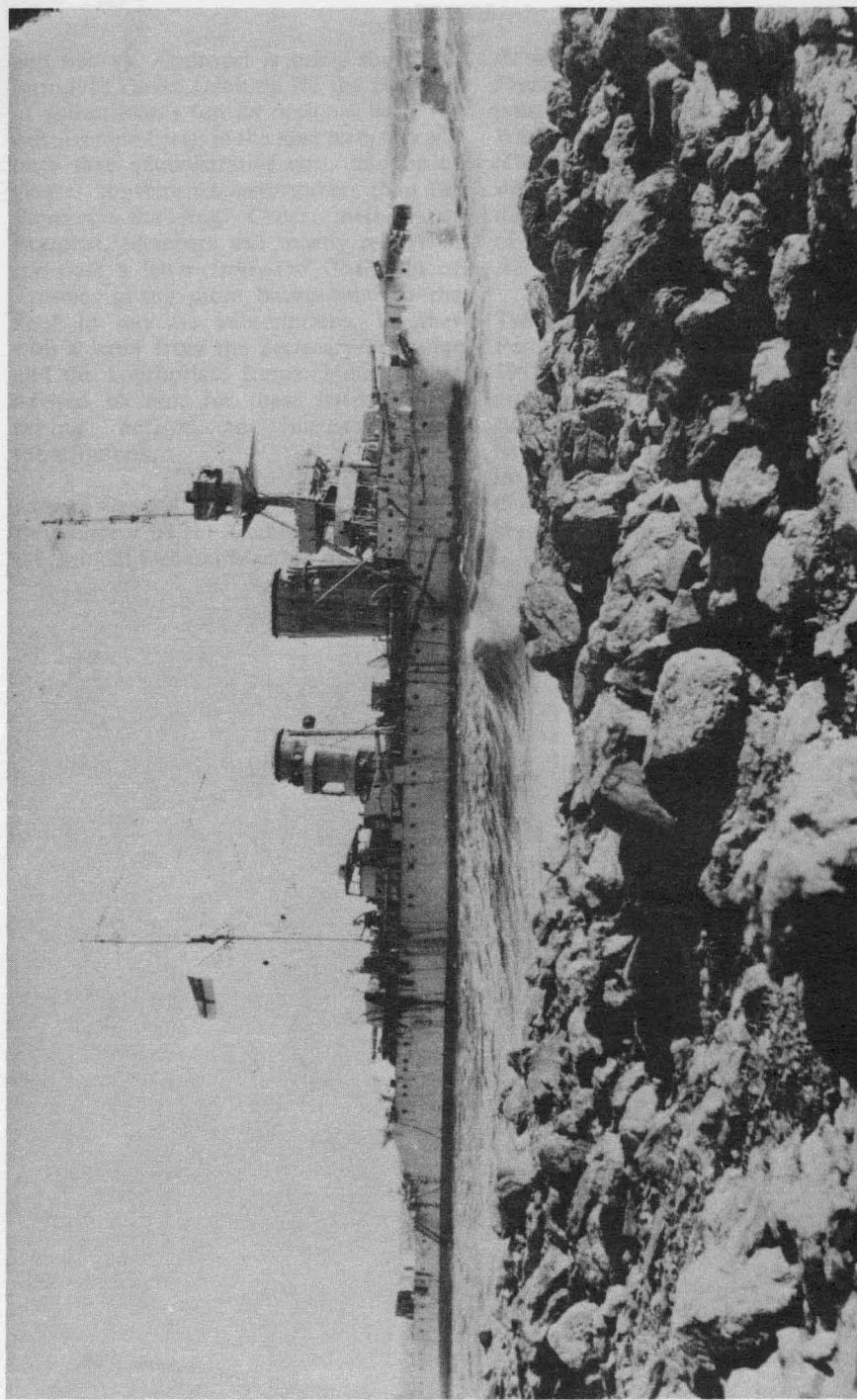
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The Wreck of HMS *Raleigh*

(This article is an extract from the diary written by Vice Admiral Sir Stephen Carlill, KBE, CB, DSO, when he was a midshipman — Editor.)

Tuesday 8 August 1922

THE MOST extraordinary and exciting day of my life. According to programme, we were due to leave Hawke Bay and arrive at Forteau, Labrador; about a six-hour run. Hawke Bay — and the entrance — is entirely devoid of any buoys or leading marks, and the chart is from a somewhat old survey. The part around Robinson Island is very tricky too, and there are several tide rips. Commander 'N' wanted to verify the chart in this locality, and also to lay out two temporary buoys to assist us in going out; so we went away in the second motor boat early. I turned out at 05.00 and raised some very excellent coffee from the ship's galley. Then I got all the necessary gear down from the chart house — sextants, station pointers, charts, rulers, etc. We left the ship at 05.50 — Tassles running the motor boat.

A straight run across the bay to Robinson Island, then it started raining. Dobson, the Chief Quarter Master, came with us for sounding purposes. We dithered about for hours — Nuts fixing the boat by sextant angles, Dobson sounding, and me writing down or doing sundry things. About halfway through, my abscess started hurting, and I got thoroughly fed up. Having dropped the first buoy, we went away over to the entrance, messed about, came back, and dropped the second buoy; and finally returned to the ship at 10.05.

I had left everything to Adams, who is giving me a hand with 'Tanky'; he wound chronometers and synchronised gyros. As soon as we returned, the motor boat was hoisted and we got under way. Tassles and I went to breakfast! Then I cleaned and had dinner at 12.00. Afterwards, I fell soundly asleep in the gunroom armchair. However, at 13.30, I went up to the chart house doing

various things. I read out the deck log to Nuts and wrote up the gyro logs. On my return to the gunroom, I found the others in the throes of the gunnery exam. There were little 'throes' though and still less 'exam'. I read the paper through and discovered how very little I knew about a 7.5 gun. But I have only been at a control station the whole time, so I didn't mind. Moke seemed to have done a very good paper; but I discovered that he had had a long discussion on various knotty points in the papers, with Bill Bailey, the Director Gunner! This much he shamefacedly confessed to me.

Lambe was the OOW, and sent a messenger down to say that there was an iceberg about six miles on the port beam. I went up to have a look at it. Immensely massive and motionless — I remember it struck me what an awkward thing it would be to bump into in a fog or at night. This was about 15.20, and I returned to the gunroom for a cup of tea. Hearing that Commander 'N' wanted to see me, I bounced Fanny Adams into going up. I finished my tea. The start of the siren was the first intimation that we had run into a fog. We were due at Forteau at 1615.

After one cup of tea I went up to the bridge to take over from Fanny. The fog was very thick, and the sounding boom was out on the starboard side. I don't know what it was that made me *aware* that something was wrong — a commotion on the bridge, a shout, or instinct. Anyway, it doesn't really matter what started me off but by the time I got to the flag deck, I became aware that something was wrong. I ran forward by the upper conning tower, and there through the fog, on the starboard bow, loomed a white line of breakers.

It was the most weird feeling — that of seeing and hearing the surf through the fog. I turned and ran for the bridge. Lovegrove, dropping like a stone and regardless of ladders, just missed putting his foot right through my face. Engines were going full

astern: Skipper, from starboard side: 'Put the helm over.' Lambe: 'Hard a-starboard.' From the Skipper again: 'Good God, Bott, where are we?' He suddenly looked ninety; and old Nuts looked cold and blue. Massey, from the other end of the bridge and through a megaphone: '*Hands to collision stations!*' Never did I expect to hear that 'pipe' in any actual circumstance outside evolutions. My first thought on seeing the breakers was 'iceberg'! From the bridge though, I saw a bit of green through the fog. 'Cheer up Billy, you're not dead yet.'

About thirty seconds after my arrival on the bridge, or, to be exact, at 15.39, we ran aground. Bump — crash — bump. All impossible and incredible.

We were quickly swung beam on to the heavy sea and the strong South West wind. 'Get the stream anchor out!' shouted the Skipper who left the bridge and went aft. It was too late, though. From now onwards, there was a continuous succession of the most prodigious bumps and crashes, rolling over each way and bringing up each side with colossal jerks. But then — imagine 9,500 solid tons of steel being lifted up and crashed down again against something very hard, every fifteen seconds — and it won't be so hard to understand the state of affairs, nor why it was impossible to stand up alone without being hurled about.

We went 'full ahead port', to try to keep her stern off; and the starboard helm was taken off. We didn't use the starboard engines on account of the propellers against the rocks! When it was hopeless — engines were stopped.

The greatest trouble came from the topmasts, and why they didn't come down, I don't know. Wireless aerials came clattering down about us. People were all over the upper and boat decks now, and one of the foremost boilers started blowing off. Orr-Ewing and people on the fo'c's'le let go the port anchor. Then we heard 'Fire party!' sounded off; the straw that broke the camel's hump. Lambe and I agreed afterwards that that was the worst moment. Thoughts of oil fuel floating down in the boiler rooms, and blazing away merrily,

passed through our minds. But it was nothing worse than a fire in the ship's company galley, which was soon sat on. The somewhat surprising pipe of 'Abandon ship' must have come hereabouts. Manning the port boats was out of the question; but the first cutter was manned and lowered. I saw none of this but shortly afterwards, hearing shouts, we looked down over the starboard side and saw men struggling in the water. What apparently happened was this: she was manned with a mixed crew of seamen and stokers, with Hutton, whose boat it was, in charge. They didn't fend her off sufficiently from the ship's side, as she was being lowered; and as the ship lurched, she swung into the ship, and Hutton declares that she was holed before she ever reached the water: probably a plank or two stoved in. She was washed onto a ledge of rocks, and most of the men foolishly jumped out in a panic. Then she was washed over it and onto a further ledge in shallow water where she stuck. Hutton did some noble work. He returned to one man who was unconscious: and, being directed by cries from the ship, pushed an empty breaker in front of him. He managed to get the man to the ship's side, where they were both hoisted inboard. The man, Reynolds, was resuscitated on board. About six were drowned. It was terrible seeing them from the bridge. It must have been the cold water that did them in. They had life-belts on, but seemed helpless. Hutton, who is a very weak swimmer, was without a life-belt and in his shirt sleeves. One man, I remember was washed down the ship's length — drowned — with his head thrown back and his arms crossed over his life-belt akimbo. His face was terrible.

Adams took the log and I folded up the chart, tucking it well away. All power was now off the ship, and a rather creepy feeling down my back this report gave me! 'Pelorous' on No.1 Gyro had stopped, but the antics of the bridge repeater on No.2 amused us very much. The repeater went round in small circles, and we roared with laughter! Incidentally, it was knocked clean off its sockets, and Lambe and I replaced it.

About now, I was sent down to find out the state of affairs in the engine room. I made my way aft, mostly down the port side. The pinnace was having a fine time on her own, she had been turned out and manned for 'Out stream anchor' but quickly unmanned again, as Willy Wood afterwards told me — and luckily nobody was hurt. Now, she was turning herself in and out at the most incredible speed. Her rudder was smashed and she wasn't improving the stern of the second motor boat; but I feel sure she was enjoying herself! I saw Hops and Moke by the gig. In the above water flat, the torpedoes had taken charge. Luckily, I met the Senior Engineer who told me that the main steam pipes in the after engine room had buckled; steam had been turned off from the boiler rooms; and everybody was up from down below. With this information I made my way, by darts and dashes, back to the bridge.

Lines were got ashore with the Coston gun, and Carley floats were hoisted out. I managed to secure some hot tea on my way up; we got some warm gear on the bridge and started smoking. Boy Lewis was the Messenger; very blue and perturbed — but I assured him he would see Bromley again. Lovegrove went to the Engineer Commander to get the starboard tanks flooded to prevent her keeling over to port any more. Complete darkness reigned 'tween decks now and the fog was thicker than ever.

Ashore, they had got the Carley floats and large hawsers. Hops had got himself ashore somehow and was working there in charge like a Trojan. We had a wonderful view of it all from the bridge. Imagine a typical shipwreck picture and then add reality. On an invisible hillside, in line with the bows, fires had been lit, showing mysterious patches of pink and red through the fog; and then away in the distance astern, were lines of men in seaboots and all kinds of rigs, hauling on ropes and lifting people out of Carley floats. All this and much more dimly seen through the fog, and with the crashes of the ship, the shouts of the men and the breaking of the surf going

on the whole time. 'You know I haven't realised it yet' said Lambe. Nor had any of us — but I was enjoying it now.

Nuts wanted soundings taken all round the ship, and I went down to do it. I found a hand lead and line in the Quartermaster's store on the quarter deck and, armed with this, I got hold of Moke and Forrest. Forrest wrote down, Moke held the line, and I sounded: right aft, bulkhead 250 on the Q.D., top of the slope, No.3 gun, the chains, the fo'c's'le breakwater, and right forward port and starboard side. We had fine sport on the port side and got a wee bit damp! By the time we had finished, they had come down from the bridge, and I gave Nuts the results when I met him on the boat deck.

People were thinning on board; and ashore Hops was managing wonderfully. Several times I went down aft, with a torch and got my loose cash, watch, automatic, luscious fawn cardigan, a sweater, shirt, my rugger cap, best gloves — and changed my shoes. Luckily, Lovegrove had had my Burberry, which he gave to me.

There were now about eighteen of us left: Captain, Nuts, Major of Marines, No.1 who had been in great form, Torps O'Cally, Orr-Ewing, Garnett, the Chief Bosun's Mate, Chief Yeoman of Signals, about six Petty Officers and myself.

In order to establish quick connections with the ship from the shore for tomorrow, the idea was to reeve the 1½in. wire through a snatch-block on the Q.D. and send both ends ashore. The 1½in. wire is for the fog buoy and is 300 fathoms! We unreeled it, flaking it beautifully down the port side. It took hours — and lumme! — how my abscess hurt! We got the bight through the snatch-block and both ends into the Carley float. P.O. Freddy Humphries and a cat went in the Carley float. Then things went wrong! To start with, the fool forgot to say that two ends of the wire were in the Carley float. They didn't notice the other one in the dark and surf ashore. Also, quite suddenly, we had three seas over the quarter deck, which, apart from making us all leap up and seize

onto something substantial, and nearly washing P.O. Territt, over the side, completely messed up the flaked out wire on the port side — 200 odd fathoms of wet 1½in. flexible steel wire in a tangle!

The ship was heeling over more, and my abscess was hurting like hell.

People didn't quite seem to know what to do now, or rather, were of several opinions. The wire was cut! Why — I don't know — or how it was removed. The main thing now was to get ashore, and the people on the beach seemed very dense. We couldn't move that Carley float and so turned our attention to the aftermost one. It was dark now, getting foggier and the tide had risen a good deal. We got the float close enough up to load it with our persons and some of the Skipper's 'ready-use' baggage. Two loads got us all ashore. I went in the first one with Orr-Ewing, Garnett, and most of the POs. God — the water was cold! — and ashore there were great lumps of ice. We were soaked up to our waists, and a bit above, and splashed a good deal. Mr Gould helped me out and after wading through the surf and swirl, and stumbling over rocks, I arrived on terra firma. A quarter of an hour later, the next and last Carley float with the remainder arrived. 'My days! I was glad.'

There were bonfires all round us, and they were needed, for the wind was bitterly cold and the ground and everything sopping wet. From now onwards, I 'doggied' Nuts who was most awfully nice to me. The skipper, he, and I dried at one of the fires: the former lay full length on the wet ground and the firelight played on one of the saddest, tireddest, and fiercest faces I have ever seen. I remember seeing Forrest drying and going up in clouds of steam. I thought he was burning for a minute. Then we walked up to the lighthouse about ¾ mile away — a post captain, a commander (N), and a damned snotty. I was tickled over the area. We went to the wireless house a bit beyond and then to the lighthouse, where there were lots of officers having a meal. I was annoyed with the padre, who had made himself as comfy as possible in an armchair as soon as he had landed. He hadn't even

the decency to get wet!

I shan't forget the cup of tea — it warmed the cockles of my heart. There was a good deal to do with the billeting of the men; and finally I lay down alongside Orr-Ewing on my burberry by the fire outside. The wet came through too and later we shifted in to a bare room. Here we lay and froze on under his duffle coat. But it was miserable, and my abscess hurt so much that I couldn't sleep.

Later, — but that's tomorrow.

'Oh Wind — if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind.'

Wednesday 9 August

Moke, I think, was about the only person in our room who slept, and he had ½ hour's good 'shut-eye'. One thing, — never be shipwrecked with an abscess. 02.00-ish, or before, both O.-E. and I found it damn cold, and got up. We went out to the fire outside where there was quite a crowd. The wind was punishingly cold, but I finished most of my drying, going up in clouds of steam. Moke came out shortly afterwards, and at sunrise, we went for a bit of a stroll then we went down to the ship to look at her; we met Massey down there. On our return to the lighthouse, I looked in at sick bay to see how the invalids were getting on. Reynolds, Hutton's man, was there. He was unconscious, breathing in great gasps and groaning. The face was completely yellow, and his lips blue. Hideous — but they seemed very happy about him, and said he was developing double pneumonia. Soon they started getting on board. The skipper and Nuts went in the first Carley float, and I followed shortly afterwards. The hands of the first party had broken open the ship's canteen and thus started the beastly looting that continued for several days. I cleared up the chart house with Dobson; it was in a beastly state. After a bit, Nuts came up, and together we went through the gear. It was very sad. He chucked his pilotage notes down with a 'Well! I shan't need *them* again.' We went on the bridge and for the last time, he fixed the ship by horizontal angles. My abscess

hurt a good deal all this time. Then we came down. The Gunroom was in the most appalling mess, first, all the lockers had swung open and disgorged their contents, and then the whole locker case had fallen down. The whole deck was littered with every conceivable kind of gear from music to revolvers. Yesterday's tea was still very much in evidence too. I found a half bottle of brandy, which just filled an empty Eno's bottle; this I carefully stored away for future use.

There was a lot of sherry in a decanter too, and I gave Nuts a good tot, in a tooth mug, in his cabin. I went aft, and started packing myself. What kind fate guided my choice on 25 July 1921, when I chose an athwartships chest; the drawers of nearly all the other chests, were out. Despite the absence of a trunk or packing case I managed to get most of my gear packed — mostly in a mattress cover I pinched out of Shaw's cabin. Old Higginbottom (short for 'Haslehurst') presented me with a cabin curtain, in which I put nearly all my books, lashing it up with cod line. In this way I used up a blanket, and I stuffed my helmet case full of small gear. The most useful thing was a tin case — a service thing — about 2' x 1' x 5' — a lot of which were sent over by the *Calcutta*. The one I got hold of belonged to Lingard-Guthrie, 'him as I saw playing rugger' against the Harlequins, at Christmas 1919.

The ship had a list of about 8° to port, which doesn't sound much, — but is quite appreciable when you get on it. Oil fuel was the thing that messed nearly everything up, and nobody seemed to know how it got about the ship. But I went to see if our hammocks were obtainable from the Officers bathroom flat outside Massey's cabin. The thick brown oil fuel was awful here; I slipped at the edge too. It was all dark and this thick stuff gurgled away happily as the ship rolled. I climbed round the gun support, but all the hammocks were ruined. Torps, Guns, the 'Senior' and Massey have lost all their gear, being the unfortunate owners of these port-side cabins. All my gear I added to the heap on the quarter deck,

which was gradually being sent ashore on the Carley float. I managed to raise a very substantial meal from the Admiral's galley, of bangers and bacon mostly. The brandy helped here. I then helped Nuts with his packing. He was very depressed, and was going to leave all his books behind. So I seized his blankets, laid them on the deck outside his cabin and repeated operations. He was sadly grateful.

My abscess hurt very much all this time, and about 17.00, when I went ashore I saw Hull going up to the temporary sick bay at the lighthouse, I tracked him down, and he said he would have 'to go into it'. It was hurting so much that I didn't care if he went *through* it. However, I was shaken a bit when on looking round, they discovered they were minus all their instruments. So Hull got an old pair of rusty pointed scissors (rusty is an exaggeration, but it sounds well, and they *were* dirty), and cut! Slight pause for contemplation. It was worth it, and when it was bound up, I suddenly fell fast asleep. For two whole hours too.

Later, I hobbled back to the ship — about ¾ mile — and got my blanket and burberry from the officers dump. Todhunter wanted to go for me, but I knew just where they were, and also on the way back, a Labrador native gave me a lift on a cart. I had another meal in the lighthouse and Hops got me a billet in a hayloft opposite. It was a gem in its way! and when I went across there I found Hops and Johnny snoring away. Guns came in later and curled down in one corner; and with hay and a blanket I assured myself that nothing 'ud budge me. I made myself so comfy that I lay awake for a long time appreciating it. I was just dropping off in to the proverbial slumber when the door suddenly burst open and Massey's towering form stood silhouetted against the floods of freezing moonlight. A torch flared in my face. 'All officers turn out. Hands will fall in at 04.30 and embark in Empress of France at 07.30. About 150 will be left behind and a meeting to decide whom — now!' Incidentally, he was about 2½ hours out in his present time and thought it was

02.00. I rose and went down to the fires by the ship where we waited for the meeting results. The morning and the evening were the second day.

Thursday 10 August

We had a pleasant little party down by the bonfire. Armitage had come over during the day in the *Capetown's* cutter, as also Lt. Hussey from the *Calcutta*; both had been unable to get back, and were round the fire. Lots of other people were there too. The marines were keeping guard on all the gear, and I give them full marks for the excellent brews of cocoa they produced continuously; also excellent bread and jam! The meeting ended about 01.00 and they came back around our bonfire. Adams, Lovegrove, and I having been on the bridge at the moment of bumping, have got to stay behind for the Court of Enquiry. A salvage party of about 120 men, all picked, are staying — O'Cally, Hops, and several officers. The remainder to England. Despite our blankets, it got too cold about 02.15, and a general move was made in the direction of the lighthouse. In the hayloft, again I got about two hours sleep. They called the 'ands about 04.30. I wrote a tiny note home, which Moke swore to take care of and post in England. All the home-party left, I think sometime in the forenoon — walking, with all their packs, round to Forteau, about six miles. I never saw them go, but heard afterwards that they were a funny sight — a long straggly line, stretching right away in the distance, trudging along, with their worldly wealth on their backs.

I went on board in the forenoon, and packed up Nuts private gear, such as sextant, typewriter, etc. and his instruments. I also received all sorts of stuff, Gowlland, L.'s rug and Moke's cricket bag. The latter was most useful, as I stuffed it with all my note books, etc. that I got out of the after gun support. The ship was still rolling a bit, but settled down later, with a permanent list of 9° to port. This doesn't sound much, but it looks a lot, and seems colossal when you are actually on board.

Oil fuel is getting everywhere too, and the decks are very slippery. The salvage party's camp is about the same distance from the ship as the lighthouse is, but on the Forteau side. I went there for lunch. Our mess is really very comfy, being in a house which the inhabitants vacated, or at any rate from which they have made themselves very scarce! An extraordinary rough and fierce crowd of Newfoundlanders have come across the Belle Isle straits, solely for the purpose of looting. They are mere wreckers and tell us candidly that they understood it was a merchantship that had run ashore and are disappointed. However, despite their disappointment, there is a considerable amount of gear in the officers' dump abreast the ship, which they cast longing glances at, and they lie about on the ground all round. Consequently, Nuts wants Adams and me to remain on guard, by the dump the whole time. I went back to relieve him, staying there till about 17.00. I was going to spend the night out there, but Nuts had found out about my abscess and he told me to stay in the mess the rest of the day. We have got a guard of eight men under P. O. Pegden in a tent abreast the ship, so Adams stayed with them for the night. We were all very sleepy indeed, in the mess tonight. After dinner, Nuts made out the Camp Routine and General Orders. O'Cally in making out a list of his topmen, fell fast asleep and shortly afterwards we turned in, on the mattresses we had brought along with us from the ship.

Friday 11 August

Today, I believe, is the anniversary of our arrival in Bermuda! Then, the *Raleigh* was a live ship; now she is an inert mass, on the rocks off Labrador. I awoke this morning feeling fat-headed, and with two new boils on my legs. Altogether, I felt rather rotten. A boat came in from the *Capetown* about 07.30. Lambe and I went off to have a bath.

Nuts told me to go to the sick bay then not to hurry back. They were very hospitable on board, and I had a good bath and a better breakfast. Then I went up to the sick bay, where I saw their P.M.O. and

had hot fomentations put on sundry boils. I read out the fair log to Love, who is doing a bit of 'Tanky'. I went to sick bay again after dinner and again before I left about 16.30. In the course of the day, most of the *Raleigh* snotties came on board, from Forteau. I fell very fast asleep p.m. and was woken up in the middle by Moke, who had some long yarn about selling the *Idumso* to the Navigator of the *Capetown* for £9 being the price we (Moke, Forrest, and I) paid Johnny Grindle for her. I gathered it in parts, and fell asleep again. I forgot to say that the home-going party never embarked in the *Empress of France* after all. She came in that afternoon, but hadn't got enough food on board to feed 500 men; also, it was too rough to embark anybody then, and she proceeded to England. Now, they are going in another C.P.R. liner, the *SS Montrose*, in a day or two. Oh! the lucky devils.

I went ashore in a shore boat about 17.00 and heard from Adams that the three snotties, i.e. us, were not staying after all, but going home. Accordingly, I had to get a move on with my gear and went on board the *Raleigh* to get a chest of drawers, which I was going to convert into a packing case. With two hands to help me, I got it up and down into a shore boat, which took me round to the camp. There I learnt what I had really been expecting all along, that our home-going was cancelled. Lovegrove and Adams had already gone to the *Capetown* with their gear, and I sent them a signal. So I was a chest of drawers to the good, and it came in very handy. Our food is rotten, and not nearly as good as the men's. Only dry bread and some meat. Wilkins, the steward, is a fool and utterly incapable. After our so-called dinner, I wrote a short letter home and also worked out increase of draught due to our list, from the shipwright's drawings. To bed 23.45.

Saturday 12 August

Grouse shooting starts today. We got fifteen brace, and had a wonderful day of it. But that's only my 'pretence'. What actually happened was the burial of two stokers whose bodies had been located in

between the ship and the beach, and who were fished up with meat hooks early this morning. O'Cally turned up in a sword and sea-boots and most of the guard put on khaki. Matelots do love a funeral, but I didn't go to it. I went up instead to the sick bay at the lighthouse, where three boiling hot and simultaneous fomentations shook me a bit. I returned and mucked about with my gear. I can't do any of the camp or ship work much. I wish I could, as I should enjoy it enormously. I am getting jealous of Hops who is fit as a fiddle and in roaring spirits, and I know I should be if I could do things. But with three boils and several more coming. . . After lunch, (dry bread and beef again, damn that steward) feeling very filthy, I went up a hill behind the camp, to a pool I had heard about. Here I had a very excellent wash all over, much to the amazement of two of our Newfoundland friends, who watched the strange process with much amazement and great interest. Then I put on a clean shirt and clean soft collar, returned to the camp looking like a blooming gentleman.

The *Montrose* is calling in tomorrow, and the Skipper and about three others walked round to Forteau this afternoon presumably to give them a chuck-up. They never returned tonight and so we had four less in the mess, though we were very cheery. We played word games after supper — had lots of fun. O'Cally's brainwaves were wonderful. We played the game of different subjects all starting with the same letter. O'Cally — a trifle shot — thought for hours about his subject, and then when we were all thinking it was going to be something really 'cute' said, in a weak voice, 'Oh! a tree'. The Engineer Commander had rather a gem; the only agricultural implement starting with N, that he could think of was a 'nibblick'.

So to bed.

Sunday 15 August

I worked out the Tide Table for the next week this forenoon, and afterwards bent my footsteps towards the sick bay. Three hot fomentations then back to the camp

where I wrote up my diary a bit. The Skipper sent a signal last night to say that 'he was bringing back Mr Gould with him' as we were all tired of being starved. However, the Captain's steward had taken over and we were now getting 'enuf' to eat, so we replied that it was unnecessary. Wilkins, we had sent around to Forteau to go home, as we were fed up with him. After lunch today, the Skipper, Hops, and co.

came back. Apparently, the officers are living in great comfort at the other side and last night had a great sing-song. They are billeted at the mission there, to which I gave 25 cents when we were here last September. SS *Montrose* arrived at about 14.00, and embarkation was carried on without a hitch. So much so, that she sailed away at 16.30.

We waved! . . .

Dramatis personae, etc.

Captain Arthur Bromley	Commanding Officer
Commander L. C. Bott	Commander (N) 'Nuts'
Lieutenant Commander E. W. H. Blake	Guns
Lieutenant Commander Gaisford St Lawrence	Torps
Lieutenant Commander M. Goolden DSC	Massey
Surgeon Lieutenant Commander Hull	
Lieutenant J. A. Grindle	Johnny
Lieutenant H. G. Hopper	Hops
Lieutenant O'Callaghan	O'Cally
Lieutenant D. Orr-Ewing	O.-E.
Sub. Lieutenant C. E. Lambe	Sub. of the Mess
Midshipman W. L. G. Adams	Fanny
Midshipman J. W. Forrest	
Midshipman R. P. Garnett	
Midshipman G. Gowlland	
Midshipman L. Gowlland	
Midshipman W. E. Halsey	Moke
Midshipman P. C. Hutton	
Midshipman H. Lovegrove	
Midshipman I. M. Martineau	Tassles
Midshipman R. C. Todhunter	
Midshipman W. H. Wood	Willy
Mr Gould	Gunroom Messman

Epilogue

The Board of Enquiry was held in HMS *Constance* on Thursday 17 August in Forteau Bay. Captain E. E. Strutt (C.O. *Constance*) was President.

The Court Martial on the stranding of HMS *Raleigh* took place in the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth in Autumn 1922 with the Captain of *Dryad*, Captain H. O. Reinold as President. The

Commanding Officer of the *Raleigh* was dismissed his ship and reprimanded; the Navigating Officer was dismissed and his ship severely reprimanded. Both officers retired soon afterwards.

Midshipman P. C. Hutton was later awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal for 1922 for life-saving.

The hull of the wrecked *Raleigh* proved

something of an attraction to passengers on C.P.R. liners passing through the Belle Isle Straits in the summer months. In, I think, 1926, HMS *Durban* was given the job of blowing it up.

The *Raleigh* Diary continues until Saturday 19 August when Lovegrove and Carlill joined *Constance* and returned to Bermuda (and a hurricane) subsequently joining HMS *Dartmouth* (trooping) for passage to the UK.

The *Raleigh* gunroom as a whole did not meet up again until they joined the RN College Greenwich as Acting Sub. Lieutenants in the Autumn of 1923.

In parenthesis, it might be added that Carlill relieved Fanny Adams for the second time — thirty-two years later — as Flag Officer, Training Squadron, in the comfort of Portland Harbour and not as 'Tanky' on the bridge of the *Raleigh* on the inhospitable shores of Labrador.

STEPHEN CARLILL