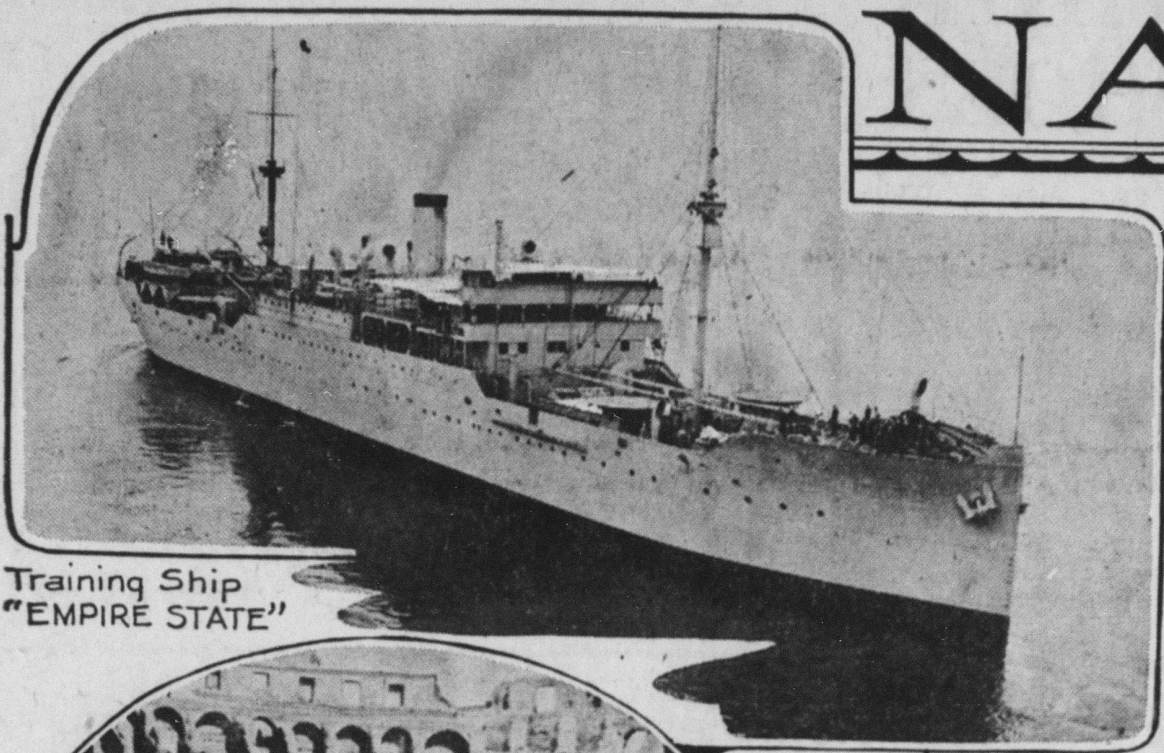


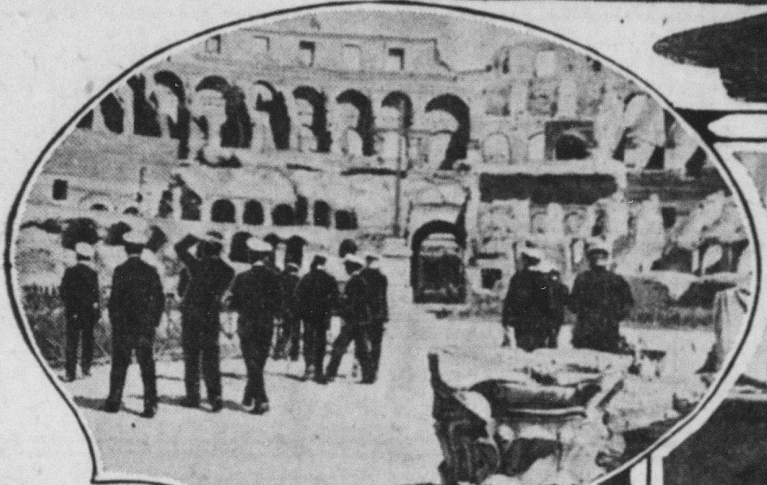
Uncle Sam's Peace-time NAVY



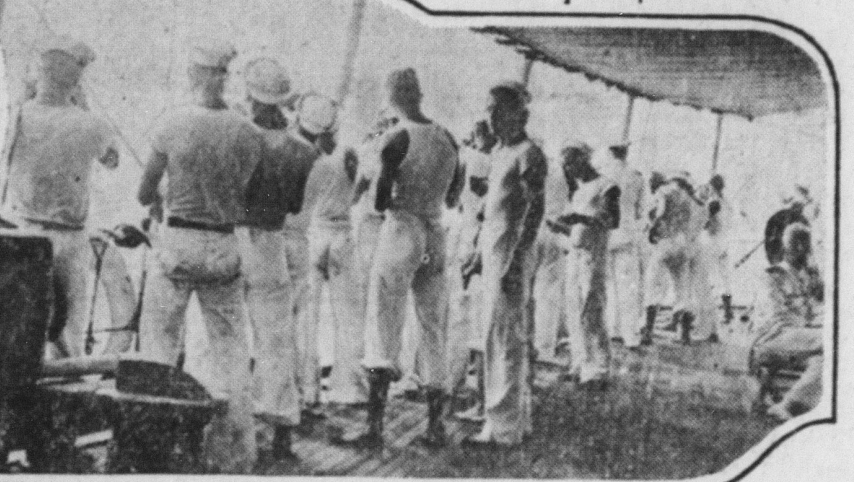
Training Ship "EMPIRE STATE"



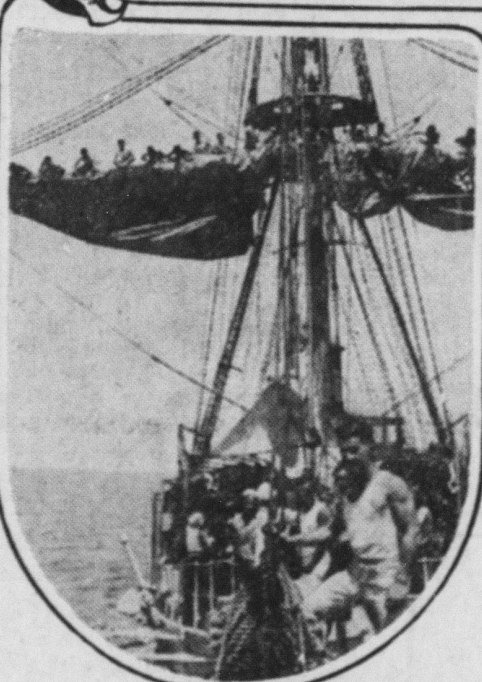
The Daily Inspection



The Cadets Visit the Colosseum in Rome



"Shooting the Sun" with Sextants



Furling the Sails



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

TIME was when the merchant marine was one of America's proudest boasts. Those were the days when the famous Yankee clipper ships were carrying our flag, the Stars and Stripes, into virtually every port of the world and when America, rather than Great Britain, was the "mistress of the seas," at least, so far as merchant shipping was concerned.

But when steamships replaced sailing vessels, the United States began to lose her place in the sun in this regard and the Civil war saw the end of our dominance of the seas with merchantmen. In the years that followed various efforts were made to regain the place we had lost to other nations, but these efforts were not highly successful. At the opening of the World war we had only 17 ships carrying the American flag and American trade to foreign ports, and American seamanship, as a consequence, had almost become a forgotten tradition.

But recent years have seen a change being wrought, and today, under more recent stimulating governmental policies supporting our "peace-time navy," the merchant marine, we have climbed up to second place in world tonnage and now a total of 600 ships plow their way through the seven seas to more than 500 ports in foreign lands.

To provide for the increased complement of trained deck officers and engineers to man our constantly increasing peacetime navy, Uncle Sam has four nautical training schools, mostly aboard real ships, where boys can study, graduate and stand a good chance of becoming third officers or assistant engineers in the merchant fleet at a rate of pay ranging from \$125 a month for third mates upwards to \$300 for skippers and engineers, and with cruises to interesting foreign ports sprinkled in while they are getting their education.

These nautical schools are: The New York State Merchant Marine academy, now based at the Brooklyn navy yard aboard the U. S. S. Empire State and the Annex; the Pennsylvania Nautical school, based at Philadelphia, aboard the U. S. S. Annapolis; the Massachusetts Nautical school, based at Boston, aboard the U. S. S. Nantucket, and on the Pacific coast, the California Nautical school, based at California City, on San Francisco bay, aboard the U. S. S. California State. Every year the 500 young men, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one years, undergo training in these four schools. For a bird's eye view of life at the academy, let's visit the U. S. S. Empire State.

As one drives into the Brooklyn navy yard a khaki-garbed United States marine corporal steps up to the visiting automobile, asks the caller's business and sends for a bluejacket, who conducts one past battleship-gray painted destroyers, cruisers and other navy vessels docked in the yard. A couple of turns along railroad-tracked streets lead to the gangplank of the U. S. S. Empire State.

A rifle-belted seaman clicks his heels, salutes and leads on to the skipper's quarters forward, below the bridge. The skipper is Capt. L. B. Green, second assistant superintendent of the academy, commanding the training ship. He is a graduate of the United States Naval academy at Annapolis.

A sharp wind slices across the navy yard, but Captain Green marches down a gangway connecting the training ship with its auxiliary vessel lying alongside—the Annex. The latter is a converted sailing ship. Her once towering foremast and mainmast are stubbed. She carries no rigging, but has a broad deck for boat and other drills. Below decks she is laid out for school rooms, dormitories, electrical and mechanical work shops.

Cadets in the Annex are nominal newcomers. Here they are taught mathematics, navigation, hygiene, rope and wire cable use and splicing, signalling, fire prevention, launching and handling of boats and a hundred other maritime duties. Here, too, they have their first taste of discipline aboard ship.

The cadets are hard at work. In one room, equipped with regulation school desks, they are deep in trigonometry. Below, in the hold of the Annex, they are working in the machine shop. Others are bending and weaving heavy wire cable ends around an oval eye. Still another group has taken a heavy water pump apart and is busily at work putting it together again. Captain Green proceeds through the passages,

past blue-uniformed lads. Each group snaps to "attention" and holds it until the senior officer says "carry on." "Topside" are several groups engaged in boat drills, launching, handling long sweeping oars in heavy life boats—coxswains standing up, astern in each boat, giving orders. It's a cold and windy day but the boys bend to with a will and send their boats cleaving the navy yard waters.

"Below" is the real "feel" of the ship. Not a quick rush to the side to unburden an upset stomach . . . but the atmosphere of being at sea. It is quiet but exciting. The only thing lacking is the throb of turning engines . . . the gentle lift of long ground screws.

Captain Green goes forward to inspect paint lockers, shower baths and living quarters, where the boys sleep in beds. Romantic days of the hammock have vanished. The skipper admits that sleeping, when tucked in cocoon comfort within one's hammock, is a blissful state, but there is more luxury in cadet accommodations today. Lockers are provided for personal effects and uniforms.

More cadet study space is discovered, with long, polished, white wooden tables that swing up to the ceiling and out of the way when not in use. The canteen for candy, tobacco and other luxuries, strikes a responsive note. Mess hall serving tables, cafeteria style, where 150 hungry young men can be served in eight minutes. Food is sent down from the galley, located on a higher deck, by dumbwaiter. The whole place shines with cleanliness.

Next came a visit to the "sickbay" or ship's hospital. One youngster had a touch of sore throat but was recovering quickly. A regular doctor is assigned to the ship. Anyone on the "binnacle list" is promptly attended and officers of the training vessel said there were few patients.

Captain Green and his staff have their own mess, a room done in dark wood with light green trimming. Here the deck and engineer staff units dine at separate tables, because there always has been a bit of pleasant rivalry between the two groups.

Although boys join the academy for training to fit them for captaincy or engineering, they have their own choice of the branch preferred. Once they have completed the school course and have graduated, there is little time lost in getting them assigned to active duty aboard one of Uncle Sam's merchant ships.

The boy who wants to go to sea as a professional mariner is trained at one of the four academies to become an officer or engineer and enjoy life on the rolling deep, and he has the additional opportunity for service in steamship offices ashore. This gives him an excellent incentive to grow in the maritime world and to "point" for an executive position in steamship circles. This is not a pipe dream. It is the design and reason for the existence of these four nautical training schools.

Uncle Sam has to battle for his peace time and war rights. Ships must carry commerce, passengers, mails to every country. Commanders and chief engineers of these ships must be level-

headed and well-trained. For this reason, it was pointed out, unusual care is exercised in selecting merchant marine academy candidates. Boys must be United States citizens, have high school education or its equivalent, be physically, mentally, morally sound as a new dollar and must have the qualities that make for leadership—courtesy, promptness in obeying commands and correct seamanlike habits.

The wheel and chart house come next for inspection. In the afternoon sun the compass, steering apparatus, engine room telegraph and other bright work gleamed and glistened from elbow-greased high polish. It was exactly like any other American merchantman's bridge except that there were two large, long tables extending the width of the enclosed space, upon which cadets, studying navigation while on summer cruise, work out the ship's course. A huge flag locker was located nearby, bulging with neatly rolled multi-colored bunting. Atop the bridge was the diamond shaped radio direction finder loop, open air binnacle and steering wheel.

Nine times out of ten the U. S. S. Empire State is steered from the enclosed bridge, or the flying bridge by a helmsman, generally a quartermaster. But Captain Green went below and pointed out the line of steering apparatus to a room far astern in the ship, where the rudder tiller is swung by automatic devices and where cadets are instructed, at times, in blind steering. A bridge lookout may be the eyes of the ship, on such occasions, but cadets are taught to navigate safely by using inside compass and wheel.

The engine room, deep in the bowels of the vessel, was fragrant with hot oils. Here a maze of shining iron ladders wind up, around and about the powerful driving equipment of the training ship. All brightwork was spotless and the ship could cast off on short notice, for steam is kept up in the boilers most of the time. Intricacies of this department prohibit elaborate description. It is a world of machinery in itself . . . the pride of engineers who undergo exhaustive instruction and training ashore and ashore and who are charged with the mechanical welfare of their vessel.

It is interesting to note that, in most cases, the captain and chief engineer of a ship hold nearly equal rank. Both wear four gold stripes. They are associates in command, although in the last analysis the captain's word is supreme.

The cadets have an abundance of recreation. Many are amateur musicians, have their instruments aboard and make use of the ship's piano. And when some one tears off a large amount of "In the Evening by the Moonlight" a flood of barber shop harmony generally haunts the ship.

Captain Green pointed out a number of cadets engaged in infantry drill on the concrete docks below. This gives them a taste of military activity. Such military schooling will automatically entitle cadets to become members of the naval reserve.

Cadet instructors are capable, efficient and painstaking in their work. For them special training is required. The skipper said that several had taken not one but numerous instruction courses. A number of them are graduates of the New York Merchant Marine academy, preferring teaching to life aboard ship where they start in as third class officers.

Over sandwiches, cakes and orange pekoe in the captain's quarters plans for summer were explained.

"We will have our regular training cruise," said the skipper, a twinkle of anticipation in his eyes, adding that "we expect to shove off some time in June, take in a bit of the Atlantic for cruising purposes and touch at several European ports."

These cruises are duck soup for cadets. The boys get their fingers into navigation and engineering and, in addition, see the world first hand. Stops include many Continental and Mediterranean ports.

One leaves the U. S. S. Empire State with the impression of having seen a number of splendid, clean-cut, ambitious young fellows eagerly carving out their maritime careers, on a smart merchant training ship, under the watchful, kindly supervision of a "four stripe" who knows his stuff. Similar activities are pursued at the other three nautical schools.

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Finding the "Why" of Child's Action

Possibly Condemnation Is Decided Upon Too Hurriedly.

By HILDA RICHMOND, National Kindergarten Association, New York. "I didn't think you knew he brought it to school," said the teacher over the telephone to the startled mother of a seven-year-old, "much less that he gave it to a little schoolmate to wear."

"My pearl ring!" gasped the mother. "I hadn't missed it, but how glad I am you have it safe."

"The other child's mother saw the initials inside and returned it to me with an explanation," continued the teacher. "But, oh, I do hope you will not punish him. He's only seven, you know, and had no idea of the seriousness of his act from an adult viewpoint. We always see those things as if the offender were grown up—when he isn't."

"I don't know what to do," sighed the mother to herself, "but when I think—how are we going to help him keep his fingers out of mischief? I've emphasized that ever since he could toddle and what good has it done? To go to my jewel case like that?"

Much thought—no solution. The child made honest confession with a bewildered look at his mother's concerned face. "Just gave it to June to wear. It was pretty. I like June."

Prayers were said. Lights turned out. Still no thought. Then it came. Loving arms hugged a small boy close and then: "Do you think if daddy and I were to buy a nice shiny gold ring with your initial on it for you to wear all the time, you would like it?"

Would he? The little chap was fascinated by jewelry!

"And do you think if you wore that nice shiny ring all the time it would help you to keep those fingers out of places where they should not go without permission?"

"Oh yes!"

"Well, that is what we will do, dear."

And that was what we did. And it did help the little lad in his struggle to keep his eager fingers out of places where they had no business.

This illustrates the idea of walking not only the "one mile" but also "the twain" with a sturdy little traveler who needs understanding, not condemnation. We mothers and fathers need to see beyond the result of the thought and get at the thought which caused the child to do a certain thing. It takes patience and a lot of self-control. But it is so well worth it! And the adult gets many a surprise when he takes the trouble to find out the real reason why the child did but why he did it is the thing to concentrate upon.

Youngsters Enjoy "Zoo"

There is a children's playground in the Berlin zoo where the baby animals are put. A visitor recently saw there little boys and girls of three and four sitting in a big chair nursing baby lions and bears, while a picture postcard was being photographed of them. The finest of monkeys, baby elephants and camels, rabbits and guinea pigs, baby pigs, lambs and kids, all enjoy a nursery life.

Except for a few exceptions, there are no cages or bars, all the doors are open, and the children just play with the baby animals, carrying them in their arms and romping with them as playmates. One little tot of three was burying a fat pig in the sand, and the piglet thoroughly enjoyed it. It is a children's paradise, although perhaps the grownups get the most fun.

SMILES AND TEARS IN CLOSE KINSHIP

Nature's Method of Relief From Tension.

Dr. Robert Kingman in the English Journal, New Health, suggests that laughter often depends on psychic tension, and is a ready means of relief from this tension just as are tears.

This is the secret of the ready response to the man who slips on a banana peel, the slap-stick and the custard pie comedy—tension and sudden release of tension through laughter. Tears would do just as well. But ordinarily as soon as it is realized that the person is not really hurt, the reaction is laughter and not tears.

Some persons weep for joy and some laugh hysterically in time of tragedy. With some it is a matter of indifference whether they laugh or cry; they get as much relief from one as from the other. There are some who react by both tears and laughter to any serious situation. The relaxation produced by one is as complete as that produced by the other.

Persons who do not laugh at all far outnumber those who do. In general, these are the older races. The Chinese, Japanese, Hindus and Mohammedans see very little to laugh at in life. Even as children their laughter is conspicuous mostly by its absence. A grown up Oriental considers laughter a distinctly feminine trait and unworthy of a man.—From How to Live (Journal, Life Extension Institute, New York).

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Where the field-larks in the morning will be crying at the door, With the whisper of the moon-wind and the surf along the shore; Where the little shingled houses down the little grassy street Are grey with salt of sea-winds, and the strong sea-air is sweet Me for there!

Ellis Carman — By Courtesy of "LIFE"

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