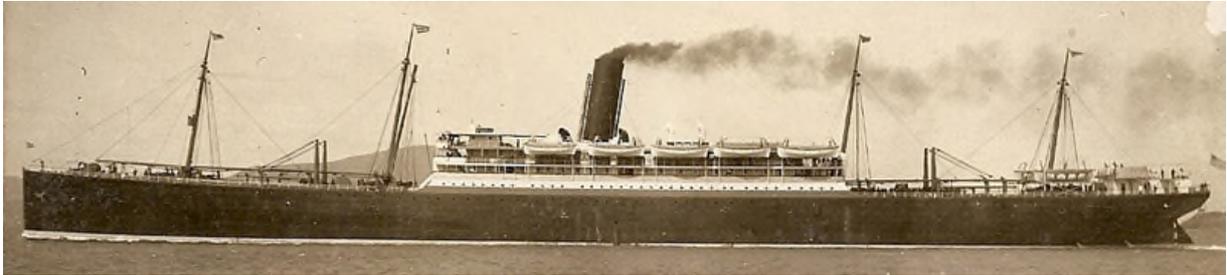


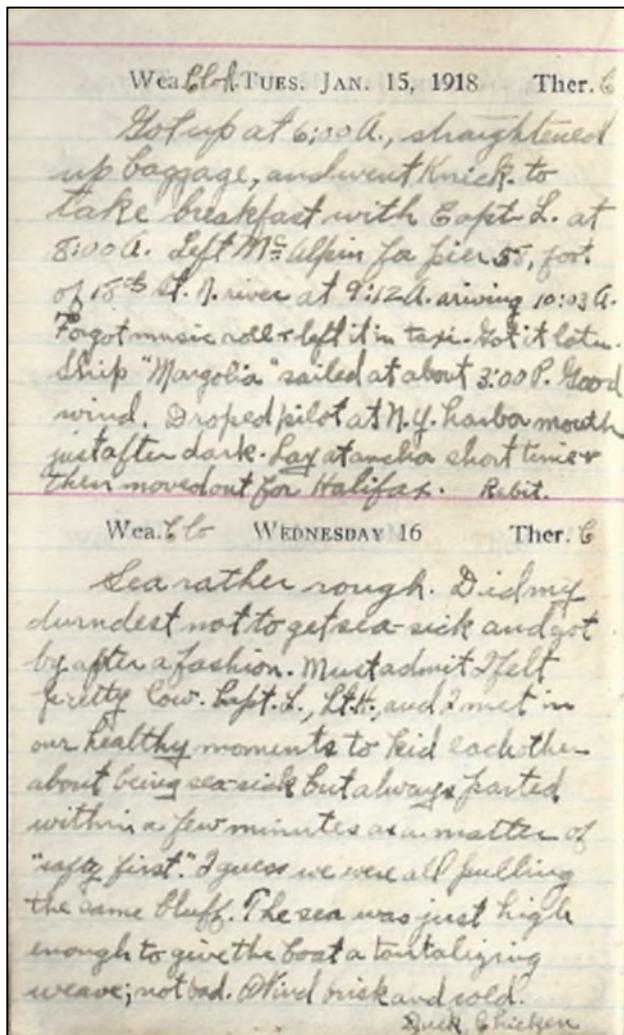
AT SEA

Second Lieutenant Roscoe E. Stewart, Enroute To and Returning From World War I



S.S. Mongolia (Internet photo)

First four days at sea, from a small diary of Roscoe's:

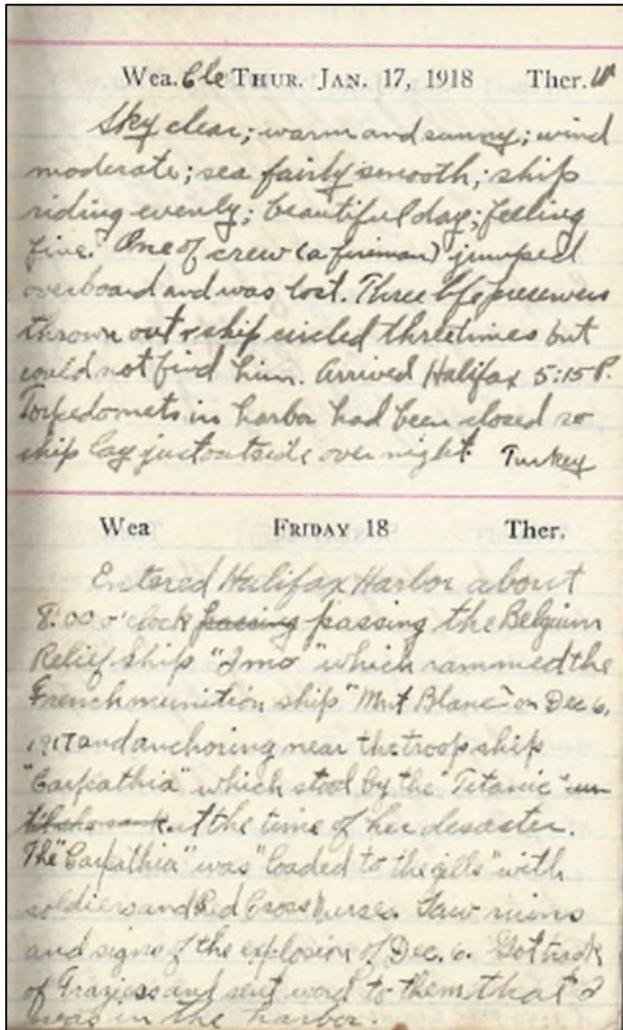


Tues. Jan. 15, 1918 (Weather "Cler", Ther. C)

Got up at 6:00 A., straightened up baggage, and went knick. to take breakfast with Capt. L. at 8:00 A. Left McAlpin for pier 58, foot of 18th St. N. river at 9:12 A. arriving 10:03 A. Forgot music roll & left it in taxi. Got it later. Ship "Mongolia" sailed at about 3:00 P. Good wind. Dropped pilot at N.Y. harbor mouth just after dark. Lay at anchor short time & then moved out for Halifax. Rabbit.

Wed. Jan. 16, 1918 (Weather "Clo", Ther. C)

Sea rather rough. Did my darndest not to get sea-sick and got by after a fashion. Must admit I felt pretty low. Capt. L., Lt. H., and I met in our healthy moments to kid each other about being sea-sick but always parted within a few minutes as a matter of "safety first". I guess we were all pulling the same bluff. The sea was just high enough to give the boat a tantalizing weave; not bad. Wind brisk and cold. Duck, chicken



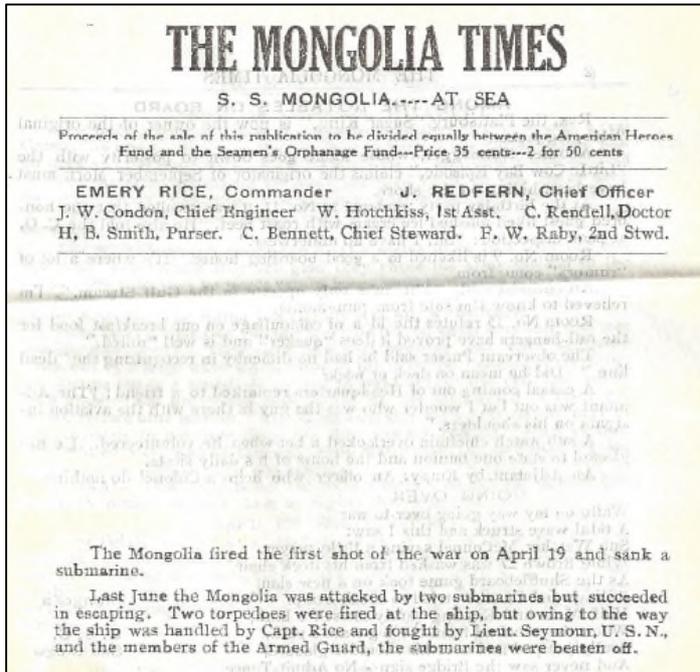
Thur. Jan. 17, 1918 (Weather "Cle", Ther. W)
 Sky clear; warm and sunny; wind moderate; sea fairly smooth; ship riding evenly; beautiful day; feeling fine. One of the crew (a fireman) jumped overboard and was lost. Three life preservers thrown out & ship circled three times but could not find him. Arrived Halifax 5:15 P. Torpedo nets in harbor had been closed so ship lay just outside over night. Turkey

Fri. Jan. 18, 1918
 Entered Halifax Harbor about 8:00 o'clock passing the Belgian Relief Ship "Imo" which rammed the French munition ship "Mont Blanc" on Dec 6, 1917 and anchoring near the troop ship "Carpathia" which stood by the "Titanic" at the time of her disaster. The "Carpathia" was "loaded to the gills" with soldiers and Red Cross nurses. Saw ruins and signs of the explosion of Dec. 6. Got track of Fraziers and sent word to them that I was in the harbor.

Belgian Relief Ship "Imo":



Historical Note: On December 6, 1917, Imo collided with Mont Blanc. Mont Blanc was carrying explosives, caught fire, and exploded. It devastated an area of over 1.5 miles, killing approximately 2000 people. This was the largest explosion known prior to the nuclear bomb. It is likely that Roscoe saw the relief ship as it sits in this photo. (Photo from the internet)



Historical Note: This is the front page of a small newsletter I found among Roscoe's documents. It references the fact that the Mongolia fired the first shot of the war for the United States when it sunk a submarine on April 19, 1917. The ship had recently been equipped with three 6 inch naval guns and provided U.S. Navy gun crews. The newsletter also indicates that the Mongolia sailed for Europe with eight other ships, to include the U.S.S. San Diego and the Carpathia, both of which were sunk approximately six months later. The Carpathia was the first ship to arrive at the site of the sinking of the Titanic in 1912 and rescued over 700 passengers.



6" Gun on the stern, named "Teddy" in honor of President Theodore Roosevelt.
 Note the letters on the ammunition. (Photo from the internet)



A photo from Roscoe's documents, which appears to be on the Mongolia, looking forward from the stern near the rear gun (previously pictured). Note the man standing at the railing.

Going Over.

Gray days; dark, sullen, forboding ... restless surging seas, leaden gray beneath low-hanging leaden skies ... great gray ships scudding through salt mists and storm winds ... nothing but long foaming white-caps and the camouflage of the ships to prove that gray is not the color of the whole universe, and even they appear dull in spite of the contrast of their dark surroundings ... the very deck upon which I stand and the rail against which I lean are gray, dull blue-gray.

The seaman loves what he calls the salt sea breeze. How can he? For days I have searched for a breath of fresh air. The air on shipboard is never fresh. It all smells of tar and oil, of cooking food, tobacco smoke, and soap suds, and it comes to me mixed with mists from the sea, steam from the engine room and the kitchens, and smoke from the ship's two great funnels. The air is close, almost stifling. Nothing smells as it did on land. If smells could have color, these would be as gray as the sky, the ships, and the sea, except at times when they would be black and muddy. Presently I must go below for dinner. This is my first ocean voyage. Will it never end?

These are Roscoe's thoughts about his voyage across the Atlantic to Europe in January of 1918. He wrote this in 1932 for a 2nd Infantry Division annual called "Second to None". It does a great job illustrating his feelings and the picture he took (above). His memory must have been a little fuzzy, because he mentions the "ship's two great funnels" and the Mongolia had only one.