

WAYWARD NAVIGATOR



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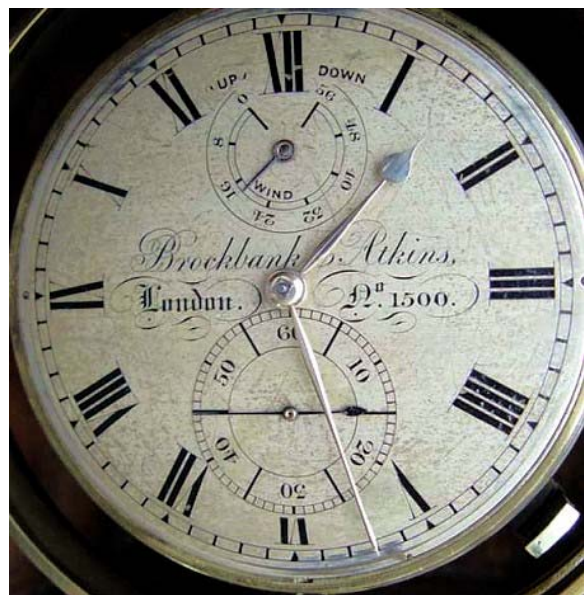
2006 War Brides 1946

This year we celebrate the 60th anniversary of the arrival of War Brides in Canada.

During and after the war 50,000 war brides and their 22,000 children arrived at Pier 21 in Halifax Nova Scotia.

These brave and adventurous ladies left everything familiar behind and came to cities and rural areas across Canada.

Though some later returned to their homelands, most adapted and grew to love Canada, displaying a pioneering spirit and resilience that had developed during the long war years.



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WAR BRIDES

The story of the Canadian war brides and their journey to Canada is one of the most fascinating and romantic of World War Two. Nearly 45,000 British and European women left behind everything that was familiar to start a new life in post-war Canada.

The accounts of their journeys are compelling portraits of human experience including, love, passion, tragedy and adventure.



War Brides were women of a nationality other than Canadian, who met Canadian servicemen while they were stationed overseas in World War II, and subsequently married them. About 94% of war brides were British. Other nationalities included Dutch, French, Belgian, and Italian. Some 80% married soldiers. Only 2% married sailors.

The Canadian government provided war brides with free sea and rail passage, as well as daily food allowances and free medical care en route.

It was the first time in history that any government had provided home-to-home transportation for the dependents of its servicemen.

It was a British invasion. In 1944, Canada's Department of National Defense began what the press dubbed "Operation Daddy" — transporting 45,000 war brides and 21,000 children to new homes in Canada. In 1946, the numbers of brides and children coming to Canada swelled to 6,000 per month. The deployment took three years and posed many difficulties.

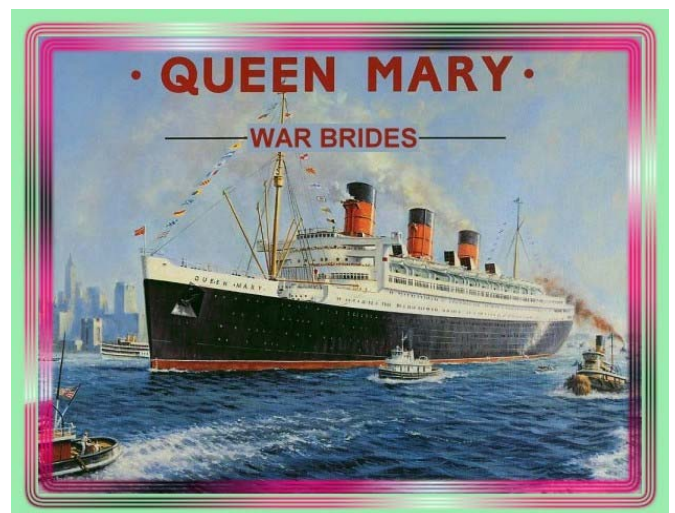
They were all female, mainly British and all from one generation. Most were no older than 20 at the time. They had all married Canadian soldiers they met in a whirl of romance. Nearly all had first hand experience with the horrors of war; and they all made the difficult decision to uproot themselves from their families and homelands to start a new life with their husbands in Canada.

They left their home country for a new world via steamship across the Atlantic, crossing Canada by war bride train, settling in to their new homes, raising families and adapting to a new culture, and often to a new language and religion.

For many brides, the trans-Atlantic trip was equivalent to a modern day luxury cruise with fine food, lodgings and service, for others the trip by sea was an adventure they would rather not recall.

Seasickness was a major problem, made worse by nauseated and crying children. Fine food, after years of rationing, was no consolation for those struck by seasickness. Ocean Travel was also made difficult by the weather, which could make for a dangerous crossing.

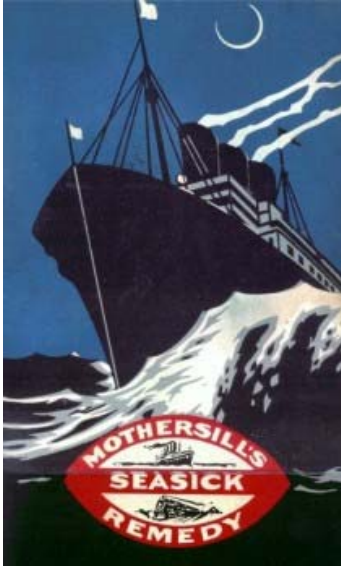
Nearly 60 ships were used, including the Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Aquitania, Mauretania, Empress of Scotland, Duchess of Richmond, Franconia, Isle de France, Georgic, Lady Nelson, Monarch of Bermuda, Nieuw Amsterdam and the Letitia (renamed Empire Brent late 1946).



WAR BRIDES

"It was shortly after 8 a.m. and we were just finishing our breakfast in the restaurant when a huge wave hit the Queen Mary amidships causing thousands of dollars worth of damage - and I believe a broken leg or two.

We grabbed everything we could on our table and were able to continue with our breakfast.



But within ten minutes the stewards came rushing up to our table and told us that they were having problems in the main dining room and asked us to help.

When we entered the dining room we were met with complete havoc - crying children, fainting war brides, seasickness that hit several women, broken dishes, upturned chairs and food everywhere. With the help of the stewards, we half-carried the women to their cabins, and it was 11 a.m. before we had the last child reunited with its mother. The smell just about did me in but once I hit the fresh air all was well, and my breakfast decided to stay put."

Quote: 2nd Lieut. Leah Halsall of Ottawa - War Bride Escort Officer - Nursing Auxiliary of the Canadian Red Cross Corps. Memoirs of the Vancouver Island Branch Overseas Club, p. 220-221.



After spending up to two weeks at sea, the vast majority of the brides and children would arrive in Halifax at Pier 21. This was the principal gateway to Canada for returning servicemen and their dependents during and after the war.

At Pier 21, military personnel and Red Cross Volunteers were there to assist the young women and accompany them on their journey across Canada. In 1945, one out of every four Canadians was a member of the Red Cross Society. Most of these volunteers were women.

It is clear that the brides appreciated the kindness of Red Cross volunteers who, as it were, took it upon themselves to ensure that the women, their children and luggage went with the correct husband and relatives at the appropriate station, and who also followed up to see that the brides were not only safe, but not stranded in a strange place without a friend.

For three years, Red Cross Escort Officers in Canada and overseas worked in the war bride ships, trains, hostels, and reception centers. They fed babies, handed out medication, carried parcels, and made beds for thousands. The Red Cross could not guarantee the promise of a fairy-tale ending to their wartime romances and that brides would live "happily ever after" with their new husbands.

In rural areas the lack of simple things like electricity and indoor plumbing that were taken for granted in most parts of England was a surprise and for some a trial. The War Brides separated from friends and family suffered from homesickness, often felt alone and isolated. About 10% of Canadian War Brides were so shocked at the conditions that greeted them that they turned around and fled back to Britain and Europe.

The overwhelming majority made adjustments and built new lives for themselves and their new families in Canada. These courageous ladies made their mark on the communities where they settled across the country.

For the last 60 years, Canadians across the country have been talking about the war brides in glowing terms, with respect and admiration.

PIER 21



Our guest contributor for this issue of the Wayward Navigator B&B Newsletter is **Olive Minnings of Victoria, B.C.**

December 13th 1946, my friend Kathleen and I arrived on Canadian shores through Pier 21. We were part of 48,000 War Brides brought to Canada during and after World War Two, most of whom entered through Pier 21 in Halifax.

In a book written by Ben Wicks published in 1992 titled 'Promise You Will Take Care Of My Daughter' he calls the advent of these War Brides on Canadian soil, as one of the largest contingents of émigrés to Canada ever.

We were said to be the last shipload of War Brides, our ship the 'Empire Brent' had been renamed; it was previously 'The Letitia.'

Our first boarding was at Liverpool England November 24 1946. Although in the early morning after leaving the dock it ran into a Cattle boat in the river Mersey and capsized it.

Imagine the confusion; when it was announced that we would be sent back home or we could go to a hostel in London, to wait repairs and would be advised when to return.

Newspapers reported War Brides were hanging over the sides of the ship crying out in horror. That was not entirely the truth because at five a.m. when it happened, most of us were still in bed.



We left England again Dec 4th, the ship repaired, for an eight day crossing of the Atlantic; three days more than the average five days fine weather crossing of that time. Two of those days we were held up outside the Halifax harbor because it was too rough for us to dock. We arrived at Pier 21 on December 12th, 1946.

We disembarked and with temperatures well below any we had ever experienced; unprepared, our light clothing was little comfort as we stood waiting on the dock as soldiers helped with our luggage, which in those days was sorted outside in unheated sheds. A special train to carry us to destinations across Canada was waiting at the dock.

We were boarded and situated comfortably in carriages arranged in such a way they could be unhooked as groups of brides left the train at stations across wintry Canada. Eventually the last one was attached to a regular train at Calgary and I arrived in Vancouver Dec. 18th. 1946.

Kathleen, who was situated near me on the ship, left the train to travel to a small French town in Saskatchewan named Quinton, which in those days was not even on the map. She had married one of the Royal Canadian Navy seamen, from the gunnery division.

I came to Victoria where my husband's parents had moved during the war from Lanigan, Saskatchewan, the place my husband was born. He served in the Regina Rifle Regiment.

PIER 21

Kathleen and I had not kept in touch the first few months in Canada, but by chance met on the main street of Victoria when they had come to Victoria for his demobilization and decided to stay. Our friendship started on the ship that brought us to Pier 21, 60 years ago.

We are still friends and still married to those same two Veterans. Our lives and families have intermingled and we are still active in the Victoria branch of 'Overseas War brides,' where we have met others who entered through that famous Pier to become proud Canadians.

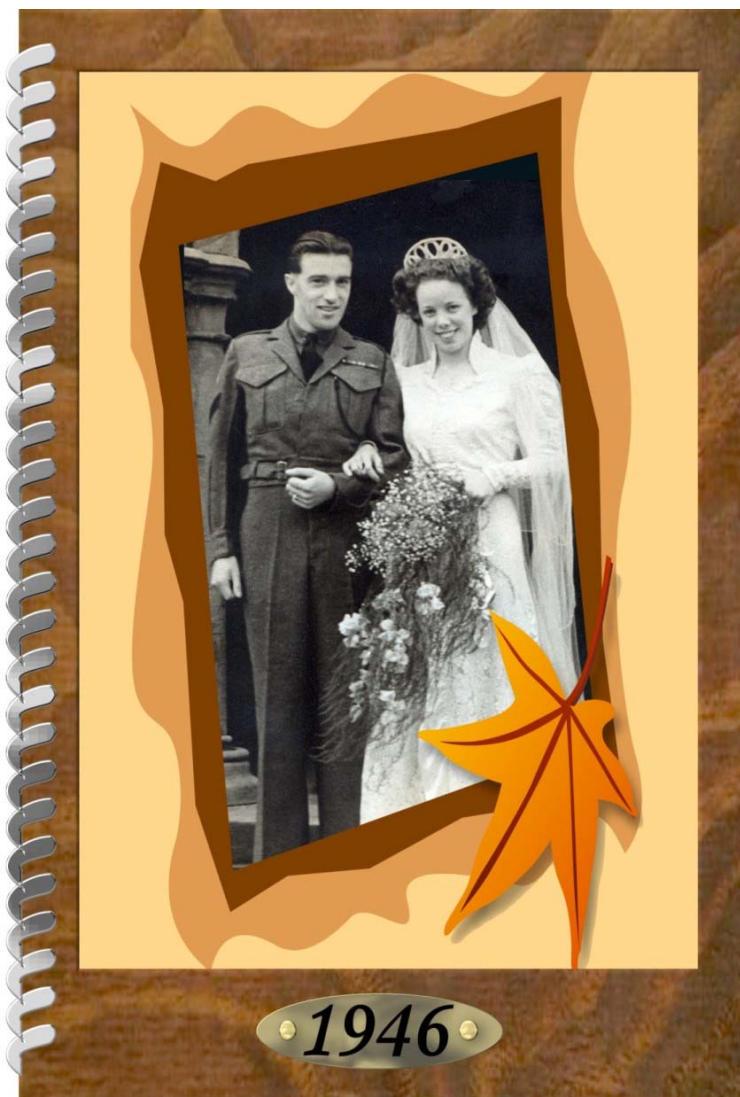
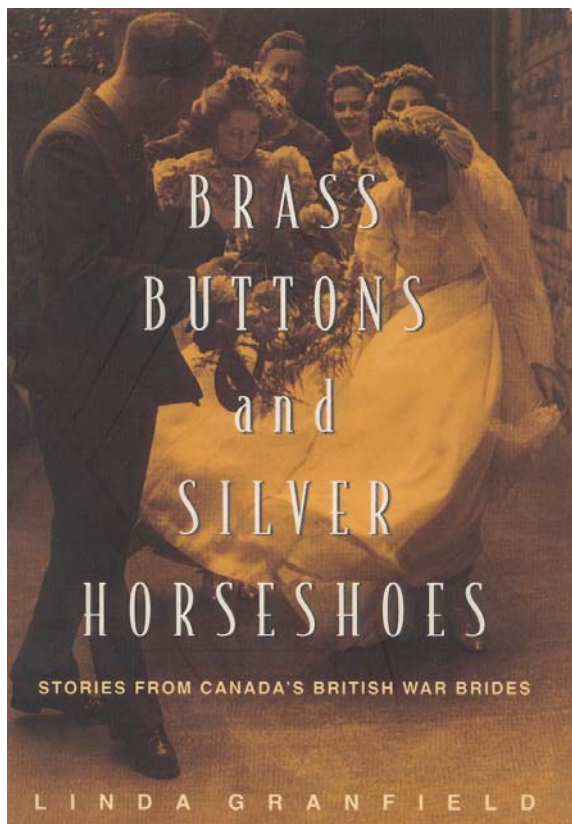


Olive & Albert Minnings are celebrating their 60th Anniversary on August 22nd, 2006

Olive Minning's Story is one of over 40 First-person narratives related by war brides in:

Brass Buttons and Silver Horseshoes

Stories from Canada's British War Brides - By Linda Granfield - McClelland and Stewart (2002)



EMPIRE BRENT - LETITIA



DONALDSON ATLANTIC LINE —TURBINE TWIN-SCREW STEAMSHIP "LETITIA."

The **LETITIA** was 538 feet overall length and had a beam of 66.4 feet, one funnel, two masts, twin screw and a speed of 15 knots. She was 13,000 gross registered tons and propelled by steam turbines. There was accommodation for 516-cabin and 1,000-3rd class passengers.

Clyde built and launched October 14th, 1924 from the yard of Fairfield's at Govan for the Anchor-Donaldson Line of Glasgow, this ship was designed primarily for the emigrant trade to Canada. She sailed from Glasgow on her maiden voyage to Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal on 24th Apr.1925. She took many migrants to a new life in Canada – an occupation that was to be repeated later in her career, although to very different parts of the world. In 1927 her accommodation was altered, to carry 298-cabin, 310-tourist and 964-3rd class passengers.

Requisitioned by the Admiralty in 1939 at the outbreak of WWII, the **LETITIA** was first converted to an armed merchant cruiser. She later became a troop ship, was extensively damaged in 1943. In 1944 she was taken over by the Canadian Government and converted into a hospital ship with a medical staff of 200 and a capacity for 1,000 wounded. Over the next year or so she carried over 7,000 sick and wounded back to Canada and was on her way to the Pacific theatre of war when Japan surrendered. She was then used for the repatriation of Canadian troops and families.

While still engaged in this work, she was sold in 1946 to the British Ministry of Transport and renamed **EMPIRE BRENT**.

While enroute to Halifax in 1946, loaded with War Brides, she collided with and sank the **STORMONT** in the River Mersey and had to be dry docked in Birkenhead with stem damage.

Once she completed her Canadian service, she was completely overhauled on the Clyde and refitted as a troopship. Used for troop voyages to India and the Far East until 1949 when she commenced an emigration service between the UK and Australia with a capacity for 965 emigrants.

Withdrawn from this service late in 1950, she was laid up for about six months and was then completely reconditioned as a New Zealand emigrant ship with accommodation for 1,088 passengers in two, four, and six berth cabins.

In 1951 she was renamed **CAPTAIN COOK** and used on the New Zealand service, still retaining Donaldson as managers. In 1957 she had a fire while in Wellington, but was able to sail to the UK for repairs. She arrived at Glasgow at the end of her 25th New Zealand voyage in February 1960, was laid up at Falmouth and was then sold to British Iron and Steel Corporation, towed to Inverkeithing and scrapped.

Bride Ship In Collision - At Liverpool

LIVERPOOL Nov. 10, 1946 (C.P. Cable)— No human lives were lost today when the bride-ship Empire Brent, carrying 900 wives and children of Canadian servicemen to Halifax, capsized the cattle steam-ship Stormont in an early morning collision in the foggy Mersey.

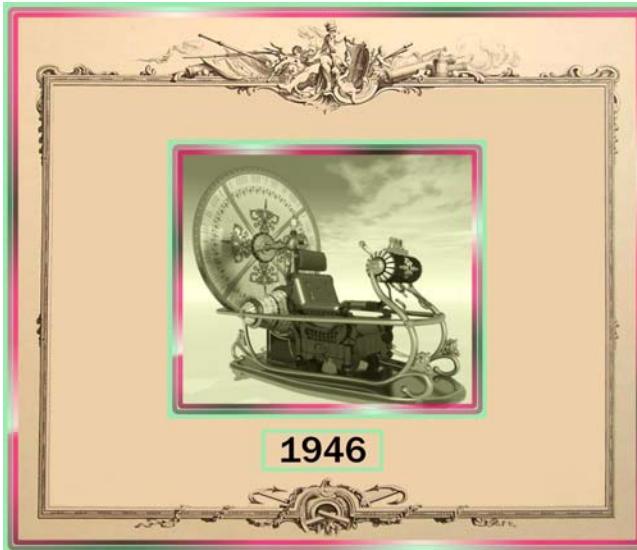
The Empire Brent is better known to Canadians as the former hospital ship Letitia.

(The Canadian Wives Bureau In London said that none of the Empire Brent's passengers was hurt. A statement will be issued later.)

After the collision the Empire Brent, with startled women lining her rails, was taken into Alfred dock with damage to her bow.

More than 200 head of cattle on the Stormont were thrown into the river and some still were swimming, or had drowned, three hours later.

The 1,031-ton Stormont finally was towed ashore off Duke's Dock wall, where she is lying on her port side with the upper structure almost submerged. All of the Stormont's crew were rescued by harbor craft.



IN EARLY MORNING

The collision occurred at 7:15 a.m. shortly after the bride-ship left Princess Landing stage. Liverpool, en route to Halifax. The Stormont, owned by the Belfast Mersey and Manchester Steamship Company was enroute to Manchester Ship Canal with a cargo of cattle, foodstuffs, poultry and Christmas fare. Her decks were littered with crates.

After the Stormont went aground, her stern seemed to be slowly sinking and water poured into the funnel.

Men in rowboats and launches, worked in a driving rain to lasso cattle and drag them ashore but many were so weak they had to be shot as they lay in the water.

The trip, which started would have been the 13,595-ton Empire Brent's last voyage as a bride ship.

The Stormont was taken under tow after the collision but overturned before she reached shore.

RETURN TO LONDON

The wives and children on the Empire Brent will return to London tomorrow to Canadian wives bureau hostels. If the ship is not seriously damaged, Canadian Officials said, they will resume their voyage in a few days, but otherwise they will have to await another vessel.

SHIPWRECKED WAR BRIDES TO SET SAIL AGAIN IN ONE WEEK

LONDON Nov. 22, 1946 (C.P. Cable)— Back in London after an ill-starred embarkation for Canada interrupted when their ship, the Empire Brent, collided with the cattle steamship Stormont Wednesday in Liverpool harbor. Approximately 900 wives and children of Canadian service men today awaited word on prospects for a new sailing, likely within eight days.

Disembarked at Liverpool where the Empire Brent went into the dry-dock for repairs, the dependents returned here last night in special trains and will spend the interval before the next sailing in a London Hostel or in their own homes.

Reactions among the arrivals ranged from the philosophical resignations to suspicious bitterness.

As they were transferred to fleets of buses waiting at stations here, the wives ran the gamut from tears to laughter. Those with children – some had as many as four – were most fatigued, but managed smiles as Canadian soldiers and Canadian Red Cross Society personnel gathered to help.

Said youthful, attractive Mrs. Matmona Sargent of Utrecht, Holland. "We've had a lot of fun but its too bad it will be a longer time before I see husband Kenneth in Vancouver. Equally cheerful was Mrs. Annie Koutzman, heading for Halbrite Sask, where her husband Tony lives.

PERIL ON THE ATLANTIC

By Captain Charles W. Kennedy
Commander of the White Star Steamship "Baltic" – 1873.

We were about half way across the Atlantic on our passage to Liverpool. I went down to the saloon that day, as usual when the weather permitted, to take my lunch, and was sitting at the table talking with those near me. Happening to turn around, I saw my servant enter the door, and was instantly aware by his agitated appearance that something was wrong.

He came up to me and, speaking in a low tone, so as not to be heard by others, said, "The ship is on fire forward, sir." For one moment my heart leaped into my throat and my blood ran cold. Fire on board ship in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean is no trifling matter. I knew that there was a large quantity of cotton on board, and, as we had but few steerage passengers, it had been stowed in the compartment usually allotted to them, and I realized at once the danger we were in.

Not wishing to alarm any one, I quietly laid down my knife and fork, arose from my chair, and went on deck. The sight that met my eyes was appalling. Smoke and flame fully six feet in height were pouring out of the forward ventilators. The hose had been connected and the pumps started. All the men were at work making every effort to subdue the fire, but thus far had made no visible impression upon it. Although no alarm had been given, the passengers soon heard that the ship was on fire, and one and all rushed on deck. They stood pale and terrified, looking alternately at the flames and at me to see what steps I was about to take; but there was no screaming nor any sign of a panic.

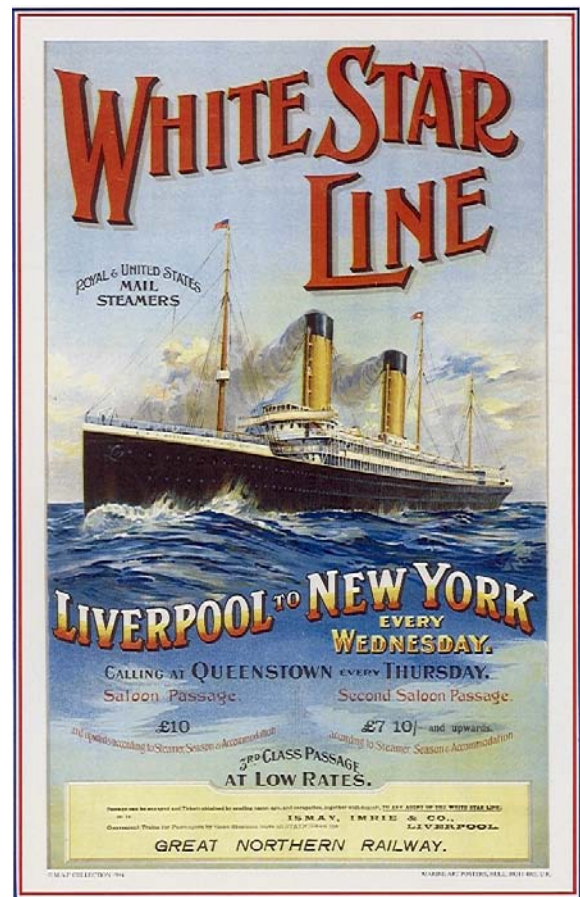
I soon discovered that nothing could be done through the ventilators and ordered them to be covered with tarpaulins. I then had the hatches removed, to reach the source from which the fire originated.

As soon as the hatchway was opened, a dense black volume of smoke arose, followed by flame. The water that was then poured down had not the least effect, and I saw that there was no time to lose if the ship was to be saved.

At the time this disaster occurred she was running before a strong westerly gale and heavy sea. An idea suddenly flashed through my mind and I at once determined to act upon it. I went up on the bridge and, calling to all who were on deck, told them to get under cover as quickly as possible.

I immediately ordered the helm to be put to port, bringing the sea nearly abeam. A tremendous wave broke on board filling the hatchways and flooding the deck. Tons of water poured down below, and instead of black smoke issuing from the hatch, I saw a cloud of steam ascend, proving that the fire was under control.

I kept the ship before the wind and sea, and set all hands to work hoisting up bales of cotton. In about an hour they reached the place where the fire commenced, and I had the satisfaction of seeing it very soon extinguished. Although the passengers were very much frightened, there was but little commotion, and I must give them the credit of manifesting wonderful self-control under the exciting circumstances.



SAILOR SUPERSTITION

SEAMAN'S SUPERSTITIONS

The seamen of the eighteen fifties and sixties were grievously superstitious.

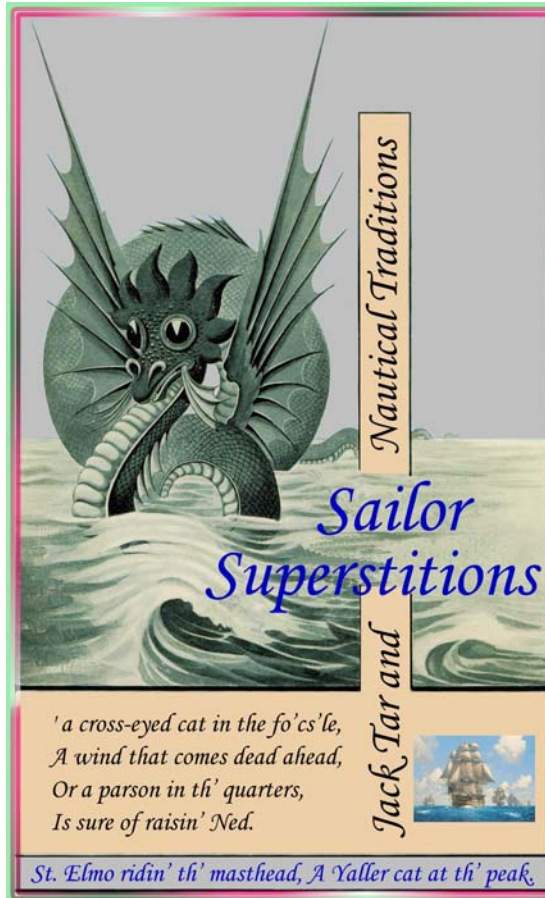
Sailors viewed sailing on a Friday with undisguised displeasure; and attributed many of their disasters during a voyage to this unholy act. Men had been known to leave their vessel rather than sail on a Friday. The owner of a vessel who did not regard this part of the orthodox faith was once considered outside the pale of compassion.

It was a great breach of nautical morals to whistle when the wind was howling, and singing in such circumstances was prohibited.

If perchance bad weather was encountered immediately after leaving port, and it was continuous, the forecabin became the centre of righteous discussion and intrigue, in order that the reason for this might be arrived at, and due punishment inflicted on the culprit who was found to be the cause of all their sorrows.

They would look upon gales and mishaps, no matter how unimportant, as tokens of Divine wrath sent as a punishment for the sin of some one of them not having, for example, paid a debt of honour before sailing.

The guilty person or persons were soon identified, even if they attempted to join in the secret investigation, and the penalty of being ostracised was rigidly enforced. It was a hard fate, which sometimes continued the whole voyage, especially if no redeeming features presented themselves.



Eerie Manifestations That Feed Sailors Superstitions

The Imp of Darkness Is a Frequent Visitor Aboard Ships at Sea, According to Sailormen Jack and His Briny Traditions.

There Are Many Ways to Incur and Allay His Unpleasant Wrath as Pointed Out in the Lore of the Deep, Which Is Replete With Accounts of What to Do and What Not to Do to Insure Safe Passage From Port to Port.



SAINT ELMO'S FIRE

Saint Elmo's fire is a strange phenomenon that has woven fancies innumerable.

"A great ball of fire appeared on the mast, which by and by "glided down the ropes and rolled over and over close to the pilot. It stopped a little there, then rolled itself all around the sides of the ship and afterwards, slipping through the hatches, vanished away."

Quote from Saint Erasmus, the Patron Saint of Sailors. He is also known as Saint Elmo and is the namesake for the static electric discharge. Martyred in 303 by the Roman Emperor Diocletian.



"One Saturday at night, the body of St. Elmo, was seen with seven lighted candles in the round top, and their followed mighty rain and frightful thunder, whereupon the sailors sang litanies and prayers to him, looking upon it as most certain that in these storms, when he appears there can be no danger".

Quote from Christopher Columbus - in the account of his second voyage (1493-1496).



"Last night I saw St. Elmo's stars, With their glimmering lanterns all at play, On the tops of the masts and the tips of the spars, And I knew we should have foul weather today"

Quote from American Poet - Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807 -1882) Longfellow gives Saint Elmo's fire, the appearance of a meteorological significance.

SAILORS SUPERSTITION



- To smash a bottle against the boat just before sailing.
- For sailors to have tattoos.
- To throw an old pair of shoes overboard just after launch.
- To have a black cat on board.
- For a child to be born on the ship.
- For sailors to wear gold hoop earrings.
- To touch the collar of a sailor.
- To step aboard using the right foot first.
- To fit Horseshoes on a ship's mast - helps turn away storms.

The appearance of St. Elmo's fire, that mysterious electric glow at the mastheads, is usually taken as an omen of God's protection. The earliest recorded appearance of the corposant was during the first celebrated voyage of the Argonauts.

Every nation has its own superstition regarding the phenomenon. The French mariners thought that so long as the "fire" remained aloft they were beneficent spirits, but if they descended a gale would follow. Germans say it is the spirit of some dead shipmate.

When it rises up it is a good omen, when it descends it is a bad one. Should it shine on a sailor's head it is fatal. Italian mariners of the 15th & 16th centuries regarded the light as a luminous emanation from the body of Christ. The Portuguese, call it Corpo Santo.

The Greek sailors term it the Telonia meaning a demon tax-gatherer, from the belief that demons delayed souls in their heavenward journey, to gather toll. To drive the light away they employ incantations and loud noises. If a pig is onboard they will pull its tail, believing that its cries will frighten the demon off.

St. Elmo's Fire is an electro-luminescent corona discharge caused by the ionization of the air during thunderstorms inside of a strong electric field. Although referred to as "fire", it is in fact a low density, relatively low temperature plasma caused by massive atmospheric electrical potential differences, which exceed the dielectric breakdown value of air at around 3 megavolts per meter.

It is naturally adherent to the lines of the spars, but if touched will harmlessly stream from human fingers, or at the most, give a slight shock to the experimenter.

- To name the boat with a word ending in "a".
- To have the bottle not break during a launch ceremony.
- To change the name of a boat.
- To sail on a green boat.
- To sail on a Friday.
- To see rats leaving a ship.
- To have someone die on the ship.
- To point with your finger at a ship at sea—it means ill luck for those on board. You should use the whole hand!
- To cross an area where another ship once sunk.
- To lose a bucket at sea.
- To meet someone with red hair, a clergyman, or someone with cross-eyes on the way to the harbor - you are encouraged not to set sail.
- For a ship's bell to ring by itself - a death omen for one of the crew.
- To speak the word "drown" at sea - it may summon up the actual event.
- For a ship carrying a dead body – the ship will sail slower.
- To whistle, cut nails and trim beards at sea - will cause storms.
- To open a can upside down.

Sailors

Sailors once attributed superstitions to most aspects of their work and life on the sea. One of the common traits of superstitious belief is that the subject matter of the superstition usually involves some uncertainty. Superstitions may have been created to minimize the lack of control of the weather and sea conditions and the desire to feel secure. The sailing profession was and still is, a very dangerous one where the slightest mistake could spell disaster for all onboard. To prevent any type of dangerous action and behavior, superstitions would serve as a warning and therefore minimize future calamities. It also brought comfort to passengers and crew.

One of the most repeated verses that originates from sailor superstitions is:

*Red sky at night, sailor's delight
Red sky in the morning, sailor's warning*

SAILOR SUPERSTITION

A shark following the ship was a sign of inevitable death; sharks having the ability to sense those near death. A sign of good luck was Dolphins swimming with the ship.

Killing of the albatross, or any seabird that comes to the ship, is one of the most terrible of crimes. Should an albatross alight on a ship while it is underway a storm will surely follow. Killing a bird that has actual alighted on a ship will positively ensure the destruction of the vessel.

The hare and the pig were considered unlucky onboard ship, while the rat is so much in favor that most sailors would refuse to go on a voyage if they saw the creatures come ashore.



Cats were sure indicators of approaching storms, for then they would become unusually frisky. This condition was brought about through atmospheric conditions, but Jack conceived that the cats controlled the weather.

The chief duty of cats aboard ship was to keep down the rat population. According to Jack, "every black cat carried a gale in her tail." Sailors made sure cats were well fed and contented. On some ships cats were not tolerated because of their storm bringing proclivities; foreign cats being worse than the domestic kind.

Given to many superstitions that claim the cat to bring good luck, it is not surprising that sailors believed that the worst possible cat-related act, guaranteed to raise a storm and bring bad luck of all sorts, was to throw the cat overboard.

Clergymen were objected to because of the long black robes they wore, and because one of their chief duties was the burial of the dead. Their opposition to the devil was also sure to bring a storm upon the ship from the Arch Fiend for the purposes of destroying his enemies of the cloth. "Three parsons and a white horse will sink any ship" is an old saying. Many of the old school sailors were wary about sailing on a ship that carried a "Holy Joe".



Many seafarers personalize the inherent malevolence of the sea in the mythical figure of Davy Jones, who whips up storms and causes shipwrecks. Sailors and a good many landlubbers still talk of drowned seamen sleeping in 'Davy Jones's locker'.

Death by drowning is the greatest fear of every seafarer. Many sailors would refuse to learn to swim on the grounds that if the sea is going to claim them it is better not to prolong the agony of death but to resign themselves to their fate. They also claimed that the souls of drowned seafarers can be heard when the wind is high, and these spirits may reveal themselves to the living to warn them of their own imminent deaths.

THE HAND OF GOD

A captain had a dream, or, as he stated, a vision, when off Cape Horn bound to Valparaiso in a barque belonging to a South Wales port. The vessel had been tossed about for days with nothing set but close reefed topsails, amid the angry storming and churning of liquid mountains.

One midnight, when eight bells had been struck to call the middle watch, there suddenly appeared on the poop the commander, who was known to be a man of God.

He gave the order to hard up the helm and make sail. When she came before the wind the crew were puzzled to know the cause of this strange proceeding, and their captain did not keep them long in doubt.

He called all hands aft, and when they had mustered he began:

"Men, you know I believe in God. He has appeared to me in a vision, and told me that I must sail right back to where we came from. If I hesitate or refuse to obey the command the ship and all the crew will perish."

The crews were awestruck; the captain's statement gave rise to vivid stories of presentiments; while the luckless craft scampered back to the port where the unsuspecting owner dwelt.

The turn of events meant a major financial loss to the owner, but he never showed any vindictiveness to the poor captain. The vessel sailed again in a few days with a new captain bound for the same destination.

For many years the old captain could be seen walking the quay, still holding to the belief that it was Divine will he had carried out.

His faith was strengthened by the fact that the vessel and all hands were lost in the second attempt.

While the second mate was back-filling the foresail and hauling the main-jib to windward, to stop the ship for sea-burial, I fell to thinking of our Captain.

Here he was, in the prime of life, about to be cast into the sea. No one to love him, no one to care, none but the rough if kindly hands of sailors to guide him to his resting-place.

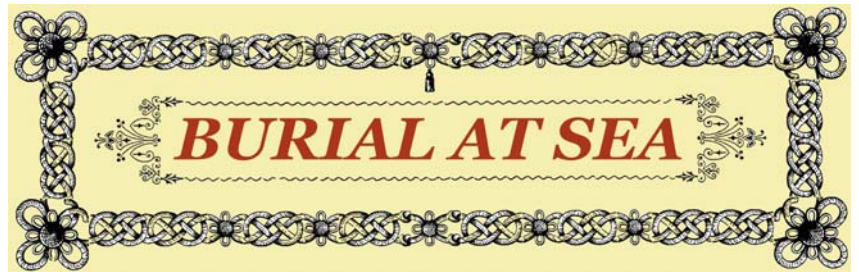
As I glanced around the horizon, and the broad expanse of the Pacific. I was overcome by loneliness.

Ships might come and ships might go, and still there would be no sign of his last resting-place, no chance to pay respects to the upright seaman, the devoted husband and father.

The silent ocean currents, responsible to no one, would be drifting him hither and thither.

Together, we sung the beautiful hymn "nearer, my God, to Thee", with the cook leading in a rich tenor voice.

The old ship we loved so well seemed to feel this solemn occasion.



Although held in irons by having her sails aback, she did salute to her former captain by some strange freak of the sea, coming up in the wind, and shaking her sails.

By the time the last sound had died away, our Captain had slid off into the deep.

