



NOBODY sees more of the romantic side of ocean life than I do. SOS's and high seas dramas are all part of my daily job. I'm not going to try to dip into any chronological order. That would only make it dull history. I'm just going to pick out some high spots of the log, just as they come to hand.

Here's an amazing message, which is the latest entry in the log. I picked it up on one of our long-distance receivers while my liner was on the way from Southampton to New York. It was broadcast in English and Dutch by the mutineers on board the Dutch warship *De Zeven Provinciën*. It was broadcast, as you may remember, by the mutineers when they really thought that they had got away with the warship, in order to protest against wages cuts:—

"We, the ship's hands and crew, intend to steam to Sourabaya.

"We do not intend violence, but will return the ship officially into the hands of the commander the day before arrival at Sourabaya.

"Our object is to protest against the unjust wage cuts and the arrest of those who protested last week. No one on board has been hurt. On the contrary, all are well. (Signed) The Crew."

Just a few words like that spell radio drama.

As there had been two mutinies in the Netherlands Navy in that week, I realised from this dramatic radio message—long before the news was given in the daily papers—how serious this mutiny would be.

Unfortunately, I should have been exceeding my duty as a liner wireless operator if I had got into touch with the naval authorities at The Hague. I just had to sit tight and be content with listening to the dramatic messages flashed between the vessels of the pursuing squadron, the cruiser *Java*, the Government vessel *Aldebaran*, and other modern ships of the East Indian fleet.

In twenty-four hours the mutiny was over. Dutch bombing planes circled round the mutineers and did a considerable amount of damage before the ship was brought safely to port. The following day I sat at the control of our main receiver which picks up the news for the little newspaper which is printed on board the liner. And there, even before the news was known in London, I had picked up the full account of the mutiny, and it was being printed by the mid-Atlantic newspaper press simultaneously with the giant newspaper presses in London and New York.

I happened to receive some very thrilling messages in

connection with the Norwegian ship *Heilo*, which came to grief off the Skelligs, off the rocky coast of Kerry.

Here's my log entry. It speaks for itself.

"Following received from British trawler *Caswell*, 11.39 p.m. Position, fifteen miles west Skelligs: Can see vessel putting up rockets and am steaming to her. Distance about five miles.

"From British trawler *Hirose*, 12.12 a.m.: Am now standing by ship about fifteen miles off Skelligs.

"From *Caswell*, 12.42 a.m.: Steamer *Heilo*, of Oslo, rudder broken. We are standing by.

"From *Caswell*, 2.45 a.m.: Strong westerly gale, and vessel driving towards lee shore. Now about twelve miles off.

"From *Caswell*, 5.27 a.m.: Vessel driving right into middle of Dingle Bay. Position about ten miles N. by W. of Skelligs.

"From *Caswell*, 8.44 a.m.: Owing to gale and high seas it is too dangerous to approach the *Heilo*. Am waiting to see the lifeboat come out.

"From *Hirose*, 9.11 a.m.: Just been round Norwegian steamer *Heilo*. Has heavy list. Now driving close to shore. No signs of abandoning ship. Heavy sea running."

Some dramas of the sea
chosen from the personal
log of a ship's operator
for a recent issue of the "Radio
Pictorial," England

The other day I met Mr. Andrew Cockburn, who was chief engineer of the *Mauretania* and who has retired after 40 years King's service. Cockburn was the second senior engineer of the *Lusitania* when she was sunk. He told me a thrilling yarn in this connection. Immediately the *Lusitania* was hit, Cockburn ran downstairs to make sure that the automatic control of the bulkhead doors was working properly. One of the wireless engineers came down to report that the boiler room had been hit and, as there was no steam, the dynamos had stopped. Therefore, except on the emergency gear, there was no chance of getting out an SOS.

After about 20 minutes, water began to come in, and Cockburn went with others on to the deck. As he went on deck, he saw a wall of water coming at him, and just in the nick of time he jumped to the rail. As he grasped it the ship plunged down. Fortunately, he had presence of mind to let go, and, after a few minutes, he came up to the surface again, choke full of salt water.

He scrambled on to a packing case that was floating near, and later swam to an upturned boat and got on it with a lot of other survivors. After four hours he was picked up. And the wireless operator was still with him!