

POST WAR MEMORIES

JOHN GATES

While in the harbor of Charleston, SC where we and a Pacific bound convoy had taken refuge from an Atlantic storm, LT Gates and Emery asked permission to go ashore for some last minute shopping at a ships store near the pier. Permission was granted for a half hour ashore. We were on one hour standby so time was sufficient. While they were ashore, the Captain received orders to move the ship and he so ordered immediately. When informed that two officers were ashore and expected momentarily, he said, "Take in the lines and log Gates and Emery as deserters." When the gangway was about to be raised, it was noticed that Commodore Ryssy was sitting on a bollard on the dock. Needless to say, the command to take up the gangway and let go the lines was halted. Gates and Emery showed up on the run and all came aboard. They were saved by our understanding Commodore.

REMEMBER V MAIL

JOHN PAULIUS

Remember the "V" Mail greeting cards I used to make? Well Lt. Dugan wanted 15 copies to send out. All he got from me was one - I told him no guy has that many sweethearts - one was free, all others would have a 25¢ handling charge. He put me on report and I went to captains mast, LT. CRD Beall presiding. He said I was running a private business on government property with government property. I noticed he wore a stainless steel watch band made by Shea CM - made on government property with government property (a stainless steel mess tray). When I called it to Beall's attention, he didn't have an answer - I said in Chicago we call that payola - hush money. Case Dismissed!! He said, "Next time I'll get you for practicing law without a license."

A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS

GENE TARQUINIO

Place---Balboa, Canal Zone, prior to entering the Panama Canal. Liberty was granted till 2400. Some of us took the time to soak up the local culture. After making the rounds of a few bars, etc., someone said we have only 15 minutes to get back to the ship or else. (Where did the time go?) A hurried cab trip, full of sailors made the dock just minutes before getting under way. If my memory serves me right, Dick James and I were the last aboard. I made my way to the wheelhouse (my station was the helm) just in time to hear Mr. Cardell (XO) say "Who is at the wheel?" I replied, "I am Sir", loud enough for everyone to hear, but I didn't realize when I gave that answer up the voice tube to the bridge that Mr. Cardwell would get a whiff of some of the Cuba Libres (rum and coke) we had ashore.

Cardwell: "What the hell were you drinking?"

Tarquinio: "Just a couple of rum and cokes, sir."

Cardwell: "Oh yeah, Stay the hell away from the wheel."

Tarquinio: "Yes Sir!", and I slowly took the station on the outside of the wheelhouse, wondering how long the Panama Canal really was. Later I apologized to Mr. Cardwell to which he replied, "I hope you enjoyed the liberty, because from here on it's going to be a long time between drinks."

REMEMBER THE NIGHT

JAMES J. "MIKE" MITULSKI

Late one night while patrolling the entrance to Halmahera, I had just finished writing a letter to Martha telling her we are still on a monotonous patrol. I dropped the letter at the mail room just as GQ sounded.

As I reached the top of the ladder to the open bridge, the Captain got on the P.A. system and announced that the PT boats reported 3 Jap destroyers and 2 larger vessels ahead. We are going to investigate, and are recalling our 2 sister ships to join us, which at the time were on the other leg of the patrol. We had the targets on radar and as the range was closing, prepared to challenge using the restricted blinker gun. We challenged and received no reply. Using the major war vessel challenge and with the range closing fast, we attempted again to exchange recognition signals. Again no reply.

By this time things were getting warm - the Captain ordered one more challenge, if no reply we would open fire.

We challenged again, results the same, no reply. I was able to see movement in the water heading toward us and requested to use the minor war vessel challenge. The Captain gave permission, but said if they do not answer we will fire. However, they did come back with the correct reply and turned off.

About this time, our sister ships joining us opened up with star shells over the targets. Apparently, what was happening was the PT boats took us for Jap destroyers and were making a run on us. Our sister ships opened with star shells, thinking the PT's were Jap vessels. The targets ahead were stragglers from an American convoy. Needless to say, it really made me think about the letter I just mailed to Martha.

HAVE A CIGARETTE?

GENE TARQUINIO

Shortly after I arrived on the bridge to take my watch in the wheelhouse, I realized that I forgot my cigarettes. Not being able to leave my station to go below, I remembered the Captain kept some in his sea cabin, which was just aft of the wheelhouse. Upon a quick look, I found the cabin empty. I went in and "borrowed" a few that were left in a pack on the Captain's night stand. I put them in my shirt pocket and continued my watch. Shortly after sunrise, the Captain came to the flying bridge and seated himself in his "private" chair and began searching his pockets for a smoke. I had just finished talking to the OOD when the Captain asked me for a cigarette. When I handed him the pack with a few cigarettes left, he said, "Thank you, and I see we both smoke the same brand." I said, "You are welcome, Sir" and left the bridge in one helluva hurry.

AN ADVENTURE AT COLD BAY

BILL CUNNINGHAM

One day we pulled into the dock at Cold Bay at about 1600 hours, and tied up as we had done several times before after a training run with the Russian crew. We spent an uneventful evening and retired to the quarters aft of the galley, which our crew was now occupying along with the Russian cook. About 0200 hours, we were awakened by a lot of yelling, and I looked down at the deck where my shoes rested. They were under 8-10 inches of water. For a few seconds, I thought we were headed for "Davey Jones Locker" but we were soon informed as to what had happened.

Our water tender took his Russian Trainee on to the pier, and showed him how to hook up the fresh water hose to get fresh water from the pier into our tanks. He then explained that when the tanks were filled to the right level to shut off the water and secure the hose. Our water tender then hit the sack - but soon after, so did the Russian.

The water kept pouring in, overfilled, and then came over the comb of the watertight doors and was just about to enter the mess before it was discovered. It did bring a few laughs and the Russians cleaned up the mess - but for 10 seconds, I thought the Amazing "A" was going down.

LAST PLANK OWNER

LEO BIENFANG

I was recalled in the Korean War, and was with the Office of Naval Intelligence in Tokyo, Japan in 1951-52-53. While there, the Russians gave back the ships they "borrowed" in 1945. Among them were the Allentown, Sandusky, Machias and others. I went aboard her in Yokosuka Harbor in 1953 and she was a dirty hulk. She was given to the Japanese Navy for use as a coastal patrol boat. That's all I know, but I was probably the last plank owner of the old crew on the deck of the old "A".

WHERE IS THE HAM?

JAMES J. "MIKE" MITULSKI

While making his rounds trying to secure some supplies, CCSTD Millslagle returned aboard with a large ham which he bought to the chiefs quarters. After some discussion, it was decided to wait and have it for breakfast. This would be a real treat, as fresh food, especially meat, was hard to come by.

Late that night, while the chiefs were dreaming about that ham, I took it from the refrigerator and up to the signal bridge it went. Needless to say, "C" Division had a feast that night. After we consumed the ham, I put the bone back on the platter and returned it to the frig in the chiefs quarters.

I was the first one out of the sack in the morning, I wanted to see the look on their faces when they went for their ham. That is one sight I will never forget!!!

JESSE YOUNG "GOOSEY" HAYDEN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Jesse was know to the men as "The Cajun from Louisiana". To many, they remember Jesse as the "goosey" one. He was extremely sensitive to the upward motion of a finger pointed in his direction. On a ship where going up and down ladders many times a day is a must, Jesse did his best to approach ladders with no one in his immediate rear. Ah!! the unfair torment he endured, but almost always with his natural good humor.

A PLEASANT FIREWATCH

EUGENE TARQUINIO

Place----Bremerton Navy Yard

Status---In drydock prior to our Alaska trip

It was on the 0800-1200 watch and I was on the gangway. Several shipyard workers came aboard to make some repairs to one of the compartments below. After getting the OOD'S permission, I took the necessary keys and proceeded to take the workers below. I was to stay with them as a firewatch as they made the repairs. Somewhere in the fresh food locker, we moved some crates of vegetables so the workers could get to an electrical outlet. Imagine our suprise when we moved the crates and found several cases of Schaeffers Beer. I wonder who hid them there? I never did find out who - but that was the best fore watch I ever had, and the workers were in no hurry to finish the job. On yes - we left a few cans for the next luck workers to come aboard.

That must have been the last of the beer from our "Island Beer Parties" we had in the South Pacific.

A TYPICAL WATCH BY A READY GUN CREW

JIM GODLESKY, GUN 32

At sea in wartime about 1/3 of the crew are on watch. Part of the watch is manning of ready guns, meaning that a certain number of guns were manned with full crews and were ready for action. The gun crews also served as lookouts, enough being on watch with 7 x 50 binoculars to cover the 360 degrees around the ship. All things not considered normal were reported to the bridge by sound powered phones. Not normal could be anything from ships, planes, smoke, clouds, driftwood, squalls, mines, periscopes, whales, oil patches and garbage. My watch was gun 32, a 3 inch 50 rifle, our largest armament. the 3 inch 50 was a very accurate piece, sighted with two telescopic sights and capable of hitting an oil drum at a mile. It used fixed ammo, shooting a projectile 3 inch in diameter and weighing about 20 pounds. It could be used on surface targets or aircraft. The gun crew on watch consisted of 7 men, a gun captain, pointer, trainer, 1st loader, 2nd loader, 3rd loader and hot shellman. (me)

During normal sea watches, 2 of the men would be manning the lookout buckets, one on each side of the bridge, for half hour periods. With eyes glued to the binoculars constantly scanning the sea, horizon and air in a 90 degree arc, anything unusual was reported to the watch on bridge, giving the location and distance to the object. The balance of the gun crew were clustered around the gun, standing, sitting or reclining behind the splinter shield to keep out of the wind.

It was during these times that the men became intimately acquainted with each other. Stories of family upbringing, the depression years, schooling and girls, girls, girls, were told and retold so often, we began to believe them. Bob O'Kelly was well known for his knowledge of almost anything that was mentioned regarding skills, trades, women, places, cars or people. His story telling ability was unrivaled in Gun Crew 32. He always told us to come visit after the war. Our plates would be upright for 6 meals in a row. At the 7th meal it would be upside down, time to go! Oh how I wish we could take him up on his hospitality but alas, no one has heard of him since the 40's. Gun Captain Harry Barton was a handsome, patient, understanding young man, much admired by his gun crew. He had his way with us, without demanding obedience to his orders in keeping watch or performing our duties well. He in turn had dropped from sight.

George Kouba, formerly a professional drummer with Charlie Spivak's orchestra, entertained us with stories of life in night club circles. Sometimes moody, sometimes at his entertaining best, he did much to fill in the boring hours on watch.

Joe Falkenheimer, friendly and quiet, kept us informed on why New York State was the cornerstone of the union. He looked with amazement on O'Kelly's verbal adventures, wondering how such a young man could have experienced so much.

John Dean, started his sea duty with us on Gun 32 until his ambition to steer the ship started him as Quartermaster Striker, and took him away from us to watches on the bridge or wheelhouse. Here he developed new, close friends and a lot of new stories.

Hans Kroncke, an unknown factor. He had us believing that his father was a German U-Boat Captain in World War I. Maybe he was, we never found out, but his sea stories were entertaining. He attended one reunion.

A TYPICAL WATCH BY A READY GUN CREW

JIM GODLESKY, GUN 32

(Continued)

John Greenway, from Arkansas, a westerner possibly of Indian extraction, performed his duties well, listened well but never intruded on O'Kelly's stories or add much to them.

Jake Barton, smallest and possibly the youngest of us, laughed and enjoyed the repartee without creating a conflict of views.

Ed Stoker, better known as "Dependable Ed", so named bybos'n Stan Young. He said it was dependable that Ed would be the last to appear on a detail. Ed liked his sleep and could nap anywhere and in any position, lying, sitting or standing.

Jim Godlesky's constant subject was the outdoors, hunting, fishing, trees, wildlife and a future of enjoying all those things.

After 15 months of such close contact, the relationship of these men was strong enough to continue after the war.

Captain Extraordinary

By Richard Knowles Morris '40

On a wall in the Captain's quarters aboard the schooner *Brilliant* hangs a plain-framed document which testifies that Adrian Kingsbury Lane (Trinity College, Class of 1941) is

*Master of sail vessels of any gross tons,
and third mate of steam and motor ves-
sels, on any ocean. . . .*

Unlimited Master's papers in sail, and yet the words seem deliberately designed to please the modest Captain by their studied understatement of an already extraordinary career.

Adrian K. Lane belongs to that rare company that has combined life's work with one's first love—the sea and sail. In an age of steam, diesel and atomic propulsion, it is difficult to find men who understand the mysterious force of the wind on thousands of square feet of towering canvas. They are a small, select, and vanishing group.

Raised in Noank, near Mystic, Connecticut, Adrian Lane was surrounded by the tradition of Yankee sea captains and their ships. In fact, he was surrounded by the very sea itself. One suspects that he feared being born too late when, as a boy, he thumbed the faded pages of some forgotten whaling log, or worked with meticulous care on his beautiful scale models of famous square-riggers, or sailed his own little boats on the often choppy waters of Fishers Island Sound. Could a young man of the twentieth century make a living at sail? The possibility seemed remote.

When Lane moved "inland" to attend Trinity College (1937-1941), he took with him some of the reminders of the sea. In 17 Northam Towers—his residence throughout College—one could find ship models and prints, books on the sea and ships, a sextant and a concertina. Many an evening he would entertain his college chums with salty and spicy sea ballads sung to the squeak of his concertina and the tap of his agile feet. There appeared to be no end to his repertoire. One remembers, also, the day that a lone figure stood on the campus, sextant in hand, measuring the height of the Chapel tower, and how a second figure emerged out of Williams Memorial, trench coat collar turned high and pant bottoms rolled above the shoes. President Ogilby was soon busy assisting Lane with his computations.

"I was no Phi Beta Kappa, you understand." Then, with a twinkle in his eyes, he continued: "I did make the Dean's List once. But my Trinity education has stood me in good stead."

What studies did he find particularly useful?

"The math I took in college has been of no use to me, culturally or practically," he broke in candidly. "Of course I use mathematics daily in my work. But it may surprise you when I say that the course I have most appreciated is Fine Arts. It deeply enriched my experiences on the Acropolis, or among the Minoan ruins at Knossos, or when noticing the different architectural forms one encounters in foreign ports throughout the world."

Geology, he pointed out, helped him to understand and appreciate the problems of the scientists aboard his largest sail command, the *Atlantis*. The course in the strengths of



Captain Lane at the *Pelorus of the Atlantis*

materials proved useful when he was obliged to handle four miles of one-half inch steel cable used to retrieve cores and samples from the ocean's bottom.

In 1941, a college graduate knew that some branch of the military would demand his services; Adrian Lane knew that he belonged at sea. But the first nine months following graduation found him in Army Ordinance Inspection. Then his first break came. In March of 1942, he was commissioned for civil engineering duty in the U.S. Coast Guard. His first sea assignment was as an officer representing the Coast Guard on the Navy commanded *Scotland Lightship* which had been moved off station to an anchorage near Race Rock at the entrance to Long Island Sound.

Each ship in convoy coming in from Europe was expected to identify itself, as it approached the Light Vessel, by raising a special code flag issued in England. Lane tells the story of a Belgian ship ordered to break out its identification flag. It could not be found. The captain of the Belgian ship was told to look in his safe. When the flag finally rose to the masthead, the irate Belgian shouted back through his megaphone: "Now may I continue with the war effort?"

Officers' indoctrination followed for Lane. Then, in November, 1943, he was assigned a berth as assistant first lieutenant aboard the frigate *Allentown*, newly commissioned at New Orleans. In 1944, he was married on the frigate to Marion O'Donaghue, a girl whom he had met back in Noank. Of his marriage he said, dryly: "It was the only social engagement I ever made on time. I simply

stepped from my stateroom down a short passage to the scene of the ceremony."

The *Allentown* sailed to the Society Islands, Hollandia, Leyte Gulf, and back to New Guinea. Then came orders to report to Cold Bay, Alaska, where the ship was turned over to a Russian crew. V-E Day occurred en route.

At Cold Bay, the Captain received word of his first full command, the Canadian corvette *Pert*. He flew from Alaska to Charleston, South Carolina, in July, 1945. But the *Pert* never left the harbor, though the new Captain and crew successfully rode out the hurricane of September, 1945. In October, Adrian Lane left the Coast Guard, but the severance was brief.

It was rumored that the Coast Guard was to receive the German square-rigged training ship *Eagle*, as part of the war settlement. This was worth the risk of re-enlistment.

"I applied for a berth with the crew that was to bring the *Eagle* back from Hamburg." His eyes twinkled in anticipation of the story. "Instead, I found myself not only back in the service, but bound for Greenland, as executive officer of the *Laurel*."

From Steam to Sail

The *Laurel* was an ice-breaker and buoy tender temporarily engaged in transferring lend-lease goods out of St. John's and Argentia, Newfoundland, and transferring relief personnel and supplies to western Greenland. "I didn't know what it was to be cold on that duty, at least not after we left Boston harbor."

Unlike his predecessors of the late nineteenth century who first began their careers in sail and ended in steam, Captain Lane began in steam and ended in sail. He left active duty with the Coast Guard with a Lt. Commander's rating in the Reserve.

The Captain's introduction to sail came when he signed on as third officer aboard the famous three-masted schooner *Atlantic*, for passage in the Bermuda Race of 1946. The crew became involved in the task of trying out completely new gear—new spars and new sails. "Nothing fitted prop-

erly," Lane reported, and, with typical understatement, added, "We blew out the new sails on the return passage. We couldn't lower the full mizzen, for the new track had parted from the mast."

While the crew struggled to reef the mizzen the radio man reported that a Liberty ship had sent a blinker message for help. The Captain shouted back: "Tell him to help himself. We can't help him." The *Atlantic* still holds the record for the fastest westbound crossing of the Atlantic under sail, a record exceeding in time that of the fastest of the great clippers. This was the initiation that Lane wanted.

At the age of twenty-eight, Adrian Lane became the master of the world's largest ketch, the 142 foot, steel-hulled, *Atlantis*. Completed by Burmeister and Wain of Copenhagen, in 1931, the *Atlantis* was uniquely designed as a floating laboratory for the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. Her main mast towered 144 feet above the water; her mizzen reached 117 feet. Under full sail she carried 7,200 square feet of canvas, thus extending her cruising range far beyond a steam vessel of even greater size. The *Atlantis* had a crew of eighteen men and a usual complement of eight scientists.

In six years as the skipper of the *Atlantis*, Captain Lane spent the summer months in the Mid-Atlantic and the winters in the Caribbean. Passages ranged as far north as Newfoundland, south to Pernambuco, east to Cyprus, and west to Corpus Christi. The story of these voyages would make a volume comparable in size and scientific interest to Darwin's classical *Voyage of the H.M.S. Beagle*.

Linking Old and New

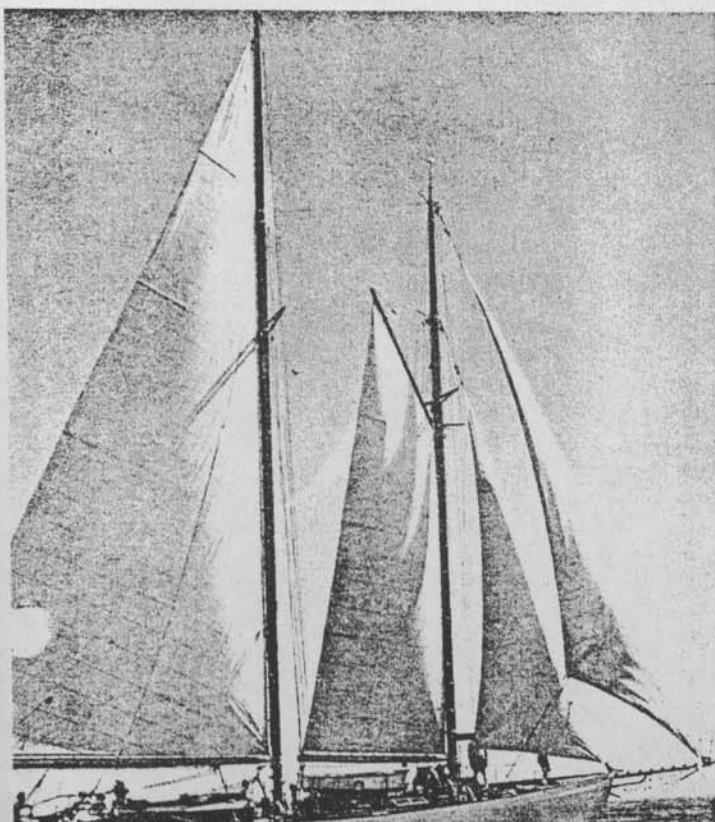
In the summer of 1947, the *Atlantis* stood out of Woods Hole for a two months cruise of the Atlantic Ridge, a submarine mountain chain first discovered by the *H.M.S. Challenger* in 1873. Dr. Maurice Ewing, Columbia University geologist, headed the scientific group. The expedition was the first of two jointly sponsored by the Institution and the National Geographic Society. The tasks of a skipper on such a voyage were indeed numerous. Beyond the important one of making safe and accurate landfalls after many days at sea, there was the delicate work of maneuvering the ship for trawling the ocean bottom, setting off depth charges for seismic experiments, retrieving cores, and controlling the vessel with literally miles of steel cable arching down to the ocean floor. This particular voyage took the *Atlantis* as far east as São Miguel.

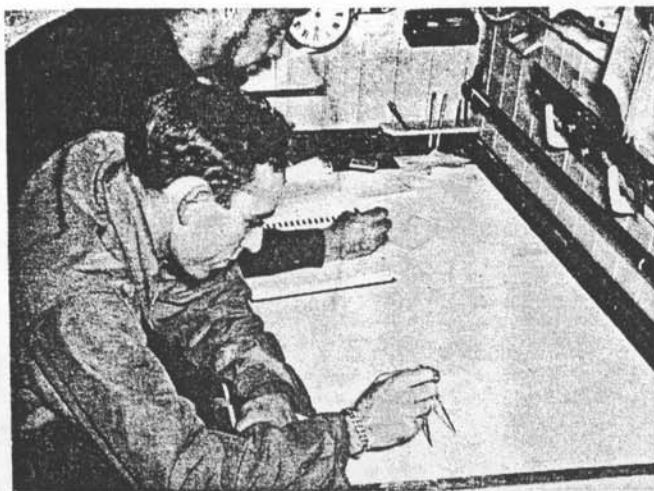
The next season, similar study was undertaken in the Gulf of Mexico. "We'll put out to sea again," Captain Lane told a reporter in Miami, "and start making links between the Old World and the New and digging up the oddest kind of information."

Before a two-ship system of making seismic recordings was developed, the *Atlantis* used its famous Beetle-built whaleboats for this purpose. She carried two such boats nested on her deck. These were shaped from the original builder's frames used for the old whaleboats of the New Bedford fleet. One of these diminutive crafts would sail away from the *Atlantis* with the wind abeam (so she could return with the wind on the opposite beam) until she was well out of sight and many miles distant. Then one of the three-man crew would drop a depth charge of TNT, set to explode at a fixed depth between 2 and 4,000 feet. Hydrophones at an equal depth, suspended beneath the *Atlantis*, would pick up the echo of the explosion and Dr. Ewing and his staff could thus determine the thickness and type of rock on the ocean's floor.

"I soon found it easier to locate the *Atlantis* from the whaleboat, rather than try to locate our whaleboat from

The 62-foot Brilliant





Captain Lane in the Charthouse of the Atlantis

the *Atlantis*." This was Captain Lane's explanation for taking the helm of the 26 or 24 footer and sailing it out on the Mid-Atlantic for five and six hours at a stretch. Certainly the boyhood dreams of ocean trips in open whaleboats, dreams which captured his imagination back in Noank, were no longer dreams. He had made them come true in the twentieth century.

Suddenly a Sloop

On one trip, off Cape S. Roque, South America, as the *Atlantis* was beating to windward under power, the spring stay leading to the mizzen snapped, and the 117 foot mast with its gear toppled in confusion about the stern. "Suddenly," said the Captain, "we became the largest sloop in the world."

On another occasion, some 600 miles east of the Barbados, the *Atlantis* lost the use of her propeller. The main-sail had been badly torn near Cape Verde, and needed repair. One of the crew was seriously ill. Since the ship carried no doctor, by tradition these duties fell to the skipper. Captain Lane confesses: "I became pretty expert with the penicillin needle." Limping along at four knots under headsails and mizzen, the crew set to work mending the main. The sick man became delirious and the Captain did his best to relieve the man's pain with morphine. The next morning the propeller finally slipped off the shaft and sank. That night, the mizzen was ripped by the wind. A British tanker offered to take the ill seaman into Bridgetown, but as he approached, it was obvious to both captains that the sea was too rough to risk a transfer. The *Atlantis* made its way into Carlisle Bay, left the sick man at Bridgetown, and set out again with all sails mended.

It was early December. Home was nearly two thousand miles away. Now only the faithful fathometer continued to work for the scientists with its unrelenting recording of the profile of the ocean's bottom. Would they arrive home in time for Christmas?

Two days out of New London, the *Atlantis* struck the worst blow of the entire cruise. The Captain had no alternative: all sails were furled and the big ship hove to in the angry seas. The storm blew itself out and such a calm followed that the crew believed there could be no wind left to propel the ship. But on the following day a good breeze drove them northward. On December 23,

1948, the Skipper sailed the *Atlantis* directly to her berth on the Thames River, ending a remarkable 20-day passage under sail.

So the seasons passed, including one full year's expedition in the Mediterranean and the Aegean. Though the Captain's wife, Marion, was busy as head of the Salinity Laboratory at Woods Hole, testing ocean samples brought back by the *Atlantis* from all depths and positions, one is certain that her chief occupation away from the laboratory was the plotting of the latest latitude and longitude of her husband's vessel.

In May, 1952, Captain Lane relinquished his command of the *Atlantis*. He served for a year as Port Captain at Woods Hole, making bunker and yard repair arrangements with foreign ports for the research ships belonging to the Oceanographic Institution.

In 1953, Lane became the master of the 62-foot schooner *Brilliant*, given to the Mystic Seaport for its youth training program by Briggs Cunningham whose masterful skippering of the *Columbia* in September, 1958, is now a matter of history.

Aboard the *Brilliant*, with only a mate for a crew, Captain Lane soon converts his eager charges (Sea Scouts on one trip, Girl Scout Mariners on the next) into tolerably seasoned hands. "Girls invariably make better helmsmen than boys," he insists. Each week's cruise may range anywhere in the waters between Port Jefferson and Vineyard Haven.

My Favorite Ship

"The *Brilliant* is my favorite ship. There's no question about that," said the Captain, emphatically. "She's a better piece of naval architecture than the others. Of course, the *Atlantis* was a good ship for her job, but she's not the sailer the *Brilliant* is." Perhaps the Captain proved this statement when he rode out Hurricane Carol in Deering Harbor, Long Island, with winds above 100 miles per hour.

The Captain's latest command is a veteran of several Bermuda Races, and like the *Atlantic*, holds at least an unofficial record for the west-east passage of the Atlantic, from Block Island to Lizard Head in 15 days and 20 hours.

In January, 1958, the *Brilliant's* skipper secured a leave of absence from the Mystic Seaport to fly to Buenos Aires to join Columbia University's research vessel *Vema* and his scientific companion of many a previous voyage, Dr. Maurice Ewing. In the great tradition of the sea, a man was not really a sailor until he had sailed the waters of the Horn. Captain Lane's wife stoically and sagely observed: "You can't deny a sailor like Adrian an opportunity like this."

As temporary chief mate aboard the 533 ton, three-masted schooner, Captain Lane assisted in navigating the *Vema* from Buenos Aires to Bahia Blanca, southeastward toward the Falklands, around Staten Island in sight of the Horn, and into the Beagle Channel. He terminated this IGY assignment in February, at Ushuaia. The Beagle Channel, with its unsurpassed scenery and historical significance, most intrigued Adrian Lane.

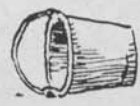
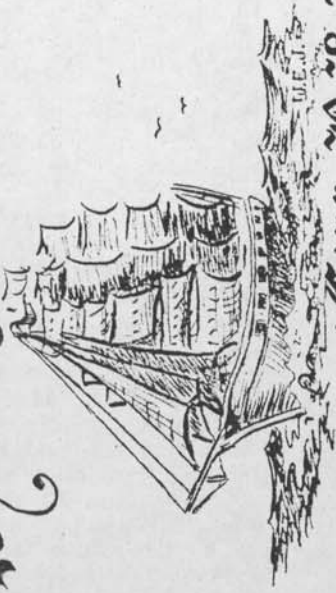
Such has been the Odyssey of a still young sea captain, a "master of sail vessels of any gross tons . . . on any ocean," a captain extraordinary. Few men living know the seas and the ships that sail them as well as Adrian K. Lane. Yet his modesty is disarming, for though he is a storehouse of vital experiences and expert information, generously shared, these are easily lost in his casual conversation, punctuated as it is by a dry and salt-encrusted humor, unless the listener is ever alert and refuses to be disarmed.

REGULAR MEMBER

Order of the H. H. F.

Forman Bastards in Frigate

C'est la guerre



This is to certify that Erz. R. L. Lincoln U.S.C.G.
is a regular member in doubtful standing having
dubiously survived the outfitting and the
commissioning of the U.S.S. Allentown
Patrol Frigate at New Orleans, Louisiana
from 2/4/44 to 3/24/44

This section good in
exchange for one only
Sympathy Chit from Chaplain

There is a reward in Heaven;
There has been none on earth
Initiation certified.

Senior Bastard Comdg.

GuTallin Comdr

Adugan, Linif