

A GRIM DRAMA OF THE HIGH SEAS

The Log of the Schooner Kingsway is a Tragic Tale of Ten Men and a Woman

MURDER THE END

That truth is stranger than fiction was illustrated anew when the schooner Kingsway came into New York Harbor a few days ago with a tale of ten men and a woman—a story of primitive passion, jealousy, sickness, murder on the high seas, and peaceful death. What follows is an account of the Kingsway's voyage, pieced together from her log and from the story disclosed during the investigation conducted by the Federal authorities.

On the afternoon of Feb. 5, 1927, the schooner Kingsway was slipping quietly through the tepid waters of the South Atlantic southeast of the Cape Verde Islands and not far off the coast of Senegal. Seen from a little distance, the squat outlines of her hull softened by the thin streaks of foam, her four great lower sails swelling to the wind, she would have been a sight to gladden an old sailor's eye. She held steadily to her course, dipping to the long swells with a springy motion unknown to those who go to sea with steam. She was alone in a vast watery wilderness. Africa, reeking and pestilential, was out of sight on her port bow, and on the starboard side, the sea was only the measureless miles of ocean. But the Kingsway carried with her more than a geographical loneliness. She was one of the last of her kind, one of the final relics of the age of sail.

She sailed ostensibly to carry lumber to the Gold Coast and bring back cocoa beans, but her real errand was the vain and ancient pursuit of f-y. These on board sought it in various ways.

The Cook's Wife

The cook's wife, a slim mulatto woman, pretty after her fashion, was polishing the lamps in the cabin when the captain and the mate had their meals. It was a spacious enough room, with a cold-looking table covered by a red-and-white cloth, a cool stove in the corner and a radiator connected to salt water with the engine's exhaust. Badke ran the dining engine—a German with a grumpy, confident eye, with him. On the right as one entered the cabin was the door leading to the captain's cabin. Directly ahead, with its port hole opening on the starboard side, was the entry. To the left another door opened into the storeroom. There are reasons for knowing storerooms under the captain's eye.

The cook's wife having pushed the last lamp, set it back in the brackets above the table. She sang a little. Then she slipped into the bathroom, next the room she and her husband occupied, and looked at herself in the captain's rather large square mirror. She smiled, showing white teeth. Life had its moments for her.

Battico, the cook, a dark-veined Porto Rican, was busy with his pots and pans in the galley. In cool weather, with its ports facing aft and its door opening to the deck, the galley was not an unpleasant place. It was warm enough, to be sure, with the temperature beginning to range the north in four steps and get what moving air there was. Battico had his dreams and his troubles.

The Husband's Dreams

His dreams had to do with a girl in Porto Rico, but his trouble, unfortunately, were near at hand. One of them he could bring to light by opening the door which led from the galley into the engine room, the headquarters of the German, Badke. Or if he did not care to open that door he could walk round the outside of the galley and look in at Badke through a leaded glass window. Battico ran an essential member of the crew, but not a continuously busy one. The schooner did not depend on auxiliary power to kick her through the doldrums. Her steam was to hoist sails, to pump out bilge water, and in port to handle cargo. Badke was, therefore, a man of leisure as well as of rank. He walked with a swagger in his hand, looked it over the common seaman and held long confabs in German with his compatriots, Malabar and Kline. One look at him and any captain would have known that he belonged to the tribe of sea lawyers.

Ten Men and a Woman

There were ten men and a woman on board—ten men and one woman crowded within a space whose greatest dimension was only 233 feet; ten men and one woman searching one another with their eyes day after day, hearing the best intentions of one another's voices, becoming increasingly familiar with one another's least small mannerisms, sometimes, far from Christian thoughts. Ten men—and one woman, Badke, looking up to catch the flash of white teeth at his window, claimed the woman, not without contention. He strode about the deck, a conquering mate. For him, too, life had its moments.

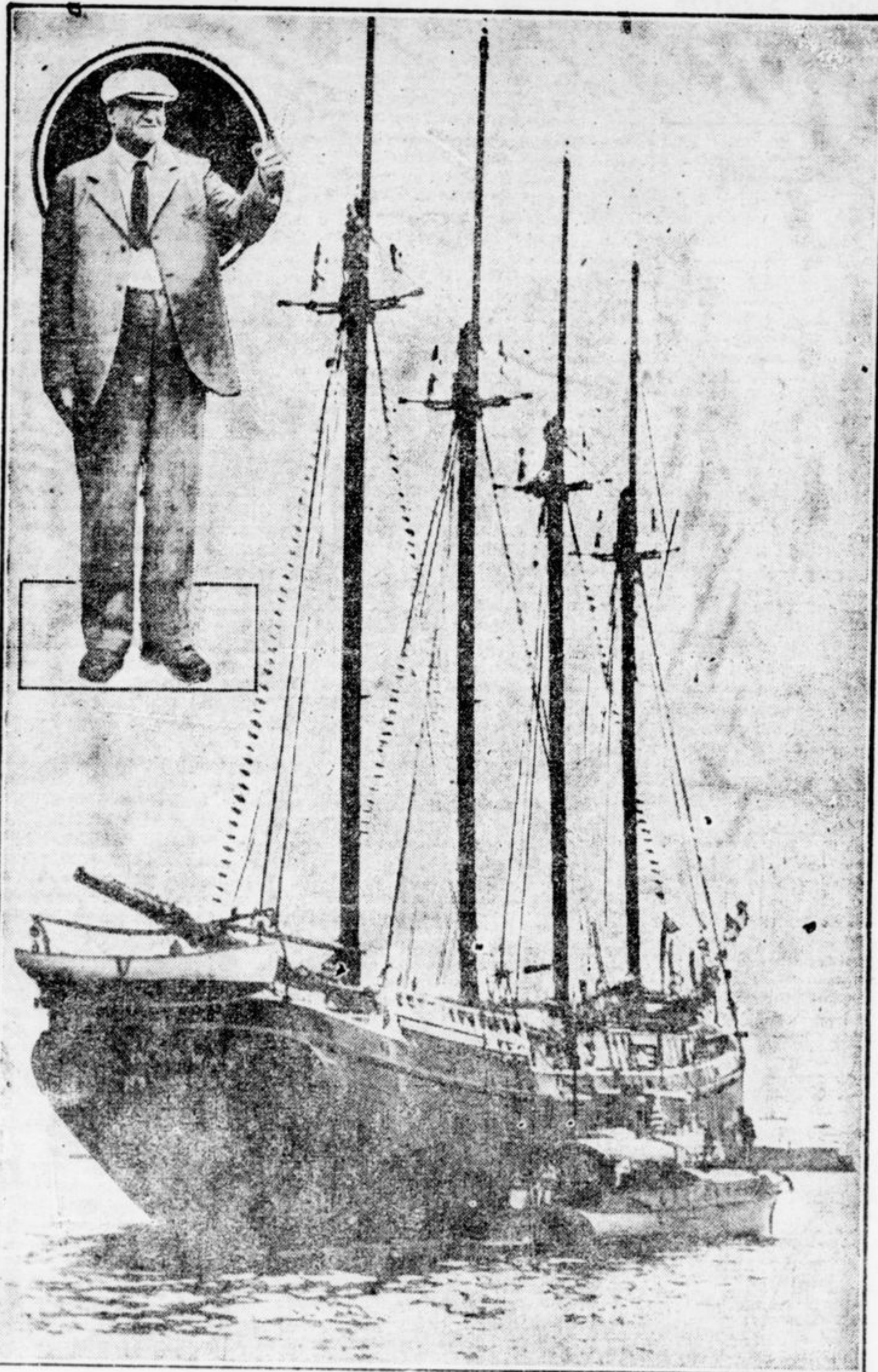
In the forecastle, on the other side of the bulkhead from where the cook slammed his kettles on the stove, there was evening gossip. The cook knew all about it, it was said. The cook was willing, it was said. But there were those who thought otherwise. If the cook were willing, why did the woman flaunt the affair in his face? She had been heard taunting him. But Battico went on open-

The Mate's Ambition

The mate fought him doggedly, silently, watch in and watch out. The mate took off sail at sunset, the Captain made him put it back again. Whenever their wills were in conflict the Captain's prevailed. But the mate would not give up. The sourness of half a century of disillusionment kept rising in him. He walked the Kingsway's holystoned decks, looked aloft at her varnished masts. She was slow, small, obsolete, but if he had been her Captain how he would have loved her!

She was his symbol of success, his last chance to put meaning into a battered and aimless life. And the Captain had taken that chance from him, on this his final voyage. The ghost slammed his kettles on the stove, there was evening gossip. The cook knew all about it, it was said. It could no longer knock a tall man head over heels with an uncleaned hand. It could not, in any bold and dramatic fashion, challenge destiny. The ghost of Mr. Pike looked out of frustrated and weary eyes.

The Kingsway And Her Master



THE HOODOO SHIP OF THE ATLANTIC

The Tension Grows

Day by day the heat increased and with it the electric tension in the Kingsway's little world. There were minor quarrels, resulting in oaths and blows. Battico grew more morose. The Captain found him prowling about the storeroom and drove him out with a belying pin. Badke became increasingly truculent. The woman went about her work with a gay audacity. What was there to conceal? She leaned into Badke's window and the engineer came grimy-faced to talk with her.

The ten men and the woman were on a small stage, with no exits and no intermissions, under the merciless spotlight of the African sun. They could not escape, they could not avoid one another. Something had to happen. Everybody knew it. On the afternoon of the 5th of February something did happen.

The Kingsway, heeling to the wind, was doing her steady pace of something less than ten knots, a white bloom of sails moving beautifully over

a calm sea. Badke had left his engine. Where was he? He had been seen going aft, no one knew where. No one? No one but the woman, who had finished cleaning her lamps, and had disappeared. Battico was slipping stealthily out of the galley, leaving his steaming pots behind. He dropped into the shadow of the after-companionway, ran along the passage, darted to his right for a swift glance into his own room, with its tumbled bank and disarray of clothes, then turned left, ran across the saloon and paused, his right hand on the knob of the storeroom door, his left hand in his pocket. Then he burst the door open and the woman screamed.

Badke Dodges the Razor

Badke, the terrible, facing a black man who carried an open razor in his left hand, dodged like a scared rabbit, reached the door, stumbled through the cabin. His heavy boots clattered down the passageway, up the ladder, along the deck. The woman screamed again—a different kind of scream. Would she never stop screaming?

The two enemies, Mortimer and the Captain, burst into the storeroom together, with the boat's behind them. The Captain picked the woman up and carried her into the after-cabin, where he tried to staunch the blood. Battico, in iron, was clapped into his own room and his pots left to stew and simmer without him. His voice rose fitfully as madness came upon him, and he shouted and pounded on the door. As if in answer, came the woman's groans. The Kingsway, bowing delicately to the east of the South Atlantic, held her course. No romantic could have looked at her without lamenting the passing of sails. She swam upon the sea, a spectacle of infinite peace.

A week went by, and the Kingsway still pointed her bow, with its collar of foam, to the southeast, carrying lumber, seeking cocoa beans. The woman still cried out and Battico still beat upon his door. On the twelfth, when the schooner was off the shores of Liberia, the woman became delirious. She wanted to be taken to a hospital, she wanted tea with sugar.

she wanted yellow stockings and a drink of whiskey. Early in the afternoon her cries were silenced. She fell into a sleep and died. At sunset, sewed in canvas, she was slid into the sea. Badke the terrible, the conquering mate, stood by with the rest of the crew, heard the Captain read the burial service and watched her go.

Mutiny and Bad Cookery

The Kingsway's great dramatic moment had passed. But still she slipped southward, for the Gold Coast still needed lumber and New York still needed cocoa. On the second of March she was at Sekondi, on the Gold Coast, where you may believe, if you like, that Hanno's men saw gorillas and mistook them for human beings. Battico, heaving at the bulkhead between his room and the captain's bathroom, escaped, plunged into the surf with two life-preservers, and was hauled back.

The nerves of eight harassed men gave way and the crew refused duty. Badke, leader of an ineffectual mutiny, had a chair raised to strike the captain—so the forecastle version of the incident had it. But the captain's cold eyes and a suggestive hump in the captain's right-hand pocket, stopped the miniature revolution before it had fairly begun.

The Kingsway went about her business, poking her nose leisurely in and out of the inlets as far as Accra, leaving lumber and picking up cocoa. Cogo, a negro who appeared out of the wilderness at Sekondi, was cook in Battico's place. His intentions were good, his technique poor. Dysentery began to enforce. Even the captain began to take strychnine to ward off the evil he felt descending upon him.

But the mate, his hold upon life loosening with the loss of his last battle against destiny, took no precautions against the blood-water fever and the dysentery which lie in wait along the African coast. The quarrel between the two old men had settled now into a chronic irritation, smoldering, but never coming to a violent outbreak. The Kingsway's bow was at last turned homeward.

The Mate's End

A sullen silence settled over the vessel. But now a new kind of struggle was manifestly taking place—no contest for a woman now, no vendetta for an old man's fight to live until he could touch land again. The Kingsway was more than half way home, and heading in toward the Brazilian coast when the mate fell ill of fever. Two days later he returned to work. Twelve days after that the fever seized him again. He could not eat, but lay in his bunk all day amid the fumes of his endless cigarettes.

In his extremely ill turned to the captain for reassurance. Perhaps, he said, he was smoking too strong tobacco and it was affecting his heart. The captain felt of the swellings on his feet and legs and prescribed rations of whisky and milk three times a day. On the 19th of June the mate tottered to the deck to take charge of his watch. It was his last dream of command. A seaman ran to the captain with news that the mate had gone below, leaving the deck without an officer. Six days later the mate died.

Captain Lawry, who had been standing in for the Barbados in the hope of getting a doctor, wrote in the ship's log in his crabbed hand that the dead man's fate was "probably due to neglect of health rules on the African coast." With a seaman's sense of un sentimental justice to the dead as to the living he added a final and merciless comment upon the passing of Mr. Pike. A master of a vessel is required to set down in the log his opinion of the conduct and ability of each member of his crew. Captain Lawry, dipping his pen in ink tinged with half a century of bitter experience, wrote down his opinion that the dead mate's ability had been "poor" and his conduct "bad." Such was the epitaph of Mr. Pike.

Irony's Final Touch

The Kingsway touched at Barbados to put ashore whatever was fortal of Fred Mortimer, then headed northward again with the fruits of her adventure—\$50,000 worth of cocoa beans. But the irony which had attended her voyage had in reserve a deft final touch. Cogo, whose motives were above reproach, was as poor a cook as ever put to sea. Some members of the crew, finding him in a corner mulling over two sticks, were inclined to believe that he was casting a voodoo charm over the vessel. It is more likely that he was merely invoking his tribal gods—vainly, as it turned out,—to make him a better cook. The captain fell sick and kept alive, as he believed, only by heroic doses of drugs. Cogo himself was sick, his legs swelled as the mate's had before him, and he lay in his bunk and groaned.

Battico alone could cook. So it happened that ten days before the schooner reached New York he was released from his irons and put back in the galley among his pots and pans. Badke, on the other side of the galley door, stood by his engine. Captain Lawry walked the poop deck and set the course. In this fashion the Kingsway arrived off Barnegat and the Coast Guardsmen came aboard. And then the strange little shipboard world fell apart. One man went to jail on a murder charge, four were held as witnesses, the crew in the engine room were allowed to go out, and the captain signed his papers and went ashore.

Cancer Fight is Making Progress

Duke of York Writes Encouraging Letter Read to Meeting

London.—"I am delighted to see that the work of the Cancer Campaign has been steadily moving forward towards its goal—the discovery of the cause and cure of cancer," wrote the Duke of York (President) in a letter read at the annual meeting of the Cancer Campaign at the House of Lords—the Lord Chancellor presiding. "I am glad, too," he wrote, "that the work being carried out includes important research into the cure of cancer, as well as into the cause, and it is my earnest and heartfelt hope that advancement may be rapid, and that discoveries helping the solution of the problem may be made in the near future."

The very successful appeal for the establishment of a cancer research centre in connection with the University of Sydney, New South Wales, resulted in a magnificent support of nearly £150,000, and I am pleased to know that an application is before the Grand Council for affiliation from this new research centre of our great dominions, and that a further link may be forged by the inclusion of their representatives on the Grand Council. Another happy association is the appointment of your former organizing adviser, Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Goodwin, to the Governorship of Queensland.

I know his enthusiasm for the cause of cancer research will awaken much sympathy and help in that country. I am interested to learn that during my absence overseas the National Cancer Campaign (Ireland), which consists of associated representatives from the North and South of Ireland, has been granted affiliation by the Grand Council.

If success attends our great effort, as we are determined it shall attend it, we shall owe much to the untiring devotion of the laboratory workers, together with our physicians and surgeons, the lay members of our committees, and the generous supporting public. I would like to express my cordial thanks to the press for all the help they rendered to this cause. It will give me great pleasure to remain the president of this great humanitarian movement."

The Lord Chancellor said they were all greatly encouraged by the strenuous and successful work being done. The campaign was receiving the support of the whole Empire.

Horde's View

Sir Thomas Horde said, although the campaign was still far from its goal, there were more hopeful tendencies in research than ever before. It was clear that concentrated effort was being made in the problem from many different angles.

The campaign did not accept responsibility for the scientific statements made in the various reports, for it was really a co-ordinating body and clearing-house giving its support to institutions and workers conducting research.

It often happened that independent laboratories tackling identical problems produced identical results which did not entirely coincide, and until the whole problem had been investigated such apparent anomalies would occur. A matter of great interest occurred in the report in the treatment of cancer by metals in solution, and particularly lead. A generous grant has been made to St. Bartholomew's Hospital to enable the staff to carry on research into that subject. It was known that methods along that line were dangerous to patients, but he looked forward to the elimination of risks. Efforts were also being made to find an effective serum, and he hoped that in both these lines of treatment lay great possibilities of dealing with the disease. There was need for an extension of treatment by radium.

It was decided to grant affiliation to the University of Sydney Cancer Research Committee.

Sun's Storms More Furious Than Earth

Storms on the sun are nothing but hurricanes, like those that sweep the Caribbean Sea and the Florida coast, but on a much grander scale. Instead of a speed of 100 miles an hour or so, they move farther than that in a second, and instead of being composed of air they are hurricanes of flaming gases, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. A hurricane on earth revolves around a central calm that may be 20 miles or so across.

The whole world, and several more like it, could be placed side by side in the central vortex of such storms on the sun. They get their name of sun spots because this central vortex photographs as a black spot on the astronomer's plate. But it is only a comparative black, for actually it is a flaming zone far brighter than the greatest searchlight ever built. It is only in comparison with the intense brightness of the rest of the sun that it appears black.

Couldn't you mention several places in this country where profitable employment might be given the missionaries driven out of China?

Is your vacation worthy? Of course it is. Are you worthy of it? Of course you are or you wouldn't be in it.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson.

