

## **BOATSWAIN WILLIAM DREILICK, A SAILORMAN<sup>1</sup>**

In a quiet grave in the cemetery of a village on the banks of the Connecticut River a few miles from the sea, there lies the body of a seafaring personality whose reputation was wide. There is a monument erected over that grave, a testimonial to the respect and appreciation in which he was held by many friends and beneficiaries; the alumni of the New York Nautical Schools. He was but a common seaman, according to conventional concepts of social caste; yet thousands of American youths who passed through his hands during the forty years of his service as instructor in seamanship in the old ST. MARY'S and NEWPORT, have cause to remember him with pleasurable pride. He projected his personality in a vivid fashion during the active days at sea and many who have become prominent in our maritime affairs have been indoctrinated with ideas that were due to his training, in the formation of character necessary to fit them for enduring the hardships and overcoming the difficulties in the course of a life at sea.

In the vicissitudes of over a half century afloat and many associations in different worlds and classes of society, few men have overshadowed his influence in the maintenance of a standard of professional integrity as a shipmate, although his manner, methods and general style as an instructor smacked of a crudeness that might be assailable under modern concepts of a nautical education.

"William Dreilick, born in a remote village in Finland, gave more to his adopted country than thousands of others who might have served; in the development of its maritime progress, in the special field that he controlled; "as once testified by Captain Harry Manning of the U.S. Liner AMERICA. Felix Riesenber, a contemporary shipmate in the old ST. MARY'S, class of 1897, who became an able historian in matters of nautical experiences during his varied career, has devoted a chapter in his book, "Vignettes of the Sea" to William Dreilick; whose photo is also shown in Riesenber's textbook, "Seamanship of the Merchant Service." The ancient art of seamanship was Dreilick's forte: his dependability in a time of stress a fortunate circumstance where he served. He must have been past seventy when he was astride the weather yard arm of the schoolship "NEWPORT," during a gale at sea; handling the reef earring of a single topsail in wintry weather; unaided in this procedure.

William Dreilick joined the schoolship ST. MARY'S in 1883 as an able seaman. Little was known of his prior experience, by the lads of my time; except the rumor of his wide range of seafaring

under various flags; when he deigned to mention it in the course of explaining some abstruse details of seamanship. He led a crew of Scandinavians whose duties were subject to his personal supervision in the ship's upkeep; also as junior instructors in handicraft and as mastmen at stations when working ship. He was shortly promoted to the position he held with distinction for twenty-five years in the ship he loved; until her withdrawal from service and substitution by the "NEWPORT." In the more modern auxiliary craft, barquentine rigged, his talents had less range; yet his dependability and interest in his duties as an instructor endeared him to the cadets; as the lads were called in a more intelligent era that followed. He continued to serve until 1924, when his retirement on a State pension ended his active career. His departure brought a new perspective to the schoolship adventures; to form a subject with which I am unacquainted. His death occurred when he lived with some of his descendants in the relaxation of a quiet environment, far different from the forty years of strenuous routine, through which he passed; in the evolution of changes in naval style; old fashioned and new.

The ST. MARY'S was the ship he loved, with all her deficiencies in comfortable living; where his berth forward in the depths of the ship gave him a dim outlook in visibility, but a wide appreciation of the vagaries of wind and weather at sea. He was always on hand in an emergency, generally before the time he was called; his stentorian voice with its unique intonation; laced with sarcasm and profanity, arrested the attention of all hands immediately, as his appearance reassured them of a degree of safety for their ship and lives. Then he seemed a demigod; with the old ship at an acute angle, her canvas thrashing about and wind force screaming in dirge in the shrouds; pelting rain and the roar of the sea adding to a pandemonium that unnerved the majority of unseasoned sailors during such memorable occasions.

Our officers, who came and went in the course of four years in the rotation of their tours of duty, gave their orders in clear, crisp tones; usually through a speaking trumpet of brass.

It has been reported that Boatswain William Dreilick knew most of the officers in American commercial ships for two generations. Shipmasters in from long voyages visited the decks of the schoolships to confer with him and report progress in their professional advancement, until he ended his action service in the NEWPORT in 1924, to be retired on a State pension and live with his children and grandchildren in the peaceful atmosphere of the village where he died. Four of his former cadets

returned to command the schoolships while he stayed there, apparently contented with his lot under their authoritative direction in the strict routine that was maintained and a discipline that gradually abated its strenuous methods during the years; to conform with a public interpretation of its requirements.

Dreilick had a fine character, a superior intelligence that belied his looks and general appearance while dressed in working clothes aboard ship and in personal charge of the upkeep of the vessels, directing his deck crews who were mainly composed of Scandinavians and smartly obedient to his demands. All the parties above mentioned were advocates of the sail training as an initiative for seafaring; a belief that seems apparent even today among the maritime nations of the old world and in Japan, where a leadership was taken in the conduct of nautical education for merchant seamen at the turn of the century; in the establishment of a course that reached university status and aided the development of shipping to an extent hardly realized outside its environment. The situation that faced our schoolship graduates in the last decade of the nineteenth century is well shown in Riesenberg's classic, "Under sail," as an indication of their prospects in our mercantile marine. This was apparent to Dreilick, whose personal experience was wide before he took on his schoolship work, to theorize the value of a Cape Horn experience in American ships of sail as an experiment; a kill or cure remedy to provide the determination for a permanent seafaring profession in our mercantile marine, or to end its romantic interest.

Dreilick never laid hands on anyone, except by authoritative orders, when some extraordinary breach of discipline occurred to force an insubordinate or drunken character into the ship's brig; then only when it seemed necessary to use his powerful physical attributes as an effective procedure. I can recall an occasion when Dreilick took hold "beforehand" over the heads of five others who were struggling to haul upon a rope that led from a leading block on deck, at the fore shrouds. He pulled with a sudden force that set all of them on deck, landing on their posteriors in the surprise of this action in addition to their efforts. Tacitly done, it was an amusing scene.

To get a true perspective of the conditions affecting our seafaring ambitions at the time, it is desirable to recall some ancient history; the development of nautical educational facilities in this country. The schoolship ST. MARY'S controlled by the City Board of Education as a public marine school, was the first intelligent source of authoritative management to this end.

Since 1808, when the idea was proposed in the New York Marine Society, to take measures in educating Americans for the sea, in preparation to meet international competition in the struggle for supremacy in overseas transportation and trade; our great seaport seemed to be indifferent to the possibilities. In the last half of the nineteenth century, the decline of our prestige was reaching a stage that induced a desire for improvement of shipping affairs, both naval and mercantile; to alarm the more farsighted by posing the problem of adequate national defense. The three wars that have since occurred, opened the vista of this import; yet even last year, in 1950, there appeared an article in a widely read American magazine, expressing a theory that the desire to go to sea was one of the symptoms of juvenile delinquency; in covering this question of social disturbance. In the era that affected my preparation for the sea, it was an unpopular occupation. As an illustration of American ideals, it seems to continue to be so, according to the above theory. At any rate, American commercial vessels were largely manned and even officered by aliens; particularly in the long voyage trades, at the time; with small prospect of advancement for American boys.

The Schoolship ST. MARY'S was the result of energetic devotion to an ideal. A great leader in this educational movement was Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, U.S. Navy; grand old seaman of his day; who brought the ship to New York personally, after riggering her and fitting out the vessel for her new occupation, while on duty as equipment officer at the Boston navy yard. After thirty years of service as a naval vessel and obsolete in her original class, the old "ST MARY'S" undertook a new activity in support of our merchant marine; her traditional value as a training ship with service in two wars an influence toward patriotic indoctrination that would govern the lives of her output; youthful Americans conditioned to meet the demand under a routine so designed. History has proven the result; additional schools supplied, after an interesting interval of disturbance and many novel ideas.

Admiral Luce was a true friend to sailors. His activities as an educational leader took a wide range. From his start in the navy as a midshipman several years in advance of the establishment of the naval academy, he became its commandant of cadets. In a desire to enlarge professional efficiency with a suitable background, his efforts to establish a naval apprentice training system placed him in command; later the organization of a naval war college at Newport to encourage tactical improvement in war upon the sea, and a final struggle to establish a general board of naval advisers to the government in

the interests of greater efficiency in the conduct of national defense by his branch of the military service. His objects were gained; but not without opposition and energetic procedure. The seamanship textbook he compiled, used for forty years at the naval academy, to win a world wide fame through its introduction abroad; was ours aboard the old ST. MARY'S, until the introduction of a British book brought its subject up to date, with the age of steam propulsion and emphasis on commercial maritime procedure.

To illustrate the public attitude toward the training of mariners; the ship MERCURY for first offenders, was established at New York in 1862 in the hope of disposal of bad characters by sending them to sea. There may have been some virtue in this idea; but her location, as reported, in the vicinity of the berth later assigned to the ST. MARY'S, gave the latter a tinge of notoriety as her successor for many years. The boys in my time were not called cadets; nor were we, in so far as I can remember, ever addressed as young gentlemen.

Native Americans on the sea were a rarity in the offshore trades; even scarce in our naval vessels during the era of its apathy. Many boys from the ST. MARY'S entered the naval service as enlisted men, in the shortage of opportunity elsewhere. Two of my class were blown up in the battleship MAINE disaster that brought about the disturbed relations that started the Spanish War. On the ST. MARY'S we wore white canvas working clothes of navy pattern; our dress uniforms of blue the counterpart of the bluejacket and bell bottomed trousers of enlisted men in the naval service; distinguished only by the name on our cap ribbons, ST. MARY'S, to identify us as apart from other vessels in the service. Nearly a hundred more or less wild spirits with the superabundant energy of youth, wore that uniform ashore on liberty from the ship; to change only if an opportunity of a near by home privileged the wearer to do so. Those who were denied this release from official servitude; shore leave limited to sunset and other restrictive duties that necessitated a ship cleaning on Sundays, with Captain's inspection, gave less change for freedom or sloughing off our actual status away from the vessel. This had interesting results.

In the role of a bluejacket, our youthful appearance may have offset the swaggering attitude taken to show our saltiness; yet there were many facts of life to be learned that were not included nor intended in the curriculum of the school. For lads who were strangers to the city, here lay a great

opportunity to acquire the broadening process of the Manhattanite. The ST. MARY'S was berthed in East River at a pier that faced the city morgue; her black sides and tall spars, with open gun ports squared in a row along her sheer and a white line picked out above them gave the ship an austere appearance that denoted mystery and gloom. A false front, to be sure. It was in this environment that the Nautical School operated during the decades preceding the turn of the century; an interesting period in the life of the city of New York. The influences that surrounded us were quite apart from what would now be considered suitable as a social atmosphere. The boys, whose ages ranged between sixteen and twenty by official recognition, were chosen for entrance to the school after a test of physical fitness and aptitude as judged by information received from parents or guardians and character testimonials submitted. Types varied to some extent.

The old ST. MARY'S in her fifty-first year, made the run from New London to Ponta Delgada Roads in twelve days, mostly with favorable winds. Her best day's work on the passage was two hundred and eighty seven nautical miles. It was the cruise of 1895, my first trip abroad and memorable for a variety of reasons. Among these were my experiences ashore as a member of the only liberty party accommodated there, as our stay was short. As a lad of sixteen, unacquainted with many of the facts of life, that port has a lasting place in my recollections in the part played by Dreilick when our recall to the ship broke off the pleasant prospects we hoped to enjoy.

The ship was anchored to the eastward of the mole, in open water near the rocky and mountainous coast; since there were then no tugs available to take us inside and the mole was much shorter than it became when extension was undertaken some years later. With decks cleared up and sails secured, the liberty party went ashore after a midday meal; the starboard watch given this chance, as a skeleton crew in each boat was taken with them to bring back the boats or tend them as required; out of members of the port watch. The surf on the beach was heavy, too dangerous for us to land near the ship and our leave was to expire at sunset according to plan. This necessitated quite a pull into the sheltered waters of the port. During the afternoon, the sea began to rise with a strengthening southwest wind, leaving the ship in an exposed position with a lee shore in the background, too near for comfort, should it become necessary to leave without aid of steam power. The holding ground was poor, a mixture of mud and volcanic rock. At three that afternoon, recall flags were flying at the ship's masthead; a notice

to return immediately from shore leave. They were fortunately visible from all parts of the town, if looked for by direct view, but within the doors of a building could not be identified without the aid of a searching party. The boats had come again into the port with their skeleton crews and lay at the landing awaiting us.

As a virgin experience abroad it was my role to be associated with a wild character from New York City, a lad who was supposed to know his way around. He invited me into a wine shop to have a bottle of port, a liquor then strange to me. We sat at a small round table in a room that faced the street, at a central section of the town; its frontage apparently composed entirely of glass including the street door. My friend and I soon finished the quart bottle of port between us; its delightful taste an excellent contrast with our fare to which we were accustomed in the old ST. MARY'S, and famed for its primitive nature. As we sat undisturbed the gradual effects of the wine were not noticed; but when my friend arose, with advice to follow him immediately into the street, a sudden change came over us. He somehow failed to find the door and landed on the sidewalk outside, amid a shower of broken glass that fell around him and the excited demonstrations of the proprietor.

In those days we wore the typical dress uniform of the enlisted men in the navy, with a seagoing flat cap, decorated with a ribbon bearing the name of our ship, ST. MARY'S in gilt letters on a black band. This charming device gave us no protection despite its saintly name, for the proprietor grabbed my friend from behind, taking a firm hold on his broad collar as a crowd began to collect around us and he demanded, presumably in Portuguese, that he pay for his pleasure. The faces in the crowd showed a mixture of amusement and hostility during this performance, growing into a joyful appreciation when my pal turned his pockets inside out and with a broad grin extended his empty hands. The excitement was augmented when I exhibited a dime, the sole amount of our combined wealth, at sight of which the proprietor began to hop up and down, screaming with rage.

I expected the police at any moment, but fortunately for us, quite a gang of our shipmates appeared around the corner on the run; shouting for us to make the landing where our boats were waiting and that the recall flags were up. We were safe for the time. I was placed at the stroke oar of one of our whaleboats and by the time we had the ship alongside, my condition was nearly normal. Leaving that wine shop, my navigation was under better control, but I was in a state of decided haze with much

revolving in movement of everything about me. While in the boat I had entertained its crew by giving a prolonged diatribe against its coxswain, and innocent but powerful creature who could easily have brained me, had he been so disposed. As it happened, I got below and found some relief in sleep until called to duty on deck that failed to exhibit my defects.

A gale was springing up; wind and sea freshening during a boat trip that put me in a state of physical exhaustion and caused me to realize exceptional activities aboard when it was over. It was a sobering process, nearly as effective as the occasional trick played on alcoholics, by inserting their heads in a bucket filled with salt water and holding them in that position long enough to produce the desired results. No pampering there.

I was informed that Dreilick, who watched the sky and consulted the barometer independently as his usual routine, had been aft in conference with the officers. He was well posted on local conditions in weather irregularities and knew our anchorage to be a poor holding ground. Orders had been given to put the principal sails in readiness by using rope yarn stoppers in place of the gaskets aloft; should it be necessary to get the ship under way in a hurry. Both anchors, bowers, had been let go and the vessel was surging about with violence. Yards had been braced sharp up to starboard, to ease wind pressure aloft. It was the general verdict that she would ride out the gale safely at her moorings; but Dreilick appeared to have less confidence. Before darkness fell, the sky became overcast, the wind and sea increased, causing the ship to surge even more wildly, with tremendous jerks on her ground tackle, startling a majority of the crew.

After a hasty supper, Dreilick was again on deck; all hammocks were piped below, in preparation for the night; but unusual arrangements were in progress. Before we turned in, Dreilick sent the ship's stream anchor aloft, secured to the weather extremity of the fore yard by strop, toggle and slip rope. A hawser was led to it from the after quarter bitts, outside of all, where it was secured to the anchor; its other end made fast with special attention to rendering, at the bitts. We then turned in, expecting a call at any time, with the prospect of a wild night. By ten o'clock, or thereabouts, it was reported the ship was dragging; well within a quarter mile from the shore. When "All hands up anchor" roused us into activity, the need for this stirring cry became evident as we glanced toward that hideous coastline in close proximity; a fearful prospect as the white breakers dashed up on the volcanic beach; its

mountainous background an demand for us to start manning our stations in haste. Fortunately, the usual physical exertions were eased by the ship's behavior, as the heavy strains on the cables were lessened as she dove into the sea. The star-bowlines manned the spar deck capstan, the port watch on the gun deck to haul the chain cable along with hook rope and chain hooks in hand; dragging it, both cables at a time by relays; to shorten in its scope and concentrate finally on the port anchor that broke itself out of the mud to set us free. The starboard anchor had been first to break clear and be raised to the surface, where we feared it might pierce the bow planking before it could be hoisted into security; but fortune favored us in this procedure.

Dreilick was in his element on the forecastle deck; eyes aloft and everywhere and his roaring voice an encouragement in the various activities that engaged our attention, as he met each situation with confidence and apparent ease. He had attended personally to each detail, even to survey the stopper aloft with a careful estimate as to their proper turns; supplementing this by sending a hand up to cut them clear, should this effort be required. He posted the carpenter at the stern bitts, to cut the hawser with an axe; at the exact moment necessary and by special signal. When the ST. MARY'S broke ground, to sag back on the hawser, she canted beautifully as the great jib was run up with a rush; the force of the wind an aid in sending it nearly two blocks on the stay. He had already seen to its security with a flattened sheet to starboard. When his plans matured, "Make Sail" was his order and the three lower topsails were simultaneously sheeted home; the three uppers mastheaded with a stamp and go; separate gangs attending this duty in a silence that was broken only by the noise of elemental forces without the ship, with the natural sounds caused by the gear. The roar of the winds, the slap of the sea and our canted decks gave evidence of success; in the precision of movements of a maneuver executed with superb skill. Our grand old ship seemed to know her duty and cooperate well, as her headway promptly resulted when her helm was righted to meet it at the exact moment required. There were ships like that in the days of sail; but alas, there were others. This performance was measurably similar to the trick that liberated H.M.S. DIOMEDE, "Club Hauling," in the days of Captain Frederick Marratt, the British officer and novelist, early in the nineteenth century; often practiced in the time of John Paul Jones.

There was no moon that night, the sky remained overcast; but a fearful indication of our

predicament, in the dangerous situation that had faced the ship; lay in the view that presented itself; our close proximity to the shore as the lamps that shone through the cottage windows, in tier upon tier up the mountain side, extending along the coast to give us a range; produced an emotional effect by giving us as well as sight of the possibilities and a clear perception of the risk we had taken. Seas rose between us; extinguishing the lower tiers momentarily, as we raced past into wider areas and left the island behind us, as we made a safe course. Our little ship had done magnificently, continuing to do as we romped along to Lisbon in four days. I have passed that place two or three times in later years, with an effect upon my nervous system when sighting it that remains a matter of concern; the thrills of the experience coming back to mind and enliven the memories of a time when one such day in a youthful career could offer so much to break the monotony of the sea.

Over fifty years after that occurrence, I attempted to locate the wine shop in Ponta Delgada that introduced me to port wine; to pay a bill that was long overdue and settle my conscience in a matter of misconduct. My shipmate and partner in that affair must have long gone to his reward. All traces of the spot seem to have been eliminated by changes in that sleepy town that appeared to be impossible, when I judged it with the eyes of youth. It then seemed to bear the impact of Christopher Columbus and his times. The stonework at the landing stage is there, with other features that give the place a charm of its own. I would like to visit it once more; but if the episodes that occurred during my last call should again be within my personal range, I dread the possibilities. I entered the port with a cargo on fire, the least of my difficulties during an eventful interlude. It may have been my punishment.

When about to enter Cascaes Bay; running for the land with all sail set to royals, the ST. MARY'S was about to heave to for the pilot, whose station boat, a schooner, was close aboard. It was a tremendous moment, as a heavy squall struck both vessels at the same time; the ST. MARY'S tore disposed; the anchor hanging suspended about a foot above the boat. There were murmurs in Portuguese where a wicked leer appeared in Dreilick's eyes. It was his great chance. At a silent signal to a seaman who aided him, the anchor was suddenly dropped into the boat; sinking it almost to the water level with a mighty crash and a momentary effect to alarm the boatmen into wild shouts, as they hastily departed for the shore. There were grins on several faces in the ST. MARY'S, but the occasion was saddened when we saw the anchor and chain safely reposing in the arsenal grounds, through which

we had to pass in making out destinations; shore parties in pursuit of pleasure.

Only once did I see Dreilick in an embarrassing situation that would have lost him some of his power. We were sailing home in the trades, somewhere in Latitude twenty two, after our call at Funchal, Madeira to water the ship. The breeze had gentled, during a hot night that made sleeping a difficult affair in the fetid region of the berth deck. I steered the spar deck as boatswain's mate of the watch, during my senior year in 1896, my station in the waist of the ship gave me a fair view of the proceedings. It was after taps, about ten o'clock or four bells; the crew off watch supposed to be in their hammocks. It was a moonless night; but the stars were out and the masts described an arc as among them as they swung back and forth to the easy roll of the ship; when glances aloft gave opportunity to note the matter.

The ship was fanning along with her mainsail hanging in the gear; for the wind was aft, the yards nearly square; with a windsail or canvas ventilator hanging in the main hatchway, where the forward section of ladders were removed to permit this procedure; an effort to furnish a draught of fresh air to the berth deck sleepers. Its lower extremity lay well up in the berth deck area, triced up at its end to provide a direct draft on a card playing party, at the mess table located close by. Dreilick was among the players as a poker game was in progress between a few of the seamen at this time. The ship's rules were being broken, but it was beyond my province to interfere with berth deck affairs of that nature; although lights out had been proclaimed an hour before, a standard bulkhead lamp showed its rays upon the table and players; with a dimness not likely to be observed from above, beyond the immediate area of the hatch. The triangular wings of the windsail led across the deck near where I stood; some six or seven feet above it and in the clear.

A general silence prevailed throughout the ship, unbroken by any remarks made by the players three decks below; only the occasional squeak of a block in the rigging aloft or the rattle of reef points on a sail, to indicate the presence of life of any sort. It seemed most remarkable, in view of the outcome. I was fairly well awake, under the circumstances, but not sufficiently on the alert to prevent what was about to occur. Our executive officer, Lieutenant Hal M. Hodges, had the watch; a tall full bearded, stern look man, whose elegance of manner belied his definitely known proclivities toward severe punishment when infraction of the rules occurred. In short, a proper martinet, according to our

youthful ideas, for he had quarantined seven lads aboard ship for the entire duration of the summer cruise abroad, before it even started; as an indication of his belief in broken discipline aboard ship. This was enough to keep me on my toes. Dreilick however, was a favorite of his, for adequate reasons; due to his sense of the value of such a man, and if he were caught by Hodges in some breach of good order; it would be to me an interesting development. I awaited the prospect.

I was musing over this matter, knowing that Hodges was well aft, to be observant of the steering of the ship under the prevailing conditions, by one of our lesser lights in seamanship. There was a feeling of lethargy almost everywhere along the spar deck; the wash of a sea alongside breaking momentarily this sense of quiet. Suddenly I heard a slight noise over to port, the shadow of a couple of the boys in movement also gave me notice of something that appeared to be a surreptitious bit of mischief. How they managed it, I cannot tell, but a large bundle was thrown into the windsail, to descend with a swoosh to the level of the heads of the card players, where it brought up with a tremendous mixture of queer noises; a hellish uproar that stopped the poker game and brought all the players to their feet.

Inside that bundle, which boatswain Dreilick took apart, were as I recall it, the following animals: - the captain's fox terrier Hennessey; the small black pig that Jackson, captain's cook, tended like a child; two hens from the deck coop that were apparently dumb until the climax of this affair; a parrot in its cage that was the property of our wardroom attendant; the ship's cat and a rhesus monkey. Some were encased in the legs of trousers of oilskins and a large bread bag, or laundry bag, contained the [rest].

The noise occasioned by this affair was heard by our officer of the watch, who came forward to investigate. Here would be something of interest if I could be a device of the outcome. Dreilick's aplomb carried him through; at least if there were any expressions of censure by the officer, they were not made in my hearing. One of the qualities possessed by Lieutenant Hodges, was an apparent self control in all moments of emotional urge; most valuable as he saved the ship in Gibraltar Roads when she dragged her anchors into deep water; fouling the famous "Three Brothers", coal hulk in passing; when he governed affairs by bracing up our ship's yards and getting in our boat boom in time to clear; although the ship was temporarily almost on her beam ends, with the gun deck flooded; our dinghy also

waterlogged alongside but saved. We admired his calmness but hated his apparent cold disregard for human enjoyment; when it took an unwise form. I got nothing out of him by this affair. He was known never to swear but once; when he said "Damn" threw his speaking trumpet to the deck and turned his back on a situation that would drive almost anyone into a rage, etc. When at Southampton anchorage twice or more, he had expended his utter disapproval upon me; once finding me derelict at my post; as I laid myself doubled up in the ship's dinghy, with a stomach cramp that exhausted me, and finally fell asleep, until the wind from his trumpet as it waved before my face and his emotional roar of "Caesar's Ghost", brought me up all standing, in acute misery and disgrace. The other time is not to be disclosed here.

The imps of mischief who performed that remarkable prank to break up a poker game, were not apprehended at the time. If there is anything in the judgment of fate over misdeeds on earth, it may be applied here; as according to authentic report, the two lads involved came to an early halt in such activities. Sammy Lees was blown up in the battleship MAINE two years later and his accomplice, if my information is true, was also seriously injured in the same explosion; becoming shipmates in the navy after their graduation from our school. Among the reminiscences of boys who were corrected by Dreilick, there is one from a Coast Guard Commander who delights in telling the tale. After some blunder he made, that disturbed Dreilick; he was interrogated as follows: - "In vat year were you born?". Being told, Dreilick then proceeded. "Vell dere were a great many people born dat year, but vy in de hell you were put into dis world, is a matter entirely beyond my comprehension."

From the papers of Frederick S.  
McMurray, Class of 1898 which  
are housed in the Luce Library  
Archives. This piece was written circa  
1952.

1) William Dreilick worked at the NYNS from 1883-1924. He died October 26, 1932 in East Haddam, CT.