

A GALLANT ENTERPRISE

Heading for Prince of Wales Pier, the cutter "Portway" brings Captain Carlsson and Mate Ken Dancy to a heroes' welcome from Palmouth. Overnight they had slept on the tug "Turmoil" which picked them up when "Flying Enterprise" neared her end. Surrounded by more than 5,000, Mr. and Mrs. Carlsson from Denmark wait to greet their son.

Today her prayers are answered. Her son is safe and the world acclaim his bravery.

And here they come! Short, stocky Carlsson and lanky Ken Dancy in uniform, led by the Mayor, Councillor Morris, and his committee. With triumph in sight, Palmouth had prepared a victors' welcome. Now it honours those who did all that men could do to deserve victory, yet saw triumph snatched from them at the very gates of success.

Round the microphones besides Carlsson and Dancy are Captain Parker of the "Turmoil" and Commander O'Brien of the destroyer "Willard Keith" which stood by the "Flying Enterprise" to the end in her last days. First Mayor Morris invites Ken Dancy to speak, and once again he takes a plunge into the dark.

① [Well, I'm afraid I am really too overwhelmed to say very much, but I must express my great admiration for Captain Carlsson and Captain Parker and all hands of the tug-boat "Turmoil."]

Captain Kurt Carlsson - the man who spent six nightmare nights alone on his doomed ship because he put duty first, before personal safety, speaks to the world:

② [Your Worship, Commander O'Brien, Captain Parker, Mr. Dancy and all those of you who backed me up. I knew you were all behind me and I just cannot find words enough to express my gratitude to all of you. I knew Captain Parker and his crew lived up to the traditions of an old seafaring nation and did all I believe it was possible to save the "Flying Enterprise." I deeply regret that I was not in a position to bring her back with me, but the odds were too heavy against us. Once again, Your Worship, thanks for the welcome. I wish you sincerely to convey my most sincere thanks to all those who were behind me. Thank you.]

Captain Parker on "Turmoil" and Carlsen and Dancy at the other end of the tow-rope for 300 miles watched their chances grow brighter and for nearly forty hours they had fought to snatch victory back out of defeat.

Now, the triumphal march begins through the streets towards the Town Hall. Falmouth, home of seafaring men, pays tribute to those who have upheld the highest traditions of the sea.

In all this, it seems hard to realise that but a few hours before they were snatched from the angry seas.

Success had seemed assured when the "Flying Enterprise" had reached within thirty miles of Falmouth. Though listing badly, with her port deck awash, she still trailed slowly behind "Turmoil." Her state was no worse after 300 miles of towing and the weather seemed fair and promising. The 5-inch tow-cable was holding, but to make doubly sure, on "Turmoil" they were preparing a second.

Then the weather broke, the calm sea gave place to gale-whipped waves, whilst along the shore crowds anxiously watched for sign of the little convoy. And as they watched, far out of sight the cable snapped and "Flying Enterprise" lay at the mercy of the gale. Though swept off their feet by almost every wave, for a day and a night and into the second day Carlsen and Dancy tried to make fast another line from "Turmoil." But now the battle was lost, the end near. Now they must leave the ship.

But the naval helicopter from Guldross (sent to take off the two men) was forced back by the storm. Now seamanship alone could save those whom the sea might any moment claim.

As "Flying Enterprise" heeled right over on her side, the little craft raced through a heavy sea to save the two who must jump now or go down with the ship.

Close in Dan Parker took "Turmoil" as Carlsen and Dancy began to walk along the funnel. Nine minutes later they were safe onboard. But now the sea poured down the funnel, and "Flying Enterprise's" doom was sealed.

For fifteen days, though badly damaged, she had defied the angry might of the Atlantic; and even now, like a stricken whale, she seemed to fight to keep afloat.

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As she began her last plunge, the sea boiled and our little craft bobbed madly. The bows lifted in farewell, and as Captain Carlsen watched sadly from "Turmoil," across the waters came the last salute of the little ships.

And now, to end this saga, Captain Carlsen's story of how at long last he left the ship he had served so faithfully and well:

③ "So we decided between the two of us we would walk out on the smoke-stack, which we did, and we had lifebelts on. We jumped from the smoke-stack into the sea and swam towards the tug-boat "Turmoil," where the crew was ready to pick us up, and in less than nine minutes we were on board the "Turmoil," where we were handed some warm tea and rum, some warm clothes and then we had a very welcome rest."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I am going to sleep." ]