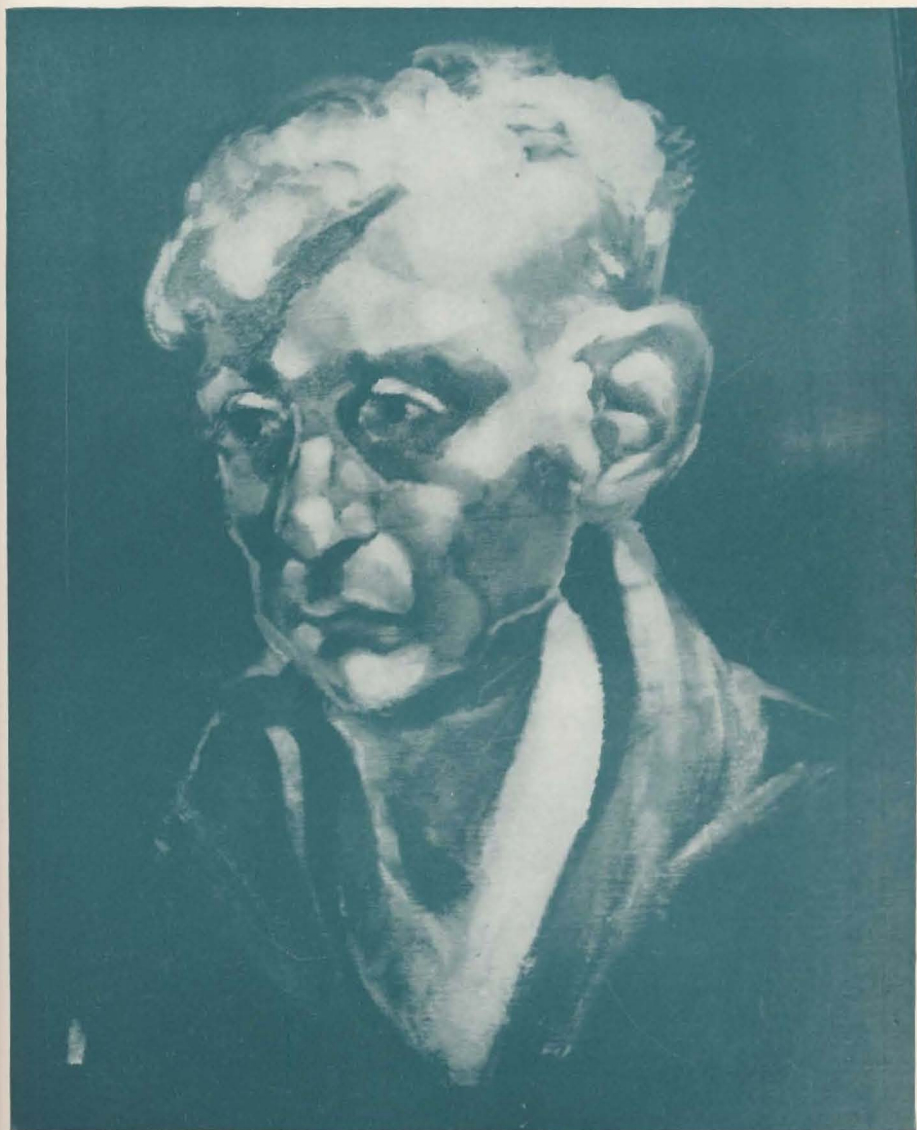


The
LOOKOUT



"The Lonely Life is Hard" – Portrait by Allan Landsman

CONTEST ISSUE: Prize winning essays, paintings and sculpture

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XL

NOVEMBER, 1949

No. 11

Sanctuary

S-eamen on the heaving deep
E-vermore Thy blessings keep;
A-lways mindful of Thy care,
M-aking every task a prayer,
E-nding trips with thanks to Thee,
N-ewly strengthened for the sea.

Chaplain John Howard Evans

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XL, NOVEMBER, 1949

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Church Institute of New York

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LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

"I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York," a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words "of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.

The photograph of the painting on the cover of this issue was taken by Capt. James E. Burns.

The Lookout

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Drawing by Norman Maffei

An able-bodied seaman, a ship's electrician, a junior engineer and a captain were the winners in the fifth annual essay contest sponsored by the Institute. The topic was: "My Most Unforgettable Sea Experience," and the judges were John Mason Brown, drama critic "Saturday Review of Literature"; Harry Hansen, Editor, World Almanac and book critic, N. Y. World Telegram, and James Folinsbee, on the editorial staff of "Coronet."

The first prize of \$25.00 was awarded to Norman Maffei, A.B. Seaman, who told of a man overboard experience on the "Santa Clara Victory"; the second prize of \$15.00 went to Ship's Electrician John F. Reynolds who described an experience on board the tanker *Sapelo* during a tropical hurricane when an AKA Navy cargo ship broke from her moorings. Third prize of \$10.00 was given to Junior Engineer Ira C. Kenney for his account of his tanker being torpedoed in the Gulf of Mexico in 1942 and of the strange premonition of an oiler. Honorable Mention of \$5.00 went to Capt. Godfrey A. Maynard.

The winning essays are published in this issue.

My Most Unforgettable Sea Experience

By Norman Maffei, A.B.

THE "Santa Clara Victory" was steaming swiftly through the calm Malacca Straits some fifty miles northwest of Singapore, while the lingering dusk was turning into darkness on the horizon. Astern, the daylight still reigned temporarily and the poker gang under the after gun-tub took advantage of the last bit of natural light. On the Number Four hatch some half a dozen of us were making the most of our nightly bull session. The eight to twelve watch were getting their last cup of coffee and the scheduled lookout on the four to eight had barely started forward. In a few moments the sudden darkness would descend as quickly as Kipling's sun would "come up like thunder out of China" the next morning.

Startled by the sudden rush of a sailor named Whipple dashing towards the ladder to the bridge, someone asked what the matter was and he lashed out a short "man overboard" as he scrambled up to the bridge. Seconds later we were on the stern where the card game lay in the form of scattered cards, account books, and coffee cups while the players excitedly lined the rail. All eyes searched frantically while the remaining life-rings were quickly hurled in the darkening gray-green waters. The waters now produced a tortured, curving wake as the "Santa Clara" started a hard turn to the starboard. Our efficient captain had not wasted any time.

Several of the card players had distinctly heard loud, terrifying

screams but had not been able to see anyone near the ship and every second the water and the sky were getting darker. The "boat station" bells sounded terribly ominous and all the crew dashed up to the boat decks where a quick, efficient roll call was taken. Luckily, none of our crew was missing but the screams had been definitely heard and some one was out there, alone and in need. The steward and I ran forward to the bow while searchlights were turned on and commenced their sweeping of the dark, cold, indifferent water. The "Santa Clara" had reversed her course exactly and now lay in the general area from which the screams had been heard. I had grabbed my field glasses and frantically swept the searchlighted area but nothing showed except the gentle, lapping waves. The night had swept over us in some short eight minutes. From the bridge the busy crew had readied a boat to starboard and were ready. The searchlight continued its task while eyes strained in all directions. My good German glasses gave me a distinct picture of the lighted area and as I looked, I heard a yell from the boatdeck, "There he is, captain, over there."

While the searchlight strained to reach the sighted human being, the picked crew was already down the side in the ship's motorboat. In the pale edge of the searchlights' beam, I could barely discern the flailing arms and dark head of a man who seemed to be inside a lifering. Someone on the deck must have had a good pair of eyes or good glasses. The shape was about five hundred feet off the starboard beam. As we saw the lifeboat turn towards the lighted spot where the white and dark blob of visible humanity seemed to be patiently waiting, we confidently felt sure of success for the ship's rescue effort. We leaned against the rail to watch the ever-developing drama, holding our binoculars calmly and talking to each other in steady voices that only a few moments before had been emotionally frantic.

Through our binoculars the sight of the little motor boat speeding into the searchlights' outer edges appeared in delicately etched reality, the men leaning forward, arms and boathooks ready and poised to pull the man out of the water. It was like a scene from a film tragedy, emotionally appealing but not quite real for some strange reason. Possibly, it was the fact that one never expected these incidents, not on his own ship, at least!

Now the lifeboat had pushed into the extreme area of the searchlights' gleaming sweep. The boatcrew appeared to have sighted its objective. As the boat seemed to close the last gap of the remaining twenty feet I watched the men ready themselves to lean over the nearby figure. The steward and I were now shoulder to shoulder, talking excitedly and praising the boat crew that we thought had rescued the man by now. At this point, the lifeboat moved across the field of vision and we saw the men standing and leaning over the lifeboat's gunwhale. They seemed to be pulling someone aboard. Joyfully, I yelled, "They've got him, They've got him."

Tense, as we suddenly realized the silence of the atmosphere, we waited for some reassuring voice to confirm what we thought our eyes had seen. Instead, a yell that held no gladness floated back to the ship across the water. It was a cold, factual message. "There's no one here, captain." It didn't seem possible and anxiously we watched the boat sweep back and forth across the spot where the man had been seen. Again the same sad yell confirmed the tragic revelation of failure. According to the boat crew's report, they had missed the man by about twenty feet and upon reaching the exact spot, had sighted nothing but agitated water; no lifering, nothing.

Quietly, unbelievably appalled, we watched the boat being raised onto its davits. We joined the crew in the mess-hall where hot coffee and the comforting presence of spared

companions awaited. As I reached the hatchway I noticed the searchlights of a British ship that had blinked "standing by" signals to us during the last few moments of the tragedy as they had steamed upon the scene. Our bridge officer blinked a short message of thanks and the "Santa Clara Victory" turned her head southeast towards the black horizon and Singapore. Behind us lay the watery grave of some man we

had hardly seen but who had been well heard, an unknown person who had the sun consented to hold on, would have certainly been rescued from his pitiful fate. Three minutes of continued daylight would have done it and we would have been a happy, proud bunch of sailors instead of a quiet group of men remembering that "time and tide wait for no man!"

My Most Unforgettable Sea Experience

By John F. Reynolds, Electrician

THE southern sky had grayed over and the early morning breeze, which had driven the humid heat over the boundaries of the land-locked harbor, had now whipped itself into gale force.

We of the engine department of the *Sapelo* stood on the bow of the tanker facing the ever-increasing winds. The past few days had been hot and turbid and we now welcomed the strong caresses of this turbulent wind. There's a refreshing feeling which a member of the black gang knows when he steps out into the freedom of the open deck that the landsman, or even the shipmate on deck, will never know. It's a feeling of wholesome freshness that cleans and revives like a new hope or a new love. The wind feels paternal yet sensuous, brisk yet kind. But this wind had outgrown its early kindness and now pressed against us with a force that made us hold to the gunnels or brace against a windlass.

We watched with curious intent the opal gray sky turn to an angry black; the alacritous movements of the seamen on nearby ships; the frisking waves mounting to a heavy swell. It was a Sunday evening and two-thirds of our crew were ashore, including the Captain, the Chief and Second engineers. The signal lights of the neighboring AKA's, LST's, and "cans" blinked with a furious rapidity, answering the messages of the shore

base which shone her eyes in their direction. With the typical sideline interest of an engine room crew we watched the mysterious doings of these "upstairs" seamen.

Although the harbor in which we anchored was partially land-locked, the waves were now mounting to a dangerous height. They were no longer the dancing white caps playing with their blue-peaked neighbors but were the angry lashings of a sea dog bitten by a hostile land wind.

Those few of us who decided to remain on deck took protection behind the gun walls of the 40 MM's. Here we could look over the side at the activity of the other vessels and occasionally at the ships directly ahead of us in this ship-crowded harbor, without interfering with our own

(Continued on Page 8)



Winners in Marine Photography Contest

THIRD Mate Bill Roberts, Ship's Cook Ben Winter, Fireman J. P. Cruze and Second Mate W. J. Boutillier won prizes in the Institute's annual Marine Photography Contest. The judges, Norris Harkness, photography editor of *The Sun*, Jacob Deschin, photography editor of *The N. Y. Times*, Dr. I. Schmidt of the Miniature Camera Club, Edward K. Warren of the Institute's Board of Managers and **THE LOOK-OUT** editor, were unanimous in selecting Bill Robert's dramatic picture entitled: "A Roaring Welter of Confused Water" showing a tanker under way in a heavy gale.

Ben Winter's "Looking Aft from the Mainyard Arm" was taken on board a sailing ship. J. P. Cruze's "Toilers of the Sea" showed two seamen sewing canvas ventilator covers with a palm and needle. W. J. Boutillier's "Anchor Man" showed a seaman painting a ship's anchor. Bill Robert's picture "Aloft" also won a prize. Each winner received \$5.00 for his picture.

The Institute sponsors a Camera Club and provides a dark room where camera fans in the Merchant Marine can print and develop their own pictures.



By Peter Cruze

Toilers of the Sea



By Ben Winter

Looking Aft from the Mainyard Arm of the "Viking," Grain Race Ship



By Bill Roberts

A Roaring Welter of Confused Water

My Most Unforgettable Sea Experience

By Ira C. Kenny, *Junior Engineer*

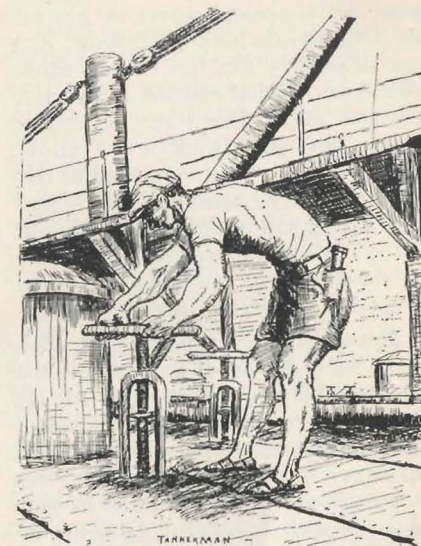
DOWN through the years memories of my most unforgettable sea experience never fail to arouse within me doubts and antagonisms concerning superstition and prescience. When questioned, I scoff at such childishness, "medieval ignorance," I scoff. "Just hokum." And yet — deep within me another voice upbraids me for my pretense. Then I pause a bit and reconsider and wonder.

My thoughts go back to July in '42 and another man. He also was (I truly believe now) afraid to speak his thoughts lest he be laughed at by shipmates. Lest we forget, those days of spring and summer of '42 were violent bloody days in the Gulf of Mexico. If you are skeptical, ask the tankermen who endured days of Hurricane-created havoc among unarmed, unconvoyed gas and oil tankers. Constant hopeless vigil by day, through corpse-strewn waters; nights lighted by flaming, sinking ships. Ships' crews, near to exhaustion physically and mentally because of the scarcity of real tanker crews, were hard and short tempered even among each other. It was all such a mad, hurly burly world. Life was very uncertain.

And in July we left the Galveston shipyards, where we acquired a gun, a shiny 5-35. It looked so powerful — We were all so proud of it and of the five navy gunners.

Walking aft as the gas tanker headed for Baytown to load, I noticed most of the off-watch crew crowded curiously about the gun. On a crudely fashioned oblong steel plate (the work of some shipyard worker) was printed with white chalk "God Be With You!" Suddenly I was a bit sick. With shaking hands I unfastened the sign and dropped it into the sea.

Fellow members of the black gang



Tankerman by Lloyd Bertrand

crowded about me, some scoffing, others mildly curious. I can't remember just how I answered them. This was to be our sixth trip across the Gulf. I was thinking of that inexorable law of averages. I was thinking about my wife and kiddies back home on that little old hill farm in Maine where lilacs grew about a sagging gate, where the trout streams rushed unhindered by power dams or even by mill wheels, and I wondered again about the silly sign and why it had upset me.

At Baytown as usual we shipped a new crew. One trip seemed to be "enough" in the Gulf at this time for most of them. On the First Assistant's watch I was glad to find that one new oiler was a regular. He was an efficient and husky chunk of a man who sang or whistled constantly about his work in the engine room while in port.

But when we were loaded and outward bound with our cargo of hi-test gas, my relief (the new man) failed to show up at 8 P.M. Both the

engineer and I had worked overtime lately until we were worn out or work-numb. "Go get him down here, Slim," he told me in a weary voice.

The new man was lying in his bunk, an unopened quart of gin on the deck beside him. I gasped, "Are you drunk?" "I'm not drunk, Slim. I don't know what ails me — exactly. I'm sick every time I see the engine room. Do you think I'm yellow, Slim?" I was so flabbergasted at this state of affairs I seized the bottle and took a real sailorman's drink myself. I stood this and three more successive watches for this new man before he came down to relieve me.

Thoughts of a hot bath and a cool, clean bunk did much to dissipate the pent-up poison within me. In my bunk I even was sorry for some of the three-syllable curses I had heaped upon my shipmate's head. Of course I couldn't fathom his trouble. In spite of it he was a cheerful, likable person. Then the wiper was shaking me and yelling, "Come below, your relief is sick again!"

I met the big man on the engine room ladder, saw below the engineer making a round with oiler's squirt can. Sweat streamed from his face. He was too weak to climb the ladder alone. I gave him a frosty stare, helped him to his room and tried to leave, but he clung to me, his eyes pleading, unable to talk. "I'm not faking, Slim," he gasped. "I'm sick with fear. Slim, I've got my death on this ship! I know!"

I broke away, hurried below to the engine room. To the engineer's look of inquiry I answered, "No the dope's not drunk — just yellow." But I knew this man was *not* the yellow type — far from it.

That night of July 9, 1942, I'll always remember as the night of nights. We were to anchor out (Navy orders) in shallow water. To every one's surprise my relief oiler was on time. He even appeared jovial and laughing. Then as I started up the ladder he walked along beside me. "You're about asleep on your feet, Slim. I

appreciate how you've helped me. You know," he continued, "we are lucky, not being able to see into the future!" Looking back down from the second engine room grating I saw him standing where I'd left him. He was staring straight ahead, a half whimsical smile about his lips. I never saw him again.

Weary as a hound dog I tumbled onto my cot, topside, near the tanker's stack. God help the wiper who must drag me out of this bed, I mused. Yet only minutes later I was snapped up in a sitting position and never more wide awake. The night was very black and very quiet. Somehow I was strangely afraid. What had awakened me? Where was this danger that threatened? I certainly could feel danger.

Now, off the starboard beam, as I watched and listened, a light appeared. Seemingly a torch was being lighted aboard a fishing craft. Then it flared up bright and clear. I wondered where our Navy gun crew was as I grabbed breathlessly for my shoes and dungarees. Should I yell out?

Then I was flying through space. Simultaneously with the thunder of the first torpedo a geyser of flame leaped into the skies, a white hot pillar of flame, searing our eyes, burning the skin from our bodies.

Screams of the dying, some being boiled alive, others fried on the steel decks, were soon drowned out by the thunderous roar and crackle of flames now covering a mile square area. Twenty-seven men died that night.

At the Coast Guard Station where we survivors were landed, I met and talked to some of my shipmates. On one stretcher was a charred and misshapen figure. The Second Engineer. I was told tersely — blind. And I pictured another Second Engineer, a handsome, blond youngster from Florida — but this — couldn't be him.

My own Engineer came over to shake hands, offering his left hand. His right was gone, I saw then. But

I never mentioned it, nor did he notice that my wounds would disable me from ever getting an engineer's ticket.

"Remember that new oiler, Slim? I saw him in the passageway as I ran aft to get overboard. A flying section of boiler plate had decapitated him. Always did a lot of wondering about that chap," he continued. "Acted to me as though he knew he'd never leave that engine room alive."

And so when I think back on those wartime experiences, I always wonder — what awakened me that night? Who hung the steel plate with its warning message? How did Joe know he was to check out that trip? Am I superstitious? No, it's all hokum — and yet —

River Rescue

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N. Y. Times, Sept. 30, 1949

Capt. C. E. Umsted, Principal of the Institute's Merchant Marine School, tells us that Billy Stillwaggon is a fine student in his course in Harbor Pilotage.

The Central Council presented him with an "award" including sweater, socks, and a comfort bag.

*His sister works for Moore-McCormack Lines.

deck crew who were now lowering a second anchor. The bos'n shouted hurried commands to the seamen. "Stow that line back aft. Get some grease on that winch! Move along, Pfeifer! Do you want us to drift out to sea stern first?"

Then we felt the slow slipping movements. We were being pulled astern fast by the wind. The anchor was giving away.

The bos'n yelled to the seamen on the winch, "let 'er go!" The anchor dropped into the sea followed by length after length of clattering chain. We now had two feet gripping into the earth below the sea.

The wind was more than whistling through the masts now. It passed through them like an angry animal, snapping and biting as it went. The ship began to rock and roll and the spray passed over the bow in heavy, spasmodic sheets. Word had now passed for the 4 to 8 watch to go below and warm up the engine. The remaining few of us stayed on deck, reveling in the excitement.

We changed our position, however, to the port wing of the bridge. Here we could view the harbor activity with an easy glance. For no perceptible reason our attention was drawn to the gray figure of an AKA, a navy cargo ship, which lay directly ahead of us in the path of the approaching hurricane.

There was little sign of life aboard her. Apparently the great majority of the crew had gone ashore for the week-end. We watched her for a few minutes before realizing that she was gradually coming nearer to us.

"She's dragging her anchor," an alert quartermaster suddenly yelled. "She's slipping towards us." There we sat like the head pin on a slippery bowling alley awaiting the crash of this 20,000 ton cargo ship.

Suddenly the AKA was no longer slipping. She was hurtling towards us at a terrifying speed. Her anchor chain had broken. She was only two thousand yards away. I was glad that we had unloaded our high octaine

cargo a few days before. But I was forgetting that the fumes left in the tanks are sometimes more dangerous than the cargo itself. The distance was now fifteen hundred yards. We had no power to steer. The engines were not warmed up yet. There wasn't even time left to lift the anchor and take a chance on sliding backwards. We were the head pin and that gray hulk of an out-of-control cargo ship was headed directly for us. The distance was now 1000 yards. For a moment there was no sound.

Then there was sound, sound of the cargo ship's steam whistle — a bleating, helpless cry like that of an animal led to slaughter. It was shrill and the thought of Gabriel's horn passed through my mind. The steam issued from the mouth of the whistle only to be whipped and dispersed like its fleeting cries.

The oiler on one side of me cursed. The fireman on the other side was muttering some ejaculation. I was too scared to do either. The distance was now 500 yards.

It was then that I noticed that all of us were pulling, pulling with our bodies, to our left side. Our frames were inclined to about a thirty degree port angle. Our fingers were clenched on a pipe railing which we were all pulling with our hands and minds. Our fingers grasped at strings of hope. She was now 200 yards away.

Then the AKA began to slide slowly to the left. We grunted with each yard she moved. I had never seen a ship look so huge and foreboding as did this one as she hurtled towards us. Our knuckles whitened as we gripped the rail and pulled more strongly to the left. She began to slip more and more to the port but her speed had increased. One hundred yards separated us. She must have been doing thirty knots. At the final dangerous moment she slipped by our side and out to sea!

Her whistle sounded again but it was no longer shrill and bleating but heavy and comforting.



To Bring Holiday Happiness

EVER since that bleak November day in 1621 when the Pilgrims observed the first Thanksgiving, this time-honored holiday has been welcomed by Americans. Perhaps the most gracious aspect of the "day of thanks" is the custom of sharing our bounty with others less fortunate.

Here at 25 South Street, we plan to serve traditional holiday dinners to at least 1,500 seamen of all nationalities, a gesture of truly American hospitality. This gesture is only made possible by the voluntary gifts of generous friends to our HOLIDAY FUND.

Dinner, music, tobacco and entertainment are scheduled for this holiday, and a similar program is planned for Christmas Day. Before you sit down to your own Thanksgiving Day feast, we hope you will ask yourself:

"What can I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"

and in the spirit of thankfulness and of sharing we hope you will send a contribution to help the Institute make these two holidays cheerful and enjoyable for seamen ashore.

"I thank thee, Lord, for strength of arm
To win my bread;
And that beyond my need is meat
For friend unfed.
I thank thee much for bread to live,
I thank thee more for bread to give."

— By Robert Davis

To lonely seafarers, to men patiently waiting for ships (in this period of serious unemployment on the waterfront), to seamen far from their own homes and families, the Institute's Holiday program will bring happiness. We are counting on your loyal and generous support.

Please make checks payable to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

designated "Holiday Fund" and send to:

25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

Prize Winners in Painting and Sculpture

IN this issue THE LOOKOUT reports the results of four of the five annual contests sponsored by the Artists & Writers Club for merchant seamen. In the "Best Portrait of a Shipmate" painting contest, judges Gordon Grant, Bertram Goodman, and Edmond James Fitzgerald, were unanimous in their choice of Allan Landsman's oil, "The Lonely Life is Hard," reproduced on the cover of this issue. The artist painted his work on ship's canvas and used ship's lead paint but that his materials did not hamper him is clear from the eloquence of his prize-winning portrait of a shipmate. Second prize winner was Captain George Grant, United Fruit Co., for "The Chief;" third prize winner was Nicholas Gullie, Bell Boy, for his "Portrait of a Captain;" and honorable mention went

to Steward Rene Cruz for his self portrait.

In the Sculpture Contest, judges Georg Lober, Alfred Van Loen, William Zorach (all well-known sculptors) and Mrs. Maximilian Elser* awarded the prizes as follows: 1st prize to a head carved of lignum vitae by cargo mate G. D. Du Tois; second prize to Chief Mate Edward Turpin for his hand-carved sea chest; third to Roy Herod, oiler, for his African primitives; and honorable mention to Radio Operator Clarence Scruggs for his exotic birds carved of Honduran mahogany.

The prize-winning essays on the topic "My Most Unforgettable Sea Experience" are printed in this issue, and prize-winning photographs submitted in the Marine Photography Contest may be seen on page 8.

*President, Village Art Center.



Photo by Dr. I. Schmidt

Mrs. Maximilian Elser, Alfred Van Loen and Georg Lober examine entries in the sculpture contest for seamen.



Edmond J. Fitzgerald, Gordon Grant, and Bertram Goodman look at the paintings before awarding prizes to seamen.

Photo by Dr. I. Schmidt

Louis Anderson, 99-year-old Danish seafaring man, poses with the second-prize-winning sea chest, entered in the sculpture contest by Chief Mate Edward Turpin, United Fruit Co.



Photo by Dr. I. Schmidt

Center, below, is the head carved of lignum vitae by G. D. Du Tois which took first prize; flanking it are the African primitives of Roy Herod, 3rd prize, and one of the exotic birds by Clarence Scruggs, honorable mention.



Photo by Capt. James E. Burns

Distinguished Visitor from Israel



Photo by Capt. James E. Burns

Mr. M. Hindes, Dr. Hall, and Franklin P. Vilas of the Board of Managers examine a rare old sextant in the Institute's collection of navigating instruments.

MR. M. HINDES, President Council of the Israel Maritime League, Haifa, and a member of the Board of Trustees, Haifa, Nautical School, visited the Seamen's Church Institute of New York recently and was taken on a tour of the building by our Director, Dr. Hall and by Franklin Vilas, representing our Board of Managers. Mr. Hindes has been interested in seamen's welfare work for many years and now that the new State of Israel is expanding its Merchant Marine, he came to this country to study methods and practices of seamen's agencies here. He discussed problems with Dr. Hall and Mr. Vilas, common to all seamen's organizations and stated

that he was most favorably impressed with the Institute's high standards and procedures in dealing with the administration of this largest shore home in the world for active merchant seamen of all nationalities and creeds.

Mr. Hindes is also a member of the Committee for the Israeli Sailors' Home, Haifa, and manager of the Anglo-Palestine Bank, Ltd. of Haifa. The Israeli Merchant Marine has purchased two Liberty-type freighters from Canada.

The Institute is frequently visited by many distinguished officials of foreign countries and seamen's welfare agencies.

Ship News

VILLIERS TEACHING SEAMANSHIP

Alan Villiers, author of ten books about his own seafaring adventures, is conducting a course on seamanship at the Outward Bound Sea School, Aberdovey, Merioneth, Wales, for teen-age boys, plying coastal waters in an eighty-ton deep-sea ketch with a crew of a dozen boys.

A SIX-HOUR YAWN

Coast Guard search and rescue activities have their lighter side.

A 19-year-old youth aboard the fishing boat *Algiers* off the California coast yawned. It was such a good yawn that he couldn't get his mouth closed again. Finally an appeal went to Coast Guard for help.

A Coast Guard plane located the *Algiers* 165 miles south of San Diego, picked up the youth and rushed him to a San Diego physician. The doctor administered an anesthetic and manipulated the dislocated jaw into place. The victim had been speechless for 6 hours.

U. S. Coast Guard Bulletin

CURE FOR SEASICKNESS

Dramamine — modern medicine's answer to seasickness — is now available without charge to passengers on all ships of the Holland-America Line, according to a company announcement. Acclaimed by physicians as at least 95% effective, the new drug is proving to be by far the best preparation yet devised for preventing and overcoming motion sickness.

"Dramamine is much better than any of the remedies that we have previously used," declared Dr. Thomas N. Cassidy, physician of the line's flagship *Nieuw Amsterdam*, and veteran of seventeen years of service with the company.

The efficacy of dramamine was dramatically revealed in a study made on an Army transport during an unusually rough crossing to Bremerhaven last year. In one group of 134 men, all of whom received dramamine as a preventative, there was not a single case of sea-sickness.



WOMAN RADIO OPERATOR LIKES SEAGOING CAREER

Miss Elizabeth Yule, who recently received her radar certificate in the Sperry School at the Institute, has been going to sea for five and a half years and wouldn't trade places with the Queen of England. Born in Hamilton, Ontario, of Scotch descent (there are several Scottish ministers in the family background), Miss Yule pursues her unusual career in spite of her mother's firm disapproval. She ships on Norwegian and Panamanian merchant ships and has seen a lot of the world. When asked how she was treated aboard ship she answered: "as if I were made of chocolate! Especially on the Norwegian ships. The men are so polite." Her favorite ports are Oslo and Hong Kong.

SEAGOING HEIFERS

The United States Lines freighter *American Importer* carried the first shipment of 70 heifers to be sent to Germany under the auspices of the Heifer Project Committee, which aids displaced persons and war refugees.

The heifers, contributed by American farmers, which are pure bred animals of leading dairy breeds, will be assigned to individual families who have been relocated on farm lands.

The Heifer Project, originally sponsored by the Brethren Service Committee now includes among others the Evangelical and Reformed Church, American Baptist Home Mission Society, Mennonite Central Committee, Rural Life Association, Fellowship of Reconciliation.

BARGE CAPTAIN RESCUED BY GOOD SEAMANSHIP

The tug *John E. McAllister* of the McAllister Lighterage Line of New York was hove to off Norfolk, Va. with a heavy tow in a gale, after completing a rare rescue.

Beating northward from Florida with the barges *Lake Forge* and *Lake Frumet*, the tug ran into heavy weather and found high winds all night.

Capt. Clarence Craig, master of the towboat, reported by radio telephone yesterday that during the night the captain of the *Frumet* was washed overboard. The tow at that time was off Cape Hatteras.

Captain Craig had to hold on to his two charges, but he managed to maneuver the tug toward the barge captain, who was kept in sight with searchlights. An hour later he picked the man up.

"We are giving him hot lemonade," Captain Craig reported. "He seems to be okay."

"I don't know how he did it, but it was a real feat of seamanship," Mr. McAllister said.

BROWNIE — THE DOG WITHOUT AN OWNER

Readers may remember the story in the newspapers about "Brownie" (See May 1949 LOOKOUT) the dog who keeps a lonely vigil on the Esso Standard docks at Linden, N. J., for the return of his seaman-owner. It turns out that Chief Engineer Sigvold Falvik is not "Brownie's" master.

The Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau has had a letter from the sister of Sigvold Falvik. He asked her to write to us in reference to our inquiries about the dog "Brownie." She states that her brother wants us to know that the dog in New Jersey is not his dog and never did belong to him. She further states that Mr. Falvik's dog, Dicksie, was put to death before the SS *Thorunn* left for Halifax during August of last year.

It looks as if our letter sent to Mr. Falnes in care of Cardiff, Wales, was received by him on the SS *Bransfield* operating in the Antarctic whaling grounds off the Peruvian Coast.

It's been a long way round — and Brownie still doesn't have a master.

THE MATE'S MATE

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NO HAY FEVER AT SEA

One popular remedy for hay fever, in the opinion of some people who have tried it, is an ocean voyage. Leo E. Archer, general passenger traffic manager of Moore-McCormack Lines, reports that several persons who suffer from pollen allergies, and who a year ago traveled by ship to South America, communicated with him on the matter of sailing dates in early August. They explained that they had felt such relief last year that they wanted to make the trip again. This appears to be particularly true of people living in the Middle West.

The clear, sea air, free from the many particles of dust and pollen which usually irritate hay fever sufferers, is a welcome relief to these people. The ships travel in a sea lane well away from land, and the wind apparently does not carry these irritating elements very far.



CAPT. FRIED'S NOTABLE CAREER

NOTABLE North Atlantic rescues are recalled by the death, at the age of 71, in New York, of Capt. George Fried, formerly a well-known master of United States Lines' ships.

The deed which made him internationally famous was his rescue in January, 1926, of the crew of the British steamer *Antioe*. His seamanship in locating the sinking vessel, which had drifted far from the position given by her radio officer, and his standing by the ship for three days in one of the most gruelling storms on the Atlantic, were features of the rescue. His efforts were finally rewarded on the fourth day, when the sea had calmed enough to launch a boat, and the 25 members of the crew of the steamer were brought safely aboard the liner *President Roosevelt*.

Room Numbers 826 and 827 at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York were given in memory of Uno Wirtenan and Fritz Steger, members of the crew of the S.S. *Roosevelt* who gave their lives for their fellow seamen.

For this deed he was awarded the Navy Cross by the United States Government, a gold medal from the British Government and Lloyd's Silver Medal for Saving Life at Sea.

Two years later, when in command of the liner *America*, he went to the aid of the Italian cargo ship *Florida*, and under extremely difficult circumstances successfully rescued 32 men. For this he was awarded decorations from the Italian and the United States Governments.

In November, 1930, Capt. Fried answered the S.O.S. of the Swedish vessel *Ovidia*, and as master of the *George Washington*, he answered an S.O.S. from the cargo ship *Ambridge* to transfer a fireman critically ill to the *George Washington*, where the ship's hospital saved the man's life.

In 1934, Capt. Fried was appointed by President Roosevelt as supervising inspector of the United States Department of Commerce, and later district marine inspector of the United States Coast Guard, from which position he retired in August, 1946.

SIR GALAHAD, the ship's figurehead over the Institute's main door, gets a fresh coat of paint. Sitting in a bosun's chair, a workman touches up the high-lights in silver, gold, and scarlet. Sir Galahad's origin is still a mystery.

BENEFIT REPORT



The Institute's President, Clarence G. Michalis, greets Florence Eldridge and Frederic March, stars of the "Christopher Columbus" motion picture at the benefit premiere on October 11th at the Victoria Theatre.

Proceeds of the benefit totalled \$3,607.00. We are grateful to our loyal friends for their generous support and to J. Arthur Rank Film Corp. and Universal Pictures for their cooperation.

STAMP COLLECTORS!

The Institute wants to thank all those LOOKOUT readers who responded to the story about the Ft. Stanton Marine Hospital Stamp Club by sending in collections of stamps for the patients there. The men are so grateful for these gifts of stamps. Some were also sent to the Marine Hospital at Neponsit, Long Island, and the Chief Occupational Therapist wrote to us to say how much they mean to their seafaring patients. We can use more. Address: Central Council, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.



Book Reviews

THE WIND IS FREE

By Frank A. Wightman

Photographs by Graham Young

Duell, Sloane & Pearce, \$3.75

This reader was so delighted with Frank A. Wightman's *THE WIND IS FREE*, that he made a special pilgrimage to the publishers to try to find out something about the reticent author and was fortunate in meeting Frank Wightman himself. This story of the cruise of two friends, Frank Wightman and Graham Young in a very home-made but sturdy 34-foot yawl from Capetown to Port of Spain is a new saga of the tenacity and resiliency of those men who have pitted their resourcefulness against the sea. "The legend-haunted sea" spoke "imperiously to the audacity that sleeps in the heart of man" as it does to all who challenge its strength. Deluged by rains, beaten about by mountainous seas, struggling endless weary days almost without rest and food, yet finding poetry, beauty, some of life's deeper meanings in all these soul-wracking trials they made their way to St. Helene, to Ascension, Fortalosa, Georgetown, (where they were nearly wrecked by a police boat) and finally to Trinidad and victory. Throughout the book there is the writer's thoughtful yet boyish awareness and delight in all the little sensations and experiences of the many days and trials, things that stir up old memories in the reader of his own, lesser sea experiences and give them new meaning. Let no lover of the sea, whether yachtsman, seaman, wartime castaway or rocking-chair dreamer pass this book by. The impelling reason can be found only in the book itself.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

PERHAPS I'LL BE A SAILOR

By Ray Bethers, *Lt. Comm. U.S.N.R.*

Aladdin Books, N. Y., \$1.75

Simple diagrams, sprightly illustrations in a lively shade of blue, and terse descriptions combine to make this little book a real bargain for \$1.75. The duties and training of officers in the Merchant Marine and Navy, the purpose of Radar and Loran, the explanation of navigation and seamanship are some of the things discussed and illustrated. International code flags are reproduced in full color. For good measure the "secret" of putting ships inside bottles is charmingly illustrated. Here's a gift book for every lad who wants to know more about the sea and ships. It proves that authenticity of text need not be dull.

MDC

SOCCER CUP TOURNAMENT FOR SEAMEN

The International Seamen's Recreation committee has sent out invitations to ships of all flags to enter the Atlantic Soccer Cup tournament. Prize is the Caroline De Lancey Cowl Challenge Trophy which was won by many famous ships before the war put an end to tournament play between ships' crews. The name of each winning ship is engraved on the silver trophy.

Active in the promotion of seamen's recreation and the tournament are Dr. James C. Healey, Seamen's Church Institute; Rev. P. H. Baagoe, Danish Seamen's Mission; J. R. Simpson, British Merchant Navy Welfare Office; Otho J. Hicks, United Seamen's Service; Harry Nilsson, Norwegian Government Welfare Office for the Merchant Marine; Daniel Bunney, Y.M.C.A. Seamen's House; Rev. O. Gnospelius, Seamen's Mission of the Church of Sweden, Milton Miller, Sports Editor *SOCCER MAGAZINE*, and others.

CADETS AT KING'S POINT

By Ray Morse

Aladdin Books, N. Y., \$2.50

It didn't take Salty, Stanton and Pederson long after their entrance into the United States Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point on Long Island Sound to get hep to the fact that life would be tough there. But how tough it would be for them in particular because of the dirty work of Anderson, a certain football star, they had to learn later. But though they were misrepresented, discredited and despised by their fellows they stuck to their jobs like the good captains they hoped some day to be and through sheer force of character, patience and determination to win through.

Ray Morse has written with understanding both of Academy life and of the sort of struggles, loyalties and adventures boys love to read about. A fine book for the younger high school lads—and maybe for the older ones too.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

Marine Poetry

PEDESTRIAN VOYAGE: SOUTH STREET

Down South Street and across Coenties Slip
He strode, and no one needed to be told
That he was outbound with the tide; he rolled
A little, like a well-stowed cargo ship,
His dungarees gave brine-stained heel and hip
A youthful swagger, but his face looked old
And wore a grin aggressive as a bold Soliloquy of curses on his lip.
He breathed the sea, a tang well to my liking;
I followed him along the waiting piers,
And thought of chantey-men and Lief the Viking,
And heard a far surf sounding in my ears.
Then, suddenly, a harbor whistle blowing
Said he was gone and I would not be going.

By CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN
New York Times, Sept. 9, 1949

SEA LOVER

He will go back to the sea again,
Where a man can pull his weight;
Can hear the clank of an anchor chain
And stand his watch with fate.
He will go back to that busy port
Where the freighters dock and load —
Time is wasting and time is short
When there's cargo to be stowed.
Give him a deck that's half awash,
And the old propeller's churn;
The steady sound of the ground-swell's slosh
And a good swift wind astern.
There's something about a pulsing wave
That's music in the heart.
He will go back to the sea again,
Where a man can play his part.

By DOROTHY QUICK

ONLY SEA GRASS

Plant green dune grass
On the grave,
Let it glisten
Like a wave.
Holding moonbeams
And the sun,
Shining halo —
Life begun.
Dune grass will grow
Bravely bright
Bring the sea there
Day and night.
Only sea grass
Keeps out cold;
True sea-lovers
Earth can't hold.

DOROTHY QUICK
Published in Weird Tales

INTERNATIONAL CONTEST TO FIND BEST SEA POEMS

In a search for poems about ships and seamen, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is sponsoring a Marine Poetry Contest which will be open to landsmen as well as to merchant seamen in every country in the world. Prize money has been donated and first prize for the best sea poem will be \$100.00; second prize is \$50.00; and third prize is \$25.00. The judges are: Gustav Davidson, Louise Townsend Nicol, A. M. Sullivan, Dorothy Quick and Marjorie Dent Candee. Publication of the winning poems will be in the Institute's monthly magazine, *THE LOOKOUT*, and will also be included in a contemplated *Sea Anthology*.

Contestants are asked to send typed copies of their poems in triplicate, and to retain a copy as no poems will be returned. Poems must be in English and should be no more than 32 lines in length, and subject matter should be the sea, ships and merchant seamen. Free, blank or rhymed verse may be submitted. The closing date of the Contest is April 1, 1950, and poems should be mailed to Marine Poetry Contest, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South St., New York 4, N. Y. Contestants should include name and address and state that the poems submitted are original and never before published.

For many years the Institute has conducted an annual Marine Poetry Contest for seamen, and each month publishes a page of sea poetry in *THE LOOKOUT*. This is the first time the Contest has been opened to landsmen as well as seafarers.

ATLANTIC SHORE

(*Slow Tide*)

Ruysdael painted such a sea,
Turner such a sky,
With all the loneliness of me,
And all the cry.
As though, with such immensities,
The heart were one —
With all that strives and all that grieves
Under the sun.
I watch the swirling of the sea
Against the deep blue dome,
And know that soon I too shall be
Earth, air and foam.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON

Reprinted from:
N. Y. Herald Tribune, Aug. 31, 1949

The MERCHANT MARINE "DELIVERS the GOODS"

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IMPORTS

C OFFEE from Brazil
A NTIMONY from China
R UBBER from Malay
G ASOLINE from Arabia
O RE from South America
E MBROIDERIES from Puerto Rico
S HIPS BRING THESE.

EXPORTS

C ATTLE from Kansas
A UTOMOBILES from Michigan
R EFRIGERATORS from New York
G RAIN from Iowa
O IL from Texas
E NGINES from Pennsylvania
S HIPS CARRY THESE.

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Photos courtesy Moore-McCormack Lines

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Dedicated to the Welfare of the Men

Who Carry the Cargoes of the World