

THE LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI

NOVEMBER, 1950

No. 11



Thanksgiving

By Joseph Auslander

We thank Thee for our daily bread;
For faith by which the soul is fed;
For burdens given us to bear;
For hope that lifts the heart's despair.
We thank Thee, Lord, for eyes to see
The truth that makes, and keeps, men free;
For faults — and for the strength to mend them;
For dreams — and courage to defend them.
We have so much to thank Thee for,
Dear Lord; we beg but one boon more:
Peace in the hearts of all men living,
Peace in the whole world this Thanksgiving.

From "THIS WEEK"

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI, NOVEMBER, 1950

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Church Institute of New York

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by the

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THIS MONTH'S COVER is from the painting "Down Easter" by Charles Robert Patterson, courtesy of the Grace Log.

The big three skys'l yarder, *M. P. Grace*, is shown setting sail outside Sandy Hook during the 1890's starting out on her long passage around the Horn to San Francisco. The average passage was about 120 days. Captain Arthur H. Clark, author of "The Clipper Ship Era" was a passenger on the *M. P. Grace* when she was wrecked off the Virginia Capes where she was riding out a severe hurricane with two anchors. All her passengers and crew were taken off safely.

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Books That Will Go to Sea

Robert K. Straus, Publisher of "OMNIBOOK," donated 25,000 issues to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. The Institute's Director, Dr. Raymond S. Hall, accepted them in behalf of the thousands of seamen who will receive them on board ships. Distributed through the Conrad Library to crews of freighters and tankers of all flags, these books will help to while away off-duty time on long voyages to the Far East. Also in the picture are Chief Electrician David McMullen and A.B. Seaman R. L. O'Harrow.

Among the books condensed in the "OMNIBOOKS" which have been donated are: "The Parasites," by Daphne du Maurier; "All the Ships at Sea," William J. Lederer; "Word Power Made Easy," Norman Lewis; "This I Remember," Eleanor Roosevelt; "The Art of Real Happiness," Norman Vincent Peale and Smiley Blanton; "Beau James," Gene Fowler; "The Autobiography of Will Rogers," Donald Day and "The Young Lions," by Irwin Shaw.



The Library needs books. Please send to Conrad Library, 25 South Street.

Recollections of the "Balasore"



Figurehead of the *Balasore* now at the Marine Historical Association at Mystic, Conn. Obtained by Curator Carl Cutler from West Redonda Island, British Columbia.

A lithograph of two square-riggers docked in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge shown in the window of the Jean Bohne gallery at 17 East 48th Street was in large measure responsible for this article. The lithograph is entitled "The *Bangalore* at South Street 1898," and the ship's name held the attention of a young man who had often heard his father speak of a ship he had sailed on in his youth, the *Balasore*. (Although the ships' names were somewhat similar they were not owned by the same company). He told his father, Mr. John T. Fairhurst, who called at the gallery and purchased the lithographic print, and some time later met the artist, Charles R. Patterson.

On comparing notes, it was soon found that the Messrs. Fairhurst and Patterson had been in Calcutta at the same time, Mr. Fairhurst on the *Balasore* and Mr. Patterson on the British ship *Kentmere*. The year was 1892 when over 150 square-riggers were moored at the buoys in the Hoogly river.

The *Balasore* was a large four-masted bark of 2,561 tons, owned by Eyre, Evans & Co. of Liverpool.

Last year the figurehead of the *Balasore* was recovered in West Redonda Island, British Columbia by Mr. Carl Cutler, curator of the Marine Historical Museum at Mystic, Connecticut, where it may now be seen.

Recently, THE LOOKOUT editor interviewed Mr. Fairhurst who told some revealing anecdotes about the "good old days" of sail. He went to sea from 1889 to 1895 and then came ashore to go into the building business.

Mr. Fairhurst remembered visiting the Institute's Floating Chapel in 1895. "I also recall," he said, "how Capt. Lloyd of the *Balasore*, a devout Baptist, always made us 'holystone' the decks so they shone white for Sunday services on board. On one voyage we sailed into New York harbor in sleet and snow. It was February 4, 1895, and we couldn't get the big mains'l in so we had to cut it away. The next day I went ashore and purchased a copy of the old New York Herald and started to read an

account of a ship having difficulties coming into the harbor in a blinding snowstorm. I thought to myself, 'I wouldn't want to be on that ship!' Suddenly it dawned on me that the Herald reporter was describing my own ship!"

Mr. Fairhurst's first ship was the 420 ton three-masted barque, *River Thames*, in which he sailed as apprentice in 1889 down the river Clyde to Freemantle. Because the mate was vicious he and another lad decided to run away. An old sailor helped the two youngsters, and one night they took a large bottle of water and some cabin biscuits and hid in a cave until the *River Thames* sailed. Later, the ship was reported lost with all hands! Such are the mysterious workings of Fate. Mr. Fairhurst and his companion stayed in the cave for eight days but when they emerged the police arrested them. "The Captain of your ship, before he sailed, reported you were missing." Since they were apprenticed for four years to the Line, the going might have been serious for the boys, but the judge, hearing their report of such ill-treatment aboard, dismissed the case.

"That mate on the *River Thames* not only nearly starved us," he continued, "but he made us parade up and down the poop deck for hours until we got so sleepy we could hardly stand. Once I fell asleep in a coil of rope and the Captain and Mate searched for me for hours."

Mr. Fairhurst then went prospecting for gold, learned to be a good cook, and finally returned to England on the *Glencoyne*. On the *Balasore's* next voyage, at the request of Captain Lloyd, who had heard of his culinary skill, he signed on as steward. At the end of this voyage, he married and joined his father and grandfather in the building business, and today heads a company of his own.

"I recall the bully beef in seven pound cans, the casks of beef and pork preserved in brine which were opened after three years. What a horrible odor! And the biscuits which were so hard you had to soak them in sea water. Yes, there were maggots inside—and there were weevils in the flour! You would just scrape them off casually and eat the biscuits."

"The trip on the *Balasore* took five months from Calcutta to Dunkirk. She was a new ship so we couldn't press her. On the *Glencoyne* we ran out of butter, and short of water so that we were limited to one pint of water every 24 hours and 14 ounces of sugar a week until we got to St. Helena where we replenished our water tanks.

"All that was a long time ago, but I can still remember climbing the rigging barefooted, and getting our lime juice each day to prevent scurvy. And I can still hear the chantes sung as we worked."

Winners in Seamen's Photography Contest



Photo by S. L. Stein, 2nd Mate, Grace Line
Santa Barbara II

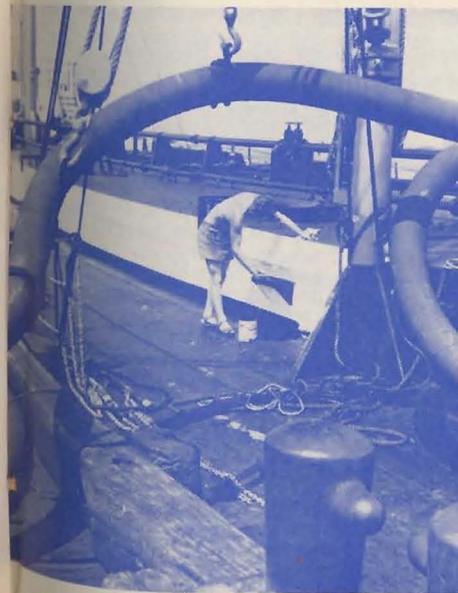


Photo by Capt. James Burns

"Swing That Paintbrush!"



Photo by Chris Hansen

"Painting the Mast of the Iran"



Photo by P. J. Rehberger

"Shipmate"



Photo by Seaman Roy Herod

S.S. San Jose in a Tropic Harbor

Judges of this Photography Contest were Dr. I. Schmidt of the Miniature Camera Club, frequent prize-winner himself in many national contests; Fred Hamel, President of the Professional Photographers' Club of New York, and THE LOOKOUT editor.

Westward Ho! Part 2

By Cadet-Midshipman Frederick M. Kipp 3/C

Experiences of a Kings Point Cadet aboard the cargo vessel President Buchanan. (American President Lines)

(Compiled from letters and postcards sent to his father.)

PASSED Corregidor yesterday, when we were coming into Manila. Worked on and off all day with the First, putting hydrostatic tests on the deep tanks, which are to be filled with cashew nut oil. There is a large mountain on the horizon, its head in the clouds; the harbor outside the breakwater is filled with half-submerged rusted hulks. War damage is still everywhere in Manila, but the good movies and the snazzy jeeps which are all around the place make it look Americanized . . . British colonies are very well kept and clean, with nice docks, and houses and mansions dotting the hills and islands; Singapore is no exception. Saw Betty Grable in the Capitol Theatre and had my first malted milk in more than a month. Had a bull session with two engine cadets from the *Oregon Mail*. Our afterdeck is cluttered with jeeps, apparently surplus war goods which have been sold. . . . Port Swettenham is a whistle stop a long way from the sea up a narrow channel. In the moonlight it looked like the Panama Canal and smelled a great deal

like the Adirondacks in the summertime. The port is small but neat, and is reportedly owned by one of the big American rubber companies.

The stay here is only twelve hours. Time enough to take on a cargo of bouncing rubber and deep tanks full of latex. We are heavy again and the draft is picking up after being a propeller-thrashing fifteen feet. Saw a native soccer game played in bare feet. Ouch! This New Year's Eve is a far cry from last year back home. . . . The trip around the top of Sumatra and across the Bay of Bengal was smooth and fine. Got ashore last evening in Penang and the hours spent there can be summed up in a few words. The picture "Little Women," the transportation was "Trishaw" and the quickie dance before catching the midnight ferry was "rumba." . . . Colombo has no docks although it seems to be a good sized city. From the ship it looks a lot like Havana. The many ships are all moored in lines to big buoys. Had a half swim at a very nice beach about a half

hour's tram ride outside the town. . . . The other day the entire plant went dead for three minutes when the only generator on the line kicked out. When the lights went on again—and not all over the world either—the engine room contained all of the engineers, most of them nude. . . . Only a twelve-hour stop at Cochin which is comparable to Swettenham. The country is flat and very hot. During the early evening we went for a dip in the pool at the Malabar Hotel—very nice! . . . I recently had to make twenty brass bolts on the lathe in one day, and now I am in sympathy with an automatic screw machine. . . . Bombay was the nuts and way beyond expectations. Got around a lot and saw many of the biggest and best buildings of which there are many, including the Gateway to India Monument and the Taj Mahal Hotel. Saw a movie in almost every port so far; in fact I saw more American films than I see at home. We were approached by some sinister looking characters in the Museum Gardens—corn and cuticle removers and ear cleaner-outers. . . .

On the way to Karachi we ran into plenty of flying fish all around. One evening when we were talking on the boat deck, one landed on the deck at our feet. It wasn't thrown there, but it flew there; It really was amazing how it ever got that far. Got up in the middle of the night to observe the switching to the auxiliary plant; stood by until dawn. The camels in Karachi are the funniest looking creatures I have ever seen and they look hurt when you laugh at them. Gave one a race on a bicycle against the wind and it was rough! . . . No chance to go ashore at the canal ports. Some contrast at Suez. The water looked like a Florida pool, and the land like a parched desert. The bright light which is used in the "Suez Canal Davit" illuminated both sides of the Canal in transit, and the flock of gulls flying around in the patch of light made a weird and unreal appearance. . . . Arrived at Port Said on the other end of the Canal itself, as the entire 88-mile passage was made at night. The Third had me start up the entire plant including cutting in the idle boiler for port operation, the process takes about three hours—and I did it all—I'll be an engineer yet! . . . It has been cold since about half way up the Red Sea. . . . Few of the crew ventured ashore at Alexandria where the populace is reported downright unfriendly. It was reported that the chief cook even lost his shirt off his back when ashore on the last trip. The sheet-wrapped characters here are not lacking in voice, however, and at times it sounds like the chorus from "Mule Train." . . . Due in Naples at 0300 this morning. The isle of Stromboli is astern now spitting some occasional fire. Saw Mt. Etna off to port this afternoon way in the distance. Was on the flying bridge during



the passage through the Messina Strait. It is narrow, Messina and Reggio were very close. Everything was serene and beautiful. . . . Marseille for 22 hours only. . . . The Mediterranean stops are all quickies. Chateau D'If in the harbor. Went ashore especially to buy some perfume but ran into a feed so good and with so many courses, I had to cut short the shopping tour. . . . Picked up some "Christmas Night" and "Evening in Paris" just the same. . . . Back to Genoa and took the train ride to Livorno. It is only about a three-hour trip. The country is beautiful and real Italian looking as expected. There is much war ruin still apparent. Bought some liquor-filled candies in Genoa as souvenirs. . . . Livorno the last of these four ports is the best of them all. The city is messy in spots, but the few replaced buildings are real sharp. Had a lot of spaghetti, Chianti, Bordeaux, salami, Italian bread and cheese. Delicious! Did not visit Pompeii on account of rain that day, but saw the Leaning Tower of Pisa from the train when we passed through there. We are loaded to the ears again, including Italian marble; in just a few more hours will embark on the final westward leg of this voyage, and in eleven days or so we will be passing the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. . . . This has all been a terrific experience and I appreciate how regular everyone has been, and this isn't even reminiscing time as yet—there were few toes stepped on and plenty of laughs. It all serves to give a greater appreciation of everything we have and everything I have, Westward Ho! And Home!

Reprinted from "Polaris"



Miniature Frigates

BUILT from surplus whale boats under the supervision of Carl M. J. von Zielinski, two famous historic names are perpetuated in the "Constitution" and the "Guerriere" reproductions which had a mock battle during the Washington Sesquicentennial celebration in the Tidal Basin. Lt. Commander von Zielinski is an old hand at building miniature square-riggers, his first having been seen by crowds at the N. Y. World's Fair in 1939. The replica of America's famous frigate "Old Ironsides" was manned by six bluejackets from the U. S. Naval Gun Factory, and another six bluejackets manned the miniature antagonist, the British ship "Guerriere." Under the Commander's painstaking

tutelage the sailors assigned to "operation 1812" were taught the intricacies of 19th century rigging and all the details of sailing known by square rig sailors.

With jibs, staysails, spanker and square sails on the fore-main and mizzen masts the two 26 ft. boats carry twice the area of sail of the ordinary fore-and-afters.

The battles were conducted under sail alone and each engagement was reproduced in strict accordance with historic records in the Navy's archives.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The "Constitution" won the "battle" each time following the official Navy records and confirmed by the British records.

MINIATURE SQUARE-RIGGERS IN ACTION

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Courtesy Commander Carl von Zielinski and the Washington Daily News

In a Spirit of Thankfulness:

In a spirit of thankfulness, and in a spirit of sharing, will you celebrate Thanksgiving Day this year? Thankful that you live in America, and because of that privilege wanting to share your blessings with your fellowmen.

Here at the Institute, we plan to entertain at least 1,200 merchant seamen on this family holiday. Men who will be far from their own homes, or for whom "25 South Street" is their only home; men just off the ships which carry vital fuel, "beef and bullets" to the Far East; men just out of hospital and men looking for jobs. All these will understand the meaning of Thanksgiving if you and other loyal friends will make it possible for us to serve them with the traditional turkey dinner, as well as music and movies and entertainment.

On Christmas Day, too, our time-honored custom is to serve between 1,200 and 1,500 seamen with a bountiful holiday dinner with "all the fixin's," a Christmas box containing many useful items, and a program of Carol singing, movies and other activities. For seamen in hospitals we also plan cheery gifts, brought to them by our chaplains.

YOUR contribution to the Institute's HOLIDAY FUND will make these two holidays happier ones for these seafarers who appreciate kindness and friendliness such as they find here. We would like to welcome them — in your name — on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Please make checks payable to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK and mail to Holiday Fund, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

LET US REMEMBER OUR MERCHANT SEAMEN WHO FORGE THE LIFE-LINES OF SUPPLY AND ARE ESSENTIAL TO OUR COUNTRY'S COMMERCE AND DEFENSE.

A "JOLLY BOAT" FOR A CRADLE

Among the unusual nautical items at the Institute is a "Jolly"* boat which was built about 1870 in the boat shop of George Alexander on South Street by one of his journeymen.

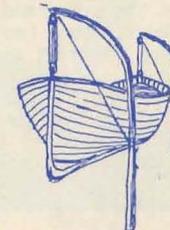
The boat was fitted with red velvet cushions and mounted on a brass frame to swing from it as a cradle for the newly arrived Alexander twins. It was built exactly to scale and the best of material and conscientious workmanship went into it. It is clinker-built of three woods, with brass brads, a hinged rudder, rudder-chain, detachable brass rowlocks, and a little brass ring under one of the seats to which provisions in oil-skin could be secured. Later the cushions were removed and the boat was lowered to its present wooden stand. It was tried out on the waters of the Harlem River and was found seaworthy.

This little jolly-boat became a treasured heirloom of the eldest daughter, May Louise Alexander Doyle, whose own daughter complied with her mother's request and about 1941 presented it to the Seamen's Church Institute so that it could go back to South St. It campaigned in World War II in three Fifth Avenue stores for worn fur garments to be recut into vests for merchant seamen.

A lawyer on William Street, when he saw it a year or two ago in a show window on Beaver Street, recalled it as the boat in the home he used to visit with his parents when he was a little boy and into which he would be lifted to sit and hold the oars.

Small as it is, it should be an inspiration to conscientious building in more lines than watercraft. Under the seat, tangible but unseen by mortal eyes, is an embossed brass ring, the handsomest procurable, recalling the care that went into the architecture of the Greeks, often with beautiful detail hidden and sealed up, that their art might be a worthy gift to the gods, "who," Longfellow reminds us, "see everywhere."

MARGUERITE ALEXANDER RHOADS-DOYLE
* "Jolly" boat derives from the Danish, "jolle" pronounced "yawll," and in this latter spelling coming over into English.



Things Might Be Worse

By Buris Jenkins, Jr.

Editor's note: Philip Wold, the A.B. seaman who wrote this poem, lost a leg in World War II when his ship was torpedoed. Following is an account of his experiences.

THANK GOD

Thank God for a tree that lets me walk
And meet dear friends with whom I talk,
Thank God for safely guiding me
Through submarine infested sea.
It matters not the bitter cost,
It matters not my limbs were lost,
Other men have given much more
To keep the tyrants from our shore.
Thank God and may we bravely stand
To always fight for this brave land.
God bless our country, brave and true,
God bless our flag, red, white and blue.
By PHILIP WOLD, A. B. Seaman.

HE was swallowing hot coffee in the mess room—it was bitter cold on deck—when the explosion occurred . . .

Carefully the older man set the cup down and started for his stateroom, not hurrying exactly, but not wasting time either. When you've spent 13 years at sea you don't over-excite yourself even at a time like this.

"Nothing can happen to a fellow," he always says, "but what it could be a whole lot worse."

In the dark stateroom Philip Wold chooses his gear with methodical awareness of the North Atlantic in January—heavy clothes, sweaters, caps, gloves, life-jacket and his papers. He even puts the key to the stateroom in his pockets—"I don't know why"—then climbs to his boat station . . .

Alone on the boat deck, he sees the davits swinging empty over the black sky, far below the port lifeboat tossing in the heavy seas, the boat full of sailors and half-full of water and the fall-lines fouled in the hooks, and over all the gritty smoke from the broken stack sickened with the stench of an exploded torpedo.

"No room for me there!" he decides and, rushing to the starboard rail, slides down the fall-lines to the boat below. It contains his captain, the chief engineer, the second mate, the second and third engineers, the radio operator, two Brazilian messboys, and ten merchant seamen like himself.

They wait a few minutes before casting off the lines. Finally Wold says to the Captain, "Ain't it more'n likely they'll put another torpedo into her since she's sinking so slow, sir?"

"They will," says the Captain and orders the sail set.

Fifty yards away, another torpedo drives into the ship exactly where the lifeboat had been lying against the hull at the engine room. They hear and feel the concussion as the boilers go up, and the whole stern of the freighter rises almost straight in the air as she dives slowly, bow first, her whistle blasting mournfully from escaping steam "like a signal of good-bye . . ."

Darkness and cold now settle on the survivors, most of them nauseated from the fumes of high explosive.

Huddled in motionless misery, they sit shivering in what clothing they have as icy spray coats bowed heads and shoulders. One of the messboys and a sailor are barefooted. The messboy had been sick with a cold and came direct from his bunk to the boat without waiting for shoes . . .

Wold and a seaman named Larsen cut up a raincoat to make "booties" for the barefoot men. Then they get busy bailing, "figuring that the best way to keep from freezing is to keep moving."

Larsen has only light shoes on, so he stands on a seat while Wold, wearing rubber sea-boots, stands in the bilge to hand up the bucket. The captain is at the tiller and once Wold asks him how far is the nearest land.

"About 200 miles," says the Captain, "to the coast of Newfoundland." And he steers what he believes is in that direction.

The chief engineer hands out bundles of clothing from a sea-bag, knitted sweaters, gloves and stocking caps. The wind is too strong for sailing. The captain orders sail lowered and they ride out the night on a sea-anchor.

From bailing, Wold's fur-lined gloves become soaked. He wrings them out and gives them to one of the messboys in the bow. He gives an extra pair of woolen socks to a seaman without gloves to pull over his hands. Also an extra stocking cap to one of the officers.

At daylight, they break open a can of corned beef and one of the water casks. The latter is frozen. They dip the water from the middle of the ice with a can. To save matches, one cigaret is lit and passed down the line to light the others. It's still murky and blowing and bitter cold, but they hoist sail and go on . . .

Wold's shipboard room-mate was a little Jewish boy, Abie, from New York. Wold tries to get Abie to bail, but "the frost has already got into him." Wold gives him chocolates he'd saved from Halifax. The boy is "like he's paralyzed and sleepy."

Larsen and Wold makes a stove from a cracker tin. They feed it with wood from the sides of the boat. Chipped ice from the water barrel they heat in the

*Reprint from JOURNAL-AMERICAN.
Oct. 21, 1943

corned beef. Unfortunately Larsen stirs with a "paint stick, but it's good just the same. It's hot!"

Late that day Larsen and Wold notice two men strangely silent. Not wishing to alarm the others they slip over after dark and examine them for heartbeats. They are dead. Larsen and Wold slide them quietly overside with only a muttered "God bless you" for burial service. One of these is little Abie . . .

That night the sea-anchor breaks and the captain just lets the boat drift. He has been very quiet, but if he is cold he doesn't mention it . . .

It's a bad night. With seas pouring over, it's hard to rest even under the canvas. Wold doesn't dare fall asleep. He hears Larsen pounding his feet on the seat beside him so he exercises his own freezing hands by kneading Larsen's feet back to life.

During the night Wold goes up to see the boys in bow. One, a giant weighing 350 pounds, named Joe, a former burlesque comedian from Buffalo, tries to help bail. But his belt breaks and he can't keep his pants from falling down. He goes back to his seat in the bow and falls asleep. A little Brazilian kid up there says "I no afraid to die." Wold gives him a piece of ice to chew on. He thinks the kid is feverish . . .

Next morning they sail through flurries of sleet. When passing the cigarets around the carpenter gropes for his. "I'm sorry," he says, "I can't see—my vision is gone!" Larsen lights a cigaret and gives it to him.

By now, sharks are following the boat. The news is whispered about among the older fellows, but they keep it quiet from the others. The Captain dies that day. Big Joe, Larsen and Wold decide not to put him overside. He's too heavy, and besides makes necessary ballast in the bow.

That night, the second engineer, out of his head, suddenly sits down astride Wold's shoulders. Wold "lets him sit awhile."

For some time the officer has been talking of "going below to see the engineer about more heat." Now he says, "somebody call me a taxi. I'm going downtown

to get a room."

Wold pushes him off his shoulders. The officer's cap had fallen off and "icicles had formed about his head like a halo." Then he sits down and that night he dies.

On the third day—Wold's 40th birthday—only seven of the 19 men are still alive. Boat and men are sheeted with ice, some of the dead wedged under the seats, the sail raised but part way because of frozen lines.

Suddenly, in the morning, Larsen yells "Destroyer coming up on us!" There it was, sure enough! The Britisher approaches warily, afraid of a Nazi trap. They toss lines to Larsen who makes fast fore and aft. A British seaman comes down and the men are hauled up on life-lines—all except Larsen who climbs the cork net by himself!

Then Wold is in the warm wardroom, where sailors tell them they had been steering their "bloody lifeboat straight for Europe." Next they are cutting Wold's clothes off and he's drinking hot soup and rum and reciting "Gunga Din" at the top of his voice for no reason at all except that he likes Kipling and poetry, and is a poet in his own right.

And then he is in a Halifax Hospital and the doctor is saying "Wold, we'll have to amputate the right foot tomorrow." And Wold answers, "Okay, you're the doctor," and goes on reading a book. That was in May. In June the doctor has to take the left foot. "You must be made of steel!" says the doctor next day. Because Phil Wold doesn't show the slightest worry or depression about his future.

"Why should I?" he says now, proudly pulling up his pants' legs to show the new artificial limbs. I get around pretty good on them. Now if I can only pick up enough money to open me a paper stand somewhere, I'll do all right. I always say that nothing can happen to a fellow but what it could be a whole lot worse . . ."



Drawing by Seaman Alexander Barry

The Decision

By William G. Davidson

CHIEF MATE RICHARD NELSON put his six o'clock coffee aside when the radiogram from the *City of Boston* was handed to him. For the past fifteen days his mind had been whirling with doubts and fears. This was an entirely different matter from barking at stevedores stowing cargo. And now the radio message advised him to turn back.

A strong bond had developed during the ten years he had been with Captain Jones. He had raised himself to his present position only by the Captain's insistent and gruff encouragement. His lack of self-assurance made him, even now with his master's license, hesitate to apply for a ship of his own. But as Mate, he had made the *Queen Guinevere*, "the pride of the fleet."

A little wistfully he recalled the peaceful day of departure from Capetown. Everything had seemed to promise a good voyage home. But since then, he had been constantly attending the Captain who was stricken with fever. It had been a strain standing watches, supervising the deck work and seeing his Captain grow weaker daily in spite of all he could do. This morning, in desperation, he had finally radioed the *City of Boston* a thousand miles astern for their doctor's advice. Now he was staring at it in his hand. He began to pace nervously. Finally he reached a decision. He knew what he must do.

Damning the vastness of the South Atlantic Ocean, he went into the chart room and made a brief calculation. Then, calling the engine-room for all possible speed, he swung the ship nearly 180 degrees.

When the heavy engines began to drive the ship harder, the vibration roused Captain Jones from his fitful rest. As the bright morning sunlight came suddenly streaming through the shaded porthole into his aching eyes, he motioned feebly to the seamen stationed in the cabin. "Get the Mate down here," he requested scarcely

above a whisper. Almost immediately, he saw his Chief Officer standing nearby looking very concerned.

"Mr. Nelson," he asked querulously, "what are you trying to do with my ship?"

"Well, Captain," the Mate replied uneasily, "you need more medical attention than you realize. I am turning back to meet the *City of Boston*."

With painful effort the Captain answered. "The ship is more important than any one man. Never mind about my condition, get back on the course!" Exhausted, he closed his eyes continuing to whisper incoherently.

The Mate turned his eyes away at the pathetic sight of the old man in a coma. He hurried back to the bridge but did not alter the ship's course or speed. Disobeying his Captain's orders only added to his anguish. He went out on one of the wings and resumed his pacing. Even after his watch was over, he returned and remained there as if to coax a little more speed from the ship.

He was still there when the 12-4 watch came on at midnight. Suddenly a scream from the Captain's cabin sent him flying down the ladder three steps at a time. The young ordinary seaman rushed out babbling excitedly. The Mate saw the Captain with one arm outstretched and his mouth open as if to speak. Hurriedly he checked



Drawing by John Broudbecker

his pulse and spoke to him, then knew that Captain Jones had died. The beckoning gesture that had so terrified the seaman had been his last.

Nelson stood there dazed with grief then helped the seamen to lift the Captain's body on to his bunk. Blinking back the tears, he suddenly was now Master of the *Queen Guinevere*.

A little later he slowed the ship down to normal speed and once more set a course for New York. Then he went down to his room to compose the difficult radiograms to the New York Office and to the doctor on the *City of Boston*.

Fatigued and despondent he took over his morning watch. For the first time he understood the aloneness of a ship's master when at sea. In the past, he had always turned to the Captain for approval of each of his actions. Now, he had to look within himself and it was a little terrifying.

He detailed two old sailors to prepare the Captain's body for burial. He dreaded the task of reading the committal service but he knew it was his job to do. The officers and crew expected him to. That afternoon, when the ship had been stopped, he read slowly but firmly, "We now commit his body to the deep in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection." As the canvas-covered remains slowly sank from sight, Richard Nelson pondered over his experience. There comes a time in a man's life when he must make decisions for himself. From now on, he would have to believe in his own judgment without dependence on anyone. He squared his shoulders, signaled to the bridge and the voyage home was resumed.

That night he leaned on the bridge rail and considered the stars. They were still there; the same fixed, reliable aids that had guided him for so many years. Then he glanced over at the cadet he had acting as Third Mate and knew the young man could be trusted. He left the bridge for some much needed sleep, filled with a new sense of dignity and well-being. The *Queen Guinevere* was once again commanded by a worthy master.

Ship News

MESSAGES-IN-BOTTLES

It might interest you to know that with my two passengers I held a "Bottle Throwing Overboard Ceremony" this morning and disposed of the boxful of bottles which the Seamen's Church Institute requested be deposited in the Indian Ocean. We are en route from Aden to Karachi and the position where the bottles left the ship is Lat. 18° 27' North, Lo. 58° 35' East.

H. B. WILDER, *Master, S.S. Exchange, American Export Lines*

WINS LLOYD'S SILVER MEDAL

Congratulations to Mr. F. S. D. Mole, 2nd Engineer of the Shaw Savill liner "*MATAROA*," who has been awarded Lloyd's Silver Medal for Meritorious Services. During a recent voyage when the ship was about 500 miles out from Wellington on her way to London, a fire broke out in the forward stokehold. Mr. Mole, who was in charge of the Engine-room, took the fire hose into the stokehold and endeavoured to gain control of the flames, which were spreading towards the nearby oil tanks. Eventually he extinguished the main fire and then led his men to the top of the Port boiler where they put out many smaller fires.

The fire was of such dimensions as to have daunted the courage of many, and but for the outstanding bravery of Mr. Mole there is no doubt that the ship, her passengers and cargo would have been in a very serious position.

—From "The Log"
(Furness Withy Co., Ltd.)

A
jolly
good
way to
remember
all your friends
and relatives this
Christmas is to send
gift subscriptions to
THE LOOKOUT. The
cost is only one dollar
and they last all year. Each
gift will be announced in
your name with an attractive
sailing ship card, mailed to
arrive just before Christmas, so
why
not
order
now?

Meet the Mate

By JOHN MELVILLE

"Tell the mate," "Ask the mate," "See the mate," "Call the mate," "Where in — is the mate?"

"Who," asks the landlubber, "is this person that's called 'The Mate'? He must be a sort of Jack-of-all trades, answer man, prophet, juggler and general know-all."

There are other mates aboard too, the 2nd, 3rd and sometimes a 4th mate, but, in strict nautical parlance the top man is always just THE MATE. Sometimes he is referred to as 1st mate or chief mate and on passenger ships he is dignified with the title "chief officer," but, his true nautical title is "The Mate." It is perfectly correct and proper, when speaking to address him as "Mr. Mate," never "Mr. Chief Mate," "Mr. First Mate" or "Mr. Chief Officer." Neither is it correct to call him "Chief" or "First," these titles being strictly engine room.

In this we are not including the floating palaces of the North Atlantic with their commodores, commanders, staff captains, executive officers, chief chief officers, chief officers, etc.; we are merely speaking of the ordinary and humble class of merchant ship.

The mate is second in command. Through the years spent climbing the ladder he must now be a first class navigator and hold a master's license. Outside of the engine room and apart from some of the plumbing, lighting and various mechanical auxiliaries here



... he must be a leader of men.

and there, the mate is responsible for the maintenance of the ship, from stem to stern and from keel to truck. He must be an expert rigger, a competent stevedore, sea lawyer, bookkeeper, diplomat, know all about mixing paint and the art of preserving wood-work and metal. The mate should know all the tricks in the trade of seamanship and most important, he must be a leader of men, not a driver or follower.

When their turn comes they will be confident and dependable ship masters. They are not supermen, but, are representative of the high type of deck officers who help to make American ships the safest and most efficient in the trade.

United Fruit Log

PYTHONS

Animal Cargoes . . . Genevieve Cuprys can think of a lot of things that are more fun than a shipload of monkeys. She landed in New York recently after a thirty-six day voyage from Singapore with 950 wild animals aboard the Holland-American Line freighter, *Schiedyk*. When the ship docked at Pier 1, Brooklyn, Miss Cuprys, 24 year old purchasing agent for the Treddlich Bird and Animal Company of Brooklyn, recounted her troubles. First was a 32-foot, 175-pound Python that got out of its box. Miss Cuprys was fearful and rightly so, that the twelve passengers and crew might find a roaming Python disagreeable. So, she went into the hold and seized the snake by the throat. Miss Cuprys is only 5 feet 4 inches tall, and the Python was about to end her career when two crewmen had the presence of mind to seize its tail. Then they wrestled the reptile into a cage. The girl said she had never seen fewer than four men handle a Python that big before.

Off Celebes, Miss Cuprys carried a caged Cobra on deck for fresh air and water. It, too, got loose. Passengers fled. The girl pursued the fifteen-foot snake with a tarpaulin, but it preferred death to slavery and crawled overboard. Off the African coast, twelve monkeys escaped and cut capers in the rigging for hours. Some crewmen were bitten in capturing the playful little fellows, one of which also jumped into the sea. And then, 15 per cent of the animals died on the voyage. Some snakes could not stand the change of climate. The Apes just got homesick, refused to eat and pined away. The cargo made trouble even on the pier. As John Ankiewicz, of Brooklyn, was staring in fascination at the beasts being unloaded, a Leopard reached through the bars of its cage and swiped the boy across the face. John had to go to the hospital to be patched up. Young as she is, Miss Cuprys has been importing animals from the Orient for three years.

Marine Poetry

THE INSTITUTE WALL

By John Broudhecker, A.B. Seaman

Standing, walking,
Leaning, talking,
Leaning on this marble wall.
What say you?

You blanket against winter wind
And mental chill.
Speak, tell me

Of that old man,
That bent and
Broken shell.
What say you?

A master mariner?
A leader of men!
O foolish rock!

For babble like that
You belong again in
The womb of your
Mother Earth.

What say you?
Look into his eyes.
See the years

Of blinding winter blows.
See the years
Of uncharted loneliness.

See what it takes
To make a seaman!
I'm looking, wall.

All I see are a pair
Of tired old blood-shot eyes
That stare,
But no longer see.



Drawing by John Broudhecker, A.B. Seaman

IN PRAISE OF MERCHANT SEAMEN

Fo'c'sle Chantey

(From *Canadian Poetry Magazine*)

Blue-dungareed, sweated
jackbooted, bareheaded,
Dive-bombed, torpedoed, strafed and
undreaded,
Ice-marrowed, wind-flattened, moon-
pallored, sea-battered,
Uncowed and defenceless, snow
draped and storm-tattered;
Drowned unrecognizable; on shore
highspirited,
Slow to be praised and quickly
discredited;
Ragged and motley, unknown and
embarrassed,
Ignored in the hostels, on the high
waters harassed;
Brothers to guns and bread, the
Merchant Seamen!

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON.

SEA SONNET

From: "Incident in Silver"

A book of Lyrics by A. M. Sullivan

\$2.50

Published by

The Declan X. McMullen Co., Inc.

Life breaks about us in a charmed white
hour
With the happy hazard love has always
found
Upon a headland amid the clamorous sound
Of wind and water. Enchanted by the power
Of sinewed surf we watch the tide devour
The ribbon of sand; now briny sea fists
pound
The jutting jaw of stone, and all around
Us blooms the rainbow's momentary flower.
Flood tide creeps in our thirsting veins.
How soon
It surges across the jetties of a vow
Lifting our hearts, long beached upon a
dune
Of pride. Forget the arid years; for now
The distant coaster smudging the azure
noon
Shall carry our love on a swift and golden
prow.

There is No Substitute for Ships

THERE are those who figured that the next war would be strictly in the air, and that ships—both Naval and Merchant Marine—could rot away. Look at the Berlin Air Lift, they said. Or again, Long Range Planes won't need Carriers. Or, Troops, if any, will be air-borne. That type of thinking is now in the past, and probably will not be revived for a generation. Vital air strips are terribly costly—when a few big carriers would do the business, and the anguished demand for men and tanks—a demand heard both at home and in the trenches—is not answered by 2100 vessels in lay-up, nor by carriers in moth-balls. Of the 2100 commercial ships in lay-up, 1617 are 11-knot Libertys, and of the remainder the Maritime Commission has been fighting for two years to get 429 vessels put in operating condition but with little success.

A vast array of American merchant shipping is required to transport and maintain even a single division of troops, according to a survey prepared by the American Merchant Marine Institute. It is estimated 250,000 dead-weight tons of troop-carrying vessels and freighters are needed to transport one full division and its equipment across the Pacific. The undertaking calls for 12 days to pack and load 18,000 tons of supplies and 4,000 vehicles aboard the ships, and seven days to get aboard assigned transports the 19,000 men in a full division having attached units. Assembling and steaming in convoy takes another 18 days, while discharging takes another seven days.

But that is only the beginning. The division needs 133,000 measurement tons of supplies during the first month of campaign, while 19,000 measurement tons must go forward to support each day of combat.

Troops in action consume vast amounts of supplies of all types. An infantry division expends about 542 tons of ammunition in a single day. During the last war, merchant vessels carried 700,000 different items, ranging in size from locomotives to safety pins. A mechanized division takes about 18,000 gallons of gasoline for every hour on the move. Supporting aircraft are also heavy consumers of gasoline and lubricants. All this requires a steady arrival of tankers in Far East areas.

The airplane is no equal to the ship in the field of transportation. As a case in point, military authorities cite the problem of moving 100,000 tons of supplies to the Orient in a month. Here is their comparison:

By Water: 44 Ships	By Air: 10,000 Planes
165,000 barrels fuel oil	10,000,000 barrels gasoline
2,300 officers and men	120,000 crewmen
	Plus
	80 T-2 tankers to keep them fueled

Admiral Nimitz states that the 11-knot Merchant Marine with which we began the last war, or the 15-knot Merchant Marine with which we ended it, will not suffice for this one. We must have more than 20 knots. And Vice-President Barkley, at the launching of the *President Jackson* in June said our passenger-carrying capacity is less than 50% of 1939. Those who withhold action on the 22-knot *Mariposa* and *Monterey* will find their dilatory tactics hard to justify. And the same is true of those who continually obstruct Merchant Marine progress. Costs are not dollars now; they are lives.