

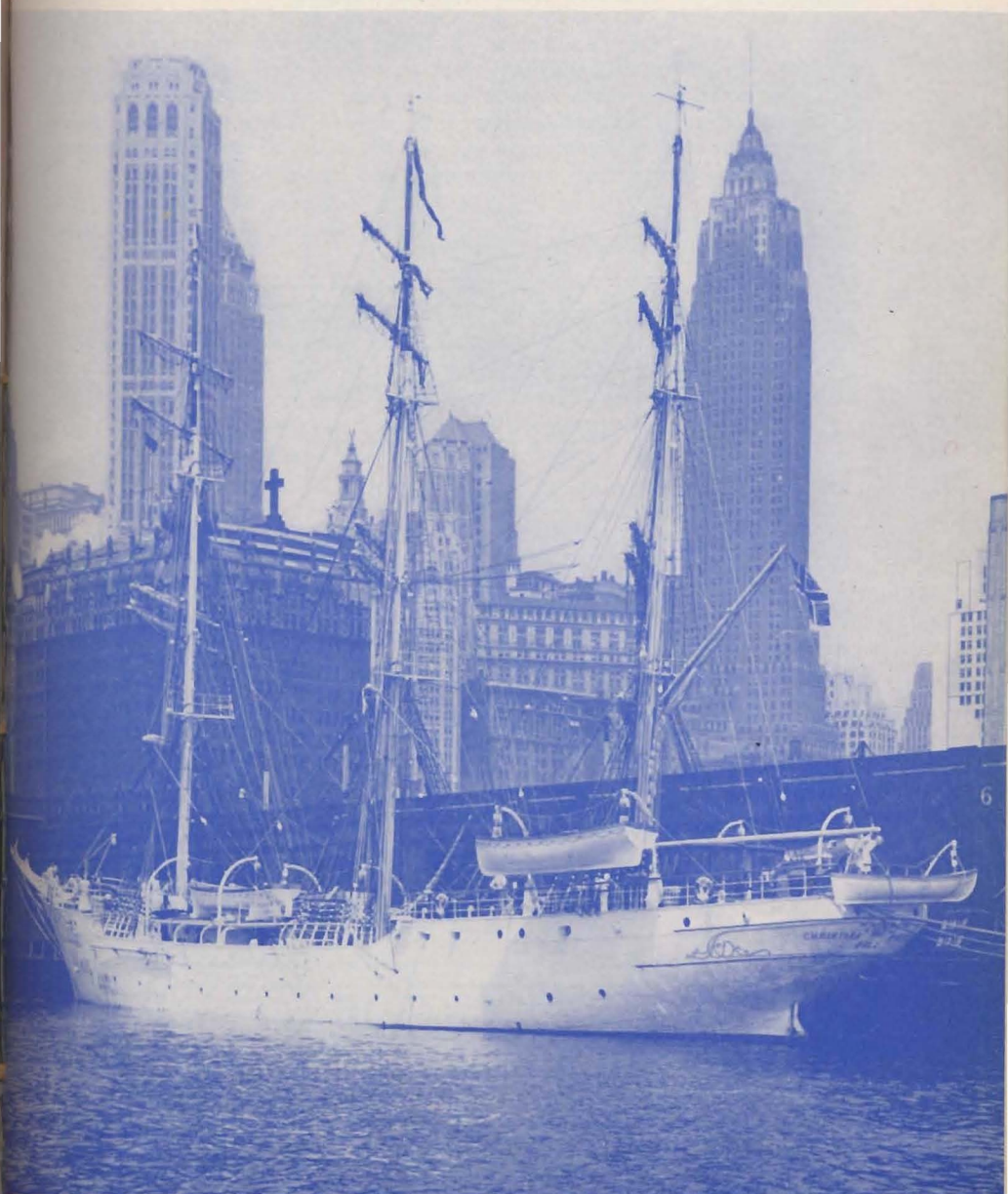
The

LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIX

OCTOBER, 1948

No. 10



U.S. Coast Guard Photo

A SQUARE-RIGGER'S VIEW OF "25 SOUTH STREET"
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Sanctuary

From the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, about 1766:

"I counsel seafarers to pray to the Lord, for He and none other is God of heaven and earth and the sea. Men who traverse the sea, and who look to the Lord, shun evils as sins, and do their duty sincerely, justly, and faithfully, are often more devoted in their morning and evening prayers than landmen because they trust more to Divine Providence. Their occupation is a greater use than many others, because by means of it there is communication, and, as it were, conjunction of all the whole with its parts, and of its parts with the whole. It is excellent work when from their knowledge they act prudently; when they perform their duties with vigilance and sobriety, that the voyage may be successful; when they do not rashly expose themselves to danger, nor lose their courage when in the midst of dangers unforeseen; and being saved from them, render praise and thanks to the Lord."

(Original manuscript is in the library of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Stockholm.)

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIX, SEPTEMBER, 1948

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THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.
Assistant Director

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor
POLLY WEAVER BEATON, Assoc. Editor

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COMING TO OUR BENEFIT?

Wednesday evening, Nov. 3rd, performance of "LIFE WITH MOTHER," at the Empire Theatre. This is the heart-warming and hilarious sequel to "Life With Father" with Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay in the stellar roles again. Seats assigned in order of reservation . . . MAKE YOURS NOW! Harry Forsyth, Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York 4.

The Lookout

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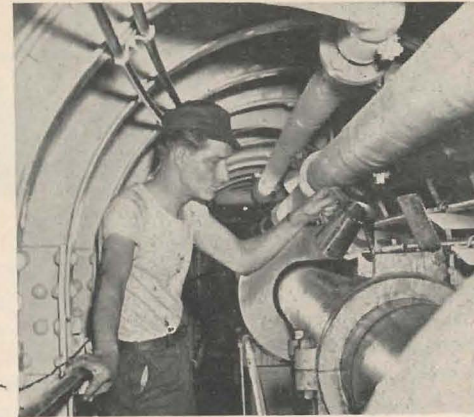
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NUMBER 10

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VALEDICTION

By Richard Peterson, Oiler



Reprinted from *The New York Times*,
July 31, 1948, by special permission.

SQUARE-RIGGER FROM LISBON

The square-rigged ship *Sagres*, a Portuguese naval training vessel, arrived in New York for a week's visit after calls at Boston, Provincetown and Providence.

The *Sagres*, under the command of Lieutenant Commander Santiago da Silva Ponce, is the first Portuguese naval vessel to reach American shores since World War II.

Nineteen cadets are on a routine training cruise which began at Lisbon May 21. Besides the cadets, there is a ship's company of 288, including thirteen officers, twenty-four petty officers, 201 sailors and fifty seamen in training. In keeping with a custom of the Portuguese Navy that every course must have a patron, this cruise is called the Pedro Alvares Cabral, in honor of a Portuguese navigator.

The voyage, which included stops at the Madeira and Cape Verde Islands, was made almost entirely *under sails*, the ship using her two 350-horsepower Diesel engines mainly for entering and leaving ports and during calms. The *Sagres* has a displacement of 4,500 tons and was launched in 1906.

NORWAY'S "WHITE SWAN"

Norway's famous "White Swan of the Seven Seas," the full-rigged training ship *Christian Radich*, stands out like a picture from a story book as she swings in her moorings at Pier 6, the East River, following a twenty-seven-day trip from Oslo, with a stopover at Madeira. Despite the harsh treatment she received at the hands of the Nazis during occupation, the three-masted frigate today is still a proud and trim-looking craft. She displays the same graceful lines in her length of 192.1 feet as she did back in 1939 when she swept by the Statue of Liberty and instantly created a sensation in the world's largest city.

For ten days the *Christian Radich*, a 676-ton ship, was with us in New York before moving on to Leith, Scotland, then back to Norwegian waters. Welcome, Norway's "White Swan of the Seven Seas"—a true symbol of a courageous little country that would not accept defeat during the Second World War!

Reprinted from the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*,

August 4, 1948

IT was a sad day for me in Seattle when I paused on the dock to look for the last time at my ship, my home for over fifteen months.

A merchant seaman, I had signed up as an oiler on the *S.S. George E. Hale*. She had played a big part in my life. But now, old and weary, she was going into retirement with the reserve fleet. Transfixed in memories, I recalled a typical day at sea.

Each morning as a brisk shower whisked away my drowsiness, I could hear the cook in his galley complain softly while pots and pans shifted with the sway of the ship. Lusty conversation from hungry men filtered through the click of breakfast dishes. Over the horizon a radiant sun poked its head into day.

At eight o'clock a shrill bell called me into the gloomy depths of the engine room. Armed with an oil can I ambled among the bustling machinery, squirting oil on laboring bearings. Steam whistled through a leaky valve. Clamoring engines and machinery blended into a harmonious chorus of power. The fuel pump clicked sharply. Boilers roaring a deep bass united with the smooth high tenor of the generators. At spaced intervals the water pump thumped. Nonchalantly, the main engine huffed and puffed with lordly

indifference. All my enthusiasm went into keeping this boisterous band in smooth time.

After my watch, it was good to stroll on deck and inhale the fresh salty air again. Seagulls would hover aloft. Their trim forms soared high and low on the springy air-currents. Sometimes a frisky school of porpoise raced beside the bow. Blue streamlined shapes split the water's surface, only to plunge again into the ocean depths.

As the day wore on, tired but happy men relaxed while the sun dipped its head into the west. Tender notes rolled into the evening air from some cherished guitar. A mellow breeze swept fluffy clouds across silver stars. Soft moonlight slashed over an inky-blue sea.

All too soon, a bell would ring through the darkness calling me to the rhythm of the engine room again.

But now I was leaving that life. On the verge of tears, I turned . . . and left my home.

Somewhere, I know, a lonesome ship waits. No smoke eddies from her stack. Salt-water licks at her rusty bruises. Her worn decks long for the tread of seamen; she yearns for the whip of the sea against her bow and the pulse of an engine, answering the call to duty, — a call that may never come.

"My Most Unforgettable Shipmate" — First Prize

By James H. Parsons, A.B. Seaman

EDITOR'S NOTE:

When we wrote to the Naval Surgeon described in the following essay, asking permission to use his name, he vouched for the accuracy of the facts contained therein, but modestly requested us not to use his name. So we are referring to him as "Commander X."

MY most unforgettable shipmate was a Surgeon Commander of Britain's Royal Navy. We were literally thrown together during a seven day battle in the Arctic in 1942, and I was in close touch with him for nine weeks. He was Commander "X" of the rescue ship C—.

Our convoy, plodding toward Archangel through a September haze, was intercepted by enemy planes off Spitzbergen and we lost eight cargo ships in ten minutes. Commander X's gallant little ship handled more than 250 survivors on that fateful Sunday morning. My own ship, the now famous *S/S Patrick Henry*, first Liberty ship built, was pock-marked by shrapnel but otherwise undamaged.

The attack at Spitzbergen was the beginning of a week's nightmare of shrieking alarm bells, booming depth-charges and roaring guns; of sinking ships and dying men. From there to Archangel we were struck at time and

again by submarines, torpedo planes, Stukas and high-altitude bombers. Seemingly the Germans hurled everything at us except a Panzer division.

On the fifth day, as we limped into the White Sea, low-flying planes sank the *S/S Kentucky* to score the Nazi's thirteenth kill, and in this wild engagement I was hit by twenty-eight pieces of shrapnel in my chest, kidney and leg. When the shooting was over the skipper of my ship, Captain Richard Ellis of Houston, signalled for medical assistance and the ubiquitous C— began maneuvering to take me aboard. My heavy clothing was cut from me and I was wrapped in blankets and loosely lashed to a set of bunk springs to facilitate my transfer which was to be made while the two ships maintained top convoy speed.

Snow was falling, the sea was choppy; I was dazed and in pain—and scared.

The 1,600-ton rescue ship pushed in alongside the lumbering *Henry* like a terrier snuggling against a Great Dane and my shipmates lifted me to the bulwarks to ease me over to the British seamen below. But just then another squadron of strafing planes swooped in and all hell broke loose again. The wary little *S.S. C—*, not to be trap-



The S. S. Patrick Henry

ped with the *Henry* as a double target, swerved sharply away and the British sailors tugged frantically at my makeshift stretcher as the space between the two ships widened.

The last desperate yank saved me; I came tumbling down, being tossed from my stretcher and crashing in a heap, half-naked and bleeding, on the C—'s snow-covered deck. As was their duty, the British boys didn't waste any more time on me but dashed off to the more important business of adding the C—'s shells to the heavy barrage being thrown up. Guns belched flame everywhere and shrapnel spattered all around.

Then, through the swirling snow, I saw the wraith-like figure of a man in officer's uniform running toward me, crouching low as he dodged along the deck. Reaching the spot where I lay, he flung himself down at my side with the agility of a fullback recovering a fumble, extending one arm across my chest and pressing close to shield my body with his own.

"Steady, old boy, steady," he said grimly as hot lead thudded around us. "We'll get through this one, too!"

We lay huddled together for perhaps five minutes, until there was a let-up in firing, and then he rose and began dragging me to cover single-handed, pulling me with all possible gentleness through a doorway leading to the ship's operating room.

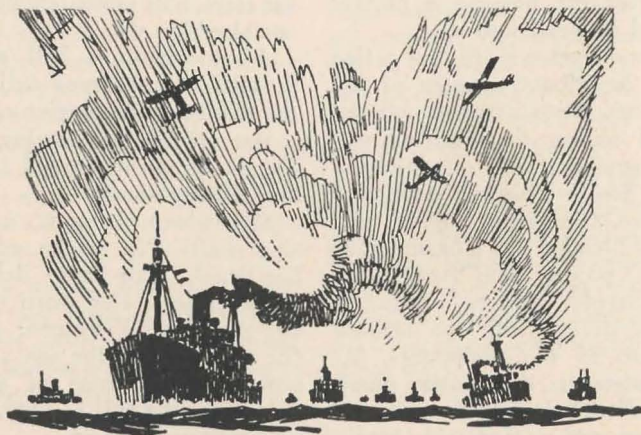
And that, as you will have guessed, was my introduction to Commander X, who was to be a sort of guardian angel to me for the next two months,

even during my stay in a Russian hospital. From our melodramatic meeting sprang an odd friendship which increased my respect for him as an officer of unshakeable courage and a gentleman of great culture and understanding.

He was a man of striking appearance—young, not yet forty; tall, broad-shouldered and slim-hipped, with features that were arrestingly handsome in a virile, rugged way. His nose was straight and narrow, forehead high, mouth sensitive, the grey of his eyes being accentuated by brows of reddish hue which perfectly matched the color of his neatly-trimmed beard and moustache.

For three years, since the outbreak of war in 1939, he had been almost constantly on hazardous convoy duty, ranging the North Sea and English Channel during Britain's darkest days. He had treated innumerable combat wounds and many a seaman owed life or limb to his skill in surgery.

Though he never broached the subject or attempted to convert anyone to his faith, he was a man of genuine religious feeling. For a while the Germans were lashing at the remnants of our convoy with such regularity we could accurately foretell the hour of their next attack. During these lulls, when not tending patients, the Commander would sit at a table in the sick-bay and silently read from a novel by Dickens. After reading awhile, he would put the book away, don his cap and life-jacket, and say, "Jerry is due back any minute, lads. Would anyone care for a tot of rum?" And with this smiling invitation he'd lift a huge



Drawing by Gordon Grant

flagon of Navy Rum and pour a man-sized drink for any patient feeling the need of a bracer.

He visited me often in the gloomy, ramshackle hospital to which I had been transferred, always bringing cigarettes and reading matter. Once he was caught there at the beginning of a three-hour air raid and helped carry me down four flights of stairs to an underground shelter.

When the S.S. C—, was finally ready to head back for Scotland with other ships of our decimated convoy, the Commander arranged for me to be taken aboard despite the fact I was still a stretcher case. He didn't want to leave me in Archangel for the mid-winter freeze which would make the port inaccessible for several weeks. On the fourth day out, however, I developed a raging fever and he decided to operate on my suppurating leg which still had half a dozen pieces of shrapnel embedded in the knee-joint. Gas was administered and when I awoke he gravely told me that during

the operation the British freighter *Goolistan* had been torpedoed with all hands lost, the convoy had scattered and the C—, was on her own.

We eventually arrived in Glasgow all right and the Commander saw me safely stowed in an ambulance which would take me inland to one of Scotland's best hospitals. His farewell was typical of the man. He wished me luck in his courteous precise manner, stepped back from my stretcher and raised his hand in a gesture which may now seem to be inane, but which carried a special meaning for millions in those hectic days—the V-for-Victory sign.

Six years have passed since I last saw Commander "X," but even today when things go wrong for me and I get out of sorts with the world I can find comfort and encouragement in the recollection of those words he uttered high in the Arctic amid the din of guns and the drum-rattle of shrapnel:

"Steady, old boy, steady. We'll get past this one, too!"

Gottings in the S.C.I. Log

A Negro seaman requested (and was given) two grammar books in Arabic to help him in teaching the language to a fellow seaman.

* * * *

A seaman in a Marine Hospital telephoned to thank the librarians for a dictionary they had sent him, and to request a book on old illuminated English lettering. He wanted to make a facsimile of some verses he had written.

* * * *

SEAMAN INVENTOR

A Puerto Rican seaman was in looking for a picture of a seaman in a bosun's chair painting a ship's funnel. We found it and he then explained that he has invented — and had patented — a gadget that will insure safety in that task. He wanted a photographer to take a picture that he could send to the shipping companies and one of our seamen photographers got permission from his ship's officer to take them. The inventor-seaman thinks his gadget will sell as the shipping companies would stand to save thousands of dollars compensation money by using it.

THE BOOKS THAT DID NOT BURN

A seaman on board the *City of Rochester* reported to our Conrad Library about the fire which had burned out two holds recently. He stated "The crew managed to save all the fine books you gave us! Which proves how much we think of reading material aboard ship."

SEA-GOING CHRISTOPHERS

Seamen reading in the Conrad Library, 25 South St., discovered that there were three famous navigators who sailed their ships to America whose first names were Christopher: Christopher Columbus in the *Santa Maria*, Christopher Jones in the *"Mayflower,"* Christopher Newport in the *"Sarah Constant"* which sailed to Jamestown, Va. from England.

COMPASS IN A BUCKET!

When running during hazy or thick fog and you have reason to believe your compass has considerable deviation due to large masses of iron, such deviation can be overcome by placing the compass in a metal bucket taking care that the lubber line is in line, or very nearly so, with the keel.

CAPT. CHARLES E. UMSTEAD

Headwinds



By Art McAnney, Bosun

Editor's Note: When old salts reminisce about the days of sail they sometimes speak of a "hungry ship." Here is a true yarn about one as told by a bosun who sailed on such a ship many years ago. What a contrast with today's ships!

I WAS on a three-masted barque bound for Alaska. I had shipped out of San Pedro with some fine lads. I often think of them and wonder if they still go to sea. Some of us had arrived in 'Frisco and were taken out to the ship in a launch. She was anchored in the stream waiting for the northwest storm to blow out so we could get under way.

When I came aboard and took one look at the Captain's burly face and heard his rough speech I got worried. Those cold, gray eyes looked at you so hard. He had big feet and a big chew of tobacco in his mouth. Although I realized he was a tough one, my course was set as I was a husky, well-built lad of seafaring family. My grandfather was a sailing ship captain and I used to hear him tell of those hard-case mates and skippers. Now I had met one. I was not going to have any tangle with him. If he said "Go aloft," I'd go!

I went below to change my clothes and we had our first meal: stew and prunes, some old bread and coffee. After dinner we were down in the fo'c'sle talking. "Say," said a Swede named Olaf, to the others lying on their bunks, "Ain't that old Hungry-Stew Skipper?" Mike, an Irish sailor, answered, "It sure looks like him. Just our bum luck to draw him for

a captain. Olaf, if I had a few dollars I'd get off this crate right now." All of us felt the same way.

Our next meal was the same old stew. "These headwind skippers who beat their way up the coast, tacking from starboard to port, starving their crew, sending them aloft in all weather, I've known 'em before," said Olaf.

Over at the end of the table were a group of boys talking of back home on the farms they'd come from. They told me they wanted to see the world and that's why they shipped before the mast. I felt sorry for these lads when they should meet up with the Skipper, when he'd sent them aloft in a heavy blow.

Then I heard Olaf and Swenson and Irish Mike talking again: "He's the same skipper who shanghaied me once and fed me the same kind of old stew and left me in Chile on the beach." "It's him all right," agreed Mike. "But I'm broke and I've been a month on the beach so what else can I do?" "He is an old sea Romeo, too, I remember," Olaf said.

I went up on deck and saw the Skipper who was cursing the headwinds. "Say," he shouted to the Mate. "Some Jonah must be on board!" "Yes, and some farmers, too," agreed the Mate. I was looking aloft when the Captain caught sight of me. "Hey, you!" he roared. I trembled in my boots but answered "Yes, sir?"

"You another hay hand? Irish, huh? Ever sail before?"

"On schooners down the Coast and the Islands," I replied bravely.

"You do what you're told and you'll be all right," he said. "I am master of this ship, no monkey shines."

At supper, Olaf dared to protest to the Captain: "Is this all we're going to get the whole voyage, Captain, stew and prunes?"

"What you want, ham and eggs?" the Skipper retorted. There was dead silence after that.

Next day, I overheard Olaf talking about Norwegian Annie in 'Frisco. He asked Mike, "Did she ever get married?" Mike replied, "Sure, to a barge Captain, and they own a farm, too." "Remember the time our Hungry-Stew Skipper was in love with her?" Olaf asked. "Yeah? I never knew that," Mike replied.

"Then he fell out of love and after she had treated him so nice, too, bought him food and drink, he deserted her for a bleached blonde on the Barbary Coast."

"That's the way with these fair-weather skippers," commented Mike. "No good at sea, no good ashore." Swenson spoke up. "He's a lazy man, too." "And an old stew," agreed another sailor. "I can see what we're in for on this voyage."

NETHERLANDS SEAMEN HONOR QUEEN WILHELMINA

MEMBERS of the crews of four Netherlands ships, which were docked in New York on August 31, attended the party in the Netherlands Seamen's Home at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to celebrate Queen Wilhelmina's birthday, her Golden Jubilee, and the Coronation of Princess Juliana as Queen of the Netherlands.

About 150 crewmen from the *M.S. Veendam*, and the *M.S. Sommelsdyk*, Holland American Line, and the *M.S.*

Listening to all this I had a longing to be back in San Pedro in a good room and tasting ham and eggs for breakfast. But it was no time for regrets, now. We were signed on.

On the bunk Olaf, off watch, sang a chantey: "Blow, Boys, Blow." The young lads were watching and listening to Olaf, wide-eyed. Chanties were new to them. Up on deck the Skipper kept muttering to the Mate: "Headwinds!" "I've got to find that Jonah! Come on down in the cabin and have a drink." "Sure," said the willing Mate.

The wind was howling from the northwest, with a cold rain. The old barque was still anchored in the bay waiting for good weather. Four days of stew and prunes! At last, a tug blew a whistle and out came our hungry crew on deck. The Captain ordered us to heave up the anchor. I threw a line, and the crew heaved a hawser on board and the old tug started to tug us along right into head winds. We were under way at last!

So we were outside, and the hungry stew skipper gave the orders. "Set sails." He told me: "You take

(Continued on next page)

Agamemnon and *M.S. Sarpedon* of the Royal Netherlands SS. Co., attended the party, enjoyed refreshments, music and dancing. Twenty five pretty young American and Dutch-American girls, brought by one of the Institute's volunteer hostesses, served as dancing partners. There were speeches and toasts to her Majesty. Consul General Dr. William Cnoop Koopmans attended with members of his family and friends.

Queen Wilhelmina visited this Club for Dutch seamen in July, 1942, and her daughter, Crown Princess Juliana, visited the Club in December 1940 and again in January 1944.

the wheel." What a scramble as the cold wind bit our faces! Up goes Olaf, Mike and Swenson on the Mate's watch, aloft. The young greenhands were running up and down the deck not knowing what to do, and the Captain was roaring. "There they are — farmers! Jonahs! All of them! Take them along, Mr. Mate, that'll teach 'em!" The older experienced sailors finally got the kids on the lower 't'gallant yard. Mike went up the royal and took the gasket off. The lads hung on for dear life on the foot ropes. They were seeing the world with a vengeance! The old windjammer was rolling heavily, and how they hung on is a mystery.

"We'd better turn back," the Mate advised the Skipper. "We'll make no headway against this northwester. Let's go back and get another crew." "No," roared the captain. "I'll make sailors of them farm-hands before this trip is over." Old Hungry was in a bad mood. "What you steering?" he asked me, "Northwest by north, sir." I replied. He grumbled and walked away.

The cold wind and spray made the foot ropes and the ratlines slippery as we beat our way, first on the port tack, then on the starboard tack — but always the headwinds.

Who is the Jonah?

I went below and asked the Captain about some medicine for my hands which were badly cut from the ice on the yard arms. The Old Man was in a bad mood. "You are with that Olaf too much." "No, sir," I replied.

Later, I heard Olaf say to the captain. "Maybe you are the Jonah?" "Why?" shouted the captain. Olaf replied. "Always you bring the headwinds. Did you ever pay Norwegian Annie what you owed her?" The Skipper didn't answer. So Olaf taunted him: "You old Sea Romeo. You yourself are the Jonah."

"No, No," answered the Captain, livid with anger. "Yes you are," Olaf sang, "Headwinds!"

"Tell the carpenter to put some

plow handles on the ratlines. That will keep those farmhands from being homesick!" yelled the Captain.

"Say, Captain, how about a change of grub?"

"What do you want — chicken three times a day?" And so the prunes and stew continued to be our diet. The Skipper went to the steward. "Cut down the grub, steward," he ordered. "They are getting too sassy. A hungry crew works better. Give them some malted milk tablets."

Olaf and Swenson and Mike were raving. "I told you we should have got off in 'Frisco," Olaf said.

One day the Captain said: "Sing me a chantey, Olaf, sing me a chantey for a fair wind." So Olaf sang "Blow, Boys Blow for 'Frisco." Then he started to remind the Skipper of the old days. "Remember that time we were drinking in 'Frisco and Shanghai Brown met us?" "Shut up," commanded the Captain. "I was never shanghaied in my life." "Let's have a drink, now," Olaf said. "Malted milk tablets are good enough for you," he told Olaf. "Anyway, I always pay my debts." The Skipper was worried, and Olaf kept reminding him about the blonde, and how he had never paid Norwegian Annie.

Suddenly the wind changed! It was now blowing from the Southwest. Old Hungry came on deck. "Look! She's going before the wind," he cried. "Fair weather sailor," sang Olaf. "Sea Romeo," sang Olaf.

At table, Olaf said "I'm fed up with malted milk soup. Come on, let's see this Hungry Stew Skipper." So they went to the Captain with their plates in their hands. "Say Captain, now that we have fair winds, how about some good grub — fish and potatoes?"

"Go back to the fo'c'sle," he ordered.

They went, but Olaf muttered. "He's an old Jonah. I hope he gets headwinds again." And he did!

The old ship could not make the narrow Unimac passage into Bristol Bay, Alaska. We needed a south wind to sail through, so up and down we tacked for days! Still the diet of stew and prunes, once in a while oatmeal, and then malted milk soup, and through it all we had to go aloft and then go on deck and look at the sour face of Old Hungry. So down the crew went another day, plates in hand. Each time the crew, led by Olaf asked for better grub, the Skipper turned to the Steward and said "How's the grub holding out, Steward?" And the Steward would reply, "Not so good. Not so good. Must be a Jonah aboard."

Finally we got a fair wind and made the passage and dropped anchor, 42 days out of San Francisco. What a trip of rain, cold and bad food! It was just as I had thought it would be, when I had taken my first look at the Old Man's hard face.

We stripped her of her sails and stowed them below. We went salmon fishing in the Bering Sea and we did not see Old Hungry until about a month later. He was walking along the beach. I spoke to him.

"How is Olaf?" he inquired. "Is he eating ham and eggs?"

"Sure, he's fine," I replied.

He laughed. "That Swede thinks about nothing but eating." We saw old Mike on the pier as we were unloading salmon. "Say," the skipper told him, "You're getting fat."

"Sure," answered Mike, with a wink at me. "Getting plenty of good grub for a change. And no headwinds!"

"You'll be broke again looking for a ship in a few days," said the Captain.

"Not me," retorted Mike. But soon

"The ship is old, the grub is bad. Leave her, Johnny, leave her. I'm getting thin, I'm growing sad; It's time for us to leave her."

we all were! And then we returned aboard our old barque.

We set sail and we got a fair wind into 'Frisco. Old Hungry was happy and singing "Oh, my fair ladylove," and he'd say to the Mate, "A good ship, hey? Plenty of canvas." The farm lads and I wanted to get back to 'Frisco, longing for home again. The Skipper was now in a good mood and trying to get on good terms with the crew, especially Olaf. Everybody was happy, going home. And each helped the other when up aloft. And so, with a fair wind, and Old Hungry trying to get on with the crew, we sailed into 'Frisco, making a record run of 11 days from Nushgak.

Back in 'Frisco, the Skipper came below and asked us "Well, how about making another trip with me?"

"Not me," said Olaf. "I'm going ashore and settle down with a pretty widow I know in Los Angeles." We all refused in turn.

So a launch came alongside and we said goodbye. The Mate was near the ladder which I had put over the side. "Going to see Norwegian Annie?" the Mate asked the Skipper. "No," he said, "but here's the money I owe her. Take it and pay her. I don't want any more headwinds!"

So ends my tale, and the moral of it is: Pay your debts and you won't have any headwinds!



Old Sea Chantey Drawing by Gordon Grant

*Eight Bells and All's Well IF
their address is "25 South Street"*



Photo by Herman S. Preiser

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From the painting by Winslow Homer, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

SEAMEN need friends when they come ashore, people who understand their special needs and problems. That's why so many of them have come to depend on the Seamen's Church Institute. It's their tie with the land, their shore home. Here is part of a recent letter from a ship's captain:

"I am not much of an Institution man but I am grateful to the 25 South Street Seamen's Institute for succor they once gave me during the depression. I was on the beach. Got broke, as seamen will and always have, I guess. Shipping was "tough." The Credit Bureau allowed me room and board and laundry. That will always be appreciated and remembered with gratitude. Especially the laundry part of it. The most degrading and demoralizing part of being on the beach is the lack of opportunity to keep clean and have freshly laundered shirts and dungarees if one is reduced to that extremity. I was. It was my own fault. However, the lesson of the "Good Samaritan" was and is that he didn't ask questions. He fulfilled an urgent need. New York is an Alladin's Lamp of wonder to one with a trip's pay-off and the expectation after months at sea. South Street is the most forlorn place in the world to one with an empty pocket and no ship to return to. That lighthouse on top of the Institute has its figurative connotation as Sandy Hook has its literal one. It is a safety haven, too, and has been for many of us — the grateful and the ungrateful."

The Institute's social service, recreational, health, and educational facilities are financed by voluntary gifts from regular and loyal contributors. If you have not already made your annual contribution during the earlier months of this year, will you please make a special effort to help us meet our budget before the year's end? We are relying on your continued interest and generous support.

Please make checks payable to Harry Forsyth,

Chairman, Ways and Means Committee,

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

"Log of the James Condie, A Document of Human Interest, 1874"

By Frank O. Braynard
Author of "Lives of the Liners"

THIS abstract log book would not lend itself to technicolor reproduction on the screen. But as an adventure in sepia, as a human interest document, or as a record of what probably otherwise would never be recorded, its 107 pages make fascinating reading.

It tells the story of an incomplete and relatively obscure voyage "toward" Yokohama by the American barkentine *James Condie*, Captain Squire Alexander in command. Given to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York by Robert S. Alexander, its yellowed pages survived shipwreck, train wreck, and apartment house fire, according to the gift inscription.

The voyage was a failure, ending in disaster not only to the vessel, but to the Captain's wife's fortune, which was tied up in the cargo. It could have been worse. Robie, the Captain's son nearly died of some dread disease in the Dutch East Indies. But he didn't, and it is to him that we owe the preservation of this log.

From the faded pen strokes of the first page come portents of misfortune: "Ship too deep . . . seas already breaking over the decks." The vital facts of the voyage may be summarized as follows: Course: across S. Atlantic — around Africa — up through East Indies; Cargo: cases of oil and barrels of Plaster of Paris; Sailing date: Nov. 28, 1874, from New York to Yokohama; On board: a motley crew, one passenger, wife, son and daughter of the Captain, and entirely too much cargo.

Except for having to jettison 1215 cases of oil and 11 barrels of Plaster of Paris when just beyond the Cape of Good Hope, the voyage was made without particular incident until the Salajar Straits were passed near Bali.

And then, just over four months from New York the ship grounded on a reef off an obscure island in the Indies. The account of the disaster is striking in its simplicity.

Hamstrung by a near-mutinuous crew and difficult local officials, Captain Alexander proceeded with patience to salvage what he could. Bright interludes there were, such as the kindly rescue by the *Vetor Pisani*, an Italian man-of-war, the faithfulness until death of the only loyal crew member, the ship's carpenter, and the almost miraculous recovery of Robie. Details of the *Condie's* salvage, of the crew's attempt to smear Captain Alexander's reputation, of his refusal to sell the ship's sewing machine and of the local scenery and inhabitants of the East Indies make for picturesque passages. The log closes with a brief description of the Captain's return to civilization, via steamer.

A sort of postscript, the log includes ten days of what apparently was the beginning of a second ill-fated voyage, this time with the ship *Alhambra*, bound for Bremen. This account ends with the ship leaking badly in the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland . . . "Strong gales and cloudy . . . went ashore and telegraphed owners of condition of ship" are the last words.

See also Sept. 1940 LOOKOUT "The Story of the James Condie" by Robert Squire Alexander



In Tribute . . .

"IN PEACE AND WAR"

"Vital as is the role of the Merchant Marine for defense, any discussion of its place in our national life would be incomplete without a mention of the part it plays in our peacetime commerce. Basically it is as much a part of our business life as farming, railroading, or manufacturing . . . Shipping is not an industry that belongs to the sea coast alone. Foreign cargoes are drawn from and consigned to every state in the union; our seamen come from shore and prairie alike; industries in all sections supply the equipment and materials that go into our ships."

H. H. Holly in an article: "Our Marine Industries at the Crossroads," U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, April, 1948.

SEAMAN'S SUPREME GALLANTRY

From "Sea Breezes" in London comes a report of the supreme gallantry and self-sacrifice of a 19-year-old British Seaman—Thomas Raymond Kelly — who lost his life in saving two members of the crew of the steamer *Famagusta*. The young able seaman who was aboard the *Empire Plover*, swam with a line to one of the sinking lifeboats and carried an injured ship's officer to safety. He plunged in again and rescued another crew member of the *Famagusta*. Finally, he swam to a passenger about 50 yards away, but a huge wave engulfed them and both disappeared. The official citation, sent to Kelly's family in Newry, County Down, reads: "To leave his ship on a third occasion, with the full knowledge which his first two rescues had given him, of the risk and difficulty of his undertaking and in face of the bodily fatigue which those rescues must have entailed, was an act of supreme gallantry."

"25 SOUTH STREET"

"The Institute is a Sailortown in itself, providing a communal life for seamen that is not merely institutional but family-like in many of its aspects. It is a large family, its members are of many nationalities and creeds, all living amicably under one roof. The Sea is their common bond and brotherhood."

ARTHUR STYRON

FOR NATIONAL SECURITY

"The role of the American Merchant Marine must be understood and consistency developed both as an element in balanced national economy and as an auxiliary to sea power. The function of merchant ships is not limited to commercial activities and industrial potential but is *intimately related to national security*. . . . Equipment to support operations might be flown in at first, but if the operation were prolonged and involved large numbers of men and planes, the Navy and the Merchant Marine would have to bear the primary responsibility for transportations and supplies . . . Despite the implication of the atomic bomb and the technique of "push-button" warfare, the importance of a strong American Merchant Marine manned by a well-trained citizen personnel, remains as vital as it was at the enactment of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936.

—From The President's Advisory Commission Report recommending Universal Military Training.

"BY WAY OF THE SEA"

By Admiral Louis E. Denfield, USN
OUR dependence upon overseas commerce is so great that we could not maintain our living standards in peace or our existence in war without it.

Our great steel mills have long been a symbol of American industry the world over. They would shut down overnight if manganese were lacking. Yet we must import *by way of the sea* 97 percent of all manganese required to keep our mills running. Another example: The wheels of this nation would stop turning if our supply of tin were cut off. Tin is a principal ingredient in most engine bearings. Our railroads, our factories, our airplanes, absolutely depend upon the merchant ships which transport every last ounce of the tin used in this country. *From an address delivered before the Propellor Club in New York City, Maritime Day, 1948*

In the S.C.I. Mail Bag

"Your interesting series of "My Most Unforgettable War Experience" recalls to my mind what to me and perhaps to others was a rare experience for a husband. Although chasing subs in the Atlantic and taking part in the Normandy invasion furnished various unforgettable war experiences, they were topped by the experience of having your own wife pass in review while taking the salutes. It all happened on Navy Day, 1945, while I was in New York on the *U.S.S. Midway*. I was detailed to review the parade on Staten Island. My wife who was a Red Cross staff assistant, was required to march in that contingent. I had told her that I would review the parade but she thought I was kidding. How could a naval officer temporarily in New York and assigned to a ship come to Staten Island, the place of his home, and become the reviewing officer? Just too ridiculous for words. When she passed me executing "eyes right" I could see her face turning red, but like a good soldier she kept in step and I gave her an extra salute!"

Signed:

Comm. CARL M. J. VON ZIELINSKI, U.S.N.R.

LETTER FROM AN OLD BOSUN

To the Seamen's Church Institute
25 South Street
New York City
Dear Friends:

Yesterday I received a very nice and welcome parcel from you, for which I thank you very much. It took a long time to reach me, but arrived in good condition. And everything in it was very acceptable and came very handy.

I am really glad to have that writing paper and envelopes and that fine tooth brush — and paste. Also the handkerchiefs and razor and blades. Thank you very much for everything.

LETTER FROM A SEAMAN'S WIFE

Hull, Yorkshire
England

I want to send you our very sincere thanks and appreciation for the two boxes of toys and clothes we have received today. We will never forget your kindness. Today is the boy's birthday so I am giving a small party and will share the toys and sweets and the lovely cake. Believe me I feel quite as excited as the kiddies. Last Monday was the girlie's birthday. They think they have never

I am an old *St. Mary's* boy. I think it was 56 years ago, when I was in *St. Mary's* School. We use to lay at East 28th Street, if I remember rightly, and first cruised about Long Island Sound and then went to New London, Conn. and from there to Europe. The Captain's name was Fields, first officer Mr. Hodges, second officer Mr. Hume and third officer Mr. Bristol. I remember the boatswain very well too, a very tall Finlander, who died when I was Bosun with Count Luckner in the *Mopelia* in New York around 1930. Well I suppose all those men are dead and gone. I am 72 years of age and followed the sea from 1890 till 1939, mostly all in sailing ships.

I remember South Street when there were only sailing ships tied up there to load and discharge. There I saw the *Roanoke* (4 M Bark) and the *Shenandoah* (also 4 M Bark) and the ship *St. Paul* and *St. Luke*. I shipped from New York in the brigantine *Carib*, and the 3M schooner *Lane Nelson*. There was also the 4M Bark *John Eno*, registered in Honolulu. I was also in the ship *John Currier* and the Bark *Yosemite*. 1930-31 I rigged the ship *Benjamin F. Packard*. She was stranded in Port Washington, Long Island, and we took her off and rigged her up and she was tied up in Rye, Long Island. Capt. Alan Villiers, a good friend of mine, wrote to me that she has been dismantled altogether and is no more.

I also have a picture with signature from Admiral Byrd, and one from Gene Tunney and also from Mr. Lowell Thomas. And from Sir Thomas Lipton and from Mr. Henry Ford. I've got a picture too, all with their signatures. I wrote an article for "Sea Breezes" in Liverpool and they told me it will be printed.

Thanking you again for your kindness and generosity, I am with kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) KARL MULLER

had such an exciting time for ages. We are looking forward to giving the kiddies this party with a present to each child. My little girl has picked the dolly that goes to sleep. She is quite thrilled to see its eyes close when she lays it down. So from all the kiddies they say thank you very much hoping the cold weather in your part of the world goes very soon.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Mrs. D —

An Unnautical Answer

By Quien Sabe

THE old "*Montana*" was plowing along in pretty heavy seas (December, 1917) with the "*George Washington*" and "*Martha Washington*" and I believe the "*Princess Cecelia*," in convoy. We had previously passed some 50 miles or more off the coast of Nova Scotia and one afternoon we saw it snowing with the sun shining and not a cloud in the sky. Flakes as big as half-dollars and looking out over the surface you couldn't see more than a quarter of a mile. But straight overhead was the most beautiful blue sky we had ever seen. The snow was being blown in off the coast of Nova Scotia.

Three days out of the North River, we had lost a signal yeoman (Williams) overboard in a heavy sea that swept the quarter deck of the "*Montana*." There was a boatswain's mate, second class, a seaman and a marine on duty and Williams was on lifebuoy watch. The Marine seeing the heavy sea coming, acted instantly with great presence of mind. He threw himself on the weather side of a battened down hatch, rifle and all, and the big wave swept over him, holding him against the hatch, and safe.

The seaman grabbed an eyebolt in the deck with his left hand and although his shoulder was wrenched out of place, he held on and was saved. The boatswain's mate was swept into the life lines and caught them and held on and was saved. But Williams was lifted high and carried overboard without a chance to catch hold of anything and was lost and was added to the list of the men of the sea who gave their lives for democracy. The "*George Washington*" pulled up and tried to make a rescue but a boat could never have been launched and wouldn't have lasted more than 30 seconds even if it had been.

And so we were on our way, bucking a twelve day storm in which there were no tables set. Anyone who wanted food could help himself from pans and tureens set out on the decks of the various quarters. The electricians were standing two hour searchlight watches every night, for seventy consecutive nights and Sunday was just the same as Wednesday because we didn't have enough electricians. Before leaving New York, we had taken on about 200 new boots (recruits) fresh from the Great Lakes Training Station. They were all "rebels" from the Carolinas, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and points south. Being a "rebel" myself and not having heard their lingo for almost four years, it was with pure, wholesome enjoyment that I listened to such expressions as "light a shuck," "pull your freight," etc., which means to you people who don't know, "simply, take-off."

And so we came on searchlight watch at two o'clock in the morning when you could hold up your hand and *not* see it. We were just under the after searchlight platform on the mainmast with the after gun crew, and one of the new recruits, who had been coached considerably, was sent up on lookout watch in the "crow's nest." We were just settled comfortably when the night's silence was broken by the lookout's bellow, at full lung capacity, "Light — o-o-o-." The O. D. on the bridge immediately answered "Whar-r-re awaaaay." The lookout hesitated several seconds until the O.D. repeated his query. Whether or not the boy actually saw a light we will never know because evidently being confused, anxious and flustered and having forgotten his compass points off the starboard bow or port bow or port or starboard quarter midships, or astern, or dead ahead, he finally answered "Over-r-r-r- yo-o-onde-e-er!"

Book Reviews

DUNKIRK

By A. A. Divine D.S.M.

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., \$3.75

This is a fully documented log of the dramatic story of the evacuation at Dunkirk. The author, who took part in the operation, gives a plain straight-forward account of this epic retreat that is eloquent by virtue of its very simplicity. Militarily speaking, he says, the action was a defeat and a disaster, but out of it came a resurgence of national spirit that will go down among the great things of history; because of this spirit 339,000 men lived to carry on for freedom.

G. S. Barker

ON BOARD OLD IRONSIDES

By Charles Wharton Stork

The Wings Press, Middletown, N. Y., \$2.50

In a variety of metrical forms, the poet tells the epic of the *Constitution* and her brilliant performance in the War of 1912. This galloping, lusty, rhymed narrative tells of the duel of the frigate with the *Guerriere*. A. M. Sullivan, writing in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, comments: "The poet seems to know his way around in the nautical terminology, and is especially apt in conveying the technical superiority of American seamanship in the slow but dramatic chase of the *Constitution* by the three British men-of-war when the Yankee frigate stole every puff of air to gain speed during a long calm."

We especially like these lines:

"A captain at sea is like a god,
He rules his world with an iron rod,
But in times of crisis the smallest slip
May cost him his more than life: his ship."
Whoever loves the heave and roll
Of ocean surges, and the strange, proud
grace
Of old-time ships; whoever relishes
The grim, rough talk of sailors" —
these readers will find pleasure in this account of "Old Ironsides."

MDC

SMALL BOAT ENGINE MANUAL

By C. Morgan Jones

Cornell Maritime Press, \$4.00

The author of this practical manual (a former ship's engineer) has taken great pains to make his text concise and his illustrations clear. The many problems that confront small boat operators are dealt with and are discussed in non-technical language. This reviewer has been repairing such small-boat engines for a period of 15 years and could find only a few minor points on which he would presume to differ with the author. In general, the book is an excellent tool to aid boat-owners and it should be carried aboard any power vessel, operated by gasoline or diesel.

ARTHUR LEUCK

WESTWARD HA!

Around the World in 80 Clichés

By S. J. Perelman

Drawings by Hirschfeld

Simon and Schuster, \$2.95

There's at least a chuckle on every page of this hilarious book. If one would take Perelman seriously, one would lose forever the urge to travel. But despite all manner of horrendous and humorous happenings our hero returned to the comfort of Times Square, and he and his accomplice, the artist, Hirschfeld, solemnly swear never to take another world tour. To prove they mean it, they tear up a million dollar certified check from a stranger making them such an offer. This book spoofs all travel books, and is only serious on two pages (the one which we quote below in which they pay high tribute to the Merchant Marine) and the one in which Perelman succumbs to the charms of Bangkok and becomes, as he admits "aggressively syrupy about it in the most buckeye travelogue manner." We wish that we had space to quote his description of the pangs of seasickness in the Arabian Sea.

M.D.C.

An Author's Tribute to

Merchant Seamen

"I hastened to acquaint myself with the ship's officers and cargo. My knowledge of life on the bridge had been derived from the pages of William McFee and Guy Gilpatrick, and I was prepared for weather-beaten, blustering old salts and thorny, iconoclastic Scotch engineers. I looked in vain for them aboard the *Marine Flier*. The relative youth of her officers — her skipper was thirty-two, the first mate thirty-four, and the chief engineer a decrepit thirty — concealed a surprising amount of efficiency and good sense. They were men of taste and a high order of technical skill, refreshingly devoid of heroics or bombast, considerate and socially attractive. The men they commanded were also as far removed from the stock conception of merchant seamen as one could imagine; they had little in common with the alcoholic, improvident sailor of popular fiction and the movies. Many of them were well-schooled and the majority had served with distinction in the war. Through their specialized unions, which sought constantly to improve their status, they had achieved decent living conditions and wages, and, equally important, a sense of self-respect. I could not help feeling that if this ship was any index, there must be a very healthy spirit abroad in the American steamboat business."

From "WESTWARD HA!"

Marine Poetry

"THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"

By A. M. Sullivan

Barred latitude and longitude have caught
The men who go to sea within a prison
Of lines so meshed around the blue horizon
That none may breach it with a coward's
thought.
The sailor loves the sea as a true lover,
Quick to the squall and quicker to return
To the one love for which his passions burn
And she is always near the farthest rover.
Damned are the brawny men who quit sea water
And sleep beside a wife in earth's green
garden.
Damned are the fools beyond a sailor's pardon
Who might have slept beside Poseidon's
daughter.
For men who die at sea may hear the thumb
Of the northwind plucking at the icy strings
And learn the requiem that the winter sings
Until the tongues of all the world are dumb.

From "The Bottom of the Sea"

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

THE DOG ON THE DOCK

By H. W. Corning

As we manouvered to the pier
A dog stood at its rail
With anxious look, with ears alert
With fawn and wagging tail.
He gamboled madly round the dock
Till all the lines were fast
Then suddenly he wilted down
Like some forlorn outcast.
No doubt he thought, at first that we
Were that for which he yearned
And that his master and his ship
Had finally returned.
For when we sailed he sat lone there
Still gazing hopefully
To far beyond the rocky mole
Where ships come from the sea.
And thus he'll watch and wait and yearn
In calm in storm in rain
He loves as only dogs can love
Even though it be in vain.
Old dog, we wish you all the luck
Our sympathy you win
Our love you shame, but just the same
We hope your ship comes in.

THESE RETIRING SAILORS

By Ridgely Cummings

"I'm home again," said the sailor to me,
"I'm back in port and free from the sea.
I'm home and safe from her scornful might,
Her howling fury and calm delight;
And the smile of her moon on a tropic
night
And the mellow caress of her June monsoon
And the threat in her leeward surf's hoarse
boom:
From her fitful fancies at last I'm free,
So fill up stranger — this drink's on me.
"Yes, my feet are on land and I sure
am glad
For that cursed water was driving me mad.
Hear me, stranger, and fill up your glass:
That ship I just left will be my last.
I'll shoulder an oar and walk on my way
Far inland until the farmers say,
'What's that thing he's got on his back?'
And that's the haven where I'll unpack
And get me a farm and a comely wife
And a parcel of kids and a normal life —
Eh! What's that? S.S. Empress needs men?
Well, so long, stranger, I'll see you again."

LINES TO A FORMER CLIPPER

By Capt. Eric Minett

Gone is your glory—the day is long past
Since you held up to heaven the trucks of
each mast.
Gone is your splendour—now grimy and
grim.
Once a fine lady, shipshape and trim.
What tales you could tell, could you but
speak,
Of cargoes of coal, redwood and teak,
Good golden grain, new season's tea,
Aye, nitrates from Chile and jute for
Dundee!
Tales of the Tropics, of Doldrums and Trade,
Of far away Frisco, of Port Adelaide,
Cape Town, Calcutta, Hong Kong and
New York.
No mere idle gossip, but intimate talk.
Of your crews and your masters, maybe
you'd tell,
Some treated you kindly—some drove you
like hell,
But rarely you faltered, seldom missed stays
Port Pirie to Falmouth in eighty-six days.
You would tell, I've no doubt, in that hell
off the horn
Under three lower topsails, tattered and torn,
Rolling like hell with your guts full of
grain,
Tho' straining your innards, you'd never
complain.
Yet still you are with us, bringing memories
back
Of hard, hungry days, salt horse and hard
tack.
Now wearing drab dress, but an honourable
stain,
A lady you were—and so you remain.
(Sea Breezes, July 1948)

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