

The
LOOKOUT

VOL XXXVII

February, 1946

No. 2



OUTWARD BOUND

U. S. Maritime Commission Photo

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows a group of U.S. Maritime Service trainees going aboard a maritime training ship where they learn seamanship.

The white Plimsoll mark on the ship's hull indicates the deepest draft a vessel may be loaded to at varying times of the year and in various areas of the globe. Thus WNA meaning Winter North Atlantic (the lowest mark) is one extreme and TF (Tropical Fresh Water) is the other.

Sanctuary

(BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER)

O Eternal God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; We commend to thy almighty protection, thy servants, for whose preservation on the great deep our prayers are desired. Guard them, we beseech thee, from the dangers of the sea, from sickness, from the violence of enemies, and from every evil to which they may be exposed. Conduct them in safety to the haven where they would be, with a grateful sense of thy mercies; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVII, FEBRUARY, 1946

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"The Good Old Days"

By Marjorie Dent Candee



Drawing by Phil May*

SWINGING in a bosun's chair, and humming a homeward-bound tune, Chips daubed a bit of bright yellow paint on the wooden figurehead's oaken curls.

"Not a bad lookin' gal, now," he commented as he surveyed his handiwork. "All dressed up fer a shore reception, eh? If only you were human!"

Chips sighed. He had a shore problem to settle as soon as his ship docked. He had changed his mind about wedding the pretty blonde barmaid to whom he had given a ring on his last shore leave. He had decided that the carefree bachelor's life suited his temperament better. But how to break the engagement?

The shouts of the bucko mate interrupted his reverie.

"Belay there, Chips" bawled the mate. "Don't spend so much time on that decoratin' job. Come on deck, the Old Man wants you to take the squeak out of the cabin

*Life was so simple, then,
sighed the Captain.*

hinges and tidy up for the shore visitors."

"I smell a land breeze" replied Chips as he stepped nimbly from the bobstays by way of the jib-boom backropes to the deck. Stowing his paints in the locker he looked proudly around the square-rigger which had been his home for many months. She was the "Rainbow",*one of the first clippers home from China, laden with tea and spices, and destined to lead the way into a decade of glorious triumphs for Yankee clipper ships.

Meanwhile the mate, a hairy-chested, much-tattooed individual named Jonathan Evans, was admiring his sideburns in the cabin mirror. Although a tough fellow who used the belayin' pin and the cat o'nine tails often enough on

*Member, Artists and Writers Club

*1844.

lazy or stubborn seamen, he was timid as a rabbit the moment he stepped foot ashore. Waterfront gossip rumored that his wife, Liz, was the boss in the Evans family.

"I hope she doesn't find out about that spree I had in Shanghai," he mused. "Or that girl in Hong Kong . . . If the men don't spill it . . ."

Captain Roger Winslow on the quarterdeck, sipping a cup of hot tea spiked with rum, keeping a vigilant eye out for the Whitehall signals, looked upon the portrait of his wife and sighed heavily:

"I wish Mary didn't hate the sea so much. I'd like her to sail with me on the next run to China. If the owners are satisfied with this first passage, maybe I can beat the record next trip. If I can make just one more trip I'll earn enough to buy a house way uptown near Gramercy Park. I know I promised Mary this would be my last—but if I could make just one more trip . . ."

Reuben Ranzo, an ordinary seaman, hung listlessly over the rail and nursed his ailment—a chronic case of mal de mer. Food had not agreed with him during the entire voyage. He hated seafaring and regretted the day he had gone into a South bar. Laudanum in his drink had knocked him out, and he had awakened to find himself aboard a sailing ship bound for Shanghai.

A gentleman passenger, his bags packed and ready to disembark as soon as the "Rainbow" docked, wrote his last entry in the diary he had kept of the voyage: "Tomorrow we expect to sight land. This is a pity. At sea, life is simple—only one problem to wrestle with—the sea itself. Ashore, life is so complicated. What with the war over, and people concerned about new-fangled things like railroads, tinpot steamships—to say nothing of personal problems. Ah me, how lucky they were in the good old days!"

The rest of the ship's company—each with his personal woes, worries, ambitions, forebodings and

hopes, went about their duties making the sharp-bowed vessel trim and shipshape. The decks were holystoned until they gleamed in the autumn sunshine. The huge canvas mainsail and mizzensail had been patched (although rather hastily with what the sailors called "Homeward bound stitches"—enough to withstand the average North Atlantic gale, but never strong enough to endure a Cape Horn blow on the outward voyage.)

The sails reefed, the "RAINBOW" sailed briskly down the Bay, tacking off Governor's Island, and so reached her South Street pier which, like a good steed finding her own stall, she nosed into instinctively . . .

ONE hundred years later to the day, the "RAINBOW", now in the guise of a 10,000 ton steamship, steamed proudly into New York harbor. On the huge funnel midships, a painter was putting the finishing touches to the red, white and blue stripes which effectively covered the dark war-time gray used on merchant ships. She brought back from China, in exchange for clothing, food and medical supplies, the first peacetime cargo of tea since World War II had ended—symbolizing the return of a war-weary people to a peace-time occupation.

In the Captain's cabin, framed in silver, was a painting of the original clipper ship. The skipper, in a well-pressed blue uniform and four gold stripes on his sleeve, glanced at the picture. Evans, his mate, thinking of his family who were having difficulty getting an apartment in New York, remarked wistfully: "Ah sir, those were the good old days! Iron men and wooden ships. No homefront worries. Life was so simple, then!"

The Captain agreed. "No problem so great, then, a cup of tea from China couldn't solve it. How lucky they were!" And he sighed, thinking of all the problems awaiting him when his ship docked.

Seafaring and Circusing

FOUR-foot-tall circus entertainer Curt Starke swung from "under-stander" in a midget acrobat troupe to acting Able Seaman in the United States Merchant Marine with the greatest of ease. "That's because my acrobatic experience—at the bottom of the pyramids and stunts—gave my muscles the know-how useful in seamanship," Starke explained.

Starke, who joined the Merchant Marine in 1942 and wears Atlantic, Pacific and Mediterranean service ribbons, longed to be a seaman ever since he was twelve years old. But shipping companies turned down his application—deciding he was too small for a rigorous seafaring job.

Beginning his acrobatic career in Germany twenty-seven years ago, Starke, now 45, trained intensively as an apprentice before joining the troupe touring the United States. "Our troupe, all born in Germany, stuck together from 1919 to 1942," he said. "We were billed as the Midget Revue, and for a while I

forgot my ambitions to become a seaman because all my energy went into our acts."

The five small entertainers gained fame in show business as one of the few midget acrobat teams to execute the most difficult of all precision stunts—a teeterboard act. Their routine also included pyramid-building, hand-to-hand tricks, head-balancing stunts and a perch act with one acrobat performing precariously balanced on top of a pole held by another man. Starke, a dwarf, was the largest of the group. "The others were midgets," he explained.

The five-man troupe broke up in 1942, when two of its members took defense jobs and Starke joined the Merchant Marine. He has been a U. S. citizen since 1936. The two remaining members are now employed by the Ringling Brothers show.

His travels as an entertainer took Starke to forty-four states, but his wanderlust was still unsatisfied. After several applications before



Photo by Lawrence D. Thornton

Curt Starke Visits His Circus Friends.

the war threat arose, he was accepted into the Merchant Marine in February, 1942, first sailing as a utility man in the galley.

"When I was in show business, the bottom man was 'top man,'" Starke smiled. "But in the Merchant Marine, I really started at the bottom. Now I've come up on deck and will be getting my AB ticket soon."

Starke's opportunity to satisfy his craving for travel came after two short coastwise trips, when he shipped aboard a Liberty which sailed around the world via Australia, India, Africa, and South America. On his next voyages, he went to Hawaii, England and

Brazil. None of his ships was under enemy attack.

On a recent between-trips return to this country, Starke visited the two members of his former troupe performing at Madison Square Garden, where photographer Lawrence Thornton snapped him and gave the picture to THE LOOK-OUT editor. "The old familiar grease-paint atmosphere certainly seemed strange after life on a Liberty ship," Starke declared. "Right now I'm undecided about my postwar plans—whether to continue as a seaman or work as an entertainer. But if I do return to circus life, it will be in an easier job—as a clown.

S. O. S. "Sparks" . . . — — — . . .

By Gordon Fraser, Radio Operator*

IT is commonly believed among seamen that radio operators are all just a trifle 'wacky'. This belief comes from the necessity of wearing earphones for long periods of time, and out of the earphones come those weird noises composed of musical dots and dashes, unintelligible to others, which, to the radio operator, is like a second language. Another reason is that most of the men on the ship have not the slightest idea as to how the operator makes contact with the right station, nor how he can tell when a message he has transmitted has been received. The whole thing is usually quite mysterious to the average seaman, so, being a mysterious sort of business, it must of necessity require a slightly different sort of brain to handle.

There are several other reasons. On board ship, in normal times, the radio operator occupies a rather unique position. Unless it is a passenger ship, there is only one radio operator. He seems to constitute a department of one. The operator is responsible only to the master of the vessel, the master. The master may look upon the operator as a very necessary and important member of the crew, or

* Member, Artists and Writers Club.

he may regard him with varying degrees of tolerance, all the way down to a necessary evil imposed on the rest of the crew by national and international law. The operator's position varies directly from pleasant to unpleasant according to whether or not he is looked upon as necessary or just evil.

Traditionally, all radio operators on ships are known as 'Sparks'. This is sometimes confusing to those outside the seagoing fraternity, and leads quite often to the erroneous belief that there are a great many radio operators named Sparks, a not uncommon name.

Even now, with the modern equipment on board ships, equipment that, even with the transmitter operating at full power, makes little more noise than your vacuum cleaner, the name 'Sparks' persists. It comes about from the old 'Spark' transmitters of years ago, when the radio operator was held in some awe by the rest of the crew. These old type transmitters unlike the modern vacuum tube transmitter, emitted an earsplitting crash and crackle, accompanied by a display of sparks from the old straight spark gap or rotary gap,

that would have delighted the heart of any boy as a Fourth-of-July display. This helped to establish the belief that all operators were just a little off, since certainly no person in their right senses would play with anything so dangerous looking as thirty-thousand volts as it leaped across a gap of six inches or more, emitting weird blue flashes that crackled and hissed like so many colored snakes. Radio today is much less spectacular—and, of course, much more efficient. Where a thousand miles was a great distance to cover with the old 'spark' transmitters of twenty-five years ago, half around the world is today quite common and, among operators, hardly causes a lifting of the eyebrows.

To the rest of the crew, the radio operator's job is the 'softest' on the ship. It is quite true he stands, or rather sits, a regular watch. Usually he will be found with his feet on the desk of the transmitter, sitting back comfortably in his chair, listening to the dots and dashes coming out of the earphones on his head. At other times he will be seen to move and twiddle with a dial on the receiver, listen intently for a moment, then relax once more. This latter is looked upon with grave suspicion by the other officers on the ship, since it is their belief that this is done merely for effect.

There are various duties the operator performs, transmission and reception of messages, warnings to mariners sent out by the Hydrographic Office of the Navy. Then too, he is quite frequently called upon to obtain bearings from a shore radio station by means of signals sent out by the transmitter on the ship from which the shore station takes the bearing. The transmission of weather reports, prepared by the officer on the bridge, at certain hours is another important duty. From these weather reports the meteorologists of the weather bureau are able to plot high and low barometric pressure areas, temperature curves and the



Courtesy "The Heaving Line"

general state of the weather over vast areas.

When a typhoon in the Pacific or a hurricane in the Atlantic is on the move, reports from ships at sea enable the weather bureau to plot the course of the storm as well as its speed and the force of the accompanying wind, all this information being of great value to ships at sea and to the areas along the coasts which are apt to be visited by one of these unwelcome intruders.

On long voyages the radio operator also keeps the rest of the men on the ship informed on the news of the day, altho at present very few ships sail without a modern broadcast receiver which enables the men to listen to news from various parts of the world. Last, but most important of all, is the use of radio for the safety of life at sea and in the past twenty years, in the air.

Without a doubt, there have been more distress calls sent out from ships at sea during the past five years than in all the previous thirty years of the existence of radio as a means of calling for help. Incidentally, the famous SOS, known to practically everyone, does not have

any signification of itself. Three dots, three dashes and three dots has an almost perfect rhythmic cadence that would be easily recognized by most any alert person after hearing it sent half dozen times. In the early days of radio, or wireless as it was then known, the distress signal was the letter CQD. Contrary to popular belief, this did not mean 'come quick danger' but was merely the CQ (general call) followed by the letter D. In this case, the last letter did stand for danger, so that CQD meant 'General call danger'. Since 1912 the international distress frequency for ships has been five hundred kilocycles or six hundred metres. Aircraft, when using the radio telephone in case of distress, use the French word M'aider which is pronounced 'Mayday'.

Regarding distress calls, there is, by international agreement, a period of silence observed twice during each hour when all coastal and ship radio stations listen and when all transmission on the international distress frequency must cease. These periods are from fifteen to eighteen minutes past each hour and forty five to forty eight minutes past each hour. This system has worked out remarkably well, both in peace and

in war. Then there is the auto-alarm, a remarkable device which works when the radio operator is off watch to warn of an impending transmission of a distress call.

The auto alarm signal consists of twelve dashes, each four seconds long, with a space of one second between each dash. These dashes, sent out by the station in distress or the station wishing to transmit an urgent warning are picked up by the auto-alarm receiver and by means of relays they turn on a red light, ring several bells on the bridge and in the radio operator's room and do everything but kick the radio operator out of his bunk. When he hears this signal, he listens for the message which comes, if time permits, two minutes after the warning is sent out. Usually there is only one radio operator on freight ships and he is on watch only eight hours out of the twenty-four.* For the other sixteen hours, the auto-alarm stands watch for him. The auto-alarm is now accepted as an indispensable piece of equipment, although it was looked upon as an intruder a few years ago by most radio operators.

*During the war, three operators were required; also on troopships now.

"Port of Missing Men"

By Mrs. Shirley Wessel



HE WAS wearing ribbons and medals signifying foreign service and special recognition.

"I am anxious to find my kid brother before I report back. I have a 30 day leave. A seaman downstairs in the lobby sent me to you. I've been across for two years and Jim enlisted in the Maritime Service. Will you help me?"

The speaker was an Army captain who entered my office recently.

"I'll do my best, Captain," I replied.

This is the answer given to hundreds of relatives, friends, and seamen who seek help through the

Missing Seamen's Bureau. After receiving the necessary information in reference to Jim—name, age, birthplace, rating and so forth—the captain left my office feeling confident we could help him. It's this faith, hope and trust which stimulates us to do our best. First, I picked up the telephone and dialed the Sheepshead Bay Station, where Jim had trained. I received from the Personnel Office the date Jim had finished there. Next, the Maritime Pool on 44th Street was called, where I learned that Jim had transferred to St. Peters-

burg, Florida. A reply from the maritime office there revealed that Jim had been assigned to a ship operated by a company on the West Coast. A telegram to this company brought the reply that Jim had signed off that particular vessel, but upon making inquiry of crew members, they found he had gone to Los Angeles to visit friends. I sent air mail communications to several places where seamen stay in southern California. One reply stated that Jim was at sea and supplied the news that he had left a forwarding address. Upon checking with the shipping company listed in Jim's address, I received heartening news. Jim called the Missing Seamen's Bureau immediately upon coming ashore. As a result he had five pleasant days with his brother, the captain.

The Missing Seamen's Bureau is one of the many services offered to seamen through the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Started by the late Mrs. Janet Roper in 1916, the Bureau has grown and flourished and today serves a real need for the seamen. Over 7600 seamen have been located. The seamen read the Missing Seamen list regularly in home ports and abroad. Published quarterly with a circulation of over 500, the Bulletin contains the names, ages and birthplaces of men sought for by relatives and friends. The seamen write, telephone or come in personally to give us information in reference to a shipmate. "I know him well. He's with the Army Transport." "Yes, he's a member of the Gripsholm crew. I saw him in South Africa two months ago."

Sometimes the news is sad. A mother had written the Bureau inquiring about her son who wrote her regularly but his letters had stopped arriving. I learned from a seaman the sad news. "Mrs. Wessel, I believe Sam was washed overboard from the SS. Investigation proved this true. The company had already notified the sister who had kept the news

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New York Times Photo

Missing Seamen's Bulletin Board

from her mother, an elderly woman with a weak heart. I got in touch with the daughter who agreed with me that the mother should know. Arrangements were made for her to be notified through official channels. She also received a sympathetic message from the Missing Seamen's Bureau.

I recently had an urgent plea from a mother of three in Belgium who was seeking her husband. She had not received any mail for sometime and was worried. After careful investigation, it was necessary to deliver the sad news. Alfred was a casualty when his ship was sunk approximately six weeks before we received her inquiry from Belgium.

Many interesting cases come to the attention of this Bureau. Some tend toward the lighter vein, even the persons involved see the amusing side and enjoy the developments along with us. One captain wrote from "somewhere in the Atlantic" that "one of my crew members tells me my name is on the Missing Seamen Bulletin. Please write me immediately. Hope it isn't a message from my mother-in-law."

"Can you tell me where to find my sugar?" read one inquiry. "He's the most wonderful daddy in the

(Continued on page 16)

Coffee-Time
Tea-Time
Chow-Time

REMEMBER the cookie jar at your grandmother's? Do you recall the in-between-meal snacks when you were away at school? The cokes, and the double frosted at the corner drug store in your home town?

Here at "25 South Street" merchant seamen enjoy refreshments served in-between-meals by volunteer hostesses in the various club rooms.

For all seamen, coffee time is 3 P. M. in the Seamen's Lounge. For Britishers, tea time is 12 noon and 4 P.M. in the British Club. For Dutch sailors, it is coffee or strong East Indian tea at 11 A. M. For the Danish seafarers, it is coffee and



... they all like their chow



pastry from 11 to 12. For the Belgians, it's usually coffee and rolls at noon.

Sodas and cokes are sold all day at the Institute's Soda Luncheonette in the main lobby. The cafeteria serves "chow" as the sailors call it all day long from 7 A. M. to 11 P. M.

3,000 meals are served in the cafeteria and dining room daily . . . wholesome, plentiful meals catering to sailors' healthy appetites, and at moderate cost. It took a lot of managing during days of rationing! . . . Just one of the many services rendered to merchant seamen of all ratings and nationalities! Tens of thousands of seamen enjoy the Institute's hospitality annually!

Your annual gift to the Institute helps to pay for the free snacks and coffee, as well as the recreational, health, welfare and educational facilities. It's a pleasant way of saying in effect: "Welcome, sailor. Have a cup of coffee?"



All seamen enjoy coffee



Kindly send contributions to the
Ways and Means Committee
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

How Captain Jasper Merryman of the Ship
"Buffoon" Awoke the Watch on Deck

By George Noble*



IT WAS fine summer weather and the old BUFFOON, one of the slowest ships I have ever seen, was lazily punching her blunt bows into a series of gentle swells for all the world like the gait of an asthmatic, portly old person who is feeling almost too tired to walk at all.

The tedium of a long passage in this sluggish old tub was relieved by the presence on board of a practical joker. Now most seafaring men are confirmed practical jokers and very often carry their humor to excess. Captain Jasper Merryman was such a one. When a playful mood was upon him the crew shuddered and sought cover hoping not to be the next victim of his cussed playfulness. Still, his ingenious pranks were often amusing and certainly helped divert us.

He was always tying the knobs of doors in the passage-ways together, leaving just enough slack in the line so that one door or the other could be opened just a crack, but not enough for a body to squeeze through. It was when occupants of rooms facing each other tried to open their door at the same time that the real fun began. Then would ensue several minutes of

noisy struggle during which there was much slamming of doors and waking of sleepers while the air in the corridor turned blue with profanity. The Captain would usually put in an appearance about this time, looking very serious and demanding to know "What the blue blazes is going on around here? Are you trying to wreck the ship? What sort of children's game do you call this, anyhow?—Grown men, responsible fathers of families, behaving like schoolboys! . . . etc., etc., What the unholy, long-tailed devil are you thinking of anyway? EH??"

While the unfortunate victims of his wry humor glowered with impotent anger behind his back Captain Merryman would walk away, almost choking with impish glee and very much pleased with himself.

Then there was the time he slipped unseen into the galley and popped something into one of "Doc's" steaming stew-kettles, much to that worthy's wide-eyed astonishment when he came to ladle-up the savory contents of his cauldron. He found a big round stone boiled clean white in the bottom of it.

Another favorite pastime of the Old Man's was to come upon a

*Member, Artists and Writers Club

port-hole open in fine weather. A well aimed cupful of cold seawater would never fail to awaken the soundest sleeper, spluttering and wondering how so generous a "dollop" of spray could come from such a smooth sea.

But I think the night our mischievous Skipper awoke the watch on deck he played his masterpiece. It was a superb performance. Everyone agreed except the men of the Mate's watch who were the reluctant victims of the Old Man's waggishness on this memorable occasion. Now the men of the Mate's watch were by all odds the sleepest parcel of farmers that ever went to sea together. You could walk up to any one of them on deck at night and unless you spoke up real sharp the fellow would not even be aware of your presence near him. According to Captain Merryman, "Sleepers?" he used to exclaim, "Good Lord a-mighty! Those fellers are the soundest sleepers I've ever seen! Decks around here at night look like a blankety-blank hospital! Why, take any one of 'em; you could stick his head into a pail of soap-suds without waking him up! . . . and the suction of his snoring will pump the blasted bucket bone-dry!"



So the Old Man wasn't much surprised to come on deck this particular morning along about 2 o'clock to discover the men of the watch in various stages of unconsciousness. The Mate was leaning his elbows on the rail with his eyes shut tight, pretty far gone into the land of Nod. While he afterward swore that he had not been asleep, but "just resting his eyes", the Old Man contended that he *was*, and talking in his sleep besides, muttering something about mermaids with seagreen hair riding pick-a-back on blue and purple dolphins being chased by red devil-fish with yellow eyes. Going for-

ward the Old Man found the lookout fast asleep under a piece of canvas, snug in the coil of a mooring hawser on the lee side of the foc'sle-head.

Coming aft again Captain Merryman set about getting together what gear he needed for his little act of deviltry.

In the wheelhouse he passed back and forth several times behind the man at the wheel, making a number of mysterious motions. Next, approaching the somnolent Mate from the rear he repeated pretty much the same movements. Up forward again with his speaking trumpet under one arm and carrying an enormously long flashlight, he disappeared for a minute or two into the bosun's locker coming out presently with a coil of light line and a ten-quart pail. Encumbered with these articles he climbed the short ladder to the foc'sle-head once more and quietly set to work. Passing one end of the light line outboard and in again through a hawser-hole he quickly made fast a slip-noose around one ankle of the unsuspecting sleeper, the other end he tied to the pail. Giving the pail a quick toss overside he scrambled well up into the bows and turning round shone the powerful beam of his big flashlight along the length of the deck, at the same time bellowing out in a loud voice; "AHOY! THERE! STARBOARD YOUR HELM OR I'LL RUN YOU DOWN! AHOY! AHOY! . . . ARE YOU ALL ASLEEP?"

Now Captain Merryman had a voice that was never noted for its gentleness, but had more the tonal quality of a cracked foghorn that had grown rusty from salt water and raucous with much wear. You can well imagine the effect it had, booming down the quiet decks in the middle of the night, amplified to stentorian proportions by the megaphone.

Instantly the sleepers were awake as they came to sudden life. Their still foggy minds shot through with vivid images of impending disaster . . . alarming mental pictures of a

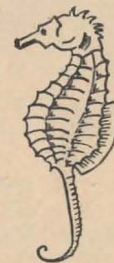
strange ship bearing down on them out of the darkness of the night. A mountainous ocean-liner or a tremendous tanker seemed to loom above their bows. Or so they thought in their first moments of startled confusion. Meanwhile the Old Man continued to play the strong beam of his electric torch in a sweeping motion back and forth across the decks, doing much to give additional color to their hallucinations. It no doubt resembled the masthead light of another ship to the frightened fugitives from the fields of Morpheus. The Mate had spun round with the speed of a whirling dervish to repeat the command of the stranger to "Starboard your helm!"—and fell flat on his face! A line made fast to a deck cleat had been tied to his feet. The man at the wheel in a panic of fright fought manfully to spin a

wheel that was lashed securely to port and starboard—while the man on lookout was struggling to extricate himself out of the lee scuppers and roaring out that an octopus had him by the legs!!!

In a few minutes the Old Man came down from his perch in the bows, laughing "fit to split his sides". Some of the men from the watch below, awakened, too, by the din and uproar, had come out on deck to see what was going on, joined the Master in his merriment, much to the disgust of the men of the Mate's watch who did not appear to think that it was very funny.

Somehow or other none of the men ever fell asleep again while on watch during the night-time for the rest of that voyage . . .

I guess they didn't dare . . .



IN GRATITUDE

To the Editor of THE LOOKOUT:

Enclosed you will find a few verses of a poem of gratitude. On several occasions during the years I have been staying at the S. C. I. I have received medical attention at the Clinic. On one particular occasion it was due to the prompt action, care and skill of Nurse Lattimer that I owe my life today.

During these many years I have always felt that, while most of us seamen are deeply grateful and appreciative of the noble work of this angel of mercy, few of us ever stop to even thank her.

I only wish my pen could do justice in expressing my gratitude and thanks to this servant of humanity.

Sincerely yours,
James A. Durkin.

TO A NURSE

For years I've seen that cheerful smile
And there are thousands more like me
Who could each day a world of good
compile

Did we but think of her more constantly.
Long years ago I felt her kindly touch
So warmly comforting, when I was ill,
Her kindly words. "Fret not so much,
Son," I can even hear them still.

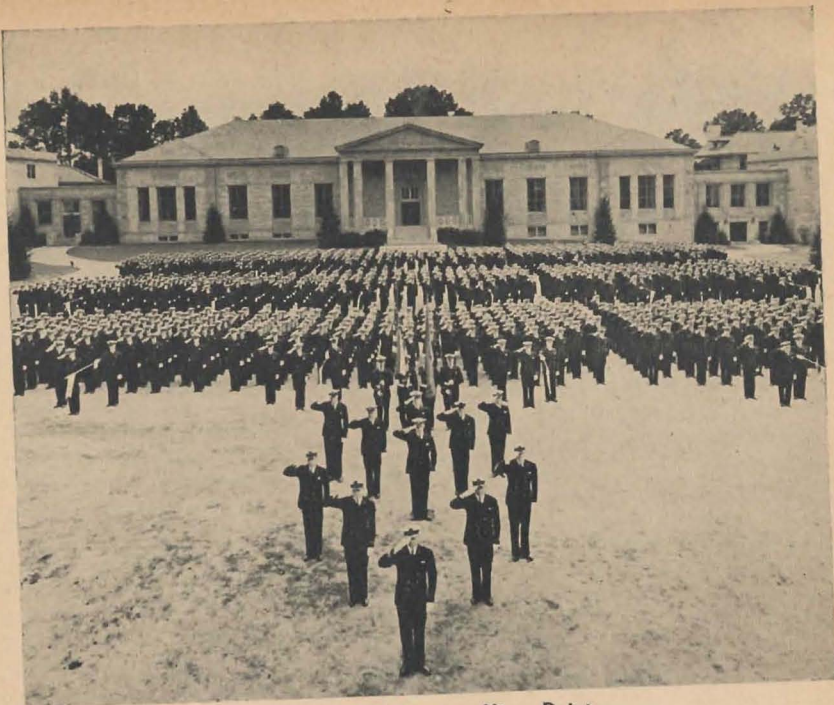
Today I've seen her face again
As bright and cheerful as of yore,
Felt those kindly hands that ease the pain
Then my own ingratitude I did deplore.
For here on mortal's garden a flower
blooms
Lavishing its human sweetness every-
where.

Its tender petals, brightening life's
twilight glooms,
And wafting fragrance through windows
of despair.

Feeling ungrateful and unworthy, I stole
away,

To the quiet Chapel (neath the stairs)
And there in silence, angels heard me say,
Forever I'll remember her in my prayers.

James A. Durkin.



Cadet Midshipmen at Kings Point

UNCLE OTTO TO THE RESCUE

To the LOOKOUT Editor,
25 South Street.

Just remember . . .

The Seamen's Institute sees seamen coming in from long trips and stops for a rest. Some have their wages stuffed in their pockets, some go out and spend it and are broke the next day or so. But there are some wiser boys among all the thousands, who get American Express Checks for safe spending and for putting away, but also they have to be taken care of . . . I arrived at 25 South Street and got me a room. My baggage arrived and I started to clear my room locker. There were many letters and other trash, which I threw on the deck to be swept out later . . . I noticed a \$100.00 dollar Express Check among the old trash. The name corresponding to the name was on letters on floor. I delivered the \$100.00 check to the Lost and Found Department. Also wrote out a postal card to the boy named on check. The owner got my card and had me paged today and I let him know that his lost check was waiting for him at the Express Company office. He walked off and said THANK YOU.

A lucky Owner and a lucky Finder.

"Lucky" Uncle Otto Preusser,
Chief Steward

Editor's Note:

He has made over 100 voyages and without accident.

KINGS POINT GRADUATES

Ninety-two percent of the 7,000 graduates of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point are serving as officers of ships.

More than 1700 graduates are on active sea duty as officers with the U. S. Navy and 4800 are attached to merchant vessels.

One and one-tenth of the Academy graduates have been lost or missing in action, prisoners of war or physically disabled as a result of the war.

The report showed that since the U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps was established in 1938, 7083 officers have been graduated. A breakdown of information available on 6800 graduates shows 6550 at sea, only 170 ashore and 80 war casualties. The Cadet Corps can account for 96 percent of all its graduates since 1938.

Ninety-one graduates are now ships' masters and 77 are chief engineers. Grace Line, Inc., leads with 15 graduates serving as masters, American Export Lines with 14 as chief engineers. Of the 1700 on active duty with the Navy, 61 hold the rank of Lieutenant Commander or higher.

An additional 150 Cadet-Midshipmen, before graduation, lost their lives or are missing in action.

When this photograph was taken brilliant California sunshine made the steam cast a shadow (which appears to be a hole) and the anchor chain looks like two!



U. S. Maritime Photo

First 16,500 Ton T2-SE-A2 Tanker, S. S. Mission Purisima

TANKERS are dangerous ships with or without the menace of submarines, says Philip Harkins in an article in "ESQUIRE". The oil or gas is always swishing around in the tanks, an invitation to a holocaust. Anyone who smokes on a tanker invites a swift clip on the jaw. With their inflammable cargo, tankers can quickly become enormous roaring Roman candles.

There is also the danger of deadly fumes from the cargo. Harkins recalls the experience of George Pettigrew, a Kings Point graduate who was Third Mate on a tanker. Standing near a tank top watching the gas churn down into the tank from the hose that ran ashore, Pettigrew would lean over the tank to judge the depth of the cargo—each time his lungs would absorb a small quantity of poison.

Suddenly he found himself lying flat on the deck looking up at a circle of anxious faces. Luckily he had not fallen face forward into the tank.

LITTLE VACATION FOR TANKERS

Tankers are notoriously quick on the "turn around"—the time spent in port—because they are so easily loaded. Cargo ships may take a week or two, giving the crew a pleasant rest, often in a lovely port, but tankers slide swiftly in and out of ugly ports, placed for safety's sake far from the bright lights and boulevards of civilized cities.

Why then do tankermen, so many of them, stay aboard tankers? Three reasons: Better food, better quarters, more money, fifteen per cent more than the wages on the average cargo ship. A mate aboard a tanker has his own shower, a bed, not a built-in bunk, a leather settee, a chest of drawers. But despite its comforts the cabin is carefully fire-proofed. Its kneehole desk is steel. The bulkhead is of asbestos board. The door is a screen of steel mesh with a "kick out" panel which a trapped man can quickly displace if a torpedo jams the door. And in

a tanker cabin, continues ESQUIRE, the porthole is big enough for a man to squeeze through if he happens to be penned in by fire.

MANY PRECAUTIONS MUST BE TAKEN

To avoid sparks aboard tankers, all tools, wrenches, sledges and cross-bars are made of non-sparking brass. Even the tapes which bound out the tanks are brass, for ferrous metal, plus gas, equals trouble. And when a tanker docks, after pounding through seas that build up a strong charge of static electricity, she must be "grounded" by special cables run out from the docks and attached to welded brackets on her decks. If fire does break out aboard a tanker, master valves send a snowstorm of CO₂ (carbon dioxide) into the flaming tanks, where, being heavier than

oxygen, the chemical snow soon displaces the oxygen and smothers the fire.

OXYGEN CAN CAUSE TROUBLE

Oxygen is the danger element in a tanker's tanks. The amount of oxygen determines its explosive point. Traveling "in ballast" with its tanks empty but "gassy", says ESQUIRE, a tanker is more combustible than when loaded with fuel oil. This is why on the return trip the tanker hoists canvas chutes that catch the fresh salt wind and funnel it down into the gassy tanks. In port, the tanks are cleaned by the Butterworth process which sends scalding salt water hissing into the tanks.

The high seas are dotted with "oil cans". Their destinations are from Murmansk to Mozambique.

Hazards of the Sea

MINE BLOWS OFF SECTION OF U. S. SHIP AT LE HAVRE Liberty Loses Forward Part, Crew of 42 Rescued

LE HAVRE, France, Dec. 23 (Ap).—The forward section of the Liberty ship Duncan L. Cllnch was blown off today when the ship struck a mine while leaving Le Havre. All of the crew were rescued from the rest of the ship, which stayed afloat. The ship had unloaded part of a cargo of wheat and oil from Buenos Aires and was about to proceed up the Seine to discharge the rest at Rouen.

Authorities said the forty-two members of the crew, all of them Americans, will be sent home by the first available transport.

TWO FREIGHTERS IN CRASH Collide at Entrance to Harbor

Two freight ships collided off Ambrose Light at the entrance to New York harbor one night. First authoritative reports indicated there were no casualties.

The freighter George N. Seger, carrying a small number of passengers and outbound for Antwerp, ploughed into the freighter Waipawa, inbound from the River Clyde and reported to be carrying some troops.

The George N. Seger's bow was caved in and Coast Guard cutters towed her into the harbor. The Waipawa suffered severe damage to her No. 1 hold, took a great deal of water, but came in under her own power.

SEAMAN DIES IN TANKER BLAST

BAYONNE, N. J., Jan. 14.—An explosion on the tanker Pequot Hill at 2:15 a.m. today caused the death of Harold Hoffman, thirty-three, of Trenton, N. J., a seaman on the vessel, at Bayonne Hospital as a result of burns. Miguel Mayco, forty-seven, steward, of New Orleans, La., also suffered severe burns and is in Bayonne Hospital.

The ship was discharging high octane gasoline at the time of the explosion.

Company employees fought the fire for some time, towing the ship into the Kill Van Kull to remove the hazard to shore installations. Then a Coast Guard fireboat was called. The fire was under control in less than two hours.

SHIP IN SERIOUS TROUBLE

LONDON, Dec. 23 (AP)—"The Sunday Graphic" said today that the American ship James M. Wayne, a 7,000-ton vessel en route from Antwerp to America, was reported to be shipping water and in serious trouble. "The Graphic" said the information was contained in a message from the British ship Penden to Lloyds. No details were given on the location of the Wayne or her cargo.

SHIP HITS MINE

TRIESTE, Nov. 13 (AP)—The American Liberty ship **Abbot Mills**, loaded with 8,500 tons of bulk wheat for troops in Austria, hit a stray mine outside Trieste Harbor yesterday and sank while being towed to a wharf. The entire crew was taken off safely.

An Incident Under Sail

By Herbert Colcord, Bosun, Merchant Marine School

IT has always been said that the older seafaring men were tougher and could stand more punishment than the younger generation. One question this when one considers the almost impossible stunts our boys pulled off during the recent war. They sure balanced the scales. However, I recall an incident under sail which tested the mettle of a young lad.

I once knew a Captain George A. Nichols who came from a long line of seafaring people, who was tough and could take it. He had four boys and two girls. Two of the boys took to the sea; Hugh and Joe.

The Captain was on a voyage on the ABNER COBURN, bound for Hong Kong from New York with case oil for a cargo. He had the oldest boy, Hugh, for mate, and Joe was just a boy of 14 years old and on his first trip on pay. (Sailors started in those days as early as 10 years old. The records show on the Gloucester book that schooners were captained by boys 13 and 14.)

The COBURN had a fine run down into the tropics and then ran into tough going, very heavy squalls with thick rainy weather. When she was some 400 miles or so to the eastward of St. Thomas Island, she was struck by a very heavy squall and they had to heave her to, and that is some job in heavy sea way.

Captain Nichols came up the after companionway just as a big sea swept in over her and carried away her wheelhouse, and washed the mate and one sailor overboard, and broke the Captain's leg and three ribs, and washed him down into the cabin.

Joe, his 14-year-old son, helped him back on deck and when the skipper saw the wreck of the wheelhouse, he said, "I am glad that darn thing is carried away, I never liked it anyway." He died three hours later. After the squall died



down, and they got the gear cleaned up, there was nobody but the boy who knew anything about navigating, so it fell to Joe to take the ship into St. Thomas, and it was said at the time that he did a fine job of it, standing on the quarterdeck for three days without sleep.

Just another matter of fact thing that did happen and will continue to do so as long as there are oceans and ships for men to sail.

LUCKY 13



Bard Claar, a Kansan, and a cook in the Merchant Marine, believes that thirteen is his lucky number:

1.) His first ship, left Boston, on the 13th of the month. (2. He sailed 13 different vessels. 3.) He has been 13 different times in N. Y. Harbor. 4.) He has sailed in 13 convoys. 5.) He has been 13 times in foreign ports. 6.) He has been 13 times to Aruba. 7.) He met his wife 13 years ago. 8.) He married on Friday the 13th, July, 1945. 9.) There were 13 persons at the wedding. 10.) Also at the shower given for his bride. 12.) Paid off on last ship Sept. 13th. 12.) The initial of his first name "B" he writes like 13 and 13.) his 13th ship was named Washington and he was married in the State of Washington.

PORT OF MISSING MEN

(Continued from page 7)

wide, wide world." A lengthy description followed, giving tatoon placement, the way he wiggled his ears, and showed his wisdom tooth when he smiled.

Several seamen aided in locating Carl, a native of Finland, who at the present time is serving in the Pacific area with the United States Army. We delivered a message to him from his homeland. A grateful letter from Carl repaid us for all our efforts. Incidentally, he is now corresponding with his former shipmates who helped in locating him.

During the past year we have ascertained the whereabouts of seamen of almost every country in the world. We have sought them in the United States, in foreign climes, on the sea, in hospitals, in prisoner of war camps and in practically every place under the sun. Letters reach the Bureau from the ends of the earth from those who have turned to us in their efforts to find their dear ones.

Some inquiries have happy endings. Two individuals were reunited recently. A seaman, aged 26, came to inquire about his father. Mark had been reared in an orphanage where he was placed by his mother and he had never known his father. He was anxious to get acquainted with his dad. Father and son, both seamen, met for the first time in my office. Their meeting fulfilled a desire that each had yearned for for years. Such incidents repay us for the time and effort spent in searching.

Frequently the only reason seamen lose touch with their families is that their relatives move and fail to leave a forwarding address with the Post Office. One day recently a tall, dark-haired man walked into the Missing Seamen's office and said, "I happened to be waiting for the elevator and glanced at the Missing Seamen Bulletin. I was surprised to find my name there. Who is inquiring for me?" After

establishing his identity, he commented: "I went to see my mother, in 1938 but when I got there neighbors told me that she and my sister had moved away and left no forwarding address." "You may see your mother if you will take the 3rd Ave. L up to 67th Street" I told him. "Here is her address. She will be delighted to see you. If by any chance, she is not there, inquire of the landlord. And please come back and let me know what luck you had." The next morning James returned, jubilant, and overjoyed to report that he had found his mother and sister and both were well. He will stay with them until his ship sails.

Many of the seamen come to the Bureau and leave their address so we can locate them immediately if the need arises. I tell them they should send their addresses to their mothers and write them regularly or make arrangements for the Institute Post Office to hold their mail, and that the writing room is available with stationery provided. Even if it's only a line, she will appreciate it. These procedures, if followed, will eliminate much anxiety and worry on the part of loved ones and friends.

The Missing Seamen's Bureau is a friendly service, where a seaman's confidence is respected.

IN APPRECIATION



"Belated, perhaps — but certainly not forgotten. This little note of appreciation from myself and many others on this ship for the "homey" Christmas made possible by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. We were on the high seas at Christmas Time and an otherwise bleak day was made bright and cheery by your thoughtfulness. We've traveled many thousands of miles since then and have seen sights we'll never forget. All we can say is "Thank God we're Americans serving a wonderful America." Again our sincere thanks for the Christmas boxes.*

*8,000 were distributed

Three Years as a Japanese Prisoner

(Editor's note: Miss Elizabeth de Putron who represents the Institute in the Shipping Commissioner's office where merchant crews are paid off, and to whom she sells War Bonds, Travellers' Cheques, etc., recently interviewed a 38-year old Able Bodied seaman of Egyptian birth. The following is her account of the interview.)

THIS afternoon I had the opportunity to hear the experience of Nass M. Ali, a 38-year old A.B., who has just been repatriated after spending three years as a prisoner of the Japanese. Mr. Ali is an Egyptian who speaks excellent English. Three years ago he shipped out of New Orleans aboard the *S. S. Gertrude Kellogg*, operated by the Spencer Kellogg Corporation.

On December 10th, 1941, three days after Pearl Harbor, the vessel lay in Manila Harbor discharging cargo. An alert was given and all the crew managed to get below decks with the exception of Mr. Ali and Captain David Nicoll,* of Brooklyn. Both were wounded by shrapnel and were found lying on deck after the raid by members of the crew. "In those days, of course", Ali said, "we had nothing to protect us. There was no gun crew aboard. The only means of getting ashore was by lifeboat. Captain Nicoll and I were put into No. 2 lifeboat and were being rowed ashore when a Navy speedboat came by. They took us aboard and we were taken to the U. S. Navy Hospital in Cavite. There we were given first-aid by Navy doctors, who did not have much time to do anything more, as that same afternoon the Japs bombed the hospital. The bombing was such that all Navy personnel left the hospital and the serious cases had to be left behind. There were many of us and rank did not mean a thing—many high officers were left also. Only those who could walk managed to leave.

Nicoll was not a serious case and was removed to a hospital in Manila.

"I found out later that the crew of the *Gertrude Kellogg* saw the hospital bombed and were sure that we were dead. Three days later the ship sailed for home. A Filipino policeman came to the hospital looking for his brother who had been killed in the raid. I asked him if he was from Manila and he told me he was. I then asked him to please notify the manager of the Spencer Kellogg Corporation in Manila, Mr. Dean Hellis, that I was wounded and stranded in the hospital in Cavite. That same afternoon, Mr. Hellis sent an ambulance to pick me up, and I was removed to St. Paul's Hospital, an American Hospital, in Manila. Here I was cared for for three days by Dr. Black, an American M.D., and then the Japs began to bomb that section. Volunteers stood watches, ready to move the patients in cars to another hospital as soon as it became necessary and it wasn't long before I was being moved again.

"This time I was taken to the Mary Johnson Maternity Hospital in Tondo. That was quite an experience. In all that chaos, babies continued to be born and the sound of wailing babies vied with that of bursting bombs. I remained for five days at the Mary Johnson, during which time Miss Poland, an American nurse and graduate of Johns Hopkins, became worried about the possibility of my losing the power of my left arm. She very fortunately got in touch with Dr. J. V. de Los Santos, a Filipino M.D. and also a graduate of Johns Hopkins. I should say I was extremely fortunate, as Dr. Santos was a specialist and saved the use of my arm, and, in other ways,

*Whose story was told in *THE LOOKOUT*. He spoke at the Institute's War Bond party.

probably my life. Doctors who have looked me over since my return to the States expressed much admiration for his work and one told me he would like to have him here. I don't know whether he is living or dead now as I lost track of him later.

To get back, Santos operated on me for a compound fracture of the clavicle and I was put in a cast from the waist up so that my arm would be held in an upright position. While the cast was being put on, the hospital was bombed. I remained in that cast with my arm in an upright position, for nine months. The worst part was not being able to bathe. I carried a short stick in my right hand and whenever anyone approached, I would ask them to scratch my back. At the time the hospital was bombed I was very weak and could hardly breathe. In this condition I had to be moved to St. Joseph Hospital, a Filipino operated hospital in Tandway, Manila. Here Dr. Santos continued to take care of me for which I was very grateful. He said he was grateful and thankful to God I was his patient, as he was with a group of friends one day and had to leave them to come to see me. Five minutes later all his friends were killed in a raid, so he claimed that *I saved his life!*



"I spent three months at St. Joseph's and all this time the bombing continued. But there was no place left to move us now, so we had to stick it out there. Although the hospital itself received no direct hit while I was there, shrapnel dropped through the holes in the roof and walls and we patients lying in bed saw people killed all about us. We prayed as we had never prayed before. Manila was then declared an open city and the Japs came in. Nicoll, who had been in a Naval hospital in Manila, was brought to St. Joseph's when Naval and Military personnel left. Japanese looters came into the hospital then, examined everyone and

stole all jewelry from the patients. My watch and ring were saved by an alert Filipino nurse who took them and hid them for me. The next day Japanese M.P.'s came in. They left the Filipino doctors to take care of us, but they took all equipment and medicine and allowed no visitors. Finally, the food shortage got so bad that Dr. Santos took me out of the hospital to a Filipino infirmary near his home. He brought me food, as did Egyptian, Syrian and Filipino friends.



"Nicoll stayed at St. Joseph's nine months, then the food got so bad, he went voluntarily to an internment camp at Santo Tomas. Dr. Santos and I had to report frequently, every two weeks or so, to the internment camp to testify that I was still sick enough to be under Santos' care. During this time, the Filipinos were allowed to run the city. This went on for about a year, until the Japanese military took over Manila and from then on, everyone had to stay where they were found. We were on the south side, in the walled city.

"As an enemy alien, I had to wear an arm band every time I ventured into the street. Japs seeing this would slap me in the face, so sometimes I would take the band off. Finally I stopped going out. Then virtual starvation set in. I was living with the Reyes, a Filipino family of five. We managed to get some dry fish, rice and a few vegetables once in a while. I became sick from this diet and had beri-beri and dysentery. Santos got some serum in the black market and gave me injections, which helped some. Men, women and children died in the streets—I would estimate in our quarters from 200 to 300 a day died of starvation."

"About ten days before the Americans came, the Japs began blowing up houses, setting fires, and killing civilians. It made no difference what nationality they were—Germans, Italians, Spaniards, were

killed along with the others. We were living from cellar to cellar and they threw grenades in the basements. As the Americans moved into the north side, the Japs retreated to the south side, where we were. We stayed underground the whole time and lived on corn and water. (Note: I asked him where they got the corn and he said they got hold of some canned corn which they chewed). Firing became so hot around us that I began to look about for another shelter and I saw an American soldier on the next block.

"We were nearly delirious with joy. Mrs. Reyes was in a semi-conscious state and didn't want to leave. Finally her son and I carried her to the American side. We were all put in a jeep and taken to Santo Tomas. Two days later I was put

in a plane and flown to Leyte. There I was joined by Nicoll. He had been liberated from Los Banos, an internment camp in the mountains, 10 days after I was, by American paratroopers. At Leyte we boarded the *S. S. Jo Harris* to New Guinea, and were brought back to San Francisco from there by a Navy transport. I consider myself very lucky. Had I not been sick, I would have been put in the internment camp at Santo Tomas, where I know I would have died. Since my return, I have met several members of the crew of the *S. S. Gertrude Kellogg*. Naturally, they couldn't believe their eyes."

Mr. Ali used to visit the Institute frequently in the '20's, and he used to ship out through our Employment Bureau.

Distinguished Service Medal Awarded

ONE Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal and 193 Mariner's Medals were presented recently by the Merchant Marine Medals Award Committee, the War Shipping Administration announced. This brings the total presentations since war started to 128 Distinguished Service Medals. More than 4,786 Mariner's Medals have been presented for men killed, wounded, injured or suffering from dangerous exposure as the result of enemy action. These medals are authorized by Congress under Public Law 524 and Public Law 52. Total Merchant Marine casualties to January 1 were 5,638 of its total 243,000 personnel.

Captain Carl Peter Richard Dahlstrom, Commander in the United States Maritime Service whose home address is 9930 65th Avenue, Forest Hills, N. Y., received the Distinguished Service Medal.

His ship, the SS LYMAN ABBOTT, was discharging explosive war cargo in a port a few miles behind the actual battlefield when the entire harbor area was hit by

a devastating air attack. Explosion of a nearby ship damaged the LYMAN ABBOTT's lifeboats, tore holes in her deck and started fires. Although firefighting equipment lay ruined, Captain Dahlstrom rallied his men to beat and stamp out the flames until another ship, torn from her moorings and ablaze from stem to stern, bore down upon the LYMAN ABBOTT and forced her crew to abandon ship, amid blazing oil on the harbor waters. Since the cargo was vitally needed to support the invasion, the vessel had to be moved from the burning harbor to prevent an explosion. Volunteers from the crew, all in some degree wounded or burned, immediately responded and under Captain Dahlstrom's courageous leadership succeeded in taking the crippled and still burning ship out of port, extinguishing the flames and later returning to discharge her combat material.

Among the men who received Mariner's Medals for injuries as a result of enemy action was Adolf Berke, who stays at the Institute when in the Port of New York.



SHALL WE SCRAP OUR MERCHANT MARINE?

By Alfred Day Rathbone, IV
N. Y., McBride, 1945. \$3.00

This is a factual story of America's sea power from its earliest beginnings to the present, which explains the contributions of a strong Merchant Marine and a strong navy. In order to prosper in peace and to assure an adequate defense in war, a nation must maintain these two distinct fleets of ships. In the past the United States has had one without the other. Now for the first time we have a Merchant Marine and a fighting fleet that adequately complement each other, and are, therefore, the strongest sea power in the world.

The maritime history of the world shows us the truth of Captain Mahan's maxim: Sea power equals warships plus bases plus merchant ships. We know this is still true, and for security and prosperity we must never again scrap our Merchant Marine. Rather we must keep our shipbuilding skill sharp, encourage balanced foreign trade, and earn the world's respect due a powerful and efficient maritime power.

F.L.Noling



ALL BRAVE SAILORS

The Story of the Booker T. Washington
By John Beecher
N. Y. L. B. Fischer. \$2.50

It seems appropriate and logical for a great grand-nephew of Harriet Beecher Stowe to write a book about the first Negro Captain of a United States merchant ship. The author signed on the Booker T. Washington as a purser soon after she went into service in 1942 and stayed with Captain Hugh Mulzac and his ship for two years. The ship had a mixed crew of whites and Negroes and the story of their mutual respect for each other, their comradeship and fine seamanship has been told with understanding. There are stirring sketches of the individual men aboard, of their pride in furnishing extra food for the troops they transported, of their hatred of fascism and of their courage under great strain. Over all though, the outstanding character is the quiet captain whose fine navigation takes his ship through dangerous waters.

INGER M. ACHESON.

PACIFIC VICTORY, 1945

By Joseph Driscoll
Lippincott. \$3.00

This report by a New York Herald Tribune correspondent assigned to the Pacific Fleet is a vivid, warm-hearted portrait of sailors and soldiers in all ranks, how they fight, think and speak. It also interprets in lively, readable fashion the significance of America's successive steps toward victory in the Pacific. M.D.C.

SCIENCE OF THE SEVEN SEAS

By Henry Stommel
Cornell Maritime Press. \$2.50

A compilation of scientific facts stated in terms simple enough for the ordinary layman. Indeed, an intelligent young boy would delight in finding here answers to questions ranging from an explanation of the "dead water" which puzzled the old sailing captains, to facts on smashing the atom. D.Page



THE MANATEE

By Nancy Bruff
Dutton, 1945. \$2.50

If you want a cheerful story about conventional people with a happy ending THE MANATEE is not for you. This strange story of love and hate, of people we have never known and never want to know, is fast-moving, readable, and full of Miss Bruff's colorful and figurative language, exotic and bizarre incident.

In the rise and fall of Captain Jabez Folger of Nantucket, we see the peak and dissolution of the whaling industry on the island. His fearful secret, and intense loyalty and passion for his ship's figurehead, characterize him as a man of vindictive cruelty, doomed from first to last. His Quaker wife, Piety, is in her icy way, as unique as Jabez, and the offspring of this strange union, Luke and Saffron, are not like other children.

Miss Bruff's mood is a somber one—no one is happy, and after reading this unusual story, it makes one glad he was not living on Nantucket at the downfall of the great whaling industry. She paints a vivid picture of frustrated emotions and violence, but to my mind, not a true portrayal of Nantucket in the middle of the nineteenth century.

—F. L. Noling

REMEMBER

In the wonder of tomorrow,
When they've sailed that last convoy,
And through seas of strife and sorrow
You can cruise in lazy joy,
Remember . . .
Remember that thin, quiet fellow,
Who shared your seat on a train;
How he stared through the misty
window,
Stared at the slow falling rain;
How you asked as he jumped so queerly,
At each ker-thump from below,
"Are you ill? Can I help? Please tell me."
"No thank you, Sir, really no,"
He stammered . . . "I'm okay . . .
it's only . . .
"I've just come off the sea."
Remember the North Cape of Norway,
Cold wind, ice spray, Death's own run,
Torpedoes and Stukas, day on day,
Under the pale midnight sun.
Remember the blackouts, the dark years,
When ships were ghosts in the night;
Remember the dog watch, the gray fears,
That stirred until it grew light.
Remember that seamen, without cheers,
Were first to take up our fight.
In the magic of an evening,
On a moonlit deck at sea,
When the night in peace is singing,
Singing in soft harmony,
Remember . . .

FRANK RYHLICK, Bos'n

THE CHIPPING HAMMER CONCERTO

Hear our symphony with hammers
As we chip and scrape the decks
While the steel plates burn our fingers
While the sun rays scorch our necks
Chip, chip, chip! Arise the curses
Of the sleepy watch below
Chip, chip, chip they tell us freely
What to do, and where to go.
Swing it brothers, let them have it
See the scales begin to fly
Oh the rust it makes us thirsty
And the chips get in our eye.
Chip, chip, chip in gay crescendo
Hear us batter out a tune
Sweet the music of our hammers
Like the song of birds in June.
Silver trumpets in the dawning
Have a sweet compelling note
Hear the mighty organ thunder
Music that the masters wrote
But our hammers, chip, chip, chipping
Echo out across the years
Chip, chip, chip harmonic cadence
To the music of the spheres.
Chip, chip, chip! Another field day
As we steer across the foam
Chip, chip, chip, we pray the Buff'lo's
On her journey going home
Chip, chip our grand concerto
Ends in crashing bursts of sound
As the Bo'sun hollers "smoko"
Falls a silence all around.

Thomas Hill, A. B. Seaman.

PORT HOLE NAVIGATION

The following lines are dedicated to those members of the black gang who by strange methods, figure out where the ship is—when she ain't.

With a pair of calipers and a 12 inch rule
The Chief climbed upon his cabin stool
He glanced out the port at a bit of land
As he shifted six pencils from hand to hand.
Then he took a bearing on God knows what
And hurriedly grabbed the old grease pot
Jumped down below, the 'Revs' to take
And wound up the steam gauge by mistake.
He looked at the clock and yelled for steam
Then wrote in the log, "Diamond Head's abeam"
"Righto Chief", as the Aussies say,
Abeam twelve thousand miles away.
With a 3 inch pipe and a monkey wrench
He took a sight on the old work bench
He opened up last year's almanac
And through page ten stuck a carpet tack.
On an ancient chart of Baffin's Bay
The course he marked, with a gorset stay
An oiler skidded as a wave made her roll
So he measured the slip with an old pike-pole.
He added, deducted and divided by three
And said, "Dead ahead's Cape Flattery"
Navigation to him is mere child's play
Yet Flattery's only three thousand miles away.
He took the bilge sounding—added the log,
Deducted the draft—made allowance for fog,
Divided the tonnage by the pressure of steam
And added the length to the width of her beam.
By the sea temperature, her speed multiplied
Threw the 'Old Man's' barometer over the side
Blew the whistle three times, set his watch back an hour,
Tied the safety valve down with a half sack of flour.
One more 'Rev', he told the Chief Mate
Will bring her in sight of the Golden Gate
Better grab something Chief and take a turn,
For the Gate's two thousand miles astern.

Anon.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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