

The LOOKOUT

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

Courtesy "Compass Points," Gibbs & Cox, Inc.

"THE STATENDAM"

A CASUALTY OF WORLD WAR II

From a drawing by Cliff E. Parkhurst

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Vol. XLII

JUNE 1951

No. 6

Sanctuary

FOR SEAFARING MEN

We pray to thee, O God our heavenly Father, for the men of the Merchant Marine; for all deep-sea fishermen, coast-guards and life-boat men; for the guardians of our shores and the pilots of our ports; and for all societies and agencies that care for the well-being of sailors and their families. Bless them according to their several necessities, and keep them in all dangers and temptations: Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLII, JUNE, 1951

Copyright, 1951, by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York
Republication of articles herein is authorized, providing proper credit is given.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President

THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer

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

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor
JANE L. HEDGES, Assoc. Editor

\$1.00 per year 10c per copy

Gifts of \$5.00 per year and over include a year's subscription to "THE LOOKOUT".

Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
Telephone BOwling Green 9-2710

The Lookout

Vol. XLII

June, 1951

No. 6

Superstition or Mental Telepathy?

By Capt. Peder G. Pedersen



breaking the surface of the ocean, her deck was swept bare and her lifeboats gone, but the rigging was intact and the bare spars were enough for the storm to send her at an incredible speed through the raging water.

Knowing the exact whereabouts of his ship, the captain let her run, hoping to reach the coast by daylight. There a headland projecting far into the sea provided safe anchorage for ships seeking shelter in stormy weather. By nightfall the headland was sighted and shortly the brig was riding at anchor among a dozen other ships seeking refuge behind the protecting promontory.

As the captain opened the door to his cabin, Prince, the ship's dog, a big Newfoundland, came whining toward him, crouching at his feet as in fear of something. The captain loved his dog. He used to talk to him as if he were a human being, telling him of his joy, his sorrow and his inner secrets. Now while he stroked the head on his lap he spoke in a low voice.

"Don't be afraid now, Prince, the sea didn't get us this time, we are safe at anchor, and today is September 15th, mother's birthday. We will celebrate tonight as we always do." The captain's hand stroked caressingly over the two white letters H. H., sewed on to his blue sweater, a gift from his beloved mother. The steward opened a bottle of Burgundy, but as he handed the glass of sparkling wine to the captain the ship made a sudden plunge to starboard, turned over on the side and remained half submerged.

Climbing to the slanting deck the captain saw an unbelievable sight. The storm had shifted to the east, sending giant waves past the cape from the open sea. The storm had taken on hurricane force. Ships were

THE captain of the brig *Favorite* pacing the quarterdeck, had a worried look on his face, his telescope went more frequently to his eyes. The gentle breeze filling the few sails the ship was carrying could not fool the experienced sea captain. He was sure that the big waves following the ship were caused by something beyond the orange colored horizon.

The captain's precaution in shortening sails proved to be right. Out of the orange haze came small featherlike dots, increasing in size and shape as they came toward the ship. Riding atop a line of white capped combers, they resembled a horde of monsters out of Hades on a rampage of destruction. There was no time for sailfurling. The storm came at the ship at a terrific speed engulfing it in a welter of foamy water and blowing the remaining sails from the yards like wet paper.

As the ship emerged out of the intended watery grave, like a whale

beginning to drag their anchors. Dark shadows swept past him in the murky night, doomed ships, their anchor-lights bobbing up and down like fireflies.

The brig *Favorite* was dragging its anchor too. The big waves smashed her rigging to kindling wood. Snapping her anchor chains she too drifted to her doom. As the ship hit the rocks, two figures were standing on the quarterdeck, a big dog and a man, the man fastening the dog's chain to his own belt.

Round Hill, a suburb of a Northern coast city, was lined with the big houses of whalers and sea captains. In the house of Capt. H. H., there was a quiet birthday party. All grandmothers have birthdays, but if it is remembered for generations it is something extraordinary.

The captain had lost his wife a year before, his mother took care of the house and his five daughters. There was no gaiety at the party. In a hushed voice they were talking about their departed mother, and their father sailing to far off countries. Grand-

mother retired early the night of Sept. 15th, her 70th birthday.

The next morning they found her in tears. She told them of a strange revelation she had that night. She heard the clock toll the midnight hour but the sound was mixed by a noise like big waves breaking against a rocky coast. Then she heard it, the voice of her son calling her in extreme anguish—Mother! Mother!

It seemed to her that she held him above water in a storm but a big wave tore him from her tired arms. Now she was sure that her son was dead, but the children and neighbors told her it was only superstition, they did not believe in mental telepathy.

Months later a letter with a foreign stamp was delivered to the Round Hill house. It told of a hurricane that wrecked a dozen ships in the harbor on the night of September 15th. The body of Captain H. H. was found and given a captain's burial. He was identified by the steward, the only survivor, by the letters H. H. on the captain's sweater and by his dog's collar on which was engraved: Prince the hero of brig *Favorite*.

The Flying Cloud

AMONG the thousands of clipper ships whose sharp prows and clean runs have sheared through the seven seas in calm and in storm, none is more famous than the *Flying Cloud*, whose hull, registering 2,783 tons, slipped down the well-greased ways of Donald McKay's shipyard at East Boston in 1851. He was the foremost designer and builder of his day, and many a notable vessel emerged in embryo from his draughting board and later in essence from his establishment in the aforesaid locality.

The *Flying Cloud* indeed flew a cloud of canvas. Besides the usual equipment, including very lofty single topsails with four reef bands each, she carried standing skysails on all three masts and, with the exception of these last-mentioned zephyr-gatherers, studding sails on all the yards of her fore- and main-masts. Originally contracted

memorable day the log line, limited to 18 miles per hour, could not register the speed she attained in excess of that figure. These performances are comparable to those of many of the ocean liners of today and much higher than many of the steam vessels of 1851. The fastest racing craft of today do not attain such rapidity and it is pretty certain that it will never again be attained by vessels propelled by sails alone. The unsurpassed record of the *Flying Cloud's* first trip was set notwithstanding several accidents to spars and rigging. Such little incidents as a topgallant mast carried away or a jib blown from its boltropes never caused her skipper to shorten sail in order to repair damages. She carried on through squall and shower, pushed always almost to the limit of her capacity of resistance but never beyond it.

One of the reasons for the success of the *Flying Cloud* and other vessels vying with her in the continual races against time is that the builders put something into them besides the best materials and workmanship—brains. To this indispensable commodity their captain, nearly all men of a high order of intelligence, added their courage and skill. Such combinations rendered their vessels proof against all the usual casualties of the sea except shipwreck and fire, enabling them to press their

vessels to the utmost, blow high, blow low, through fog and tempest, secure in the staunchness of the decks they trod and in their own accomplishments as seamen.

Many other fast runs were made by the *Flying Cloud*. In 1860 she equalled her previous record to San Francisco. At another time she made the journey from that port to Honolulu in 12 days, again reeling off 370 miles in 24 hours. She also reached New York from Canton in 94 days, but this did not constitute a record, as the distance had been covered in 1845 by the *Natchez* in 78 days. That the *Flying Cloud* and her speedy competitors earned fortunes for their owners will surprise no one.

After a successful existence of twenty-three years, the *Flying Cloud's* end arrived. Her element the sea, no matter how much it lashed and writhed, the wind, how much it roared and tore at her, could never obtain mastery over her sturdy hull. Another more sinister element achieved her destruction. She was burned to the water's edge at St. John's, New Brunswick, in 1874. Peace to her ashes.

From "Forty Famous Ships"

By Henry B. Culver and illustrated by Gordon Grant. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1936.



The Master

By Eric Thompson, Carpenter's Mate, R.M.S. "Queen Mary"

ONE man and one alone can take second place to the "Master" of all things; that person is the Master of a ship, often given the name of Captain, although the former is his official title. Whether it be a matter of personal difference, of law, or religion, condition or status, he is the arbiter for all.

He cannot afford to make a wrong decision which may endanger the lives of his crew and passengers. When he receives his first command he carries no light burden on his shoulders. He must be a father, friend, mediator, even a brother to those under his care. He must also be the ship's doctor—if he commands a freighter. He must be able to speak at social functions, officiate at Divine Service, conduct a Burial at Sea, write a letter of condolence to some unfortunate seaman's relatives.

He must understand the idiosyncrasies of his ship, so that in a moment of danger when quick action is needed he will know just what to expect of her.

In wartime, of course, his responsibility is far greater. To the terror of fog are added submarines, mine-fields, bombing planes, and surface raiders. World Wars I and II records show the character of these men to whom our ships are entrusted. We honor the Master of the *Jarvis Bay*. He had to choose between the convoy and his own ship—but he did not hesitate. He knew that his chances were negligible, but he issued his orders in a calm tone. The last seen of his ship was a burning hulk—but he saved a hundred Allied vessels.

One of my old skippers, Captain W—, was the Master of a small cargo ship. Round the Coast of England during the early years of the war, when the enemy planes would roar out of the setting sun to drop their deadly loads, he would stand in



Drawing by Gordon Grant

the bridge wing behind my gun, and pass comments on anything except the tracer shells which sang over our heads. He would get excited like most of us, but it was the love of a good scrap, not nervousness or fear.

I remember two Captains B—. There was the greatest seagoing combination ever. One was Master of my ship, the other Staff Captain.

Captain B— the Master, was a broad-shouldered man, ever ready with a smile or a friendly word, but just as ready to haul you "on the carpet," for a lapse of conduct or attention to duty. He was a gentleman in manner, speech, and appearance. If ever a man had the confidence of a crew, Captain B— had. One of my most cherished possessions is a book written and autographed by him.

He was taken out of our ship in Trinidad and as he climbed down the ladder to board the launch his eyes

were full of tears. He was to have circled the ship three times, but the sight of his crew lining every available inch of rail, yelling themselves hoarse, was too much for him. He turned to the coxswain of the launch and ordered him to "carry on ashore." We waved, each man with a queer lump in his throat, until the figure in the boat was a mere speck.

Staff Captain B— was a bow-legged, "sawn-off" fellow, with a bulldog jaw and piercing eyes, the sort of man who, on reading this description, would say, "Insolent young pup!"—but then he'd smile and add, "By Jove, he's right!" His pet aversion was people who couldn't mind their own business! Whether it was a member of the catering, deck or engine departments, or his own Bridge Officers, made no difference. This "Five-foot-nothing" of a man would sail into them, punctuated with multi-colored oaths.

We had an old shipmate of Captain B—'s with us, Paddy, the seaman's "Peggy." They'd been in sail together, these two—and looked it. Chancing to bump into Paddy one day in the alleyway, arms loaded with mess-kits full of food for the A.B.'s for'ard, Captain B— began to twit him about his job.

"Sure," said Paddy, "look what I'm carrying—but it's a darned sight easier to carry than that gold braid you've got on your sleeve!"

Captain B— smiled, and went his way. Yes, he was a fine old sailor and, as he often said regarding the risks in war-time, "I've had my time, and enjoyed it too. If my number comes out of the hat one day, why worry?"

One time we made a hurried dash to dump overboard a whole series of explosive rockets which were faulty. Some had exploded, killing a number of men. One rocket was projecting slightly from the bottom of the case, promising immediate annihilation if it were knocked.

"Get back! Go right back!" Captain B— warned us. Then he calmly proceeded to push the box over the side as it dangled at the end of the

derrick. While he held it steady—we held our breaths! I take my hat off to him, he was a man, with capitals! On his short bow-legs he would roll round the ship, toes turned inwards until they nearly met. But when you got to know him you didn't laugh . . . you knew better.

He has dropped his anchor now in a Port where all seafarers go eventually. During my time at sea I have only once come across a man who carried the title of Master, yet who was not worthy of it.

Many Masters had already given up the sea when the second World War broke out, settling down to their "acre of land and some chickens" which is supposed to be the dream of all men of their calling. But when the country needed again all those who could help to keep the sea-lanes open, they responded, as always, to the urgent call.

And so they are there today; not as nimble as they were; not as numerous as they were, but still keen and eager for the heave of a deck beneath their feet.

For a "Master under God" (as Lloyd's of London expresses it) it has been a long hard voyage from the examination room to the bridge.

NEW DEVICE STEERS SHIP FROM ANY PLACE ON BOARD

A new device will enable seamen to steer a ship by remote control from practically any strategic spot on board. The "electric helmsman" can be plugged into the steering control system at special outlets throughout the vessel. The device is strapped to the user's chest and is controlled by a small knob.

The unit can be used in combat operations when normal steering stations have been disabled. It also can be used for "close in" direction of such maneuvers as docking, breeches buoy transfers and other normal or emergency movements.

The device, developed by engineers of General Electric's Aeronautic and Ordnance Stations Divisions, is being fitted on a Navy destroyer.

Wrecks in New York Harbor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Doubtless many readers enjoyed the article, "The Bottom of the Harbor" by Joseph Mitchell, which appeared in the January 6th issue of THE NEW YORKER. For the benefit of those who did not read it, we reprint here, by special permission, the excerpt having to do with ships wrecked in the harbor.

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

From: "Profiles," *The Bottom of the Harbor*
By JOSEPH MITCHELL
The New Yorker, Jan. 6, 1951

The Last Square-Rigger

(*The Saga of the "Tusitala"*)

By Edmund Francis Moran

In the early eighteen-eighties, the nations of Europe were building iron-hulled, engineless sailing ships, for the earlier, wooden-hulled Clippers had become obsolete. Prevalent world conditions called for larger cargoes which the white-winged racers of the past could never carry. Actually, the square-rigged merchantman was making her last, dramatic stand against the steam-propelled ships.

The ship-building port of Greenock, Scotland teemed with activity one historic day in the year 1883. A handsome, clean-lined sailing craft left the building stocks in Steele's Shipyard. She was of medium size and of sturdy construction, this iron-hulled beauty of 1,700 odd tons. Steele's of Greenock built ships well.

The new vessel presented a flawless full profile, with the Clipper bow, turtle-back stern and sweeping sheer curve, which her designer had given her. Swelling quarters suggested great potential driving power. Boasting a certain sharpness, the sleek underbody somehow gave promise of future greatness as a speedy sailer. Across the shapely, rounded stern, was her name: *Sierra Lucena*.

A stout, "Spike" bowsprit soared forward and upward at a jaunty angle of "steeve." Her principal measurements were as follows: Gross Tonnage 1748, Net Tonnage 1624, Length 261 ft., Breadth 38 ft., Depth 23.4 ft. The graceful "crack" was destined to have a dazzling career as a sailing craft.

The *Sierra Lucena* began life as a lofty, full-rigged merchant ship. In her days under the Red Ensign she made many speedy passages. Cape Horn, the Cape of Good Hope and the Atlantic seaways were familiar territory. She proved herself very seaworthy and turned out good cargoes. There are still people who remember her as the stately beauty of those days of her golden youth. Early in her career, the ship was renamed *Inveruglas* in tribute to a Scottish Highland glen.

In the great discard of the Eighteen-nineties, many speedy square-riggers were sold out in England. In the year 1895, that celebrated English Tea Clipper, *Cutty Sark*, passed into the hands of the Portuguese. Like many of her sisters, the ship *Inveruglas* passed under the Flag of Norway.

Norwegian owners changed her name to *Sophie*; her hailing port to Sandefjord. They then re-rigged her as a lofty bark. Actually, the handsome square-rigger was destined to win greater fame, as the *Tusitala*. In the early nineteen-twenties, a group of ardent ship lovers organized the now famous Three Hours For Lunch Club. The late Captain Felix Riesenbergs of the New York State Schoolship *Newport*, Captain David

Bone and the American author, Mr. Christopher Morley were among its charter members. In the year 1923, this group resolved to obtain a bonafide sailing merchantman and to establish her as the apotheosis of sea literature. When they saw the Norwegian bark *Sophie* at Hampton Roads, Virginia, they looked no more.

Acting as agent, Captain Riesenbergs purchased the bark and had her towed to New York. At Todd's shipyard, American hands reconditioned her and her original rig was restored. At the suggestion of Mr. Morley, she was renamed *Tusitala* as a tribute to Robert Louis Stevenson to whom the old Samoan word meaning: "Teller of Tales" had been applied.

The full-rigged ship *Tusitala* was then commissioned. Aft, on the spacious pool deck her new owners conducted a brief, rededication ceremony. The American flag then rose to the spanker gaff-end. Thus the gallant "old timer" began life anew and the Stars and Stripes proudly floated over the prettiest thing in all New York Harbor.

Her topsides sported a coat of gleaming white. Tall, raking masts and wide spreading yards towering into the skyline, the ancient square-rigger seemed to proclaim that here, sail still survived amid the teeming activity of the New York of the "Golden Twenties." In the year 1923, the *Tusitala* made her first voyage under the American flag. Under Captain Coalfleet, she sailed to Rio de Janeiro. Upon her return, Mr. James A. Farrell* became her sole owner. For sentimental reasons he retained her

(Continued on Page 8)



(Continued from Page 7)

for the following fifteen years. Under Captain Barker the grand old stager made several foreign voyages.

In the year 1924, the American wooden-hulled, "three-skys'l-yarder" *Benjamin F. Packard* was retired from all active seafaring. The year 1930 saw the end of the Alaska Salmon Packers, many of which were full-rigged ships. Thus, the proud old *Tusitala* found herself America's last, full-rigged merchant ship. In the year 1932, she saw her last service, as a commercial carrier.

In the year 1938, the *Tusitala* was towed to Providence, Rhode Island. The United States Maritime Commission then purchased her. During World War II she was stationed at St. Petersburg, Florida, as a Cadet Training Ship. She was dismasted and used as a barracks for merchant marine trainees. On October 14, 1947, the *Tusitala* was sold, under the hammer of the United States Marshal. The Pinto Island Metals Corporation of Mobile, Alabama, purchased her for a sum of \$16,176. Scrapping was completed on April 1, 1948.

In the words of the old sea song: "She will never wet her bobstay any more" we

who knew the *Tusitala* and admired her can sincerely say: "Here was a ship."

In Memoriam—*Tusitala*, 1883-1948.

*EDITOR'S NOTE:

A letter to the crew of the *Tusitala* from the sea-writer, Joseph Conrad, was presented by James Farrell to the Institute's Conrad Library. It reads:

"On leaving this hospitable country, where the cream is excellent and the milk of human kindness never ceases to flow, I assume an ancient mariner's privilege of sending to the owners and the ship's company of the *Tusitala* my brotherly good wishes for fair winds and clear skies on all their voyages. And may they be many!"

And I would recommend to them to watch the weather, to keep the halliards clear for running, to remember that "any fool can carry on but only the wise man knows how to shorten sail in time" . . . and so on, in the manner of ancient mariners all the world over. But the vital truth of sealife is to be found in the ancient saying that it is "the stout hearts that make the ship safe."

Having been brought up on it, I pass it on to them in all confidence and affection."

JOSEPH CONRAD



PUBLIC INSPECTION OF THE "CONSTITUTION"

The public will have an opportunity to visit the *Constitution*, sister ship of the superliner, *Independence*, on June 16, Saturday. The American Export Lines' new 666-ton passenger vessel will be open to view from 2:30-5:30 P.M. at Pier 84, North River at the foot of West 44th Street, New York.

A contribution of \$1.00 will be solicited from visitors during the inspection. The entire proceeds will go to the beneficiaries

of the Seamen's Welfare Committee of the Port of New York, in memory of Charles S. Haight.

Among the beneficiaries are: The Mariner's Family Asylum, The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, Seamen's House (YMCA), Society for Seamen's Children and The Service League of the United States Marine Hospitals of the Port of New York.

Last Trip Out

By Don Brown, Former Seaman

THE best of our sea stories seldom get into print. To ask an old timer for a story may get you an interesting tale, but the best sagas are heard when you have the patience to just sit and listen while the old timers spin their yarns during the coffee time bull sessions at sea. It's then that you get a taste of what the sea was like in the old days.

On the S.S. *Adrian Victory*, the 65-year-old bosun, Fred Helmer, was the story teller of the ship. Fred was born in Holland. He first went to sea as a cabin boy and has spent most of his life wandering on and off the ships that have carried him to the remote places of the world.

A small graying man, agile as a 20-year-old, when Fred relaxes over his coffee flashing a big Dutchman's smile, we know we are in for a story of the old days. His favorite is about a burial at sea . . .

The Blue Bell, a three masted bark, lay becalmed under the heat of the doldrums, 65 days out of Newcastle, enroute to Batavia in 1916.

The crew, hats in hand, had respectfully formed a semi-circle around a former shipmate, who lay sewed in canvas upon the deck. Their aging skipper had ordered two sacks of coal sewed inside the canvas and placed beside the dead man's feet, to weight him down on his journey to the ocean's bottom. The two bulges beside the still figure were very conspicuous and unnatural looking and caused considerable comment among the crew.

Clearing his throat, the Captain began to read the burial service from the bible when he was interrupted by a grisled old sailor.

"May I say something?" asked the sailor.

"Yes, but be quick about it, what is it?" growled the Captain.

"Well," piped the old timer, "I've seen lots of men go to hell, but this is the first time I ever saw a man carry his own coal."

The Captain sputtered through the rest of the service and the man was dropped over the side, while his shipmates still chuckled to themselves . . .

And like all his stories, Fred swears it actually happened.



ROMANCE

They say that romance vanished from the seas
With all the square-rigged argosies!

Complaints are heard both near and far
That sailors do not reek of tar!

The sky once filled with towering masts
Is murky now with smoky blasts!
Many an old ship is rotting away
In the mud and weeds of some stagnant bay—

The clouds of canvas a thing of the past,
With no more men before the mast!
In memory they will linger on—
But I, for one, am glad they are gone!
Do you think it was fun to make a trip
Up the icy rigging of a stormlashed ship
To tighten gaskets on frozen sails,
That cut your fingers and ripped your nails—

Then many a lad wished he never was born,
Yet they say romance from the sea was torn!
It sure was great when the hurricane roared
Across a helpless ship—its masts by the board!

When a lifetime you lived in an hour of hell
On that raging sea in your broken shell—
Slaving at pumps as she leaked like a sieve!
Where was your romance?—Just make believe!

In memory ships linger on,
But this old salt is glad they're gone!

T. O. RYDBERG

MARMADUKE Sings "Anchors Away"

By Steve Elonka

IT was refueling time at Bedlam's Bent Propeller Bar in the Hells Kitchen section of New York City. The bar was lined with horney-handed tug boat and deep-sea engineers from docks along West St. And there, leaning heavily on one end of the bar, opposite the brightly polished bent propeller, was *OE's* editor-at-large, Marmaduke Surfaceblow.

Marmy's 6-ft. 4-in. hulk towered above his "associates" like Mt. Vesuvius over the Bay of Naples.

"BILGEWATER ON THE CZAR'S IMPERIAL RUSSIAN NAVY," roared Marmaduke suddenly. "AND BILGEWATER ON EVERYONE WHO TAKES ENGINEERS FOR DOPES!"

Did your boiler ever explode and take off suddenly for the moon? No? Well that's the effect Marmaduke's blast had on the other inmates. Strong men coughed violently as their fuel suddenly bypassed their day tank. All was chaos and disorder for a minute. Then as the last bark died away, you could hear a pin drop.

"What happened?" someone croaked in a bull frog voice. All eyes turned towards Marmaduke, who was about to sound off. The Bent Propeller's star customer leaned leisurely against the bar, then blasted away.

"Back in 1921 I was chief engineer in the *S.S. Argosy*. She was one of the 116 Hog Island type ships built in World War I. That ship had a Curtis-type steam turbine, three water-tube sectional-header boilers and a cankerous chief mate.

"The *Argosy* was mishandled by green crews during the war so there was plenty of maintenance to do, both down below and on deck. On my first trip she started on the Baltic run. We sailed from New York to Baltic Sea ports, with Leningrad, Russia as our last stop on that cold run.

The ornery mate was Dimitri Gorki, a Russian who had been a captain in the Czar's navy. He immigrated to the U.S. and worked up from

an ordinary seaman while marking time for his citizenship papers. He was a husky bruiser but had trouble with his hearing. Said it was from an explosion aboard the old *Czarina Catherine*. There was nothing wrong with his seamanship though.

"This was his first trip with this line and he sold the firm on becoming their Leningrad agent. With old connections in Russia, he promised to build up a profitable business for our ships. But according to company rules, he had to mark time and work up to captain first. That promised job and his Navy background went to his head.

"As chief mate, Gorki ran the deck department for the captain. And he thought he was running my engine department too. I wasn't aboard five minutes before he started complaining about the cargo winches, the lights in No. 5 hold, the steam radiator hammering in his room and a corroded water pipe in the alleyway.

"Crossing the North Atlantic was rough that fall. With green seas coming over, my deck engineer couldn't get topside to work on his winches. When we got through Pentland Firth and hit the North Sea, it got very cold. The captain said he hoped we would make our stops in Sweden, Finland, Estonia and get to Leningrad before that port froze over. He didn't want to pay for ice breakers to take us out.

"By the time we hit Leningrad, Gorki was plenty unpopular with everyone. He squawked about everything and about everyone. 'In da Imperial Navy, I voud hang you from da yardarm,' was his favorite crack. His attitude even got old Captain Swensen's nerves jumping, and that guy was an easy going Swede.

"If somevun don't gif Mr. Gorki the deep-six before he becomes our Leningrad agent," Captain Swensen told me one evening, "I'm afraid ve vill all be in for rotten time."

"Captain," I answered, "You've just given me a hot idea. That Ruski will never make another trip for this line."

But the old man didn't know what I was driving at.

"In Leningrad, Gorki hit the vodka pretty hard with his local comrades. With Gorki and the weather, the ship was unloaded and ready for the turnaround a week late. By then the port was already frozen over lightly and Captain Swensen said we would be the last ship to leave Leningrad that winter.

"It was Sunday midnight when the hatches were finally battened down and we got our standby signal down below. A few minutes later the captain called down and said the mate couldn't raise the anchor. I hurried up on the bow. The thermometer had dropped to fifteen below and the wind and snow were really raising hell. So was Gorki.

"I found the 1-in. studs snapped on the anchor engine's main starboard bearing. Only thing to do was drill out those broken studs and tap out the holes without stripping the casting threads. But with that nor'wester howling down from Siberia and snow blinding our vision, that wasn't easy.

"My deck engineer, two oilers and I wrapped our faces in bath towels and went to work with the large electric drill, diamond-point chisels and taps. We had no welding equipment or I could have welded a piece of stock to those studs and backed them out.

"It was two in the morning before that anchor engine was ready to run. By then we were numb with cold.

"After that job was together, we parked ourselves on the grating over No. 3 boiler and soaked up heat. My second-assistant engineer helped by feeding us hot rum.

"By the time the anchor was up we were thawed out. And I had hatched a scheme to get rid of our loud-mouthed mate for good. I bundled up again and went topside with the deck engineer. I instructed him to run below when he saw us approaching the cable sign and phone Captain Swensen to call me down below.

"The mate always stands by on the bow when arriving or leaving port.

His carpenter handles the anchor engine and several seamen handle the lines and hawsers.

"When I got on the bow, Gorki was cursing a blue streak about 'Dose stupid engineers.' But he was hard of hearing so I didn't bother to answer.

"The ship was moving and soon we were headed downstream for the Gulf of Finland. Then I saw us approaching that sign I had been looking for off our port bow. It had a spotlight on it and read, CABLE CROSSING, DO NOT DROP ANCHOR, in English and just below that in Russian.

"Soon the captain megaphoned from the bridge, 'Mr. Surfaceblow, you are wanted down below.'

"Gorki heard him but couldn't make out what he said.

"'Wat's he wanting?' he asked me. I cupped my hands when we were almost abeam of the sign and yelled in Gorki's ear. 'Drop the starboard anchor.'

"'DROP DA STARBOARD ANCHOR,' Gorki yelled to the carpenter. Chips glanced at Gorki in surprise but released the brake instantly. Down clattered the heavy anchor with a roar.

"'VOT IN HELL YOU DOING?' yelled Captain Swensen excitedly through his megaphone.

"'What's he wanting?' barked Gorki, turning to me again.

"'Drop the port anchor,' I yelled in his ear.

"'DROP DA PORT ANCHOR,' Gorki yelled to the carpenter. Chips looked dumbfounded but released the port anchor. Down it roared, with the chain clattering merry hell through the hawse pipe.

"'GIT OFF THAT BOW, YOU DRUNKEN FOOL,' yelled the captain.

"My work was finished so I hurried below. We stopped by putting our turbine full astern, but the cables were ripped up by the roots.

"The Russkies sent a coastal patrol boat after us on the double and brought us back to anchorage. They hauled Gorki ashore and held him for suspected sabotage. It took a full week

(Continued on Page 13)

Book Reviews

SHANTYMEN AND SHANTYBOYS Songs of the Sailor and the Lumberman By William Doerflinger

The Macmillan Co., New York, 1951, \$8.00

This is a collection of over 150 songs that sailors sang aboard deepwater windjambers, in the fishing schooners of the western North Atlantic, in the West Indian trade, in the shipyards where wind-driven ships were built and in the lumber camps from Canada to the Middle Atlantic States. They are a piece of Americana; work songs, robust, romantic, crude as their creators and the men who sang them. To the men enduring the lonesomeness, monotony, grueling hardship of life on shipboard or in the lumber camps the shantyman was a kind of master of ceremonies who lightened the dull, lonely hours with song and the grueling, dreary jobs with the communal sense that comes from singing and working together. The artistry of these songs is often clumsy in the extreme but there is a virility even in many of the titles that will make these songs remembered long after the last windbag has sunk beneath the waves or rotted apart in the boneyard. Titles like Bust or Break or Bend Her; Haul Away, Joe; Gimme the Banjo; Blow, Boys, Blow sell themselves. But the substance of many of the deep-water songs, of the ballads, of the forecastle songs is not revealed by such names as Shantyboys' Song, Duffy's Hotel, etc. William Doerflinger has done a thorough, scholarly job in collecting these songs and explaining their background and their place in the day's work of the men by whom they were sung.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

FIRE IN THE WATER

By Peggy Simson Curry

McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York,
1951, \$3.00

A good run-of-the-mill story of adventure and romance among the herring fishermen working out of the Firth of Clyde to the Arran Islands, with some picturesque and rugged characters and interesting episodes. Rab Mac Rae, John, his father, Sa'ty Meg, Rab's mother, Sheila Gibson, "the girl" and others are sharply differentiated. The scenes among the fishermen, the wreck, the storms, the description of the fishing all show the handiwork of a writer who has been there and seen. The subtler touches that would make the story really come to life are generally missing and the scenes are at times unconvincing, as when Big Felix conks Rab with a beer bottle in Leezy MacGregor's tavern while Rab is with two of his boatmates, Munga and Old Shad and we suddenly find Rab deserted by the two companions. Good light summer reading.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

ARAB SEAFARING IN THE INDIAN OCEAN By George Fadlo Hourani

The Princeton University Press, 1951, \$3.00

This is a factual and conjectural treatise on the maritime activities of the Arabs since earliest times. The material is carefully evaluated and supported by many references of various sorts after the manner of the doctor's thesis for which this work was begun in 1938-9 and for which reason the facts presented are in no way dramatized into an entertaining story. But Mr. Hourani, now in the Department of Near Eastern Studies in the University of Michigan, contributes material that should be intrinsically valuable to the Western World today, since Arabia is becoming a more and more important factor in present day world economy.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

SINK 'EM ALL

Submarine Warfare in the Pacific

By Charles A. Lockwood,
Vice Admiral, U.S.N. Ret.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1951, \$5.00

The title, taken from a song popular among the submarine boys in the Pacific, served as a war cry for them in the "Silent Service," the most dangerous of all the services—most dangerous, too, to the enemy, as the records show. The book, prefaced by a fine FOREWORD by Admiral Nimitz, is the story of the Pacific submarine campaign, relating the exploits of many of the individual ships and wolf packs that took part in it. Vice Admiral Lockwood has written a broadly informing and a very readable story of this far-flung campaign with some splendid tributes to the men who participated in it.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

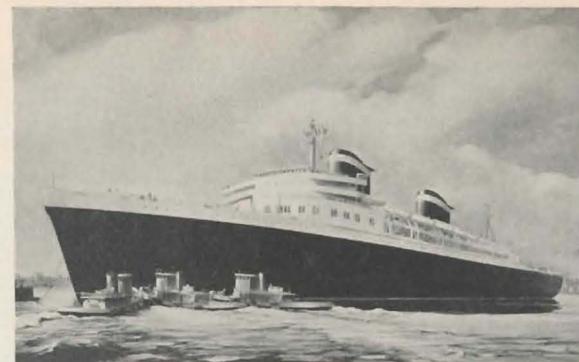
THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

By Stuart Murray

Duell, Sloane & Pearce, Inc., New York,
1951, \$2.75

Would-be voyagers to the Virgin Islands and also those people who have been there or perchance think of making The Virgin Islands their home should want to read this informing book about the islands by a man who has spent years giving information to just such people. Stuart Murray for three years directed the Virgin Islands Information Service in New York City and its branches in the islands. With his background of some twenty-five years of travel in all parts of the world he is well equipped to write about these charming all-year-round vacation spots. He has done it in a charming manner.

WILLIAM L. MILLER



NEW SUPERLINER "UNITED STATES" TO BE LAUNCHED JUNE 23, 1951

The superliner *United States*, the largest and fastest passenger ship ever built in this country, will be launched on Saturday, June 23, 1951, at Newport News, Virginia.

Intended for the lines' North Atlantic service, the 51,500 gross ton express liner, now building at the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company yard, will be 980 feet long and capable of attaining a speed in excess of 30 knots. She will have accommodations for 2,000 passengers and will carry a crew of 1,000.

ADMIRAL LEARY HONORED

A Battalion Review was held at Fort Schuyler May 16th, in honor of the retiring President of the State University Maritime College, Vice Admiral H. F. Leary, USN (Ret.). Admiral Leary is a member of the Board of Directors of the Seamen's Church Institute.

Vice Admiral Leary assumed his duties as the head of the Maritime Institution in 1946, after retiring from the United States Navy. During the early part of World War II, Admiral Leary commanded one of the first task forces in the South Pacific and was Naval Commander of the Southwest Pacific area under General MacArthur.

(Continued from Page 11)

to clear him. But the old man was warned that if 'that White Russian' Gorki ever showed up in Russia again, he would be thrown in the klink for good.

"Crossing the North Atlantic homeward bound was rough, but everyone was happy. Everyone but Gorki. He didn't threaten to hang anyone from the yardarm once. Not even 'stupid' engineers. He'd learned his lesson."

Reprinted from *Operating Engineer*, March '51

The *United States* was designed by Gibbs and Cox. She will enter service in the summer of 1952. Instead of being built on the conventional inclined ways, the *United States* is being constructed in a drydock which at launching time will be flooded and the liner will float free and be towed to an outfitting dock for completion.

The *United States* is adaptable as a troop carrier in time of emergency. National defense features include special structural design for safety, extra speed, the highest standards of fire resistance, and long cruising range. As a transport, the *United States* can be fitted to accommodate 14,000 men or almost a full division.

PILOT BOAT ENDS 54 YEAR CAREER

The ancient coal-burning pilot boat *New York* lay idle at her berth alongside Pier 18, Staten Island, recently, out of commission after fifty-four years of service in the waters of New York Harbor. Built in Wilmington, Del., in 1897 for the Sandy Hook Pilots Association, the 154-foot craft has served as a welcoming signal to thousands of liners and freighters plying the trade lanes of the world. The old craft has been retired because she was obsolete and too expensive to maintain.

A steam vessel with engines rated at 1,000 indicated horsepower, the old vessel was constructed originally with an impregnable ice-breaker bow, for she was designed in the days when New York had more ice than it does nowadays. Often it was the only one of the pilot association craft that could maintain service at the entrance to the fairway that led to New York.

Scores of men have commanded the *New York*. Under the system employed by the pilots, apprentice pilots work their way up from the stage of oarsman in small transfer craft, to the ultimate stage of full fledged pilot. And the way leads through a period of command of the pilot boat.

A 206-foot former yacht, the *Nakhoda*, will take the place of the *New York*.

Reprinted from *New York Times*

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK*

25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.



**Largest Shore Home in the World for Active Merchant Seamen of All Nationalities*

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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

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