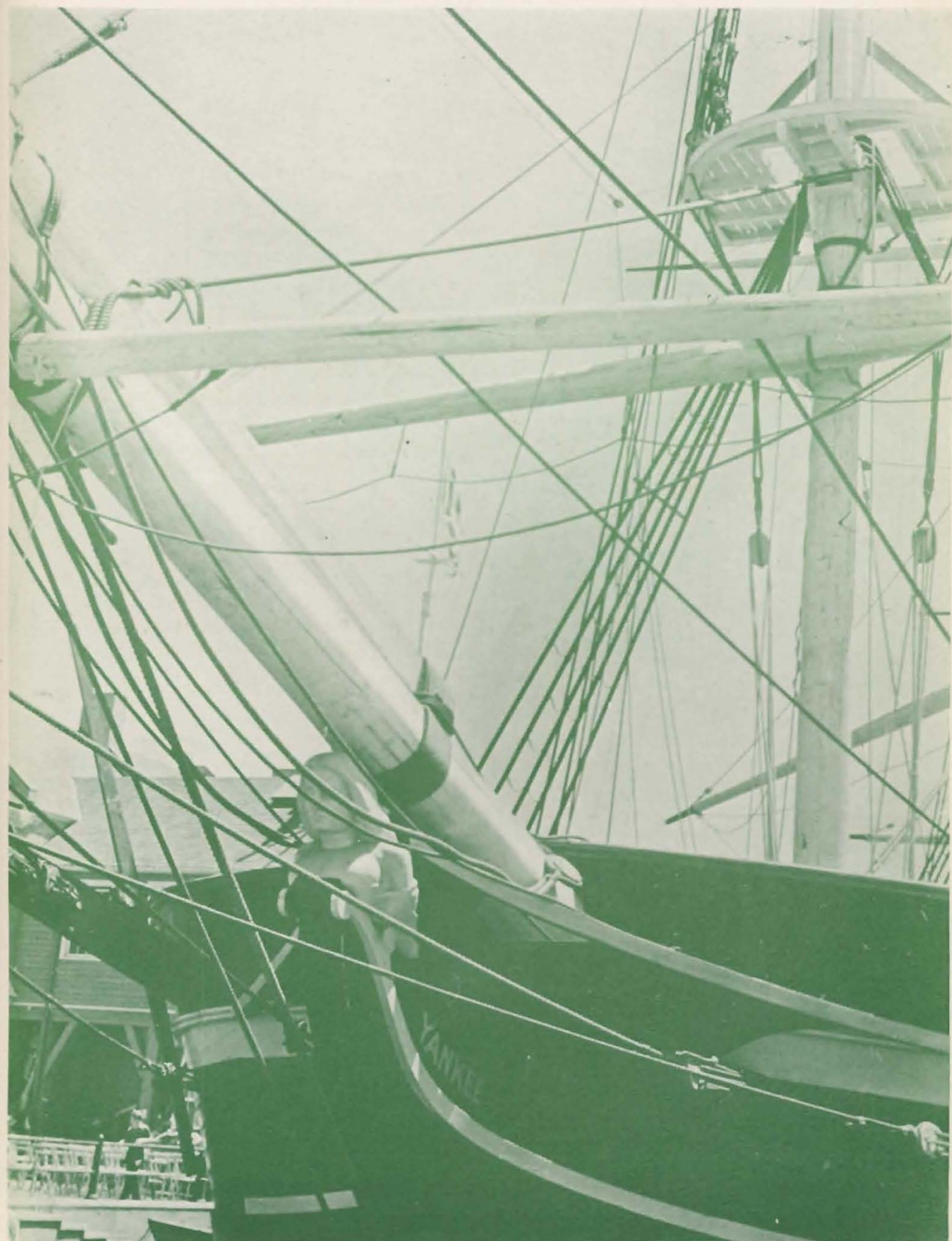


The LOOKOUT

Seamen's Church Institute of New York



Ship "Yankee"
SEAMEN'S NUMBER

VOL. XXX No. 8

AUGUST 1939

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows the 125 foot full-rigged three-masted ship "Yankee", which is on exhibition in the New England exhibit at the New York World's Fair. The vessel is modelled after the "Ohio", built in 1830, at Kingston, Mass. Her tall masts and spars are in striking contrast with the modern architecture of the other Fair exhibits.

Photo by Marie Higginson.



Louis Sylvia, youthful skipper of the "Yankee", now on view in the New England Exhibition of the New York World's Fair. Sylvia is truly a landlocked Captain, for the "Yankee" is anchored in a concrete-lined "sea" only two feet deep!

The **LOOKOUT**

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President

THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY
Superintendent

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EDITOR'S NOTE: In response to many requests from LOOKOUT readers we are having another SEAMEN'S NUMBER of THE LOOKOUT. The articles, poems, stories and many of the illustrations in this issue have been contributed by merchant seamen.

The Lookout

Vol. XXX

August, 1939

No. 5

Sailing Ships in the News

Editor's Note: Three square-rigged ships have figured recently in the marine news, the "Benjamin Packard", the Norwegian schoolship "Christian Radich" and the Belgian schoolship "Mercator." We asked three cadets studying in the Institute's Merchant Marine School to write their personal impressions of these ships, which we publish here for LOOKOUT readers.

"CHRISTIAN RADICH"

By John Kelemen, Jr.

ON Wednesday, June 14th, the Norwegian Training ship, "Christian Radich", under the command of Captain Alf Bryde, with a crew of ninety-four cadets and fourteen officers, put into Raritan Bay, thirty-eight days out of Oslo. The "Christian Radich" is a new three masted full rigged ship, having been launched in 1937. After six days of cleaning and dressing ship, she left Raritan Bay, and stood up the harbor under full canvas, a sight New Yorkers have not seen for many a year. She came in, however, under engine power, as there was no breeze to help her along; and her sails were set just to please the cameramen, and the welcoming committee of Nor-

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"Christian Radich"—Norwegian Schoolship

wegian-Americans aboard George U. Vettlesen's three masted schooner, the "Vema".

The "Christian Radich" tied up at Pier 1, Manhattan, and was under the surveillance of many curious spectators, some of whom had never seen a sailing vessel 192 ft. long before. I should know, because I was one of them, and I was immedi-



Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y.
Ship "Benjamin Packard"



"Mercator"—Belgian Schoolship

ately impressed by the way those cadets handled their ship. They have a lot of credit coming to them, and it is my belief that every last one of them will make good Merchant Marine Officers.

Editor's Note: While the "Christian Radich" was in port, about fifteen of the cadets attended movies in the Institute's auditorium and a party was given in their honor in the Apprentices' Room.

"MERCATOR"

By William Kluger

ONE day last week, while having tea in the Apprentices' room at the Seamen's Church Institute, I was introduced to a clean-cut young Belgian named Alexis. Over a second cup of tea I found that he was a cadet engineer on the "Mercator," a barkentine, used by the Belgian merchant marine as a training ship. When I expressed interest in all types of sailing vessels, Alexis cordially invited me aboard—an invitation which I accepted with alacrity.

A barkentine, you know, is a three masted sailing vessel, the foremast of which is square rigged and fore-and-aft rigged on the main and mizzenmast.

The "Mercator" is equipped with a six cylinder auxiliary diesel which is mounted in a miniature engine

room quite like the power plants of the larger merchant vessels, in fact, it gives one the impression of a model engine room.

The thing that impressed me most about the "Mercator" was the feeling of good fellowship that existed over the entire vessel.

Following are a few statistics of the "Mercator":

She is one hundred and eighty-nine feet long, displaces one thousand and fifty tons, and is manned by her commander, ten able seamen, twenty-two cadets, nineteen student seamen, four engineer students, five cooks, ten officers, and seven petty officers.

She is equipped with an electric anchor windlass and capstan, also up-to-date radio equipment including a radio direction-finder.

"BENJAMIN PACKARD"

By Bobby Stap (Age 14)

THE "Benjamin Packard" was built in 1883 in Bath, Maine. She was 2,156 gross tons and her length was 244 feet, breadth 43 feet. She was a wooden ship, copper bottomed, and for many years she ran in the San Francisco-Seattle trade, and also carrying wheat from 'Frisco to Cork, for orders. After a time her copper bottom was stripped, she was given a coat of copper paint and she ran for several years in the Alaska trade. After that, she carried lumber from 'Frisco to New York. She was then purchased by a society of gentlemen who at first fancied turning her into a sort of museum, but Mr. Philip Rhinelander offered her to Captain Robert Huntington as a training vessel. Captain Hunting-

Continued on page 11

The New Mauretania

By Cadet Vincent La Parle

MANY old memories will be brought back, as the new Cunard White Star liner *Mauretania*, takes the berth of her old namesake. As you may remember, the old *Mauretania* was scrapped in 1935 after 27 years of faithful service, during which she reigned for twenty-two years as "Speed Queen of the Atlantic".

Captain Arthur T. Brown has been appointed master of this luxury liner. He is a capable man, and well suited for this position, having put many years in the service, both sail and steam.

The new *Mauretania* will live up to, and carry on the fine tradition of the Cunard White Star Line.

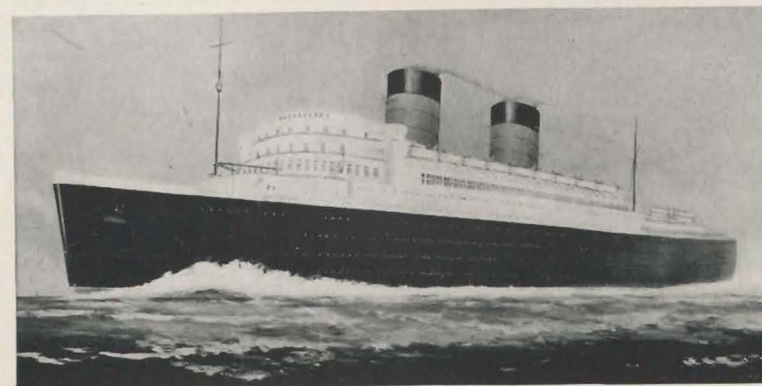
As compared to her predecessor, she is larger in length, but will only attain the speed of 24 knots, to the former's 25. On her trial run she hit 24.7 knots, but is good for a steady 24. She will make the Atlantic crossing in 5½ days, running between Liverpool and New York via Cobh, Southampton, Havre and London. Her running mates will be the *Brittanic* and *Georgic*.

Every consideration has been taken for passengers and crew. Dining rooms, smoking rooms and lounges have all been decorated with the latest designs. In regards to crews' quarters, there are separate

messes for greasers, firemen, ordinaries and A.B.'s. The highly developed air conditioning system is capable of supplying 3,500,000 ft. of pure air of carefully controlled humidity and temperature per hour. In addition to all these luxuries, the *Mauretania* also boasts all the latest safety devices. Radio equipment is modern and complete. It includes three services: ship-to-ship communication, ship-to-shore and interception of news broadcasts, direction-finder and emergency transmitter of 600 meters. She is also equipped with an echometer for determining depth of water under the hull. The lifeboats are equipped with gravity davits, are Diesel powered. Below decks, located aft, is the emergency room. In case of an accident below decks, which might cripple all power lines, this Diesel generator is brought into play, and supplies power to operate all electrical apparatus which would be used under normal conditions.

The principal fire fighting apparatus is the Lux system which is controlled from a central control room.

For this information I am gratefully indebted to Mr. L. Oakes who is employed on the *Mauretania* in the capacity of greaser, or oiler.



Why I Chose the Sea as a Career

By Donald Snyder

IN that year of unhappy memory, Anno Domini 1929, I was tumbled upon a world of chaos with several thousand college graduates and near graduates. I was one of the latter. I had no diploma; but, if that fact worried me, I soon discovered that those who had acquired one were little better off than myself. College years had been years of bright illusion wherein I dreamed of five thousand dollar positions to be had for the asking.

A year later I was working for fifteen dollars a week, or a little less than eight hundred dollars a year, and I was a simmering urn of discontent. I found it necessary to take a grubby, airless little room, too far down on New York's East Side. I was constrained to sparse meals, and to petty, heartbreaking economies, and to a life that would have been unbearably narrow, had it not been for books and music and interesting people that I sometimes met. All the while the vague spirit of dissatisfaction stirred within me. I knew there should be something more in life than the dusty room and the noisy, ugly side street where I lived.

One October night, because I could not sleep, I went for a walk, and so came to a park. A recent shower had made the sidewalks into brown mirrors beneath the park lights. The leaves from the park trees had fallen in yellow patterns on the face of the mirrors. The air was light and misty overhead, and it was difficult to see the roofs of nearby apartment buildings. Abruptly through the lonely damp atmosphere came a deep, husky moan: a moment later, the same weird cry, like a deep organ note. After that a bell began to toll slowly and mournfully. On one of the park

benches I saw a young man dressed in clean dungarees. I sat down beside him and offered him a cigarette. Then I inquired as to the possible source of those desolate sounds.

"They are fog horns," he said, "and the bell tones come from a buoy in the river. A fog has covered the harbor and is creeping north over the river and lower Manhattan".

He told me that he was a sailor. I had always had the conventional idea of sailors: that they were of limited intelligence, happy-go-lucky, perhaps too fond of the fair sex, and the sparkle of wine. As he talked, this misconception cleared from my mind, and I saw them as genuine persons with—at least in his case—a fine penetrating mind. I still thought they loved the good life, but apparently were happy in living it. We talked for a long time. When I had gone back to the shabby room, I dreamed glowing dreams of Tunis in the moonlight, of great, green rivers in South America, and of queer red-sailed craft in harbors of the Orient. This to an obligato of bells and fog horns.

During the next week I managed to wangle a job on a ship that was sailing to Mediterranean and Black Sea ports. It was not difficult to get a ship job ten years ago, and it did not matter to me that I was only a messman on board. I was going to see some of the things I had always longed to see. And one fine morning, instead of rushing on a subway to the stilted monotony of an office, I walked to a pier where the sun shone on the river and on a clean white ship. I knew this was the life I wanted! I knew

Continued on page 11

A Strange Story

By Captain Peter Staboe

ONE afternoon last summer a couple of my friends, one of them a reporter, and I were sitting in a restaurant. Our conversation all of a sudden centered on supernatural things and mental telepathy, which they called "baloney." "Perhaps you will change your opinion when you hear my story," I said, and told them an incident of the World War:

I returned to my home in Norway in the latter part of September, 1918, after an absence of 18 months, as mate of the S.S. "Siri" in the run between the Bristol Channel ports, St. Malo and Hennebont, France. The ship was chartered by the Societe Forges d'Hennebont (Munitions Factory). I was sorry to leave a ship and a run I liked so well but I was suffering from gastric ulcers. The day after I came home my wife, little son and I went to visit my father, who had then resigned from the Army, and whom I was very anxious to see. In greeting me he said, "Thank God you are home safe and sound." He went over to his writing desk, took out a little memorandum book, opened it and said: "Sonny, you always used to keep a personal log-book on your travels. Do you still keep it up?" I told him I did, having a separate notebook for each ship I had served on.

My father then turned to my wife, "Olga, did you tell him what happened last February 18th?" "Ah no," she replied. "I had not dared to tell him." My curiosity was now aroused and I inquired what all this mystery was about. On February 18th my wife and son, Herbert, were going to a show. As she started, our big clock struck four. When nearly down the stairs to the entrance hall the door opened

and she saw me coming in, dressed in my bridge coat and uniform cap. She ran down the last steps toward me saying, "Peter, when did you come in?" And then I disappeared. She was so frightened that she nearly fainted. She rushed over to my father and told him what had happened. He said "Something must have happened to him or else he must be in grave danger. He went to his desk and made a note of what my wife had told him in his little book.

After hearing this story, I unpacked my suitcase and brought out my little log-book. Here is what I found: On February 18th, 1918 we left Falmouth, England, having stopped there for orders. The Admiralty orders were to round Star Point, not inside the five miles, as mines were reported in that vicinity. As we were abreast of the point I noticed something floating on the water nearly dead ahead. It looked like a buoy. The weather was calm and a little hazy.

I ordered the helmsman to give her hard aport and I went over to the starboard wing to watch the ship's heading. Now I saw to my horror that what I thought to be a buoy turned out to be a mine, getting closer and closer! I ordered the man to steady her, and hard-a starboard and be quick about it. I watched anxiously the falling off of the ship, she responded to her helm just like a speedboat. It was as though the ship understood what grave danger she was in. My eyes were glued on that ball of destruction as it came nearer, but the ship fell off and steadied up, and the mine was passed by only a couple of feet. I watched it passing the stern and a little later it was out of sight.

Continued on page 11



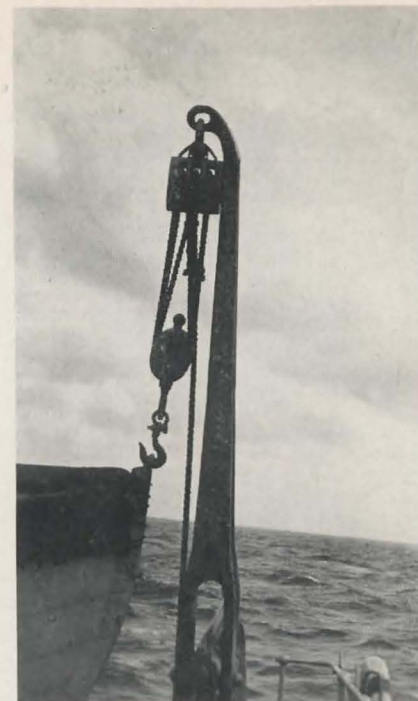
Slushing stays of foremast. An A.B. seaman in a bosun's chair aloft. A tallow and white lead mixture protects the guy stays from rust and corrosion.

Photo by A. P. Larsson.



Entering port. Can you guess what city this is?

Snapshots Taken on Shipboard By Merchant Seamen



Lifeboat davit of the tanker "Swiftsure" on a calm day, off the Florida Keys.
Photo by John O'Brien.

Midships awash—shipping heavy seas.

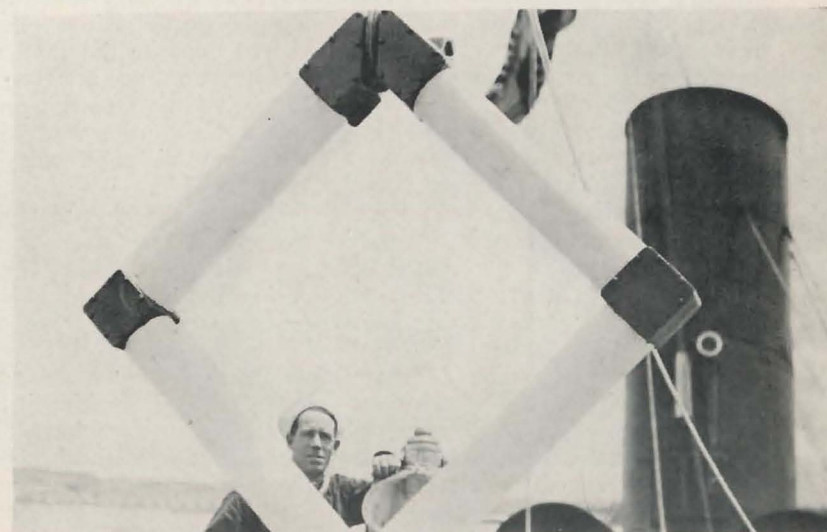
Photo by Seaman John O'Brien.

THE ENGINE WIPER TO THE OCEAN

By J. R. Robinson, Oiler

As I soil your lovely blue rollers
With the grease of my engine can
I reflect that all will have soiled you
Since the ages of time began
Have abated no jot of your cleanness
For I know that despite all your might
You continue to mirror the star-dust
In your bosom of blue each night.
And you take all the muck of the
rivers
And convert it to a clean spray
And suffer the little children
To come to your side and play.
And now as I wash you I see
How with art that comes only with
love
You have turned all my grease into
colors
To out-rival the rainbow above.

On the bridge—looking through the loop antenna of the radio direction finder.



A "Cookie" Goes to Sea

By Charles Eichberg

ARTHUR was 18 years of age, born of Norwegian parents, but his mother having died in his infancy the only care he had was from his father who was a lumber jack in the Redwood forests of California. As a lad of tender years he became a "cookie" at one of the lumber camps helping the cook, chopping wood, carrying water, cleaning the bunk houses which meant hard work from daylight to dusk. A hard lot of brawny men were his only companions. At every opportunity when he went to town, he always secured pictures of ships and managed to learn to read sea stories of the clipper ship days. The sea stories thrilled this boy, for the lure of the sea gets in the blood, for had not his father and kin before him gone to sea?

He saved what little money he earned, ran away from the drudgery of the lumber camps and to sea. Arriving at San Francisco he was thrilled with delight as he saw the many ships passing in and going out of the Golden Gate, departing and arriving from all parts of the world. Shipping was not good, and after many days on the waterfront, with many hardships, he met a pal Bob who had also run away from home to go to sea. They became fast friends and managed to ship on a freighter as ordinary seamen bound for the Far East. They soon found out there were many things aboard ship besides seeing the world; ship's routine: chipping paint and rust, scrubbing paint work, washing down decks, polishing brass, which all falls to the lot of ordinary seamen, perhaps a trick at the wheel learning how to steer under the watchful eye of the mate.

The first days of seasickness soon passed away, they crossed the

"Line", met old Neptune who made them sons of the sea. They soon became wise to the pranks of the seamen after they had been sent to the mate for the key to the keelson.

Arthur and Bob loved to get on their oilskins, sou'wester and sea boots in heavy weather as the spray of salt water from over the side sprinkled their faces, the tang of the sea surely luring them on to a seafaring life. Twenty-eight days at sea, the coast of Japan appearing on the horizon, they were soon at Kobe, the first port of call, the Japanese customs officers coming aboard, and then to the dock which was swarming with rickshaws, curio dealers, merchants selling silk shirts, kimonos and most everything oriental to sell the sailors. Here they were allowed to draw money, got shore leave riding rickshaws, visiting the points of interest, a show of Geisha girls at the theatre. A night ashore at this busy Japanese port, returning aboard ship they left for Yokohama and then to Shanghai, China. Up the river Huang Poo filled with Chinese junks and sampans was a sight worth seeing. The ship anchored opposite the famous Shanghai Bund. Barges arriving alongside to receive cargo, more money drawn for a night ashore on Shanghai's Broadway, rickshaw rides up Nanking Road, a visit to the Yellow Jacket, Geisha girls serving tea and rice cakes, back to Broadway buying suit cases and other Chinese curios, and being held up by Chinese medicants who are the best beggars in the world. A visit to Jimmy's Kitchen, a former mess boy who has a cowboy breaking in a Bronco painted on the window. The Savoy hotel, then over the bridge back to the landing, and a sampan back to the ship.

At daylight, the shout of the boatswain "All hands on deck!" heave in the anchor, underway and off for Hong Kong; made fast to the dock at Kwooloon. Chinese wash women all over the ship, cobblers to repair shoes, Sampan Charlie selling canary birds and chow dogs. British Sikh police keeping coolies on the run, ship all abustle unloading cargo. Day's work done, a hustle to get on shore clothes, a run for the ferry which crosses the river to Hong Kong. Arthur and Bob saw signs in the cabins "ferries not running during typhoon," arrive at the dock, rickshaw coolies in a scramble for seamen's trade, a trip to Ship Street in Sailortown, to the Seamen's Bethel, to the Hong Kong Hotel where Chinese women wear European clothing with the styles of Paris, then a trip down to the waterfront, the British China fleet at anchor. A fight with a rickshaw coolie who drops the shafts, lets the sailor roll out and tries to go through his pockets. Sikh police arrive who soundly thrash the coolie and take him to jail. The crew becomes tired of this whirl of pleasure, returns aboard ship broke but happy, turn in and fall asleep, exhausted.

A few hours rest and again the Boatswain "All hands on deck!", a cup of coffee, and the order to let go forward, let go aft, the ship backs out in the stream and steams on its way to Saigon, Indo China. Arriving there, men and women soon started unloading cargo for this port; not much work for the crew, very hot—110 degrees on deck—Chinese women all barefooted, their infant children strapped to their backs working cargo; only 24 hours in this port and on to Bangkok. Here one sees the tallest Chinamen in China unloading cargo; only 12 hours stay in this port and on, outward bound for Samboango, Philippine Islands. The crew bought a monkey for two pesos here and named him Beepo. He promptly became a fast friend of the chow dog and the capers of these two kept the crew amused on many occasions. They slept together and if a seaman disturbed Beepo he had a fight on his hands. Loading some hard wood lumber here, and copra and then on to Cebu.

Arriving here Arthur and Bob enjoyed a ride out into the country to a Moorish village, seeing many Moors who do not get along with the Filipino natives and keep the



Photo by Seaman R. Parish.

"Ship's routine: washing down decks . . ."



"I was going to live and work with real men . . ."

police constantly on the lookout for trouble. Back to Cebu where an American school has flown Old Glory since the Spanish-American war. At sundown leaving for Manila, at daylight arriving at Manila. The Filipinos are all dressed in white. A tour to the old Spanish forts, the Corridor Wall which Dewey bombarded in the capture of Manila, and other points of interest. Only two days here and then homeward bound for San Pedro. Three days out Beepo the monkey was missing. The chow dog was disconsolate. A search was made by all hands; on the 12 to 4 watch a plaintive noise was heard in the fire room and the fireman on watch found Beepo under the floor plates covered with fuel oil. He was promptly washed with kerosene oil, soap and water and returned to his friend the chow dog, who barked

gleefully and guarded him faithfully.

Arthur and Bob learn to tie knots and splice rope; the boatswain shows them how to sew canvas and mend life boat covers. During their spare time they learn how to box the compass, and then are able to stand a watch at the wheel. On the 29th day San Pedro was in sight and Uncle Sam's battle fleet at anchor. It filled Arthur's heart with joy and happiness to be home again. They were paid off. Bob was going home. Arthur hated to lose him for he was a good ship mate. The ship was going to lay up and Arthur had a chance to ship on a freighter bound for Australia, by way of ports in the South Seas, Tahiti, Raratonga, Sura and then Auckland, New Zealand, down the coast to Wellington and Sydney, Australia. Arthur went ashore in Sydney, seeing the sights of this port, wearing corduroy pants, and became known as the Yank with the velvet pants. Leaving Sydney and homeward bound via Honolulu where his ship visited Pearl Harbor, Uncle Sam's great Naval base protecting the Pacific only seven days run from San Pedro, Arthur finds he has a severe pain in his chest and a high fever. He is rushed to the Marine Hospital and operated on for an abscess on the left lung. His life hangs in the balance. He is giving up hope of getting well again until an old seaman in the next bed encourages him. Christmas will soon be here; he feels much better for his Dad is coming to see him. Christmas eve the Campfire Girls pass through the wards singing Christmas Carols. The patients receive ditty bags for the Christmas spirit prevails. On Christmas day his Dad comes to see him. Arthur finds the tears are streaming down his face. They embrace, they hold tightly together in silence. Arthur for the first time realizes his Dad's

affection for him. He receives many presents from dad who has to leave to return to his work. The old seaman next to Arthur says "Son, what a wonderful dad you have! Show your spirit and fight for his sake, and don't give up the ship for you have many sailing days yet." Arthur resolved to get well. The doctors and nurses do all they can to help him and soon he is in a wheel chair, getting back his health and feeling much stronger. At last he is well enough to go back to his dad and to the Redwood forests. But Arthur promises his old sailor friend to return soon to the sea: "I know I shall never leave the sea. It is always calling me. I love to be with the men who are different from men in other walks of life who give their lives to rescue their shipmates in distress without fame or glory."

Why I Chose the Sea

Continued from page 4

I was going to live and work with real men who were as natural and unaffected as the white drifting clouds.

In the years between I have gone the happy road through the wild acres of ocean, down the blue and stormy lanes that lead to Valparaiso, and Amoy, and Constanza, and Salonica, and to jewel-like islands in the Southern Pacific that haven't even a name. I have been successively an ordinary seaman, an able seaman—and I trust a good one. This month I shall take an examination which will entitle me to a third mate's ticket.

And whenever I come back to New York for any length of time I am soon burned with the famous "Sea Fever" that Masfield describes so effectively—the call of the most romantic profession on earth:

"I must go down to the seas again,
for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that
may not be denied".

"Benjamin Packard"

Continued from page 2

ton, however, declined this offer, maintaining that the cost of making her sea-worthy again would be far too great.

So another company attempted this, an Association for Boys, but they, after expending some moneys discovered what the Captain had perceived all along, that the cost was going to prove excessive, and abandoned the project. After this, the poor old "Benjamin Packard" fell on evil days. In 1929 Count Gosta Morner saw her hull, stripped of masts and rigging, aground on a mud flat in the outer harbor. He organized a company of ship-lovers, spent ten thousand dollars re-floating her, towed her up to Rye Beach, Playland. She was used as a restaurant-cabaret and museum. Storms played hob with the ship because she was not properly berthed. Count Morner sold his interest to amusement men. The big ship was a failure as a concession because of the maintenance costs. Her owners decided to destroy her.

Happy she must have been when one evening in May, 1939, she was towed out in Long Island Sound and sunk. Now the "Benjamin Packard" can take her more rightful place among the lost vessels of the world.

A Strange Story

Continued from page 5

As the helmsman struck six bells (3 P.M.) he asked: "Mr. Mate, what was wrong, when you were standing out in the wing? Your face all of a sudden got such a hard, strange expression?" "Thank your God that we are still alive," I replied, and told him what a narrow escape we had. My mind in that short moment, while out in the wing, had gone home to my wife and son. If that mine had struck the little 400 ton ship, not a soul would have been saved.

My companions started to interrupt me. "But there is just one more point to my story," I said. "The time difference between Norway and England is one hour!"

Book Reviews

YACHT SAILS

By Terence North,

illustrated by H. H. R. Etheridge

Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75

This excellently illustrated little book is a "must" for all amateur yachtsmen.

A wealth of information on sails, the materials used in their construction, their cutting, care and maintenance is to be found within its 168 pages.

The sketches which illustrate each point are really splendid, while the various formulae, tables of strengths and the glossary will be found invaluable.

R. B. M.

SEA DUTY

By Rear-Admiral Yates Stirling,

U. S. N. (Retd.)

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$3.00

Here is a book which, possessing almost universal appeal, should command a wide circle of readers. For the Navy man a life that extends from "wooden walls", and hit or miss gunnery, down to the present day, for the Merchant Seaman a full account of that Navy life of which he knows so little, and for the laymen a fascinating biography plus a revealing insight into the politics and feminine influence that play such a big part in the running of the U. S. Navy.

From 1892, when he joined U.S.S. San Francisco as a Midshipman upon graduating from Annapolis, to 1936, when he retired from his post as Commandant of the New York Naval District, a Rear-Admiral, the author led a full and interesting life.

Action in Rio, Cuba, the Philippines, the World War and in China, service at Washington and in Hawaii all combine to make a tale which will hold the readers interest.

Heart's Desire

Let me hark to the song of a roaring gale

As it sweeps through the shrouds and spars,

Let me lie on the deck of a rolling ship

And gaze on the rocking stars.

The whine of the wind in the rigging

And the white foam streaming past—

Let me feel the kick of a bucking wheel

In my hands as she heels to the blast.

For the call of the sea is in my blood,

And the lure of far distant lands;

The sway of a deck beneath my feet

And work for my idle hands.

For now that I'm old and broken,

A stranded hulk on the shore,

Let me die with the sound of the sea

in my ears—

Take me back to the sea once more.

By Israel Stout

Perhaps there is a little too much politics but it is good for a country to know the inside story of its defence forces and how they are run.

Admiral Sterling's plea for a General Staff to run the U. S. Navy is well presented. His two final chapters, "Troubled Waters" and "America at the Cross-roads", should be read by all, whether or not they agree with his conclusion that war in both Europe and the Pacific is inevitable, for it is the conclusion of an expert and therein are his reasons.

Raymond B. Mitchell,

3rd mate,

Lt. Cr., R.N.R.

Please Save This Date: Monday Evening, October 23rd

The Institute's Annual Fall Theatre Benefit will be held at the Martin Beck Theatre, on Monday evening, October 23rd. We have reserved the entire theatre for the FIRST MONDAY NIGHT PERFORMANCE of Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's new play, "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN", starring *Helen Hayes* and *Herbert Marshall*. Please mark this date on your social calendar. Details regarding tickets will be mailed to you later.



At the rail of the S.S. Manhattan

Photo by Seaman J. Aitkins.

Sailor Poetry

TRUTHFUL BILL BUNTLINE

Editor's Note: The author of the following verses, Walter MacArthur, was formerly U. S. Shipping Commissioner in San Francisco. After a long sea experience he became Secretary of the International Seamen's Union, a co-founder, with Andrew Furuseth. He is now retired, because of advancing years, and enjoys recalling his seafaring days in salty rhymes.

Come gather around, boys, and listen
to me,
And what I'm a-saying's the truth,
you'll agree,
Light up your nose-warmers and hitch
up your jeans
While I tell you a tale as 'twas told
the marines.

Bill Buntline a truth-loving sailor was
he,
For many long years he'd been going
to sea,
His tales of adventure would give you
a thrill—
"And every word's true as the Gospel,"
says Bill.

"In ships of all nations I've sailed the
seas o'er,
Lime juicers, Bluenosers and Yanks
by the score,
Tea clippers, wool packets, all ships
known to fame,
So many I never can call 'em by name.

"One ship I was in—her true name I
forget—
They called her a whale, an' b'gad she
was wet,
She rolled both rails under an' stayed
down below,
Except in a calm, when she came up
to blow.

"With every stitch set and a westerly
breeze,
She could beat any hooker afloat on
the seas;
One night off the Cape with the seas
running true
She logged twenty knots and a China-
man too.

"Down south of Cape Stiff in a sweet
peasoup fog,
The smell of the ice keepin' all hands
agog,
We rammed a big berg and our bow-
sprit was burst—
We braced her aback an' then sailed
her stern first.

"One time we were carryin' stunsails
an' all,
When all of a sudden came down a
big squall,

And ripped the sticks out just above
the main deck
An' there we were lyin'—next thing
to a wreck.

"We pulled an' we hauled an' we
slaved night an' day,
To get enough canvas to give her
some way;
We got a fair slant and—I've said she
was fast—
We broke all the records with one
jury mast.

"While lying at anchor in tropical
ports,
Her bottom was fouled with sea growth
of all sorts,
We ran her aground on a bank of
fine sand,
And she scraped herself smooth as the
palm of your hand.

"You've heard of mysterious hap'nings
at sea—
Let me tell you of one thing that hap-
pened to me—"
Bill's yarn was cut short by the sound
of the bell
And the voice of the Lookout intoning
"All's well."

All hands mustered aft by the small
booby-hatch,
The mates called the roll of the men
in each watch,
Each man answered, "Here, sir," and
turned on his heel,
While truthful Bill Buntline went aft
to the wheel.

WALTER MACARTHUR
San Francisco—(From "The Seamen",
Wednesday, February 15, 1939)

THE TUG

I push, I pull, I pant and chug—
I'm nothing but a dirty tug.
I back and fill, and turn and wheel—
And sometimes tip right off my keel.
I'm hot, I'm cold, I'm shy and bold;
Snow on my deck and heat in my hold.
Nuzzling bulkhead, shivering beams,
Scraping fenders—leaking seams.
Steam and dust—heat and rust—
Enough energy for a power trust.
But gently, gently, with little din,
I coax the bulgy ocean liners in.
Into their berths with a push and a pull—
I nestle along the curve of their hull.
With a belch of smoke and a flirt of heel,
I slide along the line of their keel.
A toot of my whistle a ring of my bell
And I'm off like a regular what-the-hell.
By a Dalzell Company
Tug Boat Man

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