

The LOOKOUT

JANUARY

1953



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
of New York

We have carried on our vast program of service to seamen for over a century with the help of our many friends who believe in what we are doing.

It is my earnest wish at the close of this year to thank all of you who have given us an opportunity to represent you in this great work.

May God bless you all for sharing your substance with us and may your New Year be joyous.

Gratefully yours,

Raymond S. Hall

Director



The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIV

JANUARY, 1953

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The Lookout

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NO. 1



U.S. Coast Guard Photo

For an inkling of what these Coast Guard boys have just lassoed, you might try the following article.

A Bit About Buoys

EVERYTHING is more complicated than you think it's going to be. Take, for example, buoys — those things they throw into the harbor as reminders of where the deep water is. Now, you'd think that human nature would rebel against using anything that was worth much for something like that, but when you check it up you find out that a buoy is a downright complicated piece of machinery, one costing far more than a Cadillac.

In the first place, a buoy is big. Fully equipped they weigh about 30,000 pounds and they stand thirty-eight feet high. This isn't a lighthouse, mind you, but a buoy—those things that look like minia-

ture oil derricks and go "bing-bong" sometimes as you ride past them on the ferry. Inside they are wide enough so that a very tall man could set up his bed and still have room at the foot to throw his pants on the floor.

And there is a choice in buoys between gas lighting and electrical, as you prefer. Electric buoys use batteries about like the one in your car, only with non-spill vents to prevent the acid from slopping out. A single large buoy requires forty-eight such batteries; all these, a year's supply, would go under our tall man's bed.

As far as design is concerned, buoys are in about the same category as houses,

(Continued on Page 8)

A Talk With Bill Fowler

WHEN you shake hands with Bill Fowler, you know you've taken hold of something. He's big and pleasant, with a directness that invites you to get right to the point. So, when I was interviewing him with regard to his work as head of the Alcoholics Assistance Bureau at the Institute, I asked him just what he did or what he said when an alcoholic came to him for help.

He leaned back, resting a foot on the rim of his wastebasket. "I don't usually say anything much. I just listen and pick out the things that count. You don't have to ask a lot of questions to find out what you really want to know."

"And what's that?" I asked.

"Simply whether or not the man really wants help, whether he actually wants to quit drinking or whether he just wants to bend your ear. If a man isn't ready to quit, there's isn't a thing you can do for him. Actually, you can't even give him anything because he'll turn right around and piece off his buddies with it." He grinned as I noted his slang. "Incidentally, that's one thing that helps me. I sailed with 'em; I've been around 'em and on their bottle gangs, so I know their lingo. We don't have to waste any time. I know exactly what they're saying and approximately what they're thinking. And when they know I know, that saves a lot of nonsense."

A recovered alcoholic since 1941, Bill came to the Institute in 1945 to found

the Alcoholic Assistance Bureau, the first of its kind among the seamen's agencies. Recognizing the merit of the work being done here, the Council of Seamen's Agencies sent Fowler to all the major American port cities to inaugurate similar programs in agencies having none, and to integrate their work with that of the A.A. and the various other community facilities that could help in the rehabilitation of alcoholic seamen.

"Just how do you tell that a man is ready to quit?" I asked.

"Well, in the first place, he has to say so. If he's drunk at the time, he has to get sober and keep saying he wants to quit. To some, you know, there's only one thing worse than drinking — and that's not drinking. We've had them get the rams, the d.t.'s and the shakes right here in the office. Sometimes they have to go to the hospital for sedation."

Through close cooperation with Bellevue and the U. S. Public Health hospitals, the Bureau has gained referral privileges.



"And when they know I know, that saves a lot of nonsense."

"In a sense," said Fowler, "we are the 'ace card' of many of these guys. They come to us when their money and their credit and everything is gone, when they're desperate. Sometimes they don't say 'I quit' until they're really bad off. We've had them die just a few hours after we got hold of them. You see, when a man is drinking he doesn't eat. He just exists on the sugars in the stuff he drinks. That can go on for weeks and weeks. If they keep at it, it gradually burns them out inside. When they begin to hemorrhage they usually decide it's time to quit. But they don't all wait that long, and in answer to your question, we'll go along with any man on his declaration that he wants to quit. He may stay sober two weeks and then slip off. If he comes back and says again that he wants to quit, we'll go along with him the same as before."

I asked what "going along" entailed.

"I mean that we'll get him sobered up, get him something to eat, get him cleaned up, give him clothes and a place to sleep. But we don't run a rest home. We'll carry a man a day or so until we can get him a job—we've got an agency that works right with us—and then the man is expected to carry himself. During this time he is going through a kind of mental catharsis. We're in close touch with him, trying to give him a sense of direction. A guy will usually swarm with resolutions about what all he's going to do. We try to get him to concentrate on sobriety, in the meantime helping him through group therapy at our weekly meetings here in the office. We also try to channel them into Alcoholics Anonymous, because through the A.A. they can establish a relationship that will not be broken as they leave one port and enter another."

The nomadic life of a sailor also makes it difficult for the Bureau to estimate the number of men they have benefited, for a man is sometimes lost track of completely when he ships out.

"But I'll tell you this much," says Fowler, "I wouldn't like my job half so much as I do if I didn't figure we were

doing a lot for many of them."

I asked him if there was any particular case he remembered.

He glanced over toward his filing cabinet and then turned back. "Say, how many pages do you figure on using up, anyhow?"

I told him we'd worry about that later so he said, "Okay, I'll tell you about this one guy." He grinned. "You can bet this one's going to make us look good or I wouldn't tell it. Anyway, this fellow came into the office, and I could see he was about half shot. He asked if I was Bill Fowler. I said, 'Yes, but I don't think I've met you before.'

"Well," he said, "I been told you'd help a man out. I need 75 cents. Bad. I been drinkin', but I'm gonna cut it out. I want 75 cents to get my papers from the Coast Guard. Then I'm gonna straighten up and sail outa here."

"I said, 'Fine! That's the way I like to hear you talk,' and I handed him 75 cents and he left."

"In an hour or so he came back, this time just about dead drunk. He stood in front of my desk, swaying back and forth. 'Well, ain'tcha gonna say something?' he growled at me. 'I spent your damn 75 cents and I got drunk. Whadaya thinka that? Whadaya gonna do about that?'"

"I said, 'I'm going to give you another 75 cents.'"

"He just stood there for a minute and then leaned over my desk. 'Wait a minute, Mack,' he said, 'you just gimme 75 cents and I just told ya I spent it and got drunk.'"

"'I can see you're drunk,' I said, pushing him into a chair, 'but now you listen to me, mister, because I'm going to tell you something. I never saw you before, but I know all about you. I know who sent you up to see me. The guys out here in the alley primed you. They sent you up here and they told you what to say when you got here. I know those guys, mister. They couldn't get 75 cents from me themselves, not on that old trick, so they sent you because you were new to me and I was sure to go along with you.'

Well, I went along with you, didn't I? But don't think for a minute that I didn't know what was going to happen to that 75 cents. When you came out the front door those guys from the alley were waiting for you. They'd have beat your ears clean off your head if you had tried to get by with that six bits. They knew you were alive; you had to be.

"Now I'm going to give you another 75 cents to get your seaman's papers, and this time I want to see how much guts you've got. You've got a chance this time and I want to see you get past those guys. This 75 cents makes it a buck and a half that I've got bet on you. I'll go that much on any man, but now I want to see you produce."

"A couple of hours later he came back. He was almost sober and was shaking and sweating. He said, 'There's your damn papers,' and he threw them down on my desk.

"I said, 'Fine. Now what's your name; we'll do business.'

"That was almost two months ago. The guy actually did straighten up and sail out of here. We heard from him just the other day and he was still keeping on an even keel."

When Bill Fowler finished his story he commented about not wanting to give the impression that the Bureau made everybody live happily ever after.

"Because we sure don't," he said. "The reasons why a man drinks are complex and deep-rooted, and it takes more than a bag full of tricks to get him to straighten out. Alcoholic seamen are like the alcoholics of any other trade or profession. They are people who just can't drink, but who do drink.

"The thing that makes a seaman a little worse off than the rest is that, unlike shore people, he doesn't usually have a family or friends in town that can help him when he gets himself all messed up. He just has to fall around in the gutters and alleys and hope it doesn't rain. He becomes a public spectacle for scorn and pity, giving a black eye to his profession and everybody associated with him.

"Our Alcoholics Assistance Bureau here at the Institute tries to help these fellows, and we're glad about every bit of good we do, for every day we can help a man stay sober. But we're even more grateful for the cooperation and the support we're getting from the outside, for only the community at large can contribute the facilities needed for a complete and effective rehabilitation program."

Bill Fowler stopped talking and broke into a smile. "I better knock it off," he said, "I'm beginning to get preachy. Besides, there are guys waiting in the outer office."
TOM BAAB

SPRING BENEFIT SET FOR FEBRUARY 16th

The Institute is happy to announce the FIRST benefit performance of the new and exciting Broadway attraction, "JOHN BROWN'S BODY," by Stephen Vincent Benet.

The play stars:

TYRONE POWER ☆ JUDITH ANDERSON ☆ RAYMOND MASSEY

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16, 1953, at the Century Theatre

7th Avenue at 59th Street

For good seats make your reservations now through the Institute.

Hospital Chapel Dedicated



Photo by Mathens

Dr. K. R. Nelson addresses gathering at Staten Island chapel dedication.

THE hospital visiting chaplains of the Seaman's Church Institute feel there is more to their job than stopping at the beds of patients for a few minutes a day. Such a man is Rev. John Evans, Resident Protestant Chaplain at the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital in Clifton, Staten Island. In his work at the Staten Island hospital, where most of the patients are merchant seamen, he has been conducting religious services in the recreational hall for some time. It has long been apparent, however, that these services could be much more satisfactory for the patients and their relatives if they could be held in an atmosphere more conducive to worship and meditation. Thus, the idea of a non-sectarian chapel was conceived. The hospital authorities were sympathetic with the project, but there was the problem of space and provision of facilities. Chaplain Evans offered that he would somehow provide the furnishings if the hospital would find the space.

And so the new chapel of the Staten Island hospital came into being. The list of those who contributed in turning a bare little room into a chapel tells a story of churches of many denominations and persons of disparate faiths joining together to create a place where all creeds can meet at a time when reaffirmation of religious faith is especially comforting. The lectern was donated by the old Italian Church of the Holy Redeemer, the pews from the Roman Catholic Church

of the Blessed Sacrament, the dossal from St. Andrew's Church, and the organ from the Seamen's Church Institute. The metal work was refinished by Arthur Storms, and the wood work was done by Leroy Richards—both patients at the hospital. An American flag was given by the Church Women's League for Patriotic Service. Many others—too numerous to mention—have given and helped.

The chapel was dedicated on December 17th, in time for Christmas. Reverend M. A. Frier, rector for nearby St. Johns, said the dedication prayers; and Dr. James C. Healey, Senior Chaplain of the Seamen's Church Institute, read the Scripture. The dedication statement was read by Dr. Alexander Banach. Greetings from the hospital were extended by Dr. K. R. Nelson, Medical Officer in Charge. Dr. Nelson in his talk pointed out that hospitals had their beginnings not in the knowledge and development of modern science, but in the human emotions of fear, pity and sympathy— together with civic consciousness and religious zeal. History, Dr. Nelson indicated, shows this to have been the order of growth.

Chaplain Evans, who also spoke, thanked those who had helped in making the chapel a reality and stressed the need of further gifts to meet expenses and complete the furnishings. Contributions may be made through Chaplain Evans at the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York.

LIFE WITHOUT IMPORTS

Those who feel we could readily forget the rest of the world and withdraw to our own shores ought to read the State Department's booklet, *Together we are Strong*. It is the story of a hypothetical average American family of four — Jim Johnson, his wife and two children — and how their lives change when trade with other countries is cut off. One of the first things to go is their breakfast coffee; the telephone has to be taken out once it has broken down since replacement parts are not available — likewise the radio and television set; Mr. Johnson stops using his car because gasoline is rationed and expensive — furthermore, it's getting old and he can't buy a new one, since thirty-eight imported materials are used in automobile manufacture; Mrs. Johnson even has to forego the use of lipstick. And so it goes. However, Jim Johnson would not be the only one to feel the pinch. What was inconvenience for him, could spell calamity to the nation in time of emergency. Production of a medium-sized tank, for instance, entails six metals that are not to be found in the United States. While getting along without a radio might be a nuisance to Jim Johnson, a similar breakdown in electronic equipment vital to national defense would make for wholesale disaster. Once again we are reminded of the significant job our merchant marine does for us.

COST OF BARNACLES

Barnacles, mussels, tube worms and other fouling organisms cost the U. S. shipping industry alone more than \$100,000,000 every year. Back in the days of wooden ships, vessels sometimes fell apart — riddled by sea borers — even before they completed a single voyage. Men tried painting and coating ships' bottoms; they tried sheathing with cop-

per, and lead, and zinc, and combinations of wood and felt. (Paul Revere was not only the man who made the midnight ride to warn of the coming of the British; he was also the man who manufactured the copper sheathing for *Old Ironsides*, the famous frigate *Constitution*.)

The Navy in recent years has been doing some heavy experimenting which is recorded in a new book called *Marine Fouling and its Prevention*, about which further information can be had by writing to the United States Naval Institute, Annapolis, Maryland.

THE SNEAKY LITTLE "J"

— an anecdote of shipboard life reported by
Fox M. Grissette

SVEN, the bosun, was a fine old Swede and was well liked by all of the crew. But even though they liked him, they just couldn't help making fun of the way he pronounced his "jays." He spoke fairly well otherwise, but that sneaking little "J" always threw him. Every new man who came aboard the ship had to tell the joke about the Swede who said, "Yust when I larned to say Yam, they changed it to Yelly." Surprisingly, every time it was told, somebody laughed! Sven always took these "J" jokes good-naturedly, except on one occasion.

For some unexplainable reason, the crew constantly threw gear and trash down the small hatch on the fo'c'sle head leading to the forward storeroom, the anchor chain locker and the forepeak tank. Soon a small pile of gear would collect at the foot of the ladder, making it necessary for Sven to send a seaman down to clean it up, stow the gear and throw out the trash and junk. Ordinarily the crew kept the rest of the ship very shipshape, but somehow they just couldn't resist throwing things down that little hatch forward.

Hoping to remedy the situation, Sven printed a neat sign and fastened it securely to the underside of the hatch cover, so that when the cover was raised on its hinges, the sign was prominently displayed. It read, in large letters painted in signal red: DO NOT THROW YOUR JUNK IN HERE. Naturally, somebody carefully and secretly altered the sign.

When poor Sven saw it, he cursed and condemned the entire crew to the nether regions. Finally he went up to the bridge and cornered the Chief Mate. With a magnificent roar of outrage he exclaimed, "Yust look what some wise guy has done! He's gone and changed my YUNK to YUNK!"

TRAMP OPERATORS SEEK RELIEF

Following a rebuff at the hands of the Military Sea Transportation Service of the Navy last month, F. Riker Clark, chairman for the Committee for the Promotion of Tramp Shipping, announced that the industry would depend on the new administration for action in its present plight. The Committee conferred with the Navy agency in an effort to secure operating-differential subsidies and an opportunity to bid for government charters in place of the present rate-fixing practice. The Committee asserted that the charter rate of \$1,275 a day did not even meet basic operating costs.

The White House also got into the act after the ill-starred conference with the Navy, and the ship operators were given a sympathetic hearing there. However, it was generally agreed that the outgoing administration hadn't enough time to take action to alleviate conditions. In pinning the hopes of tramp operators on President-elect Eisenhower, Mr. Clark pointed to Ike's knowledge of shipping in World War II as "knowledge that cannot be gained from books or committees."

MOTORBOAT SHOW EXHIBIT

The Institute exhibit in the Motor Boat Show running from January 9 to 17 at Grand Central Palace features this year the Hales Blue Ribbon Trophy awarded to the *S.S. United States* for her record crossing of the Atlantic last July. Models of ships that held the transatlantic speed record prior to the *United States* are being shown along with the trophy.

Another interesting item at the Institute booth is a painting of the sinking of the *Flying Enterprise*. The picture, which won first place in the Artists and Writers Club contest at the Institute, was painted by a seaman who watched the *Enterprise* sink. The seaman, Thomas G. Butler, did his preliminary sketches from the deck of the *Greeley*, the MSTS ship that played the major role in the rescue operations.

The Institute exhibit is being shown along with a display from the Mystic Museum, Mystic, Connecticut.

BEACHCOMBERS BEWARE!

When a "Giant Spider Crab" roams the beaches of the Rynkyn Islands in southwest Japan it's time to run without looking back. The creatures stand three feet high, weigh 30 pounds and have a leg spread as wide as 12 feet. No man is a match for an angry one. The huge claws rip and tear ferociously anyone who doesn't get out of his way fast enough.

No single fisherman would dare tackle one. It takes several to subdue him once he is enmeshed in one of the large nets the Japanese use for the purpose. The Atlantic seaboard kind may not make such a big mouthful, and catching them may not be as great sport, but let's stick to the homegrown variety please!

(Continued from Page 1)

that is, having a few innovations but being basically the same for the last twenty years — with not many new ones being built. The present buoys were inherited from the old Lighthouse Service which the Coast Guard absorbed in 1939.

Buoys may be big and burly, but they're also sensitive in their own way. A sudden shock can knock the pilot light of a gas buoy out of adjustment, and the subsequent smoking will cause the lamp to carbon up and go out. Slamming an electric buoy around, on the other hand, is apt to cause a short circuit.

Not the least of a buoy's hazards is that of being run over. One would think that hitting one of these fifteen-ton monsters would be like hitting a reef, but the Coast Guard admits that it's the buoy that takes the beating. Actually, any ship that bumps or runs over a buoy is supposed to report the incident to the Coast Guard, but since the offender gets the halo of his honesty knocked down around his ears by a good stiff fine, such collisions are seldom acknowledged. It remains for another ship to observe and report that a unit has been banged up, extinguished or dragged out of position.

The Coast Guard responds promptly to any notification of a buoy fault, usually dispatching a tender to the job within an hour. Swift action is essential to prevent negligence claims against the government which would arise from an accident caused by an inoperative navigational aid. To protect themselves and the government, the Coast Guard makes an immediate check on the operation and position of all navigational aids in the vicinity of every maritime accident.

A special type of vessel built to tend to the needs of buoys is descriptively referred to as a buoy tender. As you can imagine from what we know about the size of buoys, a tender has to be a right rugged ship to manhandle them. One of the newest such ships in the New York district is the *Firebush*, a 180-foot craft with a hull resembling a petrified whale that forgot which end was which during

the final galvanizing. Nonetheless, this describes a very capable vessel, one well suited to her purpose.

The job of raising a buoy, easing it onto the deck and hooking another unit onto the anchor chain is a very difficult and dangerous one, requiring the coordination of a well-trained crew. Having on the deck of a pitching vessel fifteen tons of something that can roll is bound to be a ticklish proposition. However, bringing to bear the latest in techniques and equipment, a vessel like the *Firebush* makes it seem as simple as lifting a bottle of pop from a soft drink cooler.

Practice contributes to the perfection of these operations, since every buoy must be relieved once a year for a thorough overhauling, which includes scraping and painting and recharging the batteries or acetylene tanks. The Coast Guard is at present experimenting with a vinyl plastic paint which has exceptional resistance to marine growth and corrosion; this may make it possible for buoys to remain on station for as long as two years.

Actually, a buoy tender is designed to perform other functions also, such as ice breaking, search and rescue, coastal defense and cargo hauling. For the *Ambrose* and *Scotland* lightships the *Firebush* and her sisters also act as harbor taxis, carrying mail, supplies and crew members to and from the lightships each Friday while inspecting buoys and lights in the Ambrose, Swash and South channels. The efficiency of this taxi service depends very much on the efficiency of the buoys along the way, for the tender has to stop and tinker with each one that isn't working properly. This procedure goes over big with lightship crewmen who are straining for the bright lights of the city. Not seeming to care at all that the buoy needs attention, they are sometimes heard to mutter, "Gee whiz!"

And so it goes. The wind blows and the sea rolls and the buoys go "bing-bong." But it's not as simple as it sounds.

Sea Jugs and Pickle Bottles

By Marjorie Dent Candee

A VARIATION of the old message-in-a-bottle that shipwrecked sailors toss to the outside world is a system devised by two American Merchant Marine Captains for sending passenger and crew mail ashore. "Via Pickle Bottle" is the rubber stamp used by Captain O. H. Martinson, master of the *S.S. Mexico*, and "Via Sea Jug Post" is the cachet printed on envelopes mailed by Captain C. C. Milbury, "Postmaster" of the *M.V. Arizona Sword*.

Here's how letters are mailed: when a ship is passing several miles east of Miami, mail is collected and put into an empty one-gallon pickle jar, or large glass jar. It is ballasted with a handful of cement so that it floats upright. Capped by a water-tight wooden cover with an eighteen-inch flagstaff fastened to it, the jar starts its drift shoreward, flying the flag with the legend "U.S. Mail" printed on it. Inside the jar, along with the letters, the captain places a silver dollar or a few packs of cigarettes for the finder. First class postage stamps are affixed to each envelope.

There are usually fishermen cruising near Miami and the captains report that they often see them race toward the glass bottle, but sometimes where there is a strong easterly wind the jar drifts ashore and is picked up on the beach.

Yacht skippers along the Florida coast, members of the Coast Guard and beach patrols are co-operative in the handling and expediting of the letters. The Postmaster at Miami sees that mail brought in via "pickle jar" or "sea jug" is given prompt attention and sent on its way.

Captain Martinson comments: "Passengers are usually skeptical and amused by this method of dropping the mail at sea when our ship is going full speed ahead, and suspect that the whole thing is just a joke. But the crew have come to depend on getting their letters mailed in this way. A letter mailed in a pickle jar seems to reach its destination much sooner than those which are put into mail boxes in foreign countries. We have been using this method of mailing for a couple of years, and the mail always seems to go through."

The *Arizona Sword* issues a souvenir "Sea-Jug" cover for stamp collectors, with a rubber stamp "Hot Out of the Gulf Stream" affixed to each letter placed in the jug. It originated on September 20, 1949, when the first jug was launched in the Gulf Stream. The idea has never been commercialized, and any philatelist may write to C. E. Milbury of the *Arizona Sword*, Box 176, Galveston, Texas, and request one of these unique "covers" addressed to himself. First class postage should be enclosed.

"Sea-Jug Post," says Mr. Milbury, "is now an established service which will be continued as a practical and beneficial service in full conformity with Postal Regulations." "However," he warns, "world conditions may make necessary its abrupt termination at any time."

"Operation Pickle Bottle and "Operation Sea Jug" testify to the honesty of the fishermen, yachtsmen, beachcombers and others who have found the bottles containing mail and have faithfully delivered them to the Miami Post Office.

Courtesy, Travel Magazine



1953 **MAY** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	6th LAST Q.	13th NEW M.	20th FIRST Q.	28th FULL M.	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

1953 **JUNE** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	4th LAST Q.	11th NEW M.	18th FIRST Q.

1953 **JULY** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	29th FULL M.

1953 **AUGUST** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

1953 **APRIL** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	6th LAST Q.	13th NEW M.	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	20th FIRST Q.	28th FULL M.

Choose

Your



Red

Letter

Day

1953 **MARCH** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	8th LAST Q.	15th NEW M.	22nd FIRST Q.	30th FULL M.

1953 **FEBRUARY** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	6th LAST Q.	13th NEW M.	20th FIRST Q.	28th FULL M.		

1953 **JANUARY** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

MERCHANT SAILORS who eat and sleep at the Seamen's Church Institute pay their way, but the Institute is more than a hotel and restaurant. Over the years it has become a miniature community, a home and home town, doing many things for which a man cannot be billed without violating the spirit in which it is done — a spirit that enriches the scanty fare of a stranger in New York. In the absence of family and friends seamen are given counsel and help in their personal difficulties. This program of kindness and service to others outdistances each day by \$273.97 the Institute's income-producing facilities.

16

8

11



23

2

1953 **SEPTEMBER** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

1953 **OCTOBER** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	7th NEW M.	15th FIRST Q.	22nd FULL M.	29th LAST Q.	

1953 **NOVEMBER** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	6th NEW M.	14th FIRST Q.	21st FULL M.	28th LAST Q.	

1953 **DECEMBER** 1953

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	5th NEW M.	13th FIRST Q.	20th FULL M.	27th LAST Q.	

The Red Letter Day program offers to you, as a friend of the Institute, the opportunity to sponsor for a day these worthy activities in behalf of merchant seamen. Red Letter Days are usually chosen to commemorate some event in the sponsor's life, and they are specially noted on the Institute calendar.

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Commemoration.....

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Book Briefs

THE MARLINSPIKE SAILOR

By Harvey Garrett Smith

The Rudder Publishing Co.

115 pp., 111 illus., \$5.00

The lessons on marlinspike seamanship in this book are designed definitely for the amateur yachtsman who loves to putter around his ship, doing necessary and at the same time craftsmanlike jobs and doing them in accordance with sea tradition. The text is clear and the illustrations are excellent. The lessons are limited to such jobs as would be of primary importance on sailing yachts. The heavier tasks, such as wire splicing, making collision mats, etc. are omitted.

W. L. M.

THE LOST DISCOVERY

By Frederick J. Pohl

W. W. Norton & Co., \$3.75

This book describes accurately a series of facts drawn from the *Flateyjarbok*, an ancient Norse record and saga of Eric the Red. These facts, supplemented by later discoveries and substantiated by scientific deductions from artifacts recently unearthed, deep markings that appear on rocks, and geometric calculations, evolve into an historical piece of detective work that proves beyond a doubt that America was discovered first by the Vikings. Mr. Pohl has even been able to set the date of Leif Ericson's arrival in the Nantucket area on or about September 24th in the year 1003 A.D.

F. WHELAN

MELVILLE'S MARDI: a Chartless Voyage

By Merrill Davis

Yale University Press, \$4.00

This study is concerned with the literary and biographical background, the genesis, writing, and meaning of Herman Melville's *Mardi: And a Voyage Thither*. Assembled here for the first time is nearly all of the available material for a study of the inception and growth of the book and for a detailed analysis of it as an independent literary production.

This is a monograph for those with a scholar's interest in the life and writings of one of America's most distinguished seamen.

T. H. B.

THE AMAZING AMAZON

By Willard Price

The John Day Company, \$5.00

This is an exciting book about an exciting river that flows through the great Brazilian basin, regarded by some as the world's last real frontier. As is almost unavoidable in any book about Brazil, this book bulges with interesting facts and striking comparisons. Meeting the test of a good travel book, *The Amazing Amazon* tells you much, but still makes you want to see for yourself.

T. H. B.

CAPTAIN MAROONER

By Louis B. Davidson
and Eddie Doherty

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$3.95

This is a highly descriptive yarn, based upon one of the most violent mutinies in America's maritime history. It is narrated by a fifteen-year-old Quaker boy who boarded a whaling vessel on December 15th, 1822, and launched upon a series of adventures in the years to follow that taught him not only the suspense involved in capturing a whale, but also revealed to him the brutal, sadistic nature of Captain Worth, hated and feared by his crew. Based on true happenings, *Captain Marooner* is hard to beat for tense drama on the high seas.

F. M. W.

NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION OF AN AMERICAN SQUADRON TO THE CHINA SEAS AND JAPAN

Under the Command of Commodore M. C. Perry, United States Navy, compiled at his request and under his supervision by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. Abridged and edited by Sidney Wallach.

Coward-McCann, Inc., \$5.00

In the limited review space left beneath this ponderous title it may be noted that this revised edition of Perry's *Narrative* celebrates the centennial of the epoch-making naval expedition to Japan.

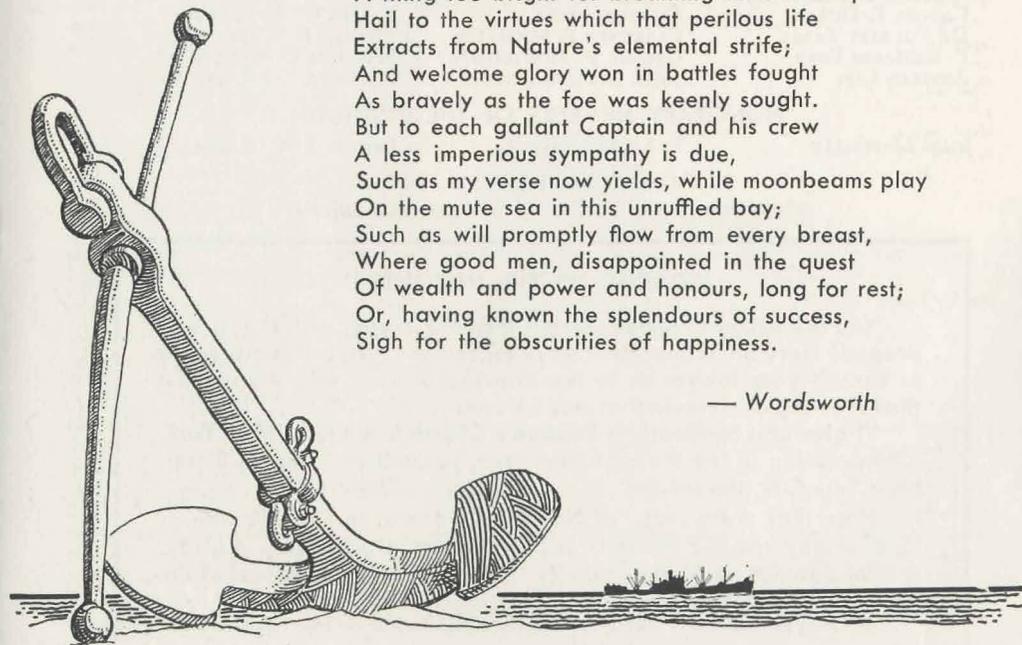
A minor classic of American history, the *Narrative*, here annotated and edited for the present-day reader, retains its position despite the water that has gone over the dam since Perry first introduced us to the Japanese.

T. H. B.

COMPOSED BY THE SEASHORE

What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,
How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;
How baffled projects on the spirit prey,
And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,
The Sailor knows; he best, whose lot is cast
On the relentless sea that holds him fast
On chance dependent, and the fickle star
Of power, through long and melancholy war.
O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,
Daily to think on old familiar doors,
Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral floors;
Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,
To ruminate on that delightful home
Which with the dear Betrothèd was to come;
Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye
Never but in the world of memory;
Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range
Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,
And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep
A thing too bright for breathing man to keep.
Hail to the virtues which that perilous life
Extracts from Nature's elemental strife;
And welcome glory won in battles fought
As bravely as the foe was keenly sought.
But to each gallant Captain and his crew
A less imperious sympathy is due,
Such as my verse now yields, while moonbeams play
On the mute sea in this unruffled bay;
Such as will promptly flow from every breast,
Where good men, disappointed in the quest
Of wealth and power and honours, long for rest;
Or, having known the splendours of success,
Sigh for the obscurities of happiness.

— Wordsworth



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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 suggest 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.