

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XL

SEPTEMBER, 1949

NO. 9



AMERICAN PREMIERE OF "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS"
FOR BENEFIT OF

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Sanctuary

O Gracious and Loving Father, who has set men in families upon the earth, we would remember before Thee all who live the wandering life of the sea. Grant, we beseech Thee, that this Institute and the Seamen's Institutes everywhere may be homes of welcome for the strangers, harbors of safety for the tempted, and sanctuaries for all who need, and that Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, may be in the midst giving courage and endurance, for His Name's sake. Amen.

(Missions to Seamen, adapted)



"25 South Street"

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XL, SEPTEMBER, 1949

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CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

President

THOMAS ROBERTS

Secretary and Treasurer

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.

Director

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor

POLLY WEAVER BEATON, Assoc. Editor

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Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

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Institute to Have Film Benefit

FOR the first time in its history the Seamen's Church Institute of New York will have a motion picture premiere for a benefit.

On October 11th (at a theatre to be announced) the J. Arthur Rank presentation of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, starring Frederic March, will be given its first American showing to benefactors of the Institute.

This dramatic, authentic portrayal of the struggles and final achievement of the great sea voyager was filmed, in technicolor, in the West Indies and at the Gainsborough Studios in England. The script was written by Sydney and Muriel Box and the director was David MacDonald. Music is by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Replicas of two of Columbus' vessels, the *Santa Maria* and the *Nina*

were built in Barbados. A score of seamen-adventurers relive history as Columbus' crew, and real Carib Indians — descendants of those who welcomed Columbus to the shores of the New World—have been recruited for the scenes of his landing.

Other members of the cast are Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Frederic March) as Queen Isabella, and a noted English cast including Francis L. Sullivan, Linden Travers, Kathleen Ryan, and Derek Bond.

Among the celebrities expected to attend the New York premiere is the Duke of Veragua, lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus and heir to the title "Admiral of the Ocean Sea."

Invitations and order blanks are being mailed to you direct.



Columbus pleads his cause before Queen Isabella's Royal Commission

Are You Saving on Taxes by Contributing to the S.C.I.?
Are You Watching Your 1949 Tax Deductions?

S.O.S. TO S.C.I.

WHEN the SOS call crackles through the ether ships stand by to answer the distress signal. Similarly, when the Seamen's Church Institute of New York gets SOS calls from stranded seamen, it stands by and answers the pleas for help.

Sometimes the requests almost "stump the experts" but whenever humanly possible, if a seaman is in need of any kind of assistance, the S.C.I. supplies what he needs.

Recently, a request came from a former ship's captain now living in Hungary with his wife and two children. The Institute didn't have what was asked for — Streptomycin — to save his son's life — but it obtained some through the Clinics and shipped \$16.00 worth via air express (sent as a gift since the family could not afford to pay for it).

Here is the Captain's urgent request:

Veszprem, the 11th June 1949.

To the
Seamen's Church Institute
NEW YORK.

Dear Sirs:

We didn't forget yet your kindness and the nice and very useful gift, and now I am compelled again by the hard circumstances to disturb you.

My smallest boy, Tommy, was infected by T.B.C., during the war, and we have suffered too much for his health in the heaviest times.

Now his infection was renewed, owing a hard cooling and according to doctor's opinion he needs "Streptomycin" to secure his recovery.

I now, that my request is unusual and — perhaps — immodest, but, I think, you are also fathers, and you have children too, and you all can understand my anxiety. That hoping I beg you to send to my address, Capt. Zoltan Szemerady, Veszprem, Toborozo utca 2. Hungary — if it is possible — 15 grammes of "Streptomycin."

If you have a possibility to help in our heavy situation, I beg you at the sending of above medicine, send me please a letter too, to certify, that this medicine is your kind and urgent gift for my sick child.

I am waiting for your kind and favourable answer, I am

Yours truly,
CAPT. Z. SZEMERADY



In case of favorable answer, send please your gift "By Airmail" because this is the last chance for us.

And his grateful reply when the S.C.I. answered his SOS:

Veszprem, the 7th of July,
1949

To The Seamen's Church Institute
New York 4, N. Y.
25 South Street.

Dear Rev. Raymond S. Hall:

I beg to inform you that I received your Streptomycin package in order and in good condition.

The cure for my Tommy was commenced immediately and the doctor is hoping that this quantity will be enough for his recovery. In extremity he will need 10 grs. more, but at present doctor can't tell nothing certainly. If would come this case, I shall write again to you, but I hope surely that he will recover by this 10 grs.

Dear Rev. Raymond, I am a poor seaman and I can't tell you nice and beautiful words, but you understand my simple letter and understand the feeling of a father. You and your Institute was helping immediately after receiving of my S.O.S. and we are hoping heartily that God will help to recovery our Tommy.

In this small and unfortunate country is existing a poor family which three children and their parents day and day are praying to God for blessing to you and we never forget your kindness.

We are praying that God bless all you and help you in long time yet in your Christian activity.

Yours truly,

(Signed) CAPT. ZOLTAN SZEMERADY

Last Christmas the Institute sent, through the Central Council, clothing and knitted goods for the Captain's wife and sons.

Storm-Lashed Sea Fails

to Get Cook in a "Stew"

(Ed Wallace, in the New York World-Telegram, Feb. 17, 1949)

NAUTICAL history is filled with mysterious ships and sea monsters and strange colored lights upon the main, but none so strange as the tale brought back this week by captain and crew of the tugboat *Elizabeth W. Moran*.

The good Liz chugged bravely down the harbor on the night of Jan. 13 and 23 days, 22 hours, and 39 minutes later she nosed politely into the Suez Canal. Behind her were 5527 miles of troubled and cantankerous seas.

On the first two days out a storm ripped off the turtleback hood which had been built over the deck to fend off the seas. A few days later a storm doused the lighting system, then snuffed out the heating lines. The waves searched their way through the portholes, and at one time the engineer ran a pump from power generated through an electric drill.

Waves, No Sky

For 11 days Capt. Daniel J. Halpin couldn't take an observation because there was none to take.

"No horizon," he explained tacitly today. "All I could see was waves." On top of everything else, the cook was feeling bad.

For a week, in fact, the cook didn't speak to anybody.

"He just held on with one hand, and cooked with the other," Captain Halpin said.

In heavy seas that made the *Elizabeth* swivel and sunfish, the cook's galley rolled and lurched like no kitchen ever should. Everytime a big wave rolled over the Liz it made the smoke from the cook stove backfire into the galley, covering the cook and all his pots and pans with thick black soot. It was out of this wet, dark misery that came a new mystery of the sea.



Bound for Egypt

The tugboat, a 94-foot craft built in 1937 for the Moran Towing and Transportation Co., 17 Battery Pl., sailed out of New York under an Egyptian flag for delivery to the Compagnie Universelle du Canal. On the first day out most of the crew got seasick and those who were not sick were dizzy from lurching and pitching. But it was the cook who felt worst of all.

"I had resolved myself to make the trip on canned tomatoes," Captain Halpin said. "It seemed impossible to prepare anything more complicated than a cheese sandwich."

Here, proudly, enters the name of Ted Crouse, cook on the *Lizzie Moran*.

Ted Crouse, formerly of the U. S. Navy, has taken his rightful place with the immortals: Nelson, Farragut, Jones, Dewey — and Crouse.

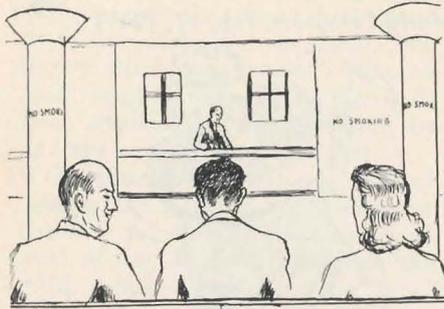
Beyond Call of Duty

History will record that there were no sandwiches on the *Elizabeth W. Moran*. And there were no tomatoes fresh from the can. With the galley awash with cold sea water, the stove backfiring oil soot, the young cook put up meals above and beyond the call of any human duty, Captain Halpin reported.

(Continued on Page 7)

A Seaman Becomes a New Citizen

Illustrations by Rene Cruz



RENE was very nervous as he sat on the hard wooden bench in the large, impersonal office of the Naturalization and Immigration Service and waited. Freckles showed through his pallor. He longed for a cigarette but there were at least five signs forbidding this trifling pleasure to those who waited.

"Defense de fumer," Rene murmured in his own tongue. Then he said it loud in English: NO SMOKING. His accent was noticeable but it had been more so. The small, dark haired woman and the big middle-aged man with him smiled at him encouragingly.

Rene was a merchant seaman. The older man, Henri La Forge, was also a seaman and he, too, was French but the accident of having been born in a small Maine town of French-Canadian parents had bestowed on him the treasure of American citizenship so earnestly sought by his friend. Encouraged by the woman (a staff member of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York) who wanted to practice her college French, the two men talked in French now and again. Teasingly, the big, slow moving La Forge watched to see how much she had understood.

Rene had been going to sea since 1928. He was a native of Savoie in the Southeastern part of France in the Alps. It was rare for a man to go to sea from that region. He had taken a job as a waiter in a cafe in

Marseilles. As he watched the big ships coming and going and heard tales of life at sea and strange peoples and exotic ports, it was more than he could bear. He signed on and shipped out of Marseilles for the Orient. He got sea sick. He made many trips to China and Japan, saw Egypt, India, Indo-China and at first everything was wonderful. But, after 20 years, he realized that most of the wonder had been in his own imagination.

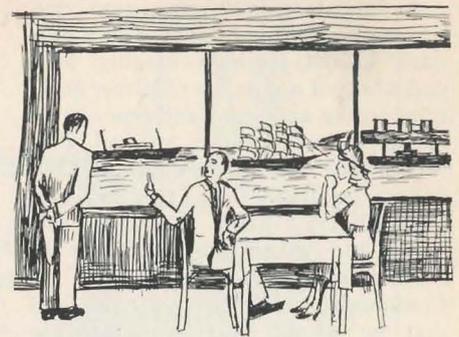
But he does not regret any of it. When the war broke out Rene was drafted into the French Army and was put in a supply corps. He drove a wagon with three big horses. He said his training as a seaman helped him to deal with "those uncivilized" horses! They finally got adjusted and all went smoothly. After a rugged winter in Burgundy the Germans broke through the French lines and then began the saddest part of his life: a slow retreat for two weeks. It was during this retreat that something happened which convinced Rene he was born lucky. A column of wagons in which he was riding suddenly halted as they were going through a dense woods. Along with others he waited. An uneasy feeling took possession of him. He felt it was not right to stop there. He went up to the head of a column and asked the lead driver why he had stopped. The man said: "There are two roads forking here. I do not know which one to take." Rene said: "But you have our orders. You must know where we are going." "Yes, to Joigny. But which road leads to Joigny?" Rene stopped a refugee, many of whom were wandering through the woods to escape the invading Germans, and the man pointed. So Rene took his wagon to the head of the column and started off. The others followed him. "I did good," Rene says now, thinking about

it. "The people in the woods were trapped by the Germans. We reached a bridge which led to Joigny, crossed it. It took half an hour, so crowded with soldiers and refugees was it. And just as we reached the other side, it was bombed."

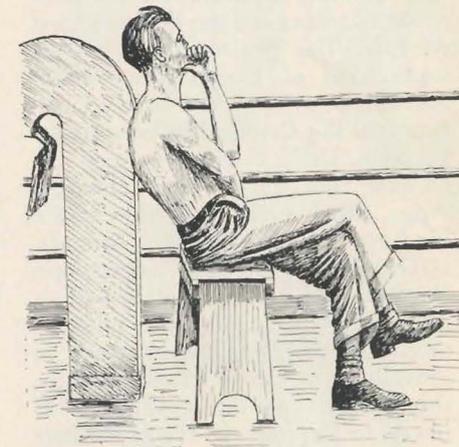
After the war, Rene was discharged and he began to go to sea again. He sailed through the war, saw many ships blown to bits, saw torpedoes to left and to right, but the most that ever happened to his ship was a broken porthole from a bomb concussion. He was on the *Rochambeau* on Pearl Harbor Day in Manila. She was taken by the U. S. Navy. The French crew was asked to stay on and Rene did. Since then he has sailed under the American flag.

Rene's dream has been to save enough money to open a small restaurant. He had almost enough when the war broke out and his savings went with it. Now he will start again, working and saving.

At last, Rene's number was called. He jumped up and with his two witnesses moved to a small office where a man with an impassive face and a bald head put him through the preliminary paces while the witnesses waited outside. Then the witnesses were called separately and asked how long they had known the applicant, whether he had ever been arrested, whether he had been out of the country recently except in the performance of his calling as a merchant seaman and whether the witness recommended him for citizenship. This over, they were told to wait on another bench in another part of the room. They waited while a plump stenographer worked placidly over the papers which had been handed her by the first examiner. Finally, she summoned them, instructed the applicant and the witnesses to sign their names on specified lines and then sent them to another bench in another part of the room. They



waited. La Forge was growing more restless by the minute. He was a bosun but had been on the beach ever since he got out of a Marine hospital for a sinus operation. Jobs were scarce. He was hungry. He confided to the staff member that he had not eaten for a day and a half. He spoke of how kind and generous Rene had been to him in the past. He teasingly ordered a very large lunch, filet mignon, potatoes, small green peas, and said this would be his fee for witnessing. Rene told the woman confidentially that he intended to give his friend five dollars. But he would also buy him lunch . . . both of his witnesses, naturellement, if she would permit? But the woman declined, saying that this was part of her job as an Institute staff member and, besides, she was happy to be a witness.



At long last, they were summoned before the final examiner who was a dark haired, serious looking man and who put a number of direct questions to the applicant and one or two to the witnesses, after all had duly sworn. He looked through all the papers on Rene Cruz, meditatively, unsmilingly. Finally, he seemed satisfied and asked the applicant to swear that he would engage in no Communist or Fascist activities and that he would bear arms for the U. S. if war came. He then dismissed the trio, telling the applicant that he would be informed when to appear to swear allegiance to the American flag and to get his citizen-

Grain Ships Again

TWELVE Liberty ships in the Hudson River reserve fleet will be used as floating storehouses for surplus grain from the bumper crop now being harvested. Each ship will store about 300,000 bushels.

The farsightedness in storing this grain recalls Joseph in the Biblical story who went throughout the land of Egypt and "gathered up all the food of the seven plenteous years and laid up the food in the cities, the food of the field . . . and when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread, and Joseph opened all the storehouses . . ."

The first two ships to be loaded with the surplus grain are the *Benjamin Hawkins* and the *William Ford Nichols*. The project is under the supervision of the Maritime Commission, the Department of Agriculture and the Commodity Credit Corporation. Using ships as storage bins became necessary when bumper crops filled every available shore bin, even vacant airplane hangars.

The loading of grain from grain elevators has its romantic as well as its prosaic side. Great care must be taken by the "grain trimmers" in shoveling the loose grain into the ships' holds as the grain dust is likely to explode if there are any

ship papers.

It was over. Sighing with relief, the trio left the building. Rene Cruz seemed happy. He looked solemn but lightheaded as if a burden of doubt and anxiety had suddenly lifted from his shoulders.

As she left the two men to find a restaurant, the staff member reflected that Rene Cruz would be a good citizen. He was courteous. He was ambitious. He read philosophy and good literature. He was talented. His water colors had been exhibited at the Institute. And, best of all, his culinary ability was a product of France!

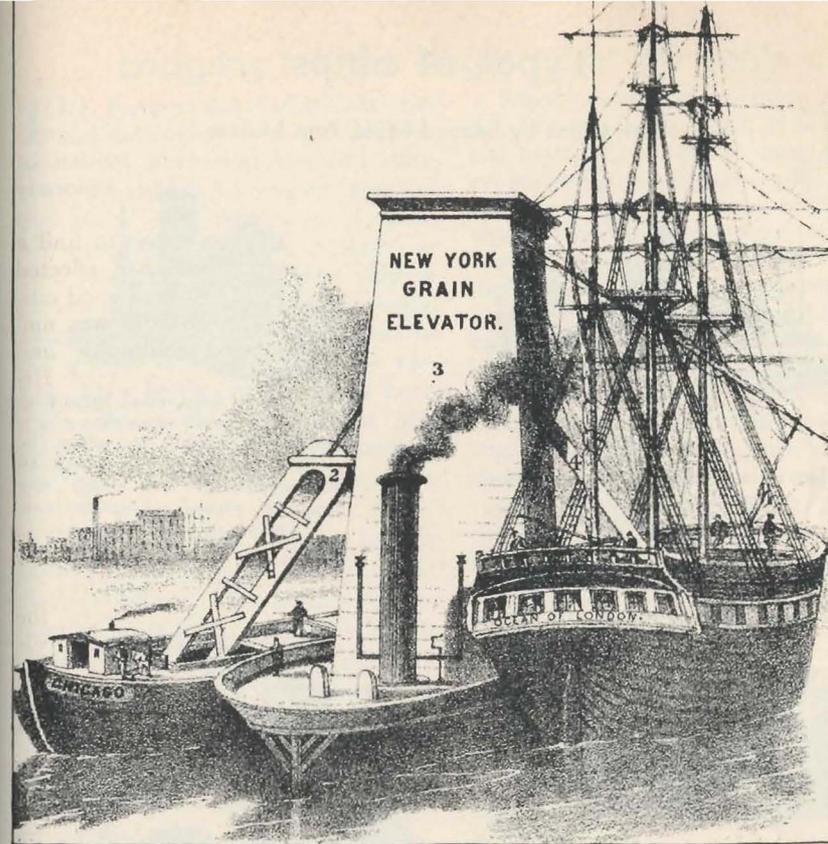
Bonne Chance, Rene!

sparks around. Consequently, the trimmers must use wooden shovels instead of steel ones, and they carve their own of hard wood and add intricate fancy carvings as personal identification!

The famous "Grain Race Ships" as described in Alan Villiers' book of the same name, such as the square-riggers "*Parma*," "*Pamir*," "*Olivebank*," "*Grace Harwar*," etc. (owned by Capt. Gustav Ericsson of Mariehamn) carried about 2500 tons of grain in their holds during the long voyage (101-105 days) from Australia to England each year. The *Parma* took 62,650 bags of wheat, over 5,200 tons stored in fore and aft holds. She was right down to her marks. The Liberties of about 11,000 tons carry almost 10,000 tons of grain.

If grain is too long in a ship, it's liable to sprout and swell. If it gets wet, it is damaged, and that is why freight cars bringing the grain from the fields of Kansas and Oklahoma and Missouri and Indiana have special "grain doors" to keep the grain from spilling out and damaged by rain.

Much of America's grain is shipped to Central Europe, to the Scandinavian countries, to the northern part of South America, and to England.



Some is shipped as milled flour, some as loose grain.

Seamen have told us stories of the dangers when a hold of grain ex-

plodes — "suddenly like gun-fire," not from spontaneous combustion as in the case of coal, but usually from a spark igniting the wheat.

COOK NOT IN STEW

(Continued from Page 3)

Every day of the voyage there were stews and roasts, steaks and bacon, and the fresh meat lasted until they reached Port Said. The last of it came to the table that day. At the peak of one storm the cook became unusually remote, would sneak to nobody, but the good food kept coming through some miraculous thing taking place in that soggy galley.

During this particular squall one of the crew members asked Captain Halpin why the cook was so sullen and wordless.

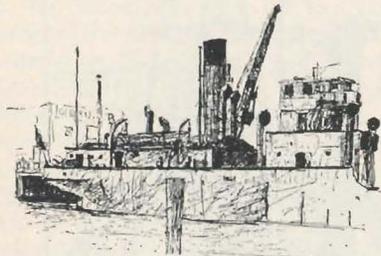
"Look," said Captain Halpin, "don't worry about whether he talks or not. Tonight he's got lemon pie — and meringue on it!"



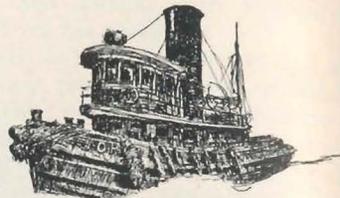
Reprinted from the Moran TOW LINE

Types of Ships

Illustrations by Second Mate Tom Musser



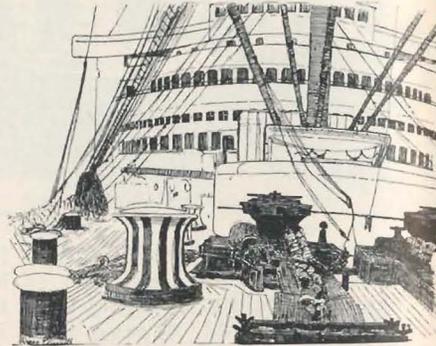
Collier: a freighter especially designed for carrying coal.



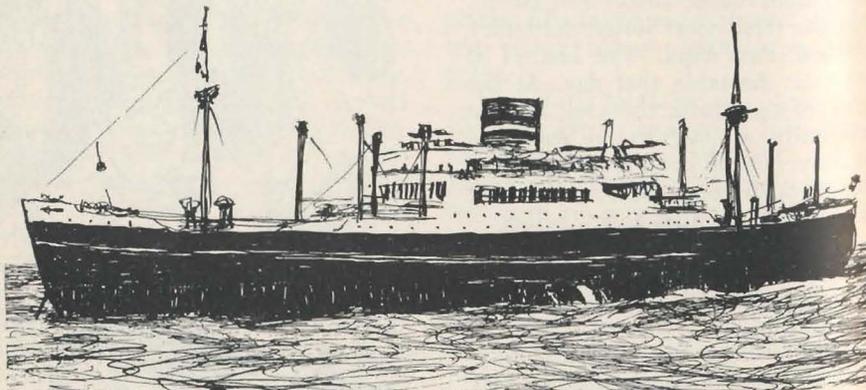
Tug: a small busy vessel, squat and sturdy . . . hardly more than a skin around an engine. Its power in relation to size of hull is out of all proportion. One small tug properly placed alongside can move an ocean liner.



Freighter: the hull is divided into a number of large compartments called holds in which cargo is stored. Cargo is hoisted into ship by its winch and boom arrangement which can lift up to 50 tons.



Liner: this is a deck study made on the *Queen Elizabeth*, one of the "floating palaces" of the Atlantic run with special emphasis on luxurious cabins and deck space for passengers.



Cargo-Passenger: this ship is equipped with cargo handling facilities as well as passenger accommodations.

Lodging for the Night . . . at 40 cents

THE Institute has had to take special emergency measures because of steadily decreasing American shipping. Thousands of seamen are "on the beach" for months at a time, using up their savings, cashing in their war bonds. When one ship is sent to the "moth ball fleet" it means about 45 men are laid off. Usually it's several months before they can find other berths. Seamen who have ships are staying with them and many others are trying unsuccessfully to find shore jobs to tide them over.

To help the men who are low in funds the Institute has opened a special dormitory, in addition to the regular dormitory, with a rate of 40 cents a bed. This price does not nearly approach the cost of maintenance. The new facilities were opened in June and since then hundreds of seamen have expressed appreciation and taken advantage of these accommodations.

When seamen are restless, unemployed, and discouraged, it is essential that the Institute continue to exert its stabilizing influence. We hope that it won't be necessary to curtail any of the important free services when these men have so much time on their hands. The Game Room, the Lounges, the Library and entertainment help to keep them "on even keel," and away from subversive waterfront influences. Their shore home offers them a wholesome and constructive atmosphere in which to spend those unwanted leisure hours.

Equally vital is the need to help them materially, with credit loans for meals and living accommodations offered at a minimum. As a consequence of this program, our deficit has increased.

We are doing this in full confidence that our loyal subscribers will approve. And we ask you, our generous, steadfast supporters, to come to our aid NOW with an EXTRA contribution to help meet this emergency.



Frank Laskier Killed in Car Crash

FRANK LASKIER, author and hero of the British Merchant Marine (who lost a leg in World War II when the German pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer* attacked his ship) was killed in an automobile accident on July 8th in New City, Rockland County, N. Y. All his friends at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York were grieved to hear of the tragic loss of a fine seaman and a talented writer. Frank was known to many of the Institute's staff and to large numbers of seamen. He had a great capacity for friendship. He served on our Artist & Writers Club Committee and as a judge of our essay contests along with John Mason Brown and Harry Hansen.

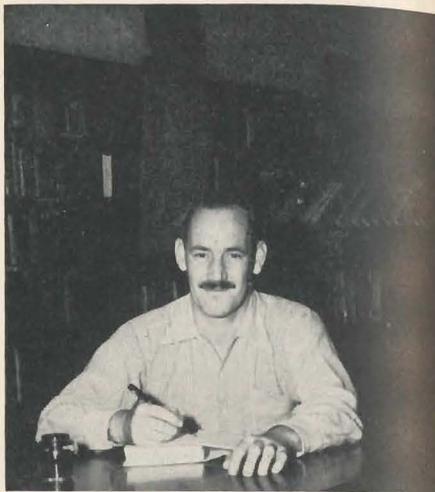
He was greatly impressed by the Institute and once wrote an article for CORONET Magazine about the Rev. Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield and how the work at 25 South Street began. It was entitled "The House That Couraœ Built" and in it he said:

"Dr. Mansfield had one potent argument — that a good sailor makes a good ship — and he roared this faith in his men across all New York."

Frank also helped to get books for our Conrad Library and wrote a letter to the daily newspapers urging readers to send books here. He said:

"Go to your library, be it large or small, look through those books you have known so long and loved so well. The books that the Seamen's Church Institute of New York sends to ships are cherished; lent as a sign of good friendship. Dogeared they may be, the covers worn shabby — but they stock up as the seaman's only relaxation against the landsman's movies and theatres and radio shows. Take those books you have loved, and share them with us."

A Memorial Service for Frank was held in our Chapel of Our Saviour on July 12th.



In a letter to THE LOOKOUT editor Frank once paid high tribute to American, merchant seamen. He had read a newspaper item criticizing them, and he hastened to answer the unjustified criticisms. He wrote:

"For us who sailed the wartime convoys there were no American seamen, no British, or Canadian — there were only shipmates whose loss hurt us. These were the men who took their ships on the "Hell Road" to Murmansk and back. For six long weary and heartbreaking years they braved the Atlantic to help us bring food to England. They who drew their wages often had to spend them in Davy Jones' Locker. They were comrades in arms to us, bearing the dangers at our sides, the cold watches at night in the danger areas. The days that stretched to weeks and to months in lifeboats and rafts. I never heard them complain, I never saw one jump ship.

"It is easy to sit on the landward side and cast the sneer at the men who sail the ships. His drunkenness is more violent than yours, his hatreds deeper but his loyalties greater. It hurts me when they are forgotten and their sacrifices belittled."

Frank was 37 years old. The Merchant Marine has lost a real friend and spokesman.

IN TRIBUTE TO FRANK LASKIER

Mr. Laskier captured the imagination of the British public in 1941 when he was put on a program of the British Broadcasting Company. Without a script, he began his story: "I am an English sailor. My first name is Frank. There is no difference between me and any other British seaman" . . .

The story he told, which epitomized the merchant marine to the British public, was the story of Seaman Frank, his own life at sea. Born in Cheshire, he went to sea at fifteen and had been a sailor for thirteen years when England entered the war.

When his ship returned to port he qualified as a seaman gunner and was sent to sea on the *Eurylochus*. One night in January, 1940, as the ship was sailing along the coast of Africa, Gunner Laskier was on duty when two raiders appeared, one of them the German pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer*.

There was no time to arouse the gun crew, so Gunner Laskier engaged the battleship single-handed. He fired one shot before a shell from the *Admiral Scheer*

struck the *Eurylochus* and took off one of his legs.

He was one of ten out of a crew of eighty-seven who survived two days on a raft in a shark-ridden sea. It was while Seaman Frank was waiting for his artificial leg that he spoke over the radio. As a result of the tremendous enthusiasm aroused by his talk, B.B.C. officials asked what they could do for him. "Get the doctor to have me certified for sea duty again."

This was done, and Mr. Laskier survived two more sinkings of British vessels by German submarines. He appeared several times on B.B.C. programs and in 1942 a collection of his talks was published in this country under the title, "My Name Is Frank."

In 1943 he published "Log Book," an autobiography thinly disguised as fiction, and in 1947 "Unseen Harbor" his first full-length novel. He also contributed articles to "This Week" and other magazines. His wife, Mrs. Joyce Laskier, survives.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune

Queen of the White North

By Edmund Francis Moran

(Editor's Note: Commander Donald B. MacMillan once again is making plans for a trip to the Arctic in his famous schooner "Bowdoin." This will be his 28th scientific expedition into the far north. One of our seaman writers, a graduate of the Mass. State Maritime Academy, has written the history of the schooner known as "The Queen of the White North.")

THE picturesque Maine coastal town of East Boothbay was thronged with people one summer's day, in the year 1921. The shipyard of Hodgdon Brothers, an ancient New England establishment, fairly teemed with activity. The place was a mecca for ship-lovers who had come to witness a dramatic spectacle.

A beautifully-shaped, knockabout schooner stood on the builder's stocks, poised for her launching. The unrigged hull possessed a handsome profile, with its high bow, deep, gradually sweeping sheer curve, and tapering stem and graceful overhangs, which her designer had given her. Her knifelike forefoot, wedge-shaped underbody and narrow, tapering run, boasted a certain sharpness and somehow suggested great

potential driving power. Her spotless white topsides, and the sleek, copper-colored underbody shone resplendently in the sun, standing out in sharp contrast to the scenic Maine countryside.

On her high bow, in golden letters, was her name: *Bowdoin*, and across her brightly-varnished transom, in arching letters of shining gold, appeared her name; and beneath, on a horizontal base line, her hailing port: Boston, Massachusetts. She was the command of the redoubtable Arctic explorer, Captain Donald B. MacMillan and he had named her for his college.

As a bottle of ancient spirits was broken across her stempost, the handsome craft slid rapidly down the ways and plunged into the waters. Her launching was a very successful and prophetic one for she was destined to have an epic career, as unique if not as spectacular as that of any other fore-and-after, in the annals of the sea.

She was a masterpiece, this little Trojan of sixty gross tons. Her prin-

cial measurements are as follows: length 88', breadth 21', depth 9.4'. She is a credit to her builders, as well as to the hands which sparred and rigged her. She is double timbered, is sheathed in greenheart wood, and is as stalwart, structurally, as a wooden vessel can be constructed. When new, fully equipped, and ready for sea, she represented an investment of approximately \$30,000.

As a result of his many years in the frozen North, Captain MacMillan had decided to have a schooner expressly designed in which to negotiate the ice of the Arctic. He submitted the specifications to a famous designer, Mr. William H. Rand, Jr., of New Bedford, Massachusetts, and from his talented hands she sprung into being.

She is very sharp, has no shoulders to her hull, and her dead rise is such that she will lift bodily, when nipped in the ice, the pressure being converted to lifting power. She is equipped with a sturdy Diesel auxiliary engine, which sends her through the water at a modest seven knots. She has no wheelhouse, a shining "telegraph head" of polished brass stands on the break of the cabin house. She is rigged as a two-masted, pole-sparred, gaff-rigged schooner, has a "stem head rig," and carries no topmasts and no bowsprit.

She is somewhat short-rigged, and lacks the majestic loftiness of her sister fore-and-afters, the two-top-masters, *Bluenose* and *Gertrude L. Thebaud*. In rig, she resembles the American latter-day, fishing schooners, "semi-sailing models," which were built to carry powerful engines. Her sails are called, from forward to aft: Jib, Jumbo, Fores' 1 and Mains' 1. She hoists four sails to the winds and harnesses their driving power to perfection.

Under a cloud of canvas and with her propellor uncoupled, she developed a very fair turn of speed, although not a racer, and flew through the sea in a manner reminiscent of a torpedo. Under full sail, close-

hailed in a spanking breeze she displayed, to the supreme delight of her youthful crews, the flawless beauty of a terraced cloud, the gracefulness of a swan, the stateliness of an old cathedral, and the quiet strength of a sperm whale in the ocean. She eased her long bow in and out of the sea, with a motion as rhythmic as the play of the wings of a bird, heeled sharply, with the wind whistling through the standing rigging, like a Banshee's wail, and the salt spray flying, and falling into the sea, yards and yards to leeward.

Her sturdy hull is oak, her masts, gaffs and booms are of Oregon pine, and her ice sheathing is of greenheart, a very durable wood, for underwater use. Aloft, perched on the cross trees, on the starboard side of the foremast head, is her "crow's nest" or "ice barrel," an adjunct found on all Arctic and Antarctic ships. On deck, she carries a flotilla of spotless, sturdy, white boats. Along her stout sides, long scores and deep gouges in the sheathing, tell of many a herculean tussle, where the projecting spurs of ice have grazed her. She seems proud of her battle scars, and it is significant that she tugs at her moorings, as though eager to point her nose Northward, as of old.

The "Queen of the White North," is now fitting out, in a Maine seaport, for her twenty-eighth expedition to the Far North. The *Bowdoin* will soon be chugging out of her berth, bound for the "Land of the Midnight Sun." A long life to this stately, grand old stager, a veteran of more than a quarter century of "Bucking the Tiger," as Arctic Skippers say. Long may her cutwater cleave the sea, long may she float, to fly the Stars and Stripes. Long may her big jib draw, with plenty of wind to fill it.



Recollections of My Seafaring Days

(DEAR LOOKOUT Editor: I want to thank you for the copy of your small but interesting magazine and the poetry by John Masefield holds me for I followed very closely in his wake on the schoolship. I am truly proud that you have not forgotten our greatest friend, Mother Roper, whom I often piloted to the El Station when times were tough and the weather was cold or wet. I have been retired from the sea since 1942. I lost all my folks in the eight-day blitz in Liverpool, so I am alone, living on old memories. Perhaps some old-timers will enjoy reading about some of my experiences during 42 years at sea.

CAPT. BEN HARRISON

AS a schoolboy I loved two subjects: arithmetic and geography, and I always loved sailing ships. At seventeen my father found he could use me on his 1015 ton barque, but my mother had other views, and so I was sent as a cadet on the *H.M.S. Conway* schoolship.

My first voyage actually started on my 19th birthday in the cold, bleak month of March, aboard a ship with two hatches full of black diamond dust from one of the Marquis of Butes coal mines. We were bound to Chile from Swansea, Wales. It took us a full month to clean our ship of this dust, and then things began to look spotless. I started to do some real studying and to wonder how many rivers kept on running out and back again. I spent three years up that mysterious muddy river Amazon. Large islands with heavy trees and dense underbrush, birds, animals and turtles, could be seen cruising down this main stream. I concluded that they had broken away from the mainland and would join the mainland at some other point downstream. On two occasions, while our ship was at anchor, some of these islands bore down on us with an eleven-knot current! We did our best to take the impact as lightly as possible, at one side instead of bow on, but our captain would wear a worried look until we saw the trees clear our lifeboats and rigging. Our accommodation ladder often got un-

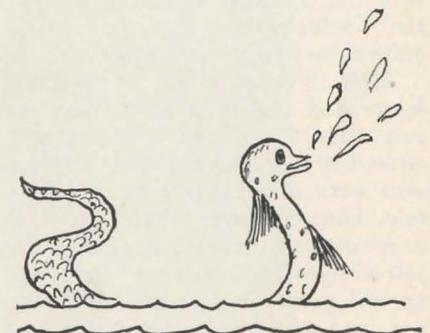
shipped by these trees. In Para (Belem) we always kept steam up in such cases so as to meet the shock. I put the engine at three-quarter speed so that I could use my wheel to sheer her off.

My next great river to explore was Mark Twain's domain where I visualized him sitting on sacks of sand, with a big straw hat, fishing, gazing at the many whirlpools and waving his hand to some pilot as the Mississippi sternwheelers slid down the muddy old river. I discovered that this river kept on rolling along but that it ran uphill! An equatorial bulge is the result of centrifugal force caused by the earth's rotation, and this force is responsible for the Mississippi's uphill flow.

I remember, at two ports on the Chilean Coast I had to anchor very close in shore to get a sure grip to hold the ship. A few feet further out, in midstream, we got no bottom. The coastal bed changes so often.

* * *

Among my experiences: I have been scared stiff by an octopus when becalmed off the River Plate. One nice big black "jelly fish" as I called it had taken a liking to our rudder so for three days we could not steer or move the rudder. Some of the seamen, being superstitious, would not sleep, until the octopus was removed, but no one could release its tentacles. It slid off itself.



My worst fright was the appearance on top of the sea off Palermo, Sicily, of a giant squid with the most awful eyes and the body of a snake and over forty feet long!

I remember an experience on the S.S. *Augustine* of the Booth Line. In the passenger's stateroom we had solid silver candlesticks screwed on to the bulkhead near the two high bunks. The candles were gauged to last twelve hours. One hot evening I heard a woman scream and I rushed to the passenger cabin to learn that the candle had burned a Professor's wife's face and the Professor's hands. I went to the medicine chest which was screwed on the deck of the room, fumbled around in the dark and finally found a bottle of carron oil for the burns. I gave this to the steward who applied it to the burns. The following morning the steward came and said the stuff in the bottle must be a good cure for the swellings had all gone down and all was well. I picked up the bottle to see how much was left for further use and found the label read "Firemen's Cramp Medicine"!

Painter of Fair Women

The most uncomfortable ship I ever sailed on, and the hungriest, won my heart when I glanced at her gorgeous figurehead. It had been carved by an Italian sculptor, I was told. At the age of nineteen I had never seen any sculpture but later I went to Italy and saw "Heaven's Door" outside of Rome, and "The Flower Girl." I was truly intrigued with the figureheads that I met on the Chilean coast, often grouped quite close in the harbors.

After 135 days at sea my madonna figurehead was in a sorry mess — rust running off the jibboom ran down her face and her bust, and her eyes were a sad sight, so the Captain, knowing how I liked to wield a mean paint brush, gave me the job of restoring her beauty. I bought special paint for this nymph of the sea, and after a good sanding and scrubbing with canvas, (for in those



days soap was still a great luxury, and only a gentleman carried a sliver of blue mottled soap full of caustic soda) I managed to get my guardian angel all white. I made her large orbs blue like my favorite skies. I tinted her eye brows and painted a necklace of gold links fastened to a cameo brooch around her lovely neck. I turned her blouse pink. So, after two coats of fine satinett, I went down in the dinghy and sculled it forward to view my work as an amateur artist. I believed she had come to life, and the crew agreed and so did all the crews of the other sailing vessels out in the roads who also had fine figureheads on their homes. Soon our barque was surrounded by all types of native canoes, and in their stern sheets sat *senoritas* and *senoras*, in all their finery, lovely mantillas and lovely combs stuck in their shining black hair — all come to see my beautiful lady. I was termed: "Henry, the painter of fair women." So I came to be known by that name in Spanish, and even in English, when my ship docked down on South Street where most figureheads faced east and their jibbooms almost in a row brightened up the drab, cobble-stoned waterfront. Hundreds of families drove down in their carriages on fine Sunday afternoons to see these "fair women."

Book Reviews

THE NORSE DISCOVERIES and EXPLORATIONS IN AMERICA

By Edward Roman

Edited by Arthur G. Brodeur

University of California Press, 1949, \$3.50

Another popular legend shot through the head. We who grew up with Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" and the story of the old Norse mill tower at Newport, Rhode Island, can't help feeling chagrin at being told (p. 195) "not one single object has ever been found on American soil which the voyagers of the eleventh century (meaning the Norsemen) can possibly have made or left behind them." But Edward Roman is not just a destroyer of popular legends. *THE NORSE DISCOVERIES and EXPLORATIONS IN AMERICA* is a painstaking, scholarly work, entirely free of any air of smartness or derision toward those whose opinions differ with his. He has made a careful study of the old Norse sagas and of the opinions of other scholars in this field. As an experienced navigator and seaman (they're not at all the same thing) and as a student of climatology he has been able to reconstruct the stories of these ancient voyages and explorations and settlements perhaps more accurately than anyone before him.

W. MILLER

THE COFFIN SAGA

By Will Gardner

The Riverside Press, \$3.50

"Let's enjoy our ancestors." Will Gardner's *THE COFFIN SAGA* is a direct appeal to the many scions of the house of Tristram Coffin who came from Devon, England to settle in the New World, went to Newbury, Mass., and after about seventeen years, with several other settlers, bought the island of Nantucket from Thomas Mayhew, "for thirty pounds and two beaver hats, one for myself and one for my wife."

The casual reader, thumbing through the book for the first time may be tempted to the flippant observation that Nantucket is a body of land entirely surrounded and covered by Coffins who, down through the generations, did very well by themselves. But the story is a chatty and revealing tale of the great whaling days when whales were taken within sight of the Nantucket shore and brought on the beach for flensing and drying out; of the anxious Revolutionary days when these helpless Quakers were cut off from the needed fuel and food supplies from the mainland and were raided and robbed by British and American raiding parties alike until they were in danger of starving or freezing to death; of the great fire of 1846; of the sudden break in the fortunes of the islanders in the eighteen fifties when kerosene began to replace whale oil for illumination, and finally, of the more recent years when Nantucket switched from whale oil to "rusticatahs" as an industry.

The stories and the landmarks left by the early settlers, not all of whom of course were Coffins, should make diverting reading for the many summer visitors to the island. As a sociological study the book has value since it traces the evolution and fortunes of a lonely colonial settlement from its inception to the present time.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

WATERCOLOR, "BROOKLYN BRIDGE"

BY FREDERIC WHITAKER, A.N.A.

Grand Central Galleries



NEW NORWAY LINER

Norway's new luxury liner, the 16,500-ton *Oslofjord*, will sail Nov. 25 on her maiden voyage from Oslo to New York, according to the Norwegian American Line.

The motorship, now under construction in Amsterdam, Holland, will arrive Dec. 5 in New York and sail again from Norway on Dec. 10, thus completing a round-trip before Christmas. The *Oslofjord* will be 577 feet long, seventy-two feet in width and a speed of twenty knots.

CRUISES TO TRINIDAD

Eleven-day sea-voyages to Trinidad from New York by Moore-McCormack Lines' South American luxury liners have just been made possible by the addition of a stop at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, on south-bound voyages.

The *Argentina*, *Uruguay* and *Brazil* are now scheduled to stop at Trinidad five days out of New York, where Trinidad passengers and those destined for other convenient Caribbean and Northern South America points may disembark and await the arrival of the next New York-bound Good Neighbor liner sailing the following evening.

OCEAN SHIP 'TO RIVAL PLANE'

Gar Wood, retired speedboat king, has disclosed the design of a secret ship that he believes may revolutionize ocean travel.

It is the 120-ton *Venturi*, a sea-going vessel that slices through the waves on twin hulls and has no roll at high speed. It is unlike anything that has ever been seen on the water.

Mr. Wood calls it the prototype of the express passenger liner of tomorrow. The industrialist inventor spent twenty-eight years developing the design at an expenditure of \$600,000.

The basic design of the odd-looking craft, he said, will permit surface vessels to compete favorably with transocean air lines.

The *Venturi* is being fitted out as a yacht at Mr. Wood's 122-acre island estate below Miami Beach, Fla. He expects it to be completed in four months. It already has made test runs in the roughest weather. Mr. Wood said it has not been possible to make the ship roll, pitch or yaw at any speed.

The craft is 188 feet long and 40 feet wide. A broad deck connects the two hulls twenty-two feet above the waterline.

WINTER CRUISES

The Cunard-White Star liner R.M.S. *Caronia* will make an 80-day winter cruise, leaving January 12th from New York, to 28 ports in South America, Africa and the Mediterranean. The 34,183 gross ton ship will cover 21,776 miles on the cruise and will return to Southampton March 26th. Thomas Cook & Sons and American Express Co. are handling reservations.

The Holland-America Line's flagship *Nieuw Amsterdam* has been scheduled to make a fifty-day winter cruise around South America.

The 36,667-gross-ton liner will leave New York on the 14,500-mile voyage Feb. 7 and proceed via the Panama Canal down the West Coast and up the East, returning here March 29. Fifteen ports will be included on the itinerary. Shore excursions are being arranged in co-operation with the American Express Company.



U. S. PROPELLER CLUB TO MEET

The Propeller Club of the United States announced it will hold its annual convention Oct. 19, 20 and 21 at the Waldorf-Astoria.

The 1949 American Merchant Marine Conference, which will be held as part of the convention, will be on the theme of "Requirements and Responsibilities of American Shipping." Panel discussions scheduled for all three days of the meeting will cover numerous phases and problems of American maritime activity.

The Merchant Marine Conference will be in the form of a luncheon session on Oct. 20. J. Lewis Luckenbach, president of the American Bureau of Shipping, is chairman of the conference committee and Major General Philip B. Fleming, chairman of the Maritime Commission, will preside at the conference.



SEA STORM

The winds are chanting epics to the night;
Old battle-gods are boisterous in the
thunder:
Yon lightening blade that cleaves the
clouds asunder
Is Jove's, unsheathed, and avid for the
fight!
Hark now the rattling clash of wraiths
bedight
In most impervious mail! Above and under
They surge and sway, whilst weakling
mortals wonder
How may the Universe withstand their
might.

Homeric Greece is not evanished yet:
New-time Olympians, armoured as of eld,
Are grappled where the sea and sky are
met
In demon-wrath, and dare with death,
unfelled.
Lose not this majesty of sound and sight:
The winds are chanting epics to the night.

*ROBERTUS LOVE

A SEA SONNET

The rivers of the years find rest in thee,
And thou hast drunk our ages one by one:
All loves and hates, all earthly things
began
Are ended so and merged eternally.
The past has yielded everything, and we
Who labour now shall yield what we have
done;
Thou scatterest the ashes of the Sun,
But Him thou givest back at dawn, O Sea.

Long after men have perished from the
earth
Still will he sink at evening to thy breast
Where death itself is but his own reflection.
To whom thou slayest, thou shalt give
rebirth;
Thy lover in the gardens of the west,
Thy child eluding thee in resurrection.

*ROBERT HILLYER

*From *The Sea Anthology*
Edited by Alice Hunt Bartlett
Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.

THE OLD SAILOR SPEAKS

Let's talk of neither ships nor seas tonight;
For from the harbour-mouth the bell-buoy's
din
Sounds loud and near. The fog comes
rolling in,
And all the world is shrouded now in
white.
The ocean winds are roaring in their
might:
The loons' shrill cries are wavering and
thin;
They speak of death, and all my kith and
kin
Are laid on shell-strewn biers, far out of
sight.

No one should tell sea-tales except by day,
When waves are blue and all the sky is
fair—
The sun-path sparkles gold, a joyous way,
With curling foam-crests flying here and
there.
Then sail your ship, alert and free and
gay,—
And when the fog shuts down, lift hands
in prayer.

*CORALIE HOWARD HAMAN

THE WAVE

It rose before us on the starboard bow,
A moving range of craggy liquid hills
Upon whose slopes, as with some magic
plough,
The jealous wind his fretted furrow tills.
With spindrift blown from off its ragged
crest,
It moved, majestic, on its royal way.
Among its brothers moving without rest,
It seemed more restless in its strength than
they.

It broke, flung from itself a silver cloud
Of spray that gleamed and glistened in
the sun,
Disintegrated, and with gesture proud
Rejoined the water 'neath the vessel's run.
This rise and fall of monarchs: this shall
be
The endless cycle of the eternal sea.

Seaman A. C. WEHNER

The Seafarer — April 1949



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LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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

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

* As we go to press word is received of the death of Mr. Cummings, at the age of 85. He had served on our Board of Managers since 1928, succeeding his father who in turn had succeeded his father, Thomas P. Cummings, a founder of the Institute.