

The
LOOKOUT

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Courtesy Sinclair Oil Corporation

A Skipper on the Bridge Wing Scans the Horizon

(See Back Cover)

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XLII No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1951

Sanctuary

THE 23rd PSALM REVISED (For Seamen)

The Lord is my Master, I shall not err.
He guideth me to a safe shore.
He charteth my voyage.
He keepeth me on a straight course.
Yea, though I go down the stormy seas in ships,
I fear not, for Thou art ever with me.
Thy loving care and protection will cling to me
all my days. I shall reach my destination
safely.
Thou givest me courage in health and comfort in
sickness;
Surely the good will of my crew shall be my reward
And I shall live in the memory of my shipmates
forever.

By Louis Lande

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLII, FEBRUARY, 1951

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TO OUR FRIENDS: During the month of March the Institute will participate in the annual Name-Your-Own-Charity Sale at Lewis & Conger, Ave. of the Americas and 45th St. When you make purchases there during March, please mention the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and we will receive from the store 10% of the total amount you spent for your own needs. Please tell your friends about it.

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NO. 2

A Message from the Director

AS the seafarer steams into New York Harbor two landmarks greet him which symbolize the basic principles which have made our country great. One is the Statue of Liberty; her name speaks for itself. The other is the Cross atop the building of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, a symbol of Christianity without which the precepts of Freedom would not be possible.

Since World War II we have experienced one of the worst declines in American shipping in our history. Here at the Institute we were hard put to it to provide for the physical needs of the thousands of men "on the beach" who came here, and for their spiritual and emotional needs which were many in this period of personal stress.

Along the waterfront certain elements sought to spread propaganda of all sorts among the unemployed seamen. It was, and still is, our job to bring the message of Christianity and brotherhood to the men who are being victimized by such propaganda, and we are proud to say that our influence is felt to a profound degree.

Now, due to the situation in Korea, we are approaching a new period in which shipping is improving, although it still falls far short of what it must be to provide work for the majority of merchant seamen. This slight improvement does not appreciably affect the Seamen's Church Institute. Our seamen are proud people who have always been glad to pay their way when it is possible for them to do so. But the Institute is more than just a building providing rooms and meals and the other physical aspects of living. The very heart of the work of the Institute is one of Christian brotherhood. It is all too clear that a seaman



does get lonely; that he still needs a place to go which he can call home where the universal yearning for friendship can be satisfied; where someone will shake his hand warmly when he comes in and write him letters when he is at sea; where he can talk over his problems and feel sure of understanding for himself and for the specific problems which beset him because of the nature of his calling. Seamen are like all of us. They long for security, in their hearts as well as their pocketbooks. It is our continuous job to keep them on an even keel, for today we must have a merchant fleet which is sound in ships and men.

In these days of confusion and spiritual unrest we must reaffirm, through the work of the Institute, the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God that exists as a part of our Christian heritage.

RAYMOND S. HALL

Impressions of the Conrad Library

By Florence Stanwood

WHAT are my impressions of the Conrad Library after working there for 18 months? Certainly not in the least what I expected them to be on that hot July day when I telephoned to know if they would like a volunteer worker. The relief of coming from the glare and humidity of the street into the pleasant book-lined room, with its friendly atmosphere, was balm to the spirit.

That was not the only surprise I was to get. I don't know what I expected a seaman's taste in literature to be, but a glance over the shelves was a revelation which daily experience was only to heighten and confirm. For the books most in demand were of a distinctly highbrow type, and the range and versatility of their tastes still amazes me, also their prejudices! A book by a woman has to be very good to make the grade! The mysteries and popular novels, though much in demand as escapist reading last year, when so many were on the beach, are not the ones most likely to go to sea, but the more serious books. Any free moment for the librarian can always be put to straightening the art and drawing books, as they are in continual use.

During that period of unemployment seamen turned to many avocations, short story writing, handicrafts of all sorts, amateur dramatics. Marine engineers took up the study of refrigeration and all kinds of mechanical repairs. One man wanted a book on how to train a chimpanzee, as he planned to take to the road with it. Another asked for a book on how to mix cement and lay bricks, as he owned a lot and had decided he would build his own house for his wife and children. I found the book among those our generous contributors sent us for distribution, and gave it to him. That afternoon he came rushing back with it to tell me that after four months of waiting he had a ship and was off to the Far East next day. He was delighted when I told him that he could take the book with him to study during the trip.

One must also be prepared to find the answer to almost any question ranging from

how to change a propeller in mid-ocean, to the diet for a baby squirrel, fallen from its nest. Quiz and crossword puzzles also make life busy for the librarian.

Although the Library is naturally for the study and loan of books, the human interest often crops up, as when a father and son, who had not seen each other for eight years met there one evening.

To me, the most interesting phase of the work is the searching for specific books for special needs in our reserve bookroom, and also the assembling of the book bundles which the Institute's Ships' Visitors place on outgoing vessels of all flags. Many men who know of this service come in themselves to get books when they are in port, and they always praise the excellent selection available.



What those unfamiliar with merchant seamen, including myself, do not realize, is how very shy they are. It is some time before that rugged face breaks into a smile at one's "Good morning," as they pass the desk, but when it does come, it is like the sunshine after rain. As the librarian, wise from her fifteen years with them, says: "One realizes how little kindness they have received in their lives, when they are so grateful for so little."

Sea Beef

By H. W. Corning, Engineer

IT WAS a mighty cold night and once again we were gathered around the old barrel stove. A chap who had just purchased a thick prize steak held it up in front of Uncle Elair and said, "Say Unc, about that fellow Swensen who got washed overboard and built his own island out of driftwood in the Sargasso Sea. He must get awful tired of his diet of fish and fruit."

"Could be," mused Uncle Elair, "I was on a long voyage once and blow me down if we didn't run smack out of beef soon after leaving port and that was bad for 'beef' is a seaman's middle name.

"If you care to listen and will take in the slack on your stern lines I'll tell you about it."

Uncle Elair lit his pipe and commenced: "Some time after I left that good old Liberty ship I found that the contents of my wallet had long since abandoned ship and my credit at the SCI was stretched tighter than a main sheet in a northeaster. My frequent 'lowering of the boom' on my buddies had worn their friendship thinner than a cigarette paper.

"So I shipped out on an old Hog Island ship, built during the First World War. She had seen better days but her old power plant steamed as good as ever."

Uncle Elair paused and grinned. "If ever you want to soften up some old engineer before putting the 'bite' on him, just breeze a bit about the good old Hogs and their power plants. That does it.

"Well soon after sailing on that Hog my roommate called me aft one evening and pointing to a large flock of gulls asked, 'Does that mean anything to you?'"

"Not particularly, just sea gulls," I answered.

"Gosh you're dumb," he sneered. "When you see lots of gulls following a ship it means either the ship has



Herman Brockdorff, Steward

a bum steward or else she has poor cooks.'

"I don't get it," said I.

"My pardner gave me a pitying glance. 'A bum steward throws food over the side . . . and the gulls get it. Poor cooks don't throw it over but the crew *does* so the gulls get it just the same. Savvy?'"

"You've got something there," I admitted.

"You're darn tootin' I have," he replied, 'only this time we've got a *good* steward and *good* cooks. I don't like it. Something bad is going to happen to this old wreck. Lots of stew is going to go over the side and these gulls know it, you'll see.'

"Well sir, we were four days out when it happened. We were having our ten A.M. coffee period. The engineers off watch were getting theirs from the urn too and were bragging about the ship's good old power plant, when 'bang' went something below. Then came a harsh hissing sound. 'A boiler tube let go,' said one engineer. 'A water glass busted or else a gasket blew out,' said another.

"They were both wrong for a moment later the chief engineer came up cussing a blue streak. 'What happened?' asked the second assistant.

'The ice machine blew up,' replied the chief, 'I informed the company of its bad condition but they didn't do anything about it, so now if the food rots it rots, it ain't my beef.'

'Before the engineers could complete a repair all of the fish and meat were in a most odoriferous condition. We helped the stewards' department clean out the boxes and soon had the contents out on the after well deck. We were about to heave it over the side when my roommate, pointing to the gulls overhead suggested, 'If we throw it over it will only sink, why not leave it and give the gulls a feed?'

'So we backed away and the gulls pounced onto it and stripped it to the bones. My pardner mournfully sighed, 'Pickings going to be mighty slim from now on.'

'Although we now had no beef on board we soon had lots of 'beefing' and two days later the deck dept. delegate, the engine delegate and the stewards' dept. delegate knocked at the Old Man's door.

'As they passed us I heard one mutter something about all hands being put on rations. The Old Man stood in his doorway smirking like a cat eating cream. He was like he had just pulled some good joke or had stumbled onto some dark secret. Well sir, the skipper was tough and he was mysterious too and he sure had those delegates buffaloed and guessing.

'My pardner and I had just dropped off to sleep after having completed the twelve to four A.M. watch. I was dreaming about a big thick juicy steak, smothered in onions and mushrooms with French fries on the side when . . . bingo, the rays of a flashlight stabbed in through our port hole.

'My pardner rose up in his bunk and sniffed like a rabbit hound on a hot trail. 'Gosh, I don't like it, the ship is stopped and I smell kelp and land!'

'I sniffed. 'Me too,' I agreed. 'It can't be. On this last watch I saw

the Old Man plot a star sight and there's no land within hundreds of miles!'

'We dashed to the port and looked out. It was too dark to see anything but I heard a voice alongside say, 'Yes sir, Captain, I can let you have four cows and as for the rest of the stuff, I can overstock you.'

'Turning to my pardner, I rubbed my eyes and asked, 'Did you hear something about four cows?'

'Yeah, yeah, he replied, 'I heard it, but it can't be so, not out here in the middle of the ocean. We both must be nuts.'

'Or maybe we're dreaming,' I suggested.

'No we ain't,' he argued. 'You don't smell things in dreams. Smell that kelp, this ain't no dream.'

'It sure had our gyros looping the loop until the streaks of dawn showed us what was what and blow me down, keel-haul me, salt my boilers if the ship wasn't laying peacefully in the tangle of weeds off Swensen's Island.

'The next morning we got enough meat, fish, turtles and ducks to complete the long voyage, and no further trouble was experienced from the Hog's machinery. Her good old power plant whined off the revs like a Swiss watch movement.'

'Uncle Elair paused to fill his pipe. 'That's all, folks,' he said.

The chap who had previously displayed the choice steak looked dubious. 'How did Swensen manage to get cows on his island?'

'Well, throw me to the whales for a Jonah, I forgot to mention that the cows were sea cows. Seems like after salt grass and wild rice started growing on Swensen's weed patch the herd of sea cows just naturally found it.'



Survivor

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

THE first torpedo hit the *Hildegarde Thompson* slap in No. 2 hatch, and with an ear-splitting roar blew out half her side; hatches, beams and debris flew high in the air.

Then the second one struck. The poor devils in the engine room hadn't the ghost of a chance, the stokehold bulkhead crumpled like matchwood, and in the space of seconds the engineroom and stokehold were flooded to the fidley door.

A few minutes later No. 2 boat, with the Third Mate in charge, pulled away from the stricken ship. Meanwhile No. 4 boat was hastily prepared for lowering, but all too late; with one final shudder the *Hildegarde Thompson* began to roll over—and still further over, until the Third Mate, with a ghastly look yelled, "Look out, chaps!" The foretopmast crashed across No. 2 boat, smashing it and the occupants into splinters. No. 4 boat was just five feet from the water when her parent ship turned turtle; the few men who managed to jump clear and strike out for safety were sucked under as the ship dipped slowly by the head and slid from sight.

Five minutes later all that remained were a few pieces of broken wreckage, a patch of slowly spreading oil, and two rafts.

A figure stirred on one of these, and seeing from his prone position nothing but the heaving surface of the sea, buried his face in his arms.

'Jimmy——! Ted——!' he whispered and burst into a spasm of wracking sobs. After a little while the sobs subsided and he sat up, taking stock of his surroundings. A loose board floating past attracted his gaze and with a half-hearted effort he reached for it, then began to paddle frantically.

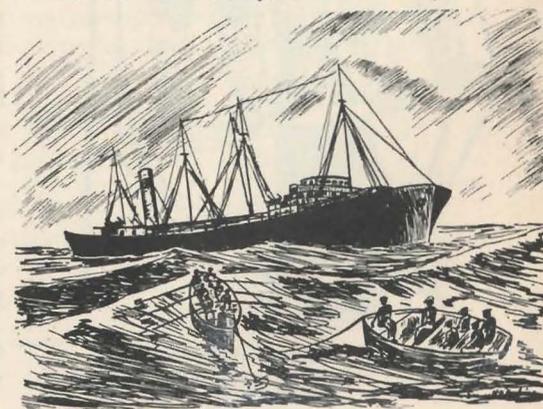
By 7 P.M. dusk had fallen and all efforts to propel his unwieldy craft had been abandoned by trimmer Nick Morgan, who, by the grace of

God, had been saved from sharing the fate of his shipmates. He had been dozing on No. 4 hatch when the torpedo struck, and being momentarily stunned into a state of panic, had dived over the side.

He licked his dry lips and gazed round the unbroken horizon for some sign of life. There was only a vast expanse of sea, dark and menacing, not even a bird. All night long he huddled in the center of the five-foot square raft, half-sleeping, half-waking—starting with a nervous jump each time a swell slapped the side of his craft.

By 10 A.M. the sun was blazing down on his unprotected head. His limbs felt stiff and useless and his nerves were beginning to play tricks on him. He could see a little island, fringed by a white sandy beach, with huge palms swaying gently in the tropical breeze, and cool fresh water rippling down from the higher land to the sea. But as his head came higher and higher from the shelter of his arms, it slowly faded away. A huge sailing ship with carved figure-head, ghosted silently out of the haze, and a voice hailed him from the deck, "Come aboard there, shipmate!" But again when he lifted his head eagerly there was only the sea—and the sun.

. . . In a neat little house, thousands of miles away, a woman lay



Drawing by Emmett A. Hoskins

beneath clean white sheets. A white coated nurse stopped abruptly as the figure in the bed stirred. The thin lips moved haltingly, and from them came a name "Nicky—Nicky—" she whispered, "it's going to be a boy, Nicky." A few moments later the nurse looked up at the doctor, who shook his head slowly and turned away, leaving her to cover up the white face, from which all lines of care had been forever erased.

. . . The man on the raft sat up suddenly, as though at someone's call. There, standing in front of him, was his wife, Mary. "Nicky — Nicky," the figure said, and stretched out a white hand to his pain-wracked

forehead. At the touch of her cool fingers, all his bodily discomforts seemed to vanish, leaving him with thirst quenched, limbs relaxed, while in his ears he could hear voices raised in song, and the sound of sweet music.

The following day the crew of a destroyer, searching for the survivors of the ship which had failed to keep a rendezvous with a convoy, saw a small speck on the water. Closer investigation proved this to be a raft, carrying the body of a dungaree-clad seaman, on whose face was a peaceful smile. "Just as if," the Bos'n commented, "he'd been on a picnic with 'is better 'alf!"

"Chips"

By Capt. H. B. Harrison

IT WAS a cold raw morning in March, 1903 and our little white-painted barque was nestled against a grimy dock in Swansea, Wales, taking on a cargo of Welsh blast coal for Iquique, Chile. Her lovely lines and white masts and yards were now black with diamond coal-dust as it spread from the tipped coal trucks being emptied into her holds. I was one of three apprentices and we were often taken for a minstrel troupe when we went ashore for no bath in a bucket of cold water could remove all the coal-dust.

We needed a crew and our "Old Man" finally found some at the Board of Trade Shipping office and the Sailors' Home. But we still could not sail—we needed a carpenter. Just as things seemed desperate, a man in bare feet hopped up our gangway dock ladder and asked in a foreign accent to see the Mate.

"Mr. Mate, me a carpenter," he said. "Me from Finland." As he spoke he pulled out a stack of ship discharges proving he was a carpenter and also a sailmaker.

The Mate, relieved at his providential arrival, told him: "Go get your tools."



Drawing by Gordon Grant

(Continued on Page 11)



A Smile

To Warm

The Heart . . .

HERE at 25 South Street we see that heart-warming smile many times on Red Letter Days because some one of You has made possible a day's operation of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Can't you feel yourself smile back as you look at that frank, open face? It is your gift in return for putting a circle around YOUR Red Letter Day. These days are chosen by donors to commemorate loved ones, anniversaries, or some special event. A contribution of \$273.97 will make up the difference between what our self-respecting seamen can pay for rooms, meals and medical attention, and what it actually costs to bring our whole religious, recreational, educational and welfare program to them each day.

Once you have reserved your Red Letter Day, a special report of the activities on Your Day will give you an intimate glimpse into the life of this shore home for active seamen of all races and creeds.

In these days of stress, when our Merchant Marine is again joining our first line of defense, the Institute with its Cross facing out to sea stands as a symbol of friendship and deep spiritual values. That is why so many seamen come to the Institute when their voyages are done. They know that they can find the relaxation and spiritual comfort they need after the strain of carrying dangerous and vital cargoes to the world's ports. They need YOUR help to make possible the day-to-day operation of the Institute.

Choose a day *now* and let us reserve it for you. Just fill in the form below with your choice and mail it back to us; you may choose a day indicated below or one which has some special significance for you. (All Red Letter Day contributions are tax exempt.)

Already Reserved: Jan. 1 - 14 - 19, Mar. 17, May 6 - 30 - 31, June 6,
July 28 - 30, Aug. 26, Oct. 2 - 25, Dec. 21, Mother's Day

Especially appropriate days still available are: Columbus Day, Independence Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Washington's Birthday

YOUR
CHOICE:

Date:.....

To Commemorate:.....

Your Name & Address:.....

Incident Aboard a Sailing Ship

By Capt. Peder G. Pedersen

THE BRIG *Favorite* made a long white wake, a gentle breeze filling her lofty canvas. It was so peaceful and quiet, the crew on watch kept out of sight of the mate at the wheel to catch a smoke and a yarn. The Captain was in his cabin. On the quarter-deck the Captain's wife was sitting in a deckchair reading a book. The ship's dog Prince was at her feet.

Their little daughter, seven years old, was playing with a new friend, a parrot. Prince, a big black Newfoundland dog, weighing close to 100 pounds, had always been the girl's constant follower. Now he was jealously eyeing the two. Suddenly the parrot left the girl's shoulder and flew to the rigging, and the girl started after it.

All eyes followed the parrot but two. Prince was standing up, as if sensing some danger to the girl by the railing. He moved slowly toward her. Nobody saw how it happened. A feeble cry from the girl was drowned out by the constant chatter of the parrot. There was a flutter of a red dress over the low railing, and the girl disappeared.

Only Prince had seen it all; he ran to the lee railing. Standing up, he saw the girl in the ship's wake and letting out a howl he dived overboard.

The howl of the dog brought the attention of the helmsman to the lee rail. He saw the dog diving overboard and in the ship's wake the girl in the red dress. Shouting instinctively "Man overboard," he threw a lifebuoy over the side. Up in the rigging the bosun was splicing some ratlines. Seeing what happened below, he slid down a rope and dove into the sea.

An excellent swimmer, he struck

out for the girl, but he had no hope of reaching her in time.

How the girl could keep afloat, not being able to swim, was a mystery. It may be that air in her clothing buoyed her up. She was still splashing water when Prince reached her. He started swimming around her in a circle, barking at the ship in the distance, his way of calling for help. As he came close, she grabbed his collar with one hand, the other got a grip on his long fur. This enabled her to keep her head above water.

It was an unbelievable sight that met the bosun when the dog came toward him with the girl clinging to his back. She was able to smile, knowing that with his and Prince's help she would be saved. Swimming toward the ship, supporting the dog with one hand, he came to the place where the lifebuoy was floating. This gave them the much needed support, as man and dog were nearly exhausted.

Far in the distance the ship had heaved to, headsails aback. A lifeboat came up toward them, the Captain at the tiller urging his men to do their utmost. Although he had little hope for his daughter, he and his men would do all in their power to save the heroic bosun, who without hesitation risked his life to save the girl.

The oars bending under the strokes of the strong arms of the sailors, brought the lifeboat closer to the group around the lifebuoy. The Captain could hardly believe his eyes when he saw that his daughter was miraculously alive. The bosun pointed to the dog as the hero of the rescue.

The ship proceeded on her course and arriving in port, the Captain held a celebration for the crew. The bosun was given a gold watch as a token of appreciation for his heroic deed, but the big Newfoundlander got his picture in many newspapers, and from the girl and her parents, a new collar. On the silver plate was engraved:

"Prince, the hero of brig *Favorite*."



Ship News

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

By Irwin Edman

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ADMIRAL LEARY RETIRES
AS N. Y. MARINE SCHOOL HEAD

Vice-Admiral Herbert F. Leary will retire on June 1st as president of the New York State Maritime College. Admiral Leary is a member of the Institute's Board of Directors and a member of the Education and Employment Committee.

Under Admiral Leary's administration the school was transferred from a three year course into a four year maritime college, and a new training ship was obtained.

Admiral Leary resigned from the Navy in 1945 to accept his post at the Maritime College, a post traditionally held by a Navy man.

A SALT WATER HIGHBALL
WILL END YOUR SORROWS

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 18 — One should take a drink of salt water when he has reached the stage of really craving alcohol, says the Quarterly Journal of Alcohol.

The body is really craving salt, it is explained, even though the palate says alcohol. There is nothing imaginary behind this sensation, the study declared. It is a purely physical reaction that fools the senses.

The study is reported by Dr. W. D. Silkworth and Dr. M. Texon of the Knickerbocker Hospital, New York. They analyzed the blood of persons who had been drinking heavily enough to be hospitalized. In all cases they found the salt reduced.

The recommended salt drink, says the report, is two grams of salt in thirty cubic centimeters of water, followed by two hundred cubic centimeters of water. This amounts to a small teaspoonful of salt in a little more than an ordinary glass of water.

By The Associated Press

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A HARD-EARNED LESSON

"Wars demand seapower but we need a strong and vigorous Merchant Marine in terms of international trade and national defense without having recurring 'Koreas' to drive that lesson home."

JOSEPH L. KOCHKA

at Propeller Club Convention

Public Relations Panel, Sept. 1950

POLAR BEAR AHOY!

When the Coast Guard in San Francisco was asked whether it was interested in the fact that a polar bear was swimming near Bay Ridge, the answer was "yes" and "no."

There was no official interest in the bear itself, but if the bear was riding an iceberg the Coast Guard was ready to go to work, since an iceberg is a menace to navigation. Everything turned out all right — the bear was privately owned and had just escaped for a dip.

Coast Guard Bulletin

BOOKS That Go To Sea

THE Department of Special Services is again in urgent need of your old magazines to be put aboard merchant ships. Seamen use these magazines for relaxation and study during their off-duty hours at sea. Many, for instance, who do not speak English fluently, use such magazines as *The National Geographic* to brush up on their English, or even to learn it from scratch! All magazines are acceptable — current and back issues.

A pick-up service will call for your magazines if you live in the New York area below 125th Street, in Brooklyn or Long Island. Otherwise you may send them through the mails. Please call or mail to Department of Special Services, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York City, Bowling Green 9-2710.

Captain of the S.S. America



From a portrait by Seaman Tom Lyons, member Artists & Writers Club for the Merchant Marine
 Capt. John Anderson, Master S.S. America, and his dog "Chotapeg."

DDOUBLE honors fall to Captain John Anderson with his recent election in mid-January as president of the Alumni Association of the New York State Maritime College at Fort Schuyler. Captain Anderson is now also master of the United States Lines' flagship *America*, largest and fastest liner ever built in this country. Slim, but powerfully built, six feet four inches tall but looking taller because he holds himself so straight, Captain Anderson is well equipped by training and experience to handle the complex problems of a big vessel with a "population" of about 2,000.

Captain Anderson, who is now 51, is one of the new school of shipmasters. He didn't "come up through the hawse pipe." He got his training for the sea at the New York Nautical School* and his first sea experience as a cadet aboard the famous schoolship *Newport*. He joined the United States Lines organization in 1925. He has been a master since he was 22 years old.

A quiet-spoken man, with a warm and friendly manner, he is chiefly characterized by reserve and modesty about his accomplishments and by the

obvious liking and the great respect he commands aboard ship. Though he talks almost not at all about his sea life, he has had more than a normal quota of excitement. In five war years as master of the transport *John Ericsson* (the former *Kungsholm*) he missed only one voyage and he transported more than 130,000 troops to various theatres of war. Although under heavy fire from enemy planes many times, he and his ship came through unscathed when other ships were sunk behind, ahead and alongside him. He says with characteristic understatement that he was "just lucky."

Last April when he was master of the *Washington* he effected the rescue of five Navy fliers who were down at sea forty miles west of Nantucket Lightship. For this "splendid action" Admiral T. C. Kincaid, Commander of the Eastern Sea Frontier, commended Captain Anderson for "invaluable service" and for the understanding, prompt action and efficient rescue, as well as the consideration and courtesies extended the survivors.

In Captain Anderson's quarters, on whatever ship he commands, is his golden cocker spaniel, Chotapeg, who along with a big airedale, Eric, traveled more than 200,000 miles with him throughout the war.

Eric now stays home and guards Mrs. Anderson and their little son Charles.

*Now N. Y. State Maritime College, Fort Schuyler

HIS RED LANTERN

An old shellback worked as night watchman on an ancient hulk that was tied up alongside a rickety dock. The hulk extended out beyond the dock, an easy mark for careless river craft, especially on foggy nights. The old salt's job was to watch out and prevent such a collision, or in case one occurred to be able to report the facts to the insurance company.

"There are hit-and-run drivers on the river as well as on wheels," he explained. A grin lighting up his wrinkled, weather-beaten face, "and if they crashed into me, they'd most likely go off without waiting to face the music. But I don't look for trouble. No Ma'am! I just sit back comfortable and trust in the Lord and my red lantern!"

(Continued from Page 6)

The Finn went off and was soon back carrying a red handkerchief. The Mate made him open the handkerchief which contained a very fine knife in a sheath, an oil can with a long spout, six pieces of sandpaper, a one-inch flat chisel, a steel marlinspike and a can of grease.

"Is that your chest of tools, Chips?" demanded the Mate.

"Plenty, Mr. Mate," he replied.

"But don't you have a saw or hammer or adse to use on wood?"

The Finn grinned. "Me no have such things. I make as we go long, see!" He disappeared forward under the forecandle, and in no time he had set up a tool shop and we heard hammering going on.

Later that day we got the helm tackles adrift and three pins in the blocks were discovered to be almost worn through. Picking up the worn pins Chips disappeared down the gangway and we thought he had gone for good, but in an hour we saw him hurrying along the dirty dockside carrying a raggy bundle. He opened it and there were five new pins which turned out to be a perfect fit.

On our previous voyage a heavy sea struck our poop deck and carried the rail away and also three fire buckets. But Chips soon had made and fitted in a new teakwood rail and one morning after rounding the Horn the whole crew was amazed to see Chips produce three fine waterbuckets with wonderful rope beackets with intricate knots and fancy leather gadgets to prevent chafing. The Old Man and mates and we apprentices looked them over carefully and we had to look twice to see where the pieces were joined.

All of the crew admired Chips as he went about his daily work, for remember, a carpenter had to oil all running blocks on all three masts. His tough, flat feet were his great asset in hanging on to some swinging footrope aloft. Off freezing Cape Horn when all of

us were enveloped in greased leather seaboots and oilskins, Chips would appear in an old suit left by some late crew member, lashed at the trouser bottoms with sennet, but no shoes. Even our hard-boiled Mate offered him a pair to keep from getting frost-bitten when aloft, but he refused.

Chips sprang another surprise by presenting the Mate with six cut-down beef and salt pork barrels with lanyards spliced in to heave out the lan. This again pleased the crew, for we had to work our own cargo out, and heave sacks of nitrate in on a crab winch, we apprentices as well as the A.B.'s and the two ordinary seamen, while one of the mates ran the hatch.

When we reached Chile much to our dismay Chips packed up his belongings in his red handkerchief and stood before our Captain in his bare feet. "Me not happy on a lime-juicer," he announced. He stepped into the stern sheets of the lifeboat and said: "Not any rum off Cape Horn. Mr. Mate him a slavedriver. Me a Finn!"

Although the Captain sent the agent at Iquique after Chips he could not persuade him to return. The agent found him sitting outside a shack halfway up the mountain alongside a pretty Senorita who was singing some Spanish lullaby accompanied by Chips playing a concertina. On the good earth alongside him was a can of native Cashas, and the noonday sun warming Chips' heart and body.

It has been forty years since we said "Goodbye, Chips," and I still have that little piece of lamp glass you gave me to scrape out sails for my first model. Once I visited your home town, Kotca, and I often wonder if, when a gale comes up around your mountain shack and the gulls scream, do you ever remember the crew of your last ship? For me, you were the most unforgettable shipmate I ever had. Every finger on your skillful hands was a marlinspike, every hair on your head was rope yarn, every drop of your blood was Stockholm tar. You were, indeed, a true sea urchin.



Book Reviews

BREAKING THE BISMARCK'S BARRIER

22 July, 1942 — 1 May, 1944

Vol. VI of History of United States
Naval Operations in World War II

By Samuel Eliot Morison

1950, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$6.00

This latest addition to Captain Morison's monumental history of the war covers the important area lying roughly along the lower back and tail of New Guinea between New Britain and New Ireland and down toward Guadalcanal. Like the previous three volumes on the Pacific operations it is a scholarly, painstaking work by a Pulitzer Prize winner who spent the years from Pearl Harbor to the end of the war at the actual scenes of these operations, coming out of his far-flung war operations with a vast accumulation of first-hand material and seven battle stars on his service ribbon. While the book is primarily for the military strategist and the historian certain items of general interest crop out incidentally. Such is the one, important to United Nations members that while it is hard to get concerted action among nations allied in war, yet however sketchy this coordination may be it is superior to that within the totalitarian nations, especially in a long and/or defensive war. For instance, according to Foreign Minister Shigemitsu, General Tojo was kept in ignorance of the military debacle at Midway for over a month because of the unwillingness of the Navy war lords to apprise the Army of this great defeat. Cooperation between the Allies was often halting and uncertain, but never like that. This is a serious book for serious students.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

RAINBOW IN THE ROYALS

By Garland Roark

Doubleday & Co., \$3.00

A conventional triangle plot is improved by authentic shipping and historical background. The author of "Wake of the Red Witch" chooses the Yankee clipper ships of 1850 for his locale, for his characters two brothers, both Captains in love with the same girl. The best parts of his story are the descriptions of the life at sea and of the voyage around Cape Horn and to California. Although the conflict between the rival captains is emphasized, it is the Sea itself which overpowers the romantic and melodramatic events.

M. D. C.

CHRONICLES OF OLD SALEM

By Frances Diane Robotti

1948, Newcomb & Gauss Co., Salem, Mass.

Frances Diane Robotti has accumulated here about 120 pages of chronicles covering a period of over a thousand years, with even a nod at early Greek and Biblical times and dealing with the advent, efflorescence and gradual decline of the once great city of Salem, Mass. We read of the restless stirrings of the people of Europe at the beginning of history, of their plunges into unknown regions, bringing back hints of new lands that later are visited by men and women seeking to escape the poverty, turmoil and dissensions of their home lands, by lovers of adventure for its own sake and later by more solidly planned settlements of which Salem was one. While the book is fragmentary there is a definite continuity implied in the story and the events in many cases are their own commentary. For the story of the later years the writer often consulted descendants of the people who figured in the earlier history of the country. The book is of special interest to New Englanders and even more particularly to Salemites. Teachers, history lovers in general should find it worth their reading.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

HIMSELF AND I

By Mary Sinten Leitch

1950, The Fine Arts Press, New York, \$3.50

"I," the narrator first saw her future husband when the *Stinson*, a coal carrying schooner on which she and her countess friend were traveling for their health, ran into a hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico. The vessel called for help but by the time a steam freighter responded to the distress signals the storm had abated and Captain Hodgkins decided he was no longer in need of help. As the two vessels parted, Mary Lewis waved her handkerchief and the captain of the freighter waved back. Later, in Buenos Aires, Mary was begging Ripley, a captain, to give her passage on his ship back to New York, neither realizing that they had waved to each other in the hurricane. After many objections the captain finally consented to take her and not long after the voyage he became the "Himself" of this book.

There are numerous Believe it or not Ripley incidents in the story of these two travelers as well as interesting glimpses into the lives of sea-going people in the days when sail was still plentiful on the trade routes of the world. Mixed with this are accounts of their association with many notable people of their day. The author and her husband, now both in their seventies, look back on a vigorous, varied life. The book is to be savored more for its novel incidents than for its portrayal of people. WILLIAM L. MILLER

Marine Poetry

THE LIBERTY SHIP

By Laurence Miner

Clean as the lambent torch that welds my frame,

Of war engendered, natively endowed
By that game spirit feeding on the flame,
Which only is in troubled times avowed.
Rough as they come and ready, not without
Peculiar pride to flaunt, and confidence
The final out-come should permit no doubt,
A Liberty, a type, an eminence.

When faster sleeker ships with greater space
Roll down the skids to follow in my wake,
When I'm become a relic in the race,
Old and unwanted, done, let sea-gods take
All save the breath that clung behind my
pace,

When worlds in balance hung upon my sake.

Moran Towing



MASTER UNDER GOD

By Fred W. Bayliss

(From *Country Life*, London)

(*Lloyd's Policy of Marine Insurance*)

"Whereof is Master under God"—
The ancient formula prevails.

Though turbine and connecting-rod
Usurp the place of sheets and sails.

In spite of Man's mechanic skill,
The perils of the seas abound;

Each voyage is a venture still;
Our argosies may run aground;

"Restraints of princes, peoples, kings,
Losses, misfortunes, enemies,

Surprisals, fire"—these dreaded things,
These are the perils of the seas.

Despite these dangers, to and fro
How many ships are under way!

Still under God our seamen go,
Master and Mariners, today.

NEXT TO THE LAST TRIP

By Charles F. Dominick, A.B.

I've had enough of seamen's life,
I want to settle down.

I'll buy a little chicken ranch
In some far-off inland town.

I've had enough of ships and sea
Of wine, good times, and song.

I've seen what I wanted to see
And been at it too darned long.

I'm sick to death of seaport towns—
Salt water is in my veins.

I'm tired of all the ups and downs
So at last I've got some brains.

But before this tale gets any higher
There is one thing I should add,

I am the most accomplished liar
This side of Trinidad.

WANDERLUST

By C. A. Nielsen, A.B. Seaman

My road stretches ever onward;

From sea, to sea, to sea,

I'm a cursed son of wanderlust

And there is no home for me.

My eyes have seen each country,

And my feet trod many miles

But there is no heart within me,

For having touched the dreamy isles.

And O! on a night when stars are bright,

And there's a calm and windless sea,

The memory of a Wahine Maid,

Comes drifting back to me . . .

I see her in my mind's eye,

On the sands 'neath "coral head"

And the morning wind was in her hair

And the sea was sun-blood red.

Her jade-green eyes smiled at me,

They left me but one choice,

To give my heart and soul to her,

Of the laughter-silvered voice.

Maybe, a fool I was, and a fool I am

To have left my heart with her,

When my ship sailed on the evening tide

To only God knows where.

And now, I live with memories,

Of laughter, love and smiles,

For my heart is kept by a waiting maid

In the distant dreamy isles.

My road stretches ever onward;

From sea, to sea, to sea.

A lovelost son of wanderlust;

But there is no heart within me.

Eye-witness Attests to Important Role of Merchant Fleet in Korea

JUST back from the Korean war-fronts after a six month hitch, Paul P., 3rd Mate of the *Robin Kirk*, a new C-3 modified (19 knots), gives ample proof of what we already know—that without merchant ships our nation would be immobilized in peace or war. Expecting a short trip to carry supplies to the fighting men in Korea, Paul P. found himself in far Pacific waters equipped with little more than summer clothing in the way of personal gear, although his stay stretched into the months of bitter Korean cold.

Mr. P., who participated in the invasion of Normandy in World War II, was again in an invasion of historic proportions when the U. S. unloaded men and battle equipment at Inchon (the seaport of Seoul) under 24-hour-a-day naval protective firing. Mr. P. himself spent a week in that harbor and, as an eye-witness, tells that the same kind of gallant protection continued as the *Robin Kirk* steamed away from the coast of Inchon.

With his naval base at Yokohama in Japan, Mr. P. found that he not only had to combat man-made dangers but those of nature, too. Only a few hours outside of Yokohama his convoy (yes, a convoy, as in World War II) was overtaken by a typhoon. According to his eye-witness account it was one of the most terrifying experiences of his life. Waves, created by gale winds of 90 miles per hour, rose as high as sixty feet into the air. The ship's only recourse was to head into the wind and try to ride out the storm. Gratefully, Mr. P. reports that his convoy arrived intact at the port of Inchon. Still further natural barriers greeted the ships there for Inchon is one of the most hazardous ports in the world,

with a rise and fall in the tide of 33 feet, a zigzagging channel, and a rapid current of 4 knots. The *Robin Kirk* and two other ships were the only ones that ventured into the harbor as they had priority cargo. It was here that merchant men put ashore themselves (because the Koreans were not experienced enough to handle such cargo) the "packaged army" which pressed toward Seoul. Trucks, loaded with ammunition and supplies, gas tanks full, and oil in the engine, were ready to go ashore and be driven away completely assembled for action. On the same ship were carried the troops that were to man the trucks.

Through the six months of warfare that Paul P. spent carrying supplies around the peninsula of Korea, he experienced enemy gunfire from hostile planes attacking as American ships sought to unload in the harbors; he saw Russian-made mines and aided in blowing up some of them himself; he witnessed during his off-duty hours ashore the many nationalities that go to make up the United Nations armies—Belgian, Turks, English, Greek, French, Dutch, Swedish, Thailanders—perhaps there were more but these were the nations that he remembers for himself. Many times he had occasion to give thanks for the protection of the United States Navy, and British and French ships as his C-3 carried men and supplies to the fighting fronts, and in some tragic situations, evacuated them.

Mr. P.'s experiences are telling evidence that our Merchant Fleet, her ships and her men, share an integral part in our nation's welfare—in peace and in war.

