

The LOOKOUT



Photo by Ensign Herman S. Preiser, U.S.M.S.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

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The LOOKOUT

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Sanctuary

FOR ALL SEAMEN

Almighty Father, with whom is no darkness; we beseech Thee to bless on all seas the vessels of our Navy and Merchant Marine, our sailors and our fishermen, with all that go to and fro and occupy their business in great waters; save them from dangers known and unforeseen; deliver them from strong temptation and from easily besetting sin; fill them with kindness, loyalty and faith, and make every man to do his duty; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

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Marine Photography Contest

MARINE photographs of unusual beauty and clarity brought four seamen photographers prizes in money and publication in THE LOOKOUT, as the 1946 Marine Photography Contest, sponsored by the Institute, came to a close recently.

Winners in the black and white classification are: Herman S. Preiser, Ensign, N. Y. State Maritime Academy, Fort Schuyler, first prize of \$15.00; Tom Moore, A. B. seaman, 25 South Street, second prize of \$10.00; and Edward Mels, 25 South Street, third prize of \$5.00. In the color class Kermit Salyer, chief mate, first prize of \$15.00; and Herman S. Preiser second prize of \$10.00.

The first prize winning photo in black and white, called "Storm Warning", is a silhouette study of a seaman ringing a ship's bell.

The first prize winner in color shows a rainbow in the sky seen behind the mast of a tanker.

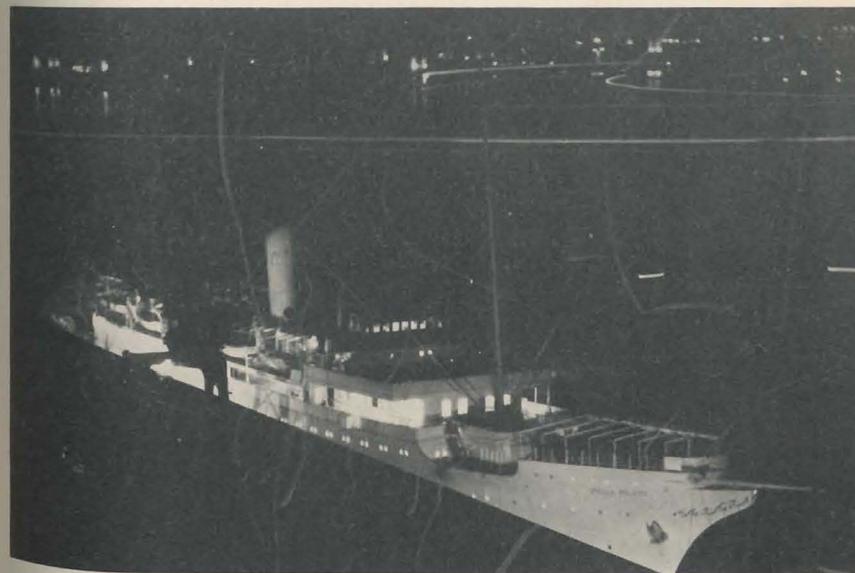


Photo of "Stella Polaris" taken from 11th floor of the Institute.

TOM MOORE, 2nd PRIZE WINNER



*Edward Mels,
3rd Prize Winner*

Archbishop of Canterbury Visits "25 South Street."

THE Most Reverend and Right Honorable Geoffrey Francis Fisher, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury, included a forty-five minute visit to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York during his recent trip to America. Escorted by the Institute's Director, Dr. Kelley, and President, Mr. Michalis, and Vice-President, Mr. Forsyth, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher inspected the British Merchant Navy Club, the Chapel of Our Saviour, the Baylies Lobby, the Berwind Auditorium, Janet Roper Club, Conrad Library, Dutch, Belgian and Danish Clubs, chatting with seamen and asking many questions.

The Archbishop expressed great satisfaction in that the 102-year-old Institute—now so flourishing—had evolved from a Floating Chapel under the Diocese of New York of the Episcopal Church.



A MODERN SQUARE-RIGGER!

This two-masted brig, "*Queen Anne's Revenge*" was built by Navy personnel recently at the Solomons Island Naval Base under the supervision of Lt. Commander Carl von Zielinski, USNR. She sailed during the recent Solomons regatta. The miniature vessel carries 13 sails, a crew of five men. In a rather strong breeze with all sails set, the LCVP boats found it difficult to keep up with the little brig.



Photo by Lawrence D. Thornton

Left to right: Mr. Forsyth, Mrs. Fisher, the Archbishop, Dr. Kelley, and Mr. Michalis arriving at the Chapel of Our Saviour.

"Two Years Before The Mast."

Reviewed by Francis Keyser, Chief Mate

EDITOR'S NOTE: Undoubtedly the founders of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York were encouraged by Richard Henry Dana's book, "Two Years Before the Mast" (which appeared in 1841) to concentrate their efforts on improving conditions ashore for merchant seamen. In 1844 the organization was incorporated to promote "the spiritual and bodily welfare of seamen and boatmen."



"... to present the life of a common sailor at sea as it really is..." writes Dana in explaining the purpose of his book. Using the background of Dana's penetrating narrative of a voyage around Cape Horn to California in the year 1834, Hollywood has woven a hair-raising plot that will "shiver yer timbers," matey.

Briefly, Mr. Stewart (Allen Ladd) the handsome, spendthrift son of a wealthy, Boston shipowner is rescued from his fleshpots via the shanghai route and put aboard one of his father's vessels, the hell-ship, Pilgrim. The sadistic Captain Thompson (Howard da Silva) refuses to put him ashore and continues the voyage with our hero scrubbing decks and in between times turning up his aristocratic nose at his shipmates in the fo'c'sl. Ostracized by the crew, he is befriended by Dana (Brian Donlevy) who has shipped aboard the Pilgrim to investigate and write about the brutal conditions that had resulted in the death of his brother the previous voyage, and who sees in Stewart the sterling qualities hidden beneath his sneering superiority. The mate (William Bendix) swings a mean rope's end (when he isn't energetically laying "ten of the best" on the bare back of a sailor lashed in the rigging). Somewhere along the way a beautiful lady pas-

senger is taken on board, which is all right with our, by now, salty hero. Events are fast reaching a climax under the cruel treatment of Captain Thompson. Two men die of scurvy, one who has been in irons since the start of the voyage for the attempted murder of the mate. Mr. Stewart is placed in irons for attempting (single handed) to take over the ship after Captain Thompson has refused to put in for fresh provisions. Brown, a sailor, murders the second mate by sticking a knife thru his throat when he catches him munching on a life-saving potato from a secret cache. Dropping anchor off the coast of California, the crew, after freeing Stewart, attempt to desert by pulling ashore in the longboat. The mate plunges overboard to join them, and dies, nobly regenerate at long last, pierced thru the body by a bullet from the Captain's musket. The crew return to the ship. Brown descends to the cabin, throws a knife in the Captain's belly, the Captain shoots Brown.

Now tales of mutiny, piracy, shanghai'd sailors, floggings, to the accompaniment of plenty of salt spray whistling about the skysails, have had their hold upon my imagination since the early days when I curled up with the books of Morgan Robertson and Robert L. Stevenson. Also I have no moral scruples about Hollywood perverting a beloved

masterpiece of the sea into so much bilge water—if it's a good grade of bilge water. But the attempt to impress the audience with the picture's epoch-making proportions by the old device of the written foreword moving with majestic slowness across the screen, only to be followed by a lot of Grade B acrobatics, can be very irritating. The obvious improbabilities, such as the officerless crew sailing the ship around to Boston, I take in my stride. The theme of the desperate plight of the sailors is hammered

unmercifully, with a repetition of scenes that becomes boring. I resent being "slushed down" with innumerable buckets of maggoty food in order to be made to grasp the idea that the crew is being fed badly.

Of the entire crew, Barry Fitzgerald, as the philosophical, accordian-playing cook, is the only member that I recognize as a shipmate. The others, from the unrelenting evil Captain Thompson down to the sentimentally appealing cabin boy, are, to me, complete strangers.

Through a Gaff Jops'l Hair-Do

By Captain Harry Garfield, Master Mariner in Sail

OF ALL the sea pictures I have seen, "Two Years Before the Mast" was the most accurate in detail. There were several errors but I imagine it is practically impossible to duplicate actual sea conditions in Hollywood.

I viewed the movie under far from ideal conditions. Seats were scarce. I endeavoured to locate a seat that had an empty seat in front. I finally succeeded. The picture had just started, when a lady with a Gaff Topsail "hair do" eased into the vacant seat. The voyage was well under way before she finally got settled and I was able to catch fleeting glimpses of the picture as she nodded in response to the Captain's orders. About this time a shopper with her week's quota of provisions hove in sight and headed for the seat next to mine. She too, got squared away at last and the popping and crackling of paper ceased.

Our ship is now heading for Per-nambuco and as I heard the man in the chains calling the soundings, the thought came to me that the Captain was navigating with a road map. The expected passengers came onboard and it was easy to under-

stand after gazing at the foam flecked jowls of the crew, why the Captain ordered the girl to remain aft.

The stealing of the Mate's chicken dinner was somewhat confusing, as the Mate usually eats it himself upon arrival in the cabin. The cook rarely leaves it on the main hatch.

The flogging of Alan Ladd with what appeared to be a deck swab caused the lady by my side to make spasmodic heaves, apparently one of her soul and body lashings carried



(Continued on Page 8)

"The Raider"

Reviewed by Gunnar Nilsson



Part of the crew of the *Jason* adrift in a lifeboat.

"THE RAIDER" is a stirring saga about the humble, suffering heroism of Britain's merchant seamen. It is an English production containing unmasked, vivid drama, free from Hollywood make-up.

The picture is built up around the survivors from the *Jason*, who in their life-boat start the thousand mile voyage to the nearest shore. Their plight and the courage of the men is authentically portrayed as the picture proceeds. Hard as it may seem to many, this was a common occurrence during the first period of the war and there is nothing played up or overdone in this magnificent film. It is a realistic story about plain men earning their daily bread.

From the opening scenes, where the men from the sunken *Jason* spring the mast and undaunted set sail for the shores behind the horizon, until the moment they are picked up by the rescuing freighter and the latter's desperate battle with the U-boat, the audience is kept in suspense as to the outcome until the last scene.

The realism, the splendid music and technicolor photography put this truly great picture above any of its kind.

Acted by non-professionals, the film has the quiet, genuine authority so rarely achieved in Hollywood productions. By resisting the temptation to exaggerate, the producers of this exciting picture, have made it unforgettably real.

The Raider

Reviewed by Joseph Holt

THIS is Sunday afternoon. There is no sugar. Meat can scarcely be had. In the line at the cafeteria of the Seamen's Church Institute, mariners of all grades and ratings, of all the nations which have survived the war and the victory of last year, eat what there is according to their purse. Many have pawned the last souvenir linking them with family, the last unnecessary camera, memento of some rare light holiday ashore.

A few are maimed. A few are old, or bent or haggard. These are here. Some have never left hospitals, or having left, are no longer fit for the livelihood that may be gotten at sea. Many will never frequent this place again, and with them our concern is futile, except for the wife who sits alone, or a child who may, in a memory almost erased by years of absence, still see some kindly man who disrupted the daily order of the house some four or five or six times a year.

A boat full of these absent is the opening scene of "The Raider", twenty-four seamen alone in the Western Ocean, halfway between the producing states and the fields of fury on the Continent. But they are not only alone on the surface of a sea which can be windswept to a murderous bitterness; this sea is a field of battle, too, and these civilians of an unarmed service are helpless in its midst.

No picture can show you the feeling of thirst, of a dry tongue swelling to close your throat, nor the weak and passive agony of hunger. Compassionate sympathy for this you will have to bring with you.

But you will see the helplessness of these men, and be gripped by the most artful dramatic force of suspense concerning their ultimate fate, and piled on that, the fate of a



cargo ship, bereft of convoy and protection, which chances their rescue against a submarine using the open boat as a decoy.

There are no women. The run is short, however, and an hour here can be made up with two or three hours of Hollywood in the same evening. And perhaps this is what you should do. Only the most seemly part of the dreadful misery of war at sea is shown, but this is yet too dark—if you can feel.

The actors are all seamen. And here is wonder, that men untrained in school or stock can carry each his part to your conviction. It seems in explanation, that before the camera, the lights, the director, all the facilities that fetter the expression of the appearance of the real, all they had to do was look inward a little, and remember their own sufferings and hard-won moments of happiness, in the watches below, on deck, on the bridge, and a brief drink ashore and a brief good-bye.

If you are not used to the sound of ordinary English speech, not that of the trained actor, which we all can follow, you will have a little difficulty in following the thread of the plot woven in the dialogue. But never mind. Every action shown results from every previous action—the picture is a marvelous piece of drama in this respect—and every-

thing is technically correct. If somewhere, you are a little puzzled, you will have more enjoyment in thinking back on this night or the next to piece out the mystery, than from many a year's "who done its."

However, there is one thing in the way of explanation, not of the drama but of the way of men at sea, that should be noted. There is argument and incitement to a sort of mutiny in that open boat. But it is mutiny not really. When a vessel sinks the voyage ends. The captain in the boat is master then only, as he has learned to be always, by the force of his personality and his hard-won lore of seamen and the sea. It is a democratic discussion, in fact, and the leader leads by a new assent. The quintessence of the theory of command is here.

The color is for the most part pleasing. Only in the pictures of the convoy could one wish that technicolor had been left aside. In the gray overcast light of sea in the north and in winter, nothing is bright. In an artist's sense there is no color, only brighter and darker shadows of gray against white spume and spindrift and green water.

Some pictures are seen, and some are experienced. Seeing this, "The Raider", will go farther into your heart than fleeting shadows in a darkened cave; but you must bring that heart with you.

(Continued from Page 5)

away and a few of her bundles slipped their moorings. I salvaged a few bundles for her, then concentrated on the picture again.

Off the Horn, the galley seemed entirely disconnected from the ship itself and had its own individual storm!

On deck Alan Ladd was doing something to a life line. He and the passenger had quite a delightful tete-a-tete.

The crew seemed to spend quite some time on their knees, doing

something to the decks. At first I suspected it might be holystoning, but the pitch in the seams was too prominent to permit the use of the "Sailors Bible" or Holystone.

A Naval Lieutenant sitting behind me remarked to his friend "that they were keeping the scuppers clear".

Whatever their treatment, the crew undoubtedly thrived on it, and as evidence of this, the crew were able to rig up the necessary gear and hoist the heavy long boat.

It was with a sigh of relief I witnessed the acquittal of our heroes when tried for mutiny.

I had hoped to hear the chorus of a few old sea chanteys, but apparently they were unknown on the Pilgrim.

SANTA SHIPS

The sailing on Sept. 30th of their new passenger-cargo carrier *Santa Luisa* marked the Grace Line's fifth maiden voyage in three months. Her sister ships, *Santa Barbara*, *Santa Cecilia*, *Santa Margarita*, and *Santa Maria* preceded her in service to the west coast of South America. Another, the *Santa Isabella* will sail shortly. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is "First Day Cover Agent" for the Grace Line and souvenir covers for stamp collectors are for sale at 50 cents each. Address inquiries to Cover Agent, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. Proceeds on all sales of maiden voyage covers help finance the Institute's educational, social service and recreational activities.

The master of the *Santa Luisa*, Capt. Ernest Prather, commanded the *S.S. Dunboyne* during the war, brought her safely to Russia and return, despite 62 attacks from Nazi planes. Later, he commanded the *Santa Margarita*, Grace liner which served as a troopship.

A SALT IN THE OLD TRADITION

A salt in the old tradition is Donald B. MacMillan, 71 years old, who is taking his schooner *Bowdoin* on a voyage to Frobisher Bay, Baffin Land, where he will engage in scientific work sponsored by the Colorado Museum of Natural History.

The Spirit of Thanksgiving is Sharing



Photo by Lawrence D. Thornton

FOR THE men to whom the Seamen's Church Institute is a "home away from home" throughout the year, Thanksgiving could be a cheerless and lonely day. On this day dedicated to home and family, to roots and folkways, merchant seamen could feel even more keenly the social separateness of the life they lead. But they don't—because there are thoughtful people who remember these seafaring men before they settle down to their own festive boards. In thus sharing, they exemplify the true spirit and meaning of Thanksgiving.

This year, as it has in the past, the Institute will invite about 1200 merchant seamen to a holiday dinner. Supplementing the Chapel service there will be music and movies and special entertainment . . . but especially characteristic in the celebration of this American holiday, will be the traditional holiday dinner with all the fixin's to bring to our seafarers a touch of the home they may have left behind them.

Thanks to thoughtful contributors to the Holiday Fund, the men who carry American products to the far corners of the globe, will find a bit of America waiting for them in the port of New York.

Your generous gift to the Holiday Fund will help the Institute to provide Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners.

Please make checks payable to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

and mail to: HOLIDAY FUND

25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.



Library Kaleidoscope

F. Louise Noling, Assistant Librarian

YOU'VE probably often heard that a librarian's job is a prosaic one. Perhaps you even believe it.

If you do, come down and visit the Conrad Library some day, and you'll find it to be quite different. Here amid cheerful surroundings of marine paintings, ship models, and window etchings, reminiscent of sailing days, all with a glorious view of the East River with its constant flow of twentieth century shipping, merchant seamen of all nationalities browse among our up-to-date collection of books and magazines.

The librarian is happy too. This pleasant environment makes her contacts with the seamen more enjoyable, and routine is unknown. Each hour of each day is as different as the one before it, as each merchant seaman is different from his fellows. No two are alike, and when they come to the Library for a book or to tell us how much books mean to them on their long voyages, we get ready to listen to a good yarn. Hearing their stories of the far off peoples of the earth

and ports in the sun all over the world, we are given a ringside seat to the places we all dream about and read about. The seamen make their voyages come alive. They have talked to the natives of every country—they understand the struggles and needs of different peoples. They are tolerant and sympathetic of their national differences. One seaman said that if everyone could have the opportunities afforded mariners to mix with mankind the world over, the brotherhood of man would be a reality, and there would be no more wars.

We talk to over 100 seamen each day, and we help them find something they will enjoy reading. To determine the type of book to satisfy them we have to delve into their likes and dislikes. Before they know it, they are telling us why they went to sea, and what they are getting out of it. We offer a quiet place to read and study, but we also offer a listening ear, and many seamen take advantage of it.

Visitors constantly inquire what seamen like to read. They have a wide range of interests. We have seamen who belong to the American Philosophical Society, as well as those just learning how to read, and it is our job to find the book to fill the need. Seamen are alert, and want the latest and best information on current topics. Away at sea for several months at a time, they are out of touch with life ashore, and reading material is the best method of bringing them up-to-date.

To give you an idea of the variety of reading sought, here are some sample daily requests. An educated seaman came in for Erskine's 'Human Life Of Jesus'. He had heard Erskine lecture at Columbia many times and greatly admired his wit and wisdom. A young English seaman asked if we had a Moffatt

translation of the Bible, as he is planning to study for the ministry. He had been unable to buy one in England, and was delighted to be given one. His father had been a minister until he had been killed by the Blitz. A seaman came in to borrow some navigation books. A former instructor at the Hayden Planatorium, he is now working on a system of navigation which will eliminate mathematics. A young seaman wanted to finish "Gone With The Wind", which he had been reading when he was torpedoed, while another wanted a book on bee culture! Two seamen requested foreign language books for study—one to go on with French which he liked in high school, and the other to learn Spanish so he could converse with his Porto Rican wife. Another asked for some of Nietzsche's philosophy! An elderly seaman spent the evening studying electro-turbines. He said he has to keep brushed up to answer the never-ending questions of new seamen. To finish the day, we gave some books on English grammar and world history to an Algerian seaman, who had been "adopted" by an American regiment, gone with them to Italy, and when he was old



Marie Higginson

enough, joined the Merchant Marine.

So you see here in the Conrad Library the librarian has to be on her toes, sympathetic, and a good listener, but she is always far from the typical professional librarian you read about. Her time spent in the Library is often enlightening, and she has a sincere appreciation and admiration for the truly fine qualities of the men she serves.

(P.S. If you have any readable books and need shelf space, won't you please send them in to us at the Conrad Library, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y., so we may bring reading enjoyment to more seamen? Thank you.)

TANKERS CARRY ODD CARGOES

The number one task of America's great fleet of tankers is to transport petroleum products needed to run our automobiles, and to heat our homes. But some tankers carry different types of liquid cargo that are equally essential, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute.

Tankers are employed to haul a wide variety of cargoes that range from ordinary water to highly valuable whale oil. Most of these cargoes require special equipment and precautions in their handling.

For instance, asphalt shipped up from the Caribbean is carried in tankers equipped with large heating coils that must maintain a constant temperature between 200° and 275° to prevent the asphalt from solidifying. Tar and creosote are other cargoes that must be kept under high temperature during the voyage.

WINDOW DISPLAYS HELP US GET BOOKS

Do you know of a bank, store or office with a good window in your community where a display of books might be set up? If so, write to the Conrad Library, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. and we'll send you some material for display: photographs, dioramas, etc. with signs urging people to send books to our Library. For example, the BANK FOR SAVINGS, 1201 Third Ave., New York City, has collected several thousand books for our seamen by window exhibits! A big wicker basket near the main entrance is also on active service there. Try to find a window which is in a thickly populated area and one where cooperation in collecting the books from passersby could be assured.

The books can be sent by Railway Express, collect, or by mail.



PHIL
MAY

Serving Seamen's Children for 100 Years

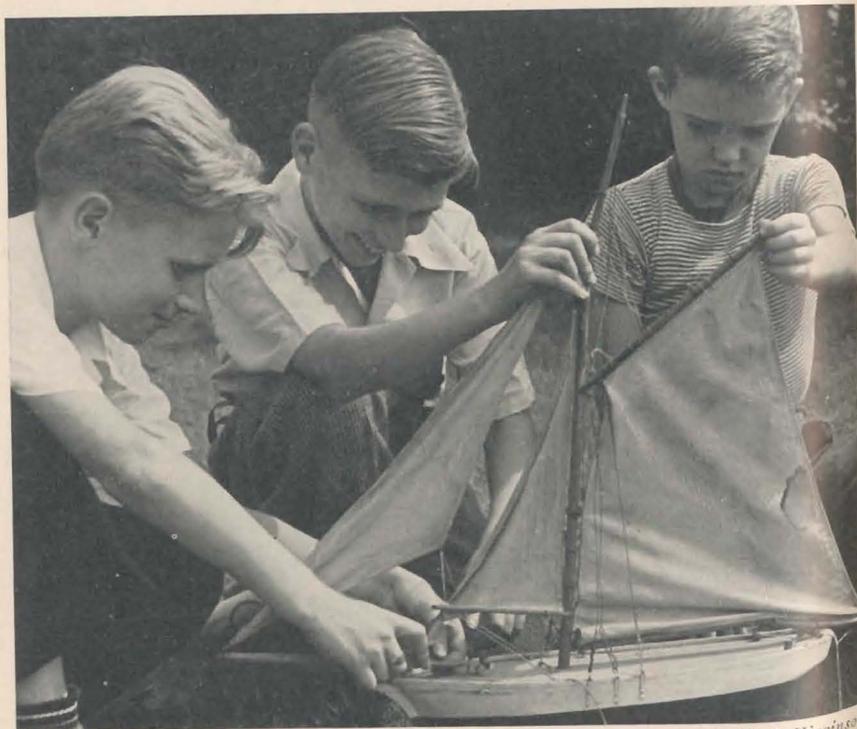
A HUNDRED years ago, the port of New York had no asylum for the neglected and destitute children of seafaring men who were running around the waterfront without proper food or shelter.

Upon the urging of the Rev. B. C. C. Parker of the Episcopal Floating Chapel (prototype of today's Seamen's Church Institute), and Chaplain Chase of the Mariner's Church, and with the assurance that "shipowners and merchants were greatly interested . . . and would contribute liberally to its support", the Society for Seamen's Children was founded in 1846 by "a meeting of Ladies of different denominations in the Lecture Room of the Brick Church on Beekman Street".

For a century of war and peace, the Society for Seamen's Children has cared for the homeless children of the men who man our merchant

ships. Like the history of our country, the Society has had its ups and downs; annual reports tell of the struggle to survive, of arrears, and of the ever present question of where to get more donations. In the early years the names of Aspenwall and of the Black Ball packet line answered the emergencies. Then came contributions from the Cunard and other lines, from the Maritime Exchange, followed by the building of the Cottage by Captain Charles H. Marshall.

A quarter of a century ago, the Society for Seamen's Children was among the first to break from the common practice of institutional care and to adopt the individualized method of foster homes. It used the Marshall Cottage as a laboratory of child study and, in foster homes, it provided the homeless with an almost normal childhood.



Marie Higginson

An Incident of My Boyhood

by Herbert Colcord, Bosun, Merchant Marine School

I COME from the little town of Searsport down in Maine, that at one time, had the record of 150 Captains of square riggers hailing from there—and only about 1400 population! At the age of 14, I decided since my father was skipper, why shouldn't I be one also. So I came to New York to look for a job and I wanted to do the looking all by myself.

I managed to ship as boy on the full rigged *S. P. Hitchcock* bound for Hong Kong with some 60,000 cases of kerosene oil. We took our departure from Ambrose Channel Light Ship on the 11th of March, 1902. All the way down to the line I learned the regular routine work of scrubbing deck and keeping the vessel looking ship-shape. The *Hitchcock* was bound round Cape Good Hope and through the Sunds straits, but when she started to run her Easterns down, things began to happen in bunches like bananas.

I liked the sea life and I became a favorite with all hands. Every morning it is the watch on deck's job to wash down and they rig a small spar on the lee side. It has a single block on the outboard end through which a rope is rove, and on one end a draw bucket made fast. When this gear is rove off there is a rail box put over the rail to keep from chafing the paint, just a plank with sides. The bottom is left open so it fits down tight when lashed in place. Two men hand the water up and one man dumps it in a deck tub.

An oversight on some one's part neglected to take this box off, so it came up with the lashings and it was all loose.

That night at eight o'clock the mate called all hands on deck to tack ship, and that's some job in the daytime, but oh boy, when it happens at night, it sure is a mess. When the crew work fast the gear can be



cleared up in an hour or so. With the ship on either tack, the weather forebraces always are put in a becket, made fast to the royal back stays and the weather fore sheet goes in with them to keep them from shutting.

The mate told me to do the job so I went up on the rail to do it and slipped on the rail box that was loose. I lost my balance as she rolled to windward. When she took a lee roll, the braces caught me on the shoulders and chest and swept me *inboard*, box and all, and onto the main deck. I still remember those few short terrifying moments in my life. I will never forget because I was afraid I would be swept overboard. But the braces saved me. I fixed the braces.

At midnight they tacked again and put the ship on the port back and at 2 a.m. the lookout reported a green light on the port bow and close up. It all happened so quick it was hard to believe. The approaching ship was a bark in ballast and had a free wind. She would have cleared all O.K. but somebody made a mistake and threw the helm hard down and she luffed to right under the *Hitchcock's* bows. The head reached enough to clear everything but the ring on the spanker boom and that just caught the ship's fore to'gallant backstays, and cut them as clean as you would with a hack saw. The bark's quarter took two sheets of copper off under our ship's forechain plates. They never found out what bark it was. It must have run-racked (ruined) her, and all hands, of course, had a different idea of what happened to her in

the pitch dark. They did agree though on one point: it took the mizzen mast out, but it went by the band and floated away all clear. Her spanker spider band (eye bolted to the spanker boom that goes around) was found in the lee scupper.

Nobody on the *Hitchcock* was hurt, no word was ever heard from the other ship. We hove to and waited for daylight but there was nothing in sight. She may have sunk, or she may have not been damaged badly, but had kept her course to get out of trouble.

They rove off a new lanyard and from the dead eyes of the foreto'-gallant backstay, and then we proceeded on our voyage. Just another of those sea mysteries!

MOVIES GO TO SEA

Having trouble getting in to see the first run movies? Take a freighter voyage on one of America's new cargo liners and see the very latest Hollywood productions. Movies used to be shown only on the great luxury liners or top-flight cruising vessels. Today the custom has spread to the smaller vessels, even those carrying from 12 to 34 passengers. In fact a number of tanker companies are considering showing movies to their crews on shipboard.

REPATRIATES WELCOMED

Waterfront traffic noises were mingled with the joyful shouts and sobs of family reunions when the *Marine Shark* arrived on Sept. 18th at Pier 6, East River, across from the Seamen's Institute, with 912 passengers from Italy. Relatives and friends were on hand to welcome them, and police struggled to keep about 400 people from swarming up the gangplank. Finally, the aid of the Institute was enlisted, and the dining room was transformed into a waiting room. The American Federation of International Institutes, including 9 organizations, then paged each person as each repatriate was cleared and permitted to come ashore. One of our seamen, a linguist, volunteered to escort the refugees to different points in the city and his services were greatly appreciated.

FOR VALOR

Walter W. Bramble, an able seaman, was serving aboard the Liberty ship S.S. *Joseph Pulitzer* when attacked by enemy planes. That was in 1943, and on Sept. 12th of this year, Lieut. Walter Bramble, U.S.M.S., received the Merchant Marine Meritorious Service Medal "for organizing and commanding an emergency gun crew when the Navy armed guard were wounded." Bramble, who had had gunnery experience, formed a new gun crew composed of merchant seamen and Army personnel. For four days this group performed valiant service in driving off enemy planes. The commendation stated that "Bramble's fine spirit, leadership and skill contributed to the safety of the ship, and were in keeping with the high standards of the U. S. Merchant Marine." Vice-Admiral A. P. Fairfield, USN, retired, Chairman of the Merchant Marine Decorations and Awards Board, presented the medal to Lieut. Bramble.

Capt. Richard E. Hocken was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal on Sept. 13th for distinguished service in the line of duty. His ship, S.S. *William Moultrie*, was directly attacked 13 times by enemy bombers while in convoy, bound for a North Russian port. The ship is credited with downing eight planes and with scoring direct hits on twelve others. Capt. Hocken, master of a gallant ship, and a gallant crew, exhibited qualities of leadership and high courage in keeping with the finest traditions of the U. S. Merchant Marine. He is now master of the S.S. *Sea Dolphin*.

TRANSPORTATION OF WAR BRIDES ENDS FOR WSA

Transportation of war brides from Europe to the United States on War Shipping Administration ships has ended and those remaining to be brought here will be carried on U. S. Army transports. WSA has announced.

A total of 16,989 war brides and children were transported under the WSA program which was initiated February 4 and completed July 6. Seven passenger liners were employed in the service—the *Argentina*, *Santa Paula*, *Vulcania*, *Washington*, *John Ericsson*, *Uruguay* and *Brazil*.

The steamship operators which participated in the war bride transportation program either as General Agents or Berth Agents for WSA were the United States Lines, American Export Lines, Moore-McCormack Lines and the Grace Line.

EVERYTHING BUT SMOKE IN SHIP'S STACK

The smokestack, long the trade mark of a steamship, isn't what it seems to be any more. The streamlined funnel on a modern ship, in many cases, is just so much camouflage and encloses, perhaps, dog kennels, the radio shack, or ventilation shafts. Smoke on the newest American passenger ships is discharged from a thin pipe disguised to resemble a cargo mast, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute.

Once the number of stacks greatly impressed passengers but in these days of forced draft and oil-burning engines, there is little need for many funnels. But whether they belch smoke or not, tradition indicates ships will always have funnels. The public and naval architects agree ships look better with a smokestack.

PEPPER AND SPICE

Before the war American merchant vessels annually brought to the U. S. enough pepper and spices to fill 3,000 trucks and trailers, sufficient bananas to provide every person in the nation with two dozen, enough chocolate and cocoa that if made into 5-cent bars and placed end-to-end would reach the moon; and sugar enough to give every person 73 pounds.

SHIP WITH THE LONGEST NAME

One of our LOOKOUT writers, George Noble, sends in the following, and challenges readers to find a ship with a longer name!

'THANDAOUTHAPANIPURAVY.' A wooden brig, built in 1901 at Kandamy Lundaram by Valvettiturai, and owned by K. Vytialingam. The Master's name was Mailraganam Coomataswamy!

P.S. There was also a wooden bark called: "Thito NanaRasaSivakama Sunthara Letchemy!"

HAVE YOU ANY OLD GOLD OR SILVER TODAY?

If you have, send it to the Central Council of Associations, Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y., 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

The money realized from the sale of same will be used towards the expense of Recovery Boxes. These boxes are distributed by our chaplains to seamen patients, many of them suffering from the effects of exposure, and injuries received during the war. (See September LOOKOUT).



SEA-GOING CAT

Capt. G. B. Cutrell, formerly skipper of the Liberty ship *Joel R. Poinsett*, is the proud owner of a cat named "Poinsett." The cat was brought on board as a kitten and soon developed a rolling gait. The crew taught him how to box! He always leads with his left! He survived a torpedoing by hiding in No. 2 lifeboat. "Poinsett" crawled nimbly around the gunwhales of the lifeboats when the ship, rolling and pitching, was under way.

ORDINARY SEAMAN WINS MEDAL

The S.S. *Joel R. Poinsett* was transporting heavy machinery to Europe in January 1944 when she met a winter gale. A series of shocks were felt, indicating that the ship was endangered from the shifting of heavy weights in No. 2 hold. It was impossible to enter the hold with existing weather and attempts were made to cut through a bulkhead from No. 3 hold. Before this could be completed, moderating weather permitted access through a corner of the hatch into No. 2. STANLEY PAUL LIS, Ordinary Seaman, and three other men undertook the task of securing the heavy trucks which were surging back and forth with every roll of the ship. With their lives constantly in danger, the job was completed, making it possible for the ship to deliver her vital military cargo at the assigned destination. Lis recently received the Meritorious Service Medal for his heroism.



BOOK REVIEWS

IN THE FIRST WATCH

By William McFee

Published by Random House. Price \$3.00

In his latest book, which he threatens may be his last, McFee deals with the British Merchant Fleet at the turn of the century.

As usual, he is at home in his subject and writes with that flexibility and purpose which have always marked his work.

There are many, like myself, who have known the ships of both Britain and the United States and who are glad to see that "wonderful" nebulous thing called tradition supplanted by shorter hours, more pay and better "grub."

Many of the stories McFee recites in this book are truly a cross section of the trials and tribulations, joys and sorrows that we seafarers of the Scotch boiler age have all passed through and we, the sailors of today who will soon be the has-beens of tomorrow, looking back, are glad that "In the First Watch" a small but important section of the history of the sea has been captured between covers and documented for all time.

McFee, to us engineers, brings back the familiar smells of the engine room—cylinder oil, hot pipes, oily waste, kerosene, and that breath of salt air under the forward starboard engine room ventilator.

Even though he is tempted, as he says he is, to write "Finished With Engines" to his literary career with this book, it is to be hoped that there will be a long series of port watches yet to follow and that, although F.W.E. has been chalked on his log board, that literary examiners will see McFee up for many more renewals of his writing license.

By C. Morgan Jones,
Engineer

THE COMPLETE CRUISER

By Brandt Aymar
Greenberg \$3.50

For those who want to learn celestial navigation by the simplest method so far devised we would like to recommend Brandt Aymar's new book THE COMPLETE CRUISER. Using a new approach all his own he starts at the end by explaining in easily understood terms the line-of-position. Once that is firmly implanted in your mind he reverts to the beginning—to the watch and the sextant

—and shows how, by working out each, you arrive at your line-of-position. It is all clearly and lucidly done in a breezy and salty style that makes learning navigation a thrilling game.

While the first part of the book deals with celestial navigation, part two offers a complete course in coastal piloting. Both these sections are indispensable for any one who sails the high seas. A third section deals with the pleasures and upkeep of small craft, which should be of particular interest to small boat owners.

By Kermit Salyer,
Chief Mate

LOWER DECK

By Lt. John Davies, R.N.V.R.
The MacMillan Co. \$2

"Lower Deck" is an absorbing chronicle of day-to-day life aboard a British destroyer serving in the Mediterranean. At the same time, it is an accurate, first-hand account by an on-the-spot eye witness of the famous siege of Malta, that fabulous fortress, England's stepping stone to the Near East. It is a vital story, feelingly alive, sure of a prominent place in the ranks of books that endure.

Lt. John Davies was an officer-candidate serving on a typical British destroyer during the difficult days of 1940-1942. He saw much of wet misery, discomfort, hair-raising action, swift danger and sudden death. He has carefully recorded for us what he saw. He has outstanding ability for catching the changing moods of the men, portraying the high courage and fine disregard for danger that characterized them.

The author centers his story on that little group who manned B-gun of which he himself was a member. His story opens with startling abruptness and we meet in rapid succession such colorful characters as Ginger, Geordie, Gilo, Bogey, Sharkey, and Drunken-Duncan. Of these men, as of the others, he says: "They possessed little in this world except loyalty, generosity, and magnificent courage".

"Lower Deck" is superbly written throughout. As we reluctantly close the covers at last and lay the book aside, we feel we have just finished reading an epic of the Sea.

By George Noble
Chief Steward

Sea Poems Win Prizes

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York announces the winners in its third annual Marine Poetry Contest in which merchant seamen of all nationalities and all ratings, including cadets and trainees, competed.

Ensign Edward J. O'Gara won first prize of \$25.00 with his poem "Nathaniel Bowditch, Navigator"; H. W. Corning won second prize of \$15.00 with his poem "Washing Down Ship"; and Captain Eric Minett won third prize of \$10.00 with his poem "To the Trade Winds". The three honorable mention were "My Mate, the Sea" by Leo Newman, A.B.; "Atoll" by Robert Wade Venable, Ship's Cook; and "Night Fall" by Joseph F. Ferran, Ship's Butcher.

Judges in the contest were William Rose Benét, Joseph Auslander, and A. M. Sullivan.

Two of the winning poems are published here. The others will appear in later issues.

FIRST PRIZE

NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, NAVIGATOR

There would be a tendency among—
What shall we say, the poets? — — —
To revert romantically to Victorian expression,
The grey of dawn and Triton's wreathed horn;
Or waves of destiny, the surge of the eternal tide,
The morn — — —
Bunk:
He was a sailing guy whose urge drove him to learn
The stars as women know the pattern of a gown
Or doctors know the lesions and the scars upon
A patient's belly.
He knew: he put the careful figures down;
He had it all there, 1, 2, 3; he
And Euclid and a few other smart,
small-town boys,
He didn't see the ocean through
The clouded eyes of dreaming youth.
The Pleiades, Orion, and the distant rim
Of day reflect a certain kind of truth,
while far, far,

The bright North Star to him was but
a red light
In the square to guide him to his own
front yard,
His fireside, pipe, and chair after a so-
journ on
The lonely boulevards of night.
Turn to your tables, son; you'll find
your way.
Just heed the figures when the night
Stands black on the horizon and you read
In the circle of infinity — oh, far, far,
— some meaning
And you follow a bright star,
Going to the stinking port,
Going to the red-light district,
Going — — —

By Ensign Edward J. O'Gara

SECOND PRIZE

(A sailor dreams of washing down)

WASHING DOWN SHIP

The good old freight ship "Spick and Span"
Was speeding homeward bound.
The mate got out the water hose
And washed her 'round and 'round.
She hit a raging roaring storm
A mile or so from shore;
In dashing waves up to his neck
He washed her off once more.
The storm passed on, but "Spick and Span"
Had surely met her fate;
The constant wear of washing down
Had worn out every plate.
And as she settled in the sea
And started going down,
This time the mate broke out the gang
And washed her 'round and 'round.
Then as she sank still further down,
Her decks awash with brine,
"Come on," says he, "you dirty dogs,
And give the brass a shine."
Before the brass was shining bright
The ship was going fast.
"Climb up," said he, "you filthy swine,
And sougey down the mast."
Then as the mast sank further down
Says he, "You ill deservers,
Before you swim you wash yourselves
And then the life preservers."
And when the mast went 'neath the waves,
Said he, "There ain't no more
Except to grab a cake of soap
And wash yourselves ashore."
We washed up safely on the beach
In just an hour and thirty.
"Why look!" said he, "You scurvy rats,
You've got the ocean dirty."
The last one of his dirty diggs
Was more than we could take.
We hung him with our sougey rags — — —
I found myself awake!

By H. W. Corning, A.B.

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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."