

The LOOKOUT

SEPTEMBER 1953



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore home for merchant seamen who are between ships in this great port. The largest organization of its kind in the world, the Institute combines the services of a modern hotel with a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational facilities needed by a profession that cannot share fully the important advantages of home and community life.

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and so enable it to fulfill its true purpose: being a home away from home for the merchant seamen of all nationalities and religions.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIV

SEPTEMBER, 1953

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: Barge Captain Arthur Olson deftly whips a bowline into the end of a line as he makes ready to cast off from Pier 6, East River, across from the Seamen's Church Institute. See page 4.

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NO. 9



Around the Island

OF the 3,000 persons who daily take the 35-mile cruise on one of the Circle Line's five yachts that circumnavigate Manhattan Island, 90 per cent are out-of-towners. As far as the owners and their staff of 75 employees are concerned, this is a mixed blessing. They naturally want to be popular with and profit from the "hometown" market. But there's no getting around it, the tourists are more fun. The natives, even if they are impressed by the sights, are loath to admit it.

Not so the visitors from South Dakota, Georgia and Kansas. They laugh heartily at the lecturer's jokes, ogle enthusiastically at the shore and river sights, and happily and indiscriminately use up rolls

and rolls of film. Passengers come equipped with everything from the old-fashioned square box cameras to the latest in motion picture apparatus. True, they may take movies of stationary objects and shoot seagulls in flight with an uncandid brownie, but they get lots of pictures. It's all new to them and they aren't the least bit concerned with appearing blasé.

Along with their eagerness to get an album of New York pictures, the camera lovers are equally interested in snapping each other by the rail, the lifeboats, or against the distant backdrop of New York's skyline. A favorite place to pose, says Captain Harold Log of the *Sight-seer*, is at the wheel. While the cruise is

underway, the bridge is, of course, *verboten* territory. But at the finish of each trip, he looks on amiably as indulgent fathers and mothers photograph the kids standing proudly at the wheel, trying very hard to look nautical and as if they're *really* steering. Adults themselves sometimes break down and admit that they, too, would like to have a record of themselves posing at the helm. Nobody to date has had the brass to ask for a loan of the Captain's hat for such a pose.

The lecturers, the captains, the crew members and the office personnel are all in agreement that their passengers are terrific. And if the percentage of autograph seekers at the end of a trip, plus the number of "thank-yous" is any indication, the feeling is mutual. Of course in every group of 300 to 350 persons, there is bound to be a wise guy or two. As a general rule, he confines his heckling to asides directed at his wife and the group of unfortunates who happen to be within earshot. To this character nearly everything that the lecturer says is either wrong or needs embroidery. As long as the self-styled authority stays in his own corner, the lecturer couldn't care less. It is only when in self-righteous indignation he interrupts the narration (the more polite ones wait until intermission) insisting that the Statue of Liberty has thus many steps and he knows because he counted them himself, or that the Brooklyn Bridge is *not* the second biggest suspension bridge and furthermore he was there and watched it being built, or that any fool can see the Woolworth Building dwarfs the Empire State Building, that the lecturer feels his back go up. But the customer is always right, and lecturers have become very astute in the gentle art of diplomacy.

These talking guides apparently do not tire of waxing eloquent eight hours a day on the marvels of the world's largest port which possesses so many of the world's tallest, biggest and bestest. Perhaps it's because most of them are actors: aspiring, current and ex. They're used to playing to audiences and they enjoy it. As rookies they are given a "canned" lecture to memorize, but inevitably the



The great liners draw the fire of nearly every camera aboard a sightseeing boat.

script gives way to an original line of patter embellished by favorite jokes, changing with their own private whims and adapting to the character of an audience.

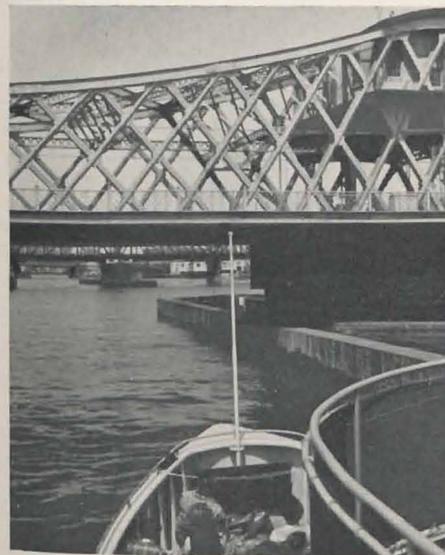
It is refreshing to observe the mutual respect in which the various staff members hold one another. The captains look back on years of experience at the helms of various types of ships. A lecturer will say, "You should talk to old Captain Log. Why, he's licensed to command the biggest ships in the harbor. He's really a character!" And Captain Log confides in turn that lecturer Phil Sheridan used to be in the movies, adding, "He's really a character!"

Rarely (but it happens) a foreign or even an American visitor to Manhattan will become visibly annoyed by the narration which inevitably is peppered with superlatives. Miss Mary Horrigan, who used to be a lecturer but gave it up to be a Circle Line secretary, tells of the time she played hostess to a boatload of Texans. Everyone knows that Texans are not at all strangers to superlatives, but they are apt to reserve them for Texas. So Mary was a little dubious as she was pointing out the onlies and the biggest. But if the audience had begun to smart under this barrage, it was forgotten on the homeward stretch when the yacht came right smack up to the *Queen Mary* gliding into the harbor. It was one of those rare opportunities and with the ex-

change of a few expressive toots, the Circle Line's captain arranged to steer his 185-foot yacht completely around the *Queen*. Well, the Texas passengers had never seen the likes of this! A thrilled young Dallas matron came bubbling over to Miss Horrigan's seat at her microphone and breathed, "You know, we have everything in Texas, everything but this!"

Among the hundreds of landmarks and sights that Circle Line passengers see on their trip, the Statue of Liberty is far and away the favorite. Since the boat all but brushes the shore of Bedloe's Island as it passes, everyone can get a good look. Some are handicapped, however, by the urge to use their cameras. A few only see her upside down in the lens, so eager are they to click the shutter at just the right moment. The other most popular sights are the large ships—the *Queen Elizabeth*, *Queen Mary* and *United States* — and the UN building

Many low bridges cause the trip through the Harlem River north of Manhattan to seem like an obstacle course. Only one has to be swung open to permit the Circle Line's sightseeing boats to pass.



seen from the East River side of the island.

The number of businesses and buildings that are pointed out by the lecturer are many and varied — over 500 — but, of course, every important building that can be seen from the boat cannot be mentioned. An owner of a business, an important business, cannot or will not understand why his has been omitted where another has not. And so, prominent among the "kicks" that regularly get registered with the Circle Line offices, there are those from the forgotten men. Their line goes something like this: "Your man mentions such-and-such a company. Mine is equally visible and certainly *more* important. Why, we're the nerve center of America!" The Circle Line is philosophical about such complaints, realizing you can't please everybody.

Passengers infrequently complain of seasickness. It certainly cannot be put down as a "problem." When it does happen—that is, when a bleary-eyed individual knocks timidly at the door of the pilot's room and apologetically requests a seasick remedy — the captain obliges him with a convincing-looking white pill. Usually the green look disappears immediately, and like as not the complainant never realizes he swallowed nothing more than an aspirin.

John M. Sorenson, First Mate on the Circle Line, who began his career on Norwegian sailing ships in 1901, calls his a "recreation job." This apparently reflects accurately the sentiments of most of the crew members. On the actual work side, he lists the number one problem as that of keeping the boat clean. This is quite logical when you realize that about 325 new hotdog lovers are taken on at least twice a day. When the visitors debark after their three-hour, two-and-a-half-dollar trip they leave a sizeable amount of debris which must be policed up before the next group comes aboard. It is doubtful that the crew gets as much wallop from each trip as the passengers do, but nevertheless everyone on the boat seems to be enjoying himself. As First Mate Sorenson says, "This is a recreation job." N. L. BREDESON

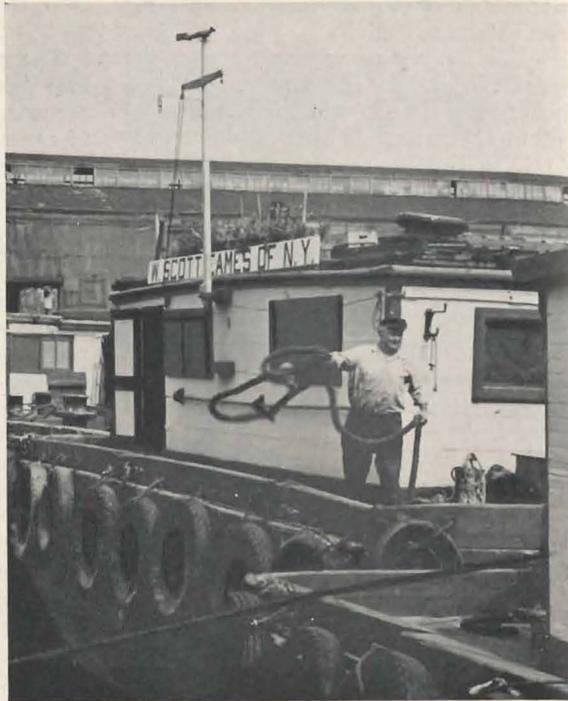
The Captain's Potato Plant

DECIDING just when to dig your potatoes can be very difficult. Most people turn up a few hills and survey the findings. But even then, it's not an open and shut proposition. Some of them are big and some aren't, and when you dig the big ones, you sure got to dig the little ones too. It's tough, but that's life.

Imagine then, the predicament of Barge Captain Art Olson, who has just one potato plant growing on the roof of his small waterborne cabin. The garden is about ten feet long and one foot wide. That's really quite a section of ground, but Captain Olson explains that he only put part of it into potatoes. There's also some mint, some marigold, some tiger lily and some other clumpish green scraggles that he can't remember the name of. These other crops belong to Olson's wife, Valentine, who lives with him on the barge during the summer months.

The Captain's gardening interests are more utilitarian, and he looks forward to those cool fall evenings when he'll be able to sit around and count his potatoes. But he still hasn't figured out just when he ought to harvest them. He's anxious, but he's also afraid he'll dig too soon and come up with marbles.

The main problem here springs from a lack of experience; the Captain would be the first to tell you that he's not much of a potato man. For the past eleven years he has been a barge captain. For



thirty years previous to that he was a dock builder. And before that he was a deckhand on tugboats. Captain Olson will be seventy next birthday and he's a great-grandfather, but he's still a poor potato man.

Half Finnish and half Swedish, the Captain came to America in 1902 when work clothes were a lot cheaper than they are now. Fifty years in the glinting sunshine of New York Harbor has leathered his arms and neck, but high on his cheeks there is a furious ruddy glow that talks right back at the sun. Built for rugged duty, he doesn't hold a chew of tobacco very far off the deck, and he talks with an accent you can't match.

Last spring he found himself stumbling over an old potato in his cabin on the barge. It was too limp to eat and too lonesome to throw away, so he buried it out in his garden and gradually forgot about it. Weeks later, when the plant broke free of the soil, he could hardly believe it was something worthwhile un-



As Captain Olson finishes a Western, his wife slices green peppers and onions in preparation for the evening meal. Her French cooking is excellent, according to the Captain.

Flossie, the dog, came aboard the sand barge as a puppy nine years ago, and through her own choice, has never since set foot on shore. Fastidiously clean, Flossie probably has a larger sandbox than any other domestic pet; hers holds 700 cubic yards.

The photo on the opposite page shows the Captain's garden, situated on the roof just aft of the name placard.

til some guilty-looking brown bugs began hanging around. Captain Harry Halverson of a neighboring barge knew these were potato bugs, so Captain Olson was dead sure he had a potato plant.

When he fell to thinking about the limp old spud he had buried, he realized this new plant was more than a shrub that got greener and bigger after each rain. It was going to have potatoes. He wondered how many, and he wondered when. His wife said not for a long time — if they ever did amount to anything. The Captain argued that it shouldn't take so long and that he could see no reason why they shouldn't be good. Maybe he wouldn't get a bushel, but he'd get potatoes. He wondered how many.

Captain Olson's barge belongs to the Jacobus Transportation Company and has been hauling 700-cubic-yard loads of sand from Roslyn and Port Washington, Long Island, to points where it is needed for construction work around New York. Due to a truckers' strike, the Captain's

figure out a way of telling when they would be ready to dig.

While he was thinking, the Captain carved a model airplane to serve as a weather vane atop his lantern mast. The result is good proof that you can't do something when your mind is on something else. Resembling a potato crossed with an original by the Wright Brothers, the airplane is a real failure, according to the Captain, and his wife complains about the squinchy noise the propeller makes as it windmills in the breeze.

When he was last visited, Captain Olson was hoping for a speedy settlement of the trucking strike which had so long kept him tied to Pier 6. He was relying on the salt air of his next trip to give him the peace of mind and perspective essential to a solution of his problem. But if the Captain gets perspective, it won't be of the kind that comes of distance, for no matter where he goes, one undug potato plant will still hang right over his head, up on the roof of his cabin. TOM BAAB

BIG STUFF

Fuel for the fires of science fiction and fantasy will be found in the view expressed by Dr. Anton Bruun at the recent International Congress of Zoology held at Copenhagen, Denmark. Dr. Bruun, who is secretary general of the Congress, told a group of delegates during an informal discussion that he believed monstrous sea serpents existed in the abyssal depths of both the Atlantic and Pacific.

Dr. Bruun bases his belief principally on the six-foot larval form of an eel caught by the Dana expedition of 1928-30. This eel was found to have 450 rudimentary vertebral plates. The common eel has 104, and the larger conger eel, about 150. The conger eel full-grown seldom exceeds eight feet, whereas the Dana eel was six feet long in its larval form. The application of ratio and proportion here would yield a truly sizeable eel.

But according to the New York Museum of Natural History, this evidence alone constitutes no guarantee of the adult size of the Dana eel. Dissection of other creatures has shown that size is by no means directly related to the number of vertebral plates. Neither are larval forms always proportional in size to adult forms. The swordfish has a larval form of less than an inch, yet it attains a far greater size than other fish of similar larval characteristics.

However, Dr. Bruun sees no reason to blast his expectations until someone catches an adult Dana eel that turns out not to be a monster. His confidence is such that, except for time and funds, he is prepared to fish for one of these giant sea serpents, intending to use a baited hook on a cable towed behind a ship.

Proof in this case will have to reside in the eel itself, for zoologists admit that they know too little of life forms in the

great ocean depths to be able to say scientifically that there ain't no such thing. Anyway, it is a refreshing change to hear someone speak glowingly of the fish he hasn't caught yet rather than of the one that got away.

TWO OF A KIND

A British woman who recently completed a fifteen-month solo voyage from England in her small sailboat was delayed upon her arrival at Miami because she had no entry papers and no crew list. She was finally admitted as a passenger and was told she could stay in the United States until October 31.

There was no objection. Both passenger and crew have to be back in England by that time anyway to write a book and carry out other commitments.

PIP-SQUEAK NEEDED

A gadget which will enable a vessel proceeding under radar guidance to associate "pips" on the radar screen with the voice response of unseen ships is being sought by the Radio Technical Commission for Marine Services, a joint government-industry group that has headquarters in Washington, D. C.

At present, marine accidents are often invited by an imperfect collaboration of radar and radiotelephony in which a vessel may find itself watching one pip and talking to another.

COMPLICATIONS

Helmar Okland, who was quartermaster on the Norwegian school ship, *Statsraad Lehmkuhl*, when she visited New York last summer on a training voyage, stopped in at the Institute recently to say hello.

He explained his civilian clothes by saying he had arrived this time as an A.B. on the 8000-ton passenger-cargo ship, *Samuel Bakke*. The trip took eleven days from Seville, Spain, compared with thirty-five days on the barque coming from Bergen, Norway, last summer.

According to Okland, the *Statsraad Lehmkuhl* abandoned plans for another training voyage to the United States this year following enactment of the McCarran Law, which blocked the young sailors from coming ashore here to begin their sea careers on other Norwegian vessels in American ports. Last year, 120 won such assignments upon their arrival in New York.

GOLDEN RULE

Colonies and newly independent nations have a predilection for ridiculing their mother countries. Mexicans have their jokes about the stupidity of the Spaniards; Americans laugh at the dull-witted Englishman.

With the Brazilians, the Portuguese are the butt of many jokes. One of these concerns a naval engagement between Portugal and Spain. It seems that a Portuguese submarine had cornered a Spanish warship and was about to fire the fatal torpedo into its side. However, the Portuguese submarine captain was a kindly man and did not want to cause unnecessary loss of life, so he ordered the Spaniards to abandon ship. But he soon realized that the crew of the warship was too large to be taken aboard the submarine, so he waved them back and considered his dilemma for a moment. Then swift and ingenious action was taken. The Portuguese joined the Spaniards on the warship and, with no bloodshed, they sank the submarine.

BIG ONES UNSEEN

Few seamen will be sorry to learn that they never get to see the highest ocean waves. These waves, according to the Scripps Institution of Oceanography of the University of California, reach a height of 300 feet as they roll along in the depths.

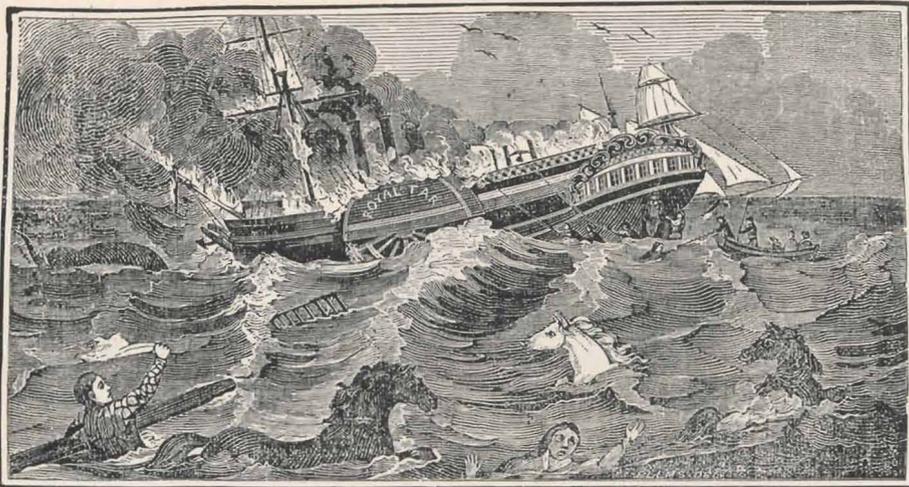
Surface waves reach their limit at about 100 feet, but it would seem from descriptions available here at the Seamen's Church Institute, that they have a way of appearing to be much higher. The subsurface waves, on the other hand, can only be detected by an elaborate measuring of water temperatures at various depths. They are caused by crests of cold water which move along the ocean floor, displacing the warmer water above it, but no one is able to explain just why the cold bottom layer gets its hackles up in the first place.

These subsurface temperature changes will soon receive twenty-four-hour-a-day study when the Scripps Institution sends an expedition to the open ocean southeast of the Kuroshio Current, which flows northward off Japan.

LIGHTHOUSE EVICTED

With a margin of several months to spare, century-old Bridgeport Harbor Lighthouse has escaped being consumed by its own light. The Coast Guard recently reconsidered a decision to put the 102-year-old structure to the torch sometime this fall.

But this decision of the Third Coast Guard District was no real reprieve for the lighthouse. It will be dismantled, instead. Four Coast Guardsmen now stationed there will be free for reassignment when a semi-automatic light on a steel tower goes into action in November.



From *Tragedies of the Sea*, 1841

Wrecks and Rescues

FIRE raced from the boilers to the masts and in great leaps devoured the decking. Women shrieked and passengers milled about in confused panic. Wild animals, caged amidships, roared and battered at their wooden prisons. Some men — crew and passengers — launched the longboat and rowed rapidly away, heedless of the cries and entreaties of their fellows. Others cut away a small boat and held it nearby, aiding some women as they lowered themselves over the side of the ship. Suddenly the wood above them shuddered and splintered and they looked upward at the great heaving body of an elephant. He crashed down, crushing the boat and its occupants beneath him. A man fitted his money belt about his waist and leaped, sinking immediately from sight with the weight of his silver.

Such was the fate of the steamboat *Royal Tar*, off the Maine coast in 1836. The few survivors owed their lives to Captain Thomas Reed, who had possession of a smallboat and saved as many struggling in the waters about him as was humanly possible. A revenue cutter viewed the catastrophe from a safe dis-

tance, its captain afraid of igniting the gun powder aboard, and convinced that if he ventured near, a wild beast would spring on deck.

The tragedy of the *Royal Tar* is part of the lore of the sea, part of the fantastic story of wreckage and rescue, of "perilous situations" and "horrid particulars." Tinged sometime with the supernatural, strong with the bravery or the cowardice of men, these tales of man's eternal struggle with the sea comprise some of the world's most incredible literature.

One of the brightest legends is that of the *Birkenhead*, a British troopship that was enroute to Algoa Bay on February 15, 1852, with the 78th Highlander Regiment and their families. That day, she struck a rock in the shark-infested waters off South Africa. The few fragile boats were filled with women and children and sent off to safety. A mass plunge into the water by the troops would have swamped the lifeboats. The regiment closed ranks and stood solemnly at attention on deck as the ship sank. The brave tradition of self-sacrifice and "women and children first" was thus born.

Cannibalism has long stalked in the

wake of crippled ships. Extremities of hunger and thirst wreak terrible transformations on "civilized" man. Perhaps the most harrowing tale of the privations of hunger was set down by a Miss Ann Saunders, an English girl of 24, who was a passenger on a vessel so wracked by storm that it was entirely unmanageable and drifted aimlessly with the wind and tide in the North Atlantic from February 1st to March 7, 1826. But let her tell it.

"In the untimely exit of no one of the unhappy sufferers was I so sensibly affected as in that of the unfortunate youth, James Frier — for in the welfare of none on board did I feel myself so immediately interested, as the reader may judge from the circumstances I shall mention. Before this dreadful calamity befell us he had obtained my consent and we had mutually agreed and avowed to each other our determination to unite in marriage as soon as we should reach our destined port. Judge then, my female readers (for it is you that can best judge), what must have been my feelings to see a youth for whom I had formed an indissoluble attachment—him with whom I expected so soon to be joined in wedlock and to spend the remainder of my days — expiring before my eyes for the want of that sustenance which nature requires for the support of life and which it was not in my power to afford him. And myself at the same moment so far reduced by hunger and thirst as to be driven to the horrid alternative, to preserve my own life, to plead my claim to the greater portion of his precious blood as it oozed half congealed from the wound inflicted upon his lifeless body! Oh, this was a bitter cup indeed! But it was God's will that it should not pass me and God's will be done. O, it was a chastening rod that has been the means, I trust, of weaning me forever from all the vain enjoyments of this frail world."

On the 7th of March, Lord Byron's ship the *Blonde* rescued the unfortunates, and Ann Saunders lived to return to England. There her story ends, for nothing further is known of her.

Man has yet to conquer the sea, and the great storms and ragings of the ele-

ments form the bulk of the lore of ships. One of the worst hurricanes of the 19th century was the September Gale of 1815 in which more than sixty ships in Boston Harbor alone were demolished or severely damaged and untold losses occurred on the open sea. An interesting sidelight on the 1815 storm was later provided by Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a child in a New England town. He wrote:

It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring through the
lines,
And set them all a-flying.
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost, ah! bitterly I wept,—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

With communication impossible, it was sometimes months and even years before a vessel was given up for lost—hope ever held that somehow she was delayed, perhaps for repairs, in some foreign port.

The New Haven settlement in 1646 fitted out the vessel *Fellowship* for trade with England, placing aboard her a cargo valued at 6,000 pounds, of no small consequence to the merchants and farmers of the Connecticut colony. Her crew was chosen from among the townspeople and her passengers were, as John Winthrop wrote, "of very precious account."

She set forth in midwinter, and eighteen long months went by without news of her. The little town went into mourning and many long hours were spent in communal prayer. One July afternoon a sudden thunderstorm lashed New Haven and lit the sky with jagged streaks of lightning. It passed out to sea, leaving the sky an unsettled, shifting mass of cloud. As the clouds parted high in the heavens, the image of a ship took form, gliding, sails taut and white, along the filmy gray masses. The people watched in awed silence as the clouds drew nearer to the earth and the vessel was sharply outlined by the setting sun. It was the *Fellowship*. Some even recognized the captain standing erect on the quarter-

deck. Suddenly, a great noiseless wind blew her topmasts away; then her masts toppled and sails and rigging collapsed on her decks. She foundered, rolled over on her beam ends, and slowly sank into the cloud.

John Winthrop's journals quote Rev. Mr. Davenport's sermon, comforting his horrified and frightened congregation: "God had condescended to send this account of His Sovereign disposal of those for whom so many prayers have been made." New Haven's ship in the sky never appeared again.

Many were those lost at sea because of superstition or indifference. If it had not been for the hardy realism of Captain Knight of the *John and Adam*, the weird tale of the *Sea Fox* of New York would have been forever locked in her dark holds. The ship capsized in an Atlantic squall in October, 1821 and sank. All drowned, except four men trapped in the forecabin. In utter darkness, near suffocation, with the sea slowly seeping to ever higher levels, the men clung precariously to life. The water began rocking to and fro, and the astonished men realized the vessel was slowly lifting and floating to

the ocean surface.

The hulk, on its side, was mistaken for a whale by the passing *John and Adam*, and the vessel tacked off course for a closer view. Their error was immediately apparent. Captain Knight ordered a boat overside to try to identify the wreck. The crew clambered up on the wooden planking, and the trapped men, jarred by the heavy tread of the seamen's boots, frantically tapped with their last feeble strength. The crewmen of the *John and Adam* retreated in terror, and would have fled back to the ship but for Captain Knight, who declared ghosts were nonsense and roared for an axe. They chopped a hole in the forecabin and hauled the hapless prisoners out into the sunlight. The compressed air escaped and water rushed in. The *Sea Fox* sank again, for the last time.

The *Sea Fox* had carried a cargo of salt, the weight of which was a factor in her sinking. The salt had dissolved as the sea water poured in, lightening the ship, and her nearly airtight holds had retained enough buoyancy to float her once more for a short time.

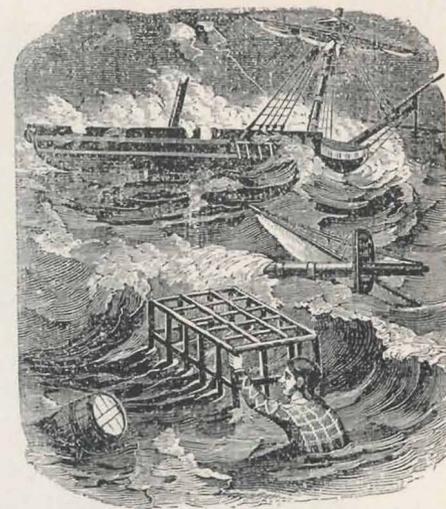
For many years, rescue operations

seemed to remain in the realm of the dark ages, while great technological advances were made in other fields. Since 1790 the Revenue cutters were an important factor in the safety of coastwise shipping but rescue work was necessarily secondary and sporadic. The Lifesaving Service aided many shipwrecked, but their facilities were woefully inadequate, consisting mainly of small surfboats and lines kept in readiness by lighthouse keepers or others stationed near points of danger for shipping.

It wasn't until 1915 that sea rescue operations were properly organized, with the formation of the U. S. Coast Guard combining into one unit the Revenue Patrol boats and the Lifesaving Service. A man named Marconi had perfected the wireless, and ships now had some means of communication. But 1915 was also the year of the worst sea disaster of all time—the loss of the superliner *Titanic* and the lives of 1,517 men, women and children.

Today, at last, sea rescue operations seem to be keeping pace with technical development. In the Coast Guard nerve center in New York City, every movement of the fleet of patrol boats, ice cutters, weather ships and planes is controlled and charted.

Hundreds of round, metal-backed bits of wood cling to an enormous magnetized map, representing along with tiny red arrows the position and general course of every major ship on the Atlantic. These markers are changed each day in accordance with the scheduled route of the vessel. Weather ships are indicated by tiny, wooden silhouettes. They cruise in strategic ten-square-mile areas in mid-ocean relaying first-hand weather observations, and are equipped with every possible means to assist a ship in distress. Small triangles post the presence of icebergs. Storms are also tracked. Augmenting government weather observations, the Coast Guard's aerologist pinpoints "trouble" areas, affording detailed observations of conditions in areas of possible Coast Guard activity. Teletypes and other communications are manned 24 hours a day, compiling the



From *Tragedies of the Seas*, 1841

data that causes the bits of wood to shift position on the painted Atlantic.

Perhaps for the layman the best summation of all these bewildering charts, machines and reports would be in the quiet observation of Chief Haley of the Bureau of Information, "The *Titanic* has never happened again."

Although the old tars fancied up some "glistening-eyed" sea monsters, it is doubtful even they could conceive of the rescues at sea accomplished in this mechanized age.

In 1947, the huge flying boat *Sky Queen* was downed in a storm 800 miles off the coast of Newfoundland, near the Coast Guard weather ship *Bibbs*. As passengers were being transferred to the safety of the cutter, a liferaft was swamped and a small surfboat broke apart under the force of the wind-whipped sea. Coast Guardsmen went over the side on landing nets to pull the victims from the waters.

The *Bibbs* steamed into Boston Harbor, a broom lashed to her masthead. A clean sweep — 69 aboard the luckless *Sky Queen*, 69 saved. And a modern story joined the ancients in the lore of the sea.

MAE STOKE

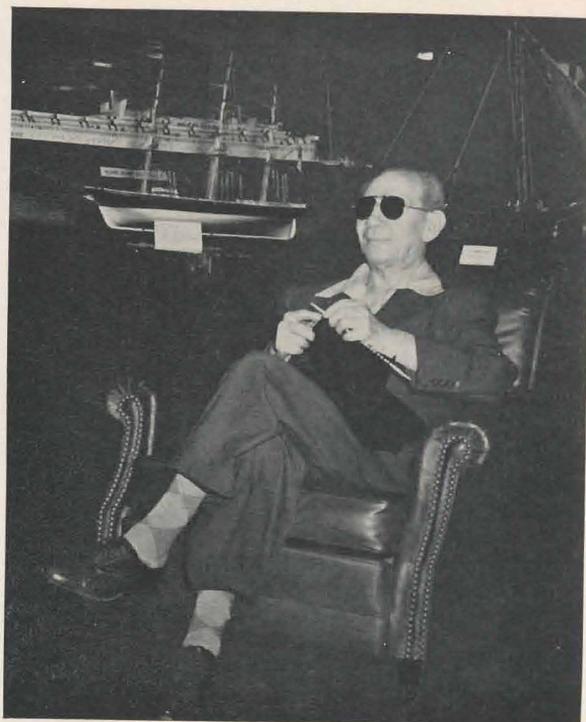


From *Tragedies of the Sea*, 1841

From the *Sea Fox*, Captain Knight rescued four whom superstition nearly doomed.

Twelve Hours A Day

An Item of
Interest to
Those Who
Knit and Those
Who Don't



ALTHOUGH surrounded by a world of darkness, Maurice Rapoport has found a way to help others. During the past five years he has knitted 200 sweaters and 150 scarves for the Christmas gift packages put aboard merchant ships each year by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Now seventy-four years old, Mr. Rapoport was blinded through an accident in 1939 and was forced to give up his work as a designer of men's clothing. With the help of the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind, he subsequently became skilled in ceramics, piano, braille and knitting.

In 1948 he learned of the Central Council of Associations at the Institute and began knitting for their Christmas packages, often knitting as long as twelve hours a day. Mr. Rapoport does not regard himself as a particularly fast

knitter, but he does take some pride in the quality and the volume of his work.

The goal of the Central Council of Associations at the Institute is to place a gift package in the hands of every merchant seaman whose work requires him to be at sea on Christmas Day. During October, Institute Ship Visitors will begin putting the gift packages aboard vessels scheduled to be at sea for Christmas.

Additional knitters are needed to make the gloves, socks, beanies and sweaters included in these gift packages. Interested persons may contact Mrs. Rebekah S. Shieler at the Seamen's Church Institute (25 South Street, BO 9-2710). If you do not knit, you can put yarn into the hands of those who do by contributing to the Central Council's Wool Fund. Any gift to the Seamen's Church Institute is tax exempt.

YOUR MERCHANT MARINE

The Kings Point Story....

• THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE HAS ITS OWN WEST POINT. IT IS THE U.S. MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY AT KINGS POINT, L.I.

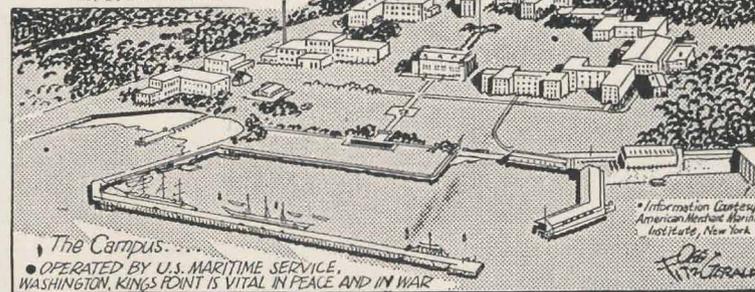


• "THE O'HARA ACTION" TYPIFIES KINGS POINT HEROISM IN WAR. FIRST CORPSMAN TO WIN DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL, E. J. O'HARA, FROM CALIFORNIA, LOST HIS LIFE IN WORLD WAR II WHILE MANNING A LIBERTY SHIP GUN SINGLEHANDED TO FIRE LAST FIVE SHELLS INTO AN ENEMY RAIDER



• BEGUN IN 1938, THE ACADEMY OFFERS, FREE, A FULLY ACCREDITED COLLEGE DEGREE AND A CAREER AS A MERCHANT MARINE OFFICER

LIFEBOAT DRILL



The Campus....

• OPERATED BY U.S. MARITIME SERVICE, WASHINGTON, KINGS POINT IS VITAL IN PEACE AND IN WAR

Information Courtesy of American Merchant Marine Institute, New York

Please send a free copy of THE LOOKOUT to:

name.....

address.....

city..... zone..... state.....

send it with my compliments please do not use my name

your name and address

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LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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

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