

The LOOKOUT

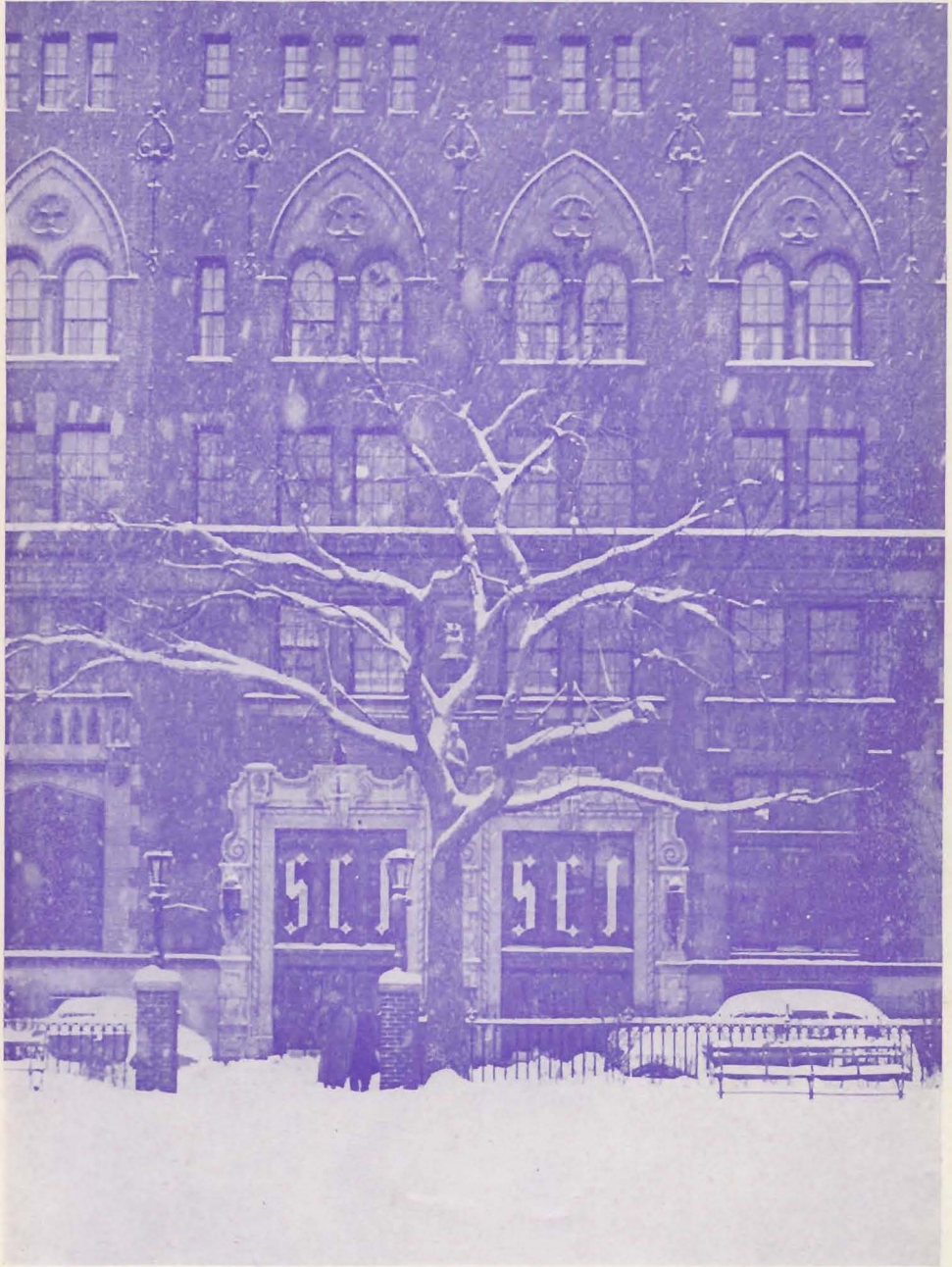


Photo by Leroy Gates

When Winter Comes to 25 South Street . . .

A View of the Institute from Jeanette Park

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
VOL. XXX No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1939

EDITOR'S NOTE: In response to many requests from LOOKOUT readers we are having another SEAMEN'S NUMBER of THE LOOKOUT. The articles, poems, stories and illustrations in this issue have been contributed by merchant seamen.

The LOOKOUT

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Photo by Seaman Orville Handlon
"Medico" to the Rescue—(See page 8)

The Lookout

Vol. XXX

February, 1939

No. 2

The "Hurricane" Smacks A Reef

By Gerry Mefferd

EDITOR'S NOTE: On Thursday evening, January 12th, Gerry Mefferd the "land-lubber" from Iowa (who learned to navigate by shooting the sun with an Iowa cornfield providing the horizon) who sailed for three years on a world-girdling voyage in a 45-foot ketch "Hurricane", showed his pictures and told of his experiences before a large and enthusiastic audience of merchant seamen in the auditorium of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. We asked 27-year old Mefferd to write a short piece for THE LOOKOUT on one of the highlights of the "Hurricane's" cruise. He might have selected the pig-hunting expedition in Galapagos, or diving among sharks and coral for pearls in Tuamotus, or the fire-walkers of Mbenga in Fiji, or racing another world-girdling yacht "Director" in a South Pacific gale. But he chose the experience of being wrecked on a coral reef near New Guinea.

PROBABLY the most thrilling experience of the voyage Ray Kauffman and I took around the world in his forty-five foot ketch "Hurricane" was when we were shipwrecked forty miles southeast of New Guinea.

It happened in the black of night when an uncharted current set us seventeen miles off our course. Her keel struck a shuddering blow on a sunken reef. I awakened out of a sleep on deck to find us surrounded by white breakers. The ship was being tossed like a toy by the big seas. Writing of that awakening, I am surprised that we were not panicky. On the contrary, we were quite logical. We groped our way to the high side and clung to the rigging, waiting to see what the seas were going to do to us.

We saw waves rise black and sinister astern, heard them thunder



Photo by Captain Ray Kauffman
Gerry Mefferd "Shoots the Sun".

against the counter and climbed higher into the rigging as they swept over the ship. We felt her bang on the coral and we knew that as soon as we could get away we would have to leave her.

She was already leaking when we got below and the musty smell of the coral reef was filling the cabin. Wading waist deep among floating pans, pillows, books and match boxes we dug out life preservers, food and water. Consulting a chart we learned that we had a twelve mile stretch of open ocean to cross. We didn't know whether three of us could make it in a ten foot dinghy or not.



The 45 foot ketch "Hurricane"

Just before dawn we launched the dinghy and placing our gear in it bailed out over the bow-sprit. Paddling through the surf we got in the lee of the reef and rowing along in the smooth water we could see sharks and giant clams which would have made upsetting fatal.

When we stood out into the open sea we were lost in the long ocean swells. On their peaks we could see an island in the distance. We rowed feverishly for three and one half hours. And as a breeze was picking up, we bailed frantically to keep

the little boat afloat. Somehow we made land.

When we stepped ashore at Wari Island we were met by a wild looking band of tattooed savages who, by refusing to take us to the white settlement of Samarai some forty miles away, kept us captives for four days, hoping that the Hurricane would break up so they could salvage her. In desperation one night, we stole a native dug-out canoe and Ray and two friendly native boys sailed for help.

Luckily the sturdy little ship held together until he got back with another boat and thirty natives. Working day and night, we dug a canal across the reef. At low tide we hove the boat down on its good side and made temporary patches with canvas and bunk boards. We took out the ballast and pumped her dry. Then on a spring tide we kedged her over the reef and into the lagoon. At a shipyard in Samarai we put thirteen new planks in her port side.

Small boats that go on outside reefs and come off again are few and far between. A lucky lull in the southeast trades is all that saved the Hurricane.

The Blocking of Zeebrugge

By Charles Jackson

EDITOR'S NOTE: On Sunday afternoon, January 1st, Station WMCA broadcast a program from the auditorium of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, in which former Mayor James J. Walker interviewed a group of seamen in regard to the most thrilling experiences they had ever had at sea. Seaman Charles Jackson told briefly of his experience in the blocking of the Zeebrugge Channel during the World War. For this act of bravery he was awarded the Special Service Medal of the British Navy, the Victory Medal and the British War Medal.

WHILE stopping here at the Institute in 1914 with my pal Berry looking for a ship, I was lucky enough to get an English ship going to England with a load of War supplies. My former shipmate Berry also got a ship, a Bark going to Australia. We got to Great Britain all right and I was paid off. I was to be sent home, but in the meantime I had joined the British Navy as a Canadian from Winne-

peg, Canada. In the Navy I was sent through the Gunnery School; came out of the Gunnery School a seaman gunner and joined special service or what they called the Suicide Club. I was then given four days leave. I returned to my ship and was sent to the Belgian Coast, and the North Sea after a year of this kind of work. I was given 4 days leave again. I went to London to spend same and during this leave who should I meet but my shipmate Berry, who had shipped in the Bark to Australia in 1914. He was in kilts, and had just returned from the front for a short leave. Needless to say we had a great time together for the next two days.

On returning from my leave volunteers were asked for, for something which no one knew anything about, except that the chances of coming back were pretty near nil. Something was in the wind. I went to the Captain to volunteer, he asked me these questions, after looking over my record. "Jackson", says he, "are you married; are you willing to do anything that I may ask?" I told the captain that I was not married, and that I was willing to do anything for the country for which I was fighting, and also that I was only sorry that I only had one life to give, as I was one sailor that knew what he was fighting for (Right) and not (Might). The Captain seemed to give me a smile and said after looking at my record, I accept you.

Now while all this is taking place America had declared War, and I saw in the paper that all Americans who had joined the Allied forces would be repatriated to their own country's forces. I was given four days leave after volunteering, so while in London I went to Admiral Sims' office to be repatriated. I could not see Admiral Sims, but his secretary told me the only way to

get back in the American forces was to return to my ship and declare myself as an American, *which I did*. I was asked if I would put same in writing; I did. I was immediately taken off the ship and taken ashore and put in the Brig at Chatham, England. My uniform was taken from me and I was put in prison clothes. This offense was so severe that I was to go before an Admiral for trial. I was tried before Admiral Sturdy who fought the battle of the Falkland Islands against Von Spree. I was taken before him with a guard on each side of me. He read my statement that I was an American and wanted to get back in the American forces and that I had joined the British Navy under false nationality. He laid the statement down and looked at me, and said "Jackson are you aware that you leave yourself open to be shot?" My answer was "No sir." He said "Well you do. I am going to give you a week to think this over." I was taken back to the Brig; the next morning an officer came to the Brig and asked me if I had thought it over, and I asked him just what the Admiral meant, by me thinking it over, and I was told that if I was still a Canadian I would be sent back to my ship. Please don't laugh but when the officer came back next morning I was a Canadian. I was that day sent back to my ship as if nothing had ever happened.

This brings us up to the early part of March 1918, at which time I was sent for at Chatham. On reporting I was sent to H.M.S. THETIS, Captain R. S. Snyder in command, fitting out in dock yard at Chatham. I learned on going aboard that I was one of many volunteers. We loaded the ship with mines and concrete, also liquid fire gun and many other preparations were made. Still no one knew what

we were going to do or where we were going although many rumors were going about among us. The latter part of March we were given all the wages we had coming, with four days leave, and were told not to open our lips about the ship, which I assure you we did not. We returned from leave and finally the day came when we put to sea but still no one knew where we were going or what we were even going to do. And to be honest, even when I say twenty years after, no one seemed to care, I myself thought of only the job to be done. I am sure my shipmates felt the same way.

At Sea—The Blocking of Zeebrugge, Belgium, on the Night of April 22-23, 1918

The day of April 22, 1918 came around. We were lying at anchor at the Goodwin Downs. Admiral Keys came aboard with a minister, called all hands together. The Admiral unfolded a chart, then told us what we were going to do. "Men," says he, "we are going to attempt to block the port and fortress of Zeebrugge tonight. The time of attack will be 11:55 P.M. I have here a chart of every gun emplacement at Zeebrugge. The place is very heavily fortified, to say nothing of the mine fields outside of the harbor, also the harbor defense guns. This ship will lead the way in, followed by two others. I want to warn all hands the best that I can hope for is a prison in Germany if you do get in. If there be anyone who would like to back out now, he can still do so. (No one backed out, I am glad to say.) That is all I have to say". Then the minister said: "Men, I came aboard here with Admiral Keys to hold a little service because we don't know who will be here in the morning." From Admiral down, each made his peace with his God, on his knees, the only time in my

life where I saw an entire crew do that. The Admiral left the ship and now we understood what was before us. What did the future of the night hold for us?

At 5 P.M. we left for Zeebrugge from the Downs, a secret anchorage near Dover, myself and another man at the wheel, for we were steering by hand. We arrived off the Belgian coast just before dark. Everything was ready; the entire Grand fleet was bombarding Zeebrugge. The planes were giving them plenty from shore. The idea was a decoy so they would not notice us. At this point the steaming crew were taken off the ship, and the Admiral came aboard to wish us success and luck. He left the ship again and boarded the North Star, and called over to us "I will be with you". The time now was about 10:55, dark as could be, no lights anywhere. We had to find the entrance to the harbor. We started in at slow speed, the Captain got us together and said "Men, this ship goes in. No matter who is alive to take her in." Our ships started attacking from all sides, the fleet firing over us. The Germans seemed to sense something was up, not just a bombardment, so they started putting flaming "onions" (lights fired from cannon) in the air and lighting the place up like day. At this point they must have seen us because we were getting hit at five miles out by rakes of shells. Our first man died from shell fire at this point. As we kept coming the shells came faster and faster, but we still kept coming. Now we are about half a mile outside the harbor and under direct fire of all guns, and we got it too. We had thought more about hitting a mine on our way in, but our luck is holding. We are still coming; we enter the harbor under a most terrific shell fire; the shells are hitting us

from all sides. We foul the harbor defense (heavy wires stretched across the harbor) in our propellers, one engine done, I get word from the engine room. Still we are coming, way in the harbor now, almost to the place where we want to blow ourself up, but word comes again from the engine room—shells coming through both boilers, engine cannot last much longer. Things come fast now. I tell the forward gun crew to lie down so they will not get hit. Firing at close range, next moment gun crew all lie dead. I try to get Captain. He has been blown off upper bridge, also two other men with him. Engine room calls up, wants to know why red light is burning (our signal to abandon ship). I tell him no orders yet. Ship is undergoing a most terrific shell fire at close range, not 20 yards from dock. We are right at the entrance, ship will not go any further, she is done. The Lieutenant comes in the wheelhouse and tells me to give the signal to abandon ship. I do. Guns hitting us from all sides. He gives order to blow up ship. There she goes. I leave the wheelhouse to find machine gun bullets hitting us like hailstones, and the Germans are using gas on us, something we did not figure on; at least we had no gas masks. I tried to get to the after part of the ship. All searchlights are on us. Halfway I see the mid-ship gun has been hit. The dead lying around the gun, one man is moving—one of his legs is gone. I go over and push him overboard, that is the last for me as I was hit myself. I was taken out of the water by one of our small boats. When I came to, Capt. Snyder laid alongside of me, he was saying "Well done Jackson" over and over again. I was in bad shape gassed, and shrapnel in the head.

We were landed in Dover, Eng-



Charles Jackson is Greeted by Mrs. Roper

land, sometime the next day. We had quite a reception and the same Admiral that told me that I left myself open to be shot, told me that I was one of the best men in the British Navy—Admiral Sturdy. I was taken to the hospital at South End, England, and was there for fourteen months. I still carry shrapnel in my head today—just a little reminder that I took part in the first successful blocking in history. I left hospital and returned to Chatham, whence I started. There I saw on the bulletin board all overseas men report for discharge. I lost no time in reporting, only to find out that I could not be discharged because I was up for a survey for pension. I saw the doctor and told him I wanted to be discharged and he warned me if I signed clear I waiver all future claims. I sign, and am discharged. The third day here I am in London with fourteen months wages in my pocket. What shall I do? Well I try to get a ship again, and did manage to get a ship to Boston. I do want to say everything in this article is one of the true experiences that I have gone through in my 30 years at sea. I am back now where I started from—at the Institute, still looking for a ship. I wonder!

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The Sea Call

Let me see again the white
sails at the dawning

When first the rising sun peeps
o'er the sea;

Let me feel again the first
faint breeze of morning

And see the loom of Southern
isles, to lee.

To climb the leaning spars and
feel the spindrift

Beating upon my eager up-
turned face;

To feel a ship's swift plunge,
and slowly uplift,

Flinging the angry seas into
their place.

*"My road calls me, lures me
West, East, South and North;
Most roads lead men homeward
My road leads me forth."*

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

I weary of the land and would be faring
Back to the sea, my first love and my pride.
In time of storm, its toil and danger sharing,
In peaceful days, its calm swift flowing tide.
The sweet Aeolian music of the sea breeze,
It softly chants an epic of the brave.
I long once more to stand upon the crosstrees
On a ship under sail in a by-gone day.

By Israel Stout

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*"And there was a mighty tempest in the sea,
so that the ship was like to be broken."*

—JONAH 1:4

Wood Cuts by Rockwell Kent reprinted from "N by E",
with the kind permission of Houghton Mifflin & Co., Publishers

The Sea

A lowly sailor tho I be
No miser has more wealth
than me

No king can have a fuller life
Nor man a more inspiring
wife.

My heart is full when day is
done

With gold bestowed me by
the sun

The stars and moon shower
gems at night

And pathways dark are filled
with light.

And when I've done my trick
at wheel

Then to my bunk where I
can feel

The swelling bosom of the Sea
Oft bringing tender sleep to
me.

There surely is no finer bed

Where king can lay a regal head

Nor coffers where a miser's stored

A finer gold than my heart's hoard.

And who can boast a sweeter wife?

So patient, silent, free with life.

At times tempestuous, then serene

A rolling blue and heaving green

Not wife alone is she to me

She's mother, wife and God—all three!

By "Rope Yarn" Thomas Wilson Walker

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*"And all I ask is a tall ship
And a star to steer her by."*

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

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*"They that go down to the sea in ships,
that do business in great waters."*

PSALM 107:23

The Most Interesting Experience of My Sea Career

My most wonderful experience at sea was in September, 1937, while sailing from Hopewell, Va. to Haulsenburgh, Finland.

I was second assistant engineer on the Steamship *Silver Sword*. We were about half way across the Atlantic when we ran into a storm which lasted four days. On the fifth day the messman was found being carried by the sea from rail to rail down the forward deck. No one knew how he got there, but it was a miracle that he was not swept overboard.

The sailors took him to the hospital and we all gathered around taking off his clothes, drying him and administering in whatever way we could to his relief; but it seemed only a few minutes before the Captain came down from the bridge with information that the wireless operator had picked up a French liner three hundred miles away and the doctor on that ship was giving us instructions just how to give first aid in the right way to relieve the sufferer.

On the following day we transferred him in the middle of the Atlantic to the steamer *Manhattan* bound for New York where he was under the care of day and night nurses and a regular doctor.

I cannot forget this experience and I think all of us seamen should be very thankful to the inventor of the radio and to the operators that the government compels us to carry for our safety.*

By GEORGE ATKINS.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: "MEDICO", the radio call used by ships when needing medical advice, was originated by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in 1922 and first used by station KDKF on our roof at 25 South Street.

When 25 miles off the Norwegian coast, April 16, 1917, steamers "Svanfoss" and "Borgila" were attacked by a German submarine. I was mate on the "Svanfoss". The ship was abandoned.

While rowing away, U 30 comes up,

orders our Captain over, with the ship's papers. Alongside, 3 Germans step in my boat, giving orders to row for "Borgila".

Suddenly, another submarine comes up shooting at U 30. This was an unusual thrill, lying in the *fireline* between the submarines, shells whistling overhead, and dropping dangerously close.

U 30 disappeared, taking my skipper along, leaving me with 3 of their crew.

By PETER STABOE.

In 1928 it was my good fortune to make a six-months singlehanded cruise around the Caribbean in a small auxiliary yawl.

Starting from Havana, this voyage was packed with adventures, from which it is hard to select one more fitting than the others for this yarn.

Sinking a dory in the Belize river—a small dugout loaded with a live cow was the most amusing incident of this journey, and transiting the Panama Canal, for which \$2.25 was charged, was perhaps one of the most interesting.

The most thrilling, however, occurred in the windward passage, off Cape Maisi, Cuba when I fell overboard while attempting to replace a balloon jib with storm canvas in a sudden squall.

Fortunately I carried the jib overboard through the bob stays and was able to pull myself back on board, not, however, without considerable struggle and anxiety that something might give way in the lashing squall and leave my ship to sail on with no hands on board.

There was also a matter of a lost rudder near Gallinas Point, Colombia, an alligator which climbed aboard at the floating dock in Balboa, and hurricane winds off Hatteras, all on the same trip.

After falling overboard, however, these things came as an anti-climax, just part of the day's work in sailing a small ship singlehanded.

By CLIFFORD H. GALLOWAY.

Tragedy Aboard the "Bluebell"

By Christian Beck

EDITOR'S NOTE: Christian Beck has been going to sea for forty years, and he has now (reluctantly) decided that it's about time to "swallow the anchor" and retire to the comfortable haven for old salts on Staten Island known as Sailors' Snug Harbor. He was born in Denmark and started his seagoing career when a lad of 14.

Christian Beck stayed at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, until his papers and credentials were collected in order to qualify him for admission to Sailor's Snug Harbor. We helped him procure evidence that he has spent ten years as a seafarer—that means 3,650 actual days at sea). Interviewed, he was eager to tell of a terrifying experience he endured aboard the British ship "Bluebell" in 1900. It is a wild tale, of starvation and death, and Christian tells it with gusto and a charming Danish accent. It is a tale of drifting for seven months, from Calcutta to St. Helena, as one by one, the crew died until finally only three were left. But let Christian tell his salty tale in his own way:

"I HAD been ashore about fourteen days in Liverpool, when I landed a job on the British ship 'Bluebell', to sign on the day after at the Board of Trade. The next morning I reported for duty as Able Seaman. That day and the following one there was a lot of work on hand bending sails and stowing provisions away, for the day following we were getting ready to leave for Durban, South Africa.

"The next morning at 6 A.M. the towboat was laying alongside ready to take us out to Holyhead. On the way out our steering gear went out of commission and we had to be towed into Holyhead. Two days after, everything was in shape. We were towed out to sea and were off on our own hook, and in a short time every stitch of sail was put on her and down we went for the Line.

"Everything went nice and smoothly until 16 degrees North

and we ran into a calm. Later on, we were three or four days wallowing with the swell until we ran into the trade winds. That got us over the Line and into a stiff Southwesterly wind. That wind carried us down to the Cape and around it. A few days after we were outside Durban waiting for a towboat to tow us in. In fourteen days we were ready to go out again, having discharged half of our cargo, the other half going to Lourenco Marques in Delagoa Bay.

"Everything ran nicely and soon we were in Delagoa Bay discharging the balance of our cargo and laid there for orders. The following day the Captain came aboard with orders to head for Calcutta. In about four weeks after leaving Delagoa Bay we were getting towed up the Hugli River and moored with chains in the harbor of Calcutta laying there for a cargo to come aboard. We had a very easy time on account of the coolies working the cargo and we having all the credit we wanted from the tailor or the bumboat man. Just as soon as the ship was loaded we were ready to go to sea, bound for Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana. Soon slip the chains and we were towing out to the Hugli River.

"Nearing Diamond Harbor I was up at the wheel as the Steward came running up and announced that the Captain was dead. The Pilot told me to follow the towboat, and the Chief Mate and the Pilot went down to the Captain's room and found him dead, with a bottle of poison on his table. The Steward said that the Captain *took poison* because he had used the money for himself (he caroused in

Calcutta and also sent a large draft home) which he should have spent for fresh provisions, lime juice, etc., for the crew. The Pilot right away signaled the tugboat to tow in Diamond Harbor and anchored. That was late in the afternoon and the next day a boat came alongside and took the body ashore.

"We laid at Diamond Harbor for about twelve days until another Captain came down from Calcutta to take the ship out. The whole crew complained to the Chief Officer and the Steward that we had not received any provisions and we were running short of grub before we came into any South African port. Just as soon as the new Captain came aboard we again complained, but it had no effect as he said we could always reach any South American port if we should run short of rations. The day after we had fair wind and hove anchor up and put all sail and off we went. Three weeks at sea bucking head winds, the Steward cutting down on the rations, no more soft tacks and very little salt meat could be had, the biscuits were mouldy and full of maggots, the biscuits when broken were moving on the table, so it was nothing from morning to night but kicks and grumble on the part of the crew. By that time the Carpenter had been laid up for about four days and all the sailors were in pretty bad shape in their bunks.

"It went along for another ten days, and the Chief Mate and one of the Apprentices were laid up and the next day found the Carpenter dead in his bunk. We then sewed him up in a canvas bag and threw him over the side. The Captain said a few words and prayer for the Carpenter and over he went, draped in the British flag. Two days later two more sailors were laid up, and the Chief Mate died the following

morning and was buried over the side.

"Another ten days went by. Two or three more of the sailors and one of the Apprentices were also laid up. During the night after that two of the sailors died and most of the crew were feeling shaky, their feet started to swell up and became very itchy, also their fingers. Several days after that there were only four sailors, three Apprentices, Second Mate, Captain, and Steward left who were not sick. After that, two more sailors died and we dumped them over the side. Still another Apprentice got sick and also the Second Mate, and a couple more died in the fo'c'sle. We kept on plowing along the best we could, making for the South African coast, but on account of the head winds we got further away from our goal. The worst of it was that the Captain got sick as well as another Apprentice, and only four sailors and one Apprentice were left to handle the ship. By that time four sailors and one Apprentice were laid up in their bunks. After that things went from bad to worse, and one after the other died and over the side they also went without any burial or Union Jack.

"So we drifted, not being able to handle the ship properly for six or seven weeks, and by that time the Captain was over the side, also another Apprentice and the Steward, leaving only us three kids aboard the ship. The three of us were under seventeen years of age and certainly could not handle the ship, and the Apprentice still alive did not know very much about navigation, and we did not know where we were, but we still kept on steering on a Westerly course as the wind allowed us to. We sailed and drifted with our ensign upside down, and a salt meat barrel lashed in the main top, until one morning

the Apprentice on the poop noticed smoke on the horizon, and all of us rushed on deck with all the glasses spying, spying for the smoke on the horizon.

"We were drawing nearer and nearer to it, in a couple of hours' time a big Union Castle Liner filled with soldiers was laying close to our ship. The Union Castle Liner was bringing troops home from Capetown after the Boer War. A boat was lowered from the Liner and in it were six sailors and one officer, Second Mate of the Liner, and as it came along side of our ship and asked us what was wrong with our ship we told him 'Beri beri and scurvy' and just as soon as he heard that he told the men in the boat to shove off. The Second Mate of the Liner was afraid to go aboard the 'Bluebell' because he thought beri beri and scurvy were contagious. But the Apprentice on our ship had got hold of the Captain's gun and pointed same at the Second Mate in the boat and compelled him and two sailors to come aboard the ship.

"By that time the soldiers and officers on the Liner rushed to the side of their ship and the officers on the bridge noticed what had happened to the sailors and Second Mate. Then another boat was lowered from the Liner filled with Army officers and in a short while

they were all aboard our ship. They asked us all kinds of questions and how long we had been at sea, also about provisions and water. They turned sickly green when they saw dead rats in the water tank. So we told them we had had nothing to eat but cracker hash and rain water to drink and only three men left aboard the ship. By that time the first boat came back again and the Chief Officer with the full boat crew arrived alongside and took charge. The boat and all the officers had left for the Liner and in a short while were returning with provisions of all kinds for us. The Chief Officer and the eight men from the Liner were bringing all the provisions on board. The Captain of the Liner placed the Second Mate in command of the 'Bluebell', and one Apprentice and fifteen volunteers in the crew to take us in to St. Helena, and that was the first we knew that we were only sixty miles from St. Helena. Next morning we reached St. Helena and anchored in the harbor. The three of us were sent to the Hospital with nothing but raw potatoes to eat. One raw potato will cure scurvy, but the Hospital at St. Helena seemed to think that if one was good, hundreds were better, and us three boys were allowed *nothing at all* for nine days except raw potatoes. So this narration ends our eventful trip."

Book Review

DEAD NED by John Masefield

Macmillan. \$2.50

Dead Ned is aptly called the autobiography of a corpse. It is an eighteenth century tale, the story of Edward Mansell who, still a minor and not quite out of an apprenticeship to the medical profession, is accused of the murder of his only friend, Admiral Topsle Cringle.

Ned is, of course, innocent, but the evidence, though circumstantial, is overwhelming and he is found guilty, sentenced, and hanged at Tyburn jail.

Doctor Copshrews, to whom Ned was apprenticed, and a surgeon, who knew Ned's father, claim the body, restore life and aid Ned in escaping from England. He sails from Liverpool as surgeon of the Albion, bound for the coast of Dead Ned, haunt of slavers.

Told in the precise language of the eighteenth century, the story moves rapidly, after a slow start, and ends on a promise of another volume which will be welcomed by all who read the beginning of the adventure.

Fred E. Harris (Chief Mate)

My First Two Trips to Sea

By John W. Binnie, Chief Engineer.

I WAS born in Scotland. On my first trip to sea, in 1893, aboard the Steamship "WAIKATU", on the way back to England from New Zealand, our ship lost her propeller and shaft in a storm in the "roaring Forties" off Cape Horn. We had a cargo of mutton, plenty of coal and water. But no ship saw our signal and we drifted for nearly ten months! Of course, there was no radio in those days. The British Admiralty sent a ship in search of us (we learned later) but they missed us. Lloyd's reported the "WAIKATU" lost after six months, and paid off the insurance.

Our ship was finally sighted, and towed to port, where our propeller was repaired. Almost two years had elapsed when, at last, we arrived at London docks. There was great rejoicing. Crowds of people were on the dock to meet their loved ones. After being so long away from home, and the ship was sup-

posed to be lost, some of the crew got a very bad disappointment when they were told that their wives had married again!

It was taken to court and they decided not to arrest anybody for bigamy and the first husbands could have their wives back again! No one was to blame as Lloyd's had given the ship up for lost and insurances paid.

On my second trip to sea, in 1894, aboard the S.S. "GLENDONNEN", our ship caught fire and we had to abandon her. It was near the Equator, and we were in a life-boat for 18 days—18 men. We ran short of water—finally, each man was fed one spoonful daily. Eight men went crazy, drank salt water and jumped overboard. The tropic sun beat down, burning our flesh, and the Tropic rain drenched us. At long last, ten of us reached Durbin, South Africa.

My Dream Ship

By F. E. Harris, Mate

SHE was a skys'ly yarder and a thing of pure beauty. Cap'n Henry Wilson eyed her with the appreciation of a true sailorman. "There," he said aloud, "is a real ship".

His gaze took in the long sweep of her, the lofty spars, the trim yards. He nodded approvingly at her snowy paintwork and glittering brass. The gilt scrollwork on her counter was a work of art. All her gear was snugly coiled down on the pins.

"Everything shipshape and Bristol fashion," Cap'n Henry murmured.

As he stood there a faraway look came into Cap'n Henry's eyes. He saw the wide blue sea again, stretching away to the horizon, while the Trades sang softly in the rigging.

He sighed.

The tempo changed and he heard the Roaring Forties shriek as they tore at halyard and stay. The gray-beards of the Horn rushed at him and crashed aboard while the deck heaved and bucked beneath his feet.

Tea from China, wool from Australia, spice from the Isles. Their fragrance filled his nostrils. He sighed again.

Then his dream was shattered. A harsh, strident, female voice broke upon his ears. "Henry Wilson! You come right up here and get your supper. How many times do I have to call you?"

So he put the little model back on its stand and climbed wearily up the stairs to his supper.

F. E. HARRIS.

Some Sailor Poetry

I'm Fain

I'm fain for sight o' the water
fronts,
For the smells o' hemp an' tar,
For the creak o' boom an' the
squeak o' block
An' the docks where sailors are:

I'm fain for whiff o' the low-tide
flats,
For the reek o' kelp an' shell,
For the tang o' salt an' the grey-
green reach
An' the sight o' crest an' swell:

I'm fain for the instant glimpse o'
sail

In a wrinkled sky-line set,
For the sursh an' the song an' soothe
o' surf—

For the sea-wist's in me, yet.

By HUGH MALCOLM McCORMICK

Just Ask A Man

Just try it sometime,
Then you'll know
The true worth
Found in friendship's glow.

Ship out! spend days
And weeks at sea.
Then come ashore
For one last spree.

You'll want your fling
And care not where
You spend your time
If fun is there.

But just in case
That you should meet,
Real folk; real friends,
THAT is a treat!

There is a difference,
Believe you me.
Just ask a man
Who goes to sea!

By WARREN STANTON

OLD SHIPMATES

They sailed the seas together in the old windjammer days
The ocean's whims and moods they'd see in all its varying ways
In sailing craft from fore and aft to the square rigged clipper grand
They roughed it and they fought it from the Horn to Baffins Land.

They sweltered in the tropics and they froze in Arctic storms
Went hungry on short rations with the biscuits full of worms
They hauled and pulled on braces, in lee scuppers like to drown
Backs and arms and voices weak as they chantied "Blow the Man Down".

Neath foc'sle head they spun the yarns that sailors like the best
Of old ship days and Bucko Mates, "Shanghai Brown" and "Paddy West".
They "busted up" their pay days and the town they painted red
Till the blue sky was their blanket and the sidewalk was their bed.

But the men and the day and the ships have gone to the land of Better
Weather

But blow high, blow low, fair winds or foul, they always stuck together.

By CHARLES L. ATKINS,
Master Mariner.

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