

The
LOOKOUT

JANUARY, 1949



Photo by Capt. James Burns

ICE ON THE CAT-WALK OF A TANKER

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

SEAMEN'S VERSION OF THE 23rd PSALM

The Lord is my pilot; I shall not drift.
 He lighteth me across the dark waters.
 He steereth me in the deep channels.
 He keepeth my log. He guideth me by the
 Star of Holiness for His Name's sake. Yea,
 Though I sail 'mid the thunders and tempests
 Of Life, I shall dread no danger. For Thou
 Art with me; Thy love and Thy care they
 Shelter me. Thou preparest a harbor before
 Me in the homeland of eternity; Thou anointest
 The waters with oil; my ship rideth
 Calmly. Surely sunlight and starlight shall
 Favor me all the days of my voyaging and
 I will rest in the port of my Lord forever.

Captain J. Rogers

The
LOOKOUT

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SKIPPERS WHO PAINT

Be sure to see the exhibition of paintings by Merchant Marine Skippers to be on view in the Institute's Janet Roper Club opening February 1st and continuing through the month. Among those who have accepted the invitation to exhibit their work are Capt. George Grant, United Fruit Co., Capt. Richard Patterson, U.S. Lines; Capt. George E. Tubbs, Mystic Steamship Co., Capt. J. A. Agnew, and Capt. Herbert Friswold, United Fruit Co., and Capt. Gunnar Van Rosen. Awards of \$25, \$15 and \$10 will be made for the best paintings, chosen by popular vote.

The Lookout

VOL. XL

JANUARY, 1949

NUMBER 1

Angel Mary-Ann

By A. Mathiesen, *Chief Mate*

SHE had come to life on the rocky shores of the Firth of Clyde and it was in ale-houses of Glasgow and Gourrock that I first heard about her.

In the smokefilled waterfront pubs, where sturdy men gather to talk about forgotten adventure and half-dead memories, they mentioned the name of Angel Mary-Ann with emotion and pride. For they were the men who had been her god-fathers, who first had dressed her in snowy white and had waved her Goodbye when she left the shores of home. And in the way they spoke I felt the love and admiration they had for her.

"But where is she now?" I asked.

"She's gone. 'Tis twenty years ago." And they turned back to their beer-mugs and memories. "But, aye, she was a bonnie lass, that Angel Mary-Ann."

I was a youth of twenty and started to roam the world in search of adventure. Everywhere I went I heard of the fascinating Angel Mary-Ann. And I fell in love with her without knowing.

In Liverpool and Bristol I found paintings of her and saw she was beautiful. There were pictures of Angel Mary-Ann, with graceful curves that made me long to touch her. Or Angel Mary-Ann in full dress, always white and billowy, sauntering along in a fresh summer breeze. She was tall and slender, majestic like a queen. And I loved her more.

Angel Mary-Ann went out to far corners of the world and her beauty became known to many men. In the Baltic countries they spoke of the way she had with men, how she spellbound them. Once, in Elsinore, I met a poet who in blazing words told of his passion for Angel. He had followed her

*Best sea story of the month.



"He had followed her South and admired her on moonlit, tropic nights."

South and admired her on moonlit, tropic nights. Under swaying palm-trees in the Mediterranean he created poems of his love; but she left him there, standing with the words of love on his lips, while she faded away over the horizon like the last sunray of evening.

The years went by and Angel and I grew older. On my wanderings I fed my passion for her on the tales of men who had known her. They recaptured her beauty in flowery words, but when I asked: "Where is she now?" they shrugged: "Gone West! Or East, maybe!"

There was a grain merchant in Buenos Aires, a man of sentiment and who loved beauty. "Angel Mary-

Ann," he said, "is a lady of charm. No women will ever approach her in grace or loveliness. She's proud, too, proud as the North wind and gentle as the river."

"Where is she now?" I asked again.

"Who knows? She has the spirit of adventure and will roam as long as men will let her. But someday she will find her final anchorage."

I crossed her tracks in Panama and Siam. In remote places I found men who had loved her. In a waterfront bar in Frisco I met old skippers, island traders and adventurers who had seen her in the Far East. "Old now," they said, "Angel's an adventurer, but she's led too hard a life."

Again to my question "Where has she gone?" I received but a shrug, "Where has the wind gone?"

I, too, led a hard and adventurous life and grew old; old from searching for things I never found. But the name of Angel Mary-Ann roused my blood with longing as strong as ever.

One windy evening in Shanghai I

strolled along the river with a friend. I tried to be casual. "Do you know Angel Mary-Ann?"

He looked at me strangely. "Sure," he said. "Angel's here, tied down for good." He pointed across the yellow river. "Over there."

I found a river boat-man and directed him towards the faint-winking lights on the other bank. The muddy river carried us downstream as we crossed.

We were close to the other bank when we passed the dark hull of an old dismasted ship. High on the taffrail a sod-streaked lantern showed a stencilled sign "Coal Hulk No. 4" and the dim figure of a man.

"Do you know where is Angel Mary-Ann?" I shouted upwards.

Hollow and mournfully his reply floated down: "No savvy, Sir."

But then, in a sudden arrow of moonlight I saw under the coalhulk's counter the tarnished remaining gold letters of a name: ANGEL MARY-ANN.

and thinking he had entered the mouth of a mighty stream, christened it Rio de Janeiro (River of January).

The docks of Rio with their first class equipment are worthy of the city. The largest transatlantic vessels moor at the fine wharves, and passengers step ashore within a few yards of one end of the Avenida Rio Branco, the finest and widest street of the city, with its long lines of trees, mosaic pavements, smooth roadway, and splendid buildings. On the street called Ouvidor, which crosses the Avenida, are the finest shops and one can buy anything from beautiful clothes to Brazilian aquamarines. One should also go to the curio shops that sell a thousand little things in native wood, reptile skin, and especially in the vivid butterfly wings that are a Brazilian specialty.

To gain an idea of Rio, one should see Cidade Maravilhosa, dream of all dreamers; it is best to take a car from near the water front. The visitor will ride along the Avenida Rio Branco, past the Gloria gardens, along the series of boulevards edging the ebaches, Flamengo, Botafogo, Vermelha and Copacabana which has become a skyscraper beach along the whole of its two mile length. Here is Brazil's best beach hotel, the Copacabana Palace, and the two best casinos, Copacabana and Atlantico. This is beach life at its liveliest, especially on Sundays.

The native consumption of coffee must be enormous. The wide open doors, the sidewalks with their round marble-topped tables, small cups and saucers set around a sugar basin, make an inviting picture. The customer steps into their shaded coolness from the blazing street, turns up a cup, fills it half full of soft sugar, and immediately a waiter comes with a coffee pot to fill it with coffee made Brazilian fashion. To the North American, it is like so much bitter medicine, but once he has acquired a taste for the Brazilian high-roasted flavor and the sugar, it isn't half bad.

The Brazilian, likely as not, will visit many of these cafes during the day, for the price of coffee is but one

cent. It is not an uncommon thing for the Carioca (the Carioca is not merely a dance but is a citizen of Rio de Janeiro) to consume in this way from one dozen to two dozen cups of black coffee a day. If one pays a social visit, calls upon the president, cabinet minister, state or city official, or even a business acquaintance, it is a signal for an attendant to serve coffee. In Brazil, as in the Orient, coffee is a symbol of hospitality.

Here you will also taste the mangoes, the peach of the tropics, as well as bananas, wonderfully sweet pineapple and papayas (a sort of cantaloupe, what a fruit!).

The wealth of Royal palms, feathery bamboos, bougainvillea, poinciana, hibiscus, and many other tropical trees and flowers growing in great luxuriance everywhere throughout Rio help substantiate its claim to being truly the Garden City. If you like gardens grown by science, you will enjoy the Jardim Botânico with its acres of orchids.

There are also other fascinating drives to take in and around Rio. One might go to the pretty summer resort in the hills, Petropolis, or up the slope of Tijuca or Garea. Thousands of men who work daily in the Rio business section return at night by ferry to the city of Nictheroy, on the east side of the bay, facing Rio.

Close behind Nictheroy stand the ranks of the folded mountains, the double head of the Dois Irmaos. The Organ Mountains, standing so far away that they are blue, show the slender spire that Brazilians call the "Finger of God."

And now I am sure that you are more than eager to pack and enter the actual scene to roll down to Rio, so come aboard my ship and I will try my best to make the rolling easy.

Rio de Janeiro

MY FAVORITE PORT OF CALL

By Joaquin Arnet

SUGAR LOAF is Brazil's Rock of Gibraltar, a natural Eiffel Tower, 1212 feet high. Three hours before it looms up as a sentinel of Rio Bay, your ship has rounded Cabo Frio, the Cape of Cold Currents, and turned due west.

From that point the approach is a crescendo of scenic miracles. The hour of your approach is important; various captains make a real effort to approach by full daylight so that Rio's full glories may explode upon the voyager's vision. The forenoon is a wonderful hour, as I know from experience, but I have also approached at night. That, too, is a beautiful sight. First I saw a red-eyed light house on Ilha Rosa. Then we coasted by two islands named Pai and Mae, and there was Sugar Loaf looming straight ahead, sheer as an obelisk. Back of it I could make out Corco-



vado (2300 feet in height) which means Hunch Back mountain. A gigantic figure of the Christ stands on the summit with outstretched arms at their most impressive attitude of blessing. When illuminated, it shines in the form of a Cross, floating in the sky like a luminous planet, a pilgrim's dream of hope.

Just below the giant statue, from the observation platform, you may survey the whole of Rio from the downtown district to the beaches, the lagoon and race course sector.

The city takes its name from that of the first month of the year, as in January 20, 1531, Goncalo Coelho sailed into the Great Bay (Guanabara) about which the city clusters,





Second Mate Tom Musser, Gordon Fraser, and Dr. Raymond S. Hall being "televised" on Mr. Fraser's "News & Views" program over A B C-TV.

The S.C.I. Makes Its Debut on Television

THE Institute made its first appearance in that much discussed new medium—Television—on November 29th when Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Assistant Director in Charge, and two seamen appeared on Gordon Fraser's "News and Views" program over A B C (WJZ—TV Channel 7).

Mr. Fraser chatted informally with each in turn, giving Dr. Hall an opportunity to say a few things about the Institute and its work. Second Mate Tom Musser exhibited some of his pen and ink sketches of ships and explained details of design and rigging, while Bosun Pete Oslan reminisced about old sailing ship days.

A picture of the Institute's building with a frame made of sailors' knots, two small ship models and rope knots were used to give the scene a nautical atmosphere. For the department of coincidences: Dr. Hall and Mr. Fraser turned out to be old time friends and classmates from Brown University days and hadn't seen each other for seven years!

Seamen and members of the staff gathered before the new television set recently installed in the Game Room at 25 South Street to watch the programs. The Kings Point Alumni Club and the Swedish Club also have television sets.

AH, YES, THE KINGFISH

Edward Corbin, able-bodied seaman, qualified for the 1948 tall story championship round in the Seamen's Institute. He took oath that in a recent gale off Florida he was aboard a coal-burning freighter. A huge wave combed over the ship and audibly dropped something down its stack. When the engineer opened his furnace door to investigate, he found a roasted kingfish which he quickly removed from the fire and peppered and salted for his coal heavers.

Christmas Day at 25 South Street



Center photo by Dr. I. Schmidt

CHRISTMAS 1948! One of the brightest they'd ever had—according to 1,188 seamen who enjoyed turkey dinner, music and entertainment at "25 South Street." One seaman said he'd never eaten in such a beautiful place. A hostess commented: "I came from duty and stayed for pleasure. I enjoyed every minute of it." Seamen discovered that warmth and friendliness can be felt even in a huge building when the true spirit of Christmas is prevalent.

THE traditional observance of Christmas at 25 South Street was enlivened and made pleasanter this year by the presence of about 30 volunteer hostesses to greet and visit with the seamen and by the serving of bountiful turkey dinners to the men seated at tables in the Dining Rooms. Two accordionists provided music while the seamen ate their Christmas dinner.

About 1,200 men were served the holiday meal at beautifully decorated tables seating 16 at a time with a woman volunteer presiding. Three separate seatings of 20 tables of 16 men took care of all seamen staying at their shore home on Christmas Day.

Chapel services with carol singing was held at 10 o'clock in the morning with the Rev. Dr. Raymond S. Hall officiating. Moving pictures were shown in the auditorium with screenings at one, four, and seven-thirty P.M.

Each seaman received a Christmas box containing candy, games, stationery, toilet articles, knitted socks, and books. A staff member dressed as Santa Claus gave out the packages. Over 6,000 more of these boxes, packed by the Central Council of Associations, were distributed to sick and convalescent seamen in marine hospitals and placed aboard ships outward bound at Christmas time.

After dinner the men were entertained in the various lounges, each room made attractive and festive with decorations. The Conrad Library was open so that men wishing to read might do so and the Game Room with its billiard tables, cards, and television set attracted others.

The Belgian, Danish, Netherlands and Swedish Clubrooms had their Christmas festivities in full swing with special things to eat and decorations.

Surfaceblow's Frozen Asset

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Drawing by Walter Steinsiek

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Judges in Recent Contests for Seamen

These busy men served on juries for the Institute's annual Poetry, Painting, Photography and Essay Contests, sponsored by its Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine. We appreciate their counsel and assistance. The prize-winning essays, poetry, paintings and photographs will appear in THE LOOKOUT.



JUDGES OF SEAMEN'S PAINTINGS:

Artists: Bertram Goodman
Gordon Grant
Charles Robert Patterson
Edmond James FitzGerald

JUDGES OF SEAMEN'S POETRY:

A. M. Sullivan
Geoffrey Parsons, Sr.
Joseph Auslander



JUDGES OF SEAMEN'S PHOTOGRAPHS:

Dr. I. Schmidt, Fendall Yerxa (camera editor, N. Y. Herald Tribune), Brooks Atkinson (drama critic of the N. Y. Times whose hobby is photography) and Fred Hamel.



Harry Hansen, literary critic, N. Y. World-Telegram, presents \$25.00 check to Seaman James Parsons for his prize-winning essay (published in the November LOOKOUT).

Dr. Raymond S. Hall congratulates Mr. Parsons. Serving with Mr. Hansen on the Committee were John Mason Brown (drama critic, Saturday Review of Literature) and Frank Laskier (British seaman author).

Photos by Polly Weaver Beaton



HUNTER WOOD

Lieut. Commander Hunter A. Wood, U.S.M.S., former merchant seaman and marine artist, died suddenly at the age of 40. He had served as a member of the Institute's Art Committee formed to encourage seamen painters. A Memorial Service in his honor was held Sept. 23, 1948, at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point. Commander Lauren S. McCready spoke of Hunter Wood as "a true seaman and a true artist. This unique combination gave fourth the beautiful creations of his paintings, and we need only look upon this wonderful mural in the Academy's Chapel to see his finest work. He was in the thick of combat in the Mediterranean and North African invasions, painting battle scenes, and when German forces pushed on beneath the observation tower he was in, he simply exchanged paint brush for machine gun and wrought havoc among the enemy. He was commissioned by Admiral Emory S. Land, U. S. Maritime Commission, and by Admiral W. Waesche, U. S. Coast Guard, to paint, and his love of the sea and his artistic ability resulted in many wonderful paintings. Well known and loved, this young officer left a fine record indeed, and we will often pause and think of him in fond remembrance."

SHIP, HIT BY 2 HURRICANES, LEAVES BERMUDA IN TOW

The wrecked British freighter *Leicester*, victim of two hurricanes, left Bermuda in tow of the *Kevin Moran*, the Moran Towing and Transportation Company reports.

Abandoned Sept. 16 during a hurricane 900 miles southeast of Halifax with the loss of seven crew members, the *Leicester* was taken in tow twelve days later by two seagoing tugs. Reaching Bermuda, she was beached on Oct. 7 by a second hurricane, which also drove one of her rescue tugs ashore.

The 143-foot tug *Kevin Moran* pulled both rescue tug and *Leicester* off the shore on Oct. 19, and towed the latter to St. George for temporary repairs.



The late Hunter Wood
with one of his paintings

NAVY DAY VISITORS TO THE INSTITUTE

Ten Uruguayan Navy officers and a number of cadets from the ship *Tacoma* paid a visit to the Institute on Navy Day, October 27th, and were given a tour of the building. Officials of Sperry Radar had invited the visitors from Uruguay to see the radar equipment in the Merchant Marine School and other points of interest at 25 South Street.

Altogether 97 cadets, 10 officers, and 6 reserve officers of the Uruguayan Navy had made the voyage across on the merchant ship *Tacoma* as part of a training and observation program. The *Tacoma* was the mother ship of the German vessel *Graf Spee* which made news during the early part of the war when the Germans scuttled her off the coast of Montevideo to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy.

A merchant marine crew of 70 brought the *Tacoma* over on this good neighbor visit to the United States.

King's Point Salutes the Institute

After a recent visit with staff members, a luncheon and a tour of the building, Rear Admiral Gordon McLintock, superintendent of the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, wrote two "thank you" letters to Institute personnel. With his permission, we reprint excerpts from them:

"AS you know I have had a long and deep interest in the great service which you are rendering to the thousands of merchant seamen and officers who use the splendid facilities you offer. 25 South Street is an address famous all over the seven seas and it is synonymous with service. A great clubhouse for men of all ranks with no one too low or too derelict to be salvaged and drydocked, repaired and re-chartered, and no one too high to be welcomed and inspired. For all those in between, all the less spectacular, steady, run of the mill seamen, a school where they can study to improve their licenses, a bank where they can deposit funds or make a loan, a hotel where they can be sure of a good room, a fine library, an atmosphere of welcome and fraternity. From the top of the building where we started our tour of inspection and where appropriately the great Cross shines over the harbor, known to every sailor who ever entered the Port of New York, to the flying bridge where the great port lies open, surely one of the finest sights in the world, down to the street level, your Institute is a hive of activity, of continuous and invaluable service to these men whose lives are given to the service of the sea. The work you are

doing is unique and reflects the greatest credit on you and upon all of your staff. Your enthusiasm, it is easy to see, has communicated itself to your associates and assistants and hence you are able to provide an atmosphere of home instead of a grim institutional aspect which one might have expected.

In thanking you I congratulate you upon the very high level of your achievements. Kings Point is indebted to you for your generosity in giving our Alumni Association splendid space for its headquarters, and a fine room where its members may stay, and also for your kind cooperation in allowing our Cadet-Midshipmen to occupy rooms at a nominal fee while they are studying at the shipping offices or taking their licenses. Kings Point appreciates your interest in its work and your long and continuous interest in the Merchant Marine in which we have both served, and in whose service we are both engaged."

* * *

"The U. S. Merchant Marine Academy is grateful to you for your many generous acts towards it, for giving us the handsome Kings Point alumni rooms and for allowing our undergraduates to use your facilities when they are studying in New York. Our fields of endeavor touch at many points as we jointly serve the merchant mariner and I trust our cooperation will continue as long as there is salt in the sea."



Hospital Visiting

THE religious work of the Institute is not confined to the Institute's building at 25 South Street. Through hospital visits it spreads to hundreds of sick and convalescent seamen in need of spiritual counsel.

Seafaring as such has no occupational disease but seafarers apparently are more subject to disease and to accidents than is the average worker ashore. It is significant that the first federal venture of the United States into the field of public health was in recognition of the health hazards of merchant seamen and the refusal of local health officers to accept responsibility for them. The result has been the creation and the growth of the U. S. Public Health Service and the erection of marine hospitals in the larger ports of the United States.

Three Institute chaplains make regular visits to the Marine Hospitals on Staten Island, Ellis Island and Neponset, L. I., and so they have come to know many seafarers and have tried to serve them in a variety of ways.

The chaplains work in cooperation with the Red Cross (which conducts occupational therapy for convalescent seamen) and among the most appreciated services is the giving of "Recovery Boxes" (packed by the Institute's Central Council women volunteers). These mean a great deal to the men who must while away so many lonely hours. At Easter and Christmas, boxes containing candy, stationery, books and other items which bed-ridden patients can enjoy are distributed. About one-third of the patients are bed-ridden; two-thirds ambulatory.

Although the hospitals have no Chapel for the Protestant worship services, the chaplains set up an improvised altar in the recreation room; the Institute provides flowers (which are later distributed among the pa-

tients) and a hospital staff member plays the piano and leads in the singing of the hymns. The service consists of Scripture reading, a short sermon, prayers. There is need for a permanent and attractive Chapel for these Sunday services.

The Chaplains write innumerable letters to the families of seamen, reassuring them whenever possible as to their state of health; have bedside visits with men with personal problems, some spiritual, some material.

One seaman from Czechoslovakia with an injured leg, told a chaplain that his sister had been killed in a concentration camp and he had been sending food and cash to his three nephews. He was most appreciative when the Institute's Central Council packed a big box of clothing and food for his sister's children.

Medical techniques are improving constantly, and it is amazing to see some of the ways in which seamen's injuries and illnesses are cured today by the wonders of medical science. For example, just recently one of our chaplains visited a seaman whose leg had been badly burned in a tanker fire, and the doctors were using a new method to graft skin from his other leg. Another young seaman who had to receive penicillin shots every two hours, was wearing a contraption around his arm with a built-in needle which automatically injected the penicillin at the proper time. Still another seaman who had a face tumor removed, was wearing a device by which living skin from his chest was in the process of being grafted onto his chin.

Many seamen are suffering from bone injuries incurred during the war, but neglected or given emergency treatment, and are now suffering the result of delay and neglect.

It is our hope that more chaplains can be appointed so that we can do a more thorough job in bringing spiritual comfort and inspiration to seamen in hospitals.

Seamen Win Prizes for Marine Photographs



"On The Bridge" won Second Mate George Boman a prize.



"Local Apparent Noon" by 2nd Mate S. L. Stein.

The Institute-sponsored Marine Photography Contest photos were judged in September by Brooks Atkinson, New York Times Drama Critic and amateur photographer; Fred Hamel, vice-president Professional Photographers; Fendall Yerxa, camera editor New York Herald Tribune; and Dr. I. Schmidt, Miniature Camera Club. The winners were chosen for a prize of \$5.00 each.

"Bringing 'Er In" by Peter Cruz.



"Making Fast!", another of George Boman's prize-winning shots.

THE SEA TAKES ITS TOLL

Plane Rescues 8 Off Blazing Vessel

A Coast Guard rescue plane removed eight seriously injured crew-men from the Greek freighter *Orion* which was aground and on fire in the Strait of Belle Isle off the northern tip of Newfoundland. The fire followed an explosion in the ship's No. 1 hold.

The rescue plane, a PBY flying boat flown from the *Argentia*, N. F., base of the Coast Guard, landed in the strait, and taxied to the burning freighter. Other members of the crew, believed to total thirty-five, were still aboard their ship, although a radio message had indicated that they had been ordered to abandon her.

FINNISH VESSEL WRECKED

HELSINKI—Three bodies were recovered and many other persons were feared drowned when the small Finnish motor schooner *Verna* was wrecked yesterday off the coast of Aaland Island. A Helsinki newspaper said the vessel was en route to Brazil with "many women and children aboard."

WIVES ON SHIPS URGED FOR MERCHANT OFFICERS

LONDON—A proposal was voiced at the Navigators and Engineer Officers Union's annual conference in Cardiff that senior officers be allowed to take their wives to sea for at least six months in each two-year contract.

Declaring that the impossibility of leading a proper married life was the primary cause of officers' leaving the service, J. Buchan, delegate from Glasgow, said that the presence of women aboard Merchant Marine vessels would have a "beneficial effect" and would be a concession to encouraging young officers to seek promotion.

FOREIGN TRADE

LEWIS D. PARMELEE,
President of the Propeller Club

"The United States, possessing the world's longest coastline, has every right to a strong, active Merchant Marine. It is the duty of every American citizen to insist upon such a merchant fleet, both for their own trade and security and for the maintenance of democracy . . .

"Foreign trade is largely responsible for the fact that the United States has not dropped into a post-war depression. There can be no doubt that foreign trade is a leading factor in the present high level of business and employment.

"The need for new passenger ships is indeed pressing. Little has been done about the recent recommendation that Congress assist in the construction of 46 new American passenger liners. There is also not one single passenger ship in direct service between two American coastwise ports."



Fishermen ho! When an Isthmian line ship anchored in the Persian Gulf about five miles off Kuwait, Arabia, the crew decided to try their luck at shark fishing, and here she is . . . an eleven foot man-eating shark. A. B. Olav Kivikoski, ship's carpenter George Register, and Vic Scitadel struggled for an hour and a half before landing their catch.

SHIP'S DOCTOR DISCOVERS AFTER 30 YEARS THAT HE HAD ACUTE APPENDICITIS

Dr. Vincent Natkinski, medical officer of the Gdynia America liner *Batory*, is a man sought out by events. He has just been notified that nearly thirty years ago he had a ruptured appendix and that by all medical standards he should be dead.

"In 1919 I had a bad attack of appendicitis," he said, "but I got no attention for three days—there was a war going on. I guess the appendix broke all right and I had peritonitis, but somehow I got over it. And have never had a sick day since. Never heard of anything like it in all my career."

Dr. Natkinski has returned to service on the Polish liner after a voyage off to convalesce from an operation. He sailed from New York in March and a few days out he was attending a Polish passenger, Dr. Maurice Segdman, of Warsaw, victim of an uncommonly severe attack of seasickness.

"I'm not feeling so well, myself," said Dr. Natkinski. They traded places and Dr. Segdman examined him.

"Acute appendicitis," the doctor said, and ordered an immediate operation. Another doctor, a young Canadian, confirmed the diagnosis. The *Batory* was hove to and the operation began. Dr. Natkinski insisted on a local anaesthetic, explaining that he wanted to watch the proceedings.

The operation lasted three hours. Dr. Segdman was amazed when he reached the appendix and realized he must extend the incision for a major operation. He found that the gnarled appendix had healed after the original rupture and that there were many adhesions.

ROCK HAVEN

By Adelyn Bushnell

Coward-McCann, \$3.00

For all those who love Maine—its people and its places, "Rock Haven" will be a worthwhile acquisition. This new novel by the author of "Tide-Rode," tells the story of a typical down-east family—a kind seafaring father, lost at sea early in the tale, a bitter, straight-laced mother, and two brothers, Ulysses and Virgil—opposed since birth in their ideals and in their understanding of life. How their lives are intertwined, and how they are influenced by their upbringing make a readable story, and a welcome addition to a shelf of regional literature.

LOUISE NOLING

BLACK IVORY

By Norman Collins

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.50

People who liked "Treasure Island" should also like "Black Ivory" for this is a lively sea adventure of one hundred years ago, in the last days of the illicit slave trade.

Ralph Rudd, a young English farm boy, is shanghaied and finds himself part of the crew of the slave ship "Nero." With a scoundrel for a captain and criminals for ship mates, there is plotting and violence aboard which reaches a climax off the African slave coast. Ralph, with heroism and efficiency,—aided by diligent eavesdropping—is able to foil most of the evil plans and emerges triumphant in time to celebrate his fourteenth birthday.

I. M. ACHESON

THE NEW YACHT RACING RULES

By Robert N. Bavier, Jr.

W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., \$2.75

The New Yacht Racing Rules is written by Robert N. Bavier, Jr., a member of the editorial staff of *Yachting* and well known in yacht racing circles.

In it, the major differences between the old and the new rules are explained. Definitions under Article 29, right of way situations under Article 30, and the effects of the new rules upon racing tactics, are explained clearly in the clear and concise text, excellent and profuse drawings and numerous photographs.

The arrangement of the subject matter is excellent, and by the use of the illustrations, conducive to the retention of each pertinent phase when the inevitable crowding at the starting line occurs, and split second decisions become necessary.

C. E. UMSTEAD



THE MARITIME HISTORY OF MAINE

By William H. Rowe

W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., \$6.00

A picture of yester-year in the days of wooden ships, the motif in the background of this work is the symphony of the caulking mallet and the ring of the broadax while the stage drop is the silent majesty of the Maine forests.

When the author states that the *Victory*, Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, as well as our own famous frigate—*Constitution*, had Maine-grown masts and that at the time of the American Revolution the "navies of the world flew their pennants at the peak of a Maine mast," it is enough to make the blood of any American run faster.

Scholarly and accurate passages are well relieved by tales of wars and picturesque pirates.

C. R. SCHRIVER

THE SEA CHASE

By Andrew Geer

Harper, \$3.00

This unusual adventure story of World War II will have wide appeal. You will long remember the eventful voyage of the old German freighter *Ergenstrasse*, from the time she lifted anchor in Sydney Harbor in September, 1939, around Cape Horn, until she was finally captured by the British in the North Sea just a step from safety. You will admire Captain Ehrlich for the courage and iron discipline which brought his fifty year old ship so close to victory, but you will hate him, too, for the ruthless brutality he showed his crew. He was a first rate skipper and navigator, but also a murderer.

For sixty days, the *Ergenstrasse* lay in the harbor of Pom Pom Gali, tropical isle in the South Pacific, and her crew were treated as virtual slaves while they cut and stored enough wood to assure passage to Valparaiso—nearest neutral supply base. Your blood will tingle at the personal conflicts aboard this "hell-ship" whose Captain was obsessed with the determination to return to Germany as a hero even if it meant death to many of his crew. Retribution comes to him, but not before you have witnessed a voyage never before encountered in the annals of contemporary fiction.

LOUISE NOLING

STORM AT SABLE ISLAND

By Edmund Gilligan

Little, Brown, \$3.00

A well-known writer of sea stories has written another corking tale of Gloucester and the Grand Banks. For sensitive character portrayal, for action heightened by suspense, and for a realistic picture of life among the fishing schooners, Gilligan cannot be surpassed. A seafaring man himself, he makes his stories live.

"Storm at Sable Island" is a fast-moving yarn, tragic at times, which relates the ill-fated voyages of the schooner *Stella Maris*. She was built to the very rigid specifications of her young captain, Bartley Noone, who wanted a combination of speed and beauty, a fitting successor to the ship of the same name owned by his father. She was modern for her times, trim in every line, and if her captain had stuck to cod fishing for which she was built, she would have lived in honor. He chose to compromise his ideals, to seek power and glory, and so she died in dishonor, on the treacherous shoals of Sable Island, that black island off Nova Scotia which lured so many brave sailors to their doom.

LOUISE NOLING

REBEL RAIDER

Raphael Semmes' Cruise in the C.S.S. Sumter

Edited by Harper Allen, Lt. Com., USNR
University of North Carolina Press, 1948

This 218-page book is more correctly a body of source material for a book on the activities of the able commander of the Confederate raiding ship, *Sumter* which he captained during her raiding cruise in the North Atlantic from June 18, 1861, when he left New Orleans to April 1862 when he was bottled up at Gibraltar and left the ship in the care of a skeleton crew for future disposal. Chapter I is a short biography of the Captain to the time of his taking over command on April 18, 1861. Then follow eleven chapters from his Memoirs which tell the story of his exploits in overhauling ships at sea, releasing some, paroling or burning others according to their status. Comments on these encounters and on his attempts to enter foreign ports for supplies and refitting, are given by Semmes himself and also by the editor of the present book. These are a factual, probably accurate account of what actually occurred, interspersed with "purple patches" of description of scenes at sea and in the ports the ship entered. One gets the impression in the descriptive parts of reading a travelogue or the travel booklet of some tourist company. The use of tropes, fanciful comparisons, suggests the "fine

writing" of and earlier date. And so, as a book of entertainment about the sea and the Civil War the reader feels that better books have been written. To the specialist on these matters — Kaiser William designated the Memoirs of which this book is a part as required reading for his admirals—are probably of great interest. Certainly this material should be on every reference shelf among the books on the Civil War.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

ANATOMY OF PARADISE

By J. C. Furnas

William Sloane Associates, Inc., \$5.00

ANATOMY OF PARADISE appears at a propitious time when soldiers, marines, seabees, Army and Navy personnel generally who lived and fought in the Pacific and are only recently home again from the realities of Pacific island life are giving the Bronx cheer to the hyper-romantic movies and fatuous pulp magazines stories of these far-flung scenes of the GI's own very real experiences. For ANATOMY OF PARADISE, while it is lively, chatty reading for the most part, with a great deal of salty, penetrating comment and is generally good fun as entertainment material, is really a serious book about a serious topic of worldwide importance. For these Pacific islands, while not so very extensive in area nor of such vast importance in and of themselves have a strategic importance in the world of today far out of proportion to their size, and it is important for the world to know what actualities are to be met with there, as compared with the romantic nonsense we have been taught to accept as fact. It is in clearing up this fantastic fog that the people of the armed forces can be of the greatest help. For they, better than the stay-at-home reader and movie goer will understand the comedy, tragedy, humor, horror, confusion of tongues and of human relationships the book presents and that must be understood before these islands can and will be treated as places where "folks" and not merely "natives" live out their brief span, just like the rest of us here at home.

The book has been prepared in cooperation with the American Institute of Public Relations. A section near the end is devoted to copies of old prints, sketches, photographs as an aid to the text. A bibliography of twenty-seven pages at the back gives the reading sources of the author's information for the writing of the book, a job that took years of preparation and countless thousands of miles of travel. It is because of this fulness and certainty of the author's information that he has been able to write so entertainingly and so understandingly of this vast field of investigation.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

Prize-winning Poems in the 1948 Marine Poetry Contest
Sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York
The judges were Joseph Auslander, poet, A. M. Sullivan, poet,
and Geoffrey Parsons, Sr., chief editorial writer New York
Herald Tribune.
Prizes were \$25, \$15, \$10, \$5, and two special prizes of \$5 each for
narrative poems.

FIRST PRIZE

**TO THE SAILORS OF THE
MERCHANT MARINE**

By John Ackerson, Chief Mate

Laughter of free men lifts the mask of
Death!—

White caps aslant, in faded dungarees,
They jibe the fascist with their ebbing breath
From venomous Oran to spicy seas
Off Java. I was there, I saw them smile,
And on their merriment I base my faith,
Proved as the convoys log each gallant mile,
Our Liberty is no mere lovely wraith
But sword and shield, and present in each
joke

That cramps the bomb-blast to a paltry
spurt—

Salute to men whose bawdy satire broke
The deadpan Cains, whose grin at mortal
hurt,

With purpose fell beneath droll overtones,
Built our tomorrow on their own white
bones!

**SECOND PRIZE
IN HARBOR**

By Raymond W. Washington, Purser

White-winged birds and a foam-white shore
line,

Under the rose-colored morning sky,
Bawl of the Bosun, chug of the windlass,

Voices of seamen standing by—
Fast asleep are the docks and buildings;

Dawn still brightens, and turns to day;
A wind is rippling along the water,

Gently wrinkling the placid bay,
And sea-rusted ships are lying at anchor,

Quietly waiting their masters' wills;
Freighters, tramps, and a proud grey tanker,

Under the blue Brazilian hills.

**HONORABLE MENTION
BEACHED**

By Eric Batters

I'm broken so, whistles, don't blow any more,
You ships in the river and just off shore,

Don't remind me I can't go to sea these days,
To the River Plate and the Table Bays.

All my life at sea and now I lay
In the Sailors Home so white and grey,

With broken bones that refuse to heal
And lonely as only I can feel.

So ships in the river don't blow again,
For it's grit in a sore and against the grain,

And I'm broken and finished, I know,
I know,

But you whistling ships don't remind me so.



Cartoon by Walt Munson

**THIRD PRIZE
TRADEMARKS**

By Joseph Ferran, Ship's Butcher

He was a sailor
All the frills and fancies fell from him
And left a trade.
He did not stand upon the bow
When evening brushed her hand across the
sky.

And think: "What purpled ecstasies of
night; what stars—"
He sought his living in the oceans' moods,
And found his liquor and his love
Within the ports of different worlds
And left it there.

But in between
He had the friends of hardy days at sea,
To drink with him: to smile and know
That locked inside they kept the beauties of
the sea

In words that could not be expressed but felt.
While land-bound men
Intruded on their drinks,
And spoke about the ocean's muffled roar—
But they were going back.

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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."