

The LOOKOUT

FEBRUARY

1953



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

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The LOOKOUT

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FEBRUARY, 1953

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THE COVER: According to veteran ice patrol men of the U. S. Coast Guard, "The only sure sign of an iceberg is to see it!" The Coast Guard annually, through its International Ice Patrol, conducts an iceberg census. The figure usually exceeds 40,000.

The Lookout

VOL. XLIV

February, 1953

NO. 2



The Andrea Doria decked out for her debut.

Italian Line Photo

Debut of the Andrea Doria

PROUDLY bearing the distinction of a transatlantic first: an "emerald-tiled swimming pool" for each passenger class—a splendid blow for democracy—the S.S. *Andrea Doria* of the Italian Line arrived here in all her luxurious maidenly splendor.

She is the most beautiful Italian to grace our shores in twenty years and, holding court in New York for a week, bedazzled visitors with her wonders. They gazed at paintings, peeked into staterooms and clambered over pre-fabricated bridges. Old *Andrea Doria* himself, the great Genoese Admiral, could not have been more impressed.

Worthy of the atomic age, she utilizes a complete meteorological station, an

automatic depth sounding meter and an electronic eye which gives her a visibility of 40 miles under any conditions. Her two groups of turbines and twin 18-ton propellers cut a 50,000 h.p. briny swath. The *Andrea Doria's* 30,000 tons represent a substantial stride forward in Italy's efforts to rebuild her merchant fleet. Boasting a speed potential of over 25 knots, the liner, which in miniature attracted so much awed attention at the SCI booth at the Motorboat Show, will be a New York-Mediterranean express.

The *Andrea Doria* combines her mechanical efficiency with overwhelming elegance. Even New Yorkers were impressed with her private promenade deck, reserved for dogs. Canines, however, do not have a swimming pool.

They Wait for Clues

IN the quiet file room of the Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau, steel cabinets, stiff and tall, press thousands and thousands of human dramas against one another in manila folders. These are the search records kept on missing seamen. Here in the dark of this long windowless room they wait for clues, and the silence seems to carry an expectant, sympathetic hum.

Suddenly a key rattles loud and brittle in the lock and the door opens with a burst of light. A string is pulled and a light bulb jumps crazily to life. A fingertip slides across the drawer labels, ever more slowly. It stops abruptly at the "L's" and lingers down the tier to the first drawer of "M's." With fateful certainty the drawer is pulled open.

Lyman in the drawer above had not come so close in three years. Perhaps Lyman himself doesn't care, but his father does. Lyman left home as soon as he looked old enough to ship out, and over the years he never so much as sent a card. Lyman's mother is now dead, and his father, although he lived by himself anyway, feels somehow a closer tie with his son. Chances are that Lyman would write if he knew how things were, but the finger never stops on Lyman's folder because there aren't any clues — not since the Bureau's letter came back from Galveston stamped "Addressee Unknown." For that matter, Lyman may be dead; after all, he was shipping on tankers during the war. But of this there is no proof, so he stays pressed in his folder, a George Lyman on one side, a man named Lynn on the other.

The file removed from the drawer below can be called that of Earl Mabbott. It is taken to the office of Mrs. Shirley Wessel, head of the Missing Seamen's Bureau at the Institute. On her desk is a new letter in the Mabbott case.

Mabbott is a young fellow who probably decided on a Thursday that he would go to sea, for it was on a Wednesday that he thoroughly embarrassed himself in a bit of horseplay that caused a platform baggage truck to get smashed by a freight train at the railroad station in his home town. It even made the papers in Akron, it was so terrible. Earl sneaked out of town and his worried but humiliated parents remarked to neighbors that he had gone to spend the summer with an uncle in Memphis — as he had actually planned to do.

In two weeks the parents got a letter mailed from New York saying that he was going to ship out to sea and not to worry. The father's attitude was "Let him go. Maybe he'll grow up. Maybe they'll make a man of him." But the mother was worried. Although Earl could pass for twenty-one or twenty-two, he was only seventeen after all. She knew he was doing what he was doing because of shame, and she felt it would be better for him in the long run to come home and face his little embarrassment than to dislocate his whole life because of it.

Desperate as the summer ended and the time drew near for Earl to "come back from Memphis," the mother asked the Seamen's Church Institute for help. A file was established on Earl, and it grew fat as inquiries sent out by Mrs. Wessel's office were answered by seamen's clubs and agencies, shipping companies and unions, and port of embarkation officers.

The letter presently on Mrs. Wessel's desk is a confirmation from a coastal shipping firm that Earl Mabbott is on one of their vessels. The ship will dock at Baltimore tomorrow and in New York two days later. When his ship touches Baltimore, he will be told to contact the Missing Seamen's Bureau of the Sea-

men's Church Institute upon his arrival in New York. When he does so, Mrs. Wessel will, with skill and delicacy, help him to survey his situation with an eye to putting his mother at ease and getting himself off the hook. A few terrors will shrink to their proper size and certain considerations will come more sharply into focus. In all probability Earl will make a trip home before he ships out again — if he does ship out again.

Illustrative of the work of the Bureau, Earl's case is not quite like any other. Mrs. Wessel finds each to be a separate problem. They may seem similar, as fingerprints do, yet each is a different blend of the many forces and influences that work to shape human destinies.

Hardly ever are these cases the result of simple mischance: a man does not become separated from his family and friends in the same accidental, careless way in which he loses track of his fountain pen or his pocket comb. Usually the seaman has first lost his desire to keep in touch with his people, either because of unpleasant memories or because in the rush of present experiences he seems to find ready substitutes for those he has left behind.

Since it is not running a simple lost and found department, the Bureau must temper the search techniques of a detective agency with the insight and tact of a domestic relations court. By a strategic



Mrs. Wessel, head of the Missing Seamen's Bureau, which has located 10,000 men since it was founded during World War I.

questioning of those interested in locating the seaman, Mrs. Wessel and her staff can often not only discover valuable clues to his possible whereabouts, but can also frequently establish the motive underlying the man's disappearance. This is important to know, if the Bureau is to approach him effectively when contact is established. This contact is often made by letter and it is imperative for the Bureau to demonstrate that it has something to offer in the way of understanding and good sense that will help the seaman settle his problem. Once a man is assured that he isn't going to be "railroaded around" by this Bureau that has suddenly butted into his life, he usually welcomes the opportunity to talk over his problem with someone who seems to know something about it.

From this point on it's a downhill pull, for situations have a way of sounding different when you talk aloud about them to another person. You begin to hear yourself as others hear you, and you usually modify your position somewhat. Suddenly openings begin to appear, openings that just weren't there before, openings that often lead the way out of a stalemate.

However, not all of these sessions conclude with the seaman resuming his ties with those who seek to find him. A thorough investigation has in certain cases prompted the Bureau to agree with the seaman that he ought to stay lost — that he is well rid of those who reach out for him from the past.

By this shunning of rule-of-thumb procedure the Bureau has assisted thousands of seamen as they made decisions that were usually major ones in their lives. Perhaps the best evidence that right has been served is the fact that virtually all of these men maintain a lasting contact with the Bureau. They stop by again and again, as if to share their happiness with those who helped to create it.

Why I Go to Sea

By Irving B. Benton

FIRST: restlessness. No, I'm not chasing rainbows, for I have found the pot of gold. Do you mention Abadan, land of oil and heat, on the Euphrates with its verdant fig trees on the Iraq side and the wilderness on the Iranian frontage? Here on the Persian Gulf will be dust storms, white fine choking sand; and on the Arabian side, Ras Lanura, land ruled by King Iben Saud, absolute monarch with over one hundred wives—land of oil and cruelty, where for petty theft the culprit loses his right hand which is displayed in the public square as a warning.

Continuing on our journey, we pass through the Red Sea, land of the Bible and Mt. Sinai. From there through the Suez in Egypt, where the "changes for changes" traders would make Ali Baba's gang look like gentlemen. Or let us go on to Italy: Naples, a cesspool by reason of unemployment; Vesuvius, at whose foot sleeps the "Buried City" Pompeii; where we see the smoking Stromboli and visit the Eternal City. From there on to the African shore and to the beautiful city of Bone in French Algeria. We pause at Gibraltar, the "Rock," guardian of



the Mediterranean. We reach England, gloomy and austere and go on to unhappy Germany and then to light-hearted, vibrant France.

Now let us go to South America, to Covenas, Columbia, where the trail is so rough we must ride horse back. On to lands with more revolutions than a ship's propeller. Then we are in Panama, where the mechanical "mules" pull us through the locks of the canal. And now we are in Japan, land of energetic little men and lady stevedores. My Nipponese friend in Kobe holds my hand while I wait for the last "Liberty Boat" before we sail. Japan: land of frail beauty. Finally, Vancouver and then the U.S. Yes, here is one reason why I go to sea — romance, glamour and adventure.

Second: danger. Chased by a sub, riding waters infested with mines, loaded with gasoline or transporting munitions, immobilized in the Bay of Fundy at 10 degrees below zero, where the mud hooks won't hit bottom and the little "laker" rolls and pitches and the potatoes wash up and down the companionway and the mess room floor is a sea of glass, sugar, pickles and what not. Or racing for port with a hole in our bottom after trying to sail over the Aleutian Reefs. Or the storms: wind at 100 miles an hour in the Caribbean, and in the slam and pitch and toss you don't sleep. Or riding out the heavy seas in the North Atlantic, the eternal fog and the whistle going every three minutes. At such times I curse the sea and swear that if I see land I will never go back. Yet one month later finds me back, for such is human perversity. Yes, I go to sea because I like danger; I like to pit my puny strength against the elements — to take a chance.

Third: spiritual. Come, stand on the fan-tail of a great ship in the vastness of the ocean and watch the sun sink below the horizon. A sense of loneliness pervades one, yet I am not alone for I talk

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From the Painting by Gordon Grant

A Second 'Jonah and the Whale' Legend

ONE of the things that has always fascinated landsmen and sailors alike has been the quality of the unknown that still surrounds the sea. Even with the advent of the various scientific devices which claim to probe the very depths of the sea, there have always been, and perhaps always will be, certain questions about the sea that cannot be answered.

Since the days when the early seamen went down to the sea in vessels that were just slightly larger than a present-day lifeboat, the real or imagined monsters of the deep have been subjects of discussion and speculation by both sailors and landsmen.

Speculation about how a man would fare in relation to one of these monsters is a topic that has appealed to man's imagination, and has been spurred by the Biblical story of Jonah and the whale. The size of these ocean goliaths has made man wonder whether he could actually live within their bodies.

However, there is one case on comparatively recent records that would serve to keep alive these discussions. The central figure in the drama was an unknown whaler, James Bartley.

Bartley was a crewman on a typical nineteenth century whaler, the *Star of the East*. He was serving aboard her in the year 1891, when the event that caused the entire world to wonder, took place.

At the time, the *Star of the East* was searching the South Atlantic for the valuable blubber and whale oil. Her lookout up on the mast sighted the large rounded black back of a whale breaking the surface of the sea off the Falkland Islands, and hurried preparations were made for the attack.

As the *Star of the East* got closer, the crew determined that they were closing on a Cachalot Whale, the largest type in the whale family, and that this particular whale was a giant among giants. The hulking back looked more like a fair-

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FLEETS UP — TRADE DOWN

While 1952 proved to be an unpropitious year for shipping the world over, the drop was not reflected in tonnage reduction. On the contrary, building was high throughout the year as nations continued to seek equilibrium with pre-war conditions. The Western Hemisphere, sorely hit by the decline in commerce in 1952, now finds itself caught up with post-war expansion plans and is currently concerned with how to keep her established fleets in action.

The Latin-American fleets, of course, were children of the war when those nations could find no foreign vessels to carry their goods; however, in continuing their build-up to the end of 1952, they have served notice of their intent to enter the competition of world traffic on a permanent basis.

Spinning the globe around, one finds that Japan is second to none in relative fleet expansion since the war. From a pre-war status of third largest, to no status at all—she bounced back to eighth place in 1952. Before the war Japan carried 60 per cent of the goods to and from her ports. At the close of last year she could boast a gain of 35 per cent.

So marked has been the recovery of Japan's shipping that her shipyards have even been investigating the possibility of answering requests for warships from Brazil, Burma and Pakistan, in addition to rebuilding her own crippled navy.

TRAMP COMMITTEE REPLACED

The Committee for the Promotion of Tramp Shipping Under the American Flag, headed by F. Riker Clark, has changed itself into a permanent organization with a new name. As the American Tramp Shipowners Association, the erstwhile Committee will expand its operations the better to work for government

assistance and recognition of the Tramp fleet as a source of emergency aid to the nation. The first item of business on the agenda, of course, will be the effort to convince the Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service to up its daily rate from \$1,475 a day to a minimum of \$1,600. This effort was carried on during the last Congressional session and will be revived vigorously as the Congress of the new administration takes over.

RABBITS UNLUCKY?

An English magazine, *The Messenger*, noted in a recent article on superstitions that "Rabbits are anathema to fishermen, and even the use of the word is said to bring bad luck. If they are spoken of at all, they are referred to as 'four-leggers' or 'those furry things.' It has even been known for one fisherman to prevent another from going to sea by getting someone to wave a rabbit-skin to his rival as he passed the pier-head. The recipient of this solemn warning immediately uphelmed and returned to harbour."

THE LOOKOUT would like to inquire of its readers whether or not they have met with a similar superstition among American fishermen.

MIXED BLESSING

While the McCarran Law has proved offensive to many alien seamen on both foreign and American flag ships entering our ports, one feature of it has served to expedite the naturalization of those seamen who desire American citizenship. Under the McCarran Law, alien seamen who have served aboard American vessels for at least five years may petition for naturalization by filing application before the end of 1953.

The large number of seamen the Institute has helped with their applications

to date indicates that 1953 will be a "boom year" for naturalization. Many of these seamen, who often find it difficult to reconstruct their shipping histories with the accuracy required by the law, enlist the experienced help of the Personal Services Department in verifying dates and in securing the documents and affidavits needed to support their applications.

MORE RED TAPE

Another set of tightening security restrictions, these governing ships moving in the Panama Canal Zone, has been announced by J. S. Seybold, Governor of the Canal Zone. Under the new regulations, captains of vessels must forward to Canal Zone authorities a complete record of their movements three months prior to entering the area. The information must arrive 48 hours before the vessel and must include such data on passengers as name, sex, age, color, nationality, port of embarkation and final destinations, those debarking in the Canal Zone and those passing through. More complete information must be submitted on the crew, and the cargo must also be described.

Already ranking under the McCarran Act regulations, one foreign-flag operator commented that the new Canal Zone provision would have "the same adverse effect on shipping." The official, who preferred to remain nameless, went on to say that it was contrary to efforts of member nations of the Marshall Plan which has been working for trade liberalization "with the express blessing of the United States."

Some American ship officials expressed similar sentiments pointing to the already heavy burden of paper work which cannot but be worsened in complying with the Canal Zone regulations.

FRENCH LINE MOVES INTO SECOND PLACE

An evidence of remarkable post-war recovery, the French line has regained second place in the number of passengers carried back and forth across the North Atlantic. In fact, as reported by Jean Marie, president of the French Line, the merchant fleet of France operates 738 ships today, a gain of 118 vessels over the pre-war number.

A major setback to the 1952 record was the crippling of the *Flandre*, luxury passenger vessel, on the morn of its debut in New York's harbor last fall. The *Flandre* is due for a reintroduction in April.

UNDERSEA PHOTOGRAPHY

Blissfully unsware, colorful denizens of the deep are currently having their portraits taken these nights off the Florida Keys, as the National Geographic Society's new steel "aquascope" transports two photographers and assorted powerful flash bulbs at depths from 50 to 100 feet below the surface of the sea.

The aquascope, a seven-foot tank fitted with wide plastic windows for maximum visibility, makes possible the photographing of marine life around the clock. Looking like a giant elongated fish itself, the aquascope will be able to blend well with its surroundings, returning air to the surface through an air hose rather than in the telltale form of bubbles, and using powerful high voltage lights that flash for mere split seconds.

Prone through the night on air mattresses within the narrow confines of the fish-like tank, photographers must feel a little like Jonah in an up-to-date "picture-windowed" whale. For an account of a man being swallowed by a whale, see page 5.



The above photo, taken aboard the *Roanoke* in 1904, seems to capture the fading glory and spirit of the sailing ship era.

Sea Shanties: A Voice from the Past

IT IS sometimes difficult for old sailors like myself to realize that these fine shanty tunes—so fascinating to the musician, and which no sailor can hear without emotion—died out with the sailing vessel, and now belong to a chapter of maritime history that is definitely closed. They will never more be heard on the face of the waters, but it is well that they should be preserved with reverent care, as befits a legacy from the generation of seamen that came to an end with the stately vessels they manned with such skill and resource.”

This was written in 1921 in the foreword to a collection of English sea songs. With the resurgence of interest in shanties and folk songs in general that has subsequently occurred, some reluctance has arisen to accept such statements as true. However, what the modern day enthusiast forgets is that our knowledge of

shanties today is derived almost wholly from the portfolios of collectors, from a sort of musical limbo. The “tradition” of the traditional sea song was clearly broken with the advent of steam and the donkey engine. Steam sang its own song, and the sailor stood mutely by, listening to the hiss and clank of the machines that did his work. Nostalgic old Jack Tar continued to sing in the waterfront taverns, but the steam sailor who had never walked a capstan or hoisted a fore-sheet couldn’t keep the beat right, neither could he remember the verses containing terms and expressions no longer in use. Certainly, sea songs are still sung today, but if those who sing them are sailors, it is only coincidental. If a sailor sings them well, that too is coincidental, for he has little in his work to season his renditions any more than has a carpenter or a bartender.

A shanty (also spelled chanty) is a work song used by sailors to get unison in their efforts while performing some heavy task aboard ship. There were many of these and shanties served a very real and necessary purpose.

Ship owners and captains recognized the power of song, and they placed a premium upon having a good shantyman with a pretty wit; his importance could hardly be overestimated and he was a privileged man aboard ship, being excused from all work save light or odd jobs. His function, briefly, was to sing while the others worked. Strangely, this did not make him the most unpopular man aboard. On the contrary. Not only did the shantyman make it easier for the crew to stay together in what they were doing, but by his adept improvising of verses to which the men could sing the chorus, the shantyman also did much to keep their minds off the aching boredom of the task at hand. Boredom undermines efficiency in its own way, so the captain usually gave the shantyman’s wit free play despite the fact that unsavory allusions to the ship’s officers were usually the verses that drew the lustiest choruses from the crew.

In *Two Years Before the Mast*, Charles Dana declares: “A song is as necessary to sailors as the drum and fife to a soldier. They must pull together as soldiers must step in time, and they can’t pull in time, or pull with a will, without it. Many a time, when a thing goes heavy, one fellow yo-ho-ing a lively song, like ‘Heave to the Girls!’, ‘Nancy, O!’, ‘Jack Cross-tree,’ ‘Cheerly Men,’ has put life and strength into every arm.”

Shanties may be divided roughly into two classes, according to their use. The first class are hauling shanties and the second are windlass and capstan. Capstan shanties are readily distinguishable by their music. As a rule, both tune and chorus were longer than those of the hauling shanty and there was a much greater variety of rhythm. “Bound for the Rio Grande,” “Johnny Come Down to Hilo,” “Lowlands,” “Sally Brown,” “Shenandoah” and “What Shall We Do

with the Drunken Sailor” are all examples of songs used for windlass and capstan work.

Hauling shanties were sung while hoisting and furling sails. Long haul shanties such as “Reuben Ranzo” were used when beginning to hoist the sails, when the gear would naturally be slack and easy to manipulate. The long haul song had two short choruses with a double pull in each, while the short haul shanty had only one short chorus that ended with one very strong pull. A short haul shanty such as “Haul Away, Joe” was used in “sweating-up” — getting the gear taut and ship-shape once the sails were fully hoisted.

For hauling shanties the shantyman took any position near the workers. While leading capstan songs he sometimes sat on the capstan itself, but more usually assumed a position on or against the knightheads. His intention was to make himself heard by the group he was working with; indeed certain of the verses warranted caution in controlling the volume of his voice so that he would be heard *only* by those near at hand. The



A hauling shanty made the pull easier.

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chorus, on the other hand, was lifted high for all the world to hear, and it is noteworthy that the sailors' sense of propriety kept the chorus free of things coarse and ribald that might have drifted across the water to the gentler ears ashore. By the time each chorus was finished, the witty shantyman would have thought up a new verse, one having perhaps no relevance at all to the previous verse.

The question has been raised as to why there was so much less continuity and story telling in shanties than in other types of folk song. The answer is that the shanty had quite a different function to perform. Few people realize what weighing anchor meant in the days of sailing ships. It was not a matter of minutes and a good song. It was often a matter of hours, three and four hours, utilizing many songs each with countless verses. The modern anchor by no means dwarfs that used on a sailing ship. Sailing ships were tall and their riggings caught a lot of wind. Without power they were driven aground and wrecked in the surf if the anchor failed to hold them. For safety's sake anchorages were made far out and there was a great length of

chain to be wound up each time; it took from two to four trips around the capstan to bring in one link. Unlike a ballad which tells a simple story, the capstan shanty had to be almost endless, with a variety and imagination that could relieve boredom.

So the shanty was a very special breed of song, as the sailor's work was a very special kind. When the sailing ship left the seas, so did the capstan and the shantyman. They were victims of an advancing technology that, ashore, had already dispossessed the music of many other trades. A man's singing became useless to himself and disturbing to the man who worked next to him. People adopted the senseless rhythms of their machines and work songs became a dead language.

Here and there song-catchers were at work, musicians anxious to preserve specimens purely on the basis of their artistic value. Had it not been for the efforts of these collectors, alert to an impending cultural loss, we would today have hardly any knowledge of the haunting tunes and rich poetry that drifted out across the water in those vaunted days of iron men and wooden ships.

—Tom Baab



Seamen in port in 1910 singing songs that had outlived their usefulness at sea.

(Continued from Page 4)

with the Creator of all things and meet with the great men of the past. There wells up in me a spiritual feeling and I breathe a silent prayer.

"Jehovah, God, Allah, with my face to the East, prostrate beneath a six-pointed star and with my hands on the Christian Cross I beseech Thee to comfort, help and guide our troubled nations and grant to each and all of us freedom from greed and lust and give us that peace

which I now have found. Amen."

For I am a man much traveled and have come to love my fellow man. Yes, this is another reason why I go to sea.

And mayhap in some not too distant future I shall be committed to the deep, where I will walk with Him who calmed the tempest, and I shall know all things. I will be happy because I played a man's game; I was a sailor. I did not welch, and I rest in the sea I love.

A SECOND JONAH AND THE WHALE LEGEND

(Continued from Page 5)

sized island there in the sea, and when the monster spouted, the fountain of water that shot skyward resembled a large geyser.

As the vessel approached, a heavy sea hit, and Bartley was washed over the side. He didn't reappear on the surface, and after making a quick circle, the *Star of the East* continued to stalk the huge whale. Her boats closed in on the monster, only to have him get away time after time.

A harpoon hit him, but he managed to break away again. Finally, some hours after their initial try, the whale was killed and towed to the side of the ship. The carcass was tied to the side, and then the work began in earnest.

Wielding long-handled knives, with blades about two feet long, the men walked along the back of the dead monster, cutting the hide and blubber off in strips that were hoisted aboard the ship by heavy tackle.

More time went by as the huge whale was slowly cut in strips. Then the stomach of the whale was cut out and hoisted to the ship's deck.

As the hoist was swinging the whale's stomach over the side of the ship, the crew members noticed that there was something large inside. Originally, it had been swung aboard so that it could be searched for ambergris, the substance found inside the stomach at times and which is worth its weight in gold.

Now, however, the crew slowly and carefully sliced open the stomach, being

very careful not to cut whatever was inside. When they finally got the stomach open, there, inside, was a man!

His knees were pressed up against his chest, and his whole body had been forced into a ball by the cramped space inside the stomach.

The man was James Bartley.

He was unconscious, but still alive, and was quickly carried to a bunk and given what medical attention was possible with the small store of medicine available aboard the vessel.

According to the statements of the crew, Bartley stayed unconscious for well over a day after he was cut from inside the whale's stomach. When he finally did regain consciousness, he remembered very little of what had happened to him after he had been washed over the side of the *Star of the East*.

The only thing that he remembered, according to the reports handed down, was going over the side, and then, shortly after that, being suddenly wrapped in a sort of soft, mushy substance that kept pressing on him from all sides. He remembered trying hard to breathe, and getting almost no air, and then he passed out.

When the *Star of the East* put back into port, Bartley became a sort of international hero, a second Jonah. But shortly afterwards, he was completely forgotten, so completely that the records do not indicate what happened to him after his great adventure.

—Seafarers Log



Book Briefs

SEA FEVER

By A. H. Rasmussen

Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$3.00

A true account of one man's lifetime love affair with the sea, this is an enjoyable yarn, engagingly written. The thrills and the heartaches of a sailing vessel's duel with the elements in far-off climes are described with spirit and good humor.

It also relates the sad tale of the coming of the modern steamship, which sounded the deathknell of the proud and beautiful sailing ships.

MAE STOKE

THE BEAUTIFUL SHIP

By John B. Prescott

Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.50

The jacket says this is a story "as clean and stimulating as the lake water; it will speak to all that is fine and manly in every boy who reads it."

Perhaps that best describes the motivation of this unpretentious little story of a young fisherman beset by unsavory villains, in the best juvenile adventure tradition. Unfortunately, the "Beautiful Ship" and the sea are no more than backdrops for Eric and the bad men.

M. S.

THE PARTISANS

By Fred Kraav

Vantage Press, Inc., \$3.75

Written by a man with a deep, abiding hatred for communism, this is the story of a partisan warfare against the overwhelming odds of a Russian occupation force on an island in the Baltic. Realistically told, hard hitting, it paints a bitter picture of the plight of the freedom-starved thousands under the communist heel.

M. S.

TEMPTRESS RETURNS

By Edward C. Allcard

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., \$3.75

Take one Jack Armstrong type character, one 34 foot yawl, spice well with some obliging hurricanes, top off with a beauteous gal stow-away, and what have you got? A sadly unpalatable salad. Even the dressing of an awesome vocabulary can scarce conceal the comic-book plot.

It is based, they say, on an actual voyage.

M. S.

ALWAYS THE MEDITERRANEAN

By Max Miller, U.S.N.R.

E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3.50

This is a sketchy travelogue of the Mediterranean, with footnotes on its antique lore irreverently juxtaposed with the present-day activities of the Navy's Sixth Fleet in the same area. It is abundantly evident that Mr. Miller is, as Walter Karig observes in his foreword to the book, a "plain steak-and-potatoes American in all tastes." Xerxes, Alexander, Cleopatra, Marco Polo, St. Peter and the fun-loving American boy sail through the book on each other's coattails.

T. H. B.

BEYOND HORIZONS

By Carleton Mitchell

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., \$3.95

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T. H. B.

ON THE PRICE OF OILSKINS

Said the sailor, "I've had my fill of play,
I'm shipping out to sea today,
But I've no heavy weather gear
And sailing's rough this time of year.

I need ten fish and have only a fin
For rubber to cover my precious skin."
His buddy, the bosun, at once replied,
"I'll show you how to dress your hide;

Five buck's enough to make it stick
If we shuffle the deck and deal it quick."
They went a piece along the line
And stopped before a "We buy," sign.

The oilskins draping a dummy outside
Were equal to this sailor's pride.
The price tag read, "Nine, ninety-eight,"
But the bosun said, "He'll swallow the bait."

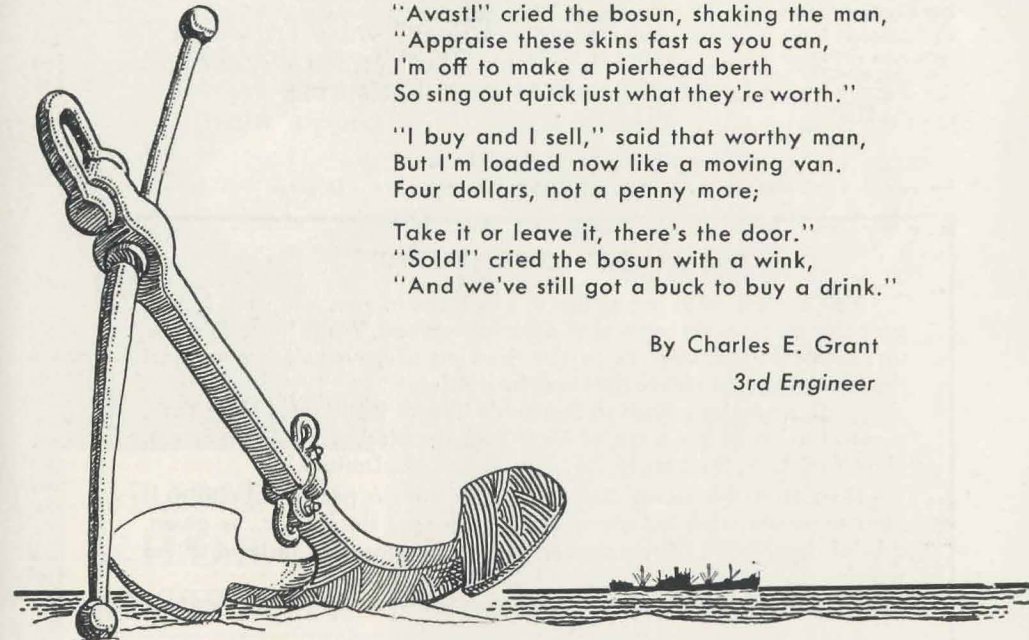
With a twinkling eye and a widespread grin
They soon disrobed the mannequin.
Dreaming of wealth beyond his share
They found the dealer asleep in his chair.

"Avast!" cried the bosun, shaking the man,
"Appraise these skins fast as you can,
I'm off to make a pierhead berth
So sing out quick just what they're worth."

"I buy and I sell," said that worthy man,
But I'm loaded now like a moving van.
Four dollars, not a penny more;

Take it or leave it, there's the door."
"Sold!" cried the bosun with a wink,
"And we've still got a buck to buy a drink."

By Charles E. Grant
3rd Engineer



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"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."

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