The LOOKOUT

TRAINING SHIP: "EAGLE"

Picture courtesy of U.S. Coast Guard.

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The
LOOKOUT

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Sanctuary

FOR THE FAMILY OF NATIONS

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, guide, we beseech Thee the Nations of the world into the way of justice and truth, and establish among them that peace which is the fruit of righteousness, that they may become the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen

From the Book of Common Prayer

THIS MONTH'S COVER:

THE EAGLE, former German training ship Horst Wessel, taken over at Bremerhaven by the U. S. Coast Guard for use in training cadets at the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn. Her three masts carry 21,300 square feet of sail.

The Lookout

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"Kome, Doctor Kome Fixit"

By George M. Meredith

"JUST picture a man stricken with acute appendicitis lying in the fo'c's'le of one of those ships with no doctor aboard!" This protest, made a quarter-century ago by Captain Robert Huntington, was to set in motion a mechanism small in size, but destined to be immense in its role of saving lives and suffering at sea. "Imagine his comrades and the skipper standing helplessly by," said Captain Huntington, "because they don't know what to do to aid him."

The picture was not overdrawn. Seamen had died that way; others had suffered for days and weeks. Seventy-five to eighty percent of our ships had no doctors.

The anxious shipmates of a stricken seaman of today need not wait for death. They wait, instead, for words. Words flashed through the air over hundreds of miles—words from Medico, the medical consultant of the ship at sea.

For Medico waits, around the clock, at a dozen or more radio stations scattered along our coasts, to answer the urgent "XXX" message of a ship with a sick sailor. As Sparks works over his key in the radio shack, an operator ashore relays the patient's symptoms to the nearest marine hospital.

Doctors, many of them among our top-ranking specialists, are called to the seaman's radio "bedside." A look at the symptoms, a few words of consultation, and the U. S. Public Health Service sends its diagnosis and directions for treatment back to the ship, almost before Sparks has time to finish a cigarette.

It was in 1921 that Captain Huntington, principal of the Merchant Marine School at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, discussed with a radio operator at the school his idea for medical aid to ships. The radio sets then used in training often picked up calls from fogbound ships asking for position. The medical possibilities became apparent to the captain seventy years a seaman.

"You might say I thought of it," he says. "But it was really nothing to my credit. I'd been years at sea and run up against the lack of doctors' help hundreds of times. I'd seen fine sailors die and be buried at sea just because of that lack, when a little expert advice might have saved their lives. Why, I'd have been a *dumbbell* if I hadn't thought of it!"

The Institute publicized the idea, and obtained financial support from Henry A. Laughlin of Philadelphia. He gave $5000 to install a radio station on the roof of the Institute building. Colonel E. K. Sprague, then in charge of Marine Hospital No. 70, at Hudson and Jay Streets in New York, promised full cooperation. Medico was born.

Night and day watches were kept, and station KDKF—"Kome Doctor, Kome Fixit," Captain Huntington says the wits used to call it—soon began to receive many calls. All messages were relayed to the hospital and prompt advice brought gratifying results.

Ships were equipped with first-aid kits and medicines, which most masters knew how to use under instruction. Often, however, medicines prescribed were not available aboard. Then another prescription, using drugs on hand, was sent. Right from

Reprinted from "The Mast", Sept., 1946

the beginning, lives were saved. Calls multiplied to the point where the Institute itself had to call for help. Its one small station, with limited range, couldn't handle the calls adequately.

Owen D. Young of the Radio Corporation of America was consulted. He liked the idea of Medico. He sent David Sarnoff (now president of the corporation) to a meeting with the Institute staff. Sarnoff, as a young wireless operator on a whaler, had once used radio to save the life of a lightkeeper on Belle Isle. He was almost as enthusiastic as Captain Huntington.

Medico, just rounding out its first year, was taken over by RCA, with its more powerful stations. The corporation still operates the free service for ships of all flags, through a subsidiary, Radio-marine Corporation of America. And now, built on the groundwork of little KDKF, Medico works constantly through a network of many stations along the coasts of the United States. Each station gets expert medical advice from the nearest Public Health Service hospital, then relays it back to the ship.

All types of ailments are covered in Medico's messages, from broken bones, toothaches, insect bites and burns to appendicitis and suffocation.

For example, this message, prefixed by the "XXX" which indicates urgency and top priority except for SOS messages, came from a freighter in the Atlantic: *Request Consultation as to advisability of extraction of infected tooth. Master.* But that was not enough for the doctors. *Request information,* they replied, *as to location and number of teeth, condition of gum, if there are any cavities in teeth and general symptoms of patient. Sprague.*

A few minutes later the ship's captain came back with the needed details: *One side of jaw badly swollen. Four to five teeth affected. No cavities in teeth. Has been in serious condition and has had fever and partial collapse. Incision was made in jaw and pus discharging. Is now somewhat better. If discharge continues, shall I extract teeth? Master.*

Then the doctor's reply: *Do not extract teeth. Apply continuous hot compresses to cheek. Give patient a dose of salts immediately. Wash out mouth every hour with alkaline antiseptic. If no alkaline antiseptic use a teaspoonful of salt in a glass of warm water. Take temperature and pulse every four hours. Keep us informed of condition.*

A few hours later, the captain was still worried. He radioed back: *Patient shows signs of tetanus, lock jaw. Blood discharge very light color. Very violent at times. One quarter grain of morphine no affect.*

A prompt response from the hospital: *Continue treatment previously recommended. Have patience.* Then a short silence and, finally, the last word and a triumph for Medico: *Patient greatly improved. Thanks.*

Much of the success of Medico is due, of course, to the ability of captains to report symptoms clearly and follow instructions correctly. When the service began in 1921, some ships' officers did not have the training and knowledge necessary. Captain Huntington and others at the

Institute saw the need for systematic instruction, supplemented by a thoroughgoing handbook. Neither existed.

The Merchant Marine School offered instruction in first aid—but it must be made mandatory for all ships' officers, the captain decided. Consequently, through his efforts, no officer has been able to get a license since 1922 without first having a first-aid certificate showing proper instruction. The handbook was prepared by Robert W. Hart, Surgeon, of the Public Health Service; the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, then superintendent of the Institute, published it, and the bill was filled.

Thus armed with the essentials—radio facilities, expert medical aid, and trained men to follow the advice—Medico has saved innumerable lives since its inception. In 1924, only three years after the first message was handled, volume ran about a hundred cases a year. Now it is several times that number.

During the war years, Medico messages, in common with all other radio communication from ships, were silenced. It is history now how Maritime Service-trained purser-pharmacist's mates met the emergency, piling up an astounding record of skill and ingenuity.

Now the radio silence is broken. And with a Merchant Marine larger by far than anything we've had before, need for medical aid to ships is increasing.

Medico made its first post-war headlines recently when a young fellow named Richard McCarthy Alves didn't have the patience to wait out his sea voyage. Richard is the son of Mrs. Maria de Jesus Asuncio Alves. He was born aboard a ship off the Atlantic coast in the midst of a storm.

When a little fellow like Richard makes up his mind, there's no reasoning with him. Something must be done—fast. So the ship's captain sent Sparks hustling to his shack, and the matter was thrown in Medico's lap. The result—following Medico's radioed instructions, the ship's purser, aided by a passenger, delivered Mrs. Alves' baby, storm notwithstanding.

Perhaps misplacing their gratitude to a degree, the parents named their son after the ship's master. But Richard McCarthy Alves probably sounds better than "Medico Alves," anyway. And, meanwhile, Medico was back at work, tuned in again for the familiar "XXX Medico" call, the modern version of old KDKF's "Kome Doctor, Kome Fixit."

More Honors for the Institute

THE Institute has been honored by two additional decorations for its Director, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, D.D. His Majesty, the King of England, bestowed upon Dr. Kelley the title of Honorary Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, Civil Division, and His Majesty, the King of Denmark, awarded him the King Christian X's Medal of Liberation.

Dr. Kelley accepted the decorations "not simply personally, but as the representative of our Board of Managers, of my co-workers of the employed staff, and of our contributors, whose combined devotion and generosity have enabled the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to serve merchant seamen, irrespective of nation, race, or faith, for more than a century."

The Institute played a conspicuous role during the war by providing accommodations and countless other services for seafarers whose countries were occupied or threatened by a common enemy. Club rooms established at the Institute during the war for British, Danish, Belgian, and Netherlands seamen, are still functioning.

A Matter of Winches

By Capt. Harry Garfield

WHEN a greenhorn or first tripper goes to sea he must put up with a great deal of practical joking. He should except to be sent for a non-existent skyhook, a left-handed monkey wrench, a can of green oil for the starboard light, or a key to Davy Jones' Locker. He will doubtless be sent to the crow's nest for eggs, or aft for the key to the keelson, or to the engine room for a cupful of steam from the condensers.

But the joke that furnished the most enjoyment for the old timers in the ship's crew was the examination for a Winch Driver's License. Now the dictionary defines a "winch" as "a powerful machine having one or more barrels or drums on which to coil a rope for hauling and hoisting." But a dictionary was seldom on board and consequently the green crew had no way of knowing what a winch was.

Various hints would be thrown out in the presence of the first-trippers. The bosun would mutter something about the lack of certified winch-drivers, and would hint about the advantages accruing to the lucky holder of a winch-driver's license.

One voyage on a passenger ship I remember with relish. We had our usual complement of prospective winch-drivers. Driving a winch requires no unusual intelligence or ability but the thought of standing at the throttle of a winch was an attraction to newcomers who had spent most of their time aboard using a scrubbing brush or broom.

Regular application blanks were furnished. These were printed on board the ship and the usual questions pertaining to age, birthplace, years at school, parents, shoe sizes, etc. etc. were to be filled in. The important questions followed: Did you or any members of your family ever own a winch? This baffled most of the candidates for none admitted

ever having seen one much less having one in their homes. Another question, marked important, asked impertinently: If you were driving a winch and it suddenly went to the masthead and the cargo went back down the hold, what would you do? An added clause stated that shutting off steam would not be considered as an answer.

This question caused considerable confusion but was settled finally when one of the applicants cornered the Mate on the boat deck one day. "This question about the winch going to the masthead," began the lad.

"Now wait a minute," said the Mate. "It would not be fair to the other candidates if I told you the answer." Then, noting the look of keen disappointment on the questioner's face: "Well, what do you want to know?"

The question was repeated. The lad eyed the Mate anxiously.

"Waal," drawled the Mate. "Do you want a deep water license or coastwise."

"Deep water," was the reply. "My old man thinks I'm a dope. Wait till I show him my winch-driver's license—if I pass the exam!"

"Yes," muttered the Mate, "there will be no more doubt in his mind after he sees that. If that is the only question that puzzles you, here is what you'd do. You would put the winch in reverse and run back to the deck again."

"Thank you, sir" replied the grateful candidate.

Another question which puzzled the new sailors was: How far can you swim? This, too, caused a lot of comment until one day a candidate boldly approached the Chief Engineer, who, dressed in spotless whites, was giving a brief outline of his past life to a young lady whose bosom was heaving violently as the Chief reached the peak of his story of how he had swum ashore with a passenger under each arm when the bottom of his ship fell out in the South Seas.

Sighting the questioner, and being in a good mood at the promise held in the glistening eyes of his fair companion, the Chief said: "What can I do for you, my boy?"

"It is this question, sir. How far can you swim? What has that got to do with driving a winch?"

The Chief considered a moment. Then he said gently: "In case of shipwreck or disaster at sea you would be expected to save the winch."

"Save the winch!' repeated the candidate in astonishment. "To hell with the winch." And he walked quickly forward.

Considering that a winch weighs several tons and is bolted firmly to the deck other candidates probably echoed his sentiments.

The day for the granting of licenses was the climax and all hands took part in the fun. The youngsters received the printed scrolls with all the dignity and seriousness of graduates accepting their sheepskin diplomas.

A. A.

SHORTLY after the founding of our Alcoholics Anonymous office a year ago last April here at the Institute a seaman came in for help with his chief problem . . . alcoholism. He sailed as a boatswain and A. B., was in his middle forties, and seemed in dire need of moral assistance. From a previous mishap his face was broken and scarred and this had set up an inferiority complex in him from which he sought escape by excessive drinking. After a few days' hospitalization for alcoholism, he was sent to the Marine Hospital at Stapleton, Staten Island, where extensive plastic surgery was performed which largely restored his appearance.

The following months found this man reacting slowly but surely to A. A. philosophy. He has been an active participant in all A. A. meetings and functions; he took a sincere, sober interest in the entire movement, and was instrumental in restoring several of his former drinking companions to sobriety. We gradually learned that he was above the average as far as background goes; he was a graduate of an Estonian University and an accomplished linguist. Since his first visit to this office he has remained sober and has maintained constant contact.

Not long ago he was to be married at City Hall and the director of the A. A. Bureau was best man.

Pictures and dinner followed for the happy couple and their attendants. In the annals of the city, this was but another in a series of civil wedding ceremonies, but to us in this department it marks an important milestone. It proves conclusively that an alcoholic can return to sobriety with the help of the A. A. and a sincere desire to remain sober.

Fate and a Torpedo

By Mort Alper*

Drawing by Donald Greame Kelley

LIKE so many ghost ships the convoy seemed to glide thru the quiet Mediterranean. I turned my face upwards and scanned the sky. It was mostly clear, tho occasionally the starry fingers above were gloved by velvet clouds. Then I listened to the soft wind and the monotone of the slapping waves, sounds of eternity, a melody that had been playing for millions of years.

A minute passed and down below, in the freighter's wheelhouse, the clock rang out four bells . . . 10 P.M. . . . time for Dutchy, my relief, to take over the wheel. I could tell when he was coming for he always sang some lively tune in his thick accent. Tonight his selection was, "Yankee Doodle Dandy". I grinned and said, "If you don't stop you'll wake up the dead".

Sharply he replied, "Smitty, don't talk about the dead!" Then more to himself than to me, he added, "Yah, it's bad luck—always—and for sure today—Friday the 13th—is a no-good day".

For the moment I had forgotten Dutchy was superstitious, but I couldn't very well blame him for being that way. He had been torpedoed four times.

Dropping the subject, I told him the course and repeated it to the Mate. Leaving Dutchy to his superstitions and songs, I went down below to the boat deck. I glanced once more at the convoy. Peacefully and proudly the ships pushed their noses thru the water. As I've often felt when I looked at a convoy I again had the feeling that I belonged out here.

Two hours later, after we had come off watch we both sat in the messroom drinking coffee. Not thinking of anything in particular myself, I wondered what the others were thinking.

At the other end of the table three men were playing draw poker for cigarettes.

"Let's get in the game," I said to Dutchy.

"Yah sure!" and his deep voice rumbled, "We wash 'em white".—He had a wonderful way of handling slang.

I quickly dealt the cards, the first card face down and the others up. Chips won the hand with a pair of tens. Joe dealt, first cards face down. Dutchy looked at his and in a thick voice muttered, "Gut ver damm". Quickly he looked up. His face had paled and his cigarette wavered slightly. Without a word he slowly pushed himself up from the chair.

"Dutchy, are you sick?"

"No—no," he said softly, "I'm all right". And as tho dazed, he walked out of the messroom.

In the meantime, Joe had turned over Dutchy's card.

"Hey, Smitty," he yelled, "Look!" I turned around and there face upwards was his card, the ace of spades!

I followed him into our foc'sle where I found him sitting on a small bench near the porthole. His heavy body was motionless and hanging from his lips was a cigarette. At the sound of my footsteps he looked up. His eyes were filled with fear, the fear of a frightened animal. I sat down on my bunk and filled my pipe.

"Have a match, Dutchy?" No answer. I repeated my question. This time it pierced the fear that surrounded his brain. His thick fingers fumbled in his shirt pocket and, in silence, he passed them to me.

"Thanks. It's a funny thing about superstitions, Dutchy. I remember a few trips ago, in Algiers. I had been drinking vino and I felt like doing something crazy—I decided to see how much there was to superstitions—I broke every one of them, that I could think of—I let a black cat run in front of me—I walked under a ladder—I spent thirteen dollars and I broke a mirror—and do you know what happened afterwards? I met the prettiest girl you've ever set eyes on—that's when I decided bad luck signs didn't mean a thing!" Dutchy shook his head.

"Maybe they no bother you, Smitty. But for me, no good—for me always unlucky." He raised his voice. "Three years ago a black cat run in front of me in Holland. When I come to the United States, I find out my wife and children, they die . . . now I'm afraid, Smitty—something will happen—I'm afraid."

He ran his fingers through his thinning hair, stood up and shuffled around the foc'sle. Suddenly he turned around. "Maybe today I die."

"Take it easy!—you or nobody else is going to die. Let's go out on deck, Dutchy, and get some air—it's kind of warm here."

I put out my pipe while he ground out his cigarette. We walked through the darkened passageway, pushed the blackout curtain aside and stepped out on deck near number 4 hatch. Scattered clouds trimmed the horizon while the moon silvered the ocean.

His hand gripped the rail tightly. After a few minutes of silence I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock.

"I'm going to get some sleep, Dutchy—you coming?"

"No—no, I stay here—I be near God—maybe I feel better."

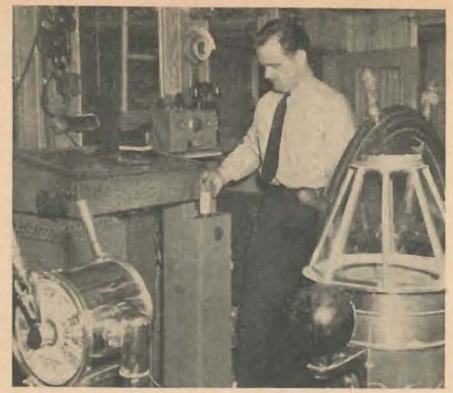
I couldn't have been asleep more than half-an-hour when I suddenly felt myself being flung against the bulkhead. I awoke, but for a moment I didn't realize we had been torpedoed. Then the shriek of the general alarm was followed by the abandon ship signal—and the sound of running footsteps. As if in a dream I put on my pants and shoes, grabbed my life-jacket and ran up to my lifeboat on the starboard side of the boat-deck. I looked around in time to see numer 4 hatch shooting forth flames that reddened the whole after end of the ship. Just then I remembered that Dutchy had been standing near number 4.

"Hey, Dutchy!" I shouted. But the noise and confusion and the crackling flames extinguished the sound of my voice. Afraid that the gasoline in number 4 would explode any minute we quickly lowered the boat in the water. The ship was now beginning to list to the starboard side. Once more I shouted for Dutchy. Receiving no answer I figured he was in one of the other lifeboats. I slid down the man-line and into the boat. In ten minutes we were clear of the ship, and just in time. She exploded twice and like a ghost disappeared into the Medi-

Continued on Page 11

Drawing by Jerome Rozen

* *Member, Artists & Writers Club*



Capt. Frank Levesque transmits ship arrival information from the pilot boat *New Jersey*.

New Communication System Advises of Incoming Ships

RADIO-TELEFAX, a new type of telegraph communication, is now in operation on pilot boats at the Ambrose Channel entrance to New York Harbor to transmit advance information of the approach of incoming ships, the Western Union Telegraph Co. has announced. Ship arrival reports are part of the telegraph company's Commercial News Dept., ticker and message service.

With the approval of the Federal Communications Commission, and the cooperation of the New York and New Jersey Sandy Hook Pilots' Associations, Western Union has installed modern Radio-Telefax sending equipment on the pilot boats *New York, New Jersey* and *Wanderer*.

Using the Radio-Telefax, the pilot boat captain writes *"SS Queen Mary Incoming at* 1644'" on a telegraph blank and wraps it around the cylinder of a Telefax transmitter in the wheelhouse of the boat. The machine then transmits the telegram over a radio beam to the Marine News room at 60 Hudson St., New York, where it arrives as a facsimile reproduction of the sent message.

Formerly ships were identified from a distance by observers with telescopes. Now they are reported by pilot boats miles out at sea. This eliminates any possibility of error in identification or of failure to report ships due to fog or darkness, since incoming vessels take pilots on board before entering New York Harbor.

The service will be used to schedule activities in accordance with the arrival time of ships in New York Harbor, by steamship companies, ship chandlers, newspapers, press associations, towboat companies, Travellers' Aid, Maritime Exchange, Custom House, the Immigration Service, Coast Guard.

American Merchant Marine Conference to be Held Oct. 16, 17, and 18 at Waldorf-Astoria

The 1946 American Merchant Marine Conference, conducted by the Propeller Club of the United States in conjunction with its Twentieth Annual Meeting, will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on October 16, 17, and 18.

Presiding Officer at the Conference will be Vice Admiral W. W. Smith, Chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission. Mr. J. L. Luckenbach is Chairman of the Conference Committee.

Theme of this meeting will be "The American Merchant Marine and World Commerce". Problems of vital importance to the American Maritime Industry will be presented and discussed by recognized authorities.

Panel Discussion meetings will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, October 16th and 17th; the Main Conference Session on Thursday afternoon, October 17th; Propeller Club Convention Sessions on Friday, October 18th, and on the evening of that date, the annual American Merchant Marine Conference Dinner.

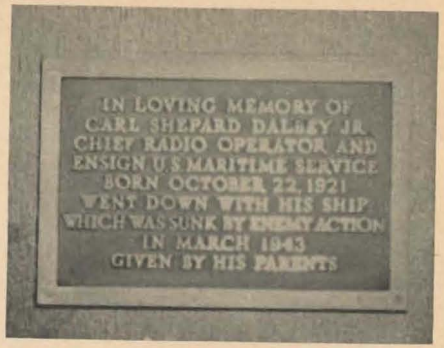
Say It In Bronze

BRONZE is again being used for memorial tablets, having fulfilled its mission as torpedo warheads holding 500 pounds of TNT. Come down to 25 South Street and visit the "House of a Thousand Memorials" as the Seamen's Church Institute of New York has been called. There is scarcely a corner or a door not marked by a bronze tablet with an inscription, a continual reminder of the generosity of some friend of merchant seamen.

The personal incidents inscribed on the bronze memorials record valorous deeds in both war and peace, heroic rescues at sea, notable achievements on land. Some pay tribute to famous men; others to people unheralded by the world.

The main entrance to the building is marked by a bronze tablet which is in memory of: *A. A. Low Three Times President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. His swift Clipper Ships Sailed The Wide Seas for many Years.*

About 25 memorials have been added since the war. These include memorials for Mrs. Henry E. Bliss, Miss Isabella C. King, Mrs. Herman LeRoy Edgar, who were officers of the Hudson River Association of the Central Council; Glen Ridge Association; Carl Dalbey, Jr., radio operator lost when his ship was torpedoed; Miss Louie M. Pearse; John Wolfe Ambrose; Alma Atwood Cote; John Hubbard; Samuel Miller Mills; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wearne; Lt. Theron Griggs Platt; I. Calvin Shafer; Maximilian Seckendorf; Ohio's Merchant Marine; An Unknown Seaman; Richard McFarland; Lt. Com. Aymar Johnson, U.S.N.R.; William Harris Douglas; John Hubbard; George Hargreaves; In Friendship and Admiration; George & Theodore Ruger; Judge Nehemiah Candee; Captain Richard Tucker; Lydia Hartman; Nicholas H. Noyes, Jr.; Anton A. Raven; and Charles Hayden.



U.S.M.M.A. GRADS NOW RECEIVE B.S. DEGREE

An impressive milestone in the history of the United States Merchant Marine Academy was reached recently when President Truman signed HR 5380, authorizing the degree of Bachelor of Science for graduating cadets.

HR 5380 amends an Act of Congress approved May 25, 1933, which authorized the degree of Bachelor of Science for graduates of the U. S. Naval Academy, the U. S. Military Academy and the U. S. Coast Guard Academy, extending its provisions to apply also to the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York.

SIXTEEN CREW MEMBERS MISSING AFTER HURRICANE RIPS TANKER

The 10,000-ton Norwegian tanker, *Marit II*, was torn in halves recently in the full fury of a hurricane about 148 miles East of Cape Hatteras. Eighteen of the forty aboard, adrift in a lifeboat, were rescued by the tanker *Pan Amoco* which radioed first news of the disaster. The tanker, *Gulf Hawk*, directed to the scene by a Coast Guard search plane, picked up six more survivors on a life raft. An all day search revealed no trace of the remaining sixteen crew members. The *Marit* was carrying a cargo of 4,524 tons of fuel oil from Curacao, Netherlands West Indies. Superstitions of the sea cropped up as news spread that there had been a woman aboard (the captain's wife) and the disaster struck on Friday the 13th. Both the Captain and his wife are among the missing

Genuflection to the Engine

By Robert Thompson, 1st Assistant Engineer*

IN the North Sea, in the engine-room of a freighter, on the mid-night watch. The job is single screw, triple expansion, reciprocating. I am oiling the tops. I am at the valve gear of the intermediate pressure engine. The steel crosshead, with flashy brass oilcups and blue-burnished bolts, zooms past me. It flies vertically on glistening guides. Below, in the pit, the great web crank gallops its circle. The connecting-rod, polished shinbone of a giant, oscillates in its path between the two. Above, the piston crunches the cylinder walls. The crosshead, the knuckles, is transferring the vertical motion of the piston into the rotary motion of the propeller. There are three such, in tandem, pedalling the screw at the stern of the ship. Three engines in one engine, churning one wake.

It has been running so for fourteen days . . . and fourteen nights . . . constantly. It makes a great noise, frightening to strangers. It will break a man in two, who tries to stop it. It will break an oak beam a foot square in two. It will break anything in two, now, after fourteen days.

Woodcut by Fred Slavic

It is making sixty-five strokes a minute. Twice a second it gallops past a given point. I am the given point. The oilcan in my hand is the given point. The oilcan is part of me. I am part of the engine. We three are the engine and its accessories.

Behind me is a valve mechanism, two rods clipping like long scissors. Its short, quick motion precedes and anticipates the piston motion. It passes its centre a second before the crosshead passes. Behind me the scissors clip. Before me the crosshead zooms.

The engine's beat is absolute, inexorable. The great web cranks fly in orbits of oil. They tell a tale. One might hear the engine speak . . . so, as it beats . . . down and up, . . . "Give me steam, give me steam . . . Kiel Can-al, Kiel Can-al . . . Bal-ti-more, Bal-ti-more . . . chug and chug, chug and chug . . day and night, day and night . . . swab my rods, swab my rods . . ."

In the ports, against the docks, when the engine is still, is dead, men are all over it, measuring between its cranks, tightening up, smoothing off, cleaning, scraping, dosing, drugging, painting, polishing. It has no steam then to live on. Now it is blown up with magic gas. It needs no mothering now. It is entire, an entity on the ocean, steady beating, beating down the North Sea . . . up and down . . . up and down, its pistons driving to the apex of the sky, to the core of the earth, on an arc of the ocean . . . to the apex of the sky, to the core of the world.

It is a giant, too, six times as tall as a man, as tall as six men, as heavy as a hundred elephants, as strong as fourteen thousand horses. One must know it has being, has a will, is fearless, and fearful. I am an oiler. The engine complete, the unit, has three human beings to oil it, four human beings to make steam for it, five human beings to help the human beings who make steam for it. But the engine is the master, is the god out on an arc of the ocean beating in the shell of a ship.

I am in a perilous place. The crosshead zooms past my face, missing by inches. The eccentric rods clip my trouser's leg. In one hand is my oilcan. My oilcan squirts into the brass oilcups as the cross head flashes by. My arm must learn the rhythm of the engine. My thumb on the oilcan must know the beat of the engine. I step cautiously on the grating.

The ship is rolling easily. With one hand I brace against the engine column. My hand rests on a small pipe leading down to a steam gauge. The pipe is hot. It is very dammed hot. I flinch my hand from it. I lose my balance. I fall—not hard, not far, but there is no choice. I fall lightly to the grating on which I stood. My oilcan drops to the floor plates, lands upright. My arm, cut slightly, spills blood. It sizzles on the hot piston-rod, evaporates in smoke.

I tremble, in peril. Gleaming oil-rinsed piston-rods clip past my face. The steel crosshead osculates my shirt front. Eccentric scissors snatch my trouser's leg. The down-stroke does not touch me. The up-stroke does not touch me. I am still. Below is the churning crank. One strike will crack my back, will smear me against the engine column.

Reflexes tremble me. I hear the engine's beat. It controls my thought. Chug and chug . . . chug and chug . . . "carelessness, carelessness . . . reprimand, reprimand." As the piston reaches the top centre I move, as it reaches the bottom centre I move, slowly, carefully, abjectly. I hear the beat, chug and chug, chug and chug . . . "careful now, careful now."

I move machine-like, precisely, exactly. Soon I am clear, beyond danger. The engine beats, "Homeward bound, homeward bound."

Reprinted from "Pagany"

* *Member, Artists and Writers Club.*

FATE AND A TORPEDO

Continued from Page 7

terranean. To her, torpedoes and subs and floating mines and strafing planes were things of the past.

A few hours later, after being picked up by an escort ship and given hot coffee, the Captain took a roll-call.

"Gomez?"—"Here, Sir!"

"Andrews?"—"Here, Sir!"

"Smith?"—"Here, Sir!"

"Van Der Meer?"—Silence.

Louder, "Van Der Meer?"—Still no answer. "Has anyone seen Van Der Meer?"—No one had seen him.

"Who saw him last before we were hit?"

"I did, sir," I replied, "when I left him at two o'clock he was standing near the rail by No. 4 hatch."

"No. 4, Smith?"

"Yes sir!"

A strange silence filled the air. The Captain then resumed.

"Johnson, Kilpatrick, Nibson . . ." And so on down the line. All were there. All but Dutchy.

Later when the crew was talking about it, I just sat there listening. wondering and thinking.

"He was a nice guy—It's guys like him who never look for trouble who—Was he married?—I don't know—Well, he don't have to worry about them tinfish anymore—What did you say, Joe?—A ace of spades? —I'll be hanged!—sure, the torpedo is what did it . . ."

"You're wrong," I said, "that torpedo was out to get all of us—but Fate was only after Dutchy."

Then I took the large safety-pin that held the knife and whistle to my life-jacket, threw it over my left shoulder and made a wish for the Dutchman.

I've had a lot of Fun

By George T. Noble, Chief Steward*

WHO shall evaluate in mere terms of dollars and cents the manifold attractions of the sailor's way of life? Who can so measure the value of a tangy salt-breeze across open water? . . . the sights, the sounds, the smells, of ships and the sea . . . What price for a glorious, wind-swept sunset or a moon-lit night in mid-ocean? . . . These things are priceless . . .

All my life I have wanted to travel over these vast expanses of salt water, journey to far places, to remote and distant ports, see strange people and quaint customs stranger still . . . And I am doing that now

. . . That is why I tell my friends that I am on a paid vacation . . .

It may sound odd—to some people—but the War years were among the happiest of my life. They were thrilling years, to be sure. Danger was our daily bread and Death, always lurking near us, was our all-too frequent shipmate. A very wise person once said that to enjoy life to the fullest you must live dangerously . . . He was right—because I have found it so.

I haven't a lot of material profit to show for four years of what was certainly an extra hazardous industry, but I've seen things that others haven't and done much that only a few have been privileged to do. I've been drugged and robbed, shot at on the high seas, and from under them, strafed from the skies, and jailed and bailed out again in foreign ports . . . I've helped sail the sweetest little Schooner that ever carried sails—thro the submarine blockade—on a perilous wintry voyage with ice-coated decks and sails frozen in the rigging . . . Scudding under bare poles, rolling round stormy Cape Hatteras in the darkest kind of night, I went below and whacked-up one of the finest beef-stews you've ever tasted—with biscuit-flour dumplings! . . . I've been shipmates with some of the bravest men that ever lived, the kind of men who could, and did, grin in the face of Death . . . shipmates who could look up from their toil with bleeding hands as a boarding sea drenched us from head to boot-soles—grin and exclaim "Salubrious, ain't it?"

I've had a lot of fun. I've made friends I'll remember always, as well as an enemy or two I'm entirely willing to forget . . .

. . . And if there's anything more to Life than that, I don't want it . . .

* *Member, Artists & Writers Club.*

FLOATING MUSEUM

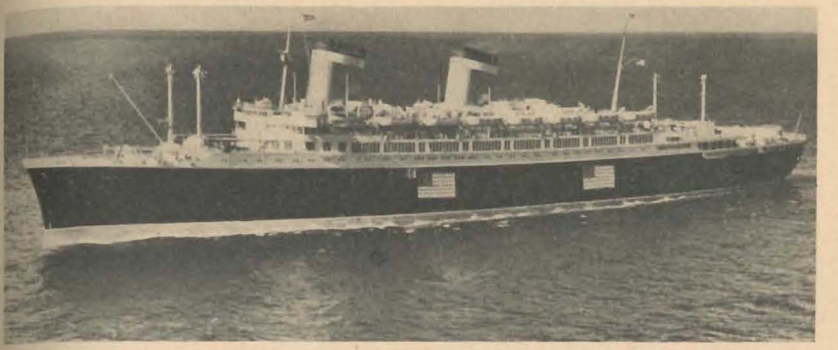
The *Emery Rice*, a man-of-war first commissioned in 1875 as the *U.S.S. Ranger*, and later turned into a training vessel at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, now rounds out her honorable career as a museum ship, an exhibit of this nation's sea-going past.

She has been equipped with an assortment of ship models, charts, pictures, and marine relics, and is now open for inspection during the Academy's visiting hours.

The greater part of the exhibit consists of part of the late James A. Farrell's private collection, on loan to Kings Point. Mr. Farrell inaugurated the South African Line and was instrumental in the founding of India House, a club and museum for the Maritime industry, just a stone's throw away from the Institute.

Among interesting ship models on view are the *Wanderer*, the *Glory of the Seas*, and the British merchantman, *Board of Trade*.

Two Luxury Liners Ready For Passenger Service



S.S. AMERICA

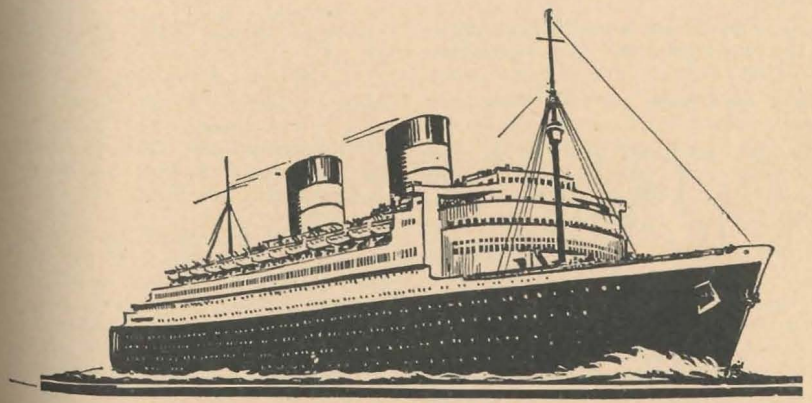
Two mammoth and luxurious liners, one flying the American and one the British flag, have been reconverted to peace time passenger service. The *S. S. America* is scheduled to sail from New York on her maiden voyage to Europe on October 17th and the *R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth* on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York on October 16th.

The careers of both vessels were interrupted by the war clouds of Europe. Neutrality laws barred the *America* from the Atlantic run when she was completed but she made a few cruises to the West Indies and to California before she was taken over by the Navy in 1941 and converted into a trasport. The *Queen Elizabeth* was never entirely completed as a luxury liner but was rushed to America under the utmost secrecy to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. She was then pressed into service as a troop transport along with her sister ship the *Queen Mary*.

The *America* chalked up a notable war service record under the name of the *U.S.S. West Point*. Her scheduled departure for Europe reopens the United States Lines' North Atlantic passenger service and peace time operation in the field of luxury travel. The decor of the vessel, contemporary American in style, has been recreated by the American artists, and factories which produced the original . . . . torn out when she was fitted for transport service. She is 723 feet long, 93 feet beam and 26,454 gross tons. She has accommodiations for 1050 passengers in first, cabin, and tourist classes.

The *Queen Elizabeth*, pride of the Cunard White Star Line, is the world's largest ship. Her length is 1031 feet, 118 ft. beam, 83,673 gross tonnage; accommodiations 850 first class, 720 cabin, and 744 tourist.

First Day Covers commemorating the maiden voyages of these two ships are are available from: **First Day Cover Agents, 25 South Street, New York 4. The Covers are 50c each. Send coin or postal order.**



R.M.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH

MEDAL FOR VALOR

For the expert seamanship and great daring he displayed in bringing his munition-laden cargo ship safely through a five-day running battle with enemy submarines and torpedo planes, the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal was presented to Capt. John Tryg, a veteran South Atlantic Steamship Line skipper.

Captain Tryg's ship, the *S.S. Schoharie,* was proceeding in convoy to Archangel, Russia, when the Nazi torpedo planes and subs attacked in the North Atlantic, 150 miles off the Norwegian coast. During the long fight that ensued, 13 Allied ships were sunk. Despite the fact that his ship was only lightly armed at the time, its guns, manned by Navy men and merchant seamen, were credited with bringing down four of the enemy planes destroyed.

By clever maneuvering, Captain Tryg managed to escape two torpedoes that were launched, almost simultaneously at the ship—one passing fifteen feet astern and the other about 20 feet beyond the bow.

NEW LINERS TO BE LUXURIOUS

The *President Cleveland* and the *President Wilson,* of the American Presidents Lines, now nearing completion, will be among the largest and most elaborately fitted vessels ever built in the United States for trans-Pacific service. Features are: enclosed swimming pool, marine veranda, cocktail lounge, smoking room, library, main lounge, and outside cabin class staterooms with private baths or showers.

Also recently announced is construction of the two largest and fastest passenger liners ever built in this country authorized by the United States Maritime Commission.

Designed for trans-Pacific service, each vessel will carry 1,200 pasengers in luxury accommodations. Plans call for three swimming pools, complete air conditioning and a theater. A crew of 590 will be required for operation of each ship.

These 920-foot express vessels, to be known as Great Circle Liners, will be of the Maritime Commission Design P5-S2-E1, which the commission's technical division has had under preparation for several years.

NORMANDIE ENDS AS SCRAP

Under a directive from President Truman the U. S. Maritime Commission set the stage recently for the last act in the dramatic career of the world's largest ship. The Commission invited bids for purchase of the *USS LAFAYETTE,* formerly the French luxury liner *NORMANDIE,* for scrapping.

Exhaustive investigation having established the impracticability of restoring the vessel to operating condition, the invitation to bid specifies that the liner "including the hull or hulk, engines, machinery and equipment shall be completely scrapped, dismembered, dismantled, or destroyed within the continental limits of the United States within 18 months from the date of delivery"

The vessel is now moored at Erie Basin, foot of Columbia Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Maritime Commission first acquired title and possession of the then *NORMANDIE* a few days after the United States declared war on the Axis while the liner was in the North River, New York. She was turned over to the Navy which renamed her *USS LAFAYETTE* and was converting her into a troopship capable of carrying 23,000 men when she caught fire February 9, 1942, and capsized.

The former *NORMANDIE* was built at St. Nazaire, France, in 1935. She was 1,029 feet long and 83,400 gross tonnage. She cost more than $60,000,000. On the return leg of her maiden voyage she crossed the Atlantic, at an average speed of 30.31 knots, sailing 3,015 miles in 4 days, 3 hours and 25 minutes.

CHIEF MATE WINS MEDAL

For his bravery in rescuing two Norwegian sailors during a heavy storm at sea, Chief Mate George A. Moura, 27, of Riverside, R. I., was awarded the Merchant Marine Meritorious Service Medal.

Mr. Moura was serving as a Third Mate on the *SS Pan Maryland,* a tanker, which was traveling in convoy to a North Atlantic port when, in mid-ocean, his ship went to the aid of a Norwegian tanker which had broken in two after being battered by a terrific gale.

During their embarkation Moura observed two men who were too weak to climb the boarding net. Without hesitation he jumped from his ship's deck into the lifeboat, secured lines around them and assisted them aboard. His action was extremely hazardous as there was constant danger of being smashed against the ship's side by the prevailing heavy swells.

SEAGOING REFUGEES HIT SNAG OF IMMIGRATION PERMIT

After crossing the Atlantic in a thirty-eight-foot sloop, 18 Estonian refugees arrived at Miami, Fla., only to find their entry into this country barred by their lack of immigration permits. Immigration authorities, however, were moved to grant them a sixty-day haven here while other sources make efforts to find them a permanent home in the United States.

Eleven men, six wives, and a five year old girl made the three month voyage, having started from Sweden and made one stop in England. The sloop's name was the Inarda. Skipper and navigator Felix Tandre said they all hoped to stay in America where they thought they could be good citizens.

HALF A SHIP BUT STILL USEFUL

Half a ship, even a 16,000-tonner, may be of questionable marine value but as a source of electricity for a power-needy community it can be a distinct asset. The United States Maritime Commission is turning over to the city of Anchorage, Alaska, the stern of a wrecked tanker. Within this otherwise useless segment of the *S.S. Sackett's Harbor* 6,000-horsepower team turbines remain intact and operative and they will be a source of emergency electric power until the Alaska city can obtain permanent facilities.

The *Sackett's Harbor* played her part in the war by transporting vital gasoline. On March 1st last, while still plying the turbulent Pacific, she broke in two in heavy weather.

Capt. O. S. Morse, the master, and nine other members of the tanker's crew who were in the stern made their way to the *USS Orlando,* a Navy patrol frigate, from which Capt. Morse radioed they would re-board the still floating stern and sail it to port. Crew members in the bow section were rescued by other vessels.

Under her own power the tanker's stern started for the nearest land, making only two knots. Before long, however, a Navy tug, the *Sarsi,* made fast a line to the derelict and towed her to Adak, Alaska. In the meantime other Navy craft found the abandoned bow section of the tanker and sank it by gunfire as a menace to navigation.

GALLANT SHIP

Survivor of three score bombing and strafing runs by Japanese planes during recapture of the Philippines, the *SS Adoniram Judson* has been awarded a citation as a Gallant Ship by the War Shipping Administration. Presentation of the placque was made in New York by Capt. John F. Killgrew, Maritime Service.

This vessel was one of the first six Liberty ships participating in the invasion of the Philippines in October 1944. She arrived in San Pedro Bay, Leyte, soon after General MacArthur's thrust began and immediately her guns engaged five attacking planes. Two days later she docked at Tacloban, the first American ship to arrive since its capture by the Japs.

The resistance put up by the freighter's Navy Armed Guard, assisted by merchant seamen, is attested by the fact the vessel received official credit for downing one Zero plane, one Betty bomber and possibly four other enemy planes. Seven Navy gunners, three merchant seamen and two Army stevedores were wounded by shrapnel.

The Liberty ship carried urgently needed cargo, including airfield landing mats that enabled land-based planes, P-38s, to arrive and give urgently needed air coverage over the American invasion operations in the area.

THE EUROPA WILL BE BACK IN ATLANTIC SERVICE IN THE FALL

The former German liner *Europa* under her new name, the *Liberte,* is expected to arrive here early in November to re-establish the French Line's regular peacetime passenger service between Le Havre and New York.

Guy de Berc, acting general manager of the line in the United States, disclosed that his company plans to use the *Liberte* and the *De Grasse* in maintaining a regular service between the two ports. They will be joined in the spring by the *Ile de France* after the last ship is reconverted.

The *Liberte* was moved from her berth in Bremenhaven to Cherbourg on June 20 and work was begun immediately on a complete overhaul of the former German vessel. Mr. De Berc said a survey showed comparatively small repairs must be made on the vessel.

Book Reviews

WILLIWAW

By Gore Vidal

E. P. Dutton & Co., $2.50

The strange title of this little book excites curiosity. Is Williwaw the name of a man or of a country? It is neither; it is the name of a storm—a violent storm in the North Pacific.

This story should interest all who like tales of the sea. It deals with a group of six men on a three-hundred ton steamer caught in a violent windstorm in treacherous Aleutian waters, their reactions to danger, and to each other. It gives intimate views of their torment of mind under stress.

Mr. Vidal, a veteran of twenty, tells his story in a direct, purposeful style quite in keeping with the rough subject matter with which he deals.

The story shows well the petty irritations which spring up between men confined in narrow quarters in which they cannot escape each other for long; personal dislikes and jealousies develop quickly into burning hatreds; a sarcastic word, fanned by suspicion, flares into a violent quarrel; little peculiarities, however harmless, become unbearable to others. The Second Mate, the chief engineer, the major and the chaplain are bound to stir up reminiscences of men one has known.

The book is not long, but, like a well-ordered boat, it contains little waste space. It is written by a man who evidently knows men and boats and is fond of both in a completely unsentimental fashion. There is plenty of good sharp dialogue and enough action and nautical language to give any landlocked mariner a very good fictional trip through stormy waters.

W. F. Avery.

THE STAR ATLAS AND NAVIGATION ENCYCLOPEDIA

By S. S. Rabl

Cornell Maritime Press. 1946.

The Star Atlas and Navigation Encyclopedia by S. S. Rabl covers all methods of navigation from the dim past to the latest of the present day. It is clearly written in simple language with clear and descriptive charts and illustrations which can easily be understood even by the beginner.

The text is by no means confined to the star charts and star identification. There is an excellent chapter on Nautical Astronomy and definitions of all of the celestial coordinates and their relationship to the spherical triangle as used in navigation. The celestial coordinates are well illustrated in numerous diagrams. In a chapter on sextants, many helpful diagrams show the effects of refraction, parralax, and dip as applied to a sextant altitude.

Capt. M. Reilly.

WINE FOR MY BROTHERS

By Robert Emmett Higginbotham

Rhinehart and Co., $2.50

This story of an oil tanker and her crew plying the Atlantic coast in the early months of 1942, when Hitler's subs were having their way with American shipping, appears to have been fashioned while the irons of war were still hot.

It is an evil voyage. The skipper, who lives by hate, does his evil best to mask his fear with sadistic acts of intimidation of the crew.

Terror first strikes him when he learns that his ship is carrying through submarine waters fuel oil that will burn. He cushions his shock with large potions of whiskey and thinks up other ways to harass the crew.

He is resisted by Blackie, the crew's leader, and truly a bringer of wine for his brothers. Blackie stills their fears, amuses, and instructs them in the larger issues they are fighting the war for.

The captain's efforts to frame Blackie are of no avail because a torpedo whams into the ship and the sea is soon ablaze. It is Blackie at the helm who keeps her from broaching in the blazing oil and allows a boatload of survivors to get away.

The captain deserts his command and Blackie dies with the ship to save his shipmates. But Blackie's lesson of courage and larger wisdom does not die.

There is strong writing in this book. It is vital and thoughtful. It is one of the best of the sea books to come out of the war. And for anyone who sailed the tank ships in those early months of 1942 it is completely authentic.

Robert Thompson.

U. S. MARITIME SERVICE HOSPITAL CORPS MANUAL

Prepared by Training Organization War Shipping Administration. 1945.

There is always a real need for good material on the medical care of merchant seamen so this book should prove invaluable to the great number of ships that travel without physicians. Prepared as a text book for students taking the combination Purser-Pharmacist's mate course, it is a book of instruction to be generally remembered, as well as a ready reference for time of emergency. It is written in non-technical style and has descriptions and good illustrations of the human body in relation to health problems. Also are given the treatment for simple ailments, which cause discomfort while not being of a dangerous nature.

I. M. A.

Marine Poetry

A FAMOUS CAT

By Fred Forster, 2nd Asst. Engineer

We made it, Port of London was the place
We dodged the bombs and subs and won
the race;
Our ship secured, with lines made fast,
I settled for a well-earned rest.
'Twas in the famous Horse Shoe Bar
Where sailor men forget the war,
And drink a toast to victory,
And all enjoy their liberty.
She made her rounds—just like a game,
They pat her back until she came
In front of me, and when I looked
At Pussy there, she had me hooked.
A friendly paw came up to me,
Her eyes looked straight and I could see
There was no use to get away,
We joined together from that day.
She settled down on my settee,
The ship was ready, so were we.
All hell broke loose, and ships went down
But Puss and I, we didn't drown,
We got to Norway safe and sound,
To get a ship that's westward bound.
Old Puss just looked as if to say,
"We'll sail a new one out today."
My cat, she saw the world go by,
And stuck to me. I wonder why.
I took my brush and fixed her hair,
Made up her bunk and put her there,
She cocked her ears for all alarms
And saw the planes go by in swarms.
Out of the convoy they sank five,
While Puss and I held on to life,
We took a hit below the wave,
Which sent the ship down to its grave.
I carried Puss out on a raft,
The Captain looked at me,
I guess he thought that I was daft
To take that cat to sea.
We washed upon the rocks ashore
But safe and sound we were,
Puss sailed once more into the war,
And had her young ones there.
It was a lucky number,
Three kittens, black as night,
I found them in their slumber,
It was a pretty sight.
Then came the day out at Saipan
Americans stormed the beach,
There was a soldier, strong and tan,
The kittens in his reach.
He put the young ones in his pockets,
And started for the shore,
Through fire, bombs and rockets
The kittens, safe once more.
And Puss went out to look for them
She hoped they'd still be there,
But on we went South-west Pacific,
New Guinea, Leyte and Manila.
Attacks on us were sure terrific,
But we were saved by the flotilla.
The time had come at Okinawa
For us to turn about, and cross the foam,
Then Puss and I we joined the gala
Celebration, V-J, and sailed for home.
From Atlantic to Pacific
She travelled east and west,
The famous cat has now retired
To enjoy a well-earned rest.

SONG

Ho for the tattooed legion, ho!
Ho for the white-caps, leather skin!
Ho for the gypsies who must go
Along the undulating row
The porpoise patterns fade and show,
Until the lands begin.
And why, I do not know.
Ho for the ports which flank our main!
Ho for the ports and out again!
Whether above or down below,
Ho for the legion, ho!

By Miner.

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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."

*We regret to report the deaths of Sir Samuel A. Salvage, and Captain H. Harvey Tomb, U.S.N. (Ret.) Both were loyal and active members of the Board of Managers, the former since 1929, for a time Chairman of the Institute's Merchant Marine School Committee, while Captain Tomb, for many years Superintendent of the New York State Maritime Academy, Fort Schuyler, and later of the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, was elected in 1943.