

THE LOOKOUT

MARCH, 1948

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A PAINTING BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER FROM HIS BOOK
"FOCS'LE DAYS"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

Sanctuary

O God, who for our redemption didst give thine only-begotten Son to the death of the Cross, and by his glorious resurrection hast delivered us from the power of our enemy; Grant us so to die daily from sin, that we may evermore live with him in the joy of his resurrection; through the same thy Son Christ our Lord.

Book of Common Prayer

The LOOKOUT

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THIS MONTH'S COVER:

We were caught on deck in water waist deep. Many times the whole watch would be caught at the leebraces when the ship would roll way down to leeward, taking tons of green water aboard and washing everybody off their feet. There would be a mad scramble to catch hold of something and hold on like grim death while the water swirled and tugged, as though determined to claim a victim. The scuppers

were entirely inadequate to cope with the volume of water that kept pouring on deck, and work, other than working the sails, was out of the question. It was constant "stand by", and lucky was the watch which could take its four hours below without interruption.

From "Foes'le Days" by Anton Otto Fischer

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The Lookout

VOL. XXXIX

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NUMBER 3

Five Days Aboard a Modern Freighter

By Marjorie Dent Candee

A PASSENGER aboard a C-1A freighter has a wonderful opportunity to see world trade in action. Watching the cargo being loaded makes him realize how interdependent the peoples of the world are on one another for necessities and luxuries.

Bath tiles for Puerto Rico, red beans, grain, machine parts, automobile tires, and tons of canned goods make up our cargo. Our maximum capacity is 446,312 bales or 462,537 grain (cubic). What interested me is some of the cargo the freighter brought back from South America: copper ingots from Chile which were stored in the bottom of the hold and which took up very little space despite their heavy weight; on top of this were huge pieces of balsa wood, filled right to the top of the hold despite their very light weight. It was

amusing to watch the longshoremen heaving big eight-foot by four foot pieces of balsa effortlessly and tossing them into the hold. So light is balsa that when a piece was dropped overboard it practically floated on top of the water, its displacement less than half an inch for a huge piece.

This freighter, *CAPE NOME*, is owned by the Savannah Line but operated by the Porto Rico Line. She carries a crew of 43. Captain Douglas Nunan is her skipper; he has served with the Atlantic Gulf and West Indies Lines for 30 years.

This ship was built in 1944 and the evidence of her Navy gun crew is still obvious in the four-passenger cabin in which I am travelling. Four gray steel lockers with shelves for gobs' "gear" are still here, as well as four grim-looking gray life-preservers. But the gun turrets fore and aft



have been removed, and the turrets for the 20mm. guns on the bridge deck. The portholes are still painted gray—reminder of those perilous days when a single light showing might mean a Nazi plane or submarine attack.

There are many "CAPE" freighters, named for Capes around the world: the ones I know of are Cape Horn, Cape Race, Cape Cod, Cape Farewell. These C-1 freighters are 412 feet long (390 feet between perpendiculars); her breadth is 60 feet. She's not as large as a Liberty ship (which is about 441 feet) but she is faster.

I've learned more about tonnage since being aboard this ship than I ever knew before. Gross tonnage, net tonnage, displacement tonnage and deadweight tonnage—no wonder it's confusing. The CAPE NOME'S gross tonnage is 5,124, and her net is 2,851. But note that this applies to the United States. When she sails through the Panama Canal she has a tonnage of 7,108 (gross) and 4,920 (net). If she sails through the Suez Canal her gross tonnage is 7,111 and her net is 5,436. It's not easy to explain that, but the American Bureau of Shipping has standardized methods of measuring tons in salt, fresh and "mixed" waters.

She can also be loaded differently in salt and fresh water. Her Plimsoll Line (named for Samuel Plimsoll, who put through legislation requiring British ships not to overload) varies in Winter North Atlantic, in Tropical Fresh and Tropical Salt.

No doctor is required for freighters carrying 12 passengers, but the purser is a trained pharmacist's mate.

A north-west storm blew out to sea by-passing New York and hit us so the Captain changed our course 98 miles to the east as the rolls were pretty bad, and passengers were getting uncomfortable.

One of the ship's engineers said he couldn't pursue his hobby—mechanical drawing—because it was too rough. Ordinarily, he said, the trip was smooth so that he could spend his off-duty hours drawing. A good

many of the officers have photography as a hobby, developing, printing, enlarging their own films.

This is a happy ship . . . the officers and crew have worked together for more than a year. There is much good-natured ribbing, as a number of them have recently become bridegrooms.

The skipper, chief officer and second officer are all natives of Maine, having started their sea careers in small schooners or at the Maine Maritime Academy at Castine. (Five States have Maritime Academies: Maine, Mass., New York, Penn. and California.)

Because of the small number of passengers carried, the dining room steward manages to give each his own napkin at more than one meal. He has an ingenious method of folding each napkin so as to remember which one belongs to whom.

Passengers make their own entertainment: sun bathing, taking pictures, playing cards, asking innumerable questions of the amiable officers and crew, learning nautical terms.

Deviation on freighters is more than on passenger vessels because of the cargo booms, usually of soft iron which are magnetic, and the compasses on board must be calibrated to allow for this deviation. The "Metal Mike" or automatic steering device, guides the ship on her course, which is approximately 163 degrees. We see no land, not even the Bahamas or the Florida coast.

Some years ago, a number of freighters which sailed into San Juan harbor under *steam*, nevertheless carried jib sails to facilitate turning around—a remnant of the days when the early steamers always carried sails in case they ran out of coal!

The average speed of this freighter is 14½ knots; with a favorable current, she often does 18 knots.



Social Activities at the S. C. I.

By Shirley Wessel*

WHEN a seaman comes ashore, he has three choices for wholesome recreation—home and friends, professional entertainment, or a seaman's home or club. If a seaman desires professional entertainment, he will make an effort to secure tickets and plan to hear and enjoy those opportunities which are offered in a given port. However, a seaman's first need is a clean place to sleep, baggage facilities and other necessities which give him the conveniences of a home. This is where our voluntary agencies serve well. However, there is more to his needs than these facilities, important as they may be, which provide for his physical comfort. The modern seaman has emotional needs which are very definitely tied up with what our concept of home means.

When a seaman remarks, "This is my home port," he does not necessarily mean that his home and family are located there, but rather that he ships from a designated place. The remark does imply the need for a feeling of belonging, a desire for home atmosphere, companionship and social activities such as he would enjoy in his own community. Here is a great opportunity for seamen's agencies to meet a vital and possibly not-fully appreciated need.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is fortunate in having a spacious auditorium for sports, formal dancing, movies, plays, variety shows and concerts. Large club and lounge rooms, appropriately decorated for home use, are available for informal and formal occasions. Giving these fellows a chance to meet the right sort of girls and to lead normal social lives ashore, helps to keep them on an even keel.

*Supervisor of Social Activities.



The Institute credits the success of its social activities to good planning, seamen participation, and a highly selected group of volunteers. These volunteers come to us as interested individuals or in groups from organizations, such as church groups, business concerns and industry. They are interviewed personally and chosen carefully. Hostesses create a home-like atmosphere, friendliness, pleasant conversation, and above all, they are good listeners.

For informal activities, quiet and meditation, there are reading and writing rooms, and the Conrad Library. The Game Room provides cards, cribbage, pool, snooker, ping-pong and other interesting pastimes. This large room is filled every day. Adjacent to it, is the Seamen's Lounge where loyal volunteers come every afternoon to serve coffee, play cards and help the seamen feel at home.



The older seamen who have shipped for many years, like to gather around and enjoy quiet music and drink a cup of coffee or tea with a hostess and their shipmates. They like to talk about their last trip, home, family, to show photographs, souvenirs or gifts they intend to send to relatives and friends. Some men enjoy playing cards, cribbage, or checkers with the hostesses, others shoot a game of pool, or just sit in a comfortable chair and talk with shipmates.

Sometimes a seaman or volunteer pianist will play old favorites and the men will hum, whistle or gather around the piano and sing. On other occasions two or three seamen select available instruments and strike up a lively trio. Some of the volunteers are talented, and participate in many of these activities.

Formal dances are a more highly organized activity. The seamen put on their best bib and tucker, and the hostesses act as dancing partners and keep the party lively and gay. With a name band or good orchestra to play a jive tune, a samba, a rumba or a good old-fashioned waltz, everyone is sure to enjoy himself. Over the past five years, thousands of young and older seamen have been entertained in the Institute's Auditorium. For holidays these affairs take on the spirit of Hallowe'en, Christmas or a spring festival. The men are often

surprised with a bon voyage parcel. The packages and a holiday dinner with turkey and all the fixings are a real home treat.

Concerts of classical music have also proved successful as well as three-act plays or groups of three one-act plays. For these events we have secured professional talent, individuals and groups who have been only too delighted to give their time and talent.

For outside planned activities the seamen, with a volunteer in charge, have enjoyed bicycling, visiting art galleries, the zoo, museums, the Metropolitan Opera and Broadway plays.

Perhaps the most unusual and interesting activities are the ones involving seamen planning and participation. Take the quiz program. It might be either the question or musical type. Here the anticipation is half the fun. The men form their questions and know the answers, and then the hilarity begins. Small groups work together in the planning and all take part, including the volunteers. Prizes, the privilege of cutting the cake or finding the treasure, add much to creating an evening of fun. The results of a musical quiz are often a revelation. Many of the staff wonder if they could have done as well.

Amateur night is a good bet. Everyone wants to perform. The seamen select their own Master of Ceremonies and a program of songs, imitations, accordian and string music, dramatic skits, tall tales, radio stunts and what have you. The rendition of these numbers brings calls and cheers for more.

One of the most outstanding seamen events was the party the seamen planned for the hostesses. Invitations were sent, club rooms decorated, menu planned, cakes baked in the galley, refreshments served, in addition to the presentation of a variety show. It was planned and paid for by the seamen themselves and it was the kind of party the volunteer hostesses will always remember. For

they were the guests of honor. As one seaman said, "It's about time we reversed the charges."

A real home and family occasion is the monthly birthday party, with all the birthday boys as guests. The lighted birthday cake often brings sincere appreciation. Many a seaman has confided to the staff member in charge, "Don't think me a baby. I'm so overwhelmed. It's the first birthday party I've ever had." The gratitude of mothers, wives, sweethearts and friends as well as the sincere appreciation of the seamen give us ample proof of the value of such parties. As one old seaman remarked, "My, it seems like home to have skirts around."

Many seamen and volunteer hostesses show talent in writing and drawing. As an outlet for these gifts the Institute has a small booklet, mimeographed each month. It contains the results of seamen and hostess planning. This cooperative enterprise is called *SEALANES* and consists of articles, stories, poetry, drawings and letters of appreciation.

My Favorite Port of Call

By D. Tuttle, Fireman

OUR whole passage up and down this canal has been crammed with the most singular and novel experiences, fraught with the richest detail. Contrasting greatly with the sleepy shores of Texas, this must be the most intensely industrialized strip of water in Great Britain. We entered it about half way down the broad inland bay of the River Mersey and immediately encountered the countryside. Bushes and grass had on a well worn coat of green and trees were aged and roughened by wind. It was an autumn sun that bronzed the falling leaves and struck across the water. Slowly we passed on and up (children shouted and ran to keep up with us) into the region of factories and smoking chimneys. The I. C. I. works were on our right and the sluice gates on our left. Then on we went penetrating a country of fields and woods with village

JUST ONE MORE CLIMB . . .

A MERCHANT seaman whose ship had just completed her standardization run, was looking forward to seeing his girl when they reached New York.

A standardization run is for the purpose of testing out exactly what a captain may expect of a ship, under various conditions. It was this particular seaman's job to climb up and down ladders, all over the ship, from engine room to flying deck, for hours at a time, to read the numerous mechanical counters and gadgets which record the amount of fuel consumed, count the revolutions of the propeller, etc. He also had to read the annenometer on the foremast which records the wind velocity. He didn't want to climb another run or step as long as he lived.

And so he got his shore leave, landed in New York, and discovered there was an elevator strike going on—and he had to walk up 24 stories to get to the office where his girl worked!

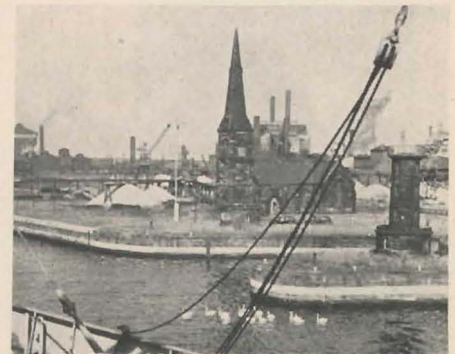


Photo by Chief Steward Charles C. Horak
Manchester Canal

nosing its way through the fields?

We passed a place where a winding rutted lane converged on and turned by the deep sea highway as though it had wandered to the edge of a cliff by mistake. We passed by meadows grazed by cows and sheep, by farms where men were storing hay in tall, round silos.

Nearing an area of congested housing our midship's face stared complacently at innumerable road and railway bridges that bowed, swung or raised themselves in order to let us pass. On and on by avenues of trees, through streets, past row upon row of dwellings where women came to their doors with domestic worry written on their faces, clutching a child or milk bottle in their hand.

Cars, lorries, cyclists and pedestrians were all held up, silently watching our majestic progress. (Shore people, whoever they are, all appear foreign when viewed from a ship.)

Busy goods trains sped above and along side us. Still onward up the never-widening path of water into the fields again, through more towns and villages. Scenes were always changing and each one as we neared the city seemed busier than the one before. Barges, lock-keepers, timber yards, oil-refineries, shunting engines, smoke, grime, and filth; yet what magnificent squalor it all is. Out of it capitalists reap their thousands, while millions earn their daily bread. A people renowned for courage and faith in their country through war after war.

Eventually we reached the docks and tied up within a mile of the heart of a great city.

Ashore in Manchester, I found it a close and misty place. The small cathedral has a dirty black exterior but a pleasant red interior. Observing the attendance at Evensong on Sunday there seemed about five hundred chairs too many and a noticeable scarcity of hymn books. Before the service began, people talked in whispers and smiles and one or two entered to sit in the strangest of isolated places. What was the point of sitting in the midst of a hundred vacant chairs or

behind some distant pillar while the majority crowded in the centre below the pulpit? The preacher spoke loudly with a clear voice in short syllables, but what he was actually driving at, I could not make out. He startled me with his abrupt punctuations and unanswerable questions. If only they would study their congregations and simplify their sermons accordingly. After the service, no one ventured to hurry out into the streets, but remained lingering by the organ or conversing in groups or just strolling pleasantly up and down the aisles. In short, such was the friendly atmosphere of the place, that it seemed to know its exterior surroundings were of no merit; that it was chilly without, so sheltered its present occupants as long as it could.

OUR LIBRARY BOOKS TRAVEL!

Piraeus in 15th December, 1947

Dear Sir:

I receive the courage to write you about my self. I am a poor boy who I go to high-school and I also would you address and wrote you, this letter. I am learning American and I want some books to read more and most. But my parents have not money to buy them. Please, now where are coming the days of Christmas to send me, if you want it. And as you know, the Greece after the war, and hard occupation, where we had 4 years. I want to reply me and I wish you the mighty God to give you 10 times more.

I beg you pardon for the trouble.

I remain, with best wishes and kindest regards, respectfully,
Vlas. E. Vlassidis (Signed)

(Envelope addressed as follows:

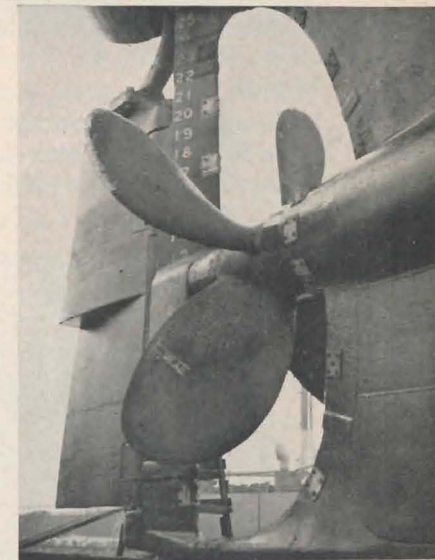
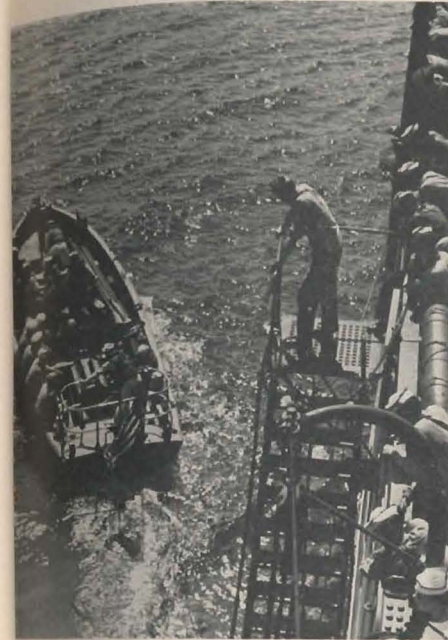
"Compliments of Conrad Library
Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y.
25 South Street, U. S. A."*)

**Stamped inside each book taken by a seaman to sea. Evidently a seaman gave the Greek boy a book from our Library.*

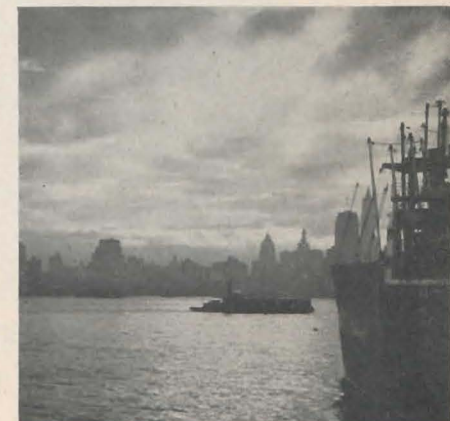
(Editor's Note: The library sent him a packet of books including short stories, pocket books, and a history of the United States. More will be sent if he expresses satisfaction with the first sampling.)

Prize Winning Photographs

In contest sponsored by the Institute's Camera Club



Above: 1st prize "Mail Boat" by Ensign H. S. Preiser; below: honorable mention "Three Barges" by Capt. James E. Burns; right, top down: 3rd prize "Watching the Screw" by Messman Bernard Bovasso, honorable mention "Propeller" by Third Mate Alexander Barry, honorable mention "Morning Watch" by Oiler H. F. Johann.



New Clubroom To Be Opened In The Institute For Kings Point Alumni

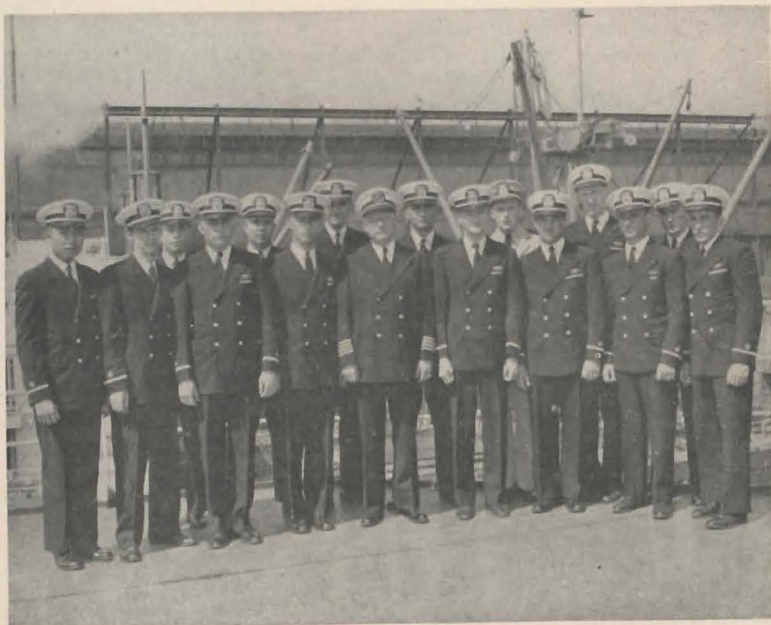
A NEW lounge for the United States Merchant Marine Academy Alumni is being opened on the second floor of the Institute around March 15th. The lounge, to be decorated and furnished in the modern style, will provide a clubroom and meeting place convenient to shipping offices for all Kings Point graduates.

A dance is being planned to help raise funds for the opening of the room.

Theodore L. Kingsley, executive vice-president of the alumni association, is to be in charge while his secretary, Mrs. Mary De Van, will assist him.

Situated on Long Island between Little Neck Bay and Manhasset Bay, Kings Point is our newest Federal

Academy. It is to the Merchant Marine what Annapolis is to the Navy. It sprang up in wartime when the tremendous need to haul American men and goods all over the world created an acute demand for merchant marine officers. The school is run under strict military discipline, with conditions of living and studying patterned closely to conditions aboard a "taut ship." Graduates are handed tickets which license them to serve as third mate or third assistant engineer on any American ship in trade. Many of these pursue their studies further to become first mate or first assistant engineer. The Institute's Merchant Marine School will be convenient to those alumni who wish upgrading.



A recent group of Kings Point Graduates who have joined the U. S. Lines.

Why Do Men Go to Sea?



WE who have dealt with seafarers for many years are still unable to answer the question of why men go to sea. It's a tough life, full of danger and uncertainty. There's hard work afloat and loneliness ashore. But an oiler who survived blazing tankers during the war recently gave us *his* answer to the eternal question. He said:

"It's pride — and love. Pride in the fact that you are taking the colors of our country abroad and making America's name even greater, and love for the sea's beauty, God's winds, and the serenity of each four-hour trick."

The sea has changed little since the days when Joseph Conrad sailed. Men still like to live through a North Atlantic blow, to feel the ship shudder and strain under the pounding seas, and then the gradual subsiding of the tempest into the unbelievable calm that follows the storm. They like the feeling of "riding it out" to eventual victory.

How much these men appreciate what YOU and other generous friends do to make their time ashore in New York comfortable and safe is expressed by a sentence from a seaman's letter to us: "The *Institute* is a second home—and an anchor to windward in fair weather or foul."

YOUR gifts help us to welcome literally thousands of seafarers each day—the men who carry the cargoes for you—and for me—in fair weather or foul.

Please make checks payable to:
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Christmas in Rotterdam

By Dr. Harold H. Kelley, *Director of the Institute*

FOR the LOOKOUT, where brevity is essential, the best sampling of the leave-of-absence of the Director and Mrs. Kelley may well be in our unique and happy Dutch Christmas. This was prefaced by three months of travel and of speaking under the "Flying Angel Flag" of the Missions to Seamen in England, Ireland and Scotland and of emphasizing the co-operation between that venerable Church of England society and the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, together with other American agencies.

In nearly every Institute visited, also churches and meetings where addresses were made, we met seamen who had visited "25 South Street," or relatives of men to whom that had been their happy New York home.

"Talking our way about" was seasoned with glimpses of the charming countryside and visits to ancient cathedrals and other places of interest, while inevitably in all seaports and many inland communities, came the saddening sight of terrible war damage. On the other hand, we have been impressed with the immense areas remaining intact or only moderately injured. Truly a city is enduring, and the stamina of the citizenry inspiring. Undernourished, or stagnated by a restricted and monotonous diet, the people try to keep their courage up, but they are definitely tired.

Christmas might have been spent helpfully in almost any port Institute, but asked to visit those where the need was greatest, we as Americans spent Christmas in the Netherlands under British auspices!

On December 9th we took ship to Ostend, where we were met by Chaplain Haig-Brown and driven to the Institute under his care, stopping for a few days each at Ghent and Antwerp. These agencies represent about a half-century of service to sea-farers in harbors which involve an interesting web of inlets, rivers and canals.

Each really deserves a story. It was at Antwerp that the "Christmas Ship" Southland made its initial landing with its consignment of 500 specially packed boxes leaving some for the seamen's Christmas there and at Ghent, the remainder at Rotterdam and Hamburg. These were the gift of the Central Council of Associations of the S.C.I. of N. Y.

On December 20th we were driven over the border to Rotterdam, etched in our memories by the photographs of the devastated business and slum areas air-bombed by the Germans a few hours after the city had surrendered to them. The walls and tower of the ancient church which dominated those pictures still stands as a monument of that destruction, but a prophecy also of reconstruction to come. The rubble has been well buried in an unneeded canal, now paved as a broad avenue, or spread on low swampy ground where it has been pleasantly grassed over by nature.

Like the other durable cities, much of Rotterdam still stands, homes, industries, business blocks, schools and churches, including the four-story brick Institute and the adjoining St. Mary's Church for the British colony. These stand, like many other substantial structures, on the broad dyke guarding the lowlands from the ocean, and overlooking the huge harbor on the River Maas (Meuse), and a network of inlets and canals. Here we found a huge fleet of ocean steamers, river craft and canal barges, large and small.

The Flying Angel Institute and the church really had benefitted by the occupation. Germans had selected it as their permanent Officers Club. For their greater comfort they had thoroughly renovated the building, installing a larger furnace and a huge electric refrigerator. Near the entrance they added what is now an excellent cloakroom, refloored the large auditorium with parquet and con-



Members of the Institute's Central Council packing Christmas boxes.

verted the second floor canteen into a beer hall. For this they rebuilt the fireplace, fronting it with a stepped-up alcove. A new parquet floor here also, a beamed ceiling, two large alcoves on each side and the remodeling of the refreshment counter, completed a heritage which the Institute could not have hoped to afford. The church had been ill-used for a time, but serving later for German services, was left in reasonably good condition.

The Rev. W. Popham Hosford, whose father had been one of the famous Flying Angel Padres, is Chaplain both of the Institute and the Church. With the exception of the Lady Warden, Mrs. Duff, the remainder of the Staff are Dutch. All are proud of their hospital-clean buildings re-converted to their original purposes and re-dedicated in 1946 by the Bishop of London. Thus was resumed the usual round of daily religious services, counseling, entertainment and recreation, and the serving of inexpensive refreshments, all to a goodly and very appreciative number of seamen. Many ships make the port on routine schedule, some every week or two, and it is not unusual to see a captain come in with many of his officers and men, to be welcomed and known by name.

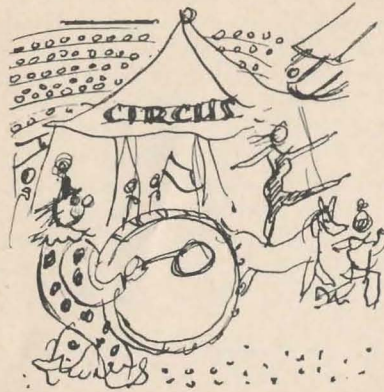
The Christmastide program began on Sunday, the 21st, including an evening carol service, with scripture lessons read by seamen. The Chapel was packed with seafarers and friends, who evidenced their enthusiasm by their hearty singing. A seamen's supper followed. A dance, movies and a whistle drive (no bridge here as yet) and a variety show filled the next evenings, reverently climaxed by the Midnight Christmas Communion, with the church filled. On Christmas Day the church was again crowded for Morning Prayer and the Holy Communion.

In the evening, with the seamen and volunteers, we enjoyed the Christmas dinner, "turkey and fix-in's," also goose. At this time the distribution of gifts to the seamen began, to be continued through the two weeks of the celebration, as additional and definitely expected ships came into port. Here came the participation of the Central Council, our only regret being that our friends overseas could not have been personally present to see and hear the expressions of joy on the part of the seamen. It was not that they needed the gifts, although as a matter of fact no such supplies would have been available on this side of the Atlantic, but they did need the touch of home which they expressed. Never had they expected such wonderful boxes, seaman after seaman asserted. Not all were identical, but all were well filled with such things as knitted socks, bedroom slippers, smokes, candy, and among the biggest hits of all, walnuts.

The New Year was ushered in with a Watch Night service. Thus was our two weeks of Christmastide in Rotterdam, "hearts across the Atlantic," with our minds picturing the Christmas program at our S. C. I. of New York, and helping us to feel much closer to our beloved Staff there, the seamen and our other friends in and of that world-famous Institute in the home-land. It will be good at Easter to see it again. A Benediction on you all.

The Last of the Great McCloskeys

By Orriz Rolfe Contreras, *Messman**



WHENEVER I see those colorful posters announcing the opening of the Ringling Brothers' Circus in Madison Square Garden, I am reminded of a strange circus held once on board a ship just after the war ended. I'm certain no performance had more fanfare and build-up than ours — and as for a menagerie, we had Ringling's beat a mile!

All of this began quite some time back on the coast of East Africa when our ship was taking on a cargo of circus animals in the port of Nairobi. The crew thought of the idea themselves. They wanted to produce a little "circus" of their own. One which would include such events as weight-lifting, boxing, and general feats of strength. Excitement ran high as our plans were formulated and even the officers caught the spirit of the idea when they devoted one meal exclusively to the talk of circus lore and lingo.

Great names and incidents of the tanbark were recalled and circus stories exchanged. Episodes of Clown Alley were narrated in succession by our Second Mate who admitted he once worked in a "grab joint" (hot dog, soft drink tent, he explained to the uninitiated.) And we were all surprised when the Chief Engineer produced an old photograph as evidence of his once being a barker for

a side-show! The only names of the tanbark and sawdust I could think of were those of Emmett Kelley, the celebrated clown, and Mabel Stark, a wild animal trainer.

Our Captain, a short, muscular little man in his forties, had been rather dour during the voyage and he appeared to take little or no interest in the conversation, until the Chief Engineer brought up the subject of trapeze acts and remarked that "The poorest trapeze performers I ever saw was a group called the Flying McCloskeys." A roar of disapproval from the Captain prefaced his comments.

"I beg to differ with you, Mr. Larson," exploded the Skipper, "but I am proud to admit that my mother, father, and uncles were regarded as tops in their professional acts, and the Flying McCloskeys got featured billing in many a big show and thrilled thousands of people."

The Chief's eyes widened in astonishment. "I meant no disrespect, Captain," he amended quickly, "to your family. Naturally your point of view is prejudiced by sentiment."

"Sentiment, just wait and see, Mr. Larson. I'll prove you're wrong. I may be the last of the Great McCloskeys and a traitor to the tanbark by going to sea, but I mean to convince you that my relatives were real artists of the trapeze."

With that he strode out of the dining salon leaving a somewhat stunned group around the table.

What with preparations going on for the afternoon's show, I completely forgot the Captain's words. Apparently no one took him seriously. The show went on as scheduled. And what a show it was! The holds under us were crowded with lions, zebras, snakes, monkeys, and even elephants all adding their din and stomping to the show. And the Steward's Department broke out Hot

Dogs and Pink Lemonade! Everyone participating in or attending the circus wore their swim suits to color up the proceedings. Even the masts were decked out in signal flags and pennants giving the shore-side folk a treat, too. As usual, I was relegated to the gangway watch but I had a good place from which to view the entire show. The first part of the program included weight-lifting, a monkey act, a clown routine and tumblers.

During intermission, a new figure emerged from the Boat Deck dressed in bright red sateen shorts and a yellow undershirt with the words THE GREAT McCLOSKEYS emblazoned on it. I saw a rather small but lithe figure climb the ladder leading to the flying bridge and after reaching the top he grasped a line and called down to the crew below:

"Mr. Larson, I am ready to offer you proof. Mind you don't miss a single trick — the McCloskeys were famous for all of them."

With that our Captain suddenly swung himself out on a line some seventy-five feet above the steel deck. He was as graceful an aerialist as I have yet to see. The crew below followed him with anxious eyes lest he should slip.

In the midst of his act, a portly gentleman in white with a pith helmet suddenly "harrumphed!" behind me and announced that he had important business with the Master of the ship concerning our animal cargo. I gasped and then politely informed him that our Captain was occupied for the moment. I offered to escort the official into the dining salon where he could wait for the Captain.

As he entered the passageway his eye caught sight of the Skipper merrily swinging from one line to another. By now the Deck Crew had dragged out their poor excuse for a phonograph to play a scratchy recording of "Over The Waves" which gave the whole scene a more realistic effect.

"Who's that damn fool risking his

neck up there, boy?"

I reluctantly admitted that it was the Master of our ship.

"He's merely endeavoring, sir, to prove that his family, circus aerialists, who appeared under the name of The Flying McCloskeys, were real artists of the trapeze."

"By jove" said the gentleman, watching the aerialist with fascination.

When the Captain finished his exhibition the crew applauded and cheered until they were hoarse. The Chief Engineer, really impressed, was all apologies and salaams. Our show was acclaimed the big event of the year. I informed our Captain of his official visitor. He walked quickly to his cabin and soon reappeared in his uniform.

Their conference led to an immediate invitation for supper. He greeted the gentleman from Nairobi warmly, and during the meal they continually laughed and kidded one another as I served them.

Later that evening the Captain, in an expansive mood, ordered coffee and sandwiches served in the Messroom. Then the truth came out. He introduced the "official" from Nairobi who had loaded our floating menagerie as the former "Bongo the Borneo Man" for Ringling Brothers. Even during the wee hours the party went on. Finally there were left only the now-forgiven Chief Engineer, "Bongo the Borneo Man" and the last of the Great McCloskeys to end the affair with a rousing refrain of . . .

"He floats through the air . . .
With the greatest of ease . . . They sang in unison.

He's the last Great McCloskey of the Flying Trapeze. . . .



*Member, Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR CREW OF DANISH SHIP SUNK ON CHRISTMAS DAY

On Sunday, January 25th, in its Chapel of Our Saviour, the sponsors of the Danish Clubroom in the Institute held a Memorial Service for the 30 Danish crew members lost on Christmas Day when a typhoon struck the East Asiatic Company's motorship *Kina*, off the Philippine Islands. Among the lost were the captain, one mate, and three assistant engineers. The ship foundered on a rock after having been swept off course by a typhoon.

All Danish seamen from ships in New York harbor, members of the three Danish churches in New York, and other Danish people were invited to attend the service. The director of the East Asiatic Company, a representative of the Danish Consulate, and a representative from the Danish Seamen's Union, spoke.

Chaplain Paul Baagoe conducted the service. Mrs. Anne Conrow Hazard directed the music and Morton Davenport was soloist. All the hymns were sung in Danish. After the service coffee was served in the Danish clubroom.

VISIT TO THE ARGENTINA By Louise Noling

How would you like to board a luxury liner and sail away on a cruise to South America? The Institute Librarians were fortunate enough to board the rehabilitated 20,500 ton Moore-McCormick liner *SS ARGENTINA* a few days before she left on her first post-war cruise. Although she did not lift her anchor, we were able to have a delightful sample of what a sea-going voyage would be like aboard this ultra-modern ship. Restyled in every detail, this ship has nothing left to remind one of the part she played in World War II—carrying over 200,000 troops to war theaters all over the world. The lounges, cafés, smoking-rooms, decks, and state-rooms are the last word in modern architecture and convenience.

We were particularly interested in the stream-lined library—full of soft lights and easy chairs—and many book shelves. We imagined our Conrad Library in these very modern trimmings. The library is named for a former Chief Officer of the *ARGENTINA*, Captain Henry Olin Billings, who was killed in World War II, when his ship, the *GEORGE THACHER*, his first command, was blown to pieces off the African coast on November 1, 1942. A bronze plaque has been placed in the library to indicate that Capt. Billings was chosen as representative of the thousands of Americans who went to war aboard this ship and did not return.

The library contains a memorial shelf of 100 volumes, in addition to some 400 vol-

A SEA DISASTER

MANILA. — Five survivors of the sinking of the Danish motorship *Kina* arrived here today with tales of horror, death and heroism on Christmas night, when the ship was caught in a typhoon and smashed to pieces on a reef off Samar Island in the central Philippines.

The survivors, three passengers and two crewmen, were flown to Manila by a United States Navy Catalina flying boat after they had drifted helplessly for nearly ten hours in an open lifeboat tossed by mountainous seas.

Mr. Olafson, one of the five flown here by Lieutenant Commander William Kauber, of Beaumont, Calif., said the *Kina's* skipper went down with his ship.

Captain Stayed at Bridge

"Even when every one was aboard the lifeboats and rafts, the captain was still at the bridge," he said. "We know he never left his post.

"There are no words to praise the behavior of all aboard, especially the crew, who maintained the highest efficiency in face of death, behaving as if it were just any normal day. There was absolutely no panic aboard."

umes in a general collection. On the memorial shelf are books telling the story of America, selected from suggestions sent in by over 2,000 authors, editors, critics, and others. Down-to-earth books were chosen, ones that would have been read gladly by the men who are being honored. Forty-five fiction titles were selected, twenty-seven biographies, and the rest factual books on the American scene. Best-sellers were notably lacking. Most of these books are on our Conrad Library shelves, and they are titles of permanent value.

We sent up over 200 volumes to the crew of the *ARGENTINA* as a basis for their own recreational library, which we shall add to from time to time when she is in port. In that way we feel that part of our Conrad Library is going along to South America on the sleek, revamped *ARGENTINA*, and we do not mind so much missing the trip ourselves.

ANY WHITE ELEPHANTS?

The Institute's Central Council wants any old "treasures" you may find in attic or cellar when you spring house clean. Knick-knacks, old china, costume jewelry, or other articles suitable for the White Elephant Table at the Bazaar and Card Party scheduled for May 17th, will be most welcome. Proceeds will be used for the Wool Fund.

NEW BOARD MEMBERS

THE Board of Managers is pleased to announce the appointment of 4 new members who have kindly consented to serve on the Board. They are: Professor Herbert L. Seward, Clifford D. Mallory, Jr., Franklin E. Vilas, and John Mason Brown.

Professor Seward has long been a good friend of the Institute and is active in shipping circles. He teaches at Yale University School of Engineering; is a member of the National Society of Marine Architects and Engineers and has also had much sea experience.

Clifford D. Mallory, Jr. served in the Navy before Pearl Harbor. During the war he taught at the U.S.M.M.A. at Kings Point. He is now associated with Addison Outwater & Associates, 30 Broad Street. Mr. Mallory's father was one of the founders of the C. D. Mallory Steamship Line. After his death, this Line was merged with the Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies Line.

Frank Vilas is Staff Assistant for the Consolidated Edison Company.

John Mason Brown is Drama Critic of the Saturday Review of Literature and well known author and lecturer. He served in the Navy as Lieutenant in World War II. Among his books are: "To All Hands" and "Many A Watchful Night." Both are vivid pictures of Navy life of World War II. For several years he has helped the Institute's Artist and Writers Club by serving as a judge in the Essay Contests.

The Cargo Ship That Helped Win A Land Battle

THE crew of the N-3 cargo vessel "Samuel G. Borland" never did figure out who the man was for whom their ship was named. But when the "Borland" made a name for herself as the cargo ship that helped win a land battle, newspaper reporters investigated, and learned that Samuel G. Borland had been the skipper of the clipper ship "Gauntlet" as spankin, sassy and pretty a clipper as ever put out of Boston harbor.

The "Borland," 990 tons, with a load of ammunition — grenades, eight-inch shells, mortars, anchored in the little harbor of Davao, in Mindanao in the Philippines. The Captain planned to unload at daylight.

The crew, watching the shoreline began to get uneasy. Only an occasional shell was dropped in the harbor. Things were too quiet. They wondered why the GI's weren't talking back to the Nips.

When a Jap sub let go a torpedo, they knew that the enemy were all around. The torpedo missed the "Borland" but nobody did much sleeping after that. At daybreak word came that the Americans were cut off, on the shore, without ammunition. It meant that they must get their cargo into shore — fast.

A strange chugging sound was heard, and a voice calling, "Ahoy, the Borland!"

The crew lined the rail. It was the first time any of them had ever seen an amphibious duck.

The next hour was something to see: Shells and boxes of ammunition were swung out of the hold, passed across the decks at breakneck speed, handed down to the amphibious ducks. When one duck was loaded, it swung away while another moved up to take its place.

The Japs sent planes but between attacks, the gun crew and the ships crew turned to and lent a hand getting that ammunition over the side and to the men waiting for it. And as the ducks rolled up onto the beach, the soldiers grabbed the grenades and the eight-inch shells and opened up on the Japs . . .

To the crew of the "Borland" that was sweet music, hearing the shell fire from the shore batteries, knowing that the boys got them in the nick of time . . . and that the "Borland" helped win a land battle — the turning point in the Davao campaign.

Samuel G. Borland — Captain of a clipper ship, and also a veteran of World War II!

Book Reviews

DANGER TO WINDWARD

By Armstrong Sperry

John C. Winston Co., \$2.50

This book was written and illustrated by Armstrong Sperry. It is an adventure story set around a background of whaling, Nantucket and the South Seas. Mr. Sperry comes of a long line of sea captains, and like his other stories, this one has the flavor of salt brine. His storm descriptions both in words and in black and white illustrations make this book worthwhile. The story is for teen-age boys and it tells of the efforts of Hugh Dewar to reclaim his inheritance which included the whaling ship "Good Intent."

He has recaptured the whaling background, anecdotes and excitement of the early 1800's.

ISAAC HULL, CAPTAIN OF OLD IRONSIDES

By Bruce Grant

Pellegrini & Cudahy, Chicago: \$5.00

THROUGH the thunder of smashing broadsides rode the famous frigate *CONSTITUTION*. The British shells hit her staunch sides as harmlessly as if they had been raindrops. An old Salt on board was heard to exclaim above the din of battle: "See how the shot bounces off her sides, boys! Regular old Ironsides, isn't she?"

As "OLD IRONSIDES" she has been affectionately remembered ever since. She was built from designs by that master draftsman, Joshua Humphreys, who drew his ideas pretty freely from the blueprints of the best of the French 74's.

THE new book ("CAPTAIN OF OLD IRONSIDES"), by Bruce Grant, reveals a wealth of faithful research undertaken with great care and accuracy. Here, then, is an Ironsides, the ship and Capt. Isaac Hull, the man, together graphically portrayed as never before. It is a fitting tribute to a brave man and his staunch ship. The book should be required reading in the library of every sincere student of American History and it is certain to find an enviable niche in the heart of all who love the sea, the fine sailing ships of our glorious past, and who respect the memory of those brave men who sailed them.

CAPE COD ON THE SUBWAY

By Arthur McCaffery

The Dial Press \$

This is a gay, high-spirited book about people who kept their powerboat *Mavourneen* at Sheepshead Bay and explored the fishing grounds in the vicinity. The book teems with waterfront characters, "ginger-bread" yachtmen, the author's radio friends, etc. Maritime adventures and daring sea rescues are recorded with gusto.

SOU'WEST AND BY WEST OF CAPE COD

By Llewellyn Howland

Harvard University Press, 1947, \$3.00

A delightful book of boyhood reminiscences with some later reflections added for good measure. Mr. Howland was a very lucky little boy, initiated into the company of old seafarers by a cousin of his grandfather. With this extraordinary old gentleman he learned the fine points of sailing on Buzzard Bay; he visited that string of islands that ring the entrance to the bay and which bear such colorful names as Naushon, Nashawena, Cuttyhunk. He even attended luncheons at the Codfish Club and listened, entranced to the old skippers' tales of other islands far away.

Grown older and summoned from a desk in Boston to take part in a week-end race to settle a bet, Mr. Howland describes it all so vividly that we feel that we, too, have experienced the thrills of that wild 100 mile race through gale, fog, and maddening calm.

Not only in the chapter CLAMBAKE but all through the book are recipes and descriptions of food that fairly make one's mouth water. In short, a delightful book and one guaranteed to act as a cooling breeze on a hot summer night in town.

D. PAGE

HELIX

By David Loughlin

Harper & Bros., \$2.50

This reviewer agrees with William McFee, author and former ship's engineer, that this book steps into the front rank of American writing and that Conrad himself would have relished this story of drama in the engine room of the S.S. *Cape Harting* bearing supplies to North Africa in 1942.

Some readers may think the book too heavy laden with mechanical detail, but the lucid, satirical prose is brave and original in its approach to the theme of 20th century man against the machine. The characters of Chief Engineer Al Seligman who doesn't understand the modern ship's engine room with its boilers, turbines, diesel emergency sets, is drawn with sardonic humor, and the Southern "hick," Ed Greenwater, the First Assistant Engineer who loves and knows machinery with unerring instinct, and Paul Jessup, the college-trained Second, are deftly portrayed. A subtle, strong, and grim book, "Helix" was created out of Loughlin's firsthand knowledge of men and ships, having served throughout the war as engineer on a troopship.

M. D. C.

Marine Poetry

GHOST SHIP

By C. R. Schriver, Purser

The laden ship crept slowly down the Banks,
Her crew alert and tense for ice alarms,
The moisture bled the rust from off her flanks:
High in the "nest," the lookout swung his arms
And scanned a leaden sea for bergs against the sky—
(He sensed an unvoiced threat from dead men lain),
In spectral lengths of cold, the fog swirled by
And laid its clammy hands upon his brain.
Now loomed a phantom Shape upon that opaque screen
Towering, dripping, — with weed-encrusted deck,
His stricken eyes beheld, as in some horror dream
The gibbering forms that manned that mighty wreck;
His cry of warning died amidst the wind's bold strife,
As cuts a knife through smoke, they cut that Shape gigantic,
And with his last despairing glimpse of life—
He saw above—the fateful name—TI-TANIC."



LANDFALL

By Joseph Holt, A.B.

If I could wish for one thing before I return
To those who loved me best—
Surf-swallowed to the beach the wave-driven plank
I'd spurn
With weary heels, and there I'd rest
And watch the maidens at their play, perhaps to learn
The secret of the charm of Nausica, and be blest.

STORM

(A portrait in verse)

By Julian Platon, Cadet-Midshipman

The sky darkened,
Grew harsh
And sinister
In the reflected glare
Of the thin, metallic Sunset.
The muted wind,
Sobbing at first,
Mounted and swelled
Until the rigging moaned
In an ecstasy of fear and madness
Of the unknown.
The symphonic wail
Of tormented thoughts
And inexpressed desires
Was a tortured dirge
Of Death.
Long plumes of spray
Drifted by,
Whipped and torn
By the driving gale.
The fury of the sea
Mingled
with the
Angered wind
As they disputed the passage
Of the frail vessel
With violence.

AMERICAN SEAMAN

By John Ackerson, 2nd Mate

You'd have to sail her through a blistering gale
Above the Arctic Circle, when your boats
Are torn away, when stout oak doors like frail
Matchwood are broken in, and weirdly floats
The armchair round your cabin; or you steer
As if through reverie, where Priam's wall
Hurled back the Dorian, or on Ganges' tide
Brown arms of worshipers now rise, now fall,
And scented fire consumes the self-slain bride;
You'd have to own a memory of guns,
A wounded thing that holds her rudder true,
Of comrades' blood, the sudden loss that stuns,
While screaming steel fills what was gentle blue:
Then you would know, as likewise firms your lip,
With what fierce pride I say the words
'My ship.'

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LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may property 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."