

THE LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVIII

AUGUST, 1947



Courtesy, "The Mast"

A tanker is all but swamped as a mountainous sea sweeps over her.
Anything stronger than a breeze floods a tanker's deck.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Sanctuary

O God, the strength of all who put their trust in thee, help merchant seamen, all, to trust in thee and to receive of thy strength. Help them to be honorable in their work and honorably treated; keep them safe in the face of danger and temptation. This we pray in the name of thy strong Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.



The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVIII, AUGUST, 1947

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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\$1.00 per year 10c per copy
Gifts of \$5.00 per year and over
include a year's subscription to "THE
LOOKOUT".

Entered as second class matter July 8,
1925, at New York, N. Y., under the act of
March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

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No. 8

Piccadilly On South Street



Tea Time in the British Club

Photo by Oscar Owen

"STEP right up and dance the Palais Glide!" "Next one's the Lambeth Walk!" "Save the Military Two Step for me, Miss." "Can you do the Eight-Some Reel?"

The scene is not Piccadilly Circus, London, but any Thursday evening at the British Merchant Navy Club, at the Seamen's Institute, 25 South Street. Gathered here each week are several hundred merchant seamen from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Cardiff, who enjoy dancing. A group of loyal hostesses, chiefly British-Americans, who served Thursdays throughout the war are continuing to help entertain these seafarers far from their homes, who need recreation in peace-time as well as in war-time.

Some of the seamen from Glasgow have learned to jitterbug — taught them by American soldiers stationed there during the war — but for the most part the British seamen like the Palais Glide, Military Two-Step, Lambeth Walk, and a lively dance

known as the "Hokey Pokey" in which couples stand around in a circle and a leader stands in the center and calls out instructions.

Sunday evening sing-songs are popular, too, and in addition to American songs learned from radio and juke-box, the seamen enjoy singing British favorites such as "Sailing Down the Clyde" (popular with Glasgow lads); "Maggie May" (Liverpool); "Bladen Races" (sung by "the Geordies;" seamen from the Tyneside). Yorkshire seamen sing lustily the countess verses of "On Ilkley Moor Par Tat," and of course "Mother Macree" (usually sung by an Irishman with the inevitable tenor voice), and "Bless 'Em All," "I've Got Sixpence, Jolly, Jolly Sixpence," and "Waltzing Mathilda," (the favorite of Australian seamen). Instead of ending the evening with "Good Night, Ladies" seamen gather around and sing "Auld Lang Syne" as a closing song.

Another popular form of recrea-

tion for British seamen in New York is soccer. The Merchant Navy Club sends bus-loads of seamen to soccer playing fields in New Jersey, Brooklyn, and even as far as Bridgeport, Connecticut. The Teams are composed of both unlicensed and licensed seamen and they play teams from other British ships, from Scandinavian ships and also civilian teams.

The Club provides soccer equipment for those seamen who do not have their own, and arranges matches and provides free bus transportation. The difficulty is in finding enough teams, but the Soccer Clubs of America are increasing steadily.

Other games enjoyed are darts (exciting matches are held in the Club rooms); draughts (checkers); cribbage and "pontoon" and "old maid" (card games); table tennis; billiards and snooker.

Listening to American football games on the radio, and to British soccer games on the short-wave are popular pastimes among British crews who frequent the Club and of course, prize fight broadcasts.

Miss Bertha Ireland is Chairman of the Entertainment Committee for the British Merchant Navy Club, and a group of faithful volunteers have been responsible for the various evening entertainments. On two Monday nights a month, Mr. Alfred S. Kahn is the master of ceremonies for a "Show Case Revue" and he brings actors, singers, dancers, magicians, artists—all volunteering their talents. Miss Ireland supervises one Monday night show, and Miss Alice Remsen, another. Tuesday nights Bingo games, (known as Housey-Housey) with prizes, are conducted. On Wednesday and Friday evenings no special entertainment is scheduled in the Club since the seamen like to attend the moving pictures shown in the *Institute's* Auditorium. Thursday night is the big dance, by far and away the most popular entertainment of the week. Saturday afternoons are the soccer matches, and Sundays the community singing, "An Evening At

Aunt Maggie's," attracts many seamen.

The Club was formally opened in March, 1941 by Lord Halifax, sponsored by the British War Relief Society. Mrs. Charles Hill started and supervised the entertainment programs until she returned to her home in England, and she was succeeded by Lady Hardwicke.

Members of the British and Canadian Consulates often volunteer as "emcees" at the various entertainments. Sir Francis Evans is Chairman of the Committee sponsoring the Club. Others who have assisted in the recreational program include the Misses Nita Edwards, Cherry Hardy, Mona Ryan, Edith McRobbie, Grace Ray Zelds, Frank Taylor (a popular "emcee") Arthur Tracy, and Ross Skinner.

More volunteer hostesses are needed, according to Mrs. Thomas C. Morgan, hostess.

PENICILLIN ABOARD SHIP AIDS STRICKEN YOUTH

The Lykes vessel *SS Northwestern Victory* lay at her berth at the Paralelo Quay in the harbor of Tarragona, Spain. Two giant electric cranes were unloading 5,000 tons of sulphur from her holds. About the ship the crew busied themselves with cleaning and painting.

Ashore a doctor sat at the bed of a seven-year-old boy, watching the symptoms of a dread sickness — meningitis. His father, a carabinero or Custom guard, was informed that 200,000 units of penicillin were needed to pull the youth through.

A hurried search of all possible sources disclosed that there was not a single unit of penicillin in the entire city. The nearest city, Madrid, was too far away to dispatch any in time. Hope that the youth would be saved dwindled.

Then it was remembered that an American ship was in port and would surely have a complete medical locker, including penicillin. So the carabinero made his way to Paralelo Quay and to the *SS Northwestern Victory*, where he found Captain T. L. Gaughan, her Master. The request for 200,000 units of the drug was immediately granted and any attempts at payment were turned down by Captain Gaughan. He assured the worried father that this was a gift from Lykes Bros. and payment was not expected.

From Lykes Fleet Flashes, May 1947

RESTRICTIONS ON ALIEN SEAMEN MEANS STEPPED-UP NEED FOR INSTITUTE SERVICES

POST-WAR restrictions on employment of alien seamen aboard American merchant ships is causing increasing demands for the Institute's special services. Assistance with citizenship papers, clearing up of status with immigration authorities, making credit loans, help in the search for temporary shore jobs to tide men over . . . these are some of the activities which occur in the wake of the restrictions.

Effective June 1st, the restrictions are the result of legislation to restore pre-war regulations of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 limiting aliens to 25% of unlicensed men on unsubsidized ships and 10% of unlicensed men on subsidized passenger ships.

Many people feel that seamen who served all through the war on American ships should have been given U. S. citizenship as were alien soldiers. Many of these men were survivors of torpedoed ships but they shipped out again and again to help transport men and materials of war to the Allied fighting forces.

Two seamen interviewed recently in the Danish Club at the Institute said they had been looking for ship berths for a whole week without success and this they attributed to the new restrictions. At the same time there is a shortage of skilled seamen on American ships in the Atlantic and Gulf ports, particularly those with ratings of able seamen, oilers, firemen-watertenders and cooks.

Netherlands seamen who can prove to the American consul in Holland that they served on Allied ships for five years during the war, are given preference in getting immigration visas which they can use indefinitely in lieu of American citizenship. Many of them do not wish to become citizens for they maintain their homes and families in the Netherlands. This visa, however, is of no help in getting berths on American steamships.



Other foreign-born seamen are threatened with loss of their livelihood and even possible deportation.

The Institute's Special Services department has been trying since 1941 to help one seaman, a young Roumanian who wishes to become a citizen. He served on American ships during the war but did not have the required uninterrupted total of five year's service which would have entitled him to citizenship. He had a Chief Mate's license but sailed mostly as Third. Now he can only sail in an unlicensed capacity. He has petitioned for a visa for permanent residence to no avail so far. He was recently married to an American citizen, however, and it is hoped that her petition for his visa may bring more results. Special Services have had many inquiries from alien seamen as to whether marriage with American citizens would help their cause.

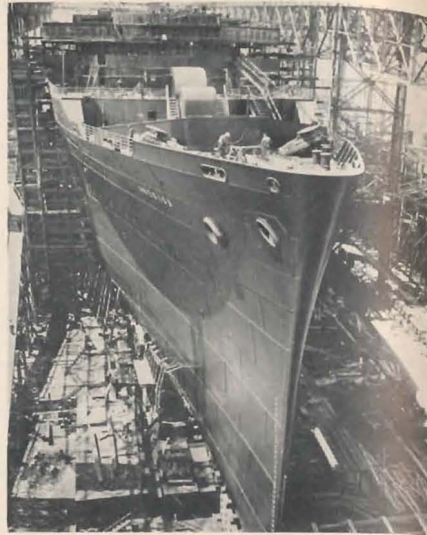
The United States Government has taken this step to protect American seamen and their jobs. Similar restrictions prevail in other countries for the same reason.

Ships Are Everybody's Business

WHETHER it's construction, maintenance, repair or reconversion, the ships of the U. S. Merchant Marine are in truth everybody's business.

We are apt too often to consider the requirements of a ship purely from a marine standpoint. Whether it is a compass or a lifeboat, an anchor or a propeller, these are the categories of supplies that come most readily to mind. Actually a ship is many entities in one. It may be a home, a hotel, a resort, a theatre, a station, a store, a form of transportation or an instrument of national defense. By not appreciating the diversified aspects of a ship we miss the fact that it represents business for almost every kind of activity. It's business for manufacturer and jobber alike; for the industrial giants like General Electric employing many thousands, as well as for the small specialty concerns employing only a few. Since no one section of our country can adequately supply a ship's varied needs, industry in many cities and towns all over the United States contribute to this work.

An excellent case in point is the Grace Line's luxury liner the *Santa Paula* which recently completed ten months of reconversion in the yards of the Newport News Shipbuilding Co., Newport News, Virginia. Her reconversion, after a distinguished war record as a transport, accomplished at a cost of several million dollars has meant far more than just jobs for shipbuilding personnel. Her requirements, like spokes in a



Building U. S. Line's *America*

wheel, radiate out from Newport News to many sections of our land and add to the industrial activity of each.

As examples; one spoke goes to Adams & Westlake, Elkhart, Indiana, for window shades, another to Charles A. Klinges, Philadelphia for marble. Others go to the Northern Pump Co., Minneapolis, for pumps, to the Standard Electric Time Co., Springfield, Mass., for clocks, to the Soss Mfg. Co., Detroit, for hardware and to the U. S. Plywood Co., Baltimore, for plywood. Still other spokes go to the Door Engineering Co., Norfolk, for venetian blinds, to Manning, Maxwell and Moore, Bridgeport, Conn., for thermometers and to the Philco Corp., Washington, for storage batteries.

Thousands of people in every walk



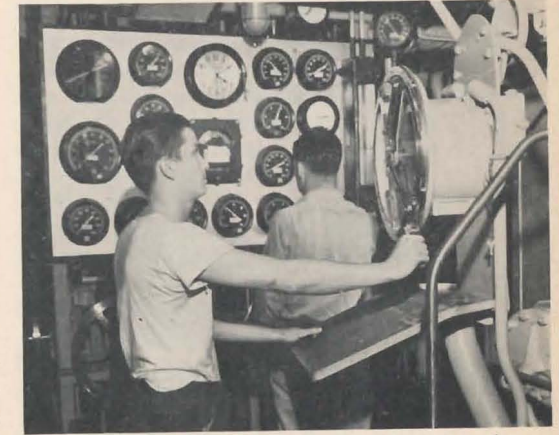
Grace Line's *Santa Rosa*

of life have contributed to bringing back the comfort and charm of ships like the *Santa Paula* which many passengers remember from prewar days. Her Caribbean cruises attract travelers from many parts of the country who may not realize that more likely than not, their own home town has manufactured some part which contributes to the safety or the pleasure of their trip.

There are other examples of new or newly reconverted vessels in which industries throughout the country took a hand and in which their products form vital links in the making of sea worthy ships: The Moore-McCormack Line's *Argentina*, scheduled to make her maiden voyage from New York to the East coast of South America on July 25 after having been reconverted from service as a troop transport; United Fruit's *Yaque*, first of a new class of freighters, one of nine sister ships all set to perform gallant service as cargo vessels; the *Alcoa Cavalier*, first of three new passenger-cargo vessels built by Alcoa Steamship Co.



Modern furnishings in a stateroom on the *Alcoa Cavalier*

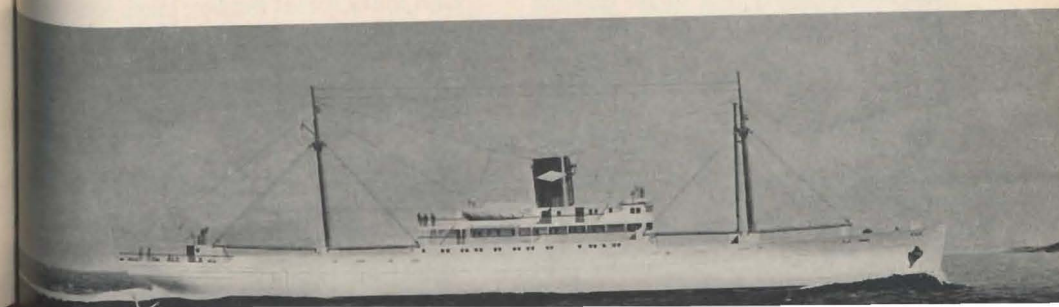


Clocks and other engineering equipment in the *Cavalier's* engine room



Moore-McCormack's luxury liner, *Argentina*

New freighter *Yaque*, United Fruit



Further Adventures of Oscar

By Thomas Bowers*

SOME months ago I told a story in THE LOOKOUT of a stormy trip at sea and of a sea turtle that saved my life and on whose tough shell I carved the name "OSCAR." Many laughed and doubted my story. Maybe these doubting Thomases will like this one better.

After three months on the beach I received another assignment to ship. I went aboard and turned to. We were loading cargo and the third day while on deck I got in the way of a winch cable. Guess I was a little careless. The man operating the winch slacked off as the load hit the deck and the heavy wire cable (still moving) hit the deck and my foot. I wound up in the Marine Hospital, where I landed in one of the rooms with four beds.

With my three room mates and other seamen coming in to visit, there was no time to get lonesome. The talk ran from South Street to every port on the globe until a young messman started off on one about a trip in the Gulf of Mexico and two kittens. I listened to his yarn, never realizing it had any connection with Oscar. The boy had brought these kittens aboard in New York and the Skipper saw them and took one up to his quarters on the bridge. He had one of the A.B.'s weave a collar and leash from white twine for it and ordered Utility to give it a daily bath. The other kitten was left to roam the fantail and the crew's quarters.

All was serene and uneventful until one day the crew's kitten got lonesome and wandered across the cat walk and up on the bridge. Since the fantail was not always too clean the wanderer looked a bit dingy, too. But the kittens were glad to be together again and were having a great time until the Skipper came out on the bridge and spied the visitor. He immediately yelled for the Bos'n who was up in the forepeak. An ordinary was sent to get him. When he arrived on the bridge the Old Man was in a

rage. "Take that alley cat aft and throw it over the side" he said. Well, at sea you don't question an order from the Captain nor do you throw a live animal over the side — period. Sensing the Old Man's attitude, the crew's cat scampered aft on the double followed by Boats who was madder than a wet hen. He would write his Congressman, report it to the Coast Guard, the A. S. P. C. A. and the Maritime Commission. In short he was a candidate for a straight jacket. In the meantime the galley man took the kitten below and locked him in the line locker and after a few coffees, Boats returned to the bridge and told the Captain that he couldn't find it but would take care of the matter when he did.

Apparently, the Old Man was satisfied and didn't mention the matter again. The Captain went aft once a week on inspection but the kitten was always put away out of sight until the coast was clear again and the Old Man went back where he belonged.

Life aboard ship settled down to normal living with the kitten boss of the fantail and the crew happy until the last day out of port when the Captain came aft and seemed to be in one of his more amiable moods. He asked the cook how everything was and stepped out on the fantail. He stood there for a few minutes when right out of a clear sky he asked the ordinary where the crew's kitten was. The boy turned pale and his vocal cords froze. He just stared at the Skipper with a far-off, blank expression. Raising his voice the Skipper said, "Well, answer me!"

With a dry throat the boy managed to say, "He went over the side, sir."

"What do you mean over the side?" asked the Skipper.

"Captain's orders, sir" answered the boy.

"What ails you, son. Are you sick?" asked the Captain.

"Yes sir — no sir" stammered the boy.

Neither spoke for a long minute. The Captain was searching in the back of his mind and he remembered saying something to Boats about getting rid of the Crew's kitten. By this time the boy had regained his composure. Looking straight into the Captain's face he saw that the Captain looked as he himself had felt a few moments before, sick at his stomach. He shuffled up for'ard to his quarters and sent for Boats. When Boats arrived and looked through the open door he couldn't help but feel sorry for his Skipper. They had made several trips together and while Boats had cooled off, after he had said nothing more to the crew about the order to throw the kitten overboard, he had known the Old Man hadn't meant it.

Stepping into the Captain's room without knocking he walked over and asked "You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes," replied the Old Man, "sit down. Did you think I *meant* that order about throwing the kitten over the side?"

"No" replied Boats. "Did you think I would?"

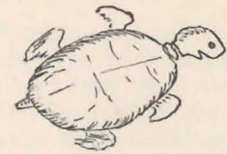
The Captain's head came up with a jerk. "Boats, don't joke. I can't take it."

"Would you like to see him?" Boats asked.

"Go fetch him up here" ordered the Old Man, "and make it snappy."

The Captain then removed the collar and leash from his pet and both kittens had the run of the ship and everybody from the Skipper down was happy, and both kittens ran all over the ship and had a great time together. But when they got tired each would retire to his old quarters to rest.

On the last morning before docking, one of the A.B.'s helped the Ordinary hook up the hose to wash down the fantail. The boy was in good spirits and doing fine until the crew's kitten ran in front of the hose's stream and before the boy could deflect it the kitten was over



Oscar

the side. The boy was dumbfounded and too scared to shout. He hoped none had seen the accident and there was nothing anyone could do about it anyway and he decided the best way out was not to mention it.

Finishing the washdown the boy was rolling up the hose when the cook stepped out of the galley with a morsel he knew the kitten liked and, looking around, asked where the kitten was. The boy said he guessed it was around somewhere and appeared to be very busy. At coffee time others asked about it and the boy was ready to run a fever. By the time the coffee time was up the crew was beginning to wonder about the kitten and some started a search. As time went on the Old Man heard about it but gave it little thought, probably figuring the kitten was napping somewhere.

By this time the deck crew were all busy making ready lines. The ship was warped into dock and still no kitten. This was the pay off—another mystery — the ship was jinxed! One of the A.B.'s checking the lines aft stepped to the rail to take a look over the side, and when he turned around and faced two of his mates he was as pale as a ghost. He couldn't answer when they asked if he was hurt. He couldn't talk. Instead he pointed over the side.

As word passed around, some just laughed but some came and gazed in wonder. Floating between the dock and the ship was a large sea turtle — and perched on his back was the missing kitten! One of the dock hands managed to reach it and brought it up the gangplank safe and sound. But before the turtle swam back out to sea, the boy swore he saw the letters OSCAR carved across his back.

*Member, Artists & Writer's Club for the Merchant Marine

SANCTUARY FOR SHIPS

In placid inland waters, far from the turbulence of war and weather, 1,212 merchant ships have found sanctuary in the Temporary Reserve Fleet. The handy monikers "bone-yard" and "ghost ships" are still used, but there is a difference between the laid-up fleet of World War II and World I. Vessels in this reserve fleet are not rusting away: they have been protected from wasteful destruction. A bath of preservation oil, heavy oil for the outside hulls, decks and superstructure, and light oil for the interiors, is non-drying, non-explosive, and penetrating. Engines and all machinery have been thoroughly greased; holds and decks swept clean; dunnage tagged and stored, liferafts, cargo runners and booms stored, bilges pumped. A maintenance crew inspects the ships each week.

Occasionally, one of these merchant ships "in moth-balls" goes back into service, operated by American shipping lines. Some are over-age or too badly damaged to warrant repairing, and these await scrapping.

The James River, Virginia, now holds the largest number of reserve merchant vessels, 409, with other "sanctuaries" at Suisun Bay, California, 336; Mobile, Alabama, 94; Astoria, Oregon, 120; Olympia, Washington 97; Hudson River, N. Y. 40; Beaumont, Texas 32; Wilmington, N. C. 56 and Brunswick, Georgia 28. The U. S. Maritime Commission selected these sites because of ideal water conditions — a minimum of salt content and freedom from destructive chemicals and severe temperature conditions.

When you see row upon row of merchant ships anchored alternately stem and stern together, with well-worn paint, and some with wounds inflicted on the deadly Murmansk run, you may recognize a name here and there and recall deeds of valor by the heroic crews who manned them.



"Courier," from the painting by Charles Robert Patterson

DONALD MCKAY'S FIRST SHIP

The sailing packet "Courier" depicted here is a reproduction of the oil painting by Charles Robert Patterson. The original hangs in the Board Room of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, 49 Wall Street. The legend on the bronze plaque reads:

"Sp. COURIER — 380 tons — Built at Newburyport in 1842 by Currier and McKay for Andrew Foster and Son for the Brazil Coffee Trade. This was the first ship planned and built by Donald McKay. Wrecked on Falkland Islands in 1854. Atlantic paid loss on Vessel and Freight."

In the Disaster Book kept by the company, it is recorded that the crew were saved.

The Institute's Conrad Library revealed some interesting details about this packet ship:

She was commanded by Capt. W. Wolfe. From the biography of Capt. Charles Porter Low: "The *Courier* was very fast, and a beautiful sea boat. After being ashore four weeks I longed for the sea again and shipped on board her. After being on board the *Toronto* it seemed child's play to handle her royal and topgallant sails. Capt. Wolfe was a very kind and pleasant man. He had good feed, and "watch and watch," with a very respectable crew of twelve men, four ordinary seamen and four boys, cook and steward and two mates, carpenter and sailmaker.

We had a very short passage of 38 days from Sandy Hook to Rio de Janeiro."

"A Man and His Dog"

By Ship's Clerk Harold L. Meyers

Esso Tanker E. G. Seubert

NEXT to the last of the Esso tankers lost by enemy action was the *E. G. Seubert*. She was torpedoed on a dark night in February, 1944, in the Gulf of Aden, while proceeding from Abadan and Hormuz in a convoy bound for the Mediterranean. Ship's Clerk Harold L. Meyers, in an interview for this history,* related his unusual and dramatic experience.

A Man and His Dog

"While asleep in my room amidships," he said, "I was awakened by a terrific crash. The impact of the explosion threw me from my bunk to the deck. Parts of the heavy wooden bulkhead of the room fell around me.

"I heard my dog whimper. He was a fine example of the Persian deerhound: I had acquired him in Abadan. I pushed my way through broken pieces of wood and found the dog wedged in between the screen door and the bulkhead. After getting him loose, I put on my life jacket and tried to open the screen door. It was difficult but I somehow managed to do it. The door had been supporting part of the bulkhead, which fell on me; sharp splinters cut my legs. Freeing myself, I buckled on the dog's collar and leash, picked him up, and carried him to the bridge.

"Captain Boklund told me to run up a red lantern on the halyard, but we couldn't find any matches and were unable to set a signal to warn others ships in the convoy.

"When the captain directed me to help lower No. 1 lifeboat, I put my dog in the boat and assisted other crew members at the falls.

*Reprinted from: *Ships of the Esso Fleet in World War II*.

In this book are the records of 135 ocean tankers of the Standard Oil Co. (N. J.) and the Panama Transport Co.

"The ship was sinking fast. The lifeboat was a couple of feet from the water when the vessel gave a terrible lurch and Bos'n Blanchard yelled, 'There she goes!'

Swam for Their Lives

"I took a flying leap and gripped a man rope. The lifeboat came up toward me and I dropped into it. As it was then impossible to get the boat clear of the falls, I grabbed the dog's leash and pulled him overboard with me to avoid going down when the ship sank.

"As the dog and I swam for our lives, he went ahead of me and I followed as best I could with the leash wrapped around my wrist. Swimming was difficult in the layer of oil, several inches thick, which covered the sea for a considerable distance.

Injured and Blinded by Oil

"When I went under, the fuel oil filled my eyes and ears. I tried unsuccessfully to wipe it from my eyes; more oil, running down from my forehead, practically blinded me. I knew I could not see a lifeboat or raft or hear voices that might be calling. My leg hurt badly. I did not know where I was going or whether there was any chance of rescue. My feeling of suspense, mingled with determination, fear, and hope, was indescribable. Somehow, sympathy for my dog and the desire to save him helped me to carry on.

"I had no idea whether the dog could see or hear any better than I could. The night was clear but very dark. He may have heard men talking on one of the life rafts which, unknown to me, we had neared to within a few yards.

Rescue

"In any event, some one on the raft heard the dog panting and gasping when we were only a few feet

away and pulled him aboard. I felt the leash tighten and instinctively shouted for help. The next instant I was hauled up on the raft.

"We rescued other survivors. It was not long before I found I could not bend my legs; one of them was badly swollen.

"When we were put ashore at Aden I went to a hospital where I stayed for nine days, receiving fine medical attention. After that I was sent to an Army camp for a month, until repatriated on a troopship, the *Solomon Juneau*, which sailed on March 30. Meanwhile, my dog had been treated at the hospital for two weeks. I was permitted to take him with me on the transport and on arrival in New York, on May 11, after a voyage of 18,000 miles, I sent him to my mother in St. Louis. Feeling that he had saved my life, I did not want him to go to sea again during the war."

THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE

This is a little story about a key . . . a key to Room 717 at "25 South Street." This key took quite a trip for itself and then came back.

It was found on the beach at Port Accord on the West Coast of Africa. A merchant seaman picked it up . . . probably a one-time guest at the *Institute* who recognized it on sight. Anyway, the *Institute's* name and address was printed on the other side.

Several months later, John Deviller, a seaman staying at the *Institute*, received the key in a letter from a seaman out in Seattle. Seems this West Coast seaman, A. Philbrach, A.B., had gotten a letter from Deviller mailed from 25 South St. so he put the key in an envelope, mailed it to him and asked him to return it. So . . . showing very little of its adventuring . . . key 717 now hangs on a nail at the lodgings desk.

Two Chinese Junks

The "*MON LEI*," owned by Robert "Believe It Or Not" Ripley was photographed at Key West, Florida and the "*AMOY*," owned by Albert Nielsen, was snapped while she was cruising on Long Island Sound. These unique vessels made the voyage from China in 1939. The junks are built of heavy teakwood. They measure 50 feet in length and 17 feet beam. Mr. Ripley's carries a gold anchor attached to nylon rope. "*Mon Lei*" means 10,000 miles of eternity.

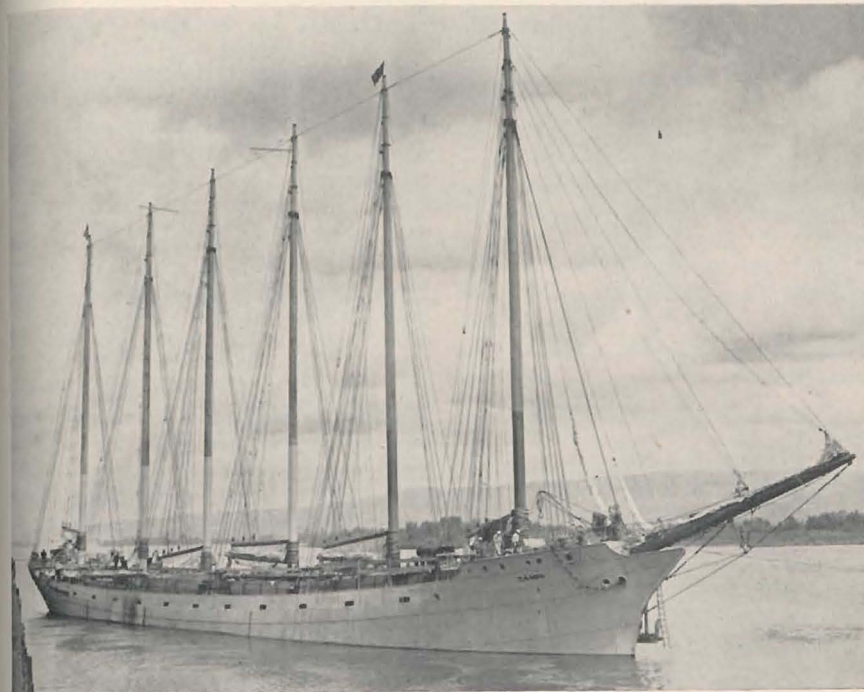


Amoy



Mon Lei

Six-Masted Schooner "Jango"



SHIP OF MANY NAMES

The last six-masted schooner (ex-barque, ex-barge, ex-schooner) "*Tango*" about which we wrote in the August, 1945 issue of *THE LOOKOUT*, has been sold to Portugal and her present name is *Ciadade Do Porto*. Her career began 43 years ago in Scotland and she has since passed through German, British and American ownership. She was built as the *Hans* as a four-masted steel bark; later was named the *Mary Dollar*. Her spars and superstructure were removed and she became a gambling barge. In 1941 she was re-rigged as a six-masted schooner and was converted

for war use and carried coal and lumber to Durban under command of Captain G. B. Gunderson (former skipper of the *Tusitala*). The old vessel survived storm and fire, and lost almost a full suit of sails. It is not known yet if she will be refitted.

FOUR-MASTED SCHOONER STILL IN BUSINESS

The four-masted schooner *Annie C. Ross*, thirty three years old, has left her mooring in Newtown Creek, L. I., and put to sea again to enter into peace-time trade with the Cape Verde Islands and African ports.

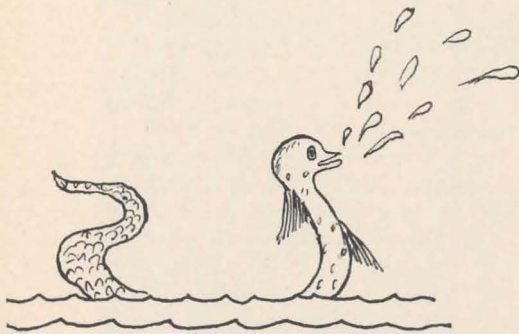
Her owner-master, Capt. John Rasario, means to take her wherever there's business. She has no auxiliary engine aboard but is capable of doing 14 knots under sail.

A part of the shipment of 36 bells which arrived aboard the United States Lines, *S.S. America*. The carillons are a gift from the Nestle Co. of Switzerland, to the Stamford, Conn., Presbyterian Church, as a token of gratitude for American assistance during the war years, when the people of Stamford extended their hospitality to hundreds of Nestle employees, evacuated from Switzerland. The carillons were made at the Croydon Foundry in England.



Concerning SEA SERPENTS

By Marjorie Dent Candee



M. D. C.

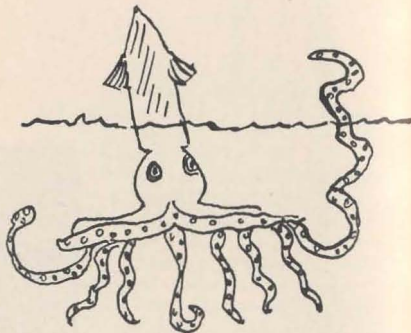
THE perennial subject of sea serpents has always fascinated THE LOOKOUT editor and on occasion, we have talked with merchant seamen who have described the sea monsters in minute detail—always seen from a distance, through powerful binoculars, of course. As soon as the sailor's ship has approached the horrendous creature it has coyly disappeared.

It was especially interesting, then, to learn a scientist's ideas on sea serpents and while visiting the tropical aquarium at Key West, Florida, recently, we had an opportunity to interview several of these learned gentlemen on this intriguing topic. The nearest any of them would come to admitting that a sea serpent exists was that large denizens of the deep with long ribbon-like bodies known as "REGALEIDAE" have been seen in tropical waters and because of their oblong heads, elongated bodies extending more than 20 feet, might easily be mistaken for sea serpents.

We asked them the inevitable question about the famous Loch Ness monster and they admitted that some of the vertebrae of this creature were preserved in the Royal College of Surgeons in London and identified as a SELACHE MAXIMA.

One of the best descriptions of a sea serpent was told us by the late Bosun William Berry, an old sailing-ship chanteyman who used to stop at the Seamen's Institute to spin yarns with us. Bosun Berry said the creature he saw, while aboard the old square-rigger *Benjamin Packard* on a voyage to 'Frisco, was "an eel-like shark, with a neck of 16-inch diameter, and a body at least 60 feet long. The head was oblong, and from the gigantic jaws water spouted. As the vessel approached, we could see the brown and green spots on the long neck, each spot bigger than a silver dollar. A dorsal fin rose from the mammoth tail." This graphic picture has always remained in our mind, so we ventured to quote it to William H. Kroll, curator of the Key West aquarium, who concluded that the marine animal seen by Bosun Berry was a CLAMYDOSELACHE, but to our disappointment, it was NOT a sea serpent. The largest fish caught in tropical waters, according to Mr. Kroll, was a 20-ft. saw-fish weighing 900 lbs. but in appearance it resembled a shark.

Peter Roberts, a seaman whose hobby is painting pictures of fish, has studied the subject of sea ser-



M. D. C.

pents and it is his opinion that in past ages, huge serpent-like creatures roamed the high seas just as dinosaurs roamed the land. It is not impossible, he believes, that some of these gigantic serpents may still exist in the deep recesses of the ocean.

A naturalist sketching tropical fish among the Florida Keys advanced his theory that when sailors claim that they have seen a sea serpent they really think they have, but what they probably saw was a number of porpoises swimming one

behind the other, or a giant squid with long tentacles, or possibly a pair of sharks (SELACHE MAXIMA), one following the other with the dorsal fin and the tail appearing above water. To the onlooker the effect would be that of a 60 ft. marine animal.

There are very few zoologists who are convinced of the existence of sea serpents, but when trustworthy narrators describe what they have seen few scientists like to deny the possibility that some such creature may after all exist.

Water Borne Locomotives

A 3,000-ton, war-built cargo vessel, the M.V. GADSDEN, which served in the Navy as an attack cargo ship, has been privately rebuilt and equipped to carry eighteen large locomotives and their tenders or other heavy machinery to American customers overseas. Seeing the need for such a vessel, the American Eastern Corp. purchased the ship after the war ended and had her rebuilt for the job. She is the only such ship flying the American flag.

The Baltimore yard of the Bethlehem Steel Corp. converted the vessel, following designs prepared by Gibbs and Cox, naval architects. Two hatches were enlarged to ninety-one by twenty-three feet and sixty-one by twenty-three feet to

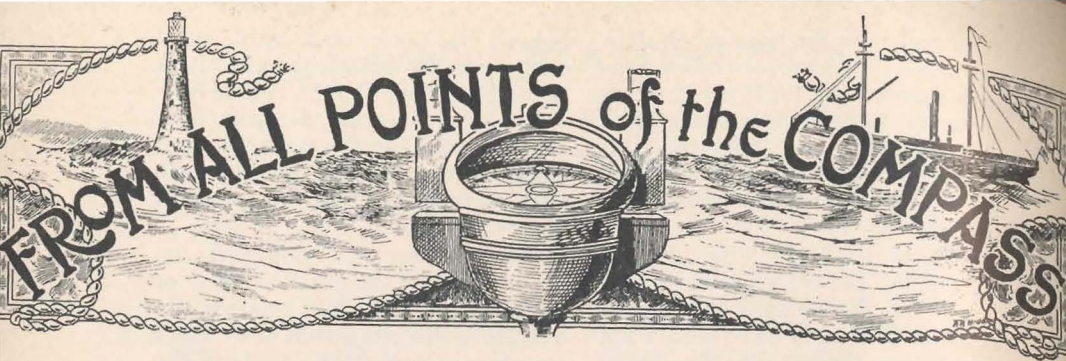
accommodate locomotives, and tracks on which they could ride were laid along with special heavy cargo handling equipment to install them.

An eighty-eight-foot main cargo handling boom, largest ever constructed in the United States, was manufactured at the yard and has a lifting capacity of 117½ tons. Powered by electric motors, the boom was necessitated by the absence of heavy floating cargo booms in many world ports.

The GADSDEN has been transporting locomotive and railroad cars to France. She travels about the world picking up locomotives and other heavy cargoes for waterborne delivery, a unique tramping operation for which she was built.



The M.V. Gadsden, locomotive carrier



From a former seaman — now in Kalundborg, Denmark. Letter gives interesting account of his activities during the war. (Mr. O. Stoltenberg, Marineteegner, Kalundborg, Denmark)

March 28, 1947

Being so crazy about sailing ships, I'm glad that someone else besides me understands the feeling that comes to one, when he looks upon a picture of a ship, or he reads about them in books, as the one I have just finished reading, "UNDER SAIL" by E. Riesenberg, or the book, "A MILLION MILES IN SAIL," by John H. McCulloh, or the one by A. J. Villiers "BY WAY OF CAPE HORN" and "FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS."

By the way, would you be kind (enough) to send A. J. Villiers my best wishes and thanks for the proper way he is able to produce, in the way of writing a seastory. He doesn't know me, but I had once had the pleasure to meet him in the Institute, where he was showing us a nice picture he has taken aboard the "Grace Harver" from the time he was there.

As for me, during the occupation of this country, I had been lucky enough to get through, although we had a good many nights training in the woods and bushes when in the Resisting Movement, in which I belonged. Sometimes on the way to the "field" where we were training, the guns wrapped in an old sack on the cycle, we would meet with some German trucks on their way with troops to our town, we had the orders to be awake and watch the driver, the least little suspicion of him, we had orders to jump off the cycle and open fire, all we were able to do (being only five men in the group) it would, of course, not be a big fight, but we had to kill as many as possible. The day of the capitulation, we had orders to hold on the railroad station, in case the German commander would not give in, but he could see it was of no use to be stubborn, for wherever went his eye there was a lot of "LIBERTYFIGHTERS" as we were called.

We had an island (BORNHOLM) where the German commander in charge would not give up, so the Russians had to clean

Courtesy, "The Beacon"

out the place, though they gave the Germans a chance to change their mind, some 24 hours or so.

Then they wiped out the houses, where the Germans stayed, so they were not long in changing their mind, but it did a lot of damage to the town, so now they are sending for some already finished houses of wood (prefabricated) from Sweden, to put up.

S.S. Moline Victory
Capetown, So. Africa

Credit Bureau:

Guess who! Well here I am and I don't know if I want to leave here or not. This is sure swell country and if I had a little money to get by on for awhile, I would like to make my home here.

We have four more ports of call to make and then we will head back for New York. We go from here to East London, Port Elizabeth, Durban, and then up the East coast to Laurenc Marques, Mozambique, Portuguese East Africa.

What I would like to have you do is send me a statement as to what my bill is, so I can mail it to you. You can send it to the ship's address.

Also include the address of a good dentist that will make some teeth for me fast and not too expensive.

I could tell you a lot about this place but if I did you may pack up and come down yourself.

Well, I will close hoping to receive your letter before the payoff.

Sincerely yours,
Walter R.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Treasurer, Seamen's Institute:

... I see you have the flags properly hoisted on the Institute — shipshape, not tied to the halliards the way they seem to do ashore. They put no rope through the canvas hem of the flags and they are very sloppy and bulgy. They also don't put trucks with sheaves on the mastheads. The flagpoles look like small gallows! I was purser long ago.

Yours sincerely,
(signed) Arthur McVicker
New York, N. Y.

Ship News

SWEDISH VESSEL BURNS IN BAY

SAN FRANCISCO — The Swedish freighter *Frej*, loaded with rice, was swept by fire and grounded in San Francisco Bay, where smoldering flames continued to eat into the ship's interior this evening.

Battalion Fire Chief William Gilmore of San Francisco said the 1,976-ton ship was a loss except for its hull. The machinery was a tangled mess. The vessel was estimated to be worth about \$300,000, and its 4,500-ton cargo of rice might run as high as \$300,000.

The fire started from a boiler room "flash back," igniting oil, soon after the *Frej* had left its pier for Gothenburg, Sweden.

GOLD SHIPMENT ARRIVES

Ten million dollars in gold arrived here aboard the freighter *Hipping Victory* of the Robin line which docked at Pier 2, American Dock Terminal, at Tompkinsville, S. I. The bullion was shipped from Cape Town and consigned to the Federal Reserve Bank in Manhattan.

The uncoined gold, the first to arrive in many months, was shipped in 350 cases and as it was being unloaded from the ship to the pier it was heavily guarded by Army guards and ten city uniformed policemen and detectives. The gold was quickly loaded on armored trucks and was safely in the vaults of the Federal Bank within two hours.

BRITISH SHIP'S LOSS LISTED A 'MYSTERY'

RANGOON, Burma.—The loss of the 1,030-ton ship *Sir Harvey Adamson*, which disappeared in the Andaman Sea off the Burma coast with 250 persons aboard, was written off as another "unsolved mystery of the sea."

The search for the vessel and the persons aboard was closed officially with searchers having failed to find a single clue of the tiny coastal vessel's fate.

"We may never know her fate and that of her passengers and crew," a high naval officer said. "A strong southeast hurricane was blowing at the time she signaled, and if she hit trouble any wreckage would be blown out to sea and never be found."

"The *Adamson* just disappeared. She joins the list of other ships which sailed into space to become an unsolved mystery of the sea."

The official theory was that wind drove the *Adamson* into an unswept minefield and she blew up after striking a mine.

HEARD HEARTBEATS VIA RADIO

A medical officer at Honolulu listened, by radio, to the heartbeats of an unconscious sailor on a small vessel far out in the Pacific, diagnosed the case and gave instructions to insure recovery, an electrical industry bulletin relates.

NEW PASSENGER SHIPS NEEDED

At the outbreak of World War II, America had 162 passenger vessels. Today, only 21 are in operation. At present, not a single keel is being laid for an ocean-going passenger vessel. The *America*, recently reconverted after wartime service as the *Westpoint*, is our only luxury-liner vessel.

A Merchant Marine Advisory Committee composed of leading industrialists and shipping experts has been appointed to find the solution to this problem — and to remedy it. According to experts, the Merchant Marine is as important in war as the battle fleet. Less glamorous, maybe, but as vital. Yet no single department of our national defense has suffered such drastic post-war shrinkage. Unless properly and promptly remedied, this could prove costly.

—William Philip Simms,
N. Y. World-Telegram

THE MODEL-MAKER'S MISTAKE



Politiken, Copenhagen

Book Reviews

LOGBOOK FOR GRACE: JOURNAL OF THE WHALING BRIG DAISY, 1912-1913

by Robert Cushman Murphy
Macmillan, \$4.00

When we read the young naturalist's log of his voyage to South Georgia on an old New Bedford whaler 35 years ago, we wonder why he took so long to have it published. Perhaps, however, after these many years, his boyish enthusiasm has been tempered by perspective.

One of our foremost naturalists today, R. C. Murphy was then just a beginner, sent to the Antarctic to seek specimens of land and sea life for the Museum of Natural History. In spite of his engrossment with his own work, he became familiar with every phase of the whaling enterprise, and describes the entire business in detail, through actual day-by-day experiences, from the hail "Thar she blows" until the whale oil has been finally processed. We feel the excitement he felt on the small whaleboat, as an 80 barrel bull lunges towards him.

In its narrative value and descriptive power, this logbook surpasses Darwin's "Journal of the Voyage of the Beagle."
Louise Noling

DAVID DEFOREST AND THE REVOLUTION OF BUENOS AIRES

By Benjamin Keen
Yale Univ. Press, 1947, \$3.00

The name of David Curtis DeForest is perhaps better known in Argentina than in our own country except among graduates of Yale University. There in his native state of Connecticut he bequeathed money for scholarships and a gold medal for oratory.

His adventures started on December 31, 1799, when he shipped out as a seaman bound for Canton, but he left his ship and her domineering Captain at Patagonia and made his arduous way to Buenos Aires. There the foundation of his fortune was laid in the smuggling trade. More important was his interest in Argentine's fight for independence from Spain and the encouragement he offered. To the victorious General Belgrano he sent a copy of Gen. Washington's farewell address which was published in Spanish in Buenos Aires. He constantly labored to foment the mixing of North and South American commerce and friendship and his career spanned a quarter century of relations between the United States and Buenos Aires.

I. M. Acheson

TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

By James A. Michener
Macmillan, 1947. 326p., \$3.00

There have been too many books written about World War II, but "Tales of the South Pacific" is one that just had to be written, and should be read. The author served as a trouble shooter in naval aviation among the Pacific islands, and these colorful and dramatic stories reproduce exactly the mood and atmosphere of the war against the Japs. The men fighting it, the isolated islands where they waited, the native islanders who helped and hindered them, the battles they fought—we get more of the what-it-was-really-like flavor than in any account yet written of the Pacific war.
L. Noling

HONORS for S.C.I. and OFFICIALS

Recent honors for services rendered during World War II have been conferred upon several officials of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. President Michalis was promoted to the rank of Commander in the Order of Orange-Nassau for his work as chairman of American Relief for Holland. In 1944, Mr. Michalis and our Director, Dr. Kelley, were made Officers in the Order of Orange-Nassau, in recognition of their services to Queen Wilhelmina in behalf of the Dutch seamen who found hospitality in the Home for Netherlands Seamen at "25 South Street" during the war. The rank of Commander in the same order also was granted to Richard H. Mansfield, treasurer of American Relief for Holland. Mr. Mansfield is a member of the Institute's Board of Managers and is the eldest son of Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Institute from 1896 until his death in 1934.

Dr. Kelley, because of the Institute's services to seamen, recently received other expressions of gratitude: from the U. S. Navy Bureau of Naval Personnel, a certificate of appreciation in recognition of meritorious service during World War II, signed by Vice Admiral Louis Denfield, U. S. Navy, The Chief of Naval Personnel; and from the Propeller Club of the United States, Port of New York, an honorary membership in appreciation of services to the marine industry, signed by Harman Lewis, President.

The Institute itself received from the British Seamen's Welfare Board a certificate of appreciation signed by Sir T. Ashley Sparks, representative of the British Ministry of War Transport and Sir Francis Evans, H.B.M. Consul General in New York.

Marine Poetry

FAREWELL, MY FRIEND

by E. G. George

Two tugs steamed up and made their
hawasers fast,
She weighed her anchor and across the calm,
smooth sea

Commenced a voyage, known to be her last,
Whilst I, alone, watched sadly from the
quay.

No mourners now to watch her go.
No wreath of pretty flowers from friends.
In fact, there's joy in many hearts, I know,
As the life of a once-proud ship now ends.
Because she's rumoured as unsafe they're
glad,

As all her rooms are dingy, old and small.
Slow as a snail and all her decks are bad,
"How could one try to sail on her at all?"
To me she was the truest friend,
She brought me safely through the war,
And as she floats deserted at her journey's
end,

I love her now as ne'er before.
A ship is like somebody's human chum,
And everyone grows old one day.
In younger days they seem to make things
hum,

And then, they gradually fade away.
They die and to the burial yard they go,
But as with the ship, some friends are glad.
Whilst true lovers of their youth, I know,
Watch from afar, despondent, sad.



HEAD WIND

by James C. Bass

When I was a little tad,
A sailor I would be—
Though all I knew was picture books—
I'd never seen the sea.

I dreamed of trading schooners
With flashing, wide-spread sails;
Of mermaids, with their witching smiles
And graceful, fishy tails.

I saw myself (when I grew up)
With sextant in my hand;

The master of a mighty ship—
At home in any land.

Or, on another train of thought,
I'd be Chief Engineer;

The master mind who runs the ship
With turbines, steam and beer.

Or else I'd be a hardboiled mate
With fists as hard as clay;

I'd make my sailors step about
Or there'd be hell to pay.

Ah yes—those rosy, childhood dreams—
Since then I've lived a lot

And found life very different
Than I dreamed of when a tot.

I thought that when I went to sea
I'd be a brave "four-striper"

But now, that I have finally sailed,
You guessed it — I'm a WIPER.

A SEA VISION

by W. D. Gordon

At last she's dropped her pilot and they're
breaking out the muslin;

They are tailin' on the halyards in the
Channel mist and rain,

And once more the wheeling seagulls hear
the roarin' deep-sea chanty,

For a tall ship sails blue water once again.
Can't you hear the crashing thunder of the
grey beards at her forefoot,

And the hiss of creaming foam along the
rail,

And the bucko mate a-cursin' at the watch
along the yard-arms,

Where they're clawing at the canvas in the
gale?

Can't you hear the limpid chuckle of the
wake beneath the counter,

As she pushes, like a ghost ship, through the
star-strewn velvet nights?

See the moon cast shadows dancin' as she
lifts and surges forward,

And the glimmer where the bow-waves
reflect her running lights?

Hear the music long-forgotten, of the
flogging of wet canvas,

And the thrashin' of the tackle in the bitter
winter dawn?

See the scupper ports a-spoutin' as she slams
away to windward,

"Head-reachin'" under lowers, makin'
passage round the Horn?

But this rhyme you say is foolish! I forgot
the work and hunger,

The salt tack and hard biscuits, the weariness
and pain;

But the song is worth the singing if it brings
the fleetest vision

Of a Tall Ship on Blue Water once again.

Reprinted from *The Flying Angel*



Christmas Boxes

Twelve months hath each year
More than half has sped, oh dear!

Christmas *will* arrive—no but or if
This year as always on December twenty-fif.

Won't you help us work and plan
While on summer porch you fan?

Christmas boxes, packed with goodies and
gear

For Seamen, *must* be filled again this year.
How many boxes will *you* fill?

Or may we do it and send the bill?
For information re: Christmas work

Please write a letter to our Mrs. Burke.*

J. D.

*Mrs. Grafton Burke
25 South Street
New York 4, N. Y.

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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."