The LOOKOUT

JANUARY, 1951

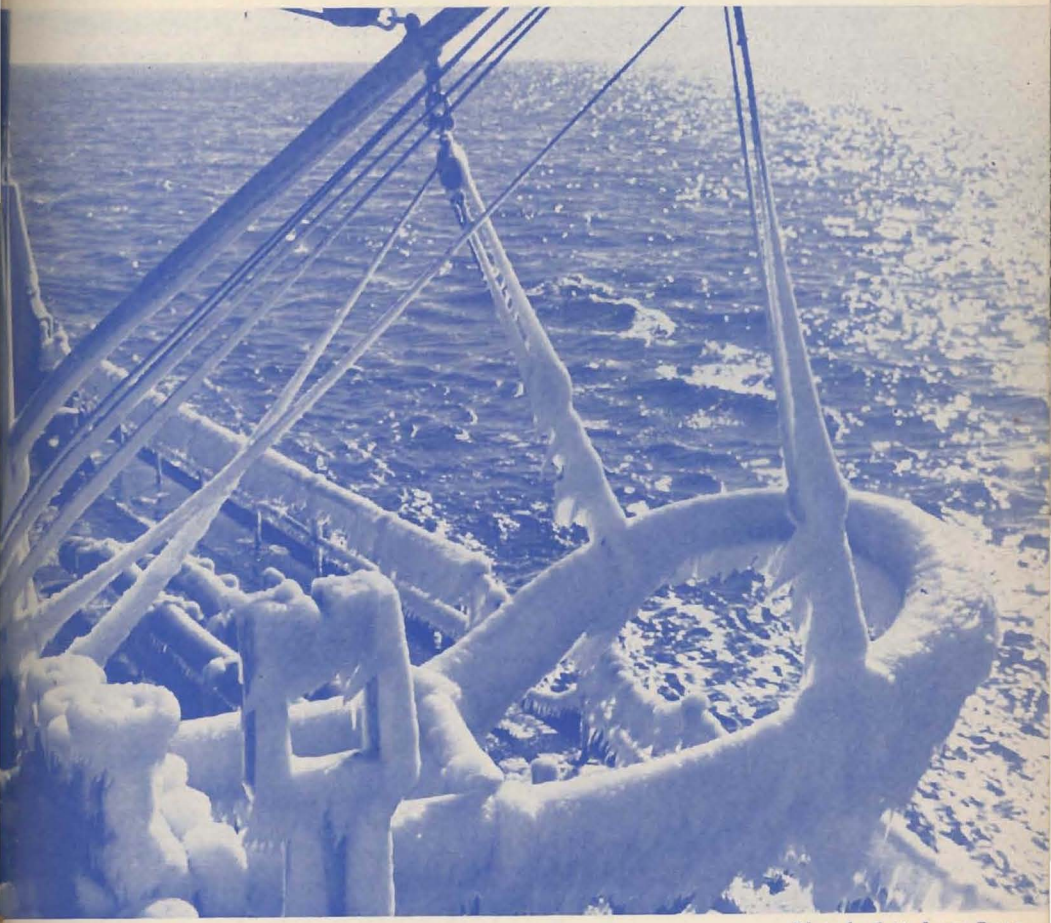

Photo by Capt. James Burns

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XLII

NO. 1

Our Merchant Marine's First Casualty

From the Korean battlefront came a Christmas greeting to Mrs. Shirley Wessel of the Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau, and with it the first reported Merchant Marine casualty of the Korean War.

Captain Albert Hicks through a returning Army officer sent word that he had been aboard a Military Sea Transport which was attacked. He was taken prisoner along with others in the crew by the Korean Communists. Suffering from serious injuries, he is now being returned to the United States, and his family will meet him when his ship arirves in San Francisco.

Albert Hicks is well known by the staff members here at 25 South Street. He often stayed here when between voyages. When prevented from sailing by the shipping slump, he worked on New York harbor vessels. Finally, unable to sail with his officer's rating, and conscious of his obligations to his family, he shipped out as an A. B. seaman.

Although we know of many seamen carrying supplies to the Korean battlefront, Capt. Hicks is the first one reported to have been injured.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLII, JANUARY, 1951

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
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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

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows an iced-up rubber hose on a tanker. Ice is an added cargo which is both unwelcome and possibly dangerous.

The Lookout

VOL. XLII JANUARY, 1951 NO. 1

Another Landmark Goes

THE curving elevated structure opposite the Institute will soon feel the axe. The spur of the 3rd Avenue "El" from Chatham Square down to South Ferry will be demolished, starting in January. Service was discontinued on December 22nd. The Board of Transportation has planned a new bus service, traveling over the same route, with *free* transfers between the busses and elevated trains at Chatham Square, and other transfer privileges between these and Staten Island busses. In addition, shuttle service on the Lexington Avenue Subway, between South Ferry and Bowling Green is to be replaced by through trains.

The old "El" which screeches above Pearl Street and Coenties Slip has quite a history. Construction of the elevated structure between Chatham Square and South Ferry was started in October 1878. Steam locmotives were operated until it was electrified in 1902. As originally planned it was to continue on Pearl St. to Whitehall St. but it was detoured at Coenties Slip to Front Street so as not to darken Fraunces Tavern located at Broad and Pearl. Citizens protested that to darken the place where General Washington bade farewell to his officers was disrespectful to his memory. But now the loud screech caused by the trains veering around the curve

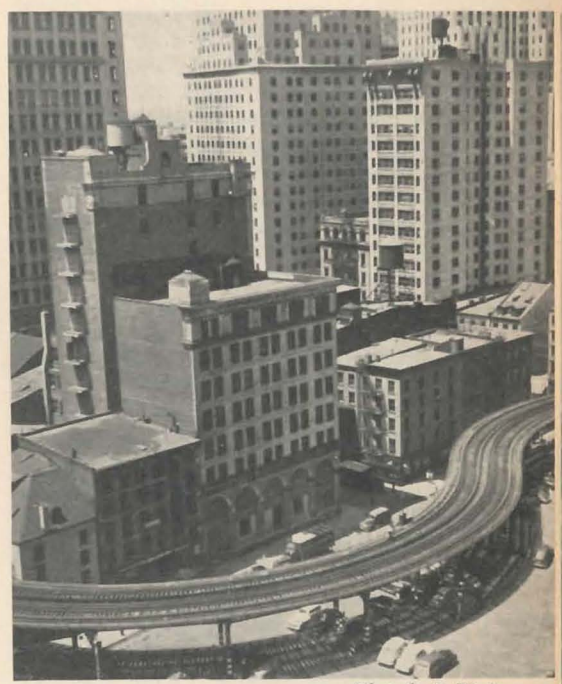


Photo by P. W. Beaton

into Front Street will become only a memory in the minds of those working in this neighborhood, and will never be missed by seamen and employees at the Institute!

As the "El" goes *down*, so the new Elevated Highway (Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive extension), will go *up* over South Street, from Coenties Slip — East to Jackson Street. This will greatly relieve traffic congestion, and when completed will make possible a continuous drive around the periphery of Manhattan without pausing for a traffic light.

Such is progress.

In Quest of a Skull

By Lloyd Bertrand, *3rd Mate**

WHO said there were no ghosts? Well, there are . . . almost. Had you been with Scully and me that night, you'd have thought so, too!

We were on a freighter running down to the West Indies. I was the Third Mate and Scully was the Ordinary Seaman on my watch. He was a good kid. A bit superstitious, but then, seamen are, sometimes.

I was studying fine art in my spare time, and what I needed for better portraiture was a real human skull. I wanted to study anatomy right from the bones!

In my inquiries aboard ship, I ran across all sorts of suggestions on how, or where I might get one. But the best information was from the Chief Mate, a native of one of the islands. He said that in this particular small port for which we were bound, there was a small abandoned cemetery on the outskirts of town. Live stock and vandals, etc. had damaged and pilfered the graves so badly that sometimes one could even see the bones in the broken, shallow graves.

Need he say more!!!! No!!!! I got my devoted Scully to one side, explained to him my need of his help in my quest . . . in the interests of art. I pause here to explain that Scully's respect for and fidelity to me was not because I was his officer. I was *his* Michelangelo! He would do anything, yes, ANYTHING for me . . . except, open up . . . an . . . ol . . . d . . . grave, After much wrangling and explaining, he reluctantly consented to come along. Surely, he protested, we would be forever haunted. Stealing the head of a ghost (as he put it) would certainly bring the spiritual world down upon us.

Member, Artists & Writers Club for the Merchant Marine.

I cased the cemetery during the day finding a grave where the ribs of a skeleton were exposed. This one wouldn't require too much digging.

The date was . . . MIDNIGHT . . . twelve hours before we sailed. We left the ship and started for the cemetery. I picked a round-about way through the small town so as not to attract attention. Under my arm was a piece of canvas in which to wrap the skull, digging tools and a hacksaw.

The very thought of possibly having to saw the head from the skeleton made Scully want to turn back. Only my insistence and false bravado persuaded him to continue.

I, myself, didn't exactly feel comfortable. On every sudden little noise we jumped and clutched at one another.

Finally, we arrived at the grave. The proverbial pale moon was there making enough light to eliminate the need of a flashlight. I had to begin the digging; Scully was paralyzed with fear. At times he huddled so close to me that I had to shove him away to be able to dig. The earth was soft and promised a quick job. The sounds of digging were a relief to my ears.

The precarious angles of tombstones of other forgotten graves cast eerie shadows in the moonlight . . . as though the ghosts were really watching. My imagination ran rampant.

I gave Scully the spade and rested while he dug. "Not much more to go," I kept encouraging him.

SUDDENLY!!!! The stillness of the night exploded with the sound of rustling in the dry leaves and trouncing and stomping of the ground accompanied by screeches of rusty wire against wire as though the witches of

(*Continued on Page* 12)

Chaplain's Page

By The Rev. James C. Healey, Ph.D.

Under the aegis of the Cross on the Institute's roof seamen study helmsmanship.

TUBERCULOSIS had kept him ashore for two years. He had followed the doctor's orders, kept good hours and ate and drank wisely and felt unafraid when he was told he was "fit for duty." But the Company doctor thought he detected signs of a serious disease hitherto unsuspected and just as he had his gear ready to ship he was told he'd have to wait a little while longer. Perhaps six months. Perhaps—the doctor was irritatingly vague!

He went haywire. "What's the use?" He left the West Coast and came to New York. He had stopped at a good many places en route. He came to the Institute to sleep. The daylight hours he spent somewhere. He was never quite sure. A relative who cared a lot for him, wrote and wired and phoned the Institute. The Chaplain learned that he was registered here. He was known to a number of the staff. "A fine fellow but sick and apparently disgusted. In for a few minutes and away again."

After vain efforts to find him the Chaplain was told he spent a lot of his time in a South Street saloon. He went there and found the bartender cooperative.

The physically and mentally distressed seaman arrived in the vestry. He was a gentle man. He poured out his problem and as he and the Chaplain talked it seemed to grow less insoluble. The Chaplain got a clinical report: "If he would nurse his T.B. condition for another six months he would become able to take the medical antidote for his new ailment."

A prayer for God's guidance and there came a new light to his eyes. The Chaplain's instructions from the man's relatives were to send him back by plane. "No," he said, "that expense is not necessary. If I could spend my time as I did the past few weeks I can go back by coach on the train. Moreover I want time to clean up and get my clothes washed and pressed."

Less than a week later he wrote, "I found the train ride harder than I expected but I stopped off at Chicago for some new underwear, shirts and a twenty-four hour rest. Am now home, the report on my case is good. I'll be seeing you!"

The Chaplain hopes to see him suntanned and radiant from a long voyage lugging his seabags to the checkroom of the Institute.

"TO LEND A HELPING HAND"

Supervisor, Personal Service Bureau
Seamen's Church Institute of New York

My dear Mrs. ——:

Thank you very much for your lovely letter of the 30th ult. which was awaiting me when I arrived home last night, as was the book which you so kindly instructed the Post Office to return to me. Please accept the enclosed stamps to reimburse you.

To know that you are there to lend a helping hand is a comfort to me, as I know it is to many a seaman's wife.

Very sincerely yours,
Mrs. C. B. V.

Sign Language

SIGN language proves better than Esperanto in making oneself undertood in the Institute's Game Room. A seaman from India whose knowledge of English was limited to "please" and "thank you," demonstrated to Joseph McCrystal, in charge of the room, that he wanted to play checkers. By making "jumping motions" with his fingers and flexing his wrists, he conveyed his meaning. Mr. McCrystal found him a partner whose command of English was only slight —a tall Norwegian who grinned and agreed, "Ja, I play."

So it goes, all day long. If a seaman is a good pool player, no matter what the color of his skin, or whether he speaks in the liquid tongue of the Latin or Spaniard, or in the brogue of the Irish or the burr of the Scotch, he is in demand as an opponent. An especially good player, a French seaman, watches the pool games and then, sizing up one particular player, asks Mr. McCrystal to arrange a meeting so they can battle it out across the green tables.

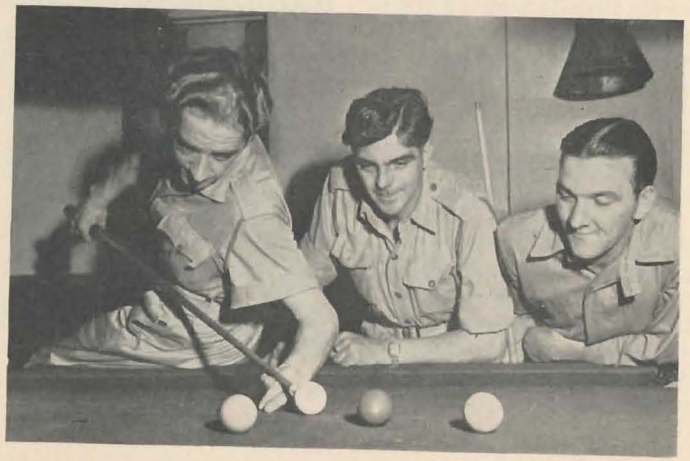
Many seamen who speak little English ask for "Carom Ball," which means billiards.

Arguments are few and far between. Occasionally over a fast game of rummy tempers flare up, but usually all is harmonious. West Indian seamen like ping pong which they call table tennis, and Puerto Ricans have their own particular version of pool. Englishmen play snooker. Most Europeans like rummy and dominoes.

Boxing is the favorite program on television. Puerto Ricans are crazy about baseball. The 20 inch tube television screen can be seen by 300, and the average crowd gathered to watch the fights or the ball games is 250. (If they go to bars which have television screens they have to stand and watch and they are expected to buy drinks—otherwise they are asked to move on.)

Between 700 and 800 seamen of all nationalities use the game room daily. The foreign seamen especially like to watch the telecasts from the United Nations meetings. In the Auditorium, where moving pictures are shown three nights a week, they all stand when the Star Spangled Banner is played and if any miscreant doesn't get to his feet those around him insist that he stand up.

Among seamen of all nationalities Bingo is the most popular game. This is played here each Tuesday night. (Prizes are cigarettes, sweaters or socks knitted by women volunteers through the Central Council.) *Even the seamen who can't speak English want to play Bingo.* Naturally, they have trouble but the other seamen willingly help them, and it is a common sight to see, for example, a Finnish seaman sitting between two Americans and they *both* help him to cover the numbers and letters as they are called out!



When a Ship Founders

By Julian Belaski, *Chief Steward, S.S. North Voyageur*

I'VE never had anything like it happen to me before. It made us all feel bad—the eight of us who survived.

I shipped out on a Sunday afternoon after buying supplies for the galley. That night I turned in, secure in the knowledge that the Pilot was steering us safely down the Delaware River.

A heavy sea was running, but it wasn't until Tuesday afternoon that things began to "pop." When I went to draw water from the fresh water tank I found it was empty. The drain pipe had broken and the water had run down into the ship's bilges, going through the coal we were carrying and causing the pumps in the engine room to clog. That night the ship was listing at an 18 degree angle.

All through the week the wind blew stronger every day. By Sunday we were listing at 30 degrees and the engines had stopped.

"Are we sending out an S.O.S.?" I asked the Chief Engineer.

"We're stepping up the batteries now so we can send one," I was told. By 10:30 the Captain gave the order to abandon ship.

By now we were listing so badly that the decks were level with the sea. When I tried to lower a lifeboat one of the crew had to get in to hold it off the ship's side. Seven men got in the boat.

"Will you get in, Captain?" I asked. He just shook his head and walked to the stern. I jumped in taking the painter with me. We saw the others lowering another lifeboat but it jammed. It was a silent crew in our lifeboat that 10 minutes later watched the *North Voyageur* roll over on her portside and plunge headfirst into the sea.

Then someone broke the silence. "Don't talk," I told the men. "If you open your mouth the salt water gets on your tongue and makes it swell."

All afternoon, tossed by 10 foot waves, we waited near the empty spot where the ship had gone down, but no survivors were sighted. All that day and night we bailed the ocean from our lifeboat, knee-deep in the icy waters, off Cape Race. Our legs swelled. Our feet were numb. Next morning it was a miserable group of men the U. S. Coast Guard *Sorel* picked out of the sea, but the coffee they gave us felt good.

God bless our lost shipmates.

Official Photograph U. S. Coast Guard

The eight survivors of the *S.S. North Voyageur*, Julian L. Belaski, Yves Moulquin, Maro Champagne, Ludjer Drolet, Emilien Bissom, Benoit Talbot, Juan Briz Martine and John Gardner reach for the Coast Guard's helping hand.

Saga of the "City of New York"

By Edmund Francis Moran

IN THE year 1885, a handsome little barkentine christened *Samson* left her builder's stocks in Arendal, Norway. The shapely craft had been designed by a genius, Mr. K. Larsen, and she was destined to make sailing-ship history.

Built as an ice-breaker, she was solidly constructed of Norwegian oak and spruce. The chunky hull was sheathed in greenheart, a most durable wood. For maximum longevity the "air spaces" between her massive timbers were salted. Having extreme dead rise, the weighty craft would rise bodily out of water when nipped in the Polar ice-fields.

Her stout sides were 34" thick; her garboards 41". Her principal measurements were as follows: Gross tonnage 502, Net tonnage 238, Length 147'9", Breadth 31'1", Depth 17'1". For many years as a Greenland sealer and ice-breaker she sailed under the flag of Norway.

Roald Amundsen, the noted Explorer, once sailed in her fo'c'sle. But the little "husky" was to win her fame as the *City of New York*.

Byrd's Antarctic Expedition

In the year 1928, Commander Richard E. Byrd, USN, organized his first (1928-1930) Antarctic Expedition. At the suggestion of Mr. Amundsen, he purchased the *Samson*. Mr. Isaac Isaacson, an ice pilot on the earlier Byrd North Pole Expedition, sailed the sturdy "ice-bucker" to New York. American hands transformed her to a model of neatness and re-rigged her as a lofty bark. A charthouse and a new auxiliary steam engine were added and she was re-named *City of New York*.

Her topsides a gleaming white, this strongest of wooden ships presented a magnificent appearance. White-hulled boats hung in the davits. Aloft, at the head of the main-t'gallant-mast, perched a white painted "crow's nest"; an adjunct often found on Arctic and Antarctic ships. Her sides "tumbling home" slightly, reflected the sunlight; accentuating her graceful, flowing curves. Thrusting a lofty top-hamper into the skyline, the ancient square-rigger seemed to proclaim that here at least sail still survived, amid the teeming activity of the New York of the "Turbulent 'Twenties."

The departure of the Flagship *City of New York*, for the Far South, was a dramatic spectacle.* Merchant craft greeted her with throaty whistle blasts and passing men-o'-war dipped their snapping colors in salute. The gallant bark was soon under a staggering press of sail. She developed a good turn of speed, under the power of canvas only and with her propeller uncoupled. Close-hauled, in a spanking breeze, the old vessel heeled sharply, with the Stars and Stripes proudly whipping from the gaff-end. She went to windward like a witch; was as handy in stays as a racing sloop.

After a long passage Southward, the bark found herself in familiar territory, wedging through the Antarctic ice-fields. She carried on bravely, in the very vanguard of Scientific Exploration; trembling almost humanly, with every thrust of the forefoot. The saga of her Expedition days is a classic of the sea, a timeless epic of human achievement.

In 1930, the *City of New York* returned to America and was placed on exhibition. In the summer of 1931, she was berthed in Reserve Channel, South Boston, Massachusetts. Local newspapers carried glowing accounts in tribute to this battered warrior of the bleak, Southern Seas. The venerable old vessel had found her place on the glorious pages of sailing ship history.

World War II Career

During the recent war, she sailed for four years, as an engineless merchant schooner, in Canadian interests. In 1947, she was equipped with a 400 Horsepower Diesel.

In June 1949, a three-masted, bald-headed chunky schooner entered Boston Harbor. Not recognizing her (she flew the flag of Honduras) from the window of my Long Wharf Studio, I followed the handsome lumberman to her East Boston wharf. Across her broad transom was her name: *City of New York*.

Now in command of Captain Kennedy, she carries a Canadian crew and is in the lumber trade. Along her stout sides long scores and deep gouges tell of many a Homeric tussle in the grip of the Polar ice. It was significant that she tugged at her moorings, seemingly eager to point her shapely nose again Southward.

A long life to this battle-scarred veteran of sixty-five years of active sea-faring. In the words of the old sea song: "Long may her big jib draw, with plenty of wind to fill it..."

**Several seamen from the Institute including the cook, George Tennant, were in the crew.*

A B C's of Cargo

A baca, arrowroot, antimony . . .
B arium, balsam, bayberry, beryllium . . .
C hrome, copal, cocoa, coffee, copper, cobalt . . .

RIGHT down the alphabet you can go, enumerating products brought from far-off ports to America — cargoes with exotic names but useful for industry and many essential for national defense.

Cargoes from A to Z are brought on SHIPS — the freighters you seldom read about unless there is a shipwreck or a fire or a rescue. Thousands of these merchant vessels — freighters, tankers, passenger liners — from every port in the United States — carry the farmers' grain, the factories' products, delivering American goods safely, and bringing back others that *we* need.

Now, added to the seamen's duties of transporting exports and imports, is the vital job of delivering weapons of war, "*b*ullets and *b*eef," *p*enicillin and *p*etroleum, *b*andages and *b*read to our fighting fronts.

The seamen who man these ships have long periods away from their homes and families. Some have no relatives and for both the Institute is their substitute for home. Thanks to our generous contributors, the Institute gives these seamen many of the comforts and pleasures as well as the security of home life during their time between voyages.

The Institute demonstrates Democracy in action, for those who are served are never questioned as to their race or religion. Their sole qualification is that they must be merchant seamen . . . "active in their calling, sober in their conduct."

So that we may continue to offer this opportunity for a decent shore home to literally thousands of seafarers, will you please help us continue our "program of friendship"? We appreciate your loyal and generous support.

60,000 ton Super-Liner *United States*, being constructed for the United States Lines as a super-passenger ship. In emergencies such Merchant Marine vessels are converted into troop transports (as were the S.S. *America*, *Manhattan* and *Washington* in World War II).

The Big Storm

THE Institute almost went to sea during the Big Storm of November 25th and became a Floating Chapel as in the old days! The Big Wind is now only a memory, but it is still the talk of the waterfront how the Cafeteria, although flooded by the torrential rains, still managed to serve 2,088 meals. Working valiantly, the Cafeteria crew arranged to transfer the service to the Officers' Dining Room which is on a four foot higher level. Hungry seamen were served efficiently even though the steam for the pressure cookers, coffee urns, dish washers, etc. went out and water had to be heated on the coal stoves.

From our General Manager (Leslie C. Westerman) we quote his report:

"When I arrived at 8:10 A.M. I found water coming into both the Baggage Room and the Laundry. My great anxiety was the Engine Room and I had to put on rubber boots to go down there to investigate. The fire in the boilers had to be drawn and the pumps (which normally pump out the East River seepage at the rate of 16 gallons a minute) were submerged and out of commission.

"Our concern was whether we could maintain our light and elevator service because of the tremendous amount of water pouring down over the panelboard. The water reached a depth of 56 inches in the boiler room. We managed, by placing old mattresses and canvas, weighted down with heavy pieces of metal, over the sidewalk gratings to decrease the inflow of water from the old coal chute. The water was so high at the corner of Front Street and Coenties Slip that it was actually seeping in the Cafeteria windows.

"We had already scoured the neighborhood and obtained all available candles. Fortunately, by late evening we made some headway in getting the water out of the boiler room. By six A.M. Sunday the coal fire was started and by ten A.M. the mechanics had one of the oil-burning boilers going and steam was delivered to the kitchens and we had heat on in the building by noon.

"I wish to commend all members of the staff who were on duty for their splendid spirit and helpfulness. Many of our mechanical force who worked 36 hours straight through deserve especial credit. Several members of the staff endeavoring to report for duty were injured enroute. The seamen were splendid, many of them offered to help and some were assigned to special duties.

On Monday an inspection was made by the Board of Health and officials praised the condition of our food stores and kitchen and restaurant equipment. The Cafeteria was open for regular service on Sunday and other activities proceeded as normally."

P.S. One hardy seaman, John Vanderpolden, who lost a leg in the last war, but who enjoys fresh air and each morning may be seen leaning with his crutches against the Institute's brick wall near the main entrance, even maintained his stand for several hours on the morning of the Big Wind! Iron men are still with us!

(*Continued on Page 9*)

(*Continued from Page 8*)

Editor's Note: For the record, the Weather Bureau recorded gusts of wind at 94 miles per hour at Idlewild and LaGuardia Airports but *only* 76 miles per hour of sustained velocity in New York City. The peak of the blow coincided with high tide at Governor's Island — 8:22 A.M. and the waters of the East River rose to a record level. South Street, from the Battery to Brooklyn Bridge, was flooded, and many buildings suffered damage because of flooded cellars.

SHIPS which entered New York harbor November 25th encountered the same 85-mile an hour gale as did landsmen, except for the added hazard that familiar navigation aids such as Ambrose Lightship had drifted miles off their stations. The French liner *Liberté* had to proceed up the Channel on compass after the radar had detected the Lightship far off course. The Norwegian liner *Lingenfjord* (five hours out of New York, bound for Montreal) managed to put out a fire which broke out in the hold. This was accomplished by heroic efforts of a volunteer crew* who managed to get on deck and fasten tarpaulins over the ventilators to choke off the fire. The *Lingenfjord* returned to New York (under command of Capt. Leif Hansen) under her own power in three hours aided by the Big Wind!

**Several volunteers were 17-year-olds.*

Tankers

Reprinted by permission from the LAMP, Standard Oil Company (N. J.)

FROM Dry Tortugas to the bar of Bangkok River, the oil ships have become familiar sights among the world's merchant fleets.

The earliest sailing ship ancestors of the modern tanker put out to sea in the 1860's, about the time that your grandmother, as a young housewife, first began burning kerosene in her lamps. The two events were intimately connected.

Whale oil was getting scarce and some new fuel to light the world's lamps was needed. Just as the 1860's began, large supplies of petroleum were found beneath a fifty-mile strip of rough wooded hills in northwestern Pennsylvania.

Before the 1860's were over, sailing ships, laden with kerosene in wooden barrels, were leaving the Philadelphia refineries for Europe; and Pennsylvania kerosene was being peddled from door to door in Germany. In Belgium it replaced linseed oil in the lamps, in Russia it was substituted for tallow lights.

Early in the 1870's, cans of "white refined" began moving south across the Sahara by camel caravans, bound for Timbuctoo and the Niger. Farther East, the sailing ships from Philadelphia thrashed through the monsoon, and elephants lumbered through India laden with cases of kerosene to light the palaces of the rajahs.

The old sailing ships made Singapore and the Java ports. In China, they transshipped their cargoes of case-oil to river steamers and sampans.

In this unique chapter of world trade, the old sailing ships command the respect which attaches to pioneers. They were wooden ships, for these were thought less likely to attract lightning than iron ships. They were sailing ships, because the sparks sometimes spewed from their stacks were thought to make steamships too risky. They were all

(*Continued on Page 10*)

dry-cargo ships. Their kerosene was carried in wooden barrels or cans encased in wood stowed in ordinary cargo holds.

Both cans and barrels leaked. In a few vessels, they were displaced by tiers of small iron tanks permanently fitted in the holds and piped up.

Tanks continued to waste space until the hull itself was used as a tank, or rather as several tanks, for the proper bulkheads were built in to provide structural strength and to limit the shifting of the oil cargo when the ship was rolling heavily. But despite the advantages of bulk oil, barrels and cases continued to rule the days of sail. The old iron tankers, with their great sails and lofty spars, remained few in number.

In diminishing numbers, sail continued to serve the oil trade through the world-wide expansion of the Eighties, the Nineties and into the new century, long after it had been crowded out of other trades by steam. Some of the oil sailers were said to be cranky—terrible ships for becoming unmanageable at critical moments.

Moreover, contrary winds could blow them far out of their courses or delay them at sea for weeks at a time. When a consignee had to know in advance on what day and what tide his next cargo would arrive, he was demanding a service that only steam could give him.

Cases and cans still form part of the large packaged traffic which moves by dry-cargo steamers. But the great gift of steam to the oil industry has been the enormous development of the tanker.

Sea Water Ballast

Like the old sailing tankers, the modern tanker carries bulk oil in cargo tanks which extend to the ship's skin and from the bottom of the ship right up to the deck. Bulk oil, however, is a one-way cargo. The tankers normally return to their loading ports in ballast. Without ballast, a tanker traveling light would suffer severe straining and would be so lively that its crew would find it difficult to stand erect. Sea water ballast thus makes for a safer ship; but it pays no operating expenses.

With their earning time so reduced, the tankers have to keep moving to pay their way. They lie tied up to lonely oil docks for only as long as it takes to fill or empty their tanks, say from twelve to twenty hours. Then they haul down the red flag and go back to sea. Few vessels make faster turnarounds or spend more time at sea.

The prototype of the modern bulk oil carrier was the German-conceived and British-built *Gluckauf*, completed in July 1886. The tanker thus acquired its familiar modern silhouette at a fairly early date. Only the forecastle and the midship and after structures rise above the level of its long weather deck.

With less of its hull exposed above the water-line than most other ships have, it offers less resistance to the wind at sea. As seamen say, it is less tender. It has less motion in a rough sea. Both ship and crew are more comfortable. A man who knew that he had to ride out a hurricane at sea could ask nothing better than to ride it out in a tanker.

On the other hand, in any kind of sea, its weather deck is more or less wet. But its living quarters are high and dry.

The old sailing tankers carried up to 50,000 barrels of bulk oil cargo. The famous T-2 type of modern tanker carries 138,300 barrels at fourteen and a half knots. Built to replace the heavy tanker casualties during the war, the U.S. Maritime Commission's standardized T-2 still accounts for more than a quarter of the tankers afloat. But giants much larger than the T-2's have been built since the war. The largest of them has a cargo tank capacity of 278,200 barrels and a speed more than one and a half knots better than a T-2's speed.

The world's oil fleets have, indeed, come a long way since the old wooden barrel- and case-oil sailers first began carrying Pennsylvania kerosene to the ends of the earth.

In 1869, it took 13,000 barrels of oil products a day to light the dark places of the world. The more complex world of today uses 9,800,000 barrels a day for a multitude of purposes.

Tankers Carry the Mails

Some of the tanker loading ports—places like Aruba, Abadan, Ras Tanura, Talara, Puerto la Cruz, Mena al Ahmadi and Caripito—are so exclusively oil ports that tankers carry the mails.

The lighthouses on Dry Tortugas in the Florida Strait, Cape Maisi at the eastern tip of Cuba and Mona Island between Haiti and Puerto Rico serve a constant movement of tankers engaged in hauling Gulf and Caribbean oil to the refineries and bulk plants of the American East Coast.

Other tankers move through the Mona passage and the Anegada passage east of St. Thomas, carrying Caribbean oil on the longer haul to the English Channel ports. They have a ten days' voyage ahead of them before they make their landfalls where Bishop Rock, the first of the English lighthouses, rises like a crumb of granite far out on the rim of the hard blue disc of ocean.

Around on the other side of the world, the white lighthouse on the cliffs of Little Quoin serves the procession of deep-laden tankers moving out of the Persian Gulf with double awnings rigged, the men on deck in sun helmets and everything still except the electric fans. From the narrow Strait of Hormoz, they radiate out on some of the longest hauls known to tankermen.

Tankers engaged in moving Persian Gulf oil to Europe shape their courses past the burnt-up cinder of Perim and into the Red Sea where a man soon learns the difference between weather that is merely hot and weather that is hot enough to melt a brass doorknob. More than half the ships that creep through the Suez Canal beyond the head of the Red Sea are tankers.

Tankers supply the bulk plants at the East African ports. Some pass the coconut palms and the white lighthouse on Dondra Head at the southern tip of Ceylon, and end their voyages amid the bumboats and the penny-divers of Singapore. Some ride the monsoon to Australia.

All this may perhaps imply that tanker crews belong to the wandering populations of the sea; and it is true that they seem always to be on the move. But the fact is that they have their orders; and if, as sometimes happens, their orders have to be changed, no tanker anywhere at sea is beyond the reach of radio.

Even after a tanker has left its loading port, its orders may be changed at sea. Its master may be doing his fifteen knots northbound with a full cargo of fuel oil for New York, only to be instructed by radio to "proceed Baltimore for discharge instead newyork acknowledge."

This high degree of flexibility is one of the great advantages of tanker transport.

EXCERPTS FROM ADDRESS by Colonel Joseph K. Carson, Jr., General Manager of the Propeller Club of the United States, before the Propeller Club-Traffic Club luncheon, Norfolk, Va., Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1950.

"Under ordinary conditions, each form of transport is, to a degree, dependent upon the others for success. In war, each is indispensable to the other—than is if we are to win a war. Without rails, trucks, pipe lines, transmission lines, barges and airplanes, the merchant ship could not have achieved its mission in World War II and conversely the efforts of all these would have been futile without the tanker, the reefer, the trooper and the dry cargo vessel to carry to the battle lines those men and things which were brought to the seaboard for overseas movement."

"As an aviator, who has participated in two world wars and subject to call for any future war, like thousands of other aviators, I want to know what is happening to our future supply lines. We can't fly the planes and drop the bombs where they will have to be dropped, unless the supplies and the bombs can be delivered to our advanced air bases."

"It is useless and a waste to build the airplanes if we aren't to have the gas to fly them and the bombs to drop from them available at our operating bases."

"No; the airplane has no more supplanted the oceangoing vessel than it has the railroad train." Brigadier General Melvin J. Maas, USMCR, National President of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers Association.

FREEDOM BELL CROSSES THE SEAS

20-ton Freedom Bell was brought to America from Croydon, England on the U.S. Lines freighter, *American Clipper*. (Note the stacks of the *S.S. America* in the background as the larger ship was docked on the same day.) The bell is a symbol in the crusade against communist propaganda and was later carried on an Army Transport to Berlin and installed at Templehof Airdrome in Berlin; a memorial to those who gave their lives in the struggle toward human freedom.

"GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR" RECEIVES PROPELLER CLUB PLAQUE

Joseph L. Kochka was guest of honor at a luncheon held at the National Press Club, Washington, D. C. on December 7th, given by the Propeller Club of the U. S. and attended by shipping and government representatives. Joseph K. Carson, General Manager of the Propeller Club presented Mr. Kochka with the Propeller Club Plaque of Merit "for outstanding services in behalf of the American Merchant Marine."

For several years, Mr. Kochka, a retired school teacher, has traveled throughout the nation telling people about the American Merchant Marine, showing motion pictures at trailer camps, high schools, community centers, business clubs and fraternal organizations. He travels by motor car, living in his trailer which is a moving billboard of slogans about American shipping. He finances the entire project himself, and has covered more than 62,000 miles.

Book Reviews

SURFMAN

The Adventures of a Coast Guard Dog

By Colonel S. P. Meek

1950, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, $2.50

When the call came on the night of May 25, 1929 to man the surf boat at Hatteras Life Boat Station, Stanton Truslow, the best stroke oar and one of the bravest men in the station failed to answer the call. He was never seen again and was finally written off as having "deserted in the face of danger." Years later Morgan Graham came into the Hatteras service and one day admitted that his last name was really Truslow and that he hoped some day to clear his father's name. The thread of mystery is woven into the fabric of a story for boys at the age when the still live in a girl-less world and with it are some fine episodes of battle against Cape Hatteras storms and of the splendid work of the Coast Guard men in their rescue work. The episodes are based on real happenings and the names of real persons are used in many cases in the course of the story. While it is a book for boys, told in language often rather steep and polysyllabic from the lips of Jeff Davis MacAlpin, retired newspaperman, the episodes are in many cases worth while reading for mature readers interested in the Coast Guard service. But primarily the book is for intelligent boys who can read and enjoy above the Hopalong Cassidy level.

THE BOATSWAIN'S BOY

By Robert C. Du See

1950, Longmans, Green, New York, $2.25

Young Johnithan Avery was kidnapped on his way to report as midshipman aboard the *U.S.S. Constitution* on which his father, knowing Captain Hull, was anxious to place him. In the course of less than a year Johnithan was captured by the British, recaptured by the American ship *United States* and later put in command of a captured privateer carrying treasure and sent off with her to Annapolis. Though so young that his voice had not yet changed at the beginning of his command Johnithan distinguished himself at all times by his fine conduct and service due to his father's careful training of him for the U. S. Navy. While this is boy-hero stuff it strangely enough is a possible if not a probable story. As late as the War of 1812 and later, boy midshipmen held positions of command over older and more experienced men who were obliged to doff their hats to their young masters and address them as "Sir." And these youngsters often showed great maturity of mind and they fought and commanded and died often with great heroism and distinction. This is really the author's theme.

In Quest of a Skull

(*Continued from page 2*)

hell had broken loose.

Scully dropped the spade and took off, crashed into a tombstone with an awful grunt, but was up and away again. Foolishly I tried to rescue my tools and get away myself. Surely, the spirits were after us . . . This moment's hesitation solved the source of such ghostly noises. A clumsy old cow had become tangled up in the barbed wire fence. She was attempting vigorously to free herself.

With considerable difficulty, I managed to disentangle her from the wire. Harassed, and in no mood to continue digging alone (for there was no sign of Scully) I gathered up the tools and morosely started back to my ship. But, Scully meanwhile, fleeing through town, had attracted the attention of the local police. They had picked him up convinced that he had committed some terrible crime. Refusing to account for his unusual actions, he was locked up on a charge of suspicion.

The next morning, learning of his whereabouts and vouching for his conduct of the previous night, I managed to get him out and back to the ship.

We sailed that day.

I know the answer to the ghosts. But Scully, bruised from his encounter with the tombstones, and not believing my explanations of the noises in the cemetery, is definitely convinced that there *are* ghosts and that they pack a mean wallop.

P.S. I'm still in quest of a skull!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Nevertheless our seaman-author-artist won a prize for a portrait in our recent oil painting contest!

Marine Poetry

PEG LEG'S FIDDLE

By Bill Adams, A Cape Horn Sailor

I've a pal called Billy Peg Leg,
Wi' one leg a wood leg,
And Billy he's a ship's cook, and lives upon the sea;
And, hanging by his griddle,
Old Billy keeps a fiddle
For fiddling in the dog-watch when the moon is on the sea.
We takes our luck wi' tough ships, tall ships, free ships,
We takes our luck wi' any ship to sign away to sea.
We takes our trick wi' the rest o' them
An' sings our song with the best o' them
When the bell strikes the dog-watch
And the moon is on the sea.
You'd ought to see them top'sls, them stunsls, an' staysls,
When the moon's a-shinin' on them along a liftin' sea:
Hear the dandy bo's'n say,
"Peg Leg, make that fiddle play,
An' we'll dance away the dog-watch while the moon is on the sea."
Then it's fun to see them dancin', them bow-legged sailors dancin',
To the tune o' Peg Leg's fiddle a-fiddlin' fast an' free.
It's fun to watch old Peg Leg,
A-waltzin' wi' his wood leg,
When bo's'n takes the fiddle
So Peg can dance wi' me.
The moon is on the water, the dark moon-glimmered water,
The night wind piping plaintively along a liftin' sea.
There ain't no female wimmen, no big beer glasses brimmin',
There's just the great sea's glory,
And Billy Peg and me.

From "THE OUTLOOK" 1921

THE SEA

By Linda Gale Lyon

The ceaseless waves are pounding
Against the lighthouse wall;
And rise again to fall;
Silencing with thundering the lonely sea bird's call.
The lighthouse light is shining
High o'er the rocky deep;
It shineth long and waiteth long,
Yet longeth not to sleep;
Throughout the night it sendeth light
To those upon the deep.
How many ships are sailing
Upon the changing sea?
The many men a-manning them
Such dauntless fellows be,
That weal or woe 'tis much we owe
The sailors of the sea.

(Published in "June's Verses" in 1924)

Gordon Grant Drawing from "Sail Ho"

MANHATTAN SONG

By Frances Frost

Music in Manhattan is the sound
of plucked strings down the window-lighted towers
Where the unhappy singers wring their hearts'
bravery through harsh and hurried hours.
Music in Manhattan is the call
of ships and tugs upon the tidal rivers
in to the wharves or out to delicate dawn.
Sun up and mist up, the tall white masts are gone.
Music in Manhattan holds the quick
scream; the running feet, feet chasing after;
the shaking building; small wail of the sick
child on a hot night; and the roaring laughter
Of truckmen tossing jokes to bawdy stars
above warehouses fading into day.
Music is Manhattan, sea and island,
the suffering, the tightened lips, the sob
stifled in darkness, and the secret joy.
Manhattan is the world's high music lifting
beyond the chimney posts toward drifting gulls.
Manhattan is the world's rough heart and hurt,
her head in the west wind, tough and beautiful.

New York Herald Tribune
Oct. 30th, 1950

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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."

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.