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The

LOOKOUT

JANUARY, 1950



Photo by Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

"THE PORT OF NEW YORK — IN ALL SEASONS —
WELCOMES THE SEAFARER"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XLI

NO. 1

Sanctuary

Almighty God, the Father of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, we implore thy blessing upon the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and all similar welfare organizations for seamen throughout the world. Imbue with wisdom, judgment and strength from on high all who are in any way engaged in directing or administering their interests, direct and prosper all their doings to the advancement of thy glory and for the salvation of our seafaring brethren, in the name of thy blessed son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Prayer by Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, Bishop of New York at 90th Anniversary of Seamen's Church Institute of New York, April 12, 1934.



"25 South Street"

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI, JANUARY, 1950

Copyright, 1949, by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SFAMEN'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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They Save the Sick at Sea

By Ellis Michael

THE fishing schooner was two days out of Cape Cod when the hurricane struck. Savagely, huge waves whipped the craft about like a twig in a whirlpool.

On deck, the crew worked feverishly to make the ship's gear fast. Suddenly, the cry of a seaman rose above the storm. "Hey! Some help down here! Ross just fainted. Help me carry him below!"

Several minutes later, 30-year-old Seaman Edward Ross was lying in the forecabin, pale and trembling. The worried skipper, a veteran of 40 years at sea, noted Ross' symptoms with practiced eye. Then he scrawled a message on a pad and handed it to a crew member.

"Have Sparks send this at once!"

In the radio shack, the operator tapped out the urgent message: "XXX Medico . . . XXX Medico . . . Member of crew dangerously ill. Symptoms nervous shock. Heart trouble. Seems excitable and faint. Advise means of stimulating heart."

For five minutes the radio was silent. Then suddenly it came to life. "Give 20 drops tincture of digitalis. Give grains 1/100 of atropine. Both by hypodermic. Place ice pack over heart. Repeat medication every three hours for four doses. Report back on patient's condition."

In the forecabin, the captain read the message carefully. Then he filled two hypodermic syringes. As he bent over the patient, a weak smile of appreciation lightened Seaman Ross' face.

Next afternoon, as the sun broke through, Sparks sent another message. "Medico . . . Patient recovering rapidly. Confined to bed. But all's well. Many thanks."



Drawing by Donald Graeme Kelley

. . . the skipper noted his symptoms with practiced eyes

To seafarers of 30 or 40 years ago, the emergency treatment received by Ross would seem unbelievable. Veteran sailors will tell you that it's a far cry from the days when merchant seamen, stricken on the high seas, died by the hundreds for lack of a doctor. Yet, today, emergency medical care by radio is an everyday affair. And for this emergency service, seamen can thank Medico, a remarkable system of wireless communication that provides long-distance lifesaving advice.

Medico is provided free to ships of all nations by the Radiomarine Corporation, a division of RCA, as part of Radiomarine's regular ship-to-shore communication system. The 11 stations that make up the system are located at strategic points along

Reprinted from *Coronet*, November 1949

our three coast lines. So powerful are these stations that they can handle requests for medical advice from ships all over the world, whether in the Persian Gulf, off the coast of Australia or in the Arctic Ocean.

Today, largely as a result of Medico's successful work, many foreign countries have organized similar services — though on a somewhat smaller scale. Canada, England, Belgium, the Netherlands, Italy, Australia and at least 12 other nations now offer medical advice via the air waves.

In essence, Medico acts as an invisible transmission belt, operating in cooperation with doctors of U. S. Public Health Service Marine hospitals located near its coastal stations. When a radio operator gets a request for medical advice, he forwards it from the vessel to the shore station, which passes it on to the doctors. A doctor then sends the answers back via the same route. So efficient is this unique three-cornered service that most requests are fulfilled within a few minutes of the time of reception. This is less time than it would take your doctor to reach your home on an emergency call!

A few months ago, a Swedish tanker was three days out of Tampico, bound for Stockholm. It was under command of 27-year-old Captain Thonssen, on his first run as skipper. While traversing a cat-walk, crew member Karl Olsen lost his footing and toppled to the steel deck below. The sailor lay writhing in pain, his dislocated right arm hanging limply.

The perturbed young master wrote down the injured man's symptoms and ordered his radio operator to make contact through Medico ship-to-shore action. The shore operator relayed the message by phone to a marine hospital several miles away. Within five minutes, the doctors sent a reply.

One look at the instructions, however, and perspiration rolled down Captain Thonssen's face. "I can't do what Medico tells me!" he said to his first mate. "I'm no doctor. One

slip and I may injure Olsen for life!"

The first mate calmed his skipper. Finally, Thonssen removed his shoe, cautiously placed his heel in the armpit of the patient, grasped the dislocated arm and pulled gently. With a snap, the bone slid back into place. The master beamed with satisfaction. Then he ordered Olsen to bed. Two days later, the sailor was back on duty.

Operating in this fashion, Medico has radioed diagnoses and treatment for every illness or mishap imaginable, ranging from influenza to a broken nose. Last year a sailor with acute appendicitis was saved by the advice Medico sent hurtling through space. On one occasion, the service prevented death by gangrene infection for a boatswain who had crushed his fingers while operating a winch. Another time, its long-distance instructions saved the life of a pumpman who had been gassed by crude-oil fumes.

"... The Suspense Gets You"

Many of the cases in Medico's files contain as much color and drama as a Hollywood movie scene. As one grizzled sea captain puts it: "Even when you know the case isn't a matter of life and death, the suspense gets you. First, you wonder whether Medico's diagnosis is correct. Then you worry hour after hour, hoping that the treatment the doctors advised will take effect. Yet, in the end, it turns out that Medico is right — every time!"

After years of practice, the Public Health Service doctors have become uncanny in analyzing the symptoms of their far-flung patients. Often, their diagnoses are little short of amazing. Several years ago, the S. S. *Santa Luisa* was steaming several hundred miles off the west coast of South America. A seaman reported to his skipper with a swollen hand and a rapidly swelling forearm. While he felt no pain, there was an intense itching in the affected area.

"It's driving me crazy, sir!" he exclaimed.

Perplexed, the master radioed Medico in detail about the swelling. Within five minutes the doctors radioed back the proper treatment: wet dressings of Epsom salts. In 24 hours, the swelling was gone.

What was the ailment? As the doctors correctly diagnosed, it was the result of a bite by a rare tropical fly — an insect of which many medical men in this country have never even heard!

In giving prompt advice, Medico has saved many lives by warding off threatened epidemics at sea. The purser of a fruit ship in tropical waters notified Medico that the captain and first mate were laid low with a strange ailment. From the symptoms, the doctors knew it was cholera. Message after message was sent by Medico, instructing the purser how to control the highly contagious illness.

The purser and his crew boiled and reboiled drinking water, cleaned plumbing carefully, boiled all food, washed floors and doors with carbolic acid. Of the 80 men aboard, only five contracted cholera!

Now 28 years old, Medico was established in 1921 by Capt. Robert Huntington, then principal of the Merchant Marine School at *New York's Seamen's Church Institute*. A retired seafarer himself, Huntington had witnessed many cases of stricken sailors dying for lack of proper medical care. He sold officials of the institute the idea of setting up a system to provide emergency advice by wireless.

KDKF—"Kome Doctor, Kome Fix it"

Henry A. Laughlin, Philadelphia philanthropist, donated \$5,000 toward erecting a small radio station at the institute's 14-story building, located on New York's water front. Col. E. K. Sprague, at the time head of Public Health Service Marine Hospital at Hudson and Jay Streets, promised cooperation. And Medico (KDKF) was born.

Within a few weeks the infant service was overwhelmed by requests

from ships. Station KDKF appealed to Owen D. Young, head of RCA at the time. He decided nothing but the most modern facilities would do for this great humanitarian service. In 1922, he placed his company's regular coastal telegraph stations at Medico's disposal, free of charge. The 11 stations, operated by the Radiomarine Corporation of America, have been handling Medico messages since.

One of the great difficulties encountered by Public Health doctors was the failure to get an adequate description of the patient's condition. To correct this, Huntington helped wage a successful battle to have first aid made a mandatory subject at the Marine School for future ships' officers. In addition, it is now compulsory for all seagoing vessels to carry a copy of *First Aid for Merchant Seamen*, a book which helps skippers and officers to describe symptoms correctly.

Today, Medico handles 75 to 100 emergency requests a month. The service has become so important that the call letters XXX M-E-D-I-C-O have top priority on wireless communication, next to the desperately urgent S-O-S distress signal.

Most messages are transmitted in English, although they are handled in any language. Yet, once a ship has requested aid, it doesn't matter in what language the message is sent. Medico's function is the same in every case. It is a service that constantly stands by to protect the welfare of the men who go down to the sea in ships.

LAST OF THE GRAIN RACE SHIPS Grain Race Ships Arrive in England

Two of the last full-rigged sailing ships in active service, the 2,799 ton Finnish steel barque *Pamir* and the 3,137 ton *Passat* arrived in England with cargoes of grain. The two ships left Port Victoria, Australia, each carrying 4,000 tons of wheat.

This may be one of the last "grain races." The wheat has been bought by the British Ministry of Food which plans to use the two vessels as storeships.



His Mouth Makes Prospectors Drool

One Gold-Digger tried pliers on John's Six front teeth

By Ed Wallace*

NOW that the old Murray Hill Hotel has been torn down, the most ornate interior in New York is the mouth of John Bara, 25 South Street.

Surveys reveal that John has the brightest smile on earth, and scientific research credits it all to six gold teeth. John has such a brilliant mouth that conductors of rubberneck tours should point him out.

John's gold teeth, six on the center aisle, were all he wanted for Christmas in 1916. They are not caps, nor crowns, but solid gold choppers and on today's market a dentist would doubtless tender a bill for several million dollars. John got them free, however, as replacements for his originals which were destroyed in a zinc mine.

Eye-Catching Choppers

In 33 years the teeth have never given John a moment's trouble, but they have aroused barbarous emotions in other people. John's teeth have given rise to jealousy, greed, false impressions and mistaken identity; and once they figured in an attempted burglary. An English girl tried to make them her very own.

To understand John's problem, it is necessary to know something of John. The real John. He is a Siwash-Yakima Indian, yet at the same time one-quarter Norwegian. He was born in Tacoma, Wash., and went to sea at the age of 8 as a galley boy on the Black Eagle. For this service he received \$4.00 a month, but being an improvident fellow he spent it as fast as he made it. Little has been recorded about John from the day he went to sea to the day he got his gold dinner set, but from that time forward the story has been much the same, mistaken identity and false impressions.

"People think I'm Mexican fellow," John said. "They talk to me Mexican, but I don't know what to



John is very proud of his electric guitar. say. They get sore for me. Figure I'm a swell with gold teeth."

John laughed, causing more sudden dazzle than a Sonja Henie ice show. He played a few chords on his electric guitar which rested on his knees . . .

John lives at the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, when he is ashore, and his great and constant love is his guitar.

"Yes, people get sore for me," he said. "Mexicans, Puerto Ricans. Spanish fellas. They get mad when I no talk back."

John laughed like a sunset. For years people have mistaken him for a cad, all because he looks like a Mexican and doesn't speak Spanish. From that they go into surly resentment of the wealth extruding from his upper lip.

Larceny by Pliers

John's golden bite had its closest call while the S.S. *Hastings* was docked in London several years ago, he said. It occurred while John and another member of the crew, one Rosy, were seeking diversion ashore.

"I got money and this Rosy fella got money," he said. "We decide to look around."

"We drink here and there, dance in a place, and later I wake up with

(Continued on page 5)

The Expert

By Edward Michael Brown

I WAS a member of the crew of a Liberty ship in 1944, and had built up for myself quite a reputation as a music critic and ethnologist. Whenever our ship touched a foreign port and we went ashore my shipmates would ask my opinion of the local music as heard in the waterfront dives. When we reached Port Said we visited a night club where the local orchestra was playing a very catchy tune and singing absolutely unintelligible words. I expatiated on the probable origin of the song while my companions listened, quite impressed.

"The lyrics are not Egyptian," I explained, "nor any of the Levantine dialects. In my opinion, it's a Congo patois that has seeped out of the jungle."

"Lissen," said a shipmate in the Armed Guard, "I hear tom-toms."

"That's right," I continued learnedly, "the pulsating lilt of the African primitive in his tribal dances."

The tune was infectious and all the way home, in convoy, phrases of the gibbering verse could be heard from men in the galley, on deck and in the engine room.

Arriving home after eighteen-months' absence, I was relaxing in my living room when my bobby-sox daughter came tripping in, singing the same song, in the identical dialect of the Port Said singers.

"What," I demanded, "is the name of that song?"

Favoring me with that stare the young reserve for the old and ignorant, she replied: "Why, Daddy, don't you know? It's 'Mairzy Doats.'"

(Continued from page 4)

feeling something is wrong. I look around and find English girl with my head in her lap. She got pliers and trying pull out my teeth."

John raised his lip and revealed sharp ridges where the pliers had



DOUGHNUT RECIPE

By Seaman Henri La Forge

The following recipe was given to the hostess in the Janet Roper Club by Henri La Forge, bosun. Henri is of French-Canadian stock, hails from Maine, and, as is proper in a Frenchman, has a high regard for good food. Next to ships, food is his favorite subject of conversation. What this recipe lacks in clarity, it makes up in its sincerity.

EDITOR.

A French Canadian Donut & French Cruler; and that's made like in the Northern part of the State of Maine.

It's a morning breakfast; itself, like mother or grandmother made at home; also it can be made elsewhere.

The Flours that can be used to make these donuts & crulers: regular white donut flour or the very best of white flour or whole wheat flour or Bran flour or buckwheat flour.

Contents to make these donuts or crulers: The very best of melted lard in a heavy iron pot, melted too very hot degree. Use different kind of flour if you like. Beaten up eggs in a Dish—melted creamer butter—some sugar—some nutmeg—creamer milk if you like or the very best of can milk with a little water—a little bit Vlnela Extra—a bit of salt, a bit of baked soda—a bit of yeast and a little bit baked powder too make a big donuts & crulers and too make them rise and puff out when they cooked and then mix all contents altogether; and then roll all this contents of mixtures on the Bake Board and then cut them out the shape of donuts and French crulers . . . style . . . forms . . . and after they are rolled out put them in this hot melted lard in the iron pot too be cooked; put them in cool place & in crock jar; and you will have fresh Donuts & Crulers for 2 too 4 days.

bitten into the gold.

"Fella can't trust woman, hah?" He rocked with laughter then bent forward and began softly stroking his guitar.

*Reprinted from the New York World-Telegram

THE CHAPLAIN AT WORK

By the Rev. F. D. Daley, Chaplain

A RESIDENT CHAPLAIN at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York represents what someone has described as "the Church at work with its sleeves rolled up."

The number of men who stay in the Building — plus the tremendous number who use the various facilities of the Institute daily — gives the Chaplain untold opportunities to be of service. There is hardly a man who comes into the Building who does not have a problem. For these men the Chaplain must always be available, day and night, weekdays and Sundays, gain their confidence and do what he can to help.

The Chaplain to be of service must be seen — he must be recognized at once and he must be ready at all times to listen. Where does he find the men, especially those who need his help even though they do not always know it themselves?

First of all at the front door, where everyone must enter. Then the Lobby where hundreds gather daily to discuss life and living in general. The Cafeteria is one of the most frequented places in the Institute, and here over a cup of coffee is melted more "human ice" than by any other means. The Game Room and Seamen's Lounge, especially in the afternoon, will yield its daily quota of contacts, and the Janet Roper Club in the evening. The Chaplain spends some part of each day in each of these spots and within a very short time he is "picked up" (as the seaman says) by some seaman who has a problem which no longer can be borne alone. As one seaman put it, "Just seeing your round collar makes a man want to talk it out."

What are the problems they want to talk out? They run the gamut from matters of personal faith, marital difficulties and the very earthy need of "a night's flop and a meal."

Generally speaking, the problems of merchant seamen fall into two



"Ice" Melted Over a Cup of Coffee . . .

main divisions: loneliness and defeatism. In the comparatively short time I have been working with seamen I cannot subscribe to the popular notion that he is essentially different from other men. On the average he is honest, hard-working and ambitious to succeed. If he is different it would appear to lie in the fact that he is lonely. He craves companionship but is unable by his own power to cultivate through the usual social means the warm friendliness with others that means so much to all of us.

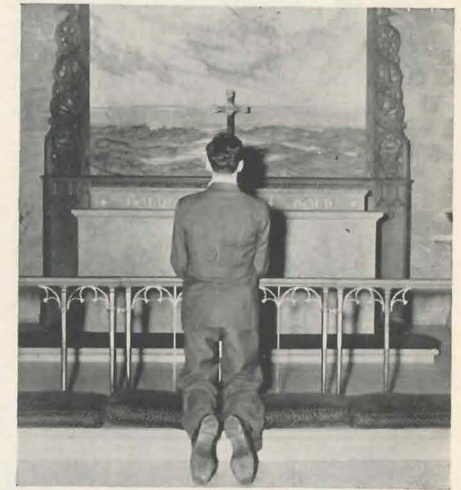
The second great problem of the merchant seamen is defeatism. Most of us are defeated in some area of life. But being victorious in most areas we can rise above our defeat and carry on. Economic conditions being what they are on the waterfront today, the seaman finds himself baffled, bewildered and defeated in practically every way he turns.

These are the problems which the Chaplain faces every day. Basically the same — yet different in each individual case. He meets them, first of all, through his own personality by creating an air of friendliness and comradeship. By pointing out in word and deed that the entire staff at the Seamen's Church Institute is concerned in making 25 South Street a real home ashore.

Defeatism can be attacked and beaten by faith. Everyone has a little faith — so that little can be brought forth — nourished — cultivated and helped on to growth and maturity. Practically every man with whom I have talked has admitted some faith in God and in Jesus Christ. Immature and inadequate to be sure, but alive and struggling. By bringing that faith into the open and by prayer and by witness we have seen men overcome their problem of defeatism and arise to meet new day with courage and determination. Through Bible reading, attendance in Chapel both for regular services and for private devotion, a seaman is helped in overcoming his own particular form of defeat or loneliness.

The Chaplain's work is a great life and the Institute is a great place in which to work. As I have said many

times, "I feel for the first time that I am now doing that which I was ordained to do," shepherding the flock of Christ.



A Chapel for both regular services and for private devotion . . .

Bishop Manning Dies

THE Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, retired Bishop of the Diocese of New York, died November 18th in St. Luke's Hospital at the age of eighty-three. Bishop Manning became a member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in 1918, when he was rector of Trinity Parish. In 1921 he became Bishop of New York, and with that office he succeeded Bishop Charles S. Burch as Honorary President of the Institute. He retired as Bishop in December, 1946.

Bishop Manning was always interested in the welfare of merchant seamen and was associated with the Institute's President Edmund Lincoln Baylies and Superintendent, the Rev.

Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D. in the early years of struggle to build an adequate shore home for "safety, comfort and inspiration of seafarers." He dedicated the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour on May 22nd, 1930.

In 1944, at the celebration of the Institute's Centennial, Bishop Manning wrote to the Director, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, D.D.:

"It has been my privilege to serve as a member of the Board of Managers since 1908 and, with all my heart, I rejoice in the magnificent work which the Institute has done since it began as a small floating Chapel, and in the splendid development of the work. On this Anniversary I most warmly congratulate the President, Clarence G. Michalis, the Board of Managers, and all who are connected with the work of the Institute upon its splendid work in the Name of the Church."

A Message for Americans

By Herbert Hoover*

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Racing Around a Hurricane

“My Most Unforgettable Sea Experience”

By W. T. Dunlap

WE were new on this route and had scarcely been out of Baltimore two days on the SS *Cargamento*, bound for Argentina, when Washington commenced broadcasting warnings of a possibly destructive tropical hurricane, cyclonic in nature, which was developing east of the West Indies. All ships small and large were warned to seek shelter.

This was in 1938 and judging from the location, course and speed of the storm it placed us in a precarious position, so much so that our captain, for a time was uncertain as to whether he should put into some port on our east coast or take the greater risk of beating the hurricane by reaching a more southerly latitude ahead of it.

Advisory notices concerning its progress and path were radioed from NAA every two hours. So, after studying them for one twenty-four hour day the master of our ship decided to keep out to sea going full speed ahead, which we did: winning in the race and passing over the same line of latitude as Nassau, Bahamas, just

before the edge of the hurricane hit that island.

It will be remembered this same storm then curved and swept up our eastern seacoast touching at the Virginia Capes and hitting the state of Rhode Island and Massachusetts with terrific deathdealing force, in some cases wiping out entire towns with great loss of life and running crop and property damages up into the millions of dollars.

During the two days following our escape from this hurricane we navigated a gentle or calm sea. Then came the “Trade Winds.” We had often heard of the Trade Winds, but none of us knew exactly what was meant by the phrase until our aged captain who was a skipper in the sailing ship days explained that in going to and from the Americas, mariners in that period steered their course so that they could catch these winds, which, it might be said always blew in that area, and could be depended on to help them in their long voyages north or south.

* “Reprinted from THIS WEEK Magazine. Copyright 1949 by the United Newspapers Magazine Corporation.”



Drawing by Seaman Bernard Bovasso

Verily, that night after I retired I realized we were now enjoying the Trade Winds.

The air was warm, not too warm, one would say mild, ozone laden and just right for a sea voyage, and as the breezes blew the ventilators became like so many horns; all of a low pitch, but some higher than others. Still somehow they had a soothing sound. And as the ship ran smoothly and rocked her way over the long swells it was like being cradled and rocked on the heaving breast of mother ocean removing one far away beyond sight, hearing and thought of the world and its worries, but — Hark! What's that? Something new to me. After some minutes thought I reasoned it out. It was just Neptune at one of his pranks. A portion of the crest of a curling wave which every now and again would hit us broadside just hard enough to seem like some great giant of the seas playfully throwing handfuls of salt sea spray at us as we leisurely quartered over the witching waves of a summer sea.

A few days thereafter south of Cape St. Roque we encountered somewhat freakish weather conditions where we could see wraith-like typhoon-shaped clouds reaching from sea to sky, nonwhirling and moving phantom-like and ominously landward toward Brazil.

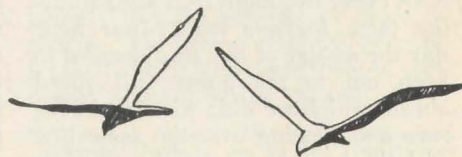
These eerie isolated pillars of rain crossed our path from east to west and usually the visible ocean was bespectered by five or more of them at the same time.

The writer has never seen anything quite like them in any other part of the world, and when it happened that we met in with one of them it was like an inverted waterfilled parachute the size of a circus tent being dumped on us; the tropical ghostly cloudburst ending just about as quickly as that, and just as though it had come our way expressly to immerse us.

Starting in at Rio de Janeiro and continuing to keep us company until we reached the Rio De La Plata was a flock of large birds of the condor family. Their soaring style of flight is similar to that of the goonie, but they are four times larger than that bird. However, the object of their flight was the same; which could be seen was for the purpose of catching fish that might have become confused after being churned too near the surface in the wake of our vessel.

Reportedly, this bird has never been seen to follow a ship on the West Coast of South America nor along any other seacoast, and strange to say when we reached the Rio De La Plata they promptly stopped keeping company with us just as though they had known the boundary lines of the two countries, Uruguay and Argentina. But, it is likely they stopped because the fishing prospects had become poorer, or because the good soaring breezes ended here.

Since then I have taken many sea voyages, but none of them were so much like a dream as was this one, and none have lingered so long as a sunny picture in my memory.

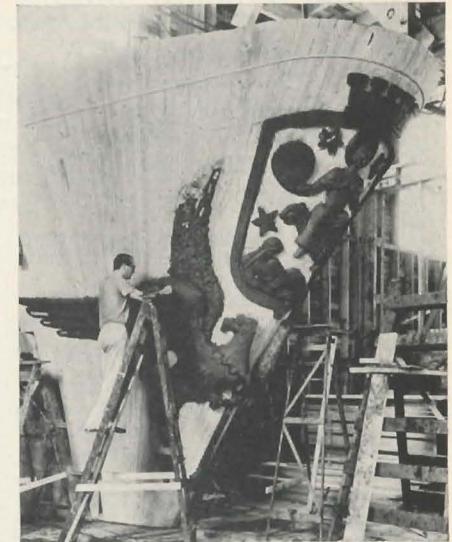


Ship News

VIKING SYMBOLS ON OSLOFJORD

The new Norwegian-American liner *Oslofjord* has unusual decorations on her bow. Just as the Viking ships were distinguished by symbolical figureheads, the modern vessel has a carving, in bronze, by Emil Lie, noted Norwegian artist. Built by Dutch shipbuilders in Amsterdam, the 16,500 ton ship has a 20 knot speed, carries 600 passengers and is 577 feet long. The new flagship replaces the earlier *Oslofjord* lost during the war. Lacking adequate ship-building facilities after the war, Norway turned to Holland for help in rebuilding her shattered maritime fleet. Instead of a year, the normal interval between launching and delivery of a luxury liner, the Dutch announced they would have the ship ready for delivery seven months after the launching — and they kept their word. Capt. Ole Bull, master of the old *Oslofjord*, in command of the new vessel during her sea trials during a severe storm in the North Sea, commented:

"The new ship is a beauty. I've never handled a vessel which keeps such a steady course. She will be a wonderful asset in the North Atlantic."



Bow of Oslofjord

BRIG "WASP" SAILS AGAIN

A replica of the U. S. Brig "*Wasp*," (first ship constructed in the Washington Navy Yard 150 years ago) was sailed by one of our LOOKOUT readers, Lt. Com. C. M. J. von Zielinski, USNR, in a recent regatta. Commander von Zielinski pointed out that the man-sized crew, unable to man the rails in traditional style, manned the rail to salute the President of the United States as he sailed by in his yacht *Williamsburg*. The replica is 27 ft. long from stem to stern with a beam of seven feet, and is about one-fourth the size of the original *Wasp*.

How many readers can name all the sails shown in this picture? Turn to Page 16 for the complete list.



Replica of "The Wasp"

Commanded by Lt. Comdr. Carl M. J. Von Zielinski, U.S.N.R.

Book Reviews

HISTORY OF UNITED STATES NAVAL OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II VOLUME IV

Coral Sea, Midway and
Submarine Actions
By Samuel Eliot Morison

Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.00

At a time when the Navy strenuously objects to the Army Air Force's claim to the title, "First Line of Defense," Professor Morison's book is timely and thought-provoking.

In his fourth volume of a projected series of fourteen, the author continues his detailed story of the Naval Operations in World War II. Every branch of the Naval Service; Sailors, Airmen and Marines receive their proper recognition in the series of engagements that marked the beginning of American offensive warfare in the Pacific.

The story carries us through the dark days following Pearl Harbor when the enemy seemed invincible and we were slowly being forced to abandon offensive thinking and to gird ourselves defensively. Then comes the glorious victory at Midway, followed in quick succession by the carrier victory in the Coral Sea, and the hasty Japanese abandonment of the Aleutian campaign. The latter part of the story concerns the heroic role played by the Submariners in cutting the Japanese "rice line," and the opening of the campaign in the Solomons at Tulagi and Guadalcanal.

Professor Morison is pictured in naval uniform on the jacket of the book, so there is no doubt as to where his sympathies lie. In spite of this slight coloring by the author, the book remains a careful documentation of this period, but it is not to be confused with official Naval History.

Reviewed by R. F. FALLON

U. S. BRIG. "WASP"

The first ship constructed by
the Washington Navy Yard,
almost 150 years ago.

In accordance with the original design of the *Wasp* her replica carries the following sails:

Jib-boom and Bowsprit — 1. Jib, 2. Fore Topmast, Staysail, 3. Fore Staysail, with below the jib-boom, 4. Sprit Sail and 5. Spritsail Tpsail.

Fore-Mast — 6. Fore Sail, 7. Fore Topsail, 8. Fore Top-Gallant Sail, 9. Fore Studding Sail, 10. Fore-Topmast Studding Sail and 11. Fore Top-Gallant Studding Sail.

Main-Mast — 12. Main Sail, 13. Main Topsail, 14. Main Top-Gallant Sail, 15. Main Top-Gallant Royal, 16. Main Topmast Studding Sail, 17. Main Top-Gallant Studding Sail.

Between Masts — 18. Main Staysail, 19. Main Topmast Staysail, 20. Middle Staysail, and 21. Main To-Gallant Staysail. Behind Main Mast—22. Driver or Spanker.

THE STEAMBOAT COMES TO NORFOLK HARBOR

By John C. Emerson, Jr.
1949 - \$6.00

Anyone who has made a motor trip to Norfolk from the North, on excellent roads, appreciates the value of the still-available steamboat connections from Washington and Baltimore to Norfolk. The trials of travelers by stage over muddy roads in the early 1800's, naturally turned capitalists of those times to investing in steamboats, which era this compilation covers.

Many delvers into Americana are greatly enthused when they discover a scrap book of clippings. With this book of 438 pages, one who wishes a complete story of the start and development of steamboat travel in and around Norfolk from 1815 to 1825, may read without the clippings disintegrating! However, to the reader unfamiliar with Norfolk harbor, it is suggested that he orient himself with a map, while reading.

The clippings used from the various Norfolk, Richmond and other newspapers have been typed by the author, arranged in a chronological order, and reproduced in book form by lithoprint. One may follow from the arrival of the first steamboat, the *Washington* on May 24, 1815, the progress of steamboat travel, the incidents, accidents, etc. There is a fine index of steamboats, their captains, lines, which is of inestimable historical value.

From a historical standpoint, every port in this country should have a similar record. The steamboat in its day served to develop the country, and it is just such a book, similarly written for other locales, which will help to give our future generations a background of our country.

By FREEMAN R. HATHAWAY
Steamship Historical Society

MERCHANT MARINE MACHINATIONS

By Capt. Harry Martin

Marine Manuals Distributing Co.

A detailed analysis and interpretation of Merchant Marine problems from the point of view of a former President of the National Organization Masters, Mates and Pilots of America.

HERMAN MELVILLE

A Critical Study by Richard Chase

The MacMillan Co., \$4.50

A fresh interpretation of Melville's work and a penetrating analysis of the symbols used in his *Moby Dick*. The author's concern for America's culture and democratic ideals receives special emphasis.

Marine Poetry

Winners in Annual Marine Poetry Contest

Sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

A Chief Mate, a Fireman-Watertender and a ship's Butcher were the winners in the Institute's Sixth Annual Marine Poetry Contest. The judges were unanimous on the poets, but not on the particular poems. Some of the runners-up will be printed in subsequent issues. The jury included Joseph Auslander, Gustav Davidson, Lenore Speyer, A. M. Sullivan and Harold Vinal.

FIRST PRIZE

A SHIP PASSES AT SEA

By John Ackerson, *Chief Mate*

Good glasses these, but I make out no face,
Nor flags, nor whence she came, nor
destined port;
Of men about her decks I find no trace;
Yet with the waves her churning screws
make sport;
Her wake runs milky green, her thin grey
plume
Now parallels the wounded sea, her wheel
Guides firm and true, she keeps a decent
room
Between our heaving, throbbing flanks of
steel.
We have no fear of her, nor she of us;
Our voyage prospers, and we wish her well;
Our simple prayers have deep roots,
generous
Her own, we know with hearts that surge
and swell,
Careless of gathering mists that on us
crowd
And fold the stranger in a little cloud.



SNOW UPON THE "AFRICAN GLADE"

By John Ackerson, *Chief Mate*

Along the squat and silent wharf
This tall white beauty mounts to dwarf
The sky she wears for careless scarf.
I hold that none but sailors know
The worth of ports in saffron glow
Upon a tossing cloak of snow.
Perhaps on roads the freighters plod,
Caught up, then scourged beneath the rod,
We stand an inch nearer to God.

SECOND PRIZE

SEA SUNDAY

By Forrest Anderson,
Fireman-Watertender

all the corrugated blue miles ahead i see
waiting to be run before the port of
disillusionment is won again
nodding and plunging or struck by the
impact — the ship
is somber as your face . . . a cape of steel,
a pitted shell
for such sweetness as never to find object
to pour itself out on
but i like to look and only that, now,
knowing
a step toward heaven is a fall toward hell
here, where bitter cleansings must be
sovereign
or unworth be worth a future seeming
wit is the game for lack of living, while
even dying must be polite
spray spouts to the millionth diamond
crystal
hyphenation of alliteration to salt the style
all may be free, but fellowship never
our best parts go sly, your better star to
release my bravery were capable
if not so tender (in this same sea-while).

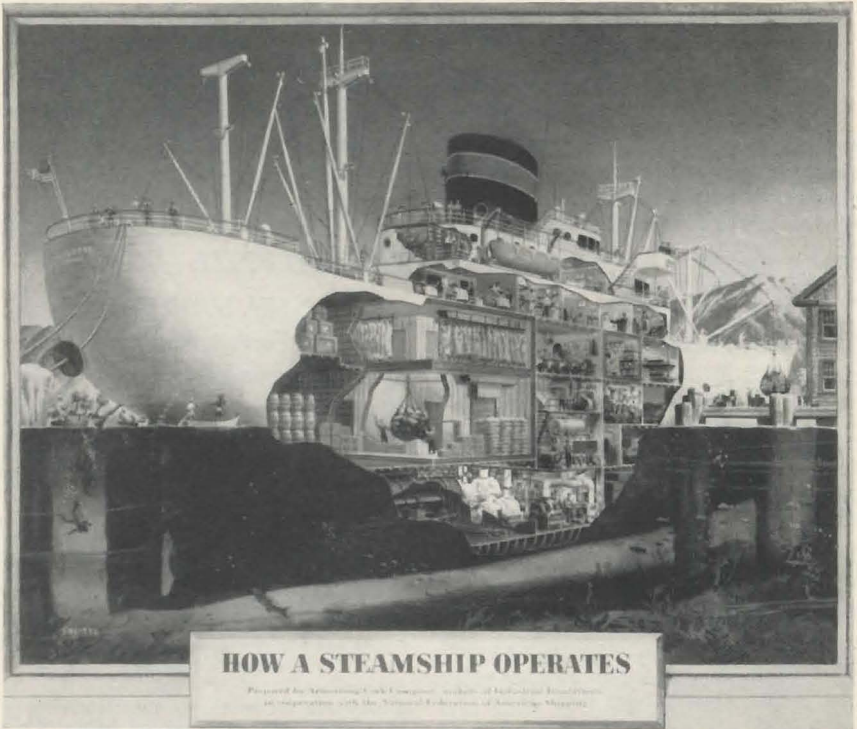


THIRD PRIZE

PHOSPHORESCENT TARGET

By Joseph Ferran, *Ship's Butcher*

Huge waves crash up and wash the plated
decks,
Spewing their tinkling lights that have no
sound,
Then tilted back into the sea, these specks
Repay the brief eternity they found.
The heatless light that smiles and winks
and dies;
They flirt a moment; vanish out of sight.
But where the hull and sea meet counter-
wise,
They mark the course of ships across the
night.



AN INSIDE VIEW OF A SHIP

This cutaway view gives a clear picture of a modern steamship's operational and service departments. We see, down below, the engine room and to the right of it, the lower hold. Up, at left, is a combination refrigerator and general cargo hold. On the next level up are the crew's dining room, galley, and crew's quarters. Above that is the passengers' dining room, pantry, and officers' quarters, all these on the maindeck. (The maindeck is always the topmost continuous deck.) Above the maindeck is the boat deck where the lifeboats are located and above that is the sundeck with its swimming pool and deck games.

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.