The LOOKOUT

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

—N. Y. Daily News Photo

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXVII July, 1946 No. 7

Sanctuary

"Keep us humble in the day of victory, make us wise in the presence of great problems, strong and brave in face of any danger and sympathetic and generous as we face the appalling need of a war-torn world.

"In gratitude for all those who paid the price of victory, we now . . . dedicate ourselves to that cause for which they gave their last whole measure of devotion. Lord of Hosts be with us yet, lest we forget! Amen."

Excerpts from the famous prayer by Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVII, JULY, 1946

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President
THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer
REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.
Director
MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor
POLLY WEAVER, Associate Editor

$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: Old Glory flies from the gaff on the after mast of a Liberty Ship, as this merchantman continues her duties even to the far corners of the earth.

The three essays in this issue of THE LOOKOUT are the first, second and third prize winners in the essay contest on "Why I Go to Sea", sponsored by the Institute. Judges were John Mason Brown, Harry Hansen, and Frank Laskier. Subsequent issues will carry the three honorable mentions. The contest was open to all active merchant seamen and the awards were $25, $20, and $15.

Drawing by Rockwell Kent.

Why I Go to Sea

By Francis Keyser, Chief Mate

FIRST PRIZE WINNER IN ESSAY CONTEST

Chief mate Francis W. Keyser was born in Brooklyn and started his seafaring career on the old Schoolship Newport in 1924. After seven years, when he had "just begun to collect a few barnacles", as he put it, the drop in shipping during the depression forced him ashore. He has had three plays produced by amateur groups, has had a short play and a story published and has written radio scripts. He returned to sea when war began.

WE were lying at anchor off Oran. I leaned on the rail at the wing of the bridge, soothed into a comfortable lassitude by the quietness of the approaching evening. Across the water the setting sun stained the high cliffs with brilliant orange hues — the jutting rocks throwing their purple shadows further and further into the east. Just below me, on number three hatch, a group of colored messboys sang snatches of popular songs with an air of haunting sadness. The water was quiet, and deep, and blue. High up on the cliffs was a road. A rocky road. A road that twisted and turned around huge boulders, and now and then hid itself from view among the small trees that grew in green patches along the face of the cliff. One end of the road led to town; the other wound down to a small sandy cove at the water's edge. A two-wheeled donkey cart stood by the edge of the sand at the road's end. I watched through the glasses as the bathers began leaving the beach, tiny figures silhouetted against the sloping sand as they climbed upwards, lugging their picnic baskets and blankets toward the waiting cart.

Now, sitting before my typewriter, I find it difficult to recapture and put down on paper my feelings of the moment. We had just come thru a long, hard trip — rough weather and, of course, the unrelieved tension endured by all of us under wartime conditions. I stared down

at the water. Reaction had set in. I was feeling relaxed and a little sentimental. It was a time when thoughts went traveling back — when the mind makes an effort to relive scenes from the past.

I remembered years ago, before the war, walking in the Groenplaats Square in Antwerp. It was late fall. Old women, huddled in shawls and heavy coats, sat under striped umbrellas selling flowers. A flock of pigeons wheeled in flight, their wings startlingly white against the background of a dark, rain-filled sky. The pungent odor of roasting chestnuts filled the air. A blond-haired boy in ragged coat reaching nearly to the ground leaned against a lamp post and smoked a cigarette. I walked across the square in the rain and entered a little cafe. I sat at a table drinking coffee and staring out into the darkness and the rain.

Just below me from where I stood on the bridge I saw the bo'sun hobble out of the 'midship alleyway and sit on the edge of the hatch. I remembered the huge sea pouring over the bow that had left him pinned helplessly against the anchor windlass with a broken leg, and me halfway down the foredeck gasping in the scuppers. We had gone forward to repair the broken cement in the chain pipes. We had just started our work when the sea caught us. I'll never forget the look of dazed surprise on his face as he crawled down the deck to meet me. So'wester gone, drenched to the skin, oilskin flapping in the breeze where it had split in two up the back, he inched his way down the heaving deck. Crashing seas and the shriek of wind in the rigging drowned my voice as I fought my way toward him. We got him to his bunk and a doctor came over from a destroyer by breeches buoy to set his leg.

The light on Cape L'Aiguille began its intermittent flashing as I paced out the closing hours of my watch on the bridge. I said it was hard to recapture my feelings. Scenes from the past shifted constantly thru my mind; the pride I felt on taking over my first watch on my license; the warm sun on my back as I walked up the Via Pre in Genoa to see the girl in the little wine shop; the old sailor who told me that all old sailors turned into donkeys when they die; the damp gloom of the aquarium in Naples; the lonely cry of a seagull from out of the darkness; the sun coming out from behind a cloud and touching the tops of the waves with glittering brightness; a pair of thresher sharks leaping out of the water and seeming to hang motionless in the air before falling back on the whale below them; the odor of wet kelp; the aching tiredness after an all-night job of securing a shifting deck load of lumber; the burial at sea of the old colored messboy; the Embarcadero in 'Frisco; Decatur Street in New Orleans; South Street in New York; reading The Dauber, by John Masefield, at night in the messhall; the fight with the beachcombers in Rio; Madam Jesus in Maderie; the burning heat of the Sirroco off the coast of Africa; the numbing cold of the Mistral in the Gulf of Lyon; wet dungarees; hunger; years passing.

The sun had set and purple shadows began to envelope the face of the cliff. I looked toward the cove again. The lone figure of a bather stood by the edge of sand looking out to sea. Motionless and silent it stood, with the darkening shadows closing in and the water lapping gently up the sand at its feet.

I will see that bather again. I will see the face of the cliff, and the donkey cart, and the road, one end of which led to town, and the other to a sandy cove by the water's edge. I will see them because they have become a part of me. I like having them a part of me. Maybe that's why I go to sea. I don't know.

Why I Go to Sea

By William E. Glunz, Engineer

SECOND PRIZE WINNER

Lt. Commander W. E. Glunz was born in Oakland, Calif., and educated in the Philippines where his parents have been Presbyterian missionaries since 1903. He has been sailing in engine rooms since 1926 with time off for examinations. He has just received his license as Chief Engineer.

I LOVE the sea.

Whether it is in waves splashing with silver foam or surging mountains of awesome height, or calm blue as a field of exotic flowers — better than any offering of land is the restrained beauty of the sea; better than the flavor of any fountain of youth is the salt taste of it. There is no sweeter music than the gentle slap of wavelets on steel. There is nothing more peaceful than the serenity of its security.

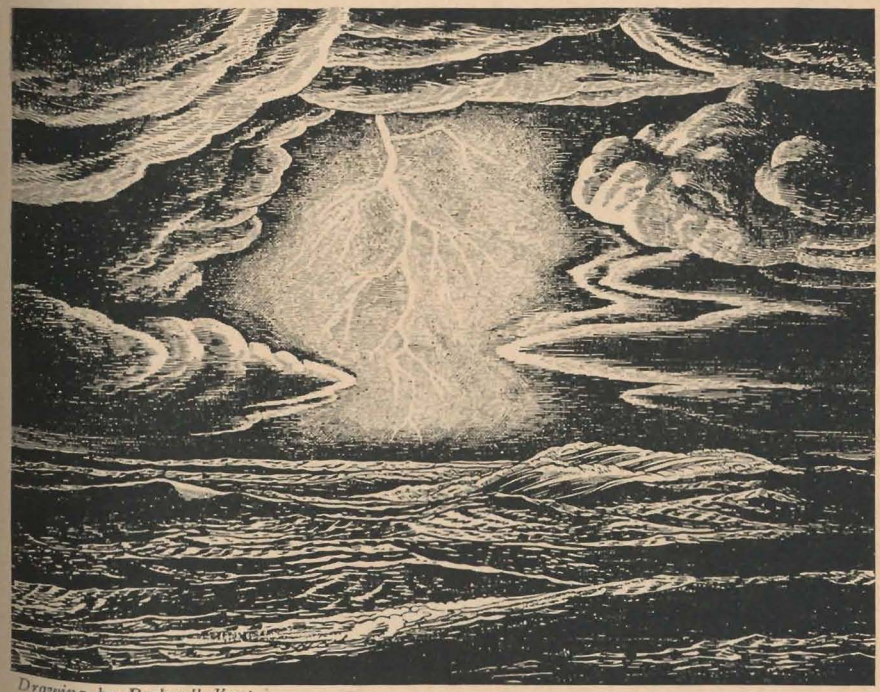
Only an artist can understand the true beauty of art. As only a man who has stood in pools of his own sweat can understand workmen, so only can one who has traveled the seas in ships understand the love of a man for the sea.

The salty deeps of every spaceless ocean hold any reward that a venturesome soul may desire: beauty, peace, excitement and gold.

In a day one may see ponderous gray waves slide out of the gloom, crest, break, and send a tremendous charge of foam against a vessel; see roundbacked porpoises playing in flat blue loveliness under the graceful swoop of screaming gulls; see the sun fade into blackness at noon, or see the moon in a warm beauty never captured on canvas with paint.

In a night one may hear the piercing shriek of gales madly determined to block the uncharted path, hear the silence of tragedy in stopped engines, hear the heartchilling peal of alarms and blast of whistle in fog, or hear too, the soft murmers of waters faintly rippled and shimmering with the gentle song of a caressing breeze.

The sea is my love.



Drawing by Rockwell Kent.

Why I Go to Sea

by Francis James Hicks, Oiler

Courtesy, Maritime Service

THIRD PRIZE WINNER

WHY do I go to sea? A comparatively simple question that is somehow difficult to answer.

I have heard perhaps a thousand men voice their opinion on the issue, and yet none give an answer that satisfies either themselves or the men about them. It has been compared with many occupations, but none seem to offer greater adventure, opportunity, or deeper appreciation of life itself than the sea. But why do I go to sea? The question still remains. Is it the big pay-off? The reward that has accumulated over the long trip? I hardly think so. Perhaps it's the thrill of battle. Being able to take death by the hand and still laugh. To live through a North Atlantic blow, to feel the ship shudder and strain under the force of mighty pounding waves, and then the victory! The gradual subsiding of the tempest into a calm. To know that man has, by his own skill and determination, conquered not only the elements, but that immense expanse of water we have come to know as the sea. To be able to lie on the deck and bathe in the unsurpassable beauty of Carribbean nights and watch the brilliant stars weaving across the heavens to the steady rhythm and rolling of the ship. To wonder in awe at the incomprehensible magnitude of God's Earth, and fully realize what an insignificant part we play on the stage of the world. There is pride, too! Pride in the fact that you are taking the colors of a great country abroad and making her name even greater.

To ask one man's opinion is to send a boy on a man's errand. For how can one voice speak the words that live in a thousand hearts, or one body feel the thrill of a thousand sensations?

To me the question has many answers. I go to sea for love of the sea, for the untold dangers that lie ahead of our course, and of long remembered feelings of love, fear, and hate that we leave in our wake.

I go to sea for my very existence!!

U. S. Maritime Service

First Anniversary of Artists and Writers Club Celebrated At Luncheon

TO celebrate the first anniversary of the Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine, 53 people attended a luncheon at the Institute on June 18. Merchant seamen, staff members and guests heard five minute speeches by outstanding representatives and practitioners of the arts of writing, painting, music and photography.

With a membership exclusively of active merchant seamen of all nationalities and ratings, the club was founded at the Institute on June 18, 1945, in answer to a long-realized need. Through its efforts, many seamen have seen their writings in print for the first time; others have been encouraged to improve their talents. The club gives its members free literary criticism; arranges conferences for seamen with artists, editors, and professional people in the world of arts and letters; conducts poetry, essay, and photography contests; arranges exhibitions of paintings; and makes constant efforts to market the work of members.

An exhibition of members' paintings will be on exhibit in the Janet Roper Club, 25 South Street, throughout the summer. Some of the paintings are for sale.

Speakers at the luncheon and their topics were: Frank Laskier and Kaj Klitgaard, seamen-authors, on "Writing and Seafaring"; Sigmund Spaeth, "Music Hath Charms"; S. J. Woolf, "Art for Whose Sake?"; A. C. Spectorsky, "How Not to Write for the Movies"; Charles Strong, "Editors are Human, Too"; Hunter Wood "Painting Marine Subjects".

Drawing by Phil May

EXCERPTS FROM SPEECHES AT ARTISTS and WRITERS CLUB

. . . "If there is anyone thinking of writing a book on the merchant seamen in the war, let him take a quiet time out and think of his shipmates and the things they said, and get humility into his soul, as he already has faith, and set it down. Let him say 'I will not write about myself—I will not write about my country—I will not write about what I have endured,—I will write about my shipmates, —the men who went through the whole shooting match with me.' And when that book is written,—and it doesn't matter whether it is a best seller or not,—that book will be our justification,—and if Dr. Mansfield who gave his life for this Institution and saw South Street as the worst sort of sailor-town, with its crimps and its dives,—could read it, it would be Dr. Mansfield's justification, and Dr. Kelley's justification,—it will be the justification of us and our trade, and when you remember the boys who went out and didn't come back,—it will be the only memorial that has ever been built to them."

Frank Laskier
author of
"Log Book", "My Name is Frank"
(Scribner's)

Artists and Writers Club Anniversary

. . . "I would tell young writers to go to teachers whenever they could, to learn the technique and the short cuts and how to construct a book or an essay or a short story, but for the real distillation of their experiences they would have to depend upon themselves. That soul within them,—the quality of that soul would decide the worth of their work. And if recognition doesn't come, this is not necessarily a criterion of the worth of their work."

Capt. Kaj. Klitgaard
author of
"Oil and Deep Water"
(Chapel-Hill)

. . . "Nowadays, the publishers of 'pulp' magazines like to feel that we are helping young writers to start up the ladder and are pushing them up as fast as we can . . . Two leading examples of former seamen who are now successful writers and got their start with us are Allen Bosworth and Richard Sale. Every manuscript submitted to our magazines gets a careful reading by two different readers."

Charles Strong
editor, Standard Publications

. . . "We stand ready to demonstrate our faith in the writing ability of any beginning author, seaman or otherwise, if he will show us enough of his work to make us reasonably certain that he has something on the ball—several chapters of a book and an outline of the rest. We want to help him financially to finish his work . . . For the benefit of those who may be interested in selling a book to Hollywood, it takes ability plus determination to write the very best book you can *without thinking about Hollywood* and putting everything you have in it. And a writer who makes a success of writing a book has a very good chance of a success at the movies."

A. C. Spectorsky
associate editor,
20th Century Fox Film Corp.

. . . "I am in favor of art but I am not in favor of a lot of things that are passing off as art . . . I am not opposed to modern art—I like it ,but when people start telling me they are not painting concrete objects, they are trying to paint the emotions that those concrete objects arouse in them—I think they are in the wrong profession . . . As far as the seamen artists here are concerned, I like their work. I don't mind modern art. I find in it sincerity and I believe the one essential thing in art, in writing, in music, in painting, or drawing, is sincerity."

Drawing by Phil May

S. J. Woolf
portrait artist and writer,
New York Times

. . . "Music is a different proposition from writing, painting or taking photographs. Frankly, I would say it is a little more specialized. I am quite convinced that the men in other departments have a better chance to make good in a lucrative way than those in the realm of music . . . The only practical advice I can give you is don't go in for song writing unless you are extremely gifted as a composer, and I think you should have some training to write your songs out correctly.

"The publisher is not interested in songs that say 'I love you, I love you, I love you.' It's been done too many times. Try to give it a new twist . . ."

Sigmund Spaeth
musician, critic, author

. . . "Writers of sea stories and sea lore have been a constant source of help and information to me in my work. I think that in art—to paint properly, one must have knowledge of ship construction and rigging and I think that a marine artist should be able to depict sea vessels in an authentic manner. The clipper ship is a very interesting subject and, as you all know, has played a great part in this country's history."

Hunter Wood
marine artist

Contrary to Regulations

By Joseph I. Flynn*

IN THE split second of suspended silence, between the explosion and the clanging of the alarm, the bos'n tumbled from his berth, thrust his feet into his shoes, dove across the cabin, and pulled open the door to the companionway.

There was no need for Joe to speculate on what had happened, even though the detonation had rocketed him from the depths of his first, exhausted sleep. Three years of sailing Liberty ships through sub-infested waters had taught him that a striking torpedo doesn't sound anything like a bursting boiler, or any other possible peace-time catastrophe. He could even tell where the torpedo had hit, straight through the steel-packed number 2 hold. Already the slanting beneath his feet told him the dead weight of dislodged metal, thousands of tons of it, was dragging the whole forward part of the ship toward oblivion.

Although bedlam was running rampant, Joe was as calm as any well-seasoned seaman in the face of emergencies. He had a hard exterior; ostensibly blustering toward his crew, underneath there was hidden a paternal affection that included all his fellowmen. The sea was in his blood; he had weathered storms before. But this was a kind of storm you couldn't attempt to master—you could only run away from a torpedoed ship— if you could.

The companionway was jammed with running men, all of them headed for the ladder leading to the upper deck and the life boats. The lightning instinct of experience in emergency guided the bosun's feet in the opposite direction, aft, to where the life raft was rigged. He would have preferred getting into a life boat, but figuring it would be over-crowded, he reckoned the life raft would have to do.

A couple of other guys had the same idea — Chips, the carpenter who shared his cabin, and the deck engineer. But all three were brought up short at the exit by two youngsters who didn't seem to be going anywhere. Of course the explosion had knocked out the lights, but against the fairly pale blackness of deck and water and sky, Joe recognized the pair. A couple of greenhorns from North Dakota, who had never set foot on a sea-going ship till they had come up the gang-plank in Hoboken. They were only kids, not a day over nineteen, and when Joe butted into them, crouching there against the bulkhead, they didn't even look that old. Dark as it was, he knew that their faces were as white as their little round caps.

A bos'n always has plenty of grief even with seasoned seamen but he doesn't learn the meaning of the word until he has to break in some of these novices. Theoretically, most of them have acquired the essentials of seamanship. Whatever they learned, however, seemed always to evaporate in the salt breezes whenever put to actual test. These two kids were a typical example. They had been drilled on this ship like everyone else for the two months they had been at sea, but from the way they were just standing there, gaping around, anyone would think they were a couple of tourists taking in the wonders of the New York skyline.

"Hey, Blondie!" the bos'n shouted at the nearer one as he and his two companions bore down on them. "The program says run, do not walk, to the nearest exit!"

*Member, Artists and Writers Club.

The kid just moved his head around to stare at Joe with big, blank eyes. That was why he had been nicknamed Blondie, and to keep it in the same channel, they called his friend Dagwood. They were probably the dumbest kids outside of the comic strips.

It's curious what thoughts run through a man's mind when his own life, and probably the lives of others, depend on his clear and straight thinking. For no accountable reason, Joe's only thought centered on the long knife that was dangling at Blondie's waist. The kid didn't have on shoes or blouse, just his pants and singlet and that silly hat, and the knife. Sheep-knives, they're called. It's against orders to carry them, but there isn't one of those first-trip kids who doesn't buy himself one and sling it in its sheath to his belt. No good seaman ever carries one of these long-bladed affairs; he might haul a small utility knife for practical purposes, but he doesn't want to be bothered with anything more cumbersome. If Joe had called this kid Blondie on his knife once on this trip, he had called him a hundred times. And each time Blondie would say, "Oh, I'm sorry. I keep forgetting. I won't carry it again." So the next time their paths would cross, there it would be, dangling against his side. Now when Joe should have been thinking of getting Blondie and Dagwood out on deck and into the raft, he found himself thinking "have I got to call that dope again for carrying his knife."

Chips and the deck engineer had broken past the bos'n, and after having hurled the kids back against the bulkhead, they had tumbled over the threshold into the outer darkness and confusion.

Joe yelled at the kids again. "Why the devil aren't you at your stations?"

Blondie gulped. "We thought if we waited a little the ladders wouldn't be so crowded."

"They sure won't be, a couple of miles under water," Joe retorted, and grabbing Blondie's shoulder, he pushed him so that he in turn shoved Dagwood away from the bulkhead and out. They skidded across the tilting deck just as Chips, working by the thin pale light of the pocket torch stuck inside his shirt front, unhooked the raft for it to slide down into the water. Above the pounding of feet on the deck overhead, the mate's bawled commands, the shouts as the crew fell over each other into the boats, Joe heard the splash as the raft hit the water. The painter creaked as it stretched taut.

"That does it," grunted Chips, vaulting the rail and dropping over the side. "Better make it snappy, Boats, uinless you want to serve breakfast to the sharks."

The bos'n pushed Blondie and he staggered over to the rail, clambered up, and balanced there, teetering.

"Oh, for Petes sake!" roared Joe, "What're you waiting for? A streetcar?" As his hand descended on Blondie's shoulder again, the kid gave a squawk, and somersaulted down to land in a tangle of flailing arms and legs on the raft below.

In a moment Joe was down beside him. "Well," he snapped, "unless somebody can think of a good reason for sticking around what say we cast off?'" Blondie looked at the painter as if he'd never seen a rope in his life. "How—do we unfasten that thing?" he stammered.

"You might climb back aboard

(*Continued on page* 16)

Waterfront Bard

"FRESH Sea Food, Est. 1849" is the green and white sign over Paddy O'Connor's Clam and Oyster Stand, on the windward side of Jeannette Park at Coenties Slip where the East River breezes blow gustfully. Another sign should be appended: "Old Songs On Order", for Paddy, with his white yachting cap cocked over one ear, and his hands busy shucking oysters, will sing in a sweet quavering Irish tenor original songs for your pleasure such as "Down at Old Battery Park," "O Give Me a Home on Staten Island", and "Up in Mother Roper's Room" (in memory of Mrs. Janet Roper, who was head of the Missing Seamen's Bureau at the Institute just across from Paddy's stand.)

Paddy, the South Street troubadour, will celebrate on July 1st, his 55th year in business. He succeeded Bob Peach who retired in 1891 as purveyor of sea food for seafarers since 1849 when Yankee clippers and packets docked along South Street. The captains and crews liked fresh clams and oysters, then, too, as do the modern seamen in their jaunty uniforms or blue dungarees, and the Wall Street clerks and businessmen who daily flock to the stand at noon.

In December, 1935, the Department of Parks gave Paddy a new streamlined stand all gleaming with chromium fittings and an electric ice box. "You got to keep up with progress," said Paddy, and promptly wrote a song about it, referring to the fact that "All along the beach things ain't what they used to be." "It was no fun standing out in the wind and the rain like I did for so many years," he admitted. "When the Seamen's Institute got its big new modern annex, with fancy bedrooms for seamen, I knew I couldn't expect seagoing men to eat their clams out in the open air any more."

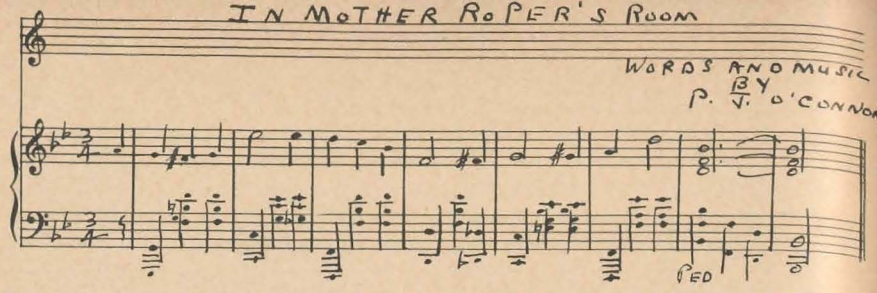
Paddy wrote his first song in 1905. It was entitled "There's No Place Like the Old Home After All." He sang this at the Jeannette Club, 69 Pearl Street, which was a democratic political club facing Jeannette Park. It made such a hit that Jeremiah O'Connor, the leader of the district, asked him to sing it for the children of the neighborhood who came mostly from the barges moored at Coenties Slip opposite Jeannette Park.

Another song composed by Paddy and very popular on Staten Island is "The Chimes of St. Andrew's". He dedicated this to St. Andrew's Episcopal Church in Richmond, and the song was played on the chimes each Sunday. Paddy, a good Roman Catholic, took great delight in giving the vestrymen at St. Andrew's copies of the song for distribution to the parishioners. He pays for the printing of his songs himself, usually 500 copies for about forty dollars, and to those interested he will give them out at his clam and oyster bar. When asked how he composes songs, Paddy says, "the tune just comes into my head. I can't read notes but I sit at the piano and play chords. After the tune comes, then I try to piece the words to fit the melody."

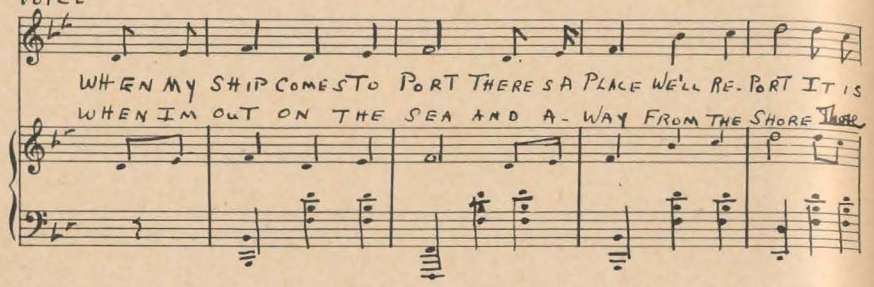
Paddy O'Connor, South Street Oysterman

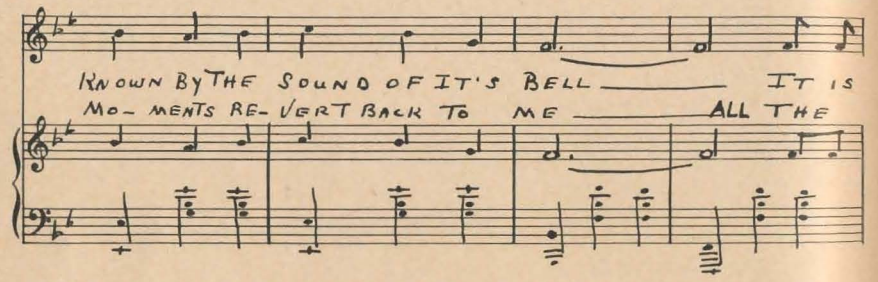
IN MOTHER ROPER'S ROOM

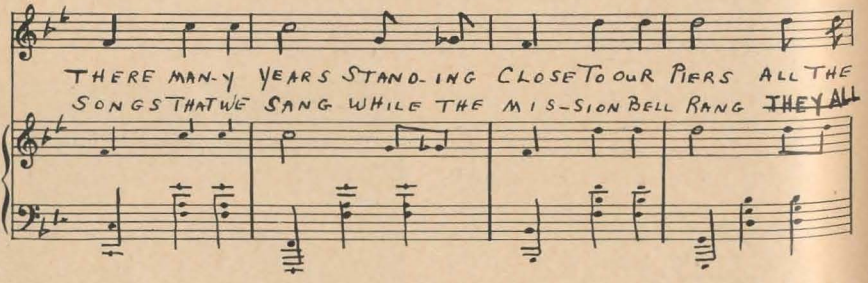
WORDS AND MUSIC BY P. J. O'CONNOR

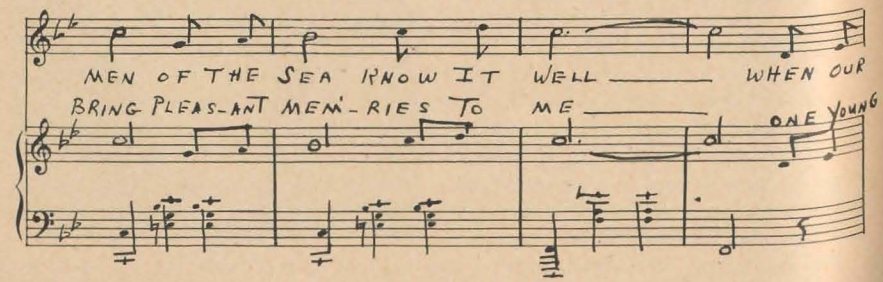


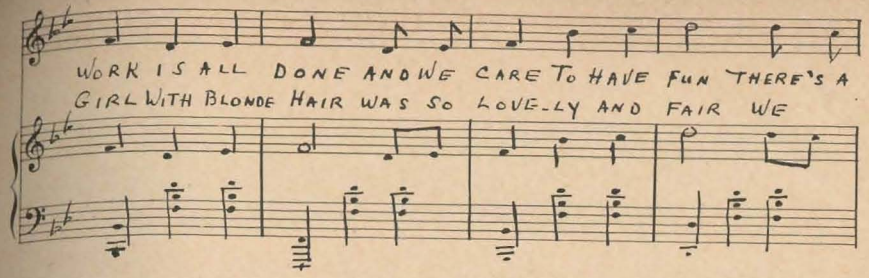
VOICE

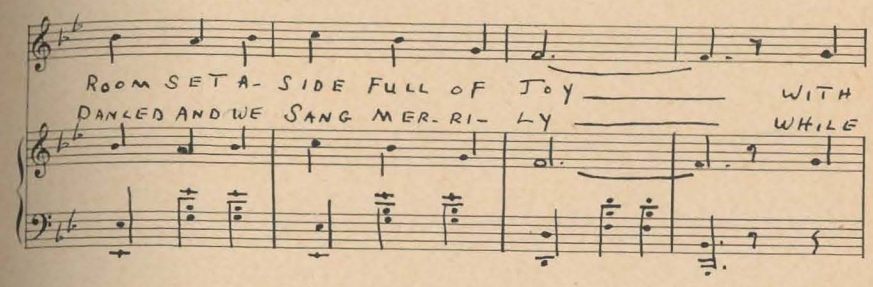


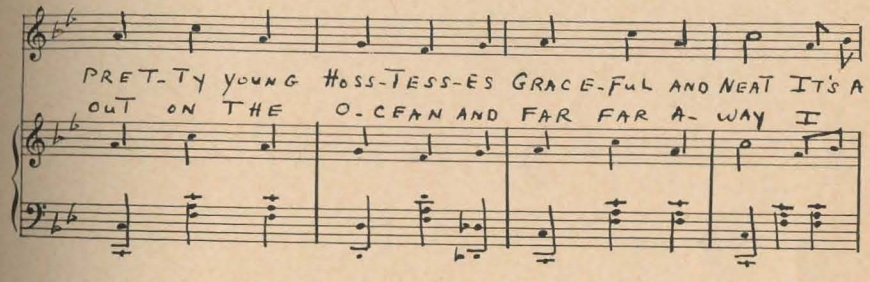


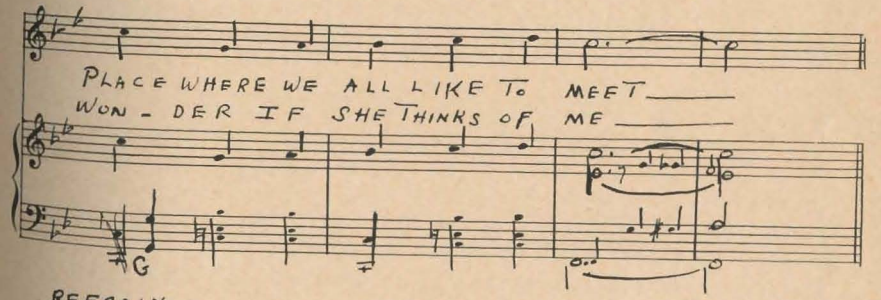




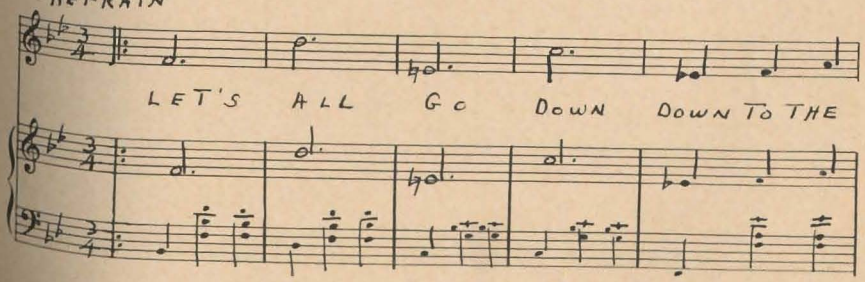


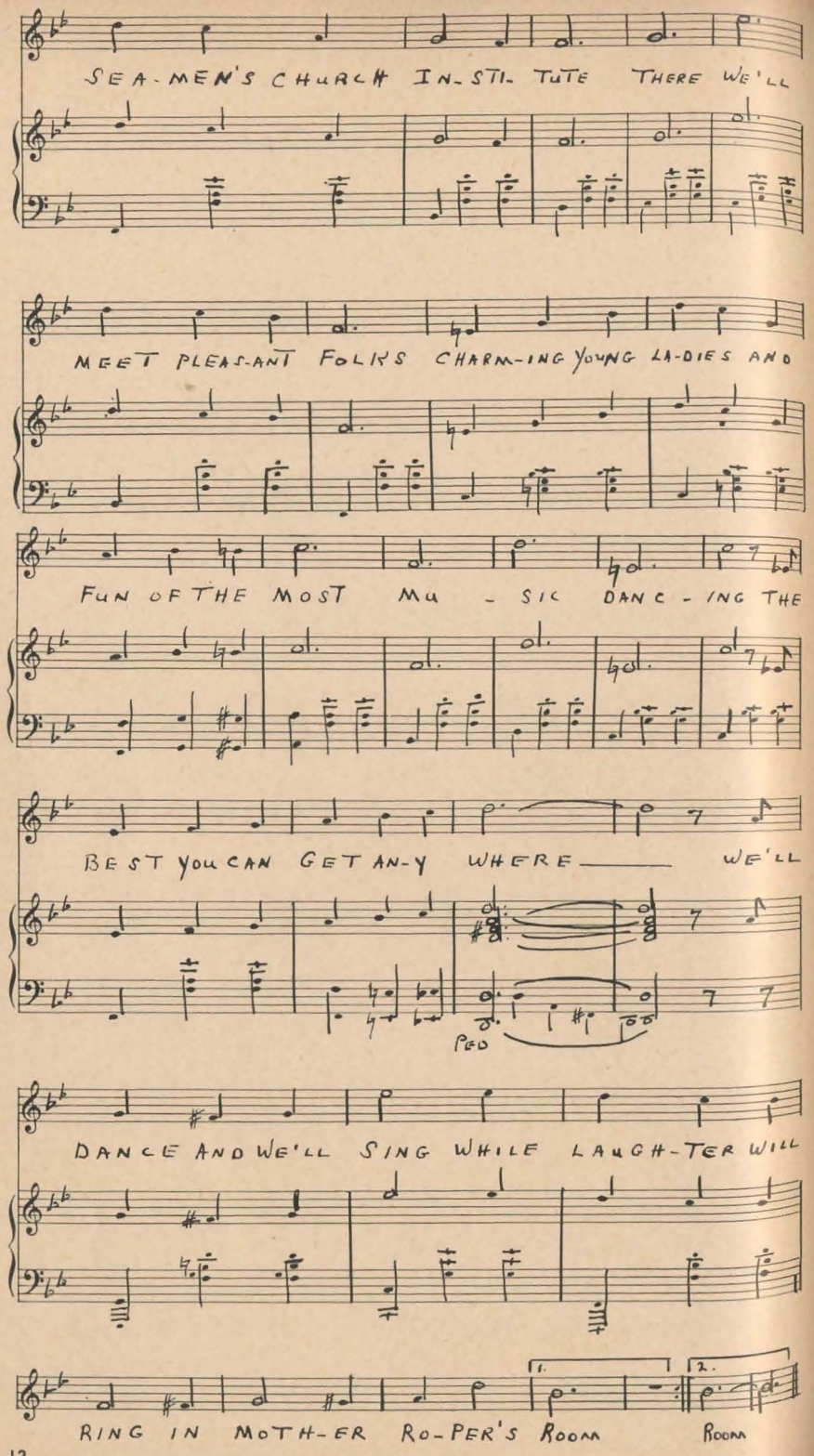






REFRAIN





Who's Got the Ocelot?

N. Y. Sun Photo.

Thomas Dunham, an 18-year old merchant seaman from Houston, Texas, fell afoul of an E. Phillips Oppenheim character in the American bar at Maracaibo, Venezuela. This character, a tall, thin, well-dressed gentleman with a British accent, represented himself as a zoological expert and persuaded the seaman out to his home, filled with animals and tropical birds, where he sold him a baby ocelot for the "trifling sum of $500."

When Dunham got back to Florida and telephoned his mother she refused to have a wildcat in the house—domesticated or not. So the owner of the exotic pet came on to New York looking for a buyer. He found one, too. At the American Feline Society, Joseph, the ocelot, was sold to Clara Newberry, an artist who intends to paint him. She gave Dunham what he had paid for it which was decent of her since people have been known to pick up such critters for $2.50! Dunham allowed as how he might ship back to Maracaibo, one of these days, and look up that self-styled expert.

NO PENSION

She was old and had outlived her usefulness. And she had no pension. There was nobody who wanted her and she had no place to go. And yet, even in the worn frayed garments she wore, she still had grace and a semblance of her former beauty.

Her memories were something to comfort her. She remembered a handsome, deeply-tanned man who had once loved her, who knew her moods, her changeable disposition. But he was gone, dead for many years.

More recent memories came to her, too, as she looked over the pretty little harbor. She recalled a succession of gay, young men, in neat blue uniforms and jaunty white hats, who had admired her in spite of her age. They called her affectionately, "Old Gal." And she didn't resent it. She gave them something in return and so the war years passed quickly.

But now, all the youth and the laughter were gone. She watched life slipping by. She could no longer be a part of things. But she had no wish to destroy herself, either. All she could do was to wait—and hope—that someone, perhaps out of pity, might see her and befriend her.

The old square-rigged sailing ship, swung slowly at anchor, her decks rotting, her canvas sails in shreds. Soon she would be towed to the boneyard after an adventurous life at sea.

CAPT. BOB BARTLETT

Although Bob Bartlett was born in the nineteenth century he was in truth an Elizabethan. His high voice that defied the winds, his mighty oaths uttered without sacrilege, his thick wrists and hands, nurtured by rope and canvas, bespoke the man of the sea, eager to do battle with it and always unafraid. He was not only a master mariner, but an uncanny ice pilot, for he was blooded in the hard school of the Arctic. He knew the coves and bays of Labrador and his native Newfoundland; he loved every headland and barren cliff.

At 22 he began his career as an explorer under the eye of a stern master, Robert E. Peary, who asked much of his men, but not more than he himself was willing to give. There followed for Bartlett an interlude in the sealing trade, then came a glorious adventure—Peary's dash to the Pole—in which Bob played a large role, both as captain of the Roosevelt and as a member of the polar party.

After that, Captain Bob became an explorer in his own right. As captain of the *Karluk* he proved his resourcefulness in grave danger. When his ship was crushed in the ice, he led his crew to Wrangel Island, set out with an Eskimo across the icefields to Siberia and returned with a rescuing party. Most of his men were saved.

But he did not seek adventure for adventure's sake. His Arctic voyages had a definite purpose. In his famous little schooner, the *Effie M. Morrisey*, he dredged the sea bottom, collected plants and animals, and surveyed aircraft bases in the north. Many American museums are richer for his labor.

In all sailors there is a streak of sentiment. Captain Bob had his. Whenever he returned to the little Newfoundland town of Brigus he had a present for his mother, and invariably it was a cow. The penetrating voice is silent, but it echoes in the far reaches of the North; and it is right to think that a hardy spirit hovers above the icefields.

Excerpts from an Editorial New York Times, Sunday, April 30, 1946.

Editor's Note: Capt. Bob was a good friend of the Institute. Several times he showed pictures and gave his lectures in our Auditorium.

VICE-ADMIRAL
HOWARD L. VICKERY, U.S.N. (Ret.)
U. S. Maritime Commission

Only those with first hand knowledge of Admiral Vickery's vital role in the rebuilding of the American Merchant Marine can grasp the real tragedy of his passing. The reflection of his dynamic personality is visible in every flash and facet of our glittering maritime rebirth; he will be sorely missed in the critical years ahead.

From "Harmony in G Sharp."

The lounge of President Harry S. Truman's new flagship, the U.S.S. Williamsburg. The ship painting over the mantel is of the U.S.S. Constitution and the H.M.S. Java in the battle in 1812, by Charles R. Patterson.

NURSE BRAVES STORM TO HELP MAN AT SEA

Miss Ann King, 24 years old, a pretty blonde Red Cross nurse of Tampa, Fla., was acclaimed as a seagoing heroine yesterday by 368 Wacs and 119 Army and Red Cross nurses who arrived at St. George, S. I., aboard the troopship Blanche F. Sigman after a stormy fourteen-day trip from Le Havre. All the passengers, who had served in France and Germany for more than a year, expressed disappointment at landing just too late for the Easter parade.

According to Major Wallace Ward, troop commander of the ship, who also is a doctor, the Sigman received a request for medical aid on April 12 from the oil tanker Fort Henry while in midocean during a severe windstorm. Miss King, who was the first to respond to a call for volunteers, descended a steep ladder and entered a lifeboat in the rough seas with Major Ward and Captain Clem Watson, another doctor. The trip to the Fort Henry required forty-five minutes. The young woman also climbed a steep ladder to board the tanker.

The man for whom help had been asked was Frank Bunn, 26 years old, of Reading, Pa., who had been injured in a fall from a scaffold to the bottom of an oil tank. Miss King aided the doctors in bandaging him and he then was transferred to the troopship. After the ship docked, he was taken to the Marine Hospital at Stapleton, S. I. The Wacs and nurses, many of whom had been seasick, were taken to Camp Kilmer for processing.

BRITAIN'S MERCHANT AIRCRAFT CARRIERS

It is now revealed that during the most critical period of the battle of the Atlantic a number of merchant ships were

British Combine

equipped with flight decks for the launching and landings-on of aircraft which carried defensive armament. These ships known as Merchant Aircraft Carriers (or M A C Ships) are unique in Naval History in that they combine functions of laden merchantmen with those miniature escort carriers. Their original purpose was to provide air cover both for themselves and for other vessels in the 500 mile gap in the Atlantic which was at that time outside the range of shore-based aircraft. The Fleet Air Arm Pilots operating from M A C Ships have to face many difficulties. Even the largest M A C ship is considerably smaller than the smallest aircraft carrier, and in one case pilots have a flat space of only 400 feet from which to take off and on which to land.

FIRE AT SEA

Commander Kenneth E. Hayford, USMS, received the Distinguished Service Medal for services while serving as Chief Engineer aboard the *SS Harpers Ferry*. The tanker was in an Italian port discharging high octane gasoline over her starboard side through a pontoon pipe line and taking bunkers over her port side through a flexible hose line from an oil barge. The crew of the oil barge failed to maintain lines and the barge drifted away, causing the oil line to pull out of the bunker opening. Before the barge pumps could be stopped, fuel oil flooded the tanker's deck and ran over the side near the barge. This overflow was ignited by sparks from the galley stack of the barge and the flames spread rapidly. Hayford, assisted by three members of his engine room crew, strung out three lines of fire hose and succeeded in forcing the flaming oil overboard and extinguishing all fires. This was done in spite of the imminence of an explosion of the tanker's gasoline cargo.

Hayford's home address is 4882 Barrie St., N.W., *Canton, Ohio*. The HARPERS FERRY is operated by the American Trading and Production Corp., 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

CRIPPLED FREIGHTER ADRIFT IN ATLANTIC

By the United Press.

BOSTON.—The 10-000-ton American freighter *Laconia Victory* today radioed for assistance from a point 220 miles southeast of Sable Island, N. S., the Navy reported.

The vessel reported both boilers were inoperative and the Navy transport J. R. Brooke was ordered to stand by while other vessels in the vicinity were alerted. The Laconia Victory was en route to New York from Europe. Army officials said she was not known to be carrying large numbers of troops. No casualties were reported.

Book Review

BATTLE REPORT — THE ATLANTIC WAR

prepared from official sources by

Lt. Earl Burton, USNR and
Lt. Stephen L. Freeland, USNR

Farrar & Rinehart, 1946. 550 pages.

The sage of the Atlantic war told dramatically and in minute detail. The scene opens on Sept. 3, 1939 at Villefranche-sur-Mer, where Squardron 40-T, 2 destroyers and a cruiser, happened to be our navy's unit nearest to the scene of war. The story carries on through the early neutrality patrol; into the dark days of 1942 when "from Kittery to Key West the beaches were sodden with oil and torpedoed merchantmen burned before the eyes of those on shore"; on through the three great invasions and the crossing of the Rhine, which rightly belongs in an account of the navy's war. The book concludes with three appendices: navy training program; list of all naval vessels lost in the Atlantic-Mediterranean theater; and 110 page list of awards and citations.

The main body of the book is written in a clear, vivid style which makes it very readable in spite of its length. The appendices make it a valuable reference work.

—Dorothy Page.

Figurehead Sir Galahad, Main Entrance, Seamen's Church Institute of New York

CONTRARY TO REGULATIONS

(Continued from Page 8)

and undo the other end," Joe suggested. "You'll find it tied to a stanchion about twenty feet along the deck." The sarcasm was lost on Blondie. On his knees the kid crawled back to the edge of the raft and grasped the painter. Joe lurched to his feet, stumbled after Blondie. But the kid braced himself away from the bos'n's restraining grip and clutched the painter with his legs.

"Hey, Frankie!" he was screaming. "Frankie, I'm coming."

Frankie? Who was Frankie? Joe followed the kid's gaze up the painter, and there, halfway down the rope, like a fly caught on a thread of glue was Dagwood. Stuck.

They had to cast off at once. Another moment and the pull of the rising stern would lift the raft clear of the water and dash it against the hull. The bos'n drew a deep breath and bracing his knees, called, "Jump, Dagwood! Quick! I'll pull you out of the water." But before Joe could gather himself for the leap, Blondie, quick as a cat, was up the painter, seizing Dagwood by the belt and hauling him down to the raft. Nor was it a second too soon. With the gigantic, sucking sound, the whole stern hoisted high above the water and hung poised like the axe of doom above them.

Blondie was gasping as he pried Dagwood's weight from the painter and thrust the limp youngster at Joe.

Joe shouted to Chips to throw him something with which to cut the painter. But suddenly he saw a movement beside him. Blondie had whipped out his contraband knife, raised it aloft and sliced the rope. The life raft bounced a moment under the concussion of release then it settled easily against the swell. At that moment, the poised stern of the ship gave a shudder, and with the speed of a hammer blow, it toppled.

Marine Poetry

ROLLING O'ER THE DEEP

As the snow was descending from upward
It was in the bleak month of July
I sat on the poop of a three masted sloop
Eating barnacle stew and peat pie.
We were bound from Foo Yang on the Hudson
With a cargo of petrified air
To a port on the Hackmatack ocean
Where the natives had learned how to swear.
Our skipper had flowing green whiskers
Which he parted and combed every day.
Our sly mountain goat chewed them off while he slept,
He thought they were new-meadow hay.
Our mate was the son of a dolphin
As salt as the ocean is deep,
He ate marlin-spikes for his supper
Then groaned with distress in his sleep.
The cook served belaying-pin goulash
And he fed the goat's kid with a spoon,
The boatswain wore spats on the fo'c'stle head
As he shot liver-pills at a loon.
We sailed past the city of Ping-pong
And down through the whoozis canal
Then out by the strait of Tobasco
And on the lea side of Sempal.
When we rounded the Isle of Delgorda
And headed for Gorkingham Bay
The cabin-boy danced on the royal yard arm
And hung by his toes from a stay.
Ten pirates swarmed over our quarter
And ordered the mate to belay,
Then some dogfish came yipping and snarling
And frightened the pirates away.
A whale which delighted in bathing
Played under our bows just for sport,
The mate caught a rope on his high dorsal fin
And he towed our good ship into port.

By Geo. W. McVay

WORTH WAITING FOR

The quiet room.
The hearth fire's cheery glow
Outside, the gloom,
The daylight fading slow.
The evening peace
The busy world at rest
Then is the hour
Of all the hours most blest.
With you my dear
In close proximity.
My life to cheer
With love and amity.
A favourite book
The fragrant cup of tea
For that I look
When I come home from sea.

By Thomas Hill.

THE GOLDEN HARBOR

"There's a wondrous Golden Harbor, far beyond the setting sun,
Where a gallant ship may anchor when her fighting days are done,
Free from tempest, rock and battle, toil and tumult safely o'er,
Where the breezes murmur softly, and there's peace forevermore.
They have climbed the last horizon, they are standing in from sea,
And the Pilot makes the Haven where a ship is glad to be:
Comes at last the glorious greeting, strangely new and ages old,
See the sober gray is shining like the Tudor green and gold!
And the waiting jibs are hoisted, in the the old way,
As the guns begin to thunder down the line;
Hear the silver trumpets calling, in the old way!
Over all the silken pennons float and shine.
"Did you voyage all unspoken, small and lonely
Or with fame, the happy fortune of the few?
So you win the Golden Harbor, in the old way,
There's the old sea welcome waiting there for you."

By Captain Ronald Hopwood, Royal Navy

COMMUNION

She loved the sea, it drew her to its side,
The roaring thunder when the flood came in,
Or the soft murmur of the ebbing tide.
She felt its ruthlessness was like a thin,
Sharp blade against her heart, that it was rife
With murder yet was strangely free from sin.
For by the sea she could forget all strife,
There even sorrow seemed to be the odd,
Senseless vagary of this thing called Life.
She could not hear in hills or on smooth sod
The melody that breakers sang to her,
A song of Death that was the voice of God.

Eda H. Vines.
N. Y. Times

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Honorary President

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

President

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. DONALD B. ALDRICH, D.D.
RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.
RT. REV. BENJAMIN M. WASHBURN, D.D.
REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D.
REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.
REV. FREDERICK BURGESS
REV. HORACE W. B. DONEGAN, D.D.
REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE
REV. FRANK DEAN GIFFORD, Ph.D.
REV. FREDERIC S. FLEMING, D.D.
REV. LOUIS W. PITT, D.D.

Lay Vice-Presidents

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE — ORME WILSON — HARRY FORSYTH

Secretary and Treasurer

THOMAS ROBERTS

WILLIAM ARMOUR
EDWARD J. BARBER
CHARLES R. BEATTIE
EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL
REGINALD R. BELKNAP
GORDON KNOX BELL
GORDON KNOX BELL, JR.
CHARLES W. BOWRING, JR.
CHARLES B. BRADLEY
GERALD A. BRAMWELL
EDWIN A. S. BROWN
D. FARLEY COX, JR.
FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS
JOSEPH H. DARLINGTON
FREDERICK P. DELAFIELD
CLEMENT L. DESPARD
CHARLES E. DUNLAP
DE COURSEY FALES
FRANK GULDEN
CHARLES S. HAIGHT, JR.
GERARD HALLOCK, III
AUGUSTUS N. HAND
OLIVER ISELIN
ELLIS KNOWLES
LAMAR RICHARD LEAHY
RICHARD H. MANSFIELD
CHARLES H. MARSHALL
LOUIS B. MCCAGG, JR.
W. LAWRENCE MCLANE
CHARLES MERZ
GEORGE P. MONTGOMERY
JOHN LEWIS MONTGOMERY
MORTON L. NEWHALL
HARRIS C. PARSONS
JOHN H. G. PELL
FRANKLIN REMINGTON
JOHN S. ROGERS, JR.
CHARLES E. SALTZMAN
SAMUEL A. SALVAGE
JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN
THOMAS A. SCOTT
T. ASHLEY SPARKS
J. HARVEY TOMB
CARLL TUCKER
ALEXANDER O. VIETOR
FRANK W. WARBURTON
ERNEST E. WHEELER
WILLIAM WILLIAMS
WILLIAM D. WINTER
GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE

JOHN MASEFIELD

Director

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.

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."