The LOOKOUT

MAY, 1950

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Courtesy, Alcoa Steamship Co.

"THE BAUXITE RUN" (See Page 5)

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XLI

NO. 5

Sanctuary

O Lord God, whose way is the sea and whose paths are in the great waters, and whose command is over all, and whose love never faileth; make us, we pray Thee, mindful of the needs of those who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters and help us to provide for them:

We pray that Thou wilt send Thy blessing upon all seamen and guard them from danger and temptation and guide them in safety to the haven where they would be:

We pray that those to whom Thou hast committed the responsibility of administering Maritime affairs will always be guided by a deepening sense of what is right and just and that harmony will prevail in the ports of our land and other lands: We pray that Thou wilt bless all Seamen's Church Institutes and other agencies that care for the well being of sailors and their families: All of which we ask in the Name of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour, Amen.

Chaplain F. D. Daley

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI, MAY, 1950

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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President
THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer
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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 Alcoa freighter being towed down the Cottica river from Muengo, Dutch Guiana (Surinam), after being loaded with bauxite.

The Lookout

VOL. XLI MAY, 1950 NUMBER 5

You are cordially invited to visit the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street
on SUNDAY, MAY 21st
to participate in the celebration of
MARITIME DAY.

There will be "OPEN HOUSE" from 2 to 6 P.M.
Guided Tours of the Building
Continuous Moving Pictures in the Auditorium.
Special music and entertainment by merchant seamen.
Tea will be served from 3 to 5 P.M.
in the Janet Roper Club, 4th floor.
Chapel Service at 7:30 P.M.
Music by Institute Quartet.

For those wishing to remain for the Chapel Service, Dinner will be served in the Dining Room at 6 P.M. for $1.25. Please telephone BOwling Green 9-2710 for dinner reservations.

To reach the Institute, take the 3rd Ave. L, Broadway bus or Seventh Ave. subway to South Ferry, BMT subway to Whitehall Street or Lexington Ave. subway to Bowling Green. By car, take the East River Drive, or the West Side highway to South St. Parking space will be available.

WE HOPE YOU WILL COME AND BRING A FRIEND.

My Most Unforgettable Sea Experience

Franklin A. Picker, *Jr., Assistant Purser*

IT was just an ordinary day filled with routine things, this 23rd of January, 1949, and aboard the *SS Marine Perch*, westbound to New York, we were already guessing at an arrival time, provided that the weather held out, and nothing unforeseen happened.

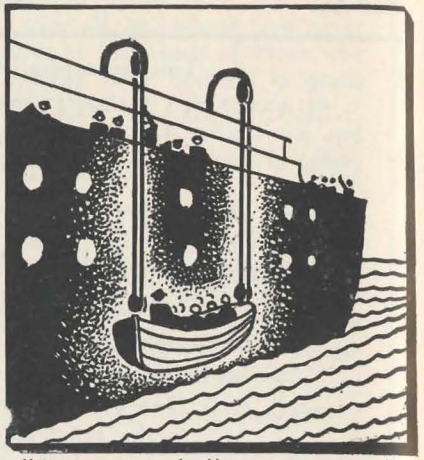
And it was just before lunch on this ordinary day when the lightning struck, — the kind called radio waves. It was a U.S. Coast Guard order. "Proceed immediately to render assistance, seriously injured officer aboard Greek *SS Nicoloau Maria*. The navigator estimated we needed 14 hours to cover the 300 odd miles separating us. It looked like a rendezvous at 2:00 A.M.

Routine things were put aside. All rescue equipment was double-checked; — the Doctors made ready their little black bags; — volunteers for the mercy mission were chosen.

The Old Man lifted his eyebrows a bit, — or so I thought, when I asked to go along, — a mere Purser, — but referred me to the Mate. The Mate reckoned he could use one more good man, — and I must have slipped through on that classification, because he told me to stand by at 2:00 A.M.

At 2:30 A.M. I was standing on the shelter deck, wrapped in a life-preserver and feeling very strange about it all. The rendezvous had taken place without incident; the Greek ship was lying off about half a mile. Searchlights were brightening up a small patch of coal black sea, at 2:35 A.M., when lifeboat and seamen were lowered from boatdeck to shelter deck, where the Mate and Doctors preceded me into the boat, and to a seat.

About 1 minute later, we were free of the mother ship, and proceeding on our mission, but we filled that 1 minute interval with enough un-



"A ping pong ball one instant . . ."

forgettable experiences for a dozen missions.

"Lower away" had been called, and we fell from gravity davits into the sea's bosom. At the exact instant that men were manipulating the releasing gear, a large swell picked up our several ton motor lifeboat, and tossed it against the hull of our mother ship, with a jolt that spread us around like ping pong balls. One doctor was thrown overboard, — the other Doc landed in a heap and stayed there. The Engineer fell across his motor and the Mate on top of him. One AB bounced once or twice in fancy gyrations, and another was spun completely across the boat. The bos'n executed a few unpremeditated hurdles and I came to a definite dead end against a center rail. No sooner had the Doc gone overside than men were pulling him back. Thirty seconds were gone, and one thing was foremost in everyone's mind — Get Away From The Side Of The Ship!! To be a ping pong ball one instant and a man giving and following orders the next is another, — but so it was. In much less time than it takes to read about it, we were pushing away, propellor turning, and counting noses.

We headed for our objective and took inventory enroute. One Doc was soaking wet, but sans bruises. Another hadn't moved since landing and cursory examination revealed a broken or dislocated shoulder and a broken wrist. The Bos'n's legs were cut badly, and swelling, and one appeared broken. The Engineer's nose and hands were cut badly, his eye was swelling fast, and he was making a semi-successful attempt to stop a profuse nose-bleeding. Numerous gashes spilled a red gore over the Mate's legs. One A.B. had an injured hip and probable broken ribs, while another had a nasty gash, that laid open the calf muscle in his right leg. I was whole, — I discovered, save for a chest pain, which later proved to be two broken ribs.

Through heavy swells, we approached our goal, but nothing more. Swells were so large, and the Greek ship was rolling so much, that a chance wave might set us, boat and all, right up on her deck. The Mate in charge decided to wait. It would be risky enough in daylight, but in the darkness, — well, there would be no prizes for effort. It was almost 3:00 A.M. when we circled back near the Marine Perch, and by means of flashlighted code, passed the word to our Captain, that we could not return, — and we could not complete our mission. It spelled only one thing. Ride it out, until daylight, some 4½ hours hence.

Those were a long uncomfortable 4½ hours with several men experiencing considerable pain, — and it was only slightly reassuring to see two large ships within a stone's throw. I was quietly taking personal inventory, — wondering what in blazes I was doing out there, — and wishing the rolling I was doing was in my bunk aboard the *Perch*. The men talked quietly among themselves, to pass time, displaying as little concern as possible. Water cans were broken out, and we completed the entire mission successfully, several times, in our conversations.

At 7:30 A.M., we finally managed to get alongside our mother ship. To make room for handling the injured Greek Officer, our most seriously injured Doctor was first slung aboard by stretcher. Fifteen minutes later, we put our second Doctor aboard the Greek ship. He wasn't long in deciding the Greek patient would have to go back with us. Unconscious, the patient was lowered overside, and into our lifeboat. We were on the last leg of our operation, — back to the *Marine Perch*, — our floating home.

It wasn't quite eight bells, and I found myself wondering, — not about all that had happened during the night, — but if I could make it to breakfast, before 8:30 A.M.

It didn't take long to hoist the Greek safely aboard, and then a hundred helping hands were boosting us bodily, over the rail, and onto steel deckplate that I had never missed so much.

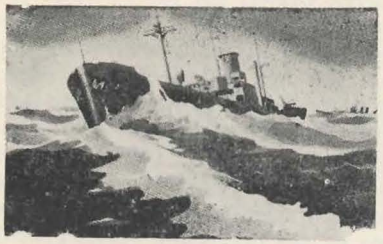
I lost a lot of sleep that night of nights, — but I did make it to breakfast. And the Greek? He pulled through OK.

Blind Man Knits for Seamen

Among the many friends who volunteer their time and energy to knit warm sweaters, watch caps, and socks for seamen is Ernest Rappaport. Now 70 years old, and blind for the past 10 years, Mr. Rappaport learned to knit at the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind. He has knitted 36 sweaters for our merchant seamen.

"From the Log"

By A. Matthiesen, *Third Mate*



"WIND NW, force 9; rough sea & heavy W'ly swell; vessel laboring hard & shipping much water;"

The second mate signed his initials in the log-book on the 1600 line and stowed the pencil in the rack.

"Well, she's all yours," he said to the chief mate. "Course is 285, allowing five degrees for leeway."

He lingered at the top of the bridge ladder, trying not to appear too anxious to go below. "Wonder what's for chow tonight?"

The chief mate repeated the course and braced himself against the lee wheelhouse door, looking out over the heaving ocean.

The ship pitched heavily, dipping her bow into the long, foam-crested swell mountains, then rose slowly, as if by gigantic effort, shaking the water off her fore-deck. The mate ducked as a crested sea smashed against the ship's hull, drenching the bridge with salt spray. Down on the fore-deck the water sloshed back and forth under the cargo winches with a noisy, monotonous rhythm.

Dark, wind-torn clouds came up from the Northwest horizon, casting gloomy shadows over the sea and ship. A planet, dim and lonely, appeared low in the West where the sun had dipped, and the mate brought out his sextant.

Down in the galley two cooks cursed as they tried to catch a large pan that slid back and forth over the greasy, slippery deck, in time with the ship's rolling. They caught the pan as another pot left its assigned place on the stove and banged against the bulkhead, splashing hot, brown gravy over stove and deck. "Damn!" said the chief cook. "Hell!" answered the second as he slipped and a heavy lurch sent him sprawling.

"Where's chow?" hollered the men in the crew's mess.

"Shut up!" answered the steward as the ship rolled hard over and plates and cups slid from the table to the deck.

A palefaced messman came with mop and bucket to clean up the spilled soup in the alleyway. The warm, greasy smell met him and the boy rushed for the weather door to the open deck. Leaning over the rail, while cold, salt spray soaked his shirt, he relieved himself into the surging sea.

"Tribute to Neptune!" laughed the bosun as he threw another lashing around a sliding oil drum.

In the chartroom the chief mate turned around as the captain came in.

"Six knots since noon, Cap'n. And she's drifted five miles to the South."

There was a terrific din as the ship crashed into a heavy swell mountain. Doors banged below the bridge and in the wheelhouse the steering gear creaked moaningly as the helmsman spun the spokes to meet the next wave.

"Better ease her down before she pounds her plates loose," said the Old Man as the mate followed him out on the bridge.

The bosun came up.

"The loose drums on the after-deck are all secured, Mister Mate," he reported. "Joe, the Ordinary Seaman, smashed his finger while doing it."

"Can he work?" asked the mate.

"He can work!" said the bosun.

Below, in the focstle, bulkheads creaked and chairs banged. The bosun threw his sea-boots into a corner and braced himself against a bunk.

"Hell of a blow," he said to the carpenter.

A sea crashed against the outside bulkhead and water dripped from the leaking port hole. Chips turned a page of a novel.

"Yeh, lousy weather!" he grunted.

On the bridge the chief mate thought: "Seven-thirty, only. How slow a watch can go!"

The wind was veering slowly and increasing in force. Long, heavy combers, streaked with white, phosphorous foam, came rolling in from the pitchdark horizon and the ship pounded heavily as her blunt nose met sea after sea with a rhythmic hammering. Rolling and pitching, she dipped her rails in green water, scooping it inboard, then rightened herself with rushing water spouting from scuppers and washports. The ship's red and green side-lights caught the flying spray in a ghostly glare.

Eight bells went, and the relieved wheelman went clattering down the bridge ladder, slipping on the wet steel rungs. The third mate came out from the chartroom, stumbling in the darkness.

"Guess we won't make port for Sunday with this weather," he said. "I've got a girl there, you know!"

"She'd be wiser to marry a farmer," grunted the chief mate, bending over the log-book as he wrote the entry for 2000 hours:

"Wind NNW, force 10; high sea & heavy NW'ly swell; vessel laboring hard & shipping much water — —"

The Bauxite Run

By Marjorie Dent Candee

SEAMEN have frequently mentioned "the bauxite run," pulling a long face, so I gathered that a cargo of this mineral is not the most agreeable kind to carry. Just recently, I discovered this fact for myself, when I sailed on a four-passenger Alcoa freighter from Paramaribo, Suriname (now the official name for Dutch Guiana) up to Muengo to the bauxite mines. I can now fully understand what seamen meant, and how unpleasant is the loading of this essential cargo which contains aluminum.

It's a long journey from a hard, reddish rock dug from the earth at Muengo to an aluminum saucepan in milady's kitchen, or to an aluminum lifeboat or airplane wing . . . and merchant seamen in "the bauxite run" do their part in this transformation.

Our freighter steamed up the narrow, winding Suriname river and reached a point called Hairpin Bend where a tug towed it, stern-first, up to Muengo. Enroute, primitive African Djuka tribes came out of the jungle to watch our boat go by, and to shout "du Pain" (our ship's baker threw them loaves of stale bread and they swam through the black, swirling water to rescue it). They also shouted "Chapeaux," as they love to wear fancy hats. They speak "talki-talki" and some have learned French from escaped prisoners from French Guiana when Devil's Island was a penal colony.

The bauxite is brought from the mines and loaded into the freighter's hold after it has been crushed by terrific pressure and heat. The result is sun-tan powder and a fine dust gets all over the decks, into one's hair and fingernails. As the loose bauxite pours down shoots into the holds the seamen get covered with it and they resemble creatures in Dante's Inferno. However, the bauxite powder is not harmful — but just messy.

Our freighter returned to Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, where the bauxite was unloaded into supply depots and eventually trans-shipped via other freighters to Canada. The bauxite is carried up the Saguenay River to the factories where, with plenty of water-power to generate electricity, the aluminum is extracted.

As a pleasing contrast, on our northbound trip, after the bauxite dust was washed out of the holds and from the decks, our freighter carried nice, spicy cargoes — arrow-root from St. Vincent, vanilla beans from Dominica, cocoa, nutmeg and mace from Grenada.

ADMIRAL BELKNAP RETIRES

REAR ADMIRAL REGINALD R. BELKNAP, U.S.N., ret., has retired from his duties as treasurer, bursar and registrar of General Theological Seminary. He has been a member of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York's Board of Managers since 1932 and has always been actively interested in Merchant Marine matters, serving on many committees of the Board.

Admiral Belknap received his rank as Rear Admiral following World War I by a special act of Congress in recognition of his efforts in organizing a new unit of the fleet for minelaying of the North Sea.

His interest in sailing ships has been very keen, by reason of his earlier experiences "under sail." Some years ago he wrote for THE LOOKOUT an amusing story about the "animals" on a ship, which we reprint, in part, here:

The Ship's Menagerie

When Noah put the ark out of commission, he was not accountable to anybody for getting the animals ashore and so, evidently, some of them stayed behind to leave their marks on board, some of which have come down to this day. There are *dogs* all over the ship, *ducks* in the sail room, a *cathead* on each bow, many a *gooseneck* about, and a *swallow* in every block.

. . . The *cat* and *fish* are used to get the anchor in, and a *crane* now gets the boats out. Sword belts and some uniform coats have *frogs*, the backstays are *snaked* down for action and shrouds have *ratlines*. Wireless has introduced a *rattail* and a *squirrel* cage . . . A *bull* ring and *bull* rope are ready, but we only have the *bull's eyes* and his tobacco. Possibly he was kept away by the *wildcat* and the *lioness* which used to hang out around the capstan where she left her *whelps*.

. . . Everyone knows that the watches between 4 and 8 are called *dog* watches because they are *curtailed!*

SKIPPER COMPLETES 25 YEARS WITH LINE

A deep-water sailor for forty-eight years, Capt. William W. Kuhne, skipper of the American Export Line's 9,644-ton steamer *Excambion*, brought his ship into port recently to complete twenty-five years as an Export Line captain.

Captain Kuhne, a heavy-set jovial man who shipped out as deck boy on a windjammer when he was 14 years old, is one of the few active skippers of steam vessels, licensed also as a master of sailing ships. He is now 62 years old.

In his cabin on the *Excambion*, Captain Kuhne recalled his first voyage from Cardiff, Wales, to Nagasaki, Japan.

"It took 198 days of sailing," he said, "but it was one of the most delightful voyages I've ever had. I fell in love with the sea on that voyage, and feel the same way about it today."

His Ship Was Torpedoed

After serving as captain of the freighter *City of St. Joseph*, he took command, successively, of two of the old Four Aces, the *Exeter* and the *Excambion*, before the outbreak of war in 1941.

As captain of the freighter *Express*, Captain Kuhne on June 30, 1942, was sailing through Mozambique Channel when an enemy submarine sent two torpedoes into the freighter's hull. The ship, loaded with ore, sank in three minutes. Captain Kuhne was thrown into the water without a life preserver. He swam for about an hour before he was rescued.

Captain Kuhne's home, which he has named Snug Harbor, is at Lake Mohawk, N. J. His son, Capt. William F. Kuhne, is skipper of the Export Line's freighter, *Exhibitor*.

Sailors' Fight against the Elements. Mural by Per Krogh on board new Norwegian-America liner *Oslofjord*.

A Shellback Remembers

THERE was an extra salty tang to the air and nostalgic memories of days gone by when Arch Macfarlane, seaman, visited the Grace Line's *Santa Rosa* recently. A week earlier he had written from Philadelphia to ask where he could secure a photograph of the sailing ship *M.P. Grace*. In conclusion he had casually mentioned having in his possession, dated 1897, his original seaman's discharge from this forerunner of Grace Line's modern fleet. Sentiment for the past being what it is in the maritime industry, Mr. Macfarlane was promptly invited to see for the first time, the painting of his old ship, executed by the famous marine artist Charles Robert Patterson and now hanging in the dining room of the *Santa Rosa*. Arch Macfarlane likes to call himself an "old shellback." Born in Brantford, Canada, in 1873, he began in sail on the Great Lakes in 1890. Frequently changing ships as was the custom in those days, he arrived in Baltimore in August, 1896, just in time to sign on the Down Easter, *M.P. Grace*, Captain John De Winter, Master, 1,863 registered tons, bound for San Francisco. Mr. Macfarlane observed that freight rates must have been high in those days to warrant carrying a cargo of coal almost 27,000 miles on a voyage lasting 165 days, particularly when new canvas had to be bent on in their five week attempt to round Cape Horn. The ship had a crew of twenty-five; Captain, two Mates, boatswain, sixteen seamen, sailmaker, cook, steward, two boys and last but not least, the Captain's wife. The crew stood watch and watch, provided their own clothes and tobacco and a seaman received $27 a month.

Seaman Macfarlane didn't think that conditions on sailing ships were especially harsh. His only bitterness was towards the crimp boarding masters who took two months' pay in advance for signing a man on.

Painting of *M. P. Grace* by Charles Robert Patterson on board *Santa Rosa*, Grace liner.

He reminded his listeners that the forecastle was so clean one could eat off the deck and the crew took fierce exception to anyone who was not scrupulously neat and honest. Perhaps some Captains were brutal and perhaps there was some truth to the old saying, "never let a Mate get behind you" but these were rare exceptions. He thinks he was lucky to have been born a Canadian. In those days Canada meant Nova Scotia to a Captain and of course a "bluenose' must be a good sailor. Remembering the height of the skysail above deck, it is hard to agree with those who called a "climber" only half a seaman.

After the *M.P. Grace* arrived in San Francisco, her sails harbor-furled as a crew's tribute to a good master, she was sold to the Alaska Trading Co. In 1906, perhaps disgraced at being converted into a scow, she foundered off the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. Meanwhile, Seaman Macfarlane had trekked overland to Galveston and shipped again in sail for England. As the years went by he changed to steam, became a Chief Engineer and served in two World Wars. Asked to compare the days of sail with steam he would only say that a sailing ship was "good for all who manned her."

Her Voice Thru the Night

By Valentine Hill

STRANGE tales are sometimes told by the men who go down to the deep seven seas in ships. This is one, and it is a true story.

The American freighter *Walker D. Hines* of San Francisco, bound, in ballast for Norfolk from Rouen slid slowly down the English Channel, swung past Land's End and steamed Westsouthwestward thru the bleak, grey stretches of a February North Atlantic.

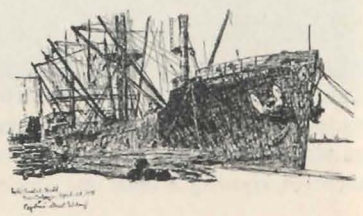
The Captain had earlier instructed "Sparks" to stand an early "graveyard" watch to copy the weather forecast from the Azores. Sparks, recently recovered from a case of influenza, was drowsy and partly in that half-world betwixt slumber and wakefulness. In the wheelhouse above, the Chief Mate squinted at the stars and lit a Chesterfield, as the seaman at the wheel jerked five strokes on the ship's bell denoting half-past two. From far below came the steady engine rhythm as First Assistant Carl, — onetime of Norway, — checked his entries in the log while glancing at his steam and water gauges. On a grating above, the Greek oiler wiped his brow with cotton waste, while the Scottish fireman-watertender knelt on the plates, adjusting his burners.

Now, gentle reader, 392 kilocycles means nothing on your broadcast receiver. It is, however, the frequency employed by the Portuguese Naval Radio-telegraph station at Horta. As Sparks twisted his dials with deft fingers, his ears were greeted only by occasional blasts of medium static; — the only interruption to the steady rhythmic beat of the engine far below. Sparks' blue eyes flashed thru his green shield to the radio room clock. In four minutes the dots and dashes from Horta would begin activating his fingers on the Underwood keyboard. Suddenly, as if electrified by an SOS call, — he sat transfixed as the beloved tones of his Lady came to his ears thru his headset. Was it a dream? A wishful fantasy? Too much pickles and cheese from the night-lunch? There had been no mail for Sparks at Rouen.

"Hello, Ralph dear; I am alright now. Are you alright? Everything is going to be fine from now on here in Miami. Come here as soon as you can — everything will be alright now. Good night, Ralph, dear." Sparks shook his big frame: rubbed his eyes. Quickly, he stood erect as in his old Navy days, "At Attention." Then he shook his head; lit a Camel. "Am I dreaming or going 'nuts?'" — he mumbled aloud to the mute panels of the equipment. The steady beat of the engine far below was his only answer.

Softly came the purring dots and dashes of the far-away radio-telegraph operator. Ralph's eight deft fingers clicked: "Portuguese Naval Forecast Area A, etc." While above, the chief mate yawned into the strong Southwest wind, expelled his cigarette-stub overside as the 441 feet of straining steel buffeted thru a trio of "high ones." Below, the First Assistant wiped his bifocals; checked his gauges; lit his pipe. In his bunk, Chang, chief cook smiled on his pillow, at his wife and little ones in far-off Canton.

In the crew's messroom amidships, the seaman on "stand-by" duty drew a steaming cup of coffee, while one of the colored oilers in his bunk aft coughed, and in the officers' quarters on the deck above, the Russian-born second mate snored whilst leading a Cossack attack in the Czar's Army. Far down below, intoned the engine: — "Homeward bound, homeward bound, homeward bound!"



Religion and the Voluntary Agencies

By the Rev. Raymond S. Hall, D.D.

SEAMEN'S agencies had their beginning because Christian people saw the need of making church services available for seamen. As time went on lodging houses were established and various services were added until we have our present day facilities. What we are trying to do now is to provide a home for these men when in port and even though our agencies have changed, the need for the original religious emphasis has not changed. *There is great spiritual unrest today.* The changes going on about us keep us in a state of confusion, unless we have some power greater than ourselves to which we can turn and find spiritual guidance and peace. Ours is a cut-flower civilization, says a prominent religious writer for we know that when we cut flowers sooner or later they will die because they have no roots. Many people in our day are dying spiritually because they have no roots. They do not recognize that this is God's world and that we can only face life and solve its problems if our faith is intensely real and alive.

Seamen are very much a part of our changing times and spiritual unrest. In some respects their problem is greater than the average. Many of them have no home ties and seem to be trying to escape from something — a broken home, a nagging wife, a prison record, alcohol or a thousand and one other things. When they are at sea there is a routine, they can get away from their problems temporarily and somehow the sea breezes seem to sweep clean. As soon as they return they find that they have not escaped, however.

We have seen shipping gradually decrease with thousands and thousands of well-trained men thrown "on the beach" because there are not enough jobs to go around. We have seen them try to get part-time work and know that very little of the slack will be taken up because there are not enough part-time jobs available. Unemployment has probably hit them harder than the members of any other profession. When a man is hungry and begins to lose his self-respect he is ready for any kind of promises, and the saying, "Man shall not live by bread alone," is of small help for he does need bread. When a man is down and out he will grasp whatever seems to be a solution to his problems so let us face facts! Radical and subversive elements are a great threat to seamen today. They challenge seamen's agencies to a greater extent than ever before. Again I repeat — the need for religious emphasis in seamen's welfare work is great. As religion is so important a part in the life of our agencies, so the problem is *how are we going to do the best job?*

The Institute's Chapel

In the Seamen's Church Institute we have just made a thorough study of the objectives for which it was founded. Although church services were the primary reason, it was soon learned that the all-around needs of seamen had to be ministered to if a good home were to be established, because Religion is concerned with all areas of a man's life.

In order to serve these all-around needs of seamen we found it tremendously important that *each member of the Staff understand our objectives*, and that each, whether a department head, a porter or an elevator man, be challenged with the importance of what he is doing in meeting these objectives. In other words, every staff member must be imbued with a spirit of loyalty and service.

We should encourage men to attend the church of their choice. It is impossible to hold religious services that suit the desires or consciences of the many denominations that use our building. When an agency is sponsored by one sect, notices should be posted letting the men know where various religious services can be found for such services are seldom available for seamen when at sea and consequently they get out of the habit of attending. If they are to meet the confusion of our times they cannot do so without attending the house of God and meeting their religious obligations.

There is a great need for a ministry of friendship in seamen's work as these men need someone on whom they can count as a sincere friend. Such friendship can be established by making an effort to know these men, by being concerned with what they are doing, by "bending an ear" as they talk about their trips, their families, their difficulties in finding work and their endless problems. Mingling with them in their activities about our building will go far in getting to know them better for, one of the great faults of our day is the fact that people get so wrapped up in themselves that they are not interested in others. There are still seamen who feel that society looks down upon them. We must make every effort to have them realize that we are their friends not because we feel that they need help or because we pity them, but because of a deep religious conviction that we are there to serve all men.

. . . A ministry of friendship.

Yes, we are living in days of great change and spiritual unrest and there is a tremendous job to be done along all the waterfront.

We must re-emphasize the objectives for which our agencies were founded. We must encourage men to attend divine services. We must get so near to them that they will look to us for friendship and not turn to those who make false promises.

So we must *affirm* the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God that exists as a part of our Christian heritage.

Our task is a great one, but as long as we are true to the ideals of the founders of our agencies and as long as we believe in a God of hope and love, we can with His help conquer and overcome all else.

Paper presented by the Rev. Raymond S. Hall, D.D., Director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, at the Panel for Seamen's Welfare, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, October 20, 1949.

Time Out for a Swim

By Don Brown, *Bosun*

THERE is no such thing as a perfect ship, at least I have never heard of anybody who has found one. It's either the Skipper who is wrong, or the Mate, or the crew, the chow, or even the run that is a bum one. In this case it was the run. Nobody likes the run into the Persian Gulf, especially if it's a shuttle run. This was a tanker and we had already shuttled into the Persian Gulf twice and were more than ready to go home. The Gulf is inhumanly hot, and dirty ashore.

Aside from our bad run, everything was going smoothly. We had a good Steward who fed us as well as possible, a congenial Chief Mate, and a Captain who was like a father to us all. He did everything he could possibly do for us to make the trip more pleasant. He looked more like a school teacher than a Captain with thirty years at sea behind him. He was a little fellow about five foot seven, with a slender build and he wore glasses. I never heard him raise his voice or get excited. He had gained the respect of the entire ship's personnel.

But no man can constantly keep up the morale of a crew who has had enough. The constant heat, the days and weeks at sea, the lack of privacy and recreation led to boredom and jumpy nerves. Such was beginning to happen to us. Petty quarrels were starting, there was very little conversation among the crew. The strain was beginning to show. We knew it. The Captain knew it.

One exceptionally hot day, practically all hands were in the mess hall at morning coffee time. The only conversation was between the pumpman and an oiler who were talking about the trouble we had been having with the engines below. About that time the Captain walked in, cleared his throat and began to speak. "Boys," he said, "I realize that this has been an exceptionally hard trip, and the strain is beginning to show on us all and I know we need some relaxation. So I'll tell you what — two men will stand by with rifles on the lookout for sharks. We will stop the engines this afternoon at one o'clock and for four hours we will relax and have a good swim." So saying, he walked to his cabin.

At one o'clock all hands were on the main deck. When we came to a full stop, one by one all hands who were not on watch dove in and came out refreshed and laughing. We swung one of the booms over the side and made a swing that would take us far out and high over the side before you would have to drop in. Soon officers and crew alike were swimming, riding the swing, laughing and shouting in the water. Looking up on the boat deck we saw the Captain himself in swim trunks. With a big grin he dove in and joined in the fun. We looked more like a bunch of school boys than a crew of hardened sailors.

At five o'clock we heard the generators start up, and the Captain ordered us all aboard. "That's it,boys," he cried. "Let's go." Soon afterward, all hands were having dinner; they had all had a swim and everyone had a terrific appetite. Everybody was talking and laughing at once, talking about the pranks that had been pulled on each other in the afternoon swim. The Captain came through the mess hall and stood and grinned. "Well, everybody had a good swim and we ought to feel better now. Right?" he asked. "Right," they all replied.

Of course we all knew that the Chief Engineer had declared an emergency down below, and we had to shut down the plant for the afternoon. But the tension was broken. Besides it was a lot nicer to pretend that the Skipper had really taken time out, so we could go swimming.

Ship News

DRAMATIC SEA RESCUE

Radar's contribution to safety of life at sea as a navigating aid through fog and darkness was dramatically demonstrated recently when it enabled the ship's officers aboard the *SS Stockholm* to locate and proceed to the rescue of a burning Danish mail boat, the *Kronprins Olav*.

The mail boat caught fire in Kattegat Strait, off the Swedish coast, on her way to Copenhagen. Passengers told of terrifying scenes as the fire spread in the dark. Half-dressed men and women took to boats in fog lit by leaping flames.

In response to the *Kronprins Olav's* frantic SOS call, the *Stockholm's* officers singled out the burning vessel on the radar viewing scope, navigated through waters cluttered with fishing vessels, in a dense fog, until 108 of the passengers and crew had been rescued.

U. S. LINES AWARDS MEDALS

The first U. S. Lines Distinguished Service Medals to be awarded since the war were presented recently to Capt. David R. Phoebus, master of the *Pioneer Sea*, Second Officer George Previll and a life boat crew of 12 who effected the rescue of 12 men from two large tanker barges and a tug off Honshu, Japan.

A framed, illuminated scroll, commemorating the event was also presented to the ship to be placed permanently on a wall, and a copy of the scroll given to each member of the crew, every one of whom had stepped forward when volunteers were called for to man the rescue lifeboat.

PROFESSOR SEWARD RETIRES

MR. HERBERT L. SEWARD, Institute Board member, professor of mechanical engineering at Yale University, and a noted authority on the Merchant Marine, is retiring after 42 years of teaching at Yale.

He was appointed instructor in 1908 and since that time has combined a full teaching schedule with many leading assignments for the government and private firms as a maritime consultant.

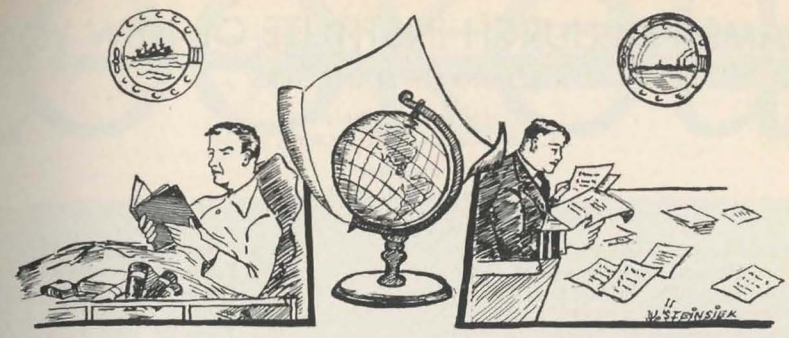
During World War II he served as a civilian consultant for Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox. Prof. Seward recently made a survey of training in the Merchant Marine and recommended that the Kings Point and State Academies be adequately maintained.

From 1937 to 1939, he was on leave from Yale to serve as Maritime Assistant to Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper.

Ships and sailing have been both his hobby and his job since his youth when he worked on New England coast steamers to earn student expenses. Both his father and grandfather were sea captains.

For years Professor Seward participated in the trial runs of many famous ships. In 1923 he was one of the experts on the trial run of the *S.S. Leviathan*, the leading steam vessel of the time. He was one of the neutral observers on the first Genoa-to-New York run of *Conte de Savoia* in 1932.

In his office at Yale's Strathcona Hall, he has both ends of the *Leviathan's* engine room telegraphs, and for a long time these telegraphs were used to inform students and other University persons of his whereabouts. The indicator set at "full speed ahead" meant that he had gone to class. "Full speed astern" meant a faculty meeting, while "dead slow" was another way of saying "gone to lunch." At the end of the day when he left for home, the indicator pointed to "finished with engines."



SHIPS THAT MADE U.S. HISTORY
By Helen Mitchell & W. N. Wilson
McGraw-Hill, $2.50

From the dawn of August 3, 1492, when the *Santa Maria*, *Pinta* and *Niña* sailed without fanfare from Palos, Spain, up to that momentous Sunday morning, Sept. 2, 1945, when a small party of Japanese bigwigs came aboard the "Mighty Mo." to sign the "instrument of surrender" before the Allied commanders, ships have played a valiant and important role in American history. This book is a collection of sketches both pictorial and verbal of a heterogeneous selection of these ships: explorers, colonizers, steamboat pioneers, whalers, warships, traders. It is a lucid, well-written, historically accurate aggregation, written at about the high school reader level.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

CREW OF AMERICAN SAILOR ENTERTAINED

A DANCE for the 190 young men who made up the crew of the State of Maine Training ship *American Sailor* was held in the auditorium of the Seamen's Church Institute, under the co-sponsorship of the Institute and the U. S. Propeller Club of New York, on March 16th.

The ship docked in New York March 15th for a five day visit, and her crew were taken aboard various merchant ships in the harbor by officials of the Propeller Club to observe the handling of cargo and other technical seagoing activities. These young men, who have been training for jobs as licensed officers in the Merchant Marine, enjoyed a full evening of relaxation with dancing partners, refreshments, decorations, and a popular orchestra supplied by the Institute and the Propeller Club.

NELSON THE SAILOR
By Capt. Russell Grenfell, R.N.
The Macmillan Co., $3.00

For most of us Cape Trafalgar is merely a point to take a bearing on between Cape St. Vincent and Gib; but to the British it represents naval tradition at its finest. The life of Nelson, depicted here, follows the struggle against great odds to keep the Mediterranean open during the Napoleonic Wars. It parallels a similar fight to accomplish the same thing in the last war when Malta stood alone.

It is of interest to note that Nelson shipped out as an A.B. on a merchant vessel before he became a naval officer. His basic knowledge of seamanship was a large factor in his later success. He ran a taut but happy ship. Maybe that is why the Royal Navy grog is called Nelson's Blood. He was not perfect and (Shades of the Missouri) ran his flagship aground during the battle of Copenhagen. If you read this book you will see how a man, minus an arm and eye, established the code of fighting her ships that has given England her maritime dominance.

CAPT. A. L. BROWN

BLACK FALCON
By Armstrong Sperry
Published by John C. Winston Co., $3.50

Though Wade Thayer was only sixteen when his father's ship, *Delta* was captured by the British frigate *Cerberus*, he was a great, strong lad for his age, his father's right hand man and already deeply in love with Floreal whom he had left behind in New Orleans. And his adventures in the pirate camp at Barataria and later in the Battle of New Orleans in Old Hickory's service showed him — as it is intended to show the reader — that Jean Lafitte, while erring, was yet noble at heart and a staunch and patriotic American.

As a boy's book this is almost purely a novel of incident with rather set speeches, but vividly told and with a sound background of history. Lovers of TREASURE ISLAND should find much to intrigue them in this rousing story of New Orleans during our second war with the British.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

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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.