

The

LOOKOUT



Wesley Grant.



MARCH 1950

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Sanctuary

O GOD, who alone canst uphold the minds of men, without whose beauty and goodness our souls are unfed, without whose truthfulness our reasons wither; consecrate our lives to thy will, giving us such purity of heart, such depth of faith, such steadfastness of purpose, that, in thy good time, we may come to think thine own thoughts after thee; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

"FORTH"

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI, MARCH, 1950

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A HAPPY EASTER FOR THEM

Through Central Council volunteers and our Chaplains, the Institute packs and distributes Easter baskets to seamen in marine hospitals. Won't you send a contribution so that seamen far from home, ill and lonely, may have a brighter Easter season?

Send gifts to: Central Council, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

The Lookout

VOL. XLI

MARCH, 1950

NUMBER 3



"All I need is a native fakir, two cobras, a case of Sandpaper Gin and one hour's time . . ."

Surfaceblow Hoists a Jall One

By Steve Elonka

My phone rang a few minutes ago. It was Bedlam's Bent Propeller Bar around the corner in Hells Kitchen. "Listen," said Bedlam, "Marmaduke just yelled 'BILGE-WATER.' Hang on and you can hear him sound off." I hung on. Here's what I heard:

"Back in 1905 I was chief engineer on the old SS Asia Sun on the Far East run. She was an old triple-expansion job with watertube boilers.

"Her skipper was a schoolship graduate who had connections in the line and was trying to work into a desk job in Frisco. He had no use for marine engineers in general — especially for me. According to him, I was a disgrace to the line and a 'monkey wrench' engineer of the worst kind. Some day he would clean out every 'rough-neck' and have nice, clean-cut 'gentlemen with officer-like qualities' for marine engineers.

"In those days, I was considered a character on every waterfront from Bombay to Zanzibar. I was the toughest and hardest working chief in the line. I could lick my weight in man-eating sharks and could drink the toughest coal-burning fireman under

the table — and do a full day's work down below next day. I worked all day, five days in a row, on a tough overhaul job more than once — and stayed out raising hell every night without sleep. That was in the sizzling Far East ports where the engine and boiler rooms hit 140 F.

"But in spite of me, the Asia Sun never had a breakdown and burned less coal than other ships of her class.

"Pulling into Saigon, French Indo-China, one trip, the skipper got annoyed by an unusual accident. The wooden upper section of the mainmast got loose and slid into the hollow iron tube that made up the lower half of the mast. Now a ship's mainmast isn't small. The lower iron part was 60 ft. high and the wooden upper section about 50 ft. high by 2 ft. at the lower diameter, where it fastened into the iron mast.

"The native shipyard at Saigon made an estimate. The 'old man' burned up because they wanted too much and his ship would have to go into the yard for a few days, besides.

"We pulled out of there with the mainmast still down and made for Bombay. Again he got into an argu-

ment with the local shipyard. They needed three days to make a new wooden mast and wanted \$3,600 for the job — in American money. That's when the old man really popped a fuse.

"Now Bombay was my favorite port. When I heard about the old man's troubles at breakfast, I got a little cocky and sounded off. No one liked the old goat anyway — especially me.

"I can fix that toothpick-of-a mainmast by myself," I croaked through a jawfull of smoked herring. 'All I need is a native fakir, two cobras, a case of Sandpaper Gin and one hour's time. And I can do it without pulling into a shipyard.'

"That did it! The old man turned purple around the gills and nearly choked. Everyone perked up their ears. When he got his breath and stopped coughing, he bellowed, 'You've been drinking too much Sandpaper Gin as usual, Mr. Surface-blow. Just to teach you that you can't be disrespectful to your superiors — and especially to the master of the Asia Sun, I'll take you up on that offer. Just to make it official and show the home office how some so-called engineers work out a difficult engineering problem, I'll write your proposition — with the results — in the smooth log.'

"I didn't think you'd go that far," I said, downing my black coffee in one gulp, 'but if that's the way you want it, go ahead.'

Low-brow Refreshments

"I'll have your case of low-brow refreshments, the fakir and two cobras on deck at noon," continued the captain, leaving the messroom all flustered. 'And you have 'til one o'clock to perform your *miracle*,' he barked from the alleyway.

"After breakfast it got around that the old man finally had me where he wanted me. Everyone wondered how I'd get out of *that* one, but they were pulling for me. I hurried below and told my first assistant I needed two oilers until noon.

"About 11:30 a quartermaster came up the gangplank with a fakir whose head was wrapped in a bulky turban. He wore only a G-string on skinny brown body and held a basket under one arm and a snake charmer's flute in his other hand.

"Word spread over the Bombay waterfront that an American ship's engineer was going to raise a mast with the help of a fakir. By noon the deck of our ship, and nearby ships were crowded. So were the docks. The old man was up on the bridge pacing up and down. The Line's Bombay agents and deck officers were with him. That was my big moment.

"I barged up on deck and motioned the fakir to follow me. Up on the boat deck I had him place his basket between himself and the mainmast, ready to go into action.

"Then I did something that really had my audience guessing. I took a white pillow slip from my pocket and wrapped it around my head for a turban. The crowd roared.

"The old man looked down and almost popped his safety valve. I heard him say, 'That silly bilge-rat is a bigger fool than I thought.'

"I faced the mast and waved my arms like a magician. The ship's whistle gave a short blast and the fakir removed the basket's cover and started blowing his flute. At the shrill curious sound the snakes' heads started rising from the basket. Then I lifted my arms higher, commanding the mast to raise. The crowd let out another roar.

"Then suddenly all was silent. The wooden mast showed up above the hollow mast. The old man's eyes popped as he watched the mast slowly rise while the flute music continued.

"I kept waving my arms. The cobras raised higher and higher — so did the mast. Then another roar from the crowd, acclaiming my deed. In a little while she was all the way up. I climbed up that mast, took a monkey wrench from my pocket and tightened the clamps that had loosened. Then I ripped the pillow case

(Continued on page 5)

Tribute from a Neighbor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

"K.C.," an anonymous friend, is a parishioner of St. George's Church and is on the Board of the Five Points Mission. He visited the Seamen's Church Institute of New York recently and then wrote the following article for "The Monthly Echo" which we are pleased to reprint.

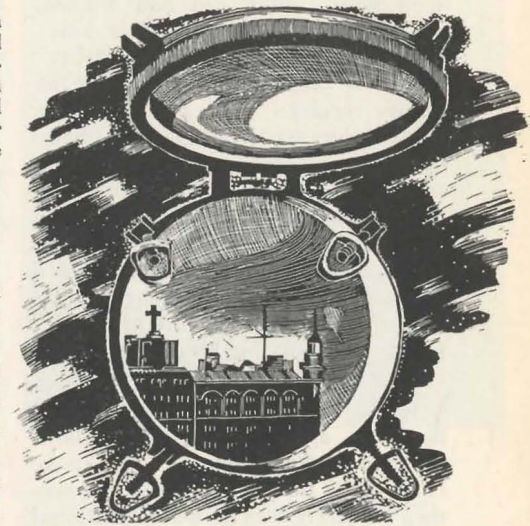
THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
AT 25 SOUTH STREET

OVER a century ago (1844) a local missionary society established a floating church on the New York waterfront for "seamen and boatmen" — a tiny beginning from which, with vision and devotion, a magnificent institution has grown.

Hardly is the general public aware of the constant, indispensable service to civilization, and the arduous life, of the men who "go down to the sea in ships" (Psa. 107, 23). Fruits from the tropics, oil, fabrics — raw materials and manufactured goods from the ends of the earth — flow continuously into the great port of New York, while out of it pours as constantly an enormous volume of products from American farms and factories. Little of all this traffic travels in the famous, fast, floating palaces that tourists favor; the great bulk of it is carried in little known slow steamers that plod endlessly from port to port through heat and cold and storm and calm.

For months on end the crews of these ships are far from home; the waterfronts of distant cities are alive with shysters who prey on the unwary and with other sharpers who pander to the lower appetites and passions of weary and lonely and homesick men.

Wherever the forces of evil are rampant, the Church of Christ must meet and strive to overcome them. Dilatory she has often been; many crying evils flouted the Christian conscience for generations before being effectively challenged — but challenge them the Christian conscience



some day must. Hesitantly, some ten years after setting up the first floating chapel, the Missionary Society for Seamen recognized the need for wider services; its charter was extended to include lodging and entertainment, "moral, spiritual, mental and bodily the better to care for the men's welfare." Under its auspices, therefore, in the half-century following, several residences and homes for seamen were opened, the last and largest of that era being "Breakwater Hotel" in Brooklyn, where many ships then docked. In the same spirit also, but largely as acts of individual helpfulness, the chaplains protected seamen's money, mail and baggage.

Often "an institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man" of vision and courage. In 1896 such a man, the young Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, came to the teeming waterfront of New York, then the worst port in the world. Sails still moved most freight, and great four-masters picturesquely arched their bowsprits across South Street. But humanly the scene was hell on earth. Sailors were robbed, exploited, even murdered, and had no defense before the law.

"Crimps" were practically masters of the port; they took sailors ashore from incoming ships, entertained them with liquor and bad women, then (with the law on their side) exacted payment for the "hospitality" when the cargoes were sold and the sailors received their meager wages out of the proceeds. Sailors thereupon either starved or gave the crimp an advance for another job aboard a ship. Sometimes, clubbed or drugged unconscious, they awoke to find themselves on an outgoing vessel under a strange captain, so utterly brutal that he paid the crimps "blood-money" for thus supplying him with a crew completely under his power.

Realizing the uselessness of passive measures against such evils, Mansfield took the offensive. He spoke from many pulpits, insisting that seamen's welfare was no denominational affair; he established New York's first free school of seamanship; he enlisted philanthropists; he watched from Staten Island with a telescope for incoming ships, and met them in a launch before the crimps could do so, and proclaimed to all aboard his offer of clean beds, good food, and honest treatment in his seamen's homes ashore. Steadily these became larger and more numerous, and furnished more services.

Crimps Turn Violent

Gradually, sailors accepting his offer came to be in demand aboard the better ships; they were sober, healthy, and better equipped. Mansfield then sought berths for them without the profit-seeking intervention of the crimps; as the latter had long enjoyed a lucrative monopoly of the employment business, this step was a dangerous one. Previously content with jeers, insults, and threats, the crimps now took to violence. Gangs fell upon Mansfield's men and beat them up; some were even murdered. The situation came to a head in 1900 when two successive crews he dispatched to a ship were waylaid and beaten up and in a riot resulting aboard the ship itself, an agent of the Shipping Commissioner was mur-

dered. A public officer killed in line of duty; Mansfield took care to have this burst upon the pulpits, the press, and the conscience of all New York. Within a year, crimps were prohibited by law from boarding ships in New York harbor.

F. D. R. Helps

With the help of Franklin D. Roosevelt, then a rising young lawyer just beginning a long career of statesmanship and public service, Dr. Mansfield had Federal and State laws framed and adopted for the protection of seamen. Kidnapping was prohibited, and boarding-house keepers compelled to open their premises to inspection. But Mansfield sought more than the negative advantages of protection; he dreamed of a single great headquarters building on the waterfront, extending all kinds of needed hospitality and protection to sailors of every race and creed, and he lived to see it built in 1913 and to superintend it for years thereafter: the now world-famous SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.

Any normal year's operations of this Institute are large-scale business: 350,000 night's lodgings; 1,000,000 meals served; 100,000 attendance at the numerous movies, concerts and games; 3,000 treatments in clinics; 3,500 jobs secured; 30,000 readers in the Conrad library; the Institute post office doing as much business as for a town of 30,000 people: a year's figures on this scale are typical but only partially picture the work. And the Institute is ever alert for emergencies and for innovations; its every resource was taxed during both World Wars. For a time during the second, it sheltered British children evacuated from bombed cities and nearly all of the time was sheltering survivors of the crews (altogether 200 crews) of American and Allied ships sunk by enemy action. During the misery of depression, it accepted only token payments of ten cents or so per meal or lodging (sailors universally detest outright charity) from seamen who had to wait months at a

time for work. Except in such emergencies, some 70% of operating costs, are fully paid for by the men themselves; they also pay moderate fees for schooling and certain of the other services; all other operating expenses are defrayed by friends of the Institute all over the United States.

Often the Institute has shown its readiness for innovations. Most recently, its school of seamanship and navigation, which has prepared tens of thousands for better positions, has added radar to its curriculum: its position at the foot of Manhattan commanding the New York harbor is peculiarly well adapted for practical demonstration of radar technique. Back in 1921, it initiated free medical advice and directions to ships at sea by radio, thus saving hundreds of seamen's lives on ships having no physician aboard. It also initiated legislation requiring first aid examinations for every ship's officer obtaining a license.

No adequate description of the Institute's work can omit to mention its Chapel of Our Savior, with a beautiful seascape by Gordon Grant, or its attractive club rooms for Danish, Dutch, Belgian and Swedish seamen.

To many landsmen, sailors seem peculiar — more likely than most men to crave drink, more ardent in love and hate, often hopelessly inept in obvious business matters, and possessed of an abiding passion for shipboard life. Yet today's world owes them much: without their fierce loyalties and passion for the sea, the World Wars would never have been rightly won. Survivors from convoys who saw ammunition ships blow up in mid-ocean or burning tankers set the sea aglow at night, unflinchingly returned to their work knowing that their comrades' bodies were being washed ashore all the way between Labrador and Mexico. In the words of "Mother Roper" who worked with seamen all her life and understood them as few have done, "I never met a sailor who was a coward nor ever heard of a heroic deed from the lips of the man who did it." —K. C.



(Continued from page 2)

off my head with one hand and waved it to the crowd. They let out a roar and nearby ships joined in by blowing their whistles. In nothing flat I was down the mast and up on the bridge.

"Before I could open my trap, the line's agent grabbed my hand and said, 'Congratulations, Mister Surfaceblow. You're a great engineer. We need more officers of your caliber. Now tell us how the devil you raised that mast.'

"'Nothing to it,' I replied. 'It's a simple principle of hydrostatics I learned while experimenting with a cork in a bottle of Sandpaper Gin. I drilled a hole for a 1-in. pipe tap in the deck under the mainmast, tapped it and hooked it up to a firehose. When the ship's whistle gave the signal, the oiler on watch started the fire pump. The mast floated up on the water.'

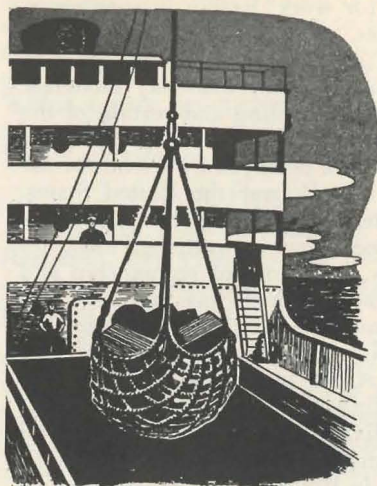
"'And why in thunder did you need that filthy fakir and cobra?' cut in the old man in a weak voice, trying hard to act like an officer. 'That was to give you a show for that case of Sandpaper Gin I've come to collect . . .' I answered ' . . . after you write this complicated engineering feat in your smooth log.'"

Reprinted from "Operating Engineer"

An Address Synonymous With Service



"25 South Street"



HAVE you ever watched the cargo of a freighter being unloaded, and wondered about the destination of the barrels and boxes and crates and bales? Sugar and rubber and copper and tin, laces and orchids and pearls, cocoa and coffee, and a thousand articles for your daily living — all brought to you on merchant ships from Rio, Rangoon, Surinam and Stockholm, Curacao and Trinidad.

When the seafarers who man these freighters and tankers come ashore in the Port of New York thousands of them chart their course to "25 South Street," an address synonymous with service, and symbolical of Home. Here, in this 13-story building as many as 5,000 each day receive some kind of service — 1,400 take rooms or dormitory beds, 3,000 have meals, and all enjoy the recreational, educational, health and religious facilities.

To carry on this largest shore home in the world for merchant seamen requires \$150,000 annually. For 105 years the Seamen's Church Institute of New York has befriended seamen, never asking their race, politics or religion. The free services are maintained by the voluntary gifts of thoughtful landmen like yourself who recognize the vital role of seafarers in world commerce.

YOUR support of this Institute will help it to welcome these seamen who are so essential in transporting the world's commerce. It will help to keep up their morale when ships are tied up and jobs are scarce, as is the situation at present with over 2,100 American ships in the laid-up fleet. To keep these men "on even keel" is good insurance for their personal futures, the future of the American Merchant Marine, and *your* future.

OIL, SAND AND WIND

By Kermit W. Salyer, Chief Officer



THE oil of the middle East has made headlines ever since Nebuchadnezzar forced Shadrach, Meshack, and Abed-nego into the fiery furnace, a fire fed by petroleum seeping out of one of the subterranean pools now being emptied by the pumps of American, British, Dutch and French oil companies.

Just as fast as the oil is drained from under the sands of the birthplace of man, it is loaded aboard tankers of every flag and transported all over the world.

My ship is running between the Persian Gulf and ports in France under a Marshall Plan contract. We usually load at Ras Tanura, Saudi Arabia, but occasionally we run up to Mena Al Ahmadi, Kuwait, for a cargo. The round trip from our loading port to a discharge port is 34 days for Port de Bouc (near Marseilles) and 42 days for Le Havre.

Other ships load at the huge refinery at Abadan, Persia, at Bandamashur, Persia, or at Bahrein Island.

In my opinion, this is the world's best trade for a man who chooses to make his living on the sea. The weather between Suez and the Persian Gulf is perfect except for a couple of summer months, when the temperature runs as high as 130°.

Fortunately, we get all the unpleasant aspects of the weather during the same season, in the spring and summer months, except for a few days of winds in the Gulf in winter. The worst of the heat occurs in the lower end of the Red Sea, about two or three days south of Suez and just outside the northern limits of the monsoon. There, during July and August, not a breath of air stirs, or if there is any breeze it is neutralized by the speed of the ship, and the mercury is almost always above 115°. The heat is so oppressive that it settles down over one's head and shoulders like a blanket. It can actually be felt pressing one down, and even breathing is difficult at times. The southern part of the Persian Gulf isn't much better during this time of the year.

The Southwest Monsoon blows from May until the end of August and causes high seas to build up in the Arabian Sea. But we have that only for a week every five or six weeks, for we soon steam through it on our seemingly endless voyaging from Europe to the Persian Gulf and back again. During this season the wind is off the land and it brings millions of tons of sand with it. Sometimes the sand is so thick that visibility is cut down to a fraction of a mile and radar has to be used to grope one's way through it. At such times it wouldn't surprise me at all to have to stop for a caravan of camels to cross ahead of us. The sky is leaden or a dull sandy color and one seldom sees a patch of blue. Finding the horizon is a daily guessing game.

The wind deposits a film of dust and sand all over the ship and she looks as if she has just been painted with a buff-colored paint. As soon as we get out of the area I have my sailors wash down the whole ship. After such a washing, the main deck having collected all the sand from

the houses, masts and rigging, has the appearance of a piece of newly-harrowed farmland rather than the steel decks of a ship.

From September until May, during the Northeast (wet) Monsoon and the periods of variable winds immediately preceding and following it, the weather is perfect, with temperatures around 85 to 90 degrees. The wind is from seaward and the air is clear as crystal with a very blue sky and great puffs of cotton for clouds. The sea is smooth, scarcely ever breaking across the deck of even a deeply-laden tanker. At night the horizon is very sharp, showing a definite cleavage between the sea and sky, and millions of stars are shining just beyond reach of the outstretched hand and the moon is like a newly-minted riyal.

The Persian Gulf has its share of wind, too. The northwester there is called a "shamal" and blows for three days at a time, except in June and part of July when it blows for 40 days. This is called the "banih" or 40-day shamal. This wind is also loaded with sand and dust from the desert, the Mesopotamian deserts, and

it deposits a thin film over everything. It gets in the eyes, in the hair, in the mouth; it coats the inside bulkheads and decks, even the furniture; nothing is exempt however tightly the ports and doors are closed. The shamal blows usually around Force 7 (moderate gale) and sometimes reaches Force 9 (strong gale).

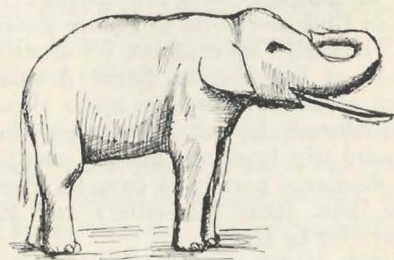
In the winter the shamal alternates with a "kaus" or "sharki" from the southeast. These two winds play a game of cops and robbers, first one and then the other acting as the villain. The shamal blows from the northwest for three days and says to the sharki, "Now you chase me." Then the sharki blows from the southeast for three days and it is the shamal's turn again. And so it goes, with yours truly caught in the middle. Fortunately, this doesn't go on the whole year; we have it for only a few days every trip, for we are soon through the area and on our way to new horizons.

If Mark Twain could hear all this talk about the weather, he'd probably say, "I told you so." There's not much anybody can do about the weather out here except steam away from it.

Pass Your White Elephants Along

ANTIQUES from the attic, souvenirs from your last trip abroad, the Christmas presents that don't suit — these can all be used on the "White Elephant" table at the Card Party and Bazaar the Central Council is sponsoring at the Institute early in May. Please look over your art objects — china, glass, jewelry, silver — and see if there isn't something you can part with for a good cause. Hand-made aprons, handkerchiefs, place mats, etc., are wanted for sale as well as home-baked pastries and candy.

The Central Council volunteers are



Drawing by René Cruz

urged to make this a successful fund-raising bazaar. Proceeds will be used for the Wool Fund, and will eventually provide seamen with warm sweaters, socks, and caps. Please address your gift packages to: Mrs. Rebekah Shipler, Central Council, 25 South Street, New York 4.

Artists and Writers Club Report

By Marjorie Dent Candee



Norman Maffie, AB Seaman,
both an Artist and a Writer



Bosun Tom Dwyer,
Artist

OUR Club, founded in June 1945, has had five interesting and productive years. Although we have not discovered another Joseph Conrad among our seamen writers, or another Rembrandt among the artists, we have helped several hundred seamen to pursue their creative interests, and we have found a few with outstanding talent.

One of the interesting phases of the Club is our Correspondence Service. The postage stamps on the letters received by the Club secretaries are prized philatelic items, for the seamen authors who send us their writings and paintings mail them from all over the world. Each Contest announced brings in letters from as far-away places as the Persian Gulf where tankers load oil, to Pacific islands where merchant ships carry cargoes. It is interesting to hear from these seamen about their travels, and to know how they are progressing with their creative work. Their manuscripts are read and edited, suggestions made, and are mailed back to them for revision. Their paintings are examined by a committee of profes-

sional artists whose criticism and comments are relayed to the seagoing painters.

Our Therapeutic Service

Another function of the Club is therapeutic: it offers an outlet to men frustrated by enforced stays "on the beach." At present many experienced seafarers patiently try day after day to get jobs but with so many ships tied up their chances are slim. The Club helps to keep such unemployed seamen "on even keel" for it fills the long hours. As Dale Carnegie has said in his recent book, "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living": "Any psychiatrist will tell you that work—keeping busy—is one of the best anesthetics for nervousness, worry and despair." We are glad that we can be of constructive help to them in pursuing their creative interests, and at the same time aid them in forgetting their troubles and in maintaining their self-respect. The publication of a seaman's story in *THE LOOKOUT*, or the winning of a prize in an essay, art or photography contest can bolster a man's morale and self-esteem more than anything else. Such en-

couragement keeps seamen from going off the deep end, from drowning their sorrows in liquor in waterfront saloons. And they come to learn that the tangible rewards—publication and money—come only after hard work and self-discipline, and the intangible rewards come all along the way.

Another interesting phase of Club activities is developing a collaboration between seamen writers and artists. This has been tried on several occasions most successfully (in turning out stories for THE LOOKOUT, written by one man and illustrated by another), and each man has found it stimulating to work with another one in an allied art. The camaraderie developed among the artists and writers, the thoughtful examination of each other's paintings, the constructive comments, all combine to develop an

Mrs. Clara Burke Retires from Seamen's Institute

MRS. CLARA BURKE, who was Executive Secretary of the Central Council of Associations for 9 years, retired from the Institute on February 3rd. The Council is a nationwide organization of church and club women who volunteer to knit warm sweaters and watch caps, and to pack bon voyage, Christmas and Easter boxes for merchant seamen in marine hospitals and on ships of all flags.

Mrs. Burke came to the Institute in 1940 after an eventful and spectacular 30 years of missionary work in Alaska.

It was in Alaska that Mrs. Burke first heard of the Seamen's Church Institute. This happened when a member of the crew of a whaling ship was brought very ill into the mission hospital. They found among his effects a "comfort bag" and a Bible with the Institute's name and address on them.

Under Mrs. Burke's nine years of supervision, the Council packed 63,000 Christmas boxes and knitted 81,000 garments for distribution to seamen of all races and ratings. Her warmth of heart and her boundless energy have been a vital part of the Institute's

esprit de corps among the talented seamen, a sense of belongingness, and some even tell us proudly how they show their Club membership card to friends and acquaintances. Our very first member, a Filipino seaman who had learned to sketch and paint while in a Japanese prison camp (with the aid of Red Cross materials) writes us from the Philippines each year on the anniversary of the Club's founding.

Scholarships in Painting and Writing

A helpful service of the Club is obtaining *scholarships* in painting and writing at schools and universities. This Fall we obtained a free scholarship at New York University for Radio Operator Joe Michaels (whose paintings were very favorably commented on by Robert Coates, art editor of the New Yorker magazine.)

work for the past decade. Letters of thanks and appreciation flow to her office at 25 South Street from seamen all over the world.

Of the thousands of active seamen who pass through the doors of 25 South St. daily, there are few who have not benefitted from the work of Mrs. Burke and the Central Council.

Asked for a brief statement as she prepared to leave, Mrs. Burke said: "When I left Alaska I thought I'd never feel at home again, but the friendly spirit at the Institute... where all are members of one big family and where the seamen have the same rugged individualism as the old sourdoughs I used to know... I was at home."

Successor Named

Mrs. Rebekah Shipler has been named to succeed Mrs. Burke as executive secretary of the Central Council. She comes to the Institute after years of experience with women's auxiliaries in the Episcopal Diocese of Newark. Mrs. Shipler feels that her new assignment is a "tremendous challenge."

Ship News

RADAR IN THE GALLEY!

Otto Bismarck, executive chef of the *America*, has always been a pioneer and experimenter with food and he's still at it.

Mr. Bismarck's latest studies in the culinary art have revolved around his new "Radarange," developed by the Raytheon Mfg. Co., the only one ever installed aboard an ocean liner.

The performance of the "Radarange," which cooks in seconds instead of minutes, is nothing short of revolutionary.

The "Radarange" employs as its heat generating mechanism a Raytheon magnetron tube, the same unit which is actually the heart of all radar sets, and is therefore, a direct descendant of war-born radar. Electro magnetic energy is beamed through a high frequency magnetron oscillator and the molecular disturbance of the food by the rays generates friction heat within the food itself.

FREIGHTER IN DISTRESS

The American freighter *Beaver State*, carrying a crew of fifty-two officers and men, was in distress recently 968 miles east of Yokohama.

Radio messages from the 10,500 ton Victory ship indicated her aft steering-engine room and possibly her forepeak were flooded in a gale and she was hove to, unable to navigate in the sixty-mile-an-hour winds.

The Navy tug *Arikara* was diverted to make a 900 mile run from near Yokohama to the *Beaver State's* side. In San Francisco the vessel's owners, the States Marine Corp. dispatched two of its other ships, the *Cotton State* and the *Constitution State*, to aid the stricken vessel.

UNCHARTED ROCK REPORTED BY U.S. LINES SHIP

When the U.S. Lines cargo-passenger ship *Pioneer Gem* was enroute to Australia on a recent voyage from New York her master, Captain Samuel J. Lee reported sighting an uncharted rock while on a passage from Papeeti, Tahiti, to Brisbane.

Captain Lee at once radioed the information to the United States Hydrographic office at San Francisco which immediately broadcast word of the newly discovered danger to all ships.

The United States Hydrographic Office, thanking him for the clear and concise details, wrote:

"Due to your thoughtfulness in reporting the discovery by radio, it was broadcast the same day. Consideration will be given to the possibility of associating the name of your vessel, the *Pioneer Gem*, with the charted position of the rock."



MERMAIDS, AGAIN!

Still playing its role as clearing house for matters nautical, the Institute recently settled a controversy over mermaids. Appealed to by an excited gentleman on the telephone as to whether there were any such creatures, the associate editor of THE LOOKOUT had to confess that there was no real scientific basis for a belief in the lovely sea sirens. The gentleman caller asked us to repeat our remarks to another man he put on the wire who had been stoutly maintaining that there were such creatures. We hated to disillusion anyone capable of such a charming belief. And . . . who knows? Maybe we are wrong???

CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE

One of the largest commercial passenger ships to make the transit of the Panama Canal this winter was the Holland-America Line's *Nieuw Amsterdam*, when she crossed the Isthmus from the Atlantic to the Pacific in February. Toll fees alone for the 36,667 gross ton liner exceeded \$17,000.

Shepherding a ship the size of the *Nieuw Amsterdam* through the Panama Canal is something like guiding the proverbial camel through the eye of the needle. The Gatun, Pedro Miguel and Miraflores locks are 110 feet wide, while the *Nieuw Amsterdam's* beam measures eighty-eight feet. This leaves a margin of only eleven feet on each side between the hull of the ship and the walls of the locks. A team of ten powerful electric locomotives (mules) is required to maintain the vessel under perfect control as she moves slowly through the locks, and a special Canal crew of about twenty men — approximately twelve at the bow and eight at the stern — are needed to handle the lines.

BAD NEWS FOR KIDS! CASTOR BEANS ARRIVE

The Panamanian-flag freighter *George* docked recently at Pier B, Jersey City, with a castor bean cargo of approximately 2,800 long tons, under consignment to the Baker Castor Oil Co.

NO BANNERS, NO BUGLES

By Edward Ellsberg

Dodd, Mead & Co., \$4.00

When Allied success of the North African invasion depended on troops and materiel being landed, the principal ports of that area were grave yards of sunken ships, many sabotaged by the French, others sunk by the Germans.

In November, 1942, Captain Ellsberg was ordered to report to General Eisenhower—just come to Algiers—as chief salvage officer with the task of raising these ships. There were a few American divers but no ship. The Mediterranean area was under British control and they had no divers, but a salvage ship with a fine captain and crew. How these few worked together and by their heroic efforts under tense and dramatic circumstances raised ships and dry docks, makes a story of exciting interest.

The salvage force is less well known than the men who carry arms, but the danger of their work demanded heroic courage as well as resourcefulness and a stubborn will to do the impossible. Each ship to be salvaged was a different story; now it was the French *Spahi* which had to have hogsheads of wine taken out of her hold before she could be lifted; the torpedoed British destroyer *Porcupine*; the blazing huge *Strathallen*, carrying 6000 American troops and nurses—mostly rescued; the 20,000 ton transport *Scythia* with a vast hole in her starboard side and a sitting duck in Algiers harbor for any Nazi bombs. There were many others these men slaved over, without the banners and bugles they so richly deserved.

—I. M. ACHESON

STRANGE TALES FROM NOVA SCOTIA TO CAPE HATTERAS

By Edward Rowe Snow

Dodd, Mead, \$4.00

These are, indeed, strange tales, ranging from dramatic accounts of mysterious wrecks and heroic rescues, to weird stories of ghosts and supernatural visitations, buried treasure, and the junketings of the Nantucket Lightship, when it broke loose from its moorings. The author, though using many means of transportation, actually covered 1,000 miles on foot to collect his data, and has spared no pains to follow through each clue to its source, often debunking the legend and giving a perfectly logical explanation of it. It is a book to read and re-read, for all those who love the sea.

F. E. STANWOOD

THE ROMANCE OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS

By Basil Lubbock, with 15 Colour Plates by the late J. Spurling

Hennel Locke Ltd., London, and the Macmillan Co., New York, \$5.00

Among the most beautiful of man's creations have been those great-winged ocean travelers, the clipper ships, American and European of the last fifty years. Basil Lubbock's book with its chronicles of thirty-nine great sailing ships of this era and his reproduction in color of fifteen of the late J. Spurling's paintings of them, including such beauties as the *Aristides*, *Benvenue*, *Strathdon*, *Medway*, is an attempt to keep them from being forgotten. THE ROMANCE OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS is an abridgement of the three-volume edition of SAIL. The pictures in the present volume, beautifully reproduced are so inserted that they may be taken out for framing without damaging the remainder of the book. This is a ship-lover's volume.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN SAILING NAVY

The Ships and Their Development

By Howard I. Chapelle

W. W. Norton & Co., \$10.00

Those clumsy-looking, round-bellied, baggy-sailed old vessels of the Colonial period weren't really like that, according to the author. These faulty impressions are to be laid at the door of the marine painters and illustrators of the day, who made them look, not as they probably thought, romantic and powerful, but tubby and unseaworthy. The plans are still extant of some of these Colonial vessels and of many of the naval sailing vessels of the periods that followed. They show the ships to be for the most part well-planned, with good lines for both speed and endurance.

The author has little to say about the history and romance surrounding the names of the many American ships that distinguished themselves in battle from the earliest Colonial days to the period of the Civil War.

This four-pound volume is really an encyclopedia of American naval design from about 1690 to about 1854, a solid, scholarly presentation of the subject. Copies of the plans of 130 of the vessels mentioned in the book may be purchased from the publisher.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

THE ENDURING MUSIC

By HAROLD VINAL

This shell, this slender spiral in the hand,
Held to the ear, shall still evoke the sound
Of the sea's sandals running on the sand,
The voice of foam, whose music is profound.
The drift of water falling against stone,
Or the spume-fingered breakers when they
raced

Are heard here still, the sound of sea alone
Falling upon the ear and without haste.
The tides that washed the shores of Greece
are here,

The rush of waters around Zanzibar,
Held quietly against the waiting ear,
One hears across some far and distant bar
The waves of lost Atlantis, dim and deep,
Whose waters are the crystal tides of sleep.

From "The Eternal Sea"

PICTURE SHIP

There's a picture on my mantel,
Of a lone ship sailing, free;
With the moon above her skysails,
And a lighthouse hard alee.

The moon has silvered a highroad
On a sea of cobalt blue;

But the ship forsakes the moon-way
And follows its own course true.

Oh, that the ship were a real one
Sailing so true and right,

And I were snug aboard it,
Following her course this night.

From: *Convoy and other Poems*

By BAILY SAMUEL HAYNIE
The Fine Editions Press

"WEST WIND"

By RICHARD JESSUP

Depend on me!

Stand your royal

Stiffly — on

My shoulder. Sway

Your keel with the high wave,

Look —

Far —

Level-sighted sailor

In vain. — I cast

No shadow

Before — behind nor aside; but

Depend on me,

Western Winds — from Western Seas —

Sailor man.

Believe your canvas, sink

Your hearty spit deep in the

Fat rolls of ocean green

I'll strain your t'gallant,

Bloat your jib

Sing around your

Staysail! Yes and make

Your boom bend beneath

My blast — you can

Depend on me

Western Winds — From Western seas —

Sailor man.

"COLOR BLUE, THE MEMORY"

I sailed on ships

I've been there

Seen; heard —

Little slipped

My eye, but the sea —

That passed,

Flowing, ceaselessly.

I sailed on ships!

I've been there —

Seen, listened

Believed the color;

Changing color

Of different scenes

A hundred different colors.

I sailed my last,

Great voyage done

Restless wandering finished

Memories shade the colors,

Stories now. Of

All I ever saw. Now

Storms are blue, not black.

I sailed on ships!

Powerful massive ships

On seas of Seven oceans

A thousand tides fallen

Beneath me

I sailed on ships, a hundred

Houses of the sea.

By RICHARD JESSUP

THE CROSSING

Only the mountainous sea from rim to rim
Of the firmament, and the blue drift of
space . . .

Time is lost in the multitudinous hymn
Of waters . . . land is a fabulous place.

But when the fog descends, even the sea
Vanishes and the ship's hoarse siren wails

For buoy bells, the old security
Of harbor lights, anchors and idle sails.

Yet steadily the small ship plunges on,
A tossing speck of earth, cabined from
harm

By a coil of brain, a cunning hand of bone,
And by the invisible Master of the Storm—

The Soul — whose mysterious compass
never falters

Across the vast confusion of the waters.

By FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN

Reprinted from *The New York Times*

VIEW FROM DECK

Footprints on the water making

Patterns of delight —

Pixies that you can't see

Stepping over the sea setting

Long shifting tracks on the black

That stretch from the moon to the port rail.

Who are these people in phosphorescent
shoes?

Whither do they go when

We reach port — withering to

Silver rings on the surface of the sea.

By M. A. CARLSON

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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.