The LOOKOUT

Photo by Richard Wukasch

OLD GLORY WAVES FROM A MERCHANT SHIP

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXVIII July, 1947 No. 7

Sanctuary

Let us pray for The Kingdom of God afloat.

O God and Father, Whose blessed Son chose men of the sea to be His appointed Messengers of the Gospel of Peace, give such grace and power to the men of the sea, that, by example and life, they may commend the same Gospel to those who know Thee not, and the Kingdom of God may be established among all men, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The LOOKOUT

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Photo by Marie Higginson

A view of the *Institute* from the deck of the *Stavangerfjord*, Norwegian-America Line passenger ship, docked across South Street, at Pier 8.

Seamen's Institute

IN the twenty months since the war ended, the men who go "down to the sea in ships," merchant seamen who dared the U-boats to keep them from their destined part in clinching the victory, have faded somewhat from public notice. But their work continues as they now go about their tasks of aiding world rehabilitation and the resumption of world trade. Imports and exports may well be thought of in terms of men and the ships which carry them.

The welfare of the mariner remains the prime concern of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York at 25 South Street, whose annual report for 1946 has just come off the press. At the Institute the seafarer and his "gear" always find a warm welcome on coming ashore in New York. Here the men are served meals at moderate cost, are entertained at parties and given a chance to catch up on accumulated correspondence and reading.

The Institute, now in its 104th year, thus continues to provide safe anchorage between voyages. Last year, for example, the report shows that 403,026 lodgings were provided, 1,077,820 meals served, 164,190 pieces of baggage handled and 7,000 Christmas boxes sent out to ships' crews, to cite only a few figures. But the warmth and success of the Institute's work are shown not so much in cold statistics as in the actual results it is achieving in aiding seamen to cast off the tensions of war and resume peacetime pursuits.

Editorial N. Y. Times, Friday, May 2, 1946

Shore Lights on South Street

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, one of the city's oldest philanthropies presents in its recently issued report for 1946 a record of its 103rd year. At 25 South Street, overlooking a busy waterfront, the Institute maintains a thirteen-story building which is a well equipped club and shore home for merchant seamen of all races and faiths. There are lodgings and meals, health, welfare, educational and recreational services available to seamen, many of whom are finding themselves ashore for longer periods now that the war is over and sailings are wider spaced.

There are, the *Institute* reports, human reconversion problems in groups of rootless men who for six years suffered the strains of war on routes where ships were torpedoed and runs like the Murmansk one saw a constant toll of sunken ships and dead men. To those who knew these dangerous years and are now returned to peace-time activities, the *Institute* is able to offer counsel and assistance.

With an auditorium that last year presented moving pictures and other entertainment to almost 120,000 seamen, with more than a million meals served and more than 400,000 moderate-cost lodgings furnished — in these and many other listed services the *Institute* carries on. In its big lobby and lounge seamen are able to meet in that friendship and mutual respect which in more ways than a landsman can guess aid in keeping the trade routes of the world well served and international prosperity and peace fostered. The Seaman's Church Institute starts its 104th year with its shore lights carrying a warm glow.

(Editorial — N. Y. Herald Tribune, May 10th)

Strange Cargoes Brought by Merchant Ships

SHIP HERE FROM AFRICA WITH 104 WILD ANIMALS

One hundred four wild animals from Africa arrived in Staten Island recently on board the *Robin Locksley*, of the Robin Line, which docked at Pier 1, St. George. The animals, ranging from lion cubs to vultures, will go to various zoos around the country.

Included in the group was one of the largest giraffes ever sent to this country. Nicknamed "Patricia" by the crew, because she came on board on St. Patrick's Day, the giraffe stands 11 feet 10 inches high. The shipment included cheetahs, pythons, zebras, monkeys and ostriches.

The *Robin Locksley*, which left Capetown on April 15, also carried twelve passengers.

FROM PYTHONS TO PAINTINGS

THE cargoes carried on ships today range from 13 wild animals aboard the freighter *Nashua Victory*, commanded by Captain Jonathan M. Wainwright, (son of General Wainwright) to the forty-eight priceless Dutch paintings aboard the Holland-America Line freighter *Andyk*.

Captain Wainwright took his "live" cargo aboard at Mombasa, British East Africa. They include four pythons, six hyenas, one wildcat, one ring-tailed monkey and one ostrich, to be delivered to an American research institute.

The Dutch freighter brought the paintings to America for exhibition in various Museums. The masterpieces were looted by the Nazis and returned through the efforts of the Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives section of the U. S. Army. They include paintings by Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Nicholas Maes, Jacob van Ruisdael. Owned by the Netherlands Government they are loaned as a token of appreciation of the work done by the U. S. Army.

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Strange Cargoes

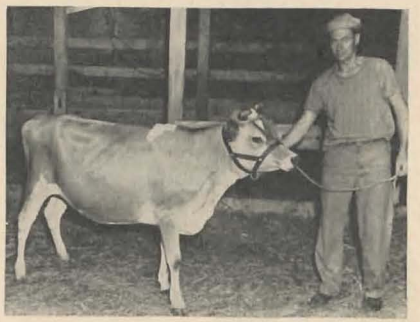
U. S. Lines ship brings first cattle from Isle of Jersey since war. 154 head of pure bred Jersey cattle, and four calves born on the voyage, were the cargo aboard the *Kenyon L. Butterfield.*

GIRAFFE *Herald Tribune*

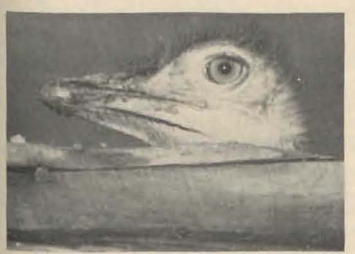
LATYPUS *N. Y. Zoological Society*

THREE duck-billed platypuses named Cecil, Penelope and Betty Hutton arrived by ship from Australia and are now at the New York Zoological Gardens in the Bronx. The Zoo hasn't had a platypus since 1922, and that one died after forty-nine days.

A radio message from the U. S. Lines ship *"Pioneer Glen"* said the three little otter-like animals were running out of food. So the Bronx Zoo dug up 10,000 earthworms, packed them in moss and ice so they wouldn't die or mildew, and shipped them by plane to meet the hungry platypuses at the Panama Canal. The furred, web-footed little animals who journeyed 13,000 miles are all in good health at this writing.



JERSEY CATTLE *U. S. Lines*



OSTRICH *Herald Tribune*

ABERDEEN ANGUS *U. S. Lines*

One on the Skipper

By George Mayo Newton*

Best Sea Story of the Month

THE ship's whistle sobbed out through the heavy fog, forlornly. Metallic bangings of a distant bell-buoy shoved their sound waves over the starboard quarter as wreathes of fog obscured the bow-watch, swirled round the masts, crept up along the decks, hovered about the superstructure.

The SS *Flying Susan*, creeping along at less than a quarter speed, rolled and listed heavily in the long swells. Eight bells rang out from the bridge, each note distinct and clear and seeming to linger about the ship for a moment before passing slowly into silence. From somewhere off the port beam, faint, hoarse blasts of another craft were barely audible.

"Should be out of this soup soon," said Captain Peterson walking over to the compass and noting the course. "Two degrees to the right."

"Two degrees to the right, Sir," echoed the quartermaster. He gave the wheel a slight turn, then brought her back to center.

"Never saw a fog any thicker," said Larson, the First Mate. "Nor as persistant. Haven't seen the bow over a couple of times all morning."

A clear chime from the bow put a sharp period to his statement. Quickly, Larson and the Captain stepped out on the port bridge-wing.

"A hail off the port bow," shouted the watch. "About three points off, I'd judge, Sir."

The Mate shouted recognition of this report and with the Captain, stood immobile, feet wide spread against the long swaying of the decks. Fog swirled about them and into the partially opened door of the wheel house. They could see nothing but the vast grayness pressing in hard. The ringing of the bell-buoy had trailed far astern, now a faint vestige of sound. Familiar brushings of the waves breaking at the bow and alongside, ordinarily heard only subconsciously, seemed strange and intruding now.

"Probably hearing things," muttered Peterson softly. "Fogs like this can play tricks."

"Hammond's young, but a dependable lookout," said Larson, the new mate.

Then the two men on the bridge-wing tensed. From somewhere in the distance, off the port bow, came a faint but distinct cry. The Mate stepped inside and returned with a megaphone which he handed to Peterson.

"We hear you," shouted the Captain. "Keep hailing at about half-minute intervals if you can. We'll find you." Then, lowering the megaphone, and facing the wheel house: "Two degrees left."

"Two degrees left, Sir."

They were quiet, motionless, on the bridge, awaiting the next hail. When it came it was almost dead ahead, apparently about a point off the port bow. "None to the left," said the Skipper.

"None to the left, Sir."

Peterson raised the megaphone to his lips again. "Are you in a boat — on a raft?" There was no answer. There was a silence of perhaps three minutes and Peterson turned, as if to issue another command to the helmsman, when, still almost dead ahead, the hail came again.

"Don't sound a bit closer to me," said Peterson. "If he's swimming, he must be going like a bat out of hell."

The fog pressed in, denser, closer, harder. It played around the ship's outline in tenuous eddies, rolled along the decks, gave an atmosphere of ghostly unreality to faintly perceptible objects.

"Help! Help!" The hail, still faint in the distance, still almost dead ahead, seemed to come with an eerie plaintiveness now.

"It's a cinch we haven't come any closer to him," said Larson. "What in the hell *is* this?"

"It's giving me the creeps," said the quartermaster through the half-opened door. "Glad I ain't standing the bow watch." The Captain, overlooking this breach of ship's dicipline, scowled and slammed the door shut.

The hail floated back to them through the mist twice more, and then a nascent breeze whispered up, grew steadily stronger and in a few minutes had developed into a stiff head wind. Fog streaked and whipped by. Light penetrated the horizon ahead. The grayness began to disintegrate around them, to disperse and fall astern. The tiny opening in the overhead gloom swelled rapidly and grew into a broad expanse of sunlit sky, a quick descending of light that seemed suddenly strange in contrast to the darkness so quickly swept away. Lashed by the strong winds, the fog pushed steadily astern.

Larson and Peterson, binoculars to eyes, anxiously scanned the waters ahead. There was a paleness beneath the deep brown of Peterson's weather-bitten face and a slight though perceptible tremulousness about his hands as they held the glasses. Larson, noticing these signs, wondered but said nothing.

Though the fog had lifted, the bow watch had not yet been dismissed from his post, and he stood now slowly revolving and peering over the waters. He stopped abruptly. "Something floating off the Starboard quarter," he shouted.

The Captain and Mate crossed hurriedly through the wheel house to the starboard bridge-wing and focused their glasses on the object sighted.

"Sufferin' seacooks," said Peterson.son.

"Are you thinking what I am?" Larson lowered his glasses, stared at Peterson. "If we hadn't altered our course those two degrees, we'd have rammed her."

"Just as sure as fate," answered the Captain. Then: "She's the high-test gasoline barge that broke loose from the Haverton Pier last night. I'll have Sparks contact the Coast Guard."

"But where is the guy that hailed us?"

"I don't think we'll find him," said Peterson enigmatically. "But that voice saved our lives. Thirty-two men and an ammunition ship. But, no, I don't think we'll find him."

None the less, the ship maneuvered through the area for nearly three hours before proceeding on her course and the customary radio messages went out.

Member, Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine

A little before eight bells that night, Peterson, looking pensively out at the star-peppered sky, placed his arms on the gun-whale and in low tones confided to Larson: "You know, Bill, I'm not at all superstitious. Strange things happen at sea — and fog has a way of playing subtle tricks. But that was Cat-O-nine's voice. He was always playing practical jokes on me."

Larson didn't answer. He knew now, though, why the Captain had paled and seemed so tensely nervous when the hail had come floating out of the grayness. And Larson didn't feel like arguing the point either. After all, a Captain should recognize the voice of a man who had been his chief mate for over ten years — even through a fog — and Cat-O-nine was the nickname for the mate who had preceeded Larson on the *Flying Susan*. A pounding sea had swept him over the side from the well-deck one night when hell rode the skies and the waves, when there was only death for a man alone in those storm-piled seas.

They stood in silence for a long time before the Mate finally turned and went inside for his sextant.

Hammond, the A. B. on duty when the hail was heard, was just stepping through the starboard companion on his way to relieve the watch. "It's a good thing, after all," he was thinking, "I pulled that ventriloquism stunt; but this is one guy who saved a ship and can't claim any public credit! I always get in trouble when I pull it — but this time I'm not sorry." He walked on forward. "Now why in the devil did I do it? Felt lonesome as the grave and mighty creepy up in the bow with all that pea-soup around. Guess I was trying to relieve tension. But there was the strangest impulse urging me to do it; as if the ghost of an old-time seaman stood at my side, saying: 'Come on, Hammond, let's play a joke on the Skipper!"

Radar and Loran Demonstrated

THE *Institute's* LOOKOUT editor and the Merchant Marine School's principal, Capt. C. E. Umstead, were guests of the U. S. Maritime Service and the National Federation of American Shipping on a four-hour cruise aboard the *American Sailor* on May 12th. Radar, loran and other radio aids to navigation were put through their paces for 365 shipping representatives.

Equipment demonstrated on the ship included five radars, two loran units, a Fairchild duo-record camera, a fathometer, radio direction finder, and two marine radiotelephone sets over which Commodore Gordon G. McLintock of the Maritime Service talked with the liners *America*, in the English Channel, and with the *Queen Elizabeth*, 1200 miles out of New York. The masters of both ships paid tribute to the radar, loran and other electronic instruments now aiding navigators.

The Seamen's Institute's Merchant Marine School is equipped with a Sperry gyroscope, Sperry radar equipment, and with a Radiomarine Corp. radio receiving set.

The training vessel *American Sailor* is commanded by Capt. Gardiner A. Coas, who is a former shipmate of Capt. Umstead; they had served together on the *American Navigator* early in the war.

International delegates from maritime nations also saw demonstrations of marine radio aids to navigation. It is hoped that these conferences will lead to standardization of the use of electronic navigational aids.

SAILING SHIP NEWS

There are fond hopes that Capt. Gustaf Erikson's famous old grain sailing ship *Archibald Russell* will be returned to sea duty. She had been taken over from Finland as a war prize, her top hamper removed, and placed in virtual retirement although her skipper remained with her and carried on.

CORRECTION:

On page 2 of the June LOOKOUT, in the article "War Records of Some Coastwise Steamships," the captions under the photographs of the steamers "*City of Lowell*" and "*Wassuc*" were interchanged.

The artist at work on the war mural which is to hang in the *Institute's* main lobby.

Photo by Oscar Owen

Progress Report on Mural

LAST May a design for a war mural was chosen from among those submitted by members of the National Society of Mural Painters, and we announced in THE LOOKOUT that Edmond James FitzGerald had won the competition and that the finished mural would be hung in the main lobby of the Institute. It is a tribute to the men of the Merchant Marine of World War II and the mural was given in memory of Mr. L. Gordon Hamersley, a member of the Institute's Board of Managers from 1913 to 1942.

For the past four months the artist, Mr. FitzGerald, has been at work on the mural on the top floor of the Institute. A 10 by 37 foot canvas was mounted there on a wall where he would have a good light for painting. The artist's design depicts the Normandy Invasion, June 1944. He selected this subject because it was symbolic of the vital part in victory played by the men and ships of the Merchant Marine.

In the foreground of the mural is a landing craft filled with grim-faced G.I.'s who were transported to the scene of the "big showdown" on merchant vessels. Various seamen and staff members (who were former seamen) posed for these figures as the artist did individual portraits of each one before filling them in on the mural. One of these G.I.'s has a particularly stern and sorrowful expression and it turns out that the model for this figure was a seaman who had had a shocking experience during the war. He was on a freighter loaded to the gunwhales with live ammunition. When the freighter was docked at Bari, in Italy, he was the only member of the crew who had gone ashore for a couple of hours. When he returned to the dock there was no ship. A German plane had blown up the ship and all hands were lost. He was the sole survivor.

Mr. FitzGerald served as a Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Navy throughout the war and was an active participant in the Normandy Invasion. The ship on which he served appears in the background of the mural. He recently recalled some of the code words used in the gigantic, precisely timed invasion. The code name for the entire operation, combined Army and Navy, was "Overlord." The various beachheads had such names as Omaha, Utah, Juno, Gold, and Sword. The Navy was called Neptune. "Red . . . Neptune . . . East" coming over a ship's receiving set would have meant "Alert, Navy, East Sector." "Make Smoke" meant to lay a heavy smoke screen. "White . . . Neptune" . . . meant "Aircraft Gone."

It is expected that the mural will be completed and hung sometime in the Summer. Institute friends will be invited to attend the dedication ceremony.

SUBMARINE TO ROUND THE HORN

The Navy has announced plans to send a submarine around South America's Cape Horn for the first time in history.

The trip was billed as "a training cruise." . . . The announcement comes, however, amid other evidences of naval pre-occupation with submarine operations in ice-filled waters, including a request to Congress to authorize the conversion of a number of ships for Arctic operations.

The voyage will be made from west to east by the 1,500-ton fleet submarine *Sea Robin* skippered by Commander Paul Cecil Stimson, of Danville, Va. The ship now at Cristobal, Canal Zone, is scheduled to leave from Valparaiso, Chile, on May 27, round the Horn at the southern tip of South America and arrive at Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, on June 4. From there it will call at Montevideo, Uruguay.

The Sea Robin will be the first American submarine to round the Horn and probably the first of any country. . . . .

Cape Horn, scene of fogs, storms and uncharted reefs, was the graveyard of countless ships and seamen in the days before the Panama Canal was built.

N. Y. Herald Tribune, Monday, May 5, 1947

CAPE STIFF

Off the Horn in Days of Sail

To the New York Herald Tribune:

With reference to your editorial "Around the Horn," allow me to agree with you and say that the going was tough until the Old Man could check in the weather braces and sail free for the trades. I've been around the Horn five times in sail, beating in face of sou'westerly gales and tossing aloft on swaying footropes while wrestling with the sail between the sky and sea, unseen in the night. Yes, many a sailor lost his grip on the jackstay and, as you say, "was tossed from the icy yards."

I remember watching the ship Wellgunde, hull down, as she was getting ready for sea—the crew working aloft, bending the sails, on Sunday morning before breakfast. I watched the ship Madelaine pull out at sunset and go to sea, setting the topsails and hoisting the yards, while over the side, on the stage, two sailors were painting in a hurry to finish the job. I saw the British bark Port Pirie, with double gallant sails and no royals, going to sea under command of burly, Bluenose Salters, and sail away, pass out of sight but not out of mind. She had a bully crew; they drank pisco in port, sang chanteys, played accordion, cheered and made merry. The three ships sailed from Iquiqui and have never been heard of since; they were listed as missing, presumably lost with all hands, off the Horn.

Now let us return to the Horn. The dogwatch system at sea, with four hours on deck and four below; "all hands on deck" in bad weather; "keep handy" at the break of the poop; "be ready for a call" when below; lack of fresh water at sea, with one gallon whacked out a day; living on the whack at sea, hard tack, salt horse, ropeyarn hash and coffee, "a belly wash"; wet and cold, lashed by sprays to the skin when going below and nowhere to dry the wet clothes and sea boots; the graybeards crashing aboard the hard-driven ship, smashing through the fo'c'sle door and water washing in the fo'c'sle, splashing from side to side, disturbing the short rest below, driving the men from lower berths, making the men curse, yell and growl — all this made the going to sea not like going to church. If the conditions aboard ship at sea in those days were only half as good as they are today, the going around the Horn would have not been so bad. I wish our submarine the Sea Robin a pleasant passage.

CAPTAIN R. J. PETERSON.

Challenge of the Sea

(Continued from the June issue)

By Fred Lane

I was standing by in the chartroom with Captain Grimes when Mr. Barry came topside. "Sea anchor secure aft, sir," he said without expression. But I could feel the rage boiling inside of him like a head of steam. His eyes were narrowed, and his lips were tight over clenched teeth. His voice was none too steady when he said: "Captain Grimes, the chief engineer reports we won't be able to turn the engines over for twenty-four hours. And—the radio's out. That last sea broke in and got salt water all over the gear. Sparks says the set's full of shorts and most of the tubes broken. He won't get a signal out before tomorrow."

"I know that, Mr. Barry," the skipper said. "Unfortunate, at a time like this."

"Unfortunate!" The mate spat out the word as though it burned his tongue. "It's more than that, sir. I'd say it's fatal."

"Not necessarily." Captain Grimes ignored the mate's rage. "I remember a voyage from Capetown—"

"Captain Grimes," Mr. Barry interrupted angrily, "this is no time for yarning about old windbags. I'd like to know why you deliberately got our stern up to the sea!"

I'd wondered about that myself, since it meant that we were being driven toward the island even faster than we would bow-to. But a green third mate doesn't question a skipper's decisions. Even a chief mate doesn't—unless he's very angry or very brave. And Mr. Barry was both angry and courageous. You could see that.

The Captain didn't raise his voice when he replied, but there was an indefinable something in it that sent a chill racing down my spine. The skipper said:

"It is my opinion, Mr. Barry, that she's more seaworthy and more maneuverable stern-to."

"But there's land dead ahead," exploded the mate. "Coral, probably. What good's maneuvering, if you pile her up on that?"

"I don't intend to pile her up, Mr. Barry. That's Oroluk Lagoon — and we're drifting toward Oroluk Island to the north. We might drift on past it to the anchorage, and we might not. I don't know. If not—"

"If not, we drift onto it and break up! If you'd kept her bow into the sea, we could have counted on more time, and maybe the wind would have shifted. I'm not a man to question a master's authority, sir — but this is serious. It seems to me that if you would consider our peril instead of dreaming about old windjammers—"

"Mr. Barry!"

There was a long moment when the mate stood tense and hesitant, his ingrained respect for a master's authority throttling his anger.

Then Captain Grimes said evenly: "Go below, Mr. Barry. Have the bos'n break out the canvas from the forepeak. I want stays'ls and trys'ls ready. I'll be below a little later to show you how I want them set."

Mr. Barry's mouth fell open. "Stays'ls! Trys'ls!" he repeated weakly. He stared at the little captain. Then his jaws clamped shut and he went out, slamming the door.

I'd heard of handling steamers with canvas. But this is done only rarely and under ideal conditions — a moderate sea, not too much wind, and deep water under your keel. Also, every sailor knows that a storm staysail rigged on the foremast helps prevent broaching to. But actually to sail a clumsy old freighter like the *Tillamook* with canvas—well, I doubted it. Not in that lumpy sea in a near gale.

The island seemed to grow up out of the sea as we were driven in closer. Soon you could see not only the coconut palms but the thick growth of pandanus and breadfruit trees rising above the sea so that it seemed like

the hairy, unkempt back of some partially submerged sea monster. This was Oroluk Island, and the only high land of Oroluk Lagoon, a coral reef that stretched out to the southeast for about eighteen miles, most of it being under water except at low tide.

It seemed that nothing was going to keep the *Tillamook* from breaking her back on the guarding reefs of Oroluk. She was done for — and so was most of the crew. Some of us were going to pull through, maybe. Some of us might be lucky, and crowded into the few battered boats we had left, row around the island to sheltered water. Some of us might make it— if the order to abandon ship were given soon. But once we got close to the shallows, it would be too late to lower boats.

The second mate and I were standing in the wheelhouse when Mr. Barry came topside. "Look, Benson," Mr. Barry said, "we've got to do something. The old boy was probably a ball of fire in his day, but he's actually a little crazy on sail. Or maybe, just crazy. He seems to think he's on some windjammer instead of a steamer—"

"What can we do?" the second asked.

"We've got to take to the boats, right now. If we pile up on Oroluk, nobody will have a whisper of a chance in that surf."

"But you can't overrule the master."

"I know—it's an admiralty question. But I'd rather face an admiralty court than hungry sharks. Will you back me up, Benson? Or do you think he can sail this old hooker around the island?"

"No, I don't think he can. If the canvas don't carry away, she's likely to broach. It'd be tough even in a windjammer in this kind of sea."

"Then you're with me," Mr. Barry said. "I'll put it up to him cold when he comes topside." He turned to me and said: "As for you, Rodney, you're with us too. Just keep your hatch closed and agree with what I have to say — and you'll live to tell your grandchildren about it. And be ready to take your boat stations."

Oroluk was terrifyingly close when Captain Grimes returned to the bridge. You could see the sea frothing around the low-lying island and the reef that extended out from it in a circular pattern, outlined by the angry chop of short breakers. The long green rollers were racing shoreward to break on the beach into clouds of spume.

When Captain Grimes saw the mate he said: "Go below, Mr. Barry, and see to the sail aft. Mr. Benson and Mr. Rodney—go forward. See to the storm oil and stand by for orders." He turned and started for the chartroom.

"Just a moment, Captain." The mate stepped forward as the Captain turned. Mr. Barry seemed like a giant of a man alongside the little skipper. "We've decided that it isn't practical to attempt to sail around Oroluk. We are demanding that you give the order to abandon ship."

Captain Grimes didn't answer right away. He just stood there easily, balanced on the balls of his feet, swaying with the motion of his ship. . . . I saw the Captain's expression change, and that strange chill tingled my spine again. It was as if a thundercloud had passed over the sun. There was dark fury in his blue eyes now. He took a quick step toward the mate, and I saw Mr. Barry involuntarily step back, a peculiar look on his face.

This wasn't the Captain Grimes we knew. This wasn't the yarning, ancient little man whose eyes twinkled and whose voice creaked when he talked of the old sea. I suddenly had visions of sailing ships, and bucko mates implementing their orders with belaying-pins; of mutineers hanging by their thumbs, their backs red from the lash of the cat. It was all there, in the Captain's terrible, silent rage.

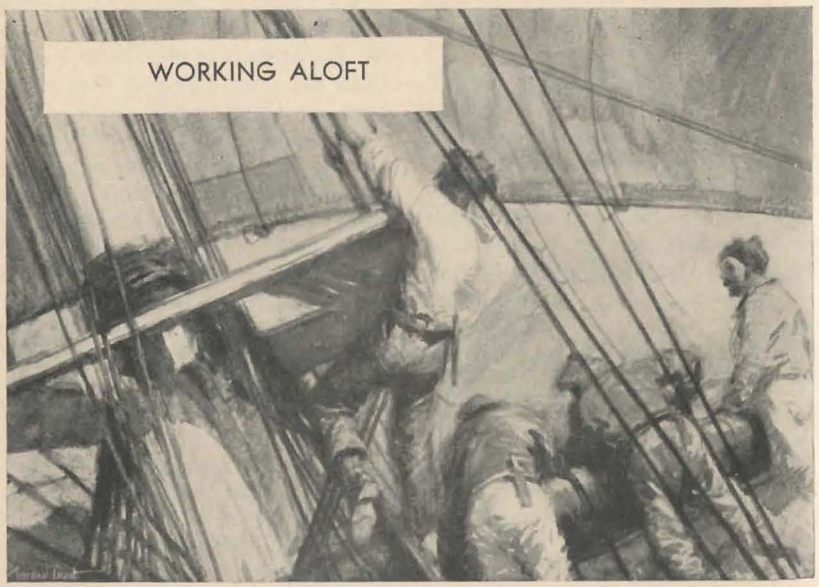
The mate spoke again, and I respected the courage that prompted him. "Captain Grimes, we're taking the boats, and—"

"You're taking no boats. Go below." The words lashed out like forked lightning, as Captain Grimes stepped toward the mate. Slowly, Mr. Barry backed up, and I saw the sweat beading his forehead. There was something awful in seeing that big man quail before the little master. It wasn't just fear. It couldn't be. The mate was a brave man. It was that intangible something that I had felt but couldn't define. It was authority—authority vested in him not by men, but by the sea.

Then Benson and I, wordlessly, turned and went forward.

And that's when the sea took over. Caught in a sudden current, the *Tillamook* yawed to port and nearly broached to. A green sea mounted her foredeck and swept away another boat. The second and I fought our way to our stations. There wasn't anything else left to do; it was all of us pulling together to save the thing. There was only time now for the things a sailor has to do in an emergency. The storm oil dropped from forward and abaft the beam, and soon the canvas began to reach up for the wind.

While lending a hand with the halyards, I wondered why the sails weren't ripped to shreds in an instant.



Painting by Gordon Grant

Drawing by Hendrik Wilhelm Van Loon

But the skipper's orders were uncanny in their accuracy. Standing on the bridge with his megaphone, he seemed a part of his ship, roaring his commands in a voice that was no longer old and creaky, but was alive with confidence.

The reef was close now. The *Tillamook* was nearing the shallows. The sea paled from its deep-water green, and from starboard came the ominous muffled boom of the breakers.

Then I heard the bos'n shout: "The wind's abaft the beam. She's wearing!"

And she was. But not enough. The sea took the advantage again, and the ship yawed wildly, spinning toward the trough. She rolled, and we clung to rigging and gear as the sea smothered the decks. The staysail on the foremast was carried away, but the others held. Slowly, very slowly, Oroluk began to slip by to starboard.

Then the ship shuddered as the keel struck. Someone cried: "That does it." But even as he spoke, she was clear again.

"Green water to starboard," the second mate shouted. "We're clear." A few minutes later, a cheer went up from the crew as the *Tillamook* slid past the shallows and nosed into the sheltered sea beyond.

But Captain Grimes' voice still rode the wind. "Right helm. Man the lead forward. Stand by the anchors."

I carried out my orders in a curious mental daze. I had the strange feeling that I had been projected back into time, many years, to another ship and another voyage.

The mate and I had just ordered our drinks in a bar in Hollandia when Captain Grimes entered. He saw us and stumped over to our table. "Mind if I join you, gentlemen?" he asked genially.

"Not at all, sir," I said. "You're just in time. The drinks are on Mr. Barry."

"Lose a bet, Mister?" the Captain asked.

The mate nodded and smiled. "What'll you have, sir?"

I looked at the aging little skipper and thought of what he'd once said: "Men change, ships change, but the sea—never." I thought, then, that the sea was like life itself—unchanging, and that men have to change to meet its challenges.

Captain Grimes said reflectively: "I'll take rum. Straight rum." Then his eyes twinkled reminiscently. "And that, gentlemen, reminds me of the voyage when I was apprentice on the four-masted bark *Henrietta*—a cargo of Jamaica rum for London. Well, sir, we were on the port tack with the wind two points abaft the beam—"

I saw Mr. Barry lean forward attentively. You could seee that he didn't intend to miss a word.

THE END

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U.S. LINES DEDICATES MEMORIAL TO SEAMEN

A bronze plaque commemorating the courage and devotion to duty of more than 5,000 officers and men who served in U. S. Lines vessels during World War II was erected by the company at its Chelsea Piers, and was dedicated on May 28th. The memorial pays tribute to "all officers and men of the American Merchant Marine whose courage and devotion to duty maintained supply lines to all the battle fronts of World War II."

The inscription pays particular homage to the men who "from these piers . . . set out on perilous voyages to all parts of the world and for four years faced the fury of the enemy from land, sea and air to deliver men and weapons. Theirs was a major contribution to the cause of freedom and in support of that ideal hundreds of these brave men gave their lives."

Thirty-six ships operated by the U. S. Lines were sunk during the war and 457 seamen lost their lives.

Bosun Finds His Dog

After a nine-day search of the Brooklyn waterfront for his missing dog, "Dopey," a black Labrador retriever, Bosun Robert A. Art of the freighter *Baylor Victory*, was reunited with his pet.

The dog had been with Bosun Art since it was given to him as a pup six years ago in St. Helen's, Oregon, and "Dopey" had traveled with him all over the Pacific and the Atlantic on war runs, surviving Japanese bombings off Australia and the Philippines.

As was his custom all during the war, "Dopey" was first down the gangplank when the American-Hawaiian Line freighter put in at the 35th St. Brooklyn pier. But instead of waiting for his master, "Dopey" had gone on a shore leave alone. He was found, nine days later, and ten pounds lighter, by Larry Remanoff, a gateman at the Moore-McCormack Lines pier at 31st Street who had read in the newspapers of the Bosun's search for his dog.

Herald Tribune — Fein photo

A Jar of Pennies

ONE Saturday afternoon a seaman approached the room registration desk and looked long and carefully at the pale and gentle face of the Institute's one *woman* desk clerk. Then, as if having reached a decision, the man placed a jar of pennies and a strip of postage stamps on the counter. He pointed to them: "These," he said, "are my worldly goods. I need about five dollars for train fare to get to my ship. The Credit Bureau is closed. Would you help me?"

The clerk in her turn took a long and careful look. Then she reached into her own purse, took out a five dollar bill and handed it to him. He eagerly and gratefully received it and then told her about how much he thought was in the jar of pennies asking her if she wouldn't count them and make sure just how much he would owe her and suggesting that she take the stamps, too. The clerk convinced him that he had better keep the stamps so that he would be surer to write letters home and refused to count the pennies but told him to be off for his train and his ship. He grinned, thanked her, and dashed off.

Almost a year and a half later the same desk clerk was confronted by a nice looking, smiling face and heard a voice asking: "Don't you remember me?" Making an effort to place his face among the hundreds she sees daily, she shook her head. Then he reminded her of the jar of pennies and his plight on that Saturday afternoon many months ago. Remembrance dawned and he went on to tell her that he had been advanced in his rating to second mate and wished now to repay her for her kindness. He slipped an envelope across the counter and she found a five dollar bill in it. Protesting that the jar of pennies, when she had finally gotten around to counting them, had contained almost that much (around three dollars and something) she tried to refuse the repayment. But he insisted so she told him he could contribute it to a fund that was then being collected for a tribute to Mother Roper. He was pleased with the suggestion.

"All Clear Forrard"

By George T. Noble*

IT was an extremely cold morning in the early part of December, 1942. I awoke to a sensation of icy chill in the foc'sle of the small schooner CALYPSO— tied up at the foot of Fulton Street in New York's East River. When I got up I found the fire was long since burned out in our little Shipmate Range. Fully dressed except for seaboots and pea jacket, I slipped my stockinged feet into shapeless slippers and ascended the steep ladder to the snow-covered deck, intent on getting some splinters of small stuff from the woodbox with which to kindle a fresh fire. While yet below decks I had been conscious of the loud, throbbing of heavy-duty diesel motors from some vessel apparently quite near us. As soon as I reached the deck I discovered the loud noise was coming from one of Uncle Sam's smaller fry that had moored sometime during the previous night directly astern of us and was now making a prodigious racket warming-up its powerful engines preparatory to casting-off. It was still very early—but famous Fulton Fish Market, opposite our berth was a humming hive of activity and had been for some hours past—for this is the deep sea fisherman's busiest time of the day.

Steamy vapours, like Artic mists, were slowly rising all around us as the cold atmosphere came in contact with the warmer waters of the muddy-colored East River. A pale and ineffectual sun was struggling to make itself seen through a dense haze of grey that completely robbed it of its power to warm us. The desolate-looking shoreline of Brooklyn to the southeastward seemed as unreal and far away as a drably-painted backdrop on the mammoth stage of some Olympian Theatre.

Member, Artists & Writers Club

As I bent over the woodbox, gathering up an armload to take below, I looked again towards the vessel astern of us—which was a perfectly natural thing to do under the circumstances because of the frightful din it was making. This example of our Coast Guard fleet was an exceedingly diminutive craft indeed. It was of that "picket" boat type that has a smallish well-deck kind of cockpit amidships, besides another in the stern just about big enough for a couple of men to squeeze into—provided they weren't very fat! On her tiny foredeck was a lilliputian - size anchor lashed down in very business-like fashion in pigmy chocks and a pair of huge siren - horns, shiny - brass. In addition she mounted a diminutive gun, also of brass (but now carefully shrouded in tarred canvass) about the size of a toy waterpistol. The whole thing couldn't have been more than 40 feet or so in overall length by perhaps, 10 beam. Her crew probably did not exceed three, and two of of them were already in sight, cautiously stepping about in the cramped confines of the midships cockpit, and so excessively bundled up against the biting cold that they looked like fat little gnomes in their hooded parkas.

The staccato roar of her engines increased to swelling waves of sound and the vari-colored jet of her exhaust-pipe vomitted an acrid stench into the clean-smelling air of early morning. The figure now at the wheel appeared to be in command—for he left off juggling various little levers in the wheelhouse long enough to call out to the figure on deck, "Mr. Phutput, will you please call all hands—we're casting-off, now."

"Oh, very good sir!" replied the person so addressed, and the two of them solemnly exchanged a very snappy salute. Mr. Phutput (I think that was his name) promptly turned and re-opened the slide of a companionway so small that I at first thought he was opening a penny-size box of matches. Then he bellowed in a regular old-fashioned "foretops'l ahoy!" sort of voice: "All hands on deck!"

There ensued an impatient interval of about a minute during which the hooded Commander fiddled with the gears and levers and "revved" the bellowing motors mercilessly while the second man took up his station at the bow mooring line-treading very gingerly on that tiny, exposed and very slippery foredeck. In another moment a somewhat sleepy-eyed individual came into view from below and, after carefully adjusting his hood and straightening his jacket, turned to the officer-in-charge, withdrew, a hand out of an enormous fur-lined mitten and presented a smart salute. The salute was as politely returned.

"Stand-by the stern-line" was the order, as gravely given as it was solemnly acknowledged, "Aye, aye, sir!"

Followed another exchange of salutes. Finally amid cries of "Stand - by!" - "Cast off forrard lines!"—"Hold that stern line!" and a tremendous churning and splashing of water in the wake of the propellors, the little vessel began to swing out from the wharf.

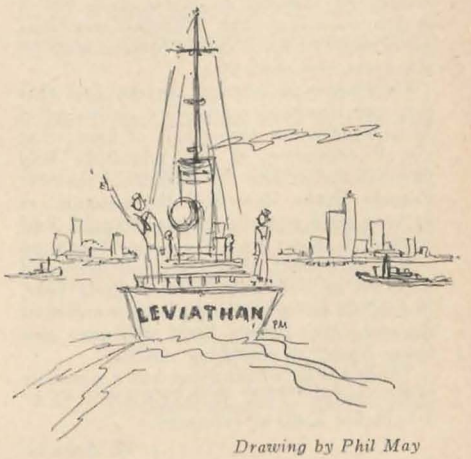
"Hold that stern-line, there!"—a stentorian bellow the commander was blaring with a big megaphone —he had just sighted a tow of barges passing the open end of the dock. The oversized engines barked and spluttered furiously as the screws were thrown hastily into sudden reverse and the frail little craft vibrated. Next came a blast from the twin-sirens that would have passed muster for an ocean-liner and was so sudden and unexpected, like a lion's roar out of a mouse, that it made me jump and I almost dropped my armful of kindling.

"All clear, forrard there, Mister Phutput?" demanded the voice of Stentor in a tone that must have been distinctly audible clear over in Brooklyn.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came the ready response, "All clear, forrard!"

"All clear, forrard!" echoed Stentor, and —"Let go aft!"

With a final monstrous roar accompanied by another prolonged blast from the siren the little vessel was under way at last with a lunge that nearly spilled "the crew" out of the stern cockpit! Off to a flying start the chop and swirl of her propellors set up a wash that left the big fishing vessels and heavy work-boats nodding in her wake. She tore furiously past them like a stampeding Shetland Pony and flung 'round the pier-end into open River and in so turning presenting a view of her flat unlovely stern. Across the broad transom were letters six inches high and I slowly spelled out the name: "L-E-V-I-A-T-H-A-N-!"



Drawing by Phil May

SEAGOING BOOKS

Books get boos
And books get raves
And books get lost ashore
But books that sail
Over tossing waves
Are needed more and more.
For there's twelve to eight
And there's eight to twelve
And there's time between the bells
For a man to read,
For a man to delve
And forget the ocean swells.

Please send books to the
CONRAD LIBRARY
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

BLUE WATER NAVIGATION
by Capt. Svend T. Simonsen
Cornell Maritime Press, $3.50

This book approaches the theory and practice of modern navigation in a clear and concise manner, easily understood by the student. The text is profusely supplemented by drawings clearly showing the relationship of the various coordinates, the knowledge of which is an absolute must for the clear understanding of navigation."

Capt. C. E. Umstead

THE MYSTERIOUS SEA
by Ferdinand C. Lane
Doubleday, 1947, $3.00

In this book many new sea adventures are related and mysteries explained. Both classical and modern literature have served as authority.

Perhaps most exciting is the chapter on mutineers and piracy. Most people know how Captain Bligh was overpowered off Tahiti by his men, but Magellan, Sir Francis Drake, Henry Hudson and other famous explorers also faced revolt.

Older than history is the romance of soundings, familiar to all seamen, but it is strange to learn that 1,300,000 soundings were required for a single contour map off the coast of California.

Odd items of interest are the fact that the sperm whale requires a daily ration of at least a ton and a half of food; that the V formation of the migratory wild geese is the pattern for airplanes; that Sir Francis Drake described the penguin as a "very good and wholesome victual." And if there is worry over the oyster becoming scarce or extinct, that Maryland harvested over ten million bushels in a single year. But if you enjoy reading of the wonders of the sea, Mr. Lane's book will give you many hours of absorbing reading.

There are no illustrations but a complete index makes "THE MYSTERIOUS SEA" a valuable book of reference.

I. M. Acheson

Photo by Oscar Owen

The Institute's ship visitors deliver books to ships of all flags

HENRY THE NAVIGATOR
by Elain Sanceau
W. W. Norton, $3.50

An exhaustive and thoroughly readable biography of the Portuguese prince who contributed so much to the age of discovery. There is not a dry or pedantic page in the whole book. In a series of vivid pictures we move from medieval courts to African jungles or the uncharted seas.

As a boy of eighteen, Henry earned his knightly spurs on the expedition which won Ceuta from the Moors. All his life he remained a crusader at heart; his explorations undertaken with the object of winning lands and souls for Christendom, though the motives of his captains were perhaps, rather more complex; they went "for the service of God and the Prince and honor and profit of ourselves." Truly, as the author expresses it, "a charming combination!"

One detail is left unexplained to baffle the imagination of the reader. Through all the long years when Henry was sending out his ships, he himself never went further than Ceuta. To each of his captains he gave the same instructions: "Sail further and bring back more information." Thus the boundaries of the known world were pushed further and ever further, but always Henry was content to remain the organising force behind the expeditions. But the later discoverers owe an immense debt to Henry and to the scholars who gathered at his court at Sagres to work and study under his protection and inspiration.

D. Page

Marine Poetry

THE NORTHERNER

Frothy combers lap the beaches
And a lazy trade wind croons
O'er the green, translucent reaches
Of those palm-tree-fringed lagoons.
There's a schooner's mainsail showing
Creamy white against the blue
And a sailor's heart is going
To the seas that Conrad knew.
There's no rancour in the ocean —
Peacefully the rollers crawl
To the easy, restful motion
Of its bosom's rise and fall.
At the shore each wavelet lingers,
Stretching out caressing hands,
Trailing its bejewelled fingers
Through the clean, inviting sands.

* * * *

Up a frozen coast we're steaming;
Oft the bulwark dips the green.
Lord, it's cold! but still I'm dreaming
Of those seas I've never seen.

From "LANDFALL"
by Lieut.-Comm. Frederick B. Watt

FANTASY

An indistinct orb-like moon, pours forth its diffused radiance, through a mercurial, film thin layer of cirrus clouds and evenly floods the barren deck of a staunch iron whale . . .

A lonely sailor in deep reverent prayer, leans on the bulwark—his face aglow—wet by the plume spray of water splashing against the iron form and curling upward and outward — to be caught up in the gentle gusts; tenderly, reassuringly patting his chiseled profile . . .

In his reverie—gazing earnestly at a distant star—his thoughts are of home; and a secret yearning for the passionate embrace of his faithful wife . . .

Into his cabin by way of the hatch—the deck is lifeless now . . . the wind blows fiercely — dark clouds obscure the moon . . .

By Herman S. Preiser, Jr.
3rd Asst. Engineer

ROUNDING THE HORN

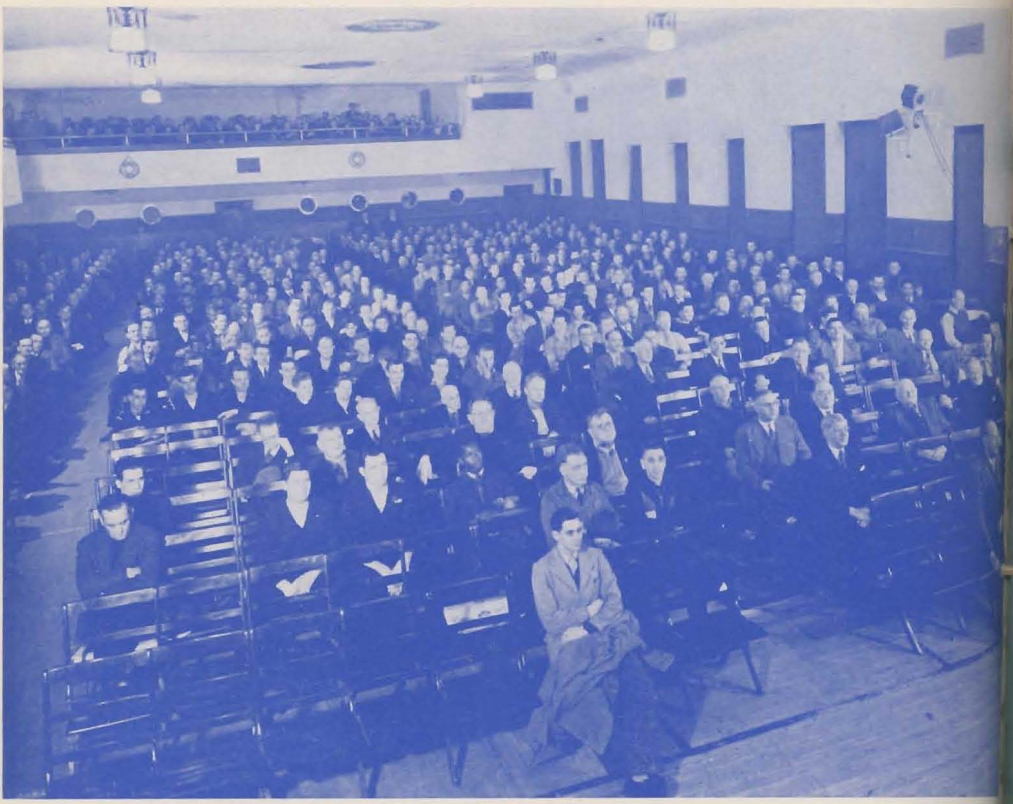
We saw seas spouting at a granite spire
Through the gray fog, below the land of fire,
We passed it as men leave a prison door,
Dropping astern long days of toil and dread,
For it had seemed we must, forevermore,
Beat westward on an ocean of the dead,
Sick of the polar wind's eternal roar,
The slaty cloud wrack rushing overhead.
The spirit of the Cape had set us free
To leave the ghosts that walked that lonely sea.

By Walter W. Stephen
New York Times

FOR ALL SEAFARERS

Even in peace, scant quiet is at sea:
In war, each revolution of the screw,
Each breath of air that blows the colours free,
May be the last life movement known to you.
Death, thrusting up or down, may disunite
Spirit from body, purpose from the hull,
With thunder, bringing leaving of the light,
With lightning letting nothingness annul.
No rock, no danger, bears a warning sign,
No lighthouse scatters welcome through the dark;
Above the sea, the bomb; afloat, the mine;
Beneath, the gangs of the torpedo-shark.
Year after year, with insufficient guard,
Often with none, you have adventured thus;
Some, reaching harbour, maimed and battle-scarred,
Some, never more returning, lost to us.
But, if you 'scape, tomorrow, you will steer
To peril once again, to bring us bread,
To dare again, beneath the sky of fear,
The moon-moved graveyard of your brothers dead.
You were salvation to the army lost,
Trapped, but for you, upon the Dunkirk beach;
Death barred the way to Russia, but you crossed
To Crete and Malta, and you succoured each.
Unrecognized, you put us in your debt;
Unthanked, you enter, or escape, the grave;
Whether your land remember or forget
You saved the land, or died to try to save.

By John Masefield
Poet Laureate of England
Courtesy—Ministry of War Transport



Motion pictures, theatricals, lectures, concerts, boxing, wrestling and basketball are regularly featured in the Auditorium of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

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."