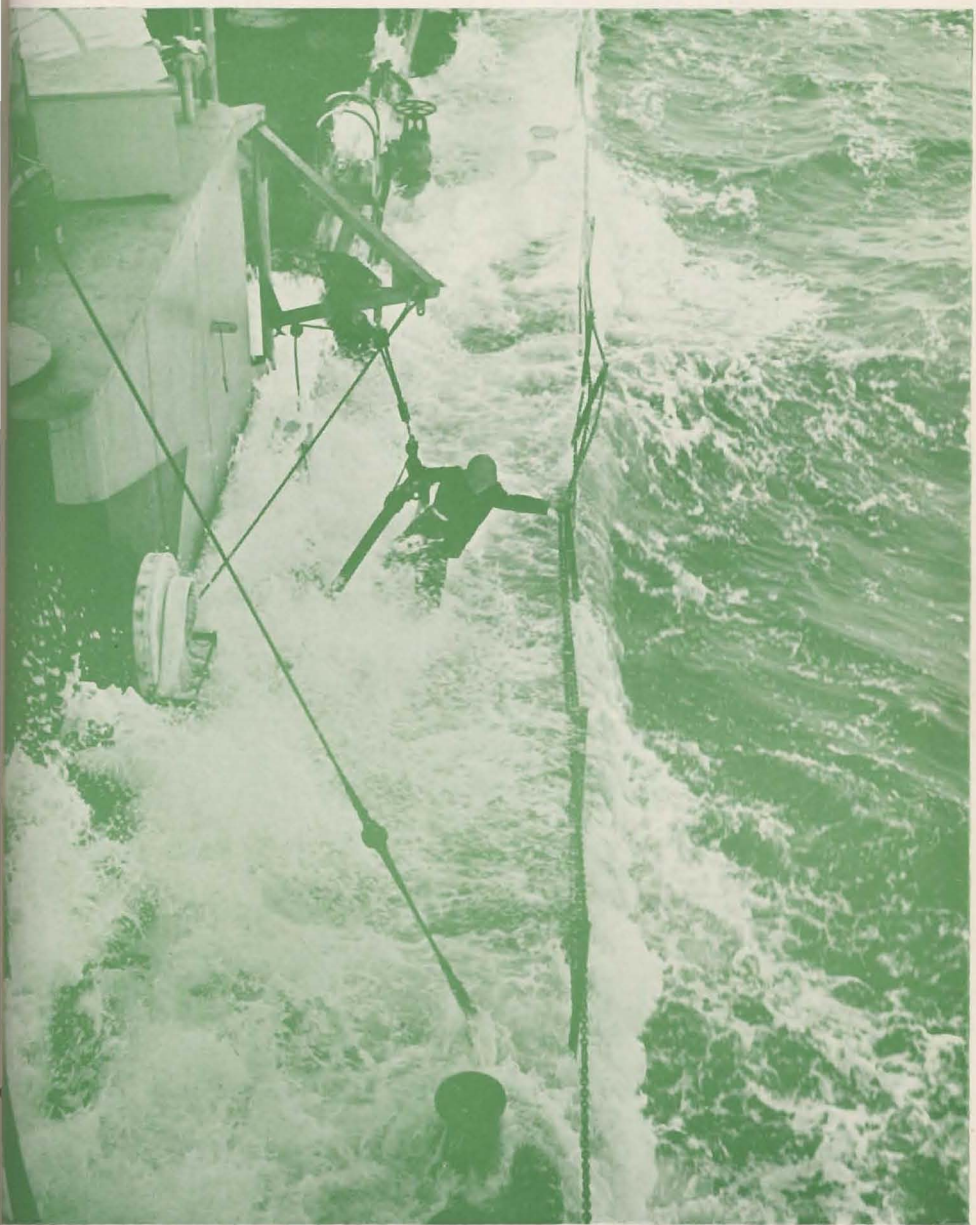
The LOOKOUT

OL. XXXVI—NUMBER 8 AUGUST, 1945



Official U. S. Coast Guard Photo.

HAZARDS OF THE SEA — See page 11

EAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

THIS MONTH'S COVER — IT'S HOLD THAT LINE OR ELSE

A seaman clutches desperately at a fuel hose and a chain life line as he struggles to "dig his toes" into the deck of a tanker swamped under savage seas in a hurricane off the North coast of Cuba. Three days the crew of this Coast Guard-manned oil and gas carrier fought to survive a storm that marked them for death at sea. The Coast Guardsman is Richard Smith, seaman second class, of Phelps, N. Y., caught in a tense moment in this remarkable photograph of a storm's fury made from the bridge by Coast Guard Lieut. (JG) R. H. Larson, of 126 Fifth Street, Neenah, Wis.

Sanctuary — Prayer for Seamen

O God, protect the little ships, the little ships at sea,
Because Christ once sailed little ships, small ships on Galilee.
Once more, O Christ, take passage there and ride among the men,
And bring them safe to harbor, Christ, in spite of storms, as then!
O God, protect the great big ships, the great big ships at sea,
Because they hold so many lives, lives counted dear by Thee.
Once more, O Christ, increase men's faith and once again bring peace,
Not only to an angry sea—Lord, make war's raging cease!
O God, protect all kinds of ships that sail upon the sea;
Especially the submarine would we commit to Thee.
God, who in Thy almighty hand still holds the raging sea,
Protect and keep our seamen all, as those on Galilee.

By Ruth Winant Wheeler.

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The LOOKOUT

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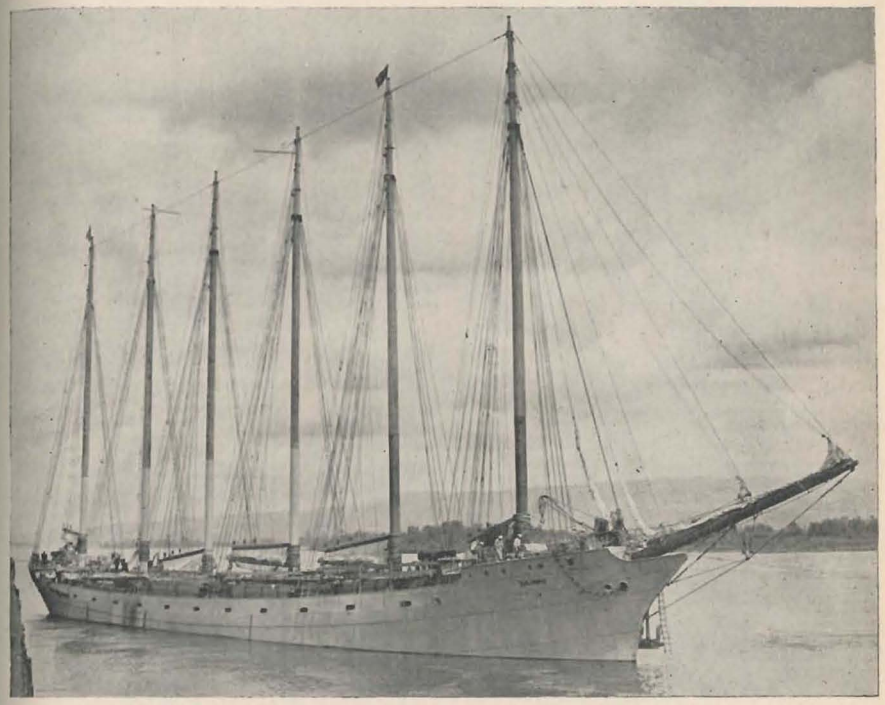
Six-Masted Schooner "Tango" Still Sails



EARLY in 1941, the six-masted 335 foot gambling schooner *Tango* "went respectable." Converted for war use after a long career as a gambling ship in San Francisco harbor, during which time, her masts were stripped and dismantled so that Lloyd's listed her as "a barge", she again became a sailing ship, as she was originally built as a four-masted bark named Hans (and later renamed the *Mary Dollar*.) With six new masts* and a new set of sails—38,000 square feet of canvas—she sailed with a cargo of three million feet of lumber in February, 1941 from Portland, Oregon, proudly flying the American flag, and eager to do her bit in the war effort. In command was Captain Carl Gundersen, formerly master of the famous square-rigger *Tusitala*.

Word now reaches us, through Michael Folan, a friend of Captain Gundersen, of the *Tango's* eventful voyage during which a succession of disasters occurred, but which the old ship luckily survived. Bound for Durban, South Africa, she made a good passage in 103 days. (Her skipper said that on several days she logged sixteen knots, which is an excellent speed for an old windjammer.) The remarkable thing about her voyage is that during that time she did not sight any other ship, either sail or steam!

On the way, she encountered some bad weather; her deck load shifted, which gave her a decided list, and she had to go into Cape Town to get retrimmed. She then proceeded to Durban, where she discharged her cargo. In the meantime, she was sold to the Portuguese (to operate as a neutral vessel) and so she had to sail down to Laurenco Marquis, near Madagascar, in order to be handed over to her owners. She was loaded with 1,600 tons of coal for ballast, and a few days out she encountered a heavy gale, which did considerable damage to her sails and gear. Finally a tug picked her up and towed her back to Durban. After some slight repair, she started out again, and when some time out it was discovered that the cargo was on fire. The crew worked hard and put it out, but a few days afterwards, it started again. This time, as she was near her destination, they flooded the hold in which the fire was, and finally reached port safely.

Then the ship was pumped out, cleaned, and painted and handed over to her new owners in good condition.

The vessel is built of iron—of 3,100 gross tons and she has a large cargo capacity and Captain Gundersen says she will last another 50 years if she is taken care of.

While in Cape Town, the crew of the *Tango* met another six-masted schooner there (they were the only two six-masted schooners left in the world.) This vessel was formerly the *Star of Scotland,* four-masted *Barque,* owned by Alaska Packers. She left Cape Town three days before the Tango, and was later torpedoed and sunk.

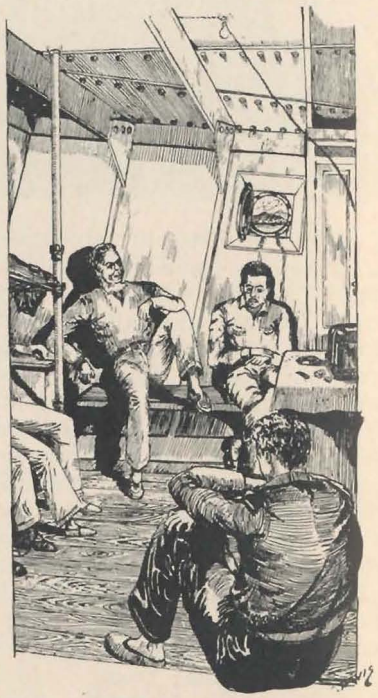
Captain Gundersen, at the time of this writing is off on another ship.

* fore, main, mizzen, spanker, driver, jigger masts. The schooner *Thomas Lawson* had seven masts, the jigger being the seventh. She was called the "Sunday-Monday" ship, as her masts were named for the days of the week.

MERCHANT SEAMEN HAVE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS

An exhibition of paintings and drawings by Able-Bodied Seaman Clifford Davis, was held in the Janet Roper Room at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street. Mr. Davis' work shows the influence of Picasso, Dali and other moderns, and he has been acclaimed by artists and critics for his original use of color, line and humor. This is his first show. He is at sea at present.

Other seamen who exhibited their paintings included Ensign Reginald Packard, Carlos Lopez and Juan Schlatter.



From the drawing by Able-Seaman Clifford Davis

Youth and Age Go to Sea

There is plenty of reason for merchant seamen to be proud of two items that appeared in newspapers a few days ago.

The articles weren't big in the sense of stories that occasionally come along, with an impressive overall account of the merchant marine's war job. Instead they told the human stories of two individuals, and in so doing crystallized the whole heroic maritime saga with telling simplicity.

The first item told of Fireman Walter E. Roberts. He was the first 16-year-old processed for training at Sheepshead Bay station during the period last summer when men of that age were accepted into the Maritime Service. After finishing schooling, Roberts shipped out from the west coast on a vessel subsequently torpedoed and sunk. He was picked up by a destroyer, taken to Honolulu, then flown to Pasadena for hospitalization. Roberts returned to sea and marked his 17th birthday aboard a tanker in the Pacific.

The second item concerned Capt. Harry Kort, who at the age of 75 came out of retirement to serve at sea in his third war. His simple comment was:

"I figured that if this country could still make use of an old salt like me I'd be a hell of an American if I didn't go back."

Since going back, Captain Kort has skippered thousands of tons of supplies across the North Atlantic to Russia, and his ship was in at the "kill" of the German battlewagon Scharnhorst.

Fireman Roberts and Captain Kort are at the age extremes of men who serve with the merchant marine. But they epitomize more than the fact that men of a greater range of ages serve in the merchant fleet than in any other service entering combat areas.

They also epitomize that spirit

of the individual which, perhaps more than any other single factor, has kept the epic of America's merchant marine so glorious in all the years of peace and war since the nation was born.

"I'd be a poor American if I didn't go back" is the spirit which keeps all of the thousands of Roberts and Korts sailing the ships. It is the spirit of pluck and grit, the spirit that prompts unending thousands of others to train for the ever-growing merchant fleet.

Courtesy, The Heaving Line

CAPTAIN, BACK AT SEA AT 77, IS FINALLY BEACHED AT 79

Rounded Out 50-Year Record With 5 Runs to War Zones

Captain Henry Wright Medder, who was seventy-seven years old when the call of the sea lured him back to active service two years ago, has been beached by a medical examination and will be forced to leave the problems of wartime logistics to younger seamen, the War Shipping Administration announced.

Captain Medder had been retired as a ship's master for four years when the needs of war impelled him, on April 10, 1943, to register with the War Shipping Administration. He had been at sea for fifty years, thirty-six as a master, but he told officials he was willing to sign on as a first or second mate and "work his way up."

(*Continued on Page* 5)

Beards Invade 25 South Street *

TOM MARKS
Torrington, Wyoming

WILBUR JOHSENS
Kirkland, Washington

FRENCHIE HAMLIN
New York City

JOE PICCIRILLO
Hornell, N. Y.

Snapped at the main entrance, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, by the Lookout Editor.

"Beaver"

By Ensign S. Sussman

At one time in our history, a man who wore a beard was usually an elderly man or some person from another country. However, the war has changed this point of view. For some strange reason, Merchant Mariners are wont to grow long, bushy beards when their vessel makes a long sea passage.

It might be explained by saying that these men were too busy to bother with shaving. Yet these men keep their clothes in perfect repair, neatly pressed and freshly washed. The average sailor imitates another man in the growing of a beard, yet when the vessel reaches port, he trims the ragged edges of his beard and merrily goes ashore.

There must be a certain feeling of manliness in the wearing of a beard. Men with receding chins, suddenly appear forceful and commanding of aspect, once the beard is worn. Some of these beards are marvels to behold, and there is something satisfying to the male ego to be able to grasp a full beard growing beneath one's chin. Some of the less adventurous souls are afraid to try the full beard and are satisfied with a handle-bar mustache; others try the mutton-chop whiskers. The dandy may grow a whisp of a waxed and pointed mustache. A few try the jutting, spade-like Van Dyke.

Yet, whatever type of hirsute adornment that is attempted, a fierce pride in the beard exists. Some of our former trainees were compelled to "break-out" their identification papers before the members of their families would accept them into the fold. The tattoo is on the wane and the beard on the up-swing; that is a wise choice, for beards can be removed, but not a tattoo!

Courtesy, The Heaving Line
U. S. Maritime Station,
Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.

Photo by Dr. I. Schmidt
Miniature Camera Club

BEACHED AT 79

(*Continued from Page* 3)

Since that day he made five trips to war zones. He helped deliver Navy oil to Casablanca, tankers and troops to Salerno, and made the Murmansk run. He wanted to continue until the war was won, but the medical division of the W. S. A. ruled otherwise.

He has been living, when on shore, at 133 Avenue B, but now plans to settle down in a snug harbor at Barrytown, N. Y. He expressed regret but added that he felt he had been lucky to help get guns and ammunition overseas.

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."

DANCE FOR MARITIME MIDSHIPMEN IN INSTITUTE'S AUDITORIUM

One hundred cadets of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy who are aboard the U. S. Maritime Training ship "AMERICAN PILOT," cruising Long Island Sound, were the guests at a formal dance given at the Seaman's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, on Saturday evening, May 19th. Music was furnished by the Sheepshead Bay Station orchestra, through the courtesy of Captain John Beebe, Superintendent of the Maritime Station. Hostesses were 100 young women volunteers who serve in the various club rooms at the Institute.

Commander Franklin A. Manuel, U.S.M.S. is in charge of the Massachusetts cadet-midshipmen who share with the New York and Maine State Maritime Academies the use of the training ship "AMERICAN PILOT", on Long Island cruises. They are studying to become deck and engine officers in the American Merchant Marine.

Photos by Lawrence D. Thornton

A Goat Stew Diet

ALTHOUGH they had been torpedoed just two weeks before it was the monotony of a goat stew diet, not the enemy, which induced Captain G. W. Johnson of Jacksonville, Florida, and his crew to pit their seamanship against the dangers of a 75 mile voyage along the North African coast in open boats, the skipper revealed during a recent interview at the offices of the War Shipping Administration.

A veteran of 42 years at sea, Captain Johnson declared that his flight from the unvarying menu will remain with him long after the more spectacular details of the sinking of his ship, the SS BENJAMIN SMITH, operated by the South Atlantic Lines of Savannah, Georgia, have been forgotten.

"After our vessel was sent to the bottom by a Nazi submarine off North Africa in January, 1943," he related "we managed to reach the small settlement of Grand Drawin in French North Africa in our life boats. There was but one white family there. The rest were natives. They gave us a fine reception and immediately placed bowls of goat stew in our hands.

"It tasted fine—the first time. At the next meal hour we got more goat stew. This continued for practically every meal thereafter. It seems that it was virtually the only food they had. We got heartily sick of goat and held a meeting. Despite the fact that we were all anxious to get back to sea and the chances of being picked up at Grand Drawin were slim, it was the goat stew that clinched the decision to move on.

"We were told that small vessels occasionally put in at Grand Lahue, about 75 miles down the coast, so we piled into our lifeboats, set our course and arrived at that port two days later. The trip was without incident even though we had been warned that many small craft had been lost on that run."

Capt. Johnson refrained from taking any credit but his feat in navigating a group of open boats through strange and perilous waters without charts or other guides was something of a seafaring miracle.

"At Grand Lahue we feasted on as wide a variety of food as was available," he said. "The puzzled villagers there could not understand why we passed up the goat stew, which they looked upon as a treat."

Captain Johnson and his crew found that no steamers were due for some time so they arranged for transportation to Abignon by truck where they obtained passage on a French steamer which took them to Takardi. Under arrangements made by the War Shipping Administration they were flown back to the United States.

The SS BENJAMIN SMITH, a Liberty ship, was not traveling in convoy at the time of the attack.

"We thought we were in safe waters," said Captain Johnson, "but nevertheless we were on the alert. The first torpedo struck at about 1 A. M. It hit well forward and despite a sharp list we managed to keep going. We tried to zigzag but a second torpedo struck us near the engine room and the ship began to settle."

The skipper gave orders to abandon the ship and all hands took to life boats and rafts. None was lost and only one man was injured.

"I was in the motor life boat and saw to it that the men on rafts were transferred to boats," said Captain Johnson. "Within a few moments the submarine surfaced and the captain sought to question us. We refused to give him any information and the sub soon submerged."

The motor life boat took the other boats in tow and waited until the SS BENJAMIN SMITH sunk. They then made for the coast. Six hours later they reached Grand Drawin—and goat stew.

Christmas Boxes for the Merchant Marine

By Mrs. Grafton Burke, Secretary, Central Council

AGAIN we have the pleasure and privilege of planning a joyful Christmas for our Merchant Mariners who are at sea, and for those whose ships are in port. Last year over 7,000 boxes were placed on ships, distributed to seamen in hospitals, and the boys in the maritime training centers were not forgotten. Seamen who spent Christmas Day at the Seamen's Church Institute (to many their only shore-home) found a gayly wrapped package with a Christmas message on their bunks.

It is still necessary to transport troops and materiél from Europe to the Pacific, also to carry food and clothing to the European countries, and so this year we want again to remember our brave men of the sea with a Christmas thought which they so deeply appreciate, as expressed in the following two letters—one from a young boy who wrote his thanks while still on the high seas, and one from the grateful master of a Liberty Ship.

On the High Seas,
December 25, 1944.

Dear Friends:

It was my good fortune at our Christmas dinner to get a lovely package with your Christmas Card in it. I consider it not a duty, but a humble honor and privilege to thank you for your kindness and forethought for those of us who are always lonesome for the country and people at home we love. On this day 5500 miles from home, on a mission we hope will make our next Christmas and many years, ones of true peace and love, it was truly a high point in our day to receive your gifts.

If those of you who are so thoughtful could only see our joy and know the thanks in our hearts for your unselfishness on a day like this, I know you too would be extremely happy and gratified. In all our rather tense and dangerous work which at times frays our nerves, it was a beautiful touch on Christmas Day to be remembered. They were the only gifts or word of good will we did or could receive. On this day I pray that "God bless you and keep you and make his countenance to shine upon you."

With many belated but grateful thanks —a Merry Christmas and many Happy New Years,

Sincerely,
Edward ————————

25 December 1944.

To Whom It May Concern:

These are just a few lines to acknowledge receipt of one of your much-appreciated Christmas packages.

The entire crew aboard this vessel received packages from you and believe me they made quite a hit. The packages were passed out on Christmas Eve at sea and the fellows were really quite surprised. It was just the touch of home that was needed to make the spirit of Christmas a reality rather than just a memory of other Christmases in the past.

Many of the men received little notes and addresses from the people that made some of the items in the packages. However, there was no address in mine so I am sending my letter of thanks—and very sincere thanks—direct to the Institute.

I feel sure that the majority of the men will send a word or two of thanks to the people that have devoted their time and energy to fill these packages and to wrap them so that we may be fortunate enough to receive them.

I know well of the good work the Seamen's Church Institute is doing and has done in the years gone by. May you all have had a most enjoyable Christmas and each of you possess good health and happiness in the New Year and the years to come.

On behalf of all the men on the ship many thanks again and I sincerely hope that all the little notes in the packages are answered.

Respectfully,
Harold S————————

Who was the thoughtful person who left a fishing schooner model at the Church Missions House, to be given to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York? We would like to thank the anonymous and generous donor. Please write to:

THE LOOKOUT, editor
25 South Street
New York 4, N. Y.
or telephone BO 9-2710.

Courtesy, "The Heaving Line"

Trainees from Sheepshead Bay Receive "Bon Voyage" Gifts from the Institute

We are hoping that the readers of THE LOOKOUT will help to see that these men who will be far from home on Christmas Day will have at least one gift and in this small way express the appreciation of the home-front for the great part they have played in this war. As General Eisenhower has said: "When final victory is ours, there is no organization that will share its credit more deservedly than the Merchant Marine."

The cardboard Christmas boxes for merchant seamen are furnished by the Institute. They may be inexpensively filled and below is a list of articles suggested as being particularly acceptable. Boxes may be obtained from 25 South Street and should be returned to the Institute not later than December 15th. On the outside of the box please attach a card with a list of the articles in your Christmas package. If you should be so situated that you are unable to fill a box personally, a check or money order for $3.00 will pay for having a box filled and wrapped in your name.*

Playing cards
Billfold
Cigarettes
Pencil (looselead)
Fountain Pen
Notebook and Calendar
Belt or Suspender
Candy
Key Ring
Harmonica
Book—Western or Mystery
Comb
Shoebrush and paste
Clothesbrush
Handkerchiefs
Metal Mirror
Flashlight and batteries
Automatic lighter
Postcards
Metal puzzles

Note: If the donor desires a word of thanks from the seaman receiving the Christmas Box, a self-addressed postcard enclosed will almost unfailingly bring a word of thanks and appreciation. This is especially suggested where children are filling the boxes.

***Regular contributors to the Institute's HOLIDAY FUND are asked to please continue their gifts, and to regard the Christmas boxes as EXTRA donations, since we are dependent on the Holiday Fund for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for 1,500 seamen.**

Great Lakes Seamen

DURING the seven months that they are open to navigation, the Great Lakes waterways, stretching over 2,000 miles and linking the heart of Industrial Canada with the war effort of the United Nations, are alive with ships. Coal carriers lug black fuel from Erie or Buffalo to Toronto and the Soo; bulk carriers bring grain from the world's breadbasket to Midland and Collingwood or rust-red ore from the Mesabe and Vermillion Ranges to Hamilton and Conneaut; oil tankers take liquid dynamite from Sarnia to Kingston, and little package freighters deliver paints and steel pipe and breakfast food from Montreal to Cornwall. This traffic has made the canals at Sault Ste. Marie the busiest in the world, and the Welland canal the second busiest. *Wm. McKinnon, wheelman,* of Bras D'Or, Cape Breton, N. S., has been sailing for four years. This is his first year on the lakes; previously he spent 3 years in the wartime Merchant Marine. He served on a Norwegian freighter and saw action when a Nazi wolf pack attacked the convoy in which he was travelling. His ship went to the rescue of the SS Dundee. In the battle one destroyer and six cargo vessels were sunk. Bill went through the battle of London, has a collapsed lung and while unfit for deep sea service, does his bit on the Great Lakes for victory.

Donald Buchanan of Moonstone, Ont., a little farming community near Midland. Don's people are farmers but he says "We always had someone who sailed." At 19 he is on his second year of the Lakes. He is a fireman on the SS Mathewson.

Seventeen year old *Douglas Craddock* is a deckhand, with six months experience behind him. While the unloading goes on, he is free to sit and sun himself, chuckle over the latest comics.

British Combine Photo

Hazards of the Sea

COMRADESHIP of the Navy and the Merchant Marine and superior seamanship under extremely hazardous conditions in a mid-Atlantic storm saved the life of a ship's carpenter whose left arm and right hand had been torn off in a weather accident, the War Shipping Administration reported recently.

Details of the dramatic incident were related to Vice Admiral Emory S. Land, USN, (retired), War Shipping Administrator, in a letter signed by the crew and armed guard of the SS BENJAMIN HOLT which gave particular credit to the vessel's master, Capt. Ralph M. Lill, Jr.

The Liberty ship, the letter reports, encountered such rough weather that several seamen were injured, the most seriously hurt being Norris E. Wainwright, whose wife lives on Grand View Avenue, Ossining, N. Y. While Wainwright was descending a ladder in the forepeak the lurch caused by an exceptionally heavy wave threw a hatch down on his arms, mangling both.

Immediately, Captain Lill, whose home is at 509 Woodbrook Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, notified a destroyer escort and obtained instructions to leave the convoy and contact the Naval vessel where they were safe from collision with other ships. When this was done two efforts to shoot a breeches buoy line from the DE MERRILL failed but the third attempt succeeded.

Rescued by a Breeches Buoy

Seas were still running extremely high but under direction of Captain Lill and his chief officer, Thomas W. Philippi, 3519 Cliston Avenue, Cincinnati, the line was made fast high on the mizzen-mast. The maimed ship's carpenter then was transferred to the breeches buoy and the hazardous job of bringing the two vessels into exactly the right position for safe transfer of the accident victim began. That it was achieved, making medical care quickly available for the injured man, was due to the quick action and seamanship of Captain Lill and the commanding officer of the Navy vessel, Comdr. Irvin J. Stephens, USCG, of 1517 Wyoming Street, Dayton, Ohio, the crew's letter testifies.

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22 SHIPS ARE DAMAGED BY ICEBERGS IN HEAVY FOG

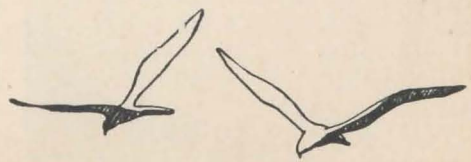
11 U. S. Craft Are in Convoy Mishap Off Nova Scotia

LONDON, June 4 ((AP)).—A Lloyds list disclosed today that twenty-two ships were damaged when their convoy encountered icebergs in a dense fog in the North Atlantic on May 27.

Eleven were Americans, seven were British, two were Norwegian and two were Dutch. The ships either were hit by icebergs or collided with other vessels.

The accidents occurred south of Newfoundland and east of Nova Scotia at latitude 43.08 north and longitude 49.18 west. Lloyds did not say where the ships were bound.

Editor's Note:—We believe that this is the first casualty due to icebergs since the TITANIC (for which the Institute's Lighthouse Tower is named.)



War in the Pacific

THE U. S. Merchant Marine faces its greatest test this summer in moving war materials and men from Europe to the Pacific.

During the temporary lull after V-E Day, grain and flour shipments to Europe averaged about a million and one-half tons per month, and are expected to be maintained at about that level for the next three months. Grain was selected for major portion of shipments because it is available, needed and can be loaded and unloaded easily. Ships returning from Europe will carry military supplies and men en route to the United States or the Pacific.

Coal and other bulk cargo is being shipped to Latin America, return trips carrying needed ores, vegetable oils, fats and civilian supplies.

Men and materials have already begun to move to the Pacific. The trip from Europe to the far Pacific bases is nearly 14,000 miles one-way or about five times the distance from New York to London or San Francisco.

In addition to new and special implements of war to be moved from the United States against Japan, some three million men and millions of tons of fighting equipment must be moved from Europe either to the United States or directly to the far Pacific. For every man moved to a forward area for the armed services the Merchant Marine must deliver from eight to 10 tons of equipment at the initial landing and one ton or more each month thereafter to support his advance against the enemy.

SEAMEN HELP NAVY CREW IN SAVING LIBERTY SHIP

Assigned to Gun Stations, Aid in Felling Japanese Plane

The Liberty ship Floyd W. Spencer, carrying supplies to American invaders of the Philippines, was saved from destruction off the islands recently when Merchant Marine personnel teamed with the Navy armed guard to shoot down a Japanese torpedo plane, the War Shipping Administration revealed.

The vessel's guns blasted the plane to bits at close range and careful maneuvering by the ship's skipper, Captain Simpson Blackwood, Lewiston, Me., caused the enemy torpedo to miss.

The commander of the Navy armed guard cited the Merchant Marine personnel assigned to gun stations for their "courageous action."

ETERNAL VIGILANCE

Lookouts aboard Coast Guard fighting ships keep constant watch on the skies and seas, ready to warn the bridge at the first sign of danger as heavily laden merchantmen and transports carry supplies and men to the Pacific. If an enemy is sighted, the call of "General Quarters" will send the crew to battle stations and the Coast Guard ships will speed to intercept the attackers.

The Screwball Inventor

By John Hodakowsky, A.B. Seaman

It was inevitable that Andy would have to take on that odious laundry job. How he contrived to have fun while washing is told here.

PROBABLY the most annoying thing about a ship that a newcomer hates is the chore of cleaning up after himself, for he soon finds that nobody else will do it for him, and since neither wife nor mother are there, the job becomes solely his own affair.

Washing clothes is an unusually exasperating job that has to be done, and the landlubber puts off doing it day after day—using up all his clean clothes until there is a pyramid of dirty gear in his locker that simply has to be cleaned.

"Captain" Andy was that type of person who would wear a pair of jeans until the threads stretched and conformed to the shape of his body—a conspicuously large bag at the seat of his pants and two minor ones at the knees. He had been a fisherman in pre-war days and that hard-working occupation gave very little time for such minor things as taking a bath or changing into clean clothes; for the business of sending out nets and hauling them in full of fish was a strenuous job.

We called Andy "Captain" on his own insistence that once he had captained a fishing boat and hence was by rights a "Capatan" as he pronounced it. His arduous life had made him a splendid physical specimen, also, given him that special aversion for wearing clean clothes. Indeed, if that old saying "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" holds true, I am afraid that Capatan's inclinations leaned somewhat in favor of Old Nick.

It was inevitable that Andy would sooner or later have to take on the odious bucket of soap and water, and scrub. He shirked this responsibility until the last garment had been hopelessly caked and recaked with paint, grease and dust. Being an imaginative fellow, he reasoned that the motion of the ship, as it plowed through the water, could very thoroughly wash his clothes. So he set about to invent the washing machine that would use the speed of the ship for manipulation, and the constant moving sea as a cleansing agent. It was to be a revolutionary wonder, "Capatan" daydreamed. Every ship would have one and he'd become rich and famous.

We, the crew, first received an inkling of this wonder when Capatan approached us with offers to wash our clothes, at a price of course. Naturally, we were surprised since Andy's own appearance was certainly not an advertisement for a laundry, so when we inquired about this sudden ambition, we were further surprised to hear him say that he would wash any amount of clothing—the more the better.

Rumor came to us that Andy was making a wash machine in the bowels of the fore peak, in the carpenter shop. He was busily hammering together a fantastic tub-like thing that resembled a paddle-wheel like the old Mississippi steamboats used to have. Those that saw it said it had lines attached to both sides and a trap-door in the center of the contraption, through which, presumably, clothes were inserted and enclosed. The whole thing would go over the side. The water, catching into the paddles of this gadget, would rotate it and the lines could be handled from the deck to steer it.

So insistent was Capatan, upon bragging about his brain child, that soon this wonderful invention became the topic of the entire ship. We kidded and joked Andy about it, asking him if he would hang out his Chinaman's laundry shingle on

the door of his foc'sle, announcing "Laundry taken in—Shirts 10c—Jeans 25c—Shorts 10c, etc. But he took all our jokes in stride, smiling knowingly and said "You guys can laugh now, but just wait.

It was a much looked for event when Andy finally announced the completion of this wondrous gadget and a trial performance to be made on the stern. It required the aid of two of the crew to haul it up from the fore peak and carry it aft. Word spread like wild-fire that the launching was taking place on the stern, and everyone who was not on watch hurried there. Even the Captain and the Chief Mate could be seen looking expectantly aft from the skipper's bridge.

Andy made it known that this was only a test launching to determine how the gadget would work. An oiler insisted upon having the honor of having his clothes washed first, and despite vigorous protests, combined with doleful warnings, the oiler opened the trap door, shoved a bundle of clothes inside and closed it.

It required three men to hoist that washing machine to the rail and slowly lower it into the water. For safety's sake, a couple of round turns were made on the bitt to make sure that it would hold the gadget once it hit water. When it did hit the water, we cheered as lustily as anyone would at a launching. But alas, it was a failure.

The wondrous invention turned over on its side and made a series of somersaults until Capatan's frantic handling of the line checked it —only to have it start somersaulting in the opposite direction. Sometimes it would right itself, but only for a brief moment during which the water caught the blades with such force that it actually went faster than the ship until the strain of the rope holding it became slack. Then, having no more momentum, would flop over on its side to resume its acrobatics as soon as the line was taut.

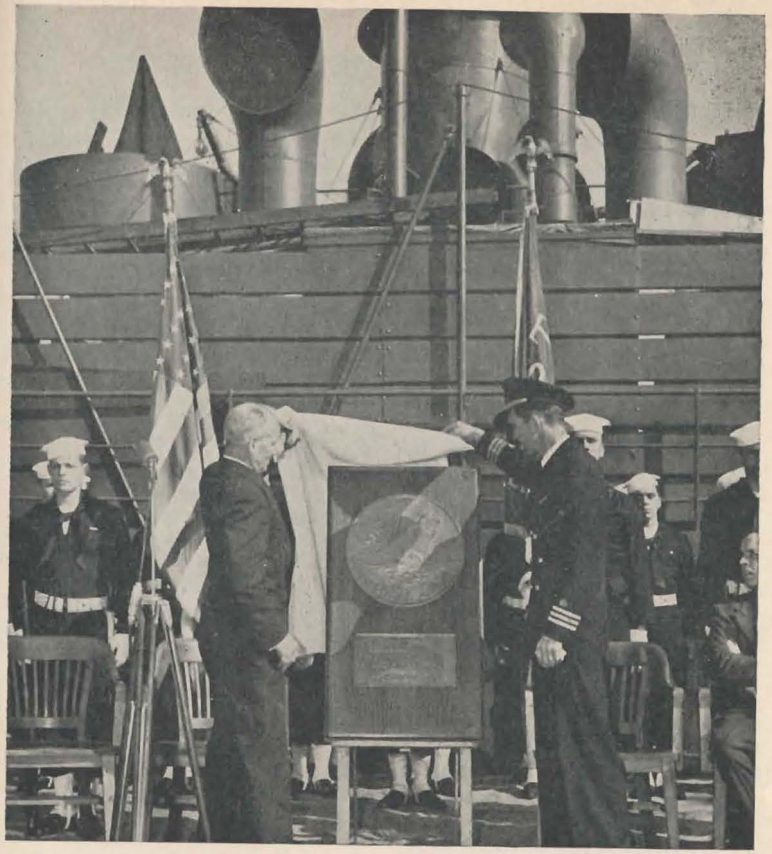
We gave Andy all kinds of free advice on how to handle his brain-child, and he didn't appreciate it at all. In fact, he told us to "go to hell". Finally he gave up and hauled the brain-child up on deck, with assistance of course, for it was water-soaked and very heavy. When at last it stood dripping on deck, the oiler asked for his clothes. Andy opened the trap door, reached down into the interior and drew out—a handful of rags. Everybody hooted, except Andy and the oiler, who, unruffled by us, asked "Are they clean?" I don't give a damn if they're torn a bit, just as long as they're clean! It turned out that the oiler had really put a bundle of rags in the wash machine instead of clothes.

The washing machine, a failure, stood forlornly on the stern. Several time Capatan determined to rectify the errors in it, but his intentions proved as faulty as his ambitions and it remained untouched.

Eventually the thing became an eyesore to the captain. One day he told Andy to throw it over the side, much against his protests. When Andy did heave it over the stern, he gazed after it broken-heartedly, as it bobbed and bounced upon the waves to finally disappear from sight. The captain told Andy never to try inventing anything else without first asking his permission and Andy was really feeling blue.

I have heard a rumor that a Jap submarine came across what it considered one of the United States' secret weapons. Seems that the sub was traveling on surface when it came across a queer tub-like object floating on the water. It was seen from a distance, and fearing a trap, the Japs circled the thing warily, not daring to approach close. Finally they decided to shell instead of capture this queer thing, and did so till a hit disintegrated the object and it disappeared. Since our ship was in Jap-infested waters at the time, we were not surprised to hear of a so-called "secret weapon" that put those Japs on the alert. It might have been Capatan's wash machine!

Gallant Ship



The SS SAMUEL PARKER is the first American merchant vessel to be cited as a Gallant Ship. On April 9th, Vice Admiral Emory S. Land, left, USN (ret'd.), War Shipping Administrator and Chairman, U. S. Maritime Commission, boarded the ship to award her a plaque for distinguished service under innumerable enemy attacks that have made her one of the "most-hit" ships still in service.

The Gallant Ship Award, authorized by Presidential executive order, is presented to merchant ships by the War Shipping Administration for outstanding action under attack or for gallant action in marine disasters or other emergencies at sea. The bronze and wood plaque was designed by the famous sculptor Jo Davidson and will be mounted in a conspicuous place on the ship.

In addition, the Master and each member of his crew aboard ship during this voyage will be awarded a green and gray ribbon bar with a silver sea horse device superimposed. Each member of the U. S. Navy Armed Guard crew aboard at the time will also receive the ribbon bar award.

Capt. Elmer J. Stull, of Seattle, Washington, master of the SS SAMUEL PARKER during the period she earned her award, now commands another ship, one which took part in the Leyte invasion. He is now in San Francisco and Admiral Land has sent him a message of congratulation.

Book Reviews

NAVIES IN EXILE

By A. A. Divine

E. P. Dutton & Co. 249 pp.

In this small book there is crowded an enormous amount of fact and inspiration: the Polish submarines slipping through the shallows of the Baltic and reporting to their government in London; the amazingly varied tasks undertaken by the Dutch; the new navy created from his merchant ships by the Norwegian King in Exile; Danish, Yugoslav, Belgian and Greek units serving under the British Admiralty but proudly flying their own flags. The author shows a vast store of very technical and detailed information and presents it in clear and very readable form. He treats with sympathetic understanding the case of the French navy whose officers, unlike the Dutch or Norwegian, had no clear call to follow their ruler into exile but were forced to make the bitter decision between obeying orders or conscience.

D.P.

SHIPBOARD MEDICAL PRACTICE

By W. L. Wheeler, Jr., M.D.

Illustrated, $1.00. Cornell Maritime Press

A whole series of new methods for the treatment of victims of enemy action have come out of the experiences of this war. In simple language, with an absolute minimum of technical detail, this handbook sums up the new procedures developed out of the lessons of hundreds of disasters.

Aimed at wartime conditions, this book interprets first aid as an *emergency* practies, which has its roots in preparations beforehand. With this in mind, Dr. Wheeler has written sections intended to reduce hazards to the minimum—the maintenance of the human body, ship sanitation, the stocking of the medicine chest. Specific diseases and their treatment, the elements of surgical first aid, the use of the radio for requesting advice, these fit naturally into this treatment of all phases of *Shipboard Medical Practice.*

This book would make a useful companion volume with "Ship Sanitation and First-Aid, 4th edition, by Robert. W. Hart, Surgeon, U.S.P.H.S. $1.00, published by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in cooperation with the U. S. Public Health Service.

THE ASHLEY BOOK OF KNOTS

By Clifford W. Ashley

Doubleday Doran, $7.50

Reviewed by Bosun Herbert Colcord, instructor, Merchant Marine School.

In this new book on knots, splices, bends and fancy rope work the author's descriptions seem plain enough for the amateur to follow. There have been many books on knots. Graumont and Hensel's ENCYCLOPEDIA OF KNOTS published by the Cornell Maritime Press (reviewed in THE LOOKOUT several years ago) is one of the best.

However, in all the books I notice that the pictures of the various knots show the ends equal in length. I think it would help the beginner to have the standing part longer than the hauling part. Many phases of rope making are debatable. There are several kinds of knots that are tied nearly alike but have different names. One sailor swears by one, another by his, so there is plenty of room for argument. There are discussions about which knots jam and which won't. It is claimed that knot-making began in Egypt. Today, ropes do their essential although inconspicuous part in carrying cargoes to our armies overseas.

"CLIPPER SHIP MEN"

by Alexander Laing

Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.00

This is a story about the development of the dream of a perfect ship, namely, "The Clipper." Mr. Laing, whose earlier book "The Sea Witch" told in the form of a novel about the romantic "Clipper Ship Era", has here traced the history and the philosophy of the ship which brought fame to America.

The author gives credit to Captain Nat Palmer, John Willis Griffiths, draftsman, and of course, to the great Donald McKay, "the Henry Kaiser of the 1850's," who came from Nova Scotia to build many of the famous Yankee Clippers.

The Clipper Ship, concludes the author, was a swift response to the new demand for speed, but a number of earlier developments in ship design were necessary to make these Clippers possible. The book is well illustrated by Armstrong Sperry, and it should be in every marine library.

—M. D. C.

Marine Poetry

FOR POETS LOST AT SEA

Quite true, the world has never heard
their names,
And shining things that drove the awkward pen
Were slain, I'm told, among the reeking
flames,
The blasts that scattered ships and
shreds of men,
Till naught remained but dreary, rolling water,
Black wind, the omnipresent lurking
foe;
And I, who looked upon the work of
slaughter,
Rise up to tell what in my heart I
know:
Their first rude jottings we shall never
see,
But deeds of these young boys are for
all time,
And from their story, while our land
is free,
Is born the lasting flower of glorious
rhyme:
The poems made as quartered bodies die
Awake America with their battlecry.

Chief Mate JOHN ACKERSON, USMS.

Reprinted from N. Y. Times.

A TEMPERAMENTAL LADY

Sea of a hundred tempers,
Sea of a thousand moods,
Sometimes, so calm and sunny,
At others, she's restless and broods.
Sometimes, she's roaring and bad
In a mood no sailor would twit her,
Or regret at once, if he had.
But mostly she's peaceful and gentle
With the sun shining down from above.
She is a composite picture
But always a sailor's great love.

2nd Electrician WILLIAM E. NOBLE

ISHMAEL

Yes, call me Ishmael if you must name
me,
I've heard the knocking on my coffin
door;
I'm grim enough about the mouth to
shame me,
It's true November in my heart once
more.
Too long I've watched the townsmen's
slavish faces,
My eyes are dull with questioning and
doubt;
It's time for me to try remoter places,
With gear in hand I'm ready to ship out.
I love to sail the morning seas, yet
land on
The unanticipated coasts of night;
At sea I swear I never will abandon
My frail pursuit of freedom and of
light.
I'd trap the great white whale mad
Ahab sought,
The one which all men seek yet none
have caught. —CORNELL LENGYEL

Purser-Pharmacist Mate

THE SHIP BUILDER

By Berton Braley

Roll out your tanks in their clanking
ranks
And pour out your planes in fleets
And speed the guns and the infinite tons
Of food that an army eats.
These are things that count as the battles
mount
By water and land and air,
But—they'll be no use if WE don't produce
The ships that'll get them there!
Liberty ships, Victory ships
And tankers we've fashioned for
Perilous seas on perilous trips
To fronts of a global war.
So the tall cranes swing and the hammers
ring
And the torches of welders blaze.
And the forges glow and the great hulls
grow
Like magic upon the ways.
A magic that we are working at
While our pulses beat and throb
To the clang of steel. Oh, it's great to
feel
You share in a giant job!
Liberty ships, Victory ships
Ships we have builded for
Backing the men who come to grips
With foes in a global war.
When a staunch ship slides down the
ways and rides
The waters, our pulses stir;
And our thoughts run thus: She's a part
of us
And we are a part of her.
A ship that carries her precious freight
To the beaches of everywhere.
And not too little, and not too late,
But plenty—and time to spare!
Liberty ships, Victory ships
Ships in a vast parade
Sailing over on endless trips
Where war's grim game is played;
Others see that the quota's filled
Of things that are vital for
The men of battle—but we, WE build
The ships for a global war!

Courtesy—The Mast
U. S. Maritime Service

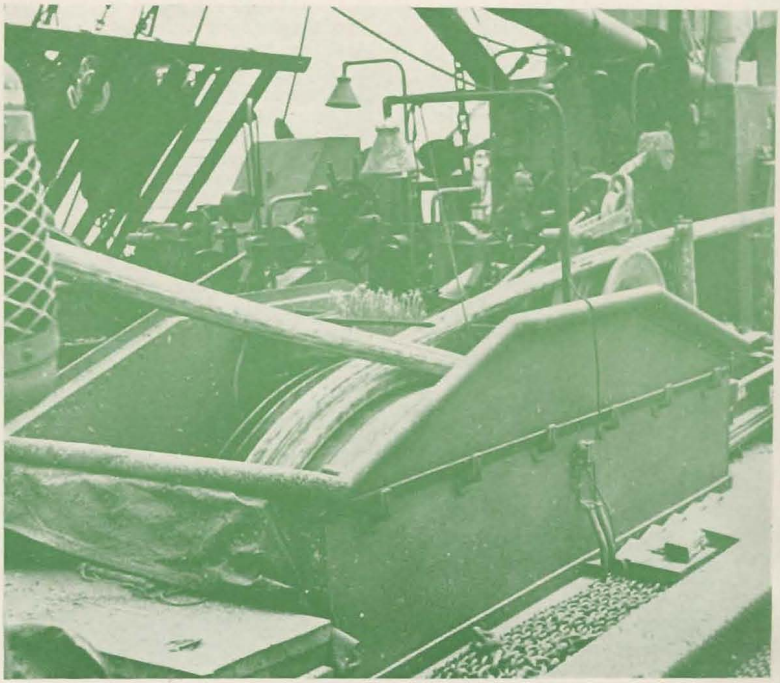
OUT BOUND CONVOY

Grim, gray laden freighters
At anchor you ride,
You swing to the ebb and the flow of
the tide,
Where do you come from?
Where are you bound?
In what distant harbors
Will your anchors find ground?
Their bells ringing gaily
Steam whistles they roar.
Black smoke from their funnels
Drifts over the shore.
The convoy is forming, the anchors
aweigh
They steam from the haven
Thro' boom and away.

THOMAS HILL, A.B.

A Liberty Ship Participates in a Unique Pipe Line Operation

One of the greatest supply stories of the war may now be told. An oil pipe line system was laid under the English Channel to carry gasoline to the Allied Armies — one million gallons daily. The gasoline is carried by high pressure lines from Liverpool to the Rhine, with enormous savings of tankage and truckage.



British Press Combine Photos

Photo shows the 3-inch HAIS CABLE passing around the cable drum of the LIBERTY ship "LATIMER" during the laying operation of this continuous built pipe line.