

The LOOKOUT



BLINKER SIGNALLING

Three Lions Photo

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

Vol. XL

AUGUST

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy Peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love. Where there is injury, pardon. Where there is doubt, faith. Where there is despair, hope. Where there is darkness, light. Where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to Eternal Life.

Reprinted from "Words to Live By," a collection of brief, inspiring essays which first appeared in This Week Magazine

The LOOKOUT

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PLEASE HOLD THIS DATE for our FALL BENEFIT:

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11th

PREMIERE of

J. ARTHUR RANK PRODUCTION

"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS"

Starring FREDERIC MARCH

"The War Is Not Over For All"

By Don Brown, *Bosun*

TONIGHT at midnight, on a thousand ships, several thousands of men will relieve the watch at the sound of eight bells, over the Seven Seas of the world. Some will be down below the Equator in tropical waters and, as far as the eye can see in either direction, will lie a calm blue sea, with only the occasional splash of a flying fish to break the monotony. At night, they will have a big yellow moon to keep them company and to remind them of happier days in the past.

At the same time, in the Northern Seas of the world, men loaded with heavy clothing, facing the fierce winds and the bitter cold, withstanding the stormy seas and realizing the constant roll of the ship, will be relieving a watch in the never ending darkness. Wherever you may be, it may be comfortable and cozy; you may be in the middle of your post war plans and dreaming of your plans to come and thinking "what a peaceful life . . . now that the war is over."

But not so for these thousands of men on their thousands of ships that are speeding through the Seven Seas, toward whichever Port in the world they are bound. The Merchant Seamen . . . The war is not yet over for them. During the war many thousands of mines were dropped in and near shipping lanes by our enemies. In the waters near our battlefronts, they were most numerous; but today, they have been reported in many strange places.

Today there are still thousands of reported mines, drifting aimlessly with the winds and currents . . . always a hazard to our ships and our men who man them. Recently it had been found that many are drifting

(Continued on page 2)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

When this story was submitted and the author told us he had written it in 1947, we decided not to use it because we felt that it seemed dated. Surely the war was over and there would not be any more mines, but on June 22, 1949, there appeared the following news item in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune:

SHIP HITS MINE OFF DUNKERQUE;
5 DEAD, 10 HURT

Belgian Channel Steamship
Carrying 283 Sinks in
90 Minutes; Rescue Fast

DUNKERQUE, France, June 21 (UP).—The Belgian Channel steamship *Princess Astrid*, carrying 283 persons, struck a war-time mine in choppy seas five miles off this historic port today and sank within ninety minutes.

Five persons, all crew members, were listed by police as killed, and ten were injured, most of them burned by escaping steam. It was believed that the terrific blast of the mine as it ripped into the *Princess Astrid's* hull was responsible for the five deaths.

A greater tragedy was averted by almost perfect discipline among the men, women and children aboard the ship and by swift rescue work by water craft of all kinds from Dunkerque.

The 2,950-ton Belgian government-owned ship was on her regular afternoon mail run from Ostend, Belgium, to Dover, England, when at about 4 p. m. it struck a mine which, after four years of mine-sweeping, still lay among the sandbanks that screen Dunkerque.

Within moments an S. O. S. was flashed to Dunkerque. The captain headed the *Princess Astrid* for the sand banks and tried to beach the ship, but it took on water too fast and settled steadily.

The little steamer *Cap Hadid*, which had just reached Dunkerque harbor, turned about and raced for the *Princess Astrid*, followed by tugs, fishing trawlers, lifeboats and launches. First at the scene, the *Cap Hadid* took aboard the women and children.

Later the men passengers clambered down into the tugs. Two tugs tried to take the *Princess Astrid* in tow, but it settled, turned over and sank ten minutes after the last crewman had left.

(Continued from page 1)

with the Japanese Current, dangerously close to and into our West Coast Ports. Until they are gone, and not until then, will our shipping lanes really be safe again. For within each mine lurks death and destruction to seafarers. You won't hear much about these mines or the incidents that happen because of them. You might read a small article saying "the S.S. So and So struck a mine off the coast of Italy, or in the China Seas"; that "the ship was saved with the loss of several men", but that is about all you will read.

But the sailors know that their look-outs on the bridge and the bow of their ships are on the alert constantly; for they know only too well that an innocent looking object floating on the crest of a swell, hidden by the shadows, might well be that dreaded object . . . a drifting mine. What is being done about them? Well, just

about all that is possible; but at that, it will probably take years to accomplish. As fast as they are spotted, their location along with information as to the winds and currents of the sea, are radioed to the Coast Guard, which immediately proceeds to the scene in the quickest way possible and the mine is rendered harmless by the easiest and safest methods.

So tonight when it's eight bells . . . stop a minute and think a little . . . about those several thousand guys who are fighting the elements of Nature, and still taking their chances on mine-infested shipping lanes, in peace as well as in the war. Those guys who didn't quit their jobs when the war was over, but continued to transport our men and our supplies to the outposts of the world. Theirs is the kind of spirit that won our recent war; theirs is the kind of spirit that will preserve that Peace we all love so well.



U. S. Coast Guard Photo

The Yellow Mate

By Nat Barrows

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Boston Globe—Pub. around 1928

**Capt. Herbert Friswold is a member of the Artists & Writers Club sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.*

To LOOKOUT Editor:

I enjoyed your article about Saba Island. I have lent it to all the ship's officers to read. My Second Mate is a native of Grand Cayman. When I handed him the story, I said "Mr. Foster, here is a story written by a friend of mine. She was recently in Saba. Last year she was in Cayman." He was enthusiastic about the article. The men from the Caymans, like the men from Saba, have done well in the American Merchant Marine. There are many Masters and Mates sailing in American vessels that were born in the Cayman Islands. Mr. Foster was formerly master of one of Alcoa's ships.

The last time I was in La Guaira, Venezuela, I was aboard the *Santa Eliana* to see Capt. James Simmons. I used to meet him there quite often when I was in the *Cape Romain*. The *Pilgrim* has not been to that place since I have had her. I noticed that Capt. Simmons "broke out the bottle" and offered me a drink, but he did not indulge. Said he never takes it. Sobriety, honesty, reliability, diligence, and attentiveness are qualities that are universal in the Saba and Cayman Islanders. Most of them have the unusual quality among the modern steamer sailor of being willing and unashamed to announce a faith and trust in God. The only man I ever saw pray on a ship was a Saba Islander. I am sure that the only man on this ship who reads the Bible is Mr. Foster, a Cayman Islander. If I owned a ship, I would entrust it to one of them and feel that it was in good hands. There may be more brilliant men than the natives from those tiny islands but there are few men who have the instinctive good common sea sense, caution, foresight, forethought and "eternal vigilance" of the islander navigators.

CAPTAIN I. F. WOOD*,
S.S. *Alcoa Pilgrim*,
Alcoa Steamship Company, Inc.



Channel Fever

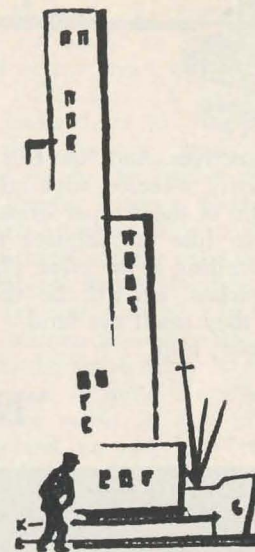
By J. J. Flynn

THE S.S. *Francis Cole* lay rusted and drab alongside the wharf and except for the voices of seamen heard in the passageways, an air of forlornness hung heavy about the ship. A strange quietude prevailed, broken by the murmur of life seething from distant streets, the lap of water as in gentle caress against the hull, and gulls wheeling and swooping in raucous cry, gulping savagely at the refuse on deck.

The longshoremen had gone to supper leaving behind a scene of suspended action, while the sunglow of the late afternoon receded before the shadow of the looming dusk.

Tilley leaned on the rail overlooking the welldeck. It was pleasant to survey the helter-skelter of trailing bull ropes, guy lines and odd angled booms and know he wasn't going to secure them for sea when the ship pulled out. He was going home. The telegram from his father in Oklahoma said in essence — come home. I need you, the farm needs you and Helen thinks you are forgetting her.

How often he thought of home on calm nights looking at a velvet sea and drained the cup of regrets that he was so far away — from her, the homestead . . . yes, even from himself. But he was reconciled to the belief that he didn't belong there, that those years of toil from a boy to manhood on a heartbreaking, dusty, plagued land were over. No, he didn't really want to, but she was there, and he needed her and the farm needed him. He belonged to the land. Tilley smiled ruefully. There were horizons that the sea didn't contain and it seemed he rode a solitary passage to many strange and polyglot ports that touched him not. He could never break away. How odd that when he was there he hated the farm and yet on night watches he evoked dreams of a new tractor, raising of soy beans and the



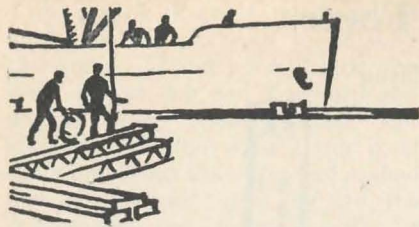
use of a new fertilizer he had read about.

"The purser is paying off." It was old Garrity. He was smiling at Tilley's benumbed look. "Well, you don't seem anxious to get your pay."

"Sure, sure, Garrity, I was just thinking . . ." he hesitated, then offered his hand. "So-long Garrity, I'm going home to Oklahoma."

"Yeah, that's what you've been saying all day. You got folks and a sweetheart; that's a lot to go back to. See that you stay put," Garrity observed gruffly. "Just a calf, a lucky calf," he muttered and leaned on the rail where Tilley had been.

Garrity surveyed the maze of gear, hazily thinking what a mess a ship looks when she unloads. A languid repose settled over him. The sun dropped slowly behind the skyscrapers tinting the clouds in diverging pinks and coloring the water in undulating silver. The old man blinked, sure is pretty, but kind of sad like as if a lot of good things happened, small things — the boys raising the booms like they were mad and the bosun so damned excited he almost had us topping No. 4 boom



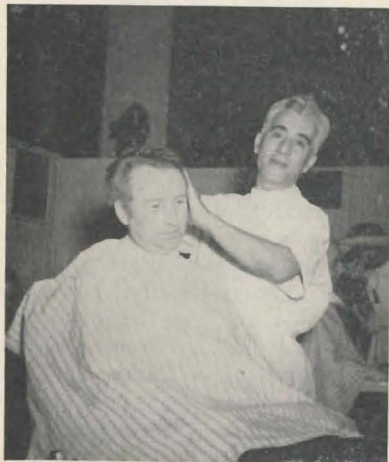
to the crosstrees. And "the Old Man" . . . Garrity wheezed with mirth as he thought of the skipper dressing to go ashore like an admiral fit for parade, smiling at the pilot. Channel fever touches 'em all, he thought, soon as they smell the land.

"So long, Pop."

"Eh?" It was Werner taking off. "So long, son." He watched the seaman walk cautiously down the gangway with his seabag. He watched others and said good-bye to them all and every one that went left him feeling emptier than before.

The longshoremen returned and soon the rattle of the winches and shouts of men dispelled somewhat the loneliness of the ship. The blue that hid the stars had faded and the night descended swiftly like a pall on old Garrity's thoughts. He sighed and wondered which ones would be coming back to the ship, and which ones he would never see again.

"NEXT . . . !"



"Joe" Sanchez, barber at S. C. I. for twenty-five years, gives seaman Harry M. Hines a haircut.

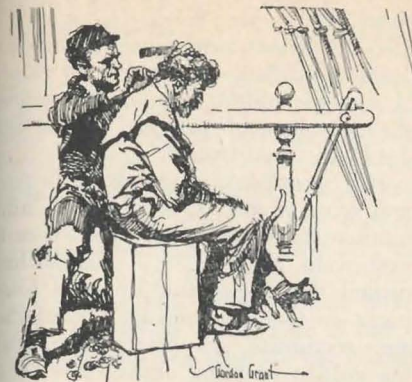
FOR twenty-five years Braulio (Joe) Sanchez has been the barber at 25 South Street. He has snipped the locks and shaved the jowls of merchant seamen from the 48 states and from countries around the world. Once in a while he'll get a customer who doesn't speak enough English to tell him how to cut his hair. This happened recently and Joe just figured out the way it had been cut before and followed that. No complaints, so it must have been all right. When asked about styles in men's haircutting, Joe says it's all

about the same now except that Texans like their hair a little longer than most men and are right fussy about their looks. (No offense intended, pardners, so put away those six shooters).

Senor Sanchez was born in Spain but taken to Havana, Cuba, as a youth. He came to this country in 1920, married in 1924 and that same year started his long barbering service at the Seamen's Church Institute.

Nobody calls Mr. Sanchez by his first name . . . Braulio . . . because nobody can remember it and years ago Mr. Westerman nicknamed him "Joe" for the sake of convenience. Joe is a slender, quiet spoken, natty gentleman with a fine head of wavy grey hair, but we didn't get hold of any secrets on how he keeps it that way. Joe is a lover of fine music and buys standing room for every opera each season at the "Met". His favorite opera is "La Boheme."

Asked if he thought seamen were more talkative than ordinary customers or given to telling tall stories of their adventures, Joe said "no" and he makes a point of never asking questions unless the man in his chair shows a decided bent toward conversation. He finds seamen particularly clean about their persons. As for



The Skipper has a hair cut.
From "Sail Ho" by Gordon Grant.

tipping, they stack up about even with any other class of men. Once in a while when shipping is slow and men are "on the beach", Joe trusts seamen he has known for a long time for the price of a haircut and

a shave. He says that during all the years, he has never been out one penny. They always come back (even months later) and pay him what they owe. Rates in the Institute barber shop are about as low as can be found in any clean, reputable barber shop these days. A haircut is 60 cents and a shave 30.

During the war, many seafarers turned up in the barber shop with thick beards. It was a custom among the men on some ships to grow their beards until victory gave them cause to celebrate and shave them off. One time Joe was shaving a heavy beard off a seaman who sat without speaking. As the beard began to disappear, Joe began to think the visage familiar and when it was all off he recognized an old old friend who laughed heartily at Joe's astonishment.

A Seaman's Scrapbook

Sixty-six years of seafaring — that is Captain George E. Griffing's record. Recently he brought his scrapbook with mementoes of his long years at sea, to show to the librarians in our Conrad Library.

The scrapbook contains a drawing of his first ship, a square-rigger, *Richard P. Buck* on which he sailed at the age of eighteen, around the Horn from New York to San Francisco in 1884. The voyage took 149 days and he earned eight dollars a month!

"I fell from the croj'k yard to the deck forty feet below," Capt. Griffing recalled, and added wryly, "I was mighty scared but not hurt much — only scratched myself on a rope!"

The last entry in the Captain's scrapbook is a newspaper clipping dated Feb. 22, 1942, with an account of the torpedoing of a Cities Service tanker and how the survivors were taken ashore at Ft. Pierce. Then follows a letter from the local Red Cross Chapter to Capt. Griffing thanking him for his contribution



and his letter, in behalf of the crew, for the splendid hospitality given the survivors by Ft. Pierce residents.

"That was the second sinking I survived", he commented, his blue eyes twinkling. "My first one was on July 14th, 1933 — see, there's the clipping — when an explosion and

(Continued on page 8)

fire broke out aboard the tanker Cities' Service. We took to the boats but the seas were so heavy we returned to the ship, tried to put out the fire — but without success. Finally, we launched the lifeboats again but the skipper, Capt. F. L. Sears (I was serving as a mate) insisted on staying with the tanker. She sank suddenly and he was lost."

Capt. Griffing, now 83, enjoys visiting the Institute and reading in the Conrad Library. He has an excellent memory and recalls being aboard a fishing schooner at Fulton Street on May 24, 1883 the day the Brooklyn Bridge was officially opened. "I remember paying one cent and walking across the new Bridge," he said.

He has crossed the Atlantic 25 times, the Pacific three times and through the Panama Canal 30 times.

"I took my wife on several voyages to California, once aboard the tanker *Shreveport*. Some years later there was an explosion on that ship but she was rebuilt and renamed

the C. S. *Koolmotor* (Cities Service). Capt. Griffing during World War II was the oldest seaman to receive the new type of passport issued by the U. S. Coast Guard.

His Scrapbook is yellow with age and some of the pages are torn. "My mother started keeping this when I first went to sea . . ." His hands turned the pages and lingered lovingly on those containing his marriage certificate, clippings reporting his golden wedding anniversary, his daughter's marriage and other events in his long life . . . "A good life, and a happy one," he said, "and although my wife and many old shipmates have gone, and I retired from the sea in 1945, I still have lots of interests. Like to read . . . to visit . . . to remember."

Capt. Griffing has six grandchildren and one great-grandchild. He comes by seafaring naturally, as his great-grandfather, Capt. Aldrich, sailed a sloop on Long Island Sound which was captured by the British in the War of 1812.

SCI Staff Gives Entertainment for Seamen

FORTY-FIVE members of the Institute's staff of 300 presented a Variety Show in the Auditorium on June 7th and were acclaimed by an enthusiastic audience of 620 merchant seamen. It was the second such entertainment given by the Staff and proved even more successful than the first.

A chorus of fourteen sang "Cruising Down the River", "Easter Parade", "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and other old favorites, and the Chapel Quartet including Charles Bergener, Mort Davenport, Edith Starr and Evelyn Salisbury sang musical comedy selections.

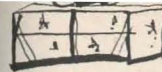
A one-act play, "WhoDunIt" was presented, with a cast including Chaplain John Evans, Mavis Hamilton, Joan Salacinski, Irene Green-

walt, Dick Greyble, Florence Meredith and Neil Ehmke.

A skit about baseball featuring Polly Beaton, John Zeigler, Ross Monroe and Neil Ehmke met with much approval. Anne Conrow Hazard was musical director and Trevor M. Barlow was stage manager. John Connell sang Irish melodies and the Crosby Quartet sang Negro Spirituals.

Typical of the expressions of appreciation from the seamen is the following comment to Mr. Daniel Trench, the Institute's Night Manager:

"We sure enjoyed that show . . . we knew they were not professional but everybody must have worked hard to give us seamen such an enjoyable evening and I hope we'll have many more of them."



Christmas in Summer

AN OLD New Englander was sitting in front of the country store enjoying his pipe when a passing friend said: "You look mighty cool and comfortable, Isaiah. How do you manage to do it this terribly hot weather?" To which Isaiah replied, "Heck! The only way I can keep cool in this heat is to think of Christmas, and when winter comes and freezes me I think of the 4th of July."

If we are going to give our seamen who sail the seven seas or who happen to be confined in hospitals, or are ashore, a share of Christmas cheer, we have to be like the old Vermonter — think of Christmas in July. To many seamen our Christmas Boxes are the only remembrance which they receive at holiday time. One of our donors in Iowa received a "Thank you" note from the man who got her Box and this is what he said:

If space allowed we could publish grateful letters from Africa, China, India. After Christmas, letters of thanks from ports all over the world are received by the donors of these Christmas gifts.

"Today I received a Christmas package through the Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y. with your personal card inside. I suppose you may wonder why I am here but I happen to have contracted tuberculosis. It is a pretty lonesome spot up here so you can imagine how very happy your thoughtful gift made me. I have no living relatives. So I took out all your lovely gifts and pretended to myself that each one was from a different person who remembered me. I can't thank you enough but I can assure you of my extreme gratitude."

A lonesome sailor,

EDWARD L. S —

From the Captain of a Ship, En Route to Singapore

"Please accept my sincere thanks for the generous Christmas packages which you sent on board for us at New York early in December. I am sure I am expressing the sentiment of the entire ship's company when I say that we are all very grateful to you."

I doubt that any of you fully understand just how much your gifts brightened up our Christmas and made it so different from the usual one at sea. But I was here. I saw the boys receive their gifts and I only wish those who gave them to us could have seen the smiles on the boys' faces and heard the many words of gratitude so variously expressed as they opened their packages. I also know that the gifts were doubly welcome to a number of men who obviously felt forgotten and abandoned by all, when they saw others among their shipmates opening packages sent along with them by some of their dear ones at home. To those unfortunate men your packages were priceless gifts indeed. May I again thank you and once more assure you of our heartfelt appreciation."

Most sincerely yours,

K. O. BORNSON, Master

No appeal for Christmas Boxes has ever gone out to our good friends that has not been met with a warm hearted response.

So once again this 1949 we are beginning to get the Christmas Boxes ready. Won't you join us in sending Christmas cheer and good will over the waves? It is your response which will enable us to spread Christmas spirit around the world.

"The wise man does not lay up treasure. The more he gives to others, the more he has for his own."

On application to the Central Council of the Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y., 25 South St., New York 4, N. Y., boxes will be sent you which you can fill, or, we shall gladly fill a box in your name for \$3.



The S. C. I. Santa visits a freighter.

The Sailor Who Knitted — A True Tale of the Sea

EDITOR'S NOTE: We recently received a letter from Mr. Charles W. White, columnist on the Muncie (Indiana) Evening Press. He enclosed a clipping from his column in which he told of a certain Seaman Miguel Campo who had befriended him. We posted Campo's name, but so far, he hasn't turned up. Mr. White's account of his experiences as an "Ordinary Seaman" was so interesting, and his tribute to seafarers so sincere, we thought LOOKOUT readers would enjoy reading them.

SOMEONE sent me a croshayed something for a coffee pot. We have invented the word croshay, preferring it to "crochet" for several reasons. This citizen in his letter of transmittal declared stoutly that he is a confirmed croshay man, and further, that this is no sign of effeminacy.

Well, thanks, Mister. But Heavens to Betsy, Man! Don't you know that half the tough, bold, hardboiled hombres of this world entertain themselves with needlework? Or china painting? It is nothing against a man that he will tat.

The first time I was truly enlivened to this Fact of Life was in the summer of 1930, on the United

States Lines vessel, "President Roosevelt" (named after Theodore.) Our job was that of a sailor, or seaman. Ordinary Seaman is the word. There were 16 ordinary seamen in the Deck Dep't. of that good ship, day and night gangs. And we soon found out that there is nothing ordinary about ordinary seamen. They are a craft and a skill to themselves, set apart, different from and better than most other men. Most of them, of course, aren't "Ordinaries" anyway. They're "AB's" or Able-Bodied Seamen, and are apt to be carrying first-mates or even masters' licenses amongst the well-wrapped papers in their inside pockets — or, more likely, at the bottom of their beautiful, battered ditty-boxes. They just sign on as "Ordinaries" or "AB's" when that happens to be the job that is open.

Be that as it may, they are tough men. They are hard-working men. They have independent minds. Often well-educated. They are immensely proud of their skill with ropes, knots, gear, winches, lines, machinery, boats and all the things that exist in that

lonely, thrilling little world. . . a ship.

They are, for the most part, completely fearless. During the years of World War II they proved this, carrying on under terrible hazards and hardships, and laughing about it when they got ashore. You should have seen some of those banged-up, bandage-swathed guys around the coast ports of America and Europe during the war — drinking, fighting and girling while they waited to "ship out" again. Out to better-than-even chances of sudden death, burning or mutilation.

Well, would you like to know what is carried in almost every professional seaman's ditty box (or bag)? . . . Needles and thread! Buttons, scissors, thimbles! And, likely as not, knitting needles or croshay material.

The Sailor Who Knitted

On the U. S. Lines ship, *President Roosevelt*, there was a Spaniard named Miguel Campo, a man who minded his business. But a nice fellow, at that.

About three days out the weather turned cold. I was stationed on the bridge as extra lookout. Miguel knew it was cold up there, that the wind was sharp and the spray sometimes very cutting indeed. Do you know what Miguel Campo did? One night, after the first part of the watch

when the boys came down below for coffee and stuff, Miguel Campo called me aside.

"Here," he said. "You too cold . . ." It was the nicest woolen slip-over sweater you ever saw. He had knitted it all himself. When we started to thank him he let on to be angry, and began swearing.

There was a Christian gentleman, and wherever he is today, we wish him well. If his body is at the bottom of the sea, his soul, we trust, is doing fine. We hope there are lots of pretty girls and gallons of sweet Malaga wine wherever Miguel Campo is, because that is what he liked.

So there is no need to defend men who croshay, knit or tat. They can defend themselves. They are the salt of the earth, Mister.

. . . There has never been enough written, nor have enough moving pictures been made, about the Merchant Marine and the work it did during the war. The danger was extreme, and ever present. A U. S. Navy officer told me that the average chance of a seaman on an oil tanker — once it got hit — was about three minutes . . . Yet it was a long time before seamen were even granted distinctive insignia which would admit them to service clubs and keep them from being insulted as draft dodgers.

Sea "Slanguage"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Although there are very few square-rigged sailing ships left*, many expressions used aboard the old windjammers are retained today. We asked a Cape Horn sailor to tell us about some of these.

During World War II new sea slang came into use: expressions such as "coffin corner"; (dangerous corner in convoy) "lower the boom" (to ask for a loan); "Ash cans" (depth bombs); "scuttle-butt" (this started in the Navy; it meant the drinking fountain and came to mean gossip) "Torpedo Junction" — off Cape Hatteras where Nazi submarines prowled; "sea lawyer" (a fellow who talks a lot and thinks he knows it all).

IN our every day language and conversation in these modern times,

we use quite a lot of nautical expressions, intentionally or otherwise. These sayings have come down to us from the days of the Sailing Ships, and do not pertain in any way to steamers, or other power driven vessels.

I will endeavor to think up a few of these old deep water salt sea sayings.

We often hear a person saying "I was taken aback" or in other words surprised. Well on a square-rigged ship 'Taken aback' meant that the wind suddenly shifted and heeled the vessel. Most of the sails being



Pencil sketch by Norman Maffie, A.B.
Deckhand sewing the reel covers on the Santa Clara Victory while at sea.

square, the ship was driven astern until she was brought back on her course by the helmsman, crew and a few cursers from the 'Old Man' on the poop.

Frequently we hear somebody saying that someone "took the wind out of his sails", which means that he was rather amazed by some news just imparted by another. In a wind-jammer that remark meant that another vessel had come rather close on the windward side, and while passing she covered your ship and took the wind out of your sails.

Once in a while we hear of a fellow who was found "hanging on the slack" or in other words taking it easy, or laying down on the job. As work on a sailing ship entails much hauling and pulling on ropes, sometimes when heaving up a heavy yard-arm with sail attached, it requires a good strong pull to get the yard up, and the sail set, some sailor may not be putting all his weight on the halliard, but pretends to be doing so.

We still have another, "Splice the Main Brace" or let's have a drink. Now some of these old salt water saturated skippers were good enough to give all hands a drink, say on their birthday, or after a long spell of bad weather, and also if there was a good splicing job done on the ship's braces, especially the braces on the lower heavy yards.

We also hear the word "Sky Pilot" which is used ashore and afloat. It refers to clergymen, for as you well know a clergyman tries to steer us on a course to heaven.

The expression used among sailors of turning in "All Standing" means that he went to bed or his bunk with all his clothes on, for very often during bad weather in the ship of sails the watch below (off duty) were told to "stand by" for a call, in order to help the watch on deck to maybe manhandle a sail, make it fast, and ease the weight on the masts during a heavy gale. Many times the watch below spends their sleeping time on deck, but these things

were every day occurrences, in sail, as the safety of the ship came before anything else in time of danger.

The word "Schooner rigged" applied to a member of the crew, who signed on with very little gear. Probably he was broke after a spell on the beach.

There are many old sea sayings too numerous to mention, but the above will, I think, suffice and are of the tall ships of days gone by whose passing has deprived the seas of much of their picturesqueness for among man's handiwork there was nothing more beautiful or majestic than a trim sailing ship, under all sail, with a "bone" in her mouth "rolling down to Rio."

C.M.F.

*As we go to press we learn that the square-rigged "grain ships" *Pamir* and *Passat* (both four-masted barques) will be laid up indefinitely owing to insufficient available freights.

"LUCKY STRIKE"

Crew members of the S.S. *Argentina* with the sword of an 800 lb. swordfish caught while the ship was at anchor off Trinidad. Manuel Ferrer, ship's plumber, the modest fellow in the dark trousers and shirt, was the fisherman, although several others helped him bring the big fish in. Because of health regulations the fish was not allowed to be brought aboard the *Argentina*, but was landed on a lighter alongside. The sword was cut off and brought on the ship as a trophy.



Seagoing Art Shows



Photo Courtesy Moore-McCormack, Lines

Steward Tom Lyon does a portrait in pastel of Staff Captain John M. Hultman of the Moore-McCormack liner *Uruguay*. The Artists and Writers Club gave Tom a one-man exhibition last year.



Tom Dwyer . . . Bosun . . . joined A & W club and got interested in painting. Made brush from hair of his own head. He gets crews interested on every ship he sails on.

Had art contest on the "S.S. *Frederic A. Kummer*" in middle of a run to Italy. Captain chose prize winners. Men used ships' paint and whatever canvas they could find around.

MINIATURE BRIG WINS PRIZE

A square-rigger 26 ft. long from stem to stern, carrying 14 miniature sails recently won first prize in the Marine Parade at Annapolis during the 300th Anniversary celebration. Named "Queen Anne's Revenge" after the vessel of Capt. Ed Teach, notorious pirate nicknamed "Blackbeard", the little brig was rigged and sailed by Lt. Commander Carl M. J. von Zielinski, U.S.N.R. LOOKOUT readers will remember his earlier miniature brig, "Isobel" which was displayed at the World's Fair and also was moored in the East River near the Seamen's Institute. Oldtimers were delighted to inspect the little vessel which reminded them of the great packets and clippers of bygone days, with their intricate rigging: on the foremast, a fores'l, foretops'l, fore t'gallant s'l; on her main mast, a mains'l; maintops'l; main t'gallant s'land main royal. Between the masts are the main royal stays'l and main topmast stays'l. Behind the mainmast is the spanker and the gaff tops'l. (Topsail is the term, but old salts elide the vowels and pronounce it "tops'l.")

CREW MEN ON THE "GRILLE" GET HAIR CUTS, RELIGIOUS SERVICES

A number of crew men on the "Grille," formerly Hitler's yacht, anchored at the foot of Wall Street, have been denied the privilege of going ashore by immigration authorities. The men were badly in need of hair cuts so their chief engineer contacted the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, a few blocks away on New York's waterfront, and an Institute barber, Angel Rios, took his "tools" and went over to the ship. He set up shop in the engine room (where the temperature was about 96 degrees) and took care of about ten seamen of varying nationalities. The men also wanted religious services for those unable to go ashore, and a chaplain at the Seamen's Institute (the largest shore home in the world for merchant seamen of all races) made arrangements to have a German Lutheran minister conduct a Sunday service for them.

ILE DE FRANCE

Another ship welcomed on her maiden post-war voyage is the *Ile de France*, which arrived in New York July 27th. Extensively rebuilt, her new tonnage 45,330, nearly 2,000 more than when launched in 1926. Two giant smokestacks will replace the two tall funnels on her boat deck one of which, like the third stack on the *Leviathan*, *Majestic* and *Beren-garia*, was a dummy.



Do You Have An "Expectant" Friend?

RECENTLY one of the Institute's staff visited a young mother in a hospital and was distressed to learn that twenty dozen roses, sent by various friends, were not permitted in the Maternity section of the hospital. The mother remarked:

"If only my friends had sent the money instead to some worthy charity it would have made me so happy."

If some of your friends are anticipating "blessed events," won't you take the cue from this young mother and, realizing that in most cases, neither fruit nor flowers is allowed, let us send a card to your friend in your name?

So that the mother will know that you have remembered her, the Institute will send her an attractive card of Congratulations on the new Baby, and the following wording:

"The money which I would have spent for flowers or fruit has been sent to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, a philanthropic organization in which I am interested. It will be used to help welcome merchant seamen of all nationalities and creeds. I hope that you will like my practical way of sending you "Congratulations and Best Wishes to you and the new member of your family."

When sending contributions please send the name of your friend, name and address of the hospital, room number. The card will be sent promptly.

Kindly make check payable to the Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y., 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

AN exhibition of eighteen water-colors, eleven of which were painted by Capt. George H. Grant and seven by his wife, Nellie B. Grant, was on view in the Janet Roper Room for a month beginning the end of June.

Captain Grant showed scenes from tropical islands he has visited as master of United Fruit Co. vessels while Mrs. Grant painted scenes around New York, including the Manhattan Bridge, an elevated station, a tiny city park, flower peddlers and other characteristic New York views.

Mrs. Grant majored in art and music but the captain had not studied art at all. He teasingly told his wife he could paint just as well as she does with one hand behind his back and when she admitted that he probably could, he plunged right in. There is no professional jealousy between them Mrs. Grant remarked laughingly. For one thing, they both paint for enjoyment only. For another, their styles and techniques are distinctly different. One of our seamen artists who saw the exhibition made this appraisal: "Mrs. Grant is better at composition but her works lack the force which Captain Grant's have."



Captain Grant is a writer as well as painter with the following well-known books on the sea to his credit: "Half Deck", "Confined to Davy Jones", "Heels of the Gale", and "Take to the Boats."

Captain Grant was represented in the SKIPPERS WHO PAINT exhibition held earlier at the Institute and one of his watercolors, a portrait of a sailor, was sold from the show. Although Mrs. Grant has not exhibited her paintings commercially, she has sold a number to friends. And her brother, who is a British sea captain, has "spoken for" her nicely executed painting of old New York facades on 19th Street.



Capt. George Grant shaking hands with crew members after his ship the *Junior* had picked up 83 seamen from the Coast Guard cutter *East Wind* following her collision with the Gulf Oil Tanker *Gulf Stream*.

**THE CRUISER'S MANUAL
and Motor Cruising**

By Carl D. Lane

W. W. Norton & Co., \$3.95

Packed with practical suggestions for owners of motorboats and sailboats, this book is the product of the author's 30 years of cruising. It contains recommendations about care and feeding of family and guests; painting and cleaning exteriors and interiors of boats; lighting, plumbing, heating, ventilating systems. How to stock a ship's medicine chest, icebox, bookshelf, bilge and galley — everything pertaining to life afloat in pleasure boats is discussed by an expert yachtsman.

This reviewer learned some new things about boating: how to ventilate a boat with an "aspirin hatch" — a support holding up a hatch until rain melts the aspirin tablet and closes the hatch automatically!

On page 222 is a recipe for ship's coffee which came directly from the Merchant Marine! Into one gallon of coffee put one teaspoonful of *dry mustard!*

M. D. C.

THE BISMARCK EPISODE

By Captain Russell Grenfell

The Macmillan Company 1949, \$3.00

THE BISMARCK EPISODE is the story of one of the longest naval hunts and probably the most momentous in history. At the time, May 1941, when Britain's fortunes were at such a low ebb that any further destruction of the shipping coming to her aid with food and military supplies from America and elsewhere might drive England out of the war, this powerful German battleship accompanied by the cruiser, *Prince Eugen*, slipped out of a Norwegian port into the Atlantic. These two fast, powerful ships, probably fueled at sea by auxiliary craft, might well be a deciding factor in the war. (Admiral Tovey's message to his flag captain Patterson on the eve of the final encounter clearly indicated he thought they might be). The British naval authorities deemed the menace so great that they marshalled forty ships, including the aircraft carrier, *Ark Royal* to take part in the hunt. For six days they persisted through fog and rain, low hanging clouds and cold. A bitter blow was the terrible and unexpected sinking of the *Hood*. The sleuthing and shadowing through fog and storm, the temporary escape of the quarry, the final view of the enemy, halloo and kill are described with a force and accuracy only possible by an officer of Captain Russell Grenfell's training, aided by the expert assistance of more than twenty-five top-rank officers.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

**FROM CARRACK TO CLIPPER:
A Book of Sailing Ship Models**

By Frank C. Bowen

Halton & Co., Ltd. (A Staples Press Co.)
\$4.00

A revised edition of a book first published in 1927 covering five centuries of ship-models, from the 15th century Italian Carrack to the fast Clipper ships of the late 19th century. This is a story of world progress, as it tells the development of sailing-ship design.

An up-to-date list of the principal museums and other institutions in Europe and America containing ship models is a valuable addition for all model makers, and there are nearly 70 photographs showing some of the finest models on display.

LOUISE NOLING

THE CORAL SEA

By Alan Villiers

Whittlesey House, \$4.00

Alan Villiers has written an extremely clear and fascinating book about a part of the world which up to 1940 was "somewhere else" to most of us, only to be later brought violently into our lives. The Coral Sea is now deeply engraved in the pages of history, along with "Waterloo," "Trafalgar," "Bunker Hill," "Shilo" and many other great battle areas of world history, but few of us who were there during the war took the time or had the inclination to study the history of it. Frankly, this writer is quite convinced that the book we are reviewing should have been issued to every member of the Allied Armed Forces during this last war, and it would have done as much, if not more, to accelerate the war effort as a lot of the so-called "canned" entertainment sent to us for that purpose.

The tales of Torres, Tasman, Cook and many others mentioned, are combined to form a complete picture of the history and adventure of that part of the world. Anyone who has been to sea for even the shortest period can appreciate the trials of those early adventurers combatting the elements and the geographical hazards of the Pacific, cannot help but note that those very same reefs even in this day of mechanized warfare, are still impregnable. Captain Villiers' first paragraphs on the characteristics of the various islands and inhabitants help to give a clearer picture of the entire area. This writer can remember being extremely impressed by the distinct racial differences between the Melanesians, Polynesians and Micronesians and this book has cleared up many of the questions as to their why and wherefore.

CLIFFORD D. MALLORY, JR.

SONG

Sail mightily against those seas
That you'd still aimlessly explore,
Mariner, and come once more
To savor in an hour of ease
Earth's treasured fare: the fruit, the wine
So mellow after acrid brine.
Forego a while the mysteries
Beyond the bleak wave-battered shore,
Finding in familiar grove
The still abundant grace of love:
Before the wine has soured, before
The fruit has shriveled from the trees.

By MARTIN SCHOLTEN

From *Florida Magazine of Verse*, Spring 1949

FROM A CITY ROOF

The ferry boats string beads of light
Across the river in the night.
The dark sky pales as piled-up towers
Of blazing squares crown neon showers,
While in the park, swift curving lines
Flash through the trees in jeweled designs,
And ferries ply, like links of light,
Across the river in the night.

By HELEN AUBREY PRATT

From *Florida Magazine of Verse*, Autumn 1948

MY HEART SWINGS FREE

I come here when, in early spring,
I feel the need for wandering . . .
Here to the docks where tall ships stand
Tethered, as I am, to the land.
I wait until just one at last
Shall slip the ropes that hold it fast
And set its course across the bay
To strange horizons far away.
Shore bound — and yet I know the feel
Of deck and sail, of mast and wheel;
For, as I watch, my heart swings free
And goes adventuring to sea.

By ABIGAIL CRESSON

From *N. Y. Herald Tribune*, May 20, 1949

GRANDPA KNOWS

Grandpa knows the ocean,
Grandpa knows ships;
He has been to China
On a thousand trips.
Mother says Grandfather
Talks through his hat—
But I wish more folks
Talked like that.

SEA CALL

Briny winds,
When they come ashore,
Rattle the windows
And shake the door —
And poke the pillows
And pull the spreads
Of old sea captains
Home in their beds.

By IVA POSTON

Reprinted from *Florida Magazine of Verse*,
Autumn 1948, Charles Hyde Pratt, Editor

GREY MOTHER

After all, Grey Mother, after all is said
And done, Grey Mother, he can do no more
Than come back like a lost dog to your door,
Sniffing the salt and slinking to his shed,
The sound of water going through his head,
Water and the noise of things he knew
before—

A ship striking it green, the jolt and snore
And hiss of oil, the moan of the searching
lead.

Ask anybody who ever brawled with water
To say how the windy scuffle wins his blood;
Ask any son of any seaman's daughter
To say how the smell at old wharves makes
him brood;

Grey Mother, after all is said and done,
He must come back, your deep-sea daughter's son.

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

The Sea Anthology

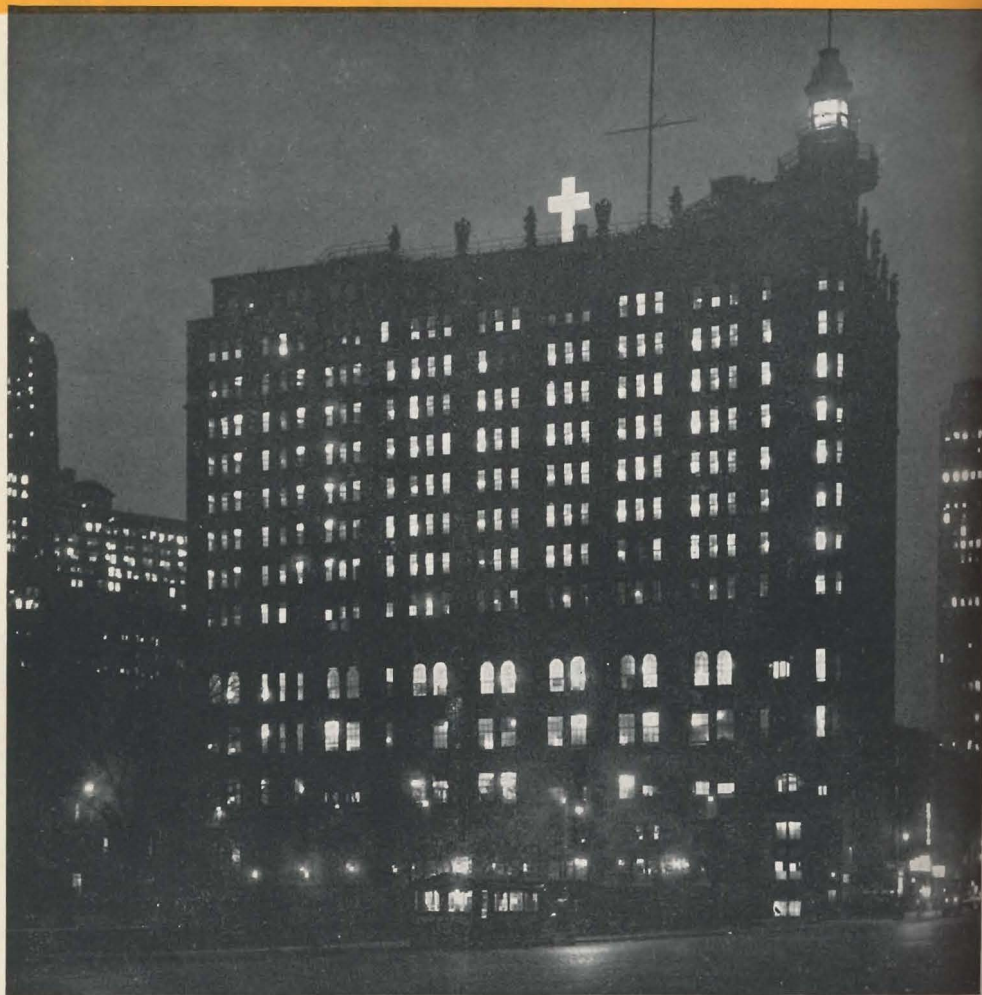


WORDS TO LIVE BY

The Captain on the salvage tug *Barratta* enroute from Jamaica to Grand Cayman, British West Indies, stood on the bridge and squinted into the tropic sky. "There's Little Cayman dead ahead," he said, and reached for the binoculars. "We'll be in the harbor in a few minutes, now." But it was many minutes before we anchored off the little alligator-shaped island because the engineer reported to the skipper that the steering gear had broken and would take some time to repair.

I had expected the Captain to be perturbed. Instead, he ordered the anchors dropped . . . but the water was too deep and they wouldn't hold . . . we drifted for a while as the engineroom gang worked frantically to repair the steering apparatus. The Captain turned to me and said: "*These things are sent to try us.*" Then he calmly resumed his work. I often think of these words when the going is tough.

MDC



LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

"I give and bequeath to **"Seamen's Church Institute of New York,"** a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words **"of New York"** are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.