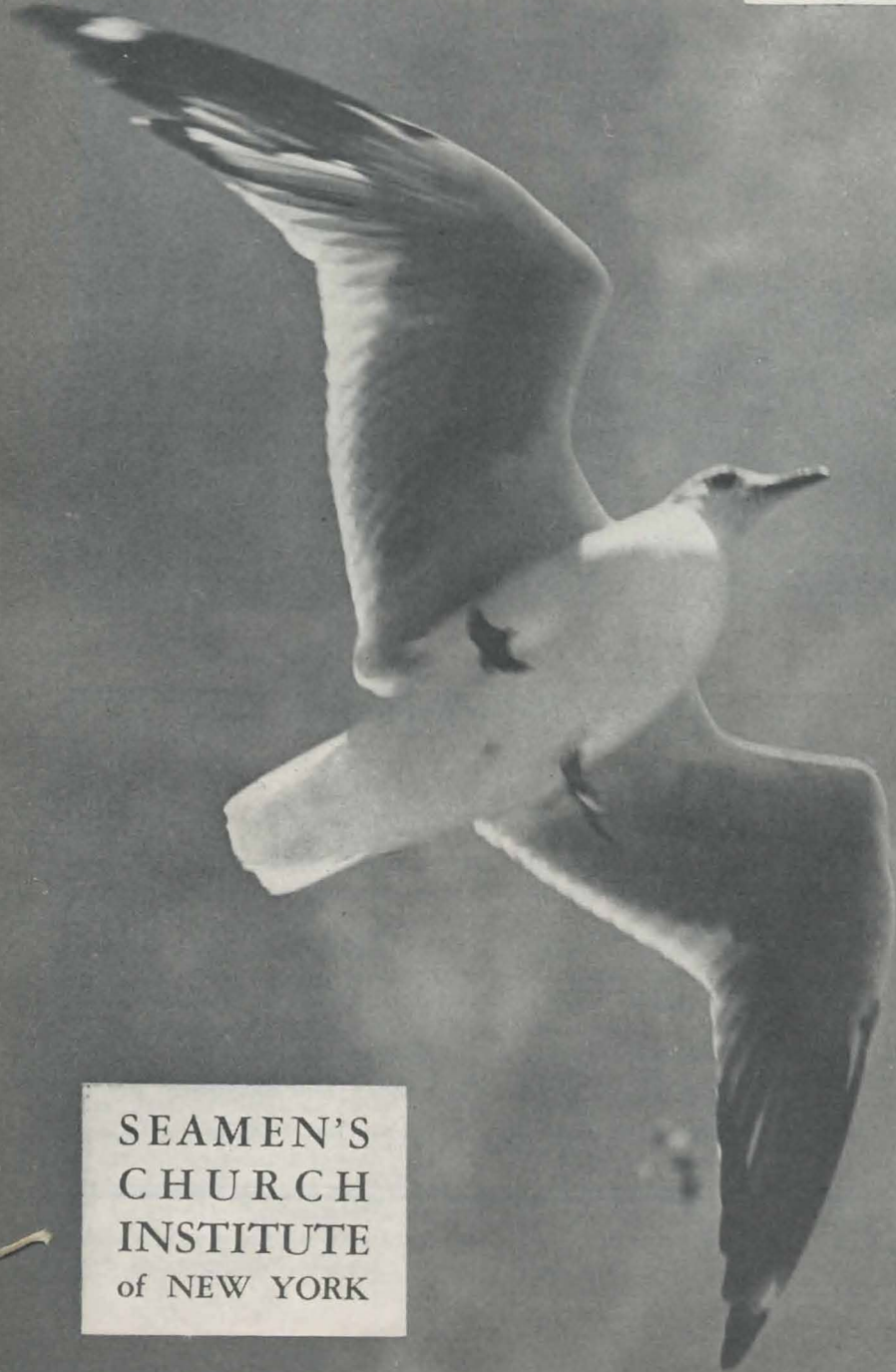


# The LOOKOUT

MARCH 1953



SEAMEN'S  
CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
of NEW YORK

THE COVER: This striking picture of a gull was made aboard the S.S. Explorer by seaman Charles W. Billups outside of Rangoon, Burma, using a Kodak Reflex #2. Another seaman held up scraps of bread to induce the gulls to swing in overhead close to the camera. It was necessary to follow the motion of the gull with the camera as the photo was being snapped to avoid blurring. In the distance, under the lower wing of the gull, can be seen the blurred image of another gull wheeling in for a pass at the bread.



# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIV

MARCH, 1953

Copyright 1953 by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. Bowling Green 9-2710

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS  
President

THOMAS ROBERTS  
Secretary and Treasurer

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.  
Director

TOM BAAB  
Editor

Published Monthly \$1.00 yearly 10c a copy

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and over include a year's subscription

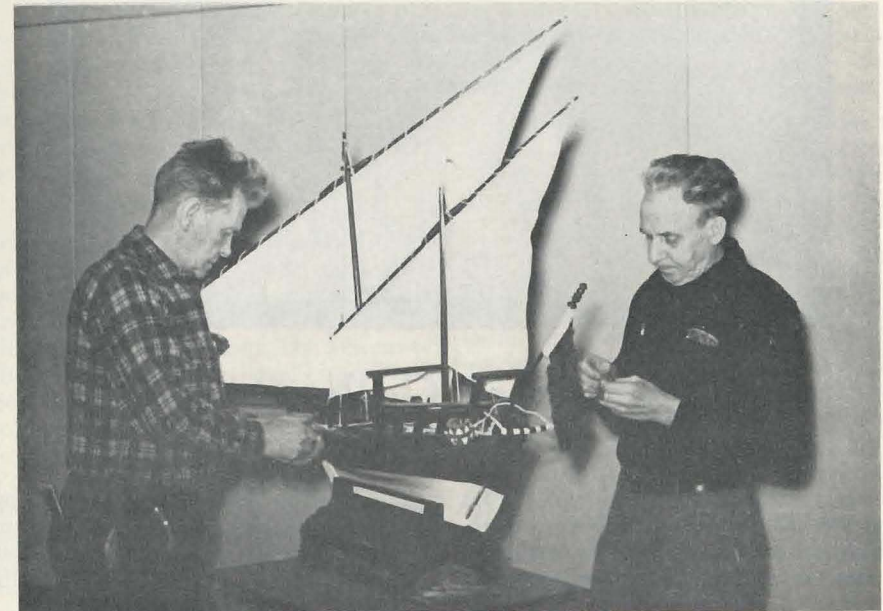
Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925 at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879

# The Lookout

VOL. XLIV

March, 1953

NO. 3



Two seamen rig an Arab dhow given by Lt. Col. J. Fred Kenny for exhibition in the Institute's Marine Museum, opening May 24th.

## Marine Museum Opening

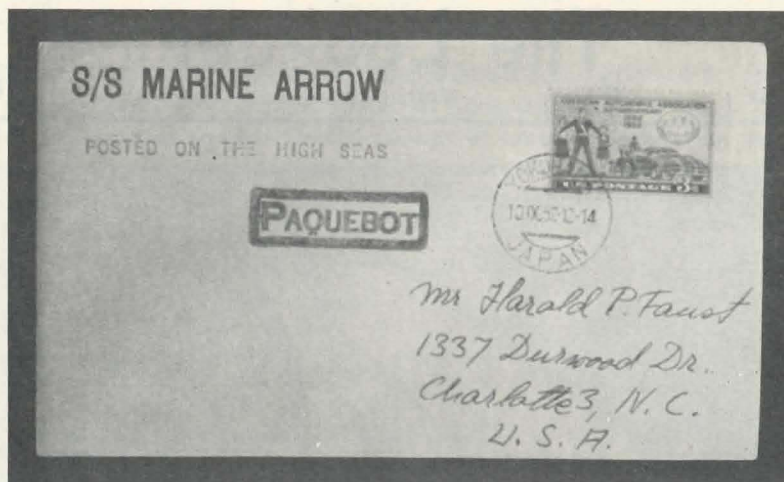
PREPARATIONS are being made at the Seamen's Church Institute for the establishment of a permanent marine museum featuring the gifts of its many friends and the collection of curios seamen have left there over the years.

Together with a fine collection of ship models, lithographs and paintings, there will be items from the far reaches of the earth, tracing out the many ports of call known to the merchant fleets of the world, for seamen from all nations stay at the Institute. Sailing ship models ranging from an Arab dhow (see picture above) to a bone model made by French prisoners of war on Devil's Island during the Napoleonic Wars will vie for attention with a handsome collection of modern ocean liners.

A commanding item in the museum will be one which was not fetched far: a burly ship's cannon complete with ammunition that was unearthed amid an ominous collection of skulls and bones back in 1913 when the excavation was dug for the present Institute building at 25 South Street.

South Street, incidentally, is one of Manhattan's most historical thoroughfares; in former times it caught shadows from the bowsprits of the world's great sailing ships and from the steeple of a floating chapel which was the predecessor of the present Institute.

The museum will be opened to the public on May 24th in connection with the Institute's observance of Maritime Sunday.



## Paquebot Collecting

By Harold P. Faust

LET us start a mythical journey from one of the New York City piers which are so close to the Institute down at the Battery. Set your compass east, drop the pilot and signal full speed ahead. You will touch such ports as Liverpool and Southampton, England. To the north, you can visit the Scandinavian ports of Kobenhavn in Norway and Aarhus in Denmark. France offers ports at Cherbourg and Marseille, while farther south we can visit the Italian ports of Naples and Genoa. Many African ports can be visited while we are in the Mediterranean. From here we can go through the Suez Canal to Port Said and on to the Far Eastern ports.

Another voyage could be started through the Golden Gate of San Francisco, heading "down under" to Auckland, Christchurch and Dunedin in New Zealand; Freemantle, Melbourne and Brisbane in Australia, and then to the many ports in the South Seas. Swinging northward, we can visit the ports of India, Formosa and Japan, finally ending our voyage at one of the Korean ports which are so busy these days.

Believe it or not, you can "visit" all of these ports through the medium of a

United States three-cent postage stamp. It is not done with mirrors, but is accomplished through the rules and regulations of the Universal Postal Union and the United States Post Office Department.

The "assist" in all cases goes to a steamship flying the American flag, and is made possible by Article No. 48 of the Universal Postal Union which states in part: "Correspondence posted on the high seas in the letter box on board a ship, or handed to officials on the ship, may, in the absence of different arrangements between the Administrations concerned, be prepaid by means of postage stamps and according to the tariff of the country to which the ship belongs or by which it is maintained."

However, the mail must be posted while the ship is on the high seas. If the mailing takes place at either of the terminal ports of the voyage, the rule does not apply. While a ship is in port, mail must be franked with the postage stamps of the country in which the port is located. Paquebot collecting concerns itself only with that mail which is posted on the high seas.

The envelopes collected in the above manner are called "paquebot covers."

A "cover" is the philatelic name for an envelope, so called because it covers the written message inside. "Paquebot" is French and, literally translated, it means mail boat. This word is used because French is the official language of the Universal Postal Union. Through this paquebot rubber stamp marking, one can obtain covers, or envelopes, all franked with a U. S. three-cent stamp, but postmarked at any port city in the world where a United States flag vessel may call.

The Maritime Postmark Society, of which the writer is a member, consists of a group of some six or seven hundred persons who do their world armchair traveling by means of the United States three-cent postage stamp. The albums of these members contain covers from every port in the world, all franked with American postage, but postmarked in such cities as Yokohama, Brisbane, Aarhus, Port Said, Bremen and Kobenhavn — to mention a few. You can almost smell the salt spray as you page through these albums. The paquebot collector will have nothing to do with air travel; his covers must have made the voyage by sea. Months of waiting for a cover to return merely serves to heighten his thrill when it does arrive, after traveling six or seven thousand miles by sea.

The first step in securing a paquebot cover is to contact an obliging and cooperative purser, engineer, or mate on board the ship we select, because we must send our cover to him and depend upon him to do the actual mailing. The cover which illustrates this article is the result of an explanation of paquebot collecting given to a guest at the Seamen's Church Institute, Sven Nylund, whose voyages I am now able to trace by the *Marine Arrow* paquebot covers I receive. However, personal acquaintance with a ship's crew member is not necessary.

From one of the many shipping magazines and shipping schedules which are available, we can select a U. S. flag vessel that will shortly sail for, let us say, Antwerp, Belgium. This port comes to

mind first because the writer is lucky enough to have in his collection a cover which has the Antwerp postmark and which originated on board the now famous *Flying Enterprise*. Four days after the date of the Antwerp postmark this ship ran into trouble which created one of the most famous stories of heroism in the maritime history of our nation. Naturally, this makes for a prized cover.

Suppose the ship we have selected, the *S.S. Seaman*, is scheduled to sail from a North River pier, bound for Antwerp, Belgium. We first prepare a self-addressed, stamped envelope (using regular U. S. three-cent stamps) and put in a filler, so as to protect the envelope, and then seal it. This cover is then enclosed with a courteous note to the Mail Officer on board the *S.S. Seaman* at her pier. He must be told that you are a collector of paquebot covers and that you would like to add the marking of Antwerp to your collection. Ask him to post your enclosed cover on board during the voyage, while the vessel is on the high seas, so that it will go ashore for postmarking at Antwerp. Thank him for his help in the matter.

You may or you may not see your cover again. If you do not, there is nothing you can do but try again, as you have no redress to the officials on board the vessel. They are not bound by rule or regulation to post your cover. If they do so, they do it through the kindness of their heart. IF they do cooperate, you should receive your cover in about a month (don't forget that it will have to cross the Atlantic twice) with a paquebot marking and an Antwerp postmark.

There are many things that can go wrong, as many people will handle your cover before it returns, but after all, the hazards involved create part of the pleasure of collecting. There are many aspects of paquebot collecting beyond those mentioned here, and if any reader should want more information, he may enclose a self-addressed, stamped cover in a letter to the author, in care of THE LOOKOUT, 25 South Street, New York 4, New York.

---

## Elephant Ears and Fine Baubles

---

“**H**ERE ya go, Mac!” A seaman slid his gear across the baggage counter. It consisted of an old pebble-grained suitcase, a roped-up pasteboard box and a guitar wrapped in a pillow case not quite long enough to do the job.

“How come you’re leaving the guitar this time, Charlie?”

“I got me a better one.”

“Sign these.” Mac dropped three baggage checks onto the counter. “So you’re taking the good guitar and leaving me the junk — is that it?”

“Listen, that’s a plenty good git-box. See that you take care of it. When I sign off next time I’m going to take that along down to Baltimore and give it to my nephew, Billy.”

“The one you showed me the picture of? You mean to say he’s big enough now to play the guitar?”

“Why man, he’s six years old,” Charlie capped his fountain pen. “I got a post card here from him the other day.” He went through his pockets and came up with the card, creased and rumpled.

Flattening it out, Mac examined it. There were a few scrawled words and a picture of a ship. “He must be a dumb-head like his uncle,” said Mac, stepping back out of range of Charlie’s heavy arms. “He’s got South Street spelled with a ‘W’.”

“You better stay out of reach, you bum.” Charlie waved the flat of his hand threateningly. “And gimme back that card.”

“Okay Charlie,” grinned Mac, “you got me scared. And here’s your baggage stubs. Shove off, will ya?”

“Hey Mac, what if I lose these stubs?”

“Tough, boy, just tough. I wish you were leaving the new guitar.”

“No, really. Supposin’ I lose ‘em.”

“That’s why we have you sign the ticket that gets wired to the baggage. When you check your bags out again you’ve got to sign again—right? So how will the guy who might find your stubs know how to sign your name?”

“But how about when I come to get my stuff with no tickets?”

“Listen, with a face like yours, you’ll never have any trouble. But if you were to come in wearing a mask, we’d take a close look at your signature and, if we had doubts, we’d have you sign an affidavit swearing the stuff was yours. And then maybe we’d have you play us a tune on the guitar—just to be real sure.”

“I’d like to fool ya sometime.”

“Be pretty tough. Remember, we know most of you guys.”

“Okay, Mac. Take care. We’ll see ya. And say, Mac . . .” Charlie turned back to the counter again. “If you get lonesome down here you can string out a tune on that git-box.”

“You’re a swell guy, Charlie.”

“I know. And if you wanta be a swell guy, just stick a buck in the pillow case along with the guitar each time. I’ll be back in the spring for the pillow case.”

“I’ll stick my foot in it. Get outa here, will ya?”

“See ya, Mac.”

Mac is Peter McKenzie, who is in charge of the huge baggage room in the sub-basement of the Seamen’s Church Institute. Charlie is one of the many thousand seamen who use it as their

“base of operations.” Here they store, at the lowest available rates, their shore gear, their shore clothes, their hobby equipment, their papers and personal effects which they will not need until they are again on the beach.

Perhaps no one appreciates the service performed by the baggage room any better than its proprietor, for Mac himself is an old salt who can recall rounding the horn in 1914 in a full-rigged sailing ship on the coal and saltpeter run to Valparaiso. He recalls spreading a sail to catch rainwater, eating salt horse and sleeping on a donkey’s breakfast, as the straw pallet was called. A bucket of bathwater and a buck and a quarter cash money per week summed up the material benefits of Mac’s early days under sail. He came to the Institute many times as a sailor before he came to stay as a staff member, so he is thoroughly familiar with the problem every sailor has in trying to find a place to keep the gear he can’t take along and stow in the foc’s’le of the ship he’s on.

Seventy-five percent of the 3,000 pieces usually on the racks in the baggage room belong to men who are shipped out. Of the remainder, perhaps the most bizarre items belong to seamen who have just come ashore and who are getting squared away to make a trip home. It is this group that has the canaries, the vases, the parrots, the kimonos, the statuary, the monkeys, the coral fragments, the shrunken heads and the elephant ears. Trash and treasure from the seven seas, these are the trophies the sailor will unload on his family and friends, dooming many a free wall and many a piano top. On his way back to sea, if there has been sweet-heart trouble, kimonos and other fine baubles will return sullenly to the racks, where they may never be claimed.

For one reason or another, over eight hundred pieces of baggage were abandoned during 1952. After the last war, this number was in the thousands. Many of these were not left at the owner’s choice, but they were left forever. Suitcases, handbags, seabags, suits and over-

*(Continued on Page 11)*



“I wish you were leaving the new guitar.”

## TOUGH QUESTION

The old question of why a ship is called a she has again precipitated a shower of speculation, this time in response to a query by the American Merchant Marine Institute.

Many analogies were drawn from the fact that both women and ships have waists, bonnets, laces, jewels, earrings and husbands, but nothing conclusive was established.

Perhaps the most convincing reasons were given by a Freeport, Texas, man who wrote: "First, there is always a gang of men around her; second, it takes a lot of paint to keep her good looking, and third, she's cranky, unpredictable, and hard to get along with."

The men in the Danish Room at the Seamen's Church Institute were asked their views in the matter, and most agreed that a ship was not called a she unless it bore a woman's name. In the Teutonic tongues ships are neuter; in the romance languages, masculine.

In the Game Room at the Institute a young A.B. looked up from his game of pool and offered glib answers, but an old Cape Horn sailor who first went to sea in 1906 quietly shook his head and went on smoking his pipe.

## THE SILENT TREATMENT

Russia now turns a deaf ear to the international distress signals of the ships of Western nations. Captain Hans Hanson of the Swedish Association for the Shipwrecked has disclosed an announcement by the Soviet radio Riga that they "would not accept any communications from the West."

The Russian intent to withdraw from active participation in the saving of lives at sea was substantiated by two incidents: they ignored the SOS of one stricken Swedish vessel and maintained

radio silence when queried about the disappearance of another, the *Dan*. The inquiry was routine, in connection with an intensive search for the ship.

The Russians operate a series of powerful coastal transmitters in the Baltic and their withholding of these facilities will hamper rescue work. The Soviet Union had previously at least acknowledged the receipt of radio distress signals and communications.

## NEW SPANISH SHIPS

Two 8,700-ton ships, *Guadalupe* and *Goyadonga*, will join the Spanish Line as passenger-cargo vessels within the next few months. With speeds of over 16 knots, they will cross the Atlantic from New York to Coruna, Spain in eight days. Destined primarily to handle the burden of summer tourist trade, they can accommodate 249 passengers, and have space for 600,000 cubic feet of cargo.

Their maiden appearances in New York are scheduled for April 26 and late June. The Spanish Line has two additional 24,000-ton passenger liners currently under construction.

## OVER THE WAVES

The recent labor troubles which shut down 75 per cent of the Port of New York served to remind the city that, except for the Bronx, it is not a part of the American mainland. Dick Shepard of the *New York Times* turned up the following proof that most of New York's food and other essentials arrive by boat.

Twenty-one per cent of the city's food comes by boat, with most of the 35 and 43 per cent brought by truck and rail, respectively, also completing the trip in barges. These barges bring 98 per cent of the citrus fruit, 75 per cent of other fruit, 70 per cent of the cheese and butter and 32 per cent of the vegetables. Half

a million tons of bananas come in by water annually. Ferries bring 5,500 tons of Staten Island vegetables to Manhattan each year.

Consolidated Edison uses 25,000 tons of collier and barge-borne fuel a day, mostly coal; it comes in fifteen barges from South Amboy and Port Reading, New Jersey.

Gasoline, cars, gravel, newsprint — no matter what it is, boats play a strong hand in getting it to New York City.

## SOMETHING NEW IN NEON.

The day may come when airmen downed at sea will get lit up — by neon life jackets. The International Civil Aviation Organization, a United Nations agency, has submitted for comment by the member states a plan whereby commercial aircraft would carry such jackets to make sea-crash survivors easier to spot.

Phosphorescent chemicals were rejected in favor of electric illumination, which would presumably bring survivors to a full glow and not leave them half lit.

## HOW DID JONAH FEEL?

Dear Editor:

*The article in the February LOOKOUT on "A Second 'Jonah and the Whale' Legend" reminds me of a childhood query, which asked how Jonah felt when he got down inside the whale.*

*The answer was, "Down in the mouth and going to blubber!"*

T. P. L.

## ESSAY CONTEST

"What the American Merchant Marine Means to My Community" will be the theme of an essay contest sponsored by the Propeller Club of the United States. The contest, which closes on March 31, is open to every U. S. high school student. Entries of 1,000 words or less, attested to by the student's high school principal or teacher, may be sent to the nearest Propeller Club Port or directly to the National Headquarters, Propeller Club, 17 Battery Place, New York.

Each port will offer prizes to its local winners and submit the three best to the National Board of Judges, which will announce on Maritime Day, May 22, the winners of the many cruises and ocean trips being offered as prizes by the shipping lines.

## VINTAGE 230 B.C.

A ship sunk in 230 B.C., with a cargo including wines put up in jugs at least 2100 years ago, is being raised from its centuries old grave at the bottom of the Mediterranean, off southern France. Believed to be the oldest cargo ship yet discovered, divers' observations set her length at 110 feet and her displacement at 600 tons. Markings on some of the recovered wine jugs indicate she was owned by a citizen of Greece, one Marcus Sestius, and her home port was Delos, an island in the Aegean Sea.

The team of archaeologists and salvagers, under the direction of Captain J. Y. Cousteau of the French Navy, hope to raise the vessel by spring, after clearing her holds of cargo and mud. Cousteau declared that a replica of the ship would then be built, and using the original fittings, riggings and navigational instruments, the vessel's last voyage from Delos to the scene of the ancient sinking would be re-enacted.

# Marmy's Blood Money

By Steve Elonka

**B**ACK in 1914, the transatlantic liner *BSS California* of the old Anchor Line signed on a fireman in Glasgow who soon became known as a character aboard ship. He was a big burly American, named Marmaduke Surfaceblow. Seems that Surfaceblow held an American unlimited chief engineer's license. But he missed his American ship in Glasgow and signed on the British ship as a fireman to work his way back to the States.

The *California* had twelve Scotch marine boilers of three fires each. One low fire in the center and two high wing fires. She burned coal and, like many ships of that period, she paid a bonus to the firemen for keeping steam up near the popping-off pressure. This point was marked by a red line, known aboard British ships as the "blood." And every fireman was out to earn as much "blood money" as possible.

A fireman's reputation depended on the amount of blood money he earned. That made competition keen and there was plenty of jealousy. Not only that, but firemen would work all the tricks of the trade to make it tough for their relief to earn a bonus. A favorite scheme was to leave dirty fires loaded with clinkers. That made it hard to keep up steam while cleaning fires. So there were plenty of hard feelings and fights.

Marmaduke was easily the biggest fireman aboard. He was 6 feet 4, and must have weighed 240 pounds in those days. But it was all beer and muscles. And the way he handled a slice bar and heaved in that coal was a pleasure to watch. His fires were all in top shape. And Marmy would make his rounds from boiler to boiler, helping each of his watch mates who needed help to keep their fires in top shape.

After the first few sea watches, it was easy to see that Marmy's watch would hit the jackpot for keeping the steam

near the blood. His relief, a rowdy barrel-chested Glasgow Irishman named Matt Feely, had been kingpin in the fire-room up until Marmy signed on. But Matt played dirty pool and gave his relief, a little London Englishman named Rod Wicks, a tough time.

Marmy took sides with Wicks and started leaving dirty fires for Matt Feely. But Matt was only good at dishing it out and complained about Marmaduke to his watch engineer. Then one day Matt but-tonholed the chief engineer up on deck.

Marmy got tired of Matt's complaints. One watch he made up his mind to really give Matt something to gripe about. Just before he was relieved at two bells, he hoed away the red coals in the middle of a high fire. Then he heaved in the heavy ship anvil. Next he covered up the anvil with burning coal.

Matt came on watch and started checking his fires as usual. When he came to that huge "clinker" in the middle of that high fire, he let out a roar. After trying to break it up with his slice bar, he called in the watch engineer. The engineer helped Matt wrestle with it, then sent the chief engineer an SOS.

The three of them finally worked that anvil out onto the floorplates. But the chief was poppin' mad and he sent a coal passer to get Madmaduke. The coal passer found Marmy in the fireman's foc's'le playing a red-hot game of poker and nursing a bottle of Sandpaper Gin. When Marmy was told that the Chief wanted him below, word quickly spread that something unusual was up. So the fireroom fiddley soon lined with off-watch firemen. Another delegation, made up of engineers, oilers and water tenders followed Marmy into the fireroom.

"Now look here, Surfaceblow," demanded the Chief in his most sarcastic manner, "will you kindly explain why the bloody hell you put that anvil into the furnace? And mark you well,"

threatened the Chief. "unless you have a reasonable answer, which you naturally do not, I'll log you two days' pay."

Marmaduke scratched his head and stared at the smoking, red-hot anvil on the floorplates. He seemed greatly puzzled by all the commotion. Everyone ganged around, waiting to hear his explanation. Matt Feeley had a belligerent grin on his pan and stared hard at Marmaduke. It was easy to see that this was going to be sweet revenge for Matt.

"That's a horse on me," finally exclaimed Marmaduke, scratching his head again. "That anvil musta been in the coal. I guess I heaved it into the furnace without NOTICING it."

That sent a roar of laughter through the fireroom. Most of the crew couldn't lift that anvil, let alone heave it.

The Chief didn't think that explanation funny. "All right, Mr. Smartaleck," he beamed. "If you say it was in the coal

—it was in the coal. But it took three of us to get it out of there. So let's see YOU heave it in with the shovel."

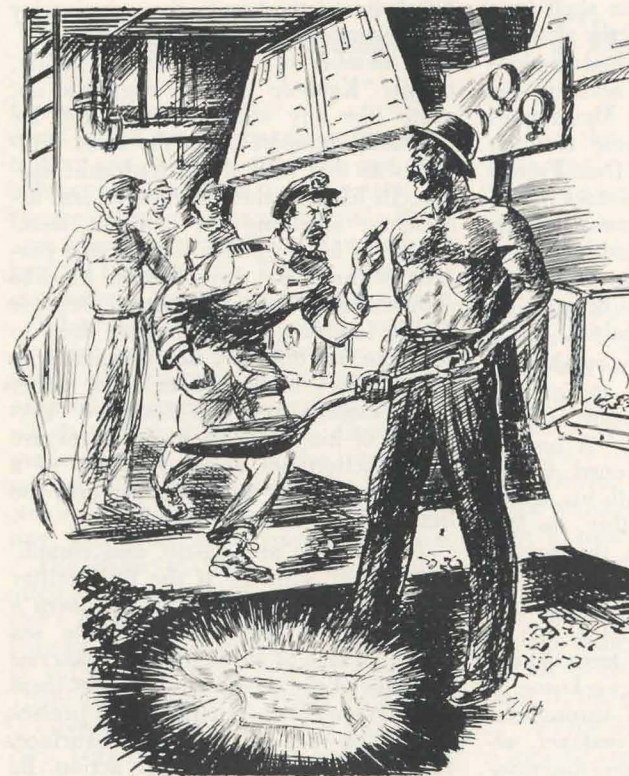
This was really more than anyone bargained for. Marmaduke was on the spot—and for sure. Stokers, oilers and engineers closed in closer around Marmaduke to see what he'd do. But Marmy was undaunted. He grabbed a shovel and slid it under the anvil. Then he opened the same high furnace door the anvil came out of. He braced his legs and made one mighty heave. The anvil went flying into the furnace. But it didn't stop on the coal bed. It kept right on going over the bridge wall in back of the long, corrugated furnace and landed on the combustion chamber floor, with a helluva crash. For a second it seemed like that blow cracked the combustion chamber's bottom. Everyone stood frozen stiff as a statue, as if waiting for the explosion to send the ship to kingdom come. Nothing happened.

Without saying a word, Marmaduke threw his shovel into the coal bunker and walked majestically out of the fire room, whistling as happily as a lark.

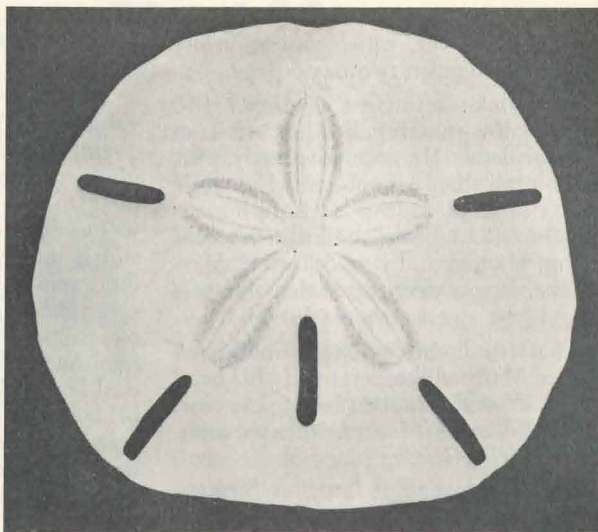
The Chief and everyone else stood open-mouthed, staring into the furnace for a peek at the anvil. But it couldn't be seen. And it stayed exactly where it landed until that boiler was cut out weeks later in port.

After that, Matt Feely never complained about dirty fires again. He took whatever Marmaduke left him. And Marmaduke collected plenty of blood money when he signed off in New York.

—Power Magazine



# Profile of a Keyhole Urchin



*Photo by Billups*  
A keyhole urchin: top view. For a bottom view, come to the opening of the Institute's Marine Museum on Maritime Sunday, May 24th.

WE found a strange little shell in a darksome corner of the Sloppe Chest and, mystified, consulted dictionaries, encyclopedias and seamen for days, but to no avail. The Museum of Natural History finally came through with some particulars, culled from French reference books and ominous steel vaults, stuffed with bits and fragments of the billions of creatures that inhabit the sea. Experts identified it as the shell of a keyhole urchin, so named because of his physique and not his habits.

This particular sea oddity symbolizes nature at her most fantastic and artistic best. Mysteriously, the creature is governed by the number "five." A beautifully shaped and proportioned flower with five petals is etched into his upper or contoured side, with a tiny, no less perfect five-pointed star in the center. There are five slender openings in the shell and a five-petal flower is outlined from rim to rim on the back. He is equipped with five powerful teeth. There is no plausible explanation we know of for the repetition of "five" throughout the structure of this tiny seafarer, although some early philosophers and mys-

tics believed the key to the universe lay in the numerals used by nature.

A member of the sea urchin family, cousin "Keyhole" has an organism not quite like any other living thing. He functions, incredibly, on the same principles as that of a ship's hydraulic system. In life, his shell is more or less his skeleton, shielding the delicate membranes of his organism within, and covered without by tiny, brown, hairlike spines which aid his locomotion. Because of his fondness for burrowing deep in sand, he has difficulty obtaining oxygen and so has developed enlarged tubes which emerge from the elongated "keyholes" of his shell. They are in texture and function not unlike the gills of a fish, except that they also perform the duties of tow lines.

These tubes are elastic, and complicated. Bear with us. If the little critter decides to change position, he moves a tube forward and filtering some sea water, pumps it through the corkscrew channels of the tubes, which causes them to *lengthen* (not expand) and presses their tips against the sand surface. Abruptly, through muscular action, he

withdraws the water, snapping the center of the tip back into an arc and creating a tiny vacuum. Voilà! A suction cup. Using this as a clamp or tow line, his outside spines help to pull him forward to the tube's position. To go further, he repeats the process — but please don't ask us to, we're exhausted.

He (keyhole urchins are either "he" or "she" and never "it," though even the Museum cannot tell from which) has no visual or sound perception organs and therefore cannot stalk and attack his food. So he pumps along, half buried, gobbling mouthfuls of sand which, happily, teem with tiny shellfish. These he grinds and crushes between five thick, pointed teeth that come firmly together in the center of his mouth opening. His jaws, a remarkable feat of engineering, are composed of intricately reinforced

muscle and bone, so balanced as to give his teeth maximum power. His jaw type is known, for some reason or other, as "Aristotle's Lantern."

Amiable enough, he has no real natural enemies, though this is due not to his sweet personality, but to his lack of edible substance. The keyhole urchin prefers relatively shallow sea water and usually resides along the coastline in temperate waters from Nantucket to Brazil. He's tumbled on shore infrequently, usually after a storm at sea.

Although known, along with some common species, by such aliases as "Sand Dollar" and "Sea Dollar," the keyhole urchin has probably always been worthless as wampum, so he might as well be addressed as *Mellita Pentapora*, his official scientific name.

—Mac Stoke

## Elephant Ears and Fine Baubles

*(Continued from Page 5)*

coats, which accrue charges at two cents a day, are normally held for one year unless the owner has made special arrangements for a longer period. Packages also cost two cents a day and are held for three months. Trunks, stored for one dollar a month, are held for a year.

When unclaimed baggage is opened, clothing goes to the Institute Sloppe Chest, while papers and items of value are held for seven additional years, after which the most profitable disposal is made of them. Many of the interesting items in the museum which the Institute will open to the public on Maritime Sunday, May 24th, came from this source.

The items in these unclaimed bags often tell a story. Baby shoes and a bachelor's mending kit, a ring in among the buttons. Two photographs: a young man, an old man. A tea set and a can opener. There are usually some letters. And there is often a birthday card or a Christmas card, perhaps looking very ordinary but which must have meant something.

Over the years, the character of the baggage checked by seamen has changed. The once universally used white canvas seabag is now seldom carried except by sailors of an older vintage. The younger seamen seem to prefer "civilian type" luggage. But Mac is convinced that the Institute baggage room will never be quite like any other.

"Not with the stuff these guys lug in for us to rack. I remember one time we checked a couple big white Belgian rabbits. During the night, Mr. Trench, the night manager, came in to get some gear with a seaman who was shipping out. Out of the sides of their eyes they kept seeing these white things darting around. The sailor thought it was ghosts and Trench thought it was rats. Believe me, it took some doing before we got those back in the crate.

"A little while later, a fella brought in a leopard and wanted us to check it. We drew the line that time."



## Book Briefs

### THE VELVET DOUBLET

By James Street

Doubleday & Co., \$3.50

Lepe, sailing with Christopher Columbus on the great discovery, was the first to sight land. Why Lepe was cheated of his promised reward—a queen's pension and a velvet doublet—and how he found revenge are told through exciting events of romance, adventure, and life on the high seas. The novelist presents a background of historical sidelights leading up to the discovery and showing Columbus as he is seldom understood by the average reader. The story of sailor Lepe, whose destiny is interwoven with that of his admiral, brings the reader face to face with the dominant characters and events of fifteenth-century Spain on land and sea. The reader is carried along by narrator Lepe, lookout of the *Pinta*, on the greatest adventure known to seafaring man.

MARION F. DAVIS

### WHALING WIVES

By Emma Mayhew Whiting  
and Henry Beetle Hough

Houghton Mifflin Company, \$3.50

A more carefully documented and meticulously detailed account of life on the old whaling ships could scarce be found. Whaling captains put to sea for a decade at a time, and many wives chose bare, confined quarters and the perils of the oceans to the greater torments of loneliness. Drawing its substance from passionately written diaries and logs, this book overflows with true tales of joy, of tragedy and of sheer, dogged courage. The kernels of a hundred novels crowd the factual pages of *Whaling Wives*.

M. S.

### HEAVEN HAS CLAWS

By Adrian Conan Doyle

Random House, \$3.50

So lushly written that one's senses are exhausted and sometimes sickened, this story of a man and woman pitting themselves against the wild furies of creatures that stun the imagination, is an experience that must not be missed. Not without humor, it is a remarkable account of independent explorations in the Indian Ocean along the east coast of Africa conducted by Doyle, his wife and a small crew, sailing a cramped, 30 foot vessel. Deep sea fishing, explorations of lost worlds, encounters with nature's horrors—all are chronicled. One of the most exciting adventure books in a long time.

M. S.

### SEA OF GLORY

By Francis Beauchesne Thornton

Prentice-Hall, Inc., \$3.00

Four heroic chaplains gave away their life-jackets and went down in the icy North Atlantic with the troopship *Dorchester*, a torpedo victim, in the early, grim days of 1943. Their story is one of the proudest legends of World War II.

"Although the four chaplains . . . were men of God," the author states, "they were first of all real men," and in four separate biographies, he traces with humor, sympathy and delicacy the mainstream of each man's life, culminating in that last awful but triumphant moment. One cannot know what went on in the minds of these four men as they stood shoulder to shoulder on the deck of the listing *Dorchester*. We can only guess at the inner strength, the deep compelling love of God and the compassion for their fellows that caused them to make their united decision. A book one cannot forget.

MAE STOKE

### THE GOLDEN ADMIRAL

By F. Van Wyck Mason

Doubleday & Company, Inc., \$3.95

Comes the day that it rains and a warm chair beckons and a completely free afternoon yawns ahead—take up "The Golden Admiral" and read a bit. You'll be safe and occupied for 435 pages of sailing the high seas (the only kind allowed in historical novels) and fighting the Spanish Armada. The Golden Admiral, Sir Francis Drake, saves England and establishes the Empire in a series of merry frays on both sides of the Atlantic. The jacket claims it is a "pulse pounding account" of this phase of history, and one must admit the author rose to amazing heights in his descriptions of Queen Elizabeth I.

Samples: "Not since the reign of John Plantagenet had so vacillating, whim-ridden and dangerously indecisive a monarch occupied the throne of England as this raddled over-bejeweled old woman across the room." — "Shrill as any peacock, the Queen raged until spittle flew from her encarmined lips . . ." — "She exposed the black stumps of her teeth in a rare smile . . ."

Fortunately, there are no illustrations.

M. S.

## THE BOWLINE

The bowline is the king of knots, or, if you like it, bends;  
A bowline on a bollard is the best of journey's ends:  
And, as long as men are mariners, I think it safe to say  
This is a thing that never will be done another way.

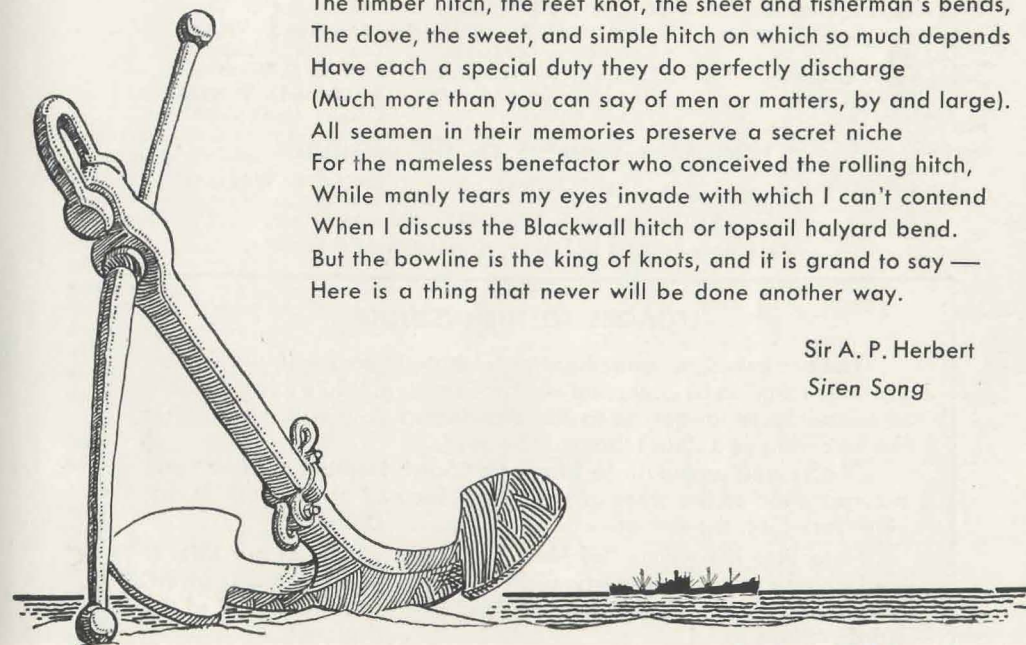
. . .

What ancient hairy tar, how many centuries ago,  
Was author of the artifice we do not seem to know.  
Maybe 'twas wise Ulysses when he made the sailors fast  
Against the song of Sirens with a bowline to the mast;  
Or at the earliest wife's remark, 'Again you have forgot!'  
The earliest husband's handkerchief received this noble knot.  
Maybe primeval monkeys in the equinoctial gales  
Preserved their equilibrium with bowlines in their tails.  
At all events as long as men are mariners, I say,  
Here is a thing that never will be done another way.

. . .

The timber hitch, the reef knot, the sheet and fisherman's bends,  
The clove, the sweet, and simple hitch on which so much depends  
Have each a special duty they do perfectly discharge  
(Much more than you can say of men or matters, by and large).  
All seamen in their memories preserve a secret niche  
For the nameless benefactor who conceived the rolling hitch,  
While manly tears my eyes invade with which I can't contend  
When I discuss the Blackwall hitch or topsail halyard bend.  
But the bowline is the king of knots, and it is grand to say—  
Here is a thing that never will be done another way.

Sir A. P. Herbert  
*Siren Song*





# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

## BOARD OF MANAGERS

*Honorary President*

RT. REV. HORACE W. B. DONEGAN, D.D.

*President*

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

*Clerical Vice-Presidents*

RT. REV. BENJAMIN M. WASHBURN, D.D.

VERY REV. JAMES A. PIKE, JR., S.J.D.

RT. REV. CHARLES K. GILBERT, D.D.

REV. LOUIS W. PITT, D.D.

REV. FREDERICK BURGESS

REV. ARTHUR L. KINSOLVING, D.D.

REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.

REV. JOHN E. LARGE, D.D.

REV. JOHN HEUSS, JR., D.D.

REV. JOHN M. MULLIGAN

REV. ANSON P. STOKES, JR.

*Lay Vice-Presidents*

GERALD A. BRAMWELL

THOMAS ROBERTS

HARRY FORSYTH

ORME WILSON

*Secretary and Treasurer*

THOMAS ROBERTS

*Assistant Secretary*, GORDON FEAREY

*Assistant Treasurer*, BENJAMIN STRONG, JR.

WILLIAM ARMOUR

ARTHUR Z. GRAY

WALTER B. POTTS

EDWARD J. BARBER

FRANK GULDEN

FRANKLIN REMINGTON

EDWARD J. BARBER, JR.

CHARLES S. HAIGHT

PAUL RENSCHAW

EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL

GERARD HALLOCK

JOHN S. ROGERS

REGINALD R. BELKNAP

AUGUSTUS N. HAND

WILLIAM D. RYAN

GORDON KNOX BELL

THOMAS L. HIGGINSON

CHARLES E. SALTZMAN

GORDON KNOX BELL, JR.

OLIVER ISELIN

JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN

CHARLES W. BOWRING, JR.

ELLIS KNOWLES

THOMAS A. SCOTT

CHARLES B. BRADLEY

LAMAR RICHARD LEAHY

HERBERT L. SEWARD

JOHN MASON BROWN

CLIFFORD D. MALLORY, JR.

LEONARD SULLIVAN

LOYD H. DALZELL

RICHARD H. MANSFIELD

CARL TUCKER

CLEMENT L. DESPARD

W. LAWRENCE McLANE

ALEXANDER O. VIETOR

CHARLES E. DUNLAP

CHARLES MERZ

FRANKLIN E. VILAS

CALVIN T. DURGIN

CLARENCE F. MICHALIS

FRANK W. WARBURTON

DE COURSEY FALES

GEORGE P. MONTGOMERY

EDWARD K. WARREN

F. RICHARDS FORD

JOHN LEWIS MONTGOMERY

WILLIAM D. WINTER

ADRIAAN GIPS

JOHN H. G. PELL

GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

## HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

JOHN MASEFIELD

T. ASHLEY SPARKS

ERNEST E WHEELER

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D., *Director*

CHAPLAIN FRANCIS D. DALEY, *Assistant to the Director*

## 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 suggest 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.