

The LOOKOUT



OLD GLORY FLYING BESIDE THE TITANIC MEMORIAL TOWER
TOPPED BY NEW YORK'S ONLY "TIME BALL."

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XLIII

JULY, 1952

NO. 7

The Pilot: Bless our ship.
The rest respond: May God the Father bless her.
The Pilot: Bless our ship.
The rest respond: May Jesus Christ bless her.
The Pilot: Bless our ship.
The rest respond: May the Holy Spirit bless her.
The Pilot: What do ye fear seeing that God the Father is with you?
The rest: We fear nothing.
The Pilot: What do ye fear seeing that God the Son is with you?
The rest: We fear nothing.
The Pilot: What do ye fear seeing that God the Holy Spirit is with you?
The rest: We fear nothing.
The Pilot: May the Almighty God, for the sake of His Son Jesus Christ, through the power of the Holy Ghost, the one God who brought His people through the sea and brought the Apostle Paul and his companions out of great danger, save us and help us and carry us on with favoring winds and the divine care, according to His own good will; which things we desire from Him, saying, **OUR FATHER . . .**

From an ancient Gaelic Prayer

The LOOKOUT

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Shrimp Boats Are A-Comin' and A-Goin'

A POPULAR song, and a tremendous American appetite for jumbo shrimp that is sweeping the country, has romanticized a Southern livelihood from the sea that has long been a way of life in the little fishing communities of the South. For many years, as the shrimping season opens, priests in the little towns bless the boats and crews, as they parade out to sea, all decked out for the occasion.

Few boats will venture to sea without having passed the end of the pier where frocked clergymen are gathered to solemnly administer the blessing for a good season, and safe return. Though the song that has popularized these hard-working people was the product of the fertile imagination of a song writer who happened to pass through a Louisiana shrimping community, these people who take their living from the bottom of the sea can be heard humming a similar folk tune as they sail.

Thousands of men and women up and down the coast make their living from shrimping. Four thousand men man the boats in strict cooperation, and others work in the canning industry along the shores. The boats are

now modern, sturdy, forty-foot diesel trawlers that carry the latest equipment, even to ship-to-shore radios.

Running on a strict time schedule, they go out in groups of four or five boats. After a six hour run to the shrimp beds, they put out their nets and trawl. A vessel stays out approximately a week, during which time they rotate in handling the catch. All of the boats pile their catch onto one boat, which, when it is filled with the precious cargo, returns to the canneries that are located right on the docks. Then, the next boat in line repeats the process, until all of the boats have been filled and gone into port to unload. By that time the first vessels will have returned and taken up their place in the rotation line, filling up with shrimp. This process of working together is essential to the boatmen although only about a fifth of them own their own boats, for the crustacea cannot be kept on board the crafts more than three days. Speed is vital in handling the catch. Huge shovels at the canneries scoop 400 barrels of shrimp from the boats when they come into port. — Hellen McCombs

National Council of Seamen's Agencies Stresses Needs of Modern Seamen

A NEW emphasis in services for merchant seamen was brought out during the Annual Spring Conference of the National Council of Seamen's Agencies held in Montreal, Canada, in June. The Council, an interdenominational organization composed of leaders in the field of seamen's welfare in the United States and Canada, stressed the importance of greater cooperation between all branches of seamen's agencies. Seventy delegates attended the Montreal Conference. These included delegates from seamen's Y.M.C.A.'s, seamen's institutes, merchant seamen's clubs, the U.S. Navy, and the Propeller Club.

Among the many phases of new, modernized services for seamen discussed, were the physical facilities of old style hostelries and missions for seamen. These were contrasted to the modern hotels and clubs now being erected, or reorganized from older buildings. Some of the new seamen's agencies in smaller ports are even facing the necessity of offering housing and club facilities to wives and families of visiting seamen, as well as to the men themselves. Mr. O. C. Frey, Manager of the Dept. of Special Services at the INSTITUTE, who is Executive Secretary of the Council, pointed out that there has been a basic change in the type of seafaring personnel in the past decade, necessitating the adaptation of present facilities to meet the changing needs of an entirely new group of merchant seamen. To illustrate this, Mr. Frey indicated that in 1940 to 1941, on all types of merchant ships sailing from the Port of New York, 28.2 percent of the seamen named wives as next-of-kin. By 1950 this figure rose to 50.8 percent of seamen leaving the port who named wives as next-of-kin. This represents over an eighty percent increase in seafaring men who carry family responsibilities. "It is necessary that services to seamen throughout the United States be revamped to meet

their unique needs," Mr. Frey observed.

The Rev. Ragnar Kjeldahl, delegate from San Francisco, stated during the panel that on the whole the United States is still far behind Scandinavian countries and England in providing living and recreational facilities for merchant seamen. "However, the American public is realizing more and more the reason for assisting men who serve the national good in peace and war," the Rev. Mr. Kjeldahl said. He further pointed out that these homes, institutes and clubs must remain voluntary non-profit organizations run as community projects, and should be available to seamen at reasonable rates.

Understanding Is Essential

Speaking for the U. S. Navy, Comdr. Joshua Goldberg, Chaplain Corps, addressed the Conference on the need for extending social welfare among civilian seamen of the Military Transport Service. Rabbi Goldberg stated that seamen's clubs and agencies must be free of government control, and should be provided under the direction of religious organizations. "Free community agencies answer human needs, and help those who are served by them to be part of society," he said. "In this way, a positive ideology is presented that will combat fatalism in the world today. Our objective as a nation can only be gained by extending friendship and understanding to these lonely men," Rabbi Goldberg told the Conference.

During an address by the Honourable Lionel Chevrier, Minister of Transport for Canada, cooperation between United States and Canadian agencies was stressed. "It is a matter of practical self interest that we concern ourselves with seamen," Mr. Chevrier said. "Seaports and nations prosper or decline along with the vessels and the trades they serve. The fortunes of the seamen in our harbours are shared in a great many ways



Left to right: Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Father William Farrell, Catholic Seamen's Institute, Brooklyn, and Comdr. Joshua Goldberg, USN.

by the communities themselves."

The part of women's volunteer organizations within the agencies was explained during a special panel, under the leadership of Mrs. Rebekah S. Shipler of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Mrs. Shipler proposed to the Conference a special orientation course to be given to all women volunteer workers. This would not only keep the special workers informed on up-to-date phases of changing conditions, social and welfare needs, but would also act as an important public relations factor in seamen's work. Mrs. Shipler further proposed that retired business men's groups be brought into the volunteer phase of seamen's work. "This would go far toward attaining an interrelations of understanding between seafarers, and the communities to which they must come as strangers," Mrs. Shipler said.

Speaking on the special panel, Mrs. Shirley Wessel Sawaska, Supervisor of the Missing Seamen's Bureau at the INSTITUTE, brought out the basic factors that should be included in any orientation course for volunteers. She explained that the history and background of the seamen's organization should be thoroughly outlined, and that an emphasis should be made on the aims and purposes of the agency. She further pointed out that the volunteer workers should be

made to understand those responsibilities her work would encompass, as well as her relationship to the paid staff of the organization. "Good public relations for the agency will follow the careful training of sincere volunteer workers," Mrs. Sawaska said.

During the three day conference, Comdr. Joseph C. Canty, Chaplain Corps, USN, brought out that seamen must be protected against dangers of communism. "This must be done by considering not only the physical dangers communism present," Father Canty warned. "Seamen must also be protected from its devastating spiritual effects." He explained that this can be done only by realistically facing the issues and forces at work today, and by exercising cooperation between all agencies. Father Canty, who is Staff Chaplain of the Military Sea Transport Service, Atlantic Area, asked cooperation between seamen's agencies and the MSTS.

Officers for the 1952 National Council were elected during the Conference. They are Council President, Roscoe H. Prior; Vice-Pres. Eastern area Franklin E. Vilas; Vice-Pres. Gulf Coast area, Capt. R. Wynne; Vice-Pres. Pacific Coast, Rt. Rev. Donald Campbell; Vice-Pres. Canada, Rev. William McLean; Treasurer, Clarence G. Michalis; Secretary and Ass't. Treas., Dr. James C. Healy, and Exec. Secretary, O. C. Frey. —H. Mc.

In the Path of the Sun



"Peace Watch"

By Capt. Gordon H. Messegee

A merchant skipper tells a great story—the moment that news of peace came to his troubled crew.

AT twenty minutes past four in the morning Captain O'Connor, minus shoes and pants, rushed out on the wing of the bridge, with his huge stomach bouncing ahead of him and his shirt-tail streaming horizontally behind. Little "Sparks" followed like a crazy marionette, his frail body stumbling to the jerky labor of the ship, his hands gesturing madly, and his shrill voice blending with the shriek of the wind. I bent my head below the level of the windbreak to hear.

"... over ... the war's over!" the Captain roared.

"They gave up ... surrendered!" Sparks squeaked.

"Turn the lights on, mate," the skipper ordered. "The Navy says no more blackout ... We're going back to Honolulu for orders!"

I ran to the wheel-house, threw the switches, and called the engine room. "Steer ninety-three!" the old man shouted to the helmsman. Then he blew the whistle, a long loud blast, and rang the general alarm while the ship made a thrilling half circle, leaving the wind and what was left of war behind.

"Tell all hands the news ... tell 'em the news ... hurrah!" the captain yelled. We had no public address system so I sent a sailor to tell the crew while I went below to inform the officers. The alleyways were filling with half-clothed men carrying life preservers. As the news leapt from man to man the life preservers slowly dropped to the deck unwanted. Sleepy, frightened faces suddenly bulged in delighted abandon, or relaxed in relief, humble, earthly deep. Some lips

cracked in giant smiles; some released shouts, loud, clean, vibrant with happiness; some trembled slightly as they silently spoke to God. A few eyes were moist and all eyes shone for a moment with a brilliant glow that had no room for hate or despair or sin.

Bottles mysteriously appeared from hiding places. Everyone offered everyone else a drink. Men who hadn't spoken to each other for days shook hands. And everywhere men circulated from one to another, from group to group, as if to find in others' faces reassurance of what was hard to believe and then to share the joy that was too much for one man to contain. It was hard to sleep, hard to talk coherently, hard to keep one's mind on the most simple act.

Men lay awake and thrilled to the red glow of a cigarette and an open porthole while their liberated dreams tumbled over each other in a mad rush for recognition. The war was over. They had lived. This was their chance to go ahead with their plans, to make up for their mistakes, to become better people, above all ... to prevent another war ...

Others sat up and tried to picture peace ... gone would be the pressing monotony of tropic anchorages with barnacles and long seaweed on the ship bottoms and men with sharp tempers and dulled thoughts. Gone the sleepless eyes that probed every low cloud, every high wave, every dark bulge in the dark night. Gone the weary, blistered hands that fired hot guns at planes and subs that had no end. Gone the explosions that collapsed a man's world and in an instant turned him into a hero, or a coward,

or a corpse, or a bloody, screaming thing. Gone the frightened, wounded sailors, wet and huddled in a little boat, drifting and waiting on the cruel immensity of the sea.

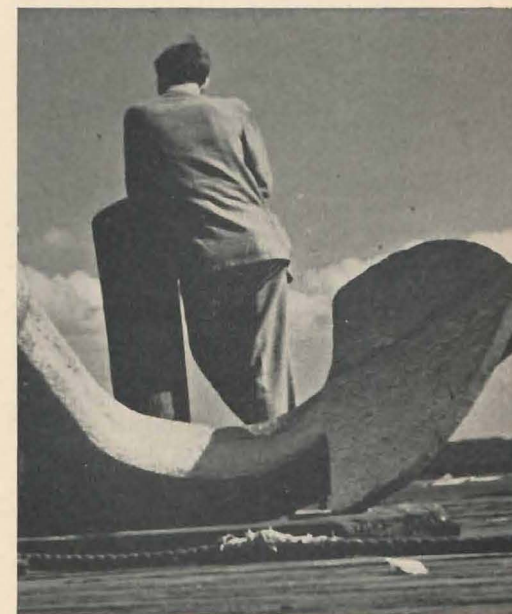
Later, I paced the bridge alone and stared with fascination at the arc of the mast and range lights gently brushing, naked and defiant, back and forth across the night, and at the reflection of the red and green side lights calmly riding on the fast quieting sea. Farther aft, the round cheery glow of portholes went out one by one as men found sleep. And far below in the tight darkness of our holds, tenderly cradled, row on neat row, shored against every bump, protected against every dangerous drop of moisture, our cargo slept ... block busters, big, round-nosed five hundred pounders, long sleek torpedoes, mortars, mines, shells of all kinds, cartridges, grenades, T.N.T., guns and gun carriages, and monstrous tanks ... altogether five thousand tons of them. And below them the drink to give them life, high test gasoline. They were the hideous children of a hideous world, unwanted now. And in a strange land far behind our stern, a thousand houses would stand, a thousand men would till the land, a thousand children would know comfort.

Suddenly I stopped pacing and stood still, breathing quietly. For a strange, wonderful moment I felt as one with the quiet watchful eternity of the sky. Peace like a giant blanket touched each man, each part of the ship, each relaxing wave, each new star among the scattering clouds. We seemed to become more than a merchant ship going home, everywhere. It was more than the time of dawn on the first watch after war; it was an eve with soft snow around a solid house and kids in clean warm sheets counting the hours until morning; it was late afternoon with old people sitting comfortable in the sun watching the falling leaves; it was the boundless instant of youth's first love. Our lights became more than a flickering speck in the enormity of

the ocean night; they were a symbol of the light of man himself—the light without age, or name, or race, or one religion, the light that burns in every individual, in each worthy dream or thought—the light, like a wilderness campfire, that man has forever tried to nourish in order to widen its tiny circle into the tremendous darkness around it.

Then the feeling passed, I resumed pacing the bridge and I knew that when day came the ship would be only a ship. The sea only a sea, and men only men ... with nobilities and frailties, loves and hates, and that they would go on stumbling in the darkness, bent with the weight of themselves, toward the bright light beyond the distant horizon ...

The fingers of day began to reach beyond the ocean's rim. The sea started to dance and laugh as the night sky drew away. And as the ship's lights became dim, I prayed that some day there would be permanent peace in the minds and hearts of men.



Dat-Dash Surgery

• By John Kobler

MATE VERY VERY SICK TEMPERATURE 102 PULSE 110 ADVISE URGENT=

SCATTERED along America's sea-board are eleven powerful short-wave stations, which comprise the Radiomarine Corporation network, and which receive a continual stream of messages preceded by the code phrase, DH MEDICO. How they handle those messages often means the difference between life and death to sick or injured people at sea. For DH MEDICOs are distress signals from ships without doctors, urgent appeals for diagnosis and advice. There are about ten thousand such American ships plying the seven seas — oilers, freighters, barges — and thousands more of foreign registry. In fact, the laws of most nations do not require a ship carrying fewer than twenty passengers or a total of fifty hands to employ a doctor.

Not long ago, the tramp steamer *Carmody* was plowing through heavy seas some 450 miles off Cape Hatteras, when the first mate collapsed in agony. Like all American merchant-marine officers nowadays, the skipper, Mike Goss, held a first-aid certificate, kept a medicine chest aboard, and was familiar with the instructions on reporting symptoms as outlined in the handbook, Ship Sanitation and First Aid. After examining the stricken mate, Goss ordered his radio operator to start tapping out DH MEDICO. Under international maritime agreements, the signal instantly cleared the airwaves of all messages except SOS's. Seconds later, over the receiv-

er in Radiomarine's Chatham, Massachusetts, station, Morse-code beeps spelled out: SS *Carmody* longitude 67 latitude 40 westbound Hatteras speed nine knots due in port three days Mate 56 down with headache vomiting temperature 102 pulse 110 advise Master Goss.

The Chatham operator selected the nearest United States Marine Hospital, which was in Boston, slammed the message through a Western Union wire printer. In Boston, Western Union telephoned the hospital's outpatient department. It was then two A.M. Barely six minutes had elapsed since the *Carmody* radioed her first DH MEDICO.

The doctor on duty puzzled over the symptoms. They were common to numerous diseases—polio, flu, pneumonia, appendicitis, to name only a few. Ten minutes later, Goss, who was standing anxiously at his radioman's shoulder, watched him jot down the incoming message: Need more information: Patient's state of mind any abdominal pain rash cough sore throat blood in stool burning urination.

Swiftly Goss checked each item, radioed his follow-up: sleepless irritable twitching sharp pain lower left quadrant no rash no cough no sore throat diarrhea stopped.

This considerably limited the possibilities. The doctor fired three more questions. The answers made him ninety percent sure, frighteningly sure

—meningitis, a spinal infection that, untreated, can kill in hours. It is also highly communicable. But he could not determine which of several types of meningitis the patient had contracted. So he prescribed for all of them: isolate patient immediately force fluids sulfathiazine seven and a half grains at once two every four hours plus hundred sixty thousand units penicillin at once three hundred thousand every four hours plus thousand milligrams streptomycin ice to head alcohol sponge.

Goss found the designated drugs in his medicine chest. As a result of his first-aid training, he knew how to use a hypodermic. When the gale-tossed ship finally reached port, the first mate was still alive, and the disease had not infected other crew members. An ambulance, waiting at the dock, sped him to a hospital. There the Boston doctor's general diagnosis was confirmed, the specific type of meningitis—menococcal—established, and similar treatment continued. The *Carmody's* mate is back at sea today.

Radiomarine handles an average of twelve hundred DH MEDICOs a year. Of all the cases treated in 1950, there were only two fatalities, and those could probably not have been avoided even in a hospital. With no help other than a distant voice, steely-nerved skippers have successfully set broken legs, extracted teeth, probed for bullets, healed knife wounds, delivered babies. Thanks to DH MEDI-

COs, they have nursed patients through practically every affliction from food poisoning to pneumonia and prevented many a case from becoming epidemic.

Few doctors will encourage a layman to attempt surgery, however critical the symptoms, but in extreme emergencies Radiomarine has arranged transfers of patients from freighters to liners with doctors. One time the *S.S. Ilsestein*, two days out from Antwerp, bound for New York, reported that a seaman aboard had acute appendicitis. His condition was clearly too serious for him to survive two days without surgery, even if the captain chose to turn back to Belgium, let alone the ten-day trip to New York. But Radiomarine discovered that the mighty *Europa*, which had both an operating room and a surgeon, was somewhere in the vicinity. The ailing seaman was transferred in a lifeboat. The *Europa's* Dr. Brahms, his equipment prepared, immediately performed an appendectomy. The patient made a complete recovery. However, if another four hours had passed before the operation, he would have been dead.

Started at the "Institute"

The MEDICO system was conceived in 1921 by an old salt named Captain Robert Huntington, who, after some fifty years before the mast, had been appointed principal of the Merchant Marine School at New

(Continued on Page 10)

The Floating American Storeroom

THE new flagship of the United States Lines is an all-American ship. Over 800 suppliers and tens of thousands of skilled and unskilled workmen from companies large and small located in each of the 48 states provided raw materials, parts, machinery, assemblies and equipment for the 990-foot *S.S. United States*.

Household items stocked aboard the *S.S. United States* for passengers and crew number hundreds of thousands, and include such unusual articles as aluminum flower vases and fireproof clothes hangers of novel design.

The chief steward on this new flagship of the United States Lines will be responsible for huge quantities of household articles in bewildering variety, all carefully selected to maintain the high luxury standards of deluxe transatlantic travel.

In table linen alone the *United States* carries over one-quarter of a million pieces, running to as high as 234 count which is superfine quality. Passengers in the air-conditioned, sound-proofed cabins sleep on 200 count extra fine percale sheets and pillow cases, of which the liner carries more than 87,000.

In order to satisfy the sea-sharpened appetites of her 2,000 passengers the *S.S. United States* carries more than a full service of the finest tableware, china and glassware. In bread and butter plates the liner carries 6,896 pieces, in coffee cups also 6,896, in vegetable dishes 4,548, in tea and bouillon cups 8,640 and in fish, salad, dessert and breakfast plates 10,488. Vitrified china of the best grade is used aboard the ship. Dinner service is specially designed with an off-white background and two shades of blue-gray stars on the border. On the service plates color is ivory white with the ornament in light and dark blue-gray, showing a spread eagle within a roped circle which is the United States Lines' crest.

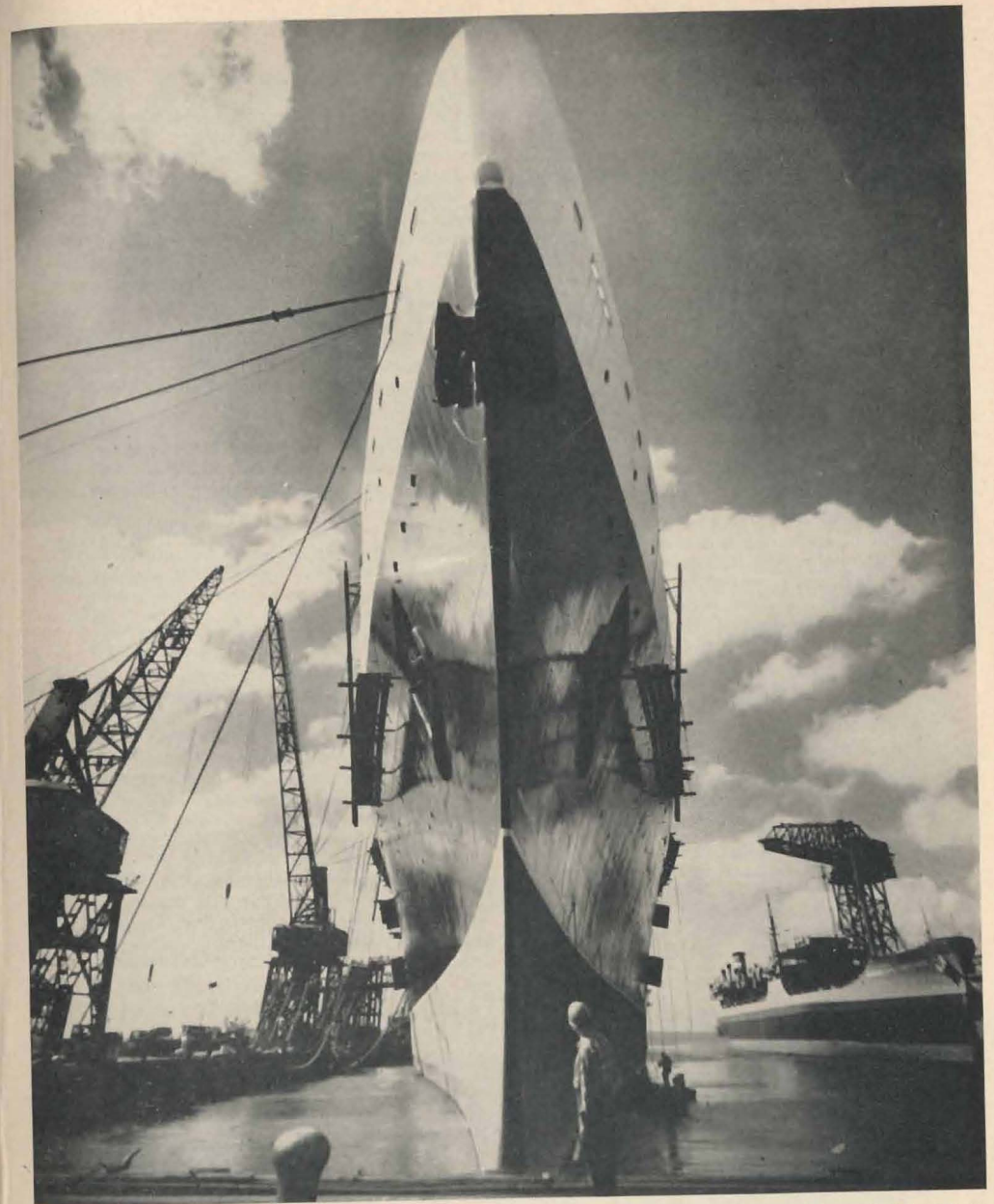
Hugh quantities of glassware are

used aboard this new transatlantic giant. Every piece of glassware for passengers is handblown and includes thousands of items, both stem-ware and tumblers. The stewards have in the ship's pantries 3,600 juice glasses, 3,000 iced tea tumblers, 3,600 goblets and 3,000 champagne "saucers." Other special beverage glassware carried includes cocktail, beer, sherry, whiskey sour, brandy inhaler, liqueur, and sherbet glasses.

The superliner's galleys are stocked with equipment and utensils to prepare 9,000 meals a day plus morning bouillon, afternoon tea and midnight snacks. Galleys carry a total of more than 15,500 individual pieces of kitchen equipment. In heavy aluminum roasting pans the galleys are supplied with nearly 300 pieces. Among out-of-the-ordinary items, stainless steel skewers alone number 288 and fancy jelly moulds 300. There are vast numbers of standard kitchenware items, such as knives, frying pans, broilers, toasters, egg boilers, cutters, beaters, casseroles and bowls. Motto of the galley staff of the superliner is to provide all standard dishes and be prepared to concoct any exotic dishes which passengers may request. Galley equipment is ample for these two purposes.

The *S.S. United States* has three libraries and a grand total of 2,291 volumes. The titles feature Americana, biography, travel, games, American and foreign classics, and of course, books dealing with the sea.

In addition to these huge supplies of housekeeping items the big ship has the service facilities of a complete community. Among them are food storerooms and stocks of food far larger than any super market, a fully equipped laundry, a tailor shop, barber shop, beauty parlor, shopping centers, and even a locksmith with 10,000 keys and facilities to make others for passengers who mislay keys . . . like people will . . . even those who travel on the *S.S. United States*.



Picture Courtesy Boston Seamen's Friend Society

Pictured above — the great ship in an outfitting basin, preparatory to going to sea. Smaller than the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*, the *United States* was built so that she can pass through the Panama Canal — something the two British ships cannot do.

(Continued from Page 7)

York's famed *Seamen's Church Institute*. In his seafaring days, Huntington had seen scores of his shipmates killed or permanently disabled for lack of medical guidance. The memory never ceased to haunt him.

"A man would get some sickness or perhaps would be wounded," he told me recently when I visited him on Staten Island, where he lived in retirement until his recent passing, "and there wouldn't be one skipper out of a hundred who knew what to do. You'd just stand around helplessly, watching the poor devil suffer, and pray to God he'd last till you got in. Very often he didn't. I recall an occasion on a schooner in the Caribbean. We ran into a heavy storm, and our cabin boy fell down a hatch, breaking both legs. We put him in splints, but they weren't right. He was deformed for the rest of his life."

As part of its training equipment, the Merchant Marine School used radio sets that frequently picked up messages from fogbound ships calling for a check on their position. Listening in one day, Huntington hit upon the MEDICO idea. He took it to the Institute's superintendent, Reverend Archibald Mansfield, who, in turn, interested a philanthropist, Henry A. Laughlin of Philadelphia. With five thousand dollars donated by Laughlin, a radio station, KDKF, was installed on the roof of the Institute's waterfront headquarters at 25 South Street. From Colonel E. K. Sprague, head of the Public Health Service Hospital in lower Manhattan, Reverend Mansfield obtained the promise of free diagnosis and medical counsel.

One of the first MEDICOs Huntington and Sprague handled between them came from a freighter hove to in a westerly Atlantic gale: Request consultation advisability extracting very badly infected tooth.

In less time than it takes a family doctor to respond to a house call, Sprague replied:

Give information location number of teeth condition of gum presence of cavities symptoms of patient.

THE FREIGHTER: One side of jaw badly swollen four to five teeth affected no cavities has been in serious condition fever partial collapse have made incision in jaw pus discharge very light color patient very violent.

SPRAGUE: Do not extract repeat not apply continuous hot compresses to cheek give patient dose of salts immediately wash out mouth every hour with teaspoonful salt in warm water take temperature pulse every four hours keep us informed.

THE FREIGHTER (four frantic hours later): Patient shows signs tetanus lockjaw blood discharge very light color patient very violent one quarter grain morphine no effect shall I extract.

SPRAGUE: Continue treatment previously recommended do not extract have patience.

THE FREIGHTER (after another four hours): Patient greatly improved thanks thanks.

Within a year, KDKF was known to seamen the world over as "Kome Doctor, Kome Fixit," and so great was the demand for its service that the one small station, with its limited range, could not cope with it. Dr. Mansfield appealed to RCA and was referred to a junior executive, David Sarnoff, now president of the corporation. He could not have found a more sympathetic listener, for as a radio operator aboard a whaler in his youth, Sarnoff had once saved the life of a pneumonia-stricken lighthouse keeper by relaying advice on self-medication. At Sarnoff's recommendation, Radiomarine, which is an RCA subsidiary, adopted and developed Captain Huntington's brain child on a world-wide scale. No message, it announced, beginning DH MEDICO would be charged for. DH stands for "deadhead." The service costs Radiomarine around fifty thousand dollars a year.

By permission Cosmopolitan Magazine

Vagabond Voice

WITH her destination unknown, the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter *Courier*, on July 10, nosed into the high seas with a very special cargo. The cargo itself weighs nothing, nor does it occupy space in the 338 foot vessel. It is impossible to see, but easy to hear — in any of 46 languages. The cargo is *truth* carried by the Voice of America on the *Courier* — the first of a potential fleet of sea-going radio broadcasting stations.

Off to play tag on a global scale with the Soviet propaganda network, the *Courier* took with her a radio station 3 times more powerful than the largest station on shore. A crew of nearly 100, mainly radio specialists, will sail into any strategic waters that have a depth of 20 feet to float the vessel, and articulate the Voice of America with their vast array of equipment.

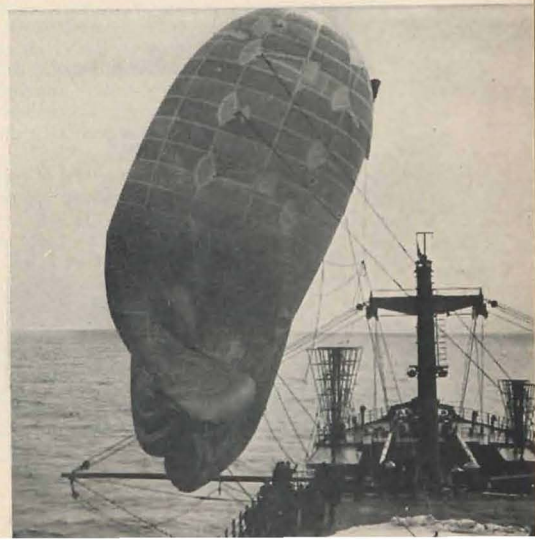
During her recent Caribbean shake-down the *Courier* has tested the practicality of the dual function she is to serve. The first is that of relaying and clarifying the broadcasts originating from the New York studios of Voice of America. The second function is that of originating her own broadcasts from a strategic port where she may be assigned a temporary frequency by cooperating friendly governments.

Should the occasion demand, the ship can also broadcast while under way on the high seas, providing a very elusive target for Soviet jamming stations which constantly try to block out radio contact with the West. As President Truman observed at the *Courier's* dedication ceremonies, "our arguments, no matter how good, are not going to influence people who never hear them." The purpose of the *Courier* is to help get our message through. When broadcasting The Voice, the ship sends aloft a helium-filled captive barrage balloon, 65 by 35 feet, which pulls an antenna of a 150,000 medium wave transmitter to a height of 900 feet. Out across the curving

globe the signal will bombard the Iron Curtain, breaking through to the encompassed millions with America's point of view. Secretary of State Dean Acheson has given as the ship's mission, that of bearing "to our friends who are free, and to those who are not free, the truth about what is happening in the world."

The *Courier* will demonstrate graphically the historical truth that ideas are difficult to quarantine. Mobile and versatile, the converted Navy cargo vessel also carries two 35,000 watt shortwave transmitters and supporting communication equipment in her holds. She carries Diesel engines capable of generating 1,500,000 watts of electrical power for the transmitter. Helium sufficient for inflating the five captive barrage balloons during seven months of constant use is compressed into large iron flasks. The *Courier's* seamen learned to launch the relatively large balloons through the 90 foot clearance between masts by taking a month's course at Lakehurst, New Jersey. A winch, located under the flight deck, spools the balloon cables up and down to regulate antenna length. The three transmitters are built on a platform of eight-inch concrete, which in turn "floats" on cork slabs that absorb the ship's vibrations.

Capt. Huntington in his office at the Institute





Book Briefs

A SAILOR'S TREASURY

By Frank Shay

W. W. Norton, \$3.75

With Edward A. Wilson's delightful illustrations, and Frank Shay's lively text, this book contains the lore, myths, superstitions, legends and yarns of the American sailor during the days when Yankee ships of all kinds—clippers and whalers, fishing boats and men of war—sailed the seas. Mermaids and sea serpents, omens lucky and unlucky, are described, and there is a list of cries, epithets, gripes and maxims, sea terms and salty speech. Here is a book to be cherished by those who love the sea and the way of a ship upon it.

M. D. C.

AS THE SAILOR LOVES THE SEA

By Ballard Hadman

Harpers

An artist tells about her visit to Alaska that was meant to last a summer, but continued on for more than a decade. She stayed to marry a fisherman, then became a fisherman herself and raised a family aboard their little trolling vessel. Here is a story of modern pioneering written from a woman's point of view. Its simplicity, and story of stirring adventure in the mysterious North country is, however, slightly marred by the theorizing on art that seems incongruous with Mrs. Hadman's story of modern day "man against nature" on America's last frontier.

H. Mc.

THE CAPTAIN

By Russell Thacher

The Macmillan Company, New York — 1951

Another "close-up" war story, language uninhibited and plentifully fertilized with the four-letter, at one time, unprintable words. This time the story is about the confusions, frustrations, mishaps, daily doings generally aboard the L.S.T., "L47." The Captain seems not to rate a shred of respect from most of his men and discipline seems a minus quantity aboard, yet the ship's work gets done, and rather well at that. As a clinical account of life aboard an L.S.T. the book has value, it seems, for its authenticity and understanding. As entertainment the effect of printing the "dirty words" so profusely makes them stand out with exaggerated effect, often obscuring the real story behind them. A good book for L.S.T. men, not for children. For the former there are belly laughs and lots of rough, often rollicking "comic" strips.

W. L. M.

"NAVIGATION PROBLEMS AND SOLUTIONS"

By Raymond O. Williams and George W. Mixer

Published by D. Van Nostrand, Inc., \$5.00

This book takes up where the majority of navigation manuals stop. It fills that void where theory ends and a most vital part begins—the "grooving in" of practical navigational work.

That the material is presented clearly and concisely, alone would recommend it, and that it is detailed both as to the several methods in common use plus the easily understood and beautifully executed plotting work, practically guarantees it being a must on any navigator's book shelf.

C. E. UMSTEAD

SAILS AND WHALES

By Captain H. A. Chippendale

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston

Not just another book about whalers and whaling. Actually every sea adventure has about it enough uniqueness, if the story teller can reveal it, that the novelty never ends. And Captain Chippendale's accounts of the whaling rendezvous at St. Helena, of albatross drumsticks for dinner in the South Atlantic, of taking sea elephant blubber at Desolation Island, of the man who rode the harpooned whale are supporting evidence of this fact. Besides, there is a charming, timeless, reminiscent quality in the yarns of this seventy-year-old retired sailor man recounting his own experiences and those of other men he had known or heard about that give the book itself a quality of permanence. A book to be read and to keep to read again—and maybe again.

W. L. M.

MODEL BOAT CONSTRUCTION

By Harvey A. Adam

Percival Marshall & Co., London

Construction of model power boats is taken, stage by stage, from the drawing board to completion. The fundamentals of model boat building is presented so clearly, that no novice will have difficulty in constructing any model that is dealt with in the book. The book will also be an excellent reference for experienced modellers. Eight modern designs are included, the sharpie, dinghy, hydroplane, fast cabin cruisers, speedboat, luxury motorcruiser, and British and American motor torpedo boats.

H. Mc.

ROUNDING GOOD HOPE

Fireflies of Capetown twinkle out astern;
The Lion's Head still rears against their loom;

Four flashes every thirty seconds burn
In Siange Kop's lamp; through vast and empty room

Beneath a miser's moon, the southwest swell
Throws over us a silver canopy,
And as my steersman rings a triple bell
The austral Cape breaks clear upon our lee,

Three stabs each half a minute; ports the helm,

"One hundred twenty-one" is now our course,

White seas and rising swells invade this realm,

The skies drop low, the wind picks up in force;

A salt spume frets like needlepoints, we reel
As waves in thunder wrench our laboring keel.

JOHN ACKERSON

The New York Times

ATLANTIS

Swirl, tides, beyond these piers of stone
And shimmering towers drowned in sun;
Fly, seabirds, exploring ever inland;
Littoral creeps upon escarpments done.

Now ticker stopped and traffic stilled,
Crustaceans scuttle on sunk plush and chrome:

Kelp decks the dim subaqueous avenues
Where oysters bask in blue-green home.

And over all who once dwelt here
Ships chart these slender granite reefs;
Dim engine drum and wash of tides
Hush all their joys; their transient griefs.

FREDERICK EBRIGHT

New York Times

ISLAND SUMMER

I remember you on this scarped promontory,
Facing the sea.

There were crevices in the rock that secreted
odd things the sea gave up,
Which you, familiar with the place, would
gather and bring to me,
Holding them in your curved hands as in
a cup.

The far horizon, orange beyond the light of
the water between,

The gulls resting on the darkening crest of
some nearby highland—

These are the things for the heart to hold
always. They have been
Keeping a tryst with memory when I think
of this island.

But you are in an alien sphere unknown to
this ocean,

Another sea has taken you away with your
tide at its full.

You may be part of that energy that set the
world in motion,
Or lost in the orbit of some far-flung
pentacle;

Yet your voice is here in every sound of
this season,

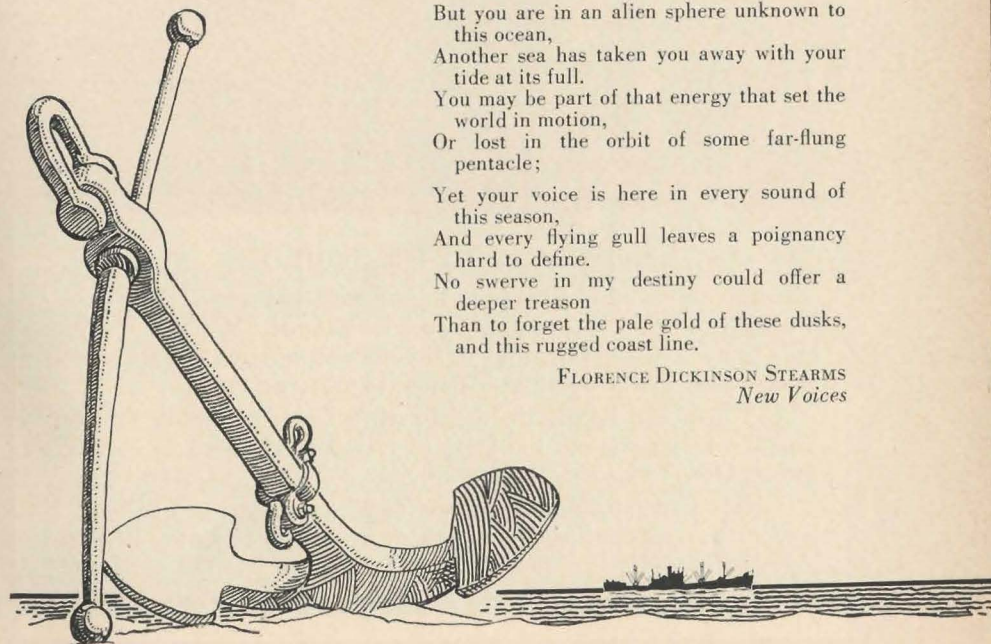
And every flying gull leaves a poignancy
hard to define.

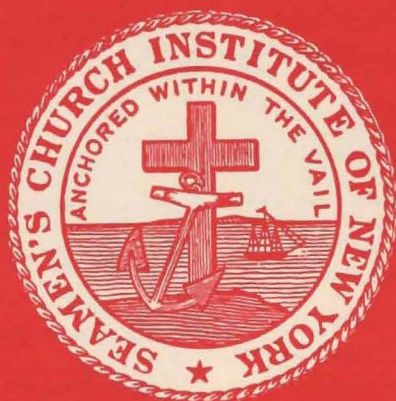
No swerve in my destiny could offer a
deeper treason

Than to forget the pale gold of these dusks,
and this rugged coast line.

FLORENCE DICKINSON STEARMS

New Voices





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."