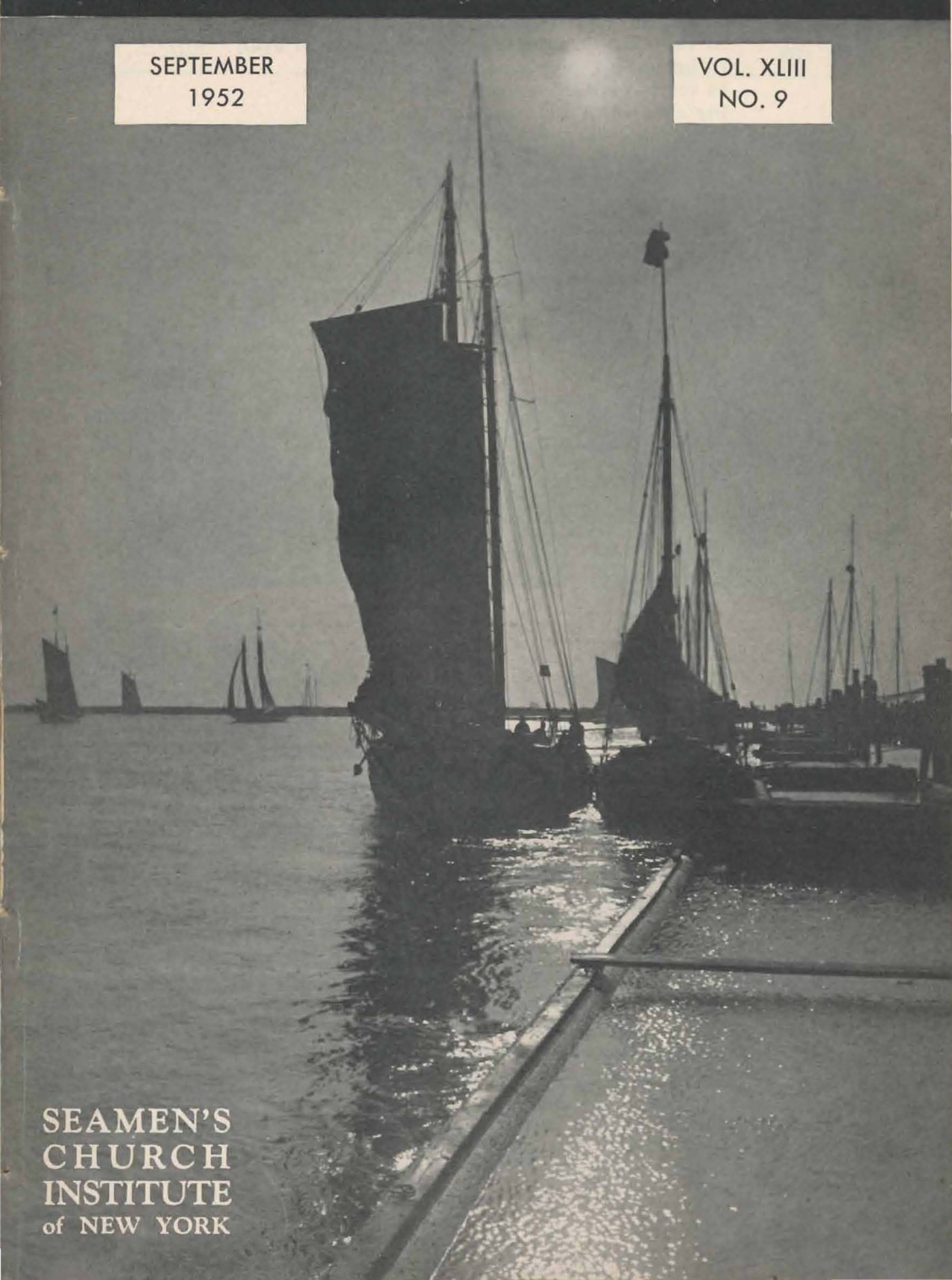


The LOOKOUT

SEPTEMBER
1952

VOL. XLIII
NO. 9



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK

MORNING PRAYER

Lord, in the quiet of this morning hour
I come to thee for peace, for wisdom, power
To view the world today through love-filled eyes;
To be patient, understanding, gentle, wise;
To see beyond what seems to be and know
Thy children as Thou knowest them, and so
Nought but the good in anyone behold.
Make deaf my ears to slander that is told;
Silence my tongue to aught that is unkind;
Let only thoughts that bless dwell in my mind;
Let me so kindly be, so full of cheer,
That all I meet may feel Thy presence near.
Oh, clothe me in Thy beauty, this I pray —
Let me reveal Thee, Lord, through all the day!

— by a sailor, 1952

The
LOOKOUT

VOL. XLIII SEPTEMBER, 1952

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EXCITING NEWS! For our Fall Theatre Benefit we are fortunate in having secured the November 17th performance of "THE MILLIONAIRESS" — the Bernard Shaw play in which Katharine Hepburn is currently starring triumphantly in London. Miss Hepburn and the complete superb English cast will come to New York for a limited run of *only ten weeks*. The Institute is delighted to offer this hit play for its 1952 benefit. Proceeds will help to finance our much needed welfare, recreational, religious and health facilities for merchant seamen of every rating, race and creed. Please mark your calendar

. . . MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17th . . .

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The Shipping Bill,



A Forward Step

THE American shipping industry represented by the National Federation of American Shipping has hailed the President's signing of the Long Range Shipping Bill adopted by the closing sessions of the last Congress as "a forward step in keeping America strong on the seas."

The Federation, which represents a majority of the privately owned and operated ocean-going merchant fleet, pointed out, however, that steamship owners generally regretted the inability of the Congress to take action on one of the most important features of the original legislative proposals — tax deferments on funds specially earmarked to build new ships. In this respect a Federation statement declared:

"The greatest single problem of private enterprise in American shipping is the accumulation of sufficient capital to replace merchant ships at American construction costs, which are the highest in the world."

The statement quoted a report dated June 16, 1952 in which Admiral E. L. Cochrane said, "Today as in 1936 the outstanding weakness in the American Merchant Marine is its high degree of obsolescence . . . obviously replacement costs will far exceed construction costs of the present fleet."

For five years the industry has proposed as a solution to this problem tax deferment on specially earmarked construction reserve funds. This would encourage owners to plow back earnings for the specific purpose of building new ships in order that the American merchant fleet could undergo continuous modernization. "Upon that solution will depend, in a large measure, the future strength of our

American Merchant Marine," Admiral Cochrane stated.

Although minus the tax deferment provision, the bill contains the following five items of importance to American shipping companies:

1. *It extends the construction differential subsidy, heretofore limited to ships running on government established routes, to include all American vessels engaged in foreign trade.*

2. *It limits the liability of steamship lines in their purchase of passenger liners from the government — providing the liner concerned costs more than \$10,000,000, carries 200 or more passengers and meets Navy specifications. In the event a vessel returns to the government, it is also stipulated that the company shall forfeit its down payment and any interest or principal paid.*

3. *It extends the depreciation age limit of reconstructed subsidized vessels, provided the extended life of the vessel concerned is first certified by the Coast Guard.*

4. *It removes the \$25,000 salary ceiling for employees of subsidized companies, providing any salary above the old limit is paid by the company out of its own earnings and not with government funds.*

5. *It reduces the trade-in age of vessels from seventeen to twelve years.*

When the President signed the Long Range Shipping Bill, he stated in an accompanying message that ". . . while it contains constructive and workable provisions for the present, it does not represent the balanced and thoroughgoing adjustments to the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 which are needed to meet future conditions in the maritime industry."

In the Path of the Sea



The Legend of Bloody Bay

By Capt. Lou J. Bristol

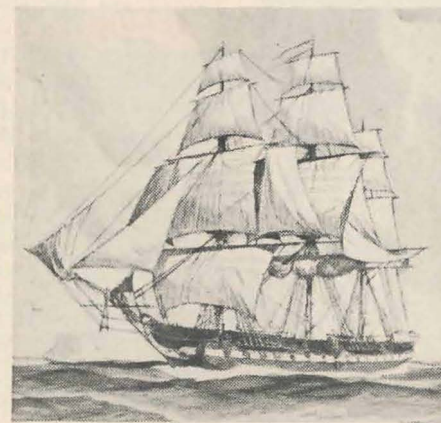
WE were plowing a painful nine knots through a glassy sea. The thermometer hovered around 100 and the glass held steady at 29.90 inches. Seldom had I seen the Caribbean as calm, seldom as hot. In the stuffy chart room the skipper, first and second were poring over current tables and sailing directions. The master jabbed a stubby thumb on three tiny dots on the chart marking the Cayman group, 75 miles south of Cuba. He then told us of the early settlers, of the Scotts and the Jacksons who had left the verdant shores of England over a century ago and who had built another milepost in Britain's far-flung empire. The islands were Grand Cayman, Little Cayman and Cayman Brac. Pointing out a spot on the northwest coast of Little Cayman, he called it "Bloody Bay."

"'Twere nare this spot where I was born." In his flat West Indies English dialect Captain Scott went on to tell us of what was perhaps the last pitched battle between pirates and the Royal Navy's Caribbean patrol. It was just before the turn of the eighteenth century. France was in the grip of revolution; Louis XVI had been deposed. The young continent of America, pulsating to the thrill of new-found independence, was jealously vying with the world

powers for sea supremacy. Lawlessness on the high seas was on the wane. The hard-pressed buccaneers of the Spanish Main were vanishing, thanks to the ever-prowling frigates of England, France, Spain and America; and the golden islands of the West Indies were ceasing to be havens of safety for the murderous crews.

A brigantine during a hurricane had been driven fast aground on the southwest shore of Little Cayman, and her motley crew, with such arms and stores as they had been able to salvage, had made their way ashore and waited out the blow. Their ship had been so badly wrecked by the storm that they decided to abandon her. Gathering the stores that had been washed ashore together with what had already been saved, the pirates made their way along the coast line, around the southernmost tip and back along the northwest coast. They came to a place where the white sandy beach sloped gradually into the sea, protected by submerged reefs on both sides. Here they made camp high above water line.

Meanwhile a British man-of-war, coursing her way along the south coast of the island, sighted the wrecked brigantine. As the Englishman had passed this point a few days previous to the storm and had seen nothing then but



From the painting by Gordon Grant

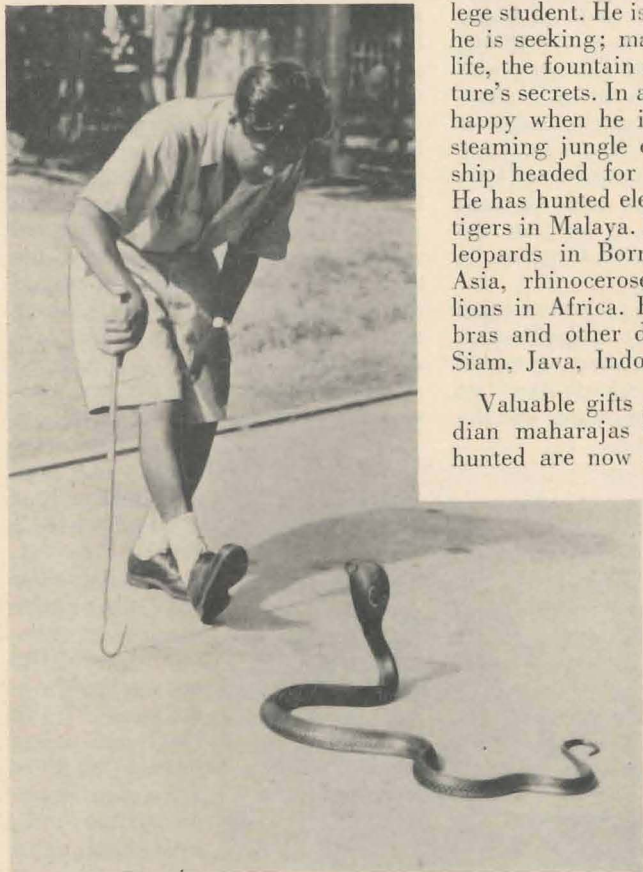
(Continued on Page 11)

Jungle Mariner

A Profile

By Arthur H. Foster, *Lieut. USMS*

SINCE clipper ship days the public's conception of a seaman has been a huge, strapping brute-of-a-man, with the blue of the sea in his eyes and the burn of the sun and wind in his face. A striking contrast to this prototype is slight, gentlemanly Johnny Royola. Born in the romantic Hawaiian Islands of sturdy Filipino stock, Johnny seems to be of another age and time.



John Royola sparring with a cobra.

Born with a lust for adventure in his blood, Johnny ran away to sea when he was fourteen. But that was too tame for him, so he made his way to the jungles of Asia and Africa. He was seeking excitement and danger. Wilderness and wild animals were a challenge to his burning ambition to "get to the bottom of things."

The far corners of the earth are now to him as a textbook is to a college student. He is not quite sure what he is seeking; maybe the mystery of life, the fountain of youth or just nature's secrets. In any event, he is truly happy when he is in the heart of a steaming jungle or on the deck of a ship headed for another adventure. He has hunted elephants in Siam and tigers in Malaya. He has caught black leopards in Borneo, orang-utans in Asia, rhinoceroses in Sumatra and lions in Africa. He has captured cobras and other dangerous snakes in Siam, Java, Indonesia and Sumatra.

Valuable gifts given to him by Indian maharajas with whom he has hunted are now stored in a bonded warehouse in New York, awaiting the day he "settles down." Tremendous scrapbooks of photos and newspaper stories remind him of his exploits. They tell of a contract with the Anthropoid-Ape Research Foundation that took him to the Far East. They

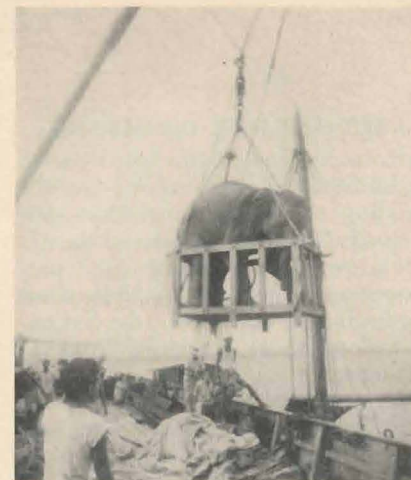
mention safaris he has made into the Orient with such famous explorers as Frank Buck. They tell the story in photographs of his trip into darkest Africa with Mrs. Osa Johnson.

Johnny has done a considerable amount of work with snakes. At one time he captured 300 cobras — bare-handed! This he did for the Rockefeller Foundation, which uses the snake venom in biological research. He remembers the time in Bangkok when he was called to the home of U. S. Ambassador Edwin Stanton in an emergency. There he was greeted by a group of hysterical native servants, excited house guests, a nervous Ambassador and a swooning Mrs. Stanton. Going into the garage where the commotion was centered, Johnny soon emerged battling a nineteen foot python! It had crawled across the porch in front of the terrified household and taken refuge in the garage. After the snake was captured, Ambassador Stanton held a celebration, with Johnny as the hero of the hour.

He has been bitten three times by dangerous reptiles. On one occasion, in order to save his life, he extracted the gunpowder from a bullet, placed it quickly upon the wound and set fire to it. The snake-bite was effectively cauterized before the deadly poison could flow into his body, and his life was saved deep in the jungles, days away from any aid.

Many of his wild beast cargoes have been very dangerous to handle. Often it has been necessary for him to charter a plane to transport his lively charges to civilization. To give an idea of how his cargoes sometimes run, here is a typical import license issued to Johnny by the Colonial Secretary in Singapore:

Mr. John Royola is hereby granted permission from His Majesty's Colonial Secretary to capture and import the following wild animals:



Johnny supervising the loading of one of his catches onto a ship.

50 Orang-utans
50 Gibbons
50 Proboscis Monkeys
1000 Macaques
6 Panthers
10 Sumatran Rhinoceroses
100 Birds of Paradise
100 Hornbills
4 Tigers
4 Black Leopards
Signed and sealed: . . . Colonial Secretary

Without adventure and excitement, Johnny says that he would be lost. "That is why I always follow the sea between safaris," he says, "—for adventure. And the sea always leads to a strange new jungle."

At the moment he is taking it easy between voyages, mulling over sundry offers from big game hunters the world over and accepting occasionally invitations from sportsmen's clubs to recount some of his thrilling adventures—which he does with the aid of a movie projector. And to everyone who meets him, Johnny Royola — seaman, hunter, trapper, explorer — is a reminder that the spirit of enterprise and bare-fisted adventure is not dead.

MERCHANT FLEET DIMINISHING

Reduced demands for ships due to declining foreign aid exports and the building of only one merchant ship for private enterprise reduced the nation's overall active cargo and passenger-carrying fleet by 28% since the beginning of the year, the National Federation of American Shipping has reported.

In a special mid-year study, the Federation's Research Department detailed the developments of the U. S. flag freighter and passenger-carrying fleet, as follows:

On July 1 the total active freighter and passenger fleet amounted to 1,098 ships, contrasted to 1,520 last January 1. Of this decline, privately owned active ships dropped only 1.3%, from 842 to 831. Government-owned ships operated by private shipping lines dropped from 678 to 267 ships.

Only one merchant ship in the six month period was added to the privately owned cargo and passenger-carrying fleet, the *S.S. United States*. At present there is not a single ocean-going dry cargo, combination or passenger vessel on order or under construction for registry under the U. S. flag. In comparison there is building or on order for registry under foreign flags in foreign shipyards 7,000,000 deadweight tons of such vessels.

THE NEW AMBROSE LIGHTSHIP

The *Ambrose* lightship that has guided ships in and out of busy New York harbor since 1926 will be replaced in October by a new craft recently launched at the Curtis Bay Coast Guard yard in Baltimore. The older *Ambrose* will be retired to less traveled waters off Portland, Maine, near the place where she was built a quarter-century ago. Captain R. M. Ross, chief of the Coast Guard Aids to Navigation section in Washington, has held the old ship still seaworthy

and serviceable but has stated that more candlepower and other improvements were needed for the lightship station off Sandy Hook.

The new *Ambrose* is all steel, with a displacement of 540 tons. She has a length of 128 feet, a beam of thirty and a draught of ten. Her light is of a new high-intensity type recently developed in England from principles learned in aerial navigation and flying field operation. In addition to the special light, the new ship has a submarine bell, fog signal apparatus, a radio beacon and other standard safety devices.

For the ease and convenience of her thirty-man crew—an important consideration on a ship that will dock only once a year—the new *Ambrose* has television, first-class refrigeration and other comforts of home.

EMPLOYMENT DROPS

A recent survey of employment on privately owned and operated American merchant ships conducted by the National Federation of American Shipping showed a decrease of 19,000 seamen in the first six months of this year. The decline from 110,000 seagoing employees on January 1 to 91,000 as of July 1 was attributed primarily to the return of many government-owned dry cargo ships to reserve status. Carrying military and foreign aid cargoes, these vessels had been operated by private U. S. steamship companies under charter and agency agreements.

However, the study showed that employment, including reserves, on privately owned ships is at present 15,000 higher than it was eighteen months ago, which leaves the American Merchant Marine with a net gain after the rise and fall of emergency shipping needs. These 91,000 currently employed officers and seamen are earning over \$420,000,000 a year.

Seventy-eight per cent of them are unlicensed seamen. Employment according to type of vessel showed that roughly 55,000 seamen were working aboard dry cargo ships, 13,000 on combination passenger-cargo vessels and 23,000 in the tanker fleet.

ONCE IS ENOUGH

The French Line has announced a delay in the maiden voyage of its new liner, *Antilles*. Originally set for October 3, the vessel's debut was postponed as an aftermath of the awkward maiden voyage of her sistership, the *Flandre*.

Technicians are now making a detailed examination of the *Flandre's* electrical equipment in the hope that similar difficulty with the *Antilles* can be averted. The *Flandre's* first six voyages following her maiden trip to New York have been cancelled to permit a thorough overhaul of her machinery.

THREE FAVORS

A letter from an invalided Dutch seaman received recently by Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Director of the Seamen's Church Institute, asked three favors.

Posted from the Sanatorium Zonne Gloren, Soest, Utrecht, Netherlands, the letter asked that the Institute send to A. Vrolyk a "statue of liberty with a burning light, a pennant with NEW YORK on it and a picture of the Dutch Room at the Institute, which I could show my friends."

Seaman Vrolyk explained that these were souvenirs he had obtained once during a visit here, but that he had lost them during the last year of the war. No longer able to work, he could not pay for them now, he explained, but promised to send something "you'll be equally glad of when I am recovered." Vrolyk had posted his letter with several small-denomination

stamps, out of consideration of the fact, he said, that Dr. Hall or some other chaplain at the Institute might be a collector.

Souvenir shops are being checked for a NEW YORK pennant and "a statue of liberty with a burning light."

SHIP A \$10 MUSEUM

The *Sadie M. Nunan*, one of the last of the old Gloucester fishing vessels, has become a maritime museum since her purchase for \$10 by the hastily formed Gloucester Maritime Museum Corporation.

Fishermen and fish pier officials had threatened to tow away and sink the *Nunan*, which has been the subject of countless paintings as she lay tied up at the state fish pier for the past twelve years. The haggard old vessel will be reconditioned by the Gloucester citizens who bought her, and she will become a repository for relics of the days of "Captains Courageous."

NO SMOKING

Even if you're big you're not allowed to smoke in New York — so found the superliner *United States* recently when she was criticized by the city's Smoke Control Bureau.

Ever since her first trip experts from the ship's boiler manufacturers and her builders have been riding the vessel back and forth across the Atlantic as they worked to eliminate smoke-producing "bugs." A conference with Chief Engineer William Kaiser and Captain Jones Devlin, general manager of the United States Lines, has satisfied the Smoke Bureau that control measures are being taken. However, the comings and goings of the big ship will continue to be watched, as will the progress reports which the company has offered to submit after each voyage.


A Mississippi Hotfoot

By Steve Elonka

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Norwegian Message Cast Up by the Sea

THE riddle of a mysterious message cast up by the sea at Westhampton, L. I., was recently solved by the Seamen's Church Institute. An Upper Nyack resident had found in a tightly corked bottle a crumpled piece of paper, the writing on it faded and strange. Only one sentence at the bottom made sense: "This is Norwegian." Because the Institute is a shore home for merchant mariners of all nations, the message was sent here in the hope that a Norwegian seaman would be able to read it. However, the Norse sailors couldn't decipher it either; they could make out only a few words of the Norwegian text which began, "We are . . ."

Incongruously, the message had been written on a sheet across the top of which was printed in English, "Weekly Scow Report." There were also some hand-written numbers. The Institute began to trace these numbers, and the jig was soon up. One of them, "A-107," identified a scow owned by the Arundel Corporation, located at the foot of Fulton Street. The Arundel Corporation was able to identify the "R. Bra....." signature as that of R. Brandal, one of their scow men.

Brandal was asked about the message when he returned to port, and in a lilting Norwegian accent he affirmed having written it and thrown it overboard in a bottle off Sandy Hook "just for the devil of it" to see where it would end up. Asked why he had written the note in Norwegian, Mr. Brandal answered that he had really never thought anyone would find it anyway, so he had used the easiest language, his native Norwegian. Even the author of the message himself could not decide exactly what he had written, but he said it was roughly, "We are outside of *Ambrose* lightship with a tug and three scows." Then he hurried off to chart the drift his bottle had made.

(Continued from Page 3)

beach and palms, the captain concluded that any survivors must still be on the island. The hulk bore the marks of a pirate ship, and so a heavily armed landing party was indicated. With the rolling beat "to quarters" the Royal Marines were in the longboats and shoreward bound, reinforced by a strong complement of seamen.

On the dry ground above the tide line many fresh footprints were found, all bearing westward; it was a matter of only a short while to track them around the island to the encampment of the brigantine crew. Stealthily the King's men approached the bay. The pirates, all of them, were in the water swimming and bathing, apparently seeking relief from the heat of the tropic sun when the blow fell. The

buccaneers could not reach their weapons as they were cut off by the British seamen, and the slaughter commenced. No quarter was asked; none was given, and the waters of the bay soon ran red with the blood of dying pirates. All were killed with the exception of two who managed to fight their way into the jungle after wounding a naval lieutenant and a sailor. The bodies of the others went out on the tide.

A quarter of a century later, when Captain Scott's great-great-grandfather settled on the island, he found a skeleton, intact and bleached white. Undoubtedly it was that of one of the pirates who had escaped the massacre. What happened to the other, no one knows. And this was how Bloody Bay came to be named.

Courtesy Power Magazine



Book Briefs

BLACK TIDE

By Carl D. Lane

Little, Brown and Company, \$2.75

Len and his party in the old Maine fishing sloop never thought that their big adventure would happen almost at the end of their long cruise through the Gulf of Mexico. This brush with the oil pirates among the off-shore oil drillers, the murder of "the Brains," the pirate hunt on Diablo Island, the roaring trip into Bayou Veche on the front end of a hurricane was great adventure indeed. Besides, it gave the boys a "fix" of the financial kind that was something of a bonanza. It is a pleasant, lively boys' story of adventure in a novel setting. But as the book is also intended to be something of a treatise on piloting and navigation, the more advanced boy sailors may raise objections to some of the information offered, as for instance, Len's theory of wave motion on page 4, contradicted on page 51 and Len's marvelous ability to find his way through fog. The oil drilling episodes are fresh, new story material for most readers, old or young.

W. L. M.

"IMMORTAL PIRATE"

The Life of Sir Francis Drake

By Marguerite Eyer Wilbur

Hastings House, \$3.75

The sea captain who challenged the power of Spain and roamed the seas in search of gold, is depicted here with an eye to authentic detail. A good research writer, Mrs. Wilbur brings the Elizabethan era to crackling life. Her description of the famous Armada when "God blew with his wind" and saved the English ships is one of the finest running sea battles this reviewer has read in a long time. Her characterizations of Drake and his loyal wife, and later his second wife, Elizabeth Sydenham, the Queen's Lady-in-Waiting, are creditable, and her portrayal of London life, its taverns, theatres and its waterfront is vivid. Best of all are the chapters when Francis Drake and his sailors are at sea, encountering storms, fighting Spaniards, boarding their treasure-laden galleons. With three little ships he beat his way through the Straits of Magellan, sailed up the West Coast, landed in California, and became the first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe. Each time Queen Elizabeth kept the doughty seafarer ashore he fretted, for his life was dedicated to the sea and to conquest of the Spanish Main.

M. D. C.

KING'S ARROW

By Joseph Patrick

J. B. Lippincott Co., \$3.50

A rousing good sea story by a new author, this lively tale describes smuggling in Colonial days and the bitter war waged by the merchants of New England against the Crown. The hero is a young medical student from Edinburgh who is impressed into His Majesty's Navy, who deserts on the island of Martinique and sails to New England where his sympathies with the Americans are aroused. He becomes involved with the Yankee seamen aboard the sloops who evaded the Royal Navy patrols off Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. Fast-paced, with a dash of romance in the person of Deborah, a Scottish beauty, the story reaches its climax in the Boston massacre.

M. D. C.

THE UNWILLING PIRATE

By West Lathrop

Random House, New York, 1951

To be carried away from Cape Cod in a pirate ship to live among brutal pirates might break the spirit of a good many boys. But Steven Wheeler was challenged to help the honest members of the pirate crew escape from the ship. He was even able to find his father who had been captured a year earlier and had been given up for lost. This is a clean, fine, thrilling juvenile story of adventure.

W. L. M.

DIVING TO ADVENTURE

By Hans Haas

Translated from the German

by Barrows Mussey

Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City
1951 — \$3.75

Hans Haas gives a jocular account of his adventures and of those of his two companions "goggle fishing," pursuing and harpooning fish under water around Curacao just before the outbreak of the War. There is much good advice and some interesting scientific information for those interested in this dangerous sport and in marine life generally. The underwater photography that illustrates the book is splendid.

W. L. M.

Merchant Seamen's Poems

The winners of the Ninth Annual Poetry Contest for Merchant Seamen sponsored by the Artists and Writers Club of the Seamen's Church Institute were announced in the August LOOKOUT, which published the first prize poems of Morris Golub, Chief Mate.

In this issue we take pleasure in presenting the second and third prize poems. Second prize went to Charles E. Grant, 3rd Engineer; third prize to C. Allan Neilsen, A.B. Seaman.

THE CALL

Hear the winds whispering, soft yet strong?
They bid me arise, and roll along,
To follow again the drifters trail
By rusty steamer, or spanking sail.
To taste again the salt-flecked spray,
In a color-kissed dawn on the edge of day,
And bid the infant sun remain;
"Come dance awhile, before you wane!"
Ah, forceful winds that speak so sweet,
You cause my wakening heart to beat,
And send me on about my ways,
Among the long and busy quays
In search of a ship that is seaward bent
For a distant little known continent.
O Wind, I obey your insistent wailing,
I shall leave the land—and go back sailing.

—C. Allan Neilsen

CELESTIALS

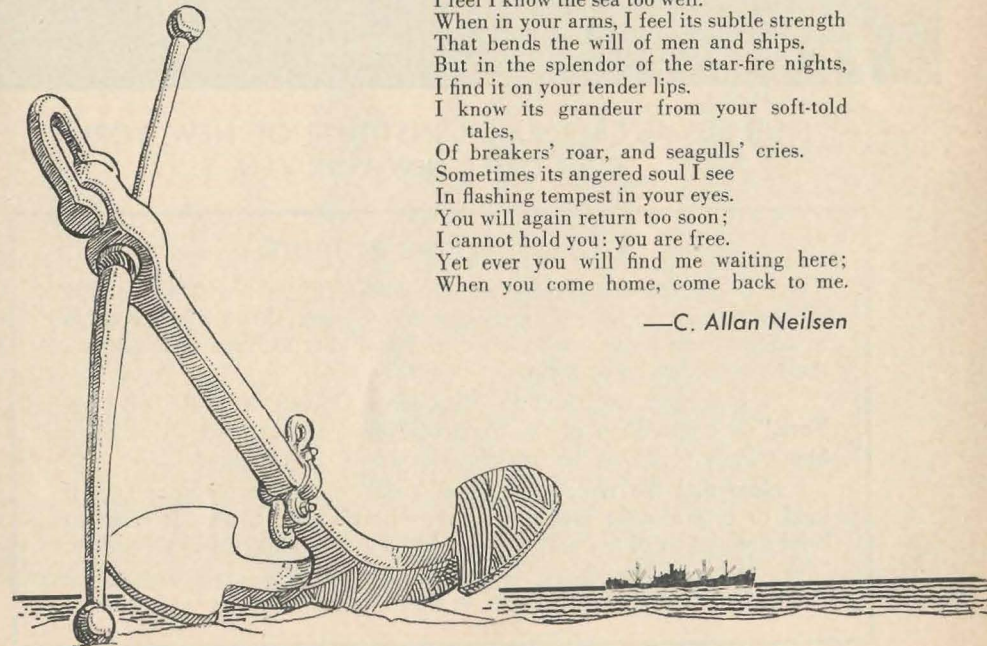
Squadron of meteors racing
Down the sky roads
Roaring with laughter.
Titan's arch of the Way
Spume of the night flood
Frothed with cosmogonies
Infant moon in mist billows,
Abandoned galleon of dead gods
Stencilled on ebony
Star dust faintly flung
In wisps and sweepings,
Dross of Creation.

— Charles E. Grant

UNDERSTANDING

I have never really known the sea
That binds you with such strong compelling spell.
Yet when I have you home with me,
I feel I know the sea too well.
When in your arms, I feel its subtle strength
That bends the will of men and ships.
But in the splendor of the star-fire nights,
I find it on your tender lips.
I know its grandeur from your soft-told tales,
Of breakers' roar, and seagulls' cries.
Sometimes its angered soul I see
In flashing tempest in your eyes.
You will again return too soon;
I cannot hold you: you are free.
Yet ever you will find me waiting here;
When you come home, come back to me.

—C. Allan Neilsen





THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

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.