

The

LOOKOUT

FEBRUARY, 1947

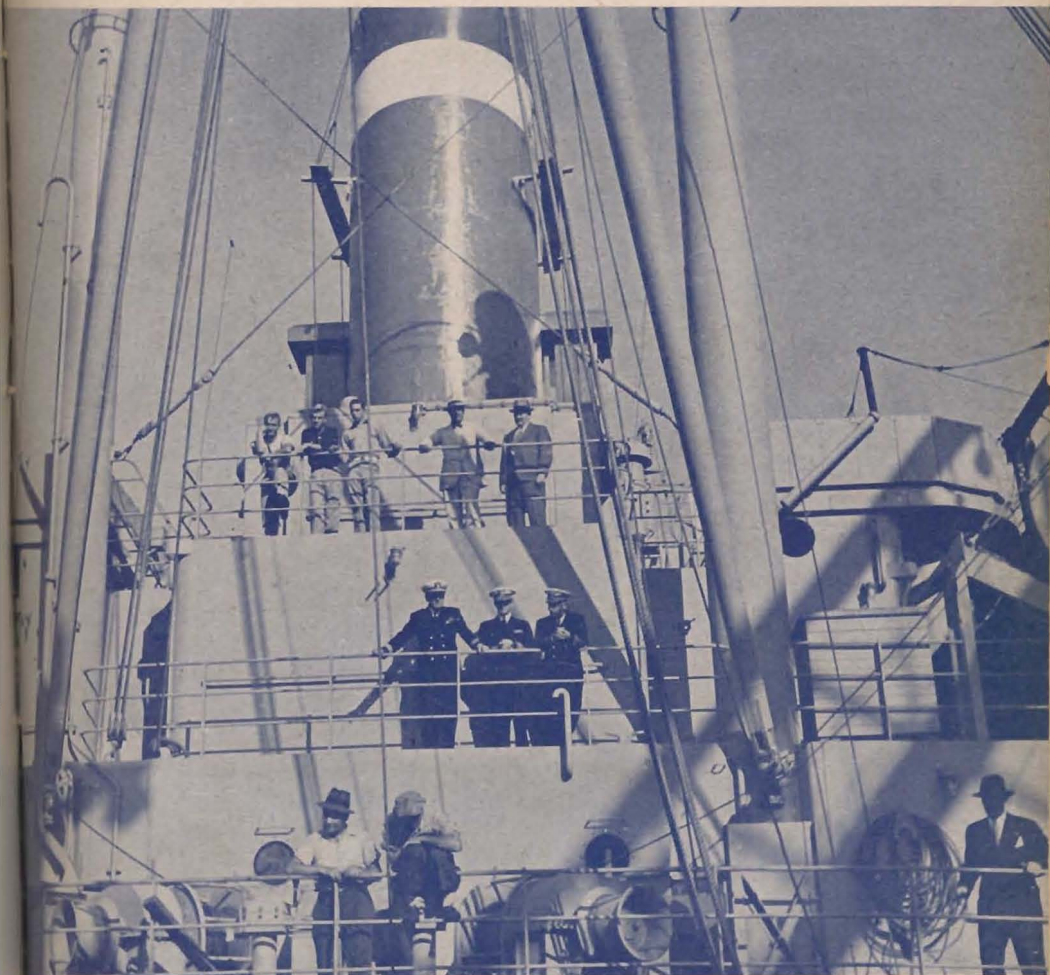


Photo by Marie Higginson

The C-2 COURSER — — the first ship to take relief cargo out to the Philippines, having sailed over a year ago with 20,000 bales of clothing and other necessary articles. She is now in regular peace-time freight service for the U. S. Lines.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVIII, FEBRUARY 1947

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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\$1.00 per year 10c per copy
Gifts of \$5.00 per year and over
include a year's subscription to "THE
LOOKOUT".

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

Address all communications to
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710



Sanctuary

Almighty God, Lord of the storm and of the calm, the vexed sea and the quiet haven, of day and night, of life and of death: grant unto us to have our hearts stayed upon thy faithfulness, thine unchangingness and love, that whatsoever betide us, however black the cloud or dark the night, with quiet faith trusting in thee we may look upon thee with untroubled eye, and walking in lowliness toward thee and lovingness toward one another, abide all storms and troubles of this mortal life, beseeching thee that they may turn to the soul's true good. We ask it for thy mercy's sake, shown in Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

GEORGE DAWSON

Prayers for a Busy Day (The Womans Press)

The Lookout

VOL. XXXVIII

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NUMBER 2

Schooners in the News

THE Sea is no respecter of ships. Both sailing vessels and steamships must endure the hazards of wind and wave. Only a few old schooners are left to be pitted against "that ole debbil sea". Recently, a few of these have been in danger, and only by good seamanship, prompt rescue and the grace of God have they managed to survive: and in several instances, the sea has taken its toll.

Among these is the three-masted schooner *Lucy Evelyn*, which, as reported in the last LOOKOUT, escaped a watery grave and was towed, disabled, into Norfolk. Often reported lost, the *Lucy* has been lucky.

Another is the two masted schooner *Tondelayo* which set out bravely enough from Baltimore for an 18 months' cruise among islands of the Pacific, was towed by a Coast Guard cutter into Norfolk because heavy gales had damaged her rudder and wheel. Her owner and builder, Captain Herman Schmidt and his wife and party, nothing daunted, set out again but word came that this second attempt ended disastrously. The 85 ft. schooner lies wrecked on Georgia's legendary Blackbeard Island. Of her crew of six, only two are safe. The owner and his wife were drowned in the north-east storm which buffeted the vessel. Captain Schmidt had made one round-the-world voyage in a schooner *Southern Cross* before the war.

On the brighter side, several schooners have appeared in the news recently: the *Effie M. Morrissey*, famous for its many Arctic expeditions under command of the late Captain "Bob" Bartlett, is now heading south, manned by a crew of eleven war veterans and experienced sailors. The 52-year-old two-masted schooner plans to cruise to Bermuda, the Bahamas and Florida. Mike Wassel and Lee Platt are two of the crew.

The two-masted schooner *Bowdoin*, with her "bald-head", knock-about rig (no topmast) and Diesel engines, sailed from Boothbay Harbor with a crew of 15, including scientists, naturalists and sailor-business men. Commanded by Capt. Donald B. MacMillan, the schooner will make its 19th voyage into the Far North in search of a rare gull known to ornithologists as the Kumlien. The voyage is sponsored by the Colorado Museum of Natural History. Mrs. MacMillan is making her fourth trip aboard the old schooner to iceberg-studded waters.

The 47-foot two-masted schooner *Talisman*, owned by Stanley Dunton and his sister, went aground on the rocks near Stratford Point Lighthouse. Bridgeport, Conn. recently. Dunton served in the Merchant Marine all through the war, and after V-J Day he bought the former fishing schooner as a home for him and his sister, Elsie. The vessel was taking water so fast that it proved impossible to move her.

Old schooners which have taken a new lease on life are the fleet of former lumber schooners, *Lois M. Candage*, *Eva S. Cullison*, *Mattie* and *Enterprise*, owned by Captain Frank Swift of Camden, Maine. They now take passengers on weekly cruises each summer on Penobscot Bay, Frenchmen's and Blue Hill Bays.



Etching by Cliff Parkhurst

Another former lumber schooner, built in Delaware, and now enjoying life as a passenger vessel is the 54-year-old three-masted, 126 foot *Levin J. Marvel*, owned by Captain Herman Knust, which takes people on weekly cruises on Chesapeake Bay. Another old schooner, rescued from oblivion by Captain Knust, is the *Edwin* and *Maud*, which is being reconditioned this winter and will carry tourists on two weeks' cruises of Chesapeake Bay and the James River next summer. She will sail from Annapolis.

For those who love the experience of sailing by the winds, these Chesapeake and Maine schooners are a rare opportunity to enjoy the pleasures of life aboard a windjammer without the back-breaking work and dangers so long associated with the days of sail. Because they sail in inland bays these cruises are considered safe. The old vessels are still seaworthy.

A few schooners still really work: carrying lumber, molasses, bananas. One of these, the 142 ft. *Mavis Barbara* is pictured on this page. It was snapped by THE LOOK-

OUT editor while the old schooner was tied alongside the *Marvel*.

Another schooner still carrying cargoes is the *Maclean Clan*. George Noble, one of our seamen who was the sole survivor of the schooner PEACELAND, tells us that the *Maclean Clan* sails in the banana trade between Haiti and Florida.

It takes especially skilled crews to work aboard these venerable schooners.



The Levin J. Marvel

Four Men on a Raft

By William L. Rohde*

Second Prize Winner in "My Most Unforgettable Sea Experience" Essay Contest

THE second mate was young and was trying to impress the captain with the fact that he should be the chief mate on the next voyage. "Object dead ahead!" He had sighted it before the lookout or the Navy lad in the bow gun turret. He was very proud of it and made sure the captain noticed.

"About two points off the port bow!" He corrected himself as the tanker lurched to starboard under the sloppy wheel of a convoy ten-knots.

A ship at ten knots on a limitless sea does not seem to go anywhere in a hurry, and the Armed Guard Officer and myself, the Radio Officer, had plenty of time to speculate as we crawled towards the distant speck . . . a spot of darker blue on an aquamarine desert of water.

The Armed Guard Officer had been a salesman for his father's contracting firm before the war, and he was quite methodical. He left me to have his signalman flash a tip to the ships on either side of us and make sure over the battle-phones that the Navy lookout in the bow did not sound the general alarm bells when he sighted the object and wanted to show his alertness . . . or just break the monotony.

We crawled across the South Atlantic, or that tiny part of it which was our world for the day, and I felt the tropic sun run its butter-knife along my back. There was an unmarred blue bowl of sky above, and while the ship's metal was too hot to touch, it was a fine day to be alive. A day to dream and wonder how other men in other tiny segments of the world were getting along at their tasks of killing each other.

The Armed Guard Officer came back with the extra pair of Navy binoculars—which once hung peacefully above a sportsman's fireplace in

Maine—and trained them on the speck in the sea as it swelled in size.

"A raft," he said. His mouth tightened and the corners went down. "Four men on it, I think."

When he passed the glasses to me—and I was careful not to betray in the slightest my breathless impatience for a look-see—I trained them in turn on the raft and was as brief.

"Oval doughnut type," I said, and three minutes later. "One paddle. One dead. Not much else."

We did not need the glasses any longer. The convoy columns split the raft delicately between them, and it slowly swam near to our beam, exactly half way between ourselves and the Navy transport heading the next column.

You could see the raft clearly now. Just a bit of man-made wreckage in space, a small oval of wood and wire and metal on which four men lay like a four-spoked wheel, their feet touching. They were burnt to a tobacco brown by unknown days of sun, and the head nearest us lolled back on the float. It flopped from side to side in the swell as the raft tipped to the rise of the sea. That was the man I had marked as dead.

The two men on either side of him . . . and sideways to us, still had the strength to hold their heads erect on the gunwale—if a raft has a gunwale—and keep themselves in the air that gave life.

It was the man facing us who personified our cause, our spirit, our men. With his left hand he waved a canoe paddle, one built in the same factory which once supplied blades for lovers to dip in peaceful lakes. He could not wave it often, nor quickly, but every minute or so he lifted it with the last strength in his blistered body and passed it once to each side before it seemed to fall for-

*Member, Artist and Writers Club

ward from his hand into the center of the raft. And from his throat came a noise.

You have heard seagulls scream when they are hungry and the sea is cold and pickings are poor? You have heard the squeak of a long-abandoned stable door? Such a thin croak came from the throat of the poor devil into whose eyes we must look. The squeaks became higher and more desperate, like a knife-blade running along a pan as we passed the raft abeam and began to leave it behind.

Good luck you poor, beaten, glorious, unlucky seamen. Have you been thinking of home during the past miserable days? Have you dreamed of rescue and seen steaks and pie a la mode dancing on the salt spray? Were you shipmates or strangers when you lay down together in forced fellowship on your battered craft? It is your ship now; whether you hate it or love it you were succored from a deeper hell.

We could hear the croaks of the man facing us as the raft passed astern and again became a tiny spot easing away down through the lines

" . . . you poor, beaten, glorious, unlucky seamen."

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

of the convoy. But our man never gave up . . . he was our man, we saw him first, and even when we could no longer hear him we could see his little bit of wood totter in the air and imagine his desperate imitation of a hail.

"Oh God," he must have been thinking. "Why don't you stop? Why don't you stop?"

His tortured brain would be beyond all reasoning that we *could* not stop, and that eventually the pick-up ship would swing in behind the convoy and scoop them from the sea. Even as we looked the C-3 designated for the job swung to starboard and began working into position for the catch.

The Armed Guard Officer went back to the monkey-bridge and left me alone in the bare sunlight.

"It's tough. It's tough. It's tough." He said before he walked away.

I don't think he ever knew he had said it three times.

The sun and the sky and the sea looked rotten to me now, and I just stared straight ahead.

This was the War

By John O'Sullivan

WE were some forty miles off the French coast on a pleasant June day in 1944 when the enemy struck. It was 3:33 in the afternoon. Within five minutes four Liberty ships were hit. All received the death blow astern by number five hold and immediately started to settle in the water, their bows taking on an ominous angle towards the sky. My own vessel was the S.S. *H. G. Blasdel*, operated by American President Lines, and bound for the French coast with four hundred troops of an engineering division and their equipment. It was our third and last Channel crossing.

It would have been just another incident in the Maritime war; just another Liberty ship gone to Davy Jones, but for those troops. We were crowded almost to our gunwales with trucks and other engineering vehicles and only two hundred troops were allowed on deck at any time, with an equal number confined below in number five hold, where they rested in rows three deep on hard uncomfortable army cots. It was here, by some luckless machination of fate, that the enemy missile exploded, bringing death and indescribable suffering to American men who had trained for fighting and enemy they were destined never to see. Over one hundred men died there before ever setting foot on lands they travelled to liberate. Many more suffered horribly before reaching



U. S. Navy Photo

the sanctuary of base hospitals in England.

I was a member of the Engine department. Three minutes after the explosion, the vessel's shaft alley being completely shattered, her engine room was flooded to the level of her main deck platforms. The watch, after attending bravely to their emergency duties, made their escape through the rising water. Number four bulkhead withstood the strain of the explosion and intruding water and assured us of enough buoyancy to keep afloat long enough to rescue the wounded.

I reached the deck some two minutes after the attack. The after end of the vessel was barely discernible through a diaphanous curtain of smoke that hovered over our stern. With the explosion, all the vehicles that had been loaded adjacent to number five hold were blown over the side like matchwood and the ballast sand in our lower hold showered up fifty feet into the sky before descending to cover our decks with inches of brown mud, making them look more like a country road after a winter's rain than the steel plates of a vessel. The wounded were struggling forward, their bleeding hands clutching torn faces, their piteous cries for aid adding to the horror of the scene. The gasoline from the vehicles had started a fire aft around the ammunition room of the Navy gun crew which demanded immediate attention and we ardently

(Continued on Page 10)

A Seaman gets a New Slant on the Seamen's Church Institute

I HAVE just completed reading "The House that Courage Built" by Frank Laskier, in the December issue of the *Coronet* magazine.

This short biography of Dr. Mansfield, a great man and unique institution, not only stirred pleasant retrospection, but also gave to me an excellent insight as to the origin of the Seamen's Church Institute. I realized that after making my home there when ashore over the many years that I sailed from New York, I still was ignorant.

Few of the multitude of merchant seamen—whether or not they make use of the hotel facilities of the Institute when their vessels berth in New York—fail to visit the famous lobby at 25 South Street in search of friends and former shipmates. And likewise few are acquainted with the interesting background of the S.C.I. and the early struggles of Dr. Mansfield in its creation. There are, of course, those who profess this knowledge, but I have always found that they were grossly incorrect.

BOARD ELECTIONS

At the annual meeting of the Institute on January 23rd the Reverend Philip M. Styles, rector of Trinity Church, New Rochelle, was elected a Clerical Vice-President, while Admiral Herbert Fairfax Leary, U.S.N., Ret., and Mr. Clarence F. Michalis, son of the President of the Institute, were elected to the Board. The Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, D.D., retired Bishop of New York, who from 1921 through 1946 had been, ex-officio, Honorary President of the Institute, was re-elected to his former 1908-1921 position as a Clerical Vice-President.

The Rt. Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, D.D., Suffragan Bishop, at a Special Convention of about 1,000 clerical

Since the inception of the Seamen's Church Institute, seamen have made tremendous strides economically as well as in laws governing their welfare, and it is a pity that so many lost their lives during the late war and will not be here to enjoy their gains. But those of us who do live on should never forget that it was Dr. Mansfield who carried the torch in eliminating the early abuses to which seamen were subjected, and that he was instrumental in obtaining effective legislation bringing about reforms that made possible the excellent status enjoyed by seamen today. I hope to be back in New York within a few months and you may be sure that my first destination will be "25 South Street", because I know that if there are any of my old shipmates in town, sooner or later they will pass through the lobby of the Institute.

With kind personal regards and wishing the Institute fair winds and smooth sailing for many years to come, I am, most sincerely,

DONALD W. JOHNSON

and lay delegates, over which Dr. Kelley, Director of the Institute, presided, was elected Bishop of New York. He automatically becomes, ex-officio, Honorary President of the Institute.

AWARD OF VALOR

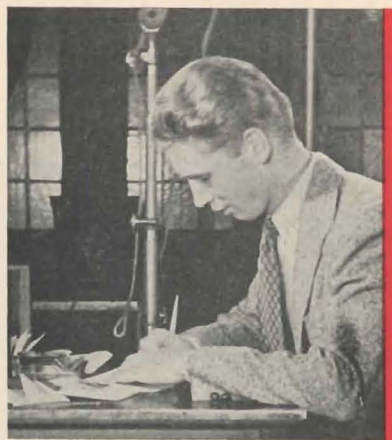
The Norwegian Government's War Medal was recently awarded to the surviving members of the crew of the liberty ship "Henry Bacon". The ship was attacked February 23, 1945, by 23 Nazi bombers and torpedo planes while in a convoy which had left Murmansk, carrying 500 Norwegians. The aerial torpedoes struck the "Bacon" midship and a group of seamen gave up their places in the life-boats so that the Norwegian women and children could be rescued. Norway's Award of Valor was given to the survivors who had also been willing to give up their places to the refugees.

BOS'N Runs the Motor Boat Show

S. C. I. Mascot has Field Day amidst Speed Boats, Flash Bulbs, and Yachtsmen.



Top l. to r.: Admiral "Iceberg" Smith, Coast Guard, pauses to meet Bo's'n; Charles Chapman, editor of *Motor Boating* plays host. Inset, left: pretty model in Esso exhibit has him tamed.



A young seaman writes his mother from the writing room in the Institute.

WE have come to associate the word *subsidy* with Governmental assistance, and yet there is a special kind of subsidy which requires the voluntary help of individuals.

We refer to the Institute's RED LETTER DAYS which are subsidized by generous friends who designate these days in memory of some one dear to them, or as an observance of some happy anniversary in their lives, or as a patriotic gesture.

To subsidize the activities and services here at "25 South Street" for one whole day costs \$273.97 which is the actual daily cost of maintaining the religious, social service, recreational, health, educational and welfare services for our merchant seamen. These services are rendered without charge, the seamen paying only for meals, beds, and baggage checking.

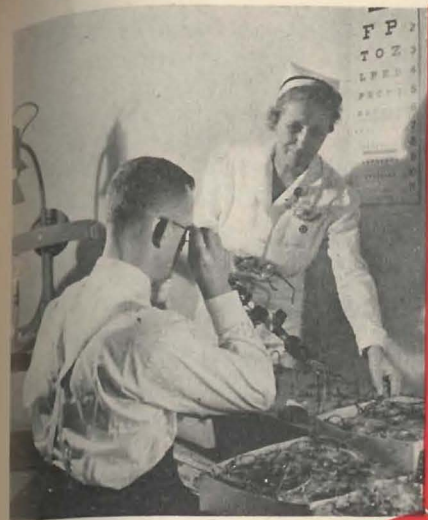
We hope that you will want to contribute a RED LETTER DAY and thus commemorate in a practical way some memorable event or anniversary. Of the 15 Red Letter Days which are now reserved, most of

them are given in memory of friends or relatives.

The dates of "D" Day—June 6th, V-E Day, May 8th, and V-J Day, Sept. 2nd, are still unreserved. Other especially fitting days to memorialize are February 22nd, Washington's Birthday, May 30th, Memorial Day, October 12th, Columbus Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Subsidizing a Red Letter Day at the Institute will pay you rich dividends in happiness from the knowledge that you have welcomed and befriended several thousand merchant seamen and made their shore leave pleasanter. You will have given hope and inspiration to discouraged seamen, some sick and convalescent from war injuries. You will have provided, for a whole day, a home-like, wholesome atmosphere for seafaring men from the 48 states and from many far lands.

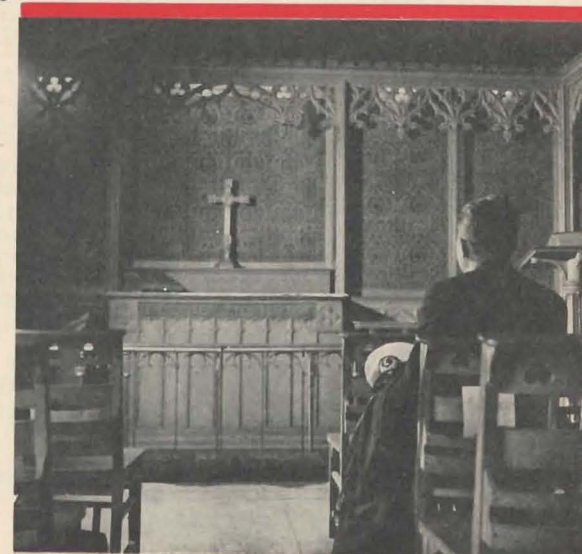
When you select a date for your day, please make check for \$273.97 payable to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK and mail to: Red Letter Day Fund, 25 South Street, New York 4. N. Y.



Glasses from the Eye Clinic to replace lost or broken ones.



Recreation is vital to men who work under rigid discipline at sea.



A seaman enjoys the peace of the Chapel Chantry.

thanked the foresight that had equipped us with extra fire-fighting appliances before the invasion ever began. Number five hold, shattered on its port and starboard sides, was just a burning pool of horror. Yet, incredible as it may seem, men were taken alive from that dreadful cauldron. Comrades went down again and again to drag men and the remnants of men from where they were trapped in their twisted cots.

The spectacle cannot be easily forgotten. Momentary pictures will always remain for me: Eighteen year old "Slim" Taylor of Baltimore giving artificial respiration to an unconscious soldier who had been rescued from under water, and crying out for someone to relieve him in his efforts as his young arms grew tired from their endless task. I remember the grotesquely sprawled body of a dead soldier lying where it had been blow against the derrick platform, indistinguishable in the mud, just a lifeless form that a few moments before had known fear and hope like the rest of us; the tall army doctor handing out drugs and telling us how to administer them to the wounded. There was a man, too, whose patience and courage will always be an example to me in my own life. His mid-section had been shattered and I gently held his hands which were vainly trying to ease the pain. He did not cry out aloud, he only looked at me and whispered softly, "Please help me. Oh, please help me." Soon afterwards he died. He was a man of some thirty years. His face was strong and determined and pleasantly wrinkled as if it had known many smiles and much laughter in other days. In the end it was still calm and composed and as I write I can see it again as it was on that terrible day.

The rescue ships hurried to our aid and invasion craft of all types tied up alongside us. In the swell

they continued to crash against our vessel and the noise was added terror to the wounded who feared it as another explosion to add to their misery. We did not have enough stretchers and when they were gone we dragged out what mattresses we could find in the darkened crew quarters as a means of transporting the helpless. They used to sag in the middle and one member always had to crawl underneath on all fours in the slippery mud to try and keep them horizontal. After what seemed an age the victims were all safely over the side. We followed them then, leaving many comrades sleeping the last rest down below in number five hold.

It was then evening. Overhead, protecting planes hovered, keeping their vigil. The Channel swell had eased a little and all was very, very silent. The four vessels were still afloat, very low down in the water. It was so quiet and peaceful that war and suffering seemed very far away from us then.

SCHOOL FOR STEWARDS

A concerted effort by management, labor and the Government to provide the finest shipboard service in the world on American flag passenger vessels was initiated last August 28th when a special training school for bedroom stewards and waiters was opened at the U. S. Maritime Service Training Station at Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The first graduates of this course were assigned to the United States liner S.S. AMERICA, and at the end of her first round-trip voyage to Europe, it was the consensus of opinion among passengers and ship officials that the graduates had made good, and that the six weeks instruction in rendering efficient, prompt and courteous service was well worth the investment. Only men with previous steward's experience are eligible for this refresher course.

It is expected that other steamship lines will take advantage of the opportunity to obtain well-trained stewards through this School, and thus passengers can be assured of receiving good food and excellent service on the voyages.

Oscar, A Seaman's Friend

By Thomas Bowers



Illustrations by Phil May

IN my time at sea I have seen some rough weather, but none any worse than the run down the Gulf of Mexico, when it wants to act up.

We sailed out of Baltimore for Lake Charles to take on a load of oil. We had nice calm weather going down the East Coast and around Florida past the Keys until we got off the Prison Island where the seas started to run, steadily increasing through the night.

The next morning the cooks could serve nothing but coffee and you had to take that standing up. The first mate came aft with "Boats" and two A.B.s to tie a line from the after house to the cat walk. When I went up to the bridge next morning I was sure glad to have something to hold on to. We were rolling bad, but I made it to the cat walk and across. The next morning it was worse. I grabbed hold of the line and got half way to the cat walk when I lost my footing, but kept my hand hold on the line. When she rolled to starboard and a sea hit the corner of the bridge house, the whole ship was under water and spray.

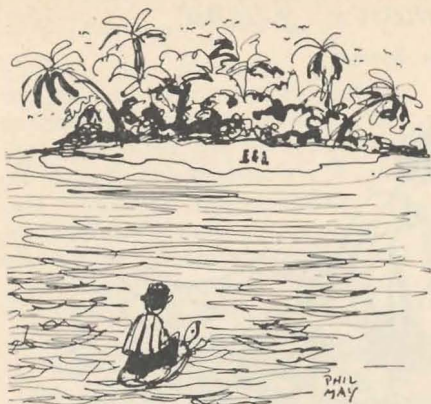
I watched and waited my chance and ran across the walk and made the bridge. I had outsmarted the sea, but not for long.

Two hours later I started back

aft, but with too much confidence. Of course, I wore my life jacket, and good thing I did. Half-way across the cat walk going back, a sea hit me and tore my hold from the railing and when I did get my breath, I saw I was over the side. I yelled for help, but the seas swept me past the stern of the ship in nothing flat. They couldn't have heard me above the roar, anyway.

My life-jacket helped me to ride the waves and I soon got my breath and relaxed somewhat and started looking for a ship to hail, but none showed up. After about two hours of this, I was about ready to give up when I saw an object coming towards me that turned out to be better than a raft—a full-grown sea turtle.

I had heard of the Island off Yucatan where the sea turtles migrated each year to breed, many traveling hundreds of miles to bury their eggs in the sand. At first I was scared, but I thought "What have I got to lose?" I waited until he got abreast of me and I took a chance and climbed aboard his back. He never stopped paddling. Just blinked his eyes a couple of times and kept right on going. He was on his way back home to one of the Keys near Nassau. I thought once he was going down, but I hooked my foot under



"I used some nautical language on him but no good."

his chin and pulled up and he stayed on top.

By morning, I was sleepy, and saw we were in the Gulf Stream that comes up from South America, and there was sea weed all around us. This gave me an idea. I started gathering the weed and weaving it into rope. When I had about 15 feet of rope, I wound it around his tail and under his chin, forming a railing. Then I took my life jacket off, pulled his tail up a little more, put the jacket against it, and lay back to relax.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I awoke the sea was calm and the sun was shining. I kept a sharp lookout, but no ships came in sight, but I was glad I was still alive. I got to thinking about this and that, like you will do in a position like that, and the Keys and Betty Carstairs came in my mind and I decided I would try to make her island and pay a call. Nice girl, Betty. I got my bearings from the sun and knew I had to turn to port, but how? I grabbed Oscar's tail (I was calling him Oscar by now) and for want of something better to do, took the knife off my life jacket and carved O S C A R across his shell. I pulled it over like you would a rudder, but no soap. He just looked up at me and I discovered he could frown with his eyes.

By this time we were out in the Atlantic and I knew I had to do something to make him understand I wanted to go left. While I was trying to think up some way to make him turn port he made an abrupt turn starboard.

I used some nautical language on him, but no good. I was getting madder by the minute. I looked out across the water, trying to think what to do when I sighted a small island. We were headed straight for it.

That took my attention off Oscar and I became interested in the island. As we came closer to it, I noticed something move, but couldn't tell just what it was. A few minutes later I couldn't believe my eyes. There were three girls sitting on the sand dressed in sarongs and, boy, were they good looking! And Oscar headed straight for 'em. When his front feet hit the beach, he stopped right in front of them. He hesitated a second or two, then rolled his eyes up at me and closed the lids of one eye, and before I knew it, he had slid from under me and back into the water. There I was on a very small island with three beautiful girls, dressed in sarongs, and we had no transportation.

It gets awful cold on those small Keys at night with no shelter. The next morning a small supply boat came in hailing distance, and I talked the skipper into taking the cute one and me to the States, as I had some money there. We got to New York O.K. and got some clothes and shoes for her. She found a place to work, and I shipped out.

I have never seen her in person since, but three months later when I got back from the trip, I went to a picture show and who do you suppose I saw on the screen? She was still wearing the sarong with the flowers on it.

P.S. Any shipmates who find themselves over the side and run into Oscar, flag him down, you can depend on him to get you ashore.

Seafarer Inventor Has Plans for Harnessing the Tides

FOR a long time man has dreamed of harnessing the tides and using the power to turn his wheels, propel his machines, drive his pistons. Once in operation, such a project might render coal and oil archaic as sources of power.

Capt. Lars Mikklesen, a determined, hawk-eyed descendent of the Vikings, has put years in on the development of an installation that would draw its power from the tremendous energy of the ocean's tides. This Perth Amboy inventor envisions in his plans and drawings a plant of such magnitude that it would dwarf any other power plant in existence. He bears letters of recommendation from the highest engineering authorities in this nation, from the late President Roosevelt and from big construction companies, all of which declare Mr. Mikklesen's plans to be the best so far devised to deal with the project of harnessing the earth's strongest force next to gravity.

Recently, Mr. Mikklesen wrote Winston Churchill asking him to use his influence with the British Government toward having it sponsor a demonstration of the practicability of his plan. England has always had a coal shortage and would probably benefit more than any other country from the realization of tide-created power. The inventor claims that one mile of England's coast line would if devoted to tidal power, in one year produce the energy that it now requires 1,000,000 tons of coal to produce.

FRIENDS AND WELL WISHERS! Here is an easy and enjoyable way to remember the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. During the month of March, out of every purchase you make at Lewis & Conger, famous New York housewares store at 45th Street and Avenue of the Americas, 10% will be set aside for us IF you mention our name at the time of purchase. The Institute is participating in the annual "Name-Your-Own-Charity" sale.

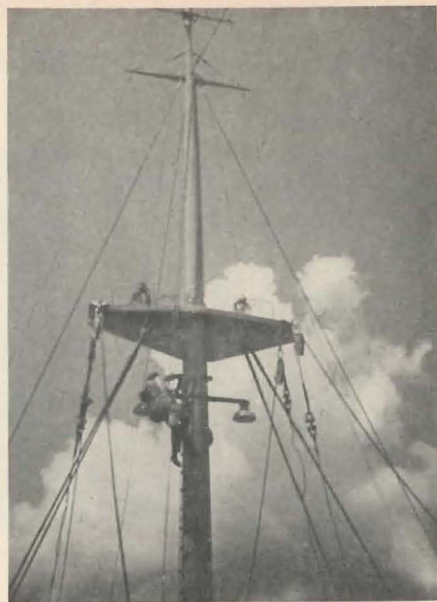


Photo by J. O. Grondahl

A NAUTICAL SHERLOCK

When Capt. Umstead, principal of our Merchant Marine School, was asked by the Editor to look at the above snapshot taken by a merchant seaman, and to identify the kind of ship it might be, he reported the following:

"The picture was taken at sea, (cargo gear down and secured) in very warm weather, (note lack of shirt) probably in the tropics, (indicated by the cloud formation). Vessel is a freighter, (amount and type of gear) probably homeward bound, (no skilled mate paints a vessel when outward bound, he wants his ship to look its best coming into the home port), painting being done by an A. B. (ordinary seamen not permitted, by law, to go aloft). The foretopmast has been painted and the foremast proper is being done. The wind is on the port side, (tackle leads from the leeward, in this case starboard side). The time of day is difficult to say, not knowing the vessel's heading."

EXPLOSION AT SEA

The crippled 10,000-ton tanker *Bennington* made port with a weary crew and the bodies of six of their number who died fighting a fire and explosion at sea that ripped a great, jagged hole in the ship's bow.

The dead were identified as: Lewis D. Williams, eighteen, of Lake Creek, Tex.; Robert L. Finerty, twenty-five, of Jacksonville, Fla.; Kenneth Plogger, twenty-two, of Greenfield, Ill.; Leon W. White, twenty-one, of Rocklaw, Tex.; David P. Schwartz, of Woodridge, N. J., and Charles Stockwell, of Kansas City, Mo.

Cause of the accident was not determined. The Merchant Marine Inspection Office began an investigation.

Emergency medical supplies had been dropped to the stricken craft by Coast Guard PBV planes.

The ship, owned by the Keystone Tankship Corporation, Philadelphia, was about 225 miles off Savannah, Ga., when the explosion occurred.

THE PASSING
OF THE NORMANDIE

An empty, quiet harbor ignored the *Normandie* recently as she retraced some of her paths of glory on her tug-escorted journey to the scrap heap. Ferries and lighters puffed impatiently as they waited for her helpless bulk to pass. A handful of children along the Staten Island shore saw her shepherded through the Kill van Kull. Seamen lounging topside an arriving British freighter regarded her casually, stretched and went below for breakfast. Gulls wheeled and banked but shunned her gutted decks.

It was a noisy, crowded harbor that greeted the *Normandie* as she first sailed triumphantly into New York June 3, 1935, after a record-breaking voyage. The lower bay had never seen such a gathering of vessels to greet a new ship. Thousands of spectators lining the shores from the Narrows to the Hudson roared their approval and the strains of the "Marseillaise" drifted on the harbor breeze. Her white superstructure gleamed in the spring sun and the long blue pennant she flew was symbolic of the speed mastery of the Atlantic.

The *Normandie* flew no colors on her last voyage and was moved ignominiously by clucking tugs. Her hull was burned and rusty. But her lines were clean, her sheer was true. With her great size she retained her majesty and dignity as she moved slowly to oblivion. She was a true champion.

Reprinted from *New York Herald Tribune*

ATLANTIC BUFFETS SHIPS

Winds up to 65 miles an hour swept the Atlantic into mountainous waves and seriously hampered the efforts of rescuers to reach ships battered helpless by the gale.

At least three ships were reported adrift as the Atlantic put on her winter garb of winds and huge waves.

Off Brant Rock, Mass., the Coast Guard cutter *Algonquin* searched for two men adrift on a life raft after they went over the side of the coal barge *Winsor*, which foundered. A Coast Guard spokesman said there was little hope of finding the men, who were identified as Oscar Washburn, 48, and Frank Jensen of the Seamen's Institute in New York.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police vessel, *The French*, worked frantically to put a line aboard the fishing vessel *Ohio*, with a crew of 17, which lost its propeller 100 miles off Halifax, N. S. The Canadian rescuers reached the *Ohio* on instructions relayed from the Coast Guard station at Marshfield, Mass., when the fishing vessel was unable to make direct radio contact with the Canadian ship.

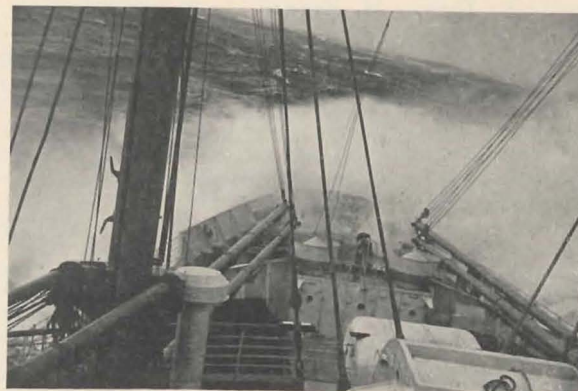
The Liberty ship, *Willard Hall* drifted pilotless and with only a skeleton crew of five men aboard off Ocean City, Md., while a tug and two Coast Guard cutters attempted to put a line aboard. The ship drifted out to sea when its line to a two-boat snapped Monday. The five men aboard the *Willard Hall* could only man lines and stand watches, but were unable to maneuver the vessel.

Another Coast Guard cutter put out from Cape May, N. J., for the Norwegian freighter *Hoyanger* which picked up four men from an open motorboat which had drifted helpless for 24 hours.

SUPERLINERS IN MINIATURE

Three new ships which will carry 98 passengers and 8,500 deadweight tons of cargo are being completed for the Alcoa Steamship Company. They are the "Alcoa Clipper" "Alcoa Corsair" and "Alcoa Cavalier". Their length over-all is 455 feet, 62 ft. beam, 28 ft. draft, displacement tonnage 14,870. They represent a new type in that, while much smaller than superliners, they have the comforts, conveniences, and furnishings of de luxe liners. Air-conditioning will be installed in all passenger staterooms, public rooms, and crew quarters. An interesting feature will be the use of aluminum in furnishings and in decks, stacks, lifeboats, and furniture. A far cry from the "dirty-smoky freighters" of yesteryear!

Aboard the U. S. Line's *America* on her recent storm-tossed crossing. She saw waves 50 feet high and was delayed two and a half days.



U. S. FREIGHTER SUNK

The radio operator of the 7,176-ton American freighter *Am-Mer-Mar* was quoted by the Farsund radio as reporting that the ship was sinking slowly off Ryvingen lighthouse on the south coast of Norway. She had struck and was resting on a submerged rock before she started to sink.

The uninjured thirty-eight-man crew of the *Am-Mer-Mar* had been transferred to the Norwegian rescue vessel *Anton Poulsen*.

Earlier, the radio operator, then still aboard, reported two big holes had been gouged in the *Am-Mer-Mar's* hull.

FORMER GERMAN VESSEL, 39
YEARS OLD, UP FOR SALE

The former German liner *George Washington* seized during World War I, survivor of both wars as an American troop transport, has been offered for sale to the highest bidder by the United States Maritime Commission.

The thirty-nine-year-old 23,788-ton vessel carried President Wilson to the Versailles peace conference, is being offered only to citizen operators for operation under the American flag.

Still owned by the Army and used as an active transport until last month, the *George Washington* is now berthed at Caven Point, Bayonne, N. J.

Built in 1908 for \$2,500,000 by the North German Lloyd Line, the *George Washington* began her colorful career as one of the vessels that made a fortune for her owners carrying thousands of immigrants to this country. After her seizure and use as an American troop

transport during the first world war, she became the permanent possession of this country and was operated until 1932 under the pennant of the United States Lines. For the next nine years she was laid up as obsolete.

The present sale is the second time the old liner has been put on the auction block by the Maritime Commission. In January, 1940, the commission offered her for sale for scrap but before any bids were accepted, it was decided to hold on to her a while longer. In November, 1941, she was turned over to the Navy which renamed her the *Catalin*, the first time the vessel had been renamed since she was built. The Navy turned her over to the British, at that time desperate for tonnage, and her original name was promptly restored.

G.I. DOGS ARRIVE AFTER SEASICK
CROSSING

Eighty-six sea-sick dogs, on the way from Germany to rejoin their former soldier owners, arrived here late for Christmas but none too early for the crew and twelve passengers of the 7,200-ton Liberty ship *James G. Blaine*, which docked at Pier 12, Stapleton, S. I.

"When they weren't sick they were howling," declared Private Harry Henderson, of Evanston, Ill., one of twelve G. I.s detailed to accompany the dogs. "And when they weren't howling they were fighting."

Former G. I.s of the American occupation forces in Germany had petitioned the Army to transport their pets home. Some had had their dogs for more than a year. The Army agreed providing the soldiers would pay freight charges.

PRIDE'S FANCY

By Thomas H. Raddall

Doubleday & Co., Inc. \$2.50

This romantic novel of Nova Scotia, Santo Domingo and the seas between, contains some splendid descriptions of life in a seaport town in colonial times. The building of the brigantine "*Pride's Fancy*" is graphically told and the launching of the stout vessel built of Canada's northern pine, spruce, hackmatack and hardwood by proud workmen, is especially vivid.

The perilous adventures of the crew in their search for gold in the West Indies holds the reader's interest, and the engagements between other privateers and natives are stirringly described.

The author, who lives in a small Nova Scotian seaport, had access to old diaries, letters and logbooks of privateersmen, which helped in giving nautical authenticity to this adventure tale. M. D. C.

VOYAGE TO SOMEWHERE

By Sloan Wilson

A. A. Wyn, \$2.75

One of the few honest and straightforward novels about the sea to come out of the war, this simple, readable tale of a small naval supply ship in the Pacific is more fact than fiction. The crew of the SV126 deplored their insignificance and the obscure island bases to which they carried candy bars and burial supplies—yet they were important and were heroes as much as the men on the big ships who got all the publicity.

Through the eyes of the Captain, the reader comes to know each of the seamen—their personalities, their backgrounds, their hopes. They started out green and inexperienced, only 4 of the 26 seamen had ever sailed before—they were chosen from an alphabetical list and all their names began with W—yet they developed the concentrated power of a crew united in a common effort. They complained at the unbearable monotony of their run along the New Guinea coast—they argued ceaselessly—yet they knew their duty and did it. They craved excitement but not until they ran into a typhoon and fought for their very lives did they find it.

Human character is revealed at its best and at its worst—and it is in these intimate details that the author shows his sincerity and realism. It is difficult to put one's finger on the effectiveness of this small book, yet its fundamental truths

make one think. The author was a reser-ist himself and commanded a ship in the Pacific which "to the uninitiated, looked like a seagoing Toonerville Trolley", so he was well qualified to speak.

F. L. Noling

NELSON
A BIOGRAPHY

By Carola Oman

Doubleday & Co., Inc. \$5.00

Of epic proportions is the new biography of Lord Nelson, outstanding naval hero of all time, written by Carola Oman—talented daughter of Sir Charles Oman, eminent historian and Professor of History at Oxford University.

A well-written, even a beautifully written book, it contains a wealth of little-known detail bearing on the origin and life of Horatio, Lord Nelson, in addition to those anecdotes and romantic scenes with which every reader is already pretty familiar. Altogether this monumental work reveals a profound and intensive research into even the remotest sources—yet carries a feeling of careful restraint on the part of the writer and it is apparent that everything here recorded has been most painstakingly authenticated. However, much of the excessive detail could have been omitted without any sacrifice of interest in the work as a whole. For too much detail of inconsequential things tends to obscure the central theme of the otherwise carefully prepared chronicle. It is almost as if Miss Oman had done too thorough a job of it Apart from the splendor of the masterfully recreated vistas through which we move with Nelson we are often compelled to regard minor details of more obscure scenes with ill-concealed impatience while we wait for the author and our guide to resume the more appealing phases of the "grande tour".

The famous battles that gave birth to the undying glory of Nelson are all there: Aboukir—the Battle of the Nile—where the French were defeated in their ambition to supersede the British in relation to the trade and development of Egypt and India; the Battle of Copenhagen where the coalition of Northern Powers was destroyed and, mightiest of all, the thunderous Trafalger, Napoleon's maritime Waterloo, live again in the stirring pages of Miss Oman's book in a panorama of splendor.

George Noble

*HASTINGS MILL

As I went down by Hastings Mill
I lingered in my going
To smell the smell of piled-up deals
and feel the salt wind blowing,
To hear the cables fret and creak
and the ropes stir and sigh
(Shipmate, my shipmate!)
as in days gone by.
As I went down by Hastings Mill
I saw a ship there lying,
About her tawny yards
the little clouds of sunset flying,
And half I took her for the ghost
of one I used to know
(Shipmate, my shipmate!)
many years ago.
As I went down by Hastings Mill
I saw while I stood dreaming
The flicker of her riding light
along the ripples gleaming,
The bollards where we made her fast
and the berth where she did lie
(Shipmate, my shipmate!)
in the days gone by.
As I went down by Hastings Mill
I heard a fellow singing,
Chipping off the deep sea rust
above the tide a-swinging;
And well I knew the queer old tune
and well the song he sung
(Shipmate, my shipmate!)
when the world was young.
And past the rowdy union wharf,
and by the still tide sleeping,
To a randy-dandy deep-sea tune
my heart in time was keeping,
To the thin far sound
of a shadowy watch a-hauling,
And the voice of one I knew
across the high tide calling
(Shipmate, my shipmate!)
and the late dusk falling.

By C. Fox Smith

**Hastings Mill is a well known place for loading Pacific Coast lumber at Vancouver.*

ON LOW CLOUDS

Above the ocean's wind-tipped crest
The clouds lie white and still,
And upon the dark receptive breast
Of every humble hill,
As if at last they're discontent
With bedding up so high
And now renounce their lofty throne
And kingdom in the sky.
I wonder then if nature has
Ideals to which she clings
And so decrees that just to-day
The mountains shall be kings.

By Joseph Ferran

WIND IN THE MASTS

Pacific No. 1

There was a star
to follow . . . and a
call to heed:
What brought us
to this point
across these seas
only Fate may answer
and only the Future
may reveal . . .
The wind is cold
and brisk and
tosses me against my will:
I want to walk firmly
but the wind and
the moonlight
stir me
and I cannot
do as I will . . .
The waves are high
and deep
and they are turmoil
that I have never
known before—they
roll disturbingly
over my memories
and surge
with my desires . . .
making me wonder
if love is not like
the sea, and
perhaps, like the stars—
and life sometimes
the same:
too far to follow . . .
and too deep to know!

By Edwin L. Rotramel

MOON WAVES

I long to hear the sigh of the sea
In the surging rush of the surf
Where ribbons of kelp and rolling shells
Are washing with bits of turf.
I like to see the foaming scud
From the wind on the ocean brine
Racing off to a distant shore
And the far horizon line.
Then over all the lunar queen
Bestows a pearly light
On dappled waves reflected
On the heaving sea, in the night.
Great energy of flooding force
Girding our global sides
Oh; silent power lifting seas
In daily rising tides.

By George E. Reid

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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."