

The
LOOKOUT

L XXXIX

NOVEMBER, 1948

No. 11



GREEN SEAS OVER

From the Mast

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Sanctuary

A PRAYER FOR A SEAMAN

Lord of sea and earth and air
Listen to a seaman's prayer.
Send him wind that's steady and strong,
Grant that his ship will sing a song
Of flawless tone by which he knows
It shall not fail wherever he goes.
'Though his ship may rock and roll
Grant him, O Lord, full control.
That he may learn in might of sea
Rapture that comes but to the free,
That he may know the joy they feel
Who ride Thy realm on ships of steel.

By Adolph Deutsch,
Ordinary Seaman

The LOOKOUT

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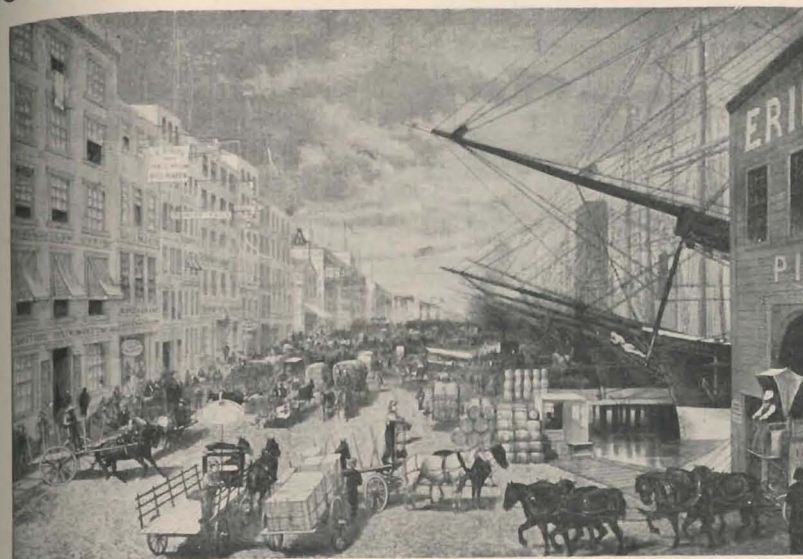
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Street with a Future

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A Nice Cup of Tea

By Frank Laskier

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Crossroads of the World The Seamen's Lounge

By Augusta Cochran



TO a visitor glancing in at the Seamen's Lounge, it might seem just a group of men gathered together to spend a pleasant afternoon. That is essentially true. The men come for a chat with the agreeable hostesses, for a cup of coffee, to meet their shipmates, to play cards, or just to relax in a congenial atmosphere.

But the Lounge is so much more interesting than the pastimes that are found there, for each man who comes in has his story. He is part of humanity, and his story is often a lesson to the listener. It may be a tale of bravery, of a kindness done, of hardship and sorrow. These men never boast of their bravery, or kindness, nor complain of their troubles, their stories are told as every day events, and they are always glad to have a

listening ear. They are kind men and will help the other fellow. This is illustrated by an incident. One of our Hostesses came back after a severe attack of the grippe, and showed plainly the effects of her illness. The men were very much concerned about her, and at day's end thought she should take a taxi home as it was a stormy evening. Several of the men, fearing that she might not have taxi fare, offered to lend it to her. And those offers were from men to whom that loan might mean a night's lodging or a meal! Our Hostess fully convinced her friends that she had sufficient money for the taxi with her. When it came time for her to leave, one of the men went to South Ferry, 4 blocks away, in a driving rain to bring a cab back for her.

The days in the Lounge are always full and worthwhile. Each day brings something different—a new friend, or an old one back from China or Persia with the story of his adventures, or perhaps a happy announcement such as his marriage or a baby coming.

Among the faithful volunteers is Mr. Wyckoff who plays the piano several times a week, and Miss Daisy Brown who plays Saturdays. They come to give the men pleasure, and they certainly do. The average seaman likes music. Groups usually form around the piano and sing. Occasionally there is a guitar or accordian player, or a guest singer. One of our Chaplains is musical and often joins the singing group.

One must not forget our bridge players. There are some very good players and when four of the experts are in Port, they won't play with any but one of their class. They will often argue a point, but always remain the best of friends. The "not so good" players don't take it so seriously, and consequently they have more fun.

There is often a lot of good-natured raillery among the not too expert players. Our hostesses are in demand as players. The men like to have the ladies in the Lounge, for as more than one has said, "We get so little chance to talk to a lady, and we like to."

The view from the Lounge is worth mentioning. One can look out and see the sun shining on the water on a sunny day. There are ships inward or outward bound to all the ports of the world, laden with supplies for the stricken nations or goods of commerce, and they are manned by the men the S.C.I. serves. Perhaps on one of those ships are men that had been in for a cup of coffee the day before, or old friends are coming back.

One might well call the Lounge one of the crossroads of the world, and one may well feel the pulse of the world beating there. One can readily understand why many of the hostesses find giving of themselves and their time, gratuitously, a pleasure.



Coffee and conversation in the Janet Roper Club.
Mrs. Augusta Cochran, hostess.

My Most Unforgettable Shipmate

By Captain S. M. Riis

A FEW months before VJ Day in 1945 my ship, a transport, had been loaned to the British Navy and assigned to duty in the Pacific.

During the long trek all over the South Pacific, covering over 40,000 miles, we carried all kinds of passengers, including refugees, war prisoners, women and children of many nationalities. Among these were not a few unusual characters and strange personalities. The faces and peculiarities of some of them still cling to my memory.

But there was one that I shall never forget. She virtually forced herself on board. I later learned that her name was Alice.

It was late one evening. We were alongside the dock at Batavia, Java. Since we were to take departure any moment, the lines had been shortened and the gangways taken in. Only an ordinary ladder, at a rakish angle, stood up against the ship's side.

Standing in the bridge wing, I observed her as she struggled to crawl up the ladder. She was dirty, bedraggled and hungry looking. Her eyes were sunken and watery. I did not think she could make the forty odd steps up. But she made it.

The military police watching on dock, against her vehement protestations, tenderly carried her back on shore. In a few minutes, there she was again, shivering, shakily crawling up the steps . . .

At the moment my attention was diverted by the pilot, who had just come on board.

In a couple of hours we were out at sea. After dropping the pilot and setting my course, I retired to my quarters.

As I sat on the settee, trying to decide whether I should turn in my bunk or lay on the settee in the dark, I suddenly developed an uncanny feeling that someone was in my stateroom. Lighting the lights, I found nobody there.

All through the night this uncanny sensation continued. At times, I thought I heard as if someone was tiptoeing on the waxed cabin floor.

When at two o'clock I went on bridge to change the course, in pitch dark, I thought I felt someone touching me below the knees. The touch seemed to be accompanied by a strange ghastly whirr. Yet feeling around with my hands and feet, I only found empty space.

These strange experiences continued for some twenty-four hours, while the ship made good speed on her way to Ceylon.

Without implicating myself in any way, I discreetly hinted to others about similar strange phenomenon. But no one had similar experiences.

Then one evening at dusk, as I was working out my star sights, I thought I heard tiny squeaks coming from my stateroom. The door of my clothes locker had become warped from dampness and was stuck slightly ajar. It was from this locker that the squeaks seemed to come. I even thought I heard faint sounds, like a baby crying . . .

As I pried the locker door further open to my consternation and surprise there she was. It was her alright. It was the one who had crawled up the ladder at Batavia. She looked much cleaner now and her eyes seemed to shine, as she lovingly licked a lone, blind, black kitten lying in one of my shoes.

From that time on my feline stow-away and I became inseparable shipmates. I tried calling her by many names, but she would only answer when I called her "Alice." Our consideration and attention for each other knew no bounds. Night and day, rain or shine, in foul or fair weather, in danger or peaceful surroundings, she was always by my side, purring encouragement, inspiring confidence.

Although I have long since left the ship, Alice is still with me.

Thanksgiving Day



Please Help us Bring Holiday Cheer to Seamen

AT holiday time when family ties are knit closer, many seafarers without a home or far from their own fireside, depend on the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK for their share of friendliness and warmth and celebration.

On November 25th, seamen will enjoy a family-style Thanksgiving in the Seamen's Lounge and Janet Roper Club, with music, refreshments, gifts of cigarettes. Movies will be shown in the afternoon and evening in the Auditorium.



On Christmas Day, the Institute plans to provide turkey dinners and special entertainment for about 1,200 seafarers of all races and creeds who will be away from their own homes and families. Volunteer hostesses will serve, and the Christmas boxes (packed by the Central Council of Associations) will be opened by the men while Christmas carols are sung.

Through generous contributions from faithful friends to its HOLIDAY FUND, the Institute is able to banish the loneliness and homesickness which so many seamen would suffer if it were not for their "shore home" at 25 South Street. The warm friendliness of people they have come to know at the Institute during their periods ashore will help to make the seamen feel at home.



We hope you will reach out from the security of your own fireside to make life more cheerful for the men who carry the cargoes. You can do it by sending your check or money order to HOLIDAY FUND, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York 4.

To our grateful thanks will be added those of the men . . . the lonely and the sick, the shy young boys away from home for the first time, the foreigners on strange soil, the old shell backs who pretend not to care but whose eyes light up with unspoken joy. We know you will not want to disappoint them this year.

RAINY AFTERNOON

On dull, rainy days merchant seamen use the Institute's club rooms to the fullest. Here are excerpts from the reports of the hostesses in the Janet Roper Club and in the Seamen's Lounge on two recent rainy afternoons:

"Some seamen just sit and chat. Others gather around the piano while one of them plays. They sing old-time songs, modern pieces, and now and then the pianist plays some favorite concerto. We had a grand concert today. There are always seamen listening when Jim plays, asking for another and another favorite tune."

"Bob H. is back from Turkey and expects to leave shortly for China. He had some interesting stories to tell. Bill J. is back with a report of the Mardi Gras which he attended in New Orleans. One can always learn something about the world from the seamen."

"There was much lively conversation at the coffee tables. The Readers' Digest seems to be the favorite magazine today. Miss B.'s arrival was the signal for a large group to crowd around the piano. The bridge and chess players kept on playing. Joseph B. told about being on the tanker that picked up the survivors of the Fort Dearborn which broke in half at sea last year."

"Lots of talkers today. Mr. A. told about petrified forests. There were many new faces. George showed us some new card tricks. Presidential candidates were a favorite topic of discussion. Quiet reading and writing letters home."

Quiz Expert

AFTER forty years at sea, most of which he spent in the South American trade, Captain Harry N. Sadler, master of the Moore-McCormack Liner *Brazil*, is convinced that the most inquisitive people in the world are cruise passengers.

Captain Sadler, whose ship has resumed operation in the Good Neighbor Fleet service to the East Coast of South America, confesses that he likes this quality in his passengers.

"It's a good idea," he says. "I prefer to have my passengers enthusiastic about their trip and they show their enthusiasm best when they ask questions. It's not the influence of the radio quiz programs, either. Long before the radio programs it was the same. What is a knot? Where is the bow? Is leeward toward the wind or away from it? What time is it at six bells? And the meaning of the stripes on the officers' coats, too. Who are the four-stripers? How do you identify the ship's doctor? And so on."

The captain grinned. "They certainly can think them up," he said. Passengers want to know why Portuguese is the language of Brazil, while Spanish is the language in

every other Latin American country, the meaning of names like Montevideo and Buenos Aires, the capital cities of Uruguay and Argentina. Were the mosaic sidewalks of Rio really laid by hand, piece by piece?

In the hope of answering at least some of the questions, Moore-McCormack Lines has published two booklets. One of these, entitled "PASSENGER INFORMATION" combines data concerning services aboard ship, the meaning of nautical terms and the identification of the ships' officers.

The other book, entitled, "A STORY OF THREE GOOD NEIGHBORS" discusses the history, products and other features of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina, the countries visited by the Good Neighbor Fleet.

Barnyard Terms at Sea

"Who would sell his farm and go to sea?"

THIS question is often repeated, sometimes whimsically, sometimes grumblingly, by seamen especially when some gruelling, arduous task confronts them or when their soaked and sodden clothes cause them to remember the alleged comforts enjoyed by men ashore. At any rate, barnyard terms are employed on shipboard, and have been since the first rough-hewn log was floated.

Here are a few: You'll find "horses" and "carts" aboard fore-and-aft schooners. A horse is the iron arc on which the boom tackles are able to swing from one side to the other. In sailing-ship days sailors called their bunks "carts" and the straw mattresses on which they slept were called "donkey's breakfast."

On steamers you'll find "donkey winches," "donkey funnels" and "donkey boilers." (On British ships there are "donkeymen.")

There are "dogs" and "dog-watches," and even "hatches." Other rural expressions include the "cross trees," the "crow's nest," and the "monkey gaff."

Green grass is in abundance, too, after a ship has been in tropical waters—plenty of it under her water line. And "mares' tales" in the sky foretell the winds.

Can readers name other sea phraseology associated with farm life?

(Adapted from an article by John Walsh, Merchant Navy in "The Flying Angel", Missions to Seamen, Buenos Aires.)

Coincidences

By Frank D. Gardner, Chief Officer



I SUPPOSE it is the lot of every ship's officer to be brought face to face with the reason for the time-honoured saying "It's a small world." Former shipmates crop up in unexpected places and one says "What a coincidence." Could we examine the pathway of these meetings I hazard a guess that we would realise how "very small" is the "seafarers' world," rather than conclude that the arm of coincidence is very long. In London on one occasion I dodged a man at Charing Cross Station only to walk slap into him on a corner in Oxford Street. We were both entering the same tobacconists at the same identical minute to buy the same brand of cigarettes. Neither of us knew the district or the shop. Coincidence? I recall a time during the great slump when I happened to "click" for a good shore job. An old man came to my office one day begging for a small job "of any sort." On examining his credentials I suddenly realised with a start that he was a Captain with whom I had sailed as an apprentice. Thank God he didn't recognise me. I had hard work to keep him from realising that I knew him as I covered up my surprise with hurried excuses as to why I could not find him a job. How could I add to his ignominy by offering that dear "Old Man" (and at sea he was one of the best) work under a former apprentice of his? Fortunately I was able to help him to get a job elsewhere. Coincidence?

Girls!—I've known many. Not the waterside type but those one could correspond with intellectually. Bordeaux to Bahia Blanca 'Derry to Durban. Tromso to Trieste. Then I met a girl in a train. I was standing in the corridor, full of the importance of my R.N.R. Lieut.'s uniform, when a sweet girl, in all her splendid ignorance came up to me and said "Excuse me, are you the ticket inspector?"

That blow to my prestige was the introduction to the girl I was to marry, and it turned out later that we were born within a few doors of each other. Coincidence? Anyhow, she has a flair for finding people on trains. If she goes to meet anyone on a station platform she always stands just where the right carriage door will stop. It has happened so often now that it has got beyond the realm of accident into a sort of understood thing. When I ask her how she does it she is surprised and says "It just happens." Coincidence?

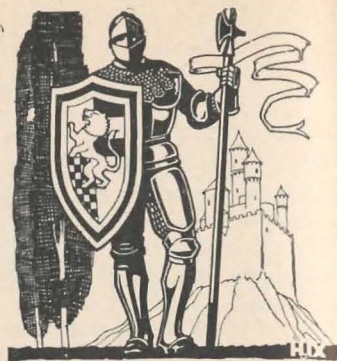
A ship I was in struck the Outer Hebrides and turned turtle. I lost a sextant. It was sold to me again in Fenchurch Street. When I had convinced the shop assistant he was selling me my own sextant he 'phoned the shop proprietor and as a result I got it for the price he had bought it at. I took it to another ship and that ship was sunk. Coincidence will not return the sextant again.

The Dream

Here's something different. When I was a boy, between the ages of about eight and ten, I used to suffer from a recurring dream—at any rate, the place in the dream was the same although the details concerning it varied. The place was a large courtyard. At the far end a large flat building taking up one side of the rectangle. To port and starboard quaint houses with cobble stone fronts and sharp gables. At the bottom end two iron gateways joined by a high brick wall. Through one of the gates I was al-

lowed to look in my dream on to the courtyard within, which was crisscrossed with flag paving. It was within the courtyard that the dream varied. Sometimes children were playing games there, see-saws and the like. Sometimes a football match was on. Sometimes soldiers drilling and parading. Once I remember a circus taking place within and on another dream night the square was filled with water which went half way up the gates but by some anti-gravitational device did not flow through the bars. On rare occasions I would find myself within the gates instead of peeping through the bars and when this happened I would skip with joy along the flagged pathways. Outside the gates was a little cottage and each of my dreams would end the same way. From the little cottage came two little bearded men. They wore cloth caps pulled well over their eyes. They were identical in every way. They frightened me. I would run but it was always with a feeling of losing ground. There I would wake up to the relief of knowing it was only my dream again. After the age of ten I think school curriculum and homework were sufficient to drive phantasy from the subconscious—at any rate my special dream left me.

I went to sea at fifteen and one of my early voyages took the ship to Copenhagen. On Sunday, three of us apprentices were allowed ashore. We explored the sea front, the artistic fountain by the English Church, the eloquent piece of sculpture known as the "Mermaid," and eventually turned down by the canal having been advised to take that route to the city. There was a road leading off to the right that seemed to lead to nowhere in particular and I had an urge to take it. My pals wanted to carry straight on but with unusual grace—for I was the junior—said, "Let him have his own way." I thought "for a change," and headed my way. Avoiding side turnings we came to what seemed to be merging into a dead end. Amid murmurings of protest from the



others I went on, but they followed. The seeming dead end turned out to be a tall iron gateway. It was barred. A sentry appeared on the other side. "You English?" he said. "What you want?" "Can we get to the city this way?" I asked timidly. "No! You av kom der wrong vay. You moost go back" the sentry replied. Then seeing my dismay added to by the taunts of my companions' "We told you so," he must have taken pity for he said. "Von minute—I open. You moost go straight across here and out der odder gate." The gate opened. I went in, stupified—I looked round. There was the courtyard of my young dreams. At the far end the large flat building. On each side the quaint gabled houses—or was my imagination playing tricks and was I converting these real buildings to fit my earlier phantasies? The shouts and pushes of my companions brought me to my senses. "Not that way, you idiot, you've got to come straight across by this wall and out of the other gate." Now I was awake, and here were the flagstones and there the cobble stones making a familiar pattern. Then involuntarily I skipped with joy across the courtyard and out by the other gate. The other boys thought me "batchy." When I told them of my young dreams their suspicions were confirmed. "What place is it anyway?" said one. Back to the sentry who had let us out—"What place is this, please?" The sentry looked surprised, then said. "Vhy dohn't you know, dis is der King's Palace." The King's Palace—

my dream courtyard—why no! Coincidence? Maybe. But where did the little men come in? There was a flaw somewhere.

Some years later I put into Harwich and had to go ashore on ship's business. Harwich is a glorified shambles of small, narrow streets, twists and turns. A fit setting for what followed. There in a back street I saw them. Two little men of identical height and size with long white beards and green cloth caps pulled down well over their eyes. I didn't notice their suits even, they seemed all beard and cap. Of course I ought to have gone after them at once, examined them closer, made sure my eyes were not playing me false, but—what would you do? Before I could get my dulled brain to function properly they had turned a corner. I did make an effort then and went in their direction, but they had disappeared. It's so easy to disappear in a place like Harwich. Anyhow, my ship's business had been completed before this and I was due back on board so off I went, musing only that after all there might be many small men in many small towns whom I could mistake for my dream men at a quick glance. Yet these two fitted

so exactly. It must have been about a year later when I visited Harwich again. The little men came to my mind naturally. I would make enquiries. I spoke to the Ship Chandler. Did he know of two little men who fitted my description. Listen to him. "Of course I do, everybody knows them here. They're the old — twins you're referring to." (I forget the surname he gave them). "They were boat builders. Worked at Maclaren's Yard for years. Bachelors. Lived in a little cottage and looked after themselves." "Where can you find them?" "Oh, they died some months back, within a few days of each other. Clever old boys they were, rather pleasant, but nobody knew much about their lives outside of the shipyard. Only known to have left the place once and that was when they saved up enough to go across to Esberg by the butter boat." "What did they want to go there for?" "They didn't. They went there so as to get to Copenhagen. I think they had relatives there or something. It was their spiritual home." Coincidence? Those who have read J. W. Dunne's *Experiment with Time* may wonder.

(Prize Essay, Officers' Essay Competition, 1947). From "The Seafarer".



NOTE TO HOUSEKEEPERS — WHEN WINTER COMES

"PREPARE for winter!" is sound advice and housekeepers, farmers, squirrels and birds follow it. But many seafarers do not, and consequently our Sloppe Chest comes in very handy when the first north-easter blows along South Street. We can use any men's overcoats which you can spare. When you do your Fall housecleaning, we hope you will remember to send us any overcoats your men folks no longer need. Convalescent seamen, just out of hospital, low on

funds, are especially appreciative of such warm coats, and those who, through no fault of their own, have been unable to obtain jobs aboard ships. Shoes and other men's clothing will also be acceptable. Call our Department of Special Services, BOWling Green 9-2710, if you live in the metropolitan area, and we'll send a messenger for such clothing, or mail by parcel post to this Department, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

HOW MERCHANT SHIPS ARE TESTED

Frank Keyser, *Chief Mate*

Of the multiple calculations that must go into the planning of a modern seagoing vessel, one of the most important is the correct determining of water resistance and horsepower. The above picture shows a model of a 600-foot tanker being tested at the Experimental Towing Tank of Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, N. J. Note the waves being thrown to either side of the model. They are a duplication in miniature of how the water will appear when displaced by the finished vessel. The model's progress thru the water of the tank is measured by instruments connected with the towing carriage. The towing carriage is that kingpost-like affair that extends from the runway overhead to near the stern of the model.

WHY SHIPS ARE CHRISTENED

The present custom is a relic of ancient days when ships were decked with flowers, mariners were adorned with floral crowns, and wine flowed freely—all to propitiate the gods of the sea. During prohibition days many American ships were christened with bottles of water, usually from a river. The U.S. Liner "Manhattan" was christened by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt with water representing the co-mingled rivers and streams of the 48 states. The Liner "America" was christened by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt with the traditional champagne.

THE OCEAN HAS A CIRCULATION SYSTEM

Lieut. Matthew Fontain Maury, U.S.N., whose maritime charts are used by all seafarers, demonstrated that the uniform degree of saltness in the oceans must depend on circulation, as complete and wonderful as is the circulation of blood through the human system. He became head of the First Hydrographic Office, developed daily weather forecasts for both land and sea and he located, through deep sea soundings, a plateau for the Atlantic cable, laid in 1866. Maury studied old logbooks and devised pilot charts which were the forerunners of the modern day charts which give the average weather conditions over specified oceans for any given period of time.

MINES STILL DAMAGE SHIPS

Despite the mine-sweeping efforts of the navies of many countries since the end of World War II, the world's seaways are still not free from the danger of mines. More than 200 ships have been sunk or damaged by mines since the end of the war.

Naval authorities say no guaranty can be given that, even after all the sweepers have been called home, a mine will not pop up occasionally during the next twenty years. A mine from World War I was discovered last July off Cape May, N. J.

The worst mine disaster since World War II was the recent sinking of the Danish steamer *Koebenhaven*. The small coastal excursion vessel blew up in the Kattegat with a reported loss of 200 lives.

116 Reported Sunk

Figures released by a New York war-risk insurance authority show that 251 ships of all nationalities have struck mines since V-E Day in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, and since V-J Day in the Pacific. Of this total, 116 were either sunk or declared a total loss.

UMBRELLA OF FIRE AT SEA

The *Marine Swallow*, a converted Army transport, docked in New York on Sept. 16th with stories of a breath-taking sky phenomenon which awed both passengers and crew as the vessel skirted the destructive hurricane now raging in the Atlantic.

Capt. Elisha A. Cooper, the skipper, said he had received a radio warning that he was directly in the path of the hurricane, then 110 miles away.

Full Speed Plus.

"The *Swallow's* speed is usually 18 knots," he said. "But I got her up to 21 knots. We beat our way out and by 8 p. m. I was satisfied we were out of danger and slowed down.

"Suddenly, as far as the eye could see, the sky became a violent red, and as we continued we soon appeared to be under an umbrella of fire.

"At that time we were in heavy seas. It was very rough. I called it a typhoon sky, seen only in the Orient and then rarely. It was weird but very beautiful."

Passengers Awed.

He said the passengers came up on deck to watch it and were awed by the spectacle. J. E. Bourke, chief radio operator, said: "The sky was bright red and when it was at the reddest a strange feeling came over us, one of unrest, as if something were about to happen."

Capt. Cooper said he believed it was due to cloud formations and shadows due to hurricane conditions.

CARGO REACHES U. S. AFTER 198 YEARS

By the Associated Press

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 18.—A cargo shipped from England 198 years ago arrived in Philadelphia yesterday.

The cargo—including pewter plates, silver shoe buckles, square nails and two pronged forks—was taken from an early 18th Century English vessel which sank about 1750 with supplies consigned to residents of Philadelphia.

The ship was discovered two weeks ago by Army engineers who were dredging the Delaware River near Thorofare, N. J. Divers salvaged the ship's contents.

SEA-GOING CHRISTOPHERS

Seamen reading in the Conrad Library, 25 South St., discovered that there were three famous navigators who sailed their ships to America whose first names were Christopher: Christopher Columbus in the "Santa Maria", Christopher Jones in the "Mayflower", Christopher Newport in the "Sarah Constant" which sailed to Jamestown, Va. from England.

NEW CARGO VESSEL

A freshly painted reconverted tank landing ship awaited her first commercial cargo recently, a symbol of the enterprise of two young former Army officers who fought for and won a niche in the competitive ship-building and repair field.

The new cargo carrier was the 4-550-ton *Petrus*, a torpedo tender during the war.

The shipping company was formed less than a year ago by Herbert W. Klotz and Jacques Sarlie, investment bankers, whose knowledge of shipping extended to occasional yachting trips and ocean-liner passages to Europe.

Despite the cynicism of long-established shipping companies the two men rounded up a conversion crew, bought the necessary raw materials and equipment and guided by experienced technical personnel, proceeded to change the former LST into a modern freighter at a cost far below the estimates made by shipyards.

Courtesy Stevens Institute of Technology

Book Reviews

SEA FLAVOR By Haydn S. Pearson

Whittlesey House, \$3.50

If you want a book to pick up to give you peace of mind, SEA FLAVOR is for you. Its 115 richly imaginative essays and unsurpassed photographic illustrations capture the beauty and appeal of the ocean and its shoreline throughout the year.

As the author so truly expresses it in his opening vignette, "The flavor of the sea is mysterious and profound. It has cruel power and soft gentleness. It has called to men for ten times 10,000 years. Anyone who has an open heart and a sensitive spirit can find in its flavor much that will add to the joy of life."

L. NOLING

STOKER'S MESS By Arne Skouer

Knopf, 1948, \$2.75

This winner of the All-Scandinavia novel prize is the story of the coming of age of a 15-year-old messboy aboard the Norwegian freighter *Svolder* in a small port in the Indian Ocean. In 24 hours of brutal realism, an imaginative, homesick boy turns into a self-reliant, mature man. He has grown too fast, yet the harsh life of the men who go to sea makes it happen. There is no glamour in life aboard the *Svolder*, and the story is not a pretty one. Yet, based on the author's own adolescence at sea, it has the ring of truth.

LOUISE NOLING

WHITE TERROR By John J. Floherty

J. P. Lippincott Co., \$2.75

Mr. Floherty has gathered between the covers of his latest book a wide variety of material. It is primarily the story of the Ice Patrol, that grim, necessary policing of the northern shipping lanes. But interspersed with the history of those gallant men of the Coast Guard, Rear Admiral E. H. "Iceberg" Smith and the men of his command, is a highly technical description of the formation and habits of icebergs, and many a good sailor's yarn of the loss of this or that tall ship: sailing ships, fishermen, and the "unsinkable" *Titanic* whose loss was the final spur that prompted the setting up of the Ice Patrol.

If you want gruesome tales, eery tales, hero tales, scientific data—you will find them all between the covers of this little book.

D. PAGE

WHITE SAILS SHAKING Edited by Ira Henry Freeman

The Macmillan Co., \$4.00

Here is a "blue-water" anthology, all 24 pieces written by those who have sailed small boats and encountered heavy seas and other dangers. Variety is the keynote in this delightful collection. Men like Alain Gerbault, Dwight Long, Irving Johnson, Richard Maury, Warwick Tompkins, Rockwell Kent are represented here; even Jack London's humorous piece "Sharks in the Boatyard" is included. The editor has used excellent judgment in his selection, and his brief introductions are informative and often amusing.

M.D.C.

THE SMACKSMEN By George Goldsmith Carter

Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.75

A story of the fishermen of the Borough—the East Anglian coastal smacksmen, trawlers, longshoremen—those honest, stubborn reminders of an era long past. They gave their hearts to the sea, and sometimes their lives also. We follow the fortunes of two typical fishermen, lifelong friends, and their exciting, if sometimes ill-starred voyages.

The story, however, is secondary—what we treasure most is a documentary picture of the Borough—its folk-lore and history, and a great deal of general and specific information about the profession of deep-sea fishing. A native of England's East Coast, and a descendant of deep-water fishermen, the author has a fitting background for writing this tale of those who love the sea and depend upon it for their very existence.

L. NOLING

THE BLUE GHOST By Edward Steichen Capt. U.S.N.R. (Ret.)

Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$3.75

This is a picture book with stunning photographs by a master, and with succinct and illuminating captions. Captain Steichen took the pictures aboard the Navy's famous carrier, *Lexington*, nicknamed The Blue Ghost by the Japanese who, whenever they claimed they had sunk her, reappeared to make their life miserable. A happy collaboration of words and pictures reveals the tense atmosphere of the briefing room where the men await orders. He describes also the lull and exhaustion after battle, and the constant air attacks from the enemy. A pictorial record of a valiant ship and crew.

M.D.C.

Marine Poetry

MASTER UNDER GOD

(From *Country Life, London*)
(*Lloyd's Policy of Marine Insurance*)

"Whereof is Master under God"—
The ancient formula prevails.
Though turbine and connecting-rod
Usurp the place of sheets and sails.
In spite of Man's mechanic skill,
The perils of the seas abound;
Each voyage is a venture still;
Our argosies may run aground;
"Restraints of princes, peoples, kings,
Losses, misfortunes, enemies,
Surprisals, fire"—these dreaded things,
These are the perils of the seas.
Despite these dangers, to and fro
How many ships are under way!
Still under God our seaman go,
Master and Mariners, today.

By Fred W. Bayliss



The Sea

By Paul James Martin

The sea is like a jewel, and mankind finds in its many facets a reflection of his own individual need.

It is a solace to the sad-eyed people who watch the sea. A friend to the lonely who feel akin to its implied loneliness.

It is a lost son to the bereaved father standing upon a coastal hillside; a lover to the unbeloved; a soothsayer to those whose dreams have not as yet come true; and an anodyne for the heartaches of the aged who rest by its shores contemplating lost moments.

The sea is a tantalizing woman; a challenge to the audacious, a mystery to the romantic, a harpy to those who have forsaken her to try to find roots in the soil . . .

Enchantment and mystery, real and supposed.

Of all these things the sea is composed.

So fathom it not nor seek its key
For secret it is and sovereign shall be.



ALL FAST FORE AND AFT

By Thomas Hill

Farewell to ships and shipmates true,
Farewell to Ocean rolling wide.
Farewell to Port, I've seen a few
From Brisbane to the Banks of Clyde.
No more I'll tread the heaving decks
Nor gaze as far as eye can scan
To where the distant skyline beck
With bright allure the sailor man.
Those days are past, to come no more.
My anchor's bedded in the sand.
My duffel bag has gone ashore,
Now, I'm a captive of the land.
Yet no regrets my thoughts employ,
For distant lands across the foam.
In Whitemire lies my dearest joy
My love, my harbor, and my home.

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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."