

# THE LOOKOUT



## CLIPPER SHIP "HORNET"

*Reproduced from the Restored Painting now exhibited in the Institute's Nautical Museum*

*Photo by Peter Juley*

See Page 3

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

## The Sanctuary

O Lord Jesus Christ, Man whom the winds and sea obey, aid with Thy strong hand those who go down to the sea in ships, that their toils may be blessed, and they themselves guarded by Thee in all time of need; through Thy mercy, O Blessed Lord, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest One God, world without end. Amen.

(From Dr. Mansfield's collection)

# The LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK  
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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," incorporated under the laws 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.

# The Lookout

Vol. XXXI

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No. 9

## Heroic Deeds When Ships Go Down

IN World War II there have been many unrecorded deeds of heroism among merchant seamen of both neutral and belligerent vessels. It has been a grim and persistent war on ships since the beginning. Following are accounts of acts of heroism on the part of crews of British merchant ships which, rightfully, have been recognized and the heroes awarded.

Recently commended for bravery under enemy fire was Captain William Henry Bevan, master of the British steamer *Sultan Star* and his gallant radio officer, Philip George Windsor, who received the Medal of the Civil Division of the Order of the British Empire for meritorious service. Here is the story of their heroism:

On a fine clear afternoon the merchantman "*Sultan Star*", unarmed, was torpedoed without warning. Her master was on the bridge. He telegraphed "Finished with engines". The ship began to settle rapidly. One man in the engine room had been killed, but the rest reported to their boat stations. At the same time Radio Officer Windsor was tapping out the S O S. The master saw that his ship was sink-



ing by the stern and at once gave the order to abandon ship, telling all the boats to get well clear except one, which was to stand by to pick up the radio officer and himself.

The boats got quickly away. The radio officer continued to broadcast the S O S and the master stood by him. The ship's stern was under, and the water was over the after end of the boat deck. His ship was going, and it seemed certain death to stay another moment. Calling to the radio officer to dive, the master jumped and struck out for the lifeboat which was awaiting him. As he was hauled into the boat he looked back for Windsor. The ship by now was standing on her stern, her bows were in the air and water was going down the funnel when Captain Bevan saw the radio officer leave the wireless office and dash for the side. He was sliding down a rope when the ship went down. The next time he was seen he was clinging to some wreckage.

The *Sultan Star* carried a deck cargo of some 200 tons in heavy barrels. These broke loose as she sank. No boat could have lived in the whirlpool. There was also the



danger of a bursting boiler, so the captain waited for the maelstrom to die down, and then directed his lifeboat to the rescue of Windsor.

He could hear him groan as he was caught and pounded and crushed between the barrels. At last they lifted him out of the water. Three destroyers arrived and picked up all the survivors. The doctor in one of them saved Windsor's life. Windsor's steadfast devotion to his duty had brought help, saved his shipmates and later the destroyers sank the enemy submarine.

Another example of heroism on the part of merchant seamen in the present war was that of James McGill Ovenston, chief officer of the steamer "Ferryhill" of Aberdeen. The vessel was unarmed and had no radio. She was proceeding to meet a north-bound convoy when, in the early afternoon, a mine exploded on her port bilge keel. The chief officer was on the boat deck, swinging out the boats, when he saw a great yellow flash which came up nearly to the bridge. He then saw smoke and a column of sea coming up like a water spout. One and perhaps two boilers had burst, and the ship broke in two. The forward end came up and the after end went down like a stone. She heeled right over, the stern came out of the water and the funnel came off. The starboard lifeboat slid across the boat deck and was smashed in the sea.

The steward was killed. The second mate was badly wounded in the forehead. The chief engineer got his lifejacket on and looked for the rest of the crew but they had been washed overboard. Then the chief officer tried to save the chief engineer. The former was blown across the deck and his forehead hit the derricks. He saw a door floating over the after-end of the ship and told the chief engineer to come to it with him, but the engineer was dazed and injured. Chief Officer Ovenston tried to get his sea boots

off but his hands were numb with cold. He managed to reach the engineer, and as the ship went down, took hold of him and together they hung on to the hatch until the minesweeper "Young Jacobs" came along. The chief officer asked for a ladder and helped the engineer, who was frozen with cold, to safety.

Another illustration of heroism was that of Philip Gardner, a deckhand on the steamer "Bancrest" of London. She was unarmed, and about noon was attacked by three enemy aircraft. The master ordered the crew below and steered a zig-zag course. Of the thirty bombs dropped three hit the ship. The radio officer sent out an S O S and stayed at his post until the master told him to go. Two bombs, falling together, blew up the whole of the afterdeck and the ship caught on fire aft. Everything on the poop was blown off and the top of the big after-tank buckled. The master blew the whistle to abandon ship. Engines were stopped and all hands went to the boats. The deck and the boat ladder were riddled with machine-gun fire. The men went away in the boats, but the deckhand, Philip Gardner, would not leave the skipper. Two of the crew, deckhands Burgess and Isbister, were in a small boat and the captain ordered them to stand by within 100 yards of the ship. The rest cleared away, as there was a very heavy sea running and the lifeboats were hard to control. Three hours later a destroyer came along, and the two lifeboats were picked up. Meantime, the captain and deckhand Gardner had been busy putting out the fire on board the *Bancrest*. The ship gave a sudden lurch, the men were thrown free, picked up by the waiting small boat, and then the ship came down on top of them, cutting the boat in half and throwing them into the water. Isbister was drowned. The others were picked up after half an hour and taken to Leith.

## Clipper Ship Hornet

By Charles Parmenter\*

THE Nautical Museum of the *Seamen's Church Institute* placed on exhibition last week its most recent acquisition, a picture of the California Clipper Hornet, which was painted more than eighty years ago while she was one of the prides of the swiftest fleet of sailing vessels the world has ever seen.

The acquisition is of unusual interest, not only because it was an account of the ship's disastrous end that first introduced Mark Twain to the literary scene but because the painting was presented by the daughter of one of the ship's captains, and restored through the generosity of a son of one of the fifteen survivors who sailed 4,000 miles in an open boat after the ship was destroyed by fire in the Pacific.

The picture, which is not signed and is more notable historically than artistically, resembles many other paintings of sailing ships painted by unknown artists about that time. It shows a vessel, with all her sails spread, sailing over a dark green sea, the Stars and Stripes flying from her spanker gaff. A barque in the background is passing her on the port side.

The picture originally belonged to Captain Robert Benson, who was her commander in 1857-58. On his death he left the painting to his daughter Miss Jessie Benson of Englewood, N. J. It lay around her house for years, with a hole poked through it, gathering dust and grime. Last August, two months before her death, she presented it to the Institute.

It was in no condition to be shown and the Institute did not have enough money to have it repaired and cleaned, so last month Marjorie Dent Candee, editor of *The Lookout*, published a plea for \$35 for its restoration. It was promptly answered by Samuel Ferguson, president of the Hartford Electric Company, Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Ferguson, it turned out after a little investigation, is the son of one and the nephew of the other of the two brothers who were the only passengers on the ship's ill-fated voyage.

That voyage was made in 1866. The Hornet was fifteen years old, having been launched in 1851, the year thirty other California clippers were launched. She had competed in the great ocean matches and once defeated the Flying Cloud in a neck-and-neck 105-day race from New York to San Francisco. On this final voyage she was on her way to China with a cargo of oil and candles.

On May 3 a lighted lantern caused an explosion. The ship caught fire. The fire spread with great rapidity and the men were driven back by smoke and flame. They had to take to the boats with only rations enough for ten days.

The thirty-one men aboard were divided among three boats. Only one of those boats reached Honolulu, the one with Mr. Ferguson's father and uncle.

The ghastly trip took forty-three days and eight hours. When the men reached Honolulu, according to Mark Twain, who interviewed them there, "they were mere skinny skeletons; their clothes hung limp about them and fitted them no better than a flag fits the flagstaff in a calm."

This is how the first days of the trip were described in Henry Ferguson's diary: "May 4, 5, 6, doldrums. May 7, 8, 9, doldrums. May 10, 11, 12, doldrums. Tells it all. Never saw, never felt, never heard, never experienced such heat, such darkness, such lightning and thunder, and wind and rain, in my life before."

On May 17 Captain Josiah Mitchell recorded: "Only half a bushel of bread-crumbs left—." A week later Ferguson wrote: "We are plainly getting weaker—God have mercy on us all!"

When the last of the rations gave out the men chewed bootlegs, the ham bone, leather and cloth. But one seaman told Ferguson he would starve before he would eat human flesh.

On June 14 they saw a magnificent rainbow.

"Cheer up, boys," said the captain. "It's a prophecy." The next day they sighted land and some Kanakas swam out and took the boat ashore. White men brought the starving mariners water and fruits and prevented those who would have eaten too much from doing so.

\*Reprinted from the *New York Times* July 7, 1940

## Book Review

JONAH'S ARK  
By Roland Barker

Carlyle House 286 pages. \$2.50

Here is a yarn by the author of "The Log of a Limejuicer" in which the full-rigged ship "Lurlei", the last windjammer sailing the seas today, encounters adventure. The characters, Captain Bentley, Mate Owens, ordinary seaman Abelstein, are realistically drawn, and the conflict of their wills makes for exciting reading. The effect on their lives of superstition, and the sea itself, is well described.

M. D. C.

# Ships That Pass

EDITOR'S NOTE: "We felt as if somebody or something had gone away — as if we hadn't any home any more." Such was a seaman's comment on the burning of his ship the "Hornet", May 3, 1886. A long line of gallant ships, victims of the war, will never sail proudly into New York harbor again. Apropos of this, we quote an editorial from The New York Times of July 6, 1940:

The ship news men had better get ready. Out beyond Quarantine, if they look hard enough, they will find a long line of ships, battered by storms and caked with salt spray. The captains will have thrilling stories, tragic stories, to tell; for these are the ghost liners in from the sea, the liners that have been lost in the war. New York will never see them again except as memories.

The *Champlain* is the latest to have joined the ghostly procession. Was it last year, or was it really eight years ago, that she first sailed up our harbor? She was then the beauty of the French merchant marine: not the largest French liner, but the largest motor ship of all. She was gracious and lovely, and she kept a Gallic quality about her on all her voyages. It will be hard for New Yorkers to think of her sunk by a mine and rusting on the bottom of the Bay of Biscay. It will be harder still to think of all the other proud liners, now gone, which used to sail up the bay with flags and pennants flying.

Their very names — Statendam, Columbus, Pilsudski — bring recollections of maiden voyages, of committees of welcome, of tooting tug-boats and watching crowds. Our own liner President Harding has a place in the ghost fleet, for she was sold to Belgium and destroyed in the bombing of Antwerp. Somewhere in the line we shall also find British ships in gray war paint, with their red ensigns at half-mast: the Carinthia, the Caledonia, the Andania and the Athenia, the first of all the lost liners of this war. And

in other ports there will be other ghost liners that New York seldom saw: the Arandora Star, which used to take British tourists to South America, now gone with 1,200 struggling prisoners in one of the most ghastly of all sea tragedies; and the black-hulled Rawalpindi, which did its duty for years in the heat of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, only to meet its fate in the cold waters off Iceland. All of them were parts of the peaceful world that has vanished with them. They stood for friendliness and free communications between nations. They were good friends, wherever they sailed. On foggy nights we shall hear their sirens, and we shall remember them.

## Book Reviews

SOLD TO THE LADIES!

Or the Incredible but True Adventures of Three Girls on a Barge.  
By Dorothy A. Bennett

Illustrated by Hortense Ansoerge. New York: George W. Stewart, Publisher. \$2.50. 258 pages.

A black-hulled barge was bought at auction for \$160, and, with gallons of paint, was transformed into the good ship "Barnacle" by three enterprising young women. The barge became their home for four summers, and this book relates in lively fashion their adventures from the Gowanus Canal to Manhasset Bay surviving the hurricane of 1938 and encountering innumerable experiences which make for entertaining reading. The pictures of the barge "before" and "after" the paint job are most interesting.

M. D. C.

GERMAN SUBS IN YANKEE WATERS:  
FIRST WORLD WAR

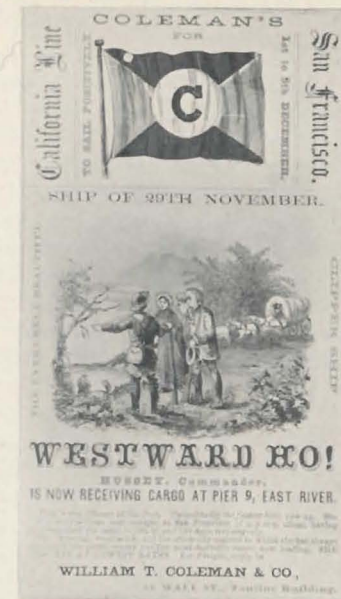
By Henry J. James

Gotham House, N. Y. \$3.00.

Obviously careful and exhaustive research has gone into the writing of this timely book and if its conclusions are somewhat pessimistic, they are really challenging. Some of the material was taken from logs of submarine commanders, some of it from the notes of survivors and prisoners. It makes exciting reading, raising many questions in these days when national defense is our primary thought. The clever illustrations of Charles Pont add much to the attractiveness of the book.

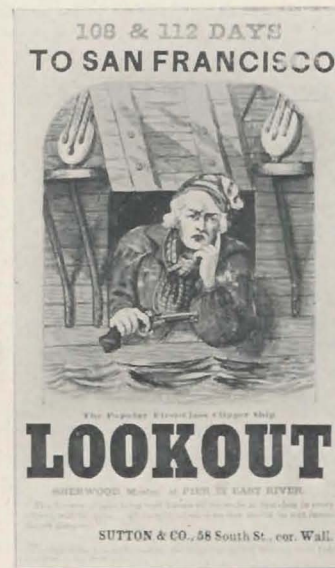
A. W. C.

# Sailing Cards of Clipper Ships



Reprinted by courtesy of The Magazine "ANTIQUES".

THIS type of card was used in the 1860's by the owners of clipper ships to advertise to the public the merits of each vessel and to announce the sailing date. They were printed by George F. Nesbitt, a New York stationer who distributed them among shippers and passenger agents. The cards were slightly larger than a postcard and were printed in red, blue and bronze, and performed much the same service as posters. By 1886 the clippers were giving way to the steamers and so these sailing cards became rare and are now to be found only in collections such as those of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Seamen's Bank for Savings and individual collectors.



Reprinted by courtesy of the Seamen's Bank For Savings.

# "I Remember"

By Captain Victor Slocum

THE Battery, to me, is the most unchangeable part of Maritime New York, and right here is a feature of the city which is seldom noticed by the casual stroller. . . . This often unnoticed feature of the Battery is the boat basin, carved out of the sea wall and almost hiding under the shadow of the Barge Office. In the 70's, the 80's, and even the 90's, it was the landing place for the large fleet of "Whitehall" rowboats which did business with all of the incoming and outgoing sailing ships in the Upper Bay. These boats were beautifully modelled and excellent pullers, and were usually manned by two oarsmen who, from long experience and practice, knew how to pull. They boarded ships in the Upper Bay, and down in the Narrows they would swing alongside of a ship still under sail and hook on to the channels in an adroit manner until they could get aboard. They had an eye in the tail of the boathook into which the painter was spliced, and it certainly worked well. That is how the boarding house keepers and crimps got on board to hypnotize the land hungry mariners, who were not yet recovered from the first daze resulting from "Channel Fever" when soundings were first struck, and the dark blue water of many months of voyaging turned to an alluring green. At the first cast of the "dipsy" lead, when bottom was brought up from eighty fathoms, they thought that they were already ashore. There was no emotion for the salt-begrimed mariner as glorious as "Channel Fever." I wish that I could have it over again. The worst disillusionment was the tactic of the foul crimp who boarded the dizzy ship, knowing well the psychology of his prey.

My most positive memory of Battery Basin, and the one which lingers with the most persistence,



is in connection with the end of the voyage that my father and myself made in the *Liberdale* after our barque *Aquidneck* was wrecked on the lower coast of Brazil. We lost the vessel and had built the boat to come home in. That was in 1889. It was 5,000 miles and we did it in 50 sailing days. Not bad for a dory 35 feet and 7 feet 6 inches beam.

The "Whitehallers" allowed us to tie up at their float for a few days until we could secure a more permanent berth. Though we took up one side of the little dock they good-naturedly went around to the other side of the float while we were there. Out at sea we were a ship, but in there our status as a "boat" was recognized. They were greatly interested in our visitors. While we were in the Basin the celebrated Captain Samuels of *Dreadnought* fame paid us a visit. He was thick set, stocky, and with beard of formal cut, the mutton chop variety then affected by the man of professional and social distinction. My father, who at that time drew less water than Samuels, trimmed his own whiskers in less pompous style, but he shook hands in warm admiration of the *Dreadnought's* skipper as he stepped from the float to the rail of the *Liberdale*. The little ship from Brazil listed at least six inches in her curtsey to history.

Reprinted from "Fair Winds Magazine" by special permission.

# The Story of the James Condie

By Robert Squire Alexander

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following tale is contributed by one of the Institute's friends who states that it is true in all particulars. It illustrates the effect of superstition on a voyage. Mr. Alexander is now a retired business man.

IN Kennebunkport, Maine, the Barkentine *James Condie* 781.49 tonnage was built, and in November, 1874, with my Father, Squire Alexander, in command, sailed for New York to take on cargo which was mostly kerosene oil in tins.

When the *James Condie* was in the Kennebunk River, Captain Dudley came aboard and on noticing a small bird's nest up in the rigging said to my father, (Captain Squire Alexander) "You better get that out. That will bring Bad Luck." My Father said "Let them stay; they will be flying to shore in a few days," and so they were.

On board besides the crew and Captain (my Father) were my Mother, my sister, Lella, and Dr. James Vanderpool, a young physician, who had just graduated, and me, a small sized, tow headed boy. The way young Dr. Vanderpool came to be on board was because his father was an old friend of my Father and as he, Dr. Vanderpool had been an inveterate smoker, his father finally talked my Father into taking him along so he could get away, build up his health, keep his promise to stop smoking, and see Yokohama, Japan, which was to be our destination.

We sailed out of New York on November 26, 1874 and after 106 days out, total distance sailed 14,668 miles, had sighted the N.W. end of Lombok. Someone said, "We are near to the "Spice Islands" and my Mother said, "I notice that odor of spices," but when my Father came on deck from his stateroom and told how he had just finished rubbing his back with Radray's

Ready Relief for Rheumatism, she figured as how she had guessed wrong.

My Father had taken a fine pig on board at New York so we could all have a feast of fresh pork, some day, and the crew nick-named it "Ben Butler", and one day Lella, then 10 years old, thought she would take a ride on Ben Butler's back. Well, she grabbed hold of Ben's ears, a straddling its fat sides but not for long.

Ben Butler ran to the fo'castle, stopped short, and Lella went over, head first, into the slush which she knocked over in her slide towards the bow.

One day when my Father was taking a nap in his room Dr. Vanderpool saw an albatross of good size flying over the vessel and took the idea into his head that he would like to have its beak as a souvenir of the voyage; he went below and took my Father's rifle from its place, and shot the bird which fell on the deck.

All the crew and my Father were "dead sore" about Dr. Vanderpool bringing down an albatross.

They said, "That will bring on trouble for the 'James Condie'."

"Anyone could have told you that."

"Haven't you ever heard that before?"

Well, the crew didn't like it.

And then we commenced to run into bad weather and squalls.

On March 31 we were 122 days out, total distance 15,413 miles, and the next day April first, at 2:30 A.M. the *James Condie* brought up on a reef, 15 minutes after white water had been sighted ahead, the yards were hove aback and the vessel began to go astern along the reef.

Sounded on the Port side 10 feet of water, on the Starboard side 20 fathoms, but a heavy squall coming from the S.W. drove the vessel hard against the reef, broke off the rudder and large pieces of keel, the sea making the vessel strike heavily and it soon began to fill.

At 7 A.M. it was full of water to the level of the outside. Meanwhile the Chief Mate in the gig tried to sound the reef and as far to windward as possible in order to get out an anchor.

He could get no bottom a ship's length from the reef.

Wind and sea increasing, the boats were made ready to leave the wreck.

At 10 A.M. the tide began to ebb, and with such preserved meats, provisions, and water as the boats could safely carry we left the wreck and headed for the nearest land some 12 miles distant, bearing about East.

The long boat taking the gig in tow, the long boat having sails made slow progress, wind dying away and sea running against the tide made it difficult managing the boats with 8 men in the long boat in charge of the Chief Officer and the other 7 of us in the gig in charge of the Captain.

At 6 P.M. the next day were able to reach a landing place on a small island (Wangi Wangi) in a kind of lagoon, and we saw the natives coming to the beach from a walled village, near by.

The natives, with only covering at the middle, were in large numbers, and appeared peaceable, but gazed with stupid wonder and curiosity at the new people amongst them, but led us to a long bamboo shack down the beach just above high water in which we were to stay during many long days always hoping and praying that some vessel would sight the wreck.

The Chief of the tribe at the

place where we were had a name which sounded like Cambeesi.

He acted friendly, and with his body guard of four or more of the natives would come down the beach from their village back in the jungle and every day my Father would with a stick, drawn on the sand, try to indicate by marks a steamer with a smoke stack and smoke.

He wanted to find out by sign language, how far away was a place where a steamer was.

Finally after many days of these drawings on the sand "Cambeesi" drew the same "smoke boat" and said "*Vollayo*" and putting his right hand up made a half circle, twice, each time putting the palms of his two hands together and closing his eyes rested his head on his hands which seemed to mean—two days and two nights from Wangi Wangi to "*Vollayo*". During the days, every day, these natives, men only, about two hundred would come to the bamboo shack where we were and squat in a circle all around it, watching every one of us till later afternoon. Some would leave and go back to their village and others would come and take their places.

My Mother said, "We were the monkeys in their zoo." Years afterwards she said she did not want to see the monkeys in the cage in Central Park, New York City because she "knew how they felt."

The chief "Cambeesi" was very eager to have my Mother go to his village so his wives could see her. This he indicated by sign language and after many hours of talking over between, Mother, Father and the mates my Mother thought it might help us all if she risked it so as to promote friendliness.

When the Chief led her to the village we were scared as to what might happen, but when she was brought back, she told us what most interested the Chief's wives, was to take the hair pins out of her very long hair and then see it touch the

ground at her back, then see her put it up again with the hair pins.

Next, was to unbutton her high buttoned shoes and then see her button them up again with her fingers.

She said they kept up a continuous chatter all the two hours she was in the Chief's hut.

On another day the Chief wanted to take me to show to his wives, and I was told to go with him and body guard, and I can remember that my straw colored hair was what each of the wives wanted to touch.

When I was brought back to our shack, the Chief did not come with me, but sent his body guard of four natives who carried some fish and coconuts as a present to my Father.

During these days that seemed over long we had a laugh, now and then.

My Mother's sister had passed away, a short time before the *James Condie* sailed from New York and Mother had a mourning bonnet with a long crepe veil which had been put with her things when she left the wreck.

Chief Cambeesi often brought to our shack his pride and joy, his browned skinned baby boy of about two years old.

Dr. Vanderpool said to my Mother, "Will you give me your black bonnet with the crepe veil? I want to make Cambeesi happy."

So he got the hat and the next time Cambeesi brought the little fellow with him Dr. Vanderpool with quite some ceremony placed it on the toddler's head with the bonnet strings tied under his chin and the long crepe veil trailing in the sand. It was the only clothes he had on and he laughed as did his father, the Chief.

On the tenth day, late in the afternoon, all the natives gradually deserted the beach and went back to their village. As this was the first time they had left us alone,

my Father told the others it looked as if real trouble was brewing.

Each of our men was told to watch for a surprise attack. At night the natives started unearthly cries, yells and howling, and this continued during the next day when the natives rushed from their village straight for our shack, formed a circle around it, and then opened up near to the water like a horse-shoe in shape, dashed into the sea, and beat the water with bamboo sticks, yelling all the time, and all this to drive out the evil spirit that had caused the death of one of the tribe. This we learned some weeks later.

They gave us a real scare.

On many days and nights we would find that something had been stolen.

Dr. Vanderpool noticed a native at about 10 A.M. one morning who had his right hand under his left arm and he seemed to be in pain.

He tried to coax him and finally succeeded in getting this native to let him see the ugly sore in the palm of his hand.

So going to the medicine chest which had been saved from the wreck he got some salve, put it on the hand and it must have done good work for this native brought others with cuts and sores on following mornings always at the same time.

One day the Doctor had a small bottle of toilet water, I think it was called "Florida Water", which he let a native sniff, and then when the Doctor put a little of it in the native's hand it was at once rubbed on his chest the usual habit with any liquid they liked. Well, this fellow was sneaking around trying to see where that Florida Water bottle was.

So noticing this Dr. Vanderpool emptied out the Florida Water into another bottle and put about a spoonful of ammonia in the bottle

this native had tried to get his hands on.

He saw it, grabbed it when he thought the Doctor was not looking, and went off a little way, then emptied the bottle and rubbed the liquid on his chest. He was so surprised that he let out a shout and ran off into the bushes.

Every day efforts were made to have Cambeesi understand what my Father would draw on the sand and never any result though Cambeesi had made signs that he would have many PROAS to take us to "VOL-LAYO" in two days, two sleeps, but every day, no PROAS, (canoes).

About four P.M. on the eleventh day the natives were all excited and gave signs that a steamer had been seen near the wreck and by their gestures my Father made her out to be a Man-of-War. All felt encouraged to believe our deliverance was near.

At five A.M. on the twelfth day the Chief Officer and a sailor came in from the wreck where they had been watching to sight a sail or any craft that might rescue us.

They were so excited that my Father had to put his hands on their shoulders to get the news they were so eager to tell.

They had signalled to a steamer, it came nearer. It was the Italian Corvette, *Victor Pisano*, with Commander Alberto de Negri who signalled he would keep away from the reef, but would send boats and marines ashore to pick us up and by eleven A.M. we all were safely aboard and at five P.M. after all the sails and what running rigging, blocks and hawsers could be taken we steamed away for AMBOINA, about 275 miles distant.

We were quartered in the small Dutch trading port hospital from April 17 to May 18 then by tramp steamer reached SOERABAJA, on the island called JAVA, where the Chief Officer and the crew secured jobs.

My Father hired a steamer which towed the *James Condie* the 760 miles from Wangi Wangi to Soerabaja after some patch work had been done, but as ship workers could not be found to make the needed repairs, we left our *James Condie* which was sold at a very low figure and steamed away for our home port on October 30th.

But, what caused the wreck of the *James Condie*—the sailors said, "Killing that albatross, that's why." Captain Dudley said, "I told you about the bird's nest in the rigging." . . . and I wonder. . . .

## War News of Merchant Seamen

"SEAMEN are international employees. In time of war they carry the main brunt of the burden and face the main part of the dangers. Recreation is not enough for them, nor reading room gatherings, nor coffee and cake. It is, first of all, a spiritual problem. They need a foundation that cannot be shaken by anything that happens in this world, a source of strength in life

that can never fail. The problem is more than economic. Seamen of the invaded countries are anxious about their wives and children, their mothers and fathers, and all the treaties, all the reliable things, everything they thought were steadfast have been destroyed. What can we say to them, we who live on shore? We cannot meet them with only empty words we don't believe

ourselves. They need a foundation that cannot be shaken by anything that happens in this world, a source of strength in life that can never fail. We have to give them faith and hope. When we visit them on ships, when we see them in church, when we say farewell to them when they sail, we know every man knows that he must face some new situation in a day or a week. When they leave they all say the same thing, 'If we will ever be back, we'll be seeing you.'

"The seamen are anxious about their kin not only because of the German occupation, but because they do not know if they have enough to live on. Formerly, when a Norwegian sailor went on a long voyage part of his wages were withheld to provide for his family. This has been disrupted. Then there is another difficulty. Even though the

Norwegian seaman here in New York has some money, he cannot transfer it safely to his relatives in Norway . . .

"Recently, I interviewed the crew of a small Norwegian freighter. The seamen got in on a Tuesday and had to leave on the next day for the West Indies. The crossing from Europe had taken thirty-eight days. The only thing they had tasted were the dangers of war. But they did not complain of the roughness of the weather, of being away from home, of the mines or the dangers of the Channel. One asked, 'Aren't we going to sing a bit?' and they sang an old folksong, a song of Norway and the birds in the Springtime."

Excerpts from an address by the Rev. Lief Gulbrandsen, Pastor, Norwegian Seamen's Church at the National Conference of Seamen's Welfare Agencies—June 20, 1940.

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### A Seaman's Letter

"THERE are also other departments in the Institute I have come to appreciate thru long residence and making comparisons with other institutions of like kind. The Post Office is a boon to seafaring community. The Hotel Department, from Hotel Desk, under the congenial Mr. Powell, to one's room is efficiency itself. The clerks are ever courteous and kind, the rooms most comfortable and above all clean at all times and I would especially like to say a good word for the bathroom and toilet facilities. Then there is the laundry and luggage rooms, they are handy and the laundry does excellent work. The Dining Room, Cafeteria and Lunch counters are run most efficiently. The personnel is efficient, the food the very best, well cooked and well served and above all I think, the prices most reasonable. The Banking service must be a boon to sea-

men altho I have not used it, but I have, advised by the staff, left money and valuables in their safe keeping. The Clinic, under the kind and efficient supervision of Mrs. Latimer, I think can compare with any clinic anywhere in New York. The telephone service is good and operators do everything possible to contact one, especially if the message means a job, I have learned this from experience. Your Chaplains also do fine work in visiting the sick at Marine Hospitals and in holding services at hospitals to say nothing of services held daily and Sunday in your lovely Chapel. I am well aware there are Game Rooms, Library, etc. for Officers, Apprentices and Seamen all under the supervision of ladies and gentlemen who do their work well and make one feel at home away from home."

## On Even Keel

Such is the sailor's job—to keep his *ship* on even keel, avoiding the rocks, reefs, and other dangers which beset the course. Not an easy job these days, with the menace of mine and torpedo adding to the usual hazards of the sea! Yet the world's goods must move, and for their safe transportation we are all dependent on the merchant seamen. It is the responsibility and the achievement of these seafarers to carry on the commerce and to protect both cargoes and passengers with their lives, if necessary.

Ashore in the Port of New York, it is the responsibility and the achievement of the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK to keep *sailors* on even keel by providing wholesome substitutes for the vicious influences of the waterfront; offering reading rooms, game rooms, marine school moving pictures, library and clean, comfortable beds and good meals.

To carry on this program of social service, recreation and relief (tiding seamen over when out of jobs) requires \$100,000. annually. LOOKOUT readers are familiar with the large volume of services rendered to worthy merchant seamen irrespective of race, creed or ship's rating. The Institute is the largest shore home in the world for these men of the merchant marine and is maintained by the generosity of thoughtful citizens. Will YOU share in welcoming these "toilers of the sea" to the great, hospitable home on New York's waterfront?



Kindly send contributions to the  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



A GOOD MEAL



A GAME OF POOL



A VISIT TO THE CLINIC

Photos by Marie Higginson

## A Seaman's Prayer

God, grant to me one narrow plank  
Upon which trod these seaman-feet,  
A bit of wheel from vessel crank  
I die content whene'er 'tis meet.  
Grant to me sea's deep-swelled roar  
To intonate my requiem;  
And from within sea depths shall soar  
The chorus of my favored hymn.  
No judgment day shall I fear then,  
For well I know that God is there;  
I've seen him walk beside brave men  
Triumphant stay the storm's despair.  
I've seen Him in the evening star  
With tempest's lashed fury o'er;  
In the sweet breathed rainbow far,  
When, spent, the weary rain forebore.  
The lighthouse bell and tolling buoy  
Shall summon me to lasting sleep;  
And many ghosted "Ship Ahoy's"  
Shall be my eulogy in deep.

By Bertha Sumberg Marder



Photo by Frank J. Kenney

## Book Reviews

### ISLANDS OF ADVENTURE

By Karl Baarslag. Farrar & Reinhart. 140.

Karl Baarslag offers a traveler's report of many of the lesser known islands scattered about the world. Although admittedly an island-worshipper, Mr. Baarslag did not travel in rose-colored glasses. Some of his islands have an aura of romantic charm and ease but others as Tierra Del Fuego and the Galapagos are certainly not for would-be lotus-eaters.

Mr. Baarslag takes up the salient characteristics of each island—the mysterious monoliths of Easter Island, the tales of hidden treasure at Cocos, and, of course, the descendents of Fletcher Christian and mutineers on Pitcairn. One of the most fascinating chapters, however, is "Existence Doubtful" in which Mr. Baarslag discusses phantom islands. Many of these islands of doubt were probably optical illusions due to refractions or mirages, but until it is definitely proved so they are marked on charts with the terse "E.D." It is interesting to recall that the Solomons were lost for 200 years after their first discovery in 1567.

In "ISLANDS OF ADVENTURE" Mr. Baarslag has not only given us an absorbing account of little visited islands but he has included a good deal of useful information for travelers and possible settlers.

I. M. A.

### THE STORY OF THE PACIFIC

By Hendrik Willem van Loon

\$3.00. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Illustrated. 387 pages.

Because Dr. van Loon feels strongly about the decline of the Polynesians, he devotes almost half of this book to them — not only to their explorations which were remarkable feats of navigation, but to his theories about them, about racial distinctions in general and, in fact, to his theories about almost everything from Hitler to French cooking.

He goes on then to the white explorers — to Balboa who discovered the Pacific Ocean in 1513; to Magellan who first sailed across it in an attempt to reach the Indies by the back door; to Abel Tasman who sought and found the great southern continent of Australia and to the other Dutchmen before him who were first to round Cape Horn. Then, after touching briefly on the voyages of Dampier, Roggeveen, de Bougainville and others, he comes at last to Captain James Cook, the greatest of them all.

"Cook" he says, "was the first of the great travelers who took an active scientific interest in the health of his subordinates . . . During almost six years of constant traveling he did not lose a single man through scurvy. He performed this miracle by feeding them plenty of fresh and dried vegetables and by giving them lemon or lime juice instead of copious portions of rum."

The sketches and maps by the author have charm and humor. B. O. A.



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