

The LOOKOUT

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Homeward Clipper

the lookout lonely in the bow
deft element, the foamy smother,
the reefs of constellations while
lead from one planet to another
an arc. All night the figurehead,
by flying salt, leans down, lifts over
shery phosphorescent stars
and vanish in the swelling water.
the creak of straining spars, the
msman
lean vessel northward toward the
ugh,
ard harbor bells through the wind-
se halyards,
e dark girl watching at the prow.
NCES FROST, N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

No. 11

NOV. 1947

Sanctuary

Almighty God our Heavenly Father, whose everlasting arms reacheth to the uttermost parts of the seven seas, be with all seamen everywhere. Thou who has taught them the brotherhood of all men of the sea, grant that they might teach all nations the way to live together in harmony and peace. Be with them on ship and in port. Grant in their hours of loneliness that they might turn to Thee, the great companion, and walk hand in hand with Thy Blessed Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

R. S. H.



The LOOKOUT

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THIS MONTH'S COVER shows the Swedish training ship
"Abraham Rydberg," a four-masted bark.

Photo, courtesy Mariner's Museum, Newport News, Va.

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War Mural Dedicated in Main Lobby

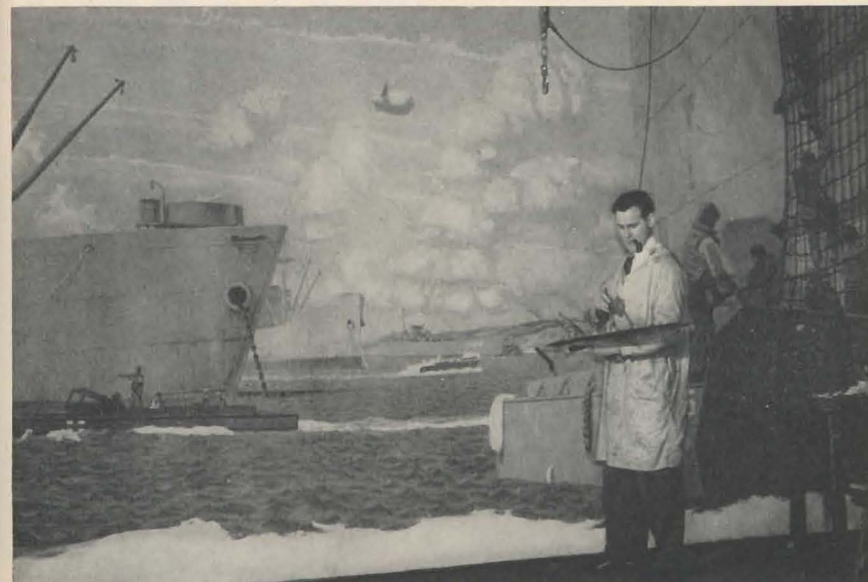
ABOUT 400 merchant seamen, guests, staff members, Institute contributors and volunteers gathered in the main lobby at 25 South Street on October 23rd at 2 P.M. to participate in the dedication of the new war mural. The mural, depicting the Normandy Invasion, is a tribute to merchant seamen in World War II and will be a permanent fixture in the main lobby of the Institute from now on. It was given in memory of Mr. L. Gordon Hamersley who was an Institute Board Member from 1913 to 1942.

The mural was painted by Edmond J. FitzGerald who served as lieutenant commander in the U.S. Naval Reserve during the war and who actively took part in the D-Day operations on the

Normandy beachheads, as commanding officer of an LST.

The dedicatory prayer was given by the Rev. Dr. Roelif H. Brooks: Dr. Raymond S. Hall, assistant Director of the Institute, gave the benediction. The address was by Robert G. Albion, marine historian and professor of history at Princeton University. Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Board of Managers, presided.

Six merchant seamen who had won distinguished service medals in the war were guests of honor. Tea was served in the Janet Roper Rooms by members of the Central Council of Associations and our Institute movie, "Home is the Sailor," was shown in the auditorium.



See pages 8 and 9 for a reproduction of the complete mural.

Story of the Mural

AS work on the mural progressed, the artist used live models for the sketches of the figures, finding them among seamen in the building and among staff members. He did large black and white close-up drawings of the faces and figures and later transferred them in color to the mural itself.

Here we reproduce four of these sketches, two of them sketched of a staff member and two of merchant seamen.

A merchant marine officer whose pre-war experience includes years of Great Lakes navigation. During World War II he served as mate on Liberty ships. While he was a guest at the Institute he sat for this sketch as well as several other studies used in developing the mural.

A merchant seaman with a long record of service in World War II. He is the sole survivor of an ammunition ship which was bombed and blown up in Bari harbor in December, 1943. He was an AB on the ship but was absent at the time of the blast. While staying at the Institute he sat for this sketch and for some of the other figures in the mural including some of the G.I.'s.

Both these sketches were made of Ernie Casper, assistant locksmith at the Institute. Ernie is not a merchant seaman but he did cross the Atlantic in connection with the little business concluded not so long ago with Nazi Germany.



Beyond the Line of Duty

Guests of honor: merchant seamen with distinguished service medals.

WHILE his ship, *SS John Swett*, was anchored in Mindoro, Philippine Islands, **Third Mate Robert A. Constantine** debarked with other shipmates to an Army amphibious truck for passage to the mainland. En route, this craft was temporarily lying alongside another Liberty ship, in light condition, which, without warning started her engines ahead and forced the Army boat toward her exposed propeller. In the ensuing chaos twenty-two men jumped over the side. Constantine remained aboard the small boat with three others and received a painful leg injury when she collided with the Liberty ship which continued under way. Seeing a survivor who appeared unconscious, floating in the wake of the Liberty's propeller, he immediately swam to him. Just as he was assisting him aboard the craft it lost buoyancy and sank. He continued to swim to the aid of several shipmates. When finally rescued by Army and Navy craft, Constantine grasped a line thrown from one of the pitching boats and saved two men by allowing them to climb aboard on his shoulders and saved two men by allowing them to climb aboard on his shoulders and

head. By this time he was so exhausted that he was hauled on board the rescue boat with great difficulty.

His indomitable courage and utter disregard of personal safety in immediately going to the aid of shipmates in peril will be a lasting inspiration to all seamen, and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Merchant Marine.

* * *

Capt. Percy H. Hauffman, a veteran Merchant Marine officer, won the U. S. Navy Silver Star for gallantry in action during the Anzio landing.

An employee of the Department of Public Works on leave of absence to the Merchant Marine, Capt. Hauffman was cited by Admiral H. K. Hewitt, Commander of the U. S. Naval Forces in Europe, for his "extraordinary ability, courageous action under fire and outstanding devotion to duty" in landing his Liberty ship the *Hilary A. Herbert* at the beachhead and discharging its cargo of ammunition, gasoline and other vital supplies, during a terrific aerial and shore bombardment.

While Capt. Hauffman was nosing his vessel into the beachhead, two



Photo by U. S. Coast Guard

Left to right: Capt. Percy H. Hauffman, Francis E. Rack, Alexander Waigandt, and Sten Nordh, winners of the distinguished service medals for bravery in World War II; L. Gordon Hamersley, in whose father's memory the mural was dedicated; Chief Officer Robert A. Constantine (medal winner); and Clarence G. Michalis.

aerial bombs severely damaged the engineroom and the master was ordered to berth the *Herbert*. Working furiously, however, the skipper and members of the engine department effected emergency repairs to the engine, which enabled the ship to anchor beyond the breakwater.

The citation read, in part:

"The extraordinary ability, cool and courageous action under fire, and outstanding devotion to duty displayed by Captain Hauffman set a high standard for the Merchant Marine and fulfilled the highest traditions of this branch of the service."

* * *

In a heavy sea, *SS Francis Asbury* struck an enemy mine which broke the ship's back, and she began to sink rapidly. The Chief Engineer, injured and so badly scalded that he later died on a rescue ship, had been trapped in his room by the disrupted decks. **Second Assistant Engineer Francis E. Rack**, and the Third Assistant Engineer, with complete disregard for their own safety, smashed their way into the Chief's quarters and carried him to the boat deck. By the time they reached the deck all usable lifeboats and liferafts had been launched or had floated free, and the sea then covered the after deck and was waist-high over the boat deck. About thirty feet away an empty lifeboat floated, alternately tossed toward the ship, and then away, by the heaving sea. After several attempts to secure the boat, the Third Assistant Engineer jumped overboard in an effort to bring it alongside the ship. However, a particularly heavy wave washed him away and out of sight of the two stranded men. By a trick of fate, a following sea washed the boat within the reach of Rack, and he and the injured Chief Engineer were soon picked up by a rescue craft.

Chief Mate Sten A. Nordh's ship, the *SS El Coston*, collided with

the *SS Murfreesboro* in a blacked out convoy. At the instant of collision, fires broke out on the *El Coston*, the flames engulfing her whole midships section threatening imminent danger of an explosion of her munitions cargo. High octane gasoline on the *Murfreesboro*, lying alongside, caught fire. The collision tore a large hole in the bow of the *El Coston*. Sixty lives were lost from the crews of both ships. Nordh tried to bring the ship to a safe port though there was little hope of her staying afloat. His determination and skill in fighting fire and seeing that damaged lifesaving equipment was mended made it possible to abandon ship, when she started to sink two days after the collision, without further loss of life.

Purser Alexander Waigandt's ship was subjected to a two-hour high level bombing attack by seventeen enemy planes. Bomb fragments pierced the hull and the cargo of high octane gasoline exploded. Purser Waigandt was one of four who volunteered to risk his life in an attempt to save part of the cargo. That the fire was eventually brought under control and most of the cargo saved, was due in no small measure to his outstanding bravery.

The ship in which **Cadet-Midshipman Frederick R. Zito** served was torpedoed at night. The crew abandoned the fast-sinking ship in an orderly manner except for one man who became entangled in the boat fowls when he lost his hold as he was descending the Jacob's ladder. He was hanging head down and helpless. Zito left his position in the life boat and went to the aid of the struggling and panic-stricken man. Failing in his attempts to free the man from the ropes, Zito cut them with his clasp knife and both men fell into the sea. Zito towed his companion until they were picked up by a lifeboat.

Professor Albion Pays Tribute to Merchant Seamen



Left to right: Edmond James FitzGerald, the artist; Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Assistant Director of the Institute; Professor Robert G. Albion; L. Gordon Hamersley, Jr.; Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Institute; Dr. Roelif H. Brooks, a clerical vice-president of the Institute and Rector of St. Thomas's Church.

IN his speech at the mural dedication, Professor Robert G. Albion, author of many maritime histories and on the staff of the Secretary of the Navy in recording the "non-shooting" history of World War II, traced the history of America's wars. He pointed out that the tradition of manning ships with volunteers is still a good one for there is no record where ships were held up for lack of crews when supplies were to be delivered in the war zones. "War risk rates were not mere printed figures. They represented the courage of the merchant seamen who sailed — voluntarily — into danger knowing that often their chances of surviving were only 50-50."

Professor Albion said further: "One of the lessons that came out of the Navy's experiences was the very close interplay between the Navy and the Merchant Marine. They had be-

come indispensable to each other and in the thinking of High Staff, 1946 as against 1937-1938, was an appreciation of what they called in formal terms, logistics. This meant the assembling and getting of cargoes out to where they were needed and as the war had become very far flung, the movement of these cargoes had become a vital and complicated thing.

In every way the interplay was vital and the Navy has learned that lesson and has included logistics training as a basic part of the training of every ensign. There is one pertinent thing to remember. However much you may have in the way of cargoes and however much you may have in the line of ships, the one thing it all depends on is whether men can be found ready and willing to sail them into the danger zones. There has been no time in our history when the sailings were held up for want of crews who would risk the danger zones.



Photo by Marie Higginson

Washday aboard the *Danmark*

Years ago when I was starting on a History of the Port of New York, I found a little book on travel by Walter Walton written during the Revolutionary War. Among other things it included insurance rates in the American Revolution — in 1780 the war risk of a trip to Jamaica and back was 50% and from Philadelphia to Haiti was 45%. It was a No-Man's Land where any ship had only a 50-50 chance of returning. But they rarely had trouble finding crews for their ships.

Our ships were running not only the normal perils of the sea, but there was also the chance that England could stop our vessels and send a boarding party and decide that if they saw some likely topmast hands, even if they had an accent from Georgia, or Connecticut, that they were former British seamen, and they would take them off and use them on British ships.

And then there was another danger when sailing in the Mediterranean. Along with the insurance records of hulls and cargoes, I came across a little block of policies on a number of seamen and these policies were issued to pay their ransom in case they were taken captive by Algerian pirates!

And then, along in the 1820's, we ran afoul of piracy down in the West Indies, where instead of holding the seamen for ransom, the pirates killed them — and there are some grisly records of that.

But the seamen continued to sail.

Seamen faced the dangers of shipping during World War I with the new menace of submarines; in the recent war they faced them with the added menace of airplanes. The war risk rates carry a grim story. In 1942,

when conditions were at their worst, the rate was 7½% on the Atlantic, for ships sailing from San Francisco to Melbourne across the whole Pacific; 10% from New York to Liverpool and 15% from Galveston to New York. In the tankers 30% around Good Hope, the Persian Gulf or Suez. As for the Murmansk run . . . a 50-50 chance of safe arrival was optimistic. But even to Murmansk there were always crews to man the ships — ships filled with aviation gasoline and the threat of flaming death. This was a voluntary service and the old tradition of keeping the ships sailing is one of the proud stories of our war record. Should there be a future war (and I pray to God there will not be . . . and if there is, that it will be so far in the distance that those who have done their full share in this war will not be called on again), the phrase "Control of the Seas" will be an important part of our preparation. This means the ability to come and go as you please and to keep on carrying cargoes wherever they are needed. We are in an island position, as England is, and if we are going anywhere it must be by sea and there must be something to carry the cargoes and something to protect them. That interplay will go on. We have our war ships laid up in moth balls for any emergency. We have our Liberty ships and our Victory ships and tankers laid up in reserve. Should an emergency arise, we must be able to recondition them and able to man them. There is little likelihood that Americans will change . . . there is almost a positive likelihood that there will be the same response and the same gallant record wherever the new menace may be. It will have to be met and the same breed of men who met it before, will meet it again . . ."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TIMES:
Your editorial, "Sailings Resume," tells us that the excursion steamers will again leave the Battery for Atlantic Highlands.

Do the steamers really sail? When a vessel propelled by machinery leaves the pier, the steam whistle blows for the last time, the gangway is pulled inboard, the lines are let go and hove in by steam winches, as the captain on bridge rings the telegraph, "slow ahead," and the engines start working, and the pleasure steamer is moving ahead, while the band on deck plays popular dance music, and the young men are dancing with pretty girls — we call it, "sailing." In my young days, it was quite different. Then, the sailing meant leaving the port in sailing vessel and going to sea.

I remember it was dawn. She was a lofty ship, ready for sea, the sails bent, the clews shackled. The Old Man paced the poop, kept looking aloft, watched the weather, and felt the wind with his open palm. Four bells were struck. Both mates hurried forward to heave her short. On the way, the second mate shouted in the fo'c'sle: "Turn to, men! Man the windlass!" There was a stir. Sixteen sailors manned the

capstan bars and began marching round as the pawls clanged.

The chanteyman started the solo: "Away for Rio!" The crew joined in the chorus, singing in a wild, queer wail — "Sing fare ye well, my pretty young girl! We're bound for Rio Grande!" The anchor was about breaking from the ground, when the order was given: "Loosen the tops'ls, fores'l, and mains'l!" Men sprang into the shrouds and ran aloft. Soon the sails beat, bellying between the buntlines. The chain sheets were hauled home. Staysails and jibs were run up as the men trotted along the deck singing: "What shall we do with a drunken sailor!" Then the topsail yards were hoisted by the men tailing onto the halyards and singing the chantey: "O, blow the man down!" Ere long the sails were crowded on the ship and the yards braced to the wind as the sailors pulled long and strong to the chanteyman's shout: "Hey, weigh, heigh, ho!"

The lofty ship gathered speed and, listing to an off shore breeze, sailed away fast and free.

Capt. R. J. PETERSON.

New York, May 16, 1947.

Reprinted from *N. Y. Times*



Photo by Oscar Owen

A staff member sits for the mural artist.

AFTERMATH By Edward O'Gara

Let us be still about our part in it. The sun
Is golden on the silver shore where green and red
Umbrellas dot the sand like old pavillions set
Before the joust. Let us be quiet as the far,
Swift bird is quiet that circles in wide arcs
Above the bay, cutting a pattern of inexorable time
Let us forget and speak of other things.
The damaged shore, cleared of the spread debris
Is filled with shouts of children. See, they return
With laughter up the sand while languid voices
Buzz and stop, wine-silenced in the crystal
afternoon.

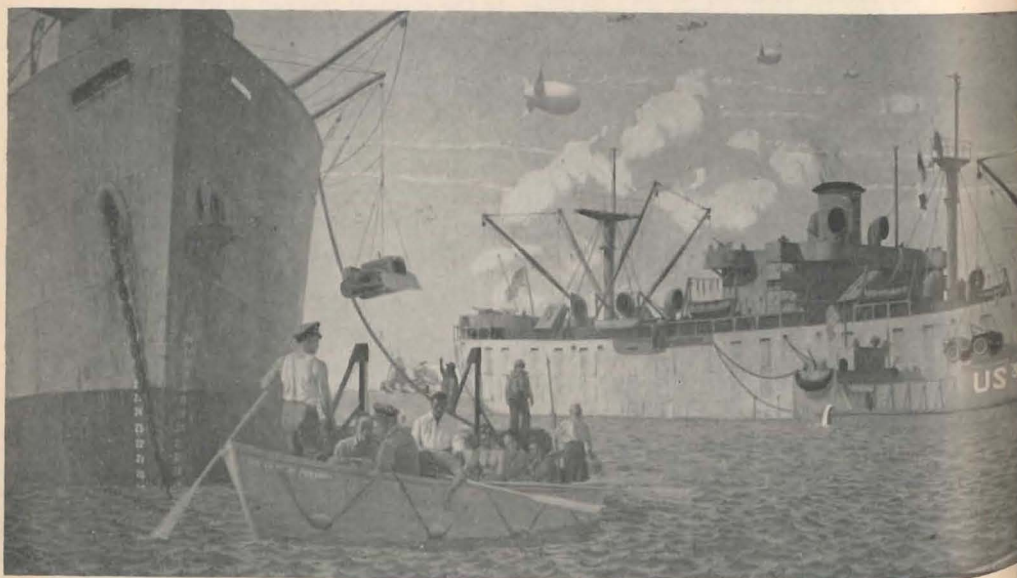
(Now is the time for keen hawk's sight or small
Mysterious convolutions of the swift bird's brain
That sends it shoreward, heeding premonitory
signs.)

We do not hear lost echoes thrown against the
cliff —

The golden light, fine spun, is round us while
the dark

Protean shape of storm stalks the horizon. We nod,
Unheedful of lost cries, the tugging leaf, the flame
That whips across the sea. The wind is rising now.
A red umbrella falls — we nod — Is there no voice
To cry to us, "Awake! the storm is here!"

"In tribute to the men of the Merchant Marine . . . World War II,
1939-1945. They made victory possible and were great without glory."



OMAHA BEACH — 1947 By William H. Peterson

Reverently enter this Norman sweep,
Where seagulls wheel in setting sun
And purple steals over white-crossed hills,
Where surf and sand clutch shell-ripped hulks
And torn steel and concrete silently erode.
Where history erupted one grey dawn:
The Fighting First stormed the Wehrmacht's fire!
Eighty-eight burst in flame and thunder—
The Channel reddened through the day.
Leave men! The same poisons plague us still:
Linger, indifference, and greed.
More "expendables" wait in rear commands.
The atom's fission may even speed
Time's end. Come back, invade men's hearts:
Until One World atones your loss.

—New York Times

A MERCHANT SEAMAN SPEAKS

By John Ackerson

(6th June, 1944)

"This dawn, pale thing to sheets of awful fire,
Bares to a breathless world our handiwork,
Transport of heroes, steel that wrecks the ire
Of God, Who storms with us the Fascist murk,
That's lifting fast. I see the silver beach
Turn ruddy gold, and to my mind come names,
The valiant ones that are no more, the speech
Of comrades stilled forever when the flames
Consumed them as the convoys mourn their dead,
But ships that yet live slog on toward the East
That prays for us; and now, long coveted,
D' Day is here, we grapple with the Beast
In his own lair. I smile, and laugh aloud
As daybreak filters through the murder-cloud!"

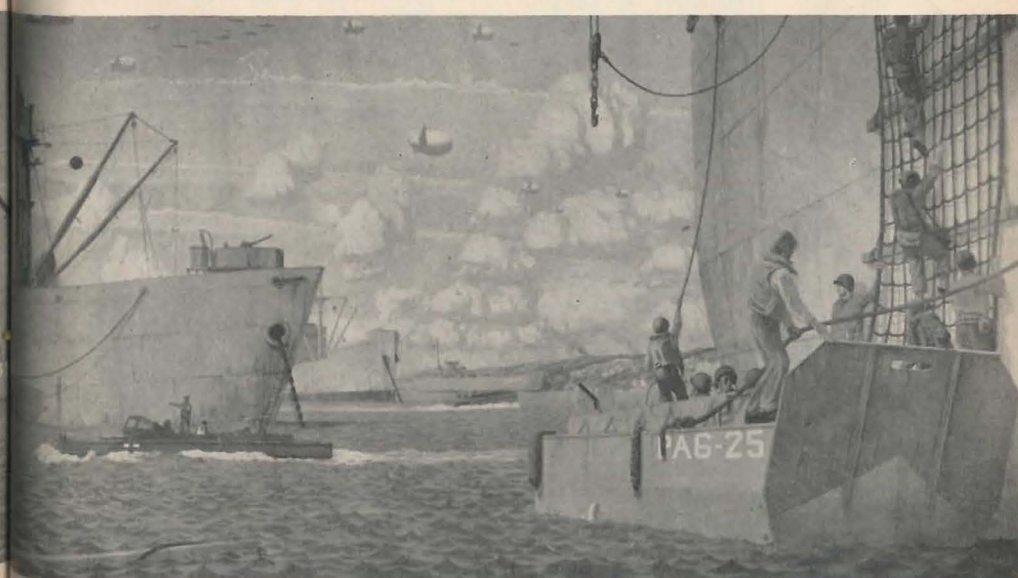


U. S. Coast Guard Photo

Mounting the mural

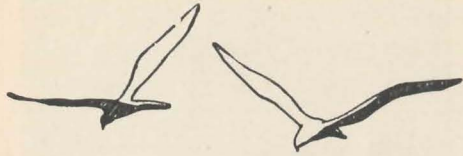
This mural is given in memory of Louis
Gordon Hamersley, a member of the
Board of Managers of the Seamen's
Church Institute.

Photo by Henry H. Haber



A Vacation at Sea

By Captain C. E. Umstead, Principal, Merchant Marine School



ONE of our students, a doctor by profession, wanted to make a voyage to Bermuda during the month of August. Since our vacation periods coincided, he invited me to accompany him and I accepted.

The yacht was a John Alden design, double ended and ketch rigged. She measured thirty-five feet nine inches overall, thirty-two feet six inches on the water line, about twelve foot beam and four feet six inches draft.

On Saturday, August 2nd at about twelve noon, all preparations having been completed, we left from Great Kills, S. I., outward bound for Bermuda, with four persons comprising the crew.

North of the Gulf Stream, gentle variable winds mostly southerly, were encountered. In the Gulf Stream the wind shifted to easterly and commenced to blow, reaching gale force. As the wind freshened, it became necessary to take first: a reef in the mainsail, then a second reef, finally to furl the mainsail entirely, and then run under the jib and the reefed mizzen. Finally the seas becoming so large it was necessary to heave to. Before sail could be further shortened the jib was blown out. The yacht then was hove-to under the reefed mizzen, with the tiller lashed down. Later, the wind reached full gale force before moderating some two days later. During these two days several attempts were made to sail the yacht sufficiently to the southward to get clear of the Gulf Stream. These efforts resulted in the loss of another jib and the serious damaging of the third jib. At the height of the storm a sea had broken across the yacht rendering the auxiliary engine useless.

On Saturday, August 9th at dawn, the vessel's position was about 400 miles east of New York, which position was so far to the eastward of the rhumb line to Bermuda, that seven additional days were required to make the island with the prevailing south-westerly winds.

After five days of sightseeing, plain loafing, enjoying the fine hospitality to the fullest extent, we regretfully set sail for home. On the whole, the return voyage was pleasant and enjoyable. However, two minor incidents, involving the loss of gear, proved the wisdom of the old adage, "Always carry plenty of spare gear!"

SAILORS' DAY OBSERVED

The Annual Sailors' Day Service was held in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour on Sunday evening, October 26th. The Rt. Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, D.D., Bishop of New York, and Honorary President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, took part in the service. The Rev. Dr. Raymond S. Hall, assistant Director of the Institute, preached the sermon. Seamen and staff members attended.

Sailors' Day is observed annually on the fourth Sunday in October in special honor of merchant seamen in order that church people might "remember the value of the living seamen and memorialize those who have died."

Dr. Hall in his sermon urged that seamen as well as landsmen pay tribute to their shipmates lost in the recent war by helping to feed the hungry, as both a practical and a Christian thing. He stressed the importance of understanding our fellowmen and spoke of seamen as emissaries of good will and friendliness with the peoples in other countries. "War is not inevitable," he said, "if we will all work and have faith in the future and build spiritual strength to combat defeatism and evil."

Bishop Gilbert said that people will always remember with gratitude and thankfulness the heroic services of seamen in the war. He pointed out that the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is a living tribute to the men of the sea, and pledged his support of the work here. "I will do all in my power," he declared, "to strengthen the vital program carried on here for our sailormen, and I am glad of this opportunity at this Sailors' Day Service to welcome Dr. Hall to our Diocese and to pledge my help as he begins his work here at the Institute."



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Model of the "Mayflower"

(from the Robert L. Hague Collection)
The Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Va.

WHEN Captain Christopher Jones sailed with the Pilgrims aboard the heavy-laden *Mayflower*, they had no turkey dinner awaiting them when they reached America, and no friends to welcome them. Their food on board was "salt as brine to feed on, and indigestible as stone, burnt and loathsome."

What a contrast with today's swift ships — freighters, and tankers, and passenger liners . . . with wholesome and ample food for both crews and passengers!

And many hundreds of the seamen who set sail from Plymouth in bleak November will know that a warm welcome awaits them in America, and a bountiful turkey dinner on arrival at the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.

It has become a tradition for the Institute to serve turkey dinners on both Thanksgiving and Christmas to about 1,500 seafarers, and to provide special entertainment and music. Even during the days of rationing the tradition was unbroken — although roast pork was substituted for turkey during several war-time Thanksgivings. But the spirit of the holiday was there, and the festive decorations and gay music and games made the seamen forget that they were far from their own homes and families. For some, indeed, the Institute is their only home, and they look forward each year to spending it at 25 South Street.

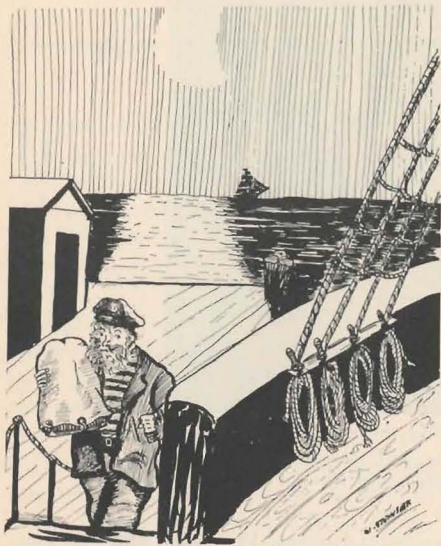
Again we plan to continue this time-honored tradition, and we are counting on the loyal and generous support of our friends to provide the wherewithal. When you observe this national feast day at your own hearth, surrounded by family and friends, we hope you will enjoy it even more by realizing that you have shared it with these men of the sea.

Kindly make checks payable to the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK and designated for
HOLIDAY FUND. Please mail to 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

The Cat and the Canary

By George T. Noble, Chief Cook

The Captain was superstitious and the crew liked a joke.



Drawing by Walter Steinsiek

ONCE, when I was a boy, which is longer ago than I usually care to admit, I was cabin-boy on a little two-mast schooner, "Bessie Belle," that used to ply up and down the coast hereabouts. We were always fetching up in foggy weather in the most unlikely places and pretty much getting in the way of local shipping generally. And in the winter we were the worst headache the Coast Guard had, I guess. The way we crowded sail in the teeth of a howling nor'easter used to worry 'em half to death, and they were always predicting a watery end for us all.

But no great harm ever came to us: old Cap'n Ed Trunnel, aged 89, passed away quietly in his sleep safe ashore very recently, and the last I saw of his old schooner she was rotting peaceably away on a nice soft mudbank near New London, all listed over on one side as though she, too, was fast asleep and dreaming pleasantly of a past life filled with agreeable memories.

Old Cap'n Ned, as we sometimes affectionately called Cap'n Trunnel, was a likeable old coot for all his crusty ways. He'd been a fierce bucko-mate in clipper ships rounding the Horn, oh, fifty times at least—so he boasted (when actually the farthest south he'd ever been was as a boy in a barkentine trading in the West Indies). If half of what he told had been strict truth, the old shellback would have been about 210 when he died!

He loved to brag that he was a sea captain of the old school, afraid of neither God, Man, nor the Devil . . . when actually he was a deacon in the First Connecticut, and was one of the most henpecked husbands I ever saw. Old "Aunt Bess" could boss him for fair, and the old fellow knew it.

But his besetting weakness was an almost childish belief in the supernatural. He was a perfect perambulating reference library for "signs" and omens. But the crew of the "Bessie Belle" nearly cured him of his superstitiousness.

It all came about by reason of a little yellow bird and a big black cat. We were lying to anchor in the stream, loaded with a hundred tons or so of best Pittsburgh anthracite destined for a familiar port on the coast of Maine, when the Captain came out to us in a shore launch with some last minute articles, including a round, oilcloth-covered package with a ring in the top. The several other parcels including even his heretofore sacred chronometer in its wooden case, were handed up by the Skipper without ceremony to those on deck. Proffered hands were waved away impatiently, and Captain Ned, looking uncommonly grim, reached the deck unassisted, firmly clutching this peculiar object.

"What have you got there?" politely inquired the Mate in his most affable tones as the curious crew clustered 'round. "Looks like a birdcage," added the Mate tactfully.

"It is," shortly replied the honest Master of the "Bessie Belle," and his voice was rueful. "It's Mrs. Trunnel's favorite canary," said he. "I didn't want to bring the dang thing, but the Missus insisted . . . said the bird hain't been feelin' well lately, off its feed and one thing and another, and she allowed as tho' a good sea trip would restore its health again, at least she hopes so . . ." His chin whiskers trembled a little uncertainly. He felt as a man might at a friendly poker game surprised with a prayer book in his pocket.

"The Missus couldn't come herself this trip," he muttered shamefacedly as he ambled away and bore his precious package below. Opinion in the foc'sle was unanimous that no good would come of this new passenger. "Our li'l ole tomat, Davy Jones, don' lak' it," observed the cook shaking his kinky head forebodingly. "Dat bird warn't aboard fifteen minutes befo' ole Davy wuz prowlin' round the decks heah, sniffin' and twitchin' his whiskers. Ships' cats and canary birds jest don' mix, no suh!"

"There 'll be trouble between 'em," concurred Lucian, the ablest man in the crew and the self-appointed chief cus-

todian of our mascot. "Davy Jones is jealous of this newcomer, an' we gotta keep 'em apart, whatever we do."

There was a general murmur of agreement among the men who were all quite fond of the cat. In fact, of all on board, only the Skipper had shown active dislike of the tom cat—and then only because it was black, he said, but in actual truth it was because of its fondness for napping on his pillow.

All went well for about three days until the unfortunate hour that Davy Jones, unwatched at the time, sneaked down below and by chance discovered the birdcage on the saloon table just after the boy had finished his midmorning cleaning and been called away without having hung it up.

The canary's cheerful song was very rudely interrupted, for with a single exploratory bound the cat sent the cage crashing to the floor, the little door in it flew open, and Davy Jones had a greedy paw inside. But the next moment he turned and fled as Cap'n Ned entered the saloon. In a bound the Captain regained the deck.

"Where's that black spawn of hell got to?" he yelled in a tone which struck dread in our hearts.

"Is anything wrong, sir?" anxiously inquired Lucian who was at the helm.

"Anything wrong?" roared the Skipper. "Is anything wrong? You drop a becket on that wheel and come below a minute and I'll SHOW YOU what's wrong!"

Slowly and with a sinking heart, Lew did as told and followed the Old Man to his cabin.

They foud the Mate and the other A. B. already surveying the damage, having replaced the cage on the table with the frightened bird fluttering in it. Little yellow feathers were still flying in the air.

"See there!" shouted the Master. "What do you think of that?" He turned on Lew with snarling ferocity.

"I think the bird is moulting," cautiously answered Lew.

"Moulting, my eye!" yelled the Old Man. "It's that danged black cat, that's what it is and you all know it, too—so overboard he goes!"

"I don't hardly think it was the cat, sir," Lew gently protested. "Our cat is too tenderhearted to do a thing like this—he ain't got a mean streak in him nowheres."

"Now don't you go disputin' me," stormed the Skipper.

"Ain't nobody saw the cat do it," hurriedly interposed the Mate, uneasily shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

The Captain opened his mouth as if to speak, then closed it again with an audible click, turned and charged back on deck again. The others were silent, but shook their heads dolefully and followed him like a procession of mourners.

On deck the Old Man was trying to catch the heplless cat, but Davy wisely remained out of sight.

"Say, Lew," at length suggested the

Old Man. "You call him; he ain't afeered of you—and get him out of here!"

"No, sir, not me," said Lucian firmly, now back at the wheel. "I'm not going to have anything to do with killing a black cat! Count me out, sir!"

"What?" exclaimed the Skipper in tones of marked incredulity.

"It ain't lucky, sir, to make away with any cat that's bigger than a newborn kitten, and it's almost certain disaster to kill a black cat specially. I knew a man oncet who drowned a black cat, and what do you know? Inside of a year he lost everything he had, and finally went crazy—that's what happened to him!"

The Old Man started to say something, but the Mate put in his oar again with, "That's an uncommonly knowing little animal, that cat of our'n. Remember that time you—I mean we—ran aground just off Stratford Shoals? That cat knew beforehand it was goin' to happen; it ran 'round the decks half wild meowin' for more 'n an hour before it happened."

"Davy Jones" in Danger

"Jest consider, Cap'n, the good weather we've enjoyed since we got the cat," said Bill, the other A. B. "It don't just happen that way, I've allus said. I've allus had a hunch that our Davy Jones was at the back of it all the time."

"Dat ole cat shore-nuff is a good luck cat, Cap'n, suh!" contributed the cook.

The Old Man must have suspected that all of us were making a play for his weak spot from the sharp look he gave us out of shrewd, granite-grey eyes. But turning to me as a last recourse he said, "Boy, just tie a big chunk of coal onto that cat's tail and heave him overside!"

Under the threatening stares of the other men I ventured: "Scuse me, sir, but I couldn't do that. Why, I'd as soon think of shying a stone at the preacher."

"How about you, Cook?" demanded the Skipper making a last desperate bid for obedience from his rebellious crew.

"No, suh, not me!" quavered Sam, really frightened at the awful prospect. "I don't want no black devil cat ha'nts coming 'round wakin' me up in de middle of de night!"

"Well," temporized the Old Man, "I don't want to appear unreasonable. I ain't a cruel man by nature, but justice is justice—an' I will say this (and you all know I'm a man of my word)—if my wife's canary dies, that dang cat goes overboard—and there's an end to it!"

Fortunately for our black pet, the bird was still alive when we reached Maine, where we discharged our cargo and loaded lathes and cement for the return voyage. It was still alive but visibly failing and would only chirp very faintly when coaxed to sing. Dreading probable trouble, we stowed Davy Jones away carefully in the paint locker for'ard and resolved to keep him there if need be for the duration of the run back home.

Two of the men, Lew and Bill, had a little celebration ashore the night before we sailed, and they came back aboard in very elevated spirits just before eight bells. The rest of us had turned in some hours before, but the noisy commotion they made woke us up.

Lew was seated on the locker opening a seabag which was misbehaving strangely, jumping and twitching about as if the devil were inside. While we blinked in astonishment, our grinning shipmate opened the mouth of the bag and out jumped our big black cat!

"What are you doing with Davy Jones in that sack?" we asked.

Bill shushed us. "Be quiet, you guys, or you'll wake the Skipper. This ain't Davy Jones."

"Yea," contributed Lew, pouring some canned milk into a saucer. "Don't make any noise. Bill and me spotted this cat on our way back to the ship tonight and kidnaped it as a substitute for our Davy Jones! We had a tough time too; chased it all thru somebody's flower garden."

"How did you ever find it in the dark?" someone asked, but the question went unanswered.

"It was Lew's idea, anyways," admitted Bill. "Tell 'em about it, Lew."

"Ah, it was nothin' much," Lew said.

"Not much! It wasn't nothin'!" contradicted Bill. "Just a stroke sheer genius, that's what it was! Why, he's a dead-ringer for Davy Jones, that's what, and now the Skipper can still have his revenge if need be, but we'll have our mascot."

The cook who feared for his life under the Old Man and believed he was in league with the Devil himself, at this point expressed considerable doubt as to our chances of success.

"Don't worry none, Sam," expostulated the irresistible Lew. "You can't tell the two cats apart—neither you nor nobody else, and I'll betcha a whole month's wages on it! Here, put them together and see if you can tell which is which!"

"Don't mix 'em up, Lew!" warned Bill as his fellow plotter opened the door to the paint locker, and Davy Jones, blinking in the sudden glare and stretching out his long legs, ambled out into the foc'sle. In the next instant both cats caught sight of each other, hissed in unison, arched their backs and spat savagely. It was almost as though Davy Jones were spitting at his own reflection in a looking-glass.

"Lor' Almighty!" exclaimed the cook, his disbelief utterly routed. "Don' for goodness sakes let them two get together! Why, they're as like as two chunks of coal. Dey mus' be brudders, for sho'."

"Is the Mate in on this scheme?" I ventured the query.

"Sure, sure he is," the conspirators chorused. "He was on deck when we came aboard . . . he's on our side. He laughed so hard he nearly tumbled over the rail when we told him about it. He thinks

it's a great joke on the Old Man."

"And so it will be," said I. "But he'll just about skin you two alive if he ever finds out."

This thought apparently was a highly unpopular one, for I was at once severely told to keep my trap shut, or it would go hard with me.

We were under way shortly after sun-up and having helped set and trim the headsails, I was posted up in the bows to watch through the morning mists for the fair-weather buoy. The Mate and the rest of the hands were occupied in "sweating-up" the heavy fore and mainsails; the cook was banging pan-lids and shaking down the stove grates, cheerfully intent on preparations for breakfast, and in the commotion the new cat was forgotten. The first I saw of him was a black streak bolting from the open forrard-companion. Someone, aft, caught him just in time as he was poised to spring over the weather bulwark, doubtless under the mistaken impression that he had only to vault this low fence into the neighboring garden. Next, he raced aft and poised himself on the stern taffrail, mewing plaintively at the dwindling shoreline of his native land.

"What ails that plagued Cat?"

"What ails that plagued cat, anyways?" growled the Old Man irritably.

Lew, coiling the main-sheet nearby, felt impelled to answer:

"I don't know, sir," he said. "He's been acting very strangely lately. Seems to have something on his mind . . ."

"He'll have the toe of my boot on the side of his head in a minute—if he keeps that up!" grumbled the Skipper.

"Say, boy!" he bawled to me, forrard. "Haven't you raised that danged channel marker yet? Or do you need two pair of glasses?"

"Groaner-buoy 'bout four points off the lee bow, sir," was my answer. "Steam-tug to windward with two barges in tow!"

"Confound it!" called the Old Man. "We saw them 'way back aft here half an hour ago. Where are your dratted eyes this morning, boy? Did you leave them ashore?"

That evening the canary died. The Old Man, in an ugly frame of mind, came on deck, grasping a sea-boot in one hand and the pitifully shrunken remains of the little bird in the other.

"See that, Harry," he said to the Mate. And then his eye lighted wrathfully on the black cat yowling dismally in the lee gangway.

"That ding-danged, squalling, miserable critter is the cause of this here tragedy," shouted the Old Man, and he flung the heavy boot at the cat. It struck the deck with a loud thud—near where Tom had been standing a second before, loudly protesting his fate to the full moon.

In one ill-chosen bound, the cat was gone over the side, and I distinctly heard a loud "plop!" immediately afterward. I

ran to the rail at once, Lew beside me with a boat-hook he'd snatched up—but in that dark water, no black cat could be seen.

"Well, that's the last of him!" said the Old Man in a tone of finality.

"Oh, no, suh; it ain't!" exclaimed our cook Sam, who had been quietly smoking his corncob in the lee of the mainmast. "Oh, Cap'n, suh, you all has done it now for sure."

"There goes our good luck," pronounced the Mate, having a time of it to keep a straight face.

The Old Man looked queerly from one to the other of us, said nothing, but went below and pulled the weather-slide to with an uncompromising bang.

During the night it seemed the Mate's words were a prophecy. The weather turned worse, and the seas began making up. We in the foc'sle were wakened by the thunder of the bows which had begun their familiar scuffling and boxing with the mounting waves. Called on deck just before midnight to shorten sail, the wind's voice was shrill and melancholy in the singing stays.

"We're in for it!" was Lew's comment, bawled into my wet ear as the two of us clung, shivering, to the bowsprit as the Old Girl buried her drenched bows again into an onrushing comber.

The Skipper's voice cut thru' that wild clamour like a bugle cry:

"Hurry and stow that jib! Then come aft here and bear a hand with the mains'l!"

"Oh, oh!" gritted Lucian thru' clenched teeth, "who would sell his farm and go to sea!"

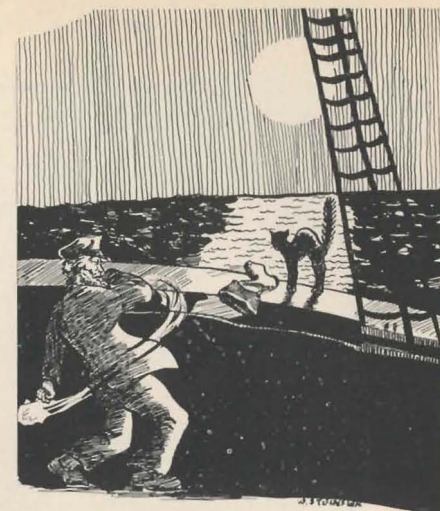
It was a wild night and it blew a lusty nor'easter, but our sturdy oaken schooner flew before the storm like a spanked mare.

Shortly after breakfast next morning when all hands were on deck—just changing watches—Davy Jones escaped from the custody of the cook who had taken him out to be fed, and rushed out on deck. After being confined for thirty hours or so, the smell of fresh air must have seemed pretty good to him, for in a jubilant mood he dashed aft like greased lightning, adroitly avoiding eager hands on either side that prudently sought to stay his ill-timed frolic. The Old Man was on deck, but fortunately was facing aft at the moment deep in conversation with the Mate. Luckily Lucian succeeded in cornering Davy between the water cask and the mainmast and hastily popped him out of sight under his oilskins. A protesting screech was followed by a muffled meow.

The Captain whirled like a speared sturgeon. "What in the name of Goshen was that?" he barked.

"What was what, sir?" affably queried the good-humored Mate.

"Didn't you hear it?" demanded the Old Man, glaring wildly 'round. "It



Drawing by Walter Steinsiek

sounded jest like a cat! . . . Lew! Didn't you hear something jest now?"

"Why, no, sir," quavered Lucian, taking care not to turn around. "No, sir, I ain't heard nothin'."

"Well, all right Lew . . . that's all."

At the first favorable moment Lucian handed his burden below. The Old Man, a very puzzled expression on his grizzled face, said something in a low voice to the Mate, and quietly descended into the aftercabin. He found the cook there clearing away the breakfast dishes and humming innocently to himself.

"Maw'nin' agin, Cap'n," greeted that worthy, showing his ivories in an expressive grin. "Did I hear you tellin' the Mate just now that you heard a cat?"

The Old Man stared at him for about a minute without opening his mouth. At length he spoke. "Yes, Doc, I did," he said in a quietly confiding tone. "I heard that blamed cat just as plain as tho' it was still alive. What do you make of it, Doc?"

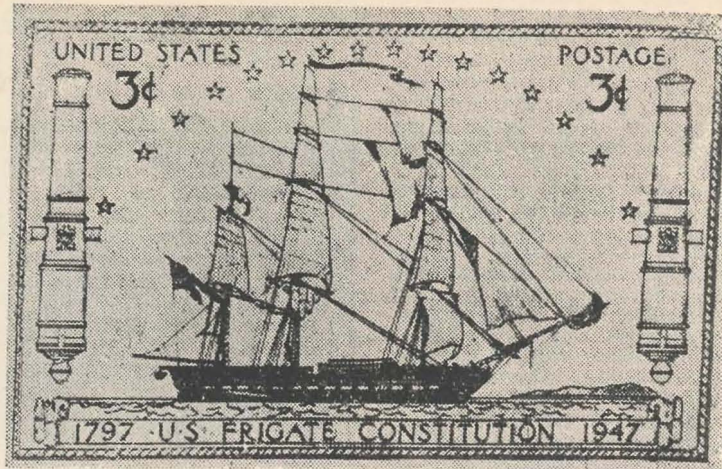
"Sho' nuff, suh," answered the cook, speaking mysteriously. "It ain't that cat you're hearin', suh, it's his ghost; that's what it am, take it from me, ah knows! I wouldn't be surprised effen you all see dat cat some night come a-climbin' up out of the sea, all drippin' and shiverin' and a-cryin' to hisself . . ."

At this graphic recital the Old Man's expressive features did a startling series of acrobatics.

Finally he said to the cook in a strained voice, "Listen here, Doc, if that's your idea of a joke . . . well, it ain't mine," he finished lamely and went into his stateroom, slamming the door behind him. Looking down the skylight, I saw the old cook laughing quietly to himself and gleefully shaking his woolly head.

(To be continued in the December issue)

'Old Ironsides' Commemorative Stamp



This new three-cent stamp went on sale in Boston on Oct. 21 in honor of the 150th anniversary of the launching of the frigate *Constitution*. First sale of the stamps was on the deck of the *Constitution*, now anchored in the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston. The stamp is of special delivery size and bears a drawing of the ship by Andrew H. Hepburn, of Boston. The design includes drawings of the twenty-four-pound guns of the *Constitution's* day. An arc of sixteen stars represents the number of states in the Union in 1797. Collectors desiring first-day cancellations may send not more than ten addressed envelopes to the postmaster at Boston.

Book Reviews

DARK COMPANION

By Bradley Robinson

Robert M. McBride, \$3.50

Admiral Robert E. Peary invited Matthew A. Henson, a Negro, to make the journey to the North Pole because he considered his help the most valuable of any of his companions. He expressed it by saying: "I can't get along without him." Henson was an associate of Peary and not a personal servant as the press of that time declared. He had been on all of Peary's trips to the far north, enduring suffering and starvation and at one time saving Peary's life.

While the Explorers' Club had accepted Matthew Henson as an honored member and distinguished Arctic explorers had paid tribute to his contribution to American exploration, he had not otherwise had the recognition he deserved. "DARK COMPANION" is the long delayed gesture of honor to a great American.

I. M. Acheson

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

By Wallace West

Noble & Noble, \$2.00

This story of the U. S. Merchant Marine from its earliest beginnings to the present day, is for would-be mariners, young boys, and girls too, who dream of a career either sailing the ships or building the ships that sail the seven seas. It gives them a record of the past—the ships and heroes that have made seafaring history, the saga of American shipbuilding, up to and including World War II. They are told what to expect if they attend the state or federal maritime academies. A gallant tradition is painted here, and one with which young people should be proud to serve. Authoritative photographic illustrations supplied by the Navy and the Maritime Commission supplement the text, and make this small volume an inspiration to American youth to build careers in ships and shipping. The opportunities described here have color and excitement seldom found ashore.

Louise Noling

UNSEEN HARBOR

By Frank Laskier

Lippincott, \$3.00

Frank Laskier regards the Seamen's Institute as his second home. He serves on the Seamen's Committee of the Artists & Writers Club. We have watched his progress from his first book, "My Name is Frank," which recorded his talks over the British Broadcasting Company, to his "Logbook" which told of his war experiences in which he endured a lifeboat ordeal and lost a leg. Now he has written his first novel.

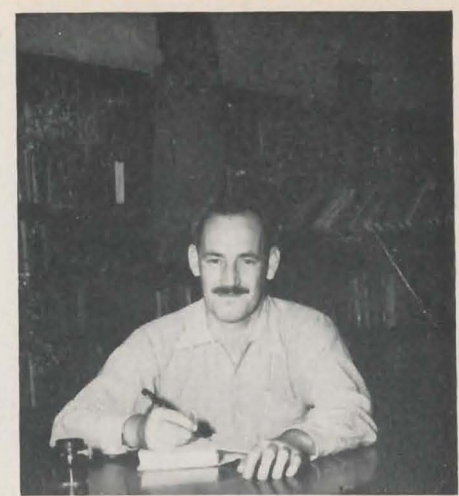
The American News Company publishes a monthly estimate of demand for forthcoming books. In the September issue the editor writes: "The finest performance of the 220 books slated for the month is Frank Laskier's UNSEEN HARBOR. This novel is a story of seamen aboard a freighter sailing in 1945 from England to Chile and the human explosives aboard are touched off by the discovery of a woman stowaway. There isn't a customer into whose hands you might put this who'll drop it before the final word."

UNSEEN HARBOR picks you up roughly, as with a cargo hook, and puts you aboard a modern merchant vessel and from then on to its powerful conclusion, the reader is a member of the crew. The *Francis Hall* is not a bad ship to be on . . . good food, clean bunks, stern but just officers. And the crew? Well, watch yourself, mate. They are a rugged, bitter, violent, tender, and cruel bunch of seamen. As with all human beings, they are strangely compounded of good and evil. There are moments to make the angels weep and there are moments when you wish you had never left the land. Their strengths and their weaknesses, their pitiful, treasured memories are masterfully revealed. Mr. Laskier writes out of a deep knowledge of the sea and an even deeper compassion for the men who follow it.

Mr. Laskier wrote the following plea for books for our Conrad Library.

"Go to your library, be it large or small, look through those books you have known so long and loved so well. Think of the pleasure you had when you first read them; the reviews that aroused your curiosity; the people who talked about them to you; and then the evening when you lit a cigarette, turned the radio off, and opened the book at the first page.

There are men in the Merchant Navy who have never read those



U. S. Coast Guard Photo

Frank Laskier, seaman author

books, and unless you choose to help, they never will. Good libraries do not abound in sailor town, or on the long jetties where the tankers load.

The books that are aboard ships are cherished; lent as a sign of good friendship, and returned at once. Dog-eared they may be; the covers worn shabby — *but they stack up as the sailors' only relaxation, against the landsman's movies and theatres and radio shows.*

Take those books you have loved, and share them with us. The classics you have read, and re-read; the textbooks that taught you more of your job; and the murder mysteries that kept you enthralled. They will be put on our ships, and we will be grateful to you."

Please send books to the CONRAD LIBRARY, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

OFF MY SEA CHEST

By Lewis H. Conarro

Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$2.75

The first aim of the U. S. Navy, according to Mr. Conarro, was to find enough square pegs to fill all its round holes. Annapolis brass and his struggles with the science of navigation provide many a chuckle.

D. Page



A Douglas DC-6 flies around the tip of Manhattan in trial run. American-Airlines now have established three-hour service between New York and Chicago. Note the Seamen's Institute building in circle.

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."