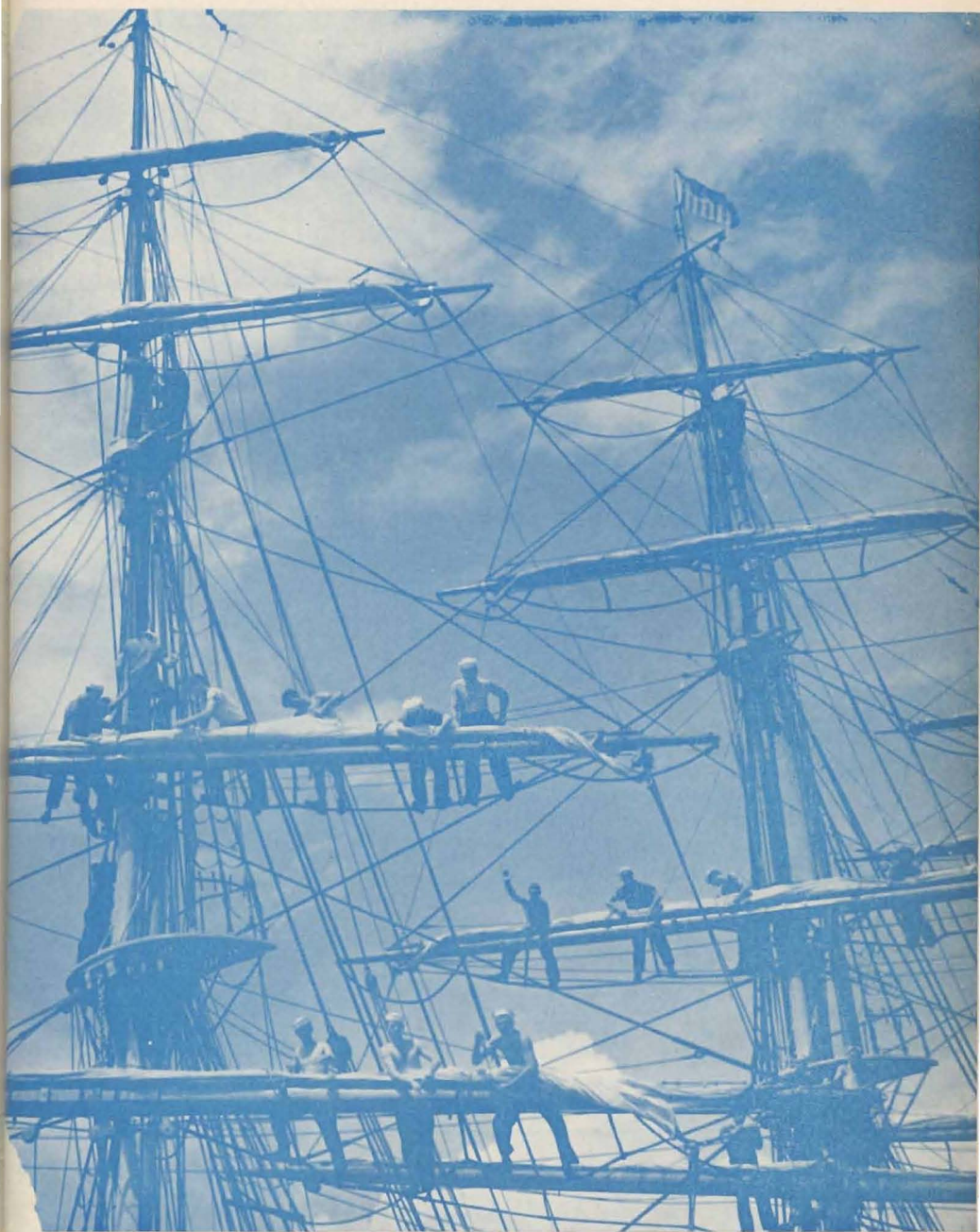


he LOOKOUT



LII

OCTOBER, 1951

No. 10

"And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow; and they awoke him, and said unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. And he said unto them, "Why are ye so fearful? how it is that ye have no faith?"

— St. Mark: 5.

The LOOKOUT

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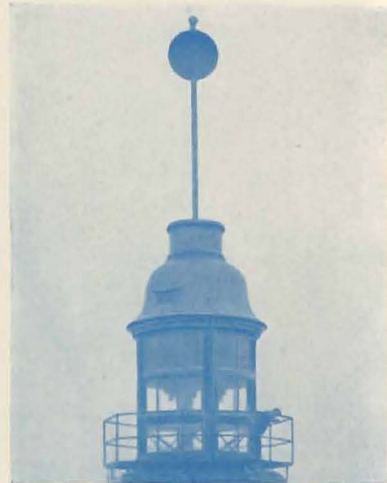
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The S.C.I.'s Titanic Memorial Lighthouse still functions. A fixed green Copper-Hewitt 40,000 candlepower light shines nightly since April 1913, (except when blacked out during World War II).

THIS MONTH'S COVER: In the Rigging of the Joseph Conrad

Photo by Dwight Lons

PLEASE SAVE THIS DATE—THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 29th

for our ANNUAL THEATRE BENEFIT

(Details will be sent you later)

SIoux CAN'T ADOPT A CHILD — SO HE BEFRIENDS 50 OF THEM

By Ed Wallace

There is a very nice explanation of why a full blooded Sioux Indian with a strong French accent, wearing dark glasses and sporty clothes, is often seen coming out of the Seamen's Church Institute at 25 South Street, with a big curly haired doll under his arm.

And there should be. In that neighborhood of docks, fish trucks, marine supplies and beached seamen the matter especially demands an explanation.

Here it is, from the beginning—

Parents Died in Blizzard

When Fred Beauvais was 6, his parents died in a blizzard in Wyoming. Somehow, he survived and was sent to an orphanage in Oklahoma. The orphanage was run by French nuns who were the boy's teachers for the next eight years.

When he was 14, he ran away from the orphanage and arrived in New York in 1896. He joined the U. S. Navy and was retired after 31 years. For the next 20 years, he sailed for commercial shipping lines . . .

"I have tried to adopt a child to be my son or daughter, but that is impossible, they tell me. I would like it to have my name—and something else. I have a good pension and the child could have this until he is grown. It would educate him. It would be a very fine thing for some girl or boy."

Adopts Them All

Since Mr. Beauvais, 69, cannot adopt one child, he has done the next best thing. He has adopted all the children of the N. Y. Foundling Hospital, 175 E. 68th St., as his friends. That's where Fred Beauvais is going when he has a big doll under his arm, or a carton containing candy and toys. He visits his friends, always once a week, and often more.

When Mr. Beauvais went to sea, his pay was \$5 a month, but in 50 years he has done very well for himself. That's why he wants to share it with children just beginning their journey through life under conditions much like his own.

On August 29th Mr. Beauvais and a group of his small friends, about 50 of them, were having a little outing. He bought plenty of tickets for the Bear Mountain boat and told them to meet him at Pier 1 to ship out for a holiday. He also invited as many Sisters of Charity from the hospital as



Courtesy, N. Y. World Telegram Photo by Al Ravenna

Hanna Fred Beauvais and Some of His Orphans

would be needed to supervise the trip, and a dozen social workers to supplement the job.

Just Blow It!

He gave each child \$2 with implicit instructions to blow the money any way he wished. And he asked the nuns and social workers to take an especially lenient attitude towards their activities and their noise.

"We're just a big family of friends out to have fun," the Sioux explained. "I even wish we had a hundred more. I was a little Indian boy without parents, and I know what the feeling of freedom can do for a lonely child."

"I want to be happy today, at 69 years of age, and I want everyone around me to feel the same way. I won't play the part of the big fellow today—I will just be one of the family, like every girl and boy."

There were cakes and cookies and plenty of candy in the sea chest when the Bear Mountain boat left the pier and started up river this morning.

It was one of those times which Fred Beauvais has created to fill part of his longing for a child. It was one of those young and exciting occasions, best described as seeming to be "everybody's birthday."

Reprinted from World-Telegram and Sun

Editor's Note: Mrs. Lois Meldrum, senior hostess in our Janet Roper Room, and two other volunteers were invited by Mr. Beauvais to go on the outing and help with the children.



Christopher Columbus
The statue at Genoa, Italy

“Thursday, Oct. 11, 1492.

Steered W.S.W., and encountered a heavier sea than met with before in the whole voyage. The crew of the *Pinta* saw a cane and a log; they also picked up a stick which appeared to have been carved with an iron tool, a piece of cane, a plant which grows on land, and a board. The crew of the *Nina* saw other signs of land, and a stalk loaded with rose-berries. These signs encouraged them, and they all grew cheerful. Sailed this day till sunset, twenty-seven leagues.

“After sunset steered original course W. and sailed twelve miles an hour till two hours after midnight going ninety miles, which are twenty-two leagues and a half . . . The land was first seen by a sailor called Rodrigo de Triana . . . Perceived it once or twice, appearing like the light of a wax candle moving up and down . . . At two o'clock in the morning the land was discovered at two leagues' distance; took in sail and remained under the square-sail lying to till day, which was Friday, when we found ourselves near a small island, one of the Lucayos, called in the Indian language Guanahani.”



The statue at San Juan,
Puerto Rico



The statue at Port of Spain,
Trinidad

THE RESTORATION of the old Port of Mystic by the Marine Historical Society is recreating the spirit of Colonial America and emphasizes the vital part contributed by seamen and ships to our country's progress. This “live Museum” grows from year to year as more and more old buildings are moved to the little Connecticut village.

Over 80,000 people visit Mystic Seaport yearly, the youngsters and their parents actually enjoy clamoring over the decks of the whaler *Charles W. Morgan* and the square-rigger *Joseph Conrad*. They roam along the cobbled streets and see buildings of the 1850's such as the Counting House with its high desks, scrimshaw penholder, quill pens, old ledgers, etc., the Chapel, the School, Riggering Loft, Shipsmith Shop, Spar Shed, and Ship Chandlery, a perfect re-creation of a New England seaport as it appeared 100 years ago.

Other ships are also finding sanctuary at Mystic. Among these are: the paddle wheel ferry-boat *Brinckerhoff*, a Japanese Suicide Submarine (captured at Pearl Harbor) and the 16 ft. “jolly boat” in which two English boys, Bob Tappscott and Roy Widdicombe, voyaged 2,600 miles to reach the Bahamas after their freighter, *Anglo-Saxon*, had been torpedoed off the coast of Africa by a German raider. Both seamen stayed at “25 South Street” and the account of their grim 70 day ordeal was published in *THE LOOKOUT*. On the port quarter rail of their lifeboat are the notches cut there to record the ghastly days.



Square-rigger “Joseph Conrad” finds a safe anchorage at Mystic after a life-time (nearly three-score years and ten) of sailing.

A recent addition to the Mystic collection is the 75-foot two-masted schooner *Australia* (circa 1814), a typical early coaster, the gift of Mrs. E. Paul duPont. She will serve as a much needed adjunct to the Youth Training Program aboard the square-rigger *Joseph Conrad*. This famous vessel, built in Denmark in 1882, was sailed around the world by Alan Villiers in 1935-36, carrying a crew of boys. An account of this great adventure is in Capt. Villiers' book, “The Cruise of the Conrad” (Scribner's). The *Conrad* served as a training vessel in the service of the American Merchant Marine during World War II.



Jolly Boat of Anglo-Saxon.





Figurehead of Clipper ship, *Donald McKay*, now on exhibit at Mystic Seaport.

One of the most interesting recent acquisitions is the figurehead from the clipper ship *Donald McKay*. This was obtained by Carl Cutler, Curator of Mystic, after diligent sleuthing. He located it eventually in the Cape Verde Islands. The figurehead is wearing the Tartan plaid of McKay's family clan. McKay was the most prolific builder of clippers. (See September LOOK-OUT for an account of his life.)

The ship was built in 1855 at East Boston by Donald McKay for James Baines' Australian "Black Ball" line. She was of 2,594 tons, and for many years the second largest sailing-ship in the world, being surpassed in size only by McKay's *Great Republic*. She was wrecked on St. Vincent's Island, Cape Verde.

The figurehead traveled from San Vincente to Lisbon on the *S.S. Antonio Carlos*; from Lisbon to Jersey City on the *S.S. Excellency* of the American Export Lines; from Jersey City to Mystic by truck.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

If interested in volunteering at the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York City, please get in touch with Mrs. Shirley Wessel (BO 9-2710) in charge of our volunteer projects.

Another new exhibit is that of the rudder of the famous yacht *America* which is now enshrined in the gothic archway of the New York Yacht Club building (built in 1844* and towed in 1948 to Mystic). Built in 1851 by George Steers, the yacht was commanded by a Mystic skipper.

A 42-pound cannon from the frigate *Constitution* has recently been acquired, the gift of Mrs. John T. Coolidge, and has been mounted on the lawn.

Space does not allow description of the many exhibits including the Mallory** building, the Plymouth Cordage Company's "Rope Walk," etc. Items in the Mystic Museum range from a lace parasol brought back via clipper from Canton, to the pintle straps from the *H.M.S. Bounty's* rudder, sent by the chief magistrate of Pitcairn Island. Seamen, yachtsmen, fireside sailors, and all Americans who take pride in our maritime traditions will enjoy a visit to Mystic Seaport (it's 136 miles from New York, 10 from New London.) It's open from 10 to 5 daily, except Thanksgiving and Christmas.

*Built in the same year as the Institute's Floating Chapel of Our Saviour, and of similar architecture.

**Mr. Clifford D. Mallory, Jr., of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, is also an active member of the Board of Mystic Seaport.

"The main purpose of the Marine Museum at Mystic," says Carl Cutler, curator, "is to give the American people, and especially our youth, an understanding of the worthy part our seamen played in the development of America."

It is our hope that these exhibits will inspire an appreciation of the character and abilities of our early seamen and point to the need for an adequate Merchant Marine, both as a protective measure and a training ground for wholesome American manhood."

SUNDAY TEAS

WHEN the ship *Empress of China* arrived in New York from Canton she brought home \$120,000 worth of tea — chests of flowery pekoe, sou-chong and hyson—the first such cargo since the War for Independence had been won. Ever since that date—1785—New York has been the tea center of America.* So when tea is served at "25 South Street" each Sunday evening it is in keeping with a time-honored tradition. On other days it's "coffee-time" in the Janet Roper Club on the fourth floor of the Institute, but on Sundays fragrant orange pekoe tea in green earthenware pots is served to seafarers. Sandwiches and homemade cake are brought by hostesses. One of the Chaplains blesses the food and then the men sit at five long or round tables with a hostess who pours.

Volunteers from the women's auxiliaries of several New York churches make these Sunday teas possible, and some bring flowers or decorations for the tables. Among the churches assisting in this way are St. Nicholas, Calvary, All Angel's and St. Bartholomew's. The seamen bask in this home-like friendly atmosphere and the conversation at the tables would delight a Joseph Conrad or a Somerset Maugham as it ranges from talk of life in Canton or Cairo, Singapore or Sydney, Korea or Karachi.

British seamen are particularly appreciative of "a spot of tea," with milk, and American seamen like it strong

with a slice of lemon. The hostesses who usually arrive at about five o'clock to make the sandwiches in the "galley" adjoining the Clubrooms, have learned that the seamen's favorite fillings for the sandwiches are egg or ham, and creamed cheese with pickles.

Generous tea merchants in the tea district on New York's waterfront contributed loose tea, but this clogged the drainpipes since it was used in such quantities, so now tea-bags are used. Occasionally some hostess tells the seamen's fortunes from the tea leaves (by opening up the tea-bags) and one sure prediction is that the man is "going on a long journey." We could use more volunteers (both fortune-tellers and sandwich-makers) at these Sunday teas, and we hope you will interest a group in your church (if you reside in the metropolitan area) in participating in this helpful project.

After tea, (served between six and seven P.M.) the Chaplain invites seamen and hostesses to attend the regular Sunday evening service in the Chapel of Our Saviour on the first floor of the Institute where good music with a professional quartet and organist, a fine sermon, and the beauty of the altar seascape by Gordon Grant, all contribute to an inspiring conclusion to our "Sunday Teas."

*For the story of America's pioneer days in the China tea trade we recommend Daniel Henderson's book "Yankee Ships in China Seas" (Hastings House, 1946).



Miss Janet Winter, Volunteer Hostess Tea for Two — Hundred or More

An Answer to Prayer

By Valentine Hill

ONE late winter dawn in 1932, the trim, stolid Danish Motorship *Gertrude Maersk* of Kopenhagen discharged the San Francisco pilot and set her course for Yokohama. In her holds were scrap-steel, rough shag-tobacco, and parts for American Fords. As her twin motors purred contentedly, Sven, a youthful oiler, day-dreamed of his home in Norway as he plied his oil can here and there with deft touch. A sharp pain was bothering his right eye. He told the pleasant, paternal Chief Engineer and was promptly sent to the ship's Chief Officer who was a first-aid expert.

Now, among the dozen passengers was one Ralph Sparks. The next afternoon at sea, while on the wing of the bridge with Captain Chr. Nielsen, Ralph noticed the Chief Officer cleansing Sven's eye. Recalling that he had collyrium and also murine in one of his bags, he went below for them. Upon his return topside he noted that Sven had gone and the Captain and Chief Mate were in deep Danish deliberation. Next day, all efforts to clear the tiny speck from Sven's eyeball failed!

The inside of one's eyelids is about as sensitive as any portion of the anatomy, and the eyeball has several layers. The eye is truly a masterpiece of God's handiwork, an index of one's character; the window of one's soul. A railway cinder or a speck of dust can cause sharp, passing pain: provoke a gush of tears that try to wash away the foreign irritant. But, a tiny speck of rusted steel imbedded into the fifth layer of one's eyeball, and only a fraction of an inch from the pupil, poses a problem on a small pitching freighter in the Pacific with no doctor within a thousand miles!

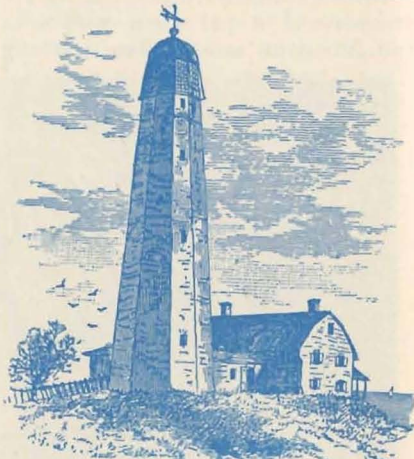
Ralph knew that no advice by Medico would help in this instance. He reverently whispered a prayer to Him who sees all, knows all. In a few moments of meditation his answer came! He sought the radio operator. "Is there a spare headset—spare 45-volt B batteries?" he asked. "Ja! Here are

the batteries; I have no spare headset," replied that officer, who added "Neils Christianson, the ship's carpenter, has a radio and spare parts."

Ralph worked his way aft along the tossing well deck to where Chips was fashioning a deck-doghouse for his great Dane, Spud. It was big enough to house Neils also. Genial, toothy Neils graciously presented an old radio telephone headset. Ralph returned to his own cozy cabin and performed certain rites known only to those who have made a hobby of electricity.

When Sven came off watch he was asked to go to Ralph's cabin. The next three days he reported to Ralph. The vessel was pitching heavily in a bad head-sea which was growing steadily worse. And, daily, the brilliance in Sven's blue left eye was fading and glazing. Ralph confiding his fears to no one, prayed silently as he worked. Grimly he persisted. Finally Sven smiled as warm tears swept down his bronzed cheeks. "Manga Tahk! Manga tahk, Meister Ralph!"* He beamed as his iron grip enclosed the latter's right hand. Ralph had saved Sven's sight with a simple electromagnet!

*Manga Tahk = "many thanks" in Danish.



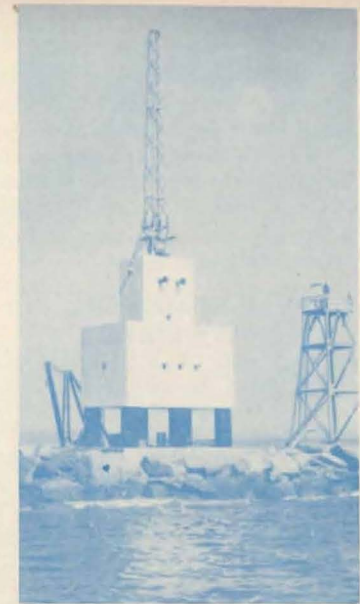
Courtesy "The Ensign" and "Ethyl News"
Sandy Hook, N. J. Lighthouse has guided ships into New York Harbor for 183 years.

Robot Lighthouses

RADIO-CONTROLLED robots will soon perform the lighthouse keeper's time-honored tasks if the march of Science continues. A significant straw in the wind is the recent installation of the Coast Guard's first full-scale robot lighthouse at the entrance to Los Angeles-Long Beach Harbor. Ambrose Lightship in New York Harbor began using a radio beacon long before World War II, and by 1942 America had 150 radio beacon stations. Today, the number has vastly increased. Recently the newspapers carried news of another "abandoned lighthouse" (Jeffrey's Hook Light under the Manhattan Tower of the George Washington Bridge).

The familiar beacons mounted on dangerous rocky ledges, cylindrical in shape, will gradually be replaced by rectangular white concrete houses, topped by a laced steel radio antenna tower, automatic, mechanical, "untouched by human hands." However, lighthouse keepers will not be displaced—their abodes will be ashore.

Shore installations which require manning will be the headquarters of keepers of the light, and much of the loneliness and isolation will be gone



Long Beach, California Light, completely mechanical, has a 36-inch airway beacon-type lantern producing 140,000 candle power which shows a flashing white light every five seconds.

from their jobs. All signals, including fog horns, will be operated from shore by remote control—the touch of a radio key—as far as five miles away.

What may be lost in romance will be gained in terms of human life and property because radio and electronic devices can penetrate fog, rain, snow and sleet, the eternal enemies of the brightest lights and the loudest fog-horns. Radio can be heard over a much wider area than any light can be seen. Lookouts peering through blinding storms for flashes will know that radar and "racon" devices will be warning the ship's master of dangerous rocks, reefs and shoals which the human eye cannot always see.

The story of America's lighthouses and the courageous men who have manned them during the past 200 years is a stirring chapter in our nation's history. Yet the heroic day of the lighthouse keeper, whose devotion to duty often saved ships and seamen from disaster, appears to be on the wane, and the conventional idea of the lonely keeper will join that of the village lamplighter.

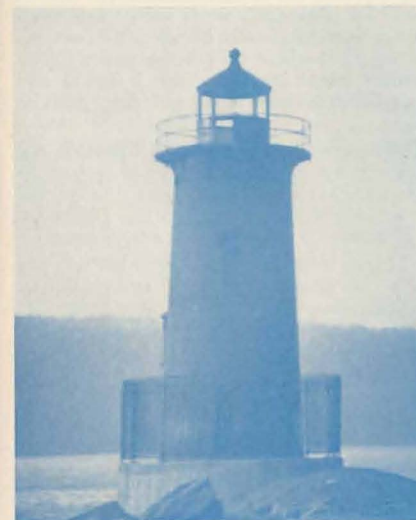


Photo by Dr. I. W. Schmidt

THE LITTLE RED LIGHTHOUSE, JEFFREY'S HOOK
Given to the City of New York
by the U. S. Coast Guard.

Keeping in Touch

Movies, Radio, and now Television are helping passengers and crews not to "lose touch" with families or current events while they are at sea. The old days when people took a tramp ship, cruise liner or freighter to "get away from it all" seem now to have gone completely.

LATEST MOVIES ON LUXURY LINERS

Americans going abroad by ship may temporarily shake the dust of home from their feet, but they'll never get lonesome for one bit of Americana—the Hollywood movie.

Practically all of the big liners, be they cruise boats or ships plying the regular routes, include motion pictures as an important activity, and many show them in theaters that rival their landlocked counterparts in elegance and comfort.

Not only that, but travelers on many of the large luxury vessels make up a preview audience in the real sense of the word. Pictures shown aboard these ships frequently are brand new and haven't yet been shown at the regular theaters at home. Every effort is made to keep the movie entertainment up-to-date, even if it means flying pictures to the ship.

Other modes of transportation lag far behind the ships when it comes to brightening the travel routine with movies. There are no movies on the planes of any of the air lines operating domestic or international flights, and, with the exception of the Pennsylvania Railroad, none of the railroads has movies on trains either.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune

SUN OIL PROVIDES TV ON 8 TANKERS

Crews of eight Sun Oil Company tankers can now watch television shows while off watch. Sets have been installed in mess rooms in what is believed to be the first experiment to bring this type of entertainment to seafarers.

On a trip up the Atlantic coast the crew of one ship reported excellent reception as far north as Portland, Me. Sun Oil also claims to be the first in the tanker industry to offer regularly scheduled film programs to seamen on a fleet-wide basis.

The sea-going television models required development of special installation techniques. Reception interference from the ship's motors had to be overcome. This was accomplished by adding filters, boosters and rotating antennas.

Range and reception difficulties have prevented installation of television sets aboard Sun's ocean-going vessels.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune

RADIO BRINGS HOME TO SEAGOING DUTCH

Any Dutch sailor, no matter where he might be in the world, whether away for four years on a ship plying Far Eastern waters or under shorter contract in the Western Hemisphere, can now look forward to hearing the voices of his loved ones, thanks to the enterprise of the Netherlands Government Radio Service.

Under the direction of H. J. van den Broek, chief of the Netherlands Radio, a program called "The Ship of the Week" has been developed by virtue of which the crews of three vessels are in contact each week with their families or relatives at home.

Responsible for originating and developing the program is G. A. Kal, a tall, 40-year-old Dutchman and a former radio operator in the Dutch merchant marine. He writes and directs the thirty-minute show that is beamed by shortwave twice a week, on Friday and Sunday nights.

To determine what ships are to be covered in a given broadcast, Mr. Kal keeps in touch with all the major Netherlands shipping companies which give him a list of the ships they would like to receive the service, a list, usually ten crew members, who will be the lucky ones to hear the voices of their loved ones.

Although the companies pay the traveling expenses to the studios located in Hilversum, Mr. Kal must work with them often rather patiently until he gets his "actors" to the point where they will overcome their "mike" fright and talk into it freely and cheerfully so that tape recordings can be made.

Then the ships selected for the week are notified by radio-telegram and asked to stand by at a certain time to tune in the broadcast, which is sent out on shortwave over bands in the 13 to 49 meter length.

Although only ten individual messages, with two members of each family allowed to talk, are sent out at one broadcast, Mr. Kal said that recently he had discovered that most Dutch ships at sea listened in on the broadcast anyway.

Altogether about 130 ships are reached in this manner every year.

Judging from telegrams received from ships' masters acknowledging the broadcasts, they serve a real and worthwhile purpose in keeping unbroken the family bonds of Dutch sailors thousands of miles and thousands of days away from home and in keeping high their morale and spirit.

N. Y. Times

East for the Horn*

By Charles V. Reilly

Photos by the author

Editor's Note

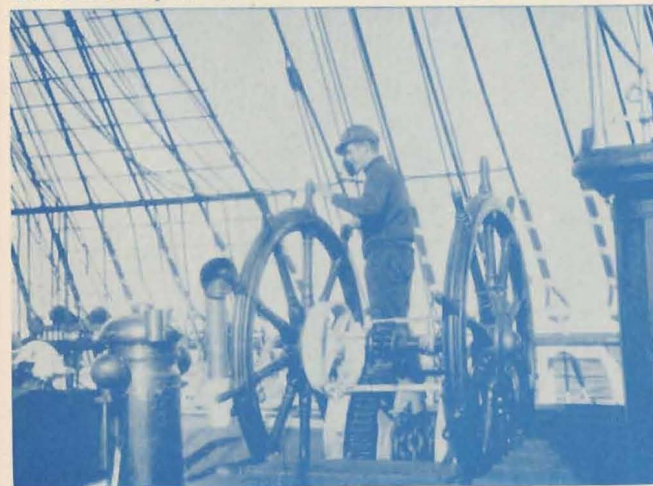
The author fondly recalls his voyage around the world in the Finnish four-masted bark *Viking*, describing here the first leg of the homeward passage from Australia during the 1933 grain race.

WE SAILED from Port Victoria on February 3, 1933, and barely had *Viking* cleared Tasmania when the Tasman Sea began piling up graybeards in a splendid imitation of Cape Horn. During the first week out, strong winds varying from nor'-west to sou'-west piled up an enormous sea. Often, it seemed that the ship's stern could never rise before the giant mountains of green swept her decks clear of all fittings.

But only once were we pooped. It was a magnificent but rather fearsome sight to behold. That particular sea was a bit higher than the others and far too steep to allow enough water to get under the ship's stern to lift her. The wave seemed to hang for a moment, poised as if for the kill; then suddenly it collapsed, sending ton after ton of icy green water lashing the entire length of our decks.

Yet you can't have good winds without their piling up a big sea—that is, unless you happen to be under a weather shore—and out in the wastes of the Southern Ocean there are nothing but a few small islands south of the three great continental capes. Driven by the eternal westerly winds, the seas race on and on from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope, then onward to the Southeast Cape of New Zealand, and so around the world, back to the Horn.

It was during our first ten days out that we made the best consistent runs, even though for three of these days we carried on with only a forestaysail, fore lower topsail, foresail, main upper and lower topsails, and mizzen lower topsail set.



Two Men at the Wheel

I was thankful then that we carried 3700 tons of grain, for I would have hated to see the fancy yawing and rolling that would have taken place had we been in ballast. The least we could then expect would be that the masts would roll right out of her. As it was, deeply laden, it required two men at the wheel.

By February 17 we had run approximately 1800 miles—and the 12:30 ex-meridian altitude fixed our latitude as 49° 54' S, which when crossed with our longitude of 170° 33' W, put us about 300 miles south of Dunedin in New Zealand.

The wind blew hard between fierce squalls. Lead colored clouds raced after each other from astern, each spilling heavy rain. The moan of wind in the rigging rose gradually to a high, steady shriek. The seas built up to a reckoned three waves to the mile.

It was without doubt the hardest blow that any of us, including Captain Hagerstrand, had ever gone through on *Viking*. Under such conditions it wasn't long before we discovered just how rotten were the gaskets in the portholes, how poorly the messroom skylight closed, and how a number of other places that had previously been thought watertight could spout salt water. My bunk was not unlike a trout stream without the trout. Water from the porthole flowed freely through it.

I often wonder why it was that there were so many things that nothing could be done about on sailing ships. If there were head winds, calms, heavy seas, or rain, nothing could be done about them. But if the lookout fell asleep or the helmsman got off his course, there were all sorts of things that could be done about that. Cleaning out the pippen or washing down the "head" were

She steers easily enough in light weather, when running before a gale, two men, or even four, are sometimes required at the shuddering wheel to prevent the ship from broaching to.

the mate's favorite remedies. There was always plenty to do to keep the two watches of nine men each busy.

No one who has not lived on hardtack for a lengthy period can imagine what it means to have a little change from that monotonous diet once in a while. Each week we ate the same sort of food. The menu was a standing one that served us week in and week out: on Mondays it was always salt horse; each Tuesday saw the bully beef broached; on Wednesdays the cook never failed to produce the most atrocious hash; and so on. Barring spirits, few ship's stores ever improve with age.

Curse That Ship Chandler!

So one day I decided to give myself a treat and open some of the provisions I had bought from the ship chandler in Port Victoria. Probing into my locker, I drew forth a pregnant-looking can of beans. As soon as I stuck a can opener through the top my worst fears were confirmed. The contents were utterly foul and mildewed. It was the same with the other cans of fruits and vegetables I had bought.

Oh, if only I could have laid my hands on the man who sold me that stuff! Knowing I would be far away when I opened them, he must have felt quite safe in loading all his condemned cans onto me. Still, it's a common trick, and many a ship's crew has half starved while a ship chandler has grown fat ashore.

My spirits were somewhat revived, though, when the captain was more generous this day with his allowance of rum for the fo'c'sle. But it was without doubt the strongest and strangest vintage I had ever had the misfortune to sample. I can well remember the sensation of having swallowed a blow torch when first I tasted *Viking* gin. And as for *Viking* rum, swallowing it produced

the same effect as inhaling a burning oil well.

Later in the day, after I had slept off its effects, I heard the two boys who had been at the wheel the previous watch report the course to the mate. One of them gave a course two points below the other's.

"And vat has happened to de veel, eh?" the Finnish mate inquired. "Did you broke it, hey?"

We noticed a great many albatrosses following the ship; and as *Viking* was nearly becalmed, we decided to ignore the moral of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." In a short time several of the boys caught four big birds and applied a hammer to their skulls. They spent the rest of the watch trying to make tobacco pouches out of the feet, pipe stems of the wing bones. Never was I more reluctant to start any job than when it came to killing the albatross I had caught. In the end, I let mine go, launching him into the air again, for these great birds have difficulty in taking off from a flat surface. Once was enough for the others too. Never, they agreed, would they ever catch and kill these magnificent birds again.

That evening we were warned to keep a sharp lookout for icebergs. Had the moon been out, there might have been some worth in this advice; but pitch dark as it was, we could not possibly have seen a 'berg before it was at our bowsprit end.

International Date Line

We had been anticipating the crossing of the International Date Line. If we could have managed that on a Sunday, we would have had two Sundays, and that would have meant an extra day off. But on the day following the albatross episode, baffling light airs came on again to retard our progress. And instead of an extra day off, we crossed the line on a Monday and had an extra working day to tolerate, a working

day spent mostly in squaring and bracing up the yards. For the fair breeze that had carried us through the zone in which we had expected to encounter ice soon died out and left us lurching in an oily swell made gloomier by the dismal clouds and rain.

On February 23 the glass began to fall steadily while a very disturbed cross-sea made up. During the entire morning the spanker, cross jack, main and lee side of the foresail had been clewed up. The ship rolled jerkily all day, and seas often came aboard from port and starboard at the same time.

But it was at the wheel that we really felt the full impact of the troublesome weather. The shuddering wheel kicked so violently it nearly dragged our arms out of their sockets. Half the time it was impossible to tell whether the ship was making headway or sternway. And worst of all was the thought that in these latitudes we should have been scudding along before a fine gale of wind. I guess we shouldn't have killed those albatrosses after all.

I wondered how the other ships in the grain race were getting along. The *Herzogin Cecilie*—which had left two weeks ahead of us—should be well on her way to the Horn by now, despite a jury rudder her crew had been forced to rig after damage incurred in Adelaide.

Our noon position on the 24th was 168° 01', 49° 34' S. The Horn was still a long way off for us.

Again this day, the steering was tough. The puffy wind on our quarter made *Viking* head up and fall off with every shift. Luckily the wind worked farther aft late in the day and we were able to take in the spanker, making steering a good deal easier.

The boom on our spanker could not be paid off very far either to port or starboard, or an arrangement of davits would foul it. So when the wind was dead aft, the spanker was of little use and we invariably brailed it in. The fore and aft sails on a four-masted bark (or on any square-rigged vessel, for that matter) are of little use except when on the wind; then they do a great deal to steady the ship. If our staysail sheets, for instance, were let slack while *Viking* was running, the sails merely eased from side to side, so we always kept them sheeted home for their steadying effect . . .

A Good Wind at Last

We had a breeze before the night was out, and this time it held steady. Perhaps, I thought, we may yet do better than last year's passage of 122 days from Port Victoria to Queenstown.

By the following day we were running before a fine gale of wind. A full press of sail kept the backstays thrumming with the weight of wind in them, and the beautiful bone of white water in *Viking's* teeth was carried almost amidships by the exhilarat-

NO "HOLLOW LEGS"!

Boy Scouts' Vessel Loaded Extra Food — 630 on Way to Austria Will Have Plenty to Eat

The commissary department of Home Lines took no chances that the 630 American Boy Scouts going to the annual jamboree at Bad Ischl, Austria, on the line's *Argentina*, will go hungry.

In addition to normal stores for a twelve-day voyage to Italy, the ship was stocked with 2,500 gallons of ice cream, 2,000 gallons of fresh milk, 300 gallons of heavy cream, 35,000 bottles of soft drinks, 50,000 chocolate bars and 75,000 packages of various kinds of cookies, nuts, candies and snacks.

Traditional table wines were absent during the trip and in their place were huge jugs of milk. Auxiliary snack bars were set up about the ship and the regular bars were temporarily closed.

ing pace as we logged 23 knots hour after hour.

Before long, though, the seas built up again and we had to send two men to the wheel once more. The seas were not large but had a habit of breaking just as they rolled alongside, with the result that the decks were under water most of the day. The only help this gave to anyone was to the men washing down the pigpen; it saved them the labor of drawing water up over the side.

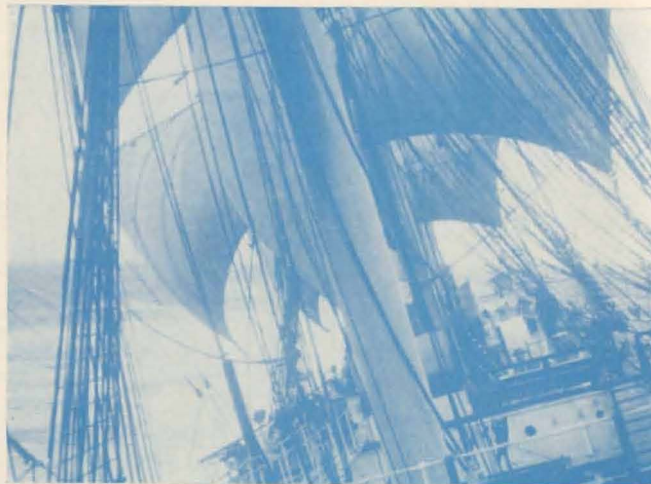
Another good point, of course, was that it prevented much work from being done in the icy air on deck. While I was given the task of cleaning the electric generator, a couple of men helped the sailmaker start work on a new royal. The rest of the watch sat below making baggy-wrinkle—rope yarn wraps sewn over shrouds and stays to prevent chafing of the sails.

All the light weather sails had by this time been repaired and were ready to be bent as soon as we got around the Horn to begin standing to the nor'ard for the lighter breezes of the Trades. That seemed a long way off.

Next morning, a sudden squall made it necessary to take in the royals. And as luck would have it, I was sent aloft with Herbert, a ham-fisted German apprentice, to take in the brand-new and very stiff main royal. Though Herbert and I got along nicely on deck, we had never been able to do much work when together aloft. We had just about as much chance of getting any place as a racing shell in which half the oarsmen pull ahead and the other half pull astern.

The captain, observing our lost motion, called me aside after we had returned to the deck and offered to place a bet that he could make a royal fast with one hand tied behind his back while Herbert and I were making one fast together. I refused to accept this challenge, for I had found on

With straining tacks and sheets, the ship runs heavily before a gale. Often, she had to fight for her head as the press of sail buried her bow. But always she came through to sail on.



numerous other occasions that the captain always won. His betting acumen was uncanny.

For several days thereafter, the weather was so bad that I was unable to type my log. During this period, our best day's run was 264 miles.

Water Waist High

The wind was abeam most of the time but would shift to the quarter occasionally; the sea was not only very high and steep but also very swift. We were lucky not to have had the water more than waist high on the poop deck. I am well over six feet tall, and I managed to keep my nose above the green water most of the time; but I often wondered how it was that one or two of the other boys, who were not much higher than my waist, got by without a diver's suit. Remarkable fellows, those Finns!

While I was at the wheel with one of the boys during the afternoon watch, a huge sea struck *Viking* squarely amidships on the starboard side. All I remember was that for a moment there was an ominous hollow gurgling—and then the water was over our heads. After the deck cleared, we found ourselves still at the wheel. That sea soaked everything up to the main yard, 27 feet above the deck.

The foc's'le of a Cape Horn sailer is a miserable place in heavy weather. And after our skylight burst open and the seas flooded the messroom, the cold and damp became almost unbearable. There was none of the steam heating or air conditioning which make up part of the luxurious life aboard a steamship. So after several days of enduring the cold and wet, we brought out the old-fashioned stove and fired it up. On the first day of its operation, great clouds of

smoke billowed out with each succeeding roll of the ship. The quantity of smoke that had no outlet from the foc's'le offset the benefits of warmth to such an extent that a lot of diplomacy was needed to keep certain members of the crew from disposing of the stove. The vast space surrounding the ship is always handy for quick disposal of anything no longer desired on board! Later, however, our ingenious donkeyman installed a new smokehead of his own design, and that solved the problem.

"Wet, Cold, Overworked"

After a solid month of drizzling rain and heavy weather, we often wondered where this "romance of the sea" stuff came from. We had been wet, cold and overworked a whole month. And for all we knew, the worst was yet to come. Yet even in the midst of it all, I could not bring myself to hope for fair weather around the Horn. I wanted it to blow, not only so we could make a faster passage, but also because I wanted to round the Horn in real blue water style.

On March 10 the sun appeared for the first time in a month and began to dry our decks. But at dusk again, the clouds moved up and the glass began to fall. Nothing came of this warning, however, for we were almost becalmed all night. The low pressure area passed on without a gale to blow us around the Horn.

I told the captain how disappointed I was that we should be having so easy a passage through these latitudes of renowned treachery. He advised me to wait a bit and not wish for too much wind, as I might yet get more than I was looking for. It was quite evident that he had other ideas of amusement than being continually buffeted by strong winds, gales and heavy seas. I couldn't blame him, for he had had his share of heavy weather during his thirty-odd years at sea.

"Wretched Oilskins"

While mending my oilskins on the afternoon of March 12, it occurred to me that no better system of punishment existed than being forced to live in these stiff, heavy garments. If I had my way, I'd compel all prisoners guilty of murder to spend the rest of their lives in oilskins.

Mine had torn while I was out on the main royal yard. There, the suspender straps of my trousers had parted and the wretched things had fallen to my knees, making it exceedingly precarious to step along the swaying footrope 178 feet above the deck; in the pitch darkness it was infuriating beyond all conception. However, I was able to slide down a backstay and make the deck safely without losing them.

Next day, the mate turned us to washing down the teak trim with caustic soda. Soon we were cursing as the strong caustic burned into our hands, inflaming the cracks and eating at the tough calluses we'd got from weeks of hard toil.

Though we often cursed—individually and together—each and every part of the ship, there was a strange and powerful force within us that always commanded a great devotion for *Viking*. It is the way with all true sailors. Doubtless that devotion was born of our utter dependence on her to bring us again to the land we had left. She fought gallantly through head winds and gales, struggled against towering seas that threatened to swallow her whole, and she always came through victorious.

During almost ninety per cent of the time spent on a sailing ship voyage such as this, the ship is far from assistance. *Viking's* failure to carry us through would have meant the end for us all. The sailing ship does not frequent the conventional trade routes used by steamers, but follows the path of the world's steady winds through the loneliest seas on earth.

"Tierra del Fuego—at Last"

We might have sighted Staten Island (Tierra del Fuego) on March 15 as we stood in to make our landfall after rounding the treacherous Horn, but the wind fell light as we came on deck for the morning watch. During the next four hours, *Viking* made only seven miles.

So it was not until the following day, exactly forty days from Port Victoria, that we first sighted land. It was Tierra del Fuego, a heavy black bank of threatening

clouds hanging over it, lying miles to the west of us.

On that day Captain Hagerstrand told me he had decided not to go around Cape Horn at all but instead to sail through the False Cape Horn Passage—a bitter disappointment for me.

However, his eyes twinkled as he spoke. A few minutes later I went to the chart house and checked our course. We had really rounded the small island seamen call Cape Stiff, better known as The Horn. The good captain had merely been pulling a young seaman's leg.

Viking's total time of 108 days from Port Victoria to Queenstown placed her seventh in the 1933 grain race. *Parma*, the winner, made it in 83 days with the *Pamir* next (92 days) and the *Pommern* third (98 days). *Herzogin Cecilie* was eleventh with a passage of 115 days. Slowest of the twenty ships in the race was the *Favell* (146 days).

By comparison, it is interesting to note that in 1885, the British clipper *Cutty Sark* made this same voyage in 73 days. There seems little doubt, however, that if the grain ship's owners could have afforded stunsails and all the other racing gear of the clippers, they might consistently have equaled the best passages of these earlier ships.

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VANISHED CONVOY

By Harold Willard Gleason

—Gone, all gone, those schooners with names like singing—
Thetis, Lavolta, Georgietta, Rosella and Leonore—
Far from the sheltering port that bred them winging
Out, to return no more . . .
Gone, too, the drudging tug that down the river
Squired them sturdily, surely into the turquoise bay,
Watched them spread sails and vanish—now, forever—
Out past the headland gray . . .
Yet sometimes on moonless nights when sea-mist, sweeping
Into the pine-fringed passage that leads to the rotting piers,
Blankets the town, a tugboat captain, sleeping,
Starts as he dreams he hears
Laughter and shouts of lads long turned to dust—
Eager, the voyage before them; enraptured at safe returning—
Rattle of rigging, creak of hawsers, and thrust
Of a tug's propeller churning . . .

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON
New York Herald Tribune

OF MOBY DICK, OF AHAB, AND OF MELVILLE

By Olga Hampel Briggs

"*Ahab never thinks; he only feels, feels, feels; that's tingling enough for mortal man!*"
There lived (you wrote) a Triton who forsook
Thinking for feeling, tingling; mortal man
He was not, who matched hate with none less than
The Great White Whale; no simpleton, who took
Such foe for wife, for child; yet who could love
(He said himself) tall ships as he loved men.
Though you were slow in speech and thought, your pen
Was held by an archangel when you strove
To tell this tale of terror, struggle, death;
Of puny man, of brittle ship, harpoon
That turned to putty when it struck; of sail
Rent, ribboned, by the gale . . . or by the breath
Of Ahab's enemy . . . whom all men soon
Must meet, must conquer; Moby Dick,
White Whale!

OLGA HAMPEL BRIGGS
New York Herald Tribune

This year marks the centenary of the publication of Moby Dick.



Painting the Ratlines



Photo by Dr. J. W. Schmidt, A.P.S.A.

ITALIAN NAVY TRAINING SHIP — The AMERIGO VESPUCCI salutes the Statue of Liberty on her recent visit to New York Harbor.

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

"I give and bequeath to **"Seamen's Church Institute of New York,"** a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words **"of New York"** are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.