

The LOOKOUT

SEPTEMBER 1958



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of NEW YORK



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore center for merchant seamen who are between ships in this great port. The largest organization of its kind in the world, the Institute combines the services of a modern hotel with a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational facilities needed by a profession that cannot share fully the important advantages of home and community life.

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and give the Institute its real value for seamen of all nations and all faiths who are away from home in New York.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.



The LOOKOUT

VOL. 49, No. 9

SEPTEMBER, 1958

Copyright 1958 by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. BOwling Green 9-2710

FRANKLIN E. VILAS
President

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.
Director

TOM BAAB
Editor

THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer

JANET CEGLEDY
Associate Editor

Published Monthly \$1.00 yearly 10c a copy

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and over include a year's subscription

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

THE COVER: In mid-Atlantic bound from Newport News to Bremen, G. van Deurs captured this view of seamen overhauling the standing rigging on the foremast of the German freighter **MV Herta Engilina Fritzen**.



Rear Admiral Henry C. Perkins, USCG, starts the IBM 305 calculator being used to calculate and update position data on merchant vessels in the North Atlantic. Commander Paul E. Burhorst, USCG, IBM representative Sari Ginsburg and USCG Quartermaster 1st Class Fred S. Soules, seated at console, look on.

Semper Paratus IBM

BY law and tradition, the U. S. Coast Guard is always prepared to aid any person, vessel or aircraft in distress, regardless of nationality, anywhere on or over the high seas. This aid is limited only by the facilities that are available to the U. S. Coast Guard, and on July 1 of this year the Coast Guard placed into effect a plan to improve these facilities.

To expedite its widespread search and rescue operation, a new ship reporting and plotting program known as AMVER (Atlantic Merchant Vessel Reporting System) has been devised. Although registered vessels of all nations are invited to take part in the program, the system is completely voluntary and has been planned so that there will be no cost to the vessels reporting. Information received will be made public only when necessary in an actual rescue case.

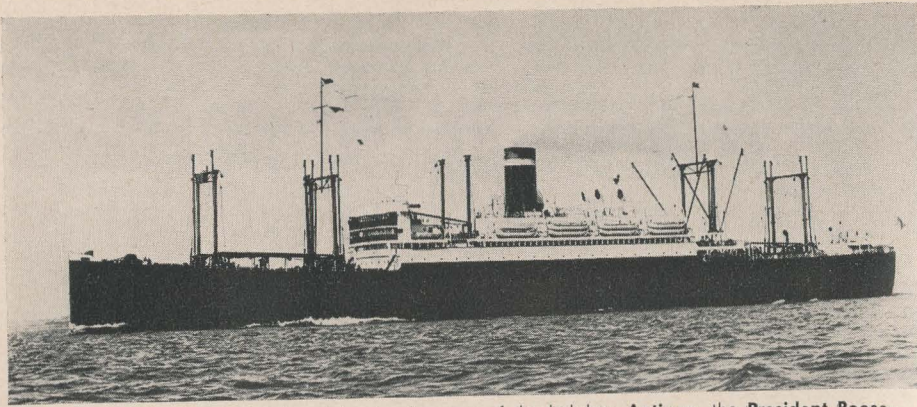
Under the new system, the North Atlantic Maritime Region (from roughly midpoint in the Atlantic to the U. S. coast, and from Labrador to the coast of South America, including the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico) has been divided at the 67th meridian into two search and rescue areas. Ships are requested to report upon entering this region, crossing from one area to another, and entering or leaving a harbor. The message will include position, speed, course, destination and expected time of arrival. Special reports are requested in case of unexpected change of course or

speed because of bad weather or any other reason.

When ship reports are received by the Coast Guard in New York, the information is punched into cards and fed into an IBM 305 computer for processing and storage. Once a day the IBM 305 automatically computes the dead reckoning position of each ship to update all ship positions. At the Coast Guard Rescue Control Centers, mammoth charts showing the positions of all merchant ships at sea at any given moment are maintained on the basis of the computer's daily updating. In addition, an IBM 63 Card-Controlled Tape Punch, reading information from cards produced by the computer, punches this data into telegraphic tape for automatic transmission on landline teletype circuits from Maine to Texas.

In case of emergency, the latitude and longitude of the ship in distress will be entered into the computer. The 305 will automatically determine which vessels are in the immediate and surrounding areas so the Coast Guard can advise the best situated and adapted ships for search and rescue operations.

With the system in full operation, the computer is expected to process and store location, course, speed, destination and other vital data on approximately 3,000 vessels. Permanent data on a total of some 10,000 vessels will be stored for immediate access when any one of them reports entry into the region.



In 1941, fifteen years after her determined rescue of the helpless *Antinoe*, the *President Roosevelt* went into the service of the U. S. Navy and was thereafter known as the *Joseph T. Bickman*. After World War II, she was sold and broken up.

Two for Twenty-five

VALOR is tradition with men of the sea, but for dogged courage, the *President Roosevelt's* rescue of the crew of the stricken *Antinoe* was something special. Although blinded by snow and at every moment threatened herself by the raging Atlantic, the *Roosevelt* tried, tried again, and yet again, her crew trading two lives to save the twenty-five on the *Antinoe*.

It was about 6 a.m. on Friday, January 24, 1926, when the tiny British tramp *Antinoe* shipped a brutal sea which caused her cargo grain to shift, carried away the entire starboard side of her bridge and put her steering gear out of commission. Under constant bombardment from a heavy North Atlantic winter sea, the men on the *Antinoe* waited for five long days and nights — for most of that time with rescue within sight and sound, but not reach.

In the Wake

... where tales of ships and men are recalled by Captain Ralph E. Crop-ley, Historian of the Marine Museum at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

The United States liner *President Roosevelt* caught her SOS on Saturday and hastened to her before nightfall, to begin a rescue operation that was to last three days, 20 hours and 22 minutes.

On arriving at the scene, the *Roosevelt* took up a position to windward of the stricken craft and began pumping over fuel oil to ease the stress of the seas on the *Antinoe*. The wind was force 10 — in excess of 60 mph. The risk was great that during the night the *Roosevelt* might drift down on the low-lying tramp. That she didn't is a tribute to her Captain Fried.

During Saturday night, however, the radio shack on the *Antinoe* was smashed, and she lost contact with the *Roosevelt*. It wasn't until 3:40 p.m. Sunday afternoon that George Fried was to find her in the snow storm. An attempt was soon made to reach the *Antinoe*, and it was during this first try that two of the *Roosevelt's* crew members were tragically lost. To quote from Captain's Fried's report:

"The weather moderated and I attempted to send a manned boat, No. 5, in charge of Chief Officer Miller. While it was being lowered, a vicious squall struck us. The sea proved too rough for the boat and the men were spilled out. All but two

managed to get back in it, covered with oil and exhausted. M. A. Whitnauer and Bos'n Mate Steiger didn't make it. They drifted down on the *Antinoe* and just missed being saved by lines thrown from her."

The weight of the weather increased before another boat attempt could be made. Captain Fried kept a searchlight trained on the *Antinoe* throughout Sunday night to prevent losing the radioless ship again.

Monday was another day of snow, sleet and gales. The *Roosevelt* tried to shoot a line across the tramp. Twelve shots — no luck. Captain Fried tried getting a line to her via floating casks. He even tried getting it over by letting a lifeboat drift down, only to lose a second lifeboat. Monday night Captain Fried tried three times to get a boat alongside the tramp, thereby losing a third boat.

Tuesday an improved method of firing the Lyle gun got a line across to the *Antinoe*. Her crew pulled over a heavier line with a boat attached. The line sud-

denly broke and No. 4 boat was lost.

At 7:50 p.m. the *Roosevelt* was maneuvered to within less than 100 yards windward. The fifth boat was set afloat, again in the charge of Chief Officer Miller. In the lee afforded by the liner, the boat reached the windward side of the *Antinoe*. While coping with the danger of the sea's smashing the boat against the tramp's side, Miller got twelve men off the *Antinoe* and back to the *Roosevelt*. But the fifth boat was so damaged in the process that it was just set adrift.

Miller put off again in boat No. 6 to make a try for the 13 men still on the tramp. Now there was a bright moon to help. He was able to pass under the stern of the *Antinoe* to get alongside in a lee. Once the thirteen men were safely in the boat, Miller drifted away and waited for the *Roosevelt* to maneuver to a favorable position for a pick up.

Within minutes No. 6 lifeboat was aboard the liner, and the *Roosevelt* roared a farewell to the *Antinoe*, leaving her to wait alone.

Mark December 4th on your calendar —

THE MAN IN THE DOG SUIT

Seamen's Church Institute Fall Theatre Benefit

A COMEDY

starring

JESSICA TANDY & HUME CRONYN

with a distinguished cast of supporting players

Coronet Theatre, 230 West 49th St.

Thursday Evening, December 4, 1958

Clifford D. Mallory, Jr., *Chairman, Benefit Committee*
Mrs. Clifford D. Mallory, Jr., *Chairman, Patroness Committee*

Watch the October LOOKOUT for information
on ticket reservations



Mrs. Grace T. Chapman, Executive Secretary of the Women's Council, coordinates the needles of women all across the country who produce the 11,000 sweaters, socks and other knit garments that go in the 7,000 Christmas boxes distributed annually by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

The 9th Month of Christmas

WE were at sea, and as all days at sea we were following the routine watches and schedules. But at dinner time, what a difference! Each man had at his place a Christmas package and all of us more than delighted. The day suddenly meant a great deal more than routine watches. It really had a meaning. Here was the evidence, gifts from unknown persons given only in the spirit of good will.

A TAX REMINDER

Remember that *actual* cost of gifts to a philanthropy is net cost after taxes. The Government is a silent partner in all such contributions. It shares the cost. And the higher your tax bracket, the bigger share the Government will bear.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK ARE TAX EXEMPT.

This paragraph from one of the many letters received by the Women's Council of the Seamen's Church Institute expresses what the Council's annual Christmas boxes mean to those who receive them — and to those who give them. In the Christmas Room on the fifth floor of the Institute, volunteers assisting the Council are beginning to pack and wrap the nearly 7,000 gift packages that will be distributed again this year on Christmas Day to merchant seamen away from home.

Beginning early in the year, thousands of women all over the country work independently and in groups knitting garments. (Last year, Miss Anne Young, who had organized her Claremont, California, neighborhood from the wheel chair to which she is confined, sent well over a hundred garments to the Institute.) Others contribute to the Council's "Wool Fund" or help defray the cost of "sailing the boxes" (about \$4.00 each).

In the spring, the Council's executive

secretary, Mrs. Grace T. Chapman, sets out with her mammoth Christmas list to select the other gifts to be included in the packages. She chooses gifts the seamen will use and enjoy, and, according to the letters received, the choice is right. Besides knitted garments (a sweater, scarf and cap, or two pairs of socks), this year's packages will contain a sewing kit, writing paper and pen, a game, a mirror, a flashlight with batteries, slippers, a box of hard candy and a book.

About mid-October the Institute's Ship Visitors begin delivering the packages to merchant ships scheduled to be at sea at Christmas. They bring a package for each man on board. Just before Christmas, packages are distributed to hospitalized seamen in the New York area. In addition, every seaman staying at the Institute on Christmas Eve receives a package. If the donor wishes, a signed Christmas card is included. The resulting thank you notes from seamen have been known to initiate long and rewarding correspondences.

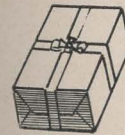
Wrote one man who had spent Christmas in Turkey: *The happiness shared by everyone on board at that moment when you conveyed the message of God to us through that gift has no comparison —*



A sweater — warm, useful, and best of all, unexpected.



except, perhaps, the happiness throughout the year of those who prepared the message to send.



In the Council's Christmas Room, volunteers individually gift wrap every item to go into the Christmas boxes.



The World of Ships

BLABBER-EARS

If you can get the lady's ear, she will tell you her age—that is, if the lady is a whale. Whereas most of the whale's body skin is shed and lost in the water during the seasonal moulting cycle, hair-like substances of the ear form a horn-shaped plug composed of concentric layers resembling the growth rings on a cross-section of a tree.

This age-determination method, now adopted by the United States, Britain, Scandinavia, the U.S.S.R. and Japan, was worked out by Peter E. Purves of the British Natural History Museum and announced in late July at the International Zoological Congress in London. It will provide new biological information for future international discussions about permissible rates of slaughter of the sea mammoths.

MULES WITH WHEELS

Putting ships on wheels is part of the process by which the newly-installed towing locomotives (mules) take vessels through the huge locks of the Panama Canal.

These new mules are the first change in the Canal's towing procedure since 1914. Heretofore, at each lock entrance, wires connected to locomotives on either lock wall were hauled aboard the ship, and she was towed through by two to ten mules, as required by the size of the vessel. Equal strain from both sides kept the ship in the center of the chamber.

The new mule simply swings out a long boom from which deck hands take the messenger lines and pull across cables. When these are fast, the mules (only four of which are needed for even the largest ship), operating on just one side of the lock, tow the ship ahead. An assembly of ordinary-looking tires is placed between the ship's hull and the lock wall to avert collision.

Horizontal movement of these wheels was, of course, no problem, but it was a

common puzzlement to see how they would get up and down. The twenty-acre lock wall has been coated with Plasite, a new plastic, which has made the wall slicker than glass. Thus the tires slide smoothly up and down despite any amount of pressure, accommodating all size ships at all water levels.

RADAR AND WHISTLES

Despite the recent hue and cry for compulsory radar training for all ships' officers, there is one harbor which probably wouldn't even notice if the most modern and complete radar equipment were installed and manned there tomorrow.

In the harbor of San Sebastian on the island of Gomera in the Canary Islands, messages can be relayed over distances up to and over three miles—by whistling. In their unique whistling language, fishermen whistle orders across the harbor, and never has a whistled order been misunderstood. The whole thing is done by phonetics, and never can port be mistaken for starboard, north is always north. Orders are whistled up from a pilot boat to the incoming vessel where a Gomeran translates the whistled orders for the benefit of the man at the wheel. The liner is guided as accurately as if it were led by the most modern nautical apparatus.

DIAL-A-MAP

Within the next two to three years, navigators the world over may be able to ascertain weather conditions simply by looking at a weather map picture similar to those familiar on home television screens.

Several vessels on the Atlantic have been equipped with a special radio facsimile recorder which picks up-to-date government maps out of the air, providing timely and accurate information on the sea and air around the ship. The charts are broadcast several times daily by the U.S. Navy.

At present merchantmen receive weather data by coded radio message which must be transcribed and plotted before being of value.

Though full evaluation of the experiments is still awaited, both the ships' officers and the special Weather Bureau officers travelling aboard the testing vessels are enthusiastic about the tremendous potential of the transmission.

CHARGE-A-CRUISE

The Federal Maritime Board has approved the first charge-a-cruise plan to be made available by an American steamship company. A traveler may take a Moore-McCormack Lines cruise, after a minimum down payment of 10% of the fare, the balance to be paid off over the next 20 months.

The plan was slated to take effect September 12 with the maiden voyage of the *Brasil*, first of the twin luxury liners being built for the run between New York and the east coast of South America.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Earlier this season, the Grace liner *Santa Rosa* tied up at the same pier with her shiny new namesake. A few days later she took the name of her soon-to-be-retired sistership, *Santa Paula*. But the old *Santa Paula* was still afloat; a new *Santa Paula* had already been launched; thus, the name shift resulted temporarily in there being three Grace *Santa Paulas* afloat.

SHIPS AND KANSAS

The Committee of American Steamship Lines has made public a survey showing that about one-third of the factory workers and farmers of the Kansas-Missouri area have an important economic stake in U. S. merchant shipping and foreign trade.

ANGLO-AMERICAN ANAGRAM

Behind every sailor who misses a ship there is a story. An English A. B. who missed his ship and spent two weeks at the Institute recently had one worth retelling.

It started back in England one dreamy evening as he was leafing through an American movie magazine. He got to thinking how nice it would be to know an American girl who had all the virtues of those pictured in the magazine. Whereupon he took a syllable from the names of several beauties and reassembled them into a name of his own making. Next he thought of a town, say Springfield, Ohio, and a street address.

He wrote a letter which the Springfield postman delivered to the only family by that name in town. Well, this family had a pretty young daughter who was simply enthralled by the romance of the sailor's letter. She wrote back. So did the English sailor, this time modifying the street address to conform with reality.

Not many months passed before the sailor's ship finally landed in New York, and he ran down the gangplank into Ohio, to see if the girl could really be as lovely as her pictures.

She was, and the next thing he knew, he had missed his ship.

SIXTY MILES

A shipyard which is about as far inland as possible in England has recently celebrated its hundredth anniversary. Richard Dunston, Ltd., at Thorne, near Doncaster, maintain a contact with the sea which is unusual, if not unique, for an inland town.

Originally the yard built wooden ships for work on the local inland waterways. Like so many shipyards, it developed from small wooden vessels to larger iron and steel ships. Today the Thorne yard has nine building berths and a drydock on the banks of the Sheffield and South Yorkshire Canal, some 60 miles from the sea.



The Sea Fights Back

THE vessel plows through a wet, white and grey world. From the lookout's post in the dancing bow, the scene is both magnificent and terrifying. Danger and violence dominate this strange setting; this world seemingly without end, that stretches some six hundred feet all around the wet black-hulled vessel. Beyond, all is lost in a pale white fog that betrays nothing of the distant coastline or of other vessels along our path. There is no sun, no sky, no more indication of height than of width or depth: we are as high as our masthead, as low as our keel.

Resenting our presence, the sea vents its rage against our hull, lashing us with flung waves and wrestling us all about to drive us away. Gladly would we go beyond this hemisphere of motion and danger, but we find it maintaining a speed constant to ours. Radio bearings have revealed the lightship off the Columbia River to be some seven miles away. Ships may be about, and for this reason I strain my eyes and ears listening for the whisper of a foghorn and hoping no towed barge or vessel will suddenly loom too close. We have no radar.

Off to starboard, on the lee, the great

blue-grey mountains rise and fall, undulating like restless masses of wet flesh and flipping their frantic myriad fingers of spray from their serrated backs. Sometimes they force themselves under the bows and raise us heavenward until they are no longer visible. As they roll back and away, we plunge downwards in a sickening sensation of helplessness, and I cling to the rail tensely. As we land solidly, I feel we have fallen into a dark valley; now the waves roll solidly above eye level. Our bow has caught some of the smaller waves too near and cut them in two, and in frustrated anger, they chop and slap away at our forefoot.

To port, the wind rides rampant, unhampered by the length of the ship; the long mountainous swells do her bidding, as if she were a trainer driving them through their paces. The stern appears partly swallowed at moments, whipping about in complete indifference to the bow's direction, while the ship twists from left to right, as if attempting to shake herself free. The sea dumps tons of live water along her outside passageway abeam. This water seeks escape and dashes itself against the bulwarks, frenzied, and tearing itself to shreds as it

shoots through the freeing ports and back to the sea. From a distance it must appear as though a ship bleeds when all this water gushes from her bulwarks. Off the starboard bow the swells are free and stretch some three hundred feet and more from end to end, their surface torn like a giant cheesecloth, leaving the smooth slopes covered with millions of blue squares outlined by white water. There is beauty and inspiration in these moments and, even in your misery, you feel respect and some friendship for the powers responsible.

Rain, spray, and fog have wet the vessel all over and she sounds her various notes of complaint. Blocks thump against booms and bulkheads; loose runners and rigging slither and roll through weaving blocks; lines lie crumpled on the wet deck; once neatly-piled spare hatchboards play "hide and seek" around the unsteady deck; heavy cargo chains leave their niches along the gunwales to slide thunderously back and forth with each excessive roll. Water, oil, minute debris of rags and lumber, rust particles, cans, and long-hidden bottles float and shift around on the dirty colorless deck. Midships the *Alamar's* name-board has crashed to the boat deck: several gear-box covers have gone with the wind, and ventilators around the stack lean and groan at the wind's buffeting.

Inside there is a situation bordering on both danger and humor. Crockery beats itself to pieces in the mess-halls and pantry, while in the galley the cooks attempt their best where one wrong move may mean a serious burn or at least a cold meal for the crew. In the fo'c's'les, books, clothing, and personal belongings clatter and fall on bunks or the deck, while less important objects such as buckets, chairs, and stools are left to roam at will. Some of the officers have been forced to lay their gear and possessions out on the deck, wedged in place as if ready for a military inspection; several expensive typewriters have already been smashed. Some men lie in their bunks, trying to remain horizontal, indifferent to the violent motion, and several even have the ability to sleep. Except for the engine

gang below, work has stopped and most men are gathered in the mess-hall, talking and joking—the immune teasing the more sensitive ones with stories of pork chops and of worse storms they have experienced.

Like all men who hang on the rim of a storm in thick fog and drizzling rain, I imagine things. Ships of fantasy often come and go, and one must guess at depth and height when there is only a white emptiness ahead. I've already seen the oncoming vessel but I wait another moment, straining my eyes to focus properly. The dark minute triangle appears again and there is no doubt now. I dash backwards over the hawse pipes and lines to ring the bell three times and warn the bridge. I turn to watch the wheelhouse for a second and see the mate wave acknowledgement. Across our bows, less than a mile away on the edge of our world, the long dark intruder crawls to port, his antenna-like masts and rigging now visible. Our engines shudder and strain to hold us still. I immediately recognize her as a "Liberty," loaded to the mast-house tops with orange-yellow lumber. Heading across the swells to



westward, she bucks the heavy water barrier, breaking her way as the relentless seas smash against her low black bows. Clear of us now, she turns slowly onto a course parallel to ours and blows her whistle. I hear it, as well as see it by the fluttering puff of steam at her stack. Her dull, wind-torn whisper is a sign of recognition and of welcomed friendship.

Seas have started breaking over No. 3 hatch as the winds shift to the west. I'm ordered off the bow; lookout will be maintained on the wing of the bridge. Performing a Charley Chaplin-like dance, I attempt to walk aft by clinging to the rail one moment, then sliding over to the hatch coaming to crawl a few feet farther; finally skidding down the sloping deck to dash along the starboard passageway to safety.

I'm at the wheel now as the spray-whipped windows bulge and clatter against their wooden frames. Some rain and spray filters through the open window where the mate looks over the miserable scene. The lookout clings to the rail by the wheelhouse steps, much like a sick tightrope performer on a loosened wire. The captain leans spread-eagled against another window, observing the elements that challenge him. The barometer has only slightly indicated some moderation of the weather. If the winds keep up their maddening power, there is little hope that the lightly loaded vessel will maneuver once he attempts to go eastward. Now is the moment of decision. New radio bearings tell us that if we continue farther north, we will miss the tide at the bar. If we don't turn now it will mean staying out here all night long, and so, "full steam ahead" is ordered. All the power sixty revolutions a minute can give the *Alamar* is summoned. I am ordered to put the wheel over hard left. We will turn all the way from north to west, and then on to an easterly course, attempting to make progress by bucking the seas at a right angle.

She starts to surge slowly to port, slipping a degree or two momentarily, then skidding down the outer slope of a swell as the gyro numbers indicate the swift change of course. In the grip of the swell the ship wallows about, as the screw digs deep to bring her through this deep ravine of tur-

bulent water. The gyro shudders on its post, clicking off the passing degrees, while the larger magnetic compass flips all around under its alcohol filled bowl, its degrees wildly trailing behind the gyro's. The inclinometer swings from twenty to thirty degrees at times to indicate the degree of roll.

Every ten degrees I call off the course to the captain, and finally the ship staggers around to the point where the powerful wind pushes against the starboard beam. The wind is now her unwilling ally, and she races around to her appointed course. The long, white-haired swells loom across her path. At 120°, I attempt to lock her on the course and we wait to see what she will do up against these monstrous enemies.

Like a maddened mare she surges slowly forward, smashing her foam-bathed bows against the thundering slopes, trying to beat them down by sheer weight alone. The sea fights back, mustering full strength, while the wind leans with savage velocity against her starboard beam in a continual broadside of power. The bow weaves upwards, then smashes down; the stern lifts into open air, leaving the exposed screw and rudder to flail and hang uselessly in spray-laden air. Hopelessly caught in this devilish "teeter-totter", she loses power, and steering becomes impossible. The revolution indicator jumps from 40 RPM's as the stern digs deeply, then whirls on to 100 RPM's as the propeller is caught whirling in emptiness, using her power senselessly. With the wheel held "hard right," she gives up like a wounded animal and falls to the left, hopelessly victimized by the snarling wind and victorious sea. Several times she pounds down viciously, trembling through her steel flesh from keel to stack, shaking groaning, and creaking in painful protest at the futile struggle. The wheel is now a useless ornament: there is no control.

The captain orders me to let her run back north onto her original course. We haven't gained a foot and we must go with the storm, riding it out as well as we can. We will be back tomorrow, weather permitting, and try again.

BY NORMAN MAFFEI



Deep-Sea Trip Ticket

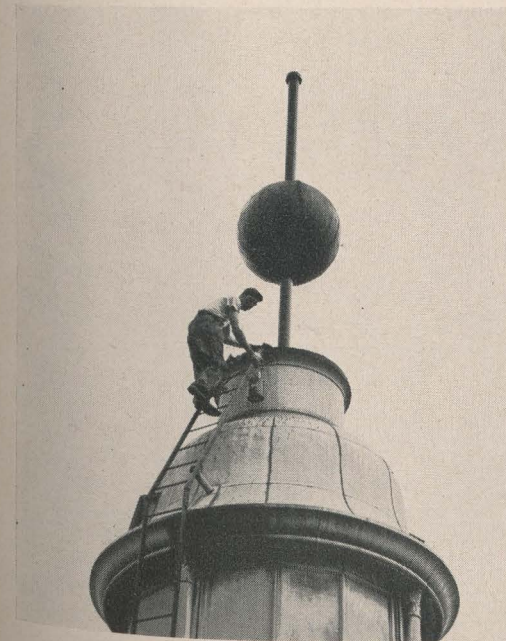
The Seamen's Church Institute of New York plans to "mail" bottle-messages that will give visitors to the 59th General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A. (Miami, October 5-17) a chance to win for their rector a trip to New York for a week-long visit at the Institute, which is sponsored by the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York.

At the Institute's convention booth in the Deauville Hotel in Miami, visitors will simply sign a standard bottle-message, instructing the finder to return it to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. These messages will all be cast adrift at the same time in mid-Atlantic, and the first message to be returned will become an all-expense ticket to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York for the Episcopal rector of the parishioner who mailed the message.

In announcing the bottle-message mailings, the shore center's director, Dr. Ray-

mond S. Hall, said, "The work of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York has a scope far beyond its home city. We draw support from people of all faiths all over America to offer a program that benefits the lives of seafarers all over the globe. We hope these bottle messages will help to focus attention on our program and we look forward to having the clergyman who visits us take back to his diocese a first-hand report on the many services performed here by the Church for men of the sea."

The Institute has had previous experience in mailing bottle-messages in the Atlantic between New York and England, through the cooperation of steamship companies. Ten percent of such messages are usually returned, after drifting six months or longer in the Gulf Stream to reach shore in the British Isles or Northern Europe. The four-inch bottles used by the Institute for mailing messages are donated by the Foster-Forbes Glass Company.



HICKORY DICKORY DROP: The workman atop the Titanic Memorial Tower of the Seamen's Church Institute has just been repairing the cables supporting the only functioning timeball in New York City. At 11:45 a.m. daily, the timeball is cranked into position by hand. Exactly at noon, a telegraphic signal from the National Observatory in Arlington, Va., releases the magnet which holds the 4-foot ball in place, and it drops to rest its 300 pounds in a steel cup at the base of the pole.

Originally used in pre-radio days by ships in port to check their chronometers, a malfunctioning of the timeball today arouses most concern among office workers in the Wall Street district overlooking the Institute, and on a clear day, among observers from the Hotel St. George across the East River in Brooklyn.



Book Watch

THE SECOND MAYFLOWER ADVENTURE

Warwick Charlton

Little, Brown & Co., \$4.95, *illustrated*

Like many Englishmen of his generation, Warwick Charlton had achieved profound and understanding friendship with Americans with whom he had lived, worked and fought during World War II. After reading the engrossing journal of William Bradford, who had sailed to America on the *Mayflower* and was elected governor of the Pilgrim community at Plymouth, Mr. Charlton conceived of building and sailing *Mayflower II* as a measure of friendship between English and Americans, apart from politics, economics or international exigencies.

This is the official account of the planning and financing of the project and the building of the ship, followed by a moving day-by-day journal of the 55-day voyage across the Atlantic and of the enthusiastic welcome in America. An extensive appendix contains the design for *Mayflower II*.

RIVERS, MAN AND MYTHS

Robert Brittain

Doubleday & Co., \$4.50, *illustrated*

"Men live with and near rivers through their own audacity and always at their peril," says Robert Brittain in this story of rivers and their influence on history. Tracing the civilizations of man in terms of their dependence on rivers, the author emphasizes man's adjustment to rivers' mysterious and unpredictable giving and taking.

Essential at first only for drinking water, rivers were quickly sought to supply food fish; water for bathing and for cooling fevers; as the means of irrigation, to pro-

duce agricultural increase sufficient to support urban areas, and finally as a seemingly endless source of power. These developments are recounted with many of the historical and mythical stories associated with them.

Mr. Brittain, unfortunately, neglects to differentiate between man's need for water and his reliance on rivers. Bearing this pro-river bias in mind, however, the reader will probably find this book enjoyable light scientific fare.

LAST VOYAGE

Warren Armstrong

John Day Company, \$3.50

After a chapter recounting tales of mysteriously lost ships and some of the "hoodoos" famous among seamen, Mr. Armstrong plunges into nearly a score of hair-raising stories of famous shipwrecks and disasters at sea.

A twice-shipwrecked ex-seafaring man, the author conveys vividly the sailor's awe of the mysterious things which sometimes happen along the sea lanes.

KICKING CANVAS

Captain A. A. Bestic

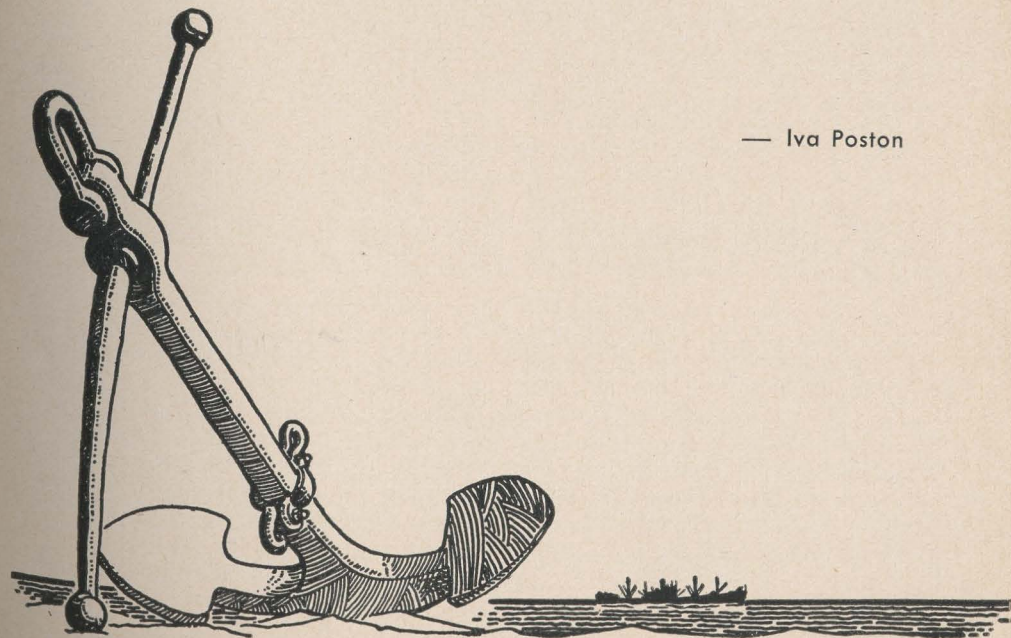
E. P. Dutton & Co., \$4.50

In this nostalgic record of his first sea voyage 50 years ago, Captain Bestic relives the fears, enthusiasms and excitement of a boy apprenticed to the sea. The passage was memorable in itself, for the *Denbigh Castle* endured 253 days at sea during only the first leg of her journey; was nearly shipwrecked; suffered a small mutiny, and was burdened with a blustering, cowardly stowaway. Young Bestic enjoyed his first experience under square-rigged sails, and Captain Bestic recaptures that enjoyment for the reader.

OLD SHIPS AGROUND

Old ships aground off some forsaken reef
Take in new life when seas run strong and full.
And it is almost strange beyond belief
The way those ancient vessels heave and pull:
Old ships that took the oceans in their stride
And raced the screaming windstorms, neck and neck;
Old boats that roared with laughter of the tide,
As billows tossed and foamed across the deck.
Year after year the old boats strain to lift
The burden of the sea that holds them fast;
Yet sands deep in their holds will never shift,
Nor ocean-rust fall clear of hull and mast.
Far better that old ships be torn and scrapped
Than stand aground, and be forever trapped.

— Iva Poston



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Honorary President

RT. REV. HORACE W. B. DONEGAN, D.D.

President

FRANKLIN E. VILAS

Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

Clerical Vice-Presidents

REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.
REV. FREDERICK BURGESS
RT. REV. CHARLES K. GILBERT, D.D.
REV. JOHN HEUSS, D.D.

REV. ARTHUR L. KINSOLVING, D.D.
REV. JOHN E. LARGE, D.D.
REV. JOHN M. MULLIGAN
REV. LOUIS W. PITT, D.D.

Lay Vice-Presidents

GERALD A. BRAMWELL
HARRY FORSYTH

THOMAS ROBERTS
ORME WILSON

Secretary and Treasurer

THOMAS ROBERTS

Assistant Secretary, GORDON FEAREY

Assistant Treasurer, BENJAMIN STRONG, JR.

WILLIAM ARMOUR
EDWARD J. BARBER
REGINALD R. BELKNAP
GORDON KNOX BELL, JR.
CHARLES W. BOWRING, JR.
CHARLES B. BRADLEY
CLIFFORD M. CARVER
LLOYD H. DALZELL
DAVID W. DEVENS
MARSHALL DODGE
CHARLES E. DUNLAP
CALVIN T. DURGIN
DE COURSEY FALES
F. RICHARDS FORD
ARTHUR Z. GRAY

FRANK GULDEN
CHARLES S. HAIGHT
GERARD HALLOCK
LEONARD D. HENRY
THOMAS L. HIGGINSON
OLIVER ISELIN
ELLIS KNOWLES
LAMAR RICHARD LEAHY
CLIFFORD D. MALLORY, JR.
RICHARD H. MANSFIELD
W. LAWRENCE McLANE
CHARLES MERZ
CLARENCE F. MICHALIS
GEORGE P. MONTGOMERY
JOHN LEWIS MONTGOMERY
JOHN P. MORGAN, II

JOHN H. G. PELL
WALTER B. POTTS
PAUL RENSCHAW
JOHN S. ROGERS
WILLIAM D. RYAN
CHARLES E. SALTZMAN
JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN
THOMAS A. SCOTT
HERBERT L. SEWARD
BENJAMIN H. TRASK
ALEXANDER O. VIOTOR
FRANK W. WARBURTON
EDWARD K. WARREN
DAVID P. H. WATSON
GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

Honorary Members of the Institute

JOHN MASEFIELD

T. ASHLEY SPARKS

DIRECTOR

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.

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 suggest 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.