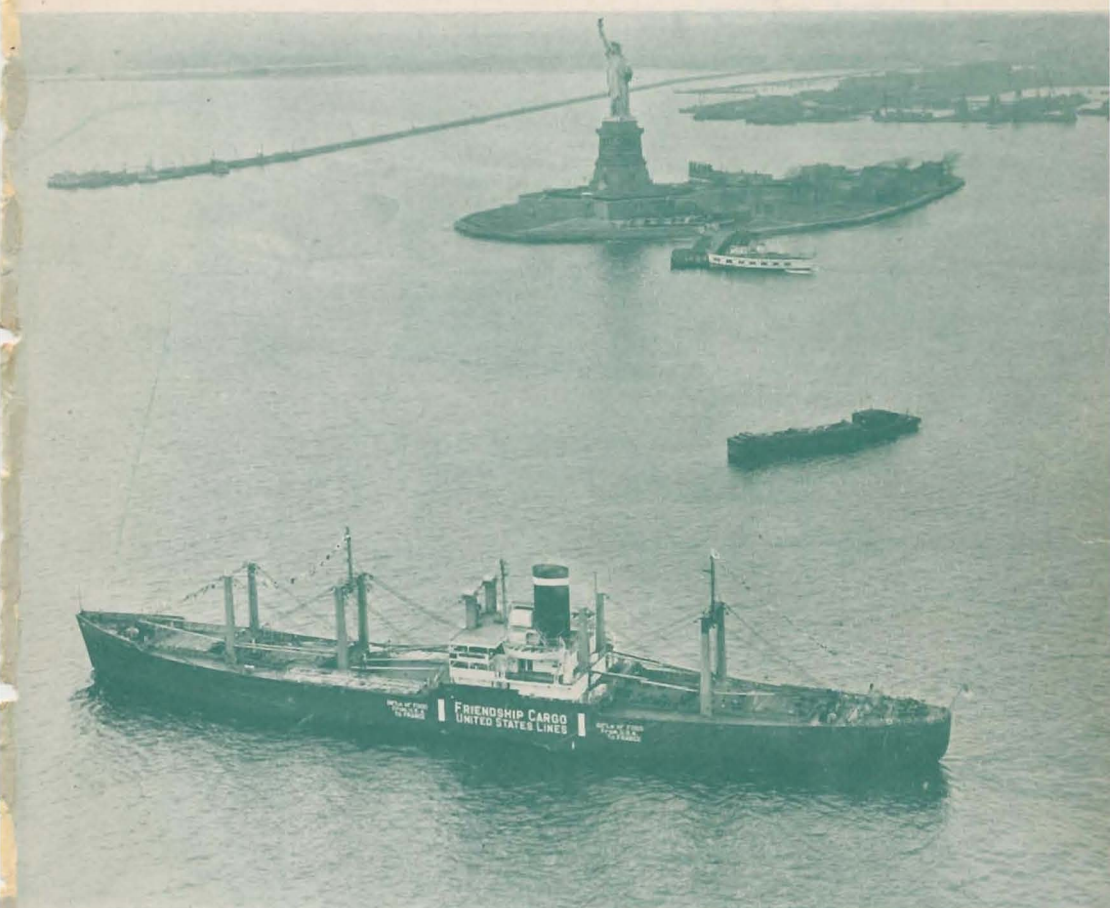


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LOOKOUT



*Daily News Photo, Courtesy United States Lines*

FRIENDSHIP TRAIN CARGO IS CARRIED ABROAD BY AMERICAN SHIP

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXIX

January, 1948

No. 1

## Sanctuary

Almighty God, who has given us this good land for our heritage, we humbly beseech thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of thy favour and glad to do thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound judgment, and devotion to our democratic ideals. Save us from violence, discord, and confusion. . . . Defend our liberties, and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues.



## The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIX, JANUARY 1948

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THIS MONTH'S COVER shows the C-2 "American Leader" sailing for France with eight million pounds of food as a gift of the American people from coast to coast. The food was brought to the Port of New York on the Friendship Train. 32-year-old Capt. Allan C. Smithies, who came to the U. S. Lines as a cadet, is in command of the cargo liner "American Leader."

# The Lookout

VOL. XXXIX

JANUARY, 1948

NUMBER 1

## *My Favorite Port of Call*

By Capt. Gordon H. Messegee

1st PRIZE WINNER IN ESSAY CONTEST

Dear NEW YORK:

... Someone asked me which was my favorite port. I told him it was you. He was surprised and disappointed for he didn't think you were romantic enough. He had expected me to say Shanghai or Singapore or some place like that.

I told him that you had more romance in one block than has the entire colorful dirty veil that fails to hide the outstretched begging hands, the hopeless staring eyes, the unlistened-to wailing, the whole terrible futility of the Orient.

Romance needs freedom to grow. You give it that freedom, New York. In one of your blocks thousands of free people live, and along the street on one side alone there are twenty shops owned by people of ten different nationalities.

Your people have a chance. Their future, the unlimited, unpredictable

thought of what they may become, the mass of things they may create or the links of the new life they may start, that, New York, is romance to me.

You were not my favorite port when I first met you. You frightened me then, and I hated you. I ran from you until I could run no more and I turned and faced you. Then for the first time I saw you as you really were.

You were no longer a cruel heedless, madly rushing giant. You were an immensely strong, terribly efficient, fearless giant, who knew where he was going and had no time to waste. And you hadn't forgotten how to be kind, to be tolerant, to love. In a hundred different things you raced and led the world and you knew it. You gripped me and I felt myself carried along and I ran with you.



Photo by Lawrence Thornton

I saw that your face was more than the brilliancy of Times Square, the green of your parks in summer, the busy streets, the ragged sharpness of your skyline, your sad, dingy buildings or your grandly aloof towers.

It was thousands of masks in the subway cars and millions of smiling faces welcoming and welcomed home. It was suntanned faces fleeing from a summer shower and the same faces in winter, pale white, pushing bravely through the cold. It was a river of faces, happy, sad, angry, blank, each competing, restless, individual, moving by like waves.

I listened to your voice and it no longer annoyed and alarmed me. It was the deep continuous solid sound of buses, cabs, trucks and the roar of the subway, the slither, scrape, tap and bounce of happy, sad, tired, busy feet, a baby crying, newsboys, a ship's whistle, a siren in the night.

Grand as you were, New York, you were no God. For there were countless little things about you, good, bad, humorous, pathetic, colorful, that made you human, as cities go.

In the summer, a drunk and an empty bottle lying in a doorway near the Third Avenue El, an organ-grinder in the Village and behind him the blare of a juke-box and a sign harshly flashing "Television," the concert in the Mall and the beauty of night in Central Park, watermelon sold on the streets, and kids cooling off by a fire-hydrant.

And in the winter a Christmas tree at Rockefeller Plaza, inches of dirty slush on West Street; skaters on the little lake at the south end of Central Park, a well-dressed man, a ragged boy, a pretty girl, and a cop on skates; hungry birds and hungry people, and the snow falling hard. And always there was something of the sea about you. I felt it in your permanence, your movement, your immensity; its smell was in your



*Original drawing by O. Stoltenberg*

air. Its men walked your streets and the long line of its masts and funnels, clean and erect, reached above your piers and surrounded you.

I haven't time to go on, New York, so I'll just say "Thanks."

Thanks, New York, for your closeness that makes people of every race and nationality see each other and seeing, realize that each is an individual and all are human beings.

Thanks for your speed that gives the cancer of prejudice and intolerance but little chance to get a grip and grow.

Thanks for being the dream, the hope, the refuge for people from all over the world.

Thanks for your churches, charities, schools, hospitals, and hundreds of places of recreation open to all.

Thanks for setting your standards high, for being quick in your criticism and slow in your praise, for letting me know how little I am, how hard I must work, how far I have to go.

Thank you, New York, for being what you are. An unequalled leader, challenging, demanding, often hard, sometimes kind, never pitying, always magnificent and alone.

With sincere respect and affection,

GORDON

## *Passing of Cape Horn Sail Fleets Marked in Aaland Islander's End*

By Alan Villiers

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"Viking"

*O. Stoltenberg*

The Viking, one of Capt. Erikson's cargo-carrying windjammers.

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"Winterhude"

O. Stoltenberg

Three-masted barque built in 1898 and used in the Australian grain trade.

(These two paintings were recently donated to the Institute by the artist.)

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### NEW VICE CONSULS STAY AT 25 SOUTH ST.

When a class of 51 new vice consuls came to New York to complete their training for service abroad by observing and conferring with immigration, commerce, travel, and maritime officials, a group of them stayed at the Institute. They talked with merchant seamen so as to learn of their duties and problems. They visited three ships in company with shipping commissioners to watch the signing off of the merchant crews and the signing on of others.

Arriving in New York in two separate groups, the "class" represents the largest ever to be sent by the State Department into the foreign field. Under this study plan the new vice consuls are expected to prove themselves well qualified to handle the increasingly complicated affairs of American commerce, shipping and travel.

### THANKS FOR OPERA TICKETS

Dear Lookout Editor:

To that very generous-hearted patroness of the Seamen's Church Institute who desires to remain anonymous, I desire to express my very deep appreciation for the privilege of being one of those able to take advantage of her very kind offer of a free ticket to a concert of the New York City Symphonic Orchestra at the Civic Auditorium.

Having studied elementary harmony, I found the concert highly interesting with various rhythmic outlines expressed. Also the various counter melodies, modulations which "bridge" the various key changes, also key changes from major to minor and back again. The music style was a pleasant mixture of Jewish and modern. The conductor was very interesting to watch.

I hope you will print this so that the donor may see it. P. WYCKOFF

### TWO SHIPS AGROUND IN GULF COAST STORM

MOBILE, Ala. — Two freighters ran aground in Mobile Bay and a 43-foot cruiser with nine persons aboard was lost more than ten hours as a tropical storm lashed at the Gulf Coast.

The outbound *SS Raphael Semmes*, first of the vessels to run into trouble, was refloated by three tugs after several hours of work.

## My Favorite Port of Call — Hapsalu

By Capt. S. M. Riis

2nd PRIZE WINNER IN ESSAY CONTEST

MY favorite spot is comparatively unknown among the ports of the world. It has no glamour nor any night spots. Not many ships come to this insignificant little harbor town on the shores of the Baltic sea. It is called *Hapsalu*. I am sure very few sailors ever heard of it.

Yet, to me, it is not only the most beautiful port in the world, but lives in my memory as no other port ever has.

It was in my early youth, when I first chanced to land in Hapsalu. I was then just an ordinary seaman. My ship had put in for shelter and repairs after having been buffeted for days in a raging storm.

It was June. I shall never forget the simple, wholehearted hospitality of these Baltic peasants, their little white-painted clean homes . . . each with flowers and a fruit garden . . .

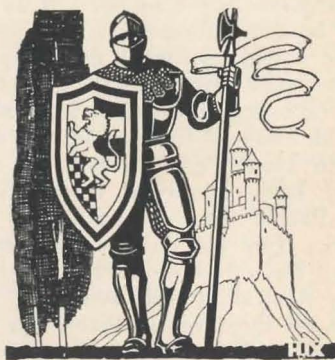
The town and port of Hapsalu had been founded by the Knights of the Cross, some eight centuries before. Later on, it became one of the important trading ports of the Hansa League.

One of the baronial Knights of the Cross had built for himself a great fortress-castle there, of which only ruins now remained.

Every year, when the lilacs bloomed, the native maidens gathered by these ruins on a certain night in June, when the full moon was out, and watched the play of the shadows along the towering walls of the rambling old structure.

I had heard about this strange gathering of the maidens at midnight, so I determined to watch them. The fifty-odd maidens wore their colorful native blouses and short skirts. All had lilacs in their hair. All looked alike in the semi-darkness.

According to local legend, the



maiden who, on this June night, saw a fluttering shadowy figure of a lady floating above the ruins, would marry during the year.

The shadowy apparition represented the only daughter of a great baron who once had ruled the countryside and who had occupied the castle. The baron's daughter — says the legend — had disappeared one night in June and had never been seen or heard of again.

As I stood there among the Hapsalu maidens, that night in June, in the moonlight, in the shadows of the ruins, suddenly one of the maidens kissed me on the cheek and exclaimed, "I have seen her. I shall be married before the year is over."

Then, realizing that in a burst of happiness she had kissed a stranger, she handed me a bunch of lilacs and asked me, "What is your name?" I answered, "Thomas." It was not my name. I do not know why at the moment I called myself Thomas.

Then she whispered, "My name is Anna," and disappeared in the shadows of the ruins.

Next morning the repairs having been completed, our ship once again put to sea. Most of the maidens were at the dock to see us off. I wondered which one was Anna.

Years passed. I still followed the sea. I met many maidens in many lands, but I could not erase Anna from my memory. Though I could not exactly picture her face, there was something strange about our brief encounter. I felt as if I knew her intimately.

Thirty years had gone by since that memorable kiss from Anna in the dark. It was again June. I chanced again to visit Hapsalu. I was once again with the maidens by the ruins. I inquired about Anna. I learned that she had never married, because she had been waiting for a sailor named Thomas. I was told that a year ago she had died of a broken heart and had been buried in a little cemetery by the castle ruins.

Her last simple wish had been that when Thomas came back, he was to place lilacs on her grave.

Outside the Harbor Master's office I found a weather beaten notice. It read: —

"A sailor who calls himself Thomas is herewith ordered to place lilacs every year in season upon the grave of Anna." The notice was signed by the Harbor Master and dated June, 19—.

When I walked over to Anna's grave with lilacs in my hand, I found many bunches of lilacs already there. All had pieces of paper attached, which read, — "FROM THOMAS."

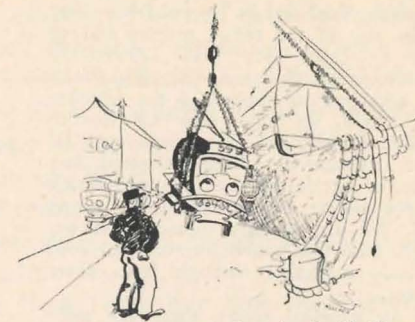
On a little stone cross over the grave there was a simple inscription — "FROM THOMAS TO ANNA."

### MORGAN'S YACHT CORSAIR NOW PACIFIC CRUISE SHIP

The former pleasure yacht *Corsair*, built in 1930 for the late J. P. Morgan at a cost of more than \$2,000,000, has begun commercial operations as a West Coast cruise ship. The 343-foot white-hulled vessel sailed from San Pedro on a nine-day cruise to Acapulco, Mexico, with eighty-four passengers.

The *Corsair* which served the British Navy in war-time, will operate on the Acapulco run during the winter months and in summer is scheduled for a series of eight-day cruises along the Alaskan coast.

## Seagoing Trolleys



Drawing by M. Kozach

EIGHT of New York's sturdy red-and-yellow 59th Street crosstown trolleys, which have been retired in favor of busses, took to the air recently when they were hoisted aloft like so many bags of coffee and deposited on the deck of the Grace Line freighter *Santa Maria*.

Weighing 38,500 pounds each, and measuring some 42 feet in length, each trolley is destined for quite a change of scenery. Far from their old haunts on Broadway, 59th Street, 42nd Street, and Third Avenue, seventy-five of these vehicles will take up new routes on the steel tracks of Lima, Peru and Sao Paula, Brazil. The large-scale purchase of these street cars by Latin-American companies is one phase of the drive under way in various nations of South America toward modernization of their urban transport systems.

At night — for a New York city ordinance forbids such transport during the day, the trolleys were loaded on long trailers and driven to piers.

If only these trolleys could talk, what fine good neighbor influences they might be, explaining to our Latin American friends in terms of the lives of the people who traveled in these conveyances for more than half a century! These lumbering cross-town rattlers, in return for nickels, carried New Yorkers to work, school, play, shop, swim, visit. Now they will be accepting centavos instead of nickels and the conductors will shout "Ariba!" instead of "All aboard!"

## TO OUR CONSTANT READERS:

Typographical errors — whether they are the sins of the typist, printer and/or editor — creep into THE LOOKOUT despite constant vigilance. The latest "faux pas" occurred on page 9 of the October issue where we told how Christopher Columbus "exercised" a water spout! Of course, it should have been exORcised. Any number of our faithful readers were quick to point out to us the use of the wrong vowel. We are secretly pleased that our readers take that much interest and read our little magazine through from cover to cover.

As for nautical errors, there are some who accuse us of planting these — like raisins in a cake — just to give our readers the satisfaction of pouncing on them with delight. That, we emphatically deny. We struggle constantly to check all nautical information, and with Capt. Umstead, principal of our Merchant Marine School, our steamship advisor, and on the Institute's staff, Capt. Alfred O. Morasso, our sailing ship consultants, we pull comparatively few "boners."

There is a curious little sidelight on the two water colors by Frederic Whitaker, A.N.A. which we reproduced in the October issue. One of our LOOKOUT subscribers, S. D. Drewry Deford of Richmond, Va., wrote to us stating that the name on the bow of the Victory ship appeared to be "DE FORD" and he wondered if the vessel might have been named for one of his ancestors (for whom an old side-wheeler was once named.) A little sleuthing, with the cooperation of the War Shipping Administration, revealed that the ship was named BIDDEFORD Victory — all victory ships are named for cities, villages and colleges. (LIBERTY ships were named for individuals). The bow lines hid the letters "I D" so that the name appeared to be "DEFORD." Frederic Whitaker, the artist, confirmed this deduction, that the ship he painted was the BIDDEFORD VICTORY.

Michael Folan, who served his time on square-rigged sailing ships, occasionally takes us to task (gently) for some error which only a man who has rounded the Horn, *that* Valhalla of seamen, would ever detect.

A number of readers, including Professor H. L. Seward of the Yale School of Engineering, hastened to call our attention to the error in the captions under the pictures of the steamers "City of Lowell" and "Wassuc" in the June issue, illustrating the article "War Records of Some Coastwise Steamers." Since the professor had served on the "Wassuc" (formerly the "Yale") he naturally noticed that the captions had been interchanged, and recognized the old ship, even in her war-time rig.

## New Sperry Radar Classroom Opened in Merchant Marine School

A SCHOOL to teach the use of shipboard radar equipment to masters, mates and pilots was opened on Monday, October 13th, in the Merchant Marine School of the Institute. A classroom for this instruction has been remodeled, equipped and staffed by the Sperry Gyroscope Company.

The radar antennae is located on the seaward side of the light in the famous Titanic Lighthouse Tower on a corner of the Institute roof at a height of about 218 feet above sea level. The Titanic Tower memorializes one of the world's greatest sea disasters; had ships had radar back in 1912, the disaster would almost certainly have been averted. The scanner is so located that a 270 degree arc covering the East River and the entire upper and lower New York Bay permits the locating and the plotting of the courses of vessels in this area.

The scope in the classroom has a gyro repeater with which true or relative bearings of a vessel or an object within the confines of the harbor can be laid down.

Shipboard conditions are duplicated by the installation of portholes through which students may visibly check (in clear weather) bearing and distance registered by the radar equipment.

The schedule calls for instruction to Merchant Marine officers and pilots Mondays through Fridays. Instruction is free. Applications should be made to the Sperry classroom at the Merchant Marine School, top floor of the Institute.

## "The Good Feeling in the Heart..."

A 67-YEAR OLD seaman, when asked why he had volunteered for the hazardous trip by lifeboat through mountainous seas, to rescue the crew of a sinking schooner, replied: "Certainly, I volunteered. Why not? It's not the first time. I've been on the seas since I was fourteen, so of course I went along. I wasn't scared. I was happy, and the good feeling was in my heart."

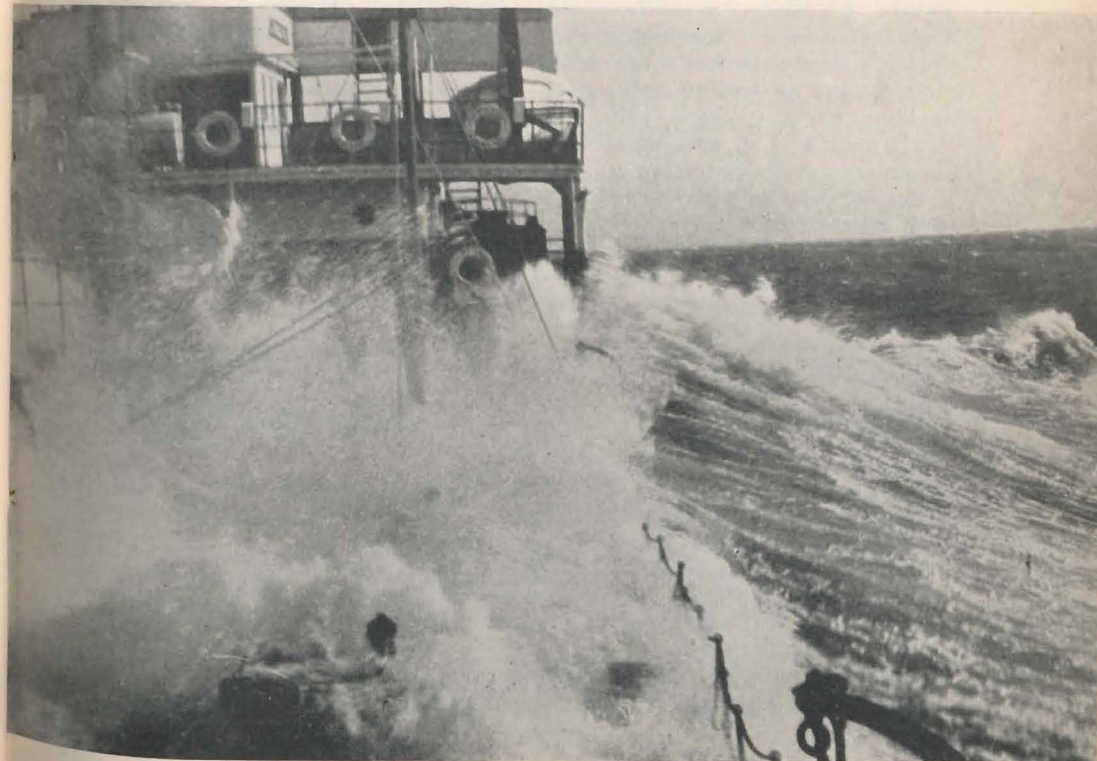
When you read of such heroic rescues in stormy seas, you can't help but admire the courage of these men. They endure the constant dangers of the sea with intrepid calm.

But when they come ashore in New York they face the hazards of shore life with less composure. Out of their element, they are often lonely and friendless and are easy prey for the unscrupulous.

When they learn of the Institute with its home-like facilities and its attractive clubrooms, they are grateful that such a place exists for their comfort and welfare.

Your contribution each year helps the Institute to meet the cost of maintaining its vital health, welfare, religious and social services. We earnestly hope that you will remember these seafarers through a renewal of your generous gift at this time. And may your generosity give you, like the seaman who volunteered to go in the lifeboat, "The good feeling in the heart."

Kindly make checks payable to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



# My Favorite Port of Call — Tonga Islands

By John Hodakovsky, A. B. Seaman  
3rd PRIZE WINNER IN ESSAY CONTEST.

ALTHOUGH I have seen many ports, none can compare even favorably with the port of *Nukualofa*, the capitol of the *Tonga Islands*.

Nestled in the azure waters of the South Pacific in the region of the Southeast Trades and beneath breathtaking opalesque skies, lies this last independent kingdom of the fabulous South Seas. A wise and benevolent queen, Her Majesty, Salote Tabou, rules the Tongas and its nearly 40,000 Polynesians with a kindly hand. She is loved and revered by her subjects for her justice and generosity. One of Her Majesty's laws decrees that no single person shall own more than four acres of Tongan land to prevent any greedy person from monopolizing the Islands. Upon marriage of a Tonga couple, Her Majesty gives the newlyweds two acres as a wedding present.

Her Majesty lives in the castle close by the waterfront, and overlooking the only single ship dock that brings in the news aboard the ship that ties up there. Once a month a steamer comes in from New Zealand bringing trade goods and taking on copra. Her Majesty's retinue includes huge muscular six-foot guards who wear red tunics with brass but-

tons and shorts to signify their office. The natives, both men and women, wear lava-lavas, or sarongs, as we know them. They are a happy, contented people to whom time nor money means nothing. Food comes from the sea or grows on most every bush and tree. The only luxuries they care for are candy, hair oil and the lava lavas, especially the sweet-smelling hair oils. They are a pure Polynesian type and most are Christian. More than half belong to the Wesleyan Church and the remainder are Catholics.

The men are all big, strong and handsome and the women are both graceful and beautiful. All of the Tongans are very friendly.

There is a profusion of flowers everywhere, and the Tongans wear them in leis or crowned on their heads almost constantly.

Her Majesty has proclaimed many holidays and these may last a week or more at a time, during which the Tongans eat, drink and dance.

Tonga's climate is perfect. Temperatures rarely exceed 84° F. in the shade from May to December. Even in the hottest part of the summer, the thermometer seldom goes above 90° F. Also, malaria, the scourge of the tropics, is unknown in the

Tonga kingdom.

There is one island in the Tonga group that is known as "Tin Can Island." The reason for its name is due to the strange way mail is sent out and received. A steamer drops a watertight can containing mail for Tin Can Island and a strong swimmer retrieves it. The swimmer brings outgoing mail, which he releases, as he picks up the incoming mail, and the steamer picks it up. As can be imagined, the stamps from Tin Can Island mail are much prized by philatelists.

The sailors know of a similar thing — the mail buoy — but the mail buoy is for first trippers, while the Tin Can Mail is an actuality.

What Hawaii once was before the tourist came is what Tonga Islands are today. People live in grass huts, and the only roads or paths have felt no tread of automobile tires. The absence of money is not missed. The Tongans seldom have it and, what's more, don't care. And they are better off without it.

I recall a native boy named Catafu Lena who said to me, "I would like to go to New York City." Catafu was a big lad, although he was only seventeen. Unspoiled by civilization, he was naive, and I told him, "You would be very unhappy in New York, Catafu, for money means everything there."

Catafu said, "You mean these coins of silver and pieces of paper are more valued than food?"

I nodded. "Without money you can have no food. Nor can you have a lava-lava or a grass home."

"But cannot you make your home from the palms as we do here, or gather your food from the bush and the sea as we do here?" Catafu asked incredulously.

I shook my head. "In the city," I said, "there are many, many people. There are no trees to build a home and there is no bush with fruit. To fish in the sea the city people have to pay a license to do so; to build a home they have to pay



money for stone and wood."

Catafu said, "You Americans are a strange people to be governed by pieces of paper and silver."

"Yes," I said, "Not only is that silver and paper master, but crimes of violence such as stealing and murder are made to gain possession of it. People in the cities lie, cheat and kill to get it."

Catafu was silent for a while and then said, "I do not believe I like New York. I will not go there."

You are very smart, Catafu, and if I were as smart, I'd join you on your wonderful Tonga Islands where the people are always gay and happy and the dark cloud of trouble makes a wide detour. I'm proud and happy to have met you and to have seen your Eden, and some day I shall go back to it and stay.

## STUDENTS PRAISE SERVICE ABOARD AMERICAN SHIP

The United States Maritime Commission's emergency passenger ship service, the target of many complaints alleging inadequate accommodations and rude treatment by ship personnel, received a warm commendation recently from twenty-nine of the 894 American and foreign students who returned from Europe aboard the *Marine Jumper*.

In letters addressed to the commission the students declared that living standards aboard the vessel during its trip from Oslo, Southampton, and Le Havre were "beyond reproach." Officials of the Moore-McCormack Lines, operators of the ship for the Maritime Commission, said the statements were typical of thousands received after past voyages, in contrast to the handful of complaints.

A third letter, signed by five students, some of whom are former American naval personnel, declared that "not since Navy days have we seen so clean and taut a ship. The food and standards of service have been excellent. We have enjoyed our voyage, and credit for this is due the crew aboard the *Jumper*."







Drawings by Walter Steinsiek

**T**HERE might have been a worse mess-boy than I in the 1931 American Merchant Marine, but you couldn't get the Chief Steward of the *West Kebar* to believe it. As far as he was concerned I was tops. Small wonder, for I was 17, on my first job at sea (or anywhere else). One of my father's tailor shop customers was a Captain Christensen. He used his influence with the Port Steward, God Bless him, and I wound up as a pantryman.

I was happy enough to be aboard a ship in any capacity and the week we were in port passed without any major calamities. Midnight of the first night out found me in the galley wrestling a mountain of dishes left over from lunch and dinner plus the salon leavings just before sailing. The waiter who was supposed to lend a hand with the clean-up had long since passed out after some dozen bottles of beer, plus other more high powered liquids. Somehow I had visions ashore of watching the lights of New York recede as we made our way thru the channel, or even seeing my home near the Brooklyn waterfront, but the dishes were waiting.

The lucky girl who marries me won't have to worry about dishwashing; I found out all about it that

## What a Mess-Boy!

By Sam Sukowitz

night and morning. By 2 A.M. I had scrubbed, pounded and scraped most of the grease off the dishes plus a good deal of skin off my knuckles. I broke a few, naturally, but it didn't seem to matter that night there were so many of them.

The next morning early in the quite bright I turned to for breakfast set up in the salon. Jerry the waiter, a tall Scot of 65 winters, wasn't feeling so well either. He made a few unkind remarks about the state of the dishes and set me to work preparing grapefruit and oranges. After gashing my fingers a few times I got the idea roughly, and festooned the table with grapefruit bearing generous samples of my life blood. After Jerry came down from the ceiling he shoved me out of the pantry which measured three feet by nothing and did the job himself.

Breakfast dishes cleaned, the salon swept, and tables set for dinner, it was time to clean up the cabins. This meant emptying slop buckets (no running water in rooms then) making beds, and fixing up the room in general. Next the toilet and last but not least, the brass. Nowadays brass is disappearing from the sea. This is a good thing; it should never have been there in the first place, must have been a landlubber's idea. I've helped a lot of it disappear a little at a time myself. Good old paint will do the job every time but not on the *West Kebar*. The Steward and the Skipper knew by heart and loved every bit of brass. After a few days I knew and loathed it, especially the portholes on the windward side.

Perhaps on the theory that the devil finds evil for idle hands to do, Jerry had me carry in the orders from the galley. Being somewhat fumble-fingered because of the rolling, pitching, snapping or diving of the ship didn't help matters any. I broke a few dishes . . . no, that's false modesty, I broke a lot of dishes.

To tell the truth before the trip was over I had broken most of the salon cups, dishes and assorted plates. For a while I was able to carry on by sneaking a few from the P. O. mess, but the designs were different and I was summoned to the Chief Steward's room.

He informed me in rising tones, to wit: "If there's a wrong way to do a thing you'll find that way. The bulkheads in the rooms and port alleyway are filthy; the deck needs painting, and the brass hasn't been kept up, and if you don't stop breaking dishes you'll have the Captain eating out of tin plates." I was impressed. That day I only broke two dishes. It was my record for the trip.

The next day I mixed a sougee solution which would have peeled the hide off an armadillo like you'd skin a banana. It worked fine on the bulkheads, but it sure brought the deck paint up where it splashed. We had two-tone alleyways that trip.

My masterpiece in the handy andy line was painting the salon overhead. Told to get some turpentine from the paint locker aft, I stumbled around the unlabeled cans, selected the one that smelled most like turpentine and set about the job. Well the paint looked all right, it even handled well, but the results! Well, you try mixing paint with paint remover some time and you'll know what I mean.

It was a four inch brush and my aim wasn't so good. The overhead started dripping into my face and landing on the deck with soft splashy, ominous sounds. Soon the deck was a mush of red paint and the overhead the same in white. It was a very unhappy experience, so awful that even Jerry forgot to be sarcastic. In fact, he helped me clean up the mess.

I suppose my career reached its peak one fine evening off Lagod. It was that old classic of the sea, slops thrown to windward. However, this boasted an all star cast; the Captain, three missionaries (two of them



elderly females), the Chief Engineer and the Purser. As luck would have it they were seated on the midship hatch aft the bridge enjoying the sunset, when suddenly everything they hadn't eaten that day landed in their laps and other places even more unfavorable for me. In the presence of the missionaries the Skipper's manner was restrained, but the next day he icily informed me that I was the most unseamanly blank blank blank that ever disgraced a vessel, and that within a month or so I would hit the beach with a dull thud, there to remain. I was ready to believe him, I needed no convincing I longed to hit that beach and fast. I had wanted to be a sailor and here I was everything from a dishwasher to a chambermaid. No sir, this was not for me. Where were those dreams of watching the sea or reading a book? I was glad to hit the sack after supper, and this went on every day including Saturdays and Sundays.

Captain Smith was right, I did hit the beach with a very dull thud, minus all my gear, too, since the Arabs had come aboard at Freetown and stripped my cabin which I shared forward with the waiter. They didn't break the lock, just removed the door. They were good enough to leave my African gray parrot. I'm glad they did too for he has been a swell pet for fifteen years.

The *West Kebar* was glad to get rid of me, and I was happy to be home. Though there had been times, when standing wedged in the pantry watching a bottle of Queen Olives slowly rolling from port to starboard, when it seemed the trip would never end.

I see that I forgot to mention locking the Chef in the ice box for an hour, but that could have happened to anybody.



**"THE FIRST CAPTAIN"  
THE STORY OF JOHN PAUL JONES**

By Gerald W. Johnson  
Coward-McCann, \$3.50

If John Paul Jones had been given the opportunity to designate anybody to write his biography, he could have done no better than assign the job to Mr. Gerald W. Johnson.

The story of John Paul Jones, our first Naval Officer of note — sometimes known as the "father" of the United States Navy, as so vividly depicted by Mr. Johnson, will now leave no doubt in the reader's mind, that John Paul Jones was not only the father of the fighting spirit of our Navy but also a staunch American revolutionary leader and a great patriot. It is hard to imagine a more romantic swash-buckling carefree merchant seaman, than was John Paul Jones, when our navy was born.

Mr. Johnson's realistic word picturization of this remarkable character, brings back to life the man whose personality and ambitions played so important a part in the traditions and customs of the American Navy.

John Paul Jones hated the idea of caste among officers of the Navy. He believed that an officer should be a gentleman, but gentleman or not, above all a capable officer first.

It will amuse our merchant officers to learn that many of the laudable American Naval traditions and customs were established by a merchant officer, John Paul Jones, merchant corsair, of lowly Scotch origin, whose distaste for incompetent leadership led to innovations and improvements in our Navy.

This book is a "must" for all young merchant and naval officers, whose hearts and souls filled with adventure and ambitions, have that ever-rebellious instinct toward any established traditions and customs of the sea. To an imaginative young

mind, a careful reading and analysis of the book will go a long way to help make day-dreams expand into realization.

Even those who are now too old to follow their chosen profession of the sea, can derive much pleasure in reminiscing over the adventures of Jones, told in blunt, entertaining salty expressions.

Those who are in the habit of delving into untold historic events, expressions and moods of our Founding Fathers, will find a veritable treasure in Gerald W. Johnson's rambling recording of strange incidents, sometimes amusing, at other times grim, during the period of agony of birth of a republic and a nation, which has now become the greatest power on earth.

Capt. S. M. Riis

**GALLANT REBEL,  
THE FABULOUS CRUISE OF  
THE C.S.S. SHENANDOAH**

By Stanley F. Horn  
New Brunswick,  
Rutgers University Press, 1947, \$2.75

In a carefully documented account we follow the confederate ship *Shenandoah* from the time of her purchase and ingeniously planned refitting through all the details of her very considerable inroads on Yankee shipping. Unfortunately, in his desire to omit no important detail, the author becomes repetitious; the highly dramatic moments are given no more importance than the capture of the twentieth or thirtieth prize. In spite of this weakness the book makes good reading.

Dorothy Page

**MORNING LIGHT:**

By H. M. Tomlinson  
Macmillan, \$2.50

A tale for those who love the sea, "Morning Light" concerns the boyhood adventures of Dave Gay, an English lad who ran away to sea a century ago. The vicissitudes of his life ashore, and how he learned to love the freedom and challenge of his new life at sea, form the basis of the story. We see the London of 100 years ago, when steam is beginning to take the place of sail in ocean transportation. Dave Gay begins in sail, but his youth and ambition tell him that steam is his fort.

This is a calm and refreshing tale, and Tomlinson's style is restful in our age of speed. However, I like him better as a factual writer. His travel books and essays are unexcelled, but in his novel he tries to paint too broad a canvas, to cover too many characters and their interwoven lives.

Louise Noling

**Prize Winning Paintings**  
In the BEST PAINTING OF A LIGHTHOUSE contest  
sponsored by the Institute.



ABOVE: First prize winner "Lonely Light" by Ship's Carpenter Tom Dwyer. BELOW: Third prize winner "Sea Sentry" by Radio Operator James Kissane. Winner of the second prize was Linwood Borum with his oil painting of Portland Head, Me.



## Book Reviews

### MARINER OF THE NORTH LIFE OF CAPTAIN BOB BARTLETT By George Palmer Putnam

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1947, \$3.50

A series of colorful portrait sketches and anecdotes, presented with a disregard for chronological sequence which is a little confusing but which adds, perhaps, to the informality and intimacy of a very readable biography of this grand old man of the sea.

D. PAGE



The Institute owns this portrait of Capt. "Bob" inscribed to Dr. A. R. Mansfield\* "with great respect—and admiration for the grand work of his, in keeping the sailors on an even keel."

\*Dr. Mansfield was Superintendent of the Institute for 38 years until his death in 1934.

### THE MODERN WONDER BOOK OF SHIPS By Norman Carlisle and Eugene Nelson

John C. Winston, \$2.50

This is a wonder book, indeed, for it covers the comprehensive story of ships and shipping from the beginnings of sea commerce to the modern superliners of today. Fine pictures supplement the readable text, and if you want your history in a nutshell—if you want to know a little about the fighting ships as well as the merchant ships of all the ages and the men that sail them, this book is for you. Absorbing sea lore, exciting shipwrecks, and rescues at sea all add color to the picture. There is a final chapter on language of the sea which gives most of the common nautical terms.

LOUISE NOLING.

### PRISCILLA OF FALL RIVER By Roger Williams McAdam Stephen Daye Press, \$3.75

For those who have known the Fall River Line, or, in fact, have enjoyed any of the Long Island Sound steamboat services of the past, the happy days of over-night water travel to and from New England are brought back in this story of *Priscilla*, without doubt the most splendid of all the great Fall River Line steamboats.

In the book's thirteen chapters, crammed full of incidents of the vessel's life, with over fifty excellent illustrations, the author has faithfully reproduced, in a story moving along as a novel, the spirit of the gold and plush era of Sound steamboating. *Priscilla's* complete history from launching in 1893 to break-up in 1938, her captains' philosophies and anecdotes of the vessel are sure to hold the reader's attention.

For those who have wondered why the Fall River Line closed in 1937, there is one chapter partly devoted to the closing days of the service, and some of the reasons, which should be read and pondered over by fair-minded Americans.

Authenticated by years of research in hundreds of publications, official company records, marine museums, records of members of the Steamship Historical Society of America and many others, this book, together with Mr. McAdam's preceding books "The Old Fall River Line" and "Salts of the Sound" will keep alive the story of a great era in American life—travel on those great, white steamboats of Long Island Sound.

Freeman R. Hathaway,  
Steamship Historical Society

### HURRICANE WARNING By Frank Meier Dutton, \$3.50

The men of the Coast Guard Life-Saving Service have the same attitude toward talking about what they experience in their daily lives as the old off-shore, deep-water, sailing men. They just don't talk unless they know that the men listening will understand what they say. In "Hurricane Warning" the author had "been there" and understood, and was capable of putting it into words, so the average reader might conceive the unbelievably heroic and unselfish lives these bravest men in boats live from day to day. All of the reports of the wrecks and rescues can be read *as fact*. Mr. Meier gives the Coast natives who help credit and they deserve it.

W. R. CHAMBERLAIN, "Porthole Pete"



## Marine Poetry

### SALT WATER IN THEIR VEINS By Jerry Doane

Fine Editions Press, \$2.00  
227 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.  
Paper-backed 50 cents



This collection of short verses by a merchant seaman is intimate, often humorous, and always picturesque. The rhyming is effortless and the rhythm has the beat of the waves on a lonely shore, or the thumping of the ship's propeller. In "Channel Fever" he writes:

"Steaming toward the Harbor,  
Passing Ambrose Light,  
Does your throat feel choked and queer?  
Does your chest feel tight?  
Then you've got the Channel Fever:  
Leave her, Johnny, leave her!  
Oh, leave her at the pier!

The verses are dedicated "To the men of the American Merchant Marine Who Sail the Ships in Peace and War." A number of them such as "For All the Brave Ships" and "Citation" are serious, but in the opinion of this reviewer, Jerry Doane is at his best when writing light verse (in A. E. Houseman style). Seamen who heard some of these verses read by Miss Katharine Morse, a volunteer at the Institute, particularly liked the poems, "The Everlasting Roach" and "Ship's Cat" which follow:

### SHIP'S CAT

Our Mr. Jerry Juggins  
Is a swell-appearing cat;  
He wears two pairs of white socks  
And sports a white cravat.  
And in each port we stop at  
He strolls along the docks,  
Stepping high, wide and handsome  
In his little white socks.  
And it isn't no one's business,  
Though it's anybody's guess,  
But the crew has been predicting  
That in half a year or less  
In every port we've touched at  
There'll be crowds of little cats  
All wearing little white socks  
And sporting white cravats.

### THE EVERLASTING ROACH

The little roach, since Time began  
Has sailed the Seven Seas with Man.  
In every age and everywhere  
That roach has made some seaman swear.  
He's lived and loved and had his fun  
On galley and on galleon  
On carrack, caravel and clipper  
He's shipped along with mate and skipper.  
On liner, merchantman and tanker  
He's sailed through storms and lain at  
anchor.  
And when the Ocean Age has passed  
And all ships sail the sky at last,  
The roach, no doubt, instead of dying,  
Will take—confound the cuss!—to flying.



### GENTLE WATERS by Joseph F. Ferran

Refracted thru the crouching fog  
The land still hazy gleams,  
To where the ocean's mightiness  
Runs to a thousand streams.  
And on the lee, the soft-ridged sea  
Lies deep, and blue, and dark—  
Yet to angry heights may grow  
As fire from a spark!  
But now as far as eager eye  
May search, is naught but calm  
And peaceful lies the blue-bound sky,  
As echoes from a psalm.  
Until the first sent shafts of night  
Explore the sleepy sea,  
And so at last a perfect day  
Blends with eternity.

### LODESTONE By Frederick Ebright

Four bells: the angelus of evening falls,  
And westward falls the last of light,  
The westward swells advance upon the ship  
That faces east and coming night.  
Another time meridian gone down,  
All clocks are set an hour ahead.  
The first stars burn. Above the engine drum  
The silence of the sea is dead.  
Compass and star and chart will guide  
the ship  
Toward day or lighthouse gleam,  
But through this night the mariner must  
pin  
His course upon tomorrow's dream.

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## LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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