

The

LOOKOUT

MAY, 1947



Photo by Robert Coope, National City Bank

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Sanctuary

O God, Who dost show Thy wonders to those who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters, we implore for the Merchant Marine which we honor on this National Maritime Day, Thy benediction and guidance.

Deepen in all maritime leaders a sense of responsibility and inspire harmonious cooperation between capital, management and labor, enabling all to prosper as they render proper service to our citizenry and to the world.

As the ships traverse the oceans with which Thou has bound the continents and the isles together may they continue as envoys of enduring peace.

We ask this in the name of Thy Son, our Master, Jesus Christ.
National Maritime Day, May 22, 1947. Amen.



The LOOKOUT

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THIS MONTH'S COVER: A banker's view of the Institute, photo taken from the roof of the National City Bank, Wall Street.

The Lookout

Vol. XXXVIII

May, 1947

No. 5

Maritime Day

MARITIME Day, May 22nd, marks the anniversary of the sailing of the Savannah, which put out from Savannah, Ga., on May 22, 1819, as the first steam-propelled vessel which completed a transoceanic voyage. Before the war the day was dedicated to the creation of a Merchant Marine adequate for our foreign and domestic commerce and capable of supporting our armed forces in conflict.

Traditional ceremonies will be held in New York at noon on the Custom House steps under the auspices of the American Merchant Marine Institute. The Seamen's Church Institute Director, Dr. Kelley, will give the invocation. Prayers will be offered at the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour at 11:30 A.M. LOOKOUT readers are cordially invited to attend both of these observances of Maritime Day—May 22nd.

The SAVANNAH was originally built as a sailing packet of 320 tons, but foresight on the part of Moses Rogers and his brother - in - law Stevens Rogers of New London, Conn., who had witnessed success of coastwise and river steamers, brought firm conviction of the potentialities of the new motive power for ocean travel. These men were later captain and navigator of the new vessel. The ship was built by Crocker and Fickett at Corlear's Hook and South Street, New York City, with financial backing sponsored by Savannah, Georgia, interests. The 90 horsepower engine was made by Stephen Vail, proprietor of the Speedwell Iron Works at Morristown, New Jersey. The SAVANNAH had collapsible pad-

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Courtesy, Mariners Museum

Model of the Steamship SAVANNAH,
First Transocean Steam-Propelled Vessel

THIS model was selected as the basis for the engraving of the design for the United States postage stamp, issued in 1944 on the occasion of the 125th anniversary of the departure of the SAVANNAH.

The model was made by Frederic A. Craven of Laporte, Indiana, from a drawing by Marestier, a French naval engineer who was sent to this country in 1819 to study American steamboats.

...dle wheels so designed as to be easily unshipped and taken aboard should sail alone, of necessity be resorted to. This was the result of experience gained by the Rogers in the "Phoenix" on a voyage from New York to Philadelphia in 1809.

The SAVANNAH'S first trip was from New York to Savannah in eight and one-half days. Further

local tests of the machinery were made, and the first 20-mile step of the long run began on May 22, 1819. Final departure was from Tybee Light at the entrance to the Savannah River two days later. She arrived at Liverpool, England, after a 27 days trip during which steam had been used for 81 hours. Great crowds in small boats went to see her as she steamed to anchorage at her destination. So little was the general knowledge of steam for ocean vessels, the SAVANNAH was followed by a cutter while off the coast of Ireland, under the impression from the smoke that the vessel was on fire. Remaining at Liverpool some three weeks the SAVANNAH left for St. Petersburg, Russia, where she was inspected by the Tsar, and later at Stockholm by the King of Sweden. She left Norway in November that year on her return trip and arrived at Savannah 40 days later.

A series of unfortunate events marked the closing years of her career. Fire burned the premises of her owners and in a short time the SAVANNAH was sold. The machinery was removed and she entered coastwise trade. In 1821 she was wrecked on the south shore of Long Island, New York and thus

closed the chapter of the first conquest of the Atlantic by steam. Seventeen years later the British steamer "Sirius" made the first western crossing and the passing years saw a steady increase in the number of steam propelled vessels.

ELEGY FOR A MERCHANT SEAMAN

(National Maritime Day-May 22)
The plating gull dips low on slanting wing.
The golden notes from silver bugles sound
A requiem where lonely bell buoys ring
And flung spume fills the air as breakers pound.
The wreaths upon the waters rise and fall,
Then, wave-washed, in the distance sink from sight;
The slow mists rise, the lonely sea birds call,
The quick breeze blows down avenues of night.
Be proud: He cast his challenge to the power
Of seas that held eternal enmity;
Sensing a glorious vision in the hour
He crossed horizons of eternity.
He went where legendary heroes led,
With golden rays of sunset round his head.

EDWARD O'GARA

From N.Y. Herald Tribune, May 22, 1946

SEAGOING CANARY

Commodore Harry Manning, master of the U. S. Lines flagship, *America*, with his canary which he calls "Miss America" but which is really "Mr. America". Miss America's cage hangs in the Commodore's cabin in his quarters on *America's* largest liner. The bird was a gift from an importer of canaries. It is a young bird and had not begun to sing when Captain Manning received it, but it must be the seagoing type because the throb of the motors as the big ship sailed out of N. Y. Harbor on her maiden voyage last November, inspired its first song. "Miss America" proved to be a good sailor.



THE CAPTAIN and the EASTER EGGS

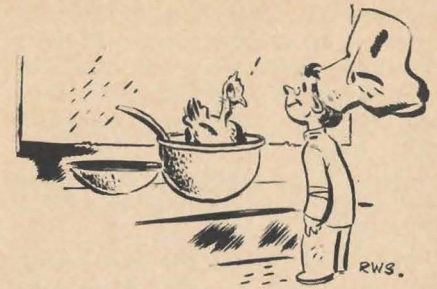
By Orriz R. Contreras*

OUR Old Man was one who did not share in our anticipation of Easter and he warned us to "go light with the stores for it is a long trip that we've yet to see." Most of us were sitting around the mess-hall expounding the old Easter Bunny and Egg stories of our childhood when all of a sudden the Stewards' Department announced that there would be a sumptuous feed on the morrow with baked ham and all the trimmin's and two dyed eggs per man—no more no less.

So on the Saturday night preceding Easter the Chief Steward assisted in making the dyes while the baker began mixing his doughs for breads and pastries. The Chief Cook picked out an especially tender ham and planned a palatable menu around it while the Third Cook felt important enough to venture into the mysteries of a raisin sauce *supreme*. The crew from the First Officer on down to me were tickled with the idea and Saturday night promised to pass by in great anticipation. Yet, the only cog in our wheel was the captain, who unfortunately, happens to be the most important cog there is on any ship.

Easter was for kids, he expounded, and colored eggs—sufterin' sea-cooks—What was his ship coming to? Easter Eggs and cakes and special dinners, indeed! Not even the fact that most of the activity was done on the men's own time deterred him from being gloomy. We bent an ear to his requests but we remembered that he was a good skipper and was always out in front 100% for his men and his ship. But on this holiday spree of ours, we could not understand his disagreement.

When we left the galley that night everything had been laid out. The dyes were ready, the ham pre-



pared, the eggs hard-boiled and cooling, the pastry doughs were ready to pop in the oven, and the sea was calm. In the middle of the night the AB on watch awakened me along with the rest of the galley crew. We stole carefully to the galley where we beheld the Master of the ship swathed in an apron, smoking his briar, and delicately balancing an egg in a wire holder, then dipping it into the colored dye with a satisfied expression on his face.

"It's nothing but a case of childhood frustration", whispered the Steward, "but if he's happy don't bother him." We didn't. We retired as quietly as we came.

Easter morn was bright and clear but there was a terrible commotion in the galley. Someone had dyed all the eggs! Everyone that was questioned knew nothing about it. All denied their hand in the affair. It was a mystery to everyone but a few silent men. However, at dinnertime I heard no outcry from the captain and when the Chief Engineer laughingly blamed it on "the Easter Bunny" I very blandly said "Yes sir, t'was a very old, old bunny at that—very wise and very old." With that I looked towards the Captain, and I thought I discerned a slight winking of his right eye.

*Member, Artists and Writers Club

Ski's Bad Habit

By John Hodakovsky*

It wasn't an attempt at murder—it was an accident. Any of my shipmates will tell you that. I didn't know it would turn out the way it did. Everything was all right when the trip began. The "Altair" was a good ship with fine shipmates and excellent chow. Just like a house.

My foc'sle mate, Ski, is a swell guy too. I tell you, you've got it all wrong. I didn't try to murder him.

They don't make 'em any better than Ski. Give you the shirt off his back, Ski will. But he had a bad habit.

You've heard of the old saying, "He's only good when he sleeps." With Ski it was just the opposite. He was only good when awake. You see, Ski snored in his sleep. Such snoring you never heard! It was a loud deep rumble and so strong it shook his bunk! That's the truth, so help me!

Ski would start the snore so that you could barely hear it. Then it would get louder and louder, until it almost made me deaf and just about the time I'm ready to blow my top, Ski would give a quick snort and stop. Then he'd start all over again the same way.

I couldn't sleep! I used to lie awake in my bunk listening to that

snore rise in volume and waiting for the snort. It drove me nuts.

After a few nights like that I was too groggy to do my work. Once the captain caught me draped over the steering wheel and he gave me Holy Nellie. I was twenty degrees off the course, and the old man said if I wanted to sleep, I should wait 'till I was off watch.

About the third day out I got desperate. I collared Ski and told him about his snoring. He said he knew he snored because his ex-wife had told him the same thing. In fact that was the reason she was his ex-wife. I can't say I blame the lady. Ski's snoring would constitute extreme cruelty, mental and otherwise, in any court anywhere.

I said, "Ski, you've got to do something about it. I'm not as lucky as your ex. I got to live with you—for the rest of this trip at least."

Ski shrugged his shoulders. "I can't help snoring once I'm fast asleep" he said.

I saw his point. "I'm going to figure something out" I said grimly.

I was stumped. Sure I could keep waking Ski everytime, but that was no good. Ski was the kind of a guy who could fall asleep in a minute, so I'd have to wake him up every few minutes.

I got a reputation for being a handy guy. So I used the old noodle and rigged up a contraption that would make everything all right. I showed it to Ski and he thought it was a swell idea, too.

It was four dry cell batteries rigged to a bell. I attached a string from the batteries to the overhead then through a staple and it hung over Ski's bunk. On the end of the string was a long thin piece of brass. This brass would vibrate at a loud noise and send the impulse to the batteries, which, in turn, rang the bell. As soon as the noise stopped the bell stopped ringing, too.

The rig worked like a charm. Everytime Ski snored too loud the bell woke him up. I had a few nights good aleep and Ski felt fine, too.

That's how it happened. Ski's head was directly beneath the brass sliver. He was sleeping with his mouth wide open when the overhead staple the brass sliver hung from broke loose and it dropped in-

to his mouth. His coughing and strangling woke me up and when I switched on the light, poor Ski was blue in the face. I took hold of the string and pulled that brass sliver from Ski's mouth. He was coughing like mad and I slapped him on the back till he got his breath back.

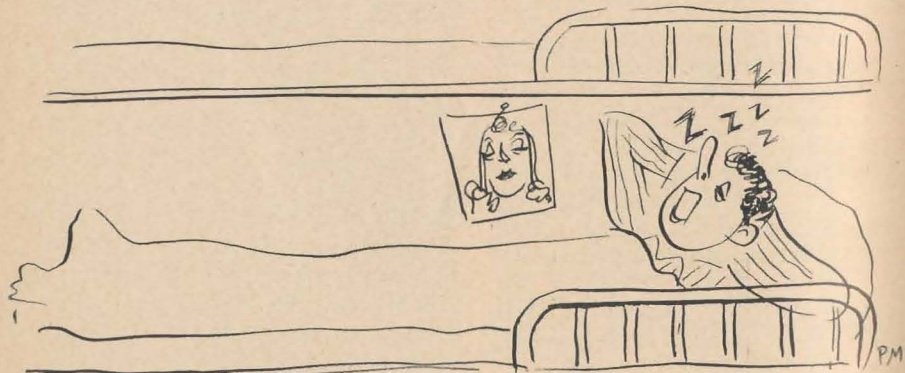
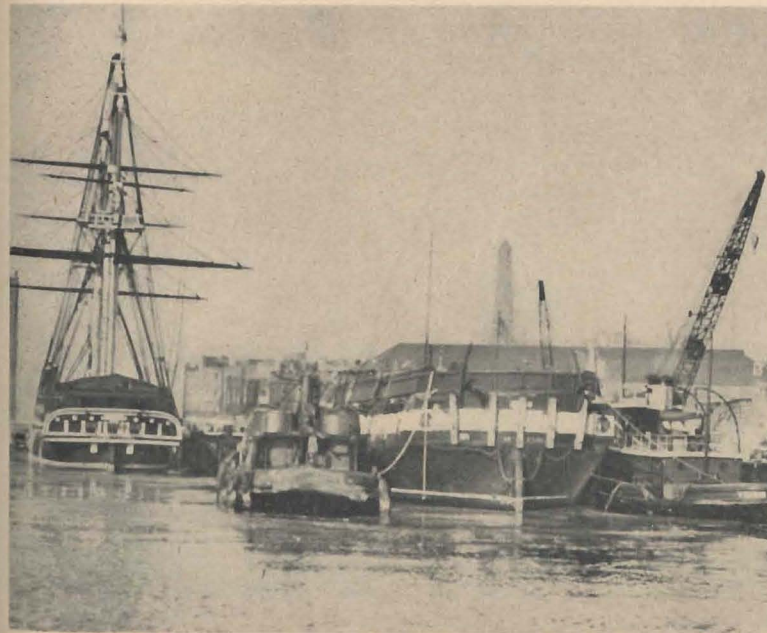
Ski's coughing woke up the sailors in the four to eight foc'sle and they came in wanting to know what happened, and I told them about the rig I'd made for Ski. But they got it all wrong and that's how the rumor got around I was trying to do Ski in. You know how those things are, a story gets bigger and bigger everytime it's repeated.

But I didn't try to kill Ski like they say. Ski and I are still good friends. He'll tell you the same thing—that it was an accident. Of course, I got rid of the bell and battery rig after that, but now I'm losing sleep again.

Say, do you know of a good cure for snoring?

HISTORIC WARCRAFT

Her spars down, the USS CONSTELLATION (center) is warped by tugs into Boston Navy Yard for reconditioning. At left is the USS CONSTITUTION "Old Ironsides". The vessels are the oldest warships afloat. The Institute owns one of the breast hooks from "Old Ironsides."



*Member, Artists and Writers Club

Drawing by Phil May

Fan Mail for "Oscar"

OSCAR, the accomodating sea turtle described by Thomas Bowers in the February issue of THE LOOKOUT, has received some fan mail. From the skipper of a Grand Cayman schooner comes word that Seaman Bowers' experience was not a tall tale, as was generally supposed, but "probable and possible". He sends some photographs as evidence that turtles caught off Yucatan are large enough for a grown man to ride on their backs IF he can catch one of them! The trick is to mount on the turtle's back when he is asleep, floating on the surface of the water. But he thinks the use of sea weed as reins to drive the turtle was a sailor's imagination running away!

Another turtle authority, Mr. Neal Knowles, treasurer of Thompson Enterprises which has a green turtle soup factory at Key West, Florida, told how some of the workers in the factory "sneaked up on the turtles while they were in the crawls, in shallow water, and rode them." However, Mr. Knowles was careful to point out that this can only be done with green turtles (the kind soup are made out of) but not with logger-

head turtles which eat flesh. "Oscar must have been a green turtle," he concluded, "for if he'd been a loggerhead Seaman Bowers would never be alive to tell the tale."



Green turtles weigh from 120 to 550 lbs. They are caught in big nets off Yucatan peninsula. Each seaman puts his initials on the ones he catches.

FAN MAIL FOR MERMAID* ELUSIVE MERMAID

I once saw a mermaid at Gloucester
And foolishly tried to accouester,
But she turned very pale
And swishing her tail,
She sank in the sea, so I loucester.

By G. W. Barnes

Turtle caught off Nicaragua, being hoisted aboard the schooner "Lydia E. Wilson" Capt. Allie O. Ebank, skipper.



Turtles unloaded from Grand Cayman schooner Key West, Fla. for A. Grande Canning Co.

*See March LOOKOUT Article "Concerning Mermaid"

The Yellow Flag

By Charles Lemoon

Best Sea Story of the Month
for February

THE heat was terrific and from the ship's deck the low monotonous singing of the native stevedores drifted up to the canvas shelter on boat deck where the two men were sitting, one gray haired and middle-aged, the other young and darkly tanned by the tropical sun.

The gray-haired man was Captain Nickerson of the steamer "Burham City", and with him was Frank Gifford, the young Chief Mate. They sat in momentary silence, beads of perspiration making their faces wet and glistening. Their white linen suits were rumpled and limp from the steamy air.

"I can't get out of this hell-hole soon enough", said the "Old Man" mopping his brow.

Gifford, a powerfully built young man, who was watching the river intently, deep in thought, made no comment.

Suddenly he said, "There must be some way—to help those poor devils out, Cap'."

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Gifford—it looks bad for them."

They were both now looking down the river where the three-masted schooner was anchored, a trim little thing with soft graceful lines. But to the two sailors there was something macabre about her because of the yellow flag limply hanging from her rigging. It was a sign of fever and pestilence and the mark of the outcast.

"I thought there were international laws about things like these", Gifford said. "Isn't there a quarantine here or someone who represents the government?"

Captain Nickerson shook his head. "No law, Mr. Gifford, and no authority here except Don Alvarez. He is the whole works here in Bonanga. It was he who

gave the constabulary orders to shoot anyone trying to leave the schooner. Same goes for any attempt to board her."

"It's only short of murder", Gifford said in a tight voice, "and all we can do is sit here and watch."

Nickerson arose. "I'm going ashore to see if there is anything I can do for them. Alvarez is the only one to talk to. Worth a try anyway, Mr. Gifford. See you later."

Gifford saw him walk down the gangplank. He returned to watching the river where the schooner was anchored.

She was the "Amy Fossett", flying the star spangled banner, and had come up from South America with a cargo of mineral salts. Here in Bonanga, on the African West Coast, she was way off her course, her men in trouble, and in the wrong port.

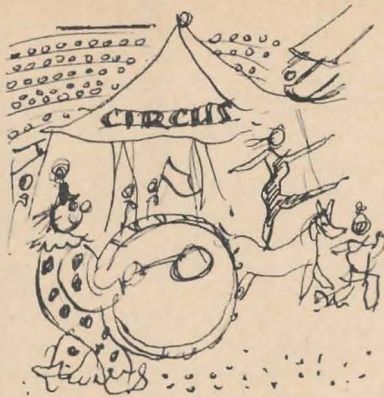
For Bonanga had been told about her plague-stricken crew almost as soon as she hit the river's mouth. The news came from the ancient native pilot, who boarded the ship but left in haste. Over the native drums, his words about the ghost-ridden ship, with the spirits of the dead hovering around, had quickly traveled.

The "Amy Fossett" had found no haven or help there. She was ordered to leave but her remaining crew members chiefly Americans, moving slowly about her decks, refused and dropped her anchor in a last gesture of resignation. In the river a boat filled with well-armed native police prevented any contact with the schooner.

The trading post of Bonanga is not really a port as the men on the steamer "Burham City" soon had found out. It was more like a cleared strip of land on the thickly vegetated river bank, about two miles long and much less than that wide. One side of the little town

(Con't. on page 10)

Spring Benefit



... and we think that we have hit upon "BENEFIT" which will make it possible OUT OF YOUR COMFORTABLE Ament that you prefer—be it opera at a bit of supper after the show; some out leisurely taxi-ing to 'Radio City' for th

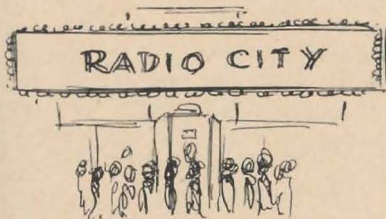
*Put on your slip
And let the Spring
Let's spend a ho.
And not go anyw!*

For "Admission" prices, see leaf-
let mailed to you under separate
cover.

Won't you join the FUN of our Choose your own happy way of spend in our enclosed booklet. Mail your cl MEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE, the and heave that contented sigh of relief. idea—for a price!

As you know, we regard a benefit as annual voluntary contributions to our tickets to hit shows and the high amus greatly reduced.

So—again—we ask your indulgen a benefit in which we hope you will jo AT-HOME-BENEFIT" that we since gratification to your soul and dollars



*Clark Gable's at the Music Hall
And Traubel's on the concert stage,
The circus holds them in its thrall
And Helen Hayes is all the rage.*

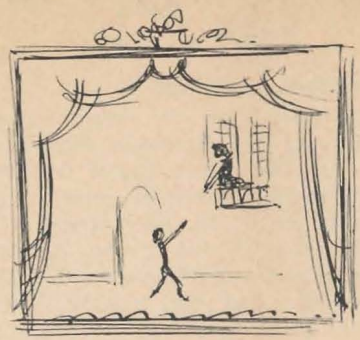
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Please Make
SEAMEN'S CHURCH I
and
25 SOUTH STREET

Here Again

wonderful idea—a “STAY-AT-HOME-
or you to enjoy WITHOUT STIRRING
MCHAIR, exactly the kind of entertain-
‘Met’; or the legitimate theatre, with a
ading sports event at the ‘Garden’; or
current hit movie. So . . .

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“STAY-AT-HOME-BENEFIT”?

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in having an IMAGINARY benefit,
in your usual fine spirit . . . a “STAY-
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YORK 4, N. Y.

Write and tell us how you spent
the evening. Best letters will be
published in THE LOOKOUT.



But try a taxi to ensnare
You'll get your duds all splattered, sure,
So let's IMAGINE that we're THERE
And no catastrophes endure.



(Continued from page 7)

was flanked by the muddy grey waters of the Bonanga river and on the other they found nothing but dense impenetrable jungle with a path leading to the interior.

It was over this narrow African road that the traders passed, most of them cruel and greedy. They would enter with very little, exploit the native and emerge with the treasures of the old Dark Continent.

When Captain Nickerson returned from shore Gifford met him and saw his serious expression.

"No luck, Mr. Gifford. I couldn't do a thing with Don Alvarez. Makes one sick to think of those poor fellows out there."

Gifford frowned. "What could they possibly do if someone tried to get in touch with the men on the schooner?"

"A bullet or two," answered Nickerson. "And I mean that. Never met a cooler man than the Senor, good manners too. Couldn't meet a politer fellow but hard as a rock. He told me, in a nice way of course, to mind my own business."

Nickerson paused, then said. "Mr. Gifford, I don't have to remind you that it goes for you too."

"I understand, Sir." And Gifford also understood that the Captain, having done what he thought was his duty, considered the matter more or less closed.

Their ship, the "Burham City", was tied up to the only dock in Bonanga and they were taking on cargo for Liverpool. The loading was done in the ancient way by loin-clothed natives, an endless moving chain of black humanity, carrying on their heads the enormous nut filled sacks which they would dump into the steamer's

holds, then return ashore again, a constantly moving line of black shiny bodies under a blazing sun.

The heat was oppressive and Gifford was wondering about the men on the "Amy Fossett", his own countrymen—if they were still alive, and what it would be like—dying out there.

The black treadmill stopped and the natives disappeared like shadows and with them went their strange singing. Then the African night came suddenly like a black curtain and with it came the beating of drums that at times changed existence into a terrifying nocturnal experience. Gifford had listened to those drums night after night, their wild rhythm echoing in his tired brain.

A few nights later Gifford evolved plans while waiting for Nickerson to retire behind the mosquito-netting on the boat deck. After all was quiet he stole into the sickbay where the medicine was kept, and he found the hidden key to the medicine chest and opened it. Gifford left enough quinine to last for their own daily rations until they would be out of the river. He took the rest and wrapped it in a water - proofed cloth and went ashore. Going over the gangplank he noticed the police boat tied up to the end of the dock. There were three men in the launch, two of them grotesquely sprawled out as in deep sleep, the third, the one on watch, Gifford thought, sitting on his haunches, resting his head on his knees as in slumber.

Gifford walked unseen down the river bank until the dense brushwood hid him. Then he stopped and began to undress. He thought of his own visit to Alvarez, after Nickerson had been there. How

Alvarez could sit there in his spotless white linen suit, so cool and unperturbed, Gifford could not understand. He had spoken in a precise English with only a faint trace of accent. Gifford had felt a slow dull anger rising within himself toward the little thin man and Alvarez seemed to have sensed it.

He had looked straight at Gifford with his black piercing eyes and he had said:

"You understand of course, Senor Gifford, that I am responsible for the white people here in Bonanga, even if there are only a few. Besides them there are over a thousand natives here that I brought from the interior. It is regrettable and tragic, but one must face facts, Senor Gifford. Be a realist, like me."

"I can't help it," Gifford had answered. "These men are countrymen of mine, and they are left to die like dogs. They need medical care, Senor Alvarez. I'll hold you responsible for whatever might happen and you can make sure that I am going to report this matter at the first opportunity".

Alvarez had shrugged his shoulders. He arose from the desk to show Gifford to the door. A spider was moving about on the floor and Alvarez stepped on it with an oath. "Pardon, Senor Gifford, but I hate them."

Gifford had then realized that there was nothing to expect from Alvarez. Perhaps it was too late anyway. He had made up his mind to swim out to the schooner at night to find out for himself.

Now, as he struck out from shore, he could barely make out the "Amy Fossett" in the shadowy dark. The package of drugs that he had taken from the supply on the "Burham City" he had tied to his head to keep dry.

I am a fool, he thought. But he kept stubbornly on with steady powerful strokes until he could hear the water slapping against the hull on the schooner.

"Amy Fossett, ahoy there," he called softly but there was no sound except the rippling water against the ship's side. *A fool all right*, Gifford thought. He slid along the hull to find something to hang on to for a rest before swimming back to shore. It was then he heard it. A slow dragging sound like a crawling body and out of the darkness came a voice like a man in agony.

"Who's calling, for Heaven's sake, answer me down there."

Gifford told the unseen man up on the deck that he came from the steamer.

"Drop me a light line. I have some medicine here that might help you fellows out."

There was an ominous silence, then Gifford heard the strange voice again, the voice of a dying man.

"It's too late, friend. They are all gone. I'm the only one alive on board. I'm done for, but thanks anyway, whoever you are."

Hanging to the ship's side Gifford shuddered. It was a strange sensation only to be able to hear the man in the inky blackness. As he started his swim back to shore it was with a sick helpless feeling and he was exhausted both physically and emotionally.



Drawing by Cliff Parkhurst

He was aroused by the sound of oars and hushed voices. *The police boat*, he thought, *and here I am only halfway back to shore*. There was a sudden noise of rifle fire and then silence . . . Gifford swam quietly with a tight feeling in his throat. Again he heard a few shots and they sounded nearer. Suddenly there was a shouting of voices and Gifford turned his head and looked backward. The "Amy Fossett" was ablaze. Red flames illuminated the dark sky and in the light of the fire he saw the police boat pass by. Obviously they were not looking for him now and Gifford made the shore unseen, shaking and exhausted.

"It must have been that last man aboard her," he told Nickerson the next day. "He might have heard the boat in the dark and the first shots. To draw their attention from me, he set the schooner on fire. I guess Senor Alvarez is satisfied now."

"You haven't heard it then," Nickerson said. "I was with Alvarez last night. I went looking for you when I couldn't find you aboard ship. Thought you might have gotten some fool idea and gone to his house. Got there just about the time the fire started and we both watched her until she sank. A couple of hours I guess. Surprisingly enough her masts were almost untouched by the fire, at least the parts that are still out of the water. We went out there at dawn in Alvarez' boat and I saw then that she was on the bottom with her masts a few feet out of the water and oddly enough the yellow flag was there, also untouched by the holocaust. And the flag killed Don Alvarez!" Nickerson paused and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"The flag?" Gifford was stunned. "How in the?"

"Yes I know—sounds crazy—but in a way true just the same. Alvarez told his boatman to take

down the flag and the line fouled so the boy had to cut it. We were directly under the mast when it happened. By accident the black boy dropped the flag in Alvarez' lap and he made a motion to drop it overboard and it was then I saw it. It could have been hidden in the folds or perhaps in the seams. The fire might have driven it up there and now, disturbed, it ran over Alvarez' hand, pausing long enough to bite. It was a giant black spider and as Alvarez told me, as deadly as the cobra. Alvarez asked to be taken back to the house. Before we got there he had convulsions and was in bad shape. The serum I gave him seemed to help and he asked me to leave. I had only gone a few hundred feet from the house when I heard the shot. I ran back and found him dead. He died like a realist all right, alone, and evading the agony."

"Great Scott," Gifford ejaculated. "It's unbelievable. Would you call it a sort of poetic justice, Cap'?"

"Hardly that," Captain Nickerson said, "I've always heard that this part of Africa gets its man sooner or later. I'm glad we're leaving here tomorrow."

"About last night, Sir, I am sorry that I disobeyed orders. But—"

"Forget about it Mr. Gifford, at one time I might have tried something like it myself. I understand how you felt..."

Nickerson brought out a bottle and some glasses. He said

"Here, Mr. Gifford, let's have our ration."

A look of understanding passed between the two men and they lifted their glasses in a toast to three masts appearing at a crazy angle out of the muddy waters of the Bonanga river.

THE END

Marine Painting Contest Winners Announced



Photo by Lawrence D. Thornton

Jim Holland, a merchant seaman, looks at prizewinning paintings to see whether the one he voted for made good. Above are two paintings from the exhibit of water colors of South American ports which was on view in the Janet Roper Room through April. The artist, B. Sturevant Gardner, took a trip on a Dutch freighter and painted from the bridge of the ship.

Winners in the Marine Painting Contest sponsored by the Institute for active seamen are: Linwood Borum first prize of \$25 for his oil "Rocks and Surf"; Carl E. Harrie, radio operator, 2nd prize of \$15 for his oil "Punta Blanca, Chile"; and third maate Thomas Musser, 3rd prize of \$10 for his water color "Crowded Dock".

The paintings were on view in the Institute's Janet Roper Clubroom through the month of March and attracted favorable comment from visitors, critics, and fellow artists. Ten artists were represented by a total of 32 paintings. Subject matter, though all marines, ranged from turtles to sinking ships, from the rocky coast of Maine to tug boats.

MARITIME DAY—MAY 22nd

A packet swift and sturdy
Was built with great acclaim
To sail the grey Atlantic
SAVANNAH was her name.
She carried masts and spars and sails
Boilers and engines, too.
Her skipper was a Yankee,
Southerners her crew.
She crossed in twenty-seven days
By sail, coal and steam,
Forerunner of our merchant fleet,
Fulfilment of a dream.
And now we gather once a year
To pay the homage due
The gallant ship SAVANNAH
And her merchant crew.

M.D.C.

SHORTAGE OF AMERICAN PASSENGER VESSELS

The serious shortage of ocean-going passenger ships operating under the American flag—one of the factors which has resulted in President Truman creating a five-man Advisory Committee on the Merchant Marine to study the problem—was strikingly demonstrated in statistics disclosed by the United States Maritime Commission recently.

This tabulation shows that at the outbreak of World War II in 1939 there were 162 passenger vessels with a total capacity of 56,516 passengers under United States registry. Of this number more than one-third were more than 20 years old, the age limit set by the Merchant Marine Act of 1936.

Today the total is 91, capable of carrying only 27,017 passengers, and of these only 21, with an aggregate carrying capacity of 4,359 passengers, are now actively in operation. Of the remaining vessels, 53 with 16,453 passenger capacity, are in inactive status because of inability to meet present safety requirements of the Coast Guard. Seventeen passenger-cargo vessels, capacity 6,205 passengers, are under re-conversion from war service or being repaired.

Thirty-seven of the fleet of 162 liners this country had before the war were sunk while under American operation during hostilities. Twenty-seven were transferred to foreign registry in the United Nations war effort and thirteen of these were sunk. Eight were converted to freighters in the war emergency and four have been scrapped because of combat or other damage that made repair uneconomical.

MEDAL AWARDED

For his bravery in leading his crew to safety after the tanker *ATLAS* was torpedoed and set afire, Captain Hamilton Gray, 50, of Ridgewood, New Jersey, was presented with the *Merchant Marine Meritorious Service Medal* by Captain Hewlett R. Bishop, Atlantic Coast Director of the U. S. Maritime Commission.

Captain Gray was so badly burned in the roaring flames which engulfed his ship after a Nazi submarine sent two torpedoes crashing into her hull on the night of April 9, 1942, in the Atlantic ten miles off Cape Lookout, North Carolina, that he was under medical treatment for three years. Due to his courage and leadership only two crew members lost their lives.

2 LIFEBOATS, KEEL TO KEEL, MAKE 'UN-SINKABLE' CRAFT

A new type of unsinkable and un-capsizable lifeboat is reported under construction in England and will be tested on a voyage halfway across the Atlantic next spring.

Harold A. Gaskins, a Londoner, has been working on a foolproof lifeboat ever since the loss of the liner *Lusitania* thirty-one years ago. One hundred and twenty-seven models have been used in perfecting the craft. Mr. Gaskins will pilot the boat on a test voyage across the Irish Sea prior to his experimental trip in the Atlantic.

The lifeboat is described as two boats fixed bottom to bottom. When either section is uppermost an air cushion underneath makes the craft non-sinkable and non-capsizable. Powered by two Diesel engines, the boat will make up to ten knots.

THE SEA'S TOLL • • • SEAMEN DIES AFTER BLAST FIRE KILLS FIVE

The Coast Guard lost a race with death recently when Robert J. Kenny, of Port Arthur, Texas, a seaman injured in an explosion on the tanker *Chantilly*, died aboard the cutter *Mohawk*, 100 miles at sea off Cape May, N. J.

When the ship sent out her SOS telling of the injured seamen, the cutter *Cherokee*, *Mohawk*, and a rescue boat carrying a doctor, were sent to her aid. Operating with radar, the *Mohawk* picked up the *Chantilly* in pitch dark, and the injured man was transferred to her. He had suffered a compound fracture of the left leg and it had been impossible to stop the bleeding.

The explosion wrecked the engine room, leaving the *Chantilly* drifting helplessly in rising seas, but the cutter *Cherokee* got a line aboard and towed the vessel to Norfolk.

The Swedish tramp freighter *Kristine Thorden* carrying a crew of 30 and 12 passengers and cargo, was towed back to Sweden after fire broke out in Mid-Atlantic on October 11th, causing the death of five persons. The fire started amidships and fed on a cargo of cellulose and steel. The sister ship, *Selma Thorden* went to the rescue of the vessel, as did the Swedish motorship *Udderholm* and the Norwegian motor passenger liner *Stavangerfjord*.



Photo by Marie Higginson

A Central Council layette—complete with customer.

A SERVICE rather different from their usual activities has been launched by the women volunteers of the Central Council of Associations. This continues a service very kindly maintained on a smaller scale for some twelve years by the Junior Emergency Relief Society headed by Mrs. Walter E. Lambert. The organization, continued from World War I, disbanded when World War II required the skill of its members in different fields. This is the preparation of baby layettes to be given to merchant seamen fathers who have been unable to purchase the necessary articles in their own war-depleted countries or here in America.

The layette consists of a baby blanket in which are tied up three little nightgowns, 3 petticoats, 3 shirts, one dozen diapers, 2 pairs of baby socks, 3 pairs of booties, and safety pins.

Recently in the Club Room for Danish seamen at the Institute, 100 of these layettes were packed and sent off to Denmark where such items were unobtainable.

Through the Institute's Clinic and its Special Services Department, merchant seamen in need of clothing for their new born infants were contacted and the busy members of the Central Council gathered the articles, packed them up, and sped them on their way or handed them over in person to embarrassed but grateful fathers.

These layettes are given out as fast as they are made and there is an urgent need for more. Volunteers or church groups who are willing to make layettes or parts of them, please get in touch with the Central Council office at the Institute. Women who do not knit will find this a way to be of great service to merchant seamen.



Capt. C. E. Umstead, principal of the Institute's Merchant Marine School has again shown his skill in deducting. He was shown the above photograph, taken by Radio Operator T. M. Berthiaume and submitted in our Camera Club Contest. We asked the Captain to write an appropriate caption. The following is what he suggested:

THE vessel is a Navy LST (Landing Ship Tank). The instrument is a gyro repeater, mounted on top of the wheelhouse, a position known, in Merchant Marine slang, as "monkey island". The observer is taking a bearing of an object probably on the shore, using an azimuth circle in connection with the gyro repeater. The observer presents a number of difficult questions:—1. In the Navy such bearings are taken (usually) by a non-commissioned man, a chief quartermaster. In this case, he (the observer) is wearing a navy officer's issue khaki trousers, an army issue officer's shirt. However, no watch officer ever carries a metallic object, such as a screw

driver, (shown in hip pocket), while on watch, nor does a competent man swing an azimuth circle by the mirror rather than by the pins provided, as is being done in this case.

As to where the photograph was taken:—Several days after a landing, the smoke in the background and the distance of the same from the shore, the absence of a helmet on the observer, indicating air attacks are no longer expected. The shore line is built up by bulkheads used inside of a harbor. Combine these facts plus the following ones and we have a Pacific Ocean picture. LST's were built early in 43, participated in the North Africa campaigns, which are out because the photograph was taken at high noon, and nowhere in North Africa were landings made in the latitude indicated. That latter fact spells Pacific. As to where in the Pacific, I don't know, but to take two guesses (probably all wrong) 1. Cebu 2. Manila.

TANKER MANUAL

In compiling this handy book, Lt. Cmdr. Summerill has brought together considerable information as to the construction and maintenance of modern tankers. In addition, he has included several tables necessary to tanker management. The result is an authentic and useful book, plainly written and of convenient size for practical use. Neil L. Ehmke

WIND ALOFT WIND ALOW

by Marin-Marie

Charles Scribner's Sons 1947 3.50 322 pages
Marin-Marie is the nom de plume of a distinguished marine painter who here makes his bow as a writer. The book was finished before the war but never published until now. The author had no opportunity of seeing the translation or the proofs; so he should not be blamed for certain weaknesses.

Marin-Marie was the first man to cross the Atlantic single handed in a power boat. He had, however, made the east-west crossing under sail a few years before. The present book is an account of both voyages. The earlier one includes a wealth of interesting detail on his preparations; on his highly ingenious devices for automatic steering and general comfort of the solitary skipper. There are beautifully written chapters describing the solitude of the seas and the philosophy of the lonely sailor.

The second crossing, eastward from New York to Havre, is less satisfying. To start out in a brand new boat, Deisel driven, fitted with extremely complicated gadgets which he had never tried out, seems so unbelievably careless that one rather loses interest in the ensuing hardships. The fact that he made port at all is all the more remarkable.

As one would expect, the illustrations are a delight. D. Page

THE LONG SWIM

By Richard Angell

Putnam, New York

In "The Long Swim" Richard Angell has written a slight yet meaty novel concentrated into three days' passing. It is the story of a young man who becomes bored with inactivity as his ship is anchored off a Mediterranean port and decides to swim to an island which seems deceptively near. Although a veteran swimmer the long swim turns, because of tides and miscalculations into a grim struggle for survival. His thoughts as he puts arm over arm in long powerful strokes that grow steadily more tired and automatic, range from religious and philosophical theories to simple memories of moments and people. Well written, compact, beautifully descriptive, the book is absorbing and entertaining. P.W.

GALAPAGOS BOUND

by John Jennings

The son of the famous sea writer, the late Capt. Felix Riesenber, is following in his father's footsteps by writing sea stories. Young Felix, at the age of ten, sailed aboard the N. Y. State Training Ship, "Newport", commanded by his father. He served four years in the American Merchant Marine and then became shipping editor of the San Francisco News.

This book, an adventure story for older boys, will also interest seamen, yachtsmen, and fishermen, for it deals with tuna fishing—the most daring, rigorous work that men do at sea. The story involves opium smuggling, and the setting is the Pacific and the Galapagos Islands. Like his father, Felix Riesenber, Jr. has the "feel" of the sea and writes with the ease that comes from knowing his subject thoroughly.

M.D.C



THE SALEM FRIGATE

by John Jennings

Doubleday, 1946 \$3.00

This long and colorful historical novel tells the story of the 32-gun frigate *Essex* from its construction in Salem in 1799 until its ill-starred capture by the British in Valparaiso in 1814. We follow the fortunes of a young naval surgeon, Tom Tisdall, who tells the story, and his fellow adventurer, Ben Price, ship's carpenter and avowed scoundrel. Together they work in the ship-yard where the Salem frigate is being built—and together they sign on its first voyage, and though there is no love lost between them, they are still together on its last. They sail to the Barbary coast, are captured by the Tripoline pirates, escape across the African desert, and several times barely escape death. The *Essex* is the first American man-of-war to sail round Cape Horn to prey upon the valuable British whaling industry.

The tale is told in a lively style, and against the background of the War of 1812 with the courage and love of adventure which led our Yankee forbears to fight for the freedom of the seas throughout the world, is a great sea story and a great love story.

F. Louise Noling

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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."