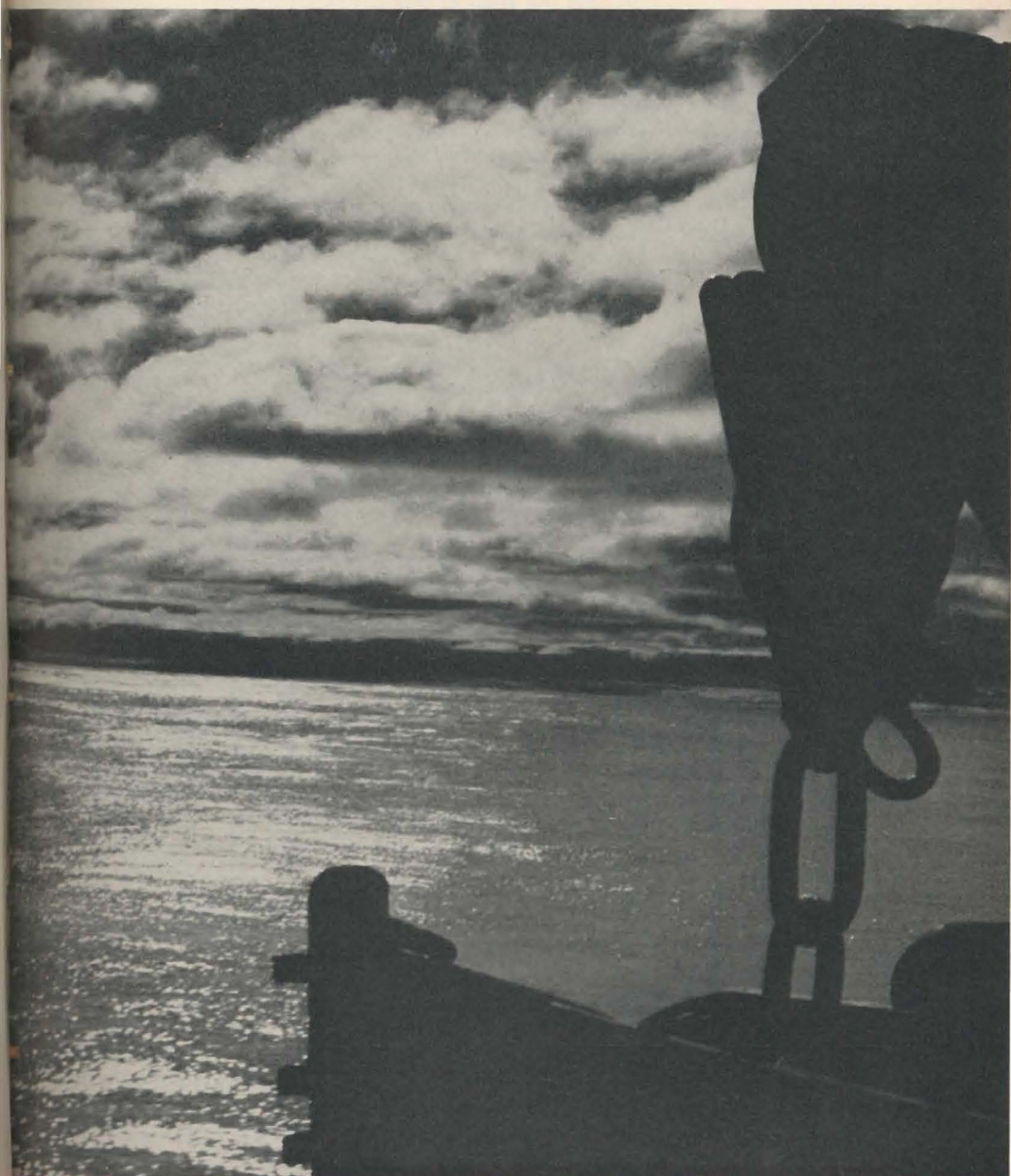


# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI

September, 1950

No. 9



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

OF NEW YORK

## Sanctuary

When Thou O Lord dost cradle  
Him on seas to sleep  
Oh guide him safely  
Silencing Thy surging seas  
Oh lift a breeze to his hot brow  
To ease the steel of war  
Which sinks him into night.  
Oh clasp his hands within Thy grasp  
Of sudden calms  
And sleepless eyes when  
Day is done  
Oh lift a breeze to these —  
Thy seamen of all seas  
Bring him silences to after glow the day  
And may Thy reach of shining stars be his  
I pray.

— Irene Johnson

## The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI, SEPTEMBER, 1950

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Church Institute of New York

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# The Lookout

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## Good By

By Frank Keyser, Chief Mate

"GOOD morning, Mr. Mate."

Antonio, the bo'sun, stood in the doorway. His round, black face



was placid with refreshing sleep. It was Monday morning and he had on a clean suit of dungarees. Underneath the dungaree jacket he wore a heavy, knitted wool sweater of faded blue. His thick-soled work shoes were brightly spotted with redlead.

"Good morning, bo'sun." The mate braced himself at his desk as the vessel lurched in the heavy sea. He regarded Antonio gravely.

"I don't think we do any painting this morning, Mr. Mate." Antonio's voice was soft—husky, relaxed music coming deep from within his chest. His forehead was smooth and unwrinkled as he stared gravely back at the mate.

"Why don't you think we can do any painting this morning, bo'sun?" The mate repeated Antonio's words, seated at his desk, relaxed, grave, feeling the soft rhythm of faded dunga-

rees and unclouded black brow.

"Spray all over ship, Mr. Mate." Antonio's lips scarcely moved. His voice was a casual, husky whisper, as if feeling somewhere deeply within himself the useless necessity of words. He stared at the mate's desk.

"Let's have a look, bo'sun."

Together they went out on the boatdeck. The fresh northeast gale caught them and forced them to hang onto the bridge deck ladder. The mate squinted his eyes against the glaring brightness of the sun and looked down over the foredeck. As the bow dipped into the sea, a heavy curtain of spray rose high into the air, and caught by the wind, drifted in glistening white plumes across the fo'c'sle head.

"Can't paint over salt, bo'sun." The mate rubbed his fingers over the crystals that gleamed like powdered snow on the boatdeck railing.

"I told you, Mr. Mate. Spray all over ship."

The mate looked forward. He watched the seagulls hanging close down to the weather bow. There were six of them, and they drifted into the gale with scarcely a flutter of their wings, now rising, now falling, adjusting the delicate mechanism of their bodies to the ever-changing air currents. The sky was blue, with scattered tufts of white clouds. Down in the water were bright patches of green and blue, like the shallow water over reefs. The seas piled up and then broke in glittering, white crests, leaving streaks of bubbling foam trailing in their wake. The mate felt his face beginning to burn, and when he licked his lips, the taste of salt was strong in his mouth.

"I'd like to get her painted up before we get home, bo'sun."

"Can't paint over salt, Mr. Mate." They were silent for a moment, watching the seagulls. "I don't think this ship make any more trips, Mr. Mate."

"You don't think so, bo'sun?"

"I think they going to lay her up this trip."

"You think that, do you, bo'sun?"

"I think that for sure, Mr. Mate."

They stood side by side, squinting off to windward, feeling the warm contemplation of silence.

"Bo'sun if they lay her up, I want you to come up to my room before you go off the ship."

"You want to see me, Mr. Mate?" Now there was cautious restraint in Antonio's voice. A tiny wrinkle appeared between his eyes.

"I want you to come up and say good by."

The mate watched as the wrinkle disappeared, and Antonio's brow again became smooth and relaxed. Half smiling they glanced into one another's eyes, and then glanced quickly away. Their thoughts were joined together. In the nine-month trip, now almost over, was the memory of themselves, and the ship, and the sky, and the sea, and the warm, comfortable feel of flesh and heart that reached out and touched one another.

Side by side they had stood on the icy, wind-swept fo'c'sle head. Together they had climbed down into a hold to shore up a tier of shifting gasoline drums. The hold had been dark, and in the midst of the splintered timbers they had labored, and become angry, and shouted bitter things at each other—as friends do. The job over, they had their coffee together. They rested their coffee cups on the bulwarks together, side by side, relaxing, each smoking his cigarette.

"I come up to see you," Antonio promised.

"Maybe we'll get together on some other ship," the mate said. "Maybe we'll be shipmates again sometime."

"I think so, Mr. Mate."

It was a sailor's parting. The mate understood. The sea is vast, and life is short, and time is long, and ships and sailors go by many paths. There would be other ships . . . other shipmates . . . other partings . . . The sea had brought them together, and inevitably the sea would take them apart. He stood close by Antonio's side, looking out over the tumbling sea, The six seagulls flew into the wind . . . now rising . . . now falling . . . They looked down and called to the waves in lonely cries. Good by, Mr. Mate, Good by, bo'sun.

*Slowly*      **GOOD-BYE, FARE YOU WELL!**

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff is marked 'Solo' and 'Cho.' and contains the melody for the first line of lyrics. The second staff continues the melody for the second line. The third staff is marked 'Solo' and contains the melody for the third line. The fourth staff is marked 'Cho.' and contains the melody for the final line. The lyrics are: 'O fare you well, we're home-ward bound; Good-bye, fare you well, Good-bye, fare you well! We're home-ward bound for New York town, Hur-rah, my boys, we're home-ward bound!' The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

## Grandfather's Seachest

By Capt. Peder G. Pedersen

LIKE a submarine, her deck awash, the brigantine "UTO" wallowed in the mountainous sea, her proud swanlike appearance gone, robbed of her white sails and lofty rigging by the storm, she was now like a water-logged seabird struggling to keep afloat.

My efforts to bring grandfather's seachest from the rapidly crumbling forecabin to the captain's quarters ended in disaster. A giant wave came crashing down on deck, sweeping me and the chest over the lee railing and out in the churning sea. Clinging desperately to the chest, staring certain death in the face, my first thoughts went to my home and to my mother, then my life story flashed through my mind in a matter of seconds.

I remembered the night before I went to sea. My mother was packing the chest and with every item she put down, several tears followed. Father was standing by the window, looking out on the harbor where the ship was riding at anchor, the foam from the stormswept waves breaking against the rocks in front of our house, spraying the window with a salty mist.

Putting his hand on my shoulder, his voice came strange and low, so different from the ringing commanding voice he used on the bridge when his ship came into the harbor, a habit he found difficult to adjust the short time he used to be home.

"Son," he said, "we islanders have the salt spray of the ocean in our blood. You, too, feel the call of the sea like our ancestors, a tradition that is dear to all of us. I gave you my seachest, as my father gave it to me on my first voyage. Keep it in esteem as a part of your home. It followed me for many years to many foreign countries."

"On a ship, a seachest is a seaman's private castle."

I remembered the day we left Tyne-mouth, homeward bound. With a

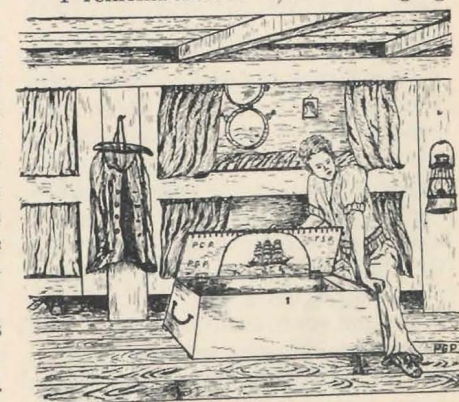
### ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS

The judges in our recent Essay Contest were John Mason Brown, John Hutchens and Harry Hansen. First prize of \$25.00 went to Capt. Peder Pedersen, second prize of \$15.00 to Chief Mate Frank Keyser and third prize of \$10.00 to Thomas F. Whiteside. The winning essays are published in this issue.

proud feeling of satisfaction, I put my last purchase, a bottle of FLORIDA WATER, neatly wrapped in bright green paper with my other treasures in my seachest. There was a Scotch plaid dress, a box covered with colored shells and mirrors, a white silk scarf with pictures from Japan, red silk slippers with white fur trimmings; for my kid brother a racy fourmaster carved from a block of cederwood, with sail and rigging ready to be fitted.

Before I closed the lid, I took a long look at the painting on the inside, a full-rigged ship on a whitecapped blue sea. My grandfather made the painting and carved his initials in the upper left corner, P.C.P. My father's initials were carved in the upper right, T.S.P., my own, P.G.P., I put in the lower left.

I remembered how, in the raging



Drawing by Capt. G. Pedersen

northwester, we lost our rigging. We were able to put up some emergency sails, but deep in water as she was with a full load of coal, we did not make much headway. One day a steamer came up alongside and in their lifeboat took five men off. The captain, mate and I decided to try to take her into some port. Luckily for us she did not leak much, but the breakers rolled over her almost constantly.

I was struggling to get the chest out of the door of the forecabin, when the captain came running and demanded to know what I was doing. He was furious when I told him. Nobody could move a chest over the deck in weather like this.

As I told him it was grandfather's, he was surprised that "THE CHEST" was on his ship, and with an understanding smile he was eager to help. A line was tied to it and run aft; from

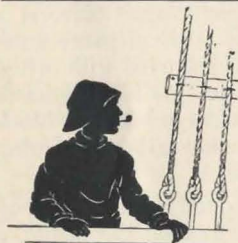
there we tried to pull it across but it stuck and I ran back to dislodge it—and the big wave came, to carry me down to Davy Jones locker.

Then the miracle happened. Hearing the captain's shout "Man overboard," the mate left the wheel and came to help. Left without a helmsman, the ship luffed to the wind and hove the railing under water and the backwash from the big wave floated me back on the ship's deck.

I was still hanging on to the chest, but only because my arm was wedged tight in the braided leather strap at the end of the chest. My arm was broken but I was alive. Not a splinter was left on deck of the forecabin—gone. The next day a trawler took the ship in to England.

My telegram to my father:

"Saved by Grandfather's Seachest. Pete"



## The Emancipation of Junior

By Thomas F. Whiteside, Engineer

HE was an ordinary seaman aboard the S.S. *Haym Salomon* when I signed articles a few hours before sailing for Naples on September 16, 1943. The crew quickly tagged him "Junior" — a name that made his cheeks burn a bright red as expletives spat from his machine gun-quick mouth.

Slight of build and beardless, Junior was soon the despair of Captain Rice, who grew hoarse in his shouted concern over Junior's propensity for the perpendicular. Junior climbed the masts against orders, then — when commanded to come down—lowered himself by sliding down the stays to the ship's rail, shouting in glee with every roll of the ship.

But on one such occasion, Fate turned Junior's glee into humiliation. His wallet fell to the deck, and the bos'n picked it up and examined it.

"The little b—— is only fifteen years old!" he chuckled.

Junior slid down, burning his hands, and leaped at the bos'n, fists flying and curses cutting the shocked stillness. He recovered his wallet, but not until his papers revealed that he had made one trip on a Pan American vessel as messman, then applied for American seaman's papers on the strength of his "experience" — plus his oath that he was eighteen.

Captain Rice questioned him severely, learning that his father was in the Navy, and that his mother did not know where he was. The Captain then wrote her a letter which he later mailed in Gibraltar. Thereafter Junior's hatred for the bos'n was a source of great mirth to the entire crew. He refused to take any orders from him, and when the Master backed Junior, saying he was to per-

form no tasks unless directly ordered from the bridge, it was the bos'n's turn to burn.

The night we reached Naples, wave after wave of Jerries came over, and the shore gun crews gave them all they had. Then Jerry let us have two flares, one red, one white, making us a perfect target for a bomb. The deck was lit up like a sidewalk in front of a gin mill, and a large piece of shrapnel fell from the sky.

The Captain's hoarse curses caused us to look out. Junior scuttled across the deck, bare-headed, picked up the piece of shrapnel, then dropped it with a scream, blowing on his fingers. "G—d——! When it cools off, it's mine!"

He raced to the shelter deck. The breathless master shouted, "You, Junior!" "When there's cussing to be done on my ship, I'll do it."

The bos'n retrieved the huge piece of metal, but was ordered by the master to turn it over to Junior. His big fists doubled, but he dropped the metal at Junior's feet and stamped away.

The next morning Junior was missing. The ship's holds were searched, and the crew muttered darkly: "If the bos'n did anything to that kid, he's gonna hit deep six with a marlin spike in his head."

Three days passed. No Junior. Feeling was mounting, and the bos'n's jaws bulged in resentment against the unspoken accusation that glared at him from every man's eyes aboard.

Then a Red Cross truck drew up to the gangplank. Out piled Junior, muddy, red-eyed, and groggy from fatigue. The master pushed his way through the crew gathering around him.

"What happened?" he demanded.

The Red Cross official explained. Junior had hidden aboard a duck and had made his way to the front lines. He had been caught in a three day barrage at the front. The soldiers had adopted him, and when he had been apprehended by MP's, had loaded him with souvenirs.



### The Lesson

Drawing by Lloyd Bertrand

Junior's lips were thin as a razor blade. He met the crew's jibes with a meanness peculiar to him. He no longer walked with a roll.

The day we sailed for New York the bos'n came out on deck, pulling Junior behind him.

"Listen, men." He was as hoarse as a whiskey barrel. "The Captain just told me what happened. Junior saw men die up there, and he's even got blood on his clothes. When he gets back, he's going to use his seaman's papers to enlist in the Army. He didn't bring back the souvenirs because he wanted them. Get this carefully, you guys: Junior is the assistant bos'n on the trip to New York.

Junior grinned, "Nope, I'm going to be just an ordinary seaman on the way home. But I promise everybody I'll be a good—one."

Everybody understood his pausing after "good." He'd swallowed his usual expletives. He knew he didn't have to curse to impress us any more. Junior was now a man.

### A B-I-G PROBLEM!

Gretchen Green who works in the Social Service Department of the U. S. Marine Hospital at Ellis Island came to THE LOOKOUT editor with a problem. Seems that a seaman weighing 500 pounds (yes!) needed a bathrobe. The large man had lost fifty pounds while in the hospital but covering him was still a BIG problem. We enlisted the help of one of the Central Council volunteers—Mrs. B. Reiners—who promptly sat down to her sewing machine and made a bathrobe which took all of ten yards.

## Eight Bells

By John Hodakovsky, A. B. Seaman\*

THE sailor was dead. There could be no doubt about that. The captain had felt the pulse that beat no longer, whiskey was forced down the throat that would never swallow again and cold water was dashed in his face, but it was no use.

The captain rose from the kneeling position in which he had administered to the supine figure on the steel deck, his face a grave, solemn mask as he nodded and said in measured words: "He is dead."

The dead man's anxious shipmates glanced from captain to the corpse. It didn't seem possible. There was no sign of a wound—only a thin rivulet of blood streaked from the corner of the mouth which was partly opened as if in amazement, but the glazed unseeing eyes that had rolled upward so that the pupils had almost vanished, gave undeniable proof that life had fled. He would never spin another yarn, nor joke or laugh, nor sing another song from his native Norway.

Only a short while before he had climbed the foremast most agilely and made fast the booms in their cradles on the crosstrees. One of them had

lurched due to slack in its topping lift, while he was securing it and yanked him off. He fell to the steel deck seventy-five feet below and probably never knew what hit him.

His death was felt keenly by his shipmates. He was one of them. He took his trick at the wheel, stood his lookout in the bow and did his work on deck. It seemed impossible that he was gone. Any minute he might get up and laugh at what a joke he had played on them. But he didn't.

The captain turned to go but he said to the bosun, "Get some canvas and sew him up." The bosun nodded and took charge. He sent an ordinary seaman to the forepeak to get the palm needle, sail twine and canvas while the other sailors took a hand to put the dead man on the hatch. Under the bosun's instructions two sailors selected a hatch board and rubbed beeswax into it vigorously.

It took the bosun and Chips about two hours to sew the man in his suit of canvas. They left the bottom part for the last inserting iron shackles at the feet before closing that last gap. Then they laid the dead man on the waxed hatch board and carried him to Number Four hatch.

The captain came down from the bridge and the sailors gathered around for the burial. The hatch board with its lifeless cargo was lifted to the rail and one end of it rested there. Then the captain opened his Bible and began to read the service in a monotonous tone. When he said, "And the body shall be cast into the sea," the hatch board was upended until the shrouded body slid off into the sea with a loud "plop."

The ship steamed onward leaving the corpse to sink into the deep and the helmsman sounded eight bells even though it was only 0900. The watch for the dead sailor was ended and he was gone to Fiddler's Green where it is always eight bells and time to knock off.

\*The author of this died of tuberculosis.



From the Painting by Carol Portak, 1st Ass't. Engineer

"... and we commit his body  
to the deep ..."

## These Letters Show Heartfelt Appreciation of Seamen Who Received a Christmas Box Last Year



### From a Seaman on a Cargo Ship and Mailed From Hawaiian Islands

"I was one of the lucky seamen who received a Christmas package this past Christmas. The one I received contained a card from you with your name so that is why I am writing. I was at sea Christmas day. It was just like any other day except for the dinner. The ship moved to New York from Boston and that is when the packages came aboard. I, for one, was greatly surprised for I didn't expect anything for Christmas from anyone. Everything it contained was very nice and I want to thank you very much for it. I really appreciate it."

### From a Seaman at the Institute Who Said To A Volunteer

"This is the first Christmas present I have had since my mother died 15 years ago. I didn't know anybody again would remember me. I feel like a new man."

### From a Seaman to a Member of the S.C.I. Board of Managers

"I received your very beautiful box. In all my years of going to sea I've never seen anything like it. It's just out of this world. Some people are under the impression that a seaman receives a box and does not acknowledge its receipt, and that he does not appreciate same—well, they do. They are a lot like children that went to a party. Goodbye, good luck, and may your pleasant fields be green always."

### From an Old Salt, a "Cape Horn" Sailor

"What a great comfort the sweater is! All my life I have had bronchitis so must keep warm . . . This has been the best of my 70 Christmases and you have put the finishing touch on it."

### From One of the "Givers"

"Imagine my surprise to receive a Christmas card from a Mr. . . . . posted in Honolulu, thanking me for his Christmas box, he had received aboard ship Christmas day. I was delighted of course. This week I received a most beautiful "hanky" mailed as a gift wrapped from Bonwit Teller's, N. Y. . . . I did not mean to put my name in the box just to be thanked. I just wanted to be a 'secret good fairy.' My little humble box must have spread abundant cheer for anyone to do anything so lovely and appreciated. Miss I.C."

Many "Thank-You" letters were received from crews (signed by all on board from the captain to cabin boy). Some took up collections in appreciation and sent them to us for our work.

### From the SS American Veteran at sea (with signatures attached)

"We would like to take this opportunity to convey our sincerest wishes to you and your staff for a Happy and Prosperous 1950, and hope that you will be able to continue your thoughtful and appreciated work throughout the coming years."

WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE A BOX IN THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS?

Write to CENTRAL COUNCIL, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.  
for cartons and instructions for filling.

## FOG

Fog is a sinister substance. It is soft, yet unyielding, impalpable, yet impenetrable. It covers the land and the sea like a creeping thing, "on little cat feet," as the poet\* said, and then it moves on.

But while it stays, it thwarts the will of man, imperiling his safety, and frustrating his movements. Fog makes a mockery of the mightiest machines. It keeps the greatest ships at the wharf; grounds the swiftest airplanes, and reduces to a minimum the traffic upon the highways.

You cannot hear the fog as you can hear the beat of rain or sleet. You can only see it as something vague and elusive, oppressive and terrifying.

Fog isolates a man from his natural surroundings. It makes familiar things strange and grotesque. It turns a man's thoughts inward upon himself, bewildering his mind and befogging his intellect.

But powerful as fog is, it is also ephemeral. A change in temperature, the blowing of the wind, or the falling of the rain, and the fog is dispersed, freeing man from vaporous bondage and frustration.

(From the Meriden Record)

\*Carl Sandburg

## Fog in War-time

By Martin Fuller, Radio Operator

OFF the Grand Banks we ran into thick fog, and for seventy-two hours we were blind. Fog is a grave hazard when a vessel is running alone. But when fog envelopes a large convoy it becomes a poisonous, evil thing, a curse that corrodes men's nerves and tries their souls. A hundred ships groping their way through an opaque screen: a hundred whistles hooting forlornly through the day and night. Eyes, hundreds of eyes, tired yet watchful, peering into that swirling vapor, on guard against collision, submarines and drifting mines. Then the gray day fades and darkness settles down. Night! Fog and darkness. You wonder how close you are to that unseen ship ahead. Are you still in line or drifting into the next column? Then a hail from the lookout in the bow:

"Ship dead ahead, sir!"

The sound of gruff voices from the



From the Painting by Paul Sample

bridge, the sudden sharp bark of commands, a series of staccato urgent blasts of the whistle, as a dark blob, the blurred outline of another ship, looms out of the fog. Then the cold, hard voice of the skipper, "Hard right!" followed by the jangling of the engine-room telegraph and the groan of engines thrown into reverse; the lashing churn of the propeller as it labors desperately to pull you back from the brink of disaster!

Picture to yourself a hundred ships, rolling and plunging and being tossed about, as they grope their way through that blinding shroud. A hundred ships loaded with every conceivable kind of high explosive—gasoline . . . dynamite . . . black powder . . . ammunition . . . bombs . . . and all the other trappings of sudden death. Collision spells disaster. So one can imagine what goes on in the minds of men who ride these miniature volcanoes, whether they are standing a lookout on the bridge or a throttle watch below, copying BAMS in the radio room, or watching a gauge glass on the boilers—or perhaps just lying awake in the dark and wondering.

## Propeller Club Announces Winners in Nation-wide Essay Contest

Twenty-two high school students throughout the country were awarded trips on American ships and U. S. Savings bonds as winners in the fifteenth annual Essay Contest sponsored by The Propeller Club of the United States.

Following are excerpts from the Essays: The subject of the essay was "THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE FOR WORLD TRADE AND WORLD PEACE."

The Merchant Marine has two major functions which especially suit it to a stellar role in the American program for peace. First of these is, of course, to further and increase foreign trade. It is hoped that increased trade between the Western Democracies will boost their economies sufficiently to check communism, which is the greatest threat to peace today. The second of the major functions of the Merchant Marine, is to assist in national defense. The effectiveness of a strong Merchant Marine in winning a war was demonstrated during the second world war when our Merchant Marine, which was then the largest ever to sail under one flag, was delivering millions of troops and their equipment to every corner of the earth. The necessity of maintaining a large Merchant Marine in order to be prepared for another war presents a major problem to the U. S. government.

Robert Link—Age 17.  
Redford High School, Detroit, Mich.

\* \* \*

While the war torn countries of Europe and Asia are still fighting for an equilibrium of ideas, the American Merchant Marine must and does carry on the trade that is vital to the existence of a world that is growing smaller with every decade—nearly every year.

Though some claim the United States could exist by itself without the imports from these other countries, they would find that many of their necessities would again become luxuries if this happened. Coffee, sugar, natural rubber, tea, bamboo, ivory, teak, and hundreds of other products would be seldom seen here as they are now if not for the international trade that is carried on.

June Zylstra—Age 18.  
Lincoln High School, Tacoma, Wash.

\* \* \*

The best guarantee of regular, uninterrupted service in the development of the commerce of the United States and the maintenance of peaceful relations with other nations of the world is a strong American Merchant Marine.

In the past the United States has been very dependent upon foreign commerce. Before the states became united, shipbuilding, whaling, and fishing were important occu-

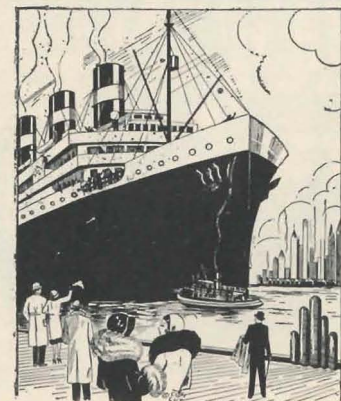
pations of New England colonies while trade with the mother country was absolutely necessary. After the Revolution and down to the Panic of 1857 the Merchant Marine, which had an enhanced share of the lucrative China trade and enjoyed high ocean freight rates and a brisk demand for American vessels, remained in a position of general prosperity. But after the Panic of 1857 and until 1900 the Merchant Marine underwent a decline, carrying on only the commerce necessary for the livelihood of the United States. At the beginning of the twentieth century the number and quality of shipyards and ships gradually began to build up until today after two world wars the United States is the leader of both.

Today our Merchant Marine, which is the finest in the world, is working to enrich the peoples it connects, promote a true cosmopolitanism of the mind, and strengthen the fabric of international peace. The American Merchant Marine has proved itself a source of our prosperity, and a guardian of our security.

Mollie Gee, Texas City High School,  
Texas City, Texas

## PROPELLER CLUB TO HOLD CONVENTION IN BALTIMORE

The 24th annual convention of the Propeller Club of the United States will be held Sept. 27th to 29th in Baltimore, Maryland. The topic to be discussed by shipping operators, maritime labor and seamen's welfare agencies will be: "THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE—MID-CENTURY ANALYSIS." For information about registration write to the Propeller Club, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y. Fifteen panels will cover every facet of Merchant Marine problems including national defense, legislation, labor, inland waterways, port development, international trade, public relations, maritime training and education, shipbuilding and repairing.



## ANCHOR OF LOST STEAMSHIP PORTLAND

An anchor ten feet long and weighing an estimated two tons, which may have belonged to the ill-fated steamship *Portland*, was brought into New Bedford by the fishing dragger *Agda*. The anchor was brought up in the vessel's drags about nine miles north-northeast of Race Point Light.

This is the position given for the remains of the hull of the *Portland*, which were inspected in 1945 by divers under the direction of Edward Rowe Snow, shipwreck authority.

The *Portland* went to the bottom on Nov. 27, 1898, with 176 men, women and children aboard in the worst sea tragedy ever to strike the New England coast.

Also aboard was about \$18,000 worth of uncut diamonds in the ship's safe, it is believed. The jewels and other valuable articles never have been salvaged.

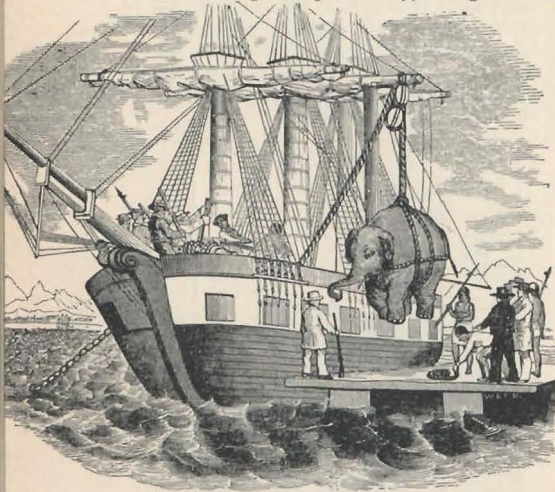
## A STORY TRAVELS

LOOKOUT readers may recall the story, "SURFACEBLOW HOISTS A TALL ONE" by Steve Elonka, which appeared in the March (1950) issue. The story told how Marmaduke Surfaceblow raised a mast with the help of a Bombay fakir and a cobra. One of our subscribers, Miss Julia Schmidt (an employee in the U. S. Post Office at 25 South Street), told us how she passed along the copy containing this story as follows:

First, to the guard at the Hudson Terminal, Jersey City, who wanted "something to read to chase the blues away."

"Read this," suggested Miss Schmidt. "It's a very funny story."

The man did, laughed and enjoyed himself, then passed THE LOOKOUT copy on to a paralyzed man in Brooklyn who read it, also laughed uproarously, thought it one



HOISTING ELEPHANTS ON SHIPBOARD.



of the funniest stories he had ever read. Then Miss Schmidt passed the copy on to a former police sergeant now living near Harrisburg, Pa. who had both legs amputated. The copy of the March LOOKOUT is still travelling, causing readers to laugh heartily at the tall tale of Surfaceblow's magical trick.

## 3 ELEPHANTS STAGE SHIP STRIKE AT PIER

### Refuse to Walk Off Vessel, Hoisted Off in Nets

Three huge elephants in a shipment of seven balked for an hour and a half yesterday when stevedores attempted to unload them from the Isthmian freighter *Steel Admiral* at Pier 4, Tomkinsville, S. I.

The ship brought a cargo of more than 500 animals, mostly monkeys, from Bangkok, Siam, in a voyage of more than a month. The consignment of animals and reptiles was to the Trefflich Bird and Animal Company, Inc., 228 Fulton Street.

When trainers and stevedores tried to persuade the three largest of the seven elephants to walk off the ship, the trumpeting pachyderms obstinately refused, until steel nets were lowered around them on the fantail, and they were hoisted, protesting, over the side.

Once on the dock, they walked calmly to waiting trucks. The 400 Java and fifty red-faced monkeys in the cargo were sent to Prospect Park to await final health clearance. The shipment also included four leopards, three golden-faced cats, and 50 snakes, including nine pythons.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune, June 27, 1950

## The Friendly Arm of the Law

By ROSS MONROE

*Editor's Note: Mr. Monroe, a retired N. Y. City police officer joined the S.C.I. Staff last year.*

**M**OST people think that police work is only the apprehension of persons with criminal history. The humanitarian side of police work is rarely considered by the average individual.

Here at the Institute we have many seamen away from home and even homeland. Unless they have shipmates here, they are among strangers. The Institute offers conveniences to aid them, but from time to time problems arise with which they need help—even from police. So here are a few such problems that have come up:

A young man was found sleeping in one of the Institute's social service rooms on several nights in succession. He was sent by the social workers to the police office. Investigation proved that he was suffering from an impediment of speech, thought to have been caused by a sudden shock or period of fright. He only suffered this condition when he had been imbibing too freely. It was found that his was a case of an experience during the war. At times he became depressed, since during his time away his mother had died. He had not slept in a bed for nearly a week and he stated that he had not eaten in two days. The Social Service arranged for him to stay here overnight and prevailed upon him to enter a hospital. He is responding to treatments, is squared away and will soon be able to return to sea.

Another young man, a college graduate, who was ferrying planes across the ocean during the war, returned from the war—restless—couldn't adjust in his small town, decided to go to sea. He worked steadily on Army Transport ships, arrived in port with one whom he thought was his friend. Both paid off (the young man with a greater amount of money) in New York City. They took a taxi to a clothing shop, were outfitted, then shipped

their baggage home where he planned a between-voyage visit. He had not yet purchased his railroad ticket. He went with his friend for that last fling—a few drinks—both returned to station, fell asleep, while waiting for train to take him home. Awakened—alone, friend gone—all his money. To the Seamen's Institute for the first time—interviewed, assisted by Credit Bureau—finally squared away and check cashed as he had money in home-town bank. Grateful for assistance given, he left with the remark "It pays to learn there are friends to help fellows like me although I had to learn the hard way!"

A young Scandinavian boy imbibed too freely, became involved in a dispute—was requested to leave the building until he quieted down and became sober enough to conduct himself properly. He left, took on more cargo, became involved in an altercation outside, returned, refused to leave, became abusive. Arraigned in court, he was found guilty, was fined, paid his fine, returned to S.C.I. Was questioned as to what his trouble had been. Finally it came out that this young man while in his teens and in his homeland had volunteered to carry messages from the underground (as his country was occupied by German troops) to those of the Allied countries who desired information. He was apprehended after delivering a message, brought before German officers where about 15 or 20 of his countrymen were. He was asked to pick out the man who gave him the message. He had no answer. He was stripped, horsewhipped, given solitary imprisonment, but still he refused information. War ended. Freed. His body still scarred with noble and honorable wounds. When he got a few drinks under his belt, he became resentful of authority. We explained to him that he's now among friends. He understood and appreciated offer of help and advice.

## Book Reviews



### DRAGGERMAN'S HAUL

By Ellery Thompson

1950, The Viking Press, New York, \$3.00

Ellery Thompson tells how he learned to paint but not how he learned to write. But he did learn to do both exceedingly well in the free spells of his very busy, very rugged life hauling his dragnet for fish in summer sun and winter storms. His has been an eventful life, in a small way, events and affairs that have freshness and novelty because of the breezy, often thoughtful way in which he relates them: his easy yet chaste relations with Belle the "bad woman" of the water front who was not so bad, as her story proves; his friendly yet decisive scuffle with his father for physical superiority; the drowning of his brother Morris, and Earl Caswell's heroic plunge into the winter sea to rescue him. The day-by-day work of the draggers as they moved along in the offshore and coastal waters in sun and blizzard; Stonington, Block Island, New London, Fulton Fish Market, Newport, all come into his succession of pictures. And all through it the reader feels that this draggerman writer has mastered pretty well the most difficult of all arts, the art of living—even though, or because he never married. Salt water boatmen should especially like this book, though there is a wealth of lively reading for the landlubber too.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

### THE SAILING SHIP

By Stanley Rogers

Harper & Bros., \$7.50

The author, a noted British marine artist, undertakes to describe in words and pictures the sailing ship—a thing of beauty. Many interesting facts are learned concerning the origin of ships, figureheads, hulls, sea lore, etc. The book is illustrated with full-color paintings and black-and-white sketches of ships. The chapters on ship models and on rigging are especially well done. Artists and ship-lovers will find this a useful book.

MDC

### ALL THE SHIPS AT SEA

By Wm. L. Lederer

Wm. Sloane Associates, \$3.00

Commander Lederer is the U. S. Navy's most delightful storyteller whose favorite pastime is mocking tradition. His secretary's comment is pertinent: "He's always in sixteen different kinds of trouble (usually with the 'brass', but always wiggles out in a blaze of glory—the kind of guy who stubs his toe on a rock and then finds a thousand-dollar bill under it." Some humorous "tall tales" are told here, starting with how he got into Annapolis.

MDC

### 25 SHIPS REQUIRED TO MOVE A DIVISION

The American Merchant Marine Institute, said that the logistics in the Korean war "is chiefly a matter of ships—and more ships."

The institute estimated that 250,000 deadweight tons of troop-carrying vessels and freighters are necessary to transport a full division and its equipment across the 5,000 miles to the Korean area.

Such a movement would require a twenty-five ship convoy. It would take forty-four days to get from the United States to a forward combat area. The undertaking would call for twelve days to pack and load 18,000 tons of supplies and 4,000 vehicles aboard the ships, and seven days to embark the 19,000 men in a full division. Assembling and steaming in convoy across the Pacific takes another eighteen days, while another week is consumed in discharging.

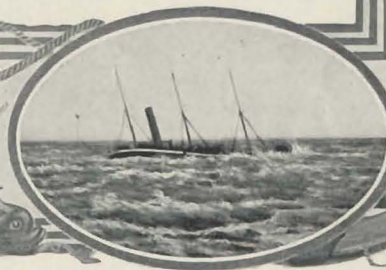
## Marine Poetry

### WEEDS

By A. B. Courtney

Weeds are growing in the ways  
From which proud ships  
Slid into a bloody sea;  
Huge cranes, long idle,  
With no more steel to lift  
Stand gaunt and lifeless  
Like stuffed birds behind museum glass.

Ships are lying in some idle stream,  
Row upon row of silent ghosts  
That once echoed the roar of battle  
And lay silhouetted by flaming beach-heads;  
No more the gray and throbbing shapes  
Weaving over the sea before dawn  
See Gela, Salerno and Normandy.



### SEA SONGS

By Laurence Miner


Ho for the tattooed legion, ho!  
Ho for the white caps, leather skin!  
Ho for the gypsies who must go  
Along the undulating row  
The porpoise patterns fade and show  
Until the lands begin.  
(And why we do not know.)

Ho for the ports which flank our main!  
Ho for the ports and out again!  
Whether on deck or down below,  
Ho for the legion, ho!



**A NEW SUPER LINER IS BORN**  
**“UNITED STATES”**

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*Courtesy U. S. Trust Co.*

**AMERICA'S GREATEST SHIP.** View of the drydock at Newport News on February 8, 1950, just a moment before the first 55-ton keel section was laid in place for the greatest ship ever built in America. The “ribs and backbone” showing in the picture are all wooden, and will act as a brace for the steel plates that follow. When completed, the gates at the far end of the dock are opened and the ship floated out.