

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI

July, 1950

No. 7

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

## Sanctuary

For all Thy ministries—  
For morning mist, and gently falling dew;  
For summer rains, for winter ice and snow;  
For whispering wind and purifying storm;  
For the reft clouds that show the tender blue;  
For the forked flash and long tumultuous roll;  
For mighty rains that wash the dim earth clean;  
For the sweet promise of the sevenfold bow;  
For the soft sunshine, and the still calm night;

For dimpled laughter of summer seas;  
For latticed splendor of the sea-borne moon;  
For gleaming sands, and granite-fronted cliff;  
For flying spume, and waves that whip the sky;  
For rushing gale, and for the great glad calm;  
For Might so mighty, and for Love so true,  
With equal mind

We thank Thee, Lord!

— John Oxenham

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI, JULY 1950

Copyright, 1950, by the Seamen's  
Church Institute of New York

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS  
President

THOMAS ROBERTS  
Secretary and Treasurer

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

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor

\$1.00 per year      10c per copy

Gifts of \$5.00 per year and  
over include a year's subscrip-  
tion to "THE LOOKOUT".

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

Address all communications to  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

# The Lookout

Vol. XLI

July, 1950

No. 7

## To Meet the Emergency :

At 25 South Street

These are **SOME** of the ways in which the Institute is helping unemployed seamen to stretch their savings while hunting for jobs. Coffee is still five cents a cup! (40 pounds served DAILY.)

\*Snacks are fifteen cents.

\*\*Special meals are thirty cents.

Dormitory beds are reduced to forty cents.

Other ways:

Credit Loan Bureau extends non-interest loans.

Recreation — in Auditorium, Game Rooms and Janet Roper Club — helps to keep the men's minds off their worries about dwindling funds and the shipping situation.

\*Sample "Snack" 15 cents: Grilled spiced ham and fried egg sandwich.

Snacks are served on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings after the movies in the Auditorium.

\*\*Sample 30 cent special meals: Salisbury steak, mashed potatoes and gravy, green vegetable, bread and butter. Soup, sauerkraut, frankfurts, mashed potatoes, bread and butter and coffee.



The Long Wait for Jobs

This Month's Cover, "Lookout Going Aloft." From a photograph taken by Mr. Brooks Atkinson (dramatic critic of the New York Times) some years ago while he was a passenger on board the S. S. *Aquitania*.

## Winners in Seamen's Art Contest\*

**T**OM MUSSER was 1st prize winner (by unanimous vote of the jury) for his pen and ink and wash drawing of a Moran tug. The jury included Gordon Grant, marine artist, Arthur Guphill, editor "American Artist" and John Noble, marine lithograph artist.

A native of Indiana, Tom went to sea during the war and in between voyages tramps the docks, painting and sketching freighters, longshoremen, tugboats. He became interested in painting when a friend who was studying at the Art Institute in Chicago told him there was merit in his ship sketches. Arriving in New York on a tanker, Tom joined the Institute's Artists and Writers Club. In

1948 he won first prize in a Contest for his water color of a freighter. The jury included Gordon Grant, Charles Robert Patterson, both famous marine artists; also artists Bertram Goodman and Edmond James Fitzgerald. The Institute gave Tom a one-man show of about 35 of his paintings. Five were sold to the United Fruit Company, and his current prize-winner, reproduced here, was reprinted in "TOWLINE," official publication of the Moran Towing & Transportation Company.

\* \* \* \*

\*Sponsored by the Artists & Writers Club for the Merchant Marine, Seamen's Church Institute of New York.



Drawing by Tom Musser, 2nd Mate.

**LLOYD BERTRAND**, 3rd Prize Winner, became interested in art after reading Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence." Born in Louisiana, when he was sixteen he began going to sea; sailed all during the war, was licensed a Third Mate in 1947. He has never studied at an art school, has been painting for about a year in his spare time. He is married and makes Baltimore his home. He likes to sit in the cemetery to plan his more serious pictures.



Drawing by Lloyd Bertrand

### AMERICAN TRAMP SHIPPING SEEN DOOMED

The American tramp shipping industry is almost on the rocks after flourishing for three years after the war. Unless the government comes to its aid soon, all American flag ships in tramp services will probably be in ship boneyards by next year and more than 4,000 American seafarers will be on the beach.

This is the prediction of the Committee for Promotion of Tramp Shipping under the American Flag in Foreign Commerce, formed under the chairmanship of F. Riker Clark, President of American Foreign Steamship Corp., to present the industry's plight to the attention of the nation.

The disappearance of American flag tramp ships will mean that most of the nation's irregular foreign trade and transportation of low value bulk cargoes will go to foreign ships employing cheap manpower.

The first post-war years saw the greatest resurgence of American flag tramp shipping since the clipper ships carried the nation's flag into ports all over the globe, while foreign nations devoted their first post-war years to rebuilding cargo liner services.

But our nation's liberal policy of selling American surplus merchant marine tonnage to enable foreign countries to replace their war losses and vessels, gave foreign tramp competitors an opportunity to catch up quickly. In June, 1947, there were almost 1,500 American tramp ships in operation employing 60,000 American seafarers. This has now shrunk to under 100 ships manned by 4,000 Americans.

A United States Maritime Commission tramp shipping committee recently recommended a tramp shipping subsidy for a fleet of 200 ships after a two year study of the problem. Legislation, H. R. 6719, to authorize such subsidies was introduced by Representative Schuyler Otis Bland, Democrat of Virginia, as one of his last official acts before his death in February.

**JOE MICHAELS**, 2nd prize winner, for his drawing of Japanese stevedores unloading coal, is a radio operator and served through the war. Last year he won Honorable Mention in the Institute's Oil Painting Contest, and on the strength of this, we obtained a scholarship for him at New York University. He has been studying art with Howard Simon and been making great progress. Robert Coates, Art critic of "The New Yorker," in commenting on Joe's oils, wrote: "he has imaginative verve and daring and is an unusually original and promising artist." We have scheduled a one-man show of Joe's oils, drawings and water-colors in our Janet Roper Room Gallery during the month of September.

### CAPTAIN ANDERSON JOINS QUARTER CENTURY CLUB

Captain John W. Anderson, master of the liner *America*, was inducted recently into the United States Lines' Quarter Century Club at a luncheon aboard the ship at Pier 61, Hudson River and Nineteenth Street.

A veteran of thirty-five years at sea, Captain Anderson began his sea career in 1915 as cadet officer aboard the *St. Louis*, owned by the American Line, a predecessor of United States Lines. During the first war he was second officer aboard the Isthmian Line's *Vantu* and the Army transport *Westhampton*.

## Messages in Bottles

Editor's Note: Our contributors joined in wholeheartedly to make our Spring "Message-in-a-bottle" benefit a success. The Institute enlisted the aid of Captains in tossing the bottles overboard when reaching the specified locations.

### First Bottle Found!

The first bottle found had been sent by Mr. Charles C. Perrin of Paoli, Pa., and was tossed overboard from the U.S. Lines freighter *American Leader* by Capt. Allen Smithies on May 12th. On May 18th it was picked up by Joel McKay of 54 Seacrest Ave., Staten Island, in Great Kills Harbor. Mr. McKay returned the message and both finder and sender have been sent a prize of a miniature ship-in-bottle. We'll keep our readers informed if any other bottles are found.

Our friends sent in many original messages, both poems and prose. Mr. R. W. Cauchois of Johnson & Higgins recalled a youthful indiscretion involving a message-in-a-bottle which we believe readers will enjoy.

## Chickens Come Home to Roost

By R. W. Cauchois

MY father, a short fiery American of French descent, happened to get his first and last job in the French Line of transatlantic steamers. He was in the same employ, namely: the New York agency of that line for some 67 years.

About the turn of the century the French Government staged a World Exposition in Paris. My father, then in charge of the Freight Department in New York, arranged the transportation of the American exhibit to the Paris Exposition and for that purpose chartered a French freighter by the name *Pauillac* after the French city of the same name. The entire American exhibit was laden on the *Pauillac* and comprised practically her entire cargo.

The vessel sailed from the port of New York and after passing Sandy Hook was never heard of again. She apparently was never sighted by any other ship nor was any bit of wreckage, lifeboat or buoy, that could be identified as having come from her, ever picked up.

Mary Martin, Star of "South Pacific," has written the following message which was put in bottle No. 228, and given to Captain Anthony Gallo of the S.S. *Pioneer Gulf*, U. S. Lines. The Captain will cast this bottle, along with others designated by friends of the Institute, in the South Pacific when he crosses the International Date Line (180 degrees Longitude) on his next voyage to Papete and Brisbane, Australia.

"HELLO South Pacific! Best wishes to the finder of this note on the real South Seas from one who, since April 7, 1949, has pretended to be a Navy nurse on duty in your wonderful part of the world in "SOUTH PACIFIC," the musical play on Broadway, N. Y., U.S.A.

Sincerely,

MARY MARTIN"

This was before the days of wireless so that no distress signal was received.

It was necessary to duplicate the American exhibit very hastily and you can well imagine that there was much speculation as to what happened to the *Pauillac*.

My father received many inquiries from friends and relatives of the crew but he had absolutely no information for them.

Four or five years elapsed and, particularly in our family, it was a mystery which was kept alive.

When I was about 14 or 15 years old, my mother and I went to Europe on the *Touraine* of the French Line. As we were sailing, some friend presented me with a bottle of lime drops, which I polished off and while we were still several days out from Havre, our destination, I was about to toss the empty bottle into the sea when a very unfortunate idea, as it turned out, came to me. The bottle, as I recall it, was a wide mouthed bottle with an aluminum screw top with a cork washer making it waterproof and it seemed a pity to toss

this nice bottle overboard when it might so easily contain a message which might be of interest were it eventually recovered. It occurred to me that it would be a fine idea to write an account of the sinking of the *Pauillac* which mystery was still fresh in my memory.

I went into the writing room and wrote a brief message in French, which language I knew fairly well, to the effect—

"It's night—sea is rough. We are sinking, have been in collision with an iron sailing ship, name unknown, which, after the collision, slipped away into the night. Good bye."

It was, of course, necessary to sign the message and I was not familiar with the names of the officers or crew so I invented the name "Jean de Garre." The idea of the collision with the iron sailing ship I got from the accounts of the sinking of a French ship many years previously named the *Bourgogne* by collision with a British iron sailing ship *Cromatershire* and which resulted in a terrible disaster.

That was all, and I never thought of the matter again for something over a year.

One night my father returned home quite late for dinner. Father apologized for his tardiness and explained that after all of these years at last some word as to the loss of the *Pauillac* had come through—that the French Embassy had sent the French Consul in New York a message, which had been picked up in a bottle on the Coast of Brittany. The Consul transmitted the



Drawing by Norman Maffei

NOTE: Want to send a message to Antarctica? Bottles, with messages, will be cast into the Antarctic Ocean by the skipper of a whaler. Closing date for messages—August 1st.

If a bottle washes ashore and the finder returns the message to the Institute both sender and finder will receive a prize of a miniature ship-in-a-bottle.

message to him to recheck, on the personnel list, which he still retained, the name signed on the message as it did not correspond with any names on their list. Father explained that the *Pauillac* had been in collision with an iron sailing ship just as had the *Bourgogne*.

A terrible sinking feeling overcame me and in a trembling voice I inquired the name that had been signed on the message. He replied—"Jean de Garre" and then asked me what was the matter with me as I had appeared to have suddenly gone to pieces—going a very green and yellow color. As a matter of fact, the room was going around like a pinwheel. In a trembling voice I answered that I had written the message.

He said, "What was that? Please repeat what you have just said." I repeated that I had written the message and said I had thrown it from the *Touraine* on our trip to Europe about a year and a half previously. He said—"Just a moment—Am I to go to the French Consul tomorrow and explain that my half-witted imbecile . . . . (and here followed language that would have shocked any boss longshoreman) son had written that message and thrown it into the sea?" At this point mother commenced to cry.

He further informed me that if I had any further impulses of a similar nature to by all means give way to them BUT, after having done so, never to return to his bed and board.

I am glad to say that I have been able to restrain similar impulses from that time.



Featured players in the cast of the musical play, "SOUTH PACIFIC," write messages to be put in bottles and cast into the South Pacific from the American Pioneer Line freighter *Pioneer Gulf*.

Betta St. John, Martin Wolfson and Myron McCormick, with Capt. Anthony Gallo.

## KNIT TWO, PURL TWO



**F**LYING knitting needles, busy fingers winding skeins of wool into balls—these conjure up a nice domestic picture. A cozy fireplace and a sleepy cat would complete it. But the setting is at 25 South Street where each afternoon in the Janet Roper Club volunteers gather to serve coffee to the seamen, to play checkers or cards with them, and to lend sympathetic ears to the men's stories.

"Knitting seems to encourage conversation," comments Mrs. Louis Scher, one of the volunteers. "The men like to see us knitting or crocheting. They come and tell me that their wives, or mothers, also knit sweaters and socks. One afternoon a seaman came and asked me if I would please darn his glove which happened to be of the same color wool I was using. Another seaman whose hobby is crocheting, showed me the lovely patterns he had made. We soon exchanged patterns because he wanted to surprise his wife with a pretty scarf or a table cloth all made by hand."

According to Mrs. V. B. Williams, another volunteer, many of the seamen are good knitters and don't regard it as a sissyish hobby. "One afternoon," she recalled, "while I was knitting on a pair of argyle socks, I was asked by one of the seamen if I would just continue to knit and let him watch me using all the shuttles with the color yarns. He told me he had been in the hospital and during his stay had tried to knit a pair of argyles. He confessed that he had lost his temper many times and he could not believe it possible for anyone to knit with those shuttles without flying

into a rage—which he fully expected me to do!

"One afternoon I was knitting a sweater for my little grandson. It was blue with a border of little dogs. Some of the seamen watching me were as excited about the animals taking shape as I was. I had to make a promise to show some of them the finished sweater before I gave it away. The sight of that little sweater brought out many pictures from seamen's wallets and tales of their own children."

Editor's Note: Each year the Central Council makes over 10,000 knitted articles for seamen which the Seamen's Church Institute of New York distributes. New recruits for this "army of knitters" are always needed to keep the men supplied with sweaters, scarfs and socks. Yarn costs money, so contributions to the Wool Fund are also needed. Among the faithful knitters the Council has had 12-year-old girls, 95-year-old ladies, several clergymen and even a few blind knitters. For information and printed directions write to the Secretary, Central Council, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

### A LIFE OF SERVICE

To the Central Council:

I have received your appeal and only wish I could do something worth while. You have received my socks from time to time, and I'm so grateful for your many, many letters of thanks. I must tell you I'm an invalid and have been for twelve years, with arthritis and a broken hip. Now failing eyesight prevents my knitting. I keep in touch with the Institute through the members of All Angels' Church.

Sincerely and gratefully,

FRANCES PURDY

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Mrs. Purdy, celebrated her 100th Birthday last December 17th. A rich, full life, and one made happy because she found out that it is more blessed to give than to receive. For many years she knit socks for our merchant seamen. As we go to press word comes that she died on May 27th.

## Last of the American Schooners

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

LITHOGRAPH BY JOHN NOBLE

Courtesy "American Artist"

**YOUNG AND DRYING SAILS**, the Schooner has her original sheer intact. Later she will become "hogged" and the beautiful sheer lost.

**P**ROTOTYPE of an American four-masted East Coast schooner (built between 1900 and 1919). The hull was usually of hard yellow pine, built in Maine or Staten Island, N. Y., or occasionally Delaware Bay. Most of these big schooners\* were in the coal and lumber trade; some carried phosphate rock and limestone. Yellow pine was brought from Florida and the Carolinas up the coast, and hard coal from Port Reading, N. Y. on the Arthur Kill (river) was carried to the New England states. The artist who has sailed before the mast and has been in salvage work, began to draw in 1928. He portrayed many of these schooners, more than 100 of which were in existence at that time, but today there are none left. They have ended up in junk yards, as coal hulks, breakwaters, or burned, or in boneyards. The wood and galvanized iron in these schooners, unlike the copper fastenings in the early square-rigged ships, have very little value today. John Noble

is making an interesting series of lithographs of these schooners which although not old in years had the monopoly of the coal and lumber trade and are a part of America's maritime tradition neglected by most marine artists. Some of Mr. Noble's ship prints are in the Library of Congress and many are in the Mariners' Museum at Newport News, Va. and Carnegie Institute.

During the month of August an exhibition of Mr. Noble's lithographs will be on display at the Institute in the Janet Roper Room Gallery—open to the public from 3 to 11 P.M. daily.

\*Average dimensions: 175 ft. long (on the waterline); height of top-mast 135 feet. Some had to house their top-mast in order to sail under the Brooklyn Bridge (which is 127 feet high at mean high water under the middle span). Others tried to make it, but had their gold-leafed decorative balls atop the truck knocked off during this maneuver.

## "On the Mend"

**H**OURS drag when one is confined to a hospital bed, and each visitor, each "Gray Lady" bringing magazines, each nurse bringing mail, each Chaplain, is a welcome interruption to a seaman when he is "on the mend" and no longer too sick to care. At such a time the Recovery boxes packed by members of the Central Council are especially appreciated. At such a time, after a seaman has thought long, long thoughts and, perhaps, has been near death, the arrival of one of the Institute's Chaplains is indeed "an answer to prayer."

Spiritual comfort and counsel as well as material gifts make the seamen realize that people do care about his welfare and are praying for his recovery. As soon as he is able to get out of bed, and can wheel himself around in a wheel chair, he voluntarily goes to the worship service conducted by one of the Institute's Chaplains each Sunday. Here he sees flowers on the altar (which are later distributed among the seamen patients); he hears hymns played and a sermon

to stimulate his thinking. If he wishes to get in touch with his relatives who live far away he can ask the Chaplain to write a letter or phone them.

The U. S. Public Health Service maintains hospitals on Staten Island, Ellis Island and at Neponset, L. I., where merchant seamen who sail on American ships are eligible for free treatment. If on foreign ships, the shipping company usually pays for such seamen. Various welfare organizations send volunteers who provide recreation, comforts, occupational therapy and entertainment. The Institute sends Christmas and Easter boxes, and when the seamen are discharged from the hospital, the Credit Bureau extends non-interest loans for a week or so until the men are able to work, or until arrangements are made for their care.

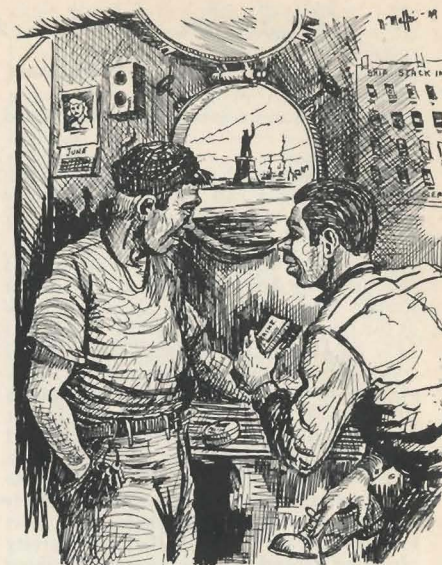
The Institute's Clinics also cooperate with the U. S. Public Health doctors in giving special treatments or diets to convalescent seamen.

The Institute's Chaplain, the Rev. Charles Nugent, who is stationed at the Hospital at Stapleton, Staten Island, commented on the handicraft work made by seamen patients—hooked rugs, leather work, baskets, wood carvings and many other items—which are displayed and sold at the Hospital. He has discovered a number of seamen who like to write poetry and to paint, and he informs them of the Contests conducted by the Institute for seamen writers and artists.



Altar at Marine Hospital, Staten Island. Flowers are contributed each week by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and later delivered to patients. The Altar cloth was embroidered by a seaman patient — Fred Ehlers — who gave it in memory of Capt. A. Stein.

It is sometimes his sad duty to officiate at funerals of seamen and to notify their parents. He also conducts Sunday services and Miss Ethel Clarke provides the music. Chaplains James Healy, Francis Daley and John Evans meet and talk with seamen who come to the Institute's building, and they, too, visit seamen in hospitals. They conduct daily services in the Chapel, and Sunday services at Ellis Island and at Neponset, the latter where tubercular seamen stay. Many of this group will never be "on the mend" as their disease was detected too late. Giving spiritual consolation to such as these is a part of the chaplains' duties. For others, the chaplain does his part in helping the men to become mentally as well as physically fit for duty. Many of them worry if they have no job, no home awaiting them and no funds, and for these the Chaplains and the Institute's various departments can render assistance.



By Norman Maffei, A. B.

## Gottings from the Janet Roper Club Log\* "THOUSAND MILERS"

The boys are all resplendent these days in their Thousand Milers, as they call the colored shirts which they wear. When I asked the boys why they called them this special name, they said it was because they could wear them one thousand miles before washing them.

### SUITED

One of the volunteers, Miss Marjorie Kinney and Gene have been repairing the suit he got at the Sloppe Chest this morning. At first it looked as though a piece of material would need to be cut off the coat to match the pants. Gene tried the trousers and discovered they were large enough to sew with a straight seam, just taking it in he said. The bottom was moved over, the lining sewn and Gene looks and feels like a new man. He's nearly ready now to look for that job.

### SARTORIAL SPLENDOR

John M's story struck me as worth repeating. It seems that after he was discharged from the army he decided to join the Merchant Marine. On his first trip he went aboard dressed like Astor's Pet Horse, and carrying 2 gladstone bags. The Coast Guard helped him aboard presumably thinking he was a visiting dignitary and ushered him into the captain's cabin, where the captain was dozing. John said: "What can I do for you sir?, I'm your new second cook." When fully awake the  
\*Recorded by Hostesses Lois Meldrum and Pauline Hamm.

Old Bosun uninspired about prospects of going ashore, while younger seaman beams with anticipation.

captain let go of some pet adjectives. John said he lasted two days on the ship, and decided there and then that the Merchant Marine could get along without him. However, he went back a week later and has shipped out ever since.

### GOOD FORTUNE

Ben has a ship and is so happy he wants everyone to know about it and says he will pray for them and the J.R.C. every day. Peter also has the good fortune to be signed on a ship.

### WHODUNITS WANTED

Two Stewards from the SS MEDIA came in for books. They especially wanted mysteries by Erle Stanley Gardner, as they had recently had him as a passenger.

### VISITOR

Arthur Shea, one of the seamen brought his son in to say Hello. The son is in the Navy and was en route to Washington, D. C., but had heard so much about the SCI that he wanted to visit and meet some of his father's shipmates.

# A Sailor Writes to His Girl Friend

## Honey Bears and Bottle Elks.

Botwood, Newfoundland

Dear Rose:

In our last port of call I received two letters from you. I can hardly describe how glad I was to hear from you again. It really was wonderful.

I hope you forgive my delayed answer but you probably know how hard it is to get started with a letter. You sit down. Look at the typewriter. Try to do this -/?. Or that "#% So I go to the messhall for a cup of coffee. The second engineer was all happy over his newly received six letters from his wife. One for every time the allotment hadn't arrived in due time. So naturally we started talking about Botwood, its flora and fauna and hunting possibilities. (With respect to the flora, the hunting areas were quickly fixed to some few stores where some alert lookouts already had reported some pretty girls who worked there, so we started talking about going to the best recommended store and buying a pair of socks in sections. First the left sock and thereafter return to buy the right sock.) I was anxious to get companions to go on an elk hunting expedition just to shoot a few color slides of an elk's family life. The Second was himself a camera fan, but to my suggestion about the hunt he started up: "Oh no not me, brother, you won't see me within 10 miles of an elk, and even then they've got to have plenty of trees—big ones, but," he said, "have you ever been out hunting honey bears?" "No, what kind of bears could that be?" I asked him.

"That was down in Rio. The captain, the chief and I went ashore. In front of a 14 dollar a day hotel we noticed a brand new car and naturally stopped and took a look at it. We walked around and looked from outside inside from upside, down. All over. People started asking us what we were look-

ing for. 'Oh,' we explained, 'we are looking for honey bears.' 'Honey bears?' they asked, and started looking all over trying to help us to find something they thought we had lost." I was puzzled by the Second's story.

This morning the captain asked me, "Have you ever tasted bottled elk meat?" I certainly had not, but people might think you are stupid and uneducated if you don't know what bottled elk meat is, so I started talking about something else just to keep that hot question a little at a distance. Meanwhile my brain was circling at full speed and a half around that "bottle elk" question. I figured out that a little tactic might be of some help here and went down to the mess hall. After my second cup of coffee, the second engineer showed up. "Second," I started, "Have you ever been out on 'bottle elk' hunting?" "Bottle elk — oh no brother, and I'll tell you—you won't never find me within . . ." he scowled. Well, well, that didn't work out so what could I do, all alone in a big world filled up with honey bears and bottle elks? I finally resorted to a popular book called "First Aid at Sea." I thought it most likely that bottle elk would be grouped under the heading of bottles, but all I found was a paragraph called "Dipsomania." The sentence that puzzled me read: "Radio the nearest Coast Guard station for advice. Bring the patient to the hospital as soon as the ship is in port." Here was something I could use. First it sounded a little strange to me: First aid at sea—take the patient to the hospital. Well, maybe they meant the ship's hospital, but how to get a man into a ship's hospital already filled up with old junk, well that was another question. I understood it a split second later.

First the radio man on the ship asked some foolish question of the coast station and they would tell the ship what numbers of their bottles in the medicine chest to use. For instance, use botte 9. Three drops every second hour. Don't exaggerate the size of the drops. If bottle 9 not available use bottle 6 and 3. If the captain on board was an old timer he would save the telegraph charge and tell the patient that he would be taken to the hospital as soon as possible at his own expense. That was a cure as good in many cases as sulfa and penicillin.

First Aid at sea did not give me any explanation of my bottle elk question so finally I decided to ask the local authorities. I went ashore up to the administration building, police station, post office and prison. I knew that they had one prisoner up there—one from our ship—so I hoped to find somebody. I did not find a single soul. They knocked off between 12 and 2, that included also the

prisoner, they were sure he would come back again because it was too cold to stay outside. When they all finally showed up I asked my question and had my answer right away. "Oh yes," they said, "Bottled Elk is an old Botwood custom: cook elk meat in a bottle and let the fat close the bottle as a cork. After some months or years whatsoever the case might be, they cooked the meat again in the same bottle and the taste was something out of this world." That ended my bottle elk hunt, but I tasted a chop of fresh elk meat and that was delicious, and could I ever get within 10 miles of an elk Oh brother you should see me run.

And here my troubles start again. What to write to you, dear Rose. When I think of the many hours we could talk together without getting tired, I find it strange that I can not put anything down on paper to you. I remember how we sat on the little bench in Bowling Green Park and re-arranged the

whole world. I very often think of it. Thus the other day when the captain spoke to me I was completely absorbed in my thoughts about you. "Sparks" he said, "there is a pigeon sitting over there." "Yes captain," I said and kept on thinking again of you. "Sparks" he repeated "can't you hear I am talking to you, there is a pigeon sitting over there." — "Sorry Captain—yes there is a pigeon sitting over there."

But now I know what to do, dear Rose. I will ask the captain to forget all about his pigeons and hurry up so it won't be long before I can dial your number again, and we will go to a movie, maybe a little Spanish restaurant and afterwards we will sit down on that little bench in Bowling Green Park and we will talk and talk so I will be too late to the last BMT subway and we will continue talking so I won't have to think about writing long long letters to you from me: WILLY HALD, Radio Officer.

## A BOSUN WRITES

British Zone, Germany

Dear Friends:

Yesterday I received your wonderful parcel, and words fail me to express my thanks and gratitude for your kindness.

The beautiful warm pullover is just the right thing for me and more so just now, because the cold weather has set in, and everything is frozen stiff. And that good tea and cocoa was also very welcome, especially the latter, because I was a very sick man all during November. I had to go to the hospital for an operation and that was only a small matter, but I got inflammation of the lungs and it nearly killed me. The doctors had practically given me up already, but I am rather tough and got on my feet again. I am 14 years old.

That fine writing paper you sent me was very welcome, also that fine Christmas card and the soap. I remember when I stopped in South Street in my first American ship, a brigantine, as ordinary seaman. I got 12 dollars a month then, able seamen got fifteen dollars. This was in 1892 and South Street was a paradise for me, with all those sailing ships sticking their bowsprits across the street. They used to discharge and load ships with the help of horses; there was a block fastened on the pier and a whip rove through it, and the horse walked forward and backward and lifted bales and bales of goods out of the hold of the ship. I spent many a day on that street, it was so very interesting. I have spent over 20 years on American and British sailing ships, and the rest of the time I've been in German and Norwegian ships. I also was on one French full-rigged ship called the *Leon Blum* of Nantes.

Yours with much gratitude.

CARL MUELLER\*

\*Formerly Bosun on Count Felix Von Luckner's yacht *Mopelia*.

## BATTER UP!

The Television screen in the Institute's Game Room is a great asset to our entertainment program, but it also poses a problem. If the Giants are playing a ball game, the seamen rooters gather round but the Dodger fans want to know why their team isn't being telecast. Joseph McCrystal, in charge of the Game Room, solves this with Solomon-like wisdom. One day the T-V is turned on for one team, and the next day for another team, to keep both factions happy. About 125 men gather around the screen each afternoon. The early birds come a half hour before the game is scheduled and take their regular seats, as if they had subscription tickets. The seamen say that ours is the best television reception they have seen anywhere. New direction gadgets added to the aerial have helped improve reception (always a problem in areas with lots of tall buildings). Lots of Puerto Rican seamen are baseball fans. Lively discussions follow each game.

In the evenings, double-headers are telecast until ten o'clock, when, by mutual consent, all baseball fans relinquish the screen to the boxing bouts and all factions stay to watch these exciting matches.

## CHECK KING!

Knights and castles, bishops and pawns, kings and queens—and the chess games are on! Chess is a popular game in our Game Room and would be more so if we had enough sets. If readers have any chess sets they can spare, we'd appreciate them. Send to Dept. of Special Services, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.



Drawing by Phil May

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

tect firm, Gibbs & Cox. Length 980 feet; beam 101 feet. 60,000 gross tonnage. To accommodate 2,000 passengers and 1,000 crew. Cruising speed 28 knots but top speed not disclosed. To be in New York to England and Europe service. For nation defense, the superliner is built to accommodate over 12,000 troops.

Let us hope that these new ships as they go into commission will help to ease the serious unemployment situation for American officers and seamen.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES has three new ships in construction at the N. Y. Shipbuilding Corporation yards in Camden, N. Y. The three luxury liners, destined for round-the-world service, are named *President Hayes*, *President Jackson*, and *President Adams*. Their tonnage will be 19,000 (displacement); beam 73 feet; length 536 feet; accommodations for 213 passengers.

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES announces two new 1,000 passenger luxury liners, *Independence* and *Constitution*, are now on the huge ways at the Bethlehem Steel Company's shipyard in Quincy, Mass. Each vessel will be 21,000 gross tons, will be air-conditioned in both passenger and crew quarters. When completed, they will sail in the New York to Mediterranean service.

## SINGLE HANDED VOYAGE

By Edward C. Allcard

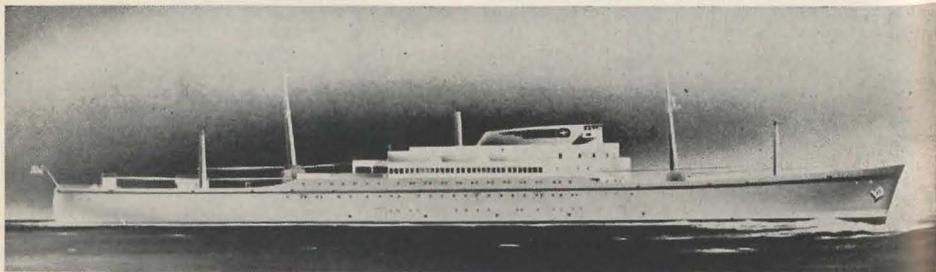
W. W. Norton Co., Inc., N. Y., \$3.00

Edward C. Allcard's voyage from Helford — not shown in this writer's atlas — near Land's End to and down the Spanish and Portuguese coasts to Gibraltar to complete his fitting out, then working the trades south-westward below Bermuda and then northward and westward, non-stop to New York is an adventurous voyage in any language. And this voyager, well-prepared and skilled sailor tells the story of his long, trying cruise vividly and well.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

ESSO Supertanker *Esso New York*, (26,800 tons, 82 ft. beam, 628 feet long) received New York City's official welcome on arrival in the harbor, after discharging 171,000 barrels of fuel oil at the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey terminal in Bayonne, N. J. The new tanker is one of eleven supertankers in the Esso fleet. Commanded by Capt. Alexander Mackay, the giant tanker has a cargo capacity of 230,000 barrels or 9,600,000 gallons of gasoline.

UNITED STATES LINES has its superliner (suggested name is *United States*) on the ways at Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company. Designed by naval archi-



Courtesy of The National Federation of American Shipping

S.S. *President Jackson*, one of three sister ships of the American President Lines, will go into active service in December.

## THE RIVER BOATS

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

Where are the old sidewheelers now,  
The river boats of yesteryear —  
The Comet and Vesuvius  
Whose whistles sharp and clear  
Routed a parish from its bed,  
Shaking the morning air?  
(Sing low, O voices from the past —  
Breathe deep, O honeysuckle flower!)  
Where is the shining Prince of Wales  
The Washington and Southern Belle,  
The Sea Gull and the Unicorn  
That made the Mississippi swell  
In bright, swift tides against the wharves?  
Where are they now? Who can tell?  
(Play soft, O banjo from the shadows  
Bleed red, O melons on the vine) . . .  
Where does the Annie Laurie rest,  
The bold Diana's fabled hull —  
The Sally Robinson trail her smoke?  
Proud as a lady, and beautiful  
Casting her shadow in the sun,  
Where steams the Belle Creole?  
(Finger the willows gently, wind —  
Spill all your silver, delta moon!)  
Where are the boats of yesteryear?  
It is a secret I cannot keep;  
Deep in the harbor of a dream  
They drift with tall, majestic sweep,  
The songs of stevedores long silent,  
And all their pilots fast asleep.

Reprinted from N. Y. Times

## CLAIRE DE LUNE

These things, I see by light of moon,  
suffused with burnished, silver sheen,  
With overlay of lucent green,  
bespeaking death's embalmed swoon—  
too soon, too soon.

Above, I see pellucid sky,  
across whose stage, at death's command,  
Dance a stately sarabande,  
a troupe of shroud-white cumulae—  
to die, to die.

Phosphorescence undulates  
from pointed, plated, metal prow,  
Racing whence, from Then to Now—  
a common goal, death's cold embrace  
that waits, that waits.

Moonlight, cast you shadows deep,  
but one shade less than death's own hue.  
Remold familiar shapes, with mystery  
imbue.  
Light of moon, that seems but conscious  
sleep,  
your secrets keep, your secrets keep.

JOHN P. CRUZE, FWT.

## BURIAL AT SEA

Half mast the flag, toll solemnly the bell;  
Athwart the hatch our parted comrade lies,  
With cold lips softened in a mute farewell  
And still surrender in his sightless eyes.  
The vessel's pulsing clangour hushed and  
stilled,  
His brother seamen round about him  
crowd,  
Whose hands each lowly office have  
fulfilled,  
And gently wrapped him in the woven  
shroud.  
On brawny backs they bear him to the side,  
And o'er him spread his country's flag as  
pall,  
Led by their master, haltingly confide  
In Him whose leadership is over all.  
Oh God, whose hand outspans the raging  
sea,  
It pleaseth Thee to send our comrade  
sleep;  
His spirit from his earthly travail free,  
Commit we now his body to the deep.  
In haven green of immortality  
Secure he rests upon the ocean bed;  
Mar not the place, nor mourn his memory,  
The sea in safety keeps her chosen dead.

H. URQUHART INGLIS

(Commander Inglis's poem won third prize in the 1948 Poetry Competition). *Seafarer's Education Service, England.*

## AFTER THE STORM

Sing sailor, sing o-hoy,  
The "Flying Cloud" is sailing  
Shipsshape, every sail is set  
And our Captain smiling.  
Last hurricane we will forget.  
Sing sailor, sing o-hoy,  
The "Flying Cloud" is sailing.  
Sing sailor, sing o-hoy  
The "Flying Cloud" is rolling  
In the Trades' steady breeze,  
And our Captain calling—  
"Give hands a noggin 'o rum apiece."  
Sing sailor, sing o-hoy,  
The "Flying Cloud" is rolling.

CAPT. PEDER G. PEDERSEN



### Merchant Ship Rescues British Submarine Crew

The Holland-America liner *Almdyk* was in the vicinity of the Thames Estuary when the British Royal Navy submarine *Truculent* was sunk in collision with a tanker. First Officer Johannes R. Abelskamp heard the men's cries in the water. The Illustrated London News' famous artist, G. H. Davis, pictured the rescue for its readers from Mr. Abelskamp's eye-witness account. Fifteen were saved out of a total of seventy-nine.

In command of the *Almdyk* at the rescue was Captain Jan P. Dekker.

### A DAY TO REMEMBER! ENDOW A RED LETTER DAY.

What day would you like to write indelibly on the face of time? What particular day in your life or in the life of your family would you like to perpetuate — by doing for others, in the name of a loved one?

For example, a dear mother's or father's birthday — a first grandson's birthday.

A legacy of \$9,000, if invested by the Institute, at present interest rates, would produce an annual income to cover the cost (above what the seaman pays himself) of running the Institute for a complete day. Such a day would be designated every year as a memorial.

Three such days have already been named. Will you underwrite one of the remaining 362? Give a Red Letter Day as a memorial.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.