

THE LOOKOUT

OCTOBER, 1947



Photo by Lieut. Commander Dwight Long, U.S.N.

Square-rigger "Joseph Conrad" to become Museum Ship
(See page 2)

EAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

Sanctuary

THE 23RD PSALM REVISED (*For Seamen*)

The Lord is my Master, I shall not err.
He guideth me to a safe shore.
He charteth my voyage.
He keepeth me on a straight course.
Yea, though I go down the stormy seas in ships, I fear not, for
Thou art ever with me.
Thy loving care and protection will cling to me all my days.
I shall reach my destination safely.
Thou givest me courage in health and comfort in sickness;
Surely the good will of my crew shall be my reward
And I shall live in the memory of my shipmates forever.

—Louis Lande
U. S. Maritime Service

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVIII, OCTOBER, 1947

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
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25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

ANY DISCARDED CLOTHES TODAY?

Because of the many appeals in recent months from seamen in need of clothing, our Sloppe Chest supplies are almost exhausted. We urge all of you who read this to send us any suits, trousers, undershirts, socks, shirts, shoes, and overcoats that you may be discarding from your own wardrobes.

Please ask your friends and acquaintances to look through their closets and send anything they can spare to:

Special Services, Seamen's Church Institute of New York,
25 South Street, New York 4

The Lookout

VOL. XXXVIII

October, 1947

No. 10



The Board of Managers of the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

invites you to attend the

DEDICATION

of a WAR MURAL

By Edmond James FitzGerald

A tribute to the Men of the Merchant Marine,
World War II

and a memorial to L. Gordon Hamersley,
a member of the Board of Managers 1913 to 1942

in the MAIN LOBBY

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23rd, 1947, 2 P.M.

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

Dedication by

the Rev. Dr. Roelif H. Brooks
An Institute Clerical Vice-President

Address by

Robert Greenhalgh Albion, author and marine historian
Professor of History, Princeton University

Museum Ships

THE picturesque 65-year-old square rigger *Joseph Conrad*, seems destined to end her days as a Museum Ship. Sponsored by the Marine Historical Association at Mystic, Connecticut, the famous little frigate will be a base for a training program for Sea Scouts, Girl Mariners and similar groups. If she is found to be still seaworthy, she may be used for short cruises, but a new suit of sails and extensive and expensive repairs would be required. Named for the seaman-novelist Joseph Conrad, as is the Seamen's Institute's Library, the ship was towed from St. Petersburg, Florida to her new anchorage by the Moran Towing Corporation.

Her former owner, Alan Villiers, who sailed in her around the world in 1935 and 1936, once wrote: "She was so tiny (110 feet long) that she looked almost as if she might have sailed out of a bottle. As far as I know, she is the smallest vessel of that rig ever attempted." In his book "Cruise of the Conrad" (Scribners) he said: "After sailing in her, beating her across the western ocean, wandering through the Trades, running her easting down, I can only describe her as a masterpiece of design. She is the real old frigate type, beautifully proportioned, with a rather blunt old bow, tall tapering masts, graceful yards and a long jibboom poking far out beyond the bowsprit over the figurehead" (of

the famous seaman-novelist, Joseph Conrad. A replica of this figurehead by the sculptor, Bruce Rogers is now at the Institute). She was built in 1882 in Denmark as the *Georg Stage* and used as a school ship for the Danish Navy. Villiers purchased her in 1934.

Huntington Hartford bought her from Villiers, used her as a pleasure yacht and then gave her to the Maritime Commission. She made a splendid war-time record as a training ship for American youth. The Conrad's last owner, the U. S. Maritime Commission, now can no longer afford to maintain the old vessel. In June of this year the square-rigger was saved from the boneyard by an act of Congress, which made an outright gift of her to the Marine Historical Association at Mystic.

Many seamen and officers of merchant ships will recall the days spent learning seamanship and esprit de corps aboard this fine old square-rigger. Landsmen will have an opportunity to visit her when moored near the Mystic Museum.

Other famous craft which are now Museum Ships are the square-rigged whaler *Charles Morgan* (built in 1841), also at Mystic, and the three-master *Emery Rice*, (commissioned in 1875 as the Man-of-War *Ranger*), now at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point.



Charles W. Morgan and the square rigger *Joseph Conrad* at ceremonies in Mystic, Conn.

Ceremonies at Mystic

FIVE members of the Institute staff and two seamen attended the ceremonies at Mystic, Conn., when the *Joseph Conrad* was presented by the U. S. Maritime Service to the Marine Historical Association there.

The transfer of the famous little square rigger took place on the quarterdeck with Admiral Telfair Knight, representing the Maritime Service, making the gift official to Mr. Phillip R. Mallory, president of the historical association.

Admiral William H. Halsey, who was guest of honor, spoke to a throng of some 500 nautical minded people of the futility of war and explained that the United States had held on to island bases only in the interest of maintaining peace.

Senator Raymond E. Baldwin, of Connecticut, who introduced the guest of honor, prefaced his intro-

duction with some amusing recollections of his service on a dreadnaught during the first world war. A seasoned old ship's cook had noticed his inability to keep food on his stomach. "Whatsa matta, young fella?", he quizzed. "Can't hold on to your crackers?" He then promised to fix him up. Giving him a large can of raw tomatoes he directed him to sit in the sunshine in the lee of the vessel and eat as much of it as he could. From that time to this, Senator Baldwin has never suffered from sea sickness!

The Marine Museum at Mystic is well worth a visit and worthy of support by all ship-minded people. Its collections of sea paintings, ship models, scrimshaw, ship figureheads, whaling souvenirs, and other objects is indeed impressive.



Whaler
Charles W. Morgan

"August, lookout —
September, you must.
October — all over."
So goes the old sea rule re. hurricanes.
To paraphrase this,
September — begin
October — dig in
November — all in!

And this pertains to
CHRISTMAS BOXES!

so we'll have a veritable hurricane of boxes — at least 7,000 — to distribute to seamen on ships at sea, in hospitals, and at the Institute on Christmas Day.

Dr. Harold H. Kelley, Director of Seamen's Church Institute, Visits Europe

Dr. Raymond S. Hall Appointed Assistant Director

THE Rev. Dr. Harold H. Kelley, Director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and Mrs. Kelley, went to Europe early in September on a six months leave of absence and will visit some of the Institutes both in the United Kingdom and on the continent at the invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury and officials of the Missions to Seamen of the Church of England.

The Rev. Raymond S. Hall, D.D. has been appointed Assistant Director of the Institute and assumed duties on August 25th. Dr. Hall comes from the Seamen's Club of Boston where he served as Director. He was appointed Chaplain with the Armed Forces, serving with a unit of paratroopers and was the first paratrooper chaplain to jump. At Omaha Beach he landed behind the lines with his troops, was wounded, and was dropped in Holland, captured by the Germans and taken to a prison camp in Poland. From there he escaped to Russia. Upon his return to the United States and his release from active service, Dr. Hall, at the nomination of the Rt. Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill, D.D., now the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, was appointed Director of the Seamen's Club of Boston.

Dr. Hall is a graduate of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. He was Assistant at Christ Church, Fitchburg, Mass. and from there went to All Saints' Church, Whalom, Mass. as Vicar. Before entering the service he was Rector at St. John's Church, Lowell, Mass. He delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon at Brown University in 1946 when he was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Kelley came to the Institute in September, 1934, succeeding the Rev. Dr. Archibald Romaine Mansfield, who had served as Director for 38



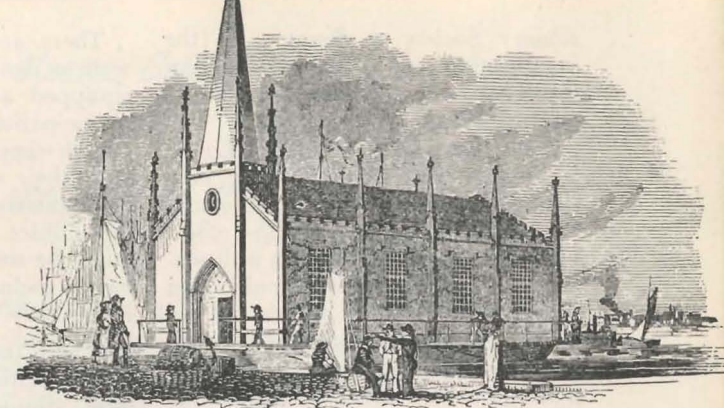
Dr. Raymond S. Hall

years until his death, February 11, 1934. Beginning with parish work in 1910, and except for three years as a missionary in Alaska and Nevada, he spent his early ministry in California seaports. From 1919 to 1922 he was assistant superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco; from 1922 to 1931 he was superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of Los Angeles. Dr. Kelley's last sea voyage was in 1928 when he served as Chaplain of the S.S. "City of Los Angeles" on her trip around South America. Recent honors bestowed on Dr. Kelley as a representative of the Institute include officership in the order of Orange-Nassau, honorary officership in the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, and the King Christian X Medal of Liberation.

On September 1st, Dr. Kelley rounded out thirteen years as Director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. He has devoted over 25 years to seamen's work on both coasts, out of his 37 years of ministry.

A King's Point Cadet Looks at The Institute

By Cadet-Midshipman Paul K. Scoggins



THE FLOATING CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR, FOR SEAMEN, PERMANENTLY MOORED AT THE FOOT OF PIKE STREET, CITY OF NEW-YORK.

NIGHT settled quickly over the gloomy fogbound waterfront. A single passerby glanced about, then hastily pulled his overcoat collar about his neck and hurried down the street. With the darkness came a sinister, foreboding stillness broken only by the lonely sounds of the sea.

A shocking scream pierced the yellow swirling fog; then another. All was quiet. A tolling bell just off shore, a creaking line, and the water slushing under the dock were all that broke the pervading silence.

Then out of an alley that led between two aged buildings appeared two figures. Quickly they darted across the damp stones of the street and hurried up the dock between two great four-masted ships. They disappeared up a gangplank. A few minutes later they reappeared and retraced their steps into the alley. Again, they were laboriously dragging a lifeless hulk down the dock between them. A line was dropped over the side of one of the ships and secured to their burden. It was heaved up and dragged over the gunwale. As the figures melted into the fog, a bloody trail was gradually obliterated by the filthy water slushing through the gutter.

Another seaman had signed aboard.

Astounding, yes, but an incident completely familiar to those men who shipped from the Port of New York in the middle and latter parts of the 19th century. America's first port was

not a friendly one to the seafarer. Left to shift for himself, the man whose only home was the sea found it rough going on the tip of Manhattan where the practice of "shanghaiing" was well established.

Uptown residents ignored the seaman's plight and at times seemed even hostile to the men who carried American goods all over the world. Then a group of young men of the Episcopal Church Missionary Society began looking into the matter. Finding conditions even worse than they had suspected, they declared war on the human filth and scum that ever threatened the seaman. One of their first acts was to pick up their carpenter's tools and head for the waterfront where they built the Church of Our Savior on a barge tied at the bulkhead foot of Pike Street, East River. Understanding that seamen would not go uptown in search of a church, they built them one of their own. For over two decades, until 1866, this floating chapel served the needs of the seamen. This overture by the Episcopal young men was so enthusiastically received that they went on to do more.

Realizing that it was almost impossible for a self respecting sailor to find decent lodging and entertainment, branch semi-hotel installations were set up. Seamen were given a clean bed to sleep in; mail, money and baggage were protected; and the Protestant Episcopal Church Mis-

sonary Society to Seamen, as the organization was called, even began acting as a go-between for sailors and the shipping companies.

Here they ran into trouble. Lower Manhattan was infested with men whose business it was to provide men for the ships, *one way or the other*. Their persuasive discussions with seamen as to why they should sign aboard were usually terminated by the dull thud of a black jack. Caring little for the Society's method of signing men, they attempted to halt the work by typical gangland methods but found themselves up against superior skill and courage. Defeated in this, the *crimp's* day was on its way out and with it a shameful era.

For over half a century the growth of the Seamen's Church Institute, as the Society was now called, coincided with that of the Port of New York. Missions and seamen's homes were being opened throughout the area.

Gradually came the need for consolidation. The numerous units were becoming too large and unwieldy to handle efficiently. The separated stations were overcrowded and there was a dire need for larger and permanent quarters. Improved transportation now made centralization feasible.

Financed by contributions of friends, the cornerstone of the new and handsome 13-story building at 25 South Street was laid in 1912. As the dedication ceremonies were about to begin, word was received of the sinking of the S.S. *Titanic*. Merchant seamen were going to need every friendly aid the Institute could offer them in the succeeding days. A great lighthouse tower was erected atop the Institute building in the memory of the *Titanic's* crew.

During the war many seafarers whose only home now rested on the ocean floor spent their "lay-over" period at the Institute.

The Government Post Office located in the building handles mail equivalent to that of a city of 30,000.

Reprinted from "POLARIS", U. S. Merchant Marine Academy Publication.

There are eye, ear and nose, as well as dental clinics, as completely equipped as those run by modern municipalities. A sick-bay is maintained where ailing seamen are kept until their case has been diagnosed. To emphasize further how elaborately the clinics have been outfitted, it might be well to note that the equipment includes a modern X-Ray Laboratory.

Other features include a game room, writing room, canteen, cafeteria, dining room, baggage room, laundry and cleaning services, and money saving facilities. All these services are available to an active seaman free, or at a very reasonable rate.

Hundreds have bettered their positions aboard merchant ships through studying at the Merchant Marine School which offers courses in seamanship, navigation, and marine engineering.

One of the most interesting of the Institute innovations is the Artists and Writers Club. Headed by such well-known literary personalities as Christopher Morley and Frank Laskier, seamen who write, paint, sketch, take photographs, or compose music are urged to submit samples of their work for criticism and possible publication. Founded to stimulate interest in the arts, the club has uncovered a great deal of latent or unknown talent to which fact any of their exhibits will testify.

Having served mariners and the Port of New York for 103 years, the Institute is even now in the midst of a modernization campaign that will better enable it to care for the seaman's needs in the future.

In all the remote corners of civilization, that little bar in Singapore, or that club in Hong Kong, where sailors gather to sling a "sea story" or so, and talk turns stateside, it won't be long before Jack outs with that time at "25 South Street." "25 South Street, yeh we know the place."

Home Again

Quartermaster Jim Holland composed the music and words for this song, and Percy Wyckoff arranged it.

Arranged by Percy Wyckoff Home Again By James J. Holland

All the deck gang forward and aft - Hoist the ensign to the staff.

Single off we're getting under way - Give the engine room a ring - Say the Pilot's on the wing - We're heading home for good old New York Bay.

With the ship secured for sea - on the Ocean soon we'll be Heave a-way and stand clear of the eye - Get those mooring lines below - on our way we'll merrily go - Back Home a-gain to good old S.C.I.

Jim says he gets the rhythm for his songs from listening to the thump-thump of the indicator for the revolutions of the ship's propeller as it cuts through the water. Other seamen poets and song writers have told of using the tick of the tachometer as it records the revolutions. One of the Institute's volunteers, Daisy Brown, has been helping these song writers, and Dr. Sigmund Spaeth has given suggestions and counsel.

Recently, two of our seamen song writers lost their music on the subway. They had written Daisy Brown's name and address on the envelope and were overjoyed when the man who found it returned it to Miss Brown. The grateful seamen called on the honest finder and now they have a warm spot in their hearts for humanity in general.

To Our Contributors



YOUR continued support of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York makes possible such heartwarming responses as the following, quoted from the report of the hostess-in-charge of our Janet Roper Club.

"Frank was glad to find me alone for a minute so he could tell me how much our Club has meant to him. He was here in a strange port with no friends. One night he heard music coming from our rooms and then he saw a group of girls going in so he asked a seaman what was up. When told there was probably a seamen's party, with dancing and refreshments, in the Janet Roper Club, he promptly investigated and, as he put it, "moved right in." He is a regular visitor now, between voyages, and is planning to study for upgrading in our school. As he says: "Why should I stay in an uptown hotel and walk the streets at night wondering what to do when I can meet other fellows who go to sea and nice girls at the Institute?"

Like Frank, hundreds of seamen from the 48 states and other seafaring nations are grateful when they discover the conveniences and the "extras" offered them in this 13-story building on New York's waterfront . . . to many of them their only home on shore.

Paradoxical as it may sound, a seaman wants to be let alone but he wants company, too. He likes his freedom . . . that's why he chooses to rove the seas in the merchant fleets rather than to settle down on a farm or in an office . . . But he has spells of loneliness, a sort of accumulation of

memories of all the strange cities and the strange peoples he has seen, a feeling of being rootless and without near ones. When these spells overtake him, he likes to drop into the Seamen's Lounge for a cup of coffee and conversation; or sit down in the cafeteria over his lunch and discuss ship jobs with his mates; or relax with a book in the Conrad Library in company with other seamen; or play a game of chess with the hostess in the Game Room.

From its many years of experience in dealing with seamen, the Institute has come to know what they need and what they like. Its facilities (laundry, post office, baggage checking, lodgings, commissary, barber shop) are managed so that sudden departures or unusual demands are taken in stride. The social and recreational activities (movies, entertainment, dances, clubs, sports) are free and are slanted to what merchant seamen like. They are made possible by loyal and thoughtful contributors who know how vital to their country's welfare is its Merchant Marine and the men who serve in it.

The Institute needs \$150,000 yearly to maintain its countless necessary services to men of all races and all creeds who carry the world's cargoes. Contributions are exempt from taxes.

Please send them to:

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH ST. NEW YORK 4, N. Y.



Drawings by Phil May

Crossing the Atlantic

"They that sail on the sea tell of the danger thereof, and when we hear it with our ears, we marvel thereat." *Ecclesiasticus XLiii 26.*

ONLY those who have crossed the Atlantic by ship can appreciate the vastness of this expanse of water. How much more must earlier voyagers have felt the immense distances! Today, airplanes span the Atlantic in less than 24 hours, passenger ships do it in less than 5 days. Columbus crossed in 70 DAYS.

The question of who discovered America appears to be revived perennially, as is the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. Historians differ, but it is generally agreed that the Norsemen in about 1,000 A.D. did land on what they called "Helluland" or "Slateland," which was probably Labrador or Greenland, and also on "Markland" or "Woodland" (probably Nova Scotia) and "Vinland," or Greenland.

Leif Eiricsson's dragon boats were doubtless swifter than the Spanish ships of the time of Columbus.

They were clinker-built (overlapping wooden plates) with thick oak keels and thirty oars at each side.

We do not believe that it detracts from the lustre of Columbus when we suggest that a Norseman crossed the Atlantic first, for the two feats were vastly different. Leif crossed in an open boat, haphazardly, but in a series of short passages — Norway, Iceland, Greenland, Labrador, Nova Scotia. The Genoese had the vision of a globular world and the plan and courage to prove it by finding the Indies.

One of the interesting and less known incidents about Columbus is recorded in "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" by Samuel Eliot Morison (Little, Brown 1942). The Admiral exercised a waterspout by reading from his Bible an account of that famous tempest off Capernicum concluding "Fear not, it is I." Then, clasping the Bible in his left hand, with drawn sword, Columbus traced a cross in the sky and a circle around his whole fleet.

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Courtesy, Mariners'
Museum, Newport
News, Va.

Christopher Columbus
A copy of the statue at Genoa, Italy.

Leif Eiricsson
A copy of the statue at Reykjavik, Iceland.

BEFORE the American Revolution, little was known about the Gulf Stream, that mysterious warm river which issues from the Gulf of Mexico and cuts a swift path through the Atlantic Ocean. Mariners could not fully explain the sudden change in temperature which they encountered upon entering or leaving the stream.

Benjamin Franklin was probably the first scientist to study this warm ocean current which extends as far north as Norway, and wrote about it to his friend Anthony Todd of the British post office in a letter dated October 29, 1769.

A kinsman of Franklin, Timothy Folger, had learned about the current from hunting whales along its edge and told him of its unusual properties. Captain Folger described his findings which Franklin noted on a chart together with the dimensions, course and speed of the stream. This was sent to Mr. Todd in an effort to shorten the voyages of mail packets from England to America by cutting across rather than sailing through and opposing the swift current. Packet captains generally were inclined to slight the chart and the information which it contained.

After more than ten years in England, Franklin, beset by trouble brewing in the colonies, returned to America in 1775 on the Pennsylvania Packet with his grandson Temple. In his memoirs Franklin wrote, "The weather was constantly so moderate that a London wherry might have accompanied us all the way." About six weeks were consumed in the voyage and during the second half, he began to study the Gulf Stream by taking temperature of the air and water several times daily, starting as early as seven in the morning and continuing until as late as eleven at night.

Franklin noted several differences between the stream and surrounding water. He sighted a whale before entering the current but saw none in the stream itself. He observed also that



the water in it had its own color and did not sparkle at night.

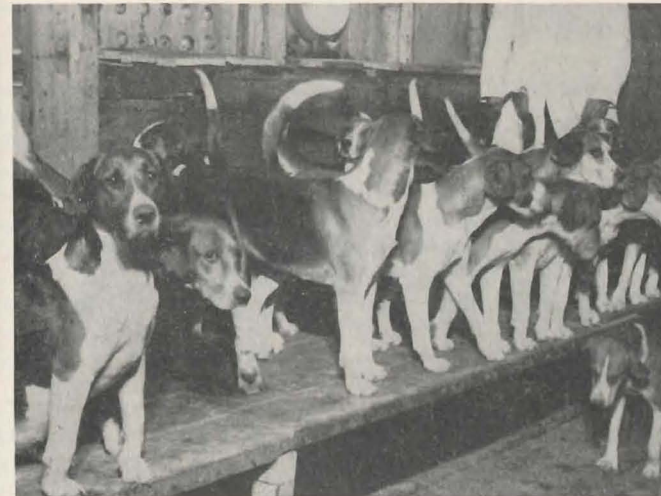
On October 26, 1776 Franklin quietly left Philadelphia to embark on the armed sloop *Reprisal* which was to take him to Paris on a peace mission. Almost certain to be hanged for high treason should the *Reprisal* be captured, Franklin nevertheless again calmly proceeded to test the temperature of the air and water of the Gulf Stream.

In all, the statesman had made eight crossings of the Atlantic but it was not until his last in 1785 that he found time to write out his conclusions. Our country was finally at peace thanks largely to his efforts which secured the independence of the colonies. Now nearing eighty, he had spent more than twenty four years of his life abroad in the service of his country.

During August and September of his final ocean voyage, a keg was let down into the stream daily and Franklin took temperature tests and noted the color of the water and presence of gulf weed.

Although he suffered continually from an old illness he was determined to complete the chart of the Stream for the benefit of mankind.

Courtesy, The Franklin Society News, 217 Broadway, N. Y. C.



Sea Dogs

Twenty five couples of English fox hounds from the famous Vale of the White Horse pack, Cricklade, Wiltshire, arrived on the U. S. Lines, April 7, consigned to Mr. W. Plunket Stewart, sportsman, of Unionville, Pa., near Philadelphia. This photograph of some of the hounds was taken in the animal quarters of the ship, where a special "bench" had been built for them such as hounds always sleep on in kennels.

The Westerdam Sails Hudson to Albany

The 12,000-ton Holland America liner *Westerdam* sailed a new route when she steamed up the Hudson to Albany to load 300 tons of relief supplies she will carry across the Atlantic to the devastated Dutch city of Nijmegen.

She was guided by a Hudson River pilot. Although an ocean-going passenger ship is a novelty on the river, it serves regularly as a waterway for large tankers and bulk carriers.

The trip is part of a relief program undertaken by the citizens of Albany at the suggestion of Major General James M. Gavin, war-time commander of the 82nd Air Borne Division. The division was parachuted near Nijmegen in 1944 and captured the city after one of the most furious battles of the European campaign. Impressed by the co-operation of Nijmegen's citizens during the battle and subsequent liberation, Major General Gavin suggested that an American city of similar size "adopt" Nijmegen and Albany citizens volunteered for the task. The shipment includes household goods, shoes, tools and clothing.

The story of the *Westerdam* is unique in shipping annals. She was on the ways in her builders' yards in Rotterdam when Holland was invaded in 1940. She was launched by order of the Germans, but sunk three times — once by the RAF and twice by members of the Dutch Underground, to prevent her use by the enemy. After the liberation, the vessel was completed to her original specifications, the materials and equipment having been hidden in various parts of the countryside during the five year occupation.



Captain Arie Kooy, master of the Holland America motorliner *Westerdam*, with the first 1947 shipment of Dutch tulip bulbs.

Spitzkayoodle

By John Hodakovsky, A. B. Seaman*



Drawing by Clarence Johnson*

THE din emerging from Number Four hatch was terrific. It was a canine chorus of yips, barks, growls and howls of all pitches as the dogs showed their disapproval of being shut up in this sea-going kennel. They were pets of G. I. Joes who had acquired them in Europe at one time or another during the fighting and were now being shipped to the homes of their masters. There were Schnauzers, Boxers, Daschunds, Poodles, Shepherds, Police, and, the inevitable Mongrel.

Blackie and Smitty sat on the coaming of Number Four hatch, watching the dogs.

"See that black and white pooch" said Blackie pointing at a small smooth-haired dog that was plainly a mongrel. "It's a rare species called a 'Spitzkayoodle'".

"A — what?" Smitty eyed Blackie suspiciously. Blackie was well-known for his tall sea stories, while Smitty was a "show me" guy, who didn't believe anything he heard. When Blackie told him that the cargo from Le Havre would be these thirty-seven dogs, he had jeered.

"Yeah?" he'd said. "And how many elephants?"

But here were the dogs in No. 4 hatch as big as life and on their way to New York.

"It's a Spitzkayoodle," Blackie re-

peated. "A rare German breed that just came out. It's a very expensive dog. Why," Blackie waved his hand towards the dog in the hatch, "that dog is worth \$2,000 to the G.I. that owns him."

"That mutt!" snorted Smitty. "I wouldn't give two cents for him."

Blackie looked Smitty straight in the eye and said, "Son, you're always disbelieving me. How you ever going to learn if you don't listen to someone who is older and wiser than you?"

"I raised dogs before I began to follow the sea. I know every breed there is. So when we get these dogs back in Le Havre, I see this black and white pooch isn't no run-of-the-mill dog. Being curious, I asked the man in charge of the dogs and he tells me that the pooch is a Spitzkayoodle like I just told you."

Skeptical Smitty watched for a flaw in Blackie's face, but it was as serious as a judge.

Smitty fell for the story. At chow time he repeated it to fellow shipmates but he lacked the sincerity and persuasiveness Blackie had and the crew laughed at him. Realizing he'd been made a fool, he sought out Blackie.

"Blackie, you ain't nothing but a lying bag of wind!" Smitty accused. "That mutt you call a Spitzkayoodle isn't worth two cents. Rare dog! Bah!"

"Hold on, boy," Blackie countered, "That dog is smarter than all the rest of those pooches put together."

Smitty threw his head back and laughed derisively. "You mean to say that mutt of yours is smarter than that S.S. dog we have?" Smitty asked. "That's a laugh. That S.S. dog has been trained to do anything from disarming an armed man to taking care of a wounded soldier. All that black and white mutt you call a Spitzkayoodle can do is eat and sleep. Blackie, you can lie better than any ten men I know, but you sure slipped that time."

Smitty saw some of the crew come out on deck. He called to them. "Come here fellows and listen to Blackie's line."

This remark made Blackie sore. "Look here, kid!" Blackie pointed his finger at Smitty. "I'm gonna show you that you ain't as smart as you think you are. I said that Spitzkayoodle is smarter than that S.S. dog and I'm going to prove it."

Blackie regretted that last remark as soon as he said it. Everybody on the ship knew that the S.S. dog had almost human intelligence. The jeers he received from his shipmates didn't help any. Especially Smitty, who laughed and said, "Tell you what I'll do, Blackie. I'll give you ten bucks if you can show me one trick that mutt of yours can do that the S.S. dog can't repeat. "There," Smitty straightened up to his full five feet nine and hitched his belt defiantly. "That ought to put a stop to your bull, once and for all," he eyed Blackie contemptuously. Receiving no answer, he continued, "I'll eat my hat on Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street during the rush hour if that curbstone setter of yours can do a better trick than the S.S. dog."

With that Smitty left and the others followed leaving Blackie alone with his thoughts.

Blackie peered down into the semi-gloom of Number Four hatch. The dogs were yelping and whining for they wanted to get out on the deck.

Only the Spitzkayoodle sat there silently and looked up ever so pleadingly. There was something almost human about the dog.

"Nice boy, nice boy" said Blackie. The Spitzkayoodle began to wriggle his body in an ecstasy of joy at being spoken to.

"What's a matter boy? Want to come out on deck?"

As Blackie said that the dog jumped to the rung of the ladder that led to the deck and put his forepaws on it. A sudden thought struck Blackie. . . .

Later, in the messroom, Smitty began to needle Blackie some more. Chow was over, the dishes washed and the tables cleaned. The seamen lounged around in the chairs.

"You fellows hear about Blackie's wonder dog? No? Well—" and Smitty proceeded to tell of the Spitzkayoodle.

Through the story Blackie coolly smoked a cigarette. When Smitty finished, Blackie said "O.K. kid! I'm going to show you just how smart you are. Does that ten bucks still go?"

"Sure does" answered Smitty cockily.

"Well, come on out to Number 4 hatch and we'll see what happens."

The Spitzkayoodle wagged his tail when he saw Blackie. "Let's go down into the hatch," Blackie said and descended down the ladder. Smitty was close behind and three interested seamen and the cook followed. The Spitzkayoodle was all over Blackie, he was so happy to see him. Blackie waited until all the sailors came down the ladder.

"Watch this" said Blackie. He turned to the dog. "SETZ!" he ordered.

The dog stopped jumping around and sat motionless in a frozen position. An alert look was in the dog's eyes as if he expected something.

Blackie turned to the sailors with a triumphant smile. "You guys are going to see something now." Turning to the Spitzkayoodle he said

*Members Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine.

"SPRECH." The dog barked until Blackie held out his hand and only then did he stop.

"STEHEN SIE AUF!" ordered Blackie.

The Spitzkayoodle got up on its hind legs as if it were a natural thing for him to do.

"GEHEN!"

The Spitzkayoodle walked on its hind legs like a man.

The sailors were speechless. But Smitty was unmoved. "The S.S. dog can do that," he said.

"SETZ!" Blackie ordered the Spitzkayoodle and the dog plopped on its hind quarters.

Blackie turned to Smitty. "Do you think your S.S. dog can climb the ladder?"

Smitty looked at the hatch ladder. It was straight up and down. He shook his head. "No dog alive could climb that ladder," Smitty said.

"My Spitzkayoodle can — and will," said Blackie. He turned to the dog and pointed to the ladder.

"RAUF AUF DIE LIETER!" he commanded, "AUF STEIGEN!"

Up jumped the Spitzkayoodle and ran to the ladder. The dog placed his front paws on the rung.

That Spitzkayoodle climbed that ladder! Not the way a man climbs the ladder, for men use hands, and all a dog has is paws which are unsuitable for climbing. The Spitzkayoodle hung by the crook of his forepaws while he raised his hind legs to the next rung — then rested on his hind legs and one forepaw while he raised the other forepaw to the next rung. The second forepaw followed and then the hindlegs.

"My gosh! Look at that pooch go!" exclaimed the cook.

"He's gonna make it," said a seaman.

"No, he won't" disagreed the second. "Look! He's stopping now."

The Spitzkayoodle had stopped at the fourth rung and hung there by the crook of his forepaws. He panted from exertion, but he showed no signs of quitting. Blackie said "AUF

STEIGEN" once more and the dog continued his perilous ascent.

At the sixth rung the dog slipped. There was a furious scrambling while he regained his balance. Then he continued till he made it to the top where he jumped off on to the deck.

Smitty paid off ten bucks and Blackie said, "We'll forget that part about eating your hat on Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street."

Smitty grinned sheepishly.

"How did you do it, Blackie?"

Blackie put the ten spot in his jeans . . . "Seeing you're paying for it," he said magnanimously, "I'll tell you.

"That dog comes from Germany — like I said . . . and understands only German. I spoke German to him and found he was a clever dog. In fact, he's a trick dog — probably from a circus. So I calls your hand. You see what that Spitzkayoodle can do."

"But he's still a mutt," said Smitty.

"I said Spitzkayoodle!" said Blackie.

"Okay — Spitzkayoodle" repeated Smitty meekly.



AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE CONFERENCE

The American Merchant Marine Conference, sponsored by The Propeller Club of the United States in conjunction with its Twenty-first Annual Convention, will be held in New York, October 15, 16 and 17th, 1947.

The Conference theme will be "The American Merchant Marine for Trade, Travel and Defense." Problems of vital importance to the American Marine Industry growing out of the period of world reconstruction and the rehabilitation of our domestic and foreign trade will be presented and discussed by recognized authorities.

Panel Discussion meetings will be held on October 15, 16 and 17th; the Main Conference Session on Thursday afternoon, October 16th; Propeller Club Convention Session on Friday, October 17th; and on the evening of that date, the annual American Merchant Marine Conference Banquet.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York will send delegates to this important Conference. Institute friends are cordially invited to attend the Panel Discussion meetings to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria.

A Queen Returns

The Cunarder Queen Mary returns to New York harbor on her first voyage as a refurbished luxury liner. The great ship deserves a hospitable welcome once more to our shores as the proud wearer of a gallant, friendly flag; the speedy carrier of thousands of our sons safely through submarine-infested seas in war time; the symbol of a nation that once was mistress of the seas and is fighting doggedly to regain its share of the world's commerce.

Not many years ago — eleven to be exact — the Queen Mary, product of a hardy band of Scots shipbuilders on the Clyde, first reached New York. In 1938 she captured and has held since the mythical blue ribbon of the North Atlantic for the fastest run — under four days — from Bishop's Rock to Ambrose Light. In war time she ferried 765,000 Allied service personnel, most of them Americans, on dangerous voyages that took her 570,000 miles over many oceans. From New York the Queen Mary could lift 15,000 men — a whole division at a time — for a blacked-out dash to the area from which the climactic invasion of Europe was mounted. She brought many thousands of our men safely home, and afterward their brides and babies on "the diaper run."

Today she is a new ship from stem to stern, repainted, polished, refurbished, remodeled — but still in the British tradition of comfort, courtesy, safety, dependability and bearer of the name of a noble, gracious lady.

Reprinted from
N. Y. Herald Tribune, August 5, 1947



LIBERTY TANKERS IN "SWEET" SERVICE

A pair of Liberty tankers, built to carry prosaic petroleum products, have been promoted and are now being refitted for the sweetest liquid cargo in the world — molasses. Each vessel will be able to carry 10,000 tons or 1,820,000 gallons of the sticky stuff which is shipped here from Cuba and Puerto Rico for conversion into industrial alcohol.

Extra heavy pumps will be installed to discharge the molasses whose dispatch is also greatly expedited by heating coils in the tanks which maintain a temperature of 95-100 degrees at the time of unloading. There is an urgent demand for these tankers, states the American Merchant Marine Institute, as the greater portion of the pre-war molasses fleet has been sunk or grown obsolete.

SHIP BEACHED IN STORM OFF MAINE COAST

CAPE ELIZABETH, Me.—A tremendous wave whipped up by New England's worst coastal storm of the winter snapped off the bow of the collier *Oakey L. Alexander*, but her 32-man crew rode a Coast Guard breeches buoy to safety across 150 yards of wild surf.

With wind gusts reaching 80 miles an hour, the 5,284-ton, 395-foot craft received the crippling blow at 4:46 a.m. a mile off this rugged cape. An hour later, Capt. Raymond W. Lewis, 53, beached the 32-year-old vessel at High Head.

Last to be hauled to safety from the *Alexander* by toiling coast guards and volunteers, Capt. Lewis said: "A huge sea engulfed the whole ship. It carried off all the lifeboats, hung 40 feet above the waterline."



SCHOONER IN DANGER

FAIRHAVEN, Mass. — (UP) — Stripped of her mainsails and helpless in a raging gale, the missing New Bedford fishing schooner, *Lucy Evelyn*, with a 12-man crew, was sighted in "dangerous waters" off West Island and a Coast Guard cutter was dispatched to the scene.

Powerless since a furious wind carried away her sails, the three-masted schooner twice was lost by the Coast Guard cutter *Legare* which first took her in tow Friday morning.



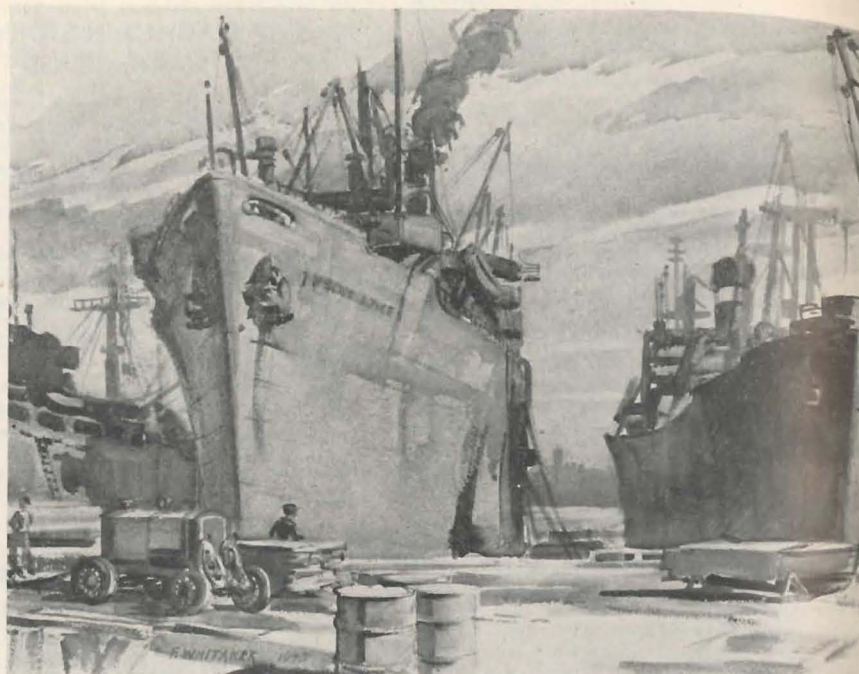
EXPEDITION TO STUDY UNDERSEA RIDGE

WOODS HOLE, Mass. — A group of scientists has set out in a 146 ft. ketch, the *Atlantis*, to explore the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, an undersea mountain range 1,200 miles east of Bermuda. They have several new instruments for the project.

The party hopes to determine first of all whether submarine canyons may have been carved in the ridge and then, by means of the special equipment, never used before, to try to determine the age of sediment on the ridge and the conditions under which it was deposited.

The Atlantic Ridge runs some two miles above the ocean floor from Iceland nearly to Antarctica, with occasional peaks showing above the surface, including such islands as the Azores and Ascension.

The expedition is sponsored by the National Geographic Society, Columbia University and the Oceanographic Institution of Woods Hole.



Water Color by Frederic Whitaker, A.N.A.

SHIPS IN WARTIME GREY



Water Color by Frederic Whitaker, A.N.A.

TRAPPINGS OF TRADE

An exhibition of Mr. Whitaker's watercolors, including many marine and waterfront scenes, will be held at The Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, from October 7th to 18th. The public is invited.

WHITE SAILS AND SPINDRIFT

By Capt. Frank Hubert Shaw

Odyssey Press, 1947, \$2.75

This is an interesting account of a kind of life that is practically past, told by one who experienced it and knows how to give the word pictures that make it a fine piece of nautical narration. Captain Shaw sailed as an apprentice in the *Dovenby* during the 'nineties when steam was rapidly replacing sail and the utilitarian windjammers were sent on the long voyages to pick up mixed cargo. These ships were without the great beauty and speed of the clippers, but to the crews, men who knew and loved their ships, each one had a personality and was kept and polished with loving care. To Captain Shaw the *Dovenby*, crashing through the Trades with a bone in her teeth, was indeed a thing of beauty.

Life on the ship was hard and often filled with danger; the men knew and feared the sea, but they had pride in the sea-fighting qualities of their ship. They had the headwinds of hurricane force, the discouraging calms, the dramatic danger of a fire in the hold loaded with cotton, cases of spirits and high explosives — and the fight against death won. There was also the savagery of Cape Horn, but there were the compensating days of clear sailing in the southern waters, days when there was time for tall tales and games and the trips at exotic ports.

Packed with adventure "WHITE SAILS AND SPINDRIFT" will delight readers who like tales of the sea and the ships that sailed them. I. M. Acheson

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

By H. M. Tomlinson

Macmillan Co., New York, 1947, \$2.50

This is a re-editing of essays written during the years 1935-1944. The first half of the book is devoted to THE LOG OF A VOYAGE 1935, a beautifully written blending of reminiscence of past voyages, descriptions of present sights, and conjec-

ture and argument concerning the world's probable future. Since the scene is the Mediterranean, the time the early days of Italian aggression, and his travelling companion his idealistic young artist son, the author has every opportunity for developing his three part setting. The last hundred pages contain nine short, sensitive reflections on such subjects as: the prospect from London Bridge on a morning in June 1942; on reading Emerson during a London blackout; and a particularly fine appreciation of the achievements of the little, the common man. Every essay is a literary gem. One's only regret is that one is not brought up to date; the latest bit is dated March 1944. D. Page

LONG ANCHORAGE

By Henry Beetle Hough

D. Appleton-Century, \$3.00

New Bedford in 1847 immediately brings to mind sailing ships and whaling. In LONG ANCHORAGE we have the whaling but it is incidental to the rise and decline of the Ashmead family and the character development of one son, Russell. Having spent his childhood around the docks among his father's ships, Russell longed for the sea and adventure, but an unsympathetic family pushed him into the cotton mill. Through a series of innocent but harshly judged experiences, Russell does go on a long whaling trip and has his share of romantic adventure as well as days of long monotony. I. M. Acheson

UNDER THE RED SEA SUN
By Commander Edward Ellsberg

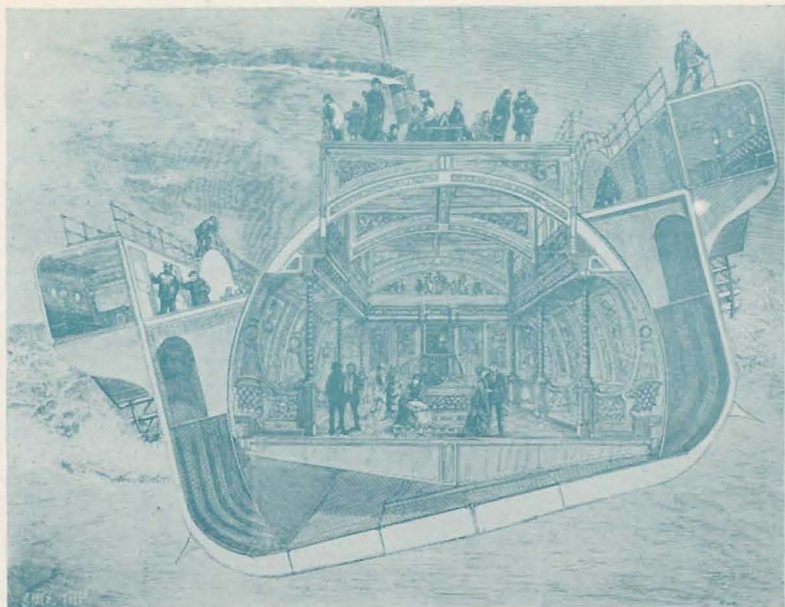
Dodd, 1946. 500p., \$3.50

There is a motto in the service forces, "The difficult we do at once — the impossible takes a little longer." No one has ever carried that out better than Commander Ellsberg and his salvage men at Massawa, Eritrea in 1942. Against insurmountable odds, the smashed Italian naval base on the Red Sea was made to function again. L. Noling

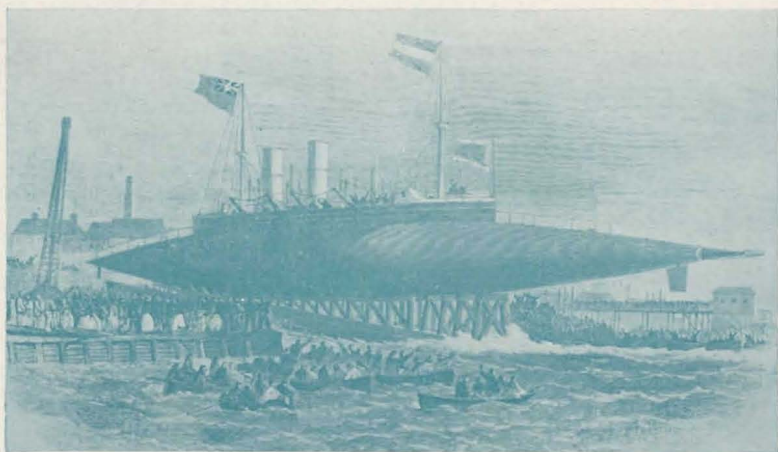
OTHER MARINE BOOKS RECEIVED:

- BATES, W. E. *Cruise of the Breadwinner*. Little, Brown. . . . \$1.50
- BOYER, RICHARD O. *The Dark Ship*. Little, Brown. . . . 2.75
- CABELL, JAMES BRANCH. *There Were Two Pirates*. Farrar. . . . 3.00
- FORESTER, C. S. *Lord Hornblower*. Little, Brown. . . . 2.50
- GANTILLON, SIMON. *Vessel of Wrath*. Putnam. . . . 2.50
- McFEE, WILLIAM. *In the First Watch*. Random. . . . 3.00
- MARMUR, JACLAND. *Andromeda*. Holt. . . . 2.75
- OMAN, CAROLA. *Nelson*. Doubleday. . . . 5.00
- ROARK, GARLAND. *Wake of the Red Witch*. Little, Brown. . . . 2.75

Oddities on the Seven Seas



A CHANNEL CROSSING IN "SUSPENSE" — on Sir Henry Bessemer's saloon ship. The famous inventor of the Bessemer Converter was a bad sailor and therefore thought it necessary to create some anti-rolling inventions for ships. He built the BESSEMER SALOON SHIP with her main feature, a swinging saloon, pivoted on a central bearing, and kept level by a rigidly suspended pendulum weight beneath. Bessemer spent £41,000 for his vessel which did not meet the expectations set in her. Picture shows section through the "BESSEMER."



THE FLOATING CIGAR — LAUNCHING OF THE "ROSS WINANS" from Millwall on the Thames, 1864. This modified ship had no more the ring of blades around her hull but screws at either end and a flat promenade deck.