

THE LOOKOUT

VOL. XL

JULY, 1949

NUMBER 7



SQUARE-RIGGED TRAINING SHIP "DANMARK"

AMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

Christopher Prayer for Our Country

"Inspire us, O God, with such a deep love of our country that we will be actively concerned in its welfare as well as in that of all our fellow countrymen for time and for eternity. Teach us to show by word and deed the same zealous interest in protecting and furthering the Christian principles upon which our nation is founded that others display in belittling or eliminating them.

"Guide and strengthen the President, his Cabinet, the members of Congress, the delegates to the United Nations, the Governor of our State, the officials of our community, and all others, in high position or low, who are entrusted with the task of protecting for all citizens those rights which come from Thee and from Thee alone.

"Teach us likewise to be worthy instruments in extending to all men of all nations, Thy children and our brothers, the same peace, freedom and security with which Thou hast so abundantly blessed our land. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

The Christophers

121 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XI, JULY, 1949

Copyright, 1949, by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, Inc.

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
POLLY WEAVER BEATON, Assoc. 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,
1923, 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

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows the squarerigger *DANMARK*, commanded by Capt. Knud Hansen. Many of the cadets who trained aboard this ship are now officers in the Danish Merchant Marine and visit the Danish Club at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

A Travelog in Water Colors

Former Seafaring Man Draws on Memories of Scenes and Life Over the Seven Seas

By Joseph Mackey

HAVING sailed the seven seas — which he names as the Banda, China, Java, Coral, Flores, Tasman and Arafura seas — Francis Arthur Owen, now a land-locked employee of the United Fruit Company, has drawn on his travel-memories for the forty-six water colors he had on exhibition at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street.

English-born Owen — a resident of the United States for twenty-six years and an American citizen since 1930 — has been painting since he was 17, when he began a three-year stint of designing sets for London's

Drury Lane Theater. He is not a professional painter ("lessons spoil your technic," he says, "because they make you absorb other people's technics"), but he has painted in countries throughout the world for his own satisfaction. In Mesopotamia, more than a quarter of a century ago, he painted on bandages, with Mesopotamian mud, using shoe-blackening for shading because regular artists' materials were unobtainable.

Call of the Sea

Now a member of the United Fruit Company's stewards' department, Owen hopes to make his painting a more important



part of his life. His forty-six water colors at the Institute, most of which took him only five or six hours to paint, express not only a love of painting, but a philosophy.

"After wandering across the sea for many years," he said, "as so many others have done, I wonder if the cottage ashore, views of timbered land and a garden is really what a seafarer wishes? I am afraid that the absence of old cronies among land folk, the lack of shared reminiscences and experiences keeps many seafarers in their gray hairs on the water front."

Despite this, Owen does not intend to go to sea again. In his apartment at 137 East 58th Street he has reminders of his years of globe-roving not only in his own hundreds of paintings, but in those of his wife, who paints under the name of Sybil Pritchard, and who specializes in Chinese scenes although she has never been in China.

The son of an engraver and aquatinter, who also was a Government employee, Owen early became interested in both art and Government service. In 1912 he went to Persia in the British civil service, and, among other things, ran a concentration camp for Persians, Kurds, Arabs and Armenians. He spent eleven years in the Orient, mostly with the British Army — during which he attained World War I rank of major, he said.

From Bed to Rugs

"I became so used to sleeping in the desert, with a camel sad-

dle for a pillow," he said, "that when I got back to where there were beds I couldn't sleep in one for a while. I used to curl up on a hearth rug before the fireplace."

Owen has been with the United Fruit Company, off and on, for about twenty years and spent years in the British merchant marine. He has been a landlubber for about eight years. In his spare time he is a landscape gardener.

He recaptures the variegated past in his paintings. The one-man show at the Institute included paintings of scenes from Holland to Ireland and England and from Malaya to Alabama — thatched houses, fishing fleets and woodland views with such titles as "Nature's Majesty," "There Could Be Trout Here," "Where Time Has Dealt a Mellowing Hand," "Sea Castles" and "To the Open Sea."

Reprinted from N. Y. SUN, May 13, 1949



"Mr. Bickins, I'm afraid you've been misinformed about the phrase shooting-the-sun!"
Courtesy, The Mast

Another Sea Mystery

ANOTHER name has been added to the list of missing ships which have vanished without a trace. The S.S. *Samkey* of the New Zealand Shipping Company disappeared January 31, 1948 and presumably her crew of forty-three perished.

Readers may remember an account of the disappearance of the British freighter *Hopestar* which appeared in the February, 1949 issue of THE LOOKOUT.

The loss of these ships inspired exhaustive search by other vessels in the vicinity, and by airplanes, but no wreckage has ever been found, and so these ships must join the roll of tragic mysteries along with the *Cyclops*, *Kobenhaven*, *Governor Pratt*, *Admiral Karpfanger* and other vessels which vanished.

Recently, a stained glass window in memory of the crew of the *Samkey* was unveiled in the Mariners' Chapel

of St. Andrew at the Missions to Seamen, London, attended by the bereaved relatives of the seamen. Radio messages from sister ships at sea came in, telling of memorial services held on board for the *Samkey's* crew, synchronized with the London memorial service. Among the shipping people who attended were several who advanced the theory that the *Samkey* was the victim of a *seaquake* since the ship disappeared in that part of the Pacific where the ocean bed is exceptionally deep and upheavals of this nature (causing tidal waves) are not uncommon. Further credence is given this theory because some years ago another ship disappeared in the same manner and in the same area.

We shall never know until that time "when the Sea shall give up her dead" how this strange tragedy occurred.

LILIES AND DAISIES

I speak as an artist. Upon the great Clipper ship *Era*, for so many decades, there has been lavished such a volume of laudation, often hysterical — so many songs have been composed, so many pictures painted and books written, that I sometimes wonder if we have not lost perspective; — if we have not let it go to our heads.

Who of us, be he the least sea minded, can deny the majestic beauty and the peerless records of the great ships? Who can resist the mental vision of one or more "three skysail yarders" running in on a westerly breeze through The Golden Gate?

Again as an artist, I love them, of course; I love them all; *Rainbow*, *Flying Cloud*, *Staghound*, *Andrew Jackson*. But let me express my even deeper affection for the contemporary unknown ships, barks and little brigs, unhonored and unsung. The untold hundreds of modest *Elisa Mortons*, *Effie Shepards* and *Hanna Smiths* who, under forgotten skippers and crews, trailed their wakes across the seventy seven seas, carrying the cargoes while the flash clippers carried the canvas.

The clippers were the lilies in the garden, but for color and personality I'll take marigolds and daisies.

GORDON GRANT

Nautical Research Journal, April 1949

Diamond Cut Diamond

By S. F. Brown, Chef, M.S. "Royal Ulsterman"

(This story was one of two which, after the first prize-winner's, were specially commended by the final judge of entries for the Harold Wright Memorial Competition).

Reprinted, courtesy Seafarers' Education Service

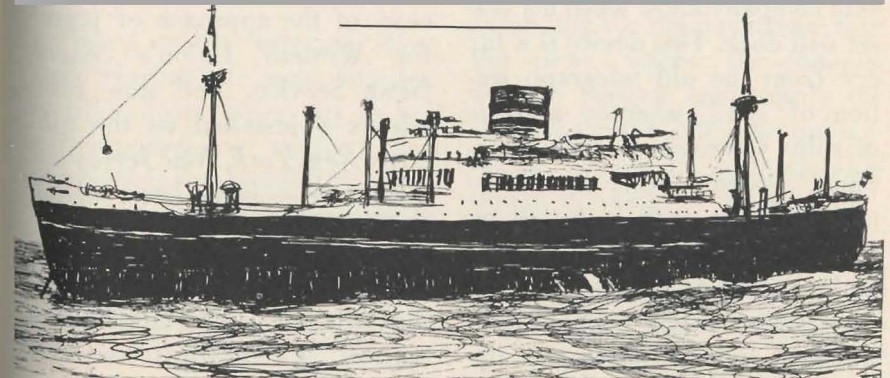
Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions



Drawing by Bernard Bovasso

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

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



Drawing by Tom Musser

Drawing by W. H. Bartlett
From "American Scenery"

Engraved by R. Wallis
From the Dun and Bradstreet Collection

NEW YORK BAY from the Telegraph Station, 1840

This station was established in 1821 by the Black Ball Line and other ship owners and was used, when bad weather held the ships off Sandy Hook, to signal to the Battery where a watcher, with a telescope, could read the semaphore message.

From Semaphore to Telefax

Editor's Note: The following is based on various articles which have appeared in "The Ships Bulletin," Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and in "Dots and Dashes" (Western Union Co.). We believe that readers will find this information interesting.

WHEN the Master of a ship dispatches his first "Estimated Time of Arrival" message, via Telefax (facsimile telegram), he is using the most modern instruments to let his steamship company know when his vessel will dock. This device is a far cry from the old telegraph station of 1812, whereby arrivals of ships were reported via semaphore system. Built by Christopher Colles with a station on the roof of the Custom House and one on Staten Island, this semaphore station, manned by a watcher with a telescope, signalled the arrival of ships, A lit-

tle later, a man began boarding ships at sea off Sandy Hook and sending news from the ship to a tower at Sandy Hook by carrier pigeon; the news was then transmitted via semaphore to the Battery. After a few years, this semaphore system was replaced with a telegraph line which, until World War II, was used to send news of the approach of vessels for Western Union's Marine News Service. And now radio telefax — installed on the pilot boats *New York*, *New Jersey* and *Wanderer* — is the latest method of ship reporting.

The ship news telegrapher of the Atlantic Highlands Station, Samuel F. Phillips, watched ships come and go for 33 years,



From the pilot boats in Ambrose Channel off Sandy Hook, the approach of every ocean-going vessel to New York Harbor is flashed by Radio-Telefax to Western Union, as part of the telegraph company's marine news reporting service. Capt. Frank Levesque (above) transmits ship arrival information from the "New Jersey," one of three pilot boats regularly stationed at entrance to harbor to provide incoming ships with pilots.

using a powerful telescope, reported ships in clear weather after recognizing their funnels while the ships were hull down, thirty miles at sea. On hazy days he identified vessels by their outlines, remembering their smallest differences. To aid his prodigious memory, he built up a classified card index of 7,000 ships. But when the ocean was blanketed with fog, or heavy rain, it became impossible for the watcher in the tower to see them.

Today, ships entering New York Harbor are now boarded by pilot boats miles out at sea and reported by telefax, thus eliminating any possibility of error in identification. Just what is telefax? In non-technical terms, radio telefax is an electrical instrument called Tel-Autograph. To transmit a message, the operator uses the writing point of

a steel stylus to press down on a reel of recording paper. As he "writes" each stroke makes an electric contact which is synchronized on the receiving rolls. The cylindrical message is put in a transmitter and then sent via telegraph to the Western Union at 60 Hudson Street and telephoned to Port Operations office of the steamship company. This information, giving the estimated time of arrival of the ship, sets in motion many activities such as arranging for the paymaster with the crews' wages; the commissary to restock and supply the ship; the refuelling; the unloading of cargo and innumerable things relating to a ship's arrival.





Chart Work in the Merchant Marine School. Photo by Owen

HIGH up on the Institute's roof, in the Pilot House (a memorial to Charles Hayden) and on the Flying Bridge, men learn about navigation, seamanship, how to plot a ship's course, how to steer, how to read a sextant to determine a ship's position and many of the intricacies and mysteries of taking a ship from one port to another. Seamen, yachtsmen and landlubbers attend the Institute's Merchant Marine School, which was established in 1918 by Captain Robert Huntington and which trained thousands of men for ships' officers during both World Wars.

Courses are also given to high school boys, and even women occasionally study navigation at the School. * * *

Chief Mate Curtis Olsen is the first graduate in the School's newly revised course in New York Harbor Pilotage. He was Chief Officer of the S.S. *Suzanne* of the Bull Line, the first vessel to the rescue in the recent collision between a Coast Guard vessel and a tanker.

YOUNGEST MASTER

Recently one of the School's students, Frederick S. Walford, age 23, completed the course and passed the examinations for his master's license. This makes him one of the youngest masters in the American Merchant Marine. He was graduated from the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point in 1945.

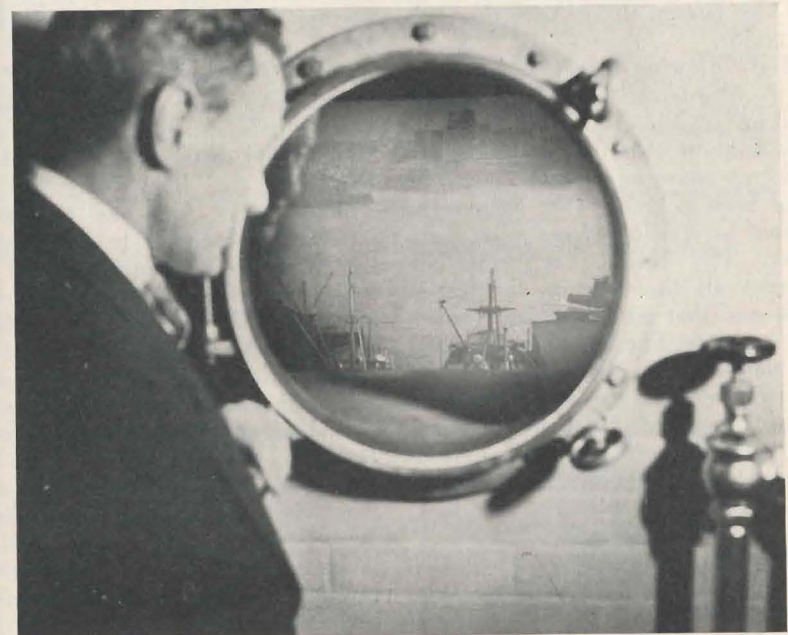
Another graduate is Richard Andersen, who studied at the School during the war when courses were given for Coast Guard officers. Receiving his ensign's rating and his 3rd mate's license, Mr. Andersen then went to sea and returned to the School to study for his 2nd mate's license in the Merchant Marine. Later, he re-entered the school to prepare for his chief mate's license. He served with Bull Line ships, returned and sat for his Master's license, which he has just received at the age of 29.



Capt. C. E. Umstead, principal of the Merchant Marine School, hands out the certificates to Berch Parlakian, Michael Speranza, Gust Svokos, Walter Toehlke, Chris Stamos, William Johnson, Shelly Chesnin.

FUTURE SEAFARERS

A group of high school boys recently completed a course in Elementary Seamanship-Navigation in the Institute's Merchant Marine School. Two of the boys made 100% in their studies and most of them are hoping to go to Kings Point for complete training for careers on the sea. The boys are from various New York City high schools. Some had had previous sea training on the Liberty ship *John W. Brown*, the Metropolitan Vocational High School's training ship which is permanently anchored off South Street in the East River. The course was free and is given twice a year, Spring and Fall, under the directives and funds of the Charles S. Hayden Fund grant. There were 18 in this class, seven of whom are shown in the picture. The two hundred percenters were Bernard Schutzman and Edmond Comans.



George Menz, registrar, looking at N. Y. Harbor through a Porthole of the Merchant Marine School.

More on the "Mexico"

By Thomas Bowers, Electrician



Drawing by Paul Sample

AFTER our second voyage over on the *Mexico* with fresh troops and back with German prisoners, we made our third trip and docked in Oran. General alarms were common to us day and night, but not the type of "soldiers" that we took aboard. When the G I's had disembarked, we saw a group of soldiers in khaki shirts gathering on the dock. Forty-two of them marched up our gangplank. They were young American nurses, all but one, and she had been a young nurse back in 1918 but was now in charge with the rank of major.

The following morning we sailed up the Mediterranean to Gela and the Sicilian invasion. As I think of it now I know that the ship's officers and crew were the ones who ought to have been nervous. Our passengers trusted us, you could see it on their faces. The Major was with her charges all the time on the upper deck and that confident smile never left her face. She was a real officer. As she stood up there above us on A deck, so straight and defiant, it reminded me of the Lady in stone who stands in New York harbor across a few leagues of water from the Seamen's Institute—the lady with a torch in her hand.

We dropped anchor just inside the outer harbor near a Liberty ship that had been hit the day before. Two Navy battle wagons stationed out in open water were covering us

as we entered Gela. The only way we knew they were there was when the low whine of their big shells' echo came back to us as the shells passed over land where the fighting was going on.

About three p.m. the Navy had cleared the way for landing troops and the Medical Corps. They needed nurses ashore to help with the wounded. The Medical Corps boys were loading the nurses' barracks bags in a sling ready to go ashore. The nurses kept their compacts in small handbags. The eternal feminine!

We of the crew stood on the well deck near the gang plank when the Major caught our eye again. We hoped that she would come back safely. Old Chips said "Take it easy, girls."

As the nurses stepped ashore from the landing barge, they could see the beach strewn with wounded. The M.C. man picked up the worst cases and loaded them on the barge and started back to the *Mexico*. As they drew near, a sergeant hailed our Capt. Martinson and asked if he would take some wounded aboard. The Captain called the ship's doctor who agreed to take them, and asked the crew to help evacuate the wounded. As soon as the word spread, the crew set to work carrying stretchers. The nurses helped Dr. Jetty who worked all through the night operating. That night as the *Mexico* made all speed on her errand of mercy, the nurses and surgeon toiled. I know the Captain hadn't closed his eyes, either. Arriving in Palermo, the Captain and crew received a citation for helping to save the lives of those injured soldiers. I shall never forget those gallant nurses, opening their compacts and powdering their pretty faces before they went ashore to attend to the wounded under the attack of enemy planes.

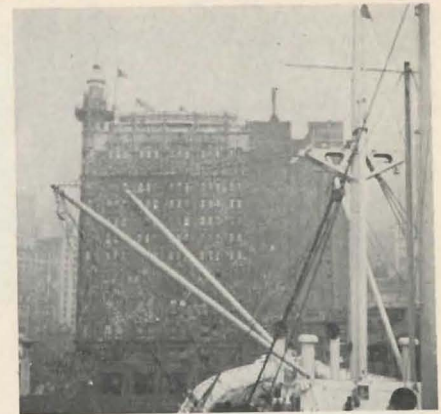
The Building That Adopted a Seaman

HAVE you ever heard of a building adopting a man? That's what happened in the case of 25 South Street and Fred Ward. Fred was a lonely duffer; a ship's engineer who had been forced to give up his career by a severe and chronic case of asthma.

Fred had lost touch with his home in the Midwest years gone by, had never married, did not make friends easily. For several years his address had been "Marine Hospital, Ellis Island, New York." But Fred was known to Seamen's Church Institute staff members at 25 South Street. They had helped him with hospital entry forms, the safekeeping of his few possessions, financial difficulties. A staff member in the special services department, a woman of wonderful sympathy, had been in the habit of visiting Fred in the hospital, taking him books and fruit and cheering him up with news of old shipmates at 25 South Street.

Suddenly Fred received a jolt. He learned that Ellis Island authorities were planning to transfer all the chronic patients to a hospital in Memphis, Tenn. Fred was distressed. He knew nobody in Tennessee. There would be no friends to come and see him; his ties with 25 South Street and old shipmates would be severed. To him the Institute building had come to be not bricks and mortar but a friend.

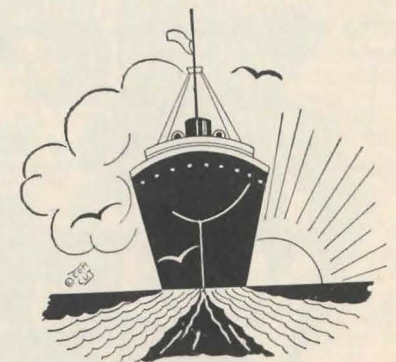
He appealed to his good friend in the special services bureau. He wanted to know if, by some means, they couldn't help him stay in New York. With the help of an Institute volunteer, a bed was found for Fred at St. Barnabas Hospital in the Bronx. The special service department helped him with his entry forms, secured some new clothes for him, and arranged a monthly allowance of \$15 for cigarettes and sundries out of a special fund donated for such purposes by a contributor.

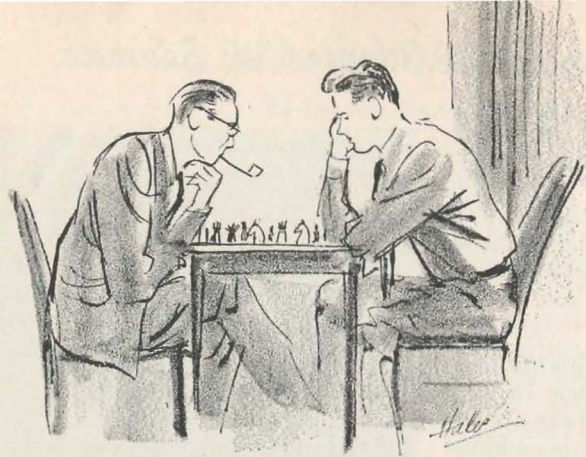


25 South Street

Fred was happy—at least as happy as his monotonous, shut-in life permitted. He stayed in the hospital until, not long ago, death released him from loneliness and illness. The Institute got in touch with his mother in the Midwest and learned that her modest circumstances would not permit her to come East or to take care of the funeral. Fred was given a funeral service in the Institute's Chapel, attended by staff members who had known him and some of his old shipmates, and he was buried in one of the Institute cemeteries.

To many seamen the Institute is a home away from home. To Fred Ward it was his only home.





Janet
Roper
Club

Scenes at "25 South Street"

Game
Room



Conrad
Library

Drawings by J. R. Hales

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

CAN you imagine never having received a birthday present or had a birthday party given for you? Seems incredible but this was the case with several of the seamen who were guests of honor at the monthly birthday party celebrations in May. Each month the Institute gives a birthday party in the Janet Roper Room for seamen staying in the building whose birthdays fall during that particular month.

In May, on this occasion, about one hundred men filled the Janet Roper Club to participate in the party for sixteen seamen who had owned up to having birthdays in the month of May. The guests of honor were seated in the front row and two of them, acting for all, rose to blow out the candles on the big birthday cake baked for the party in the Institute kitchens and decorated by a seaman in the Janet Roper Room galley. Entertainment was provided by Miss Jean Cumming and Paul Bosan who sang a program of songs accompanied by Miss Cumming's mother at the piano. Punch, coffee and cake were served after the musical program. Each "birthday seaman" received as a gift a ditty bag containing shaving articles, mending equipment and other useful things. These bags are packed and supplied by the Central Council of Associations at the Institute.

After the party, two seamen confided to the hostess that it was the first time they had ever received a birthday present and four others told her it was the first time anyone had given them a birthday party.



NEW EYES FOR SEAMEN

New Eyes for the Needy, a volunteer organization started in 1932 by a Red Cross worker, Mrs. Arthur Terry, and now carried on by the Short Hills Junior Service League, Short Hills, N. J., collects old eye glasses donated by people all over the country. Metal frames and old gold scrap are then sent to a refining company to be melted and redeemed for cash. The fund thus created is used to help buy new eye glasses for the needy. Various welfare organizations are given usable frames which may be used with new lenses for eye patients unable to buy their own.

For many years the Seamen's Church Institute has received donations of old eye glasses from this volunteer organization of which Mrs. W. Merrill Hunt is chairman. Using the old frames with new lenses or in some cases, finding lenses in the old glasses which exactly fill the prescription for a patient, these are given to seamen who are unable to pay for outside professional services. As the large cartons of glasses and cases come in, the eye clinic doctors refract all the lenses and file them according to their specific refraction prescriptions.

The Institute is deeply grateful to New Eyes for the Needy for this invaluable aid. Sometimes a seaman's job depends on his getting eye glasses in a hurry; many use reading glasses from this stockpile for their hours of study and reading between voyages.



Plans Under Way for Outdoor Sports For Seamen in the Port of New York

CHAPLAIN JAMES C. HEALEY, on our staff, represented the Institute at a recent meeting to discuss the resumption of sporting events and tournaments for seamen as a part of the recreation programs in the port of New York.

Representatives of six European maritime nations and three American seamen's agencies took part in the preliminary talks. Consideration was given to resuming the annual international lifeboat races and the Atlantic Cup soccer matches between teams of seamen from merchant ships which the war interrupted. Dr. Healey suggested that a committee be appointed to discover the size of fields needed and to poll ships' personnel as to the types of recreation preferred by the crews. The committee was instructed to contact real estate interests and ship building yards in search of available ground for association football, softball and handball courts, shuffle boards and other outdoor activities. It is hoped that it will be possible to lease a field for a period of years sufficiently long to justify the erection of goal posts, the laying of tracks and other necessary markings so that a variety of games will be feasible. The problem of outdoor recreation is of interest not only to American seamen but to personnel of ships visiting the port from foreign countries. Swedish, Danish, German and Italian ships have been competitors in the past in the promotion of healthy rivalry and international good will. The ship operators, both foreign and American, and the consulates of many countries are interested.

The Caroline de Lancy Cowl Challenge Trophy was originally offered by the president of the former Seamen's Christian Association for the best seamen's soccer team. It is now 30 years old and has been won by many ships. It was last won by the

crew of the *Bremen* just before the second World War.

The trophy bears on its pedestal the names of such famous ships as the *Baltic*, the *Berengaria*, the *Statsdamm*, the *Rex*, and the *Conte de Savoia* as winners of the trophy. The *Berengaria* and the *Rex* each won it three separate times. The trophy is now in safekeeping at the Seamen's House, Y.M.C.A.

RESCUE IN LONG ISLAND SOUND

Capt. Charles E. Umstead, principal of the School was cruising on Sunday, May 22nd, in an auxiliary sloop owned by Paul Shaskin, a student in our School, when they saw an overturned sailboat and two men clinging to it. They took the two men aboard and brought them to the Shore and Country Club, Norwalk, Conn., where they were taken to Norwalk Hospital. The young men, Peter J. Burgard, a step-son of Lawrence Tibbett, and William Sill, a classmate at Columbia University, had clung to the capsized craft for several hours. All in the day's work for Capt. Umstead who served during the war as Master of a Training ship and Marine Superintendent in the Army Transport Service, and who became Principal of the Institute's School in 1945.

AWARD TO CAPT. WAINWRIGHT

Capt. Jonathan M. Wainwright 5th, son of Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright, accepted recently as master of the steamship *African Patriot*, a naval reserve pennant on behalf of the Farrell Lines, Inc., and the ship's personnel.

The pennant is awarded to merchant marine vessels that are suitable for conversion to a naval auxiliary and 50 per cent of whose officers, including the master, are members of the Merchant Marine Reserve of the United States Navy.

In 1943 Captain Wainwright received the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal for his exploits in the Allied invasion of Italy.

Ship News

"YANKEE" HOME

The 96-ft. long brigantine* "*Yankee*," commanded by Capt. Irving Johnson, returned to Gloucester, Mass. after an 18-month cruise covering 45,000 miles, visiting 101 ports. Accompanied by his wife and sons, and sailors and guests, including four women, Capt. Johnson sailed the brigantine around the world, as he did three times in his former schooner "*Yankee*." Seamen along South Street had a good view of the vessel as she sailed past the Battery en route to her home port.

*EDITOR'S NOTE:

Although the press called the *Yankee* a brigantine she is really a topsail schooner.

TWO YOUTHS SAVE STRICKEN STEAMER

Two young brothers at Perranuthnoe, near Penzance, Cornwall, saved a small Dutch steamer from sinking.

The steamer, the *Zeeland*, was bound from Plymouth to Newlyn when she missed her way in the fog, struck a rock and began to take water badly. Her captain sounded an SOS on the siren.

On the shore in Perranuthnoe, a picturesque Cornish holiday resort, William Thornily, able seaman in the British Navy, and his brother Garven, a university student, heard the siren.

They hopped out of bed, ran down the beach, launched a dinghy and rowed out into the bay until they made contact with the *Zeeland*. They got on board and told the captain his exact position.

SEAMAN WINS MEDAL AND CASH

Jose Valentin, seaman, was the recipient yesterday of the United Fruit Company's silver medal for meritorious service beyond the call of duty—and a draft for \$250. Mr. Valentin, a wiper on the ship *Junior*, jumped overboard while the vessel was at the Bethlehem Steel Company's drydock in Hoboken, N. J., to rescue a woman passenger who had fallen from a gangplank while boarding.

SEAMEN ATTEND CONCERTS

The concert bureaus have been sending free tickets for concerts at Carnegie Hall, Town Hall and Times Hall. Every ticket is used, and some seamen are disappointed when they find that they are all gone. Many of the men cannot afford to go because they must pay the Federal admission tax. Only men in uniform are exempt from paying this amusement tax (which in the case of orchestra seats is 50 to 80 cents.) Since most seamen do not wear uniforms, they must pay this tax, and since shipping is slow,

many do not have the money for these entertainments which they enjoy so much. Whenever possible, the Institute's Director helps out from his Discretionary Fund.

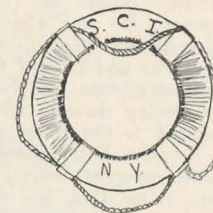
BOY SWIMS 40 HRS. IN SHARK-FILLED SEA Reaches Cuba After Effort to Save Shipmate Fails

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22 (UP). — Russell Anthony Latona, thirteen, of Sacramento, Calif., a cabin boy on a Danish merchant ship, swam for forty hours through the shark-infested Caribbean last week after trying vainly to save the life of a Danish shipmate, the Navy disclosed today.

Latona's ordeal began on Dec. 14 when the ship, the *Grete Maersk*, was sailing near Cuba, the Navy said. Russell saw Bent Jeppsen, fourteen, fall overboard from the ship and dived after him with a life preserver. No one aboard the ship saw the accident.

Russell reached his friend's side, and the two boys called vainly for help. The ship sailed out of sight. The Navy described the rest of the episode in these stark words: "during the next forty hours Bent was killed by sharks and Russell suffered injuries."

Somehow, the American struggled to the north shore of Cuba where a plantation owner, J. Marquette Philips, found him and cared for his wounds.



CAPT. H. T. McCaw RETIRES

Capt. Harold T. McCaw, master of United States Lines ships since 1931, has retired. A veteran of service under sail, Capt. McCaw is a third-generation seaman. Born in Bristol, R. I., he served first on five-masted schooners. He served in both World Wars, and commanded the new freighter *Staghound* which was sunk in March, 1943 by enemy action. He and his crew of 84, including Navy gunners, were able to get away in lifeboats and were picked up by an Argentine vessel after 25 hours. When he was master of the *City of Havre* in the U. S. Lines' Baltimer Mail service, a group of passengers formed the Havre Alumni Association which met with Capt. McCaw every year for a reunion.

Book Reviews

LAST SURVIVORS IN SAIL

By John Anderson

Percival Marshall & Co. Ltd.

23 Great Queen St., London W.C. 2, 3/net

A new edition of this little book after twelve years reveals that hardly a dozen full-rigged ships survive today, whereas in 1934 there were more than fifty. Only six or seven are in active trade today. The records of square-riggers lost in World Wars I and II are included here, as well as excellent photographs. (No mention is made, however, of the training ships *Joseph Conrad* or the *Danmark*. Presumably, the author confines himself to those ships which carry cargo.) It is a useful volume for every ship lover and every marine library, and the information was collected by one who truly loves the fine old wind-ships.

M. D. C.

MASTER OF THE GIRL PAT

By Captain Dod Osborne

Edited by Joe McCarthy

Doubleday & Co., \$3.00

It seems incredible that one person could go through the number of dangerous adventures that Dod Osborne has experienced, but he cites them in detail. Incidentally, he is still comparatively young and plans to continue this way of life.

A Scottish sea captain, Dod Osborne became a British Naval Intelligence agent in the last war and during this time he wrecked aircraft depots in Tripoli and French Morocco. He was almost caught but escaped from the African coast in his boat, the *Girl Pat* and crossed the Atlantic without instruments and with little food, barely coming through alive. Later, he was assigned to the Commandos and saw action in the East where he was wounded while escaping from a Japanese prison camp. After this, he decided to cross the Atlantic alone in a 34 foot sailboat. At sea he found himself with a stowaway who stole most of the food and was a liability during the tropical hurricanes. After a harrowing time while lost in the Sargasso Sea, these two odd shipmates were picked up by an American ship — weeks after their food had run out. An occasional flying fish and minute specimens of sea life picked from the sea weeds had sustained life.

There is much crude violence in this book and constant risks; there are also romantic interludes and pleasant places. Its swift pace should appeal to many men.

I. M. ACHESON

THE CRUISING COOKBOOK

By Russell K. Jones and

C. McKim Norton

W. W. Norton & Co., \$2.95

One author is a sailor who, without any cooking training, has spent many hours in the galley. The other is a cook who was called on to be a sea cook. "Easy-to-cook" meals on a two-burner stove are offered to yachtsmen who enjoy practicing the culinary arts. Since it's usually the yachtman's wife who becomes the "galley slave" while her husband is the navigator and skipper, a woman's opinion of the recipes should carry weight. This reviewer (who cooks simple meals aboard her own boat) thinks the two gentlemen would do better at the Waldorf-Astoria, but perhaps the yachtmen will be challenged to try out some of these fascinating, but definitely not labor-saving, recipes while their wives can sun-bathe on deck, for a change. The chapters on food planning, stowage and general advice are very helpful.

M. D. C.

LORE OF THE LAKES MEMORIES OF THE LAKES

Dana Thomas Bowen,

Author & Publisher

Daytona Beach, Florida, 1949, \$4.50

Memories Of The Lakes, like Dana Thomas Bowen's previous book, *Lore of the Lakes*, published in 1940, is a collection of facts, incidents, stories, pictures related to the shipping history and shipping industry of the Great Lakes. The book is informative, but for the casual reader, looking more for diversion than instruction, it lacks the kind of dramatic interest usually to be expected from tales of the sea. And it seems as if this need not have been so, had the writer himself been more aware of the dramatic value of his material. These great fresh water inland seas are no quiet duck ponds and the navigation of them a hazardous calling at all seasons of the year. The fierce, sudden storms, the terrific, icy gales from late autumn to early spring, the awful grip of the "ice devils" enwrapping ships in coatings of ice so rapidly and so heavily that they founder from the dead weight or are ice-locked far off shore, the short, steep waves hurling themselves like avalanches against the ships, and the mariner's greatest terror, the ever present lee shore, close-to, instead of wide ocean sea-room to ride out the storms, these are all dangers to be faced by those who go down to the Lakes in ships, big or little. But Mr. Bowen's unassuming and veracious accounts make little of these facts.

Marine Poetry

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

By A. M. Sullivan

When winds are locked along the tropic shore
And the smooth sea simmers like the roof of Tophet,
A bearded sailor, solemn as a prophet,
Will warn young men of Vanderdecken's oar.
And who was Vanderdecken? Never heard
Of the Flying Dutchman, with all canvas full,
Scudding the lazy sea against the lull
Of air that couldn't lift a humming bird?
Three centuries now the Dutchman seeks escape
From malice of the wind. He skirts the Horn,
And runs the wastes of water past forlorn
Tristan da Cunha toward the battered Cape
Where the meeting of two oceans weaves a counter-

pane
Over the churning deep. Sails set for home,
Old Vanderdecken and his sailors comb
Their lengthening beards and seek a port in vain.
Some fear the Dutchman's sails. Let them fear no more
The doldrum days when the evil net is cast
Over the winds, and seamen look aghast
At the drip of golden waters from the oar,
Lest it be Vanderdecken come to ask:
"I beg of you, dear friend, to take this letter
To Haarlem, lest my wife think I forget her!"
Aye, duped is he who dares the simple task:
For Vanderdecken cursed upon the wind,
And the wind rose to heaven with the word
Of blasphemy, and Vanderdecken heard
God's judgment on him: "Fool, because thou sinned
"With mortal breath, the winds shall hold in thrall
Thy ship forever. Let no stranger take
Thy tidings homeward, or in folly's sake
The herald shall forget the port of call."
Lloyd's list will tell the names of ships long lost:
Left port and left the world, for all the news
Reported of the Captain and the Crews —
The Flying Dutchman met them with his post.
In eighteen forty-one, Year of Our Lord,
The steamer President passed Sandy Hook
For Liverpool. It was the final look
At land for a hundred passengers aboard.
Whether the captain paused for Vanderdecken
And took the fatal letter, none can tell;
But the clerk in Lloyd's pulled on the dismal bell
With one more mystery of the deep to reckon.
When Vanderdecken's men grow bent and old,
He sets a trap for young hands on the stays.
How? I cannot tell, since time betrays
No secrets of his mind. This can be told:
The brig *Mary Celeste* cleared New York
For Genoa, November, seventy-two;
No man has looked on captain or the crew
From that day on; — but rolling like a cork,
With all sails set, they found the idling craft
Caught in the doldrums sou'west of Gibraltar.
If Vanderdecken found them in this halter
Of strangled air, he took them drunk or daft!
My proofs? The empty ship — no storm — no war,
No living soul aboard; no corpse, no ghost
To whisper how the forty men were lost —
But Vanderdecken himself could tell you more!



OUR PRESENT NEED IS FOR RECENT MAGAZINES AND BOOKS OF ALL TYPES

PLEASE MAIL TO Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. or call BOWling Green 9-2710

Edited by W. M. Williamson • Cowan-McCann, Inc., New York
Reprinted from "The Eternal Sea"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Honorary President

RT. REV. CHARLES K. GILBERT, D.D.

President

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. DONALD B. ALDRICH, D.D.

REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, D.D.

RT. REV. HORACE W. B. DONEGAN, D.D.

REV. FREDERICK BURGESS

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D.

REV. FREDERIC S. FLEMING, D.D.

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.

REV. ARTHUR L. KINSOLVING, D.D.

RT. REV. BENJAMIN M. WASHBURN, D.D.

REV. LOUIS W. PITT, D.D.

REV. SAMUEL M. SHOEMAKER, D.D.

Lay Vice-Presidents

GERALD A. BRAMWELL

THOMAS ROBERTS

HARRY FORSYTH

ORME WILSON

Secretary and Treasurer

THOMAS ROBERTS

WILLIAM ARMOUR
EDWARD J. BARBER
CHARLES R. BEATTIE
EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL
REGINALD R. BELKNAP
GORDON KNOX BELL
GORDON KNOX BELL, JR.
CHARLES W. BOWRING, JR.
CHARLES B. BRADLEY
EDWIN A. S. BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
D. FARLEY COX, JR.
FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS
FREDERICK P. DELAFIELD
CLEMENT L. DESPARD
CHARLES E. DUNLAP
DE COURSEY FALES
GORDON FEAREY

ADRIAAN GIPS
FRANK GULDEN
CHARLES S. HAIGHT
GERARD HALLOCK
AUGUSTUS N. HAND
JAMES B. HELME
OLIVER ISELIN
ELLIS KNOWLES
LAMAR RICHARD LEAHY
HERBERT FAIRFAX LEARY
CLIFFORD D. MALLORY, JR.
RICHARD H. MANSFIELD
CHARLES H. MARSHALL
W. LAWRENCE McLANE
CHARLES MERZ
CLARENCE F. MICHALIS
GEORGE P. MONTGOMERY
JOHN LEWIS MONTGOMERY
MORTON L. NEWHALL

HARRIS C. PARSONS
JOHN H. G. PELL
WALTER B. POTTS
FRANKLIN REMINGTON
JOHN S. ROGERS
CHARLES E. SALTZMAN
JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN
THOMAS A. SCOTT
HERBERT L. SEWARD
T. ASHLEY SPARKS
BENJAMIN STRONG, JR.
CARL TUCKER
ALEXANDER O. VIETOR
FRANKLIN E. VILAS
FRANK W. WARBURTON
EDWARD K. WARREN
ERNEST E. WHEELER
WILLIAM D. WINTER
GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE

JOHN MASEFIELD

Director

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.