

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIX

May, 1948

No. 5



SOUTH STREET — 1948

Seamen's Church Institute of New York
Twenty-five South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

Sanctuary

SAILING WITH GOD

Keep well in view the final port,
Strike not your sail to fear;
But sweep the seven seas of life,
With God your Pilot near.
Though broken be the sturdy spar,
With wreckage all around;
Your Pilot knows the hidden shoals,
Wherever you are bound.
So trust in God, O mariner!
And He will chart for you
A passage in the final storm
And bring you smiling through.

By the REV. ERNEST BRADLEY



The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIX, MAY, 1948

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Church Institute of New York, Inc.*

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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OPEN HOUSE — MAY 23rd

You are cordially invited to visit the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street

on SUNDAY, MAY 23rd,

which we are observing as Maritime Sunday
in connection with the preceding annual celebration
of MARITIME DAY.

There will be "Open House" from 2 to 8 P.M.

Guided Tours of the Building

Moving Pictures in the Auditorium:

"America Sails the Seas"

and

"Home Is the Sailor"

Special music and entertainment by merchant seamen.

Tea will be served from 4 to 6 P.M.

in the Janet Roper Club, 4th floor.

Chapel Service at 7 o'clock.

The Institute's Director, Dr. Harold H. Kelley, will preach.

Music by Institute Quartet.

For those wishing to remain for the Chapel Service
at 7 P.M. dinner will be served in the Dining Room
for \$1.25.*

To reach the Institute, take the 3rd Ave. L,
Broadway bus or Seventh Ave. subway to South Ferry,
BMT subway to Whitehall Street or Lexington Ave.
subway to Bowling Green. By car, take the East
River Drive, or the West Side highway to South St.

Parking space will be available.

COME AND BRING A FRIEND.

*Please telephone BOWling Green 9-2710 for
dinner reservations.

THE story begins in December of 1943. Christmas was not far away. Seaman 2/c Moe Preskell, a Gallups Island radio trainee, came to the sick bay for an eye examination. Sparks, hardly more than a pup, was already there and she was hurt badly. A hind leg was broken.

When the corpsmen of the sick bay decided they'd just have to put Sparks out of her misery, Seaman Preskell spoke up for the dog.

"Why don't you let me take her into Boston? Maybe I can find a doc to fix her up."

It was agreed. Wrapped warmly in a blanket, Sparks was lifted up into the arms of her benefactor and they went to Boston. There they tramped the streets until at last they found a veterinarian who put a cast on Sparks' hind leg. Too late then to return to Gallups Island, the two of them, man and dog, found it necessary to spend the night in town.

Men of the station donated to a fund to put Sparks in a dog hospital while she recuperated, and when she returned she became a chief petty officer in the service, with appropriate insignia which she wore on a miniature blanket around her belly. By permission of the station superintendent, Capt. Sherman W. Reed, USMS, Sparks slept in the bunk beneath Seaman Preskell; she took her mess with her master, and she stood Saturday inspection with the rest of the station complement. She had a liberty card, too, but one week-end she didn't get to use it: she was restricted to the station for some offense now lost in the records.

Both were graduated in September, 1944, and Sparks left with Radio Officer Preskell, and with Capt. Reed's blessings, for the dog would pay no attention to anybody else and had she been left behind, insubordination no doubt would have become rife.

*Reprinted from *The Mast*

Then began a new life on the sea, where Sparks proved herself wholly seaworthy. She had a life jacket, she stood regular watches in the radio shack and she ate in officers' mess. Aboard the *SS Robert Newell*, on which the two made their first trip, was another dog, Snafu, which the gun crew brought on at Norfolk, Va. The two dogs were great friends but Sparks insisted that Snafu eat in the crew's mess—and Snafu did.

On a second trip, Sparks fell into an open hatchway, was taken to a vets' hospital in Marseille and Snafu struck out alone to find her. Snafu never returned but Sparks recovered.

On that trip Sparks met a German police dog in Africa and during the next voyage Sparks, Jr., was born, to be adopted later by the captain of the ship. But now the sea is behind Sparks and her master and they are battling the housing scarcity in New York. Sparks has to stay with friends of Mr. Preskell and she's able to see her master only about twice a week, at which times she puts on a demonstration of devotion which a stranger might think was some sort of seizure.

But Mr. Preskell is hopeful and sure they'll be together again eventually. What Sparks doesn't know, however, or didn't at this writing, is that she's going to have to share her master now with a young fellow named Jeffrey, new-born son of the Preskell family.



Drawing by Clarence Johnson

Kings Point Alumni Association Opens New Club Headquarters at Seamen's Institute

THE Alumni Association of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy opened its new club headquarters on the second floor of the Institute on April 10th.

The Club, to be known officially as the Kings Point Club, will be national headquarters for the more than 8,500 graduates of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, Long Island. The clubrooms occupy about 1500 square feet of space on the second floor of the Seamen's Institute, which is the largest shore home in the world for active merchant seamen of all nationalities and creeds.

Guests at the opening dance included Rear Admiral and Mrs. Richard R. McNulty, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Gordon L. McLintock, and representatives of the U.S. Navy, Coast Guard, Army Transport, and shipping industry, and faculty and regiment of the Academy.

At a preview for the press, the Institute's Director, Dr. Kelley, greeted the members of the Alumni and welcomed them to the facilities of the building. Commander William L. Bull, U.S.M.S. Head of the Department of Ship Management at the Academy spoke. He said in part: "The installation of new quarters for the Alumni Association of the United States Merchant Marine Academy in the Seamen's Church Institute marks another milestone in the progress of a comparatively new organization.

"It is altogether fitting that these headquarters should be located within this Institute and I believe the Association should count itself fortunate that the necessary facilities could be made available. For decades past, the Seamen's Church Institute has been a haven of both material and spiritual comfort for the mariners of all nations and it is to be hoped that

the contacts to be formed here will serve to inspire and encourage those charged with furthering the program upon which the Association has launched.

"The United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps, which evolved through the foresight and many years of hard work and persistence on the part of the present Supervisor, Rear Admiral Richard R. McNulty, was established on March 15, 1938, an outgrowth of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936. Its beginnings were quite modest but, as the growing international tension of those days erupted into war, and the need arose for more and yet more trained men to officer our merchant vessels and to serve in our expanded Navy, the program of the Cadet Corps was necessarily greatly enlarged and its courses accelerated. A month after Pearl Harbor, a site for the pre-war-planned United States Merchant Marine Academy had been selected, authorized by Congress, and purchased at Kings Point, Long Island, close to the nation's largest port. Construction of new permanent buildings was commenced in May, 1942, on what has been developed into one of the most beautiful of campuses of any educational institution in the country, and the Academy was dedicated on September 30, 1943. The capital investment in the United States Merchant Marine Academy is approximately twelve million dollars — *the cost of a single modern destroyer.*

"During the recent hostilities, the Cadet Corps earned distinction by reason of conducting the only training program in which the trainees were exposed to actual battle hazards in all theatres of the war. This distinction was bought at a terrible price, however, since 211 Cadet-Midshipmen made the supreme sacrifice."

A Day Aboard A Squarerigger

By Marjorie Dent Candee

FOR many years my fondest dream has been to sail aboard a full-rigged ship. Just recently, that dream came true. I was privileged to be a passenger on the 210 ft. Danish training ship "Danmark" for the eight-hour voyage from St. Croix to St. Thomas, V. I.

Accompanied by a Danish girl (who served as interpreter for me) I arrived on board early, and was fascinated to watch the 130 cadets washing down decks, polishing brass, making everything shipshape for the voyage. Captain Knud L. Hansen (whom I had known when he commanded the "Danmark" during the war, as a Coast Guard training ship) shouted the orders in Danish to "Heys oven forseil!" and the bosun's pipe "blee-upped" as the cadets carried out each of the Skipper's orders.

The most thrilling sight was to watch the cadets scramble up into the rigging like monkeys and break out the big sails. "Danmark" carries 17,000 square yards of canvas, and yet it took only about seven minutes for the cadets to raise all the sails. Capt. Hansen explained that in order to get these sails up it requires 260 different lines, halyards, buntlines, clewlines, sheets, braces, downhauls, etc. Hearing all the orders in Danish was rather perplexing, but I still think the operation of a big sailing ship is as fascinating as it is confusing to the novice.

Twenty sails in all were raised, including the royal, top-gallants'l, upper tops'l, lower tops'l, mains'l, crossjack, stays, jibs, spanker, etc. I noticed how many short, quick orders were given and later I learned that a quick order usually means a quick maneuver. For example, "About ship!" is done quickly, but "B-r-a-c-e around" is a slower order and a slower operation.

When the Danish Seamen's Club was officially opened at the Institute



Danmark

(Feb. 9, 1945) Captain Hansen presented his ship's library of Danish books to our Club. During the war he trained over 5,000 Coast Guard officers aboard the "Danmark" and the lovely white and gold ship became a familiar sight in Long Island Sound as he sailed her from New London, Conn. to New York on frequent cruises. I had visited aboard her while she was at anchor off City Island. It had been in the Fall, and a stiff-northeast breeze had been blowing. Little did I think that some day I would have an opportunity to sail in her, in the Caribbean!

When all the sails were set, we left the little palm-fringed harbor of Fredericksted, St. Croix, and sailed the 40 miles to St. Thomas, the water changing from turquoise to sapphire and the ship came alive. Sunlight and shadow dappled the ship's big sails. Cadets coiled ropes, made chafing gear, touched up paint, polished brass, rubbed the beautiful mahogany-panelled wardroom walls. After their year of sail training they go to an Officers' School ashore for about three years. But it is the year aboard the "Danmark" which fits these lads to become fine officers in the Danish Merchant Marine. For here I saw them learning the essential lessons of teamwork as they worked together, bending on the

sails, spreading out across the yard-arm as they worked. The "Danmark" had sailed from Copenhagen in mid-winter, and Capt. Hansen said that getting those sails up in the north Atlantic was somewhat different from doing it in tropical weather. Each year the ship makes an annual cruise,

usually visiting St. Croix and St. Thomas. These Virgin Islands once belonged to Denmark. The Danish flags flew to welcome us when the "Danmark" dropped anchor in the beautiful little harbor of Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas.

Rescue at Sea!

By Harrison Mitchell, Purser, Santa Clara

EXCITEMENT ran like an electric current through Grace Line's *Santa Clara*, when at 3:53 P. M. on February 20th the vessel made a white horseshoe of her wake as she doubled back on her course, and word spread about that there was a man overboard.

Tomas Montanez of New York City, Ship's Carpenter, had been missed at a boat drill commenced at 3:15 and ended at 3:45; a thorough search revealed that he was not on board. Coming about, the *Santa Clara* resembled nothing so much as a whaler approaching likely whaling waters, as sailors swarmed up all four masts to the crosstrees, passengers manned the flying bridge, and crew of all departments stationed themselves on fore-castle head and fantail.

Scores of pairs of eyes scanned the sea from the outset, even though it seemed probable that Montanez had gone overboard shortly after 2:30, the last time he had been seen by any of his shipmates. At 5:17, after the ship had backtracked 25½ miles, Norbert Berghoff of Fort Wayne (Indiana), a cruise passenger, watching from the port side of the flying bridge, reported seeing something resembling a man's head about 75 yards off. Although none of the glasses could pick it up, Captain John Fordan ordered the ship put about.

On the completion of a figure eight, John Axelson, Third Officer, and Cargo Officer Robert Maidhoff, picked Montanez up with glasses, near the spot reported by Mr. Berghoff. A lifeboat was put over with

Chief Officer William Humphreys in command. The final rescue was made by Raimundo Rivera, Able Seaman, and Isidoro Macono, Ordinary Seaman, who dove from the lifeboat and pulled Montanez to the surface as he succumbed to exhaustion.

Montanez was in good condition and was able to walk to his quarters with slight assistance. There was great rejoicing among all on board, for the *Santa Clara* is noted by those acquainted with her for the spirit of unity which prevails among passengers, master, officers, and crew.

MR. MONTANEZ' STORY

I was leaning against the bulwark when I lost my balance and fell overboard. I was unable to shout before striking the water. When I came to the surface, the ship, traveling at better than 17 knots, was out of earshot, so I did not waste my breath. Within a short time the vessel was out of sight and I did not expect to see her again, but hoped some other ship might pick me up. At about the time the ship disappeared, a tern came and circled above me, and I felt it was a good spirit come to keep me company. They tell me the bird was still above me when I was sighted. I prayed to God to help me stay afloat. When my ship came back for me, I could not see her, because the salt water in my eyes for three hours had temporarily blinded me. But I could hear the propeller and tried to work my way toward her. Before I heard my shipmates shouting to me, I waved and shouted in the direction of the sound of the propeller, thus exhausting my last strength. I am glad I have such friends for shipmates.

Reprinted from *The Grace Log*, March, April, 1948

MR. BERGHOFF'S STORY

As I searched the waves, I felt as though we were all looking for the needle in the haystack, and I was not even sure what appearance the needle would have; whether I could see a head, a waving arm, or a floating corpse. Just a few minutes before sighting our man, I had remarked to my fellow passenger, Mr. LaMarche, "What a thrill it would be to be the one to sight the man."

When I did see Montanez, I was not definitely sure it was a man at all, for though I felt I saw an object about the size of a man's head, there was no motion of the arms. However, as I was sure I had seen something, Captain Fordan brought the ship back to the spot, and there Montanez was.

The aspect of the whole affair that most amazed me was that a ship could be brought back for 25 miles (and after it was three hours away) to within 200 feet of the man who had gone overboard. What most impressed me was the diligence with which the master, all officers, and the crew carried out the search in the face of the tremendous odds against its success. The total effort was such as not only to create confidence in the personnel, but also to inspire every passenger seeing its intensity of purpose to . . . help.

CAPTAIN FORDAN'S STORY

After turning around and retracing our course, and questioning various crew members to fix the time the carpenter was last seen, I, together with other officers, estimated the approximate area in which we might expect to find him. We felt that the likelihood of finding such a small object was very slim, as the sea and swell were beginning to pick up. Sunset was not far off when I was told that one of our passengers, Mr. Berghoff, had sighted some object. After bringing the ship about, two of the mates re-sighted the carpenter.

I hope I never have to play hide and seek again with a man in the ocean, as his chances of being located are about one in a thousand. Thanks to the officers, crew, and passengers, who all searched diligently the entire time, and especially to Mr. Berghoff, we made this the one lucky chance. By A. M. on the 21st, a note of thanks to Mr. Berghoff, signed by all 82 of the ship's complement, was ready, and it was presented to him at lunchtime that day.

After an anxious three hours for all aboard, the happiest ship afloat that night was the Grace Liner *Santa Clara*, steaming across the Caribbean en route from Barranquilla to New York with all hands on board.

My Favorite Port of Call — Massawa

By Thomas Bowers, Electrician

IN 1944 the writer was a crew member of one of the U. S. passenger ships converted to transport our troops over and bring back casualties and prisoners.

The day after we passed through the Suez Canal on one of our trips I got a tip from one of the mates that we were to dock at Massawa, Eritrea, East Africa, which I knew to be a beautiful place. At ten o'clock and three o'clock aboard ship, those who can leave their work, gather in their mess rooms to talk and drink coffee, mostly talk, straighten out world affairs and talk about shore leave and their favorite ports. Some seamen prefer Naples, some Mens El Kabien, others Port La Cruz. I mentioned Massawa, but none of the crew had heard of our next port of call. I told them they were in for a surprise.

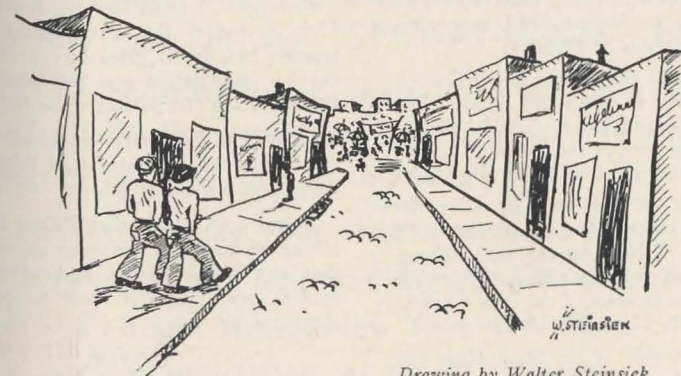
Looking over the rail aboard a ship when you dock, Massawa looks like just another North African port, with native stevedores carrying bales twice their size. But a short walk ashore into the town brings a delightful transformation. The buildings are beautiful: pink, white, and brown, built of coral. You see clean streets, small, attractive shops with very little merchandise displayed, but neatly. The shop keepers and everyone were courteous, (no high pressure like Naples, Oran, Algiers and other ports). Beggars were not to be

seen. The wine shops were all family corporations, the wife serving as cashier, the husband behind the bar, the daughters as waitresses.

At the end of the main business street were the Arabic shops and bazaars. At the entrance to the bazaar was a large shop run by two Indians dressed in immaculate robes and white turbans, who spoke good English. This section of the town created a panorama which even Hollywood would like to duplicate.

But the big surprise came that evening when we visited the night spot "Club Lido." Transplanted to the United States it would gross \$2,000,000 a year, but in Massawa, you just walked up three steps and you were inside — no door man — no check stand — no cover charge (page Mr. Ripley). A beautiful blue-green salt water swimming pool runs up the center in a "V" shape. A cafe near the entrance is the only semblance of a building the Club has. You walk around the pool under a trellis to an open air dance floor with a small orchestra.

The younger set, married and about-to-be, all Italians, gather there to spend their evenings sipping wine and swimming, both men and women, dressed in shorts. But when you take a beautiful blond-haired blue-eyed girl for an Englishwoman and find she is Italian and speaks only Italian, that is Massawa, Italian East Africa.



Drawing by Walter Steinsiek



Norbert Berghoff, Indiana business man, Captain John Fordan, Master of Grace Line's *Santa Clara*, with Tomas Montanez aboard ship as it entered New York Harbor.

We met one citizen who had lived in Chicago eight years and spoke fair English and was very obliging about giving us information about the town, people, and where to buy souvenirs. He told us not to try crashing the Lido set, which was ignored by some of our Don Juans, but even their high pressure caps and American sales talk got them nothing but red faces.

The only peddlers in the town were small Negro boys selling pictures along the waterfront. One evening as I was walking from the ship to town, a small boy stopped an officer and said "dirt pix"; the officer took one look, grinned and handed the pictures back to the boy, gave him a stick of gum and walked on. The officer was our Chaplain!

Just prior to our entry into World War II the Suez Canal, Massawa, and other points in the Red Sea were bombed by German planes in an

effort to stop shipping and some of their planes were shot down. One Italian craftsman had designed a cigarette lighter, using a piece of the propeller of a German plane. Others copied and we bought about all of them the shops had. There was no U. S. patent on them and thousands have been made here and sold all over the United States. What a tough break for the inventor who reaped none of the financial benefits.

Massawa, Eritrea, East Africa has a long and varied history; it has changed many times. The Turks took possession in 1557 and held it for over 200 years. Mussolini used it for a base to invade Ethiopia in 1935 but lost it to the English in the last war. Though thousands of American seamen have sailed past it, few have had the pleasure of visiting Massawa — my favorite foreign port.

HOW COENTIES SLIP GOT ITS NAME

Visitors to the Institute are often interested in Coenties Slip, which was filled in, in 1882 and made into a park just opposite our building. The name is still used to mark the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip, where Pat O'Connor has his clam and oyster stand. They have a choice of two legends explaining the origin of the name. According to Mr. Storrs H. Seeley, who quotes from a letter written by Dorothy C. Barck of the New York Historical Society: "The origin of the name was explained as follows by the antiquarian David Grim (1737-1826) in connection with a map which he drew for this Society in August, 1813, representing the city as it was in 1742-3-4:

"The next (slip) was called Coen & Antey's slip (Conrad and Jane) called so after Conrad Ten Eyck and Jane, his wife; they lived at the corner of (then) Little Dock street and that slip."

The other explanation is by Alice Morse Earle, who wrote in her monograph in "The Stadt Huys of New Amsterdam," volume I, number 1 of the Half Moon Series, published in the interest of the New York City History Club, Copyright 1896:

"By the side of the Stadt Huys ran Coenties Lane, which still exists, but no

longer green and beautiful as of yore. This land and Coenties Slip were so called because of the land in this vicinity was the property of Conroet Ten Eyck, who was familiarly nicknamed Coentje, or, as we now change the j to i, Contie. Ten Eyck Slip also was named for him. This name, pronounced coon-ty, was next called coonchy, then quinchy, and is now often called by dock-men 'quincy'."

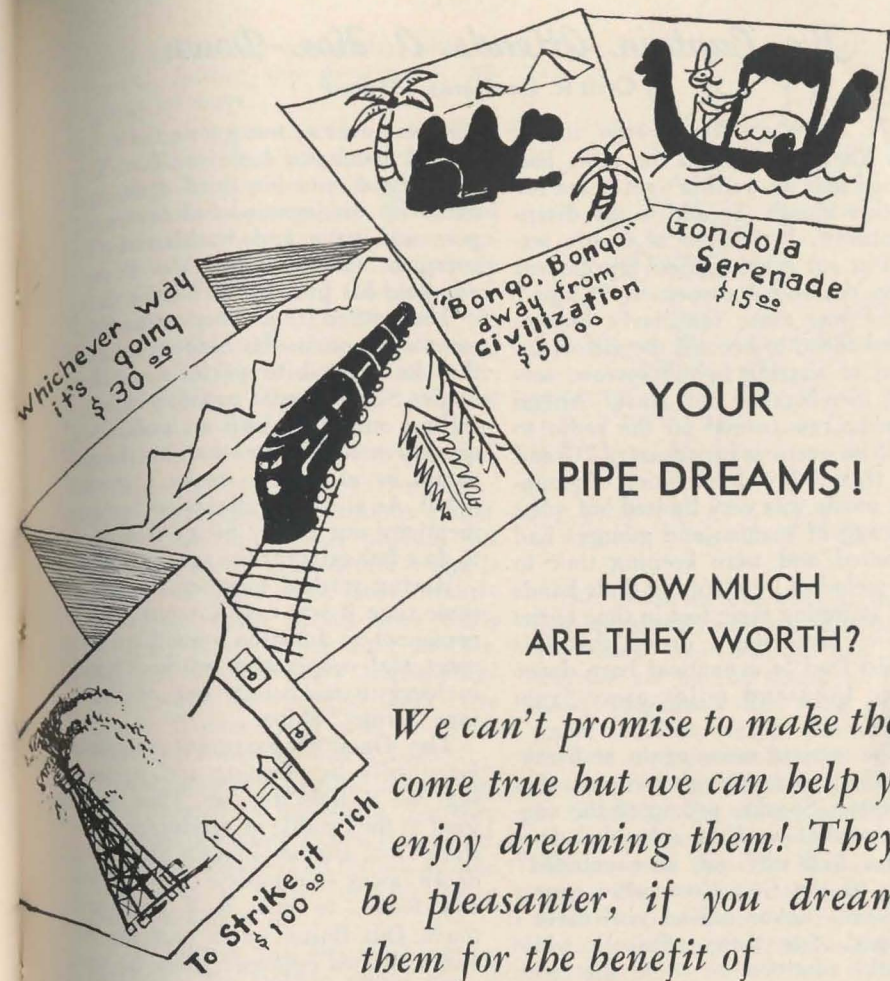
Secretary, Artists & Writers Club

Personally, I think the Artists & Writers Club is one of the best possibilities the seaman has, for it gives him a chance to develop imagination and self-reliance and to create, the one pursuit we're born for.

I can imagine the many headaches involved and can say truthfully I think you're doing one wonderful job.

It is my own fault that I have not been taking advantage of the many opportunities that the Club affords; and so saying I enclose my check for dues to cover the coming year.

Sincerely,
(signed) Joseph I. Flynn, Seaman



YOUR
PIPE DREAMS!

HOW MUCH
ARE THEY WORTH?

We can't promise to make them come true but we can help you enjoy dreaming them! They'll be pleasanter, if you dream them for the benefit of

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

We hope that you will join in the fun of our "PIPE DREAM" benefit with the same wonderful spirit you showed last year in our "STAY-AT-HOME" benefit. Your EXTRA contribution will help us to continue to meet the needs of the thousands of merchant seamen who will call upon us for help during this year.

Please make your checks payable to
Harry Forsyth, Chairman, Benefit Committee
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.
CONTRIBUTIONS ARE TAX EXEMPT

The Captain Attends A Hoe-Down

By Orriz R. Contreras, Steward

WE were awaiting cargo in an English port and the news had spread that we wouldn't get home for another month. To add to my disappointment, I received a drastic setback at our evening chess tournament when the ship's carpenter, "Chips," as he was more familiarly known, edged ahead to become the victor. Instead of sharing in my sorrow, several members of our Naval Armed Guard Crew turned on the radio to catch an overseas broadcast of "Grand Ole Opry." My appreciation of mountain music was very limited but quite a group of seamen and gunners had gathered and were keeping time to the melodies by clapping their hands and stamping their feet in time to the music. Little did I dream that this would lead to a nautical barn dance three thousand miles away from home.

The subject arose again at breakfast the next morning when our radio operator, Sparks, prompted the suggestion that we hold a hay-loft hoe-down. And why not, he concluded? Two of the Gun Crew were expert fiddlers (never called violinists I learned, for these affairs), while Sparks admitted he could flirt with the "gee-tar" and the Chief Engineer could bring that Jews' Harp of his out of hiding. All of this sounded excellent to everyone but the Old Man, who fancied himself a bugle player at heart. Since there was no place for a bugle in a hoe-down, he'd just have to stamp his feet with the rest of us. However, he issued no lengthy protest nor banning edict so the ship's company began to make their plans.

During the day everyone was questioned as to his musical talents. After much ado I finally consented to act as host in inviting several of the young English girls who were in the Service to be present and to clear with the officials of the ship tied up directly aft of us to have their crew

members over as our guests for a bit of real homespun American fun. The Chief Cook and his third cook had made up an ingenious orchestra of pots and pans and washboard. To complete the ensemble, the Purser admitted his proficiency on the flute.

That settled it! As long as the Purser was in on it, the Skipper hinted that he wanted to perform on his bugle. Since he was capable of cancelling our plans with an order, we quickly assured him that his bugle would be allowed to make a grand debut. As an added attraction for authenticity our portly Steward agreed to do a few calls for the square dance.

Having worked together for quite some time it was easy for our ship's personnel to function smoothly. Respect and cooperation worked hand in hand to make ours one of those rare "happy" ships.

The Deck Department assisted beautifully by cleaning and preparing No. 4 hold for us. They even went to the trouble of producing livestock from another Liberty Ship, two docks away—complete with straw and feed—to give it a barnyard touch. Our Bosun was a past master and a shrewd customer when he was



Drawing by Leonard Kuever,
Chief Engineer

after something—especially when it meant raising the prestige of his group of boys.

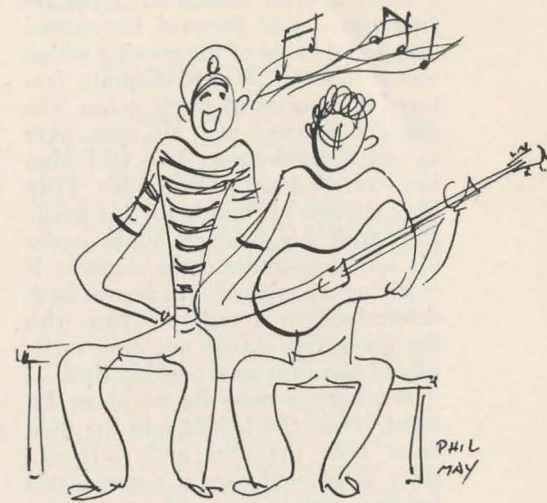
The party got under way on schedule. I have often wondered what the passing Englishmen thought when they walked by our ship. Several of them came aboard out of sheer curiosity and then remained to join in the fun. The sides of the ship were literally cracking to the strains of the Chicken Reel, Hoe-down Medleys of Missouri, Buffalo Gal, and I'm Lonely When The Haws Are Out A'Courtin', while the air was constantly filled with "Eeee-haw-w-w-w-," "Yahh-hh-hho!," hog-calling, and other picturesque expressions. Standing on an improvised podium our Steward wore blue denim overalls and a red plaid shirt. He constantly wiped the sweat off his brow while calling out one dance after another. Among the hoe-down sentimental songs were "Darlin' You Can't Love One," "Tomorrow You'll Be Sorry That You Broke My Heart Today."

Our guests, the English lasses, were a bit puzzled by the "calls" but they followed directions as best they could. They were mauled and thrown around like sacks of meal but they loved every second of it.

"Oh fawncy this, Grycie!," one remarked, "Me mother would die of heart failure to see me, she would—and me paw!"

And another gasped, "Blimey! What fun! I'm all out of breath, I am."

I could see that the Gun Crew were old hands at this hoe-down business as they expertly cavorted from one end of the hold to the other, some dancing with another gunner or by themselves as there weren't enough young ladies to go around. (The Merchant Marine were the favorites, having won the attention of most of the fairer sex by their gifts of sweets, cigarettes, and the like.) A young Navy Coxswain named Lem Little cried into his English ale for just a whisper of Kentucky moonshine and dear old Harlan County.



Our orchestra was busy giving out with apparently inexhaustible energy. The cook was beating his galley utensils all out of shape while the Chief Engineer's lips were sagging under the Jews' Harp. Our two hep fiddlers and gee-tar-ist were in fine form while the Purser's flute could he heard piping along merrily with the rest of them. The only noticeable absence was the Old Man and his bugle. That worried me until I accidentally spotted him out on the deck dancing with an elderish buxom English lass.

I had never fancied our portly Captain much of a dancer, but there he was keeping right up with the young shavers. He went so far as to punctuate his buck-and-reel by yodeling "Ole-lee-lay-ee-oo!" loud and heartily. After our grim, strenuous crossing in convoy, it was a pleasure to see him enjoying himself. His partner (her name turned out to be Tilly) didn't seem to mind the jostling nor the intricate steps. But when the hoe-down band responded and he suddenly switched to an Irish Jig, Tilly took things into her own hands. That woman had our poor Skipper all over the deck, up in the air, and in the course of the jig one of his shoes went flying off to starboard.

After a brief intermission for refreshments, our Steward announced the special event of the evening which was to be our talented Captain featured in a series of bugle solos. The dancers stopped and all eyes were turned towards him. The Old Man had wrestled away from his Tilly long enough to fumble for his music and, with his beloved bugle under his arm, he strode to the stage as if receiving a commission. I leaned back determined to accept the bad with the good and closed my eyes as he placed the instrument to his lips.

But nary a note did he blow. Instead, down the ladder into the hold from both the port and starboard sides scrambled over a dozen kilted laddies giving out with everything they had on their bagpipes. They

marched and drilled in precision. Following directly behind them came members of the English ship's crew with armloads of "fish-n'chips"—the British version of "Hot Dogs and Mustard." The entire crew on our vessel yelled its welcome and accepted the food as a hospitable gesture on the part of the English crew. That is, the entire crew did with the exception of the Old Man whose thunder had been stolen.

Tucking his bugle under his arm, he and Tilly retired to a corner to feast on fish and chips and the rest of us mingled with our guests. A wink from our Steward and "thumbs-up" from the British deck officer present convinced me that our hoe-down had been a success.

More on Sea Serpents

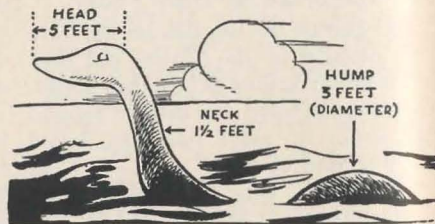
SINCE our story on sea serpents in the August '47 LOOKOUT, these fabled monsters of the deep have come again to the front and been written up in a newspaper feature.

The N. Y. World-Telegram recently carried a story about certain crew members of the Grace Line's *Santa Clara* who solemnly reported having sighted a sea serpent while the ship was southbound for Cartagena, Columbia.

The first news of the monster came in a routine message from the skipper, Capt. John Fordan, to the Hydrographic Bureau in Washington. He gave their position as 118 miles due east of Cape Lookout, below Cape Hatteras, and continued:

"Struck marine monster either killing or badly wounding. Estimated length 45 feet with eel-like body and head approximately three feet in diameter. Last seen thrashing in large area of bloody water."

Other members of the crew who saw the huge sea serpent are Third Officer John Axelson, Navigation



World-Telegram drawing by Benn

Officer John Rigney, and Third Mate Fred Hickman. Mr. Axelson even went so far as to draw a picture of the monster from which a World-Telegram man made a copy. The newspaper drawing is reproduced here. Mr. Axelson described the monster thus: "It had a five-foot, flat, smooth head. Its neck was six feet long and about 18 inches thick. Its body was twice as thick as its neck and was about 40 feet long."

This seems to cast a good deal of water on the doubt that such sea monsters exist.



Ship News

CAPT. OIESTAD MEETS HIS SON, A SHIP MASTER AT 25

Capt. Bodvar Oiestad, master of the Alcoa Line's *Alcoa Clipper*, had the rare pleasure recently in a Venezuela port of extending congratulations to the youngest skipper of the company's sixty-eight ship fleet—his son, Capt. Bodvar Oiestad Jr., who at 25 years of age is also one of the youngest captains in the American merchant marine.

The son went to sea in 1943 after his graduation from the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, while his father is a veteran of thirty-seven years at sea. The son is in command of the freighter *Loop Knot*.

2 IN SLOOP CARRY BIBLES TO PACIFIC

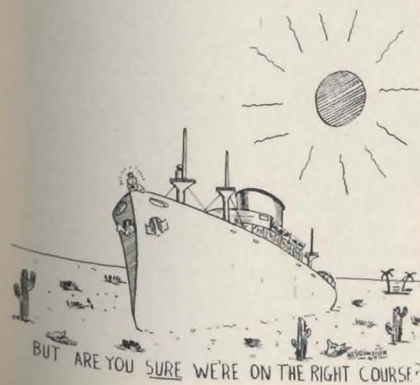
Returning to Island Where One Was Shipwrecked

With a locker full of Bibles and \$14 in cash, two young self-styled missionaries sailed yesterday in a thirty-five-foot sloop for a South Pacific island—Tabiteuea South, 212 miles due south of Tarawa, in the southern Gilbert Islands.

Jack Maier, twenty-five, of Bellingham, Wash., the skipper, was shipwrecked there during the war and decided to go back.

"It's a paradise on earth," he said. "There is no disease, except for the yaws (contagious tropical skin disease) which afflict the natives. The people there were good when I needed help and I'm determined to go back to help them."

His shipmate, Marvin Norstedt, is also a graduate of the Bellingham High School and passed several years in the Merchant Marine. Both are twenty-five and unmarried.



NO LONGER TWINS!

The mysterious loss on paper of almost 5,000 gross tons of shipping was reported recently by the American Export Lines, operators of the Italian liners *Vulcania* and *Saturnia*. The company has written to its office in Rome asking for an explanation of the fact that the two vessels, built as twins in 1927 and 1928, no longer are of the same size.

In the current issue of Lloyd's Register of Shipping the *Vulcania* is still listed at 24,469 gross tons, but the *Saturnia* has unaccountably appeared at 19,637 tons. Gross tons are units of enclosed cubic space. Both ships had war service with the Allies and were turned back to Italy after the war. To the eyes of Export Lines' officials and non-technical laymen they appear as they did before the war.

The *Saturnia* case recalled the race between the French and Cunard Lines in the Nineteen Thirties to build the world's largest liner. The 79,301-ton French liner *Normandie* was topped by the Cunarder *Queen Mary*, which came out later at 81,235 gross tons. Determined to regain the title of world's largest ship, the French, during the first winter overhaul of their vessel, built a large deckhouse abaft her third funnel, raising the tonnage to 83,102. She retained the title until the construction of the *Queen Elizabeth* with a tonnage of 83,673.

Another case was the old *Leviathan*, which, by removal of several of her upper deck bulkheads, was reduced from 59,957 to 48,943 gross tons to save tolls based on size.

—New York Times

LYNGENFJORD HERE ON MAIDEN VOYAGE FROM NORWAY

The second new motor-cargo vessel built for the Norwegian America Line since the end of the war arrived here recently on her maiden voyage from Bergen, Stavanger and Oslo. The 6,500-ton motor freighter *Lyngenfjord* with a white superstructure and a gray hull, carried eleven passengers. Her cargo consisted of 660 tons of sardines, salted herring and cod liver oil. She berthed at Pier 8, East River.

Capt. Rolf Christiansen, formerly chief officer of the line's only passenger ship, the *Stavangerfjord*, was in command of the motorship. The voyage was made in ten days and six hours.

MEMORIAL PANEL
DEDICATED IN CHAPEL

A brief ceremony was held in the Institute's Chapel of our Saviour on March 24th to dedicate a chapel panel in memory of one of the members of the Riverside Association, Mrs. L. Clarke Gennert. An indefatigable worker for the seamen, she was hostess on Sundays at the Institute, entertained seamen in her home, wrote to them even to the far ends of the earth, and was, indeed, almost a second Mother Roper. She passed away in 1944 after having served as head of the Riverside Association which was one of the earliest groups to form the Central Council of Associations.

The Riverside Association, later renamed the Manhattan, has conducted an opera benefit and numerous card parties. Among its gifts to the Institute are included an officer's room (\$1,000), the organ in the chantry, knitted articles for seamen, and many gifts from individual members. One member left a legacy of \$5,000.

The memorial inscription paying tribute to Mrs. Gennert is carved in Gothic style lettering in the wood panelling on the south side of the Chapel, a lasting tribute to a tireless and generous worker for seamen's welfare.



CAPTAIN OF SHIP COMMENDED

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:

As one who has delved into the intricacies of navigation both as a hobby in yachting, and more seriously as a lieutenant commander in the United States Coast Guard, I read with the greatest interest the news dispatch of the rescue of a seaman who fell overboard from the S.S. Santa Clara. You showed a picture of the young man who was rescued.

To my mind, no greater justice could have been done to this article than to have displayed a picture* of Captain Fordan, who performed the amazing, almost miraculous, feat of navigating a ship twenty-five miles back on its course to the exact spot where the seaman fell overboard. The ocean has no well-marked highways, road maps and traffic markers to have guided this return trip. Only the most brilliant skill and knowledge of the science of navigation can explain this retracing of a path upon the trackless limits of the waters.

Captain Fordan should go down in history as one of the great heroes of the sea. Heroic not only in the spectacular daring but in the more important and less dramatic supremacy of his knowledge and ability as a navigator.

IRVING MARIASH

*See Page 6 of this issue.

Easter Music Beamed
to Ships at Sea

SHIPS at sea heard a program of Easter music and a short talk by Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Assistant Director of the Institute, on Easter Sunday morning.

The program was beamed by the State Department's International Broadcasting Division through the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Since ships' crews are made up of many races and creeds, the religious part of the program had an inter-faith character and the music reflected several racial origins.

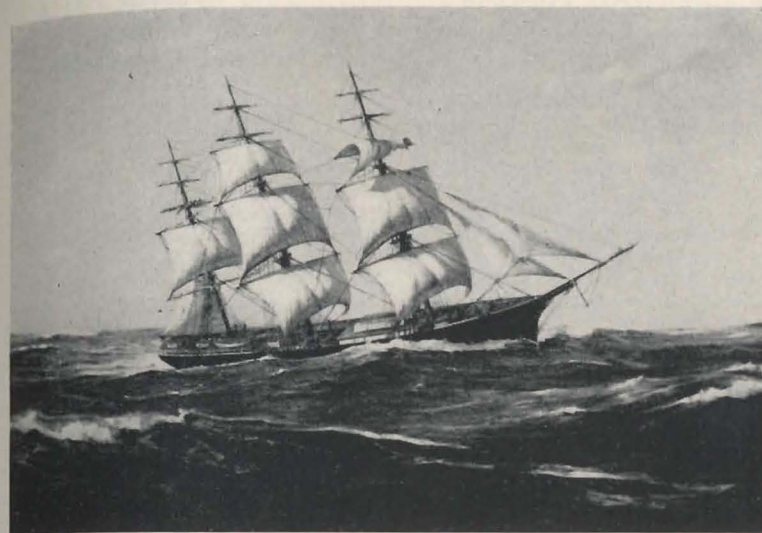
Three hymns were sung by the Seamen's Church Institute Quartet; "Alleluia, Christ is Risen" arranged by Harvey Gaul, "In Joseph's Lonely Garden" arranged by Clarence Dickinson, organist of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, "When The Dawn Was Breaking," also arranged by Clarence Dickinson. Members of the Quartet, who sing regularly at services in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour, are Evelyn Salisbury, soprano, Frances Bible, contralto, Charles Bergener, tenor, and Mortimer Davenport, baritone. Anne Conrow Hazard is music director.



"GOOD NEIGHBOR" SHIPS

The Moore-McCormack liner "Uruguay," which carried over 200,000 troops during World War II, has been converted for the passenger trade and has resumed sailings to the East Coast of South America. She is the second of the three "Good Neighbor Fleet" vessels to be converted to peace-time use. The "Argentina" is now in operation and the "Brazil" is scheduled to return in the near future. Included in the library aboard each ship is a shelf of 100 books which were elected by a poll of authors, critics, educators and others, as representative of literature that would "help explain America." The Institute's CONRAD LIBRARY sent books to the crews of these ships.

Two Flying Clouds:



Built by Donald McKay of American clipper-ship fame, the old *Flying Cloud* used the South Street—Maiden Lane berth on her first voyage. Commanded on her first run by Capt. Josiah Perkins Creesy of Marblehead, Mass., the clipper was 1,782 tons and 225 feet long.

Painting by Alexander Breede



The 6,000-ton American freighter *Flying Cloud* recently loaded in the East River at Maiden Lane, where, nearly 100 years ago, a *Flying Cloud* of another era loaded for her notable 89-day, 23-hour run to the Pacific Coast.

Recently purchased by Isbrandtsen Steamship Co. from the Maritime Commission for service to the Orient, the new *Flying Cloud* sails to Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila.

Book Reviews

THE CRIMSON ANCHOR

By Felix Riesenber, Jr.

Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.50

Here is a sea mystery in a post-war setting, written by a man who sailed with his father, the late Capt. Felix Riesenber, aboard the N. Y. State Training Ship *Newport*, and who served six years in the American Merchant Marine. With a valuable and secret Government cargo, the freighter *Fulmar* sails into adventure and danger. Three stalwart sailors in the person of Captain Hull, Cadet Larry Bruce and Chief Mate Bob Nelson fight against a vicious gang known as the Crimson Anchor which causes American ships to explode mysteriously. With the author's first-hand knowledge of the sea and of modern ships, he weaves an exciting yarn that will be sure to interest older boys and men who enjoy mystery stories with a marine background.

M.D.C.

INTERNATIONAL MARITIME DICTIONARY

By René de Kerchove

Van Nostrand, \$10.00, 946 pp.

Comprehensive maritime dictionaries have been notably lacking during this century, but a much needed adjunct to the marine reference shelf has at last been published. René de Kerchove's encyclopedic dictionary defines words and terms employed in navigation, ship handling, meteorology and oceanography, maritime and international law, in the light of their nautical usage only. It is up-to-date, including many new technical and colloquial sea terms recently invented. A useful feature is the inclusion of French and German equivalents for most words, and a unique one is the author's description of native and local craft from all parts of the world. The nautical terms are well illustrated, and, all-in-all, this volume is a valuable addition to the library of anyone who loves the sea.

LOUISE NOLING

THE DUPE: A STORY OF THE SEA

By Robert S. Close

Vanguard, \$3.00

A vivid and concise account of the brutality and hardship which was the average seaman's lot during "windjammer" days. The figures of an ailing Master, a "bucko" Mate, (later murdered), the "fo'c'sle rat" and the "queer feller" all striding through the pages, give to the reader a sense of actually living it all, and of tasting the tang of salt spray. The vessel's encounter with the huge iceberg and the terrific battle of the crew to bring their ship around Cape Stiff, as well as the dangerous shifting of the cargo ballast, all tend to place this yarn beyond the mark reached by the average and usually mundane, "windjammer" story.

C. R. SCHRIVER

FOUR MONTHS ON A JAP WHALER

By David R. McCracken

McBride, \$3.00

To combat a food shortage in the winter of 1946-47, General MacArthur authorized two Japanese whaling fleets to operate in the Antarctic. The author was appointed an official observer of the expedition, to enforce the whaling regulations laid down in Tokyo. Sailing on the flagship *HASHIDATE MARU*, a reconverted oil tanker, he found real adventure at the bottom of the world. It was a challenge, through his words and actions, to create a favorable picture of American democracy in the minds of the 300 Japanese seamen of the whaling fleet, so recently his enemies. We follow the unique daily experiences of life aboard a modern factory ship with interest, from the chase carried on in a catcher boat to the final processing of the various parts of the captured whale. Everything is utilized, and the Japanese actually eat the meat and blubber, which is not done elsewhere in the world, except by the Eskimos.

LOUISE NOLING

HISTORY OF UNITED STATES NAVAL OPERATIONS IN WORLD

WAR II: Volume I:

THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

September, 1939 — May, 1943

By Samuel Eliot Morison

Little, Brown, \$6.00

This story of a "battle" is really the history of a whole naval war, waged by countless ships, planes and people ashore. Samuel Eliot Morison, historian and sailor, explains that our unpreparedness at the beginning of the war was largely the fault of our own navy. Our struggle was hard and we might have lost the war if Germany's submarines had been as numerous and powerful as they later became. Tribute is given to the speed with which the navy accelerated its program and resources when the fighting war started.

The author gives an overall picture of this war that was essential to the larger war being waged across the seas, but specific convoys are described to give the picture of the work, the great courage of the men and the heavy toll of lives.

Some praise, but also harsh criticism is meted out to our Merchant Marine, which was all important in carrying on this war. The author does not seem to understand seamen's problems and recommends that in the event of another war, the Merchant Marine should be placed under Navy discipline as were the Seabees.

This volume, first in time element, but second in the author's massive history of America's Naval operations in World War II, includes important reference material.

I. M. ACHESON

Marine Poetry

HIGH PRESSURE STEAM!

By Herman S. Preiser

You may talk of grease and steam
When you're anchored in the stream,
But always keep ye minds upon the gages.
When it's "full speed ahead!"
The plant — it mustn't go dead!
And ye Landlubbers will live to ripe
old ages.

It is steam - steam - steam!
Ye greaseball monkeys — high pressure
steam!

Use care when firing boilers . . .
Watch the lube oh faithful oilers
The blasted superheated, high pressure
steam!

When the *safety* is about to pop
And the *vacuum* is all the way up;
The *turbine* seems to purr with all its
might.

So make your rounds on time
To play safe is not a crime;
The ship will speed on smoothly through
the night.

It is steam - steam - steam!
Ye calloused louts — high pressure steam!
The shiny *shaft* is running cool;
Check it — don't be a fool . . .

The blasted superheated, high pressure
steam!

The *blackgang* is made of sweat, of toil,
Laboring silently — in heat — in oil;
Forever guarding the precision *reciprocating*
rod.

Human anvils bearing the weight,
Moving troops and cargo freight . . .
The dear boys on the *bridge* we leave to
God.

It is steam - steam - steam!
Ye iron men — high pressure steam!
The blasted superheated, high pressure
steam!

A life of *pipes* and *pumps*,
Generators and *gears* and *sumps*,
And hundreds of odd machines and spare
parts.

Switches, *valves*, liquid and gas,
Temperatures, pressures; *water in the*
glass . . .

The noise — the tune of power in their
hearts.
It is steam - steam - steam!

Ye grinnin' *salts* — high pressure steam!
When the *telegraph* starts in a ringin'
Open 'er wide an' listen t'er singin'
The *Dynamic Superheated, High Pressure*
Steam!

Reprinted from *Polaris*

AFTER SAILING

By Edward O'Gara

(National Maritime Day—May 22)

I have returned to hills where slow hawks
plane
Down-wind above the placid fields of day,
Where roads wind upward, black against
the rain

Between the sodden alder clumps of gray.
Stopping to rest the horses in the field,
I see straight furrows stretching far behind,
Dun earth plowed deep for early autumn's
yield,

Close hills that dull the arrows of my mind.
Oh, I have known the seagull's graceful
flight,
The pitch of surf-rimed deck beneath my
feet

When winds blew sharp down avenues of
night
And stars were cold where sky and water
meet.

I grasp the reins; the horses bend ahead;
I walk the furrows, slow, on feet of lead.

— N. Y. Herald Tribune,
Thursday, May 22, 1947

AMERICAN FREIGHTER

By John Ackerson,

United States Maritime Service

"She's full an' down, an' chafin' at her
lines!"

(*Bulldozers, peanut-shellers, soups, and*
socks!)

"Keep clear!—the hull's fresh paint, the
brasswork shines!"

(*Face lotion, bags of mail, and kiddies'*
blocks!)

"Don't be a hog, let me kiss her good by!"

(*Coiled wire, and greeting cards, lube oil,*
and wax!)

"My hearty, swab that moisture from your
eye!"

(*Revolvers, penicillin, almanacs!*)

"Now all ashore as ought to go ashore!"

(*Sheet steel, rye whisky, dog food, cigar-*
ettes!)

"You got my roll, there isn't any more!"

(*Hand soap, pneumatic drills, and stamps*
in sets!)

"Salute that flag that blinds the noonday
sun!"

(*Beans, aspirin, and clocks, and laughing*
gas!)

"Four blasts! The haul to Capetown has
begun!"

(*Jeeps, caustic soda, chloroform, plate*
glass!)

— N. Y. Herald-Tribune, January 23, 1948

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LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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