

THE

LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI

August, 1950

No. 8

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favor; weak men and women subsisting under the covert of your patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer to endure and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these may be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction.

"Be with our friends, be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any wakeful be, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us, our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts — eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion — and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it."

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI, AUGUST, 1950

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THIS MONTH'S COVER, "OUTWARD BOUND," is reprinted from the U.S. Trust Company's Bulletin. It shows a United States Lines freighter being loaded for a voyage to the Far East. One of 46 fast cargo vessels built during or since the war, these are the unsung queens of the sea, which carry products of American agriculture and industry to far off ports, and which bring back strategic materials to help maintain our national security and our high living standards.

On Viewing a Marine Painting

DOES the water look real? Is the ship properly rigged? Is there life and movement in the painting? These are the usual questions asked by seamen when they view a marine painting. Photographic realism is not insisted upon in seascapes, sunsets and the like, but the minute the artist dares to put a SHIP into his picture, the critical eyes of shellbacks start searching for flaws!

Capt. Ben Harrison, on viewing a painting entitled "Dawn," commented: "The artist shows the side lights of a sailing ship at dawn, and the sail hanging dead from the yards, as the vessel barely moves in a 'cat's paw' of wind. *But if I had commanded that windjammer I would have had my old stock anchor many fathoms down, and on the forestay would be two black balls, because the ship had no power through lack of wind, and was cautioned by the channel lights which are seen in the picture. When a master gets that close in shore he is playing*

with disaster, and the ship in the picture had no auxiliary engine to help her progress."

Stanley Rogers, noted British marine artist, in his new book, "The Sailing Ship — A Study in Beauty" (Harper & Bros.) writes: "The marine artist is frequently criticized by the sailor for not including every line of running and standing rigging in a ship seen at several miles range. The sailor critic forgets that he himself cannot see these details at such a distance, though he insists on them in his pictures. When he sees a ship distorted by the so-called modern artists, we can understand his grievance; for the ship is a piece of architecture which, like a cathedral, has evolved through centuries of progress, through trial and error, to the functionally perfect thing it has become."

Reproduced here are paintings especially liked by seamen who have been in square-riggers.



Clipper ship "Flying Cloud" Built by Donald McKay
From the painting by ALEXANDER BREEDE.

Presented to the N. Y. State Maritime Academy by Commander Arthur M. Tode, U.S.N. Ret.



American ship "St. David" — "Full and By."
From the painting by CHARLES ROBERT PATTERSON
(Owned by Hans Isbrandtsen)



The BATTERY — Watercolor by GORDON GRANT
This painting was the gift of the Institute's Board of Managers to its President, Clarence G. Michalis, in 1949, on the occasion of his completion of 25 years of service.

The Building Without a Street Number

FROM Rio to Rangoon, from Singapore to Sidney, from old Amsterdam to Nieuw Amsterdam, the Institute is known to seafarers . . . but there is no street number over the main entrance! Everybody knows "25 South Street" is the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. But for 37 years the building, which faces Coenties Slip and Jeannette Park on one side and South Street and the East River on the other, has been without a numeral over its main entrance! On the doors which swing open to admit from 5,000 to 7,000 seafarers each day are the initials "S.C.I." lettered in gold, but no street number is above the doorway. We think that a sign would be suitable on the corner, overlooking South Street, but it must be constructed sturdily, probably of iron, so it will not blow down in the first heavy gale.

We are hoping that some faithful reader might like to contribute the cost of such a sign, as a memorial to some dear one (with a suitable inscription on a tablet). Then "25 South Street" would, at long last, be officially designated. If anyone feels inclined to donate this sign, please write to our Director, the Rev. Dr. Raymond S. Hall.



These Main Entrance doors swing open to admit 5,000 to 7,000 seamen DAILY.

Changes on South Street

THE recent opening of the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, and the projected Highway linking the West Side with the East River Drive, (known variously as the MacArthur or Roosevelt Drive) will cause many changes on South Street. Already the pavement from South Ferry up to the Erie Pier, opposite the Institute, has been dug up. When completed this overhead Highway will considerably change the looks of the picturesque "street of ships" now lined with nautical supply shops, saloons, ship chandleries and fish stalls.

Progress is already evident from some of the gleaming modern fronts on old buildings, and from the new

office buildings and warehouses. But there is still enough of the old to give the thoroughfare "flavor" and to continue to attract artists who sketch its ancient brick and wooden houses—some of which (like Sweet's Restaurant at Fulton Street) were built in clipper ship days.

Obviously recent are the Zalud Marine Corp., Sorg Printing Co., and Teddy's — the House of Sea Food. Older buildings are the Whitlock Cordage Co., W. H. McMillan's Sons, Wall Rope Co.

Until a few months ago the George M. Still Oyster Supply Co., conducted its business in a houseboat, moored in

(Continued on page 4)

the East River at the foot of Pike Street (where the Institute's Floating Chapel was moored in 1844). The houseboat has now been sold and the clerks no longer cross a gangway to reach their desks.

The Alfred E. Smith housing development is now completed, and occupies the filled-in James Slip area. The Journal-American's building is at 210 South Street and the Federal Assay Office at Old Slip and South Street, is on the site of "Gip and Jake's Bloodhouse Bar," once a notorious saloon in the days when seamen were shanghaied aboard full-rigged ships bound for Shanghai.

Fulton Market continues to supply New York City with fish, but the older Market buildings were demolished by fire in May of this year, and new structures will change the appearance of that area. Opposite Fulton Market is Sloppy Louis, a sea-food restaurant much favored by fishermen.

Next door to the Institute at #27 South Street is Durkee's, which supplies all manner of marine equipment for ocean liners, freighters and private yachts. And just south of the Institute is Pat O'Connor's famous Clam and Oyster Stand on the edge of Jeanette Park, in business since 1849. The

tattooing shop on the opposite side of the Park has moved to the Bowery. Also on Coenties Slip, are several ship chandleries and ship-service supply companies, such as Baker, Carver & Morrell (estab. 1827) and Pitman's stables, where a silver-painted horse mounted on the roof is a reminder of the "horse-and-buggy" days.

By Any Other Name

THE Institute, over the years, has accumulated any number of nicknames; the most popular is probably "The Doghouse." But seamen in far-away ports when writing to some staff member use a variety of names on their letters which eventually reach "25 South Street" — our official *address* as well as the U. S. Post Office Station located on the second floor of the building. Once a sailor addressed a letter to the Institute's laundry: Seamen's *Shirts* Institute. Now comes a letter to our Missing Seamen's Bureau, addressed as follows:

Seamen's *Search* Institute for Missing Persons.

For checks and legacies,
please, our official name is:
Seamen's *Church* Institute of N. Y.



South Street looked like this in 1878. The Erie Railroad Pier is still here, just diagonally opposite the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Seamen Study Textbooks for Jobs Ashore

By George Wright*

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Other requests from enterprising seamen have been for books on pottery, costume jewelry, elevator repair, air conditioning, refrigeration and automotive mechanics. One seaman has returned to his native Maine after studying numerous regional maps showing streams and rivers and he plans to attempt to earn a livelihood as a trapper of small fur-bearing animals.

CURRENT BOOKS, both non-fiction and fiction, are always needed. Please mail to CONRAD LIBRARY, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. If in the metropolitan area, our station wagon calls for books on certain days. Telephone BO 9-2710.

*Reprinted from *The N. Y. Times*, June 24, 1950

"And He Can Sew a Fine Seam..."

YOU'D never guess what is one of the most frequently repeated requests made by seamen to the hostess in charge of our Janet Roper Clubrooms. You might guess it would be for a checkerboard, or a deck of cards, or a magazine, but just as often it's this plea:

"May I please borrow the Sewing Kit?"

From the hostess' report we quote:

"Old John has spent one hour mending his trousers and the job looks smooth and professional."

"George used the mending kit to good advantage." "We watched Henry sewing buttons on his coat with the skill of a tailor."

"Charlie had a rip in his coat which he deftly mended so that he would not look so shabby."

Seamen like to keep neat and the handy kit is in daily use. Women volunteers look on admiringly as a rugged mariner sews a fine seam. In sailing ship days every good sailor could sew or patch canvas sails, using a "palm and needle." On shipboard, today, not much canvas has to be sewed — perhaps a rip in a ventilator cover, or a life boat reel (covering to protect manila rope), or a cover for the gyro-repeater. Before World War II seamen, even on steamships, used to make and sew awnings, but now these are tailor-made as are most canvas items. Nevertheless, seamen liked the sewing kits which the Institute gave one Christmas and in our comfort bags needles and thread and buttons are always supplied, and frequently used.

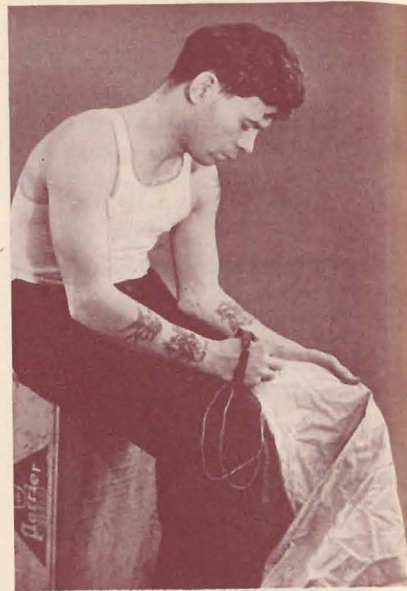


Photo by F. Allen Morgan

Sewing with a Palm and Needle.

ELECTRIC EELS A Tall Tale

The Liberty Ship *William P. Fessenden*, in July 1944 encountered in the Pacific Ocean a school of electric eels, they were so numerous that a large number was sucked into the Main Injection and as a result eventually gained entrance to the Main Circulating Pump and Condenser, a very important part of the Engine Room machinery and/or equipment. At this time the Oiler on watch was carrying a 40 watt electric light bulb which suddenly lighted while in the Oiler's hand!

This strange phenomenon was due entirely to the invasion of the machinery by the electric eels which had energized the entire Engine Room and the men in it with electrolysis thus causing any electrical equipment the men touched to operate.

Steam was blown into the sea chest by the Engineer thus preventing the entrance of additional eels. If more eels entered, then the men in the Engine Room would undoubtedly have been electrocuted.

From "The Bell"
Brotherhood of Marine Officers

"Lest We Forget"

WE recently came across an old photograph in the Institute's files showing a sight-seeing bus loaded with seamen wearing derby hats and high, stiff collars. A large placard on the side of the bus read:

"THE MERCHANT MARINE — THE MEN OF THE HOUR"

The date of the photograph was June, 1917, during World War I.

Another photograph shows a group of merchant seamen in World War II receiving distinguished service medals for bravery during enemy attacks on their ships.

It reminds us of an old rhyme:

"God and the sailor we adore —
In times of stress, but not before."

Our loyal contributors are not like that. They have remembered our seamen through wars, depression and prosperity. Now, American shipping is slow, again, and the men who were called "*The Men of the Hour*" while the guns of battle roared (General MacArthur said: "They brought us our life-blood.") are now walking the waterfront just as they did after World War I—searching for jobs.

Again, the Institute lends them a helping hand, extends non-interest loans, offers educational facilities, its School, its Conrad Library, its clinics, its recreational program and many other services. It offers 40c dormitory beds, 30c meals, and 15c "snacks" to help the men stretch their savings.

Thanks to faithful friends and their generous contributions, the Institute carries on its work for these men—no longer "the Men of the Hour" but essential man-power for defense, and vital in developing world trade and commerce... linking the Continents.

"LEST WE FORGET" — LET'S KEEP OUR MERCHANT MARINE
STRONG! FOR TRADE, FOR TRAVEL AND FOR DEFENSE!

The Institute's work is so vital in helping these seamen to keep "on even keel" until new ships are ready and they can find work that we appeal for your continued and generous help.



Mural in Main Lobby of Seamen's Institute, a tribute to World War II merchant seamen, painted by Edmond James Fitzgerald.

Truth is Stranger Than Sinbad's Fiction*

TRUE experiences of present day sailors are making a piker out of Sinbad. Actual voyages of modern mariners now surpass the strangeness of Sinbad's wildest sea stories.

In his day Sinbad had a whopper to end all whoppers when he told how he landed on a huge fish, mistaking it for an island. Sinbad built a fire, and the fish, feeling the hot foot or "hot fin," dived to the bottom.

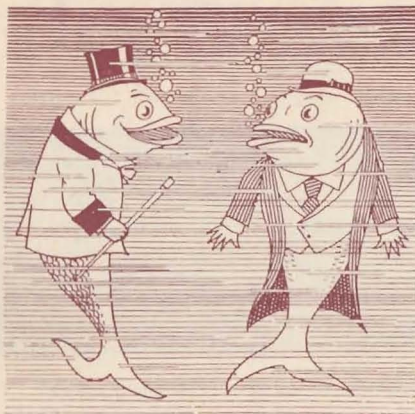
Yet a real Pacific island has disappeared since the war. In 1946, the cruiser U. S. S. *Chicago* passed Urania Island jutting 110 feet out of the sea near Aogo Shima. Less than a year later sailors on the American diesel ship *Idaho* were astounded to see no land in the same spot. Only a long line of breakers remained. Two months later Second Officer H. H. Rose of the S. S. *Lindenwood Victory* confirmed the report, and then even the breakers had disappeared.

Modern fact is often stranger than Sinbad's ancient fiction. Sinbad may have seen many fantastic lands, but he never sailed a blood-red sea. But the S. S. *Charles A. McCue* did just that in 1946. Chief Officer E. A. Merhurieff tells of sailing through a 15-mile area of blood red water off the west coast of South America. Many fish, both large and small, floated on the surface. Second Officer Cathin and the helmsman gaped at a 30-foot octopus thrashing about in the ocean as the S. S. *McCue* steamed by. A sample of the water, for some unexplained reason, changed color from blood-red to a bright pea-green when they put it in a bottle.

SEAGOING GHOSTS

Who hasn't been chilled by ghost stories? British sailors sailed a haunted ocean in 1947. Second Officer R. McFarlane, Radio Officer D. J. Owen, and Cadet J. F. Scott were all witnesses to a display of seagoing ectoplasm during a heavy rainstorm with thunder and lightning. A weird dim light

*Reprinted from U. S. Coast Guard Bulletin



"like funnel smoke" suddenly appeared to the trio as the British S. S. *Largs Bay* sailed the southwest Pacific at 1:00 o'clock on the morning of October 31, 1945.

Slanting in from starboard, light beams hit the ship and continued out the other side! Then they joined in a pinwheel, revolving once every 2 seconds. Curving into an "S" shape the beams revolved a few minutes longer, then straightened. Ten minutes later the phenomenon ended.

MIRAGE

If you can see more than 20 miles at sea, you have very good eyes. But Second Officer Archie D. Adams of the American S. S. *Henry Lamb* saw the Azores 680 miles away! It was just after sunset on July 31, 1948, when the mirage appeared. Adams checked bearings of what seemed to be mountaintops, then reported the incident to the Navy. The Navy said the irregular heat at sunset turned the atmosphere into a gigantic lens, and agreed that Adams had actually seen the Azores. According to the Navy, mirages most often happen near sunset or sunrise.

Capt. G. T. Boyett of the S. S. *Bluefield Victory* saw 25 different mirages, sailing between England and France on the evening of July 26, 1947. The captain, Chief Engineer W. T. Walter, Second Officer O. L. Carnly, the lookouts and helmsmen all saw three identical lighthouses side by side. Closer up, three lighthouses blended into one. The sailors saw two coastal cities, one inverted on top of another. Approaching ships 35 miles away appeared first as radio towers, then changed to two tall thin ships, one inverted on the other. Shrinking in height and swelling in width, the ship mirages blended and finally appeared normally 4 miles away.

TWO SUNS

At sunset in the South Atlantic, Chief Officer Roy E. Shorthouse of the British S. S. *Eskbank* saw two suns. The mirage appeared as one sun setting in the west, and another rising in the east.

Second Officer A. A. J. Obtulowicz of the British S. S. *Baron Ramsay* saw an unusual moonrise off the coast of Nova Scotia.

"The moon rose," he said, "over Brier Island in the shape of a deformed barrel, red-orange in color, with a dark shape near the center which slowly moved toward the right-hand edge."

In mid-Pacific the U. S. Army Transport *Marshall* passed through a four-mile area of phosphorescence that "illuminated the entire ship's exterior with a weird light," according to Second Officer C. J. Miller. All was dark again when the ship steamed clear of the phosphorescence.

St. Elmo's fire, seagoing will 'o the wisp that Sinbad never saw, appeared to Second Officer Raymond Quintin on the S. S. *Union Victory* in the North Atlantic. Fire burned on the forecandle head and around the edge of the foremast house. The sparks ran along the deck, lighting the entire forecandle head with a bright glow. St. Elmo's fire, named for the patron saint of sailors, comes most often with electrical storms.

A sting from the poisonous jellyfish Portuguese Man 'O War, if untreated, can kill a man. Chief Officer H. N. Peterson of the S. S. *Alabama* en route from Japan to Los Angeles in August, 1948, sailed for two days, a distance of 745 miles, with the ocean entirely covered with the poisonous fish. Luckily, nobody fell overboard.

The Mediterranean in summer is not always a sea of sunshine and gentle zephyrs. Second Officer L. P. Skotnes of the S. S. *Steel Admiral*, sailing between Malta and Pantelleria on September 14, 1948, in the evening after a cloudy day, saw bluish black clouds building up to the northwest. A squall with terrific winds lashed the *Steel Admiral*. At first only rain, the squall changed to a cloud of hailstones "the size of a normal hen's egg." In the high winds, Skotnes states

mildly, "it was extremely painful to be hit by one."

"In 10 minutes," he continues, "the squall passed and a half inch of ice and snow was left on deck. The squall then veered off to the east but remained of such thickness that for the next 20 minutes we saw it as a solid mass on the radarscope."

The same month, the Coast Guard Base at San Juan, Puerto Rico, broadcast a report from the S. S. *Howard A. Kelly*, which went through a literally boiling section of the Southern Caribbean.

The S. S. *John Howland* steaming from Boulogne, France, to Charleston, S. C., for 25 minutes sailed through "sulphurous fumes that made eyes water, caused a burning sensation in the nostrils, and a coughing and choking sensation in the throats of the watch." Could there be undersea sulphur springs in the Atlantic?

On its 1947 Antarctic expedition the Navy found fresh water lakes warmed by volcanic fires. In the Antarctic, according to the Coast and Geodetic Survey, there is enough ice to form a 120-foot thick layer over the entire surface of the earth. But the lakes were unfrozen in the midst of miles of surrounding ice!

MUSIC THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

NO matter what a seaman's nationality, and whether he speaks English, Italian, Spanish, Swedish or whatever, he usually likes music. Some like popular music, a few like jazz and boogie-woogie, but the majority genuinely like classical music. This is evident from the response to the various musical programs presented in the Janet Roper Clubrooms, and from the requests made by the seamen of the concert artist who is performing. Whether the entertainer be a pianist, singer, violinist, guitarist, accordionist, or any other type of musician, the men invariably applaud loudest when the compositions of the great masters are performed. Among the musicians who visit the Club regularly and are always welcomed are Dan Wolf and company.

Grant Johannsen is another favorite pianist. Another fine musician whom the seamen greet cordially each week is Miss Daisy Brown who plays piano selections Tuesday evenings and also accompanies seamen singers. For



many years she has come faithfully and has taken personal interest in a number of talented seamen musicians and helped them with their studies. We wish we had space to mention all the musicians who volunteer their services for our seamen audiences.

Miss Brown recently received the medal of honor from the Veterans Administration for her musical work in hospitals for veterans.

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO BAKE . . ."

HOME-MADE cookies, cakes, doughnuts, pies and fudge are special treats thoughtfully provided by volunteer hostesses in our Janet Roper Clubrooms. On special occasions seamen cooks have stirred up a fine cake and baked it in the kitchen off the Clubrooms, their way of saying "thank you" to the hostesses. One chef took great pride in baking and decorating a cake to commemorate the sixth anniversary of the Club's founding. Another seagoing cook turned out a cake and traced on the frosting the name of Mrs. Lois Meldrum, senior hostess in the Club. On one evening each month the Club has a birthday cake baked for all seamen born during that month and celebrates with a special party. The seamen are appreciative of this and happily cut the large cake and deftly cut the pieces so that there is enough for each one present to enjoy.

OLD SALTS HEAVED THE LOG

Before the days of automatic log, mariners literally used to "heave the log" overboard to see how fast they were going. They paid out a log-line attached to a so-called logship, which anchored one end of the line in one spot while the ship proceeded on its course. The log-line was divided by knots tied 47 ft. 3 in. apart. This distance bears the same relation to a nautical mile (6,080.2 ft.) that 28 seconds bear to one hour (3,600 seconds). Sailors could tell how fast their ship was going by counting the number of knots that ran out every 28 seconds by the sand glass. Hence, if they counted five, the ship was traveling at five knots or five nautical miles per hour.



Drawing by Phil May

AN OLD, OLD ARGUMENT

SINGLE blessedness or marital bliss — the pros and cons are heatedly debated on occasion among seamen. Capt. Marshall, who frequents our Janet Roper Club, is 64, never married and likes single blessedness. He explains that he could never get used to the ways of women, or their waywardness. Don and Richard hold frequent discussions on the chance of success for a seaman's marriage. Don has a home and happy family. His children are proud of their father and his career and his sole aim is to educate them. Richard's story is quite different — he is divorced, and his child is living in a foster-home. Marriage is no good for a seaman, he insists, as he is away from home too much. In favor of married life are the wives of seamen we know, many of whom have met their mates while volunteering at the Institute, and in 99% of the cases, the marriages are happy ones. One young chief mate summed it up like this: "The fond farewells — and the happy homecomings — and doing the kind of work one likes best — with a wife who understands one's love of the sea — that's marital bliss."

EMPIRE STATE CRUISE

Captain A. F. Olivet, Commanding Officer of the *Empire State* training ship of the State Maritime College, announced that the vessel would carry relief supplies to Italy and Israeli on its annual summer training cruise.

About 24,000 pounds of dried provisions, clothing and over \$1,000 worth of insulin will be carried as war relief supplies to Italy. Cash for the insulin was raised through donations of the staff and cadet corps of the Maritime College and officials in the maritime industry.

Machines and machine parts will also be loaded aboard the *Empire State* consigned to the Maritime School in Haifa, Israeli. He expressed particular pleasure that the Maritime College is able to extend a helping hand to a sister school in the new republic.

The *Empire State* sailed June 7th and will visit Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Israeli and Bermuda during the three month cruise.



BORN ON THE HIGH SEAS

"At 6:45 p.m. on February 18, 1950 in stateroom number three aboard the S. S. *Hibueras* bound from Tela, Honduras to New York at Latitude 17° 50'N, Longitude 86° 45'W, a baby girl weighing six pounds was born to Dr. and Mrs. Erich Hirsch and was named Georgia Vivian Rose Hirsch. Dr. Hirsch, a graduate of the University of Vienna, holding a degree in medicine, attended his wife, Mrs. Helen Hirsch, in the birth of their daughter with the assistance of Captain George L. Armstrong and Chief Steward Santiago P. Quinones. The ship's supply of drugs and medications were at Doctor Erich Hirsch's disposal and were used at his direction."

The captain, the chief mate and purser had never had experience in a similar line before, and a first aid book was their only guide to successful delivery. The captain was relegated to the role of nurse — feeding, changing, and caring for the new-born child — during the days that followed.

UNIFRUITCO, April 1950

BIGGEST TANKER LAUNCHED

Bosun's wife is sponsor of the "Atlantic Seaman," of 39,500 Tons, 1st of Trio.

The "Atlantic Seaman," the world's largest tanker, was launched from the ways of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation at Camden, N. J.

The vessel, 39,500 tons, is 659 feet, almost as long as the carrier *Saipan*, 683 feet; a beam of eighty-five feet, a draft of thirty-four feet and a deadweight tonnage of 30,500, which will enable the vessel to carry 257,900 barrels or the equivalent of 10,794,000 gallons of petroleum.

The first of three sister ships, the "Atlantic Seaman" was built for Philadelphia Tankers, Inc., a subsidiary of Atlantic Refining Company. Delivery is scheduled for Sept. 1, when the "Atlantic Seaman" will inaugurate a new service for the oil company between the United States and the Persian Gulf. She will make the 17,000 mile round trip in forty-eight days.

Robert H. Colley, president of Atlantic Refining, said all three tankers will fly the American flag. He said the decision to use American registry was made despite the fact that high American labor costs will mean a loss of \$200,000 a year for each ship or 20 cents for each barrel of oil delivered.

The ship was limited in size only by the capacity of the Suez Canal, through which she will pass. When these three ships are completed, he added, they will bring to the United States an average of 12,000 barrels of oil a day throughout the year.

The "Atlantic Seaman" was sponsored by Mrs. Hilberg R. Hansen, who wielded a champagne bottle in traditional fashion. She is the wife of an Atlantic Refining Company tanker boatswain, who chose her as sponsor after his name was picked from a hat containing the names of all Atlantic tanker seamen. The same procedure will be used to select sponsors for the new "Atlantic Engineer," with all company engineers participating, and for the "Atlantic Navigator," with deck officers competing.

SAILING VESSEL A BILLET FOR YOUNG TRAVELERS

The full-rigged ship *Af Chapman*, once named the *Duboyne*, built in 1888 at Whitehaven, England, is now an official youth hostel of the Swedish Touring Club at Stockholm. The ship sailed under British colors, then under Norwegian and from 1923 to 1925 it was a training ship in the Swedish Navy. An old sea captain persuaded the city to turn the ship into a floating hotel to help relieve Stockholm's shortage.

Book Reviews

PEARL DIVER'S LUCK

By Clarence Benham

W. W. Norton & Company, \$3.00

Published first in Australia, PEARL DIVER'S LUCK is a fine diver's eye-view of the world "down under." Watching Jimmy Wilson diving for pearl shell in the harbor of Fort Darwin led to the author's getting a try at diving, then to his going to Thursday Island and a job on the WILLIAM, first as pump man for The Groper, later to "put on the dress" to go down after shells himself. There is something fresh and different about the people and episodes in this story: the cheerful Groper's illiterate jargon; his fat island wife, "The Old Schooner"; the sharks; gullible, rowdy Mayborough Bill; the Sydney sharpers; the smelly poodle, "Lord Orfolk," a peer in deed; the crocodiles; the playful whale; the head hunters all fit into the breezy, lusty, often bawdy pattern of the tale. But no mere listing of details can convey the picture of this rough, rowdy, ribald, courageous, kindly, swindling, bloodthirsty conglomeration of characters with whom the writer mingled in those days and whom he portrays so swiftly and so well.

SWEEPER IN THE SKY

By Helen Wright

MacMillan Company, \$4.00

Maria Mitchell was not only the first woman astronomer in America but, born into an austere Quaker family in Nantucket "in the days of the comet" she was destined to live a colorful, dramatic life. She discovered a new comet in 1847, became a teacher of astronomy in the new Vassar College and a leader in many fields. She adjusted chronometers for Nantucket captains and became the foremost astronomical theorist of her day, as well as leadership in the Association for the Advancement of Women.

Helen Wright, herself an astronomer, has told the story of Maria Mitchell's life vividly and well. The book is not only a sympathetic biography of a really great woman; the background material also provides a broad and understanding picture of life in these United States from 1819 to 1889.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

THE PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE

By Ernest Gebler

Doubleday & Company, \$3.00

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE is a vivid, realistic, and in its fictional parts, plausible narrative of the emigration of men, women and children from England and from the dissenting settlement in Holland to the New World. Hoping as wanderers of all ages have hoped that in a new and distant land life is bound to be happier, they sailed in the Mayflower. Through the chicanery of Weston of the London Virginia Company and Captain Jones of the Mayflower the pilgrims were landed above the forty-first parallel in

the territory of Gorge's Plymouth Company instead of in the warmer regions of the Virginia Company to the south. Ernest Gebler's knowledge of the waters and terrain of Cape Cod is intimate and his portrayal of John Alden, Priscilla Mullins, William Bradford, Dorothy Bradford, Gilbert Winslow, Miles Standish, Captain Jones and many others seem like real portraits. Such events as the drawing up of the Mayflower Compact, the meeting with Massasoit and John Alden's proposal to Priscilla (while lacking the glamor of Longfellow's version), are convincingly described. It is a good story and for the seriously inclined reader it is a good aid in reconstructing the story of those momentous days in American history.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

Moonsails

Want to start an argument among old salts? Just ask them about a moonsail. "Never saw one," said Capt. Phineas Blanchard who sailed in square-riggers for many a year. "I question whether they ever existed." James Frost, shellback, said: "I saw one of them, once, off Capetown. The big skys'l yarder had a triangular sail above the skys'ls."

We called Charles Robert Patterson, noted marine artist and former square-rigged ship sailor, who commented: "I never saw a ship with moonsails or moonrakers, but according to an old book of sea definitions it was a small triangular sail set above the skys'ls. Such a sail would be used only in very light winds."

A search in our Conrad Library revealed a Dictionary of Terms, published in Glasgow in 1919 by Ansted which defined *moonsails* "Moon-rakers or moon sails." In ships, square sails set above the sky sails. They are very rarely seen, and then only in the lightest winds. They come under the head of "light sails." *Light sails*.—In square rigged ships, the flying kites; i.e., as a rule, the sky sails and their accompanying studding sails. But there were extraordinary occasions when some of the old line-ships and East Indiamen could set no less than three sets of square sails above the royals; viz.—the sky sails, the moon rakers, and the jumpers (or jolly jumpers). A ship thus equipped and with her six jibs was literally under every stitch of canvas, even to the last pocket handkerchief."

Moonsail: A square sail formerly carried in light winds above a skysail. Also called moonraker.

From: Kerchove, "International Maritime Dictionary" (N. Y. 1948)

Note that this definition says square sail—the other dictionary said a triangular sail.

A Moonsail above the studdins'l on the mainmast might be made fast to a yard-arm extension, and either set as a square sail or a triangular sail.

Marine Poetry

A SAILOR SETTLES DOWN

"He's learned to love the soil,"
She'd think, watching him stand
Mornings in the doorway,
Looking over the land.
The grain would come rolling
In billows down the field—
"It looks like, to me," she'd say
"A forty-bushel yield!"
He would turn around slowly
As though he'd scarcely heard,
His wife for the moment
Strange to him and blurred;
Then suddenly he'd clasp her
In a queer, hard grip—
Like a man fresh home
From a far sea's trip.

By IVA POSTON

THE TIDE MOVES IN

This is the windswept sea my fathers sailed
With courage, love and confidence; which
fed
Ambition, tested skill and nurtured them.
There lie small islands near the harbor's
mouth,
With pointed trees erect, despite the storms
Of winter, and the sleet which beat upon
Them fearlessly. The tide moves in—it's
autumn
Now. The small fleet lies within the cove,
And gulls scream weirdly overhead, or ride
To shore upon a wave so small it would
Not, in a sailor's mind, be called a swell.
The sky is clear. The silent heart, attuned
To every passing light and shade, beholds
Within the dialed-march of seas, the blood
Of pioneers, the legacy of tears!

By MABEL GOULD DEMERS

MERMAID

Fold me in your vastness, omnipresent sea
Smother me and drown me in immensity,
Toss me up against the moon on your silver
mane,
Toss me up and catch me in your arms again.
Hurl me with a giant wave on a timeless
strand
Leave me spent and motionless on the clean,
white sand;
With a swift wind blowing over me and
afar the sea gulls cry,
With a nale spray swirling round me and the
cool stars drifting by,
With the lapping waters crooning like a
harp with muted strings,
And the vibrant dusk aquiver with the whirr
of rushing wings.
Leave me there unawakened till the lingering
doubts have died,
Leave me there till bitterness ebbs outward
with the tide.

By LILITH LORRAINE

Following are four poems submitted in our Marine Poetry Contest which did not win a prize but which THE LOOK-OUT editor liked especially. We are publishing them here with the kind permission of the poets . . . As announced in the last issue, the four prize-winners were men, three of them seamen. But, judging by these, the poetesses have a deep feeling for the Sea, too!

VANISHING SAILS

The great five-masted ships are nearly gone
Though once they sailed the seven seas with
pride;
They spread their shining canvas to the
dawn
And roamed the world with sun and stars
for guide.
The famous wheat race brought them
thundering on
From lands "down under," holds piled high
with grain;
They brought the silks and jade from fair
Ceylon
And oranges and dates from sunny Spain.
Each ship was in itself a world complete
With all its fittings and replacement parts,
With food and clothing, medicine to treat
Such ills as might develop; maps and
charts
For long, long months without a sight of
land
To break the waste of water they had
spanned.
Sky's endless dome stretched out beyond
belief;
They had no radio to summon aid
In danger, and no planes to bring relief.
They did their best. When they could not
evade
The final plunge, they left no parting
word,—
No message from the Captain or the crew;
In shipping office might be overheard
The whisper, "Flying Cloud is overdue."
But now, outdated by man's urge for speed,
Ships lie in idleness at rotting docks;
A few still seek elusive cargo, plead
For loads to keep them from the salvage
stocks.
Grim Fate was kinder when she sent the
bones
Of noble ships to rest with Davey Jones.

By LAURA EMERSON GRADICK



Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee . . .

And Let's Have Another Piece of Pie." So goes the old song. Coffee is the most popular drink in the United States, and 100% of the coffee we drink comes to us via *ships*.

Coffee time is a popular hour on shipboard. When the seamen come off watch, down from the bridge or up from the engine room, they proceed to the crews' galley for a cup of steaming "Java."

Here at the Institute, the coffee hour for seamen of all nationalities and ratings is from three to four P.M. Each day in the Janet Roper Club, and in the Danish, Dutch, Belgian and Swedish Clubrooms, seafarers gather to enjoy this stimulating beverage (served without charge) and to chat with hostesses.

In these serious days of unemployment, a cheering cup of coffee does much to lift the morale of weary seamen trudging the waterfront seeking work. In the evening, after the movies or entertainment, we like to serve coffee, too, and the men are most appreciative of this, especially when they have been living on a scant food budget during the day.

With the price of coffee as high as it is, our funds for this program are nearly exhausted, so we are turning to our friends. We hope you will want to send us a couple of pounds of *vacuum-packed coffee* (any brand) or the equivalent in money, to help us continue our "Coffee-Time" program.

