

The
LOOKOUT



Photo by The Hindles

SUNSET as seen from BROOKLYN BRIDGE, showing the Cross
on the Roof of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Sanctuary

A SEAMAN'S PRAYER

Oh Lord, watch over the seamen
Who sail on the oceans wide.
And always be on the lookout
Forever by their side.
Oh Lord, please comfort their dear ones,
Who wait the return of the ships
Who go about their daily work
With a prayer upon their lips.

Great Pilot above, we thank thee
For all we receive each day.
Oh send us back to our loved ones
And guide us on our way.
Some day when our sailing is ended
And we no more the seas shall roam
We ask thee, be our guiding light
Unto our heavenly home.

By Ashley Kroterfield,
3rd Ass't Engineer



"25 South Street"

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XL, JUNE, 1949

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President of Seamen's Church Institute Completes 25 Years of Service



Mr. Harry Forsyth and Mr. Edwin DeT. Bechtel of the Board of Managers,
congratulate Mr. Michalis.

AT the April meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, held April 28th, Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, President, was given a testimonial luncheon to commemorate the 25th anniversary of his association with the Institute. Mr. Edwin DeT. Bechtel, representing the Board, presented Mr. Michalis with a painting by the noted marine artist, Gordon Grant, and a scroll containing the signatures of the Board and Staff members of the Institute, with the following inscription:

To Commemorate the
Twenty-Fifth Anniversary
of the association with the
Seamen's Church Institute of
New York

of

Mr. Clarence G. Michalis

as a member of its Board of Man-
agers and of its Building Fund
Committee, as active Lay Vice-
President and as President.

The undersigned members of the
Board of Managers and of the
Staff of the Seamen's Church In-
stitute of New York present this
scroll to Mr. Michalis as a testi-
monial of their esteem and appre-
ciation of the services which he
has generously rendered to the
Seamen's Church Institute of New
York with Outstanding Devotion
and Distinction.

In presenting the painting, Mr. Bechtel said:

"During his period of twenty-five years of service, devoted and brilliantly effective, as a member of the Board, as active Vice President and as President, Mr. Michalis has fulfilled Chaucer's description of the most beloved pilgrim of the Canterbury Tales:

"Benigne he was and wondrous diligent

And in adversite full patient."

With his many friendly qualities, Mr. Michalis brought to the Institute patience and wisdom, efficiency and hard work. These were some of the qualities that enabled him to overcome the adversity of the burden and payment of the building debt of one and a half million dollars; meeting the emergency resulting from the great loss of Dr. Mansfield; the administration of the Institute during the distress, uncertainty and general upheaval which followed the most disastrous panic in economic history; and the solution of the many urgent problems which resulted from the impact of World War II on the Institute. And during all this time, in spite of discouragements and new worries, Mr. Michalis kept before us the ideals of the far horizon and what the Institute should accomplish. At all times he has been an inspiration to everyone.

This is why the Board of Managers wish to make this twenty-fifth anniversary a special event and to celebrate it. As a symbol of their hearty good wishes, they wish Mr. Michalis to accept this

water color by Gordon Grant of the Battery Promenade, an American packet ship and Governor's Island. This marine view seems most appropriate as its period is 1829, only a few years earlier than the date of the founding of the Institute.

The members of the Board and the staff join in presenting their written acknowledgment of their regard and appreciation of the outstanding services which Mr. Michalis has rendered to the Institute. They have signed this engrossed testimonial in his honor with a total number of 332 signatures and with the sincere hope on the part of everyone that Mr. Michalis will continue to lead the Institute for many years."

Mr. Michalis was elected President in 1932, succeeding Mr. Edmund Lincoln Baylies.

In addition to being President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, Mr. Michalis serves on the Boards of numerous other philanthropic and religious organizations. He is treasurer and trustee of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; vestryman, Church of the Heavenly Rest; trustee of the Episcopal Fund of the Diocese of New York; director, Young Men's Christian Association of New York; director, "The Lighthouse" (N. Y. Association for the Blind); member of the Board of Managers of the Life-Saving Benevolent Association; trustee, Church Pension Fund; National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis; trustee, Museum of the City of New York; director, Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies; director, Welfare Council of New York; President, Ophthalmological Foundation; director, Josiah Macy, Jr. Foundation; director, United Service Organization; director, United Seamen's Service; director, Historic Landmark Society and other organizations.



Saga of the "Mexico"

A FEW months ago the Cuba Mail liner, *Mexico*,* was sold to the Turkish government and was renamed the S.S. *Istanbul*. Some of our readers may remember this popular cruise liner when she was in the West Indies service in pre-war days, and may have wondered about her war-time career.

Recently, THE LOOKOUT editor sailed aboard a freighter to Puerto Rico, and the skipper turned out to be our old friend, Captain O. H. Martinson who had commanded the *Mexico* throughout her war service. We had sailed on the *Mexico* in 1938 and had written an account of the tropical hurricane which we encountered for the October issue of THE LOOKOUT, paying tribute to the Captain and crew in weathering the storm without damage.

"Well, Captain," we asked, "Did anything as exciting as that hurricane happen to you during the war?"

Captain Martinson chuckled: "The *Mexico* had a lot of adventures . . . and close shaves." He showed me an account of her career as a troop transport which appeared in MARINE PROGRESS. In her first two years of war service, the *Mexico*, with normal capacity for only 158 passengers, carried more than 30,000 troops. On one occasion, at the landing at Gela, Sicily, she carried 1,450 soldiers

"I think the time we carried a million dollars—all in silver dollars in the swimming pool—was one of the most thrilling," the Skipper continued. "The natives in central Africa who were building air fields distrusted our American greenbacks and would accept only silver money. It struck me as ironical that on the voyage hundreds of GI's sat on the hatch covering the swimming pool playing penny ante while directly underneath them was a million dollars!

"We had sailed for Africa in slow convoy, and off Trinidad we were

* Originally christened the *Colombia*.



Capt. O. H. Martinson, master
S.S. *Mexico*

attacked in broad daylight by enemy submarines. The *Castle Harbor* alongside the *Mexico* was blown up and by the time the column of water cleared away only bits of wreckage were left floating. Directly ahead of our ship was the *Winona*—she was also hit but managed to get back into port."

Capt. Martinson ordered the engine room to put on all speed and high-tailed it out of that company. "I think we broke the *Mexico's* previous speed record," he commented drily. "Her cruising speed is 16 knots; she did 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ on her official trials back in 1932; but she did even better on that memorable day! We made it safely to the Gold Coast and brought back survivors of eleven torpedoed ships. Our luck held; not one crew member or soldier was killed or wounded by enemy action."

There were two risky days in 1943 when the *Mexico* cruised with British troopships east of Malta, acting as a decoy so the enemy wouldn't guess the invasion plans. At Palermo, the *Mexico's* armed guard and crew downed two Nazi planes and survived the attack; during that engagement the troops were kept below decks.

In 1944 the *Mexico* was sent to the Pacific, and saw enemy action at New Guinea, and during the invasion of the Philippines.

Not a big ship—the *Mexico's* gross tonnage is only 5,236—but like many "little ships" she served her country with distinction.

A Seaman's Plan

Editor's Note:

There have been many proposals by both shipping experts and by laymen as to what our Government should do with the laid-up fleet of Liberty and Victory ships. Sea-

SCHOOL teachers and merchant seamen are in the same boat—the school teachers are under-paid, and the seamen are unemployed. Here is a plan which I believe will help both, and would at the same time help to bring about greater understanding between other nations and our own.

Since the price of a vacation in most summer resorts, or the price of a trip abroad is prohibitive for most school teachers, and since many hundreds of young seamen are "on the beach" because Liberty and Victory ships were tied up at the end of the war, my proposal would be to put these ships in operation — employ men — give teachers vacations at reduced cost.

The Maritime Commission could operate these ships, send them to all parts of the world, and the school teachers would have an opportunity to visit people of other countries. Quarters could be put in cargo holds, partitions of plywood. For example, a Liberty ship could be fitted with double staterooms of plywood, use her 'tween decks for quarters, carry sand ballast in her lower holds; inside recreation rooms in case of foul weather could be constructed also of plywood.

This idea would give much needed training to younger seamen who

man John Tiencken's plan has evoked much discussion, pro and con, with other seamen in the Institute's club rooms. We thought LOOKOUT readers would be interested, too.

sailed during the war, but who did not have sufficient sea experience or sea time to advance their rating. It would also keep our ships in good running condition (they are now kept in the mothball fleet at taxpayers' expense) and useful in the event of war; the crews who manned them would have their training and be employed; the school teachers would be given low-cost vacations which would send them back to their classes with renewed vigor and able to pass on to their students much that they have learned about the peoples of other countries; these ships would build prestige and friendship abroad, as the teachers would be excellent representatives to show other countries what Americans really are; and, finally, these people could no longer have any doubt as to our Democratic way of life when they had as their guests a ship-load of teachers whose vacations have been made possible through the generosity of a nation who is grateful to them for the part they play in molding the future character and thoughts of our young American citizens.

The ships could be attractively painted in eye-catching colors and plainly marked as to what State, County and Schools each represents. Each ship could be amply provided



Drawing by Norman Maffie

Tied Up Fleet — Baltimore Harbor, May, 1948.

with Chamber of Commerce Literature for passing out abroad. This would serve to make people abroad anxious to travel to this country, and to visit that particular state on arrival. This, in turn, would add to the revenue to the railroads, air lines and steamship companies, hotels, etc.

The idea of carrying our teachers abroad could be a far better advertisement than the present State Department's "Voice of America" broadcast. Such interchange of ideas with other peoples could well be an ex-

cellent safe-guard against future wars. The ships, since they would carry no cargo, need not have any planned route, but would visit out-of-the-way ports and there would be ample time in port for the teachers, to obtain first-hand knowledge of these places.

I have no thought of personal gain in suggesting this idea. It stems from a sincere effort to see our country grow and maintain strength and friends.

John A. Tiencken, Engine Dept.

The Figurehead Stages A Comeback

ONE of THE LOOKOUT readers, Mr. Arthur Sherrill, on reading the story in our September 1948 issue on Modern Figureheads, wrote to tell us how he had carved a figurehead for his 36-foot ketch *Arda*. We asked for a picture, and it is reproduced here by courtesy of "The Chesapeake Skipper," which published an article by Robert H. Burgess of the Mariners Museum staff. For the actual carving Mr. Sherrill used a block of *garapa* (a wood from Brazil). Using a plaster figure as a guide, he roughed out the block with gouges and a mallet.

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Photo by Radcliffe—Mariners Museum

The figurehead measures 26 inches in length, with brown hair, red blouse, blue skirt and white rope belt, with a sea horse in her left hand.

Mr. Sherrill has now purchased a Chesapeake bug-eye and he hopes to carve a figurehead for his new craft. A small eagle head is now in place but he prefers a full-length carving.

*The Hurricane and Captain Low**

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Convalescent Seamen Form Stamp Club

SEAMEN being treated for tuberculosis in the U. S. Marine Hospital at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, have formed a stamp collecting club to give themselves an interest and to help pass the long hours of enforced rest and recuperation.

The club has a membership of about 17 seamen with new members replacing those cured and the men find stamp collecting a wonderful way of bringing in to their secluded lives the great outside world with which they were so familiar when well and able to go to sea. They do not collect rare stamps but just collect anything they can get — even ordinary U. S. postage stamps. One-time shipmates send stamps to them from all over, and members of the Institute's staff collect them on seamen's letters from foreign ports and send them along to the stamp club.

To make it more interesting, each seaman "specializes" in one or two countries and tries to complete sets. When a packet of stamps arrives in the mail, the stamps are put into piles and then the men draw lots. The drawing over, the swapping begins. "Hey!" a member will shout, "Where did those Dutch Indies get to?" And another answers, "I got them, I'll trade you for those British Colonials." And so it goes. Occasionally someone sends them stamps and an album to put them in from some foreign country and the men enjoy puzzling out the foreign words and phrases.

Readers who have stamps to spare are urged to send them to Mrs. Graf-ton Burke, Secretary, Central Council, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, and they will be sent on to these hospitalized seamen.

A Happy Way to Say "Bon Voyage"

Remember the baskets, fruit, candy and flowers sent to your already crowded cabin on sailing day during the pre-war years of ocean steamship travel? There are other ways of saying "Bon Voyage" and more useful.

Here is a practical way in which you can remember your friends on sailing day and can tell your friends to remember you: Send the cost of a Bon Voyage basket to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in your friend's name.

So that your friends will know that you have remembered them, we will send them an attractive Bon Voyage card with a picture of a sailing ship on it, and the following wording:

Bon Voyage!

This message conveys Best Wishes for a Grand Trip: Smooth Seas, Fair Weather, Fun on Board, Happy Days Ashore and a Safe Return.

The money which I would have spent for a "Bon Voyage" gift has been sent to the "Bon Voyage" Fund at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, which is used to help needy merchant seamen—the same fine type of seafarers who man your ship and carry you safely across the ocean. I hope that you will agree that this is a happy way to say "Bon Voyage."

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Courtesy, Moore-McCormack Line

When sending contributions, please also send name and address of your friend, name of ship and sailing date to:

Ways and Means Department, 25 South Street

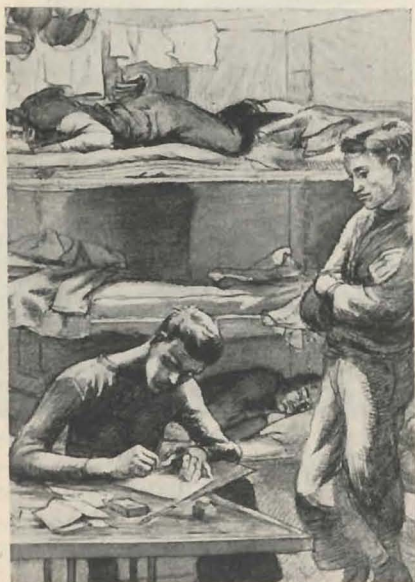
Kindly make check payable to
THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

CRY WOLF

By Norman Maffie, *Able-bodied Seaman*

YOU would have liked Joe. Most sailors labelled him a 'good Joe'. A curly headed, bright eyed fellow, he was somewhat of a comic who should have been on the radio because of his gift of gab. In the ship's mess-halls, he would fascinate his shipmates as he related his hilarious adventures. Although he was never dull, his sense of humor was sometimes irritating. I remember his usual defense: "Heck, pal, you've got to have a laugh now and then. I don't mean any harm. Just don't take me seriously. At least you know me."

Years passed and Joe and I grew up on the rusty decks of Hog Islanders, rolling tug-boats and coast-wise steamers. There were few of the world's ports we hadn't seen. By 1940 I had Third Mate's papers, but after one trip on the "top deck" without Joe and the fo'c'sle's informality, back I went as an able-bodied seaman.



Drawing by Mitchell Jamieson

"After one trip on the top deck without Joe and the fo'c'sle's informality back I went as an A.B."

The war came and Joe and I decided to stick it out and take our chances. We would have taken on the extra burden of danger even without the bonus because we had come to love the sea. It seemed more than a vast inter-national highway; it was a throbbing, variably beautiful way of life to us. I stuck to Joe because his nearness in times of danger boosted my own morale and his apparent lack of fear made me admire him.

Joe loved the thrill of the silent, ever dangerous sea, all around us and gloried in the Channel runs when bombing by Nazi planes became a daily occurrence. During an attack his favorite position wasn't inside the deckhouse but along side a spouting twenty millimetre where he would serve the gun as capably as any Navy gunner. On several occasions when cover from a low diving JU-88 was necessary, I remember him loading the hot guns and prodding the cautious gunner into answering the Jerry's fire as the plane spat its searching hail across the grey Liberty's decks. From my chosen place of safety under the after gun-tub, I could hear him screaming encouragement to the gunners and lashing curses at the enemy overhead. I even said a prayer for the crazy fool at times.

Joe's peculiar sense of humor, dormant for some time, became active once again after one of the violent German raids over the newly captured Italian port of Naples in early October of 1943. The army had consolidated their hold on the port and our vessel was among the first supply ships to anchor. A sudden raid by low flying raiders hit the harbor area with such fury that most men had to scatter and few of the "gun-tub" Navy gunners even had a chance to set up an active return fire. In a second it was all over and little had been seen. Just a few smoke puffs and

the dying echo of dropped bombs and surprised anti-aircraft fire. A few moments later the crew regained their composure in the mess-hall only to be suddenly upset by an oiler rushing up to the bridge yelling something about a casualty back on the stern under the gun-tub.

Most of us were already there ahead of the running mates and captain and grouped around the sprawled figure. The dead seaman lay against the shaft-alley coaming clothed in dirty blue dungarees and high army shoes. Someone had covered the body with a dirty canvas winch cover and we wondered whose face lay under it. A roll-call muster was already in progress but no one was missing! The captain leaned over the limp figure, lifted the cover, revealing a cleverly formed dummy made of stuffed dungarees and shoes! The joke brought no results — the thing had been too realistic. The captain gave no one a chance to laugh; his eyes and set lips visibly dared us to. He ordered us back to our duties. We knew there would be no shore leave for us.

During that bitterly disappointing morning, I lost little time in putting the blame on Joe. His obvious grin and his comment "the crew never would have been granted shore leave anyway," convinced me. This time, Joe had hurt us all but I would never reveal him to the crew. Later, he admitted to me: "I enjoyed the excitement; I wanted to see the look on their faces when they saw the 'body'. Man, did you see the Mate's face! And that poor Purser with his first aid kit! He was going to patch the poor guy up!"

"Joe," I told him, "You've pulled a trick too often." I reminded him of Aesop's fable — about the shepherd who cried "wolf" once too often. Joe just laughed.

You may wonder why I put up with him. He was my oldest friend and we shared too many memories. None of us are perfect. Except for

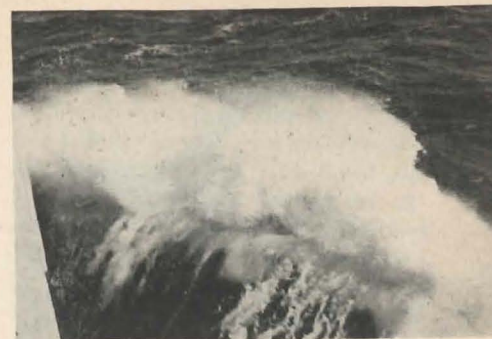


Photo by Seaman J. Aitkins

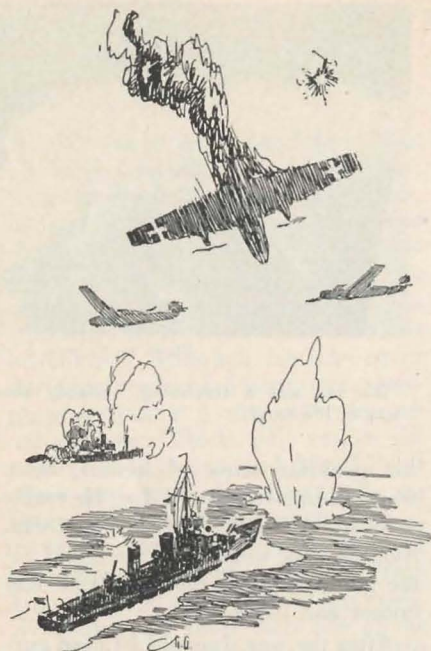
"The sea was a throbbing, variably beautiful way of life to us."

his peculiar sense of humor, there was nothing wrong with Joe. He really never hurt anyone; just shocked them. Against this weakness I weighed all the good traits he possessed; he was honest and loyal.

After the war, Joe and I found ourselves aboard an east-bound Victory in rough Atlantic seas. We weren't far from Gibraltar when Joe's radio began picking up strong European stations, but with lots of static. "That crummy aerial," he complained, "I'll have to go on the bridge. Probably the radio operator again and his mustn't run individual radio aerials parallel to the ship's antenna. That's good Spanish music, too." Not stopping to put on a jacket, he stormed out of the fo'c'sle.

A few moments later I heard the radio crackling with varied static and I realized that Joe was already on the starboard kingpost reaching for the loose aerial. For a second, reception was excellent and I leaned over in my bunk to catch the fast, Spanish lyrics of the song, but sputtering static suddenly killed the music. I turned the radio down and wondered what Joe had done to the aerial.

I remember lying there twenty minutes, trying to concentrate on a magazine story but still conscious of the low sound of the buzzing radio on the small bench. What was the fool doing up there; restringing the whole



Drawing by Gordon Grant

"I could hear him screaming encouragement to the gunners and lashing curses at the enemy overhead."

wire in this weather? I knew the sea was rough and wondered how the cold weather and spray up there was bearable in the light clothes he wore. Mental visions of his slipping passed through my mind and I began to wonder if he could have fallen from a kingpost ladder or on a low bridge rail. Probably the aerial would break with the sudden weight of a man thrown against it. The way in which the ship rolled prompted me into sudden action.

The cold harsh wind struck my face and chest as I stormed up the ladder to the flying bridge, yelling for Joe, and groping around in the unaccustomed darkness. Above the howling wind I heard an answering yell: "Keep quiet, you fool, you'll have the Mate up here. What's up?" I heard Joe's familiar chuckle as I stumbled past the direction finder and stack guy wires to the sheltered side of the wheelhouse.

All this time he had been there, wrapped in the lookout's extra

blanket! So this had been another joke of his! I swore at him, "You fool, Joe, when will you grow up? Dragging me up here for nothing!" The cold was uncomfortable and I decided not to waste words with him. It was then that I must have adopted the psychology of the village folk who finally ignored the shepherd's cry of "wolf."

My last voyage ended off Cape Hatteras while enroute to New York on a coastwise run. Joe and I had discussed quitting the sea and starting the usual chicken ranch sailors always seem to desire. Joe made me give up the sea that night off the stormy, treacherous cape when I cautiously made my way up to the wet bridge to relieve him on lookout. The night was brutal and the ship seemed like a monstrous, writhing animal in the heaving darkness. On the wheelhouse deck I stopped for a moment to peer through the lighted port into the small navigation and chart room where I saw the young third mate pouring over a pile of books and papers. Up above me to the right I could hear Joe's muffled singing as he anticipated my welcome arrival to relieve him so he could get his hot coffee and rest. As I started up the ladder I saw his form braced against the canvas covered rail as he tilted his face down into the wild wind.

A moment later I was almost to the bridge when I felt the ship pound heavily against a heavy sea and also heard the unmistakable "help" that Joe suddenly screamed in unison to the ship's strained groan. Why that boob, I thought, trying another one of his practical jokes. "Let him sweat it out," I mused, "while I smoke the rest of my cigarette." The wind howled and I ducked back under the ladder and grinned as I thought of how he stood up there, gleefully anticipating my concerned arrival and help. I figured I'd wait a few minutes. Let the cold air chill the humor out of him; then he wouldn't think it so comical!

Finally, I slowly climbed the wet, weaving ladder up to the flying bridge. My eyes were now fully accustomed to the darkness but when I could not see him on the wing of the bridge, I realized that he must be hiding behind the open wheel-house, and so I groped around longing for a flashlight to see his angry, confused face. But there was no Joe. The chilling realization made me run to the outer rail and peer down into the savage sea, whipped and cut by the steadily moving ship's hull. Around me there lay nothing but the cold

night, the wet hard deck and the wind. Just where in that inky blackness back there was Joe, there was now no knowing. Twenty knots and five minutes in that wild sea were too much. Screaming, I slid down the ladder to the wheel-house and reported to the skipper. We never found Joe and I've said enough. Back here in my snug, hard earned home, I often think of Joe and the ships, and I wish he had remembered and taken to heart that Aesop's fable I told him once.

Sea Rescues

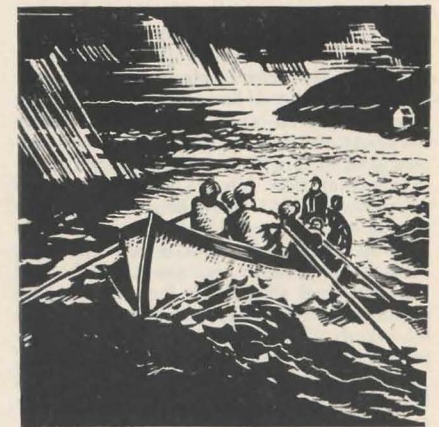
THE dangers of sea rescues involving transfer of crews from lifeboats in rough weather is illustrated by the recent experience of a ship's physician and crewmen of the transport *Marine Perch*. Six days out of Palermo, Italy, the Army transport, manned by a Merchant Marine crew and commanded by Capt. John V. Redmond, received a message that the Greek tanker *Nicolaou Maria* was in need of medical assistance.

Upon sighting the tanker, Capt. Redmond ordered a motor lifeboat lowered with Chief Officer James Walsh, Dr. George Irwin, Bosun Henry Bleekendaal, Dr. Myles Goehausen and seven seamen aboard. The seas were so high that a wave struck the lifeboat and smashed it against the transport's side. Nine of the lifeboat's occupants were knocked from their seats and Dr. Irwin suffered a broken arm and dislocated shoulder. Dr. Goehausen was hurled into the water but was immediately rescued by a seaman. Bosun Bleekendaal's left leg and right arm were broken. Both doctors administered first aid to seamen with minor injuries while Mate Walsh steered the boat into the sea. After waiting several hours for the seas to subside, the eight injured men were transferred back to the *Marine Perch*. Dr. Goehausen remained in the lifeboat and was taken to the Greek tanker where Chief Mate Elias Levantis was unconscious from

a skull fracture after a fall to the deck. He was removed from the tanker and taken aboard the transport.

The injured were treated by Dr. Goehausen and all were taken to the U. S. Marine Hospital at Staten Island when the *Marine Perch* anchored off Quarantine.

The desperately ill master of the freighter *George Pomutz* was transferred to the Coast Guard vessel *Monticello* "despite darkness, heavy seas, and extensive damage to the motor launch." This timely assistance greatly contributed to saving the life of the Captain and the boat crew received letters of commendation from the Commandant of the Coast Guard for their heroic service.



BANDAGES TO THE RESCUE . . .

Bandages proved useful as a means of identification for the cashing of a bank draft, when Seaman Ernest R. . . . presented it at a bank window. He had been "rolled" of his money, his seamen's papers and identification as well as being severely beaten. He came to the Personal Service Bureau at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and a letter was sent to his bank in San Juan, Puerto Rico. An air-mail letter arrived from his bank stating that his savings had been transferred to a New York bank. He was instructed to call for his money and to bring adequate identification papers — something it was impossible for him to do under the circumstances. The Institute's staff member telephoned the New York bank, gave Ernest's description including his bandages. The bandages appeared to sit more rakishly on Ernest's head when he arrived and collected his money.

SEAMEN ATTEND BROADWAY PLAY

A group of merchant seamen were guests of the Fulton Theatre management on April 7th at a performance of "Goodbye My Fancy," starring Madeleine Carroll. Remembering Miss Carroll's efforts in behalf of the Merchant Marine during the war years, the seamen, to show their appreciation and to tell her how much they enjoyed her performance in the play, went backstage to thank her. Courtney Smith presented her with a corsage. She thanked Mr. Smith, and sent greetings to the many seamen here at the Institute. For some of the seamen, it was the first Broadway stage play they had ever seen. Many more have asked her for the privilege of going another time. We hope tickets will be given again.

ADONIS—MOVE OVER

"Tom came in today to show me his new nose. He is well dressed, sober, has a regular shipping job on an oil tanker, has a charming girl friend, plans to be married soon and make a home of his own. Five years ago when we first met Tom things were not as they are today. He was encouraged to join the Alcoholics Anonymous to keep on the job, to visit his family regularly, and to come here at any time to talk things over. About six months ago Tom decided he had taken care of about everything except his nose, which had been splashed all over his face due to some misunderstanding aboard. Today, when I remarked, 'Tom, your nose looks marvelous; the doctor did a wonderful job,' Tom had a quick comeback, 'Don't you know I've always been the most handsome guy in this building!'"

MISSING—ONE 16-YEAR OLD

Here is a good example to show the cooperation between the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and seamen's agencies in other seaports:

"The frantic parents of Robert C. . . . inquired the whereabouts of their 16-year old son, presumably aboard the S.S. *Volantis Statte*, due to arrive in Philadelphia, November 5th. Dr. Percy A. Stockman, Sup't. of the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia circulated this information to all seamen's agencies. We checked with the Maritime Register and found there was no such ship. The nearest thing to it was the S.S. *Volunteer State*. We received information that this vessel left Bremenhaven, Germany and was due in New Orleans. We checked crew list, passenger list and work-away list. There was no record that young Robert was aboard. However, we notified Mr. James Hyatt, director of the New Orleans Seamen's Institute. He agreed to meet the ship and if Robert was aboard to urge him to write to his parents. Later we received a letter of thanks from Robert's parents stating that he had been on board, had written to them and planned to be home for the Christmas holidays."



"STRAIGHTENING THE LITTLE WOMAN OUT . . ."

The Missing Seamen's Bureau has many unusual problems to solve. Here is an example:

"Ted's wife wrote stating she needed his support for herself and two children. Two months elapsed. Then we located Ted and he showed a willingness to cooperate. He obtained a ship job but needed his seamen's papers from home so he could sign articles. We notified Mrs. Ted who telephoned to say: 'I don't want Ted to go to sea and I refuse to send his papers.' Ted could not find work ashore in his home town. We explained this fact to Mrs. Ted. She was adamant. For days our telephone hummed. Finally, we thought it advisable for Mrs. Ted to come and talk things over with her husband. So she came to New York and a combination of clear thinking, immediate need for funds, and future planning for the children caused her to relent. Ted went to sea with the necessary papers, and also a warm feeling for his wife and kids and Mrs. Ted went back to the hearthside to keep the homefires burning with something like this running through her head: 'What a silly goon I've been.' In Ted's blunt way he said: 'Thanks for straightening the little woman out.'"

Bouquets from the Press which we want to share with our loyal contributors who make the Institute's work possible.

Reprinted from "Topics of The Times,"

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(See also Editorial, Back Cover)



Galley Boy Ivor Hale Enjoys a Book aboard M.S. Lyngenfjord.

SEA ROUTES TO THE GOLD FIELDS

By Oscar Lewis
Knopf, \$4.00

The gold rush movement which lured masses of people to California between the years 1849 and 1852 is now depicted by sea. Travel was done in crowded sailing vessels, later in more congested steamships. The shortest route was to and by the isthmian crossing. Here great hardships of disease and travel were met. The need for a canal was felt more than ever.

The sources for the historical facts in this very interesting readable book are largely from the diaries kept by nearly every Argonaut or adventurer. "Their diaries begin in a spirit of unbridled optimism, usually end on a note of disillusion." It was a distinction to be in the movement. "It shook many young men out of the humdrum routine of their normal environments and awakened in them the spirit of adventure — the hall mark of the pioneer." This book should be a valuable, also an enjoyable one for a library.

L. S. STEBBINS

RED BOOK OF SPECIMEN EXAMINATIONS FOR MERCHANT MARINE OFFICERS

By Maurice V. Foreman

Published by Cornell Maritime Press
Cambridge, Maryland 1949, \$5.00

An excellent book to study both at sea and ashore in preparing for a desk license. Pretty well rounded out and complete, and if used in conjunction with a shore school just prior to sitting for an examination, the Mate should get on very well.

Specimen examinations for Master, Chief, Second and Third Mate, all go into this book, each examination being the approximate length and type as is actually given by the inspector. All the usual sub-

jects are covered and questions answered in fine detail, including a bit on Radar and Loran. Extracts from the Nautical and Air Almanacs and Tide and current Tables are conveniently printed in the back pages of this compact book for use with the navigation problems.

By GEORGE BOMAN, 2nd Mate

A TREASURY OF SEA STORIES

Edited by Gordon C. Aymar

Illustrated by Rockwell Kent
A. S. Barnes & Co., \$5.00

A TREASURY OF THE SEA is a collection of thirty-three yarns taken from some of the great sea tales of all time, both true and fictional. They include excerpts from book-length accounts, magazine stories, letters, manuscript accounts. They cover a wide field of sea experience: intense and terrible episodes from the recent war years, down through the ages to Columbus' account of his first voyage, and even including the story of Aeneas' battle with the storm winds sent against him by the wind god Aeolus at envious Juno's behest. We get stories as terribly actual as Arthur A. Divine's account of the relief of Dunkirk, as personal as Conrad's account of *The Storm*, as nonsensical as the Mr. Glencannon story from "Scotch & Water"; selections from nearly thirty different authors, including such names as Michener, Dana, Ellsberg, Faulkner, Forester, Goodrich, Masefield, Melville, Southry, Stevenson, experts all in the lore of the sea and in the telling of their stories. One wishes there might be more than the few illustrations by Rockwell Kent and that the selection from his manuscript of Bligh's own story of the mutiny against him on the ship, *Bounty* might have been more extended.

There is always, of course, in a collection of this kind a feeling of fragmentariness and incompleteness of most of the yarns, as Mr. Aymar the Editor himself complains in his Preface. The only remedy for this deficiency seems to be for the reader to satisfy his craving for the rest by going to the original sources and reading as much as he wishes.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

SPORT FISHING BOATS

By S. Kip Farrington, Jr.

W. W. Norton & Co., \$4.00

The author, world record holder for 3-thread striped bass and barracuda, 6-thread bluefin tuna, 9-thread Pacific sailfish and striped marlin, is eminently qualified to write this book. It contains many photographs and valuable information to anglers on the best types of sport fishing boats and equipment to invest in. This volume will prove useful to both salt and freshwater fishermen.

M. D. C.

SONGS FOR ALL SEAS, ALL SHIPS

I.

Today a rude brief recitative,
Of ships sailing the seas, each with its
special flag or ship signal
Of unnamed heroes in the ships—of waves
spreading and spreading far as the eye
can reach.
Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and
blowing
And out of these a chant for the sailors of
all nations,
Fitful, like a surge.
Of sea-captains young or old, and the
mates, and of all intrepid sailors,
Of the few, very choice, taciturn, whom
fate can never surprise nor death dismay,
Pick'd sparingly without noise by thee old
ocean, chosen by thee
Thou sea that pickest and cullest the race
in time, and unites nations,
Suckled by thee, old husky nurse, embody-
ing thee,
Indomitable, untamed as thee.
(Ever the heroes on water or on land, by
ones or twos appearing,
Ever the stock preserv'd and never lost,
though rare enough for seed preserv'd.)

II.

Flaunt out O sea your separate flags of
nations!
Flaunt out visible as ever the various ship-
signals!
But do you reserve especially for yourself
and for the soul of man one flag above
all the rest,
A spiritual woven signal for all nations,
emblem of man elate above death,
Token of all brave captains and all intrepid
sailors and mates,
And all that went down doing their duty,
Reminiscent of them, twined from all in-
trepid captains young or old,
A pennant universal, subtly waving all
time, o'er all brave sailors,
All seas, all ships.

WALT WHITMAN

SEA ATTAR

What other attar burning on the tongue
As tart as apple and as sharp as rind,
Equals one dram of this from the vast lung
Of the good sea, this essence that the blind
Know without seeing? Only those whose
birth
Has been near tidelines where the dory's
oars
Come muffled up the dawn, drink from
wet earth,
The sea's dark substance from the sleep-
ing shores.
This is an attar that the sun has brewed
From briny flats and the long tide's up-
heaval,
Odor of fern and flower and the nude
And shining rocks and from the dripping
laurel,
A dram so potent and familiar men
Might rouse from death to quaff the sea
again.

HAROLD VINAL
N. Y. Times, Nov. 3, 1948



POST-WAR SHIPMENT

The export freighter is back in dock:
Case after case goes down her hold,
While river-tides slap and rope-nets rock,
While hawsers creak and seagulls scold.
Hurry along this urgent load!
Swing up and down the cargo crane —
More than enough must be safely stowed
To feed the starving with hope again.

By KATHRYN WOLCOTT
The Decker Press,
(Wind Across The Threshold)

FOG

mark covers all and all is changed.
known turns unfamiliar. Each next step you
is over the brink, to risk collision, in this
able element, with some Menace looming up,
ne turns out to be merely pitiful: another
you, who like to prow through this mysterious
meet perhaps Adventure, or for a dead dream
to weep. Time is turned
now, You can hear it drip, drop,
away (discreet as irrevocable things are) so quiet

shroud and bier, under a gloriously tender light
shattered by the wails of sirens down the line
wild spirits — ships — crying out in despair
of loneliness and your eyes burn to make out
the Shape approaching. Is it that of The Lost
Continent of Love whose coasts you would
explore in every way?
Then you come face to face
suddenly with the Stranger
to find out he is
only yourself again.

By FORREST ANDERSON
From Voices

Ashore in Manhattan

Many landsmen — and our city has a lot of them — have gazed curiously at the seven-foot "Sir Galahad" figurehead which looks down on South Street from the entrance of the Seamen's Church Institute. The old figurehead has stood as a welcome above the open door of the big thirteen-story building for only a dozen years, but the institute itself has been in the welcoming business for a stretch which makes it publish this month its 114th annual report. The report is good reading, even for those who never saw a square-rigger survive anywhere but on a Hollywood set and who retain a vague idea that every ship steers somehow like a convertible — by turning a wheel and using stars for traffic lights.

The institute, rightly called "the largest shore home in the world for seamen," has a friendly, personal relationship with a daily average of 7,500 men. The last year, it says, was

one of steady decrease in seafaring jobs. The decline in American shipping, which began in 1947, became more serious in 1948. Each ship sent to the "mothball fleet," or sold to foreign governments, meant a loss of about forty jobs to American seamen. To such men, waiting "on the beach," the institute has been a strong bulwark, extending more than 16,000 loans through its credit bureau. The report shows that almost 350,000 lodgings were provided at moderate cost, and more than a million meals were served. But the institute's activities go far beyond food, shelter, counsel and entertainment. The Conrad Library, the Merchant Marine School, the Artists and Writers Club — all these mean much to thoughtful seamen and help keep 25 South Street "a happy ship" for shore sailors in Manhattan. Each year the institute makes new progress in its specialized service. It deserves each year additional praise and new support.

Editorial, N. Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE, April 28, 1949



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.