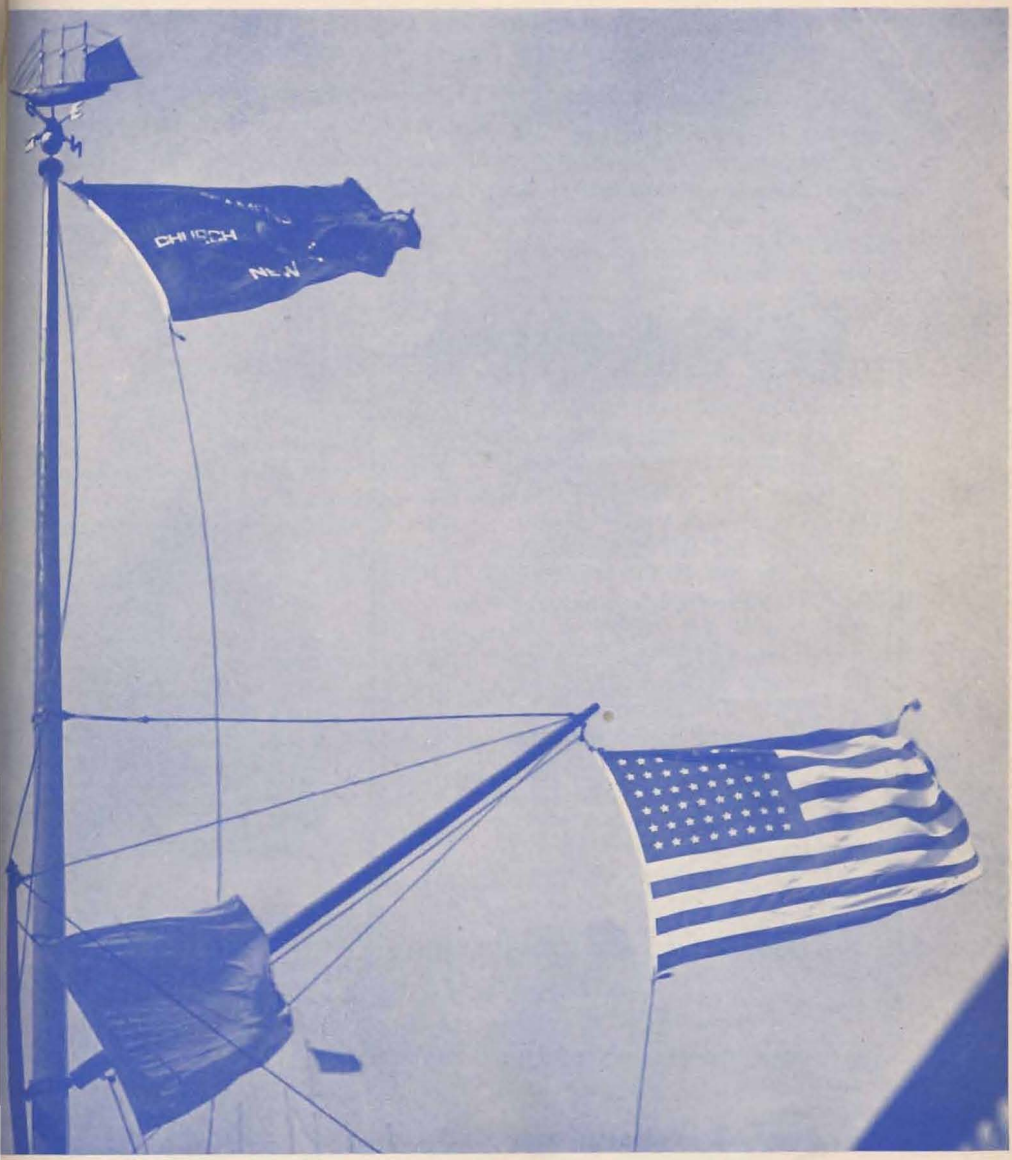
The LOOKOUT



Shining Skyward and Seaward from the Institute's Roof

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Vol. XLII JULY 1951 No. 7

Sanctuary

O Eternal Lord God who alone spreadest out the heavens and rulest the raging of the seas, — we ask thy blessing upon the Port of New York, the marine industry and all those who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters.

As we face the future give us the courage and daring of the early mariners of our country, that we may continue to keep our nation strong in order to meet our responsibilities to the whole world.

This we ask through thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLII, JULY, 1951

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President

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$1.00 per year 10c per copy

Gifts of $5.00 per year and over include a year's subscription to "THE LOOKOUT".

Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THIS MONTH'S COVER shows flags flying from the roof mast of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Note that the American flag is flown from the *peak* (after end of the gaff) which nautically is the place of honor, although normally lower than the masthead where the house flag flies. The flag in the lower left hand corner of the cover picture is the International Signal Flag "Q" and underneath this (not shown in the photograph) are "K" and "F", signaling "Welcome."

The Lookout

Vol. XLII July, 1951 No. 7

The Day the Flags Went Up

By Godfrey Winn

P.Q.17. That was the secret name for our convoy — the seventeenth to run the North Sea gauntlet to Russia. Mention the name to any seaman who sailed that route during the war and you will see his face change. For that matter, I have never been able to care for the number 17 since then. It has a sinister sound.

And yet we started out on the run with high hopes. It was the end of June, 1942; the weather was misty but not rough. I was on a British warship, one of the escort vessels that had gathered together in an Icelandic fjord, waiting for the signal to sail and pick up 36 Liberty ships that were already on their way from the other side of the Atlantic.

At the appointed hour we set forth. On the dot we caught sight of our ships, coming out of the mist. Fine Liberty ships they were too, loaded down to the deck line with their precious cargo. On spotting us they swung into 12 lines, while the escorts took up positions on the flanks, like sheep dogs.

A ship called the *Hoosier* was just opposite us. "Give them a tune of welcome," our Captain on the bridge said over the voice pipe. Immediately the tune "Anchors Aweigh" started over the loudspeakers, the boys on the *Hoosier* came tumbling up on deck, dancing a jig and throwing their fur caps in the air. I remember how the flag on her masthead looked—so tattered and blackened by smoke that the Stars and Stripes were hardly visible.

I suppose I remember these details so clearly because of what happened later on.

First we had the Heinkels coming in at mast height to nibble at the convoy. And then the Junkers, so harmless and remote—like flies on the ceiling of the world—until they started dropping their eggs. Huge waterspouts enveloped the Liberty ships with their superb names — the *Ocean Freedom*, the *Benjamin Franklin*.

The enemy's first attacks sank only one ship, the *Christopher Newport*, and that one in the middle of the night, from a sub. She was on the other side of the convoy, so she wasn't our pigeon. It sobered us, just the same. We were pretty silent on the bridge for the rest of the night.

Suddenly at dawn something happened that caused a sensation.

Across the whole convoy every American ship was hauling down her flag. We couldn't believe our eyes. Why, that meant surrender! What else could it mean? But then—while we were still arguing—up went the flags again. Only new ones this time, clean fresh flags to replace the old dirty ones. They went up all in one sweep, in a grand concerted movement. I can tell you, it made a brave show.

Our boys were puzzled for a moment. Why this particular dawn for a show of fresh colors? One of the lookouts on the bridge was the first to get it. He bawled out: "Cor blimey, sir, I know what it is. It must be their Independence Day."

And so it was. The Fourth of July, 1942.

It was nothing more than a gesture. Bitter losses lay ahead; most of the ships that sailed so gallantly that day would be sunk before we reached port. And yet I shall never forget my exhilaration at that moment when the fresh clean flags went up over those hostile waters. They celebrated American independence from Great Britain, but they symbolized a freedom we all understood.

Reprinted from This Week Magazine

The Everlasting Symbols

"O thus be it ever, when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!"
(THE NATIONAL ANTHEM)

THUS it will ever be, if and when the men and women of America cease their weary searching for utopias and recall to mind the principles which gave birth to our nation. "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Two symbols shining forth from the roof of the Seamen's Church Institute forcibly bring to mind those principles and the certainty and surety which goes with them. "Old Glory" flanked by the house flag of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and the international code "QKF" signaling a welcome to every seafaring man entering the port, point out for all who will look up and see that here is an exemplification of the American way of life.

Other forces tend to create confusion and bewilderment in the minds of men, especially those who are lonely and far from home and kin, but the second symbol, The Cross, silhouetted against the sky both day and night, emphasizes to all who see that here is stability and friendship and love and brotherhood.

One hundred and seventy-five years of national history has achieved the miracle of welding into one united nation men and women from all sorts and conditions of life. There have been times when others thought we were weak and wavering but in the hour of crisis we have and always will rise above those sinister forces which seek to destroy us both from without and within.

Seamen from every nation on the earth, men of every race and creed enter the portals of "25 South Street" and they do so in complete trust and confidence. They do so because they know or else they soon learn that this institution is dedicated to the principles of freedom and peace as symbolized in our Flag and to the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man symbolized in the Cross.

These principles must ever be held sacred by all who believe in the cause of peace. Others may make promises for the good of men; Christian institutions keep the promises because they are a part of our inherent nature.

America, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," the champion of everlasting peace and goodwill among men and nations! Can that ever be brought about? It can through the application of a very simple formula, "peacemaking means resolving the conflicts within, between and among men." All of us can share in that; all of us must share in that, all of us will share in that if our eyes are constantly turned on the everlasting symbols, The Cross and The Flag.

—CHAPLAIN FRANCIS DALY

WHY A MERCHANT MARINE?

EVERY so often the question is raised—Why a Merchant Marine? The fact that it has been answered a thousand times seems not to matter; again and again the facts must be presented in reply to the arguments that you can build a ship at lower cost in a foreign yard, and man her much more cheaply with non-Americans. So why not build our ships in foreign yards? And why not man them with foreigners and operate them under another flag? Why not, indeed?

Of course, anyone who knows the story of the merchant fleet in the recent war does not ask these questions. The men who served in the war and saw our ships in action as transports of men and materiel, especially those high officers of Army and Navy who have openly and gladly conceded that their branches of our armed forces could never have achieved their wartime records without the help of merchant ships, are not likely to ask, either. But unfortunately such folk appear to be in the minority.

Something of a new type of answer may be found in the stories of the *Meredith Victory* and others. Merchant marine feats are being performed at a time when we as a nation are merely participating in Korea as a unit of the United Nations.

But these American merchant ships have served, nevertheless, as part of our nation's contribution to the great cause that involves the democratic peoples of the world. Because we have merchant ships we were able to send them to help with such tasks as transporting of men and materials.

Quoting Vice Admiral Struble, who was present at the evacuation of Hungnan, Asst. Secretary of the Navy John T. Koehler said that for the first time in history, "an entire army with all its supplies and equipment has been successfully deployed by sea in the face of emergency pressure." Then Mr. Koehler added, as his own words, the following very significant and very gallant expression of the sentiments of the Navy:

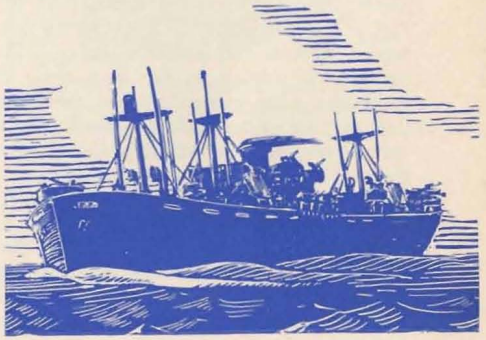
"While this is no time for self-adulation, to suppress a surge of pride at this accomplishment would be somewhat less than human. Nor should I fail to point out to you that it would obviously have been a physical impossibility to carry out this staggering task without the ships and crews of the American Merchant Marine who were a vital component of this operation.

"Not only at Hungham, but at Pusan, Inchon and other Korean ports these merchant vessels have played vital roles in every operation since hostilities began. Consequently, our traditional 'Well done' goes equally to the American Merchant Marine and to the Navy."

If additional figures are needed, here are a few. In a four-month period following the outbreak of the Korean hostilities nearly 4,000,000 tons of cargo, exclusive of petroleum products, were moved from the continental U. S. to the Pacific theatre in support of the United Nations forces. Of this, more than 80 per cent moved in privately-owned American flag ships. In addition, 185,000 military passengers were moved to the fighting front.

Any sound student of national defense or national economy will explain quickly enough that the Merchant Marine stands abreast the Army, Navy and Air Force in the waging of war, an essential peace-time protection to our foreign trade in the fierce competition that exists for markets throughout the world. They will point out, too, that millions of dollars spent in labor and materials in the construction of a ship and then in operating her, are part of our national income. They would not be if the ship were built abroad and manned by foreign crews.

Reprinted from "The Mooremack News"



Drawing by Fred Slavic

"SEA LIFT" TO KOREA

"Perhaps at no time in our history—outside of total war—has the Merchant Marine more graphically proved its worth to America than during the past year. The accomplishments of the *sea lift* to Korea, the mountains of emergency cargoes and military aid carried to our friends in Europe and Asia, have shown again that beyond dispute the American merchant fleet has a great and mounting responsibility in the scheme of things designed to keep free men free."

—From an address by Albert W. Gatov, Vice-Chairman of the Federal Maritime Board

Will They Catch the Great Sea Serpent?*

By William Herzl Freed

*Reprinted from PAGEANT by special permission

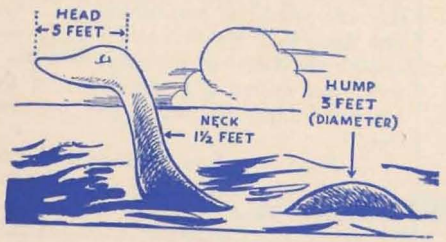
OFF the bulging west coast of Africa, 16 men are on the first leg of a two-year deep-sea expedition that will take them 60,000 nautical miles around the world. Using the longest line ever cast—fully 50,000 feet — they are fishing deeper than man has ever fished before. Their quarry: a Great Sea Serpent, 100 feet long, famed and feared for centuries in the tales of seamen.

To the 16 men aboard the 1,300 ton *Galathea*, which sailed out of Copenhagen, Denmark, recently, the Great Sea Serpent is a monstrous question mark in human knowledge, mysterious and elusive — but real. And they should know, for these men are scientists, top experts on zoology and marine life drawn from the leading universities of the world, veterans of other notable oceanographic expeditions, who are convinced that the Great Sea Serpent exists.

The Great Sea Serpent first lured Dr. Anton Bruun, 49-year-old member of the staff of the University of Copenhagen's Zoological Museum and scientific leader of the *Galathea* expedition, to the hunt some 20 years ago, when evidence began mounting that the sea still hid living fossils which roamed the water at unknown depths. For almost 10 years, and despite the Nazi occupation of Denmark during World War II, Dr. Brunn and his colleagues worked to ready this expedition whose scientific impact promises to be so great that it has been underwritten by the Danish government and private contributors for a half million dollars.

What is the Great Sea Serpent? Why do these scientists believe it exists? Where do they hope to find it? Why hasn't it been caught before? Is it fact, fancy or hoax?

The answers to these questions are shrouded in mysteries as deep and as unexplored as the sea itself. For the truth is that the deep sea is the last of the unexplored regions of the earth. Two-thirds of the earth's surface is sea, with an average depth of about 12,000 feet, but half the sea has even greater depths than that. The lowest known point on our planet is in the Cape Johnson Deep, off the east coast of the Philippines. It is 34,400 feet.



Although there have been numerous deep-sea expeditions before, none has ever even approached these great depths. The record (previously held by William Beebe and his "bathysphere") was established last year by Otis Barton, Boston scientist, inside his "benthoscope" — a cable-attached, 57-inch steel ball weighing 7,000 pounds. He went down 4,500 feet in the Pacific off California.

Sea serpents and other strange monsters of the deep figure so frequently in the legends of many countries that they've all been regarded as mythical, but enough reports have come from trustworthy sources to make scientists take heed.

More than 25 credible reports have been made of sea serpents, placing them off Scandinavia, the British Isles, the eastern coast of North America and Brazil. Generally scientists attribute these reports to incorrect observations of animals already well known, errors made either because of abnormal visual conditions or the ignorance of the observers.

Dr. Bruun himself blames "incorrect observations" for the reports of the most famous of modern sea monsters, the "Loch Ness monster" of North Scotland, which has made newspaper copy since 1933. The fresh waters of Loch Ness, a 22-mile long, narrow lake, is no place for a deep-sea monster, he says, for it would perish there. If some large animal did make the difficult access to the loch from the sea, then it could only be an air-breathing animal, such as a large walrus or a grey seal.

Scientists admit that there still remain a number of independent and apparently credible stories for which the only explanation appears to be that plesiosaurs or some other huge marine reptiles—thought to be extinct for millions of years—continue to exist.

One of these stories is the report of the sea serpent seen from the yacht *Valhalla* off Parahiba, Brazil, in 1905, on a cruise devoted to scientific research, and her sea monster was observed by two very competent witnesses, one the expedition's naturalist, the other its entomologist, and both fellows of the Zoological Society of London.

The monster they saw through powerful field glasses had "a long eel-like neck surmounted by a head, shaped somewhat like a turtle . . . The neck appeared about the thickness of a slight man's body, and from seven to eight feet was out of the water; head and neck were all about the same thickness. The color of the head and neck was dark brown above and whitish below. The depth of the water where we saw it was about 1,800 feet."

Dr. Brunn, himself, was eye-witness to the clinching piece of evidence, an incontrovertible clue that fits in with the *Valhalla* observations and leads him to believe that the Great Sea Serpent is a gigantic eel. In 1930, a round-the-world Marine Investigation Expedition of which he was a member fished up a giant eel larva over six feet long off the Cape of Good Hope and from such deep waters that it was dead on arrival at the surface. No eel larva approaching it in size had been found anywhere in the world before. An ordinary eel larva measures only two to four inches and grows in maturity to about three feet. Had the Cape of Good Hope giant larva continued to grow in like proportion, it would have reached a length of 80 to 100 feet.

Still more evidence that the deep-sea continues to hide fabulous secrets of the prehistoric past has been unveiled in recent years. In December, 1939, trawlers off East London, South Africa, hauled up half-a-ton of red fish and a ton-and-a-half of sharks. In the flapping conglomeration was a living fish the like of which they had never seen before. It was a fine steely blue, five feet long and weighed 127 pounds.

That this discovery was of sensational importance was testified by Dr. J. L. B. Smith, an ichthyologist from Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, and Dr. Errol I. White, of the British Museum's department of geology.

Theoretically, the strange fish was extinct. The dinosaurs were on the way to extinction when this fish was in its heyday 50 to 100 million years ago, during the Cretaceous Age.

Shark hooks, trawls and nets are being dropped at the end of the *Galathea's* 50,000-foot-long steel hawser, and a giant deep-freeze chamber aboard ship is ready to house and preserve the Great Sea Serpent if it is caught.

The possibility of bring the Great Sea Serpent back alive is another question facing the expedition, though it's generally regarded as unlikely. If the serpent has a swim bladder, it will probably burst when the pressure is diminished, and if it has none, the change from the just-above-freezing temperature in the perpetual darkness below to the tropical heat at the surface will, in most cases, be enough to kill the monster.

But graver problems—even perils—face the *Galathea's* scientists, for a 100-foot-long sea serpent caught on their line is bound to give them a fierce battle, and it will be a long and arduous fight lasting for hours, because the winch that pulls up the *Galathea's* more-than-nine-mile-long steel hawser operates at a speed of less than a mile an hour.

Why hasn't the Great Sea Serpent ever been caught before? Scientists say one rarely comes to the surface, and when it dies, it sinks to the hitherto impenetrable depths. But there's an even simpler answer: No one has ever tried to trap the monster. That is, not until the *Galathea* expedition.

WINNERS ANNOUNCED IN SEAMEN'S ART CONTEST

Winners in the annual Marine painting contest, sponsored by the Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine, Seamen's Institute of New York, were announced on June 1 when a luncheon was given for the judges at 25 South Street.

This year, Martin Stein, Purser, was awarded first prize for his oil, entitled "Long Beach." Second winner was Steward Carlos Cofferat for his "Fishing Fleet," and third award went to Otto Rasmussen for his "Heave To." James Whitehouse, Engineer, received Honorable Mention.

The judges were Gordon Grant, John Noble, Arthur Guptill and Clifford D. Mallory, Jr.

Drawing by Phil May

CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR MEN OF THE MERCHANT MARINE

ONE day nearer Christmas" on the annual Central Council letters has come to mean time for Christmas ACTION! Time again to make ready at least 5,000 Christmas Boxes to be distributed by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to seamen who will be ashore or at sea on Christmas Day. We bring our need to your attention in July so that our thousands of generous friends all over the country may help in our advance planning. Sufficient funds are needed to purchase ahead of time the thousands of articles which make up the uniform contents of the gift packages. Some of the items used last year were sewing kits, ties, address books, games, candy, cigarettes and other useful things. These are bought during the summer months, and by purchasing in quantity a saving is made. Due to the fact that the Central Council can obtain wholesale prices because of such quantity buying, the completed box is of much greater value than if the articles were purchased by individuals. Knitted garments are stored up during the year and one is included in each package.

A donation of $3.50 will cover the cost of sending a Christmas Box to a merchant seaman. Donors may include, if they care to, Christmas cards with their names and addresses. Each year hundreds of "Thank You" letters from seamen wend their way back to the givers who inscribe their names on the cards.

Distribution last year included 1,574 boxes to seamen in hospitals, 1,630 aboard ships for crews who would be at sea on December 25th, and 1,000 to men ashore stopping at the Institute for the holiday. The remainder went to individual seamen away from home.

For those old friends—or any new ones — who prefer to fill the boxes themselves, the Central Council will be glad to furnish cartons on request. The finished packed boxes must be uniform in size (8" x 11") and should be in this office not later than December 1st. A small donation of 25c will cover the cost of carton and mailing charge. Boxes for filling are available now.

Mrs. Rebekah S. Shipler, Executive Secretary of the Central Council of Associations, says that "the Christmas Room where the 5,000 boxes are wrapped and packed by the volunteer women from all over the metropolitan area will be opened on October 9th. Last year 78 women gave 2,080 hours to complete the great task. Work goes on from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Monday through Friday, and this year we plan to pack one evening out of each week.

The seaman's life, in spite of better conditions, is a lonely one, and doubly so for those who have no families. "You have renewed in me the spirit of Christmas," one old salt wrote, and another—"I have not had a gift for so long that I got out of the habit of even thinking of Christmas." And still another, a young seaman this time, "Again, thank you, not only for the material value of the gift but especially for that indescribable something which accompanied it, the far reaching effects of which are inestimable." It was our thought as we read this last letter that this man could have purchased for himself the contents of the box, but very obviously, the *giving* of them to him had provided him with a greater gift, that of faith in human beings, a knowledge that someone he did not even know cared about his well being.

The Story of Sailors' Snug Harbor*

Editor's note: People are always confusing the Seamen's Church Institute of New York with Sailors' Snug Harbor. There is no connection. This Institute is for *active* seamen. Our Social Service Department often helps elderly seamen collect credentials and records of their seafaring experience to qualify them for Snug Harbor.

AMONG the little-known accomplishments of versatile Alexander Hamilton was the preparation for one of his clients of a Will so invincible that 30 years of subsequent litigation failed to disturb the munificent intent of its maker. As a result, some 9,000 sea dogs have since spent their declining years in what is probably the most comfortable "Home" in the world.

The Home is called Sailors' Snug Harbor, and it was founded by Captain Robert Richard Randall, son and heir of an eminently successful privateer of the middle 1700's who had prudently invested his considerable takings in Manhattan real estate. The much-contested Will which Mr. Hamilton drew for Robert Randall directed that the income from the estate be used to build and maintain in perpetuity a Home for "aged, decrepit and worn-out sailors." He named as trustees of the estate the Chancellor of New York State, the President of the Chamber of Commerce of New York State, the Mayor and Recorder of New York City, the President and Vice-President of the Marine Society of New York, the senior Minister of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches in New York City, "and their respective successors in the said offices." The estate consisted chiefly of a 21-acre farm occupying a site now roughly bounded by Fourth and Fifth Avenues, Waverly Place to Tenth Street — a sizable chunk of Manhattan Island which can only be leased by the trustees, never sold.

Staten Island Selected

Captain Randall died in 1801, but the long drawn out litigation delayed even the selection of a site for the Home until 1830, when the United States Supreme Court removed all doubt concerning the validity of the Will. Then the trustees, realizing that building the Home on the original farm site (as the Will had stipulated) would deprive it of considerable revenue in a skyrocketing real estate market, successfully petitioned the Legislature to let them choose another location. Finally, in 1831, they bought 130 acres—subsequently increased to 190 — on wind-swept, salty Staten Island, and in October of that year laid the cornerstone of the Administration Building. The building was opened in 1833 to admit the first 50 mariners, all over 65 years of age.

The Harbor Today

Today Sailors' Snug Harbor consists of more than 50 buildings, including 9 dormitories, 2 hospitals, the original Administration Building, two churches (one of which is a 1/16-scale replica of St. Paul's Cathedral in London), the Governor's House, and various other buildings and residences, all of which stand on about 60 beautifully landscaped areas. The remainder of the property (now comprising about 40 acres) is devoted to farm and garden purposes, the products of which are used entirely within the Harbor. The administration and dormitory buildings, including two cafeterias, are all connected with corridors so that the mariners can get around without going outside in squally weather.

(*Continued on page 8*)

**Reprinted from "CARGOES," Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.*

(*Continued from page 7*)

The 400 old-timers now living at the Harbor are surrounded by comforts to which few of them could have been accustomed in their seafaring days. The bedrooms, sleeping one or two, are large and light; the blue flannel uniforms are made to measure; tobacco is on the house; recreation rooms provide ample facilities for pool, cards, radio entertainment and reading; movies are shown at least twice a week, and there are work rooms where they may build and rig ship models, devote themselves to scrimshaw or just whittle to their heart's content.

Spare Money Jobs

Many of the occupants have pensions, ranging from $5 to $30 a month and occasionally more, but for those with no income there are plenty of small jobs to earn them money for private luxuries or occasional trips to New York. They can mow or rake the Harbor's spacious lawns, count laundry, help keep the buildings scrupulously clean, tend the telephone, shine brass or conduct visitors on an extensive and usually voluble tour of the establishment. If mariners want to visit the "outside world," they have only to obtain a pass and tell the powers-that-be where they're going. Usually these vacations are without incident and they return to home port none the worse for wear.

"I remember"

But life at Sailors' Snug Harbor isn't all clear sailing. Let one youngster in his 60's start talking the virtues of steam to an old salt who has spent his life under canvas, and canes start flying; let a trans-ocean mariner tell a coastwise sailor that "you ain't been where there's enough deep water to catch a codfish," and decks are swiftly cleared for action; or let a gust of wind capsize the homemade, miniature vessel a superannuated mariner may be sailing on the Harbor's artificial lake, and taunts are hurled by every bench superintendent in sight.

Off to the Races

The Home has a wheelchair brigade of some dozen mariners, for over 20% of the Harbor's present occupants are hospitalized. Life for these oldsters is perhaps a little harder than for their contemporaries, because they can't stroll down to the banks of the Kill van Kull to watch the cargo vessels sail into New York Harbor, or indulge in many other pastimes that help to reconcile a seafaring man to an uneventful old age. For the most part they just sit, thinking of the past and wondering how near it is to mealtime; or they sleep for hours at a stretch in the cheerful, sun-filled wards. But life has its brighter moments for them, too, as any visitor can attest who has witnessed them racing each other wheel to wheel down the corridors as the sidelines cheer. And then there's old Captain Tormey, 99, whose fiddle playing is at once the delight and despair of his ward companions. "Some of the boys wanted his fiddlin' stopped a while ago because they couldn't sleep," one of them declared, "but the Governor said 'no'. Guess he figures old Denny's got a right to enjoy himself." The venerable Captain, who spurns a wheelchair—"I'd be *crippled* if I'd followed the doctor's advice and took to one of those contraptions two years ago when I stopped waiting on table"—stands straight as a mast, has clear blue eyes, and is already looking forward to a birthday party that's being planned for him.

(*Continued on page 9*)

Requirements for admission to Sailors' Snug Harbor are lenient. Applicants must be "decrepit and worn-out" in the service of the sea; they must be at least 65 years old (although exceptions are made in cases of disability); they must have served at least 5 years under the American flag if native born, or 10 years if foreign born; and they must be mentally and physically acceptable and of satisfactory character. Whether the applicant served under sail or steam makes no difference, unless he was a member of the steward's department, in which case he must have served under sail (for on steamships, cooks, stewards and waiters are only technically members of the crew). All applications come before the trustees.

Nautical Atmosphere Maintained

When a mariner is admitted he's immediately given the courtesy title of "Captain," whether he was a captain or stoker at sea, and is assigned to the hospital for a ten-day check-up. After he leaves the hospital he finds that the Harbor has done everything it can to maintain a nautical atmosphere so that he'll feel as much "at home" as possible. He's addressed as Captain wherever he goes in his made-to-measure uniform. The halls and recreation rooms are full of marine paintings. Ship models abound. Time is struck on a ship's bell. The vocabulary of the sea is mingled harmoniously with the less salty terms of a landlubber.

He also finds that most of the mariners already know he's in port, for word spreads quickly that "there's another old windjammer aboard"; but after a little verbal sparring he's comparing ports, "remembering when," and swapping tall tales with the best of them, as snug as a sailor in Sailors' Snug Harbor.

A PARSON'S SLIM POCKETBOOK

To: Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

There is something about the invitation to give to your Institution that presents a real appeal. My gift of one dollar does not express my interest, but my wife is a victim of multiple sclerosis, and we have to have help all the time. Then we try to be among the top givers of our church for it is needed. Furthermore, I am Red Cross Chairman, a Boy Scouter, a member of Rotary (my cheer-leading pays for my lunches), a contributor to Health Seals, Mental Hygiene, ARMSS, Salvation Army, etc., etc. There are other objects, of course, as we all have: Colgate, my Alma Mater, Kappa Delta Rho, my Fraternity. And I have to drive a car, of course. Thus I can give no more than the one; but that I give gladly. Seamen's needs make a great appeal. Why? Some of the reasons are these.

I have a vivid imagination and I can never forget the hazards of Merchant Marine service, without which we could not have had the "bridge of ships." Second, living on a freighter — *Salavati* of Dutch East Indies Line—for 18 days showed me what a life on the ocean wave is really like. Have any of your men ever shipped on the *Salavati?* I was on her in 1934 from New York to Port Said. A captain of a freighter lives in our community a part of each year. And our daughter is the wife of a "Navy man" who was on the second *Lexington* for many months. And I've always been thrilled by tales of the men who go down to the sea in ships. I found the stories in a booklet you sent fascinating.

I hope that the time I've used for this won't be too poorly invested. I just felt like chatting with you to let you know how much "your men" mean to me although I've never met any of them. I have sent in some names before. I hope some have responded. May God bless you and your colleagues and the men from the seven seas.

Sincerely yours,

REV. J—B. F—

Drawing by Armstrong Sperry

Dot Draughtsman

By Bertram Goodman

EDITOR'S NOTE: Since November 1950 a class in painting and drawing has been held each Friday afternoon in the Seamen's Lounge. Bertram Goodman, well known artist, is the instructor. Both seamen and S.C.I. employees attend.

THIS group has its regulars, men who have hardly missed a lesson since joining, Jimmy Shea for instance, self taught until joining the Seamen's class; he brings to drawing and painting a line quality of considerable beauty and feeling. His work in both media was awarded several prizes at the recent painting exhibition held in the Janet Roper Room at the Institute. He most certainly will produce fine paintings in the coming years.

Egbert Bravo, also a regular at the class with no previous training prior to joining us, his recent work has shown rapid progress, resulting in several line drawings in black and white very well designed; also a water-color landscape well composed with glowing color. Egbert won a prize at the recent painting exhibition in the Janet Roper Room.

Then there is James Frost, a real "ancient mariner" who sailed around the world in wooden ships; today he is hale and hearty and loves to reminisce about the early days of sailing. At the Institute almost every Friday at class time, he frequently accepts a pad and pencil to render sensitive little drawings of still lifes, consisting of plaster horses, figurines or some exotic object brought back by a seaman from a far port.

One day a youngster, about eighteen, blond and wearing dungarees, asked for some instruction in painting and drawing water and skies, said he knew all about doing ships, didn't need any help there. I gave him a pad and pencil and he covered the first white sheet with dots. He then connected the dots with lines, added some shading to all of this in about twenty minutes and I was handed a well drawn clipper ship in perspective, with full rigging. This boy could really draw and though without previous lessons, could visualize three dimensionally. He acquired his knowledge of boats by making ships' models from blueprints. With this method plus an intuitive feeling for drawing, he could reproduce craft in any position. This he demonstrated for me by rendering the same clipper ship in a bow view using the same "dot" method. His subsequent treatment of water and skies was not complete, not of the quality of his ship drawing. My suggestions to him: while at sea, sketch waves constantly, also skies, serene, stormy, cloudy, acquire the same knowledge of them. The competent treatment of these would eventually follow.

Drawing by Bertram Goodman

We take this occasion to thank the individual contributors who, through the sales deduction plan at Lewis and Conger, Housewares, Sixth Avenue at 45th Street, designated that 10% of their individual purchases be allocated to Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Book Reviews

NORTH ATLANTIC

By Adlard Coles

W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1951, $3.50

Adlard Coles, owner and skipper of the winning *Cohoe* in the North Atlantic race from Bermuda to Plymouth, England, tells the story of the adventures of the three boats, *Mokoia*, 40 ft., *Samuel Pepys*, 31 ft., and *Cohoe* lengthened to 35 ft. by the addition of a false bow. It is a lively, chatty account of the little incidents of getting the boats aboard the cargo liner, *Araby*, in London, of the work done on the boats en route and the story of the cruise from Bermuda to Newport, Rhode Island, of the Bermuda race and of the trans-Atlantic race of 1950. It is a yacht lover's story with much interesting detail and valuable advice for ocean-going yachtsmen, especially of the small yacht class. WILLIAM L. MILLER

THE WHEEL'S KICK AND THE WIND'S SONG

By Capt. A. G. Course

Percival Marshall, London, 1950, 18s. net

Around the square-rigged sailing ships of wood and of steel that sailed under the house flag of John Stewart & Co. of London during the last years of the windjammers Captain Course has written an arresting true-story of the sturdy ships and hardy men that carried the British flag of commerce to all parts of the world. The stories are the raw material of which tales of the sea of all ages have been made. There is the yarn of the "kidnapping" of the constable who came aboard the *Peru* in Wellington harbor to arrest the cook; the story of the Tin Can Mail of volcanic Niuafo'au Island; the mirage in Boston harbor; the mutiny at the iceberg, to mention just a few to show the variety of the experiences these men and ships met in the course of their many years of sailing. This, with the vivid and technically accurate description of the details of model and rig of the various ships make the book a treasury of ship lore for the historian as well as for the lovers of sea tales for their own sake.

W. L. M.

Are you watching your 1951 *TAX DEDUCTIONS? A contribution to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK may save you money! Your Uncle Sam approves this method of tax dodging!*

GLENCANNON MEETS TUGBOAT ANNIE

By Guy Kilpatrick and Norman Reilly Raine

Harper and Brothers, New York, $2.50

Just as the *S.S. Inchcliffe Castle* was approaching port and Captain Ball was telling his officers at the table about the fine contract Houghton & Willis, agents for the ship, were about to close for her, the tail-shaft broke and the ship wallowed dangerously in the rising seas. If this had not happened the *Salamander* would never have been called to tow her into port and Chief Engineer Colin Glencannon and Tugboat Annie never would have met and the story of the hard drinking, vituperative, rough-and-tumble rascality of these two working together to keep the ship out of the hands of Bullwinkle and McArdle would not have been told in this book. Saturday Evening Post readers are familiar with the physical and verbal stunts of these two. For the new reader there is the chance of an amusing two hours of reading if he does not take the preposterous situations too seriously. Good slapstick fun by writers with a real knowledge of their stuff.

W. L. M.

THE LAW AND CUSTOM OF THE SEA

By H. A. Smith

Published under the auspices of the London Institute of World Affairs

Fred'k A. Praeger, Inc., New York, 1950, $3.25

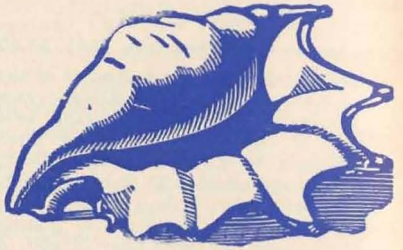
This is not a book for "sea lawyers." It is a broad and informing 200-page discussion of the background and scope of present day maritime law and of the many immediate problems that ships' officers, and, to some extent, seamen have to meet, whether in the merchant marine or the naval forces. The book makes a human rather than a legalistic approach to these problems, making it possible for the officer or seaman to act to the best of his ability in a common sense manner and leaving the legalistic aspects of his conduct to be settled later. The book is divided into two parts: Peace and War. Such topics as Internal Waters, Territorial Waters, High Seas, piracy, self defense, hot pursuit, submarine cables, shellfish beds, coastal fisheries, crime on ship and many others are discussed. The fact that international maritime law is still in a very fluid state seems to make it more important that sea problems should be met as they arise, not in a dogmatic but in a common sense manner. The writer, himself an authority of maritime law, has been widely praised by other experts for his work in this field.

W. L. M.

THE SEA SHELL

If still this handbell ring,
Tolling love's sorrow to the inward ear
Like sadness of assembled seas
On a most private shore; if still a fear
Hide down those seas, and conscience waking sing
Across the flood, a swarm of hiveless bees,
If still within this furled
Device (all clamors sealed all winds lagooned
Like secrets lulled) the impounded swell
Ring seabells to a numinous thunder tuned,
Thunder may answer a dissolving world,
Delivered seas tread this enameled shell.

ROSAMOND HAAS
Reprinted from Voices



Woodcut by Freda Bone

LEST WE FORGET

In Convoy — 1942

The sea is black and the sky is grey,
The wind chaws hard in an icy way,
And here I hang to the pitching rail,
While death, out yonder, rides the gale.
A flash of thunder off starboard bow,
As that poor freighter gets it now,
Her "ammo" goes with a crimson light,
With never even a chance to fight.
The escorts are ready and set up a din,
And my body is shaking as we begin,
Then we heel and wheel on a zigzag course,
Trying to dodge an invisible force.
From out of the East comes an angry roar,
There are fighters and bombers by the score,
The gun crews hurry to throw up their stuff,
But the Jerries get through, and it's really rough.
We're sinking too fast to make for the boats,
So, it's over the side, with fear in our throats,
The water is cold in a breathless way,
As down goes our ship—it wasn't her day.
The convoy is fighting its way to the North,
No time for a sailor in this briny broth.
My body's so numb I can't even cry,
So, please save me, Lord, I don't want to die.

FREDERICK MEYER
(former Purser)

Drawing by Alexander Barry

SEA LURE

Restlessly, he tilts his head as if listening
To a song of swelling sails and wind in the traces;
Of foreign quays, distant stars glistening;
As if he smelled tar and gypsum in far places,
Felt blazing sun, saw flashing meteor,
Knew reeling sky tumbling with cloud faces,
Foaming fog and sea without a shore.
Never shall she (though softer than a dove)
Bind him with china, silver, silk sheets or
Infatuate him with dreams of placid love,
Or with solemn rites pronounced in churches.
Though enchanted, he will not be chained.
Above,
Salt winds lure beyond these bending birches.
He will not stay; the witch's spell is vain;
His feet will hanker for a floor that lurches.
Some night of lightning arrows quenched in rain
He will be off, not to return again.

KATHERINE GORMAN
Reprinted from Florida Magazine of Verse

THE SCHOOL OF JOSEPH CONRAD

By Daniel Henderson

Land born, and bidden to prepare
For Polish life with Russian rule,
This free heart followed a far voice—
A ship bell's call to school.
Pilot's apprentice, given to cruise
Close-reefed in misty blowing weather,
He kept the watch beyond Marseilles
For a ship's sail or her smoke feather.
He chose a moonbeam for his track,
But came to many a humdrum scene
As glamor changed to service in
The ranging French Marine.
Then Britain and her Red Ensign . . .
A servant to a cargo hoist;
But in the watches of the night
He looked up and rejoiced,
Watching the fullness of the moon
Pour sequins on the blackened deep;
Beholding Lord God's testament
Gold-leaved across the ocean's sweep,
And seeing Him in His dark power
Wrestle with the unyielding crew
That brings through hurricane and fog
The good ship to her rendezvous.
So Joseph Conrad sought the sea,
Studied her calm, tempestuous page,
And came home her interpreter
For every man, for every age.

DEFEAT

By Aaron B. Miller

I stood one day on a rock on shore and watched the ocean advancing.
Told ranks, all emerald, rolling to doom, drummed to a hurtling crowd,
To be smashed in a crisis of white water-rage, liquid shrapnel glancing,
Spat in contempt from the arrogant coast, massed cragline, adamant, proud.
And the eddies, they wailed a wail of defeat, ebbing the while as they sobbed;
And passed in their wane another tide, upsurging to shore, hell-sped,
Disdaining the nerveless undertow that whimpered of woe ahead,
For its battle was new,
and its strength witha madness throbbed.

Figurehead of JOSEPH CONRAD carved of Burmese haldu wood by the Australian sculptress, Dora Clarke. This figurehead is in the CONRAD LIBRARY on the 3rd floor of the Institute.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

What day would you like to write indelibly on the face of time? What particular day in your life or in the life of your family would you like to perpetuate — by doing for others, in the name of a loved one?

For example, a dear mother's or father's birthday —
a first grandson's birthday.

A legacy of $9,000, if invested by the Institute, at present interest rates, would produce an annual income to cover the cost (above what the seaman pays himself) of running the Institute for a complete day. Such a day would be designated every year as a memorial.

Four such days have already been named. Will you underwrite one of the remaining 361? *Give a Red Letter Day as a memorial.

"A little seed planted in THE LOOKOUT a year ago has borne fruit and we have come to get more information about endowing a RED LETTER DAY in memory of our son." These were the opening remarks of two Institute friends, from up-state New York, who were visiting "25 South Street" for the first time although they have generously supported our work for many years.

Their genuine and kindly philosophy of living and giving was a bright spot in our day and brought inspiration to those of us who had the pleasure of meeting them. "We wish more people would realize the satisfaction and joy there is in giving while they are alive and able to see the good their gifts accomplish," they continued, as they unfolded their July 1950 copy of THE LOOKOUT which carried the notice about ENDOWED RED LETTER DAYS.

"We think that friends of the Institute who sponsor 'current' RED LETTER DAYS should be given the opportunity to perpetuate their particular day before these specific dates are made available to others," they went on to say. We are heartily in accord with this, of course.

We report our talk with these kind friends because their interest and confidence bring, to all of us, renewed faith in the work we are doing for active merchant seamen of all nationalities and creeds. J. D.

*RED LETTER DAYS ALREADY PERPETUATED ARE:

January 25 ..... by endowment
February 11 ..... by legacy
July 28 ..... by legacy
October 25 ..... by legacy

For further particulars, please write to:

Jay Dennis, *Manager*, Ways and Means Department

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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