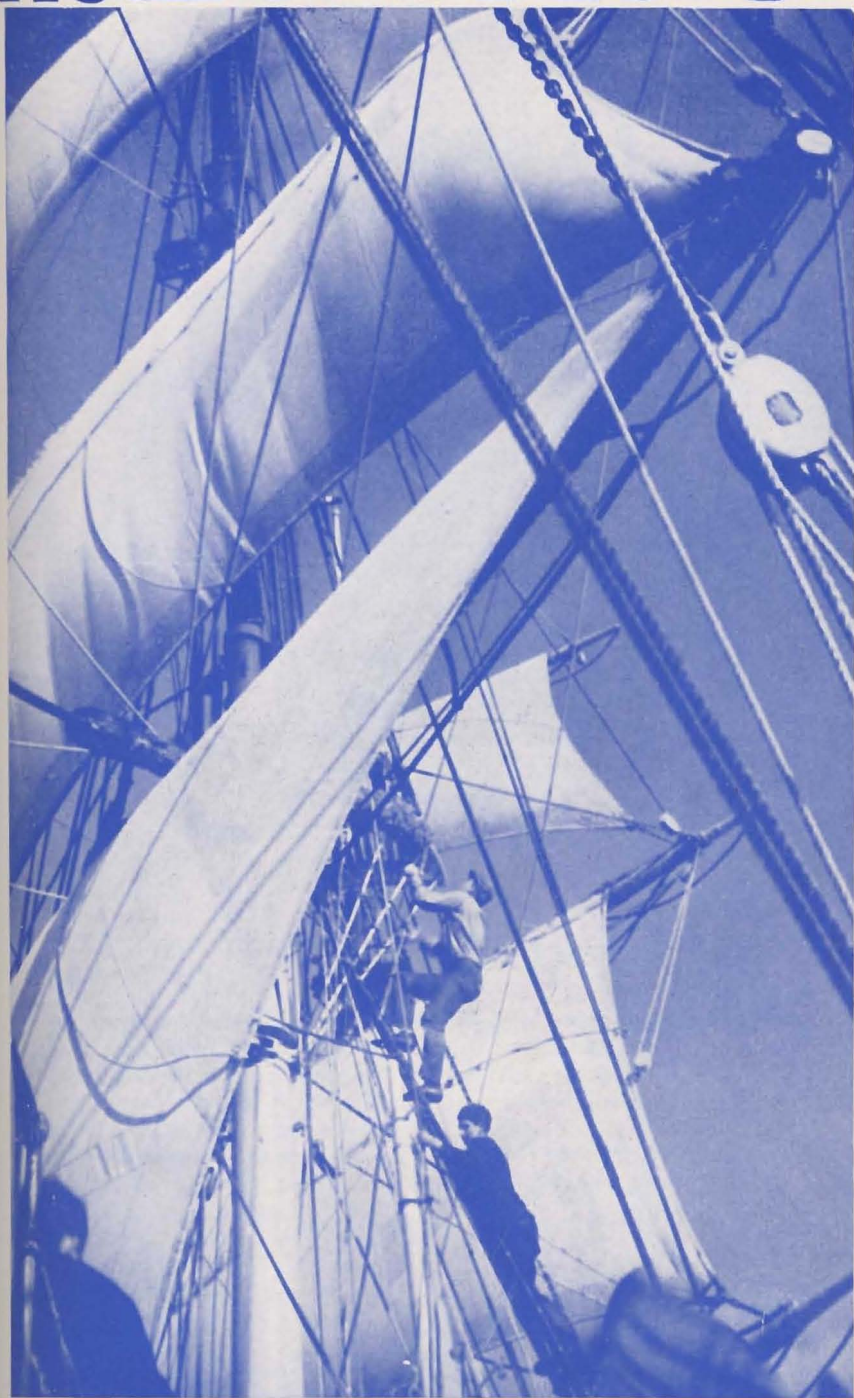


# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
VOL. XLI No. 2

February, 1949



## Sanctuary

Oh, Lord, Thy sea is so broad and my ship is so small.  
—Gloucester Fisherman's Prayer

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI, FEBRUARY 1949

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## REMEMBER — IN MARCH!

Do your shopping at Lewis & Conger's during the month of March and help the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. This store, at 45th Street and Avenue of the Americas (Sixth Ave.) will donate 10% of all purchases made providing the purchaser mentions the name of the Institute. Please tell your friends to do the same, and thus help to raise a substantial amount in this effortless way. So plan to buy that new broom, mattress, garden hose, set of china or whatever during MARCH.

## THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

Photo by Alan Villiers

Aloft in the rigging of the square rigger "Joseph Conrad"

# The Lookout

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## Meet Me at "25 South Street"!

By Wilfred Raglin, Merchant Seaman

ERIK JENSEN had come over to the United States with his father from Frederikshavn on the Jutland peninsula. His little brother "Freddie" wanted to be a fisherman, so he had remained in the care of an uncle who fished the North Sea for cod and flounders.

Erik finished high school in Bay City, Michigan, tried it for awhile on his father's farm, and then joined the Merchant Marine. After the war he decided to quit and go back to farming.

But he got itchy feet, finding it was not so easy to "swallow the anchor" as

staying ashore is called. Erik told his Dad, "Guess I'll go to New York and get a ship for Denmark." But shipping was not like during the war, and he was getting low on funds, restless, a bit disgusted as to how to spend his time. One of his buddies suggested he go over to the Danish Club, so Erik came to 25 South Street, showed his last discharge from a coastwise tanker to the clerk, was assigned to a room, asked at the information desk for the Danish Club.

There he registered, hardly looking at the other names, there being so many, got a sheet of writing paper from Mrs. Elsie Stoop (one of the four hostesses). He sat down to write a letter home, but he couldn't think of anything to say, so he sat staring at the fine mural of Kronborg Castle at the entrance to Copenhagen, which was painted by Boris Luban in 1945.



A group of Danish seamen enjoy a card game in their Club with its Kronborg Castle mural.

He was thinking of home and the story Mrs. Stoop had told him about the opening of the reading room in February, 1945, when Victor Borge, Danish comedian and piano player, opera singer Lauritz Melchior and movie actor, Jean Herscholt had also taken part. Actress Madeleine Carroll had talked to the boys, too.

Erik felt a tap on his shoulder. "Want to play a game of skak?"

Erik grinned and looked over his shoulder, saying "That's what we call chess over here. Well I'll be! You look enough like Freddie to be my brother!"

"Maybe I am," the other grinned. "the name is Frederick Jensen. Mister to you—I'm now a chief mate."

That's something like the way it happened, an incident that actually occurred at 25 South Street not long ago.





An instructor in the Institute's Merchant Marine School shows a Scandinavian seaman how to use a sextant.

The two reunited brothers, who hadn't seen each other in twenty years, looked over their club, one of four such for foreign seamen at the Institute. Here was a library of a thousand books, also newspapers and magazines in Danish.

The Danish pastor, Paul Baage, told them that he often visited ships in the harbor and showed some of the crews the sights of New York. On special holidays there would be banquets with Danish pastries and other goodies. There was plenty of room and lots to do—friends, music, coffee and pastry. What more could one ask, all furnished by the cooperation of the friends of Danish seamen, the shipping companies and the Government of their birth!

Erik and his brother found things of interest in the other clubs, too. Fred knew Pastor Olle Gnospelius of the Swedish Seamen's Reading Room, so they went there for a visit. Attractive Hostess Mrs. Ethel Larsen, of Swedish parents, told how the poet, Carl Sandburg, had helped in the dedication ceremony of that club November 18, 1947, along with Maxine Schier, pianist, and others. The youthful pastor offered to play Erik a game of ping pong, and beat him 21 to nothing. Discouraged at this triumph from a Swede, they turned to studying the fine painting of a ship at sea, "Marine," by Robert Lie, a Norwegian, which was a gift to the Swedish Welfare Fund by Mr. and Mrs. Sven Hulten.

In the Belgian Room, on the 2nd floor, Mrs. Stephani Waumens, a motherly hostess, offered the visitors some raisin bread and honey cake, which the folks back in Antwerp relish for Sunday morning breakfast. All of the clubrooms have "galley" of their own to fix little "snacks" like this for seamen, each to their individual liking.

In the Home for Netherlands Seamen, across the hall, they saw the colorful mural by Joep Nicholas, painted in 1940, showing the Dutch national struggle for independence, with the German Eagle attacking, the soldiers sick and the lion dying, Justice standing by, with the legend beneath (in Dutch) meaning "Soon the lion will rise again, and our country will be free." (Editor's note: A new mural will soon be painted in this Club.)

The room is decorated with genuine Delft china, a fireplace with copper kitchen ware, pictures, as well as a fine photograph of Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Juliana (now Queen). Both Royal Highnesses visited the Club. The gracious hostess, Mrs. G. Kleingele, Netherlands born, offers a visitor a cup of coffee. Mr. John Von Kampen is the manager. There are games and plenty of reading material in both languages, to make the seafaring Dutch feel at home.

The national headquarters of the Alumni association of the U. S. Marine Cadet Corps, known as the Kings Point Club, is on the second floor. In the Institute are also an Artists and Writers Club and Camera Club for seamen who write, paint, sketch, take photographs or compose music. This group is supervised by Marjorie Dent Candee, and Polly Weaver Beaton, respectively editor and associate editor of THE LOOKOUT, published monthly by the Institute. Next door to the Artists and Writers Club the Marine officers and Radio operators have a club of their own to relax in, chat and read.

Really fine facilities also exist for all seamen, 75% of whom are American citizens, such as the Janet Roper Room on the fourth floor which is named in memory of a wonderful woman who endeared herself to seamen as Mother Roper in her establishment of the "Port of Missing Men." This Missing Seamen's Bureau, founded in 1920, has reunited hundreds of families from which a beloved seaman was missing. During 1948, 330 of the men were found by Mrs. Shirley Wessel who now heads that department. She also supervises the volunteer hostesses for the various social programs.

For instance, a group of these faithful hostesses gather every afternoon in the Seamen's Lounge, adjacent to the large game room on the third floor, to play bridge and to serve coffee to the seamen, several sitting around each small table with a hostess. Young women volunteers dance, talk or play games with the seamen in the Janet Roper Room, which is open as late as eleven-thirty on dance nights. On the wall is an attractive mural by George and Mary Stonehill, an original painting by Frederick Waugh, in memory of Benjamin R. C. Low. Under the direction of Mrs. Lois Meldrum, a complete program for every day in the month is prepared, with such attractive

activities as "Home Night," "Song Fest," "Deep Sea Shark Fishing Movies," and "Music Night with Daisy Brown." Orchestras and entertainers of various types participate, many volunteering their time and talents, either in the Roper Club or in the large auditorium which is converted the last Saturday evening of each month into an attractive ballroom.

Mr. O. C. Frey heads the Special Services Division, which in addition to these activities already mentioned, recently started a hobby and crafts project, where sailor Jack can work on his favorite ship model, make articles of leather, fashion colorful rope and string items or learn some new craft, leaving unfinished articles for completion when he returns from sea.

Already a great portion of the building is given over to non-revenue activities, and many of the total staff of over 300 of the Institute are dedicated to special fields of service whose expenses are not taken care of by the nightly sale of 1400 beds at (75c to \$1.75). Seamen pay about 75% of the operating cost of the Institute, but the additional sum of \$150,000 is needed annually to maintain the free welfare, recreational, religious and educational services.

Seamen who cannot control their alcoholic consumption can visit the Alcoholics Advisory Bureau where they are not asked to reform but are encouraged to "take it easy," read a few books, have a cup of coffee and talk to friends, while relaxing in the fine lounge, and attend the Thursday night meetings. Here drunks from every walk of life swap yarns about their drinking bouts; past tense, of course, because "A.A.," by adopting the one-day-at-a-time schedule for sobriety has helped some very fine men to sober up permanently.

Mr. Trevor Barlow, who supervises recreation and entertainment, may usually be found in the huge Game Room on the 3rd floor, observing or participating in the many games like checkers, chess, cribbage, quoits, puzzles, bingo, etc. He has learned to play much better since he first came here in 1910. Born in Liverpool, he went to sea for sixteen years, and he was shipmate on the S.S. *Oceanic*, White Star Line, in 1900 with another one of the Institute's staff, the oldest in fact, Robert Brine, in charge of the Baggage Room in the basement. In this large room a seaman may check any piece of luggage for 10c for the first ten days, a penny a day thereafter, and he can take his baggage out to secure needed articles as many times as he wishes without additional charges. There are small clothes-changing rooms nearby where a sailor can change into clean clothes. Also, he can, if he wishes, use the main basement washroom for taking a shower, washing and drying his underclothes under the special blowers for the expenditure of 15c for towel

and soap. The laundry will do his clothes at reasonable rates, and the tailor shop will repair and dry-clean his suits, keeping the belongings of seamen up to a full year should they ship unexpectedly, which often happens on what is known as a "pierhead hump."

Of course there is a cafeteria, dining room, barber shop, bootblack, writing room, magazine stand, etc., but the ways in which these facilities, ranging from the ice machine producing twenty-nine hundred pounds of ice per day to the time-ball on the Titanic Tower on the roof, are geared to the specific needs of seamen is amazing and interesting.

Go, for instance, to the U. S. Post Office on the second floor. Here seamen, whether living in the building or not, may call for their mail which will be held one year. Private boxes are also available for longer periods, as well as the regular services of any post office. Approximately half a million pieces of mail per year are handled, which is equivalent to the postal business of a city of about 30,000 people.

If a sailor, as another example, is interested in the works of Joseph Conrad, who made a name for himself as a novelist and writer of sea life, he should visit the Library of 10,000 books which was named after this author in the dedication services May 24, 1935, at which Christopher Morley was the principal speaker. Approximately one-fifth of these books, many of them autographed by contempo-



Photo by Laurence D. Thornton  
The Institute's Assistant Director, Dr. Raymond S. Hall and a seaman find spots on the globe where all have visited.



rary marine authors, pertain to the sea or related subjects. A fine collection of technical books is also available. There are to be seen clipper ship models, interesting ships on paned glass windows, a carved figurehead of Conrad, and an original painting of the *Torrens* (Conrad's last ship) donated by the artist Charles Robert Patterson. Many free books can be obtained from Mrs. William Acheson or Miss Louise Noling, the librarians, to be read at sea. Nearly 25,000 books and 90,000 magazines are taken to the ships annually by the Institute's ship visitors, who also sell Travellers' cheques to the crews, protection against loss or robbery.

Convalescent and "broke" seamen find the Slop Chest handy. One wit was heard to say he had been following guys around all day trying to find a shirt his size, because all he could find in the free Slop Chest to fit him was pants. These clothes are usually used, but clean, and are often useful to fellows who have lost their gear or been ship-wrecked. Other special services include lost and found, writing letters or otherwise helping aged seadogs to be admitted to the Sailors' Snug Harbor (an endowed home on Staten Island for retired seafarers).

Injured and ill seamen are either treated by the Institute Dental or Medical Clinics or referred to the U. S. Marine Hospital on Staten Island, or other hospitals. In some cases money in small amounts is loaned until the fellow feels he can pay it back and "chits" for food and lodging are issued through the Credit Loan Bureau. No questions are asked about either

Union affiliations, politics, or religion, as the Institute follows a rigid policy of neutrality on all these points.

If a seaman about to ship out for the first time will call on friendly Mrs. Grafton Burke in her Central Council office on the third floor, he will not only receive a certain present, but he will witness a touching sight. Many women will be seen busily packing boxes for seamen. These boxes will be taken down to the ship by ships' visitors as Bon Voyage packages for extra long trips.

A letter is read:

"Dear Mrs. Burke: I am sending by parcel post one box of knitted garments — four sweaters and six scarfs. Also, for the Slop Chest — one seaman's jacket, and for the clinic a number of glasses and cases, and some detective or mystery stories which helped pack in the corners."

The writer lives at Hillsdale, Michigan, and mentions that one woman friend of 94 who loves to knit did one sweater and three scarfs for gifts to seamen. Another lady from New York City, who is 88, writes to offer to help in the shopping and sends a check for \$3.00 so that perhaps some boys have been made happier because I didn't forget." Another group of church ladies from Cambridge, Maryland, sent a package with an amusing letter. It seems that the chairman of their knitting committee is the oldest baseball fan in town, so the local club presented her with a pass for the entire season.

In 1947 three tons of wool were mailed out to church auxiliaries in amazing America, and were mailed back completed garments to the Institute so that some boy with the love of the sea and adventure in his veins would be sure to have on warm socks, gloves, sweater and cap when he stood a bow-watch on a cold winter night. Don't forget, this was done in peacetime, too, 11,104 garments in 1948! Boxes were packed for convalescent seamen, and clothing was sent to the Society for Seamen's Children on Staten Island. And don't get the idea they were only elderly women with the big hearts, for a lot of pretty young girls helped with the knitting, too.

Captain Alfred Morasso sailed in square-rigged ships from 1914 to 1917, and on steam vessels until 1922. Then he joined the Institute's staff to direct their Employment Bureau and later their Department of Education. So he is now helping the younger fellows get their licenses to become officers in the Merchant Marine. To get to be a third mate, for instance, an able seaman with three years' sea-time can take the elevator to the thirteenth floor and be registered in the Merchant Marine School by Mr. George Menz, (a former ship's radio operator with United Fruit Lines), and he can start classes right away. He will be sent to Captain Charles Umstead, the principal, who also teaches the deck work. He's a young-looking fellow with a moustache, who is quite an en-

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## Old Sea Mystery Still Unsolved

By George Tucker, Associated Press

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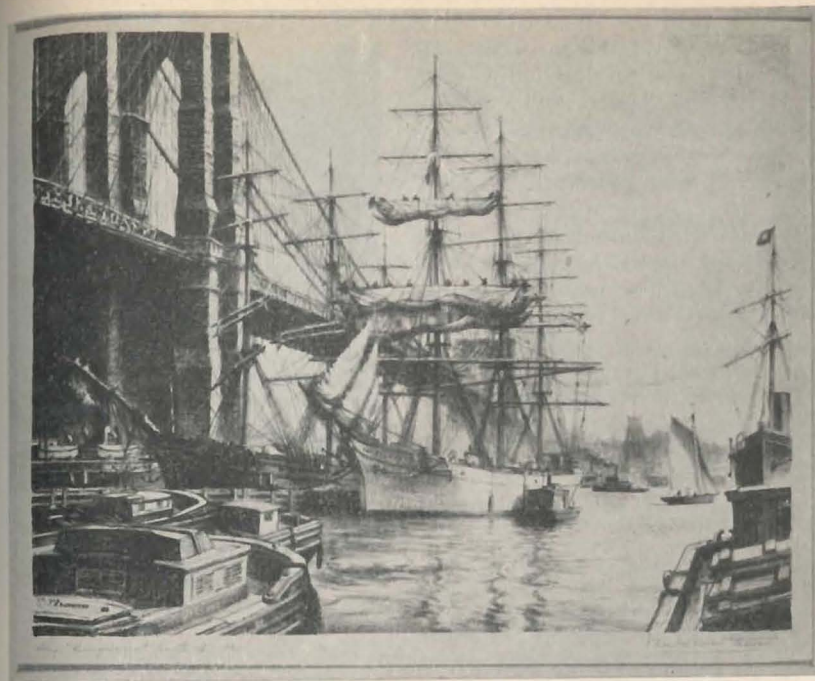


Bosun in his Fo'c'sle. Notice the pin-up cats on the bulkhead!

### "BOSUN" GETS SEA-FEVER AND RETURNS TO HIS OLD HAUNTS

Seamen's Church Institute of New York's mascot gets sea-fever and returns to his old haunts at Motor Boat Show.

Bosun, mascot at the Seamen's Church Institute, who "swallowed the anchor" last January after the Motor Boat Show and retired to live on a farm on Long Island, grew restless so his owner, Mrs. Christine Hartmann, decided the only way to assuage his acute attack of sea-fever was to let him visit his old ship-mates at the Seamen's Church Institute booth on the 4th floor at Grand Central Palace, so Bosun was on hand to welcome his friends.



Bohne Gallery

Copyright by Charles Robert Patterson

## The "Bangalore"

By Charles Robert Patterson, Marine Artist

THE illustration is from a lithograph which shows the *Bangalore* loading at a dock in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge; most of the cargo is on board and a gang of riggers are bending sail, getting her ready for sea. The year is 1898. The *Bangalore* was a full-rigged iron ship, 1890 tons register, and built by Richardson and Duck at Stockton, England in 1886 for G. Crashaw of London. She was built under special survey, under the supervision of Captain Roy Congdon, an American, who had sailed British ships owned by Mr. Crashaw. Much of the vessel's design was the result of Captain Congdon's long sea experience. The *Bangalore* was a lofty ship, crossing three skysail-yards and single topgallant sails, and her builders often said she was the finest product of their yard. She was built for the Calcutta trade and was considered

one of the smartest vessels in it. Her best day's run under Captain Congdon was 351 nautical miles.

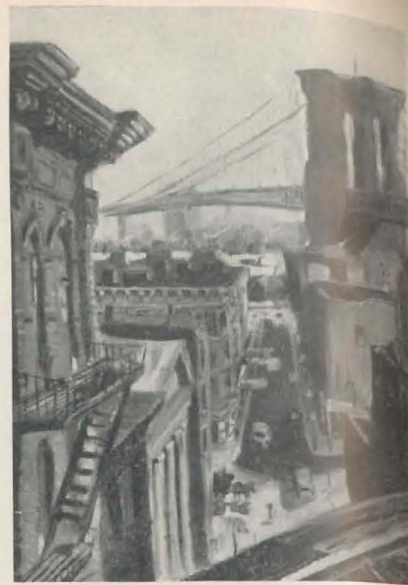
The *Bangalore* was rather a lucky ship for the most of her life; however, in 1896 she attracted attention by going ashore on Cape Henry, while nearing her destination on a passage from Calcutta to the Delaware Breakwater, and was abandoned by her crew. The Chesapeake pilots got her off, but in sailing her to Old Point Comfort, managed to put her ashore again.

Mr. Crashaw sold her to New York parties and she was placed under American registry. (Very few foreign-built ships were admitted to American registry.) Captain A. N. Blanchard took command, and after some years was succeeded by his brother, Captain P. B. Blanchard. Under his command the *Bangalore* made some fast runs and smart pas-



sages. Leaving the ship in 1908 to go in steam. Captain Blanchard turned her over to Captain Copley of Thomaston, Maine, and the *Bangalore* set out on what was fated to be her last voyage. She was last sighted to the southward of Cape Horn in company with the British ship *Falkland Bank* heading into a heavy snow squall. As neither vessel was ever heard of again it is firmly believed that the two vessels collided during the squall and went down with all hands.

Captain Blanchard who is in active business today in New York, (President Turner & Blanchard, Stevedore Corp.) remembers the *Bangalore* as his favorite of all the ships he commanded.



BROOKLYN BRIDGE  
from Chatham Square "L"  
Oil by Bernard Bovasso

(Winner First Prize, Marine Painting Contest sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.)

Artists find an inspiring subject in Brooklyn Bridge and the East River.

Here are views as interpreted by Gordon Grant and by Seaman Bernard Bovasso. See page 7 for Charles Robert Patterson's lithograph of the same subject.

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Watercolor by Gordon Grant

EAST RIVER

Courtesy, Grand Central Art Galleries

## Put a Ring Around Your **Red Letter Day**

THESE DAYS  
WERE  
RESERVED  
IN 1948

When there's an important date on your calendar, you put a ring around it. Here at the Seamen's Institute, we put a ring around 13 days in the year to indicate that these are **RED LETTER DAYS**.

These days are reserved on the Institute's calendar each year as memorials, anniversaries or tributes, given by generous and thoughtful friends.

**\$273.97** is the cost of reserving such a day, designating it as you wish. Your contribution pays for the services and facilities provided with-

out charge (the actual cost of one day's maintenance).

Will you select a Day and thus help the Institute maintain its health, welfare, religious, educational and recreational services to seafarers who come to the Port of New York aboard freighters, tankers and passenger vessels?

Red Letter Day contributions are tax-exempt. We hope you'll choose a day on our Calendar and help to brighten the lives of hundreds of seafarers who regard "25 South Street" as home and haven at journey's end.

Harry Forsyth, *Chairman*  
Ways and Means Committee

### THE FOLLOWING DAYS ARE NOT RESERVED

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mother's Day     | <input type="checkbox"/> Thanksgiving Day      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Columbus Day     | <input type="checkbox"/> Christmas Day         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Independence Day | <input type="checkbox"/> Washington's Birthday |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Flag Day         |  |

or  
**NAME YOUR  
OWN DAY**



## Meet Me at "25 South Street"!

Continued from Page 4

thusiasm for the sailboat racing types. Although he has been a Captain for only seven years; he was in the United States Coast Guard before that; his father was a captain for twenty years, and his grandfather owned several sailing vessels. Between him and Mr. Neil Emke, an accomplished mathematician, they make it pretty hard for any A.B. to escape the school without his "original third" license. Some very smart guys can take the navigation course in five weeks with enough information to pass the Coast Guard examination, but the average is closer to eight weeks. If he has a lot of spare time, the sailor might even take in a few lectures at the Sperry Radar School, which is conducted free for those interested by the Sperry Corporation at the same location. An engine man would get his special lectures on such things as boilers, engines, and turbines from the youngest instructor here, Chief Engineer Joseph Mahoney, who at 26 has his second issue license, good for both steam and Diesel. He also writes for the magazine, "Operating Engineer" about Diesels.

All the courses are taught five days a week, with some special work two nights a week. These courses are all conducted at very reasonable tuition rates, and the instructions given to men brushing up as A.B.'s, Bos'n's, and to High School boys is free. There is also instruction for upgrading to deck engineer, oiler, water-tender, and fireman, as well as short courses for junior engineers and small boat operators.

Of interest to visitors is the chart room in the highest ship's bridge in the world. From the roof a visitor can look over the stone eagles and bears along the roof's edge, to watch the big ships come up the East River into the docks of New York. He can also stand under the green beacon light, which can be seen six miles away, and is dedicated to the sinking of the Titanic, April 15, 1912.

A time ball on top drops accurately at noon every day. He can see a couple of radar scanners turning and, of course, some of the skyscrapers of lower New York don't look quite so formidable when you are up thirteen stories yourself.

If the visitor cares to go down into the large lobby on the first floor, he will see a gigantic mural of cargo ship operations during the Normandy invasion, that really looks alive. It can be seen how the sailors actually unloaded supplies from the Liberty Ships for the Army in ports where there were no docking facilities. Warships and air fleets make up the background. It was painted in 1947 by Edmund James Fitzgerald "in tribute to the men of the Merchant Marine, World War II, 1939-45. They make victory possible and were great without glory," and in memory of L. Gordon Hamersley, a member of the Institute's Board of Managers from 1913-1942.

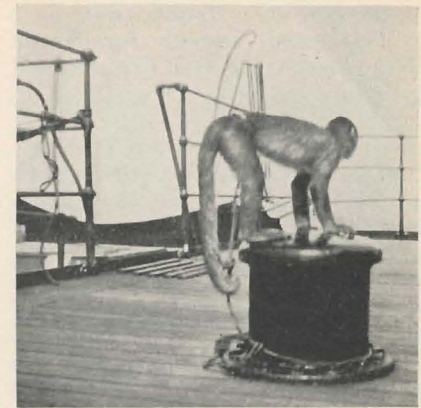
Walking over to the present Chapel of Our Saviour on the same floor one may sit for Litany and prayer for a short but fruitful fifteen minutes any noon time under the direction of one of the chaplains—Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Dr. James Healey or the Rev. John Evans.

Over the altar is the fine painting, "Eternal Sea," executed and presented by Gordon Grant. One feels drawn closer to the heart of this important religious work, the part of it which means, "It is Better To Give Than To Receive," along with many other thoughts. Certainly the building and work accomplished here today is a fitting memorial to Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, the fighting chaplain, who had the courage over fifty years ago to offer the seamen ashore clean lodging at low cost, a mailing address and studies to occupy their minds as part of his work of service at that small building at 34 Pike Street. Dr. Mansfield, Mr. Edmund Lincoln Baylies and their associates in building the Institute reflect some of the same power that shone about Christ walking on the water saying, "Be Of Good Cheer: It Is I, Be Not Afraid," to his frightened apostles who were in a boat. That historic scene is painted just outside the door of the Chapel of Our Saviour by Charles Caryl Coleman, and is given to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York by Allison V. Armour in remembrance of his long and sympathetic association with Dr. Mansfield.

## Monkey Shines

By way of "THE MAST" (U.S. Maritime Service publication) we heard two stories of monkeys who went amuck on shipboard . . . apparently disdaining the opportunity for sea careers.

**M**ONKEYS put bite on ship's officers! . . . It will be a long, long time before the officers of the SS Governor Houston, Waterman Line freighter, again go hunting in Africa for monkeys as souvenirs. Like to hear the entire story? Then gather around the scuttlebutt, lads, and we'll recount the story as set forth in a recent issue of *The Johannesburg Sunday Times*. As any seaman knows who has been to Durban, that South African port is famous for its monkeys. So when the 7,100-ton *Governor Houston* put in at Durban recently, several of the ship's officers decided it would be nice to take home as souvenirs a monkey with her young. Thus it was near the Blue Lagoon. Suppose we let Charley Wallace tell the story in his own words—from a Johannesburg hospital bed! "We went in a taxi to the edge of the jungle early one morning. Chief Mate Jimmy Haag, Chief Engineer Ed Hall and Chief Steward L. M. Price enlisted the aid of Charley Wallace, an African game hunter, and set out for the bush laden with bananas and peanuts," reflected Charley, somewhat ruefully. "We did not think of taking sticks or any other form of protection, because we thought the monkeys were tame. The monkeys crowded round for the fruit, and when they came near I grabbed a mother monkey with a young one clinging to her. Then hell broke loose in the bush. The mother monkey fought and screamed and wailed and, screeching with rage, the whole troop of simians bore down on us to the rescue. Although all four of us lashed out with our boots and fought with our arms as well as we could,



the animals closed in on us, jumping down from trees, biting and scratching. As I was determined not to release my hold on the mother monkey, their attack was centered on me, tearing pieces of flesh from my arms and hands. My three companions were bitten, too, in trying to ward off the onslaught. . . . By fighting a rear-guard action, shouting and kicking all the time, my friends managed to pull me out of the bush to the waiting taxi. . . ." Charley added that he had experienced many narrow escapes while hunting wild animals in Africa, but never had he experienced such a frightening ordeal as this. . . . At this point suppose we let Chief Mate Jimmy Haag continue with the story. "It was all for nothing, too," sighed the Chief Mate. "After leaving Mr. Wallace at the hospital we took the monkey and its baby onto the ship and placed it in the Chief Engineer's cabin. It ran amuck in the cabin and tore everything to shreds. When the door was opened it bolted out and ran all over the ship, barking and biting at everyone who approached. Several members of the crew were bitten and Captain Summers asked us to chase the animal off the ship. The whole crew spent two hours trying to shoo it down the gangway, but the animal became more infuriated at each attempt. Eventually it ran

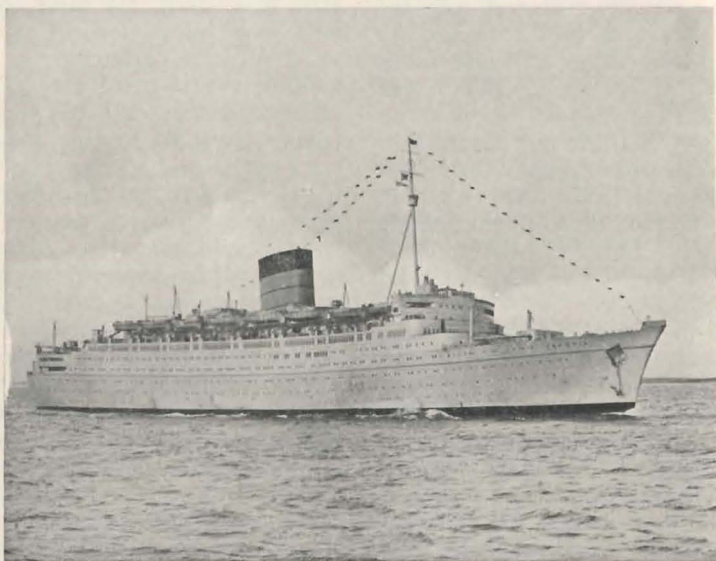


down a rope, to the shore, jumping the ratguard along the way." . . . It is rumored that the crew members of the *Governor Houston* now have a heightened respect for Frank Buck, Martin and Osa Johnson, and their ilk.

\* \* \*

Seemingly monkeys are very much in the news at this time. Here is another simian tale—but with a different twist. When Jose Reyes, AB, stepped ashore in San Francisco recently he had two mementos of his voyage aboard the *S.S. William Tilghman* to the Far East. One was a growth of whiskers that would have made the Smith brothers seem like pink-cheeked schoolboys by comparison, and the second was a pet monkey. Jose grew very fond of

his young animal friend, and the monkey was likewise very fond of Jose—as long as he grew his jungle beard. But back in San Francisco Jose decided to part with his spreading foliage. Little did Jose realize (as he hacked away at his beard) that with each stroke of the razor he was destroying a beautiful friendship. For the monkey disapproved. No longer could he snuggle up against Jose's whiskers and imagine himself back in the darkest jungles of Borneo. When Jose appeared minus his beard, the monkey took one look, screeched his disapproval, and vaulted from the room. That was the last Jose ever saw of his little animal friend. The parting of the whiskers evidently marked the parting of the ways so far as the monkey was concerned!



Cunard White Star's new 34,000-ton liner *Caronia* received the Port of New York's welcome when she arrived here on January 11th after a successful maiden voyage from England, commanded by Captain Donald W. Sorrell. There are many innovations aboard the 715 ft. long vessel, including her color scheme of four shades of pale green (chosen after technical and weather tests of ship's plates which withstood tropic sun and Atlantic Ocean cold); fluorescent lighting; Diesel motor launches; gravity davits; asbestos "overcoat" (hull insulated with asbestos spraying to keep out heat in summer and cold in winter); radiotelephone and radiotelegraph service even on lengthy cruises; oval funnel (in contrast with the old *Caronia's* tall, thin funnels); oil-fired boilers (instead of 13 coal-fired boilers in the 1904 *Caronia*) and many other improvements. Many of the officers and crew served on Cunard and White Star ships for many years.

## The Victor of a Hundred Gales

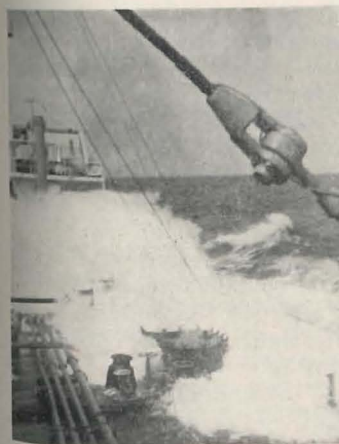
Pictures and Verse by Reginald R. Hill, Radio Operator



When darkened skies and surging seas  
Approach the track we beat,  
And Neptune tramps upon the deck  
With soggy, ponderous feet—



To thunder on, in mountains green  
Storming our castle in mighty wrath  
Tide-marking places he has been  
Conquering obstacles in his path—



There where the waters' angry fold  
Hauls at each taut stay  
To clamour on our well-wrought plates  
Then briskly run away;



Our ship, victorious over countless gales,  
Moves on in august dignity.  
Her strength a symbol, and her name  
The toast of those who go to sea.



## New Clue Offered on "Sir Galahad," Figurehead at Seamen's Institute

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### THE SET OF THE SAILS A Story of Life on the Seven Seas

By Alan Villiers

Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.75

*"There should still be a place for the sailing ship, in some form or other, while man must move his goods by sea and the ocean winds blow true."*

Those who read Alan Villiers' earlier books, "The Cruise of the Conrad," "Grain Race," "Sons of Sinbad," etc., will welcome this — his first new book in eight years.

This is his autobiography, beginning as a sailing-ship apprentice at the age of 15, aboard the *Rothsay Bay* and ending in 1946 when he returned as a Commander in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve with three years aboard LCI's.

He tells of his seafaring career in British, Scandinavian and Finnish square-riggers, in whalers and in Arabian dhows. His excellent photographs of his sea experiences complement his prose.

He regrets that the Cape Horn ships must go (only the four-masted barques *Passat* and *Viking* of Gustaf Erikson's famous fleet are left today). Villiers' credo is: Man is not yet so great that he has no need of the simple natural things, the gifts of God. Already, he points out, the mounting difficulties in the supply of fuel-oil and the enormous increase in the costs of powered vessels are causing some ship-owners to wonder whether they ought to reconsider their earlier decision, that the days of deepsea Sail were done. There are many trades, the seaman-author concludes, in which the sailing-ship could still play a useful part.

\* \* \* \*

The Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine, sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, welcomed Capt. Villiers to New York in January on the occasion of the publication of his new book, and gave a luncheon in his honor.

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*Sidney Sun Photo*

### SAILING-SHIP FLEET URGED FOR GERMANY

Alan Villiers Describes Plan  
At Seamen's Institute

As a possible means of reviving the sailing-ship era, Alan Villiers, author-seaman, suggested yesterday that Germans, forbidden to operate ocean-going steamships by the Potsdam agreement, be allowed to return to the high seas under sail.

German ingenuity plus the great strides made recently in understanding wind and sea currents might revolutionize sailing-ship design, he told a luncheon given in his honor at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street. Mr. Villiers, whose new book "The Set of the Sails," was published last week, arrived from England Monday on the *Queen Mary* for a lecture tour of the United States.

The future for sailing ships is dark, he added, noting that there are only five genuine Cape Horn-type square-riggers remaining, of which two are active.

The one bright spot on the sailing-ship horizon is the use of such craft as training ships. European countries alone have twenty-eight such vessels, evidence that the modern ship owners and navies realize that there remains much more to navigation than just "twiddling radar knobs."

—*New York Herald Tribune,*  
Thursday, January 13, 1949



## Are "Salt Winds" Salt?

EDITOR'S NOTE: The frequent reference of the poets to: "Salt Winds" has stirred up an interesting controversy. The following "open" letters refer to "Valediction" by Richard Peterson, Oiler, appearing in "The Lookout" for October, 1948. Mr. Wheeler is a member of the Board of Managers of the Institute.

Dear Mr. Peterson:

May I praise your descriptive words in "Valediction," but take issue on the expression "salty air?" Unless there is a spray (not fog) the air cannot be "salty." Salt does not evaporate — just the contrary. I suppose the air in mid-ocean is sweeter, freer from any alkaline content than anywhere on land. Salt has little, if any, odor. What is called "salt" air is generally a shore smell — seaweed and substances in various stages of decomposition.

You would be astonished at the number of distinguished poets and writers I have caught in this error. You are in good company. Of course, sea air is bracing—it is "fresh" but not "salty."

The rest of "Valediction" seems to me unusually good. I'm sending a copy of this letter to THE LOOK-OUT Editor.

Very truly yours,

ERNEST E. WHEELER

Dear Miss Candee:

You have asked me to review briefly the spirited controversy resulting from my letter to Richard Peterson. You did not readily accept my views about sea air because they seemed to cast a shadow of doubt over your cherished memories of travel aboard ships, and even your visit to the Dead Sea. I suggested that you send to the Institute galley for the salt box. (The LOOKOUT Editor had a cold that day and couldn't smell!) but instead of that you resorted to the Conrad Library and asked the advice of the seamen or others therein. With their help, you produced the following from "Meteorology for

Ship and Aircraft Operators, by Peter E. Kraght" (Cornell Maritime Press): "\*\*\*\*the air is full of small particles of sodium chloride (common table salt) each one of which acts as a nucleus for condensation." I immediately began a correspondence with Mr. Kraght and you with your son John, a freshman at Yale, who, in turn, consulted members of the Chemistry and Physics Faculty. Later, you tried hard to smell salt in your own salt-cellar, but *without success*, finally suggesting that you had probably tasted the particles of salt in the air described by the author, Mr. Kraght. He finally says that salt does not have an odor, and that "it would take a taste organ of higher sensitivity than that of humans to taste salt in the air. The amount is far too small."

It does seem that my letter is sustained, always remembering that salt spray in the air may be tasted. Our Oiler says that "it was good to stroll on deck and inhale the fresh salty air again." The second definition of "fresh" in the Webster Collegiate Dictionary is "not salt." However, there are other definitions that might apply.

I must, however, confess to a sharp rebuke, that may be merited. An old friend describes my attack on this cherished illusion as captious. You will remember that Mr. A. M. Sullivan ("They That Go Down to the Sea in Ships" — THE LOOK-OUT, October 1948) at our luncheon, asked with some asperity as to whether we (poets) must be able to prove the sky is blue. My most devastating rebuke of this kind comes from my reading of verses by Joseph Auslander. In a superb poem called "An Open Letter to Our Children" (The New York Times Book Review of November 14, 1948) he says:

"Nor let the old grim gods of Fact  
On the bleak cross of the Exact  
Nail Fancy branding her a liar—

Brandish her bright flag all the higher."

This certainly was almost a knock-out. My answer is that there is a beauty of integrity, a beauty of fidelity to our sensory perceptions. From the very nature of their subject matter, poets and their critics must be perfectionists. Keats had something to say about truth and beauty. My other answer is, that the quality about ocean air, which most delights me, is its "sweetness," its purity and

the absence of all dust, taste or smell, alkaline or otherwise. I say this, in spite of a poetic fallacy or illusion, truly colossal in its prevalence.

I ask all seamen and voyagers when next they are at sea and on the monkey bridge, or above the reach of any spray, to give their perceptive senses free play for the real delights of SEA AIR, not SALT AIR!

Sincerely,

ERNEST E. WHEELER

## Marine Poetry

### FOG

By Richard Jessup, Third Mate

He stood on the foredeck  
Looking  
Forward; a low-lying fog blew  
From the Sou'west.  
His oilskins dripped, glistened  
From the heavy mist.  
His hands were  
Cold, he thought of  
Coffee, a cigarette and the  
Poker game in the Crew Mess.  
The fog horn let go, heavy, a  
Giant ogre aroused from deep  
Sleep. The sea was  
Quiet, like  
Satin, ground swells swept the  
Steel skin of the hull. The rush  
Of spray around the bow  
Murmured quietly with the  
Heaving, shifting fog.

He looked aft, the decks were  
Clean, wet  
Shining in the overglow of  
The moon that bathed them in  
Unreal and cold light and  
He swept the arc of lookout with  
His eyes. He felt the thump of  
Engines in the  
Bowels of the ship — it gave  
Him life for a moment —  
Each piston stroke and he knew  
The world lived outside, over,  
Beyond the heaving, shifting fog.



### OIL CAN

By A. M. Sullivan

The oil drops shaping to a pear  
Iridescent in the sun  
Pause a moment in high air  
And tremble one by one  
On the bearings of the wheel  
In answer to the metals cry  
And change the plaintive squeak and  
squeal  
To a lullaby.  
Time bends not with the bended knee  
And creaking bones are heard  
Above the tongues when charity  
Anoints the winged word.  
Pour the oil from fixed Polaris  
On axles of the spinning earth,  
Fevered Moscow, London, Paris  
Will learn its sovereign worth.  
No balm of Gilead will erase  
The blemish on the other cheek  
But Christ's sweet chrism takes all trace  
Of anger from the maimed and meek.  
(Stars and Atoms have no Size)

E. P. Dutton & Co., 1946



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## LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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

We are always grateful for books and magazines for free distribution aboard ships of all flags; also good used clothing and shoes for convalescent seamen and shipwrecked crews.