

The
LOOKOUT

VOL. XL

May, 1949

No. 5

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

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

Sanctuary

PRAYER FOR MARITIME DAY, MAY 22nd:

O God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who had fellowship with the fishermen of Galilee, we would remember this day the bold mariner who first ventured upon the deep, and men of all the ages who, following his example, went down to the sea in ships that their generation should have a more abundant life. May light perpetual shine on all who gave their lives in this noble endeavor. We thank Thee that thou didst raise up men of skill who built ships to sail in obedience to eternal laws governing the wind-swept waters, and that in thy Providence thou didst place the stars in the heavens to guide voyagers upon the dark and pathless seas. Vouchsafe to those who build ships and to those who sail them a sense of their divine mission — to nurture the arts of peace and to cultivate the blessings of commerce, to bind the nations in mutual trust and brotherly affection that the peoples of all the earth may live in unity and concord and that Thy kingdom may come in the name of Christ, Thy Son, who gave himself that the world should be one. Amen.

Chaplain James C. Healey

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XL, MAY, 1949

Copyright, 1949, by the Seamen's
Church Institute of New York, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President

THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer

REV. RAYMOND S. HALL, D.D.
Director

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor
POLLY WEAVER BEATON, Assoc. Editor

\$1.00 per year 10c per copy

Gifts of \$5.00 per year and
over include a year's subscrip-
tion 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
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

Thomas Musser, cover artist for this issue, is a second mate, a member of the Institute's Artists and Writers Club, and winner of the first prize for a water color in our painting contest last year.

The illustration on the 1949 LOOKOUT mailing envelopes is a drawing by Earle Winslow from the book "DELILAH" by Marcus Goodrich, published by Farrar & Rinehart.

The Lookout

VOL. XL

MAY, 1949

NUMBER 5

OPEN HOUSE — MAY 22nd

You are cordially invited to visit the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street
on SUNDAY, MAY 22nd
to participate in the celebration of
MARITIME DAY.

There will be "Open House" from 2 to 6 P.M.
Guided Tours of the Building

Continuous Moving Pictures in the Auditorium:
"America Sails the Seas"
and
"Home Is the Sailor"

Special music and entertainment by merchant seamen.

Tea will be served from 4 to 6 P.M.
in the Janet Roper Club, 4th floor.

Chapel Service at 7 o'clock.

Music by Institute Quartet.

For those wishing to remain for the Chapel Service,
Dinner will be served in the Dining Room at 6 P.M.
for \$1.25. Please telephone BOWling Green 9-2710 for
dinner reservations.

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

WE HOPE YOU WILL COME AND BRING A FRIEND.



"25 South Street"

"Operation Headgear"

By Peter Cruze, Fireman, Watertender

ENCLOSED, is a photographic record of a unique event. Following is an account of what may well be the most insignificant "rescue" operation in maritime history.

As the "tragedy" struck, no wild cries of "Man overboard!" pierced the still, cold air, though one wit feebly cried, "The captain's lost his head—er, hat."—and so it was.

Surrounded on all sides by thick Baltic ice, we were awaiting the arrival of a Danish icebreaker. The captain, in good tradition, was on the bridge. As he leaned over the railing to inspect the ice, a lusty gust of wind whipped his hat into the air, turned it over and over, then deposited it on the ice, alongside the ship.

All Hell broke loose; that is to say, the captain groaned, his mate yawned, and two ABs went in for chow.



Photo by J. Pete Cruze

"Operation Headgear"

There it lay, so near and yet so far. The captain's head was turning pink with cold. What to do? Along came Nielson, brave young AB, who volunteered to "rescue" the lost hat. With the Bosun's help, a jacob's ladder was lowered, a line tied around Nielson, and Operation Headgear got under way.

In a matter of seconds, Nielson had the hat in tow, as per photo, and was back on board. All concerned were happy; the captain with his hat, which he promptly put on, and Nielson with his reward, a bottle of the captain's best—er, well, cough medicine, shall we say?

CENTRAL COUNCIL BAZAAR MAY 16th

IN THE SPRING a lady's fancy turns to thoughts of Housecleaning which somehow always brings an aftermath of "knick-knacks, what-nots and left-overs" that she does not know what to do with and finally decides to discard. Those antiques from the attic, the souvenirs from that trip you took twenty years ago, the Christmas presents that neither fit nor suit you can all be used on our **WHITE ELEPHANT TABLE** at the Card Party and Bazaar being held at the Institute on May 16th. The proceeds of this benefit will be used for the Central Council Wool Fund and will eventually provide seamen with sweaters, socks, caps, etc. Please address your packages to:

CENTRAL COUNCIL OF ASSOCIATIONS,
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF N. Y.,
25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

Ceremony of Institution for Dr. Hall

BEFORE a congregation of about 400 seamen, staff members and shipping officials, the Rev. Dr. Raymond S. Hall, D.D. was installed as Director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. The Right Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, Bishop of New York, officiated and Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Institute's Board of Managers, presented the keys of the Institute to Dr. Hall to signalize his formal institution into the office of director.

In his charge to the Director, Bishop Gilbert reminded him of the humble beginnings of the Institute. "It has come a long way since that time," he declared. "It was put here — to serve seamen — by the Church and it still functions as a Church agency, showing men the fatherhood of God. Seamen realize that those who work here have a loving concern for their welfare, and through this Institute they know that there is a God who cares about the men who live on the Sea. We are proud to welcome you, Dr. Hall, to our Diocesan family, and may God's blessing be upon you so that the work of this great institution may continue to go forward."



Seamen's Church Institute welcomes new Director, Rev. Dr. Raymond S. Hall, (left) who is receiving keys of the building from Clarence G. Michalis, (right) president; as the Bishop who instituted Dr. Hall, looks on. Service was March 24.

Dr. Hall succeeded the Rev. Dr. Harold H. Kelley who retired last year as Institute's Director, after serving fourteen years. Dr. Hall was rector of St. John's Church, Lowell, Mass. and from 1942 to 1946 he was chaplain of the 101st Airborne Division. He came to the Institute in 1947 from the Seamen's Club of Boston where he served as Director.



Saba Seamanship

By Marjorie Dent Candee

ON the little island of Saba, in the Netherlands West Indies, men learn in their youth to be good seamen. Landing in small boats at the base of the volcanic rock, avoiding huge boulders in heavy seas, takes split-second timing and stalwart courage. No wonder, then, that so many Saba men join the Merchant Marine. At present, there are 30 captains serving on our American ships. Among these are Capt. Thomas Simmons, master of the Moore-McCormack liner *Argentina*; Capt. James Knight Simmons of the Grace Line; Capt. David Hassel; Roy Peterson, Harold Johnson, Hubert Hassel, and others.

I recently had an opportunity to visit Saba. The town, called "Bottom," is at the TOP, concealed by the protecting walls of a once-fiery volcano! Never call the Dutch phlegmatic, for the people who regard "Bottom" as their home are largely of Dutch descent, and are devoted to their amazing, funnel-shaped island, a mere dot in the blue Caribbean. Until 1946 it was necessary to climb the 800 steps



Photo by George Boman

A View of SABA, Dutch West Indies from a Victory ship.

to the summit. Now a jeep conveys visitors to the top, but the natives climb or ride donkeys.

I had arrived at Saba aboard the two-masted schooner "*Blue Peter*" from the British island of St. Kitts, about forty miles away. The schooner was to have returned three days later and taken me on to St. Maarten, but word was received that she had been laid up for repairs. It became necessary for my companion, Mrs. Foster (a landlubber from Pennsylvania) and me to charter a native sloop, "*Maria*," a 40 ft. sturdily-built vessel but without engines or even life-preservers. Her skipper, Capt. Matthew Livingston, born on Saba, had served during the war on merchant ships.

The five-hour trip from Saba to St. Maarten turned into twenty hours, and I had a good opportunity to observe at first hand the excellent seamanship of the Saba crew. On the deck was a long covered box which looked like a coffin; it was called the "dog-house" and into it crawled my companion as soon as the winds started to blow. It might well have been her coffin, for "*Maria*" encountered a freak West Indian hurricane entirely unexpected and out of season.

Head winds, back flaws, squall after squall assailed us as though the gods of the sea were bent on destroying us. During some of the worst blows the skipper (like many Saba men he belonged to the Anglican church) said the responses:

*"Lord have mercy upon us
Christ have mercy upon us."*

As tempestuous seas beset us, the Captain sang—everything from "Pistol Packing Mamma" to "What A Friend We Have In Jesus." As the storm worsened, there was more praying and less singing. The Captain talked to "*Maria*" as though she were a favorite horse. He talked to the Lord on intimate terms. He kept up the courage of the men in the most wonderful way.

"Take that sea, *Maria*," he would call, as he and a sailor manned the tiller. "Just get us through this one, Lord. You is a good Lord, so give us a chance, Lord!"

During a merciful lull, one of the crew tried to get the charcoal stove started, and after a while managed to do this, and to serve hot tea and tannias (a kind of potato which grows on the Saba hillsides). Cheered by the hot tannias, the skipper and crew sang:

*"Right over, right over we go
We go right over the mountain
The mountain is high and the valley
is low*

And we go right over the mountain." and another Saba climbing song, sung by the porters as they toiled up to Bottom:

*"The more you try to climb the hill
The more you try to climb it still."*

For a time it looked as though the storm had subsided for good, but suddenly another squall hit us, ripping a hole in the fores'l. An avalanche of seas attacked the little sloop, and it was touch and go whether she could make it.

Like the thoroughbred she was, "*Maria*" shook off sea after sea when it looked each time as though we should all go to Davy Jones' Locker. I shall never forget the stricken look on those stout-hearted men as they manned the pump, slackened the jib, or lowered the foresail, and their utter reliance on the skipper to do all humanly possible to survive the storm. On coming aboard I had blown up my air mattress and was firmly wedged between the dog-house and the cabin hatch where there was no danger of my sliding. From this position I had an opportunity to observe both the captain at the tiller, and the crew.

Many a time the skipper called out to his men: "Keep a brave heart, men. Keep to your job. *Maria* won't fail us. And we'll ask the good Lord to pull us through."

Once during a merciful lull, when the sun pierced through the rain clouds, we sang that beautiful old hymn, "Abide With Me":



The Town called "Bottom" at the top of Saba.

*"Abide with me, Fast falls the eve'n
tide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me
abide,
When other helpers fail and com-
forts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with
me."*

And I thought how many of our church hymns have to do with the sea, and how the sea is no place for a heathen. A man needs faith — and lots of it.

Once a sailor shouted: "I see he! I see he!" (Saba men use "he" for "him") and he was referring to a mountainous wave bearing down on us, like a gigantic snowball. And once a man called to the skipper, "Jib is bust!" Once when the tremendous pressure on the patched mainsail seemed too much for it to bear, I noticed a worn halliard and I thought: how important each single piece of rope is, and how it must stand the test.

The signal station at St. Maarten sighted us at four o'clock, and reported the good news to Saba (where Capt. Livingston's wife and six children lived) but our troubles were not yet over. It took us five more hours to beat our way against headwinds into the harbor at Phillipsburg. I found that the skipper and crew knew some of the old sea chanties I had learned from square-rig sailors, with only slight variations in the words, and so we sang "Blow the Man Down" and "Roll and Go" and "Rolling Home."

We finally arrived at nine o'clock, and as an example of the freak

weather a full moon shone as we dropped the hook, the stars gleamed brightly overhead, and a heavy squall pelted us *at the same time*, while far above us a rainbow arched across the tropic sky!!

"Let us thank the good Lord," said Capt. Livingston prayerfully. My companion crawled weakly out of the dog-house, and as the rain beat down, we all sang:

*"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."*

I looked at the skipper, his eyes weary and smarting with spray, and I thought of Joseph Conrad's comment: "It is stout hearts that keep the ship safe" — that — and the grace of God.

Capt. Livingston sailed aboard oil tankers during the war. His tanker was torpedoed off Curacao and he had to swim through burning oil to escape death. He was in the water eight hours

before he was rescued. "The sea is hard," he said, simply, "I only hope and pray that my sons find an easier way to earn a living."

I think I know now why Saba men go to sea. That enticing wedge of blue Caribbean, seen from their green-walled cup, and known as "The Gap," must be what lures them. Living in "Bottom" one might feel penned in were it not for the escape offered in that beckoning blue V-shaped gateway to the world. And as for the lads born way up on the Windward Side, or higher up on Hell's Gate, they must gaze longingly at the Sea over 3,000 feet beneath them, beckoning on three sides of their lofty home.

I also think I know why Saba men return to their green-funneled birthplace, even after twenty or thirty years of seafaring: perhaps it symbolizes more than any other land the green Mother Earth which cradled them and which, in old age, seems a surer anchorage than the Sea's restless bosom.

THREE CAPTAINS FROM SABA:



Capt. Thomas M. Simmons, born Saba Island, Dutch West Indies. Master of the S. S. *Argentina*, Moore-McCormack Lines.



Capt. James Knight Simmons, master of C-2 ship *Santa Eliana*, Grace Line.



Capt. Evan L. Simmons, master of C-2 ship *Santa Ana*, Grace Line.

New Mural Unveiled in Netherlands Seamen's Club

JOEP NICOLAS, Dutch mural artist, has completed a 14 by 7 foot mural which was unveiled on Friday, March 25th in the Netherlands Seamen's Club, located on the third floor of the Institute, in the presence of Consul General Koompman, seamen and Dutch shipping officials.

Mr. Nicolas, noted for his stained glass designs, explained the mural. Historic figures and scenes have been used to depict the importance of seafaring and seamen in the history of the Netherlands, including famous explorers: Houtman (discoverer of Java); Barents (who sailed the North Sea); and Tasman (who discovered Tasmania). Another group depicts Admirals Tromp and De Ruyter of the Dutch Navy. The muted colors and the design have the effect of an old world tapestry. The central figure is that of the Netherlands Maiden holding the red, white and blue flag of the Netherlands from which floats the pennant of the House of Orange.

Around her are the builders of the dikes, Holland's famous admirals and explorers, a typical Dutch town, and New York harbor with its famous skyline where so many Dutch cargo and passenger vessels arrive.

The inscription, composed in Dutch, by the artist, is translated as follows:

**"WRESTED FROM THE WAVES,
HOLLAND HAS GROWN. PROSPEROUS BY SAILING, HOLLAND HAS THRIVED. REMEMBER THAT THE FUTURE NOW LIES IN YOUR HAND. KEEP OUR FLEET SAILING AND ALL WILL BE WELL WITH OUR LAND."**

This is the second mural contributed to the Netherlands Seamen's Home by Joep Nicolas, his first having been damaged beyond restoration by an overhead leak. The Home was opened in 1940 and became a refuge for hundreds of Dutch seamen during the war years when their country was occupied by the Germans.



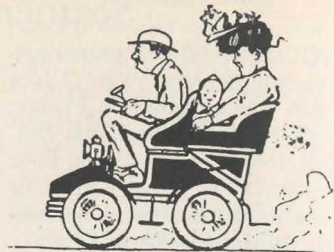
Photo by George Boman

Joep Nicolas puts finishing touches to his Mural in the Netherlands Seamen's Home at the Institute.

Was It Only Yesterday?



1900



1900

Speed 10 miles an hour!
"Now do be careful, Fred.
You're scorching!"

REMEMBER?

- 1913 President Wilson presses electric button which opens the Panama Canal!
- 1917 "Over There"
- 1918 "K-K-K-Katie, Beautiful Katie
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore."
- Jan. 16, 1920 Prohibition amendment goes into effect.
- 1921 Emil Coue philosophy: "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better."
- Nov. 30, 1922 Discovery near Luxor, Egypt of tomb of King Tut-anka-amen.
- 1923 Mah Jongg introduced.



1901 "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage"

THE TURBULENT TWENTIES

"The Charleston"
Mannish haircut for ladies.
Marathon dancing
Flappers
Flagpole sitting

May 20, 1927 Charles A. Lindbergh

Oct. 6, 1927 First "talkie": Al Jolson in
"The Jazz Singer"

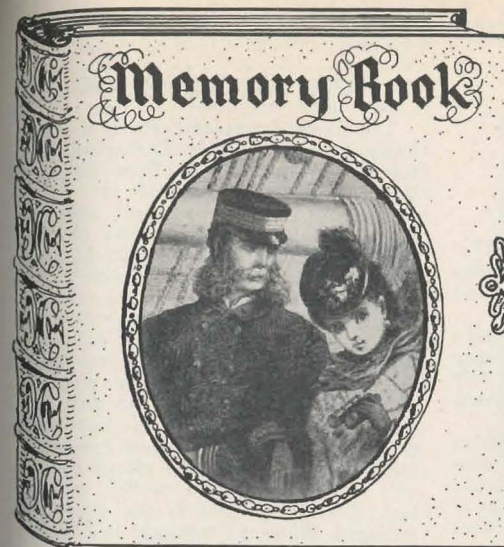


"THE BUNNY HUG"

August 28, 1920: **WOMEN GET THE VOTE!**



"DAISY,
DAISY..."



"Turn back the Universe
and give me Yesterday..."

Just for fun, and at the same time for a good cause, we invite you to glance backward with us . . . back to other, perhaps happier days. Back to the Nineteen Hundreds . . . the Twenties . . . the Thirties.

Do you remember the "Bunny Hug"? Vernon and Irene Castle? Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik"? Did you ever play Mah Jongg? Did you fall for the Coué craze?

As you look back on fashions and celebrities of another day, may your memories be fond. Choose a day from your own life that you would like to recapture and relive it for the benefit of the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK. Last Spring you "stayed at home" for our benefit; this year we're whisking you off in our "merry Oldsmobile" for a little nostalgic journey.

We count on our Spring and Fall benefits to raise EXTRA funds so that vital services to seafaring men may continue at 25 South Street. We count on YOU . . . on your kind and continuing interest in the men who carry the world's cargoes, to help us provide for their mental, physical, and spiritual needs.

Please Send Contributions to:

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

Ship News

SIX ADRIFT 2 WEEKS IN LIFEBOAT SAVED

They Lived on 6 Bottles of Tomato Juice and Water

TAMPICO, Mexico, April 3. (AP).—Six American seamen were rescued today by a Mexican fishing boat after they had drifted at sea for fourteen days.

The men were the crew of a small cargo ship, the *Caicos Trader*, of Miami. During their two weeks in a lifeboat they had only six bottles of tomato juice and a few quarts of water.

The *Caicos Trader* sailed March 19 from Campeche, Mexico, with a load of frozen shrimp. The next day the engines broke down and could not keep the water out of the ship. The crew took to their nine-foot lifeboat.

COLLECTIONS FROM VISITORS TO PASSENGER SHIPS

On June 16, 1948, at the invitation of the Cunard White Star Line, the Seamen's Welfare Committee resumed collections from visitors to the sailing of the "*Queen Elizabeth*," "*Queen Mary*" and other passenger ships. This limits the number of visitors and also helps seamen's agencies. In July, the Holland-America Line requested that visitors to the "*Nieuw Amsterdam*" be charged admission. By the end of the year, this system was renewed aboard passenger ships of the United States Lines, Moore-McCormack Lines, French Line, Gdynia-America Line, Furness-Withy & Co. and the Norwegian America Line.

Collections are divided equally for the benefit of seamen's welfare agencies in New York and abroad. Among the Committee's beneficiaries in New York were the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, Seamen's House, Y.M.C.A., Society for Seamen's Children, and Mariners' Family Asylum (for aged widows and female relatives of seamen).

MARITIME MISCELLANY

The first new excursion boat in 25 years enters New York Harbor service in May of this year: the *Liberty Belle*, a twin-screw diesel vessel, built for the Wilson Line. The 236 ft. long all-steel vessel will accommodate 2,900 passengers. Her route will be between Pier 1, the Battery, and Rockaway Beach.

IS THERE A DOCTOR ABOARD?

The Army Transport *Zebulon B. Vance*, homeward bound from Bremerhaven, received a "Medico" call from the Army Transport *Joseph V. Connolly* also enroute to America. A passenger had suffered a heart attack and there was no physician aboard. Dr. William H. Young, Jr. of the *Vance* radioed instructions on how to treat the patient. The two transports converged at an agreed location but the waves were too rough to make a transfer. Finally, after three days, the patient was transferred from the *Connolly* to the *Vance* by means of a sling and a lifeboat. Another emergency call was received by the *Vance* from the Greek freighter *Nachman Syrkin* asking advice on treating the second engineer who was suffering from swollen arms and legs. Another transfer to the *Vance* was arranged. When the transport finally docked at Staten Island, the engineer was sent to the U. S. Marine Hospital at Staten Island, and the other patient walked ashore, completely recovered. Dr. Young also treated several of the 163 war brides and 37 children aboard the *Vance* for the usual illnesses and mal de mer. The "Medico" call which aids ships not carrying doctors was inaugurated on Station KDKF in 1921 on the roof of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York at 25 South Street, New York City. The service is now operated by the Radio Marine Corporation in cooperation with the U. S. Public Health Service. When a passenger or a seaman aboard a vessel not carrying a doctor need medical advice the call "MEDICO" contacts any nearby ship with a physician aboard, or any nearby shore station. Freighters carrying only 12 passengers are not required to carry a ship's doctor, but the purser has had training as a pharmacist's mate.

AMERICAN EXPORT SHIPS TO BEAR FAMOUS NAMES

American Export Lines' new liners will be named *Independence* and *Constitution*, both names rich in naval history. The frigate *Constitution*, sometimes called "Old Ironsides" was the most famous vessel of the War of 1812; the vessel is now preserved in Boston Harbor. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York owns one of the original breasthooks of this famous ship. The light aircraft carrier *Independence* won renown in World War II in Japanese waters. Later, she was in the Bikini atom bomb tests. The new ships carrying these illustrious names will be built in Bethlehem Steel Company's yard at Quincy, Mass. Both ships, scheduled to be completed by the end of 1950, will enter the Mediterranean-New York service.

TO THE EDITOR, "THE LOOKOUT":

I notice in your excellent March number of the "LOOKOUT" a reference to the towing of a ship 1,500 miles from the Gulf to Los Angeles. Marked as possibly one of the longest tows in marine history.

About twelve years ago I was aboard the *City of New York*, South African Line enroute to B.E.A. (Captain Christian Schmidt, Master), when the call came to pick up a sister ship, which had lost her propeller. We put back from St. Helena, and after two days reached the propellerless ship. Without adequate towing gear, we made fast and towed the ship into Cape Town Harbour. I remember that Captain Schmidt was immensely pleased to receive a message from a large German vessel outbound from Cape Town. "Well Done."

I wonder if this does not exceed the tow mentioned in the "LOOKOUT." It can be verified by the office of the South African Line.

I do so enjoy "THE LOOKOUT," read it thru and thru from cover to cover.

Sincerely yours,

SIDNEY WINTER (Rev.)

The Longest Tow

Editor's Note: The foregoing letter set us on the trail to find documentary evidence of "the longest tow in maritime history." We first consulted Capt. Charles E. Umstead, principal of the Institute's Merchant Marine School who figured out that the *City of New York* towed the propellerless ship about 1,300 miles to Cape Town.

Next we consulted R. M. Munroe of the Moran Towing Company who told us of the longest single tow on record—12,996 miles! Two huge mining dredges, the *Stuyvesant* and the *Roosevelt* were towed from Tampa, Florida to Banka, Netherlands East Indies, by the Moran tugs *Watch Hill* (towing the *Stuyvesant*) and the *Moose Peak* towing the *Roosevelt*. What a voyage!

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

Courtesy, Moran Towing Co.

OUR MERCHANT FLEET

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

From Newsweek, Jan. 10, 1949

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

Mural of
Kronborg Castle
serves as background in
Danish Seamen's Club.

DANISH ROOM

By Elsie Frandsen



The Danish Seamen's Room was the scene of a gay party on the evening of March 11th. The occasion was the celebration of the 50th birthday of the new King, Frederick IX. Consul General S. Christensen delivered a short speech and Pastor C. M. Videbeck of the Danish Church in New York also spoke. Pastor Baagoe conducted the Program and read a message from the King.

Eugene Dell operated the projector and showed a marvelously beautiful color film of "Denmark," the kingdom that is a thousand years old.

One of the thrilling moments of the evening was the playing of the recording of the radio announcement on May 4th, 1945 of the surrender of the Germans, which was followed by the singing of the Danish National Anthem.

There were several records of Aksel Schiotz played and it was easy to understand the inspiration he supplied during the dark days of the Occupation when he was known as the "Voice of Denmark."

Following group singing of Danish anthems and songs, the hostesses, Mrs. Johanne Johansen and Mrs. Anna Sørensen, under the direction of Mrs. Ibsen-Jensen served coffee, birthday cake and real Danish pastry, to a gathering of well over two hundred people. Pastor A. Dorf greeted the seamen. The floral decorations were lovely red and white carnations—the Danish colors—and a gay springlike bouquet of blue iris and yellow jonquils—the Swedish colors—a gift of the Swedish Room.

IN APPRECIATION

Mrs. Grafton Burke, Secretary of the Central Council, reports this interesting item:

Sick and convalescent merchant seamen in marine hospitals on Staten and Ellis Islands received Easter baskets—eggs, bunny, candy and cigarettes—packed by women volunteers at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York—but the gifts came from the crews of the *S.S. Robin Tuxford* and the *S.S. American Scientist* who collected \$24.00 and \$30.00 respectively and sent the money to the Institute in appreciation of the Christmas boxes given to these crews. Both ships were in foreign ports on Christmas Day and were surprised and pleased when their skippers started passing around the boxes. They decided to show their gratitude "to the ladies who packed the boxes." The ladies, in turn, wrapped the Easter gifts for the bed-ridden and lonesome mariners.

"INTANGIBLE QUALITY"

A seaman was trying to explain the spirit of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to the other men seated in the Janet Roper Club one afternoon.

"You can't touch it, can't explain it, but the feeling is here and if your spirit is attune to the feeling of this building, you will recognize this intangible quality of friendliness that one just doesn't find in any other place of its kind in the whole world."

In the S.C.I. Mailbag

Dear Friends:

I remember the wonderful times when I stopped at the Seamen's Church Institute. I enclose a letter for seamen who know me. Maybe they will write to me if you post this on bulletin board? My remembrance of all the fine treatment and help accorded me at the Institute, also of Mother Janet Roper's Lectures, and Song and Dance steps on the Auditorium stage. Her favorite song "They Were All Out of Step But Jim"... it all seems like yesterday. The Seamen's Institute who has sheltered thousands of men, young and old, all scattered like dust in the wind and the good souls who labored to make the Institute a success—and the millions who were aided. The Light-house on your roof like a beacon goes on forever, ready to guide the seamen who come and go, with its guarding light.

Yours respectfully,

O. Roehiquez

Cardiff, South Wales

Dear Kind Friends:

Just a few lines to thank you and most grateful to all those who gave to me the box of clothes for my family. What a blessing you sent to us at home, as everything came in very handy. As for the peanuts, my wife also thanks you for them as she simply sat down and enjoyed them very much. Once again, thank God, our prayers were answered from across the waters. Wishing all at the Institute, and Chaplain Evans, the very best, I remain

Very thankfully,

J. B.

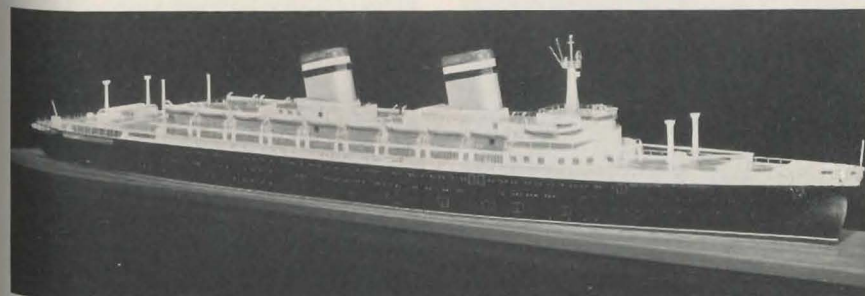
Editor's Note: The Central Council packed a box of clothes, candy, etc., and sent it to Chaplain G. W. Evans of the Mersey Missions to Seamen, London, who gave it to this seaman.

AMERICA TO HAVE SUPERLINER

Construction of a 70 million dollar superliner for the United States Lines has been approved by the U.S. Maritime Commission. The giant vessel will be 980 feet long, have a beam of 101 feet, and gross tonnage of 48,000. She will carry 2,000 passengers and a crew of 1,000. As a troopship she would be able to carry an entire division. Top speed of the vessel will not be announced, but her cruising speed of 28 to 30 knots indicate that she will go after a new trans-Atlantic speed

record.* Construction will get under way at once, and delivery in 1,218 days (in 1952) is expected. As yet unnamed, the new ship will enter New York to England service.

*At present, the Cunard-White Star Liner "Queen Mary" holds the mythical Atlantic blue ribbon for crossings in August, 1938 of three days, 21 hours, 43 minutes westbound, and three days, 20 hours, 42 minutes eastbound, between Bishop's Rock and Ambrose Lightship, the accepted speed course. The United States has not owned a trans-Atlantic ship with a record speed since 1851 when the Collins Line steamer "Pacific" crossed in nine days, 19 hours and 25 minutes!



Model of the U.S. Lines news superliner, largest ship ever to be built in America. It was designed by William Francis Gibbs, naval architect, of Gibbs and Cox, and will be built at the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company.

CAPTAIN WHO KICKED WHALE IN EYES DIES

NEW BEDFORD, Mass. (AP) — Arthur B. Cotnoir, a sea captain who liked to spin the yarn about the time he kicked a whale in the eye, died recently in St. Luke's hospital. He was 56 years old.

Captain Cotnoir, a former Merchant Marine skipper, served in the recent war as a Coast Guard lieutenant commander. His story was a favorite in this old port of whaling ship memories. As he told it, it happened in the Pacific when he was a 13-year-old cabin boy on a whaler.

The ship had raised an entire school of whales, so all hands went into the boats, with young Cotnoir handling the harpoons in his boat. Cotnoir drove the iron into a young bull, and then his boatmen rowed right up on the whale's back.

"I dropped the other iron into him," Cotnoir would recall, "and yelled 'stern all!' But the mate yelled 'pull ahead!' Then the whale up with his big head and knocked me out of the boat.

"Thrashing around, I kicked the bull in the eye, the most sensitive spot on a whale. The whale sounded (dived under), and I grabbed the iron that was hanging from his head and went with him. The line twisted over my back and pulled me down.

"It seemed I went down for half a mile, although it must have been 10 or 20 feet, before I could free myself.

"When I was back aboard, the old man asked me how I expected to be a whaler if I didn't have sense enough to stay in the boat."



Note: The Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau has learned that Brownie's master was Chief Engineer Sigvald Falvik, and is now making efforts to find him and to reunite him with his lost pet.

EXPLORERS SEEK PETRIFIED REMAINS OF NOAH'S ARK

Annapolis, Md. (UP) — Fred Avery, a model ship-builder, is going to eastern Turkey to hunt for Noah's Ark. He wants to make a model of it.

Avery fashions ship models for the U.S. Naval Academy here and is known unofficially as commander of the academy museum's "fleet." But building navy ships in miniature has begun to pall. Avery wants to make an authentic model of the most famous ship of all—the one that Noah built.

The explorers will head for Mt. Ararat, where the Ark is supposed to have come to rest after the Great Flood.

Avery says the backers of the expedition have "good reasons" to believe they have discovered the petrified remains of the Biblical ship atop the 16,915-foot mountain.

If it is the famous ship, Avery hopes to be on hand to fashion the first authentic model of Noah's Ark.



DOG KEEPS LONELY VIGIL FOR MASTER'S RETURN

A brown Eskimo-type dog, who has been haunting the docks of Esso Standard Oil Company, at Linden, N. J., has just about convinced the men who have fed him since last summer that he is looking for a familiar Norwegian face to take him home.

"Brownie," as he is known to the men at the docks because of his color, has roamed the dock area since about last June. He has only taken food when it is left on the ground at a distance. A highly developed instinct seems to tell him that if he is ever to find his master, believed to be a crew member on a tanker, he had better stick close to the spot where they were last separated. And, good weather or bad, he seems to be doing that with a determination and faith that have won the admiration of the men who have tried in vain to adopt him.

John Socha, a guard at the dock, has tried to make friends with the dog. "He sure acts like a depressed animal," Socha has said. "It is pathetic to see him run to each ship, each time full of hope, and then slowly walk away. He will make friends with no one and it is not a matter of knowing the language of his master. We have a feeling he is a Scandinavian dog and we have tried to coax him in Norwegian and other languages, pidgin English and seamen's lingo, but nothing seems to work. He sure must love that master."

Heroism in Fog and Fire

The 10,000 ton Victory ship *American Attorney* and the 17,870 ton tanker *Pennsylvania Sun* collided head on during a heavy fog in Delaware Bay on April 13th. Only quick work on the part of both crews prevented the collision from becoming a major disaster with heavy loss of life. Fires broke out on both vessels, and the crew of the freighter was able to extinguish the blaze, but the flames on the huge Sun Oil tanker raged for five hours.

The force of the collision ripped a ninety-foot hole in the tanker and stove in the bow of the freighter. No one was injured in the crash but Seaman Thomas W. Roberts of the tanker was hurled overboard by the impact. He was picked up by the freighter *Great Falls Victory*.

Despite the danger of explosions the forty crewmen of the *Pennsylvania Sun* heroically battled the blaze with foamite. When the supply of this chemical ran out the tanker's radio operator radioed for more, and a Coast Guard plane was dispatched but was unable to land near the burning tanker because of the dense fog which enshrouded the vessel. Additional supplies of foamite were then rushed by a small tanker, *Raritan Sun*, and the fire was extinguished. But then another fire broke out in a forward tank

Images and/or text cannot be displayed due to copyright restrictions

Wide World Photo

A fireboat plays water on the tanker
Pennsylvania Sun.

containing lubricating oil and another six-hour battle with the flames ensued. The tanker was finally beached in 24 feet of water while many craft stood by to take off the crew if the fire gained too much headway.

This tanker had a notable war record, having carried nearly three million barrels of oil. Two of the crew were killed in 1942 when the tanker was struck by a Nazi torpedo off Key West, Fla.

Captain Howard W. Quigley of Northeast, Md. and Chief Mate Albert Tomlinson of Prospect Park, Pa. directed the fire-fighting operations.

A serious disaster averted by heroic merchant seamen!

LLOYD'S REPORTS 6 SHIPS AS CASUALTIES OF MINES

Six mine casualties to ships at sea from July through September 1948 were reported in Lloyd's Casualty Index. Mines sighted continued to average ten a week in the vicinity of the British Isles, the index noted, while others have been seen off the east and west coasts of the United States, near Bermuda and in the Gulf of Mexico.

A total of 265 mine casualties have been recorded since the close of hostilities, according to the American Cargo War Risk Reinsurance Exchange.

THE GOLDEN COAST

By Philip Rooney

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.50

A well-known Irish author has told a rousing story of the days when innocent landlubbers were shanghaied to serve aboard merchant ships. Young Rick Sheridan, Dublin shipbuilder, was crimped for service as ship's carpenter on a ship from his own yard, the galley "Ouzel." Five years of adventure with the Barbary pirates follow, and the crew of the "Ouzel" become slaves of the dread pirate chief Barbarossa, whose desire for power claims the lives of so many innocent men. The golden Barbary coast, and seafaring at the end of the seventeenth century truly come to life for us here.

LOUISE NOLING

THE STORY OF THE SHIP

By Charles E. Gibson

Henry Schumann, \$4.00

The evolution of ships from the planks and sails used in 3000 B.C. to the modern liner has been traced in this book. By 3000 B.C. the plank ship had attained the shape it was to retain for the next 3000 years except for changes of detail.

There is a gap in knowledge of the early ships of India. The origins of China's ships are also obscure, the junk and sampan supplying most of the clues to their history. The countries of the Mediterranean are responsible for progress of ship development and as their trade extended, their shipbuilding improved. A major influence in the structure of ships was the need for defense against pirates and later, for use in war. The cannon-carrying sailing ship was improved in sail plan and hull to produce the fully rigged ship. During the middle ages the merchant ships also functioned as war ships and were armed.

Eighteenth century expansion of trade changed England from an agricultural to an industrial country, while the same change was affecting the New England states and ships and shipping were an important industry. The wooden sailing ship became faster and larger but there were limits to its growth and this led to the iron-hulled steamship. The author gives careful attention to the different types of engines and the fuels used.

Chapters on types of craft used in naval warfare and on the modern mercantile marine make this a well-rounded book for both interest and reference. There are illustrations and an index.

I. M. ACHESON

AMERICAN FOLK ART
in Wood, Metal and Stone

By Jean Lipman

Pantheon Art Publications \$7.50

Here is a beautiful book with 188 illustrations and four color plates showing American sculpture by anonymous craftsmen — figurehead carvers, stone-cutters, metal-workers, sailors, blacksmiths and shipwrights. The chapter on ship figureheads and ornaments is extremely informative and the illustrations most interesting. Reference is made to Joseph Conrad's story, "A Smile of Fortune" in which the figurehead was looked upon in a very personal way by the captain and was associated in his mind with the luck of his ship.

M. D. C.

OVER THE REEFS AND FAR AWAY

By Robert Gibbings

E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3.50

Anyone who loves islands will be delighted with this book with its descriptions and wood engravings of Tonga, Samoa, Tokelau, Mangaia, and Tahiti. The author evokes "far away places with strange-sounding names" and makes the reader see their beauty and appeal. With his Irish wit and sympathy, he was welcomed on each island and became the friend of the Crown Prince of Tonga who knew how to propitiate and capture sharks, with captains of schooners with their sea lore and uncanny sense of navigation, with children and native chiefs. An escape book that is irresistible.

M. D. C.

THE SUGAR ISLANDS

By Alec Waugh

Farrar-Straus, \$3.00

The Windward and Leeward Islands of the blue Caribbean have, perhaps, been over-written. There are many books among the best of which are Adolphe Roberts' "Lands of the Inner Sea," Sidney Clark's "All the Best in the Caribbean" and Eleanor Early's "Lands of Delight" and "Ports of the Sun" . . . all excellent and informative. It didn't seem possible to this reviewer (who has visited most of these islands) that anything new could be told about them, but Alec Waugh's book is rich in anecdote, personal experience (charmingly related) and deft characterizations of the residents of these islands. Not a guide book, but extremely interesting to Americans contemplating a trip to the West Indies, and the historical facts are pleasantly sugar-coated.

M. D. C.

CAPTAIN KLYND OF THE
KUSKOKWIND

By W. T. Dunlap

Captain Klynd of the Kuskokwind
Who sailed on Alaskan seas,
Was a skipper of superstitious sort,
Hoarse-voiced and known in many a port
To have battled the fierce North breeze.
On the day Captain Klynd of the Kusko-
wind

Sailed away from his home port pier,
In his cannery cargo for Port Au Briggs,
On the deck, well aft, were ten Chester
pigs

That were notably cute, but queer.
All the day went well as a wedding bell
Till a freshening breeze upsprung,
Then the vessel rocked as night passed by,
Slow-rocked to a querulous lullaby

That one of the ten pigs sung.
Captain Klynd of the Kuskokwind,
Enraged by the singing pig,
Became red, and then pale as he cursed
the shoat:

"Twill bring disaster to us and the boat,
Mark you boys! It's our final jig!"
Four nights out. Then it came about
As Klynd had predicted their grief.
In a blinding blizzard wave-lashed and
tossed.

They drifted till their course was lost,
lost,
And "fast-landed" upon a reef.
The crew were saved as the sea they
braved

Where the sharp-edged rocks submerge;
But the vessel was wrecked where the
flotsam piles
On one of Alaska's ten thousand isles,
And the pig sang the funeral dirge.

Thus Fate marked the end of the Kuskok-
wind
On an island remote and drear,
But the Indian fishermen in their fright
Tell of sounds most strange that come in
the night

When you hug that coast too near.
And on ships that sail with the Northern
mail
The mariners never smile
When they speak of squeals of eerie kind
kind

And of songs uncanny borne on the wind
From the caves of this haunted isle.

A PRAYER FOR STORMS WITHIN

O God of whistling wind and writhing wave,
Who makes the mad and mauling sea
behave,

Who says to raging waters: "Peace, be still"
And bids the tempest heed the Pilot's will:
Protect the men whose plagues within the
soul

Outweigh the haunting rock and subtle
shoal.

Befriend them in the eerie calm of night,
When fogs obscure the mind of inner sight.
Uphold them in their world of sky and sea,
Where men aboard are best aware of Thee.
And when at last the arms of shoreline near,
Be loudest of the lurers at the pier.

CHAPLAIN JOHN HOWARD EVANS

THE DARK SHIPS,
BEIRA HARBOR

Cloud-masses range athwart the moon,
the Cross
Blinks out, great vessels round me merge
with night;

I think the eye would sense a painful loss
Did not each sister hang a dull-gold light
At stem and stern, to show her anchor's
down.

I say each name, nor need "Shirala's" bell
That "Planet" echoes, likewise "Lettish
Crown,"

To tell me "Two o'clock and all is well":
"Amrah," "Rock Springs," "Samhain,"
"Historian,"

"Good Hope," "Virginia City," "Tuscan
Star,"

"Rovuma," "Inharrime," "Clan Cameron"—
Salute, and may your stout keels never jar,
And forth from blackness, forth from mast-
high foam,
Berth safe where constant shine the lights
of home!

JOHN ACKERSON

S.S. "Battle Creek Victory"
Reprinted from The Christian Science Monitor,
February 16, 1948

THE OLD LOOK!

I got tired of staying places
Where I saw the same old faces.
I got tired of seeing Sarah, Mable, Sue.
So I took the silly notion
To go sailing o'er the ocean—

Now I only see the faces of the crew!
It's my penance as a sinner,
That at breakfast, supper, dinner
There's the Second sitting over eggs
or stew.

So I'm signing off the ship when
I just finish this one trip, then—
I'll be looking for you, Sarah, Mable, Sue!
"The Mast"

Church Institute

The past year has been a busy one for the *Seamen's Church Institute* of New York at 25 South Street, New York 4, we learn from the annual report of the institute released by its director, the Rev. Dr. Raymond S. Hall. The year 1948, as seafaring men saw it, was one of steadily decreasing jobs in the shipping industry. Consequently more men than ever before sought from the Institute wise counsel and much-needed temporary financial assistance.

The surplus of manpower trained for shipping is greater than needed for even a normal reserve. In their efforts to earn livelihoods elsewhere, thousands of seamen found themselves unable to find jobs in other industries. During 1948, as they sought whatever work they could find, these men used up their savings and applied for assistance through the Institute's

credit bureau. The organization extended 16,350 credit loans, almost as many as in depression years. With this aid went all the warm-hearted friendship and encouragement the Institute could give.

In all, the Institute last year provided 335,799 lodgings at moderate cost, served 1,124,311 meals, handled 133,326 pieces of luggage, served 43,206 readers in the Conrad Library, distributed 20,855 books to ships of all flags, gave 49,710 personal service interviews and served 5,379 at the Merchant Marine School. Pure statistics cannot reflect the devotion and genuine personal interest with which the Institute's staff of 300 ministered to the average daily 7,500 men who entered the agency's building. Such work deserves the active support of the community.

—Editorial, *New York Times*, April 16, 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.