

The
LOOKOUT



Official Coast Guard Photo

"V" FOR VICTORY FASHIONED IN ATLANTIC FOAM
AS PATROL FRIGATE CRACKS INTO A GIANT WAVE

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

LXXXV NO. 11

NOVEMBER, 1944

Sanctuary

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who declarest thy glory and showest forth thy handiwork in the heavens and in the earth and sea; Guide we beseech thee, the steamship companies managing and operating our great American wartime merchant fleet whom to honor we have here gathered on this Victory Fleet Day. Give them, we pray thee, a clear understanding not only of their commercial and material responsibilities but also of those human relationships which may make for harmonious accord with both their shore-side and sea-going personnel. Let a true spirit of cooperation prevail both on land and at sea. Let all of us do the work which thou givest us to do, in truth, in beauty, and in righteousness, with singleness of heart as thy servants, to the benefit of our fellow men and toward the achievement of righteous victory out of the war before us, and of everlasting peace for all the world; for the sake of him who came among us as one that serveth, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(Adapted from the Prayer Book and used by Dr. Kelley at the Victory Fleet Day ceremonies, New York, September 27, 1944.)

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXV, NOVEMBER, 1944

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

The benefit performance of the musical play "RHAPSODY" has been postponed from Thursday evening, November 16th, to MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18TH. The same tickets which you purchased for November 16th will admit you to the Century Theatre, 59th Street and Seventh Avenue on December 18th at 8:30 P.M.

We are sorry that circumstances beyond our control caused this postponement. We trust that the new date will be convenient for you and your friends.

HARRY FORSYTH,
Chairman, Benefit Committee

The Lookout

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The Institute's President and Director Honored



Photo by Adrien Boutrelle

In front of the fireplace in the "Home for Netherlands Seamen" on the third floor of the Institute. Left to right: A. H. de Goede, C. G. Michalis, Hon. T. Elink-Schuurman, Dr. Kelley and Dr. M. P. L. Steenberghe.

AT a ceremony held on October 11th in the "Netherlands Room" at the Institute, Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Board of Managers, and the Rev. Dr. Harold H. Kelley, Director, were made Officers in the Netherlands Order of Orange-Nassau, in recognition of their services to Queen Wilhelmina in behalf of the numerous Dutch mer-

chant seamen who have found hospitality in the Institute since the war.

Mr. A. H. de Goede, President of the Nederland ter Zee Foundation (Free Holland on the Seas, Inc.) presided. The decorations were presented by the Hon. T. Elink-Schuurman, Netherlands Consul General in New York. The address was delivered by the Hon. Dr. M.



Dr. Steenberghe congratulates Mr. Michalis and Dr. Kelly

P. L. Steenberghe, head of the Netherlands Economic, Financial and Shipping Mission to the United States.

Both Mr. Michalis and Dr. Kelley were surprised at receiving the decoration. Mr. Michalis reminded the assembled guests that the Netherlands Room was the first clubroom for foreign seamen opened at the Institute, and he expressed appreciation of the honor conferred upon him by Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, an honor which he said the Board and the Staff of the Institute could share. Dr. Kelley also expressed gratitude for the honor, and recounted the visit of Her Majesty to the Institute and of the two visits of Crown Princess Juliana and of their satisfaction at seeing in

this clubroom a little bit of Holland — a clubroom which pioneered the way for similar Allied clubs in this and other seaports. He stated that this site, once occupied by Dutch settlers, was an especially appropriate place for Dutch seamen to congregate. Dr. Steenberghe said: "It is in this room that some of our Netherlands seamen, after their arduous duties at sea, find a home-like atmosphere where they can forget their worries and troubles during the short hours of their stay ashore . . . At this moment your Americans are playing an all-important role in the ultimate liberation of Holland. I can assure you that just as you have welcomed our men here, your men will be welcomed in Holland."



A "close-up" view, Officer of the Order of the Orange-Nassau

Victory Fleet Day



Photos by Marie Higginson

Victory Fleet Day Celebrated at the Custom House

LEFT TO RIGHT: Walter Schwenk, Atlantic Coast Director, War Shipping Administration; John F. Gehan, Vice President, American Export Lines; Dr. Harold H. Kelley, Director, Seamen's Church Institute of New York; Commodore Frederick G. Reinicke, Port Director, Third Naval District; Admiral Herbert F. Leary, Commander, Eastern Sea Frontier, USNR; Vice-Admiral R. R. Waesche, Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard; Vice-Admiral Emory S. Land, War Shipping Administrator; Frank J. Taylor, President, American Merchant Marine Institute, Inc.

DEDICATED to America's private steamship companies for their service in operating and managing America's wartime merchant fleet, Victory Fleet Day was observed throughout the nation on September 27th. In New York a ceremony was held on the steps of the U. S. Customs House, facing Bowling Green, at which the Institute's Director, Dr. Kelley, pronounced the invocation.

High enthusiasm over the performance of Liberty ships in war service was expressed in a message received from Capt. Erling Olmstead, master

of the PATRICK HENRY, the first of over 2,300 of these Liberty vessels built in American shipyards for the U. S. Maritime Commission. "I am proud to be the master of the PATRICK HENRY," wrote Captain Olmstead, "and proud that she is still sailing after three years of war service. This veteran never had a soft trip. She has had all the tough runs and has always delivered her cargo. As you read this she is deep in the heart of the war zones. We would like to be back home for this occasion but our ship was meant to assist our forces on the firing



New York Observes Victory Fleet Day

Ceremonies in observance of Victory Fleet Day are held on steps of Customs House, New York. Photograph shows eight companies of trainees from the U. S. Maritime Service Training Station, Sheephead Bay, the Sheephead Bay band, and a rifle team from the Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N. Y. with heads bowed while the Rev. Dr. Harold H. Kelley, Director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, is giving the invocation.

Official U. S. Maritime
Commission Photo
Courtesy "The Heaving Line"

line and this is the place where she can best accomplish this. Again, thanks and appreciation from myself and crew to the shipbuilders who built her, to the American public that made her building possible, and to the Lykes Brothers Steamship Company for its efficient operation of her."

A highlight of the Victory Fleet Day celebration was the presentation to 107 American steamship companies of a newly designed War Shipping Administration pennant flag in recognition of their contribution toward victory.

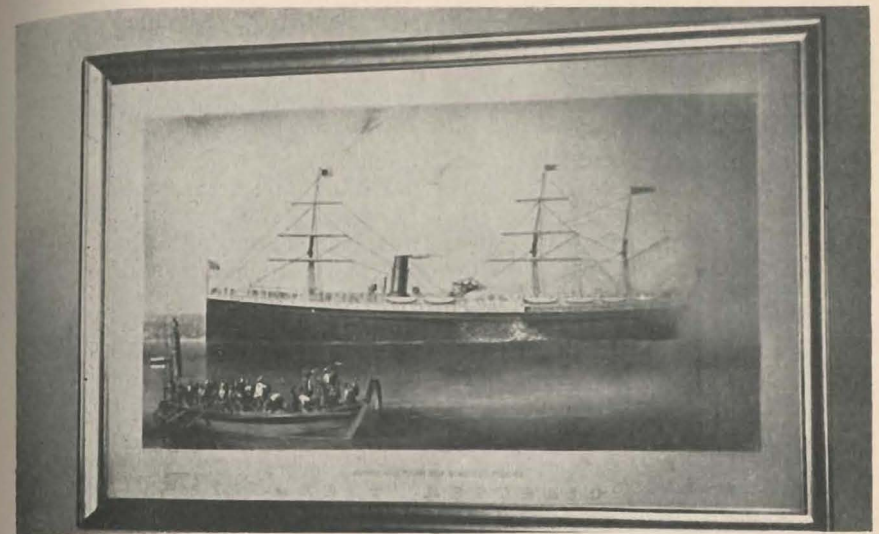
Vice-Admiral Emory S. Land U.S.N. (Ret.), War Shipping Administrator declared: "Victory Fleet Day accents the fact that when peace comes the shipping companies,

having proved their ability to handle under adverse conditions the vast world-wide commerce of war, will be supremely well equipped to fulfill their part in their country's greatly expanded post-war foreign trade."

The total launchings since the PATRICK HENRY have been more than 4,100 merchant ships of all types, built in three years. That is the greatest ship-building accomplishment in the history of the world. As America's ship launchings broke record after record, the Liberties have been followed by the Victories, the standard cargo types, the new tankers and a multitude of special purpose ships, all keyed to Victory and an adequate post-war Merchant Marine.

Crossing the Pacific in 1867

By Isaac H. Merrill



S.S. Great Republic

Courtesy Downtown Ass'n., 60 Pine Street, New York City

Editor's Note: The writer, who in 1867 was a 21 year old paymaster's clerk in the U. S. Navy, sailed that year on S.S. *Great Republic* for his post at Hong Kong. Upon request, his son, Mr. Edwin G. Merrill, the present owner of this interesting letter, has kindly consented to its publication, following Mr. William Williams' article "Ocean Travel on the Pacific, 1866-73" which appeared in the May issue of THE LOOKOUT.

AT noon of Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1867 — we embarked on the Pacific Mail Steamship "GREAT REPUBLIC" at San Francisco for Japan and China. It was the second voyage of that great ship. Thousands of people crowded the docks to witness her departure. Many came to bid farewell to friends on board. There being over 1200 Chinamen steerage passengers and about 60 Cabin passengers, quite all of whom were gathered upon the decks, the departure was a scene of much excitement. The Chinese on board offered up prayers (in the form of small squares of paper with gilded emblems thereon) for a safe voyage to the Floweryland. These "Joss-pigeons", as they are called, were evidently

intended to make up in quantity what they might lack in quality, for the decks were littered up with *bushels* of them. Amidst the cheers and benedictions of the multitude the great ship swung out into the harbor and proceeded down past the City toward the Golden Gate, saluting the forts—and ere long were out upon the Pacific.

Arranging staterooms, securing seats at table and preparing baggage for the long voyage occupied the afternoon. Before night we passed the desolate Farallone Islands. The wind came strong from W.N.W., hindering our progress and creating a heavy sea, and this contrary wind and rough sea we were destined to endure *throughout the entire voyage.*

Endeavoring to escape from such heavy weather, the ship's course was changed, and we ran down as far as 28 degrees North but fared no better. It was difficult for the immensely powerful engines to make headway against the adverse winds and waves. While standing in the engine room on the fourth

day out a heavy sea was shipped, crushing in the hurricane deck for a length of 40 feet. The blow was so tremendous as to shake the ship from stem to stern, and the signal bell in the engine room struck one. The engineer thought the ship had struck a reef and he shouted to us to run. We had barely time to reach the saloon when the great volume of water pouring in thro' the broken deck came surging aft, quite filling the gangways and sweeping along the frame bunks of the bedding, clothing, chop-sticks, half-drowned Celestials and everything moveable on the decks. It was an alarming affair for a few minutes, as it seemed there must be loss of life among the Chinese—packed in densely as they were between decks—1200 of them, and water enough deluging them to drown a regiment. Somehow, none of them were downed, but several of them were severely injured by being crushed under the deck timbers and unceremoniously banged about in the struggle with each other for breathing places. The Surgeon had all he could do that day and night setting broken bones and patching up the pieces of the once happy but now disconsolate children of the Sun. Day after day passed, and the storm increased rather than diminished in fury.

After two weeks of dangerous weather, during which the ship was considerably injured, the timbers of the "guards" stove in, several paddles knocked from the wheels, and bathrooms, barber shop entirely destroyed, we had more respectable weather. Seventeen days out, we passed Brock's Island, (put down in Colton's Maps as Ocean Island). Until recently, it has been of no use to mankind. Several vessels have been wrecked upon it. The P.M.S.S. Company endeavored to use it as a coaling Station and when we were there, four men were on the island in charge. We tried to obtain coal but the heavy sea running rendered it impossible to effect

a landing with our boats, and after remaining off the island all day, we reluctantly resumed our course. These men on that barren reef seemed fearfully lonely — with nothing to view but the vast ocean.

There being 180° of W. Longitude and 180° of L— we were to lose one day! The next morning (Sunday) at 5 o'clock we crossed the 180th Meridian and were in E. Longitude. Consequently, that day was Monday and *not* Sunday. Sunday had been obliterated. But the Episcopal Missionary Bishop of China and Japan who was a passenger, was not to be "done" out of his full allowance of Sundays by any nautical method. So he held services as usual, and we had to "go to Church" Monday morning, Monday P.M. and Monday evening, for he gave us *Three* services that day! This losing a day was a curious circumstance and gave rise to much learned figuring and attempted explanation which in most cases confused the speaker as much as the hearers before reaching any elucidation of "Diem perdidit". In crossing the Pacific from Asia to America, a day is gained, and what was once deemed an impossibility, "having two Sundays come together in one week" became a reality.

A few days after this came Christmas Day which was observed by religious services in the morning conducted by the Bishop and other missionaries who were passengers aboard. After dinner on Christmas Day we adjourned to the Lower Cabin where a very creditable Christmas Tree had been gotten up and trimmed with all the green ribbons and bits of green silk, etc. that the ladies could find. The steward had provided quantities of confectionery and cakes, and everyone had ransacked their luggage for gifts for the children and for all the cabin passengers.

On the last night of the year, our improvised Minstrel Troops gave an entertainment, employing all the musical instruments we could

find—and several fearful and wonderful ones gotten up especially for the occasion at vast outlay of genius. We saw "the old year out and the New Year in" in a manner at once solemn, dignified and becoming. So we thought, but those good souls who had retired early thought when "eight bells" struck at midnight that the ship had arrived in Pandemonium!

New Year's Day was observed in the stereotyped way—making formal calls upon the lady passengers who were arrayed in their finest apparel; full dress suits and white kids were the rule. That night, or rather in the early hours of the next A.M. while some twenty of us were making all the good resolutions we could think of for the New Year, our hilarity was changed to anxiety and sudden action by the hurriedly whispered announcement by the Quartermaster that the ship was on fire! Silence and quick work were our only hope, as sleeping beneath us were more than 1300 peo-

ple, mostly Chinese. If by any unusual noise they were awakened and the fact of the ship being on fire made known to them, the panic sure to ensue would prevent fighting the fire, and fearful damage would follow. We found the fire raging in two unoccupied staterooms aft, and seizing blankets from out the neighboring staterooms and quickly dipping them into the sea, we burst into the burning rooms and beat at the burning woodwork with the wet blankets, and soon had a stream of water from the fire hose directed against the fire which we soon got under control.

But every one in the Cabin and of the Crew were decidedly alarmed at the great danger that beset us. The excitement was great and in the midst of it, after the fire was put out, it was ascertained that a passenger, habitually intoxicated, had done the mischief. In a drunken fit he had fancied occupying those rooms instead of his own, had unlocked them, lighted a candle there,



From the United States Lines Collection

Aboard an Atlantic steamship, 1868. (Pacific steamers were far less luxurious.)

put it on the floor and gone out again, locking the doors. The tossing of the ship had upset the light and set fire to the drapery of the berths and the light woodwork, dry as tinder, was soon rapidly burning. Fierce indignation was excited by the man's criminally reckless conduct, violent hands seized him, and a cry to pitch him overboard was being followed by the deed, when the Captain quickly came and begged the excited crowd to spare him, stating that he would keep him in arrest and have him punished. He was surrendered to the officers.

Continual heavy weather caused us to be far behind time and instead of reaching Yokohama in 22 days as usual, the expiration of 22 days found us very far this side of Yokohama. This delay began to tell upon our provisions. We had 20 oxen besides live pigs and sheep and fowl on board when we left San Francisco, but when the deck was crushed in, four oxen and several sheep were killed and drowned. The rice for the Chinese was nearly gone, most having been spoilt, and as that was their chief food—1000

Youngest Shipmaster

A merchant ship master who at the age of 23 has completed three foreign voyages in command of large cargo vessel is home after taking an important part in the Normandy landings, the War Shipping Administration has announced. He is Captain Charles Ross-well Stevens, of 180 Seventy-second St., Brooklyn, N. Y., who received his first command last February, while still only 22 years old.

Captain Stevens' last ship was the MS WEST HONAKER, 8,000 ton freighter operated for the WSA by the United States Lines. Serving in both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean-Middle East war zones he is also a survivor of two torpedoed vessels.

The young skipper has been with the United States Lines since being graduated from the Massachusetts Maritime Academy in September, 1941. Starting as junior third officer he rose rapidly to master in less than two and one-half years. In recent months several masters have received their first commands at the age of 23, believed to be the minimum age limit, considering the experience required to qualify.

lbs. per day being cooked for them—we were anxious to reach port. We generally used 43 tons of coal per day, but not having been able to get any at Brook's Island, were reduced to 25 or 30 tons per day. This worried us more than the provisions, as if the coal gave out, we should be in a dangerous predicament, our immense ship being unfit for any speed under sail.

Finally, on January 3, 1868, we sighted Treaty Point at the entrance of the Bay of Yedo and reached Yokohama at 9 P.M., the happiest people imaginable. We anchored a mile off the town and directly our canons were answered by American and English Man-of-War; and officers from the U.S.S. "Monocacy" and from English ships and from the shore, and citizens generally, came to us in boats and a very cordial greeting was given us by everybody for we had been given up as lost—nine days overdue.

Only ten tons of coal were left. We took 1315 tons from San Francisco. So, here we are across the Pacific, 6000 miles from San Francisco.

Seamen Repatriated

More than 15,000 American merchant seamen and officers have been repatriated from overseas to United States ports, since the beginning of the war, by the War Shipping Administration.

WSA said repatriation means the returning from foreign soil or waters, for any reason whatsoever, of any merchant seaman who is not performing the duties to which he had been assigned.

Contrasted with the early months of the war when the majority of the repatriated men were "wet survivors"—men who had been torpedoed—the majority of the repatriates now are men who have been injured, become sick, or who participated in special missions with the armed forces and are returning to join other ships.

During D-Day operations a large number of American merchant seamen and officers were on ships that had to be abandoned. Most of these men, about 1,000, had to be repatriated in order that they might join other ships needing experienced manpower to operate them.

A Review of Lars Skattebol's Book "The Last Voyage of the 'Quien Sabe'"

By George Noble

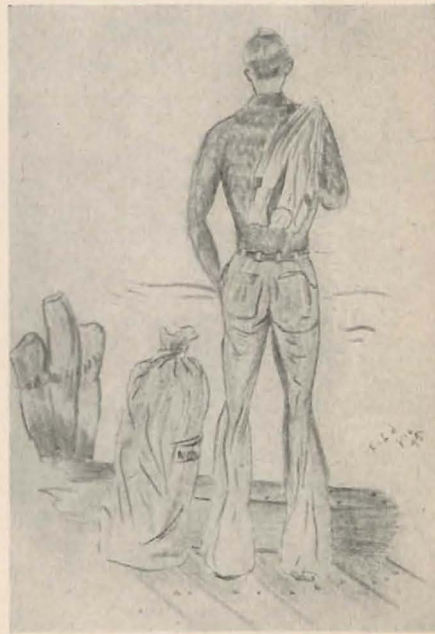
Editor's Note:

Mrs. Edward Fales Coward, one of the Institute's friends, donated a prize for the best review by a seaman of a current marine book. "The Last Voyage of the Quien Sabe" by Lars Skattebol (published by Harper's) was selected. The author, a seaman, is a frequent visitor to the Institute's CONRAD LIBRARY. Following is the winning review, written by Seaman George Noble.

HERE, without affectation and with sincerity, is a modern saga of the seas by a true son of the Vikings of old: It is a simple, forthright record of the author's impressions of the crew and the ship during a voyage in mid-summer of 1942 when the Nazi-sub menace was at its worst. Returning from Africa, homeward bound, about a thousand miles at sea and travelling alone the ship is attacked by an unseen submarine. In the exact words of the writer; "Two torpedoes sent the Ship down in less than a minute." There were 61 men on board. 33 were either killed outright in the explosions or drowned in the sinking. The survivors spent 17 days in an open life-boat before rescue came. One man died of untreated malaria while adrift.

The brief outline of her loss is not outstanding or unusual for the times when Lloyds of London quoted insurance rates in astronomic figures and tragic sinkings incurring large loss of human lives were much more frequent than now . . . (Still, even today we fellows who man the merchant ships realize that "we are not quite out of the woods yet" . . . and the danger from subs, torpedoes, mines and so on has only abated and not ceased altogether.) However, as Mr. Skattebol details the story for us, we find that the "Quien Sabe" was in many ways a strange ship, differing from the usual. She was a remarkable

relic from the First World War, and manned by an extraordinary crew. Certainly when she left New York to begin her tragic last voyage she had one of the most polyglot companies aboard that ever put to sea together. A "hodge-podge", a veritable "hurrahs nest" of mixed races and assorted nationalities. The good Ship "Quien Sabe" must have been a kind of floating Tower of Babel with her confusion of different tongues. Our Chronicler amusingly records for us the roster of her curious crew. There was a Yugoslav, 4 Portugese, 7 Egyptians, (including a giant ship's-carpenter who might well have stepped right out of the pages of Conrad or Stevenson,) 2 Poles, a Belgian Chief Engineer (with a very loud voice, heavy with asthma and accent . . .) The assistant engineers were a Canadian first,



Drawing by Seamen Victor Madeska

an American Second, a Portuguese 3rd, an Egyptian 4th.

For the deck officers: The Captain was American, (kicked at the ship's cats and the Roosevelt administration with equal violence . . .) The First Mate was of German descent and had a German name. The "Quien Sabe's 2nd Mate was thoroughly incompetent but he did the navigating, anyway." . . . The 3rd Mate, ("talked and acted like a grown-up Dead-End Kid . . .") His immediate ancestors came from Sicily . . . and his naturally rather dark coloring was "intensified by a persistent case of yellow jaundice!" The 4th, or junior, Officer was "easily the best deck Officer in the Ship . . ." He was a young Dane . . . Two Cadets were Americans . . . The wireless operator was a Filipino . . .

The deck crew was composed of Americans, 2 Puerto Ricans, one Brazilian, a Russian, a Latvian, an Englishman, an Estonian, and a Swede . . . The chief steward was a Loyalist Spaniard . . . The chief cook a Harlem Negro. The mess-boys were an Irishman, a Portuguese, an American and another Brazilian . . . Her Navy gun-crew were Americans: half of them were lost in the sinking of the Vessel.

When the S. S. Quien Sabe put in at Key West the Belgian Ch. Eng. quit and the Company sent out his successor by plane from New York. The new Ch. Eng. proved to be Norwegian. He only "added one more language to the confusion of board the Q. S."

He knew scarcely any English, which was unusual for a sea-going Scandinavian. Skattebol says, "There was a certain element of mystery in even his simplest commands . . . which often had a very weird effect since at least two of his assistants knew but little English in any version . . ."

Such was the motley crew of the S. S. Quien Sabe.

As for the ship: She was a typical, old well-decked "rust-pot",

built in 1914,—and still had her original engines; No wonder they were always giving so much trouble thru'out the voyage. It was found necessary to put in at Baltimore after leaving New York for repairs on her worn-out refrigeration system. Many of the crew wanted to quit right there, saying that they'd had enough of the old Tub . . . It is amazing that they didn't . . .

Their first genuine scare came when fire of an undetermined origin broke out in the deck-cargo lashed on the forward well-deck. Herculean endeavors on the part of the giant carpenter assisted very materially in getting the fire put out before it did any considerable damage. They were frantic for a time during the height of the excitement for rumors had gotten round that there were explosives stored right underneath in No. 1 Hold. For all his heroics the Carpenter was the most hated man, and the most feared, aboard the Ship. So he was unceremoniously dumped ashore on Trinidad,—when the Ship touched there as a point of departure before striking out across the Atlantic for Africa. Safely arrived in West Africa they discharged their cargo at a port on the Gold Coast. Mr. Skattebol gives a highly interesting account of conditions prevailing there today,—under stress of war-time influences. The courageous missionaries have not been misinforming us all these years concerning conditions there.

In his narrative Mr. S. reveals that the "Quien Sabe" was terribly under-provisioned and the crew being on short rations themselves there was little they could do toward alleviating the signs of hunger that they found everywhere among the natives. It is much to their credit that they did what they could. Altogether, it is a very touching pictures of these near-starving creatures that the author draws for us . . . How eagerly the unperpaid native stevedores gathered round the fo'c's'le doors

at the close of a meal and how gratefully they received the meager scraps of food from the tables! On shore, the conditions were so bad that natives were reduced to the pitiful circumstances of cooking and eating their very household pets,—and one of the ship's cats who wandered ashore in an unguarded hour failed to return again. The writer tells amusingly how the ship was held up an hour or two, delaying the whole convoy that was "making-up", while most of the crew went ashore in a futile search for the luckless cat. Many of the men were of the opinion that this was a singularly bad omen, presaging disaster for the Ship and themselves . . . In any event the ship was torpedoed and sank when 7 days out on her return trip to the United States.

There follows an interesting first-hand account of 17 days in an open boat under a broiling tropic sun: it is little short of epic. It is dramatic and yet interpreted with such uncomprising candor and unforgettable realism, possessing all the

RETIRED CHIEF ENGINEER SHIPS OUT AGAIN AT 74

A World War Officer, He Ends
First Cruise in This One

Called from retirement to help in the war emergency, a seventy-four-year-old mariner has just completed his first voyage as chief engineer of a Liberty ship.

He is William Mallett, of Malden, Mass. Veteran of sea duty in the World War, he shipped recently on the S. S. John Davenport, which has returned to the United States after delivering a war cargo to the British Isles.

Mr. Mallett returned to duty after eight years in retirement, the War Shipping Administration announced.

A native of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, he first went to sea in 1897. In 1917 he was commissioned a lieutenant in the Navy. He rose to commander and served as chief engineer on the old S. S. America, which carried thousands of American soldiers to France and back.

Of Mr. Mallett's four sons, two are officers in the Coast Guard and another is an officer in the Merchant Marine.

wholesome flavor of facts garnered at first hand, that no one may doubt its authenticity . . .

The author presents a very vivid picture, in language the reader will long remember, for it is frank and forthright and free from sentimentality. It is an exceptionally well-written narrative throughout and it is obvious that the writer has expended a good deal of effort to present his facts interestingly and with a force of meaning that none can disregard . . . He has told his story exceedingly well; their experiences in the life-boat form a fitting climax to the story of the "Quien Sabe's" last voyage . . .

Taken altogether, Lars Skattebol has written a distinctly readable, decidedly worthwhile, documentation of virile life and swift death in this really earnest story of the "Quien Sabe" . . . I can appreciate its merits both as a merchant seaman myself, and as an individual reader intent on the enjoyment of good literature . . . More than this I can only urge you to read it for your own satisfaction. You will enjoy it. I did.

Book Review

DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER

By Max Miller

(Whittlesey House) McGraw. 1944.
\$2.50

Perhaps at some not too distant date, planes may be so big and so fast that the carriers, those subsidiary landing fields, may be inessential. But to-day, especially in the Pacific with its fabulous distances, they are an integral and important part of the war. In DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER, Max Miller has given a day-by-day account of the carrier and her men—especially her men. Perhaps because Mr. Miller served on his carrier and was not just sent there as an observer, his account is more vivid and believable than many similar books. Mr. Miller has written a moving record of how the men think and feel, of how they fight, and how they wait for their planes to return to the carrier.

DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER has many fine photographs taken by Lt. Charles E. Kerlee, U.S.N.R.

I.M.A.

Christmas Boxes

ARE you one of the many who are helping us give our Merchant Marine a memorable Christmas? If not, do join our crew of helpers and either pack a box or let one of our many volunteers do it for you. Thousands of seamen look to us for their only Christmas remembrance, and we must see that no matter whether they be on the Atlantic, the Pacific, Baltic or China Seas they will receive a well filled box of useful and joyful gifts. The seamen expressed appreciation of last year's Christmas boxes as the following letters will testify:

FROM A MARINE HOSPITAL:

"They were lovely gifts and they made th day a lot brighter for all of them. I do appreciate your sending them to us. Also, I want to thank you for the contribution of knitted caps, which we are using for the men who sign on and sell out."

* * * * *

"Just a few lines to let you know that I appreciated very much your Christmas gift parcel which went far toward brightening up a holiday on a long haul at sea. My observation was that the crew as a whole showed a distinct rise in spirits after the distribution.

By the way, I am writing this with the pen from the box of paper that came with it, while smoking a gift cigarette lit by the lighter. Best wishes for the New Year."

* * * * *

"I am commanding officer of the U. S. Navy Gun Crew aboard one of our merchant ships and when Christmas came to us out here at sea, we found that we were included in the Christmas gifts which you and your friends so kindly put aboard the ship through the Seamen's Church Institute. The purpose of this note is to express to you not only my personal appreciation for my own gift, but also the gratitude of the boys in my unit to all of you in Oklahoma City for so brightening up our day. The pleasure on this ship on Christmas morning when the gifts were distributed was a joy to

observe and I want you to know you have done a grand work. Again, expressing my personal thanks, —

Lt. (jg) J. F. B. _____

* * * * *

"I am writing this note to let you know that your Christmas package was very much appreciated. I am a gunner aboard a Merchant Ship that was far out at sea at that time and I want you to know that your gifts and gifts of others like you certainly gave us higher spirits that Christmas Day. The merchant seamen and the navy gunners thank you deeply and may God bless you for your goodness."

Frank C. _____

* * * * *

"I received your most welcome Christmas gift and was very happy to receive it. My brother is on the same ship as myself and we both play with the chess game that you sent me. I am a fellow from New York City and am 21 years of age and now I will wish you "Best of health" and "God bless you".

Frank _____

* * * * *

(from Glasgow, Scotland)

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the wonderful Christmas gifts. These gifts have not only some in handy, but proved to the Merchant Marine that someone was thinking of us in the States. Every job you ladies are doing has the respect of the entire Merchant Marine. Thanking you again,

Ralph _____

P.S. May God bless you all.

As an example of how everybody is doing his part to make successful the placing of boxes on merchant ships, the Square Knitters of Staten Island under the leadership of Mrs. Thomas Dobson, gave a "Country Fair" in the garden of her home on Columbus Day. An outdoor lunch of "weinies" and coffee was served and many useful articles were sold. The proceeds of this delightful afternoon went towards Christmas boxes.

Also the South Shore Association had a bridge party at Merrick, Long Island at which a goodly sum was raised, and their efforts will fill many boxes for our brave men of the sea.

Remember The Seafarer on Thanksgiving and Christmas

We thank Thee that we still can eat,
And speak, and praise Thy name and Thee,
And shape our dream, and share our meat,
And build—and keep—Thy victory.

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER *

WHETHER Thanksgiving Day is celebrated in your state on November 23rd or November 30th, November is a good time to give thanks for our personal blessings and, this year, for Allied victories on the fighting fronts. Here at the Institute about 1,600 merchant seamen of all nationalities and creeds will give thanks for safe arrival and journey's end, and will enjoy a holiday dinner, in accordance with our time-honored custom. Thanks to the generous gifts of loyal friends, each year, to our HOLIDAY FUND the Institute extends a cheery Thanksgiving and Christmas welcome to these men home from the sea after delivering urgently needed supplies to various theatres of war.

A gift to our HOLIDAY FUND is a practical way of saying "THANK YOU" to these men who are keeping the vital lines of supply open to the fighting fronts. Many of them are unable to get to their own family hearthsides on these two holidays; others have no relatives and so regard the Institute as their home. In celebrating these days by providing a bountiful dinner, with music and movies and special entertainment, we are thus expressing our gratitude to these men of the Merchant Marine without whom the invasion and the recent victories would be impossible.

The men who sit down to our Thanksgiving dinner will be on the high seas at Christmas . . . celebrating Christmas in convoy is an arduous and dangerous job. The men who arrive at 25 South Street for Christmas dinner will have come ashore for a brief rest from their duties at sea. Please help us to extend a big welcome to these home-coming mariners, and to seamen in hospitals.

Kindly make checks payable to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK, designated For HOLIDAY FUND and mail to 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

*Reprinted from "This Week" by special permission.



Address inquiries to:
Mrs. Grafton Burke,
Secretary
Central Council
25 South Street
New York 4, N. Y.

NOW EVEN SHIPS GIVE TRANSFUSIONS

London, July 24 (U.P.)—A British naval rescue tug gave a U. S. Liberty ship a "steam transfusion" in the middle of the English Channel shortly after D-Day, it was disclosed today. The Liberty ship hit a mine. It managed to pump out water in the hold, but could not raise enough steam to start its engines. The British tug came alongside and fitted flexible tubes from its powerful boilers to those on the Liberty ship. The crew got the Liberty ship's engines started and it went ahead under its own power.

MAN OVERBOARD! THE COOK

The seas in the neighborhood of New Guinea are not so busy as formerly, with trading schooners in search of copra and other island products. Most of the craft sighted thereabouts now are in a great hurry, and merchantmen must wait and wait. Sail do thread their ways through island channels and endure the necessary tedium that befalls the unmilitary ship in troubled waters. Languorous days and nights in Southern latitudes may be all well enough in time of peace. But with continuing heat, possible lack of variety in supplies and absence of shore leave, forecabin hands may become peevish. And so, having remonstrated, they say, with the cook on his lack of resourcefulness in varying the bill of fare, four members of the crew of an American merchantman tossed the lord of the galley overboard. He was fished out by less fastidious shipmates and lived to be complainant in a Federal court in California. The facts being susceptible of easy proof, some of the defendants pleaded guilty in varying degrees. Prosecution was hampered by the fact that the cook, principal witness for the United States, when found in a bar not far from the court was uncertain about most things, except that he had had enough of the sea for a while. The Attorney General may be asked for permission to dismiss the case.

Herald-Tribune, July 20, 1944

PLANE DETECTOR, FIRST CLASS

A cocker spaniel named Black Beauty is highly prized aboard a Navy vessel now in drydock in Brooklyn for his ability to pick up the noise of airplane motors long before they are audible to the human ear. Black Beauty's warning barks have been heard on twenty-seven convoys, and he has been rated as "air-

plane detector, first class" and has received campaign ribbons from his master, Commander A. R. Boileau, who is also master of the ship.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

13 REASONS WHY 13 IS GOOD LUCK

The time-honored superstition that the number 13 is unlucky holds no terrors for Walter Shepard or the S. S. ARTHUR RIGGS. Shepard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has given the American Merchant Marine Institute 13 reasons why the number holds no ill fortune for him or his ship:

1. His name has 13 letters.
2. He was born on June 13th.
3. His title, Chief Engineer, has 13 letters.
4. His last license was issued on June 13th.
5. S. S. ARTHUR RIGGS is another "13."
6. It is a "Liberty vessel" (count 'em).
7. The ship was launched on February 13th.
8. It went into service on March 13th.
9. Arrived in her first port on the 13th (month censored).
10. The ship's speed is 13 knots.
11. The officer's mess is made up of 13 men.
12. The sum of the digits in the ship's hull number 634, equals 13.
13. Recently she sailed for home on the 5th day of the eighth month which adds up to 13 again.

FAITHFUL CHRISTINE

There were many small naval craft to be launched at the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation's yards in Morris Heights on the Harlem River and women sponsors were none too dependable as champagne-bashers, so the management devised a mechanical sponsor, called Christine, according to the War Production Board. Christine never giggles, flinches or misses.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

NOT WHAT IT SEEMS TO BE

A ship's smoke stack is not always what it seems to be. It may house a crew's smoking room, dog kennel or be empty in case the vessel is a motor ship. Dummy funnels are frequently used to add to a ship's appearance. On steam vessels, smoke stacks are really much larger than the actual smoke flue, which is usually only one-third the diameter of the outer funnel.

COINCIDENCE . . .

Miss Kathleen Lolis, a volunteer in the Conrad Library, received a letter from her fiance who is in the army in China. He wrote that just when he was longing most for a good book to read, an American merchant seaman bringing supplies to his company offered him Pearl Buck's book, "The Good Earth." He opened the book and in the front was stamped "Compliments of Conrad Library, New York."

ROPE THAT FLOATS

A specially treated flexible rope that will float on water from 1 to 10 days has been perfected and patented recently in Great Britain. Many types of fibers may be used, including cotton, flax, manila and hemp. Rope so treated would be suited for use as lifelines in rescue work, or as landing ropes. Luminescent materials can also be applied without destroying the floatage of the rope.

ROMANCE . . .

Paul Victor Sparks, signals officer in the British Merchant Navy, was married recently to Marjorie Wicks, South American heiress who came to New York by plane to meet her fiance. Sparks had been staying at the Waldorf-Astoria, pending her arrival, but had gone broke waiting, so had come to the Institute. Mrs. Shirley Wessel, head of the Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau, played the role of Cupid in the romance by arranging to reunite the girl with her sailor, after each had been searching for the other for several days. A very happy reunion took place at the Institute and the young couple led the newspapers photographers a merry chase. They were married in the "Little Church Around The Corner."

Another Institute romance was the marriage on October 21st of Mortimer Davenport, supervisor of our Janet Roper Club, to Freda Hemming, a member of the Institute's Chapel Choir.



Courtesy Alan Villiers

SURVIVOR . . .

In the hurricane's wake was a flooded cellar at No. 26 South Street, next door to the Institute, where supplies are kept. Two of the Institute's engine room staff, wearing hip boots, entered the cellar to pump water. They heard a tiny "Meow" and, investigating, discovered a black and white kitten clinging to a piece of planking, floating around in the water. The kitten was rescued, fed milk with a medicine dropper, and has been named "Black Gang" since the engine room crew have adopted her.

TURKEY ON THE SEA

A War Shipping Administration vessel was preparing to sail on a mission that would find it, on Thanksgiving Day, far from any source of turkey supply. The administration appealed to the office of the Quartermaster General and, as a result, the ship sailed with enough frozen turkey aboard to feed crew and passengers on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's.

LOUDER, PLEASE . . .

The Institute needs a portable public address system for our Janet Roper Room where crowds of merchant seamen are entertained nightly. The cost of such, including two speakers and an amplifier, is \$195.00. Will some reader come to our rescue? It will help toward the greater enjoyment of our program of entertainment.

"Ships are just so much iron and steel until their life blood, that is the crew, is poured into them."—Colin Mackenzie, author of "Sailors of Fortune."—E. P. Dutton.



Volunteer Hostesses Entertain Seamen



Elsie Arnold of "Oklahoma" and Seaman



Celeste Holm of "Bloomer Girl" and Seaman



At the Snack Bar, Janet Roper Club



Cycling in Central Park

Photos by Marie Higginson

Women's Organization Gives Station Wagon

THE Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine held its ninth Annual Conference Luncheon on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria on Thursday, October 19th, in connection with the American Merchant Marine Conference. Mrs. Arthur Tode, chairman of the Conference Committee, introduced Mrs. Bertram Edwards, president of the organization, and the guests. Lt. Colonel Harold G. Hoffman, former governor of New Jersey, was the principal speaker. Representatives of women's organizations from San Francisco, Seattle, New Orleans and New London were guests of honor. Miss Mary Mider rendered piano selections and three members of the cast of the musical play, "Oklahoma", led by Miss Elsie Arnold, sang. Mrs. Walter Ingram was chairman of the Program Committee.

At this lunch a check for a station wagon were presented to the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, D.D., Director of the Seamen's Church

Institute of New York. The funds for this station wagon were raised through efforts of the War Relief Committee, of which Mrs. Oscar Dupont is chairman, and Mrs. George Brown and Mrs. Samuel Aitken were co-chairmen. The wagon will be used to transport the Institute's ship visitors to merchant ships arriving in New York harbor. The visitors cover the payoffs of ships' crews and receive wages for deposit in New York banks, for safe-keeping at the Institute and also sell War Bonds and Travellers' Cheques.

This is the third station wagon which the Women's Organization of the American Merchant Marine has contributed. The others were presented to the New York State Maritime Academy at Fort Schuyler and the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point. The Women's Organization has also given two ambulances, one mobile kitchen and five hospital beds to hospitals in England.



Photo by Marie Higginson

Mrs. Bertram C. Edwards presents check for station wagon to Dr. Kelley (Seated) Capt. Giles C. Stedman, Supt. of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, Mrs. Russell R. Waesche (wife of Vice-Admiral Waesche, U. S. Coast Guard), and Lt. Colonel Harold G. Hoffman.

Learning to be Good Seamen

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U. S. Maritime Commission Photo
St. Petersburg, Florida

Checking Lyle Gun

Photo by Joseph Costa
N. Y. Daily News Photo

Cadet Checking Water Supply

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U. S. Maritime Commission

Practicing Jumping from Heights
At U. S. Maritime Service Training School
at Sheepshead Bay, New York

Associated Press Photo

Students at the U. S. Maritime Service's Training School on Santa Catalina Island Demonstrate the Use of Trousers as Life Preservers.

A Seaman Author Pleads for Books for Seamen

TO READERS OF THE LOOKOUT:

GO TO your library, be it large or small, look through those books you have known so long and loved so well. Think of the pleasure you had when you first read them; the reviews that aroused your curiosity; the people who talked about them to you; and then the evening when you lit a cigarette, turned the radio off, and opened the book at the first page.

There are men in the Merchant Navy who have never read those books, and unless you choose to help, they never will. Good libraries do not abound in sailor town, or on the long jetties where the tankers load.

The books that are aboard ships are cherished; lent as a sign of good friendship, and returned at once. Dog-eared they may be; the

covers worn shabby—but they stack up as the sailors' only relaxation, against the landsman's movies and theatres and radio shows.

Take those books you have loved, and share them with us. The classics you have read, and re-read; the textbooks that taught you more of your job; and the murder mysteries that kept you enthralled. They will be put on our ships, and we will be grateful to you.

Sincerely,

SEAMAN FRANK LASKIER
Author of "Log Book" and
"My Name Is Frank"

Please send books to the CONRAD LIBRARY, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. which will distribute them to merchant seamen of the United Nations.



A. Worsinger Photo

R. H. MACY & CO. very kindly devoted space in one of its 34th Street windows during October to a display appealing for books for merchant seamen of the United Nations, to be distributed through the Institute's Conrad Library.

BY SEA AND LAND:

The Story of Our Amphibious Forces

By Lt. Earl Burton, U.S.N.R.

Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill, \$2.75

It is the brilliant success of our method of sea-borne invasion that made not only that biggest D-Day of all on June sixth possible but the many others that preceded it and will follow it. Amphibious operation must succeed; it has no second choice. And it requires perfect cooperation between the Army and the Navy. Lt. Burton has told the story of how the very idea of amphibious forces were conceived; how its strange new equipment was planned and built; how the men and officers were trained; and how these plans and materials were used in the Mediterranean and the Pacific.

BY SEA AND BY LAND whether it discusses actual war or its preparation, has the double advantage of being written by a participant of this type of warfare as well as by a professional writer, thus escaping the too common fault of dull presentation or of competent writing about a little understood subject. Lt. Burton, formerly of TIME'S staff, served with the Atlantic Fleet Amphibious force in the Sicilian invasion. He is now with the training command.

I.M.A.

THIS IS IT

By Harry Davis

Vanguard Press, 1944 \$2.50

This series of personal narratives gives an almost unbearably vivid picture of a wide variety of fighting fronts: airplane carrier, convoy, tank corps.

The first story is the best: the life and death of the HORNET told by her chaplain. There is an unforgettable picture of a bone weary padre who, the immediate danger over, drags out his tiny organ and watches the almost invisible untangling of the nerves of the lads who drift in to listen.

The chapters on the merchant marine are not the strongest in the book, the best is supplied by a navy gunner who paints with dramatic force the horror of torpedo and flaming oil.

The army's most colorful representative is the private in the tank corps who "decided not to die tonight" so, with one leg torn and both hands burned, crawled out of the desert on elbows and knees.

The book is written by twelve gallant men. May they live to see the victory they have done so much to gain.

D.P.

— AND PASS THE AMMUNITION

By Chaplain Howell M. Forgy

Appleton-Century, 1944 \$2.00

This is the story of the cruiser New Orleans and her role during the months when a crippled navy held back the weight of the Japanese Empire.

She was tied up to the dock on December 7th, thus particularly vulnerable. There was no power for the ammunition hoists; men were passing the huge shells by hand when the chaplain shouted to them the now famous phrase of encouragement. The New Orleans was undamaged that morning; but the reader holds his breath as a shell drops between her and a tanker loaded with 1,000,000 gallons of high octane, and nothing happens!

It was off Guadalcanal that her entire bow was blown away in one mighty explosion. Yet she did not sink. A shipfitter dived again and again under water and oil until he succeeded in making a water tight door. Her commander manager somehow to maneuver her into Tulagi harbor. In answer to a shout from shore: "What happened to your bow?" a gunner's mate called back: "Termites". As the author says, spirit like that proves why America will win the war.

D.P.

"GOD ON A BATTLEWAGON"

By Capt. James V. Claypool, Chaplain, U.S.N.R.

Philadelphia. John C. Winston. 1944. \$1.50

Captain James V. Claypool, U.S.N.R. was the chaplain of the famous Battleship X, known as the South Dakota. Although he tells of his experiences and those of the men on his ship in personal terms, his story becomes transformed into a record of the sacrifices and courage of the men of the Navy as a whole. These men, for long periods cut off from normal contacts of life ashore and facing great dangers, do not regard religion as a perfunctory matter. They expect from their chaplain not only the formal Sunday services, but frequent counsel as to how to meet the problems of their home relationships as well as those at sea. Christianity is something real and necessary to them.

A reader cannot help but be moved by "GOD ON A BATTLEWAGON". It is a sympathetic account of our blue-jackets, how they think and act, and how they face life and death.

I.M.A.

FOR MY WIFE

Captain Christopher Jones of the "MAYFLOWER"

The chill light fades on somber Scottish hills
To far off grumbling, and blue fingers seek
A cloud-masked foe; salt drops upon my cheek
The eye that faces westward freely spills;
My heart too full, my hands that smoothed your hair
Are clenched, remembering warmth; my lips that yearn
For the high hour of honorable return
Now dry and trembling; fixed my stare
Upon bright stars that shine above our home,
Constant as jewels, and have their increment
With happy years, a luster never spent,
This sailor's guide wherever he may roam.
Let sunlight fail, bombs rain, the hellish choir
Struck dumb by radiance from our evening fire!

John Ackerson,
U. S. Maritime Service
From N. Y. Herald Tribune
Reprinted by Special Permission

"NOR DEATH DISMAY"

By Samuel Duff McCoy
Macmillan's. \$2.50

"Of sea captains young and old and the mates,
and of all intrepid sailors,
Of the few, very choice, taciturn, whom fate
can never surprise nor death dismay.

Thus the inscribed preface to "Nor Death Dismay" which silhouettes so perfectly the story to come. With rare insight and warm sympathy Mr. McCoy has drawn from life the men of the Merchant Marine and beckoned them into the pages of his book where they remain so alive, so splendid and so fine that often one wants to reach out and clasp their hands. Here, too, the records of their deeds remain and speak for themselves, unneeded of praise of monument. Occurring and recurring again and again, reminiscent almost of the motif in a symphony is the line, "The Convoy Sailed On". An Endless roll call of ships . . . sometimes the culmination of achievement . . . sometimes destruction, anguish and death, desolation, but—"The Convoy Sailed On."

Having much heart, Mr. McCoy studs his narrative here and there with descriptions that gleam like bright stars above a weary world. The EXMOUTH—American mercy ship—sailing to France laden with clothing, food and

And so, at last, on the nineteenth of November,
On a clear, crisp morning, at daybreak,
With a slice of old moon still bright in the dawn-sky,
They saw the long dim outline of Cape Cod.

Then Christopher Jones tacked ship and made for the southward,
For they thought to settle, perhaps, where the Hudson flowed,
If they might reach it, at least in a milder clime,
But they got among white water and tangled shoals,
They got in the broken part of Pollack's Rip,

Where the currents run like a millrace and veer and change,
The bitter water,
The graveyard of ships to come.
They knew that they were in danger from the grim

Faces of crew and captain—but they were landmen.
There were roaring waters. That was all that they knew.

But Christopher Jones and his sailors knew the truth
And he must have wiped his brow when at last, toward evening,
He worked the clumsy *Mayflower* into deep water,
Hove to for the night and knew he'd not lost his ship.

He had not done badly, Captain Christopher Jones,
Though you'll find no statue of him in Plymouth Harbor
And to him, no doubt, 'twas a day's work and no more.

From: WESTERN STAR
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medicine for the little children and the babies. Little shirts, little overalls, little dresses, layettes. Said the French between tears and cheers, "Le vargaison inestimable" . . . such things so good to hear about, friendship between nations. And the story of Zebbie, the little black and white terrier, who stood four-footed on the bridge of the ZEBULON B. VANCE throughout an air attack to snarl her stalwart, dog-defiance at the plane seared sky and then immediately it was over, "slid down the companionway to her friends, the crew to congratulate them". Thus, the many, many tale of "Nor Death Dismay." A.V.C.

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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."