

*The*  
**LOOKOUT**



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

## Sanctuary

O God of peace, who hast taught us that in returning and rest we shall be saved, in quietness and in confidence shall be our strength; By the might of thy Spirit lift us, we pray thee, to thy presence, where we may be still and know that thou art God; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Book of Common Prayer.

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVII, JUNE 1946

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

President

THOMAS ROBERTS

Secretary and Treasurer

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.

Director

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor

POLLY WEAVER, Associate Editor

\$1.00 per year 10c per copy

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

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

Address all communications to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

Telephone BOwling Green 9-2710

## THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB

15 Gramercy Park

presents

An exhibition of paintings, drawings, published manuscripts  
and camera studies by members of the

ARTISTS AND WRITERS CLUB OF THE MERCHANT MARINE  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

June 1-18

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

This exhibit will be transferred to the Janet Roper Room for the Summer  
months. The paintings are for sale.

THIS MONTH'S COVER: A new angle on the Institute as  
caught by our vigilant volunteer photographer, Marie Higginson.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXXVII

JUNE, 1946

No. 6

## Tattooing Survives

DOWN at the tip of Manhattan Island, on the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip, across from the Institute, where men from the merchant fleets of many nations come ashore, is a tattooing shop frequented chiefly by sailors. Its boldly lettered sign creaks in the wind from the East River and a variety of sea-going men mount the rickety stairs to subject themselves to the tattooist's needle.

A chat with the shop's proprietor, a native West Virginian by name of Brodie Ely, reveals that this ancient and often derided custom has survived depressions and wars in modern times.

Mr. Ely, a thin, dark-haired, restless man, has been in the tattooing business between voyages for about seventeen years. He got into it more or less accidentally because he liked to draw and could make gadgets with his hands. He put together the tattooing set he uses now out of sheets of aluminum, faucets, rubber hoses, drills, bits of plumbing and other odds and ends.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Just after this story was set in type, we happened to glance out the window to see smoke billowing from Mr. Ely's tattoo shop. A fire squad and merchant seamen standing by soon put the blaze to rout but not before some damage was done. Seems Mr. Ely had gone out to breakfast leaving an oil heater burning and it blew up. The tattooist's greatest concern was over his cat who, the only victim, was badly burned about the ears. He rushed her to a veterinarian where she was treated. Mr. Ely will most likely return to the sea to earn money for new tattooing equipment. Meantime, sailors will have to depend on the Bowery tattooing shops for their skin decorations.

It's a handsome and elaborate affair.

According to Ely, the recent war gave quite a boost to the custom of tattooing and he hazards that nine out of ten men in the Merchant Marine have been decorated by the tattooist's needle.

Tastes have changed but little . . . they still go for the fulsome female figure. An old custom was having the letters h-o-l-d f-a-s-t tattooed to read right across the



fingers. The dread of hands slipping on icy ropes was back of this. Other designs in favor are anchors, hearts and names of sweethearts entwined, square rigged ships, flags, the Liberty Bell, and butterflies. Originality occasionally bursts out. One old tar had the tombstone of his father emblazoned on his chest. Another sailor, afflicted with a short memory, had his girls' phone numbers tattooed on his left arm for ready reference. One lad from Kansas had all the words and the music of "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" on his chest so he could throw off his coat, stand around a piano in any foreign port and be sure of having his favorite song played for him.

A popular choice now is the "cow-boy girl", an attractive little number all tricked out in riding breeches, spurs, and Western hat. Still popular is the old Charles Dana Gibson drawing of woman as "the eternal question mark."

During the war tattooing was put to practical as well as decorative

use. Merchant seamen had their seaman's certificate numbers tattooed on their ankles so that in case of lost papers they might be more easily duplicated. Social Security numbers are likewise indelibly imprinted on their owners' skin. Mr. Ely applied the needle to the legs and arms of a number of WAVES but was noncommittal as to their favorite subjects. Names of ships for those who managed to "see the sea" were popular.

Traditionally superstitious, men of the sea have some interesting superstitions about their tattoo marks. They believe that if they have a pig tattooed on their left arm they will never drown. Others have hinges on their elbows in the belief that should they break an arm it would swing from the hinge safely. They subconsciously think that tattoo designs on their forearms

strengthen them but also important is the fact that they are more easily uncovered for the admiring glances of girl friends.

Mr. Ely does all free-hand work. He outlines the design with a toothpick and then applies the electric needle. Charges vary according to the size and complication of the design. The designs are indelible but can be removed if the victim doesn't mind a scar.

A walk through the lobby of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York any day, will assure the observer of the continuing popularity of the ancient custom of tattooing. On brawny forearms, hands, and even necks, are to be seen the fanciful work of the tattooist's needle and the tastes and loves of these bold seafarers, both young and old salts who sail the seas for a livelihood.

## "A Sailing Breeze"

By George T. Noble, Chief Steward\*



Drawing by Armstrong Sperry

COMING DOWN from Yarmouth in the two-masted Schooner ENDEAVOR, all hands went below for a "mug-up" and "kink" this night along about nine o'clock, leaving me alone at the wheel. Now by this time I had begun to reckon myself — if not an expert — certainly at least a "purty-fair" sort of helmsman; but that was while we were in good weather with smooth seas and a fair wind blowing lightly. But this was something different — I wasn't so used to this kind of thing, a mast-cracking gale roaring fit to bust a gut, gaff-jaws all a-creaking, canvas booming, each swelling sail a bulging bellyful

of wind till it's a very wonder the seams didn't burst. The heavy hog of a brute that was the stout oaken hull of her — slugged into the on-rushing, grey-crested seas which seemed intent with a kind of personal fury on our destruction.

Trying to keep her logging on her course was back-breaking work — for she carried a wicked lee-helm when running off before the wind — a mean tendency to "broach-to" and turn broadside to the wind. To "jibe-over" would certainly have disastrous results in this kind of going. I wasn't so much concerned about the Main — that was a

\* Member, Artists and Writers Club

comparatively new stick — but that Foremast had me worried the whole trip. It was so old that it was all rotted away below decks (you could actually pick it apart with your fingers!) — I was expecting to see this rotten old stick go by the board any minute that night. It's a miracle that it didn't . . . Chances are that if it had, we would have been completely dismayed in about a half-a-minute (carrying canvas the way we were then).

I could just visualize the disaster: — our decks in an instant a chaotic confusion of fallen, broken spars, torn canvas and tangled gear. I tell you the truth — it gave me the "willies" just to think about it.

The roar of the increasing gale, the crashing sound of those bursting seas loud in my ears — filled me with foreboding thoughts. It occurred to me that now or never would be the time to shorten sail, and I decided to call Captain Campbell. Still clinging to the wheel with one hand I reached over and pounded on the little doors of the aft-companionway. Within a minute or two the cabin-slide was shot back with a bang and Captain Joe Campbell's big head and massive shoulders came into view, quite filling the narrow passage. Steel-grey crest of curly hair tossing in the wind, he grinned good-naturedly at me there — struggling with that big iron wheel — (it was like laying hold of a wild bull by the horns). I was drenched from head to foot by



Drawing by Rockwell Kent

flying sprays and there was a constant taste of salt in my mouth where the cold sea water mingled with the rivulets of perspiration streaming down my face.

Grinning blandly at my misery the Skipper good-humoredly inquired, "What do you want?"

I remember I had to shout to make myself heard above that bedlam . . . "Breezing up pretty hard here above-decks," I told him as I pointed to a big full moon in the night sky, across whose broad, full face — livid as an orange — the flying scud showed black and ugly as it raced along, all torn and shredded with the violence of the wind: "Looks to me like a storm brewing up there, Cap'n — what do you say about taking in a reef or two now while we can?"

"Storm coming?" he bellowed with jovial mirth; — "Storm coming? — Nonsense! young-feller-melad!!!! Why *this* is just a good breeze to keep the flies away! — Just a good sailing breeze! . . . Let 'er drive — do her good . . . Call me only if the wind changes!"

And with that he banged the slide to with an air of complete finality, and turned below, leaving me to the bucking wheel, and to a solitary contemplation of the stars.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: The Captain Campbell spoken of in the above story was JOSEPH CAMPBELL of PELHAM, N. Y. — a familiar figure in yachting circles along the length of the Atlantic seaboard. Most often seen at the wheel of his 56-foot, twin-screw express Cruiser "ALL-BY-HERSELF", in Long Island Sound and adjacent waters . . . Capt. Campbell was lost at sea with all hands in the Motor-vessel DIXIE, in February, 1944 . . .)

## TRANSPORT BRINGS 2,503

The Marine Wolf, a 20,000-ton transport, arrived recently with 2,503 officers and men from Marseilles and boasted she holds the record for carrying the most troops to and from the war's battlefronts, 223,000 men. From April to October, she was in a shuttle service in the English Channel, carrying troops from France to England for seven-day leaves. She transported 201,000 in that time. That figure forms the basis of the vessel's boast.

# My Most Memorable Sea Experience

By Thomas Hill

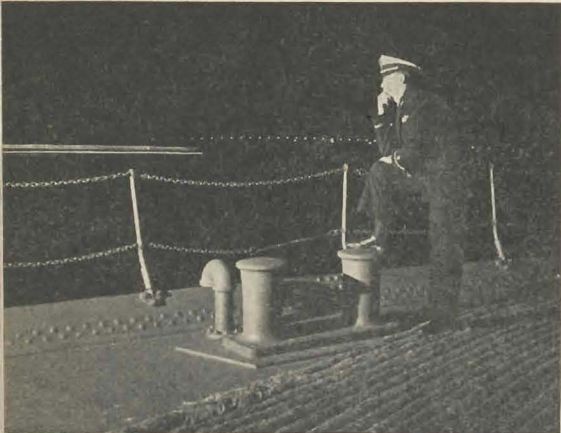


Photo by Herman Preiser, Jr.

MY ship, *M. V. Ethel Viking*, was homeward bound from U.S.A. when, in the forenoon of Sunday, January 14th, 1945, I went through my most memorable sea experience.

I was lookout man that morning. The Lighthouse had been sighted and reported. Another two hours would see us safe in Halifax Harbor.

Then with awful suddenness the torpedo struck home with devastating force.

The ship heeled over drunkenly; men were thrown to the deck by the explosion; we lost steerage way and stopped.

We had been struck aft, steering flat wrecked and propellers gone. All hands were called to turn out the life boats and then to rig auxiliary pumps in the engine room where the water was rising fast.

We worked with a will. Soon our pumps were pouring a steady stream of water back into the sea, while our boats swung ready from the davits, should we be forced to abandon ship. But the water continued to gain. Next we started our air compressor engine and commenced pumping out our cargo of molasses.

All pumps working, we could do no more but wait for assistance

from Halifax.

Softly the snow began to fall, then, as the wind rose, it drove a blizzard in our faces as we gazed helplessly out over the waters. We took shelter in the lee of the bridge as Cookie staggered along the snowy deck with a tray piled high with sandwiches, followed by the galley staff carrying kettles of steaming hot soup and tea. A cheering interlude.

I was conscious of the wetness of my body, so I slipped away to change. Swiftly I shed my wet clothing and put on dry things. Back on the windswept deck, I noticed that the ship had taken a steeper tilt aft. Mingling with my shipmates, I learned that the pumps in the engine room had become clogged with molasses seeping through from the damaged after tanks, and had ceased to function.

Loudly the wind howled in the rigging, louder still roared the great green seas, as they swept hungrily across our submerged after deck.

We talked, we thought, we waited . . . waited for tugs that never came, ears straining through the triumphant yelling of the elements for the comforting beat of the compressor engine, eyes trying to tear aside the impenetrable veil of snow isolating us from the world of men.

My thoughts turned to home, to my wife. I found myself praying that I would be spared to return to her. I thought, that's a selfish prayer, why should I be spared more than the others? I amended my prayer and said, "Not my will, but Thy will be done."

The day wore on. With the work and excitement, time had fled unnoticed. Now the darkening sky recalled us to the passage of the hours. Our last hope of saving the ship faded, when, with a series of loud reports, the compressor engine failed for lack of fuel.

Louder the gale screamed in the halyards and stays, — the seas, with louder roar swept over the ship, as though about to engulf her. With the growing darkness, our hope of rescue sank almost to zero. — Then a voice called through the shouting of the storm; "Ship in sight on the port quarter."

We strained our eyes through the gloom of gathering night. Yes, sure enough, a little ship hove in sight on the crest of a foam-flecked roller. Our fading hopes revived, as the bright glare of signal lamps leaped the intervening space. From ship to ship, the lights of hope were flashing, and our captain, turning to his waiting crew, ordered us to abandon ship using the lee boats only.

Swiftly the boats were filled. "Lower away" came the order. Slowly the frozen falls rendered, jerkily at first, then steadily and evenly the packed life boats sank below the deck level. Waterborne, they were cast off the falls, riding alongside by the boatrope while the lowerers scrambled down the life lines.

The boats were frighteningly overcrowded; we wondered what would happen when we left the shelter of the ship. Our captain, mate, boatswain and steward were still on her deck. Seeing us waiting, the captain ordered us to pull off and to return for him and the others when we had transhipped the crew.

With difficulty, because of the overcrowding, we bore off from the ship, turning to drift and paddle downwind to the waiting patrol boat. The next few minutes were fearful. Clear of the shelter of our sinking vessel, we were at the mercy of the Atlantic, drenched with spray, buffeted by the wind, in momentary danger of swamping, but we at last made the crossing.

We struggled alongside the wildly pitching and rolling little craft, and, as the men scrambled to safety, we called to her commander that we

had to go back for our captain and three others.

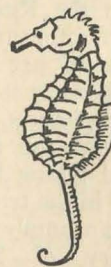
His reply cast a gloom of mourning over us. "If anyone stayed on the ship, then they are dead — your ship sank about five minutes ago." Engrossed with our dangerous crossing, not a man in our boat had noticed the passing of our ship and the four brave men who stayed behind to give our overloaded boats a chance of safety.

On board the rescue ship, we cruised slowly through the debris-littered sea, eyes alert for signs of human life, but all in vain. The motors were put to "Full Ahead". Picking up speed, we raced for the shelter of the land.

## BISECTED FREIGHTER

An American merchant ship whose bow and stern returned from a voyage at different times is now all one piece again and back in war service, the War Shipping Administration has disclosed. She is the SS *Alexander Baranoff*, formerly the *Valeri Chkalov*, and she was broken in two during a wild Arctic storm through which she had been traveling for several days while returning from Russia in ballast. Her survival in any form is regarded as proof of the soundness of Liberty ship design and construction.

A gigantic wave crashed on her bow on the third day of the storm, developing a crack which gradually spread so that forty-eight hours later, still in the wild storm, she snapped in two. All save one member of the Russian crew were in the after portion when the bow section broke away. An S O S brought sister Russian ships to the scene, one of them commanded by a woman, Capt. Anna Schetina. By the time some of these rescue craft arrived the sections of the *Valeri Chkalov* were ten miles apart and the merchant ships were unable to effect a successful tow. This was finally accomplished by a United States destroyer and two naval tugs.



## A Merchant Seaman at UNO

By Orriz Contreras\*

THE American Merchant Marine is the largest and most modern in the world. It is the aim of the American people to lead the world in trade and commerce with a fleet of ships operating on the principle of freedom of the seas. To understand the picture of a "free" world, I attended a session of the United Nations Security Council held at Hunter College, the Bronx, last March. It was a conference of intense drama and activity and one not easily forgotten. I witnessed a demonstration that Harmony and Peace must be the bulwarks of free trade the world over for all participating members.

After the regular preliminaries were dispensed with, all eyes were focused upon the delegate of the Soviet Socialist Republic, Mr. Andrei Gromyko, for this was the day that the Iranian question was to be voted on. It was the day that the Russian Government had sought a postponement of the case until April 10th. It was the moment all had been waiting for. When the final vote was taken, it showed 9-2 in favor of Iran. Delegate Gromyko announced his intention of leaving the Council until the Iran question was settled. He quickly rose and walked out of the chambers leaving his audience a bit confused . . . a bit perplexed. But the meeting was resumed with Hussein Ala, the delegate of Iran, stating that the Iranian problem should be reviewed and acted upon immediately since it endangered future Peace. He elaborated on the Russian occupation of his country and demanded that the Council act in behalf of his small nation.

The true picture of America standing up for the rights of the little guy and giving him a chance to get his oar in the troubled waters, was more than amply displayed by our Secretary of State, James

Byrnes. He demanded that the small countries which asked for the services of the UNO be allowed to present their case — as in any court room — and denounced bitterly the idea that any large nation had the right to block the action of the UNO by veto or, by leaving it, to weaken the power of the entire organization. He concluded by asking that this Council should not suffer the same fate as that of the League of Nations and stated that the UNO would die in its infancy if it could not suppress altercations in the wake of war.

Yes, the United Nations is struggling hard to prevent future wars and to establish an equilibrium of Peace by which the world can re-establish itself. And in the re-establishment of Peace, the job of the Merchant Marine takes on an even greater aspect. Never again must the American people neglect to keep their fleet of merchant ships first in world trade. For once again the freedom of the seas — freedom of world trade, with other nations flying their flags from their merchant fleets, will be a familiar and welcome sight. There will be competition for markets and in this competition the American people will be helping to reconstruct a war-torn world. They will be building up good-will, the competitive spirit, and the destinies of which they are a part.

### PEACE STARTS FLOW OF EXOTIC CARGOES

Have you any need for some salted crocodile skins, or how about ylang ylang oil, greasy wool, mangrove bark or rabana? Some people must have, for cargoes of such exotic goods are flowing into the United States daily now that shipping is resuming normal trade. Pyrethrum flowers, essential element in insecticide sprays, are again being imported in quantity. Cargo manifests of American ships make interesting reading, the American Merchant Marine Institute reports.

\* Member, Artists and Writers Club

## Blizzard at Sea

By Herbert L. Satterlee\*

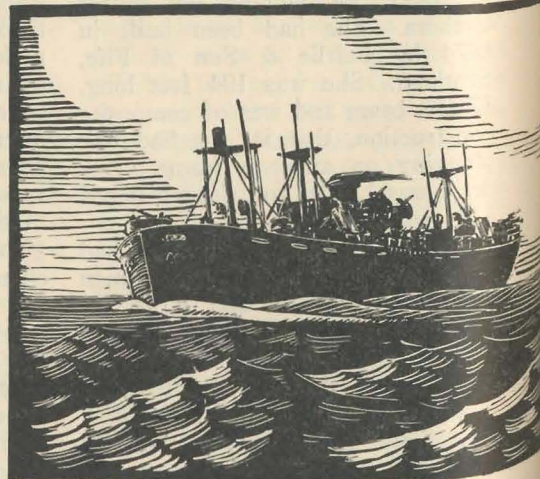
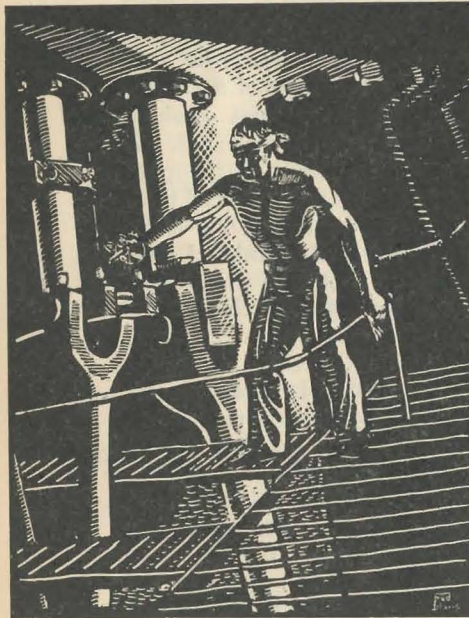
Reprinted from Brooklyn Eagle

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

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

\* First Vice-President,  
Seamen's Church Institute of New York

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



Drawings by  
Fred Slavic\*

\* Member, Artists and Writers Club

Gleaned from the Daily Reports of the  
SCI Staff

**RUSTY**, formerly a farmer, now a merchant seaman, is heartbroken because he just found out that his girl friend got married while he was at sea. While in a foreign port, he had had her name tattooed on his arm.

**A SEAMAN**, inquires about a former shipmate whom he hadn't seen in over a year. Our staff made inquiries and learned that Seaman B. Mearns, with whom our Information Desk attendant used to have long conversations on politics and philosophy has been a war casualty. He went down with his ship.

**SCOTTY**, whose specialty is bag-pipe playing, left the pipes in a friend's hall closet while away at sea. Returned, he was chagrined to find that mice had eaten a portion of the bags. An Institute staff member found a store which could replace the bag.

**SHIP'S COOK**, revisiting the Institute after five years on "shuttle service" between England and the Mediterranean, recalls that he was in the crew of the first torpedoed ship that was brought to the Institute—the **WINKLEIGH**—in September, 1939.

**FRED**, rushing up to the Personal Service Desk to report happily that despite his swollen jaw, caused by two thugs who attacked him and took his wallet, his Travellers' Cheques were tossed aside and later found, since the thieves knew they would be useless to them unless countersigned.

**TWO BROTHERS**, playing duets on the piano. Just returned from a prisoner of war camp. "It's pitiful to watch them try to remember the pieces they used to play together. One of them tearfully trying to remember the songs . . . and to pick up the threads of their lives again.

**JIMMY**, sleeps in a comfortable red leather chair all during a dance while his companions beat out boogie woogie on a piano. An ear-ache had kept the 19-year old youngster awake the previous night. He had received medical treatment, and now was catching up on his lost sleep.

Crew members of the Liberty Ship *Joseph Holt* look cheerfully at their mascot, a guinea pig behind the eight ball, painted on the ship's hull. The *Joseph Holt* had just returned from a four-month cruise through American-laid minefields in the Japanese Inland Sea. The ship, trying to find and detonate mines strewn by B-29's, made 250 runs with no explosion.

BOXES FOR SEAMEN

Everyone loves a present, and a surprise present is even more appreciated. Easter boxes, packed by Institute volunteers (members of the Central Council) were distributed to merchant seamen ill in various hospitals. The boxes contained the traditional Easter bunnies and hand-decorated eggs and an Easter card.

The volunteers are also engaged on a new project, the packing of "Recovery" Boxes, to be given by Institute chaplains throughout the year to disabled and convalescent merchant seaman in hospitals. "It makes the men know that someone is thinking of them and not forgetting the service they rendered to all of us during the war," explained Mrs. Grafton Burke, secretary of the Central Council. The boxes contain candy and cookies, books, puzzles, cartoons, writing paper and stamps, fruit, and shaving articles.

Christmas boxes are packed from July to December by volunteers, and are distributed by the Institute visitors aboard merchant ships which expect to be at sea on Christmas Day; also in hospitals, and at the Institute on Christmas Eve.

Bon Voyage boxes are packed all year 'round and are given to seamen shipping out, and to Maritime Service trainees. They contain a hand-knitted sweater, socks, helmet, mittens and scarf.

Those who would like to help fill Boxes for Seamen should write to Mrs. Burke, 25 South Street, for details.



BEHIND THE EIGHT-BALL

## Fire and Rescue at Sea



Seamen aboard the tanker "H. M. Flagler" lowering daughter of "Norte Loide's" Master for transfer to freighter "Alfred I. Du Pont." The "Flagler's" Chief Steward, E. G. Kjortzholtzen, went overside with the child.

**T**HE SHIPS' BULLETIN, Standard Oil Company of New Jersey had an article in a recent issue which we believe will interest LOOKOUT readers.

The 12,430 ton Panamanian-Flag Tanker "H. M. Flagler" in command of Captain Kjeld Hansen with a merchant crew of 38 and a gun crew of 11 arrived in New York recently bringing a dramatic story of fire at sea and the rescue of 53 men, one woman and one child from the Brazilian-flag freighter "Norte Loide" off the coast of Brazil.

When the "Flagler" was about twelve miles off Cape St. Thome, an explosion was heard and fire was observed on a ship about five miles off the port beam.

The weather was hazy, with a high ground swell, and the tanker proceeded cautiously toward the fire, swinging out lifeboats, arranging life preservers, rescue mats, and preparing for rescue work. The radio message stated that all hands had abandoned the "Norte Loide"

as the vessel was burning fiercely forward.

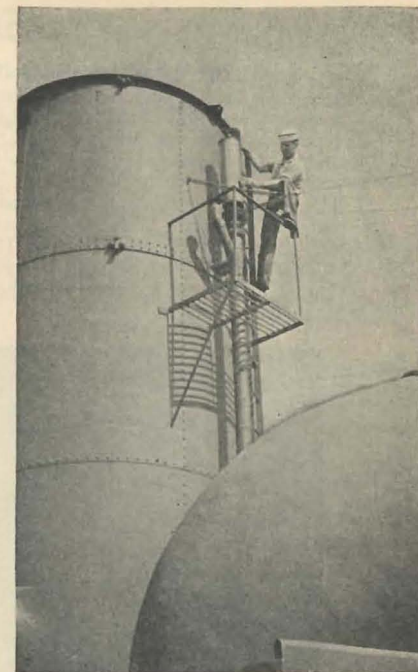
The "Flagler" assisted twenty-four men from one of the lifeboats on board, and the crew gave them first aid, clothing, hot food, etc. The survivors informed Captain Hansen that the master of the burning ship, Captain Ramundo Mattos, had lost his life while assisting in the rescue of his wife and child.

The "Flagler" then maneuvered forward of the burning ship in search of other survivors, and a flare was observed about five miles to the northeast, revealing a second lifeboat which contained Captain Mattos' wife and seven year old child and eighteen crew members. These survivors were also taken aboard the "Flagler". Finally the third lifeboat was located and its eleven occupants picked up.

In the meantime, the American-flag freighter "Alfred I. DuPont" commanded by Captain George Sharrf, appeared and the survivors were transferred to the "DuPont" which took them to Rio de Janeiro.



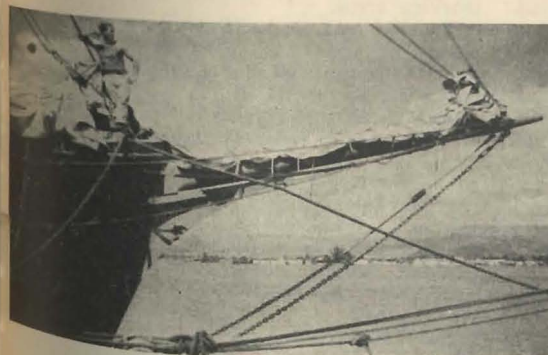
Herman Loeffelholz



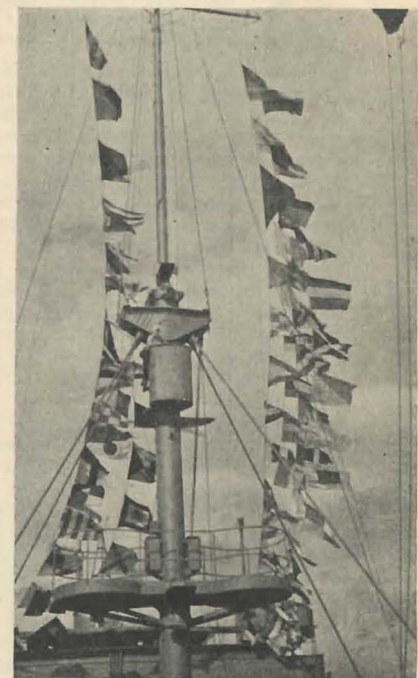
Herman S. Preiser

## "Snapped" At Sea . . .

By members of the  
CAMERA CLUB  
of the Merchant Marine\*



Matthias Antz, Jr.



Herman S. Preiser

\*Room 1240,  
Seamen's Church Institute  
of New York, 25 South Street



## ANOTHER CONRAD MEMENTO

Mr. Bruce Rogers, sculptor and book designer, has contributed to the Institute's Nautical Museum the original plaster cast of the figurehead of Joseph Conrad which he carved to adorn the bow of the square-rigger *Joseph Conrad*, commanded by Alan Villiers and sailed by him around the world in 1935. The ship is now at St. Petersburg, Florida, and is used as a training vessel by the U. S. Maritime Service.



Photo by Alan Villiers

Figurehead of the *Joseph Conrad*

This is the second figurehead of *Joseph Conrad* on display at the Institute; the other is in the Conrad Library, and was carved of Burmese haldu wood by Dora Clarke, Australian sculptress and given to the Library in 1934.

Mr. Rogers explained how he happened to carve the ship's figurehead. "While at Ipswich, helping Capt. Villiers to paint the new name *Joseph Conrad* above the stern transom (the old name was *Georg Stage*, a Danish shipowner) in an incautious moment of enthusiasm, I offered to carve a figurehead and to have it ready when the ship arrived in New York."

Mr. Rogers went to see Mrs. Conrad to get portraits from which to work out his design. They chose dry points from life by Walter Tittle. When the *Conrad* arrived in New York, Mr. Rogers, bundled up to his ears, worked in zero weather for days on a plank under the bowsprit bolting the figurehead in place.

Pauline Pinckney in "American Figureheads and their Carvers" described the dedication ceremonies. They were reminiscent of the old days on the waterfront when many such scenes were enacted. The weather dictated a short ceremony.

Despite the cold, about one hundred people listened to short speeches by Sir Gerald Campbell, British Consul General, by the High Commissioner of Australia, and by Captain Villiers, and then adjourned to the cabin of the *Joseph Conrad* for hot grog."

## ATOMIC BOMB TARGETS INCLUDE MERCHANT SHIPS

The effect an atomic bomb will have on cargo ships and transports is an important part of the coming world-celebrated experiment scheduled to take place in Mid-Pacific. One-fourth of the targets will be merchant-ship types, and the steamship industry is keenly interested in how they will stand up under an atomic explosion, the American Merchant Marine Institute declared.

Besides the 25 targets, 21 other merchant-ship types will participate as survey and supply ships. Among these is the Navy transport WHARTON, once the liner SOUTHERN CROSS, which carried thousands of tourists to South America. Already on the scene at Bikini Atoll, in the Marshalls, is the BOW-DITCH, a survey vessel, formerly the SANTA INEZ, of Latin American passenger ship fame. The transport GEORGE CLYMER, formerly the liner AFRICAN PLANET, will also participate in the supply fleet.

Among the other supply vessels heading for the tiny atoll in the wake of some thirty-five warships, from battle-ships to submarines, are six Victory ships, six C-2 cargo ships, three C-3 transports and three seaplane tenders.

The first craft to arrive at Bikini Atoll was a merchant ship, the SYLVANIA, an attack cargo ship. She reached the scene of the bomb test early in March with a load of buoys and chains for marking areas.

The last to arrive will also be a merchant-type vessel, scheduled to be late in reaching the scene for a specific purpose. She is the BURLERSON, a two-funneled transport playing the part of a modern "Noah's Ark." On board will be over 4,000 animals, to be distributed among the target ships to test the bomb's effect on animal life.

In order to reduce expected sea-sickness among these doomed creatures, the BURLERSON will be held in San Francisco until time to begin her high-speed run to the Marshalls. She will carry 200 goats, 200 pigs, some sheep and 3,700 rats.

First to arrive of the \$100,000,000 worth of merchant-type ships to be used as targets will be the FILLMORE. She and her 24 sister-ships are two-stack transports and attack cargo vessels, each of over 425 feet in length. All but two of this fleet were known as Navy BDT's.

## POSTAGE STAMP HONORS MERCHANT MARINE

Tribute to the war service of American merchant ships and their crews was paid by Third Assistant Postmaster General Joseph J. Lawler when he launched sale of the special Merchant Marine postage stamp at ceremonies in the Department of Commerce Auditorium recently.

Describing the special Merchant Marine stamp as fifth and last of the special series in honor of the Armed Forces, Mr. Lawler presented the first sheet to Edward Macauley, Acting Chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission, who expressed the gratitude of the Merchant Marine for the recognition thus accorded its achievements.

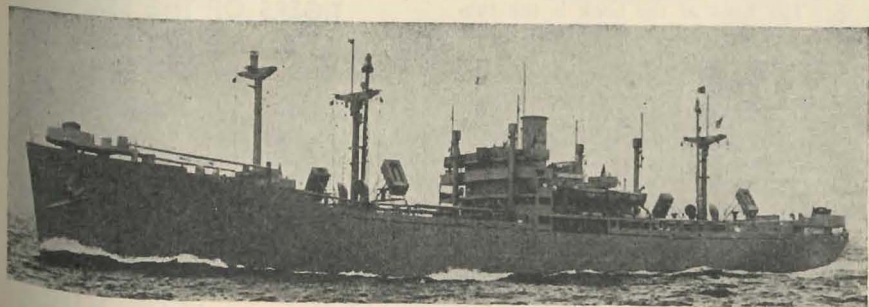
A green three-cent stamp, it carries a drawing of a freighter and the words: PEACE AND WAR—U. S. Merchant Marine.

## RESCUED SAILOR STARTS CHURCH BUILDING FUND AS THANK OFFERING

### Ship Sunk 1200 Miles from Land

Council Bluffs, Iowa—Rescued from a torpedoed ship, a sailor gave a sum of money as a thank offering, and started a fund which will build a new parish house for St. Paul's Episcopal Church shortly after the war. This St. Paul's boy was a volunteer early in the war. He told his rector, the Rev. Albert C. Baker, about the torpedoed ship. "Our boat was one of the lucky ones. It went down slowly and we were able to keep our guns trained on the sub so that it couldn't surface and machine-gun the boys when helpless in the water. We were 1200 miles from the nearest land and lost from our convoy, off the lanes of travel. Rescue seemed a pretty remote possibility. I got a lot of comfort thinking of the church back home and knowing they prayed for me there. I did some praying on my own account, too. Soon I felt that things were all right, and that God was near, watching over us."

A plane, flying off its course, sighted the men, brought help, and they were rescued.



## NEWS OF LIBERTY SHIPS

LOOKOUT readers may be interested in the latest information about five Liberty ships which were named in memory of officials of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

The *Janet Lord Roper* (named for Mrs. Janet Roper, house mother and head of the Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau for 28 years) is now carrying UNRRA supplies to Genoa, Italy; the ship is operated by the International Freighting Co.

The *Archibald R. Mansfield* (named in memory of the Institute's Superintendent for 38 years) is now on her way from Freetown, Africa to Antwerp, Belgium; agents, Boland & Cornelijs.

The *Charles H. Marshall* (named for one of the founders of the Black Ball Line of sailing packets and whose grandson is a member of the Institute's Board of Managers) is now assigned to the Belgian National Program; operated by the Polaris Steamship Co.

The *Charles S. Haight* (named for a Vice-President of the Board of Managers who was Chairman of the Joint Emergency Committee for Seamen's Welfare Agencies) went on the rocks off Rockport, Mass., on April 2nd and is a total loss. The crew was rescued.

The *Hendrik W. Van Loon* (named for the author, artist, historian who frequently contributed illustrations to THE LOOKOUT and was interested in establishing the Netherlands Seamen's Club at the Institute) is now on transport duty in the Pacific.

THE SS UNITED VICTORY, pioneer of the hundreds of merchant vessels of the Victory type carrying supplies for the crushing of Japan triumphed several times over enemy efforts to sink her in the Pacific.

This veteran Victory ship was built in the Portland yard of the Oregon Shipbuilding Corp. and operated for the War Shipping Administration by the American President Lines, San Francisco.

**THE COMPLETE CRUISER**

By Brandt Aymar  
Greenberg, \$3.50

This handy reference book for the boat owner or would-be boat owner is a timely volume. It is a volume that should be aboard every boat now in the water or soon to go in the water. It should be within easy reach of all those heretofore armchair sailors who are now waiting for delivery of a boat.

"The Complete Cruiser" is just that. The book offers a complete course in navigation, Celestial as well as Chart.

Mr. Aymar tells the boat owner how to get a "fix" by stars. He also gives a wealth of information which will help the owner of a yacht to stay out of a "fix" of an entirely different sort as he takes you through the whole gamut of a boat owner's emotions from buying a boat to laying it up for the winter.

Mr. Aymar is eminently equipped to impart the invaluable information found in this volume, writing as he does from his own experience as a boat owner and as skipper of a Coast Guard 85-foot motor-sailer in the Caribbean during the war.

His sprightly manner makes this technical subject as readable as your daily paper.

KERMIT SALYER, Chief Officer

**SILVERSIDES**

By Robert Trumbull  
Holt. \$2.50

SILVERSIDES, a submarine of the Pacific Fleet, was named for a small glittering fish and the story of the experiences of this war blackened under-seas boat is among the first to be released by naval censorship. There are many boring hours for the crew of a submarine, but there are many exciting times with life at stake, and the SILVERSIDES, with 60,000 tons of Japanese shipping sunk and 35,000 tons damaged, had her full share of excitement. The hero of the book is the submarine, but her captain, Lieutenant Commander Creed Burlingame and her executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Roy Davenport, emerge as well known personalities. The life of the crew while on patrol, their duties, amusements and behavior during near tragedies are told with vividness, such as the story of the hospital corpsman who successfully performed an appendectomy on a 21 year old fireman.

The author, who also wrote THE RAFT, went on patrol with the SILVERSIDES to get his first hand material.

I. M. ACHESON.

**EXCERPTS FROM A VENERABLE LOG.**

The one hundred and twelfth annual report of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York notes some of the changes which the ending of hostilities brought to that useful institution. Again its lighthouse tower, a memorial to the Titanic's dead, sends its welcoming rays over the lower harbor and its big cross shines as a beacon of brotherhood and peace. For the Institute, as for the world, 1945 was an eventful year. It enabled the Institute to note in its log the victorious conclusion of the fifth war in which the United States has engaged since the Institute began keeping its record. An average of 5,732 seamen a day, a total of 2,092,180 for the year, took advantage of one or another of its services. More than 3,000 meals a day were served and a total of 346,884 lodgings were provided for transient mariners. Altogether the report constitutes an interesting extract from the log of a craft which, during its long voyage in often stormy seas, has demonstrated that practical Christianity provides a dependable chart on a course of service to man, whatever his race, his color, his creed or his tongue.

From The New York Sun,  
Thursday, April 25th,—Editorial.

**TIGERS OF THE SEA**

By Charles G. Miller and Horace Mazet  
Westminster Press \$2.00

A shark-hunting expedition is the subject of this adventure yarn of two young men who enthusiastically set out for Cocos Island. Besides being absorbing reading, the book is a vast storehouse of authentic information on sharks—spiced with sailors' talk and superstitions and seamanship. Teen-age boys will enjoy this story as will those who like to read of schooners and fishing. M.D.C.

**GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN**

Scarce a man is now alive  
Who sailed in the year of '45  
On that infamous vessel, the Thomas  
Todd,  
That drifted along by the grace of God.  
Her engine was worn, her boilers weak,  
And all her pipes and pumps did leak.  
We worked our watches and overtime,  
But the knots she made were scarcely  
nine.  
We pleaded, coaxed, cursed, and prayed,  
But never any difference it made.  
The cargo we carried was oil and grease  
To help Uncle Sam lick the Japanese.  
We sailed away like "Our Gal Sal"  
And finally reached the Panama Canal.  
We fueled at Cristobal and asked repair,  
But they told us to get the hell out of  
there.  
To the Panama "blonds" it was then  
farewell,  
And we set a course due west for hell.  
We drifted along in all kinds of weather,

**FAN LETTER TO "SEAWEED"**

O a very proud Mother is she,  
Just as proud as a cat can be;  
Although retired from the sea,  
The four Kittys that you adore  
Will take your place at sea once more;  
"Fogbound" will go to India, maybe?  
"Seawolf", what a wolf he's going to be!  
"Hatches" I think that you're a she.  
"Skipper", a gay young blade are you!  
Perhaps you'll sail to Timbuctoo.  
"Seaweed" with your rolling gait  
At last you've stayed ashore to wait  
For those young salts who sail the sea—  
You're just a landlubber cat like me!

By Mrs. Robert T. Sheldon,  
owner of "Caesar", a landlubber cat.

And stopped now and then to put her  
together.  
There were strange noises from down  
below

As day by day slower she did go.  
But the old Thomas Todd was very game,  
And at last to Honolulu she came.  
We patched her here and patched her  
there

And patched her everywhere we dare.  
Then we sailed her for Manila Bay,  
Which was only five thousands miles  
away.

But as the days dragged slowly by,  
Once again the Todd began to die.  
Her heater blew up, and the engine  
groaned;

It was hot as hell, and the feed pump  
moaned.

But at last on a bright New Years Day  
We dropper our hook in Manila Bay.  
But once again the powers-that-be  
Said we at once must put to sea.

Our cargo was a Jonah as well,  
And no one wanted it even in hell  
As into each port we did steer,

The question was "Why are you here?"  
"We can't help it; you'll have to sail,  
To take your chance with rocks and  
gale."

So to a place called Buckner Bay  
The Thomas Todd at last did stray.  
On the reefs and along the shore  
Were ships that would sail no more.  
So here at last the Todd could lay,  
Just another wreck in Buckner Bay.

M. C. R., Chief Engineer

The THOMAS TODD was launched May 19,  
1943 by the J. A. Jones Construction Company  
and is named for Thomas Todd, a soldier of  
the Revolutionary War who was commissioned  
by President Jefferson as an associate justice of  
the Supreme Court in 1809.

The above poem was sent in by Mr.  
Malcolm B. Lowe, whose son served on  
the THOMAS TODD.



# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

## BOARD OF MANAGERS

### *Honorary President*

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

### *President*

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

### *Clerical Vice-Presidents*

RT. REV. DONALD B. ALDRICH, D.D.

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.

RT. REV. BENJAMIN M. WASHBURN, D.D.

REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D.

REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.

REV. FREDERICK BURGESS

REV. HORACE W. B. DONEGAN, D.D.

REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE

REV. FRANK DEAN GIFFORD, Ph.D.

REV. FREDERIC S. FLEMING, D.D.

REV. LOUIS W. PITT, D.D.

### *Lay Vice-Presidents*

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE

ORME WILSON

HARRY FORSYTH

### *Secretary and Treasurer*

THOMAS ROBERTS

WILLIAM ARMOUR

EDWARD J. BARBER

CHARLES R. BEATTIE

EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL

REGINALD R. BELKNAP

GORDON KNOX BELL

GORDON KNOX BELL, JR.

CHARLES W. BOWRING, JR.

CHARLES B. BRADLEY

GERALD A. BRAMWELL

EDWIN A. S. BROWN

D. FARLEY COX, JR.

FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS

JOSEPH H. DARLINGTON

FREDERICK P. DELAFIELD

CLEMENT L. DESPARD

CHARLES E. DUNLAP

DE COURSEY FALES

FRANK GULDEN

CHARLES S. HAIGHT, JR.

GERARD HALLOCK, III

AUGUSTUS N. HAND

OLIVER ISELIN

ELLIS KNOWLES

RICHARD H. MANSFIELD

CHARLES H. MARSHALL

W. LAWRENCE McLANE

CHARLES MERZ

GEORGE P. MONTGOMERY

JOHN LEWIS MONTGOMERY

MORTON L. NEWHALL

HARRIS C. PARSONS

JOHN H. G. PELL

FRANKLIN REMINGTON

JOHN S. ROGERS, JR.

CHARLES E. SALTZMAN

SAMUEL A. SALVAGE

JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN

THOMAS A. SCOTT

T. ASHLEY SPARKS

J. HARVEY TOMB

CARLL TUCKER

ALEXANDER O. VIETOR

FRANK W. WARBURTON

ERNEST E. WHEELER

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

WILLIAM D. WINTER

GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKII

## HONORARY MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE

JOHN MASEFIELD

### *Director*

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.

## 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."