

# *The* LOOKOUT



SUNSET AT SEA *Courtesy "The Albatross" Isbrandtsen-Moller Line*

E A M E N ' S C H U R C H I N S T I T U T E  
O F N E W Y O R K

VOL. XXXI NO. 11

NOVEMBER, 1940

## Our Sanctuary

LORD, Thou knowest I shall be verie busie this day.  
I may forget Thee. Do not Thou forget me.

—Lord Astley before the Battle of Edgehill, 1642

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXI, NOVEMBER, 1940

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
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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," incorporated under the laws 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.

# The Lookout

Vol. XXXI

November, 1940

No. 11

## Saved from Davey Jones' Locker

CAPTAIN OLE MEYER, master of the Norwegian freighter "Tricolor", brought his ship to New York with thirty-six rescued men from the Norwegian freighter "Tancred" with a story of one of those fantastic coincidences that happen in wartime. On September 12th Captain Meyer gave up command of the "Tancred" in Liverpool, bade an affectionate farewell to his crew and then went to Hull to take over the "Tricolor" which, like the "Tancred", operated for the Norwegian Trade Mission in collaboration with the British Ministry of Shipping.

On the night of September 26th the "Tricolor" was 500 miles west of Ireland, bound for New York in ballast, when through the darkness Captain Meyer saw a tiny light blinking out an SOS. At dawn he could see three lifeboats. "And what do you think?", Captain Meyer said, on arrival in New York, "Those lifeboats were from my old ship, the 'Tancred'! Was I amazed! And was I happy! I certainly never expected to see my old crew out there."

The crew of the "Tancred" were brought to the Institute, thus making the thirteenth torpedoed, shipwrecked crew to enjoy the hospitality of "25 South Street" since the war began. On the night of September 26th the "Tancred" had been hit by a U-boat's torpedo. It crashed into the No. 2 hold forward. Then the submarine came to the surface and, at a distance of 300 yards, fired sixteen shells at the 6,094 ton vessel. The crew had already taken to the lifeboats. The ship sank fifty minutes after the torpedo had hit. Her master, Cap-



Photo by Arnold Filen.

Rescued from the War: Torpedoed  
Crew and Child Evacuees at the Institute

tain Einar Hansen, sixty-two, was the last to leave her. He slid down a line into the sea and was pulled into a lifeboat. He and Captain Meyer had been friends for years. "I certainly was glad to see Ole", Captain Hansen said.

At the Institute, a number of the crew turned out to be young British apprentices, and they had a chance to meet some of the British child evacuees who were also, hostages of war's horrors, staying at the Institute temporarily. They enjoyed playing ping pong and billiards with the children and posed with them on the Institute's roof.

Hardly had the excitement from the arrival of this crew diminished somewhat, when another torpedoed crew, from the British freighter "Elmbank" arrived and were brought by the British consul to the Institute.

There were fourteen English officers and thirty-eight Lascars from India. The "Elmbank" had been torpedoed by a German submarine 500 miles west of the Irish coast on



Lascar Crew

September 20th. The master, Captain H. T. Phillips, 35, was the only fatality. He died in the lifeboat from bullet wounds received following the torpedoing. The rest of the crew drifted in open boats for eight hours, were picked up by the British freighter "Pikepool", taken to St. John's, Newfoundland, where they remained until the Furness liner "Fort Townsend" brought them to New York. The seamen were not discouraged by their experience, and said they were ready to go to sea again after the British Consulate had made arrangements to send them back to England. Many of the Lascars will stay at the Institute for a longer period, for they must await a ship which will take them to their home in Calcutta. Meantime, Mr. Leroy Gates, head of the Institute's Commissary, supplies them with the rice, herbs, fish and other special foods which, according to their religion, must be prepared in special ways. The Institute had a Mohammedan crew earlier this year, and they had to prepare and cook their food according to religious dietary laws.

As we go to press, the crew of the "Ben Lawers" has just arrived at the Institute. The ship was torpedoed off the Irish coast and the survivors, three British officers and nine Chinese were rescued by the Irish freighter "Bengore Head", taken to Newport, then by bus to

Boston, and by boat to New York. Two lifeboats containing 35 men, including the Captain, have not been picked up. This brought the number of shipwrecked crews up to fifteen. The sixteenth crew were twelve Hollanders from the Dutch freighter "Stadschiedam" which sank after a "mysterious explosion". There were twenty fatalities. The survivors were brought to the Institute by the Netherlands Shipping Committee.\*

Thanks to thoughtful men who send us overcoats, shoes, underwear, suits and other articles of clothing, and to women who patiently knit sweaters, socks, mittens and caps, the Institute's Sloppe Chest is able to supply these crews with warm clothing. Any LOOKOUT readers having men's clothing that is not being used are urged to wrap and mail to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y., or to telephone BOWling Green 9-2710 for a messenger to call for these clothes.

\* The 16 crews represent a total of 369 men of British, Belgian, Finnish, French, Norwegian, Nova Scotian and Dutch nationalities. Also during the past year the Institute was host to seven shipwrecked crews (natural causes rather than mines or torpedoes) representing an aggregate of 166 men. The average length of stay for these seamen was eight days.



Crew of British freighter "ELMBANK"

## Children at 25 South Street

THE happy sound of children's voices is still heard on South Street. About thirty of the 258 British child evacuees are still at the Institute. Their foster parents are eager to call for them, but an attack of measles necessitated a delay in the plans, and now that the children have recovered, they must have a period of quarantine before they can leave.

They have been occupied with many activities: playing in Jeanette Park across the street, and on rainy days, in the Apprentices' Room, writing letters home, broadcasting to England. Such pleasures as sight-seeing tours around New York, visits to the World's Fair, rides to Staten Island in the ferry have been denied them, on account of the quarantine.

They all agree that New York is exciting, but not hazardous. All of them have experienced bombings and have sought safety in bomb shelters in England. Some were passengers on the Cunard White Star liner "Samarit" which was protected by destroyers (which shook the ship for fifteen minutes with depth bombs, thus driving off enemy submarines).

The children walked around Battery Park, giggled at the antics of penguins and sea-horses in the Aquarium, enjoyed a story hour conducted at the Institute by Miss Anne Carroll Moore, of the children's division of the New York Public Library. "I was most thrilled at seeing the ship 'Queen Eliz-



N. Y. Sun Staff Photo.

A Game of Chinese Checkers

abeth'" said Michael Burton, fourteen-year old son of a physician, "We in England did not know she had been built until we learned she had landed in America."

No kitchen problem arose by the visit of the children. Except for liking enormous quantities of American ice cream, and preferring boiled potatoes and tea to spinach and milk, they have required no special service. The Institute—which means both seamen and staff—will hate to lose these plucky little boys and girls. The British Government has decided not to send any more children to America this winter and so the Committee's program has been terminated.



Photo by Marie Higginson.

A Good Meal

# Dogs of War are not Metaphor; Many go to Sea with Trawlers

By WHITELAW REID  
By Telephone to the Herald Tribune  
Copyright, 1940, N. Y. Tribune, Inc.\*



Two "Sea Dogs"

HARWICH, England, Oct. 6.—The seadogs of Britain are no longer a figure of speech at Harwich, one of England's large eastern naval bases. In this busy port, where ships of war line the mile-long pier like so many row-boats, nearly every trawler has a dog—some as many as three.

More than fifty canine seagoers, plus a large number of cats, are aboard the assembled ships. The nucleus of this seagoing collection was formed at Dunkerque, where dogs swam after soldiers and were hauled aboard the outgoing ships.

Since then the number has grown steadily—partly by propagation, partly through new acquisitions by the sailors. They have now reached such proportions that the admiral of the fleet is making plans for a dog show. As half the ships are always out, the show will have to be held in two heats.

Living up to the traditions of the past, these salty mongrels are a rough lot—all shapes and colors and combinations of colors.

Not far from the main dock the naval chaplain of the harbor has set up a chapel and a comforts distributing center in an old stable. The men come here for all kinds of warm clothing, vegetables, fruits, flowers and, every six or seven weeks, a new dog.

The chaplain's mother, known as

"Mrs. Comforts," or more familiarly as Ma, was a bit nonplussed when she received her first request for a pup, and the women of the town to whom she passed it along were even more so. In fact, though they were trying to get rid of their dogs, they staunchly refused to allow them to go to sea.

And so "Mrs. Comforts" turned to the home for strays. In the last three weeks she has procured nine dogs and three cats, and while she complains sometimes that it's becoming too much of a good thing, her objections last only until she is asked for another.

Two of the more famed seadogs, a smooth-haired high-yaller, known as Jenny, and her black sister, Queeny, believe in shipping on separate boats. But when their trawlers heave alongside each other, the yapping is loud. Once on shore they are never seen by their respective skippers until—somehow infallibly—they show up ten minutes before sailing time.

Another character of the fleet is an old tomcat. He likes his life best at sea, but he is not too particular with whom he ships. He once disappeared from a trawler at Harwich and re-joined it after a voyage on another ship in Scotland.

Aboard, these international seafarers are equipped with lifebelts, get well fed on leftovers and sleep on or near their masters' bunks. Cats, quite competent to go to the top of the rigging, outdo their canine cousins in maneuverability, but the latter have the edge on patrolling the deck.

Other pets aboard ships include a pair of black and white rabbits, which hop unconcernedly about the heavy mine-sweeping cables, and a hedgehog that lives on a destroyer.

This highly developed animal life at sea is perhaps best explained in the words of an old salt who said, "Give a sailor a cat, dog or canary and he's all right."

## SHIPPING PERIL

*The Straits of Dover has become a graveyard for shipping. The U. S. Hydrographic Office today listed 10 wrecks—four of them a menace to navigation—in the narrow waters between the English Channel and the North Sea.*

*British sailors reaching here say the wrecks are as great a hazard as German planes, submarines, mines and long-range guns on the French coast.*

N. Y. Post, Oct. 16, 1940.

# Discovery of a Figurehead

When the Duke of Windsor arrived in the Bahamas to take up his new post as Governor, he probably had residents point out to him a newly discovered ship's figurehead which has an interesting history.

Commander P. Langton Jones, D.S.O., R.N., of Nassau is credited with the discovery. On the eastern end of the island of San Salvador (Watling Island) there is an extensive bay where a monument has been erected to perpetuate the spot upon which Christopher Columbus, according to tradition, landed when he discovered the New World. Making his way down to this monument one day by a steep path which branches off the main highway, Commander Jones noticed an object embedded in the sand. It appeared to be the headless body of a woman carved in wood. He examined it closely and saw that it was a ship's figurehead, badly ravaged by long exposure to the elements. Termites had taken their toll, and the center of the figurehead had been badly eaten away. Yet here and there he could see patches of white and gold paint. His curiosity was aroused, and he determined to try and find the head of the figure. He made inquiries in Nassau and learned that the figurehead was that of the barque "Caithness-Shire", built in Glasgow and wrecked on the reefs on February 4, 1911.

Eventually he succeeded in locating the head of the figure in the house of a native living nearby, named Nairn. A member of the Nairn family had shifted the figurehead from the vessel shortly after the shipwreck and the next day he had fallen aboard the wreck and was so badly crippled that he never walked again. The Nairns had retained the head as a memento of the sad accident. The hull of the ship remained fast on the reefs until the year 1937, when suddenly after a



Figurehead of the "Caithness-Shire"

—Photo by Stanley Toogood, Nassau, Bahamas.

hurricane, she finally broke up and disappeared.

Commander Jones had the head joined to the figure and brought back to Nassau, and skillfully restored. It now stands in the Depot Yard of the Bahamas Imperial Lighthouse Service in Nassau, and to look at the "Lady of the Caithness-Shire" as she now appears, with her white and gold robes gleaming in the sunlight, it would be difficult to realize that she had not just arrived from the hands of the master craftsman who had fashioned her with loving care.

## FOR HEROIC ACTION

Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission, has commended for "Heroic action in line of duty" Cadet Frederick Osborn Wooley, of the S.S. *Washington*, U. S. Lines. While the *Washington* was lying at anchor in the Bay of Galway, Ireland, on June 13, No. 17 motorboat was lowered for a trial run. The waters were choppy and Paul Phillips, Purser's clerk, fell overboard, and was unable to swim. Cadet Wooley jumped in and rescued him. Cadet Wooley received his training at Fort Schuyler, and was one of 166 successful contestants in the national competitive examination for merchant marine cadets.

\*Reprinted by special permission.

# In the S.C.I. Mailbag

New Zealand

## From a Sailor's Mother

Dear Sir:

Just a few lines to thank you and all connected with the Institute for your great kindness to my son, James. He was one of the crew of the *Matakana* which was wrecked in the West Indies at the beginning of May this year. My son was a steward on her for three years. I am a widow and he is my youngest and only unmarried son, so I do appreciate any kindness shown to him so far away from home. He wrote and told me that you treated them all like royalty and I would like to give special thanks to the boys on the *Panama*, the ship which rescued them. You know, I think when the poor give to the poor that is real charity and I'm sure those great boys who shared their clothes, cigarettes, etc., with my and other boys, well their names must have gone down in the good book.

Well, dear sir, again I thank you and all those who were good to Jim. I wish I could show my gratitude in a more practical way, but unfortunately I'm an old age pensioner, so all I can do is to remember you in my prayers which I will certainly do. God bless you.

New York City

## From a Housekeeper

Employment Manager:

I want to tell you what an excellent worker you sent me in Walter C. He is not only an excellent painter and willing to do anything, but one of the rare people who can work without supervision. I have always been pleased at the excellent service your bureau gives and have told many persons about it.

Essex, England

## From a Seaman's Widow

Dear Manager:

I am writing on behalf of my sister, the widow of the late James A. Your letter was kindly forwarded on to us and Mrs. A. would like to thank you and let you know how deeply she appreciates all you have done with regards to the funeral arrangements.

I also, as a seaman, would like to thank you, as I know that what you have done has been done with that kind thoughtfulness that makes your Institute the good Haven it has proved to be to seamen in general.

My sister, and indeed, all the late James A.'s relatives are comforted that a Christian burial was provided, and again I thank you on behalf of them all.

Portland, Oregon

## From a Seaman

Gentlemen:

I hereby express my appreciation for the fine service which is rendered by you to the seamen of the world.

I recently paid off from a West Coast ship. At that time your Mr. Connell worked diligently and patiently to enable the men being paid off to convert some of their money into travelers' checks. This is an appreciated accommodation and is of considerable help to the men involved. This, together with the other aids extended by your institution, is of very material assistance.



Photo by Marie Higginson  
Merchant Seamen Students from Hoffman Island attend the Cathedral service on Sailors' Day

## Sailors' Day

Sailors' Day and Navy Day, coinciding on October 27th, were observed at a special service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and organizations cooperating with the Navy and Coast Guard. Fifty uniformed men from the U. S. Coast Guard, eighteen from Hoffman Island, training school of the U. S. Maritime Commission, seamen from the U. S. *Comanche* and merchant seamen from the Institute attended. The Rev. Dr. James P. De Wolfe, Dean of the Cathedral, who preached, warned that Americans must be on guard against secret enemies and said that the nation's patriotic spirit, coupled with its spiritual integrity, was its greatest defense.

# Please Remember the Holiday Fund

WAR headlines cannot quite make us forget that Thanksgiving Day is drawing near. Most of us are resolving, in a spirit of thankfulness, that no one in America, at least, will suffer from cold, hunger, or loneliness on this great family holiday.

The seafarer's loneliness impels his inclusion among those whom you plan to befriend. He faces danger and death in carrying essential material to every port on the globe. He goes about his duties unflinchingly, despite the menace of mine, torpedo and winter storm.

Some of these sturdy seamen will spend Thanksgiving and Christmas Day ashore in the Port of New York, at the Institute. We always serve turkey dinners on both these holidays, provided sufficient funds are received. Increased cost of food and the celebration of Thanksgiving Day one week early make it urgent that we have the money as soon as possible so that 1,200 merchant seamen may sit down to a bountiful dinner on November 21st, with all the traditional "fixin's", mince pie, pumpkin pie, cigarettes, and cheerful music. We also plan moving pictures in the Auditorium.

For seamen in hospitals we also plan cheery gifts on Thanksgiving and Christmas brought to them by our chaplains.

Each year we rely on the generous support of our loyal friends whose gifts to the Holiday Fund make possible these two celebrations. Last year, we had a deficit and, as we go to press, our Business Manager told us that he was frankly worried: "So many people are giving to so many worthy causes abroad—England, China, Finland, Norway, Belgium, France. All of this generosity is fine, but I pray that it may be additional, and not at the expense of our own American philanthropies." We also must have a



Photo by Marie Higginson.

A Shipwrecked Crew at the Institute Give Thanks

loyalty to our own. Seamen, particularly, so important both in peacetime and in war, to the defense of our country, merit your help. When ashore, with or without jobs, they look to the Institute where entertainment, recreation and good companionship help them forget for a time the mines, torpedoes and other hazards of war.

So — let us remember these sailors through the Institute's HOLIDAY FUND — even though it may mean a sacrifice on your part — please send as much as your hearts prompts you.

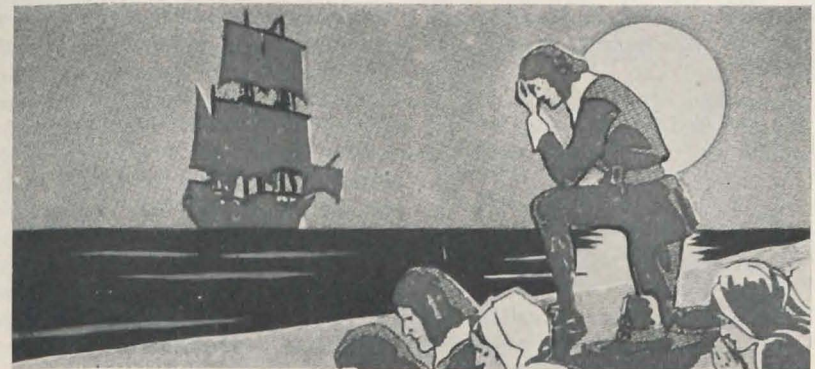
The true spirit of Thanksgiving and Christmas is

## SHARING

"Because I have been sheltered, fed  
By Thy good care  
I cannot see another's lack  
And I not share  
By glowing fire, my loaf of bread  
My roof's safe shelter overhead  
That he, too, may be comforted."

Please make checks payable to the  
**SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK,**

designate them "HOLIDAY FUND"  
and mail to 25 South Street, New York,  
N. Y.



Artist's Conception of the "Mayflower" Crew giving thanks for safe arrival

# Ill-Fated Ships Named "Atlantic"

HISTORY bears out the truth of the old sailor superstition that a ship named "Atlantic" was bound to have an unlucky career. Chatting with some mates, captains and engineers in the Officers' Room at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York one rainy afternoon, we learned of no less than five ships bearing that name which either came to a tragic end or which left a trail of misfortune and disaster in their wake.

To name them, on August 20th, 1852, a steamer "Atlantic" was sunk by collision with another vessel in Lake Erie, with a total of 250 passengers and crew—all lost. On November 27, 1846, Thanksgiving Day, the "magnificent" new steamboat "Atlantic" was wrecked on the rocks off Fisher's Island, New London, with 78 persons, 42 of whom were drowned. In the winter of 1852 the Collins Line "Atlantic" broke a shaft in mid-ocean, was given up as lost for 40 days—subsequently arrived at Cork. On April 1st, 1873, the White Star steamer "Atlantic" was wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia, with a loss of 547 lives. On January 4th, 1923, the new 41,000 ton French steamer "L'Atlantique" burned in the English Channel, with a loss of 17 lives. Not even the French spelling of the name could remove the curse from the name "Atlantic"!

Over the doorway at the Seamen's Institute, 25 South Street, sounding the hours in ship's time, is the bell from the steamboat "Atlantic" which was wrecked on Thanksgiving Day, 1846. Over in Staten Island lies buried the master of the ill-fated vessel, Captain Isaac Kip Dustan, and his monument is in the shape of the "Atlantic" bell. On the granite bell is this inscription:

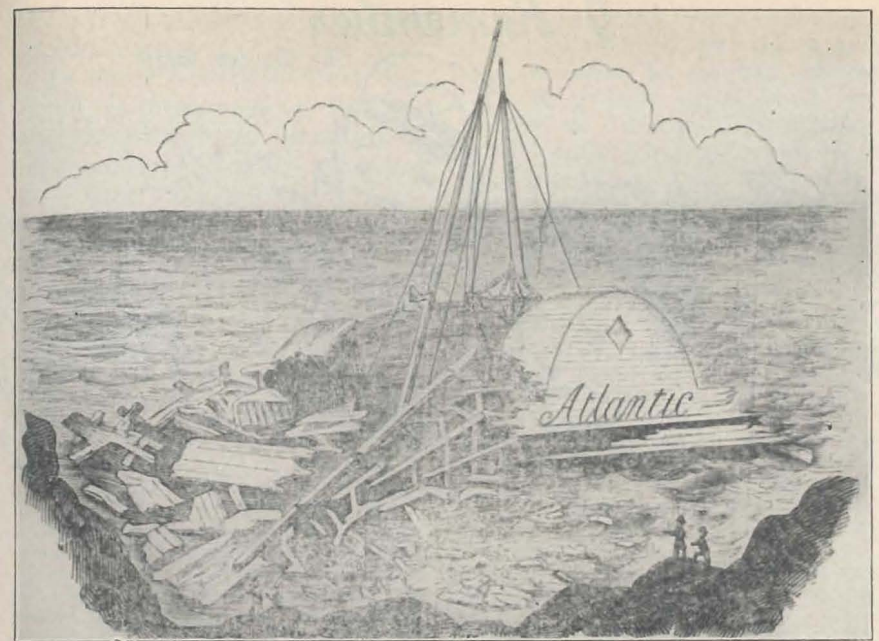
"Far, far o'er the waves, like a funeral knell  
Mournfully sounds the Atlantic's bell.

'Tis the knell of the dead but the living may hear  
'Tis a warning to all amid the opening year,  
In the midst of our life as we draw out each breath  
How swiftly we haste to the caverns of death.  
May the fate of the lost one our own warning be  
Like a death knell rung out o'er life's treacherous sea."

Daniel Webster had taken passage on the "Atlantic", but he listened to the remonstrances of a friend: "Do not trust that impending storm, Mr. Webster," he warned. "There is appalling danger in its threatening aspect." "But we may safely confide in a kind and over-ruling Providence," replied Mr. Webster. "Help yourself first, and then Providence will also aid you," answered the friend. His advice was followed: "Webster stopped at Norwich, took the train to New York and was saved from drowning in the "Atlantic" disaster.

At the Cedar Grove Cemetery, New London, Connecticut, is a memorial to the "Atlantic" and to a family of six named Walton, all of whom perished in the wreck: father, mother, daughter, and three grandchildren.

One of the famous Currier & Ives prints depicts "the awful wreck of the magnificent steamer 'Atlantic' on Fishers Island in the Furious Gale." One survivor, a Mr. Gould, conductor for Adams & Company (express), before the steamboat struck, opened the safe, took out \$45,000 in money and also a basket of valuable securities, placed them in a valise, packed it in a barrel, fastened a basket in the top and consigned the barrel in life preservers to the sea. After being rescued Mr. Gould chartered the freighter "Mohegan" to go to Fishers Island to search for the money. He found a smackman who had picked up the barrel five miles from



From a Daguerreotype Reproduced in the New York Herald of December 10, 1846.

where the steamboat struck. The bank bills, according to a newspaper account of the day, "were brought by Mr. Gould to Wall Street and dried out. His precaution, in encasing the barrel in life preservers, has thus been attended with success."

The steamboat after slowly drifting all day Thursday the 26th and having been unsuccessful, on account of the high waves, in making contact with the *Massachusetts* and the *Mohegan*, the latter had stood by for a time trying to rescue, continued to drift. In the meantime the crew had removed the smokestacks, the paddleboxes and everything possible, including the freight, all, but to no avail. Their only hope was in the abatement of the wind. Temporarily the wind eased during the night and the exhausted women and children lay down for rest. Suddenly at 4.30 A.M. in the darkest of the night the gale increased and before orderly arrangements for saving the passengers could be made the steamboat struck the rocks. The seas engulfed her and in a moment her after decks and

staterooms collapsed and were washed ashore with the women and children and those who had not previously jumped into the sea. It was reported by the survivors that most of the women and children evidently were crushed in the collapse of the decks and were all lost but Jacob Walton.

The bell from the "Atlantic" was recovered, and for many years hung in the belfry of the Floating Church of the Holy Comforter (an early West Side floating chapel of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York). For over 76 years it sounded a call to sailormen to worship. In 1927 it was transferred to the new main entrance of the Institute's building at 25 South Street.

It was said that the "Atlantic" had been built at a cost of \$140,000, for the Boston-New York route. She was owned principally by the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company. She was 329 feet long, 35½ feet wide, 1,350 tons, 52 state rooms with berths, "built for service, strength and safety".

# I Remember

By Gordon Grant\*



THE man who invented the slogan "Pies like Mother used to make" might, in his nostalgic return to memories of youth, have also mentioned the potatoes he used to roast in the ashes of the bon-fire, or the apple sauce messes he made in a battered stew-pan over a fire behind the barn, to note but two of the culinary concoctions that normal boyhood is guilty of.

Perhaps, however, he was not an average boy, and had a Mother's Pie complex to the exclusion of other feasts that ended in belly aches and perhaps a visit from the family physician.

On my Cape Horn passage, as a lad of thirteen, on the Glasgow ship "City of Madras," though I was berthed in the after cabin, under the watchful eye of the "old man," I spent many evenings in the half deck with the four "brass bound" apprentices, boys not much older than myself.

The half deck consisted of one room, furnished with bunks for

eight boys, doors to port and starboard, and in cold weather, a small coal stove, known as a "bogie."

The boys' ration did not include butter; marmalade and molasses being the only "spread" to help the hard tack down. Sometimes of a Sunday the cook might pass a loaf of soft bread through the door.

The cabin steward, a fine old fellow who had sailed many years with the captain, was my friend, and many times, with a kindly thought for the half deck, passed me a lump of butter from the cabin pantry.

The ship's hard tack was of good quality; not over-populous with the traditional weevil.

The "bogie" well stoked, the fire was nursed until the top glowed red. A handful of "pantiles" were well soused under the sea pump, or, if she was taking it over the bows, or hard on the wind, the lee scuppers furnished the necessary salt water.

They were then laid on a tin plate on the top of the stove, where in a few minutes, with a couple of

turns, they assumed twice their thickness and a fine brown crust.

My butter contribution was then spread on them, more or less lavishly, according to the generosity of the steward, and the whole washed down with tea sweetened with molasses.

\* Marine artist whose beautiful seascape "Eternal Sea" adorns the reredos in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour.

## ADMIRAL MAHAN

On September 27th the memory of Rear Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan, U.S.N., one of the world's greatest authorities on naval strategy, was honored at a ceremony held at his grave on the 100th anniversary of his birth. A wreath bearing the words "From Officers of the U. S. Navy" was placed on the mound at Quogue, L. I. Admiral Mahan was an active and generous member of the Institute's Board of Managers from 1867 to 1913. Speakers at the ceremony pointed out that Admiral Mahan, through his celebrated historical studies on "The Influence of Sea Power on History" revised the naval policies of many nations and that military and naval men are indebted to him for his research and teachings on the important subject of sea communications. Admiral Mahan in 1906 devised the present comprehensive but short name of the Institute replacing "Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New York." Admiral Mahan asked "Who is the work for?" and answered "for Seamen". "Under whose auspices?" His answer "the Church". "What is it?" His answer "An Institute." "There you have it," declared the Admiral to his Board colleagues. "Let's call it the "Seamen's Church Institute". The Admiral's daughters, Helen E. and Ellen K. Mahan, continue their father's interest in the Institute.

## SHIP "SPRING"

The most recent acquisition of the Institute's Nautical Museum is a series of three oil paintings of the ship "Spring". The series depicts the "Spring" before, during and after a storm. These are the gift of Miss Emma F. Browne.

This vessel had an interesting history: the ice trade was started in 1822 by the ship "Spring" which carried a cargo of natural ice from Norway (in imitation of the New England ice trade which had started in 1805). The ship was held up by custom officials who found no mention of ice on the cargo list. They finally decided it came under the heading of

The pies that Mother used to make no doubt had their points, and the pies baked by the chef of the Ritz are probably unsurpassed, but what would I not give this moment for a "pantile à la bogie" even without the genial company of four wet and hungry "brass bounders" down yonder somewhere, fifty south?

Reprinted by courtesy of "Fair Winds" Magazine, official Publication of the Ship Model Society.

dry goods but by this time the entire cargo had melted into water! Later on the "Spring" carried much ice from Norway to England and even though a 20% duty was imposed the ice was sold at a profit. \$212.00 per ton was refused! After that the ice trade became very important. The ice was cut in Norway in winter and stored in especially built ice houses until required for shipment. The inauguration of this trade by the "Spring" also encouraged the trawling and fishing industry.

Diligent search in libraries has so far not resulted in finding any data regarding the "Spring's" measurements and tonnage. Does any reader of THE LOOK-OUT have any further information about this ship?

## Book Review

### THE NAVY AT WAR

By Bernard Stubbs

London: Faber and Faber Ltd.

Price 8s. 6d. 280 pages.

This is a timely little book, of convenient shape and size, and it is a storehouse of information about the British Navy. Bernard Stubbs has had unusual opportunities as a BBC broadcaster and naval observer to go on board all kinds of naval vessels and to talk with officers and men. There are chapters on every phase of naval activity, and even one called "Women in the Royal Navy"—about the "Wrens," who are proving their value in the many jobs from which men have been released for heavier work. Mr. Stubbs is a good story teller, and he has also included some of his descriptive broadcast talks, as well as eye witnesses' accounts of naval engagements. There are 49 photographs. For myself, I found most interesting the chapters on Convoys, and the Merchant Navy, which begin with a quotation from an official statement (May, 1940) "To date the number of British, Allied and Neutral ships escorted in British convoys is 7,383. The number of vessels lost while under escort was 15, the percentage lost still being 0.2 per cent. Of the vessels lost only one was a neutral". E. G. B.

## Book Reviews

### YANKEE SKIPPER

The Life Story of Capt. Joseph A. Gainard  
New York: Stokes. \$3.00

The little freighter "*City of Flint*" was for a time the most talked of vessel afloat and the saga of her last voyages makes good reading. For it is definitely in the telling of this part of his life's history that Captain Gainard is at his best. His adventurous days at sea, however, began in 1918 when the U.S.S. President Lincoln was torpedoed while returning from convoy duty, and the subsequent years as an officer in the American Merchant Marine have not been without a variety of experiences. The chapters dealing with the rescue of survivors of the "*Athenia*" last September give a straightforward account of a ship's company doing a difficult job in an extremely competent fashion. Captain Gainard compliments his men warmly, and also pays a generous tribute to those passengers whom he had so reluctantly taken aboard in England and who also "turned to" most efficiently in the emergency.

The "*City of Flint*", after depositing her passengers at Halifax and proceeding on to Norfolk, signed on a crew for her final voyage—the one which was destined to hold the headlines for many weeks. To LOOKOUT readers who followed her by radio reports and the printed word this recapitulation of those hectic days will be of more than passing interest.

Captain Gainard has just been awarded the U. S. Navy Cross for distinguished service as master of the "*City of Flint*". The citation accompanying the Navy Cross reads: "For distinguished service in the line of his profession so ably demonstrated while master of the steamer *City of Flint* at the time of its seizure upon the high seas and during its detention by armed forces of a belligerent European power. His skill, fine judgment and devotion to duty were of the highest order and in accordance with the best traditions of the Naval Service."

A. W. C.

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, U.S.N. (ret.), Chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, recently accepted from the Canadian Minister, Loring C. Christie, a silver plaque presented by the Canadian Government in official recognition of the rescue work done by the Captain, Officers and Crew of the *SS City of Flint* when the ill-fated Canadian liner *Athenia* of the Donaldson Atlantic Line was sunk off the north coast of Ireland

on September 3, 1939.

In accepting the plaque from Minister Christie, Admiral Land said: "Mr. Minister:—It is indeed with great pleasure that I accept the plaque presented by you on behalf of your Government in recognition of the courage and seamanship displayed by the Master, Officers and Crew of the Commission's vessel *SS City of Flint* in the rescue of the survivors of the *SS Athenia*. We, too, are proud of the outstanding services which these men rendered. Their splendid conduct of the rescue and personal sacrifices upheld the finest traditions of the sea. We shall be most pleased to convey to the Master, Officers and Crew who participated in this rescue your kind expression of appreciation for the services which they so capably performed."

### "DOCTOR DOGBODY'S LEG"

By James Norman Hall

Boston. Little Brown and Co. 1940. \$2.50

The taproom of the "Cheerful Tortoise" was the scene of many a jolly evening and the tales which made the rounds were fearful and wonderful to hear. James Norman Hall's new book "Doctor Dogbody's Leg" creates the atmosphere of an 18th century tavern with such skill that the reader is taken completely out of the 20th century and its chaos.

It is essentially a man's book—the yarns spun by the amusing Doctor Dogbody of his Majesty's Navy are lusty tales of danger on the high seas and ashore. How did the good Doctor lose his leg? Read and choose your explanation—there is one to suit every lively imagination.

A. W. C.

### SINK AND BE DAMNED

By W. Townend

Chapman & Hall, Ltd. London. \$1.50

The scene of this book is the British freighter *S.S. Grangemouth* and the time is August, 1939. The Captain is loading cargo for Hamburg and he is promised a bonus if the cargo reaches its destination safely. War is declared and the ship's trip becomes a race against time. A radio order to proceed to a British port is interrupted by the sighting of a U-boat. It then becomes a case of outmanoeuvring the U-boat, and of maintaining the morale of the crew. Each man in the ship's personnel has a problem to face. The author, who knows sea-going life, has told a stirring story of the war at sea.

M. D. C.



"SWEETEST DAY"

Mrs. Roper accepts 800 boxes of candy, to be distributed to merchant seamen at the Institute, while three seamen and Wm. C. Kimberly, Secretary of the Association of Manufacturers of Confectionery and Chocolate, look on. The Institute was one of 25 philanthropic organizations selected to receive candy on October 19th, "Sweetest Day" in the candy industry. The spirit of the day is to "Make Someone Happy", and in celebrating it at the Institute, the seamen were made happy by the remembrance.

## Book Reviews

### HURRICANE'S WAKE.

Around the World on a Ketch  
By Ray Kauffman

Illustrated with photographs.  
New York: The Macmillan Company.  
\$3.00. 319 pages.

This entertaining record of a three year voyage around the world on the forty-five foot ketch *Hurricane* will give the usual pleasure to arm chair travellers. The adventure was undertaken by two young sailors from the Iowa corn belt, with the author as skipper, Gerry as mate and a young Nicaraguan, Hector, signed on at five dollars a month. Their travel anecdotes, landfalls and tropical islands are varied and many. There is realism too, in their illnesses and shipwreck, in the monotony of the sea with its storms and boring calms and in the tribulations over the inefficient Hector. With the dauntlessness of youth, however, the travellers continued, returning finally to Mobile and a welcome from their shipbuilder, Simoine Krebs, who had, without benefit of blueprint, created the sturdy little vessel.

Some good photograph illustrations add to the atmosphere of this book.

I. M. A.

### IN THE WAKE OF THE RAIDERS

and

### THE MERCHANT NAVY FIGHTS

By A. D. Divine

E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50

Two books in one volume. The first relates in ample detail the cruise of the German raider *Graf Spee*, with vivid depiction of the final act, of repairing damages, getting under way, slowly steaming out of Montevideo, grounding, abandon ship, and destruction. In less detail the author treats the fight of the *Rawalpindi* against the *Deutschland*, the experience of the *City of Flint*, the destroyer *Cossack's* rescue of the British prisoners on board the *Altmark* and other episodes of raider warfare.

Under the second title the author describes some of the merchant ship sinkings. Normal seafaring from time to time brings hazards enough. As far as words can do it, this book shows what extra risks come over the horizon and how well the victims take it.

Reviewed by Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, U.S.N. Retired.



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\*As we go to press we learn with regret of the death of Mr. Charles W. Bowring, who had been a member of the Institute's Board of Managers since 1909. The Board extends sincere sympathy to Mr. Bowring's family.