

**THE**

**LOOKOUT**

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VIGILANCE — ON LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

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MAY, 1946

## SKIPPER, A Liberty Hound

By John E. White, Lt., U.S.M.S.\*

SKIPPER was a liberty hound if I ever saw one. He had signed on and off of as many ships as I have. He was as intimately acquainted with such exotic ports as Abadan, Basrah, Korramshar and Bandar-i-shapur and prosaic ports like Swansea, Rotterdam and Naples as is the saltiest of salt-water seamen.

Skipper wore all the war area ribbons and a combat bar. He should have had the Mariners Medal and Distinguished Service Medal. But Skipper was a bull-terrier and those decorations are not given to dogs.

He belonged to Captain A. L. Gavin and he saved the captain's life when he was master of the *S/S Alcoa Pioneer*.

It was just a few days short of the Persian Gulf when the ship was attacked by Japanese submarines in the Indian Ocean.

A formidable explosion sent shrapnel flying and ricocheting in all directions. A jagged piece of steel buried itself in Skipper's back causing paralysis in his hind-quarters. Captain Gavin was knocked unconscious and suffered several broken ribs.

Skipper dragged his half-useless body to his master's side and licked his face and barked until the man stirred. This slight movement of his master put Skipper in a frenzy of licking and barking.

At last the attack was over and the submarines left what they thought was a sinking ship to its doom.

Officers and seamen came to investigate Skipper's frantic barking and found him still licking the cap-



Courtesy Capt. A. L. Garvin

tain's face and the captain conscious but unable to get up. The ship was later beached in shallow water in the Persian Gulf.

Months later, back in the United States, Skipper was taken to a veterinarian and the piece of steel was removed from his back. A short time later he was as good on his feet as ever.

I met Skipper on the *S/S Edward Richardson*. The captain was his adored master, A. L. Gavin. But Skipper exacted a price for his loyalty. He insisted upon, and was allowed to, sleep in the captain's bed. He was the pride and pet of all the seamen and was just as much at home in the bed of the chief engineer or a wiper. Rank meant nothing to him.

His favorite pastime was barking at and chasing the stream of water from a fire hose when the sailors washed down the deck. The salt

THIS MONTH'S COVER: *Out of the Fog* "Tanker out of control on port bow," the vigilant lookout telephones to the officer on the bridge. Ever alert, this merchant seaman and his shipmates transport mountains of supplies to every port on the globe. In spite of the age-old hazards of the sea—fog, storms, fire and collision, they carry on.

Courtesy—Western Electric Company, Inc.

From the painting by Anton Otto Fischer

## The LOOKOUT

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CLARENCE G. MICHALIS  
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MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor  
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### Sanctuary

O God, Who dost show Thy wonders to those who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters, we implore for the Merchant Marine which we honor on this National Maritime Day, Thy benediction and guidance.

Deepen in all maritime leaders a sense of responsibility and inspire harmonious cooperation between capital, management and labor, enabling all to prosper as they render proper service to our citizenry and to the world.

As the ships traverse the oceans with which Thou hast bound the continents and the isles together may they continue as envoys of enduring peace.

We ask this in the name of Thy Son, our Master, Jesus Christ.

Amen.

National Maritime Day, May 22, 1946

\*Member, Artists and Writers Club.

water always made him sick but he wouldn't stop.

One day on the way home from France with a load of troops the captain wasn't feeling well and spent the day in bed. The sailors were washing down the decks and Skipper was having the time of his life, chasing the water. When he had all he could take he went up to his master's cabin and promptly hopped into bed beside him. He was wet and cold and Gavin shoved him back to the deck. Skipper gave his master a dirty look and with a grunt settled himself on the settee.

That evening Captain Gavin came down to the saloon for supper. When he went back to his

cabin he found Skipper curled up on his pillow. He gave Skipper a push saying, "Come on Skip, get out of there, I'm sick too!" Skipper didn't budge. He seemed strangely stiff. A worried look crossed the captain's face. He prodded his pet again. His fear was realized. Gallant Skipper was dead.

*Editor's Note:* Captain Gavin recently was awarded the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal for valor during the defense of the *SS Alcoa Pioneer* when the freighter was attacked by Japanese planes off Leyte.

We asked Captain Gavin whether he has another dog. He replied: "Skipper was a great dog and I feel his loss deeply. I haven't as yet another dog and although I have sworn I would never have another one, I feel that I am weakening every time I pass a pet shop."

## SINBAD, COAST GUARD'S FAMOUS MASCOT

THE amazing adventures of Sinbad, the mongrel mascot of the Coast Guard cutter *Campbell*, and one of the world's most famous dogs, have been collected in a book, "Sinbad of the Coast Guard", written by George F. Foley, Jr., Chief Specialist USCGR, published recently by Dodd Mead & Co.

Sinbad, who has served eight

years aboard the *Campbell* and is a legendary figure on the seven seas, is known around the world from Greenland—where he nearly caused an international incident—to Africa where he was the guest at the Sultan's Palace. He was in Tokyo a few days after the signing of the terms by the Japanese.

Probably the most decorated dog in the services, Sinbad held the rank of Chief Dog in the Coast Guard. Whenever he visits Ireland, the Belfast newspaper runs a notice in its columns. He stops traffic whenever he comes to New York and Boston and has even appeared on network radio programs.

The book tells the full story of Sinbad's exploits from the day he boarded the *Campbell* in 1937 until the heroic action by the cutter against the Nazi wolf pack when six U-boats were sent to the bottom. Sinbad's part in this battle made him a national hero.

The book also gives a complete picture of life aboard a Coast Guard cutter in war and peace, for Sinbad is most at home when just one of the gang riding out a storm on the heaving deck of the *Campbell*.



## BOOKS ARE "SPACE SHIPS"

By Captain John S. Conaghan\*

BOOKS at sea! Man, dear man, they are the Wine, Women and Song of our leisure hours. They are the magic carpet, the winged sandals, the seven-league boots that will carry a man to the cloistered halls of learning or the sheltered bypaths of Romance.

Step aboard, and I'll try to show you what I mean.

The signatures are yellow on the articles, the ship's bottom is foul, tempers are ragged and the nauseous, mephitic odors of Port Said offend both taste and smell. In the port fo'c'sle there are eighteen men and a book. One book: Brown's Nautical Almanac for the year 1916. Price 2/6.

"Big Jock" MacKenzie tomps the glowing coal into his pipe and opens "The Book".

"What is the course from Ailsa Craig to Ardrossan?" he booms.

For the older men, far from their familiar runs, the nightly matching of wits has started. For me, 16 years old and 18 months from home, Ardrossan means the clean sharp tang of majestic seas rolling in assault against the Lighthouse Pier, and the hard square hand of my foster father lending courage to my timorousness.

Radio? . . . phui! Movies? . . . nuts. "The Book" is memory. To each man according to his own soul; storms fought and bested, lips kissed but not forgotten, or the quieting link with home to a lonely lad.

The years roll on. I've come up in the world and the shelf beside my bunk holds six books: Shakespeare, Scott, Burns, Kipling, Webster, and the Bible. We are aboard a tanker — Tampico to North of Hatteras — and the lingua franca of the fo'c'sle is a mixture of Spanish, Greek, English and Portuguese. The conversation veers from the charms of Maria Cubana, to the

potency of Habanero, to the value of aces back-a-da-back.

Are you interested? Neither am I.

Let's get out. We can go to Scotland, or Verona, or the high hills beyond Kabul. Stop fussing! You need neither ticket nor tie. Come as you are. Man, I go somewhere every night. Somewhere where there's no Maria, Habanero, or aces back-a-da-back.

*Books are space-ships children can fly.*

. . . In '39 the legions marched. And the coastwise trade was shot.

My ship is in Sicily awaiting convoy to Port Said. East Longitude is strange territory to most of my crew and their questions are many and varied. I'm the number one sailor now, so I turn lecturer.

With a large scale chart of the Mediterranean area on the bulkhead we sail with Phoenicians, Romans, Greeks, and Arabs around and across that fabled sea! We visit the Colossus of Rhodes and the Pharos of Alexandria, the cataracts of the Nile and the Pillars of Hercules. We trek with the Children of Israel across the deserts and through the hills, then stand beside The Man on the shores of Galilee.

Space and time are forgotten. For one hour and forty minutes I weave a tapestry with threads spun from books that I have loved and lived with through a hundred thousand pleasant hours.

Books are the "Open Sesame" to that paradise where the satyrs dance with the dryads and the budget is always balanced.

Please send books to the  
CONRAD LIBRARY  
25 South Street,  
New York 4, N. Y.

\*Member, Artists and Writers Club.



First prize in scenic class:  
Herbert W. Butler, Purser.

## Seamen's Prize Winning Photographs

Winners in the Photography Contest sponsored by the Seamen's Church In-stitute of New York for men of the Merchant Marine were: **SCENIC CLASS:** Herbert W. Butler, Purser, 1st prize; Bernard Bovasso, Messman, 2nd prize; Paul Aaron, First Assistant Engineer, 3rd prize.

In the **PEOPLE** classification winners were: L. Aronson, 1st and 2nd prizes; Paul Aaron, 3rd prize.

In the **ANIMALS** class: Cecil Stewart, Waiter, 1st prize; Matthias Antz, Jr., Ensign, 2nd prize; Jim McCrory, 3rd prize.

Judges were Anton Bruehl, commercial photographer; Mabel Scacheri, photography editor, New York World Telegram; and Dr. I. Schmidt, official Miniature Camera Club.



First prize in animals class:  
Cecil Stewart, Steward.

## HULL NO. 803

By Gordon Fraser, Radio Operator\*

**I**N Camp Tophat, near Antwerp, Roland W. Thibault stood in line with a hundred and thirty other GI's as the trucks which would take them to the dock came rumbling up.

"I hear we're going back on a 'Liberty'," the man beside Thibault observed, as they moved toward the trucks that now stood waiting to load passengers.

"I'd be willing to take a chance on a tub, as long as I can make it back. I came over on a transport, along with six thousand others, and it wasn't fun. With just the few of us, a 'Liberty' is O.K. with me", Thibault replied as he climbed into the truck.

On the way to the dock the trucks made too much noise for conversation, so Thibault thought back over two years and three thousand miles. Induction into the Army; basic training, then overseas on a transport loaded to the gunwales with GI's. No smoking after sundown; two meals a day; bunks set six high, with, it seemed to him, the sickest men in the top bunks. It had been a thoroughly unpleasant trip and he had been glad to land in England.

Then the jump across the channel to Normandy; the sweep across France with the 8th Infantry Division, on into Luxembourg; to Germany and once again back to Normandy, and now he was on his way. The last lap was coming up, and Auburn, Maine, had never seemed quite so good as it did at this moment. "Liberty Ship"? Better than a liner, as long as it gets me home," Thibault thought as the trucks slowed down as they entered the dock area.

As the men took their places in line on the dock, Thibault looked

at the ship. She was slightly rusty, somewhat weatherbeaten, but there was no doubt of her being a 'Liberty'. Thibault recognized the lines, just as he would recognize the lines of a mass produced car. The 'Liberties' were all alike, same lines, same size, everything the same and they had rolled, or rather slid, off the production lines of a dozen ship-yards throughout the country. An amazing feat of mass production that had helped hammer the War Lords down to utter defeat.

As he went up the gangway, Thibault glanced up at the name board on the bridge and read: WILLIAM PEPPERELL. The name meant nothing, but it was a ship, and he was on it, bound for home. Even the fact that it would mean fifteen days at sea could not dampen his spirits.

At the companion-way leading down into number three hatch, Thibault glanced aft towards the bridge. An oval, bronze plate caught his eye.

SOUTH PORTLAND  
SHIPBUILDING COMPANY  
HULL NUMBER 803

"Hey!" Thibault called excitedly to the other GI's as they went down the ladder, "I helped build this ship! I used to line up the steel plates of the deck houses. This is one of the ships I worked on before I went into the Army!"

Unmindful of the other men as they pushed past him, Thibault gazed in surprise and wonder at the name plate before him. The ship he had built was now ready to take him home!



\*Member, Artists and Writers Club.

# THE CAPTAIN BLEW HIS BUGLE

By Orriz R. Contreras\*

NOW that the shooting at sea is over, I like to recall one of the most unusual skippers I ever sailed under.

He was a good Captain, and his crew were loyal, for he won their respect both as an officer and as a friend. But there was one little thing they objected to — the Captain played a bugle. He claimed it reminded him of his old Army days back in '18 and that he merely pursued it as a hobby. After all, merchant seamen were painters, artists, writers, some even crocheted and knitted—so why couldn't he be a bugler?

On many a night the watch at the wheel would groan in anguish when slightly recognizable strains of "Chow Call", "Reveille", or "Taps" were penetrating into the wheelhouse. But he was the Master and so we had to grin and bear it. Somehow or other I got a kick out of his progress with the bugle. It still wasn't musical, but he *was* improving. It there's a will, there *must* be a way. Only time could tell, and we had plenty of that.

It was on just such a night when the Old Man was practicing scales that the Jerries decided to get rough. You guessed it. Before we could say "Bugling Betsy" the ship was rent apart by a "tin fish". When there was no hope of salvaging our ship, the crew thought of abandonment but stood by waiting for the Skipper's order. Precious seconds elapsed but still they heard nothing. Up on the bridge the Master was informed that the General Alarm system was out of order. He thought fast.

Suddenly, we heard something

\*Member, Artists and Writers Club.



The Old Man Was Practicing Scales

very familiar to our ears. One of the AB's who came from a long line of Army men yelled out, "It's the "Retreat", fellows!"

And retreat we did! Quickly the lifeboats were lowered and we made our escape. It wasn't long before we were spotted by a Navy plane and then rescued. In all our excitement we had completely forgotten the bugle. But not the Captain! His Mates saved the sextant, papers and chronometers, but held close in his arms was our life-saving bugle and a very wet and soiled copy of "HOW TO PLAY THE BUGLE BY EAR".

# "THE FELLOWSHIP OF STARS"

HAVE you ever stood on the deck of a ship and marvelled to see the millions of stars—more than you can see when you are on land? The stars are always there but you don't see them because of the smoke and dust of the city.

A young merchant seaman said recently to one of our staff members:

"I keep going back to sea to have another look at all those stars. The war's over; I'm wearing a torpedo pin and combat ribbons. I could go back to the garage job . . . but I think I'd miss those stars . . . That's why I'm studying celestial navigation in your School. Next trip I'll take books and study when off duty. Then I can take my exam to become a third mate."

This young man is one of many who have decided to stay in the Merchant Marine, to sail the ships that are re-establish-

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Drawing by Rockwell Kent

ing world trade routes.

The Merchant Marine School on the top floor of the Institute is one of the educational facilities maintained to improve the standards and to bolster the morale of the Merchant Marine. Other facilities include the Conrad Library which has over 9,000 volumes and which sends books aboard ships; and the Artists and Writers Club which encourages seamen artists and writers with talent.

Voluntary contributions help to support the educational, recreational, social service, health and religious services provided at "25 South Street" for active merchant seamen of all nationalities.

Please send contributions to Ways and Means Dept., Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

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## BOW LOOKOUT

Drawing by Rockwell Kent  
American Export Lines Collection



L. to r. Allyn Cox and Helen Treadwell of the National Society of Mural Painters; Edmond Fitzgerald, first prize winner, Nina Barr Wheeler, third prize winner, and C. G. Michalis, President of the Institute.

## WAR MURAL CHOSEN FOR INSTITUTE LOBBY

THE National Society of Mural Painters announces the winners in its competition for designs for a war mural painting to be mounted in the main lobby of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Edmond James Fitzgerald won first prize for his design. He served during the war as a Lieutenant-Commander in the U. S. Navy. Some of his paintings are in the Seattle Art Museum, the White House,

National Museum and in the International Business Machines collection, and he has murals in the Post Office Buildings at Ontario, Oregon; Colville, Washington; and Preston, Idaho.

The first prize was \$5,000, which includes execution of the mural, this to be a tribute to the merchant seamen of the United Nations who lost their lives in World War II. The mural is given by Mrs. L.

Gordon Hammersley in memory of her husband, a member of the Institute's Board from 1913 to 1942 and son of J. Hooker Hammersley, Esq., a member from 1873 to 1900.

Sketches for the mural submitted in the contest were on exhibition at the Architectural League, New York, for a week.

The second award of \$250 went to Edward Biberman and the third award of \$150. to Nina Barr Wheeler.

The Jury of Award included Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Seamen's Church Institute; Alexander Vietor, a Board member of the Institute; Allyn Cox, President of the National Society of Mural Painters; J. Scott Williams, member of the Society; James Mackenzie, member of the Architectural League; Francis Keely, member of the Architectural League; Barry Faulkner, member of the National Society of Mural Painters; Helen Treadwell, member of the Society and in charge of



Edmond James Fitzgerald receives from Clarence G. Michalis the \$5000 first prize in the contest for a war mural design.

current work on exhibition; and Phil May, well-known merchant seaman "pen-pensionist".

Work on the Mural will begin in the Fall.

I selected the Invasion of Normandy as my subject for the Mural in tribute to the men of the Merchant Marine in World War II for five reasons.

1. The Invasion of Normandy was the greatest water-borne invasion in history.
2. Of all the great operations of the war involving the men and ships of the Merchant Marine, D-Day at Normandy is the most symbolic of their vital part in the victory.
3. The armada that crossed the channel and stormed the French coast was in large part Merchant Marine. The Armies and Navies of the Allied Nations deserve all possible glory, but we must not forget their comrades, the men of the Merchant fleets.
4. In no other battle was the United Nations' combined might more dramatically displayed. Flags of many nations whipped at the mastheads of 4,000 ships that day.
5. Also, I happened to be there.

Edmond James Fitzgerald  
Lt. Commander, U. S. Navy



Prize winning design for a mural to be mounted in the main lobby of the Seamen's Church Institute.

**"SEA BREEZES" RESUMES PUBLICATION**

The British magazine, "Sea Breezes", known to seamen and yachtsmen all over the world, has resumed publication. An interesting article in the March issue "The Sailing Ship In The World War" answers many inquiries about what happened to the sailing fleet during the war.

Publishers are Charles Birchall & Sons, Ltd., 17 James Street, Liverpool.

**QUEEN MARY FUELS DIRECT FROM TANKER**

The Cunard liner *Queen Mary* recently took on oil direct from a tanker at Pier 90, Hudson River and 50th Street, New York.

Normally fuelled from barges, the big ship to save time, received 4,000 tons of thick "Bunker C" oil from the 450 ft. tanker *Peter Hurl* of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, which was made fast alongside the liner with two six-inch hose lines hooked to the *Queen's* storage tanks.

**BREECHES BUOY FOR SICK RAN SHIP-TO-SHIP IN WAR**

Use of the breeches buoy in transferring sick or wounded men from one ship to another became widespread as a result of the convoy system during the war, according to a recent report of the Merchant Marine Council of the United States Coast Guard. Formerly a ship-to-shore emergency device, the breeches buoy was used between ships when adequate medical attention was not available on smaller vessels.

It was against convoy procedure for a vessel to stop and lower a boat as the ship would become an easy target for submarines. The breeches buoy was improved to the point where transfers could be made between vessels running at full convoy speed in heavy seas in less than seven minutes.

Vessels had to steer an exacting parallel course, in order to accomplish the breeches buoy maneuver. Once courses and speeds were synchronized, the hauling line and hawser were passed by means of a shot line. When the hawser, or "trolley line" was made fast, the breeches buoy was attached and the seaman was pulled across by the hauling line.

**MEDALS FOR SEAMEN**

During World War II, 5,099 mariners' medals were given to merchant seamen who suffered physical injury or dangerous exposure as a result of enemy action. We believe LOOKOUT readers will be interested in reading the citation which

accompanies this medal, which is equivalent to the Purple Heart.\*

Mrs. Ruby Larsen, whose husband, Captain Alfred C. Larsen, gave his life for his country, very kindly sent us a copy of the citation:

"By authority of the Congress of the United States, it is my honor to present to you, the wife of Captain Alfred C. Larsen, the Mariner's Medal in commemoration of the greatest service anyone can render cause or country.

"Captain Larsen was serving in the S. S. WEST IVES which, on January 24, 1942, was reported missing with all hands. He was one of those men who today are so gallantly upholding the traditions of those hardy mariners who defied anyone to stop the American flag from sailing the seas in the early days of the republic. He was one of those men upon whom the Nation depended to keep our ships afloat upon the perilous seas; to transport our troops across those seas; and to carry to them the vitally needed materiel which kept them fighting until victory was certain and liberty secure.

Nothing I can do or say will, in any sense, requite the loss of your loved one. He has gone, but he has gone in honor and in the goodly company of patriots. Let me, in this expression of the country's deep sympathy, also express to you its gratitude for his devotion and sacrifice.

Sincerely yours,

E. S. Land, Administrator  
War Shipping Administration  
Washington, D. C."

Mrs. Larsen writes: "Captain Larsen was very familiar with the work of the Seamen's Institute and he also knew Dr. Kelley when he was stationed at the Institute at San Francisco. He knew and admired Mrs. Roper's work for many years. Captain Larsen was born in Denmark; became a United States citizen in 1912. For many years he served aboard ships of the McCormack Steamship Company, now Pope & Talbot, Inc. of San Francisco, California, and was Master in turn of the West Mahwah, West Portal, West Notus and West Ives."

\*Total Distinguished Service Medals (equivalent to the Congressional Medal of Honor) awarded to merchant seamen—141.

Total Meritorious Service Medals awarded—362.

**SCHOONER BLUE NOSE LOST**

TAMPA, Fla., Jan. 30 (AP).—The two-masted schooner *Blue Nose*, once a famed racing vessel, has been lost off the coast of Haiti, her owners were notified today. George F. Milliken said he was notified the vessel struck a reef and sank. Her crew of eight was rescued. She held many racing records. The ship's likeness appears on the Canadian dime and the Canadian 50-cent stamp. She was built in 1921 to contest the championship with the Gloucester schooner Gertrude L. Thebaud, sailed by Captain Ben Pine. The first formal international fishermen's race was in 1920.

**AMERICAN VESSEL FORCED ON ROCKS**

London, Feb. 11 (AP).—The American Liberty ship *Ponce de Leon* was driven on the rocks at Gantock Lighthouse, 100 yards from Dungeness Pier, in an early morning blizzard today and was reported in danger. The 7,176-ton ship was loaded with grain for Glasgow. At low tide most of the vessel will be left high and dry, only twenty feet from the lighthouse.

A Royal Navy destroyer, the *Brilliant*, went to the scene and fixed a wire hawser to the stern of the distressed ship. The Dutch ocean tug *Thames* was standing by.

**'OLD IRONSIDES' DAMAGED**

BOSTON, March 7 (U.P.).—The historic frigate U. S. S. Constitution, "Old Ironsides," was damaged slightly last night when a Navy tug struck the stern of the vessel, the Navy disclosed today. Several timbers were damaged, but there was no injury to personnel. The tug, which had tried to reverse its course unsuccessfully, was undamaged. The frigate, still in commission, is stationed at the Boston Naval Shipyard.

**AMERICAN SHIP HITS MINE Is Helpless Off Danish Coast— Another Vessel Strikes Rocks**

By Wireless to The New York Times  
COPENHAGEN, Denmark, March 9.—The American Liberty ship Lord Delaware struck a mine in the Femern belt on Saturday evening. Details are lacking, since the only report was the ship's radio call for assistance. Two salvage craft hurried to the scene and the Lord Delaware was still afloat but unmaneuverable.

BELFAST, Northern Ireland, March 9 (AP).—The 7,177-ton United States steamer William L. Davidson radioed for help today after having struck the rocks east of Okso Light on the extreme northwest coast of Scotland, a Lloyd's message received in Belfast said. The Skagen radio said aid was en route to

the American ship from Kristiansund, Norway. The William L. Davidson is operated by the United States War Shipping Administration.

**LIBERTY SHIP AFIRE**

Balboa, Canal Zone, Feb. 11 (AP).—United States Army and Navy personnel fought a blaze aboard the American freighter *Cape Greig* today, following the removal of sixty-three tons of dynamite and gunpowder from her hold.

The fire was discovered Saturday while the ship was passing through the Pedro Miguel locks. She was taken as soon as possible to an anchorage, where the explosives were removed, and then brought to a dock here. The fire, once the threat of an explosion was averted, was described as not serious.

**SURVIVOR OF HURRICANE AND TORPEDO**

(An incident just before V-E Day)

Capt. Torlief C. Selness, veteran Merchant Marine officer, had the satisfaction of docking his crippled Liberty ship GEORGE ADE at an Atlantic Coast port after it had survived a submarine attack and a hurricane within two days of each other.

During the attack a torpedo carried most of her rudder away, flooded the shaft alley and injured members of the Navy armed guard. Picked up by a Navy tug, the hurricane snapped the tow line, blew away two lifeboats and damaged two others. Finally, another Navy tug found the GEORGE ADE and brought her in.

The veteran mariner's greatest satisfaction was found in the fact that in the torpedoing of three ships under his command, not one life had been lost.

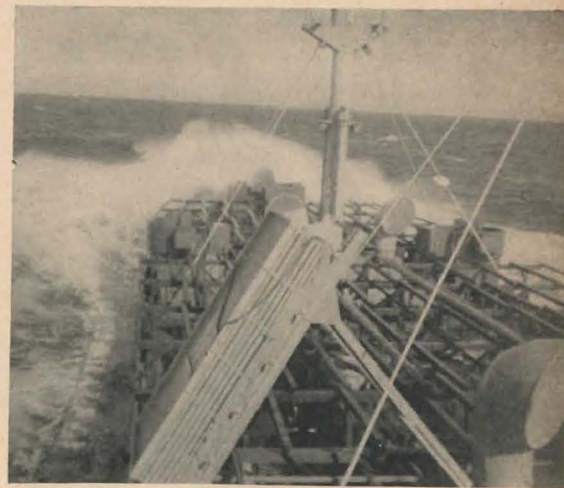


Photo by Bernard Bovasso, Messman 2nd prize winner, photography contest

# FOR SEAMEN'S CHILDREN

By Ann Culhane



Marie Higginson

THE Cottage stood back a way from the paved road and looked out lazily over a low stone wall that ended in a blue door neatly carved with a porthole. There were no placards announcing the identity of the Marshall\* Cottage for Seamen's Children. It might have been the Smith's house, or the Jones' or the Brown's. Out in the front field a snowman stood stolid, two boys adding to his already substantial proportions.

The young seaman and his little six-year old daughter stood for a moment uncertainly. The child looked up with quiet eyes in which there lurked an awareness that her world had swerved out of the path of its normality and security. The father's smile was swift, too swift. He couldn't communicate to his child an assurance he did not feel.

Half doubtfully he approached and rang the bell of The Cottage. An empty frightening pause, and then the door swung open suddenly and a woman with blue eyes and soft gray hair smiled out at them, extending her hand in welcome. The seaman and his daughter entered and found themselves in a large room with a low ceiling and the pungent smell of an open fire. There were green plants on the window sills and books in the corner shelves; old chairs deep with comfort and a picture of a sailing ship on the wall. There was color and life and yet a quiet dignity in that room.

The little girl, warmed by this welcome, smiled. The father took a deep

\*Named in memory of Captain Charles H. Marshall, owner of the Black Ball Line of sailing ships.

breath and felt the constriction in his throat relaxing. The little one would be well cared for while he was at sea, and who knew—perhaps when he returned from this trip, his wife might be better.

Before he left, the house mother showed him through the cottage, explaining as they went how life went on within its walls. "The children walk a short distance to school, and return for lunch. In the evening, everybody eats in the dining room," motioning to a small, graceful room with a dark polished table and many windows. "After dinner the children separate to do their home studies."

"This is the playroom, and now I'll show you the second floor." The seaman had a quick and lasting impression of "lived-in" rooms compact with cheer and contentment. Blue curtains in one bedroom, rose in another, little white study tables, books, neat little piles of fresh underclothing . . . a blue coat laid artfully across a chair because the owner was not "big enough yet" to reach the hook.

The seaman kept looking at the cottage mother. To him she was that finest and most unselfish of all humans—a mother to other people's children—who asked no reward other than to hear at bedtime the good nights of little voices all along the corridor.

The Society for Seamen's Children, 26 Bay Street, Staten Island, is now in its 100th year of service and is the only place on the Atlantic seaboard devoted to the care of seamen's children. Here all applications are made, contacts with foster homes arranged, medical and clinical care given the youngsters, and relationships with foster parents supervised. The Marshall Cottage on Castleton Avenue is a home—but not a permanent one. It is primarily, with few exceptions, the stepping-stone of adjustment for those youngsters who are orphaned before being placed in a foster home, and those who are temporarily homeless because of illness or other circumstances. It is also the haven for the youngsters who are waiting, as in the case of the seaman and his little daughter, for the return of better days. Behind the house mother and her assistant stands a competent staff headed by Miss M. Kuhfuss at the executive office and a Board of Directors who try to find the means to keep the Cottage door open and ready to welcome any seaman's child who enters.

Affiliated with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, the Society cooperates fully with the Institute on problems of seamen's children.

# "TROUBLE-SHOOTER"

"TRYING to cut red tape for seamen is probably my most important function," says Mary Lang, head of the *Personal Service Bureau* in the Special Services Department at the Institute.

In her welfare activities in behalf of the seamen and officers who come to the Institute, she cooperates with numerous city and private agencies. Knowing the functions of each, and how these agencies can help seafarers, is part of her job. Where you have human beings, there you have problems. Miss Lang handles as many as 35 seamen's problems in a day, each one demanding a good deal of telephoning, research, persuasion, and often sheer dogged determination.

Miss Lang has been with the Seamen's Church Institute for 23 years. She started as private secretary to Mrs. Janet Roper, famous and beloved friend of merchant seamen for 52 years. From her association with "Mother" Roper, she absorbed much of the information and many of the techniques that stand her in good stead today.

In dealing with the problems of merchant seamen, she has had experiences sufficient to fill a book. There was the time when a seaman rushed into the office asking for Mrs. Roper and announcing that he had taken poison. He collapsed on the floor and Miss Lang got him rushed off to a hospital where he was saved. On another occasion Miss Lang formally assumed guardianship of a young British seaman (he was under age for this country) and put back to sea during the war. Frequently she helps elderly mariners to collect from all over the world their credentials qualifying them for admission to Sailor's Snug Harbor. They usually come over to thank her, later, proudly wearing their new uniforms.

A typical day in her office (not

counting the minor interruptions) goes something like this: Tracing a seaman's missing baggage; locating seaman H. who was reported to be suffering from a severe attack of grippe and sending him to Beekman Hospital; assisting a man who had lost his certificate of naturalization and needed a duplicate; finding of a seaman's relatives to notify them of his death; rounding up some blood donors; assisting a seaman filing a petition for citizenship; helping a penniless Portuguese seaman who had lost all his papers, and who spoke no English; writing a letter to a railroad company about a lost seabag; obtaining a money order and sending it to a seaman's family at his request; sending a seaman with badly swollen legs as a result of a war injury to Beekman Hospital; securing from the baggage room a parcel of clothing a seaman wanted sent to him; turning over to the Credit Bureau a small sum on a loan received in a letter from a seaman; advising a seaman to visit the clinic for new glasses . . . and so on until the ship's bell on the front of the building outside Miss Lang's window rings two bells, (5 o'clock) indicating that another busy day has swiftly come and gone with many things accomplished but many more yet to be done. All these services are rendered in that sane and friendly manner the seamen so appreciate.



U. S. Maritime Service



# VOYAGE OF THE PACKET SHIP "ADRIATIC"

Mr. Freeman R. Hathaway, President of the Steamship Historical Society of America, contributes the following account of a voyage on the American sailing packet ADRIATIC made by his grandfather, Gilbert C. Halsted, in 1862. The account here is made up of excerpts from a letter the voyager wrote home to his wife. The experiences, recounted from the layman's point of view (as Mr. Halsted was in the textile business) afford an interesting contrast to modern steamship travel. The ADRIATIC left New York May 7th, 1862, and arrived at London, June 5th.

The first night I was very restless. The noise of feet above us and the boisterous songs of the crew at their work combined with the novelty of the situation, made me very wakeful. But since then my rest has been very refreshing and my sleep sweet. My health is greatly improved and I attribute this improvement to four causes, 1. Rest, 2. Pure Air, 3. Regular habits, 4. Plain food with nature's sauce.

Time has not yet hung on our hands. We rise about 7, which gives time to dress, read the Bible, and take a short walk before breakfast at 8. This meal consists of a good variety of plain food—boiled potatoes, dry toast, cold bread, warm biscuit, shad, fish balls, steak, clams, etc. The coffee and tea are rather strong but I have tasted worse.

Evidently the Captain, named Moore, was a gentleman of the old school, as he is described as "just what he was ashore, a jolly, clever and obliging man and apparently an excellent seaman. I have not yet heard him speak a cross word to a sailor or passenger, nor have I heard a single oath aboard the ship from any mouth."

The crew are of a mixed character. All are foreigners (that is not Americans) except the first mate, and one of the sailors who goes out to London to return as first mate of a ship. He is a Yankee and goes

out as a sailor in order to save passage money. One of the sailors (an Englishman) always sings at his work and also plays the fife, and dances. He was once a member of the Bryant's Company of minstrels and has twice crossed with Captain Moore as a passenger!

Our trip this far has been exceedingly pleasant and not at all tedious, for which I am grateful. It is a fine sight to stand in either end of the vessel when all sails are set and look up and down her whole length. There is a good deal to see and admire even in so small a world and now that we have got into regular habits it seems as if this really were the whole of creation, so hard it is to realize that beyond the vast expanse of water are millions of people and boundless continents.

You see we keep nearly on the same latitude but our longitude is constantly changing. We are today about half way across and are going very fast. We have had a touch of rough weather the past week but it lasted only two days (Monday and Tuesday) and was not at all fearful in its character. There was quite a sea running and nearly all the sails were reefed or taken in, but there was so much novelty in the appearance of everything and so much grandeur in the sea view that none of us regretted the episode. It is astonishing how much motion is imparted to the vessel by the surrounding water. You see her bow lifted so high as to point almost to the zenith, and then she plunges down with such force that it seems wonderful she is not completely submerged. But she sinks only to a certain depth and then rises gracefully upon the next wave. Occasionally a sea breaks over the side or quarter.

The phosphorescent foam at night is very bright and can be seen glancing at a distance almost as distinctly

as a ship's light. The water whenever disturbed by the vessel looks exactly as if illuminated by lamps, hung over her sides or by light streaming from within her.

Today we spoke to the ROBERT L. LANE, 12 days out of Philadelphia and bound for Liverpool.

Perhaps you would like to know how vessels speak to each other. When possible they approach near enough for the captains to speak literally, but usually it is done by means of signal flags. These are of different shapes and colors, ten of them representing the figures 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 respectively and 5 others being distinguishing flags or indicators, which being hoisted at the mast head over the numeral flags indicate to what family or list of signals they belong.

Breakfast is at 8—dinner at 1—tea at 6. We have soup always for dinner, very often two kinds of fish, usually two dishes of meat, frequently chicken — turkey on Sundays, plum pudding three times a week, cherry pudding or pie very often, excellent tapioca pudding occasionally, apple pudding boiled in a roll once in a while. No butter appears at dinner.

The captain's navigation books, almanacs and charts have occupied considerable time so that I lead a pretty busy life. Every day at 12 the cabin clock is set right and of course is more and more ahead of New York time. We rise now (by our watches) about four and retire at eight.

He allows me to use his room and lounge at pleasure, I sometimes spend an evening there reading with a candle on a chair at my head, but in the day time occupy my lounge. He is a very active and methodical man. Every morning at 10 he washes all over and at 3 turns in and sleeps until five so that during the evening and night he can go on deck at any time if necessary. He is out and in at all times of the night and takes

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## Packet Ship "Adriatic"

Courtesy Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.

great delight in waking the boys up in the morning. He abhors foul air and is constantly on the look out for ventilation.

Last night we passed Plymouth, a famous Naval depot. With our glasses we could see the fortifications and general shape of the harbor which is one of the best in the world. Here Napoleon sailed for St. Helena.

A pilot boarded us at 12 o'clock and brought a London paper, "The Telegraph" with American news of May 16th. He also told us of the destruction of the 'Merrimac', the capture of Norfolk, and attack and repulse at Fort Darling but no news of any fighting between the two main armies. We were all very glad to get even this meager supply of news.

There is now a dead calm and we are hardly moving.

We took on a London pilot at Dungeness at 6 P.M. and had a fair and strong wind all the way to the mouth of the Thames, so that Wednesday morning the 4th, found us anchored and waiting for a steamer. Soon one came along, a bargain was struck for towing (some £32 or \$160 being paid) and we were off.

*Ed. Note: The packet ship ADRIATIC was built in Boston in 1861 and was burned by the Confederate steamer "Tallahasse" in 1864.*

**YANKEE SHIPS IN CHINA SEAS**

By Daniel Henderson  
Hastings House \$3.00

Here is history and biography salted with adventure and spiced with tales of tea-traders, opium-runners, pirates, missionaries, diplomats and travelers between China and the United States. The author, who knows the tall sailing ships firsthand, traces the Open Door policy from its beginnings to the present. Through the pages is a procession of famous ships—the *Rainbow*, the *Houqua*, the *Challenge*, the *Grand Turk* whose very names suggest the romance of the sailing-ship era. The rivalry between American and British clippers in the China tea races makes interesting reading. The book deserves a place in every maritime library.  
M.D.C.

**ANCHOR WITH LAUREL WREATH**

By John Ackerson  
Kaleidograph Press \$2.00

Mr. Ackerson has well earned the title of Poet of the American Merchant Marine. He served in World Wars I and II aboard merchant ships. His poetic career began 20 years ago when his poems began to appear in leading newspapers and magazines. Last year he won an award in the annual poetry contest sponsored by the Seamen's Institute. This collection of war poems (mostly sonnets) is a poet's reaction to experiences in convoy from 1942 through 1944. The brotherhood of the sea, the longing for home, the devotion to democracy, the fellowship of men united in a common cause—these are some of the subjects treated. The poet has an observant eye, a sensitive mind and a genuine love for his fellowmen as well as technical skill.  
M.D.C.

**THE JESSE JAMES OF THE JAVA SEA**

By Carl Carmer  
Farrar & Rhinehart \$1.50

One of America's most popular authors here recounts the short but very readable story of the submarine USS STURGEON, called affectionately by her crew, "The Jesse James of the Java Sea". The story begins in Manila Bay on Dec. 7, 1941, but a month goes by before the STURGEON sinks her first Japanese ship. Her luck changes, however, and we live for awhile with ordinary men capable of extraordinary gallantry, until the eighth torpedo is sewn on the Jolly Roger and the ship is headed back to the States for a well-earned rest. Carmer tells us what men actually think and feel in a ship 300 feet long and 20 feet wide, deep under the sea—during the sweating out of depth bombs as well as during the long monotonous stretches of empti-

ness and nothing. The daring exploits of the men of the 'silent service' are retold with truth and vigor. F. L. NOLING

**PASSAGE TO GLORY  
John Ledyard's America**

By Helen Augur  
Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1946. \$3.00

If John Ledyard had had the means to carry out his visions, the history of the United States would have been changed—or advanced many years. An adventurous and impoverished young man from Croton, Connecticut, he was one of the first students at Dartmouth College, but his restlessness prevented him from conforming to the life there. He made a canoe and travelled home by way of the Connecticut River, a hazardous undertaking and the first of many subsequent adventures that would be difficult to exaggerate. Of a seafaring tradition, Ledyard, as a corporal of marines, accompanied Captain James Cook on his last voyage to the Pacific. In the South Seas, he became greatly interested in the natives, understanding them as easily as he had understood the Indians of New England. It was, however, the American northwest which captured his ambition and the idea that this land should become part of the United States, became his life long dream.

Ledyard next went to Europe and here Thomas Jefferson, John Paul Jones and other famous men became interested, but luck was always against the plan and he died without seeing his dream realized.

The author has brought out the psychological aspects of her hero's character, his frustrations as well as his great charm, but always he is given credit for seeing our destiny in the Pacific.

I. M. ACHESON

**"DESTROYERS IN ACTION"**

By Richard A. Shaffer  
Cornell Maritime Press. 1945. \$2.50

As a former destroyer man—(service with the U. S. Coast Guard during rum-running days)—I came to this volume with eager hands—there was so much to be said — what merchant seaman wouldn't rather have equal tonnage in "tin cans" in his convoy than an unwieldy cruiser or battleship?

On their own, these "little" ships create a saga, with blood to be sure, that will stand as long as there are men and ships. The stories include that of the U. S. S. *Borie*, she ran "aground" an enemy sub and held it captive beneath her. These stories of the ships behind the ships—the destroyer tenders, the oil supply and floating machine shops make this an admirable attempt to gain a long overdue appreciation for the "little ships".  
DAVID HARRIS

**CLIPPER SHIPS**

Reprinted by permission Tampa Tribune  
The very names of clipper ships  
bring them back to being  
Dipping and slanting, cutting  
the cresting wave;  
There was the Phoenix, out from  
Savannah  
To Liverpool in twelve days,  
beautiful and brave.  
They wore their honors lightly,  
they, the Antelope, the Seaman's Bride,  
The Dashing Wave, the Gipsy, the  
Sea-Witch, the Gazelle;  
Many out of Mystic, bearing magic  
out of Baltimore,  
And from Belfast, Bath and Boston;  
the Surprise, the Ariel.  
There were colors of the sunrise  
and the sunset in those names:  
The Rainbow, the Emerald, the  
Topaz, like, their wake.  
Round the Horn, in '49; the Amethyst,  
the Sapphire:  
They sailed for high adventure,  
as much as riches' sake.  
It may be the machine age will  
someday be over—  
Sooner than you think, and that  
there will come back  
The old moon-sail Phoenix, and  
many a sea-rover  
Arisen from time's ashes, on a  
glamorous moon-track.  
It would be a better world then,  
with the old keen spirit  
Of the Challenge, of the Pilgrim,  
the Coquette, the White Squall,  
As eager as their names are, it may  
be their old merit  
In future days, like the past days  
will be challenging us all.  
By ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

**RETURN TO GLORY**

A year away is far too long ashore,  
But on the morrow I shall close the  
door,  
On my small room, and soon be under  
way,  
No longer now shall loved ones bid me  
stay.  
Proud glory beckons toward a list that's  
long  
In names of young and old hearts, stout  
and strong.  
Once more the foc'sle head watch—the  
feel of sea and salt spray,  
And blacked out nights so silent as to  
make a heathen pray!  
O Lord, let nothing keep me on the  
beach!  
Let nothing keep my proud ship out of  
reach!

A sailor cannot thrive on shorebound  
pleasures,  
I must to Mother Sea and all her  
treasures,  
Nor screaming shells, the crash of bombs,  
torpedoes, mines,  
Can never snap the courage of men who  
man the lines.  
The names of Merchant Ships in war are  
bright in song and story,  
Too long ashore, dear God, let me return  
to glory.  
DAN HOWARD

**FOR A LOST MARINER  
(National Maritime Day—May 22)**

By Edward O'Gara  
Courtesy New York Herald Tribune  
As one who scanned the circle of the day  
With radiant face that tilted to the skies,  
Learning the planets' course, the gray  
gulls' way,  
He searched the heights with visionary  
eyes.  
Going with carefree laugh and eager pace  
Of youth who sought the distant harbor-  
light,  
He had a great cry in him and the grace  
Of swift dark wings down channels of  
the night.  
Let all who seek eternal verity  
In elemental things heed him who learned  
The shape of heaven, night's strange  
alchemy  
Of silence where far constellations  
burned.  
Hearing the beat of waves on distant  
sands  
He held the universe within his hands.

**THE MUTE**

N. Y. Times  
Mates cut the man despite his sailor  
skill,  
His knotted muscles and his hairy chest;  
No one, they thought, whom Fate has  
used so ill  
Is canny; thus they shunned him. When  
the rest  
Bellowed a mains'l-haul or capstan-turn,  
In silence he would strain, his eager eyes  
Riveted on the chantey-man, to learn  
What salty rhythm helped their burden  
rise.  
In dog-watch when the moon bewitched  
the sea,  
In tricks below, when fo'c's'le lamps  
smoked dim,  
No knot that gammed below included  
him,  
No watch-mates lounging in the long-  
boat's lee.  
But perched aloft, above the plunging  
spars,  
He reveled in the fellowship of stars.  
HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.



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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."