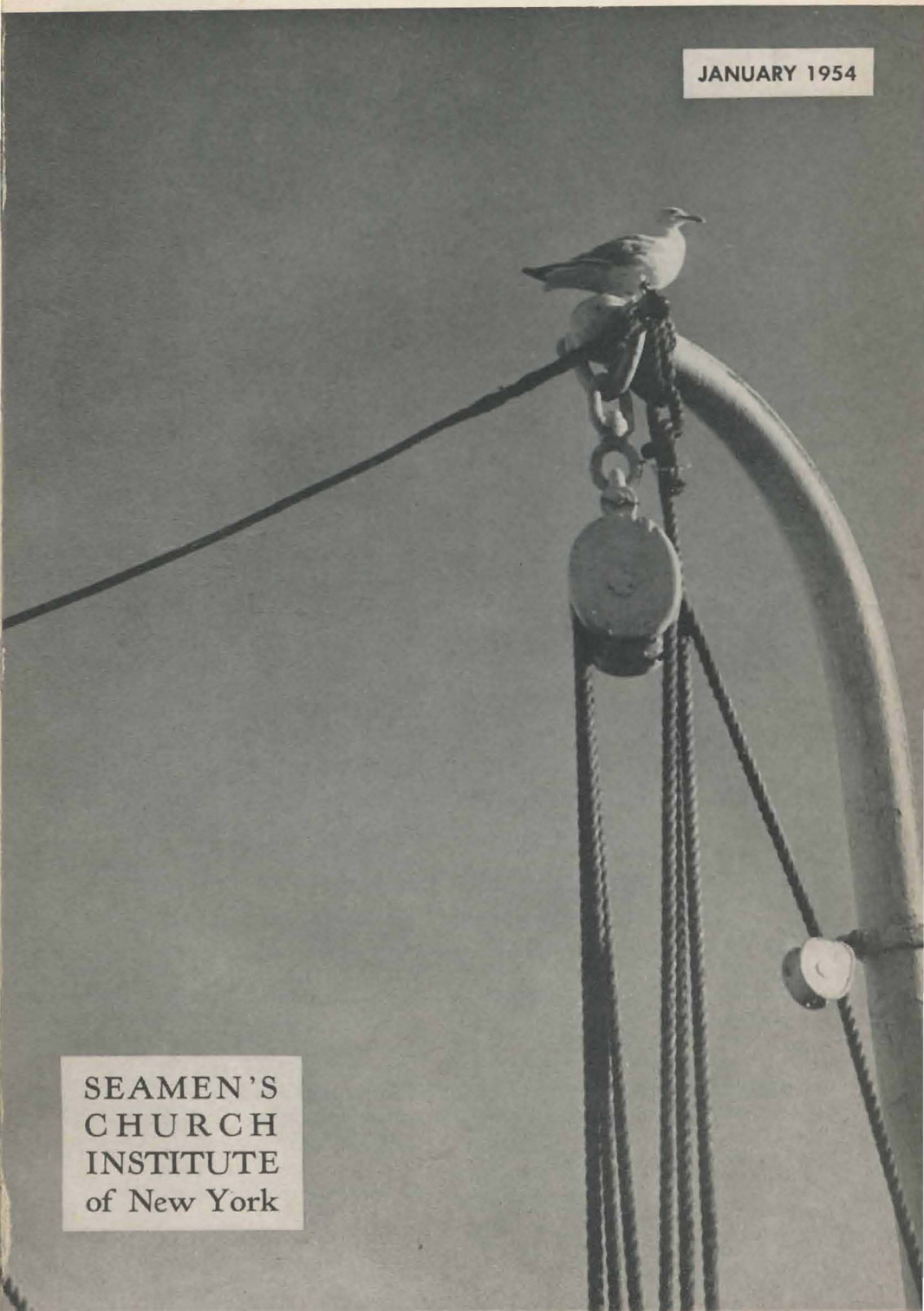


The LOOKOUT

JANUARY 1954



SEAMEN'S
CHURCH
INSTITUTE
of New York



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is a shore home for merchant seamen who are between ships in this great port. The largest organization of its kind in the world, the Institute combines the services of a modern hotel with a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational facilities needed by a profession that cannot share fully the important advantages of home and community life.

The Institute is partially self-supporting, the nature of its work requiring assistance from the public to provide the personal and social services that distinguish it from a waterfront boarding house and so enable it to fulfill its true purpose: being a home away from home for the merchant seamen of all nationalities and religions.

A tribute to the service it has performed during the past century is its growth from a floating chapel in 1844 to the thirteen-story building at 25 South Street known to merchant seamen the world around.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLV

JANUARY, 1954

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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THE COVER: This photograph by Edith Kallir portrays a seagull hitching his last ride on Holland-America's *Veendam*, now being scrapped in Baltimore.

The Lookout

January, 1954

No. 1

VOL. XLV



From All Ports, "Thanks."

IN THE weeks since Christmas, hundreds of cards and letters posted by merchant seamen from ports all over the globe have come to the Institute expressing appreciation for the gift boxes received Christmas day while on the high seas.

These gift packages prepared by the Institute's Central Council, a group of women volunteers, were put aboard vessels before they left New York prior to Christmas by the Ship Visitors from the Institute. Each of these 4,000 boxes contained a number of useful personal gifts, including knitted garments, slippers, sewing kits, wallets, mirrors, pens and writing paper, first-aid kits, nail clippers, books and candies.

These articles caused the master of

an MSTS vessel to comment that "the packages were the nicest and most practical I have ever seen distributed during all my time at sea."

The surprise in getting a gift box prompted the following note from a crewman on the *S.S. Baylor Victory*:

"This morning our chief officer handed me a large, brightly wrapped box with a 'Merry Christmas.' Our chief mate is a fine fellow, but perhaps a bit of a practical joker at times. It was with suspicion, then, that I opened my box. Imagine my surprise at finding nine attractively wrapped gifts, each bearing the seal of the Seamen's Church Institute. Needless to say, I was ashamed of my suspicion! Thanks for making Christmas at sea more than just another day."

The Seafaring Kind

•
Ann Davison
and Her Sloop
Team Up to Beat
the Atlantic
•



SOME people must climb the mountains; some search the caverns of the earth. And some, like Ann Davison, do battle with the elements in fragile water craft. Becalmed for 23 days, driven by hurricane winds, Ann finally defeated her surly adversary; she sailed a 23-foot sloop across the Atlantic — alone.

Her voyage, recently completed, lasted 15 long months, mainly because she bobbed up in many places she hadn't intended to visit at all and liked them so much she stayed for several weeks. She left England in the sloop *Felicity Ann* and touched shore on the European and African continents at Brittany, North Spain, Gibraltar and Casablanca.

One of the biggest headaches of sailing a small boat on the ocean, says Ann, is the number of steamships that insist on charging to the "rescue." She avoided the shipping lanes like the plague, but still had a few embarrassing encounters in which she had to be quite firm about remaining on her own craft. The knights

errant usually regarded her stubbornness as an affront, and steamed indignantly away.

In a fog, shipping lanes are death on small boats, which cannot be seen or heard by the big ships or tracked on their radar screens. For Ann, one such experience was a nightmare of cold, dank mists and sudden brilliantly lit, throbbing apparitions that swept perilously close by, leaving the sloop bobbing like a toy in the wash of their great propellers. Ann made for the nearest shore, preferring the risk of running aground in the fog to attempting to dodge invisible steamers.

Once, the two Anns — she always refers to herself and the sloop as "we" — managed to get the better of a steamship. Off the coast of Africa, after she had put out from Casablanca, gale-force winds whipped the sea into a frenzy of careening, white-capped waves. An oil tanker was bucking the wind and "having a devil of a time," Ann recalls with some

satisfaction. It wallowed helplessly in the trough of the sea. Ann tacked to run before the wind and flew by the tanker, her sloop "rising like a gull" on the crest of the heavy seas.

Food was never a problem on the long voyage across. Ann replenished her fresh stores during stopovers and found that eggs (simply wrapped in newspaper), small potatoes and onions kept remarkably well. As a matter of fact, a scientific diet had been worked out especially for her trip by experts in England and stores bought accordingly. But she found she didn't need half the food prescribed for her and got along happily on one meal a day and some vitamin pills. Flying fish — "quite respectably sized" — often leaped aboard in time for breakfast. They were attracted by the lights when the sloop was hoisted at night. Ann cooked all her meals on a single kerosene burner.

Having had years of experience as a pilot, Ann navigated quite expertly by the stars. She had only one chronometer aboard, and a radio against which to check it. The chronometer variations were erratic, some times 7 seconds off, others 10. When the radio batteries gave out Ann had to set to and make up a table of past chronometer checks to calculate an average variation. A small time error will compound itself into an error of several miles in position.

For the Atlantic trip, the *Felicity Ann* was fitted only with the essentials. It takes quite a bit of know-how to decide just what is absolutely necessary and what is not. Although Ann enjoys the comforts of land life, they're simply not important to her. Her idea of luxury is a seaworthy, "dry" boat. (She's had at one time or another considerable damp experience with cranky, leaky hatches.)

The sloop has a short range auxiliary engine, which enables her to get away from the doldrums of a port and out into the open sea, where the wind is. Ann takes pride in her seamanship; she is capable of executing any necessary emergency repairs to her boat. The *Felicity Ann* is hauled out of the water and scraped and painted about every six months. This is stepped up to every three months in the tropics.

The actual Atlantic crossing was made from the Canary Islands (the first port of call after Casablanca) to the West Indies. The passage took 65 days, during which time she was becalmed for 23. Ann put in at the semi-tropical isle of Dominica, and was so completely charmed by it that she stayed for four weeks. Dominica combined beaches, palm trees and mountains with jungle growth so dense at the center that roads necessarily left off at one side, and took up again at the other. Most of the native population were fishermen. They sailed hand hewn, tall-masted barks with sails made of pieced together flour sacks.

Ann chooses the Caribbean as the most beautiful stretch of water of her entire trip. Her route was north from Dominica to Florida, by way of the Bahamas.

At the stopovers Ann lived aboard her sloop, or very close by. People were friendly and helpful wherever she chanced to be. Fellow yachtsmen invariably trotted aboard with armfuls of paperbacked books to exchange with her. They usually just dumped them with a "here you are" and no one ever bothered to glance at the titles. Ann's poetry anthologies, however, were never traded; she found them a source of strength and comfort.

After weeks of sea air and spray, Ann's long red hair was a wicked tangle to tidy in port in the brief time before the customs boarded the sloop. She solved the problem by cutting it away to a short bob. Otherwise, customs and officials in general gave her no trouble at all — except in Florida, where there was a spectacular red-tape mix-up over her visa. They finally allowed her ashore as the



"crew" of the *Felicity Ann*, after barring her entry as a passenger. When her visitor's visa was cleared, allowing a longer period of time in the States than the original seaman's leave, Ann sailed to New York via the Inland Waterway.

Ann takes deep satisfaction in the fact that her boat can touch shore anywhere in the world. She likes to tie-up away from the heavily frequented docks and make her contacts with local residents. Ann thinks it's like going 'round to the

The *Felicity Ann* at English Harbour, Antigua, in the West Indies.

Photo by Jose Anjo, Ltd.



back door instead of being received in the front parlor, where people are apt to be quite formal. Along the Inland Waterway, for example, Ann would tie up at random and shop with the small-town citizenry at the nearest grocers. She enjoyed their warmth and friendliness. She is keenly interested in people and the way they live. During her last trip, she managed to share in the hospitality of more diverse groups than the ordinary stay-at-home will even observe in a lifetime.

The most dangerously cluttered water Ann sailed was the Hudson River. Great timbers and bulky objects jostled her boat. At one point, her sloop ground over a submerged wreck. For a fearful moment, Ann thought the little boat "had dashed her brains out." If the *Felicity Ann* had been a speedy, thin-skinned launch, she would have ripped her bottom on the projection.

In New York, Ann's sloop was put in drydock for the first time. Ann vows never to be caught in a winter season that will force her to take to the land and lay up her boat.

She undertook her dangerous voyage partly because she felt she had to finish something that had been started but not accomplished. She and her husband had set out to sail the Atlantic together, but the venture ended tragically in his death. She described their struggles touchingly in her book, *Last Voyage**. Ann will write another book based on her most recent experiences.

When her visa expires, she will return to England. She plans to come to New York in late spring, to pick up the *Felicity Ann* and sail her up the Great Lakes, down the Mississippi, across the Gulf of Mexico, through the Panama Canal and out into the Pacific.

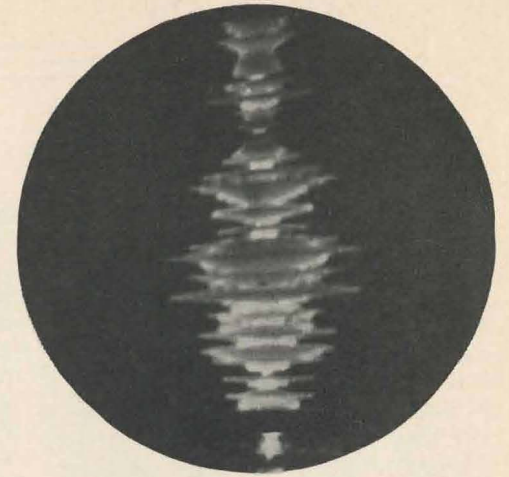
For Ann Davison, sailing a small boat across the vast waters of the world is more than adventure. It's a way of life. If she realizes her wish, Ann will always sail wherever fancy takes her.

— MAE STOKE

*Sloane Associates, \$4.00

Fin Flapper's 1984

An Ocean to Swim in,
But Nowhere to Hide



A school of fish just above bottom, as seen by "Big Brother."

FOR haddock, cod and all manner of fish, George Orwell's 1984 has come thirty years too soon. The "Big Brother" that is always watching, that sees all, is a device called Fischlupe recently developed in Germany and now being distributed by Radiomarine Corporation.

Fischlupe (meaning "fish-lens") is a cathode ray sounder especially designed to serve as an electronic fish-finder. Supersonic signals reflected from beneath the fishing vessel cause the sea bed, rocks, wrecks, plankton, schools of fish, sunken treasure and other worthwhile things to be clearly shown on the cathode ray tube. The implications are staggering. Even the sharks must be appalled by this latest evidence of man's voracious appetite for fish.

Captain Richard Dobbin, master of the trawler *Flying Cloud*, reports in Boston that he is able to tell large haddock from small ones, tell haddock from cod and easily spot a dogfish. Unless a large school is sighted by "Big Brother," the *Flying Cloud* never drops her nets. No time

is wasted and her trips are days shorter.

A school of fish appears as short horizontal traces on the cathode ray tube, and a calibrated scale records the depth at which the school is located. By the flick of a switch the school can be magnified within an eight-fathom vertical area shown on the face of the tube. In the fixed position "Big Brother" has a range of 280 fathoms, from the bottom of the vessel to the sea bed. However, a variable control permits closer examination of any eight-fathom section of this depth and on down to 320 fathoms.



Fin Flapper, who insists on his right to travel incognito.

For the fish, to be seen or not to be seen is no longer a question. They have no Fifth Amendment and no recourse from the "Big Brother" who sees all and makes them testify against themselves. The only voice of protest comes from LOOKOUT Correspondent Finaceous Flapper, who is being investigated for his stand that fish have rights to invisibility and the free use thereof. He was sketched at the hearing by a staff artist; cameras were not permitted.

YO HO HO

Once upon a time (December 1953) there was a dhow named *Naram Passa* sailing peacefully with her cargo of dates in the Arabian Sea. Suddenly, her lookout spotted distress signals in the night, and her noble crew steered the good ship to the rescue. Alas! The signals were just a lure set off by wicked Arab pirates, who with blood-curdling yells, cutlasses and daggers leaped aboard the hapless vessel and captured it. They sailed their prize to the Gulf of Oman and abandoned the Indian crew ashore at a deserted place.

The Indians finally staggered into the town of Muscat with their harrowing tale and Her Majesty's mighty frigate *Flamingo* set out on a mission of vengeance. They scoured the Arabian Sea without a single glimpse of the jolly roger until a sly old informer told the captain the pirates were hiding out in the coastal town of Jadhīb. The frigate crept up on the dhow at midnight, and Her Majesty's bold sailormen boarded her and surprised the Arab pirates in their bunks. Then they went into the town, where the rest of the terrible crew were making merry with their ill-gotten dates, and rounded them all up.

The *Flamingo* towed the *Naram Passa* to the British protectorate of Aden, and the bad men were punished, and the good men rewarded, and everyone who was left expects to live happily ever after.

THE LIGHTHOUSE WAS FOR BURNING

Sparked by a bonfire, century-old Bridgeport Harbor Lighthouse has finally met its "fatal doom." Late last summer the Coast Guard reconsidered a decision to put the 102-year-old structure

to the torch and ordered it dismantled to make way for a semi-automatic light.

The old lighthouse was subsequently purchased by a private concern for removal to a park in Fairfield, Connecticut. It was after the city park board turned thumbs down on the move and just one day before the Government deadline in December for dismantling the lighthouse, that a rubbish fire ignited the whole structure and leveled it to the ground.

RAPT

According to *La Voz de Espana* of San Sebastian, a Peruvian boy is credited with outstaring a shark. Little Arnaldo Martin was swimming in the Pacific when he suddenly came face to face with a shark. The shark stared at him fixedly and the boy, realizing he could not hope to outswim it, stared back. The two remained immobile until another swimmer came to the rescue with a knife, and slew the fascinated monster. The rescuer said the shark had seemed hypnotized.

LOOK, MA — NO RUDDER

The *Stavangerfjord* arrived safely in Oslo recently just two days behind schedule, after completing a rudderless Atlantic crossing. She steered 2,050 miles with her twin screws, using each alternately for forward speed and for navigation. She is the first large passenger ship to accomplish this feat, a distinction that her captain feels she could just as well have done without. Captain Olaf Bjoernstad, sailing since 1914, described the rudderless crossing as the "worst experience I've ever had at sea."

The *Stavangerfjord* lost her rudder during a savage hurricane at sea, about 1,000 miles and three days out of New York. She made her unique voyage without aid, except for the final few miles, when tugs towed her through the narrow Oslo Fjord.

THE QUEEN AND THE FIJIS

Queen Elizabeth's tour of the British commonwealth led her recently to the Fiji Islands. During the first day's ceremonies, the Queen drank the local fire-water — Kava — a potent native brew, accepted a gift of the Islands' most precious valuable, whales' teeth, and watched a spirited spear dance. She attended an official reception that night and stood amiably in the glare of a spotlight, so that she was clearly visible to everyone. The royal party at last retired aboard the liner *Gothic* for a much needed rest.

But the Fijis were in a celebrating mood, and official pleadings notwithstanding, they paraded to the liner's wharf at 4:30 A.M. and chanted songs, beat drums, and performed grass-skirted dances till dawn. The Queen, a true lady, had no comment to make on the riotous nocturnal serenade.

DOCTOR, ANYONE?

The January cruise of the *Nieuw Amsterdam* must have been one of the safest available this winter. She carried 735 passengers, 500 of whom were doctors affiliated with the Pan-American Medical Association who were enjoying a 16-day South American and West Indies convention cruise.

VIEWS PRESENTED

Mr. Hugh Gallagher, President of the Propeller Club, recently declared that the national economy, national security and international relationships demanded adequate shipbuilding and ship repair industries; that American ships should carry at least 50% of all foreign-aid cargo and that discrimination against American-flag operators should be ended.

Mr. Gallagher set forth his organization's views in a letter to President Eisenhower's Commission on Foreign Economic Policy. His letter stated further that not a single contract had been placed in an American shipyard for an ocean-going vessel in the last nine months and that unless something was done about this situation, many shipyards would be forced to close down. Mr. Gallagher also made a plea for personal testimony by shipping industry representatives before the Commission which had previously stated its intention to accept only written statements from those interested in testifying before it.

MINTED BELL

Coins and medals from 64 nations were melted down in Japan and cast into a 250-pound "peace" bell. Under the sponsorship of the Japanese United Nations Association, the bell was fashioned as an appeal for "absolute world peace." It is now enroute from Japan to the United Nations headquarters in New York where it will be formally presented to the U.N. by Ambassador Renzo Sawada.

The peace bell is on board the *Tsuneshima Maru*, a single-screw steamship making her maiden voyage in the Atlantic-Far East run.



Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Director, Seamen's Church Institute

DEAR FRIENDS,

At the beginning of the year most of us look back down the road we have traveled and pause to take stock of ourselves, but more important, we ought to plan the road we are going to take in the future.

Such a re-evaluation is a healthy process for institutions as well as individuals. We are more than proud of our accomplishments at Seamen's Church Institute. You as contributors have believed in what we are doing or you would not have given us your loyal support over the years. However, your faithfulness grants us no right to rest upon our laurels. We must be constantly looking ahead and planning for the future, trying to anticipate the changes that will come so that we will be ready

to meet them. Our organization would not be in existence today had not this always been the policy of our Board of Managers.

In looking ahead we must consider our physical plant. Our building has had terrific usage without any major improvements for many years. A committee of the Board with the assistance of architects and engineers has been studying this problem for many months. When their report is presented and its recommendations are carried out, it is our hope that our building will be equipped to carry on our program for some time to come.

These alterations in our physical plant must be made in the light of a changing program of services designed to meet the needs of the modern seaman, who has a different orientation than the "old-timers." Some activities will be dropped, others will be added. Our work will become more specialized in dealing with the problems of individual seamen and our staff will have to be modified accordingly.

It is highly important to note that one great fact of seafaring can never change. *Seamen will always spend most of their time away from home, church and friends — which provide the basic stability in the life of any man. It will always be our job to be their home and through our program of services provide the ballast that will keep them on an even keel.*

As we look to the future we are grateful to all of you for putting the tools in our hands to carry on our work. We are confident that you will continue to uphold us, and we pledge that we will serve the men who go down to the sea in ships, in your name, wisely and with the same devotion and integrity as in the past.

In this New Year may God bless all of you richly.

Faithfully yours,

Raymond S. Hall



In the new clubroom, time to conceive of a life without alcohol.

Another Chance

THE recent opening of a special clubroom adjoining the new third floor offices of the Alcoholics Assistance Bureau marks an important addition to the Institute's facilities for aiding alcoholic seamen. The large newly furnished room will serve as a refuge and haven for men who are in the "difficult period" of early sobriety. Managed by the men themselves, the room will provide the complete change of atmosphere essential to regaining self esteem, and it will serve as a laboratory for the practice of group therapy techniques.

The Institute pioneered in coping with alcoholism on the waterfront in 1945 when its Department of Special Services developed the first therapy program among the seamen's agencies. Headed by Mr. William J. Fowler, himself a recovered alcoholic and a former seaman, the Institute's Alcoholics Assistance Bureau has subsequently been widely recognized for its realistic and effective approach to the problem.

The Bureau's experience indicates that alcoholism has no greater prevalence among seamen than among comparable shoreside groups, but that recovery is sometimes more difficult for seamen, whose occupation separates them most of the time from the family and friends who would normally be able to help them. Thus an alcoholic seaman often flounders alone on the waterfront streets, creating a public spectacle and giving a black eye to his profession. It is this situation which gave rise to the song asking, "What shall we do with the drunken sailor?" In the song, however, no practical solution is offered.

An important part of the Institute Bureau's work is that of referring seamen to the shoreside facilities for treating alcoholism. Mr. Fowler describes as "excellent" the cooperation accorded the Bureau by the various agencies, civic and otherwise, of the New York area. "Without this valuable help of the U. S. Public Health hospitals, Bellevue, the

Department of Welfare and local groups experienced in combating alcoholism, we could do very little here at the Institute." In 1946 and '47 Fowler was sent to all of the principal seaports of the United States and Canada by the Council of Seamen's Agencies to enlist the cooperation of civic leaders in these cities in the development of local programs, such as are now operating to aid seamen in Houston, Halifax, Seattle and elsewhere.

In describing the work of the Alcoholics Assistance Bureau at the Institute, Mr. Fowler and his assistant, Mr. Barney Saunders, stress the point that it does not constitute a "crusade" against drink.

"The most effective program for defeating alcoholism," according to Mr. Fowler, "is one that recognizes its limitations. There is no better way to waste your time than by trying to give an alcoholic reasons why he shouldn't drink. He will not quit to save his job, nor to please his old mother. But he will try to quit when he finally admits to himself that he has absolutely no control over alcohol and that it will surely take his life or his sanity if he doesn't leave it alone. At this point he begins to hear what you say; you show the way and he's ready to go."

"Intent means everything," acknowledges Fowler, "but the intention to quit must come from the man himself when he fully realizes the danger of his situation. If we tried to 'rescue' men or force their own salvation on them, we would wind up with a program of meal tickets and free flops."

However, the meeting of immediate needs is an important early part of the Bureau's method of operation. Every assistance is given the man who is earnestly trying to help himself. If he needs medical attention he gets it from the Institute's clinic, or if his condition is serious, he may be hospitalized for several days and given sedation as he passes through the violent period of "rams" or delirium tremens. Less severe cases often "sweat it out" in private rooms provided at the Institute by the Bureau.

Once the seaman has showered, shaved

and picked up clean gear from the Institute's Slop Chest he is given room and board until he has "steadied down" enough to take a job ashore while his seamen's papers, usually lost, are put in order and he finds a berth on a ship. Every effort is made to get the man moving under his own power again as soon as possible, for not until he does can he respect himself — which he must do before he will act in his own best interests.

The new clubroom affords the right environment for the recovering alcoholic who has not gained enough momentum to be able to maintain an independent course. He absorbs the spirit of others who have the same problem and are working for sobriety. The full range of literature on alcoholism is available to him and from it he can obtain valuable insights into his behavior. Counsel from the Bureau's advisors gets him past the small problems that might otherwise make him dash for a bottle. Special meetings are held two evenings a week at which mutual problems are discussed. At one of these meetings the men usually hear a speaker from the "outside," someone who has been through the labyrinth of drink and who can pass on useful information.

In the clubroom the seaman is temporarily shielded from temptation and disturbances and is given time for introspection, time to conceive of a life without alcohol.

Recognizing that alcoholism is often related to serious emotional problems, the Bureau makes no estimate of the number for whom sobriety is the threshold to a full and useful life.

"When a man goes out of here we can make no promises about what's going to happen to him," says Mr. Fowler. "All we know is that we've helped him to another chance. With our resources here at the Institute we can plant the seeds of the greater values, but whether or not they take root depends on many things; it takes years before you know the whole story. At the Bureau we have learned to take our satisfaction in small doses, figuring that it's better for a man to be sober part of the time than not at all."

Book Briefs



YOUR OUTBOARD CRUISER

By David Klein

W. W. Norton, N. Y., \$3.50

If you are in the market for an outboard cruiser, this is the book for you. Every conceivable question is thoroughly explored, from the best buys in motors to what features indicate sound hull construction, to how a boat is made safe and enjoyable for children. Diagrams and photographs illustrate the text.

The author goes beyond the initial stages of boat buying and discusses the problems of winter storage and the cost and type of equipment necessary for successful cruising. Mr. Klein, who has owned almost every type of pleasure craft at one time or another, maintains that an outboard cruiser may be bought and kept up at considerably less cost than a low-priced automobile. The cruiser is equally at home at sea or in shallow waters — it draws less than two feet with the motor running. It is versatile enough to please the deep-sea fisherman, or to serve the family for the inevitable beach picnic.

THE DEEP SIX

By Martin Dibner

Doubleday, N. Y., \$3.50

Martin Dibner has written a rather uneven story about a man named Alec Austen — his wartime experiences aboard a cruiser assigned to Aleutian waters and his civilian life as revealed by a series of prolonged flashbacks.

The author has posed some profound and difficult questions and answered them glibly, if at all. He has chosen as his hero a "genuine" artist, burdened with deep emotional conflicts between "real" art and the kind that pays money, and one who must suffer the agonies of the "sensitive" man in rugged wartime service among earthier compatriots. But he has neglected to give his character sufficient substance even to come to grips with these monumental problems. Instead, he coats Austen and the others who people his narrative with a high gloss of artificial sophistication. Only his hero manages to jump sharply to life occasionally. Despite intermittent bits of rather good writing, the story and the people in it are simply not credible.

PASSAGE EAST

By Carleton Mitchell

W. W. Norton, N. Y., \$5.00

Passage East is the day-by-day story of a transatlantic yacht race — specifically, of the voyage of the yacht *Caribbee* and her crew of eight across the North Atlantic from Bermuda to Plymouth, England.

Carleton Mitchell writes with wit and authority. Some sound technical instruction on oceanography, tides, currents, wave formation and basic data on the problems of navigation is included, but this in no way dulls the drama of the adventure itself, since Mitchell is first an enthusiast, and second a scholar of the sea. The urgency of the time element — the necessity of fighting to save precious seconds at every point along the way, adds considerably to the excitement and tension of the story. Illustrated generously with first-rate photographs.

NEW GUINEA AND THE MARIANAS

History of United States Naval Operations in World War II

By Samuel Eliot Morison

Little, Brown & Co., N. Y., \$6.00

This is Volume VIII of the official history of Naval operations in the Pacific during World War II (one of 15 volumes covering specific campaigns) and an outstanding job of selection and documentation. Admiral Morison's access to pertinent American and Japanese documents has enabled him to present a connected and coherent account of the war as it moved ponderously forward.

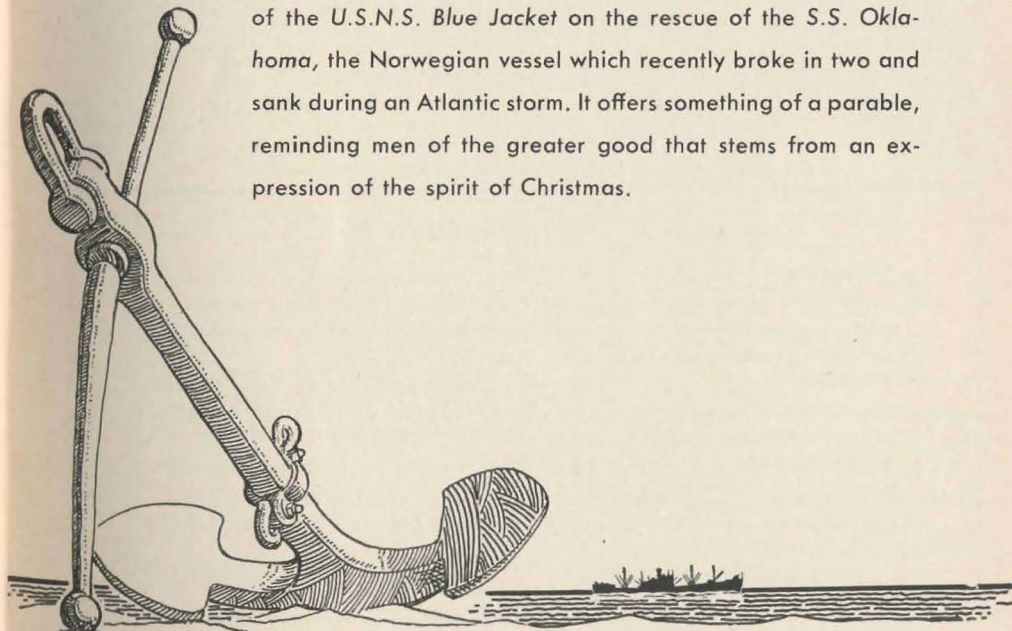
Morison was actively engaged in several campaigns himself and acquired an intimate knowledge of the personalities involved, which has aided him in recreating the absorbing behind-the-scenes machinations of top military and naval leaders. He is completely frank in discussing the individuals responsible for the prosecution of the war.

Newspaper accounts of a war in progress form but the skeleton of actuality. Viewed from this all-encompassing perspective, the war emerges as a fairly rational, interdependent sequence of events. Important reading, not only for the students of history, but for all Americans.

PARABLE

"In the first boatload rescued the men were soaked from head to toe. Upon coming aboard they were taken by members of the Steward Department to the crew mess hall, disrobed, covered with blankets and given hot coffee, sandwiches and medicinal whiskey. When all were aboard, cigarettes were passed around and the heavy sweaters, socks and slippers which the *Blue Jacket* crew members had received as Christmas gifts from the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, N. Y. C., were passed out to the survivors."

The preceding is an excerpt from the report of the master of the U.S.N.S. *Blue Jacket* on the rescue of the S.S. *Oklahoma*, the Norwegian vessel which recently broke in two and sank during an Atlantic storm. It offers something of a parable, reminding men of the greater good that stems from an expression of the spirit of Christmas.



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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 suggest the following as a clause that may be used:

"I give and bequeath to **Seamen's Church Institute of New York**, a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words "of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.