

## THE SEAS ARE DEAF AND NOISY

Though brave men pour in it their blood and  
tears,  
The sea does not seem ruddier to me;  
Though loud the waters roar, they have no  
ears—

And yet I would apostrophize the sea.  
Indifferent historian, bold forger,  
Of flesh and bones the oldest falsifier,  
Good swallower of ships but poor disgorged,  
Immense economist, grand simplifier:  
I'd greet you as I greet the air but daren't  
Because I know you care not for my stave,  
Because you are a most prodigious parent,  
Deaf mother, father; bassinet and grave.  
So roar my dirge who will not hear me groan,  
And swing my sack who'll strip me to the  
bone.

*By* CORNEL LENGVEL  
Purser and Pharmacist Mate  
First Prize Winner

is a portion of the painting "SUNLIT SEA" by Frederick Waugh. The original, given in memory of Benjamin R. C. Low, is in the Janet Roper Room, 4th floor of the Institute.

### Sanctuary

A Thanksgiving for Victory in Europe and Prayer for Final Victory over all the Forces of Aggression.  
Set forth by the Bishop of New York and offered in the V-E Day services in the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Almighty and eternal Lord God, the Supreme Ruler of men and nations, who has granted great victories to the Forces of Freedom: We give thanks to Thee for the courage and devotion of those who in the Armed Forces of our Country and of our Allies have brought these victories to pass; we commend to Thy gracious keeping those who have laid down their lives for us and for their fellow men; and we pray Thee to give Thine own strength and comfort to all the sorrowing and the bereaved.

Hasten, we beseech Thee, the day of the complete overthrow of the Forces of Aggression throughout the World, that the sufferings and cruelties of war may be ended and that there may be Righteous, True, and lasting Peace.

Move us to do our full part for the help of those who have suffered untold wrongs and cruelties in the enslaved Countries, and for the relief of all who are in want and need.

Give us repentance for our share in the sins which cause hatred, strife, and war, and make us to know that true Peace can be founded only upon obedience to Thy Eternal Law of Righteousness.

And we ask Thy help and guidance for the Peace-Loving Nations that they may so join in cooperation that wars shall be made to cease, and that as a Nation we may do our utmost to help make this a better World, a World free from tyranny and terror, a World in which children may grow up unafraid, a World in which there shall be justice and right dealing between men of all races, and in which the Christian Law of Brotherhood shall be fulfilled, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory world without end. Amen.

## The LOOKOUT

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# The Lookout

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JUNE, 1945

## V-E DAY

V-E DAY was observed quietly and reverently at 25 South Street. Merchant seamen from Holland and Denmark had been close to the radios in their Club Rooms since the first news was flashed of the liberation of their countries from the Nazi yolk. Usually stolid, phlegmatic faces expressed jubilation and tear-stained eyes bespoke their emotion on realizing that the last obstacles were cleared and all could see their families and homelands again. One Danish captain expressed his joy in this way: "I want to thank God I can now expect to see

my dear wife again after five long years. Just once have I heard — through the Red Cross — that she is alive. I've remembered what King Christian said when the Nazis marched in — 'So long as there is a God above, He will protect our Denmark'."

The War Shipping Administration's urgent appeals to merchant seamen, officers, stevedores and longshoremen to "stick to their jobs" met with response, and the doors of the Institute swung open all day long with seamen, carrying duffel bags and suit-cases, reporting to ships. The



Photo by Marie Higginson

men realized that the delivery of vital supplies to Europe and the Pacific must continue, and so—while others celebrated—thousands of them were on duty.

Seamen who had but recently come ashore, those who were waiting particular ship assignments, and those attending up-grade schools, listened to news broadcasts on the Institute's radios in the Janet Roper Room, Seamen's Lounge, and Allied Club Rooms. Many, together with Institute employees, joined in the Chapel service conducted by the Institute's Director, Dr. Kelley and Chaplain Harkness, and gave thanks for the cessation of hostilities in Europe. Prior to the regular entertainment in the Auditorium on the evening of May 8th, Chaplain

MacDonald conducted a prayer service attended by about 500 seamen, and read Bishop Manning's prayer of thankfulness for victory. Like the soldiers, seamen had seen so much suffering and privation and so many of them had endured hardships, they felt more like praying than celebrating. "We'll keep 'em sailing until final victory in the Pacific is won," declared a Chief Mate who had survived three torpedoings, and an engineer, just recently freed from a Nazi prison camp echoed this sentiment: "Our Army and Navy need supplies in the Pacific. As soon as I get my health and strength back I'm shipping out again!"

Let us all pray that the submarine warfare in the Atlantic and soon in the Pacific will also cease.



Dutch and Danish Seamen read the good news.

## Winners in Marine Poetry Contest

THE winners in the Marine Poetry Contest, sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, included three American Able-Bodied seamen, three American third mates, a Scotch ship's cook, a British oiler and a Canadian engineer. The judges in the contest were William Rose Benét, author and poet; A. M. Sullivan, former president of the Poetry Society of America and William Williamson, editor of an anthology of sea poetry. The contest was open to merchant seamen of all nationalities and ratings, and to Maritime School students. The winning poems were read by Mr. Benét on Columbia Broadcasting System's "It's Maritime" program on April 24th.

Cornel Lengyel, seaman aboard the S.S. United States Victory, whose home is in San Pablo, California, won first prize of \$25.00 for his poem "The Seas Are Deaf and Noisy." Lieut. John Ackerson, U. S. Maritime Service, of Fair Lawn, N. J. now attending the up-grade school in New York for his chief mate's license, won second prize of \$15.00 for his poem "Morning, North Atlantic." Edward Green, third engineer, of the Cana-

dian Merchant Navy, won third prize of \$10.00 with his poem "Convoy."

The Poetry Contest showed that poetry is universal as the sea itself. Merchant seamen of many nationalities and ratings — from Able-Bodied Seaman to Chief Mate, from Oiler to Chief Engineer — sent in their poems. Possibly inspired by the notable example of John Masefield, now Poet Laureate of England, and once a merchant seaman, they have chosen the sea as their favorite subject. But they also turn to home, family, wives and sweethearts for inspiration, although usually the fickle mistress, the sea, carries off first honors.

Honorable Mention was awarded to Able-Bodied Seaman Franklin Folsom of 13 Charles Street, New York City; Gibson Fairfoull, ship's cook, of Edinburgh, Scotland; William Collins, British oiler, of Cornwall, England. Special awards for humorous light verse were given to Julian Prager, third mate, of 135 West 45th Street, New York City; Steven J. Ram, 3rd Mate, of San Francisco, California and Jordan Higgins, Seaman, of 25 South Street, New York.



Photo by Marie Higginson

JUDGES—A. M. Sullivan, William Rose Benét and William Williamson, in the Institute's Conrad Library, reading the poems submitted by merchant seamen in the Marine Poetry Contest.

Excerpt from  
Introduction to Book  
*The Eternal Sea*  
AN ANTHOLOGY OF  
SEA POETRY

Edited by W. M. Williamson  
Illustrated by Gordon Grant  
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## *Sea Poetry and the War*

By A. M. Sullivan

MOST sea poetry is written on land. A large percentage is written from a shore perspective. Little of it has been written by sailors and it frequently lacked the flavor of salt.

The war has stimulated sea poetry from two points of view. Young men have taken their poetic vision to sea and have written well of the turbulence of man and nature. Older seamen have sought in poetry a means of expressing the terrible period of change. The younger men are generally

better craftsmen, and philosophers. The older sailors write more interestingly, whose poems are usually sentimental in form, balladic in structure.

From these poems, I suspect that the merchant seamen are more successful than the soldier in expressing his emotions about the new surroundings and the impact of war upon his spirit. I look for some fine work in the future from some of these poets, who are sharpening their aesthetic senses on a phase of sea life never adequately explored in the medium of verse.

## *Poetry of the Sea*

By William Rose Benét

SEA Poetry is as old as any English poetry. From sand-dunes near the mouth of the Zuyder Zee the Angles and Saxons stood west in large wooden boats driven by oars. For a generation they prowled the coasts of Britain. Then the British King, Vortigern, called them in to help him against the Picts and Scots. By that time the sea was in their blood and they produced the earliest English sea poems, "The Wanderer" and "The Seafarer." Those poems were sung by skalds. They speak of the long-boats that could carry forty men, that were before the days of sail. They spoke of Wyrð, or Fate, or how they were far from home and

lonely, of marvelling over the strangeness of life; of "the dire rolling of waves, when often there fell to me a hard night-watch at the boat's prow when it knocked on the cliffs." England is a haunted island, haunted by the Sea. Ever since, from Beachy Head to Berwick, and from the Firth of Clyde to the Orkneys north of Scotland, the British Isles have rung with songs and poems of the sea. It is ever-present to a race of seamen. Thomas Campbell and Lord Byron apostrophized it magnificently. Laureates have written of it from Tennyson to Masefield. Here in America, from our English and Scotch and Irish strains we have inherited

\*Courtesy of the publisher.

that love of the sea, of what a modern Irish poet, James Stephens, has characterized as "The Main Deep", speaking of its "green-glacid" billows. So Americans have written much sea poetry too. The clipper ship era, when China and tea clippers beat out from New England ports, produced many good chanteys or shantys. It is natural today, entirely natural, that men in our Merchant Marine should try their hand in writing about the sea. They are the ones who can observe it at close range. They know its various moods, its beauty and its peril. They are its true historians.

## Garden Tours

THE Annual May pilgrimage of City Gardens Club's members and friends to gardens in Manhattan was held on Tuesday, May 8th, and included a visit to the garden of the Janet Roper Club at 3 East 67 Street. This is maintained by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York for merchant seamen and their families. Despite the heavy rain, about 100 visitors saw the garden and inspected the Club, and chatted with the seamen. They were delighted with the atmosphere of the Club which was formerly the library of Thomas Fortune Ryan, whose grandchildren turned it over to the Institute, fully equipped. The Gardens Club has maintained window boxes in the Janet Roper Room at the Institute's building at 25 South Street for the past two years.



U. S. Maritime Service Photo

POETS—A. M. Sullivan, Lieut. John Ackerson, USMS and William Rose Benét announcing the Marine Poetry Contest on Columbia Broadcasting System's program "It's Maritime."

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Courtesy—Kraushaar Galleries

"Gray Gale" from the painting by Gifford Beal

### MORNING, NORTH ATLANTIC

The gale's at peak; from  
chasms of the sea  
Ships loom, then by a crest  
are blotted out;  
Our straining members grum-  
ble wearily;  
I fail to catch the usual jest-  
ing shout;  
If misty patches chill us,  
thoughts of fire  
Befriending in the loved hearth  
soon prevail;  
The news from on ahead con-  
tinues dire,  
But our concern is that we've  
had no mail;  
Our engines grind; the comb-  
ers fleck my ports;  
This armchair slides across  
the heaving deck;  
I lift my boots to make a brace  
of sorts  
Against my berth; then feel  
what turns my neck  
Iron-stiff: whole-souled, we  
must advance the dream

Before the hearth-lights off  
our bow shall gleam.

2nd Prize  
Lieut. John Ackerson,  
U. S. Maritime Service

### LOST AT SEA

We shall not seek you where the  
groaning forests mourn,  
The passing of the leaves in  
autumn's mellowing sun,  
Or in the barren fields bereft of  
crops once proudly borne,  
Or in the wind-parched valleys  
where tired waters run.  
We shall not seek you where the  
sky breaks icy blue  
Through spectral clouds; or where  
the starry stillness blends,  
With night's eternal majesty, which  
taught men through  
The ages faith though mortal life  
soon ends.  
We shall seek you where the ocean  
thunders challenge to the moon;  
Where derelict, in broken light,  
abandoned rafts drift by,  
Where mind with time's immensity  
must seek to tune;  
We, who watch by night, shall hear  
your heartening cry.

Gibson Fairfoull  
British Merchant Navy  
Second honorable mention

## CONVOY

*Stand by Engine Room Slow Ahead*  
Out through the guarding nets  
The brave ships pass  
And crews with dogged courage  
Spurn the threat  
Steel bellies fat with goods  
For Albion's Isle  
The Plimsoll marks awash  
As deck loads pile.

*Revs Sixty Four Try Her There*  
The order, convoy speed  
They fall in line  
Each to his place  
As engineers below  
Stand by to check the revs  
Of rolling screw  
Each turn must count  
An error will not do.

*Revs Sixty Six A Mite Astern*  
Grey dusk and jaded eyes  
Watch sullen seas  
For feathered foam  
The pluming tail of wolves  
Once well fanned out  
Now stalking for the kill  
Converging fast behind  
Each spray crowned hill.

*Revs Sixty Six Hold Her There*  
The one time friendly night  
Not friendly now  
They fire sight unseen  
The night a cloak  
They strike and give no chance  
For hitting back  
No bubbling wake to mark  
Torpedoes track.

*Revs Sixty Four We're Catching Up*  
Out o'er imperiled course  
The convoy goes  
High octane, guns and shells  
Are on their way  
When suddenly a frigate  
Rushes by  
The attack is on  
And steel-cased missiles fly.

*Full Ahead Torpedo Attack*  
But nothing halts or slows  
That stately line  
A ship goes down  
Another takes her place  
So it will be until  
Our safety's won  
And bells of peace shall still  
Each heated gun.

*Revs Sixty Five We're on Our Way*  
Edward Green, Engineer  
North Vancouver, British Columbia  
3rd Prize

## ANDY AND ME

There was Andy and me in the  
mess hall  
One cold and miserable night,  
We was playing our usual rummy,  
Just under the overhead light.  
Him with his greasy fingers  
Clutching a greasy pair,  
And I'd swear at him 'cross the  
table,  
As only seamen can swear.  
We'd been out on the seas for  
ages,  
And every night was the same,  
We were playing for drinks and  
not wages,  
And he laughed as he took each  
game.  
Now, you know how it is when  
you're gamblin'  
And my luck was exceedingly low,  
I was beginning to feel my losses,  
When I owed him a bar or so.  
A thousand bottles of whisky  
With a thousand chasers too,  
Was the sum that I owed to Andy,  
And was settin' his thirst anew.  
When all of a sudden while dealing,  
The cards shot out like a crow,  
Came the sound of seamen squeal-  
ing,  
From the surging steam below!  
And the maddening rush of water,  
Was an onslaught straight from  
hell.  
And we swam from the fiery  
slaughter,  
(What few of us lived to tell).

And I clung to a piece of wreckage,  
Clung as never before,  
With my hands and all of my body,  
Numb and froze to the core.  
Oh! How I prayed for morning,  
Morning with light so fair.  
But only the distant cries  
Of the drowning filled the air.  
And I recognized each voice,  
As it sank to a watery doom  
And slowly the darkness faded  
And lightness burst into bloom.  
And I fancied an object floating  
'Twas a raft from out of the gloom,  
With boxes of food and clothing  
Salvaged and stacked to the moon.  
And there on top was Andy,

## THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Tired, Captain?  
Mebbe so. The sea is high, the  
glass is low  
Fog a-comin? Mebbe snow?  
Subs about? It's goin' to blow.  
Tired, Mate?  
Who wouldn't be! That ship abeam  
us, now, let's see  
She's out of place, or is it we?  
And that last signal, what's the  
key?  
Tired, Sailor?  
Tired, aye. Just try t' steer this  
tub, just try.  
And then th' lookout, and stand by,  
Then lash loose cargo—heave n'  
pry.  
Tired, Chief?  
Tired, hey? No time for-a-that lad  
—not t'day.  
That last near-miss—the divil t'pay.  
Broken steam lines, bearing play.  
Tired, Wiper?  
Easy, son, it gets 'em all down,  
every one.  
The grime, and noise, and heat's no  
fun  
You'll stick it out till the job is  
done.  
Tired, Cookie?

With a gamblin' gleam in his eye,  
And I cursed him again from my  
dunnage,  
As he called when he floated by.  
For he sported his pack of fifty-  
two,  
And he laughed through a devilish  
grin,  
"I headed this way in search for  
you,  
I've a few more games to win."  
So now you've heard my story,  
All but the interesting part,  
I'm a man 'wots' livin' in glory,  
With a thousand bott'ls to start.  
Jordan Higgins  
3rd Award for Light Verse

What d'you think? This job'd throw  
most any gink  
Sometimes I wish this tub'd sink  
(But I thot I saw the old boy wink)  
Tired, Messman?  
Tired, sez you! Askin' questions's  
all you do!  
Sweepin' and swabbin' and dishin'  
th' stew,  
And washin' th' dishes! Tired,  
Sez you.  
Tired, Gunner?  
Tired? You bet! Standing lookout  
in cold and wet,  
And polishin' guns, and wishin'  
you'd met  
That enemy sub. (We'll get him  
yet!)

Tired, Engines?  
Pardon me, You don't speak such  
nonsense we  
Can only listen patiently  
To your endless clunking—pardon  
me.  
Tired, Ship?  
A lengthy hush, just a weary groan,  
and such.  
As tho she limped, on creaking  
crutch.  
I guess, maybe, I talk too much.  
By Stephen J. Ram  
3rd Mate  
2nd Award for Light Verse

## A Self-Rising Mattress

IT WAS only a GI mattress but it was a Magic Carpet in the astonishing escape from death of a cook of the SS RICHARD D. SPAIGHT when that Liberty Ship was torpedoed and sunk, the War Shipping Administration disclosed. It is one of the remarkable incidents in the saga of the Victory Fleet.

The eye-witness account appears in the report of Second Assistant Engineer Nils H. Uppstrom, whose home is at 1530 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

After carrying a war cargo to our armed forces in the Mediterranean theater, via Suez, the RICHARD D. SPAIGHT started home through the Red Sea and Indian Ocean. While in the Mozambique Channel between the Island of Madagascar and the African mainland, she was attacked by a submarine.

Uppstrom relates that when the first torpedo struck, early in the evening, Second Cook Helmar Schmidt, native of an occupied country, was reclining on a mattress on the hatch above the forward hold. Sitting nearby and conversing with Schmidt was Messman William J. O'Brien, whose home was at 5420 Sansome Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

O'Brien was never seen after the explosion of the first torpedo, but Schmidt lives to tell a strange tale. The mattress rose 200 feet in the air with Schmidt lying on it. It landed right side up in the sea, with Schmidt still on it and quite unhurt. He was later picked up by fellow crewmen, none the worse for his adventure.

Within a minute another torpedo smashed into the hull of the RICHARD D. SPAIGHT, farther aft. Ten minutes after the ship was abandoned the submarine surfaced about 100 yards away and fired 35 shells into the stern of the vessel, which was the only part showing

above the surface. Five minutes later the Liberty Ship sank.

When the submarine had vanished, they set a course by the stars. Three days later they sighted the coast of Africa.

The survivors found themselves in a very wild territory in Zululand. All were taken to Durban and given accommodations at shore hotels, pending repatriation.

The master of the RICHARD D. SPAIGHT on her last voyage was Captain Russell Hoover Quynn, of 6402 Huntington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

## POST-WAR MERCHANT MARINE

A post-war American merchant fleet of from 17,000,000 to 20,000,000 deadweight tons, sufficient to carry our domestic commerce and 50 percent of our waterborne trade, is necessary for our national security and as a stabilizing agent in the realization of world peace, said A. B. Homer, Vice-President in charge of the Shipbuilding Division, Bethlehem Steel Company.

Mr. Homer was the principal speaker at the National Maritime Day and 23rd Anniversary Dinner of the Propeller Club of the United States, Port of New York. Mr. Homer pointed out that America's post-war Navy probably will be three times that at the beginning of the war and warned that with robot bombs and long-range planes "we dare not assume" that the United States will be given the vital time in which to prepare our defenses in the event of another world conflict.

"We must from now on keep an active nucleus of ships sufficient to support our increased naval strength," he asserted.

He asked for "careful consideration" of the U. S. Maritime Commission's plan for an adequate post-war merchant fleet.

"It calls for an active merchant marine of from 15 to 20 million deadweight tons to assist in the achievement of two purposes: first, the safeguarding of our defenses, and second, the full employment of national talents and resources and the free exchange of goods between nations.

"Pursuant to the program," he continued, "Admiral (Emory S.) Land would allocate about 10 million tons to domestic shipping and about 7½ million tons to foreign trade. This would mean as a minimum requirement a fleet of 17 to 20 million deadweight tons, or double our pre-war deep-sea tonnage.

## A Trainee Party at "25 South Street"\*

THE bi-monthly party at the Seamen's Church Institute in New York is one of the top-notch events of the Sheepshead Bay Training Station's "Recreational Activities."

For an all-around good time—dinner, dancing, lovely girls, gifts—this Thursday night affair can't be beaten. This is not to minimize the much-appreciated efforts of more than 35 other organizations who have sponsored parties for our trainees in the past year, since it must be remembered that the Institute has a multitude of facilities to provide for so well-rounded an affair as this; a huge kitchen and dining room, a dance floor and stage that any swank hotel would be proud of and a large organization behind the scenes to provide any necessary assistance.

We piled into one of the four buses with about 35 laughing, joking and singing trainees. After a

minimum of delay necessary to square everything away, we "shoved off." Lt. (j.g.) Iverson, the new Barracks Officer of B-3, sat down next to us and hold us that he had just come off duty, but wanted to come along to see what the party would be like. In the back of the bus, Chief De Angelus of B-4 was rounding out a chorus singing "Heave Ho." When we had crossed the bridge, some one announced that we would go through Chinatown. There was a craning of necks as the bus turned into the bright, narrow streets, lined with restaurants, curio shops and stores whose windows were filled with exotic foods of distant lands.

### Delicious Dinner Served

We went north on South St. and pulled up in front of the Institute. After checking our coats, we went below to a large mess hall. The men stood behind their chairs and looked at the tables, simply but



Dancing in the Institute's Auditorium.

\*Reprinted from: Heaving Line, published by and for the men of the Sheepshead Bay Training Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. February 3, 1945.



Fancy "Chow"

immaculately set, and graced with long candles. Everyone sat down when the officials of the Institute had seated themselves at the head table, and pitched into the dinner with gusto. The waitresses were volunteers from the Bulova Watch Co. of Woodside, N. Y., and there were also several employees waiting on the tables. The meal, simple and delicious, consisted of tomato juice, breaded pork chops, tender and tasty; creamy, white mashed potatoes, green peas, spicy crumb-apple pie and coffee.

The dinner was followed by some short addresses by the officials of the Institute, in which they thanked the men for coming and hoped that they would come again. Following this, everyone went upstairs, where 150 girls from the Bulova Watch Co. were waiting to dance with us. The music was provided by the Station orchestra, and the soft strains of music, the dim colored lights and gliding couples created a lovely picture.

#### Hostesses Do All-Around Job

We thought we would ask one of the hostesses how they felt about

the party. Miss Cecilia De Bitetto, who is 21 and has worked for Bulova for three years told us that 150 girls from the company contributed one dollar each towards the cost of entertaining the men. The "Bulova Jewels", as they are called, check coats, help to serve the meal and assist in washing the dishes. We asked Miss Bitetto if the girls enjoyed themselves and she said that not only did the girls enjoy themselves dancing with the trainees, but they felt that they were doing something worthwhile for the men who are going to "deliver the goods."

The dancing ended at 2315 and everyone got their coats, said good night to their dancing partners, and filed out—but not before each had received a gift—a blue knitted sweater, a scarf, gloves or a toilet kit. On the way home, the trainees, a little tired from the full evening, were quiet, but they weren't too tired to express their appreciation for the party. One trainee sitting in back of us summed it up for all when he said, "Gee, it was swell—and they did it all for us!"

#### S. S. CHARLES H. MARSHALL

The Liberty Ship CHARLES H. MARSHALL is named for the founder of the famous Black Ball Line of packet ships which sailed from New York to England on a regular fortnightly schedule in the 1830's. The ship was launched on November 17, 1944 from the Wainwright Yard of the J. A. Jones Construction Company at Panama City, Florida, and has since made two trips to the war zones.

Recently, while the ship was in New York, several of Mr. Marshall's grandchildren, Mrs. Diego Suarez, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Butler and Charles H. Marshall, (a member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York) had the privilege of inspecting the vessel and of meeting her skipper, Captain William Dotson.

Before the ship sailed, the Institute's Conrad Library sent 200 books for the officers and crew. Captain Dotson has had a box in the U. S. Post Office at the Institute for many years.

Good luck, S. S. CHARLES H. MARSHALL! Good voyages and safe landfall!

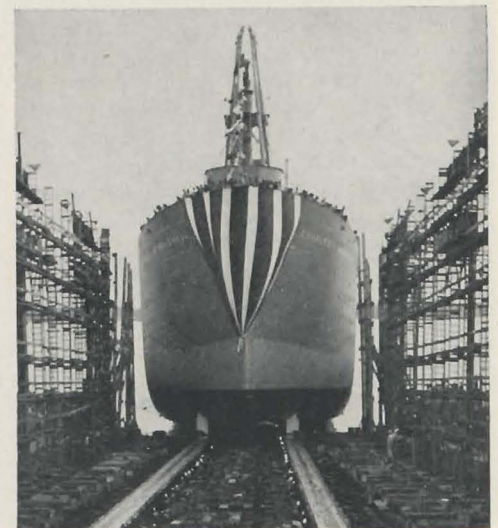


Captain William Dotson

#### IN NINETEEN FIFTYFIVE

By George S. Kaufman

The bonds that you purchase today,  
tra la,  
Tomorrow may keep you alive,  
For each little dollar you pay, tra la,  
In one little decade away, tra la,  
Can easily help you survive.  
So linger around while we set up a cheer  
For the glorious, happy, incredible year,  
That giddy and gay, almost edible year,  
OF NINETEEN FIFTYFIVE!  
When that rolls around we'll have plenty  
of jack,  
For that's when the Government gives  
it all back;  
We'll sally out gaily with blood in our  
eye,  
And here's just a few of the things  
that we'll buy:  
Paper clips,  
Buggy whips,  
Marshmallow candy,  
Napoleon brandy,  
Dynamos, rubbers and 20-course meals,  
Butter and nylons and automobiles.  
High heels,  
Flywheels,  
Hershey bars,  
Kiddie Kars,  
Books of murders,  
Iron girders,  
Juicy steaks both thick and carvy,  
Best seats in the house for "Harvey."  
Railroad seats for distant places,  
Solid platinum shoelaces,  
Gorgeous coats of countless sables,  
Coca-Cola, racing stables,  
And e'er we leave the festive scene,  
Gasoline and GASOLINE!  
All of these you'll buy, and how!  
IF YOU PURCHASE WAR BONDS  
NOW!!



Liberty Ship "CHARLES H. MARSHALL"



## Miraculous Escape

A TERRIFIC explosion, believed to have been caused by torpedoing, resulted in the loss of the American tanker JACKSONVILLE several weeks ago while carrying supplies to the European theater, the War Shipping Administration disclosed recently. One merchant seaman and one member of the Navy armed guard survived the flame-covered waters that soon surrounded the burning vessel.

Repatriated by airplane and still under treatment for the serious burns and other injuries suffered before rescue by a destroyer escort, Fireman-watertender Frank B. Hodges, of 203 West Genesee Ave., Tampa, Fla., still regards his escape from death as miraculous. He was in the messroom when the disaster occurred in late afternoon. This is his description of events:

"When the explosion blasted the ship I ran out of the messroom and found our vessel enveloped in flames and smoke. I tried to reach the boat deck to get my lifejacket but flames and smoke soon engulfed me. However, I managed to reach the rail over the stern and jumped. By this time I was in a daze, but when I sank beneath the flames I revived somewhat.

"When I came to the surface I found flames enveloped me so I swam underwater again. I had to keep underwater intermittently until I found a break on the surface where there were no flames. Somehow I managed to reach the windward side of the ship. The flames were shooting high above it and covered the water in all directions.

"As I cleared the flames I saw many of the crew floating on the water, but I could not recognize any because their faces were charred. I recalled attempting to hold one man up, but it was impossible to do so. As I floated near the ship I saw quite a few life-jackets in seamen's hands — they had not had time to put them on.

At the time we were hit there were about a dozen in the messroom; I never saw any of them after the explosion.

"I was told that I was picked up about an hour and a half after, in a delirious condition, by a U. S. destroyer escort."

Hodges and the gunner who survived, Marcellus Raymond Wegs, seaman first class, USNR, c/o Armed Guard Center, South Brooklyn, N. Y., were treated in British hospitals and the U. S. Army hospital in Belfast until they recovered sufficiently for transfer home.

The JACKSONVILLE, 16,765 deadweight tons, was delivered from the Swan Island shipyard, Portland, Oreg., of the Kaiser Company, Inc., January 13, 1943. It was operated for the War Shipping Administration by the Deconhil Shipping Co., San Francisco. The tanker was commanded by Capt. Edgar Winter, 3632 California Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

To: Captain H. H. Dreany,  
Assistant Commandant  
United States Maritime Service

I wish to commend to you the valor of the merchant seamen participating with us in the liberation of the Philippines. With us they have shared the heaviest enemy fire. On these islands I have ordered them off their ships and into fox-holes when their ships became untenable targets of attack. At our side they have suffered in bloodshed and in death. The high caliber of efficiency and the courage they displayed in their part of the invasion of the Philippines marked their conduct throughout the entire campaign in the Southwest Pacific area. They have contributed tremendously to our success. **I hold no branch in higher esteem than the Merchant Marine services.**

**DOUGLAS MacARTHUR**  
General of the U. S. Army

## Action in the Pacific

JAP planes probably have taken a higher toll of merchant seamen's lives in the Philippine campaign than in any other during the entire Pacific war according to the War Shipping Administration. The Army and Navy have cooperated exceedingly well in keeping many Nip planes away from supply convoys by means of carrier-based and land-based aircraft and escort vessels. When enemy planes have broken through this cordon surrounding moving convoys or cargo vessels at anchor, however, it has been up to merchant ships to defend themselves.

Merchant ships have been damaged or sunk by the Japs only because Hirohito's pilots have been willing to take many grave risks. Some enemy planes have flown so close to their targets they have crashed on the decks of our ships when they were shot down. This has caused vessel damage and cas-

ualties but quick and efficient action on the part of merchant crews in putting out fires as well as in patching holes made by fragmentation bombs have saved ships.

With American forces back on the hazardous run from New Guinea to the Philippines they are very aware of the fate which may await them. Succinctly they say this trip will give them a real opportunity for a crack at the Jap.

With American forces back on Luzon, merchant ships can expect no cessation of raids by Jap aircraft. The Nips are profoundly aware of the value of merchant vessels generally to the United States' war effort and specifically in the Philippine campaign. But merchant skippers say this merely means further opportunity for the guns of American merchantmen to write additional chapters in obliteration of Tokyo's first line pilots in pink tracer across Philippine skies.



Marie Higginson Photo  
Courtesy, U. S. Maritime Exchange Bulletin and Society for Seamen's Children  
The Fathers of These Boys are Serving in the Merchant Marine

# Morning Along the Waterfront

By Ann Culhane

THE sky an upside-down cup of sunlight, and the river wending green with eager sparkle to the sea. The brave climb and reach of masts wrenching the earth-bound gaze of landfolk upward and aloft. Along the gray pavement silver green puddles reflecting the faint wonder of early clouds unfolding and awakening like sleepy children after the night.

The step and sound of many feet, trucks rumbling, cars slithering, jeeps moving in spasmodic bounds. The clog of indifferent stepping brown horses, the noise of their hoofs inconsistently droll on the cobbled street.

The Ferry Boat catapulting its frantic human cargo which unceremoniously leaps and runs and gets itself into buses, subway or "Elevated" and sees nothing and nobody while it is so engaged. The steady, unhurried movements of the sailing men gazing speculatively at the "9 to 5" struggling mass. Deep-water men. Some new from the sea, fretted by the populace and the land. Some, quiet, uncaring, tempered for life or death, or whatever might come—these, the sea's own.

Slim figures in navy blue, black, gray — uniformed, soberly intent, square shouldered, firm of jaw, clear of eye. Young bodies and strong, trained minds, trained hands for the business of war.

Morning chimera . . . the blue and gold and purple of earth, and the early sky, white with the white of spring lilacs, and here and there and everywhere in a hundred places, the light breaking and bursting and spilling through. The ineffable sweetness and tang of salt air—the wild rush and lure of it! The beckoning smile of the sea, the Pied Piper in Green of the Sailors.

The promise, the beginning, the stretching, the yearning, the stirring of morning along the waterfront!

## ABOARD THE SS ALFRED E. SMITH

Mr. Albert V. Moore  
Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc.  
Five Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Dear Mr. Moore:

Think you will be interested in what happened aboard the SS ALFRED E. SMITH while we were at Cherbourg. We had not been tied up for long when a hard-boiled MP Sergeant hailed the bridge from the dock. He wanted to know if we were the ALFRED E. SMITH that was named after the Governor and had a flagstone on the bridge that came from in front of Al's old home.

When we told him he had the right ship he said he was coming aboard. He did and we took him to the bridge and showed him the stone. For a moment he seemed to be swallowing hard and then he tenderly placed his foot on it. His face broke into a grin, "It's a piece of the old town, a bit of New York!" he said, and if he had not been an MP I would have said his eyes were misty.

That was the beginning. He told us that there were a lot of New York boys in his outfit and he wanted them to see the stone. So next morning more than two hundred GI's, all from New York, came in a body and saw, felt and kissed the stone. I did not see the ones that kissed it but they told me quite a few did.

It was interesting to see that these men, lots of them away from New York for two years or more, felt a veneration and affection for Governor Smith and looked on him as typical of their town and themselves.

Knowing how close you and Mr. McCormack were to the Governor, I am quite sure you will enjoy learning of this incident.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. LARSEN, *Master.*

# Ship News

## SEA FARE

By Ensign S. Sussman

### Placing Coins Under The Step of a Mast

The latest vessels launched today still adhere to a custom older than Christianity. In the days of ancient Greece, when a man died, coins were placed on his eyes, to pay his passage to the other world. It was believed that when a person died, he would be transported across the River Styx to the other world.

However, in order for him to pay the boatman, Charon, he had to be provided with his toll fare. They reasoned in those days that no one would have the time to render this service to seamen who perished at sea, so coins were placed under the step of each new vessel's mast.

In shipyards today, the workmen still toss silver coins under each mast step. So, when a vessel was lost, enough money was provided to pay each seaman's fare to the afterworld.

### "Shipshape and Bristol Fashion"

When a job is properly done aboard ship, it is said to be "ship-shape and Bristol fashion." This refers to England's early Maritime history. Bristol, England, was a fitting-out and reconditioning center for naval and merchant vessels. When a ship left this port, the hull shone, the masts gleamed, and the newly-tarred rigging had no loose "Irish pennants" or "cow's tails" (frayed ends of line), whipping about.

The copper had been renewed on the bottom. The decks were snowy white and all of the "bright work" (brass or highly varnished fittings), sparkled in the morning sun. Snow white sails were spread to catch the vagrant breeze, as the vessel heeled to the light airs and skimmed out to the open sea.

### "Splice the Main Brace"

On sailing ships, whenever a difficult task was completed, the call to "splice the main brace" was sounded. The seamen were rewarded for a hard job by a tot of rum.

On American vessels where grog is not issued, the sailors have their "coffee time." Twice a day, at 1000 and 1500, the crew on deck and the wipers come to crew messroom for a cup of coffee, and a cigarette or pipe. When decks are swept by stinging spray and ice cakes the rigging, hot "java" or "jamoke" from the "jole" pot is a much needed aid to tired seamen.

From "The Heaving Line."

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Courtesy, Sea Power

"Oh, Junior, MUST you have a convoy?"



## CORRECTION

In the May issue of THE LOOK-OUT in the story "Seamen Prisoners of War Arrive Home", the name of the Union which sent cigarettes to the seamen prisoners should have been the Seafarers' International Union of North America (not of the Pacific) and the SIU delegate's name is James Sheehan (not Shayne.) William Weaver, one of the repatriated seamen, offered fifty dollars of his accumulated wages to the delegate to send cigarettes to prisoners still in German camps, but his generous offer was refused because Mr. Sheehan explained that his Union had a special fund for this purpose. We regret the publication of this misinformation and are glad to publish this correction.

Fifteen American merchant seamen, including the vessel's master, lost their lives but all 19 Norwegian refugees who were aboard were saved when the Liberty ship HENRY BACON was sunk by German planes off the Norway coast recently, the War Shipping Administration reported.

The heroism, seamanship and self-sacrifice of the American crew brought a fervent expression of appreciation from Crown Prince Olav and the Norwegian High Command in London to whom the refugees related details of their escape from death in Arctic waters.

After carrying 7,500 tons of war cargo to Murmansk, Russia, the HENRY BACON, named in honor of the famous architect who designed the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, started home in convoy. As passengers she carried 19 of several hundred Norwegian refugees who were being evacuated with the convoy to the United Kingdom.

Off the coast of Norway the war freighter twice lost contact with the convoy because of heavy weather and finally became the target of more than a score of enemy planes. Witnesses report five were shot down by the Navy armed guard of the ship before an aerial torpedo plunged into the hold under the No. 5 hatch. The vessel began settling at once but until she went down her guns kept firing.

When the order to abandon ship was given one of the four lifeboats was smashed in lowering and another had been damaged by weather and capsized. Two were successfully launched, one carrying the 19 refugees and a few crewmen and the other, 15 crewmen and seven gunners. All these and other survivors who had jumped overboard or had taken to rafts were later picked up by British naval craft.

All senior officers having been lost in the sinking, Joseph L. Scott, acting third officer, of 144 Main Street, Norway, Maine, makes the official report on the loss of the HENRY BACON. He related that the master, Capt. Alfred Carini, of 4415 Thirty-fourth Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y. went down with his ship. He was last seen on the bridge.

Other heroic actions reported by Scott were:

Robert J. Hunt, purser, whose mother, Mrs. Mary Scott lives at 422 Arlington Street, Greensboro, N. C., might have saved his own life had he not stopped to give first aid to a wounded gunner.

Donald F. Haviland, chief engineer, whose next of kin is his sister, Mrs. F. McGrath, 51 Kensington Road, Weymouth, Mass., was safe in a lifeboat but chose to give his seat to a younger man and returned to the sinking ship. He was not seen again.

Holcomb Lammon, boatswain, of 1005 Montgomery Street, Mobile, Ala., saved the lives of many before losing his own, Scott reports.

From Crown Prince Olav, commander-in-chief of the Norwegian Forces, Vice Admiral Emory S. Land, USN, retired, War Shipping Administrator, has received the following letter:

"I am in receipt of a communication from the Norwegian High Command in London commending highly the spirit, loyalty and ability of the officers and crew of the vessel HENRY BACON, of the United States commercial fleet.

"On receipt of this heroic tale I find it incumbent upon me to express to you, Sir, my appreciation and admiration of the outstanding discipline and self-sacrifice displayed by the officers and crew of the HENRY BACON, in pact with the finest tradition of American sailors."

SINKING by submarine of the large Standard Oil Co. of California tanker H. D. COLLIER with the loss of 33 merchant seamen was disclosed by the War Shipping Administration. The date of the sinking was before V-E Day.

The vessel was transporting 102,000 barrels of high octane gasoline in the Arabian Sea when attacked by the unseen submarine. After three torpedoes struck, the raider surfaced and shelled the tanker as two lifeboats were launched. One, containing the vessel's master, Capt. Joseph Fox, 6373 Thornhill Drive, Oakland, Calif., was swamped and drifted into the flames fed by gasoline which covered the water surrounding the ship, and all hands aboard it were lost.

A second lifeboat in which seven merchant seamen and seven Navy gunners escaped circled the sinking tanker all night in an effort to pick up other survivors. She was bracketed by shells from the submarine and none was found. The submarine finally left the scene and after several days in the lifeboat the fourteen survivors were rescued by the SS EMPIRE RAJA.

For "exceptional performance of duty under emergency conditions" James E. O'Brien of 4721 Park Boulevard, Oakland, Calif., chief mate of the H. D. COLLIER, received a letter of commendation from Vice Admiral R. R. Waesche, Commandant of the U. S. Coast Guard. The citation read:

"There has recently come to my attention a report dealing with your outstanding actions in the case of the sinking of the tanker H. D. COLLIER.

"I was most pleased to note the ingenuity with which you handled the situation after being forced to abandon ship and eventually succeeded in transferring several members of your crew and the Navy armed guard from a raft to a lifeboat in which everything combustible had been consumed by fire,

even the handles of the axes. Your immediate inventory of the situation and the courageous manner in which you proceeded to rig mast, sail and rudder, to delegate tasks to each man, to issue food and water rations, and to navigate improvised boat without instruments for five days until rescue is worthy of the highest praise.

"Such constructive thinking, clever improvisation and capable seamanship redound greatly to your credit. I, therefore, wish to convey to you as a senior survivor my sincere congratulations on your commendable action in this emergency."

### DR. KELLEY ADDRESSED THE DIOCESAN CONVENTION

ON this V-E Day it is with a special sense of privilege that I present by title the Annual Report of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in the form of the April "Lookout" now being distributed to the Convention.

We are proud to render war service to merchant seamen who themselves, we must remember, were in the war long before our own country, long before Pearl Harbor, and whose war duty will continue until the last soldier has been transported back from the last fighting front.

Materially the Institute is immensely stronger as it enters its second century. In 1944, the Centennial Year, the debt which had been reduced steadily from the \$1,375,000. peak of 1929 was completely erased, and by a special campaign over \$300,000. was secured for the modernization of the building.

The spiritual foundation of course is primary and this underlies the foundation of 25 South Street so strongly imbedded in the solid rock of Manhattan, as it undergirded also the keel of the first floating Chapel, built more than a century ago. Toward the continual strength of this spiritual foundation I ask always the earnest prayers of the parishes and of all the congregations of the Diocese.

Convention of the Diocese of New York, May 8, 1945.

(As Dr. Kelley left the platform, the Convention, upon motion of the Reverend Dr. Cummins, and by a rising vote followed by applause, expressed their enthusiastic appreciation of the great accomplishments of the Institute.)

SEA LANGUAGE COMES ASHORE

Joanna Carver Colcord

Cornell Maritime Press, New York. \$2.25  
Is there any sea term whose meaning puzzles you? Are you in doubt whether some expression really has a salt water background? You will find an answer here, and find it easily, for hundreds of words or phrases are set down "shipshape and Bristol fashion" from 44 *Al to Yeo-heave-ho*. And the explanations are worded so cleverly that one reads on and on with delight.

In her excellent introduction Miss Colcord states that she is not a philologist. Perhaps not; but she certainly gives us fascinating glimpses into the history of words. She draws a strict line between landsmen's terms about the sea and real sea terms. For instance, at sea a ship *rolls* or *itches* (or both), she does not *rock* as in "Rocked in the cradle of the deep". On the other hand, *road* did not come into use ashore until the time of Shakespeare. Did you ever wonder why anyone would want room to swing a cat? When the cat is identified as the cat-o-nine-tails or whip, all becomes clear.

These are only a few examples taken at random. Look for yourself and find the origin of *round robin* or *spin a yarn*.  
D.P.

"THEN THERE WAS ONE"

By Eugene Burns

Harcourt, Brace, 1944. \$2.50 *Illus.*  
The ENTERPRISE has been a legend for a long while. During the first year of the war, she was in every carrier action except for the battle of the Coral Seas. The "Big E" or the "Lucky E", as her crew calls her, was, in fact, the only carrier in Pacific waters for this crucial year. For her great achievements, the ENTERPRISE received the highest honor any ship can receive, the coveted Presidential Unit Citation. It was the first such award given a carrier. Eugene Burns, one of the Associated Press war correspondents, spent five months on the ENTERPRISE getting the material first hand for "THEN THERE WAS ONE". Although Mr. Burns has told the history of the battles, even more it is the story of the crew and the air group who served on the "BIG E".  
I.M.A.

CARRIER WAR

By Lt. Oliver Jensen, U.S.N.R.

Simon & Schuster, 1945. \$2.50  
CARRIER WAR is a history of the great Pacific offensive as seen from the decks of one of those giant citadels of the sea. Lieutenant Jensen, an ex-destroyer officer and former staff writer of Life magazine, was on the Yorktown during the Hollandia and Truk raids—

both of which he describes. Although the broad sweep of the war is not neglected, this book is primarily an action story. The dramatic and moving stories of many of the Navy personnel—both officers and men—will be remembered by the reader longer than the account of the battle plans.

Lieutenant Jensen explains in simple non-technical language how carriers work. He has included excerpts from ships' logs and official action reports. Navy censorship has been relaxed permitting many new facts to be published; this is the first time that the full war records of the Yorktown and Essex and their air groups have been released.

The book has many illustrations, some in color. Credit for about half of the pictures is given to the special photographic unit of Commander Edward J. Steichen.  
—I. M. A.

"THAR SHE BLOWS!!!"

By Everitt Proctor

Westminster Press, Phila.  
\$2.00

A distinctly readable, thoroughly enjoyable book for boys by the author of THE LAST CRUISE OF THE JEANETTE, and other popular thrilling juveniles. "THAR SHE BLOWS!" is written in plain simple language for anyone to understand and enjoy. The writer has carefully avoided either redundancy or an overuse of technical jargon in writing of the exciting adventures of a young man of old New Bedford. The story of Peter Dunn McLean is typical of life aboard an American Whaler in the 1850's.

"THAR SHE BLOWS!" is written especially for the young reader and makes a good introduction toward the reading of such heavier classics of the Whale Fishery as Frank Bullen's "Cruise of the Cachelot" or Herman Melville's epic "MOBY DICK."

Reviewed by George Noble

THE NAVY READER

Edited By William Harrison Fetridge,  
Lieut. U.S.N.R.

N. Y. Bobbs-Merrill. 1943. \$3.75

The average civilian as well as men of the service will find this book of great value in understanding the Navy. The fifty articles have been written by outstanding authorities just before or during the present war. Not only are the different types of ships of the Fleet described but the ideas and strategy now employed by the Navy in great battles are discussed. The language used is clear and not too technical for the lay reader.

Sea charts, diagrams, maps and many illustrations are used in helpful conjunction to this fine anthology of naval articles.  
—I. M. A.

Selected by William Rose Benét

DOMINION

By Charles Buxton Going

(An American engineer and writer.  
This poem is from his volume of verse, "Star-Glow and Song" (1909).

I have lured him with opaline lights  
And sung him to confident sleep—  
And then, in the horror of nights,  
I have strangled his cry in the deep.  
I have purred at his feet in the sand  
And whispered of love to his sail,  
Till, far from the sheltering land,  
I have swept him to death in the gale.  
I have promised him substance and store  
If he gave me his sons and his fleet;  
And then, having cozened him sore,  
I have cast up his dead at his feet.  
But he spans me with log and with lead,  
He brands me with marks for his ken;  
He buries the tale of his dead,  
And turns his ships seaward again.

Publisher—Harper Brothers

THE SEA-CAPTAIN

By Gerald Gould

(English poet, lecturer, and editor.  
This poem is from his "Collected Poems", (1929).

I am in love with the sea, but I do not  
trust her yet;  
The tall ships she has slain are ill to  
forget;  
Their sails were white in the morning,  
their masts were split by noon:  
The sun has seen them perish, and the  
stars, and the moon.  
As a man loves a woman, so I love the  
sea,  
And even as my desire of her is her  
desire of me:  
When we meet after parting, we put  
away regret,  
Like lover joined with lover; but I do  
not trust her yet.

For fierce she is and strange, and her  
love is kin to hate;  
She must slay whom she desires; she  
will draw me soon or late,  
Down into darkness and silence, the  
place of drowned men,  
Having her arms about me. And I shall  
trust her then.

Publisher—Payson and Clarke

SUNKEN GOLD

By Eugene Lee-Hamilton

(Lee-Hamilton was a Nineteenth Century English poet. He was disabled, and in a wheel-chair in Florence, Italy, wrote his remarkable "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours" of which this is one.)

In dim green depths rot ingot-laden  
ships,  
While gold doubloons that from the  
drowned hand fell  
Lie nestled in the ocean-flower's bell  
With love's gemmed rings once kissed  
by now dead lips.  
And round some wrought-gold cup the  
sea-grass whips,  
And hides lost pearls, near pearls still  
in their shell,  
Where sea-weed forests fill each ocean  
dell,  
And seek dim sunlight with their count-  
less tips.  
So lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost  
hopes,  
Beneath the now hushed surface of my-  
self,  
In lonelier depths than where the diver  
gropes.  
They lie deep, deep; but I at times  
behold  
In doubtful glimpses on some reefy  
shelf,  
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.  
Publisher—Thomas B. Mosher,  
Portland, Me.



Photo by Seaman John O'Brien

## *The Last Torpedoed Crew Before V-E Day Welcomed at "25 South Street"*



Survivors of the torpedoed Belgian freighter AIR MAIL, the last torpedoed crew to come to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York before V-E Day. The U-boat attack occurred off Cape Hatteras on April 15th but Naval censorship at that time did not permit publication of the news. The crew, commanded by Captain Ernest Kailloux, were rescued by the Liberty ship HARROW JORDAN. They were given hand-knitted sweaters, socks and comfort bags packed by Central Council volunteers.

## *Under The Black Flag of Surrender.— The First Nazi Submarine To Surrender on This Side of The Atlantic*



*U. S. Navy Photo*

A Navy blimp hovers overhead as the U-858, flanked by destroyer escorts, surrenders off Cape May, N. J.

The sub's logbook showed a grim record of 16 Allied freighters and tankers sunk during its career of Atlantic prowling. As we go to press, two-thirds of the German U-boats believed to have been in the Atlantic on V-E Day have been accounted for, according to officials of the Navy. No dead line has been set for the surrender of the estimated 10 to 20 submarines remaining, but undoubtedly one will be set in due course, and any U-boat failing to meet it will be hunted down and treated as a pirate.