

# THE LOOKOUT

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*Courtesy Popular Science*

LOOKOUTS

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Vol. XXXV

June, 1944

No. 6

THIS MONTH'S COVER, *courtesy, Popular Science*  
 The ship's lookout has not been displaced by new detection devices. The seaman on watch must be vigilant, scanning the seas continuously through his binoculars. A new Duplex Course Telegraph enables the lookout to take over direction of a ship upon sighting an enemy torpedo. See Page 12.

## Sanctuary

### NATIONAL MARITIME DAY PRAYER

"Eternal Father, who rulest over wind and wave, look with favor we beseech Thee upon the men of the Merchant Marine. Preserve them from the perils of storm and fog, of hidden reef, and lurking enemy. Be strong to save them in the hour of disaster, and bring them safe at last unto their desired heaven.

"Bless, we pray Thee, all their loved ones. Provide for the needy, heal the sick, strengthen the tempted, console the lonely, encourage the anxious, and comfort the sorrowful, that in the sweet hours of reunion no shadows may dim the brightness of their joy.

"Guide and direct all who control the conditions under which they labor at sea. Enlighten and uphold all who minister to their needs ashore. Give to those who commit their possessions and their lives into their keeping a full realization of the fidelity with which this stewardship is discharged. Above all, make the nation deeply grateful for the prosperity and protection provided by the heroism and faithfulness of those who pursue their business on great waters.

"Draw near also to their partners of the sea—those who build the ships—and grant them a vision of the full meaning of their task, and a daily faithfulness worthy of that vision. Make sacred their toil and every relationship of their lives.

"These things we ask in the Name of Him whose word even the winds and the waters obey, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

*Prayer written at the request of the War Shipping Administration by Dr. Charles P. Deems, the Dean of St. Mark's Cathedral Minneapolis, and formerly Assistant Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.*

## The LOOKOUT

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## Swing Your Partners!



Photo by Marie Higginson

### "GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT!"

AN interesting and very popular addition to the recreational program of the Institute is square and folk dancing under the leadership of Gene Gowing. Each Tuesday evening the Janet Roper Room on the fourth floor at the Institute, and each Thursday evening the Janet Roper Club are the scenes of lively groups of seamen, both young and old, and hostesses, participating happily in such lively numbers as "Birdie in the Cage", "Oh Suzannah" and the Polka. The catchy music attracts large numbers.

Seamen of all nationalities who would ordinarily be shy and self-conscious at regular dances, thor-

oughly enjoy the square-dancing, forget their shyness and their worries in the mental and physical exercise which stimulates good fellowship and friendliness. Alertness is necessary, as the groups of four take their places. They must pay strict attention to the caller or prompter as he shouts:

"BALANCE AND SWING!

ALLEMANDE LEFT

DOS À DOS

or GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT."

Mr. Gowing who is national director of FOLKWAYS has been interested in folk dancing professionally for many years. Now, as his contribution to the war, he visits



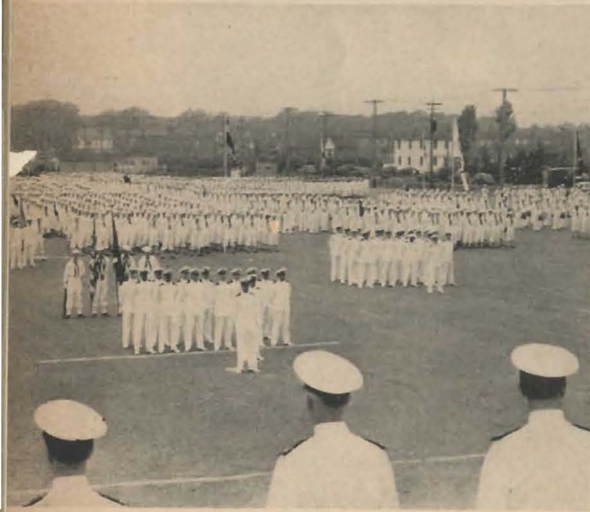
clubs and canteens and hospitals and rest homes and teaches the sailors and soldiers the old square dances which, since the founding of America, have been a natural and popular expression, like Folk Songs. The dances were part of the culture brought from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Scandinavia. The formations, figures, groupings, are all based on dances enjoyed by country people and which the colonists continued here. As they migrated westward they invented new music and new dance forms—the QUADRILLE, or four-couple migrations which is for fewer numbers because of the smallness of the migrating groups. The present revival of folk dancing among young people everywhere is an expression of the democratic ideal of dancing

as a group and forgetting the individual.

It is interesting to watch young seamen from the middle West or the South share in the dances, some of whom have danced these "back home". Many New England lads are familiar with the group formations and show the uninitiated.

Invitations to these folk-dancing parties are placed on every seaman's bed at the Institute. The word has spread among the men so that Tuesday night in the Janet Roper Room has become a very popular gathering place. One young mate who is studying for his chief mate's license expressed it: "It's more fun and more relaxing after a hard day of study than the movies. The music is so peppy it just makes you want to get up and dance."

## Maritime Day Ceremonies



Trainees at Sheepshead Bay Pass in Review on Maritime Day, May 22, 1944.

One hundred and fifty of these trainees are entertained at the Seamen's Institute on alternate Thursday nights for dinner and for dancing in the Auditorium.



Widows Receive Mariners' Medals in Honor of Heroic Seamen Husbands. Mrs. Catherine Douvener in honor of August F. Douvener; Mrs. Dorothy B. Evans in honor of Frank Evans; Mrs. Jane E. B. McCarley, in honor of John L. McCarley, Telfair Knight, Deputy War Shipping Administrator, Captain John L. Beebe, USNR, Sheepshead Bay.

that  
Then

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## Maritime Day

Maritime Day was observed at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York by a special memorial service in the Chapel of Our Saviour honoring merchant seamen listed by the Navy as dead or missing due to enemy action during the past year.

Members of the Institute staff attended on May 22nd special ceremonies held at the U. S. Maritime Station, Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.



# Peril Is Their Tonic \*

By Roger W. Stuart, World-Telegram Staff Writer

War or no war, the great American sense of humor continues to manifest itself, and even the men who go down to the sea in ships find plenty of material for the laugh-filled yarns they delight to spin.

Indeed, for the war-weary civilian, a visit to Seamen's Church Institute or any other spot where sailors gather between voyages is well worthwhile. The salty remarks you hear—yes, the tangy tales of those who, even in the midst of torpedoings and shipwrecks, have found something to laugh at—are a bracing tonic.

You'll hear, for example, about the crew whose captain announced one day that if anyone had a pet, dog or cat, he wished to bring aboard for a mascot, to do so before evening. Then he gave the crew shore leave and dismissed the matter from his mind.

"Well, sir," said Frank Ellington, recalling the incident today, "when we got back that night you should've seen the skipper's face. Every man and his brother had brought along at least one new-found pet. Sure, the place looked like Noah's Ark. A hundred and fifty assorted dogs and cats, all told. The skipper had to order a special tug to take 'em back to shore."

You'll learn, too, that the army isn't the only branch of Uncle Sam's war machine wherein gremlins do their stuff. The seamen can spin a lot of dope about the doings of Elmo, the seagoing gremlin, otherwise known as "the lad with the lamp."

## Tricks Are Listed

Insisting on referring to grim adventures in a light vein, they'll explain that it is Elmo—a "barnacle crusted old bucko with seaweed for whiskers and hair"—who drinks up the ship's fuel oil, dilutes the oil for the galley stoves just for the fun of seeing the flames sputter and preventing the water from boiling, who kinks the mooring line until it resembles spaghetti and pulls a hundred and one other weird tricks.

One young seaman named Julian Prager got so steamed up about Elmo that he burst out into poetry, coming up with a lengthy ditty which he sent to the institute for the edification of his comrades. It concludes:

"When you sign on to go down to  
Houston

*And wind up some place near the  
Kremlin*

*It ain't your mistake nor the cap-  
tain's,*

*It's the work of that sea-going  
Gremlin.*

*He's the bane of the seamen's ex-  
istence*

*From the skipper to seagoing tramp.  
If you want to get home again safely  
Watch out for the lad with the lamp."*

And there'll always be someone drinking coffee or reading in the lounge who'll take time to tell you about the silly things men do when their ship becomes a target for a "tin fish" and the order goes out to man the lifeboats.

## Got His Cigarets

"I've had 7 ships sunk under me," said Pat M—— today. (Pat sailed the seas for 27 years until he lost a foot as a result of exposure on his last trip to Murmansk.) "And I tell you it's a laugh to see what some of the boys'll do.

"One lad, for instance, had a feeling he'd need some smoking before he reached land. So, just before climbing into his lifeboat he ran down to where he'd saved a carton of cigarettes. Opening it, he took out two packages, then carefully closed the carton, put it back where he'd found it and raced back to the boat."

Another man, he said, thought to rescue nothing from his sinking ship except a can of peaches, which he risked his neck to bring from the galley, while another carefully took off his wristwatch and locked it inside a drawer in the mess room,—to protect it from harm!

Across the room from Pat sat an extensively tattooed, grim-visaged tar who, when asked by one of the women volunteer entertainers how he was feeling after his return from Marine Hospital, cheerfully replied: "Shipshape. I got me appendix out of me starboard side, me gall-bladder out of me port side and a couple of ulcers out of me midships. Now I'm ready to sail again."

Some of the drollest stories of all are found in the letters sent by seamen from all quarters of the globe to members of the Institute staff. One highly prized letter from a shipwrecked sailor made no mention of hardships during his 21 days in a lifeboat, except for one thing.

## Drab Existence

"The worst part of being shipwrecked," he wrote, "is that you have to sit in your boat day after day and look at the same old faces."

One staff member who could repeat seamen's tales by the hour, if she could spare the time from her extensive duties, is Marjorie Dent Candee, who knows personally more sailors than you could shake a stick at. One of her best stories concerns a certain third mate and his on-again-off-again crop of hair.

"Bernie," according to Miss Candee, "was as bald as an eagle the first time I met him. A grand sailor, he had been at sea for years and of course had visited all parts of the world. He had just earned his mate's papers when the war started."

On a freighter voyage to the Gilbert Islands in 1941, she related, Bernie's ship was sunk. Most of the crew managed to get away in lifeboats but were wave-tossed for 32 days before sighting land. Meanwhile they lived chiefly on raw fish, which they caught by attracting them to the surface with lights after dark.

## Mirror Gives Light

At first they used a flashlight, but

that finally wore out. Then one of the men produced a broken piece of mirror which he would hold in such a manner as to reflect the light of the moon into the water.

At last the seamen reached the Gilberts, and for another 30 days, before they were rescued, subsisted on fish and coconuts.

"Finally," said Miss Candee, "Bernie returned to New York and came at once to the Institute. But when he stepped into my office I failed to recognize him. His head, formerly so bald, now was crowned by a luxuriant growth of black hair. I couldn't believe it at first, but Bernie proved to me it was real.

"The only way I can figure it out," explained Bernie happily, "is that the special diet, fish and coconuts, must have had something to do with it."

Another year slipped past before the proud mate once more showed up at the Institute.

"Look," he said, removing his hat for Miss Candee to see what had happened.

His head was quite bald again.

"You see," he said, by way of explanation, "I got married."

## INVASION SHIPS HELP FEED NATIVES STARVED BY AXIS

The invasion and occupation of North Africa, Sicily and Italy, mainly supported by merchant vessels, did not mean merely the landing of men and materials; it meant also the feeding of a population which had been systematically looted of foodstuffs by the Nazis.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower anticipated the situation by requesting shipping space which would carry goods normally considered unrelated to war. He reasoned that the workmen would be underfed and therefore unable to

work effectively; that there might be food riots, and disease would be kept at a minimum by feeding the natives so that they wouldn't infect American soldiers.

American merchant vessels accompanying the invasion forces sailed with cargoes totalling 80,000 tons of flour, 6,500 tons of wheat, 2,800 tons of potatoes, 1,800 tons of dried beans and peas, 1,000 tons of edible oils and various quantities of such items as cheese, dried eggs, rice and vegetables, according to tabulations gathered by the American Merchant Marine Institute.



Aboard a ship in convoy. A kitten (on seaman's shoulder), coffee and cards pass the slow hours.

U. S. Maritime  
Commission Photo



## ADMIRAL NIMITZ LAUDS GAL- LANTRY OF MERCHANT MARINE in rescue of Soldiers from Troopship.

Washington.—The War Shipping Administration and the Navy revealed recently that an American troop transport, with 1,429 soldiers, seamen and naval gunners aboard, was sunk by enemy action in shark-infested Pacific waters with a loss of 70 lives.

Of the 1,359 rescued, 443 were picked up by another American merchantman, the Liberty ship Edwin T. Meredith, 868 by the U. S. destroyer McCalla, and 48 by a Pan-American flying boat, Martin Mariner, which made a hazardous landing in a heavy sea.

Survivors were landed at Suva in the Fiji Islands and Noumea in New Caledonia.

The War Shipping Administration, which obtained release of the story, credited "gallantry, expert lifeboat handling, and teamwork of the Army, Navy and Merchant Marine" with preventing greater loss of life.

### Several Killed by Explosion

The transport was the C-1 type S.S. Cape San Juan, built by the Maritime Commission and operated for the War Shipping Administration by the American-Hawaiian Steamship Co. of San Francisco.

The announcements did not say what kind of "enemy action" sank the ship, commanded by Capt. Walter M. Strong, of Carmel, Cal., but the WSA said "a number of crew members and soldiers were killed by explosion."

The WSA said the crew of the ship managed to lower all the lifeboats and rafts and credited the merchant seamen aboard with rescuing "hundreds of men." The work of the crew, the WSA said, was the kind that recently won from Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet, the following commendation:

"The Merchant Marine has repeatedly proved its right to be considered as an integral part of our fighting team. Its efforts have contributed in great part to our success. Well done."

### Sharks Add to Peril

"Sharks increased the peril of the men in the water," the WSA said,

"but in disregard of their own safety crewmen of the Cape San Juan repeatedly plunged overboard and rescued exhausted soldiers."

The ship remained afloat 40 hours and about 200 men remained aboard for a time in the hope of saving her.

## MERCHANT MARINE PLAYS MAJOR ROLE IN INVASION PLANS

The role that the American Merchant Marine plays in a military invasion can be best estimated by a study of the transportation and supply pattern developed and perfected in the previous invasions of North Africa, Sicily and Italy, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute.

It is a task that requires months of careful planning so that the required number of troops with their equipment and supplies arrive at the given place at the proper time. Thereafter, it becomes a problem of maintaining a steady flow of supplies for the combat forces.

According to the Institute, one phase of the transportation of the invading troops has been virtually accomplished. Former American passenger liners converted into transports have carried overseas the greater portion of the 4,000,000 Americans now serving abroad. A vast fleet of cargo ships have been carrying for months the tanks, guns, ammunition and other supplies which the troops will need in battle.

In addition to transporting the men and their equipment the Merchant Marine is charged with the task of maintaining our troops. It has been estimated that each soldier and his equipment for combat require from 5 to 12 tons of shipping space. Each month a soldier needs another ton of shipping space for his supplies. Hence, an invasion army of, say, 2,000,000 men needs the cargoes of about 200 merchant ships every month to keep it supplied.

At least 600 merchant ships took part in the invasion of North Africa. Over 2,000 ships participated in the invasion of Sicily, while about the same number were engaged in maintaining shuttle service from North Africa and Sicily.

SINCE the Centennial of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York which was celebrated on April 12th was announced, letters have arrived from all parts of the world containing messages of good will and congratulations on our past achievements. This friendly interest on the part of all our friends encourages us as we enter our second century of service to seafarers. One friend wrote:

"Hearty congratulations on the occasion of your 100th anniversary. May your song of good cheer be carried by those who 'go down to the sea in ships', and, mingled with the chanties of the sea-going crews, may it be wafted even by 'the winds that rage' to the four corners of the globe."

It is our earnest hope that we can pay off the debt on our building during our Centennial Year. We have now reduced this to about \$95,000. Some may wish to give a unit of \$1,000., or a half a unit. Special groups may pledge several units. Gifts, marked for the Centennial Fund, should be made payable to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK and mailed to 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

## ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

One hundred full years of a real Christian service,

A truly grand record of friendly renown,

Stands the Seamen's Church Institute for home-wearry wanderers, At the southern extremity of Old New York town.

This imposing abode is a true sailors' haven,

Well known to all shipmen who sail far and wide.

It extends to our seamen a right hearty welcome,

Befriending and advising in whatever betide.

The great cross and bright beacon at the top of the structure

Denotes in all clearness its aim

and its plan.

It beckons weary mariners to enter its portals

And bask in the warmth of its friendship to man.

The kind-hearted folks who give aid to its upkeep

And who throw out the lifeline to sailors in need,

Generously giving their cash and their time to this service,

Bring proof to the world they are Brothers, indeed.

The late Mother Roper, a heart of compassion,

A dear shining light to her boys of the deep,

She departed this realm in a halo of glory,

Revered and beloved in her last peaceful sleep.

By Captain George W. McVay.



Roof of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York showing Titanic Tower, Signal Flags and Cross.



# Windows To The Sea

STRETCH and span of blue sky . . . early Spring and the whole room thick and deep with sunlight. The men of the Merchant Marine sat and stared stolidly ahead as the song filled the lounge and intermingled with the sunshine. Simple lyric, poignant, wistful—"When the Lights Go on Again All over the World". Men from many lands thinking of home, sitting, staring ahead through sparkle of sunshine, through the secure New York springtime. The melody lilted and died. The buzz of voices, the silver curves of cigarette smoke, the clink of tea and coffee cups.

A slim woman with a little shawl around her shoulders arose to speak.

A slim woman who had known many years and whose blue eyes would be forever young and seeing. The voice was thin and frail, gentle with understanding, but her message was strong with hope, deliberate with trust, synonymous with the magnitude of her spirit.

"I know some of you are from far away lands . . . I know you are thinking of home and your loved ones . . ." She was not talking to a crowd, this little woman, but

rather to each one as a friend. ". . . and of all the songs that have been sung this afternoon, somehow, this last one touched me. It seemed so—beautiful—'When the Lights Go on Again All over the World' . . . I began to think what a wonderful thing when the lights do go on again all over the world . . . and they will . . . they will." The frail, sweet voice faltered, the blue eyes searched the expressionless faces of the merchant seamen staring so stolidly ahead, and saw with the mind's eye the things which they had known and suffered . . . the sight of shipmates afloat, face downward, inert, submerged in a world of extinction, the sea-green water closing above their familiar forms . . . the rearing heads of masts above the sunken hulks of ships like some devastated forest . . . the still, upturned hand of a child extending from bomb drenched deserts, mute hurt of the innocent . . . the gutted, blackened interiors of hopeless hovels, places once warm with love and life and home . . . the void of a swelling silence as a whole crew stood and waited for the torpedo to strike . . . fire in heaven and on the earth . . . the



Volunteer hostesses serve refreshments each afternoon in the Seamen' Lounge

Photo by Lawrence Thornton

end of the world, but the War goes on!

The unreality, the incongruity of sitting in a room heavy with sunshine and safety while your mind and heart remembered so much.

"I am going to ask that the song be played again, and we will all look to the time when the lights will go on again—in all places—in all countries—all over the world." The frail sweet voice subsided. Mother Roper drew her little shawl more tightly about her shoulders and sank into her chair. The tribute of a poised moment of silence, then the low muffled applause.

So they played the song again. And we listened again,—the merchant seamen staring ahead, untelling, motionless; the hostesses at their tea tables, heads forward, pen-sive, even their new Spring bonnets

strangely quiet with thought, all listening. The room quivered with music and song and the wonder of a new thought—a miracle—lights on all over the world. Lights for the victor and the vanquished.

When the last torpedo will have cut its way through the black night waters and rent asunder the last ship, when the last sailor will have given his warm body to the sea in the toll of war, when the last gun has been fired and the moon may give forth her light in peace—When the Lights Go on Again All Over the World, somewhere, somehow, the brave bright spirit of Mother Roper will watch, and those of us who listened on that Spring afternoon will watch, too, and remember.

By Ann Culhane, (one of the hostesses in the Seamen's Lounge).

## My First Voyage

To the Lookout Editor:

Having read in the March issue of "The Lookout" the story of the "Legacy" by my old friend, Jim Farquharson, whom I have known for thirty-five years, I thought that possibly an account of my first voyage might be of interest.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM RUSSELL  
Engineering Instructor,  
Merchant Marine School

HAVING completed my apprenticeship to Marine Engineering in the North of England, I returned home to London, and two weeks later was appointed 4th Engineer on a vessel that was loading in Cardiff on the Bristol Channel. As proud as Lucifer, with all my baggage, (which, I thought at the time would be sufficient) I entrained and arrived early in the afternoon.

I found my ship, and seeing no man on deck, I prowled around until I found my cabin. It was ready for me, spotlessly clean, but sadly bare. There was a bunk with a spring mattress, three drawers under the bunk, a small table with

three drawers on one side, a wash basin with a receiver underneath and a container on top which supplied water.

I was looking around when the Steward came along and asked me who I was. I told him, and he said that the Chief was down below, but would be up shortly.

As he spoke, the Engine Room door opened, and a most gruesome object appeared. He was the Chief, and had just been through his two main boilers, and as they were still wet from washing down, he was a most distressing spectacle.

However, he turned out "Tops".

After he had taken his wet clothes off and introduced himself to soap and water, he took me in charge, and my Sea Life started. This was early in November 1907. The Chief and Steward told me what I would have to have and the two of them took me ashore to a dealer and I put in my requisition.

The Chief asked me if I had any



cash, for if it had to go on the ship's papers, it would cost me an extra 10%. I told him that I had a Dad in a million and that I could pay cash. O.K. Off we went.

In those days every man sailing had to carry his own bedding and appurtenances. So I bought a mattress, (known in those days as a donkey's breakfast because it was filled with straw), two pillows, four pillow slips, four sheets, three blankets and six towels. I also bought six boxes of Life Buoy Soap, six boxes of Sunlight Soap, two gross of matches, extra working clothes, especially shoes and socks.

Well, we got everything straightened out and we sailed.

Our crew consisted of one master, three mates, four engineers, one Donkeyman, six Firemen, one steward, one cook, one messman, one boatswain, one carpenter, six A.B.'s and two ordinary seamen. Twenty-eight all told. Our cargo was 10,000 tons of coal for Rio de Janeiro. We had two Scotch Boilers, one Donkey Boiler, a 1280 Horse Power Reciprocating Engine making 66 Revs. per minute for a top speed of 8 knots when wind and sea were in our favor.

We crossed the Bay of Biscay, passed Madeira and St. Vincent, and started the long pull South. In those days, engineers had to do their own oiling and bilge diving, and the mates had to sew canvas boat covers on their watch below. We had no electric light or ice-box, and after four days, we went on to salt rations—beef one day, pork the next, salt fish Friday, and meat pudding or pie on Sunday. For Wednesday morning Breakfast there was one strip of bacon and one egg; on Sunday morning two strips of bacon and two eggs, plus toast and marmalade. Of course we also had oatmeal each morning. On the whole, we fed very well, indeed.

How I would enjoy a slice or two of that old time Salt Beef!

Two days past St. Vincent, a dead calm came up. The sea was as smooth as a pond, the skies were black and lowering. We passed a French four-masted barque with all her sails flapping, but no wind to fill them. We hoisted our Red Ensign. She hoisted her Tricolor, and we dipped to each other. One of the boys on deck passed the Eye of a Hawser over the stern, as if asking if they wanted a tow.

Well, that night the wind changed and a strong South Westerly gale blew up, and our speed dropped steadily until we were only making four knots. In the early morning we saw the most beautiful sight one can wish to see—the same four-masted Barque under full sail, sails blown out to their utmost, bowing to the gale and forging ahead over the waves at a speed of 17 to 18 knots. She passed fairly close and cheered us and repaid the compliment of the Tow Rope. She arrived in Rio, twelve days ahead of us!

We finally arrived, discharged and proceeded to Bahia Blanca for a cargo home.

### THE MACHINERY OF SAIL

The full-rigged ship *Star of Hope*, a comparatively small-sized "medium clipper" built in 1855 and rigged by Deering & Yeaton, of Portsmouth, N. H., required more than twelve miles of cordage and another third of a mile of chain to stay her graceful spars and support and control her sails. This is perhaps an unimportant fact amid the trials and terrors of today, but it is an interesting one, rescued by the current issue of "The American Neptune" from oblivion into which the wind-driven ship and all the old skills and crafts which went into her construction and management are sinking.

Conrad somewhere speaks of the delicate "machinery" of the sailing ship. It may seem an odd phrase to those accustomed to the complex metal machines

of the power age, but although the sailing vessel used nothing but spars, canvas, hemp and blocks, one can appreciate how elaborate a mechanism it was from looking over this rigger's draught. This immense amount of rope and line had to be cut up, fitted, spliced, wormed, served and parceled to make shrouds and stays, lifts and lanyards, halyards, sheets, tacks, braces, buntlines and the innumerable other items necessary in the "gossamer" mechanism of standing and running rigging. Every strand of the whole dozen miles of cordage was essential to the vessel's efficiency or safety; each had its place in the nicely balanced mechanics and economy of sail power; and one respects both the subtlety of the design and the skill of the craftsman's hands which wove the whole apparatus into place at a contract cost, in this particular instance, of only \$675. We are very proud of our marvelous mechanical techniques to today, but we may still look back upon the past with some humility.

*Editorial, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

### SAILORS

The ships come in from everywhere, They've made their trip, now they are there.

I looked at them and then I thought They laugh, for they are now in port— The sailors . . .

Forgotten are the anxious times, The subs, the bombers and the mines, The troubles are now far behind; They laugh and they don't seem to mind— The sailors . . .

But ah, the time of fun is brief, Return on board—they have to leave— Who's jealous now, not you or me; They laugh, and they go out to sea, The sailors . . .

But then they start their jobs and fight, The murderers may come at night. They watch and look and then just wait; Don't laugh; There's a tribute to be paid To sailors.

COR DOEVE,  
Chief Radio Officer  
Netherlands Merchant Marine



*From a drawing by Lieut. Mitchell Jamieson, USNR  
Official U. S. Navy artist*

### CONVOY DOCKING

Slowly the convoy creeps into the anchorage in ponderous, elephantine procession, one after another, while troops crowd the rail to look on as the gray giant is made fast, Gulliver-like, to the jetty. Save for the shouts of the men handling the lines, the soldiers are quiet, as though meditating upon what lies ahead.

*From "The Navy At War", Wm. Morrow, Publisher.*



## A True Sea Tale

"WHERE'S my leg?" the captain demanded, regaining consciousness as he and members of his crew tossed about on a life-raft in the icy waters off Newfoundland.

The seaman had no answer. In bewildered silence they returned to the task of keeping the raft upright and on a course that might lead to rescue. At length the survivors were picked up by a Canadian trawler and taken to port.

The missing leg came floating ashore at the town where the captain was recuperating, a few days later, and was found on the beach. It needed slight repairs, as did the captain. After hospitalization for other injuries, the doughty skipper walked off, none the worse, to ship out again.

The story of Captain William W. Clendaniel's artificial leg, the disaster to his ship, and the captain's rescue, as reported by the War Shipping Administration, combine to make a unique and true sea tale.

Captain Clendaniel's artificial leg really saved his life. His ship, the SS DELISLE, was a victim of enemy action after rescuing the crew of another ship in convoy which had been sunk half an hour earlier. The foremast of the SS DELISLE collapsed. Captain Clendaniel was knocked unconscious and pinned down on the bridge—that is, his artificial leg was. But three members of the crew extricated him and got him aboard the life-raft, minus his leg. He was taken to a hospital at St. John's for treatment. Since no artificial legs were available, the debris on the beach was searched. Then came the fortunate rescue of the captain's leg and its quick adjustment which enabled Captain Clendaniel to proceed to his home, 3715 Delverne Avenue, Baltimore, Md., where he is recuperating, impatient to get back to sea.

The SS DELISLE had been torpedoed a year earlier in southern waters, but being only two miles off shore it was beached and then towed to an Atlantic port for repairs.

Although Captain Clendaniel lost his leg in an accident at sea some years ago, he continued to serve the Merchant Marine with distinction as ship's master. Since 1926 he has been with A. H. Bull and Company, operator of the SS DELISLE for the War Shipping Administration.

### AN AID TO ELUDING TORPEDOES

The first public announcement of one of the secrets behind the growing ability of American vessels to elude enemy torpedoes was made recently by N. B. McLean, general manager of the Marine Division of Bendix Aviation Corporation. He asserted that the new device, known as a Duplex Course Telegraph, is now being produced in volume.

This telegraph enables the lookout in the crow's nest to take over direction of the vessel upon spotting an enemy torpedo, Mr. McLean explained. By eliminating the necessity for the lookout to call the bridge, and from these orders to be transmitted to the wheel house for a course change, the device saves about sixty seconds. During this sixty seconds the ship might be hit.

Mr. McLean said the lookout has two controls under the Duplex Telegraph system. With one he can signal for a "hard right rudder" or "left rudder" as circumstances dictate. The other control is used to order a new course bearing directly on the torpedo so that the ship presents the minimum target and the "tin fish" passes harmlessly by the vessel.

## Heroic Seamen Honored

NAMES of four heroic merchant Liberty ships which will be launched from four different shipyards in connection with the celebration of Maritime Day, May 22, 1944, the Maritime Commission has announced.

Launching ceremonies may include the presentation of the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal to the nearest of kin.

SAMUEL L. COBB, master mariner in command of the freighter, the SS ALCOA GUIDE, wounded in a submarine attack April 16, 1942, ran through fire resulting from the attack to recover code books and other highly confidential papers, which he threw overboard in a weighted sack. He had previously attempted to ram the enemy ship with his vessel. Cobb died two days later in a lifeboat from wounds and the burns suffered in rescuing and destroying the papers. Cobb, born April 12, 1899, in Huntsville, Alt., made his home in West New York, N. J., and his next of kin is a brother, James Bruce Cobb, of 105 Center Street, Nutley, N. J. The Liberty ship, SAMUEL L. COBB, is scheduled to be launched from the yard of the Permanente Metals Corporation, Richmond, Calif.

JOSEPH SQUIRES was aboard the freighter, SS MAIDEN CREEK, when it broke up in heavy seas in a storm, December 30, 1942. When it appeared that the vessel, which had been fighting the storm for a number of days, would founder, Squires and another seaman volunteered to remain behind and lower the lifeboats. Seas were so high that it was impossible to effect the removal of the two men and they were lost with the ship. Squires, born June 13, 1909, at Salvage, Binavista Bay, Newfoundland, is survived by his widow, Mrs. Minnie Squires, 255 Seventy-

Fourth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Liberty ship named in his honor will be launched at the New England Shipbuilding Corporation, South Portland, Maine.

GUS W. DARNELL, master of the freighter SS CARDONIA, endeavored to outrun a submarine when it attacked his vessel March 7, 1942. After causing two torpedoes to miss, and with his steering gear shot away and the ship in flames, Darnell succeeded in disembarking the 36 crew members and two passengers. Only one man was lost. Darnell got 22 of his men onto the lone remaining lifeboat and placed the others aboard three liferafts. After he reached land with the lifeboat, Darnell endeavored to set out again in a heavy sea for the men left on liferafts. He ceased this attempt only when assured of their rescue by a naval vessel. Darnell has since been reported missing.

Born June 30, 1898, in Baton Rouge, La., Darnell made his home at 1125 Altic Street, Houston, Texas, and his next of kin is his widow, of the same address. Schedule calls for the SS GUS W. DARNELL to be launched by the Houston Shipbuilding Corporation, Houston, Texas.

GEORGE W. ALTHER, second mate aboard the freighter SS TIMOTHY PICKERING, lost his life when he went to the assistance of a naval gunnery officer, wounded during an air attack. Alther who had experienced bombing while serving aboard two other vessels, disregarded his own safety and life and went to the officer's aid when a bomb hit the Pickering, July 13, 1943. This vessel was loaded with munitions, T.N.T., and high octane gasoline, which exploded when the bomb struck it.

Alther was born April 14, 1918, at Dorchester, Mass., and is survived by his father, George W.



Alther, Sr., of 169 Linwood Avenue, Melrose, Mass. The Liberty ship carrying his name is scheduled to be launched from the yard of the Delta Shipbuilding Company, Inc., New Orleans, La.

#### WANTED:

##### Two Pianos In Good Condition

We could use a Grand or Baby Grand Piano in our Janet Roper Room, and an Upright Piano, or a small "Ship" Piano with handles at our Janet Roper Club.

Will readers who have such pianos and would be willing to donate them, please write to the Department of Special Services, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y., or phone BOWling Green 9-2710 to arrange for transportation. The pianos, of course, should be in good condition.

#### 2 TANKERS MUST SAIL DAILY WITH WAR OIL

Aside from the merchant vessels engaged in delivering the men and materials to the several points, an average of two tankers per day must sail laden with 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 gallons of petroleum so that the fighting forces might be kept under way, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute.

The tankers must not only load in an American port, but they must make the passage, discharge the cargo and return. Their importance is indicated by the fact that a single bomber accomplishing a mission over continental Europe will consume 2,000 gallons of gasoline. A flight of 1,000 bombers will consume 2,000,000 gallons. An additional 1,000,000 gallons may be eaten up by other planes making diversion flights during the same raid.

On an all-out offensive front, including infantry, the innumerable vehicles on land and in the air will consume about 12,000,000 gallons of petroleum each day.

The bulk of this is carried from the United States by American tankers.



From the Painting by Andrew Winter, N.A.

#### LAZY SURF

One of the paintings by Andrew Winter exhibited this Spring at the Grand Central Art Galleries, 57th Street Branch. Mr. Winter, a former seaman in the Merchant Marine and an old friend of the Seamen's Institute, now lives on Mohegan Island, Maine, where he finds inspiration for his marine and coastal paintings. He is represented in many important museums throughout the country.

## The Conrad Library's Tenth Anniversary

By Anne Conrow Hazard

TEN years ago, on May 24th, a library for merchant seamen was opened at the Institute with appropriate ceremonies. It was named the Conrad Library—in memory of that great writer whose years at sea had given him a rare understanding and love of the sea and the men who sailed it. At the beginning the Conrad Library was essentially a reading room and place for study for seamen and officers of all ratings and nationalities. As the years passed it has become known to these men not only as a delightful room in which to browse and work but as a source of supply for good books for the long hours at sea. Men who dropped in for a few hours reading during their time ashore or who spent days in studying for licenses began to ask the librarians for books to take with them when shipping out. Thus started what is now one of our most vital services.

When the war came and leisure time activities aboard ship were increasingly restricted, books became the chief source of relaxation. Now at the peak of the war we are giving out an average of 1,800 books a month. In many instances a seaman will select his own books from our "choose your own" shelves in

the bookroom where we store duplicates and other books available for distribution. A man will spend hours there mulling over this book and that and with obvious difficulty making his selection. We do not always have the particular book of his choice but frequently that very book will come in very soon with a contribution and we can set it aside for the next voyage. Through the cooperation of the Ship Visitors the library can deliver bundles of books directly to ships which have sent in such requests as the ones quoted below.

Dear Madam:

With reference to our telephone conversation of last evening regarding books dealing with American history particularly of the period 1861-65.

I would be extremely grateful if you would let me have one or two books on this subject and perhaps you would also advise me as to the best books to read on this subject.

Thanking you for your courtesy

Yours truly,

The reply was gratifying, and because we the librarians are so grateful to you, our friends, we take pleasure in sharing with you these expressions of appreciation.

Dear Madam:

Please forgive my belated although my grateful acknowledgment of Dean Mar-



Conrad Library—18,819 seamen readers during 1943 and 12,011 books were sent to ships.

Photo by Lawrence Thornton



tin's book on "Liberal Education." I value this book very highly and am duly grateful to the Conrad Library and to you for your kindness in taking so much trouble.

I may have to leave for Baltimore shortly but in any case I shall call and thank you personally before leaving or on my return.

Yours gratefully,

Dear Madam:

Please accept many thanks for the splendid selection of books we received from the library.

The long hours of blackout are shortened when one can become interested in a book, a matter greatly appreciated by all concerned.

Yours faithfully,

The Summer months bring no slackening in the arduous duties of merchant seamen, and consequently requests for books are just as numerous. In past years, however, there has been a decrease in the number of good books received dur-

ing the warm days! Won't you please remember us this year so that we can keep our service up to standard all through the year? At the moment certain current books have been asked for, any of which would be a welcome addition to our shelves.

#### FICTION

Blessed Are the Meek—Kossak  
The Robe — Douglas  
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—Smith  
A Bell for Adano — Hersey  
Arrival and Departure — Koestler  
Westerns and Mysteries

#### GENERAL

Good Night, Sweet Prince—Fowler  
Lifeline — Carse  
Log Book — Laskier  
D Day — Gunther  
Burma Surgeon — Seagrave  
Here Is Your War — Pyle  
Purser's Progress — O'Reilly

## Book Reviews

### AROUND CAPE HORN

By Edward Rowland Sill

Edited by

Stanley T. Williams, Barbara Simson

Yale University Press, New Haven. \$2.00

There have been many narratives published in which the name Cape Horn appears, and the title of this book is particularly reminiscent of one by L. Vernon Briggs—"Around Cape Horn to Honolulu",—as both books were written by young men of about the same age and who made identical voyages, traveling as passengers and for the benefit of their health. But the similarity ends there, for young Briggs was deeply interested in the ship and everything connected with its navigation, while as shown by Sill's journal, the vessel and its operation made no appeal to him.

However, the sight of Terra del Fuego and Staten Land did rouse him, and his description of what he saw is good, as the reviewer is prepared to testify from experience, having himself passed through the Straits of le Maire at approximately the same season of the year and at about the same age as Sill, but as a foremost hand aboard the "Lottie Moore" in 1887. Sill was particularly fortunate, however, in doubling the Cape in only a fortnight, while the writer was six weeks in making the same distance.

Reviewed by L. S. T.

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From the painting by Edward Pingret  
Lent by Mrs. Frederic A. de Peyster

**CAPTAIN FREDERIC AUGUSTUS DE PEYSTER** who commanded many packet ships in the 1840's. This painting is on display at the "SHIPMATES ASHORE" exhibition at the Museum of the City of New York, 103rd Street and Fifth Avenue. The exhibition held in honor of the Centennial of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, closes on July 5th.

Photo by Frick Art Reference Library

## Marine Poetry

### TANKERS BURNING

Burn, burn at sea, Tankers!  
Your stinking oil has such majesty  
As will ever commemorate  
This fire at sea!  
Tanker men have their medals smeared  
on them,  
They choke on the rafts and watch them  
burn,  
At night the Tankers burn,  
Off Trinidad they burn, the Solomons  
see them burn.  
But even after they smoulder and cease,  
And go down with the jack at their  
sterns,  
No cargo shall be lost,  
For you fliers shall remember how a  
tanker burns.  
It burns so high you can see it in  
England,  
It burns so hot you can see it for years.  
So remember us with your guns  
And tell them, "No crying." There have  
been enough tears.  
By Shepard Rifkin, Messman

### TANKER SEAMEN!

Bards have told rare tales of Courage  
Gleaned from annals of the Sea  
Stories told of ancient Heroes  
Age of 'Pomp and Heraldry'  
Tales of Greece, of Rome and Carthage  
And their fighting men of old  
Braving death for Nation's Honor  
While the seas beneath them rolled.  
Ships of Spain and mighty England  
Ships of oak and iron men  
Dared the Gods of storm and battle  
Met defeat to rise again  
Nations rose to heights of greatness  
Through the courage of their tars  
For the measure of all nations  
Rests on men who fight their wars.  
Sing, oh sing, our modern Sagas  
Seamen of the Seven Seas  
Who are braving Hell's own furies  
Bringing tyrants to their knees  
Reeling decks, man-made volcanoes  
Heroes where true seamen meet  
Unseen, unknown, Legion of Courage  
Sailors of the Tanker fleet.  
Dirty, rust-streaked, squatty tankers  
Decks awash on lonely way  
Filled with hell-brewed chain Lightning  
Lifeblood of the Battle fray  
Floating coffins on the oceans  
Prey of lurking submarines  
Ah, the brave may quake in spirit  
Shudder, safe in shoreside dreams.  
Cheer, then, cheer, these greater heroes  
Than the gallant tars of old  
Pale are all past deeds of history  
Where our thousand keels are rolled

Seamen staking lives as torches  
Heroes who no airs assume  
On the decks of reeling tankers  
Day or darkness, storm or gloom.  
Let the weary hearts be lightened  
By their empty fireside  
Lift your heads in Pride and Honor  
To your Men upon the tide  
Proudly see their dauntless Courage  
Arrows turned toward the foe  
Ever onwards, ever rolling  
To our final crushing blow.  
From Seafarers' Log By Top'n Lift

### MEN OF THE MERCHANT MARINE

By Mrs. Bertram H. Burns, Mobile, Ala.  
Dedicated to my Husband, Capt. Bertram H. Burns, American Merchant Marine, (who lost his life through enemy action)

America is calling  
To her proud sons of the sea,  
First in peace, first in war,  
A spirit ever free.  
Give us the ships, is all they ask,  
We'll sail them near or far,  
May God bless you, sailor,  
When you cross the bar.  
When shades of night are falling,  
Their thoughts to home turn,  
To loved ones who remember them,  
And pray for their return.  
They say you have a sweetheart  
In almost every port,  
Yes, there is one lady  
That every sailor courts.  
She waits in New York Harbor  
With her book of truth and light,  
Knowing that her gallant sons  
Will carry on the fight.  
So down to the sea in ships they go,  
Every mother's son,  
Keeping our flag on the rampart high,  
And the U-boat on the run.  
We'll sail them to the Fiji,  
We'll sail them to Murmansk,  
With cargoes to our allies,  
To carry on the task.  
And when this war is over,  
And an honest peace is made,  
Free peoples will cheer you lads,  
For the heroic part you played.  
If a roll they were calling,  
In any hall of fame,  
We know you unsung heroes,  
No glories you would claim.  
And some of the names we are proud  
to know,  
Are Burns, Dowling, King, and Green,  
America salutes you,  
Men of the Merchant Marine.



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\*Serving in the Armed Forces.

## 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."