

THE LOOKOUT



Photo by Lieut. Dwight Long, U.S.N.

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN WAR TIME

Navy Planes Fly Above the Square-rigger "JOSEPH CONRAD" on Maritime Service Duty

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

DL, XXXIII NO. 11

NOVEMBER, 1942

Sanctuary

FOR MERCHANT SEAMEN

Merciful God, who revealest to us our true friends in time of trouble; We praise Thee for the courage and constancy of our merchant seamen. Guide them through the perils of the great deep and guard them from the violence of enemies as they convey relief to the besieged and sustenance to the hungry. And grant us to show forth our thanks by securing to them due recompense for their labor, decent comfort amidst their hardships, and honor at the hands of all whom they serve; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FORWARD—Day by Day, 1942

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIII, NOVEMBER, 1942

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

President

THOMAS ROBERTS

Secretary and Treasurer

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.

Director

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor

\$1.00 per year 10c per copy

Gifts of \$5.00 per year and over
include a year's subscription to "THE
LOOKOUT".

Entered as second class matter July 8,
1925, at New York, N. Y., under the act of
March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

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

Telephone BOwling Green 9-2710

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York," incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of

.....Dollars.

Note that the words "OF NEW YORK" are a part of our title.

It is to the generosity of numerous donors and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seamen.

The Lookout

VOL. XXXIII

November, 1942

No. 11

A Delightful Evening In Store for You

THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

takes pleasure in announcing that plans have been
completed for the Institute's

ANNUAL FALL THEATRE BENEFIT

to be held on Tuesday Evening,

December 1st at 8:30

at the

PLYMOUTH THEATRE

We have reserved the orchestra and mezzanine

for a

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE OF

"THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH"

by Thornton Wilder

starring Tallulah Bankhead, Frederic March,

Florence Eldridge, Florence Reed

The play is part fable, part fantasy (with many comic interludes) about Man's struggle for existence. With a brilliant cast, original scenery and inspired direction, it is stimulating, provocative and above all, entertaining. Reviews from out of town cities where the play opened indicate that it will be one of the outstanding plays on Broadway this season.

The proceeds of this benefit will be used to help maintain the many activities at the Institute's 13-story building such as reading and game rooms, athletic events, moving pictures, library, clinics, welfare department and other facilities provided for the safety, comfort and pleasure of freighter and tanker men, both seasoned and newly trained, who are risking their lives to "carry the cargoes" to our soldiers on the battle fronts. WE ARE COUNTING ON YOUR LOYAL AND GENEROUS SUPPORT.

Tickets will be assigned as reservations are received. Prices range from \$3.30 to \$13.75 (including Government tax of 10%). Kindly make checks payable to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK and mail to Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Lady With the Lamp *

By S. J. Woolf

The Navy Department announces the loss of two merchantmen in the Atlantic. Thirty-seven of the crews have been rescued. They have been landed at an Eastern port.

AN elderly housewife sitting on the porch of her home in a New England town adjusts her spectacles and stares at the notice in a local paper. She thinks of her sailor son from whom she has not heard in months and wonders—with fear.

A farmer on the banks of the Mississippi sees the announcement in *The Daily Sentinel* at the country store. He does not tell his wife, but he too has fear in his heart.

A young woman bends over a lathe in a Western ammunition factory. She dreads to let herself think, for she also has read of the sinkings. When she returns to her room that night she stands looking at a photograph on her chiffonier. Tears fill her eyes.

Strangely enough all three do the same thing. All three seeking to know the fate of those they love turn to the same kindly woman for news from the Port o' Missing men. They write to Mother Roper, who for more than half a century has been tracing men who go down to the sea in ships.

Mrs. Roper is house mother and director of the Missing Seamen's Bureau of the Seamen's Church Institute, a snug harbor for merchant seamen, founded over a hundred years ago. Its building in South Street provides a complete shore community. Besides its 1,600 beds, it has post-office, library, employment bureau, clinic, club and church. Any active seaman, no matter what his nationality, is welcome. It has trained 5,000 seamen in its school and helped them to get better positions. It has instituted free medical radio service for ships at sea and has aided in securing legislation requiring first-aid examinations for every ship's officer obtaining a license.

When Janet Lord—that was her name then—was still a slip of a girl she began

**Reprinted from The New York Times Magazine, October 4, 1942.*



N. Y. Times Photo

looking after sailors. In those days square riggers still plowed the waves. Along South Street, where she now labors, bowsprits, martingales and figureheads cast their shadows over the cobbled roadway. She has seen yards and sail shrink, turnbuckles supplant dead eyes and coal give way to oil. She has known whiskered, profane skippers in sou'westers, polite officers in trim uniforms, seamen from battered tramps and from luxury liners. She climbs the Titanic Memorial tower atop the Institute from time to time, to wave good-bye to "her boys" as they set sail for unknown ports; and to many of them she is almost as much a part of the bay as the bronze goddess who with torch in hand bids them welcome to New York. She has never been to sea.

In her simple office in the Institute where now she holds out a helping hand to those sailors of the merchant marine who carry precious cargoes to the fighting men of the United Nations, there is a peaceful quiet. It reflects the spirit of the tall lean woman, now slightly bent, who looks up from a flat-topped desk.

Behind her head hang two death notifications—one from the Navy Department, one from France. Two men, killed in the last war, although comparative strangers to her, had given her name as next of kin.

On another wall is a sectional bookcase surmounted by a bust of George Bernard Shaw, which she keeps there not because of the subject but because it was made by a sailor she knows. Her books range from the Bible to Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy." But books are not all within the case. There also are a few of the trinkets which returning mariners have brought her from all parts of the world.

Her hair, once blonde, is now streaked with gray. Her large blue eyes sparkle at times and again have a far-away look. Her voice is soft and low and trails away to a whisper as she recalls some sad story out of the past. In all her talk she shows a deep understanding of human frailties.

"I have been working with men of the sea all my life, and I think they are the finest body of men in the world," she told me. "Every boy who wants to be a sailor has a note of poetry in him. Every one

who has stood alone on the deck of a ship and seen the sky and sea meet has had thoughts about God. I have never met a sailor who was a coward, nor have I ever heard of heroic deeds from the men who have performed them." * * *

"Sailors are honest, too. During the depression we gave credit here to men who had no berths. And we found that most of them paid up as soon as they got jobs."

The telephone rang. It was the friend of a Western woman who has just heard that her son had been drowned. In his letters home the boy had mentioned Mrs. Roper so often that this heartsick mother wanted to know if Mrs. Roper could tell her any stories about him. Mrs. Roper said she would write. Then she went on with her story.

The war, of course, has had an immense effect on the character of her work. Before it began she received letters from all parts of the world. Now they come only from the United Nations, and those from overseas are months late in reaching her.

I asked her how she went about finding missing men.



N. Y. Times Photo

Port of Missing Seamen—Mrs. Roper's Bulletin Board

"When I get an inquiry," she said, "I first look through our files to see if the man who is wanted has ever been here. If he has not I get in touch with the different relief agencies, for often a runaway is too proud to ask for help from home. Of course, if I learn on what line the sailor has shipped, that makes things easier, for all the steamship companies have records of men who sail under their flags. I also speak to the boys who come here and the word is spread about. As a last resort we list the name in the Missing Seamen Bulletin. Before the war this was posted in every port in the world and often I would get letters from the most remote places telling me the whereabouts of some one for whom I was looking.

"Sometimes luck plays a part. I shall never forget the day that a prosperous-looking man came here to ask me to find his son, who had run away from home. I went below to see if any one in one of the recreation rooms knew anything about the boy. The part that is hard to credit is that sitting on a bench was a sad-looking youth in rags who turned out to be the runaway."

Perhaps one of the reasons why Mrs. Roper has been able to find almost 6,000 missing men is that the word has gone around that she can be trusted. The bulletin which the Institute publishes has at its top in large letters: "This bulletin is NOT published to locate those wanted by the LAW."

Throughout the world there are mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts who owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to this self-effacing woman. She is proud of this fact, but she is prouder of what "her boys" think of her. In order to find out what Mother Roper's boys think of her, one must roam with her through the large building which provides a home on land for the wandering crew of the merchant marine.

As she walks from one room to another her gait is almost rolling; her words are salty and to the point, and when she stops for a long talk she leans up against a wall and folds her arms across her chest.

Her manner is not assumed. It comes naturally to one who has spent most of her life among men of the sea. She was born in St. John, N. B. When she was 9 years old her father's business was

destroyed by fire and the family moved to Somerville, Mass. There she grew up.

"All young girls," she says, "turn either to the stage or religion. I chose the latter and one night I went to the Seamen's Friend Society in Boston. I liked it and I went again and before long I began doing all sorts of odd jobs about there and trying to help men who were in trouble."

It was there she met a young divinity student who was doing the same kind of work, and within a few years they were married. Their friends who attended the ceremony were "old sailors, young sailors, ships' firemen, cooks and just wharf rats."

Mr. Roper was first called to Gloucester. From there he went to St. John and later to Portland, Ore. He kept up his work among sailors and Mrs. Roper helped him in it. In Portland he died and Mrs. Roper was left with three small daughters and little with which to support them.

This was in 1915 and at the time the Seamen's Church Institute had decided to install a house mother. Through some sailors who had known her in Portland the Director of the Institute heard about her and her work and wrote to her asking her if she would come to New York.

For a time she was just another welfare worker, but one who spoke the language of the men she served. She soon gained the confidence of those who ask only for "a tall ship and a star to steer her by" and they began writing to their families about her. It was not long before she was receiving pleas to find missing men. The last war brought an avalanche of these requests and she was so successful that she was put in charge of the Missing Seamen's Bureau.

She gets to her office by about 10 o'clock and rarely leaves until long after dark. She spends a part of her days reading longhand letters from all parts of the world. Every one of them gets a personal reply.

When I last saw her she was talking with one of "her boys" in the hall. He stopped her to thank her for a favor she had done for him.

"I suppose," she said with a laugh, "I'll go to heaven for having done this."

"You won't go to heaven, Mother," said her friend. "Like all good sailors you'll go to Fiddlers' Green."

"Dear Mother Roper . . ."

Worcester Polytechnic Institute

Worcester, Massachusetts

Office of the President

5 October 1942

Dear Mother Roper:

The article in the TIMES Magazine yesterday will bring thousands of new blessings to you from those whose men are shipping out for the first time in these days of peril.

Truly do you say, "Everyone who has stood alone on the deck of a ship and seen the sky and sea meet has had thoughts about God." God is always near, indeed, to those who go down to the sea in ships.

To a countless company of seamen, you are one of His angels.

May strength and happiness continue to be yours.

Sincerely,

Wat Tyler Cluverius

Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy, Ret.

Mrs. Janet Roper,
Seamen's Church Institute of New York,
25 South Street,
New York, New York.

GLORY ON THE SEA

Two thousand, three hundred and one officers and seamen of the American merchant marine, dead or missing as a result of Axis action on the high seas, may seem but a small company beside the armies of the Russian dead. Their courage shines just as brightly. They belong with the defenders of Bataan and Stalingrad, with the fliers who saved Britain in 1940, with the air squadron that was lost in fulfilling its mission in the Midway battle. They were individuals, no two alike, each with his roots deep in the lives of others. One reads the lists of the next of kin: mother, wife, sister, daughter, father, son. Whether the dead are counted by the hundred or by the hundreds of thousands there must always be these relationships, this widening circle of loss when a ship goes down, a plane falls, a shell explodes, a machine gun opens up. The courage of freemen is indivisible and limitless. None of us can be untouched by it.

The death of seamen, going on their useful and lawful errands, is especially moving. They are civilian working men, attending to jobs which are by no means as romantic as the writer of sea yarns would like us to believe. There is much humdrum at sea, much dirty and uncomfortable toil, never much recreation. The men on this list may have considered their jobs hard and underpaid. They would have been puzzled or insulted if they had been described as heroic.

If this nation has done too little for its friends overseas, the fault does not lie with the merchant seamen. For every crew lost other crews have appeared on the docks. They did not have to be taken from jails or kidnapped in mean streets, as occurred in the great days of the Elizabethan adventurers. The sea has known no greater glory than they have cast over it.

*Editorial in The New York Times
October 1, 1942*

Vision for Victory

"WHEN I was a kid I never would eat carrots — afraid my hair would curl", said a merchant seaman who came to the Institute's John and Mary Markle Eye Clinic for a check-up on his eyes. "And now that I'm on an armed merchantman they feed me carrots just before I go on lookout. I never thought carrots would help me locate a German submarine!"

Seamen come to the Eye Clinic for a check-up and also to correct their vision by glasses. That is where Institute friends are helping, by sending to us old eye glasses, both lenses and frames. The lenses are refracted and measured in a lensometer, and then filed in envelopes and numbered accordingly. Thus, if a seaman comes in, is examined and prescribed for by the ophthalmologist, he can be fitted then and there with the correct lenses and frames. Service with a smile! Then off goes the seaman to his ship and his job. Both deck and engine crews are required to have good vision, and if incorrect, to have it corrected by proper glasses.

About 600 seamen receive eye



The Lensometer Measures the Lens

treatment and glasses each year, thus restoring their confidence and helping them to get better jobs.

The Eye Clinic observed its 11th birthday on October 30th, having been supervised throughout this entire period by Dr. Conrad Berens.



Both the lens and frames of these eye glasses will be measured and filed for ready use of merchant seamen.

Photos by Marie Higginson

A Sailor's Birthday Party

CARL DALBEY, JR. is from Oklahoma City. At present, he is "somewhere at sea", at his job as radio operator of a merchant ship. On Thursday, October 22nd, his mother journeyed from her home to New York City to send her son a radio birthday greeting on his 21st birthday, hoping that somewhere out on the Atlantic Carl might hear her voice. Fred Waring, popular orchestra leader of the Pennsylvanians, brought Mrs. Dalbey to New York and arranged to have her speak on his radio program. Then he asked the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to invite a group of merchant seamen to attend the broadcast, and the supper and birthday party afterwards, held at the Waring Studios in honor of Carl Dalbey. Mr. Waring's chorus sang the "Song for the Unsung" which he and Jack Dolph had written and dedicated to the men of the merchant marine. Among the seamen who enjoyed the party were some who had recently survived torpedoings and bombings of their ships. A big birthday cake was cut and the seamen sang "Happy Birthday" to Carl.

After the broadcast Mrs Dalbey expressed the wish to see "the Seamen's Church Institute where Carl stays when he is in New York", so it was arranged for the next morning, and Mrs. Dalbey made a tour

of "25 South Street", had lunch in the dining room (and complimented the management on the "splendid meals" served to the seafarers). She even saw the room on the eleventh floor where her boy had stayed when last in port.

On Carl's first trip to sea, after he had completed his training with the U. S. Maritime Service at Gallup's Island, Boston, he had been torpedoed and had spent 32 days in a lifeboat. Mrs. Dalbey told how when Carl arrived home after his ordeal (she hadn't known that his ship had been torpedoed) he had lost fifty pounds. He had sent her a telegram asking her to meet him at the station, and when he descended from the train, she didn't recognize him for a minute. He had been badly sunburned while in the lifeboat (there had been 48 men who escaped when their ship was torpedoed, but two died. Malted milk tablets, pemmican and a little water—that was their scant diet for the first 17 days. After that they tried sucking on seaweed and chewing on raw fish caught in improvised nets. Finally, they landed on an uninhabited island where they crawled weakly ashore, found a little brackish water, got some berries and snails, and then decided to sail again, and find an inhabited island. After another day

(Continued on Page 8)

Left to right: Mike Carloti,* Arthur Matte,* Mrs. Dalbey, Fred Waring, Miss Betty Carstairs, Martin Jackson,* (*crew members with Carl Dalbey)



New Teeth for Tars

ONE of the busiest places in the Institute is the Dental Clinic on the mezzanine floor where seamen of every age, rating and nationality who face death unflinchingly whenever they go to sea, but who fear the drill (even as you and I), receive expert dental care. For eleven years this clinic has given service to seafarers. Eighteen months ago its facilities were taxed because of the large number of British seamen requiring dental treatment, so Ross Skinner of the British Merchant Navy Club enlisted the aid of Dr. Roy Ribble who agreed to help, with the result that forty members of the Academy of Dentistry volunteer their services—providing new teeth for British tars who lose their plates when their ships are torpedoed. About 1,500 British seamen have received dental treatment since this special service was started. The heroic patients register pleased surprise when they become acquainted with the modern dental anesthetics which minimize the pain. A typical patient is Harry Simmons, short, sturdy — a good example of the “hardy tar” of song and story. He

appeared at the clinic with a friendly grin which showed three upper teeth gone. “My bridge was in a glass of water right near my bunk”, he explained “when a ‘tin fish’ hit us. There was quite a scramble, you know, and I didn’t take time to rescue it.” Harry settled himself in the dental chair while a rubber and plaster impression was made, and by the time he ships to sea again he will have a new bridge that will match his other teeth perfectly. Another seaman came to the clinic, announcing “A blinkin’ set of rails I’d worn for years went down with the bloom-in’ ship.” American seamen, for the most part, are more accustomed to dentists’ offices than the British mariners and have also received more nutrition instruction. They enjoy the friendly atmosphere of the Institute clinic. One appreciative sailor from Texas brought the dentist a bunch of bananas as a souvenir of his last trip, and another brought the hygienist some Chinese embroidered pillow cases as a token of his appreciation. About 1,600 seamen of all nationalities use the Institute’s own clinic annually.



Photo by Marie Higginson

A Sailor's Birthday

(Continued from Page 7)

at sea they finally reached an island in the Bahamas near to Whale Cay, owned by Miss Betty Carstairs. She came to their rescue, and by skill and seamanship navigated her motorboat past dangerous reefs and took them to a hospital at Nassau. Carl could have stayed home until Christmas, but after a few weeks of rest, he decided to ship again. We join with his mother in prayers for his safe return, and with all the mothers whose sailor sons are sailing the seven seas “to carry the cargoes”.

Remember the Seafarer through the Holiday Fund

THERE will be familiar faces missing from the hearth-sides of America this Thanksgiving and Christmas. Sons and husbands and brothers and sweethearts and friends are away from home this year, fighting for freedom.

Those of us who must remain at home honor them and pay tribute to their courage and devotion to country. Let us also remember the gallant men of the Merchant Marine who are carrying the food, the munitions, the precious oil to our Army, Navy, Marines and Air Corps.

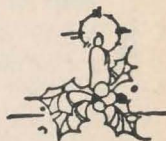
Some of these seafarers will spend these holidays ashore, after running the gauntlet of enemy submarines, bomber planes, surface raiders and winter storms. In New York, at the Seamen's Church Institute, a turkey dinner and special entertainment are being planned for about 1,500 of these seamen who are far from their own homes. It is hoped also that a special Christmas box of “useful

and joyfuls” may be given to each seaman; to many, their only Christmas present; also to seamen in hospitals.

Day and night, all year 'round, the friendly services within the Institute's 13-story building go on. Survivors of torpedoed ships are welcomed, given warm clothing. Sick and injured seamen are given medical care and sent to a convalescent home for rest and recuperation after the perils of war. Lonely seamen are given advice, entertainment and friendly companionship. And many other constructive services are rendered without red tape or charge.

We hope that you will find it in your heart to send a Holiday gift to these seamen through the Institute, which for over 100 years has been “a home away from home” for these gallant mariners. Your gift will help to give a real Holiday welcome and good cheer to these modest heroes of the grim war at sea.

Please mail contributions to
HOLIDAY FUND, 25 South Street, New York City,
and make checks payable to
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.



Man Power for Victory

“WE have also had to face the problem of shipping. Ships in every part of the world continue to be sunk by enemy action. But the total tonnage of ships coming out of American, Canadian and British shipyards, day by day, has increased so fast that we are getting ahead of our enemies in the bitter battle of transportation.

“In expanding our shipping we have had to enlist many thousands of men for our merchant marine. These men are serving magnificently. They are risking their lives every hour so that guns and tanks and

planes and ammunition and food may be carried to the heroic defenders of Stalingrad and to all the United Nations' forces all over the world.

“A few days ago I awarded the first maritime distinguished service medal to a young man—Edwin F. Cheney, of Yeadon, Pa.,—who had shown great gallantry in rescuing his comrades from the oily waters of the sea after their ship had been torpedoed. There will be many more such acts of bravery.”

From President Roosevelt's Columbus Day Address, Oct. 12, 1942

Mural Map Donated



Acme Photo

Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, U.S.N. (Ret.) explains the mural map. Tribute to The American Merchant Marine in the Form of a Pictorial Map of the World: A Gift to the Seamen's Church Institute.

A NEW sixteen-by-nine-foot pictorial map of the world in full colors, the generous gift of the artists, George and Mary Stonehill, now adorns the east wall of the Apprentices' Room on the fourth floor of the Institute. The map portrays the peoples of the world in their native costumes and especially interesting are the ethnological types depicted in New Guinea, the Solomon Islands and other islands in the South Pacific.

On October 26th, Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, President, and Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, U.S.N. (Ret.) accepted the mural

map in behalf of the Institute. Representatives of the American Merchant Marine and trainees in the U. S. Maritime Service, together with friends of the Institute, attended.

The young Americans shown in the picture will sail the seven seas of the world braving enemy submarines to carry cargoes of oil, food, munitions and supplies to the fighting fronts of the United Nations. Recent graduates of the U. S. Maritime Training Service, they await assignment to merchant ships, and in the interim enjoy recreation activities at the Institute.

Distinguished Service Medal

THE first award of the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal was made to Edwin F. Cheney, Jr., a 25 year old seaman from Yeadon, Penna. President Roosevelt presented the medal to

Cheney on October 8th. The second merchant seaman to be awarded his medal for heroism "above and beyond the call of duty" was Frank A. Santina of Montclair, N. J. Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman

of the U. S. Maritime Commission made the award at the annual dinner of the American Merchant Marine Conference on October 16th at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Cheney was quartermaster on a tanker, torpedoed by an enemy submarine. He displayed such extraordinary courage and heroism in saving several of his shipmates who had been trapped on the burning vessel that he was chosen by the Award Committee to receive the first medal. He was at the wheel of the Atlantic Refining Company tanker JOHN D. GILL when it was struck by a torpedo amidships on the starboard side on the night of March 12.

It was quickly apparent that the ship was doomed, and Captain Allen D. Tucker, master of the vessel, gave the order to abandon ship. Cheney's boat station was in the after part of the ship on the starboard side, which was suddenly surrounded by flames, cutting off the men there from the rest of the ship. Realizing that it was impossible to use the life boats, he released the port life raft, which shot out and drifted 200 feet from the vessel through the burning oil. After urging several of his shipmates to follow him, Cheney jumped into the water and swam under water to the raft, coming up only to breathe. He was badly burned about the head and arms in accomplishing this extraordinary feat.

He succeeded in putting out the blazing raft by dashing water on the flames, and then started calling to the men who had jumped overboard. He saw B. Perona, a mess boy, badly burned and lying helpless in the water. Leaving the raft, Cheney swam to Perona and dragged him to the raft. A few minutes later he called to William Pryal but Pryal was too exhausted to swim any further. Again Cheney left the raft and went to Pryal's rescue, supporting him back to the raft and pulling him up onto it.

Acting with coolness and clear reasoning at all times, Cheney called directions and guided at least six others to the raft. When the raft

began to drift back toward the burning oil and the ship and the regular rowlocks were found to be missing, it was necessary to employ some of the survivors as rowlocks. During the ten hours spent on the raft, Cheney, by his cheerful optimism, set a fine example for his shipmates, holding up their morale.

Santina was one of two survivors of a lifeboat which was blown high into the air by a torpedo as the crew was attempting to leave their sinking vessel. In spite of severe injuries and with complete disregard for his personal safety, Second Officer Santina swam back to his ship, launched a life raft and saved the life of a helpless shipmate.

Santina's ship, a medium-sized American freighter, was attacked in the Gulf of Mexico on May 26. Almost immediately the crew saw the flash of the submarine's heavy caliber deck gun. The ship turned and raced at full speed, the submarine giving chase. For more than half an hour shell fire raked the fleeing vessel before the submarine sent the first torpedo crashing through her side. Only then did the captain give the order to abandon ship.

The first of the lifeboats got away safely with 15 crew members, the remaining 20 launching another lifeboat. The boat was successfully launched, loaded and was preparing to shove off from the sinking ship when the submarine fire a second torpedo.

The second torpedo exploded squarely under the lifeboat, flinging the men in a smother of water and wreckage high into the air. All but two were killed outright. Santina and Kurt Gonska, a watertender, were both in the bow furthest from the explosion and thus escaped, although suffering severe injuries.

Santina managed to tow his critically injured shipmate to some wreckage nearby. He then swam back to the sinking ship and climbed aboard. At the other end of the vessel there was a life raft. Plunging in after it, his first act was to drag his shipmate to safety.



Photo by Marie Higginson

Youthful Seamen

A New Merchant Marine Seaman, His Training Completed with the U. S. Maritime Service, Is Ready Now For a Ship. Several hundred of these enrollees are at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in the U. S. Maritime Graduate Station (formerly called "Maritime Pool") while awaiting Ship Jobs.

RECREATION is provided these young men, who come from all parts of the United States, in the Institute's Apprentices' Room where coffee and cookies are served each afternoon by women volunteers. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings they enjoy dances and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings they join the older merchant seamen for movies in the Institute's Auditorium. They also use the bowling alleys, game rooms, writing room, Conrad Library, etc.

These young men, who have been called "the future American Merchant Marine", are quartered in dormitory beds on the fifth floor of the Institute.

The Institute is glad to cooperate with the U. S. Maritime Service by offering these young seamen the facilities of "25 South Street". LOOK-

OUT readers will note in the photographs reproduced here that their uniform is that worn by the U. S. Navy and Coast Guard personnel—navy blouses with sailor collars, bell bottom trousers, white "Bob Evans" hats—with a special insignia on their sleeves: a white shield inside two white circles, indicating that they are enrollees in the U. S. Maritime Service. The Government quarters, clothes and feeds them until they are assigned to ships, after which they are "on their own" as members of the American Merchant Marine who seldom wear uniforms but who, like "soldiers of the sea" look upon "the bright face of danger" as a part of their daily job.

Incidentally, there is a very fine spirit between the older "pre-war" merchant seamen at the Institute and the new recruits.



Photo by Phillips St. Claire

THE Institute's Auditorium with its rows and rows of chairs seating almost 1,000, "comes alive" nearly every night. Moving pictures (the latest Hollywood features) are shown on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and a large dance is held every other Friday or Saturday. USO Camp Shows, Inc. presents a Variety Revue with "Laughs, Songs and Novelties" every other Tuesday evening. "Indoor Sports Night", including spar boxing, tug-of-war, wrestling and "Kiddie Car Polo" and "Bingo Night" are held occasionally.

On a recent Friday evening, the RODEO sent its famous "Sons of the Pioneer Singers" with "Fog-Horn Clancy" as announcer, to entertain the Merchant Marine, and to show them some rope tricks. On a recent Saturday evening Horace Heidt and his Spotlight Victory Parade orchestra, sponsored by Coca Cola, broadcast from the Institute's Auditorium. On Halloween a special dance was held, with prizes for games, novelty dances, etc. En-

tertainers included fortune teller Romany Marie. The young enrollees in the Maritime Training Service usually know the latest dances and many of them are proficient jitter bugs and swing dancers.

The Institute needs funds to pay for the refreshments, music, transportation of musicians and actors, prizes for Indoor Sports and Bingo, etc.

Lest We Forget

Time was when sunken ships were news,
When men at sea in open boats
Were good for front-page interviews.
But now one very seldom notes
The stricken ship, the cargo spilled,
The men with oil-slick in their throats.
Ships sunk each day, and seamen killed
Or come like jetsam to the land,
And Davy Jones locker filled . . .
This way is bitterness made bland
(To us, but not to them), its curse
Too commonplace to understand.

—By Richard Armour
New York Sun, Sept. 25, 1942

Officers-in-the-making

HELLBACKS of the sailing ship *Sera* would probably be horrified at the spectacle of merchant marine cadets studying to become officers in the American Merchant Marine by attending school in the luxurious surroundings of the former estate of the late Walter P. Chrysler at Great Neck, Long Island. Yet these young men endure with spirit and fire the toughest schooling in the world. For six months of their sixteen months' training course they ship aboard cargo vessels and brave torpedoes from Axis submarines like veteran seamen. The record of the young cadets to date is seven lost in enemy action, five missing and seventy-four survivors of torpedoed ships. A plaque, bearing mute testimony to the valor of these youths, many of whom are still under twenty, has been placed on the wall of the Administration Building. On the plaque are engraved the names of the cadets involved in enemy action.

When THE LOOKOUT editor was invited to visit the newest school of the U. S. Maritime Service, she had already heard of it from one of its most famous students, young John Calahan, 19, who has been torpedoed three times and is now back at the Academy finishing the last seven months of his course. Under the tutelage of Commander Giles C. Stedman, U.S.N.R., himself a hero of sea rescues while in command of United States Lines passenger ships in pre-war days, cadets like John Calahan, are taught how to leave a torpedoed ship. At one end of the Chrysler estate swimming pool, two of the instructors, Lieut. James H. Raport and Lieut. Peder Gald, have put up a structure simulating the deck of a ship. The cadets learn how to jump into the water from heights of five, ten, and sixteen feet. They learn to hold their life jackets properly so that they won't be hit in the chin by them when they strike the water. They learn how best to conserve their

energy until a rescue ship picks them up. They learn the breast stroke if they have to swim in oil because it pushes the oil away from the swimmer.

The Academy, with a beautiful view of Long Island Sound, was opened last February, and eventually, when new buildings are completed, about 2,000 cadets will be accommodated on the forty-acre property. Visitors already have compared it with Annapolis and West Point. To be eligible, young men must be high school graduates (most of the present group have had at least one year of college) and between the ages of 18 and 23. When the course is completed they are eligible to take the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation examination for a license in the American Merchant Marine as third assistant engineer or third mate. Captain Stedman said that "they come in as youngsters and in sixteen months of rigorous training become full grown men".



Cadets Practice Jumping into Water from Various Heights

The students enjoy luxurious surroundings while they learn to become officers on the new merchant ships, and elaborate relics of its former grandeur such as a greenhouse and a music room have been transformed into efficient classrooms. The young men are taught seamanship, signalling, ship construction, steam, electrical and Diesel engineering. All take courses in gunnery. In the harbor, row boats, lifeboats, sailing craft of all kinds are available for practical application of classroom rules. Cadets receive \$65. a month, uniforms and room and board while in training.

The Institute is glad to welcome these young officers-in-the-making to its building when they have shore leave from their ships, just as it welcomes the unlicensed personnel from Hoffman Island, Sheepshead Bay and other Maritime training schools.

JANE'S ALL THE WORLD'S AIRCRAFT: 1941

Edited by Leonard Bridgman

The Macmillan Co. \$19.00

This year marks the first publication of this famous compendium in the United States. Macmillan has done well to bring this out along with the better known "Jane's Fighting Ships". Naturally many facts are not available to the public because of the war, but much important material is given. For the first time there appear three-view drawings of the most important aircraft in service and production. The British and American sections have been brought up to date and wherever possible new material has been added to that of other countries. —A. W. C.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

William Lindsay White

Harcourt Brace & Co. 1942 \$2.00

Here we have the grim story of the part played in the Philippine campaign by M.T.B. Squadron 3. Mr. White has done us a service in reporting this heroic achievement simply and gloriously. The men responsible for getting General MacArthur safely to Australia saw action under fire, saw men killed for want of supplies and in spite of disillusionment went into the thick of things. This is realism to the core—not for those who wish to sidestep issues. The author has used the journalist's medium of the extended interview most successfully with the result that the young officers are very real people to the reader, not just "heroes". —A. W. C.

Book Reviews

THE SUN: HOW TO USE IT TO FIND POSITION

By Lee H. Harris

Brightwaters, L. I., N. Y. \$1.00

This book is intended primarily for the beginner who has no knowledge of celestial navigation. It teaches him, without a knowledge of advance mathematics, how to find his ship's position on the water. It should prove useful to the student for practical purposes, such as in Power Squadron units or on pleasure boats.

It should also serve as a simple, concise guide, with unusually understandable diagrams, to teach beginners the study of line position, hour angle, azimuth and other more advanced computations. No knowledge of dead reckoning is required.

The booklet has proved of interest to many readers in the Institute's Conrad Library.

—Lt. Comdr. Frederick Just, U.S.C.G.R.

ADMIRAL SIMS AND THE MODERN AMERICAN NAVY

By Elting E. Morison

Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00

As a young Ensign, William S. Sims began a long career afloat in 1883 on an unarmored wooden ship with less than a dozen guns and a top speed of six knots. He believed as did everyone else that our Navy had the best men and the best ships until he discovered with a shock that the foreigners were ahead in every particular. "We have blithely and boastfully built ship after ship and sprinkled champagne over them," he wrote in one of his official reports late in his career, "when we should have wept tears over their absurd military defects but for our complacently blissful ignorance of them."

Until his death in 1936 Admiral Sims was constantly involved in a long series of bitter controversies. Target practice, the big-gun battleship, naval promotion, the conduct of the Navy during the last war, and finally the aircraft carrier as the battleship of the future, were all subjected to his outspoken criticism.

At the beginning of World War I, England appeared unprepared to protect her surface craft from the German U-Boat menace and the increasing loss of shipping threatened her very existence. Admiral Sims as Commander of United States Forces operating in European Waters introduced the convoy system for the first time in modern warfare, protecting the precious life line of ships and landing U. S. troops on foreign soil without a single loss of life.

Elting E. Morison has prepared a valuable account of one of the most conspicuous figures in the modern American Navy who "remembered Pearl Harbor before it happened." —W. B.

MINE AND COUNTERMINE

By Commander T. B. Thompson

Illustrated. Sheridan House \$2.75

Mine warfare is one of the vital phases of total war. This book by an eminent British scientist goes into the history of mines many centuries ago. Obviously the story of the mine and torpedo follows closely upon the use of gunpowder, some reports even suggesting that the Chinese may have used land mines as early as 100 B.C.

Coming closer to our day we read that Charles I gave to the Master of the Ordnance a warrant "for the making of divers water-mines, water-petards, and boates to go under water," and Pepys mentions "an engine to bloe up ships."

Perhaps the most colorful story is the account of Gianibelli "the Father of the Naval Mine" and his part in the destruction of the Spanish Armada. It is the chapters on modern naval mines and mine-layers which are pertinent to the moment. Especially thrilling are the pages which give in detail the heroic examination by the Royal Navy of the first magnetic mine to be dropped into the Thames Estuary.

—A. W. C.

PLANT PROTECTION

By E. A. Schurman

Chief of Protection,

The Glenn L. Martin Company.

Cornell Maritime Press \$2.00 148 pages

A Handbook for American Industry—Factories, Mills, Docks, and Shipyards.

Spies and fifth columnists can cost the country serious set-backs in war production. Mr. Schurman, in his handbook on industrial plant protection, explains how the factories and shipyards can guard against sabotage. He discusses the best methods of setting up and arming a protection department as well as reorganizing an existing force. The book should answer all problems that arise in instituting adequate security measures. Sample personnel blanks and duty records are included. Mr. Schurman is well qualified to offer advice on this subject. He is at present Chief of Protection of the Glenn L. Martin Company. He was formerly Superintendent of the Uniformed Force of the United States Secret Service. —I. M. A.

JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS: 1941

Edited by Francis E. McMurtrie

Macmillan 1942 \$19.00

Jane's Fighting Ships, first published in England in 1897, has long held first place among international authorities on the navies of the world. To have it published in this country at last is of great significance and Macmillan is to be congratulated for accomplishing this monumental task in spite of the difficulties of a war year.

No naval vessel of importance sails without a copy of Jane's aboard. Certainly no seagoing library is complete without it. It is the most frequently consulted of all reference books. It is encyclopedic as far as ships are concerned, undertaking to list and describe every fighting ship in the world. Descriptions are accompanied by photographs or silhouettes of the class to which the ship belongs. The section on war losses although necessarily incomplete is interesting.

—A. W. C.



MAYFLOWER IS OVER FROM ENGLAND AGAIN

President Roosevelt has a new ship model, a tiny reproduction of the Mayflower made of a piece of wood from the vessel which brought the Pilgrims to the New World. Proudly showing it to reporters, he said that it was brought to him by John G. Winant, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James and that it had been sent by Brenden Bracken, who came here as Prime Minister Winston Churchill's secretary and now heads the Ministry of Information in London. The wood from which the model was made came from an old barn in England built from ship's timbers, the President explained, adding that it had been established almost with certainty that the timbers were from the Mayflower.

Joining the Convoy

The capstan grinds. Hot cinders plume the stack.
Our boats swing out. Blue canvas covers fall
From muzzles of sleek guns, nor is there lack
Of eager shell, while sternly bright flags call
Us to our duty. Respite time is over.
And at my post, I'm thinking most of you,
Of gray eyes where the sweet teardrops hover,
O slim young wife forever fond and true!
Who am I, and where go I? Does it matter?
Lovers we were, and in good cause I stand
Upon this deck and hail my native land.
A wind begins. Our anchors cease to clatter.
We take our place in line. Good-bye, good-bye,
With steadfast hand and pulses beating high!

—By John Ackerson
The New York Times
Sept. 25, 1942

Song of the Victory Fleet

Words and Music by Leonard Whitcup
Dedicated to the
U. S. Maritime Commission
We'll build and sail 'em
We'll never fail 'em
The Victory Fleet will be complete we know.
On ev'ry ocean
We'll be in motion
The Victory Fleet will soon defeat the foe.
We'll have a bridge of ships beyond compare
We'll soon be able to walk here to over there.
The world is cheering
The skies are clearing
With The Victory Fleet
We'll build and go.
In the fact'ries hear the hammers night and day
In the shipyards ev'ry one is on his way
On the ocean ev'ry seaman joins the fray
We heard the bugles blow
We answered our country's call
We're ready one and all.
We'll build and go.

25 South Street

Seamen from here and everywhere
Enjoy the comforts and the care
Away from home, at much less cost
Mother Roper won't let you feel lost.
And if you're broke, and need a "flop"
Nobody's going to call a cop—
Succor you'll get if you're not a sop.
Captains, mates and messboys, too,
Have their rooms here, why don't you?
Under this roof are many things for sailors,
Radios, pianos, barber shops and tailors,
Cigarettes, tobacco, candy and such
Have your lunch here, doesn't cost much.
Inside this building you will find
Numerous things to improve your mind.
Schools and game rooms all around,
The restaurants and club rooms, easily found.
If reading happens to be your pleasure
The Conrad Library is your treasure.
Up the stairs on the second floor
The U.S. Post Office, 'bank,' offices galore,
Even coffee and cake on the third floor.
—By Seaman Arthur George Montaigne

The Men of the Merchant Marine

Words and Music by Emeline K. Paige
Presented to The Propeller Club of
the United States at New Orleans,
Louisiana, August 26, 1942
You stow the cargo, the guns and the tanks
We'll put to sea day or night
We'll take them over and come back for more
We'll help you finish the fight.
We don't ride in parades on Old Broadway
We're a rough lot, a tough lot, we roll when we walk;
But there's one thing we want you to know:
Though we're plucky, we're lucky; we don't give a damn
For the dangers that we may have seen.
So just give us the ships and we'll make the trips
We're the Men of the Merchant Marine!

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Honorary President

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

President

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.

REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.

RT. REV. BENJAMIN M. WASHBURN, D.D.

REV. FREDERICK BURGESS

REV. DONALD B. ALDRICH, D.D.

REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE

REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D.

REV. FREDERIC S. FLEMING, D.D.

REV. LOUIS W. PITT, D.D.

Lay Vice-Presidents

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE

ORME WILSON

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

HARRY FORSYTH

Secretary and Treasurer

THOMAS ROBERTS

WILLIAM ARMOUR

SNOWDEN A. FAHNESTOCK

JOHN H. G. PELL

EDWARD J. BARBER

DE COURSEY FALES

FRANKLIN REMINGTON

CHARLES R. BEATTIE

FRANK GULDEN

JOHN S. ROGERS, JR.

EDWIN DE T. BECHTEL

CHARLES S. HAIGHT, JR.

CHARLES E. SALTZMAN

REGINALD R. BELKNAP

GERARD HALLOCK, III

SAMUEL A. SALVAGE

GORDON KNOX BELL

AUGUSTUS N. HAND

JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN

GORDON KNOX BELL, JR.

OLIVER ISELIN

THOMAS A. SCOTT

CHARLES W. BOWRING, JR.

ELLIS KNOWLES

T. ASHLEY SPARKS

GERALD A. BRAMWELL

RICHARD H. MANSFIELD

CARLL TUCKER

EDWIN A. S. BROWN

LOUIS B. MCCAGG, JR.

ALEXANDER O. VIETOR

D. FARLEY COX, JR.

W. LAWRENCE McLANE

J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT

FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS

GEORGE P. MONTGOMERY

FRANK W. WARBURTON

JOSEPH H. DARLINGTON

JUNIUS S. MORGAN

ERNEST E. WHEELER

FREDERICK P. DELAFIELD

MORTON L. NEWHALL

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

CLEMENT L. DESPARD

HARRIS C. PARSONS

WILLIAM D. WINTER

CHARLES E. DUNLAP

GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE

JOHN MASEFIELD

Director

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.