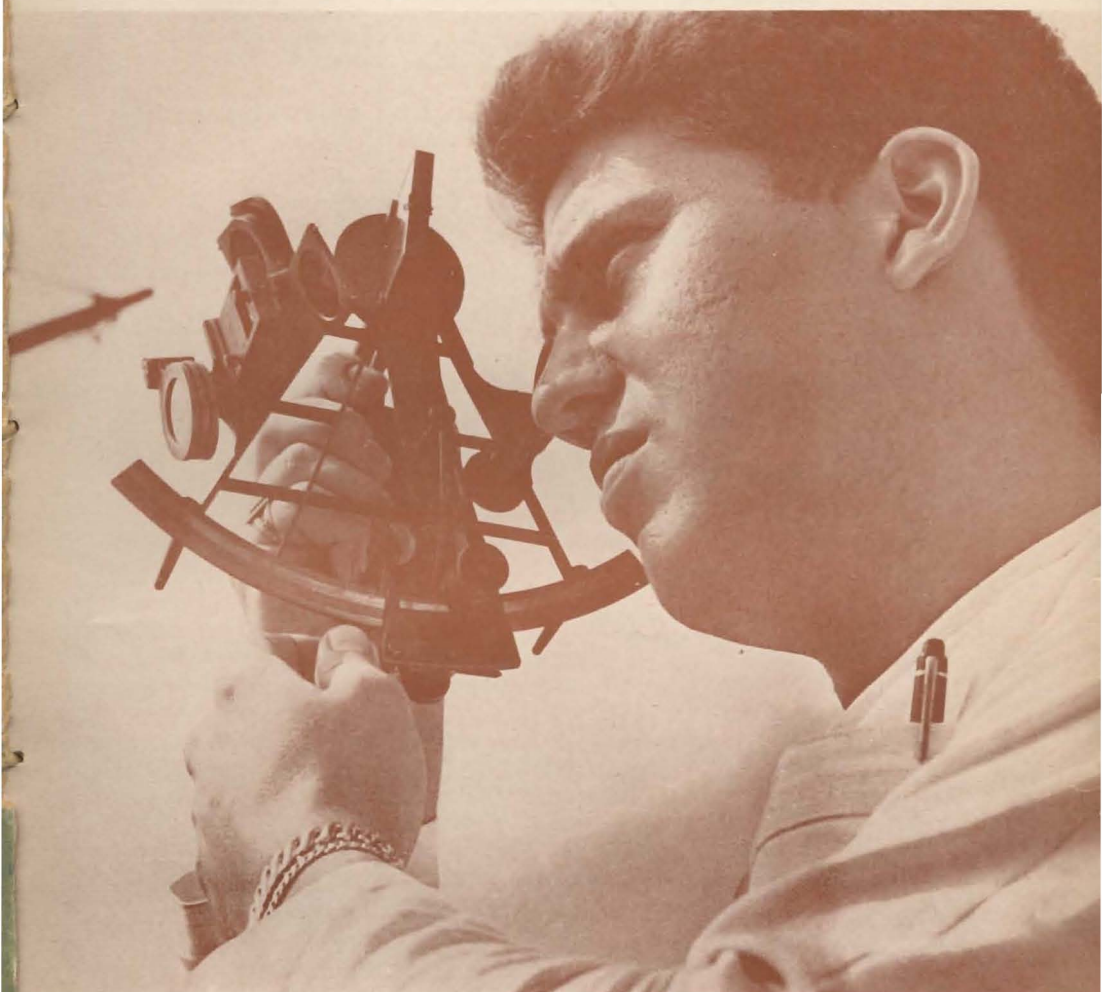


# THE LOOKOUT



*Photo by Lawrence Thornton*

A STUDENT IN THE INSTITUTE'S MERCHANT MARINE SCHOOL  
"SHOOTS THE SUN"

## Sanctuary

### FOR MEN AT SEA

Almighty God, with whom is no distance, no darkness, and no power too strong for Thy ruling, we beseech Thee to bless on all seas the men in the ships of our Fleet and of our Merchant Service. In the hour of battle, in the danger beneath the water, in the work of convoy, and in all harbors, save us from dangers known and unforeseen.

Deliver us from strong temptations and from easily besetting sin. Teach us to mark Thy wonders in the deep; fill us with good thoughts, loyalty, and faith. Protect with Thy most gracious and ready help our kinsfolk and dear friends until we win for them a righteous peace. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—Ernest N. Lovett

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXV, FEBRUARY, 1944

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 4, 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.

Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York  
are Tax-Exempt.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXXV

FEBRUARY, 1944

No. 2

## Museum Exhibit

IN making plans to celebrate the Institute's 100th anniversary as a corporation, we have secured the cooperation of the Museum of the City of New York and the Marine Museum at 103rd Street and Fifth Avenue. An exhibit will be held during April, May and June at the Museum, displaying costumes, mementos, paintings, shipyard scenes, periodicals, models of ships, etc. of or near the 1840-50 decade.

Will readers and their friends who have in their possession

relics and items pertaining to the maritime industry of this period — (letters, diaries, ship models, logbooks, pictures, paintings, prints, sailors' costumes, etc.) which they think would interest the general public and which they would be willing to exhibit, please write or phone Captain Alfred O. Morasso, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y., BOWling Green 9-2710, who will arrange to have them inspected with reference to their availability and suitability?

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South Street, 1855

Reproduced by the courtesy of Dwight Franklin, the creator, and the Marine Museum of the City of New York, where this model appears.

## A Princess Pays a Return Visit

ON December 21st, 1940, H.R.H. Juliana, Princess of the Netherlands visited the Home for Netherlands Seamen which is located in the Institute. On January 11th last, the Princess paid a return visit and cordially greeted the Dutch seamen present. She chatted with a number of them, enjoyed coffee and cakes, talked about her children with Dr. Kelley, inquired about many of the seamen's families, asking if they had received letters through the Red Cross.

Just before she left a Dutch crew arrived, elated that their ship had docked in time for them to see the Princess. She asked them about their trip and won their admiration by her friendliness and graciousness. The Princess was welcomed by the Institute's President, Clarence G. Michalis, and Director, Dr. Kelley, and Mr. A. DeGoede, President of Nederland Ter Zee (Free Holland on the Seas). She inspected kits containing knitted wear and basic equipment for torpedoed seamen. As she left with her party for North-



Photo by Marie Higginson

port, L. I. to visit the Dutch Merchant Marine Rest Home there, a seaman led his shipmates in giving three rousing cheers for the Princess. In the Princess' party were Dr. Alexander Loudon, Netherlands Ambassador to the United States who had officially opened the Netherlands room on November 15th, 1940; T. Elink-Schurman, Dutch Consul-General in New York, and others.



Photo by A. Boutrelle  
Knickerbocker Weekly

## A Ghost-Ship's Black Cat

The British Empire Medal was awarded to a ship's carpenter for the skill and knowledge of sailing he displayed in bringing a lifeboat to safety after his vessel had been sunk by the enemy.

For five days the seamen had been afloat in a damaged lifeboat. One man had died from the intense cold and the others, bailing unceasingly, suffered from frostbite and exposure.

At nightfall came a ghost-ship. No voice answered their hailings and they dared not go alongside lest the boat should be smashed by the heavy seas. When morning came the ghost-ship had vanished, but two days later they sighted it again.

Dragging each other aboard, they were welcomed by a huge black cat. The ship had been torpedoed and abandoned, but still floated. For eight days they lived aboard the derelict, until a corvette took them off and landed them at a British port. The cat, scratching and biting, refused to leave.

From: *Journal of Commerce and Shipping Telegraph*



Photo by Alan Villiers

## Two Little Kittens, One Stormy Night . . .

TWO little kittens, yes, but it was not a stormy night! One fine night, there was much mewing down near the front door of the Missions to Seamen, and, after investigating the cause, a shoe box was found on the door step, (well supplied with air-holes, but tightly tied down) containing two tiny kittens. Some unkind person did not want these wee scraps but we are very glad they realised that the Mission is kind to animals and that the seamen welcome a kitten, however small; and anyway, there were an awful lot of holes in the box! The kittens were soon named Jimmy and Sheila! Sheila was soon away on a ship leaving the port and Jimmie is to follow

suit as soon as possible. Not many evenings later, a very fine little kitten appeared on the scene. He just walked in! No spectacular shoe-box full of holes for him . . . he just walked in! The same evening a home was offered to him and one of our lady helpers went home minus her cardigan, having rolled the kitten in it! Not many evenings later yet another kitten came to join the now growing-up Jimmie! Surely a strange coincidence that no less than four kittens arrived at the Missions to Seamen in the same month; evidently the kittens must think with their small brains what the Society stands for, to help you on your way.

From: *The Flying Angel*  
*Missions to Seamen Buenos Aires*

## They Met in a "Diner"

Scene 1. An express train. Two men, one in uniform of a Naval Officer and the other in that of the Merchant Navy, are sitting opposite each other at a table in a dining-car. They are strangers, but get into conversation. They are both sailors. Their meal is over and the Merchant Navy Officer insists on paying the bill. "Sorry it's nothing better than sausage and mash," he says. "It'll be my turn next time," said the Naval Officer.

Scene 2. Months later. The Naval Officer is in command of a corvette 500 miles from the African coast. The look-out reports an object some miles away. It turns out to be a raft with one man on it. He is the survivor of a torpedoed ship. He is taken aboard the corvette and the Captain comes to greet him. It was his companion of the dining-car. "I owe you a dinner this time," he says. "Come along."

From: *The Church and the Sailor*

## John Paul Jones Sails Again

Kin of Revolutionary Hero, a Liberty Ship Officer, Was Under 5-Day Attack

John Paul Jones, a second assistant engineer and a direct descendant of the famous Revolutionary naval hero, has returned to New York from a four-month voyage to Oran and invasion shores carried out in the Bonhomme Richard tradition.

Mr. Jones told his story yesterday of how America has just begun to fight at the recruiting office of the War Shipping Administration, 45 Broadway. Today he will take a plane or a train to Denver, Col., his home, where another John Paul Jones, his two-month-old son, awaits his acquaintance.

He sailed from New York in the spring on a Liberty ship operated by the South Africa Line. A few days after his convoy left port a companion tanker was sunk by a torpedo.

Mr. Jones alternated in standing in the engine room and manning a 20 mm. gun throughout the voyage. After arriving at Oran the ship shuttled back and forth to numerous near-by African ports "but the trips were quiet," according to Mr. Jones. "There was an air raid in each of the towns just after we left except the third one. We weren't touched."

### Leaves Oran for Salerno

On Sept. 3 the ship left Oran on its biggest adventure—the invasion of Italy via the beaches of Salerno. Seventy planes attacked the second wave of invasion ships to arrive at Bizerte.

"We laid up a sweet barrage and of the twenty which got through the fighters we saw twelve come down. Those that were left didn't hurt anything and we heard they were all intercepted and destroyed on the way back," Mr. Jones said.

Two days later the Liberty ship, loaded with bombs, gasoline, demolitions, other materials and a few troops, stood five miles off shore from Agropoli, in the Gulf of Salerno, watching a huge air raid

against the beaches.

"The closest we came to getting it was just after we got under way to leave the Gulf of Salerno," he continued. "I was in the engine room when a bomb grazed our bow. The ship sat up on her stern for a moment. Then another bomb grazed the stern and she sat up on her bow. Asbestos and other things went flying in the engine room. We were sure we were sinking. As it turned out there was damage but we got under way again in a moment."

"For the next five days until we left we were the constant target of air raids by waves of eight to nine planes. We could hardly tell when one raid was over and another was in progress. We just kept our guns aimed at the sun in the daytime and started shooting when the dive bombers came out of it."

During one of the raids a hospital ship was hit by a bomb. Another hospital ship moved around the horn of the gulf and helped evacuate survivors. On the way back this rescue ship was struck by a torpedo and sank like a rock. Three of the Liberty ships accompanying the one Mr. Jones was on were sunk.

"There were no stevedores available, so for three days in between fighting off bombers, all the officers and crew members pitched to to unload the ship. We all got an average of four hours sleep a day," said the mild mannered, twenty-seven-year-old former machinist's mate.

The return trip was without incident except for a false torpedo alarm at Gibraltar.

*Reprinted from the  
N. Y. Herald Tribune, October 20, 1943*

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** In a biography by Phillips Russell of John Paul Jones is recorded: "In August, 1776 Jones sailed for Bermuda on the first extensive open-sea cruise ever undertaken by a lone American warship. One of his first acts was to throw the whip overboard. He preferred to punish his men either by 'talking to them like a father' or by stopping their grog for three days."



## The "Francis Scott Key"

THE heroic action of two members of the U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps has been officially commended by the commander of the Naval armed guard of the SS FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, aboard which the youths were serving, the War Shipping Administration disclosed recently. The young men are Cadet-Midshipman P. B. Moran, whose home is at 657 Eagle Avenue, The Bronx, New York, N. Y., and Cadet-Midshipman W. J. Kutney, of 408 North Main Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

As an example of Cadet-Midshipman Moran's courage, Lieut. (j.g.) D. T. Broderick, Jr., USNR, reports that while the Liberty Ship was in Murmansk harbor, Cadet-Midshipman Moran was in a hotel struck by a heavy German bomb. The structure immediately burst into flame but Moran escaped. When he learned a Russian Army Officer was still inside, unconscious from the smoke, the American youth re-entered at great risk and rescued the officer.

On another occasion, at Murmansk, incendiary bombs fell on the deck of the FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, making it a visible target to the German night bombers. With others, Cadet-Midshipman Moran volunteered to extinguish the incendiaries. Several large bombs fell near the vessel while they engaged in this very hazardous task. They persevered, however, and saved the ship from serious damage. Moran was also cited for saving a drowning Navy gunner. Lieutenant Broderick comments:

"As a naval officer, I would be proud

to have Cadet-Midshipman Moran as a member of my service. He is very definitely a credit to the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy."

The stay of the FRANCIS SCOTT KEY in Russia was necessarily so prolonged, both Moran and Kutney organized basketball and baseball games between ships crews and with Russian Army and Navy teams, definitely international morale-builders.

Cadet-Midshipman Kutney was stationed at a 20 mm. anti-aircraft gun during action against German planes, Lieut. Broderick recounts. He was wounded by shrapnel but refused to leave his station and assisted in driving the enemy off without damage to the ship. On another occasion when the ship's master was seriously wounded, Cadet-Midshipman Kutney took over as third mate in creditable fashion.

"On 13 March, 1943, a heavy German air raid occurred during Cadet-Midshipman Kutney's watch," Lieut. Broderick reports. "His presence of mind and swift action without regard for personal safety in leading an emergency detail to extinguish a large number of incendiary bombs which had fallen on deck, saved the vessel from possible serious consequences."

"I am certain that with men of this caliber as its officers of tomorrow, the American Merchant Marine will take a place second to none among maritime nations."

The FRANCIS SCOTT KEY was built in the Bethlehem-Fairfield shipyard, Baltimore, and is operated by Lykes Bros.



*Courtesy, Jenkins Bros., Manufacturers of Jenkins Valves*

## "We Regret to Inform You . . ."

*A seaman's wife showed us a telegram from the Coast Guard and the letter from the Maritime Commission she received notifying her that her husband had been killed in the line of duty and under enemy attack.*

NQ 61 Western Union  
Gov't. Washington, D. C. Dec. 2

The Navy Department deeply regrets to inform you that your husband L. E. W. was killed at sea following action in the performance of his duty and in the service of his country. The Coast Guard extends to you its sincerest sympathy in your great loss. To prevent possible aid to our enemies please do not divulge the name of ship.

Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard  
Vice Admiral R. R. Waesche

War Shipping Administration  
Washington, D. C.

Jan. 20

We know that words of condolence can be of little comfort to you in your grief for the death of your brave husband, L. E. W., but we want you to feel we share in your sorrows. As truly as any member of our Armed Forces who is killed in battle your husband gave his life for our country and the cause for which it fights—the hope of freedom on this earth for all mankind. We want you to know we appreciate the magnitude of the debt our country owes him, a debt it cannot repay, but which will never be forgotten.

### THE LETTER HOME

By Seaman Hank Abrams

Dear Dad: I don't know why I started  
But can't say from how or where  
The only thing I'm certain of, I'm  
sure enough not there.  
I can't tell how I travelled,  
On foot or car or train  
Or if I sailed the ocean blue  
Or took a transport plane.  
I can't say when I landed  
Set foot upon the sod  
For if I mentioned one darn thing  
We both might face a firing squad.  
I can't talk of the weather  
That also is taboo  
I can't say it rained or snowed  
We had a heavy dew.  
So the next time I'm writing home  
I'm sure it will be safer  
To just enclose an envelope  
And insert a piece of paper.

With a deeper understanding than is given to most landsmen, a seafaring man whose life has been spent contesting the elements finds man-made tyranny and inequalities insufferable. Perhaps that is why such men as your husband have shown themselves ready to give their lives in a Service where the rewards of heroism are so few and which demands of its men the grimmest form of courage. It takes an iron fortitude and indifference to danger to be a good merchant seaman in this war. Their duty is to face — on every voyage — the constant threat of death, and go on with their work accepting this threat as the commonplace risk of a day's job. And when their luck runs out, their duty is to accept death too, in the same spirit of unflinching loyalty to their Service and the task assigned them.

Above all, we want you to know we share your pride in the memory of his heroic spirit. That spirit did not die with him. It will live as long as the history of our country, because by his death he has left our people with a nobler heritage of self-sacrifice.

Sincerely yours,  
E. S. Land,  
Administrator.

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restrictions.

THE LETTER HOME. A scene in the enlisted men's quarters. Photograph of a drawing by Lieut. (jg) Mitchell Jamieson, U.S.N.R. from "THE NAVY AT WAR". Paintings and Drawings by Combat Artists. Published by Wm. Morrow.

## "They Have Brought Us Our Life Blood"

AMERICAN merchant vessels, delivering troops and supplies to the various theatres of war, cover routes totalling 56,000 miles, according to a recent report issued by General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, U. S. Army.

In giving some indication of the shipping needed for a modern army, General Marshall wrote: "An average of six measurement tons of cargo space per soldier is required. Maintenance requirements average one measurement ton per man per month." A convoy of cargo ships must carry bombs for the aircraft, tanks of all sizes, PT boats, trucks, jeeps and planes, gasoline, locomotives, railway equipment, guns of all calibre, food, medicine, clothing and the life-giving blood plasma.

Is it any wonder that General MacArthur says that the Merchant Marine bring them "our life blood"?

Here at the Institute we are proud of our long association with the Merchant Marine, and you, as one of our generous friends, have also been identified with this work in their behalf. We are constantly striving to better their living conditions ashore, to make their time ashore happy and comfortable, to provide wholesome clean beds, adequate meals and plenty of recreation so as to build them up for the next long voyage "in convoy".

Over 5,000 of these gallant seamen have given their lives during this war for the cause of Freedom, and as truly as any member of our Armed Forces who is killed in battle they gave their lives for our country and the cause for which we fight. Lest we forget their sacrifices, let us continue to befriend the living seamen who carry on for their lost shipmates.

We are counting on your continued generous and loyal support.

Please send contributions to the  
WAYS AND  
MEANS FUND,  
25 South Street,  
New York 4, N. Y.  
Make checks payable to the SEA-  
MEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF  
NEW YORK.  
Contributions are  
tax-exempt.



Courtesy Jenkins Bros. Manufacturers of Jenkins Valves

## Torpedoed Ghost Ship, Makes Port

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### A CORRECTION

To The Lookout Editor:

The song "I'll go to Sea No More," which appears in the January, 1944 issue of The Lookout is clearly the same as "The River Lea" which was sung for me a good many years back by Sam Peck, a former officer in sail. Mr. Peck told me that he composed the words and air of this song. It is to be found in my book "Songs of American Sailors" (W. W. Norton & Co.). I notice that you have it credited to Michael Folan.

Sincerely yours,  
Joanna C. Colcord.

(Editor's Note: The credit line in The Lookout should have read "As sung by Michael Folan." Mr. Folan made no claim to have composed the song.

Mr. Folan writes: "I did not compose that ditty, but during the last war while I was a gunner aboard the British cargo ship "Hermia", the Bo'sun whose name was Tom Livingstone, was always singing it, and it was from him I picked it up. Livingstone served for many years in sail, and he told me the song was composed by somebody aboard the British 4 Masted Barque "Marion Lightbody". That is all I know about the matter. I have never heard of Sam Peck, but maybe he is right."

## Entertaining Merchant Seamen at the Janet Roper Club

3 East 67th Street, maintained by the Institute.



Debutante Committee joins with seamen in singing current popular songs.



Seamen serve tea to Hostess Elsie Arnold of the "Oklahoma" Company.



Blue Hill Troupe and seamen sing favorite songs from Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

## New Raft Equipment

Bloomfield, N. J., — The raft, heretofore a symbol of despair, is being converted by war-spurred scientists into a bobbing island of hope and no little comfort.

Tiny radio sets capable of sending an SOS over 400 miles have been installed. Westinghouse lamp experts revealed that they have perfected a lamp to draw rescuer's attention to the smallest and lightest raft.

### Tiny, Powerful Lamp

It is a lamp that could be put in a vest pocket, yet it casts a beam theoretically visible from 60 nautical (70 land) miles and guaranteed to call attention under average sea conditions up to 12 miles away.

Planes or ships summoned by radio thus won't have to wait for daylight to spot a tiny point on the ocean. Each lamp, projecting 1500 candlepower, is attached to a band fitted to the wearer's head, something like a miner's cap. It will burn 10 nights, or 100 hours.

In addition to shooting out its prodigious beam the new rescue lamp can, by means of a trigger switch, serve also as a blinker.

## NEW-TYPE LIFE RAFT

An improved type of life saving raft has been developed by several companies throughout the country for the use of merchant seamen torpedoed, bombed or shelled at sea. The raft carries a sail, berth beds for injured men, fishing tackle and may be equipped with a stove for cooking sea food, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute.

The raft not only has emergency rations, but also carries nearly every type of first-aid equipment which might be needed after a disaster. The first-aid kit includes bandages, compresses, boric acid, ointment, tourniquets, forceps, eye dressings, sulfanilamide crystals, benzedrine and phenobarbital. Instruction for the use of all are printed on the packages which are enclosed in watertight transparent covers.

## FIREPROOF LIFEBOAT

LONDON, Jan. 3 (AP).—Construction of a wooden lifeboat which does not catch fire even when passing through forty-foot flames fed by burning oil was announced here today. An asbestos hood sprayed by thirty gallons of water a minute covers the boat, the British Information Service said. The craft is intended especially for use by crews of torpedoed tankers.

"A close study of Emergency Lifeboat Equipment".



U. S. Maritime Service Training Station, St. Petersburg, Florida

## Ship News

### CLASPKNIFE SURGERY SAVES LIFE OF SEAMAN;

Liverpool, England.—How the mate of a vessel torpedoed in the Atlantic performed a claspknife operation in a drifting lifeboat and saved the life of a steward, was described when the survivors reached Liverpool.

The steward was Joe Wilkinson, 18, of Liverpool. His right arm was shattered; shell splinters were in the other; his foot was injured, and pieces of shrapnel were embedded in his back.

The men in the lifeboat, 17 of them, held a conference to decide how to save his life and the second mate made the decision.

#### Shrapnel Removed

"Some of that shrapnel in his back is pressing on the lung," he said. "We must get it out."

There was an oil stove in the lifeboat and it was turned up. The second mate drew his knife and cauterized the blade in the flame.

"Get started," said Wilkinson grinning.

The amateur surgeon slid the blade into the wound; probed and found the hidden metal, and with a few deft strokes, recovered the shrapnel.

"It didn't hurt a bit," said the youth later. That was because the flesh was numb from exposure.

Then his pals set out to nurse him, as well as they could. They tore their shirts to make bandages to stop the bleeding and to dress his other injuries.

The lifeboat was sighted after four-and-a-half days by another ship, and the survivors landed in Iceland. A doctor extracted the other splinters from Wilkinson's arms. He said the youth's life had been saved by the prompt operation.

Wilkinson still is an out-patient at a Liverpool hospital, but he is going to sea again. Jan. 2, 1944, *Bronx Home News*

### BRIDGE OF SHIPS

Since Pearl Harbor, 2,651 new ships have been built for the Maritime Commission—enough to circle the earth at the Equator if the ships were strung in a line, ten miles apart. The carrying capacity of these ships is enough to fill a railroad freight train reaching from Alaska to the Panama Canal.

Vice-Admiral, Emory S. Land  
Chairman, Maritime Commission

The 2,100 ocean-going ships added to the American merchant marine since the launching of the first Liberty ship on September 27, 1941 could form a veritable bridge across the Atlantic, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute. The route from New York to English ports is approximately 3,100 miles by the Great Circle route which

theoretically would place all ships within sight of the preceding and following vessels, or about two-thirds of a mile apart.

### MERCHANT FLEET ESSENTIAL TO DEFENSE

An adequate merchant marine is an essential part of the sea power of the United States, Sheldon Clark, of Chicago, president of the Navy League of the United States, said at the annual membership meeting of the League.

Mr. Clark said merchant shipping and a powerful Navy were the "twin components of victory today and security tomorrow."

"Let us remember," he said, "that it is our fighting Navy and our merchant shipping which are holding the war away from our shores and which can hold the war away again if it threatens later."

### BONDS BUY RAFTS

"The bonds we buy and the taxes we pay produce bombs that will drop on Hirohito and Hitler. But they also pay for . . . life-rafts, for instance, and "Mae Wests", the inflatable vests, and first-aid kits and an emergency fishing kit. Bonds and taxes pay for them, too. Do you begrudge your share in helping equip a life-raft?"

From The Greenwich Villager.  
By Nathaniel S. Olds,



U. S. Maritime Service Training Station  
St. Petersburg, Florida

"A spear is attached to an oar — one of many innovations of this emergency fishing kit".

## Book Reviews

### A SHIP TO REMEMBER

#### The Saga of the Hornet

By Alexander R. Griffin

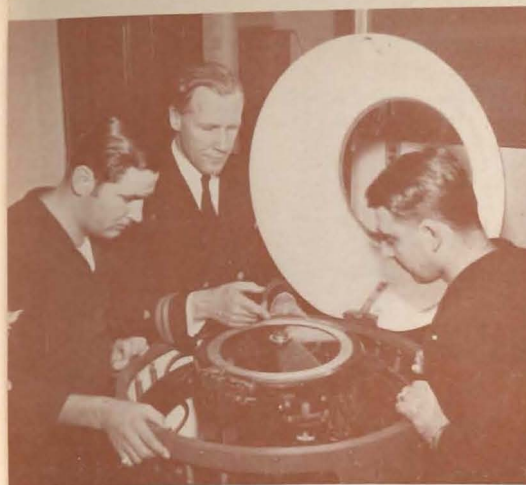
Horwell, Soskin. 1943. \$2.50 Illus.

It was only nineteen days after Pearl Harbor when the Hornet left Norfolk on her shakedown cruise. Ten months later she was to be one of the casualties of the Battle of the Pacific. Mr. Griffin gives an account of those months, of the raids on Japanese supply lines, of the ferrying to within 800 miles of Japan of Doolittle's bombers, of the battle of Midway, of the Solomons, of Bougainville. It was an efficient and deadly fighting force that had been made from a largely inexperienced crew. Seven hundred of her enlisted personnel, were boys fresh from civilian life who had had only ninety days training at Great Lakes Training Station before boarding ship. Half of her fliers were veterans but the other half were fresh from Pensacola. The story is of the almost unbelievable heroism of these men, the carrier's fliers and ship personnel. And while it is primarily the biography of one aircraft carrier, it is also the story of our first year of war with Japan.

I. M. A.

### NOTICE

We have again been invited to share in the proceeds of Lewis & Conger's annual "NAME-YOUR-OWN-CHARITY SALE", which lasts throughout the month of MARCH. This means that we will receive TEN PER CENT of the amount of all purchases made by our friends during this month, if they will mention the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York* when they make their purchases. Every department is included — even the Sleep Shop, Garden Shop, Bath Shop, and Closet Shop—and as you know, Lewis & Conger are famous for their many unusual gift articles, toiletries, etc., as well as housewares. So be good enough to plan ahead and do your important Spring shopping in Lewis & Conger during March — and please tell your friends *to do likewise!* In this way you will be rendering us a very substantial service for which we will be most grateful!



Inspecting the Sperry gyroscope compass.



Using the sextant to determine ship's position.

## Marine Poetry

### COMPASS

The steel splinter  
Floats in a pool of light  
And aims pass Baffin Land  
To the remnant isles  
Where the lodestone fell  
And spattered the map  
Like a broken mirror.  
The finger in the binacle  
Quivers at the pull  
Of lesser magnets  
Under the skin of earth,  
Wavers and returns again  
To the summons from Franklin Strait,  
Ninety-sixth meridian  
Under Fort Ross.  
The needle points,  
Not at the hub of the world  
That glistened for Peary  
Nor the axle that spun  
Invisible to eyes of Richard Byrd  
But at the iron core of earth  
Off center as the throb of being  
In the breast of men.

By A. M. Sullivan

### SEXTANT

Euclid devised the trap  
By which the sailor's eye  
Captures the angle of light  
To mark his compass by  
And he follows the dancing sun  
Over the arc of sky.  
Though waters be dark and strange  
Heaven's a familiar place  
As the map of the stars unroll  
To the man who measures space  
With the light of a thousand suns  
Burning upon his face.  
The pioneer in the valley  
Was a man of a sterling breed,  
With the transit, level and bob  
He staked the angles of need  
But the acres of sovereign water  
Are written in no deed.  
Lost with the churn of the wheel  
And the glow of the phosphor wick  
Is the ship that fades in the mist  
But the sailor has learned the trick  
Of steering home with a star  
At the end of a golden stick.

By A. M. Sullivan

Courtesy *Dun's Review*

### THE OLD DOCK

It's down at the end of a dead-end street,  
And often its splinters have kissed my feet,  
The gypsy feet of a barefoot boy,  
Who dreamed of Carthage, Cathay and Troy!  
And many's the time its logs came loose—  
Oaken timbers, and pine, and spruce . . .  
I'd lash them together with joy profound  
And drift down-river adventure bound!  
Or when work for father was not so good

Those logs made excellent firewood,  
And their sparks would race from the fireplace  
To light up my mother's wonderful face!  
It's down at the end of a dead-end street,  
The old, old dock with its memories sweet,  
And I feel that it dreams when it sees me, too,  
Of a flimsy raft and a one-boy crew!

Reprinted from "Day Unto Day"  
By: Nick Kenny

Published by Frederick Fell, \$2.00

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"SURVIVORS OF THE HORNET"



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