

# The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

Vol. XLIII

JUNE

## A PRAYER FOR SEAMEN

O Eternal God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the winds, we commend to thy almighty protection all seamen, for whose preservation on the great deep our prayers are offered. Guard them from the dangers of the sea, from sickness, from violence of enemies, and from evils to which they may be exposed. Conduct them to the havens where they would be, with a grateful sense of thy mercies; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Adapted from the Book of Common Prayer

# The LOOKOUT

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## STAMP COLLECTORS

The Institute is agent for First Day Covers for the maiden voyage of the super-liner, S.S. *United States*. Collectors will provide their own unstamped self-addressed envelopes, any size that will allow for a 3 by 2 inch printed cachet. Cacheted Covers will also carry a signature of the ship's Captain. Send 50 cents in coin or money order to the Seamen's Church Institute Cover Agency, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

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# The Lookout

VOL. XLIII

June, 1952

NO. 6

## Navy Honors Transport Officers



Merchant Marine Skipper, Neils Olsen, now Master of the MSTS *Gen. A. W. Greely* receiving medal from Undersecretary of the Navy, Francis P. Whitehair, for his part in the rescue of the *Flying Enterprise* crew.

**T**HE HIGHEST non-military award, the Navy's Distinguished Civilian Service medal, was presented recently to three officers of the transport *Gen. A. W. Greely* for their part in the daring rescue of the passengers and crew of the freighter *Flying Enterprise* last December. This marked the first time the award has gone to civilian personnel of the Military Sea Transportation Service.

Captain Neils Olsen's citation praised his outstanding judgment, leadership and professional skill in directing the rescue. George C. Jullien, Chief Mate, and Robert L. Husband, 2nd Mate, were praised for their outstanding courage and leadership in the face of danger by voluntarily risking their personal safety.

The story of the rescue of the *Enterprise* survivors is an absorbing tale of heroism and brilliant seamanship. While lifeboats from other ships capsized, or were otherwise incapacitated, the men of the *Greely* accomplished the almost impossible feat of making four trips in the violent seas, rescuing thirty-six passengers and crewmen who had jumped into the sea from the foundering ship. In swells so heavy the lifeboat rose many times above the level of the weather deck, all the survivors were hauled aboard the *Greely* without injury.

## The S.S. United States Goes to Sea

**T**HE greatest shipping news in many decades, the new Atlantic speed queen *S.S. United States* made her debut last month on a sea trial off the Virginia capes. On July 3 she will sail on her maiden voyage for Le Havre and Southampton.

On her first voyage she will carry First Day Covers for stamp collectors that will be back stamped either England or France to the collectors' expressed preference, and they will carry an authorized signature of the ship's captain, Commodore Harry Manning. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York will act as agent for the First Day Covers of the 52,000 ton superliner. Proceeds of these Cacheted Covers will be used to help maintain welfare, health, religious, recreational and educational facilities for active merchant seamen at the Institute.

The *United States* was built at a cost of from seventy to seventy-five million dollars by the United States Lines and the U. S. Maritime Commission. Designed by Gibbs and Cox of New York, in close collaboration with naval authorities, she was planned as two ships in one. For peacetime use, the liner will be the greatest luxury vessel afloat. During war emergency she will be used as a giant transport.

One of her most highly guarded secrets is her ultimate potential speed. Federal officials have not disclosed the actual speed mark, but it is known to be upwards of thirty-two knots. The present record holder, the *Queen Mary*, once steamed an entire day at 32.08 knots.

The *United States* will be revolutionary in the merchant marine. She incorporates more aluminum than any vessel afloat. The long promenade deck is railed in aluminum, as is most of her bulk-heading above the main deck. The lifeboats on the ship will be all aluminum. Heretofore ships have had aluminum lifeboats that contained wooden seats, rudders and

oars. These lifeboats have aluminum and there is absolutely nothing that will burn in them.

Her ventilating system is unique for a ship, being the most complete air conditioning system ever installed on a vessel. It will both heat and cool the passenger or crew member by his own adjustment of a thermostat in his room.

The decorations in the public rooms of the ship are completely American, done by American artists. The aim of the decorators and consultants was an art program in her decoration that would represent the United States of America in a visual manner, and at its best. The artistic conceptions of style, such as "conservative" or "modern" has not been considered; rather, the character and honest expression of function was carried out. Her paint, upholstery and all other materials are fireproofed. Only a piano and a butcher's block on board will burn, and, of course, the cargo that is carried on the ship.

She will ordinarily carry 2,000 passengers and a 1,000 crew. Defense features will make it possible for her to carry a division of men 10,000 miles without a halt for water, fuel or other supplies.

Here are some tips on her many other features which one should look for when she is visited in New York Harbor:

See the automatic hatch covers which carry automobiles easily.

Note the tremendous bow and stem anchors.

Examine the fireproof life preservers. They contain no cork.

Visit the spacious dog kennels and the dog run.

See the magnificent ballroom on the promenade deck.

*Know that she is the greatest ship ever built in America!*



Courtesy, Gibbs & Cox  
Designers of the *S.S. United States*

The dominant motif of the sculptured mural decorations for the first class dining room of the *S.S. United States* is an arrangement of four almost life size symbolic female figures representing the basic democratic freedoms. The figures were sculptured by Gwen Lux from foam glass, an entirely new medium for sculptors, used because it was fireproof and extremely light. The sculptures are painted a warm, off-white tone with accents of gold and black to give richness and life. At left, Miss Lux, working from a scaffold, is adding a touch of color to one of the figures.

## Ship Models Attract Crowds at Roger Kent

**A**N UNUSUAL exhibit of old ship models are being displayed in the windows of Roger Kent, Men's Clothiers, 50 Rockefeller Plaza. These rare examples of minute craftsmanship are being shown through the courtesy of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

The Institute had its beginning in 1844, when the Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society established a "floating church" at the foot of Pike Street, East River, New York. Today the Institute has become the largest shore home in the world for active merchant seamen of all races, ratings and creeds. As many as 5,000 seamen cross the Institute's threshold every day to find a friendly welcome between voyages to the ports of the world. In an average year, the Institute provides 300,000 lodgings and serves over a million meals.

The models shown at Roger Kent were made by seamen in the late 18th and 19th centuries to while away time on long voyages around the Horn. Pains-takingly constructed to exact scale from actual plans of ships, they normally took from two to three years to build. Today, ship modeling is very nearly a lost art, making the models shown in the Roger Kent windows unique and almost priceless.

To give an outlet to a desire for self-expression, 20th century seamen busy themselves with writing, painting, and sculpture. To illustrate this phase of a seaman's life, Roger Kent, with the cooperation of the Institute, are also exhibiting paintings and sculpture done by today's seamen in their leisure time. These are being shown in the other seven Roger Kent shops in New York. The works represent the effort of the members of the *Seamen's Artists and Writers Club*, another phase of activities sponsored and supported by the Seamen's Church Institute.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *This is an excerpt from a new story that is appearing throughout the country.*



Today ship models to exact scale are invaluable to naval architecture. Ship modeling by seamen is now almost a lost art. Pictured is a very old model built by a seaman.

## Ship's Whistle Seen on Radar Scope

**A**N electronic ship's whistle whose sound can be actually seen on radar has been developed and is now undergoing tests in New York harbor. This is expected to reduce marine casualties and will facilitate safe movement of vessels during bad weather in congested ports. The device which is called *Radent* — for RADar iDENTification — has been under experimentation since October by the Sperry Gyroscope Co. The basic idea was originally developed for the harbor radar at Liverpool, England where fog and bad weather greatly hinder ship movements in and out of the harbor. Although the *Radent* system is expected to become a major feature of any future marine identification system, there still may be changes in the new device before it is put into general use.

*Radent* enables radar operators to tell which ship is which pip on their radar scope. It consists of a small portable black box which is connected to a special two-way short wave communications system. A watch officer can identify his ship on the radar scope of any other ship, or of any harbor radar station, simply by aiming the black box at the other ship and pressing the trigger. Instantly, a small blob of light will appear on the other ship's radar to point out unmistakably the pip which represents the position of the first ship.

When the operator at a harbor radar station wishes to find a particular ship on his radar scope, he calls that ship and asks its watch officer to point the *Radent* box at the radar station. Then, a tail of light (or radent mark) grows out behind the pip that represents that particular ship on the harbor operator's scope. This marker positively identifies the ship to which the radar station operator is talking.

*Radent* can work as well between two ships as it can between a ship and shore radar. When two ships



come within close range, another component of the black box comes into play, acting as a proximity warning device. Actually, it works like a whistle or fog-horn, but accomplishes much more. The *keyer*, as it is called, causes a special transmitter to emit continuous low-power radio pulses similar to blasts of a fog-horn. When other ships come within range, their watch officers will hear these impulses over a special communications receiver and will be warned that the ship is near. These pulses can also be coded so that they can carry useful information between the ships. This will help overcome language difficulties between ships of different flags.

Mr. Louis Lopez, Instructor at the Institute's radar school, states that "One of the difficulties of the present radar system is that all ships look alike on a radar scope, and there is no positive means for distinguishing one from the other. The harbor radar operator must observe and guide the movements of ships by a "walkie talkie" radiophone set carried by the pilot. But because the harbor radar operator cannot distinguish which ship is requesting instructions, progress is greatly impeded."

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# THE SURVIVING STERN OF "FORT MERCER"

## Sixty Seamen Saved

*Left:* Last 2 seamen rescued just before the bow sank.

*Right:* Sixteen rugged crewmen remain on stern being towed 260 miles.

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*Courtesy Columbia Rope Co. Publication  
N. Y. Daily News Photos*

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York has been "home port" for seamen for 118 years. It is essential that the Institute be always ready and prepared to serve them when they are ashore. Thanks to your help, our doors are always open to seamen from every part of the free world.

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# Warning Light

By Don D. Brown, Bo's'n



**S**UPERSTITIONS of the sea never worried me much. They are simple truths—or facts, that are called superstitions by those who never sail, and who can't understand the strange things that can happen to a man when he is far out at sea. But there was once a strange phenomenon that even I wonder about, though I have to believe it—for it happened to me.

I was standing a midnight lookout on the *S.S. Cape San Diego*, bound from Los Angeles to Calcutta. It was in the late summer of 1944 and we were in the Indian Ocean. It was one of those pitch dark nights in which any tiny ray of light is easily distinguishable.

Staring moodily into space, I was dreaming of a certain little Australian girl, when suddenly out of the darkness, about two points on the starboard bow, I saw a faint light appear. It was so faint at first that I shook my head and blinked my eyes, thinking it was imagination. Perhaps it was, but I couldn't shake it off. The more I watched, the brighter it became until it seemed to take on the form of a whispering face hanging out of the darkness.

The strange thing was that when I closed my eyes it remained, and when I opened them it was even more real. I was frozen to the spot. I couldn't shake it off nor could I turn my head away from it. As I watched this unbelievable figure, appearing as just a face in the darkness, I felt that it was telling me something. Fascinated, I leaned forward to catch its meaning.

Just when it seemed almost to speak, it faded away. As I stood alone on the flying bridge in that terrible darkness, I was suddenly very much afraid. I decided to concentrate on that very same spot on the horizon and see if it would appear again. Never had I found it so hard to concentrate but just as I was about to give up, the small light appeared again. It appeared faintly and I strained every muscle, my eyes riveted on it, but again it disappeared into darkness. I stood there weak and shaking, not knowing what to do. To report such an incident to the mate on watch would be foolish as he would never believe it. Nor would any of the others for that matter. Finally, I was relieved of my station, and felt it was a Godsend. I made a beeline for my room, telling no one of my strange experience. There was no sleep for me the rest of the night but I just could not understand the meaning of that lighted face.

The following night I went unwillingly to my station as lookout on the flying bridge. I wondered whether it would happen again. I tried to pass off last night's incident as an overdose of imagination. The night was a fairly light one although no moon was in the sky. I was pacing the bridge

back and forth, idly scanning the horizon when I suddenly spied an unmistakable dark object on the starboard bow. I knew at once that it was a submarine. Several enemy submarines were known to be operating in those waters.

I ran to the speaking tube and yelled:

"Submarine two points on the starboard bow!"

As I did so I could see the wake of a torpedo released by the sub heading for us. The general alarm was ringing and I heard the second mate yell, "Hard right" to the helmsman. That second mate was really on the ball for the torpedo missed us. After an exciting two hour chase, daylight came and we escaped without incident.

When I retired that morning I remembered the strange incident of the night before. It suddenly occurred to me that my grandfather, who had been very close to me during my childhood, had died years before on that exact day. We had all been standing at his bedside just as the clock struck midnight. He had regained consciousness the moment before he closed his eyes forever. He looked over the family, then his eyes sought me.

"Son," he had said, "All of my hopes are in you. You will grow into a fine man. Remember that if I can, I will always be watching over you."

Suddenly I sat up in bed, wondering. That had all been so long ago, its memory was dim . . . but could there be any connection? . . . my laughter was hollow as I lay back down.

## Seamen's Singing Chaplain

**"WITH a song in my heart"** really will be the theme of many a convalescing patient in U. S. Public Health Service Hospital, Clifton, now that the Rev. John Evans, "singing chaplain of seamen," has been assigned there as a resident.

He divides his time among the Clifton hospital, the one at Manhattan Beach and the Seamen's Church Institute, Manhattan.

Nightly in those wards where patients are bedridden the minister brings his guitar or an instrument from his collection of zithers, and strikes up a tune. Soon those men who can, one by one, join in until a lively community sing is in session.

In his service to merchant seamen, the chaplain said his most challenging task is to help those ill or convalescing to feel that they are useful again. One patient learned to carve in wood and the result is that he presented a delicate-carved missal stand to the little chapel in the hospital. Another seafarer, not to be outdone, set about embroidering a beautiful Easter frontal to cover the entire altar.



"Occupational therapy is very successful in helping these men to get well," commented Mr. Evans. "When they join in groups to sing, I find their spirits are raised greatly. Those who can come to chapel at the hospital do so and, for those who cannot, I go to them."

The work of visiting hospital chaplains is a very important phase of services being performed for seamen by the Seamen's Church Institute. Five chaplains are always on call through the Institute.

*From the Staten Island Advance*

# Rescue on the High Seas

By Franklin A. Picker, Jr., Ass't Purser

IT WAS just an ordinary day filled with routine things. Aboard the *S.S. Marine Perch*, westbound to New York, we were already guessing at an arrival time. And it was just before lunch on this ordinary day when a lightning bolt struck! It was in the form of a message over the radio waves. It was a Coast Guard order:

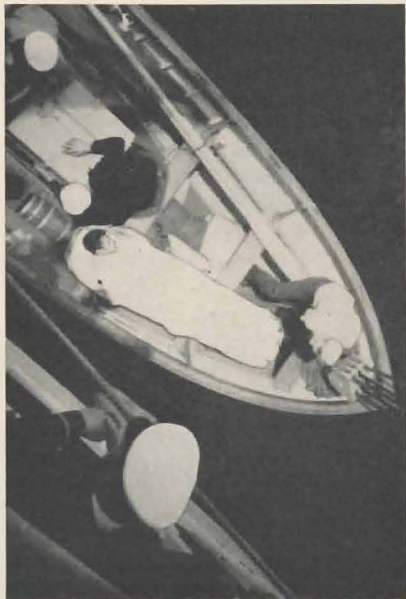
"Proceed immediately to render assistance to seriously injured officer aboard Greek *S.S. Nicolau Maria*, Lat. 00°00', Long. 00°00'."

Reversing our course by almost 180 degrees, the navigator estimated that we needed 14 hours to cover the three hundred odd miles separating us from the vessel. It appeared that we would rendezvous at 2:00 A.M.

Routine things were put aside. All rescue equipment was double-checked; the doctors made ready their little black bags; volunteers for the mercy mission were chosen carefully.

The Old Man lifted his eyebrow just perceptibly when I asked to go along . . . I, a mere purser! Still, undaunted by a slight that I knew the deck officers were trying to hide from one whom they considered to be just an "office boy," I stood my ground until I was referred to the Mate. The Mate deliberated for a moment . . . he could use one more good man . . . and I must have slipped through on that classification, for he told me to stand by at 2:00 A.M.

At 2:30 A.M. I was on the shelter deck, wrapped in a life-preserver, and feeling apprehensive. Lying about a half mile away was the outline of the *S.S. Nicolau Maria*. Searchlights were brightening up a small patch of coal black sea when a lifeboat with seamen was lowered from the boatdeck to the shelter deck, where the Mate and doctors preceded me into the boat.



Less than a minute later we were free of the ship and on our mission, but we had filled that minute interval with enough experiences for a dozen missions.

"Lower away," we heard as we had climbed into the boat. And with that, we fell from gravity davits into the sea. At the exact instant that men were manipulating the releasing gear, lowering us, a swell picked up our motor lifeboat, tossing it against the hull of the ship with a violent jolt. One doctor was thrown overboard. The other doctor landed in a heap, and lay there, not moving. The Engineer fell across his motor, and the Mate piled on top of him. One AB bounced in fancy gyrations, and another was spun completely across the boat. The Bos'n kept upright hurdling the other who had fallen, and I came to a definite stop against a center rail. The instant the Doctor went over the side, men were pulling him back. One thing remained foremost in everyone's mind—"Get away from the ship!"

Only thirty seconds had elapsed.

We had been ping-pong balls one instant, and a man giving or following orders the next. Then, again we were pushing away, propeller turning, carefully counting noses lest anyone was lost.

Heading for our objective, we took inventory of the damage. One doctor, though soaking wet, was undamaged. The other doctor hadn't moved since landing in the bottom of the lifeboat. A cursory examination revealed a broken or dislocated shoulder and a broken wrist. The Bos'n's legs were cut and swelling, and one appeared to be broken. The Engineer had cuts, and his eye was swelling. Numerous gashes covered the Mate's legs. I was still whole, I discovered.

Through heavy swells, we approached our goal. The swells were so large, and the Greek ship rolling so much, it seemed that a chance wave might set us, boat and all, right up on her deck. The Mate in charge decided to wait. In daylight the rescue would be risky enough—but in darkness—well, there would be no prizes for effort. Circling back near the *Marine Perch* we flashed in code that we could not return, nor could we complete our mission. It meant only one thing, and the message came back to us. "Ride it out until daylight"—four and a half hours away.

Those were long, uncomfortable hours, and it was only slightly reassuring to see two large ships nearby on the moments when we bobbed high on the crest of a wave. I quietly sat there wondering what in blazes had caused me to volunteer for this—wishing the rolling I was experiencing was in my bunk aboard the *Perch*. The men talked quietly, careful to display as little concern as possible. Water cans were passed repeatedly, and many times in our conversations the mission was completed successfully.

At seven thirty in the morning we were back alongside our mother ship. In order to make room in which to handle the injured Greek officer, it was necessary to move our own injured doctor back onto the ship. This

we did by rolling him onto a stretcher that was lowered to us. Then, fifteen minutes later we were back, putting the doctor aboard the Greek ship. He wasn't long in deciding that the patient would have to go back with us. Unconscious, the man was lowered over the side into our lifeboat. Then, on the last leg of our operation, we hurried back to the *Marine Perch*—our floating home.

It wasn't quite eight bells when we were back, hovering beside our ship. It was then that I found myself wondering—not about all that had happened during the night—but if I could make it to breakfast before 8:30 A.M. It is really serious when a seaman misses a thing like that, for there is a hard and fast rule on board ship that when a seaman misses a meal, he has no alternative but to wait until the next one is served.

It didn't take long to hoist the patient safely aboard. And then a hundred helping hands were boosting us all bodily over the rail, and onto the steel deckplate that I had never before missed so much. I didn't mind losing a lot of sleep that night of nights—for I did make it to breakfast—in a wild dash just before the bell called "time!"

## PRESENTS TV SET TO SEAMEN

The North American Philips Company recently presented one of its firm's 35-inch Jumbo-Vue television receivers to the Holland Room of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, for the entertainment of men of the Netherlands Merchant Marine, to give them an extra "window to America."

The gift was accepted for the seamen by Free Holland on the Seas, Inc. which operates seamen's homes ashore in both New York and New Orleans.

About 600 Dutch seamen are using the facilities of the Holland Club Room at the Institute every month.



## Book Briefs

### THE MAGGIE MURPHY

By John Joseph Ryan  
W. W. Norton & Co., \$3.00

This gaily told story of the adventures of "two Irishers" who rebuilt an old derelict boat, installed a seventeen year old engine, and set out from Tacoma, Washington to get rich in the Alaskan salmon fisheries is good fun to read. It presents a vivid picture of life in a part of America that is still little known to those living outside of the Pacific Northwest. Comparatively little has been written about these tough, adventurous fishermen who work along the treacherous, rocky shores braving storms, ice and currents. These men braved the terrible "willy-waws," and cold, and often holed up for the winter in some wild Alaskan settlement to spend a lonely, drunken winter with the money they had made during the short fishing season. WILLIAM L. MILLER

### GREAT SHIPWRECKS AND CASTAWAYS

Edited by Charles Neider  
Harper Bros., \$3.00

This book is a find for those who like their adventure raw and ungarnished. These old tales of shipwrecks and of castaways are full of the strength, labor and sorrow of man's age-old battle with the sea. It is narrated, in each case, in diaries of survivors, found with the body of the victim. There are horrifying accounts of suffering, of cannibalisms, and of the drinking of human and animal blood. But these are uplifted by other examples of extreme kindness and heroism, and by the deep religious spirit in which these unfortunate seafarers met their fates. W. L. M.

### SAILOR'S CHOICE

By Carl Bottume  
Little, Brown & Co., \$3.00

When the price of turtles goes so low the Skipper is ashamed to turn over the crew's share of the little money he has collected, his schooner is running at a loss. Why not accept the job of running a few machine guns into British Honduras—even though you are a British subject and may hang? Jed Simpson decided to risk it, but after getting the cargo into Belize, complications set in. Some of them were with a girl, and they all immediately multiplied!

This lively adventure has some "heart interest," and the author is obviously familiar with the turtling grounds and with the hard life of the turtle catchers. The conclusion of the situation, as it develops in the story, is just about what the reader expects, though one is not likely to entirely foresee the surprise ending.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

### FAREWELL WINDJAMMER

By Holger Tresleff  
Thames & Hudson, Inc., \$3.50

An epoch and a way of life ended with the voyage of the four-masted barque, *Passat*, in the last "grain race" from England to Australia and return in 1950 and 1951. Holger Tresleff has told a simple, unadorned story of the day-to-day happenings in the voyage on which he was one of the green hands that helped to sail the big ship. The reader feels with him, the mate's words on the last day on board when he said, "I just can't forget these ships."

W. L. M.

### THE ODYSSEY OF MISTER MAN

By Gibson Cowan

W. W. Norton Company, Inc., \$2.75

The yacht *Pelican*, now the private vessel of King Farouk, has a war-time history unknown in yachting annals. From Port Said to Membassa and back in the hottest part of the War, the *Pelican* sailed in wretched condition with a rag-tag skeleton crew, carrying a skipper that was chosen by natural selection. It was a hilarious trip as related by Gibson Cowan, London actor and theatrical producer, who was an advisory pilot in the British Army during World War II.

W. L. M.

### LIEUTENANT HORNBLOWER

By C. S. Forester

Little, Brown & Co., \$3.50

C. S. Forester has added a new volume to the Hornblower saga, and it's a good one. From the start of the West Indian cruise of the *H.M.S. Renown* under the command of the sadistic, insane Captain Sawyer, the story is chock full of sea adventure.

W. L. M.

### SAILBOAT TRAMP

By Tom Crichton

W. W. Norton Co., \$3.00

A merchant sailor, Tom Crichton carried the dream that is harbored by many . . . that of wandering all over the world from country to country in his own little boat. He accomplished every man's one-time romantic dream when he saved enough money to buy a second hand Swedish Kosterboat, built on lines of the Viking boats which had crossed the Atlantic 5 centuries before Columbus. He tells about the pleasures, the trials and troubles encountered on this three and a half year, 4,000 mile vagabonding voyage. It is a story of hilarious adventure, and is told enchantingly by a real merchant sailor, turned SAILBOAT TRAMP.

H. Mc.

## Marine Poetry

### A MAN IN "OILS"

I never see a man in "oils"  
But I am wont to say:  
"There goes a man who always toils  
No matter what the day.  
"He knows the bleak, the dark, the dank,  
The storm and ebbside low;  
He knows of every ship that sank  
From here to Scapa Flow."  
And when I see a man in oils  
I think of that . . . and more!  
Are we not all a-sail at sea,  
Hard-pressed to reach the shore?  
For life is really a journey  
That each man sails alone,  
Through calm and storm, through wind and  
rain,  
On, toward the last great Home.  
And God has planned that those who trust  
His grace shall safely land.  
How do I know? When wild gales blow,  
He guides me with His hand!

*The War Cry*

### MEN OUT OF GLOUCESTER

Gloucester men speak quietly,  
Their thoughts are broad and deep:  
Stalwart men who sail the sea  
Have memories to keep.

They have listened to the storm  
And seen it work its will:  
They have seen the spectral form  
Of fog creep in to kill.

They have sailed the seven seas—  
And some were bruised and broken:  
They are men with memories  
Whose words are softly spoken,

HARRY ELMORE HURD  
*New York Times*

### SYREN

This is my home beside the blue-green sea,  
This is my haven where I sit and rest.  
Skim past the seagulls, mewing calls to me,  
Gaze to wind dappled ocean's heaving  
breast.

I write this from my cloistered window seat,  
Watching the ships that cargo laden pass,  
Shimmer the sand entrenched in noonday  
heat,

Nimbus o'er gathered in a halo'd mass,  
Then silent the night's dark finger raised,  
Golden eyes peep from the blue tower'd  
tent,

Falling the wind to cream-froth'd craz'd  
Inferno tempest washed firmament  
Exulting and pitiless out of clear sky.  
Stars rise and stars fall acrest the sea's  
gloom,

Winds roar and echo impassioned flung  
cry—

Out on the waters—to Heaven flung spume.

FRANCES T. SHERRINGTON  
*New York Times*

Our deepest appreciation and sincere thanks to the International Business Machines Corporation for their generous gift of two electric typewriters for use in the Ways and Means Department.





### 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."