

The LOOKOUT



Acme Photo

RECOGNITION FOR THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Sanctuary: A Prayer for Humility

O God our help for ages past, our hope for years to come,
Guard the sailors on the ships, and guide them safely home.
While some in line of duty give, their lives in freedom's cause,
May we for them still carry on, nor falter, slack nor pause.
Lest we forget their deeds unsung, may we the humbler be,
And serve our country faithfully, like toilers of the sea.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIII, AUGUST, 1942

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

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

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WANTED: COFFEE URNS

Coffee is the favorite beverage of American merchant seamen. We could use four or five extra silver coffee urns in our Seamen's Lounge. Do any LOOKOUT readers wish to contribute one of these? Write to the Welfare Department, 25 South Street, if you have one to spare, and a messenger will call for it.

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.

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VOL. XXXIII

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No. 8

Insignia for Merchant Seamen

AT the request of the U. S. Maritime Commission, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York on June 26th began to give identification pins to all merchant seamen of the American Merchant Marine who have served aboard ships since Pearl Harbor. The emblem, in gold for officers and in silver for unlicensed seamen, shows the American eagle with wings outstretched to form a "V" and the slogan "Ships for Victory" engraved on an anchor. Captain Martin Goodman, principal port captain in New York of the Maritime Commission, and the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, D.D., Director of this largest shore home for merchant seamen in the world, distributed the first pins to Arthur

Higgins, age 19 (one of the youngest seamen in the merchant marine) and James Smyth, age 69 (one of the oldest).

Seamen must show identification papers and ship discharges in order to obtain this pin. The Maritime Commission hopes that the pin will be, to the American public, the "uniform" of merchant seamen. No members of seamen's families are permitted to display this badge of seamanship and only bonafide seafarers may wear them. The Institute is one of the distributing agencies for the pin in the Port of New York. Merchant seamen have expressed their appreciation of the new pin as an outward and visible badge of their trade.



Photo by
Seaman
Donald McClure

Some of My Shipmates in
Deck, Engine and Stewards
Departments on a freighter.

Medals for Merchant Marine

ON April 11th President Roosevelt approved H. J. Res. 263, which thereby became Public Law 524, 77th Congress, providing that the U.S. Maritime Commission might award distinguished service medals to men in the American Merchant Marine for meritorious conduct during the war.

Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the Commission, has announced that Paul Manship, noted sculptor and designer, has been requested to create a design for this distinguished service medal. A Com-

mittee within the Maritime Commission was established recently under Vice Admiral A. P. Fairfield as Chairman to examine reports of heroic and outstanding deeds of merchant seamen who have braved enemy attacks.

In the last war no such recognition was given the merchant seamen who showed outstanding service or conduct in the line of duty. We are sure that LOOKOUT readers will be glad to learn that such recognition awaits the brave men who are carrying the cargoes for Victory.

By Albert Richard Wetjen



International News' Photo

Rescue at Sea

Most Graphic Picture in the Battle of the Atlantic. These are American seamen, pledged to "Keep 'em sailing", and when this interruption to their work is over, they will ship again. They are among survivors of a collier that struck an enemy-planted mine. Eight seamen are bobbing in the oil-covered waters taking turns in grabbing a precarious hold on the slippery barrel. All were rescued.



Photo by Seaman Waldemar Semenov

Breakfast in a Lifeboat — Sailor is Taking One Malted Milk Pill

YOU have a drizzly, dark night and a blacked-out bulk shouldering through an ugly cross-sea. And then you have a sudden spurt of flame, the vicious hammer of an explosion, and a ship turning over, or sliding fast into the water. Never a chance! She had look-outs on the bridge, on the fo'c's'le-head, probably in the crow's-nest too. But not being a warship she had no sound-detectors aboard to give her warning, and if she had she'd be too slow to duck. She was probably an old nine-knot tub faithfully taking a cargo of onions, canned goods or lumber down to some army base in the tropics; or maybe a fast tanker with oil for the fleet. If she was the last, God help all hands! They died in the blazing oil or they never knew what hit them. Probably there wasn't even a gun aboard to fight back if the chance had come. She was just one of the merchant navy, doing a K.P. job as usual. And it was just tough the sub happened to spot her.

* * *

There's nothing to be detracted from the glamor of destroyers smashing through at thirty-five or forty knots to crack a tough job; you can't take it away from the cruisers cracking around at thirty knots to blast a few enemy bases; and you can't argue about the big battle-wagons moving in to blow anything out the water. And no one, not even the Japs, questions the Marines after Wake and Guam. The men who man these ships are O.K. No one has ever questioned the courage or ability of either the British or the American seamen in the fighting services, and from the looks of things no one will ever have to. When we get a chance we're doing a swell job along all lines, and this article is only to put in a pipe for the merchant navy. I insist on calling it that, as it deserves it.

* * *

The lugs there in the engine room and the fo'c's'le, on the bridge and in the radio shack, are in the war too. And, boy, are they in! Every naval man, every soldier based abroad, should remember and keep in mind what he owes to the lads who keep the ships floating. The cargo ships! The tankers! The transports! This is the vital supply line and don't any of us ever forget it! The boys in dungarees and coveralls, crawling out of one torpedoing to take a chance at the next, are what keep the old flag flying.

They wouldn't want to be called heroes.

They're not. They're just Americans doing a tough job and they're the lads who are doing it and will carry on. Public Law 524, approved by the President on April 11th, authorizes the Maritime Commission to award medals for outstanding conduct in line of duty to members of the American Merchant Marine. Boy, these fellows deserve it. They don't go out time after time . . . for a bonus. As one guy said to me, "Listen, fella, I'm signing again because I just don't like the Japs!" He'd been shelled twice and torpedoed once and he'd spent five days in an open boat without water, and if you can lick that spirit you can have America.

* * *

Probably in no other profession in the world are the hazards, by and large, as tough as in the merchant navy. In times of peace your sailor has to reckon on hurricanes, collisions, reefs, fire, leaking, a sea coming aboard and washing him over, or a boom-fall bursting and busting his head also; not to speak of such items as a fall into the hold or a split steam pipe in the engine room . . . I have seen ten men take out a boat in a suicidal sea to take off the crew of a Portuguese freighter sinking in the Indian Ocean. Not one was interested in the Portuguese but it was just a sea courtesy, and they didn't get any medals for it either. In the last war I knew men who'd been torpedoed three or four times and just stood in line to sign and sail again. This was in the British service. The way the Americans have stood up shows there's no corner on guts. The boys are dredged ashore in lifeboat or raft and just ask for a return dose . . . You only have to read the papers to see the breed hasn't changed much. The American seamen are still signing again.

* * *

It should be remembered that merchant seamen are not under compulsion to go back, as men of the services are. A great number of them are married, or old enough to claim exemption and work on the docks or in the shipyards. But almost without exception a sailor remains a sailor and he signs again . . . They should be given a ranking along with the men in the service. It takes all the guts you have to go out there unarmed on the water, in the utter dark, and know you're liable to get a smack in the middle any moment. It wasn't so bad in the last show.

*Reprinted from "The American Legion Magazine" by special permission.



Drawing by Jerome Rosen

The subs ran alone; but this time they're in packs and if one misses you the other doesn't. The men who man these ships are those who can take it. Don't ever forget that! And if it wasn't for the merchant navy you couldn't hold a tent in

Iceland or a fort in Australia. They are doing a swell job, and they'll do it as long as is necessary, so they can go back to their other job of delivering onions, peanuts and hardwood to some of our own ports; which means to you, mister. So if you meet a merchant sailor, take off your hat. He's probably going out to die so your fleet can keep operating and your Army can be provided. And he isn't squawking, because it's a sailor's job. . . . I have noted that some of the recent sinkings have been pretty horrible; like men being fried in flaming oil from tankers, or trying to survive in open boats and suffering agonies from thirst . . . Which all sums up to, don't forget the freighter men when you think of the other services. These are the lads who keep 'em all sailing, and we'd be a sick lot of monkeys if they didn't. Hurricanes, collisions and fires in peacetime, and now it's a little shelling, torpedoing or divebombing as well. They're doing the job as American seamen always have, and if it wasn't for them you could just as well toss your bayonets in the ashcan and forget about building planes. The Japs and Hitler would be here in a couple of weeks. I give you, gentlemen, the merchant navy!

. . . "All were eager to sign on again and wishing they didn't have to lay up in drydock for repairs. These men are heroes. So let's propose a toast in their honor:

Here's to our merchant seamen, staunch and hardy in time of national peril. They are of many faiths and many races and there are no differences of degree for all face the same perils as comrades in a great adventure. To all of these we owe a debt of gratitude."

D. H. Primrose in "The Marine Journal", April 15, 1942

Revival of Windjammers

ALONG with the bicycle and horse, the sailing ship—colorful relic of a picturesque past, has been reclaimed to serve a useful purpose in the war effort. Lofty, white-winged windjammers of yesteryear are again serving their country. Shortages of steel, gasoline and other materials have caused these wooden vessels to be rescued from the oblivion of obscure shipyards and quiet harbors, even from the prosaic careers of museums and coal hulks, and some from the ignominious life of gambling and amusement centers.

America's fast-growing fleet of merchant and Navy ships has been

augmented in recent months by a number of these old-time square-rigged and schooner-rigged ships which have been reconditioned and rebuilt and now carry important cargoes to strategic points. Others are used for training American youths in the Coast Guard and the Merchant Marine in the intricate art of seamanship. Even the "Danmark", called "a ship without a country" when the Nazi occupation of Denmark caught this beautiful full-rigged ship paying a courtesy call to an American port and cancelled her sailing orders, is now serving the cause of the Allied Nations.

Among the sailing ships that have recently received a new lease on life is the famous bark "Star of Finland" which has been renamed "Kaiulani". When windjammers were the life-blood of commerce, this ship built in Bath, Maine in 1899, was active in the Alaska Packers Fleet, carrying cargoes of canned salmon. Entirely reconditioned, she recently completed a round trip voyage delivering her cargo of essential goods to an unnamed British port.

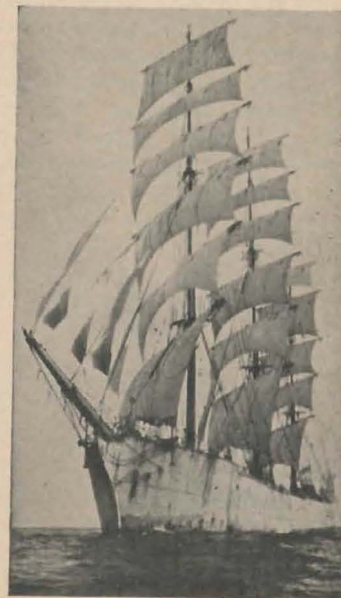
Even gambling ships are "going respectable" for the duration. Two sailing vessels have recently been converted in West Coast shipyards. One of these is 335-foot six-masted schooner, for years used as a gambling ship. She is being rebuilt and when completed and ready for cargo carrying, she will probably be the largest schooner in the world and one of the few with six masts. Her tonnage is 3,100 (gross) and she has a large cargo capacity. Captain Carl Gundersen, formerly master of the "Tusitala", is now in command of the schooner. Another old sailing ship which did a lively gambling business off San Pedro, California, is being re-rigged as a schooner and will carry cargo to various foreign ports.

Lumber cargo rates which have jumped from \$12. to \$80. per 1,000 board feet are attracting many schooners as well as square-riggers to this trade. The four-masted ship "Commodore" has been recently overhauled and re-rigged after years of enforced idleness.

The fate of the famous grain race square-riggers owned by Captain Gustav Erikson of Mariehamn, since the war began, is in grave doubt. They are obviously more vulnerable in zones where submarines or surface raiders lurk. How many of these ships in the grain fleet remain will probably not be known until the veil of censorship is lifted after the war. The whereabouts of the four-masted bark

"Abraham Rydberg", under Swedish registry, also cannot be announced. When last reported she had completed a 67-day voyage from Brazil, arriving in Boston harbor under full sail, evoking the spirit of clipper ship days when under a 12-knot breeze she sailed in with "a bone in her teeth", her royals, topgallants, topsails and a triangular foresail set in contrast with oil-burning, befunnelled Boston shipping. Built in Scotland in 1892 as the "Star of Greenland", the 2,345-ton square-rigger had been "retired" as a commercial ship and was being used (before the war) as a training ship for Swedish naval cadets. But demands for shipping space created a use for her as a cargo-carrier.

Another square-rigger in active service, although not as a cargo ship, is the 212-ton "Joseph Conrad" which is now owned by the U. S. Maritime Training Service and is used to train merchant seamen. In 1935 this old ship, originally built in Denmark as the "George Stage", was sailed around the world by Captain Alan Villiers in a last and dramatic attempt to prove the worth of sailing ships in a steam-driven age.



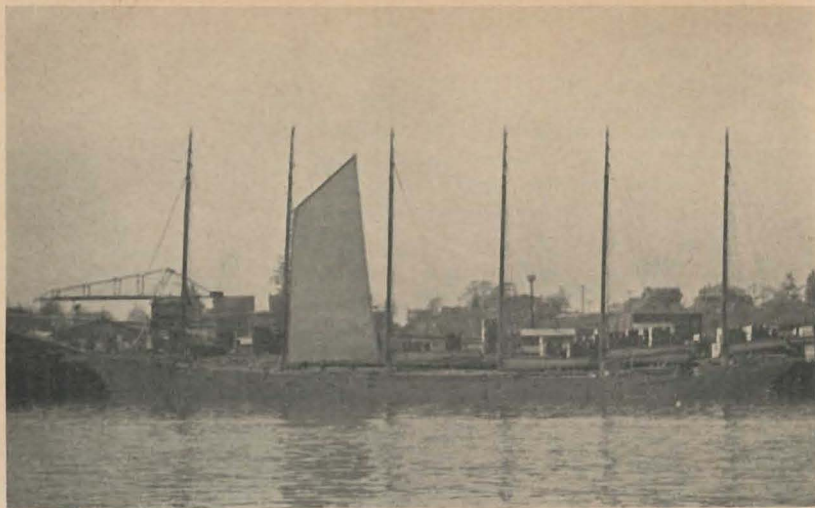


Photo by courtesy of Michael Folan

A Reconditioned Six-masted Schooner

After the shipping boom years of World War I, the number of windjammers decreased steadily. Baltic timber, grain from South Australia, nitrates from the West Coast of South America, Pacific guano — there were the only trades left to keep a few of them going as commercial sailers. However, many countries maintained square-rigged vessels as training ships for naval and merchant marine cadets, for the value of experience “under sail” has always been recognized by ship owners in England (which owned 32 before the war); Finland (with 28 square-rigged ships); Italy (with 126); Germany (with 8); Japan (with 6); Spain (with 5); France (with 8); Norway (with 7); Denmark (with 5); Chile (with 5) and the United States (25).

The U. S. Maritime Commission has recognized the importance of training seamen in sailing ships for the Victory Fleet. Under sail men learn emphatically the “all-for-one, one-for-all” philosophy essential for a fine esprit de corps on any ship, whether propelled by sail or steam.

Recently the Commission added the 200 foot schooner yacht “Vema” to its fleet of sail-driven vessels. She was formerly owned by Edward F. Hutton, and later by Maude Morrell Vetlesen. The “Vema” was once proud holder of the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic for fore-’n’ aft rigged vessels. Now stripped of her ornamental furnishings, she has been refitted with bunks, lockers, showers and a large galley where 78 merchant marine cadets are learning to climb rigging, handle sail, splice knots in true “ship-shape fashion”.

Recognizing the importance of having a knowledge of sailing ship terms, the Merchant Marine School at the Seamen’s Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, which has trained several thousand men for the Merchant Marine, Coast Guard and Naval Reserves since the war began, has re-rigged a 12 foot working model of a full-rigged ship built a half-century ago. On this the students may practice setting, trimming and shortening sail, tacking and wearing ship as a part of their course in seamanship.

Recently, a cargo-laden windjammer sailed into Golden Gate Harbor, San Francisco after a four months voyage from Chile. She is the steel four-masted bark “Priwall”, now renamed “Lautaro” and owned by the Chilean Navy. Built in 1917 for a Hamburg firm, Laeisz line, the “Priwall”, like others of the same line were known as “The Flying P’s” because of their fast passages carrying cargoes of grain or nitrate. The “Priwall” set a record in 1938 by rounding the Horn in slightly over five days.

For carrying cargoes of grain, lumber, fertilizer and certain general cargo, the sailing ships, although slower, are cheaper than steamers. Today, their crews get

extra pay because of the greater risk, the longer watches and the longer voyages. But lovers of sail and old salts allow, nostalgically, that the return of billowing white canvas to commerce will breed a tougher brand of “iron men” although the courage and stamina of steam-trained seamen in tankers and freighters have also been demonstrated indisputably in reports of recent torpedoings by enemy submarines. Certainly, training “before the mast”, while it can provide only a part of the knowledge necessary for a modern merchant marine seaman, can be useful when men are called upon to man lifeboats and navigate small rafts through sub and shark-infested seas.

Seagoing Cats *

SOME fifty refugee cats that have been left ashore on the Chelsea piers along the North River front are being fed by dockmen and the crews of foreign freighters that are tied up there.

In addition to the fifty, a litter of kittens born three weeks ago are being taken care of by Lewis J. Gavan, a dockman. The mother, a pretty black and white Maltese, was carried off by a seaman—identified only as a curly-haired, blue-eyed Norwegian lad — who said he was taking the cat to be a mascot on a ship sailing for the Southern seas.

The cats miss their passage when the freighters, without the series of whistle blasts that were usual in the pre-war days, steal out into the river at night.

Before the sailing of the passenger liners there was always a whistle thirty minutes before the gangplank was lowered, another at fifteen minutes and the final warning five minutes before the lines were cast off and the ship started to move out into the river. This gave the sea-going cats that were visiting their friends in the restaurants

on Eleventh Avenue opposite the piers time to trot carefully across the roadway and board their ship by the lower gangplank.

Gavan buys the milk for the kittens in the daytime and Peter Hoey, the roundsman, chops up chicken liver for them at night. Hoey also goes to the galleys of the freighters to skirmish for food for the other hungry cats. They come from all parts of the world including China, Persia, Malta and Australia. There were two or three from Egypt, which he could distinguish because they miowed in Arabic, and two others from Ireland that had a Gaelic accent.

Every freighter has a cat in the foc’sle and another in the cabin, the dockmen said, and they keep a bright lookout that none of the feline refugees get over the gangway when the ship is made fast. Directly one of the marooned cats gets on the deck the fighting starts and the fur flies. The roundsman says it is a big job at night to keep the peace between the cats from the various nations.

Reprinted from *New York Times*, March 13, 1942

*BY “SKIPPER T. WALTER WILLIAMS”



Photo by Marie Higginson

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands journeyed down to the waterfront to pay tribute to the brave merchant seamen of the Dutch fleet who are carrying cargoes to the fighting fronts and who cannot see their homes and families in occupied Holland. The Queen was welcomed and cheered outside the Institute by hundreds of American seamen and inside by about 500 of those Dutch sailors who spend their shore leaves at the Home for Netherlands Seamen. This was opened November 15, 1940, on the third floor of the Institute. The Club Room was visited in December, 1940, by her daughter, Crown Princess Juliana.

The Queen was welcomed by Mr. A. H. de Goede, President of Free Holland on the Seas, Incorporated, who introduced Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, President, and the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, D.D., Director, of the Institute. After addressing the large group in the Auditorium, the Queen and her party went down to the Netherlands Room where she inspected the Delft china, the blue-tiled chandeliers, the Dutch fireplace and a mural by Joep Nicholas which depicts the Maiden of Holland attacked by the Prussian eagle, the Lion of Holland stabbed in the back, a child crying for help, and the Dutch sailors of the Navy and Merchant Marine holding aloft the tri-color and the pennant of the House of Orange. Here her Majesty greeted per-

sonally eleven officers and seamen, and a nurse, Albertina Brij, who are to receive decorations for bravery in action, among them several from the S.S. Pennland, lost in the Mediterranean while serving as a troop ship during the evacuation of Greece. She also shook hands with several hundred Dutch sailors, including some Javanese seamen from the Dutch East Indies. One of the Javanese sailors asked an Institute employee if his turban was on straight and was pleased when he was offered a mirror to check his appearance before meeting his Queen!

The Queen expressed her "appreciation and gratitude" for "the splendid work you are doing, despite all the dangers to which the war at sea, below the waves and in the air exposes you. You are showing the world what our struggling Netherlands is capable of doing when it comes to regaining its liberty. May God's blessing rest upon you. May He bring you back into safe port to all who are dear to you, in your liberated homeland."

Among the distinguished guests accompanying the Queen were His Excellency P. A. Keerstens, Netherlands Minister of Trade, Industry and Shipping, London; Dr. Alexander Loudon, Netherlands Minister to the United States, Mrs. Loudon; Baroness van Boetzlaer; and Elink Schuurman, Netherlands Consul General.

Help Fill Christmas Boxes

WAS'NT it on December 24th of last year that each one of us, exhausted and nervous, vowed that "next year I shall start my Christmas work not later than July and not be caught in this mess again?" Then, Christmas past, along came one appeal after another for us to continue the volunteer work we were already engaged upon, and to aid this piece of war effort and that much-needed Christian endeavor, and we have forgotten that vow.

So this letter is a reminder that August is here and it is time to think of Christmas. This Christmas will be more hectic than last for we will want to remember our boys and men who are defending our homes and making it possible to have a Christian Christmas. So let's start at once making plans, and I hope the first name on your Christmas list will be the Seamen's Church Institute.

This year at the Institute each seaman living in the building (capacity—sixteen hundred), and seamen patients in the U. S. Marine and other nearby hospitals at Christmas time, we hope, can be given a gaily wrapped gift containing a list of "useful" and "joyful" articles. In most cases this will be the only gift these men will receive. We want to be ready to bring this bit of cheer into the lives of our men this year. You know these men are the unsung heroes, without that encouragement of a jaunty uniform, who are meeting the hazards of the submarines in order that vital munitions, important supplies, cargoes of food, tanks and guns, oil and rubber, regardless of storms, mines, torpedoes, and bombs, may reach their destination, and that our supply lines may be kept open and our transports manned. We know that when you realize the worth-whileness of this Christmas work you will be glad to undertake it for your summer project. Weeks and months before that Joyous Season arrives hundreds of the seamen for whom these boxes are being planned will have lost their lives in the sea that Democracy may survive; but a determined line of men and boys will move steadily forward to take their places. Will you help us to see that these seamen, so far from home, have at least one Christmas gift this year?

Let's make this a happy Christmas for our seamen.

MRS. GRAFTON BURKE, Secretary
Central Council of Associations

THE Christmas box for merchant seamen is a cardboard box (7"x7"x4") furnished by the Institute. They may be inexpensively filled and below is a list of articles suggested as being particularly acceptable. To assist in filling the box and to give the sailor something in which to keep any or all of the articles under the heading "sewing gear," small cotton bags are provided with the boxes and these may be obtained by the 15th of July and should be returned to the Institute not later than December 15th.

It may be hard to appreciate but in almost every case this box is the only gift which seamen, at sea, in the hospital, or on shore, receive at Christmas. Through these small gifts we seek to give the men a real touch of Christmas. Therefore it is suggested that articles be wrapped separately before placing them in the box, as it adds much to the pleasure of opening them, also that the box itself be wrapped in Christmas paper and securely fastened with ribbon or Christmas seals. *Please avoid sticky candy or perishable fruits.* On the outside of the box please attach a card with a list of the articles.

SUGGESTED ARTICLES

Cigarettes	Playing Cards
Necktie	Packed Box
Socks (sizes 11-12)	Bag or Kit of "Sewing Gear" and Toilet
Candy	Articles such as:
Gum	Needles (large sewing)
Tablet and Envelopes	Thread: White No. 16
Garters	Black No. 16
Pipe	Buttons (assorted)
Belt	Thimble (large steel)
Flash Light and Batteries	Darning Cotton
Suspenders	Scissors
Tobacco	Safety Pins
These articles may be substituted:	Safety Razor and Blades
Soap	Shaving Cream
Handkerchiefs	Tooth Paste and Tooth Brush
Bill Fold	Pocket Comb
Automatic Lighter	Mirror

Note: If the donor desires a word of thanks from the seaman receiving the Christmas Box, a self-addressed postcard enclosed will almost unfailingly bring a message of appreciation. This is especially suggested where children are filling the boxes.

Last Voyage

By Merle Munson

IT is a fine December morning at sea. A cold northwest wind is hurling the foamy crests from the waves, making bright little rainbows everywhere. Graceful gulls glide and swoop endlessly above the wake of the ship. As she labors against the heavy seas, the good ship Dorchester creaks and groans. It is her last passenger voyage for the duration.

Since 1926 she has proudly sailed the Atlantic coast always looking well-kept with her black hull, white housing and shining brass work. In these years she has carried thousands of gay vacationers up and down the coast from Boston to Miami. But before her next voyage — freighting — her identity will be lost in a covering of grim, grey paint.

Even now, bound for Baltimore from Miami, she creeps along in a complete blackout at night. The first night was very difficult and not too successful. No one could remember to put out stateroom lights before opening doors into passageways. But after a night or two everyone co-operated and the result was satisfactory. Last night late, I walked up to the bow and could not see a crack of light anywhere.

There are, of course, no red and green running lights in a blackout. This is particularly dangerous in coastwise lanes where several courses converge at lightships. One feels as much danger from this as from submarines.

All the way up the coast our life boats have been swung out so they can be easily lowered should there be need for them. Frequently we hear the roar of coast patrol planes as they zoom down to look us over.

Since the Sunday morning when things broke loose in the Pacific our life aboard ship has been com-

pletely disrupted. We first got the news over the radio as we were listening to the Philharmonic concert and wallowing in the Gulf Stream off the Florida coast. Though we had been expecting war for months, when it actually came no one could quite take it in. As the reports came in from Hawaii and the Phillipines, one kept thinking that this would surely turn out to be one of Orson Welles' grim flights of fancy.

During that trip entertainment for the passengers was quite out of the question. The one function was a birthday party for a young man who was having a last fling before going into the Army. There was a cake with candles at dinner and a toast to the light-hearted young man who might be having to give so much before he celebrated another birthday. After dinner we danced until time to listen to the President's address to the nation. There was the tension of high emotion as we stood for the national anthem at the end.

And now, on this last voyage comes the business of severing the relationships of many years. Some of the old Negro waiters have worked in the ships of this line for as much as forty years. The stewardess has seventeen years to her credit. My own twelve years as hostess is not long by comparison but it is long enough to make the leave-taking very hard.

Going to sea is not only an occupation but a way of life — a way of life shared with your own shipmates and with every person who has ever gone to sea. You may have wished a hundred times that you lived ashore in a normal fashion like other people. But when the time comes that you must give up the sea-faring life the wrench seems hard to bear.

There is the salty old Captain, Commodore of the fleet. Those of us who have sailed with him for a long time have learned a great appreciation for the humorous things he has said and done as well as the rare bits of philosophy with which he favors us. There are fine wise qualities about this untutored old man that one wishes never to forget. His reverent reading of the Church service on Sunday mornings, his earthy humor, and the merry twinkle in his eye when he is inventing a story for landlubbers, his almost super-human strength when he was in grief.

He looked tired and worried the other day when he said "I went through all this in the last war and I never thought I would have to go through it again".

There are faithful Negroes whose kind services and happy dispositions have made the every-day business of living easier. Two of these, Priestly the headwaiter and Old Blue the chef, were with me on another ship when there was fire and shipwreck in one of those dense fogs of the North Atlantic. Many a foggy night in the years since, I

have met Priestly roaming about the deck because he still had visions of that horrible night so long ago.

I shall particularly miss the noisy good humor of Old Blue, who when you inquire about his health is always "Up to date ma'm, up to date". When I miss my breakfast and slip down to the galley late to get a cup of coffee he always greets me with his great wheezing laughter and "Missy, you done slept over your rights again".

There's the night watchman, a dyed in the wool eastern shoreman, who brings me a sandwich or a glass of milk late at night.

. . . Now the company faces another war with its risks, and this, after the depression years during which many coastwise companies have passed out of existence. Fast trains, airplanes and trucking have laid down a challenge to this time-honored method of transportation.

But when the world is once again at peace and the seas are free, that challenge will be met. Then, tired people may seek healing for the spirit in the ways of ships, and gulls, and bright rainbows in sea spray.

Marine Poetry

Summer — 1942

The Skipper

By Captain E. W. Tranter

He must know the current and the tide,
Know the strange ways of the sea—
How the wind moves in the storm—
Its every whim must be his guide.
He must forget the sea's wide
loveliness,
Must measure its distress;
And chart his way where the fullest
safety lies,
By very dread made wise.
His is no adventure of the deep
Where the great ocean currents sweep
He must spend endless days and sleep-
less nights
To bring his cargo safely to the harbor
lights—
A zig-zag course to dodge the lurking
submarine,
From early morn to even-tide
Facing perils seen and unseen,
His precious ship must safely guide.
And danger over, he stands alone—
Even his name is unknown.

An old man on South Street drying his
underwear on a tree —
A gray battleship at anchor — facing a
Cross
A light in a tower — a welcome home —
A white haired lady trying to find missing
seamen —
Rich men's sons selling yachts and going
to war —
Poor men's sons shipping out with
gallant hearts —
Torpedoed men game to go back on
tankers —
Brave mothers —
A seaman with oil-pitted hands taking
Holy Communion —
Courage —
Sacrifice —
Faith —
An old man on South Street drying his
underwear on a tree.

E. Gilmore

"How To Abandon Ship"

Editor's Note: We asked two American seamen to review this book, one a deckhand who had been torpedoed, and the other a third mate who is in charge of stocking the lifeboats on a new freighter.

By Phil Richards and John J. Bannigan
Cornell Maritime Press. \$1.00.

"Death is something that happens to the other fellow."

This book of 144 pages will be of vital interest to sailors of all kinds, and to anyone who is about to go to sea. It will show you that death can happen to you, if you make one of the fatal mistakes that hundreds of other seamen have made. It should help you avoid these mistakes.

Mr. Bannigan, co-author, commanded a life-boat from the Robin Moor which in nineteen days, traveled 898 miles to safety. Among those who have assisted the authors are a large number of seamen from torpedoed ships, and also well known doctors and scientists.

"How to Abandon Ship" will help

All hands seem to think that the advice given is very sound in a general way. Most of them thought that the governing factor in abandoning ship was the time available which of course depends on where the torpedo hits and to a large extent on the type of cargo carried. They all thought that the chapter on buoyancy was very valuable in this connection, especially to the unlicensed personnel.

The following points culled from the book seem to be worth reiterating:

If you have cork life preserver use a piece of line to lash it around body to keep it snug and low, and don't jump from any height with it.

Important that experienced men lower boats, also experienced men at falls when boat is waterbourne.

Have a whistle around neck.

Have an abandon ship package.

Have cans of vegetables stowed on boatdeck, especially canned tomatoes and others with high water content, such as spinach.

Carry a jackknife and flashlight with you at all times after dark.

Officers and members of the crew who have fairly decent watches should set them to Greenwich time.

Have loose hatch covers and planking stowed where they can't float out after the ship sinks. Should they do this they came shooting to the surface and are liable to injure or kill anyone in the vicinity.

One of the fellows who read the book was on a ship with a cargo of manganese ore. She sank in 90 seconds and only ten

you school your mind to combat panic, and keep up morale. It will teach you what you may expect from your ship, your life-boat, your ship-mates, and the enemy. There are chapters on transports, tankers, life-boat first-aid, hunger, thirst, and freezing weather. By memorizing, and using, the simple ceremony for burial at sea, you will eliminate most of the horror which attends death in a life-boat. You will learn about charts so simple that an ordinary seaman can read them. (Incidentally, charts of the whole world can be purchased for sixty cents.)

This is not a thick book, and is very interesting. If we read it carefully, it can save many of us from an unhappy experience, or needless death.

—Seaman Clifford Titus

were saved out of thirty-eight. There was no chance to lower a boat and the ten survivors were lucky that a boat broke loose as the ship went down and they were able to right it and sail 400 miles to land. This happened east of Porto Rico in June and still this guy says what they would have appreciated above all else was blankets to keep them warm at night. On such a ship all hands should sleep with lifesuits on whenever the weather makes it at all bearable. On ships with very heavy cargoes more attention should be paid to the provisioning of rafts as it's often impossible to get a boat off.

The author's advice to seamen not to be afraid to spend a few dollars out of their own pockets for whatever they think might come in handy in boats and rafts over and above what is required by the regulations seems very timely to me. It is impossible to foresee every eventuality and most ships have at least a few men in the crew who have been torpedoed already and they can always think of something they wished they had when they were in a boat.

As for tankers, its almost impossible to advise a person what to do when a gasoline tanker goes up, except to get off her as quickly as possible and on the weather side. Praying seems to be indicated here.

The importance of plenty of boat drills can't be overstressed, especially in port or at anchor where there is a chance to lower the boats in the water and row.

Mate Pat O'Brien.

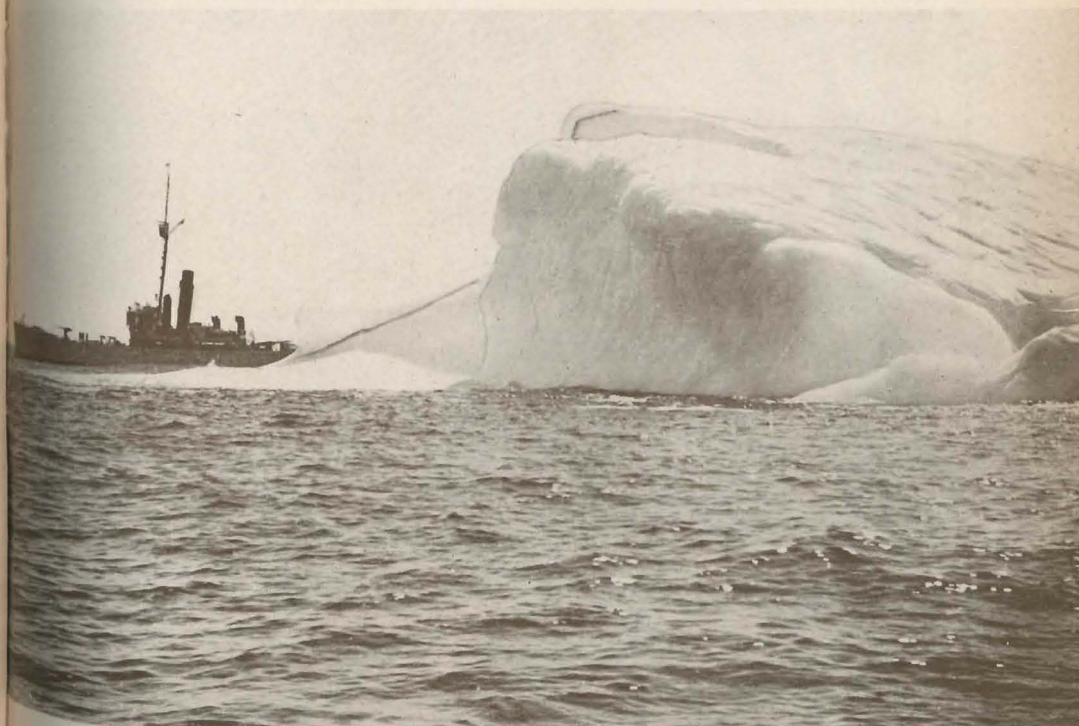
Tankermen, 1942

By Seaman Donald Storms

The night was black as the ace of spades,
Dark as the hinges of Hell,
And how the Germans spotted us
The Devil alone could tell.
The lookout, little Irish Gus,
Had just come from below, —
It takes a while to get your eyes
To see in the dark, you know —
And Polack Pete went for a smoke
Before he took the wheel.
They traded watch with a laugh and joke;
"It's blackout tonite, for real!"
Three bells had gone, and a quarter past,
When a jar and a flash and a roar
Bespoke the end of the *James L. Coles*
From a sub we never saw.
We carried a load of casinghead,
That blows if you just blink twice,
And as it flared, the Chief Mate said,
"Well! Now ain't this nice?!"
The blazing oil spread all around
As Pete cut loose a raft,
And they lowered away boat number
three —
The one to starboard, aft.
One and two were smashed to bits,
And four hung over the flames;

Thirty men were in the boat
As we pulled away from the *James*,
And seven more had made the raft,
And eight men rode her down,
Including little Irish Gus,
The First, and Skipper Brown,
A wiper, oiler, Junior on watch,
Third Mate, and second Cook;
Good fellows all, and hard to lose,
Those eight the raider took.
Three weeks we rowed, and sailed, and
steered,
And every morning thought
That *this* day surely'd be the last.
The rain that Kelly caught
Was all the water that we drank
After the second week,
And there was hardly one of us
Whose lips and tongue could speak.
Nine died of wounds and sun and shock,
And three more days went by
Before we heard the Coast Guard plane
And stared him from the sky.
The worst, of course, was over, then,
And soon we were ashore,
And each of us is waiting, now,
To sail the oil once more.

A COOL PICTURE FOR A HOT DAY



Coast Guard Cutter on Duty in the Ice Fields

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