

The Lookout



Towers of Manhattan Greet Ice-Covered Fishing Schooner
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXVI—No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1945

Sanctuary

"May God bless and guard and guide the helmsman and all the crew of the ship *Alfred Emanuel Smith* and may they accomplish for their country in some degree in their way what Governor Smith accomplished in his way as helmsman of the ship of state standing always with his feet solidly on the bluestone of the sidewalks of New York."

Prayer by the Rev. Arthur G. Keane, pastor of St. James Roman Catholic Church, at the blessing of the flagstone from 25 Oliver St. (former home of Alfred E. Smith) to be set in the deck of the Liberty ship which will be named for the former Governor of New York. (See Page 14)

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVI, FEBRUARY, 1945

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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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,"** 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."

The Lookout

Vol. XXXVI

February, 1945

No. 2

Modernization Fund for the Institute

THE important contribution of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to the morale and welfare of the thousands of seamen in the Merchant Marine has long been recognized by maritime leaders. Early in November 1944 it was decided, as an outgrowth of our Centennial Committee's efforts, to raise funds to modernize the Institute's 13-story building and to appeal to the maritime industry exclusively for its cooperation and support. The response was prompt and enthusiastic and the goal was \$250,000. Mr. Emmett J. McCormack, Treasurer of Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc., agreed to serve as Chairman and entertained at luncheon over 100 shipping men at the Whitehall Club, where the objectives of the campaign were outlined and the work of the Institute praised by Vice-Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission. He pointed out that the personnel of the Merchant Marine has increased since the war by almost 500% and that if merchant seamen are to have pride in their work, they must be made to feel that society respects them and is interested in their problems. The Institute has long been a help in this respect, but today finds its facilities far from adequate to the demands. Other speakers were Captain Jonathan M. Wainwright of the American South African Line, Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and John Gammie,

C.M.G., deputy representative of the British Ministry of War Transport, who accepted the vice-chairmanship of the campaign.

The improvements needed at "25 South Street", to be made as soon as priorities on materials permit, are: enlargement and modernization of main lobby; redecorating of sleeping rooms and dormitories; new plumbing for showers and lavatories; modernization of nine elevators to increase safety and efficiency; improvements, new equipment and

*Editorial New York Times,
November 21, 1944*

HOME FOR SEAMEN

Any visitor at the Seamen's Church Institute in South Street in recent years must have marveled that one building could contain so many humane activities and so many human beings enjoying them. Here beneath a single roof, whose lighthouse sends its welcoming beams across the harbor, and, indeed, across the oceans, is a home for thousands of sailormen. Here, veritable city within a city, is a haven for those that go down to the sea in ships. For hosts of them this is the only home address.

But the best of homes, in time, need renovation. Household things serve their purpose and wear out. Thus it has been in this home for sea rovers. Equipment so long and so gratefully used by its very large family must be replaced. Dormitories, plumbing, floors, elevators, clinical apparatus, require improvement or renewal. The Institute, accordingly, is asking for a modernization fund of \$250,000. Admiral Land, the heads of great steamship lines and, in fact, all who know what the Institute means to seafarers in this port give the appeal their warm endorsement.

supplies in the engine room; renovating the Conrad Library; refinishing certain floors, and many other essential improvements.

We are happy to announce that the campaign, as we go to press, is nearly completed, with the original goal of \$250,000 surpassed by an additional \$35,000. Associated with Mr. McCormack were Thomas M. Woodward, U. S. Maritime Commission, honorary chairman of the Modernization Committee, H. Gerish Smith, President Shipbuilders Council of America; Executive Vice-Chairman of the Fund; Walter G. Kimball, President Commercial National Bank & Trust Co., Treasurer; Edward J. Barber, President Barber Steamship Lines; Charles E. Dunlap, President Berwind-White Coal Mining Co.; Ellis Knowles, Vice-President Marine Transport Lines; P. V. G. Mitchell, Retired Vice-President United States Lines; H. Harris Robson, Vice-President United Fruit Co.; Frank J. Taylor, President American Merchant Marine Institute; and J. Herbert Todd, Vice-President Todd Shipyards Corp.; Clarence G. Michalis, President; Thomas Roberts, Secretary and Treasurer; The Rev. Harold H. Kelley, D.D., Director Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y., and Captain Alfred O. Morasso.

"Vice Admiral Emory S. Land
Administrator
War Shipping Administration
Washington, D. C.
Dear Admiral Land:

"The men of our Merchant Marine form the essential link between the home front and the millions of men in the Armed Forces overseas. These men, although relatively few in number—around 180,000—have performed an heroic task in delivering the goods. I am informed that since their first casualties, three months before Pearl Harbor, more than 5,800 have died, are missing, or have become prisoners of war while carrying out their assigned duties.

"These men may feel that they are the forgotten men of the war. They are not. They deserve, and receive from all of us, our thanks for the job they have done.

Very sincerely yours,
(S) Franklin D. Roosevelt"

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Before and After



An example of "Modernization"
in a Seaman's Bedroom



Addressed "To The Men of the United States Merchant Marine," Admiral Land's message was:

"For three years the mettle of the Nation and the stamina of our fighting men have been tested in a ruthless war. Long months before our troops set foot on foreign soil, the men of the American Merchant Marine had been in the fight. The dark days to Murmansk, to the United Kingdom, to the Mediterranean and to the Pacific are not to be forgotten, nor are those whose lives were given to the cause of freedom. Words cannot express the gratitude that all of us feel for the magnitude and the success of your accomplishments.

"As we enter the fourth year of the war, we may hope that our armed forces, sustained by the labors of the 180,000 men of our fighting Merchant Marine, will bring the inevitable victory to the United Nations.



Vice Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, speaking at the opening luncheon, at the Whitehall Club on November 16, of the appeal of the Modernization Fund of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York for \$250,000 for capital improvements in its building at 25 South Street.

Seated at the speaker's left are: Emmett J. McCormack, Treasurer of Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc., Executive Chairman of the Modernization Fund, and John Gammie, C. M. G., Deputy Representative, British Ministry of War Shipping, Honorary Vice Chairman of the Fund. Those at the Admiral's right, reading from right to left, are: John McAuliffe, President of the Isthmian Steamship Co.; Commodore Giles C. Stedman, Superintendent of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point and the Rev. Dr. Harold H. Kelley, director of the Institute. The gathering was attended by 118 men from shipping and allied interests.

Photo—Courtesy Marine Journal

First Liberty Ship at Leyte

By Lieut. John Macauley, U. S. Maritime Service

LEYTE—When our ship put out from a New Guinea port to join the huge Philippine Islands invasion force, early in October, there was little to distinguish it from the other Liberty craft in the convoy. Yet we had been singled out for a hazardous undertaking that destiny grudgingly permitted us to fulfill. We were to be the first American merchant vessel to drop anchor at Leyte.

In our holds were instruments of war; vital to the success of the operation—ammunition, Piper Cubs, jeeps, trucks, tanks and high-test gasoline. On board were the men who would land and use them—to good effect—against the enemy. The deathless partnership of Army, Navy and Merchant Marine was never better demonstrated than on our Liberty. Each contingent—ship's complement, Navy gun crew, Army pilots, ordinance team, anti-aircraft battery and truck drivers—had specific assignments for the zero hour yet their combined efforts had been welded into a cohesive, frictionless unit by the time the big test came.

Our skipper, Albion M. Burbank, a hardy veteran despite his 32 years wasn't awed by the tremendous job ahead. Not with his experience. A Commander in the United States Maritime Service he had weathered months of service in North Atlantic, Murmansk and Mediterranean convoys. His last ship had been attacked by 50 Nazi torpedo planes; another command had served as bait in the successful trapping of the *Scharnhorst*, while a third was bombed in the Thames Estuary.

As we steamed along in the midst of a wealth of allied shipping—baby flattops, destroyers, corvettes, LST's, LSD's, APA's and other merchant ships—we soon became aware of the immensity of the task assigned us. We learned that we would have to crowd the beach to get our stuff off and functioning as quickly as pos-

sible. The waters were full of reefs and "typhoon season" which would add to the horrors of Jap bombardment, was a few scant days away. We could fool ourselves no longer. Simple oblivion might be lying ahead for this freighter.

Four days before Attack Day, Major Ernest F. Herman, 38-year-old former school teacher, briefed us. The captains, lieutenants, merchant marine officers and gunnery officers got their orders and information. They would communicate the details to every man under them; everyone must know, must realize the importance of this operation. The object was Leyte Island, eighth largest in the Philippines—right in the guts of them. We would land on the east coast.

As we drew closer to our objective the seamen and sailors had bull sessions about former enemy actions they had experienced. It added up to an imposing and terrifying array of bombings, torpedoings, strafings and shellings. It was one of those rare occasions when men talk freely of things they would otherwise withhold. Their tongues seemingly were loosened by the danger ahead.

We will not land tomorrow—Attack Day. The hot, stifling wardroom is filled with restless men. They would give a lot to be there at overture. Over the radio comes the softly irritating voice of "Tokyo Rose," female Nip radio commentator. She tells us Halsey's Third Fleet has been wiped out. She goes off the air. The Nipponese idea of a morale shatterer comes next. The radio blares forth "Home, Sweet Home."

October 20 (Attack Day), Catholic Chaplain Reagen said Mass. He was the only representative of any denomination on the ship. At least one of the masses was attended by everyone on the ship. Mass was said on the lower deck. There was not

enough space so men knelt in the broiling sun on trucks, hatches, jeeps, ducks and ammunition boxes. The lookout high up in the crow's nest went to his knees in prayer and rose without taking his eyes off the horizon. We did the only things we could do for those men on the beach. All of us really worked at it.

Despite efforts by Tokyo radio to jam Allied newscasts, word came over the radio that the invasion had been initially successful. Everyone became very gay, almost hysterical.

The next day we hit a driving rain. Most of the ships in the convoy had slowed through their own volition, forcing the destroyers back, slowing the ships almost to a walk. Someone forgot about us. Unknowingly the Captain felt his way through the squall. Other ships and escorts were still tied up in it.

Captain Burbank radioed: "I'm proceeding into Leyte unescorted on my own navigation." Then we started on the most dangerous leg of the trip.

A plus 2—We had seen two white guiding lights on the spit of land enclosing the passage into Leyte. Now we saw the land itself. The rain was tingling in our faces again.

Suddenly, seemingly out of the very land we saw a destroyer bearing down fast. She was dead ahead as she switched on her running lights in a late warning. Action and luck were needed. "Hard right" shouted the captain. Then we saw the destroyer turning hard left and right into us. The bow of our ship was pointed right at the destroyer's midships, at her torpedoes. Both ships and their crews would be blown to Kingdom Come. Her stern missed our bow by less than five yards as she sped in front of us. As she passed we could look down and see every inch of her decks that the night's darkness did not shroud. The black swallowed her up. The third mate and this correspondent were so close their arms were touching. The third mate was shaking. Or was it I who was shaking? But the cap-

tain said jauntily, "that man was a swell sailor. We've still got those floating mines to worry about."

A few minutes later the engines stopped. We rolled a little in the waves. Around us were the dim shapes of landing craft; to port was a long dark shape—Leyte Island. We had a front row seat for history in the making.

Father Reagen again said Mass and again everyone attended. There was one subtle difference, however, between this Mass and the previous one. These men were praying for each other, but they were also praying for themselves. A little later an LCM pulled alongside. It was quickly filled with Bofors guns and ammunition. The first troops off the ship—some of the ack-ack men—followed this primary cargo, precariously descending by the cargo nets. The LCM chugged away towards the beach. Pretty soon the barge blended into the shell-torn and sun-drenched palms fringing the beach where other landing craft were drawn up. Almost backgrounding the entire length of it were puffs of smoke from our artillery fire.

The shadows were lengthening across the water as this correspondent and his driver and mechanic



U. S. Maritime Commission Photo

Crew of Liberty Ship at Mess

made their way toward the beach in a duck to spend the night on shore. The enlisted men were digging fox-holes. It was getting dark and they were working fast. We moved up the beach and stumbled right into a camp that was completely blacked out. The men were having coffee. It tasted delicious. The major in charge told us we could bed down for the night wherever we could find a clear space of ground near a slit trench.

There was no sleep all night. The air vibrated with the shock of huge cannon, for a battleship in the harbor was shelling Jap positions ahead of us. There were 155 howitzers all around us. Their din was unceasing. There were alerts and high flying enemy planes; the flak rocked our foxholes. Worse than this, the Japs had been infiltrating; our guards were very "trigger happy" and would shoot at anything or anybody if they were not properly forwarned.

We returned to the ship for breakfast and afterwards a duck was on the port side to take this correspondent to the front line at Palo. I had one foot over the rail when the alarm rang for approaching aircraft. There were about seven of them. The first 15 minutes things were all our way; two Jap aircraft were shot down without getting near enough to strafe or bomb any of the shipping. Everyone aboard our vessel cheered. Things were quiet for the next quarter hour as the Japs seemed to run away over the hills of Leyte.

Then five of them—two Zeros and three Bettys (a fast Jap bomber and straffer which carries a crew of three) were over us again. They dodged and weaved through the ack-ack trying to get in position for a run. One was hit. Out of control he dove straight on the deck of a nearby vessel. There was a big puff of smoke and the ship turned turtle and sank. Another Betty screamed down from 2,000 feet faster than the eye and ack-ack could follow. He pulled out neatly within a hundred feet of the water and headed straight

for us. He was coming fast with all guns blazing. He was rising; he would drop his bomb amidships. That was my guess, but the Navy gunners and Merchant Marine loaders had other ideas. The plane, all except the pilot's compartment was beginning to give off smoke and flame. A burst of 20-inch fire caught the compartment. The Jap lost control, dove for the side of the ship, zoomed up slightly and hit the flying bridge with only a wing, scraping across two gun tubs and the top deck and exploding in the water on the other side of the ship.

Practically every man in the tubs or near them received bullet wounds from exploding ammunition which had spewed forth from the plane or severe burns from molten plane fragments. This did not stop a 19-year-old seaman first class. He kept firing at the Jap even when he knew the son of Tokyo could not miss his gun tub. Luckily the plane's wing hit the tub on the side and not squarely. Large scraps of hot metal were flung into the young hero's torso and face. Despite the agony of the searing burns he walked to the gun crew's salon where an Army doctor was treating the wounded. When his turn came he saw that a seaman, with a bullet wound in his kidney had just been carried in. The young gunner bit his swollen lip. "Take him first," he urged.

I piled into a duck, got to the beach and made my way into Palo. Volcanic as the fighting was I was struck with the plight of the Filipino residents. Starving babies, their bellies swelling; older children begging food for their mothers. Thin, rickety bodies clad in rags; dogs with ribs almost bursting through drumhead-tight hides. These are the people—ragged but unconquered—who fought our battle when we were unable to carry on in these islands. It is edifying to see the children happily hugging their cans of C-ration of which we had grown so tired. Only their eyes can begin to tell the story of what they have paid

for their patience, for their trust in us.

On A plus 5 we returned to the beachhead. Captain Burbank waved to us from the deck of the Liberty which had carved a deserved niche in the history of the Merchant Marine.

"We leave in 15 minutes," he shouted. "We should be able to get out under cover of darkness with the help of God and that." He pointed at the escort vessel alongside. "I'm glad you have come. I've some stuff I'd like taken ashore. Some of my men have been evacuated because of their wounds. We've had to unload a lot of this ship ourselves. I've not been able to get to the beach, but my men have heard from the port battalions that the civil population needs food in there. We were short on food before but I think the wounded would like their share of the ship's stores to go to Americans who have gone without food for such a long time."

The duck was filled with cans of milk, fruits, vegetables and milk. I sat on the boxes which filled the floating truck. The anchor grated as it was drawn up. The Liberty, riding high in the water, had up steam. The food beside us would feed hungry mouths of liberated Filipinos. Ashore the ack-ack unit which had ridden with us helped defend the beach against incessant harassing raids by the Japanese. The mortar and howitzer shells which had been carried in the ship's hold were being fired at this moment. In the waning daylight the Piper Cubs could be seen getting in some last minute enemy artillery spotting. Somewhere the ordnance unit was repairing vital equipment.

Did G-4 choose well in picking this Liberty ship to be the very vital ship in a most important convoy?

The ship had brought the men and the cargo in with the careful navigation needed when one rides a floating bomb and the cargo is precious. She had helped to get those men and that cargo ashore with all the resources at her command. She had fought her way in and the enemy had lost at least one plane. If necessary, she would fight her way out. The manifestation of her job was before her. She was going back to get more and do it again.

As I write this in Leyte the Typhoon Season has arrived with a vengeance. The wind screams, beats against wooden walls. The rain pounds the house from all sides in a rackety deluge. There is the long, rolling roar of close thunder.

At sea the ship is riding out the storm. She should ride it out; she is, in seaman's parlance, "a lady," however ugly and battered. And to them she will be a great vessel—not great in the individual sense of the *Arc Royal*, the *Enterprise*, the *Boise*, but in the new tradition of steel men on steel freighters which began when the U. S. Merchant Marine became the first American service to enter World War II.



U. S. Maritime Commission Photo

Signalling for Instructions

S/S JANET LORD ROPER

Seamen's Church Institute
25 South Street
New York City

Dear Sirs:

As Master of the *SS Janet Lord Roper*, I wish to express to you my sincere appreciation for the gifts sent to the men of my ship by your organization.

Needless to say, everyone was very much pleased with these gifts, and especially with the contents thereof. I am confident that each man will express his personal appreciation to those persons whose name and address were enclosed.

Enclosed herewith you will find the names of the recipients of your gifts, totaling 69. I am holding the other two gift packages, which I promise to give to other servicemen whom I know would meet with your approval.

My sincere thanks again, and wishing each and every one of you the Merriest Christmas and a Happy New Year with all your wishes thereof.

Yours very truly,

George I. Holmes, Master



Photo by Marie Higginson

Recent visitors to the Institute were Mrs. Carl Dalbey and her daughter Emma Leah.

NOTE: We are greatly in need of a grand piano or baby grand piano for use in our Janet Roper Room. Does some kind reader have such a piano in good condition which he or she would be willing to give to the Institute for this purpose? If so, kindly call or write Dep't of Special Services 25 South Street
New York 4, N. Y.
BOWling Green 9-2710

A Letter from the Occupant of Room 700L to a Sailor's Mother

My dear Mrs. Dalbey:

Since I am a victim of limited education, I am actually at the loss of the words, as of how to extend or express my appreciation and gratefulness for the gifts which I have had privilege to enjoy. In the first place, a lovely room which is so favorably arranged through your effort.

From the first day of my being here, I have clearly understood the way tragedy of this war has touched you. Of course, I also realize that there is little or nothing that could be said in this humble letter to lighten the pain and sufferings you are enduring for the loss you have suffered is too great and can never be replaced.

Also, today received a welcome gift you send me in memory of your son's birthday which is today. Of course, the gift will be saved together with enclosing note as a symbol which it really is because there is a very strong and impressive effect it carries.

To me it is correlative link of our humanity of which but a few seem to be aware—of course, the incident shall remain in my mind as long as I live.

May I again extend my humble thanks which is but a little one can offer in these tragic days.

Very sincerely,

Mike Dejanoric

EDITOR'S NOTE: On the door of Room 700L is a tablet with this inscription:

In Loving Memory of
Carl Shepard Dalbey, Jr.

Chief Radio Operator and Ensign
U. S. Maritime Service

Born October 22, 1921

Went down with his ship, which was
sunk by enemy action in March, 1943

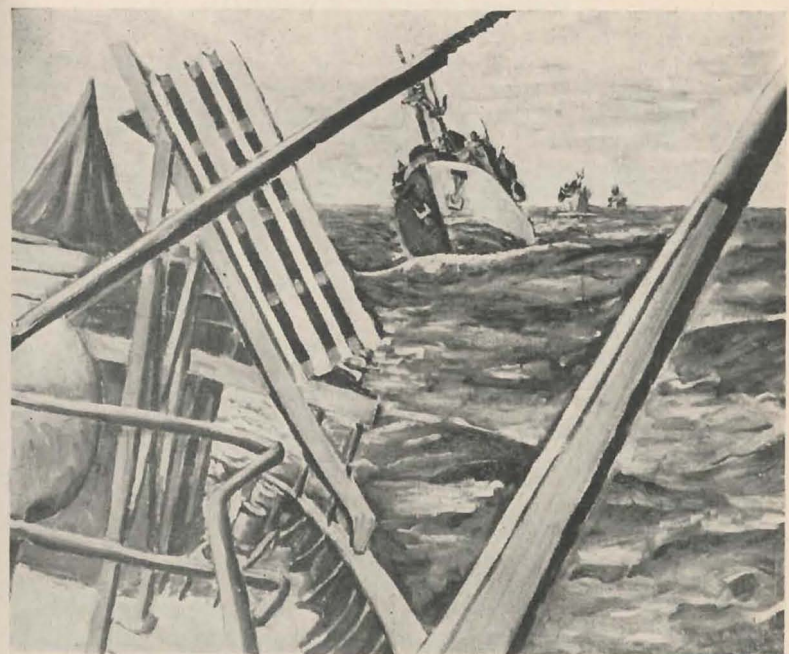
Given by his Parents

Exhibition of Paintings by United Nations Seamen

Picturesque convoy art—117 paintings done by 56 merchant seamen of nine nationalities in off-watch hours at sea, in combat zones and at home between voyages—are being shown at the 1945 Third Annual Merchant Seamen's Art Exhibition under the auspices of United Seamen's Service and the War Shipping Administration. The exhibition has begun a national tour of large cities of the United States. Mrs. Isabel F. Peterson is Chairman of the exhibition committee.

The paintings were culled from 383 entries received from all parts of the world. The jury consisted of John Taylor Arms, Roland Clark, Jo Davidson, Gordon Grant, Leon Kroll, Reginald Marsh, C. Powell Minnigerode, director of the Cocoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., and Raphael Soyer. They have termed the exhibition, "the best group we've ever seen."

Subject matter includes scenes visited on voyages, marine views, landscapes, portrait and still life.



"ROLLING HOME", an oil by Hermann Von Brockdorff, a Danish seaman whose paintings have won honorable mention in the United Seamen's Service annual art exhibitions. He was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1907 of a family with a 700 year history, and came to the United States in 1929 under the quota after serving a number of years in the Danish Navy. He temporarily quit the sea but returned to it in the American Merchant Marine when war came, and has since spent most of his time at sea. He has been painting just two years and has had no formal training.

Paintings by Merchant Seamen



PORTRAIT OF CADET MIDSHIPMAN

Painter—GENE TEPPER

Gene Tepper, a Junior third mate with two years' experience at sea, received one of the eight equal prizes awarded in the Merchant Seamen's Art Exhibition. He received his art training at the Art Students' League in New York and will continue his art career after the war.

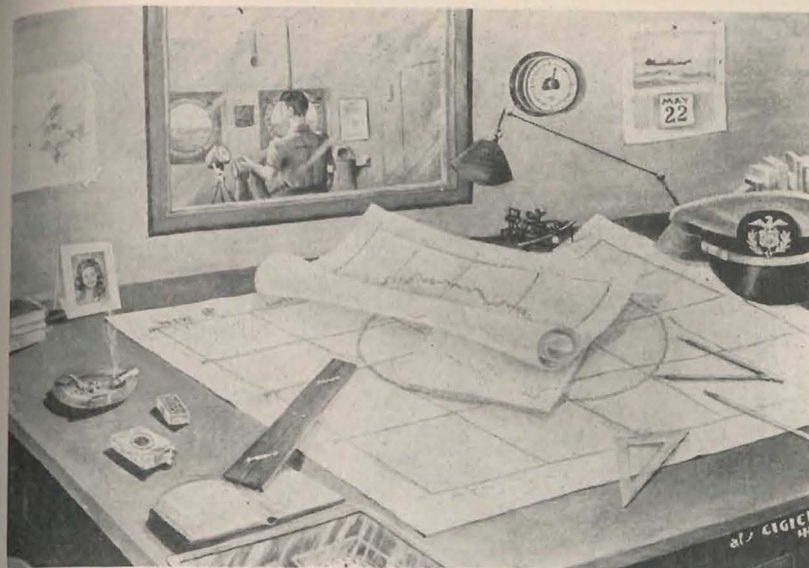


WILDCAT

Painter—JOE RICHARDS

Capt. Joe Richards has turned his talent from satirizing pretentious houses to recording his experiences taking tankers across with the materials of war. His water colors won one of the eight equal prizes in the Seamen's Art Exhibition. A ship's carpenter at the beginning of the war, Richards has just received his master's ticket. His art work has been recognized by three one-man shows.

Paintings by Merchant Seamen



ABSOLUTE SILENCE

Painter—ALEXANDER CIGICH

Minute attention to detail characterizes this oil by an artist, reticent about himself, who says that he paints only for a hobby, has no formal training, but "will always paint".



AFTER WATCH

Painter—GEORGE N. PAYNE

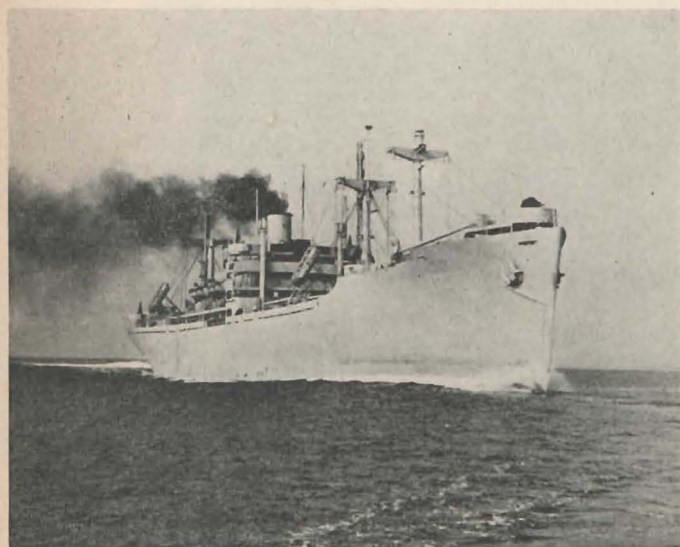
George N. Payne's fine water colors were awarded one of the eight equal prizes in the Seamen's Art Exhibition by the distinguished jury. Payne, who used to be Art Director in his home town of Cleveland, Ohio, chose the Merchant Marine at the outbreak of the war as the service in which he was most likely to have a little time to paint. He has found that it provides a wealth of subject matter and inspiration.

Three Seamen Heroes

"A CLEAN SWEEP"

A. B. Homer, Vice-President of Bethlehem Steel Company, Shipbuilding Division, hauls up the new broom which shows that the "Frederick Victory", first Victory ship built on the East Coast, has successfully completed her trial run. Built by Bethlehem-Fairfield at Baltimore, the "Frederick Victory" has a speed at least 5 knots better than a Liberty ship and is bigger all around.

Left to right—George G. Sharp, who participated in the design of both the Liberty and Victory ships; Captain Einar C. F. Petersen, Master of the vessel; A. B. Homer; and Richard Berry, official of United Fruit Company, operators of the vessel.



Photos—Courtesy Marine Journal

Victory Ship Frederick Victory

FIRST VICTORY SHIP HAS TRIALS IN CHESAPEAKE BAY

New Type vessel meets grueling eleven-hour test and makes hit with press and public.

Shown above is view of the first East Coast Victory ship which developed a speed of better than sixteen knots, five more than the Liberty type ships, on her trial run following her completion at the Bethlehem-Fairfield Shipyard, on the outskirts of Baltimore. Larger than the Liberty ship, the Victory type vessel is expected to play an important role in America's Merchant Marine.

Distinguished Service Medals, highest award which can be bestowed on a merchant seaman for very outstanding conduct or service in the line of duty, were presented recently to Captain Albert P. Spaulding, P. O. Box 102, Kimber-ton, Pa.; Second Mate Dael Porter Baird, 977 S. W. Broadway Drive, Portland, Ore.; and Oiler Paul David Jones, deceased, whose medal was presented to his father, Edgar A. Jones, 420 S. W. 35th Street, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Captain Spaulding was master of an Army troop ship with a large number of men aboard when the ship was rammed by a tanker in the same convoy. The bow of the tanker left a gaping hole 75 feet wide and several soldiers were killed and more than 50 soldiers were trapped in the wreckage. Captain Spaulding and his First Officer descended into the damaged area and succeeded in extricating and rescuing the injured and trapped men. This courageous action was accomplished with much danger of being washed overboard, injury from jagged edges of the torn hold, and electrocution from exposed wires. Captain Spaulding's calm and capable handling of the situation was instrumental in saving many lives, the ship and the valuable war cargo.

Second Mate Baird's ship operated for 18 months in the dangerous southwest Pacific, unescorted and only lightly armed. In an attack on Port Darwin and for nine succeeding days when most of the crew had left the ship, Baird with his Captain and four officers and men manned two machine guns and defended the ship so that it was the only one of 12 merchant vessels in the harbor not destroyed. Each morning they took the ship out into the harbor and returned at night to discharge cargo, so as not to endanger the dock during daylight. This determination succeeded in delivering

gasoline vitally necessary to Army operations.

P. D. Jones, Oiler, was aboard the tanker *Bostonian* when a benzol leak developed in the pump-room. The Captain refused to order any of his seamen to undertake the task of stopping the leak, and descended alone into the pump-room hatch. After his body became wedged between a cargo pump and valve wheel, he succumbed to the deadly gases. Jones and his brother volunteered to attempt his rescue, were turned back once by the searing gases, and descended again. Jones succeeded in reaching the unconscious Captain, but in his valiant efforts to extricate the heavy body, lost his own life. In his gallant endeavor, Jones unhesitatingly risked and gave his life in an attempt to save a shipmate.

NOTICE

We have again been invited to share in the proceeds of Lewis & Conger's annual SALE, which lasts throughout the month of FEBRUARY. 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 please plan to do your important Spring shopping in Lewis & Conger* during February—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!

*45th Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.

NEW STYLE TATTOO

Serial Number on Feet Win Him Aid . . .
At Advanced South Pacific Base—

Because he had his Merchant Marine serial number tattooed on the soles of his feet, a merchant seaman was able to get a pair of shoes to cover them.

An officer on a Liberty ship brought a member of his crew to an American Red Cross headquarters. While ashore the seaman had been robbed of his shoes, socks, money, and official papers.

He wanted a Red Cross loan to buy new shoes. The ship's officer was able to provide the Red Cross Field Director with all pertinent information except the man's serial number. The seaman was asked if he knew it. "Sure, I've got it right here," he replied, bringing a bare foot to the level of the desk. Somewhat the worse for wear, the number, tattooed in blue ink, was nonetheless distinguishable.

He was granted the loan.

Maritime Murmurs

Over a third of a mile of luminous white adhesive tape is used on new cargo vessels. Pasted around door locks, on corners, stairs, at fire-extinguishers, and even cut into letters, it is used to enable the crew to find their way around if the lighting system should fail.



"Josephine", Coast Guard canine mascot on a recent visit to 25 South Street

SALUTE THE TUGBOAT

The news comes from Washington that Admiral Harold R. Stark, commander of the United States naval forces in Europe, has awarded the Bronze Star medal to the masters of seven sea-going merchant-marine tugs. This deservedly highlights for a moment the too seldom remembered war service of the hardy tugboat and her crew—service daily rendered in this harbor, in harbors of Europe and on the high seas of both oceans. Last month Commodore Edward Moran, United States Naval Reserve, presented citations to four tugboat captains—and through them to their crews—for the heroism shown in towing and scuttling the blazing munitions ship, *St. Estero*, which caught fire in New York Harbor in April, 1943. As far back as when the German submarine campaign was at its deadly worst in the Atlantic, sea-going tugs became a very real part of the war, salvaging torpedoed ships, dodging mines (one tug was sunk by an underwater explosion) and risking shells from vengeful subs.

The stream of men and munitions which has passed—and still passes—from this country to European ports and toward Pacific island bases has been kept moving with the aid of a fleet of tough and ready tugboats, and in many harbors besides that of New York, in the long pull on the high seas, in the short haul of river and harbor, tugboats have done a war-winning part. Salute that little tug you may see tomorrow from a Staten Island ferryboat. She is entitled to that honor—and more.

New York Herald Tribune, December 21, 1944

Seagoing Sidewalk

News Item: "Bit of Sidewalks of New York To Go To Sea In Liberty Ship Named For Alfred E. Smith"

—*New York Times*

East wind, west wind
All around the world
Ships and men together
Their country's flag unfurled.
Freighter named for a city lad,
Bound for Capetown or Cork
Sailor stands beside the helm
On the sidewalks of New York!
M.D.C.

Benny Goodman entertains the Merchant Marine. One of the many Christmas entertainments given at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York during Christmas week. Mr. Goodman and his Quintet and Miss Jane Pickens, singer, participated in a two-way transatlantic broadcast (BBC-NBC) to England, and by short wave to ships at sea.



Photo by Marie Higginson

SEA DOG

by Cadet-Midshipman William Baker

"Polaris" U. S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N. Y.

Gunner was a mongrel who had been picked up in New York by members of the Armed Guard Crew attached to our Liberty Ship. She was now touring the Mediterranean and enjoying the trip very much. One of her favorite pastimes was to sneak into the Chief Engineer's room and steal his shoes. When the Chief awoke, one could hear him calling the dog every name in the unprintable book.

One day while discharging cargo in a foreign port, the third Mate and I were standing on top of No. 1 hatch, which was only half covered. Gunner came running up the deck to jump and play on the hatch. She found the opening and fell some forty feet to the tank top, where she landed on her feet. More scared than hurt, she was raised out of the hold in a canvas sling.

One night just after supper, the dog came out on deck and began sniffing and barking. She continued this for half an hour. Suddenly, without warning, we were attacked by German torpedo bombers. Although our ship was not hit, we were quite shaken up. Gunner performed this unusual feat several times afterward. In each case, her running on the bridge, sniffing and barking was followed by an alert or a raid.

This may sound like a very tall story to some people, but there were eighty-three persons aboard our ship who were mighty thankful that we had the clairvoyant Gunner with us for nine and a half months.



Photo by Marie Higginson

"All the monkeys aren't in the Zoo" . . .

One goes to sea with Seaman Archie Gibbs of the Merchant Marine (The monkey's name is Chico the Dip). One stays ashore with Miss Eve Brand of 157 E. 33rd Street. (His name is George. Note the sailor suit.) They met at a holiday party given at Station WNYC by Miss Helen Post for merchant seamen of the United Nations who came from the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York City, largest shore home in the world for merchant seamen of all races and creeds.

Book Reviews

MANY A WATCHFUL NIGHT

By Lieut. John Mason Brown, USNR

Whittlesey House
\$2.75

From the cruiser *Augusta* (on which the Atlantic Charter was written) the author watched the invasion of Normandy. As he described in his earlier book "To All Hands", he broadcast to the crew events as they happened; for example: "We are headed for the Bay of the Seine, immediately to the east of the Cherbourg peninsula. We Americans are the Western Task Force. To the east of us will be the British or Eastern Task Force . . . The Naval forces with which we sail represent the greatest ever assembled in history . . . Remember, we are moving into a heavily defended area teeming with gun emplacements . . ." and so on. Lieut. Brown's ability as a dramatic critic is shown in his graphic descriptions of the great armada, the mightiest drama ever staged.

Of the months of preparation for the invasion, he pays tribute to the Merchant Marine as well as the armed forces when he writes:

"Before we can move across the Channel, we as Americans must have been moved across the narrowing Atlantic . . . by sea and air, in convoys huge or small, on transports crowded to the gunwhales and Navy-protected from the waiting U-boats, on heavy freighters dipping under breakers, in post-card weather or through black, wintry waters, on lumbering LST's, on tossing LCI (L)'s, on bucking DE's and destroyers . . . we and our guns, our gas, our tanks, our jeeps, our stretchers and our files; our medicines and our medals; our camouflage and our small stores; our typewriters and our desks; our bedding and most of our food; and everything we need to build our bases, to house our men in huts and offices, to repair our ships—all of these must have been moved . . . meanwhile the lifelines in the Atlantic must be kept open, while in the Pacific another major war is being waged and making equal demands . . ."

"Certainly in the annals of migration this huge ferrying back to the Old World of the New World's accumulated power is a miracle. Don't think because it is executed by men in uniform who belong to organizations bearing such impersonal names as the Navy, the Army, the Marine Corps, the Coast Guard, the Merchant Marine, or the Air Force, that it is not done by men with nicknames, passions, and personalities no less than with serial numbers."

The book is illustrated with some splendid photographs and sketches by Navy Combat artists.
M.D.C.

ART in the ARMED FORCES

Pictured by Men in Action
Edited by Aimee Crane

Hyperion Press—Charles Scribner's Sons
\$5.00

This collection of sketches, water-colors and oils by soldiers, sailors, marines, Waves, Wacs and men in the Merchant Marine is an interesting and dramatic record of the war so that we at home will have not only a photographic interpretation but also an emotional and creative one as well. The 16 pages of full color and 250 reproductions in black and white make the book worth owning. Reprinted here* is one of the paintings of Merchant Marine artists which show a wide range of subject matter as well as technical excellence.
M.D.C.

FOOTHOLD OF EARTH

By Richard Matthews Hallet
Doubleday, Doran and Co.

\$2.50

This is an absorbing story of a Maine seacoast town and of Jason Ripple of the Merchant Marine whose ships are sunk under him, but who returns again and again to the sea, after brief shore leaves in Roger's Inlet. The people are divided over family feuds, and young Jason's romantic interest in Nina Rediern arouses the reader's sympathy. The descriptions of life aboard freighters in convoy, and the penetrating analysis of the characters of Captain Martin and his crew are well written. The author shows a keen insight into the emotional problems of men who go to sea. The strength of the story lies in its intensity of mood created by the conflict of two worlds—the land and the sea.

Here is an example, when Jason tries to tell his mother what it feels like to be on a torpedoed ship:

"You don't exactly feel it, and still you do. You don't hear it because you're a part of it. You're a part of the noise. see? If it hits another ship in the convoy you can hear it all right, like a mule's hoof going through a wash boiler. But when it hits your own ship you don't hear it. You get a boosted-up and then a let-down feeling, and a kind of a puff . . . I tell you I was scared. And then we had tracers whistling over us from both sides, so we knew there was more than one sub."

The account of the voyage in the life-boat to Russia is vividly described, the long, long talks of the men as they rowed and bailed, are told with gusto, and the handling of the small boat indicates the author's first-hand knowledge of seamanship.
M.D.C.

* See page 9.

WHERE AWAY: A MODERN ODYSSEY

by George Sessions Perry and Isabel Leigh-
ton; with illustrations by John J. Floherty,
Jr., Chief Specialist, U.S.C.G.R.
Whittlesey House, 1944.

\$2.75

One of the most moving and memorable episodes in the annals of our great Navy is this saga of the U. S. light cruiser *Marblehead*, too young for the last war and too old for this one, that took such a terrible beating in the first year of the war. The "Galloping Ghost", as the men who loved her called her, was part of the little Asiatic Fleet under Admiral Hart that fought so bravely and so hopelessly south from Manila to almost total extinction in the Java Sea. But "God had been very good to the *Marblehead*", and the story of how she was kept afloat by the superhuman effort of her gallant crew, from the attack on Feb. 4, 1942 to May 4, 1942, when she sailed triumphantly into New York harbor is an epic one.

We meet her brave men and watch them at their daily tasks, recognizing their courage and ruggedness so that we are not surprised at their invincibility under stress. We readily understand Admiral Hart's commendation when he said to the unshaven, sleepless, begrimed crew after they had survived against great odds "I'm proud to be in the same Navy with you."
F.L.N.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE JEANNETTE

By Everitt Proctor

The Westminster Press
\$2.00

This story, for boys, tells of Danny O'Hara who sailed aboard the *Jeannette* in the famous expedition to the Arctic in 1879 commanded by Captain George DeLong. The ensuing adventures in the ice pack and among the Eskimos make interesting reading for teen-agers. (The little park opposite the Institute is named for the ship *Jeannette*.)
M.D.C.

THEY PUT OUT TO SEA The Story of the Map

By Roger Duvoisin

Alfred Knopf
\$2.50

Beginning with the early traders, the author traces discoveries of the world through Magellan, the Phoenicians, Alexander, Darius, Genghis Khan and Marco Polo. Strikingly illustrated, the book is a notable addition to the Borzoi books for young people, as history comes alive as the map of the world unrolls.
M.D.C.

Shipmates Ashore

Shipmates I have seen in the Janet Roper Room on a recent quiet Friday evening—

Bill, who used to be with Clyde Beatty and the lions, and always wants to take his shirt off to show you his name . . . George, who "Fell" on South Street and now goes on crutches . . . Mr. Volk, who after surveying the entire room, takes the prettiest girl out to dance . . . the widower who could spend the rest of his life talking to the hostess except that he has to go to the movies . . . the boy who washed the dishes "because he always likes to do something for the ladies who are so kind to him" . . . the man who lives at the Institute because "it has so many rooms it is just like living in a house" . . . Jimmy, who is suffering from a disease known as "unrequited love" . . . Smitty shoving off for Boston, with a bag in one hand, box of lunch in the other, trying to wish all the hostesses good-bye at once . . . Rick, nursing a swollen hand, saying "I told him I didn't want to fight but he hit me first" . . . a little boy with a mermaid, anchors and ships in full sail tattooed on both arms, wondering what mother will say when she sees him . . . The Captain looking for someone to play donkey and beaming with joy when he gets a game under way . . . "Mac", on his night off, telling of his experiences at Oyster Bay . . . Jimmy, bringing avocados and limes from his Florida home . . . Tommy helping the hostesses with the coffee and running errands . . . Mr. Russell, quoting poetry while the hostess stands entranced . . . Tom Butler having his fortune told and seeming none too pleased with his future love life . . . Miss Johnson drawing a picture of one of the men and busily improving on nature . . . the boys who have come to the Seamen's Institute for the first time and now can't stay away . . . the many varied ways of playing rummy and the man who is always looking for someone to play chess . . . All of the men enthusing about the Hawaiian dancers . . . Mrs. Meldrum saying "It's eleven o'clock" and everyone pleading for one last song. And so "Good-night" as we all ship out for another week—until next Friday when, with a fair wind and a high tide, we will reach port again and drop anchor in the Janet Roper Room.
—ANGEL.
(a hostess)

In the SEAMEN'S LOUNGE: Seaman August Miller tells about his experiences to a group of boys whose fathers are in the American Merchant Marine.



Photos by Marie Higginson



Solid Comfort in the Janet Roper Room enjoyed by Danish Mate "Nicky" Nekelman.



A pause for refreshments at SATURDAY DANCE in the Janet Roper Room, 4th floor of the Institute.

THE LOOKOUT
25 South Street
New York, N. Y.
Dear Friends:

I was reading in THE LOOKOUT the other day about the first steamer to cross the Atlantic from this side to Liverpool. Why, I beat that record just plain sail. I think, too, that my voyage was farther as I sailed from Boston Light to Fair Isle in the Shetlands in just 29 days, 9 hours and 40 minutes*. I am now 73 and among the last of the old time square rig sailors. I have been around there in the vicinity of where the Institute now stands (I was there when they built it) when you had to look sharp to keep from getting shanghai'd. They almost got me once in the latter 80's on a full-rigger "Albatross", bound for Melbourne, but I went over side and swam to Brooklyn. I slipped over so easily that I don't believe they had any idea of what became of me. The place they got me from was where your Institute is today—George Meyer's Museum Bar—and the place was a museum of maritime collections from all over the world.

When I swam to Brooklyn, I was almost chilled to death and couldn't get up the slick piling. I got to a cross timber and managed to get upon that. Not long after, a police boat came along and took me to the Station where they dried me out and got me something to eat, as I was half famished. They questioned and warned me about those places I had been and gave me some good advice about some of the "crimps" that frequented this waterfront. Next morning I went down to my old boarding house on Pacific Street and as I looked out on the river later on, my *Albatross* had disappeared and was on her way out without any of my help.

I went back to Boston and quite often was down on Hanover Street where Mother Roper used to be when she was a girl. I used to be on the staff up on Jane and West Streets before your Institute was built.

Lots of times on cold nights we would go up to the Floating Church and listen to the sermons where it was nice and warm.

Along South Street at that time it looked like a forest of dead trees with the bare masts of the square riggers sticking up and some of their J'Booms reached almost to the buildings across the street. The biggest of the square riggers had to unship their top-masts in order to get under the then nearly new Brooklyn Bridge.

And just imagine—we used to pay five cents to go up the elevator of the new New York World Tower at the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge and gaze all over the city and Brooklyn with unobstructed view. If that building now stands, go down and take a look at it (if you can find it).

When my father's folks came from England right after the Revolution, they were two and one half months crossing from New Castle to North Carolina.

I sure take an interest in reading my LOOKOUT each month and every once in awhile I come across familiar names amongst the contributors.

I received a letter from "Mother Roper" not very long before her death. She was a wonderful woman is all I can say.

Yours truly,
(S) Edward A. Leonard.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: The record voyage under sail from Liverpool to New York by the "Red Jacket" was 13 days, 1 hour.



Harper's New Monthly—July 1873

SHANGHAIED FROM A SOUTH STREET BAR

Seamanship

by Captain Peter R. Staboe

AS the little 418 tonner S.S. Rio de Janeiro, on her fifth day out of Camocim, Brazil and bound for Christiania, Norway, headed into the fresh N. E. tradewind with her bow pitching in the seas, she ran into trouble on that October day. Six bells had just gone on the forenoon watch when all of a sudden a strong vibration was felt, and immediately after an excited Second Engineer rushes up on the bridge, saying: "Mr. Mate, our port propeller is lost." What a calamity and the nearest land some 500 miles away!

A conference was held in regard to what would be best, either head S. W. for Para, Brazil or try to make Brava Isle, Cape Verde, which lay E. N. E. We agreed to proceed for the island. Now started dreary days with a weather eye on the helm and the sea, maneuvering a flat bottom ship with her keel only 10 ft. 6 in. below the waterline, and only making 4 knots at the most, was no picnic. The Chief Engineer brought

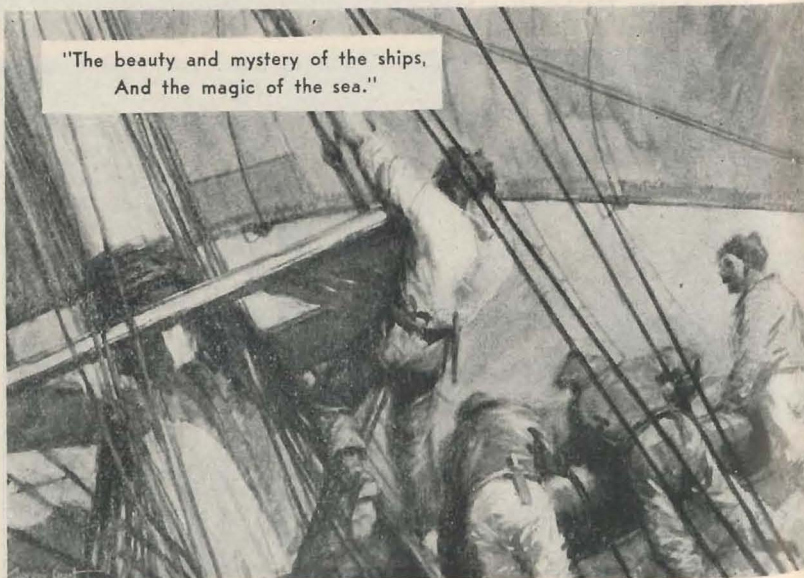
more bad news when he informed us that not only was the propeller gone to Davey Jone's Locker but the propeller shaft was broken too.

Almost six days passed before Brava was sighted but we could not make the harbor of St. Antonio. Instead we headed for the south shore of the Isle where no harbors or anchorages were charted.

We stood up as close as we dared and after a while spotted a place where it looked like a possible anchorage. The workboat was put over the side and we rowed for shore where I started to take soundings at the most likely spot under the high steep cliffs. At last a place some 300 yards off shore was found which had a depth of 25 fathom on a 50 by 50 yard stretch. The ship was signalled to proceed in and after some excellent maneuvering managed to get the hook rested on the right spot, with plenty of chain out we dropped towards land, close enough to get mooring lines ashore.

During these days everybody had

(Continued on next page)



"The beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

This Painting by Gordon Grant Hangs in the Institute Conrad Library

Marine Poetry

SHIP'S COMPANY

O Power for Good, watch over these my friends
Who choose a murky path, nor let us stray,
As midnight with the flare of dawning blends,
Or fire rolls on us through the lifelong day,
And our stout ship holds true; draw from each soul
Desire for what is noble; show each mind
The world as a serene, harmonious whole
When from the mire shall rise up human-kind
To function as one nation of free men,
With town and hamlet linked by joyful song;
This is the haven which we yearn to see,
Our duty done, but while we cleave the main,
O Power, that we may labor faithfully,
Exalt us, make us gentle, make us strong!

Ens. John Ackerson, U.S.M.M.
N. Y. Times—Oct. 20, 1944

SEAMANSHIP

been kept busy so that when the time came the difficult job could be done in a jiffy. The port tunnel top had to be cut loose by hand and the sand ballast trimmed ready for shifting.

As soon as the anchor was down, all hands went at work on the ballast which had to be shifted forward as much as possible because the stern had to be raised at least 6 feet, making it possible to work on the shaft and propeller. The Chief Engineer had earlier made an old condemned propeller shaft useful by turning a big piece of brass tube into a stern tube bushing on his hand lathe.

After 12 hours of strenuous work we had the ship ready for the last act. The Third Engineer and Donkeyman, who were our best divers, stood by in the work boat ready to ply the stern tube when the shaft was drawn, and a good job they did several feet under water.

Just after noon everything was set and rigged, the propeller shaft on its place ready to be pushed out and an old propeller hoisted on deck. A sigh of relief came when the shaft

Christmas Boxes were packed by pupils in the 5th Grade, Webster School, Syracuse, N. Y. Ten year old Marilyn Coon composed a poem to enclose in each box.

TO A SEAMAN

From the Webster children to a Seaman friend,
To you this Christmas gift we send.
The money to buy it we did earn
In many ways which you'll soon learn.
We spaded the garden and planted some seeds,

Then we pulled just bushels of weeds.
We sifted ashes and cut the grass,
And picked up pieces of broken glass.
We answered the telephone and the door,
And a hundred times we went to the store.
We gave up candy and chewing gum,
So that we might send you some.
We tended the baby and mopped the floor,
If you've scrubbed the deck, you know that's a chore.

These things and more we did gladly do,
So we might send this gift to you.
If you have a spare moment any night
A little note to us please write.

We hope next year that there'll be peace,
And war forever more will cease.
So a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

With heaps of good luck, joy and cheer.
It gave us great pleasure to do this for you,
And we hope that you will enjoy it, too.

SEAMAN'S PRAYER

Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh,
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk.

By Seaman Harry Dove.

was shipped and we saw how well it fitted. Now for the last stage, the act of slinging and hauling the propeller aft. With wires and a differential pulley working in unison we at last got the propeller in its place and the propeller nut tight on. It was dangerous working in the heavy swell, with the stern lifting and settling, but by five o'clock we had managed to shift propeller and shaft in the open sea and we could at last turn in for a much needed rest.

*McCheson
Cathedral*

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