THE LOOKOUT

Seamen's Issue

Photo from United Nations Information Office

ON LOOKOUT—IN WINTER CONVOY

VOL. XXXVI—No. 1 JANUARY, 1945

Sanctuary

PRAYER OF A MERCHANT SEAMAN AT SEA

Again the night-time of the waters is upon us. We pray against the evils of the sea and the greater evils of the enemy. Here upon the ocean we are close to God, and we pray He hears our call . . . Give us, Lord, the grace to sail our ships well. Give us seamanship . . . marksmanship . . . skill . . . In this night and in the many nights to come until the ships bear lights again, give us, O God, the strength to face our fate unshaken. Amen.

Josef Israels, II, Lieut. U. S. Maritime Service
Radio Officer on a Merchant Ship

Reprinted from "Soldiers' & Sailors' Prayer Book"
Edited by Major Gerald Maygatt and Chaplain Henry Darlington.

The
LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVI, JANUARY, 1945

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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President
THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer
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$1.00 per year 10c per copy

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

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

Address all communications to
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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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 JANUARY, 1945 No. 1

The Carpenter Goes Home

Chips mended doors and caulked the deck with practiced skill while he dreamed of owning a small cottage by the River Dee

by Frank G. Laskier*

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A Winter View of 25 South Street

*Frank Laskier has been going to sea in the British Merchant Navy for many years. As author of two books on his war experiences, he was an honored guest at the Marine Authors' Luncheon held at the Institute last August.

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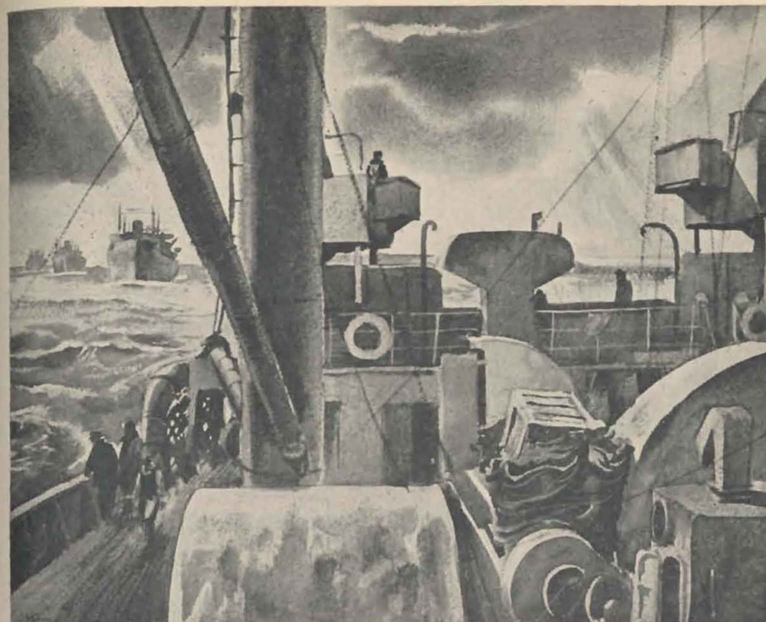
(*Continued on page 17*)

Vital Cargo

By Robert E. Conway, Ordinary Seaman—Age 20



From a Watercolor by Lieut. (j.g.) Mitchell Jamieson, USNR., Official U. S. Navy Combat Artist

In Convoy

IT was over at the Union Hall that I first met Indiana. He was a laughing young ex-farmer that I took a liking to almost at once. He got to talking, as you generally do, and after a short time we decided to become shipmates. It came like a bolt from the blue, the announcer called two AB's for the Murmansk run.

At this time the Murmansk run was pretty hot and we were a little doubtful of going. But Indiana, his blue eyes shining with excitement, grabbed my arm and there we were.

The first night I'll never forget. I was somewhat disappointed at the appearance of the vessel. It was of ancient vintage, rusty plates, but nevertheless mighty clean. We were assigned to a small but tidy cabin with two lockers, a small washstand, and a writing desk.

If you who read this have never been to sea before you have no idea of the preparation made before leaving port. Well, I never in all my years of going to sea have worked as I did this time. There was so much to do that I was often discouraged but nevertheless through Indiana's encouragement and cheerfulness I managed to survive the ordeal and we left in the dusk of a November eve.

We joined a convoy on the next watch and were off on a terrifying voyage that I'll never forget.

For the first two weeks it was all a matter of routine duties. Standing watches, "shooting the breeze" in the mess room, horseplay, and all the other little odds and ends that go with a most uneventful journey. Just the calm before the storm so it seemed to me now.

The morning of the fifteenth day I heard the familiar cry of "All Hands Man Your Battle Stations." It seems that Fritzie was paying us the first of his many calls. There were twenty-two Stuka Dive-Bombers in that group of Nazis. They came over in runs of two and three at a time, and all that I could think

of was that cargo of nitro we had below decks.

I saw the small Dutch ship astern of us stagger with the blow of a direct hit. Of course the Nazis were strafing us, and the poor Dutchmen were trying to go over the side in the lifeboats, but with their cargo of blazing oil were unsuccessful. I could hear their screams as the oil got to them. Screams I'll never forget ringing in my ears. Silently a prayer formed on my lips, a prayer for the dead and dying.

Suddenly before my eyes another ship erupted with a violent roar. This time an American ship. This time it hurt a little more. For on that ship were my own countrymen. Fellows from a small town, a big city, a rural township, fellows like me—you, AMERICANS.

Off to the right another, and another, and then another. Would it never stop? Men with families, fighting other men with families. Oh for the feel of the spade grips of a 20MM between my palms. Yes a nasty business at the best, this being a merchant seaman without a gun.

In the midst of all this holocaust, Indiana was my guiding light. Running up forward with ammunition for the gunners, and stopping to help a wounded navy gunner to the sick bay—he was a real American seaman.

We weathered the first attack, and Fritzie well satisfied with his toll, pulled away with only the loss of three Stukas to five of our badly needed supply ships for the Russians.

From the port side a siren's scream announced the arrival of an English Corvette. The Master of our ship, Captain John McCandless, ordered the vessel to slow ahead as the Limey drew alongside. With his megaphone the Commander of the Corvette asked if we could accommodate thirty survivors of the torpedoed and bombed freighters. The Captain replied that though we were a little cramped for space he thought it might be arranged. So the poor chaps climbed aboard.

It was slightly after 1 A.M. that the second raid on our convoy began. They came over high with their motors cut out, and the suddenness of their attack caught us unawares. It seemed only a moment after we heard the high pitched wail of a Stuka that the tanker off the port bow was hit. The flames lit up the surrounding waters like a giant floodlight, lifting the protecting mantle of darkness as though you had walked into a dark room and snapped on your electric light. All hell seemed to break loose. Men screamed, were injured, blood flowed, and many died.

Nine more went down that night. Nine ships. Doesn't sound like many if you say it fast. Nine ships. Lives lost, men marred for life, fellows like yourself not coming home anymore. The papers back home would carry an item something like this: The Germans sank nine cargo ships.

A week later came the most concentrated attack we ever had. A hundred Stukas, Heinkels, and Messerschmidts, with the aid of a wolf pack of subs came. So far we had lost 14 vessels of many different flags. Today Hitler could really tell his Herrenvolk about the glorious Lufftwaft and Unterseeboot warfare that Germany carried to victory that day.

It came while I was doing my trick at the wheel. Hundreds of planes circling, diving, smashing at us from every conceivable angle. Through the slits in front of me I could see a mob of black crossed wings diving on us. Dipping, rolling, diving, twisting, with their guns full out. Spraying our decks with deathly slugs. The Navy boys up forward seemed to stand at attention and suddenly fold up in the middle as the leaden slugs tore through their young bodies. More men dying for a principle they believed in. The foremost Stuka shuddered with the blast of 20MM slugs as one of the boys caught him in the ring sights of his gun.

Suddenly the wheel was wrenched from my hand. The ship seemed to

leap out of the water. It dawned on me as I stood there staring at the wheel idly spinning we were hit!

On deck there was all the confusion that accompanies a torpedoed merchantman. A fire had broken out aft of No. 6 hatch. The Captain, realizing the explosive cargo we had aboard ordered the ship to be abandoned at once.

My station was No. 3 boat on the starboard side. It's funny to you as you practice boat drills once or twice a week, but how well it stands you in an emergency. As I ran forward I stumbled over a body. I turned and there was, "No God, it can't be him, it can't." I prayed. Yes, Indiana lay there eyes staring unseeingly into the blue. Indiana the lad you just couldn't help liking—dead. Oh merciful God why do we have wars? Wars that mean death and destruction to swell fellows like Indiana, and millions like him. From time immemorial this question has been on the lips of thousands of mothers, fathers, wives, other relatives and friends.

On the long trip back to the States I've thought of Indiana, and the rest of the boys who went down from just this one convoy. Multiply them by the numerous other convoys and then offer a silent prayer for the men who go down to the sea in ships—the vital lifeline of our armed forces, *The Merchant Marine,* who are helping to end the war as speedily as possible.

Seagoing "Prophet"

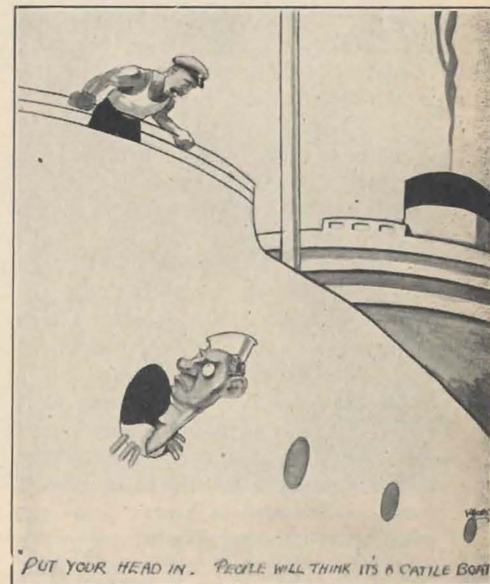
by Cecil M. Jones, Engineer

"TELEPATHIC JOE", as we soon commenced calling him, was one of those quaint characters with a humorous squint in his left eye and a small head perched at a peculiar slant on a long neck (with a large Adam's apple) stuck on a pair of square shoulders. At the beginning of the trip we could not get the hang of him. He appeared—in an unselfish way—to regard himself as being a jump ahead of everyone else. We were soon to realize he was two jumps ahead of us—sometimes three!

It commenced soon after we signed on. He informed us that there would be no "draw" before we sailed, that there were no razor blades in the slop chest, and that the "Old Man" was going to make anyone who overstayed shore leave "toe the line" in no uncertain manner.

If he said we were going to such a port, we went there—and soon we regarded him as some sort of divine being with a touch of the Gestapo and F.B.I. thrown in for good measure.

Coming into any port Joe and myself were always forward with the Mate and, of course, the rest of our Watch. And even as the Third Mate picked up the telephone to relay the Captain's orders to the bow, Joe would almost without fail tell us what he wanted. It might be "Take in a breast rope,"—"Heave Ahead", or, "Let go the Starboard Anchor". Joe was always prophetically true.



Drawing by Seaman Tom Hurst

Sometimes he even told us that they "were all clean aft" or that we "were going to pick up the pilot in ten minutes." His forecasts were always correct.

Some of us put down this uncanny ability as a seer to his long years of experience, but when on shore jaunts, he commenced repeating the conversations of shipmates seated at the other end of the bar and later found out he had given us a verbatim account of their verbal meanderings, he was almost regarded as a spiritual phenomena, and at least with the reverence due to an ancient Quack.

Finally, we gave up conjecturing as to his remarkable attributes and accepted his strange powers, but we were always very careful in our conversations not to say anything irritatingly personal about anyone aboard and especially about Joe.

We seemed to be a crew of the loftiest of lofty thinkers and talkers. In short, we were almost afraid to think our own thoughts or broadcast them.

We paid off in "Philly" after the six months trip was over and from there headed to New York.

I met Joe in a bar on South Street weeks later—and promptly stopped thinking my own thoughts. The man had such a strange hold on my mental being—there was no escape—you just had to stop thinking. He was happily intoxicated and to the usual questions concerning "how he did it", he said: "For ten years I was deaf. A minor operation restored my hearing. During all those years I had to depend on lip reading to take the place of normal hearing."

What a relief it was to find that Joe was just an ordinary guy, after all!

The Way of the Sea

by Herbert Colcord

Bosun, Merchant Marine School, 25 South Street

WHEN I chanced to pick up a Boston paper the other day and saw an account of the bark *Rydberg*, it brought back old memories of sailing ship days.

I turned the calendar leaves back fifty years or so and tried to make a picture in my mind's eye of the waterfront along South Street in New York. At that time I was only a little shaver, but as I now look back, it was something like this . . . There were very few steamers in the freight trade and all along South Street one could see ships and barks tied up at the docks with their jibbooms out over the street. There were vessels from all over the world and flying every nation's flag, but I think that the American ships won out. It sure was a busy place, and not a very good one for a minister.

My father, Capt. J. H. Colcord, was in command of a very fine ship which was loading general cargo for San Francisco, and my mother and sister were to make the voyage. In those times the Captains most always took their families with them.

It was heaps of fun to watch the ships being loaded and to see the sailors putting stores on board for the voyage. I don't just remember the date we sailed, but it was sometime in November 1890. We towed out to Sandy Hook lightship and as the sails were already bent, it was not much work to set them after the tug cast off her hawser. When a vessel starts on a long trip, they take what is called a departure, which is a bearing taken over the stern and just reversed. Going off the Atlantic coast in winter is pretty cold, but with any kind of a chance—I mean by that a good, fair breeze—a ship should be in fine weather in 36 hours. When you hit the Gulf Stream, the temperature rises like the sun. My sister and I had loads of fun catching sea weed and shaking little crabs and small fish out of it, and watching the trolling line for a big one to bite. Every ship tries to catch all the fish they can, and it is seldom that you get two kinds alike. When the Cook cooks them, he always puts in a silver coin; if it turns black they are poisonous, if it doesn't turn, the fish is okay.

In winter time, if a ship is lucky, she will carry a northerly breeze right across the Gulf Stream and perhaps down to around 29° N. Lat. where she should pick up the N.E. Trade Winds which should take her down around the line. There is generally a period of calm which is called the "doldrums" consisting of light, variable winds and some of the heaviest thunder storms one ever saw.

My sister and I had to go to school to mother, just as we would if we had been at home. I don't remember much about the staying after school. We had to mind, I remember, but as I look at it now we—or rather, I—should have gotten more "lickin's" than I did, although, my sister was no angel, either. We worked along south, some good, some bad weather. I haven't any record of how long it took to the Line, or how long it took to Cape Horn. I do remember it was pretty cold and we had a few gales. When a ship gets down there, she is in real trouble and it is most always stormy and cold with everything frozen up—ropes, blocks and all the running gear. That is where a sailor earned his $24. a month. We had 18 men before the mast and as I remember them, they were all good sailors. There were very few rows and they all minded their officers. Our second mate was a Maine man and quite old. Our Chief-mate was a Mr. Charles Barkey from Boston, I think. We rounded old

SUNLIT SEA

The original of this painting hangs in the Janet Roper Room, fourth floor of the Seamen's Institute, 25 South Street. It was given by the Misses Lois Curtis Low and Harriette Low, in memory of their brother Benjamin R. C. Low, a member of the Institute's Board of Managers from 1905 until his death in 1941.

Cape Horn all right and proceeded up the West Coast of South America. All the ships used to avoid the land as much as possible, on account of being afraid of going ashore, I suppose.

There are some funny sights at sea, and a life like that is great. One cannot quite convince a landlubber about it, but anybody brought up on the sea knows that a ship is almost human and tries to do just as the captain wants her to do. If there is a mistake, it is usually the fault of the men, not the ships.

Down around the Cape there are always loads of birds and all along the coast they nest and rear their young. I remember some of their names. There was the albatross, molley hawk, cape pigeon and Mother Carey's chickens with now and then a boobey. We used to fish for these birds with a zig which was a piece of copper cut out like this Y, the inside lined with pork rind. The bird got his bill in the shaped copper, and when you pulled up on the line, he was all hooked.

The way those big fellows sit back had a fish whipped good and plenty. When you slacked up on him he let go. Some of the albatross had a wing spread of 14 ft. or so, and it generally took two or three men to land them. When they were let go on deck they couldn't rise on out of the back lash of the wind from the sails. They were pretty snappy and we only kept them for a little while and then let them go. I remember one time in a calm, that one of the sailors locked a bird's wings on his back and threw him overboard. Father had a boat launched and made him and some other men go catch him and straighten him out, so he could fly. There were quite a few birds marked either with leg bands or different kinds of paint. Those that had been caught before were rather tame, and as I remember it, didn't seem to mind so much. Oh yes, there were those funny little penguins. They can't fly at all but are like a flash in the water. One of the men told us that he had been down there in a whaler once and had been ashore. There are some harbors and coves there that can be sailed into and the holding ground for anchors is good. This man said he had been there during nesting time for these funny little birds and this is as I remember what he told me. The females lay their eggs and set on them in some quite sheltered spot. They pick off enough feathers so the eggs fit in on their bodies resting on their feet. When it snows, they don't move but the old male birds keep holes dug down to them so they won't smother. When the chicks arrive they put them together in a bunch and then go fishing for shrimp, fill their little tummies up and waddle back to the little fellows, throw up what they have caught and thus bring up their families to maturity. Quite some busy birds.

There are always some new things cropping up every day. One sees whales, porpoises and flying fish. These latter will fly to a light. We used to put a light in the rigging and have some old bags sewed together and hang down under the light. The fish fly for the light, hit the rigging and drop down into the bags. Simple, isn't it? They are very good fish to eat. Now and then the porpoises come around to scrape their backs and bodies on the ship's bottom. They don't bite a hook and so are harpooned from the martingale. Some of the big boys haul out hard but with a watch on the harpoon line they have to come up if the harpoon don't pull clear. If such a thing happens, the others kill the wounded fish. They are very good eating and taste something like pork. The liver of porpoise is fine also. And that's the way of a life at sea . . . something a bit different all the time. Quite often there are ships in sight and some very interesting sea races are run off.

After rounding Cape Horn, we proceeded up the West Coast in the South Pacific. On that side there are some funny things also. After you get past the coast of Central America the weather is fine and

warm and then one begins to see sea turtles with those funny old penguins setting on their backs asleep. When the old turtle decides to go under, Mr. Penguin gets a rapid bath and a sudden wake-up. Off the coast of Southern California there is at certain times of the year a lot of drift debris, logs and sea weed, and through this debris lots of funny snakes. I have heard they are very poisonous, but am not quite sure about that. They don't seem to be very active and are very funny in shape. They have a flat place about two or three inches from their tails which looks like a steering oar, but I never saw one close up. Nobody likes snakes, anyway. We sailed up north with about the same kind of heavy weather, as we had on the east coast and everything went along fine after the usual shift of sails. I mean by that changing all the sails on all the masts from heavy weather canvas to lighter ones. That is done by unbending the old ones already set to a new lighter set. All hands do it and in any kind of a fair chance, it can be done in two or three days. The old ones are furled and there is a ganlline rigged on the top gallant mast that takes care of all the sails on that one mast. The sails are lowered down and the others hauled up, and sailors who know their work can sure make that shift in jigtime. I think we sighted Catalina Island—that is about a week's sail from the Golden Gate at San Francisco. I know everybody was beginning to talk about arriving on such and such a date—different topics as there always is among sailors (ranging from a plug of tobacco to a quart of rum). I do remember quite well making our landfall but the date has slipped my mind; anyway, it was close to Washington's Birthday. On that particular morning it was a trifle hazy but just a good full sail breeze, and we stood in for the channel buoy to pick up the pilot. At that time there was a tug boat war on in San Francisco, and we were met well outside by one of the Spreckles tugs, a small

Photo by Marie Higginson

Bosun Colcord demonstrates a bowline to a class in the Institute's Merchant Marine School.

boat. There was a rival boat, too, but the small one got to us first and as Spreckles had always done Father's towing jobs, he took her. Everything was furled and the ship was in charge of the tug. I am quite sure the pilot was on the tug. There are three channels into Frisco, the North, the Main Channel and the South. On the north side of the Main channel there is a middle ground called the Potato Patch which is shallow and hard sand, and a very tough place in rough weather. The wind hauled into the North East and came out of the Harbor like a bullet. We were pretty well in by then when the breeze struck. The big tug dropped back, and offered to hook on but the squarehead Captain of the one all ready fast to us wouldn't accept assistance from the rival tug. We went onto the Potato Patch broad side to and I can distinctly remember that the keel pounded off and came up alongside before Father decided to put Mother, my sister and myself on the other tug. We were transferred in a lifeboat. It was very rough and we had some difficulty in getting away from the ship. When we did get on the tug, the Captain of her said the wind was going down and

everything would be all right. We proceeded into the harbor and supposed the ship *Elisabeth* would follow. When the tug captain saw he couldn't hold the ship, he cut his hauser or that was the report—it will probably never be known if he did or not—but at any rate he went ashore and committed suicide.

Several captains offered $1010 for a tug to go and try and pick the ship up but couldn't get one. We didn't get the full story until the following morning, and this is as I remembered it. The wind and tide took the ship and she went ashore on the North side of the Golden Gate; I think it must have been not far from where the Golden Gate bridge is located now. The Mate was the only man that got out of the wreck alive. There was one sailor who went crazy and died in a day or so. The mate, Mr. Charles Barkley, said that before the ship went to pieces, Father died in his arms on the main deck from heart disease. The wreckage of the ship was piled up on Lime Pt. some 12 to 14 feet high and they found piles of pig iron driven into the deck timbers some 6 to 8 inches. Father's body washed ashore and was found among the wreckage. All the others were burned in the wreckage or drifted out to sea. A sad Washington's Birthday for the Colcord family, but that is the way of the sea . . . she picks no favorites.

"Ya Can't Kid Me"

By Bos'n S. Sussman *From the Heaving Line*

When I first went to sea, I was warned by my brother, who had sailed on merchant vessels, to beware of the practical joker, who delights in sending the willing but "green" hand on endless errands that produce nothing but guffaws at his expense. He told me to laugh off requests for a bucket of live steam or an order for a left-handed pipe wrench. He told me that if I were asked to get 20 fathoms of lubber-line to realize that it was impossible, since the lubber's line was the small black line on the compass, which indicated the ship's head. If I were to be asked to get a length of water-line, to shrug it off, since that is the line formed by the water, along the vessel's hull. He said "the green light on the starboard side and the red light on the port side, don't require red and green oil to burn properly." So, armed with all of this knowledge I went to sea. Years went by and I would enjoy the antics of some youngster who went up to the "crows nest" to get the eggs that were there. Or the kid who went all over the ship asking for "Charlie Noble" so that he could draw some firing line. I enjoyed explaining to some one just why it was that "Iron Mike" could steer the ship for three and four days without a relief. (Iron Mike is the sailors' name for the Sperry Gyro Pilot). So, it wasn't strange that when I signed on my first tanker, the tanker men would try to pull a few "fast ones" on the "blue-water" sailor. I was able to laugh off their childish attempts to "hook" me. One day I was sitting on the after deck writing a letter, one of the A.B.s asked me if I was going to put them in the "Mail-buoy" that afternoon. I assured him that I definitely would, I was hard at work on deck, with a paint brush when this same fellow asked if I had my letters ready for mailing. My letters were safely in my locker, awaiting arrival in Texas, so that I could mail them in Galveston. So I told him to, "Shove off, sailor, I'm not that 'green,' the nearest land there is, is Miami and that's 7 days away, get away from me or I'll give you the 'deep six'" (throw him overboard). So the sailor gave me an odd look and walked off. A little later, I paused in my work to watch a couple of the sailors who were off watch, bringing a milk can on deck. The can was painted white, with U. S. Mail lettered in red on the can. A jaunty flag was attached to the stopper of the can and a weight was fixed to the bottom. Inside this can was all of the personal letters of the crew, with sufficient money for postage. When we came close enough to one of the party fishing boats that ply the waters off-shore in Florida, the can was heaved over. The boat swerved from its course long enough to pick up the can. It wasn't until long after this, that I had the nerve to ask about this custom. It seems that sailors enjoy this privilege in peace-time and the party boatmen don't mind doing this, as the passengers on the boat enjoy the novelty of the practice and there is usually sufficient extra money in the can to pay the boatman for his trouble. So there I was, the "fellow who couldn't be fooled," I was stuck with my letters for at least 4 to 6 days, and the others would have the satisfaction of knowing that their letters would be in the hands of the people to whom they were addressed, long before my letters would even be in a mail box! So, I sometimes wonder, "Was I too smart."

Tribute to the Janet Roper Club

As one who is privileged to sail under the Stars and Stripes of the United States Merchant Marine, I wish to speak a few heartfelt words in deepest appreciation of the Janet Roper Club and in gratitude to all those who so unselfishly and unstintingly give of their time and efforts to make the Club a Success, as it is, and a happy haven in which to spend some of our all too brief hours ashore, I say:

In even the most remote ports in distant countries, wherever ships' crews meet, the talk invariably drifts to the discussion of clubs and canteens for Merchant Seamen and the Janet Roper Club is always spoken of, not merely favorably, but acclaimed loudly by all hands and spoken of in the most praiseworthy phrases.

Often, thousands of watery miles away, struggling to get our precious cargoes of vital war materials to their distant destinations, someone always shouts:—"Hurry up there, you sons-o-guns, get a move on, shake a leg there—hurry up now! If you don't want to sink or swim for it—Lively there if you want to sink your teeth into another sandwich at the Roper Club again!" In the midst of our back-breaking toil this sally is always good for a laugh—the comparison between our present wet misery and the warm comfort waiting for us in the Roper Club is such a marked contrast.

When men exhausted physically and with their spirits at a low ebb can recall themselves and each other back from the brink of despair with something like this, it is a very fine thing, don't you think?

The memory of the Club with its fun, food, music, dancing and merry girls becomes in a moment the most valuable thing in the Ship, and it is always with a feeling of real relief when we see the New York skyline looming up across the bay to reflect that in a few more hours we can drop anchor comfortably in one of the easy chairs of the Club. We are never disappointed—it is always there waiting for us on our return, certain as the sunrise, and each faithful hostess welcomes us back with a gracious smile . . . it is like another Home to come to.

By Seaman George Noble.

Drawings by Ed Randall

AN INCIDENT IN COURT

Editor's Note: A LOOKOUT *subscriber sent us the following account of a recent incident in court.*

Last week, in the Grand Jury, on which I am serving, I ran across an incident which brought out very clearly a long unsung, but most favorable service which the Institute renders Seamen, and that is, selling Travelers Cheques.

A nice looking, young chap with a little mustache and well poised, was the complainant and outlined how he had met two men in a Bar immediately upon his arrival.

They enticed him to an apartment and without going into the details, they robbed him of $160. in cash and $500. worth of Travelers Cheques. The District Attorney's questions and the seaman's answers went about as follows:

D.A.—"How much did you say was stolen from you?"

Seaman—"$160. in cash and $500. in Travelers Cheques. I had spent the greater part of a $20 bill."

D.A.—"Have you seen any of this property since?"

Seaman—"No."

D.A.—"Have you recovered any of this property?"

Seaman—"Yes, I have received back from the Company $500. for my Travelers Cheques."

D.A.—"By the Company, you mean?"

Seaman—"The American Express. I had their Cheques."

D.A.—"You did not get your actual Cheques back?"

Seaman—"No, but the Company has them."

D.A.—"Did you see them?"

Seaman—"No."

D.A.—"Well, don't testify on what you have not seen. Did you get their value back in full?"

Seaman—"Yes."

The juror then asked the question, "Where did you buy these Travelers Cheques?" The Seaman answered, "From the Seamen's Church Institute. They send men on board ships when we land."

Later, the Grand Jury Members expressed favorable opinions about what this Institute was doing in this way to protect the sailors.

Captain's Side of the Bridge

In fog or heavy weather, the master of the ship will always be found on the weather side. He wants to be nearest the sounds that may come through the fog. He is the responsibility of the vessel, and he must insure the safety of the vessel by being on hand in the event of an emergency.

St. Elmo's Fire

St. Elmo is one of the saints of seamen. The discharge of static electricity aboard ship will cause auros of light to dance around the top of the masts and flag-poles. If a sailor is covered by this light his end is supposed to near.

Whistling

Whistling is taboo or forbidden aboard ship. The whistle sounds too much like the squeal of a hot bearing in the Engine Room and too much like the whistle of the voice tube. Sailors don't whistle.

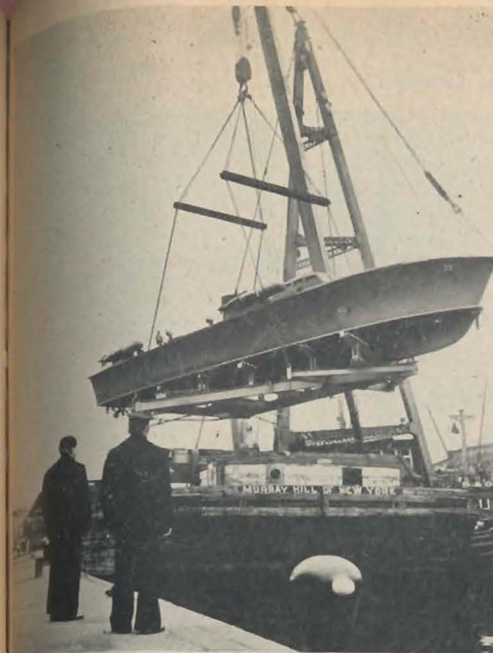
SMELLS

From Chinneysmoke, by Christopher Morley, J. B. Lippincott Co.

(The Nautical Gazette, March 1944)

Why is it that the poets tell
So little of the sense of smell?
These are the odors I love well:
The smell of coffee freshly ground;
Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;
Or onions fried and deeply browned.
The fragrance of a fumy pipe;
The smell of apples, newly ripe;
And printer's ink on leaden type.
Woods by moonlight in September;
Breathe most sweet; and I remember
Many a smoky camp-fire ember.
Camphor, turpentine, and tea,
The balsam of a Christmas tree,
These are whiffs of gramarye . . .
A SHIP SMELLS BEST OF ALL
TO ME!

Merchant Seamen attend a War Bond Rally in the Janet Roper Room at the Institute on Saturday night, December 2nd, and bought bonds and stamps for themselves and their families. The Institute is an issuing agent for bonds and sends ship visitors aboard vessels at the payoffs of the crews and sells War Bonds.



PT BOAT IN 6TH WAR BOND DRIVE

Lifted by a 100 ton crane off the barge that brought
across New York harbor from Bayonne, New Jersey,
PT39 arrives at Pier 9 at the foot of Manhattan, just
stone's throw away from the Seamen's Institute.

Photo by Marie Higginson

Mrs. Violet Williams and hostesses at War Bond Rally, Janet Roper Room, 4th Floor of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

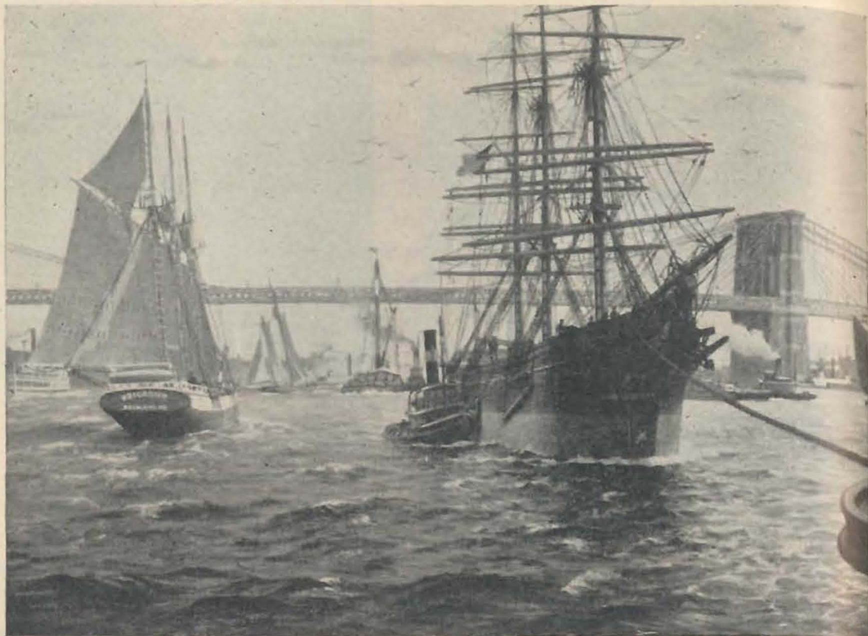
At the Rally, kits, packed by women volunteers, were given to each American seaman purchasing a War Bond. Hostesses for the evening were young women from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company who served refreshments from the kitchen adjoining the Janet Roper Room.

LARGEST VESSEL EVER TRANSPORTED THROUGH STREETS OF NEW YORK

Nestling in her own 11½ ton cradle, the 77 foot PT 39, heavily armed as it was when on Pacific duty, was towed from the foot of Old Slip along South Street, opposite the Institute, and up Broad Street to Wall Street, where, bristling with guns, torpedoes and crew, it helped during the 6th War Loan Drive to sell Bonds. Merritt, Chapman and Scott assisted in the gigantic operation of moving the craft.

Sailing Under Brooklyn Bridge

by Louis S. Tiemann



From the Painting by Charles Robert Patterson

PRIOR to the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge, China ships, which were generally vessels of large size with fairly lofty rigs, could reach their piers No. 27 to No. 49 East River* without difficulty, and the photographs of that section taken at that time show these sailing vessels alongside the piers with their top-gallant-masts aloft. But from about 1879 or 80, when the cables were installed between the Bridge towers, vessels docking at these piers which were above the Bridge, were obliged to lower their fore and main top-gallant-masts, as shown in Mr. Charles Robert Patterson's painting reproduced here showing a large vessel being towed down the East River with top-gallant-masts partly housed and rigging slack.

On several occasions after the Bridge had been completed, vessels, generally schooners, came in contact with the lower girders and lost part or all of their topmasts, due no doubt to misjudgment by the Captain of the height of their masts.

At high water the clearance from the surface of the East River to the under side of the roadway of the Brooklyn Bridge (as given by the Coast and Geodetic Survey chart) is 127 feet, so that at low water slack this distance would, of course, be increased by from five to six feet. depending upon the stage of the tide. A vessel with a main truck 132 to 133 feet above the water might, therefore, have been able, by using extreme care to keep her exactly under the center marks of the Bridge, to pass under without striking, but as the cost of replacing a broken top-gallant-mast would probably have been $250. to $500. as against $50. or $75. paid to the riggers for lowering and raising it again after towing down the river, the latter procedure was usually followed rather than to take a chance.

Even if a vessel arriving deep loaded could pass under the Bridge to go to her dock, when discharged and showing perhaps ten feet more of side, she probably could not pass the Bridge safely on her return. Consequently, it was easier to drop the top-gallant-masts on arrival while the riggers were on board unbending sail and unreeving gear.

These piers were selected by the ships arriving from China probably because of the convenient storage facilities afforded by the warehouses operated by Lawrence Son & Gerrish at 221-223 South Street and M. S. Driggs & Co. at 278 and 280 South Street. These firms specialized in handling China cargoes consisting of tea, matting, palm fans, cassia, chinaware, etc. Since the piers were all open without protection of any kind from the weather, cargo discharged during the day had to be removed the same day and was accomplished by using small three-wheeled platform trucks drawn by one horse to transfer the merchandise from the ships to the warehouses just across South Street.

* Located between Dover and Clinton Streets, south of the Bridge tower.

War-Time Adventures

by Samuel Banks (Chief Steward)

I AM a British West Indian. Born in the desolated island of Grand Cayman in the Caribbean Sea west northwest of Jamaica and southeast by east of Florida, I am now thirty-one. I had a very ambitious father who tried to give me the very best of everything—that is what he could afford—because he was a poor man. Fate, as I have said, played its part. But this time it struck at the most vital spot, my Dad. This caused me to quit school at the age of twelve. My brother, Solomon, being ten, we sailed to Belize, British Honduras, to earn a livelihood and to secure enough money to put Dad through an operation which was a very serious one. We had only the small amount of nine shillings, which after change to the Belize currency, was only one dollar and eighty-three cents. This secured us food for one week, and it is needless to tell you we merely existed. We tried to obtain a job which we later did on a small open boat.

After being at sea three days we were compassed by a severe storm which took my brother to his death in the bottom of the sea one hundred miles east of Ista Moharis, or Isle of Woman. From that day I decided I would sail the seas throughout life.

After being at home for two years I sailed away to Mobile, Alabama, where I spent some time yachting, but the British, finding me free in Bermuda, enlisted me for the Navy in which I had several years' experience. After being in this Navy a certain time, I was granted leave which permitted me opportunity to return home and marry the one girl I have ever loved from childhood. But when War was declared I was called back to the Fleet—but this time in the Auxiliaries.

DUNKIRK

As we lay in a certain port in England we could hear the guns booming in France. Everybody was cheering, saying we are giving the Germans hell. At night we could hear the R.A.F. going over to play havoc with the enemy—as we thought—but little did we know that the British were passing through hell and the very depths of it. Poland had fallen, Belgium was conquered, and the British and French were retreating. Yet everybody seemed to think it was only to a stronger holding. Each day the guns seemed nearer, the enemy planes more numerous. Bombs and shells bursting everywhere. We were ordered to stand by for action. Every day brought new anxiety. And then came Dunkirk. Never before have I witnessed such slaughter of mankind. There they were—the boys of the British Army—on the beach, nowhere to retreat, no shelter from the never-ceasing bombs and machine gun bullets. Planes, planes and more planes were in the skies, pouring out an endless stream of bullets and destruction to the almost helpless boys of the British and French Armies.

We stayed in to evacuate what we could, and I must say it was remarkably good the way it worked. This time it was an endless line of ships of all types, classes and conditions steaming in to the rescue of the boys. Many of them fell victims to the torpedo bombers of the enemy, and the big guns which hurled their death stream at us. Although I was unfortunate in being torpedoed three times in this evacuation, yet I was later in the Battle of Greece. But I do agree that my story should be centered on the German Pocket-Battleship *Bismarck*, because it was during that battle that we captured the German supply ship called later, *The Empire Salvage.*

BISMARCK HUNT

We steamed the Atlantic for days hunting the *Bismarck*. Each day we got news of a different route they were taking, until finally the planes from the

H.M.S. Hood sighted her and then she (*The Hood*) pulled up astern of us to be fueled. This was done successfully, and away went the *Hood* for action. Six hours later she was sunk, after having crippled the *Bismarck* enough for the smaller ships to finish her. The *Hood* received an unlucky shot in the magazine and exploded. The survivors were very few from her. But with the Canadian destroyers as our escort, we steamed in to Bermuda with the German supply ship as our victim.

On the drydock on an island in Bermuda we stayed until September 1941. I must say that this was the most enjoyable time I have had since I left home. Each night I went to the movies or to Hamilton, St. George, or to Somerset—dancing, parties, or sometimes picnics on the beaches when the moon shone brightly enough. The only conveyance available was a horse and buggy or a bicycle which could be rented for 10 to 12 shillings, per week.

SEALED ORDERS

On September 19th we sailed with sealed orders, not to be opened until we were one hundred miles at sea. We had a cargo of oil which was taken from a U. S. tanker in Bermuda, and 44 torpedoes, 50 mines and numerous rifles and equipment taken from the Germans and the Italians which were aboard this ship when captured. In fact, I think they were from one of the ships to take part in the invasion of England, if it had occurred. When the orders were opened, we found that we again had to take up duty in the Atlantic with the Navy.

Fourteen days later we were anchored in ——. The weather being continuously misty, we went ashore only at intervals, as enemy planes were blitzing our docks. I was taken ill and sent to *H.M.H.S. ARMAPORA* where I was pronounced to have pneumonia and to be seriously shocked from depth charges. I recovered from the pneumonia in eighteen days and was told to return to my ship without any duty and to report daily for treatment.

IN CONVOY

From thence we went to Loch —— to await another convoy which again took us to Canada, arriving safely after a trip of tempestuous waves and snowstorms, the cargo booms and stays were covered with ice, which had to be chopped off with axes.

FUN ASHORE

. . . We sailed from Liverpool in another convoy and eighteen days later we arrived at Cape Cod Canal, where we waited our turn to take a pilot, and at last docked in Brooklyn, N. Y. During my stay in New York I had various trips to Coney Island. Although with much enjoyment and excitement, I was privileged to meet a few friends, some of whom I deem sincere and many of whom I do agree were golddiggers.

Later in August I met one of my best friends, Harold A. L. at the Seamen's Church Institute at 25 South Street, and it was he with whom I had sailed, he as second steward and I being Chief, on the *Empire Salvage*. We spent various times together and enjoyed ourselves telling the tales of our adventures after being separated. Sometimes we went to stage shows and movies and other times he visited my room, which was 1126L on the 11th floor and his being 749 on the 7th floor of the Institute.

TO SICILY

There always remained the desire to get a ship on which we could sail together again. But opportunity did not permit this and so on August 23rd I signed on the *S.S. Jonathan Grant*, with an order to sail for Sicily. This trip lasted for fifteen days before we finally sighted Gibraltar, and I can assure you there were lots of glad eyes which welcomed the sight of land. We slowly cruised the coast of Africa, each day expecting some excitement, and one evening the alarm sounded which summoned each man to his battle station. Far away in the west there appeared a certain number of German bombers, ready to hurl their death blows on us. But the boys of the U. S. Navy soon hurled an endless stream of tracers and armour-piercing bullets at the enemy. This was done so bravely that the enemy was forced to withdraw with a loss of three or more of their bombers. Our ship had the credit for at least one of them, and the damaging of others. One of the seamen summoned up sufficient nerve to take a burning shell in his hand and throw it over the ship's side. Others also did noble deeds which I am sure will bring them credit.

Shortly after these experiences we were ordered to an anchorage in a nearby harbor where we unloaded our cargo—and as I now write we are steaming slowly for the coast of Africa.

DUNKIRK 1940—From the Painting by Richard Eurich

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The Carpenter Goes Home

(*Continued from Page 2*)

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Courtesy United Seamen's Service

BURIAL AT SEA
From the painting by Carol A. Pertak, First Assistant Engineer

"DANMARK"

The square-rigged sailing ship DANMARK, now used as a training vessel by the U. S. Coast Guard. Her skipper, Captain Knud Hansen, has on several occasions sailed the ship under all the East River bridges without housing the to'gallant mast. The height of the Brooklyn Bridge is 127 feet above mean high water and the DANMARK main mast is 127 feet high. See article "SAILING UNDER BROOKLYN BRIDGE" for explanation.

THE DANMARK was built in Nakskov in 1932 as a training ship for the Danish Merchant Marine. Her dimensions are: length over all 210 feet; beam 30 feet; displacement 1700 tons. The sail area is 18,000 feet. The hull is of Swedish iron and all the woodwork is teak.

On April 9th, 1940, as the ship lay at anchor in Jacksonville harbor, news came of the invasion of Denmark by the Nazis. Capt. Hansen and his crew of cadets were on the last lap of her round-the-world-cruise. He decided to remain in Jacksonville with the ship. Two years later the Coast Guard took over the vessel. The sight of her in Long Island Sound under full sail gives old-time sailors a real thrill, and to the young men aboard an opportunity to learn the value of sail training—a tough course which prepares them for the rigors of sea life both in peace and war.

Marine Poetry

TANKER MEN

The men that man the tankers
Are a motley crew at best
For it's seldom they get shore leave
And at times damned little rest.
But where the tropic sun comes booming up
Like a molten blood red ball
They hear those oil ports calling
And they answer one and all.
From Halifax to Murmansk
How they cursed that bitter cold,
But that's where the oil was needed
So they went where they were told.
When the final whistle's sounded,
When they hear that bugle call,
The men that man the tankers
They will answer one and all.

Thomas I. Maher

SEAMAN'S LIFE

People say that men become enamored of
The sea and ships, make them first in love
That answering the long, eternal roll
Of water, that's ingrained into the soul
They sail and toss forever round the earth
Spurn the dust from which God gave them birth.
Such men are mad or else have never known
The sharpness of a pain my heart can hone
While turning, as a wheel to whet a knife
To touch some dear recollections of my life,
The picture of a sweet girl's dearest face
Her figure, sunny smile, so serene grace
My parent's fireplace and a leaping spark
The cry of children, waking in the dark.
A Christmas tree, many eager eyes so wide
A rough and hardy tweed I wore with pride
A bottle to be warmed while others sleep
A little hand to hold, a trust to keep.
To keep that trust I too can sail the sea
I'll find how calm and angry it can be
I do my bit, now the ocean is my field
But memories, my heart will never yield.
Persuade me that the ocean's charms are vain
When peace returns, I've got a home again.

By A Dutch Seaman

Square Rigger "Danmark" *U. S. Coast Guard Photo*

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Photo taken by Daily News plane by Hemmer: War...

Photo by U. S. Maritime ...

Merchant Seamen Deliver the Vital War Cargoes