

The LOOKOUT



Photo by Marie Higginson

OLD GLORY—WAVING "SKYWARD AND SEAWARD"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXIII—NUMBER 7

JULY, 1942

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows flags flying from the roof mast of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Note that the American flag is flown from the peak (after end of the gaff) which nautically is the place of honor, although normally lower than the masthead where the house flag flies. The flag in the lower left hand corner of the cover picture is the International Signal Flag "Q" and underneath this (not shown in the photograph) are "K" and "F", signaling "Welcome."

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIII, JULY, 1942

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by the

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CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

President

THOMAS ROBERTS

Secretary and Treasurer

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.

Director

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor

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

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

Sanctuary

Look in Thy mercy, we be-
seech Thee, Lord,
On those who are called to
tasks of special peril
On land, in the air, on the
sea, or beneath the sea;
Ever then shall Thy hand lead
them,
And Thy right hand shall hold
them.
Help them to do their duty
With prudence and with
fearlessness,
Confident that in life or death
The Eternal God is their
refuge;
And that underneath them
are the everlasting arms.
Grant this for Jesus Christ's
sake, Thy Son, our Lord.
Amen.

*Courtesy, Seamen's Church In-
stitute, Newport, Rhode Island.*

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York," incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of

.....Dollars.

Note that the words "OF NEW YORK" are a part of our title.

It is to the generosity of numerous donors and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seamen.

The Lookout

VOL. XXXIII

July, 1942

No. 7

Ketty and Kitty

CAT lovers and dog lovers should be equally satisfied after reading this article, for in it we tell of the rescue from torpedoed vessels of a dog named Ketty and a cat named Kitty.

The story of Ketty was published recently in the newspapers but further details were told to THE LOOKOUT editor by the dog's owner, a young Belgian officer, whose name and photograph, to avoid reprisals on his family in Belgium must not be published. Interviewed in the Belgian club rooms on the third floor of the Institute, he told how twenty-eight survivors of a ship carrying crude oil were rescued by the Navy and brought to a Coast Guard station in New Jersey.

"When the Axis submarine fired two torpedoes, nine of our crew in the engine room were killed by the explosion. I ran and grabbed my dog, Ketty, and my papers. Clutching both, I found myself in the water, swimming through thick oil. I tried to hold on to Ketty but she wriggled away from me. I was picked up by a lifeboat and I did not know until I got ashore that our Captain had rescued Ketty and brought her in another boat to safety. Ketty recognized me even though I was covered with black oil and she barked and jumped about happily."

When asked how he came to name his dog Ketty, the Belgian replied: "I named her after a pet monkey I had before the war. The monkey is still in the Zoo in Brussels unless the Nazis got her."

"Why did you call the monkey Ketty," we asked. "Oh," laughed the young ship's officer, "I had another pet—see, here is a picture of my motorbike—which I named Ketty—and my chum escaped from a concentration camp on Ketty. You can see the bullet holes on her."

He went on to explain that the reason he called the motor-bike Ketty was that he once had a pet turtle and on the turtle's back was painted in red letters the name "Ketty".



Ketty

The story of Kitty was told us by Chief Engineer Joseph Knudsen who is now recuperating from an injury to his back sustained when his ship was torpedoed. The torpedo struck abaft the engine room. "Lights went out," he related, "and my men had to be guided up to the deck. I couldn't go with them because my back was bent out of shape. They wanted to stay, but I told them to 'Scram'. I waited for a signal from the bridge to slow my ship down, or to leave her. When none came and water got above my knees, I crawled out. I crept

to my room, took a carton of cigarettes, a quart of whiskey and some matches. On deck I found all the lifeboats gone."

"How did you feel?"

Knudsen smiled. "Kind of lonesome," he replied. "But just then I felt Kitty—a little black kitten the fourth mate had picked up in Belfast for a ship's mascot—came and rubbed against me and began to purr. 'Well, Kitty, you and I are in a tough spot,' I said to her. I took her in my arms and jumped into the sea."

"What about the cigarettes and the whiskey?" we asked.

"Oh," was the answer. "I chucked them overboard when I found Kitty. She didn't mind when we jumped, but she hated it in the water. She climbed on the back of my neck and on top of my head. She scratched a little but I didn't mind that. I had to swim through smoke and flames until finally, after about two hours, the First Mate came back in No. 1 lifeboat and picked us up. Seven days later we were transferred to an Icelandic trawler that landed us safe ashore. I couldn't crawl out of the lifeboat—they had to lay me on the sand on my stomach."

Knudsen explained how a torpedoing seemed to him, an officer. "Well, suppose you have a wife and kids," he said. "And a bomb comes through your house, into your kitchen. What do you do?"

(Continued on page 2)

Training Maritime Personnel



Students Learn to "Shoot the Sun"

THE need for man power to sail the new merchant ships which are going down the ways with rapidity and continuity in accordance with the well-laid plans of the United States Maritime Commission is a problem which concerns the entire maritime industry. Long before Pearl Harbor this problem was recognized by the Merchant Marine School of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, which was one of the first educational institutions to offer its facilities for the training of an adequate maritime personnel.

Established in 1916, this School, under

KITTY AND KETTY

(Continued from page 1)

The first thing you think of is your wife and your kids. You want to help them—to save them. You don't care about anything else. That's how you feel when you're torpedoed, and that's how an officer feels about his men."

When Knudsen went to the hospital to go into a cast for his injured spine for five months, he expressed the wish for a portable radio to help while away the long hours, since he would have to lie in a position making it impossible for him to read. The Institute asked George Hicks, WJZ announcer, to broadcast an appeal for such a radio for Knudsen on his program "Men of the Sea". Some kind listener sent in a radio and the Institute's Welfare Department delivered it to Knudsen in the hospital.

the guidance of Captain Robert Huntington, has for more than a quarter of a century brought navigation and related subjects to young men whose ambition it was to pursue seafaring as a life-long career. During World War I the School rendered valuable assistance to our Government by training over 5,000 men to become licensed officers in deck and engine departments. After the war, the School continued to give courses in seamanship, navigation, marine engineering, and allied subjects. Other courses were added from time to time, such as first aid, welding, life-boat handling, and other subjects of interest to mariners. Avigation was introduced into the curriculum when interest in flying widened after Charles Lindbergh's successful great circle flight to Paris.

With the advent of this war, in September 1939, the School opened its seamanship and navigation courses to candidates for commissions in the United States Navy or Coast Guard Reserve. This division expanded rapidly as the public recognized the importance of national defense, so that by the time America entered the war, a total of 4,700 students had enrolled and completed these courses. From January 1, 1942 up to May 31, 1942, 2,035 new students have registered. As evidence of the thoroughness of the courses, all of the seamen students taking examinations given by the United States Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation for officers, have passed and received their licenses. The landsmen students preparing for required examinations for commissions have likewise been successful, 97% having obtained passing grades. Among the most popular courses in the School in the past two years has been a "refresher" course in celestial navigation which has been attended by many business men, yachtsmen, etc.

Avigation

Another course which has been expanded due to the increasing air transportation is aerial navigation or "avigation". Under the guidance of Captain Frederick A. Just, appointed Principal January 1, 1942, when Captain Robert Huntington was made Principal Emeritus, this course was developed to include civilian aviators, and pilots of commercial and military planes, many of whom have already completed this subject. With the advent of larger planes and longer range flying, military authorities recognize the importance of carrying skilled navigators or "avigators", who are of invaluable assistance in aiding pilots to

guide their planes over the shortest possible routes. In this way both time and fuel are conserved. Avigators have become especially useful where change of position must be quickly made in combat, and where courses must be plotted rapidly and accurately.

The School has been appointed the official navigation school for several large airlines, and is now training their pilot avigators for transatlantic flights. Many who have graduated from the School have been called to active duty as qualified avigators.

Merchant Marine

It is expected that many officers who left the Merchant Marine Service during the depression years and permitted their licenses to expire, will wish now to return to the Service and will take advantage of specially prepared "refresher" courses which the School is offering.

Facilities in recent months have been expanded to take care of an increased number of students. An enlarged pilot house and chart-room, topped by a flying bridge, has been constructed on the roof of the Institute which will contain all modern equipment such as binnacle, gyroscope, direction finder, chart tables, etc. Students now can better take bearings and gain practical experience with the sextant, chronometer, pelorus, etc.

Since cargo handling, stowage, and general seamanship are required, for those who are planning to sit for a license, the School also has a fully equipped rigging loft for instruction in "marlin spike seamanship" — knotting, splicing, etc.—and handling booms and hatches.

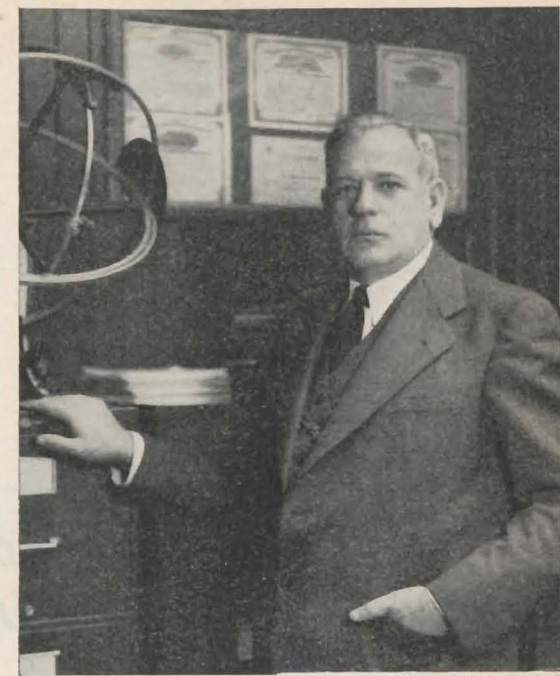
The recent ruling of the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation reducing the required time for raise in grade for ships' officers from one year to six months has stimulated interest in these "refresher" courses. The curriculum is so arranged that the average required time to prepare for the examination is approximately six to eight weeks, thereby saving considerable time and expense on the part of the officers.

Naval and Coast Guard Reserves

The recent announcement of the new V-5 program by the United States Navy whereby college students may sign up now and continue their college courses until they have received their degrees, has brought a number of these students to the School for preparatory courses in celestial navigation and other allied subjects.

Meteorology

Realizing the necessity for both seafaring men and aviators to have some knowledge of meteorology, the School has inaugurated a course on this subject



Courtesy, The Ships Bulletin

Captain Frederick Just

Principal, Merchant Marine School

under the supervision of a competent instructor who is the originator of the Weather Eye.

Marine Engineering

The need for education in the marine engineering field has prompted the officials of the School to enlarge their curriculum to include courses for all grades from oiler and wiper through chief engineer. The steam and refrigeration plants of the Institute building are available for instruction purposes.

The School has offered its facilities to the United States Maritime Commission in order to cooperate with them in their expanding program to secure sufficient licensed officers below deck.

Aeromarine Cadets

Approximately three hundred boys from thirty high schools in the metropolitan area are getting their first taste of navigation by enrolling as aeromarine cadets, under the supervision of the Institute's Merchant Marine School faculty. They attend classes after school hours on Monday evening from seven to ten o'clock at the High School of Commerce, where instruction is granted free. The curriculum includes courses in elementary seamanship, navigation and marine engineering. Those who com-

plete the instruction and pass the examinations are prepared, after graduation from high school, to enter the Maritime, Naval or Coast Guard services. This is considered one of the most practical ways in which boys from 15 to 19 may serve their country while continuing their schooling.

Past Achievements

The Merchant Marine School has always been alert to the needs of seafaring men and from time to time has pioneered in legislation for their benefit. In 1921 it instituted free radio medical service for ships at sea, which has saved hundreds of seamen's lives in emergencies. This "Medico" service was later taken over by the Radio Marine Corporation of America, and hundreds of ships not carrying doctors avail themselves of this service when seamen and passengers are

sick or injured. Diagnosis and treatment by United States Public Health Service doctors are radioed.

In order to assist ships' officers in treatment and in understanding the terms used in the "Medico" messages, First Aid courses were established at the School and have been continued ever since with the cooperation of the United States Public Health Service. The School sponsored legislation requiring first aid examinations for every ship's officer obtaining a license, and as a further aid prepared, and publishes, a "Manual on Ship Sanitation and First Aid" which is recognized as a standard text in this field.

Thus the Merchant Marine School with an enlarged staff of nineteen instructors is preparing men for the victory of the United Nations.

The Boy Who Helped Sink a Submarine

This is the story about a young sailor who helped to stop one of the German submarines which have been attacking merchant vessels in the Atlantic, Gulf and Caribbean areas since January. He is George Foley, 19 year old, from Boston and recently spoke over George Hicks' program "Men of the Sea", Station WJZ. He had been spending a few days at the Institute while waiting to ship out. One day in the Seamen's Lounge, the LOOKOUT editor happened to be chatting with George and a chance remark about submarines led to the fact that his ship shelled and sank a U-boat.

George's mother died three years ago so he joined a merchant ship as a messman. On his last return trip from South Africa, George said that eight Navy gunners were assigned to his ship. One afternoon George was off watch and was playing pinochle in the crew's quarters when the alarm went off. "Everybody knew what to do—we had been trained for that—and knew where to go. We got our life preservers and went to the boat deck."

A slender lad with light brown

hair, brown eyes and a ready smile, he grinned as he related his experiences: "The first thing we saw was a periscope. You could see the spray it was throwing up, and it leaves a small wake behind. The sea was very choppy. We had lookouts posted everywhere. Then our gun crew fired about 10 rounds. We could see the shells hitting around the periscope. Some would hit and ricochet. Then the Navy Ensign hollered for volunteers to pass shells. So I volunteered. Me and five other fellows went down to the gun platform."

We asked George if it was exciting. He said yes, like a baseball game. "We kept passing shells until finally one shot must have hit the periscope because the submarine began coming up to shell us. I cradled the shells in my arms to carry them to the gunner. They weighed about ninety pounds each. Then I'd run back for another. Then I heard the Ensign say 'Fire six'. That meant to fire six shots rapidly. The gunners did, and we saw a geyser of oil and steam go up—everything blowing up—and the submarine sort

of rose up out of the water—then it all settled down . . . into a big oil slick.

George smiled, drew a long breath and continued his story. "We hollered and clapped the backs of the gun pointer. The hot shell man—he's the man that wears big asbestos gloves and catches the hot shell casing when it comes out of the breach—said 'Wait till my gal in South Carolina hears about this!' Well—we'd all calmed down when ten minutes later an AB on lookout shouted: "Right your wheel—torpedoes!"

"Yes, one torpedo was coming at our bow, and one at our stern. I could see their wakes cutting through the water. These two subs must have been stalking us for some time. The one on the port side, we'd sunk. Now the one on the starboard had attacked us. The captain ordered the helmsman to throw his wheel over and we turned so that those two torpedoes missed us by about five feet. Then our gun crew began shooting. We began passing shells

again. When the sub would stick up its periscope they'd take a shot at it. Then it would duck down again. This went on for about half an hour. You see, we were a big ship and that sub wanted to get us bad. But finally, he gave up the chase and disappeared."

George told how, when his ship arrived safely in New York harbor, the merchant crew all chipped in and gave \$330, to the Navy gun crew. "We figured the Navy boys sunk the sub and saved our lives," he explained. "They hadn't gotten their new raise, then. They sure appreciated it. It was a good voyage and a good crew."

We asked George what he intended to do now and his answer was typical of the merchant crews which sail today: "I'm going to ship out again right away," he replied. "No, I'm not afraid, if your time's come, you're going to go. If you come back unharmed, you might walk out on the street and get hurt. So I'm off to sea again."

From the S.C.I. Log

There are humorous incidents rather grimly mingled with tragedy in the stories of survivors of torpedoed crews who are brought to the Institute. In recent weeks the American public has become acutely aware of the services rendered by the merchant seamen who man our tankers and freighters. They are somewhat embarrassed when the papers refer to them as heroes. They are shy when interviewed. They simply regard their work as a job that must be done. To the welfare workers at the Institute, and to Mrs. Janet Roper, who knows them well, they sometimes tell of their experiences. From the Institute's log we gleaned the following anecdotes:

THE UNVEILING . . .

A pair of friendly but sad brown eyes peered out over the bandages which covered Seaman Edward L.——'s face. Through a small round hole in the gauze came a cheery voice. "Yes, I got hit. Piece of shrapnel when we were tor-

pedoed. Blew my nose right off. The doctors have grafted on a new one. There's to be an unveiling on Friday. Hope they gave me a Barrymore profile! But the only photo of myself I had was a passport picture, so I guess they won't flatter me! Sure, I'm shipping out as soon as I get the doctors' okay."

BALD-HEADED MEN PLEASE NOTE . . .

Here's one for Ripley. Bernard Baker, the mate of a torpedoed vessel is being congratulated by his friends at the Institute because of a new and luxuriant growth of hair. Before his experiences in the lifeboat, with its meager diet of hard tack and water, he was almost bald. At the end of the 31 day voyage the new hair had grown in!

"IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENS" . . .

The United States Post Office has a Seamen's Branch, located on the second floor at the Seamen's Institute. Many merchant seamen are buying war bonds and stamps at this Post Office before

shipping out. They are very careful to name a beneficiary, saying as they purchase each bond "in case I meet up with a submarine", or "in case I go to Davey Jones's locker", or "in case it's curtains for me". One sailor, known as "Dynamite Harry" because he has sailed on three ships loaded with dynamite, has been torpedoed and has survived, bought a bond and named his eight year old son as beneficiary, saying "In case I am blown to bits".

WAR ROMANCE . . .

We talked with a young red-haired British seaman, Leslie Kennerly, who had received a typewriter as a gift when he spoke on the Vox Pop program. We asked him if he could use it and he answered "My wife can. She's an expert stenographer."

"How long have you been married?" we inquired.

"Only five weeks", he replied. "I was married on Wednesday in London, in the basement of a bombed out church which had been whitewashed and an altar consecrated. On Thursday I shipped out. On Friday I was torpedoed, returned to London and had five days leave. Then back to the sea."

We asked if it was a case of love at first sight when he met his wife, and he laughed and said "Oh no! On the contrary, I thought she was very plain and old-fashioned. She had come up from Devon with her mother and took lodgings at my mother's. When I first met her she wore her hair in an old-fashioned bun at the back of her neck and she didn't smoke, drink or dance. But I fixed all that!"

"TAKING IT ON THE CHIN" . . .

"When I walk along the street the pavement seems to come up and strike at me," said Harry B., second cook on a coal-burning freighter which was torpedoed recently. Harry is embarrassed about this, because he is not a drinking man, yet when he walked toward his home, and his wife ran out on the porch to meet him, he began to stagger. "The neighbors thought I was drunk", he said, "and it was hard to explain even to my wife, but finally she believed me." The Institute sent Harry to a doctor and to a psychiatrist to help him get over his feeling of being knocked down. "When the first torpedo struck it knocked me twenty feet out of the galley where I was standing, stirring soup. The chief cook was cutting meat. I hit my head against a wall, and found myself with coal dust, water, pieces of shrapnel, broken furniture all around me. Our starboard boat had a huge shell hole, so I ran to the port boat. The chief

cook was struck by a piece of shrapnel and his left hand was spurting blood. In the lifeboat we bandaged it as best we could. I sure feel bad about Cookie's hand because I was the one who got him to sign on the ship with me. He can never use it again. But he's going to ship again anyway. The way I see it—we've got to win. So we must take it on the chin!"

Since writing the above, we learn that Harry has greatly improved and expects to ship out again within a week. Of such stuff are sailormen made!

OVERHEARD IN THE SEAMEN'S LOUNGE . . .

A Scotch sailor named MacNeil and an Irish sailor named O'Neill were arguing as to how General MacArthur's name was spelt. The Irish mariner swore it was spelt with a "Mc" and pronounced it "Mic" and the Scotchman insisted it was spelt with a "Mac". The argument grew hotter and heavier until it was interrupted by a call for MacNeil. "So long, I'm shipping out" he said. "Tanker?" inquired the Irishman. "That's it." "Below?" "Below" came the answer. "Got room for another oiler?" persisted O'Neill. The Scotchman nodded. "Well—come on, let's go," said O'Neill. "That guy 'MacArthur' can use some oil for all them tanks and planes. No matter how he spells his name I guess he needs us both!"

END OF A VOYAGE . . .

When the prayers are said on Sailor's Day for seafarers who died at sea during the year we hope that someone will remember "Texas" B—. He was a fireman on a freighter. When one of the "black gang" took sick, Texas took over the other man's watch. With the extra pay received, he hoped to get enough to pay off the mortgage on the ranch down in Texas where his wife and child lived. "I've got ninety-six hours of overtime coming to me," he remarked to a shipmate. "And there'll be more before this voyage is ended." But the ship was torpedoed and Texas was lost in the explosion which followed.

SEAMEN, ADRIFT, SPURN SHIP WITH 13 IN NAME

From the Herald Tribune Bureau
Copyright, 1942, New York Tribune Inc.

BUENOS AIRES, June 15.—Twenty-three Norwegian sailors who survived the torpedoing of their ship are somewhere off the coast of British Guiana in an open boat tonight after having refused the offer of an Argentine tanker to take them aboard.

The tanker, *Thirteenth of December*, gave the sailors supplies and continued on her course.

Ships — The Key to Victory

"On every front, sea transport is the key to victory. When we win the war it will be thanks to our seamen. I hope that after the war we will see a great fraternity of the sea and work together to build up the prosperity and happiness of mankind"—Noel Baker, M.P. Parliamentary Secretary to the British Ministry of War Transport.

The bridge of ships from Allied Nations to fighting fronts is being built with the "blood, sweat and tears" of merchant seamen. Here in New York where so many merchant ships arrive and depart, we at the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK are proud to be able to serve these men: to make their shore leaves happy and pleasant. Many of the seamen are far from home and personal friends, and the Institute is especially appreciated by them. One sailor whose home is in South Carolina drawled: "We're proud, down where I come from, of our Southern hospitality. But believe me, I think this Institute sure is hospitable to us sailors. And don't think we don't appreciate it, 'cause we certainly do."

Reading and game rooms, moving pictures, dances, athletics, tea parties, and other activities all help the seamen to enjoy themselves, to go back to their jobs refreshed in body, mind and spirit

by having lived for a time in clean, comfortable quarters, by having met friendly, wholesome young women who volunteer as hostesses, by having spent a brief time in a cheerful atmosphere far from the war and its woes.

When they return to their ships to carry the cargoes through submarine-infested seas, they are, in reality, carrying the goods of Freedom, so that ships' bells may ring out for freedom of the seas and the bells of Liberty may ring out forever.

We need YOUR generous help in maintaining the Institute for these "couriers of Freedom", so essential in peacetime to commerce and in war time to Victory. Let us not forget these seafarers during nor after the war.

**Kindly send contributions to the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK**

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

U. S. Ship Dodges 5 Torpedoes

The dramatic escape of an American cargo ship, which dodged a single volley of five torpedoes in the Gulf of Mexico and missed destruction by inches, was described yesterday at New Orleans by the 8th Naval District.

The ship, a vessel of medium size, was attacked on May 19 without warning. When the submarine fired the first torpedo a lookout on the ship spotted the wake of the projectile cutting through the water and shouted a warning. The helmsman put his wheel over hard and the vessel swerved enough to elude the torpedo.

Then for an hour and a half the submarine pursued the vessel, which was commanded by Captain Peter J. Sigona. While the ship's radio operator continued to send out the S O S, the vessel drove through the Gulf under full steam, zig-zagging continuously. It had just enough speed to keep far enough ahead of the

submarine to prevent a sure shot.

As the minutes passed and the chase continued, the U-boat commander apparently became exasperated. Finally the submarine loosed five torpedoes at once. Captain Sigona and his crew kept their heads, watching the wakes of the torpedoes and gauging the distance. At the right moment they swung the ship around.

Two torpedoes passed aft of the ship and rushed on. Two others cut in front. The fifth missed the target by about six inches. Its rounded side glanced off the bow of the American vessel. Had the nose hit, it would have exploded and either sunk the ship or damaged it enough to make it easy prey for the U-boat.

Having loosed its volley of torpedoes in vain, the submarine gave up the chase.

*From the N. Y. Herald Tribune
June 18, 1942*

Clinics

ANNIVERSARIES are usually happy occasions, and the Institute's Dental Clinic is no exception. On July 13th it will complete 11 years of service to seafarers. Mrs. Elsie Latimer, R.N., is chief nurse of this Clinic as well as of the Medical, Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Foot Clinics. The Dental Clinic is named for its founder, the late Dr. William D. Tracy.

As evidence of how this Clinic is appreciated by the seamen, from Valparaiso to Vladivostock come postcard messages such as these:

"Dear Doc: Three guesses who this is from? It's the chap you gave so much pleasure when you fixed up his dental work in February."

"Dear Doc: I'm hitting on all fours again. Don't forget my greetings to the nurse."

Prior to the entry of the United States in the war, forty New York dentists volunteered half a day a month to the free care of British sailors' teeth. Their most famous patient was Robert Tapscott who survived, with Roy Widdecombe (now lost at sea) seventy days in a 16-foot open boat after the torpedoing of the British freighter



Photo by Marie Higginson

Anglo-Saxon. Tapscott's front tooth was knocked out during the torpedoing.

The Institute's Ear, Nose and Throat and Medical Clinics also function busily with the majority of patients suffering from upper respiratory infections which seem to be the seaman's occupational disease. Cuts, burns and abrasions come next, according to the clinic records. Anyone seriously ill is immediately shipped to a city hospital or to a Marine hospital, if eligible. (Seamen ashore more than sixty days are not eligible.)

Torpedoed victims are brought to the Institute's Clinic to bring back the circulation to their feet caused by exposure in leaking lifeboats. They take alternate hot and cold foot baths in the morning, and then return in the afternoon for infrared treatments. Usually, cases respond in about a week.

On the sixth floor of the Institute a number of private rooms are allocated to ailing or convalescent seamen. Colds and grippe are the most frequent complaints. Mrs. Latimer takes them tall pitchers of fruit juice, gives alcohol rubs and simple medications. Although she served in U. S. Army uniforms in the last war, she is now serving men in dungarees, the men who are carrying the material of war to the fighting fronts.

Here is an excerpt from the daily reports of the Eye Clinic: "John C. had been torpedoed and lost his glasses. He was without funds. Our Eye Clinic was not open on the day he came here, but since the need was urgent, he was referred to the marine hospital doctor for examination and reported back here with his prescription. The Institute's Welfare Dep't. extended him credit. As soon as he secured his new glasses he obtained a job immediately on another ship. He said: "I sure do appreciate the way you rushed this through for me."

Tankermen, 1942

Editorial, N. Y. Times, June 22, 1942

Tankermen and other men of the American merchant marine literally go through fire to carry supplies to our armed forces in remote lands. Each week they are pulled or washed up out of the sea, after incredible hardships, or after death amid vast stretches of flaming oil. Quietly, when their burns are healed, their long thirst or hunger satisfied, the survivors slip out of port again with more supplies, with more oil and gasoline for our fighting planes and tanks. Many come through three or four sinkings, yet do not hesitate when new ships are ready. No one turns in the street to admire their uniforms. They wear no uniform. No one steps up to the bar to buy them drinks. No moist-eyed old ladies turn to them in the subway to murmur "God bless you." The cop on the beat, gentle with the tipsy soldier or the unsteady gob, is apt to put his nightstick to the breeches of a merchant sailor who has tumbled heavily in the town's bar to celebrate his rescue from the sea.

Sailors are strange folk, sometimes. What they come through, what they see, what they do, on their dangerous errands between the homeland and the ports of

the A. E. F., they're apt to keep pretty much to themselves and their kind. They won't turn to you in a restaurant to tell how poor Swede the oiler was picked up too late, how the sharks had reached him first. They won't tell a stranger how Messman Hedrick's eyebrows and hair seemed to melt as he tried to swim out of the burning oil; how, at last, Hedrick's head rolled and how he sank forever on the fire's edge.

Would it be asking too much to give these men something* to identify them for what they are and for what they do? The British neglected their merchant sailors in this respect, but not for long. Men of the British tankers and convoys now wear the British Merchant Marine's silver pin, a little "M N" that tells the world who they are. Certainly American tankermen and others of our merchant marine deserve no less. The cost would be negligible. If they got nothing more—after the First World War merchant sailors got neither certificate nor honorable discharge to hand down to their children—this would be enough. Heaven knows they have earned it.



Photo by Alouise Boker

MRS. JANET ROPER with a group of merchant seamen celebrate Maritime Day in the Seamen's Lounge. On July 12th, Mrs. Roper will complete 53 years of service to seafarers and 27 years at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York as house mother and head of the Missing Seamen's Bureau.

*In the next issue of *THE LOOKOUT* we shall describe the new U. S. Maritime Commission pins now being given to American merchant seamen as identification.

The War at Sea Continues

The crew of a merchant ship recently arrived in New York were chuckling over an experience which occurred on the voyage from Murmansk. The story, as The Lookout editor heard it, is as follows:

A submarine alarm sounded one morning and one of the seamen, who was a former Navy man, manned the gun and scored a direct hit on the submarine. It seems that he had had eight years experience as a gunner in the Navy, but this did not prevent the severe reprimand he received after the incident. At the same time he was complimented on his marksmanship!

* * *

Another crew of a merchant ship did not fare so well. The survivors told this story. A British marked plane was flying over a convoy and signalled one of the vessels asking if they could use some fresh eggs. The freighter had answered back, Send them down. When the message was delivered, the plane swooped down as if to drop something, but instead of a package it was six bombs which struck the ship and blew it up. The plane happened to be a British bomber that had been captured and was flown by Germans.

* * *

The crew of an American merchant ship which was sunk only two days after leaving New York were being paid off in the Shipping Company's office. They told of an interesting incident. When the survivors were in the lifeboat they found it overcrowded and since it was a motorboat, one of the seamen hit on the idea of removing the motor and heaving it overboard to make more room. This was done and the interesting part of it was that it was accomplished with only the few tools available, a marlin spike and two axes.

* * *

In the Institute Clinic was a crew of a torpedoed tanker whose

finger tips and noses were burned when they had to swim under water. Each time they tried to come to the surface to breathe, they encountered flaming oil. But at last they found a clear spot and gulped in fresh air.

* * *

Another ship had encountered two enemy submarines off the Atlantic coast last week. The first one fired a torpedo, barely missing the stern. The freighter's gun crew went into action and scored direct hits on both submarines. At the pay-off, the ship's crew, in order to show their appreciation, took up a collection for the gun crew that ran to over \$400. The gun crew gave one of the empty shells that sank the submarine to the union official and the other to the Institute ship visitor. The generosity of American merchant seamen has been outstanding where gun crews are concerned. There is hardly a ship that doesn't take up a collection for their gun crew at the conclusion of the voyage.

* * *

The Institute turned over a victrola to the crew of the *City of Flint*, about to return to ———, and they were very grateful.

* * *

A message came to the Institute that the crew of a certain ship had called twice asking for a victrola and records if we could. Just then a victrola arrived. The ship was docked at the Army base and one of the Institute ship visitors had quite a time securing admission, even with the passes and credentials which he showed. Finally, after seeing about ten officials he was allowed to drive them through in the station wagon and just reached the ship before she left. Two of the Army officials who went with him became interested and promised to send over some phonograph records for seamen. The crew gave him a warm welcome.

Our Merchant Seamen

Although the entire American fleet has been taken over by the Government, it continues to be operated, under direction of the Maritime Commission, by the officers and men who in the past two years—and especially since our entry into the war—have exhibited such resource, skill and bravery, in keeping the sealanes open and in bidding defiance to the enemy's all-out submarine offensive in Atlantic waters.

The stories written of the unflinching courage of officers and men—sailing into the jaws of death and concerned only to save the ship and cargo—form a page of undying fame. With indomitable spirit they have saved the lives of women and children aboard, knowing at times that their own chances of safety in remaining ship's boats had been destroyed by enemy guns. They had endured stoically for days, anxiously waiting for relief or sight of land, without food and water, but, notwithstanding these terrifying experiences, are ready and willing to face the same dangers, knowing how indispensable the merchant vessel is to the winning of the war.

Deep in the hearts of the American people is the feeling that something should be done to mark the nation's gratitude to the officers and men who go down to the perilous sea, in their fight to maintain the freedom of the seas. The debt is one that cannot be repaid in medals to

the individuals, for distinguished service in the war. The merchant service as a whole must have national recognition in a form to keep green the memory of great exploits at sea and to mark America's place on the seas as a great maritime nation.

We strongly advocate that this question of suitable recognition of our merchant navy should have the sympathetic consideration of the American Merchant Marine Institute; that the tribute to the officers and men who man the ships should take the form of an imposing bronze statue, to be erected in Bowling Green, or in the new Battery Park when completed. The unveiling ceremonies could be arranged for Maritime Day, which falls on May 22 of each year.

America's future is on the sea, in a greater degree than at any time since our sailing ships girdled the globe. It would help to destroy the spirit of isolationism which has prevented in the past the building of an adequate fleet of merchant vessels. Above all, these tributes to the officers and men who risk their lives, in wartime and peace years, to keep the nation supplied with its essential needs and to carry its trade across the seas, would be a perpetual reminder that America's shores front two oceans and that its future destiny is bound up with its merchant fleet.

—Nautical Gazette

Louis Gordon Hamersley

The sudden death of Mr. Louis Gordon Hamersley on June 2 at the age of forty-nine was a great shock to all of his friends and particularly to his colleagues on the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. His *Institute* interest has been life-long, his father, J. Hooker Hamersley, having been a Board member from 1873 until his death in 1900, while his own term extended from 1913.

In 1915 Mr. Hamersley presented to the *Institute* a ninety-eight foot steam tender for shipboard visiting, to replace an outworn smaller craft. The new boat, named the "J. Hooker Hamersley" in memory of his father, and used until 1921, was dedicated by Bishop Courtney, the address being made by Dr. Manning, then Rector of Trinity Parish, now Bishop of New York.

Throughout his short lifetime Gordon Hamersley evinced a keen interest in Church and civic affairs, giving generously both of money and time to a variety of activities. His chief recreation was on the water as an expert in handling small power craft, including speedboats. Be-

cause of his sea interests he was appointed Chairman in 1939 of the Institute Committee on Special Services to Seamen, with particular oversight of the Merchant Marine School, in which in his earlier days he had been a student.

With a keen interest in military affairs, upon his graduation from Harvard in 1916 he served successively on the Mexican Border, as an ambulance driver in France, student at the French Artillery School, and, upon the entrance of the United States into the first World War, as a lieutenant in the U. S. Field Artillery. He remained in the United States Army of Occupation in Germany and rose to the rank of Major in the Field Artillery.

Generous with his time and money, active in Board meetings, ever available for personal counsel, his loss is most of all personal. The Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York hereby express their deep sense of loss in the death of their colleague, their thankfulness for his long and constructive association with the *Institute* and their deep sympathy for his wife and children.

Book Reviews

MERCHANT MARINE OFFICERS HANDBOOK

By Edward A. Turpin and Wm. A. MacEwen
Cornell Maritime Press, 1942, \$5.00

Chapter One of this concise handbook for cadets and Deck officers makes as interesting reading as this reviewer has come upon in maritime books. Under the heading "Everyday Labors of a Ship's Officer", the authors have assembled a graphic picture of the duties of the young officer. It should be a tremendous help to the newly licensed Third Mate. It is a chapter full of sage advice, somewhat amusingly administered.

Having offered these sound words of wisdom, the authors then proceed to the business of Navigation itself and give splendid chapters on navigational instruments, new methods in navigation, stowage of cargo, stability, etc.

There is an excellent appendage containing the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation requirements for licenses, shipbuilding terms, mathematics and certain tables. Questions are answered as to enlistment in the Naval Reserve. A short section on War Conditions at Sea brings the volume up to date. This will undoubtedly soon be a best-seller in the nautical world.

—A. W. C.

GARDEN CLUBS

The City Gardens Club of New York has given to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York some window boxes filled with bright red and white geraniums, white and purple petunias, white vinca and ivy. These boxes, mounted on windows outside of the Apprentices' Room and across the fourth floor facing Coenties Slip, provide a gay and "homey" note to the appearance of the building and help to brighten the brick surface. The Institute is very grateful to the Gardens Club for their thoughtfulness

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

"We all know that we cannot exist by shaving each other. Life is trade, and trade is life. And a genuine peace must be so designed as to revive trade between all peoples, for peace and trade are complementary; one thrives upon the other, and exists only so long as the other lives . . ."

"One of the objects of the war is to insure freedom of the seas, but freedom of the seas would indeed be a hollow achievement in the absence of world trade. If we are not going to trade, then how does sea freedom matter?"

"We will also require such all-out, total individual freedom that the entire world will be an open road with a welcome sign marking the way. Before 1914 a young man could go wherever he pleased, and settle down there to live and work. Travelers could stay almost anywhere as long as they wished. The world has needed its travelers—even before Marco Polo—and needs them as much as its interchange of goods. Through travelers we come to know and understand each other. Trade restrictions result in idle ships, the very antithesis of freedom of the seas." Axel Berg in "The Albatross", House Publication of Isbrandtsen Lines.

in contributing these window boxes and we know that the seamen appreciate them.

DOBIE'S MODERN NAVIGATION

By Captain R. E. Dobie

Dobie's Navigation and Engineering School, 409 Washington Street, San Francisco, Calif. \$5.00

Every experienced mariner will find this carefully compiled book a useful reference work when he is aboard ship. It is not intended for beginners in the study of navigation. The author has a long and wide experience in navigating and in lecturing and he has succeeded in simplifying many of the problems. The treatment of Great Circle sailing is his individual idea and many will find the subject clearer after studying this book. It is a splendid book to refresh the memory of navigators who have not been practicing in recent years.

—F. A. J.

HEROES OF THE ATLANTIC

The British Merchant Navy Carries On!

By Ivor Halstead

E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., \$2.50

This is the story of how the British Merchant Navy is quietly and courageously carrying on the all important job of feeding and supplying the beleaguered garrisons of Democracy throughout the world. Stories of epic heroism and hair-raising dangers—long veiled in strict censorship—are told here with simple eloquence. The dramatic stories of the *San Demetrio* and *Jervis Bay* are told here, and a roll of honor is published of those seamen who were awarded Lloyd's medal for exceptional gallantry at sea in time of war. The author points out that merchant ships, designed for peace, to carry large cargoes, are not as safe as warships with small and watertight compartments.

—M. D. C.

Merchant Marine



Seidman Photo

Left to right: (front row) Seaman from Belgium, Holland, Malvina Hoffman (sculptor, seated) seaman from England, (back row) Gretchen Green, carrying Free French flag (she accompanied Miss Hoffman on her round the world trip when the sculptor made models for her "Men of the World" exhibit), seamen from China, America, China, India, Norway.

Merchant Seamen of the United Nations attended an Exhibit of Sculpture of "Men of the World" by Malvina Hoffman at 451 Madison Avenue. Eighty-five subjects representing all the races of man are portrayed in bronze, wood and clay. The Exhibit is sponsored by the Coordinating

Council of French Relief Societies and will continue until September. Tuesday, June 23rd, was named "Merchant Marine Day" and proceeds on admissions were given to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, largest shore home in the world for merchant seamen of all races.

SERVICES RENDERED TO MERCHANT SEAMEN JANUARY 1 — JUNE 1, 1942

169,271	Lodgings.
53,418	Pieces of Baggage handled.
457,885	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
162,401	Sales at News Stand.
17,455	Calls at Laundry, Barber and Tailor Shops.
8,694	Total attendance at 295 Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island.
20,618	Social Service Interviews.
128	Missing Seamen located.
55,800	Total attendance at 138 Entertainments, such as Movies, Concerts, Lectures and Sports.
4,695	Credit Loans to 2,397 individual Seamen.
49,175	Magazines distributed.
1,988	Pieces of Clothing and 665 Knitted Articles distributed.
1,432	Treatments in Clinics.
18,594	Visits at Apprentices' Room.
724	Visits to Ships by Institute Representatives.
3,763	Deposits of Seamen's Earnings in Banks.
2,143	Jobs secured for Seamen.
8,725	Attendance of Seamen Readers in Conrad Library; Books distributed.
42,258	Total Attendance of Cadets and Seamen at 964 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 2,035 new students enrolled.
7,614	Incoming Telephone Calls for Seamen

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To get to the Seamen's Church Institute, take subway, elevated or bus to South Ferry. At the Ferry, take a deep breath of salt air, starboard your helm and, if the wind is from the sea, come about on the starboard tack. Lay your course ENE ½ E along South Street for about two cable-lengths. You'll raise the yellow brick cliffs of the Institute off the port bow. Or, just walk three blocks along South Street from South Ferry. (Deoch Fulton, Editor, New York Public Library Club Bulletin.)