

The LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXIV—NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1943

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows Maritime Training Service enrollees climbing the rigging of the famous square-rigger "JOSEPH CONRAD."

Photo by Lieut. Dwight Long, U. S. N

Sanctuary

Almighty God, with whom is no distance, no darkness, and no power too strong for Thy ruling, we beseech Thee to bless on all seas the men in the ships of our Fleet and of our Merchant Service. In the hour of battle, in the danger beneath the water, in the work of convoy, and in all harbors, save them from dangers known and unforeseen. Protect with Thy most gracious and ready help their kinsfolk and dear friends, until they win for them a righteous peace. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Ernest N. Lovett
FORWARD, Day by Day, Advent.
(Adapted)

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIV, JANUARY, 1943

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by the

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," 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. XXXIV

January, 1943

No. 1

Charting a New Year Course

AS we face 1943 here at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, we find that never in our history is the future so bright from the point of view of service to merchant seamen. We are covering the whole gamut of seamen's known shore needs and gladly expand to meet new needs as they arise.

The Institute is justly proud of its century of service to hundreds of thousands of merchant seamen and we believe that you—our contributor-partners—will share with us this pride in our record of achievement. We are confident that you will stand loyally by us, to help us carry on and to maintain this great building—the largest and most comprehensive shore home in the world for men of the Merchant Marine. The Institute is a private philanthropy, supported by voluntary contributions.

Recently a new Government-sponsored United Seamen's Service was organized "as a non-profit corporation chartered under the laws of the State of New York to provide health and recreational facilities or hotels where needed, for merchant seamen both here and abroad, medical care through rest homes and camps, help in repatriation, etc." Since Institute friends have inquired about the new

U.S.S. we are happy to say that the Institute has offered and given co-operation, just as it has always cooperated with other seamen's welfare agencies. The U.S.S. promises "not to duplicate the work of agencies already in existence." With so many thousands of young men being trained for the Merchant Marine, there will doubtless be a need for expansion of many of the existing recreational and educational services for seamen. The older, privately-supported seamen's agencies must be kept strong in order to render the best possible cooperation out of their experience of generations of constructive service.

Continued gifts are vital toward the maintenance of the Institute's program. The Institute never stands still. Improvements in program, fabric and equipment are continuous. As it grew from a little floating chapel in 1884 to the modern building, so it will continue to grow, serving merchant seamen of all nationalities, in peace and war. Therefore we face the New Year with confidence and faith.



Director

"In recent years we have been aware of a general tendency toward a collective control by the federal government, and the process has been smoother by the promise of commensurate financial help from the government . . . Contributions from outside mean ultimately control from the outside. When that happens, liberty will have disappeared and authority will be supreme.

We know what happened in Germany when the free local institutions, the universities, the charitable foundations, lost their independence, when public funds were substituted for private endowments and gifts. Government support brought political control; the state monopolized the functions and activities heretofore in private hands. The basis of totalitarianism was laid.

The only sure safeguard against the danger that our affairs will be run for us by a distant political power is to shoulder the responsibility of running them adequately ourselves."

PRESIDENT CHARLES SEYMOUR—YALE UNIVERSITY

Mrs. Roper Christens a Ship



AT the invitation of Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, Mrs. Janet Roper, the Institute's House Mother, sponsored the 10,000 ton C-2-type cargo vessel "Andromeda" on December 22nd in the yards of the Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company of Kearny, N. J.

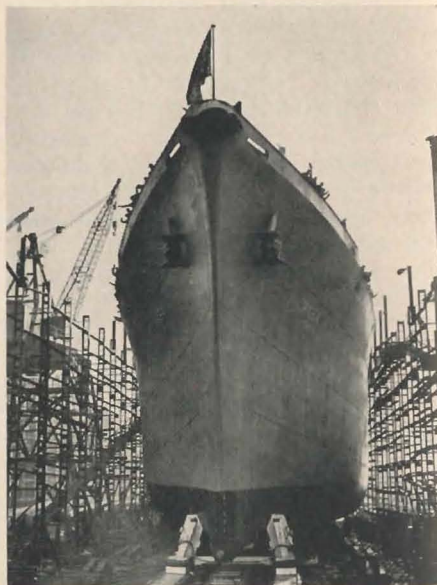
Mrs. Roper said she felt honored by the invitation, but admitted that she was a wee bit nervous when the time came to swing the bottle of champagne against the new ship's bow. She was afraid she might miss—but as the vessel started down the greased ways, she swung a "smashing" blow and the "Andromeda" was properly christened. The Federal Shipbuilding Company presented Mrs. Roper with an attractive "V" for Victory gold pin, as a souvenir of the launching, and a beautiful corsage of orchids. It was essentially a war-time launching, no luncheon being served and work on

other ships continuing uninterrupted throughout the great and venerable shipyard.

When Mrs. Roper returned to the Institute after the launching, and the seamen saw her corsage, they crowded around her in the lobby and cafeteria to ask her the reason for the "decoration". When she explained that she had just christened a ship, they shook her hand and the word spread around the building, and soon she was receiving congratulations on every hand.

"I hope," said Mrs. Roper, "that I can follow the career of the 'Andromeda', and I know that some of our merchant seamen will be proud to serve aboard her."

Mrs. Roper recently completed fifty-three years of service to merchant seamen, and for thousands of seafarers she has become almost as much a part of New York as the Statue of Liberty.



C-2 Ship "Andromeda"

Radio Broadcasts From the Institute

EDITOR'S NOTE: Three broadcasts have been made recently from the Institute.

On Sunday, December 6th, from the Institute's Chapel, a broadcast was made as a part of Station WOR's Chapel of the Air, commemorating the Pearl Harbor disaster. The program included a Protestant service in Pearl Harbor, a Jewish service in an Army Camp, a Roman Catholic service from a Naval training station, and concluded with the service at the Institute for Merchant Seamen of the United Nations. Following are excerpts from Chaplain Harkness' address on that day.

On December 16th, at the request of the War Shipping Administration, a Victory Hour broadcast was made from the Charles Hayden Memorial Pilothouse atop the Institute's Merchant Marine School. We reprint here excerpts from this broadcast over WJZ (Blue Network) with George Hicks as announcer.

On Christmas Day at 9:30 P.M., WJZ, Benny Goodman and his orchestra broadcast from the Institute's Auditorium on the Coca-Cola Company's "Christmas Party of Spotlight Bands". Goodman's was one of the 43 name bands which entertained soldiers, sailors, marines and merchant seamen on the holiday.

WOR, December 6, 1942

CHAPLAIN ARNOLD (from Washington): We take you now to the waterfront of New York City to the unique maritime chapel located at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, where merchant seamen of all races and creeds stay while their ships are in port.

INSTITUTE QUARTET sings 1st and 4th verses of "Eternal Father Strong to Save":

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!
O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's
hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and
foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land
and sea.

ANNOUNCER: The next voice you hear is Chaplain Lawrence A. Harkness in the Chapel of Our Saviour, Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Here merchant seamen from American, British, Belgian, Dutch, and all United Nations ships are welcomed.

CHAPLAIN HARKNESS:

For you men of the Merchant Marine, the work that is yours to do is not new, made necessary or created by invention. It is old,—centuries aged. It goes back through the arcs of time to the dawn when man first ventured forth to find what lay beyond the horizon of his home shores.

They who go down to the sea in ships have ever been the pioneers of civilization, bringing together and making known and understood to each other peoples of many lands, carrying through the calm and storm of the seven seas, cargoes not only of the products of the earth but the precious cargoes of hopes and dreams in the hearts of men, hopes and dreams of righteousness, justice and freedom for all mankind.

You seamen of today are carrying on this age-old work, giving to your task the same full measure of sweat and toil, courage and sacrifice, faith and hope that has always been the fine heritage and the rich possession of seamen everywhere.

There is glory and dignity in your work. No menial job is yours because courage to face danger, willingness to accept sacrifice and determination to sail through, come what may, have consecrated your work into service,—service equal to all other service that man can render to make this world a safe place in which to dwell, assuring and insuring freedom of body, mind and soul for us of

today and all people of the ever extending tomorrow.

In doing one's work, it is easy to discount its worth, to lose at times the vision of its nobility, and so in this our Home of Prayer in the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, I would, by the privilege of mutually understanding friendship, bid you ever to keep in mind the true glory and dignity of your work. Thus with stout heart and high courage you will carry on and

hand on to others the magnificent traditions of the sea that the Merchant Seamen of the past so confidently left in your keeping. CONGREGATION sings 1st and 4th verses of "O God, Our Help in Ages Past":

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the
night
Before the rising sun.

Victory Hour Broadcast

WJZ, Blue Network, December 16, 1942

GEORGE V. DENNY: Today, on every sea, the ships of the United States Merchant Marine are bridging the industrial and the fighting fronts. Who are the men who sail the ships, who brave torpedoes and machine-gun fire to bring in the supplies? What made them go to sea? What kind of work do they do? Where do they go to school? To answer these questions we are now going to take you to lower Manhattan, on the East River, in New York City—to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York—where a Merchant Marine school is run by this famous Seamen's home. Under the leadership of Lieut. Com. Frederick A. Just of the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve—its principal—this Merchant Marine School has already trained 9,000 men during this war—deck officers and engineers for surface ships—and navigators and pilots for airplanes—for the Air Corps and the Ferry Command. We take you now to the Victory Hour's own announcer and reporter—George Hicks—at the Seamen's Church Institute.

GEORGE HICKS: My microphone has been placed, today, inside the highest navigating bridge in the world—the one on the roof of

the Seamen's Church Institute—in New York City. This ship's bridge and pilot house—an exact replica of the bridge on the SS America—largest passenger ship ever built in the United States—is used as a classroom and study hall and is a memorial to Charles Hayden. It has compasses, engine-room signal levers, Metal Mike, course recorder and so on. As I look down now—over the roof edge—I can see the wrinkled and grey bay—the East River and Brooklyn Bridge to my left—the Statue of Liberty to my right and, out beyond that, the channel leading to the open ocean. Night and day, past the Seamen's Church Institute's front, go heavily laden, grey freighters . . . headed for North Africa, Murmansk, India—and all around the world. But here's Bos'n Herbert Colcord—mariner from "down east Maine"—who's served aboard sailing ships for 26 years. He's one of the teachers in the Merchant Marine School at the Seamen's Institute.

BOS'N COLCORD: We teach Marlin-spike seamanship here which is just as useful today as it was when sailors sailed before the mast in old square riggers. Yes, sailing's a good life . . . but a

man must have a "feel" for it. Only going to sea—is the way to find out. Old Salts say the romance was gone when sail turned to steam. I don't believe that way myself. There's just as much adventure, hazard and beauty at sea today as ever before. But it isn't adventure the seamen are looking for nowadays. We got a war to win—and every able-bodied seaman and engineer and radio operator on the high seas is doing his share for victory.

MR. HICKS: True, Bos'n. May I talk to some of your students now?

BOS'N COLCORD: Yes, Mr. Hicks. Here's a lad who'll make a seaman some day. His name is William Lewis. He's sixteen years old.

MR. HICKS: Hello, William.

WM. LEWIS: Hello, Mr. Hicks.

MR. HICKS: Are you studying seamanship here?

WM. LEWIS: Yes, sir. I'm a sophomore at Horace Greeley Junior High School . . . daytimes, but, every Monday night I take the Navigation and Seamanship courses at Seamen's Institute.

MR. HICKS: Why do you want to go to sea, William?

WM. LEWIS: Well, I've always been crazy about boats and the sea. But that's not the most important reason now.

MR. HICKS: What is the most important reason?

WM. LEWIS: Well, you see, Mr. Hicks . . . the Merchant Marine is doing a big job now . . . I guess you could say it's the biggest job they ever had to do . . . carrying supplies all over the world. And for a job like that, it has to have men.

MR. HICKS: All right, Bill. Let me talk to another instructor of yours now. Here's Ensign Edward Dickinson of the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve, assigned the duty of instructor at Seamen's Insti-



Flying

Bridge with

Christmas Tree

tute. Do you think Bill will make that ambition alright, Ensign?

ENSIGN DICKINSON: Sure, if he sticks to it. Why not? The Merchant Marine is looking for young men who won't be engaged in farming and war production work. And at the Seamen's Institute and other maritime schools throughout the country they get their training free. I'd like to point out that at this school, we also teach the principles of navigation—for planes in the air. Here's a navigational computer used for figuring air and wind currents.

MR. HICKS: And what's that?

ENSIGN DICKINSON: That's a course recorder. It marks down, on paper, the movements of a ship through the water.

MR. HICKS: And this is the Metal Mike, eh, Ensign?

ENSIGN DICKINSON: Yes, or Gyro-pilot. It steers a ship, or plane automatically, and never varies the course. Usage of all these instruments is taught the students.

MR. HICKS: I have another man here, I want our listeners to meet. He is Andrew Stone . . . just returned from the sea. What are you studying here, Mr. Stone?

MR. STONE: I'm studying courses to prepare for a second mate's license.

MR. HICKS: Then you've been to sea—for some time I take it?

MR. STONE: Yes, I was in the Navy from 1915 to 1928. I served in merchant ships in January, 1941.

MR. HICKS: How old are you, Mr. Stone?

MR. STONE: 43.

MR. HICKS: Where's your home?

MR. STONE: Houston, Texas.

MR. HICKS: You seem to approve of a sea-going life. Why?

MR. STONE: Well . . . many reasons. In the first place, you see lots of things and go places where people pay money to see. You meet people all over the world. It's more or less an education in itself. Then, we knew that the ships got to get through to our fighting fronts. We're working hand in hand with the Army and Navy and we expect to keep on working together until we win the war.

MR. HICKS: I understand you were torpedoed.

MR. STONE: Yes. Last August, north of the Azores, on a United States oil tanker.

MR. HICKS: Tell us what happened that night . . .

MR. STONE: Well, the first torpedo hit us under the bridge and knocked a hole clean through the ship. The second torpedo was some kind of incendiary. When that one hit, you could see the fire flying.

MR. HICKS: Did your ship catch fire?

MR. STONE: No—she was empty, and we'd already got her gas-free. So by that time we all decided to take to the lifeboats.

MR. HICKS: Then what?

MR. STONE: We sailed for seven days — until we reached the Azores. But we lost 28 men.

MR. HICKS: When did this storm occur, Andy?

MR. STONE: On the second day. Seas must have run 40 feet high.

But we saved our lifeboat. We took the air tanks out of the center, punched holes in them and lashed them together for a sea anchor. We dragged these overboard and this kept her head into the seas, so we didn't capsize.

MR. HICKS: Did you take in water?

MR. STONE: Oh, yes—we shipped plenty of water. We had four men bailing all the time.

MR. HICKS: I guess you never saw such a storm as this before . . .

MR. STONE: Oh yes—but never in a small boat before.

MR. HICKS: What became of the 28 men?

MR. STONE: They were in another life-boat and just disappeared in the storm—and we've never heard of them again.

MR. HICKS: This doesn't seem like a job for young men . . .

MR. STONE: No, you're wrong there. Hundreds of ships are getting through all the time. You only hear about the ones that get torpedoed.

MR. HICKS: I see. And now, what are you doing, Andy, now that you're back in the United States?

MR. STONE: I work at an Army base, shifting ammunition barges nights from 4 to 12. Then I study at the Seamen's Institute days. That way, I'll be one jump ahead when I go to Maritime Officer's School at New London, Connecticut—to get my 2nd Mate's License.

MR. HICKS: Andy, it sounds as though you mean to stay at sea.

MR. STONE: You bet. As soon as I complete the course, I expect to go back on a tanker.

MR. HICKS: War or no war?

MR. STONE: War or not. That's the place for me.

MR. HICKS: Good luck, Andy, and "Keep 'em Sailing". We've spoken from the classroom bridge on the roof of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York—facing New York's harbor. I return you now to the studio.

Ship Visiting

SO useful has the Institute's Ship Visiting Service proved itself, that the Shipping Commissioner of the Port of New York asked the Institute to set up a special branch in his office at 45 Broadway for the benefit and convenience of merchant seamen who are paid off there. The Service has kept pace with the tremendously increased shipping since the war so that six visitors now cover the arrivals of vessels in New York harbor as compared with two when it was started in 1937. As the ship's crews are paid off, their wages and bonus money are quickly converted into War Bonds, Travelers Cheques and savings accounts in the Institute's Seamen's Funds Bureau or in New York banks.

Many letters of appreciation have been received by the ship visitors from the Steamship Companies recently when sending pier passes for 1943. Here is a sample, from Lykes Brothers:

"We have noted with interest the splendid record of the Institute in bank deposits and sale of travelers cheques for merchant seamen, also the cooperation of your organization in the sale of War Bonds."

Most of the crews visited are American. The ship visitors render many other services in addition to protecting seamen's money from loss and robbery, such as distributing magazines, victrolas and records, etc. On every ship they visit they are greeted cordially by officers, crews, union delegates and ship owners, all of whom recognize the essential service which this division of the Institute is rendering.

During December the ship visitors piled over two thousand Christmas boxes, packed by women volunteers under the Central Council, into the Institute's station wagons and took them to the crews of ships sailing before Christmas. The steward was instructed to "hide them until Christmas morning" and then to distribute the gifts to the deck, engine and stewards departments. The boxes included a generous supply of "usefuls and joyfuls" such as tooth paste, tooth brush, comb, handkerchiefs, socks, stationery, cigarettes, candy. On the top of each box, lettered in green and red, were the words: "Merry Christmas, Seamen's Church Institute of New York." We like to think that these seafarers, who would be far at sea on Christmas Day, enjoyed the holiday more by realizing that friends ashore have remembered them.



Photo by Marie Higginson

A Ship Visitor Carrying Magazines to a Ship's Crew

Recently THE LOOKOUT editor was privileged to accompany a ship visitor at the "pay-off" of a ship's crew in the steamship company office. We watched the seamen getting Travelers Cheques with their hard-earned wages. (Their ship had just returned from Murmansk.) A typically appreciative comment from a crew member was voiced by a young engineer: "Thanks. That'll keep that money safe for me. I'll just keep out enough cash for train fare to my home in Boston." Another seaman told of having been "rolled" on Broadway and 42nd Street on his last visit ashore. "We sure appreciate the service you fellows bring aboard ship. It saves us a lot of money." One seaman bought four bonds, to be made out for each of his children, Edelmira, Sarad, Angel and Felix.

Thus the ship visiting is an important link which binds the Institute to seafarers of all ratings and all nationalities. The seamen particularly appreciate popular and classical victrola records, portable victrolas (since the old-type radios are not permitted; only the new non-oscillating type), cards, games, and current books and magazines. Gifts of these whether new or used, should be sent to the Welfare Department, Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y., 25 South Street, New York City.

Sheepshead Bay Training Station Opens

WHAT a thrilling sight to see ten thousand young men from 18 to 35 years of age pass in review at the formal opening of the new Maritime Service Training Station at Sheepshead Bay on December 12th! This, the largest of all training stations for the merchant marine, covers seventy-six acres and is geared to turn out about 30,000 trained seamen a year. The station's personnel is assembled from virtually every State in the Union. The trainees sleep in weather-tight barracks, have ample play space and athletic equipment, 2 huge covered swimming pools, a large auditorium—Bowditch Hall—that seats 2,500 for motion picture shows or plays, and is also a dance hall. Seven white-painted, two-story barracks are named for historic American ships such as the Flying Cloud, Savannah, Saratoga, etc.

The Institute's Director, THE LOOKOUT editor and others of the Staff were privileged to witness a life-boat drill in which the trainees with smart precision quickly launched 130 lifeboats, rowed them around the bay, or sailed them as sloops. Other trainees, braving the cold water, plunged into the bay, clad in the famous Count Morner life-saving suits, which quickly inflate, and which are insulated, protecting the wearer from heat, cold, fire and water. It was especially interesting to watch these young men, some of whom have not yet learned to swim, turn over on their backs and float in these rubber suits until they were rescued by other seamen in the lifeboats. All trainees will be taught to swim, to jump from different levels simulating the decks of ships, so

that if their ships are torpedoed, or shipwrecked, they will know how to act and make split-second decisions. Many of the new recruits are from the mountains and prairies and never saw salt water before.

Men enrolled in the school wear the new Maritime Service uniform which is like regular Navy garb except the trousers are not bell-bottomed. After five weeks of basic training a man may choose between deck, engine or steward departments for more intensive studies. Commander George W. Wauchope, U.S.N.R., is station superintendent.

When these apprentice seamen have "liberty," they flock to New York to see the sights of Broadway, the view from the Empire State Building, and other points of interest. Many of them come to the Institute, to enjoy the dances in the Apprentices' Room, to browse among the books in the Conrad Library and to help themselves from the open shelves of current books.

The Institute also renders a special service to these trainees. It has a branch of its own Seamen's Funds Bureau right at the Station, where three Institute employees are kept busy receiving trainees' deposits for safe-keeping in the Institute or for transfer to savings banks. It also sells Travelers Cheques and War Bonds. Thus, before these young men finish their three months' training, they will have acquired the valuable habit of thrift, and when they sail on American freighters and tankers, will continue the habit, served by the Institute's ship visitors who board American vessels at the pay-offs in New York harbor.

Drilling at World's Largest Maritime Training Station



"I'm Sailing Schooner-Rigged..."

"Yes, I'm sailing 'schooner-rigged' instead of 'square-rigged'. That means I'm traveling light, just in my work clothes, because I don't want to lose my belongings and precious keepsakes if my ship is torpedoed. So I'm checking them in the Baggage Room at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, where I know they'll be safe until I return."

More than 100,000 pieces of seamen's baggage are handled each year by the Institute, the checking rate is only 10 cents for 10 days. This is just ONE of the many services to merchant seamen which the Institute renders, made possible by voluntary contributions. Other services such as Clinics, ship-visiting, recreation, Slope Chest, Library, Chapel, are also maintained by your gifts.

The renewal of your annual contribution will be greatly appreciated, and *extra* gifts whenever you can, will help us to continue and to expand our many services to these brave seafarers. Kindly send contributions to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK, 25 South Street New York, N. Y.



Photo by Marie Higginson

A Volunteer Presents "Bon Voyage" Package* to Two Seamen Shipping Out

*Containing sweater, socks, muffler, helmet, etc.

Sailors' Wives

IN Noel Coward's magnificent screen play, "In Which We Serve", there is a stirring scene where Captain Kinross's wife proposes a toast to her "beloved rival and implacable enemy, the H.M.S. Torin". She expresses so eloquently the sentiments of thousands of sailors' wives who must always see their husbands' ships take precedence over them in their affections.

The wives of merchant seamen are seldom featured in the newspapers. Truly of them may it be said "They also serve who only stand and wait". For waiting is a part of their lives, when mated to men who must go on long voyages to carry the all-important cargoes to our Allied Armies. It has been the privilege of THE LOOKOUT editor to know a number of these women who watch and wait and pray for the safe return of their seafaring husbands. We thought that readers might like to know a little more about them. Some of them we have met when they came to the Institute and to Mother Roper, seeking information about their men "listed as missing" on the Navy casualty lists. Others we have met at social gatherings; others are volunteers at the Institute, giving their time to help fill comfort kits for other seamen, or to entertain them in the Seamen's Lounge and Apprentices' Room.

For example, there is Mrs. Thomas B. whose husband is a deck officer on City Service tankers. She knits sweaters and socks for the seamen who come to the Institute as well as for her own man. She has a job in the day-time, too, but finds time in the evenings to volunteer. "I must keep busy, so that I won't just sit and think and worry," she declares. "I never know when my husband will return, so I always leave a note in the lobby of our apartment saying where I am, in case he arrives home when I am out. He's been gone five months on this trip. I hope he'll be home before our wedding anniversary next month."

Then there is Mrs. John O. who has a four months old daughter. Her husband is a mate on a freighter. He was at sea when the baby was born, but Mary told us, with delight, of his returning in time to see his family when they were still in the hospital. He has gone back to his ship, now, and they spent Christmas Day, as did many other wives and children, without their father present. Mary does not complain, however. It's just what one must expect, she explains, if one falls in love with a sailor.

Unfortunately, not all sailors' wives are as understanding as the two just described, and it often falls to Mrs. Roper's lot to comfort some of them, frantic with worry. "My husband has been gone seven months. I don't know the name of the ship. Can you help me, please, Mother Roper?" is their earnest plea. "He may be drowned, or starving in some lifeboat somewhere. It's the suspense that gets me."

Some time ago, Mrs. Albert G. telephoned THE LOOKOUT editor. Her husband has the distinction of having survived seven torpedoings in this war. They have a three-year old boy whom Mrs. G. says she will NOT let become a sailor when he grows up, but then she laughs, and admits that it would be unwise to restrain her boy if he has an aptitude for seafaring. Well, she telephoned to say: "I suppose it's awful of me to say that I have good news. But Al has been taken to the marine hospital with appendicitis—the doctors say he'll be all right—and it means, it means," she concluded with joy in her voice, "that he can't go back to sea for at least six months!" But Al recuperated rapidly, and when we called Mrs. G. to ask if her husband would speak at a war bond rally of his war experiences, she said "He's got another ship. So I must try to be patient."

Another sailor's wife has been nursing her husband through a severe illness of six months which left him with very high blood pressure. He is so anxious to ship out again that he has reported three times to the shipping company's physician only to be told that he must wait awhile. It is her task to keep him from becoming too discouraged during this enforced convalescence.

The husband of the hostess in the Belgian Room at the Institute is a mate on a Belgian ship. She is always cheerful, and endeavors to make the shore leaves of other Belgian seamen as pleasant as possible, while hoping for the safety of her husband whom she has not seen for over two years.

Another sailor's wife whom we know and admire is Beth A. Her husband had been to sea for several years, serving as oiler, and soon after America entered the war, decided to improve his rating and study for a third engineer's ticket at New London. One dreadful night Beth received a telegram. She opened it with no fear or worry in her heart, for she thought Al safe ashore for awhile,



Photo by Marie Higginson

A Scene in the Mothers' Room: Mrs. Charles Jackson, whose husband is a seaman, chats with a recent graduate of the U. S. Maritime Training Service, about his first sea trip.

far from enemy bombs or submarines, or storms. But the telegram told her of his death in an accident. Bravely, she has carried on, at her job, stifling the tears and heartaches.

The Mothers' Room, given in honor of Mrs. Roper, on the mezzanine overlooking the main lobby of the Institute, is often a sanctuary where sailors' wives and mothers can wait for their seafaring husbands and sons, or where they can say

brief goodbyes. The Post Office on the second floor is a place where they frequently come, eager for a letter or some word from their absent loved ones.

When seamen are away from their own homes, the Institute is their home while ashore and all the staff strive to ease the pangs of absence by making things as comfortable and homelike as possible for these "transients from the sea ways."

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

The stars look down
On city, on town,
And far at sea
He sails by the stars
And thinks of me.
The stars in the sky
Grow dim, grow dim
As I pray for him:
May the winds be fair,
Be fair, I pray
As he stands his watches,
Come what may—
Let no terror strike
From the sky or sea
For he sails, he sails
To keep us free.
And if it be Thy will,
Thy will, I pray—
O bring him back to me.

M.D.C.

While Their Men "Keep 'Em Sailing" They Must Live in Uncertainty

To the Editor of The New York Times:

The mounting toll of merchant seamen who have gone down while delivering the goods is realized full well by the seaman's wife who hears her husband say: "I've just made a ship."

When he leaves home in the morning she does not know if he will return that evening, or if she will see him in three months, or six, or ever again. There is no way of getting information from the shipping offices now of sailing, destination or return date. As a seaman's wife I know we must wait, hoping for the best.

The wife of the shipyard worker or factory worker knows to the minute when to expect her husband home. If any emergency arises, or one of the children becomes ill, she can reach him by phone

in a few minutes. Or if the husband is struck down by industrial accident, she can hasten to his bedside in the hospital and comfort him.

Not so the seaman's wife. Every time the bell rings or a Western Union messenger comes near the house she fears the worst. When the older children turn on the radio they shout: "Mother, another ship has gone down! Do you think it's daddy's?"

Merchant seamen who "keep 'em sailing" see little of their families. At sea they have plenty of time to think about them: how they would like to pilot the children through school and play, share their joys and sorrows—and to have that one good picnic and hike in the Autumn woods.

They also realize that if the ships did not sail and the life lines to the Allied Nations were not secure, life would not be worth living. Fascism would sweep over the world, with all its terror and misery.

We also must remember those who are bringing children into the world alone while their husbands are out at sea, perhaps drifting in a lifeboat or dodging death in a bombed port. GERTRUDE TEGELER.

Brooklyn, Nov. 27, 1942.

SONG FOR THE MERCHANT MARINE

Heave ho! my lads, heave ho!
It's a long, long way to go,
It's a long, long pull with our hatches full,
Braving the wind, braving the sea,
Fighting the treacherous foe:
Heave ho! my lads, heave ho!
Let the sea roll high or low,
We can cross any ocean, sail any river,
Give us the goods and we'll deliver,
Damn the submarine!
We're the men of the Merchant Marine.
Composed by Lt. (jg) JACK LAWRENCE
U. S. Maritime Service



Sweaters for Seafarers

Photo by Marie Higginson

SAILOR'S RETURN

You see him here and there from time to time, but too often you do not recognize him. He is usually of military age. If things have been going well with him he is vigorous looking, often, but not always, with a face tanned and toughened by weather. He may have a tense look about the eyes. You might, too, if you had been where he has been.

He follows an occupation that provides for no parades. He goes about his business in secret. No whistles blow for him and no flags fly when he puts to sea. His work, by long habit, has become monotonous. Day by day the gray, the green, the blue scenery of the ocean follows him. His variety is storm, fog and the blackness of night.

There are twenty-four hours in his day, sixty minutes in each of those hours, sixty seconds in each of those minutes—and for days on end any one of the seconds may be the one in which the enemy strikes. This knowledge he carries with him when he works, when he eats, when he reads, talks or plays cards, when he smokes his pipe, when he tries to sleep. He knows what can be done to a man by an exploding torpedo, by burning oil, by rough water, by cold, by hunger, by thirst.

Yet he goes about his necessary business. Escaping once, twice, three times, perhaps tossing in a small boat for days, he ships again. His is the strength that ties our earth-wide battles to the homeland. If he were to shrink from his task the battles would not be fought, the cause would be lost . . . Editorial,
New York Times, December 20, 1942.

SOLDIERS OF THE SEA

"Among the war's heroes deserving praise are the Soldiers of the Sea—the merchant seamen who are front-line defenders of freedom. They stick to their ships, through stormy seas and under violent attacks. Far from their home ports these brave seafarers carry the precious cargoes of food, materials of war, and medical supplies for the wounded. Months at a time they are separated from their homes and loved ones—and many do not return. What debtors we all are to them! How very insignificant our small sacrifices are, as compared to what they give—their very all."

—George Matthew Adams

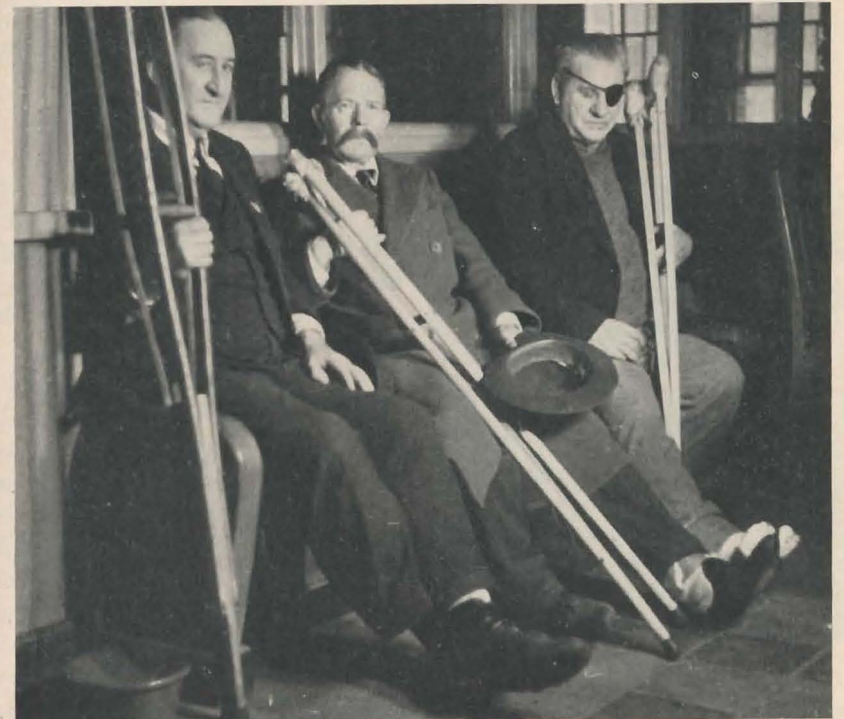
Jottings from the S. C. I. Log

"Tiny" I and II

There are two seamen nicknamed "Tiny" who spend a lot of their time when ashore in the Seamen's Lounge on the third floor of the Institute. The nickname is a mis-nomer, for one "Tiny" weighs 250 pounds and the other 275! One is tall and blond, with a ruddy complexion. He is a survivor of a torpedoed ship. On the day he arrived in port, after being picked up by a rescue ship, his wife flew to the seaport to meet him, and the airplane in which she was riding, crashed and she was killed. "Tiny" took the tragedy very hard, but he has a little daughter to live for, and as soon as he finishes hospital treatments for injuries received from shrapnel wounds, he intends to ship out again. The other "Tiny" is dark-haired, wears a moustache, and always has a cheerful grin. He spent seven days in a lifeboat after his ship was torpedoed. This happened before stricter regulations were passed for stocking lifeboats, so all he and the crew had were cans of tomato juice. His feet developed frost-bite, and he is receiving treatment for them, hoping soon to be well enough to return to sea.

Safety Ashore

If you walk into the Institute's Cafeteria any noon day, you will see three seamen with crutches, being helped by other seamen, with their trays of food. Your first inclination is to assume that these men had injured their legs in ship-board accidents or from enemy torpedoes or bombs. But THE LOOKOUT editor, after conversing with them, learned that their respective accidents occurred on shore — they were hit by automobiles! "It's safer at sea," said Seaman Q., a hardy Britisher, as he rested his crutches against the table, and prepared to eat his lunch. "I've dodged U-boats and bomber planes, and crossed the Western Ocean twenty times since the war started, and nary a scratch, then on shore leave in Baltimore a bloomin' car knocks me down, and I lose the sight of my left eye. After a time in hospital I came to New York, hopin' the British Consul would let me ship out (with a black patch over one eye) again, and crossin' Broadway, a blinkin' car knocks me down, breaks both my ankles, so I'm beached for six months, at least!"



Three Seamen Convalescing from Auto Accidents

Photos by Marie Higginson

Christmas at the Institute

CHRISTMAS was celebrated on New York's waterfront with parties and entertainments centered chiefly at the Institute where 1,500 merchant seamen irrespective of race or religion enjoyed turkey dinner on Christmas Day. Seafarers who spent the holiday ashore had a special treat when Benny Goodman and his orchestra appeared on Christmas night at 9:30 on the stage of the Institute's auditorium. Other Christmas parties included a dance on Tuesday evening, December 29th, in the auditorium, at which the Hoffman Island U. S. Maritime Training Station band, led by Lieut. Emery Deutsch, played, and Miss Madeleine Carroll was a special guest. Miss Carroll praised the Institute and its work and offered her cooperation as an individual and as director of entertainment for the United Seamen's Service. Every seaman staying in the building on Christmas Eve and many others, received a Christmas box, filled by volunteer groups.

Observance of Christmas started officially on Sunday evening, De-



Photo by Phillip St. Claire

U. S. Maritime Service Trainees Enjoying a Dance in the Institute's Auditorium

ember 20th, with a Carol Service in the Institute's Chapel, under the direction of Anne Conrow, organist, with the Institute's Quartet including George Burandt, Mortimer Davenport, Eleanor Brownell and Frances Bible. On Christmas morning at nine o'clock, Chaplain Harkness celebrated the Holy Communion and preached at Morning Prayer at 10:30, Dr. Kelley officiating. Large crowds of seamen enjoyed the moving pictures: Ginger Rogers in "The Major and the Minor" at 2:30 and "Priorities on Parade" at 8 P.M., followed by the Benny Goodman broadcast.

The Merchant Marine School on the roof of the Institute carried on the ancient maritime custom of lashing a Christmas tree to the ship's mast, decorated with a single star, on its recently completed Flying Bridge, a memorial to Charles Hayden.

About 500 sick and convalescent merchant seamen in Marine hospitals received Christmas boxes from the Institute chaplains, containing cigarettes, candy, shaving equipment, socks, comb, sewing kit and other items. These replaced the "ditty bags" which have been a Christmas custom for more than 25 years.

British, Belgian and Dutch seamen enjoyed special parties in the British Merchant Navy Club on the second floor of the Institute and in the Home for Netherlands Seamen and the Belgian Seamen's Home, located on the third floor. Generous contributions to the *Holiday Fund* made possible the major part of the Christmas program.



Photo by Marie Higginson

Miss Madeleine Carroll on a recent visit to the Institute joined with two gunners in the British Merchant Navy Club in playing free non-gambling bingo.

In the S.C.I. Mailbag

New York, N. Y.

Dear Miss Candee:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am on a new oil tanker. I have been on here since November 29th. We are leaving here soon for some place in Europe. I do not know when we will be back. If you can, will you please do me a favor—every Christmas I have been at sea, and I sure would like to have one of those Christmas packages they give out at the Institute on Christmas. So if you could, get one for me and keep it until I get back. I sure would appreciate it.

I hope I do not have any more experiences like I had on the other ships. I wish to thank you very much for your past favors and hope to get back safe and sound.

Thanking you in advance,
Very truly yours,
(Signed) JOHN BEIDELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are saving a Christmas box for John.

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Military Welfare Extension Training
22 East 38th Street New York, N. Y.
Reverend Harold H. Kelley, D.D.
Seamen's Church Institute
25 South Street
New York City
Dear Reverend Kelley:

May I express my appreciation and that of the entire group of American Red Cross Military Welfare Trainees for your kindness in allowing the Trainees to make a visit to your Institution on Monday. The Trainees just like the last group, came back so elated over your

Dear Rev. Kelley: I am out here on an ammunition boat and will be here over the holidays so this one more Xmas I will not spend with you. As we are not allowed to have a fire on these boats you can realize how cold it is, not even electric light. I was thinking last Sunday when I was ashore at the Institute and we sang on the third floor "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" about the 800 tons on my scow. Well, I want to ask you could you send one of those ditty bags with gloves in as we need them out here or perhaps you could send to the people I work for. They are just 2 blocks from the S.C.I. It would be a little difficult to send here. So wishing all a Merry Xmas and a happy New Year I am enclosing address of people I work for.

Yours truly,
F. D.,
Captain, Scow

EDITOR'S NOTE: Christmas boxes including ditty bags were sent to this crew.

Institution and all felt that they had really seen the perfect set up in operation. I am indeed grateful to you for making these visits possible, for it has been unanimously agreed that a visit to the Seamen's Church Institute is a *must* for every Trainee going overseas for club work.

Kindest regards and best wishes.
Sincerely yours,
SIDNEY J. CRAWLEY,
Director of Extension Training

P.S. We are looking forward to our next visit.

Dec. 23, 1942

To the Sec. of the Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y. 25 South St., New York.

My dear Sir:

Will you please give the enclosed cap to some American seaman—without an outfit—a New Englander preferred, with my best wishes.

My mother knitted the cap for me and I wore it in 1917-1919. I kept it because of my esteem and love for her. I know that if she knew what I wanted you to do she would not only approve but would probably knit another for you.

She was the wife of a Sea Captain (my father) and they both were a wonderful couple—he went through exciting sea experiences (as do all who go down to the sea in ships) and she carried on at home in a wonderful way.

Knowing what they did has often given me courage to carry on—and always make me thankful that many generations of my family "went to sea".

Tell the sailor that the cap was knit by a woman who could box the compass and knew how cold and raw the N. Atlantic is in winter.

Very truly

(Signed) R. H. HOWES

LITTLE RIPPLES GROW

Girl Scout Mariners have acquired a new name.

When a group of the seagoing Scouts recently visited the Seamen's Church Institute in New York, the sailors were curious about their nautical uniforms.

"Are you WAVES?" asked one. "You look too young."

"We're Girl Scout Mariners," said the girls. "Aha!" said the sailor—"Ripples!" Various Troops of Girl Scout Mariners packed Christmas Boxes for seamen at the Institute.



Book Reviews

SEA-LANES IN WARTIME

By Robert Greenhalgh Albion
W. W. Norton and Co. \$3.50

Professor Albion is well known in the field of Maritime writing for his exhaustive works in Maritime history. In this latest book he attempts to show the effects of wars on our Merchant shipping industry, keeping constantly in mind the reassuring fact that "our nation has been through black days before on the sea lanes, and has won through them to victory".

This volume is in two parts — part I deals with the wars from the Revolution through the Civil War. Part II takes in the first World War and the one in which we are now engaged. It is brought completely up to date with discussions of the U. S. Maritime Commission's plans for shipbuilding and their wish to avoid the bad features of the emergency shipbuilding of the last war. He touches the matter of training and looks ahead to post-war trade realistically but optimistically. —A. W. C.

QUEEN OF THE FLAT-TOPS

By Stanley Johnston
E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3.00

This is an epic of the war that will long be remembered. Stanley Johnston sets his stage carefully by giving a careful description of the great ship, its company and its equipment for duty. One gets a sense of the tremendous organization of our Navy from the chapter "Battle Station" in which we learn that each baker, for example, has his station at a gun and that even leisure activities of the men were so arranged that "they could be at their posts in a dozen steps".

From the moment of the alarm at 10:50 P.M. "Big force of enemy aircraft coming in from right ahead" to Admiral Fitch's terse "Well, Ted, let's get the men off" everything was accomplished with fearlessness and discipline. The author reports it all with such power that you will feel an overwhelming pride in the men of our fleet and a great fighting ship. —A. W. C.

THE NAVY WOMAN'S HANDBOOK

By Ciella Reeves Collins
N. Y. Whittlesey House, 1943. \$1.50

This small book, compiled with the cooperation of the Navy Department, should fill a definite need of the women whose husbands or sons are serving their country. Navy men at the fighting fronts can have no higher stimulus to morale than the feeling that their families are protected from the difficulties arising from the war. Mrs. Collins understands and explains many of these problems. Of special importance is advice on salary allotments, insurance, taxes, property rights as well as Naval procedure and lighter aspects of this new way of life. Much of the general information is also useful to wives in the Coast Guard, Marine Corps and Merchant Marine.

—I. M. A.

Marine Poetry and Ship News

FOR A SAILOR

We always hung a silver star
At the top of the Christmas tree.
He used to place it there himself,
Before he went to sea.
When Christmas skies are filled with stars
Above the ocean's rim,
Let one, high up, shine very bright,
Especially for him.

—ALICE HARTICH

Reprinted from *The New York Times*,
Dec. 20, 1942.

SEA HERO

The waves they placed him gently up on
the sandy beach,
The terns went suddenly quiet and a sun-
beam tried to reach
His burned and shell-torn body and his
fair and blistered head;
There, as the Huns had left him, a Mer-
chant Marine lay dead.
There was no blare from the trumpets
and the drums were silent, too;
The papers made no mention and the
public never knew . . .
Just the slow, soft toll of a bell buoy
and the long, long roll of the sea—
They were his only requiem as the waves
brought him back to me.

—GEORGE L. ROHDENBURG

Reprinted from *The New York Sun*,
Dec. 3, 1942.

MERCHANT SAILOR TALKS

I seen my buddies burn in oil—
An' sink into the sea;
I been torpedoed plenty times,
But that ain't stoppin' me.
I'm bringin' fuel for our tanks
So's we can rip the Nips—
An' then some guys have got the gall
To go on pleasure trips!
I go through hell to get it here,
Through bombs and night of pain—
But you don't catch me a -squawkin';
It's the "A" Cards Who Complain!

—HEYWOOD KLING

Reprinted from *The New York Sun*

SHIP TOLL NOW FIVE HUNDRED FORTY-EIGHT

Since the United States was drawn into the war just a year ago the enemy has sunk 548 United Nation and neutral cargo ships and brought death to thousands of seamen and passengers in western Atlantic attacks according to the Navy.

KAISER LAUNCHES CRAFT IN 3 DAYS

Vancouver, Wash., Nov. 17 (A.P.).—A Henry J. Kaiser shipyard claimed another record today—a three-day ship launching. A tank landing craft slid into the Columbia River from his Vancouver yard here last night, just two days, twenty-three hours and forty minutes after laying of the keel.

The size of the vessel was secret, the Navy announcing only that it was smaller than the 10,500-ton Liberty freighters with which Mr. Kaiser previously set construction speed records.

Yard officials said the seventy-one-hour, forty-minute launching was one-fourth of the normal time for such ships.

Mr. Kaiser's yard in Richmond, Cal., holds the record, four days, fifteen one-half hours, for Liberty ship launchings.

Previously the record for smaller vessels was set last week by the Pacific Bridge Company of Alameda, Cal., in launching the Samuel Very, a 4,000-ton cargo freighter, in three days, eight hours.

MERCHANT MARINE CASUALTIES

Washington, Dec. 4 (A.P.).—The Navy Department announced today that United States merchant marine casualties resulting from war action, and previously reported to the next of kin, now total 2,901, of which 463 are dead and 2,438 missing.

The Merchant Marine casualty list number 3, made public today, added 317 new casualties reported to next of kin between October 22 and November 21. Of these twenty-one were reported dead and 296 missing. Twelve have next of kin residing in foreign countries.

The list does not include the wounded, or American citizens sailing on vessels under foreign flag. It included ninety-five New Yorkers—one dead and ninety-four missing—and thirteen from New Jersey reported missing.

MORNING IN THE HARBOR

Gray sails flap in the fog-filled breeze,
A disk of red burns through;
Crimson glow on the rolling seas
Tinted a morning blue.
Twisting slowly in their beds
The stretching waves and tide
Drowsily raise their shining heads
Wet vistas open wide.
The fleet that minds its weather-eye
Ups anchors and away;
The night has vanished in the sky
To make room for the day.

—ALBERT LECHIEF

(who sailed the seas more than 50
years ago)

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