

THE LOOKOUT



THERE GO THE SHIPS!

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXIV—NUMBER 3

MARCH, 1943

Sanctuary For Men At Sea

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 our Merchant Service. In the hour of battle, in the danger beneath the water, in the work of convoy, and in all harbors, save us from dangers known and unforeseen.

Deliver us from strong temptations and from easily besetting sin. Teach us to mark Thy wonders in the deep; fill us with good thoughts, loyalty, and faith. Protect with Thy most gracious and ready help our kinsfolk and dear friends, until we win for them a righteous peace. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Ernest N. Lovett

The LOOKOUT

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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.

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The Lookout

Vol. XXXIV

March, 1943

No. 3

Sea Chanties Being Revived By Youthful Seamen in Maritime Service

Trainees in the U. S. Maritime Service who are training at the Sheepshead Bay Station are becoming steeped in maritime traditions while they learn to be modern sailors' for America's rapidly expanding merchant fleet. According to Captain George Wauchope, U.S.N.R., Superintendent of the Station, their latest achievement is learning how to sing sea chanties, those lusty old work songs of the sea once sung aboard sailing vessels. They sing them in authentic fashion, too, enough to please the most critical old shellback, for their instructor is Captain Harry Garfield, a merchant mariner who served as bosun aboard the training ship "Newport" and who actually sang the chanties while setting and furling sail, pumping the ship out, hoisting the anchor, manning the windlass, or during the watch below. Also true to tradition, is the musical accompaniment, as played on the harmonium by Lieut. Glenn Farr, one of the chaplains at the Station. About fifty of the youthful apprentice seamen have been coached by Captain Garfield and by the choral director, Chief Petty Officer H. Williamson, U.S.N.R.

The first performance of the chanties was given by the Sheepshead Chorus on Monday, March 8th, at 7:30 P.M. in the Auditorium of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, where an audience of about 900 merchant seamen on shore leave from United Nations freighters and tankers, heard the young singers. Ten years ago, when the Institute advertised on its bulletin boards for sea chantey singers, of the 6,000 to 8,000 merchant seamen of every age, race, and creed who cross the threshold of the famous building at 25 South Street daily, only two could be found who really know how to sing the chanties. One of these was Captain Harry Garfield and the other was Bosun Willam Berry. So the Institute undertook to teach groups of young seamen the words, thus keeping the chanties alive. Recently, when the U. S. Maritime Service started looking for an old-time chantey man to teach the young trainees, they enlisted the aid of the

Institute who located Captain Garfield. Bosun Berry, it was learned, died several years ago.

Sea chanties may be divided into several classes, such as pulling songs, windlass songs, setting and furling sail, and pumping the ship out. Some were used to aid the men when tugging on a rope, to pull at the same precise moment. Some were intended to beguile the men, while hoisting the anchor or working the pumps, into temporary forgetfulness of their arduous labor. A lusty, rousing chantey lifted the feet of the tired sailors as they tugged around the capstan singing a lively chorus. The chantey leader, usually the one with the loudest voice and the liveliest gift for improvising, sang the verses, changing the words to suit the occasion. It was in the windlass songs that the accomplished chantey-man displayed his imaginative powers and his mastery of certain tricks of vocalization which contributed vastly to the effectiveness of his singing.

When the day's work on a windjammer was done, during the watch below, singing, dancing and yarn-spinning were enjoyed by those not on duty. It was then that the most beautiful fo'c'sle ballads like "Rolling Home" and "Lowlands" were sung.

The Sheepshead chorus sang the hal-yard chantey, "Blow the Man Down"; the capstan chantey, "A-Roving"; the windlass chantey, "Away For Rio"; the pumping chantey, "Stormalong"; the capstan chantey "Hoodah Day"; the hauling chantey, "Whiskey, Johnny"; the fo'c'sle ballad, "Rolling Home"; the pulling chantey "Haul on the Bowlin'" and the farewell chantey, "Leave her, Johnny, Leave her."

Captain Garfield will train a similar chantey chorus in each of the Maritime Service's training stations, and thus, the quaint and beautiful old sea songs will be perpetuated. It may not even be a surprising sight to see a group of young seamen on the deck of a Liberty freighter singing a sea chantey instead of the latest juke-box tune!

Let's All Say a Prayer Tonight

Editor's Note: The song reproduced here is by Steve Nelson. The Rainbow Music Publishers have generously agreed to turn over the major part of the proceeds on the sale of sheet music, records, radio performances, etc. to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Frank Munn, "The golden voice of radio" introduced the song on his "WALTZ TIME" program, Friday evenings, Station WEAJ. Copies may be ordered at your nearest music dealer.

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Chorus

LET'S ALL SAY A PRAY'R TO - NIGHT, For
those ev - 'ry - where to - night; Who have an - swered the
call, Who are giv - ing their all, That Free - dom may
al - ways shine bright; Let's give from our heart to -

Chords: C9 aug, F, Bb, Bbm, F, C9 aug, F, Bdim, F, F7, F7 aug, Bb, Bdim, F, Bdim, Gm7, C7, Fmaj7, F6, G9, G9(b7) Dm7, Bm, G7, C7, Bb, C7, C9 aug, F, Bb, Bbm.

Let's All Say A Prayer - 3

"Women's Crew" Knits Ton of Wool

Eleven associations of women under the Central Council and sixteen national service organizations and sixty branches of the Women's Auxiliaries of churches throughout the United States contributed a total of 12,381 knitted sweaters, socks and other woolen articles for merchant seamen of the United States during the year 1942, according to a report issued by Mrs. Grafton Burke, executive secretary of the Council, one of the activities of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. This immense "Women's Crew" also made 5,736 household linens (towels, sheets, pillow cases, etc.) for use on the 1,600 beds at the Institute's 13-story building at 25 South Street, where seamen of all nationalities and creeds from freighters, tankers and troop carriers spend shore leave.

The report also showed that a total of 4,964 Christmas boxes (valued at \$2.50 each) were distributed to Institute lodgers, to seamen in marine hospitals and to crews of ships. A total of 868 "Bon Voyage" packages containing a sweater, 2 pairs of socks, mittens, cap or helmet, scarf were given to seamen shipping out, and a total of 1,382 comfort bags or kits were given to individual seamen at the Institute.

In issuing the report Mrs. Burke stated that the actual ton of wool knitted into these articles cost \$3,967. Among the "Crew" thus serving merchant seamen who carry the troops and essential cargoes to all the fighting fronts are represented the American Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, Bundles for America, Bundles for Blue Jackets, Christian Science War Relief, Girl Scout Mariners, Women's Council of the Navy League of the U. S., U.S.O. Special Committee, Young America Victory Club (composed of school children throughout the country), and the Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine. Special groups include the Four Square Knitters (Staten Island, Mrs. Thomas Dobson, Director); Mrs. Douglas Bomeisler's Group (Greenwich and Cos Cob, Conn.); St. Phillip's Auxiliary (Harlem, Mrs. Minnie Musgrave, Director); Mrs. William Beach's Group (Great Neck).

The eleven Associations of the Central Council and their Directors are: the Seamen's Benefit Society, Miss Augusta de Peyster; Brooklyn, Mrs. Courtney Yenni; Blue Anchor, Mrs. H. G. Morpurgo; Boosters, Mrs. William Bunce; East Orange, N. J., Mrs. E. B. Wire; Elizabeth, N. J., Mrs. Davis Turnbull; Nutley, N. J. Mrs. Arnot Quinby; Riverside, Mrs. L. Clarke Gennert; SOS Crew, Mrs. Henry Rowley; Upper Mont-

clair, Mrs. Frederick C. Bull; Hudson River, Mrs. Henry Bliss; Staten Island, Mrs. Medad Stone; South Shore, Mrs. Donald Weinert.

In addition to providing knitted articles and household linens, these groups during 1942 also contributed 7,553 miscellaneous articles (puzzles, games, cards, victrola records), 8,120 books, 17,860 magazines and 8,010 overcoats, and other articles for the Slope Chest where torpedoed crews are outfitted at the Institute.

At the recent annual meeting of the Central Council the following officers were reelected: Mrs. Stacy Sears, Chairman; Mrs. Archibald R. Mansfield, first vice-chairman; Mrs. Harold H. Kelley, second vice-chairman; and Mrs. Medad Stone, treasurer.

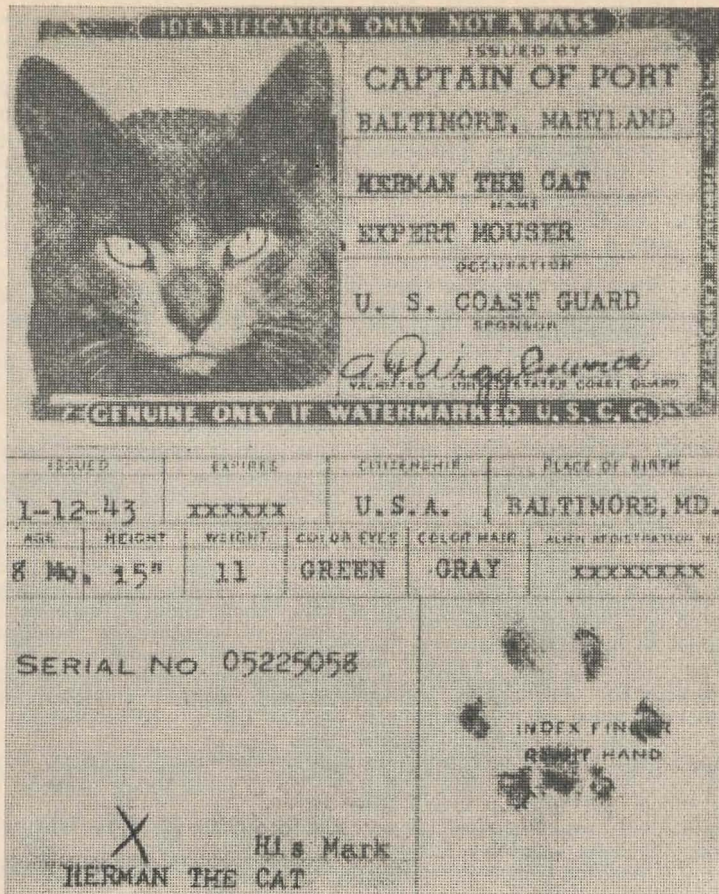
Organized in 1923, the Central Council is the outgrowth of the Seamen's Benefit Society established in 1890 to help the Institute by raising funds, knitting sweaters and sewing garments, and of which Miss Augusta de Peyster is the present director. The Central Council, of which Mrs. Stacy Sears is Chairman, has two types of membership: individuals who knit for the seamen, sew, fill comfort bags and kits, etc. (there are about 1,400 of such women) and Associations of women with a total membership of about 900.

MERCHANT MARINE

These are the men who fight to set men free,
Squat, silent, stubborn men whose lives are passed
In darkness, on the vast unmeasured sea.
Bounded by mist and sliding deck and mast.
Moonlight their foe is, and the coastal town;
From trough to changing crest their changing way
On deadly highways they themselves set down,
That there be bread on village market day.
Merchants by water, these have honored trade,
Not for the stipend men exchange for lives
But that small boys may toddle unafraid
And husbands come home safely to their wives.
Sunlight for darkness is their first exchange
And only snug in harbor are they strange.

—CHARLES MALAM.

New York Herald Tribune,
Friday, January 8, 1943.



Associated Press Photo

Port precautions being what they are, even a cat must have his identification card, so this official credential card, including paw prints, was issued for the pet of a Coast Guard unit at Baltimore.

SEAMEN TO GET MIRRORS, FOR SAFETY, NOT BEAUTY

The Coast Guard has ordered all merchant seamen to carry mirrors, but not for beauty. The regulation was issued after a thrilling rescue of survivors of a torpedoed vessel.

After exhausting days in a lifeboat the survivors were spotted by a passing craft which was attracted by the flashes of a seaman's mirror. Coast Guardsmen will teach the seamen how to use their mirrors as signaling instruments. Properly directed, the flashes can be seen for ten miles.

A 76-year-old master mariner, a messman who has recently completed his first trip to sea, a Chinese cook, a Negro fireman, a third mate, an able seaman winner of art scholarships and a ship's carpenter were among the forty merchant seamen who exhibited their paintings in the seamen's art exhibit held from February 1st to 15th in the Hall of Art, 24 West 40th Street. The exhibition was held under the auspices of the United Seamen's Service.

A number of the seamen who exhibited their paintings three years ago at the first Maritime Exhibition held at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, again submitted oil and water-colors and crayon sketches for the recent show. But there were many others who were exhibiting their handiwork for the first time. The prizes ranged from \$100. to \$20. and the jury of artists included John Sloan, Jo Davidson, Gordon Grant (whose own beautiful sea painting adorns the rearedos of the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour), Rockwell Kent, Raphael Soyler, W. Spencer Wright, Malvina Hoffman and John Taylor Arms.

Captain John Cook Smith, who lives at Sailors' Snug Harbor, home for retired seafarers on Staten Island, was the ancient mariner of the exhibition. He sent a letter to Mrs. Isabel Peterson, chairman of the Exhibition, when submitting his paintings in which he said:

"I wish I could be doing my part now with the rest of the boys, helping to pass the ammunition where it's needed, but I'm a little too old for that. I've been at sea 53 years, and am 76 years old."

John Solomon, Negro seaman whose paintings of pink churches in his birthplace, Casablanca, attracted attention at the exhibition held in 1939, showed several new oil paintings including one especially good one entitled "East Side Bay."

A steward of Danish birth, now an American citizen, Herman Brockdorff, received the public's vote and \$50. for his oil "Crow's Nest" which we reproduce here. William Lawrence Ryan, a recent graduate of the U. S. Maritime Officers' Training School at Fort Trumbull, New London, with a third mate's license, exhibited both oils and pen and ink drawings which attracted the attention of seamen, art critics and landsmen. Mr. Ryan has been going to sea for nine years and now wears two silver stars, indicating that he has survived a torpedoing and a dive-bombing. He is also the recipient of the George Pierce Ennis and Hayden Scholarships of art. Joseph Richards, a ship's carpenter, whose



Photo by Marie Higginson

HERMAN BROCKDORFF

paintings were recently shown at the Ferargil Gallery, exhibited a number of watercolors.

Julius Saewitz, a messman, showed some sketches of Brooklyn, where he lives when ashore between ship jobs. Ben Rosen, a purser, also of Brooklyn, has been going to sea since 1924 and has been painting for the same length of time. For the past few months he has been ashore because of injuries received during his last trip to sea. He had his art education at New York University and has exhibited in a number of art galleries. The judges awarded him first prize. Second prize went to Milnes Levick, now at sea.

Lee On, whose home is Canton, China, is now somewhere at sea. One of his oil paintings was shown. Leslie Dawson, whose paintings have been exhibited at the Institute's booths at the Motorboat Shows, exhibited an oil painting of a sailing ship which he painted while convalescing at the Marine Hospital, Ellis Island. Carl J. Hill, a messman, has been painting since 1929. He was born in Trinidad. His watercolors show scenes of Harlem, the Bronx, Tarrytown, Montreal, New Jersey, etc. Many of the seamen painted barns and farmhouses, there were fewer marine subjects than during the earlier exhibit, but Leslie Dawson and Wynyard Higginson stuck to their original subject of square-rigged sailing ships.

The strength and faithfulness which merchant seamen have put into the war effort is reflected in these paintings, and in this exhibition was depicted their firmness of purpose and love of freedom which inspires them to keep the sea lanes open.

The Miracle

Editor's Note: The general public has followed the recent adventures of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his crew when they spent 21 days on a small raft in the Pacific. Merchant seamen were particularly interested, especially those men who had spent days in lifeboats or on rafts who read of his experiences with avid interest, comparing his experiences with their own.

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker and his seven companions floated and burned for seven days after their plane came down on the Pacific Ocean, with four oranges as their only food. And then came "a miracle."

They had held their daily religious service. As always, they had read this New Testament passage:

"Therefore take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? Or what shall we drink? Or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all those things. But seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof . . ." (Matthew 6:31-34).

Gull Tasted Fine

"About an hour later," says Capt. Rickenbacker in an article "Pacific Mission," in *Life* magazine, "when I was dozing with my hat pulled down over my eyes, a gull appeared from nowhere and landed on my hat.

"I don't remember how it happened or how I knew he was there. I reached up for him with my right hand—gradually. The whole Pacific seemed to be shaking from the agitation in my body, but I could tell he was still there from the hungry, famished, almost insane eyes in the other rafts."

Capt. Rickenbacker captured the gull, wrung its neck, carved up the body, and divided the meat into equal shares, holding back only the intestines for bait.

"Even the bones were chewed and swallowed," Capt. Rickenbacker relates. "No one hesitated because the meat was raw and stringy and fishy. It tasted fine. After Cherry had finished his piece, I baited a hook and passed it over to him. The hook, weighted with Whitaker's ring, had hardly got wet before a small mackerel hit it, and was jerked into the raft. I dropped the other line, with the same miraculous result, except that mine was a small sea bass."

Reprinted from *The New York Sun*

The outlines of Capt. Rickenbacker's adventures are well known. But the full day-by-day account, as published in *Life*, adds dramatic detail to the story he told when he returned to the United States in December.

Once they were afloat on the rafts, Capt. Rickenbacker was more worried over the shortage of clothing than lack of food. In the fierce sun "face, neck, hands, wrists, legs and ankles burned, blistered, turned raw, and burned again. My hands swelled and blistered; when the salt water got into the flesh, it burned and cracked and dried and burned again. Three months later the scars still show on the knuckles. Our mouths became covered with ugly running sores.

Close Quarters

"Daytimes we prayed for the coolness of the nights; nights we craved the sun. These first five or six days were the worst I have ever known."

Sharks followed the rafts. Every now and then one would bump against a raft's canvas bottom with force enough to lift one of the men three or four inches.

"What made the nights hardest was that we could never stretch out. Some day I shall meet the man who decided these rafts could hold two men and five men each."

Alex and DeAngelis in the two-man raft "had to sit facing each other, one with his legs over the other man's shoulders, while he took the legs of the other under his armpits, or they sat back to back, dangling their legs in the water. Imagine two men in a small, shallow bathtub.

"Reynolds talked about how much soda pop he was going to drink the rest of his life. Cherry couldn't think about anything but chocolate ice cream. My own mind slowly filled with visions of chocolate malted milk. I could actually taste it, to the point where my tongue worked convulsively. I hadn't had a chocolate malted milk in nearly twenty-five years."

Alex became delirious, poisoned by the salt water he had drunk secretly, in the night. On the twelfth night he died, and next morning, after De Angelis murmured what he remembered of the Catholic burial service, they rolled the body over the side.

Rain on the ninth day saved the group from death of thirst, and on the twentieth day, over Rickenbacker's protests, the three rafts went their separate ways. Within two days more all seven were rescued.

Torpedoed Sailor Safeguards His Wages

Jimmy Corrigan has been going to sea for more than two years. He has worked his way up from wiper to oiler, and soon will be ready to take his officers' training under the U. S. Maritime Service at New London. A year ago Jimmy had his first encounter with an enemy submarine. He was on duty in the engine room of a tanker when the torpedo struck. All thirty-seven of the crew were saved, because the lifeboats were promptly and efficiently launched by some recent graduates of the Hoffman Island Training School. Jimmy was so impressed by the good seamanship of the young seamen, that after being rescued by the Coast Guard and brought back to New York, he asked the Institute's help in getting him into the next class at Hoffman Island. He studied hard and on finishing the training returned to the tanker trade. He spends part of his time explaining that he is not "wrong-way Corrigan."

On February 11th, Jimmy made the first deposit in the new midtown branch of the Seamen's Bank for Savings, which opened at 20 East 45th Street. Jimmy proudly displayed his bankbook with the anchor stamped on the cover, entitling him to extra-quick service, whenever he is in port. This privilege is extended to all merchant seamen so that they need not wait in line to make deposits or draw their money.

Jimmy has ten brothers and sisters. One brother who served in the Navy was lost at Guadalcanal. Another brother recently completed his training at Hoffman Island for the Merchant Marine and is now "somewhere at sea." Two of his sisters are nurses. When Jimmy had his torpedo experience, he spent three days in a lifeboat in the bitter cold of winter, and he and his shipmates suffered with frost-bitten feet, from which, however, he has now fully



JIMMY CORRIGAN STARTS TO SAVE

recovered. He has just returned from a long sea trip and in February his mother arranged a Christmas dinner for him with turkey and all the trimmings since he could not be at home on Christmas Day. Jimmy says that he intends to make regular deposits in the Seamen's Bank for Savings when he returns from each trip. As its name implies, the original purpose of this bank was "to furnish a safe and advantageous depository for the earnings of seamen and seafaring people." It was founded in 1829, just five years before the Institute was founded for the "safety, comfort and inspiration" of seamen. As the first depositor to open an account in the new office, Corrigan is repeating history. The original depositor of the bank, when it was established 114 years ago, was also a seaman, and with the same initials; James Chappelle was his name, and his ship was the famous clipper "Flying Cloud."

Jimmy Corrigan is off to sea, again. Before leaving, the Institute gave him a "Bon Voyage" package containing a sweater, socks, muffler, mittens and helmet, knitted by women volunteers.

3,200 Seamen in a Year

Killed or are Missing*

This Is 3.8% of Total of Merchant Seamen; Rate for Armed Services Is .75%

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3 (AP).—American Merchant Marine losses in dead and missing during the first year of the war totaled more than 3,200—3.8 per cent of the total number of merchant sailors—compared with a rate of three-fourths of 1 per cent for the armed services. Elmer Davis, director of the Office of War Information, said today.

In a statement "to clear up rumors and reports of personnel difficulties among the crews of the nation's war cargo carriers" Mr. Davis said America's 70,000 seamen "delivered the goods," and showed "patriotism, courage and devotion to duty."

He also made public a report by Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the War Shipping Administration, which declared:

1. American seamen are loyal and efficient.
2. About three-fourths of the off-shore merchant seamen are always at sea—"in the front line."
3. Willingness of sailors to brave bombs and torpedoes was shown when 100,000 persons responded to W. S. A.'s call for experienced seamen.
4. Actual pay for the average able seaman or fireman, figuring his board and room, is about \$57 a week, about what a second-class rigger earns in a shipyard.

5. W. S. A.'s labor-relations division, which investigates all reports of infractions of discipline, found practically all such incidents occurred in ports and were the results of the continued strain under which seamen work.

6. Despite an expected increase in enemy attacks on our merchant shipping, a greater percentage of survivals is expected in 1943 because of more escort vessels, better armed ships, more and improved safety devices and more experienced crews.

Admiral Land said there was little chance of missing seamen turning up. By counting all 3,200 as dead, he added, the number would be equal to the total dead, killed in action, of the Army, Marine Corps and Coast Guard combined.

The latest official combined casualty list, issued as of Jan. 6, covered those killed in thirteen months, while Admiral Land's figures covered the first year of the war. The official lists gave these totals of those listed as dead: Army, 2,193; Marine Corps, 1,201, and Coast Guard, 51. Admiral Land did not include the Navy's dead, which were listed Jan. 6 at 4,657.

During the first part of the war, Admiral Land reported, lack of sufficient armament on merchant vessels, inadequate escort vessels, slow convoys, and insufficient safety devices contributed to the peril of seamen. It was not until October that all ships were "armed in some fashion," and now armament "once thought adequate" is being increased.

*The Institute is compiling a "master card index" of all Merchant Marine casualties reported, as an aid to answering inquiries from its famous Missing Seamen's Bureau supervised by Mrs. Janet Roper. This will continuously be compared with the several lists of seamen living in the Institute, depositing money, checking baggage, etc. as an aid to locating seamen's personal possessions.

Wanted: mystery stories for ship-board reading. The Conrad Library reports that its supply of detective stories is almost depleted. Several crews recently have asked especially for "thrillers". When a man's heart is set on a racy story of international intrigue or the cunning cerebrations of a master criminal it is not easy to divert his interest to a placid tale of humdrum life. "Pocket" book mysteries are particularly acceptable. Please mail to Conrad Library, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Then and Now

Times have changed since the Institute's floating chapel was moored in the East River almost 100 years ago. But certain things do not change, and one of these is that from time immemorial seamen have craved friendship when ashore, and have often been exploited.

Even today, in 1943 there are those who would rob seamen of their hard-earned wages, not by "shanghaiing" them aboard sailing ships, but by "rolling" (robbing) them on the dark streets and out of the way places.

Perhaps you have not realized that men of the Merchant Marine, back from voyages full of hazards, find that when they are paid off other hazards await them on shore. Instead of enemy submarines and dive bombers, there are those who prey, pan-handle or pick-pocket, because seamen are naturally generous and open-hearted.

These mariners who man the life-line to our Allies have learned that there is a place where their wages, earned by "blood, sweat and tears", can be protected from loss and rob-

bery. This is the Seamen's Funds Bureau at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, which for over 100 years has befriended seamen of all nationalities in a variety of ways. Another way in which their earnings can be protected is through the Institute's ship visitors who meet incoming ships and sell Travelers Cheques and War Bonds to the crews, receive deposits for savings banks or for safe-keeping with the Institute.

Such services are made possible by annual voluntary contributions. We are counting on the renewal of your last year's gift, when it comes due, for only by voluntary donations can the Institute carry on with full efficiency its many special services to the men who carry the cargoes and keep the ships sailing and who will help to bring victory and peace.

Your gift is a way of recognizing these brave men and their essential contribution to the war effort.

Kindly send your contribution to the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK



South Street 1878

Special Services for Foreign Seamen

Rest homes for Norwegian and Dutch merchant seamen convalescing after being torpedoed have been established recently in country estates near to New York City. Adriaan Gips, a director of the Holland-America Line and chairman of the Netherland Shipping Committee announced that a country retreat in Northport, Long Island with several acres of adjacent waterfront land will be opened this month to accommodate about fifty seamen. Mr. Gips also announced that a new and completely equipped polyclinic for Netherlands seamen will be opened at 61 Broadway. From 15,000 to 20,000 men are serving under the flag of Holland at sea, and when ashore in New York, many hundreds enjoy the recreation facilities at the Home for Netherlands Seamen at the Institute, on the 3rd floor.

Norway, which has lost 2,500 or 10% of her merchant seamen and 350 ships since the war started, opened on February 11th a fifty-acre vacation center in Katonah, N. Y. Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha, dedicated the center as "Eidsvold" from the community where Norway's Constitution was signed in 1814. The center has

facilities for 125 men. Only able-bodied seamen, awaiting assignment to active sea duty, will be accommodated. The rest home is sponsored by the Social Welfare Committee for Norwegian seamen in America. It will supplement the work of the Norwegian Sailor's Home and the Norwegian Seamen's Church in Brooklyn, with which the Seamen's Church Institute of New York has for many years enjoyed cordial relationships.

IN THE S.C.I. MAILBAG

Dear Sirs:

To find things which are genuinely worthwhile is about the only field still open for exploration. I am sincerely happy to have found about you.

While sailing on merchant ships as part of the armed guard I often heard the crew speak of the Seamen's Church Institute as probably the one Organization of which they knew which could be absolutely trusted and that was actually run for the purposes of helping the seamen.

I have never been to your building or had contact with your organization. But somehow I feel that there is a friend whenever one could need one.

This contribution that I send is merely in hopes that you might be able to use it in furthering your splendid work.

I sincerely thank you for accepting this and allowing me to be in a very small way associated with your group.

LIEUT.—(U.S.N.)



Photo by Wm. Seabrook

Lapel Buttons for Netherlands Merchant Marine—Mme. T. Elink-Schuurman, wife of the Consul General of the Netherlands, presents new insignia to Cor Woensdregt, sailor, while Harry Knottnerus, Secretary of "Free Holland on the Sea" looks on.

Music Committee AWVS "Adopts" Merchant Marine

It all started as an experiment on November 29th. Miss Janet Winters and Mrs. Ray Miller, co-chairmen of the Music Committee of the Bronx American Women's Voluntary Services, visited the Institute and asked how AWVS could be of help in welcoming the thousands of merchant seamen of all nationalities and creeds who come to the 13-story building. "Do merchant seamen like to sing?" asked Miss Winters of Miss Erma Bauer, in charge of the Seamen's Lounge where refreshments are served to the seamen each afternoon by volunteer hostesses. "Come and see" suggested Miss Bauer, and led the way to the piano. Miss Helen Broches started to play "On the Road to Mandalay," Miss Winters began to sing, and a group of seamen gathered around the piano while Mrs. Miller led them. A Norwegian seaman at the conclusion of the song asked for a Norwegian folk song, and the AWVS, "ready for any emergency" obliged. Then a Free French sailor asked for an old French Christmas carol. An American seaman asked for "Home on the Range" and soon several hundred mariners had joined lustily in the singing. They kept it up for more than two hours, and begged the AWVS women to come again. And that is how it happened that every Sunday afternoon from three until six o'clock, one

may see these brave "every-day heroes" of the war, on brief shore leave from gray tankers and rusty freighters, enjoying "Sunday afternoon musicales" under the leadership of Bronx AWVS. Their singing attracts seamen who, themselves, have musical talent, and many a hardy tar has been persuaded to sing a solo or to play by ear or by note on the piano. The seamen especially enjoy hearing Miss Winters sing Victor Herbert songs, the Ave Maria, the Lord's Prayer, and, of course, the latest popular songs. When they sing, they prefer the old favorites, i.e., My Wild Irish Rose, Long, Long Trail, Let Me Call You Sweetheart, etc.

After the singing, refreshments are served by the volunteers.

Mrs. Ray Miller is also co-chairman of the Mosholu Hostess Group of AWVS and she brings members of the AWVS Junior Auxiliary to the dances held in the Institute's large Auditorium where young trainees at the U. S. Maritime training schools at Hoffman Island and Sheepshead Bay enjoy fortnightly dances. Mrs. Miller has coached the Junior Auxiliary in square dances and these the young women show the seamen how to dance. Most of the young seamen are adept in the modern dances, jitterbugging, "cutting a rug", etc., while older seamen enjoy waltzes.



Photo by Marie Higginson

Sailors Fear Taxis More Than Torpedoes

By Lawrence Perry

Released by North American Newspaper Alliance to The Dayton Daily News

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—Jack Thomas, lank and drawling, was the very cut of a seafaring man. He sat alone at a table in one of the lounging rooms of the Seamen's Church Institute down on South St. His thought seemed concentrated upon a heavy bulldog pipe which he was slowly puffing.

"Been torpedoed, sailor?"

"Yes." He took his pipe from his mouth. His thin lips tightened. His hard blue eyes were those of a man accustomed to searching unlimited spaces of salt water.

"Going back?"

"Sail tomorrow." When I asked him why, he said there were a lot of reasons. "The best reason," he added, "is a pal named Tex. Don't know the rest of his name. Had a farm in Texas. Last voyage, he would have netted him enough money to pay off the mortgage on his farm. I was shipmate with him on that voyage. The ship never got home—and Tex didn't either. That's why I'm going to sail and keep on sailing. The main reason. Want to help beat those—who drowned Tex."

In the various gathering rooms of the Seamen's Institute where from 6000 to 8000 merchant seamen drop in daily for one reason or another, there are hundreds who have survived torpedoed ships; some of them have survived several times. You talk to them as they sit over their pipes, over checker and chessboards, or at pool and card tables. They are all going back, every one of them. They wear no uniform. They want none. They are individualists who object to being identified, or regimented. They take part in no parades. As a matter of course they face storm and fog, the blackness of night and hidden dangers revealed only when tragedy suddenly strikes. They prefer tankers—more danger but better food and accommodations.

Some of them, like Jack Thomas, keep on sailing because the death of shipmates has challenged them to revenge. Many feel it as a patriotic duty to "keep 'em sailing." Others like the money they get and know no other way of earning such sums on land. But, above all, is the lure of deep waters and the love of ships. Years ago, like the Argonauts, who were the first sailors, they heard the song of Orpheus.

There is Long John Silver. No one knows him by any other name because he so closely resembles Stevenson's immortal pirate—even to a wooden leg. He can get about a deck as sprightly as even the peg-legged buccaneer of treasure island fame. He had a little pocket in the leg where he kept his money. Institute authorities told him he ought to put the money in their safe which, the other day, he decided to do. Having done so, he went out upon South St., and had a couple of quick ones. He sat down upon a bench in Battery Park and, as the sun was genial, he yielded to sleep. While he slept, some person or persons who knew about the money usually cached in the wooden leg, unstrapped the peg, clouted him over the head with it, searched the pocket and found it empty. When Long John was revived, he was assisted to the Institute where he claimed his money. With it he bought a new leg—and a padlock for the pocket. Thus secured, he is now afloat again.

Yes, there is humor down there on South St. It is the pervading note among these quiet, hardy men—Americans, British, Dutch, Belgians—whose calling brings them into contact with all the dangers which war-ridden seas have added to peril normally faced by those who fare deep waters. While I was at the Institute a ship's company came in from a Liberty freighter, swaggering, matter-of-fact; native-born most of the men.

"Survivors?" I inquired of the bos'n.

"Guess you could call us such," he growled whimsically, "considering the cook we had on this voyage." Such was the quip of a man who had seen horror on that voyage.

Seaman Quick, of the British Merchant Navy, is a portly man with a broad, seamed, weather-beaten face, a black patch over one eye and a fractured leg in splints. Torpedoed? Bombed? Shipwrecked? Not at all. He cocked his one good eye at the inquirer.

"Look," he said. "I've made 20 voyages, been bombed, torpedoed, and nary a scratch. I go ashore in Baltimore. A taxi hits me and knocks out my left eye. I get better from that and come here to New York to make the British consul put me on a ship. Another taxi comes up on the sidewalk and breaks this leg. Am I going to sea when I can use it? Bloody right I am. The sea is the safest place."

Fact is right now at the Institute there are three torpedo survivors injured in

Metropolitan traffic who share Seaman Quick's view.

You can get just as many stories of tragedy, but they run close to pattern—a tanker struck at night, death and escape through spouts of burning oil; firemen and engineers trapped below and drowned; days at sea in open boats—70 days is the record to date—and solitary battles in cold seas, clinging to pieces of wreckage. But the tragic note is not the one dominantly struck by these sailormen. The past is past, the present—thanks to the Institute—is agreeable and the future can take care of itself.

Sinking of Carrier Avenger Painted by Coast Guard Artist

By the United Press.

BOSTON, Jan. 26.—When the British aircraft carrier Avenger sank in flames during the first stages of the Allied invasion of North Africa the scene so impressed a Coast Guardsman artist on a neighboring vessel that he painted the attack, Coast Guard Divisional Headquarters revealed here today.

Hunter Wood, 34, of New York, chief boatswain's mate, a former commercial artist, told how he used ordinary ship's paint and canvas to show how the carrier broke in two and sank in five minutes after torpedoes struck high-octane gasoline.

Mr. Wood, who had just finished his task of holding a beachhead during landing operations, was returning in convoy aboard a Coast Guard transport when he heard the muffled explosion and saw towering flames light the darkness.

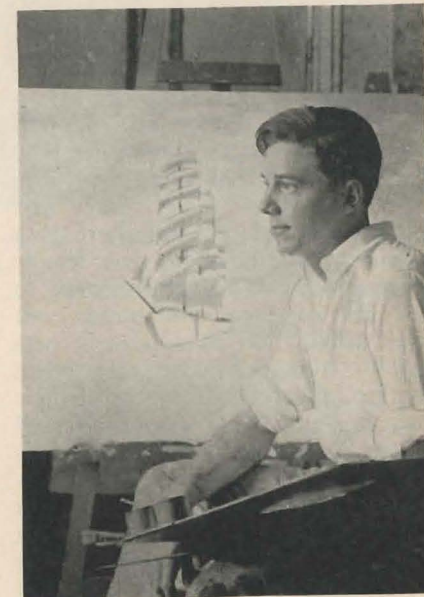
"The fire was so close that I thought the stern of our ship was on fire," he said. "The terrific explosion blew her planes off the deck and I never forgot the sight."

En route home while off duty aboard his vessel, Mr. Wood painted the scene and three others he witnessed. Two national magazines have asked to see the paintings and he is considering offers from two others.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Institute has followed the career of Hunter Wood over a period of years, and exhibited some of his paintings at its Marine Exhibition in 1939, and at its booth in the Motorboat Show. We are glad to learn of his recent adventures while serving in the U. S. Coast Guard and we wish him good luck and safe journeys.

The Seamen's Institute is very alive to the present. It covers the entire gamut of seamen's shore needs and meets emergencies as they arise. It conducts courses in navigation and in "aviation." In its great auditorium, it holds several entertainments each week. It handles sailor mail equivalent to that of a postoffice in a city of 30,000 population. It served in 1942 more than 1,000,000 meals and gave 500,000 lodgings.

In every essence the Seamen's Church Institute is home to courageous men engaged in a service which is the backbone of our war effort.



Hunter Wood

BOOK REVIEW

HOW OLD STORMALONG CAPTURED MOCHA DICK

Story by Irwin Shapiro
Pictures by Donald McKay
Julian Messner \$1.50

Ever since clipper-ship days there have been legends about Stormalong, the greatest sailor who ever lived, who stood four fathoms tall in his stocking feet. Yarns also have been spun about Mocha Dick, or Moby Dick, the great white whale. In this lively book are told some of the adventures when Mister Stormalong encountered Mocha Dick. A salty rollicking story, told in the grand tradition of the American tall tale.

—M. D. C.

Jottings from the S. C. I. Log

Reunion in Manhattan

Recently, a British ship's captain visited the Institute's Apprentices' Room and greeted Mrs. Edith Baxter: "You look just the same as you did twenty years ago!" he explained with a grin. Mrs. Baxter recognized him, too, as a young apprentice often here in 1923. He had come back with pardonable pride to tell her that he was now master of his own ship. His home was in Cardiff, he was married, had been bombed, blitzed and had survived torpedoings. Once, while he and his wife were having breakfast, a bomb dropped through the ceiling and struck the table between them, but they escaped with only slight injuries. Mrs. Baxter said apprentices come back to see her when they get their first command, sometimes ten, fifteen years later. They say, "I have my ship", and there is a world of meaning in that simple statement. Some of them write to tell her of their promotions, but they usually like to appear in person to announce when they reach the top, and become master of their own vessel. Mrs. Baxter referred to the register of 1923 in which is recorded the visit of the young apprentice who was serving then on the "Homer City" owned by Smith of Cardiff. Another recent reunion in the Apprentices' Room was that of Kenneth Q— now with the Fleet Air Arm who often visited at the Institute from 1930 to 1934 while he was an apprentice, and an A.B.



Photos by Marie Higginson



on a merchant ship who was a frequent visitor here when serving as an apprentice. Eric's older brother was an especial friend of Kenneth and during their recent meeting, the first in eight years, they exchanged news of the brother and of the shipping line in which they had both "served their time".

"Permission to grow, sir".

The number of merchant seamen who have grown long beards has increased since ships began to take lend-lease supplies to Russia. The beards not only keep them warm, but they also protect their skin since constant shaving irritates the skin in sub-zero weather. Most of the men of the corvettes grow beards, because there just isn't time to shave or, often, to take off their clothing while on the voyage. A British Navy lad who dropped in to see Mrs. Baxter in the Apprentices' Room because he used to be an officer in the British Merchant Navy, said that the sailors are now required to go to the captain, salute and then say "Permission to grow, sir" when they are contemplating acquiring an hirsute countenance. But, once committed to the growing process, no matter how horrendous the result, they are obliged to keep the beard until the end of the voyage. In the Merchant Marine, they may shave it off if it gets too unwieldy, or if their shipmates complain too strenuously.

Sailors' Poetry

DOWN TO THE SEA

We're leaving now, in the blackness of night, silent and grim.
A sadness we feel, as gazing backward,
at a coast line, fading and dim,
While ahead lies peril on every side,
treacherous and lurking;
But our thoughts are soon diverted, for
duty there's no shirking,
Each to his station, his part to play like
actors on a stage—
Drama, comedy, pathos, laughter, song
and bitter rage
All combined to stem the tide of slowly
rising nerves.
The tension hangs suspended, never
varies, never swerves.
Burdened down from hold to hold with
cargo on the deck,
Which might at any moment become a
sodden wreck.
Gracefully the waves break, side to side,
the good ship's on her way.
The lookout calls his mournful watch to
proclaim the dawn of day.
On through daylight, on through dark,
with never a pause or falter.
On into the arms of death, our course
we do not alter.

The substance of life is stowed below
our battened hatch,
While all around us, row on row, is the
armament our enemy wishes to snatch.
You may sagely shake your head, moving
back and forth in your rocker,
Knowing our only reward of merit lies
in Davy Jones' locker.
So give a thought to the ships of iron
and the men that are made of steel.
Remember they have hopes and yearnings,
but fear they must not feel.
They ask not fame and glory, they ask
not song and story—
It's all a day's work in this fight, gain-
less but gory.
Brave and gallant, loyal and true,
Give credit where credit is due.
They'll face the hazards, again and
again—
Their title, well it's merely this: Mer-
chant Navy Men.

—RONALD SCOTT,
(an ex-ship's steward)

THE MERCHANT NAVY By Seaman John Hartley

Here's to the Merchant Navy
Good luck to all of you
You are all doing your duty
Sailing on the Ocean blue.
You have seen your ships go under
You have lost your shipmates too
But you have the pluck and the guts
Gee, we are proud of you.
He wears a badge—a silver V
And fights for freedom of the sea
When I see a sailor I tip my hat
For he's a man and a real one at that.



A typical f'c'sle scene. In this busy spot sailors read, write letters, play cards, listen to victrola records. Some even write poetry!

In loving memory of my dear friend
Bobbie Jacobs, mess boy on a British
Merchant Navy vessel, killed in action
March 7, 1941 on the East Coast of
England.

Now this is no story
But an honor roll from me
About a pal and shipmate
Who died fighting bravely
A Merchant Navy mess boy
A lad of seventeen year
Always on the gun deck
When enemy planes appear
Now this curly headed youngster
A mother's loving son
With lifebelt and steel helmet
He worked to feed the gun
Aboard the ship or on the land
He was liked by everyone
And I'm not speaking kindly
Now that he has gone
Now you know a story
A true story told by me
About a pal and shipmate
Who died fighting gallantly.

—C. NORMAN
Gunner, British Royal Navy

Book Reviews

H.M. CORVETTE

By Nicholas Monsarrat, Lieut., R.N.V.R.
J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.75

Here is a story of the crew of a corvette, the smallest of ocean-going men of war, and of the dreadful winters of 1940 and 1941 when these little vessels convoyed merchant ships carrying vital supplies to Britain. It is told very simply, and modestly, by an amateur ex-yachtsman, with a keen eye for detail and a sense of humor. For seventeen months Monsarrat was officer of the "middle watch", the dark hours from midnight to four, when the enemy submarines hunted for the cargo ships. Here is a sample of his writing:

In Convoy

"Imagine being on the bridge of a tanker, loaded deep with benzine that a spark might send sky-high, and seeing the ship alongside struck by a torpedo, or another torpedo slipping past your stern, and doing nothing at all about it. Imagine being a stoker, working half-naked many feet below the water-line, hearing the crack of explosions, knowing exactly what they mean, and staying down there on the job—shovelling coal or turning wheels, concentrating, making no mistakes, disregarding what you *know* may be only a few yards away and pointing straight at you."

Lieut. Monsarrat pays high tribute to merchant seamen. In his chapter on survivors he describes some of them who have been picked up from lifeboats, rafts and flaming sea: "Some of them half-naked, wrapped in blankets, and make-shift shoes; some with pathetic little cardboard suitcases, hugged close; puzzled black faces, pinched yellow ones, tired bleary white masks that still muster a grin. Men half-dead, cocky, men suffering from exposure, frost-bite, oil-fuel poisoning, cuts, gashes, broken limbs, men hanging to life by a wet thread. The bravest man I have yet met was a survivor, a Yorkshire seaman with a broken thigh and a fearful gash on his face. As I paused in strapping up his leg, wondering whether he could stand any more of it, he said: 'Go on—I've a bit saved up yet', and when I was unskillfully stitching his wound: 'Now, then, lad, none of your hemstitching—I'm not as particular as all that.' I can't remember any men who were *not* brave and patient in suffering, but he holds the record, so far."

To Monsarrat and his ship's company there came the pride of accomplishment when the long ranks of cargo vessels arrived safely at their destination. Here is a book to read and re-read, for its portrayal of how men act nobly under tension and danger.

—M. D. C.

"NAVAL RESERVE GUIDE"
Cornell Maritime Press \$2.50

"Naval Reserve Guide" by Guido F. Forster, Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R. and Edwin Laird Cady, is interesting, thorough, and instructive. The chapters on personal conduct and leadership should prove invaluable to the newly commissioned officer, fresh from civilian life, who suddenly finds himself a part of the Navy and its traditions and called upon to uphold them on board ship and ashore. The social life of the officer, his personal conduct at clubs and at formal and informal affairs, and the correct etiquette on making and returning calls, leaving cards, replying to invitations, is briefly but adequately outlined in the chapter called "Social." Life on board ship is treated under the chapters on "Reporting for Duty", "Fitness Reports", "Discipline", "Making Inspections", "Ship Organization" and "Leadership".

One of the most informative chapters is entitled "Who Knows What Among Enlisted Personnel." The book itself is logically divided into four parts as follows: Part I. Obtaining the Commission. Part II. The Personal Side. Part III. The Official Side. Part IV. Management of Men."

It is in every sense of the word a "Naval Reserve Guide", truly what it claims to be, and its authors, as well as the Cornell Maritime Press are to be congratulated.

Reviewed by Lieutenant W. MacNeil Rodewald, U.S.C.G.R.

"OUT OF THE BLUE"

By Robert Wilder

G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York \$2.50

To anyone knowing New York, especially the water front and the ships that dressed the docks in pre-war days, this book will prove lively reading. The author knows New York like a seaman knows his ship in all her moods and fancies.

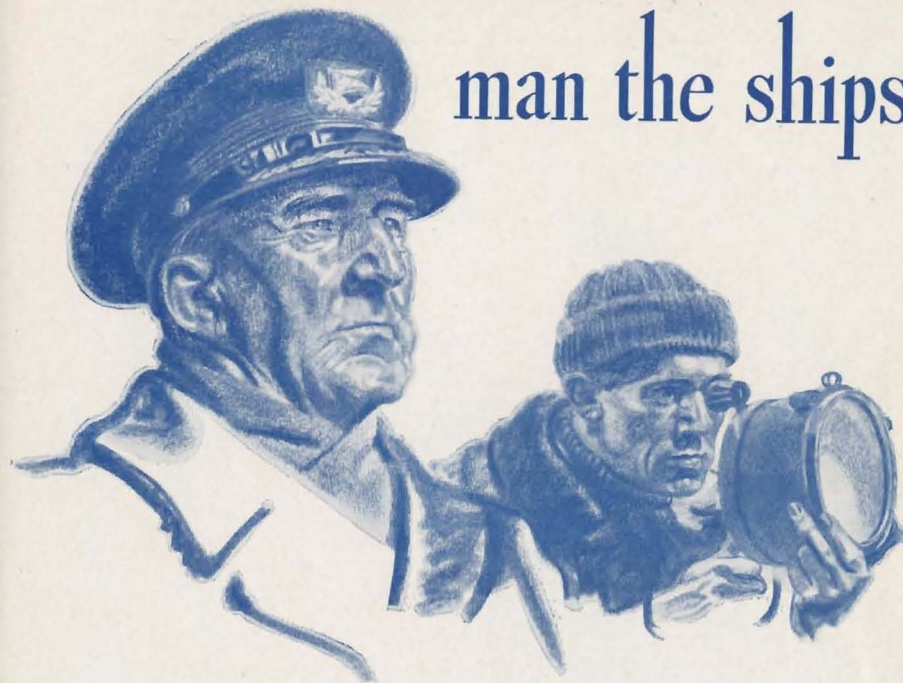
In one brief story he tells the life of an ordinary reporter mingling all the hopes and despairs of its routine.

He writes at times with the simplicity of Pearl Buck and occasionally he uses plain seamen's lingo. His "City of Rayville" tale will be intimate reading for those who know the Chelsea piers. He writes of the grand fleet of trans-Atlantic liners as though they were prima-donnas. He knows ship's captains and stewards alike. All these woven with celebrities he met, give the reader enjoyable reading.

Mr. Wilder seems to feel uneasy about the future. He wonders if the airplane will disturb the trans-Atlantic lanes marked exclusively for ships when the war ends. There must be many seamen who, also, feel as sentimental as he does on this score.

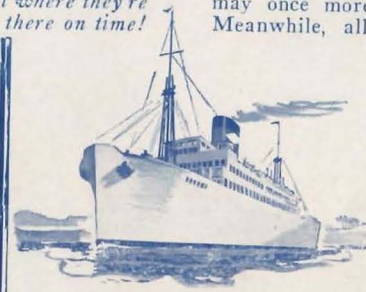
Reviewed by Seaman Walter D. Fisher.

The men who man the ships



THE MEN and officers of our Merchant Marine are performing one of the most dangerous and indispensable jobs of this war. Quietly . . . determinedly . . . without fanfare. On voyage after voyage, they face the hazards of subs, bombers, mines and raiders. Any trip may bring sudden death or long days and nights of suffering in an open lifeboat. They know all this, yet they keep going back for more . . . keep the ships sailing . . . so that troops, planes, guns, gas and other vital supplies will get where they're so urgently needed . . . and get there on time!

For more than forty years ships of the Great White Fleet have been manned by staffs who combine the highest traditions of seamanship with a specialized knowledge of Caribbean waters . . . knowledge that resulted in the efficient care and prompt delivery of invaluable cargoes. Today ships of the Great White Fleet are dressed in



fighting gray. Their passenger accommodations and refrigerated holds contribute to the successful prosecution of the war. And the men who served aboard them in times of peace still tread their decks, giving to the grim war effort the same qualities of experience and steadfastness to duty as in the past.

The travel public and the merchants of the Americas alike look forward to the day when these gracious American Flag liners may once more ply a peaceful Caribbean. Meanwhile, all honor to the officers and

men of the Merchant Marine. Theirs is the strength and courage that delivers the goods of war be the going ever so perilous. These men are heroes all. We of the United Fruit Company are proud of them . . . as is every red-blooded American!



Great White Fleet

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