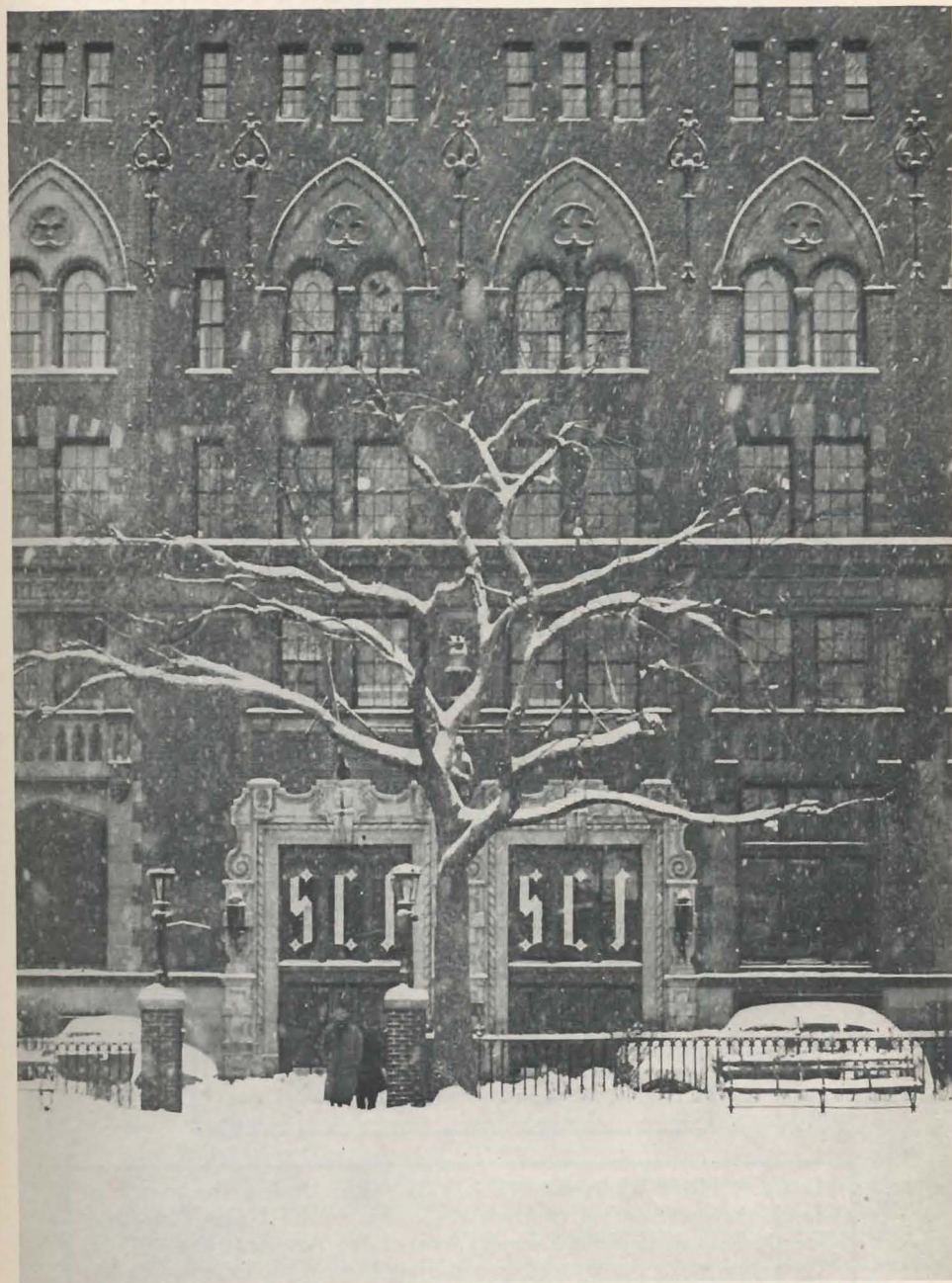


# The LOOKOUT



A View of the Institute from Jeanette Park

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
VOL. XLI No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1950

## Sanctuary

O LORD Jesus Christ, in whom is Truth and Life, let thy presence abide in this Institute; that seeking thy Truth we may find thee, and sharing thy Life may grow in wisdom and grace, and in days to come be found faithful servants of thee, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, be glory and praise, now and forever. Amen.



"25 South Street"

## The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLI, FEBRUARY, 1950

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TO OUR FRIENDS AND WELL WISHERS: During the month of March the Institute will participate in the annual Name-Your-Own-Charity Sale at Lewis & Conger, Ave. of the Americas and 45th St. When you make purchases there during March, please mention the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and we will receive from the store 10% of the total amount you spent for your own needs. Please tell your friends about it.

# The Lookout

VOL. XLI

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NO. 2

## The Conquest

By Seaman George Mayo Newton

I **CROSSED** the gangplank of the "S.S. Fairaway" and from the quay took a last look at her trim black hull. Just in from a nine months trip to the Far East, I was determined to give some fair American lass the treat of her life this golden summer's day.

I secured a berth in the best waterfront hotel, stowed my sea bags, rigged myself out in proper landlubber gear, and set forth in a westerly direction. I was hardly loose from my moorings when about the prettiest craft I had seen ashore hove in view. She stopped at a little curio dealer's on the corner to window shop.

"What a lucky break," I murmured to myself, "for both of us."

Sensing that subtlety was demanded here, I started on the slow bell by pretending interest in curios.

At the precise moment that I began admiring lines and details I felt a sharp jab in my side. I looked around to see a broad-beamed old lady poking me in the ribs with her parasol. She held a fancy lorgnette through which she was staring with hostility.

"Young man," she said haughtily in a voice like a whistle-buoy, "That's my daughter you're starin' at."

"So what," I said flippantly.

"So what? Stares like that should be against the law."

"It looks like you were sizing me up to notice all that," I said.

And then I ducked. The parasol zipped over my head like the singing end of a flying bull whip. Then the girl stuck an oar in.

When she stepped between us her hair scattered dancing gold. It was like old champagne in a candle light, or a dolphin's back flashing in the Caribbean.



Her Gulfstream blue eyes widened in curious interest. They caught and held my own. During that moment something went off deep inside me, a depth charge exploding under twenty fathoms of sea.

"Hello," I said faintly.

"Hello," she smiled.

The old lady tightened her grip on both parasol and lorgnette, holding the lorgnette now in her beefy hand as a child holds a lollypop.

"Shove off," she said furiously. "And be quick about it."

"Never saw a craft so well conveyed before," I said to the girl.

"You'll have to forgive mother," said the girl. "She thinks every man wants to kidnap me."

"She's half right there," I said.

"Oh, you're Irish, too?"

"Sure," I said, "but that's not blarney."

"Now look here, young man," snapped the old lady, her great jowls red and quivering, "clear out or I'll call a policeman, I'm not having my Tania Leary flirted with in broad daylight by some no-good bum. Now go on!"

"I'm not a bum, I'm a seaman. Just in off a long trip."

"Oh merciful Heavens!" screeched the old lady drawing back and pulling away her voluminous skirts as if from a leper.

"A sailorman! Police! Police!"

A hefty cop barged around the corner just then and I had to leave in a hurry. But the girl gave me a radiant smile before I got under way.

I trailed them a few cable lengths astern taking a bearing on the old lady's purple dress in the crowd.

I dropped anchor at a discreet distance from the doorway they entered, and, sure enough, before a half-hour passed the dream boat floated out.

When she turned the first corner, I pulled up alongside, dipped my colors, and said: "What a coincidence."

"What a *what*?"

"What a coincidence, Miss Tania Leary, running into you twice like this. I want to apologize for causing your dear mother any anxiety. Won't you join me in a heave-ahead over at Tony's Bar?"

When she said, "Well, maybe; just one," my heart went wha-lump, wha-lump.

We were still too near the old lady for comfort so I went into fast action.

"Ahoy there, Cabby. Cab, Ahoy." Finally a cab whirled up, but as we shoved off, I took a look aft and saw the old lady rounding the corner in time to spot us.

"Give her a full ahead," I yelled to the driver. "Rocks and reefs astern."

The old lady was shoving down the street like the Queen Mary down the ways; and when she barely missed boarding us, she let out a terrific fog-horn roar for a taxi.

"Mate," I said to the driver, "that craft astern there — bearin' down on us — lose her in the fog and don't spare the engines."

The cabby did a hard right at the next corner. The tires and Tania squealed together, and Tania bounced right into my arms, secure as lashed deck cargo.

When the old lady lost our wake somewhere in the traffic, we headed

for Tony's. We took a rear booth — a secluded, restful spot.

"Now take it dead slow, Johnny," I told myself. "This is cargo from heaven, but in strange waters. Dead slow with a sounding along till we pass the reefs." But my heart was doing thirty knots.

Tania was dabbing at her eyes. "This is terrible — Mom seeing us. She'll kill me."

I slipped around the booth to her side, put my arm around her consolingly. She drew away but not too far. In jig time a sparkle danced in her eyes. She lowered them demurely.

"I never met anyone before I'd let put their arm around me," she said softly.

That stepped my heart up to around 98 revolutions. I snuggled closer, put my lips on her cheek. She drew away softly. I curved my arm around her and began slowly heaving in slack. Gently I turned her head until her lips were close to mine. The music sighed like a cat's-paw growing into a shroud-caressing breeze.

Then a noise like a striking torpedo blasted the room's dreamy softness. It jarred the bulkheads and rattled the decks.

Yes, it was Ma Leary — parasol, lorgnette, and ballast. She pushed through the door and stood a minute taking bearings and blowing like a sperm whale.

It was terrible, sitting there frozen. "Oh! you're in trouble now," gasped Tania. "Run! Fast. Meet me at the Palms tonight at ten. Hurry, and God help you."

I made a run for it. Ma was coming head on, like a battleship standing up the Narrows with guns trained.

I took a feinting tack to port, crossed her course sharply, rounded past her starboard.

Her beefy arm shot up and dropped like a falling boom. The umbrella cracked on my skull.

"Sailor man, eh!" she croaked.

At ten that night I was at the Palms nursing my bruises. I was worried

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## My Most Unforgettable Sea Experience

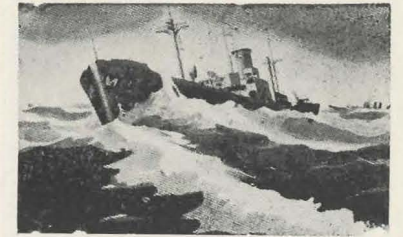
By Harold N. Breece, *Electrician*

WITH nearly twenty years at sea behind me, it's rather difficult to choose the experience which stands out most vividly in my mind. There have been many of a varied type; some humorous, some tragic, some thrilling. There have also been some that were a mixture of all three. Although each has its own particular niche in my memory, I seem to recall the details of one more readily than all the others.

In the spring of 1942, I had shipped on the old Lykes Brothers' ship, *Nishmaha* as oiler. She was practically the grandmother of all antiques and at top speed could probably make as much as ten knots—if the wind and sea were favorable. On this dilapidated rust-bucket we left New York bound for Trinidad, following the policy of that time to conserve the much needed reserve petroleum supply which had to be transported at great risk, to bunker. After fueling, we were to sail with our cargo to Mombasa via Capetown.

After being convoyed down the Atlantic coast, we arrived at Trinidad without any noteworthy incidents having occurred. Having fueled at Port of Spain, we sailed accompanied by another freighter. I suppose, at the time, it was believed safe because of the supposed reluctance of the submarine commanders to give themselves away by firing on a lone ship or two with much better pickings in the offing.

We left the Dragon's Mouth early in the morning and, although the crew was a bit nervous, all seemed well. Leaving the engine room at noon having stood my watch, I ate my lunch, and then sat on deck looking at the lush and beautiful coastline of Great Britain's tropical possession. Between our vessel and the shore which rises abruptly out of the water, was the other ship which was later identified as the *Warrior*, one



of the Waterman fleet, on which I had made a voyage six years before. Its familiar lines struck a responsive chord in my memory and I was trying to place when and where I had seen her before, when there was suddenly a violent upheaval on her after deck, unaccompanied by any noise or sign of a flash. It seemed hours, although it could have been only seconds before it dawned on me that she had been torpedoed.

Our captain certainly must have had greater presence of mind than I. It became immediately apparent to him that the shot had been fired by a U-boat which had been lurking under the protection of the shoreline. With orders to the wheelman to keep the stricken vessel in alignment with the suspected lair, he rang emergency full speed to the engine room as we set off at a zigzag course in as much of a hurry as was possible. Of course the emergency alarm had been sounded nearly simultaneously with all the other things that the captain had had to do for the safety of the ship and crew. All except those engaged in the immediate operation of the vessel gathered on the boat deck, ready to lower the lifeboats into the water at a moment's notice.

The sole topic of conversation for a few minutes was, not whether we would get a "tin fish," but rather *how soon* we would get it. In less than five minutes from the time she had been hit, the *Warrior* went down to join the hundreds of others at the bottom of the sea. The fact that the

(Continued on page 9)

## Filling in Time Ashore



HE bright colored balls click and roll across the green baize of the billiard and pool tables; checker boards are out in force; silent knots of men gather around the chess games as the serious opponents endeavor to checkmate each other. At long tables men read tattered magazines, talk, work picture puzzles. The scene is the big, noisy, cheerful Game Room on the Institute's third floor where about 400 men a day congregate to spend leisure time.

At times like the present when shipping is very slow and thousands of seamen can't find jobs, the hours hang heavily on their hands and they turn to their shore home for entertainment and recreation as well as for the more essential services that a "home" provides.

When there are sports programs on television, anywhere from 1 to 160 men seat themselves before the Game Room set to watch. Especially popular are the boxing matches, then baseball. As for wrestling, seamen only watch that as a last resort from boredom.

In the Seamen's Lounge, adjacent to the Game Room, several hundred men a day enjoy the hot coffee, cards, conversation, and music. Between three and five thirty, three days a week, a volunteer pianist softly strums the keys of the upright piano

at one end of the room. Likely as not several seamen will be leaning over, watching his hands, and at least one voice will be raised in song. Fred Wilde, a Welsh seaman with a sweet tenor voice, is frequently to be found there singing the Welsh and Irish tunes. Three or four card games will be in progress with one of the volunteer hostesses or an Institute chaplain often taking a hand. The volunteers try to keep up the men's spirits by sharing a cup of coffee with them, playing cards, and listening to the stories of their voyages. The chaplains make special efforts to mingle with the men and to help them with their personal problems. These warm and friendly contacts with people who understand their problems are helpful to the men. With these friends and services to fall back on, they can believe that they are not "forgotten men" after all, but just victims of another shipping slump such as many of them have seen before.

Movies in the Auditorium three nights a week are another popular attraction. During the winter months, when outside recreation is curtailed, it is often necessary to turn men away for lack of room. Seamen are especially fond of Westerns. Their taste runs toward pictures with a lot of action. Their favorite stars, according to a Game Room Supervisor, are Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Margaret O'Brien. The Irish seem to have it!

A need for more chess sets must be mentioned. There are not enough to meet the demand and some of those in use are beginning to show the signs of the continual battles for knight, castle, and bishop. Sets with the larger figures are preferred as these are more easily recognized and handled. Any reader with a chess set he is not using is cordially invited to mail it to: Special Services Dept., 25 South Street, New York 4.



## Making the Port

By Art McAnney



THIS is the tale of a gallant captain during the war on a tanker out of Philadelphia. It was in January, 1942, but I still remember him. In those days of danger and tension merchant seamen bore much of the strain. I am one of the lucky ones, I guess. Somehow I was spared to tell this story.

I signed on this rusty old tanker shortly after I had escaped death on another tanker. We had no gun crew and no convoy as we sailed from Phila. to Cuba. She was slow, could make only eight knots, so we knew we were easy target for the "tin fish," as sailors called the Nazi submarines. The night we sailed the Captain called us to his room. "Men," he said, calmly, "we are sailing in dangerous waters. But we will make the port. If we should be hit, just try to keep calm."

After he spoke I could feel a kind of security, and admiration of his courage. Over the years I have sailed with all kinds of captains — some rough, tough and mean, but this man, although stern, was fair and even kind. So we sailed in the blast of a northeast gale with snow and raging wind and seas. I was on the 4 to 8 watch at night, and just before eight I spotted the "tin fish" and reported. Our wise skipper ordered full speed astern toward the shore, and we entered Norfolk, thankful for our narrow escape.

The next day we sailed out again, keeping close to the shore. Again I was at the wheel when all of a sudden the ship started to shake and quiver. The captain ordered full speed ahead. The lookout came to relieve me, and we both saw about a half mile away that the sky was red with the flames

of burning gas. I had the shakes, but a firm hand was placed on my shoulder and our skipper said: "Steady, Mac, we will make the port." So we sailed on. Off Cape Hatteras we saw four "tin fish" but somehow we dodged them. Each time we missed one, I was thankful we had such a good skipper.

Off Miami we could see the subs. My hand shook as I drank my coffee and went on watch. About a mile offshore we saw another tanker, and I heard the explosion like fire crackers going off. Our skipper made full speed ahead and the sub missed us. We could feel the heat and hear the shrieks of the dying seamen on that tanker and we knew we could not stop to rescue them. It was an awful feeling. I have been through the hurricanes of the Islands, the wintry gales of the North Atlantic, the typhoons in the Pacific, I've been shipwrecked twice — but this was the worst experience — one which I can't ever forget.

We finally reached Cuba, and on our way back to Phila. we again saw and dodged subs. Old Phila. looked good to us. Our captain's eyes were moist as we were paid off. He said to the Shipping Commissioner: "This was the best crew of seamen I ever sailed with." After a good rest, I returned to sea, and after that there were Navy gun crews and we sailed in convoy.

Well, it's peace time now and shipping is not so good, but when the going gets tough, I remember that calm, courageous captain who in great danger inspired us all to have courage, too. His calm, steady voice: "Boys, we're going to make the port." So, shipmates, you will too, if you have faith.

# My Most Unforgettable Sea Experience

By Fletcher W. Hopper



WHERE the phosphorus trails of the South Pacific crossed and re-crossed in the war with Japan there occurred many strange and unforgettable events that stamped themselves on participants involved. Some were physical experiences while others moved one spiritually as well.

A sailor has many more experiences than the ordinary man as the very nature of his work tends to throw him in conflict with the elements and life in its rawest form. Many of these which seem to him everyday occurrences would, to the uninitiated, be an adventure in themselves.

Amid the jumbled and chaotic events of a seafarer's life in World War II, one or two emerge which in each man's life take precedence over the whole.

In the winter of '42, '43 we were lying at anchor in Noumea, New Caledonia, with 50 other ships waiting for a chance at the dock. The situation at that time was very insecure to say the least and our lifeline to Australia, in which Noumea was an important link, was in danger of being severed.

Such was our condition when news came in one night of a rhubarb in progress up in Guadalcanal. One pleasant flash said that the cruiser "SAN FRANCISCO" had sunk 18 enemy ships during a night action.

The next day was a beautiful sunny day. I believe it was Saturday and we were taking it easy about the decks feeling a little better because of the news. I happened to look up at an undistinguished ship gliding up the channel. As it came nearer you could see the crew going calmly about their stations as if just finishing a pre-war maneuver in Pearl Harbor.

But further aft there were 3 huge holes clear thru the vessel and the after-mast was burned.

Suddenly I realized that it was the very ship mentioned in the reports. She was listing slightly to starboard. Soon on all the anchored ships came a bustle of recognition and cheers rang out over the waters from loud speakers. Whistles blew madly up and down the line as a tribute to this valiant ship and her men.

As an ex-Navy man, I felt a lump of pride in my throat for this lonely limping survivor of that inferno off Guadalcanal. It seemed incongruous that this ship passing our line of sight in the bright sun of Noumea had a few nights previous gone thru the holocaust of battleship fire with the captain and admiral both killed and the aftermast burned by a suicide plane. Yet there it was, greeted by a thousand eyes like mine.

That battle was the turning point in the struggle for the Solomon Islands. In the trying, sorrowful and sometimes hopeless conditions of those times the sight of that one ship meant renewed faith in our cause and was a harbinger of eventual victory to the forgotten men in that harbor that day.

# Did You Know You Could Buy Happiness?



AND the price is only \$273.97! Of course, you've always heard that "money can't buy happiness" but that's not true because so many people have found that you *can buy happiness by helping others.*

Won't you buy some . . . for yourself . . . and for others by contributing a Red Letter Day to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York? These Red Letter Days are designated by donors as memorials, anniversaries or tributes in honor of some loved one or to mark a personal or historic event. The donors meet the building's running expenses on those days by a contribution of \$273.97, which sum is the difference between what our self-respecting seamen pay and what it costs to operate for a day.

Since seafaring is an insecure livelihood, with frequent long waits between jobs, not all seamen can maintain themselves at all times. These must be helped with credit loans, free medical service, inexpensive rooms and meals.

A visit to the Institute any day would convince you how much the seamen appreciate the friendly services and the understanding hand stretched out to them when they need it here at 25 South Street. The experience would make you want to be one of those steadfast friends who sponsor a day's activities and make all these services possible. Once you become a donor, a full and lively accounting of Your Day's activities is sent you every year and through it you begin to feel you are a real part of this hustling, maritime cross roads where seafarers of all races and ratings mingle in simple brotherhood.

Choose a day *now* and let us reserve it for you. Just mail this page back to us with your choice of Day (or dates) indicated in the box below. (All Red Letter Day contributions are tax-exempt.)

<p>Already Reserved</p> <p>Jan. 1 - 14 - 19</p> <p>Mar. 17</p> <p>May 6 - 30 - 31</p> <p>June 6</p> <p>July 28 - 30</p> <p>Aug. 26</p> <p>Oct. 2 - 25</p> <p>Dec. 21</p>
--

<p>Especially appropriate days still available are:</p> <p>Mother's Day</p> <p>Columbus Day</p> <p>Independence Day</p> <p>Thanksgiving</p> <p>Christmas</p> <p>Washington's Birthday</p>
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Your Choice

Date: .....

To Commemorate: .....

Your Name & Address: .....



## When Seamen Are "Down on Their Uppers"

By Polly Weaver Beaton

**B**ECAUSE seafaring is an insecure profession, even in good times, and one of the first to suffer in times of economic depression, seamen often find themselves unable to stretch their funds over the periods of waiting between voyages. No matter how carefully they handle their money, taking advantage of the modest prices and the free services available to them at 25 South Street, a day comes for most of them when borrowing is inevitable. The Institute considers it a privilege to help hard-working, active seamen temporarily in need "over the hump." This account of how it is done may be of interest to the many friends who contribute to this shore home.

A kindly, careful, and sympathetic dispensing of help to seamen in need is the constant aim of the Institute's Credit Bureau. The need for some kind of financial aid to seamen has existed since the work first began in floating chapels and small lodging houses. When 25 South Street opened its doors to seamen of all races and creeds in 1913, the need was still there. In the early days it was met in various, more or less informal ways. Later, rules of operation and a specific bureau were established in the Special Services Department, where it now functions as one of the very important services offered to seamen at 25 South Street. There is no stigma attached to the need for credit and no seaman is made to feel embarrassment over it. Impartiality and understanding on the part of the Credit Bureau personnel prevent this.

### Procedure

When a seaman applies for aid he is interviewed by a staff member. If he has borrowed before, his record in the file will reveal to the interviewer his financial standing with the Credit Bureau, his shipping record and other important data. If he is new to the Bureau a card is made out for him. He may be a man who

has shipped regularly for the past several years and then suddenly found, as more and more ships are laid up, that a shipping job was as hard to come by as the Kohinoor diamond. Or he may be a man who has had a run of bad luck, or had only short, coastwise voyages; he may have a family dependent on him; he may have suffered illness or robbery. He may be recently dismissed from a Marine Hospital and in need of meals and lodgings until he is well enough to ship again.

Once a man has passed the initial interview and is to be given credit, he is issued a slip which he takes to the Registration Desk. This slip entitles him to a specified number of tickets which are good for meals and lodging at 25 South Street. These tickets may also be used for tailor, laundry, and barber service and for articles on sale at the newsstand in the main lobby. In some cases, a seaman will need actual cash for carfare to join a ship in the metropolitan area. Upon presentation of his job assignment slip, he is given cash to meet this emergency. The Bureau is careful in its cash outlay as in all other particulars, because its staff feels that many people who contribute to the Seamen's Church Institute are people of average income and must, themselves, be careful with their own expenditures. It seems only just that the donations they generously make to seamen's welfare, should be handled with equal seriousness.

### Purpose

The object of financial assistance to deserving seamen is to help them keep clean and maintain their health and self-respect. In this way seamen are spared the necessity of looking up the loan sharks and the pawn shops. The Credit Bureau charges no interest and this saves the men money. Many seamen are aided by the Credit Bureau while they wait to collect their unemployment compensation. It

is often four weeks after application before a check is received. Seamen have, as a rule, been most reluctant to apply for this kind of assistance. In the first place they are by nature independent and self-reliant. In the second place, they dislike red tape in any shape, form or shade. However, conditions have forced many of them to this means of keeping afloat while they wait for ships.



### Repayment

Although seamen borrowers are never dunned, a few steps are taken to encourage them to repay their "honest debts" and keep their credit in good shape. A small book, similar to a savings bank book, is given each borrower which shows him at a glance what he owes and how much he has paid back. Also, when a seaman has signed on for a good voyage and is leaving, he is given a printed card reminder which tells him what he owes the Institute and suggests that if he is paid off in some port other than New York, he can step into a post office and mail a postal note or money order. A good percentage of these loans to seamen is marked down on the ledger as repaid. From the period of January 1st to November 1st, 1949, 7,424 loans were made. Of these, 56% have been repaid, and this covers a period of increasing unemployment and hard times for seafaring men. The percentage of repaid loans increases every year, indicating that seamen are learning to be responsible, self-respecting citizens in spite of their rollicking and hazardous profession. The writer has often been told by taxi drivers, salesmen and others who have commercial dealings with them that seamen are highly regarded for their honesty and their long memories of their indebtedness.

The "load" on the Credit Bureau at the Institute is heaviest in the fall and winter. During the summer months the men are able to find jobs on river boats, pleasure craft, and

sight-seeing boats. Many of them migrate to the Great Lakes in the summer if deep sea voyages are scarce, and augment their incomes this way. But in winter the pleasure craft and small boats are laid away and the Great Lakes are frozen over.

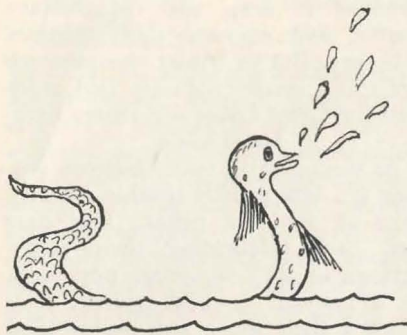
### Local Color

As seamen will, two American seamen got into a little trouble recently over an innocent prank. This pair had been celebrating their ship's arrival in a Venezuelan port and, in a moment of high spirits, they painted their shoes red, yellow and blue. After parading around the streets thus brightly shod, they were picked up by the local police, questioned in halting English, and tossed into the pokey. It seems that the local government had taken offense at this seemingly innocent prank because red, yellow and blue were the colors in their national flag. After some more parleying and negotiating the men were released. But they had missed their ship, and the shipping company had to fly them back to New York. On arrival, the men were completely without funds, as their ship docked on the West Coast and paid off there. This is where our Credit Bureau enters the picture! One of the pair appealed for lodging and meals until he could arrange to get to the West Coast so he could explain in person to the shipping company what happened and collect his wages. The Bureau helped him and has every expectation of being paid back the full amount.

*(Continued from page 3)*

captain had kept the sinking ship between us and the shore may have accounted for our not being molested for this short space of time. The phenomenal thing was that, at the very moment the stricken vessel sank from view, the rain came down in a veritable cloudburst. It was with difficulty that any of us could see what was happening a few inches from us then, and I'll always believe that an intervention from a Supreme Being thus cut off the sight of us from the U-boat commander.

## Ship News



### On the Trail of a Sea Serpent?

“... there is a creature that looks like a long pipe with a row of lights along it. I don't know what it is...” This was not an imaginative sailor or newspaper reporter speaking. It was a scientist, Otis Barton, broadcasting from his Benthoscope 4,500 feet down in the Pacific Ocean last August. Later, he reported:

“This is an unbelievable world down here. I wish I had Dr. Beebe down here with me. He might know what some of these strange creatures are. There are so many it makes me kind of dizzy.”

With the idea of catching some of these strange sea creatures and bringing them up into daylight for close scientific study, the Danish Navy is sending the frigate “*Galathea*” on a two-year scientific world cruise. The expedition will be led by Dr. A. F. Bruun, noted zoologist from Copenhagen. A crew of 80 and 15 scientists will explore the unknown “mysteries of the deep.”

### N. Y. STATE SEA SCHOOL NOW 75 YEARS OLD

The N. Y. State Maritime College, the oldest maritime institution of its kind in the country, celebrated its 75th birthday on December 16th. Part of the curriculum has always been annual training cruises for the cadets. The sloop-of-war schoolship *St. Mary's*, trained 3,500 officers for America's Merchant Marine between 1875 and 1909, followed by the schoolship *Newport*, a barkentine-rigged auxiliary steam gun boat; then the *Guilford D. Pendleton*, and now the turbo-electric vessel (former attack transport) *Empire State*. The College offers a four-year program with authority to grant bachelor degrees in science for deck officers and in marine engineering for ship's engineers. Vice-Admiral H. F. Leary, (U.S.N. Ret.) is President of the College, and is also a member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

\* \* \*

### FRENCH NAVAL MIDSHIPMEN VISIT 25 SOUTH STREET

Forty-five midshipmen from the French Naval Training Ship “*Jeanne d'Arc*,” paid a visit on November 30th to the Sperry Radar School at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. They were shown the view of New York Harbor from the roof, and the radar equipment in the Merchant Marine School. Charts and a brief explanation helped to familiarize the midshipmen with the Sperry equipment and its workings. This stop at the Institute was arranged by a representative from the Third Naval District, who described the Institute as one of the most important in a series of sight-seeing visits. He characterized the French Midshipmen's visit as a “diplomatic mission” designed to impress them with what is going on in this country and in the Port of New York.

### CONGRATULATIONS TO MOBILE SEAMEN'S CLUB

Organized by George E. Blacktopp, Director, and Capt. Norman Nicolson, President of Waterman Steamship Corp., the new Seamen's Club at Mobile, Alabama, was opened recently with accommodations for 143 in a million-dollar modern building. Mr. Blacktopp, who has often visited the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, discussed with our Director, Dr. Hall, some of his ideas for the new Club. “A seaman who arrives in Mobile and has to journey many miles to see his wife and children,” he said, “will now be able to reserve space on the second floor of our new building (modern hotel-type bedrooms, 28 of these) where his entire family can meet him while his ship is in port.” The third floor will house only single occupants. The first floor has a marble-lined, air-conditioned lobby, coffee shop, soda fountain, game room, library, and memorial chapel. We congratulate all those who worked tirelessly to make this Club a reality and know that seamen sailing on Gulf ships will appreciate the modern, well-equipped building.

## A Legacy That Lives On

ON October 21st Capt. Charles Wilson, who was staying in Room 700 L at the Institute, received an invitation to cut a birthday cake at a party to be held that evening in the Janet Roper Room. The Captain, wondering whose birthday was being celebrated, came to the Club and met Mrs. Carl Dalbey. Each year Mrs. Dalbey comes east from Oklahoma and gives a birthday party in memory of her 21-year-old son, Carl, who was lost in 1943 when his ship was torpedoed. Captain Wilson had been staying in the memorial room given by Carl's parents.

About 175 seamen gathered for the party, and to enjoy the entertainment provided by Anita Goldie and some talented young singers. Two large birthday cakes were then cut by Capt. Wilson and Mrs. Dalbey and served with coffee by Mrs. Lois Meldrum and her corps of volunteer hostesses.

In the July, 1944, issue of THE LOOKOUT we told about Carl Dalbey, Jr., a radio operator who had left a will in the Institute's care before shipping out aboard a Liberty ship in convoy. His ship (the *William P. Frye*) was lost, and his parents came east to read the will. After disposing of his savings and personal effects, their son had written:

“The above constitutes my worldly goods. My greatest possession of all, however — my faith in Him and the Everafter — I bequeath to all the Poor in Spirit who may, as I have, find comfort in His blessings.”

Inspired by this legacy, Carl's mother became very active in behalf of the Merchant Marine, helped in the recruitment drive, founded an Auxiliary which sent knitted articles to the Institute's Central Council for distribution to seamen, packed hundreds of Christmas boxes. But Mrs. Dalbey did not stop there. She adopted an orphaned child and has given this young girl the privilege of a good home and education and loving

care. Since her son's death, she has been instrumental in getting *fourteen* families to adopt orphans and give them the benefits of normal family life.

One of Carl Dalbey's good friends was Fred Waring, popular orchestra leader. On hearing of these adoptions, he commented: “Carl's young life was not in vain. These youngsters are having a real chance in life because he lived.”

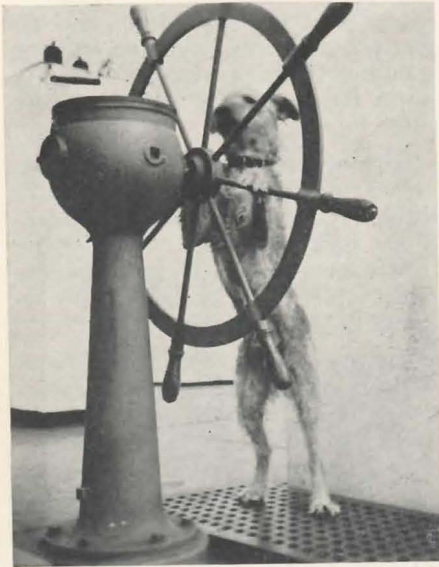
By a curious coincidence, Capt. Wilson told of another radio operator, Arthur McKinley, age 54, an old friend, who had been lost on the S.S. *Pan-Atlantic* in the same convoy as Carl Dalbey's ship! Mr. McKinley had left a legacy to Capt. Wilson's daughter, whom he had never known but whose photograph he had often seen in the Skipper's cabin when they had sailed together on the Waterman S.S. Co. freighter *Josephine Lawrence*. When the Captain's little girl reaches the age of twenty-one she will receive this legacy left her by a radio operator who gave his life in the war. Thus, another legacy lives on!

### A VISITOR'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF "25 SOUTH STREET"

TO THE LOOKOUT EDITOR:

I had heard a great deal about 25 South Street but I never dreamed it was anything like this. I think you are doing a wonderful job. That the church has done this work in this way is a great and joyful surprise. Do you know what I mean, not that the church doesn't do good works everywhere in the world, but so often the places they run have a sort of brooding holiness about them that makes them a little distant and cheerless for those of us who cannot reach this state or stay in it long if we do. All the men who were there liked to come there, they looked as if they felt it a warm and happy place to be. The chapel itself is a good expression of the place. It is so beautiful with only the painting and the cross on the altar. It gives you a feeling of peace and hope but no fear at all. I have never been in a church like that. I would like to find out more about its history and see more of the building. Would you send me the magazine, THE LOOKOUT, so I can keep in touch with what you are doing.

E. J. (A Publisher's Wife)



SEA DOG  
Photo by Thomas Fulshaw  
Courtesy THE MAST  
CANINE "GREETER"

"Blackie" is a real sea dog and she swims efficiently and frequently. Her "home port" is New York, the Holland-American Line pier at Fifth Street, and she jumps into the North River and swims out to greet incoming liners. As the dog comes alongside a tug boat bringing the liner into her pier, a seaman pulls her on board. On a few occasions the tide has carried the dog down river and "Sparky," Marinus deKorne, harbor-master for the Dutch ships, has had to go after her. As the tugs dock the big vessel, Blackie shakes the water from her coat, and supervises the docking operation. "Blackie," who is fed by dotting longshoremen and stevedores, rules with an iron paw the sixty-odd cats that keep a check on the rodent population on the pier.

THE PARROT SITUATION

"Pop-Eye" the Institute's parrot was retired some time ago because of his bad habit of biting the fingers of both seamen and staff members. Finally, Mike in our Service Department, who has a way with parrots, agreed to take "Pop-Eye" home. Another parrot, who hangs out in a South Street restaurant would have stepped in as successor, but the seaman who owned him warned us that his language wasn't fit and proper for the tender ears of the lady volunteers and staff-members. "He's a great talker," said the seaman, "but way back somewhere he learned the wrong kind of talk, and I can't seem to make him forget it!"

CATS ON SOUTH STREET

Although Bosun, the Institute's feline mascot retired to Long Island to enjoy the hospitality of Mrs. Christine Hartmann, there are any number of cats around 25 South Street perhaps wistfully hoping that they will be chosen as Bosun's successor. Seamen and elevator-men have their particular pets among the South Street cats, and as yet no unanimous favorite has been selected. Meantime, all colors and sizes enjoy the handouts from the Cafeteria.

(Continued from page 2)

about Tania. At eleven, twelve, and one I was still at the Palms. At one-one, I confided in a bar-fly with whom I had struck up a casual acquaintance.

He gave me only indifferent attention until I spoke a name. "Who?" he asked wide-eyed. "Waiting for who?" "Tania Leary."

"A well built, very well built — doll? Pals around with a beefy, old battle axe who carries a loaded umbrella and a pair of glasses on a stick?"

"Yeah. Tania Leary and her old lady."

The bar-fly's eyes narrowed. He studied me closely. "You mean — you — naw!" His eyes widened in a face glowing with surprise.

"Naw!" he repeated. "What cha mean, naw," I snapped. "What's eating you?"

A gleam of delighted amusement spread over his face.

"They're the slickest crooks on the waterfront, sucker. They go for seamen back from long trips with real dough, then — bang! What a team!"

His words fell heavily, slowly, like a bell buoy clanking to long swells in a fog. My hand went slowly to my hip where I kept the bulk of my cash. And a queasy feeling hit the pit of my stomach as I remembered I had just spent the last penny of the money I kept in side pockets.

"What'd they take you for? All of it?"

"Finished with engines," I muttered. "Can you buy me a drink?"

YANKEE'S WANDER WORLD  
By Irving and Eleeta Johnson  
W. W. Norton Co., \$5.00

Sailing 45,000 miles in a 96-foot, steel hull North Sea pilot schooner converted into a kind of modified brigantine, with a crew of some twenty youthful "paying guests" is the latest of Irving Johnson's ventures in round-the-world cruising. This voyage, like their others was designed to tarry in some of the more remote, lesser known harbors in the middle zones, where the weather never becomes extremely cold, rather than in the usual "luxury-liner" stopping places. And the crew-guests had to be both seaworthy and hardy to enjoy the vigorous kind of adventure that such a varied course as theirs is bound to furnish.

Mrs. Johnson, who has written most of the book, relates in a lively and informing way the incidents of this eighteen-month itinerary which took them to such places as the Galapagos, Easter and Pitcairn Islands, Tahiti, Samoa, Zanzibar, Devil's Island and many other places. It is a pleasant book for the vicarious traveler and a challenge to the adventurous, younger spirits to go out and do something like that themselves.

—WILLIAM L. MILLER

THE EAGLE OF THE SEA  
By Bruce & Gordon Grant  
Rand McNally & Co., \$2.50

The CONSTITUTION — "Old Ironsides" — has had a dramatic, colorful career in the 135 years from her inception to the present time and Bruce and Gordon Grant have prepared a delightful book for young people on the basis of her history. Her planning as a defense against the Barbary pirates, her rescue of the prisoners taken from the Philadelphia by the Tripolitan pirates and the blowing up of the ship, her escape from the British fleet, her sinking of the Guerrière, her own dramatic rescue from "the boneyard" by young Oliver Wendell Holmes' rousing poem, "Old Ironsides" are related as youngsters like to hear them told. Both Grants are authorities on their subject: Bruce Grant's biography, "Isaac Hull, Captain of Old Ironsides" was purchased by the Navy Department for the libraries of the ships of the U. S. Navy and one of Gordon Grant's many paintings of the old ship, which was hung in the President's study in the White House has been declared "the official portrait" of the ship. This book should be a fine addition to any American library for young people.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

THE STRUGGLE FOR  
GUADALCANAL  
Aug. 1942-Feb. 1943  
By Samuel Eliot Morison  
Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.00

THE STRUGGLE FOR GUADALCANAL is a dispassionate, detailed, almost blow-by-blow account of the bloody slugging matches between men, planes and ships of the American and Japanese forces in their struggle for control of the Coral Sea fringe with Guadalcanal as a main objective. The material for the account is taken from both American and Japanese sources and forms Vol. V of Samuel Eliot Morison's projected fourteen-volume history of the second World War. It's a book for the military experts rather than for the casual reader who may get confused in the welter of minute, accurate detail of this complicated action. The story is at times relieved by the narrator's salty vernacular and by his lucid, vivid style in general.

—WILLIAM L. MILLER

SEA SLANG OF THE  
TWENTIETH CENTURY  
By Wilfred Granville

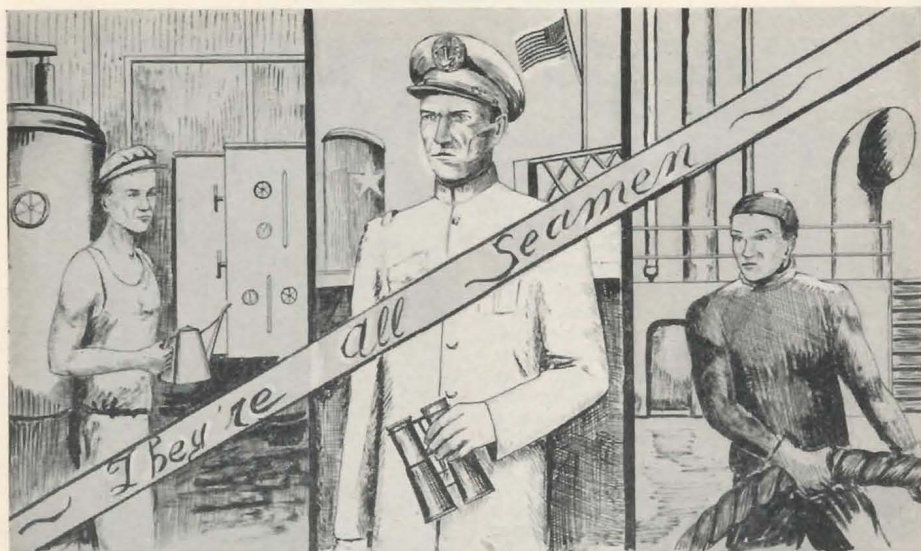
Winchester Publications, 16 Maddox St.  
London, W.1., \$1.75

This new British publication includes slang terms of the Royal Navy; Merchant Navy; yachtsmen; fishermen; bargemen; canalmen; as well as miscellaneous colloquialisms of the sea. An unconventional glossary it is, but a real aid to those who are associated with the sea and those who read about it. The language of the sea from 1900 to 1949 is covered, bringing up-to-date earlier volumes of nautical speech. What it lacks in illustration, the book makes up in the descriptive language used to picture in detail sea slang as it is used in England today.

Such terms as "False-nose party", meaning a Royal Marine Commando who attacks a key position on enemy occupied coast; "tin-lizzie" meaning H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*; "button-on" (of a ship) meaning to join a convoy; "Cam ship" meaning a catapult Armed Merchant Ship; "chariot", a one-man submarine; "cockle", a type of two man naval canoe; "heart yarn of the mainbrace", a really tough seaman, and "land-swab", a useless hand on board a merchant ship came out of World War II. Other terms defined: "ash-can"; "battle-wagon"; "swallow the anchor"; "anchor to windward"; "black-gang"; "Davy Jones's locker"; "fish"; "graveyard watch"; "jump the ship"; and "Mother Cary's chicken" have the same meaning in American slang, and are familiar to us all.

—LOUISE HARTMAN





*Drawing by René Crus*

On deck, in the engine room, or on the bridge, they're all seamen, schooled in a stern tradition, seasoned by hardship, alert to the dangers that are a part of seafaring life. Off duty and ashore, they are men . . . men with the human need for friendship, encouragement, and understanding. For 105 years the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK has been filling this need.

#### LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

"I give and bequeath to **"Seamen's Church Institute of New York,"** a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words **"of New York"** are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

*Contributions and bequests to the Institute are exempt from Federal and New York State Tax.*

ARE YOU SAVING ON TAXES BY HELPING YOUR FAVORITE CHARITY?