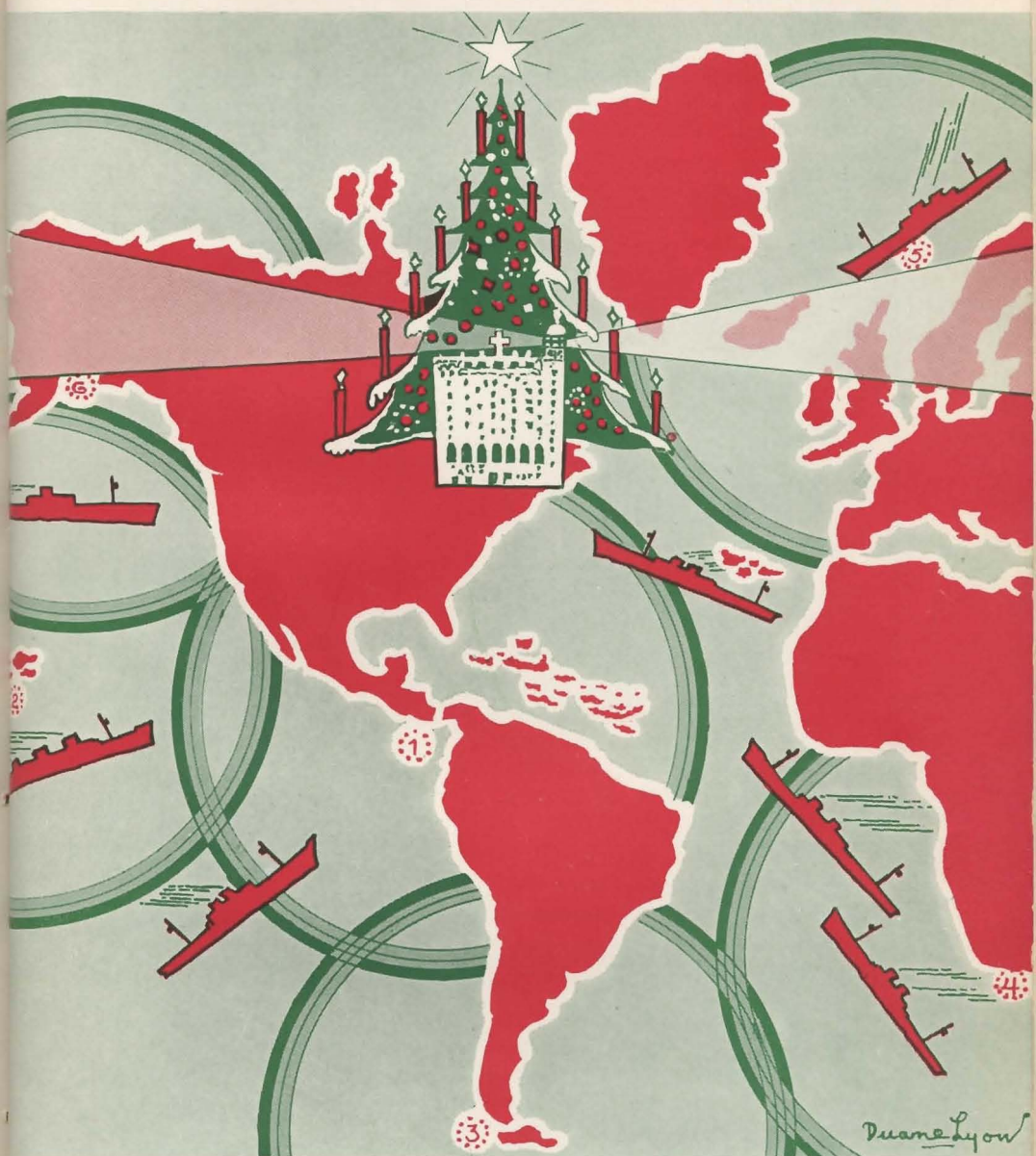


THE LOOKOUT



Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

VOL. XXXII NO. 12

DECEMBER, 1941



THIS MONTH'S COVER shows some of the Defense Zones of the United States and Great Britain in the Western Hemisphere. The radius from the center of each zone is approximately 2500 miles, the limit for effective Naval operations. The overlapping circles show that these two countries control most of the important sea areas. The zones shown on this map are No. 1—Panama Canal Zone. No. 2—Hawaiian Islands. No. 3—Straits of Magellan. No. 4—South Africa. No. 5—Scapa Flow. No. 6—Alaska.

The light from the Cross and the Titanic Tower atop the Seamen's Church Institute of New York shines out across the seven seas, welcoming seafarers home for Christmas.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXII, DECEMBER, 1941

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President

THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

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

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

Sanctuary

"O God, by whose providence all things are governed and preserved, who stillest the raging of the sea and the noise of its waves, who commandest the winds and they do obey Him: We humbly beseech Thee to bless the Merchant Marine and to defend it from all enemies, visible and invisible, that they who travel therein upon the work of Thy kingdom may be hurt by no adversity, but being freed from all fears and dangers, they may travel in safety to the havens where they would be, with joy and praise to Thy holy Name: Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

Prayer used at the blessing of the Missionary Boat "Eveque Carson" by the Bishop of Haiti, adapted.)

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

.....Dollars.

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

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

The Lookout

Vol. XXXII

December, 1941

No. 12

Christmas at Sea

By Captain Harry Garfield

I RECALL out of the distant past another Christmas day. Becalmed the ship lay in the Doldrums a few miles north of the Equator.

The ship rolled lazily in the swell and the heat from the sun made a furnace of our ship. We yearned for the icy blasts that were tugging the ears and toes of our folks back home.

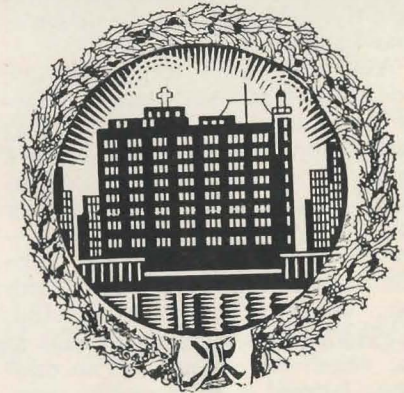
The crew had made a half hearted attempt to instill a Christmas spirit into their daily routine, but the intense heat discouraged their efforts.

Our Negro cook had promised us something special for dinner. We had not been over-enthusiastic at this prospect for up to that time he had never given us any reason to suspect that he had ever done any cooking before he joined our ship.

Eight bells struck, and the beaming cook stepped over the door sill and deposited on the table what he called a "sea pie". It was about the size and thickness of a manhole plate and about the same consistency; across the top was written "Merrie Xmas". We pried it apart, for after all we had to eat. The interior of the pie seemed to be the receptacle for everything: potatoes, beans, salt horse, oatmeal, hard tack and various other ingredients.

He watched us with anxious eyes as we delved into the pie's interior. We tasted it. As we suspected, it tasted worse than it looked, our tempers flared and our cook came near being crowned with the results of his forenoon's work. However, the sight of his eager face and the discovery of his shaving brush (which he had evidently used to write the legend "Merrie Xmas") in the pie was more than we could stand and a roar of laughter and a shouted Merry Christmas from all hands brought a grin of joy to the face of the pie-maker.

Christmas at "25 South Street"



Contributors to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York are cordially invited to view a new picture "THE GREAT COMMANDMENT" to be shown in the Institute's Auditorium on Friday evening, December 19th, at 8 P. M. This picture has been highly praised by leading clergymen, editors of religious publications and also Hollywood producers. Its Biblical theme is treated in a contemporary, dramatic and entertaining way. The student choir of Columbia University will sing Christmas Carols at 7:30.

COME AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS.



The Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour Decorated For a Christmas Carol Service. Reredos Painting by Gordon Grant

Merry Christmas to Lookout Readers

What a Sailor Talks About*

I'M nineteen years old, been going to sea since I was fourteen. My home is—or was—in what is now "occupied territory". My father was a seaman, too, and I heard his ship was sunk in the Nazi invasion of my country. I happened to be at sea at that time.

Yes, I've been torpedoed, and bombed and machine-gunned. Maybe I lead a charmed life but I don't feel happy about it at all when I think of my shipmates . . . Whenever I hear a ship's bell I remember that night when my ship, the S— was bombed. It was Friday, June 20th, 1941. We were in the North Sea, outward bound from Hull, England. I was standing my trick at the wheel. At ten minutes to midnight I heard a plane coming over. My captain was on the bridge, with the second mate, who was sixty-five years old, standing beside him. There was one seaman on lookout and one man who had just brought us coffee.

The plane flew low. I heard a couple of big explosions and then the force of the explosions threw me against the ship's wheel, fracturing my jaw. I guess I was unconscious a couple of minutes for when I came to I heard the second mate say in surprise: "What are you still doing here? Get to the boats." I could smell the machine gun smoke and I saw a big hole and flames coming from the engine room. I learned afterward that sixteen of my shipmates were trapped—they could not get out—the iron doors were closed fast and were red hot and could not be opened. The lifeboats were all afire, so the Old Man ordered us to get into the workboats. I could hear the steam pipes in the engine room exploding. I got in the boat, someone handed me a

*One of the crew of a torpedoed freighter brought to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

bucket and I started to bail the water out.

Then I saw the chief mate sitting quietly, kind of in a daze—and I shouted to him "Come on!" But he would not move. We lowered the boat and I could see faces at the portholes. One sixteen-year old cabin boy looked out and spoke to me: "We can't get out, and you can't do anything to help us. I know I'm a goner. Say goodbye to my father and mother for me, will you?"

Then we heard a shout coming from the water. The chief mate had been thrown into the water by another bomb which had exploded. He complained of his leg which was bleeding horribly, and since he was a very heavy man we had a hard time lifting him up and getting him into the boat. Then the Nazi plane came back again and flew very low and bombed the ship again. We had to pull away because of the ammunition blowing up. Then we heard another shout from the water, and we picked up the radio operator—I don't know how he kept up—he had a broken leg and arm. I can still see him biting his lips to keep from crying out with the pain . . .

These are some of the things a man cannot forget—yes, I was safe, and except for my jaw, uninjured. We were in the boat a few hours and then a British destroyer picked us up and brought us to London. The chief mate died in the hospital.

The first night in London there was an air raid. I heard a land bomb shrieking. I dropped flat to the pavement. It landed on a building and tore it to pieces. A man next to me was killed by a big piece of shrapnel. I picked myself up and started toward the hotel when I heard the whine of another bomb. I decided not to go to an air raid shelter but would take my chances in the street. The bomb struck close by. A man

and two women lay dead right beside me. I got up, unscratched.

So I think—let me forget. I went to the nearest pub and tried to keep the pictures of what I had seen out of my mind by drinking. But I could not forget. So I signed on another ship, the freighter M—. We were torpedoed on September 10th by a German submarine off the coast of Brazil. We abandoned ship. Twenty-six men were lost. Again I am "lucky". Thirty-seven of us were picked up and brought to the United States. And here I am at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, waiting to ship out again.

Maybe I have been saved for something. Maybe not. But there must be a reason.

I have not heard from my mother since the war started. I should write to her but what shall I say—that I am still alive and well? By the time she gets my letter I may be blown to bits. In this war it is better not to remember—not to think—not to love one's relatives.

I am young, yes, and healthy, yes, so I am better off than many people. So I will get another ship. I will stand my watch and hear the planes and the bombs. But maybe there is a reason in all this. Maybe. Maybe

Thanksgiving Day at the Institute

IT is our first Thanksgiving—in Chile we do not have such a holiday. It is nice to arrive here in New York in our little ship and to be welcomed at such a wonderful institution to help all the seamen of the world." It was Juan Santa Cruz speaking to Mrs. Janet Roper, trying to express his appreciation of the Thanksgiving welcome given him and his fourteen shipmates of the 110 foot motorship "Marie" which docked at Pier 8, just across from the Institute. Soon they will return to Chile, braving the dangers of winter storms.

Juan and his companions were among the 983 men who enjoyed turkey dinner at 25 South Street, thanks to the voluntary contributions of friends to our HOLIDAY FUND. Released for a time from shipboard routine, and safe ashore after the dangers of the sea, these seafarers gathered at the Institute for the traditional holiday dinner and afterwards enjoyed moving pictures in the auditorium: "The Shepherd of the Hills", starring John Wayne, Betty Field and Harry Carey, and "shorts" of Pop Eye the Sailor and Robert Benchley. In the evening they witnessed another pic-

ture "Moon Over Miami", with Don Ameche and Betty Grable.

On Thanksgiving morning the Holy Communion was celebrated and a service of worship and singing was held in the Chapel of Our Saviour by the Director, Dr. Kelley and Chaplain Lawson with Miss Anne Conrow as organist, George Burandt, tenor, soloist and a short address by Chaplain McDonald.

The following excerpt from President Roosevelt's Thanksgiving Day proclamation read at the service is well worth quoting: "Our beloved country is free and strong. Our moral and physical defenses against the forces of threatened aggression are mounting daily in magnitude and effectiveness. We have not lost our faith in the spiritual dignity of man, our proud belief in the right of all people who live out their lives in freedom and with equal treatment. The love of democracy still burns brightly in our hearts . . . On the day appointed for this purpose, let us reflect at our homes or places of worship on the goodness of God and, in giving thanks, let us pray for a speedy end to strife and the establishment of freedom, brotherhood and justice for enduring time."

Captain N. F. Lindtner, skipper of the Norwegian motorship *Lidvard*, who sneaked his interned ship out of the French West African port of Dakar by duping the French authorities with cognac and guile and won a race for freedom against two submarines, two airplanes and a French destroyer, came to New York last night with an epic tale.

The sixty-four-year-old skipper, a rugged, powerful man who has been at sea for forty-nine years and has no intention of being kept ashore as long as his country needs him, docked his ship yesterday at Philadelphia with a load of metal from Africa, and came on to New York. He was reluctant to relate his exploit but was persuaded by officials of the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission, 80 Broad Street.

His story began in June, 1940, when the 4,785-ton *Lidvard* entered the port of Dakar with a cargo of rice from Indo-China. At the capitulation of France to Germany, the French officials at Dakar promptly interned the *Lidvard* and her thirty-one officers and men, along with other Norwegian vessels in port. Twenty of his men escaped when the French tried to force them to return to Norway.

Plan Their Escape

For eight months the skipper and his remaining crew chafed at the inaction while barnacles coated the hull of the ship. Daily broadcasts from England increased their impatience at being unable to join the free Norwegians in carrying on the fight.

"All our thoughts were of escape," the skipper said.

The French, to make sure of their prey, had removed six essential pipes from the *Lidvard's* machinery. Escape looked hopeless, but B. Smordal, the *Lidvard's* chief engineer, had a plan.

"Unknown to me," Captain Lindtner said, "Mr. Smordal worked for many months fashioning dummy pipes for the ones removed by our French captors. He had to work with steel scraps and make flanges that looked sturdy but would really burst with any pressure."

French Are Tricked

When the fake pipes were completed to the satisfaction of the chief engineer, he took the captain aside and whispered his scheme. Between them they perfected the details.

"Last July 21 I went ashore," he explained, "and persuaded the French navigation police to bring back those real pipes to make certain that our engines would still run." The captain looked around with a smile and added, "Just to test them, you understand."

The French fell for his trick. The next day the French brought the pipes aboard, with a petty officer and two armed guards. Blandly, the Norwegians hooked up the pipes and made the test.

"It was just about luncheon," Captain Lindtner continued. "I invited the guard to a special luncheon. They thought it very kind of me. And so after luncheon I gave them a little coffee and" . . . the captain raised his eyebrows significantly at that point, "much cognac."

While the French were sipping their cognac appreciatively, the chief engineer disappeared below.

"To get them back their pipes," the captain explained.

Half an hour later the engineer reappeared with an armload of pipes, nicely wrapped up. The French bowed their thanks, took over the pipes and went ashore. The plan was working perfectly. Mr. Smordal had given them the dummy pipes.

Saturday Night at Dakar

Captain Lindtner counted on the usual Saturday night festivities ashore to relax the guard. Everything was made ready for the run for freedom. Seven other interned Norwegians slipped aboard the *Lidvard*, and toward late afternoon the French guards on ship carefully removed all the oars of the vessel's lifeboat and went ashore themselves.

"At midnight we picked up anchor and started the motor," Captain Lindtner continued.

The *Lidvard* was so heavy with barnacles that its speed was cut from fifteen to eight knots. Only forty tons of oil were aboard for fuel. Two submarine nets stretched across the mouth of the harbor. But the Norwegians were not daunted.

Captain Lindtner was able to navigate his craft around the first submarine net but had to make a run for it and coast over the second. To make sure that his ship would ride high enough and would not suck the net under the propellers, he dumped most of the drinking water and turned off the power. The ship rolled safely over the barrier and into the open sea.

Heads for Freetown

He headed the vessel for Freetown, in the British colony of Sierra Leone, some 500 miles away, on the theory that the French would expect him to start for Bathurst, also British-controlled, which was nearer. Throughout the night he kept his engines at full speed. He did not learn until later that two French submarines and two French airplanes had taken up the chase.

The lookout on the *Lidvard* spotted a French destroyer racing toward the motorship. When the destroyer was still five miles away, it began to fire, but the *Lidvard*, zig-zagging, escaped. The chase continued through the last hour of darkness and when dawn broke the destroyer was out of sight.

Captain Lindtner, meanwhile, had radi-

oed the British frantically for help, giving his position. At 10 a. m. the Norwegians cheered with relief as a British cruiser steamed over the horizon. It convoyed the *Lidvard*, circling the slow vessel constantly, into Freetown. They reached there Tuesday morning.

"She is a free ship now," the captain said, "working for victory."

The Merchant Service Man

1914-1918

When you've feted Tommy Atkins at the finish of the war,
And he's had the credit given which is due;
When you've sung about Britannia, and you've cheered for Johnny Tar
Who has kept her ever Mistress of the Blue;
When the nurses, and the doctors, and the "coppers", all have been
Duly praised, and they'll deserve it, I admit:
Will you kindly then remember Mister Mercantile Marine,
Who has also helped and done his little bit?
He is dodging German cruisers in the open southern seas,
With his hatches full of contraband of war;
He is navigating channels where the mines are thick as peas,
And with half the lights extinguished on the shore.
From overseas he's bringing many sturdy British sons,
And from ev'ry place that's red upon the map
He is carrying your horses, ammunition, aye, and guns—
And he's really quite a useful sort of chap!
While your Johnny Tar is busy, keeping Billy's fleet at Bay,
In the metaphoric sunshine, be it said,
Mister Merchantman is toiling, making metaphoric hay,
And he's working so that Britain may be fed.
In his twenty thousand tonners, in his cockleshells and tanks,
Or in aught a trifle larger than a tub;
Fully loaded to the Plimsoll—is he worthy of your thanks
Who supplies your Mother Country with her "grub"?
Bordeaux, France, December, 1914. D. R. P. COATS.

1939—?

There's another conflict raging and the perils of his work
Now are greater than they were in days gone by.
To the risks of sea-borne dangers have been added foes who lurk
In the clouds and do their murder from the sky.
There are bigger mines, more deadly, laid with cunning from the air;
There are submarines and raiders far at sea.
There are Messerschmidts and Heinkels to be met with anywhere,
And from these a lowly freighter cannot flee.
Now you'll have to thank the airmen, plucky fellows ev'ry one,
And the soldiers and the lads in navy blue.
Aye, and you'll include the wardens and the firemen when we've won,
And a host of noble women workers too.
You will cheer them when they're marching in the Victory Parade
With the bugles and the banners blowing free . . .
But there's one who won't be there for any tribute that is paid . . .
He's the Merchant Service sailor, out at sea.
For the Merchant Service seaman will be steaming down the bay
With the merchandise of Britain in his hold,
To exchange for tea or rubber from Ceylon or far Malay,
Or our wheat so long-awaiting to be sold.
On the Banks with fog a-dripping from his masts and funnel stays
He'll be creeping 'tween the bergs off Newfoundland;
In the tropics he'll be sweating, all unmindful of the praise
Of the few ashore who know and understand.

Winnipeg, Can., June, 1941. D. R. P. COATS.

* Reprinted from the New York Herald Tribune, Thursday, October 9, 1941.



The Atlantic Bell mounted over the main entrance of the S.C.I. of N. Y. The bell came from the Steamship Atlantic which was wrecked off Fishers Island on Thanksgiving Day, 1846.

CHRISTMAS bells, church bells, ships' bells—they ring out the message of hope and cheer in a war-torn world.

Each Christmas the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is host to about 1,200 merchant seamen who are ashore on the holiday. From Christmas to Christmas, day and night, all year 'round, the friendly services to seafarers go on.

Here at the 13-story building on New York's waterfront are reading and game rooms, moving pictures, cafeteria, merchant marine school, library, baggage room, chapel and many other facilities in addition to 1,600 dormitory beds and rooms.

At sea, you depend on these seamen for protection of lives and cargoes. Ashore, they need the help of the Institute.

Victims of war and storm receive warm clothing and shoes. Sick and injured seamen receive friendly care. Lonely mariners receive advice and entertainment. Unemployed and needy seamen receive temporary financial assistance.

Your gift to the Institute will be a greatly appreciated tribute to these gallant seafarers who carry the cargoes and sail the ships, braving the perils of mine, torpedo, bomb and storm.

HELP THE BELLS AT THE INSTITUTE TO RING OUT A CHRISTMAS WELCOME!

"What Will the Bells on Christmas Say?" The Bells*

(1940 VERSION)

What will the bells of Paris say
To those who wake on Christmas Day
Where the Seine flows on by the buildings
gray

On Christmas in the morning?
"Noel! Noel!" the bells will peal
Above the echoing iron heel,
To a city bowed by a yoke of steel,
Noel for Christmas morning.

How will the bells of Munich raise
Their carols of forbidden praise
For hearts remembering gentler ways
Of peace on Christmas morning?
"Once," they will toll, "we dared to play
Good will to men on Christmas Day,
To men who mock us and betray
The faith of Christmas morning."

What will the bells of London cry
Where death and danger ride the sky,
And men put on their boots to die
On Christmas in the morning?
"Hail," they will clamor, bell for bell,
"Burn us and break us with fire and shell
Still we shall answer—All is well,
Take heart on Christmas morning!"

By RACHEL FIELD.

**This poem first appeared in the New York Herald Tribune and was later included in a collection of verse by Rachel Field entitled "Christmas Time", published by the Macmillan Company.*

Over the main entrance at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, a large ship's bell rings out the hours in ship's time. On Christmas Day this year—as it has for many years—it will ring out a Christmas welcome to the hundreds of men "home from sea" who will spend the holiday in the Port of New York.

Rising prices of food and commodities have increased the cost of serving holiday dinners to our seafarers, and yet the amount received for Thanksgiving dinners was less than in other years. Will our friends PLEASE make a very special effort to renew their Holiday Fund contributions this year and if possible, to increase the amount to cover increased food prices?

Please designate checks for HOLIDAY FUND and send to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

All Contributions are TAX EXEMPT



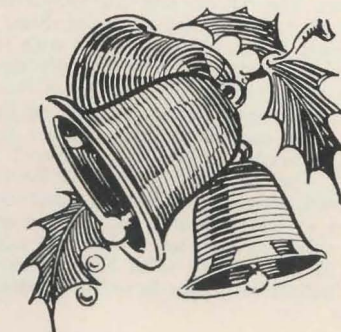
Courtesy, United States Lines

Christmas Bells

(1941 VERSION)

What will the bells on shipboard say
To those who toil on Christmas Day
And stand their watches, come what may
On Christmas in the morning?
"Courage" they ring, on all the seas,
"For freedom men give up their ease
To die, or live, as God may please—
Courage on Christmas morning!"

M.D.C.



Ships in Ballast

By Robert Wilder*

If you happen to be in the humor for a little sentimental speculation today then it would seem that certain sections of the East River Drive might be the proper place to stand and reflect on some of the strange things which are happening.

Flattened beneath the asphalt on the highway skirting the river are bits of England, the rubble of Liverpool, Plymouth and Bristol; the good earth of the tight little isle. The cargo ships which turn up in Manhattan's harbor from the British Isles have brought the debris of stricken towns as ballast and the stuff eventually found its way into the fills of New York's newest thoroughfare. Thinking of this we remember a little girl of 10 or so who was among the first British children to be evacuated and sent to the United States. We found her sitting on an after hatch of the Samaria, chin in hand, gazing at the skyline.

"Everything is so huge," she remarked solemnly. Huge, we discovered was a favorite adjective. "Everything in America is so huge." She repeated the statement and then looked at us. "But," she said, "you Americans aren't at all huge, are you?"

We wonder what she would think if she knew that a small part of her England had gone into the making of this new, "huge" highway.

Ship ballast has, we discovered gone to some strange places. Part of Albany was filled with earth brought from Holland in this manner, and not long ago Dr. Harold Kelley, director of the Seamen's Church Institute, told us that as a boy in San Francisco he remembered seeing part of Telegraph Hill carted to the docks for sailing ship ballast. Most of this has gone into the water fronts of South American ports or those on the East Coast of the United States.

The Good Earth

The paving stones of early New Orleans were brought in ballast from France and the original breakwater at Galveston, Tex., was raised from the ballast brought in sailing ships from Maine. The shore line around Battery Park and up around Coenties Slip, on the East River, has been filled with such a variety of material that it really represents an international district.

What comes to New York from England these days is probably drawn from coastal towns which have suffered air raids. The battering there has been so thorough that it would seem unnecessary to go to inland towns for the ballast.

A chief engineer with whom we talked told us that certain ships have a permanent ballast of copper in order to balance

them properly, and after the last war some of these ships were scrapped, but their copper, worth more than the ships, was salvaged.

Steady Passage

The matter of ballast requires far more thought than simply dumping sufficient weight into a ship to hold her steady and all sorts of things have been tried and eventually discarded as unsuited to the purpose.

Certain ships, particularly those belonging to the British Navy, are fitted with tanks filled with fresh water, used as ballast, and as this fresh water is withdrawn for use, salt water can take its place in the tank.

Small craft are ballasted with cast iron, lead, zinc or bags of shot—the latter are considered by marine experts as the best (and most expensive) because the shot absorbs no moisture.

An engineer acquaintance also informed us that oil-burning cargo vessels require more ballast as they draw considerably less water when fully fueled and ballasted than coal-burning ships of the same size.

The British Board of Trade has from time to time drawn attention to the number of shipping casualties due to the shifting of ballast. We had it explained to us that the ballast shifts because the center-line shifting boards were not adequately supported in position.

Here are some kinds of ballast which are not considered safe or effective: "Blue Billy," a quick-lime refuse from gasworks which is apt to catch fire if overstowed with damp material; "Red Marl and Stones," sometimes shipped at Bristol as dry rubble ballast but unfortunately is soluble in water; "Mud Ballast," shipped at Dublin, but is regarded as unsuitable for ballasting purposes; "Coal Ballast," when the coal is anthracite peas and small nuts, special shifting boards have to be fitted; "Bog Ore," a loam containing oxide of iron, and very apt to cause trouble by shifting; "Sludge Iron Ore" usually shipped from ports in Spain, and very liable to shift and "Flint Stones" and "Shingles Ballast," both of which are not recommended, as they are liable to shift.

Dry rubble such as brought recently from the English towns after air raids makes very suitable ballast, gravel, and dry fine sand (if the bilges are carefully protected) and cement, when packed in stout paper bags.

In the winter months, many ships carry solid ballast to assure deeper immersion, particularly for long trans-oceanic passages.

*Reprinted from *The New York Sun*

All Men Are Heroes on the North Atlantic

There is a special room fitted up in the Seamen's Church Institute on South Street for the use of British sailors temporarily beached or awaiting a day to sign on another outbound freighter. They sit around the vast room, throwing darts. They read magazines from home. They round up a few games of cribbage or they just sit and talk.

Not many of them swap stories because most of the men have come through the worst of those war-time terrors on the Atlantic. They have met up with submarines; they have felt the avalanche of hot steel poured on them by surface raiders and they have heard the screaming dive bombers plunge out of cloud banks.

All the men sitting about that vast room have the smell of the sea about them. Their shoes are square-toed, not because they were built that way, but rather that they have been flattened against the steel walls while climbing iron rungs.

One fellow in his early 40's would talk

a little about his voyage although pledging all who heard that nothing of value might get to the enemy. He had been beating west on a freighter over the North Atlantic lane. The torpedo hit. The black gang—those men in the engine room—never got out.

The fellow who sat in the Seamen's Church Institute said casually that he was picked up and landed in a Canadian port. He joined up with another ship. They were in the South Atlantic this time when the torpedo struck again. The black gang went down with the ship.

"It's bad, all right," he said, "I was in France for four years the last time but you really had a fighting chance then. Now, you don't see those torpedoes coming and there's nothing you can do."

"I should think the men would live in a world of constant nervousness when in the danger zone," I suggested.

"No," he replied quietly. "They live quite normally. When the time comes, all men are heroes out there."

By EMMET V. MAUN
Reprinted from *PM*

"THE VICTORIES AT SEA CANNOT BE SHOWN ON WAR MAPS. But their importance is very great, and the future will owe much to the courageous men waging the fight for freedom on storm-swept bridges, in roaring firerooms or at icy gun stations on the lonely and dangerous waters."

From an editorial in the *New York Herald Tribune*, November 14, 1941

Dog Rescues Sailor

WHEN the 90-foot trawler the WRUTH LUCILE was sunk in a collision two miles off Sandy Hook one cold November night, five members of the fishing crew were thrown into the water. All were expert swimmers except one, Joseph Marks, age 26. It happened that another crew member, Anthony Vierra, age 53, also from Gloucester, Mass., had his year-old dog, Pilot, with him. Pilot was an excellent swimmer so Marks held onto the dog, and the dog towed him to a dory containing three other members of the crew, who pulled him and Pilot aboard.

The drenched men were brought into Tompkinsville, Staten Island, wrapped in blankets—for they had no time to get their clothes—by the

collier, CHARLES O'CONNOR, with whom the RUTH LUCILLE had collided. A police boat then brought the eight fishermen to the Institute where they thawed out. Night Manager Daniel Trench gave them hot coffee and food and then took them to the Sloppe Chest where, thanks to the thoughtfulness of friends, there is a goodly supply of clothing. Here the men were outfitted with sweaters, socks, suits, overcoats and shoes.

At midnight, at their own request they were put aboard a train bound for Gloucester. The skipper of the trawler, Captain Frank Rose, expressed appreciation, in behalf of himself and his crew, for the fine treatment given them at the Institute.

Injured British Seaman

THE East River waterfront has calmed down at last from the excitement of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to the British Merchant Navy Club last month. This club, located on the second floor of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, provides recreation for hundreds of merchant seamen from British freighters who sail from here "in convoy". Huge signs urge the men not to talk to strangers and to "keep it dark" the names of their ship, destination, cargo, etc. The Lookout editor did, however, have a chance to talk with a British sailor, George Gray, who is recuperating from a bomb.

George Gray hails from Liverpool. He was a pumpman on a British tanker which the Jerries bombed three times. Gray now does weaving to restore the paralyzed nerves and muscles of his left arm. Some of his handiwork was on display at the exhibition of Arts and Industries at Grand Central Palace. His story is similar to that of many British sailors who have been bombed or torpedoed while their ships were in convoy, but he is the first seaman to take up handicraft as therapeutic treatment. Over at the Marine Hospital at Ellis Island, volunteers from the D.A.R. Occupational Therapy Committee taught Gray how to weave on a hand-loom.

His newly acquired interest and skill in weaving table runners, napkins, table cloths, etc. is definitely helping him to regain the use of his muscles and nerves which were shattered when a bomb from a Nazi plane struck his ship and threw him from his bunk in the fo'c'sle. A second bomb hit the main deck and went through the tank hatch and exploded overboard.

Gray chuckled as he described his experience. "A third bomb also missed—we call it a 'near-miss' and

put our electric steering gear out of order but did no further damage. A machine gun bullet just grazed the ship's cat and stripped the poor thing of all her fur!" He went on to explain that his tanker put into Halifax and then to New York for repairs where he was taken to the Marine Hospital for treatment. But he gets homesick for a sight of British sailors, and comes over to the Institute once or twice a week to chat with them in their club rooms. He hopes, he says, to return to sea within three or four months, and expects to continue his new hobby of weaving.

Signalling at Sea

From two young bearded British officers we learned that they were at sea when Prime Minister Churchill had his historic meeting with President Roosevelt. "We were Number 4 in the convoy, when suddenly, a flotilla of destroyers and a battleship approached, flags flying. I got out my signal book (International Signal Code) to try to make out what message they were signalling. I could make out the letters CH and then a space UR and then another space CHI and finally LL. You should have seen us frantically turning over the pages in the signal book, puzzling over this — for of course we had no idea of what was going on in the world—suddenly I realized that the spaces were not really spaces, and then we spelled out CHURCHILL'S name. We hastily hoisted the signal flags W A Y (meaning Pleasant Voyage). It gave us all quite a thrill. The "Prince of Wales" passed between Number 6 and 7 in the convoy, so we had a good look at her and at the Prime Minister."

The War at Sea

One of the saddest stories to come out of World War II was told us by James Connell, ship visitor for the Institute. It is part of his job

to meet American and other ships when they come into New York Harbor, and receive wages for deposit in banks. The crews and the shipping lines like this procedure, as it encourages thrift. Last week he visited a certain ship and there saw a seaman whom he had known a long time. The seaman was one of eleven survivors of a freighter which was sunk in the Caribbean Sea last month. He had gone through a terrible experience and told the ship

visitor haltingly about it. He and a shipmate were aboard a small life raft after their vessel sank and were floating around for several days before they were rescued. Sharks kept on following the raft and one day a shark got the leg of his shipmate and he bled to death on the raft before the rescue ship reached them. They had no food, water or medicine and he had to watch his shipmate die by inches. Such is the horror of war at sea.

The Convoy System

THE convoy system, writes a special correspondent to the London Sunday Times (July 27), in spite of losses, has proved as effective a protection this year as it did in the first 6 months it was employed in 1917. The approximate comparative figures are: tonnage sunk, January to June, 1917, 2,250,000 tons; tonnage sunk, January to June, 1941, 2,500,000 tons.

When it is remembered that in the present war merchant shipping is assailed by bombers as well as by U-boats and that the enemy has now the immense advantage of working out from Atlantic bases on the Bay of Biscay, it is obvious, from these figures, that protection given by convoy is just as effective as it was in the previous war.

It has been suggested by some that faster cargo liners and vessels of 15 knots and over should be allowed more frequently to sail on independent courses—trusting to their speed to escape from attack by submarines. (A submarine can make only 15 knots on the surface under favourable conditions, less than 8 knots when submerged.)

Experience does not favor this contention. When, last summer, owing to the damage done to destroyers during the Dunkirk evacuation, the authorities found themselves compelled to sanction a considerable number of independent sailings by faster merchant ships, the monthly

losses rose rather steeply. In one period between July and October, the average size of ships lost was as high as 5,000 tons—which meant precisely that those larger and faster ships which were sailing independently were being picked off by the raiders.

From *Bulletins From Britain*,
week ending August 13, 1941

In the S.C.I. Mailbag

S/S Middleton

Dear Dr. Kelley,

On behalf of the Sailors and Firemen of the above ship, will you kindly convey to the persons responsible for the wonderful gifts of woolens, our heartfelt thanks.

Each one of us would willingly write and thank the donor of each article but, as some were marked with the name and address while others had none, we thought that it would only be proper to write one letter thanking you all.

You will never know how deeply we appreciate these wonderful gifts, also the person or persons responsible for creating such a wonderful Institution as we certainly need them at times, especially at present. Thank you again.

(Signed) T. BANNAN

Dear Mrs. Roper,

God bless you, lady dear, for helping me get in touch with my son. He is well. Wrote promptly. Our children get busy and forget time lags for mothers and that our time is short here on earth. You are doing a grand work. You get blessings from many mothers I feel sure.

Again thanking you,

Sincerely
(Signed) MRS. J. H. B.
Oakland, Calif.

Book Reviews

"THE LAST OF THE LOGAN"

By Robert Coffin

Edited with an Introduction by
Harold W. Thompson. Ithaca, N. Y.
Cornell Univ. Press. 1941. \$2.00

In 1854 Robert Coffin left New Bedford on the whaler LOGAN. Five years later, he returned after having pursued whales in the Atlantic and in the Pacific, been wrecked on a South Pacific reef and escaped in an open boat to the Fiji islands. After three months among the cannibals, he was rescued by the clipper barque Dragon and taken to Australia where he underwent various vicissitudes in the bush and in the gold fields of New South Wales. Although Mr. Coffin did not write his memoirs of this trip for half a century he has succeeded in presenting a most realistic account of the adventures of a young whaler. His chapter of the wreck of the LOGAN is especially interesting for its portrayal of the matter of fact courage and resourcefulness of the men. "THE LAST OF THE LOGAN" is a fine supplement to "MOBY DICK". I.M.A.

"FULL AHEAD"

By Felix Riesenbergh, Jr.

\$2.00. Dodd, Mead and Company.

Any sea story under the name "Reisenbergh" assuredly is good reading. Such is "Full Ahead", a career story of the American Merchant Marine by Felix Riesenbergh, Jr., the seagoing son of the famous literary master mariner, to whom the son may prove junior in years only, for he shows promise of a career equal to his father.

Mr. Riesenbergh tells the experiences of Jack Martin who is eager to secure a license of an officer in the American Merchant Marine. He secures an appointment as a cadet under the United States Maritime Commission, sees service on several vessels and, upon completing his studies, passes the examination for a Third Officer's license. The succeeding raises in grade would lead to Master Mariner.

A variety of experiences are well told in the book, including a fine account of a lifeboat race of American cadets against cadets of a Japanese liner, a rescue at sea and the sinking of a racketeer submarine by the propellers of the liner under skillful maneuvering of the liner's captain.

Boys and young men will thoroughly enjoy this book. H.H.K.

"SCHOOL OF THE SEA"

By Leland P. Lovette

Frederick A. Stokes. \$3.00.

Commander Lovette is now on active duty in command of a division of destroyers in the Pacific fleet. His well-known book "Naval Customs, Traditions and Usage" has answered many a question for

this reviewer in the past and it was with real enthusiasm that his study of Annapolis was approached. The book is frankly designed for the layman but it contains much historical data which should make it valuable to Navy men. The author goes back to training of midshipmen before there was any land school, traces steps through the "Naval Asylum" in Philadelphia founded in 1838, sees the formal opening at old Fort Severn on October 10th, 1845, and from then on traces the progress of the Academy. Of great interest are the stories of pre-Civil War days when boys and officers alike were faced with conflicting loyalties. Likewise the dawning of the era of steam and steel brought many changes. The chapter "The Annapolis Contribution to the Nation" is particularly commended to LOOKOUT readers. Here you will find a splendid summary of the work of distinguished Annapolis graduates in both active and civil life. A.W.C.

"CORNELL'S SEA PACKET"

Edited by W. M. Williamson. With a foreword by Gordon Grant.

New York: Cornell Maritime Press. \$2.00.

Here is a Christmas gift which will please every recipient. A salty volume with a cheery red jacket, it fits neatly into a man's pocket and can be read on subway, bus, ferryboat, freighter or tanker. The editor, who has published "Fair Winds" Magazine for a number of years, has compiled a collection of rattling good sea yarns and articles by maritime authorities with delightful illustrations by Gordon Grant, McAlpin Brown, Charles Robert Patterson, Robert D. Hedges and Charles E. Pont. We recommend the Sea Packet for every sea-loving lad from nine to ninety. Send your Christmas orders directly to the publisher—Cornell Maritime Press, 350 West 23rd Street, New York City—and please mention the Seamen's Church Institute, since the publisher gives us a liberal percentage on all copies sold when the Institute's name is mentioned. M.D.C.

Benefit Report

The net proceeds of our annual Fall Theatre Benefit (this year we had a performance of "Macbeth", starring Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson) totaled \$2,300. The purpose of benefits is to raise EXTRA gifts to make up deficits, and we trust that no one will regard taking tickets for a pleasant evening at the theatre as a substitute for their regular annual donation on which we are counting, when it falls due. We greatly appreciate the loyal and generous support of all those who supported the benefit either by taking tickets or by sending complimentary gifts.

Taxes and Giving

A reminder—before December 31st—15% of every tax payer's net taxable income (computed before taking credit for contributions) may be deducted for contributions to charitable or religious institutions. A donor may also find it advantageous to make his or her gift to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in the form of securities or property which has appreciated in value. First, he saves himself from paying income taxes on the profit he would realize if he sold the securities. Secondly, he can reduce his taxable income by the fair market value of the securities at the time he makes his gift.

If the securities show a loss, it is to the donor's advantage to sell them and donate the proceeds to the Institute so that he may claim whatever loss is allowable and also get the benefit of a contribution up to 15% of his net income as it stands after taking the loss.

Deductions claimed for charitable gifts amount each year to an average of about 2 per cent of net income. Thus 13%

becomes lost to philanthropy. Before 1941 draws to a close, if you have not already given 15% of your net income to philanthropy, it becomes subject to Federal and State taxation. While the New York and other State surtax rates are not as high as the Federal ones, charitable gifts also effect a substantial saving in income tax liability to New York State and to some other States as well as to the United States.

Although the need for higher income taxes is due to our vast expenditures for defense, the Federal Government has set its blessing upon the benevolent impulses of individuals through providing for deduction from taxable income of contributions up to 15 per cent of their net taxable income. The Government also encourages corporations to make similar deductions, up to 5% of their net taxable income.

Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York are deductible on your income tax returns.

SERVICES RENDERED TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

JANUARY 1 — NOVEMBER 1, 1941

224,829	Lodgings (including relief beds).
81,958	Pieces of Baggage handled.
554,177	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
170,766	Sales at News Stand.
24,150	Calls at Laundry, Barber and Tailor Shops.
10,961	Total attendance at 574 Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island.
31,797	Social Service Interviews.
251	Missing Seamen located.
57,948	Total attendance at 176 Entertainments, such as Movies, Concerts, Lectures and Sports.
8,594	Relief Loans to 3,831 individual Seamen.
58,077	Magazines distributed.
3,668	Pieces of Clothing and 1,222 Knitted Articles distributed.
2,464	Treatments in Clinics.
3,007	Visits at Apprentices' Room.
2,143	Visits to Ships by Institute Representatives.
11,023	Deposits of Seamen's Earnings in Banks.
2,353	Jobs secured for Seamen.
12,280	Attendance of Seamen Readers in Conrad Library; 3,726 Books distributed.
13,063	Total Attendance of Cadets and Seamen at 1,088 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 1,869 new students enrolled.
11,599	Incoming Telephone Calls for Seamen.

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