

# The LOOKOUT



THE BEAUTY OF A SQUARE RIGGER

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXIII NO. 9

SEPTEMBER, 1942



THIS MONTH'S COVER shows Apprentice Seaman Ray Wyffels studying the complicated gear on the 12 foot model of an old square-rigged ship now used in the Merchant Marine School at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street.

### Sanctuary

"O Eternal God, who alone spreadest out the heavens and rulest the raging of the seas, guide and protect those who are called to tasks of peril on land, sea, or in the air. Help them to do their duty with fearless determination, confident that in life or death Thou art their refuge and that underneath them are the Everlasting Arms; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

*From "The Message," St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City.*

## The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIII, SEPTEMBER, 1942

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

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

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

### LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

.....Dollars.

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

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

# The Lookout

Vol. XXXIII

September, 1942

No. 9



*Photo by Alouise Boker*

SEAMEN OF THE UNITED NATIONS  
PLEGGED TO "KEEP 'EM SAILING."



## Country Vacations for Torpedoed Seamen

**S**URVIVORS of torpedoed crews and other merchant seamen injured on shipboard are finding a welcome respite from their duties at a beautiful country estate owned by Mr. and Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark in Springfield Center, New York State, near Cooperstown. Some of the seamen are suffering from broken bones or amputations, others have disordered nerves and especially appreciate a quiet place to rest, far from crowds and city noises. Some have been referred from the Marine Hospitals, and others are recommended by staff members at the Institute who know of seamen who need this kind of convalescence before shipping out again. The Institute's Welfare Department has now sent three groups of from 12 to 17 seamen, for stays of about two weeks.

In befriending these seafarers, who need rest and rehabilitation after surviving tortuous days in open lifeboats from ships sunk by submarines, Mrs. Clark set up the project in memory of her daughter, Ethel Stokes Clark. Through letters received by the



The First Group of Seamen Guests

Welfare Department from sailors who have enjoyed a two weeks vacation at Cooperstown, LOOKOUT readers will receive an impression of how much Mrs. Clark's hospitality is appreciated. Here is a typical reaction from one whose legs were broken when a torpedo struck his tanker:

"It has been years since I have seen trees, green grass and flowers. Before that, it was water, water, nothing but water. The place here is just wonderful. I sure thank everyone who has had a hand in sending us men up here."

Another letter voices the thanks of an engineer whose legs were injured when the Nazis machine-gunned his life-boat. "With all my travels of 36 years I've never seen or been to a better place than this beautiful home. The meals can't be beat. The hostesses, Miss Helen and Miss Bertha Moat and Miss McHendry are wonderful to us sailors. I am under a doctor's care here."

A letter from a Chief Mate also expresses how much the seamen enjoy a vacation in the country:

"Just a word of sincere thanks to you for the chance to rest up at this beautiful home. It's ideal in every way, the folks here are so friendly, and we don't lack for a thing; the food is excellent (very important to a seaman); a grand lake to swim and fish in, and the country around is beautiful. *I feel a new man already, and when I leave, should feel ready to tackle any sub!*"



Where Survivors of Torpedoed Ships Enjoy Rest and Relaxation

A long letter from an oiler (member of the "black gang"—engine room), whose ship was torpedoed, to the head of the Institute's Welfare Department sums up the attitude of all the seamen who have had the opportunity to enjoy "shore leave" far from the waterfront, thanks to the Clarks' friendly and generous hospitality:

"No doubt you have wondered why I didn't write sooner but I didn't feel very well the first couple of days. I am feeling better now and must say this is a beautiful place. You surely didn't exaggerate when you told me how nice it was up here. I have met Mr. and Mrs. Clark and they are certainly fine people. The ladies who supervise the place are also fine and congenial. The Doctor has been here and left medicine for several of us.

I do hope Mother Roper is well and back on the job again. Tell her I said "hello" and will write her soon.

Where I am sitting now I can look over Lake Otsego which is ten miles long with a small mountain range running along the other side of it. We all have swim trunks and can go out rowing and swimming any time.

Everything we have to eat here is fresh: meat, eggs, milk, buttermilk, butter and wonderful home grown

vegetables. Mrs. Clark sure does intend to make us fat if she can. The boys among themselves refer to Mr. and Mrs. Clark as regular guys.

Bill S. says to tell you he is also having a wonderful time here with boating and fishing his greatest pastime, that is except eating. We have wonderful beds to sleep in and our rooms are kept spotlessly clean.

It is time for dinner. We are having chicken and I do like chicken! And writing this letter has made me extra hungry so will close for this time, hoping this finds you in the best of health.

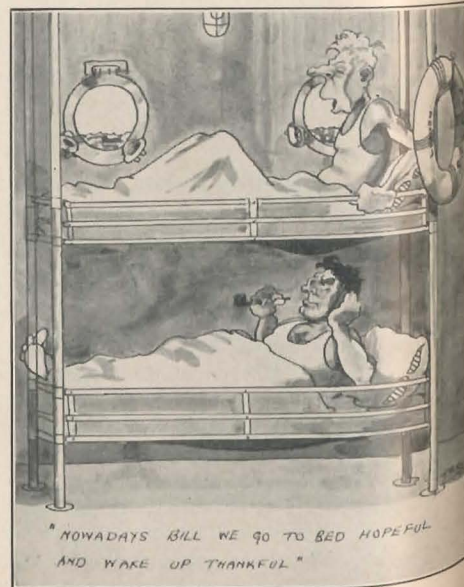
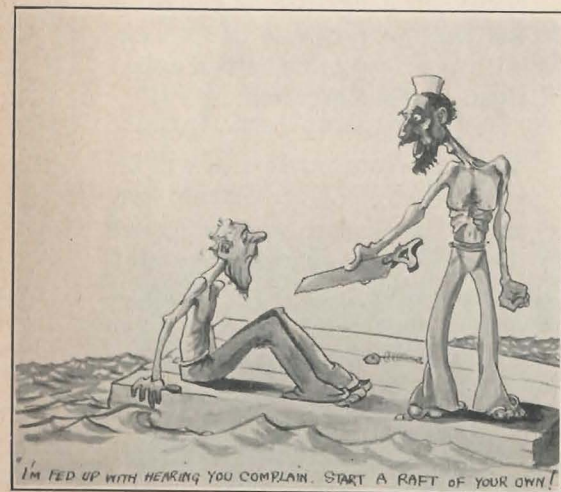
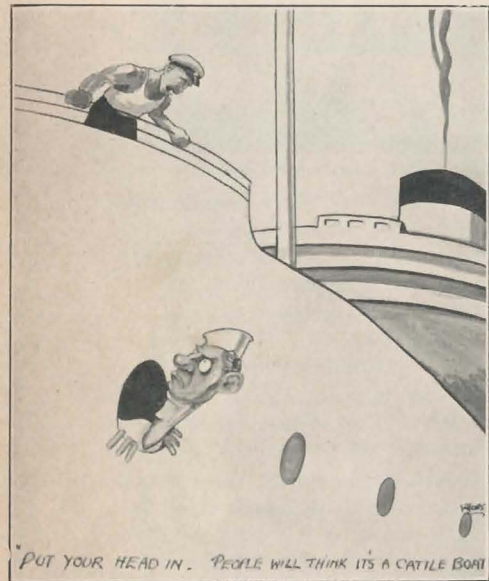
The seamen are usually transported in a Red Cross car from the marine hospital or the Institute to the train which takes them to Cooperstown.

It is hoped that other women who have country homes will be inspired by Mrs. Clark's example, and that a number of these will be opened to merchant seamen for convalescence and rest. We think that this is a very practical and patriotic way of paying tribute to these men who risk their lives to carry the troops, oil, munitions, food and other essential supplies.

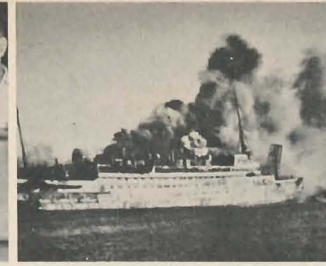


# The Humorous Side of the War at Sea

As Seen by Tom Hurst, British Seaman Cartoonist  
now on shore leave at the British Merchant Navy Club, 25 South Street



Seaman checking baggage at the Institute . . . Will it ever be claimed again?



His ship may be torpedoed! . . .



The more unique of his belongings may end up in this strange museum.

## Cubicle of Curiosities

AT THE TOP of a narrow companion-way on the fourth floor of famous Seamen's Church Institute, on New York's waterfront, there is a small, glass-enclosed room, the door to which can be opened only by the Director of the Institute and the custodian of as strange and heterogeneous a collection of curios as ever came before a landlubber's eyes.

Through this cubicle's windows, one can see an amazing confusion of objects, all of which, at some time or other, sailed the seven seas in seamen's baggage. Because of the red tape involved in entering, the objects are seldom dusted and as a result, are copiously covered with the dust from South Street's cobblestones—an odd twist of fate for objects that for years were drenched with fine salt spray.

These curios were taken from the unclaimed baggage of seamen who may have been shipwrecked, or torpedoed, or who just died from natural causes. It is possible also, that some of the owners may have found distant lands in which to settle, and following the human trait of *laissez-faire*, never bothered to reclaim their luggage.

How these curios managed to get into this mystery-laden room makes an interesting story. Seamen embarking upon a trip to some far-off land, and not wishing to be handicapped by the weight of extra baggage, can check it at Seamen's Church Institute with the understanding that it will be confiscated after 12 months unless word is received asking the Institute to hold it longer.

When baggage is considered abandoned, it is opened in the "confiscation room" of the Institute, in the presence of one of the chaplains, and thoroughly searched for valuable papers, cash receipts, shipping papers and the like. Any documents of this nature are filed and held for five years subject to the owner's identification.

It is amazing how the story of seamen's lives is revealed and strung together by the photographs, letters, pictures, good-

luck coins, pieces of ribbon, bits of string, mementoes and signs of other days, found in their abandoned luggage.

Clothing usually makes up the bulk of the unclaimed material. It is washed, fumigated, and set aside for needy seamen. Before the war, some 700 clothing items were given out each month by the Institute.

Some idea of the demands made on the Institute's Slop Chest since U-boat activity increased becomes clearer when it is known that the crews of over 70 torpedoed merchant ships have found shelter and gear at 25 South Street, the Institute's world-known address. Typical example of a seaman who recently needed complete refurbishments is that of a 65 year old veteran of forty years of sea-going whose ship was torpedoed while he was asleep. He lost everything including his glasses, false teeth, and papers.

Whatever causes seamen to acquire some of the odd objects in this seldom-entered room will probably remain a mystery—the motives can only be guessed. Surely home-loving must have been the seamen who collected the sets of dishes, metal sugar bowl, and coffee brewing apparatus. More romantic, and with an eye to pleasing the gals they left behind them in the home port, were the sailors who failed to claim a snake skin bag, a leather wrist band, kewpie doll pin, beads, vanity cases, gold locket, souvenir pins and the like.

That seamen are a religious set is apparent from the large number of rosaries, medals, crucifixes and assorted bibles.

Happy-go-lucky sailors with a musical bent probably stirred up more than one sea banshee in the fo'c'stle, or strummed away many a lonely watch judging from the number and variety of musical instruments—violins, ukeleles, accordions, harmonicas and kazoos silently gathering dust in a corner of this odd museum.

Smacking of the briny deep are marlin pins, bosun's whistles, binnacles, sextants, fishing lines, ditties, sea bags and tidies, some of which are elaborately embroidered.



Particularly interesting to landlubbers are some "Certificates of Initiation" into a real sailor on the occasion when the "victim" crossed the equator for the first time. The "lucky" candidates are given the privilege of taking various privileges with the sea, such as riding sea horses, but they are warned against "flirting" with the mermaids.

Heaped in a corner of this chamber of curiosities is a pile of discarded watches, the backs of which, when opened, disclose the faded photographs of sweethearts, kiddies and other loved ones. Helter-skel-

ter nearby are numerous pairs of galloping dominoes, brass knuckles, knives, black-jacks, beaded bags, carved coconuts from Trinidad, a Turkish street sign, boat models and so on *ad infinitum*. As the author of "Alice in Wonderland" might exclaim, one can find there, "ships, and tacks and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings."

*Reprinted from The Franklin News  
Published by The Franklin Society for  
Home Building & Savings  
which displayed in its windows some of the seafarers'  
curious souvenirs.*



*Courtesy, The Ships' Bulletin  
Standard Oil Company of New Jersey*

### TRIBUTE

"When the sea resources of Great Britain and the United States are pooled to build the coming federation of the world, at the heart of the plan will be the unbreakable courage and the faithful service of the Merchant Seaman.

"We owe him a vow that never again will the sorry old doggerel have validity: In time of war, but not before, God and the sailor we adore; The danger past, and ills required, God is forgotten and the sailor slighted."

*From "Heroes of the Atlantic"  
by Ivor Halstead*

*Published by E. P. Dutton and Company*

**Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman, U. S. Maritime Commission and head of the War Shipping Administration.**

### *Ships and Seamen*

"We are building merchant ships because they are really part of the Navy—our first line of defense. We all know the vital importance of fast, efficient Naval auxiliary vessels to supply the fleet with food, ammunition and fuel, to serve as seaplane, submarine and destroyer tenders, as hospital ships and transports. Our merchant marine today is fulfilling that need."

**Rear Admiral Emory S. Land  
Chairman, U.S. Maritime Commission**

### *America's Shipping Lifeline*

"The merchant marine is one of those services which has a dual function. In time of peace it serves the commerce of the nation, in time of emergency it serves the armed forces. It should be large enough to serve both. Our seamen and officers are safeguarding our lifeline ably, efficiently and unassumingly.

**Rear Adm. Emory S. Land  
Chairman  
U. S. Maritime Commission**

★ ★ ★

Reserve, I pray, one  
lusty cheer  
For men whose names  
you never hear;  
Who win no stripes  
and wear no braid,  
And are not seen upon  
parade.  
Who go wherever ships  
are sent;  
Whose breasts no medals  
ornament;  
Whose deeds no scrolls  
of honor stress,  
But who are heroes  
none the less!  
Who sail the ocean's  
vast expanse,  
Nor hesitate to take  
their chance  
Against the swift torpedo's blast—  
Nor know which trip  
may be their last!  
Who take both peace  
and war in stride;  
Who, when it strikes,  
go overside—  
Perchance to be the  
lucky men  
Who live to sail the  
seas again!  
I give you, then, each  
gallant crew  
Of liner, freighter, tanker  
too,  
Now bound I know not  
where or when—  
The men who man our  
merchantmen!

**By Frank Lynn  
New York Sun  
July 25, 1942**

*Ships—  
the life line  
to Victory*



**SEAMEN ASHORE ARE WELCOMED HERE  
TO HELP THE INSTITUTE CARRY ON**

Please send contributions to the  
**SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK**  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



## A Letter to "Mom" \*



"Dear Ma,

Just want to write a few lines to let you know how things are.

I think this Maritime Service is fine. When I got here they chucked a sailor suit at me and some more clothes you never saw the like of. Was only here a few days when they started teaching me to talk by waving flags, and tie some dog-gonest knots you ever heard tell of. I can't tie all them fancy ones but I can hog tie anything they got here.

You ought to see the lifeboats, a whole passel of them little bitty things and Ma we have to row them things rain or shine. Your arms get just as tired as if you were pulling a cross cut saw.

I'm not on the island now, Ma, and that's what I want to tell you about. They stuck me on one of them ships, called the *Vema*. Ma its as pretty as a spotted pup. The floor is scoured every day and did you ever hear tell of anyone scouring the floor with sand? That's what they do here.

This is what they call a sailing ship, more ropes than you can shake a stick at.

When we left New York everybody was happy, but just as soon as the ship poked its nose in the ocean they stopped the engines and put the sails up. But it wasn't long 'fore this thing started acting up, like it had the St. Vitus dance. Waves was as high as the cow shed. Then is when it started.

Ma, you should have seen them. Some of them crawled, some rolled, and some just flopped where they was. They poked their heads over the ship's fence and let go. One thing about it, we didn't eat much but the fish sure fared good. There was one colored boy there and he turned ash white. The wind was a whistlin' through

these ropes like through the pine tops back home. I was sick Ma. Sure was glad you wasn't here to see me. There ain't a thing you can do about seasickness Ma, but if you had been there you would have tried everything from turpentine and sugar to a mustard poltis. But, as I said, when the ocean is as blue as a pair of overalls and rough as a corn ridge there ain't nothing you can do; all you can see is water and more water. Yes, and a lot of these city boys had their heads over the fence too. Then about time we get over our sickness they make us climb the poles that the sails are on, and they are just as high as a Georgia pine and the sea rolls and your stomach rolls.

I work in the cellar Ma where they keep the engines. They have a Diesel engine here like Pa's tractor, only a whole sight bigger and a passel of small engines, why you never saw the likes of in all your life. Some of the fellows work on the deck learning how to guide the boat, but I like it here best, 'cause I could never watch a certain star.

Now Ma, don't worry your head about me 'cause I'm all right. A good bed and then something to eat is good, but I will say a good cold glass of buttermilk from today's churning sure would be mighty fine.

Our Commander Mr. McCabe was the captain this time, so Ma don't worry I'll be all right.

Tell Pa I hate I ain't there to help get in the crops, but I'm sticking here 'til I amount to something.

Tell Sarah Bell I was asking after her. I'll close now. Love to all.

JOE"

By H. R. Crabtree, MM 21c

\* From the Hoffman Island Log

## The Missing Item

(See Page 12)

The missing item in the lifeboat was a *pencil*. The mate told how they had to dump seaboots over the side to wet them and then he did the mathematical figuring with a sharp stick, using the rubber boots as an improvised slate. The mate of the new freighter admitted that no pencil had been included in his list of items, but THE LOOKOUT editor, who had been present during the conversation, promptly donated an Institute pencil for this purpose.

## Old Salts Emerge from "Dry Dock"



At least twenty-five old shellbacks, every one of them over seventy, who "swallowed the anchor" and settled down to spend their declining years at Sailors' Snug Harbor, endowed haven for ancient mariners over on Staten Island, have e-merged from their comfortable "dry docks" to join merchant ships again. Old Charles Nelson is one of them. He has just signed on an Army Transport as third officer. Long before Pearl Harbor, Nelson tried to ship out, but he was told at shipping offices that his application would be filed and he would be notified. Last week, he made the rounds again, and this time, he was accepted without question. He holds a master's license, has been chief officer on steamships and square-rigged and schooner-rigged sailing ships, and he holds himself as tall and straight as much younger men.

"No, I'm not afraid of torpedoes," said Nelson, when he paid a farewell visit to his friends at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York on South Street, where he has been bringing his ship models for sale in the Nautical Museum. "I'm glad to ship out again. My eldest son is in the Coast Guard. My youngest works in an airplane factory. Their Dad can do his bit in the Merchant Marine."

Nelson sailed the seven seas for fifty-one years, and he has documentary evidence of his long record on file at the Harbor. He "retired" on July 15, 1938 when he was admitted to Snug Harbor, and four years later, on the same day, he was accepted for active sea service again. His last job had been in 1938 as second officer on a Tide Water Oil Company tanker. Nelson received a gold medal from the Life Saving Benevolent Society when, as mate of the S.S. City of Everett in 1911, he rode out a hurricane and volunteered to command a lifeboat which rescued all hands from a three-masted schooner which was breaking up in the gale. In his younger days he always carried his wife and two sons aboard sailing ships when he sailed as captain. During the last World War he was never torpedoed by enemy submarines but he saw a five-masted American schooner torpedoed and sunk in the Mediterranean. His own ship, the Eagle Wing, a four-master, escaped by sailing at the incredible speed of seventeen knots. This ship, commanded by a Captain Morgan, for fifteen years carried a broom on her foremast to indicate, according to Nelson, "that she could sweep the seas clear, so fast a sailer she was." In 1920 Nelson was master of the U. S. Navy mine-sweeper "Peacock", later converted into a salvage vessel, and still in use by Merritt, Chapman and Scott.

Captain Nelson left at the Institute's Museum a model of a full-rigged ship "Tam O'Shanter," of Freeport, Maine, which he has just completed. He has constructed over twenty ship models since he was at Snug Harbor and sold a number of them through the Institute in order to pick up "a little pin money." Now, with good wages, he expects to spend his shore leaves at the Institute's 13-story building at 25 South Street, just as any active, self-supporting merchant seaman does. He will mingle, as an equal, with the men from the freighters and tankers who are carrying the munitions, food, supplies, planes, equipment and other essentials to all the fighting fronts, and will enjoy the reading and game rooms and other recreation provided.

Asked if he had his life to live over again would he choose the sea as a career, Nelson's sea-blue eyes behind his spectacles lit up. "I'd choose the sea again," he replied simply. "It has real attraction—away from the crowds and noise. It's a good job for a boy."

Born in Sweden on October 5th, 1872, Nelson takes pride in the fact that the ship on which he will now serve was built in Sweden during the last war and is now being reconditioned. She now has two Diesel engines.

Nelson's wife died in 1935 and he still owns his own home in Roselle, N. J. but when he retired to the Harbor he gave it to his sons. He speaks of Snug Harbor as "a wonderful place, good food, good accommodations. Governor Flynn told me that I could return when I wish to, for my record has been good there. But I'll be glad to walk the deck of a ship again and to sail to strange ports and see the world again." Nelson's duties will be navigating, chart work, etc.

Other Snug Harbor salts, also eager to do their patriotic bit, have tried to sign on ships, defying torpedoes, bombs and mines, but their age, failing health and eyesight have disqualified them for active service again.



## Tribute to Mrs. Roper



Photo by Marie Higginson

Left to right: Seaman William Robertson, Mrs. Janet Roper, Jack Phillips, and William Stewart.

Mrs. Janet Roper completed on July 12th, fifty-three years of work among merchant seamen and was specially honored on Monday afternoon, July 13th, in the Seamen's Lounge on the third floor of the Institute. Hundreds of sailors of all nationalities paid tribute to "Mother Roper" as she is affectionately known on all the seven seas. In 1920, after World War I, Mrs. Roper established at the Institute a Missing Seamen's Bureau whereby wives, mothers and other relatives could find missing mariners lost through shipwreck and other marine disasters. Since that time she has located 6,452 and reunited many of them with their families. Many dra-

matic reunions take place in her little office overlooking East River shipping. Since World War II began she has been besieged with letters from anxious relatives seeking to find if their sailor son, brother or husband has been saved from the torpedoings and bombings. A full-rigged ship model in a bottle, constructed by Seaman L. Edward Barthman, was presented to Mrs. Roper. Many survivors of torpedoed ships now enjoying brief shore leave at "25 South Street" attended the ceremony. Since the war started the Institute has welcomed crews of 70 torpedoed freighters and tankers.

### Merchant Marine

O nameless men who sail our seas  
Upon their nameless ships—  
How gallant the philosophies  
Unsaid on nameless lips!  
O nameless men who sail our seas  
To reach a nameless shore—  
What greater patriots than these  
Now and forevermore?

NAN EMANUEL

Reprinted from the *New York Times*, July 25, 1942

### STREET OF SHIPS

By Charles M. Daugherty

New York: Henry Holt and Company.  
\$2.00. Illustrations by the author.

This story, intended for young boys, tells a rousing tale of adventure in the days of sail when the bowsprits of clipper ships stretched across South Street. The experiences of the youthful hero make absorbing reading as he endeavors to find his sea captain father. Against the background of New York's waterfront in the 1850's, the tale is told.

—M. D. C.

## Book Reviews

### SHIP REPAIR AND ALTERATION

By George V. Haliday  
and W. E. Swanson

Cornell Maritime Press. \$2.75

Here is a practical working tool for the shipfitter doing hull or deck repairs to merchant vessels. Detailed instructions are given for repairing or replacing plates, bulkheads, decking and fittings, including not only the little shop kinks but also methods for developing and laying out templates for curved surfaces, such as bonnets and sea-chests. Illustrative drawings and layouts are plentiful.

The authors are careful to explain that the methods described are not those of the builder of new ships, but of the repair yard, large or small, which must turn out a seaworthy job without the help of plans or blueprints, on a vessel its men have never seen before. Nevertheless, their methods are up-to-date, making full use of welding, power tools and other modern aids. They have even included some helpful notes on fitting merchant craft with gun platforms.

Other sections of the book cover mathematical and geometrical problems encountered in shipfitting, tables of useful data, and a glossary of shipbuilding terms.

Reviewed by Charles S. Hazard  
Lt. Cdr. U. S. Naval Reserve



### MARINE ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION

By John F. Piper

2nd Edition. Cornell Maritime Press. \$2.50

The author has drawn upon his experience as Chief Estimator of the Electrical Department, New York Shipbuilding Corporation, and as vocational school instructor, to set down in this compact book what the marine electrical worker should know to advance in his trade. Practical directions are given for the installation of wiring and fixtures, both in naval and in merchant vessels, during their construction. Plenty of typical wiring diagrams are included, as well as tables for determining size and carrying capacity of wires and cables. Appended are pertinent excerpts from the latest installation code, and enough electrical theory to enable the worker to understand the reasons behind the work he is doing.

A gratifying theme running through the book is the repeated insistence, on thorough, careful workmanship, for the protection of ship and crew on the high seas.

Reviewed by Charles S. Hazard  
Lt. Cdr. U. S. Naval Reserve

## Striking Bells Origin



Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts, Courtesy McCann-Erickson, Inc. and Standard Oil Company of N. J.

Most of us think that the nautical custom of striking bells is a comparatively recent one. Investigation of the files of the old Egyptian Pharaohs, however, will show that such is not the case. According to the very ancient Egyptian scribes, the first bells were struck on the Nile.

It seems that the old barges which plied the Nile were eight-oared affairs, with four rowers on each side. The rowers were assigned numbers, one to eight. As there were usually only two or three supernumerary oarsmen, only one of them was relieved at a time. When it was time to relieve number one, one bell was sounded and a super took number one oar. A few hundred strokes later, two bells were sounded and number two rower was relieved. So on, until all eight had taken a hand, then the cycle began over.

These inland sailors gauged the passing of time by the number of bells which were sounded. There's nothing new under the sun.

(San Pedro News-Pilot, October 20, 1941)

### THE MARINE POWER PLANT

By Lawrence B. Chapman

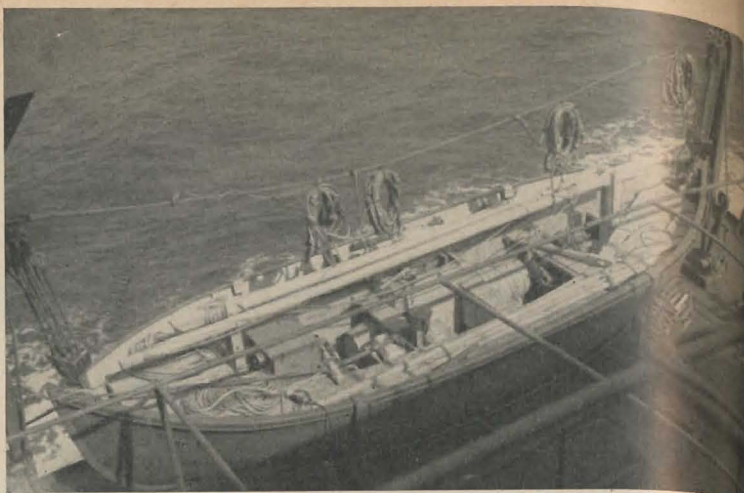
McGraw Hill. Second Edition. 1942. \$4.00

This is a splendid revision of a useful text in Marine Engineering designed particularly for the beginning engineer. The author has completely rewritten his material bringing it up to date by constant references to ships of Maritime Commission C2 class. The discussions of recent improvements in propelling machinery and fuels are excellent, the illustrations good and all of the power plant computations based on present day practices.

—A.W.C.



What  
The  
Well-  
Stocked  
Lifeboat  
Looks  
Like



*Ships' Bulletin Photo  
Standard Oil Co. of N. J.*

## From the S.C.I. Log

### The Missing Item

A group of five merchant seamen were exchanging experiences when their ships were torpedoed. One of them, Bernard Baker, a mate who had spent 34 days in an open life-boat said to another mate who was in charge of stocking the lifeboats on a new freighter, "I'll wager that there is one item you have forgotten to include." The other mate was doubtful. "I've everything but the kitchen stove in our lifeboats." "Well," replied Mr. Baker, "When we had to abandon ship I went to the bridge and collected navigation instruments, Bowditch's Navigator, charts, parallel ruler, etc., but I forgot one item, and nobody else in our life-boat had it." Can readers guess what the missing item was? (Turn to Page 8 for the answer.)

### Lost Property

When seamen survive being torpedoed or mined, or bombed, they are allowed a certain amount for the loss of their "gear" or clothing. But there are some items of priceless value because they have no monetary value. One young British sailor was bemoaning the loss of a copy of John Masefield's "Salt Water Poems and Ballads," personally autographed by the poet laureate and also a volume of the Oxford Book of English Verse (which the Institute's Librarian was able to replace, through a gift to the Conrad Library.)

He was also given several volumes of modern poetry. His favorite poets are Masefield, Kipling and Rupert Brooke.

### How To Catch Flying Fish

Recent items in the newspapers of survivors of torpedoed merchant ships subsisting on a diet of raw fish prompted the discussion among a group of seamen at the Institute on the best method of catching these edible fish. William Thompson, oiler, told of killing these fish with an oar as they swam past the raft on which he and his shipmates were gathered. Bernard Baker, a mate on the *Prusa* told of catching the fish by hanging nets over the side of the lifeboat and attracting them with a flashlight. When the flashlight batteries went out, they flashed a small mirror into the sun or moon and caught the reflection, thus attracting the fish. All the seamen who had eaten the flying fish raw described them as "delicious."

### Saved by Tin Whistle

John Dick, Elizabeth, N. J., seaman, salvaged only one article when the ship on which he served was torpedoed recently, but that was a five-cent tin whistle which saved his life and that of his shipmate, Stephen Dlugos, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Dick and Dlugos were members of a Navy gun crew aboard the torpedoed vessel. Without life jackets, they dived off the sinking ship.

Dick's whistle was on a lanyard around his neck, and as the men swam in the darkness he put it in his mouth and blew into it each time he breathed. After swimming for more than four hours and with Dick still blowing into his whistle, a rescue craft traced the intermittent shrilling and picked up both men.

## Marine Poetry

### Convoy

Drone of planes as they scout the sea  
Far and wide for a lurking foe;  
Feeling of tense expectancy—  
Then the sudden cry of "There they go!"  
Round the headland the convoy comes;  
In and out the destroyers dart,  
Pulses beat like the throb of drums,  
As tramp and transport we tell apart.  
Into the harbor, one by one,  
Each into her own berth slips.  
And lo! by the light of the setting sun,  
The harbor is suddenly filled with ships.  
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"—  
Who can guess what their cargoes hold?  
"Is it mainland beef?" We would like to know,  
"Or lemons' and oranges' sunkissed gold?"

\* \* \*

Drone of planes as they scout the sea,  
Near and far for a lurking foe.  
Feeling of tense expectancy;  
Then the sudden whisper of "There they go!"  
Out of the harbor, one by one;  
The ocean is spattered far and wide  
With blobs of gray 'neath the setting sun,



## SERVICES RENDERED TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

JANUARY 1 — JULY 1, 1942

205,080	Lodgings
63,808	Pieces of Baggage handled
550,805	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant
194,077	Sales at News Stand
21,815	Calls at Laundry, Barber and Tailor Shops
9,759	Total attendance at 353 Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island
25,900	Social Service Interviews
152	Missing Seamen located
66,385	Total attendance at 171 Entertainments, such as Movies, Concerts, Lectures and Sports
5,878	Credit Loans to 2,883 individual Seamen
58,775	Magazines distributed
2,316	Pieces of Clothing and 680 Knitted Articles distributed
1,681	Treatments in Clinics
22,272	Visits at Apprentices' Room
827	Visits to Ships by Institute Representatives
4,409	Deposits of Seamen's Earnings in Banks
2,539	Jobs secured for Seamen
10,603	Attendance of Seamen Readers in Conrad Library; 3,983 Books distributed
49,695	Total Attendance of Cadets and Seamen at 1,165 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 2,433 new students enrolled
9,178	Incoming Telephone Calls for Seamen

Till over the sea's far rim they slide.  
"Eternal Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave—

O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!"

Clara Raymond Spangler  
*Published in Honolulu Star Bulletin,  
February 17, 1942.*

### The Tanker Crew

No crowd was there to see them go,  
No cheers or gay adieu,  
But chins were high, and hull was low,  
And hearts were strong and true.  
Just one last look at that fond shore,  
Descending on the lee;  
They loved their land then all the more,  
As it was topped by sea  
Alone, their view justsea and sky—  
The two were everywhere—  
The sky was dark, the sea its dye,  
But they had no despair.  
U-boat unseen sent hell's true love,  
The devil torched the oil,  
His flames wide threw the gates above;  
The sea became the soil.  
All this was so, but not in vain,  
For there will always be  
Brave men and right sans fame or gain;  
Tis they who make the free.

—George W. Weeks, III  
*Published in the Staten Island Advance  
of June 8, 1942*



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