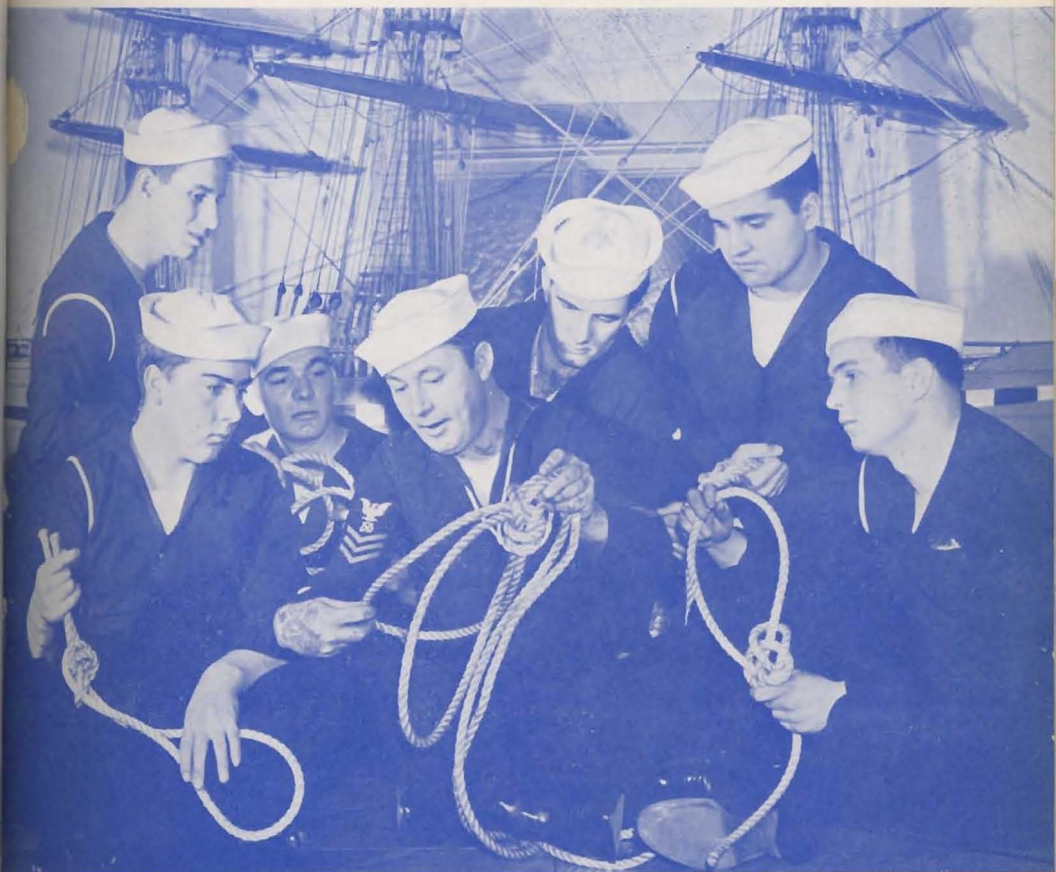


THE LOOKOUT



Acme Photo

KNOTS AND SPLICES

Courtesy U. S. Coast Guard

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXIII—NUMBER 3

MARCH, 1942

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows a group of United States Coast Guard recruits using the facilities of the Institute's Merchant Marine School while Bosun's Mate John Brymer (1st class U.S.C.G.) instructs them in the art of splicing and knot-tying.

Sanctuary

O Almighty God, defend and protect those in the service of our country, and especially those who go down to the sea in ships. Keep them strong, endue them with loyalty and courage, self-control and perseverance, and grant that in all things they may best serve their country by first serving Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

St. Bartholomew's Church, New York (adapted)

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIII, MARCH, 1942

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President

THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.
Director

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor

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Address all communications to

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

March, 1942

No. 3

Submarines' Joll

"Weep for the lost ships
The lost ships of the new World War.
A ghostly procession
Ever-growing in number . . .
Weep for these noble ships
And weep for their nobler crews!"

SINCE the U-boat attacks began on January 14th off the Atlantic seacoast, the number of vessels sunk or crippled totals (at press time) twenty-one and at least 500 persons are dead or missing. It has been the responsibility and the privilege of the Institute to welcome many of the seamen survivors of these ship disasters.

When the crew of the Latvian freighter *Ciltvaira* arrived at 25 South Street, our staff was in a bit of a quandary — because the seamen could speak no English and no Latvian-speaking Institute employee was at hand until the Rev. Carl Podin, born in Latvia, a former chaplain at the Institute, was summoned from his home on Long Island. He hurried to New York and to the Institute and warmly greeted the men who had survived when their vessel was sunk by an enemy submarine off the Virginian coast on January 19th. With Chaplain Podin as interpreter, the newspaper reporters and THE LOOKOUT editor were able to get their story.

Headed by their skipper, Karl Skerbergs, the men were brought to New York by the Brazilian freighter *Bury*, after they had been rescued once and then gone back to their stricken ship in a vain but courageous attempt to salvage her. All but eight members of the crew of 35 were asleep when the torpedo hit at 5 A.M. Two men below decks were killed instantly and two others are missing. The men took to the boats and rowed about for several

hours. Seeing her still afloat, nine men volunteered to return to the *Ciltvaira*; they went aboard and ran up an S O S flag when they found that the vessel was broken in the middle and beyond hope of salvage. Twenty-three men were taken aboard a Socony-Vacuum 9,000 tanker and landed at Charleston. The others were brought to New York by the *Bury*. One of the crew, Leon Lusia, told us that a Norwegian freighter had tried to tow the crippled *Ciltvaira*, but that the hawser had snapped.

Eighteen members of the Norwegian tanker *Varanger*, torpedoed three times by one or more Nazi submarines, southeast of Townsend's Inlet, New Jersey, on January 25th, enjoyed the hospitality of the Institute for four days. Most of the tanker's crew, of whom two were naturalized Americans, the rest Norwegians, were in their bunks when the first torpedo stabbed into the oil-laden vessel. It blasted their four-inch gun and radio shack overboard. The men rushed to the decks, some half-clothed, and threw themselves into two lifeboats as the other torpedoes crashed into the *Varanger*. Drenched from head to foot with oil, many of them suffering severely from burns, the crew rowed desperately to get clear of the ship as the boiler blew up. Captain Dewy Monchetti, sixty-two years old, master of the fishing dory *Gennaro* sighted them after they had rowed for four hours. The men regarded their escape from a vessel filled with 14,000 tons of oil as miraculous. They regretted that a dachshund mascot was lost. Another fishing vessel, the thirty-two foot *Eileen*, commanded by Captain Dominick Con-

stantino, also came to the rescue of the *Varanger* crew. They were brought to the Coast Guard station at Townsend Inlet and eventually to New York and to the Institute. Residents of Atlantic City heard and felt the explosions of the torpedoes when they plowed into the tanker.



Photo by Seaman Donald Storms
Friendly (?) Shipmates

The Institute is grateful to thoughtful and generous friends who continue to send us men's clothing — shoes, socks, underwear, suits, overcoats, etc. — and to the women who faithfully knit sweaters, socks, caps, mittens, etc. so that torpedoed crews may be quickly clothed when they are brought to our building, regardless of the time of day or night. Warm garments are always needed for the men who sail their ships to Iceland, Newfoundland, Alaska and other northern waters.

Cats and dogs are the favorite pets of seafaring men. Almost every torpedoed crew that is brought to the Institute tells of their mascot, sometimes rescued by the daring of some seaman. The crew of the tanker *Norness* particularly mourned the loss of their dog "Pete", a five-month old puppy. The crew of the Latvian freighter *Ciltvaira* told of saving their mascot, "Pluskis", a dog but losing "Briska", a cat. Not being able to procure a photograph of these two, we obtained a picture of another dog and cat who live aboard an American freighter.

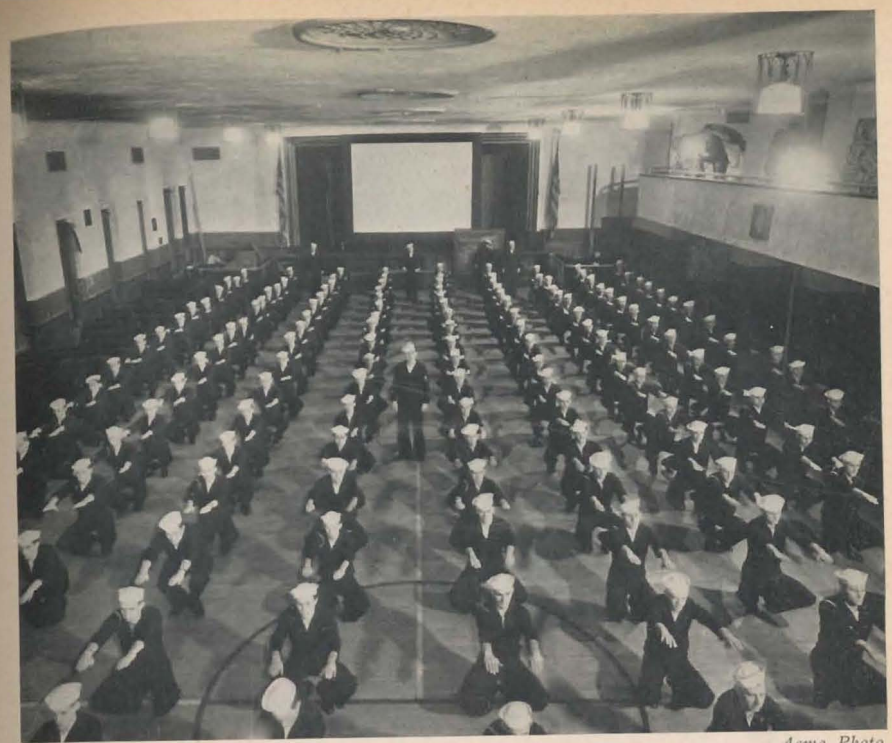
U. S. Maritime Service "Pool"

THE American Merchant Marine has proved itself well "capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency". During 1939 and 1940 our merchant ships brought home "safely and speedily our nationals who had been left in the various war areas". Ships were diverted from all kinds of trades and their crews and the companies operating them demonstrated their efficiency in helping our national defense. American ships and their officers and men brought indispensable cargoes for defense.

Now that America is in the war, many merchant vessels, both new and old, have been converted for naval and military use and with these vessels have gone a great num-

ber of merchant officers. All honor to them!

Now comes the problem of how to man the new merchant ships which are being built by the U. S. Maritime Commission. American shipyards, now launching merchant vessels at the rate of one-a-day, are scheduled to reach the two-a-day launching rate by the first of May. The officers and men who will sail these ships to the fighting fronts laden with cargoes of oil, munitions, food, equipment, planes, supplies and troops must be well trained in seamanship, navigation, piloting, etc. The U. S. Maritime Training Service under the supervision of the U. S. Coast Guard, has been busy these past few years training men for service in the American Merchant Marine.



Acme Photo
Keeping in Trim for the Job Ahead—A Daily Scene in the Institute's Auditorium

Articles have appeared from time to time about this Maritime Training Service. Recently the youngest chaplain of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, the Rev. Leroy Lawson, was appointed the first chaplain in the Maritime Service (and the first in the American Merchant Marine) with the rank of ensign, to be on duty at Hoffman Island.

On February 10th, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York was appointed the official receiving station of the first American Maritime "Pool" ever established. This means that after the young men have completed their training for deck, engine or stewards departments at the various stations of the Maritime Service — Gallup's Island, Boston, St. Petersburg, Florida, Hoffman Island, N. Y. and others, they are sent to the Institute to await calls to merchant ships.

The purpose of the Pool is to

maintain these men on active duty from the time they complete their training until berths have been found for them aboard merchant vessels. The United States has an investment of several months time in training the men and a considerable amount of money. During the training period for seafaring as a career, the Government quartered, clothed, fed these men and paid them \$21.00 a month. While at the Institute their pay and subsistence will be continued and they will be quartered in dormitories on the 5th floor. Leave, liberty and recreation will be as generous as possible.

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is glad to cooperate with the U. S. Maritime Service by offering these men the facilities of the building at 25 South Street, the use of the bowling alleys, game rooms, writing rooms, auditorium, library, etc. They are the Merchant Marine of the future, and deserve every consideration.



Learning Seamanship

Acme Photo

Several hundred men are assigned to the Institute at one time. The shipping companies are eager to obtain such well-trained young men and therefore their stay at "25 South Street" is limited. As they ship out other groups of new-made seamen come from the Maritime Service training stations to take their places.

When the men are needed on advanced vessels, the "Pool" is so advised by the U. S. Maritime Commission. They are then released from active training duty, given a physical examination, paid to date, accepted for regular enrollment in the U. S. Maritime Service and assigned to the Maritime Commission at 45 Broadway for re-assignment to the vessels where their services are required. From then on, they are "on their own". Many of them whose homes are far from New York will continue to make the Institute their home whenever their ships dock here.

Before establishing the Pool, men who completed training at the U. S. Maritime Service stations were released directly, and the Government

often lost contact with them. Now they will have their records on file and will be able to record their progress as they work up through the ranks of the merchant marine.

The men who are sent to the Institute are under the supervision of Chief Boatswain Frank C. Herold, U. S. Coast Guard, commanding officer of the Maritime Service "Pool."

First Ship Built by U. S. for Britain Gets Across

Ocean Vanguard Carries Cargo to British Port

From the Herald Tribune Bureau
Copyright, 1942, New York Tribune Inc.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—The Ocean Vanguard, the appropriately named first merchant ship built in America for Great Britain at war, has arrived in a British port after passing through a terrific Atlantic gale, it was disclosed today.

The 7,000-ton vessel, forerunner of a great fleet of merchant ships now being built in the United States for Britain, brought aircraft, canned goods, hides and wheat. She was built in four months and is said to be well equipped with anti-aircraft defenses.

Lend A Hand!

IN the past year women throughout the United States have been knitting garments for the merchant seamen. Our Slop Chest already has been filled by several thousands of knitted articles, but many more sweaters, socks, helmets, mufflers, and mittens would find their way there if it were possible for the Central Council of Associations to furnish free wool to some of the knitters. The need for these garments is acute. Victims of sinking ships lose all their clothing. So, an urgent S. O. S. goes out to all those who do not knit to furnish wool for those who do.

Many people are already making efforts to contribute to our wool fund. The head of a large business concern buys the wool for his employees who have formed a knitting club, and the girls say, "If you want to keep in the good graces of the 'Boss' you'd better join." Three little Negro newsboys pooled their resources and bought wool so that Mary, age nine years, could knit a pair of socks for some shipwrecked seaman of their race. A dear old lady, past eighty, who lives in an Old Ladies Home, sent in her birthday money to purchase wool. She used to knit socks for the seamen. Her eyesight is failing and she

wanted someone to knit for her.

We must not fail our merchant seamen, who are the very "life line of our country", and we should look upon it as a privilege to help care for their needs, both physical and spiritual.

Lend a hand! Do not think that because yours is small,

Or because from its fingers no riches may fall,

It was meant you should render no succor at all!

—J. WALCOTT.

Address inquiries to:

MRS. GRAFTON BURKE, *Secretary*
Central Council of Associations
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

The Normandie*

Like a mortally wounded animal she lies
Perhaps awaiting the time
When days seem too dark to endure,
When disaster is imminent and victory
not sure—

Perhaps then—with the help of a sturdy
salvage crew

The great Sea-Queen will arise
And serve the cause of Liberty anew.

* New York, N. Y. February 9, 1942.
The \$60,000,000. former liner *Normandie*, recently taken over by the United States for war duty and renamed the U.S.S. *Lafayette*, lies on her port side in forty feet of water, history's greatest marine salvage problem, water increasing the damage by the fire which spread through her decks while at her Hudson River pier, foot of 48th Street.



Photo by Marie Higginson

Fashions in Knitting — Modelled by Merchant Seamen

Book Review

MY NAME IS FRANK

By Frank Laskier

With introduction by William McFee
W. W. Norton and Co., New York \$1.00

This book is probably unique, since it was not written. Every word was spoken by a British merchant seaman who talked to a microphone of the BBC without any rehearsal or any notes. British apprentices and officers with whom this reviewer talked said that they all liked "Frank". "He is natural. He is genuine," they said of him. His language is simple and appealing to landsmen, and to seamen it has that "ship-shape" style, like a well tied knot, that is satisfactory. Frank lost his leg in this war—when his ship was torpedoed—but it has not made him bitter. "I am quite an ordinary sort of individual—all we sailors are," says Frank. "We have our job to do and we do it." As William McFee says in his preface: "Altogether, reading these simple stories is a great experience. It has been proved, not only in the last war, but in this one, that seamen will sign on and sail again, no matter how often they have been bombed and sunk and left alone in leaky open boats. That is their tradition. We will remember that, too. Our job ashore is to give them all aid. They are giving their very lives."

"WE'LL KEEP 'EM SAILING!"

"Sailing at sea these days is by no means the job it was in the last war. In the last war you merely had your surface raider to look after or your periscope to lookout for, or your occasional mine-field. But in this one, you've got a combination of all those together, and added to that you have something that you can only describe in the Biblical words: 'The terror that flies by night'. Only it's not night, it's the dive bombers. . . ."

And remember this . . . we've got past a submarine, we've got past the dive bombers, we've got through the mine fields and we've come home. And we've sailed out. We always will sail out."
Seaman Frank.

'Sighted Sub; Sank Same,' Radios a Modern Perry in Naval Plane

While the Navy Department was officially disclosing in its communiqué last night that its counter-measures against enemy submarines off the Atlantic coast were proving "increasingly effective," a spokesman for the department revealed a

Submarines' Toll Off Atlantic Coast

As We Go To Press

Twenty-one vessels have been attacked by submarines in American waters off the Atlantic coast, and at least 500 persons are dead or missing since the U-boat attacks began on Jan. 14. The vessels and the known casualties were:

JAN. 14—Panamanian tanker Norness, sixty miles off Montauk Point, L. I.; two dead.

JAN. 15—Allied tanker Coimbra, off Southampton, L. I.; casualties not announced.

JAN. 18—American tanker Allan Jackson, off North Carolina; twenty-two lost.

JAN. 19—American tanker Malay, off North Carolina; five lost. The Malay made port.

American coastal steamer City of Atlanta, off Cape Hatteras; forty-four lost.

Latvian freighter Ciltvaira, off Virginia; two lost.

Canadian passenger ship Lady Hawkins; death list feared 250.

JAN. 24—American ore carrier Venore, off North Carolina; twenty-two lost.

JAN. 25—Norwegian tanker Varanger, off Atlantic City; no casualties.

JAN. 27—American tanker Francis E. Powell; four feared dead.

American tanker Pan Maine; casualties not known.

American ore carrier Venore.

FEB. 1—Tanker Rochester.

FEB. 2—Swedish Motorship Amerikaland.

FEB. 5—Freighter San Gil.

FEB. 6—American tanker India Arrow.

FEB. 9—American tanker China Arrow.

FEB. 12—American tanker W. L. Steed; 3 rescued, 35 lost.

FEB. 16—American Tanker E. H. Blum. No casualties.

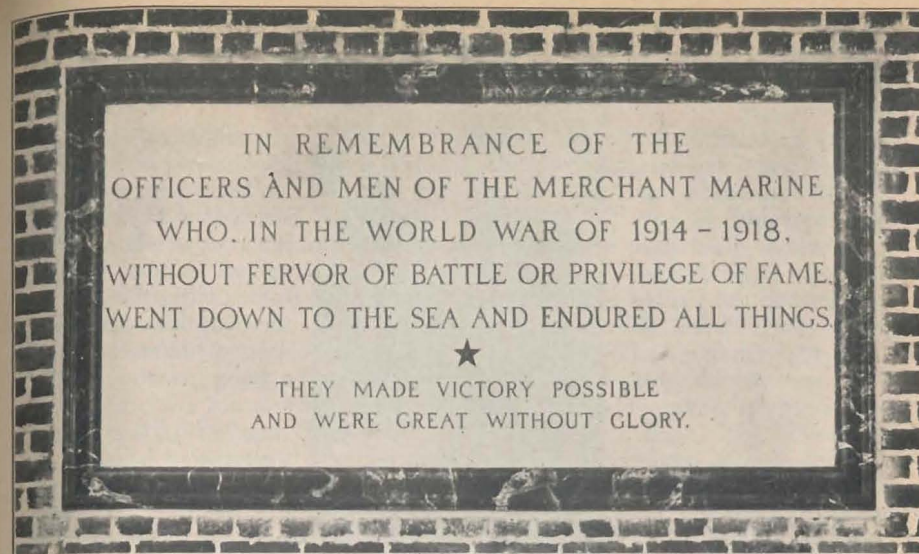
FEB. 17—Brazilian cargo vessel Buarque; 83 saved, 2 lost.

FEB. 18—Brazilian freighter Olinda.

FEB. 20—American tanker Pan-Massachusetts; 20 lost.

terse but graphic report of the sinking of one of the marauders by a naval plane.

With brevity worthy of Oliver Hazard Perry, whose message after the Battle of Lake Erie was the laconic: "We have met the enemy and they are ours," a petty officer piloting a naval patrol plane radioed to his base: "Sighted sub; sank same." The spokesman declined to say where or when this action took place or to elaborate on other aspects of the fight.



"Great Without Glory"

The Memorial Tablet pictured here was mounted on the Bandstand in Jeanette Park, opposite the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. When the New York City Park Department remodelled the Park last year, the tablet was placed in the custody of the Institute until such time as a suitable base and flagstaff could be constructed in the center of the Park.

Now that America is in the war, the general feeling is that it will be wise to postpone mounting these World War I tablets until, with God's help, Victory and Peace may end World War II. In the meantime, the Institute is befriending the living merchant seamen who are serving the cause of Freedom so gallantly and modestly. We ask LOOKOUT readers to pause, this Lenten season, and remember all those merchant seamen and officers who have given their lives recently and those who are risking their lives daily. They, too, are "great without glory".



SPECIAL LENTEN GIFTS WILL BE ESPECIALLY APPRECIATED.

Please send contributions to the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

"Unsung Heroes"

With so many daring exploits on land and sea and in the air, we are beginning to take for granted our front page heroes. The United States fighting forces are the best dressed and fed in the world, and we are proud of them.

But there is a little band of unsung heroes who do not make the front page. They are a weather-beaten lot, with red faces and rough hands, and don't talk much. They ride the tankers and freighters, carrying the much needed arms and supplies.

They do not wear snappy-looking uniforms, more often they have rags or old stockings tied round their wrists in place of gloves. Their pictures never appear showing them being entertained or dancing with Junior League debs. Any time they have on their hands must be used for much-needed sleep or to patch up their wounds and away to sea again. They must deliver the goods!

The next time we are caught without our rubbers on in the rain, don't let us worry about it, but try to imagine what it's like to be adrift in an open lifeboat this weather.

Brooklyn.

Reprinted from the New York World Telegram

The Kungsholm

By Russel Crouse*

SHE has taken off her gay white gown and put on gray. Gray is the color of war — and the *Kungsholm* has gone to war.

Somehow you have the feeling that she was relieved, and even eager, when the United States called her to the colors. The world she knew has changed. The ports she knew and which always welcomed her are grim now. The seas that she sailed with such a light heart are full of man-made sharks. The *Kungsholm* wanted to go right on smiling — but this isn't the time to smile.

No ship ever fulfilled her mission more magnificently than the *Kungsholm* in time of peace. She did more to bring America and Sweden together than a dozen good-will missions might have accomplished. No one could meet her officers and crew — from the weather-beaten captain to the smallest blond, smiling stewardess — without knowing the charm of the Swedish people. No one could step on her spotless decks without feeling something of the grace and spirit of Swedish life.

My own memories of her are treasures. I've seen her in the eerie light of the midnight sun in the Northern waters which she seemed to feel were her very Viking own. I've heard her engines pounding under me in dense fog in waters strewn with treacherous ice-bergs. I've stood on her prow as she nosed her determined way through the slender waters of the fjords.

I've seen her gayly alight in the sapphire harbor of Stockholm, with practically the entire population out to welcome her. I've seen her in the tiny Norwegian port of Molde — God knows what's there now — with the mayor of the city rowing out all by himself, with top hat and umbrella, to bring an official greeting.

I've seen her making her way out

of the port of Leningrad, a black storm in the skies behind her, almost pursuing her and throwing bolts of lightning at her, and a Russian destroyer cutting across her bow. I've seen her lying off Visby in the bright blue Baltic, with the ghosts of Hanseatic merchantmen all about her in the dusk, and the ruins of an ancient might lying nearby in the shadows.

I've seen her with her decks aglitter and her crew in bright costumes of the Swedish byways moving gracefully in the folk dances of their land. I've seen her gay with the color of a bal masque. And I've seen her with her decks awash with great waves and every man at his post.

She was just as much at home, too, in the tropics — with her course guided by the great moon of the Caribbees instead of the midnight sun. There wasn't a port that didn't welcome her. There wasn't a port which wasn't brighter for her having been there.

And now she's gone to war. Now she must go silently through dark waters. She couldn't have gone on being light-hearted in a world where hearts are heavy. But I'm sure, too, that she sees bright days and smooth seas — free seas again — beyond the storms. We who know her are proud of her. God guide her safely back to port.

* Reprinted by special permission from "The American Swedish Monthly".

The Motorship "Kungsholm," famous as a trans-Atlantic liner and cruise-ship of the Swedish American Line, has been purchased by the U. S. Maritime Commission. Re-named "John Ericsson," she will be operated in Government service.

Editor's Note: John Ericsson was a Swedish-American Naval engineer (Born 1803, died 1889) who built the first armored turret ship *Monitor* which, in the Civil War, defeated the Confederate ship *Merrimac*.

A Plucky Steward

CHIEF Steward Alan Harvie is a plucky fellow. He has "gone down to the sea in ships" and seen "the wonders of the deep". He has been torpedoed four times since World War II began and says he is not one bit jittery about tempting the Fates and expects to sail soon again, after he has enjoyed a brief vacation at his home in Vancouver, B. C.

He will not tell reporters the names of any of his ships, for he takes seriously the injunctions on the posters in the British Merchant Navy Club on the second floor of the Institute, where he was interviewed, posters which say "Keep It Dark", "Don't Tell Names of Ships, Destinations or Cargoes", "Don't Help the Enemy — Seamen Serve Silently". But his story has been substantiated.

Harvie's first ship was torpedoed the week of September 3rd, 1939, when war first began. His last ship was torpedoed a few weeks ago. He says that his worst experience was aboard a burning tanker, and he praises the new regulations which require seamen in British tankers to have asbestos suits and blankets — life-saving protection when fire breaks out after a ship is torpedoed.

Among other equipment now required for lifeboats on British tankers and freighters, says Harvie, is a whistle for each man, woolen blankets, massaging oil (when legs and arms get stiff with cold, to prevent frost-bite); jack-knife, can-opener, bottle-opener, concentrated foods (meat and vegetable tablets) and a new kind of biscuit which does not make the seamen thirsty; also it does not get hard the way hard tack and



Photo by Marie Higginson

pilot biscuits do. Hand-pumps are also in life-boats, within recent months, instead of having nothing but tin cans for bailing. Life-preservers now have a one-cell battery in a waterproof container, and a red light fastened to the life belt, which goes on automatically when the wearer strikes the water.

Harvie spent three days on a ten foot raft when one of the ships he served on was torpedoed. His longest time spent on the open sea was twenty-one days in a life-boat. He was in charge of rationing the food, and

gave the men corned beef, biscuits, small tin cups of water, canned milk by the spoonful and concentrated meat and vegetable tablets. In deciding just how to ration the stores, he consults the mate in command of the life-boat who determines the boat's position and then tells Harvie the approximate distance to the nearest land. "We assume", he explained with a smile, "that we won't be picked up." So he doles out the food accordingly. Every man, unlicensed seaman or officer, receives the same amount. The only exception is the injured men who usually are allowed double rations of water.

Whenever a seaman threatens to drink salt water, Harvie says that an officer knocks him out. When the man revives, he is given a drink of fresh water and is told of the fatal consequences to those who drink the tempting salt water all around them.

Harvie's advice to men on a torpedoed freighter, if she is sinking forward, is to go aft and "Don't jump until you have to and then jump the opposite way of the suc-

tion." On a burning tanker, it is imperative to go as far forward as possible and into the wind, as the tanks are in the after part of the ship. "I always advise the men in the stewards department to grab burlap bags full of food, which they keep ready, when the torpedo strikes," declared Harvie.

As the days pass in the lifeboats, Harvie says that sometimes the men sing to pass away the time. (No World War I songs, or sea chanties, but good modern tunes.) Sometimes one of the seamen starts telling jokes. Sometimes they talk about home. Sometimes they row silently. Usually there is a wit among the crew who keeps things

lively. Harvie told how the life rafts which are usually kept forward and aft, on both starboard and port sides of the ship, are kept afloat with 45 gallon drum-type barrels, but when the rafts are shelled by enemy submarines coming to the surface, they used to puncture the barrels and the rafts would sink. They are now filled with kapok, like the kapok cushions on yachts, and these keep the rafts afloat indefinitely. He also said that the large seven pound tins of corned beef were often punctured or dented by shells, and when opened, the beef was found to be bad, so that now he carries small tins of the beef in the lifeboat's lockers.

U.S. Coast Guard Benefit

FOR the first time in the 152-year history of the United States Coast Guard a benefit was held in order to help the 2,000 families of Coast Guardsmen in the Third Naval District. The benefit was held on Saturday evening, February 14th in the Auditorium of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York which contributed the space and some of its staff. Mark Warnow, your Hit Parade Maestro, provided the music and stars of stage, screen and radio entertained. All of them contributed their services.

Just as the Army and Navy have their Welfare Leagues, so has the Coast Guard, but because of the war the need has increased so much that a public appeal for assistance became necessary. Coast Guardsmen who are stationed on ships often do not return to port for several months and in the meantime their wives and children receive uncertain allotments. The principal need is for funds to provide temporary financial assistance for hospital care, clothing, food and shelter for the families of the men who are on active duty, patrolling the Atlantic Seaboard.

Captain Ralph W. Dempwolf,

Senior Coast Guard officer, Third Naval District, directs the distribution of the Welfare Fund. As we go to press he reports that the Benefit was a financial success.

Mrs. George Emlen Roosevelt was Chairman of the Patroness Committee. Bert Lytell, president of Actor's Equity Association, was Chairman of the Entertainment Committee and Harold S. Vanderbilt was Chairman of the Civilian Committee.

The U. S. Coast Guard is the oldest maritime service of the U. S. Government. On August 4th, 1940, it observed its 150th birthday. In 1939 it took over supervision of the U. S. Lighthouse Bureau. Each year the Coast Guard takes on new duties: it inaugurated the Ice Patrol after the Titanic disaster; during prohibition it had the thankless job of patrolling against rum running; in more recent years it has investigated the narcotics and explosives trades; in 1940 it took over the Atlantic Weather Observation Patrol Service for the benefit of trans-Atlantic flying. All of these activities are ably handled in addition to the regular duties of a humanitarian nature such as transportation of per-

sons needing medical attention from ships to hospitals; the warning of small boats and fishing vessels of approaching storms; the searching for overdue or lost vessels; ice-breaking; survey and rescue work in connection with floods, hurricanes, etc.

The U. S. Coast Guard in its 152 years of service has built up a splendid tradition which is exemplified by its motto "*Semper Paratus*" (Always Ready).

Since last Fall the Institute, which regards the Coast Guard as "blood brother" of the Merchant Marine, has welcomed approximately 1,400 Coast Guard recruits who were temporarily quartered here until assigned to active duty.

A Welcome Gift

An unexpected but very welcome gift to the Institute resulted from the preparations for the Coast Guard benefit. Mr. Bert Lytell, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, brought to the attention of Mr. Emil Friedlander the poor condition of our stage curtain and drapes, which were greatly the worse for wear. Mr. Friedlander very generously gave a complete new set of drapes, which were used for the first time on the night of the Coast Guard benefit. The main front stage curtain is of dark red velvet and to the rear of this are three blue curtains and one cream, together with side curtains and valances to match. We are very grateful for this gift.



"TOSS OARS" — RECRUIT TRAINING

Commander McCabe



Commander George E. McCabe, U.S.C.G., who has been Superintendent of the Maritime Service Training Station at Hoffman Island (located in New York Harbor) since 1938, has recently been assigned to the new U.S. Coast Guard Training Station established at Manhattan Beach. In May he will be in command of one of the new Maritime Service training ships on which seamen-in-the-making get their practical experience.

The Commander has always been a good friend of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and we have been glad to cooperate with him in many ways such as providing recreation for his men at Hoffman Island, sending books, arranging dances in the Apprentices' Room for the students, and sending Chaplain Lawson to conduct Sunday services in the chapel on the Island.

When assigned to Hoffman Island, Commander McCabe found a flat, half-forgotten seven acres just below the Narrows, once used for the segregation of immigrants suspected of having contagious diseases. He utilized old buildings, machinery and materials and used great ingenuity and resourcefulness in transforming the little island into a thriving school with remodelled buildings and well-equipped classrooms.

As the Maritime Service continued to appropriate additional funds, new

buildings were erected to meet the increasing demand for training. A gunnery school was established long before war was declared with the result that hundreds of merchant seamen are already trained to man several types of guns aboard merchant ships.

Today, Hoffman Island is regarded as a model for similar schools in other seaports. Originally intended to rehabilitate the merchant marine and to give additional training to seamen with two years experience, the school has expanded and now trains about 1,100 landsmen to become seamen who can "shoot subs" and "row lifeboats". About 30,000 new merchant seamen will have to be recruited during the next year, and the largest group will come from the five schools of the U. S. Maritime Service. Recruits spend two months on the Island learning basic seamanship. Then they go to sea on one of the training ships: the square-riggers "Joseph Conrad" or "Tusitala" or the steamships "American Seaman" or "American Sailor".

Master Twice Saves Ship

Whenever a British merchant ship is sunk or damaged the master or senior survivor makes a report stating the facts without heroics.

The chief officer of a small coaster which was attacked by aircraft wrote:—

"I cannot speak too highly of the master. He had no protection where he stood on the bridge to watch the aircraft, and twice he swung the ship to avoid the bombs. He was as cool as a cucumber all the time.

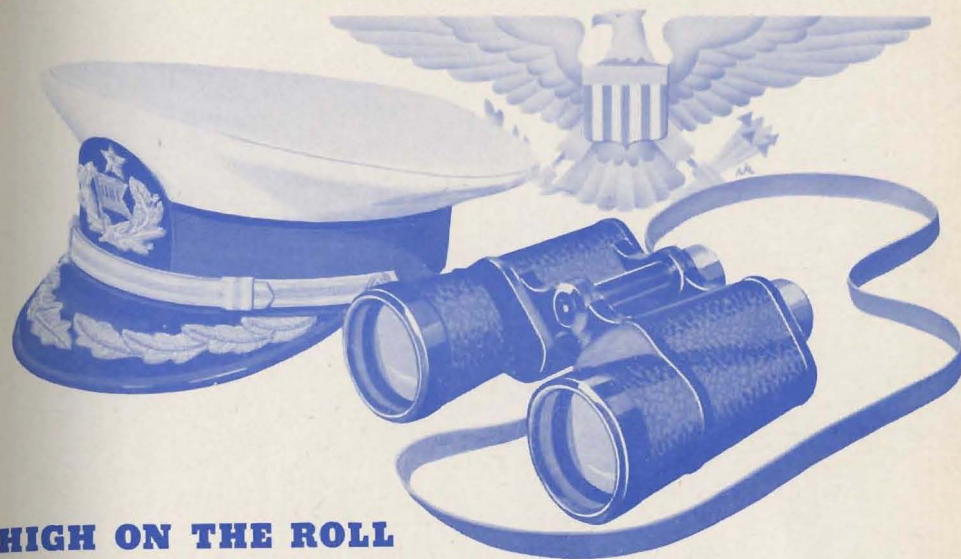
"Even after being shot in the stomach he continued at his post until he was killed by a bomb. Everybody said he saved the ship twice from bombs in the face of machine-gun fire and cannon shells."

Here is an extract from the report of a master of another vessel:

"I would like to recommend my chief engineer. He is an old man. When I mustered the crew after the explosion he was the only member missing, and he was eventually found working among the steam in the engine-room."

From the Journal of Commerce & Shipping Telegraph, London

★ A TRIBUTE TO THE GALLANT MEN OF AMERICA'S MERCHANT MARINE ★



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— high on the roll of those who worked with fortitude to save our way of life will surely be the names of all who are so vitally contributing to the defense of the freedom of the seas.

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* We regret to report the death of Mr. Henry McComb Bangs, a loyal friend of seamen who served on the Board of Managers since 1927.