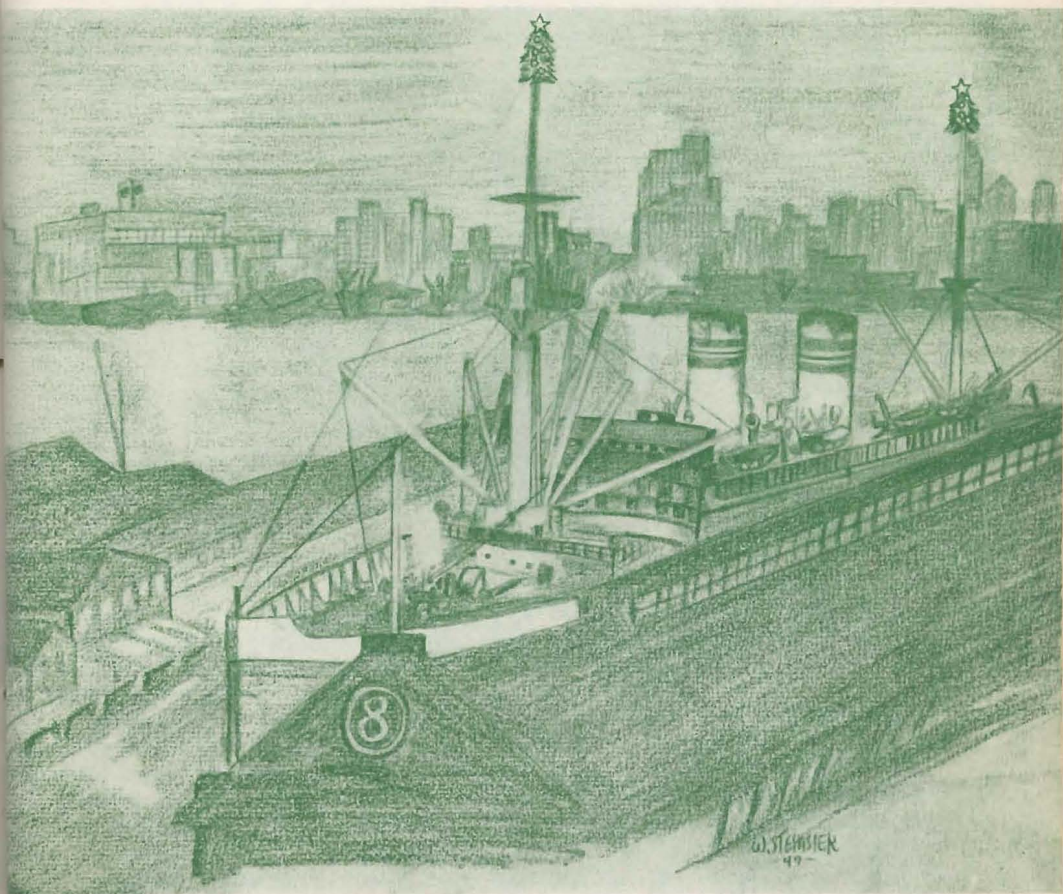


The Lookout



Drawing by Walter Steinsiek

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

From the Institute's Roof: A view of Pier 8, East River, where the Norwegian-America Line's ship, "STAVANGERFJORD" is docked. With Christmas trees at her mastheads, she is ready to sail home to Norway for the holiday.

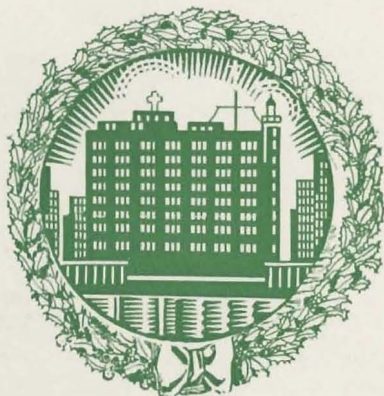


Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Sanctuary

O God, who makest the Heaven and the Earth and the Sea, and who sent us Thine only son Jesus Christ, as we joyfully observe His birthday, we humbly beseech Thee to bless the seamen who go down to the sea in ships. Guard them, we pray, from the dangers of the deep, and may they travel in safety to the havens where they would be, preserved from all perils, filled with wisdom and girded with strength to do their duty to Thy honor and glory. Amen.



The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVIII, DECEMBER, 1947

Copyright, 1947, by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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\$1.00 per year 10c per copy
Gifts of \$5.00 per year and over
include a year's subscription to "THE
LOOKOUT".

Entered as second class matter July 8,
1925, at New York, N. Y., under the act of
March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

The Lookout

Vol. XXXVIII

December, 1947

No. 12

Guadalcanal Christmas

By John Hodakovsky*

ON December 24, 1943, the freighter *Aurora* tied up at Kukum Dock, Guadalcanal. The gangplank had barely been lowered when eager Marines swarmed aboard anxious for news from home and the sailors obliged by telling of the incredible speed at which industry was moving; the rationing of meat, sugar, canned food; the ridiculous zoot suits and the outrageous, sloppy dress of the bobby soxers. The Marines devoured each scrap of news, for news from home was a rare and precious thing.

The Marines were a rugged bunch, clad in khaki shorts, fatigue caps and combat shoes. Side arms and jungle knives dangled from their belts and their muscular bronze bodies glistened in the tropical sun.

One fellow, whom the others called Boston, said wistfully, "Tomorrow is Christmas." Conversation stopped suddenly. The sailors nodded gravely as if Boston had said something great and important, and everybody thought of past Christmases with snow, jingling sleigh bells and trees glamorous with gaudy glass bulbs. They recalled bustling streets with their happy throngs and the countless "Merry Christmases" that would be exchanged between their loved ones.

There, at Guadalcanal, the maddening heat, the sweat, the implacable enemy just over Bloody Knoll trying his best to kill them, the battered smoking hulls of ships in the Slot, the neat white crosses on the beach which marked the spot where their countrymen slept forever; the burning, consuming hate they felt for the Jap and the unholy desire to kill, kill, kill—these were things the Marines and sailors lived, felt and dreamed about. They were nightmarish, but they were also real.



Drawing by Hendrik Van Loon

"Look, fellows," said Boston, breaking the spell he had begun. "Would it be okay if we came aboard for Christmas dinner? We've been eating K-rations for months."

"Sure," interrupted the steward enthusiastically, "Come on and welcome! I'll have the cooks fix a couple of extra turkeys."

"Thanks!" Boston said with gratitude. "This means a lot to us."

After the Marines left that night the steward asked the seamen to clear out of the messroom. They protested because the messroom was like a club-room after the dishes were cleared away. They loafed, spun yarns or played cards, but that night the steward insisted and finally the sailors had to leave. Then the steward had his boys bring in great cardboard boxes, the contents of which were hidden from view. When, out of curiosity, the sailors peered in from the door, the steward closed the door in their faces and locked it from within. They could hear a lot of commotion.

Christmas morning was just the beginning of another day. The security watch woke the sailors at the usual six

*Member, Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine.

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Courtesy Socony-Vacuum Oil Co.

From the Painting by Charles Rosner

bells; they washed and dressed in the same mechanical manner and went to breakfast in the same listless way.

But the messroom was not the same. It had been transformed from a spare white-painted room to a gay, beautiful room. Bright red and green streamers were stretched along the overhead, large red paper bells dangled merrily; tinsel and artificial holly decorated the bulkheads. Even the deck had a spanking new coat of red shellac.

"Merry Christmas," the steward greeted each bug-eyed sailor. Out of habit the sailors replied, "The same to you," then recalling their shipmates they greeted them with a "Merry Christmas" till it was repeated over and over. A warm happy glow stole over them and the tree, loaded with gaily-colored baubles and standing on top of the table in the corner, brought a lump in their throats. Petty differences were forgotten. They saw each other in a different light and their hearts overflowed with good will.

Boston and his mates came aboard after a bit. They, too, became infected with the Christmas spirit. When dinner came everybody fell to

but none of the sailors ate as much as their guests. The stomachs of those marines seemed to be bottomless pits to which the laden fork travelled in an endless arc—from plate to mouth. White and dark meat, gizzard and drumstick, dressing and cranberries, pumpkin pie and fresh baked bread—all vanished from the table till only a few bones remained on otherwise cleaned plates. The sailors kidded the Marines but they grinned and did not answer, unwilling to waste words when the more important job of eating was at hand. Finally they finished, leaned back in their chairs, fondly patted bulging stomachs, and swore they wouldn't be able to eat for a week. They praised the steward and cooks who beamed and answered modestly that it was nothing.

The bosun's mate disappeared and returned lugging a bulging burlap sack. He set it on the deck and opened it. It was full of bottled wine and the sailors let out a whoop and swarmed all over the bosun and his bag, disregarding his laughing protests as they extracted the bottles. The steward broke out some glasses and these were soon filled. Everybody was toasting each other and Christmas Day. The sailors accused the bosun of holding out but he had a ready answer. "I was saving the wine for Christmas," he said, "Aren't you glad I did?"

The ship's radio announced a program beamed from America. Above the din came a Christmas carol. One of the sailors began to hum in accompaniment; another joined him and soon the whole crew were singing. As they sang the Christmas spirit descended on them. It stirred and inspired them and the song went out of the porthole over the blue waters, on the desolate white beaches and among the shell-torn palms. Marines ashore stopped in their tracks and listened; up in the hills the hated Japs heard it too but didn't understand the meaning of it. But the most hardened and cynical marine who heard it felt the miracle of Christmas steal over him because it was contagious as only the Christmas spirit can be.

As the last note of "Silent Night" died down the announcer from the States said that Bing Crosby would sing "Adeste Fidelis." It was beautiful. When Bing finished, he wished a "Merry Christmas to those overseas" in a voice so sincere and so genuine it was as if he were among the sailors and marines on the *Aurora* and speaking only to them.

Bing then said he would sing a new song. He began, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas." It was the first time any of the sailors or marines had heard it and Bing's rich, incomparable baritone flooded the mess room. Every hope, every dream, and all their yearnings seemed to be expressed in that song.

"Sleigh bells in the snow," sang

Bing, "Where the tree tops glisten, and children listen."

An awful feeling of homesickness stole over the listeners. There was a tension in the air and if anyone had broken out in tears none of the others would have blamed him because they, too, felt the same. It was a bad moment.

Then Boston—good old Boston—broke the tension. His ruddy face swelled, grew ruddier, and finally, he exploded, "Jeez," he roared, "I'd give a hundred bucks for just one nice cold white snowball!"

The sailors and Marines laughed—a little loudly perhaps because it was a relief, but they felt better. For a few minutes they had been home. Bing had taken them there.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE S.C.I.

By the Rev. Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Assistant Director of the Institute

The first time I saw the *Institute* I was, of course, impressed by its size, but even more by the ways in which such a large building had been made home-like. The attractively decorated clubs do much to make it so. The genuine interest and friendship of the hostesses, the volunteers who are sympathetic listeners when seamen are lonely, helpful when they have a problem, contribute a great deal to the cordial atmosphere. In giving of their time and talent, they really receive more than they give. And I'm sure the men appreciate all that is done for them.

To me, one very important phase of life at the *Institute* is the way in which

men of all races, nations and creeds, of all ratings, philosophies and backgrounds, live here in amity. In these days when nations are suspicious of each other, seamen are demonstrating to the whole world that brotherhood and fellowship are possible.

When these men come ashore they want a place they can call home, a place where they can find people who are interested in them. If by our being a real friend to them, they can begin to see the things that the *Institute* stands for, they will turn to the church.

I welcome the opportunity to work here and I am looking forward to making many real friends among these seamen — men for whom I had a tremendous admiration during the war, and with whom I became better acquainted when I was at the Boston Seamen's Club.

The staff has a marvelous spirit and has been most helpful in showing me many things about the work here, and I'm sure it's due to the wonderful example set by Dr. Kelley.



Two Christmases at Sea

by an "Unknown Sailor"

MY THOUGHTS go back to two Christmases spent at sea. One in 1917 and the other in 1942.

I am not going to name any ships nor men, because the names of ships meant little and the names of men nothing at all. Our gigantic effort as a whole to bring peace to the world overshadowed any such comparatively minute elements as ships and men. My story is of all merchant men and merchant ships at sea on Christmas eve in war.

In 1917 my ship was torpedoed. On Christmas Eve we were floating in the chilly waters of the Atlantic and were almost frozen before we got picked up. There was no peace then and our sorry plight had no resemblance to good will among men and peace on earth. Only four of us survived that ordeal.

Yet, our merchant seamen died and suffered in order to help bring peace and good will among men.

Twenty-five years later, in 1942, again on Christmas Eve, our merchant ships were plowing through the icy waters of the North Atlantic.



Drawing by Reg. B. Strange

Again our merchant seamen suffered and died for peace and good will.

On this Christmas Eve my ship was in a convoy, among some eighty other ships flying the flags of many nations, nations which had united to achieve peace and understanding among mankind.

The ships were wallowing through a heavy swell, escorted by an inadequate support of destroyers.

Only four such naval escorts could be spared and assigned this great convoy, composed mostly of older ships.

We had once again been caught unprepared and our shipbuilding industry was just beginning to hit its war-time tempo.

Most of the ships in the convoy had no guns. Those few which had makeshift guns, lacked trained gun crews.

I was in my cabin on this Christmas Eve, listening to Christmas carols over my portable radio. (Later we were deprived of our radios). I pictured in my mind's eye our main streets and shopping districts. I could see the store windows all dressed up for the holidays, Christmas trees lying in bundles and standing on the sidewalks, little children talking to Santa Claus in the department stores, parents whispering to each other as they hung stockings by the fireside, placing neatly wrapped packages under Christmas trees, children peeping and listening through a crack in the doorway, church bells tolling the glad tidings of the birth of the Holy Child.

I wondered whether we, who were exposed, not only to the fury of the elements, far out at sea, but also to actions of a ruthless enemy, would be allowed a measure of peace, such as it was, for just this Holy Eve.

But it was not to be. We who risked our lives to help bring peace to the world were to suffer and die again on the very hour when Christ was born.

My wireless operator entered. I shut off my radio. His face was pale and haggard as he laid a terse mes-

sage on my desk. It was from the flagship in our convoy. It read: "Attack inevitable. Be prepared."

I quickly donned my raincoat, but before I reached the bridge, general alarm was sounded by the officer on watch. Multicolored rockets were shot upwards from the flagship. These indicated that the convoy was under attack by enemy subs and that the ships were to spread fan-ways in all directions. In other words, all ships were on their own until the danger had passed, when the convoy was to reform at a pre-arranged spot somewhere in the Atlantic.

Then we saw a tanker bursting into flames on our left. She appeared to have blown into two parts, as great tongues of fire reached upwards into low-hanging black clouds.

The thundering explosions that followed shook our ship as if she had been a dry leaf tossed on the waves.

Then the foaming, burning sea, spread thickly with oil from the sinking tanker, seemed to become calmer. Small moving black dots — human heads — were plainly visible. They ducked under the surface to escape the infernal heat of the fiercely burning oily waters around.

Then another explosion, further to our left. More fireworks . . . more burning sea . . . greater reverberations and more thunderous explosions — brought about by combined detonations of the depth charges of our escorts and the exploding munitions carried on sinking ships . . .

A cigar-shaped black hull tossed its one end clear out of the water and disappeared in the liquid fire. White clouds of vapor, shooting through the flaming waters, indicated that an enemy sub had gone down to keep peace forever after.

Our ship headed at full speed away from this man-made inferno on the high seas. For hours we could hear and feel the subterranean reverberations of explosions. Behind the horizon red glows showed up. They diminished and again lit up, reflected against the clouded sky.

Then, as suddenly as the fury had

started all became quiet and dark. The battle was over . . . over for the moment anyhow.

Now it was blowing a full gale, but the raging sea around us and the whistling wind above seemed like a peaceful harbor in comparison. The noise of the storm sounded in our ears like a hymn of peace. We all knew that now the sea was far too rough for the subs to launch another attack.

Then we returned to the locality of the attack — on a mission of mercy. We picked up two boats full of half burned and wounded men. Many died before morning and were buried at sea.

Funerals on shore are impressive and sad enough, but the grimmest of burials at sea on Christmas night is something that one never forgets.

Our convoy was reformed the next afternoon. Eight ships were missing and four badly damaged. Out of a convoy of eighty ships this was considered a highly laudable performance. Even if only ten percent of the ships had survived, it would have still been recorded as an excellent performance.

As I paced the bridge on Christmas Day, another mental picture presented itself. This time my vision took me to Washington, into a great granite building and into a large room, the walls of which were covered with maps and charts. Young officers were shifting white buttons, and black pinheads superimposed upon the buttons, on these maps. The white buttons, several inches in diameter, represented whole convoys, while the black pinheads represented ships in a convoy.

One of the officers leisurely removed eight black pinheads from a convoy button No. 61. Number 61 was our convoy. The black pinheads removed so unceremoniously represented eight ships lost, and hundreds of men on that Christmas Day.



A Wartime Christmas

By Alan Parks, Radio Officer

FORTY free and hearty male voices sang "O Come, All Ye Faithful" in the dimness of the shelter deck on the S.S. *Opequon*. It was Christmas Day, 1944. Our ship was rounding Ceylon from Calcutta and bound for the Persian oil ports to fill her tanks.

It was a strange setting in which Armed Guard Gunnery Officer V. D. Tippet, Lieutenant, U. S. N. R. of Charleston, West Virginia, led a Christmas worship service. The plank platforms which A.B. Seamen rig over the side and from which they paint the ship's hull, had been supported at either end on empty paint buckets to form makeshift pews. The forty men of the Armed Guard complement and our ship's crew represented nearly every man aboard who was not standing watch at the time. Clean-shaven, but dressed in our work togs, we had gathered to honor the new-born Christ.

Lieutenant Tippet read "A Statement of Faith," the gospel story of the first Noel, and a devotional reading entitled "One Solitary Life." Stephen Vincent Benét's prayer "For a World at War" was read in unison. The hymnals for the service were sheets of paper on which had been laboriously typed the words of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "Silent Night," and "O Little Town of Bethlehem," as well as the processional, "O Come, All Ye Faithful." No written words were needed for "The Star Spangled Banner," only steady sea legs to hold us in attention in spite of the ship's roll.

An accordion, played by Chief Pumpman James L. Cado of Royal Oak, Michigan, provided the only accompaniment, and our voices rang out loudly over its strains. Our men refused to be depressed by the limitations of this shipboard Christmas as they prayed together and sang their worship in familiar hymns. Recollections of other Christmas Days filled their hearts—days when they



Pen-Pression by Phil May

had gone to church with mothers and dads, sweethearts or wives, and sons and daughters; but they wouldn't tell you that. You knew it only because you felt that way yourself.

Two hours later we took our appetites aft to the Christmas feast awaiting us. Chief Cook Howard J. Evans of Jersey City and a gallant galley crew had prepared a roast turkey dinner that might have been served from the kitchens of any fine hotel. Chief Steward Lewis Iverson of Sunnyside, Long Island, had seen to it that nothing was missing from the menu. Not very far from the palms and trees that bore them, fresh dates and cashews had been taken aboard. Second Cook and Baker Edmund Mikolowsky of Manchester, Connecticut, spent hours in a torrid galley baking the mince, apple and pumpkin pies, and there was the added treat of ice cream.

Around a solemn service of worship and a gay festive table, two centers of any Christmas, the spirit of Christmas had visited us. Perhaps on the next Christmas, we might also hear the laughter of happy children around that third focal center of this holiday celebration, the Christmas tree. Perhaps.

Pacific Christmas

By Kermit W. Salyer, Chief Mate

IT was December 18, 1941, and we were sailing from Brisbane, Australia. It looked like a bleak Christmas ahead of us, or maybe no Christmas at all. Our cargo consisted of ten thousand tons of rubber and a thousand tons of tin — true gold in those early days of the war.

"Where are we going now?" was a question that tantalized us day after day. Only the Old Man and the Mate knew our destination. We kept up with the ship's movements by a crude sort of dead reckoning (poop-deck plotting, we called it) with the maps and atlases we had in the various fore-castles.

The helmsman always knew the course and every soul aboard knew that she averaged ten knots. All we had to do was to lay off our course on the chart and check off about 240 miles for every 24 hours. There was great excitement when we estimated that we were near the International Date Line.

"It looks as though we're going to have two Christmas days!" one of our crew exclaimed. This meant we wouldn't have to work, and we'd have two holiday dinners. But as we got closer to the Line, every observation chopped an hour or so off the estimated time of our crossing. It was Christmas Eve by the time we got up to the division between East and West. That meant we'd have two Wednesdays instead of two Thursdays. (Christmas Day fell on Thursday.)

Consequently, our Christmas Day didn't have much of the holiday spirit as we plowed on across the lonely Pacific, unescorted, with no guns. The drabness of our hastily splashed gray paint was no protection!

But our Steward really put on a show for us on Christmas night, a show to pep up our flagging spirits.

We had a real Christmas dinner with everything from soup to nuts. What's more, we had a real linen table cloth and fancy china and glassware!

Wonder what became of that extra Christmas Day?

THE LOW COST OF GIVING



MOST people realize that contributions to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK are tax-exempt up to 15% in any one year, but perhaps they are not aware of what part of each gift our Federal Government contributes — in taxes forgiven.

Persons in higher income brackets get a proportionately higher discount on contributions through reduced Federal income taxes.

Contributions to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK may be designated for Ways and Means, or Holiday Fund or Memorial Fund (in the form of memorial objects, inscribed as the donor specifies.)

An individual with a net income of \$5000 pays a Federal tax of \$1045 if he gives nothing to charity. If he contributes the 15% which the law allows him to deduct from his taxable income, his tax saving would be \$185.25, so that to give \$750 to religious, philanthropic or educational objects costs him only \$564.75. If he is a resident of New York he saves a small additional amount on his state income tax.

Dr. Kelley Distributes Boxes Abroad

AS a token of his appreciation for the hospitality of the various Missions to Seamen which he has been visiting during a six month's leave of absence from the Institute, Dr. Kelley will distribute 500 Christmas boxes to British seamen in the foreign ports of Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Hamburg in the name of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Since it is much harder to get things on the Continent, it was decided to give the Christmas packages to seamen there instead of in the British Isles.

Packed by the Central Council of Associations and with contents contributed by loyal supporters of the Institute, the boxes of Christmas cheer will contain many useful items as well as the traditional candy and nuts. There will be hand-knitted sweaters and socks and gloves, writing paper and ball point pens, waterproof slippers to wear aboard ship, books and cigarettes and cigarette lighters.

Dr. Kelley plans to play Santa Claus in person in Rotterdam (where the need is particularly

great) and in Antwerp. Miss Marjorie Guthrie, an Institute staff member for many years and now with the Missions to Seamen, will distribute the gifts in Hamburg where she is currently stationed.

The Isbrandtsen Steamship Co. is transporting the boxes of Christmas cheer for seamen in foreign ports, aboard the *S.S. Southland*, without charge.

 Dr. Kelley preached in the St. Andrew's Mariners' Chapel of the Port of London Institute on December 2nd, the Patronal Festival of St. Andrew. He was the first American clergyman to preach in this Chapel, and the invitation was extended to him by the Rev. J. W. Clift, Senior Chaplain. The program was "beamed" by short wave, by courtesy of the British Broadcasting Corporation, to the United States and Canada. Dr. Kelley pointed out that seamen's societies such as the Institute and the Missions to Seamen were founded a century or more ago because Christian people realized that seamen were their neighbors wherever they might be, and these societies have grown globally in appreciation of the sacrifices seamen make and the services they render, as they convert the sea into a highway uniting the continents.



Marie Higginson Photo

SEAGOING CHRISTMAS BOXES

In addition to the 7,000 Christmas boxes packed by volunteers, 500 extra were sent to Dr. Kelley for distribution to seamen abroad, and a hundred additional were sent to Denmark for Danish seamen.

Please Help Us With Our Holiday Plans



Marie Higginson Photo

WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN TO YOU? . . . warmth and cheer, friends and festivity, the presence of loved ones, the spirit of kindness and of peace?

What does Christmas mean to merchant seamen as they stand their lonely watches under starlit or stormy skies? It means work, it means weather; it means the same routine with, maybe, a little something extra special on the mess table; it may mean a twinkle in the Bosun's eye, a smile on the cook's face, a momentary relaxing of rigid discipline. It means memories in the fo'c'sle and wishful dreaming on deck and in engine room.

For a seaman must make of Christmas what he can . . . out of his memories, out of his dreams. Seldom for him the Christmas tree, the warmth of the hearth fire, the sense of belonging. Once, maybe, they were his . . . or he may never have had them. To many of them the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK is their only home ashore.

That is why the Institute cannot fail them at this special holiday time. That is why it asks for your generous contributions so that Christmas packages may be put aboard ships outward bound, and in marine hospitals and in the rooms of seamen lodging at the Institute on Christmas Eve. In the Institute's building at 25 South Street, 1500 seamen will sit down to a festive Christmas dinner . . . There will be special music and gifts, all of which mean so much to these men who carry our cargoes around the calendar and across the world.

WON'T YOU PLEASE SEND A GIFT FOR OUR HOLIDAY FUND?

Send your contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y., 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y., designated "HOLIDAY FUND."

Swedish Club Opened at Institute

C CLUB ROOMS for the more than 15,000 Swedish merchant seamen who sail into the Port of New York annually were opened at the *Institute* on Tuesday evening, November 18th. About 700 people, invited by the Swedish Seamen's Welfare Fund and the Seamen's Council of the Church of Sweden (which are jointly sponsoring the Club) attended.

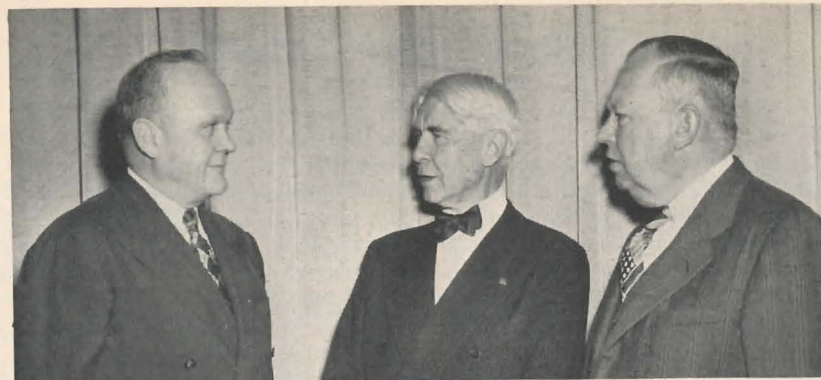
The new Club, to be known officially as the Swedish Seamen's Reading Room, occupies a 2,706 square ft. portion of the second floor. It makes the fifth club to be established at the *Institute* for seamen of particular countries: the Dutch, Belgian, British and Danish clubs having been set up during the war.

The rooms are decorated in yellow and brown, with striped drapes. There is a modern kitchen. Bookshelves, reading tables and chairs are of Swedish white birch, designed by Ferdinand Lundquist of Gotheborg. Marine paintings are by Ragnar Olson.

Speakers at the opening ceremony, which was held in the Auditorium, included Consul General Lennart Nyland (who greeted the Swedish seamen in their own tongue); G. Hilmer Lundbeck, Jr., Managing Director of the Swedish America Line, Ernst Raberg, representing the Swedish Seamen's

Union, and Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York (who extended a welcome in behalf of the *Institute*). Torsten Ralf, Swedish tenor, and a member of the Metropolitan Opera, sang songs by Grieg, Stenhammar and Nordquist; Maxim Schur, concert pianist, played Swedish music. Carl Sandburg, poet, told stories in Swedish, played the guitar and sang Swedish folk songs. Guests of honor included Police Commissioner Arthur W. Wallander, Andrew G. Clauson, President of the Board of Education of New York, and G. Hilmer Lundbeck, Sr., Honorary President, Swedish Chamber of Commerce of U. S. Commissioner Wallander told of making his first visit to 25 South Street 18 months ago. "I was greatly impressed," he said, "by the efficiency with which this great organization functions and I am glad that the Swedish sailors now have a home here."

Also on the program was the premiere showing of two new Swedish Film Industries' documentary pictures of Sweden, filmed by Arne Sucksdorf. Six hostesses wore the colorful official costumes of six of Sweden's 24 States. Gerhard T. Rooth, editor of the "Swedish North Star" served as master of ceremonies. Following the program a reception was held in the Institute's officers' dining room.



Swedish Americans attending the opening included the Hon. Arthur W. Wallander, Police Commissioner; Carl Sandburg, poet; and the Hon. Andrew G. Clauson, president Board of Education of New York.

Book Reviews

PASSING BY
By Elliott Merrick
Macmillan, \$3.00

"Passing By" is the story of an able seaman, Duncan, aboard two ships in wartime, and what happened to him while at sea and in the ports between voyages.

Lonely and hating war, Duncan searched his soul for the reason of man's cruelty to man, and he found a kernel of peace in the decision that some are good and he was one of those.

Without reservations are the stories of the crew members, their work, their play, and their endless talk, sometimes humorous, often coarse. Without reservations, too, is the story of Duncan's romance with the girl he meets in a Seamen's Club. Weary of the sea in wartime, he yet leaves his wife to sign on a Liberty Ship, and when the ship is torpedoed and sunk, he is one of the four survivors. During forty difficult days in a life-boat, Duncan proves that he is one of the good ones.

I. M. ACHESON.

THE LEDGER OF LYING DOG
By William George Weekley
Doubleday, \$3.00

Almost 100 years ago the brig "Quail" foundered in the South Pacific, and the survivors swam ashore to a desert island. The story of the shipwreck, as put down in the diary of Henry Colby, and the subsequent murderous adventures on Lying Dog make exciting reading. To save his own life from the wrath of the brutal seamen, young Colby became a fugitive on this island, two miles long and one mile wide. Through resourcefulness and ingenuity he succeeded in besting the cutthroats, capturing their long boat, and making his escape to civilization. The remarkable way he adapts himself to island life, and overcomes his stronger adversaries, is a good tale for escapist readers.

LOUISE NOLING.

YOU ROLLING RIVER
By Archie Binns

Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.00

The scene of this new novel by the author of "Lightship," is in Portland and Astoria, where the Columbia River spills into the Pacific. It is the story of the effect of the wreck of the *Great Republic* on the lives of Captain Roger Collins, and Rita and of their house, with souvenirs of many shipwrecks. Collins, who could deftly pilot a vessel through the perilous shoals off Cape Disappointment, adored the sea, and through him the young Fortune brothers came to love it, also, against their father's wishes. The book's characters are dominated by the mighty river and the waterfront in the 1860's and '70's when shanghaiing was the usual practice, just as it was on New York's South Street. Mr. Binns, who spent many years seafaring, has written a story of the Pacific Northwest in the days of sail.

M. D. C.

THE SEA CHEST
A Yachtsman's Reader
Edited by Critchell Rimington
W. W. Norton & Co., \$3.50

This anthology of yachting stories and articles is an ideal Christmas present for boat-owners on your list, and for all those who love to read about small-boat sailing. For here the managing editor of "Yachting" has collected some of the best stories of voyages in small craft, reprinted from books and magazines. Seamen like Alan Villiers, Irving Johnson, Warwick Tompkins who have crossed oceans and seas under sail; expert yachtsmen like Henry Howard, Alfred Loomis, Marin-Marie, Carl Weagant and Erling Tams are represented here. A passage from Nevil Shute's novel, "Ordeal," is also included, and rightly so. Ernest Ratsey and L. Francis Herreshoff have written enlightening essays, Christopher Morley and H. I. Phillips represent the lighter side of boating.

Visitors from Turkey

AFTER a voyage of thirty days aboard the freighter *Bakir*, commanded by Captain Nezihi Arda, a crew of 60 officers and 160 seamen from Turkey arrived recently at 25 South Street. Through their interpreter, Steward Nusret Soysal, we learned that they will sail four ships purchased by the Turkish Government—Victory No. 1, No. 2, and two oil tankers—back to Constantinople.

While waiting for these ships to be ready, the Turkish seamen have been enjoying their stay in New York, visiting the Empire State Building, Radio City, the Statue of Liberty, etc. with all the enthusiasm of tourists. They have enjoyed the moving pictures in the Institute's Auditorium and the many games in the 3rd floor Game Room. A March of Time documentary on Turkey made a special hit with them.

The *Bakir* brought a general cargo including cotton, silk, minerals, tobacco, eggs, melons, olive oil, chrome ore, figs and raisins. The crew will take back to their country machinery and tools.

They were quite concerned when they noticed that no Turkish flag was hung along with flags of the Allied Nations in our lobby. It was explained to them that since Turkey had been a neutral country during most

of the war, their flag had not been included. Determined to see their national emblem in the Institute's building, however, a group of the Turkish seamen took up a collection among themselves and purchased two flags which they presented to the Institute. One now hangs in the main lobby and the other in the Auditorium.

Getting used to American cooking was the first adjustment the crew had to make, for, as Mr. Soysal explained, they are used to thick Turkish coffee, to chicken and rice cooked with olive oil or butter. Although we extolled the delights of Boston baked beans, brown bread, etc., we noticed that most of the crew in the Institute's Cafeteria continue with their bread, milk and cheese diets, which they prepare themselves. A few days after their arrival they all purchased American suits.

In our game room, the Turkish crew played innumerable card games and managed to teach Mrs. Christine Hartmann, the hostess, a new card game, even though they couldn't speak a word of English. They play cards counter-clockwise. One Turk, wishing to express his appreciation, presented Mrs. Hartmann with a candy bar with a great flourish and said: "I Turk — you American. I love you very much!"

Turkish Seamen at 25 South Street



The Cat and the Canary

By George Noble

(Continued from the November issue)

The remainder of the day the Captain spent trying to convince himself and others that he had simply been the victim of imagination, caused by lack of sleep the previous night, so he lay down that afternoon for a nap. But he was very restless, and he kept popping out on deck often to have a look at the weather. It had moderated considerably from the night before, but it was still pretty dirty. Rain fell heavily, visibility was very poor, we could hear fog-horns of passing vessels all around us, and what little wind there was now, came mostly from the southward—"dead in our teeth" as sailors say. Plainly we had lost our luck, as the Mate remarked to the Skipper at the supper-table that evening. The Old Man irritably told him to shut up. The Mate gave me a sly wink.

At midnight, the Old Man relieved the Mate at the wheel, and was strangely sociable and very loquacious. It was apparent that he desired to have the pleasure of the Mate's company longer than duty strictly required. The Mate had given him the course and he had repeated it — as marine law required — but the Master seemed reluctant to say good night.

"Don't be in a hurry about turning in, Mister;" his last words were addressed to the Mate's back. "I may need you here on deck in case somethin' happens. Why don't you just set there at the table—there's fresh coffee I made, on the Bogey."

The Mate grunted something without interrupting his descent into the cabin. Bill was on lookout, the midnight till two trick, and he remarked afterward that he couldn't help marveling at the Old Man's sudden friendliness. A dozen times in each hour the Skipper called out to him to ask if he was all right, and did he need any matches to keep his pipe going or anything. The weather cleared somewhat and the full moon showed between the heavy clouds shortly before two in the morning, when our mischievous Davy Jones got loose again and came up on deck for a nocturnal prowling.

"Bill!" yelled the Old Man suddenly. "Bill!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the look-out sleepily, for it was all of ten minutes since the Old Man had spoken to him. "Anything wrong, Sir?"

"Did you meow?" inquired Captain Ned.

"Did I do *what*, sir?" came the astonished reply.

"Did you meow! . . . dammit, man, did you make a sound like a cat calling?"

"Calling *what*, sir?" rejoined Bill, still only half awake, and not realizing yet what had probably happened.

"Confound you, man! There it goes again! Can't you hear it?" demanded the Skipper with considerable asperity.

"Big tanker in ballast comin' up on the port bow, sir!" shouted Bill. As anxious to change the topic of conversation as he was to divert his own thoughts, the Old Man said no more but watched the black bulk of the huge tanker slide past on our weather-side. His eyes so occupied, he failed altogether to note the approach of the cat. Crossing the deck softly, the innocent creature came up to the unsuspecting man and affectionately rubbed its head and back vigorously against his leg. Instantly, the Captain leaped about a fathom, mostly straight up, and let out a shriek that was the subject of much discussion on the tanker for a long time after.

Bill came trotting up. "Are you all right, sir?" he inquired solicitously, but found Cap't Ned was shaking violently, leaning up against the side of the afterhouse, his teeth chattering and his face as white as a shark's belly.

"What's the trouble, sir?" Bill asked gently as he took over the spokes of the abandoned wheel and steadied the schooner on her course. The Captain gasped and strove manfully to regain his control.

The Captain Sees A Ghost

As soon as he could speak, he said, "Billy, my boy . . . Don't you ever breathe a word of this to anyone, but the ghost of that damned cat . . . I mean, of that poor, unfortunate, defenseless little creature that I had the misfortune to scare overboard to a watery grave just came and rubbed itself against my leg!"

"Which leg?" asked Bill carefully.

"What in Tophet *difference* does it make which leg?" shouted the Old Man. In the next moment he burst out with another startled exclamation.

"Bill!" he quavered. "See there, Bill!"

Bill's gaze followed the direction of his pointing finger, and he saw Davy Jones gracefully arching his back and walking slowly along the weather-rail at almost the exact spot where his doomed twin had made a final leap. And he certainly looked ghostly in the cloudswep moonlight.

"I don't see nothin', sir," said Bill.

"No-o-o," said the Captain sadly. "No, I don't suppose you can, Billy."

The cat meanwhile vanished in the shadows up in the bows.

"Reckon I'm the only one that's supposed to see it . . . look there, it's dis-

appeared already! . . . Say, Bill, just you steady that wheel along a minute. I'm going below to call the Mate . . . I don't feel so good."

The Old Man had some difficulty rousing the Mate, who finally came up on deck to finish out the Old Man's watch for him. The joke didn't seem so funny now that he had to get out of a warm bunk because of it.

It was after six o'clock and broad daylight before the Master reappeared on deck. He found the wind still blowing from an adverse quarter and a lumpy head-sea running. The Mate, tiring of the contest had hove the schooner to under storm trys'l and forestays'l, and it was the changed movement of the vessel which had awakened the Old Man from a deep slumber troubled by disagreeable dreams. The Mate, with his head and shoulders under a blanket was fast asleep on the deck in the lee of the wheelbox.

"Mr. Anderson!" said the Skipper sharply, and the Mate sat up, guiltily trying to suppress a mammoth yawn.

"Did you see anything out of the way during the night?" the Old Man inquired anxiously.

"No," said the mate getting to his feet sheepishly. "You feelin' better now, sir?" The Captain answered him gruffly in the affirmative, and bade him go forrard and summon all hands to make sail before breakfast.

"Wish 't I hadn't been the cause of that cat's drownin'," muttered the Old Man.

To the cook who served him breakfast, he carefully recounted his experience of the previous night. To this harrowing tale of terror the cook lent an attentive ear.

"You won't see it no more, suh," he assured the Skipper. "Ah believe dat cat has done come fo' de las' time, suh! Deed it has!"

"Well, I certainly hope so," said the Captain removing the last vestige of fried egg from his chin whiskers. "I wouldn't have another experience like last night's for anything." And he drained his coffee mug.

However, without those on deck being the least aware of it, Davy Jones had gotten loose once more due to a violent roll of the vessel as she was brought up directly into the wind, while the mains'l was filling.

In full view of all hands and to the unspeakable horror of the Captain, he made a complete circuit of the slanting decks, and had just begun a second round-trip when the bunt of the fores'l, being lowered preparatory to reefing, fell full upon him and he disappeared entirely from view, tho' his frenzied appeals for help were distinctly audible to all on board. The hands at the halliards began to raise the sail again while Lew and the cook groped under the canvas to rescue him.

"Stop!" shouted the Skipper in the voice of Stentor, "Don't try to touch it! It's the ghost I saw last night!"

"Shan't we raise the sail, sir?" asked Lew. "We only want to get it up on the boom where we can secure it," he explained perhaps *too* hastily, for a slow light of understanding began to gleam in the Old Man's eyes. He narrowly regarded each man in turn.

"It's no use, boys," said the Old Man slowly. "The blamed cat's out of the bag—even tho' he's still under canvas! I've a mind to log every mother's son of you!" And the Old Man turned his back on us and stumped around the afterhouse twice before he came to a halt again at the break of the poop.

We had finished reefing the fores'l and now waited for more.

"Boys," said he, and he was almost smiling, tho' there was a certain gleam in his weather-eye that none of us cared for. "Boys, I've thought this thing over mighty careful and I've about decided to call the score even if—when we get ashore—you'll get me a new canary bird that'll match up the one that died as closely as you matched the two cats!!!"

Our combined sighs of relief would have filled a sail.

And dear Aunt Bess was delighted with the remarkable recovery and improved vigor of her beloved bird!



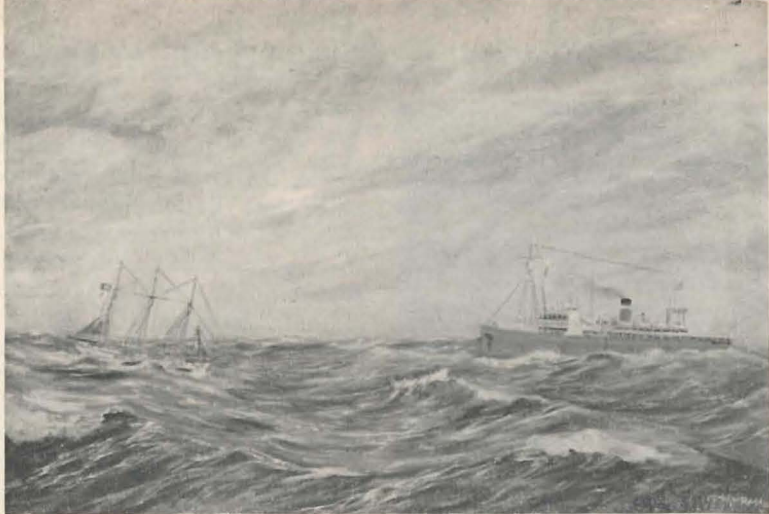
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WITH a broomstick tied to her mast in token of a clean sweep rescue, the Coast Guard cutter *Bibb* sailed into Boston harbor recently carrying the 62 passengers and seven crew members of the ill-fated flying boat *Bermuda Sky Queen*. According to TIME Magazine (Oct. 27th) "the heroes of those awful hours in the plane were nine U. S. merchant seamen, employees of Keystone Shipping Company, homeward bound after delivering the tanker *Chisholm Trail*, to an English buyer. They reassured the passengers and tied bibs made of torn sheets around the necks of the retching men and women." By this move the tendency toward panic was curbed.

When Captain Paul Cronk, commander of the *Bibb* signaled to the *Sky Queen's* Captain, Charles Martin, a suggestion that volunteers be called, three of the merchant seamen, Chief Mate Thomas Quinn, Gerald Harman and Arthur Brown, were chosen. They jumped from the exit door to the float, a distance of 12 feet, then got calmly into a rubber raft and rode the gale-driven waves to the cutter, demonstrating that it could be done. After that, the *Bibb* laid oil slicks, sent bigger rafts and a motor launch, and so the passengers were conveyed to the cutter. But it was wild and dangerous work in those heavy seas. One raft was swamped. As passengers began to be washed out of it, the seamen leaped into the water for them; others reached out from life nets over the cutter's side to haul them to safety. Good seamanship and cooperation had again prevented a loss of lives. All of the seamen were very modest about what they did. All lost all their belongings. First Officer Quinn's prized sextant and all his possessions went down with the plane.

Reprinted from "Scoopy Mewses," famous cat column from THE VILLAGER.

Editor's Note: Bosun behaved handsomely while male menace of the screen James Mason held him and the flashlights popped. The only show of a bosun's temper came when another big white cat (a mere Persian) tried to get into the picture. Then Bosun hissed, spat, and swiped at the stranger with a jealous paw. The Greenwich Village Humane League chose Bosun as the Cat of the year.



EXPERT IN BOTH SEAMANSHIP AND ART

Captain Gunnar van Rosen, master of the *Stafford* did this oil painting of the rescue of the *Carlotta* in five hours. Other seascapes by the skipper hang in his cabin.

Schooner Rescue

THIRTY-ONE Portuguese fishermen of the three-masted schooner *Maria Carlota* were brought to New York after being rescued from their foundering vessel in a mid-Atlantic storm by the Army hospital transport *Charles A. Stafford*. One aspect of the rescue was regarded by the survivors as a miracle: Seaman Prudencio Camachio, who was among those who volunteered to man a lifeboat to fight its way through the mountainous seas, had once been a mate of the schooner.

As soon as the fishermen recognized Camachio straining at one of the oars on the lifeboat, they set up a shouting: "Look who comes to rescue us! He is the answer to our prayers." Their prayers had been directed to Santo Tomas, the patron saint of fishermen whose statue rode at the masthead.

Captain Gunnar van Rosen, master of the hospital ship, answered the signal of distress which had been relayed from the *Queen Elizabeth*, en route to Southampton, and since the *Stafford* was much nearer the foundering schooner, he steamed to the rescue. He called for volunteers to man a lifeboat in the fifty-mile wind, and waves which were more than thirty

feet high. The lifeboat made two trips to transfer all of the thirty-one crew men. Captain Antonio F. Matias, the last to leave the *Carlota* set fire to her to prevent her being a menace to navigation.

Five hours later, Captain Rosen, whose hobby is painting marine scenes, had finished a painting (reproduced here) recording the rescue.

One of the Portuguese seaman, Antonio Luiz, rescued Tom, a Maltese cat, and brought him aboard the hospital ship in his sea bag. Tom slumbered below decks unaware that he constituted a violation of the ruling against pets on transport ships. Luiz claimed that Tom had brought him and his shipmates good luck.

Brought to New York, the crew of the *Carlota* were taken by bus to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, but because they were without passports and therefore required a high bond for each seaman by immigration authorities, they were transferred to Ellis Island. The Institute's Central Council sent warm knitted garments to the thirty-one members of the crew. Thirteen officers and crew members of the *Stafford* received the American Legion's Distinguished Life-saving Gold Medal.

Marine Poetry

Prize winning poems in the fourth annual Marine Poetry Contest sponsored by the Institute. Judges were William Rose Benet, Joseph Auslander, A. M. Sullivan, Carl Carmer, and the LOOKOUT editor. Prizes were \$25, \$15 and \$10. The best humorous poem, written by Purser C. R. Schriver, will appear in a later issue.

PASSAGE

By Frederick Ebright,
Ordinary Seaman

FIRST PRIZE

This is the second time upon this ocean: a decade gone,
A war, a time, a long-forgotten place or face:
And still the iris-colored unremembering waves unchanged,
Still snowy petrels flying with preoccupied angelic grace.
These seabirds of another generation have no thought of yesterday,
This sea's impassive face disclaims the cargo of its dead:
All history is gone now with this casual morning sun,
And transient, as shadow of the mast on foam is fled.
Only the heart can break and change and never be the same,
Changing with changing weather and hour to newer memory;
Only the heart shall know these waves are different waves,
And other birds, and this an alien hour on another sea.

THE SEA IS MY MIRROR

By Felix Howland, Master

THIRD PRIZE

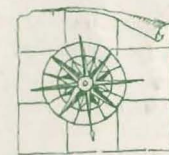
Have I a friend, or have I a brother?
Only the restless sea!
Who else can know the passions I feel,
Who else has hungered, who else has suffered,
Who else has longed for the true and the real?
Only the restless sea!
The sea is the mirror by which I see clearer
The madness that burns in my soul:
The sea is my double in calm or in trouble.
My double? — The sea is a fool!
What a fool is the sea!
He does not know why he is sad, nor yet why he is blest:
He only knows he feels — That is enough!
He beats his heart out on the stones
And dreams his dreams, and sings his song —
The muted symphony of his unrest.
The sea must utter his cry.
What a fool is the sea!
Tempestuous and calm by turns, like me;
So is he now, so will he always be.
What a fool am I!

GRAVEYARD WATCH

By John Ackerson, 2nd Mate

SECOND PRIZE

From dead on the gale has at him,
His ears pockets of vast sound.
Gusts shake him terrier-like.
Chill fingers probe the muffler wound tightly.
Only with strain can he make out the horizon,
Through skyfuls of light water.
"Close your eyes!
Close them!" stabs his optic nerve,
And with a blast for his weakness,
Seconds at a time he gives in, never forgetting
Thirty-five shipmates depend on his relentless lookout.



An Alternate First Choice
of the Judges:

NOON POSITION

By Frederick Ebright

The sun at zenith in a wide profoundly flawless sky,
It is now that you must turn, seafarer, turn,
From place once known, from recollected hour
Into this alien sea that leaves all memory astern.
More than this parallel, this longitude, is marked
On constant blue-white wonder of this shifting swell:
Deeper than this hour itself intones the final stroke
Of silver chime that marks meridian on ship's bell.
For this, seafarer, is your noon of life, this hour
Halfway between your morning and your fall of sun;
Sand in the glass half-spent, course charted by far stars,
And you as yet uncertain of which way the course will run.

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

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

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