

The LOOKOUT



A Night View of the S. S. AMERICA Docked After Her Trial Trip June 4, 1940.
The Largest Liner Ever To Be Built in this Country.

Courtesy, United States Lines

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXI NO. 7

JULY, 1940

Our Sanctuary

O God, Our Heavenly Father, whose gift is strength of days, help us to make the noblest use of minds and bodies in our advancing years. Teach us to bear infirmities with cheerful patience. Keep us from narrow pride in outgrown ways; from blind eyes that see not the good of changes. Give patient judgment of the methods and experience of others. Let Thy peace rule our spirits through all trials of our waning powers. Take from us all fear of death and all despair or undue love of life; that with glad hearts at rest in Thee we may await Thy will concerning us, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.
Matthew Fontaine Maury—"Pathfinder of the Seas"—(1806-1873)—His Daily Prayer

The LOOKOUT

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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.

The Lookout

VOL. XXXI

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Seahorses Spell Tugs

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article reprinted from "The Keel", published by the Todd Shipyards Corporation, indicates the importance to New York of the lowly harbor tugs. The Institute is host to many tug boat men who make 25 South Street their home while engaged in this necessary harbor service. We believe that LOOKOUT readers will be interested in learning the details of such work.

RECEPTION of a sleek transatlantic greyhound or a trim tramp steamer from the Far East does not begin or end with handkerchief waving on the dock.

To the uninitiated it might seem as if nothing but the vessel itself matters but — strange to relate, except for exceptions that merely serve to prove the rule—a ship without its attendant tugs is somewhat like a fish without water.

Self-sufficient might be the word for the appearance of these gigantic liners as they pass the Statue of Liberty. However, imposing as they are, they are dependent on the facilities of the Port. Tugs, lighters and barges have prepared themselves to complete the task started when the boat left its port of departure. And these preparations made for the reception of the ship are as integral a part of its operation as the rudder and the propeller.

Of all the services in the Port the most important from the ship owner's point of view is that of the tugs. These little dull colored boats that dot the harbor waters are, in large part, responsible for the dock-



TUG
"DALZELLIDO"

ing of the ship. They are the insurance against the boat colliding with the dock, they make certain that the ships tying up along the North River stop at the water's edge and don't plow through to Ninth Avenue.

There are about 450 tugs in New York Harbor, making up by far, the greatest percentage of traffic. They pull and push their way from pier to pier, from city to city. Similar in appearance, they differ a great deal and for general classification purposes may be divided by ownership into three general types.

First there are the railroad tugs. These boats owned by such companies as the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Baltimore & Ohio, the N. Y., New Haven & Hartford and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western provide a continuation of the roads' land services. They haul lighters, barges and carfloats, thus eliminating the

expense of transferring the goods from car to boat to car. Once placed in the railroad cars the shipment does not have to be touched until it reaches its destination.

Secondly there are the tugs owned by industrial corporations, such as the Texas Company, the Socony-Vacuum Company and the Tracy Towing Line, Inc. These boats supplement the work of the tankers by towing oil barges. In the same classification are those owned by the sand and gravel companies to tow materials from place to place.

Finally there are independent tug owners. And it is in terms of the progress of these companies that the glory of tugs might be written, because it is they — handing down their business from generation to generation — who have built up the traditions of towing. Their boats are not an incidental but their main business.

Towing and all that goes with it is one of the most fascinating enterprises in the maritime world. In a field where the unexpected must always be the expected, towing is conspicuous for the variety and the unusual nature of the jobs done.

The office of any towing company is an example of system and coordination. It has to be. Often their tugs are scattered all over the harbor, as well as having a few in foreign waters or on the West Coast. The job of keeping track of these units is tremendous. There are several ways a tug operator can find the position of his tug. First there are charts. Entries are made when a tug is assigned to a job, and knowing the length of time it should take, the operator can approximate the tug's location.

Another method is the radio telephone service. This comparatively new invention enables the dispatcher to speak directly to the tug. Although there are not a great many tugs so equipped it is becoming of increasing importance in general

tug operation. Allied with the radio telephone service is the signaling by lights.

This is used almost exclusively by companies whose offices face the Bay, and, needless to say, it is most effective after sundown.

And very important is the check that the captain makes with his office as soon as he ties up. The common procedure is for him to call so that he can receive any changes or new orders. One of the most remarkable methods is made possible by the close cooperation between the dispatcher's offices of the various companies. Thus a dispatcher of one company will call the office of a rival concern and ask them if they can see a certain tug of his. Finally there is the marine ticker. This tells the operator not only where his tug is, but also what boats in need of docking are entering the harbor.

It is wrong to suppose that docking ships is the main business of tugs. But it is by far the most generally known.

When news is received that a boat is entering the harbor the Company that has contracted to dock the boat dispatches the number of tugs needed. In adverse conditions this is often as many as twelve. With a boat like the *Queen Mary* 12 may do the job, but in particularly favorable conditions only 8 may be required. These boats are all under the direction of the fleet captain who stands on the bridge of the boat to be docked with her captain and the port pilot. From there he directs the movement of each tug. His responsibility does not end until the boat is fast beside her pier.

The bulk of the tug's work is pulling scows. They can be hauled everywhere. A tow from New York to the Middle West through the Great Lakes is not uncommon for an organization like Moran Towing and Transportation Co.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, late Superintendent of the Institute and J. Augustus Johnson of the Board of Managers inaugurated in 1907 a survey of safety conditions on barges and tugs which resulted in legislation requiring lights, life belts, guard lines, lifeboats, anchors and other safety devices aboard barges and scows. The law limited the length of tow lines and the number of barges in a string to not more than three and thereby removed a frequent cause of fatal accidents.

At times water is the only available way for delivery. Such was the case with four Coke Drums that Moran towed from Jersey City to Whitney, Ind., for the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. It was impossible to take them by rail as the roads did not have enough clearance.

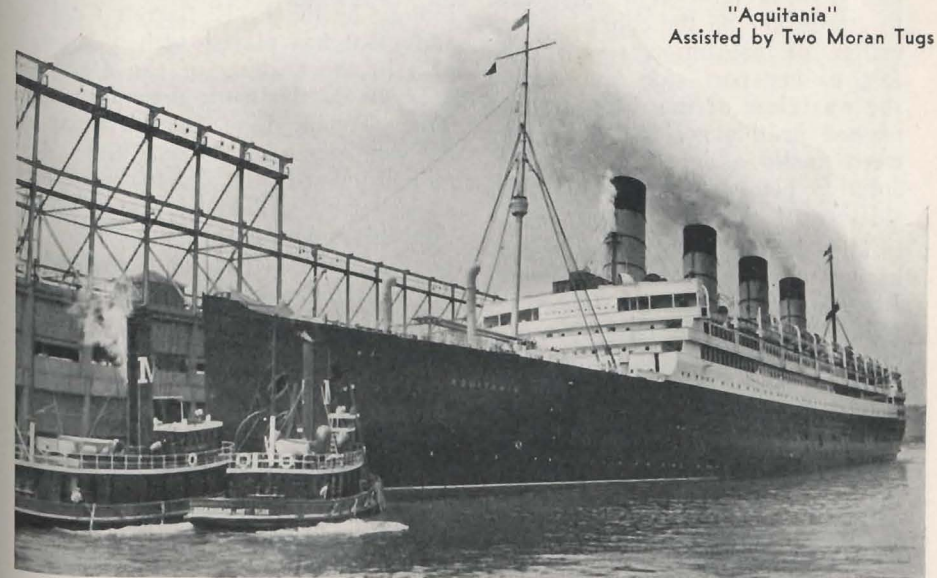
Although most of the towing is concentrated on the North and East Rivers and in the Harbor to the Narrows there are sea-going tugs that tow up and down the Coast. Trips to Canada, South America and through the Panama Canal are all in a day's work to these tugs. Such tugs fight their way through high seas hauling, perhaps, a heavy dredge or a string of coal barges. It is not uncommon to see three barges strung out behind a tug, each

loaded with 4000 tons of coal. It is the usual practice to have 500 yards of hawser between each of the barges and the tug and the first barge. This means that the tow is about a mile long.

One tug with 16,000 tons attached to her stern and spread over a mile is some piece of towing. And sea-going tugs do this in the stormiest weather off Cape Hatteras.

As a rule the harbor tugs are 90 to 100 feet long and are manned by a crew of 8 to 11. The pulling power that they can exert is out of proportion to their size, and rapid strides have been made in tug propulsion in the past four years.

Because they are an everyday occurrence, it is easy to lose sight of the magnitude of the jobs that are done by the towing companies. As an example there was the time the fleet of the Dalzell Towing Company docked 65 ships of the United States fleet in less than three hours. This happened back in June, 1934. The boats had never been docked at city piers before — but this did not deter the Dalzell fleet. They took charge of the fleet, from de-



"Aquitania"
Assisted by Two Moran Tugs

stroyer to aircraft carrier, and slipped them all into their berths from 6:00 o'clock to 8:30 in the evening. It took 12 boats to maneuver the aircraft carriers.

And while part of the Dalzell boats did this others of the fleet took care of 30 merchant vessels that were either going in or out of the harbor at the same time.

Another job that showed the great disparity between tugs and the material that they handle was the towing of the *Leviathan* from Pier 59, North River to Pier 4, Hoboken by the tugs of the Meseck Towing Line. Back in 1933 when it was done it was said to be the biggest towing operation in the world.

Her engines cold, a helpless hulk, she was towed to her new berth without a hitch. Not only did the fleet of tugs have to contend with her dead engines, but also with the large surface that the ship presented to the wind — much greater than the sail area of a full rigged ship.

In this particular job two tugs pulled the ship out of her slip, while three waited in the stream to pull her down the river, and three more took up position on either side to steady her on the course. As a matter of precaution seven made fast to her port side immediately she was clear of the dock, and remained in this position until they were finally assigned to their respective places to assist the final shifting of the boat down-river.

This job elicited the praise of harbor men for the Meseck Towing Lines and their Captain Hubert W. Prime who was in charge of the operation. For the job was as delicate as it was big. Any serious delay would have meant that a great many more tugs would have been called into operation to handle the boat in the swift Hoboken tides.

Another example of the variety and the delicacy of work capable of

being done by tugs is the salvage and towing operation which was done by Merritt-Chapman & Scott on the *F. D. Asche*. This boat went aground off Mantilla Reef, and after she was pounded around a bit, a piece of her hull ripped off and stuck between two submerged rocks so that it was impossible to move her. Representatives of Merritt-Chapman & Scott solved the problem. First they lifted the boat off with air and then they blasted the loose bottom. The next operation was to lower the boat to the sea floor and subsequently pump her full of air and tow her to port.

In the course of dynamiting the loose piece of hull, part of the forward portion of the bottom was ripped off. So it came close to being a bottomless boat that was brought to Robins Dry Dock & Repair Co. for permanent repairs. This remarkable feat was accomplished by pumping air into the boat constantly during the tow. Another example of how towing and salvaging companies can meet an emergency.

Perhaps not as spectacular, but just as awe-inspiring are the regular towing and docking jobs done in the harbor. Such is the work that is done by the E. E. Barrett Company that has played such a large part in the docking of the *Queen Mary*. Or the work done by the Tracy Towing Line, Inc. The latter company with 7 boats tows 4 million tons of coke and coal a year as well as 3 million barrels of oil. And this is done all over the harbor: up the North River to Glenwood, through Hellgate up the East River and down through the Hackensack and Passaic Rivers.

All this does not give the tug owners and their captains a moment's pause. They go on their intrepid way, good weather and bad, making possible the smooth operation of the many facilities that make up the Port of New York.

Tugs

By Meyer Berger*

THE tug dispatcher's windows on the twenty-fifth floor of the Whitehall Building gave you an airplane pilot's view of Lower Bay and the Hudson's mouth. There was only clean, cold wind between the pane and the distant horizon.

The Highlands lay blue behind Brooklyn. Washed clean in the pre-Easter sunlight were Buttermilk Channel, Governors Island, the Statue of Liberty, Red Hook Flats — all New York Harbor. White-plumed tugs and wide-bodied ferries cross-hatched the metal-blue waters with curling wake.

In the office the radiotelephone made throaty noises. The wind quivered the aerial outside the window and the glass insulators sparkled. Gusts whimpered and sobbed at the sill. Captain Miller looked at the ticker.

He said, "It's blowing 32 miles out of the West. Nice breeze o' wind."

Captain Anglim and Captain Miller spoke with tug captains by telephone and by radiotelephone. Sometimes they opened the window and held out the blue-and-white Moran Towing Company flag.

Captain Anglim pointed down bay. He said, "Here comes the Eugene Moran. I'll shake out the flag and he'll put in at The Battery and call us for orders." He held out the flag and it snapped in the gale.

At night, Captain Anglim explained, the dispatchers signal with lights. One red, for example, is a call to the Alice Moran to call in; two red, for the Elizabeth Moran; one white, the Eugene. The company runs twenty-seven boats in its fleet.

The telephone rang. Captain Anglim listened a moment. Then he spoke into it. He said "Come on up here for the Challenger. We're taking her out of Pier 84 in North River. It's a three-boat job."

He listened a while.

He said "Yeah, it's the Peter, the Richard and you. Step on it, Johnny; you'll have to come fast. . . . What the Hell. . . ."

He put up the receiver. Cut off. The phone rang again.

". . . . come right on up, Johnny. You're taking the Challenger over to

Brooklyn, south side of Pier 16. . . . If we get the Alice we'll hail you."

He put up the phone.

Now the bay was slate gray. Night walked the sky and his boots were great clouds. Their shadow lay like blue wash on South Brooklyn.

The radio gave off a strong rush of sound. Hoarsely it said "One ship in sight . . . can't make out who she is. . . . One ship in sight to the south. . . . Don't know who she is . . . will not port before 5 o'clock."

Captain Miller tuned the voice down. He said "That's one of the harbor pilots. They hang around off Ambrose waiting for ships to come in."

Boatmen came in, weathered chaps with a leaning toward rather strong pipes. You picked up some of their gab. A cook, you gathered, is a "belly robber"; when you eat you "grub up"; when you take on water for boilers you "Croton 'em."

Captain Anglim wanted to know why writers always describe tugs as "dirty little tugs," or "squat little craft." He said, "They ought to let some of those guys polish the brass on Alice, hey Joe?" and the other dispatcher nodded.

The radio sounded like frying eggs, "This is the George Keogh calling the Carrie Messek. . . . This is the George Keogh calling the Carrie Messek," . . . and died away into silence.

By radio and by land phone the dispatchers moved their tugs across bay and up-river. They assigned one tug to pick up the wreck of the Rosie McNeil at the foot of Noble Street in Brooklyn.

A white-shirted man came from the outer office. He said, "It looks like we'll have to send the William and Sheila to Baltimore tonight. That's what it looks like."

A pilot's voice roared in on the radio . . . "Passing the Asiatic. . . . Don't know what to tell you. . . . It may be a job. . . . The way things look I can't tell. . . . Not before midnight. . . . You can figure accordingly."

Now the harbor lay dark. Captain Anglim stood by the window and stared up the river.

He said, "No sign of the Challenger, Joe. No sign of the Arkansas."

* Reprinted from *The New York Times*, March 25, 1940, by special permission

War News in the Apprentices' Room

HOME ADDRESS

The Apprentices' Room at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York welcomes prospective and younger officers from Belgian, English, French and Dutch ships while their vessels are in port. At the door is a visitors' book. When the Belgian ship "MERCIER" arrived in New York harbor recently, the apprentices and some of the officers hurried to the Institute. Their ship had left Antwerp two days before the invasion of Belgium. The officers and crew immediately prepared radio messages to send to their homes, but there was no reception in Antwerp. The Belgians told Mrs. E. G. Baxter, in charge of the Apprentices' Room that all their home towns, with the exception of Ostend, were occupied, hence as they signed the register they put large question marks under the column marked "HOME ADDRESS".

GENEROSITY . . .

Talking with a radio operator on a Royal Netherlands freighter in the Apprentices' Room we learned that the crew of sixty-two men, all Dutch, had contributed \$200. to the American Red Cross this week. When one stops to consider their comparatively modest and uncertain wages, and the insecurity of their homes in Holland, we are inclined to admire this generous and spontaneous gesture on the part of these gallant seafarers. At the dance in the Institute they were very gay, and forgot their troubles and worries for three hours. At midnight they returned to their ship, with smiling farewells to their friends at 25 South Street.

Another incident in the Apprentices' Room: an American seaman, known as "Red" was given a tiny cake with one candle on it, in recognition of his twenty-first birthday. Cadets and apprentices gathered around to watch him cut the cake, and the Dutch and Belgian apprentices sang "Happy Birthday" even though they couldn't sing it in English. Mrs. Baxter explained in French what the birthday party was all about and they beamed happily. The Captain of their Belgian ship had told them that mail would go through now, so they wrote letters to their home addresses—hoping courageously that some relatives will be alive to receive and acknowledge them.

One Belgian apprentice received a cablegram that six of his family had been killed by a bomb. His wife, who happened to be in another town managed to escape into Switzerland and on the way picked up a stray baby about eighteen months old.

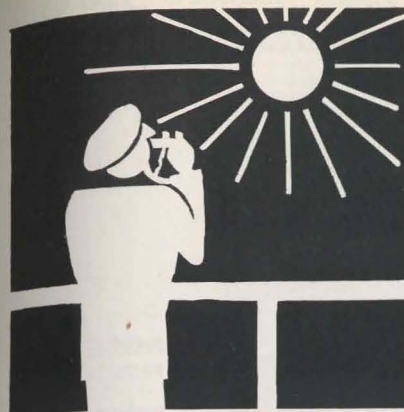
Seagoing Personnel

By Rear Admiral Emory S. Land

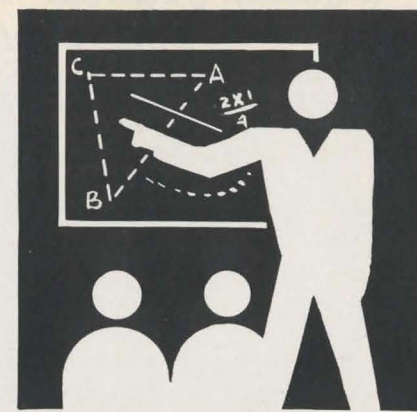
I WOULD like to take up briefly the matter of personnel aboard the ships of our merchant fleet. In 1938, the Maritime Commission established a training program designed to offer an opportunity to American merchant seamen to improve their skill and knowledge. This was the first comprehensive effort to provide such an opportunity for licensed and unlicensed personnel of the merchant service. To date, the number of licensed and unlicensed men enrolled under our training program approaches 5,000. A very substantial majority of these men have had at least two years' experience at sea on ships of 2,000 gross tons or over. They are given courses in lifeboat work, navigation, engineering instructions, helmsmanship — in fact all of the duties involved in deck, engine-room and steward's department are covered in the course of training. Enrollment is voluntary; the men are paid; they are provided with clothing and food; and transportation from their point of enlistment to the training station.

The Commission did not undertake the training program with the idea that the ability of men who now man our ships was inferior to the ability of the men aboard competing foreign vessels. The fact that the American Merchant Marine for several years has been the safest in the world from the point of view of shipboard casualty attests to the competence of those responsible. The training program was inaugurated primarily to increase the skill and abilities of men sufficiently interested to take advantage of the opportunity. There is always, in all of life's activities, room for improvement.

* From an address delivered by Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, Retired, Chairman, United States Maritime Commission, before the Joint National Maritime Day Luncheon of the Propeller Clubs of the West Coast at the Commercial Club, San Francisco, California.



NAVIGATION



ENGINEERING INSTRUCTION

Remember These Men

The value of the merchant ship, in war-time as in peace, is that it brings to our ports the necessities of living. We are still dependent on ships for exports and imports.

Today, seamen of our American merchant marine are exposed and have been exposed since the beginning of the war to exceptional dangers — for added to the normal perils of the sea are those of the mine, torpedo, surface raider and aircraft.

When you read of the crew of 18 or 36 of a merchant ship being lost, one rarely sees the names of these men in print. And yet they die nobly — these merchant seamen — the ship's fireman or oiler way below the waterline; the deck boy or the ship's cook; the captain; the engineer — each doing his duty.

Of such stuff are sailormen made! When they come ashore in the PORT OF NEW YORK — the Institute gives them a friendly welcome, providing comforts and recreation. PLEASE HELP US TO CARRY ON OUR SERVICES TO MEN OF THE MERCHANT MARINE.

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



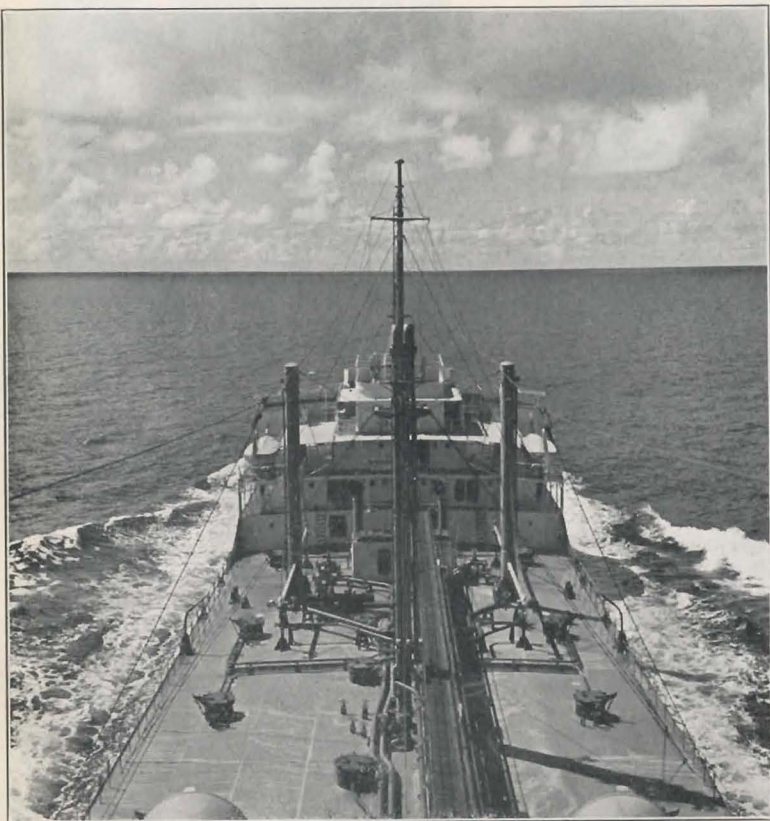
SMALL BOAT WORK



HELMSMANSHIP

Drawings by Courtesy of U. S. Maritime Commission and Pictorial Statistics

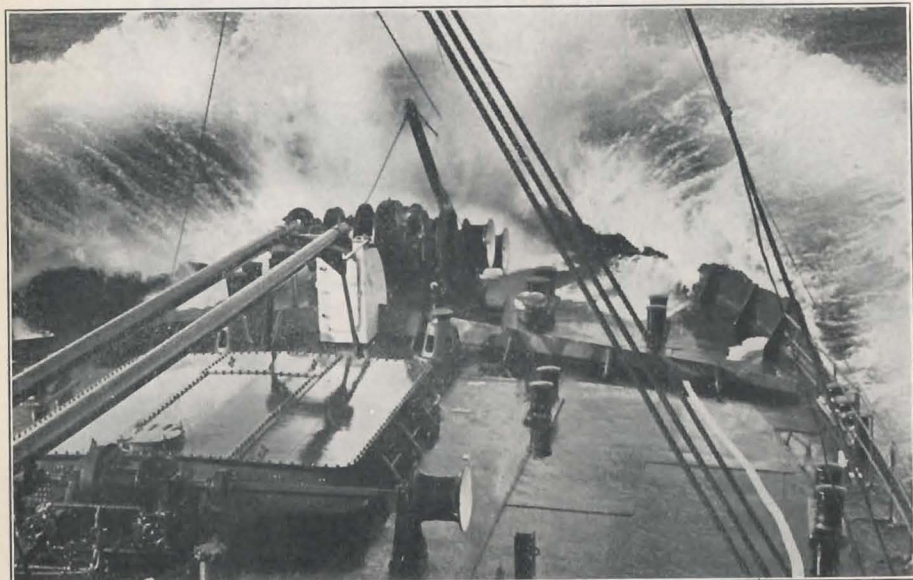
Winning Pictures in the Esso Tanker Fleet
Ship Photograph Contest*



FIRST
PRIZE

"Looking
Forward"

*Photo by
Chief
Engineer
Ernest
Bornheimer
"Esso
New
Orleans"*



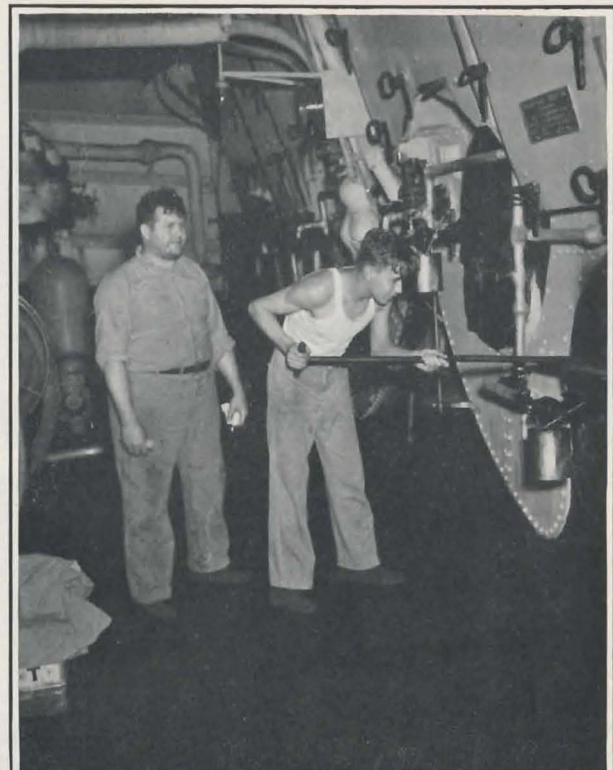
HONORABLE
MENTION

*Photo by
Captain
W. E.
Loeffler
"H. H.
Rogers"*

SECOND PRIZE

"Instruction in
Carbon Removal"

*Photo by
Wesley Jennings, Jr.
Steward
S. S. "George G. Henry"*



THIRD PRIZE — "Sunset, in the Gulf, Down Mexico Way"

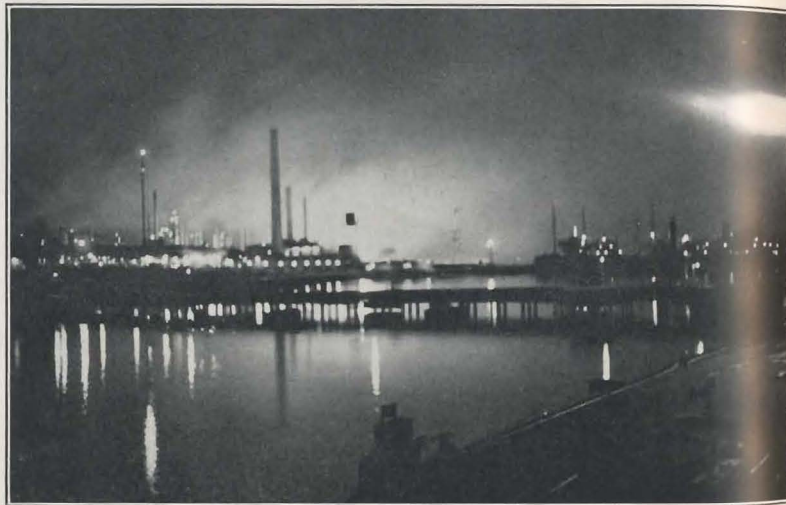
Photo by F. W. Marshall, Radio Operator, "Esso Bayway"

* Reprinted by Courtesy of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey



"Picking Up the Pilot"

Photo by
John Bendas, Oiler
S. S. "Charles G.
Black"



"Aruba Refinery
by Night"

Photo by
C. B. Roberts
Third Mate



"Nosing Through
the Straits
of Magellan"

Photo by
John Bendas, Oiler
S. S. "Charles G.
Black"

A Tall Tale

WHEN the "Queen Elizabeth", largest ship ever built, arrived in New York harbor, she started a very interesting discussion among waterfront cronies on the many legends associated with what is known in seafaring circles as "The Great Ship". These legends are the sea parallel to the super-exaggeration, on land, of Paul Bunyan, the gigantic lumberman of the Minnesota woods, or in the air, to that of the Great Roc, the fabulous bird carrying elephants in its beak and claws! Sitting in one of these discussions the other day in the Institute's Conrad Library THE LOOK-OUT editor learned about the "Merry Dun of Dover" (the English name for the legendary ship of mammoth size); about the "Tuscarora", the American version of the same ship which had seventeen decks and a straw bottom; about the French mythical Gargantuan ship "La Grande Chasse Foudre".

The descriptions of the giant ships tally. She had masts so tall they had to be put on hinges to lower them to let the sun and moon go by. When they tossed her ballast over the sides, they formed the Aleutian Islands. Her masts were so high that the cabin boys who went aloft to the tops came down on the other side grey-bearded old men. Orders on this strange vessel were transmitted through huge conch shells (a forerunner of the megaphone, no doubt) and the noise of the commands was heard for a hundred miles.

This monstrous vessel once steered its course through the Atlantic Ocean into the English Channel; but being unable on account of the narrowness of the strait to pass between Dover and Calais, the captain had the happy thought of having the whole starboard side smeared with white soap. This proved effective, and the giant ship safely entered the North Sea, but

since that time the cliffs of Dover have had their soapy white appearance.

You will find no references in the "Readers' Guide" or in the "Encyclopedia" to this enormous ship, but sailors of all nationalities know of it and can tell amusing tales of her great size. One mariner told that she scraped off a whole regiment of soldiers with her head-booms at Dover, while, at the same time, her spanker-boom projected over Calais' forts, as she tacked in the Channel.

A Swedish seaman called the giant ship by the name of "Refanu" and told of the legend that she was so vast that a journey from poop to prow lasted three weeks and the captain rode around on horseback. It had an inn on every block.

And finally, a chief mate told us about the Great Ship, on board of which all good sailors went when they died. It came for them across the water, from over the rim of the world. The rainbow was her flag, with the colors of all nations within it, because it belonged to every one. It came for them, and it backed its mainyard, and it sent out a shallop to pick them up and carry the old sailors on board. Rather a passive Paradise as compared with the legendary Davy Jones' Locker, where Father Neptune and his mermaids held court for lost sailors.

But of all the tall tales spun about great ships, none is so tall as the true one — of the mammoth "Queen Elizabeth" crossing the Atlantic in silence and in secrecy.

Officer Rescues Cat As Destroyer Sinks

LONDON, April 15 (A. P.).—A cat named Smut, mascot on the destroyer Gurkha, which was sunk by the Germans, was among the survivors, it was disclosed today. She owed her life to an artillery officer who swam for twenty minutes with the cat on his shoulder until rescued by the cruiser Aurora.

Now Smut is the Aurora's mascot.

National Conference of Association of Seamen's Welfare Agencies

THE Ninth Annual Conference of the National Group of Seamen's Agencies, now re-named the Association of Seamen's Welfare Agencies, was held in New York City from June 19th through 21st and was attended by representatives of twenty-six agencies throughout the U. S. and Canada. Among the subjects discussed were "The Merchant Marine and a World At War" by the Rev. Lief T. Gulbrandsen of the Norwegian Seamen's Church, Brooklyn. Other speakers were Mr. Charles H. C. Pearsall, vice-president of the Atlantic Gulf and West Indies Lines and past President of the Propeller Club of the U. S. A.; Commander George E. McCabe, director of the U. S. Maritime Commission Training School at Hoffman Island; Dr. Claude C. Pierce, Medical Director of the U. S. Public Health Service; Harry J. Pearson, Director of Sailors' Haven, Charlestown, Mass.; the Rev. James Healey, Ph.D., Chaplain of Seamen's House Y.M.C.A.; Frank P. Mitchell, Executive Secretary of "The Anchorage" Baltimore, Maryland and the Rev. Percy R. Stockman, Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia; Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and Mr. Leeds Johnson, President of Seamen's House.

The delegates to the Conference met at Seamen's House for the first day's sessions; at Hoffman Island and Ellis Island for the second day; and a dinner meeting at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. At the final meeting on June 21st at the national headquarters, 72 Wall Street, the following officers were elected to serve for a term of one year: Chairman, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, Director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York; Vice-Chairman, the Rev. Percy R. Stockman; Treasurer, Mr. John T. Little, Director of the Legal Aid Society and Secretary, Reginald L. McAll.

The sense of the Conference was first, that the maritime labor situation was improving steadily, with more cooperation between seamen and shipowners; that the war would have tremendous effects on shipping and subsequently on relief work among unemployed seamen; that general conditions aboard ships had improved greatly and that each seamen's

welfare agency must consecrate itself to greater service in the next year on reduced budgets. Since the increase in building of ships for the U. S. Navy will begin immediately, it is likely that a proportionate increase in the merchant ship-building program will be provided. The Conference commended the work of the U. S. Maritime Commission in raising the standards of the personnel of the American Merchant Marine by offering splendid training in its various schools and training ships.

Two Seamen Heroes

IN an official report recorded in the Journal of Commerce and Shipping Register of London we learn of the citations for bravery of two merchant seamen whose deeds merited such recognition. We are proud to chronicle their acts of heroism here: The first British hero of World War II is that of Barnett M. Copeland, chief officer of the liner "Athenia" which was torpedoed on September third, the first day of the war. He has been honored by King George VI with an appointment to the Order of the British Empire.

Copeland, after supervising the loading of 26 of the *Athenia's* lifeboats with 750 passengers and crew, was in due course picked up and taken aboard a rescue vessel. He then discovered that a woman who should have been in his boat was missing. He told the captain of the warship, who gave him a boat in which he and a boatswain and one able seaman went back to the *Athenia*. He found the woman in the sick bay, unconscious. He carried the woman back to the warship and shortly afterward the *Athenia* sank.

The other seaman hero — Junior Engineer John Dunn — lost his life and the Cornwell Decoration (the Boy Scout's V.C.) was posthumously awarded him. The British ship "Domala" was hit by several bombs and caught on fire. Twenty-three year old Dunn, who was making only his second trip, suffered a broken leg, many severe injuries and burns. Yet he managed to crawl 300 feet down the engine-room tunnel through flames and smoke to reach his chief. "His bravery and stamina were amazing," said Chief Officer W. Brawn. "The fire rapidly approached us so I did what I could for Dunn. I secured him into a lifebelt and made fast a lifebuoy to him and lowered him into the sea with the hope that a rescue ship would pick him up. I fear that he died of his injuries before he entered the water. He protested when we placed him on a cradle to lower him into one of the boats. "I'm all right," he said. "Carry on with the rescue work."

Holes in Doughnuts

WARS may come and wars may go, but certain maritime controversies will continue so long as there is a sailorman left to argue. Such is the who-put-the-hole-in-the-doughnut controversy. At present, a terrific argument is raging because in the June issue of YANKEE Magazine — a copy of which turned up on the reading table in the officers' room at the Institute — a man named Mark Whalon writes a piece in which he gives credit for inventing the doughnut hole to his great-great-great uncle Shadrach G. Hooper. Every seafaring man will tell you that it was a master mariner named Captain Gregory back in 1847 who deserves the credit for this wonderful discovery. He was in command of a ship sailing out of Boston harbor (so the story goes) when he decided that something ought to be done about the fried cakes or twisters served by the ship's cook. They were cut in long strips, bent double and twisted but were raw in the middle while the edges were fried nice and crisp. Captain Gregory set to thinking, looked up, saw a life ring, and there was his inspiration! The idea of a hole in the middle would allow the dough to be cooked all the way through. So the ingenious Captain

achieved immortality because he invented a hole! Now along comes this man who gives all the credit to his Uncle Shad, and as evidence quotes the epitaph on his tombstone in Vermont:

"Here lies at last poor Uncle Shad
He wan't much good but he wan't
all bad
O angels sing and clap your wings
For his deeds on earth were wondrous things
The first to put sausage into a gut
And the first to put a hole in the
Dutch Doughnut!"

Well, it will take more than a carving on a tombstone for seafaring men to give credit to a Vermont mountaineer instead of a Yankee sea captain! So the controversy will continue far down into the future.

Sailor's Wife

Winter winds were foe enough
And combers of freezing brine,
But now the sinister fathoms hold
Torpedo and drifting mine.
Death in the winds, death in the waves,
Helpless—we beg of Thee,
Guide his hand on the wheel tonight,
Pilot of Galilee!

LESLIE SAVAGE CLARK.
Reprinted from *The New York Sun*,
May 22, 1940

SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN JANUARY 1 - JUNE 1, 1940

108,594	Lodgings (including relief beds).
35,604	Pieces of Baggage handled.
280,462	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
101,551	Sales at News Stand.
9,548	Calls at Laundry, Barber and Tailor Shops.
7,927	Total attendance at 295 Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island.
19,466	Social Service Interviews.
117	Missing Seamen located.
41,032	Total attendance at 124 Entertainments, such as Movies, Concerts, Lectures and Sports.
4,951	Relief Loans to 2,217 Individual Seamen.
23,454	Magazines distributed.
2,572	Pieces of Clothing and 445 Knitted Articles distributed.
1,227	Treatments in Clinics.
1,386	Visits at Apprentices' Room.
1,131	Visits to Ships by Institute Representatives.
6,036	Deposits of Seamen's Earnings placed in Banks.
629	Jobs secured for Seamen.
9,797	Attendance of Seamen Readers in Conrad Library; 814 Books distributed.
7,741	Total attendance of Cadets and Seamen at 553 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 852 students enrolled.
6,051	Incoming Telephone Calls for Seamen.

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