

THE LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXVII

MARCH, 1946

No. 3

THIS MONTH'S COVER: A merchant seaman examines a model of the three-skysailyard, full rigged ship, Tacoma, in the Institute's Nautical Museum.

Photo by Al Ravena, N. Y. World-Telegram

The LOOKOUT

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CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President
THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer
REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.
Director
MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor
POLLY WEAVER, Associate Editor

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Telephone BOwling Green 9-2710

Sanctuary

Eternal Father, who rulest over wind and wave, look with favor we beseech Thee upon the men of the Merchant Marine. Preserve them from the perils of storm and fog, of hidden reef, and lurking enemy. Be strong to save them in the hour of disaster, and bring them safe at last unto their desired haven.

Guide and direct all who control the conditions under which they labor at sea. Enlighten and uphold all who minister to their needs ashore.

These things we ask in the Name of Him whose word even the winds and the waters obey, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

By Dean Charles P. Deems of St. Mark's Cathedral, Minneapolis,
(Assistant Superintendent of the Seamen's Church
Institute of New York, 1912-16)

During the month of March, 10% of all purchases you make at LEWIS & CONGER, 45th Street and Avenue of the Americas, New York City, will be given to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York IF you mention the Institute's name.

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Playtime for Seafarers

THE tall young seaman stopped at the desk leading to the Institute's third floor game room and asked in a Southern drawl: "How long before this place will close?" Another seaman in a Maritime Training school uniform inquired: "Will this be here when I get back from my first trip?"

To these younger seamen it had to be explained that the Seamen's Institute is not a wartime service, but it is always here to serve seamen. Mrs. Christine Hartman, hostess in the game room, replied: "The Institute has been in existence for over 100 years, and it expects to be here as long as seamen need it."

Mrs. Hartman is the first woman staff member to work in the game room. She assists Mr. Trevor M. Barlow, recreation supervisor. She teaches seamen (who don't know how) to play pool, or billiards, or ping pong. She gives out cues and balls and chalks for the snooker and billiard players. Since the seamen who come to the game room are of all nationalities she has become very adept in sign language and when, for example, a Norwegian sailor demonstrates in pantomime what game he wants to play, she can understand and give him the right equipment.

She even arranges games between seamen who cannot speak a word of the other's language! "Not long ago," she related, "a Brazilian steward was playing billiards with



a Swedish bosun. At the end of the game they shook hands and by motions made a date to play again the same time the next day. I helped with a calendar and a watch to make each understand. Each day they returned, and enjoyed the game thoroughly."

More than 200 seamen play pool, billiards or snooker daily. After the confined space of a ship they like to stretch their legs.

Some of the games played by different nationalities are really the same, but have different names: the Americans play ping pong; the British and Europeans call it table tennis. The Americans call it checkers, the Europeans draughts. The Scandinavians prefer chess. The Americans play pool: the British play snooker and English billiards (snooker is more difficult and scientific than pool.) The Dutch usually play billiards with four balls instead of three. (The game room has eight pool tables and one billiard table which are free; and one snooker table and two pool

tables where the charge is 15 cents for one hour.) The West Indians like dominoes. All like quoits, bridge and cribbage.

Only *active* merchant seamen are eligible to use the game room. They show their papers to Mrs. Hartman indicating that they have been to sea in less than 60 days. If a longer period because of illness or injury, they show a hospital discharge paper. Seamen who have had broken shoulders or arms or wrists often play pool by the hour on doctor's orders to get limbered up.

Because of the closing of uptown canteens for seamen an increasing number are coming to the game rooms daily. In addition to games, they like the broadcasts of sporting events, and the regular daily newscasts from 6:30 to 7 P.M.

Another game room service is to give out tickets to events in Madison Square Garden. The Belgian and Dutch seamen are enthusiastic about the figure-skating ice shows; the young Americans like basketball games; the British are very fond of ice hockey and root for Canadian teams.

One of Mrs. Hartman's unusual duties is to take care of "Seaweed's" kittens.* LOOKOUT readers may recall that several months ago there appeared a photo of her offspring named respectively "Ditto" "Quote", "Unquote" and "Comma". Mrs. Hartman said that



Photos by Marie Higginson

many of the seamen had a wonderful time playing with the kittens, advising her about their diet, and offering to take them to sea. She rigged up a basket, and a curtain, and put up a sign "Caternity Hospital", as the mother Seaweed resented too many visitors, so twice a day the curtain was drawn and the seamen could look at the babies.

Mrs. Hartman first heard about the Seamen's Institute in an interesting way. She was a high school teacher in Maine and one summer spent her vacation aboard a lumber schooner "Regina". She noticed that the books in the schooner's library had "Compliments of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York" stamped on the front. She resolved that if she ever got to New York she would visit the Institute. She did, some years later, worked for a time as a volunteer and then came on the staff. (Booth Tarkington, by the way, now uses the schooner "Regina" as a studio at Kennebunk, Maine. Presumably, the Institute's books are still aboard.)

Someone once said that if the peoples of the world would learn to play together, there would be fewer wars. Certainly, the Merchant Marines of the United Nations are learning cooperation and sportsmanship as they enjoy games together here at 25 South Street.

*See Page 13 for more news about "Seaweed"

Crossing "The Line"

By Tom O'Reilly*

AFTER dinner on the day we announced that Duke, the mess boy, would be King Neptune during the traditional crossing ceremony. It was typical of the "Mulligan Stew" that her crew should ignore the Equator when we crossed it the first three times and then on this final fourth crossing decide to get formal. Having work to do, I decided to duck the ceremonies . . . When I locked my door a well-aimed flying fish came floating through the porthole. When I closed the porthole, a fire hose was poked down the ventilator. Just before reaching Cape Town the chief engineer had lightheartedly handed me his smooth logbook and said, "Here y'are, Tom. You can take care o' this thing for me." I would have kept it regularly for him, of course, if he had told me about it in the first place. So I took the chief's logbook and put it under the fire hose and was about to yell, "Go ahead. Turn it on,"



The Conference of Shellbacks

when something restrained me. I realized that you can't duck the inevitable. So, donning my rubber zoot suit for protection, I gave up.

The bosun had fashioned a raft out of some empty oil drums and lumber. He used this raft in painting the side of the ship while in port. Duke had set up his King Neptune's Court atop the bosun's raft, which was located aft on the port side. With all the new men aboard there were quite a few to be initiated. Duke, looking through a pair of large horn-rimmed spectacles, would pretend he was reading a book and say to each man, "You are charged befo' this co't with fightin' and courtin' and stayin' out till midnight. How do you plead? Guilty or not Guilty?" It didn't make much difference how anybody pleaded. Some were painted, some were spanked (much more gently than in a college fraternity), and some were sent galloping around the decks yelling, "Whoopee, I'm a cowboy."

*Author of "Purser's Progress", Doubleday Doran Publishers



"I donned my zoot suit" . . .

"Pen-Pressions" by Phil May





"Pen-Pression" by Phil May

Phil May served as purser on the Liberty ship "CHRISTIAN BERGH" for over a year. Before he joined the Merchant Marine his work appeared in leading newspapers and magazines, and for a time he was official artist for the Kaiser shipyards. He specializes in "pen-pressions," meaning lightning sketches of a tap-dancer in the act of tapping or a ballet-dancer in the act of whizzing or leaping. Over these spirited sketches he adds water color washes — extracted from a tiny folding box about the size of a small cigarette case. He draws with great speed and dexterity. He works on assignments for the theatres, theatrical sections of newspapers, magazines, etc. The "AMERICAN ARTIST" characterized him as "a chronicler of the entertainment world."

Since going to sea, Phil May has done pen portraits and "pen-pressions" of ports visited, of his shipmates, on shipboard and ashore.

Examples of Mr. May's work will be on view in the Janet Roper Room during the month of March. The public is invited.

For Distinguished Service: Volunteers

THE proverbial faithfulness of postmen in keeping their appointed rounds despite snow, rain and "gloom of night" applies also to the corps of more than 600 women volunteers who serve, regardless of weather or season, in the Institute's Lounge, Janet Roper Room, Janet Roper Club, Clinics and Library.

Of the 75 women who volunteer in the Seamen's Lounge, *not one has given up her duties here since the war ended!* They realize that the Merchant Marine has a vital role in peace-time as well, and that seamen ashore enjoy the friendly games of bridge and cribbage, the music and entertainment, and the daily coffee and cake served by hostesses in this attractive lounge.

"Being a volunteer seems to be a kind of health insurance," said one woman, "for I haven't had a cold or been sick a day since Mrs. Oliver Iselin asked me to come here in 1941, when the Lounge opened! I've enjoyed it immensely."

Many of the volunteers came through the Central Council or were related to members of the

Board of Managers, and Institute contributors. Women who have had to drop out temporarily because of illness in their families or for some other reason, have often arranged to send substitutes, as they did not wish "to let the seamen down." When cancellations are necessary, other volunteers come extra hours if necessary.

The range of vocations and avocations among the Seamen's Lounge volunteers is wide. They include a retired school teacher, a trained social worker, a costume designer, a club woman, housewives who play bridge very well, several linguists, a baroness, a princess, a pianist, and a number of singers, and quite a few good cooks who occasionally bring their own cakes and cookies for the seamen. One loyal volunteer reads horoscopes and does character analysis as a hobby, and the seamen greatly enjoy meeting her and having their horoscopes read.

For many years the Institute has had a loyal group of volunteer knitters, now 2,000, who through the Central Council of Associations,



Sketched by H. H. Lawrence

make 12,000 to 15,000 sweaters, socks, helmets and scarfs annually; a group who sew about 6,000 towels, sheets and other household linens annually (the Institute's 1600 beds require new sheets yearly). Before the 13-story building was built at 25 South Street, Miss Augusta de Peyster and Miss Catherine Leverich started the Seamen's Benefit Society, a group of women who knitted, sewed, packed Christmas and ditty bags, gave benefits and entertained the seamen. After the new building was completed in 1913, they maintained the Apprentices' Room, now the Janet Roper Room, on the fourth floor of the Institute. Volunteers have also packed Christmas boxes for distribution to seamen aboard ships in hospitals, in the Institute, and in the Maritime Training Schools. They began in 1942 and packed 4,964 boxes that year, 6,328 in 1943, 7,000 in 1944, and increasing to 8,125 in 1945 to meet the greater need. Women's Auxiliary Branches, war agencies such as the AWVS, Bundles for America etc., schools, individuals throughout the country helped to pack these boxes. Knitters range in age from an eight year old girl to a 103 year old lady both of whom knit socks faithfully.

A group of younger volunteers serve in the Janet Roper Room.

A few of these girls have dropped out since the war ended—not from lack of interest but because some of them have married the soldier or sailor for whom they had been waiting, and have moved away. A few have married merchant seamen, and these, of course, continue to attend while their husbands are on the high seas. But the great majority are continuing to serve. They come from stores, banks, insurance companies, telephone companies, Girls' Friendly groups, and local clubs. During the war many war industries had girl employees who formed their own volunteer units, such as the Bulova "Jewels"; the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. "Telephone Belles", the International Telephone Co. "I T & T's," etc. They helped to finance orchestras, refreshments and entertainments in the Janet Roper Room. (These are now being re-organized into one Seamen's Church Institute unit.) Other volunteers include Miss Jane Gilroy Gibney, an Arthur Murray dance teacher, who, with other volunteers, has taught hundreds of seamen to dance; Mrs. Rita Redlich's Variety Show comprised of professional singers, dancers, pianists, magicians, which has presented shows regularly; the Hawaiian Guild, with a group of young Hawaiian



Sketched by Beatrice Fusillo



dancers; the Victoria Swoboda Ballet Dance Group—the dancers are all children. A group of professional artists come regularly to sketch seamen; the sketches are given to the seamen.

Volunteers in the Clinics—nurses, hygienists, doctors and dentists—have helped to supplement the services of the regular staff. Library volunteers, some of them professional librarians during the day, serve faithfully in the evenings.

In 1942 the Institute recognized the many services of its volunteers by awarding gold pins (in the shape of the Institute's seal) to those who had served 30 hours in the Seamen's Lounge, and those who had served 100 hours in the Janet Roper Room. Each new volunteer is interviewed by a staff member to determine where her qualifications can be most helpful. A questionnaire must be filled in, naming two references, and a set of Rules for Volunteers must be read and observed. It is suggested that all volunteers subscribe to THE LOOKOUT so as to keep informed on Institute activities.

So let us salute the VOLUNTEERS for their distinguished and continuing service to the Merchant Marine!

Now that some clubs serving merchant seamen have closed, we are making every effort to CARRY ON services to seamen with the aid of more and more volunteers. Join the Seamen's Institute Volunteer Corps.

25 South St., New York 4, N. Y.
Telephone, BO 9-2710

Sketches of seamen by volunteer artists. Top to bottom: by Edith Turner, by Jane Galtenby, by Florence Raphaelian.

In the S. C. I. Log Book



S.S. SAFETY PIN

A seaman stopped at the information desk the other day to tell the attendant there about the sad fate of the good ship SS Larkspur. Seems she had been carrying hospitalized prisoners of war across and bringing wounded servicemen back but now she has been converted to a passenger ship and will bring English war brides and their babies to their new home. The men call it the "safety pin run".

FOR THE LADIES

Sometimes women play havoc with shipboard routine. Not long ago a ship's cook stopped in the Conrad Library and asked for a cook book with food calory counts in it. He's shipping on a passenger ship and he says the women passengers often order their meals by calory count, instead of food appeal. While they worry about their figures, he has to brush up on his mathematics!

KNIFE PACKIN' PAPA

It was a lovely party in the Janet Roper Room at "25 South Street" with refreshments, dancing and fun, when a new boy who expected to ship out next day appeared on the scene. He wore a huge knife in his belt—the blade alone was a good 7½ inches. Other seamen and the hostesses finally persuaded him to remove the gruesome weapon; after all this was a nice Sunday evening affair. And they told him it would not be allowed on board ship anyway since the legal length of a blade is 4½ inches. Although so excited about his first trip—Buenos Aires next day—that nothing registered, he was finally persuaded. That first enthusiasm is wonderful . . . and in such a setting, so was his knife!

Into the Conrad Library, towering above all present, came a huge mountain of a seaman, dripping from the torrential downpour. Dressed in watch cap and slicker, he bore on his shoulder an enormous sea bag. This giant was shipping out that very day but wished to return a couple of books he had borrowed to read on shore leave. With loving fingers he quietly placed on the librarian's desk, "THE LIFE OF GREECE" by Will Durant and Powy's "PHILOSOPHY OF SOLITUDE".

DIRTY WEATHER

Many land folk thought they had a spell of bad weather recently; especially loud were the wails of New Yorkers over the winds which blew gales of rain and snow and made walking or driving dangerous.

Bill Sawyer, who had just arrived from Galveston, reports on some bad weather on the worst and most exciting voyage he'd ever made. Wallowing four days, completely helpless and with eight ports stove in, the crew held out the water only by battening on heavy iron blackout screens. "We nearly lost one old guy overboard," says Bill. "Lucky thing he held a length of heaving line to which he still clung as the waves nearly washed him over the rail." Also fighting to stay aboard, a young seaman stretched out and tried to catch the other end of the line—but missed. Finally he caught it; the old man's grip held and he was pulled back. He suffered only a broken leg and from submersion. Bill adds, "No one had a stitch of dry clothing when the ship finally put in to Fort Lauderdale." As for Bill, a broken head and an injured kidney are his mementos—and he says what we call bad weather here at the Institute looks like a pretty fine day to him.

Pictorial Record of a Voyage on a C-2 Transport

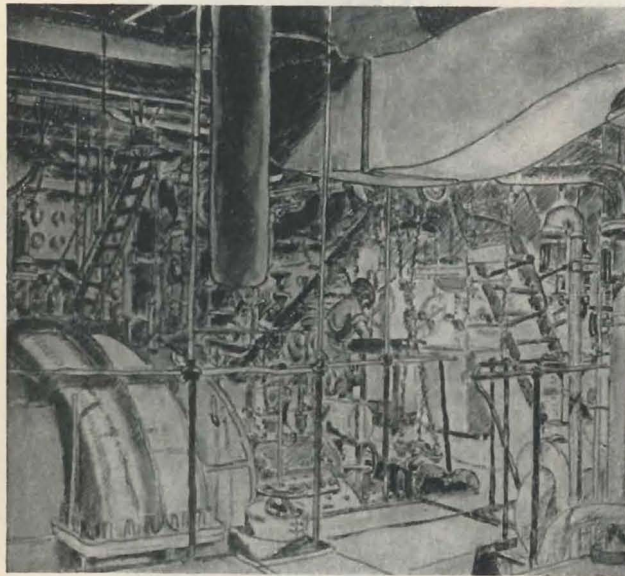
by Herman Brockdorff*

These paintings will be on exhibit in the Janet Roper Room, 4th floor of the Institute during the month of April.



Herman S. Brockdorff, a Danish seaman who has distinguished himself in the other Annuals, wins just recognition for his series of eleven watercolors intended to give the public a visual picture of his life on a merchant ship. His sagacity in use of line and wash and classic sense of composition are amazing for an artist who has painted only three years.

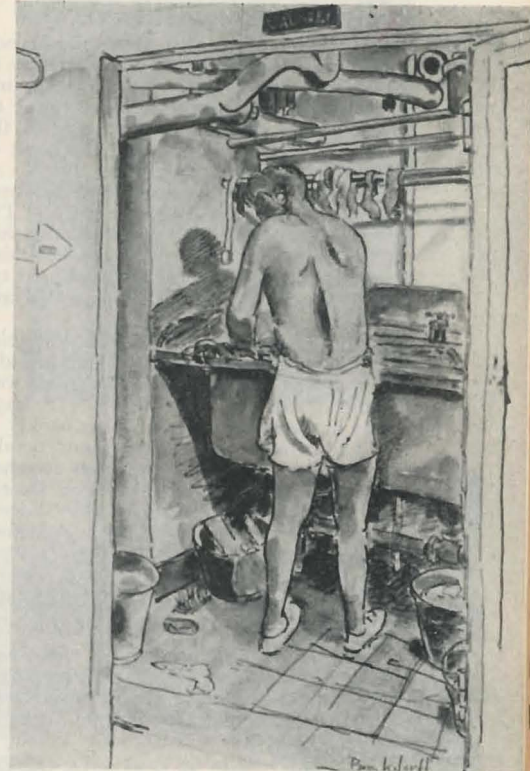
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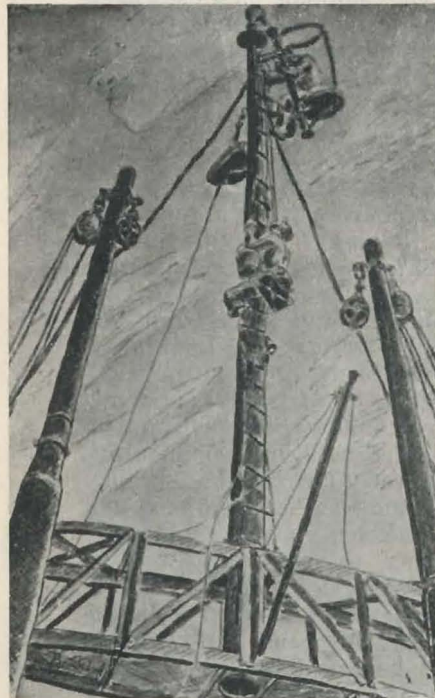
THE ENGINE ROOM



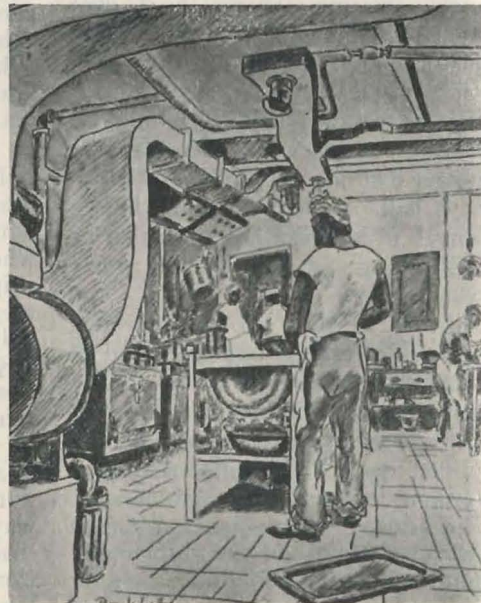
MESS HALL



LAUNDRY



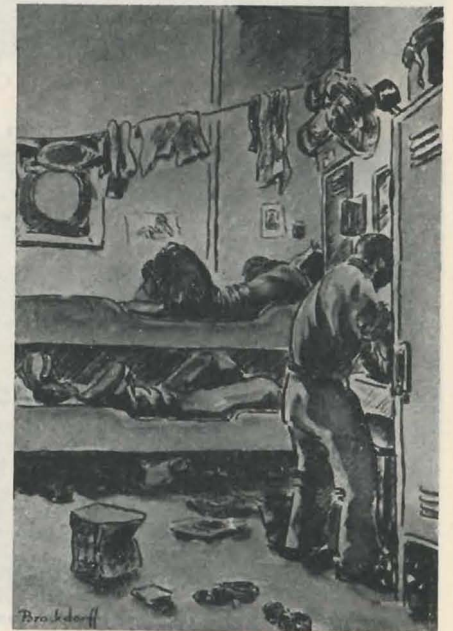
WASHING AND PAINTING THE MAST



GALLEY



CREWS' QUARTERS



*Member, Artists and Writers Club.

Ship News

HUMAN BALLAST SAVES SHIP

212 WACs aboard the *Athos II*, a French freighter of 22,000 tons under charter as an American transport, were ordered into the hold to act as ballast against the 60 degree rolls the ship was making in the teeth of a 124 mile gale off the coast of Newfoundland on December 21st.

Twelve of the fourteen lifeboats were washed away in the terrific storm. The furniture in the dining-room was smashed to kindling wood. Stoves and dish washing machines sailed from side to side. At the peak of the storm the *Athos* rolled and would not get up.

To quote one of the WACs describing the storm, "She would lay there lopsided like a tired pup." Wacs and seamen were lumped together in a high-side passage-way in the hold to try to set her back.

The *Athos*, her engine room flooded waist deep and her hatch covers smashed, finally limped into the Azores on December 27th. The crew described the Wacs as "regular sea-going guys" in their coolness and courage.

MAGNA CARTA IS CARRIED TO ENGLAND ABOARD QUEEN ELIZABETH

One of the four originals of the Magna Carta, which has been in safekeeping in the United States for almost seven years, began its homeward journey recently when the Queen Elizabeth sailed for England.

Secure in a copper-lined, tin-encased wooden box, a yard square and four inches thick, the 730-year-old document was brought aboard the Queen Elizabeth and turned over to Commodore Sir J. G. P. Bisset, commander of the ship, by Sir Francis Evans, British Consul General in New York.

Placed in Bullion Room

Accepting responsibility for the document, Commodore Bisset signed a receipt for "a tin box alleged to contain the Magna Carta" and said that it was the most precious object ever carried by the ship.

"Except the 730,000 troops we transported during the war," he added, as a master at arms carried the box away to the ship's bullion room.

TWO BURNED REPAIRING SHIP

Two crewmen repairing a steam pipe aboard the S. S. Dixie Victory, berthed at Pier 42, Morton Street and the Hudson River, were scalded about the face and body and were taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, both in a serious condition. Police of the Harbor station identified the two men as John Green and Rollan Edwards, both twenty-five years old, and both of 260 California Street, San Francisco.

LIBERTY SHIP FAILS IN

SUICIDE MISSION

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6—The Liberty Ship Joseph Holt was ticketed for the boneyard today after a four-months cruise through American-laid mine fields in the Japanese Inland Sea under orders to try and get herself blown up.

Her crew of seven officers and 79 enlisted men, most of whom volunteered for what had seemed to be a suicide mission, began a 30 day special leave, happy that they had failed.

The ship was trying to find and detonate live American pressure mines strewn by B-29s last summer.

Because of the nature of the mines they could not be swept and their presence in channels traversed by Allied occupation ships made every voyage hazardous.

The mines, each loaded with 1200 pounds of TNT, had been set to become inactive this month, but the Navy couldn't wait. The Holt made 250 runs through known mine fields without a single explosion.

U. S. SHIP HITS MINE

Preliminary reports indicate all but one or two of approximately fifty men aboard the Liberty Ship Nathaniel Bacon, which struck two mines off Civitavecchia have been saved, War Shipping Administration announced.

The ship, headed for Civitavecchia with UNRRA supplies, burst into flames after striking the mines and was beached in heavy seas about thirty-five miles north of the port. The crew took to boats and rafts. Several of the survivors were reported badly injured.

Chester Muszaleski of Chauncey, Ohio, UNRRA liaison officer who boarded the Bacon at Genoa, was reported safe. The ship was still burning today. Cargo included 4,600 tons of flour, 4,750 cases of medical supplies and other UNRRA goods.

"DEAD SEAMAN" SEES OWN SHIP

The Liberty Ship Francis J. O'Gara, named in honor of a man who was reported dead in a torpedoing in the Indian Ocean had a special visitor recently. Arriving in this country following his liberation from a Jap prison camp where he had been held for more than a year, Frank O'Gara strode up the gangplank and trod the decks of the vessel dedicated to his memory. O'Gara is the one living American to have a ship named for him. He was one of three men taken aboard an enemy submarine which torpedoed the freighter Jean Nicolet in the Indian Ocean July 2, 1944.

"Reading and Writing and Navigation"

ALTHOUGH merchant seamen with war records do not have the same chance as do GI's for free university tuition, they do have an opportunity to improve their rating through cultural and educational facilities available to them at the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.

In fact the three "R's"—readin', 'riting and 'rithmetic are taught at 25 South Street: readin' in the Conrad Library, with counsel and aid in choice of books; 'riting, in the Artists and Writers Club for seamen with creative talents, with professional criticism of manuscripts; and 'rithmetic in the Merchant Marine School, where elementary arithmetic is taught (also navigation) to aid seamen wishing to acquire third mate's licenses.

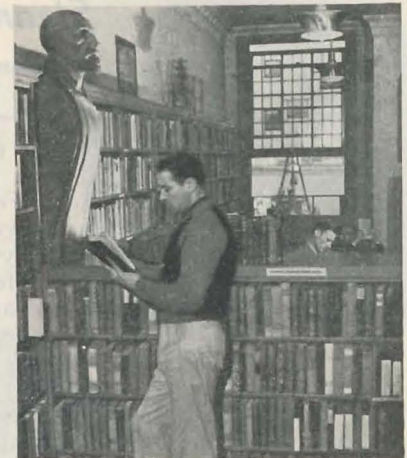


MANY a good mate has the Institute's School to thank for advancement in his sea career, for mathematics is required in solving the very important problem of his ship's location.

The Library serves seamen without charge, the School tuition charge is very low, while the Artists and Writers Club, 50-cents-a-month-dues, also gives some honorary memberships.

These educational facilities, all maintained at the Institute, are important morale builders for seamen and attract to the Merchant Marine men with intelligence, ambition and ability.

Voluntary gifts to the Institute's Ways and Means Fund help to maintain these educational services, as well as the health, welfare and religious services.



Conrad Library



Plotting Courses in the Merchant Marine School



Photos by Marie Higginson

In the Artists and Writers Club

Strange Incident

By Bosun Herbert Colcord

STRANGE stories come from strange places, but I rather think the sea has a little bit of a lead. This one was told to me in February, 1944. I had known this young man for some two or three years. He is a native son of California and a very likeable person, and I have no doubt but the following yarn is true. He is in the Navy and this is what he told me.

He got orders from the Navy to go to St. Johns Naval Station and bring a tugboat to Boston. He flew up and on arrival reported to the Naval Base for full instructions and did he get them!! He was not only to bring the *tugboat* in but also a *barge*. Now the North Atlantic in February is no mill pond, believe me, but now we will get this one right off the top of a nice big wave. They left early and proceeded on the voyage. The first two days were smooth and clear, but about 4:30 on the second day the wind hauled into the southwest and kept breezing on until it was blowing a gale and by dark it was thicker than mud. He had a Canadian corvette for an escort ship and he lost her in the smother. Early in the evening he got orders to keep a sharp lookout for German subs and they did all they could. All of a sudden

a sub surfaced right astern between the tugboat and the barge. Somehow or other the hawser fouled the periscope on the sub and naturally parted, but not until the periscope came unsoldered. Things began to look interesting about that time, and to make it more so, the corvette broke out of the fog and rammed the sub a little aft of the conning tower. It stove in the corvette bow. It stove the sub as she sank and the barge went adrift. There were three German sailors picked up. The balance went down to play ping pong with Neptune's grandchildren.

The skipper sent a message to the Coast Guard giving them a dead reckoning position, but there was some mistake. The Coast Guard didn't locate them for 24 hours or so. They found the barge, made fast a hawser, and proceeded to Boston. The grit and determination of these young American boys is something to be proud of. They never shirk, are always ready to tackle any old thing and they just can't give in to "nobody or nothing". Some admiral said about the Sea Bees, "If you want them to build a flying field and they haven't an island handy, they'll build an island."



U. S. Maritime Commission Photo



C-A-T-S



"SEAWEED"
and her family

Photo by
Marie Higginson

SEAMEN are traditionally fond of cats. There is a superstition that it's good luck to have a cat aboard when a ship makes its maiden voyage. On a good many sea going vessels, maiden voyage or no, a feline pet is to be found walking softly from galley to foc's'le, minding her own mysterious business and taking to the sea like a veteran.

SEAWEED, noted feline mascot of the Seamen's Church Institute, who is herself a retired sea voyager, presented the Institute with a family of four new ships mascots on February 9th. A contest held a few days

before in which merchant seamen competed for a \$5 prize by submitting groups of four names for the new kittens, brought forth some fancy monikers—most of them with a salty tang. The winning group, submitted by James F. Sweeney, Fireman and Water Tender, was: Sea Wolf, Fog Bound, Skipper, and Hatches. Other suggested names were Convoy, Torpedo, Scuttlebut, Whaleboat, Hurricane, Salty, Sinbad, Matey, and, just for the sake of formality, Alexander.

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN WRITES TO A SHIP'S CARPENTER

Mr. Tom Dwyer
Box 649, Seamen's Institute
25 South Street, New York City

Dear Tom Dwyer:

I enjoyed your last letter very much and I am glad to send you a new photograph with my sincere wish that it may stay dry together with yourself and your good ship.

I am also glad to know that the time of the greatest danger is over for you and all those other brave men who personify the blood-stream of this whole gigantic enterprise.

With kind wishes and greetings,
Yours sincerely,
Albert Einstein

Shipboard Scenes



Raking the fires aboard a coal-burning ship (Most ships burn oil)

British-Press Combine Photos



"Make and Mend" Bosun darns his socks.



Attending to a sprained wrist

Janet Roper Club

THE Janet Roper Club for merchant seamen and their families, 3 East 67th Street, closed February 1st. It had been maintained by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York as a wartime annex to supplement its recreational activities in its own 13-story building at 25 South Street. The Club was housed in the gallery of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan's home, whose relatives equipped and furnished the premises, including the garden, as a recreational center for seamen and loaned it to the Seamen's Institute. It was officially opened on September 8, 1943. A total attendance at the attractive club of 49,905 merchant seamen was recorded; 16,915 volunteer hostesses; 9,498 seamen's guests; and professional entertainers.

The recreational activities of the club and social program including games, parties and hostesses will be *continued in the Janet Roper Rooms*, located on the 4th floor of the Institute's 13-story building at 25 South Street, New York City which is open daily from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M. These Rooms, like the Club, were named in memory of the late Mrs. Janet Roper, head of the Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau for 28 years.

LETTER TO THE JANET ROPER ROOM

After knocking around the world, as seamen always seem to be doing, we come to the realization that there is no other city like New York, and no other place quite like the Janet Roper Room for casual comfort.

That little spot on the fourth floor of the Seamen's Institute is a haven for seamen who have been there before as well as for the newcomer who is a stranger to this big city. Here a man can come in with the clothes on his back, whether it be street clothes or work clothes. He is always welcome. There is always a ready sandwich and a cup

of tea or coffee ready for him, and there is planned informal entertainment that adds to his pleasure and comfort. In addition, he has a pretty face to look at and a refined girl to dance with if he's so inclined.

And who makes it so pleasant for us wandering souls? Well, I'll tell you. It is such charming women as Lois Meldrum, Shirley Wessel, Muriel Love and Edith Baxter who always seem to be around just when you need a lot of cheer. Thanks, ladies, thanks for everything.

PHIL MAY, *Purser*



"THE ICE CREAM WAS WONDERFUL"

DURING her war service on a voyage to the South Pacific in the latter part of 1944, the *Esso Utica* transported Battery A of the 121st Field Artillery Battalion. How well those aboard the tanker carried out their usual custom of showing guests every possible consideration is indicated by the following letter addressed to the vessel's Chief Steward, Frederick Stap*, by 1st Lieut. Alfonso Veterane, Commander of Battery A:

"The undersigned, being Battery Commander of this organization, and knowing how grateful each man under my command feels toward you and your men for the favor extended us, I deem it a privilege to thank you for each and every man.

"The ice cream was wonderful. A small amount of ice cream may seem like a small gift to be so grateful for, but it was a rare treat for us. With very few exceptions, only the men who were injured and sent back to rear echelon hospitals, it was their first taste of ice cream since leaving Australia for the Islands over a year ago.

"It is the little things such as you did for us that mean more to us than expensive gifts. Ice cream is as American as the movies. To the men it meant a dish of ice cream in the corner drug store with their best girl friend, or a Sunday dinner at home with their families. I know to a civilian or someone who does not understand, this may sound a little childish or mushy, but to us men who have been deprived of such small things, this is a mild way of thanking both you and the Company which you represent."

*Father of Lt. Bobby Stap, the Successful Stowaway

OIL AND DEEP WATER by Kaj Klitgaard

University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50

A beautifully written account of the author's first voyage after several years ashore. Having agreed to ship on "anything except a tanker", he finds himself on a Liberty Ship loaded exclusively with high octane gas. There is, however, none of the excitement one might expect, but rather a series of crew portraits, amusingly told incidents, much philosophical discussion, and many interesting pictures of ship handling in war time. We follow the BO-329 from Boston to Gibraltar to Algiers and finally back to Philadelphia, having exchanged her cargo of high octane for scrapped planes and dead men's kits. D. Page

BATTLE BELOW: THE WAR OF THE SUBMARINES

by Robert J. Casey
Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50

This outstanding record of daring, skill, and human endurance—the heroic adventures of the men who go under the sea in ships—written in 1943, was just released from navy censorship in June 1945. Robert Casey has written a remarkably complete and readable account of the exploits and achievements of the "silent service" in the Pacific. He talked with the men, and went out on patrol, to find out everything that could be told about submarine life, and he succeeds admirably in conveying the terror—and the fascination—of this unsung phase of warfare.

Admiral Nimitz stated recently that when the full story of the submarine's participation in the war is told, it would be realized how much final victory depended on it. Robert Casey has begun this story well. F. L. Noling

SILVER SHOALS
by Hamilton Cochran
Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.75

The latter part of the seventeenth century is brought to life for us in this colorful, romantic, historical novel of an actual and highly profitable treasure hunt that took place off the Bahamas at the famed Silver Shoals.

Told in the first person, the story relates the adventures of a young English boy, a ship chandler's clerk who must flee his native land, and ships with the famous Captain William Phips on H.M. Frigate JAMES AND MARY to New England, where he finds a sweetheart, falsely accused of witchcraft. Caught between his mother's dying wish that he study for the ministry, supported by Cotton Mather's telling him it is duty, and youth's natural desire for material success, he joins Capt. Phips on a successful expedition to retrieve the gold of a sunken Spanish galleon, finally winning fortune and fair maid. F. L. Noling

ARCTIC ADVENTURE

By William MacMillan
M. S. Mill. \$2.00

Two teen-age boys join in an Arctic exploring trip led by a scientist friend of one boy's father. Their exciting adventures include being marooned on a floating iceberg, losing their ship, rescuing a Canadian mountie, and harpooning a walrus, as well as capturing the Arctic animals for which the expedition was planned. The tale would have gained in effectiveness had the author been more selective in his choice of incident. Its best feature is its excellent picture of animal life in the far north. For boys of eleven to fourteen. F. L. NOLING.

HIGH BARBAREE

By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall
Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00

The book begins and ends as a grim war narrative; but the central portion is a South Sea idyll such as only Nordhoff and Hall can paint.

Alec Brooke, adrift in a crippled Catalina with one companion, begins to tell of his boyhood dreams of High Barbaree, an island marked E.D. (existence doubtful) on an old chart belonging to his sea-faring uncle. Little by little these tales become so real that when Alec, his companion dead, drifts into the lagoon of the High Barbaree and finds all his dreams coming true, one is almost convinced and wakes with a shock as the plane from Henderson Field drops out of the sky to find the Catalina and two dead airmen. D. Page

TICKETS ARE WELCOMED

It was a gay group that set out from the Institute one evening bound for the Metropolitan Opera House. Mrs. Shirley Wessel, senior hostess, was taking seven merchant seamen to a performance of "The Barber of Seville"—tickets with the compliments of several thoughtful people who had sent them along to the Institute when they discovered they themselves would be unable to attend.

Mrs. Wessel reports that the seamen thoroughly enjoyed their attendance at the Met, saved their programs, wrote enthusiastic letters home about it, and were a most absorbed and appreciative part of the audience. Mrs. Lois Meldrum, hostess in the Janet Roper Room, had chosen men whom she knew to be lovers of music and, for the occasion, had seen to it that they were familiar with the story of "The Barber of Seville".

The Institute will enthusiastically welcome any other tickets, opera, symphony orchestra, or theatre, which friends might be disposed to send. It is not that the seamen are unable to pay; complete sell-outs often prevent their buying.

WATCHING FOR THE DAWN

O God, I am lost on an ocean impersonal
even as space,
And I drift all alone, a survivor, awaiting
the dawn by Thy grace.
The shuddering crash is forgotten, the
siren's despairing last breath,
The odor of blast which preceeded, the
plunge of the ship to its death.
Last night, I was haunted by banquets,
the crystal-clear water of springs,
And orchards abundant with fruit; but all
vanished on phantasy's wings.
Now sand in the glass trickles slowly, as
Time's leaden fingers caress,
Into a void pour emotions of dreams that
no longer obsess.
The sun strikes its arc in the heavens,
through phantoms of cloud sharply
sears;
The coolness of night flees with shadows,
the brittle skin sheds bitter tears,
And thoughts long imbedded in darkness,
arise with the anguish of day,
Are stilled by a loved one remembered or
fever that burns in this clay.
Does Death so completely extinguish this
spark on the ether of life?
How long must humanity suffer from War's
grievous burden and strife?
Above faded stars in their courses, no
longer inspire devout awe.
What if natural forces are conquered?—
we fetter our lives with man's law.
The curtain of half-light is lifted; the wind
brings a drone, at first soft,
Which swells to the roar of a plane as it
furrows its way up aloft.
I shall live, I shall live yet tomorrow! And
I'll sail yet again and again!
My faith in Thy mercy unshaken, is
eased by this ordeal of pain.

GIBSON FAIRFOULL.

A PRAYER OF THANKS FOR SAFE ARRIVAL

We thank Thee Lord with deep devotion
How safely o'er the Indian Ocean
Thou hast preserved us from harm
From storm, and warfares rude alarm
Off watch, In safety let us sleep
Thyself unsleeping watch did keep
Here safely anchored under Aden
All well on board, and cargo laden
We pray Thy guidance every day
To bring us safely on our way.
At sea, in port, where e're we roam
We pray for those we love at home
Be with them Lord, their fears to calm
If sorrow strikes be Thou their balm
Grant us Oh Lord the will to do
That which is pleasing unto you
May we ne'er shirk the call of duty
Oh fill our hearts with love and beauty
And bring us safely home again
But Thy will, not ours, be done.

BY THOMAS HILL, A. B. SEAMAN

A SEAMAN SPEAKS

So you're tired of sailing, shipmate,
And you need to rest a bit,
You had a long and perilous voyage,
And you're mighty tired of it.
You sailed in a mighty convoy
Of fifty ships or more,
Half of them got through safely
And reached the Allied shore.
The other half now you can guess,
Are lying in their graves
In Davy Jones's Locker there
Beneath the thundering waves.
You stood upon an icy deck,
You heard an eerie swish—
A sub had surfaced off to port
And passed your ship—a "fish."
You felt your decks all buckle up
You heard a shipmate's moan,
You knew his direful wound and pain
As if it were your own.
Then a flock of motored buzzards
Came circling overhead,
And sprayed your deck from stem to stern,
With hot exploding lead.
Now here's to our Navy gunners
As brave as lads can be,
They came from towns and dales and hills,
To join the men at sea.
They shot the enemy from the sky,
They sank the subs, you bet,
They are a fearless bunch of Yanks
We never shall forget.

BY SEAMAN PLEAS HAYES

CHIEF ENGINEER PLATT

Mr. John Platt, chief engineer at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and the oldest employee, died on January 22nd after a long illness.

Mr. Platt began to work for the Seamen's Institute in 1912, before the present 13-story building was completed. He supervised the installation of the mammoth engines which generate the heat, light and power for the building, the largest in the world for merchant seamen of all nationalities. Before coming to the Institute he worked for 17 years as marine engineer on Great Lakes and Long Island Sound steamers. Over the door of his office was the sign:

"Trust in the Lord. But keep
three gauges of water in the
boilers on your own account."

In 1941 Mr. Platt received a bronze medal from the Port of New York Authority for 29 years of service as keeper of the Titanic Memorial Light on top of the Institute, which may be seen six miles at sea. He also supervised the installation of pumps which keep the East River out, pumping out ten gallons a minute, since the Institute is built on filled in land.

His wife and three sons, John, Walter and Rudolph, survive.

The Rev. Harold H. Kelley, D. D. Director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York officiated at the funeral service.

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JOHN MASEFIELD

Director

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.

*Serving in the Armed Forces.

**Elected Jan. 24, 1946.

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," 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."