

The LOOKOUT



The Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Cliff F. Farnham '40

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXI

DEC. 1940

Orison

O most loving Father, who willest us to give thanks for all things, to dread nothing but the loss of Thee, and to cast all our care on Thee who carest for us, preserve all seamen from faithless fears and worldly anxieties, and grant that no clouds of this mortal life may hide them from the light of that Love which is immortal and which Thou hast manifested unto all mankind in Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

Rev. William Bright, 1824 (adapted)

This month's cover is the Christmas gift of the artist, Cliff Parkhurst, a former seaman, to the Institute.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXI, DECEMBER, 1940

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

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

Subscription

One Dollar Annually

Single Copies, Ten Cents

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and over
include a year's subscription to "The Lookout."

Address all communications to
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 South Street

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.

Merry Christmas to Lookout Readers

The Lookout

Vol. XXXI

December, 1940

No. 12

Home for Netherland Seamen At 25 South Street

A BIT of old Holland atmosphere has been transplanted from the country of windmills and tulips to a large room on the third floor of the Institute. It is a singularly appropriate place for a Home for Netherland Seamen, for the site was once an anchorage for ships of the original Nieuw Amsterdam. The "Home" was opened officially on November 15th by the Minister from the Netherlands, Dr. Alexander Loudon who called on seamen of his country to "be our front line which is at sea wherever ships move." He expressed his government's thanks to all who aided in preparing the "Home" in which Netherland seamen may relax between voyages. "The most we give them will still be less than they give," he said.

Captain George Barendse, formerly commander of the Holland-America passenger liner "Staten-dam" (which rescued the crew of the torpedoed British freighter "Winkleigh" last year) and which was subsequently burned in the harbor of Rotterdam during the Nazi invasion, has been supervising the construction of the room and has brought typically Dutch furnishings from Holland and from Heiniken's restaurant at the World's Fair. It is estimated that from 150 to 200 Dutch seamen enter the Port of New York daily, a total of 2,000 individuals during September and October alone. Since they cannot return to their homes in Holland until the end of the war, the Nether-



Photo by William Seabrook

A cozy corner of the new Home for Netherland Seamen showing a model of Henry Hudson's ship "The Half Moon" and a replica of Karl Gruppe's statue of the famous mariner, the original of which adorns the entrance to the Henry Hudson Highway in New York City.

land Shipping and Trading Committee decided to set up a room here in New York where they may enjoy companionship, read Dutch newspapers, magazines and books, eat Dutch cakes and drink Dutch coffee while they are on shore leave. The Committee asked for a room in the Institute, thus at the same time making available to the seamen the superb facilities of the large building including the lodging accommodations, restaurant, cafeteria, baggage room, barber and



Photo by Marie Higginson

At the opening of the Home for Netherland Seamen:

Rev. Harold H. Kelley, Director of the Institute; Dr. Alexander Loudon, Netherland Minister to the U. S. A., Sir T. Ashley Sparks, director of the Cunard-White Star Line; Mrs. Loudon; Mr. S. M. D. Volstar and Mr. Adriaan Gips of the Netherland Shipping and Trading Committee.

tailor shops, laundry, clinics, game rooms, marine school, library, and chapel.

Most of the Holland seamen are sailing on Dutch freighters which are under the general jurisdiction of the British Minister of Shipping, and which transport important supplies and equipment to Great Britain. Other seamen are employed on ships owned by the Holland-America, Royal Netherlands and other lines in the Dutch West Indies and Dutch East Indies routes.

The room is attractively decorated, with Dutch and American flags at the entrance, a fire place, spinning wheel, Delft china on the shelves, Dutch tiles, a model of Henry Hudson's ship, the "Half Moon", pictures of Queen Wilhelmina, blue-checked table clothes on the tables, blue-tiled chandeliers, geraniums in the windows overlooking the East River shipping, and cozy arm chairs and reading nooks. The principal decoration is a mural by Joep Nicolas, noted Dutch painter, depicting in allegorical form

the Maiden of Holland being attacked by the Prussian eagle. It emphasizes that her Naval and Merchant Seamen are the essential link in the chain which unites Holland to other democratic nations.

The room will be open daily, including Saturdays and Sundays, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M. and Mrs. Adrienne de Bruyn and Miss Marie de Bruin will supervise a corps of volunteer hostesses for the teas served each afternoon to the Dutch sailors, will repair their laundry, mend their clothing, and will knit sweaters and socks for them. Donations of books, cigarettes, etc. are invited.

Mr. Adriaan Gips is Chairman of the Netherlands Shipping Committee and Mr. S. M. D. Volstar of the Netherlands Trading Committee which are financing the home. Dr. Hendrik Willem van Loon and other prominent Holland Americans are interested in the operation and maintenance of the Home for Netherland Seamen.



Photo by William Seabrook

Mural by Joep Nicholas in the Home for Netherland Seamen:

It depicts the Maiden of Holland attacked by the Prussian eagle, the Lion of Holland stabbed in the back, a child crying for help, and the Dutch sailors of the Navy and Merchant Marine holding aloft the tri-color and the Orange pennant. The inscription reads that Holland shall rise again and injustice shall be revenged.

Christmas at Sea — Now and Long Ago

MANY picturesque customs and traditions are associated with the sea, perhaps none so colorful as those observed on ships on Christmas day. THE LOOKOUT editor asked Captain Harry Garfield, who has sailed the seven seas for many a year, to write something about Christmas celebrations of long ago, and Captain W. J. Uppet, master of an American freighter, to tell of a recent Christmas Day experience. Captain Garfield writes as follows:

There was no class of men anywhere who had less reason to celebrate Christmas than the men who manned the ships in the days of "sail", and there was no class of men to whom it meant more.

"Why?" Because the very word Christmas would send their thoughts winging back to other Christmas days and the family circle seated around the glowing log fire at home,

and then back to the present where an extra hunk of Irish turkey and the opportunity to eat it depended upon the will of the Captain and the weather.

The one Christmas at sea that is ever present in my mind, on this day, strange to say, is not associated with shipwrecks, fires, mutinies or any other disasters.

Let me tell you the story:

The ship was a small one and running between Australian and New Zealand ports. The crew worked the cargo on these runs and they were a tough, hard-drinking crowd. Signed on as a cabin boy was a young lad who had evidently taken French leave from one of the British square riggers in port at that time. I shuddered when I first sighted him. His life would be one long round of hard knocks and abuse, cussed from forward and



From a drawing by H. R. Robertson
Christmas at Sea, 1879

aft. He'd be damned if he did, and damned if he didn't.

It was the month of December with Christmas but a few days off. December in this part of the world is the mid-summer month. It was evening, the weather was fine and both watches were on deck lounging around in various attitudes of comfort.

Suddenly Willie spoke: "I say, do they give you a day off for Christmas on this ship? They do on English ships you know." "Why of course" replied Butch, one of the seamen, and continued he "We all hang up our stockings, too." "Do they have a Christmas tree here?" "Why certainly the Captain always carries a tree with him. Last year I hung my stocking on it" said Butch. "No wonder it died" said Nobby. Nobby had joined the ship at Melbourne and was somewhat of a wit. He had just completed three months in jail for throwing a rock through a pawnbroker's win-

dow, because, he explained, he had to find room and board somewhere.

Christmas continued uppermost in the lad's mind and it soon became the all prevailing topic. Now it is impossible to discuss Christmas without calling to mind its immediate associations: ice and snow, unlimited food, and presents. The two former were out, but presents! Furtively a few of them searched among their limited possessions.

The wistful face of the boy and the discovery by Butch that the boy was wrapping up various treasured odds and ends from among his scant belongings aroused them to action.

Christmas Eve arrived. There were many nods and winks. Stockings were at a premium, so inverted Sou'westers were used. Everybody scrupulously avoided any indication of knowledge as to what was taking place. Christmas morning dawned clear and fine and the word came from aft that the day was a holiday. And now for the presents. What a strange assortment! First the boy: a ship in a bottle, a new pipe, a tie, a woven sharkskin belt, a can of salmon and a highly colored garter. Nobby seemed somewhat embarrassed when the boy held up the last two items after joyfully examining his other gifts. Everyone knew the source of the can of salmon and a few suspected the source of the garter. Now the others: each had some little gift from the boy: combs, gloves, cards, handkerchiefs, etc. etc. Butch found himself the owner of a copy of the New Testament. He wrapped it up carefully and stowed it away in his sea chest from which it probably never again emerged.

The word was passed. Raisins in the duff and an extra can of Fanny Lane for dinner. The old man was in a good humor today. The spirit of Christmas was infectious and created harmony that lasted until our arrival in port.

Another Christmas comes to mind. This time in the land of ice and snow, appropriate setting for our Lord's Natal Day. In an Alaskan harbor north of Bering Strait we lay, ice and weather bound.

All day the natives clambered aboard. The local missionary was holding services on board our ship. We were more than willing, anything to break the monotony. The preaching and singing lasted several hours. No presents were exchanged as far as I can remember as we had very little to give. They had already taken everything that was not nailed down or bolted to the deck. The missionary played an

harmonium and their rendering of that old favorite "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" was an experience I'll never forget. The words meant nothing to them and the one that finished first won the game.

I was told that their principal diversion during the long winter months was in trading for wives. After seeing the wives I no longer doubted this. There wasn't one that I wouldn't readily have exchanged for a baked apple.

The spirit of good will pervaded all. All races and creeds and colors practice tolerance on this day. Why not every day?

A Unique Experience on Christmas Night, 1923

IT was Christmas Night of 1923 on board an American freighter. The place was Elliot Bay off Seattle, Washington.

In May of the same year, we loaded general cargo at New Orleans for Los Angeles harbor, San Francisco and Seattle. After a rather eventful voyage we had discharged our last cargo at Seattle on July 15.

As we could not secure suitable return cargo I received instructions from the home office to lay the vessel up and wait until such time as the freight market would raise sufficiently to make the cost of the return voyage profitable. To secure inexpensive moorings, we tied up to a single mooring buoy off the Grain Elevator, on Elliot Bay. Christmas Eve found us still there.

It had been a long wait for the expected improvement in lumber freight rates. The beautiful summer had passed, also the fall and now here was Christmas Eve. As I

would not lay any obstacles in the way of those who wanted to quit, I paid them off. The originally full crew of 42 men had decreased to 12 men. To save coal, we did not keep up steam pressure. In consequence, we had no electric lights and the surroundings on board were rather dismal. Only a few oil lamps were burning in the occupied rooms and, of course, the anchor lights, as required by law. It was Christmas Eve and one half of the crew had left for shore in search of more cheerful surroundings.

I must admit that even I felt rather lonesome. My family was in New York, where my baby girl was born two days after sailing from there more than 8 months ago. I had never seen the newcomer, nor did I have any definite prospects of returning home soon. There was an increasing fresh breeze with rain outside. Having satisfied myself with the safety of our moorings, I retired about midnight.

About 2:00 A.M. the 2nd Officer who was on the night watch called me excitedly, informing me that it was blowing like h— and we were dragging our moorings. Quickly I was out in the dark. Heavy rain was coming down and the Bay was lashed with the fury of a 65 mile gale. One could hardly see any shore lights. By aid of a flash light I could see that we were still tied up to the buoy, but the mooring chain from the buoy to the anchor at the bottom of the Bay was dragging and we were drifting fast, buoy and all. There being no steam on our boilers, the vessel was completely out of control. The water is deep in Elliot Bay and the buoy to which we were moored had been anchored in 40 fathoms. In the middle of the Bay, towards which we were helplessly drifting, there were 70 fathoms and our anchors would be of no use. Furthermore there was a cable area, in which anchoring was prohibited.

Our steam whistle was of no use, as there was no steam to blow with. The radio was useless without electric power, which we did not have. Therefore we had no means of signalling for help.

Fortunately to the same buoy to which we were moored was tied up an enormously large log raft, some 800 feet in length. The S.S. Madison was only 440 feet in length and as we happened to have the log rafts on our lee, it acted as a wonderful drag, checking our progress as we were drifting broadside, driven by the gale to the opposite easterly side of the Bay. We were standing by and waiting for the vessel to reach shallower water, where the anchors would be of use.

Having drifted as close to the shore, as we could with safety, I let go the heaviest, starboard anchor, giving it all the chain it had. The vessel did not stop. Down went the

Port anchor and soon the S.S. Madison stopped in her wild drifting. On checking my new position, I found that we had drifted over 4 miles clear across the Bay fetching up in Smith's Cove off East Seattle. The weather began to moderate and I knew we were out of danger.

In the morning a towboat came close to us, asking if we needed help. I answered "No, thank you", and thanked God we were safe. We had our turkey dinner. The liberty party eventually found us and returned on board. I thanked God's providence, that led us to safety that dark night, through our complete helplessness. (Later on I was told by the Senior Pilot of Seattle, that he could not have found a better anchorage on the Bay if he had looked for one. We had struck the right spot without looking for it.)

By New Year's we were alongside a dock and on January 9, 1924 we obtained a charter, for a return cargo of lumber to New York. We had several places to load the cargo and finally sailed from Port Alberni, Vancouver Island for New York. We reached New York in the first days of March, 1924, where for the first time I met our new daughter, now nearly 11 months old.

—W. J. Uppet, *Master*.



"Suicide Ship"

THE newspapers called her a "Suicide Ship" because she and her gallant captain sacrificed themselves that thirty-eight merchant vessels bringing vital supplies to England, might be saved. Britishers have ranked her among their Navy's heroic fighting ships, with *Revenge*, *Victory*, *Lion*, *Rawalpindi*. Yet she was but an armed merchant cruiser, this British 14,164 ton "*Jervis Bay*" which on November 5th, fought off a German man-of-war 1000 miles out in the Atlantic, permitting the convoy to scatter, all but four reaching port safely.

Details of the action were told by some of the seamen in the convoy and by the sixty-five exhausted survivors of the *Jervis Bay*, most of them wounded, rescued by a Swedish freighter, one of the convoy, and landed at an unnamed Canadian port. The Swedish captain, Sven Olander, went back after dark because "they did so well that I did not like to leave them," and picked up the sixty-five survivors. Eyewitnesses told how the *Jervis Bay* headed without hesitation into the "hopeless" fight, laid a smoke screen until the convoy scattered, and plowed through a storm of shells straight for the raider until finally, sinking and afire from stern to stern, but with her guns blazing to the last, she was sunk by the German warship.

Captain E. S. F. Fegen remained in command "with one arm almost shot away" even though the fore part of the bridge was blown from under him. He went down with his ship. Captain Olander, of the rescue freighter, said the fight was "glorious" and added "I'll never forget it." He told of a seaman, who, when the *Jervis Bay's* flag was shot away, climbed the rigging amid shellbursts and made fast a new ensign which still waved as she took her final plunge, a gaping hole beneath her waterline.

In peace time the *Jervis Bay* was

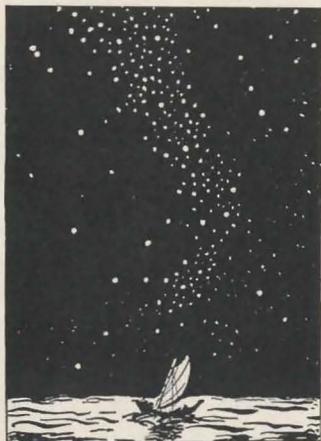
an Aberdeen and Commonwealth liner carrying immigrants and freight to England from Australia. One of the surviving officers (anonymous because of naval regulations) was high in his praise of the merchantman's captain. "I think everybody aboard was proud as our ship, despite greatly inferior armament, turned to the enemy. Our captain knew just what we were going to get, but it didn't matter."

Time fuse shells burst over the armed merchant ship, scattering metal over the seamen. Bits of shrapnel penetrated their skin. All the lifeboats but one had burned. "Shells fell around like raindrops," reported one survivor. "Four lifeboats were thrown over the side and we leaped into the water and climbed on them. Two of the men died of wounds while on the rafts. Another died aboard the Swedish rescue vessel. All were buried at sea with religious rites. There was no doctor aboard the rescue ship and the men had to wait until they reached land for medical attention. The *Jervis Bay's* surgeon had been wounded."

Praising the fighting qualities of the crew, the surviving officer said: "The men were marvelous. At least two-thirds were recruits, merchant seamen who had never been in battle before, but they fought like veterans. One man on the fo'c'sle head didn't hear my order to abandon ship. He stood there alone, calmly, continuing about his duty while the shells fell all around. Then, when someone brought the order to his attention, he took off his earphones, laid them down carefully and made his way to the lifeboat without a trace of haste or fear."

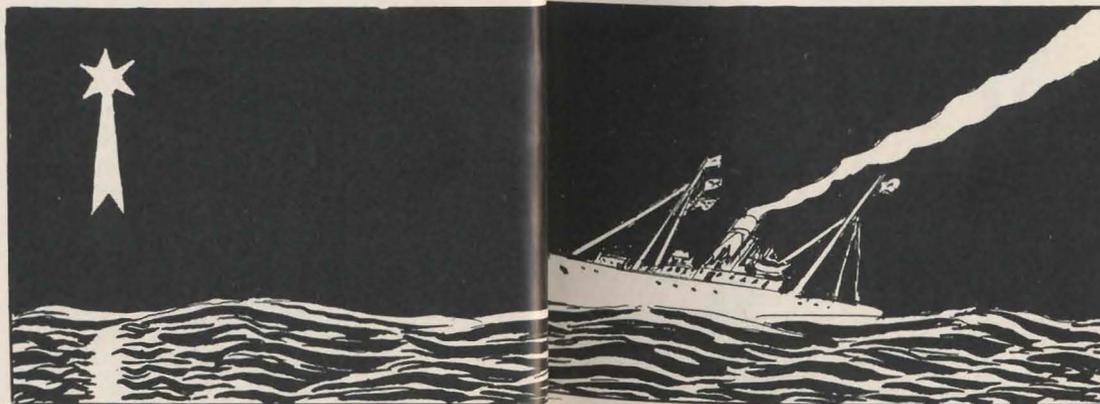
Naval men discussing the one-sided battle recalled that the command "Get closer to the enemy" was the signal of Nelson, Beatty and Harwood, and it was the action of the brave commander of the "*Jervis Bay*."

Remember the Sailor on Christmas Through the Holiday Fund



LISTEN IN!

Captain Bob Bartlett, noted explorer and author, will be one of three guests on a program entitled "Celebrating Christmas at Sea" to be presented by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York on Friday, December 20th, at 5:30 P.M. over Station WABC. Captain Harry Garfield will describe some of his experiences at sea on Christmas Day aboard square-rigged ships and Captain George V. Richardson of the United States Lines will tell about Christmas celebrations on passenger liners today. This broadcast has been arranged through the courtesy of the Columbia Broadcasting System.



IN SPITE OF THE DARKNESS - A VERY
Hendrik Willem van Loon 1940

IN OTHER and happier Christmas cargoes such as Christmas trees from Canada, ornaments from Czechoslovakia, cheeses from Holland, laces from Belgium, perfumes from France were brought on ships to the United States for the pleasure and enjoyment of many Americans.

Today, the merchant marine carries on the grim and hazardous task of transporting food, supplies and other necessities to the suffering peoples of the world. The triple menace of bombs, mines and winter storms continues to beset merchant ships. In spite of the benevolence and kindness inspired by the Christmas season the war at sea makes the joyous phrase "peace on earth, good will to men" seem ironical.

Here in America, we plan to celebrate this great holiday in a spirit of humility and thanksgiving

and a fervent hope that our young men will not have to be sacrificed in the battlefield. **Yet, as we pray and celebrate, let us remember the merchant seamen, American as well as other nationalities, who forge the life-lines of nations and are so essential to our country's commerce and defense.**

Some of these seafarers will spend Christmas ashore in the Port of New York where a warm welcome awaits them at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

May the spirit of sharing prompt you to remember these seafarers by sending a gift to the Institute's Holiday Fund. Your contribution will help to provide holiday dinners

for 1,000 or more seamen who would otherwise be lonely and homeless on Christmas Day.

Will readers of THE LOOKOUT please send contributions, making checks payable to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and mailing to 25 South Street, New York City, marked HOLIDAY FUND.



Send "The Lookout" As a Christmas Gift

Doubtless you have many friends to whom you wish to send a modest Christmas remembrance—something more than just a greeting card and yet not as expensive as a formal gift. Why not go over your list and decide to send "The Lookout"? The subscription price is only \$1.00. A cheery marine Christmas Card will be mailed, along with your initial gift copy, in time to reach your friends on Christmas Eve. Make Checks payable to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK and mail to "The Lookout" editor, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Happy Christmas to all of you!

Drawings by Hendrik Willem van Loon.

War Experiences of Two British Apprentices

Torpedoed Twice Within a Year. Cat and Five Kittens Rescued from Watery Grave by Heroic Mate.

THE war at sea continues, and recently THE LOOKOUT editor heard from two apprentices and a second mate in the Institute's Apprentices' room, a tale of heroism, suffering, and fortitude which they recently experienced on the British freighter, "Blairangus".

The two apprentices, snatched twice within the year from Davey Jones' Locker, had been rescued from the torpedoed freighter "Blairlogie" in October, 1939, and brought to New York by the "American Shipper" of the United States Lines. They stayed at the Institute a few days and then the British consulate sent them back to England where they joined a sister ship, the "Blairangus".

On the night of September 20th, 1940, the "Blairangus" was torpedoed by a German submarine about 500 miles west of the Irish coast. The lifeboats were lowered under heavy shell fire, and a direct hit collapsed the entire fo'c'sle, pinning seven seamen in the wreckage. The two apprentices, aged eighteen, Towers and Hardie, escaped injury and were able to crawl into the lifeboat. According to the second mate's story (he modestly asked that his name not be used) the lifeboats were bobbing up and down in the tremendous waves, threatening to be swamped at any moment. Suddenly, the mate remembered that, in the excitement, no one had thought of the ship's mascot, a gray and white cat, with her five wee kittens. Without the slightest hesitation, the mate went below and amidst the wreckage and burning timber, found the cat and her offspring. He shouted to the other mate commanding the last lifeboat,

and, from a height of thirty or more feet, stood on the deck and tossed the mother and all her family, one by one, into the cap of the mate standing in the heaving boat below.

The apprentices chuckled at this point in the mate's story and commented, "And every single cat hit smack in the center of that cap. Some aim!"

When we mentioned to the mate that he might have lost his own life by stopping to rescue the cats, he laughed and said: "What I did was nothing in comparison with what a captain of another torpedoed ship did. After the lifeboats had pulled away from the ship, the captain (who had saved the ship's cat) remembered that there was no milk for the cat in the lifeboat stores and so, while the officers and crew waited in the lifeboats, he climbed back, alone, to the ship and got the milk!"

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Drawing by Victor Dowling
from "JOEY GOES TO SEA"
By Alan Villiers, Charles Scribner's

To continue with the apprentices' story, the lifeboats were picked up by the little British freighter "Pikepool" which had already rescued the crew of the "Elmbank" (who were recently brought to the Seamen's Institute. See November Lookout). Since the "Elmbank's" captain had died from shell fire, the master of the "Blairangus" took command of the two rescued crews. A large number of them were critically injured, there was no doctor aboard and the second mate (who had rescued the kittens) was appointed doctor, since he had once served in the medical corps. They dared not use the radio to send out a call for "MEDICO" lest a Nazi submarine detect their position. Aboard the little "Pikepool", were 157 men and the uninjured seamen had to stand "sick watch" for the injured. As Towers and Hardie related this part of their story, and described the burial at sea of the captain of the "Elmbank" and of several others, their youthful faces became somber with the realization of their harrowing experiences.

The "Pikepool" finally arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, where

the injured seamen were transferred to the hospital, and the others were brought to New York, and to the Seamen's Institute, aboard the Furness liner "Fort Townsend". The apprentices of the "Blairangus" were in New York just one day and night, and were then sent by the British consulate to a southern port. They had a wonderful time at the Institute, attending a moving picture in technicolor in the Institute's Auditorium, and then enjoying a dance in the Apprentices' Room. Young Hardie went up to an attractive young girl and said: "Pardon me, miss. You may not remember me, but I was here at the Institute a year ago with the 'Blairlogie's' crew and at that time you promised to teach me how to dance. I want to apologize for not coming to the dance, but we had to ship out that afternoon. But I'm here, now, and anxious to learn, please." So the young lady taught Hardie the foxtrot and the 1-2-3 waltz and the old-fashioned waltz.

When the apprentices said goodbye, they said: "Perhaps we'll see you soon again. Who knows?"

Book Reviews

SUWARROW GOLD
and other stories of the Great South Sea
By James Cowan
London, Jonathan Cape, 1936.

Suvarrow, a great ring island of coral, is one of New Zealand's outposts and gives the title to this book of true adventures of the sea. They are mostly unrecorded stories of treasure-hunting and treasure-finding, of ships' mutinies and pirates, of "blackbirding" and Peruvian slavers and the strange fates of sailors in the days of sailing ships, when the South Sea islands were No-Man's-Land and sailors were perforce fighting men. Mr. Cowan has long known well these many islands and their native inhabitants. That he also knew many of the white participants in these grim or romantic adventures gives a feeling of reality in the reading of them.

End paper maps with all of these islands in their relative locations increase the interest.

I. M. A.

TROUBLED WATERS
By Roger Verceles
Translated from French by Warre B. Welles
Random House \$2.50

Against a background of stormy seas and physical hardships the author of "Tides of Mt. St. Michel" now stages a moving drama of human suffering. The story revolves about three primary characters—Capt. Villemur, Master of a fishing vessel, his wife Helene, and their son Jean. Members of the crew are sketched from life and weave in and out of the narrative, lending it color and authenticity. Helene, whose presence haunts both her husband and son, is suggested rather than drawn, and we see her through the trusting eyes of the captain and the disillusioned eyes of Jean. The conflict between father and son which forms the major theme of the book is skillfully done. Beautifully written, this modern "Iceland Fisherman" is to be recommended to all lovers of the sea.

A. W. C.

70 Days in Open Boat

AFTER spending seventy days at sea in a tiny, open boat, two British seamen, survivors of the 5,956 ton freighter "*Anglo-Saxon*", reached Nassau, the Bahamas on November 1st after a voyage that rivalled those of the "*Bounty's*" and "*Hornet's*" crews.* The *Anglo-Saxon* was attacked on August 21st by an armed raider which started shelling at approximately a mile distance. The first four shells crashed into the poop and aft gun platform. How many of the crew were killed during this initial assault no one knows, but the raider closed in and raked the stricken freighter with machine gun bullets. A heavier shell struck the engine room and the boiler exploded. The captain was killed as he stood on the bridge. The *Anglo-Saxon* was ablaze when the port lifeboat, under the command of the chief officer with seven men, two of whom were wounded, managed to get away. The officer set a small sail and charted a course.

The two survivors, Wilbert Roy Widdicombe, 24 years old, and Robert George Tapscott, 19, told how two of the seamen died of machine gun wounds inflicted by the raider. Two others, crazed by heat and thirst, jumped overboard and the next day, the other lost his mind and died.

The desperate log of the "*Anglo-Saxon*" as recorded by the chief officer, Denny, follows, and it compares with that of the suffering survivors of the "*Hornet*" in May, 1866. "Sept. 1st, 1940: We fed sparingly on the boat's stores. There is very little water. First man died." Sept. 2nd. "Crew getting weaker, unable to chew their food due to low water ration. Courage and determination are in evidence. We are putting our trust in God's hands and have high hopes." Subsequent entries show that the hand guiding

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Illustration from the jacket of
"The Hornet's Longboat" By William Roos
Houghton Mifflin Co. Publishers

the pencil grew steadily weaker. The last entry was by the mate, Denny, indicating how, during those long and terrible days, he had thought for other crews. Realizing how inadequate were the supplies stocked aboard the lifeboat, he tried to set down both a warning and a suggestion for the future stocking of ship's boats:

"6:15 A.M. issued half a dipper of water per man and same in the evening with a little condensed milk diluted with it. Wind E. 2, slight sea. Steering W. true. Crew now feeling rather low, unable to masticate hard biscuit owing to low ration of water. Suggestion for lifeboat stocks: At the very least they should be provided with two breakers of water for each boat, tins of fruit such as peaches, apricots, pears, fruit juices and lime juice, baked beans, and so forth. Our stores consisted of one tank filled with dry biscuit, eleven tins of condensed milk, three tins each of six pounds of boiled mutton, one breaker of water, half filled." In such a fashion did a good officer as his dying act make his last trembling entry in the log which was preserved

miraculously by the two able seamen, Widdicombe and Tapscott.

Finally, a new hand took up the job of setting down the record in the logbook. On September 4th, there is the entry of another death. Two more deaths on September 5. The two seamen were fortunate enough to run into several rain squalls. This fresh water sustained them. They even ate seaweed. The last eight days before their boat grounded on Eleuthera Island in the Bahamas they were without water. When Widdicombe and Tapscott were taken to the hospital the chief medical officer of the Bahamas Government worked desperately to save their lives. Widdicombe had lost eighty pounds and Tapscott sixty pounds. Patient nursing and medical care have restored them to health.

According to Widdicombe, when interviewed about his experiences, "We just sailed and drifted endlessly. We ran into three hurricanes. We had no fishing tackle, but one sailfish and one garfish washed into the boat and we ate them raw. Tapscott was sinking fast when we sighted a white beach and ran the boat ashore. Then we staggered and crawled to some trees and fainted. The next thing we knew we were surrounded by dark kindly faces but didn't know where we were until we were addressed in English, to our great relief and joy."

*The amazing trans-Atlantic voyage of the "*Anglo-Saxon's*" crew was 2,500 miles, for 70 days. The survivors of the "*Bounty's*" crew sailed 3,618 miles, for 41 days. The survivors of the "*Hornet's*" crew sailed 4,000 miles, for 43 days.

Floating Weather Bureaus

SINCE the war has greatly reduced the number of weather reports received from ships at sea the inauguration of the "Atlantic Weather Observation Patrol" service in February of this year has been of immense service to trans-Atlantic flying. The two U. S. Coast Guard cutters, the *Duane* and the *Bibb* cooperate with the U. S. Weather Bureau in reporting systematically the observations made in the upper and lower air at fixed points in the Atlantic.

It is not surprising that the U. S. Coast Guard, the oldest maritime service of the U. S. Government (on August 4th, 1940, it marked its 150th anniversary) was selected to establish this unique weather service. Each year the Coast Guard takes on new duties: it inaugurated the Ice Patrol; during prohibition it had the thankless job of rum running; in more recent years it has investigated the narcotics and explosives trades; last year it took

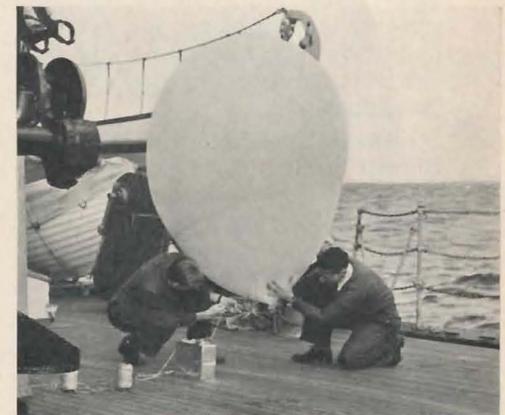


Photo by Commander R. B. Hall
U. S. Coast Guard Cutter "*Pontchartrain*"
Attaching radio sound transmitter to balloon. This apparatus transmits signals indicating humidity, temperature and pressure which are intercepted by the weather observer on the ship. An average run of this balloon will reach approximately 22,000 meters.

over the U. S. Lighthouse Service. All these activities are ably handled, in addition to the regular duties of the Coast Guard: to take part in the national defense in time of war and



Photo by R. B. Hall

For surface observations a smaller balloon is launched, the flight of which is watched through the theodolite, an instrument which measures the direction and the angular altitude. This balloon disappears in the clouds and is lost to view, but the ceiling is determined and the data up to the ceiling is of value.

to perform peace-time duties of a humanitarian nature such as the transportation of persons needing medical attention from ships to hospitals; the warning of small boats and fishing craft of approaching storms; the searching for overdue or lost vessels; the survey and rescue work in connection with floods, hurricanes, etc.

Now, at the request of the Weather Bureau itself, it will continue to operate its two floating weather bureaus, for in the ten months since the service was established it has demonstrated beyond a doubt the usefulness of this service. Furthermore, the Coast Guard maintains and operates the weather patrol without an additional appropriation of money!

The positions maintained by the two Coast Guard cutters for the purpose of observing and reporting weather data are known as Positions 1 and 2. These positions are at about one-third and two-thirds of the distance between Bermuda and the Azores on the route of the Pan-American trans-Atlantic service. Observations from these stations, combined with reports from

the cutters on the International Ice Patrol, are of great value to the Weather Bureau in making forecasts. Another important point is that the presence in mid-Atlantic of these two vessels, which are constantly in touch by radio with the "clippers" is a comfort to the pilots and passengers of these trans-Atlantic flying boats.

Just how are weather observations obtained and recorded? The latest device used by the Cutters is a radiosonde, a miniature radio broadcasting station weighing less than two pounds, is sent aloft by a carrier balloon. The observation of temperature, air pressure and humidity are continuously sent out by the radiosonde device and are received on board the vessel by an especially constructed receiving set. A continuous record of conditions at all heights through which the balloon passes is thus obtained. Recovery of the recording instrument is not necessary in this case (in earlier models, the balloon had to be located in order to get the recordings). In addition, pilot-balloon and surface observations are transmitted in accordance with the International Code for Radio Weather Reports from ships. Local weather observations are also sent to the "clippers" and reports on 375 kilocycles for direction-finder bearings to aid the airplane pilots in plotting their positions. Other weather reports are sent out on 500 kc. and all ships may listen in on these. Merchant ships also find the service useful.

The cutters used are the latest type vessels, of 2,000 gross tons and 327 feet long. A crew of 140 men each ship and the Weather Bureau sends along its technicians to send up bright red balloons filled with helium for directional and speed observations of the wind. Once each night the six-foot balloon carrying the radiosonde is sent up and "read" until it bursts from pressure at 20,000 to 30,000 meters.

The crew is stationed aboard the cutter for three weeks and then is relieved by another crew. The Boston, New York and Norfolk districts each send crews.

In Latitude 39° 0', Longitude 59° 0' W. and in Latitude 40° 30' N., Longitude 44° 0' are stationed two Coast Guard cutters with unusual jobs. Their call letters are NMWS1 and NMWS2 respectively. They are equipped with vari-colored balloons; a radiosonde transmitting device; anemeters to measure the force of the wind; sextants to "shoot the sun"; chronometers to measure time; barometers to measure atmospheric pressure and humidity; thermometers to measure temperature.

The ship's engines are cut low

so as to maintain the positions specified. Six cutters take their turns at this job: the Duane, Bibb, Hamilton, Ingham, Spencer and Campbell.

The improved forecasts of the Weather Bureau to ships and airplanes are largely a result of the new Coast Guard stations and so the inadequate weather reports at the outbreak of the war are now a thing of the past.

In 150 years the U. S. Coast Guard has built up a splendid tradition which is exemplified by its motto *Semper Paratus* (Always Ready). In the twenty-four years since the Coast Guard's air force was established it has ably maintained this proud tradition, operates a fleet of over sixty aircraft and eight air stations.

Thanksgiving Day at 25 South Street

RISEING temperature, sunny skies and a cheerful atmosphere greeted seamen who spent Thanksgiving Day at the Institute. A total of 1,230 turkey dinners was served. A large number of staff members headed by Mrs. Janet Roper and Mrs. Harold H. Kelley, wife of the Institute's Director, helped to distribute cigars, cigarettes and pipe tobacco to the seamen as they filed out after their holiday dinner.

Adding to the generally cheerful air of good fellowship was the 45-piece Neighborhood Band, a unit of the WPA Federal Music Project of New York City, which played in the lobby from 11:30 A.M. to 1:05 P.M. to the great delight of the seamen.

On Thanksgiving morning the Holy Communion was celebrated at 8:45, followed later by Morning Prayer, sermon and special music. After the dinner, moving pictures were shown in the auditorium: "The Sea Hawk" starring Errol Flynn and Brenda Marshall, and in the

evening, "The Great McGinty", with Brian Donlevy, Muriel Angelus and Akim Tamiroff, in addition to newsreels and the ever-popular "Pop-Eye".

This Thanksgiving program is made possible each year by the generous gifts of friends to our HOLIDAY FUND. See Pages 9 and 10 for details regarding our plans for Christmas dinners.

Thanksgiving, 1940 To the Management of the Seamen's Institute:

I hereby express my sincere and deep appreciation for the blessings bestowed upon me this day. I am deeply thankful.

Mention to be rendered to the beautiful and appropriate service in the Chapel; and to the efforts of everyone involved in the task of planning and producing a splendid atmosphere in the building.

Gratefully yours,
(Signed) Gorden E.
Room 1010 L

Seamen Draftees

EVERY day is Registration Day at the Institute, for each day some seaman just off his ship who was not in New York on October 16th arrives to register for the military draft. According to Mr. O. C. Frey, in charge of registering the men, the Institute has registered a total of 942 seamen since October 16th, and at the other two places of registration, Seamen's House, Y.M.C.A. and Borough Hall, Staten Island, 630 men were registered, making a grand total of 1,572. The Institute's cooperation was at the request of the United States Government.

Since many ships, particularly tankers, have quick "turn-arounds", the Seamen's Institute recognized the need for registering many seamen at odd hours, and therefore instructed members of the personnel departments of various shipping companies, gave them supplies of registration cards, and sent them to meet the ships and register the seamen as their ships entered Ambrose Channel or docked at Brooklyn or Staten Island or New Jersey.

About half of the seamen have given as their chief marks of identification tattoo designs. These are usually square-rigged ships, anchors, ship's wheels, bleeding hearts, American flags and numbers of life-boat tickets, able-bodied seaman's tickets, social security numbers, tombstones, head of Christ, "Mother" pictures, et cetera. About fifty per cent registered as married and gave their wives as the person who would always know their address; sisters and brothers were the most frequently named among the other fifty per cent who were unmarried. A few gave the name of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York's Post Office as their "home".

Practically every state in the Union was mentioned as the birthplace of the seamen, and the Scandinavian countries, England, Greece and Hawaii were the next most fre-

quently named.

Since some ships to South Africa or the Far East take several months to go and to return, it is expected that the Institute will still be registering seamen until Spring.

Book Review

"SONS OF SINBAD"

By Alan Villiers

Scribners 1940. \$3.75.

In his preface to this remarkable volume Mr. Villiers states simply "the collection of the material for this book was not always easy. One cannot just go to Arabia and expect to discover much about the Arabs and their dhows".

One marvels at the endurance of this man who lived for nine months as one of them among the Arabs, who survived among other hardships the fasting month of Ramadhan when the faithful may neither eat nor drink from before dawn until after sunset. It is characteristic of him to comment thus "If you are with the faithful, it is mannerly to behave as they do."

The resulting book is superb — full of interesting details of the trading along this remote coast, abounding in descriptions of Arab navigators and colorful ports, and always written with that feeling for ships and the sea which this sailor with his great sensitivity can convey to paper. An example — part of the description of a Persian baggala "The Hope of Compassion". "To step over her high bulwarks on to that spacious main deck was to slip back five centuries, for aboard as oversee she was a craft of the Middle Ages. That poop and that whole ship put their arms round any sailorman who ever stepped aboard, and he had to love her, though she wept her caulking from her poor old planks and a fourth of all the sea over which she had ever sailed had leaked through her, and she reeked of fish-oil. Upon that poop I found my mind turn easily down channels that led to pirates and slaves and all those long-gone far-off things, and I could see again all the wondrous ships of my pre-maritime youth, when all the sea was wonderful and every ship an ark of grand adventure. How different had the reality been! Yet here, on board this ancient Arab dhow lying at that stifling anchorage, hundreds of miles from anywhere upon that forlorn coast, it was easy to dream again of the sea there never was, knowing so well the sea there is."

Lieutenant Villiers R.N.V.R. he is on active service in His Majesty's Navy.
A.W.C.

Benefit Report

The net proceeds of our annual Fall Benefit (this year we had a performance of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo) totaled \$1,704. This is less than in previous years but we realize, of course, that charity demands upon our friends have been heavier than usual this year. We deeply appreciate the loyal and generous response of all who supported the Benefit.

Book Review

THE OLD BAY LINE

By Alexander Crosby Brown

Dietz Press Publishers, Richmond, Va.

The Baltimore Steam Packet Company is celebrating its centennial of steam navigation between the upper and lower reaches of the Chesapeake. Mr. Brown tells the story of its men and its ships from the old wooden side-wheeler Pocahontas to the President Warfield, the present day flagship of the line. "The Old Bay Line" is not only an account of one of our Eastern steamship companies but it is a history of the development of steamships during the last one hundred years. The book is well illustrated and there are several interesting reproductions of old excursion advertisements.

I. M. A.

A Reminder—Before December 31st

Our Government cooperates by exempting from taxation 15% of net income if given to charitable, scientific, educational or philanthropic institutions. Federal income tax rates have been increased. The more our contributors increase their charitable gifts, up to 15% of their net income, the more they will diminish their tax liability. Though the need for higher income taxes is largely due to our vast expenditures for defense, it is not unpatriotic to point this out, because seamen, ships, and sea-borne commerce are vital factors in the defense of the United States, of Great Britain and of the whole free world against aggression.

Before the Old Year draws to a close, if you have not already given 15% of your net income to any such organizations, it becomes subject to tax and lost to private philanthropy. Contributions to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK are tax-exempt.

SERVICES RENDERED TO MERCHANT SEAMEN JANUARY 1 - NOVEMBER 1, 1940

209,532	Lodgings (including relief beds).
72,841	Pieces of Baggage handled.
505,064	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
171,386	Sales at News Stand.
20,520	Calls at Laundry, Barber and Tailor Shops.
12,682	Total attendance at 658 Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island.
36,984	Social Service Interviews.
215	Missing Seamen located.
56,062	Total attendance at 161 Entertainments, such as Movies, Concerts, Lectures and Sports.
8,713	Relief Loans to 3,755 Individual Seamen.
50,809	Magazines distributed.
4,074	Pieces of Clothing and 718 Knitted Articles distributed.
1,817	Treatments in Clinics.
2,598	Visits at Apprentices' Room.
2,142	Visits to Ships by Institute Representatives.
12,055	Deposits of Seamen's Earnings placed in Banks.
1,486	Jobs secured for Seamen.
16,784	Attendance of Seamen Readers in Conrad Library; 2,330 Books distributed.
11,755	Total Attendance of Cadets and Seamen at 1,137 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 1,486 new students enrolled.
9,127	Incoming Telephone Calls for Seamen.

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