

THE LOOKOUT

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Acme Photo

"We Keep 'Em Sailing!"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXIII—NUMBER 5

MAY, 1942

Sanctuary

Increase, O God, the spirit of neighbourliness among us, and especially as we think of all seafarers, that in peril we may uphold one another, in calamity serve one another, in suffering tend one another, and in homelessness, loneliness or exile befriend one another. Grant us brave and enduring hearts that we may strengthen one another, till the disciplines and testing of these days be ended, and Thou dost give again peace in our time. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

(“THE MAINSTAY” Seamen’s Church Institute of Newport.)

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIII, MAY, 1942

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN’S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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\$1.00 per year 10c per copy

Gifts of \$5.00 per year and over
include a year’s subscription to “THE
LOOKOUT”.

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

Address all communications to

SEAMEN’S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

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

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

I give and bequeath to “Seamen’s Church Institute of New York,” incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of

.....Dollars.

Note that the words “OF NEW YORK” are a part of our title.

It is to the generosity of numerous donors and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seamen.

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Vol. XXXIII

May, 1942

No. 5

“We Keep ‘Em Sailing!”

“SINKINGS don’t make any difference. Somebody’s got to sail, and the cargoes must get through.” That’s the answer to Hitler by Seaman Albert E. Suffern, 41, whose ship was attacked by a U-boat. Sipping coffee in the Seamen’s Lounge on the third floor of the Institute, Suffern told of being on watch as an oiler in the engine-room of a tanker when another tanker was torpedoed nearby. The submarine shelled, but missed Suffern’s tanker.

Age is no bar to the determination of seafaring men to beat Hitler and to make the seas free from aggression. A 65-year old veteran of forty years of sea-going, Peter J. Burk, recently survived the torpedoing of his tanker. He was asleep when the attack came. Aside from his shirt he lost everything, including his glasses, false teeth and papers. Asked at the Institute if he would take another tanker he replied “Oh, it don’t bother me so long as I can keep going.” On the other hand are the youths who have been trained as seamen in the Maritime Service schools and who are sent to the Institute in the “Maritime Pool” to await calls to merchant ships.

The Institute is a cosmopolitan world, but allegiance to the cause of freedom inspires the thousands of sailormen of all races and creeds who each day frequent its game rooms, dormitories, restaurants and library. They’re together in the war. No, it’s not easy. The shock of seeing ship-mates die will not soon be forgotten by men with sensitive hearts. Here is a verbatim report from one of the Institute’s social workers in the Welfare Department to illustrate the effect on some of the crews:

“The number of torpedoed seamen coming here seems to increase daily and the terrific mental strain through which they go shows on many of them. Big, burly men whom you would never suspect of ever having shed a tear, break down and weep when they relate their experiences. But they vow to go out again.”

The records at the Institute show that crews of forty-eight torpedoed merchant ships have found shelter at “25 South Street” since the war began. This does not include the many survivors who come, as individuals, to the Institute after they are paid off. Their average stay, before shipping out again, has been about eight days.

Two American seamen, brothers from the Middle West, survived when their ship was torpedoed. The explosion shook them into the sea; they climbed on a raft. It was blown high into the air by a second explosion, coming down and striking one of the brothers. He was knocked out but his brother was able to hold on to him until a rescue ship arrived. In typical American fashion, the one who had been hit by the raft said: “Well, I figured as it was my first voyage to sea, I was lucky to get the experience!” Those are the kind of men who are keeping the sea-lanes open. Those are the plain, unassuming men who, moving the “lease-and-lend,” the arsenal of democracy, will break the back of the Axis. You’ll find them at “25 South Street”—sitting quietly at a writing desk, drinking coffee, playing darts, listening to the radio, waiting for a call to another ship.

One of the survivors of the American ore carrier *Marore* is a radio operator, who has been a fre-

quent guest at the Institute. Describing the night torpedoing in which the entire crew of 39 were saved, Core said: "Three enemy submarines attacked us at one time — one to port, one to starboard and one dead ahead. The ship then received about 100 shells. Tracers were interspersed with shells and lit up a scene of projectiles bouncing like tennis balls. It was like the fireworks at the World's Fair—only lots more noise."

Here are the remarks of other American seamen:

"Vox Pop"

EDITOR'S NOTE: In recent weeks a number of seamen from the Institute have been given an opportunity to speak over various radio stations. Many of the men are survivors of torpedoed merchant ships. Because LOOKOUT readers may not have heard their broadcasts, we are reprinting one of them in this issue. The programs were informal and the seamen spoke without notes. Recordings were made of their conversations with the radio announcers.

ANNOUNCER: Monday, March 30th, Bromo Seltzer brings you VOX POP, the Voice of the People, conducted tonight by Parks Johnson and Warren Hull. VOX POP is broadcasting direct from the largest home for sailors in the entire world—the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK at 25 South Street in New York City. We have a tremendous crowd here—seamen of Uncle Sam's Merchant Marine and seamen of the Merchant Marine of our Allies—brave civilian sailors fresh off tankers and freighters that are carrying vital war supplies to the men on our fighting fronts. Here's a cheer from the men of the Merchant Marine:

CROWD: Keep 'em sailing!

ANNOUNCER: Okay, Parks, you're on deck.

PARKS JOHNSON: We all know what you have done. You don't have to

"Our tanker was off the coast when it was torpedoed. Our ship was shelled. The captain, the second mate, Louis the cook and six other men were killed. But I'm going back as soon as I can get a duplicate set of my ship papers which I lost."

"My ship was torpedoed in the Persian Gulf. They took me to a hospital in Bombay, found I had a broken neck. They set it and when I returned to New York the doctors here said the neck had to be re-broken and reset. So I'm going down to a hospital in Galveston where there is a bone specialist who will do the job. As soon as I'm O.K. I'm going back to sea again."

tell the Merchant Marine to keep 'em sailing. They are really doing a job at that. Our first young man is about 27 or 28. He has on a uniform with three gold stripes on his sleeve. I am not quite sure whether it is the Navy. But we will find that out in a minute. Folks, we want you to know Frank Derrington. We are mighty glad to have you with us tonight.

FRANK DERRINGTON: I am glad to be here myself.

JOHNSON: And is this a Navy uniform?

DERRINGTON: I am purser on a Navy transport.

JOHNSON: A little bit closer, we want them to hear you all the way over to England, if possible. Now what rank would that be in our Navy?

DERRINGTON: About equal to a Lieutenant.

JOHNSON: Are you married?

DERRINGTON: Yes.

JOHNSON: Any children?

DERRINGTON: One.

JOHNSON: Boy or girl?

DERRINGTON: Boy, three and one half years old.

JOHNSON: How long since you've seen him?

DERRINGTON: Three years.

JOHNSON: You mean he was six

months old when you saw him last?

DERRINGTON: Yes, he was six months old when I saw him last.

JOHNSON: I suppose he was just beginning to mutter a few words. Did you think it was Da-Da?

DERRINGTON: I thought it might have been.

JOHNSON: What does he look like?

DERRINGTON: He has got blue eyes and blonde hair.

JOHNSON: Well, what are you doing in New York, Frank?

DERRINGTON: I came over on a ship and I was taken ill on that ship and transferred to the Long Island College Hospital.

JOHNSON: And now are you going to rest a little while?

DERRINGTON: Yes, I was in hospital three and one half weeks and now I am going up to Connecticut for a three months vacation.

JOHNSON: Is that the result of your strenuous sea experiences?

DERRINGTON: No, it is the result of my experience in Dunkirk.

JOHNSON: Oh, you helped to rescue the men there?

DERRINGTON: No, I was in the Army at Dunkirk.

JOHNSON: In the Army and now in the Navy? Tell me about it. You were wounded there?

DERRINGTON: Yes, I was wounded very badly. I lost half of my face and my left eye.

JOHNSON: Your face looks fine. Are you quite all right on that now?

DERRINGTON: Yes, as a matter of fact, it was due to the marvelous work of the American and English doctors who did the plastic surgery.

JOHNSON: Have you been in convoys?

DERRINGTON: Yes, I have been in various convoys.

JOHNSON: Ever been torpedoed?

DERRINGTON: Once.

JOHNSON: Any excitement around?

DERRINGTON: Lots of excitement around. We managed to get away quite all right.

JOHNSON: Now, Frank, I want to ask you a question. In your estimation is there any chance of the British Isles being invaded?

DERRINGTON: No chance whatever, in my estimation.

JOHNSON: What makes you say that?

DERRINGTON: Because the shores of England are well-nigh impregnable.

JOHNSON: You really believe that? Do all British people believe that?

DERRINGTON: I hope so.

JOHNSON: You ought to know because you have been there. After the war what do you want to do?

DERRINGTON: If I settle down, which I very much doubt, I should like to settle in Long Island.

JOHNSON: You would like that, would you, with the wife and son? Well, Frank, we have checked around among your friends and we find that you are a very good horseman. You like to ride? Bromo Seltzer would like to present you with a couple of gifts. First, a pair of nice breeches to take on that convalescent trip you are going to have. But riding breeches are no good without a pair of Russian leather boots.

* * *

Folks, I am sorry that my partner, Wally Butterfield, is sick but we have a swell fellow pinch-hitting for him, a man that you have seen in the movies, on the stage and radio. We are glad to have with us Warren Hull.

WARREN HULL: Thank you Parks and thank you very much down there men—and ladies. I have beside me a husky sailor that I would like to have on my side come any little mix-up. What is your name sailor?

ARTHUR MONTAIGNE: Arthur Montaigne.

HULL: And what is your nick name?

MONTAIGNE: Boston Blacky.

HULL: Folks, meet Boston Blacky. Blacky, how old are you?

MONTAIGNE: 36.

HULL: Ah, a perfect 36. And where is your home?

MONTAIGNE: I was born in Brooklyn and I live in Wilmington, North Carolina.

HULL: And Wilmington, North Carolina, is your draft board?

MONTAIGNE: Yes, that is my draft board.

HULL: How did you happen to go to sea, Blacky?

MONTAIGNE: I used to walk across the Brooklyn Bridge and I wondered where all the ships were going. I found out.

HULL: Well, how long have you been a sailor?

MONTAIGNE: Twenty years.

HULL: All over the Seven Seas, huh? Well, that is a lot of water past the bridge. Isn't it? What is your rating?

MONTAIGNE: Quarter Master.

HULL: And what are the duties of a Quarter Master?

MONTAIGNE: Oh, he steers the ship.

HULL: You don't have to polish all that brass?

MONTAIGNE: We used to but since the war we paint it all over.

HULL: Then life is really a picnic with you?

MONTAIGNE: We don't have a thing to do except dodge torpedoes.

HULL: What kind of a ship are you on Blacky?

MONTAIGNE: I am on a tanker.

HULL: Any particular company.

MONTAIGNE: Gulf Oil.

HULL: Thank you for the plug. When was your last trip?

MONTAIGNE: I got in last week. Tuesday to be exact.

HULL: And you are going out again soon.

MONTAIGNE: Very soon.

HULL: You Merchant Marine men do not wear uniforms, do you?

MONTAIGNE: No, I wish we did though. I was coming down on the subway yesterday and I heard one woman say to another. Look at all these young fellows in civilian clothes. Slackers. I have been in the war zone five times

and I don't think I am a coward—except in front of this mike here.

HULL: So it frightens you a little, does it?

MONTAIGNE: I'm scared stiff.

HULL: What do you think I am?

Blacky, I can tell you that I am very sure that if people stop to think of what you are doing they know doggone well you don't need uniforms.

MONTAIGNE: And will we get some of those invitations to free lunches too?

HULL: We'll have to see if we can't arrange something. Blacky, tell me the most interesting thing that ever happened to you at sea.

MONTAIGNE: I guess the night we saw the Flying Dutchman.

HULL: You saw the Flying Dutchman?

MONTAIGNE: Go ahead and laugh.

HULL: You really saw it. You mean the whole crew saw it?

MONTAIGNE: In fact there is a fellow right here tonight. I haven't seen him in eight years. He's sitting right there in the third row. Shorty Wilson. He was one of the crew.

HULL: Hi Shorty. Did you see any other mirage?

MONTAIGNE: We were about two days out of New York when we saw the buoys in the harbor.

HULL: Did you see the girls in the Battery?

MONTAIGNE: It wasn't that good a mirage.

HULL: Have you ever had the chance to be a hero, Blacky?

MONTAIGNE: Yes, once I saved the whole crew of the Tuscorora.

HULL: You did? How?

MONTAIGNE: I shot the cook.

HULL: That chow must have been something. That is really a prize story. And the makers of Bromo Seltzer want me to present you with a couple of presents. A very snappy Easter bonnet.

MONTAIGNE: And do I need one!

HULL: Blacky, I hope that you will

be here Easter Sunday morning and wear it walking up and down Fifth Avenue. Put it on. Atta boy. We have one more thing here too. A 16 mm camera. Thank you very much Boston Blacky.

MONTAIGNE: I'm glad I came over tonight.

PARKS JOHNSON: Folks, it is really an inspiration to meet and talk with such Americans as our next guest. His name is Alexander Navarro. Alexander, where is your home?

ALEXANDER NAVARRO: In the Bronx.

JOHNSON: How old are you?

NAVARRO: 23.

JOHNSON: Got any brothers and sisters?

NAVARRO: Oh yes, plenty.

JOHNSON: How many?

NAVARRO: Eight.

JOHNSON: Then there are nine of you in the family.

NAVARRO: Yes, I am the oldest of nine.

JOHNSON: I understand that you were a seaman on a ship that was torpedoed. But before I ask you about that. How did you happen to choose the sea as a career?

NAVARRO: Well, father was a Navy man and I suppose it gets in the blood.

JOHNSON: Once on the sea—When did you go to sea?

NAVARRO: Oh, about two years ago.

JOHNSON: In 1940?

NAVARRO: Yes, in 1940.

JOHNSON: What was your job on that first voyage?

NAVARRO: Well, that was a funny incident. I signed on as a wiper. Passing the Statue of Liberty they found they were a fireman short. So I was a fireman. When we got to France the water tender gets sick. So I am a water tender.

JOHNSON: That was a promotion, eh? Three jobs on one trip! So you were torpedoed. When was that?

NAVARRO: A year ago Easter Sunday.

JOHNSON: Can you tell us where?

NAVARRO: Yes, it was three hundred miles south of Iceland.

JOHNSON: That is rough country up there.

NAVARRO: Well, I wouldn't want to go swimming there.

JOHNSON: Did you swim or were you in a lifeboat?

NAVARRO: I was in a lifeboat. There were 10 others besides myself and we were out there 13 days.

JOHNSON: Did you have plenty of food and water with you?

NAVARRO: Plenty of food but none that we'd want to eat.

JOHNSON: What do you mean?

NAVARRO: When you start to chew food you want to wash it down.

JOHNSON: Did you have any water?

NAVARRO: We had some but it was rationed out pretty stiff.

JOHNSON: How stiff?

NAVARRO: A cup of water for four men.

JOHNSON: That would just give you a sip every now and then. The fellow in charge of that boat was a pretty good scout, he wasn't taking any chances was he?

NAVARRO: That's right.

JOHNSON: Tell me Alexander, did all of you get safely to Iceland out of that boatload of eleven of you?

NAVARRO: Yes and no. We all got to Iceland all right but some of us didn't come out of it so good. Three of us, including myself, lost two legs—and one died. The Captain lost one leg and the Electrician lost one.

JOHNSON: That was a terrible experience. I would like to ask a straight question, Alexander, do you have any regrets?

NAVARRO: No regrets. I would go back again if I could.

JOHNSON: What are your plans now?

NAVARRO: I am going to study radio.

JOHNSON: What kind?

NAVARRO: Technical.

JOHNSON: I know that you will be a good one. And I hope that when

(Continued on page 8)

3 More U.S. Ships Sunk Off East Coast;

**U-Boats Sink
Two More Ships
Off East Coast**

Captain of U.S. Vessel Only
Casualty; 19 on British
Craft Reported Missing

**3 Submarines
Sink Ore Boat
Off East Coast**

Torpedoing, Shelling Last
Thursday Night Revealed
After Crew Is Rescued

**SIX LOST IN ATTACK
ON AMERICAN SHIP**

**Freighter Sunk,
2 Other Vessels
Presumed Lost**

Man Killed in Torpedoing,
10 Saved After 52 Hours
in Lifeboat, 14 Missing

**77 Lost as U-Boats Sink 2 Ships
Off Ambrose, Barnegat Lights**

Brazilian Vessel Is Sunk, 59 Missing; U. S. Tanker
Split in Two 3½ Miles Off Jersey, 18 Feared
Dead; Cuba Reports Submarine Destroyed

**U. S. SHIP SUNK
OFF EAST COAST
BY 3 U-BOATS**

**Merchantman Is Trapped
—Six Killed in the Attack;
33 Reach Shore.**

ANOTHER VESSEL ALSO LOST

Three Dead, Five Missing and
Fifteen Hurt After Shelling
and Torpedoing.

East Coast Planes Bomb
U-Boat as 18 Men Die
in 3 New Torpedoings

**6 Vessels Are Lost
In 2-Day Attacks**

One Ship Hit in Daylight,
11 Killed by Explosion;
6 Victims New Yorkers

**U-boat Shells Torpedoed Ship
And Heils Hitler to Survivors**

Twenty-nine Who Lived Through Ruthless
Attack on Large Allied Craft Tell How
a Neutral Rescued Them.

Inscription for a Gas Pump

Oh, waste it not in pleasant, futile ways,
As in the former, easy-going days—
Each drop came through a "Sub"-infested sea,
Where brave men placed their lives in jeopardy.

—BABINGTON SMITH.

Reprinted from the New York Herald-Tribune

**14 Million Tons
Of Cargo Ships
Sunk in War**

British Estimate Includes
Vessels of All Nations;

**Messboy Alone
Survives of 11
Adrift 21 Days**

Only 17, He Tells How His
Mates Died One by One;
He's Going to Join Navy

**58 DIE OF 76 CAST
INTO SEA ON DEC. 9**

**30 Seamen Owe
Lives to Chance
Flight of Plane**

Gen. Bradley Reveals How
Bomber, on Ocean Spin,
Spotted Lost Ship's Crew

Maritime Day

Maritime Day, May 22nd, as proclaimed by President Roosevelt, will be observed throughout the nation with colorful ceremonies sponsored by many organizations, the United States Maritime Commission announced. The day marks the anniversary of the first successful transoceanic voyage under steam propulsion by the steamship SAVANNAH on May 22nd, 1819.

The first National Maritime Day ever to be celebrated during a time when our nation was actually at war, the event carries unusual significance.

It will be utilized as the occasion for paying high tribute to the seamen of the American merchant marine and the workers in shipyards throughout the country, who are fighting in the production front along with the men of the Army and Navy on the allied fighting line in all parts of the world.

Maritime Day observance will be sponsored by Propeller clubs, Chambers of Commerce, various service clubs and civilian defense organizations, as well as by shipyards

through the launching of new vessels for the Victory Fleet.

Special tribute from the Government will be accorded the seamen of the merchant marine upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of transporting safely the vast production output of our plants and factories to the distant fighting fronts. Shipyard labor, through ceremonies all over the country, will be accorded recognition of its efforts in meeting the present wartime demands for "ships and more ships."

Tentative plans call for radio hook-ups throughout the nation to be participated in by the various yards, as well as messages from heroic seamen who have been through sea disasters as a result of submarine warfare and are now ready to "sign on again" for the next job.

In the President's proclamation he said: "It is fitting that public recognition be given the patriotism and courage of the officers and men of the cargo ships in the Victory Fleet, and to the men in the shipyards and factories whose labor and genius go into their construction."

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you get through with your studies you will get a job right away. Now I just want to say to the audience, not to you Alexander, what I said in the beginning, we are proud to talk to the men of the Merchant Marine who don't get the headlines but they are the men who are carrying the load, and we appreciate having one with us. We would like to give you two things which you may be able to use while you are learning to be a radio technician. First a week end bag. And a wrist watch that is waterproof, if you ever get in the water again. Thank you very much. O.K. Warren.

HULL: I have here a handsome young sailor of a different nationality whose name is Jorgen Bay-Smith. Where are you from, Jorgen?

JORGEN BAY-SMITH: I am from Copenhagen in Denmark.

HULL: What is your age, Jorgen?

BAY-SMITH: I am nineteen years old.

HULL: And were you born there?

BAY-SMITH: No I was born in Greenland. I went home to Denmark to school when I was eight years old.

HULL: Where did you learn to speak English, Jorgen?

BAY-SMITH: I learned in school in Denmark. Every boy and girl in Denmark learns to speak English.

HULL: Fine. We are glad to hear that. And what are you doing here in New York?

BAY-SMITH: I am going to the Navigation School here in the Institute.

HULL: And how long will that take?

BAY-SMITH: Eight or nine weeks.

HULL: I'll bet you cram. Jorgen, what will your rating be when you finish?

BAY-SMITH: A Third Mate.

HULL: Well, you will be getting up in the world. Jorgen, I see that you have a brand new accordion. How long have you had it?

BAY-SMITH: I have had it a week. I lost my other one when I was torpedoed.

HULL: We know better than to ask you where. Do you play it, Jorgen?

BAY-SMITH: Sure I do.

HULL: You played it for your ship mates?

BAY-SMITH: Sure, I used to play for my friends on board.

HULL: You must know lots of Danish folk tunes.

BAY-SMITH: Sure I do.

HULL: You strap that on then. It is all yours, Jorgen Bay-Smith.

(Plays) Now he has to take the harness off. Thank you for that beautiful Danish folk song. Jorgen Bay-Smith. The makers of Bromo Seltzer, in appreciation for your coming here, would like to present you with a couple of gifts. The first is a four piece suit with an extra pair of trousers and we won't be able to get them for long. And with the suit you will find shoes, socks, shirts, ties, handkerchiefs. And Jorgen, just a friendly little tip from me, if you will look in one of the pockets of the suit you will find a little pin money (ten dollar bill). An extra little dividend for you. And if you ever get back to Greenland again you will need this long flannel underwear. Thank you very much Jorgen Bay-Smith.

PARKS JOHNSON: The next man is a sailor with 34 years on the briny deep and he looks to me good for 34 more years. Charles O. Jackson. Mr. Jackson, I notice that after your name are the initials A.B. Now that is not a college degree?

JACKSON: No, it is not a Bachelor of Art degree. It is Able-Bodied Seaman.

JOHNSON: Where is your family?

JACKSON: I have no family.

JOHNSON: No family at all?

JACKSON: No Sir.

JOHNSON: You were in the world

war, I believe? Tell me something about it. What were you in? What were you doing?

JACKSON: I joined the British Navy as a Canadian.

JOHNSON: Oh, you did. That was a spunky thing to do. Did they catch you?

JACKSON: No, they haven't caught me yet.

JOHNSON: You did all right on that. What was your most exciting job in the World War?

JACKSON: The blockade of Zeebrugge on April 23rd, 1918.

JOHNSON: Oh, did you have anything to do with that?

JACKSON: I was in the leading ship going into Zeebrugge.

JOHNSON: You were? That is a coincidence. You know, of course, you have been reading the papers, that a similar job has just been done at St. Nazaire over in France. Or was it similar?

JACKSON: Similar, but more dangerous still. We loaded the ship with explosives and took her in to Zeebrugge and blew her up.

JOHNSON: While you were still on the ship?

JACKSON: While we were still on the vessel.

JOHNSON: You were rescued?

JACKSON: Eventually.

JOHNSON: Did you get hurt?

JACKSON: I laid in the hospital for 14 months.

JOHNSON: That is something to have been through and come out alive. You all volunteered for the job?

JACKSON: Yes, what we called the suicide club.

JOHNSON: Did you expect to get out of it alive?

JACKSON: No.

JOHNSON: You really didn't.

JACKSON: No!

JOHNSON: You have been everywhere and seen everything. Now I would like to ask you this question, what people do you like, I won't say best, but particularly?

JACKSON: I have great admiration

for the Australians. Their hospitality to the American people who go there is wonderful. And I have just come back from Greenland and I find that the Eskimos are the most wonderful people in the world. Although their life is a mere existence, they are always smiling and happy.

JOHNSON: That is something from a man who has been all over. Here's one more thing I would like to ask you. In your opinion do the lights up and down along the coast help enemy submarines?

JACKSON: Yes!

JOHNSON: You know that they are being blacked out now and I wondered if that helped a lot.

JACKSON: They should be blacked out ashore.

JOHNSON: When do you go back to sea.

JACKSON: This week, I hope.

JOHNSON: Could you use six cartons of cigarettes on the ship? And one of your friends living here at the Institute said you would like a very heavy signet ring engraved on the inside from Vox Pop to you. OK. Warren Hull.

HULL: I have with me a young Englishman with red hair. He looks more like a business man than a sailor. His name is Leslie Kennerly. What's your age?

LESLIE KENNERLY: 35.

HULL: And your home?

KENNERLY: London.

HULL: By the way, before we go any further, who has the accent you or me?

KENNERLY: You. I am an Englishman. I speak English.

HULL: Me, with my Western New Yorkese! Have you seen any of the London blitz?

KENNERLY: I saw the blitzes as a member of the war zone police. I saw one bomber come over there, a Spitfire was after him, zoomed up, and the wings of the bomber just fell off and dropped down to the ground and two parachutes opened up and two Nazis dropped

down.
HULL: Where did the bomber fall?
KENNERLY: On one of our main stations, Victoria Station.
HULL: That would be like having it fall on Grand Central Station here.
KENNERLY: Let's hope it doesn't happen.
HULL: And what is your rating?
KENNERLY: I am a Chief Steward. I arrange all the food and the menus for the cook, buy all the provisions and see that accommodations are kept clean. General housekeeper sort of thing.
HULL: You'd be a good husband for some girl.
KENNERLY: I have a wife who can't cook.
HULL: Well, she is lucky to have you. Leslie, how many times have you been torpedoed.
KENNERLY: Only once. That is enough, I can tell you.
HULL: Tell us about it.
KENNERLY: We came out of port and were going along and we heard a warning and sighted a submarine, and we dropped everything and grabbed our kit.
HULL: What kind of a kit was it?
KENNERLY: It contained one suit, a kind of blouse affair, and a pair of trousers, made of oilskin, to put on in icy winds with a hood, made of asbestos to keep flames off if the cargo catches fire.
HULL: Did you get away in boats all right?
KENNERLY: We had trouble getting away but eventually we did . . .
HULL: We would like you to have this Remington portable typewriter. And Leslie there is one more little thing. We have arranged for you to send a cable prepaid to your wife in London. Just tell the Western Union boy to come here.
KENNERLY: You think of everything, eh? Mrs. Leslie Kennerly, 17 Regents Park Road, London, N. W. 1, England. Hello Darling. I am having a fine time here.

Only wish you were with me. Keep smiling and I'll be seeing you soon. Love Leslie.
JOHNSON: We have time for a very short interview with an additional man. He was born a Norwegian but he has been an American for a long time. I would like you to meet John Forsdal. Where do you live John Forsdal?
FORSDAL: San Francisco.
JOHNSON: It seems to me I saw your picture in Life and in the papers recently. Weren't you torpedoed about a month ago?
FORSDAL: I think so.
JOHNSON: What do you mean you think so. You know you were. I would like to ask you one question. There were only two of you rescued, by the way. When you were swimming about in that heavy oil what were you thinking about?
FORSDAL: I was thinking of my kids. Especially my boy Pinky, eleven years old.
JOHNSON: What were you thinking about him?
FORSDAL: I thought if Pinky could only see me now he would say "Daddy John, you are awfully dirty."
JOHNSON: Will you go back to sea?
FORSDAL: I guess so. When I get a week off.
JOHNSON: We wish you a lot of luck. You have been torpedoed how many times?
FORSDAL: Three times.
JOHNSON: Oh man!
FORSDAL: Twice in the last war and once in this one. They were gentlemen that time.
JOHNSON: Can you use a nice portable radio?
FORSDAL: You bet.
JOHNSON: As we leave the Seamen's Church Institute of New York City, Vox Pop salutes the brave seamen who comprise the Merchant Marine of our country and of our Allies. We owe them a debt of gratitude beyond measure.

IN recent months, after some years of success in Scandinavia, the Morner lifesaving suit has made its appearance in the United States. Developed by Count H. B. Morner, outstanding authority on lifesaving equipment of Stockholm, the suit has been the prime cause of saving many lives of seamen who have been thrown into the sea by the force of a torpedo explosion, or who have been abandoned to open boats. It was to counteract exposure to the elements that Count Morner developed his suit. It is sturdily constructed into a single piece from the heavy built-in boots to the rubber hood that fits closely over the head. There is no break anywhere; even the mittens are as one with the sleeves. Inside the suit is a kopak vest, so designed and so attached to the suit that the wearer is supported head and shoulders out of the water. In addition to the waterproof and buoyant properties, the Morner suit utilizes natural laws of insulation, of heat conservation, that keeps the wearer warm, dry, and comfortable in water often many degrees below freezing. The suit is large enough so that the air space between it and the wearer is warmed by body heat, making in effect a blanket of warmth as a protection against the sea. Situated high up on the chest are watertight pockets for food, cigarettes, valuable papers, etc., the kapok vest, by keeping the seaman's body so high out of water permits access to these pockets without endangering the seaman's life by opening the suit to the sea.

BENEFIT REPORT

We are happy to report that the Institute's Spring Theatre Benefit was very successful. The net proceeds were approximately \$2,100. Our thanks are due to our loyal friends who took tickets or sent complimentary gifts, and to the members of the Amateur Comedy Club who contributed their services in presenting the play "Village Green" on April 7th at the Heckscher Theatre.

Life Saving Suit



Courtesy THE SHIPS' BULLETIN
Standard Oil Company of New Jersey



Courtesy of Watertight Slide Fastener Corp.

Appeal for Phonographs for Merchant Seamen

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is appealing for old phonographs and records for the use of merchant seamen on the tankers and freighters since radios are no longer permitted by crews aboard merchant ships. James Connell, ship visitor for the Institute, reports that the men on the hundreds of ships which he visits in New York harbor have expressed a wish for phonographs so that their off-duty hours in the ship's fo'c'sle might be more enjoyable. Mr. Connell explained that when radios are in use on shipboard electric oscillations are produced which enable enemy submarines to pick up the sound on their radio direction finders and then set their course directly toward the ship carrying valuable cargoes of oil, gasoline and other essential war supplies.

To inaugurate the campaign for phonographs, Mr. Alexander Navarro of 2393 Hughes Avenue, The Bronx, who is one of the survivors of the Belgian freighter, "Ville de Liege" which was torpedoed on Easter Sunday a year ago, accepted from Assistant Attorney General Bertha Schwartz, Chairman of the Bronx Unit of the American Women's Voluntary Services a phonograph* donated to the American Merchant Marine. Mr. Navarro and three of his shipmates escaped from the torpedoed ship and spent thirteen days in a lifeboat until rescued. Frostbite set in, followed by gangrene, and it became necessary to amputate their legs. Mr. Navarro now has artificial legs and is studying to become a radio operator so that he may return to sea again.

Readers are asked to send their phonographs (either stationary or portable) and records of popular and classical music to the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York City.

*The Institute for many years has given phonographs to ships.

Wainwright's Son Awaits News

Jonathan M. Wainwright 5th, son of the defender of Bataan, sat with his wife in their apartment at 579 Sixty-first

LISTEN IN! Every week-day from 3:35 to 3:45 P.M. over Station WJZ Blue Network-National Broadcasting Company. George Hicks, radio reporter broadcasts a program "MEN OF THE SEA." He frequently interviews merchant seamen from the Seamen's Church Institute of New York regarding their experiences in the grim war at sea.



Seaman Alexander Navarro receives a phonograph from Asst. Attorney General Bertha Schwartz.

Street, in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, awaiting news from the besieged forces in the Philippines.

They read and reread the last letter they had received from General Wainwright. It came last Nov. 16, addressed to his daughter-in-law while her husband was in Africa on a trip from which he returned in January. It was written more than a month before the Japanese invaded the Philippines.

"I have been shot at a lot before now," General Wainwright wrote, "but that is simple compared with the awful responsibility of preventing a hostile landing in force, but I will do my best and I hope I will not fail.

"John is in the war zone, too, and I know he will carry on."

The son, referred to as "John," said: "I have a great deal of confidence in my father's ability and I trust he will see safely through those men under his command."

Young Wainwright is an employee of the American-South African Lines. He said he holds a second mate's license and is now taking examinations to become chief mate.

Although he was born on a military reservation at Monterey, Calif., the son of a famous Army man, young Wainwright took to the sea years ago as a cadet on the S.S. Manhattan. Since then he has made twenty-five trips to South America, seven to Europe and six to Africa.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Col. J. Mayhew Wainwright, a member of the Institute's Board of Managers, is a cousin of Lieut. General Jonathan M. Wainwright. The General's son, Jonathan, was a frequent visitor to the Institute's Apprentices' Room while he was a cadet in the American Merchant Marine.

Lest We Forget: Dunkirk — May, 1940

From the Painting by Richard Eurich

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Reprinted by courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art

This painting of one of the most celebrated marine events of this war shows troops being ferried from the beaches to the drifter and the sidewheel naval tug in the right foreground. At the far right a destroyer is departing. At the extreme left motor trucks have been lined up to form a small subsidiary pier. Across the center may be seen the jetty from which many troops were rescued. The tale of Dunkirk has never been fully told. All that is generally known is that British yachtsmen, tug owners, barge masters and pilots of all manner of small boats rose to the emergency. It was these craft and these men, which, by the grace of God and the absence of a rough sea, accomplished the rescue of some three hundred thousand soldiers.

"Parade of Patriots"

The Central Council of Associations extends a cordial invitation to all LOOK-OUT readers to see the "PARADE OF PATRIOTS" Exhibition to be held from May 21st through June 5th at the Gotham Hotel Branch of the Grand Central Galleries, Fifth Avenue and 55th Street. Paintings and sculpture of famous Americans from Washington's time to the present have been borrowed from museums and private owners. The Exhibition is under the sponsorship of Barnard

College which kindly offered one day—Friday, May 22nd—to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Admission is 55 cents per person and the paintings may be viewed from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Will you plan to visit the Exhibition on the Institute's day? If you are unable to attend on that day, write to Mrs. Grafton Burke, Secretary of the Central Council, at 25 South Street and order your tickets directly from her so that she can stamp the Institute's name on your tickets and thus give us the credit whenever you use them.

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