

The
LOOKOUT



U. S. Coast Guard Photo

ATLANTIC SENTINELS — THE MAN, THE GUN

THE LOOKOUT HAS A BIRTHDAY—*See Page 9*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXVI—NUMBER 5

MAY, 1945

Sanctuary

Almighty and merciful Lord, as Thou didst bless Noah in the ark, and as our Saviour Christ didst rule the sea of Galilee, Grant They special blessing upon this ship which we bless in Thy name. Preserve this ship from the dangers of the sea and from the violence of the enemy; and we beseech Thy grace that all who journey on this ship may truly seek to know Thee more clearly, love Thee more dearly, and follow Thee more nearly, for Thine own sake. Amen.

Prayer offered by the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Bloodgood, only passenger on a recent convoy of tankers, when requested by the Captain to bless the ship.

CHAPEL SERVICES

Daily worship services were held in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour during Passion Week, Holy Week and Easter.

Among the visiting clergy were:

The Rev. Artley B. Parson, St. George's Church, New York; The Rev. Alexander A. Frier, St. John's Church, Staten Island; The Rev. Egerton D. Hall, D.D., Church of the Crucifixion, New York; The Rev. Donald B. Aldrich, D.D., Church of the Ascension, New York, Bishop Coadjutor-elect of Michigan; The Rev. Joseph S. Minnis, Chapel of the Intercession, New York; The Rev. Arthur M. Sherman, S.T.D., Grace Church, New York; The Rev. Charles H. Graf, St. John's Church, New York; The Rev. Bravid W. Harris, Church Missions House, New York, Bishop-elect of Liberia; The Rt. Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, D.D., Suffragan Bishop of New York.

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."

The LOOKOUT

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No. 5

Seamen Prisoners of War Arrive Home

AFTER two years in a German prison camp, forty-seven merchant seamen stepped foot on American soil and with their first breath expressed a fervent thanks to be home. With their second breath they said "We want to return to our jobs at sea again, just as soon as we have seen our families and had a few weeks' rest."

Three of the seamen were interviewed by THE LOOKOUT editor in the offices of the Mississippi Steamship Company as they were paid off. Some of them had requested that the Seamen's Church Institute of New York send a ship visitor to sell them Travellers' Cheques. The allotments to their families had continued all during the time they had been imprisoned in a seamen's camp near Bremen, Germany.

They rejoiced when Allied bombing planes flew over their camp and bombed nearby Hamburg and Bremen. They paid high tribute to the War Prisoners' Aid of the YMCA which sent games, books and magazines, and to John Hawks, secretary of the Seafarers' International Union of the Pacific which sent cigarettes. "If a man had a cigarette he was a millionaire for that day," said Chief Cook Rufus Edward Stough who also told of the prisoners receiving one meal a day: soup and bread, but the small load had to be divided among seven men. "We slept on wooden double-deck

beds with mattresses stuffed with shavings, but the wood lice got in the shavings and so we had to throw the mattresses away. However, we had two blankets, which were a big help since our week's ration of coal for the small coal stove was only enough to heat our room for one day.'

Ordinary Seaman Ralph Pichet told of receiving twelve packages from his wife, four containing cigarettes and four containing food. With these, he was able to get little extras for himself and his shipmates by bribing the guards with cigarettes. William Weaver, fireman and watertender, said "Being here in New York is like a wonderful dream. I'm afraid I'm going to wake up and find myself in Germany again.'

Before these seamen were taken prisoner they had had a terrifying ordeal. Their ship, the JONATHAN STURGES was torpedoed and sunk on January 14, 1943 and they had spent 41 days in a lifeboat and then, scarcely alive, they were picked up by a German submarine. After eight days during which time the German seamen fed them well and treated them kindly, they were landed at Bremen and taken to the prisoners' camp.

"The day when a German officer came and read our names as those who were to be freed, in exchange for German prisoners, stands out in my mind," said Chief Cook

Stough. "We were told to get our gear ready and to leave on January 15th. We could hardly believe our good luck. That night we were so happy and so excited we couldn't sleep. At last the great day came, and we rode in a bus to Bremen, then in a train to the Swiss border where the Red Cross met us, gave us sandwiches and coffee. We stayed in a hospital ship where we were thankful to get three square meals a day. We had lost fifty or sixty pounds each. At last, the *Grips-holm* and home. Last night I put in a long distance call to my wife in New Orleans and when I spoke to her on the telephone she kept on crying. I said 'That's expensive crying, honey.' Then she told me that our son, who is in the Marine Corps and has been in the Pacific for two years, had just returned home. I can't wait to catch that train to New Orleans."

William Weaver, who spoke with his sister in East Tallahassee, Alabama, (Mrs. Langley Hatchett)

Sole Survivor of a Sailing Ship

EDITOR'S NOTE: Being the sole survivor of a marine disaster is a soul-stirring ordeal. We asked the writer to describe his recent experience.

By George Noble

PEACELAND—one of the very last of the windships—has sailed on her final voyage, never to return. Named, perhaps hopefully, by her first owners, N. H. & N. M. Ogilvie, at the close of World War One, she was built in 1919 by the Annapolis Royal Shipbuilding Company at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia. I daresay that these good people little dreamed that this staunch 3-masted schooner they had built was destined at last to serve in a World War Two as an emergency carrier of cargoes to the, until recently, enemy beleaguered, Islands of the distant West Indies.

after receiving his accumulated wages, minus his allotment, turned to James Shayne, SUP delegate and said: "I want to leave fifty dollars so you'll keep on sending cigarettes to that prison camp. Most of the American seamen were repatriated, but there are lots of British seamen left there who'll sure be glad to get cigarettes." Mr. Shayne agreed to do this. The cigarettes are sent through the Canadian Imperial Tobacco Company. Then Weaver turned to the Institute's ship visitor and said: "I want the rest of this money in Travellers' Cheques so I won't be robbed or rolled of it before I can get home and spend some of it on my sisters and their children. And then I want to come back. We agreed not to take up arms against the Axis when we were repatriated, but I think we'll be allowed to serve as civilians in the Merchant Marine. That's where I can be most useful in this war." And he ended with a deep and happy sigh, "Gosh, it's good to be home again! Oh boy, oh boy!"

Launched on the famous tides of the great Bay of Fundy she enjoyed a long period of life for a soft-wood schooner. She was actively engaged throughout most of her years after her worthy sisters had folded their white wings forever and, abandoned by those who owned and manned them were left to rot and die where last they piled up on lonely sandbar and malodorous mud-flat; — melancholy monuments to that awful Juggernaut men in their madness, crazed with the desire for more and more speed, and fired with the lust for ever greater profits, call Progress. And when at last it

seemed that she, too, was fated for just such an inglorious end along came our present War with its demands for cargo space in anything that floats.

By this time she was old, had served her various owners faithfully and well and in her declining years should have been carefully retired to some quiet anchorage, like an old family servant kept on a pension or the farmer's plow-horse at last turned out to pasture. Hustled out to sea again, over-burdened at the outbreak of this war, she was sailed, after some slight repairs, from the comfortable spot where she had rested her weary bones in the soft, oozy mud near Parrsboro, Nova Scotia. (Purchased from her Canadian owners by a New York firm,) she was sailed down to New York by a crew of Honduras seaman, especially imported at great expense.

... Sometime later I learned that *Peaceland* had been towed into Baltimore in a near foundering condition—decks all awash and her pumps broken down. After some repairs she was lightened by the removal of as much as 25 per cent of her cargo and sailed down Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk where she tied up at the foot of Main Street, Jone's Coldstorage Warehouse, formerly known as "The Old India Wharf". It was most fitting that she, the last of her kind, should berth here for it was in this historic spot the glorious sail-ships of years ago used to discharge their fabulous cargoes from remote and exotic lands. It was here that I found her the first of November when I came down from New York to join my friends who were already aboard her. Albert R. Gallatin Welsh of Philadelphia and New York, an internationally familiar figure in yachting circles in peace times, as master; Alan Stoltz, a modern Viking from Malmoe, Sweden, as mate, Judson Rollet, bos'un, while I signed on as cook.

After some two weeks or so had



112 Ft. Schooner "Peaceland"

elapsed from the day I arrived in Norfolk, we sailed at last, with our cargo of cement and machinery, coming down through Hampton Roads in tow of the diesel tug *Atlas*, Wood Towing Company. We lay to anchor a couple of days below Lynnhaven Roads, awaiting a favorable wind and clearing weather. Seven adventurous souls embarked together in a hazardous enterprise, a gamble with fate, our very lives were the cards held in the hands of that notoriously fickle dame. And when the hand was played, six good men lost and paid with their lives—the seventh escaped only because he was lucky.

In outlining briefly the events of the next few succeeding days, I will leave the reader to decide this for himself. I will relate only what I know to have happened. November 26th was Sunday, the pilot came aboard from the pilot schooner *Hampton Roads* along about noon and within a matter of minutes the cook was in his galley—a belated dinner was under way the same time that we were—and the sounds of the hoisting engine, forward raising sails and anchor was a staccato accompaniment to the rattle of crockery in the pantry and the banging of pan lids in the galley. All in high good humor the jolly com-

pany of the good *Peaceland* were off at last and together we went sailing merrily down the Bay.

It is extremely regrettable that a voyage so auspiciously begun should end as disastrously as did ours. But from the time of leaving our anchorage, *Lady Luck* seems to have deserted our ill-fated company—grim Death stalked in our wake and that horrid hag, his consort Misfortune, came aboard the *Peaceland* to stay. It was one thing after another from then on. The weather that had seemed so propitious to begin, turned bad and from bad to worse; we had unfriendly winter weather—grey skies and cold and the wind blew violently. Gear began to break right and left—sails blew out—the laboring vessel leaked dangerously. The third day out found us in a gale of wind—all hands were called around twelve o'clock to close-reef the big Spanker-sail. It was as much as we could do to accomplish the task; six men laid out along the big boom; Captain and cook, mate, bos'un and two sailors, all working in frantic haste, shoulder to shoulder, alike drenched to the skin—as much by flying spray, as by the driving rain that fell on us so violently that we thought we were sailing under a waterfall.

One o'clock dinner below in the saloon proved to be a kind of council of war. A general discussion was held; the consensus of our opinion seemed to be that we should put back and seek the safety of the land once more—the stormy seas and the angry elements were plainly proving too much for our *Peaceland*. Captain Welsh advising us that as near as he could compute our reckoning we were already blown back as far as the latitude of Cape Hatteras—we were more than a little disconcerted to learn that he judged our position to be in the immediate vicinity of that dread graveyard of lost ships. Mate Alan Stoltz, speaking for the first time with a very serious face in contrast

to the customary grin he habitually wore, said that we were leaking so considerably that he feared our overworked pumps would prove inadequate to their task.

I shall never forget the scene in *Peaceland's* cabin that noon-day: A dramatic silence descended on our little group; we seemed to feel that this common cause on which we embarked together and staked our very lives was as good as lost to us. Just how dear a price we were to pay we but little realized then, but something like an inkling of what was to happen must have crept into our minds at this time—for like doomed men, we four sat quietly there as if smitten dumb, staring into faces that were white and drawn. For several minutes no one spoke a single word, but each man in a dreadful suspense anxiously eyed his despairing neighbor, while his ears were filled with the sounds of the laboring ship—the continual clatter and thump of the rudder-post, the loud creaking of tired oaken timbers, the dull, melancholy moan of the wind and the rush and gurgling of parted waters along the ship's sides reminded me of the savage sea that was like a hungry beast outside, forever gnawing at the rotten planks with impatient growls and only waiting to devour us—its helpless victims—for whom there appeared no hope of escape.

To add to our misery the back draft of wind from the Spanker-sail high above our heads was funnelling the wrong way down our stove-pipe again, the room was filled with smoke and our dry mouths were full of the acrid taste of partly consumed coal-gases despite the fact that the fire we tried to keep in the little "Bogey-stove" was long since gone out. The entire quarters aft were pervaded by a chilliness, damp as the tomb, that struck us to the marrow of our bones as we set there in our dripping garments with no warm dry clothes to change into.

I am sure that never was a com-

pany of men in a worse predicament than were we that awful day. A dark and gloomy day it proved to be, succeeded by a dreadful cold night that I shall always reckon among the blackest I have even seen. A long night of horror it was during which no man slept—indeed scarce daring to lie down for an instant for fear that his narrow bunk should become his everlasting coffin.

And all night long we drove in-shore, seeking to close with the land, carying as much canvas as the *Old Girl* would bear under the circumstances. Hours before dawn we raised some lights flashing ahead. Welsh identified them almost at once, and we despairing men began to take heart a little and fresh hope was born again in our long troubled minds.

A grey and forbidding looking day came at last and Captain Welsh advised us that we were close in with the land although we could not see it—the weather being quite thick and it was raining hard most of the time. Frequently, we heard fog-horns blowing all around us and several times large vessels passed quite close to us—looming like moving mountains out of the fog, seen one instant and gone the next, so that we had the danger of collision added to our other worries.

All through the time I was busy getting breakfast ready in my unsteady galley, I could see through the open door looking aft to the poop, whereon both Welsh and Stoltz were raising and lowering different signal flags at the Mizzen-peak, attempting to attract the attention of some cruising Coast Guard vessel.

The weather cleared a little around mid-morning and we sighted a small vessel coming toward us through the drizzling mists. It proved to be a Coast Guard Patrol boat—one of their 83 footers I think it was—quite fast and very well kept up in appearance. They rounded to some distance away from us and hailed us by powerful loudspeaker. I re-

member most how glad we were to see them and how reassuring were the strong pulsations of their heavy-duty motors, borne downwind to us. They next circled round our bows and came up on the opposite quarter, resuming an exchange of hails with Captain Welsh. We were in comparatively smooth water by this time, so Captain Welsh said we would proceed a little farther on and then—being nearly back to where we'd anchored the previous Sunday—drop the hook again.

Meanwhile he suggested that I go ashore with the Coast Guard Cutter, taking some letters to mail for him to New York as well as a message to the Norfolk Shipping Firm that was agent for the Vessel. Also, I could then get new lenses for my "specs" which I'd broken a couple-of-days previous and had been groping around like a blind man, without them ever since the mishap. So I hurriedly threw a few things into a small Boston bag, shaving gear and the like and came on deck to find the Cutter alongside. I recall *Peaceland* was so low in the water that the foredeck of the 83 footer was even a little above the level of her poop-railing; I had to step up and jump to reach the deck of the Patrol Boat.

In another moment the two vessels separated, the Cutter under about $\frac{3}{4}$ speed of her powerful engines raced shoreward with "a bone in her teeth"—like a lean lithe greyhound loping into the home stretch with those steady, rhythmic lunges that are so graceful to watch; eating up the distance with clock-like precision, efficient racing machines that they both are, while *Peaceland*, heavily built as a rugged carthorse, was left awkwardly rolling sluggishly in the heavy swells.

Most of the men in the crew thronged her poop, and in the group at the starboard taffrail, Captain Welsh, wearing a long blue coat, a mistral cap perched jauntily on the side of his blonde head, towered

above the others like a London "bobby" in the forefront of a crowd of curious spectators. In another moment a sudden shower came down like a curtain between the two vessels as they moved more widely separated and drove the men on the foredeck of the cutter—the shore-bound Steward in their midst—below decks for shelter.

Sometime later, my errands completed, I returned, but did not find *Peaceland*. She had disappeared, with all hands. Four weeks later the body of Captain Welsh and two of the seamen were washed ashore.

The sea had taken its toll of six brave men.

THE HIGH STREET

Chowringee in Calcutta,
Collins of Melbourne town,
Are broad streets, and fair streets,
Yet I award the crown,
With eyes that mist and fill
To High Street, my High Street,
That runs by Radburn Hill.
Oh, London's Piccadilly,
And Glasgow's famed Argyle,
Are bonny streets for sailors
Who seek a harpy's smile,
But I am loyal still
To one who walks the High Street
And dwells on Radburn Hill.
True, Saint-Michel in Paris,
Havanna's Malecon,
Have lured me with bright faces
In days now dead and gone,
Pallid to eyes which spill
Their tears for me in High Street,
That runs by Radburn Hill.
Come peace, I'll quit my roaming
The streets of lesser worth
For one street, a fair street,
My choice through all the earth:
I'll climb with a royal will
The High Street, our High Street,
To my love on Radburn Hill.

LIEUT. JOHN ACKERSON, USMS.

N. Y. Times, Feb. 16, 1945

In accordance with a Proclamation by President Roosevelt, Maritime Day will be observed on May 22nd throughout the United States in commemoration of the transatlantic voyage of the steamship SAVANNAH in 1819. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York will have special Chapel prayers and will participate in the various New York observances of the Day.

A Memorial Chapel Service for the six members of the schooner PEACELAND's crew was held in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour on April 17. The Rev. Harold H. Kelley, D.D., conducted the service. The schooner had been commanded by Capt. Albert R. Gallatin Welsh, former yachtsman, of Philadelphia, whose body was recovered four weeks after the disaster.

In a letter written to Chaplain McDonald just before his eighth torpedoing, Lieut. Chelemedos wrote:

"Dear Chaplain McDonald:

Could you or anyone else have told me in those days that at this time I would be sailing in the capacity of Chief Mate on one of our greater merchant fleet ships. No, nor could I—since that would have been too much the improbable, and yet, well—we sail on. And how many more things than these do I have to give thanks to God for as He leads me thru life . . . For I will always realize the enormous amount of guidance I have had from Him in the passing years, and how much of that guidance was brought to me in the quiet hours I spent with you, listening to your teachings and knowing more about God's way every day we spent together. At sea living in God's house and hands I grow to know how close He is."

Survivor of Jap Submarine Attack

ONE of the youngest chief mates in the American Merchant Marine is 22-year-old Peter Chelemedos, an old friend of Chaplain David McDonald of the Institute, who spent many an hour at "25 South Street" when he first went to sea at the age of 16. Like Lieut. Robert Stap, about whom we wrote in the March LOOKOUT, Peter is a fine example of the possibilities for rapid advancement in the Merchant Marine. His recent experiences, described in newspapers throughout the country, and over the radio, were told by him personally to Chaplain MacDonald and THE LOOKOUT editor when he reached New York a few days ago, to meet his wife and to have his 15-months-old baby baptized.

The following is the War Shipping Administration's official report on Lieut. Chelemedos' latest "dunking."

"The recent sinking of the Liberty ship *S.S. John Johnson* by a Jap submarine between San Francisco and Hawaii, was old stuff to youthful U. S. Maritime Service Lieut. Peter Chelemedos, of California, 22-year-old first mate of the ill-fated ship. This was the *eighth time* he has been "dunked" as a result of Jap or German action.

"He describes the recent sinking vividly:

"I had just been relieved, and was catching a cold, so I took a dose of medicine and hit the deck. A few minutes later I was swimming in the ocean. The missile hit without warning. It blew me out of my bunk and I could instantly feel the ship breaking up. It was a kind of a familiar feeling to me, so I grabbed my lifeboat kit and my navigation instruments and rushed



Courtesy, THE MAST
U. S. Maritime Service

Lieut. Peter Chelemedos, USMS, describes the sinking of the *S.S. John Johnson* to his classmates at the San Francisco Upgrade School.

out to help Captain Beeken, our skipper.

"He sounded the General Quarters alarm. Water was rushing into the hole and the ship was settling. We launched the lifeboats. No SOS was sent out because the shock of the explosion wrecked the radio. The Captain searched the ship for dead and injured and found members of the gun crew standing by the gun. They were waiting for the submarine to appear so they could shoot! We told them there was no use waiting and ordered them all to jump into the ocean with us. They all swam to a swamped lifeboat and crawled into it. My boat was full—21 men—but we kept close to the others.

"A bright submarine moon was shining and we lay off watching the

ship settle and wondering if we dared go back aboard, when the sub surfaced not 10 yards away from us and about 5 yards from the Captain's boat. I ordered the men in my boat to jump into the water quick and hide among the debris floating around. The Japs have a nasty habit of shooting seamen who are adrift in lifeboats.

'First they tried to ram our boat. We heard shouting and the big black shape bore down on our boat. Some of our men were still clinging to the sides. The waves from the sub pushed the boat to one side, but one man was crushed between the lifeboat and the sub. Another man was swept into the propeller of the sub and was drowned. As the sub passed, we all swam back to the boat.

'Then we heard the sound of firing, and saw tracer bullets hit one of the other lifeboats. They shot down some of our men. Not one man was lost while abandoning ship, but the Japs killed two men out of our crew of 70 with machine gun fire. Well, the Japs kept cruising among our lifeboats, trying to ram them, spraying the occupants with all deck guns, and shouting Banzai with each hit.

'In the meantime the S.S. *John Johnson* was breaking up. We hid in the bottom of the lifeboat until daybreak. Some of the crew, although injured with machine gun bullets, joked and sang, and we had a lot of laughs after the sub left.'

The torpedoing was the first in the Pacific area since January, 1942 when Jap submarines were harrassing the West Coast of the United States.

Peter started his seagoing career after he had hitch-hiked to New York as a lad of sixteen from his home in Albany, Alameda County, California. Like all lads with "sea fever" he came to the Seamen's Institute, and there was befriended by Chaplain McDonald who, over the years has taken a fatherly interest in him, enjoying a regular exchange of letters. He arranged for Peter to attend the Institute's Merchant Marine School, and in 1937 he started to sea. His first torpedoing was in 1940. Number two was the evacuation of Dunkerque. Numbers three, four and five came all in one day! It was in a convoy. German planes torpedoed his ship and he jumped into the Atlantic ocean. An Allied ship picked him up, and an hour later was sunk. A third vessel in the convoy hauled him out of the water and the Nazis sunk it two hours later.

Sinkings six and seven followed the pattern of number eight. The ship was torpedoed, and the lifeboats rammmed and the seamen strafed.

Peter met his wife while attending the U. S. Maritime Officers' School at Fort Trumbull, Conn. He had wanted his baby baptized in the Institute's Chapel, but on the day set (when Peter's new ship happened to be in port) the rains fell and the winds blew, and it was thought unwise to bring the baby out to brave the elements, so the service was held in St. David's Church, Cambria Heights, near the grandparents' house on Long Island, with Chaplain McDonald as godfather. On his next trip he plans to sit for his master's license.

Good Luck, Peter Chelemedos!

The Lookout Has A Birthday

1910 will be remembered as the year when Halley's Comet was seen. From the viewpoint of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York it was the year in which THE LOOKOUT was begun. The first issue was in May, and, as seen from the fac-simile of the first page and cover reproduced here, was published at the Institute's BATTERY STATION, No. 1 State Street. The Institute's present 13-story building at 25 South Street was not begun until April, 1912, and completed in September, 1913.

At this Battery Station, in the same building with the shipping office of the British Consulate, and with the Legal Aid Society (Seamen's Branch) next door, the Seamen's Benefit Society financed the Apprentices' Room.

The present LOOKOUT editor,

who has only been at the Institute since the Annex building was completed in 1929 (a mere 16 years!) interviewed Miss Augusta de Peyster one afternoon recently and asked her about those old days at No. 1 State Street, which was the Institute's headquarters from 1902 until 1913.

Miss de Peyster, who founded the Seamen's Benefit Society (the "parent" of the present-day Central Council of Associations) recalled that No. 1 State Street was "a lovely old house, in a pretty part of town, facing the Battery, and it had a beautifully carved old doorway." Miss de Peyster's interest in the comfort and welfare of merchant seamen began when, as a little girl, she crossed the Atlantic on a coal-burning vessel and observed the stokers coming up on the lower

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THE LOOKOUT



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
ONE STATE STREET

THE LOOKOUT

Published by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York
By Rev. David H. Gower, D.D., LL.D., President. FRED T. WAREWING, Secretary-Treasurer
OFFICE, ONE STATE STREET, NEW YORK.

Vol. I. MAY, 1910 No. 1

A Complete Institute

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE is one of the veteran organizations of this city. It was organized more than sixty-five years ago—in 1844. For more than half a century it has had an interesting history. It has worked to improve the condition of the seamen coming into this port and to better the water front situation. During most of this long period the situation was well-nigh intolerable and the conditions affecting seamen were notorious. These have been very greatly improved and the Institute is justified in taking to itself a large share of the credit. The story may be repeated in future issues of THE LOOKOUT, but for the present we prefer to tell what the Institute is rather than what it has been.

During these sixty-five years it studied the needs of the sailor very carefully. Keeping pace with the times and adopting new and more aggressive methods as they were proved valuable, the managers have aimed to organize as complete an Institute as their resources would permit. It has learned that the needs of the seaman are very definite and correspondingly simple. But in order to satisfy these needs, its work must be complete.

When a seaman comes into this port, as about 400,000 do every year, his first need is a home and a welcome. He returns from a long trip and is freed from the restraint and loneliness of shipboard. He has money due him that he receives

when he is paid off. He is a stranger in the city; perhaps, without a single acquaintance. A notorious ring of boarding house keepers and shipping masters lies in wait for him, anxious for the opportunity to separate him from his money and make as much as they can out of him. Exploiting sailors for personal profit is their business. He will not remain here long. Having to earn his living he cannot afford to remain idle. He will need employment very soon. He has dependent relatives somewhere to whom he should send a part of his wages and who are eager to hear from him.

The Institute caters to these needs by furnishing him with a home at its hotel, The Breakwater, where he can have a separate room to himself, a clean bed, good food, wholesome recreation and good surroundings. Here he can leave his baggage and other valuables for safe keeping. Reading and writing rooms are at his disposal. The Breakwater will accommodate only 100 men. That means about 5,000 a year; not a very large percentage of the 400,000 coming annually to the port.

When the seaman is paid off in the shipping office of the British Consul the Institute's agent stands nearby ready to receive his money for safe-keeping and to forward to his relatives, free of charge, as much as he can spare. This banking department handles about \$100,000 of seamen's money yearly, or about one-quarter of the total pay-roll. It for-



Augusta de Peyster

deck "in bare feet, their faces pale and perspiring, after long hours stoking the fires." When she was eighteen she went to the Rev. Dr. David Hummell Greer, who was then rector of St. Bartholomew's Church (he afterwards became Bishop of New York and was at the laying of the cornerstone of the Institute on April 16, 1912) and

she asked him if "she could do something to help the sailors."

He arranged to have her meet the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, Superintending Chaplain of the Floating Church of Our Saviour who suggested that she get her friends together for a meeting at her home, and that he would tell them about the work. This was done; the Seamen's Benefit Society was organized; was active at 34 Pike Street (four blocks from the Floating Chapel) from 1901 to 1910, and then at No. 1 State Street until the Institute with its large Apprentices' Room was opened and is still maintained by the Society, although renamed the Janet Roper Room.

The early reports of the Seamen's Benefit Society reveal some interesting things. The ladies held six Sewing Classes a year, at the homes of the Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Duane Pell, Mrs. William B. Shoemaker, Miss Ethel Zabriskie, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee and other friends. They knitted helmets, wristlets and mittens for the seamen (apparently, sweaters did not come in until World War I.) They hemmed quantities of towels; they collected magazines; books; medicines, games. They filled comfort bags. They conducted "Lectures and Demonstrations on First Aid to the Injured Seamen". (There's nothing new under the sun, apparently!) They even had benefits! Their first opera benefit was on a Thursday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House where "Königskinder" (Kingly Children) was presented, and the proceeds were \$5,500, which were spent as follows: \$2,000 to maintain the Institute's boat "Sentinel" which was used to transport British apprentices from their ships in the harbor to Sunday afternoon tea parties at

(Continued on page 11)



No. 1 State Street—1910

How "The Lookout" Was Started

* By Mrs. Archibald Romaine Mansfield

THIRTY-FIVE years ago my husband said to me, "I have been worrying a great deal lately. I want to get at more people. This work should be known all over the country, not just in the east, not just these states near us. When I was sitting on the ferry looking off towards the sea tonight, I had a dream. Why not a small magazine?" That was the birth of THE LOOKOUT.

Several years after that we were spending the summer in Denver, Colorado; one of our neighbors asked us to dine with them. During the evening our hostess said, "I have been a very interested subscriber to your work Dr. Mans-

field for some time, ever since your little magazine came into our home." A dream come true!

As I look over the years, I know that none of us can ever realize how far-reaching THE LOOKOUT has been in its help to this great work. All power to Mrs. Spaeth, the first editor! All power to Miss Candee, our Miss Candee! They have done a fine outstanding job through the years.

Long may this small, very readable, human magazine carry on.

*The Reverend Dr. Archibald Romaine Mansfield came to the Institute as a Chaplain in 1896, soon became Superintendent, continuing to his death in 1934.

(Continued from Page 10)

No. 1 State Street; \$2,000 to finance the building of the Apprentices' Room at the new "25 South Street" structure, and the remainder to purchase wool and linen.**

Miss de Peyster remembers that there was no training for seamen as there is today. Yet they still craved good books and magazines. Arthur Conan Doyle's stories were popular.

She recalls attending the laying of the cornerstone for the Institute's building on the day that the newsboys brought word of the Titanic disaster. "Ironically, enough," she

said "My sister and I had reservations to return from Europe on the Titanic that coming summer. We had been looking forward to sailing on this 'unsinkable' ship!"

At the outbreak of World War II, Miss de Peyster was in Switzerland. She sailed from Holland on the *Statendam*, making the last westward voyage of that liner which was burned in Rotterdam harbor in May, 1940 when the Nazis marched in.

**Miss Catherine S. Leverich was president of the Seamen's Benefit Society for several years.

Some of Those Days

By Katharine Lane Spaeth

(Editor of the LOOKOUT, 1911 to 1919)

"WHAT a romantic job — right on the water-front!" one of my class-mates said, with the girlish emphasis current in November, 1909. "You will really see the jolly tars and old salts and hear them sing 'Blow the Man Down' and . . . like that," she finished lamely.

I had just engaged as Assistant Secretary of the Building Committee (for that new building) of the Seamen's Church Institute. It appealed to my imagination . . . the whole idea with those sheaves of blue-prints, the architects' practical dream of what now stands here at 25 South Street.

There had been an interview with John Seely Ward, a member of the Board. He was truly a gentleman of the old school with an unexpected sense of humor. So he sent me to see the President, Mr. Edmund Lincoln Baylies. My admiration for Mr. Baylies has not diminished with the passing of thirty-five years.

Wearing the grey striped trousers and morning coat which suited a certain austere New England quality, Mr. Baylies received me graciously in his law office at 54 Wall St. He was the only man I have ever met who had great dignity and poise, but who was not pompous. He was too real for that.

"Why do you think you are qualified to work for us at #1 State Street?" he asked, adding with that swift kindness so much a part of him, "It is rather a rough neighborhood for a young girl."

Well, there was my typing—rapid but often inaccurate. That touch system mode for transposing letters. "Boradway", as an example. My short-hand could best be described as "wild-hand", as it was a mixture of stenography I had learned in high-school and quick long-hand.

But there was recently gained knowledge of a good filing system.

"And," I told him with sunny confidence, "I went around the world last year, and I certainly did see a lot of sailors, I mean seamen."

While Mr. Baylies was not the frivolous type, he smiled at that and we decided that I might try the job.

When I reported at the crumbling old building where the British Consulate now stands, Israel L. White, then Secretary of the Building Committee, was entirely willing to let me install cabinets and files needed for our lists of possible subscribers to the New Building Fund.

He spent a lot of his time creating letters of appeal and doing research upon the families whose ancestors had not only sailed the seven seas, but had built clipper ships and been deeply concerned with maritime problems for generations.

That Number One State Street looked much like the present #9 State Street (now painted grey). It was a dingy red brick. Its stairs smelled of old wood and imbedded dust. The seamen who came there for help, to use the Reading Room, store their dunnage, seek helpful advice from Dr. Mansfield, etc., also smelled of shore clothing that had been stored in musty sea-chests . . . and of a casual attitude toward the daily bath.

It was really Israel White (who also worked on a Newark newspaper) who wrote the first issue of *The LOOKOUT*. A pressing family demand had caused me to resign in 1910, but when I returned to the Institute early in February, 1911, I began to write stories for the little magazine, learned to read galley proofs, make up the dummy, scrutinize the printing bills, so that

when Mr. White left us a few months later, I became the editor and chief contributor. That was September, 1911 and I was sorry to resign eight years later. My name, Irene Katharine Lane appears on those early issues.

Jolly tars and old salts, eager to spin yarns, were hard to find. Deep-sea sailors for there were still sailing vessels in New York Harbor then) were shy and self-conscious. My eager shining face, my Peter Pan collars and crisp lawn ties, were not nearly so winsome as I had hoped.

It took a bit of doing to pry any tales from them. Without being too fanciful, however, the early Lookouts managed to slip a few colorful anecdotes between the appeals for Funds. "Give the Game Room in the new building, in memory of a seafaring man—only \$5,000," was the gist of most of them. And, happily, all the public rooms have (or had) bronze plaques to justify this.

Of course, as Secretary of the Building Committee, I had to get publicity. New Yorkers did not know much about crimps and waterfront evils, allotment notes, knock-out drops. Dr. Archibald Mansfield had been a valiant crusader for the sailor, but the general public knew little about the magnificent job he had done — and was doing.

Reporters began to come to State Street to get stories. One of them, more enterprising than the others, —he worked on *The Evening World* —got the naive Lookout editor into a touch of bother.

We had decided to put a soda fountain in the lobby of the new Institute, a really good story. "How about the 'Marlin-spike sundae' or the 'Horn-pipe Special'?" I asked the journalist. He liked the idea, got a press photographer to take my picture, wrote a vivid story

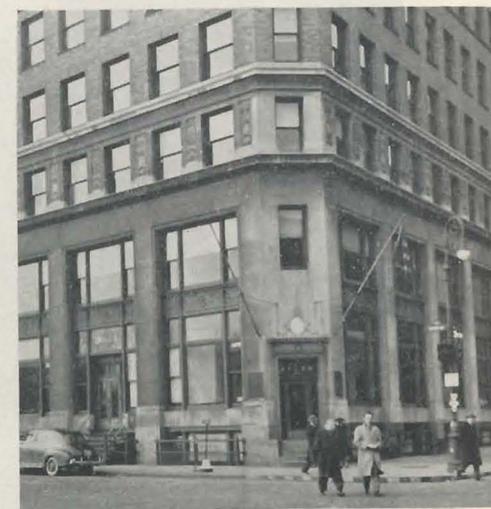
which appeared with this head-line.

"Girl Invents Boozeless Bar to Lure Jack to Soda Swig."

Our Board of Managers was mixed in their reactions but there was a faint twinkle in Mr. Baylies eye and in those of Admiral Mahan, Benjamin R. C. Low, Henry Lee Hobart. Anyhow, my picture had an honest, scrubbed (before compact and lip-stick days) air, which helped.

It was tremendously thrilling when the corner-stone was laid, when the light-house tower was dedicated to the memory of the crew members lost on the "Titanic", when the new Seamen's Church Institute opened in 1913—so fresh, so spacious, so efficient—so much what we had all helped to make, we hoped.

As I left the office of #1 State Street for the last time, I was a little sad, but not for long. The charm of antiquity is greatly over-rated, without waxed floors, Sheraton or Chippendale or fragile china. But the old building had served to give seamen confidence in people ashore. They began to trust the land-lubbers on the beach, as they had not done when the modest sign first appeared above the door of the little brick house at 1 State Street.



No. 1 State Street—1945
British Consulate

Looking Back At 1910

By Charles Robert Patterson, Marine Artist

THIRTY-FIVE years ago there were still some deep-water sailing ships to be seen along South Street, but steam had pretty well taken over. Compared with South Street of the nineties, the changes were very marked, what with new enterprises and the continual expansion of trade, etc. There was still a lot of sail tonnage, however, especially in the coasting trade; a great many schooners, from two to five-masted vessels, two or three six-masters.

In 1910 a lot of the old sailing-lighters had gone, and those remaining seemed to depend more and more upon tugboats than upon their own sails. The New York harbor sailing-lighter was a distinct type, and was to be found nowhere else. Real sailor-men, never too plentiful, were becoming rare, and even such deep-water crews as were available

required considerable effort to get together. It has been stated that the difficulty in getting crews to man sailing vessels in the later years was a contributing factor in the ships being laid aside for steam.

The ship *Benjamin F. Packard*, subject of this illustration, had been a constant visitor to South Street since her first voyage in 1884, this fine vessel being one of the big "Down-Easters" in the Cape Horn trade between New York, San Francisco and the United Kingdom. She made her last visit to South Street in 1907, and upon her arrival on the Pacific Coast from New York was sold to the Northwestern Fisheries Company of Seattle, who later sold her to the Booth Fisheries Company. Upon her return to Seattle from Alaska in the fall of 1924, she was sold to a lumber company who loaded her with timber



Sailing Ship—Benjamin F. Packard
Painting by Charles Robert Patterson

Courtesy—Mary S. Spear

for New York. There she was purchased by speculators who endeavored to interest people in preserving the old ship as a memento of sailing days, but without success.

After a number of years spent in the vicinity of Rye, N. Y., part of which time she formed one of the attractions at Playland, the Westchester Park Commission decided that the ship was somewhat of a hazard and would have to be done away with. Accordingly, orders were given to the Merritt-Chapman and Scott Corporation to tow her to deep water and sink her. On May 19th, 1939, the hull of the *Benjamin F. Packard* sank off Edens Neck, Long Island Sound.

Other large sailing vessels of the 1910 period were the *Dirigo*, *Erskine M. Phelps*, *Atlas*, *Edward Sewall*, *Daylight*, *Brilliant*, *John Ena*, *Manga Reva*.

THE HEYDEY OF COASTWISE STEAMSHIP TRADE—1910

The year 1910 marked the heyday of passenger and freight traffic on the Long Island Sound, other Eastern and Coastwise routes.

The \$2,000,000 "COMMONWEALTH" of the Fall River-Line had been operating but two years, and very successfully.

The famous flyers "YALE" and "HARVARD" completed their last season on this coast between New York and Boston, being sold to the West Coast.

The following decade spelled the beginning of the end of these coastwise services, due to the rapid development and improvement of the automobile and bus, and motor truck, with accompanying improved highways.

Freeman R. Hathaway
Chairman, New York Chapter
Steamship Historical Society
of America.



The Institute in 1910, as today, sent Ship Visitors to meet the ships and to invite the crews to spend their time ashore at the Institute.

Memories of the Ways & Means Dept. at No. 1 State Street

By Elsa Quetting Bunce

I joined the Institute on July 3, 1909 as part of the Ways and Means Department. School closed on Friday, and on the following Monday much to my surprise AND disappointment I had me a job through the good (?) offices of my aunt and Dr. Mansfield who both thought that I would be much better off working than idling away a summer as I had planned. But I made the best of it and appeared promptly at 8.30 A. M.

I was at old No. 1 State Street when the Lookout was started. Dr. Mansfield came around one day and introduced to us Miss Katharine Lane and told us that she would be the Editor of the new magazine and that we were to give her all the help we could. We did for all of us fell in love with her. She was not only very pretty and charming, but had a lovely singing voice and very often sang for us girls of the Ways and Means Department when we would hold our monthly luncheons in the Apprentices' Room.

Old No. 1 State was very much like the old woman who lived in the shoe for it certainly was crowded to capacity what with the Shipping Office, the Bank—the Slop Chest, British Vice-Consul's offices, Ways and Means (me), Dr. Mansfield's office, Lookout office, Mr. Howard Woods' office, Apprentices' Room kitchen and besides all these, there were living quarters up in what was formerly the attic. It was said that at one time Robert Fulton had lived in the house, and if he did the poor man must have rolled over in his grave if he could have seen his old home. After the new build-

ing was started, it was nothing to have a dealer or antique collector come in and scrape off some of the paint from one of the mantels or doorways to find out if they were worth buying when the house would be vacated and the Institute's new building finished.

I left the Institute in October 1912, to marry Billy Bunce*, and at that time, Mr. Israel White of the Newark Star was in charge of the Lookout. As a reward for my connection with the Ways and Means Department I made the five-star final or rather I should say page 7 of the January, 1913 number of the Lookout. My marriage was announced, and was I proud!

They were grand old days, and work was fun. We did get out a great many circular letters each month and I like to think that a good part of the money that came in through those letters helped to build the magnificent building which houses the S.C.I. to-day.

*Who is in charge of the Seamen's Funds Bureau on the second floor of the Institute.

MUSIC FOR THOUSANDS

We are in urgent need of a piano (in good condition) for use in the Institute's Chapel; also a victrola (portable or cabinet type). Will readers who own such, and would be willing to donate them, please get in touch with the Department of Special Services, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. BOWling Green 9-2710, so arrangements could be made for transporting these instruments here?

Time Marches On

By Trevor M. Barlow, Recreation Supervisor

NOVEMBER 1st, 1910 I was appointed Lay Assistant to the Rev. Charles Blake Carpenter at the North River Station of the Seamen's Church Institute, 341 West Street corner of Houston Street. At that time practically all of the Transatlantic Steamships docked South of 23rd Street on the West side. The American Line, Cunard Line, White Star Line, Wilson Line, Atlantic Transport Line, Dominion Line, French Line and Red Star Line, and such fine old ships as the St. Louis, St. Paul, New York, Philadelphia, Oceanic Baltic, Mauretania Limited. The Seamen's Church Institute was shipping faster for the Booth Line, Lamport and Holt, Union Castle Line, Prince Line, also for the hospital ship "Solace" and several barge and tow boat companies.

The shipping of live cattle was a big item at this time, and as the A.T.L. Liners docked in front of the Institute and were known as cattle boats, we had a great number of cattlemen using the Institute. Cattlemen were considered members of the crew. They signed articles the same as any other seamen—their wages from the company—25c or a shilling per month paid by the Shipping Company. The shippers paid the head cattlemen and their assistants so much per head for all cattle landed in good shape. The system was to hire several trained cattlemen and the rest were called cattle stiffs or passage workers. If there were plenty of men around, the agents or shipping masters would charge so much for the job, otherwise they just

got a free passage to Liverpool or Manchester or whatever port the shipment was for.

These cattlemen were real hard-boiled, two-fisted "he" men. They had to be—theirs was a tough job. There was very little friction between these men, who were usually heavy drinkers, and regular seamen, except when they met in the gin mills, of which at that time West Street had one on every corner and at most times one in the middle of the block.

It is interesting to look back on those days, and one unworthy custom in particular, now fortunately obsolete, stands out in my mind—the competition between all of the Societies serving seamen on the West Side. We at the North River Station were at the end of the line. The big shipping companies had moved to the Chelsea piers and had taken the men more or less uptown.

We at the North River Station had the only church, also an organ and choir which was a help, but the best bait was "coffee and" (coffee and buns, etc.), comfort bags, and handrags (handrags were a piece of carpet about nine inches square used by coal burning firemen to handle the hot slice bars, rakes, etc., used in the fireroom.)

I am happy to remember that my prior experience as a steward for over twelve years, (over ten years in the White Star line), gave me an advantage over most of the other competitors. "Carpenter's Place", as the men called us, was known as the spot to get the best coffee and cakes.



Game Room, 341 West Street—1910

As Lay Assistant, I was Jack of all trades—missionary, sexton, organ pumper, rang the church bell, took up the collections, assisted at weddings and funerals, visited ships and hospitals, checked baggage, shipping master, took care of relief, bed and meals, cared for mail, arranged entertainments (that meant getting your talent from ships in port and volunteers), also acted as chairman or “emcee”, and be prepared one’s self to entertain also attended ship’s concerts and helped out by singing at other missions, arranged football games and incidentally, you really lived on the job. My family and I lived on the third floor of the Institute, very comfortable and very happy.

It was not at all unusual for a call to come in for almost a full crew. Ten firemen, six coal passers, so many oilers, watertenders, A.B.’s, etc., and all were coal burning ships. This meant scouting round the other Missions, also the gin mills trying to round up a crew. When

you had got them together and put them aboard the Institute launch “Sentinel”, your trouble had only just started, for as a rule you had to report to the Breakwater in Brooklyn, the Institute Lodging House, to pick up the rest of the gang, and when “Red Mike” (Saloon keeper, shipping master, boss crimp) who would be waiting on the dock, got through feeding your gang Red Eye you were liable to report with a couple of sea bags and no men. It sure was tough going—real heavy weather. It was good training Dr. Mansfield gave us, as for example, four years later I had been transferred to 25 South Street and in 1915, as House Manager, I had charge of House or Service Department — Baggage Room — Laundry — House Police — Elevator men — Painters — Carpenters — Barbers and in my spare time arranged concerts, movies, shows, etc. Never a dull moment, and incidentally, from 1914 to 1918 there was a war on, but that’s another story.

A Page of Lookouts — 1945



"GHOST SHIP" IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

An unidentified freighter, ghostly in a "pea soup" fog, glides past a Coast Guard combat cutter at the entrance of a harbor in the North Atlantic. On the cutter, Coast Guardsmen keep watchful eyes on the "stranger."



ETERNAL VIGILANCE

Far into the northern seas, a Coast Guardsman stands his alert watch on the flying bridge of a Coast Guard combat cutter. Playing a major role in winning the Battle of the Atlantic, Coast Guard fighting vessels convoy vital supplies to Europe through seas made safe from enemy marauders.

'FIGHTING ANGELS'

Aboard a fast and ferocious Coast Guard 'sub-buster' on patrol duty with a convoy of merchant ships, a Coast Guard officer scans the horizon looking for enemy activity. Proud of the part they play in the anti-submarine war, the crew of this Coast Guard 'sub-buster' call themselves the 'Fighting Angels'.



Official Coast Guard Photos

1 State Street

By the Rev. Charles B. Carpenter

Retired from 31 years of parish ministry Mr. Carpenter has now returned to the Institute as a volunteer chaplain.

NO. 1 STATE STREET offered in some ways considerable advance in space and equipment over the old Pike Street quarters. Dr. Mansfield had found, deservedly, a comfortable home in Staten Island, which arrangement afforded the Institute ample working area for the enlarged office administration and greater room space for recreation, apprentice boys' teas and general opportunities, under Mr. Woods' supervision, for social gatherings. The important "Sentinel" became a busy messenger, bringing boys from ships from Brooklyn, Jersey and Manhattan piers, taking books and bundles of literature to outgoing vessels, transporting apprentice boys and all who desired to the Sunday evening services at the North River Station, where frequently orchestras from various liners accompanied the organ making services bright and stimulating.

Suppers and entertainments were

features at 1 State Street, and the temporary quarters teemed with activities while awaiting the completion of the giant work which someday would crown the Institute's history at 25 South Street.

It was during these formative years that Dr. Mansfield was fighting hard the long existent evils in sailor life. At risk of personal harm and threats of life itself. Shanghaiing and attendant evils were being combatted. A Shipping Office at 1 State Street became operative and inroads into present far-reaching, ordering for better sailor life were made in substantial manner, which, under the equipment of the new building readily became established.

No. 1 State Street became a live place for meetings of committees and the unfolding of plans to be incorporated into the great Seamen's Church Institute in its new home. No one could have worked more capably for future development than did Archibald Romaine Mansfield who happily found the realization of his dreams.



Aboard the Institute's boat "The Sentinel"—1910

One State Street Sold

From "The LOOKOUT", April, 1913

NEWSPAPERS always refer to inevitable changes which Time brings to buildings "The Passing of" is a little catch-phrase which is supposed to cover every sentimental demand—for newspapers.

But the demolition of No. 1 State Street means more than an implied sentiment. When the Institute is moved into the new building at 25 South Street, this old red brick structure will be torn down and modern office buildings erected on its site.

The old Colonial stair-rail of dull mahogany, the elaborately carved mantelpieces, the antiquated windows with the twelve panes, all the symbols of a by-gone age, will have to go.

Tradition has it that Robert Fulton constructed his little steamboat Clermont on this corner and that he at one time lived in the little building in the rear of the Institute. Robert Louis Stevenson is said to

have lived in this house for a brief period. It was built over one hundred and twenty-five years ago and in those days of simple modes of living it must have seemed a most palatial residence, with all Battery Park for its front yard and the restless waters of the Harbor for its playground.

There have long been age-stained cracks in the ceiling and the warped stairs have creaked complainingly these many years. The Institute has needed to move: its work has been cramped, its rooms over crowded: its fullest development thwarted for lack of space. And we shall enter the new building with joy in the knowledge that it is the house of splendid opportunity.

Number One State Street will shortly have "passed" and with it the atmosphere of antiquity, of patient resignation to the changing years. That is the way of progress and this is the era of efficiency as opposed to sentiment.



Sailors Wore Derby Hats in 1910.
The Institute's Reading Room, 341 West Street.

Wins Distinguished Service Medal

THE amazing coincidence of his having saved the lives of *two one-legged ship's officers* on widely separated occasions of enemy action has culminated in winning for a slightly-built young boatswain the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal, the U. S. Maritime Commission announced. For injuries received in one of the rescues, Filipino-born Alberto Galza, whose home is at 2231 Barclay Street, Baltimore, Maryland, was also presented with the Mariner's Medal at a ceremony in the office of Captain Edward Macauley, Commission member and Deputy War Shipping Administrator.

The vessel on which Galza's heroism was displayed was the SS DELISLE, twice torpedoed and finally sunk. Officer on watch during first submarine attack off the Atlantic coast was Third Mate Robert Jones,

still in service despite loss of a leg necessitating the use of two canes. With him on the bridge when the torpedo struck was Galza.

The explosion collapsed one side of the wheelhouse, throwing Jones several feet and injuring his good leg. Galza was severally cut about the head but he managed to carry Jones across the slanting deck to a lifeboat. Galza supervised manning and lowering of the boat and all hands reached shore, Galza to be hospitalized.

The DELISLE survived the torpedoing, was beached and after repairs Galza signed on again. Many months later, with Galza as acting third mate, the freighter was steaming off Newfoundland when a torpedo sank another ship in the convoy. While the DELISLE was picking up that crew she, too, was hit.

Galza was at the stern, engaged in rescue work, but running forward to report to the bridge he found Capt. William W. Clendaniel, master of the ship and another Baltimorean (3715 Delverne Avenue) had been blown out onto the boat deck. There, unconscious, he was pinned down by a cargo boom that had fallen across his artificial leg.

All efforts to drag the master free were futile and as the sinking of the ship was imminent Galza unstrapped the leg, hoisted the hefty Captain to his shoulder and carried him to the rail. There he found all lifeboats had shoved off. A life-raft from another torpedoed ship floated by, however. Galza lowered the seriously injured Clendaniel and himself, returned to the sinking DELISLE and retrieved the master's artificial leg—and two puppy mascots.

A corvette came alongside to re-

move the men from the raft and waves it created washed the leg and puppies away. Victims of the torpedoing were put ashore in Newfoundland and hospitalized. Captain Clendaniel in due time was ready for sea again, except no artificial leg could be found for him. After a time his own was washed up on the beach, repaired and put to use.

The Distinguished Service Medal citation signed by Vice Admiral Emory S. Land, USN, retired, Chairman of the Maritime Commission, on behalf of President Roosevelt, says of Galza:

"His heroic actions on these two occasions, in keeping with the finest traditions of the United States Merchant Marine, were instrumental in saving the life of one of his officers, and undoubtedly the sole means of saving the life of another."

The Mariner's Medal awarded was for wounds received in enemy action. It is bestowed on seamen by authority of Congress.

Galza is still going to sea, and is now awaiting loading of the SS MONROE with a cargo at an Atlantic port.

Book Reviews

LOOKING FOR A BLUEBIRD

By Joseph Wechsberg

Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50

The author left home to see the world as musician aboard a small French ship (a "poor relation" of the Ile de France). His funny, crazy reactions to life have already acquired for him a following of enthusiastic NEW YORKER readers. In this book with its gay reminiscences of the nineteen-twenties, he tells a highly diverting tale of how a soprano is foiled at a captain's dinner; of an audition of a piano player for the ship; of a trip to Panama as "big business" passengers. He tells of headwaiters, musicians, cruise directors—all pre-war characters some with persecution complexes, some with infinite charm. Witty and spirited, the book is "relaxing", after a session with war biographies. M.D.C.

LUSTY WIND FOR CAROLINA

by Inglis Fletcher

Bobbs Merrill \$3.00. 499 pages

A colorful novel of early 18th century Carolina: royal governors conniving with pirates, Huguenot settlers, runaway Negroes, friendly and unfriendly Indians, a huge and motley cast in which figure Woodes Rogers, the navigator, and pirates Bluebeard, Anne Bonney, Rackham, and Stede Bonnet. The best scenes are those of the voyage to the New World; after the arrival the plot becomes obscured by the introduction of too many characters and too much historical detail.

—D. P.



"SURVIVORS"

Oil painting by Chief Boatswain's Mate Hunter Wood, U. S. Coast Guard combat artist

Battered and tossed, weakened by exposure, these men of a torpedoed merchant ship cling to the raft that represents hope



Seamen of 1910 aboard a ship in New York Harbor

Book Reviews

AN INTRODUCTION TO NAVIGATION AND NAUTICAL ASTRONOMY

by Wm. Shute, Wm. Shirk, George
Porter and C. Hemenway
The Macmillan Co. \$4.50

This book by instructors in The Choate School is of value to Instructors in Navigation, as well as a book we could recommend to students for helpful study.

It makes a splendid, although necessarily limited, approach to the problem of "Mathematics" used in solving navigational problems, and treats the subject in simple, understandable form. This, we feel, is very important, especially in view of the diverse and varied degrees of grade-and-high school training our students received prior to embarking on sea careers.

The book is well illustrated with drawings, charts, graphs, etc., and the illustration of the "Celestial Sphere" is unusually clear and comprehensible.

—E. H. O.

NOVELS FOR NAVIGATORS

Reprinted from South Orange, N. J. Record

If ever you've been grateful for the whodunit that helped pass a long evening, for the textbook that taught you more about your job, or if you belong, as we do, to those who would rather read the labels on the cans in the pantry than nothing at all, you'll realize how important books for the Merchant Marine are.

The long nights are longer on a ship somewhere in the Atlantic and there's no drugstore near where the latest "Life" or "New Yorker" can be picked up. The books you give will go all around the world with the merchant ships of the Allies . . . judge their need by your own and make with the murders, magazines, and practically anything else in a binding.

Please send books to the Conrad Library,
Seamen's Institute, 25 South Street, New
York 4, N. Y.



AMATEUR COMEDY CLUB CELEBRATES 60TH ANNIVERSARY

The Amateur Comedy Club presented a comedy "Feathers In A Gale" at Hunter College Playhouse on Wednesday evening, April 11th, for the benefit of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. The play, directed by Miss Maida Reade, is a comedy of life on Cape Cod in the early 1800's.

The cast includes, sitting (left to right) front row: Mrs. Frederic Newell, Miss Sara Perry, Mr. James B. L. Orme and Miss Helen Reed. Standing (left to right) back row: Mr. Gordon Grant, Miss Janet Brower, Mr. Henry G. Hotchkiss, Mr. B. D. Gilbert, Miss Rose Fillmore, Mrs. Robert G. Pierce and Mr. Robert Irwin.

The proceeds of the benefit totalled approximately \$2,100, and is being used to maintain the recreational and educational activities in the Institute's 13-story building at 25 South Street. Many thanks to our friends who helped to make the benefit successful.

Marine Poetry Sent In By Friends

ESCAPE

Look to the East, over the quiet sea:
Look where the rocks, gigantic, hurtle
down,

Orange, plum, rose and primrose,
Gray, brown, black.
Far down, the crusted barnacles
And fringe of drooping weed
Shining in bronze and green
Resist the surge
And break it into frosty froth and
foam.

Look where that sentinel of stone
Towers against the blue.
Just a step westward, back of me, above,
Winds the cliff pathway. Steps and voices
tell

Of passers-by and shadows loom and
move

Across my rocky vista, drifting close
And ever closer to the boundless sea.
Let them be shadows for a moment
more!

Let me forget those pilgrims as a flesh
Each with his burden! For one moment
more

Let me feel only the courageous shore
Breasting the insatiable, the restless sea!

Elizabeth R. Kellogg

Ogunquit, Me.

THE SEA

(With respect to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see
A picture lovely as the sea!
The sea, whose hungry mouth to fill,
Open to river, stream and rill!
Whose white-clad waves as they rise
and fall,
Seem reaching to heaven at Lady Moon's
call.

Upon whose surging billowy breast
The whining winds are lulled to rest.
Where ships are passing to and fro,
To harbor safe, or perchance below
Where, with countless treasures of the
past,

They may be hidden secure from storm
and blast

With star-fish and sponges, where corals
grow,

Where caissons are lowered and divers
go

To seek what God's hidden beneath the
sea,

And hidden from man's best artistry.

Mrs. Rose Stern Braude, New York

REQUEST

Give me a ship to sail the sea,
Give me a stout-hearted crew;
Together we'll sail the briny deep
On tossing billows of blue.
We'll laugh at the bite of the wind,
And use the stars for a guide;
There be a watch on the port and stern,
And God on the starboard side . . .

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

I live on a river and under my window
The ships pass daily where the channel
is deep;

Some, high in the water with propellers
half showing,

Rusty and shabby, inward they creep.
Then outward, deep laden with cargo
well balanced,

The decks tightly packed, securely and
neat,

With the wind blowing right, there are
days we can hear them,

The voices of seamen, passing our street.
When the war was still young, many
people stood cheering

The men at the rails of the ships pass-
ing thru,

But the crowd finds war grim, no mood
for applauding,

Save children and nurses, a stray man
or two.

But we who watch daily this endless
procession,

This marvelous pageant of indomitable
skill,

Are filled with deep pride for the men
who have manned it,

Scarcely aware that we wave to them
still.

I keep by my window twin scarves,
white and red,

For greeting the ships that may pass
in a day.

I watch the young gunners up high in
their turrets,

To them I am waving my colors so gay.
If they spy them, they answer with
shouts and with laughter,

Their youth so apparent in their quick-
ness and grace;

Their arms spell a message in reply to
my colors,

I wish I could read it, tossed into space.
Steadily facing their perilous journeys,
With wolves of the sea between them
and land,

Yesterday's boys become men of high
courage

To serve and obey and learn to command.
In the place of all mothers I speed them
along,

The farewell so merry that spirits are
high,

But the message my colors are tossing
and saying

Is "Good-bye my dear son! God keep
you! Good-bye!"

Sarah N. Layman
Sutton Place, N. Y.

Reprinted from *The Hampton Chronicle*

Yes, let me smell the ocean air
That blows about so free—
Give me the life of a sailor,
And a ship to sail the sea!

From "The Heaving Line."

* In next month's issue the winning poems
in the Marine Poetry Contest for Seamen
will be published.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt — Friend of Seamen

As we go to press the report of the sudden death of President Roosevelt has been sent across the seven seas. By the time this issue of THE LOOKOUT reaches our readers, world-wide tribute will have been paid to a great leader, and his loss will have been felt in foxholes, on beachheads, in cities and hamlets, and on board battle-ships and freighters.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt became a member of the Board of Managers of the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK in 1908 when, as an enthusiastic young yachtsman and fisherman and a law clerk he worked with Mr. Edmund Lincoln Baylies, President of the Institute. Mr. Roosevelt served on legislation committees and was of great assistance to the Reverend Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Institute, in his fight against the vicious exploitation of sailors. He served actively until he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy by President Wilson. He was elected Vice-President of the Institute in 1929. Later, in Albany and Washington, he kept up his interest in merchant seamen and in the Institute, and enthusiastically supported the U. S. Maritime Commission in its ship-building and training program. His frequent tributes to merchant seamen and their vital part in the war are exemplified in his establishment and annual proclamations of May 22nd as National Maritime Day.

The nation—and the world—has lost a leader. The merchant seamen have lost a friend and champion of their cause. The Institute's Board, Staff and Seamen join with the nation and the world in mourning the death of a great American. Victory and Peace must reward his labors.

* * *

Vice Admiral Emory S. Land, USN (Ret'd) ordered all American merchant ships throughout the world to carry their flags at half mast for 30 days in mourning for President Roosevelt. In issuing the order, Admiral Land said: "The merchant fleet has lost its most understanding and greatest friend. Franklin Delano Roosevelt knew more about ships and the men who sail them—Navy and merchant—than any other man who has ever held high office in our country. His understanding and knowledge of ships made possible a building and operations program without which this war would have been lost."