

The LOOKOUT



Official U. S. Coast Guard Photo

OLD GLORY WAVES FROM AN INVASION TRANSPORT IN THE PACIFIC
AS A NATIVE OUTRIGGER CROSSES HER STERN

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

Vol. XXXVI

July, 1945

No. 7

Sanctuary

"Almighty and Eternal God, Bless, we pray Thee, this Artists and Writers Club, and may the fraternity and good fellowship enjoyed here inspire these men of the sea to portray with pen, pencil and brush, life as they see it and live it on shipboard and ashore. And may they, by word and deed, help to build a better world in which true brotherhood shall be fulfilled. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

By Rev. Harold H. Kelley, D.D.

The LOOKOUT

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As we go to press, we learn, with regret, of the death of Col. J. Mayhew Wainwright, a member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York since 1927. He will be greatly missed by his fellow Board members. Col. Wainwright made a name for himself in three careers—in law, in the Army and in politics. He served on the Law and Annual Report Committees and always gave of his talents and energy unstintingly in the cause of the Merchant Marine.

When our minds turn to the north-western approaches we will not forget the devotion of our merchant seamen and our mine sweepers—out every night, and so rarely mentioned in the headlines.

From Churchill's Address, May 12, 1945

We give thanks for our merchant seamen, who turned the seven seas into open highways for the transportation of men, supplies and equipment. We give thanks for the matchless skill of those who fought on land, in the air, on the sea and under the sea.

From The Sun, May 8th, 1945

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Artists and Writers Club for Merchant Marine

A CLUB for artists and writers in the Merchant Marine was formally opened at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York on June 18th. Active merchant seamen of all nationalities are eligible for membership if they like to write, paint, sketch, compose music, do craft work or take photographs.

Prominent artists, writers, sculptors and musicians will lecture at the Club and will be available by appointment for consultation and criticism of seamen's art work and manuscripts.

The Club room is located on the 12th floor, overlooking the East River. Typewriters, desks, easels and supplies are available in a light, quiet place for work.

At the official opening, at which

the Institute's Director, Dr. Kelley, presided, speakers included Robert Carse, seaman-author whose books "Lifeline" and "There Go The Ships" told so eloquently of the merchant seamen's vital role in the war; Tom O'Reilly, author of the amusing book "Purser's Progress"; Frank Laskier, British merchant seaman whose books "Log Book" and "My Name Is Frank" are in the tradition of Joseph Conrad; Paul Peters, Editor, Story Department—20th Century Fox Film Corporation, which is conducting a writing contest for members of the Armed Forces including the Merchant Marine; Dr. Sigmund Spaeth who is Chairman of the Music Committee and Edwin De T. Bechtel, representing the Institute's Board



Photo by Lawrence D. Thornton
Life to right—Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, Melchior Fayosal, Dr. Harold H. Kelley and Lt. Robert Carse.



Photo by Marie Higginson

Guests at the official opening of the ARTISTS AND WRITERS CLUB including (left to right) Lt. Robert Carse, Mrs. Ruth Feder, War Shipping Administration; Tom O'Reilly and LOOKOUT Editor.

of Managers.

A Filipino seaman, Melchior Faysal, who spent three years in a German prison camp where he learned to paint with artists' supplies sent by the YMCA, was made a charter member of the Club, and his watercolors of Camp Milag Nord were on display. He was one of sixty-five Americans among 3,700 merchant seamen interned in the Camp.

Robert Carse said, "The merchant seaman is an inter-nationalist. He gets around the world more constantly, more realistically than any other group I know. I think it's a great step forward to have a club like this where seamen may be brought in contact with artists and writers. We are getting a new and younger type of seaman on our vessels, and many of them who write can show shore folks what the Merchant Marine really is today".

Tom O'Reilly said, "I think the idea of this club to encourage men in the Merchant Marine to write

and to paint and thereby tell the public what's going on is an excellent one. So many men need someone to steer them to the magazines, and this club can do it. I think the Institute deserves credit".

Frank Laskier said, "When I first went to sea at the age of 15 and up until 1941, the only time I ever wrote was to write a letter home. When I boarded a hospital ship and had plenty of time, I began to write. One suggestion on writing—a guide for me, is to read Joseph Conrad's story "YOUTH".

Paul Peters also spoke, and said that the Film Companies as well as the publishers were on the lookout for new material and would welcome new authors.

Dr. Sigmund Spaeth said, "Seamen have all through their seagoing life so much material—the sort of material that produced Conrad and Masefield. From the music point of view, they can adapt the old sea songs and chanteys to become popular music".

Mr. Edwin De T. Bechtel, in behalf of the Board of Managers, expressed gratification that such a Club had been organized in order to "put in his way the cultural influences and educational opportunities so often unavailable to the seafaring man".

One of the first projects of the Club will be the sponsoring, in cooperation with the Institute's Conrad Library, of an Essay Contest with cash prizes on the topic "What Books Mean to Men at Sea". John Mason Brown, Francis Hackett and Harry Hansen are among the judges.

The Sponsoring Committee includes:

Christopher Morley, Advisory
William Rose Benét, A. M. Sullivan, Poetry.

Sigmund Spaeth, Music
Gordon Grant, Painting
H. H. Lawrence, Allen Terrell and S. J. Woolf, Portraits

Georg Lober, Sculpture
Anton Bruehl, Dr. I. Schmidt, Photography

George Price, Cartoons
Tom O'Reilly, Sports and Humor
Vincent McConnor, Radio Scripts
Paul Peters, Movie Scripts

Editorial Committee now being formed.



U. S. Maritime Commission Photo

NOT DONE WITH MIRRORS: Victory ships almost as far as the eye can reach line up at a West Coast shipyard for final outfitting before joining our vast merchant fleet. Nearly 300 of this crack cargo type are in service, and 300 more will be delivered before the year is out.

The Seamen's Committee on Membership includes:

Robert Carse John Ackerson
Fred Herman Frank Laskier
Kermit Salyer

The Institute pioneered in sponsoring painting, poetry, photography and essay contests for merchant seamen and in encouraging those with artistic and literary talent, and for many years has published articles and poems and drawings by seamen in THE LOOKOUT.

FOR FUTURE CONRADS

When the seafaring life produces a novelist like Joseph Conrad, the world's readers marvel. But why should they? The wonder is that a life so full of strange sights and thrilling adventures doesn't produce Conrads by the dozens. The sailor-man, beholding this world so wide, sees places, peoples and customs undreamt of in the landlubber's philosophy. He copes barehanded with perils beyond the town-dweller's imagination. Moreover, he has long hours for reflecting which few men in the pressure of shore life can have. He is a gold mine of copy, as all ship-news reporters know. If he could only put it down on paper!

The sea toiler with a bent for line and color must be in the same boat with the unsung Conrad. He, too, has voyaged for to admire and for to see. He has seen great waters in their glory of storm and calm and sunset. His instinct to become a marine painter and record it all is not satisfied when he hangs in a chair over the side, daubing tar on rusty steel.

The Seamen's Church Institute must know of these bottled-up talents of those who sail the deep, this yearning for self-expression which they share with all mankind. At any rate, the institute has undertaken to sponsor an artists' and writers' club for the merchant marine. It has set apart a work-room in its hospitable building beside the East River, a room furnished with desks, typewriters, easels and reference books. There will be lectures by famous people who have the know-how of the fine arts and can impart it to young ambition. How much richer the cultural world will be for this venture, time will tell. Meanwhile, a new door to fine achievement has been opened.

Editorial, N. Y. Times, June 21, 1945

Fort Trumbull

The U. S. Maritime Service Officers' School

EDITOR'S NOTE: Many experienced American merchant seamen who have served at least 14 months at sea as A.B.'s or oilers, have taken advantage of the opportunity given by our Government to raise their ratings, and 10,400 have graduated from the U. S. Maritime Service School at Fort Trumbull, New London since the war began. The staff of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York has urged some of these men to go to this School, and they have returned after the four months' course, proudly showing their gold braid — indicating that they are deck officers (3rd mates) or engineering officers (3rd assistant engineers), commissioned ensigns in the U. S. Maritime Service.

We believe that LOOKOUT readers will be interested in this account of the training received at this Officers' School.

FORT TRUMBULL, where the U. S. Maritime Service Officers' School is located, is one of the historic spots of the United States. Prior to 1910, Fort Trumbull was occupied by various artillery units of the U. S. Army, but in that year was taken over by the Coast Guard to be used as an academy for the training of cadets. In September, 1942, the United States Maritime Service, a unit of the Training Organization, War Shipping Administration, took over the fort to be used as an officer candidate school. Here 2,000 salt and fresh water sailors are in training for licenses as deck officers and engineers of the U. S. Merchant Marine.

Final construction work has been completed on modern dormitories that house additional hundreds of officer candidates whom the U. S. Maritime Service is training for the shipping needs of the U. S. Merchant Marine. Other new administration buildings, such as a huge new gymnasium and a recreation center equipped with lounges and canteens, have also been completed, thus rounding out the physical needs of the base.

Fort Trumbull originally was erected in 1775 for the defense of

New London and the city of Norwich. Here the Colonial troops defended the fort against an attack by the British in 1781, but being far outnumbered and poorly equipped, were defeated. New London was then burned.

The present stone fort was begun and completed in 1849. Today Fort Trumbull is at war again. This time under the command of Capt. A. G. Ford, USMS. Apparent at first sight at the greatly enlarged base, is the great cross-section of citizens of our republic who make up the regimental corps. They range in educational background from grade school, but with a heavy backlog of sea experience, to university men who have done post graduate work in law and other advanced studies. Their ages run from 19 to 61, for the most important requirements which the applicant must fulfill are that he be a citizen of the United States, have spent at least 14 months at sea in the U. S. Merchant Marine, and third, he must pass a standard aptitude test which is so designed to test the applicant's suitability as an officer candidate. While at Fort Trumbull, officer candidates are paid \$126.00 a month and receive board, room and uniforms.

There are two courses open to the officer candidates; the deck officer candidates course and the engineer's course. The deck officer's training course includes such subjects as navigation, seamanship, cargo handling, signalling, handling of barge balloons, convoy procedure, etc. The engineer's course includes electricity, marine engineering, both steam and diesel, and drawing.

A balanced physical training program supplements the academic program, the main object of which is to improve the physical condition and coordination of these future licensed officers of the Merchant Marine.

Both training programs have a water safety course which teaches by practical demonstration the use of the latest methods in abandon-ship drill, rubber suits, the use of rafts, and teaches every officer candidate how to swim and conserve energy until rescued in case of disaster at sea, the latter being a basic requirement in the training program.

The deck officer candidates have many hours of instruction in both international Morse code and semaphore. Navigation includes learning how to use instruments to get bearings such as a sextant, radio direction finder, chronometers and others. Compass correction, piloting and how to read and interpret charts are but a few of the essential details that must be grasped to enable the candidate to obtain the third mate's license, which may someday, through successive stages, lead to a master's ticket.

The engineers, too, find their course of instruction extensive and well rounded for they must become

familiar with auxiliary motors, boilers, mathematics, rules and regulations, plus a working knowledge of power plants. The fact that the instructor's outline for the course in electricity alone covers about 60 pages of solidly printed material reveals to a certain extent the thoroughness of the course.

Mess hall, galley, bake shops — all are as they would be aboard ship. As a matter of fact, a great deal of the equipment that is being used at this Base was taken from famous vessels that have been stripped of all but the most essential gear. The general mess, which is prepared under the supervision of a trained steward who used to ship out on many of the luxury liners, is excellent. It is remembered here that just as good "chow" is important as a factor aboard ship for good morals, so it is at a base.

Living quarters, which bear the names of famous clipper ships such as Flying Cloud, Typhoon, Dreadnought, Tradewind, Red Jacket,



An Air View of the U. S. Maritime Service Officers' School, Ft. Trumbull

Ship Model Exhibition



Deck officers at the U. S. Maritime Officers' School, Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn. are instructed in the use of the radio direction finder

etc., are above the average. Four men are assigned to a room which is more spacious than the average college dormitory room.

To see these men at Fort Trumbull starts one thinking. They are real seafaring men, many of whom have gone through hell and high water, through sheer devotion to duty. The list of the honored dead on the Fort Trumbull Memorial stands out as a beacon, reminding us that they have not died but because of their example live on in the hearts of their countrymen and shipmates of the U. S. Merchant Marine.

BRIDGE TRAINING

By Ensign F. J. McClain, USMS*

One of the many progressive training programs recently adopted is that of giving officer candidates (deck) from Fort Trumbull practical training aboard ship. This is now in operation aboard five U. S. Maritime Commission vessels.

At the end of three months study,

they embark on a training vessel for one week's practical experience, with emphasis on bridge work.

These men are then assigned to regular "watches" (as per merchant service practice) under the guidance of a watch officer (mate) and share the "watch" with him. They become familiar with the operation and use of various navigational instruments, learn the difficult technique of "shooting the sun", reading charts, plotting courses, taking bearings, etc.

They are also trained in the various ramifications of Convoy Procedure, as now required by law, for all licensed merchant marine officers. After this training aboard ship, they return to Fort Trumbull to prepare for the final examination.

Both high ranking Maritime Commission officials and the officer candidates themselves are enthusiastic about the plan which was orig-

*A frequent visitor to 25 South Street since he first went to sea as an Ordinary Seaman.

(Continued on page 9)

A LARGE exhibition of modern merchant ship models has been assembled by the Commercial National Bank & Trust Co. of New York at 46 Wall Street, in conjunction with the Seventh War Loan Drive, and in celebration of National Maritime Day. The exhibit was made possible by courtesy of Vice Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission.

Walter G. Kimball, president of the bank, presided at the opening ceremonies. Vice-Admiral H. F. Leary, commander of the Eastern Sea Frontier, paid tribute to the Merchant Marine, declaring "One reason we had V-E Day is the Merchant Marine. This war, as never before, demonstrated the necessity of team-work between the Army, the Navy and the Merchant Marine. Now we are all anxious to have the war in the Far East over as quickly as possible. As in the European conflict we are dependent upon supplies. We must keep the Merchant Marine going and one way to keep it going is to buy more War Bonds."

Lieut. Allen Jorgensen, USMS, speaking in behalf of the 225,000 men now in the Merchant Marine, said: "In opening this exhibition of ship models, I wish to pay tribute to all the brave men who have gone to the deep, and also to think of all those who were given another chance because large sales of War Bonds have made it possible. I am honored to be asked to open officially this display by ringing the ship's bell and I think it would be appropriate to ring eight bells, which on shipboard indicates the end of one watch and the beginning of the next. Perhaps if we all do our part, this will be the last watch."

The Institute's Director, Dr. Kelley, and President, Mr. Michalis, and the Lookout Editor attended the ceremonies. The exhibit is open to the public every business day during bank hours. It includes eleven models of Liberty, Victory, C-2 freighters and tankers; also a model of the "James Baines", famous clipper ship, loaned by the Seamen's Bank for Savings. Additional color is lent the exhibition by displays of the flags of American steamship companies.



Photo by Marie Higginson

Walter G. Kimball, President Commercial National Bank & Trust Co. and Lt. Allen Jorgensen, U.S.M.S. at War Bond Rally.



Photo by Marie Higginson

CAPTAIN DAVID NICOLL, who spent three years in a Japanese prison camp, was greeted by the Institute's Director, Dr. Kelley, at a War Bond Rally held in the Seaman's Lounge, 25 South Street, on June 1st. Capt. Nicoll's tanker was bombed in Manila Bay during the attack on Pearl Harbor. He survived 32 pieces of shrapnel and imprisonment and hardships. He told fellow mariners of his experiences—of the cruelty of the Japs—of seeing shipmates beaten, forced to dig their own graves, and shot unmercifully. He told of men around him dying of beri-beri; of eating cats, dogs and rats. He told of the terrible craving for cigarettes; of paying \$30. for a can of Spam and \$100. for two pounds of sugar. He urged seamen and landsmen to buy bonds: "Buy them to be sure that we have the ships and the cargoes for our men in the Pacific. That's the quickest way to finish this war and to bring our soldiers home." Capt. Nicoll was born in Dundee, Scotland, came to America at the

age of 12, and has gone to sea for 40 years with the Kellogg Steamship Company.

Other guests at the War Bond Rally included Elsie Arnold, Jean Snyder and Suzanne Lloyd of the cast of "OKLAHOMA" who entertained the seamen with some songs from the popular Theatre Guild show; Miss Jean Dickenson, "the Golden Voice of Radio" who sang, and 12-year old Joan Sheperd of the cast of "FOOLISH NOTION" who paid tribute to merchant seamen and their part in winning the war.

At the Janet Roper Club, maintained by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, at 3 East 67th Street, a War Bond Rally was held on June 5th. A special guest was Annabelle Lyon, star dancer of the new Theatre Guild musical "CAROUSEL", who with her partners danced the Sailor's Horn Pipe.

During each War Loan Drive the Institute's ship visitors sell many thousands of dollars of War Bonds to ships' crews at the pay-offs in New York Harbor.



Photo by Marie Higginson

Annabelle Lyon, featured dancer in the new Theatre Guild musical "CAROUSEL" and Peter Birch, William Lundy and Harold Gordon, dancer, accompanied by Miss Trudy Rittman, entertained merchant seamen at the War Bond Rally held at the JANET ROOPER CLUB, 3 East 67th Street.

Two merchant seamen, Ed Krazel and Dan Saroka, age 17, whose ship the "Horace Binney" was torpedoed in the English Channel on V-E Day, were interviewed by Mrs. Ruth Safran Feder of the War Shipping Administration. They told of their experiences and urged fellow mariners to buy bonds.

BRIDGE TRAINING

(Continued from page 6)

inally suggested to Commodore Telfair Knight, USMS, by the writer. It was adopted in the latter part of September 1944, only after the usual careful consideration and planning had been given by top Maritime Commission officers. Captain J. J. Scully, Sec.-Treas., National Organization of Mates & Pilots Assn. of America has indorsed it.

This practical shipboard training combined with the theory (given at Fort Trumbull) serves to make a more lasting impression on the minds of the future officers. After graduation, they can climb up to the ladder of their "first ship" with a minimum of "bridge fever" thus becoming efficient officers more quickly in the U. S. Merchant Marine, now the world's greatest.

It is characteristic of the earnestness and foresightedness of Commodore Telfair Knight, Capt. Dreany and other top U. S. Maritime Commission officers to give the plan a fair trial. It may prove to be another milestone in their ceaseless efforts to provide the best trained merchant marine officers to man our rapidly expanding fleet which has been busily engaged in the greatest transportation job the world has ever seen.



U. S. Maritime Service Photo

Dr. Harold H. Kelley, Director of the Institute, greets Captain David Nicoll at a War Bond Rally held in the Seamen's Lounge.

Convoys

THE efficiency with which American merchant ships have participated in smooth functioning of ocean convoys carrying supplies to the fighting fronts has brought warm commendation from a veteran Navy convoy commanding officer, the War Shipping Administration reported.

In a letter to Vice Admiral Emory S. Land, USN, retired, War Shipping Administrator, Capt. E. H. Tillman, USN, said:

"Sometimes I have been able to signal a 'Well Done' to express my appreciation to the masters of these vessels for their fine work before the convoy has dispersed, but more frequently fog or other circumstances have made this impracticable. Therefore, this means has been utilized to express to you, for them, what I was unable to do directly."

Captain Tillman said that the first convoy of which he was in command sailed from the United States March 18, 1942, "and I have been at it ever since."

"As you know," Captain Tillman continued, "in peacetime the Navy and the Merchant Marine have little close contact with each other. Frankly, I wondered how smoothly the convoy system would function, and probably the masters were wondering the same thing. It is a pleasure to state that there was no reason for any misgiving. Ever since the beginning I have received such wholehearted and fine cooperation, consideration and courtesy from all masters that my experiences have been very educational and such that I shall remember them most pleasantly.

"Aside from the masters themselves, I believe there are few people who realize more thoroughly than convoy commodores the many problems with which they are faced and the heavy burden of responsibility they have been carrying. While instructions cover most situations, when an attack, fog or hurricane is

encountered nothing can take the place of the good judgment, good seamanship and splendid cooperation displayed by the masters. A convoy commodore may be able to prevent or alleviate a bad situation but there are times when only the ability of the masters themselves and a guiding Providence prevent serious casualty. As a result the masters have my sincere respect and admiration."

AS WE GO TO PRESS:

ELIMINATION of convoys and their inherent limitations will enable each vessel employed in the Atlantic to move substantially more cargo, the War Shipping Administration has announced. Convoys must limit their speed to that of the slowest vessel and even with the most skillful convoy planning, the grouping of ships of equal speeds, many ships are forced to travel at much less than their normal cruising speed.

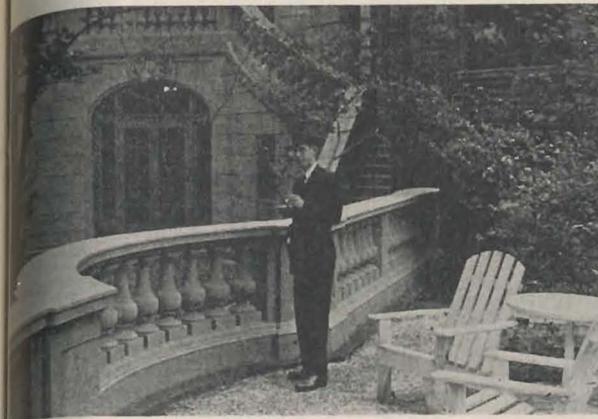
The return of pre-war aids to navigation, the breaking of radio silence and the removal of blackouts and other hazards encountered in the operation of convoys will all contribute to the more efficient use of Atlantic shipping. Ships also may now use the shortest routes.

More efficient use of shipping in the Atlantic will release additional ships for Pacific war service.



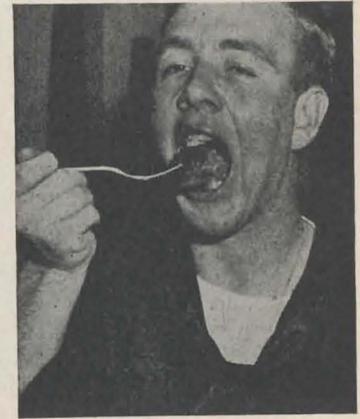
Courtesy Irving Dugan, Editor and Publisher Huntington, West Va. "Herald-Advertiser"

Scenes at the Janet Roper Club, 3 East 67th Street*



Marie Higginson Photo

In the Garden



Courtesy "The Hearing Line"

At the Snack Bar

Eisenhower Passes By

by Ann Culhane

OVER the bridge with the sirens sounding and wheels rolling. No music, no drums, only the piercing notes of the ships at anchor along the wharves of South Street. Only the cries of human voices. Arms, unused to salutes, raised high in tribute. Men from the holds of ships, from the decks, from the bridges, ashore for brief time at the Institute, workers, stevedores, Institute employees, Aussies and Canadians. Brown faces, white faces, eyes all fixed on one person. Eisenhower was passing by. There he stood in his khaki uniform, quietly smiling. Wide his wave and salute, glad his heart. Africa — Sicily — Italy — France — Germany — and now the open stretch of New York's waterfront. "This is my own, my native

land." Here, the man steadfast in battle and grim with the knowledge beforehand, "And thousands shall fall." Steadfast in Victory, he pleads, "Make fast the Peace."

Gray Liberty ships and tankers festively dressed in the scarlet, blue, white and gold of many signal flags. Above the ship masts the pearl gray sky throwing its subdued wonder down upon the sea, making of it a strange and shining mirror to reflect the spires of Manhattan.

"Make fast the peace." The blood of young men has long since dried on the landing beaches and the fields of Europe, and the Atlantic tells no tales of those it has claimed. We have saluted them also today—those unreturning legions who also passed by—with Eisenhower.

For Distinguished Service

CHIEF STEWARD Paul Valentine who has been going to sea all through the war visited THE LOOKOUT editor recently to say sadly that he is "beached". He contracted malaria when his ship was in North Africa; he continued to sail, but after persistent attacks, the doctors ordered him to stay ashore. Recently he came to say goodbye to all his friends at "25 South Street" and also, with pardonable pride, to display the Distinguished Service Medal which was awarded him on Maritime Day at a Chamber of Commerce dinner in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Asked what he had done to merit the Maritime Commission's highest award (only about 125 such medals have been conferred) Paul told simply and modestly how he had been serving as second cook and baker on the S.S. Daniel Huger and volunteered, when his ship was attacked by bombing planes, to go into the hold and to put out the fire.

"You see," he explained, with a smile "The Liberty ship was loaded with high octane gas. The skipper ordered all hands to abandon ship and then called for volunteers to take the hoses and three other chaps and I did it".

"Did you succeed?" we inquired.

Paul nodded. "Yes, we saved our ship".

The official citation reads as follows: For heroism beyond the call of duty. His ship was subjected to a two-hour high level bombing attack by seventeen enemy planes. As a result of a near miss, bomb fragments pierced the hull and the cargo of high octane gasoline exploded. Despite heroic efforts to combat the flames two to three hundred feet high, the fire was soon out of control and the ship was abandoned. Upon arrival of the shore fire brigade it was decided to try to save the ship with foamite. It was necessary to have a few men return to the ship, enter the adjacent hold, and play a hose on the heated bulkhead to prevent the raging fire from spreading. Second Cook and Baker Valentine was one of four who volunteered to risk his life in an attempt to save part of the cargo, which was so necessary to the continuance of war operations. That the

fire was eventually brought under control and most of the cargo saved, was due in no small measure to his outstanding bravery.

His willingness to risk his life to save his ship, and his heroic conduct during the fire are in keeping with the finest traditions of the sea.

For the President
Emory Scott Land, Chairman.

In April 1942, the Institute arranged to have Paul Valentine, at that time second cook on an American tanker, speak on George Hicks' radio program "Men Of The Sea". He told of his tanker being torpedoed and of spending twelve hours on a life-raft and of having his foot and leg injured. He told of his home in Tiffin, Ohio, where he had worked for 14 years as a barber before joining the Merchant Marine. He told of his young son and daughter, and how hard it was to leave them, but he explained:

"I was too old to enlist in the Army. My eyes were not good enough for airplanes. I felt I could serve my country by helping to carry supplies on the ships". Each time Paul returned to New York he stayed at the Institute and enjoyed the clubrooms and parties.

Paul has light brown hair, wears glasses. He comes from a farming family. But the sea appeals to him and he regrets that his health makes it necessary for him to be "beached" for a year or more.

Congratulations, Paul, for distinguished service!



Paul Valentine

Now I am a Chief Mate

By Kermit W. Salyer

It's a long road from ordinary seaman to Chief Mate, and the author has learned that every step presents plenty of problems and hard work.

THE Chief Mate is a two-legged animal that lives on the ocean. There seems to be one in every American ship; even foreign flag vessels are infested with the creature. Due to its strange custom of living on ships, the whole world is its habitat. Mates, as it is known in the plural, have been known to improve their station and become sea captains.

By means of a thorough examination in Seamanship, Ship Construction, Rules and Regulations, Rules of the Road, Signaling, Instruments and Accessories, Chart Navigation, Celestial Navigation, Ship Sanitation, Ship's Business, and Winds and Weather, I was transformed from a happy, carefree Second Mate into a member of the species described above.

Immediately upon arriving in New York from a long voyage I had enrolled at the Maritime Service Upgrade School to study for my Mate's ticket. The day after receiving my license I boarded a train for Virginia, anticipating a two weeks' stay in the land of fried chicken and hot biscuits before putting out to sea again.

When I arrived in that Paradise I had hardly chopped off that first unfortunate fowl's head before I received three letters from the gentleman with the goatee and striped trousers, and one from my company, all imploring me to return to New York to take out a ship. It was only a day or two after D-day, so I high-tailed it for the city again.

My heart sank when I stepped aboard my ship a couple of days later. She was the rustiest thing I had ever seen. Just in from an eleven months' trip to various islands in



Photo by Marie Higginson

Since writing this article "Red" Salyer has returned to the Pacific. This photo was taken of him on a recent visit to the Institute's Janet Roper Room. THE LOOKOUT has followed his nautical career since he shipped out as an ordinary seaman in 1936. After each sea voyage and each "raise of grade", "Red" has visited his friends among staff at the Institute.

the Pacific, she should have had a new coat of paint from truck to deck at least. She was one of the new turbo-electric high speed jobs developed within the last couple of years, but she looked ten years old.

"My job surely is cut out for me," I thought as I looked her over.

The company's port captain, standing nearby, echoed my thoughts by saying, "I want you to clean her up, Salyer."

When I reported aboard I had but one suit of khakis, thinking that I would have an opportunity to go back ashore that night to get the remainder of my gear.

The cargo was half pumped out, so I had to get to work at once and coax fifty thousand barrels of Columbian crude oil out of the tanks.

The capacity of a tanker is measured in barrels. Many people who

do not know tankers think that so many barrels, literally, are stowed in the tanks.

The barrel is a unit of measurement, 42 gallons. A tanker's cargo is loaded in bulk, coming in through a hose connecting the ship's filling lines to the pipe-lines leading from the shore tanks.

After the cargo was pumped out we left the pier and moved up to an anchorage in the North River, just off 145th Street.

We lay there three days while we were Butterworthing the tanks in order to gas-free them before going to the shipyard.

The Butterworth system is named for the individual who invented it. All tankers, before going to a shipyard for annual inspection or repairs, must be gas-free. And in order to make them gas-free—to free them of the accumulation of grease, oil, and gas in the tanks—all tanks must be washed. Formerly, before the Butterworth system was developed, tank cleaning was a laborious, dangerous job, requiring that a hot water hose be taken down inside the tank and played over all bulkheads to wash the oil down to the bottom where it would run to the suction and be pumped out.

In the Butterworth system a hole is cut in the deck over each tank and fitted with a plug or plate. This plate is called the Butterworth plate. There is a Butterworth heater in the engine room that heats water to a high temperature and leads it via the fire line along the deck. Strong, thick-walled rubber hoses are connected to the fire hydrants and led to the Butterworth plates. Before the hose is let down into the tank through the hole, a Butterworth machine is attached to it.

That machine is the whole secret of clean tanks. It is simply a water turbine with two nozzles, fashioned after a simple whirling garden spray, and weighs about fifty pounds.

By the time the Butterworthing process had progressed to its end

my one set of khaki was covered entirely with grease and oil. After three days I still hadn't had a chance to go ashore for more clothes. Furthermore, I had had no sleep during that time.

A chemist from the shipyard inspected the tanks and passed them as gas-free. My job was done!

Somehow I managed to stay awake while I took a hot shower. Then I fell into my bunk and passed into sweet oblivion.

I thought that was the end of my hard work, but I didn't know from nothing. I did get a chance to go ashore for more clothes, but I no sooner got aboard again that we picked up the hook and went down behind Staten Island for fumigation. It was one of those little Jersey ports within sight of the Empire State Building, ten miles away, but 25 miles from New York the way one must travel to get there by land.

Never Make A Date

I soon learned that a Chief Mate should never make a date and hope to keep it; only a miracle will allow him to keep any kind of appointment.

On the afternoon of the fumigation, I checked all vents and ports to see that they were sealed in order to prevent any leakage from inside. The more gas leaked out, the fewer cockroaches would die. Every person was ordered off the ship except the men from the fumigating concern. Then I went around with one of the men making a last inspection before the cyanide gas was "shot". All the power was off and our voices literally screamed back at us out of the pitch blackness as we called, "All out! All out! Fumigation! Fumigation!"

When the fumigating was completed I posted a guard at the gangway with orders to allow no one aboard for at least 24 hours.

That 24-hour respite was very welcome to me, needless to say. It was raining when I left the ship's side.

The fumigators were returning

to New York City and offered me a ride to town. I had a date for eight o'clock in the city. A date at eight and it was eight-thirty when I left the ship, with twenty-five miles to go through all the traffic of the metropolitan area of New Jersey.

The rain increased. Even Noah would have stayed in on such a night.

The highway was up and down like a roller-coaster as it passed over the Jersey flats. From a slight rise in the highway we caught sight of what appeared to be a lake covering the highway and adjoining fields. We sped down the rise into the dip. Water folded back from our bow as though we were a PT boat. It came up through the floorboards as we hit the bottom of the dip, and then we were through and going up the other side. Suddenly the motor sputtered and went dead.

For two hours we tried to get the damn thing started and finally gave up in disgust. We hitch-hiked to New York, stopping at the Tube entrance to send the police back for the car.

My uniform looked like a bag, a very baggy bag, by the time I arrived at my hotel. I sneaked around to a side entrance and entered as unobtrusively as I possibly could. It was nearly midnight when I finally contacted my girl friend by telephone.

"You are slightly tardy," she said sarcastically.

When I tried to explain, she said, "Oh, that's all right. I went out with a soldier. I had a date with him in case you didn't show up."

Whereupon I hung up and turned in.

When I returned to the ship the next morning she was ready to leave for a Brooklyn shipyard where she was to undergo her annual inspection.

From the minute we tied up at the pier in the shipyard until we

dropped our pilot at Ambrose ten days later, it was one hectic bedlam.

For ten days I believe every foreman in the yard stopped me on deck or interrupted me in some job or other, saying, "Mister, will you inspect this job, or that job?" "Chief, will you sign this?" "Chief, will you order, or report, or sign, or call, or check, or inspect this or that?" until I all but tore my hair out.

All life-saving and fire-fighting equipment had to be inspected, as well as boilers, hull, gear, etc.

We Test Everything

We inspected the lifeboat davits, falls, and blocks, and the launching skids of the rafts; we tested the steering gear and the whistle; we tested the steam smothering system. In fact, I believe we tested everything that stood still for a minute.

A ship cannot go to sea unless she has a Certificate of Inspection, so it was imperative that everything be in order.

The lifeboats held us up longest. There are about 45 items carried in each of a ship's lifeboats—everything from bailers and blankets to Very pistols.

Hatchets were missing; they had to be replaced. The flashlights were ruined by bursting batteries; we had to get new flashlights all around. In short, the boats were in pretty bad shape, but ten days from the time we started they were fully equipped and ready for sea.

We moved out of the shipyard and into a berth on Staten Island where we picked up 700 tons of deck cargo for the South Pacific."

A short time later we dropped the pilot at Ambrose. As I helped him down the ladder, he said, "All right, Mate, all your hard work is done, you can put on your whites now."

"That's what you think," I said, as I thought of the acres and acres of decks and bulkheads that had to be scaled and painted before we would see Ambrose again.

Excerpts from an article in SEA POWER reprinted by permission of the author.

THE ISLAND:

A History of the First Marine Division on Guadalcanal;

August 7, — December 9, 1942

by Captain Herbert L. Merrillat, U.S.M.C.R. Houghton Mifflin. 1944. \$3.00

"THE ISLAND" offers to its readers the imperishable record of the First Marine Division in their desperate four months on Guadalcanal. Here, fighting against terrific odds, they made the history that has made the name Guadalcanal the symbol that Verdun was in the last war, and Stalingrad in this one.

This is too detailed and factual a book to be lightly read, but as an historical record of the campaign it is important.

I. ACHESON

SPlicing WIRE AND FIBRE ROPE

By Raoul Graumont and John Hensel
Cornell Maritime Press. \$2.00

After looking the book through, I would say that it is very thorough and the cuts are plain and easy to follow. It is much easier to learn knots and splices by demonstration than by pictures. I would say that all knots and splices can be made only the right way and these all check OK.

HERBERT COLCORD, Bos'un

This book covers wire splicing very well. Though it is much easier to learn wire splicing by actual demonstration than by following pictures, this book explains it about as clearly as can be shown in a book. It is to be recommended.

N. EMKE, Navigation Instructor.

VOYAGE OF THE GOLDEN HIND

By Edmund Gilligan

Charles Scribner & Son. \$2.50

The Voyage of the Golden Hind is the story of one John Bannon, doryman of Gloucester. It is a fisherman's tale, simply told, yet it speaks with that frank eloquence born of long, weary days of honest toil in the honorable calling of the Fisherman of Galilee.

In this newest novel, Edmund Gilligan, with his usual consummate skill and superb artistry of language has woven a beautiful plot, a wonderful web of words that delightfully enmeshes the reader's interest as surely as the nets of the fisherman, John Bannon, ensnares the kingly cod and the lordly halibut.

The book opens with the truant return of the Schooner *Golden Hind* from the fishing banks, her pens empty of fish, her supplies of precious ice and food as exhausted as the spirits of her men. One of her crew has drowned mysteriously at sea and her men are filled with a strange distrust of her Skipper, one Paul

LeNotre, by name, a French Canadian by birth, and a handsome, romantic figure with whom the young woman, owner of the vessel, is deeply in love. It seems ill-luck has been plaguing the schooner for some time past and in desperation, the loss of her beloved schooner through default of the accrued debts imminent, Nora Doolan decides to go along herself on the next trip. This proves to be a desperate venture indeed. She secretly brings on board five extra men as part of her mysterious plan. Young John Bannon, also troubled, signs on as a doryman to help Nora and to solve if he can the curious riddle of events that has brought the "*Hind*" such persistent misfortune.

From here on the pace of the story quickens; the reader is caught up in a skillfully woven net of fast moving action, mystery and suspense. We enjoy the quickening tempo of this fascinating narrative; dark deeds of violence and sudden death follow each other in swift succession, and in our mind's eye we join the honest company of the *Golden Hind* and share with them their increasing trials and tribulations through fogs and gales and smashing seas; pit our wits with theirs against the schemes of Captain Parren of the *Doubloon*; thrill to the final reckless race across the Banks, which last action forms a fitting climax.

Throughout the entire story we are compelled to see the beauty of the *Golden Hind* herself; she commands our attention on every page. As she moves softly through frightening fogs, her sharp bows cutting through murmuring seas; the light whisperings of the fitful winds eagerly catch in her listening sails. Or when she is becalmed in brilliant moonlight—with white sails gleaming sweetly her splendor fills the night as quietly she sits on the face of the waters gathering her returning dories to her shining sides like a kindly Mother-hen with her brood of chicks. And again, as we see her flying along before the gale, under her clouds of billowing canvas, our ears seem to be filled with the booming of the wind and the high-pitched music of her singing stays, her shapely hull thundering thru the smashing seas, racing with lee rail awash, our hearts go out to her and the brave men of her company.

Of such magic is composed the thrilling story of the *Golden Hind*. The master craftsman, Edmund Gilligan, has told his tale well. It is like listening to a grand symphony of music that bears us spell-bound along; alive to its everlasting beauty and responsive to each echoing chord till sweetly it draws to a close leaving us enchanted with the memory of its haunting melody.

REVIEWED BY GEORGE NOBLE.

MOMENT OF A WANDERER

Out of the hills, at last, I come;
Where the pines step down to the sea.
Sipping the wine which trickles from
The hope-springs of life's fantasy.
Down to the front, and the roaring guns,
And the white-capped cavalry.
A hidden cove with a crystal stream
Sprinting across the sand
Of a sloping beach. The golden gleam
Of a fading flame. From land
To the blood-red sun, a path of dreams
Where the last beams skip to a stern
command.

Down to the waves, and the fog-horn's
moan;

And the sea-fowl's plaintive cry.
Rebellious rocks engulfed with foam;
And the salt-wind's lullaby.
Down to the phantom ships which roam
The depths, even as you and I.

Seaman Richard O. H. Bloomdale

THE DIRGE OF AN ENGINEER

The last lament of an engineer
From the floor plates dark and dread
Came a whim'ring, whim'ring wailing
From a body that was ailing.
"Diesel engines made me so,
Broke my heart long years ago.
Fickle, flimsy, boding ill—
Theirs—not mine—the whim and will.
"Ere I leave this world of sin
And St. Peter takes me in,
Heed these dying words you hear,
Never be an Engineer!"

Written on board the *M/S PENELOPE*
J. Nicholas Hartman

MORE "SEA FEVER"

We must go down to the sea again to the
seven seas of supply,
And all we ask is a "Liberty" ship with
a gyro to steer her by.
Where the booms clank and the air's
dank and the wake outreaching,
There the shrouds whine and the spray's
brine and the gulls fly screeching.
We must go down to the sea again to the
call of great supply,
It's a war call that affects all, no time for
"standin' by".

And all we ask is a full crew of real
man-power,
As the winds play, both night and day
with a fo'c'sle shower.

We must go down to the sea again for
the sea makes urgent call
From the "pub's" way, to the "sub's"
way, till we hear the Axis fall.

And all we ask is a radio for the news
to cover
So let's pray for that coming day when
the war's all over.

By George E. Reid
(a former Merchant Seaman)

TO THE SAILORS AND FIREMEN
OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE

I wish to pay a tribute
To a great and glorious band
Who sport no gaudy uniforms
And are seldom seen on land.

They sail the North Atlantic
The other oceans too
No earthly power may stop them
This oily, grimy crew.

To carry food and clothing
Through climates hot and cold
To aid the stricken nations
This only, is their goal.

'Neath the mined and storm-tossed waters
The U-boats lie in wait
Above, the airplanes gather
To pour down their load of hate.

What though their ship is sinking,
They still will carry on
Death only is their master
Till victory is won.

You! When you go to bed at night
Remember, on your knees
To thank the God Almighty
For having men like these.

They do not fight for glory
'Tis but a job to them
But may God shower down His blessings
On these, our sailor men.

H. O. Kean

TO THE MERCHANT MARINE

God protect the sailor men
That sail the Merchant ships
Shield them with thy guiding hand
On all their ocean trips.

Guard them in the dark of night
Where "subs" lurk in the lanes
Keep them safe from strafe and bombs
Of roaring diving planes.

"Midst the fury of the storms
Please tend them with thy care
Through howling winds, snow or sleet
Oh! Be thou ever there.

They are gallant, noble lads
That take the ships to sea
Often they have left their ports
With no defense but Thee.

The life line of the nations
These sturdy sailor men
Every fighting soldier boy
Has placed his hopes on them.

And many starving Allies
Give thanks for what they've done.
Protect these worthy sailor men
God bless them every one.

Henry A. Cutting
Fireman and water tender

Two Great Merchant Ships Now Serve as Troop Carriers



British Combine Photo

The great British Cunard-White Star liner **QUEEN MARY** has a fine wartime record as a troopship. Recently, she brought back over 14,000 American soldiers and received a welcome in New York Harbor reminiscent of pre-war days. Photo shows troops massed on deck during boat drill.



U.S. Lines Photo

The war time saga of the U. S. S. **West Point**, formerly the **AMERICA**, queen of the United States Lines' passenger fleet and now the greatest transport operated by the Naval Transportation Service, is only now beginning to be told. She has carried upwards of 350,000 troops — more than one out of every 20 service men sent overseas in this war; under Japanese bombs and shell fire she evacuated hundreds of American civilians from Singapore; off Rio a Nazi torpedo streaked across her bow; in Milne Bay her crew stood at battle stations for hours against Japanese air raiders; in the Red Sea and at Suez she was attacked by Nazi torpedo planes. Since August 1941, in 350,000 miles of war time voyaging equivalent to 14 times around the world, she has traversed hazardous sea lanes from Bombay to Marseilles, Capetown to Guadalcanal, Canal Zone to Liverpool, Noumea to Merz-el-Kebir, and she has never lost a passenger.