

HE LOOKOUT

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NATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

ATOP THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK'S 13-STORY BUILDING IS A 74-FOOT LONG SHIP'S PILOT HOUSE AND FLYING BRIDGE, A MEMORIAL TO CHARLES HAYDEN.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXIV—NUMBER 2

FEBRUARY, 1943

Sanctuary

"Lord, Thou who hast ever blest those who go down to the sea in ships to do business upon great waters, brave men who see the work of the Lord and His wonders in the deep, lend now Thy strength to those who build and to those who sail the ships we offer to the service of mankind.

"To all who make the plans, drive the rivets, weld the plates, fit the engines, rig the boats, grant skill above their customs and purpose which quickens hand and foot.

"For those who make imperilled journeys in these stout ships their brothers placed within their keeping, give intrepid hearts in the storm or calm, in pleasant days and nights, in the thunder of battle, in lifeboats adrift on alien seas, in extremities of hunger, pain or thirst, into whatever hardships or happiness their service carries them.

"To all of us grant a saving sense of mission and urgency and lend us, we beseech Thee, Oh Lord, the will to make and to keep a just and lasting peace through Jesus Christ, our Lord.—Amen."

REV. GEORGE STEWART, Stamford, Connecticut
Victory Fleet Day, Sept. 27, 1942.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIV, FEBRUARY, 1943

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by the

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

Telephone BOwling Green 9-2710

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

.....Dollars.

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

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

THIS MONTH'S COVER illustration is reprinted from "American Seaman—A Review."

Courtesy, Lee Martin, Editor

The Lookout

Vol. XXXIV

February, 1943

No.2

Seamen's Friends, Old and New

BECAUSE of the spectacular service and heroism of seamen who contributed so greatly to winning the first rounds of the Battles of the Atlantic and Pacific upon which so many other battles depended, public imagination was fired and people demanded for these non-uniformed forces such services as were already organized for the uniformed forces. New agencies, under government and private auspices, sprang up to provide shore comforts for the rapidly growing merchant marine of this country and its allies. That is as it should be. But we should not forget, as the "American Seaman" reminds us in the current issue, that for more than a century quietly working institutions had been seeing to seamen's needs, physical, mental and spiritual; that small groups of men and women had long since recognized that the life of a seaman is lonely and that his hard service at sea merits hospitality and more when he comes ashore. The magazine provides a pictorial review of activities of some of them: the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and Philadelphia with hostels, libraries, schools, chapels, lounges and restaurants (with special annexes where Mahometans and Chinese, for example, can get their own kind of food), Boston's Seamen's Club, Baltimore's Anchorage, Mobile's Seamen's Bethel, New York's Seamen's House and the American Seamen's Friend Society.

These older agencies still carry on. But they also welcome the new agencies, for the seaman at war needs more and special services that they could not provide. Aid to seamen abroad, for example, is beyond the province of private agencies. Men shipwrecked in foreign ports

need food, clothes, shelter, medical care and recreation. The United Seamen's Services under War Shipping Administration auspices is establishing clubs in foreign ports to look after seamen while they are there, to see that they get home, and have adequate care when they get there. All of this is as heartening to the sailors' old friends as to their new ones—which include practically everybody.

Editorial in the New York Herald-Tribune
Monday, January 11, 1943

A CORRECTION

In the January issue, through a printer's error, it was stated that the Institute's floating chapel was built in 1884. This should have been 1844. The Institute was founded ten years earlier, in 1834, but the Chapel was not completed and consecrated until April, 1844.



The Floating Church of Our Saviour,
For Seamen

Permanently Moored at the Foot of
Pike Street, City of New York, 1844

The Ship Which Is More Than Just a Name*

By Arthur D. Hall

EDITOR'S NOTE: For a long time, the men aboard the *Conrad* have been searching for an expression of their feeling about their ship, something that might capture, in words, the symbol of the ship's training purposes and the crew's efforts. It is a strong analysis of the spirit of every man on her, from her Captain to the last mess boy. The splendid essay which follows is the result—a story of a ship and a man who loves his job.

This article is intended to serve a two-fold purpose; one, to give a verbal salute to the boys who have manned the *Joseph Conrad* in the past, to those who are manning her in the present, and to the legion of boys who will come to man her in the future—God willing and the Fates being kind; two, to give to the layman some inkling as to the inevitable question of, "Why have a sailing ship as a means of training in these, our modern, mechanized times?"

The *Conrad* was conceived and consecrated in the belief that there would always be a need for such a ship to train the right kind of fellow from anywhere. Just what does that last phrase mean, you say? It means the sort of fellow who likes to accept challenges; the fellow who doesn't mind taking "the bitter with the sweet;" the fellow who looks upon hard, experience-building work as his heritage, not a heavy cross to be borne grudgingly; and the fellow whose imagination and sense of the idyllic is great enough to bring to his mind, every time he goes aloft, the image and spirit of such men as Cook, Carteret, Bligh, le Maire and other characters of unknown seas.

When Captain Junber walked down the gangplank of the *George Stage* towards the end of August, 1934, he did so with tears in his eyes. He refused to look back, and he never saw his ship again. That streak in man's nature sometimes called sentimental pride, was too strong within the soul of Junber to allow a backward look. And so, on that same day, Alan Villiers raised the red duster of England on that same ship and renamed her *Joseph Conrad*. Her name had to be changed as part of the bargain of purchase, inasmuch as Junber's new ship was to be named *George Stage* by the Danish Government. But the reason Villiers chose the Polish author's name as fitting for his newly-bought frigate, was

* Reprinted from the *Maritime Service News*, St. Petersburg, Florida.

once again a matter of sentiment. Conrad was a man who possessed great determination and one who lived to rise to triumphant success, after leaving behind him a tortuous trail of mishaps and obstacles. And so was the *Conrad* destined to sail on—a ship destined to carry on the training of the right kind of fellow from anywhere. To train boys that, above all else, speed and efficiency were two words that must never be uncoupled from one another; to train them in a sense of value and in the spirit of tradition.

These above mentioned qualities are not to be gotten in a mere week's time; nor in several weeks; but rather months, and preferably years.

The Danish Government trained 80 boys annually on the *Conrad*; Villiers spent the years of 1934, 1935, and 1936, by way of Good Hope, the East Indies, the South Seas, and Cape Horn, in turning ordinary boys into living examples of what the sea can do for man. The U. S. Government with its usual farsightedness, acquired the *Conrad* in September, 1939, from Mr. G. Huntington Hartford, A. & P. executive. And so she is to be found today, a part of the U. S. Government's training program, lying, in stately repose, along a dock in St. Petersburg Harbor.

It's a marvelous and stimulating ideal that the *Conrad* is carrying on: the molding of motley crews, composed of one-time lawyers, musicians, aircraft workers, statisticians, and just plain high school and college boys into a completely different cast, to be known at a later date as A. B. Seamen; Chief Engineers; Mates. The ship gives more than it takes. It takes one's sleep, and gives in return, the ability to take 4-hour sea watches in "perfect stride" and with the calmness of such philosophy as:—such is the life, and so shall it be as it was in the past. It takes one's soft, pulpy hand and gives in their place—hands of men who make their living and home with same. It takes away from one's soul the spirit of the caste-system; it gives a feeling of comradeship and the ability to meet one's fellow man on his own level and to talk with him in that universal language—the language of the sea. It takes from the fledgling all ideas of "breakfast in bed;" and instills within him instead, a great sense of appreciation for a cup of hot coffee on a cold night and a few quick "drags" on a cigarette. In short, the *Conrad* is a huge melting pot. It weeds

out the chaff from the fine wheat. It places the name *Conrad* forever on your soul and heartstrings. You may have been Kansas or Massachusetts born. You may have been reared in the "Deep South" or the Far West; but when you cross over the gangplank for that last time, you will be a *Conrad* man forever and anon.

I mentioned in the first part of this article, the quality of being "Able to Take It." I meant just that. The *Conrad* has, and will always continue to have a crew which is the very personification of the above words. The day you step across the gangplank you place yourself in the position of defendant with the ship acting as prosecutor. You lose, you have lost, all sense of laziness; you learn to react to orders with an instantaneous movement. To do your work with the speed and efficiency of an automaton. For the wind, like time and tide, wait for no man. The wind is no respecter of persons or ships. To receive its full benefits, or to ward off its hard blows, you must act wisely and be ever on the alert. And thus it may be shaping up in your minds the real spirit of the *Conrad's* type of training. It is varied. One learns to be a master of all things relative to her needs and demands. The only difference between the *Conrad* can be diagnosed in terms of proportions. On other ships you will have to mix greater amounts of paints, scrub down longer decks. The general upkeep will be of a greater extent. But the fellow who has taken down yards and put them back again will have no difficulty with cargo booms. He will still use blocks, lines, and "elbow grease." The fellow who has learned to help put a lifeboat overside in the midst of inexperienced "boots" and many-tongued yelling, will find himself calm and quite at home when the command is given to abandon ship out in the mists of the North Atlantic some future night. To be sure there will be readjustments to be made on his part. But he will have learned the fundamentals. And he will have proven unto himself that he is a past master of the art of readjustment.

A steamer rammed the *Conrad*, outward bound from Copenhagen's harbor—26 boys lost their lives in three minutes. There were twenty-six boys eager and willing when next she was pronounced "fit for service." Villiers almost lost her on a coral reef somewhere in the East Indies—but her crew of nineteen boys patched her up and sailed on. And so shall she continue to sail on. So that all those right sort of fellows from anywhere can continue to feel the thrill of running up the shrouds to the Main Royal and then sliding gloriously down the backstays. So that legions of other boys can

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—Sydney Sun Photo

Square Rigged Ship "Joseph Conrad"

feel the power and serve a full rigged ship, meeting an ever-coming sea with all sails bent and take pride in same. "I helped set those sails; it must be my back, my arms, my legs, that did it." It was my mind, trained to alertness that moved my body in the right direction at the right time. I did it, I and twenty other sea-going chaps like myself. We, the crew, defied the wind, that heaving sea, the slanting deck, the dipping spars, we defied all—and won.

* * *

"THERE GO THE SHIPS"

There go the ships, beyond the line
Where sky and ocean meet
To distant ports across the brine
A vast and valiant fleet.
There go the ships across the sea
An endless chain, they go
To link and hold Democracy
Against a common foe.
There go the ships; tho some are lost
Still ever dauntlessly
They carry on, and count no loss
Too great for liberty.
There go the ships, the stormy deep
Can never make them quail
As long as there's a tryst to keep
They must not, shall not fail.
There go the ships, that shall not cease
Until they reach the goal
Safe harbored in a world of peace
Armadas of a nation's soul.

By MRS. G. O. MOORE
(whose husband is in
the Maritime Service)

Entertaining Merchant Seamen at the Institute



Photo by Marie Higginson

Volunteers and Seamen enjoy lively games of bridge and "gin rummy" in the Seamen's Lounge each afternoon.



Photos by Marie Higginson

The Apprentices' Room is popular among U. S. Maritime Service Enrollees.

Winter's Perils at Sea

But Freighters Will Defy Weather and Submarines to Serve Fighters

By Charles Hurd

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An Easy Way To Help!

Will you help the Institute in a very easy and simple way to secure a substantial contribution to our funds? Lewis & Conger, famous housewares and gift store, at 45th Street and Sixth Ave., New York, offers to pay us 10% of the amount of all purchases in their store during the month of February, when the purchaser names us as the beneficiary. Make a list of what you need or intend to buy, do your shopping at Lewis & Conger during February, and be sure to mention the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York* as the beneficiary, so that we will get the benefit! Tell your friends to do the same! You will be helping us very materially, and we shall be most grateful.



(Courtesy Elizabeth Perkins)

From the Painting by Julie Brown

U-Boat Menace One of Gravest War Problems

End of Sinkings Off East Coast Only
a Sign Axis Craft Hunt Elsewhere

From the Herald Tribune Bureau

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The submarine menace to the shipping of the United Nations still constitutes one of the most serious unsolved military problems confronting the Allies, it was learned today, although the cessation of ship sinkings off the eastern coast of the United States in recent months has led many persons to gain the impression that the danger from U-boats had virtually ended.

There is no foundation for a feeling of complacency, since the drop in torpedo tragedies along America's Atlantic coast merely means that the Axis submarines have moved away to less protected hunting grounds. And, with the merchant ships of the United Nations moving through many seas to supply and reinforce scores of strategic ports, the hazard to the United Nations as a whole remains, even though the shipping of a particular nation may for a time move safely through some waters.

One reason submarines of the Axis continue to be a threat is that the Germans are believed to be turning out many more submarines than are being sunk.

Merchant Seamen Will Go Back
Again And Again to Face the
U-Boat Menace and the Sea's Perils.
Will YOU help to welcome them
when they come ashore?

I'LL GO BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN"

A merchant seaman who shipped with Robert Carse on a perilous voyage to Murmansk has gone back to sea. He writes:

"Tonight makes two weeks since we came in, so it's about time for me to start looking for another ship. I wish that I could go out again with the blessed ignorance and expectation of high adventure that I did last time, but I'm afraid that's been knocked out of me. *But I'll go back again, and again*, to see swift death screaming down from the skies that I might one day come back to stay in peace in a land where men are free. I trust that our one voyage will not be the end of our acquaintance and that the uncertainties of our calling will not write 'Finis' to a friendship forged by such close association and tempered in the heat of danger such as was ours. Your shipmate, A—."

Many of the seamen who come to the Institute tell us sadly of losing their shipmates on the dangerous run across the North Atlantic. Some look for Mrs. Janet Roper, in charge of the Missing Seamen's Bureau, to inquire about shipmates "listed as missing" on the Navy casualty list. Some tell about the heroism of their shipmates, and always they are modest about their own deeds under fire.

"There Go the Ships"

AND THERE GO THE SEAMEN!

OUTWARD bound for Murmansk, Iceland, Capetown, "just a simple bunch of guys," as Robert Carse says in his notable book "There Go The Ships," "but we had to fight for our lives and our ships, and we had to take through to our Allies the planes, the tanks, the explosives, the ammunition and trucks that had been promised."

Here in New York, at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, we are proud to welcome these merchant seamen who take the ships to sea "through the submarines, the ice, the mines, the planes and home again." We are glad to be your emissary in providing many comforts and pleasures for these brave seafarers, over and above the clean

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Drawings by Gordon Grant from "There
Go The Ships," Wm. Morrow, publishers.

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beds and wholesome meals, for which the men willingly pay.

Each year the Institute needs \$100,000. to carry on its welfare, recreation and social services. It depends on voluntary gifts for the maintenance of this important program. The war has increased the need for all our services. We look to you for your continued interest and support.

Kindly send your contribution to the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

By Laurence A. Harkness

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Chaplain Harkness, after a long and active parish ministry and through the twenties an Institute Chaplain at the U. S. Marine Hospital on Staten Island, returned to the staff of the Institute, October 1, 1942.*

COMING back into the work of the Institute after an absence of thirteen years, it has been delightful to find in associating with seamen the same friendliness, and the same give and take of understanding that made ten years of Marine Hospital work a time to be remembered happily.

Today, one feels the increasing interest of the public in seamen and their work. The war has brought out this increased interest. While such increase, at times, is a bit amusing to some men of long service, yet it is appreciated and fairly appraised by the men of the sea, old and young. Naturally, some are reserving judgment concerning this new interest until the war is over for they sailed during the last war and after. The public cannot take offense if some seamen now feel just a wee bit cynical for the public knows its own attitude of yesterday and can and will, I believe, remove such cynicism in the tomorrow.

Many people have asked me about seamen: "What are they like?", "What do they think?", "What is their reaction to their work?" If such or like questions are in the minds of any who may read this article, I would reply, "You know all the answers because you know yourselves, and what you yourselves think and what is your own reaction to conditions and circumstances of your own work."

It must be kept in mind that seamen were men before they became seamen, and are men while they are seamen and will be men after or when they quit the sea, and, therefore, they think and feel as other men do, have the same capacity for greatness or smallness as other men have and have the same problems and desires, hopes and dreams common to all men.

While this is true, yet it is also true that certain lines of work do, from their nature and conditions, bring out in a man certain qualities of soul, fibers of character and attitudes of mind that other lines of work may not bring out to a so noticeable or specific degree. The conditions of a man's work do color, direct and control in large measure his own business of living, his thinking and

his relations to others as individuals. This is as true concerning the work of seamanship as it is concerning the work of medicine, law, ministry, mechanics or business.

It may be because I am a clergyman that this question is often put to me: "Are seamen religious?" I often wonder why people ask this question concerning seamen. Again, seamen are men often from our own community and so, of course, they are religious. I have found that fundamentally seamen are deeply religious, perhaps more than they would be willing to admit. If people mean by "religious"—"churchgoers", as they usually do, then I would say "no". Generally, seamen are not very strong on church going, not that they do not reverence and believe in the church but they have gotten out of the habit of going to church, even as you and I often get. That they have is understandable to those who know their work. In all lines of shore work, there are many non-church goers and many have not the logic of the seamen's reason. Many seamen, however, do attend church whenever possible and a seaman congregation is a parson's joy in reverence, attention and sincerity of desire to be in church.

More emphasis is now being put upon the loneliness of seamen than formerly. A seaman is bound to be lonely much of his time because loneliness is the price one must pay for journeying to far shores beyond home bounds. If a man wills to go to sea, he also wills a good portion of loneliness for himself whether he goes for a livelihood or for pleasure. Globe trotters are ever lonely in foreign ports and often in home ports. That's the price they have to pay. It is good to try to reduce the loneliness of seamen and more power to such effort, if it is strengthening rather than weakening, but loneliness ever waits outside the door of one's own home and one must build within oneself spiritual strength to meet it and to master it. This holds true for all men and women whatever their work may be.

No man wishes to be liked because of the job he does but only because of the man he is in doing his job whatever that job may be. This standard of liking is the only foundation of real friendship between men doing different jobs. This is the only foundation acceptable to seamen and thus it is that if one is fortunate in having seamen friends he has real friends, understanding friends.

"Red" and Jerry are inseparable friends, despite the fact that one works "on deck" and the other "below". In a friendly fashion they have interminable arguments about the respective merits of the deck and engine departments. Both have seen active service aboard freighters since the war started, and, so far, have been lucky. Jerry is one of those born mechanics. He's from Iowa. After his mother died, his father returned to sea. Just after America entered the war, Jerry was aboard an old ship "put together with chewing gum and sticky tape," as he expressed it, a coal burner, and fire broke out three times. They had ammunition on board so Jerry and a Negro fireman took turns on the hose. The bulkhead was already turning red hot. First he'd pass out from the extreme heat, and then Jerry would take the hose until he passed out. Then the second engineer took it for a while. They worked in relays and finally got the fire out. On another trip Jerry fixed the ship's engine. As Jerry explained it, "You see the blowers to the fires were a sort of draft-control contraption between the two engines. Without them fixed, the ship couldn't burn coal right, and our speed was cut from sixteen knots to six. So I volunteered to fix it — but I'm no hero, we were in the sub-area and had to get

out in a hurry — so it was just self-preservation." How Jerry, hoisted up in a bosun's chair, surrounded by hot steam pipes, and swaying as the ship rolled, clad only in dungarees and shoes, opened the valve box, reset the head, and then put a new head on, in danger at any moment of banging against 550 degree hot cases, is one of the unpublicized epics of this war.

Recently, Jerry graduated from the U.S. Maritime Training Service officers' training school at Fort Trumbull, New London, and has earned his Third Assistant Engineer's ticket. "Red" also attended the training school and has his Third Mate's ticket. Some day we expect "Red" to become a captain, and Jerry to become a chief engineer, and when they get together on the same ship, their arguments on who really runs the ship, will doubtless be carried on far, far into the night. Meantime, they were unable to get jobs on the same vessel, so each shipped out separately, and each has returned from one trip, and has come to the Institute to visit their old friends, Mrs. Edith Baxter in the Apprentices' Room and Miss Anne Conrow in the Conrad Library, each eager for news of the other. A splendid pair, worthy to carry on the highest traditions of the American Merchant Marine.

LIFE AND DEATH OF A SQUARE-RIGGER

For those who like to personalize ships — and this is a common device of our more robust novelists — there may be a glimmer of an idea in the odd career of that fifty-five-year-old vessel once known as the Rex, but actually the old Star of Scotland, one of the celebrated square-riggers in the Alaska fisheries. She came, toward the end of her life, on evil times. She was partly dismantled and converted into a floating barge off Santa Monica, Calif., where she was known as the "flagship" of the west coast gambling fleet.

Some men with more than a little avarice in their souls sent out invitations to the fancy aristocracy of California inviting them to come and play. They came, the wasters, the professional gamblers, the little tin horns, the jaded Hollywood producers, the new-rich, the bored glamour girls, the heiresses upon whose hands time hung heavily. In those days the Rex was a gaudy old girl and not well

thought of in the community. The better elements, led by Attorney General Earl Warren (the newly elected Governor), set out to destroy her and the life she had come to represent. There was some excitement, but the reforming element, naturally, won out. She was stripped of her night-club trappings and beached on the mud flats, where she lay friendless and all but forgotten.

Then, last year, when the shortage of bottoms became acute, she was brought back into service, re-rigged into a six-masted schooner. She carried cargoes to the Allies, and carried them well. Now she was called not the Rex but by her former name, the Star of Scotland. The Navy has just announced that sixteen survivors from her have been landed in Angola, West Africa. The Star herself was the victim of a torpedo. There are no more details. But in the manner of her passing this crone of the seas redeemed herself for her former infamy and went down like some gallant, ancient gambler who was staking everything on one last roll of the dice. A noble ending for a onetime outcast.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune, December 10, 1942

He Kept Trying

And Became the Hero of a Sinking Ship in the South Pacific

THIS is not the Third Mate's story. He won't even let his name be mentioned. Anyway, all he did was to go back to the sinking ship in a vain effort to save his buddy and later, weak and ill after 31 days in a lifeboat, to summon help for his shipmates by paddling 36 miles in a 16-foot canoe. These things, he says, were just in the line of duty. This, therefore, must be only the story of Laurence Gianella, radio operator, who now lies somewhere in the South Pacific.

"SPARKS"

Laurence was about 20 when he went to sea, a tall boy carrying in his blue eyes and fair skin little hint of his Italian ancestry. As a boy, he had wanted to be a radio operator, and had picked fruit to earn his way through radio school. When war came, he shipped on a cargo vessel bound for Australia.

She was an old ship, with crackling body and antiquated equipment. Laurence told his buddy that if the ship was torpedoed, it had better be near help; if he got any message off the ancient radio at all, it wouldn't reach farther than a couple hundred miles. He was right . . .

The torpedo struck at dawn. The Third Mate, who had gone off watch only a short time before, was asleep. He jumped out of his bunk, grabbed his navigation instruments and ran to the radio shack.

In the S.C.I. Mailbag

Mrs. Janet Roper
25 South Street
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mother Roper:

I have just unwrapped a package which was given to me after I had enjoyed a really most enjoyable Christmas dinner.

After I opened a few of the gifts, I was so amazed at their intrinsic value that I went down to the apartment below me and asked the lady (who is the wife of a Captain in the Merchant Marine) to

"Come on, Sparks," he shouted. "There's no time to lose."

"Can't," replied Laurence, pushing his tousled blond hair back. "Haven't got the thing running yet."

So the Third Mate went on deck and helped launch his lifeboat. Then he dashed back to the radio shack.

"Hurry up, Sparks," he shouted. "The boats are launched."

"Haven't got that S O S out," Laurence said without looking up.

The ship gave a lurch that threw the Third Mate to the deck.

"Come on!" he called, scrambling to his feet. "She's going down!"

Sure that Laurence was following, he rushed to the deck, jumped overboard and swam for the lifeboat. Just as he reached it, he heard a great roar of rushing waters. He looked back. She was going down, prow first. Laurence Gianella went with her. He was still trying to get that message out. Whether he succeeded or not, no one knows. But he died trying. And his buddy, the Third Mate—who wasn't a hero, remember—thinks the world should hear his story.

Rita Halle Kleeman

*"This Week," N. Y. Herald-Tribune
Nov. 15, 1942*

Editor's Note: The story of Laurence's heroism was told by one of the officers in the Merchant Marine who frequently stops at the Institute.

come upstairs and look at what the Seamen's Institute gave an old seaman today.

She noticed the thoughtful manner in which these little refineries were placed in such a manner to give the greatest efficiency in the smallest amount of space.

I can assure you, Mother Roper, that the men of the Merchant Marine will always hold you as a Symbol of Friendship.

Very truly,
(Signed) JOSEPH F. PADEFORD



Seamen of the United Nations at the Institute were greeted by Madeleine Carroll, stage and radio star, in connection with the Motion Picture Industry's "United Nations Week." In the background is the mural by Joep Nicholas in the Home for Netherlands Seamen on the second floor of the Institute.

My dear Miss Conrow:

Thank you for your letter of October 30th. My husband died last March, and in going through his books I found many which I thought you could use in your Library. If you cannot use them, please sell them, or if not too much trouble will you send them where they can be used. Use any money you might receive by selling, for the Seamen's Institute.

I was a New Yorker before I married and came to Cleveland fifteen years ago so I know what good work the Institute does. By the way I am interested in the Maritime Recruiting Service in Cleveland and help send the boys and men off by buying candy, magazines, etc. for them.

Many have written me cards of thanks and many have stopped at the Seamen's Institute. They wrote me that they are treated fine there. You see your work is appreciated. If you come across any of the men in the Maritime Service who left from Cleveland remember me to them, they know my name if not me personally. Also tell them that the express man who takes away these books and magazines to be sent to you thinks the Merchant Marine and your Institute the most worthy of all the armed forces. He could tell me more about the Seamen's Church Institute than I know myself. He says he listens over the radio and hears what you are doing. It may please the boys to know that the folks at home do

appreciate their sacrifices and their fighting for our Country.

Sincerely,
(Signed) CORINNE LUCAS

My dear Fr. Kelley:

I address you that way for years ago I was a young postulant for the Mission Field in the Society of the Sacred Mission in London under a very remarkable Fr. Kelly—the Rev. H. H. also, still active at 90 years.

I have just been devouring the "Lookout"—and want to congratulate your editor for packing so much fascinating material in such small compass. The "Lookout" is passed on to my Sea Scouts.

I want to send you a mite for the Seamen's Christmas Dinner and Presents. Haven't much, as I am a superannuated "has been" of a parson, now totally deaf, but manage to carry on with about 75 scouts, weekly.

If only I were a seaman instead of a parson I would claim a "bunk" at the Institute and take a course in lip reading—but am simply a sea-minded landlubber, of very many voyages, and know first hand the splendid type of men you are doing so much for at the Institute.

Later on shall send my annual five dollars so I shall not miss the "Lookout". George Green, for many years Chaplain of Sailors' Snug Harbor, is one of my classmates of 1900.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) (REV.) SIDNEY WINTER

Ship News

BRITISH CREW IN FANCY DRESS GETS U-BOAT ALARM AT EQUATOR

From the Herald Tribune Bureau

Copyright, 1942, New York Tribune Inc.
LONDON, Dec. 28.—Men of the British destroyer Vimy, which has just returned here after many months of service in foreign waters, said they were the only crew that ever manned action stations while costumed for the traditional "crossing-the-line" ceremony. As King Neptune was performing his initiation rites over an improvised bath on the quarter deck a U-boat alarm was sounded.

"I do wish we'd discovered a U-boat and taken some prisoners," one of the Vimy's officers said today. "For they would have been firmly convinced that the Britishers were uncontrollably mad.

"We were all in fancy costumes. 'Guns' rushed to his weapons in all the flowing robes of Neptune, 'Chief' was semi-nude, with the words 'I love Suzy' scrawled across his chest, and our No. 1, to celebrate his recently having gotten married, was hampered by a great mock ball and chain.

"Unfortunately, no Germans turned up, otherwise Neptune would have given them their equatorial baptism with far greater realism than usual."

Later the Vimy rammed a submarine on Sept. 3. After more than forty survivors had been rescued the U-boat sank.

NEW EMERGENCY RATION FOR SHIPWRECKED SEAMEN

OTTAWA, Jan. 1 (AP).—Canadian naval headquarters announced today that a new emergency ration kit has been devised which will give a better chance of survival to shipwrecked sailors huddled on life rafts.

Each kit, no bigger than a woman's overnight bag, will hold eight sixteen-ounce tins of water, eight tins of high caloric food and eight packets of sealed milk tablets. Four of the kits will be fastened to each ten-man raft, the announcement said.

The food tin is little bigger than a sardine can and holds twelve chocolate tablets, plus two bars of chocolate. These, with concentrated biscuits, are supposed to last one man two days.

The whole kit is covered by salt water-resisting paint. The tins will not rust or break at fifteen degrees below zero, and the chocolate will not melt below 212 degrees, it was said.

"Eat slowly" is the only direction on the packages. This is suggested because

of the high caloric content of the food. American and British naval authorities may also adopt the kit, which was designed after weeks of research under the direction of Surgeon Lieutenant Commander Charles Best, of Toronto, co-discoverer of insulin, the announcement said.

Book Reviews

NORTH ATLANTIC PATROL

By Lt. Commander GRIFFITH BAILY COALE, U.S.N.R.

Farrar & Rinehart \$2.00

The author-illustrator was commissioned in the Navy to observe and depict war scenes, for record and the information of the people. As an eye-witness he gives a vivid description of the torpedoing of the destroyer Reuben James and the rescuing of survivors. Out of the darkness before early dawn came "A line, please, Sir!" from a voice choking with fuel oil and salt water. "Hold on, Buddy: we'll get you!" With gifted pen, as well as brush and pencil the author sketches scenes at the Naval Bases in Newfoundland and Iceland and incidents in the course of sea patrolling. One can almost feel the destroyer's roll, as she thrashes through the seas, on the hunt for prowling submarines. Tense moments while the sound apparatus locates a "contact." To read this book should be a "must."

Reviewed by Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, U.S.N. (Ret.)

SENTRIES OF THE SEA

by John J. Flaherty

Lippincott \$2.00

For its photographs alone this would be an important book. The author-photographer has spent enough time with the men of the lighthouse service to get beneath the surface of their lives.

From the first known "Government lighthouse", erected at Alexandria about 280 B.C. on a treacherous rock and lighted by fagots, to the modern towers whose powerful lenses weigh tons, it is the man on watch who counts and whose unflinching sense of duty saves thousands of lives each year.

KNOW YOUR NAVY — NOW!

by Francis A. Ford

Cornell Maritime Press \$1.00

The Cornell Press has published another timely handbook, this time employing the question and answer method of presenting pertinent facts about our Navy. The author is a naval officer who "knows the answers" and his material on men and ships should be enlightening to the general public for whom he has compiled it.

—A. W. C.

ODE TO THE MERCHANT MARINE

From the North Pole to the South Pole
From the East unto the West,
We're members of the Merchant Marine,

And we rank the very best.
From the messboy to the Steward,
From the seamen to the Mates;
We're a'working together,
For the good old United States.
From the wiper to the Engineer,
That makes our engines hum,
We're a'proving to the Axis,
That this battle has just begun.
We need these men, yes, every one,
For they all have a job to do.
To man our mighty Merchant Ships.
And deliver the goods for you.

—ALBERT H. AMMAN, Purser

PIPE DREAM

Puff, puff, puff, puff!

The day is almost over,
And here I sit, pipe in my mouth,
As the stars begin to hover.

Puff, puff, puff, puff!

The lines in the rigging creak.
The starlight sparkles in the wake,
And the moon rides at the peak.

Puff, puff, puff, puff!

It's long I've been away;
Since I've seen a face or heard a voice
I knew—it's many a day.

Puff, puff, puff, puff!

Of all the friends I've known
Old Bess, my pipe, is the only one
Who's never let me down.

Puff, puff, puff, puff!

My pipe, the steady sea,
A solid deck beneath my feet;
These three are enough for me.

By Seaman DONALD D. STORMS

AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

By "Boston Blackie"

A sailor never worries, his time is much too short

Matrimony is for others, he hasn't time to court

Every trip he goes to sea he swears will be his last

Rejoicing at the end, he signs again before the mast

In cold and wintry weather, in midst of hail and sleet

Cruising tropical oceans, where the deck burns his feet

Awash in bad weather, fighting through a gale

New worlds to conquer, new oceans to sail.

Many and various cargoes, he brings from the other shore

Every time you use it up, he goes back for more.

Rice for soups and puddings, numerous things to eat

Caviar from the Russian shores, for the Park Avenue elite

Handmade dainty underthings, that lend you so much grace
Anchors aweigh for Malta, to get a load of lace

Now he has to look out, for a sub or deadly mine

Torpedoes on the Starboard, no more brass to shine.

Many miles to row, that heavy crowded boat

Armed with only a prayer, will she keep afloat

Relief at last, another week and home
In and out the hospital, no more to roam

Nice little farm, no more ships for me—
Exactly one week, off again to sea!

—ARTHUR GEORGE MONTAGNE

"DOWN AT 25 SOUTH STREET"

By P. J. O'Connor*

Jeanette Park Oyster Bar New York City
Dedicated to the courageous men of the American Merchant Marine who will eventually bring victory to Uncle Sam and peace to the entire world. May God protect them and give them health and strength to carry on.

There's a hotel in New York that's known very well,

Where the men of the sea do reside.
It's so clean and so neat, it's a pleasure to meet

Those brave fellows who sail on the tide.
There's good Mother Roper and Doctor Kelley

And Barlow, who sailed many seas.
So when I'm back from sea you are sure to find me,

Down at 25 South Street.

—CHORUS—

Down at 25 South Street, where the men of the sea do reside;

Those heroes so true to the red, white and blue,

Always ready to sail on the tide.

If you'd meet those fine, gallant men,
Just drop in there any old time.

And when I'm back from sea, you are sure to find me

Down at 25 South Street.

This fine Institute is a fitting tribute
To those brave men who follow the sea.

They're always together in all kinds of weather,
Real Buddies, the best that can be.

All down through the years, as they left New York piers

To sail o'er the treacherous seas.
In a calm or a blow, they were ready to go

Where ever the trip it might be.
I looked on with pride as they sailed on the tide.

Those fine men were heroes to me.
And when they're back from sea, it is there they will be

Down at 25 South Street.

*Paddy, the Institute's nearest neighbor who has been opening oysters and clams for 50 years on the same spot.

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*Serving in the Armed Forces