

# The LOOKOUT



ON LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

OL. XXXIV NO. 11

NOVEMBER, 1943

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows a seaman on lookout in the crow's nest of a U. S. Maritime Service training ship. Reprinted by courtesy of "OFF SOUNDINGS", official publication of the U. S. Maritime Service Training Station, Avalon, California.

### Sanctuary

#### THANKSGIVING

I thank Thee, Lord, for strength of arm  
To win my bread,  
And that beyond my need is meat  
For friend unfed.  
I thank Thee much for bread to live.  
I thank Thee more for bread to give.  
I thank Thee, Lord, for snug-thatched  
roof  
In cold and storm,  
And that beyond my need is room  
For friend forlorn.  
I thank Thee much for place to rest,  
But more for shelter for my guest.  
I thank Thee, Lord, for lavish love  
On me bestowed,  
Enough to share with loveless folk  
To ease their load.  
Thy love to me I ill could spare,  
Yet dearer is the love I share.

—BOB DAVIS,

*New York Sun*

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIV, NOVEMBER, 1943

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

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INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

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

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#### 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.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXXIV

November, 1943

No. 11

## Merchant Seamen at the "Front"

By Gault MacGowan



*Official U.S. Maritime Commission Photo*

Below decks aboard a Liberty ship.

*Special Air Mail to The New York Sun\**

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AT a Mediterranean Port, Sept. 10.—Once more those who go down to the sea in ships can go round the world again via the great canals of Panama and Suez. War that closed the Mediterranean has opened it again and the Liberty ships without which our advancing armies could not function are converging on Sicilian and African ports from east and west.

Men braving torpedoes, mines, one-man submarines on top of all the old-fashioned risks of the sea

like tempest and fire—which we do not hear much about nowadays but which are as frequent as ever—are coming ashore for brief respites and telling us amazing stories of adventures from New York to the Arctic and Murmansk, from California to Australia, Burma and China.

More than 1,000 merchant mariners from New York State alone have been listed as killed or missing since the war began and the number of dead and missing in the American Merchant Marine from

*\*Reprinted by special permission.*

enemy attack totalled 4,555, (Sept., 1941 - June, 1943);\* and soldiers who sometimes go to sea on landing or transportation operations are usually mighty glad to get on dry land again. Now it is an exciting experience to meet merchant sailors once again who can come into port and honestly declare: "Our voyage was uneventful."

What a change from the days of the Battle of the Atlantic! (See Page 10 for editorials on the "Re-vival" of the Battle of the Atlantic).

### Engineering Cadet Likes Sea

I talked yesterday with 19-year-old Robert M. Vincent, an engineering cadet in our merchant service. He is one of the new type of American boys who are being educated for the sea and given the opportunity to find out by actual cruises if they like it enough to want to make a career out of it. Judging by Robert's eager, happy face, he has already learned to love it. Well, he comes from Long Island, and has lived with the tang of the sea breezes in his face and the sight of the ships steaming and sailing along the Connecticut shore or steaming gallantly outward across the Atlantic.

When you look at him and remember that America was pioneered by men in sailing ships you wonder

\*Editor's Note: Recent statistics made public by the U. S. Navy are 5,272 Merchant Marine casualties through Sept. 1943.



Official U.S. Maritime Commission Photo  
On the deck of a Liberty freighter, in convoy.

why we had only 50,000 men in the merchant marine before we got into this war.

Robert went from his home at 62 Jackson Road, Valley Stream, to the King's Point Academy for the Merchant Marine. After three months' basic training he was sent on his first sea voyage in a Liberty ship and that's how I met him. He came through in the first convoy that tested the re-opening of the Mediterranean and he told the story in a few words: "I enjoyed it a lot. It was pretty peaceful."

### Vital Part is Below

Down in the engine room, which is the vital part of the ship, you don't see the voyage at all from the navigator's or passenger's point of view. Instead of the monotony of waves and billows you have the monotony of rhythm—the ceaseless drone of the engines, the constant caress of oilers and wipers and greasers, the anxious inspection of pipes and valves and gauges. And yet when we think of the men at sea we think first of the men on deck.

That's a legacy from the days of sailing ships when men risked falls from the topmast, fought their way up the shrouds in the blizzards or lashed themselves to the helm in the tempest. They were the men who brought the old Yankee clipper safe home. Today it is the engineers. . . .

### Bob's Luck at Alexandria

The first assistant engineer thinks a lot of Bob. He is Christian Westby of 630 Oakneck Road, West Islip, Bayshore, L. I., and so does the chief engineer, Einar Beckman of Long Beach, Cal. He is keeping Bob up to his work, which is a fatherly thing to do, for a lad on his first voyage really has those chances for romance you read about.

"You should have seen Bob in Egypt," Capt. Robert Hudgins of Philadelphia, the caster, told me. "At Alexandria a big automobile used to collect him at the dockside and drive him off to the yacht club when his work was done. It developed he met a gal with a rich pa, a mansion, a private yacht, and the car and the chauffeur."

Fellow travelers to better times for the sailor aboard this ship, which is named for one of Washington's officers and judges, are the second mate, 29-year old, six-footer Elmer J. Ritchie of Mountain View, N. J., and a bunch of men from metropolitan New York.

### Others from New York Area

Working with Bob are Clinton Burke, whose sister, Mrs. Bennet, lives at 216 West 78th Street, New York, and Francisco Lorenti of 186 Columbus Street, Brooklyn, has a son in the engine room named Nicholas. Nick is one of the guys in dungarees who carries an oil can instead of a gun, but he uses that can to better advantage in helping win this war than many a man with a gun. Clinton Burke has signed on as a fireman. He is never likely to get washed overboard in a storm, but if a torpedo ever hits amidships or they go on a rock he will feel it first.

Sailors are no longer so grim and tough as they were in the days of Moby Dick, according to Bob. No one has hit him over the head yet with a marlin spike. And it does not look like they will. And son of a sea cook is no longer a term of abuse. Bob speaks highly of Francisco Antonetti of 466 Columbus Avenue, Brooklyn, the chief stew-

ard, and Antonia J. Sanchy of 371 Furman Street, Brooklyn, a cook in the galley, and Messmen Willmont E. Fanning, Jr. of 1047 - 85th Street, Brooklyn, and Francis Consentino of 165 Butler Street in the Borough of Churches. Brooklyn, are your ears burning?

### Westby an Old Sea Dog

Christian Westby is an old sea dog from 'way back, with periods of land-lubbering in between, according to his wife, Mary. She said that he left the sea "for good" five or six years ago and got a job with Western Union, but quit last autumn and put to sea again when he heard that marine engineers were needed.

"He's a real old American," she said. "If all the young men were as anxious to help as he is, it would be good."

Born in Norway, Mr. Westby came to the United States as a boy and first went to sea in his teens. Then, from about 1923 to 1933 he was employed on land by the American Engineering Company. After that he went to sea again, mostly on oil tankers, then abandoned the sea for Western Union until he felt that he could do more for his country on a ship. He has been away on his latest voyage since July.

Mrs. Westby said that they had been married for forty-two years. They have a married daughter and two sons. The oldest son, William, sails on ships from here to Canada, and Elmer, 27, a former drafting designer, is with the Marine Transport Service.

### SEAMEN

Some men go down to the sea in ships,  
While some men lean to see  
How sweetly a christened cruiser slips  
Down greased ways to the sea.  
Some men must stand on the rolling  
decks,  
And some must stand on shore  
To strain their eyes till the ship is gone  
And they can see no more,  
The heart of each is faithful and proud  
As a seaman's heart should be—  
The shore-bound seaman who builds the  
ships,  
And the one who sets to sea.

Helen Howland Prommel.  
New York Times, Oct. 19, 1943

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Associated Press Wirephotos

### Survivors of Recent Nazi Torpedings\*

Rescued crewmen of a United States Liberty ship dining after being brought to an East Canadian port. Left to right: George Worsham, Hopkinstville, N. Y.; James MacNeil, New Hampshire; Campbell Scott, Denton, Tex.; Dan Gregg, Meriden, Conn., and William Duffy, Chicago.

\* The Seamen's Church Institute of New York later welcomed a number of survivors from the recent Nazi attack on two Canada-bound convoys.

### GERMANS USE MAGNETIC TORPEDO; LOSS OF LINER WITH 500 REVEALED

By The United Press

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N. Y. Times, Sunday, October 3, 1943

## Merchant Marine Academy Dedicated



Cadets Pass In Review

By Walter Hamshar

KINGS POINT, L. I., Sept. 20.—The United States Merchant Marine Academy, often referred to as the "second Annapolis," was dedicated here this afternoon to the task of training officers for the American Merchant Marine. The academy is the first permanent merchant-marine officers training school to be operated by the United States government, although the nation's merchant marine is older than the Navy.

President Roosevelt said that "the academy serves the merchant marine as West Point serves the Army and Annapolis serves the Navy" in a message read by S. Duvall Schell, executive officer of the War Shipping Administration, to the 2,500 persons attending the ceremonies. Representatives of the Institute's staff attended the dedication and inspected the Academy. THE INSTITUTE is glad to welcome these cadet-midshipmen to its building at 25 South Street and also to its Janet Roper Club at 3 East 67th Street, when they have "liberty" from their studies, or "shore leave" from their ships.

Describing the formal opening of the academy as "a momentous stride in the nation's planned program of maritime progress," President Roosevelt added

that the "war has proved to the American people that a strong merchant marine, manned by courageous, capable, well trained officers and crews, is as necessary to the nation as a powerful Army and Navy."

### Cadet Receives Medal

Captain Edward Macauley, U. S. N. (retired), deputy administrator of the War Shipping Administration, who was principal speaker at the ceremonies, recalled that since the academy began its training program in January, 1942, when it first took over forty-eight acres of the estate of the late Walter P. Chrysler, 107 cadet-midshipmen had lost their lives in torpedoings and bombings while serving at sea on merchant ships as part of their training program.

The names on the academy's honor roll "have placed the United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps among the most hazardous of services in this war," he said. He added that "the percentage of loss in the corps is higher than in any other service."

Part of the ceremonies were devoted to awarding the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal to Frederick K. Zito, a cadet-midshipman at the

Reprinted from the New York Herald Tribune, Friday, October 1, 1943, by special permission.

academy, for heroism in "saving the life" of one of his shipmates at great risk to his own." Mr. Zito is twenty-two years old and lives at 99-36 Forty-first Avenue, Corona, Queens.

The ship on which Mr. Zito was assigned as a cadet-engineer as part of his course was torpedoed in the South Atlantic and began to sink rapidly.

### School Cost \$6,900,000

All the crew abandoned the ship safely except a 250-pound fireman who became entangled in the boat falls as he attempted to escape and hung head downward.

Mr. Zito climbed the falls hand over hand, cut the rope above the fireman and both fell into the sea. The cadet then towed the fireman, still entangled, to the nearest lifeboat where he was rescued.

Other speakers at the ceremonies included Captain James H. Tomb, superintendent of the academy, who declared the school formally opened; Telfair Knight, assistant deputy for training of the W. S. A., and Rear Admiral Edward J. Marquart, U. S. N., commandant of the Third Naval district.

The academy was completed two weeks ago at a cost of \$6,900,000. It has a capacity for training 2,670 cadet-midshipmen in war time, but in peace time will have an average enrollment of 1,200 cadet-midshipmen. Its enrollment is conducted on a state-quota basis for young men between seventeen and twenty-three years old.

## "... the Solid Line of Ships"

This war in which you are engaged, most surely will be won by us and our Allies. It is a war that will be won not only by our ground forces, by our naval forces and our aerial forces, but by the solid line of ships manned by merchant seamen whose forefathers believed in the freedom of the seas enough to fight for it.

Victory is growing closer, and the time will come when our running lights will burn bright again and the sea lanes of the world will be open to the ships of peace. The time will come when we will strip the guns from our merchant ships and their holds will be filled with materials for living instead of the materials for destruction. So even as we fight today, we are planning for the days of peace to come. The blood shed on the decks of our wartime merchant ships, the cold death that comes on the raft in the North Atlantic, the crash of the aerial bomb, and the ripping tear of the torpedo, is only a promise that we intend to bring about that peace in a world in which decent men can live without shame.

*From: Address of Captain Edward Macauley, U. S. N. (Retired), Maritime Commissioner and Deputy War Shipping Administrator at Dedication of U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, Long Island, N. Y., September 30, 1943.*

## Activities at the Janet Roper Club

MERCHANT seamen state enthusiastically that they "love" the Janet Roper Club, which the Institute opened on September 8th for seamen and their families. They bring their wives, mothers, sisters, sons and daughters, (even mother-in-laws!) and proudly display the lovely garden and charming lounge to their relatives. On Wednesdays and Saturdays many of the younger seamen bring their girl friends to the dances. On Friday afternoons and evenings they enjoy special programs. Recently, women members of the Theatre Guild's musical play, "OKLAHOMA" entertained the seamen at a Bicycle Party through Central Park, returning to

the Club for refreshments. The weather was perfect for cycling, with brilliant sunshine and no head winds. The seamen especially enjoyed riding on the double and triple tandem bicycles, with many shrieks of fright from the "OKLAHOMA" hostesses as the sailors pedalled furiously around curves.

On another Friday afternoon, a group of seamen were escorted to the Hayden Planetarium to see and hear a lecture on "New York to the Southern Cross". They listened attentively and were thrilled by the display of the stars and asked innumerable questions of two sea captains who had joined the group.

On still another occasion, the



A BICYCLE PARTY: Merchant Seamen and the "OKLAHOMA" company enjoy a ride through Central Park from the Janet Roper Club.

seamen were entertained by Miss Grace Castagnetta, pianist, and kept her busy for several hours playing request numbers, both popular and classical. Other programs have included monologues by Miss Ruth Draper; songs by Tom Waring, brother of Fred Waring's "Pennsylvanians"; the "Four Squires" quartet; Miss Donna Dae, soprano; the Crawford entertainers; Ruth Haines, singer, etc.

On almost every evening, now that the cold weather has set in, groups of seamen gather around the cheery open fireplaces and pop corn, toast marshmallows, and sing.

There are always a few quiet, shy seamen who do not mingle as readily as others. Hostesses have learned that some of these would just like to chat quietly with one of them, or write letters home or read from the splendid collection of popular magazines at the Club.

Following are excerpts taken from the daily reports of the Club Staff which indicate how much the seamen appreciate this "homey" place:

When a fellow is just about to ship out and he can bring his wife, Mrs. J. D., and small daughter, M., age five, we're sure this place has the home spirit and charm. M. right now is enjoying a glass of milk at the snack bar. We've had forty-five seamen here tonight and 15 hostesses. The snack bar was popular. It's a real joy to watch the informal activities the men and girls enjoy. Mrs. G. told the men fortunes with numbers, all for fun. Her services were in great demand. Our greatest problem is to get people to go home at 11 P. M.

Mr. P., a seaman and his wife came to the club for the first time today. They had tea and played ping pong in the garden. Mrs. P. asked if she could come here and help when her husband went to sea again. Mr. L. came up with his Dictionary to write letters. He wanted to talk about his college and family.

It is a little chilly tonight and the seamen and the girls are keeping the fire places going and toasting marshmallows—everyone seems very much at home. I stopped to chat with a seaman who was writing a letter on a table where the light was not so good. I mentioned that we had writing facilities and he asked me if I would be good enough to read the last paragraph of a letter he was writing—and this is what it said, "There simply is nothing they won't do for you. They treat me like a hero, which I'm not, and there is no end to their hospitality". His language was a little strong but it certainly was from the heart.



Marie Higginson Photo

A ship's engineer and his wife and children enjoy the garden at the Janet Roper Club.

We have had a busy afternoon, giving first aid to a seaman who had a sore foot and three seamen have come in with their families today. One man brought his wife and two small children. It was so warm that they played in the garden and talked to the parrot. When they left they assured me they would come back tomorrow. An older seaman just back from a very dangerous trip came in and said this was a good place to relax in. Some seamen have asked me to hold their mail in case they are shipped out. The boys are finding many ways to use the club and appreciate its advantages.

The seamen seem to like the kitchen so much we are going to arrange for them to make themselves at home here when it will not interfere. We'll let them make pop corn, fudge and taffy and have the run of the place on some evenings. Of course, the supplies will be provided for this purpose. One of the seamen sat for a long time tonight learning how to knit. The hostess that taught him is going to bring some yarn for him, so he can knit a cap. He said he had seen his mother knit but had never before been interested in learning how to knit himself.

Miss Anne Conrow has played the piano and we had lots of dancing in the up-stairs Lounge. One of the boys has been playing and singing. We have been called upon to sew on buttons. The boys think this is a place to ask for things of that sort, the same as they would do at home, and they are most appreciative.



Co-Co, the seagoing parrot is taught how to smoke a cigarette by two Maritime Service trainees.

### IN LOVING MEMORY OF MRS. JANET LORD ROPER \*

They called her "Mother Roper"  
Her heart was pure as gold  
A true friend of all seamen  
Those fine men brave and bold.  
Her work was hard and tedious  
But she stood it like a man  
Let's say a prayer for her sweet soul  
Please do it if you can.  
I knew this grand soul many years  
As she passed my sea food stand  
And many times I saw her  
Extend a helping hand.  
She'd ne'er refuse a needy case  
Whatever it might be  
She loved those fine courageous men  
Who traveled o'er the sea.  
Oh Mother dear we miss you here  
At the Seamen's Institute,  
Your cheerful words and pleasant smile  
To us were finest tribute.  
May God in all His mercy grant  
The rest you sure deserved  
Your memory with all seamen  
Will surely be preserved.

"Pat O'Connor"  
Coenties Slip

October 5, 1943.

\*House Mother and Supervisor, Missing Seamen's Bureau, SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK, 25 South Street. For 54 years A Friend To Merchant Seamen.

## "Lighthouse on the Land"

By Maris D. Hurt\* Age 12



Titanic Lighthouse Tower

WAY down at 25 South Street on the East River stands the Seamen's Church Institute, a home welcoming sailors of every country. The Institute is a large, brown building with a cross on top that can be seen by all boats entering and leaving the harbor. Every ocean liner, battle-ship, tanker, tug and schooner watches for this cross because it stands for friendliness and hospitality.

As you enter the institute flags of every allied nation greet you in the hall. The first thing noticeable is the hotel desk where thousands of seamen check in and out each day. Beds from 50c to rooms of \$1.50 for officers are sold by the hundreds each day.

When a sailor enters the Institute his worries are over for he knows he will be taken care of perfectly on land. There is a bank for his money, safe for his valuables, barber shop for his looks, room and bed for his comfort, library for his literature, school for his knowledge, cafeteria, lunch room, soda fountain for his appetite, clinic, for his health, Sloppy Chest for his well-being, Auditorium, lounge and game room for his amusement, and above all a Chapel for his religion.

The Institute originated from a floating church that used to be docked about 100 years ago or more near where the Institute now stands.

From Javanese to Scotch, sailors of every country are taken in and entertained there.

Since my mother is one of the staff, I go down to visit the Institute quite often. When I go I have a wonderful time watching the seamen check in and out, coming down loaded with books from the lovely Conrad Library or the School and playing in the Apprentice Room.

I hope, and I know others do, too, that through war and peace the cross on the Institute will continue to welcome all boats and sailors to this country. I specially am looking forward to the time when the cross can again be lighted after the war and shine its welcome over the entire harbor at night.

\*who visited the Institute recently with her mother, an employee at our Hotel Desk.



Pilothouse and Flying Bridge, a memorial to Charles Hayden, on the roof of the Institute's Merchant Marine School.

## Sea Chanties Revived

EDITOR'S NOTE: For over 10 years, the Institute has been interested in keeping alive the old sea chanties, the work songs of the sea with their colorful verses and lively tunes. Last year, the Institute recommended to the U. S. Maritime Commission Capt. Harry Garfield as instructor of chanties in the various Maritime Schools. Following is a letter from a young graduate of the Sheepshead Bay School who was taught the chanties, and while 12 days in a lifeboat when his ship was torpedoed, entertained his shipmates by singing them. He even taught them to row in unison by singing the old chanties.

Newport News, Va.  
August 29, 1943

Dear Miss Candee:

I received your letter dated June 8th and was very surprised to know that you had read anything about our little trip.

As you know I trained at Sheepshead Bay and sang with the Chorus for 13 weeks and enjoyed it very much.

I will admit that at first I didn't like the sea chanties and would rather sing

something more difficult, but they have a way of sticking and you find yourself singing or humming them quite often.

When we were on the lifeboat we were naturally nervous and jumpy and at first the boys didn't want me to sing, but I am not easily defeated, so finally they asked me to write the words down so they could sing, too, and this I did, and boy, when we got started you should have heard us in New York because we really dug in and gave.

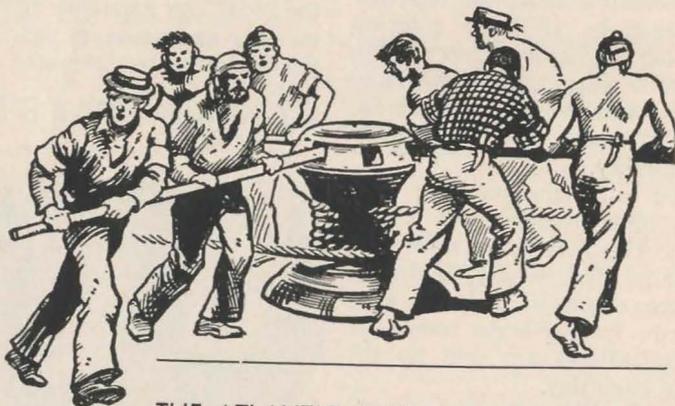
The favorite song was (believe it or not) "Whiskey for my Johnny" and "Blow the Man Down", both of which Capt. Garfield put forth with such vigorous effort.

I just returned from Sicily and that is the reason I didn't get your letter, but nevertheless I received it.

I will be in New York the last of September and will make a point to see you at the Institute. I was there to sing a couple of times so I will find it.

Hoping to see you soon,

Sincerely,  
Frank W. Allen ("Red")



THE ATLANTIC BATTLE CONTINUES

The Battle of the Atlantic has not yet been finally won. Doubtless it will not be won until the last U-boat has been destroyed or has surrendered; until the last port from which the wolf packs may emerge has been sealed. The recent reports of Allied losses in a long running battle certainly confirm the warnings which have been issued to the effect that the German submarines had not given up the fight; they had simply been withdrawn to receive new equipment. And it is evident that this new equipment is good; that new tactics, new weapons, perhaps, are demanded of the

Allies if they are to retain the mastery of the seas which they established with such difficulty, and which is absolutely essential to their success.

Thus far the Allies have shown their ability to profit by experience, and there is no reason to believe that this process will stop. But for the public the sudden and efficient resurgence of submarine warfare in the Atlantic should be a sharp reminder that the end of the war cannot be discounted in advance; that, against tough and wily antagonists, one must be tougher and wiler to the

*N. Y. Herald-Tribune, Oct. 3, 1943.*

## KNOX SEES PERIL FROM U-BOATS UNTIL WAR ENDS

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12 (AP).—Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, reporting that the Germans are increasing their submarine strength in the Mediterranean, said today that the U-boat menace has not been licked and will be serious to the end of the war.

Just back from a 25,000-mile tour of European battlefronts, he told a news conference, however, that it is a "rational assumption" that the British will be able to transfer part of their Mediterranean fleet to operations against the Japanese despite the increased U-boat activity.

"It is very serious," he said. "Let's not make a mistake about it. Submarine warfare will be serious to the end of the war."

## ONLY A LULL

Those who have been certain that the new system of guarding convoys by an aerial canopy stretching all the way across the Atlantic had definitely ended the submarine menace should study the report from the Royal Canadian Air Force of the U-boat pack which elected to remain on the surface and give battle to Liberator bombers. It was kept so busy that it had no time to think of its prey, the convoy.

The report makes it clear that the lull in U-boat warfare was due in part to the fact that the ships had been called in to receive heavier armament to meet the air threat. They have received that protection and again emerge to resume raiding. There is nothing to indicate that they cannot be stopped by further initiative on the part of convoy defenders, but it is clear that the Battle of the Atlantic is not over.

*N. Y. Sun, Sept. 30, 1943.*

## The Saga of a Tanker

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following stories of a Norwegian tanker and the British troopship "Queen Mary" are among the many achievements of merchant vessels who are playing an important role in this war. We hope that censorship will soon permit us to publish accounts of our own American merchant ships which are gallantly carrying on the finest traditions of our American Merchant Marine.

Despite the efforts of Nazi submarine wolf packs and bombers, a fast Norwegian tanker has crossed the Atlantic forty-five times without serious mishap since the war began in September, 1939, and has delivered 100,000,000 gallons of precious aviation gasoline to British ports without losing a drop.

Officials of the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission, 80 Broad Street, described the vessel as "the tanker champion of World War II," in telling the story yesterday of the ship's achievement. The tanker is now in an east coast port undergoing a routine overhauling.

The vessel has never been in a Norwegian port although her home port is Oslo, Norway. She was built in Hamburg, Germany, and delivered in June, 1939, a little more than two months before the war. Her 2,500-horsepower Diesel motors which have carried her safely past lurking submarines, were manufactured by the same company in Augsburg, Germany, which produces motors for German U-boats. A British bombing mission is believed to have destroyed the factory recently, and members of the tanker's crew have frequently expressed the hope that gasoline they helped to deliver assisted in the success of that raid.

Captain Reidar Henriksen, master of the vessel since the spring of 1941, said that no one on the ship ever saw a German submarine or bomber. On one voyage a ship 200 yards astern was torpedoed and blew up, he said, but "we never saw the submarine, and I guess he never saw us."

Jan Johannssen, the chief steward, who has been on all the ship's voyages since she was commissioned, has consistently refused to take a shore rest and returned to the ship after only four days of a vacation granted to him while the vessel was being overhauled, Captain Henriksen said.

Most of the ship's officers and crew have not seen any members of their families since the war began, he said. He added that he knew his fiancée was still waiting for him in Norway, however, because she has written to him through the International Red Cross.

The ship suffered a slight mishap shortly after the war began and while Norway was still a neutral country. After unloading some gasoline from her forward tanks, the vessel anchored off the Downs, England, to get clearance from the British Navy for the rest of its cargo, which was consigned to the Netherlands.

A floating mine struck the ship, blowing away the left part of her bow. But the charm that has been protecting the vessel already was working because the damage was confined to the part of the ship where the empty tanks were located. The ship made her Netherlands port, was temporarily repaired and sailed back to the United States for more gasoline and repairs.

## The Queen Mary

London, Sept. 30 (AP).—Shorn of her peace-time elegance, the giant British liner Queen Mary ranged the seven seas in 1942, carrying Allied troops to battlefronts over the world, it was disclosed today.

In one encounter with a fierce North Atlantic storm she almost capsized with thousands of Britain-bound American soldiers aboard. The story of "The Queen's" exploits divested of its cloak of war-time censorship, indicated she was within five inches of disaster during the storm.

Early in the summer of 1942 the 81,235-ton liner played an important part in saving Great Britain's desperate position at Alamein, Egypt, "The Daily Mail's" naval correspondent wrote.

### Dodged 25 Submarines

"Once she steamed right through a pack of submarines estimated to number about twenty-five and not one had time to get a torpedo trained on her," he said.

"She went flat out from England with men and stores representing half a fully equipped division. Her passage from an English port, right around the Cape to Port Suez, a distance of some 12,000 miles, was made in a few weeks—including a stop at a South African port.

"It is safe to say," the correspondent added, "that the Queen Mary played a bigger part than any other ship and perhaps the biggest individual part of any fighting unit in saving the situation."

The Queen Mary's closest call occurred during the winter of 1942 when, with a full load of Americans aboard, she was hit broadside by an enormous wave when 700 miles from port.

"She listed until her upper decks were awash and those who had sailed in her since she first took to sea were convinced she never would right herself," wrote "The Daily Mail" naval correspondent.

"It was only exceptional seamanship on the part of her bridge officers that saw her through. By a quick turn of her helm her bows were brought dead on to this exceptional wave and she was safe."

### Nazi Plot Thwarted

At one point in her career, a Nazi plot to sink her with 10,000 Americans aboard was thwarted through the discovery of a German radio transmitter at Sao Paulo, Brazil. The story of the great liner's role as a troop transport came out with publication of this report.

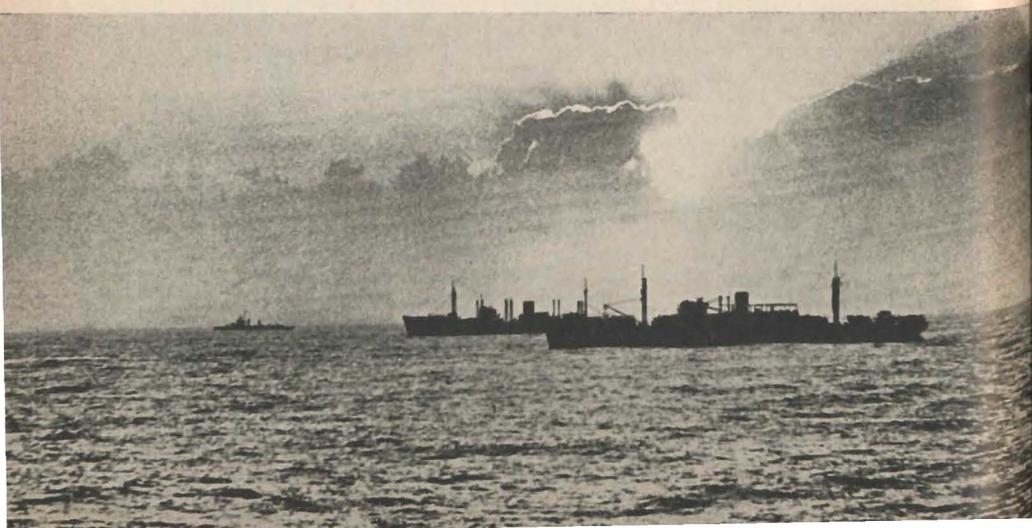
Across the Atlantic to New York she went many times on timetable schedule. Her great bulk was a familiar sight on New York's waterfront. She was seen, too, at certain Canadian west and east coast ports.

Before Pearl Harbor she moved about the Pacific, shuttling Australian troops to Singapore.

The Canadian press told how the Queen Mary made many trips into a port on the east coast of Canada from which she carried thousands of troops to Britain. At that port her great hulk towered over waterfront buildings and practically supplied a backdrop for the town. After loading up she sped straight across the Atlantic, relying on her speed to carry her through submarine packs.

The Queen Mary, which has accommodations to carry 12,000 to 20,000 men, also has carried to overseas captivity thousands of Italian and German prisoners of war.

### Salute to the Men of the Convoys Who Carry the Cargoes



## Thanksgiving and Christmas Plans

"Sing praise to the rising sun,  
Sing praise to the gentle rain,  
Sing praise to the godly One  
Who blesses the fruit and the  
grain." —A. M. SULLIVAN.

SO sings the poet in thanksgiving for the year's harvest. In observing the home-holiday, "Thanksgiving" in 1943, all of us are moved by a spirit of deep gratitude for the promise of a speedy victory and an early peace, and the return from the fighting fronts of America's heroic men and women.

In celebrating Thanksgiving Day here at "25 South Street" we are inspired by the desire to give our

seamen the best possible time, the best possible dinner and the best possible entertainment. Moved by a spirit of gratitude for their gallant struggle to keep the sea lanes open and the vital lifeline of supplies strong, we are planning to welcome at least 1,500 seafarers on November 25th. On Christmas Day we expect to welcome another 1,500. Those who dine with us on Thanksgiving Day will probably all be at sea on Christmas Day, and we hope that they can take with them a happy memory of the day spent at the Institute as guests of thoughtful landsmen who thus pay tribute to their gallantry.

Contributions designated for the Holiday Fund, should be mailed to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y. YOUR loyal and generous support of our Holiday Fund will make it possible for the Institute to welcome hundreds of seamen in your name.

Last year, the Institute served almost 3,000 turkey dinners on Thanksgiving and Christmas. Will you help us, please, to extend the same welcome this year?

Photo by Marie Higginson





## Heroes' Hotel

By Richard Molinas, Chief Steward, British Merchant Navy

IF you stand in the lobby you'll meet I them, Paddy, Smitty, etc., and many old shipmates. "How's she going, Pat?", you query. "I got bumped again," he said. "You ought to have seen Jock the way he came up on the boat deck with his shovel. If they shoot the devil down I'll chop 'is ruddy head off!" (We couldn't help laughing). "Jerry's bomb dropped just by number 2 hatch. Nobody hurt, luckily, it took her about 30 minutes to go down." Just as Paddy finished his short experience I knocked into 3rd officer Knox. "Well, you back again, Mr. Knox?" I remembered him well, the long sea yarns about his experience in sail. I still can picture the "old local" at our last port, with Knox-y waxing eloquently on the good old days. "When we used to scramble up the masts barefooted and in shorts to reef a sail, days of constant salt pork." Knox-y — what a character — 5 ft. 7 inches and weighed about 200 lbs., full of good humor and an insatiable story teller; Knox-y, his ruddy face all aglow, telling you how he won his D. S. M. and M. M. at Zebruges, one of the greater epics of naval history, where every moment had its deed and every deed its hero. Knox-y tied his ship to the mole after six of his colleagues had lost their lives in the attempt, but what made his chest swell with pride was the story of the Commander of the H. M. S. Vindictive who blew himself up with his ship to block the mole. Knox-y, now over fifty, who was at Dunkirk and picked up his own son who was a Pilot Sergeant. "I never forgot", he would say, "the shock I got when the Captain asked me to give up my cabin to a rescued airman, and seeing my own son lying on the settee in front of me. Did I feel proud!" Knox-y who was eleven days on a raft, used to love to relate with relish about the Commander of the destroyer that picked him up. It appears this officer, after bringing his destroyer alongside,

shouted down through his megaphone, "Ahoy! What are you doing down there?" Knox-y's answer was unprintable. When he awoke next morning and gazed into the mirror he'd gone completely gray. "I thought it was the salt," he said, "but after washing my head three times I realized it was gray. I've had three basins of it, I suppose I'll go to the well once too often," was his philosophy. Drake would be proud could he but hear of the deeds of these brave men, Tapscott, Widdicomb, Laskier, and hundreds more.

Are their stories punctuated with humour! Young Jim, a Cockney, "It must 'ave been abaht the middle of the night and all of a sudden I 'eard a dull explosion. I lent over the bunk rail and said, 'Danny, did you hear that funny noise?' 'I told you not to eat that cheese', Danny replied, but it wasn't cheese, for no sooner had the words left my mouth when the 3rd mate, all officious like, came and ordered us all on Deck. 'Put your life jackets on and muster at your boat station, there's a spot of bother.' We had run right into a nest of subs. Just as I got on deck a tanker copped a tin fish—you ought to have seen her go up. We all stood in little groups with a fierce red glow on our faces. 'God rest their souls', said our bo'sun. I 'arf 'ad a lump in my throat. 'Come on', said Chips, 'let's get a cup of coffee in the galley.' Just then the corvette opened up. 'Look', yelled Chips, 'they've got the sub!!!' Well, we got through. Was I glad to get home." That was Cockey — Cockey whose mother had been killed in the blitz on London. "They'll never kill that spirit", he'd say, "there's too many 'Old Bill's', he said, showing me one of Bainsfather's old cartoons of the immortal grousing, but brave British tommy of 1914-18, whose sons are now fighting for democracy all over the world. We can still laugh at ourselves but don't let anybody else do it!

## SEAMAN TELLS OF GOING NATIVE ON ISLE OFF INDIA

A group of islands where sarongs are the only style and a man can find his breakfast in the backyard or plunge into a natural pool if he wants to relax, was described yesterday by a merchant seaman who said he and thirteen shipmates found these idyllic conditions after they were torpedoed in the Indian Ocean.

Through the guidance of the Recruitment and Manning Organization of the War Shipping Administration, the seaman was found stretched out on a cot in a room at the *Seamen's Church Institute*, 25 South Street, poring over mementos of his stay on the islands.

He is *George Jordan*, a thirty-year-old Virginian and former construction worker. Broad-shouldered and deeply tanned, he stroked a fringe of beard as he reminisced at length about the islands, the coconuts, the breadfruit trees and the peaceful atmosphere that pervaded what he said was his idea of paradise.

The islands, in the Indian Ocean, had practically everything a sensible man would want, said Mr. Jordan, no street-cars, no automobiles, no noise and no bustle. There were even sloe-eyed maidens, he said, but they kept in the back-ground.

He said he was just a neophyte as a seaman, having signed up with the Marine, Firemen, Oilers, Watertenders and Wipers Association of the Pacific a year ago to go to sea. He made three voyages without mishap before the cargo vessel he sailed on as a fireman was torpedoed and sunk last June in the Indian Ocean.

### Boats Are Separated

Fourteen other men and he piled into a lifeboat and during the night they drifted away from two other boats, he said. They decided on a course to the nearest islands and hoped for the best because the wind and current were taking them from the course.

The second day at sea, one of the seamen who was badly burned died and he was buried at sea, said Mr. Jordan.

The men felt they had an adequate supply of food and water and helped pass the time by talking about steaks and chops and ignoring the near-by sharks.

The eighth day after the torpedoing, Mr. Jordan recalled, the men sighted an island. They were spotted by natives who guided them away from dangerous reefs to a safe cove. When the seamen reached shore, the natives were suspicious because some survivors had been burned and bruised in the torpedoing.

"They thought we had a disease and told us in sign language to keep our distance," Mr. Jordan said.

A native doctor, laden with herbs and a wealth of mumbo-jumbo, was sum-

moned. He looked the men over and after they managed to convey to the natives and the doctor that they had been torpedoed, they were escorted to the village.

"It was a beautiful walk, birds singing, chockful of fruit trees and real peaceful-like," said Mr. Jordan.

The men were not allowed to enter the confines of the village until they had washed their feet, Mr. Jordan continued. The village itself was quite a place, he added. "There were just thatched huts, but plenty of room between each and gardens around all of them," he said.

Before they were given anything to eat, the seamen had to take a bath, Mr. Jordan recalled with a chuckle. "They really are finicky about cleanliness," he said. The abolutions finished, each man received a sarong to replace his tattered clothing.

"We kidded about the sarongs at first, but they were pretty comfortable after we got used to them."

Then they were fed curry and rice and fruit and left to do as they pleased. This was right down Mr. Jordan's alley. For two days he wandered around the island, eating fruit when he wanted some and drinking coconut milk. He said he lay on the beach for hours looking at the stars and dived into near-by pools when he became overheated.

The third day on the island the natives took the survivors to a boat and guided them to a larger island. The second island, Mr. Jordan said, was just as good. "It was real contentment, nothing to do but eat, swim and relax, and nobody to bother you," he recalled.

The seamen were on the second island only a few hours before a British plane landed. The R. A. F. crew gave the men cigarettes and said they were on a routine mission. The flyers introduced them to the native chieftain, who could speak English, and then departed.

### Liked Going Native

For two more days, Mr. Jordan said, he wandered as he pleased around the larger island. "Maybe I was going native, but I really liked it."

The men were roused the third day of their stay on the larger island and put out to sea in a large boat. They sailed through reefs under the skillful hands of a native crew, and after several days arrived at the harbor of a port in Ceylon. Still dressed in their sarongs, they were questioned by military officials and driven in rickshaws.

"Everything else after that was routine," said Mr. Jordan. "But some day I'm going back to those islands and not as a torpedoed sailor either. I've still got my sarong." He patted a duffle bag affectionately.

*N. Y. Herald Tribune, Sept. 20, 1943*

# Jan's Garden

By Cecil M. Jones

JAN, Holland-born but an American national, never really forsook customs and mannerisms of the land of his birth. One can almost say he was as Dutch in his ways and outlook as any Mynheer of the Lowlands.

But he was an exception to all other seamen I have ever sailed with, as at sea, thanks to Jan, we had an unheard of luxury which even the most modern liners don't possess—a garden.

As ship's carpenter, and a first class one, at that, he naturally had his little shop forward and a small space aft where he kept his timber stock.

Each of these had its specific place in the planning and planting of his tiny stock of seeds.

First he helped himself to any kind of soil or dirt lying about the quay. To this he added some preparation of dark brown stuff he carried with him, and then carefully sifted and heated the mixture to kill slugs and grubs, he said. This soil was placed in small shallow boxes. Then little tins and vials, old envelopes and balls of paper appeared. This represented his stock of seeds. There were no garish packets, and clean, beautiful, lithographed seedman's catalogues. Just a small collection of the kind of rubbish that you might find in a schoolboy's pocket.

The soil was wetted and then the seeds planted in the shallow boxes.

Some of the boxes vanished down the poop hatch to mature in darkness. Others had a privileged position on the fo'c's'le head with, if necessary, and when the sun was hot, little awnings of tarpaulin and burlap bags to protect them.

At night those boxes were tucked away in his shop.

Weeks later little green shoots commenced peeping through and soon the boxes from the dark of the poop hatch came to light.

Within a month to six weeks these tiny shoots were already hugging slim strips of wood as they crept higher toward the sun.

In the evening, smoking on the after deck, Jan would survey his little box-held holdings, and gradually as he transplanted from one box to another and subdivided these plants and those, he eventually had a dozen boxes of sturdy plants as well as several jars and pots with single plants.

He grew a kind of dwarf fuchsia, a creeping plant with vine-line leaves, all festooned with blue and white bells, pansies, a dozen other fragile flowers. One pretty small flower only opened at night time.

Frequently he spoke of Holland and its tulip fields. I believe that when he was just looking at his few flowers he was back in the flat country.

Once he took me into his cabin and showed me a small collection of miniature cacti plants.

Each one represented hours of much trudging in outlandish foreign ports. He called it his "Always garden" as he always carried it from ship to ship.

It was his last trip with us and twenty-four hours out our mess table had four little jars of flowers decorating its center.

He hated cutting his flowers, but we had a new mate who had no respect for old Jan's horticultural excursions. His seed trays he called "dirt boxes" and wouldn't ever again allow them to decorate the gloom of "Chippy's" shop or the dismalness of the poop hatch. So Jan in his old world way bowed before authority with a quick smile and made our mess hall a brighter place even if only for one day.

He paid off taking his "Always garden" with him, a few seed pods he had plucked from his dying stems and the heartfelt thanks of a hard fo'c's'le crowd for the color he had added to a long voyage.

With Jan paying off many of us paid off, too. It would have been lonely on that ship without the Central Park and Bronx Botanical garden or his tiny boxes fore and aft.

## THE MERCHANT NAVY MEN

They know no ease, the Merchant Navy men,

Not home, with the good day done,  
But the high gale and the steep sea.

The searing of cold and of sun;

Voyage end, and voyage begun.

They may not rest; they wait in the dusk, the dawn.

The flash and the tearing of steel,

The ice-wrarp of the cold wave,

The cinders of thirst in the throat

And madness that sits in the boat.

They know no help, they see these things alone;

No uniform, linking in pride,

Nor the hard hand and the straight brace

Of discipline holding upright,

But their own soul in the night.

They claim no gain, the Merchant Navy men;

A wage, and the lot of the sea,

The job done, and their fair name,

And peace at the end of their way.

They give; must we not repay?

*Reprinted by Britain*

Originally printed in Punch as part of an appeal for the "Comforts Fund."

# The American Merchant Marine in a Post-War World

By Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, U.S.N. (Ret.)

Chairman, U.S. Maritime Commission and War Shipping Administrator

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The future of American shipping was the subject of a two-day conference of maritime officials at the American Merchant Marine Conference held at the Waldorf-Astoria jointly with the Propeller Clubs of the United States. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York sent representatives to the conference who participated in the panel discussions. Among the speakers were Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, U.S.N. (Ret.), Chairman, U. S. Maritime Commission and War Shipping Administrator. Following are excerpts from his speech.*

This world-wide war, this war of transportation, has reestablished our nation as one of the world's strongest maritime powers. Our Merchant Marine, now the largest in our history and rivaling any other for size and quality, is a war-created resource. Our problem, now that our shipbuilding industry has reached its production peak and is fully capable of meeting its goals, is to continue our Merchant Marine in the post-war future as a resource. We must not repeat mistakes made in the wake of the last war. . . .

In preliminary discussions of our post-war policies, we of the Maritime Commission and some spokesmen for the shipping industry have stated that our objective should be to have our merchant ships carry a *substantial portion* of our nation's foreign commerce, both imports and exports—a greater portion than ships under the American flag have carried for many years. Since 1900 they have carried as little as eight percent, and seldom have exceeded the 30 percent mark. . . .

The future of our merchant marine is, of course, subject to international policies and adjustments. Ships engaged in domestic trade are a domestic matter, and do not impinge upon our relations with other countries. Ships which go abroad, however, are instruments of foreign policy and must be treated as such. The United States has no desire to thwart the legitimate aspirations of other nations at sea. We know that shipping is more important to some nations than it is to others. At the same time, we have learned by experience that a sizeable merchant marine is necessary to our own security. We try to understand the necessities and the special needs of our friends in other lands; we hope—and I think we have a right to expect—that

they will do the same for us. . . .

Due to the peculiar value of ships for purposes of trade and defense, the nations habitually maintain more ships than can profitably be employed. A study recently completed at the Commissions shows that for practically the entire period between the two wars the world suffered from a chronic surplussage of vessels in international trade. That condition is bad for everyone. It is bad for the owners and operators of ships; it is bad for the builders of ships; it is bad for the taxpayers in those countries whose shipping requires subsidies to survive; it is bad for foreign trade, diverting into unprofitable competition resources which might be expended for other purposes; it is bad, finally, for the whole delicate machinery of international affairs upon which foreign trade, domestic prosperity, and even peace itself, depend. . . .

We have become the greatest shipbuilders of all time. Our nation observed Victory Fleet Day on September 27. It was the second anniversary of the launching of the *Patrick Henry*, No. 1 Liberty ship. In the intervening two years, our shipyards delivered into war service more than 2,100 merchant vessels aggregating 22,000,000 deadweight tons.

Our shipbuilding program from its inception back in 1938 to the end of 1944, as now scheduled, means a total production of about 50,000,000 deadweight tons of merchant craft. That is two-thirds as much merchant tonnage as existed in the world when Hitler plunged Europe into war in September 1939. Our schedules until the end of next year call for delivery of about six ships a day. That is approximately our present level of production. We have capacity to build 20,000,000 deadweight tons a year if materials and manpower are available, and we can continue that pace indefinitely so long as war needs demand.

We have reached the point where we are diverting an increased proportion of our facilities to the building of fast ships. Up to this time the bulk of our production has been of the Liberty Ship type—the standardized emergency cargo vessel. To date slightly more than 1,500 of them have been put into United Nations war service.

The Liberty ship is a product for war use. It can be classed with the tank, the fighting planes and other material of war. It was produced to be expendable if necessary. If expended, it had served

its purpose. Its production was necessitated because of a definite limitation on the amount of propulsive equipment available for our higher type ships. . . .

What are we going to do with all of our ships at the end of the war? . . . Take our Liberty ships, for instance. Assume we will have 2,000 of them. What shall we do with them? You who would attempt to solve this problem have several options. The United States may:

(1) Give them away. (2) Sell them. (3) Charter them on bareboat or time basis. (4) Hold them in reserve for emergency use. (5) Scrap them. (6) Place them in an international shipping pool.

The American people have paid for them. They can take their choice. It is my considered judgment that we should have a proper reserve merchant fleet ready for immediate use to meet any contingency. Other than that, my mind is open with regard to the post-war disposition of Libertys.

Let us look next at our standard types, our fast ships, the C-classes, tankers, coasters, etc. There, in my judgment, is the nubbin of the post-war problem. The Libertys will be a problem of disposition; the fast ships will be a problem of utilization. It is always easier to dispose of something than it is to make intelligent use of it. I therefore believe that we should concentrate most of our energies, once victory has been achieved and the peace written, on the scientific use of the modern fleet which we shall have inherited out of the shambles of war. This fleet will give us the greatest opportunity we have had for 75 years to keep our flag flying at sea; simultaneously it will present us with a great opportunity for service to all mankind.

All ships, in my opinion, should be made available for private purchase and private operation. The Merchant Marine Act of 1936 directs us to employ private ownership and operation "so far as practicable." I believe we should stick to that policy. . . .

The big question in this whole picture, of course, is the amount of shipping which we shall be able to operate under the American flag—first, in the immediate post-war period, secondly, on a permanent basis. Of the two periods, the latter is the important one. It will be easy going right after the war: there will be plenty of stuff to be moved, and we will have ships to move it. However, this won't solve our problem. We are interested in a permanent, long-range Merchant Marine. We won't get that kind of a merchant marine out of emergency operations. It is something that we will have to sweat over for the next 20 years. Success in shipping, as elsewhere, calls for energy and vision and

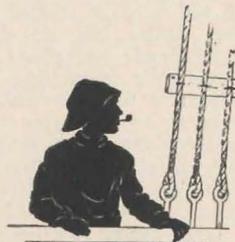
hard work. . . .

Another service inaugurated by the Maritime Commission and vastly expanded by war needs insures the shipping industry of an adequate supply of highly trained offshore personnel. Recently the United States Merchant Marine Academy was dedicated at Kings Point, Long Island. It will serve our Merchant Marine as Annapolis serves the Navy and West Point the Army. Thoroughly educated and well trained officers will be graduated from that Academy in such numbers as the industry may require. The United States Maritime Service will train adequate unlicensed personnel. Never before in our history has the Merchant Marine won such recognition or assistance from Government. Surely these things are indicative of closer cooperation and better understanding between us.

This war has developed also a mutuality of interest between management and labor which is evidenced not only by our unprecedented ship construction but by the inspiring record of performance established by our merchant ships at sea. Their record is one of the truly glorious chapters in the history of this world-wide conflict. Our merchant seamen have paid a greater proportionate toll than any other service in life, hardship and sacrifice. It is truly fitting that not only the Congress but our Navy as well has seen fit to award our merchant sailors appropriate decorations for heroic service. . . .

In closing, I wish to read a tribute which appears in the House Appropriations Committee report on War Shipping Administration appropriations for the fiscal year 1944: (I quote)

"The American Merchant Marine is rendering a heroic service and writing an illustrious chapter in this war. When the full history of World War II is written, the programs, the administration, and the functioning of the Maritime Commission and the War Shipping Administration, both through construction and operation, from the top admiral down the commissioned line to ships' officers and seamen and from the civilian directory to the supplementary civilian personnel, will be found to be significant contribution to victory." (End quote)



## THE WAR AT SEA\*

### IX

The fingering eye lifts through the shifting wave  
And finds the target at the Plimsoll mark  
And fate rides through the waters with a spalk  
Of malice from the teeth of a German knave.  
From the Hudson gorge to the Amazon's yellow spate  
Von Raeder's sea wolves run the lanes in packs  
Or stalk the convoys off the rutted tracks  
And strew seabottom with dead men and freight.  
The great tankers staunch their mortal wounds with sand,  
And black blood clots along the pebbled shore;  
To count the dead who perished at the door  
Sweep back the tidal water from the land!  
If one could harness wind to sweep the tide  
He'd find where wolf and lamb lay down together  
And where the airman with his crumpled feather  
Tossed death a plume in the moment of his pride.

### X

Fogarty-Fegan met the German cruiser  
And like a gander hissed the circling fox  
And gave the sullen warning to his flocks  
Who spread their wings. Who won and who was loser,  
Since *Jervis Bay* and its fighting crew were gathered  
In the bosom of dark waters? Dead men's valor  
Is not forgotten since the brave grow taller  
In time's vast shadow whence all fame is fathered.  
Few men the fighting sailors left to grieve  
The liner cut in twain by the *Admiral Scheer*.  
But they remember well the final cheer  
When Fogarty-Fegan waved a bloody sleeve.  
Much oil has spilled upon the troubled ocean  
Some blood has spilled on the tanker's lowly deck,  
But sailors who go down in the blazing wreck  
Drink oil and blood and salt in bitter potion.

\*Excerpt from a long narrative poem entitled "The Bottom of the Sea", by A. M. Sullivan. Reprinted by permission of the author.

Here's how the sea news of the day is reckoned;

*Charles Pratt*, five million gallons of oil  
Goes down and a million years of Nature's toil

Is lost forever in an angry second:  
The *Waistero* sinks and the sea becomes a glutton;

Ten thousand side of beef from the Argentine

Are lost off Cornwall when a submarine  
Makes England sigh and count her hoard of mutton.

The *Western Prince* with planes and ammunition

From Windsor and Detroit take down the labor

Of the dour Canadian and his Yankee neighbor,

The ocean floor is paved with hate's attrition,

For thirty million tons of ships are lost  
In black abyss, on reef or fishing bank,

Five thousand seamen perished where they sank

Five thousand women count the greater cost.

## MERCHANT MARINE

How dare you say they do not fight  
Those men who sail into the night.  
How dare you call them cowards who  
To dodge the draft have joined the crew.  
Perhaps they do not man the guns,  
No, they deliver to fighting sons  
The goods to carry on the fight  
To keep the torch of freedom bright  
They go through storm and fog and snow  
And dodge the enemy as they go  
They go through "Hell on Earth" so we  
Can still retain our liberty.

And that is why there never has been  
A coward who stayed in the Merchant Marine.

Marie B. Nolan—age 17

## PHONOGRAPHS NEEDED

All types of victrolas are in demand by ships' crews. Our ship visitors give out both portable and table types. Our staff carpenter can cut down some of the larger cabinet types so as to make them more convenient for shipboard use. If you wish our station wagon to call for a victrola, kindly notify the Department of Special Services, 25 South Street, New York, 4, N. Y. BOWling Green 9-2710. And, of course, we always need victrola records, both popular and classical. Music helps to enliven the off-duty hours of seamen who must sail in blacked-out ships, with no radios permitted.

## The National War Fund

The National War Fund and Community War Chest campaigns which are being conducted throughout the country are offering Americans an opportunity to contribute to many war-time agencies established for service men and women, for our Allies and on the home front.

In answer to the question raised by friends of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York regarding the Institute's participation in this Fund, we would like to state that the Institute is not a member of the National War Fund because it is not strictly a war-time agency. It exists, for the welfare of merchant seamen of all races and creeds, in peace and in war. Year in, year out, day and night, its services go on. Of course, as in the first World War, we are again doing war work, and we have expanded many of our services to help welcome and befriend the increasing numbers of new seamen entering our American Merchant Marine and those of the United Nations. The In-

stitute has also sheltered more than 100 crews of torpedoed or otherwise shipwrecked merchant vessels since the war started. But we were not established during the war or because of the war. Since 1844 we have existed for the single purpose of providing "Safety, Comfort and Inspiration" for the men of the sea.

Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York are exempt from Federal and State income tax. The Federal Revenue Act encourages individuals and corporations to contribute to private philanthropic, religious and educational institutions.

The Institute is counting on the continued generosity and loyal support of its friends in helping us to maintain this largest shore home in the world for the men of the Merchant Marine. Such *voluntary* support encourages us to carry on our activities and to expand such facilities as may need expansion when the need arises.

— M. D. C.

### LOG BOOK

By Frank Laskier

*Charles Scribner's Sons.* \$1.25

The author, a merchant seaman, gives us a striking picture of life at sea in the British Merchant Navy. He tells of his own undisciplined years and of the sobering effect of seas and ships on his character. No where in Conrad's or in Masefield's writings can one find as much of the real seaman—his tragedies and yearnings, his love of the sea, his toughness and his humanity, and, when the test comes, of his simple heroism facing the enemy's malice. In 1941, Frank Laskier, rescued from a torpedoed merchant vessel, survived two days of agony on a raft in a shark-ridden sea and came back to tell his stories over the British Broadcasting Corporation. In November, 1941, he returned, with an artificial leg, to sea as a seaman gunner. Lewis Gannett in

the "Herald-Tribune" considered this "one of the starkest, most magnificent and most moving stories to come out of the war". This reviewer agrees, but would add, that it is also the most bitter, for the author is bitter at his own wasted years, bitter at England, but most bitter of all at the Germans. His bitterness, we feel, is not typical of merchant seamen, either British or American. Most of them have a real and optimistic attitude toward the war, and their part in winning the peace.

M. D. C.

### SHIP OUTFITTER'S HANDBOOK

*Cornell Maritime Press*—\$3.00.

By Emil M. Hansen

### SQUARE KNOT TATTING, FRINGE AND KNEEDLEWORK

*Cornell Maritime Press*—\$1.50

By Raoul Graumont and John Hansel



## SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN Provided by The Seamen's Church Institute of New York

JANUARY 1 — OCTOBER 1, 1943

<b>276,178</b>	Lodgings
<b>131,837</b>	Baggage units handled
<b>884,113</b>	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant
<b>257,017</b>	Sales at News Stand
<b>31,749</b>	Calls at Laundry, Barber and Tailor Shops
<b>13,634</b>	Total attendance at <b>529</b> Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island
<b>38,503</b>	Personal Service Interviews
<b>254</b>	Missing Seamen located
<b>88,741</b>	Total attendance at <b>265</b> Entertainments, such as Movies, Concerts, Lectures and Sports
<b>9,271</b>	Credit Loans to <b>4,148</b> individual Seamen
<b>4,444</b>	Pieces of Clothing and <b>1104</b> Knitted articles distributed
<b>3,912</b>	Treatments in Clinics
<b>10,900</b>	Visits at Apprentices' Room
<b>1,722</b>	Visits to Ships by Institute Representatives
<b>14,391</b>	Deposits of Seamen's Earnings in Banks
<b>4,425</b>	Jobs secured for Seamen
<b>14,015</b>	Attendance of Seamen Readers in Conrad Library;
<b>8,398</b>	Books and <b>56,650</b> Magazines distributed
<b>31,915</b>	Total attendance of Cadets and Seamen at <b>1,584</b> Lectures in Merchant Marine School; <b>3,111</b> new students enrolled
<b>12,016</b>	Incoming Telephone Calls for Seamen

### THEATRE BENEFIT REMINDER

Monday evening, November 29th, the Institute has reserved the orchestra and mezzanine of the Martin Beck Theatre for a benefit performance of a new musical version of Mark Twain's story "CONNECTICUT YANKEE". LOOK-OUT readers who have not already made reservations for seats should write for information regarding tickets, scale of prices, etc. to Mr. Harry Forsyth, Chairman Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York, 4, N. Y.

WE ARE COUNTING ON  
YOUR LOYAL SUPPORT  
OF THIS BENEFIT

### BOOKS NEEDED

Are you a member of the Book of the Month Club or the Literary Guild or the Dollar Book Club? If so, when you finish reading this month's book, won't you please put it back in its cardboard container and address it to the Conrad Library, 25 South Street, New York, 4, N. Y. You can send it for the book rate of three cents.

We also need more Westerns and Mysteries—books by such authors as Buck Billings, Max Brand, Clem Colt, Peter Dawson, Zane Grey, Wm. A. Seltzer, Wm. M. Raine, etc. Each week the Institute's Library sends over 500 current books to crews of merchant ships. So our supply is constantly running low. Your help will be appreciated.

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