

The

LOOKOUT



GOODWILL SHIPS

by Cliff Parkhurst

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The LOOKOUT

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Sanctuary FOR PROTECTION

O Eternal God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; receive all seamen and the ships in which they serve into Thy Almighty and gracious protection; preserve them from the dangers of the sea and from the manifold temptations and trials which beset their lives; grant that they may return in safety to their homes, with a thankful remembrance of Thy mercies, to praise and glorify Thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

PLEASE SAVE THIS DATE

Our Annual Fall Theatre Benefit will be held at the Henry Miller Theatre on THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 10th, where Brock Pemberton (producer of "Harvey") is presenting a new play "THE MAGNIFICENT

HEEL" by Constance O'Hara. PEGGY WOOD and BERT LYTELL are stars in this play, which is about a columnist and a State Department official. The dialogue is bright, amusing, and the situation timely and controversial.

WE ARE COUNTING ON YOUR LOYAL SUPPORT

The Lookout

VOL. XXXVII

SEPTEMBER, 1946

NUMBER 9

Bob, the Seagoing Gazelle

By L. J. Lake, Radio Operator

THE way in which a dog or a cat will adapt itself to the peculiar life of a ship and become a real part of it is amazing. Even more amazing is how such a timid creature as a gazelle could do it. All the same, on one ship on which the writer sailed, a gazelle was not only the pet but, since it was a Naval ship, was duly enrolled on the ship's books as a member of the crew with ship's books number and all!

No one was more conscious of his singularity than "Bob" himself. He soon developed such a character and so many little mannerisms that he was the delight of the entire ship's company. While he still maintained his nervous aloofness with strangers, he soon got to know and accept as shipmates, all the members of the crew. He even showed very decided preferences between seafarers and landlubbers.

One day, when the ship went alongside the dock for small repairs some workmen came in over the gangway. As they were approaching it from the shore end, Bob, with a very proprietary air, walked over to see what was to do. He stood there, feet firmly planted, rigid, staring at the intruders. Bob knew they were "not of us" so, his baleful glare having no effect, he gave a sudden hearty snort of disgust and walked contemptuously away!

When the ship was docked for a few days our pet took "shore leave" in common with his shipmates. No one tried to stop him or feared for his return. We knew where he went — to a place not far away where there was a herd of goats among which he appeared to have a hectic time.

But he always did come back just before the ship was due to sail. Most astounding of all is the fact that he did so whatever number of days we were docked.

However, even though he "did return on board in a disreputable state unbecoming to the Naval Service" he never committed the heinous crime of "being absent without leave". A mild reprimand usually met his case and, after a good feed, which he appeared sorely in need of, Bob could be found for the next few hours comfortably reclining under a torpedo tube, chewing the cud of that same meal as he meditated. Who knows what was passing through the old rascal's mind?

Evenings, when the fatigue parties were up on deck peeling tomorrow's potatoes, Bob would be in very close attendance to eat the peelings as they came off. He was very fond of this food and I actually took a photograph of him with his mouth right on to the knife so that the peel went straight into his mouth from the potato without any intervening space! Nothing pleased him better than a raw potato cut up.

Everybody on board from the Captain down was, of course, very fond of Bob and this was shown in an incident which proved the climax to Bob's career.

The ship was well out to sea one afternoon. The sea was a little choppy and there was a bit of swell which gave the ship a slight roll.

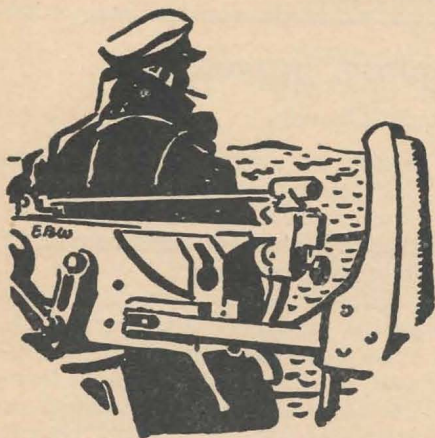
Bob, as was his custom, was taking his "constitutional" by walking up and down in the approved manner of sailors. He was a bit groggy

(Continued on Page 10)

Why I Go to Sea

By Capt. John S. Conaghan

HONORABLE MENTION IN
ESSAY CONTEST



Captain Conaghan has been a merchant seaman for 29 years and claims he has had no hair-raising adventures. He was born in 1902 in Yorkshire, England; ran away to sea in 1917; sailed under four flags and steam before his 18th birthday. He is married, has three children who are 10th generation American on one side and first generation on the other. Capt. Conaghan has tried three times to work ashore but "this dulce far niente life has spoiled me for the land." He is at present sailing master with Standard Oil of New Jersey.

*Drawing by Earle Winslow
Farrar & Rinehart, Publishers
From "Delilah" by Marcus Goodrich*

"**O**NLY the fool of the family goes to sea!" I've heard it said many times. Tonight I'm sure of it.

My day began at four a.m. I had two hours under my belt before the sun rose behind a massed cloud bank. It was a bad start. Sunrise and breakfast were both sour.

After breakfast I took a quick dive down No. 8 fuel tank to survey a cracked hull plate. Seven hours later I emerged to drop my clothes over the side and bathe in kerosene and tincture of green soap before climbing to the bridge for another four hour trick. Tomorrow, if the concrete patch over the damage is tight, I'll perhaps be able to again look on my chosen profession with a less jaundiced eye. But tonight I'm sure it's a fool's life.

I might have stayed on the railroad, and eventually risen to be a station master, become a deacon in the church (I had a class in Sunday school) and a prominent member of the community. But I went to sea. The sea has been kind to me. I have respected her power and humored her caprices. In return she has borne me safely through two wars on full rations with only fleeting glimpses of the Four Horsemen. She has given me leisure in which to savour and enjoy life. In addition to a decent living she has given me a liberal education. Shown me sunrises and sunsets you will never see from city streets.

Sixteen hour days are not the rule I must admit. After almost three decades of plowing the "Fenceless Meadows" I should know better. Stout ships and fair winds have carried me across them to marvel at the wonders of both God and man. I have stood bareheaded on the Mount of Olives and seen Jerusalem ivory-white and peaceful in the moonlight. From a front row seat I have watched the death struggle of sea titans roil a placid sea with bloody foam while the scavengers surged on the side lines.

I go to sea because of this stuff of dreams and fantasy; this clean heady wine of freedom; this kaleidoscope of pulse-quickening scenes and action that constantly renews the urge that sent me first to sea.

Yesterday that urge drove the Phoenicians' galleys beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Tomorrow it will sail the luxury cruise ship.

"Only the fool of the family goes to sea?" Maybe so! But some chosen few get paid for going.

The "Elsie" and the "Blue Nose"

By Angela Geele (A Fisherman's Daughter)

(An item in a recent "Lookout" about the sinking of the "Bluenose" brought to mind the fishermen's races of some years ago.)

I HAVE just read the death notice of a friend—and a rival—of mine. I died some time ago and in that haven where the ghosts of good ships go I am searching for the wraith of the "Bluenose".

I am the "Elsie", a fishing schooner out of Gloucester, for many years going dory hand-lining to the Grand Banks and most of the time coming home the high liner, with Captain Alden Geele as skipper.

As I said, the "Bluenose" and I were rivals. She, too, was a fisherman from Lunenburg and Captain Angus Walters was master. We were rivals in the Fishermen's Races off Halifax in 1921 and I was defeated. The "Bluenose" was a great racing schooner, as was amply shown many times when she defeated the other contenders from Gloucester. She was not a beautiful vessel except as all ships are beautiful with full sails set and racing through the water—but there was never another fisherman could out-race her.

★ ★ ★

The Fishermen's Races, with the exception of the first one when the "Esperanto" defeated the "Delawanna" at Gloucester, were held off Halifax. Many will remember the cold, grey October days and the crowds of people making their way to the Breakwater in the early morning—the vessels, with the flags flying, at the starting line—9:00 A.M. and the starting gun—the ships sailing out with captains making up the crew that day—men who loved the ships and the sea and the joy of racing—the press boat—the Government destroyers carrying the representatives of Canada and the United States—many small craft—



The "Elsie"

the races have started! All day the bulletin boards outside the newspaper offices are crowded with people watching the progress of the race and at last, in the late afternoon, the ships coming up the harbor—the guns booming from the Citadel—the jubilation of the winner and the even greater applause for the loser—the throngs on the wharf—the bets made and lost—the dinners and celebrations at the "Halifax" and the "Queen" and the sailing of the race all over again—the preparations for the next day's race—two out of three was the rule, to be won by a bona fide fishing schooner.

The first international race was held in 1920 when the "Esperanto" of the United States won from the Canadian "Delawanna". The next year the "Esperanto" was wrecked off Sable Island, her crew being rescued by Captain Geele in the "Elsie". The jinx which followed the Gloucester ships had begun and it never ended.

In 1921 the "Elsie" lost to the "Bluenose", her foretopmast being

carried away in the second race. Another was stepped that night but she lost two more races—"poor little Elsie". She was wrecked some years later off Sable Island and all hands were lost with the exception of her captain and six men who rowed for 49 hours in freezing weather until at last they reached the shore.

The following year the "Puritan" was built as a contender for the Cup but two months after being launched she was wrecked off Sable Island. The "Henry Ford", built and owned by Captain Clayton Morrissey, was finally launched and after many mishaps won two races, one of which was disallowed by the judges and the next two went to the "Bluenose". The jinx was still following the Gloucestermen and the "Henry Ford" went down with all hands off Sable Island, having cost Clayt Morrissey all his savings and his chance of ever winning a race.

A syndicate in Gloucester then built the "Columbia" as a contender—a beautiful vessel with long, clean lines, more like a yacht than a fisherman. Capt. Geele was her master and there were those who said she would never make a trip to the Banks. On her maiden trip she was rammed by a French beam trawler off St. Pierre, towed in for repairs and then to the Banks, coming home with a record catch. Another trip to the Banks and then on to the races at Halifax, where she was sailed by Marty Welch—a little man with a big hat, and a fine racing captain. However, the "Bluenose" out-sailed her and the hopes of Gloucester were dashed again.

The "Gertrude Thebaud" followed but was no match for the old "Bluenose" and the Cup remained in Lunenburg.

The racing days were over, the "Bluenose" went into the coastal service, was on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair, was sunk for four days and raised again, was

used as a training ship and at last, after many years of a useful and glamorous life, was wrecked off Haiti in January 1946. She not only out-raced them all but out-lived them all—those great racing schooners now all at the bottom of the sea.

The fishermen's races between the United States and Canada (Gloucester and Lunenburg) have been over for many years. Of the mariners of those days only Capt. Ben Pine survives but the spirit of the men still lives—men who raced not only for the joy of racing but with great pride in their vessels. There is no dory hand-lining these days—no being out in little dories on a cold, rough sea, separated from their vessel sometimes for days on end—no being gone for three to four months in the cold and storms of the Grand Banks and Georges Shoal—in a poor season going up the coast of Labrador looking for the fish—racing back to Gloucester for the first boat in got the best price for its fish (that was the start of the races). Now the radio gives the price of fish and the weather report, motors have taken the place of sail and the smell of gasoline instead of the good, clean smell of rope and canvas. Perhaps the races will be resumed one of these days—the real races between the fishermen and not the commercialized races they became during the last few years—and the souls of those master mariners who sailed hard and loved their vessels will look down on the newcomers and see that these ships, too, are "able, handsome ladies, and they're going home".

★ ★ ★

And I, resting here, with my sails furled, talk over old days and sail the races again with my sister ships, and we will give a rousing welcome to the "Bluenose" who has lately joined us—the champion of us all.

The Bosun

By Tom O'Reilly



ALTHOUGH a tough taskmaster, the bosun was a quiet, kindly man and obviously the hero of the entire crew. As one rugged seaman put it, "That baby's wrung more salt out of his socks than any other jerk on this tub ever sailed over." About the only chance I ever got to talk to the bosun was on Sunday afternoons when he was sewing a sea bag or mending something in his fo'c'sle, or on a day when he was patching up an awning on deck and had time for a bit of conversation. Otherwise he was always busy bossing the crew.

Although there were generally four men to each fo'c'sle, the bosun shared his only with Chips, the ship's carpenter. Furthermore, in the crew's mess the bosun had a table to himself, with much the same dignity enjoyed by the Skipper. He was very proud of his sewing and also the fancy canvas ditty bag in which he carried not only needles, palms, fids, wax, canvas, and sewing lines, but also an occasional monkey wrench, coat hanger, and any other odds and ends which he thought might prove useful in the future. It was a great day for me when he gave me a nifty brass coat hanger, and Lieutenant Hanger was almost as delighted on receiving a rope knitted watch fob, as was Cadet Don Goostrey, who achieved the signal honor

of having the bosun make him a beautiful sea bag, with a trick Turk's-head knot on the bottom and a brass marlinspike for a handle.

Using pliers to pull the waxed twine through a piece of canvas with fancy baseball, herringbone, flat, and round seam stitches, the bosun would laugh and say, "My landlady, Mrs. Harrison, in New Orleans, is always puzzled when I go out in the back yard to sew my clothes. She looks in this ditty bag and says 'Mr. Karlson, you certainly bring out the queerest things when you sit down to sew.' I guess women can't help feelin' funny when they know a man can sew better than they can."

To repeat, the bosun didn't mind going around the Horn at all, had been there before in fact, because he preferred life aboard ship and rarely went ashore in port, except possibly for an occasional stroll and a quiet beer. Although he's been a United States citizen for years, the farthest inland he ever ventured was on a railroad journey from an East coast port to a ship in Mobile. He didn't like it, probably because he figured it was too complicated and dangerous.

Every time the "Mulligan Stew" passed a sailing vessel—and we passed quite a few—the bosun was all eyes. He prefers sailboats to steamboats and would probably

It's Time To Start Packing!



One Day Nearer Christmas.

Dear "Lookout" Readers:

The Christmas Boxes packed and filled by our many friends caused such grateful letters as the one John wrote from the high seas: "Today we had a real Christmas at sea. It was a great suprise to receive gift boxes sent by the Seamen's Church Institute, and I want to take this means to express my thanks and gratitude to you unknown friends for your remembrance."

Last year over 8,000 Boxes were placed aboard ships, distributed to seamen in hospitals and to boys in the Maritime Training Centers. Each seaman who spent Christmas Day at the Institute, the only shore home for many, found a gayly wrapped package with a Christmas message on his bed.

Let us help such men as those of the crew which sent the following letter: "We, the members of the crew of the SS George Sharwood wish to thank you people who gave your time and means in remembering us through the Christmas packages which we received before sailing. It is with the feeling of deepest appreciation that we realize that wherever we go there travels with us the thoughts and good wishes of the American people."

Here is a note from a lonely man far from home who spent Christmas Day at the Institute: "I am a British seaman from Glasgow, Scotland, and Christmas without your family is not usually enjoyable, but your parcel took the place of my family. There was all the excitement and surprise of opening the parcels and in my fancy I was back home again."

From one of the hospitals came this message: "I want to thank you for the very pleasant Christmas surprise which I received yesterday. Having been a semi-prisoner in these institutions off and on for the greater part of five years all for the crime of having T.B., I had been somewhat disgusted with the world in general but I guess it's not so bad after all."

Will you help to see that these men, many of them far from home, have a Christmas Box this year?

Gratefully yours,

Mrs. Grafton Burke, Secretary,
Central Council of Associations,
25 South St., New York 4, N. Y.

Please write for boxes to fill. If you are unable to fill a box personally, a check or money order for \$3.00 will pay for having a box filled and wrapped in your name.

Regular contributors to the Institute's HOLIDAY FUND are asked to please continue their gifts, and to regard the Christmas boxes as EXTRA donations, since we are dependent on the Holiday Fund for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for 1,500 seamen.

To Sea or Not to Sea

By John Hodakovsky*

"JOHN," my friend addressed me, "You're foolish to go to sea, to live within the small confines of that small world that is a ship—to be away from home and loved ones for months at a time. It's like being a prisoner—that's it! You're a prisoner with your sentence up when you arrive at a port. It's not for me any more! Here I have," he waved his hand around the well furnished room that was part of his home, "a home, a wife," (she smiled her agreement from the sofa where she was rocking a little baby to sleep) "a baby and a job. I'm secure and safe with two feet on solid ground, not on a damned bouncing ship that's going everywhere and yet nowhere. Here ashore I have a future—what have you got out to sea?" he ended challengingly.

Since I was put to such a challenge that never fails to get a rise out of me, I had to answer: "Harry, you are the kind of man that's settled and content," I replied, "It's different with me. I cannot, and will not ever be content to stay in the same home in the same town, walk the same streets to the same old job where I meet the same faces, crack the same old jokes, day after day, month in and month out, and so on and on. No," I reflected, "I think you're the prisoner, not me."

"You're tied down to a responsibility of a home and a job. Your home is secure because you married a very good girl." Martha beamed her appreciation at me. "But is your job secure? Your co-workers with all their petty prejudices and hates are ready to pounce on you for the least excuse. Shipmates are not like that. It's one for all and all for one."

**Member, Artists and Writers Club*

"It's true, there's no friend like a shipmate," Harry said, and he knew for he'd sailed during the war, but it was only because he had to. He hated ships and the sea, quitting them as soon as he was allowed to. "People ashore aren't as close as shipmates are. You're talking about insecurity of a shore job though. Can't a job on a ship be just as insecure?" he asked triumphantly.

"Not as long as I've signed articles!" I answered. "Once I'm under ship's articles only the worst kind of performing can get me fired, while you can be fired or laid off at your boss' whim." Now I got warmed up. "We are protected fully by the U. S. Government from any kind of shenanigans. Our employer has to supply us with satisfactory board and room. The U. S. laws regarding seamen are more than fair and there is no shyster lawyer or unscrupulous person going to take advantage of any seaman without tangling with Uncle Sam.

"We also have free hospitalization by expert doctors and nurses at any Marine Hospital. It'd cost you a small fortune to get the same service they give use."

"Oh, it ain't as bad as that, John," Harry disagreed good-humoredly.

"Well, anyway, it'd put a good sized hole in your pocketbook," I went on not heeding his interruption. "And, how about the work? You spend eight consecutive monotonous hours at a job. A seaman's job is varied—he steers the ship, he splices line or wire, keeps a lookout or paints. His is a job that is a combination of a rigger, painter and helmsman. His day is divided into two four hour watches and the work is not too hard."

"Sometimes!" Harry interrupted





—“Sometimes! I’ve seen some long hours put in when your ship runs into a gale. I’ve seen the time when we’ve spent thirty six hours at a stretch securing gear in a raging sea with green water coming over the bulwarks soaking you to the skin and you have to hang on to something so it don’t carry you overboard. Not for me any more.”

“You talk about danger out to sea?” I asked incredulously. “Every day the newspapers tell you that so and so many people are killed in some sort of accident ashore. They’re run down by cars, they fall out of buildings, there are train wrecks — all kinds of accidents ashore, and all the people ashore think about them is as statistics. But if a ship founders or beaches, it makes headlines which makes shore people shudder and thank their lucky stars that they are ashore while the crews of that foundered or beached ship have probably all been rescued and are enjoying the luxury of some good hotel at the moment.

“In a gale we can usually ride out of the storm by putting the ship’s head into the sea. A ship is movable; it will yield to a high wind or an angry sea. Can your home do the same?” I drove home the point. “Can your home ride out a flood or yield to a tornado or cyclone? No, it’s there at the mercy of the elements with no chance at all! We seamen have a fighting chance at least.”

“Yes, that’s so,” half-agreed Harry, “but I wouldn’t want to be out to sea far away from help. I

hate to think of being alone out there with heaven and water doing their damndest to sink the ship and drown me.”

“What’s the difference if you’re drowned and the fish and crabs eat you, or if you’re buried six feet below and the maggots make a feast of you? You’re just as dead so what does it matter?”

“Maybe so—maybe the sea is a better place”, Harry finally agreed, “But give me my wife, kid and home, and you can take all the ships and salt water in the world and keep them! Not for me!”

Now it was my turn to agree. “That’s one time you’re right, Harry—a married man has no business out to sea; it isn’t fair to his family.”

“But for me—single without a care or worry in the world; it’s the best life of them all.

“Harry, the only reason I follow the sea is because I’m selfish—I’m thinking only of myself. The sea is good for me and good to me! I have always been a wanderer and I don’t want to change. I love to hear the throb of that engine because it’s going somewhere. It’s music to me when I hear the wind singing through the halyards.

“It’s music to hear the ship plough through the sea, softly murmuring in a calm, making an even tempo if the sea is on the beam, and sounding like kettle drums when the heavy seas send their pounding waves on the ship’s side or bow.

“I love the sea—the glorious sunsets and sunrises, the phosphorous that surrounds the ship like a pearl necklace, the billions of stars at night, the peace and solitude of the lookout and the blue, blue water that no jewel can match.

“No, Harry—I’m thinking only of myself while you are thinking of your family. You’ve taken a responsibility, one that I dread taking.

“I’m selfish and purely selfish and that’s why I follow the sea.”

An Incident At Sea

By Stephen Leacock*

WHEN I was young I had a great fear of doing anything in public and took care never to try to. But through this there came an incident that was very humiliating and made me want to improve.

It was like this. I had saved up money for a trip to England and went over in 1893 on the *Laurentian*, an old-fashioned steamer out of Montreal. There were only nineteen passengers. The rest were cattle.

Then one night they got up an impromptu ship’s concert in aid of the Sailor’s Home. The chairman announced from the platform that everybody would be asked to do something, and so I thought out some funny remarks about sailors.

But when it came my turn I forgot to say that the remarks were to be funny. Later on, when I became a humorous lecturer, I found that if you are going to be funny you must always say so. But these people couldn’t know.

So my talk about sailors, or rather my whisper about sailors, was so agonized that it didn’t sound funny. It was just insulting. It collapsed in failure and I can feel the humiliation of it just as keenly now, forty-nine years after, as I did then.

So I realized that I must not be again caught unprepared in case I was asked to do something before people. I had in my mind, of course, that there would be a ship’s concert coming back.

So in London I bought a book of Recitations. I think it was Mrs. Palmer’s “Recitations”: I’ll admit I know it was.

I selected a poem called “Lasca”, all about Texas, down by the Rio Grande. It begins:

“I want free life, and I want fresh air;

*An excerpt from “How to Write” by Stephen Leacock
Dodd, Mead & Company, Publishers

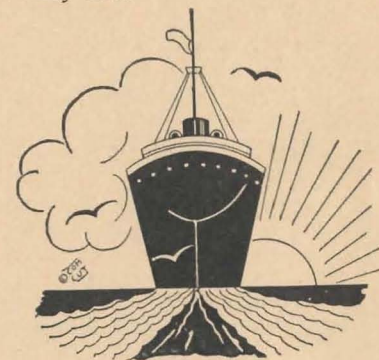
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle.”

I learned it all through, and I kept saying it over, so as to keep my hold on it. I said it over in Westminster Abbey and in the Tower of London. If any of the people I had letters to, asked me to their houses, I kept repeating in the cab, just in case they asked for a recitation:

“I want free life, and I want fresh air.”

But chiefly, of course, I was thinking of the ship’s concert.

I took my passage to New York in the *City of Paris*. This was a very grand boat with two hundred saloon passengers and all the luxury of the day. There were many celebrated people, Mrs. Annie Besant the theosophist, and a lot of musical and theatrical stars. At the time they seemed tremendous people to me though now no doubt they would just seem nobody as everybody does to anybody who is seventy-two.



I knew there was going to be a ship’s concert because that was the first question I asked the bedroom steward. “Oh, yes, sir,” he answered, “always, sir, the last night out; for us sailors, sir.” So I said, “Thank you” and gave him another fifty cents.

Then I went out on deck and said: “I want free life, and I want fresh air;

And I sigh for the canter after the cattle."

All the way across I kept running it over. I didn't speak to anyone about the concert but I did say once, perhaps twice, to my one or two humble friends in the smoking room that I knew "Lasca" very well and could recite it.

I had a presentiment that something was going to happen. On the day of the concert a big printed program was posted. But my name wasn't on it nor any "Lasca". I felt half glad and half sorry. It is like that when you are all braced for adventure.

The concert was very grand with everybody in evening dress. I sat in a corner at the back. Mrs. Besant made a theosophical talk. Then all of a sudden in the middle of the program I heard the chairman saying:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, we come to an item of our entertainment which we have not put upon the program but which I know you will enjoy as a special treat. You are to listen to a recitation of the poem "Lasca". Those of us who are Americans know it well and love it and those here who are British will, I am sure, share in our admiration. I won't name the gentleman who is to recite "Lasca" to us, but he is in the audience and I'll just ask him to make his way . . ."

It had come. I got up from my seat and started to move along the side of the saloon towards the platform. It was, I think, the most tense moment of my life. The chairman was going on with some remarks about "Lasca" but I couldn't hear him. I was repeating over to myself:

"I want free life, and I want fresh air."

Then I noticed that across the saloon on the other side there was

(Continued on Page 12)

(Continued from Page 1)

due to a wound inflicted by some ill-favoured native while on his last "shore leave." He was also rather too near the ship's side so, losing his balance as we rolled he fell through the rails into the sea.

The alarm was raised at once.

The Captain ordered "Stop Engines", "Full Astern", "Away lifeboats crew" and did the lads spring to it? We went back and stopped near the spot where we guessed it had happened but no trace of Bob could be seen. The boat was lowered and pulled around for about half an hour without result.

At length the Captain reluctantly came to the conclusion that Bob must have succumbed or have been taken by a shark. The boat was ordered back.

No sooner had the order been given than a sharp-eyed signalman shouted "There he is!" and sure enough there was our Bob, his head barely visible between the waves, bravely striking out for the boat.

The boat was soon directed to him and, as he was taken from the water, he collapsed in the stern. They pulled like mad back to the ship. All and willing hands were manning the ropes to hoist at once and, as the boat came level with the deck, the ship's doctor took him gently as a sick babe and carried him to the Sick Quarters.

This was about two o'clock in the afternoon. At four o'clock, after a rest and some restoratives from the doctor, Bob sauntered out on deck and resumed his patrol with such sang froid as if nothing at all had happened!

Shortly afterwards, his wound having become septic, we had to have him destroyed — a day of gloom. Bob was always true to the traditions of the service to which he belonged and we were proud of him!

(Continued from Page 5)

TO a convalescent seaman lying in a hospital cut off from family and shipmates, little things can seem pretty big. This is what happens when Recovery Boxes, supplied and packed by women volunteers of the Central Council, are distributed by the Institute Chaplains to sick seamen in the U. S. Marine Hospitals on Ellis and Staten Islands.

Chaplain Harkness spoke of one man who got so much pleasure out of his package because each little article in it was separately wrapped. He allowed himself to open just one a day and thus drew out for many days the pleasure and surprise.

"They act just like little boys", Chaplain McDonald, who distributes many of these recovery packages, remarked recently. "I remember one old seaman, a friend of Mother Roper's, who is now in an old men's home. He found duplicates of things he already had in his package so he gave them to his roommate who was most grateful."

The recovery boxes contain an assortment of things: playing cards, candy, a book and a puzzle, cigarettes and matches, a sewing kit, and bandaids. Most of them are distributed regularly through the Special Services Department of the Institute but the Chaplains occasionally take them as they make their regular rounds to visit with the men and to conduct chapel services.

"We talk to the men about their own interests," Chaplain McDonald explained. "Baseball, ships, current events, the fights . . . and after a while we interest them in the services by telling them about the music and the people who take part."

"If I had my life to live over again", one Chaplain mused, "I would devote all of my time to sick and convalescent seamen."

Anyone who would like to take part in packing these boxes should get in touch with Mrs. Grafton Burke at the Institute.

have been working under canvas if he had not been needed for the war effort. He would explain patiently to me that "Sailing ships are cleaner and quieter. There's plenty of work for a man to do on deck with all that rigging, and the men who run them are sailors—not mechanics."

"The trouble with steamships, especially in peacetime," he would say, "is that they are always trying to keep up to the fastest possible time schedule. I sailed on steamers that would turn around so quickly in port, we'd be a hundred miles out at sea before we even had all the hatches battened down. No responsible sailor likes to go to sea with a ship in that condition. Someday they're bound to get caught."

The bosun had a simple Scandinavian sense of humor. I caught him laughing one day when the crew, all dressed in their best shore clothes, went down a landing ladder he had just lowered. He had also just freshly painted this ladder and everybody got pretty messed up. He says his most embarrassing moment at sea occurred on a ship putting in at Galveston, Texas. All bosuns tie a knot called a "monkey fist" on the end of a heaving line, which is thrown ashore when docking. They also load these knots with lead, although this last is considered highly unethical, if not downright dangerous. Coming into Galveston, the bosun spun his monkey fist over his head, took aim, and let fly, inadvertently conking the very influential port director of the city of Galveston on his new straw hat, which was smashed. Asked what happened then, the bosun says roguishly, "I ran like hell."

Sitting on deck, pulling on his pipe and sewing away, while the wild animals and sailing ships tattooed on his tan skin rippled with every motion, the bosun was the "Mulligan Stew's" leading philosopher.

Figurehead Mystery

If you like a mystery, perhaps you'd enjoy trying to solve the origin of the mysterious ship's figurehead: "Sir Galahad" which is mounted over the main entrance of the Institute. It is without identity, paternity or pedigree.

Shipping experts and maritime historians have searched diligently for many years but no one in England or America has yet been able to discover any record of a ship by that name. The figurehead depicts a knight in full armor, his visor open, his right hand in the act of drawing his sword.

It was purchased from an auction gallery in 1926 and listed in the catalogue as "Galahad-circa 1860." The man who wrote the catalogue is dead. The man who purchased the figurehead "from the late Captain Chambers' collection, of England," is dead. Even Lloyds could not trace the ship.

There was a British tea clipper, "Sir Launcelot," but records show that the figurehead of the knight wore a beard! "Galahad" has a moustache, but his chin is smooth. An American square-rigged ship, the "Black Prince", also had a knight for a figurehead—it is now in the Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Va. There is a striking resemblance in the two figureheads. Doubtless the same man carved them both.

Someday, it is hoped, conclusive proof as to the origin of the "Galahad" figurehead will be found, but in the meantime thousands of merchant seamen who pass beneath the figurehead to enter the Seamen's Institute still call it "Galahad", the figurehead of an unknown ship.



5,829 SHIPS IN U. S. MERCHANT FLEET

America's merchant fleet, including both government and privately owned ships, totaled 5,829 vessels aggregating 56,850,395 deadweight tons on July 1, according to data released by the United States Maritime Commission. This figure does not include dry-cargo ships of less than 1,000 gross tons nor tankers under 1,600 gross tons.

A breakdown of the American fleet shows that 2,892 ships are owned by the government, of which 287 are allocated to carry United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation cargoes, 523 to carry foreign-trade cargoes, and 151 are troopships. Lend-lease ships total 424, while the Army operates 256 vessels and the Navy operates 642 merchant ships. The reserve fleet of 905 and an additional 710 vessels have been sold or interim chartered to United States citizens.

In 1945, 83,469,000 long tons of cargo were shipped from this country on all vessels including foreign-flag ships.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA

(Continued from Page 10)

a big, ungainly-looking fellow making his way along just as I was. I thought at first he was just changing his seat but then I realized he was trying to get to the platform, and the people were making way to let him pass. Then I saw the people all looking towards him, and whispering, and breaking out into applause.

I stood still.

The big fellow got to the platform and there was a great burst of applause.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said the chairman exultingly, "you are going to have the unannounced treat of hearing Mr. De Wolf Hopper recite 'Lasca'."

De Wolf Hopper with perfect poise and assurance put out one arm and said in a resonant voice that filled the room:

"I want free life, and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle."

I had sunk down in an aisle seat. No one noticed me. I had got free life, but I wanted fresh air in the worst way.

A Seaman's Story

SEAMAN THOMAS E. BOWERS came to THE LOOK-OUT editor's office and said, hesitantly, "I'm not a writer, but I have a little story I'd like to tell. It's about a young kid on my ship."

Here is the story just as Seaman Bowers told it:

"We picked up troops in Oran. They had been through the North African Campaign and we took them to Palermo. Fighting was not new to them.

But this is about the kid. He was an oiler on the 3rd Engineer's watch. Each watch the 3rd had to check the kid's work. The kid was always pleasant and a good worker but his memory wasn't so good. Some of the younger members of the crew called him nuts and wouldn't go ashore with him, so I took him with me whenever I could.

The Armed Guard Lieutenant asked for volunteers from the crew.

Seven of us went for instructions. When the Germans came over we all went to our assigned stations. But the kid was three jumps ahead of me. Not only that, but he got two GI's to help him pull up reloaded magazines. No one worked any harder and no one called him nuts after that.

You see, the reason for the kid's bad memory was the Navy had discharged him because he had fractured his skull on a Navy ship. But they couldn't keep him out of the war.

At the end of our voyage, the kid, and six of us received citations."

Seaman Bowers stopped talking and handed us an empty shell. "This had jammed in the gun and would not fire. Later it was fired. I want you to keep it in the Nautical Museum as a souvenir of that voyage."

THE MERCHANT MARINE IN THE WAR

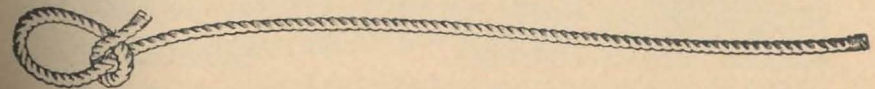
The full story of the Merchant Marine in World War II has been made public by the War Shipping Administration in an 80-page illustrated booklet entitled "The United States Merchant Marine at War."

Released in connection with the nationwide observance of Maritime Day, May 22, the booklet comprises the final report of Vice Admiral Emory S. Land as War Shipping Administrator, as transmitted to President Truman. In addition to limited official distribution, it is available from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, at 30 cents a copy.

In six chapters "The United States Merchant Marine at War" tells the story of how the Merchant Marine "delivered the goods" as a member of the United Nations fighting team that won victory

over the Axis powers in the greatest war in history. It tells how American shipyards built a wartime fleet of more than 5,500 vessels totalling 55,000,000 deadweight tons, between Pearl Harbor and the end of 1945. It tells how 270,000 merchant seamen and officers were mobilized to sail this fleet and how 5,638 of them became casualties — dead or missing — with 581 taken as prisoners of war. It tells of the sinking of 733 American merchant ships by enemy torpedoes and bombs, and through marine disasters, up to V-J Day.

In pictures and text the booklet describes the heroic and steadfast devotion to duty that marked the merchant service as a gallant arm of the nation's forces throughout the war. It describes the hardships of the famed Murmansk run, the part that merchant ships and crews took in the Normandy invasion, and their role in the strategy of war in the Pacific that finally whipped the Japanese.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND LAUNCHED

The first of the American President Line's new fleet, the *President Cleveland*, one of the largest merchant vessels built on the Pacific Coast was launched at the Bethlehem-Alameda Shipyard in Alameda, Calif. The new vessel, started as a P-2 transport and later modified, is designed for transpacific passenger trade.

The *Cleveland's* design has incorporated many of the war-learned lessons and will go down the ways as a thoroughly modern ship. She will have accommodations for 550 passengers in three classes, and will feature the most modern interior furnishings. The design of the *Cleveland* was executed by George G. Sharp, naval architect, of 30 Church St.

HARBOR SAILOR FOR 60 YEARS

Captain John H. Moore has been sailing craft in New York Harbor in various ratings for sixty years. Still spry, despite his seventy-five wind-buffed years, he is toying with the idea of retiring.

"But not before the cold weather," he said recently.

Captain Moore is skipper of the *Bethship*, workboat of the Bethlehem Steel Company's repair yard. He has been skipper at the *Bethship* since she was launched in 1924 as the *Say* When of Morse Dry Dock and Repair Co., predecessor of the Bethlehem Co. at the yard. As master of the powerful Diesel workboat he has towed proud liners like the *Argentina*, *Brazil*, *Uruguay*, *Vulcania*, the old *America* and many other ships out of dry dock.

He has passed days and nights aboard the little craft, meeting ships needing repairs, taking workmen to and from the shipyard and hauling materials from New Jersey across the bay for rush jobs. He estimated yesterday that he has covered a distance that would take him around the world six times in that little boat alone.

Captain Moore began his "seagoing" career at thirteen when his father apprenticed him aboard the square-rigger *Hercules*, of Boston, in 1883. But his sea experience actually began at birth, for he was born aboard the square-rigger *E. W. Stetson* on Jan. 31, 1871, while she was moored at Pier 14, East River, near where the Brooklyn Bridge later was built.

SHIP-TO-SHIP TRANSFER

New York—Delayed by a mid-ocean ship-to-ship transfer of an ill soldier, the transport *George Washington* arrived with 4,947 troops from Le Havre and, resting in its sick bay, the ill private, who had sailed from New York just five days before.

The *Washington* was 600 miles from New York when Captain Vilhelm Joensen, the master of the ship, received radioed orders to reverse course. The ship was directed to meet the *Chanute Victory*, an eastbound transport which the *Washington* had passed the evening before.

A soldier was suffering from acute appendicitis. This news had been radioed by the ship's medical officer to the Army's Port Surgeon at New York. Orders then were sent by the New York Port of Embarkation to both ships to turn about and for the sick man to be transferred from the smaller ship to the better-equipped, faster *Washington*.

Steaming at seventeen knots, the *Washington* met the *Chanute Victory* nine hours later, at 10:30 a. m. A warm sun shone, but a heavy swell was on the sea. The vessels hove to, soldiers at the rails of each to watch the ticklish job of sending a helpless man from ship to ship.

A motor launch set out from the *Washington*. The patient, secured in a litter, was lowered over the side into the bouncing launch, and was hoisted up the *Washington's* steep, white side to the davits, then the patient was taken to sick bay and the ship resumed the journey to New York.

ELLERMAN'S WILSON TO BUILD 29 CARGO CRAFT

New York—The ambitious post-war plans of Ellerman's Wilson Line include the construction of twenty-nine new cargo ships, twenty-six of which will be of 8,000 deadweight tons and the others slightly smaller, it was disclosed here recently by J. H. Neale, president of the line. All the new ships would have service speeds of 14-15 knots, Mr. Neale said.

He explained that the company faced the task of replacing virtually all of its pre-war fleet of forty-four ships, thirty-eight of which were lost during the war. The new ones, expected to come out at a rate of one a month, will be larger and faster than their predecessors.

NEW LINERS TO BE AIR CONDITIONED

New American passenger liners now under construction will offer the traveller of the future features and comforts never before seen afloat, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute. Voyagers a year from now, or perhaps even sooner, will travel on entirely air-conditioned liners.

Deck plans of a typical ship now being built show several startling innovations in marine architecture. Traditional port holes have been replaced by casement windows, many double. State-rooms, instead of being crowded two and three deep on either side of the vessel, now extend virtually half way across the ship's width. Private or semi-private baths are provided with showers for all. Luggage and clothes closets abound.

The ship's smokestack, large and squat, is designed as an integral part of the bridge and pilot house structure, allowing much greater deck space for tennis, shuffleboard, other games, and a swimming pool.

Eight of the fourteen world's largest passenger ships were destroyed in World War II, it was revealed by the American Merchant Marine Institute. As few vessels of this size are expected to be built in the post-war era, it may mean the end of the super-liner era. The luxury liners projected for the American Merchant Marine will stress passenger comfort and safety instead of huge size.

DUTCH LINER MAKES FIRST PEACE-TIME MAIDEN VOYAGE

Welcomed with loud fanfare reminiscent of the days of peace, the new Dutch liner *Westerdam* arrived on her maiden voyage in New York harbor recently.

Harbor craft hailed her arrival all the way from the Narrows to her berth at Fifth Street, Hoboken. The neat, 12,000 ton ship was a symbol of her country's resurgence after the black period of Nazi occupation. She had been sunk three times before she ever put to sea, once through a pier accident during a Royal Air Force bombing of Nazi-held Rotterdam, and twice by Netherland patriots to prevent the Nazis from capturing and using her.

This is the first passenger ship to arrive on her maiden voyage since before the war.

Members of the crew were invited to a party in the club room for Netherlands seamen at the Institute. One of their numbers who attended was Marie de Bruin, who came over on the *Westerdam* as chief stewardess and who has been associated with the Netherlands Club here for five years.

VETERAN GRACE SKIPPER IN COMMAND OF NEW "SANTA BARBARA"

Captain Duncan Cook of Rowayton, Conn., has been appointed Master of the new Grace ship *Santa Barbara* — the first American postwar combination liner — which left New York on her maiden voyage June 25th with passengers and freight for west coast ports of South America.

Captain Cook, who has skippered *Santa* ships for twenty-six years, takes over the third *Santa Barbara* to be under his command since joining Grace Line in 1919. His total of forty-one years at sea includes early training in sailing vessels as well as service with the U. S. Navy in both World Wars. During World War II, Captain Cook commanded the *USS Leedstown* (the former Grace Liner *Santa Lucia*) which was lost through enemy action in 1942 during the invasion of Casablanca.

In recalling his experiences at sea, Captain Cook cited as his most unusual cargo carried, the first emperor penguin to be brought alive into the United States. The penguin, captured by members of the Byrd expedition then in "Little America," was transported from Valparaiso, Chile, to New York in the refrigerated compartment of the *Santa Clara*.

The Seamen's Church Institute is First Day Cover Agency for the Grace Line ships. Send for a list of available covers.

A MOTLEY CREW

You often hear of ships with a strange cargo but not so often of a ship with a strange crew. The *Propria*, a Navy transport converted into a Brazilian-owned freighter, that sailed out of Brooklyn recently for Aracaju, Brazil, had one. The crew was all United States but most of them didn't know a hawser from a hatchway . . . and freely admitted it. The *Propria* is sailing over the bounding main on a good will mission combined with business. "The main idea is to cement good will between Brazil and America" explained Bartolomeo Barboza, director of the first large navigation company to be formed in post-war Brazil. He had asked for an American crew and their only qualifications were that they know something about . . . not ships . . . but Brazil, and that they want to go there.

In this motley crew were a Greenwich Village artist, a clarinet player, a pulp story writer, and various other land lubbers gathered by the ship's captain from among his friends and acquaintances.



Book Reviews

One of THE LOOKOUT subscribers, Mrs. Edward Felix Coward, offered a prize of five dollars for the best review of Professor Allan Nevins' book, "SAIL ON", published by the United States Lines. Following is the winning review by ROBERT THOMPSON, 1st Assistant Engineer, American Merchant Marine.

SAIL ON . . .

By Allan Nevins
United States Lines

Here is a saga of the American merchant marine written with an eye to historical fact, by a man who makes history his business. In a beautifully illustrated brochure of a hundred-odd pages Professor Nevins charts the growth of our shipping from "a faire pinnacle" of thirty tons burthen, launched in the Kennebec in 1607, to the miraculous tonnage we built and manned to carry armaments of democracy to the four corners of the earth and beat down our enemies—wherever.

For the brave colonists, clinging to the coasts of the New World, virgin hardwood forests produced excellent ship timbers and masts. Soon Yankee sailormen were harvesting the deep-sea fisheries and hunting the sperm whale. Trade with the homeland carried whale oil and lumber and tobacco across the Atlantic and brought manufactured goods and immigrants back.

Fostered by the Navigation Acts of the British parliament our colonial merchant marine grew into the famous, or infamous, triangle trade which sailed with cargoes of soap, candles, sheep and horses for the African coast, carried slaves chained and sardined in the sweating holds to Jamaica and Barbados, and returned to the New England home-ports with sugar and molasses for the rum trade.

We were building ships and sailing them. Out of Gloucester came a small fast vessel with fore-and-aft sails. She "schooned" over the water and her builder, Captain Andrew Robinson, named her a "schooner," the first of this unique type of sailing ship. When the American Revolution broke Yankee sailormen became men-of-war-men, their vessels mounting light cannon and sailing as privateers to harry British commerce. They cut Lord Howe's supply line, captured his munitions ship in the siege of Boston.

When the Republic was still young shipyards grew along the Atlantic seaboard to build such beauties as the American clippers: *David Crockett*, *Cutty Sark*, *Flying Cloud*, for the China trade. At the beginning of the 1800's our sea-borne commerce was second only to

Britain's. It had developed fivefold in the space of ten years.

For the War of 1812 we had the frigates *Constitution*, *Wasp*, *United States*, which wrote brilliant pages in naval history. And when peace was resumed the packet lines developed to sail ships on schedules. With American efficiency passengers and freight were embarked and disembarked on both sides of the Atlantic at fixed dates. Commerce prospered under this system. The Black Ball Line, the Dramatic Line, the Red Star Line have an important place in the growth of American shipping.

But soon American business and building genius turned its face inland to exploit the timber lands, the oil fields and the mines. Gold was discovered in California, the continent was revealing its riches. And the merchant marine languished.

Iron replaced wooden hulls for ships, steam edged out the sailing ship by its greater reliability. The British, by necessity sea-minded, captured the indisputable supremacy in sea-borne commerce, and developed the screw propeller and the compound steam engine.

We still built ships and sailed them, but desultorily. There was no fixed government policy to encourage an American merchant marine. Ship subsidies, a device used by other maritime nations, were scorned in the United States. A few lines struggled to existence, but coolie wages and wretched living conditions didn't attract American crews.

It took the First World War to awaken us. President Wilson took over the Munson Line and the Dollar Line, among others, and established the United States Shipping Board. He gave a three billion dollar shot in the arm to the shipping industry. We launched "the world's greatest shipbuilding spree" to win the war. And after that war we found we had built in our unplanned haste "a fleet of monstrosities," wooden ships, concrete ships!

The feats of World War II are of too recent memory to need recounting. Professor Nevins tells us of the prodigious building and manning program we carried through to victory, this time with more foresight, and asks that we keep an interest in the merchant marine.

His brief pages are packed with men as well as ships. The publication, apparently designed for passenger reading, should find its way into the forecables. The frontispiece of an American clipper ship will find a pin-up place on some fore-castle bulkhead.

Marine Poetry

SAINTE ADRESSE

(A place on the French coast near LeHavre, named for no saint in the calendar.)

None then believed in dawn, hoped for
one harbor more
When sea chased hurrying sea to board
and drown the craft,
Roaring along the sky, crested like snow-
capped hills,
Reared up enormous walls, green, solid,
toppling aft.
Grip anything you can—and pray! Their
fumbling hands
Under the oiler buckles felt for damp
rosaries.
Each mariner of his saint begged help;
he promised alms;
Implored a miracle. "Those saints are
not the sea's!"
Bellowing down the gale that frayed
his spumy beard
The captain lurched, a shape of human
spunkiness,
"Pray to the Saint of Skill, of all a
seaman learns.
Stand up! Wear ship! Stow sail!—
and worship Sainte Adresse!"
His orders cracked. They jumped, dodg-
ing the crazy boom;
Called up old tricks of sail to give the
sea a fight;
And won. The saint of skill has here her
simple shrine
Because the crew was saved by danger-
ous work done right.

Marian Storm

From *New York Herald Tribune*.

LANDBOUND

Cadet-Midshipman Joseph Dunworth
I must not think of carefree days upon
the blue,
Or deep black nights against a studded
sky,
Or sailor's song and briny tales of yore,
Or strange new land upon a distant shore.
For when these thoughts come unawares
to vamp
My restless mind, and taunt relentlessly,
I yearn once more to turn my path away,
And breathe again the freedom of the sea.

Reprinted from "Polaris"

LATIFA, OUT OF PLYMOUTH

Latifa (Arabic for "beautiful lady") is a British seventy-foot yawl, which completed a stormy seven-week trip from Plymouth to sail in the Bermuda race.—*News item.*

Cloud-shaped her sails
Substantiate a dream
Of skies beyond
The charted stream.

Time's metronome
Is broken by her breath,
Gulls circle her
With silver wreath.

Attired in spray,
Shod in cobalt and chrome,
Beautiful lady
Steps through foam.

Florence Ripley Mastin.

From *New York Herald Tribune*

WHITE SAILS

White sails in the sunset are calling to
me
White sails in the sunset say, "Come to
the sea".
Proudly they rise above the unruly sea
That cries in defiance, "You can never
rule me."
White sails in the sunset, their beauty
unsurpassed,
White sails in the sunset on clear, var-
nished masts,
White as the ship's wake, yet red as
seaman's blood
The course y'ds and lee gun'ale lie almost
aflood.
Her sharp keel cuts through a gently
rising swell.
And a fresh lusty gale scatters blue water
smell.
The bright golden figurehead tosses
crystal salt spray
As the "Beautiful Lady" sails toward the
close of day.
White sails in the sunset, hard on their
tack.
White sails in the sunset, downhauls
a-slack.
Albatross flying, white winged ghosts
aback,
The lee-cathead churns a light stirring
track.

Bill Cronie, Radio Operator

Dedicated to: Gloria Page

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Director

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

"I give and bequeath to **"Seamen's Church Institute of New York,"** a corporation of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....Dollars."

Note that the words **"of New York"** are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."