

The
LOOKOUT

MARCH, 1949



Photo courtesy MAST Magazine

LIFEBOAT AND A HEAVING SEA

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

Sanctuary

O Eternal God, whose pathway is upon the sea, we beseech thee to take under thy protecting hand all who labour upon the deep. Guard them in the open dangers on the great waters and in the lurking perils of the great cities. Grant that the lantern of thy love will be their guide in the dark hours of their loneliness until they arrive at the sunlit harbors of home and loved ones, through the might of Christ thy Son who sailed the Sea of Galilee. Amen.

J.C. Healey



"25 South Street"

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XL, MARCH, 1949

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Church Institute of New York, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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President

THOMAS ROBERTS
Secretary and Treasurer
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\$1.00 per year 10c per copy
Gifts of \$5.00 per year and over
include a year's subscription to "THE
LOOKOUT".

Entered as second class matter July 8,
1925, at New York, N. Y., under the act of
March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
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The Lookout

VOL. XL

MARCH, 1949

NUMBER 3

Dr. Raymond S. Hall Appointed Director

THE Rev. Raymond S. Hall, D.D., was appointed Director of the Seamen's Church Institute at the annual meeting of the Board of Managers in January.

Dr. Hall succeeds the Rev. Harold S. Kelley, D.D., who served from 1934 until August 1948, when he retired to live in his native state, California.

Dr. Hall came to the Institute as Assistant to Dr. Kelley in September, 1947, from the Seamen's Club of Boston, where he was Director. From 1942 to 1946 he served as Chaplain of the 101st Airborne Division. Although not required to take parachute training, Dr. Hall took instruction and became the first chaplain to jump with troops in the U. S. Army, and so won the confidence and respect of the men in his outfit. At Omaha Beach, during the Normandy Invasion, he landed behind the lines with his troops. Later he was wounded in the Airborne Invasion of Holland, was captured a few hours after landing, sent to a prison camp in Poland. After four months in this camp, he escaped into Russia, finally joining American authorities at Odessa from which he was sent home.

Dr. Hall is a graduate of Brown University where he was captain of the swimming team. He was graduated from the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. Before entering the service, he was rector at St. John's Church, Lowell, Mass. In accepting his new position Dr. Hall declared:



Dr. Raymond S. Hall, new Director of
the Institute

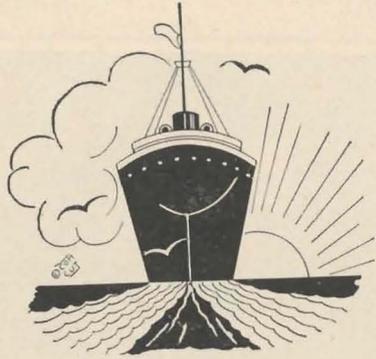
"In my three years of work with merchant seamen, first in Boston and now in New York, I have been impressed with the high calibre of the men who sail our merchant vessels today. They are better educated and better disciplined than those I knew before the war. I feel that it is a challenge for the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to strive to serve these men in whatever way may be needed.

I also have come to realize how vital a role the Institute plays in offering an anchor to windward for these men who come ashore in the Port of New York who are strangers in the city, whose homes are far away or who have no families or home ties."

A tea was given at the Institute on Jan. 31st by staff members who took that occasion to welcome Dr. Hall as the new Director and to assure him of their cooperation and loyalty. Dr. Hall spoke briefly of the need for "teamwork" to maintain and perfect the services to seamen at 25 South Street.

Out of the Fog

By Don D. Brown, *Bosun*



THE S.S. *W. H. Gordon*, one of American President Line's passenger ships, was just about to complete another one of her famous milk runs from the Orient. She had just passed the Farallon Islands outside San Francisco. She had picked up her pilot and had nosed into the channel that passes under the famed Golden Gate Bridge.

No sooner had she entered the outpost of the channel when she ran into a dense fog . . . so dense that she edged along at only two or three knots ahead, with all hands on watch keeping an alert lookout into the wall of falling moisture that made visibility zero. Although no one could see it, the sun had just risen over the West Coast, and almost all of her many hundred passengers were up early and out on deck. All the refugees were anxious to get their first view of the promised land.

Among the ship's passengers were several nationalities which included Chinese and Jews from Shanghai and Hong Kong; Japanese from Yokohama; Filipinos and American citizens from Manila, and even a few White Russians from all over the Orient.

Visibility Zero

As the fog grew more dense and we crept slowly toward the Bridge, the people grew more quiet. On the bridge, the pilot barked a steady stream of orders to the helmsman, and

the engine room telegraph rang constantly. Almost everyone realized the seriousness of the situation and the chance of going on the rocks, ramming another ship or one of the bridge supports was too favorable for comfort.

As the ship crept along, the moaning of the buoys on either side told us that we were still in the middle of the channel, but soundings and radio bearings were taken constantly. Slowly, but surely, she moved forward in the channel. It seemed to take hours to pass the few miles into the harbor.

Suddenly the shrill moaning of the buoy on the bridge was heard almost above us. Shortly after the bottom of the bridge came into view, with all hands straining their necks to look up as we passed under. Even the hardened sailor gets a thrill when passing under the Golden Gate bridge . . . it means he is home again. The passengers became excited as they knew they were close, even though they couldn't see anything yet. They had heard stories of the mighty bridge and just found them to be unbelievably true.

Without warning the fog broke just as if a magician had waved a magic wand, and we sailed into the early morning sunlight of San Francisco's enormous harbor. It sounded as if all the passengers had gasped for breath at the same time and were momentarily speechless as their eyes took in the scene that lay before them: for before us on either side lay a beautiful sight. The water was calm and a bright morning blue, with only an occasional white cap or scurrying tug boat to break the monotony of the scene. In the distance a lone tanker was churning toward the upper bay.

On our left lay quietly, as if in a picture, the small island of Alcatraz, and farther over lay Treasure Island and the rolling hills of Berkeley and Oakland. To our right, spread out as far as the eye could see, lay the City of San Francisco.

As we moved along, we could follow the paths of her streets from the waterfront, all the way to the tops of the hills where they disappeared. Straight ahead of us lay the Oakland-Bay Bridge, and over it was pouring a constant stream of cars and trains that looked like a long line of black ants.

Above the whole scene the California sun was pouring down brilliant beams of sunlight that made the whole world beneath it look exceptionally pure, fresh, and spotless.

At Long Last

To the refugees aboard, it was like coming out of a dungeon into the daylight for they rubbed their eyes and blinked; then all started talking at once in many languages, laughing and shouting to show their happiness that finally they were here. For some, this trip had been the realization of many years planning and saving. As I walked among them observing their reactions to an everyday American scene, I saw many things that touched me, and I shall remember them for a long time to come.

Over there under one of the lifeboats was an elderly Jewish couple, kneeling together, heads bowed, and in their own way praying and thanking the Lord for bringing them to a land where they could live the remainder of their days together and in peace. Under one of the ladders that leads to the bridge stood a lone Filipino girl, silently praying and making the sign of the Cross as she did so. She was all that was left of a family of seven killed by the Japs, and she had come to America to start a new life.

Over by the rail stood a Japanese-American couple who were proudly holding high a small boy who was waving a flag for the country which was to be his new home. His parents had been caught in Japan at the start of the war, and the little boy had been born in an internment camp. Looking up on the sun-deck, a lone figure caught my attention. He was a gray-haired Army officer. He had on a freshly pressed uniform. Upon his

chest were numerous medals which flashed in the sunlight as he stood at attention. Suddenly he saluted sharply to the City of San Francisco. As he did so, tears of happiness rolled down his face, for he was home again after many long troublesome years.

Out of the darkness and into the light, the *General Gordon* had sailed bringing with her a cargo of human happiness, many among them having forgotten the meaning of the word. Soon the tugs came alongside and amidst laughter and shouts our ship was docked.

Courtesy "West Coast Sailor"

Captain Receives 1000th Radar Certificate



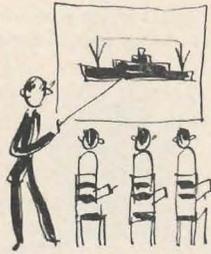
George Menz, Stephen Valovic, John J. Brierly, and Dr. Raymond S. Hall look on while Capt. John Duff brings in the picture on a radar screen.

CAPTAIN JOHN DUFF, United Fruit Co., was given the 1000th certificate in radar instruction on January 21st in the Institute's Merchant Marine School. Present at the brief ceremony were Dr. Raymond S. Hall, Director of the Institute; Institute staff member George Menz, instructor Stephen Valovic, and several Sperry Gyroscope Company officials.

The radar school, staffed with Sperry personnel and equipped with Sperry radar instruments, offers two kinds of classes: weekly courses for ships' officers and classes of instruction in use and maintenance for Sperry engineers.

Adopt-a-Ship Plan Going Full Steam Ahead

By Polly Weaver Beaton



THE Adopt-A-Ship plan, sponsored by the Propeller Club of the U. S. and managed by the Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine, was started in 1937, its purpose being to stimulate interest in the Merchant Marine among young Americans. Especially aimed at school boys and girls in inland towns, the youth of America from Clinton, Iowa, to Lost Hills, Calif., has reacted with typical enthusiasm.

The plan entails the "adoption" of a merchant vessel by a school or class and correspondence between the master of the ship and the pupils is carried on under a teacher's supervision. Shipping companies and ship captains have wholeheartedly endorsed this plan to spread first-hand information on seafaring and the operation of our Merchant Marine to inland peoples. Teachers feel that pupils in geography, history, and commerce classes are especially benefited by the correspondence, learning many things not gone into in such detail in the standard text books.

Of course, skippers are busy men and not all of those queried by their companies and the Adopt-a-Ship Committee felt they could take on the added burden of correspondence with youngsters in some remote hamlet far from sea ports and sea air. But others, sensing the value of such contacts, not only for the students but for their own personnel aboard ship, responded favorably and took their duties as sea-going Ciceros

quite seriously. As the Committee puts it: "Not only has the school "adopted" a ship but the ship has "adopted" a school. Many a skipper who has become dulled to the romance of a career at sea by its trials and tribulations sees himself in a new light. The crew realizes there is more to life than the nearest gin mill and that young people, especially in these small towns far away from the sea, regard him as a worthy adjunct to this glamorous life. As one captain put it: 'I think this ship of mine should have such a string to the land and we shall all do our best, I feel sure, to carry a breath of the sea to a school.'"

Another captain wrote: "My chief mate suggests that the first step in this plan on our part should be the purchase of a book on sentence structure and composition, in case they use our letters in their English class as examples of how not to write."

The primary object is to instill in the minds of the young a realization of how vital is the Merchant Marine to the welfare and, in time of war, the safety of the country that will someday be in their hands. And the captains are keenly aware of the value of such a program.

Sometimes the correspondence between ship and school leads to an exchange of presents, to personal contact, and to a visit aboard ship by students. Publicity in local newspapers is not unusual as the resourceful teachers go all out to make the program an interesting one for the communities as a whole.

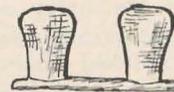
The original contacts between shipping lines, ship captains and teachers and the supervision of the entire program is done on a volunteer basis by members of the Women's Organization of the American Merchant Marine which is made up of about 250 women whose husbands are in the Merchant Marine.

One teacher wrote the committee: "I am a teacher in Eastern Ohio. I understand it is possible for schools to adopt ships through your organization. My boys and girls have never seen a big ship nor the ocean. I have seen it once. The sea and all things connected with it are very interesting to us. In this school there are eight elementary grades. I can promise you that all letters would be answered promptly."

A captain writes: "This correspondence has been a source of much pleasure to the officers and crew under my command. It is a matter of particular interest to me personally for two reasons — my fondness for children and my interest in the American Merchant Marine."

Another captain writes: "Before the war my ship had a small school which boasted 15 pupils somewhere in the Dakotas. The 15 kept me busy but I think we all had a good time. Girls wanted to know what people in far places wore, boys wanted stories of wild battles of the sea. Since your correspondent started to sea in the year 1900, sea battles have become more of a nuisance than anything else. One lad wanted to know if I had served in the Civil War! My grandfather did — ran the blockade for the South!"

During the war the Adopt-a-Ship plan was more or less in abeyance although a few ships did manage to maintain contact, in spite of torpedoes and convoy runs, with their enthusiastic correspondents. But after the ending of hostilities, the plan started to regain lost ground and now, according to Mrs. S. N. Groves, co-chairman, there are more captains waiting for their ships to be adopted than there are schools asking for ships. This is eloquent proof of the value the captains place upon the project.



An Unusual Request

THE Institute is seldom surprised by the unusual requests received from both seamen and landsmen — everything ranging from an inquiry for a good luck "caul" to a request for a photograph of a sailing ship in George Washington's day (before photography was even invented).

Recently there came a request from the New York Herald Tribune for a souvenir of the Liberty ship "Ben Robertson" which was built in 1944 and was named in memory of one of the Herald Tribune's brilliant young war correspondents, who was killed in the line of duty.

Captain Alfred Morasso on the Institute staff was able to procure the co-operation of the U. S. Maritime Commission in obtaining for Mrs. Ogden Reid of the N. Y. Herald Tribune a memento of the Liberty ship, which will be displayed at the Herald Tribune office. The memento is a "smooth Log" of the SS "Ben Robertson" on her maiden voyage, January 21st to April 1st, 1944.

Before turning over the "smooth Log," THE LOOKOUT editor had an opportunity to read some of the entries. Every seaman who was on a Liberty ship remembers how the little ships rolled, so there are innumerable references such as the following: "Vessel rolling and pitching very heavily in rough quarterly sea." "Ship laboring and rolling heavily in rough beam sea." "Number two raft carried away due to heavy sea, number three boat damaged." "Ship rolling and pitching to rough North-easterly seas, takes heavy seas over bows." "Vessel pitching and rolling in heavy head sea, taking seas over bow and foredeck."

The Log contains the names of the Master, Captain Herman Kruhmin and the entire ship's complement.

The ship survived the war with no enemy attacks and was sold on January 2, 1947 to a Greek firm.

From Hellas to the Roof of Gimle

Reflections on the Early Days of Steam

By Jens P. Overgaard



OUR faithful engine's energetic strokes never ceased until we reached the Danish Sound. Always the same, never a let up in her efforts, as the long slender ship sped onward past war-torn Crete. We sped over a sea which was always blue, under an azure sky, with fleecy white clouds drifting, while at night, our tall trucks were swinging under a glittering, starry dome. A clear moon played on her bowwash following it aft where it would appear with her wake like glittering diamonds to disappear into nothingness on the middle sea. Our tall stack belched smoke and cinders, cinders that were coal taken from the innermost part of Mother Earth and burned up for fuel by our hard-working black gang.

On past the mountain cracks of Malta, there is a brig in the offing, and I find it quite easy to put Midshipman Easy in command of her.

"Sure it is his brig."

She is a very shaky old merchantman, but just the same, she is bound for La Valeta, with Midshipman Easy on board, and she mounts eight guns.

Through the Straits of Messina, with Messina to port, and Ragusa to starboard.

In the Strait, we rolled by an old brigantine. St. Gabriel's horn can be seen quite clearly on that figurehead under her bow. I know that the doughty Saint has a job on hand. He is expected to toot that horn and save them from collision and other disasters, and when she does go down on a stormy night, he shall toot the horn so loud, that the pearly gates open ajar to admit the whole crew.

The Leparian Islands at night with Stromboli belching tongues of flame up to a starry heaven, while the burning lava rolls down her rocky slopes.

Sardinia and Corsica in view like misty phantoms.

There appears a flash of glaring white on the coast of Africa. It appears suddenly and is rising startlingly fast. It looks like an Oriental Lady, hiding her form and face under her sari, but showing her contours through the misty white dress. Lots of things are said about that lady, *The City of Algiers*, but she is rich beyond compare, the green-eyed Bokker.

The Ballears are showing to starboard like a cloud of misty Craggs.

I can hear thunder and see lightning flickering around the mountain tops. Towards our ship, rain is falling, but it never reaches us. It swerves off and recedes into the islands, and now we thump, thump, roll and go along the coast of wondrous Spain, where on the plateau of sunny Malaga the vineyards stand in orderly rows with the peaks of the Sierra Madre as a beautiful, wild background. And here comes a Spanish tramp.

Up from the fidley comes the sound of a basso and two screechy tenors singing about a poor Spaniard in exile.

"And when I do come back to my mountain again

How sweet, oh how sweet shall I sleep in the glens."

Now we can smell the Atlantic. As we close with the Straits of Gibraltar, it is easy to see that we are nearing one of the world's sea gates. Up to now, we have only passed a steamer once in a while, and sailed up tramps that we left astern, but now there are lots of steamers all around and ahead. They are belching smoke from their stacks as though trying to prove that they were not loafing.

We had rolled through the Strait with our sails furled, but when we had St. Vincent on four points, it was with the old man's leg of muttons sheeted home to st'bd that we were breasting a hollow sea for a strong breeze out of the Northwest. The old ship in ballast trim met the green rollers on her weather side, pounding them to spray that drenched the sails with salt brine.

We are coming up with bare sticks and with other steamers of different nationality, what seems a center of interest to several steamboats is now bearing down on us with the wind. With pleasure, I hear patent Brace Blocks' tattoo.

To me it appears as if all those steamboat Captains are edging nearer, just a half a point, but not too close. After all, even if it is the memory of their young days under canvas over there, they are not going to get too close to that lady with their coal scuttle that throws cinders, and cut in on the dignity of a hooker under full sail.

I stand watch in the crow's nest, and our course is shaped so that she will sing her way by us about two cable lengths to port.

I see a yard, now here, now there, fall to with a jerk. I know that the crew is trimming her under the supervision of the chief mate.

Up thru the North Sea, steering for the Hanstholm, I notice no ships except trawlers and fishing smacks. The wind has changed more Easterly,

as the Hanstholm is rising ahead to st'bd.

One late afternoon, we spoke the Hanstholm signal station on the westernmost promontory of Jutland, over which hung a pall of gray clouds, showing patches of blue sky, with streamers from the sun that was partly hidden, penetrating to play on the breakers.

It was my country, where I was born, the place that every man must love as long as he lives. To me, it looked fair, very fair, although I saw only sand dunes on which I knew nothing could ever grow. Her hunched-back dunes, always at war with the fierce North Sea, took on the appearance of the raised side of a hooker's luff, her weather showing that her course was always West.

On the other side, I knew she altered suddenly from sand and heather where only the lonely Plower and the cry of the terne and gulls mixed with the roar of the sea, to become a fine peaceful landscape. There were rolling hills and meadows full of fine cattle and horses, which the meadow lark would spiral up to the sky, while placid streams and brooks ran down always one way as from a slanting deck, meeting the sea through the scuppers, her busy fjords.

I know we are steering for Kronborg as I relieve the lookout on the second night watch.

I'm back in home waters where the North Star is shining bright and where the lights of two countries mingle and mix, while the Big Bear and the Little Bear, Aldebaran and Sixtus blink to Castor and Pollux.

Every once in a while, a small coaster, a sloop, or a ketch-rigged vessel would cross our bow, and every time I could see a lone man aft with the tiller. He was likely half of the ship's crew, as most of them had only two aboard.

Usually, the slowest craft would be sure to have the swiftest sounding name, such as the "Arrow" or they would be called the "Seven Brothers," or something like the "Luck of the

Family," as they were all self owned, and the heirloom of a sturdy skipper, and his wife with a lot of children.

They must be economical, and they are just that. I know that they are very often sailing on their brass buttons, and don't think anything of leaving port with an eight pound pumpernickle, commonly called an anchor stock, and a little soup. Some are carrying sailing lights but others I can see bringing a lantern forward, and I know they will douse it again when we are past.

I see a vessel that looks tremendous in the night, but she is only an old barkentine of about one hundred and fifty registered tons. I guess her to be a Finn, or a Swede. She is keel sprung, her deck load of lumber is topping the rail, and she is close enough, so that I can hear the deep humming sound from her canvas. The catwalk is flush aft from the main deck. I know that because I can see the head of a man just above the rail walking fore and aft the length of the house.

That is the mate on watch. Aft, I see the silhouette of the head of the wheelsman in the mellow moonlight, but I can see no binnacle light before she's well astern. Then I can see a lighted window in the stern of the cabin, and I know that inside the window stands the compass in a wooden box.

I see a windmill. That is her wind pump. She is by us now, and the last I hear is the sound from her pump, a deep R rung, R rung and the eerie squeaking sound from the leather in the pump pressing against iron.

The merry glints are answered from the windows in the old castle Kronborg, as the glittering sunbeams are making her red copper roof flash out blinks of opal green like the sheeting on the water line of a copper lined hooker. These merry glints from land reach far, I know. They go all the way over the mountains of Norway and the Naes.

This is the roof of Gimle. I am there where Swea and Olaf and Dan

kept house to away back and beyond a thousand years. As the bridge sounds three deep throated blasts on the siren, the ship just keeps on going up that stretch, where Gefion made a plow furrow when she plowed Zealand away from Skaaneland, while the sea gulls, ternes and auks jibbed and dipped between her slender spars.

Now the coast of Sweden is receding, while Zealand, where the apple trees stand in full bloom, comes close aboard. As we rise, the sprawling capital of Denmark, whose name, Kobenhavn, means the city of merchants, appears.

Now that old engine alters the full ahead to half, then slow, and stop her, and after taking our mud pilot aboard, she proceeds into Custom House Key, where we tie up.

**SHE'S AN OLD SHIP,
BUT A GOOD SHIP**

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—N. Y. Times



*"Ashore these men are not as other men
They walk as strangers through the crowded streets."*

— DAVID MORTON

"The Flavor of Many Ports"

SEA bag slung over his shoulder, a husky seaman comes down the gang-plank of a freighter, looks up at towering skyscrapers of downtown Manhattan — a stranger in a strange port. But not for long. Shipmates tell him about the friendly home at 25 South Street — they point to the signal mast on the roof of the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK with its International Code flags, "Q K F" spelling "Welcome" in every language. Here he meets shipmates who speak his language, friendly staff and volunteer hostesses to make him feel at home.

Every nationality is represented in the more than 6,000 seamen who cross the Institute's threshold daily. Their common bond and brotherhood is the Sea. In the Auditorium where they meet to enjoy moving pictures, sporting events and entertainments, the flags of the United Nations fly, and in various club rooms for Danish, Dutch, Belgian and Swedish seamen they are welcomed by hostesses in their native tongue.

YOUR generous support of the Institute's free activities helps to maintain recreational activities for seamen of all races and creeds, helps to finance the clinics, the Library, the social service department, the missing seamen's bureau, the welfare work. Each year we rely on the voluntary gifts of our friends to give a total of \$150,000 to make this comprehensive program possible.

May we hope for renewal of your last year's gift at this time?

Please send contributions to:

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

"Down to the Sea in Ships"

Reviewed by Capt. Gordon H. Messegee



THIS 20th Century Fox release is an exciting and human story of the days of the Bedford whaling ships. Capt. Bering Joy, excellently played by Lionel Barrymore, is the eighty-year old, stern master of the whaler *Pride of Bedford*. The part of Chief Mate Dan Lunceford, although well played by Richard Widmark, is occasionally dull. Dean Stockwell, as Jed Joy, the captain's grandson, is a realistic, sea-going boy with all the problems of growing up complicated by his love of the sea.

Captain Joy, after returning from a long trip with his grandson aboard the *Pride of Bedford*, is told by his company that he is too old and must give up his command to a younger man. He defies them and as evidence of his competence, shows that he had made a record haul of whale oil during the voyage. The port captain agrees to let him make one more trip but arranges for a young man, Mr. Lunceford, who has a master's license, to ship as chief mate. Captain Joy, bitter over the company's

inference that he won't last out the trip and further angered by his discovery that Lunceford had gone to a navigation and whaling school instead of learning everything in the fo'c'sle, assigns him the bothersome job of educating his grandson.

Young Jed, as the trip wears on, begins to idolize the mate and develops hate for his grandfather who is in constant conflict with his hero. Through a series of exciting whaling adventures, climaxed by the brutal grounding of the *Pride of Bedford* on an iceberg, the intense conflict between the captain and the chief mate continues. The mate proves himself a real seaman despite his book learning. The captain proves himself a master despite his age. And always little Jed, object of concealed affection and jealousy, is in the middle.

The ship seems authentic. The sea is too calm in most of the scenes. Although the picture is rich in sea tradition and tries sincerely to show the development of character through hardships of the sea, I, as a seafaring man myself, could not forget that I was in a theatre watching another movie.

In its search for drama and plot the picture does not escape the usual exaggeration and disregard for fact and often typifies the "Hollywood idea" of the sea. Although a great picture in many ways, I can only rate it "fair" for it is borne down by too many things that just aren't the sea: the cook telling the mate off and the mate taking it without even getting mad; personal entries in the Log commenting on character and attitude; calling a bosun's chair a "sling" . . . It may be a good story but it is not sea. Still, the film's portrayal of courage, discipline, love and struggle survives a plot that seems to have been cut, patched and sewed together to fit it.

Skippers Who Paint



Photos by Lopez, *The Sun*

Capt. Richard Patterson and Capt. Herbert Friswold (right) with some of their paintings from the SKIPPERS WHO PAINT exhibition at 25 South Street.

AN exhibition of 60 paintings by captains in the Merchant Marine was held at 25 South Street during the month of February. These masters of merchant vessels who find time, between their sea duties aboard ship or in the few days they are in home port, to put down on canvas the places and people they have seen, do not paint the sea exclusively. There are portraits of natives, seaport villages, streets and castles and fields. But the marines were in the majority. Sailing ships, merchantmen, small boats, seaports, and even an actual sea rescue (the rescue of the fishing schooner *Maria Carlotta* by an Army transport in command of Capt. Gunnar Van Rosen who also painted the picture) were on view.

First, second, and third prizes of \$25, \$15 and \$10, chosen by popular vote were awarded. Seamen, Institute staff members, and visitors all cast their votes in a ballot box near the exhibit in the Janet Roper Room. Capt. Gunnar Van Rosen won first prize for his "Norwegian Coast"; Capt. Richard Patterson won second prize for "S.S. Stanley"; and Capt. S. V. Rodgers won third for "Commuting Hour." If the prize winning

canvasses lend themselves to magazine reproduction, they will be shown in a future issue of THE LOOKOUT.

The captains who exhibited work in the show were: Capt. Richard Patterson, U. S. Lines; Capt. Herbert Friswold, United Fruit Co.; Capt. Gunnar Van Rosen, Army Transport Service; Capt. Peder G. Pedersen, a lighter captain; Capt. Amos Beinhart, Sword Line; Capt. Albin Andersen, Grace Line; Capt. George Grant, United Fruit Co.; Capt. S. V. Rodgers, a ferry boat skipper for the Erie Railroad; Capt. Juan Schlatter; and Capt. Christian Dahlgard, master of the S.S. *Sixaola*, United Fruit Co.

Few, if any, of these painters have bothered with formal instruction.

Seamen in the Janet Roper Room took a keen interest in the exhibition and voiced many comments as to the merits of this or that canvas. Three oils of deep sea divers by Capt. Richard Patterson were particularly well liked by seamen for their color . . . deep tones of blue.

This was one of the twelve art shows which will be shown at the Institute during the year as one of the activities of the Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine.

Mrs. Roper Lives On

SURELY nowhere is the immortality of influence demonstrated better than in the work of the Janet Roper Club, on the fourth floor of the Institute. Named in memory of Mrs. Janet Roper, who died April 5, 1943 and who had been in seamen's welfare work for 53 years, the Club had an attendance of 43,061 during 1948. In mail received by Mrs. Lois Meldrum, the senior hostess, come greetings from seamen in far-off places, and frequently in these letters is a paragraph expressing gratitude to the Institute for the Janet Roper Club. One seaman wrote: "When I'm on the night watch I live over again the good times I had at the Club, and Mother Roper would certainly be happy and proud that her work continues." "Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Augusta Cochran, Miss Daisy Brown and the other hostesses have caught Mother Roper's friendly spirit and are carrying on the Club as she would have liked it," writes another seaman.

100th ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to the Seamen's Church Institute of Philadelphia which celebrated in January the 100th anniversary of the consecration of the Floating Church of the Redeemer. Just as the Seamen's Church Institute of New York began as a Floating Church (in 1844) so the Philadelphia Institute started its work for merchant seamen. Bishop Alonzo Potter consecrated the Philadelphia Church on January 11, 1849. The church was built in a shipyard and towed down the Delaware River to its moorings at the foot of Dock Street. (The Institute's Church of Our Saviour was moored at the foot of Pike Street, East River.)

There are many parallel experiences in the history of these Floating Churches. During heavy snowstorms, they had a habit of sinking, and then all hands (seamen, committee and even the Women's Auxiliaries) turned to clean the mud (Delaware or East River) from the chapel.

After the Philadelphia church was destroyed by fire, the work for seamen and their families continued at 101 Queen Street. Its present well-equipped building, with the Rev. P. R. Stockman as Superintendent, is located at 211 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

GIVING CREDIT TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES: Having for years admired the spirit of fairness which seemed to me to inspire your treatment of the news, I have been troubled by several instances recently in which I felt that, due to an omission, the impression made was not fair.

I refer to your accounts of a number of sea rescues and, in particular, to the half column in the issue of Nov. 24 headed "Army Men Hailed for Sea Rescues." In each case you have referred to the rescuers as "crews of Army transports." Not once have you mentioned the fact that these men were actually all merchant seamen, temporarily and voluntarily in government service, something it is safe to assume very few readers would know.

Whenever anything occurs which might invite public censure, such as the refusal to unload the ship at Marseille, the papers make it plain that those involved belong to our merchant marine. Would it be no more than simple justice, then, that the truth concerning their heroic accomplishments in which they voluntarily risk their lives to save others should be clearly presented too?

KATHARINE D. MORSE.
New York, Nov. 25, 1947.

ART WILL OUT

Necessity, that well-known mother of invention, has proved herself again. Running a painting contest for merchant seamen, the Seamen's Institute receives art work where ingenuity is revealed. Two sketches by a Captain arrived which were done on the back of navigation charts (the handiest thing available on the high seas); an ingenious bosun made his paint brush from the hair of his head; another seaman dipped his brush in the flat paint used to paint ship's bulkheads; an old ship's carpenter sends in primitive paintings on blotting paper or laundry cardboard from shirts.

DARKEST BEFORE DAWN NOTE

"Just how low does a man have to get before a break comes along?" a young deck hand, worried about the scarcity of sleeping berths, asked a staff member at the Seamen's Church Institute. As she was cheering him up and telling him how it was always darkest just before dawn, along came a second engineer who had overheard, sent the seaman over to a shipping company he'd just left where there was a job for a deck hand! Cheer up, my hearties! Prayers are answered.

Report on Artists and Writers Club



"Chess Game," water color by Rene Cruz, steward's dept., member of the Artists & Writers Club.

AFTER four full years of operation, it is felt that the Artists & Writers Club for the Merchant Marine, founded at the Institute in June, 1945, has more than justified itself. With a present membership of 60 seamen (not to mention 54 members in the Camera Club), it has been not only a source of inspiration to the men but a means of acquainting the general public with Institute activities. Art and Writers' magazines carry listings of our exhibitions and contests; newspapers do an occasional interview feature with a member and this brings many outsiders to see the works of the men.

In November of this year, the *New Yorker* magazine sent its art critic, Robert Coates, down to see an exhibition of paintings by the Club members which was on view in the Janet Roper Club. Mr. Coates spent some time at the show and wrote a two column review, mentioning some of the artists' names and praising the Institute for its work with them. A professional artist who has served as a judge in the contests, asked the Club secretary if she realized that "most artists would ransom their lives for a two-column write-up in the *New Yorker*!" This nice piece of publicity drew many other people down to 25 South Street to take a

look at the paintings turned out by ship carpenters, third mates, bosuns, and engineers.

Judges for the annual Painting Contest for seamen were: Gordon Grant and Charles Robert Patterson (well-known marine artists), Bert-ram Goodman, artist, and Edmond James Fitzgerald who painted the mural in the main lobby at 25 South Street. The judges awarded the prizes to Bernard Bovasso, A.B., for his oil painting of the Brooklyn Bridge which he called "Looking East"; David Nisbet (now in the Marine Hospital at Neponsit with tuberculosis) for his oil painting called "Old Street"; E. M. Hudson for "Alongside," and Radio Operator Joe Michaels for his "Cafe," which won honorable mention. Water color prizes went to Second Mate Tom Musser, for "Boat Crews Return," Tom Tsuda for "Morning Glories"; Bernard Bovasso for "South Street," and honorable mention to Ship's Steward Tom Lyons for "Farmer's Wife." Awards of \$25, \$15, \$10, and \$5 in each class were made.

The Annual Marine Poetry Contest was judged by the poet, Joseph Auslander, Geoffrey Parsons, Sr. (chief editorial writer, N. Y. Herald Tribune) and A. M. Sullivan, poet and conductor of a Poetry Program

on the radio station WNYC. Seamen winners in this contest were Chief Mate John Ackerson, Purser Raymond Washington, Ship's Butcher Joseph Ferran, Eric Batters, Purser C. R. Schriver, and P. Hayes. All the winning poems will be published in the Institute's monthly magazine, **THE LOOKOUT**. Mr. Sullivan read some of the prize winning poems on his radio program and Mr. Parsons published some on the editorial page of the *Herald Tribune*.

Sales, whether of manuscripts or paintings, have not been too successful during recent months. National magazines and book publishers have been feeling an after-the-war slump with a resultant falling off of published material everywhere. One sale of a painting (South Street, by Steward Rene Cruz) was made around Christmas time. But it is felt that sales or no, the morale building effect and the encouragement to better things which the club achieves, would alone justify its existence. Here is a quote from a seaman's letter:

"This letter is in acknowledgment and thanks for the check and information that I won honorable mention in the last art contest . . . I'm not enough of a writer to tell you how happy and grateful something like this makes me feel. I can't help but feel that if it were not for the Seamen's Church Institute, I would not have received the recognition I have at this stage in my career of painting. This has been a decisive factor in my life."

NETHERLANDS CLUB OFFICIAL HONORED BY QUEEN JULIANA

Mr. Jan H. van Kampen, an administrator of Free Holland on the Seas, which sponsors the Club for Netherlands Seamen at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, was honored by Her Majesty, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands on January 11th, for his work in welcoming and befriending Dutch merchant seamen. Dr. W. Cnoop Koopmans, Consul General of the Netherlands, conferred the award of Knight of the Order of Orange Nassau on Mr. van Kampen. Mr. van Kampen has supervised the Club since 1941.

VIKING SHIP IS RESTORED AFTER 40 YEARS' RESEARCH

After nearly eleven centuries the Gokstad Viking ship on display in Oslo's Viking Ship Museum is again adorned with a jaunty dragon head and tail, according to the Norwegian Information Service, 30 Rockefeller Plaza.

Neither appendage was found in the ancient burial mound when the vessel was unearthed, and their reconstruction and installation is the crowning event in forty years of research by a Norwegian historian, Dr. Fridtjov Johannessen. The new head is over six feet in height, elaborately carved from a solid piece of wood and colored in black and gold.

Its style was taken from the dragon head implements found in the hull of the unearthed ship. Similar colored tent paintings which survived more than 1,000 years in a burial mound determined the color scheme.

The Gokstad ship is the largest of the three Viking vessels uncovered so far. Like the others, it stems from the ninth century and served as a burial chamber for departed Viking royalty. Discovered in 1880, the ninety-foot vessel is thought to be of the same type as crossed the Atlantic to Greenland and then to America in the year 1,000.

—N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*

CRIPPLED VESSEL TOWED 1,500 MILES BY SISTER SHIP

SAN PEDRO, Calif., Nov. 29—The disabled, 5,000-ton Canadian motorship *Seaboard Star* put into a shipyard here today after being towed 1,500 miles by a sister ship—believed one of the longest hauls in modern sea history.

The *Seaboard Star* lost her propellor off the Gulf of Tehuantepec, Mexico, some 1,500 miles south of Los Angeles Harbor. The *Seaboard Ranger*, following behind, hauled her all the way to Los Angeles Harbor, arriving yesterday.

BOY SWIMS 40 HOURS IN SHARK-FILLED SEA

Russell Anthony Latona, thirteen, of Sacramento, Calif., a cabin boy on a Danish merchant ship, swam for forty hours through the shark-infested Caribbean after trying vainly to save the life of a Danish shipmate.

Latona's ordeal began when the ship, the *Grete Maersk*, was sailing near Cuba. Russell saw Bent Jeppsen, fourteen, fall overboard from the ship and dived after him with a life preserver. No one aboard the ship saw the accident.

Russell reached his friend's side, and the two boys called vainly for help. The ship sailed out of sight. The rest of the episode was described in these stark words: "during the next forty hours Bent was killed by sharks and Russell suffered injuries."

Somehow, the American struggled to the north shore of Cuba.

Book Reviews

THE RESTLESS VOYAGE

By Stanley D. Porteus

Prentice-Hall, \$2.75

Stanley Porteus has made an exciting novel from the truthful account of the adventures of a Scottish sailor, Archibald Campbell. "A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD FROM 1806 TO 1812," a rather stodgily written book, was published in Scotland in 1816 and later, in America.

Campbell's travels took him to China, then to the Aleutians, where his ship was wrecked and both of his feet frozen, requiring amputation. A Russian ship belonging to the North American Fur Company next carried him to the Sandwich Islands, which had been his dream and original goal. In what we now know as Hawaii, Campbell spent several happy years, first as sail-maker to the king and later as a land owner, a reward for having taught the friendly natives loom weaving. But his longing for Scotland and his childhood sweetheart made him return to his old home; after marriage there were new but less stirring adventures in the U. S. This bare outline fails to show the zest that the author has given this interesting sea tale.

I. M. ACHESON

MOBY DICK OR THE WHALE

By Herman Melville

Oxford University Press, New York, 1947

So much has been said down through the years since the first publication of *MOBY DICK* that any further comment is likely to be repetitious. To the new generation of readers of this great book the best one can say is let it speak for itself.

A reviewer is tempted into "big names" in speaking of *MOBY DICK*: the Hogarthian canvas of characters, the Promethean figure of Captain Ahab, the rugged, the blind inevitability of Greek tragedy in Ahab's quest, etc., etc. The story is in one aspect an acute, scholarly exposition of American whaling of a hundred years ago and from another an Elizabethan tale of travel and adventure, sweeping, vivid, mystical. The very excellent Introduction by Willard Thorp in the new Oxford University Press edition is an illuminating aid to the new reader. The footnotes too are helpful, though they do seem to this reader to lend something of a pedantic textbook flavor to this great book of entertainment. Professor Thorp is himself quite obviously conscious of this danger.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

GREEN SEAS AND WHITE ICE

Far North with Captain Mac

By Miriam MacMillan

Dodd, Mead & Co., \$4.00

Mrs. MacMillan tells about a great many interesting things relating to her adventurous cruises to the Far North with her famous explorer husband. But since most of the writing of this book was done obviously before the second World War, with only a short postscript added to bring it up to date, it seems as if the writer could have in that time done a better job with her material. Bertie is the only person in the book who really comes to life. The rest, including her husband remain shadowy figures. The pictures of the people, places, happenings are of the superficial, photographic sort affording little insight into the lives either of the personnel of the Bowdoin or of the people she met. The book does give a lusty, good-humored, friendly, often thrilling account of the voyages. It is easy to see why the crew voted "Lady Mac" the Official Hostess and Cribbage Partner of the Bowdoin.

WILLIAM L. MILLER



A CONVOY THROUGH THE DREAM

By Scott Graham Williamson

Macmillan, \$3.50

A powerful novel of one man's attempt to discover the fundamental meaning of life during World War II. A sociology professor, Eric Clark accepted a government job as his part of the war effort. When he was asked to write a script in answer to the question "Who is the enemy," he could not do it. He did not know, so gave up the comfort and security of his job and enlisted in the Merchant Marine to find out.

He becomes a Radio Officer on the *S.S. William Benson*, and his search for the enemy and his own peace of mind continues until his ship is blown up in the Mediterranean. He philosophizes on everything that happens to him, to his crew, and to his ship. When he knows the end has come, he is not afraid to die; life has been a dream, so perhaps death will be a reality.

Throughout the story, in Sicily, Italy, and Algeria, we feel deeply the spiritual confusion of our age. One reviewer has said, "Conrad could not have done better at this stage in his career." That is praise indeed!

LOUISE NOLING

Book Reviews

AMERICAN SEA SONGS AND CHANTEYS

Edited by Frank Shay

Illustrated by Edw. A. Wilson

W. W. Norton & Co., \$5.00

Here are the words and music of 76 sea chanties and fo'c'sle ballads of sailing ship days. (The Seamen's Institute has long been interested in these old songs and has preserved some of them on records. The LOOKOUT editor has noted the various wordings whenever she found an old-timer who could sing them.) In this book the favorite tunes are used. Edward Wilson's wood blocks add much to the attractiveness of this volume. It belongs on cabin bookshelves and in libraries of those who love the windships and their traditions.

M. D. C.

MYSTERIES AND ADVENTURES ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST

By Edward Rowe Snow

Dodd, Mead & Co., 1948, \$4.00

To this reader, who for a good many years has knocked about the New England shipyards and along the coast from Cape May to Trinity, Newfoundland, Mr. Snow's book is a special pleasure since these lively yet critically compiled yarns lend much of the glamor of adventure and legend to places and times in the reader's own experience. These stories of treasure hunts of haunted ships and places, modern Jonahs, tales astonishing, almost incredible, are folklore that definitely and delightfully enrich the Americana of our Atlantic shores. Since Mr. Snow is so painstaking in his presentation this writer would like modestly to ask whether on page 206 Mr. Snow says *undertow* when he means *backwash*. The point is really an important one for seagoing readers of this pleasing book.

WILLIAM L. MILLER

ISABEL AND THE SEA

By George Millar

Doubleday & Co., \$3.50

The author of "Horned Pigeon" has written a delightful account of his voyage, with his wife Isabel, in their auxiliary ketch "Truant" through the rivers and canals of France, around the coast of Italy and Greece. He modestly claims slight knowledge of navigation and seamanship, but his accomplishment indicates his ability as a sailor. The book is filled with interesting portrait sketches of the people they met enroute.

MDC

THEY TOOK TO THE SEA

By David Klein

and Mary Louise Johnson

Rutgers University Press
New Brunswick, 1948, \$3.75

In *THEY TOOK TO THE SEA*, the authors have brought together parts of real sea lovers' accounts of their adventures in far places and of their haps and mishaps in getting to them. David Klein and Mary Johnson, both confirmed small boat fans, have written a kind of running commentary on the voyages of these hardy—one might often say fool-hardy—seamen and women, on their personalities and general fortunes as told in their personal narratives of their voyages. Rockwell Kent offers a humorous epitome of frustration as a Prologue.

WM. MILLER

SEA BOOTS

By Robert C. Du Soe

Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., \$2.50

For small fry with sea fever is this story of Pedro who stows aboard the tuna clipper "*White Star*" and shares the adventures of California fishermen. There is fun and excitement and danger before Pedro earns his sea boots. The scenes of a storm at sea and a fight between a swordfish and a whale are vividly painted. Before the voyage is over young Pedro has learned to repair nets, rig tackle, stand watch and even take his trick at the wheel. The black and white illustrations by Arthur Harper are redolent of sea adventuring.

P. W. B.

TALES FROM THE HIGH SEAS

Selected by A. E. Hogeboom

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Inc., 1948, \$3.00

In *TALES FROM THE HIGH SEAS*, Mr. Hogeboom has gathered together some of the outstanding parts of such great sea tales as Conrad's "Mirrors of the Sea," Henry Gilbert's "Book of Pirates," stories like Marco Polo's account of Kubla Khan's attack on Japan, of Blackbeard, Drake, Hawkins, and many others. The selections are arranged in chronological order, extending from the story of the capture of young Julius Caesar by the pirates off western Asia Minor to Forester's account of a naval scrimmage with the Italians in the Mediterranean during the last war. It is a well selected and interesting aggregation, fortunately including Jack London's beautiful tale, "The Heathen" and Dana's account of the rounding of Cape Horn.

WM. MILLER

Marine Poetry



ROADWAYS

By John Masefield

One road leads to London,
One road runs to Wales,
My road leads me seawards
To the white dipping sails.
One road leads to the river,
As it goes singing slow;
My road leads to shipping,
Where the bronzed sailors go.
Leads me, lures me, calls me
To salt green tossing sea;
A road without earth's road-dust
Is the right road for me.
A wet road heaving, shining,
And wild with seagulls' cries,
A mad salt sea-wind blowing
The salt spray in my eyes.
My road calls me, lures me
West, east, south, and north;
Most roads lead men homewards,
My road leads me forth.
To add more miles to the tally
Of grey miles left behind,
In quest of that one beauty
God put me here to find.

Salt-Water Poems and Ballads

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OLD SAILOR

By Frederick Ebricht

No port is stranger to his weathered face
Who even now remembers day of sail,
The wars and years gone down, the time
and place
Are blurred and softened with repeated tale.
But now he seldom speaks, content to dream
Above his pipe in blue tobacco haze,
To hear again the Roaring Forties scream
And bellied canvas spanking in the stays.
He keeps a battered box of curios
And trinkets sacred only to his eyes:
Strange coins, postcards, a faded rose,
A shell: such paltry loot a boy would prize.
But in these shabby treasured souvenirs
Is fire enough to warm his thinning years.

— New York Times

"TYPHOON"

By Pleas A. Hayes, *Bosun*

We were bound from Singapore to
Trinidad
When the sky turned black and the
Sea went mad.
The wind whined down and rolled
Up the seas:
The barometer fell 40 degrees.
It blew down the vents, it blew
Down the stack,
It blew the Old Man out of his sack.
I heard him bellow—"Thar she blows"
As it blew a blue wart off the
Chief Mate's nose.
It blew the whistle, it rattled
The bell,
The Second Mate groaned "we're bound
The Second Mate groaned we're bound
For 'ell
We're bound for 'ell, who but knows"
And the Quartermaster piped up,
"Steady as she goes."
It blew a ten-ton whale on the boat
Deck.
It blew a ten inch hawser around
The Bo's'n's neck.
It whined through the topside,
It rattled through the galley;
It blew the black gang through
The shaft alley.
It blew a-beam, it blew a-baft
It blew the screw off the shaft.
Then came a sudden shift of the
Wind,
And it blew the dam screw
Back on again.
Well I guess I'll be going
To sea again soon,
But I hope to never meet
Another typhoon.

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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,"** 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."

We are always grateful for books and magazines for free distribution aboard ships of all flags.