

The LOOKOUT

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It's a long, long way to go,
It's a long, long pull
with our hatches full
Braving the wind,
Braving the sea,
Fighting the treacherous foe!

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ATLANTIC VOYAGE—See page 3

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
VOL. XXXV—NUMBER 9

SEPTEMBER, 1944

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows a Liberty ship in an Atlantic convoy.

Photo by Costa—N. Y. Daily News.

"Heave Ho" Song by Lieut. Jack Lawrence, U. S. Maritime Service

Sanctuary

Almighty God, we ask thy blessing upon this gathering of men of the sea who are masters of two crafts. May fair winds accompany their voyages and may they make a safe landfall and happy anchorage. May the beauty of their written words bring inspiration and comfort to readers. We invoke thy blessing, too, on this Conrad Library and upon all the men who go down to the sea in ships, and to whom the world of books offers surcease from their labors, and relaxation from the dangers of the deep.

Bless we pray this food to our use and ourselves to thy service and provide for the wants of others, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Grace at Marine Authors' Luncheon, Seamen's Church Institute of N. Y., August 3rd, 1944 (See Page 12).

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXV, SEPTEMBER, 1944

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

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The Lookout

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No. 9

INSTITUTE LOBBIES REDECORATED



Photo by Lawrence Thornton

MAIN LOBBY—given by Lispenard Stewart in memory of his mother, Mary Rhinelander Stewart. The compass embedded in the floor was given by Mrs. Richard T. Auchmuty. The hotel desk, at the right, was given by Mrs. Samuel Lawrence in memory of P. Caroline Swords. The barber shop, at the left, was given by James Barber.

FOR the first time since 1929, when our Annex building was completed, the Institute's main lobbies and Baylies lobby have been renovated. This is in line with the continuous policy of the Board of Managers, of improving the physical aspects of our 13-story building as changing needs require: included is the installation of sound-proofing on the ceiling. Ultimately, structural improvements will be made as soon as our building is freed of its last

remaining debt of \$81,000, which we hope friends will help us to eliminate before the end of 1944, our Centennial Year. Thus, we shall enter our second century of service unencumbered, and with current funds available for renovations resulting in the greater comfort of the thousands of merchant seamen of all nationalities and creeds who use the building in ever-increasing numbers.



BAYLIES ENTRANCE HALL—given by friends as a tribute to Mr. Edmund Lincoln Baylies, elected to the Board of Managers 1885; First Lay President, 1913-1932.

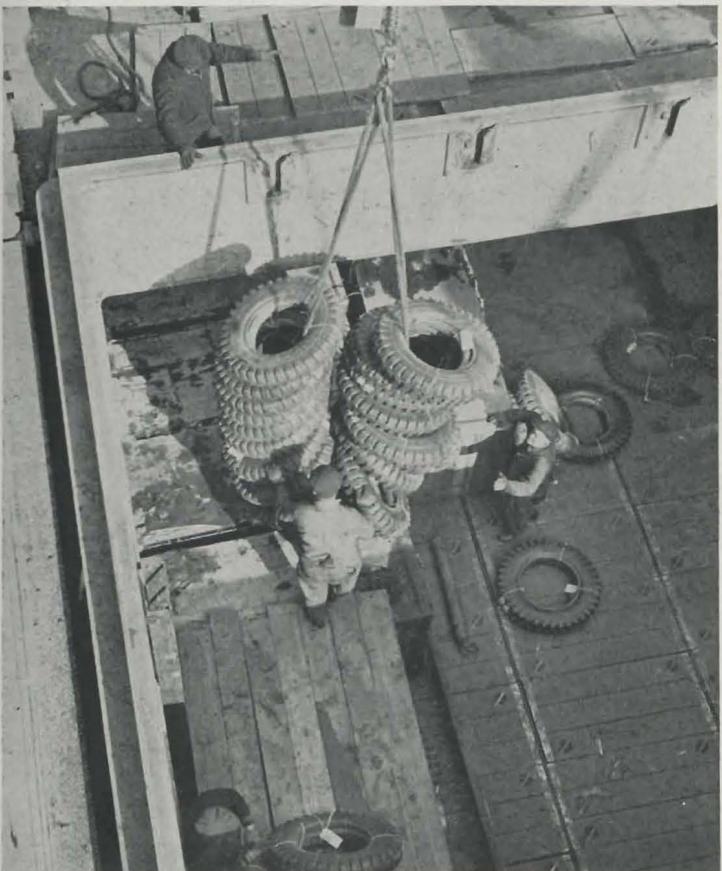


INFORMATION DESK—given by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley H. Barrows in memory of George Groves Barrows, II.



MAIN LOBBY, looking toward Employment Bureau—given by James N. Jarvie in memory of Helen Newton Jarvie.

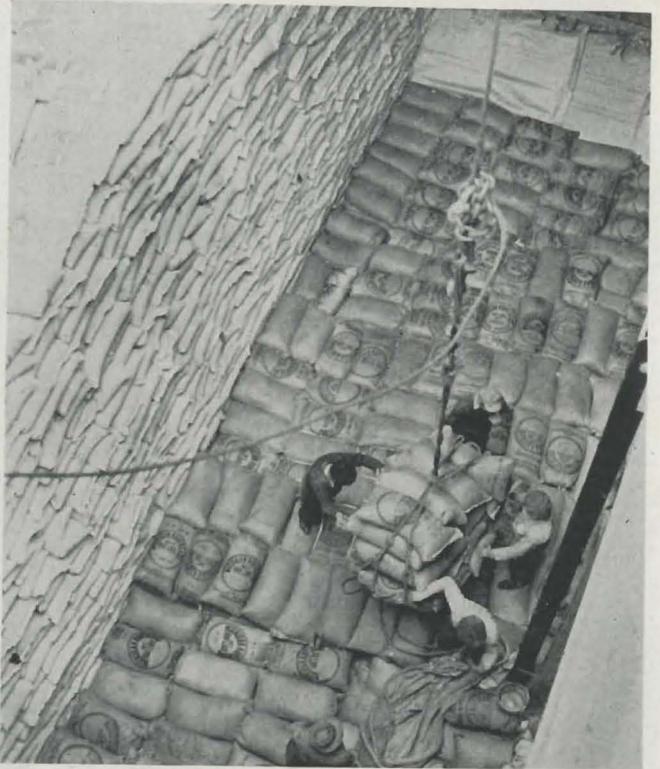
ATLANTIC VOYAGE



STOWING CARGO

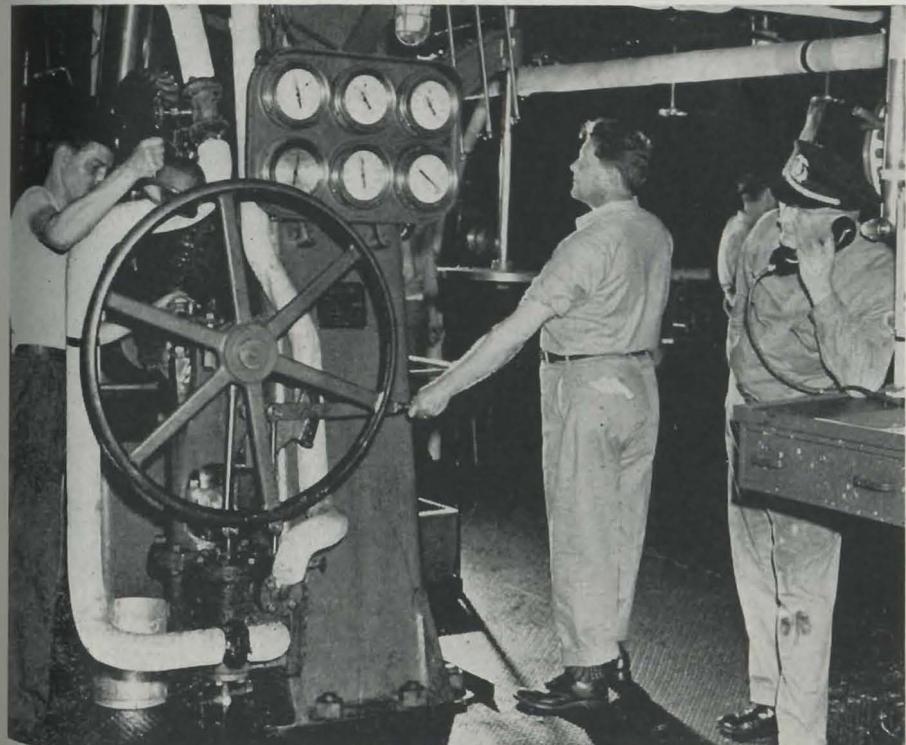
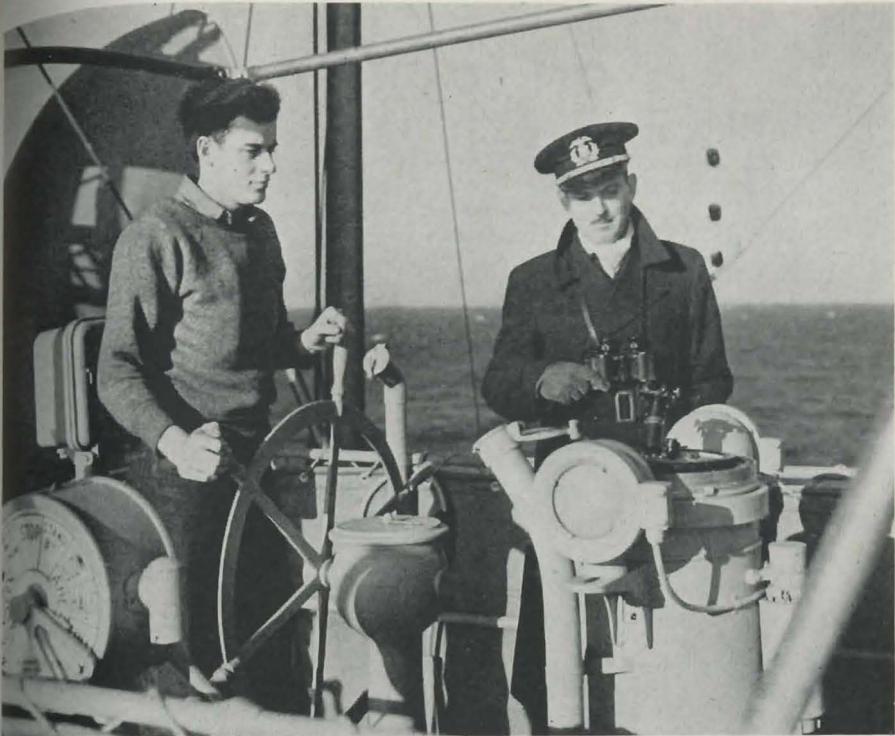
Joseph Costa, photographer for the N. Y. Daily News, sailed aboard a Liberty ship and brought back pictures of life at sea in war-time. Some of these photographs are reprinted here. They tell a vivid story of Convoy life, of men on duty and off duty, while engaged in the perilous job of delivering the vital war cargoes to the fighting fronts.

FLOUR AND BEANS FOR THE ARMY



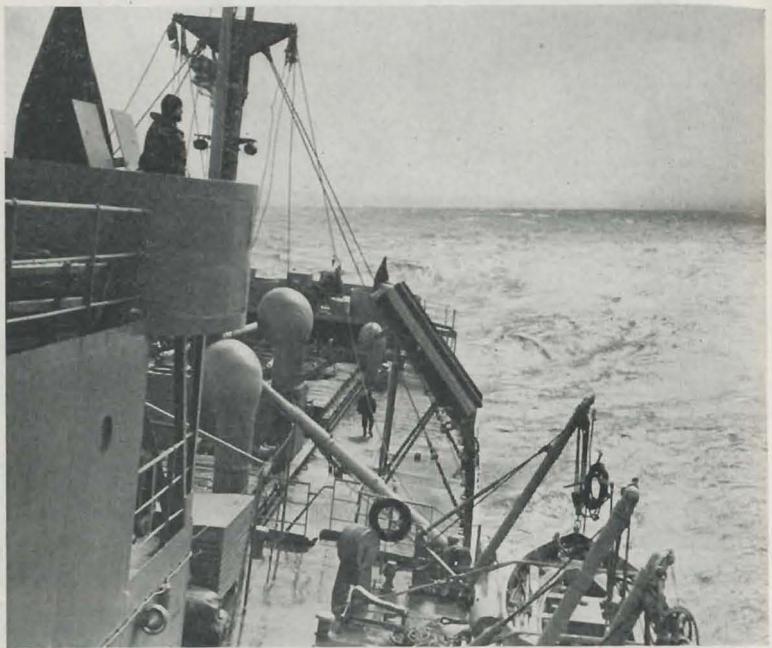
UNDER WEIGH

VIGILANCE ABOVE DECKS



AND "BLACK GANG" BELOW

ON LOOKOUT



ENEMY ATTACK



ASLEEP, BUT ALERT
FOR EMERGENCIES

CHOW



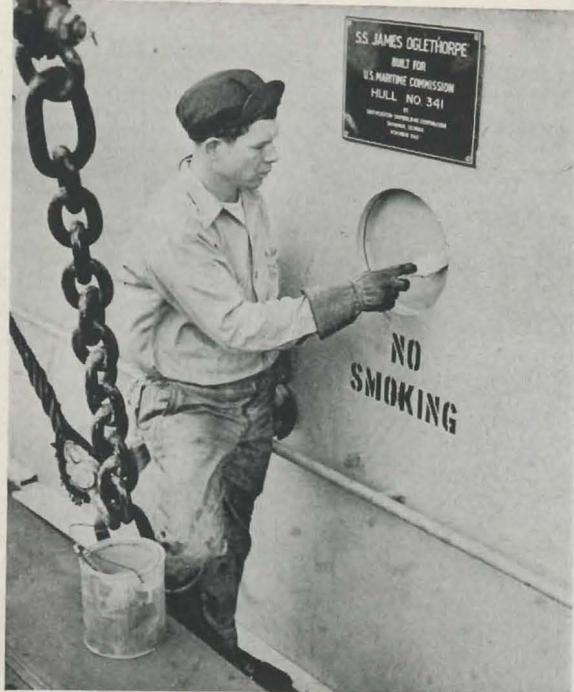
STORM



MIDNIGHT SNACK



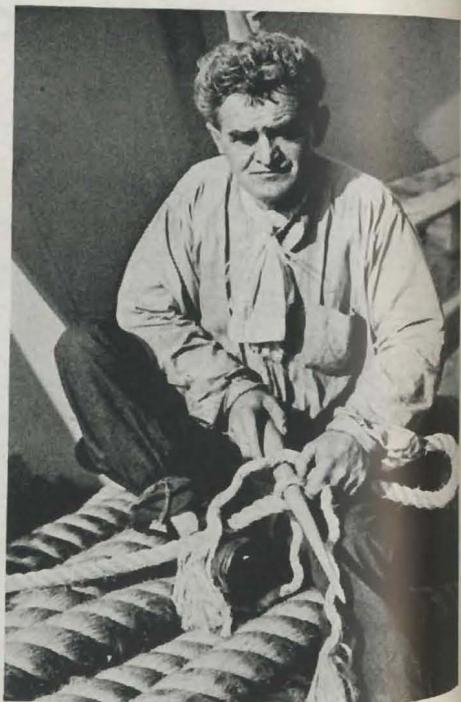
SPUDS



O. S.
(Ordinary Seaman)



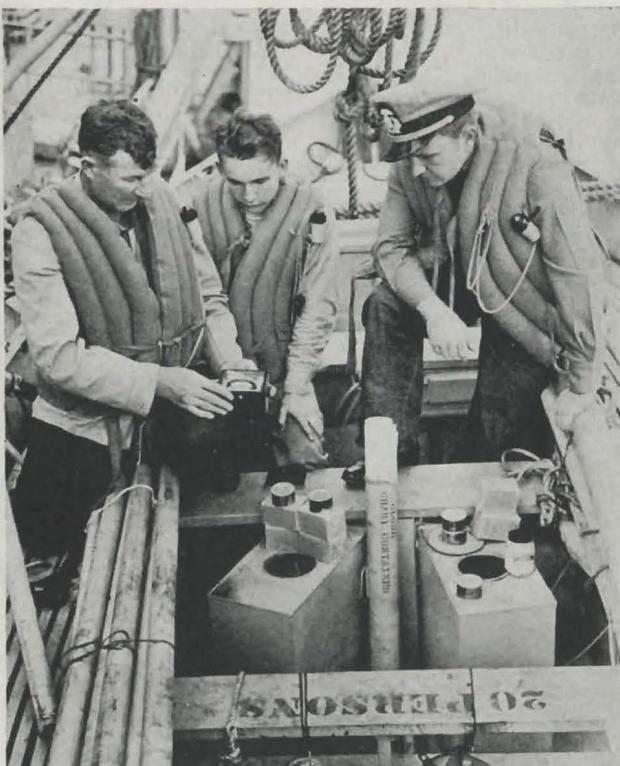
A. B.
(Able-Bodied Seaman)



BOSUN



OILER in shaft alley



DECK CADETS

HONORING MARINE AUTHORS

MERCHANT seamen who have written books about their sea experiences were guests of honor at a Marine Authors' luncheon held on August 3rd at the Institute to commemorate the 20th anniversary of Joseph Conrad's death and to celebrate the completion of 10 years of the Conrad Library.

Mr. Christopher Morley, who was a friend of the great seaman novelist and who spoke at the dedication of the Library ten years ago, presided. Sir T. Ashley Sparks, who raised the funds to build the Library, read greetings from marine authors who were overseas or out-of-town; among these were Felix Riesenbergs, Jr., Gordon Grant, F. R. Buckley, Armstrong Sperry, Critchell Rimington, John Ackerson, Frederick Watt, and Tom O'Reilly. Sir Ashley then offered the following story as a worthy addition to maritime literature:

"Samuel Eliot Morison, who wrote the magnificent Maritime History of Massachusetts, referred to an old time sailor who objected bitterly to the change when the clipper ships

commenced carrying fresh meat for their crews, and wrote to his wife that he no longer got 'salt hoss which you can feel a-lyin' in your stomach and a-nourishin' of you all night long.'

Mr. Morley told some interesting stories about Joseph Conrad while he was visiting in New York and concluded by presenting to the Conrad Library a very personal gift which Conrad had given him over twenty years ago. It was a leather cigarette case inscribed: To Chris Morley From J. Conrad.

(Editor's Note: The Library is most appreciative of this memento and it will be highly treasured for its association with two famous authors.)

Among the active seamen-authors present at the luncheon were Robert Carse, author of "There Go The Ships" and "Lifeline"; Frank Laskier, author of "My Name Is Frank" and "Log Book"; Fred Herman, author of "Dynamite Cargo"; Archie Gibbs, author of "U-Boat Prisoner". Other marine authors who attended were: Robert Berry, author of "Na-

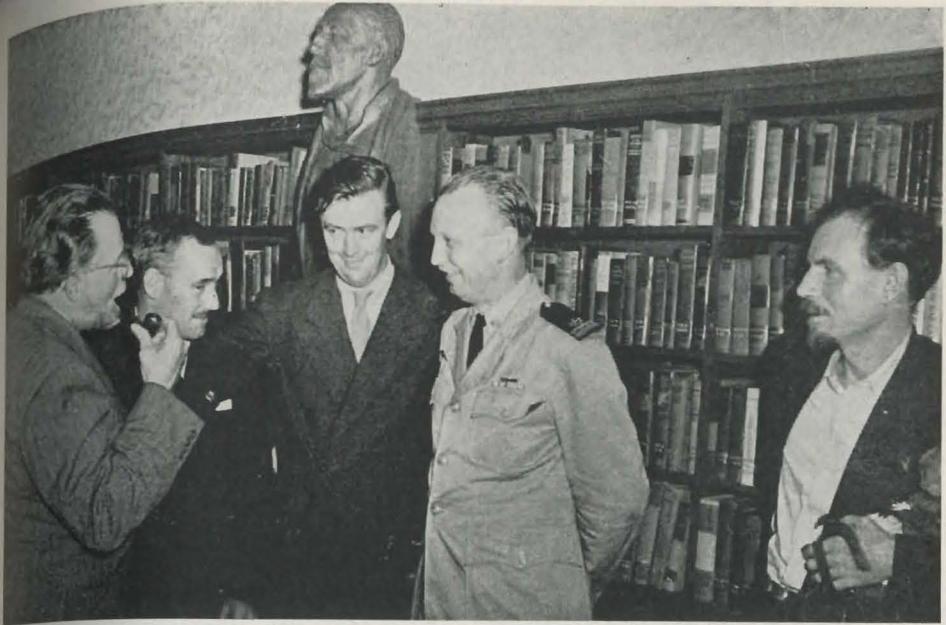


Photo by Marie Higginson

Christopher Morley, Frank Laskier, Fred Herman, Robert Carse and Archie Gibbs gather around Conrad's figurehead in the Library

thaniel Bowditch"; Samuel Duff McCoy, author of "Nor Death Dismay"; Edmund Gilligan, author of "White Sails Crowding" and "Gaunt

Woman"; W. M. Williamson, author of "Sea Packet"; A. M. Sullivan, Capt. Robert Huntington, and Henry Lent.

Larcenous Monkey Steals Show at Luncheon On the 10th Anniversary of Conrad Library

One larcenous monkey named Chico the Dip and a score of merchant mariners who have turned authors attended yesterday a luncheon marking the tenth anniversary of the Joseph Conrad sailors' library in the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street.

Chico an 8-month-old So. American monkey brought from Colombia by Archie Gibbs, author of "U-Boat Prisoner," in his own nonchalant and nonliterary way, stole the show from under the beard of toastmaster Christopher Morley.

Before the luncheon, when the guests were gathered in the library among browsing seamen, Chico sallied from his master's arm to pull letters, wallets and cigarettes out of the jackets and trousers of the visiting authors. He returned everything reluctantly upon Mr. Gibbs' insistence, except a few cigarettes which he munched thoughtfully.

During the luncheon Chico was tied up near a window. He climbed the Venetian blinds, investigated the roots of the flower-box geraniums and swung happily on a cord through the hour and twenty minutes of literary allusions.

Fittingly, the speeches abounded with references to belaying pins, hal-yards and turbines. But Lieut. Robert Carse of the Merchant Marine, author of "Lifeline," injected a serious note by telling the writers it was their duty to help merchant seamen get a "full break."

"There is a new kind of guy in the forecastle," he said. "He's brighter, he really reads and really understands what's going on. But still the public thinks of him as worthless and a drunkard. It's our job to change that picture."

Frank Laskier, British able seaman, who wrote "Logbook" and "My Name Is Frank" after he lost a leg in a torpedoing, declared:

"All we sailors want is to be accepted as craftsmen. We'll give you all we've got, but when we get to be 55 or 60 and ready to retire from the sea, don't



Photo by Marie Higginson

Frank Laskier, Christopher Morley, Sir T. Ashley Sparks, Dr. Harold H. Kelley
(some coats were shed because of the heat!)

leave us on the beach. It's a bitter thing when your country lets you down, as I'm afraid Britain and America did after the last war."

The Joseph Conrad library was dedicated in 1934 by Mr. Morley exclusively for merchant seamen of all nationalities.

Frank Laskier*—Author of "My Name Is Frank" and "Log Book"—speaking at the Marine Authors' Luncheon:

"HE STAYED BELOW"

I happen to be one of those who were picked up by this war and made a name. I was often in here (the Institute). I was aboard a ship—she was picked off by a German raider and sunk. We were machine gunned—two died—later on the raft 8 were picked up—six went back to sea and five are left now. One man who was a good friend of mine was John MacDavid. A Scotsman, an engineer, a little fellow about that big. We two shipped out. It is easy for us fellows on deck. We can always jump over the sides. He stayed down below. Later, we were picked off by German bombardiers. There was not much of a chance on a 35 year old tramp steamer that could not do more than 8 knots . . .

John MacDavid stayed below to give us a little steam—I lost a leg—and was the least wounded of all the men. MacDavid—he dragged me over and he held on to me on the raft—he was the fellow who kept us all cheered—he was the fellow who sighted the rescue ship and signalled. Well, the shock of it all took John's speech away . . . he came along to sort of say 'Good Luck, Frank'—but he could not say much. I can see him now standing there all raw and red, his Adam's apple working up and down—the poor fellow was done—and so he went like that and I went aboard a hospital ship. I never forgot him. I never will.

Later I was up in Canada, and in conversation with other seamen, one of them said to me: "You're off the — aren't you?" And I

ties. The collection of 9,000 volumes is used by about 20,000 sailors a year. In addition, 500 books are sent out every week for reading at sea. According to Mrs. William Acheson, librarian, the seamen go in heavily for best-sellers.

Reprinted from the N. Y. Times, Aug. 3, 1944

said, "Yes, I was on the —." Said he: "You had a second engineer — John MacDavid. He was second engineer aboard our ship, as well."

"Yes?" I said and I waited. Well,—John MacDavid, the little Scotch engineer, went back. They had allowed him a month's leave—he took 2 weeks and he went back to sea and sailed. His was the last ship to take the last load of rubber from the Malay States to Nova Scotia. They went through hell on the water to get there. They dodged everything the Hun could send them—and then 160 miles east of the Labrador coast they were "hit". The water temperature was 76 degrees the first time; the second time it was below zero. MacDavid stayed down below in the engine room—just as he had done the first time. When he came up, he did not have time to get a life preserver or a warm coat. He wore only a singlet and a pair of pants. All night he kept the men alive. In the early morning they could not wake him up—he had died of exposure.

"All my grief—all my tears—and I've shed many for him—will not bring him back. There he is—and there's the little farm he was going to have some day for the children and his wife . . .

Well, remember every fellow who comes into this Institute is a John MacDavid—to someone. And when the time comes and this war is over, please don't forget us. Remember, we did not shout much when we had to face the submarines and dive bombers—all we want is that we will be recognized as craftsmen and after we have given our years to the sea and come to 55 or 60 and we want to retire — don't throw us on the beach!

* Frank Laskier, an able-bodied seaman in the British Merchant Navy, was "discovered" by the British Broadcasting Co. and asked to tell of his experiences on the radio. These were later published in book form.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN APRONS

INSTEAD of mortarboards and black gowns, they wear white caps and aprons when they graduate. They are the men of the U. S. Maritime Service who go down to the sea as cooks and bakers. When mess call is heard aboard a tanker or freighter, it is these fellows who help the morale of the crew, by cooking and serving the kind of food that Mother used to make, or even going Mother one better!

Before the war "Cookee" on a merchant ship was more often than not the most unpopular fellow aboard. The officers and crew would complain of the "grub" and the "chow", and often with reason! So just one year ago the U. S. Maritime Service decided to do something about improving the cooking aboard merchant ships. Thousands of men had been recruited for the Merchant Marine—but why give them indigestion on their first sea voyage? So the Board of Education of the City of New York was asked if the teachers in its Food Trades Vocational High School at 208 West 13th Street would undertake to teach seagoing cooks and bakers to improve their culinary skill. The Board agreed, the civilian teachers would and did. Result: 2,200 second cooks and 450 first cooks have graduated from the school during the first year of its operation.

The course is four weeks. The men wear uniforms of the U. S. Maritime Service and receive \$134. a month which means \$54. base pay, \$60. rent and \$20. food. They study six days each week and eat their lunches at the school. Mr. Charles Citrano is the senior teacher of 30 civilian instructors and Lieut. W. Zwisohn is the Maritime Service executive. The men must have had

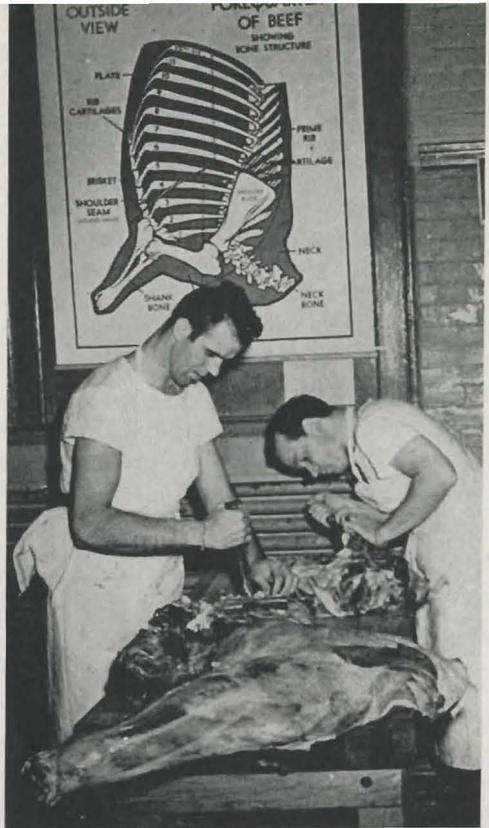
some sea experience as messmen or cooks before attending the upgrade school. No recipe book is used. The men learn by doing. They make notes of their own and memorize. They learn to cook for 78, which includes the average crew of a merchant freighter or tanker, including the Navy gun crew.

During the first week the men learn stewarding, making salads, waiting on table, making puddings and other desserts; the second week they cut tons of meat (borrowed from wholesale butchers); the third week they cook chickens (2,000 a day) and meats and vegetables; the fourth week they learn baking bread, biscuits, rolls, pie and other pastry-making.

Some men will never learn to be good cooks. Twenty-five percent are "washed out" of each class! (These return to the sea as messmen). Diplomas are issued to the School's graduates.

The men take great delight in learning to be good pastry cooks and in putting fancy decorations on cakes. None of their pastry experiments are wasted, however, for the cakes, pies, crullers and cookies are sent each day to twenty canteens and places like the Seamen's Church Institute of New York where merchant seamen on shore leave greatly enjoy them.

After the war when America's great passenger liners sail again, the U. S. Maritime Service doesn't expect to hear people say, "I would sail on American ships, but the cooking is much better on the foreign liners," for this unusual school is teaching these Americans to be expert cooks ranking with the finest of any country.



SHIP'S
COOKS
PRACTICE
CUTTING
1,000
RED POINTS
OF BEEF

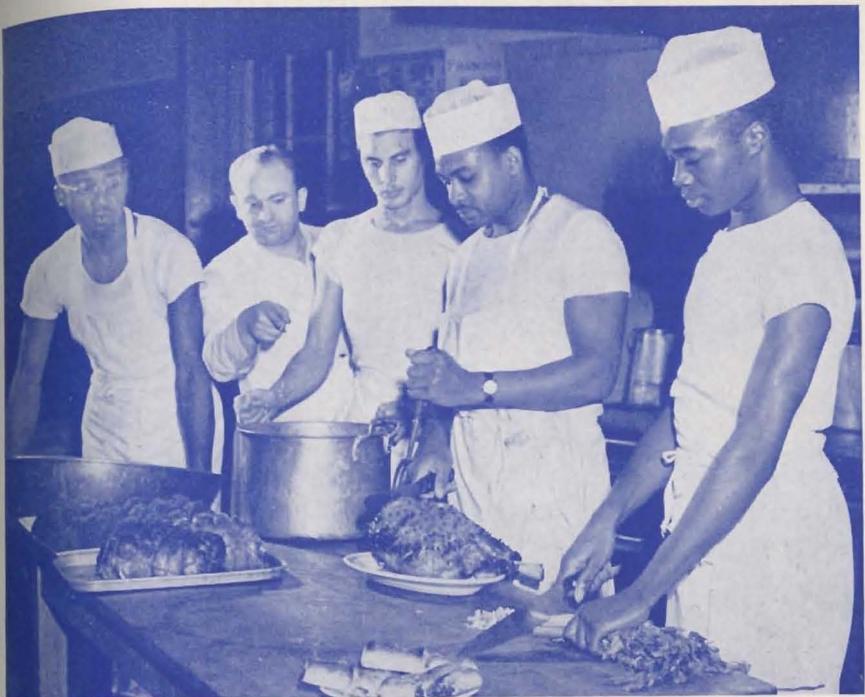
Photos by Marie Higginson



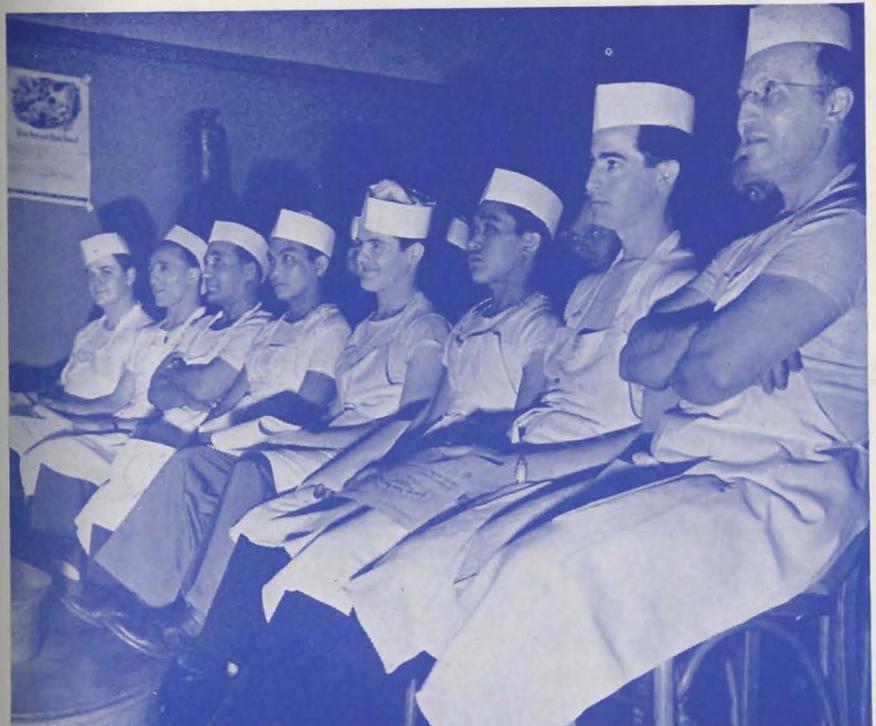
LEARNING TO BE PASTRY COOKS

Cookies are tasted critically by instructors at the Cooks and Bakers Upgrade School. Those which are up to standard are sent to clubs and canteens where merchant seamen enjoy them. Sometimes a special cake is baked, and the students are given a chance to use their imagination in decorating it; for example, recently, they baked a cake for Captain Peter Cassidy's 82nd birthday which was celebrated in the Seamen's Lounge on the third floor of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and for the Marine Authors' luncheon on August 3rd they baked a special cake.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN APRONS



GRADUATES—SHIP'S COOKS



LEARNING TO BE EXPERT CARVERS

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JOHN MASEFIELD

Director:

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY, D.D.

*Serving in the Armed Forces.

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."