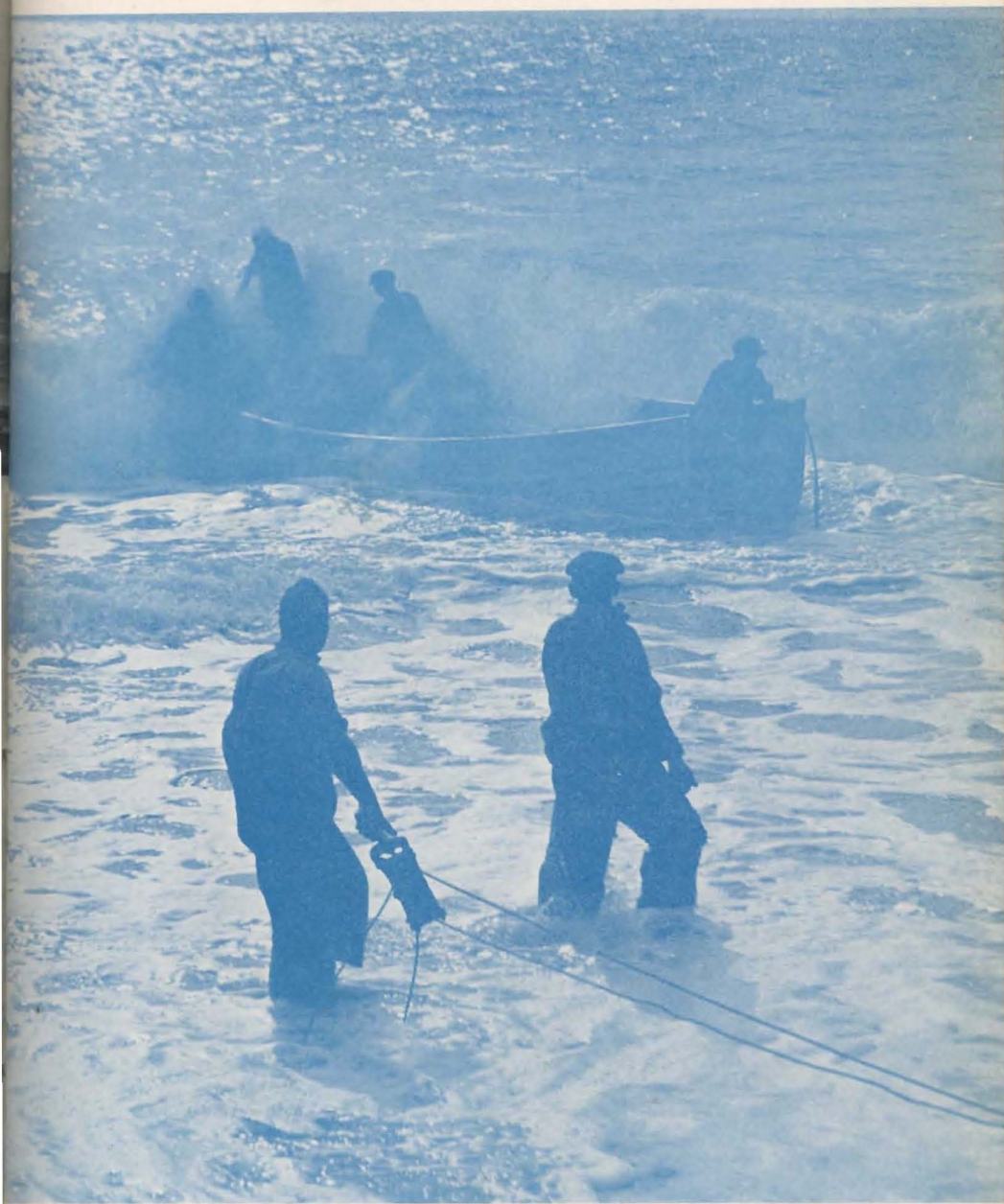


The LOOKOUT



COAST GUARD TO THE RESCUE

Photo by Ewing Galoway, N. Y.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXII NO. 9

SEPTEMBER, 1941

In the Seventeenth Century, when war had bitterly divided the people of England, there was built the chapel of Staunton Harold in Leicestershire. The dedication inscription is there today, as a message for our own times:

In the Year 1653
When All Things Sacred Were
Throughout Ye Nation
Either Demolished or Profaned
Sir Robert Shirley, Barronet
Founded This Church
Whose Singular Praise It Is
To Have Done the Best Things In
Ye Worst Times
And
Hoped Them in the Most
Callamitous.

—Reprinted from "THE MAINSTAY", Seamen's Church Institute of Newport, R. I.

The **LOOKOUT**

VOL. XXXII, SEPTEMBER, 1941

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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OF NEW YORK

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

Telephone BOwling Green 9-2710

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

..... Dollars.

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

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

The Lookout

Vol. XXXII

September, 1941

No. 9

Rescued by a Breeches Buoy

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Associated Press Photo

Coast guardsmen have just secured a breeches buoy to the City of Flint, Pere Marquette Railway car ferry, at Ludington, Mich. The buoy was used to take off four passengers and a crew of forty-three trapped aboard when the ferry went aground during a severe lake storm.

A dramatic rescue illustrating how a breeches buoy stands between the crews of ships and their safety is told by Seaman C. K. Adams, in a recent article in the 'HOFFMAN ISLAND LOG, published by merchant seamen enrolled in the U. S. Maritime Training Station, directed by the U. S. Coast Guard. Adams drove from New York to Cleveland with his wife and was greeted by the worst storm that has hit the lakes in 27 years. By the time Adams reported to the Commander, the air was full of SOS messages from ships that were grounding on the reefs and breaking in two. Because Adams had been in the Coast Guard before joining the Merchant Service, he was familiar with procedure and volunteered for duty.

For forty-two hours he and a companion braved the raging elements attempting to repair telephone lines communicating with the light-

house at Detour. By their efforts they saved the lives of the keeper of the beacon and of the crews of a number of vessels, thus living up to the tradition of the Coast Guard: "You have to go, but you don't have to come back."

Adams modestly does not describe his own efforts but pays tribute rather to Boatswain's Mate William C. Reynard and his mates who used a breeches buoy to rescue 19 members of the crew of the 4,539 ton Lakes steamer *Sinaloa* which ran on to a reef at Sac Bay, near Fayette, Michigan, during the same storm:

HELP IN THE NIGHT

"William C. Reynard received instructions to go to the aid of the *Sinaloa*. He immediately loaded the Melburn light, spare axes, water lights and other equipment in truck No. 1445 and with beach apparatus trailer No. 2538 and put out for the

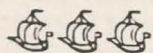
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due to copyright restrictions.

and laid the shot line across the pilot house. It was readily reached by the crew on the *Sinaloa* and the whips hauled out. The hawser was run out and secured to the foremast. A ten ton tractor, the property of the Conservation Department, was used as an anchor. The breeches buoy was fitted and the slack in the hawser taken by means of the tractor.

"At 2:00 A.M. the first member of the crew was landed. About twenty local fishermen assisted in hauling on the whips. As each man was taken ashore he was brought to a fire which had been built in the woods, a short distance away. Here each man was given hot coffee and something to eat and then driven to Garden, Michigan, where dry clothes were issued to him. At 5:00 A.M. the last man (19 in all) was taken ashore. The gear was recovered and Reynard and his helpers departed for his station, arriving at 3:45 P.M. A splendid example of teamwork and courage."

Editor's Note: This is only one of the many instances where a breeches buoy is used to save lives. In the Merchant Marine School of the Institute students are instructed in the use of this method of transferring people from a sinking ship. Thirty seamen and officers were rescued from the

grounded British freighter *Incemore* which had broken up on the rocks of Port Menier, Anticosti Island. The ship lay just forty feet from shore, but every inch of the way was crowded with jagged rock, pounding surf and flying spray. In spite of freezing cold, blinding snow, high winds and pitch darkness, the rescue of the crew was effected by using a breeches buoy.



Rescued by a Breeches Buoy

Photograph by John J. Flaherty. Reproduced from "Guardsmen of the Coast", Courtesy Doubleday-Doran, Publishers.

beach. Arrived at 12:30 A.M., escorted by the Michigan State Police. They were compelled to cut a road through the woods in order to bring the equipment abreast of the stranded steamer. At 1:00 A.M. they completed the work and a place on top of a 15 foot cliff was selected to set up the gear. The Lyle gun was placed below the bluff on the beach. The gun was sighted at 30 degrees elevation and about 2 degrees right windage, using six ounces of powder and a No. 9 shot line. Fired the gun

Sea Chests

By Robert Wilder*

In Coenties Slip, just off South street there is a narrow, red brick building, one of the several inconspicuous structures which harken back to the days when the East Side water front was packed with clipper ships.

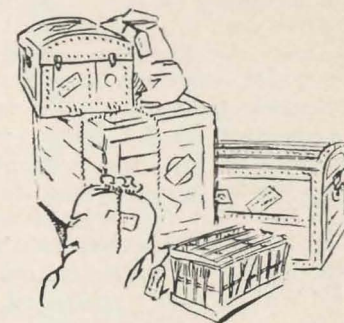
We stopped in there to take a look at a sea chest belonging to H. M. Williamson, editor of the publication "Fair Winds." Mr. and Mrs. Williamson sort of hold open house in the old building for those whose interests incline toward the sea and its ships. If you pass that way we suggest you stop in. The building was once occupied by a ship chandler, one of the floors was a sail loft and the top floor is low and heavy beamed and with a whale oil finish on the planking. Williamson's chest belonged to his father, an old sea captain, and is built slightly smaller at the top than at the bottom, a design which we understand is peculiar to the Norwegians.

Along with a cup of coffee from the Williamson gallery and some conversation we picked up a few notes on sea chests which interested us.

Seamen's Kit

Some of the earliest chests came from the old East Indiamen, most of them fashioned from teak and camphorwood. The Seamen's Church Institute has a handsome example in mahogany, brass bound and pegged, which was left there twenty years ago by some unknown sailor who never returned for it. We also discovered that in the early days the Dutch East India Company insisted upon a uniform size and design.

At a later date the chests were a great feature in British forecastles, every reputable seaman possessing one. One comes across various sayings on this point — "Every sailor has his own chest and the Sou'-Spainer his bag," was one; another was that the old reliables had chests, the youngsters and scallywags, bags. Bags



were admittedly very much handier for deserting, and a treasured chest would often keep a man loyal to his articles in a port where desertion was more or less preventable. Often these were very elaborate, indeed, brass-bound and made of cedarwood, but the average was a good sound chest of which the standard price was about a pound. Very often the ship's carpenter would invest all the money he had to spare, when the ship was in a timber port, in good wood which he made up into chests on the way home and sold to the men as they paid off and before they had been relieved of every penny by the harpies ashore. If there were any left on his hands he could always find a market for them among the dealers in the dockside districts, who sold them for quite a stiff price to the fathers of lads going to sea for the first time as apprentices.

Writing of the decorations of sea chests, Frank Bowen, in the Journal of Commerce and Shipping Telegraph, of Liverpool, added the following:

"Many sailors, however, chose to decorate their chests with intricate geometrical designs of contrasting colors, and one occasionally comes across a chest extraordinarily well done in that way, although the majority are anything but symmetrical. In Swedish ships the almost invariable fashion, originating nobody knew how, was to paint the pine chests green with black lids. In French ships the

*Reprinted from The New York Sun.

great thing was to have a lace-fringed cover to the chest, generally the work of a loved one ashore, and although French forecastles were not noted for their cleanliness, and water was always hard to get for washing purposes, it was wonderful how clean these covers were kept.

"Another form of adornment was really beautiful rope work on the becket handles and shackles of the chests. The fancy knots contrived for this purpose were often wonderful, and it was really excellent practice for the first voyager, but it is to be feared that, after trying his prentice hand half a dozen times with poor results, he would generally get one of the old hands to make a really good job of it for a cake of tobacco."

Years ago, aboard a flat boat moored

in the salt marshes of Florida's East Coast, we saw a really remarkable example of sea chest, designed and built by whose hand we could never discover, but its owner at the time never ceased to delight in showing it off.

Affixed to the inside of the lid was an old pistol, the trigger mechanism designed to work when the chest was opened unless a catch at the back was released. As an additional protection, just in case the gun didn't fire, a long, slim-bladed knife shot out just below the lock. This was calculated to inflict a dandy gash in any prowler. Both the pistol and knife were rust eaten and had long since lost their usefulness, but we have always wondered what happened to the man who first tried to open the chest.

Lloyd's War Medal for Bravery At Sea*

IT was announced on 27th December that, with the approval of the Admiralty and the Ministry of Shipping, the Committee of Lloyd's had decided to strike a new medal, to be known as "Lloyd's War Medal for Bravery at Sea," for bestowal upon Officers and men of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleet in cases of exceptional gallantry at sea in time of war.

We announce below the award of the new medal to, amongst others, Masters and Officers of the Merchant Navy. The records of the deeds which have earned the distinction are not less moving for their brevity. These are men who have done well for their country. The opportunity found them ready, and their example is one to be followed by every one of us to the extent that occasion may demand and our strength allow.

*Reprinted from Merchant Navy Journal, May 1941.

The First Awards

Captain Rowland Morris Woolfenden, Master

Vere Patrick Wills-Rust,
Second Officer

The ship was returning to England from Ostend fully laden with over 200 passengers, including some 50 women and some children. Her speed was not more than eight knots and she carried one Lewis gun. At 1:15 a.m. an enemy submarine fired two torpedoes which narrowly missed the zig-zagging vessel, but 20 minutes later the second of two further torpedoes hit her amidships, and she broke in two and sank within a minute. The Second Officer, who was on the bridge, was carried down with the ship, but on striking the bottom she heeled over and shifted the wreckage which was pinning him down, and he came to the surface.

The U-boat by this time had a searchlight trained on the survivors in the water and was machine-gunning them. Many were killed, including the Chief Officer. The Master and Second Officer, who had remained undismayed by repeated attacks from the air whilst at Ostend and on the way back, had shown great courage and spirit in attacking the submarine, and during the six hours they were in the water before being picked up did their utmost to cheer and support the few survivors who remained afloat.

The following is a description of the design of the new medal:—Obverse.—A heroic figure symbolising courage and endurance is seated looking out over the sea, on which is seen in the distance a vessel of

the Mercantile Marine. In his right hand the figure holds a wreath. The inscription is:—

"Awarded by Lloyd's"

Reverse.—A trident, symbolising sea power, is surrounded by an endless wreath of oak leaves and acorns. On a ribbon across the centre of the design is the single word:—

"Bravery"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Captain Woolfenden who received the first medal struck off, used to visit the Institute frequently in 1923, when he was a third officer and attended the dances in the Apprentices' Room. Vere Patrick Wills-Rust, the Second Officer, visited the Institute's Apprentices' Room in 1926 when he was a cadet on the training ship *Makalla*.

The Long Long Watch Below*

(Tune of "Rolling Home")



BURIAL AT SEA

Photo by Mate A. Costello
S. S. La Mont Dupont

Pipe all hands to chant the chorus
The sands of time are running low
The One aloft has called our shipmate
To his long, long watch below—

Chorus

Rolling home, rolling home.
Rolling home where cold winds blow.
The storms of life will soon be over
And we'll join the watch below.



*Sung at "Burial of the Sea" Service, committing body to the deep, on full-rigged ship "Alexander Gibson", as reported by Captain Harry Garfield.

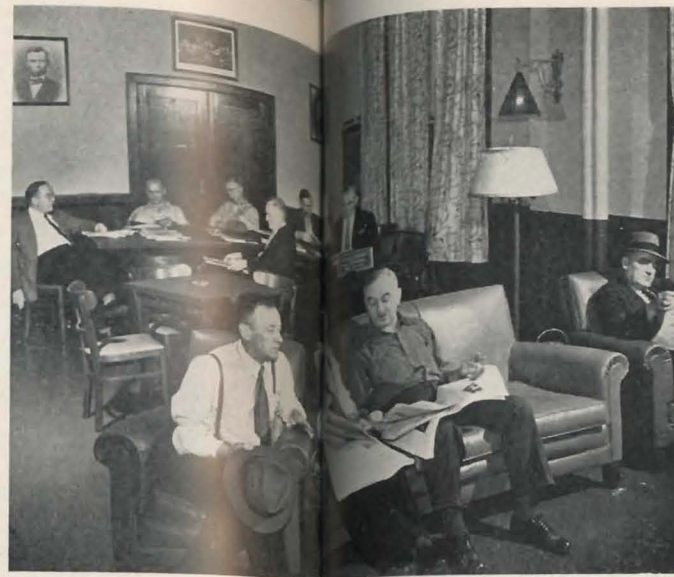
Playtime Seafarers



All work and no play makes a sailor's life dull as dishwater. Every man does his job better if he has pleasant relaxation and diverting entertainment when off duty. As the defense program shifts into high gear, we hear more and more talk about the MORALE of the men of the Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Merchant Marine and their leisure-time activities.

As always, the Institute is doing its utmost to provide ample and wholesome recreation for all seamen of the Merchant marine. It also cooperates with the U. S. Government by housing from time to time members of the U. S. Coast Guard and U. S. Army Corps. The morale of these men must be maintained. Contributions are required to assure the continuance of the Institute's entertainment program.

For example, the large recreation room on the third floor



The Officers' Room and Refurnished

Photo by Eriss

which extends from Coenties Slip, across the Front Street side of the building, has been for some time in great need of repair. During the summer months some improvements such as partitions, painting, plastering, etc. are being made. This room has had long and constant use since the Annex building was opened in 1927. It really needs complete refurnishing so that it will meet the high standards set in the British, Belgian and Dutch recreation rooms which are financed by shipping committees and volunteers from those countries. The Institute's large game room contains pool tables, billiard tables, bowling alleys, table games such as checkers, chess, pinochle, jig saw puzzles, and other games such as quoits, darts, shuffle board, ping pong.

It will cost \$750.00 to renovate this room. (It serves thousands of seamen of ALL nationalities. Most of the men who use it are Americans.) Will any Institute friend donate this amount or will several friends make a joint contribution for this purpose?

We have also a new recreation supervisor's office built in a new location at the center of the room so as to serve the seamen better. Here they come to get the equipment for the various games, leaving their room tickets as a deposit. No cash deposit is required, but the men are most conscientious about returning the cards, checkers, billiard balls, etc. when they have finished playing. The cost of rebuilding this office and recreation desk is \$350.00. It would be a most appropriate



and practical memorial if some LOOKOUT reader would like to give it in memory of some relative or friend. Or perhaps some club or church group would like to give it as a memorial and lasting tribute to some sea hero—for example, Captain E. S. F. Fegen of the converted merchantman *Jervis Bay* who, with one arm almost shot away, stood on the bridge as his ship went down, her guns blazing away at the Nazi man-of-war which had attacked the convoy. His heroic self-sacrifice permitted 38 of the merchantmen in the convoy to scatter, all but four reaching port safely with vital supplies for England. A bronze tablet, suitably inscribed, would be mounted over the door to the recreation office.

The officers' room, given as a memorial in 1913, has been renovated and refurnished at a cost of \$600.

An Uneventful Voyage

By Kermit W. Salyer, A. B. Seaman

A BELGIAN freighter put into New York harbor a little while ago after having called at various ports in the British Isles.

A member of the crew said that it was an uneventful voyage and then proceeded to relate a string of adventures that branded the voyage as anything but uneventful. If that voyage was an uneventful one, I need to be enlightened as to just what constitutes a voyage that is fraught with danger and adventure.

Just his telling about what happened was enough to make one's hair curl.

The ship lay at anchor off Staten Island for five days before she sailed for Belfast some months ago.

On the trip eastward they sighted two ships. Not knowing whether they were friend or foe, the skipper of the Belgian ship changed his course sharply and went full speed ahead in the opposite direction. The other ships, thinking that probably the Belgian was an enemy vessel, did the same thing. Soon they were out of sight of each other.

It is hard to tell friend or foe on the high seas and the best thing to do is to turn tail at the slightest smudge on the horizon.

Upon arriving at Belfast, someone in the black gang who knew that the Chief Engineer was smuggling cigarettes in from the United States turned him in to the authorities. The chief was fined twenty-five pounds and had to pay eighteen pounds duty on the contraband.

The Chief was something of a slave-driver and practically everyone in the Engine department had a grudge against him. Needless to say, he left the ship in Belfast.

After discharging part of the cargo in Belfast, the ship went over to Liverpool. While the vessel was in Liverpool, my correspondent went down to London for a short visit with some friends. He said that there was not a single air raid alarm while he was in the Capital.

When he arrived back in Liverpool, everything was very quiet. He began wondering where all the German raiders were. He had been in the British Isles for nearly a week and he had not seen nose or tail of an enemy plane.

He didn't have long to wait before he saw bombers, and plenty of them at that.

Glasgow was the next port of call. They arrived there a day after an air raid and the populace was still cleaning up the debris. At Glasgow 6,000 bags of mail were discharged. And not more than two or three hours after the mail had been deposited in the post office, one of the bags exploded. It contained a time bomb and the ship had been carting it around — across the Atlantic and in and out of British ports—for more than thirty days. Apparently the person who placed it aboard the ship had expected it to explode in mid-ocean and sink the ship.

And my friend aboard the ship told me that it had been an uneventful voyage!

Because of strict censorship the ship's crew couldn't find out just how much damage had been done by the explosion in the post office.

They returned to Belfast, their last call before coming back to New York. Not long after they had docked the ship a wave of German bombers came over and began dropping huge explosive and fire bombs indiscriminately. All the ships in the harbor began firing their anti-aircraft guns, but in all the excitement the men on the Belgian ship must have become a little mixed up, for as soon as the raid was over an English officer came aboard and bawled them out for firing on English planes.

In the raid the Germans had fired a margarine factory and a ship-yard. And a bomb landed squarely on a tug in the harbor, killing the entire crew. One of the officers on the

tug was a very good friend of the second mate of the Belgian ship.

A fire bomb fell on the deck of the ship, but the third mate, with

his wits about him, grabbed the closest thing at hand—a slipper—and beat it out before it could do any damage.

Salvaging One's Own Ship

A LEGAL case arising out of the heroic action of the S.S. *Jervis Bay* which, as everybody will recall, protected last year successfully a British convoy of 38 ships against a German raider, was tried before the British courts. The question was whether the crew of one of the convoyed vessels, the S.S. *San Demetrio*, was entitled to salvage with respect to their own vessel. The judgment of Mr. Justice Langton gives a very vivid picture of the case, which is quoted, not only on account of its legal and factual background, but particularly in view of the tribute which the English court paid in the judgment to an American seaman.

Mr. Justice Langton in giving judgment said:

"It is now part of English history that on Nov. 5, 1940, the convoy in charge of the British auxiliary cruiser *Jervis Bay* was attacked by a heavily armored and powerful German warship in the Atlantic. With magnificent courage and self-sacrifice the unarmed *Jervis Bay* immediately turned towards the raider, thus drawing her fire and giving her convoy the best possible chance of escape.

"The plaintiffs in the present case have testified here not only to the single-minded devotion to duty exhibited by the *Jervis Bay*, but, also, to the practical value of her action. In the gathering dusk every moment that could be gained was immensely precious to the scattering convoy, and it is not in doubt that the delay so dearly purchased was also richly rewarded. The *San Demetrio* had been one of the first line of traders in the convoy, and, when the raider was able to turn her attention away

from the *Jervis Bay*, was one of the first to feel the weight of her attack. She was hit by the third salvo directed at her and holed on the port bow just above the waterline. The *San Demetrio*, which is a tanker of 8,000 tons gross, fitted with Diesel engines, was fully loaded at the time with a cargo of 11,200 tons of petrol. She was obviously an easy prey to the raider, who had already got her range, in addition to possessing a great superiority in speed. Accordingly, her master, Captain Waite, very properly gave the order to abandon ship, and the ship's company of 42 hands all told left the vessel in three lifeboats.

... "One of the men on board who was not a Britisher, an American able seaman Oswald Preston, is reported on in these terms:

"This man signed on in Halifax as a Nova Scotian, but is actually an American who wanted to get to U. K. to join one of the fighting forces. From the date of joining until the moment the raider was sighted he showed a marked disinclination for work, but from then on he came out in his true colors and was simply magnificent. He kept up the spirits of all in the boat with merry quip and jest and did the work of two men. He threw in his weight with those who were in favor of boarding the vessel again on the second day after leaving her and was one of the first two on board. It was he who went over the side again with a line round him and endeavored to secure the lifeboat, which was full of water. He was one of the first to get on the main deck and plug holes in the decks in way of gasoline cargo

tanks to prevent the spirit spewing out every time vessel rolled. Decks were awash when this work was carried out and the shot hole pluggers were constantly under water and had to be secured by lifelines. No finer tribute can be paid to this man than the unanimous request made by all on board that the Red Ensign which the vessel was flying all through the action and until she arrived in port should be presented to their American shipmate.'

"I dwell with pleasure upon this incident, for I am sure that seaman Oswald Preston is of a quality to treasure this bit of bunting, the only flag which remained on board the *San Demetrio*. He will remember, as we in England will remember, that it was flying at the mast-head of the *San Demetrio* when she first met her troubles, that it remained flying through the worst of her misfortunes, and that it still flew when at long last, on Nov. 16, shell-torn and fire-scarred, but undefeated, she came steaming up the sheltered waters of the Clyde.

"This class of salvage is, necessarily, of a rare character. It is not often that seamen are called upon to save their own vessel. The law on the matter was laid down with great strictness as long ago as the time of Dr. Lushington, and the law is not in doubt. Four requisites laid down by Dr. Lushington have to be fulfilled before seamen can be allowed to claim salvage in respect of their own vessel. The chief of these requisites is that the ship was properly abandoned under the orders of her master. In the present case there has never been the slightest shadow of doubt that all four requisites have been adequately fulfilled. The abandonment of this ship was not only a wise and proper act, it was the only possible course that could have been adopted by her master. Moreover, it is clear that at the time when the vessel was abandoned no one had had the slightest hope of returning to her; in fact, no one had the smallest expectation of ever seeing her again."

(Reprinted from the *Nautical Gazette*)

Salvage

Not the encounter of navies in battle array—
The roar of the salvoes—the smoke-wrack that darkens the day—
But a mined ship with her forepeak full
Off the Foreland, wanting towing . . .
Not the white flame of the searchlights, the red glare between
The heaven-splitting thunder and roar of the struck magazine—
But a fog rolling up Channel as white as wool,
And never a light showing . . .
Not the fierce dash of destroyers—the bow-wave like snow—
The track of the headlong torpedo launched swift on the foe—
But a ship aground off the Long Sand light,
And a hell of a gale blowing . . .
Not the stern splendour of battle, the glory, the fame,
Not the awarding of honours, the nation's acclaim,
But a crew and a cargo to take off by night,
And the light fast going . . .
(But only the duty and deed—whose reward is in no man's bestowing!)

By C. FOX SMITH
From "Sailor Town"

Jottings from the S. C. I. Log

CABLES . . .

Five Irish seamen came to the Social Service Desk to inquire about cable rates to Belfast. They had read of the bombings and were concerned about the welfare of their families. One sailor pawned his watch and another his ring to obtain sufficient funds to permit sending cables home.

WIFE WANTED . . .

A seaman asked one of the welfare workers to find him a good wife. He would like the wedding to take place in September in the Institute's chapel, as by that time he will have cleared off all his debts. He has a steady job and no bad habits, he says.

WHEEL CHAIRS . . .

Four seamen came in wheel chairs to the Sunday communion service conducted by one of the Institute's chaplains in the Marine Hospital on Ellis Island. The mother of one sailor who had arrived from a long distance to visit her son, shared in the communion with her son who was in a wheel chair.

HOMECOMING . . .

A sixteen-year old lad was brought to the Welfare Department by a local barge-man. He had been helping the boy out with food and permitting him to sleep on the barge until the owner stopped this because of the liability insurance. It is impossible for the youngster to get work aboard a ship because of his age and necessary birth certificate. After a long talk with him, he was persuaded to return home and to finish high school. There was no family trouble to hinder his return and when his busfare and money for meals were provided he seemed fully reconciled and anxious to go home.

THRIFT . . .

One of the Institute's ship-visitors reported how the second mate of an American ship had said jokingly to him: "If you loan me a dollar I will start a savings account." Not to be stumped, the ship-visitor took him up on it. It now seems that he only needed a start, for since that time he has put a substantial part of his savings into the bank after each trip. After he had accumulated quite a sum, the ship-visitor suggested that he try to get his first mate's license. He started studying in the Institute's Marine School and completed the course and was successful in getting his license and a good job. At the first payoff he sent \$100. to his father. He also bought a sextant.



Harold M. Lambert Photo
Heaving the Lead.

A "Lucky" Seaman

CAPETOWN, June 18 (AP).—In one respect, at least, Oscar Ohlsen felt he was the luckiest man in the world today.

His father was killed when the Norwegian ship on which he was serving was dive-bombed. His brother on the same ship lost his legs and an arm. His two sisters, nurses, escaped death when their hospital ship was bombed but were killed by Nazi machine-gun bullets as they were hiding in an island cave. His mother was killed in an air raid.

Ohlsen himself was blinded when his tanker was attacked in the Persian Gulf. But he thinks the Ohlsen bad luck has ended because the tanker went on without him and then was sunk in the Atlantic—and today Ohlsen married the Capetown nurse who took care of him.

Book Reviews

WHAT THE CITIZEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE NAVY

By Hanson W. Baldwin

W. W. Norton and Co., Inc., \$2.00

The author, as a graduate of Annapolis, is uniquely fitted to inform the public of the mysterious inner workings of the United States Navy, the most powerful sea-force in the world today.

Here is a volume that interprets sea-power in terms of what it means to every person enjoying the security that exists back of that first line of defense, the Navy.

From men and officers on to the various types of vessels making up the fleet, the author takes each component part to pieces and tells how it works and why and for whose good.

The book is up to date, containing pages on the newest units of our fleet—ships of the North Carolina class.

The author outlines the various grades, from Apprentice Seaman on up to Admiral, giving the training, various insignia, pay and privileges of each grade and rank.

He constructs the various vessels, from raw material to launching. And, incidentally, he informs the public that a battleship costing seventy million dollars contains raw material costing only ten millions. He informs the taxpayer that 40% of the cost of a battleship goes to labor because the American standard of living is the highest in the world.

Not the least interesting parts of an extremely interesting book are the Glossary of Naval Terms and the tables showing the growth of the U. S. Navy and the strength of the Navy as compared with the navies of six other major powers. The latter table is correct, as of January 1941.

In these troublous times this book should be on the reference shelf of every library throughout the land.

K. W. SALYER, A. B. Seaman

CRUISING IS FUN

By Brandt Aymar

Greenberg, \$2.50

Skipper Aymar is a boat owner and knows what he is writing about when he says cruising is fun. In this volume he does a two-fold job. He has written a book that is entertaining reading in itself alone and he has constructed a handbook that is chock-full of reliable information for the yachtsman.

His sprightly manner makes the book a joy to read. And the information he gives is not the stereotyped material that one might expect to find in a handbook of this type. Instead, it is the gist of varied cruising experiences which have fallen the lot of Author Aymar in his poking about the various indentations of the Atlantic Coast.

Cruising is Fun is just the book the yachtsman has been waiting for. It is not only a guide for the experienced boat owner, but also a book that makes the uninitiated wonder why they have been living ashore all their lives.

If you want to know how to care for your boat in the off season so that it will care for you the remainder of the year, just read Cruising is Fun.

The book is doubly valuable because of its many photographs, charts, diagrams and drawings.

Cruising is Fun tells the boat owner how to do everything from painting to piloting, from caulking to cooking; in fact, it is the "all out" book for the boat owner.

K.W.S.

Nick Kenny

The popular radio columnist of the New York Daily Mirror, Nick Kenny, made his annual journey to "25 South Street" and brought with him a galaxy of radio stars to entertain the seamen in the Institute's Auditorium. Our recreation director, Trevor M. Barlow, arranged the party and according to Mrs. Janet Roper, house mother, it was an outstanding event in Institute history. Charles Kenny, brother of Nick, presided as master of ceremonies. There were singing, dancing, clarinet, and other specialties. The seamen applauded most for a 12-year old boy who played the tap drum with vigor and skill, and for a five-year old girl, dressed like a Dutch doll, who sang and danced. Mrs. Roper reported that the crowd of 500 seamen enjoyed singing "Let's Go Down in the Cellar" and "Are We Downhearted?" Many British seamen who attended shouted lustily: "No!" The grand finale of the evening occurred when one of the entertainers danced an old-fashioned waltz with Mrs. Roper, while the seamen delightedly watched. Each year Nick Kenny brings his radio "gang" to the Institute. He went to sea for a number of years, serving in both the merchant marine and the Navy. He has written, with his brother, many popular songs, the best known of which is "Rainbow in the Sky."

Ships' Fo'c's'les

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In the 12th Century castle-shaped turrets were placed forward and aft on Norman ships. From the protection of such elevated naval block-houses Norman archers raked the open decks of enemy ships with flights of arrows. These sea-going castles stemmed from the portable wooden towers commonly used by land forces in besieging walled towns. As ship designs changed, the word "aftercastle" eventually disappeared from the lexicon of the sea. However, "forecastle" — universally shortened to "fo'c's'l" — survives today as that part of the vessel where the ship's crew is quartered, usually placed

Crew in a Modern Fo'c's'le

Photo by Palmer Pictures
Courtesy, McCann Erickson, Inc. and
Standard Oil Company of New Jersey

before the mainmast. The sanitary and comfortable crew's quarters on modern merchant marine vessels are a far cry from the cramped, often filthy holes of even fifty years ago.

SERVICES RENDERED TO MERCHANT SEAMEN JANUARY 1 — JULY 1, 1941

138,003	Lodgings (including relief beds).
46,239	Pieces of Baggage handled.
364,607	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
109,642	Sales at News Stand.
13,699	Calls at Laundry, Barber and Tailor Shops.
7,192	Total attendance at 361 Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island.
18,907	Social Service Interviews.
152	Missing Seamen located.
44,020	Total attendance at 137 Entertainments, such as Movies, Concerts, Lectures and Sports.
4,712	Relief Loans to 2,081 individual Seamen.
33,377	Magazines distributed.
2,426	Pieces of Clothing and 892 Knitted Articles distributed.
1,621	Treatments in Clinics.
1,709	Visits at Apprentices' Room.
1,277	Visits to Ships by Institute Representatives.
6,939	Deposits of Seamen's Earnings in Banks.
1,243	Jobs secured for Seamen.
8,261	Attendance of Seamen Readers in Conrad Library; 1,797 Books distributed.
5,120	Total Attendance of Cadets and Seamen at 569 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 1,012 new students enrolled.
7,523	Incoming Telephone Calls for Seamen.

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