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The Lookout

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WINTER AT SEA

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

Vol. XXXVII No. 1

JANUARY, 1946

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows a fishing trawler, back from a sub-zero voyage with a mantle of ice. The crew uses axes and live steam to pry off hatch covers-

Associated Press Wirephoto

Sanctuary

SEAMEN'S PRAYER FOR FRIENDS AND FAMILIES

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, who hast bestowed upon us the blessings of friends and families, look down in love upon our kindred. Protect and keep them from all harm; prosper and bless them in all things good; suffer them never to be lonely, unhappy, nor troubled; let no shadow come between them and us to divide our hearts; and in Thine own good time bring us home to them again. Through the same Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

From The Golden Book of Prayers
Aldrich and Stevens

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVII, JANUARY 1946

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Vol. XXXVII

January, 1946

No. 1

For Heroism ...

MERCHANT Marine Distinguished Service Medals were presented by Captain Hewlett R. Bishop, Atlantic Coast Director of the War Shipping Administration recently to two New York City Merchant Marine officers for heroism far beyond the call of duty.

The recipients of the high honor—which is conferred by the President and is the highest Merchant Marine award—were Chief Engineer Ralph E. Jamieson, 43, of 631 W. 152nd Street, N. Y. and Second Mate William R. Rudolph, 51, of 240-06 Mayda Road, Rosedale, Queens.

Mr. Jamieson played a major role in saving his ship, the SAINT MIHIEL, a tanker, when it caught fire on April 9, 1945 after a collision with another tanker 700 miles off New York, while enroute to England with 150,000 barrels of high octane gasoline. Completely disregarding his dangerous plight the Chief Engineer remained aboard for hours after the order to abandon ship was given, fighting the fire and securing the equipment. He was the last man to leave and refused to quit his post until commanded to do so by a Naval Destroyer-Escort.

JAMIESON'S EXPLOIT

The citation accompanying Mr. Jamieson's medal which was signed by Vice-Admiral Emory S. Land, War Shipping Administrator, in behalf of the President, reads as follows:

"With a capacity cargo of high octane gasoline, the SS SAINT MIHIEL was rammed, in convoy, at night by another tanker, and immediately became a raging inferno. Although orders had been given to abandon ship, Jamieson remained in the engine room for several hours afterwards and secured all equipment in such skillful



Capt. Bishop Pins Medals on Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Rudolph.

manner that it greatly facilitated later operations. He left the vessel only under orders of the Coast Guard escort. At day-break, while the ship was still on fire, he volunteered, together with fourteen other hands, to reboard her. He succeeded in raising steam, and, by his expert handling of the machinery plant, assisted materially in bringing the badly damaged ship to port, where the smoldering fires were finally extinguished.

"His devotion to duty and complete disregard of personal safety were mainly responsible for saving the ship and her valuable cargo, and are in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Merchant Marine."

Mr. Jamieson began his maritime career 18 years ago and saw service in both the Atlantic and Pacific zones throughout the war. His voyage on the SAINT MIHIEL was his first as a Chief Engineer having been promoted shortly before. It was the maiden trip of the vessel, a T-2 Tanker, which was operated for WSA by War Emergency Tankers, Inc.

RUDOLPH'S EXPLOIT

The citation, accompanying the medal, had this to say of Mr. Rudolph's bravery:

"The SS JOHN BASCOM, while moored in the port of Bari, Italy, awaiting orders to discharge her vital cargo, was in very close proximity to an ammunition-laden vessel. An intensive air raid developed, with the result that many ships were exploding and sinking, including the one adjacent to the BASCOM, whose deck cargo became a raging inferno. In this menacing situation the BASCOM could not be moved into the outer harbor. Coincident with the order to 'abandon ship' she was strafed from stem to stern, leaving dead and seriously injured crew members on her wrecked decks. In obedience to the Master's orders, Rudolph made his way to the only lifeboat intact, improvised stretchers from shattered bulkheads and after rendering first aid to the acutely wounded, embarked them in the boat, and successfully landed them in two open shelters on the jetty. The explosion of other ships and spread of flames at the shore end of the jetty cut off all escape by this route. However, Rudolph located a flashlight and used it to signal to a Norwegian coastal steamer, a British minesweeper and a United States Navy launch,

all of which responded, and, by their combined efforts, removed the endangered seamen to a place of safety.

"His courage in rendering aid to shipmates and his efforts to maintain their spirits in the face of imminent peril greatly contributed to saving many lives, and are in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Merchant Marine."

Mr. Rudolph, who was born in Brooklyn and has been going to sea for 36 years served on ships carrying supplies to all the battle zones during the war. He became a Second Mate in 1942 and has been employed on vessels operated by Moore - McCormack Lines since 1938.

Second Officer aboard the SS JOHN BASCOM, Mr. Rudolph distinguished himself by aiding in the rescue of his shipmates during a terrific enemy aerial bombardment while the vessel was anchored off Bari, Italy on December 2, 1943. A total of 18 allied vessels, including the BASCOM, were sunk during the attack.

Judges in Seamen's Essay Contest



Photo by Marie Higginson

Harry Hansen, Frank Laskier, seaman-author, (Dr. Kelley), Francis Hackett, John Mason Brown and Mrs. Anne Conrow Hazard, Judges in the Seamen's Essay Contest sponsored by the Conrad Library. The winning essays are published in this issue.

"Libr'y Night"

By: O. Forsyth Elsom*

HOW'S this ship for books? . . . "What night is Libr'y night?" "Does he open more than one night a week?" . . . "Where has he the Libr'y?" . . . such, and other very concerned questions are amongst the first of a fresh crew on joining their new home . . . taking for granted, as always, that a library exists, and without even a thought that such might not be the case.

They expect, on joining, the books to be there equally as surely, and just as reliably, as maybe, the engines . . . one doesn't say, "Is there an engine?" . . . nor yet does one now-a-days say, "Is there a Library?" Both are very necessary, and . . . "My! . . . the last ship was a good'n for books! . . . "Don't like a ship with a poor libr'y!", are exclamations that show in their own wording, just that.

So also is shown by "Libr'y night" a little knot of the crew clustered around the office door, each endeavoring to be first in at the books, and when the librarian comes, each impatiently taking his turn to choose a book.

*Winner 1st Prize, Essay Contest.

"Can I have a book for Willie Jones, he's on watch down below, and can't get up in time?" "The lad at the wheel says can he have another by the same chap?" "Take mine along to the room for me, my hands are dirty." "Anything'll do third, that's not too heavy . . . must have something to read!" the sayings, and requests run through the librarian's mind, as he fills each, and everyone's choice and he endeavors to find one suitable for Willie Jones . . . at the same time giving suggestions, and advice to those whose minds are very hard to be made up, and trying to remember to . . . "Save that Western for me?" . . . for the Engineer on watch.

Eventually he fixes all up to their varied tastes, and manners, and the numbers 'round the door thin.

Here is a "first tripper", a young lad, shy, and barely recovered from a bad bout of sea-sickness, asking how much is the deposit on the book . . . and wants to know his library number . . . he is very timid, and when asked for his pre-

An Icelandic Seaman Reading in the Danish Club Room

O. Forsyth Elsom, who won first prize, is 3rd Mate aboard the British SS FORT ST URGEON. He has never offered his writings in competition with others before but, as a seaman, wished to show just how necessary is a library aboard ship, that its value to merchant seamen cannot be over-estimated.

Mr. Elsom also hopes the contest will indicate how much the services of those furnishing books are appreciated by all seamen.

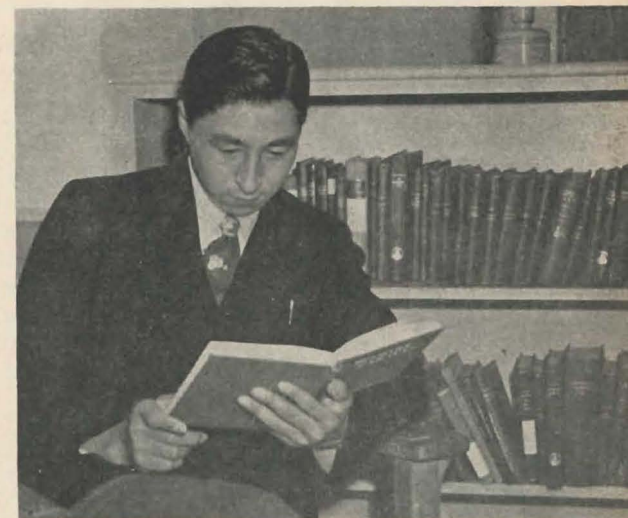


Photo by Marie Higginson

ference in book, shyly admits he likes Travel Tales . . . he is given one, and away he goes, still not understanding why he doesn't pay twopence like he did at home, but letting such worries slip from his mind as he remembers he has a book to read, which will lift the dreariness of life at sea, which even he, so little at sea, had already begun to experience.

The last for the evening is a cook, he's old, and he's seen the day when libraries weren't put at his disposal . . . he had waited until the end to say that he reads a good deal, and could he have two? . . . large print for his eyes . . . anything'll do . . . "mysteries if possible, can't be bothered with these 'ere love yarns!", he is handed a couple, and his hands being a little unsteady fail to take good hold of them and he drops one . . . his apologies are profuse, and he hurriedly wipes it on the front of his shirt . . . it isn't harmed, and so with another apology, and a jest as to his old age, he shuffles out, and away to his "Home".

In the Conrad Library



The librarian, now that the tide has receded, takes stock of his books remaining . . . a dozen maybe . . . he picks one at random, and as it promises to be interesting by the first chapter, is soon deeply engrossed in the tale . . . until a gentle knock on the door shook him from his reverie, and another sailor stood on the threshold . . . he knew he was late, but could he have a book? . . . he could and took one at random . . . he took it hurriedly with little or no glance at the name . . . it was a book! . . . and he was away before the librarian could change his mind!

One bell sounded, and the librarian remembered that he too, had to go on watch, and so the "Shop" was shut.

Towards the end of the voyage, the majority of the books have gone 'round . . . the old cook commences to read the "Heavy Stuff" he previously put by . . . the "Western" lover is resorting to Travel . . . the youngster, his shyness well behind him, has proved to be one of the biggest borrowers, and altho' he admitted that Travel was his favorite, it turned to be wrong with his ever increasing demands for the classics . . . and so the books have been well used, the more popular, a little well thumbed . . . but what price the thumbmarks when so many have lived through the adventures they contain between their covers, and have had many further yarns from and around that popular Travel Yarn?

Some of the older ones, those caustic, critical readers, whose lives themselves, were they in print would make good reading, yarn over the topic of a Travel Yarn . . . "He," the Author of the book, "Says, . . . but when I was there, that statue was . . . and he says . . . but that pub' wasn't called that . . . he's only brushed it up himself . . . doubt if he's ever been there? Critical over detail, and detail found only in Travel Books, the latter are therefore amongst the

most popular . . . many yarns, and sometimes arguments are caused by them, and each serve to while away that odd moment when there's nothing to do.

Once the topic is there, there are very few seamen who cannot yarn, mainly returning to the custom of bygone days when yarning was the main pastime, and seamen hadn't those things which ease the monotonous much more efficiently . . . books.

The library being almost exhausted in its usefulness, they come to the Librarian, beseeching him to change with another ship, which, when the first favorable opportunity presents itself, he does . . . and then . . . "Lib'y night" once more . . . something new . . . the little crowd around the office door once more assumes its full complement, and those who are unable to be there bewail the fact that they are going to miss the first night.

"Anything good, Third? . . . Any of those . . .?" Then comes the choice of the lucky first, he'd waited since very shortly after tea, he stands above the books, and being so accustomed to gazing at all too familiar covers in the latter weeks, doesn't know really where to choose . . . he wants them all . . . they're all so new . . . all so readable . . . his romancing amongst them, however, is brief as those behind him soon persuade him . . . and, the first's passed.

The others follow in quick succession, and the room's filled with more happy talk than ever invaded a local library at home . . . soon the last of the waiting crowd is furnished with a book, and once more the librarian is left with his fill, and a new very sadly depleted stock of books . . . "High Finance" . . . "Economic Theory" . . . etc., but even as they sit, neglected, and scorned in the box, they know that before the voyage's over, they'll have been read many times . . . It is evening when Library night ends, and in every room those who can, are turning in . . . and

Reading in the Dutch Club Room



out comes the book. Silence fills the room, broken only by the movements of the ship, and the rustle of the pages as they're turned . . . and soon, each is lost in his tale. The ship doesn't exist . . . everything to do with the monotonous life they lead is forgotten, and all that remains is contentedness.

A little later, eyes, which have been strenuously engaged in carrying their owner to the "Heights of the Skies", "The Depths of the Sea", or over that Western Range, give up the struggle, and close, and still on the trail, the sailor sleeps . . . a happy sleep . . . with the source of his pleasure his book, lying open on his chest.

THE CONRAD LIBRARY

Come and visit this library
Run just for the men that sail the sea.
Tales of adventure—some of them tall—
Lives, letters and history line the wall
And all the types of professional books
For every job from master's to cook's;
Whatever you want—it's here you'll find—

Fare for every mood and mind.

By Anne Mendel, Library Volunteer

*Share a Book
Spare a Book*

What Books Mean to Men at Sea

By: Francis W. Keyser*

WE were two days out of Gibraltar bound back to the States. The weather was dirty, with a strong Northerly gale. I lay in my bunk, trying to forget the pain in my back, and bracing myself against the bulkhead each time the vessel rolled over on her side in the heavy beam sea. About noon the purser came to take my temperature and give me my medicine. Just before he left he stood by my door and asked me the same question he had been asking for a week.

"Is there anything you want?"

I did, but it was something that was beyond his power to give me. I wanted my home; I wanted my wife; I wanted to walk in Mike's place on our block and throw an American dime on the bar and order a beer. I wanted to forget the war and the seven-months shuttling in the Mediterranean. I wanted to forget that I was sick.

"Can I get you something to read?"

It was an effort for me to make even so simple a decision. He waited by the door—a nice young fellow, blond, with fresh, open face and eager, pleasing manner.

"I don't know," I said slowly. "Moe had some books on his desk."

I heard him rummaging about the first assistant's room, and he came back and handed me a large volume. I looked at the title: "The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney."

"Shall I leave your door open?"

"Just hook it on the latch." My eyes were already closed as unresisting I began to let my body sink back into its accustomed lethargy. I held the book in my hand, liking its feeling of comfortable squareness. My thoughts drifted back to my first years at sea. I saw a boy of seventeen struggling up the gangway, sea-bag balanced on one thin shoulder, and a heavy valise crammed with books grasped in his hand. But

*Winner, 2nd Prize, Essay Contest

books are heavy, and ships have a habit of docking in out-of-the-way places at the end of the trolley line. And then you begin studying for first license, and there's the next step up, and somehow you get out of the habit of spending a quiet Sunday afternoon reading in the mess hall.

When "Bugs", the navy boy from the gun crew, came into my room that evening to blackout my ports, I was sitting up in my bunk reading.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "Much better."

His face grinned at me over his shoulder as he fitted the screen into my porthole. "That's a hell of a big book you're reading. What's it about?"

"It's about a young doctor in Australia."

"Well," he said, "I'm glad you're feeling better." And he was gone.

I followed the fortunes of Richard Mahoney thru nearly a thousand pages. I read while seas carried away the lifeboats on the starboard side and flooded the steering engine room. I read while the night faded, and the clatter of feet outside my porthole told of the gun crew mustering at their stations to peer into the murky dawn for enemy subs. Thoughts of pain and helplessness were pushed to the back of my mind. I read to the steady throb of the engines driving the vessel ever closer to home.

Yes, I got home all right. I got well. And in the morning I am going back to sea again. My sea-bag is standing out in the hall by the front door. My wife is in the bedroom packing the last of my things into the valise. There is no moral in this little bit of writing. The book didn't save my life. I can't see as it made me a better man. But just the same it's a comforting thought that when I climb up the gangway to join my ship in the morning, there will be a couple of books in the bottom of my valise.

The Book with No Covers

By: Wesley McCune*

THE name of the book still doesn't matter, though it happened to be a best-seller, but I couldn't help noticing the volume because both covers were gone.

"Say, you must have been reading mighty hard to make the covers drop off that book," I said to the utility man who was reading it in his sack.

"No, I'll tell you about those covers," he replied. "A messman we had before you signed on did this. We all got caught with the port holes open down here when a heavy sea barged in. Flooded the whole fo'c'sle and soaked all of us, including the messman, who was reading this book right in this same sack. The rest of us emptied out our shoes and wrung out our dunnagees, but old 'Mess' never looked up from his book. We razzed him forever after, but he finished the darned thing that night. The wet covers started losing color all over him and he tore them off."

"That's what happened to the book and that's how I happened to start reading it. Whatta book!" I looked around the quarters. The only other reading matter was of the so-called comic book variety which we referred to as "messmen's manuals."

"Why do you suppose we read this stuff?" I asked, admitting that I had helped dog-ear most of them.

"Nothing else aboard this new ship, I guess; anyway it's only a three-week trip to England and back on this tanker," was the reply.

"Well, it wasn't a three-week trip. Engine trouble made it six weeks and heavier-hanging time drove us into scouting around for overlooked books."

The skipper had "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" in his suitcase, I loaned "They Also Ran" to the

*Winner, 3rd Prize, Essay Contest

utility man, Sparks broke out a 25 cent edition of Ring Lardner's immortal stories, and the communications officer passed along the copy of Van Wyck Brooks "The Flowering of New England" he had found in an abandoned oilskin locker.

Before long we were filling idle hours with abbreviated bull sessions about several of the books and seamen who had never found anything in common with some of the others found they had much to talk over. The books had acted as a leavening agent—even the one with no covers.

Prize winners in the contest sponsored by the Institute's Artists and Writers Club for the best essay on "WHAT BOOKS MEAN TO MEN AT SEA"

Francis W. Keyser, now Chief Mate on a Liberty ship just back from Germany and Belgium, winner of the 2nd prize, was born in Brooklyn and started his seafaring career on the old Schoolship Newport in 1924. After seven years when, as he says, he was "just beginning to collect a few barnacles", the drop in shipping during the depression forced him ashore.

While trying out various shore jobs, he wrote three plays which were produced by amateur groups, had a short play and story published and wrote radio scripts. "Between watches," says Mr. Keyser, "I am now working on a full length play."

Wesley McCune, who won third prize, entered the U. S. Maritime Service in 1943 at Sheephead Bay and then "I pursered tankers on the UK and Gulf and New York run; administrative duty for U.S.M.S. as Lt. j.g. I also spent some time on the staff of MAST magazine.

Mr. McCune's interest in writing pre-dates his seagoing days. His book "The Farm Bloc" was published by Doubleday Doran, another about the Supreme Court is scheduled by Harper's for next fall.

Mr. McCune's early days were far from sea in Colorado's dry farming area. He is a graduate of the University of Colorado.

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A Letter Home...

"Dear Mom:

Wish I could get home this trip but not enough time. Tankers have quick turn-arounds, but I sure like going to sea. We carry gasolene to England.

Gosh, this place I'm staying in overnight—the Seamen's Institute—sure has lots going on. There's a dance at 9 P.M. in the Janet Roper Room, so I'm going with Bill, my shipmate. There's an organist who plays swell tunes at 7:30 in the auditorium, and a regular Broadway movie at eight.

I checked my baggage down below—for only 10 cents for 10 days. Enclosed is a money order for \$5.00. Please give Sis a buck to get a new dance record and save the rest for me.

So long, Mom, see you next trip.

Love,
TOMMY"

THE writing room on the mezzanine overlooking the main lobby at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is busy day and night. Seamen writing home! While ashore in New York, thousands come to "25 South Street" daily, regarding it as a friendly, home-like place where the entire staff is dedicated to the sole purpose of serving merchant seamen, of providing counsel, temporary financial help, in addition to offering comfortable beds and wholesome meals at moderate cost.

Your annual gift to the Institute's Ways and Means Fund helps to pay for the thousand-and-one "no-charge" services rendered, from protecting a seaman's wages, forwarding his baggage, procuring duplicate identification papers, helping with a variety of personal problems. This is *social service*—the intangible, friendly something which makes a seaman return again and again to "25 South Street" whenever his ship drops anchor in New York harbor.

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Christmas at the Institute



Photos by Lawrence D. Thornton

Seamen trim Christmas tree in the Janet Roper Room in preparation for a party they gave to the hostesses.

board ships, in hospitals, and to those on shore leave, lodging in the Institute on Christmas Eve.

Special Christmas parties and entertainments were held in the Janet Roper Room, culminating in the big Christmas Dance on Saturday evening Dec. 22nd. A group of seamen turned the tables by giving a special party for the volunteer hostesses. They baked cakes, made candy and sandwiches, trimmed the tree and presented songs and comedy skits. On Christmas Eve, seamen and staff members joined in a Carol Service in the Chapel of Our Saviour. The Holy Communion was celebrated on Christmas Day and on the preceding Sunday evening a service of Christmas music was held.

Dinners, dances, parties, gifts and fun filled the week. British, Belgian, Dutch and Danish seamen

Continued on page 13

Santa Claus visits the Liberty ship "Walter Forward" docked at Pier 6, East River, opposite the Institute, and delivers Christmas boxes.

OVERCAST skies, followed by heavy rain, could not dampen the good cheer which prevailed at 25 South Street on Christmas Day—the first peacetime Christmas in six years. When the Institute's Director, Dr. Kelley, asked how many seamen had been at home last Christmas only twenty or so of a group of more than 500 gathered in the Institute's auditorium raised their hands. The rest had been at sea. Many had not been home for Christmas since before the war.

About 1,100 seamen of all nationalities enjoyed turkey dinners served on December 25th, traditional for the 32 years of the Institute's present building. Over 8,000 Christmas boxes, packed by women volunteers of the Central Council of Associations and by individuals throughout the country, were distributed to merchant seamen a-



War Mural for Merchant Marine

MEMBERS of the National Society of Mural Painters will participate in a competition for a war mural to be mounted in the main lobby of the Institute. The area will be 42 feet long by 10 feet high.

The mural will be a tribute to the men of the Merchant marine of the United Nations who served during World War II. Six thousand of these seamen gave their lives.

The mural is given in memory of L. Gordon Hamersley, a member of the Institute's Board of Managers from 1913 to 1942.

The sum of \$5,000 will be awarded as first prize and includes execu-

tion of the mural. There will be a second and third prize of \$250 and \$150 respectively. The date for completion of the competition will be February 15th.

The Jury of Award is composed of Clarence G. Michalis and Alexander Vietor of the Board of Managers of the Institute, and two professional muralists, Allyn Cox and J. Scott Williams. The fifth member will be an architect, James Mackenzie. As alternates there will be Francis Keelly, Barry Faulkner, Helen Treadwell and Lt. Reginald Packard, U.S.M.S., a seaman-artist to represent the seamen's point of view.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
December 10, 1945

Dear Admiral Land:

During the past five years Christmas has come to men of the Merchant Marine as they huddled behind blackout screens, riding loads of ammunition, oil and supplies for War.

Now, with the aid of Divine Providence, our Merchant Marine can sail the seas with lights on. When the job of bringing the troops back home is finished, the Merchant Marine will move the goods of Peace.

During the black years of War, the men of the Merchant Marine did their job with boldness and daring. Six thousand were killed or missing in carrying out their duties.

In memory of those men, and in the interest of our Nation, the United States must carry out the bold and daring plan of Franklin D. Roosevelt for a Merchant Marine of the best designed and equipped passenger and cargo ships, manned by the best trained men in the world.

In view of the magnificent job the Merchant Marine has done, the re-affirmation of that pledge is the best Christmas message we can give.

Very sincerely yours,
HARRY TRUMAN

Vice Admiral Emory S. Land
Administrator
War Shipping Administration
Washington 25, D. C.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE MERCHANT MARINE:

The President has asked that his Christmas Message and Pledge to the Postwar Merchant Marine be forwarded to you.

There is little I can add, except God Bless you for the job you have done for this Country and for humanity.

(Signed) E. S. LAND
Administrator

GLOBAL ART BY MERCHANT SEAMEN

An exhibition of 67 paintings by members of the Artists and Writers Club of the Merchant Marine, sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, was held in the Janet Roper Room at 25 South Street throughout December.

Life, character studies, battle scenes and places now historical were painted and sketched as seamen found them on various trips which carried them around the world delivering war cargoes. Seamen artists whose subject matter ranged from Okinawa to Antwerp, from Manila to Oran or Casablanca, included Fred Slavic, oiler; James Pritchard, bosun; Phil May, purser; Reginald Packard, 1st mate; John Davis, 1st asst. engineer; John Solomon, messman, and Cliff Davis, able-bodied seaman.

The members of the Art Committee of the Artists and Writers Club, Helen Lawrence, Gordon Grant, Allen Terrell and S. J.

Woolf, are encouraging these seamen to continue their painting and drawing during their off-duty hours on post-war trips to sea.



"LOADING NATIVE SCHOONER" at Trinidad

By Fred Slavic, oiler*

Other of Mr. Slavic's paintings include battle scenes, character types and bits of native life observed in Rio, Okinawa and San Luis.



"BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER" at Manila

By PHIL MAY, purser*

Other of Mr. May's work picture "Night at Sea", "First Glimpse of Antwerp", Caricatures and scenes in Manila and Belgium.

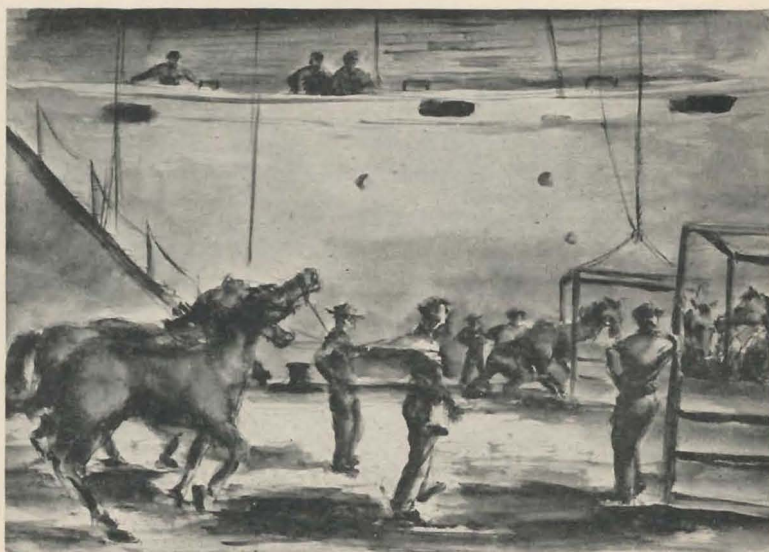
*Member Artists and Writers Club

CARRYING MULES TO NEW GUINEA

On this page are reproduced some paintings by Lieut. Reginald Packard,* USMS, which record a voyage aboard a merchant ship carrying mules to an American army in New Guinea.



Discharging Casualty



Leading the Mules Aboard

**Member, Artists and Writers Club*



Loading Mules Requires Special Skill and Patience

Dr. Kelley's Anniversary

"The real sources of joy in this life are not the results of easy tasks, but of hard ones."

ON Friday morning, December 14, seamen and staff members gathered as a family in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour to mark the 35th ordination anniversary of their spiritual leader and Director, Dr. Kelley, who celebrated the Holy Communion.

Dr. Kelley was ordained deacon on May 13, 1910 and advanced to priest's orders on December 14, by the Bishop of California, Dr. Nichols. After a year at the Church of the Ascension in Boston and four very happy years as Director of Religious Education at St. Mark's Church, Berkeley, California, he went to Ketchikan, Alaska, in charge of St. John's Church, Hospital and Indian School, one of the most important missionary stations in Alaska. Here, he and his young wife did an outstanding piece of work, and even today you can hear the older natives speak of them in the warmest terms of affection.

Since returning from the mission field, Dr. Kelley has devoted most of his time to work among seamen, first at the Seamen's Church Institute in San Francisco, then in Los Angeles where the work grew, and whatever the Institute of Los

Angeles is today is due to the fine foundation he laid.

For three years Dr. Kelley was headmaster of the Harvard Military School in Los Angeles, whence in 1934 he was called to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York where the work has prospered and grown. After eleven devoted years "Work bears witness wha does weel."

By CLARA BURKE

Secretary of the Central Council of Seamen's Church Institute Associations, formerly for 30 years a missionary in Alaska.

CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 9

enjoyed their own parties in their clubrooms housed within the Institute's building. The Janet Roper Club, maintained by the Institute at 3 East 67th Street, also gave Christmas entertainment for seamen of all nationalities. Seamen sharing in these Institute festivities were but temporarily ashore. Heeding the WSA appeal for experienced mariners, many of them re-shipped promptly.

All this Christmas cheer was made possible by voluntary gifts to the Institute's HOLIDAY FUND.

George the Second

By Seymour Zeigfinger, Lt. (jg) U.S.M.S.*

LET me introduce you to George. He was second mate on a Liberty which brought us to Murmansk last winter. As an example of a second mate he isn't typical, nor even of a sailor in the Merchant Marine. You can find him ashore in every walk of life as well as at sea.

Ole George weighed 200 pounds that roundly proportioned his stomach and formed his face into a full moon. When he smiled, his eyes slanted and he looked like the man in the moon smiling loftily from his celestial perch. Now George thought he was good; good not only at being a second mate, but good at anything. "I'm navigating officer on this ship", he'd tell us, patronizingly. "The Old Man can keep his sextant locked up this trip, ha ha."

Then he'd wait for you to agree, and continue "Sure, if Columbus never used a sextant I don't need to either. He made it and so can I—mister!" He always stuck his tongue out pugnaciously when he said "Mister" to emphasize the importance of his statement and dare you to challenge his veracity.

At first, we younger members of the crew were overawed by this braggart. But the older sailors sensed the shifting wind. After the 12-4 morning watch, George recounted his tremendous experiences to Al, the genial second engineer who listened patiently for a few mornings until he had enough. One morning he cut George short and told a whopper himself.

George opened his eyes and mouth wide and stomped out of the room. This went on for several mornings. George finally drew me

On that long, rough trip to Murmansk, they needed a clown. George filled the bill.

aside and confided despairingly: "What a bull-thrower Al is! I can't tell him anything but what he tries to go me one better." Then, with a shake of his head, George lamented: "He says he shot down four planes to my two!"

Yes, ole George was caught early in the trip. We chided him plenty, and Al always topped his yarns. And so the slow, monotonous nights and days passed quicker. But George's classic statement concerned the temperature in Murmansk.

"Cold," he would say, "you guys don't know what cold is. Ha, 30 degrees below in Maine. D'ya know what temperature I saw in Murmansk two years ago?"

Then Al would interrupt:

"Why, George, I didn't know you were ever in Murmansk before!"

"Sure," the Second would answer "it was—er—about two years ago. The temperature was—" and he took a deep breath "72 degrees below zero!"

Al knew he couldn't beat that one, but he vowed to store it up and get him the next time. Al kept on working on him and after a while got George to admit that in the sunshine the Murmansk temperature warmed up to 30 degrees below zero.

George was always good for laughs. There was the time we were off Murmansk, waiting for the quarantine official. The Russians sent a pretty girl along with the boarding party. Everyone except

George paraded before the officials, and stared wistfully at the girl. Finally, the harassed purser ran to find George, and awoke him brusksly: "Hurry, George. The immigration is waiting for you: Just throw a bathrobe around you and bring your papers."

We gathered in the mess room waiting for the grand entrance of George. Everyone turned toward the door. Even the Russians smiled when they saw us doubled up with laughter. There was George, wearing a bright red robe partially covering yellow and black polka dot pajamas. His eyes were still half closed in sleep. At the sight of the girl, he stopped short, his moon face rounder than ever. We all roared. But George quickly recovered and with great dignity presented his papers. If he could have spoken Russian, he would have told a good tall tale to the Russian girl.

Then Al, his arch-enemy from the engine room, said sweetly, "Good morning, Georgie."

"Aw, shut up," George snapped back, and quickly left the room.

That's George. On that long, rough trip, we needed a clown, and ole George sure filled the bill.

HOME FOR NETHERLANDS SEAMEN OBSERVES FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

The Home for Netherlands' Seamen, the first of Allied Club Rooms for merchant seamen to be established at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York during the war, observed on November 15th its fifth anniversary.

Opened officially by Dr. Alexander Loudon, the Ambassador from the Netherlands, the Club has welcomed thousands of Dutch merchant seamen of all ratings who served during World War II. The Club was visited by Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands on two occasions and by Queen Wilhelmina.

Distinguished guests at the fifth anniversary celebration, include: Dr. M. P. L. Steenberghe, President of the Economic, Financial and Shipping Mission of the Kingdom of the Netherlands; G. R. G. van Swinderen, Acting Consul-General of the Netherlands; and Mrs. P. J. Kooiman and Mrs. H. Jacobson served as hostesses.

Mr. A. H. de Goede, President of Free Holland on the Seas, Inc. under whose auspices the Club operates, welcomed the guests, and expressed the gratitude of the Netherlands Government and of Free Holland on the Seas, to Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, President of the Board of Directors of the Seamen's Church Institute, and to its Director, Dr. Harold H. Kelley, for the hospitality extended to the men of the Netherlands Merchant Marine during the past five years.

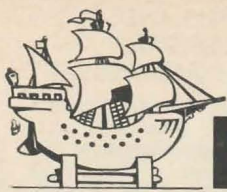
The Dutch seamen use the Club room daily from eleven a.m. to eleven p.m. and also the facilities of the Seamen's Institute's comprehensive building.



Knickerbocker Weekly Photos

Fifth Birthday of Netherlands Club Room Celebrated

*Member Artists and Writers Club



BOOK REVIEWS

"UNCLE 'LISH"

By Ralph Frye

Reviewed by George Noble,
Alfred Knopf, Publ. \$2.00

Like an echo out of the past comes Captain Elisha Hathaway — completely dominating in his own inimitable way the pages of Ralph Frye's amusing new book "Uncle 'Lish". With admirable skill author Frye re-creates for us a number of nostalgic scenes from his boyhood. Seen through the eyes of his small nephew a world of wonder and romance dwelt in the person of Uncle 'Lish Hathaway, retired sailing-ship master.

To those whom he did not like Captain 'Lish Hathaway could be (and often was) a "very terrible old man"; but to the reader as to his young acolyte Uncle 'Lish is a most likable, lovable old codger as salty and refreshing as a good sea-breeze. From the very first page he engages our affections and despite his hilarious antics, his somewhat questionable exploits, his spicy profanity and his rum-guzzling and over-bearing, brow-beating manners—we cannot help but love him. The old Rascal took a keen delight in meddling in his neighbors' affairs and liked nothing better than to prove with some fresh act of devilment that he was neither so old nor senile as they thought him.

Certain fashionable summer residents, visiting the local fish-store in search of fresh clams, were surprised one day to find themselves unexpected pupils in the Hathaway Cooking School, Uncle 'Lish presiding. There follows an amusing and instructive half-hour lecture on the differences of quahogs and fresh clams and how to make a proper clam-chowder as opposed to "that there hog-wash you ladies eat down in New York." The ladies were highly entertained with this little discussion and gratefully took away with them Captain 'Lish's famous recipe on the "right way to make a proper clam-chowder".

In another chapter Uncle 'Lish allows himself to be coaxed along for a day's cruise in the Bay on board a little schooner belonging to another old Salt,—a crony of his wide acquaintance. A sudden, vicious, summer squall blowing up during the afternoon caught all hands very unprepared despite "Uncle 'Lish's" repeated warnings. The tiny vessel was buffeted about pretty freely by the vio-

lence of the sudden storm and the passengers becoming panicky with fright the situation was rapidly getting out of hand when Captain 'Lish—who had consented to come along only if they'd promise not to bother him with any of the details of "working ship"—and humorously referred to himself as "the supercargo"—in this crisis took over. Very ably he assumed command of the small craft. Disdainfully ordering the passengers below—"Fust thing is to get them out of the way", he explained—he quickly marshalled his bewildered crew into some semblance of order:—shortened sail, manned the bilge pump and in a seaman-like manner contrived to bring them all safely out of the perilous predicament.

The Book "UNCLE 'LISH" is made up of 21 Chapters—each one a highly entertaining short episode in the history of the amusing retirement of this delightful old Sea-Dog. Many of them have already appeared as short stories in their own right in *The New Yorker Magazine*. We feel deeply indebted to author Ralph Frye for presenting "Uncle 'Lish" so agreeably in book form at last.

"SQUARE SAILS AND SPICE ISLANDS"

By Laura Long

Longmans Green & Co. \$2.50

In a golden era of American History flourished the famous Perry family. Worthy sons of a staunch sea-captain father, Oliver Hazard Perry and his brother, Matthew Calbraith Perry sailed out of Newport Harbor over a century ago: each into a shining aura of fame that was his waiting Destiny. Both men played a major role in the early history of the United States.

The War of 1812 precipitated Oliver Hazard into command of the U. S. forces on the great Lakes. He gloriously defeated the enemy against seemingly impossible odds — his own ship shot out from under him, he had to transfer to another vessel of his flotilla while under heavy fire. Assuming his new command he bravely rallied his valiant men around him with his deathless slogan, "Don't give up the ship!" Ably he directed his little fleet of small, inadequately armed, hastily constructed craft; fighting on with persistence to snatch the hard-won laurel of victory out of the very jaws of apparent defeat. In this way he became a National figure almost overnight; so to

this day the memory of the Hero of the Battle on Lake Erie is like a shining star for every American Schoolboy. For we Americans are proud of our heroes.

Lacking in the glitter that adhered itself so readily to his brilliant brother, Matthew Calbraith Perry was of an equally heroic stature. But where Oliver was daring and unpredictable Matthew was more thoughtful, self-contained, steadfast. He was like a stone breakwater against which the waves of armed aggression broke in vain. His sterling worth overshadowed by the glamour of his admittedly more popular brother, it was not until after the death of Oliver that Matthew came into widespread prominence. Matthew Perry was among the first to recognize our need for trained naval personnel. He it was who finally made the voyage which opened up Japanese ports to American shipping. As retold in "Square Sails and Spice Islands" this voyage is a superb adventure story in its own right and makes for very timely reading today. And it is but one of many exciting narratives revolving around the venturesome, sea-going Perry family which authoress Laura Long has woven into a distinctly readable, decidedly worthwhile story.

It is only to be regretted that Miss Long did not familiarize herself more completely with the proper nautical terminology belonging to the sailing ships in the period of which she writes. She has unwittingly committed a number of glaring technical blunders that somehow got by the proof-reader's vigilance.

However this fault is largely compensated for by a faithful accuracy and painstaking observance of detail in her treatment of the historical data involved.

—George Noble.

Marine Poetry

THE SEA

Dull insensate waters,
The sound of your waves
Echoes the knell of eternity in my heart.
Wind lashed and sun kissed,
Never a reprieve from endless chastisement,
Too vast for finite chastisement,
Too mighty for vision and scope.
But we are kind, somehow, I know,
For in the voice of the waves as they
break upon the beach
I recognize the irrevocable bond.
You are my mother and father and wife—
But more than all that you are my great
comrade . . .
And also a sadistic monster of no appease-
ment,
Exacting full penalty,
Paying no price—
Engulfing all in the limitless scope of
God's universe.

By LEO NEWMAN

I'M OFF AGAIN, GOOD BYE

I loathe to leave this serene abode
Upon the sea to roam,
But the Doc said, "You're fit for sea,"
So hit the spray and foam."
I had my rest at Sands Point,
I sat and "shot the breeze"
With a hundred other sailors
From off the seven seas.
There comes to me from off the sea
That never-ending cry
So tell the mates in Sailortown
I'm off again, Good bye.

By Seaman PLEAS HAYES

THE GOOD SHIP "NEW YEAR"

Out of the harbor majestically sailing
There goes the gallant ship "New Year"
Freighted with hopes and prayers and
dreams,
Outward bound, her signals clear.
Over the gray horizon's rim
She sails her charted course, and true;
Fair be the winds and the voyage calm
For all her passengers and crew!
And when she makes her first landfall
I pray she finds a harbor good
Where Peace will safely pilot her
Into the Port of Brotherhood.

MDC

GOD'S SUNSET OUT AT SEA

Have you ever seen
God's sunset out at sea,
With its blazing ball of crimson fire,
The scattered clouds
With their silvery edges
Tis the work of the mighty maker,
His sunset out at sea.
Have you ever seen
A smoking snow-capped volcano
Puffing gobs of smoke and ash
Into a sunset out at sea.
With its ragged, grey-black
Rocking mountains
Tis true, no artist's hand could paint
God's sunset out at sea.
Down from the silvery edges
Of the black-grey rock
Starts a tinge of crimson
On the pale blue purple.
And as you near the edges
Of God's sunset out at sea,
Tis the deepest and the darkest
Of black crimson purple blue.
I pray that God is satisfied
With my description of his work
For his work is far far greater
Than any mortal's dare to be.
Tis the work of the mighty maker,
Wonderful is he,
For I once saw with my own eyes,
God's sunset out at sea.

HAROLD W. TAYLOR.

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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."