

# THE LOOKOUT



"I'LL SING YOU A SONG — A GOOD SONG OF THE SEA"

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXIV—NUMBER 6

JUNE, 1943



THIS MONTH'S COVER shows a group of U. S. Maritime Service trainees at Sheephead Bay, N. Y.

Photo by Mike Elliott  
Courtesy, "The Heaving Line"

### Sanctuary

Merciful God, We praise thee for the courage and constancy of our merchant seamen. Guide them through the perils of the great deep and guard them from the violence of enemies; but chiefly bring them and us to the peaceful haven of Thy blessed presence. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXIV, JUNE, 1943

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS

President

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Secretary and Treasurer

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MARJORIE DENT CANDEE, Editor

\$1.00 per year 10c per copy

Gifts of \$5.00 per year and over  
include a year's subscription to "THE  
LOOKOUT".

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

Address all communications to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, 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. XXXIV

June, 1943

No. 6

## "Sunlit Sea"



Peter Juley Photo

THE beautiful painting reproduced here, the work of the famous artist, Frederick Judd Waugh, N.A., is in memory of Benjamin R. C. Low, a revered member of the Institute's Board of Managers from 1905 to 1941. It is the gift of his sisters Miss Lois Curtis Low and Miss Harriette Low. Hung on the east wall of the Apprentices' Room, it is being enjoyed by hundreds of merchant seamen.

Mr. Low was an active and devoted member of the Board and his poetic gifts were always at the service of the Institute. He composed the beautiful wording on the Memorial Tablet in Jeannette Park

dedicated to Merchant Seamen:

"In remembrance of the  
Officers and Men of the Merchant  
Marine  
Who in the World War of 1914-1918  
Without Fervor of Battle or Privilege  
of Fame  
Went Down To the Sea and Endured  
All Things.  
\*  
They made Victory Possible  
And were Great without Glory."  
The painter, Frederick Waugh,  
is noted for his marine scenes and  
he has had many exhibitions at the  
Grand Central Art Galleries. For  
four consecutive years he was  
awarded the popular prize at the  
Carnegie Institute's annual exhibi-  
tion for his seascapes.



## Survivors

SINCE January 1st of this year, the Institute has continued to be host to survivors of torpedoed or otherwise shipwrecked vessels of the United Nations. Rescued American, British, Belgian, Dutch, Hindu, Chinese and Javanese seamen have been recorded at our Hotel Desk.

Establishing a wreck record for proximity was the munitions-laden freighter which burned in New York harbor on April 24th and until purposely sunk off Staten Island, threatened to cause severe damage by explosion. No casualties resulted and most of the crew were returned to the Institute, whence many had shipped out. Special credit is due to the courage of the tow boat crews who maneuvered the burning freighter away from the pier.

The most picturesque seamen-survivors are the Javanese with their intricately wound printed silk turbans. They sleep in the dormitories but prefer to eat their food prepared by themselves. Sometimes they bring fish, rice, curry powder, vegetables, etc. to the Institute kitchens and do their own cooking. Occasionally some of the Hindu seamen buy fish and cook it themselves. Others

eat in the cafeteria, but usually select fish, rice, eggs, chicken in preference to American dishes such as ham and eggs, corned beef and cabbage, etc.

One day a number of the Indian seamen (who speak very little English) disappeared. They did not return to the Institute at night and because they are aliens, everyone was worried. It turned out that they had all got jobs as dishwashers in a big restaurant. The restaurant owner was reluctant to let them go, labor shortages being what they are, until it was explained that the Hindus were in the country only on brief shore leave. One Hindu, after receiving his dishwashing money, went shopping in an outdoor market in Harlem (they quickly learn to find their way around the city) and brought back to the Institute a paper bag full of bright remnants of silk and cotton, and satin ribbon in an assortment of gay colors. He spread these out on the table in the cafeteria and all the Hindus went into ecstasy over the pretty bargains their shipmate had found.

The Chinese seamen are particularly fond of scented soaps, and buy these at the Institute's newsstand, carefully sniffing and counting out the pennies.

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## Rescue Ends Ordeal on Liferaft

So numb from exposure to sea and wind as they drifted on a liferaft in the North Atlantic that they had difficulty in grasping lines thrown to them, these two seamen from torpedoed merchantman are rescued by U. S. Coast Guard.

Press Association Photo

## Maritime Day

Maritime Day, commemorating the first transatlantic voyage under steam by the steamship SAVANNAH in 1819, was celebrated throughout the country by Seamen's Institutes, Propeller Clubs (shipping officials) and Maritime Service Training Stations and Academies. The Institute participated in the New York ceremonies and a Chapel service was held to commemorate those seamen lost at sea during the year. The Rev. Gilbert Parker Prince, rector of St. Alban's Episcopal Church, West Los Angeles, California, preached. The Merchant Marine Achievement Trophy was awarded posthumously to Mrs. Janet Roper, and was received by her daughter, Mrs. Marian Roper Copp.

The complete text of President Roosevelt's statement on the observance of Maritime Day follows:

"May 22, is National Maritime Day. It is a day set aside each year upon which the people of the United States—and this year, the United Nations—pay tribute to the men who sail and build the ships of our merchant marine.

"Last year Maritime Day was largely devoted to the men and women in the nation's shipyards who build the ships which are carrying our troops, guns, planes and tanks to the far-flung battle fronts of the great Allied offensive.

"This year let us pay special tribute to the men who sail these ships. We

should honor the men who, by their courage and fortitude, have won the everlasting gratitude of the people of the United Nations, the men on the battle front, and their fellow Americans on the home front.

"Troops and equipment have been landed in the southwest Pacific. Our armed forces were landed in North Africa and have helped to conquer the foe there. Vast amounts of vital war supplies have been safely delivered overseas to Britain and Russia, sometimes at great hazard. Fighting Americans have been carried to the scenes of action. The men of our American Merchant Marine have pushed through despite the perils of the submarine, the dive-bomber and the surface raider. They have returned voluntarily to their jobs at sea again and again, because they realized that the lifelines to our battle fronts would be broken if they did not carry out their vital part in this global war.

"The traditions and history of our Merchant Marine have been handed down from generation to generation and never fail to inspire us.

"The seamen of today are again writing heroic pages for the maritime history of our nation. In their hands, our vital supply lines are expanding. Their skill and determination will keep open the highway to victory and unconditional surrender."

"Day after day, week after week, the merchants ships ply steadily through storms and mine fields, and the concentrated attack of the submarine wolf pack. Forty-five hundred seamen, representing six per cent of the men engaged, are dead or missing from enemy action . . . 75,000 seamen are now transporting, each month, ten tons of supplies for each American soldier fighting overseas."

CAPTAIN EDWARD MACAULEY, U.S.N. (ret.)

Deputy War Shipping Administrator

Maritime Day address to Propeller Club of New York



## Sailor's Return

FOR some months the War Shipping Administration has been making urgent appeals in the press and over the radio for experienced merchant seamen to return to sea. The need for experienced men to serve as deck and engine room officers to man America's Victory Fleet is critical. Some time ago THE LOOKOUT editor talked with a marine engineer who heard the WSA's plea, and answered the call. He is George L——, is the father of two children, and is over draft age. He had left the sea during the depression of 1932 when 15,000,000 tons of shipping were idle and in consequence, thousands of merchant seamen were unable to find work. George had obtained technical work ashore, had met and married a pretty Polish-American girl, and had settled down in a little town in Michigan. He had bought a house and was gradually paying off the mortgage. He was saving to

send his son and daughter to college.

Then one evening after work, George turned on the radio and heard the appeal for experienced merchant seamen. He thought about it all night and in the morning told his wife. "I must go back to sea," he said. "It's where I can help my country most." She understood, and helped him to settle up his business. So he came to New York and while waiting for a berth as third assistant engineer on a new Liberty freighter, stayed at the Institute.

That was five months ago. George has just returned from a harrowing trip—the details of which we are not as yet permitted to publish because of war censorship. But he saw men die and ships go down. He returned home for a few days, saw his wife and family, and is again at the Institute. Of course he's going back to sea. It's where he's needed.

## Seaman's Room



Paul Parker Photo

Room 1000

The gift of Miss F. K. Hascall — In Memory of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wearne

## Star of Scotland

By Dorothy Walker\*

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Institute's ship visitors covered the pay-off of the rescued crew of the sailing ship "Star of Scotland" in the American-Trans-Pacific Company's office, and from them learned of the death of the famous old square-rigger.

The lifeboat was equipped with fishing tackle and some of the crew used a flying fish to catch a dolphin. The Captain fortunately had some vitamin pills and gave one a day to each seaman. With an extra oar for kindling wood they made a fire in a bucket and broiled "dolphin steak." At the pay-off all of the crew bought War Bonds.

The death in the South Atlantic by Nazi submarine shells of a gallant 55-year-old windjammer, redeemed by war from her career as a gambling ship, came to light today.

The ship was the Star of Scotland, once the Rex, a notorious gambling ship anchored off Long Beach, Cal. Her captain was Constantin Flink, well known in New York sailing circles and one-time captain of the Seth Parker radio entrepreneur Phillips Lord's yacht.

The saga of the Star of Scotland and the captain who guided his crew of 15 inexperienced men over 2000 miles to safety aided only by a lifeboat compass was told today by John Hanley of the American Transpacific Corp. Mr. Hanley acted as agent for the ship's West Coast owners and paid off the crew when the men reached New York last month. The men have since returned to California.

### Sunk on Friday the 13th

"The ship was attacked on Friday, Nov. 13, and the men arrived in New York on Feb. 13," said Mr. Hanley.

The Star of Scotland, he explained, was returning from her first voyage to Africa. Completely rebuilt last fall she had delivered lumber and was returning in ballast to California when attacked.

"It was about 8:30 in the morning," Mr. Hanley began. "Captain Flink had just finished taking his position when a sailor spotted a conning tower. The captain looked through his binoculars. He thought the sub was Japanese because it had a red circle on the conning tower."

A shell splashed 50 feet astern.

\*Reprinted from the N. Y. World-Telegram



Drawing by Gordon Grant

## "Deep Water Man"

Another landed 50 feet ahead. The third hit squarely amidships. Eight shells followed quickly.

"When the first shell came over the captain ordered all sail dropped," continued Mr. Hanley. "As the shelling increased the crew put off in a large lifeboat."

### Threw Food Into Boat

Captain Flink hurriedly tossed into the crew's boat a peacoat, bottles of water, medicine, chocolate bars and vitamin tablets bought on a vague hunch. As the crew rowed away he managed to lower a small lifeboat by himself.

"As he was pushing away he saw the sub take the other lifeboat in tow," said Mr. Hanley. "A rubber boat from the sub came toward him. Seeing long beards on the men, he realized they were Germans."

Coming alongside, the Nazis told Captain Flink they wanted provisions, particularly potatoes, and butter. The captain nodded toward his burning ship.

"They're in the aft storeroom," he said, "and from the look of it you'll find them already cooked."



### Nazis Seize Captain

The Nazis forced the captain to accompany them on three provisioning trips. Then they turned him over to the commander.

"He was a young fellow," related Mr. Hanley. "With the aid of his dictionary he made himself understood. He told the captain he was a prisoner, headed for one of their fine concentration camps near Hamburg."

"The captain asked him to reconsider and even went so far as to suggest they destroy the crew because none of them knew anything about navigating and they never would reach land."

The sub commander pondered. He decided to let the captain go since

the Americans, excited by the shelling, had steered their lifeboat into the sub when taken in tow.

### Refused Instruments

Refused his instruments by the Nazis, Captain Flink and his men watched from their lifeboat while the Germans shelled the ship. Her iron hull was so sound that 15 shells were fired before one pierced her hull and sank her.

In the 17 days that followed Captain Flink marked the time and the miles he thought they traveled daily on an oar. His estimate was 1030 when they reached Portuguese West Africa. The distance was 1040 miles.

The crew's return to America was pleasantly uneventful.

## Seamen Buy War Bonds

By Murray Davis World-Telegram Staff Writer

Because he spent 58 hours in the icy January waters off Cape Hatteras in a lifeboat and then suffered the agony of burns from flaming oil when he was torpedoed a second time, Merchant Seaman John Bedell is buying war bonds today.

"After those two experiences I'm convinced that war bonds are good insurance against those dictator birds ever going on a rampage again," he said. "I buy bonds every time I take a trip. I'm buying them in my wife's name now. I just got married."

Seamen are becoming more and more war bond wise, Miss Marjorie Dent Candee of the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York*, 25 South St., said. She estimated that many are putting as much as 25 per cent of their wages into this form of security.

### Help Seamen to Save

"The Institute's ship visiting service is designed to help the seamen save their money," Miss Candee explained. "Ships and places where seamen congregate are visited, and they are given an opportunity to put their money in safe places, either with us, war bonds, travelers' checks or in banks. So many have been rolled of all their money that the wise ones now make sure they won't lose it. One seaman bought four bonds, to be made out for each of his children, Edelmira, Sarad, Angel and Felix."

The Institute has set up several bond sales places within its own building in addition to the U. S. Post Office there, to accommodate such men as Mitchell A. Bernat, third

mate, of Fall River, Mass., who has bought \$1500 worth; Thorstein Voss, master, and others.

"I bought some as an investment," Capt. Voss, who has spent 28 years at sea and claims that the subs of World War I were too slow to catch him then, as are their successors in the present war. "I'm waiting for an assignment, then I'll probably get some more."

### Torpedo Victims Patriotic

Elizabeth De Putron, a ship's visitor for the Institute assigned to the Maritime Service, 42 Broadway, has mostly torpedo survivors as her customers. She is emphatic in her claim that these men who have traveled far along the road to hell are highly patriotic.

"Many of these men buy bonds and then tell me to 'give the change to the government,' which, of course, I can't do," Miss De Putron said. "Others want the bonds made out to the government."

"These survivor crews and those who have missed their pay on ship for one reason or another bought more than \$6000 in bonds from me since this drive started. They would have bought them, anyhow, for they were buying before the campaign began April 12."

The Institute had no record of its sales during the current drive, but since the first of the year \$211,400 worth of bonds has been purchased by seamen visiting there. The Post Office in the building sold \$8468.75 worth in the first two weeks of the drive.

## Red Letter Day

"THE day that American destroyer sighted us in our little lifeboat and steamed to our rescue—that was sure a Red Letter Day for all of us!" said a young seaman recently when describing his "ordeal by fire" upon escaping with some of his crew mates from his burning tanker.

A different kind of Red Letter Day, but just as helpful to merchant seamen, is a Day at the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK which is set apart by a donor to commemorate a birthday, or other anniversary or in memory of some love one.

The purpose of such a Red Letter Day is to bring happiness to thousands of seafarers who frequent the Institute's building by the practical method of paying \$273.97, which guarantees the operation of all the Institute's welfare services and activities for 24 hours.

Just what kind of services does a Red Letter Day pay for? It pays for the maintenance of the Personal Service Desk; the Seamen's Funds Bureau, the dental, eye-ear-nose and throat and general medical Clinics; Conrad Library; the Writing Room (with free stationery); the Missing Seamen's Bureau (founded by Mrs. Janet Roper); the Mother's Room; the Baggage Room; the many entertainments in the Auditorium including moving pictures, sports, concerts, etc.; the parties in the Seamen's Lounge and Apprentices' Room; the services rendered by the Information Desk and the Credit Bureau (which helps seamen when temporarily in financial need); the Chaplains who render many kinds of services in the building and in hospitals; the ship visitors who help seamen to save their hard-earned wages and who distribute magazines, knitted goods, etc. to crews; the Sloppe (Clothes) Chest which is always ready when shipwrecked crews ar-

rive at any time of day or night; the game rooms—in short, all the services which are rendered either at cost or without charge. (Seamen willingly pay for wholesome meals and clean beds.)

You already give an annual contribution as an expression of your interest in the welfare of seamen. But RED LETTER DAYS reserved on our calendar give you an opportunity to be responsible for the entire day at the Institute by paying \$273.97 to carry on all our free services.

Could any gift be more practical and at the same time more of a tribute to some dear friend or member of your family? Such a gift is thrice blessed: for the one who gives it—for the seamen who benefit from it—and for the one in whose honor the Day is named.

### Will you select a RED LETTER DAY

on the Institute's calendar? Kindly send your checks to the  
**SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK**  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.  
and designate what day in the year  
you wish as YOUR Red Letter Day.

### RED LETTER DAYS RESERVED

January 1  
January 14  
February 12  
April 9  
May 10  
May 31  
June 6  
July 4  
July 28  
July 30  
September 22  
October 2  
October 22  
October 23  
October 25  
December 21  
December 31



## *They Call Me Mister Now\**

SEA POWER'S seagoing reporter tells the story of his first voyage as a mate aboard a tanker carrying high test gas through dangerous waters

By Kermit W. SALYER

*\*"Red" Salyer began his sea career nearly eight years ago with a course in seamanship in the Merchant Marine School of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, where he was welcomed to the Apprentices' Room, was assigned to his first ship by the Institute's Employment Bureau, and has been a regular visitor between ships ever since.*

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\*Excerpts from an article in "SEA POWER"— March, 1943. Reprinted by special permission.

*A. P. Wire Photo  
(U. S. Coast Guard)*

Rescue at Hand for Survivors of U-Boat Attack



He grabbed our rail, and the skipper of the pilot launch, thinking that the pilot had come aboard us, pulled away, leaving the pilot dangling from the rail. No one knows what happened after that, for the pilot was seen to drop into the river. We yelled to the pilot boat. They snapped on their searchlights at once and began to look for him.

## A Lonely Spot

The poor man was wearing a heavy overcoat; he probably sank immediately and was hit by our screw. Ironically enough, the pilots always wore life preservers when boarding or leaving a ship, but this night the pilot had left his preserver at the pilot station.

A week later his body was found in the mud flats near the mouth of the river. He had been one of the best known figures on the river for many years. He was known for his good judgment and caution, yet, at a time when death seemed unthinkable, he relaxed for a moment and paid with his life.

We discharged our cargo in Baton Rouge and sailed for Bayonne again.

This time we had as pilot "Old Man River" himself. A man almost eighty years old, yet spry as a man half his age.

He has spent all his life on the river and knows every eddy, every boil, every turn, every sandbar of the Muddy-sippy.

Yet our Jonah was at work and we almost collided with an upbound tow. We nearly smacked him with our stern as we swung around a bend.

Loading in Baytown, we sailed for an East Coast port.

Everything ran smoothly for a few days and it appeared that Jonah had deserted us. Apparently he had been at work in the engine-room, for our engines broke down when we were just abreast Cape Hatteras and about sixty miles offshore. What a place for a breakdown! Next to the North Cape, on the Murmansk run, no spot could be more dangerous. A few months before, the U-boats had set records in ships sunk at this very spot. And only recently subs had been reported active again in the area.

## Four Frightening Hours

We got everybody out of bed and had them standing by for trouble. We didn't want the crew caught sleeping if we got a torpedo.

The engineer on watch telephoned up to me on the bridge that the damage could be repaired in about four hours. Four hours! Four hours wallowing in the sea off Cape Hatteras. A tempting prize for the first U-boat that chanced that way.

All up the coast we had had a continual patrol of planes, but on this morn-

ing—of all mornings, when we needed a plane desperately—no plane was in sight. The skipper asked me to keep a sharp lookout for a plane and try to contact it if I happened to spot one.

An hour passed. It seemed an eternity. Lookouts were posted all about the ship with orders to report even a tin can or any other seemingly innocent object in the water. The gun crews were standing by their guns.

Finally, after an hour and a half, I sighted a plane far off on the horizon, and as he approached I recognized him as a Catalina.

I contacted him with the blinker and asked him to stand by until our engines were repaired—a matter of about three more hours. He replied that he would patrol us, and then flew directly over us. I saw three bombs under each wing, and after that I breathed a little easier.

He circled about us until we were ready to get under way again. We signaled our thanks and continued our voyage.

## Jonah Strikes Again

We arrived at our port of discharge and disposed of our cargo. While we were lying innocently at the dock we were rammed by a towboat with a huge steel barge. But for a cork fender, thrown over to take the blow, the barge would have put a hole clean through us. As it was, our steel side was dented like a saucepan.

Jonah seemed to be specializing in towboats and barges.

After this incident even the Old Man began to express an opinion on the subject.

"There's a Jonah aboard. We'll probably have a million incidents similar to the few I've mentioned, but we'll never be sunk. Jonah will see to that."

I wrote that last paragraph with my own fingers crossed, for as I write this I am on my second voyage and not two hours ago the convoy in which I am now sailing was attacked by subs.

One U-boat was caught trying to creep up between two columns of ships. It is a fast convoy and only by surfacing at night and running at maximum speed can a sub hope to attack us.

It happened on my night watch.

One of the destroyers in our escort located him with his listening devices and snapped on his searchlights. The lights made the night as bright as day and there was the sub, as big as all outdoors, not more than five hundred yards from one of our large transports, which was empty—thank God—for we had already delivered her precious cargo to a foreign shore.

The destroyer did her work in a way that was beautiful to behold.

ONE of the most pleasant features of the Librarians' work this ninth year since its opening has been that of helping seamen choose books for shipboard reading. This has been doubly gratifying when at the end of an arduous voyage the same men come back to comment on the books they have enjoyed and to ask for more. LOOK-OUT readers will no doubt share our satisfaction that each book passes through many hands and may very likely find its ultimate destination in the fo'c'sle of a ship in Melbourne, or in a seaman's reading room in Calcutta, or perhaps even in the hands of a soldier in some outpost.

Recently an American seaman who is not only an enthusiastic reader himself, but who has a flair for spotting the right books for the rest of the crew, came back from Africa. He told us that he had encountered there three soldiers who were so keen for reading matter that they persuaded him to part with several volumes from his carefully selected hoard. He managed to hang on to a copy of Vincent Sheean's "Personal History" in which he was quite absorbed himself. On the return trip there was aboard a wounded American soldier, rather discouraged and somewhat apathetic. The seaman learned that he had been deep in the Rif country of which Sheean has written so vividly. Little by little in his hours off watch he sought out the soldier and read him passages. This finally brought him out of himself so much that he read every word of the book, and came home in a much more cheerful state of mind.

Two young British officers whom we have known for years and for whom we occasionally save "by request", copies of Galsworthy's novels, burst in upon us

not long ago complete with beards, one bright red and the other dusky black, quite unrecognizable except for the twinkle in their eyes as they peered through the door. They reported that they had passed on their last "cargo" of books to a ship lying alongside the dock in Sydney and could we please oblige with a few more. Three Americans, shipmates from the same tanker, arrived one day last week with specific requests for "The Sun Is My Undoing" and "Hell on Ice". Before leaving, one of them said with a chuckle "I suppose nothing surprises you anymore, so—would you gather in for me while I'm away all the material you can find on the raising of turkeys? When this war is over I am going into the turkey business and I want to know the answers before I start." There ensued a lengthy conversation on the hazards of turkey raising—he had worked as a superintendent of a turkey farm before going back to sea, and as they all departed came a breezy promise that we would get the first surviving turkey.

Even the Navy finds its way in here on occasion. A Chief Petty Officer—one time merchant seaman—brought in two seamen not long ago with an enormous and quite hollow seabag. It was a joy to take them into the bookroom and choose books for themselves and the large merchant crew aboard their vessel. The CPO, spotted on the very top shelf a large "Dictionary of Facts" and a World Almanac; he also wanted some Kipling and when I produced "The Barrack Room Ballads" was delighted. Into the seabag went detective stories, a copy of Phil Stong's "State Fair" for the boy from Iowa, a mixture of fact and fiction for all and sundry and a copy of a book on "getting yourself a job", pounced on



by one of the boys who said he was beginning to plan for after "the duration". When I commented on the weight of the seabag, plus the extra bundles of books we had tied up, they said "Lady, we think so much of these books that we have a taxi down there waiting to take us to Brooklyn".

Do we need books? There is your answer, I believe. If you want figures: so far in 1943 we have distributed to seamen an average of over a thousand books a month. In most cases these have been in small quantities, to meet just such individual requests. The Conrad Library counts on your help in being able to continue this useful phase of its service to merchant seamen.

#### FLIGHT — METEOROLOGY, AIRCRAFT INSTRUMENTS, AND NAVIGATION

By Captain Bailey Wright, W. E. Dyer, and Rex Martin

*Published by American Technical Society*

This book has been very well written, with the viewpoint of conveying to an ignorant reader the mysteries of meteorology, cartography, aerial photography, radio as applied to aviation, aircraft instruments, and aerial navigation. The book has been written in a clear, concise, and interesting manner including all the necessary facts about the different subjects and leaving out the unnecessary details and mathematical proofs which one does not need to know in order to understand the subjects being discussed.

Very sensibly the authors have started out with meteorology as the first subject discussed. This is very important to both pilot and navigator for proper flight planning and flight, because weather can be a great aid, or it can be a hindrance and even cause disastrous results.

Aviation radio is very important in communications as well as radio navigation. Aircraft instruments are very essential for instrument navigation and blind flying.

The last section on aerial Dead Reckoning navigation is very important in all flights. In order to make successful flights the knowledge of meteorology, map reading, radio navigation, and aircraft instruments, is combined with aerial navigation.

E. E. Dickinson, III Avigation  
Instructor, Merchant Marine School.

## Book Reviews

### THE WAY OF A PILOT

By Barry Sutton  
MacMillan \$1.50

This is an interesting story of the life of a young English pilot. He was shot down over France and tried to take off again while wounded, but he was forced to land because of engine trouble. Later, in the blitz of England, he was shot down in flames and again went to the hospital. He is back in the scrap again, but while convalescing wrote the description of his experiences and thoughts. It is an enlightening story because one can read between the lines and see what a great task the RAF had to learn from the enemy's fighting methods and to eventually triumph over them.

Second Mate John Tuzo

### THE GAUNT WOMAN

By Edmund Gilligan

*Charles Scribner's Sons \$2.50*

Like a woman, once beautiful and good, the Danish square rigger, "Den Magre Kvind", or "The Gaunt Woman", had fallen on evil times. With the interruption of the Danish government by the "master race" (tsk), "The Gaunt Woman" had been operating, under the guise of her innocence, as a mother ship for Nazi subs off our North Atlantic coast. Her charges had been doing their bit to break our life lines to the battle fronts until one Captain Bannon, a Gloucesterman, heard of strange doings on the Grand Banks.

Mr. Gilligan has made Skipper Bannon a real American and a good shipmate. When he believes he's right, he will stand against the devil or the storm.

The story concerns the courageous fisherman's fight against the Nazi saboteurs. "We give no quarter", is Captain Bannon's battle cry and no sympathy is wasted on the possibility that the Nazis may be misguided souls.

"They are on our shores for no good purpose and must be destroyed if we are to survive." One can't help but realize how close this book is to life. For dories can be lost in the sudden fogs and storms can obliterate all traces of the soundest schooners. And hovering in the shadows ever ready to destroy and kill is the deadly Nazi submarine. This book marks the reappearance, as far as my reading goes, of a strong, full-bodied woman as the heroine. Perhaps with the stories of Russia's strapping heroines fresh in our mind, the day of the "clinging vine" may be passing. I hope so.

Reviewed by Seaman David Harris.

## Book Reviews

### SERPENT OF THE SEAS, THE SUBMARINE

By Commander Harley F. Cope, U.S.N.  
Funk & Wagnalls, 1942, \$2.50

With submarines assuming new and terrible importance, a timely and much needed book has been written about them by a U. S. Navy Commander. Commander Cope, whose submarine experience has been extensive, has presented an informative picture. He explains details of ship construction, selection and training of personnel, methods and weapons of attack as well as the various other duties of undersea craft. The history of the submarine is given from the days of Alexander the Great, through the successive inventors and their many failures, up to the present. Of even greater interest, however, is the story of the submarine in the fighting areas of the last war and the present one. That a submarine is only as good as its skipper was proved in the first World War with the balance of successful attacks to Germany's credit, but the Allied nations profited by that experience and Commander Cope says are now giving a good accounting of themselves. Good photograph illustrations add much to the interest of SERPENT OF THE SEAS and there is an index.

—I. M. A.

### COAST GUARD TO GREENLAND

By Anne Molloy

*Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00*

Here is a story for young boys about Greg, whose father was captain of a Coast Guard cutter. But Greg didn't want to leave his grandmother's farm to go to Greenland with his father because he had not learned to swim. There were storms and an accident and adventures with the people of Greenland before Greg overcame his fear of the water and was ready to face the sea journey home with courage. The illustrations by John L. Delano, who has spent much of his life at sea, are effective.

—M. D. C.

### TWO ON A TOW

By Zillah MacDonald

*Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00*

This is an adventure story about two young orphans, Jarvis and Jerry, and it is dedicated to "the brave men of the Inland Waters Fleet who toil through the long days and longer nights, that we may be fed and clothed and housed and warmed with what we do not have." The boys share the excitement of a trip down the Erie Canal on the barge "Araminta" racing a rival tow, through the locks.

—M. D. C.

### MAP READING AND AVIGATION

By Richard M. Field and Harlan Stetson

*Published by*

*D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc.*

This book has been prepared to supply an urgent demand for essential material in map reading and aerial navigation. Inspired by the fact that during the last war it was found that it was quicker and easier to teach an aviator how to visualize the terrain from a topographic map by teaching him the principles of physiography than by any other method, the authors have gone even further into the geophysics of the earth especially the North American continent. The authors have included a great many excellent examples, although they were limited in choice, not wanting to include examples of aerophotographs which might aid our enemies.

The avigation (aerial navigation) section is concerned primarily with celestial navigation. There are many examples of problems and diagrams illustrating the basic fundamentals to which this book is limited. In the appendix are included sample pages from H.O. 214 and the Air Almanac, supplementary problems, and definitions of terms used in the book.

—E. E. D.

### DYNAMITE CARGO

Convoy to Russia

By Fred Herman

*Vanguard Press \$2.00*

*With an introduction by*

*Madeleine Carroll*

This is a very good description of a convoy trip to Russia as described by an able-bodied seaman. He gives credit to both the British Navy and its officers and men and also to our own Merchant Marine and Navy. He portrays vividly the actions submarine and plane attacks on the merchantmen carrying ammunition and explosives. Some of the grimness is enlivened by a few humorous incidents. Although the style is somewhat stilted in places, the book will be remembered because of its realistic account of an actual voyage under fire. As Miss Carroll said in her introduction, this "book will serve to awaken Americans to the job that the Merchant Marine is doing."

Reviewed by A.B. Seaman Richard Pond

### SPRING BENEFIT REPORT

The net proceeds of the "Imaginary Cruise" benefit are approximately \$8,000. Many thanks to all "passengers" for making this a most successful benefit. We trust that they enjoyed their "cruise" to their favorite "Shangri-la."



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