

# THE LOOKOUT



CITY OF FLINT

*Etching by Cliff Parkhurst*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXXI

FEBRUARY, 1940



THIS MONTH'S COVER is from an etching by Cliff Parkhurst and is entitled: "AMERICA'S SPIRIT RETOLD—S.S. CITY OF FLINT". This Maritime Commission freighter has been in the limelight ever since that September night when, enroute to Glasgow with general cargo, she rescued more than 200 survivors of the torpedoed "Athenia." In October she was mysteriously shunted from port to port and sailed by a German crew finally into the harbor of Murmansk. This information relieved fears that all was not well with her 40 officers and crew. Also aboard was the crew of the torpedoed freighter "Stonegate" which had been picked up by the sea raider "Deutschland". On October 27th Captain Joseph Gainard of the "City of Flint" was released by the Nazi authorities and he and his crew sailed to Bergen, Norway, thence to Narvik and returned to Baltimore on January 27th where she is now tied up. The Institute's ship visitors are acquainted with some of the crew and one of them went to Baltimore to greet the "City of Flint" on arrival.

## The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXI, FEBRUARY, 1940

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street

### 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.

# The Lookout

Vol. XXXI

February, 1940

No. 2

## When Seafarers Eat



"Let's have another cup of coffee  
And let's have another piece of pie".

SO runs a popular song. In the case of landsmen, 99 out of 100 would order apple pie. But among seafarers, cocoanut pie is an equal favorite. In the Institute's cafeteria THE LOOKOUT editor learned some interesting things about sailors' preferences in food from our restaurant director, Mr. Leroy Gates.

Yankee pot roast is their favorite meat; string beans their preferred green vegetable, and they like their potatoes mashed. This combination, by the way, is a 20 cent special, with rolls, butter and coffee included.

A ten cent special that is popular is the breakfast which consists of stewed fruit (peaches, prunes, apricots—and the humble prune is easily the favorite) cereal (a 12 ounce bowl of farina, cream of wheat or oatmeal — oatmeal wins out in the popularity poll) roll, coffee, tea or milk.

Beef and kidney pie is another well-liked 20 cent special. Mr. Gates has figured out that the average sailor spends 44 cents daily for his meals at the Institute. He averages

13 cents for his breakfast, 13 cents for his lunch and 18 cents for his dinner.

During 1939 the Institute served a total of 678,440 meals—more than half a million, or about 1,800 daily. The Commissary (which includes the cafeteria, officers' dining room and soda luncheonette) employs 47 men and women some of whom work on part time and some on full time.

Our chef, a Belgian by birth, received his experience in hotels in Paris, London, Berlin, and he is assisted by a Negro baker and a German butcher—truly an international personnel.

"Have seamen's tastes in food changed since you first came here eighteen years ago?" we asked Mr. Gates, and he told us "yes."

"For example," he explained, "We once made from 150 to 225 gallons of ice cream each week. Now we sell less than 100 gallons a month. The reason? Seamen seem to prefer five cent desserts such as pastry, jelly roll, apple turnover and coffee rings.

"Another example," he continued.



"Ten years ago we served a lemon and lime drink to the seamen for a nickel. It was very popular, and I remember I made 500 drinks a day; now I use only one gallon a week. The men today prefer, in hot weather, iced coffee or iced tea, which we serve for five cents. Coffee, tea and milk are of equal popularity.

"We are always complimented when some of the stewards from the big transatlantic liners who have had so much experience in serving large numbers of people, say that the Institute kitchens are so clean and shipshape, and that the food is of such fine quality and at such reasonable rates."

Naturally, the ten and twenty cent meals cost more than we charge, but the income from our dining room (where Institute friends may eat) makes up the deficit.

Mr. Gates went on to praise the women waitresses and cafeteria attendants in particular. "They have established a friendly relationship with the seamen (without at all being too informal or undignified) and the seamen appreciate their courteous treatment. One waitress, Katharine Chabot, and Gladys MacDonald, in charge of the cigar and news stand, are always helping the men out in little ways, such as keeping a supply of buttons on hand to

sew on seamen's jackets or overcoats!

There is a group of seamen called "gleaners." They see a more affluent seaman leave his pot of tea after drinking only one cup, so they ask the waitress for a pot of hot water and a clean cup with which they make another cup of tea from the tea bag. (Incidentally, another sign of changing times: seamen now use tea bags as a matter of course, but when first introduced at the Institute they objected, for fear the bags would not hold as much tea!)

If you like statistics, then ponder these impressive ones: Our cafeteria has 11,800 square feet of floor space which must be cleaned daily. In one day, the Institute requires about 40 pounds of lamb, 30 pounds of butter, one dozen fowl, 300 pounds of potatoes, 6 dozen lettuce, 150 oranges, 300 pounds of beef, 50 pounds of pork loin and bushels and bushels of fresh peas, string beans, spinach, and 100,000 gallons of water!

From these statistics one may see that "25 South Street" is a great "ship" ashore, serving about 1,800 meals daily.

Here is an interesting figure: during 1939 there were 78,000 sales of candies and miscellaneous articles and 134,728 tobacco sales at the newsstand, which is a part of the Commissary. Inquiring about this, Mr. Gates said that chocolate bars were very popular with modern seamen.

Mr. Gates' chief worry is the rise in food prices. He must keep his menus varied and his prices fixed. He cannot raise the price of an entree because meat has gone up two cents a pound! In general, even though he purchases in tremendous quantities he cannot get more than 10% under current food prices.

And it is the Institute's responsibility to feed seamen!

## Post Office of the Seven Seas

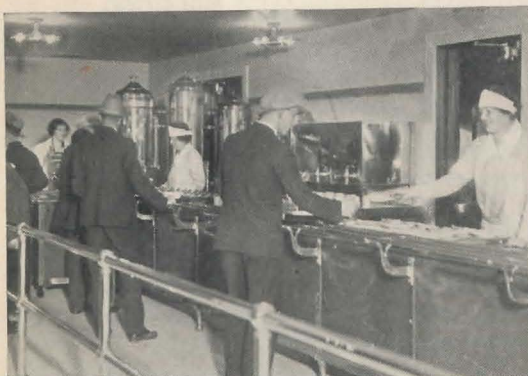


"25 SOUTH STREET" is an address as well known to seafarers as is "10 Downing Street" to diplomats. The United States Post Office, located on the second floor of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, recently celebrated its 13th birthday. It is something unique in post offices. It carries on business exclusively for merchant seamen and handles mail equivalent to that of a town of 20,000 population and has 2,700 call boxes.

In 1927 when the Institute asked the Government to take over its post office (which had been functioning efficiently but constantly growing, from 65 call boxes when the building opened in 1913 to 900 in 1927) the Postmaster General said to the postal clerks and to Charles Reuter, whom President Coolidge appointed Superintendent: "You mustn't take the soul out of that work." Uncle Sam has certainly shown that he has a soul in dealing with seamen. Many post offices of necessity are bustling places where harassed clerks go about their

duties in a perfunctory sort of way, but not so the Seamen's Church Institute Station. The Institute rents the space to the Government for one dollar a year, and Mr. Allison V. Armour, formerly of the Institute's Board of Managers, gave \$5,000. for equipment. The Government, in turn, grants special privileges to seamen. For example, a sailor can rent a box for \$.35 for three months, or \$1.40 per year, whereas in all other post offices in New York City the charge is \$3.00 a quarter, or \$12.00 a year. Another example: Mail at this station is held in General Delivery for six months, as compared with 10 days elsewhere. It is not unusual for a sailor to call in July for a package awaiting him since the previous Christmas.

The clerks, of course, are conscientious and although their first allegiance is to the Post Office Department, they still find it possible to befriend their seagoing customers without infringing upon Government regulations. It is the little services, the daily favors beyond





the line of duty which they perform which make the Station distinctive. The veteran clerks who have been in other Post Office stations say that they never felt so much incentive to serve the fellow standing the other side of the window as they do at 25 South Street. There is something wistful and appealing about a sailor, especially when he is asking for mail. If he does not receive any, he is so disappointed that often the clerk will say, sympathetically: "Well, better luck next time. Try us again. Always glad to see you." The clerk will also go through every letter filed under that particular alphabetical division. If the sailor's name happens to be Johnson, or some other common name, they will search diligently through all the Johnstons, the Johansens and Jansens before giving up. If the sailor is Spanish, the clerk will look both under his father's name and his mother's maiden name, for it is customary for Spaniards to use either or both parents' names. Schmidt, Smith, Schmitt are also very common names among seafarers, and require patient shuffling to find the particular letter desired. So eager are sailors to receive mail that they will often clip coupons from magazine advertisements and send for samples and catalogues in order that they may have that pleasurable thrill and quickening of the pulse which comes when mail is received.

Even a blasé clerk will spend half an hour pasting up a five-dollar bill or a money order for a sailor who had accidentally torn it into shreds. "It was all the money the poor kid had," was the clerk's explanation.

Miss Julia Schmid, at the A-to-K window, is the sailors' guardian angel and friend in deed. From her home she carries on the subway big cardboard boxes, corrugated paper, tissue paper, cord and all manner

of supplies to help the sailors when they want to wrap packages. When they bring parcels to the registry window, poorly wrapped, and the clerk asks: "Is it something breakable?" and if the sailor replies in the affirmative, he is told to "Go see Miss Schmid. She'll fix it up for you." She not only reinforces their packages, but has been known to sew on buttons in emergencies, and she always keeps a supply of needles, threads and shoestrings. Worn-out passports and ragged ships' discharge papers are neatly patched up by this sympathetic woman. Many of her services are rendered between five and eight P. M. after the Institute's Welfare Department is closed. The seamen reward her efforts with their confidences, and as they open their letters at her windows, they share with her both good news and bad. When they are under the influence of alcohol, the usually reticent ones are very talkative, and Miss Schmid does not preach to them, but treats them with great courtesy. She goes through the batch of letters carefully, even though the intoxicated one has been to the window asking for mail only a half hour before. On several occasions she has taken cinders out of seamen's eyes, and she always keeps a first-aid kit handy. One of the saddest stories she tells is about three young engineers who were almost inseparable. They always tried to get jobs on the same ship, but once the youngest, and jolliest of the trio had to ship out on another vessel. Christmas Day came, and he remembered his two pals by sending them presents, addressed to 25 South Street, for he knew that they would be ashore on that day. As a joke, he wrote "S. Claus, 25 South Street" as the return address on the packages. When the two friends came to Miss Schmid's window for their mail, she asked

them: "Are you expecting any packages from a Mr. S. Claus." The two chaps said "No," and then one of them caught on. "It's from Santa Claus!" he said, laughing. "That must be Harry." The next week they returned to the window to report to Miss Schmid that a telegram had just arrived. Their buddy, Harry, had been drowned, off the Isle of Malta. Miss Schmid says she can never forget their grief-stricken faces.

But there are happy incidents, too. She remembers, with a chuckle, the sailor who took a letter from her hand, ripped it open and announced excitedly: "My wife has twins! What shall I do, Miss Schmid? We only planned for one." (An extra layette arrived mysteriously the next day, addressed to the sailor). And there are amusing situations, too: a personable blond sailor scowled over a pink, perfumed letter he received from a girl in Havre. He had met her only once, he explained to Miss Schmid, had taken her to the movies, and had said goodbye, thinking the case was closed. Then along came the pink letter from Made-moiselle explaining naively that he had neglected to give her his address, but never mind, she knew that all American sailors get their mail at 25 South Street, so voila!

Miss Schmid says that in all her year's working in the post office she has always found sailors to be exceptionally courteous and respectful. Another clerk, Miss Ida Risdon, (who has also worked in the Post Office since it started) agrees with Miss Schmid about the politeness of seafarers. She is in charge of money orders and postal savings, and when a sailor tries to cash in on all his savings, unless he has a good reason for drawing it all out, she tries to dissuade him. Officially, she can refuse to give him

the money if his name is signed illegibly, and in extreme cases, for the sailor's own good, she has done this. Often the next day, a sober and a wiser sailor has come to the Post Office to thank her. Both of these women clerks have unusually retentive memories for names, faces and voices and the sailors greatly appreciate, when returning to New York after long voyages, being greeted by name.

The Superintendent of the Station also takes a personal interest in the seamen, and is never too busy to be human. In short, the Post Office glows with a friendliness inspired by the realization that the nature of a sailor's occupation, his long periods away from shore, make him a unique person who cannot enjoy the usual privileges of home and family enjoyed by landmen, and hence needs a friendly hand when ashore between voyages. Not long ago, the postmaster received a letter from a lonely mother far away, asking him to persuade her boy to write to her—not a legitimate claim upon a Government employee, to be sure—but the postmaster gave this particular sailor a good talking-to with the result that the boy now writes home regularly. Seamen who are stamp collectors also appreciate the postmaster's kindness in saving blocks of newly issued stamps for them while they are away on ships.



Writing a Letter Home



# Motorboat Show



The Institute's Booth

Photo by Morris Rosenfeld

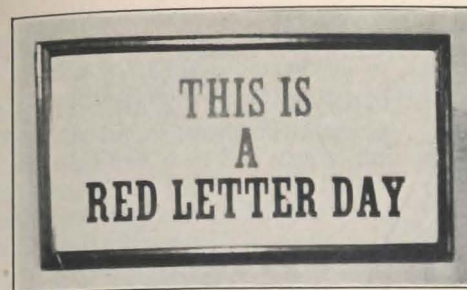
Many visitors to the 1940 Motorboat Show at Grand Central Palace were attracted to the Institute's large booth on the mezzanine (donated each year through the kindness of Mr. Ira Hand, Secretary of the Show). Thirty-five paintings by seamen and former seamen were on display and a number of these were sold. Another feature of the booth was a demonstration by Seaman Edward Barthman of putting ships in bottles, always a mysterious procedure to land-lubbers. Captain Dale Harrison, instructor in the Institute's Merchant Marine School and uniformed cadets Robert Staap, John Kelemen, Joseph Holt, and William Besterman were on hand to answer questions about seamanship and navigation.

Also exhibited was a six-foot model by Thomas Rosenkvist of the famous seven-masted schooner "Thomas W. Lawson".\* Visitors would stop at the sight of this

model, and once in a while one would exclaim: "Why, I remember seeing that ship once! She was the only seven-master ever built!" One man stopped and said that his uncle had been the designer. Another man said that he had served as mate aboard her just before her ill-fated voyage.

As a special feature the Institute showed the new 16 mm. SOUND COLOR moving picture "Home From The Seven Seas" (with commentary by Lowell Thomas) to large groups of visitors; also shown was the new SILENT COLOR film of the Launching of the S.S. America of the United States Lines, now being built at Newport News, Va. Incidentally, readers residing in the metropolitan area who wish to have these interesting movies shown at their club, church, social or fraternal organization should write THE LOOKOUT editor who will arrange to send an operator and movie projector without charge.

\* See page 11.



A RED LETTER DAY on the Institute's calendar is a practical way of honoring a dear friend or relative, or of commemorating some event or anniversary such as a birthday. To the seamen who benefit from the Red Letter Day gift, it means SAFETY, COMFORT and INSPIRATION.

To maintain all the Institute's social service, welfare, relief and recreational activities requires about \$100,000. annually, or \$273.97 per day. It pays for the many humane services for which we cannot charge such as writing room; game rooms; mothers' room; moving pictures; athletic activities; information desk; the work of the chaplains in the marine hospitals; the work of Mrs. Janet Roper in finding missing seamen; the work of the social service department in helping seamen; the clinics; and many other facilities which are not self-supporting.

Just what does SAFETY, COMFORT and INSPIRATION mean?

SAFETY means that a seaman's money is protected in the Seamen's Funds Department—transferred to banks if he so requests, or sent home to his relatives. It also means a safe place where his baggage may be checked—at a penny a day—with the privilege of access at any time. It also means that his letters are protected in the U. S. Post Office on the second floor of the Institute—the only Post Office in America exclusively for seamen—where his mail is held for months on end while he is off at sea, or forwarded wherever he may designate. All this is a far cry from the old days on New York's waterfront when sailors were robbed and exploited.

COMFORT means clean, comfortable beds at moderate prices: 35 cents for a dormitory bed including a private locker; 60 cents for a private room. Reading rooms, Conrad Library, game rooms where he may enjoy the privileges of a good club. Tailor shop, barber shop, laundry conveniently at hand, and dental, eye, ear, nose and throat clinics if he needs medical attention. Cozy lobbies where shipmates can exchange experiences; writing room with stationery provided; Mothers' Room where he may meet his women relatives.

INSPIRATION means that a sailor while ashore at the Institute may receive mental and spiritual inspiration. He can study in the Merchant Marine school and thus improve his chances for promotion on shipboard; he can secure books and magazines to take back to his ship to read when off duty; he can receive vocational counsel from the social workers in the Welfare Department, and spiritual guidance from the Superintendent and Chaplains and enjoy worship and music in the Chapel; he can attend lectures and concerts and movies in the Auditorium. He can maintain his self-respect by obtaining relief-credit when he is in financial need, repaying when he gets another job.



SAFETY



COMFORT



INSPIRATION

Will you select a RED LETTER DAY on the Institute's calendar? Kindly send your check 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.



## Shipwrecked Crew

THE triple menace of wind, wave and war continues to beset ships and seamen of all nationalities. Almost every morning's newspaper brings news of another ship that has gone down from a mine or a torpedo or a "mysterious explosion".

On January 20th, there came to the Institute a shipwrecked crew with no "war angle" to their story. They had simply pitted their skill and strength and seamanship against the sea, and had lost in the bitter, age-old conflict of man against the forces of nature.

The crew of the 127-ton three-masted Newfoundland fishing schooner "*Dazzle*", which was abandoned in a heavy gale when 450 miles from the Azores, arrived in New York aboard the 6,000 ton freighter "*Pietro Orseolo*" of the Moore-McCormack Line which rescued them in mid-Atlantic on January 11th. They were met by the British consul who took them to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, for food and shelter. They remained at the Institute for a week and were then sent home to Newfoundland aboard the Furness-Withy steamer "*Fort Townshend*".

Captain John Murphy, who had commanded the Norwegian-built schooner for the past seven years, and Chief Mate Uriah Gilbert told a thrilling story of fighting a terrific gale and raging seas all day Christmas and for a whole week thereafter, working frantically at the pumps, but with the water gaining every minute, finally abandoning the "*Dazzle*" and setting fire to her so as not to be a menace to navigation.

The schooner was 22 days out from Newfoundland, bound for Lisbon with a cargo of codfish (200

tons or 3,940 "kettle" of fish) when a northeast wind increased into a gale and took away the mainsail. The wind blew harder and took away the bulwarks from the mizzen rigging and loosened the heavy rudder posts. The vessel began to leak badly at the seams and planking and the crew of five pumped incessantly. All day Christmas a heavy sea was running so the holiday dinner consisted of coffee and nothing else. Water reached the cargo and the wind took away one of the water tanks. The others contained brackish water as it was impossible to keep the salt water out. Finally, they had to take in all sails except the foresail, which they reefed, and lay to all night. The wind increased in velocity and the foresail began to tear away making it necessary to run under the jumbo sail for 48 hours.

"We celebrated New Year's Day by bursting a halyard and shipping heavy seas," said Mate Gilbert. "The after-hatch opened and a sea took away our binnacle and flooded the cabins."

"When the wind abated a little," he continued, "we hoisted all sail and made a run for the steamer lanes, getting ready to abandon ship. Another gale blew up and we were forced to take in all sails except the foresail. Captain Murphy and one sailor, John Hickey, put out in our small dory to repair the rudder which had been damaged in the heavy seas. Watching their chance, they drove the boat in back of the rudder, got a steel wire and chain through it and made it fast to each quarter. Our vessel still leaked badly. We found a place in the break deck with a lot of water going through it and we caulked it with

oakum and nailed a board over it. We hoisted a distress signal and at one P. M. on January 11th sighted a steamer, the "*Pietro Orseolo*."

The Captain and Mate were the last to leave the "*Dazzle*". They poured gasoline aft and in the forward cabin and set the schooner on fire to prevent her from becoming a menace to navigation as she was in the main steamer lanes. The officers and crew of the "*Pietro Orseolo*" gave them warm clothing and hot food and radioed the schooner's owners, A. Wareham Sons of Newfoundland, who notified the British consul in New York.



Captain and Crew of the "Dazzle"

## The Inquiring Photographer \*

By Jimmy Jemail

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\*Reprinted from the New York Daily News by special permission.



# Seamen as Parents

By Elizabeth La Lines\*\*



Photo by Graphic Features

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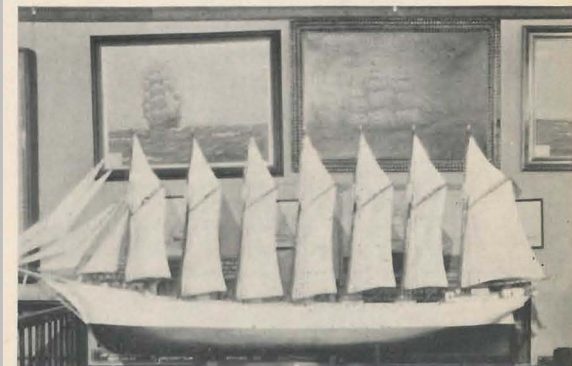
\* The Society for Seamen's Children became affiliated with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in 1937.

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## Thomas W. Lawson

\* The *Thomas W. Lawson* was built in 1902 by the Fore River Ship Company, Quincy, Massachusetts, and made her first trip to Philadelphia for coal under Captain Arthur L. Crowley. Her official measurements were: gross tonnage, 5,218; net, 4,914; length over-all, 403 feet; beam, 50 feet; depth, 35 feet; which, with her 85 foot bowsprit made her measure nearly a tenth of a mile. The lower masts which were 32 inches in diameter and weighed 20 tons each were: fore, main, mizzen, jigger, driver, pusher and spanker. They were called the days of the week, sometimes but were most commonly known by number. No. 6 mast (pusher) was used as a smokestack for the boilers for the steam engines forward and aft. The *LAWSON* spread 43,000 square feet of canvas and cost \$250,000. to build. It was the first sailing vessel used to carry oil in bulk; she carried 8,000 tons more than any tank steamer. After eight years of service the *Thomas W. Lawson* was wrecked in the Broad Sound, off the Scilly Isles, during a fierce gale. Only three of the crew survived.





## Mansfield Memorial Service

The Annual Service paying tribute to the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., for 38 years Superintendent of the Institute until his death in 1934, was held in the Chapel of Our Saviour on January 3rd. The Rev. Charles L. Biggs, rector of Christ Church, Guilford, Conn. preached and the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, the Institute's present Superintendent, officiated. The service was attended by a large gathering of seamen, staff members and personal friends of Dr. Mansfield.

This service is held each year on the anniversary which marks both the birth of Dr. Mansfield and also the start of his work for seamen on New York's waterfront. He is credited with having initiated much humane legislation for the safety of seamen on shipboard, and for their safety ashore he waged a long and hard-fought fight against the waterfront crimps and land-sharks who flourished in the 1900's. He was instrumental in having the evil shanghaiing system abolished. His efforts were crowned in 1913 when he led clergy and lay people to unite in building the present 13-story shore home, the largest in the world for seafarers of all races, ratings and religions.

Mr. Biggs, in speaking of his dear friend, said: "Dr. Mansfield followed through—all the years to his death. This great building is the body of which the sailor is the soul. It is the man-size example of what such buildings should be right round the world. He was magnificently aided both in service and in gifts by many benefactors. Next to God the sailor was Mansfield's great reality of his life—his great dynamic and devotion."

## Federation Choral Entertains Seamen

The City Federation Choral of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, under the direction of Mrs. John McClure Chase, presented an evening of music for seamen at the Institute on December 20th. The featured artists who contributed their services were Suzette Forgues, cellist and John H. Patrick, basso. The Choral sang a group of songs by American composers including a sea chantey by Pauline Winslow; American folk songs and Christmas carols. The seamen were most enthusiastic and all the musicians gave encores in response to the prolonged applause.

### Wanted:

#### Warm Clothing

Our "Sloppe Chest" clerk tells us that he is greatly in need of clothing for the many seamen who are jobless and penniless. He pleads particularly for warm Union suits, and other heavy-weight men's underwear; also wind-breakers, heavy woolen jackets and overcoats to withstand the icy winds that blow along the East River. Kindly wrap and mail to the Welfare Department, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



## City of Flint

THERE apparently was nothing to distinguish the crew of the City of Flint from the crews of other deep-seagoing vessels of the United States merchant marine. They were not picked men, though the fact that there was not a firearm—not even a pistol—on board when the Germans took possession of her furnishes the proof that she was a happy ship—a ship whose company was well disciplined, fairly treated, and reposing confidence in the officers. . . . Seamen seek good masters and good masters seek good men. Plainly, Captain Joseph A. Gainard of the City of Flint is an excellent master. He could not have done what he is known to have done had he not been a skillful mariner, an intelligent observer, a cool and calculating com-

mander, an untiring worker. He is of the type of those American sailors who through weather fair and foul go their ways in the exacting routine of an arduous calling, winning the confidence of their owners, the respect of their professional compeers and the trust of their officers and men without attracting popular attention, which is as they would have it. When emergency arises, when magnificent seamanship is called for in a rescue in the midst of a mighty storm, when tact and discretion are essential, they show to a public larger than that to which they are habituated, the stuff, physical, mental and moral, of which Men are made.

Editorial from *The New York Sun*, January 29, 1940.

### Bible Lost Sheep Verse Reports a Ship Found

WITH THE CANADIAN ACTIVE SERVICE FORCE AT SEA, Dec. 18 (AP) (delayed by censor).—In the heavy Atlantic fog one of the transports in this group strayed from the convoy and two destroyers vanished astern to scout for the absentee. A day went by with no word.

This morning there were specks on the horizon as the convoy ran at slow speed. Then this message came from the warship in charge of the convoy, sent in straight code for every Morse reader to understand:

"Read Luke XV, 6."

There was a rush to ship's Bibles, to find a verse saying: And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

Dec. 19, 1939—From the N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

### A Ship's Personality . . .

The ship was now wholly anchored: she lay there in the water with the living stillness of all objects that were made to move. Although entirely motionless, outwardly as fixed and permanent as any of the headlands of the coast, the story of her power and speed was legible in every line. She glowed and pulsed with the dynamic secret of life, and although her great sides towered immense and silent as a cliff, although the great plates of her hull seemed to reach down and to be founded in the sea's bed, and only the quietly flowing waters seemed to move and eddy softly at her sides, she yet had legible upon her the story of a hundred crossings, the memory of strange seas, of suns and moons and many different lights, the approach of April on far coasts, the change of wars and histories, and the completed dramas of all her voyages, characterized by the phantoms of many thousand passengers, the life, the hate, the love, the bitterness, the jealousy, the intrigue of six-day worlds.

From: "Of Time and the River"  
By: Thomas Wolfe



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