

# The LOOKOUT



"Arrival of the Mayflower"

*From the Painting by W. F. Halsall*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXIV NOVEMBER, 1933

THIS MONTH'S COVER is reproduced through the courtesy of A. S. Burbank of Plymouth, Mass. The original painting of the "Mayflower" hangs in Pilgrim Hall. On September 6th, 1620 a band of Pilgrims set sail from Plymouth, England and the Log of Governor William Bradford reports that there were 100 passengers including 19 women, 10 young girls and one infant. They had first embarked in the "Speedwell" but had been compelled to put back because this vessel was unseaworthy. On November 11th, 1620 they sighted Cape Cod and made their famous landing on Plymouth Rock. Some of the original timber of the "Mayflower" has been discovered in Jordan's Hotel, Buckinghamshire, England. The gallant crew of this little vessel, (only 180 tons burden) made the perilous return trip to England to bring another band of Pilgrims to these shores. Why not commemorate their courage and pay tribute to their daring by sharing your Thanksgiving Day dinner with the descendants of these intrepid mariners? Turn to Pages 6 and 7 of this issue for details of the Institute's HOLIDAY FUND.

## The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

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

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually

Single Copies, Ten Cents

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and over include a year's subscription to "The Lookout."

Address all communications to

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 in the year 1844, 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. 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."

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 seaman.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXIV

NOVEMBER, 1933

No. 10

## MOTHER ROPER HAS A BIRTHDAY

PINK candles arranged on a huge four-layer cake . . . a warm autumn sun streaming through the open windows of our third floor officers' reading room . . . a group of officers and engineers standing at attention . . . this was the scene which greeted Mrs. Roper on the afternoon of September 18th.

One ship's engineer, appointed as spokesman for the delegation, welcomed Mrs. Roper, wished her "happy birthday" on behalf of himself and fellow

officers, and then presented with a cake which had been baked by our Institute chef. Then our House Mother, guided by much jovial advice and instruction, cut the cake into about 36 slices and the men distributed it around the reading room.

Mrs. Roper's birthday also marks the completion of 46 years of work among men of the sea. She has been at our Institute for 18 years and before that served in seamen's institutes in Boston, Massachusetts, in St. John's, N. B. and in Portland, Oregon, with her husband who was a Congregational minister. After his death she came to "25 South Street" and is now well known for her work as head of our Missing Seamen Department, inaugurated in 1920. She has been successful in finding 4,396 missing men and restoring them to their anxious



Our House Mother's Birthday Party

families. Thousands of mariners from old salts to young cabin boys, sailing the seven seas and speaking many tongues, make her their confidante and have an affectionate regard for the woman they call "Mother Roper." Witness the following letter as an illustration of the esteem in which she is held:

"Monday afternoon"

Dear Mrs. Roper:

Your Birthday: Another milestone along Life's highway—

How very fast time flies. Alas—how very brief is Life.

To live—to enjoy Life is a glorious privilege—and well worth the price asked in return.

Truly indeed am I privileged, and grateful to participate in the celebration of your Birthday—yet regretful in the knowledge that Birthdays "speed" us on towards "the Journey's end."

Sincerely do I wish you well the enjoyment of good health, and happiness and the pleasure that your long years of labour and devotion to seafarers entitles you.

'Tis gratifying indeed to know that you have ever done your best and strove willingly.

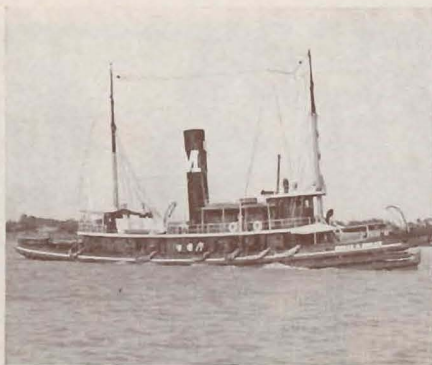
That your countless friends admire and respect you—

And "Sailor Men" in their appreciation call you a "good sport", a term eloquent of admiration and affection and to which no further eulogy could add acclaim.

Respectfully I salute you.

Yours truly,  
FRANK M.

## TUG BOAT ANTONIO



Courtesy, Moran Towing Company

**A** SEAGOING tugboat—Antonio as steward—two letters, an Irishman, and a mince pie are the ingredients for the following tale. Let's mix them and see what happens: Antonio telephones to our Information Desk: "Oh missie, missie," he implores. "I have some letters for me in the Post Office. I cannot come. Please send. I will pay. My boat only here one hour."

So our Information Desk clerk persuaded the Postmaster to let her have Antonio's letters (there were two, postmarked Italy) because he was aboard a seagoing tug boat which was docked in Brooklyn for just sixty minutes. Carefully signing a receipt for the letters, she sent one Irish deckhand, Terry (red of hair and freckled of face) to Brooklyn with the letters, beseeching him not to give the letters to anyone except Antonio, and to get a signed receipt for them, to be returned to the Institute Postoffice.

Time passed, and Terry returned, his usually happy countenance all puckered up into a frown. "No boat there, Miss. I asked everybody. So I brought back the letters." Whereupon the letters were returned to the post office, the receipts duly cancelled.

Then a frantic telephone call from Antonio—his letters, where were his letters? Had he not said he would pay the messenger? Oh, yes, the boat did not dock in Brooklyn, as planned. It was now in Hoboken. For just one hour more. Just sixty minutes. "Oh missie, missie, please do this for Antonio."

Again, the post office officials were consulted, again receipts were issued, again Terry, with the letters safely in the pocket of his dungarees, set forth.

Time passed, and Terry, grinning broadly, returned to the Information Desk. "I found him. Here's the receipt for the letters," he announced. "And he sent you this, to thank you for all your kindness. He gave me fifty cents."

Our surprise-proof clerk opened the huge box. There, carefully wrapped in wax paper was the largest, most luscious looking mince pie she had ever seen. Antonio, as steward on that seagoing tug, had helped himself to the crew's dessert for the next day! Whether his companions in the ship's galley knew of Antonio's magnanimous gesture in behalf of our Information Clerk, we do not know. And

it was too late to do anything about it, anyway. The tugboat was by this time far out to sea.

So our clerk said to Terry: "Have'n't you some buddies with whom you'd like to share this pie?" "Have I?" was his ejaculation. "Then take it up to the reading room and I'll get a knife and some plates from the cafeteria," she said.

But the conclusion of this story should really be written by O'Henry. Terry generously shared the mince pie, not only with his intimate friends, but with one poor sailor lad who hadn't eaten for two days! He had been

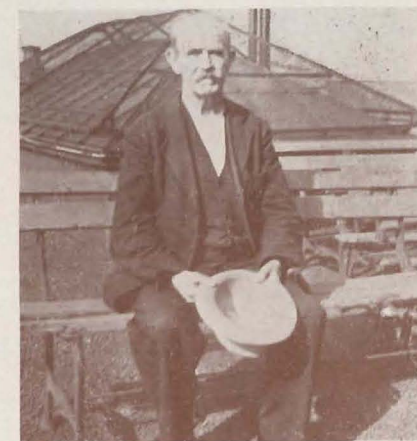
either too proud or too shy to ask for help through our regular relief department. How his eyes shone when Terry helped him to a large portion of the pie. But he ate it too quickly—and on an empty stomach—you guess the rest. However, all's well that ends well, and it's an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody good, etc. and the jobless, hungry sailorboy is now getting proper meals and has a good job on a tugboat (not Antonio's).

Just one illustration of the 45,579 "social services" rendered by the Institute during the first six months of 1933!

## SAFE HAVEN FOR "CERTAIN"

**Y**ES, there's no doubt but that Leon Certain has had more than his share of seafaring. Away back in 1853 as a young lad of thirteen from Louisiana he shipped aboard a brig "La Perla" out of New Orleans. He soon found his sea legs and liked the life so well that he kept right on seagoing for 67 years. Now, at the age of 80, he would still like to go to sea but eagle-eyed Shipping Commissioners say: "Why don't you go to Snug Harbor? Give the younger fellows a chance. We can't let you have a job." So Leon Certain came to the Institute and asked for help in collecting his long record of seafaring.

Up until January, 1933, Leon Certain had a job as assistant cook on board the steamship "Democracy" of the Sally Nelson Line out of San Francisco. He has plenty of ships' papers to prove his seamanship and to qualify for admission to Snug Harbor, a haven for old salts on Staten Island. But ordinarily stewards are not permitted to enter the Harbor. Whereupon it was necessary to show that a man who had traveled nine times around Cape Horn, who had worked on sailing vessels fifty years and on steamships seventeen, even though he worked in a galley and served mess to the crew, could scarcely be called a "steward." Our Religious and Social Service Department makes a practice of helping old salts get their necessary papers and credentials for admission to Snug Harbor and a letter was sent to the Trustees asking that an exception be made in the case of Leon Certain.



"I must go down to the seas again".  
—Masefield

So they have admitted him and he has entered the spacious home on Staten Island where old shellbacks dream of the vanished era of sail. Certain, who though born in Louisiana of French parents, speaks with a decided French accent, does not look more than 60. He remembers South Street in the days when shanghaiing was the favorite sport of crimps and landsharks. He still marvels at the ocean floating palaces and the good food and regulated hours of work on shipboard. He has been in several shipwrecks while engaged in Alaska fishing and sealing.

## VICTORY FOR AN AMERICAN CREW



Clyde Taylor is standing on the extreme right

**E**IGHT stalwart men and true, crew of the Standard Shipping Company tanker, *W. C. Teagle*, carried off the honors at the seventh annual international lifeboat race held on September 4th off Bay Ridge. The applause of thousands of spectators who braved the rain squalls must have thrilled these sturdy mariners who, for the first time since the lifeboat races were inaugurated, won in behalf of an American shipping line.

One of the winning oarsmen, Clyde Taylor, has been staying at the Institute for a few days while waiting to be transferred to another tanker of the Standard Shipping Company. He has been the recipient of many hearty handclaps, slaps on the back and verbal congratulations from other guests at 25 South Street. Clyde hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, is twenty-six years old, and has followed the sea for two years. He was the stroke on the crew that rowed

the two nautical miles in pouring rain and choppy sea, never changing from a 36-stroke, completing the course in 24 minutes, 16 seconds, winning by a comfortable margin.

"No one of the thousands who witnessed the race," (we quote the *Marine Age*) "will be likely to forget the striking scene presented by the *Teagle's* boat crew. Stripped down to trunks and shoes, their bodies moved in perfect rhythm as the white lifeboat plowed ahead under the impetus of unflinching, powerful strokes. Through the rain squalls, the picturesque figure of Coxswain Larson could be seen standing erect in the stern of the boat, dressed in white, swaying slightly to the pitch of the small craft but otherwise immovable. Intent upon the business in hand, he presented a striking contrast to the other coxswains who kept up their strokes with varying degrees of arm and body movements. Although the *Standard's* coxswain stood almost motionless at his tiller, it could well be imagined that, in addition to the pelting of rain and spray, his crew was having poured over them a steady stream of deep-water language extolling their virtues and smearing them with their shortcomings. Not know-

ing exactly what coxswains think or talk about during a hotly contested race, we record that as a fair guess. It may have been that thoughts of winning the handsome silver trophy donated by R. L. Hague, President of the Standard Shipping Company, who watched the race from the committee boat, put extra beef into every stroke. At any rate, the combination worked and the tanker's boat crossed the line to receive an enthusiastic reception from the whistles of surrounding craft and applause from the thousands ashore.

The sportsmanship of the other crews was recognized by a hearty welcome as each boat pulled across the finish line, regardless of the flag they flew. The oarsmen from the *Von Steuben* (German), the *Anna Maersk* (Danish), the *New York* (German), and the *Excalibur* and *Peten* (American), put up a hard fight with the difficulties of all being increased by the adverse weather conditions."

We think that Clyde Taylor is a fine example of the new type seaman. Splendid physique, well educated, charm of manner and personality, his winning smile has earned many new friends during his sojourn at the Institute. So often in *THE LOOKOUT* we tell of stories where seamen are handicapped, mentally or physically, or who endure unfortunate experiences, or who are the victims of circumstances outside of their control. But here is an example of an able-bodied seaman who comes to the Institute, while on shore leave, not for help in the form of relief—meals, beds, clothing, but one who can

and does pay for one of the best rooms in the building. Here is a seaman who could afford to go to an uptown hotel, or to a boarding house, but who, like many of his fellow seamen in the same fortunate circumstances, prefers the pleasant, home-like surroundings of the Institute. He enjoys the wholesome club-like atmosphere, the congenial acquaintances, the reading and game rooms, the moving pictures in our Auditorium—in short, the things which mean so much to a sailor away from home.

There are many seamen—self-respecting, self-supporting—who know that 25 South Street means a decent place to live, where a man will not be exploited by the modern substitute for the old-time crimp or landshark. For let there be no misunderstanding, an undesirable element still lurks along docks and waterfronts, lying in wait for sailors—particularly for those who have just been paid off. Then there are the "beach-combers" (if you want to insult a real sailor, call him a beachcomber) who prey upon Jack Tar's generosity, "bumming" money for drinks.

We are glad that men like Clyde Taylor, pride of the American merchant marine, as well as the men who are jobless and penniless, can find "safe haven" within our gates. For there is a brotherhood of the sea, and every man who has salt blood running through his veins, whether at the moment, "flush" or "broke" feels that the Institute is his home. And Clyde's mother back in Louisiana can rest assured that her sailor boy, when ashore, is under the protection of the SCI.

## REUNION IN LIVERPOOL

**"B**UT it's only fair that you hear both sides," said Mother Roper to the short, stocky little man with the rugged features and weatherbeaten countenance.

"But these letters—from neighbors—" protested the man, "say that she's unfaithful to me. Why should I write to her?"

"Why don't you give her the benefit of the doubt?" persisted Mrs. Roper, "and don't forget, there's your little son. Think of him."

"All right, Mother Roper," reluctantly agreed the seaman. "Your advice is usually right. So I'll do as you say this time and write home."

The seaman had not written to his wife in four years, yet she had often written to Mrs. Roper beseeching her to find her

husband. In accordance with his promise, he wrote his wife in Liverpool and a few days ago came into Mrs. Roper's office, his face radiant with joy.

"I've just had a reply to my letter," he said. "And she's answered all my questions satisfactorily, made full explanation and convinced me that she wants me to come home. And here's the nicest part of all—" he drew forth a sheet of paper and a snapshot, "My little boy—see how big he's grown. He's eleven years old now. I haven't seen him for four years. He says in this letter that he remembers me, that I used to bring him lollipops."

The Institute fortunately was able to procure a job for the seaman on a ship bound for Liverpool, where a faithful wife and a forgiving husband were soon happily reunited.

# Your Gift Will Provide a Holiday "souvenir" for 1614 Homeless Sailors



Courtesy, Ira Hand

PEOPLE have a habit of saving souvenirs of their loved ones. There was once a popular song which mentioned "Letters tied with blue, a photograph or two, among my souvenirs."

But if you had no relatives or loved ones, you might want to save souvenirs, too—well—just so as not to feel entirely alone in the world. So Seaman Otto

Otterman who died at the Institute, who was buried in our Cedar Grove cemetery, kept souvenirs of the Institute's holiday dinners, for the Institute was the only place he could call home.

The cheery holiday tickets, admitting him to Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners were found—dating back to 1927—in his luggage, all carefully tied up in an old envelope. They were the only holiday cards the old man had in his possession, but meant so much to him that he kept them year after year, adding each invitation to the preceding ones.

The Institute's Holiday Fund brings happiness to other seamen—lonely and friendless like Otto, and we hope that our contributors will make a special effort to send their holiday gift this year. The price of groceries and meats and supplies has greatly increased so our Fund will need to be larger than in the past if we are to feed 1614 hungry seamen.

Like the rock of Gibraltar and other unalterable things, our holiday dinner has come to be the one sure thing in hundreds of sea-

men's lives. They have come to know that, good times or bad times, friends of the seamen kindly remember them on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas.

On these two happy days they know that if they are an active merchant seaman, they can go to the Institute and there enjoy a FREE, full-course dinner with holiday extras like pumpkin pie, cigarettes and cigars. They know that moving pictures and special entertainment have been planned for their enjoyment in the Audi-

torium.

After three years of unemployment, with consequent suffering and hardship, seamen are apt to be bitter and discouraged. A wholesome holiday dinner in cheerful surroundings will revive their lagging spirits and renew their faith and hope.

Several thousand sailors in marine and other hospitals will also be made happier through our Holiday Fund, for Christmas bags, filled with all sorts of good things, will be distributed to them.

Kindly designate your checks for our HOLIDAY FUND  
and mail to: 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

(Sample of Seaman's Guest Card)

## Seamen's Church Institute of New York

### Thanksgiving Day

Dinner 12 M. to 4 P. M.

Served in Cafeteria

Present this Ticket

You are the Institute's guest today

A. R. MANSFIELD, Superintendent



## "SWALLOWING THE ANCHOR"

EDITOR'S NOTE: The poet laureate, Mr. John Masefield, is an Honorary Member of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and gave a lecture-recital under the Institute's auspices in January at Carnegie Hall. We reprint here for LOOKOUT readers a report of Mr. Masefield's recent speech which appeared in *The Liverpool Post and Mercury*, Sept. 25, 1933.



Silhouette by Capt. R. Stuart Murray

Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, recalled his early days at sea in a broadcast appeal last night on behalf of the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution, Belvedere, Kent.

"There is no one in these islands listening to me at this moment who has not benefited from merchant seamen," he said. "You may never have seen a merchant seaman. Yet from these unseen men and from their unseen and unimagined labour come not only the graces but all other means of your life. The clothes you wear and the bread you break come to you from their manhood.

"Will you think a little what it is that these now broken men have done for you? When they were young and strong they went out from these islands in the little ships of those days at the little wages

of those days—£2 or £3 a month. They were sometimes out of sight of land for half a year at a time, passing, on each voyage, from one extreme of climate to another—from the Line to the Ice and back again to the Line.

"They lived in half starvation in those ships on such food as would hardly be offered to dogs ashore. They were often sun stricken. They were often frost bitten. They were often washed from their bunks and about the decks by green seas. Their working hours were never less than twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

"At sea if they were ill or broke a bone they might have no doctor through long months of suffering. Ashore, they might wait long months without employment of any kind. I have seen them come aboard ship at such times, clad in a few rags and half starved, to face the English Channel in the winter and Cape Horn in June and to bring to this England warmth in the wool of Australia and food in Western corn.

"I long ago swallowed the anchor. As a boy I knew these men. I ate their hard bread and drank from their pannikins. Knowing what they did and what their brothers still do for us, I ask you to help these old seamen to pass their last days in peace."

Many of Mr. Masefield's listeners were puzzled when he said he had "swallowed the anchor." This time-honoured phrase is the sailor's way of explaining that he has left the sea."

## A DENTIST'S "FAN MAIL"

ONE would never imagine that a dentist might have "fan mail". Whoever would bother to sit down and write a letter to a dentist *thanking* him for his good work? Most of us are more inclined to grumble about the size of the bill! Yet that is what happens to our Institute clinic dentist; Sailormen send him postcards, letters, telegrams from all over the globe expressing their appreciation.

"Teeth O.K., feeling fine"; "Plate is going great"; "Many thanks, Doc—teeth first rate"; these messages are scrawled across picture postcards purchased in the seaports of Shanghai, Sidney, Singapore. And long, amusing letters written by seamen from the fo'c'sles of ships on the high seas. Since our clinic was established in July, 1931 up to October 1st, 1933, 1,932 individual seamen have used its facilities, and a surprisingly large number of these have expressed their appreciation for the service rendered by bringing presents from faraway countries to our hygienist and dentist.

Here is an excerpt from a letter post-marked Soerabaja, Java, on board the MV. Silverguava:

"Dear Doc: Three guesses who this is from—it's the chap who gave you so much pleasure when you fixed up his dental work in February of 1932. I hope to have the 'pleasure' of again sitting in one of your chairs when next I pass through New York, but fooling aside, the idea behind this letter even though you may fail to see it, is to express my appreciation for the splendid job the SCI dental clinic did for me and to let you know I have not had one minute's trouble with my teeth since.

Last trip on the run from Manila to Los Angeles we had a spot of bad weather, losing a couple of life boats, the half funnel, two or three decks, the captain's ukelele and bosun's wig, Davy Jones' locker, the key of the keelson and several other minor things such as 99½ native sailors and a sack of potatoes. I am enclosing some foreign stamps which I hope may be of some use to the Institute, but as I am not a fatalist (editor's note: philatelist), I cannot judge them. Hoping to have the pleasure of meeting in your chair in the near future."

And this one from the Malay Peninsula: "Cheerio, Doc. I must first of all apologize for not having written before now, to tell you what a splendid job you made of the dental work. This has been a great trip. I wish you could have vis-



"Whatever can I do, Bill—I've got the toothache!"

Courtesy, Oral Hygiene

ited some of the places with me—one Pagoda in Rangoon where a religious festival was going on would have interested you. All the 'Gods' were decorated with precious stones and gold trimmings . . . enough and to spare for all the bridge work needed in my mouth! There is no doubt about it, these Eastern people seem to think more of their religion than the Western world. Picture to yourself, say, in New York harbour, a crowd of men discharging cargo from a ship, suddenly as the sun falls in the west, all these men stop work, wash their head and feet, change their clothes, face the setting sun on their knees. You can imagine if this did happen once the newspapers would be full of it, yet it is happening each and every day out here and no more notice is taken of it than the spectacle of a bank closing its doors (at three o'clock!). Hoping, Doc, to see you on my next shore leave in New York."

From Southampton, England:

"Hello, Doc, I'm hitting on all cylinders. Don't forget my greetings to the little nurse. Wish you a pleasant vacation."

Our seamen are surprised and delighted to find that the Institute's dental clinic is clean, that the work is done scientifically and at an amazingly low cost. The clinic is under the supervision of Dr. William D. Tracy. Dr. George Whitby is in charge. The equipment was made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Elisha Whittelsey.

## UTILIZING THE USELESS



THE INSTITUTE, like all others, is having to make use of every possible expedient to make ends meet these days and is having many opportunities to prove that the useless can be made to serve a real purpose. By "useless" we mean not being used by the present owner.

The Melting Pot Campaign, sponsored by the Associations of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, but participated in by many LOOKOUT readers and Institute friends, is one proof. In this case, odd trinkets and jewelry, of either silver or gold, broken or whole, have netted the Institute thus far \$1828.71. This profitable campaign will go on just so long as friends find it in their hearts to look up and send us oddments of gold and silver of any sort.

The Stamp Bureau is another expedient, or shall we say experiment, for turning useless possessions into funds to finance real needs. Have you any use for old stamps on letters locked in trunks in the attic, or tied into neat packages and stowed in the lowest drawer of your secretary, or pigeon-holed in your desk until you can think of what to do with them?

What hoarders we are, most of us! One friend saved seven pairs of spectacles, knowing they were of no practical value, except for the gold of which they were made. The Melting Pot Campaign prompted her to send us the spectacles, and their gold produced the wherewithal for 113 ten cent meals. Sounds like a miracle? Well, miracles are happening every day. We have the word of a Scotchman for it, and the Scotch are not prone to exaggeration.

The Stamp Bureau promises to be just as profitable as is the Melting Pot. The appeal for stamps in the September LOOKOUT brought in a generous supply from readers. One gentleman of nearly eighty years sent us his boyhood album. In this collection we have found, literally, the

price of hundreds of ten cent meals. One of the valuable stamps of his collection is here reproduced.

These famous triangle stamps of the Cape of Good Hope, rare now but common 40 or 50 years ago, were the pride of every boy collector of that time, and many men of today who as boys collected stamps can recollect them although they cannot remember a single other stamp they had. These stamps now appeal to the serious collectors. Their unique shape had to be discontinued because it was impossible to perforate them by machine, a difficulty not encountered in the manufacture of square stamps.

Two other friends have sent albums, or what parts of them remain after piratical ravagings of friends. We are hoping that what remains will prove greater than the original supply — harking back to the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Our counselor and friend in this Stamp Bureau business, Mr. R. A. Barry, stamp columnist of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, is going to be the Institute's Miracle Man and show us how to convert our treasures into cash for our treasury. We hope you will want to help him and us by sending us some stamps. We welcome any and all foreign stamps and also United States stamps, especially those of over the two and three cent values. We like the stamps on their envelopes whenever possible, but names and addresses will be obliterated if the donors of such envelopes so desire.

When the stamps are sold in bulk, we get anywhere from one to three or four dollars per pound, but it takes some 4,000 stamps to make a pound. You see what piles we need to make pennies—except when we get rare stamps or valuable series which we can sell individually at amounts above the mixture price.

This winter we hope to perform the miracle of feeding thousands of hungry, destitute seamen. If we are going to keep men from freezing, we must release our frozen assets. Nor do we have to wait for the government to unlock the bank doors. You hold the key to the situation.

Please send your "useless" gold and silver to the Melting Pot Committee, your stamps to the Stamp Bureau, both at 25 South Street, New York. Watch THE LOOKOUT for news of the uses to which we put your gifts.

## MORE SAILOR POETRY

Editor's Note: The 1933 crop of sailors' poetry is as plentiful as in other years. As one engineer said to THE LOOKOUT editor: "How any writer can ever accomplish anything of a worthwhile literary merit in your big and unbeautiful city is beyond my comprehension. But the sea—ah, there is a source of inspiration! With its vastness and its wonders of storm and calm, sunrise and sunset, it is the subject for many beautiful poems. The sea brings a man nearer to his Creator—he sees on the surface of the deep the bigness of His infinite works and the smallness of all the works of man." So we present a few samples of poetry written by men of the sea and inspired by the sea: They are washed in brine and salt spray:

Here is one by Harry Ralph, a regular Institute guest, who has been seafaring for thirty odd years:

### WATCH BELOW

"Sailing away to the Golden Gate  
The sea like molten lead  
Altho we call it the watch below  
We are up on the fo'c's'le head.  
Just one more day in a seaman's life  
Just another long trip begun  
Never a care for the salty spray  
Or the skin that peels in the sun.  
A healthy life? I should say it is  
For a sailor never dies  
He lives as old as Methusalem  
Then turns to a crow—and flies!"

And this one by James A. Durkin was inspired by Captain Fried, whose gallantry and heroism are known to every newspaper reader:

### MEET AN AMERICAN SKIPPER

"When he extends his sea browned hand  
To clasp yours in his mighty own,  
Hold it firmly, clasp it tight, and  
Temper it with natural tone;  
His is a friendship loyal and true  
As loyal as any on sea or coast  
Beneath the banner, Red, White and Blue  
He is Skipper, Friend, Gentleman and Host.  
If his mighty grip hurts a little  
Do not wince or squirm or start,  
Know your friendship is a thing not brittle  
Coming from a seaman's loyal heart.  
Clasp it firmly—hold it tight  
A friendship true you then can boast,  
For on Land or Sea, Day or Night  
He is Skipper, Friend, Gentleman and Host."

The next poem was written by a barge captain, E. W. Trenter, The "Blue Peter" flag is flown when a vessel is leaving a harbor:

### THE BLUE PETER

"Blue Peter is at the mast head  
I'm outward bound today  
For Capetown, London or Rio  
Callao or Callais.  
I'm sick of city squalor  
The smoke, the noise and grime  
Give me the blue of the open sea  
To your cities any time.  
You can have all your ocean liners  
That are cities on the sea  
Give me a little old sailing ship  
That's good enough for me.  
A-sailing across the ocean  
Like a rolling, drunken dray  
A rusty, battered up old tub  
That will make port any day.  
And if she does, there's waiting  
A few good days ashore  
A dance, a song, a nice pretty girl  
What can you ask for more  
And if she don't, she don't  
I'd just as soon die there  
As in six feet of mouldy earth  
With maggots in my hair.  
So I'm going to hoist the mudhook  
I'm outward bound today  
For Capetown, London or Rio  
Callao, or Callais.



Fireman George Elvin is proud of the fact that his poetry has been published. Very few members of the "Black Gang" are literary, but four out of five deckhands can turn a verse or two. There's something in the salt air that inspires them to court the Muse of poetry. And it is to THE LOOKOUT editor that they bring their rhymes, for advice, and for encouragement:

### THE FIGUREHEAD (By George Elvin)

While walking by the riverside, I saw in a shipyard

A lovely carved figurehead thrown into the discard,  
And as I gazed upon its beauty mellowed by the storm  
I wondered on what clipper ship it did adorn.  
The figure was of a woman with finely chiseled face  
With an expression of wonder, as though she had seen a race  
Between tall and stately clippers loaded with wool  
Racing home to the Northland and the harbour pool.  
I leaned against an anchor, black with Stockholm tar  
And tried to imagine how many miles she had sailed, far  
Over the oceans girdling the wide, wide world  
As she leaned over the bow-wave as outward it curled.  
She probably saw tragedy, like on the day  
A man trying to stow a jib, was washed away  
As in the teeth of a no'ester the ship buried her rail  
In foaming green water as she fought the gale.  
And I am sure the face that was framed with low-hung hair  
Had also seen the beauty of strange lands and fair  
And seas where the flying fish had played at her feet.

As though by their play—her presence they would greet.  
Only a ship's figurehead, thrown into the discard  
Yet as I gazed at it, in the shipbreaker's yard  
I thought: Well, here is another deep-sea rover  
One whose seafaring days are also over."

### WILL YOU FILL A SAILOR'S COMFORT BAG?

One hundred comfort bags are waiting to be filled. Perhaps you do not have all the items listed below. But supposing some LOOKOUT reader should send a few dozen spools of thread, and another sent a carton of safety pins, and still another sent a box of toothbrushes, you can see how much easier and quicker we can fill these useful little bags. These are not to be confused with the Christmas bags which contain mostly candy and smokes, but these are given out by Mother Roper to sailors shipping out, or to any sailor needing perhaps to sew on a button or patch his dungarees.

Here is a list of the contents:

1 Spool Black Thread No. 24, 1 Spool White Thread No. 24, 1 Ball White Darning Cotton, 1 Ball Gun Metal Darning Cotton, 1 card safety pins size No. 2, 1 card safety pins size No. 3, 1 paper straight pins, 1 toothbrush, 1 tube shaving cream, 1 tube toothpaste, 1 roll adhesive tape 1 inch wide, 1 pair black shoe laces, 36 inches long, 1 card 4-whole white bone buttons size No. 27, 1 paper needles No. 2, 1 paper darning needles No. 4, 1 card black horn buttons size No. 24, 1 tube vaseline and 2 men's handkerchiefs.

These items were selected after consulting with various seamen to determine their ideas on what things are most needed in a comfort bag.

We hope that readers will respond to this appeal, for at the moment, the gay cretonne bags are reposing in Mrs. Roper's office—and they do not look so gay. They look flat and empty, and useless. Who will fill them? Please send your parcels to Mrs. Roper, 25 South Street.

### A USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Do you remember the organization which Miss Anne Morgan founded some years ago called "SPUG" which meant the "Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving"? And do you also remember the form of Christmas card used during the War to help the French and Belgian

refugees? Well, after four years of a depression comparable to the War, so far as suffering and hardships are concerned, the Institute believes that a similar Christmas card would be suitable in this time of emergency. Here is the idea:

TO: .....

FROM: .....

In your name I have made a contribution to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York which will provide Christmas cheer for needy, unemployed sailors.



If you like this idea of a useful Christmas gift, send in your check, and the names and addresses of those friends you designate, and we shall fill in the cards and mail them in time for Christmas. Your friends will like the attractive card

and will appreciate the thoughtfulness of your gift to someone less fortunate than themselves. Please mail your checks to: Christmas Gift Committee, 25 South St. and make them payable to: Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

# Shipwreck Ahead Unless.



For over 90 years the Institute has helped merchant seamen to be self-supporting. During the past few winters our work has been largely of a relief nature. But after feeding from 500 to 1,000 seamen daily, we do not turn them into the streets to idle away their time until the next meal. We encourage them to develop their talents. We protect them from the radical influences along the waterfront. In short, we try to keep them FIT for jobs. ALL this is made possible by the Red Letter Days on our Calendar.

We are now glad to report that some jobs are opening up, but shipping will be one of the last industries to recover from the depression and there are still hundreds of seamen looking vainly for work. Funds are urgently needed to continue our relief work. A Red Letter Day costs \$273.97 which represents the daily deficit in our running expenses. There are still some holidays available for selection (as well as other days). Your gift will be administered with the utmost integrity and intelligent sympathy by a responsible Board of Managers and staff. Won't you "book passage" on our rescue ship?

Kindly send your check to: Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

GNARLED HANDS clinging to the mast of a sinking vessel, weary eyes scanning the horizon hoping for the sight of a rescue ship . . . Such is the sailor of today, riding the waves of misfortune . . . he has endured so much privation and hardship the past three years that he needs all the encouragement and help he can get in order to weather another year. Holding desperately, pathetically to the hope that soon he will get a job . . . he has withstood the waves of misery, hunger, adverse circumstance, with courage and fortitude . . . hoping . . . hoping.

Through a Red Letter Day at the Institute you can "book passage" on the ship that comes to the rescue of these shipwrecked sailors. You can help them to a fresh start and a brighter outlook on life. In selecting a Day in memory of some loved one, or to commemorate an event in your life, you will be giving, first of all, the necessities: food, shelter, clothing . . . but even more than that: you will be giving medical and dental care; mental and physical recreation; instruction in navigation and marine engineering; advice and counsel; entertainment; and protection from exploitation.

Since  
1843  
Serving  
Men of  
the Sea



# Unless You Come to the Rescue



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