

# THE LOOKOUT



*Mrs. Roper on the Institute Stage*

Merry Christmas to Lookout Readers

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
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# The LOOKOUT

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## LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York," 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. XXIX

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## Christmas Day at Sea\*

By Joseph Conrad

THEOLOGICALLY, Christmas Day is the greatest occasion for rejoicing offered to sinful mankind; but this aspect of it is so august and so great that the human mind refuses to contemplate it steadily, perhaps because of its own littleness, for which of course it is in no way to blame. It prefers to concentrate its attention on ceremonial observances, expressive generally of good will and festivity, such, for instance, as giving presents and eating plum-puddings. It may be said at once here that from that conventional point of view the spirit of Christmas Day at sea appears distinctly weak. The opportunities, the materials, too, are lacking. Of course, the ship's company get a plum-pudding of some sort, and when the captain appears on deck for the first time the officer of the morning watch greets him with a "Merry Christmas, sir," in a tone only moderately effusive. Anything more would be, owing to the difference in station, not correct. Normally he may expect a return for this in the shape of a "The same to you" of a nicely graduated heartiness. He does not get it always, however.

One Christmas morning, many years ago (I was young then and anxious to do the correct thing), my conventional greeting was met by a grimly scathing "Looks like it, doesn't it?" from my captain. Nothing more. A three-days' more or less thick weather had turned frankly into a dense fog, and I had



Joseph Conrad Aboard the Brigantine H.M.S. "Ready", November 1916, (the First Sailing Ship to be Commissioned for Active Service in the World War).

Reprinted from "At Sea with Joseph Conrad" by J. G. Sutherland, Captain, R.N.R. Published by Grant Richards, Ltd., 1922.

him called according to orders. We were in the chops of the Channel, with the Scilly Islands on a vague bearing within thirty miles of us, and not a breath of wind anywhere. There the ship remained wrapped up in a damp blanket and as motionless as a post stuck right in the way of the wretched steamboats groping blindly in and out of the Channel. I felt I had behaved tact-

\* From "Last Essays", by Joseph Conrad, published by Doubleday Page & Co. 1926.

lessly; yet how rude it would have been to have withheld the season's greetings from my captain!

It is very difficult to know what is the right thing to do when one is young. I suffered exceedingly from my gaucherie; but imagine my disgust when in less than half an hour we had the narrowest possible escape from a collision with a steamer which, without the slightest warning sound, appeared like a vague dark blot in the fog on our bow. She only took on the shape of a ship as she passed within twenty yards of the end of our jibboom, terrifying us with the furious screeching of her whistle. Her form melted into nothing, long before the end of the beastly noise, but I hope that her people heard the simultaneous yell of execration from thirty-six throats which we sent after her by way of a Christmas greeting. Nothing more at variance with the spirit of peace and good will could be imagined; and I must

add that I never saw a whole ship's company get so much affected by one of the "close calls" of the sea. We remained jumpy all the morning and consumed our Christmas puddings at noon with restless eyes and straining ears as if under the shadow of some impending marine calamity or other.

In all my twenty years of wandering over the restless waters of the globe I can only remember one Christmas Day celebrated by a present given and received. It was, in my view, a proper live-sea transaction, no offering of Dead Sea fruit; and in its unexpectedness perhaps worth recording. Let me tell you

first that it happened in the year 1879, long before there was any thought of wireless messages, and when an inspired person trying to prophesy broadcasting would have been regarded as a particularly offensive nuisance and probably sent to a rest-cure home. We used to call them madhouses then, in our rude, cave-man way.

The daybreak of Christmas Day in the year 1879 was fine. The sun began to shine sometime about four o'clock over the sombre expanse of the Southern Ocean in latitude 51; and shortly afterwards a sail was sighted ahead. The wind was light, but a heavy swell was running. Presently I wished a "Merry Christmas" to my captain. He looked still sleepy, but amiable. I reported the distant sail to him and ventured the opinion that there was something wrong with her. He said, "Wrong?" I pointed out that she had all her upper sails furled and that she was

brought to the wind, which, in that region of the world, could not be accounted for on any other theory. He took the glasses from me, directed them towards her stripped masts resembling three Swedish safety matches, flying up and down and wagging to and fro ridiculously in that heaving and austere wilderness of countless water-hills, and returned them to me without a word. He only yawned. This marked display of callousness gave me a shock. In those days I was generally inexperienced and still a comparative stranger in that particular region of the world of waters.

The captain, as is a captain's way,



disappeared from the deck; and after a time our carpenter came up the poop ladder carrying an empty small wooden keg, of the sort in which certain ship's provisions are packed. I said surprised, "What do you mean by lugging this thing up here, Chips?"—"Captain's orders, sir," he explained shortly.

I did not like to question him further, and so we only exchanged Christmas greetings and he went away. The next person to speak to me was the steward. He came running up the companion stairs: "Have you any old newspapers in your room, sir?"

We had left Sydney, N.S.W., eighteen days before. There were several old Sydney *Heralds*, *Telegraphs*, *Bulletins* in my cabin, besides a few home papers received by the last mail. "Why do you ask, steward?" I inquired naturally. "The captain would like to have them," he said.

And even then I did not understand the inwardness of these eccentricities. I was only lost in astonishment at them. It was eight o'clock before we had closed with that ship, which, under her short canvas and heading nowhere in particular, seemed to be loafing aimlessly on the very threshold of the gloomy home of storms. But long before that hour I had learned from the number of the boats she carried that this nonchalant ship was a whaler. She was the first whaler I had ever seen. She had hoisted the Stars and Stripes at her peak, and her signal flags had told us already that her name was: "*Alaska*—two years out from New York—east from Honolulu—two hundred and fifteen days on the cruising ground."

We passed, sailing slowly, within a hundred yards of her; and just as our steward started ringing the breakfast bell the captain and I held

aloft, in good view of the figures watching us over her stern, the keg, properly headed up and containing, besides an enormous bundle of old newspapers, two boxes of figs in honour of the day. We flung it far out over the rail. Instantly our ship, sliding down the slope of a high swell, left it far behind in our wake. On board the *Alaska* a man in a fur cap flourished an arm; another, a much be-whiskered person, ran forward suddenly. I never saw anything so ready and so smart as the way that whaler, rolling desperately all the time, lowered one of her boats. The Southern Ocean went on tossing the two ships like a juggler his gilt balls, and the microscopic white speck of the boat seemed to come into the game instantly, as if shot out from a catapult on the enormous and lonely stage. That Yankee whaler lost not a moment in picking up her Christmas present from the English wool clipper.

Before we had increased the distance very much she dipped her ensign in thanks and asked to be reported "All well, with a catch of three fish." I suppose it paid them for two hundred and fifteen days of risk and toil, away from the sounds and sights of the inhabited world, like outcasts devoted, beyond the confines of mankind's life, to some enchanted and lonely penance.

Christmas Days at sea are of varied character, fair to middling and down to plainly atrocious. In this statement I do not include Christmas Days on board passenger ships. A passenger is, of course, a brother (or sister), and quite a nice person in a way, but his Christmas Days are, I suppose, what he wants them to be: the conventional festivities of an expensive hotel included in the price of his ticket.

# A Christmas Memory

By Seaman Peter Staboe

AS the helmsman struck 8 Bells, we were passing "Royal Sovereign Lightship", in the English Channel. Our little 700 tonner, S.S. "Rio" of Rio de Janeiro, was plowing westward, bound for Cardiff, and 3 days out from Christiania, Norway. It was Christmas Eve, and I only had a couple of hours left, before my big surprise would be sprung. When we left Port, and missing the holidays in harbor, I had one consolation: "The Seamen's Church had generously sent me a bag full of packages; besides one of the city's leading department store owners had sent a case of useful gifts, to be distributed among the crew on Christmas Eve". As the skipper came on the bridge, I confided to him, what I had in store. He beamed and agreed that we should take the crew midships after supper and do the best we could to make the evening as cheerful as possible for the Brazilians. The skipper, chief engineer and myself were the only Scandinavians,

out of a crew of 18. At 4 Bells the boys were called midship to the officers' messroom, which we used for the occasion. The Christmas tree was decorated and lighted. Captain Lorentzen talked in memory of the old and yet ever new story "Christmas", then turned the party over to me.

Refreshments in the form of homemade cakes, fruit and wine, which my mother had sent on board, were served, so we at least could have a little of the good things which Christmas brings. Carols were played on the gramophone. The repast partaken, I told them about the generosity of the Seamen's Church and Mr. Petersen, whom they all knew, in sending them useful gifts.

The beam on the faces of those seafarers, whose home was in the vicinity of the Amazon, when receiving their presents, was more than a Christmas gift or sermon to me. That Christmas Eve 1908, always will stand out in my memory.

# Christmas at Sea

By Dwight Long

ONE Christmas we were 25 days out of San Diego — it poured from dawn to dusk. We were in a "cloud" all the time, not seeing the sun once.

We were in the trade winds running before giant combers with our twin spinnakers set. With nothing to steady "Idle Hour", my 32 foot ketch would first roll one deck under and then the other, an ungodly motion after eight days of it.

I prepared something special — tinned fruit and pancakes for breakfast.

Just as the table was all set, a huge comber backed by one thousand miles of the strong N. E. trades slapped "Idle Hour's" port side, keeling my 32 foot home on beam ends. All our breakfast went skidding over the rails and onto the deck

before anyone had taken a single bite!

We scooped up our breakfast as best we could, retrieving most of it back on our plates when another following sea several degrees off our quarter rolled "Idle Hour" severely, taking all our breakfast away for the second time.

Really the food didn't taste natural until it had been on the floor at least three times!

As night emblanketed "Idle Hour" and gigantic phosphorescent waves broke over the quarter intermittently drowning the helmsman, I thought of home — the folks, a roaring fire in the fireplace — turkey, and a Christmas tree.

Suddenly a giant wave buried the port deck and all the deck aft under green water!

# "Seven Seas on a Shoestring"



DWIGHT LONG, the twenty-five year old amateur sailor, who sailed 30,000 miles in his 32-foot ketch "Idle Hour", showed his moving pictures and told of his experiences before an enthusiastic and appreciative audience of seafaring men in the auditorium of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York on Wednesday evening, November 2nd. His vessel was the smallest ship ever to sail from America via the Pacific and Mediterranean to England. But young Dwight hit a streak of bad luck the minute he arrived in New York, at the end of his five-year voyage, last month. The "Idle Hour" breezed in from the blue Atlantic and hove to off Manhattan's Battery Wall. The next day, the youthful owner sailed her to City Island. That night—September 21st—came the hurricane, and his little ship slipped her mooring and was whipped out into Long Island Sound. Learning of her plight, Dwight Long, broad-

casting over WJZ, ventured a wistful SOS: "All I own in the world is aboard the 'Idle Hour'". Next day they found her, piled up on the rocks, his movie camera, sextant, chronometer, books, souvenirs and valuable possessions, a mass of wreckage. Fortunately, however, the ship was not entirely wrecked, and the Cruising Club of America financed a salvage expedition. The plucky little vessel is now undergoing extensive repairs at John's shipyard at Milton Point, Rye, N. Y. but it will cost the youthful owner about \$1,400. to repair her—which he hopes to earn by lecturing and by royalties on his book.

Captain Alan Villiers, who met Dwight Long, while he was in the square-rigger, "Joseph Conrad" in Tasmania, has written the preface for Long's book, "Sailing All Seas", which was published in England by Hodder and Stoughton, and which will be published here in January by Harper's under the title "Seven Seas On A Shoestring". Captain Villiers comments: "In all the intrepid band of small-boat sailors the name of young Dwight Long stands out. With most things against him and nothing in his favor that I ever heard about, he took his little 'Idle Hour' from Seattle down among the Islands, to Tahiti and Samoa and Tonga and all those lovely far-off places, and weathered hurricanes and avoided reefs, and paid his bills and pacified his crews, and made friends and sailed his way leisurely and pleasantly along. What a life! Yet it takes courage of a high order and determination rare in these days, and a sea-skill born of long experience, and the ability to suffer much, and find contentment and companionship in one's own mind. He is the true sea-wanderer".

In giving his lecture and showing his pictures before a seamen audience, Dwight Long followed the example of other marine authors such as Alan Villiers, Felix Count Luckner, Captain Bob Bartlett, Cap-

tain Felix Riesenbergh, who have lectured at the Institute and who say that they particularly enjoy observing the reactions of genuine seafaring men to their sea tales. The seamen, in turn, like to hear them, for these authors talk their own sailor language.



The "Idle Hour" Alongside the Famous Square-rigger "Cutty Sark", at Anchor in the Thames River, London.



The "Idle Hour" After the Hurricane.

## Thanksgiving Day at 25 South St.

DESPITE unusually severe weather conditions — rain, hail, sleet, snow and even thunder — Thanksgiving Day was celebrated at the Institute in traditionally cheery fashion. Good cheer and fellowship prevailed throughout the building, and for over two hours a steady file of seamen entered the dining room and cafeteria to enjoy a bountiful turkey dinner (thoughtfully provided by friends through generous gifts to our Holiday Fund) — 1,239 in all were served. During the dinner the thirty-piece Chelsea Concert Band (a unit of the WPA Federal Music Project) played popular and classical pieces — thus adding a gay and festive atmosphere, greatly appreciated by our seamen. Cigars and cigarettes were given out by Mrs. Roper and volunteers, in accordance with the annual custom.

The Holy Communion was celebrated early by Chaplain McDonald, followed later by a service of praise and thanksgiving with an address by Mr. Kelley, both in the Chapel of Our Saviour. After dinner, moving pictures were shown in the large Auditorium, packed with seafarers, who enjoyed the film, "Spawn of the North," starring George Raft, Henry Fonda and Dorothy Lamour. A capacity audience enjoyed another film shown in the evening: "Wide Open Faces", starring Joe E. Brown and Alison Skipworth. We wish that those who shared their holiday with our seamen might have been here personally to see how much good cheer and happiness their generosity brought to these seamen, none of whom were able to be in their own homes for Thanksgiving.

## Why I Go to Sea — In Fifty Words

EDITOR'S NOTE: New York's seafaring population has been busy writing essays on "Why I Go To Sea". The contest was sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and a large number of essays were submitted and published in the "Anchor Watch Log", the Institute's weekly bulletin for seamen. Because of limitation of space, it was required that no essay exceed fifty words. We take pleasure in reproducing the entries which were awarded 1st and 2nd prizes of \$3.00 and \$2.00 to Mr. H. A. Woerman and Mr. A. G. Montagne respectively. Men go down to the sea in ships for varied reasons and under different circumstances. However, common to all seafaring men, is an unexplainable desire to be close to salt water and ships. It's in the blood! The little chicken farm in the country is fine as a dream but it hardly compares to the rhythm of a ship under weigh.

\* \* \*

I go to sea for the following reasons:

*Health:* The essence of good health is obtained by partaking of solid, substantial food; plenty of fresh air; diligent work and lots of rest.

*Education:* Travel is a true source of knowledge.

*Adventure:* Visiting other countries offers adventure and teaches one to respect the rights and privileges of others.

*Remuneration:* Everything considered, the remuneration is better than most shore jobs.

H. A. WOERMAN

\* \* \*

In fifty words, I cannot say, why I go to sea, Could fifty words describe friendship and harmony? Night, alone, on the fore-castle-head thoughts are far away, Beautiful moon, starry sky, porpoises at play. Hundred times fifty, wouldn't describe the setting sun, Thousand times fifty, my work just half done.

A. G. MONTAGNE

A few of the other entries are reprinted here:

I go to sea for a livelihood, 14 years service to date. Began as a Messboy on a Norwegian tramp out of Texas City, Texas, in 1925 for \$30.00 a month, went to Cuba on her, paid off at Philadelphia, Pa. Have been on numerous ships since, I like the life.

THOMAS FLYNN, A.B.

Death, having taken my father when I was but fifteen years old, it fell my lot to help support my mother and three small sisters. With only nine years of school and a yearning for the sea, I saw my chance to follow my chosen life's work in a beneficial way.

DUANE HALL

I go to sea to earn my living, with prospects for advancement to better positions. I enjoy the interesting scenery, travel and adventure that would be denied me with comparable income ashore. A. KAUTZ

WELL BLOW ME DOWN: Going to sea to me is like one reading a good book: once you start you can't leave it. I have been sea going for twenty years and I am still going to sea to satisfy my desire. O. L.

My first voyage was aboard a Destroyer in Government Service when I was puny and weak for my age. Although not a Samson at present, a more healthful and adventurous vocation I've never encountered. As a means of a livelihood for my family and I it is unexcelled. Its disadvantage for a married man is overcome by the absence of the vices we find ashore.

BENJ. WEINGARTEN, Oiler

To help nations to have a better understanding between each other. Joined across the oceans; with food,

(Continued on Page 15)



"Tusitala"



"Seven Seas"



"Joseph Conrad"

### "I Saw Three Ships" . . . \*

**T**IMES have changed since this old Christmas carol was sung on the decks of Elizabethan galleons. Today, it is a rare and thrilling sight to see square-riggers like the "Tusitala", "Joseph Conrad" and "Seven Seas" sailing into New York harbor. This Christmas the crews of hundreds of modern steamships — freighters and ocean liners—will enjoy the traditional holiday dinner of turkey and mince pie, provided at the Institute — a far cry from the "salt horse", "sea pie" and "plum duff" rationed out aboard sailing ships in olden times.

Many a sailor, recalling Christmas celebrations on shipboard in the days of sail, must think that Santa Claus has brought a great many changes to the sea: aircraft spanning the oceans; radio and telephone messages from ship to shore; the Panama Canal obviating the peril of Cape Horn; refrigeration; steam heat; air conditioning and electricity on even small vessels today.

Ashore, too, the sailor's life has changed. He is no longer preyed upon by crimps, shanghaied by unscrupulous shipping masters, exploited by boarding house keepers. Today, he finds clean beds, wholesome food, plenty of recreation amid friendly, safe surroundings at the Institute.

"I saw three ships a-sailing  
A-sailing, a-sailing  
I saw three ships a-sailing  
On Christmas Day in the morning."



The S.S. Manhattan's Streamlined Funnel and Christmas Tree

**C**HRISTMAS approaches. Streets are festooned with lights and evergreens — shop windows display their tempting goods — houses within and without show decorated trees — families and friends join in the happy exchange of gifts and greetings. How sad it is to be alone, homeless and friendless, during this season of celebration!

Thanks to our loyal and generous friends, hundreds of seamen find a real Christmas welcome "aboard" the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. In its thirteen-story building, 1,000 or more merchant seamen will be lodged on Christmas Eve, and on Christmas Day will be given bountiful turkey dinners, music and entertainment.

From Christmas to Christmas, all year round, the Institute serves these seamen. Won't you please share your Christmas with these seafarers by sending a gift to our Holiday Fund? It will be a much-appreciated Christmas tribute to these gallant men.

**Kindly send HOLIDAY FUND Contributions to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.**

\* The only three Square-riggers still flying the American Flag.

# Rescue at Sea\*

By Robert Wilder



Gus Anderson, One of the Crew of the "Pioneer", with "Fluff."

Photo by Barry Stein, N. Y. Post.

WE really turned out early in the morning to meet a ship and talk with the rescued crew of the schooner Pioneer. That we came away with a story of a cat and a canary only further illustrates the vicissitudes of water front reporting.

The American Banker, one of the fleet of merchant ships—cargo and passenger carriers for the United States Line—brought back Capt. Hans Milton and his crew of five yesterday. The men were taken off the foundering and blazing schooner earlier in the month, carried to England and back again. They had their day before the news reel cameras, repeated the story of the dramatic rescue and then, before they went their separate ways we heard of the cat, Fluff.

It seems that when the Pioneer, a two-masted schooner in which

Capt. Milton had invested his savings, cleared from Norfolk, Va., one of the men remembered that they had no mascot. He scuttled down the gangplank and near the docks found a little colored boy playing lazily with a small grey kitten. A deal was made and for five cents the Pioneer acquired a mascot. The cat, called "Fluff," "Jingles" and "Scat" by the crew, made itself happy on the schooner and just before the vessel sank, Capt. Milton dumped her, or it, in a canvas laundry bag, tied it to the line which the Banker had sent over, and the animal was hauled to safety.

Fluff, and we had better let it go at that, is an adaptable kitten. The transfer from the Pioneer to the American Banker was taken as a matter of course. She cadged tid-bits from the stewards and then one day went forward to investigate the captain's quarters.

Capt. Moore, of the Banker, cherishes a canary which he has carried about over the seven seas these past ten years. The bird, Hermmman (two m's, don't forget) has the run of the master's quarters. A steward opens its cage each morning and the bird flits about, pecking at cigarette butts, shrilling a note now and then and enlivening many a dull voyage. Well, when Capt. Moore came into his cabin from the bridge on Monday there was Hermmman, perched on the wall molding in a fine state of indignation while Fluff, her tail twitching with predatory excitement, was doing its best to put on a fine show of stalking.

We think that this is as base a bit of ingratitude as we have ever come upon. There was Fluff,

snatched from a cold and salty grave by the American Banker, intent upon sinking a tooth or claw into the captain's canary. The whole thing left Capt. Moore shaken and disillusioned.

There is, we learned later, good reason for this. Capt. Moore has been put upon in the way of canaries. For years he was staff captain of the old Leviathan and at that time he also had a bird (not Hermmman, with two m's, however). This canary was one for exercise and after seeing that the portholes were closed the steward used to let it out of the cage. One day, though, in a careless moment he let the bird out and it promptly dove through an open port, swooping upward before the startled eyes of the captain on the bridge. Before Moore could do more than give an apprehensive yelp, a gull, intent upon breakfast, plummeted down and the canary was no more.

Since then the captain hasn't cared much for sea gulls either.

There is a little personal angle to the destruction of the Pioneer. Several months ago we wrote something about Capt. H. G. Milton, who at 28 was the youngest skipper of a square-rigged ship\* we knew of. Capt. Milton came into the Barge Office one day and told us that he was planning to put a square-rigged vessel out at charter, taking a dozen or so young men and boys on a cruise to teach them seamanship. We promised to come over to Brooklyn, where the ship lay, and see him off.

What with one thing and another we neglected to get over and the next thing we heard was that the Pioneer, in which Milton had invested his life's savings, en route from Barbados to Halifax, had caught fire and foundered.

When the American Banker came along the crew was clinging to a



Captain Hans Milton

hastily improvised life raft. The schooner was a total loss.

Capt. Alfred Moore of the Banker made his third rescue with the Pioneer in the past nine years. In 1936, aboard the American Merchant, he took the crew off the Mable A. Frye, and in 1929 he performed a similar service for the schooner Gander Deal, taking off the captain and eleven men.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Capt. Hans Milton was formerly skipper of "The Seven Seas" and a leading advocate of sail training for American boys (see account in the July, 1937 issue of THE LOOKOUT). Just before he sailed on the "Pioneer", he came into the Institute to announce happily that he had just been married to a girl in Norfolk, Va. His wife wanted to sail with him on the first voyage but he persuaded her to wait until the second trip, which now, alas, is impossible, as the ship is at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. On account of high insurance rates, because of the war scare, Capt. Milton carried no insurance on his vessel, so he must start now to look for a new ship and a new command. He hopes to charter a three-masted auxiliary schooner for regular passenger service from Miami to the West Indies. We wish him best of luck in his new enterprise.

\* Reprinted from "The Sun Deck", New York Sun, October 26, 1938.

## Sailors' Day

A SPECIAL Sailors' Day service was held in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour on Sunday evening, October 23rd. A large group of merchant seamen of various races and creeds attended. The choir of Sailors' Snug Harbor provided the music. The Rev. Curtis H. Dickins, D.D. Chaplain, U.S.N. (Retired) preached the sermon. Chaplain George Green of Snug Harbor read the prayers for seamen who lost their lives in ship disasters during the past year. The Superintendent, Rev. Harold H. Kelley, officiated.

Sailors' Day originated in 1919, at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, when a resolution established this as an annual Church Day, that church people throughout the nation "might remember the value of the living seamen and memorialize those who have died". Since that time it has been observed principally in seaports where Seamen's Institutes have been established.

A brief excerpt from Chaplain Dickins' sermon follows:

"As I look into your faces tonight, men of many nations, with different home surroundings and different hopes in life, I am wondering what led you to take up the life of the sea!

"Was it the glamor of sea-life? Was it because it happened to be the only way open to you to make a living? Was it because you hoped, some day, through careful attention to duty, to command some great ocean liner, or perhaps personally own a sea-going vessel and go scouring the 'Seven Seas', making a name for yourself?

"Or was it because you were driven to this sort of life, in order that you might buy the

very necessities of life for a loved mother or family, back home! Whatever the motive, reason or necessity, you needed only a short experience on board, to learn that there *was* a code of ethics and unwritten laws, which must become a part of your life; that fair play, clean living, honest regard for the rights and possessions of others, and the determination to give the best there was in you to the Skipper of your ship, the Line, and the Nation's flag under which you served, and you saw that you *only* made real headway, when you stuck to the right and shunned the wrong ways of obeying orders.

"Remember, men of the Sea, you are shipmates—you are members of a fraternity that is found wherever seas exist and trade winds blow, a fraternity out of which have come valiant souls who have led the world to great heights, JESUS, Begotten of His Father before all worlds! Noah, Saint Paul, Nelson, Jones, Decatur, Farragut; and only the other day a man stood forth and in the face of duty did not flinch, the Skipper of the great ocean liner, Queen Mary! They all rose from the ranks of real sailormen and even the color of centuries but adds to their greatness! Be proud of your profession and give to it your best, and may you say with Saint Paul, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith!' God bless you all, and may the new year, now almost on our doorsteps, bring to you all happiness and prosperity as deep as the ocean, and if adversities show up on the horizon, may they be as light as the foam of the sea!"

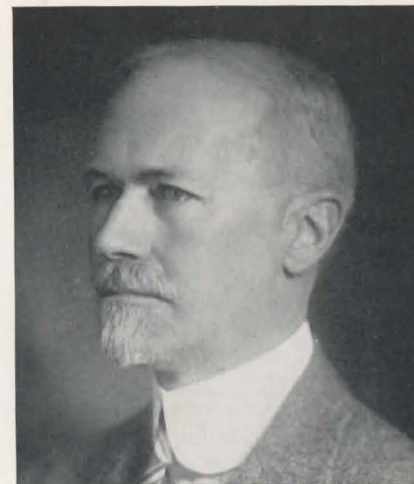
## Frank T. Warburton

AS we go to press, word comes of the death of our beloved Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Frank T. Warburton, who served on the Institute's Board of Managers for over fifty years. Mr. Warburton had been ill for about eight months, and his work has been ably carried on by Mr. Thomas Roberts.

Mr. Warburton succeeded immediately his father, Adolphus Frederick Warburton who had served as a member of the Board from 1868 to 1888; his own son, Frank Wells Warburton, was elected in 1928 and thus three generations have served a total of 80 years.

Graduated from Columbia College in 1885 and from Columbia Law School in 1888, Mr. Warburton took his place on the Institute's Board, in 1892 was elected corresponding secretary; in 1904 secretary and treasurer and in 1938 vice-president. His interest in the waterfront began when his father brought him, as a young boy, to the Institute's floating Church of Our Saviour.

As the Board and Staff join in heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Warburton and her son, Frank W. War-



Frank T. Warburton

burton, in their great loss, it is with a deep sense also of gratitude for his long and unselfish service.

Mr. Thomas Roberts, formerly Assistant Treasurer of the Institute, and a member of the Board since 1927, was elected Treasurer at the November meeting of the Board of Managers. Mr. Roberts is well known in the financial district where for many years he has been engaged in a financial advisory capacity for corporations, individuals and in the management of estates. He is connected with Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt & Mosle at 63 Wall Street. In addition to his business activities he devotes much of his time and energy to philanthropic interests, serving as Treasurer of The Rehearsal Club; Treasurer and Member of the Advisory Board of The New York Exchange For Woman's Work; Treasurer and Trustee of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation; President of The Camp Fire Girls of Greater New York and as Member of the National Council. His interest in maritime matters is one of long standing.



Thomas Roberts



## "The Get-Together and Tea"

THE LOOKOUT Editor has asked for an account of the Get-Together and Tea which took place on October 26th when Mrs. Stacy Sears, successor to Mrs. A. R. Mansfield, as Chairman of the Central Council, first greeted "her public".

Mrs. Sears made her audience feel welcome in a characteristically cheery, cordial, and brief address and then promptly gave over to Mr. T. M. Barlow, Supervisor of Entertainment. First came in review certain members of the Institute family whose important duties, so necessary to the efficient and satisfactory running of the Institute, keep them from being in the public eye. Chaplain Pearson, as hidden announcer, presented in turn Mrs. Latimer, nurse of the Clinic, Mr. Platt, Chief Engineer, Miss Lang, Assistant Director of the Welfare Department, Mr. J. J. Kelly, Chief of House Police, Mrs. Rasmussen, Telephone Operator, Mr. Vojik, General Stores Clerk, Mr. Brine, Baggage Clerk, Mr. Trench, Night Superintendent, Mr. Powell, Chief Hotel Clerk and Mr. Atkins, Service Manager. All came in their working togs, by request. These seen-but-not-heard "children" of the Staff Family were followed by the Rev. Harold H. Kelley in the guise of *pater familias*, who did all their speaking for them. All smiles and good cheer, the Superintendent told of his pleasure in his big family and spoke with pride, pardonable in a parent, of their accomplishments.

Next came that part of the program called "Memories On Parade". Mrs. Roper was the star and the theme song was "When I Grow Too Old To Dream, I'll Have You To Remember". She reviewed yesterday and early seamen doings. As

she sketched the pictures or heard the songs in memory, the seamen actors came forward and "did their stuff". They step-danced, whistled, sang, recited, and tapped out tunes with spoons or on the piano or with their feet, as suited their fancy. All of this was so honestly a reproduction of entertainment as seamen do get it and give it that everyone enjoyed it. Its very genuineness added a charm which pleased both the actors and their audience.

After the curtain was drawn, Mrs. Sears invited all her guests to tea in the Apprentices' Room preceded, if they chose, by a guided inspection of the building. All agreed the two tea tables looked lovely with their effective decorations of flowers and candles, graced by past or present officers of Associations or of the Central Council as pourers. Delicious sandwiches, cakes, candies and nuts were served by the Institute's commissary. It was a happy ending, and the Institute is old-fashioned enough to favor such.

And now for the sequel, the Keep-Together, perhaps inspired by Mrs. Roper's program of memories at the "Get Together". This caused Mrs. Whitlock to realize regretfully the reduced size and strength of her Association, the Robert Rogers Group, which, under the former Director, Miss Mary Cochran, had met and hemmed hundreds of towels for the Institute. These sewing bees alternated with bridge parties in the homes of members to raise funds for the purchase of toweling or yarn, or for the New Building, Mansfield, or Christmas Funds. That sturdy group of active workers, never numbering more than twenty to thirty members, was now due to changed conditions, reduced to half a score. It had become almost impossible to gather them together for

either sewing or bridge parties. She hated to acknowledge defeat, but she always faced facts, did Mrs. Whitlock. She called a meeting at her home on October 31st to speak her valedictory as Director.

They met, just a handful of members, to vote their demise or to admit their inability to continue in active service. Then and there the Little Robert Rogers Group had a Big Idea. In the spirit of "We who are about to die, salute thee", they decided they would start something. Taking a new lease on life, they would become the first members of a reserve crew of women to work at home and to stand by in case of an emergency. This "SOS Crew" voted Mrs. Stacy O. Sears their Commodore. (How appropriate, these initials). She would thus become the first link in that chain which would anchor them to the Central Council, that they could better Keep-Together. Ideas tumbling in fast and furiously slowly straightened themselves out and the new little crew made these decisions: they would hold no further meetings as the Robert Rogers Group; they would sign off as an active but sign on as a reserve force; they would continue to pay yearly dues of \$1.00 direct to 25 South Street. The dues would help meet Headquarter's correspondence expense, and keep the crew members informed of Institute doings through THE LOOKOUT, which each member would receive if not already a subscriber.

Correspondence has already begun. First came a list of signers-on from the Robert Rogers Group "Retired"; then a request for towels to be hemmed at home; then yarn was requested by a 90 year old crew member, an indefatigable knitter. Yes, the crew is launched and has begun to fill a Treasure Chest.

Any other women who wish thus

to sustain and aid the Institute may sign on with the SOS crew. This presents an opportunity for friends, old and new, to make special gifts of time and of skill of hand. All you need is the dollar and the desire to help. We'll gladly provide knitting directions for sweaters, socks, etc. and news of the SOS crew and how it grew. Remember — first dues, then news.

Sign on, by writing to:—  
MISS CLARA M. DIBBLE, *Secretary*  
Central Council of Associations  
25 South Street  
New York.

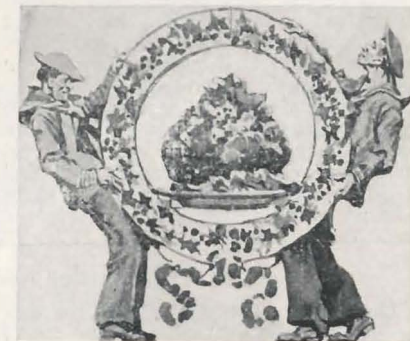
## Why I Go To Sea

(Continued from Page 7)

shelter; love; tradition, and customs. The last three, we carry them in our hearts. Representing the true nation under the flag we are, we gave, we talked, taking homeward better understanding and friendship among nations. R. C.

A great interest in Marine Engineering and a craving to travel, caused me to ship aboard a Norwegian tanker. Six months voyaging between Europe and the West Indies, convinced me that it was the career of my heart. So I came here, preferring to serve in Uncle Sam's Merchant Marine.

JAMES W. PRICE



An Old Fashioned Christmas At Sea

## Book Reviews

"SONGS OF AMERICAN SAILORMEN (WITH MUSIC)", by Joanna C. Colcord. Drawings by Gordon Grant. W. W. Norton & Co. \$3.50.

Miss Colcord has compiled a comprehensive and authentic collection of American sea chanteys. This new volume is based upon her earlier work, "Roll and Go" but includes much additional material. Miss Colcord, because of her heritage, of five generations of sailing ship captains, and she, herself, being born on a windjammer (see article in November 1936 issue of THE LOOKOUT) is well qualified to edit such material. For the past decade the Institute has been interested in keeping alive the old chantey tunes, and has trained younger seamen to sing them, under the direction of an old chanteyman. The book has an introduction by Lincoln Colcord, the author's brother. It is a fine piece of genuine Americana.

M.D.C.

"SEA ADVENTURE". Edited by Raymond McFarland.

Harper & Bros. \$1.20.

In this collection of famous sea stories, the reader learns how men of the sea speak of their ships and of their shipmates. John Masefield, Bill Adams, Lincoln Colcord, Herman Melville, Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, Robert Louis Stevenson, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., Wilfred T. Grenfell, and William Bligh are represented here. The book is intended primarily for schools, but is a welcome addition to a marine bibliophile's library. It reprints famous marine paintings by Patterson, Grant, Homer, etc. as illustrations for the sea tales.

M.D.C.

"VAGABOND VOYAGING; THE STORY OF FREIGHTER TRAVEL" by Larry Nixon.

Boston. Little, Brown. 1938. \$2.25.

The title of this book gives slight indication of the enthusiasm it will awaken in its readers for freighter travel, and it will doubtless spur many who have leisure and the means, to immediate plans for an extended vagabond voyage.

Travel in cargo ships has generally suggested tedious trips with lack of creature comforts, but the modern, well-kept vessels, now friendly to passenger travel, find it difficult to accommodate the numbers who prefer to journey this way.

In addition to a sprightly account of around the world ports, Mr. Nixon gives a complete list of freighter lines and routes, and attempts to answer many of the questions that might be asked by prospective vagabond voyagers.

I.M.A.

HOLLOW SEA; a novel by James Hanley. London. John Lane The Bodley Head.

1938.

HOLLOW SEA is a story of the war as well as of the sea. Under sealed orders a transport ship, the A.10, carries 1400 men from Glasgow to the Near East. Although the A.10 encounters all the dangers and incidents of war, the emphasis of the story is placed more on the psychological reactions of the Captain and his officers to the trip. Through their eyes the suffering and hardship of the troops are shown without romantic alleviation.

I.M.A.

AMERICAN SHIPPING POLICY

by Paul Maxwell Zeis

Princeton University Press. \$3.00

The history of the American Merchant Marine is presented by Professor Zeis, from the stand point of the effect pressure groups and political maneuvering have had on American shipping legislation.

The book not only presents much factual information but also expresses the author's interpretation of "behind the scene activity".

For those who wish to have a complete Merchant Marine picture, the book will be both instructive and interesting. One question, however, the advisability of reopening old wounds at a time when the Maritime Commission is about to enjoy general public support.

O.C.F.

"TIME AND TIDE", by John Cabbage.

Parnassus Press. \$2.00.

Some years ago John Cabbage was "discovered" as a poet who found his inspiration in his job on a garbage scow owned by the New York Department of Sanitation, where he still works. His new volume, like its predecessors, "Eight Bells" and "Down the Dock", deals chiefly with longshore and barge life, with the strange ways of women and with the philosophy of a seafarer who has an original and unrepressed mind.

M.D.C.

### A Reminder — Before December 31st.

Our Government cooperates by exempting from taxation 15% of net income if given to charitable, scientific, educational, or philanthropic institutions. Before the old year draws to a close, if you have not

already given 15% of your net income to any of the above-mentioned organizations, it becomes subject to tax and lost to private philanthropy. Contributions to the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York* are, of course, tax-exempt.



The Institute's CHAPEL SANCTUARY and MAIN ENTRANCE Decorated for Christmas.

## SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

BY THE

## SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

FROM JANUARY 1 TO NOVEMBER 1, 1938

- 247,347** Lodgings (including relief beds).
- 95,263** Pieces of Baggage handled.
- 634,326** Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
- 249,816** Sales at News Stand.
- 21,978** Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
- 10,296** Attended **488** Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
- 4,175** Cadets and Seamen attended **433** Lectures in Merchant Marine School; **646** new students enrolled.
- 42,150** Social Service Interviews.
- 10,478** Relief Loans.
- 6,724** Individual Seamen received Relief.
- 67,797** Magazines distributed.
- 4,783** Pieces of clothing, and **889** knitted articles distributed.
- 2,711** Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
- 70,479** Attended **145** entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
- 2,235** Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
- 292** Missing Seamen found.
- 894** Positions secured for Seamen.
- \$183,317.** Deposited for **2,902** Seamen in Banks.
- 16,484** Attendance in Conrad Library; **4,456** books distributed.
- 9,396** Telephone Contacts with Seamen.
- 1,304** Visits to Ships by Institute representatives.

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