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Mr. Rolling Stone



IT'S all in the life of a sailor, they say, but it would seem that there is one sailor who has had more than his share of troubles and thrills. His name is Mr. Rolling Stone. It sounds like a fictitious name but it is the real honest-to-goodness name of an Alaskan Indian sailor of the Ykutat tribe.

Within a short interval the following events befell him: His Indian "buddy" of the same tribe died, and presented Rolling Stone with the problem of caring for two papooses as well as earning his own living. The mother of the papooses was killed by a polar bear so Rolling Stone placed the children in a private school and bought a team of dogs and set off through the Alaskan wilds to trap furs. But the fates were against him, and an old bayonet wound he had received during the World War began to pain him again, due to the heavy packs he carried on his back. A group of white pros-

pectors found him and his dog team half-starved, half-frozen. He decided that Alaska was not the place for him, so he went to sea.

Several weeks ago in the harbor of Bremen, Rolling Stone was given orders to get the cargo boom free and while he was thus occupied another sailor let go of the topp-in-lift to which Rolling Stone clung, and he



HIS TWO PAPOOSES

dropped thirty-five feet into the water, the impact breaking his jaw. He was taken to a German hospital where it was found necessary to perform an operation in which all of his lower teeth had to be removed.

After this ordeal he discovered that his baggage, containing all his papers and two hundred dollars had been lost during his transfer from ship to hospital. The Steamship Company is investigating but in the meantime how to care for the papooses?

Rolling Stone came to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York as soon as he landed from Germany. He had heard that sailors went there for advice on all sorts of problems. First of all, he needed a job until duplicates of his A.B. papers could be obtained. The Employment Office found him a job as mess boy on one of the ocean liners. Mother Roper gave him clothes and offered him money to tide him over. But Rolling Stone proudly refused. "Oh no," said he in his broken English, "I have no money but I had a gold watch which Mr. Vanderbilt gave to me when I was his guide on an expedition up the Yukon and so

I have pawned it."

With the ten dollars he received for the watch he was able to live until the ship sailed. His first time in New York he found the thrills of a life-time in riding on the subway! When he stood waiting on the South Ferry platform, a train came along the tracks and he began to run! "It is like a big snow tunnel!" he marvelled. At Times Square he said, "It is like an underground city!" At City Hall, when he was shown the Woolworth Building he stood and looked up and up and up and finally, with a catch in his voice, said, "It goes right up to the skies!" At the Municipal Broadcasting Station he listened to the voices coming over the air and asked in bewilderment, "Am I dreaming? I cannot believe all I see and hear!" At the Paramount Theatre he heard the talkies for the first time and said, pointing to the screen, "the lady talks but she does not seem real!"

He is forty-nine years old but he does not look a day over twenty-five, so rugged an outdoor life has he led. He has guided expeditions to the North Pole, and has won a prize for climbing Mt. McKinley. When



ACROSS THE ARCTIC WASTES

hardships such as his broken jaw and the loss of his baggage occur he does not think of himself but only, "If something happens to me who will take care of my papooses?"

Let us hope that Mr. Rolling

Stone will soon be able to steer his Ship of Life out of troubled waters into calmer seas, where his bad luck will be supplanted by the good luck he certainly deserves to have.

The Good Ship "Wellington."

"A ship without a rudder is no worse than a captain without a ship." Such was the solemn pronouncement of young Captain Rathbun who drops into the LOOKOUT office every now and then, always with the same complaint, "Nobody needs a captain." He can get plenty of "berths" as first mate or chief officer, but, naturally, a master's

berth is what he prefers.

Sprung from a long line of seafaring ancestors, Captain Rathbun at the age of 31 owned his own schooner, "The Wellington." One day he related to us the story of the loss of his ship from which on September 15, 1928, he and his wife and crew were rescued by the "August Leonhardt."

Up to the last, while the Captain held the wheel until the rescuing ship drew along side their sinking vessel, his wife remained with him, taking photographs of the turbulent, chaotic scene. But let Captain Rathbun tell the tragedy in his own way.

"We were bound for Cuba, and were just four days out of Newport News when a terrific gale rent our foresail from boom to peak. It happened in the early morning hours and awakening from sleep, I leapt out of the cabin and to the deck in my pajamas and grabbed the wheel from the man on duty. Her topsails were gone and the deck was flooded in six inches of water.

"Suddenly my mate called out, 'She's sprung a leak!' We ran to the edge of the deck and saw a huge, gaping hole in the hull. We pumped and pumped to keep the ship afloat, backs wearied, muscles sore, and our hearts in despair. Then the pumps broke down. The mate and I looked at one another. There was the same thought in both our minds.

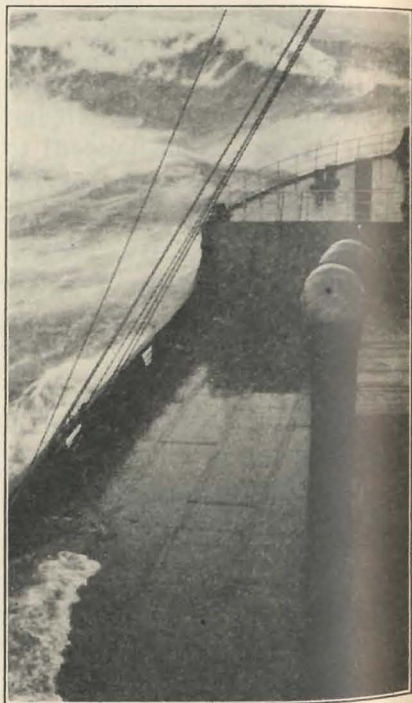
'Make ready! Man the boats!' I shouted.

"The sun went down and the wind blew the waves higher and higher. Then someone spied a

giant shape against the sky. A steamer!

'Get your signals out!' I cried. "She's seen us and she's put about . . . and now she's drawing nearer.

"Calm and majestic she seemed to us, plowing through the angry seas—nearer and nearer until we could make out upon her bow, the name, 'August Leonhardt.' South-



SHE BEGAN TO SINK

ward bound, she had seen our plight and come to our rescue. We climbed down 'The Wellington' and up the ropes of the 'August Leonhardt.' When we were all on board they set the hull of our little ship ablaze, for if left to float she would endanger other ships in that frequently travelled ocean-path.

"From the deck of our rescuing ship, we, a homesick, weary, shipwrecked crew, silently watched our little ship, wrapped in flames, being tossed by raging winds and sea. Then a mountainous sea lifted 'The Wellington' high, the flames covering her in one broad, fiery tongue and with a thunderous roar she sank beneath the waves.

"Never was there such a wind or sea! The 'August Leonhardt' rocked like a frail canoe. The whole night long and all next day the storm raged and blew us off our course. At last the winds grew tired and the waves died down. Somehow the 'August Leonhardt' had weathered the storm and under her master's guiding hand she found her course again, while we, the crew of the little 'Wellington' groped on her deck,

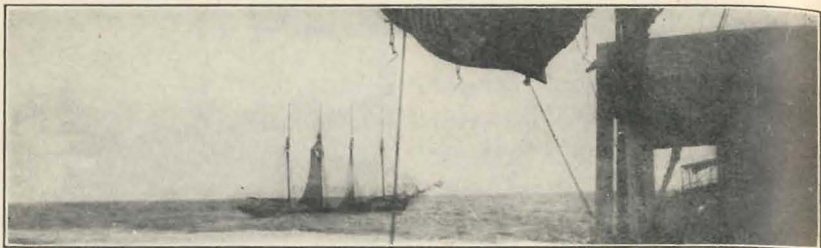


"I GRABBED THE WHEEL"

gazed sadly on the sea where our ship had gone down."

So Captain Rathbun ended his tale, reliving the dreadful night and day, grieving over the loss of "The Wellington," but full of gratitude for the brave and loyal men on "The August Leonhardt" who rescued them from a watery grave, at the risk of their own lives. For it is an unwritten, universal law of the

sea, for any vessel within sight of a ship in distress to go to its rescue against tearing winds and angry seas and flames.



THE LAST OF THE "WELLINGTON"

The Quest of Kickapoo

When a man has confidence in a medicine, it is like taking away the crutches of a lame man to deprive him of his faith in it.

The other day a letter came to the Institute from a seaman, A. E. Green of Lancashire, England — a letter which revealed the absolute and irrevocable belief in an old cure for rheumatism.

Dear Sir:

Please excuse me taking the liberty of writing to you but as I am a seaman you will not mind.

About twenty years ago when I was a seaman on the White Star Line I had an attack of rheumatism, and the stewardess on board the boat (S.S. *Cymric*) recommended me to a large store or chemist in either 6th

or 7th Avenue where I purchased an Indian herbal remedy which completely cured me. The way I went from the White Star Berth was up 11th Street, and this store was just along to the left of either 6th or 7th Avenue on the right hand side.

If you could find out for me the address of the store and the name and price of the remedy, I could send for same.

I am still going to sea but I am suffering from rheumatism again, and I felt sure that if I could have that remedy that I had before, it would cure me.

Thanking you in anticipation of your trouble.

The letter was duly turned over to the Religious and Social Service Department. Someone questioned, why not get the rem-

edy he requests, since he has so much faith in it? One of the social workers was assigned to the task and, with letter in hand, she set out to find the place which had been so vaguely described. She found no drug stores on either 6th Avenue and 11th Street or 7th Avenue and 11th Street.

Undismayed, she wandered up and down the Avenues for a while, first one and then the other, until on Sixth Avenue she found a store which sold Indian remedies. She showed the clerk the letter and he replied, "Oh, yes, he means Kickapoo Oil. But we don't carry it here. It is no good." But she inveigled from him the addresses of a few places where she might get it and the seeker after the strange remedy again went on her way.

She found a little store on Greenwich Avenue where they sold the Kickapoo Oil and eagerly asked for a bottle of it. But the clerk, waving the bottle tantalizingly before her, refused to sell it to her. "No," he said, "that man does not want Kickapoo Oil. He wants some internal medicine and this Oil is good only for rheumatism in the ankles."

Alas and alack, thought the seeker, verily this Oil is as elusive as the fragrant edelweiss on the Swiss Alps or Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth. But get it she would! Though her ardor was somewhat dampened, she retraced her steps to 10th Avenue, and there discovered another little store that carried the Oil. Slowly the store owner wrapped up the bottle, remarking, "That fellow's a smart one. There is nothing better than this Oil for rheumatism. It is just what he needs. It is better than any newfangled medicine. But," he warned, "don't tell anybody I said that to you, for if people knew that we did not think much of patent medicines they would not buy them, and then where would my drug store be?" The seeker solemnly promised not to reveal the name of the store, only too eager to get the precious Oil. She wrapped up the bottle in tissue paper as carefully as if handling a fragile Venetian vase and mailed it to Seaman Green.

In course of time a letter came profuse with expressions of gratitude and the tidings that Kickapoo Oil had again proved worthy of his faith.

Then

AUGUST, 1914: A sky-line of "tall" buildings, fully thirteen stories high. The new Institute soaring proudly above the low shacks and saloons along the water-front.

An odd time—a time of long hair and longer skirts; no radios, no talkies, no prohibition, and no five-day ocean liners.

Yet, even in that time, one-half million seamen entered the port of New York each day. Of these the Institute gave board and lodgings to about 500.

Then came the war! A thousand seamen sought the portals of the Institute each day. But the Board of Managers was not dismayed and forged full sail ahead! It turned lobbies and game rooms into dormitories to care for the host of seamen, ship-wrecked and torpedoed crews and made life brighter for many who later died serving their country.

FULL SAIL AHEAD!

Please send your contributions to
Seamen's Church
25 S

It seems there is a tradition at sea that a lost mascot means a lost member of the crew shortly after. Even worse, a lost mascot on the first voyage spells constant disaster for the ship in the future.

So Captain Boettger ordered the ship put about. Olaf's fellow seamen manned a lifeboat in record time and pulled at the oars hard, turning the lifeboat toward that small, dark object bobbing up and down in the big waves. Soon Olaf was lying on something solid again and two hefty Norwegian sailors, under the di-

rection of the second mate, T. Anderson, were pumping air into his lungs and salt water out to the rhythmic up and down movement taught in first-aid manuals.

The Sud Americano, sister ship of the Sud Expresso, steamed up to Pier 44 at the foot of Conover Street, Brooklyn, with Olaf standing in the bow, head and tail up, purring softly to himself. He will leave in a few days on the Sud Americano's maiden voyage to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires and other points south.

Men's Clothing Needed

We need men's clothing. Our particular need is trousers, overalls, dungarees, shirts and boots. Suits of course always find a needy man but our great problem is to outfit men so that they can get a job.

A seaman's occupation is such that he is more liable than most men to lose his baggage. Often he leaves it some place and the ship sails and he has no time to get it. Or perhaps he puts it in storage expecting to be back in a short time and the ship goes some place else. He never sees

his baggage again. And then there are always the shipwrecked men who have lost everything. Such men need suits as well as working clothes.

Please send your gifts to the Religious and Social Service Department, 25 South Street, New York City, N. Y.

Prints of the original floating Church of Our Saviour for Seamen, and the Second Floating Church (the Free Episcopal Church for Seamen) are available to readers at 25 cents each.

Musings of the Mate



Sign Language

One of our Spanish seamen whose knowledge of the English language is limited to the word "hello," approached the police officer at the door of the Institute one evening. With a serious face he began to flap his arms up and down. As soon as he had attracted the officer's attention, he alternated his flapping by hopping up and down, first on one foot and then on the other. Though he was ridiculous in his gestures he was so serious-faced doing them that the officer decided that he must want something badly.

"What is the trouble? What do you want?" he questioned him. The Spaniard made no answer, but continued his flapping and hopping, looking at the officer pleadingly. Seeing that he

was making no progress with the officer he started pounding his right fist into the palm of his left hand. By this time the officer was completely bewildered. Finally the Spaniard reached inside his coat pocket and drawing forth a letter, waved it in the air. Light dawned on the officer. With a grin he took the Spaniard by the arm, and leading him to the hotel desk, asked for an air mail stamp!

The Spaniard beamed and the officer grinned. They understood one another thoroughly.

Girls

A seaman who has given up the sea for army life has a passion for letter writing. To get a letter is an occasion. And to increase the high lights in a rather tedious routine, he writes to four girls. He has never seen them. He secured the addresses from relatives. He said he thought he would get a thrill out of it. But he says, "I am greatly—very greatly disappointed."

The ages of the girls run from seventeen to thirty. And here is where the older girl gets her innings for he says, "The two

Memorial Units

Many thoughtful persons perpetuate the memory of those dear to them whether living or dead, by making gifts that will commemorate the life of the loved one through some worth-while service. If you are contemplating doing this, will you not consider a gift to the Building Fund of the Seamen's Church Institute? Such gifts will be used for the purposes indicated and suitable tablets provided indicating the memorial thus established.

Seamen Guests' Reading and Game Rooms.....	\$25,000
Cafeteria	15,000
Apprentice Room	10,000
Medical Room in Clinic.....	5,000
Surgical Room in Clinic.....	5,000
Nurses' Room in Clinic	5,000
Motion Picture Equipment and Booth.....	5,000
Officers' Rooms, each	1,500
Seamen's Rooms, with running water, each.....	1,000
Seamen's Rooms, each	500
Chapel Chairs	50

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