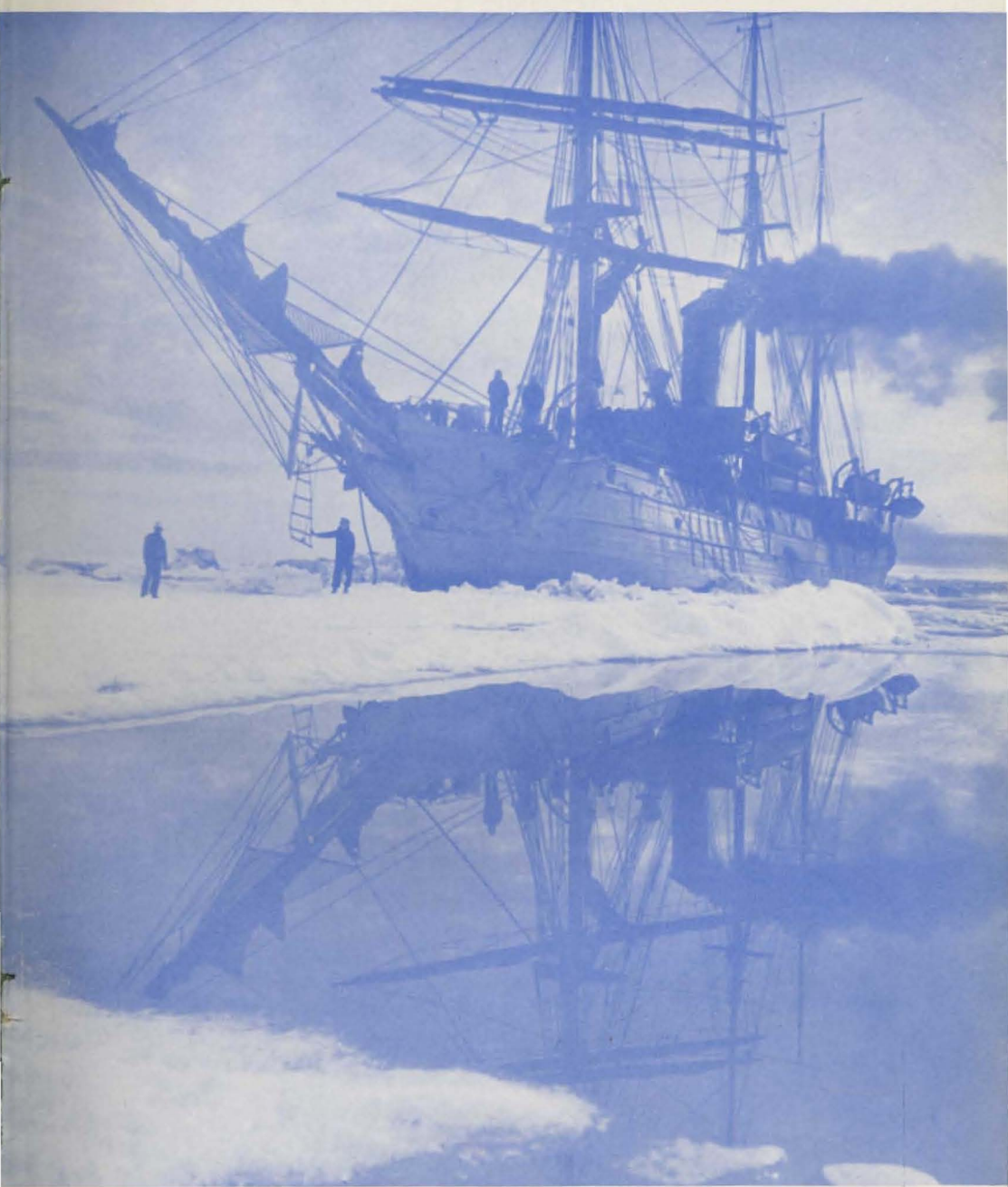


The LOOKOUT



The Coast Guard Cutter "Bear" at Nome, Alaska

**SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK**

VOLUME XXV JANUARY, 1934

ADMIRAL BYRD SAILS CUTTER "BEAR" TO SOUTH POLAR REGIONS
 This month's cover shows the old cutter "Bear", which has been in the Coast Guard service for many years. The ship was reconditioned at the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston. This picturesque old wooden vessel was in the Alaska service for a long time. Admiral Richard E. Byrd has taken this ship and the "Jacob Ruppert" on his present expedition to the South Polar regions. Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

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 SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
 OF NEW YORK
 25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute Of New York," incorporated in the year 1844, under the laws of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum ofDollars.

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. XXV

JANUARY, 1934

No. 1

BOOKS FOR CONRAD MEMORIAL LIBRARY



WE expect to open the Institute's Conrad Memorial Library within a few weeks. This unique shrine—dedicated to the great seaman-novelist—has at last been completed. Here followers of the sea and lovers of its literature may unite in tribute to Joseph Conrad.

It will meet a very definite and long-felt need—an adequate library for all men of the sea when they are in the Port of New York. Here, in the largest shore community in the world for seafarers, here where gather thousands of Conrad's own brotherhood and calling, here in a lovely sunny room on the third floor of the Institute, overlooking South Street and the East River, will be a real maritime library which Conrad himself would have loved to frequent. For it will have the breath of the sea; its walls will be adorned with paintings of magnificent clipper ships; its shelves will be lined with marine books (and with the best books on general subjects, too, for Jack Tar's taste in reading is wide and varied).

But we need books. We have space for about 5,000 volumes and we have selected from the thousands on hand, sent over a period of years by Institute friends, about 4,000 of the most suitable. We can use books on almost any subject: Fiction, Essays, Poetry, Plays, History, Travel, Biography, Philosophy, Science, Psychology, Religion, Art, Music and Technical books. The overflow and those not-suitable are being sold in bulk to book dealers and with the funds thus raised we hope to employ a competent librarian and perhaps from time to time purchase books greatly in demand by sailormen.

SO—won't you again ransack your attics and storage closets (knowing how many of you have already diligently searched for old gold, eye glass frames and old stamps) and see if you cannot find some books? If they are too many to mail by parcel post conveniently, and if you reside in New York City, kindly telephone BOWling Green 9-2710 and

Wood carving of Joseph Conrad in the form of a ship's figurehead, by Miss Dora Clarke, of England. It is considered by Mrs. Conrad to be the best likeness as yet executed. It will be mounted in our Conrad Memorial Library.

we can arrange to send a truck, but in general we would greatly appreciate it if you could send packages of books by mail to 25 South Street.

Next month we hope to show LOOK-OUT readers a photograph of our Conrad Library, with the books arranged under their various classifications on the Shelves. So we hope that, with Christmas holidays over, you will find it convenient to send your books promptly, although they will be acceptable at any time, of course. We prefer books in good condition with bindings clean and intact. We would also rather not have broken sets.

When Conrad was chief officer on the *Torrens*, a passenger and freight vessel plying between London and Australia, the ship's carpenter, Jean Louis D'Esque, had several conversations with him about books. One of these talks is recorded in

D'Esque's book, "A Count in the Fo'c'sle." It is well worth reprinting here:

"One Sunday afternoon when we were well at sea, the usually taciturn chief officer with a foreign accent knocked out his pipe slowly and then said:

"So, Chips, you like to write poetry?"

I looked up in surprise.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Which means you like to read, too."

"Of course, sir."

"Well, what, for instance? What book made the greatest impression on you?"

"Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia*."

"Yes, I've read that." He nodded approvingly. "And what was next in order?"

"Sienkiewicz' *Quo Vadis*," I replied.

"Then Hugo's *Les Misérables* and Bulwer Lytton's *Rienzi, Last of the Roman Tribunes*."

"And Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*. Have you read that?"

"No, sir; I haven't."

"I've got a copy. Come along, and I'll lend it to you... Here you are, Chips. In my humble opinion, that is one of the greatest sea tales ever written."

And on another day, the chief officer said to Chips: "A young lad like you who can write poetry is wasting his time sailing the seas with no fixed determination."

I replied: "I know what I want but I can't do it yet."

"What's that?"

"To go to Paris and study art. I will some day."

The mate seemed to think unto himself for silent minutes as men do when they are remembering something that was a long time ago.

"I see," he said at last. "I hope you get there, son. Don't let anything stop you. I

(Cont. on page 11)

SHIPS IN BOTTLES



Woodcut by Freda Bone in "Bowsprit Ashore" by Alexander Bone. Doubleday Doran & Co., Publishers

HAVEN'T you seen the fascinating little ships in bottles and often wondered just how the sailors managed to get the ships inside the bottles? Well, we have, and the other day we decided to become an inquiring reporter and ask every old salt who crossed our path just how this feat is accomplished. We found a few old-timers in the Institute lobbies who said they had watched other old seamen, when they were "in sail," make the ships and put them in the bottles, but they couldn't tell us how. We found three who actually had made such bottles themselves.

So we said: "What do you do, knock a hole in the bottle and then have the glass blown together after the ship is placed inside?"

The three deep-water sailmen chuckled. They said: "Oh no, ma'am. The ship is put through the neck of the bottle."

"But how?" we persisted.

"Ah, that is a secret," they replied with one accord.

Well, we managed to convince William M., an old shellback if ever there was one, born on a ship, bred on salt tack, whose language is as briny as the sea itself, that if he parted with his trade secrets no LOOKOUT reader would start a ship bottle business in competition with his own. It took a great deal of persuasion and in the course of the conversation we heard also how an egg is put into a small bottle, and also an apple. (Legend has it that King George III lay awake all one night trying to puzzle out how the large apple could be in the little bottle. And lest any readers lose sleep over the subject, too, we will hasten to enlighten them. A bottle was placed over the branch of an apple tree while the apple blossoms were still in bloom. Naturally, the blossoms faded, the little apple started to grow and after a time, there, inside the bottle, grew a beautiful red apple. It was plucked from the tree and presented to his bewildered Majesty.) As for the egg, by placing it in a solution of vinegar for a time, the shell of the egg becomes soft; the egg can be gently pushed through the neck of the bottle and soon the shell will harden, and behold, an egg in a bottle!

But to return to the ships in bottles.

First of all, you must have patience. And you must be handy with small tools like scissors, knives, hooks, etc. The ship model is constructed and at the base of each mast is a tiny hinge, enabling the masts to be folded flat against the ship, instead of upright. The yards, instead of being crosswise, are also folded vertically. Tiny strings are run through each mast and thence to the long "jibboom." The model-maker carefully tests the various strings running through the "braces", to be sure that they lie "slack" and then become taut when the main string is pulled through the jibboom. Then the model is inserted through the neck of the bottle. The string is pulled, each connecting string becomes taut, thus the masts come to an upright position, the yards are crosswise and each little sail is intact! Next, the long string which had been waxed, is burnt off so as not to protrude from the neck of the bottle. For the background of water and sky, the sailor paints a bit of soft putty to suit his fancy, inserts it in the bottle, maneuvers it into place with a long, stiff wire. The putty hardens and becomes a colorful background for the ship model. The sails for the ship are cut from the inside of a stiff collar.

One old mariner told me that he had figured out that it took a seaman 16 to 20 hours to make such a bottle. He would do it during his watch below (four hours) and it would help to while away the time. But these days, it is a lost art, for it requires painstaking care and skill. However, if readers are interested in purchasing such bottles, we can place orders with any of the three old seamen mentioned. The bottles range in price from \$5.00 to \$10., depending upon the size and perfection of detail.

4 ETHELBERG ROAD,
CANTERBURY.

May 25th 1925

Dear Sir

My sons join me in very deep appreciation of the dedicative as a memorial to my husband. He had always a very real liking and sympathy for all seamen and was very proud of being one himself. Will you kindly convey our thanks to those to whom it is due, and believe me to be.

Yours very sincerely
Jessie Conrad.

"THE BIRD OF DAWNING"

By John Masefield

Published by MacMillan. Price \$2.50



From "Bird of Dawning"
by John Masefield

Honorary Member Board of Managers
Seamen's Church Institute of New York

AT eighteen minutes of four on a wild and stormy morning Cruiser Trewsbury, second mate of the homeward bound China clipper "Blackgauntlet", was asleep in his bunk. . . . At six minutes of four the ship was rapidly sinking and Cruiser and his watch were piling provisions into an open boat. . . . At one minute of four the tiny boat was dropping astern. A steamer had crashed into the "Blackgauntlet's" bulwarks; water was pouring into the ship through her side and the captain was standing like a statue on the poop, stunned into immobility.

This is the beginning of the tale which England's poet laureate tells in his latest novel. As William McFee has written: "From now on the story never lets up in power. It reads itself. It runs like the fire of the risen sun along the sea. It is a perfectly told tale. After rereading several parts it stands out as one of the most flawlessly written sea books of our generation."

What Mr. Masefield has done is to take an episode of the sea that lies close enough to our day so that we can under-

stand the ships and the men who drove the China tea clippers. Their deeds appeal to our imagination and yet the records are not too remote.

The Captain of the "Black Gauntlet", practically crazed by the disaster, goes down with his ship and the boat's crew that awaited his order to take off. Cruiser, with fifteen men in the other boat, sets out on a stormy sea for Fayal, seven hundred miles away in the Azores. The character of each of these shipwrecked men appears as though etched in sharp relief against sea and sky. The young mate is magnificently drawn. They face, together, the extremity of danger—drowning, starvation, thirst, madness, with one chance in a thousand of surviving.

"When we are introduced in the first line of page one of this work," writes Mr. McFee, "to Cruiser Trewsbury, we are apt to abandon sport, business and domestic responsibilities until we have finished the tale of his adventures."

Just one passage we cannot resist quoting: "Hear all," Cruiser called. "This is all the food we have on board, so far as we can tell. It will all go into the bread-tank here. Your allowance will be about half of a pantile, and an ounce of raw salt beef, or beef bone, and three raisins each a day: one small spoonful of jam each, once a week, and a quarter panniken of water each, twice a day. The milk and the sardines will be kept for anyone who may fall sick. As I take it that you have all breakfasted, I shall not serve you any whack of food till mid-day. Remember, that your lives depend on this water and food lasting till we reach Fayal. You'll be hungry and you'll be thirsty, but you'll get your whack and no more. This tank and this breaker contain our lives. Don't let me have to remind you of that."

And from then on till they sight the abandoned ship.

"Bird of Dawning,
London

The Light Comes After Me."

it is a nip and tuck race with death. Good seamanship, discipline and the hand of God pilot the gallant little crew to safety.

LADIES FIRST

SHE was very young, and pretty, too, with wide wistful grey eyes. Admiring glances followed her as she crossed the lobby floor toward the Institute's Information Desk.

"I am looking for my brother, Theodore L—," she said. "By any chance has he been here?"

Her face lighted up in pleased surprise when our clerk replied: "Yes, Theodore was here just yesterday. He told me there was a letter in our post office from his mother in Philadelphia."

"That's right," replied the girl. "Mother managed to borrow \$2.00 and so she sent it to Theodore."

"But she addressed the letter to your other brother, Fred," explained the clerk. "And postal rules forbid our giving a letter to anyone but Fred. We made that clear to Theodore, and the post office has returned the letter to your mother, and Theodore has written to her asking her to readdress the letter with the money in it to him, since Fred is away at sea."

"Oh, did he get a job?" exclaimed the sister, smiling. "I'm so glad. Because you, see, I haven't any. I was a stewardess on the ——— Line, but I received word that mother was very ill, so I left the ship and hurried home to Philadelphia. I'm on my way to the steamship company now to see if they won't take me back. I can leave mother, now, she's much better."

She turned away, and no one but a very discerning clerk would have perceived that her lips trembled. "Can I help you in any way?"

The girl smiled. "Well, no thanks. Just wish me luck."

An hour later she returned to report that the ——— Line had at first told her there was no work. But while she was in the office a cablegram came from another ship stating that one of the stewardesses was very ill and that when the ship docked Friday in the Port of New York they would need another stewardess.

But this was Wednesday, and Friday seemed a long way off, particularly since Thursday was Thanksgiving Day. The girl never would have told us that she had only twenty-five cents left in her purse, but our astute information clerk discovered it when the girl asked for directions how to walk to a certain street in the Bronx.

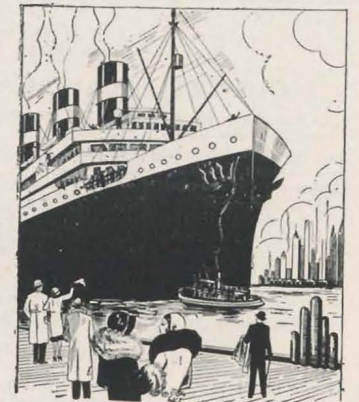
"It's too far for you to walk," the clerk said. "Couldn't we lend you some carfare?"

"You are very kind," said the girl, and confessed the depleted state of her pocket-book. "I thought I'd go to the Bronx where I used to know some people and I know they would let me stay with them over Thanksgiving until my ship sails Friday."

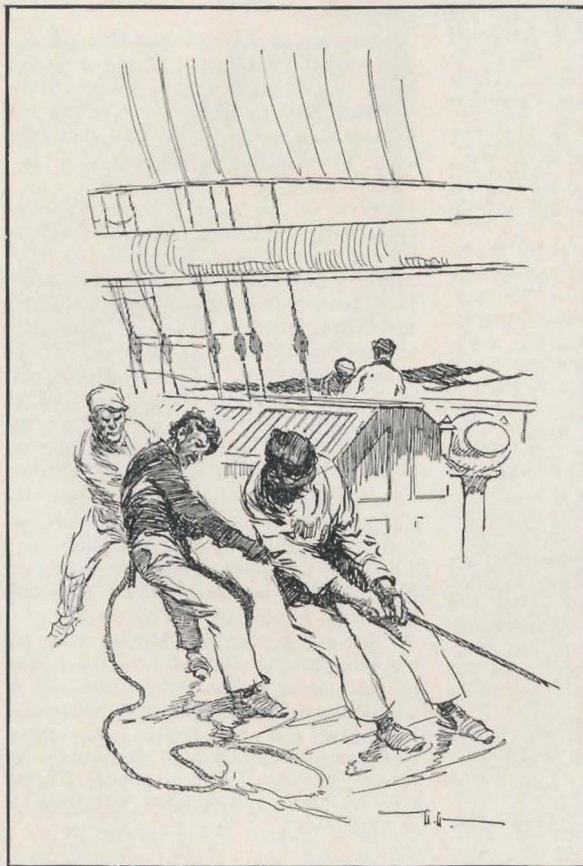
"Well, if you can't find your friends, come back here and we'll see that you have a place to stay."

The trip to the Bronx proved unfruitful, the people had moved away and a new superintendent did not know their address. Our heroine returned to 25 South Street and it was arranged that she stay at a YWCA until Friday. When her brother Theodore returned to the building he was given his sister's address, and the two enjoyed the holiday together. On Friday, Fortune smiled on them; the girl went off to the ship; Theodore received the \$2.00 from his mother; and with it he purchased some tools which enabled him to obtain a special carpentry job which would last several weeks.

"I'm going to write Mother and tell her how wonderful the Institute has been to us, helping us out when we were in a terrible fix," said the girl, gratefully. "Theodore tells me you've been letting him have his meals and sleep here for several months," she continued. "I see now why sailors look upon this Institute as their home."



THE LONG PULL AHEAD!



From "Sail Ho" by Gordon Grant
"A Pull on the Sparker Sheet"

CLIPPER SHIPS AND CAPTAINS

There was a time before our time—
It will not come again—
When the best ships still were wooden ships
But the men were iron men.
From Stonington to Kennebunk
The Yankee hammers plied
To build the clippers of the wave
That were New England's pride,
The "Flying Cloud," the "Northern Light,"
The Sovereign of the Seas—
There was salt music in the blood
That thought of names like these
Stately as churches, swift as gulls,
They trod the oceans then—
No man had seen such ships before
And none will see again.

(From "A Book of Americans," by Rosemary and Stephen Benet.
Farrar and Rinehart.)

The men of today's merchant marine have a magnificent heritage. The Institute is proud of America's tradition of courage and gallantry on the high seas, and although today we have iron ships, the men who man these great vessels are of the same breed as those sturdy iron men who commanded the fleet clippers of yesteryear. The Institute IS STRIVING TO KEEP THE MERCHANT MARINE FIT and ready for jobs when shipping improves. It is seeking to preserve the high physical and mental calibre of that merchant marine. Many of these sailormen would have lost their moral and spiritual moorings if the Institute had not backed them with friendly counsel, wholesome food,

clean lodgings, cheerful entertainment and useful occupation for the long days ashore.

As President Roosevelt recently said: "This is the time when you and I know that, though we have proceeded a portion of the way, THE LONGER, HARDER PART STILL LIES AHEAD, and that it is for us to redouble our efforts to care for those who must still depend upon relief and to stand by the victims of the depression until it is definitely over."

Won't you again make these seamen your especial obligation? The Institute is at the peak of its usefulness and must be kept there. SO — LET'S ALL PULL TOGETHER!

The Long Pull Ahead!

Kindly make check or money order payable to
JUNIUS S. MORGAN, Treasurer Building Fund
SEAMEN'S CLUB INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
and mail to 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



1933 DEFICIT

As we go to press, we are sorry to have to report a deficit of \$45,000 for 1933. By a curious coincidence this amount—\$45,000—is exactly the interest we have to pay each year on our Building Debt, we still owe \$900,000 to the banks which loaned us this money to complete our Annex Building. Heaven only knows what would have become of thousands of poor sailormen during the past four winters if there had been no Annex for them to come to for shelter. Every cent you send to our Building Fund helps to reduce the debt principal.

In April of this year the Institute will celebrate its 90th birthday—the completion of 90 years of service to merchant seamen—How wonderful it would be if during 1934 we could wipe out this debt and thus, with no interest to pay, balance our budget!

With so much talk of the dollar and its value, let us tell you how a gift of *even one dollar* to the Institute's Building Fund can do *two* things: Every dollar you send reduces our building debt and at the same time *increases* our income. A very flexible dollar—yet a good investment—in human happiness!

TRIBUTE FROM A FORMER SAILOR



Courtesy, Cunard Line

My dear Mr. Forsyth: 11-26-33

Your letter of Nov. 20th received, and I have delayed in replying until today. Realizing that at best I could send you but a dollar or so (and even that little bit at a sacrifice) I waited until today when I could take it up with my Rector, the Rev. Mr. Herbert Craig, of Trinity Episcopal Church, Red Bank.

He very kindly announced from the Pulpit that I was endeavoring to raise a few dollars for your most worthy cause, and that though he realized that everyone in our small Parish was doing their utmost for our own little causes at home, anything would be acceptable, and contributions could be made to either him or myself. He went on to explain the work done by the Institute, and allowed me the privilege of saying a word, which I did, to the effect that I had seen considerable of your work, had seen the In-

stitute grow in my own few short years from the old house at 45 Market St., where I first shipped as O.S. on an old 'wind-bag', to your present structure, and that though I had swallowed the anchor some twelve years ago, I could not forget the sixteen years I had spent at sea, and that twice, once through Mr. Mansfield at No. 1 State St. and once through Mrs. Roper, at your present home, I had been picked up "off the beach", given a place to stay and found a ship.

I thought it best to send on what I collected today, then if more money is contributed, send that on later. You will want this for Thanksgiving. You may recall that a few years ago I collected some suits and overcoats for you.

I am often in New York, and occasionally stay over night at the Institute, though not actually going to sea now, but I like to look for old faces, and thoroughly enjoy mixing with people who "speak my own language and understand." To ensure admittance I usually carry my "License" which I still keep up, though not expecting to use it again, unless we have another war before I am too old.

I am still an 'old shell back' at heart, and were it not for the fact that I have a wife and three children, would go to sea still, even if an officer's berth were not obtainable.

I trust that my small efforts will at least find some "salt pork, pea soup" and maybe a little piece of "plum-duff" for some real sailor, and possibly a "place to flop."

If anything else comes in, be sure I will send it at once.

Very truly yours,

Signed—Alfred B.

TRIBUTE FROM A CONTRIBUTOR

PERMANENT WILD LIFE PROTECTION FUND
1 Bank Street
Stamford, Conn., Nov. 21, 1933

My dear Mr. Forsyth:—
I am full of admiration and sympathy for the inspired work of your glorious Seamen's Institute. I would like to send you a substantial sum, but I have literally been bled white. However, this gallant little Permanent Fund makes some efforts to conserve men, as well as wild beasts and birds, and it sends you \$5.—wishing it were more.

Ten weeks ago Another One called at our home door, and humbly asked for "a cup of coffee." He had two strong recommendations: (1) an honorable discharge from ship service, and (2) he spoke in the highest and most grateful terms of your

Seamen's Institute, and other Institutes elsewhere. He said he had not had the heart to ask your Institute to do any more for him. He must (so he said) "give others a chance!"

Well, we took in Joseph G; gave him, for 10 weeks, bed, board, and \$30. in cash for work that we really had to create for him. My daughter clothed him from head to foot; and at last he was ready to start out and look for a real job, with a man's chance to put up a good front toward getting one.

And yesterday the Community Chest struck us! Wishing you money, and more and more beds for cold and hungry men, I remain

Faithfully yours,

CHRISTMAS AT THE INSTITUTE

FAVORED by clear skies and cool, crisp weather, lacking only the traditional snow, Christmas was celebrated on the New York waterfront. Over the doorway of the Institute an illuminated Christmas tree symbolized for our seamen the immortal Christmas message: Peace on earth, good will to men.

Through the generous gifts of our friends, the Institute was happy to be able to serve 1,574 Christmas dinners to as many merchant seamen far from home, jobless and penniless. And what a dinner! Supplemented—or we should say—enhanced by some lively music which ranged from old-timers like "Margie" to the popular "Lazy Bones". And after the dinner, which by the way, was served from 12 to 3:30 o'clock in order to accommodate the large number of men, cigarettes and tobacco were given to each seaman as he left the cafeteria.

On Christmas Eve a Carol Service was held in the Chapel of Our Saviour with special Christmas vocal and organ music. Our beautiful chapel was decorated for the occasion with festive holiday garlands.

On Monday afternoon a program of moving pictures was given in the auditorium where about 1,000 seamen witnessed the film: "Gabriel Over the White House." Again, in the evening, the auditorium was filled with seamen who gathered to enjoy the picture, "Bureau of Missing Persons." Some short comedies and news reels provided additional entertainment.

And so, to quote that most famous Christmas writer, Charles Dickens, when he described, for Scrooge's benefit, Christmas at sea: "Every man hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas day, with homeward thoughts belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him." So here at the Institute, we were able not only to make more than 1,500 seamen welcome on Christmas Day but also we helped them to remember their friends and relatives far away by supplying greeting cards to the hundreds of sailors asking for them. And one of the Institute's generous friends provided the postage. So the little Christmas cards went their several ways into all the far



Institute Chapel of Our Saviour

ports of the world where relatives of sailormen reside.

And because of our Holiday Fund all these seafarers whom adversity has dealt such an undeserved blow knew that on Christmas Day at the Institute many friends of sailors "delighted to remember them."

One sailor to whom Mother Roper had remembered to send a Christmas card told her that it was the only card he received. He then presented her with these verses, inspired by her thoughtfulness:

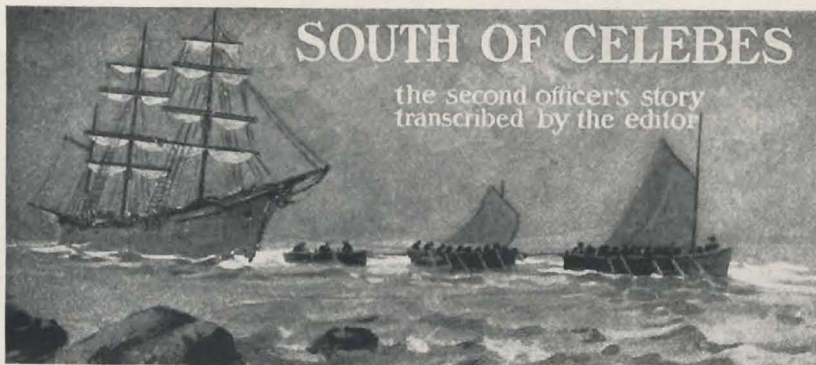
"To Mrs. Janet Roper. Old friends are best. Christmas Greetings.

I was blue and feeling 'rotten'
Felt that I was clean forgotten
Just your card and not one other
Shows I'm not forgot by 'Mother'."

TUNE IN!

Every Friday afternoon at 2:30 over Station WEAJ on the Steeplechase program, one of the Institute's own sailormen—Patrick Tayleur—tells yarns about the old sailing ship days. Tayleur is 77, and remembers well South Street in the clipper-ship era. He can spin a salty tale which will hold you spellbound.

On Tuesday evenings at 10, over WEAJ you can hear Seth Parker and a group of old-time chantey-men, among whom are several Institute seamen. Hear them sing aboard Philips Lord's sailing ship.



Courtesy, Sinclair Magazine.

Editor's note:

George L. O'Neill, one of Sailors' Snug Harbor's residents, is a frequent visitor at the Institute. He loves to tell yarns about the days of sail. He has never been employed on a steamship. He made his last voyage in 1918 aboard the barkentine *Maneswan* to Madagascar. He was second officer in command of the *Roanoke*, one of the largest wooden vessels ever built in this country, which was damaged in a collision in 1892. The following, which took place in 1902, is only one of many of O'Neill's sea experiences.

WHEN the *Iroquois* reached Sapi Strait she had on board 78,000 cases of oil, a motley crew and a strange foreboding that danger lurked near. The sun set and we moved forward slowly toward Devil's Island. Here the currents move like beings possessed. Caught in these currents, we drifted half-way around the island and back again. Toward morning we felt the pull of another current and the captain told me to make the sounding. As I stepped on deck the ship shook from bow to stern and stopped.

"What's that?" the captain demanded. "Rocks," I replied.

"Rocks! Did you ever see a rock that a ship could strike in twenty-eight fathoms of water?" A peculiar feature of all the straits in this part of the archipelago is that when the tide turns, the wind, for a time turns with it. When this occurred, our ship lurched over and lodged on the top of another rock, pounding a hole in the bottom directly under the main mast, and then rolling over until she almost capsized, righted again and the unseated main mast crashed into the hole.

We were close to the Island of Komodo

and shortly after daybreak some twenty canoes carrying chickens, fruits, etc. came crowding around the ship. The captain's wife, undismayed by the savage appearance of the natives, remained on deck, taking pictures with a camera. The Island is about 191 miles from Macassar. The Captain left the mate, steward and four Negro sailors to stay with the ship. Before leaving New York we had purchased a large metallic boat, fitted with mast, boom and sail. The Captain took command of this. Another boat was put in my charge. It had neither sail nor mast, but it was 28 feet long and about eight feet wide. Putting a cleat into the bottom of the boat we fitted up a discarded "monkey gaff" as a mast and cut the corner off the gaff topsail of the ship to convert it into what is called a "lug sail" without boom. The captain had given me permission to take what provisions I liked, so we loaded up. Of the fourteen men assigned to my boat, the only American was Benny, a boy of about 15 years. It was Benny's first voyage, and it hadn't been a happy one. I remember one day before we rounded the Cape of Good Hope, the captain missed a piece of white duck and insisted upon searching the fo'c'stle for it. Finally we came to Benny's little hair trunk, and the boy stood by pale and trembling as the captain threw it open. All he found that didn't belong to Benny were two onions. They had begun to sprout, and were the only green things aboard the ship that reminded him of home. The little fellow was keeping them there to let them grow.

It was the captain's idea to tie our boats together so that we would not become separated in the night. First came his boat, then mine, and at the end of the line a dingy containing extra provisions. Four days after leaving the *Iroquois*, a small coral island was sighted. As we approached, our boats were suddenly surrounded by sharks. They snapped at our oars, making it extremely difficult to advance. Ling, our Chinese cook, was panic-stricken. About midnight Ling jumped up with a frightful yell, and before we could reach him, leaped into the water. Two dorsal fins rushed forward, and in a moment Ling was gone.

Here and there black rocks jutted up at vicious angles. "Jump on one of those oars!" I shouted to Wilson, a big strong Negro. He obeyed, but in the middle of the stroke the oar snapped in two. Quick as a flash, Wilson was bending to the other oar, and that too snapped, but the strength he had applied had swung the bow of our boat against the wind far enough to change the tack.

Rain began to fall and the wind was rising. A flash of lightning revealed the sky massed high with clouds. Benny edged close to where I was standing and slipped his hand into mine. "Mr. O'Neill," he faltered, "I—I'm afraid." Nor was he the only one who knew fear that night. We had spare oars, but all knew it would be a stiff fight to keep off the reef. I fitted up a little tent for the boy, by stretching canvas over the water barrel placed near the stern. He crawled under the canvas. At about midnight, during a lull in the storm, he put his head out and called: "Mr. O'Neill, do you think I will see mama again?" I assured him that he would, and he crawled back.

About two hours after sunrise we entered the bay and were directed by a Malay fisherman to Salayer, after a six hours' sail. From Salayer we proceeded by steamer to Macassar, where the captain found a Chinese trader who agreed to buy the *Iroquois* if she were still on the rocks. The trader hired a Malay "junk" and I went aboard with a crew of Malay sailors to pilot her to the Island of Komodo. The interpreter warned me that I might be murdered as I slept so he loaned me a creese, a long dagger with serpentine blade and poisoned tip,

and urged me to keep it under my pillow. When I showed him my Colt, he borrowed it long enough to display it to the crew, and in order to lay stress on the warning I shot a hole through one of the masts, as visible proof of its deadly effect.

It took us nine days to reach the Sapi Strait and when we arrived the *Iroquois* was gone. The wind had dislodged her from the rock and she drifted away. Though she was half full of water the buoyancy of her cargo of oil kept her afloat. The mate, who had established a camp on shore, hurried the Negroes into a boat and made chase. The *Iroquois* was well out to sea before overtaken; and threaten as he would, he could not force the superstitious blacks to clamber aboard. He had hoped to get up enough sail to send her aground on some sandy beach. Instead, he was forced to turn back, while the derelict floated away.

EYE GLASS FRAMES NEEDED

We have made use of the splendid and varied assortment of eye glass frames received from LOOKOUT readers several months ago. If you did not search your attics and storage places at that time, will you do so now, and send us any kind of frames—gold, silver, tortoise shell. They will be greatly appreciated by seamen needing glasses but unable to purchase them. The Institute's John Markle Eye Clinic supplies the proper lenses for these frames.

CONRAD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

(Continued from page 2)

know how it is. There are things I've wanted to do, too, and some day I may drag them out and let the world laugh if it wants to."

He didn't look like the chief officer of a ship then. He looked somehow like a little boy lost . . . That was a long time ago, and I wondered often what that quiet mate thought when he stood silent at the rail as the *Torrens* thumped along her drayhorse way across the seas. And then I forgot about the mate of the *Torrens* until I saw his name in print—Feodor Jozef Konrad Korzdeniowski, who wrote as Joseph Conrad.

And now ten years after Conrad's death, we are to have a library where seafarers may have the opportunity of reading Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" and many of the other great authors whom Conrad loved.



Courtesy "Yachting" and Carl Weagant

"ATTENTION EVERYBODY"

An old shipmate asked us to post the following notice on the bulletin board in our lobby. "All they need is a little 'sales talk,'" he explained, "and then they'll come to Chapel regularly."

"ATTENTION EVERYBODY"

That's what the Announcer says, isn't it? Say, fellas, do you know we got the finest church in this town—finest for its size—don't believe me? Then come and take a peek! There's a picture back of the Altar painted by the finest marine painter in the world. There's an organ that cost quite a few berries; there's a fine singer to help you along with the singing, and to sing a special number at the evening service. Then last but not least you have your Chaplain to give you an interesting talk. What does all this cost you? Not a thin dime! Come one! Come all! There is no collection and don't get the wrong slant on this religion and church. You can still be a good seaman and Christian—both. This is your church, your pastor. Come on and see that picture; hear the music and join with us in a real enjoyable time.

FORGIVENESS

He had not written home in 16 years and he came to Mrs. Roper to tell her of his long neglect of his family. She persuaded him to write home to his mother, and a few days later, his eyes shining with happy tears, he showed this letter: "My dear Lad: If we had only a crust of bread we would share it with you. You say what you have done cannot be forgiven, but I say, come home, my boy. You will be welcome. Times are bad but not bad enough to keep a son away from his own mother's door."

AN UNUSUAL SERVICE

An interesting request was received by telephone at our Hotel Desk one evening: an officer of a Barber Line ship about to sail was anxious to check the "points" of the compass. The ship's officer wished to compensate a lifeboat compass just received, with the ship's compass, and, being very late in the evening was unable to obtain this service outside. We were happy to be able to comply with his request; a "quarter round" was given by Captain W. O. Peters, an employee of the Institute on duty at the time.

MISSING LINKS

We need four copies of the 1896 and 1915 Annual Reports of the Institute. If any LOOKOUT reader has saved these issues we would be very glad to receive them in order to have complete sets on file.

"Chips", Count Jean Louis d'Esque, who has written novels about his long years of seafaring and his thrilling experiences under sail sent us this poem:

WHEN ON SOME BOOMING SEA AT NIGHT

"When on some booming sea at night one hears
The elements their challenge throw to men,
Complaining guys and ropes are sounding then,
To couch or bunk, the roots of added fears;
For in the embrace of a tempest bold,

The breathless darkness scourged some living soul
When hard to port, on some bleak rock-ribbed shoal,

Arose the savage sounds that doom foretold—
Onto such spots many a ship's been lost,
On whose high prow the ghosts of seamen crossed.

When on some booming sea at night
The whistling winds kick up a fight,
Old-timers vision scenes gone by
When maddened seas seemed reaching sky,
On whose wild breast some ship was tossed
As green-hued waves its hatches crossed;
On such a night no stars did bloom
Nor shone for them a silvered moon
When north to south a tempest raged,
And east to west the battle waged:
For all about the night reigned gloom,
With seas that vomit hurtling doom
When down uncoffined troughs of green
The scourging winds let forth a scream,
To snarl at men gone blue in face
As lashing canvas flies through space,
Creation doomed in one fell swoop,
Or so it seemed, on storm-swept poop,
As crested Death waged fearful fight
When on some booming sea at night."

By "Chips", Count Jean Louis d'Esque

WHEN THE SHIPS COME HOME . . .

The sailors come "HOME" to 25 South Street, the anchorage for men of the sea when their ships are in port.

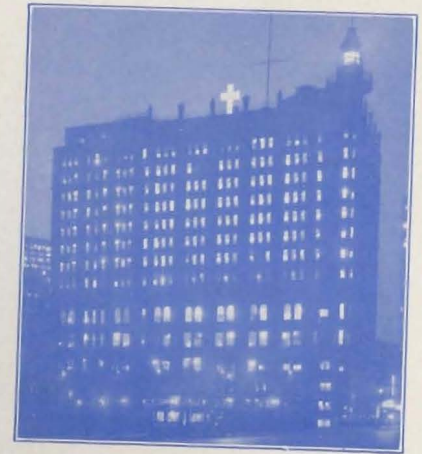
More than 90 years ago a group of public-spirited New York merchants realized that sailors were being mistreated and exploited, when they came ashore, by crimps, landsharks, and other unscrupulous waterfront gangs. It has been a long, hard, up-hill fight since the days of the floating chapel and the little missions where seamen found protection for their baggage.

The history of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is a long and honorable one. It embraces the history of shipping and has changed from a small mission to a great 13-story building, just as the ships have changed from the windjammers to the floating ocean palaces of today.

As a regular contributor to the Institute, and as a friend of lonely seafarers you have helped to build this practical monument to their bravery. We have weathered many storms and gales—our financial problems have at times almost overwhelmed us—but the City of New York has recognized the great NEED we filled in the lives of thousands of seamen of all races and creeds, and YOU and other citizens have loyally stood by and lent a hand.

To continue our program of service to the many seamen now out of work, penniless, homeless, we look again to you for your encouragement and support.

This is a chance for happiness which is yours to give—to a lonely sailor who is jobless and destitute through no fault of his own. He looks to the Institute, his "HOME", for help. We, look, hopefully, eagerly, to you, our friends.



SOME of the services to merchant seamen which YOUR contribution helped to make possible from January 1st to December 1st, 1933:

- 266,205 Lodgings provided (including emergency dormitories).
- 28,421 Pieces of Baggage Checked.
- 719,520 Meals served in Restaurant and Soda Fountain (including relief meals).
- 23,605 Barber, Tailor and Laundry Customers.
- 230 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals attended by 8,935 Seamen.
- 177 Entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures attended by 114,679 Seamen.
- 83,248 Social Service interviews.
- 8,573 Relief Loans.
- 7,173 Individual Seamen received relief.
- 19,761 Books and magazines distributed.
- 2,846 Knitted articles and 8,562 old clothes distributed.
- 3,153 Cases treated in Medical, Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
- 1,232 Seamen referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
- 5,055 Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
- 8,621 Interviews for emergency barber and cobbler.
- 214 Missing seamen found.
- 31,329 Information Desk interviews.
- 1,488 Positions procured for seamen.
- 3,463 Seamen made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
- \$225,908 Deposited for Safe-keeping and transmission to seamen's families.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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