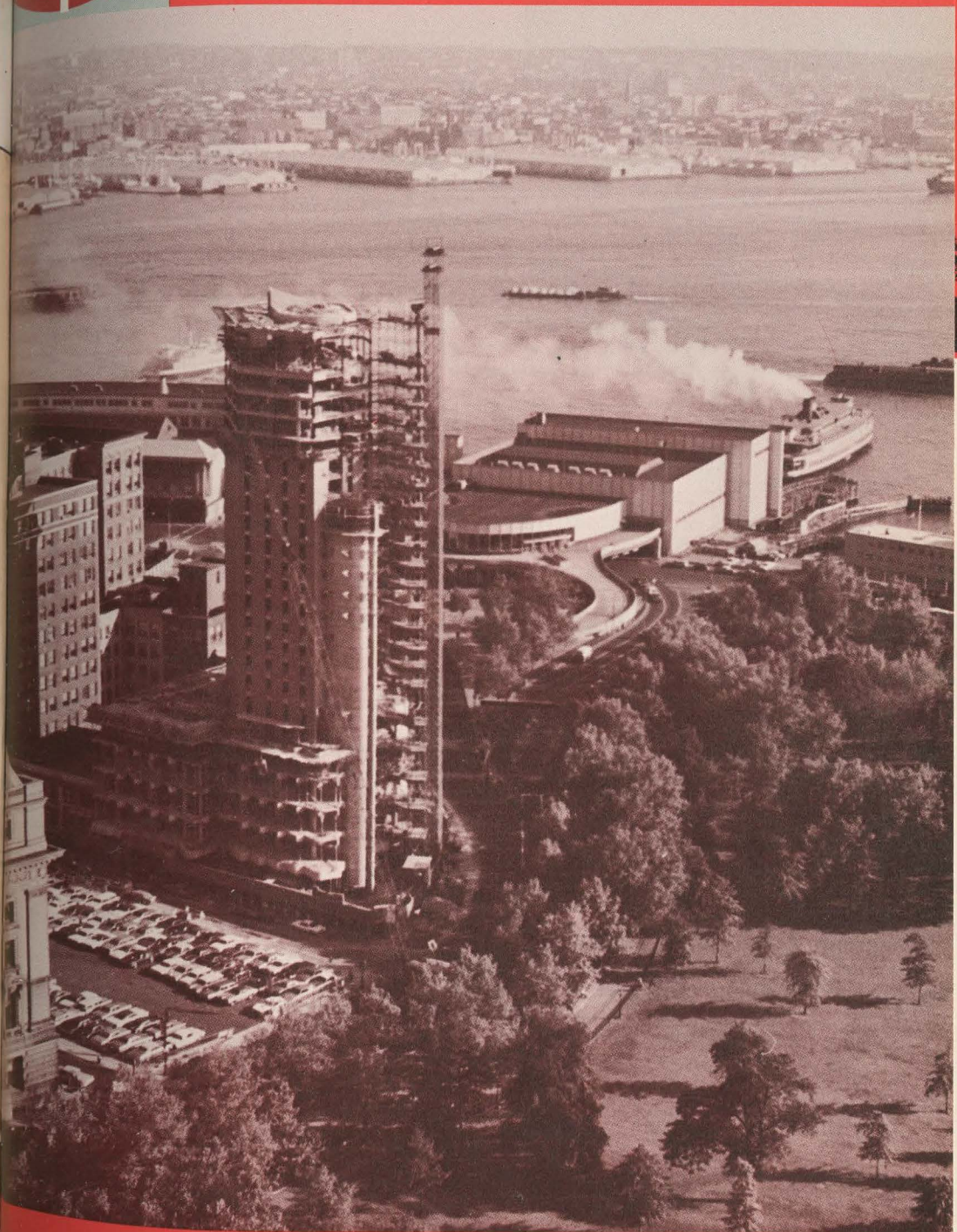


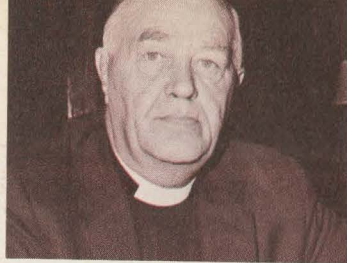


the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



NOVEMBER 1967



A Holiday Message

from the Director

"We wish to thank all of our friends at the S. C. I. for the splendid gift packages which each of us received during our Christmas voyage to Vietnam. They were a real boost to the morale of officers and crew alike — Even in these days of better conditions for seamen, the loneliness of life at sea persists and it is a remarkable thing to see the obvious pleasure of these men when they are remembered on Christmas Eve by a colorful box of individually wrapped gift packages and a cheerful Christmas card from the good folks at the Seamen's Church Institute. May God bless you all and give you the strength and possibilities to keep on going with this wonderful work."

So wrote a seaman after Christmas 1966. Because of your interest and support, 10,000 seamen will receive a gift box in your name this year. They are grateful to you and so are we.

This will be our last Christmas at 25 South Street. We look forward to the New Year and the years ahead in our new home where we intend to carry on our program of ministry and service to 250,000 men annually even more effectively and with honor to 134 years of vital work. Our hopes and our enthusiasm are high. We count heavily on your continued support and interest.

May your Christmas be full of joy and may the blessings of the New Year exceed your anticipation.

THE REV. JOHN M. MULLIGAN
Director

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

the LOOKOUT

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INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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COVER: New SCI building and environs as seen from thirty-story level at 17 Battery Place.



SCI Revisited

by
Charles
Hale



Between years at college I left my home town, Tulsa, and first saw the splashing, rolling blue of the sea from a bobbing freighter upon it. Signed on as an O.S. aboard the Lykes Lines' *SS Davenport*, a War I Liberty ship, I had glided down the delta from New Orleans by night, and awakened on the morning of September 2, 1931, to the grandest sight a man may behold: A 360° panorama of sunny white cloud outshone by the brilliance of the white-cap, and a sky blueness turned positively pale against those indigo waters of the Gulf.

We scraped and fish-oiled and red-leaded and painted our way to the Texas ports, and then toward Bremen, Hamburg, Antwerp. On the third day out of Freeport, the sting of sulphur powder in our eyes night and day disappeared. And one line of conversation kept returning to the fo'c's'le —

"Have you met Mother Roper? Just wait 'till you hit New York and stay at the Institute! You look out over the biggest harbor, and there's the Statue of Liberty. For a nickel you can ride the ferry past her to Staten Island, or look into everybody's window through the length of New York City on the elevated.


"But the Institute is *the* place. You could live there without ever leaving, just like aboard ship. And everything shipshape."

We returned instead to Tampa and New Orleans. I sailed the *Spanish Main* on a smaller craft, the *SS Mundolphin* under charter to the Puerto Rico Company, as watchman on the forepeak, learning to tell a ship's light from a star before I clanged her in on the bell.

Orders for New York. Off Hatteras as I took the turn at the wheel, spinning her over into the big ones so they would set us back down on course, a storm blew in. Forty foot seas. Loss of our deck cargo, and our auxiliary wheel and compass on the poop, survivors of decades of other blows. Snapped off at the deck.

From the bridge you could watch the mast describe an arc of more than 90°, swinging to port closer to the horizontal than to the vertical, to starboard almost as close.

A light winked on, dead forward. The mate and I clambered topside the bridge as the sheets of salt marched in,



to rig our out-of-control signal—two light bulbs on an extension cord, one light six feet above the other.

The ship shuddered fearfully from stem to stern each time the prop came clear of the water. So

much sea came down the stack that for three days and nights it was all we could do to get the power we had to have to keep the *Mundolphin* headed into the waves.

We were to learn that three fishing boats sank around us. On sign-off day at the old Jack Frost dock across North River from 125 Street, in New York, I would hear the mate tell the inspector he had thought we might not make it.

First, a night at anchor in the upper harbor, and there the Statue, there the Institute beacon. My duty on dogwatch: Relighting the kerosene lantern and hoisting her back up the mast every time the wind snuffed it out — for ferries plied close by. Our ship rode there as white as the two feet of ice caking her bridge, but the winter's night was misty and dark. One ferry did come close.

I well remember my first impression of SCI, going through the impressive entrance with the curious little swing-away doors — flanked by green and red ship's lights — and the walk-through elevator to an upper bunk on a dormitory deck on one of the floors.

And then there is the recollection of the Belgian seaman visitor clapping along in wooden clogs in the corridor of the dormitory floor. A bos'un out of history with a hook for a hand. And, everyone getting his land legs, down in the SCI lobby, going from the leisurely gait aboard into a rolling striding quite capable of dealing with any sudden rising of the marble floor!

Shore coffee and two fine doughnuts: 5¢. The date: March, 1932.

And one big impression of life at

the Institute: Chaplains, staff members, volunteers — everyone here liked people; every person loved the man of the sea. You could feel it.

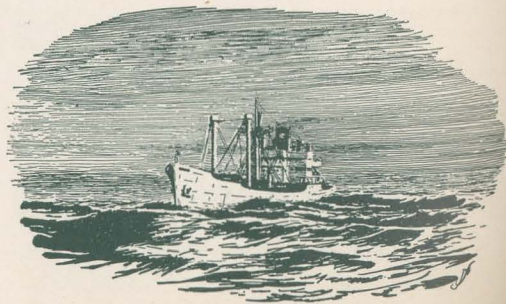
Soon one day, my shipmate's face alight; "Mother Roper wants to see you!" And I experienced a minute or two of communion with as fine a human being as you have met or ever will meet. Her gay assurance: "Remember, son. With those discharge papers in your pocket, you will always have a berth waiting at this open port, our Institute."

Now I've come back. I have returned to the Institute for a day and a night in 1967. Here, 35 years later, I do find changes. In startling directions, though. I find some things much as they were. Delightful Mother Roper, whose other name was known to few — her work of counseling and help lives on in Mrs. Gladys Kadish. The same cheery friendliness and the helping hand are here, custom-made to the need of the man who ships out.

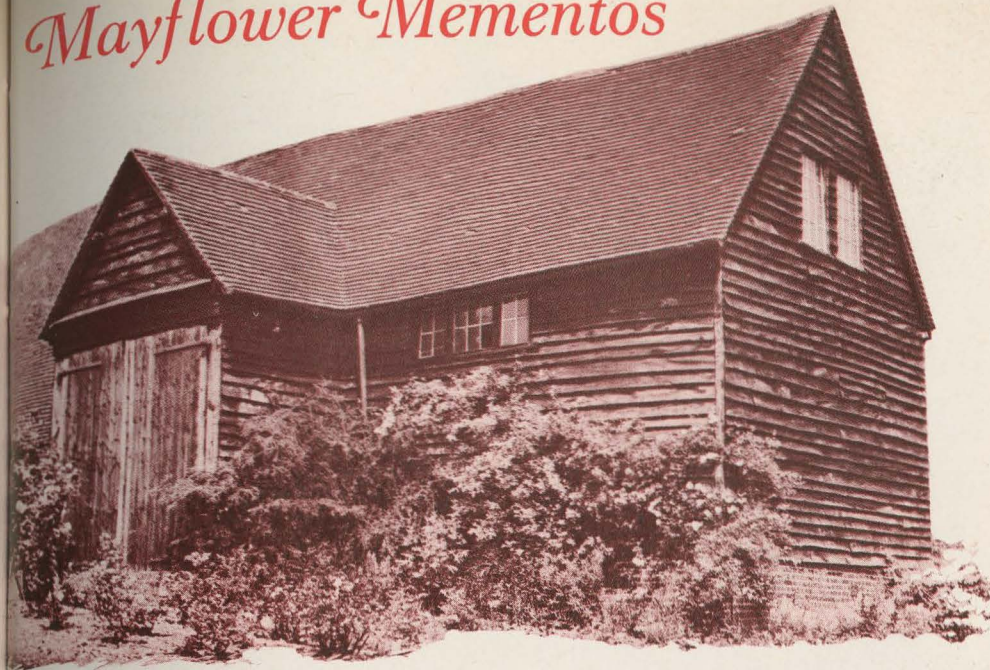
In I came through the same little doors splitting apart beneath that same figurehead . . . past the marble drinking fountains that awed us in 1932 . . . up the same walk-through elevator . . . and into that unique atmosphere you still meet from deck to deck at the Institute: regard and esteem, and, yes, love for the seagoing man.

I could see why this is so. Seamen constitute a breed apart, an admirable breed. They live closely together at sea, and must do so ashore. Their trips may

(Continued on page 12)



Mayflower Mementos



by Arthur Gaunt

Reminders of the Pilgrim Fathers, who so courageously sailed to the New World in search of religious freedom in 1620, are still to be found in various parts of the United Kingdom, where they nowadays attract many American visitors.

Lincolnshire, with its coastline bordering the North Sea, is rich in places associated with the voyage of the *Mayflower*. It was at Boston, in this English county, that the leaders of the Puritan group negotiated for a ship to take them across the Atlantic.

Boston parish church, with its fine 272 ft. tower looking across the fenslands to the sea, is another mecca associated with them. A side chapel in this splendid church commemorates the Rev. John Cotton, the early 17th-century cleric who preached forcefully against religious intolerance and persuaded many Boston families to leave their home town for overseas, where they could practice their faith unhindered.

This monster barn at Jordans, a hamlet in Buckinghamshire, England, was almost certainly built with timber from the *Mayflower* when she was broken up.

Even before the epic voyage of the *Mayflower*, several Lincolnshire families had taken the advice of this outspoken parson, and in 1633 he himself set sail in their wake. Many of his congregation went with him to Boston, in Massachusetts, which had already been founded by the earlier pioneers, and he ministered there until his death 19 years later.

The memorial chapel in Boston parish church was originally the chapel of the guild occupying the Guildhall where the Pilgrim Fathers were imprisoned, so there is a double link between the *Mayflower* and that church.

American interest in the chapel prompted the raising of funds in the U.S.A. for its restoration as a John Cotton memorial in 1857. One of the colored windows depicts members of the Guild leaving their guildhall to wor-

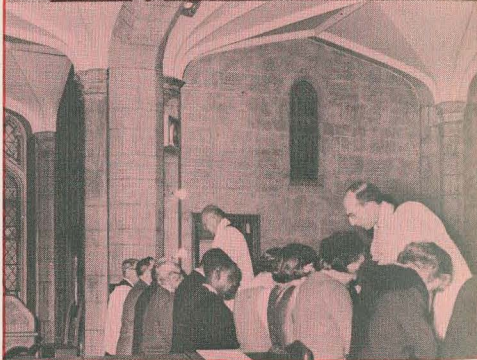
THANKSGIVING AT SCI

For many years, for perhaps as long as the Institute has existed, it has been host at the Thanksgiving observance held in the building for resident seamen.

The Holy Communion service will again be held this Thanksgiving in the chapel, the traditional "on-the-house" dinner will again take place in SCI's cafeteria. It will, in most respects, be the same festive affair as in the past; the same holiday spirit will envelope the venerable building.

Everything will be the same — but not quite. For it will be the last Thanksgiving dinner and the last Christmas season in 25 South Street. The Institute will have moved into its new building by this time next year.

Of one thing the seamen may be sure: the SCI staff is going to make this Thanksgiving and this Christmas at SCI an outstanding one — in memory of old times past.



ship in the chapel.

After their release from jail and the failure of their first plan, the Puritan leaders went to Hull in search of another ship, and it was from nearby Immingham, just inside Lincolnshire county, that they eventually sailed away. From here they went to Holland in 1609, beginning the great adventure which, eleven years later, was to take them westward across the Atlantic and lead ultimately to the founding of the United States.

Now surrounded by modern docks,

the Pilgrim Fathers' embarkation point at Immingham is marked by a tapering column fashioned in granite from Plymouth Rock in the U.S.A.

Nottinghamshire remembers proudly that William Brewster, one of the most fervent of the Puritan band, lived in the county. His home was in what is now the manor farm at Scrooby, a village near the Yorkshire boundary. Though the dwelling has undergone alterations, a tablet on it serves as a reminder of its strong associations with Brewster, and recalls that the

"Fathers of New England" met hereabouts to talk over their plans to leave England forever.

The little church at Scrooby also contains the Brewster pew, fashioned partly from an old wooden screen. The font in which William Brewster was baptised has, in fact, been transferred to the U.S.A. The village stocks have gone across the Atlantic too.

Chorley, in Lancashire, honors Miles Standish, another of the little company who ventured all for their faith. He was made military commander of the colony, and had to protect the settlers against attacks by the Indians.

His difficulties were increased by Thomas Weston, a fellow-countryman who sold firearms to the natives. By courage, understanding, and sheer force of character, Standish finally established good relations with the Redskins, and succeeded in outwitting a band of worthless adventurers who arrived from England to pursue their own base ends.

When money troubles over the *Mayflower* threatened the New England community, Standish returned to England, raised the money to pay off the debt, and then rejoined his fellow colonists in America, and established an estate there, calling it Duxbury after his birthplace in Lancashire.

He was descended from the Standish family of Duxbury Hall, a mansion near Chorley, where he was born in 1584. As at Scrooby, the local church contains pews which in bygone days were reserved for individual families, and among them is a Standish pew.

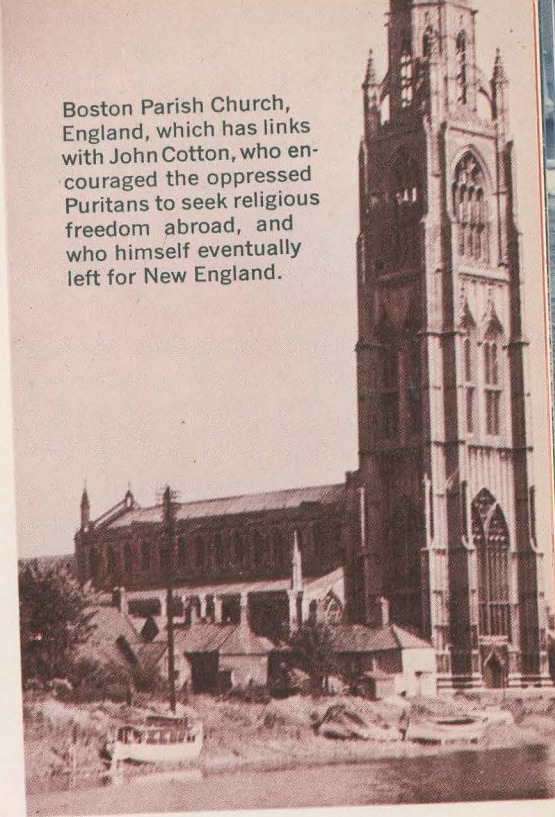
Souvenirs of William Bradford, the second governor of Plymouth, U.S.A., make Austerfield (South Yorkshire) an American shrine. The village, standing away from Britain's great modern north-to-south motorway, was his birthplace. Even as a boy he was not afraid to voice unpopular religious beliefs, and he once had to hide in the cellar of his cottage home to evade pun-

ishment by the magistrates for expressing such ideas.

The register of the village church records his baptism there in 1589, and the font to be seen today is the very one which served on that occasion.

Much of our knowledge of the Pilgrim Fathers is attributable to the researches of Joseph Hunter, a historian who lies in another churchyard in Yorkshire, the one at Ecclesfield, near Sheffield. William Bradford himself left historically important records of the early days of the New England community, and although these manuscripts were lost when he died in 1657, they were miraculously found again in the library at Lambeth Palace, London, 200 years later.

Dorchester, the county town of Dorset, in south-west England, remembers John White, one of the main organizers of the colonization America in the 17th century. He went aboard the ships



Boston Parish Church, England, which has links with John Cotton, who encouraged the oppressed Puritans to seek religious freedom abroad, and who himself eventually left for New England.

which were to carry the settlers to their new land, and preached a farewell sermon.

He lies in the churchyard of St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, and over the pulpit is the Massachusetts flag, linking this Dorset town with its namesake across the Atlantic. The Pilgrim Fathers esteemed him so much that they named their first church after him.

Perhaps the most astonishing survivals of the *Mayflower* are parts of the vessel itself. Amazing though it may seem, the ship has not entirely vanished, though 300 years have elapsed since she sailed the seas.

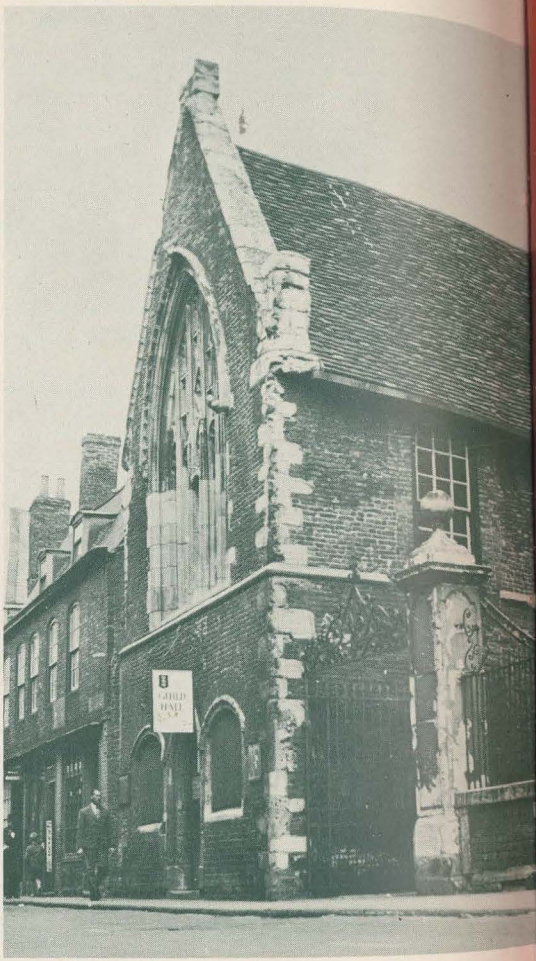
When her seagoing career ended she was sold to a friend of her owner and was dismantled to provide timber for a large barn at Jordans, a village in Buckinghamshire. Nearly 100 ft. long and 20 ft. wide, this great storeplace incorporates a massive beam containing a fault mentioned in the *Mayflower's* log as having given the Pilgrim Fathers much concern. There seems little doubt that the salt-impregnated timbers of the barn are indeed those of the historic ship.

Some of the material may also have been used in the nearby farmhouse. So this day there is to be seen an ancient door with cross-pieces bearing a floral design, perhaps symbolizing the *Mayflower* (or *Maryflower*) in the name of the vessel.

Nor is Jordans alone in having mementoes of the *Mayflower*. Noseley Church, a solitary tree-girt sanctuary in Leicestershire, contains panelling believed to have been fashioned from the oak of that ship. That it has survived here at all is surprising, for 150 years ago it was reported that the church was becoming ruinous and would soon tumble. Happily this prophesy has not come to pass, and today there is no more carefully tended country church in the English Midlands than the one at Noseley.

Abingdon, overlooking the Thames

Ecclesfield Church, near Sheffield, England, is associated with Joseph Hunter, whose researches greatly expanded our knowledge about the voyage of the *Mayflower*.



in Berkshire, is the proud possessor of two tall shafts which are thought to have been two of the three masts of the *Mayflower*.

The story of the Pilgrim Fathers is inspiring, and is made more so by the discovery that so many places and objects associated with them have survived.



IN

THE SPIRIT

OF THE SEASON WE

INVITE YOUR SPECIAL

CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT WE MAY

MAKE CHRISTMAS BRIGHTER FOR MANY

LONESOME MEN FAR AWAY FROM HOMES AND

FAMILIES WHO MAKE THEIR HOLIDAY HOME WITH

US. IF YOU ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY AS YOUR

BROTHER'S BROTHER, PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY TO HELP

US IN OUR WORK, ESPECIALLY SIGNIFICANT DURING THIS SEASON

WHEN JUST HAVING A FRIEND MEANS SO MUCH ... NOT ONLY TO OUR

AMERICAN SEAMEN, BUT
TO HUNDREDS OF SEA-

FARING BROTHERS

☒ VISITING WITH ☒

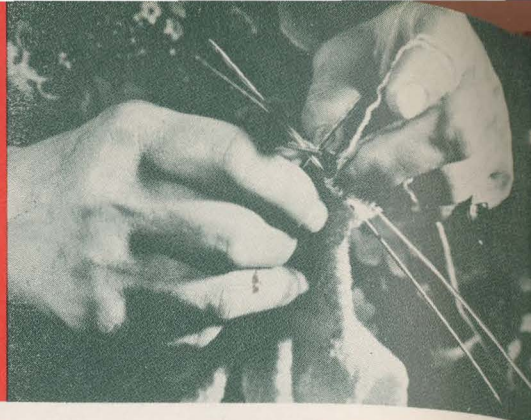
US THIS YEAR WHO

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Christmas at Sea

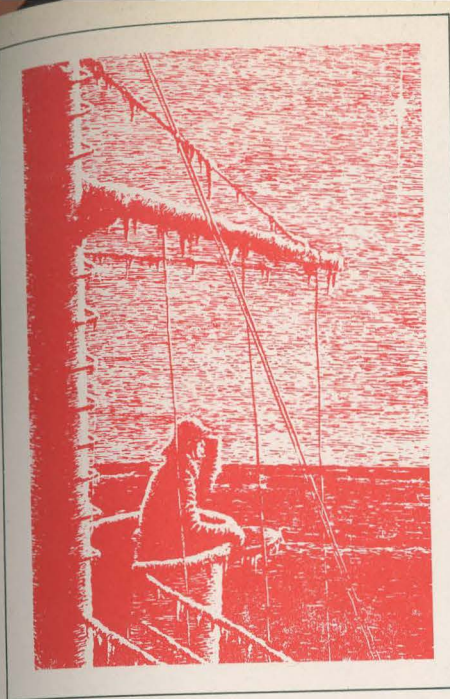


Beginning in late October and continuing into early December, many groups of women volunteers from New York and the surrounding area will bustle into the Seamen's Church Institute.

They are members of the Women's Council, S.C.I.'s auxiliary, whose *Number One* annual project is the production of between nine and ten thousand gift packages for as many merchant seaman who will be at sea during Christmas.

These women, working carefully and purposefully in the "Christmas Room," will be engaged in the diverse tasks of assembling, wrapping and packing the various items which go into the Christmas boxes.

The custom of the S.C.I. gift box began twenty-five years ago — during World War II — as a spontaneous gesture toward the merchant seamen. One of the boxes distributed this year will be the *two hundred thousandth* packed.



In addition to the anticipation and pleasure of unwrapping the numerous individual gifts contained in each box, the seamen particularly appreciate the hand-knitted woolen garments provided by the thousands of volunteer knitters — women and some men — scattered throughout almost every state of the Union.

Garments — made to specifications — consist of sleeveless sweaters, scarves, watch caps, socks and gloves. Yarn is purchased wholesale by the Women's Council and distributed at minimal cost to the knitters.

Many parish groups have special benefits to help defray wool costs. Church groups are a large source of knitters, but there are hundreds of individuals unaffiliated with any group who knit for the seamen as well.

Many women have preferences for particular garments and, when possible, are given the opportunity of knitting the garment of their choice. With almost every wool order comes a comment of gratification in being able to help in this program. From California:

"Today I am posting to S.C.I. four wool scarves. It gives me great satisfaction to do this as I am a 'shut-in' — but fortunately can use my hands. It is thus 'occupational therapy.' From a seafaring family, I like to think of a seaman — out in the North Atlantic — being comforted by one of my scarves."

Knitting seems to go through cyclic phases of popularity in the United States. It is now at a high peak and younger women are taking it up. The Women's Council would like to enlist more of these younger women into its needle corps.

For a seaman, Christmas can be a lonely, meaningless day. Through a Christmas box he can find that he has been thought of by an unknown friend and thus discover again the true beauty and spirit of Christmas. A seaman writes from the Persian Gulf:

"I am one of the fortunate persons of this world to be born in the country that has people like you. I received your wonderful gifts and I can never tell on paper how I feel. It is all in my heart."



be faster now, and so, shorter. These men are well cared for aboard, and well paid. They may telephone home from their ships or from far ports. They may fly about, between sailings. They may, and now many do, raise families.

However:

That moving island on the ocean, his ship, must be reproduced for this man at the great ports, where he may sojourn ashore among those of his kind from the sea lanes — and among shore people who understand seagoers.

Relentlessly, the passage of time brings change. "The Institute" now is often called "SCI". Twice a week — Ah, shades of 1932! — men shipping under foreign flags are bussed in from Newark, American seamen join in, young hostesses appear, and everyone dances everything from the Monkey and the newest Twist to Jitterbugging and waltzes at the International Seamen's Club.

Music live, and heavy on the beat. I watched. It lifted my spirit to see it. Why, except for this fine orchestra in the flesh instead of recorded music, these people having fun beneath the moving, colored lights might be the crowd at any discotheque in midtown New York. That dancing star of them all, the Chief up from Rio, might have just left some corporation office on Park Avenue.

We no longer hop a ship as casually as I did. We no longer load sulphur as powder. We no longer take on cargo at anchor off Ponce. We hardly improvise out-of-control lights with an extension cord! — or hoist a kerosene lamp to the mast-head to keep ferryboats away! We no longer check our time of day with a ball descending on the rooftop.

I had come to 25 South Street in the building's nineteenth year. Now, in her fifty-fourth, I am gratified to learn that SCI has committed itself to the present and the future as well as to valid traditions from out of the past.

On State Street, next year, a new

SCI will welcome her guests from the sea. The demand will be met: Quarters for married couples, for the ladies who now go to sea, air-conditioned rooms with baths for seamen — and carpeting, and innerspring mattresses.

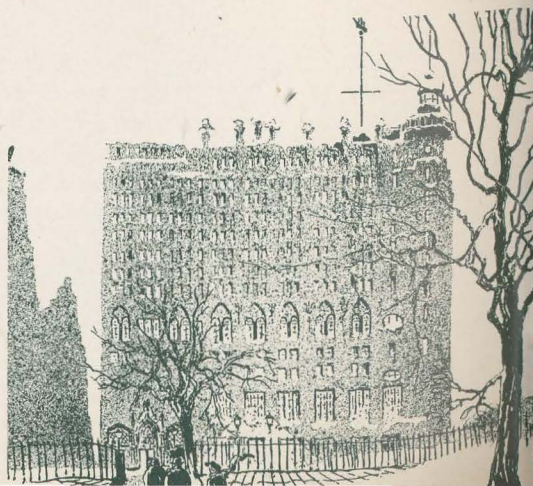
And I know this: Next year — with salt in his hair — some other 20-year-old will check in at the Institute. He will have leaned into a nor'wester, and painted a stack from a bos'un's chair, watched the flash of the Hole in the Well at the tip of Florida's keys, and will have seen the spouting of a whale.

He will have lifted a jellyfish in a bucket from Galveston Bay, and lured a flying fish aboard in the night with a deck light. He will have wondered with the crew whether that thin white line is really an iceberg far away, and counted the stars at sea, and gasped at the Northern lights, and looked at porpoises scratching their backs on the prow of the ship from the forepeak.

He well may find in the new Writing Room what I've just found in the old — at one desk a staff and penpoint and a freshly filled inkwell! Blue-black!

What my Institute was to me, his SCI will be to him, exactly. To know precisely what this is, you have to do it yourself at 20.

And when he has passed the Narrows he will see what I saw in the New York sky: Jesus' cross.



the sea on Christmas Seals



(Left to right—top row:)

This is the United States Christmas seal for the year 1928.

The 1941 seal, designed by the famous artist Steven Dohanos.

(Left to right—bottom row:)

Portrait of Einar Holboll, the originator or "father" of the Christmas seal.

The Danish Christmas seal for the year 1922, featuring the Naval Training Ship "Copenhagen," or "Kekenhavn" as it is spelled in Danish.

by Bennie Bengston

Ships, lighthouses, fish, seagulls, icebergs, beautiful seascapes and many other things pertaining to the sea have appeared on Christmas seals through the years. One of the loveliest designs is that of a ship under full sail scudding along before a fresh wind.

A fine example of this is on the United States' Christmas seal for the year 1928. It shows the ship *Argosy*, a wave breaking in front of it, and with the double-barred Lorraine cross which is the insignia of the International Tuberculosis Association on its sail. Canada used the same design on its TB

seal for that year, changing only the greeting on the French edition. A lighthouse adorns the 1941 U.S. seal.

Denmark, where the Christmas seal originated back in 1904, has had ships of many sizes and descriptions on its seals. In 1922, the naval training ship *Copenhagen* was featured, an exceptionally fine subject indeed. The following year — 1923 — the Danish Yuletide stickers depicted a whaleboat off the Faeros, some rugged cliffs in the background.

No less than five kinds of ships — an icebreaker, a sailing ship, a fishing boat, a ferry and a light-ship — got on the 1957 issue. Issued in sheets of fifty, ten rows of five each, the same design appeared over and over again, merely

ship *Gulfoss* in 1926 with a colorful view of the ocean and headland in the background. Some of the Icelandic seals are unique in both conception and execution, real works of art. The Christmas Star shining down in lonely splendor over an Arctic sea on one is a standout. A cross on a large golden shield casting its light over a shimmering sea makes a striking motif on another.

A beautiful Viking "longship" graces one of Sweden's Yuletide TB seals. Only 75 to 100 feet in length, without decks, frail-looking craft in appearance, and yet they were sailed across the North Atlantic to Iceland, Greenland and even to the North American mainland.

What daring and marvelous seamen the old Vikings were! They swept down the coasts of France and Spain, to Paris, Nantes, Lisbon, Cadiz and into the Mediterranean. Across the Baltic they went and down the rivers of Russia to Novgorod and Kiev, to the Caspian and Black Seas and into Constantinople. They sailed by the sun and stars, and they knew how to use the ocean currents and tides and winds to carry them where they wished to go.

In 1961, the Canadian Christmas seals were designed for a special occasion: the first meeting in Canada for the International Union Against Tuberculosis. Representatives from 68 countries all over the world came to this conference. If some of the visitors

Mexico and Japan have featured tropical fish on their seals, fifty different species on the 1964 Mexican issue. The Ryukyus Islands have had colorful native fishing boats on their seals, as well as fish swimming through a coral reef, the last-named a very lovely design.

It was Einar Hollboll, a Danish postal clerk, who back in 1904 started it all with the idea of a little Christmas "stamp" to fight tuberculosis. Holboll's father was a naval officer and, when a young man, that was Einar's desire, too. He went to sea, but a severe attack of rheumatic fever forced him to seek a less active vocation. He then entered the postal service, somewhat unwillingly it is thought, and made it his life's work.

It was while sorting mail during the Christmas rush in 1903 that he thought of the "little Christmas stamp to stamp out tuberculosis." He felt that no one would object to paying a small "voluntary tax" of a penny or so on the Christmas greetings sent friends, the proceeds to go toward building sanatoriums and homes for children afflicted with lung tuberculosis. His plan appealed to others, too, and in 1904 the world's first Christmas seal appeared.

The Christmas seal spread over the world almost like a prairie fire, until today some 65 countries have used it. It has been the means of raising millions of dollars in the anti-TB fight. Perhaps it was a fortunate thing that Hollboll was unable to make the sea and the navy his life career — he might not then have conceived the brilliant idea of a Christmas seal to conquer TB. Born in 1865, he died in 1927; that year the Danish seal carried his portrait.

had never been to Canada before, they could get a good idea of what the country was like — its industries, sports, wild-life, geography, etc. — by looking at the TB seals, no two of which were identical.

Sailing ships and fishing boats spoke for its fishing and maritime industries, and icebergs, a walrus, polar bears, whales, fish, penguins and Eskimos in kayaks presented a panorama of the Far North. The wheel of a ship adorned one seal. In the background, superimposed on it, was a map of Canada.

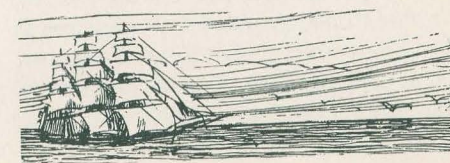


changing positions in the rows. Hence every seal had a ship on it. The year 1959 set the record for ships on Danish seals, however. Nine different vessels, all the way from an Eskimo kayak to a giant ocean liner, are shown. Each seal had a separate motif, so there was much variety — polar bears, penguins, winter scenes and what have you.

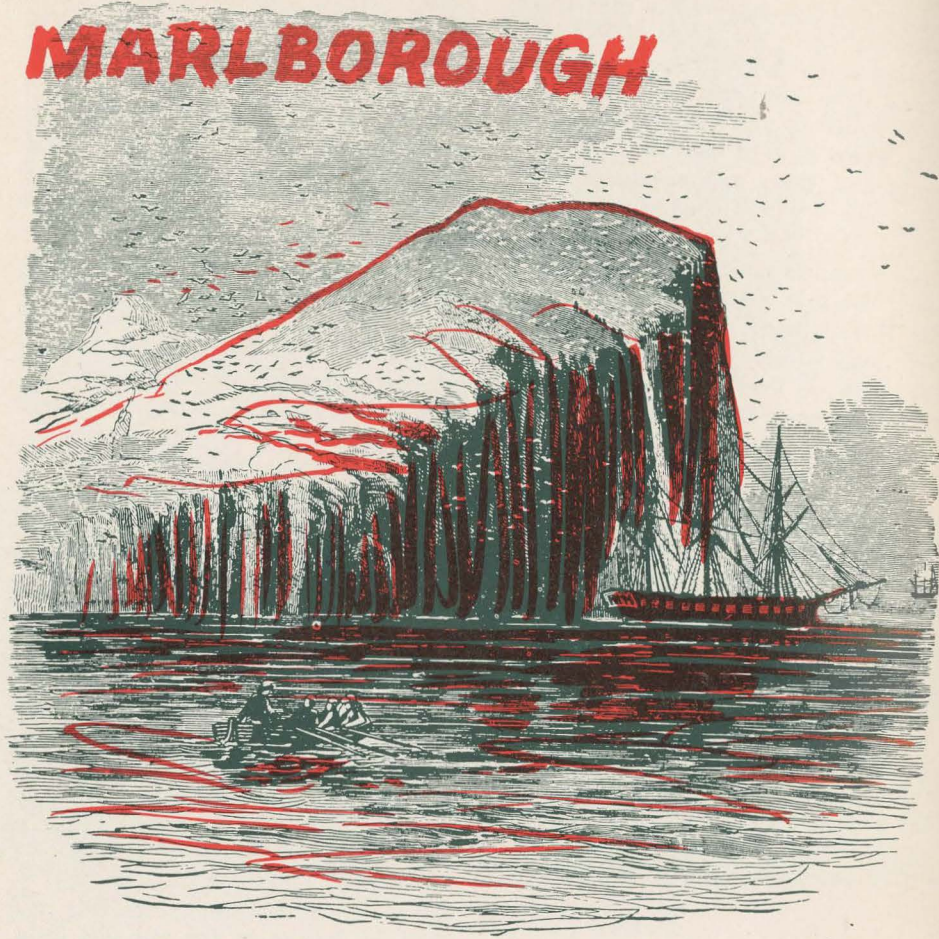
The other Scandinavian countries, too, have remembered the sea when designing their Christmas TB seals. Norway placed two sailboats on one of its seals, and Iceland pictured the steam-

(Left and far right) These seals were issued by the Ryukyus Islands and feature small boats used by the natives. The Ryukyus Islands lie in the Pacific Ocean between the south end of Japan and Formosa.

(Above) Swedish Christmas seal for the year 1908, featuring a Viking "longship" in its design. The inscription at the top reads "In warfare against the enemy," and at the sides and bottom — "Swedish National Association Against Tuberculosis."



THE MYSTERY OF THE MARLBOROUGH



by Neill J. Harris

First to see the floating tomb off the coast of Tierra del Fuego was the lookout on a small sailing vessel.

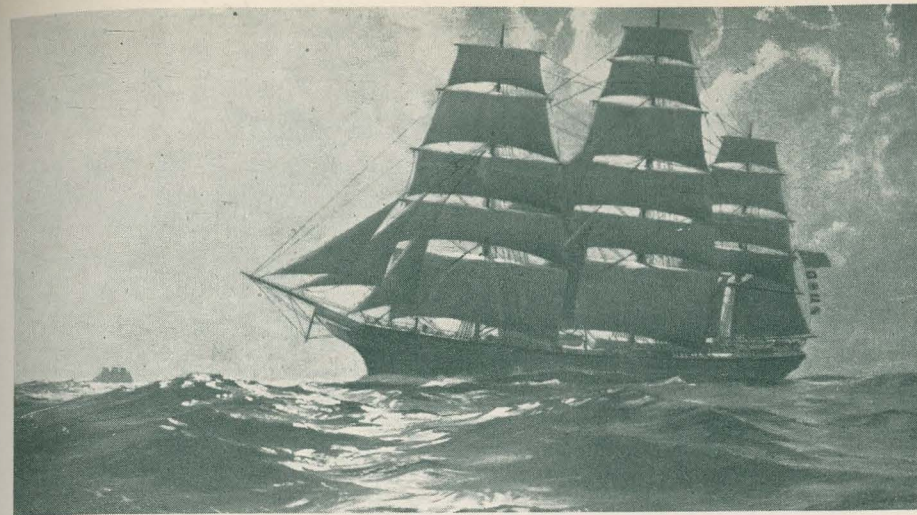
"Ship ahead!" he shouted down to the skipper when he first sighted the big three-master. The stranded vessel had only a part of its canvas and was apparently disabled. They signalled to her but there was no sign of life aboard.

"Do you need help?" roared the skipper through his megaphone but there was no answer.

"We'll go closer and see what's the matter with her," said the skipper.

The mystery deepened as they approached for they saw that the three-master's sails were green, her deck and superstructure were green. When they got near her they understood the reason for this change of appearance.

The whole vessel, down to the waterline, had turned green because she was covered with mould.



"She must have been drifting for several months at least for that to happen to her," said the skipper. "I'm going to see what's wrong."

Accompanied by some of the crew, he put off in a small boat. They first rowed round the wreck. The mystery ship was stranded in a practically straight position at a spot well-sheltered from the winds. All was silent aboard the weird derelict and she appeared completely deserted. Her green sails flapped idly in the breeze, rotting ropes still held hanging from the davits, a lifeboat with its bulwarks stained and corroded with salt; a feeling of eerie, evil desolation was in the tainted air. Slowly and silently the awed men rowed round the sinister wreck, gazing in wonder and fear. When they reached the stern they stopped to look at the ship's name. Suddenly the skipper uttered a loud exclamation.

"Look! Look!" he cried, pointing at the letters, half worn away but still legible: MARLBOROUGH, GLASGOW. "But that's impossible. It can't be. The *Marlborough* was lost with all hands 24 years ago!"

But it *was* the *Marlborough*. They boarded her with great difficulty as everything was covered with a green fungoid growth, slippery and evil-

smelling. They trod carefully as the deck planks were slippery and rotted and gave way under their feet. They found skeletons everywhere, shreds and tatters of clothing still clinging to the discolored bones.

All appeared to have died natural deaths — at least there was no mark of violence to be seen. There were three skeletons on the poop. One lay at the wheel and another at the hatchway to the hold. They went below and found six skeletons in the wardroom and ten more in the fo'c'sle.

They searched the derelict completely, looking for some clue that would explain what had happened to the crew and the passengers. There were no signs of violence, so it had not been a mutiny. The winds had carried off the ship's papers long ago, the log had rotted away. They left the ship without finding the answer to the terrible secret. It was another inexplicable mystery of the sea.

It was almost a quarter of a century before this that the *Marlborough* had set out on her last voyage. She left Lyttleton, New Zealand, early in January of 1890 and was bound for England, taking the Cape Horn route. Skipper Hird was a first-class officer commanding a fine ship with a crew of regular seamen under him. There were a num-

ber of passengers including one woman and they also carried some sheep as live cargo.

But the *Marlborough* never reached England. After leaving Lyttleton she was seen for the last time off the Straits of Magellan and after that was never heard of again. Her disappearance was thoroughly investigated but not a trace could be found of her. In April of 1891, a special inquiry was instituted but nothing new came to light. The *Marlborough* had disappeared and in Lloyd's registry was marked: "Lost with all hands."

But the *Marlborough* was not lost although it was 24 years before she was found, practically undamaged with her crew aboard, a sinister derelict manned by skeletons.

What happened aboard her on that last fatal voyage? How did she become a derelict? The solution to this terrible sea tragedy was never learned. Did her crew and passengers die of hunger or cold or disease? Were they poisoned accidentally? Were they deliberately poisoned? It will never be known.

Where had she been all those 24 years? With a crew of corpses and out of control, the death ship succeeded in navigating some of the most dangerous waters in the world. At that time Cape Horn and the Straits of Magellan were the graveyard of sailing ships and yet this floating sepulchre managed to reach the haven of safety where she was later found.

With a dead crew and at the complete mercy of wind and waves she made her way through the tremendous seas of the "Roaring Forties" latitudes. A sinister vessel with a cargo of death was given protection denied ordinary ships.

The mystery of the *Marlborough* is destined to remain forever unexplained.

They Don't Forget

Seamen come to SCI, and they depart. Some return again and again and become well-known to the SCI staff. Others seem to fall out of view and are forgotten; no one hears of them. But no seamen who ever visits SCI forgets the Institute. A recent letter to Chaplain R. T. Foust from Warwickshire, England, attests to this:

Dear Chaplain:

In the year 1943 I departed from my Norwegian ship as a deckhand with the hope of joining an American ship. Instead, my shipmate and I found ourselves stranded in New York for about six weeks. Three or more were spent at the Institute.

During our stay there, being absolutely without funds and trying to pass our time away in the game rooms, we were asked by the Chaplain to attend a non-denomination service for seamen. After the service the Chaplain asked us of our plight and later lent us \$1.00 each, strictly for writing home to our parents. We wrote home, also managed a pack of cigarettes and a trip up to Times Square, for which we were very grateful especially as it was very near Christmas. It was also very cold but we were glad to get out for a while.

Now I would like to repay and thank you on behalf of the Chaplain of that time for the money he lent us from the institute funds.

Please find enclosed one Pound note (£1), and since I have not been to sea since I married sixteen years ago, I hope some day to return with my wife and children to wonderful New York and the Institute.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
E.P.F.



CHRISTMAS AWAY FROM HOME

A Christmas spent away from home, apart,
Is pain-pricked with the needled holly spine
Although the berries, scarlet, torch the heart,
And stolen kiss is heady as old wine
Beneath the ring of waxen mistletoe.
A bit of sadness lights the fireside flame
Though gifts pile high to bring heart's sudden glow.
And yet the old, loved story . . . still the same . . .
Presaged the coming pain with gift of myrrh
While yet the angels sang of joy and praise,
So still do joy and sorrow both occur
And mingle in the candle's up-draft blaze.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb



25 South Street
New York, N. Y. 10004

Return Requested

AT NEW YORK, N. Y. THE PHOTO

