The LOOKOUT

Courtesy, "The Ship's Bulletin" Standard Oil Company of New Jersey

NORTH ATLANTIC GALE

A revealing picture taken by F. W. Marshall, Radio Operator. The ship is the "ESSO BAYWAY" and the occasion is one of those which justifies the importance of a "trained and efficient personnel."

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXXII—NUMBER 1 JANUARY, 1941

Orison

O Gracious and Loving Father, who hast set men in families upon the earth, we would remember before Thee all who live the wandering life of the sea. Grant, we beseech Thee, that the Seamen's Institutes everywhere may be homes of welcome for the strangers, harbors of safety for the tempted, and sanctuaries for all who need, and that Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, may be in the midst giving courage and endurance, for His Name's sake. Amen. (Missions to Seamen, Adapted)

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXII, JANUARY, 1941

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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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 under the laws of the State of New York,** located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....
.....Dollars.

Note that the words **"of New York"** are a part of our title.

The Lookout

Vol. XXXII — January, 1941 — No. 1

The Ways and Means Committee

announces the

Annual Benefit

to be held on

Thursday Evening, February 6th

at the Henry Miller Theatre

We have reserved the orchestra and mezzanine for the fourth night performance of a new play

MISS INA CLAIRE

"The Talley Method"

by S. N. BEHRMAN

starring

INA CLAIRE AND PHILIP MERIVALE

(who previously starred in "Ode to Liberty", "Biography", etc.)

(who previously starred in "Elizabeth the Queen", "Death Takes A Holiday", "Call It A Day", "Ladies & Gentlemen", etc.)

Boxes	(4 seats each)	$40.00
Orchestra Seats	(rows 1-5, center only)	12.50
" "	(rows 1-5, side sections)	10.00
" "	(rows 6-8, center and side)	10.00
" "	(rows 9-12)	7.50
" "	(rows 13-15)	5.00
Mezzanine Seats	(first row)	7.50
" "	(rows 2-4)	5.00
" "	(rows 5-6)	3.30

Tickets will be assigned as reservations are received. Kindly make checks payable to the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York* and mail to the Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

WE ARE COUNTING ON YOUR LOYAL SUPPORT. The proceeds of the benefit will be used to help maintain the welfare, recreational, and social services at the Institute.

A Princess Visits the Institute

Princess Juliana about to shake hands with a group of Javanese seamen. Left to right: Mrs. Adrianne deBruyn, the Princess, Mr. Adriaan Gips, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley and Dr. Alexander London, Netherlands Minister.

CROWN PRINCESS JULIANA came to New York and began her day of sightseeing by a drive along Manhattan's waterfront to the Seamen's Church Institute on December 21st. Here she was welcomed in the room for Netherlands Seamen and received the enthusiastic ovations from about one hundred Dutch shipping men and seamen.

The smiling, gracious heiress to the imperial throne of the Netherlands was moved to tears by the enthusiastic assurances of fealty from the seamen, most of whom have received no word from their families in Holland since the Nazi occupation.

The visit of the Princess to the Institute was particularly appropriate because the site was once an anchorage for the sailing ships plying between the Old World and the thriving 17th century Dutch colony of Nieuw Amsterdam.

Fritz Franken, a white-haired Dutch seaman from Rotterdam, presented to the Princess photographs of the mural and of the fireplace in the Netherlands Room. When later he gave vent to his emotion by leading a cheer for Queen Wilhelmina, Princess Juliana, and her daughters, the Princesses Irene and Beatrix, the royal visitor was deeply moved. Others with whom she talked were six Javanese seamen from the motorship *"Poulau Laut"* of the Netherlands Steamship Corporation and Maarten vander Zwan, one of the twelve survivors of the thirty-two man crew of the Halcion liner *"Stad Schiedam"* which was destroyed by a time bomb in the Atlantic on September 16th. Vander Zwan was on a raft for five days in the open Atlantic. "But what did you eat?" the Princess asked, in alarm. He replied that the sailors had some biscuit on the raft and that they softened it by dunking it in water. The Princess shook her head in wonder.

Huig van der Bent, quartermaster of the *"Poulau Laut"*, inquired about Princess Irene and Princess Beatrix, and told Princess Juliana that he had not heard from his own family in seven months. She expressed sympathy, and then added, in Dutch, "We must not talk of our sorrows."

Toward the close of her forty-five minute visit to the Institute, Princess Juliana directed that cigars be passed to the Dutch sailors. Then she sat on a settee and conversed with several people, including Captain George Barendse, former commander of the Holland-America liner *"Statendam"* which rescued the crew of the torpedoed British freighter *"Winkleigh"* and brought them to New York, where they stayed at the Institute several weeks.

When the Princess rose to leave, a Dutch seaman shouted: "We'll keep on sailing the seas! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" And another sailor added: "Let's hope we'll all get together in a free country!"

The Princess left behind her a smiling, radiant company, from the picturesque Javanese boys with their East Indian turbans wound with feather quills and their blue and white striped coats, to the fair-haired, pink-cheeked sailors clustering about her happily to pay tribute to their Princess who, like them, is exiled from her homeland.

As she was going out the door the Princess turned to the hostess, Mrs. Adrianne de Bruyn and said: "This was just what I wanted, to meet the men as they were, not the men with stripes, but the ordinary seamen."

The Princess was accompanied by her Lady-in-Waiting, Baroness Vos Van Steenwyk; Dr. Alexander Loudon, Minister from the Netherlands, who had officially opened the Netherlands Room on November 15th, Mrs. Loudon and Mr. J. A. Schuurman, Consul General, Mr. Adriaan Gips, Chairman of the Netherland Shipping and Trading Committee, Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, President, and the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, Director, of the Institute, welcomed the Princess at the main entrance.

Photo by Marie Higginson
Seamen Waiting to Greet the Princess.

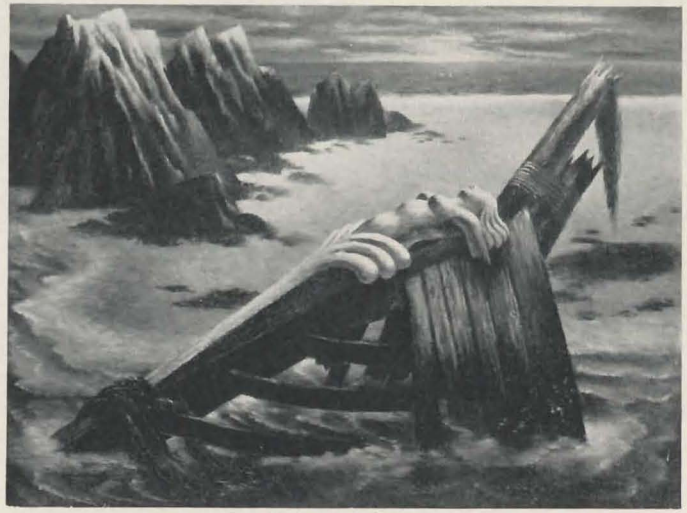
Photo by Brammer
Dutch Seamen and Hostesses Enjoy Christmas Dinner in the Home for Netherlands Seamen.

Some aura of romance inevitably surrounds an exiled Princess. But Juliana of the Netherlands was welcomed here not merely as the distressed but a gracious lady of a royal line. In herself she is the symbol of Holland, that free and sturdy Holland from which our city drew its first life blood. In honoring her this overgrown New Amsterdam honors a captive but unconquered people struggling against the same despotism that threatens us.

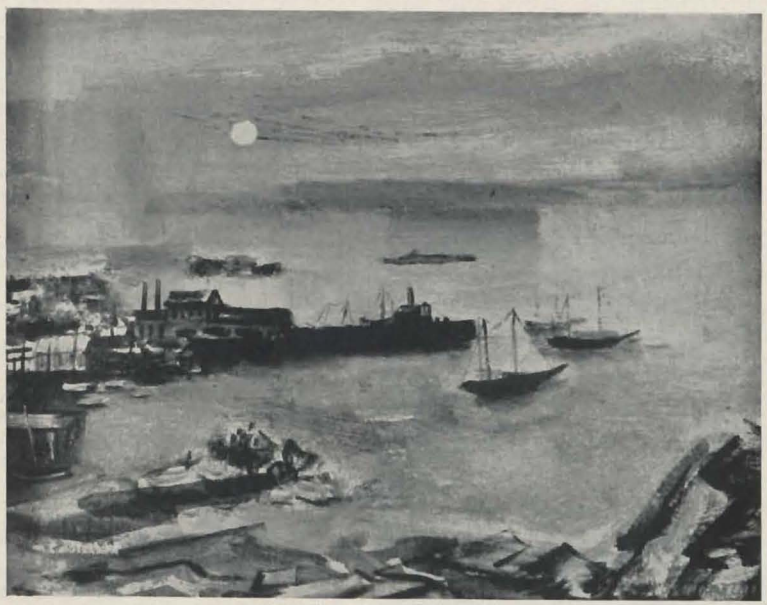
Dutch democracy could only understand a democratic Princess. Juliana's first greetings were reserved for the humble Dutch seamen of our waterfront, still perilously carrying the commerce of the kingdom over troubled seas. For her countrymen gathered at the official reception she had a bright promise in a dark hour: "I'll meet you all again—in Holland." From one of our dizzy spires of trade, "higher than the highest mountain in Holland", she could see the harbor where the first Dutch settlers landed to raise the flag of the House of Orange. From free and friendly soil that once itself was Dutch the eyes of hope no doubt could also see the old flag flying again above her native land.

Editorial New York Times
December 24, 1940

Marine Paintings in Recent Exhibitions



Midtown Galleries
FLETCHER MARTIN: "HOME FROM THE SEA"
(a former seaman)



Exhibited at the Artists' Gallery
DE MARTINI'S "ISLANDS IN THE SEA"

Exhibited at the Grand Central Galleries
GORDON GRANT: "DOCKS OF GLOUCESTER"

Acquired by Mr. T. J. Watson as the First Purchase of Art Week
H. MATTSON'S "OPEN SEA,"

Bishop Blesses Liner Sets Precedent at Launching

(Chester, Pa., Nov. 27). In the first religious ceremony of its kind in the United States, the passenger-cargo liner *Rio Hudson*, first of four sister ships in a $20,000,000 shipbuilding program for Moore-McCormack Lines' New York-east coast of South America service, was launched today at the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock yard before a large gathering including notables from Washington and New York.

The Rt. Rev. Francis M. Taitt, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, blessed the liner in a prayer just before it slid down the ways at 11:30 a. m. Such religious ceremonies have been used occasionally at European launchings, but this was the first time that a vessel has been so blessed in the United States.

Mrs. Warren Lee Pierson, wife of the president of the Export-Import Bank, named the Rio Hudson in the traditional manner by smashing a bottle of champagne against the bow just as the liner started down the ways.

There is something eternally fascinating about watching a new ship take to the water, and the moment when the vessel slides into the water and rolls in her own wash never fails to capture the fancy. From time to time we have made note here of some peculiar launchings. One, in particular, was the case of an Italian ship. This unhappy craft hit the water, rolled over on her side like a sleepy cat and all the cheering of the spectators couldn't right her again.

Usually when Italian shipwrights put a new vessel into the Mediterranean they send her down complete with smoke rolling from her funnels and screws ready to turn.

The ceremony of christening a ship is, we suppose, as old as shipbuilding itself. Even the smallest craft has some sort of name-giving but most persons who follow the sea are dead against engaging in christening on Friday.

Frank C. Bowen, the British marine authority, has a story concerning the launching of English vessels back in the Tudor days.

According to Bowen the ship went into the water without ceremony. Once there, however, things began to pick up with a fine fanfare of pageantry. Attended by drummers, trumpeters and a gayly clothed assembly, the King's lieutenant went aboard the new vessel. He marched about the ship, bowing grandly to the yelling spectators and then settled himself in an ornate chair on the poop. There he sipped languidly at a goblet of wine, spoke the ship's name, wished her godspeed and good luck. Then the fine gentleman spilled a little of the wine on the deck, marking the four cardinal points of the compass, drank the King's health again and tossed the cup over the side where the crowd could commit mayhem trying to retrieve it.

This went on for quite a while, but the goblets were usually gold and expensive and the shipwrights, and not the King, supplied them. The expense irked the builders so much that they finally resorted to the dodge of stringing a net around the vessel. When the lieutenant heaved the cup away it caught and could be saved for another ceremony.

This led to a fine row with spectators, the crown and the shipbuilders, arguing over the cup. The King and his emissary didn't seem to mind when the cup went into the water but when it was salvaged in this fashion the court felt that it ought to become crown property. The argument was so hot and long that the custom was finally discontinued and not revived again until years later under Charles II and by royal decree the goblet was presented to the master shipbuilder of the yard.

Another ship, the S. S. *Rio Parana* was blessed by Dennis Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia on December 18th with water that came 6,500 miles from the River Parana.

"Western Prince"

REPORTS of the torpedoing and sinking of the 10,926 ton Furness-Prince liner "Western Prince" on December 14th off the Irish Coast have stirred conversation in many circles, but none were more concerned than Mrs. Edith Baxter, in charge of the Apprentices' Room at the Institute. She was probably the last person to say good-bye to two of the apprentices and some of the engineers on the "Western Prince" who had attended a dance at the Institute on the night of December 5th, just before sailing for Liverpool with a cargo of important war supplies including several warplanes lashed to the deck.

Among the crew who visited the Apprentices' Room in order to enjoy ping pong, billiards, attend the Tuesday and Thursday evening dances, and to participate in the social get-togethers supervised by Mrs. Baxter, were the following: H. Johnson of Durham and J. E. Slater of Aberdeen, apprentices; W. W. Martin of Liverpool, R. Garrett of Essex, Fred W. Friars of London, John N. Courtney of Sussex, engineers; Mr. Joseph A. Rutledge and Wilfred Pate, Liverpool, gunners.

The "Western Prince" had brought a number of child evacuees from England to the United States and some of them told about the children's pluck and courage on the perilous trip across.

The Visitors' Register in the Apprentices' Room makes interesting reading these days in comparison with entries made before the war. Under the headings "Arrived from", "Date of Departure", "Destination", "Name of Ship", etc. are now blanks or question marks, as the crews are under British Admiralty orders not to divulge such information.

So Mrs. Baxter, when she said good-night to the apprentices on December 5th was not told that they were sailing on the morrow. They had enjoyed the dance immensely (they still dance the fox trot and waltz, as apprentices did in the last war), had read current copies of "Punch" and "London Illustrated News", had played popular tunes on the player piano, eaten ice cream and cookies, even talked of Christmas a bit, had mailed a few letters home and finally had shaken hands with their hostess and said jovially (as they always say when taking leave, even though they reappear in the Apprentices' Room the next evening), "See you next trip!"

It is now known that eight of the crew and six of the sixty passengers of the "Western Prince" were lost. The survivors were taken to an unnamed port. The Captain went down with his ship.

Editor's Note: Following are excerpts from a report by a survivor, James Bone, Editor of the Manchester Guardian, in an Associated Press story copyrighted by the Baltimore Sun. Mr. Bone is the brother of Captain David Bone of the "S.S. Transylvania" who brought Joseph Conrad to America, and of Muirhead Bone, the etcher, whose portrait of Conrad hangs in the Institute's Conrad Library.

"One hundred and forty passengers and crew of the liner 'Western Prince', torpedoed in the Atlantic on Saturday, were landed here today from a cargo steamer which courageously came to their rescue.

Continued on page 10

SEAFARER'S VISION TESTED
IN THE EYE CLINIC
Photo by Marie Higginson

THIS IS A RED LETTER DAY

THE term "Red Letter Day" is derived from the ancient listings of the more important saints in *red* ink, leaving the lesser saints in black, the lesser saints' days being "black letter days". Gradually a RED LETTER DAY has come to mean, usually, a happy anniversary celebrating some joyful event in the life of a person. At the Institute a Red Letter Day is also a happy event, for whether it commemorates a birthday, wedding anniversary or other day particularly remembered and thus set apart by the generous donor, it brings happiness to many seafarers. The gift of $273.97 guarantees the operating of the Institute for an entire 24 hours, this sum representing the difference between our operating cost and our earned and special income. In short, a Red Letter Day takes the Institute "out of the red"!

In a topsy-turvy world, the Institute is often the one secure thing in these seamen's lives and after enduring the hazards of the sea and of war, they enjoy the comforts and friendly atmosphere of the hospitable building at 25 South Street. They know that the chaplains and Mrs. Janet Roper will lend a friendly ear to their talk, and will tide them over temporary financial difficulties, will give encouragement and counsel when needed. They also know that many of the services and facilities such as reading rooms, game rooms, clinics, welfare department, etc. are offered without charge and are maintained solely by the voluntary gifts of loyal friends.

DENTAL DEFECTS CORRECTED
IN THE DENTAL CLINIC
Photo by Marie Higginson

TO many a young seaman, caught "in the bewildering vortex of New York between sailings", these services mean a great deal. Seamen just out of hospitals after long illness or injuries sincerely appreciate these services, such as special diets for convalescents. For seamen whose homes are far from New York, the mental stimulation of the Conrad Library, and for young apprentice lads the cheerful surroundings of the Apprentices' Room help them to forget their loneliness. To shipwrecked and torpedoed crews, often with no clothing except make-shift garments given by the crews of rescue ships, the Institute's Sloppe Chest is a godsend, with its adequate stock of clothes, underwear, sweaters, socks, shoes and overcoats as well as shaving equipment and work gear. To seamen needing eyeglasses and dental treatment the clinics are of immeasurable help in restoring their self-respect and self-confidence and in aiding them to get jobs.

The services described above are some of the things a Red Letter Day pays for. At present, there are only 13 Red Letter Days on the Institute's calendar, and yet our work goes on, day and night, for 365 days! We must raise about $100,000. annually to pay the cost of maintaining these services which are beyond the total sum paid by seamen, for beds, etc. and the moderate special income available. Many people can give but from $1.00 to $5.00 annually. Our long established Red Letter Day plan supplements these gifts by paying the entire "red" or welfare cost of running this great building for one whole day.

Fifty new Red Letter Day gifts would eliminate the budgetary fears as to continuing the essential welfare activities of the Institute for 1941. There are many holidays throughout the year which have not been designated. Or perhaps you would like to select a birthday or other special anniversary of some loved one.

Kindly select a day and r check for $273.97 to the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF ORK, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.
and we'll reserve YOUR Red Letter Day for you. Y will bring untold happiness to thousands of seafarers who are so essential, both in peace and war, to our 's commerce and defense.

OVERCOATS FOR
SHIPWRECKED CREWS

NEW SHOES FOR OLD IN
THE SLOPPE CHEST

Pictured here are so
of the services financ
partially by Red Letter D
and other voluntary gi

SPECIAL MEALS FOR CONVALESCENT SEAMEN

MEDICAL CLINIC

Survivor Tells of Grim Rescue

Continued from page 7

"Her name cannot be given at present, but it will always be remembered by the rescued so long as they live. Nothing could exceed the skill, resource and complete hospitality which the captain, his officers and crew gave us.

"The 'Western Prince' was torpedoed about 6 o'clock in the morning darkness, with strong seas running. The captain drove the engines astern to relieve the pressure on the bulkheads. The torpedo started a red glow, just before the ship plunged. We heard two blasts on the whistle. 'That's the old man's (Captain John Reed's) last words, good-bye to you,' said a sailor near me in Lifeboat No. 3.

"Captain Reed was a Scotsman of fifty-six, heavily built, deliberate, with the look of a man of strong resolution. It's not thought by his colleagues that he intended to go down with the ship, but that events and his own sense of responsibility to others brought that end about.

"Capt. Charlton, a former captain of the Furness Withy Line, who played a large part in the conduct of the departure and the rescue, told me Capt. Reed had handed him his overcoat and had told him to have a lifeboat around later. Capt. Charlton thought Capt. Reed's intention was to try for a boat or a raft at the last moment.

"The second officer, R. F. White, who remained with Capt. Reed, was rescued from a raft before the rescue ship was boarded. Lifeboat No. 3 tried to rescue White but the rope slipped and he was carried past. The third man who remained aboard the 'Western Prince' was Franks, a steward, who had a personal attachment to the captain. He was seen by one of the last passengers off the ships with the purser's keys going down to get the Spitfire fund raised by the crew to bring it to safety.

"All boats were away within half an hour. There was no rush nor shouting. Even the officers gave their orders quietly as the passengers and crew of the liner took their places in the boats. Three babies were carried aboard without excitement and the women, who included a Mother Superior returning with novices after a strange experience in China, took their places with steady steps.

"It was a company that recalled Kipling's stories—men from many parts of the Far East and America—experts in many techniques and trades, a major general with many decorations from the last war and a colonel who was one of the heroes of Dunkerque; banking advisers, a Treasury lawyer, a ship-builder, a Labor candidate (husband of Vera Brittain, English pacifist), were among them. 'Everything was orderly,' said C. D. Howe, Canadian Minister of Munitions and Supply, 'and nerves did not react on nerves.'

"The story of lifeboat No. 3 was much like that of the others. Passengers had prepared and most of them slept in their clothes. When I came on deck the port lifeboats had gone, and the starboard boats were filling. There was a heavy swell and in an effort to keep them off the ship's sides, oars were broken and lifeboats' sides were tested severely. It was a struggle to get away in that strong swell, but we drew away slowly and lay to about 100 yards away.

"We saw lights on the ship and rowed back past the stern, looking out for stragglers in the water. The waves were about twenty feet high and when we came on another lifeboat it seemed a miniature thing. One boat covered up its people in a tarpaulin. All the boats used their sea anchors, which helped in the hard job of keeping their heads to wind with heavy oars.

"The momentous moment was when we heard the chief officer saying, not loudly: 'Keep quiet. Don't show a light.'

"A shape appeared about twenty yards away on the starboard side of our lifeboat—the tower and part of the deck of the German submarine.

"She submerged as she passed by and there was a flash which was thought to mean that photographs of us had been taken.

"I watched closely the faces of the sailors and firemen massed in our bows watching the enemy. I saw no fear in their eyes but a terrible tension, like a white shadow, passed over their faces.

" 'I thought he was going to give us the machine guns,' said one sailor as he relaxed. Two steel helmets had disappeared instantly.

"We had been taking in water as the seas broke over our sides and it was discovered that the after plug at the bottom of the boat was missing—probably bumped out as she struck the water.

"The first mate did a good bit of work down in the bilge, almost flat on his face and wet through, recovering the plug and fixing it in its place. Fast bailing in cramped positions in a crowded boat followed. The boats still hung together—tiny objects in the high waves, while squalls of rain and hail passed over us.

"About six hours had gone—it seemed like six minutes—and then a passenger said in a conversational tone: 'Why there is a ship; I can see it quite plainly.' He pointed without standing up. We had been hoping and praying for that, but there were no shouts.

"When an officer was hoisted up, he could not see anything. The passenger was sure and soon we could all see the steamer and its smoke.

Survivors of a torpedoed merchantman are rescued at sea.
Passed by Canadian Censor

"There was faster pulling at the oars then, but not much progress. Would she pass us, was the only question now. We fired five of our nine lights from a signal pistol.

"It became clear that the ship was approaching, and about one and a half hours later No. 3 boat was in its lee. This freighter's captain maneuvered cleverly to give us shelter, and oil was thrown over to help us.

"Just before we came alongside the sun came out—a grim smile as the boat seemed to hurl itself against the ship's side. Roderick Henderson, a two-year-old baby, was hoisted in a basket with a life line round him in case it capsized. The strong and young scurried up a rope ladder on the ship's side. The elderly and the women climbed up with ropes around their waists.

"It took some time, and before we were all up the motor lifeboat came alongside and capsized. I saw the men standing on the upturned boat holding on to ropes, and some of them were in the water. It seemed like a picture in a 'movie'. I found one's emotional qualities quite dulled and one took everything in a literal way, as by instinct, until it was all over and other boats came up and empty ones were allowed to drift away.

"The Mother Superior came up in a basket, but Sister Muldoon, the young Irish novice, came up the ladder herself. Afterward I saw her wearing the overcoat of Capt. Reed which Capt. Charlton had brought on board, but she did not know that. Sir Cecil Smith, the Treasury lawyer, and his wife climbed the ladder skillfully and Mr. Jick, of the Admiralty, went up and over us as in a drill.

"One of the babies was in a case like a dog's box marked 'Baby, with care.' It came up in a basket and when Capt. Charlton, who had taken a personal interest in its packing, opened the case the infant crowed at him and he said, 'Well, you sweet little thing.'

"The rescue ship, which had Malayans and Maltese in its crew, did wonders in succoring the weaker and ill among us. It was blowing up heavily at night and there would have been little chance of lifeboats riding out in those seas."

Christmas at 25 South Street

THE Institute has been called an "international hostelry of the seven seas" and this is an apt description of the great building at 25 South Street, particularly at the Christmas season. Starting with a celebration of St. Nicholas Day by the Dutch seamen on December 5th, and continuing with a celebration for Danish seafarers on December 24th, the height of festivities was reached on December 25th when 1,018 sat down to a bountiful turkey dinner followed by a concert and movies in the auditorium.

To report, first, on the Dutch Christmas or "Sinterklaas Day", on December 5th, we reprint here Dan Anderson's graphic account in The New York Sun:

By Dan Anderson

Sinterglaas came to New York city last night to see some people whom for the reasons of 1940 he could not visit in their native Holland. He made two public appearances, one for more than 200 Dutch children, almost all of them refugees, at Holland House in Rockefeller Plaza, and the other at Tehuis voor Nederlandsche Zeelieden, the section of the Seamen's Church Institute at 25 South Street recently set apart for Dutch sailors.

Sinterklaas is Holland's Santa Claus, both names being versions of St. Nicholas. He pays his calls on the Dutch on St. Nicholas's Eve, observing his feast day rather than on Christmas Eve, but he brings gifts just the same. There are other small differences, including the fact that Sinterklaas rides a white horse instead of driving a sleigh with reindeer, and that he has an attendant, Zwarte Piet, or Black Peter, a Blackamoor, who carries a switch. There is a great deal of talk about how Zwarte Piet uses this on children who have been misbehaving, but no one seems to recall having seen the punishment actually carried out.

The function of Sinterklaas, like that of Santa Claus, is to delight children and warm the hearts of adults. In his two visits last night he surely succeeded. It was hard to imagine more happiness than the youngsters displayed as he slowly descended the staircase in the Holland House Auditorium, but it was matched by the grand gay time the adults had downtown at a fittingly later hour, singing, dancing, eating traditional good things.

There had been music and story-telling and eating of the St. Nicholas cookies, sweet speculaas, before Sinterglaas put in his appearance at South street. Zwarte Piet was with him, but on this occasion Black Peter had a white face—there is a lamentable story behind that about the inadequacy of shoe blacking as a substitute for burnt cork. Piet didn't fail, however, to scatter the licorice candies and the pepernoten, small fragments of highly spiced cake, as he is supposed to do. And then Simon Stol's fingers began to thrum faster at the piano keys, and Sinterklaas, who wears appropriate episcopal garb and carries a crozier, started a snake dance.

Everybody Dances

One after another all present were swept into it, the sailors, Adrianna de Bruyn, the house mother; Christina Fenenga, who forsook for the while Dutch housewifery duties in the kitchen; Elly van Straten who had come in costume to sing; Mrs. Alida Verstlegh Nienhuys, who planned the affair, and the rest, young and old, visitors and seamen. Round and round the rooms Sinterklaas led them, singing and footing it gayly. Finally lack of breath forced a halt.

They gathered around the piano and sang again, more seriously now. First the Dutch anthem, "Wilhelmus van Nassouwe," and one man stopped in the middle of that because he was weeping. And then, "God Save the King."

Then Sinterklaas called one after another up by name, and gave gifts. But each recipient had to sing first "Daar Ginds Komt de Stoomboot!" It's a Sinterklaas song, telling how the boat arrived from Spain, where the Saint really did come from to the Netherlands. And they sang, one by one, seemingly with more fervor than children.

But that was the party for the older folk. The baby of it was Johannes M. Segers of Amsterdam, a sailor boy of the Royal Dutch Mail Line, 16 years old. Before the party began he was talking about what he has seen in his eleven months at sea. For four weeks the Bintang, a ship from which he has since transferred, lay at a dock in London. He picked up a pencil and drew a quick sketch, explaining:

"There wass our boat. There wass another boat. There another, and there another, at the dock. Then we hear the whistle, and the Germany airplanes come. We went to the shelter on the dock.

"The Germany airplanes drop a boom here, and a boom here, and a boom here, and a boom here."

Photo by Marie Higginson

Dutch Seamen Waiting to Give A Christmas Welcome to Princess Juliana.

The pencil stabbed quickly, showing how close to the ship and the shelter the bombs had come, and there was nothing whatever amusing about the fact that he mispronounced the word.

'Fire Here—Fire There'

"There wass a fire here, and a fire here"—the pencil twice circled the end of the dock—"and no one could leave. The firemen come with their automobile to put out the fire with water, and the Germany airplane come and drop a boom on the firemen. They were killed."

That was only one of the reminiscences of Mynheer Segers, who has not since the invasion heard from his father, mother and sisters. Perhaps the phrase is not quite apt for him—'the baby of the party.'

There really were babies at the Holland House, children who made trouble for Emil Loew, the magician, in the typical fashion of young folk with prestidigitators, but who likewise effervesced youthfully with pleasure at the party arranged by Albert Balink, editor of the magazine Knickerbocker.

They gave a rousing welcome to Sinterklaas—who, incidentally, had previously spent quite a session with the photographers, one of whom grumbled a bit because his red costume wouldn't render well on film, though another made up for any disrespect by correctly calling the saint "Bishop."

The eyes of the children gleamed bright as the gifts were distributed in a fashion which put them back for the evening in Holland. They left little trace of the ice cream in their cups. And they raised their voices high and happy and somehow confident in the old song, "Wij Willen Holland Houen," which, in English, goes thus:

We want to keep our Holland—our Holland, brave though small:
We shall be faithful to her, no matter what befall.
Whoever thinks to threaten or make us captives live,
He shall not have our country—our Holland we'll not give.

And mixed thoughts and feelings surged through the hall as they sang again with a burst of emphasis the chorus line:

He shall not have our country—our Holland we'll not give.

Danish Christmas

Fifty Danish seamen, far from their homes and loved ones, sat down to a goose dinner in the officers' dining room at the Institute. They were led in prayer by Pastor A. T. Dorf of the Danish Seamen's Mission, Brooklyn, who had first conducted a service at his Mission where the seamen observed a three-minute silence and prayer for Denmark on Christmas Eve. The silence was observed at midnight Danish time, which corresponds to 5 P.M., New York's Eastern Standard time. They sang the old Danish hymn, "Delig er Jorden" ("Lovely the Earth"). The Danish Christmas, which is celebrated on Christmas Eve, has also some picturesque customs associated with it. Goose is served instead of turkey, and rice porridge instead of plum pudding as served by the English. The Danish children put a bowl of the porridge on the doorstep on Christmas Eve for the elves and gnomes to eat, and in the morning, the porridge has disappeared.

Yankee Christmas

Easter-like weather greeted seamen on Christmas morning. Since the previous Saturday brilliant sunshine and warm temperature each day had contrasted with the usual blustery winds and wintry skies expected on the holiday. But the festive decorations over the main doorway, the blazing fireplace and gleaming Christmas trees in the lobbies, and particularly the beautiful Carol Service on Sunday evening in the Chapel of our Saviour, made everyone realize that it was Christmas. The seamen especially enjoyed hearing the carols played on the organ chimes and sung by the Institute's own mixed quartet. The carols were representative of twelve different nations, and so it pleased many seafarers to hear familiar carols from their homeland.

Mrs. Janet Roper, house mother, also noticed the international aspect of the Christmas celebration at 25 South Street. She sat at dinner with four sailors, one was an Englishman, another a Filipino, the third a Bengalese and the fourth a Norwegian. Practically every State in the Union was represented among the American seamen. A sea captain spoke to Mrs. Roper and reminded her that he had attended her wedding, which took place over forty years ago in the little chapel of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society; the captain had been an A.B. seaman then.

Among the letters of thanks from seamen who spent Christmas Day at the Institute, we print one which Mrs. Roper received:

"Dear Mrs. Roper:

I did not know whom to address this letter to but I know that by sending it to you I shall be discharging an obligation which I feel duty bound to perform; that is, a thank you note.

Being away from home on Christmas Day makes many of us feel exceedingly blue but this Institute did its best to make the day more cheerful so I want you and the staff to know that there are many of us who deeply appreciated the trouble you went to, in giving us a happy Christmas Day. When I entered my room on Christmas Eve and found my little red paper package on the bed, with a card and a dinner invitation, it made my heart warm for it was a little touch of home. It changed my entire aspect of the day. What I thought would be sad turned out to be happy just because of that little touch of the Christ mas spirit.

The dinner was delicious, too, and I enjoyed it very much. Thanking you sincerely for your kind efforts, and I am sure there are many here who feel as I do, I am

Very sincerely,
James T——"

So the spirit of Christmas which makes us all shipmates—that good seafaring term of fellowship—serving under the perfect Master, pervaded the Institute, thanks to the generous gifts of loyal, thoughtful friends to our Holiday Fund.

Sea Service Honors Crew of Jervis Bay

AN EAST COAST CANADIAN PORT, Dec. 2 (A. P.).—A service in memory of the Jervis Bay, and her captain and crew has been held at the approximate spot in the Atlantic where the British armed merchant cruiser made her suicide stand on November 5 to protect a convoy from a German raider.

A naval man said today that on Sunday, November 24, a British war vessel was in the vicinity of the scene of the fight and nearly 200 men of the crew joined in prayer and hymns.

When the vessel reached the position where the Jervis Bay opened fire, engines were reduced to half speed, the ensign lowered to half mast and a cross of poppies splashed into the sea. Bugles sounded the last post and reveille and three volleys were fired for the dead of the sunken cruiser.

Liege, Belgium

From a Sailor's Grandmother

Allow me to thank you heartily for your most kind welcome to my grandson Henri de G. at the Seamen's Institute of New York. It is a comfort to know that there is a place where he is sure to see and hear nothing but good things. He is so young to be thrown almost alone in the world. Still with God's help I hope he will remain the nice boy he has always been, so far.

Poor lad, his mother died when he was only seven years of age. Then with all that is going on everywhere his father's (my son) business has been declining. I am now in my 79th year.

With my best regards.

In the S. C. I. Mailbag

The Commonwealth & Southern Corporation
Jackson, Michigan

November 1, 1940

Mr. Harry Forsyth

Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Forsyth:

In your letter of October 29th in the last paragraph you say the only question asked a man entering the building at 25 South Street is "Are you a seaman? Please show your papers." You might be interested to know that I can answer the above question affirmatively and show my papers.

As a young man of 17 I went to sea in a two-masted New England schooner, the "Jenny Greenback", and shortly afterwards when I was 18 I joined a four-masted steel barque, the Edward Sewall" under the command of Captain Joseph E. Sewall. The maiden voyage of the "Edward Sewall" was of 19 months duration. During that period we rounded Cape Horn twice.

My next trip was on the "William P. Frye" which was also under Captain Sewall. On the "Frye" I made a trip from New York to Shanghai, China, going by the way of Cape of Good Hope, and having the experience of "Running the Eastern Down". After spending approximately three years on the above-mentioned deep water sailing ships, I was on the steamer "Alameda" for some time, running between San Francisco and Honolulu.

After a term of college following my sea experience, I have been connected with the public utility industry ever since, but, as I was associated with the sea during the formative period of my life, I will always have a particular interest; hence, I welcome the monthly visits of "The Lookout" which recall some of my boyhood experiences.

I am heartily in favor of the work performed by the Institute and can truthfully say from first-hand information that an organization of this kind exerts an influence over the lives of men which can never be measured or appreciated to its fullest extent.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) E. J. Burtt

Book Reviews

"SEA DOGS OF THE SIXTIES"
By Jim Dan Hill

Minneapolis, Univ. of Minn. Press. 1935, $3.00

The American Civil War was fought at the beginning of the great era of transition from wooden vessels to ironclads. Mr. Hill has sketched the professional careers of eight of the last of the old breed of sea dogs — officers who commanded their men on wooden decks under towering spars. Of the Northerners, the chapter on Admiral Farragut discusses the navy's biggest contribution toward the preservation of the Union by the blockade and the invasions of the Confederacy by the sea. John Wilkinson's career is perhaps one of the most dramatic. He was recognized as the most successful of the Confederate naval officers in that highly specialized though short-lived profession of blockade-running.

Each of these biographies is a significant addition to the literature of Civil War naval campaigns. And though the story of each man stands alone, the paths of these eight sea dogs crossed so frequently that their combined stories constitute a "case history" of the Union and Confederate navies. I. M. A.

THE HORNET'S LONGBOAT
By William Roos

New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50

If you enjoyed "Men Against the Sea" you'll like this saga of the famous clipper ship "Hornet". The experiences of Captain Josiah Mitchell in bringing his crew and two passengers safely to shore after an epic voyage of 4,000 miles in a small boat are told here by William Roos who is a yachtsman and has crossed the Atlantic several times in his own boat. Consequently, the story he tells is shipshape and seamanlike and will please readers who like their maritime literature accurate and authentic. Roos had access to the captain's log, diary and letters and from them he has written a convincing account of this remarkable exploit. The publishers are giving a liberal discount on each copy of the book sold *through the Institute* to the Ways and Means Fund, to be used for torpedoed and shipwrecked crews, so please order your copy through THE LOOKOUT editor. M.D.C.

HARBOR OF THE SUN
By Max Miller

Doubleday, Doran. $3.00

A native Californian chuckles delightedly over Max Miller's "Harbor of the Sun", a fact-hungry waterfront reporter's "story" of the state's southmost port, San Diego. The author sticks to port, nor attempts the wider history of the charming little city itself, with its business, parks, schools and churches.

The shore-line has changed but little and would, he says, easily be recognized by a returning Cabrillo. Life and ways have evolved, however, through a series of long sleeps and dramatic awakenings, and Max Miller speeds us through from digger Indians to tuna clippers, from Cabrillo to Curtis, preaching friars to fortress fliers.

Candid-camer'ing the opera-bouffe of California's pre-American decades, Miller's chronicle through siestas to maritime vigor is a "must" both for ship and armchair mariners.

H.H.K.

A SAILOR OF FORTUNE
The Life and Adventures of Commodore Barney
By Hulbert Footner

$3.50. 1940 *Harper*

A native of Maryland, Commodore Joshua Barney commanded American vessels during both the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. At the age of 14 he was doing Second Mate's duty on board the ship "Sidney", where a series of vicissitudes, culminating in the death of the master, left young Barney in command at 15½. From this point the frankly romanticized biography moves from one unbelievable episode to another. One questions the source of much direct quotation in spite of the fact that it contributes to the interest and entertainment of the reader.

A.W.C.

Urgent — and Important!

Will you help the Institute in a very easy and simple way to secure a substantial contribution to our funds? Lewis & Conger, famous housewares and gift store, at 45th Street and 6th Ave., New York, offers to pay the Institute 10% of the amount of all purchases in their store during the month of February, when the purchaser names the Seamen's Church Institute of New York as the beneficiary. Make a list of what you need or intend to buy, do your shopping at Lewis & Conger during February, and be sure to mention the Institute as the beneficiary, so that *we* will get the benefit! Tell your friends to do the same! You will be helping the Institute very materially, and we shall appreciate it beyond words.

ROBERT T. FRANCIS: "BLACK BEACH"
Exhibited at the 460 Park Ave. Gallery

G. COURBET: "BATEAU SUR LA PLAGE"
Marie Harriman Gallery, Courtesy Art News

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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