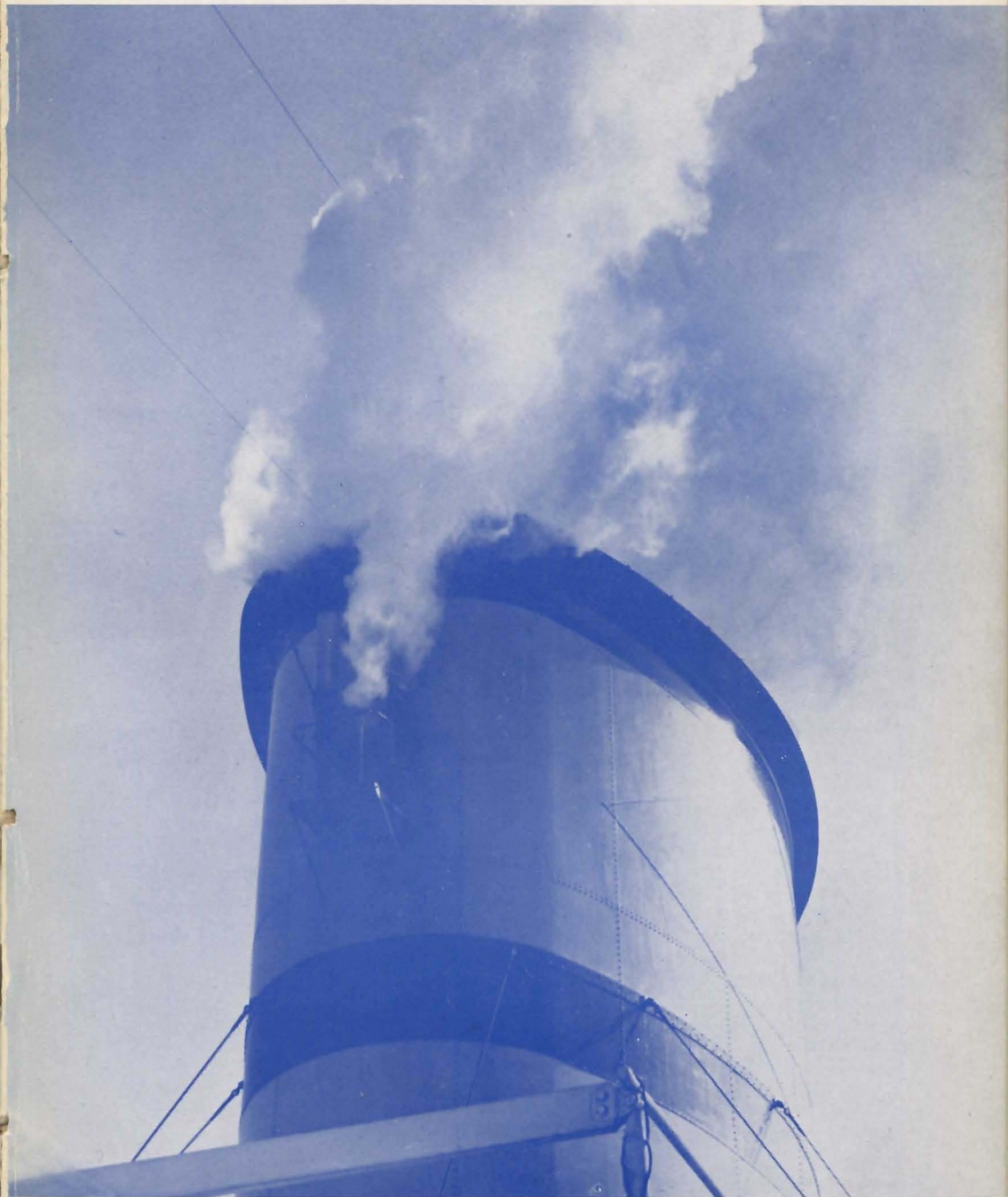


# The LOOKOUT



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
VOL. XXX No. 1

JANUARY, 1939



THIS MONTH'S COVER is entitled "BOUND FOR B. A." It shows a close-up of the stack of the S.S. Brazil, American Republics Liner. Reproduced by courtesy of Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc.

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXX, JANUARY, 1939  
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Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710  
CLARENCE G. MICHALIS  
President  
THOMAS ROBERTS  
Secretary and Treasurer  
REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY  
Superintendent  
MARJORIE DENT CANDEE  
Editor, THE LOOKOUT

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## "SOS"

It is a pleasure to reinforce Miss Dibble's article about the "SOS" in the December Lookout. We believe that hundreds of ladies who, because of distance from New York, or for other reasons, find themselves unable to become members of the various associations comprising our Central Council, may like to assist the Institute in similar ways.

Many ladies, whether or not subscribing at present to the work of the Institute, may wish to give of the skill of their hands, especially through knitting socks, sweaters and other articles for seamen. Full directions for these articles may be secured from Miss Dibble. It is our hope that most knitters will be able to supply their own wool. However, from the dues of \$1.00 per year paid by all "SOS" members a modest amount may be made available for the purchase of wool for knitters unable to supply their own.

Further articles about this will appear in later numbers of The Lookout. For detailed information please write to Miss Clara M. Dibble, Secretary, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

H. H. K.

# The Lookout

Vol. XXX

January, 1939

No. 1

## *A Delightful Evening at the Theatre*

For Institute Friends:

The date is

WEDNESDAY EVENING,  
FEBRUARY 1

The place is

St. James Theatre,  
246 West 44th Street

The play is

*"King Henry IV"*  
(Part I)

The author is

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The star is

MAURICE EVANS

("the finest Shakespearean actor of our day")

in the role of

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF\*



Maurice Evans in the role of  
Sir John Falstaff

The play is to be in New York for only four weeks. We have the THIRD NIGHT PERFORMANCE.

Orchestra Seats are \$10.00, \$7.50 and \$5.00. 1st Balcony Seats are \$7.50, \$5.00 and \$3.00.

We are counting on your usual loyal and generous support of this Benefit. Tickets will be assigned in the order in which reservations are received.

Please make checks payable to the  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
and mail to Mr. Harry Forsyth, Chairman Benefit Committee,  
25 South Street • New York, N. Y.

\* According to Chicago critics where "Henry IV" opened last Spring, Mr. Evans in the role of Falstaff achieves new heights of comedy. "He has now demonstrated that he can touch fire to the text of Shakespeare's comedy as well as tragedy, that he can be dynamic in the lyric or gusty moods of the world's No. 1 playwright."

According to John Mason Brown, dramatic critic on the New York Post: "This man Evans is a superlative performer; a genius the stage is fortunate in claiming as its own. What Flagstad is to grand opera he is to the theatre . . . His voice is a beautiful instrument, capable of doing justice to the magnificent beauty of the lines he speaks."



# Eight Men Battle Wild Seas, Save 18 on Doomed Tanker

550 Miles Out, in a Smother of Hell,  
A Job Was Done as You Came to Work

By Asa Bordages,  
World-Telegram Staff Writer.

THE safe little people went scuttling about the city on safe little errands as the gray, chill morning came today and a few words clicked out of the air to tell that a man named Smith and some other men, ordinary men, were fighting a demon and death with their bare hands 550 miles at sea.

The safe little people were worrying whether they'd be in time for work, worrying whether they'd catch cold, and at latitude 38.06, longitude 61.50, a rare spot of hell, Captain Clifton Smith swung the pounding, weary freighter Schodack to make a lee and said it was time to take the chance.

Eight men in a peanut shell of a boat, eight ordinary fellows you'd never notice ashore, staked their lives then that their arms were strong enough, their luck miraculous enough, to pull them to the doomed Norwegian tanker Smaragd, to pull them through a sea amok and back again to the Schodack with the helpless tanker's people, two women and sixteen men.

The wireless brought that word at 6:45 A.M., and no word from the Schodack since except the blunt announcement at 11 A.M. that the two women and sixteen men were safe aboard the rescue ship. No word at all of how the fight was won against a raging sea and a nor'west gale. Only this from MacKay Radio:—

"S. S. Schodack rescued crew of eighteen including captain's wife and daughter from sinking S. S. Smaragd in storm which was very thrilling. Captain of Smaragd expects ship to sink in a few hours."

The first news of this match of men against the sea, a match with no championship belt at stake and no cheering crowds and no movie contracts for the winner, was picked up last night by Radio-marine. That was 10:49 P.M. Captain Smith said:—

"Standing by Norwegian steamship Smaragd, which is in sinking condition. Will attempt rescue crew at daylight. Weather conditions at present, northwest gale rough."

The records showed that the Smaragd was of less than 1,200 tons. She was on her way from Norfolk, Va. to European ports, laden with oil, when the sea smashed her.

The 8,000-ton Schodack, chartered by the America-France Line from the United States Maritime Commission, was slogging away toward New York with a cargo from French ports when she picked up the tanker's S O S.

## Wireless too Weak

The tanker's wireless was too weak to be heard ashore by that time—by the time her master had to admit that the sea had whipped her; by the time he called for help.

Her engines were still; broken, as useless as junk. She was down by the head and taking water fast.

Captain Smith wirelessed the position. All he could do then was wait. All he could do was to stand on his pitching bridge and watch the faint, tossing glimmer of the lights of the tanker off there in the blackness.

There wasn't any use to send messages to the shore. Nobody ashore could do anything about it. Nobody of the crowds getting thrills in the movies, getting drinks in the bars, getting excitement in the night clubs, none of these could do anything. It was up to Captain Smith and his men.

## Heard Him Talking

The wireless stations ashore heard Captain Smith speak now and then through the night to the sinking ship. He was getting reports on her condition. If she couldn't last he'd have to take the risk of sending a boat in the dark. But if she could hang on until morning there was no use sending men to die in the dark. It looks good in the movies, of course, but this wasn't for the movies. This was a job.

The morning came slowly. The stations ashore heard Captain Smith telling the tanker he was preparing to launch a boat.\*

There was silence for a time. The city was waking up. People were bolting their breakfasts. People were buying newspapers to read about Coster and Hitler and famous people. Captain Smith was making a lee. That was the only chance.

The lifeboat must be launched in the lee or it would be smashed against the Schodack's side. Then the eight men must pull across that stretch of tumbling sea, pull around to the far side of the tanker for the

\*The entire ship's crew volunteered, and Captain Smith selected eight men for the rescue job.



Captain Clifton Smith, Rescuer and  
Captain Bernhard Larsen, Rescued.

desperate gamble of trying to take off her people.

## Schodack Must Move

The Schodack must move, too, for human strength couldn't pull against that sea and wind. She must slog her way to the lee of the tanker so that the boat—if it wasn't crushed, if it did the devil's job of getting off the women and the sixteen men—would have a chance to be brought down to the Schodack, to pull around to the far side of her for protection against the wild sea and the gale as the men and women were put aboard.

## It Just Sounds Easy

It sounds easy, when it's put down in little words, as easy as tumbling off a log. But it's not easy when the wind's a gale, nor'west, and seas stampede. It's like throwing the gates of hell over your shoulder then.

That's what Captain Smith and his men were doing out there as the commuters ran for their ferries. A man named Smith and some other men, ordinary men, were too busy doing what they had to do to wireless the newspapers about it.



# Uncle Sam's School for Seamen

By Marjorie Dent Candee

A SMALL, half-forgotten disk of land in New York harbor known as Hoffman Island, once used for the segregation of immigrants suspected of having contagious diseases, is now a thriving school for seamen, with Uncle Sam as the schoolmaster. The U. S. Maritime Commission's establishment of a school for merchant seamen is a recognition of "the vital importance of man-power to the entire rehabilitation program in the American merchant marine." In the past three months, there has been rapid progress on this unique educational project.

The school officially opened on September 6th, when the first hundred seamen who had the necessary qualifications, were enrolled. When all the buildings are completed—sometime in February—the total number enrolled will be six hundred.

It is the hope of the Commission that annually three thousand seamen and three hundred officers will receive three months of intensive training here and elsewhere. Regulations prohibit discrimination on account of race or creed, or membership or non-membership in any labor organization.

The school is the outgrowth of the Merchant Marine Act passed in 1936 by Congress which provided "a comprehensive system for the training of citizens of the United States to serve as licensed and unlicensed personnel on American merchant vessels", the system to be

inaugurated on January 1, 1939. The licensed and unlicensed personnel shall be enrolled after training in a new "United States Maritime Service" with ranks, grades, and ratings similar to the Coast Guard's. The number of persons to enter this maritime service, the rates of pay, and the courses and periods of training are to be determined by the Commission.



Commander McCabe

The remodelling and renovating of twenty-three one- and two-story brick buildings into class rooms, machine shops, dormitories, supply rooms, gymnasium, hospital and administration headquarters, has not been an easy task. Commander George E. McCabe, U. S. Coast

Guard, who was assigned to duty as Superintendent of the Hoffman Island School by Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury (under whose jurisdiction the U. S. Coast Guard operates), deserves great credit for his resourcefulness, imagination and initiative in transforming these ancient buildings into modern, well-equipped edifices at a minimum of expense. Indeed, the Island has proved an excellent laboratory for the enrolled student-seamen to learn resourcefulness, pride, loyalty—the very characteristics needed in every merchant marine.

It was particularly gratifying to see the men being given an opportunity to sail in the old square-rigged ship "Joseph Conrad". Every student, regardless of his age, will be made to qualify in sailing tech-

nique. Commander McCabe summed up the advantages of sail-training, thus: "It teaches a man three things", he declared. "First, how to keep clear decks, coil ropes neatly for immediate use. Second, he learns his way around a ship—how to keep his feet out of things, away from open hatches and other dangers. Third, it teaches him pride, and a feeling of superiority, so that never again will any one be able to taunt him for his lack of sea knowledge. He can match his seamanship against the best".

Among the enrollees at this unique school, there is very little "turn-over". Commander McCabe explained that the men are very carefully selected in the first place for their mental and physical qualifications. Applicants must be over twenty-one years of age and must have been to sea for at least two years (in American merchant vessels of 500 tons or over), and seven months of that sea experience must have been during the past two years. "The discipline here is, of course, strict", he said. "New enrollees must stay on the Island for the first three weeks of the training; after that, they may have every other night off. They work eight hours daily, but to show you how they take to the training, a group of them, in their leisure time, spend hours learning to sail small boats, perfecting their navigation and seamanship, life-boat drills, etc. The training naturally weeds out bums and ne'er do wells, but when we get through, we'll have a fine class of seamen for our Merchant Marine".

When a student becomes an enrollee of the school he is virtually on active duty. He receives new clothing and is provided with quarters and subsistence. Unlicensed men, with a rating not higher than seamen, second class, get \$36.50 a

month. The higher licensed officers receive \$125. a month. Those having licenses lower than chief mate or first assistant engineer are enrolled as cadets at \$65. a month. Petty officers are scheduled to receive from \$60. to \$125. monthly. Owing to the diversity in qualifications of the students they are being taught in small groups.

As an example of resourceful use of available materials, obsolete iron double-deck beds have been converted into very useful store room shelves. The new beds are worth noting. Shellbacks accustomed to lying on their spines all night long, for lack of room to turn, will gasp at sight of them. The steel frames of these double-deckers are substantial and the mattresses of cotton felt are as meaty as porterhouse steak compared to the thin "donkey's breakfasts" of straw which were once the usual bedding in American fo'c'sles.

Another example of finding a use for existing equipment is in the machine shop and power plant, where the engine crews are taught to take apart old machines left on the Island, such as gas-engines, "de-lousing" equipment, etc., and are converting coal-burners into oil burners. A gymnasium is being built, and to make it truly nautical, Commander McCabe is having life-boats hung on davits from the high balcony, for lifeboat drills. In the marlin spike shop, on the day The Lookout editor visited the school, a group of seamen were repairing the sails of the "Conrad". Another group was overhauling lines and rigging of the "Tusitala".

It has been sheer good fortune that the seven and a half acre Island has proved so adaptable—in fact, according to many experts, a brand new building could not have been any better. (It was Captain Robert Huntington, Principal of the Mer-



chant Marine School at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York who first suggested to the U. S. Government the use of Hoffman Island for training merchant seamen). The Island has turned out to be a good laboratory for the men to learn how to see and use the possibilities available. The men have great pride in the buildings, watching them being transformed, and have already acquired a great loyalty toward their school. Thus the important elements of seamanship are being emphasized in addition to the necessary principles of navigation.

About 15,000 American unlicensed seamen have applied for the Hoffman Island training. In addition to the technical training provided by the school, and following the practice of the Army and Navy and U. S. Marine Hospitals, the spiritual welfare of the seamen is given consideration. For this, the aid of the

Seamen's Church Institute of New York has been enlisted and regular Sunday afternoon services are conducted at the Training Station by the Rev. H. J. Pearson, one of the Institute's chaplains.

The school has had an auspicious start, giving promise that the training received, supplemented by sea voyages in the old square-riggers, will build character, loyalty, morale, and physique in the American merchant marine—and thus the Yankee tradition of "Iron men" (alert, keen, efficient, faithful to duty—as evidenced by such notable examples as Captain George Fried, Captain Harry Manning, Captain Giles Stedman and Captain William Sundstrom, Captain Alfred Moore, Captain Clifton Smith and a host of other intrepid seafarers) will prevail and the stalwart spirit of the Yankee clipper ship crews will continue into the future.

## A Young Marine Artist



Hunter Wood

WE are always glad to encourage seamen who have artistic talents, and it is gratifying when we see some of them progressing to the extent of having exhibitions in the New York galleries. This month we reproduce two paintings by Andrew Winter (See pages 8 and 9) which were exhibited at the Grand Central Art Galleries in December.

A former seaman who is also "making good" as a marine artist is Hunter Wood who has had an interesting life. He is the son of the well-known marine painter, Worden Wood, who served aboard the clipper "Yankee" in the Spanish-American war and great-grandson of John L. Worden who commanded the "Monitor" in her fight against the "Merrimac" in the Civil War. Hunter Wood studied at the New



"Reefing"—From an Oil Painting by Hunter Wood.

York Merchant Marine Academy and served aboard the training ship "Newport", a three-masted barkentine. After graduation, at 23, he sailed as quartermaster for several of the large shipping companies. He was stand-by officer while the "Leviathan" was at pier 4, Hoboken.

In his marine paintings, Wood achieves accuracy as to rigging and proportions. He has succeeded in capturing on his canvases the true flavor and atmosphere of the sea he loves. His paintings hang in some of the finest collections and galleries in America, England and Holland. His most recent painting is of his friend Dwight Long's ketch "Idle Hour", reproduced in a recent issue of "Yachting".

Among his sea experiences he recalls the time when the "Newport" was disabled, lost her propeller. "We shut down the engines," said Wood, "and continued under all plain sail. There were nothing but the lightest of airs which gradually wore out, and in this condition we

drifted for a little over a week. Captain Tomb, (U.S.N. Retired) mustered all hands, asked us which we would rather do, summon aid, or continue as we were. All hands were determined to sail her home. But alas, no winds. Food ran low, particularly flour and other necessities. It was at this time that Captain Tomb decided to ask for aid, and the Coast Guard Cutter "Chelane" towed us into port.

Another experience which Wood related was when he was a thousand miles north of the Canaries, one stormy night with a high sea running, the "Newport" received a radio message from a British freighter asking medical advice for a stricken seaman. "We picked up the freighter's call," said Wood, "gave her our position and she came off our weather quarter in the late evening. We lowered our whaleboat and pulled over. In return for the aid given the seaman by the 'Newport's' doctor, we received several bags of flour."





Man Overboard  
From the Painting by Andrew Winter.

## "Man Overboard"

*Transpose  
these  
captions.*

THE most dreaded cry at sea is "All hands ahoy! Man overboard!" Richard Henry Dana, Jr. in his immortal "Two Years Before The Mast" describes a burial at sea, as follows:

"Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; his body remains with his friends, and 'the mourners go about the streets'; but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which give to it an air of awful mystery . . . A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the fore-castle, and one man wanting when the small night-watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard . . . All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time. There is more kindness shown by the officers to the crew, and by the crew, to one another. There is more quietness and seriousness. The oath and the loud laugh are gone. The officers are more watchful and the crew go more carefully aloft. The lost man is seldom mentioned, or is dismissed with a sailor's rough eulogy,—'Well, poor George is gone! He knew his work, and did his duty, and was a good shipmate.' Then usually follows some allusion to another world, for sailors are almost all believers, in their way. They say, 'God won't be hard upon the poor fellow.'"

Recently, when the American Republics liner "Uruguay"



Errand of Mercy  
From the Painting by Andrew Winter.

concluded her maiden voyage to east coast ports of South America, she brought in her crew a sailor who did much to establish friendly feelings toward the vessel among Brazilian maritime workers. He is Clark Willy, who dived into the water of Rio de Janeiro harbor to rescue a stevedore who had fallen overboard. Willy was presented by the stevedores with a gold medal with his name on one side and a relief design of the training ship "Saldhana de Gama" on the other, and also with a small gold replica of a sailing vessel.

Whenever the cry "Man Overboard" is heard along South Street, we know that police officers and seamen who hear the cry will rush to the life-ring conveniently placed (by the Institute) outside the police booth on the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip which has been helpful in effecting a large number of rescues.

Many seamen need rescuing from the depths of despair and discouragement, and the friendly social service workers, chaplains and other staff members at the Institute succeed in rescuing these seafarers, by kindly advice and spiritual counsel, as well as financial help and assistance in untangling personal and family problems—restoring their self-confidence and self-respect. This is one of the many forms of social advice rendered in the Welfare Department—a department maintained by voluntary gifts. Won't you help us continue this program of rescuing and rehabilitation?

Please send contributions to the  
**SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK**  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



## Why the Sea Is Salt

THE question is often asked, "Why is the sea salt?" The best answer is given by Lieut. Matthew Fontaine Maury, U.S.N. whose maritime charts are used by all seafarers. He demonstrated that as a general rule, the sea is nearly of a uniform degree of saltness and that the circulation of the oceans depends largely upon the salts of sea water. Such uniformity can only be made so by being well shaken together, which led Maury to the belief that the ocean has its system of circulation, as complete and as wonderful as is the circulation of blood through the human system. Maury investigated the currents of the sea by an unusual and practical method: he distributed to sea captains especially prepared log-books, and asked the captains to keep notes. In the course of nine

years he had collected 200 such logs, each with about 2,500 days' observations. In 1851, Maury's calculations disclosed a new route to Australia, which did not touch at the Cape of Good Hope, and which cut the time of the voyage in half. By taking a course far south of the Cape, ships fell in with steady westerly winds which carried them east with great speed. Maury was able to locate, through deep sea soundings, a "plateau" for the Atlantic cable (laid in 1866), where it has remained ever since. Maury has been dead 65 years, but his name lives on in maritime circles: each U. S. pilot chart bears his name. As head of the first Hydrographic Office, he developed the daily weather forecasts for both land and sea. We quote Maury's daily prayer on this page.

### Matthew Fontaine Maury

Pathfinder of the Seas

### His Daily Prayer

**G**OD, Our Heavenly Father, whose gift is strength of days, help us to make the noblest use of minds and bodies in our advancing years. Teach us to bear infirmities with cheerful patience. Keep us from narrow pride in outgrown ways; from blind eyes that see not the good of changes. Give patient judgment of the methods and experience of others. Let Thy peace rule our spirits through all trials of our waning powers. Take from us all fear of death and all despair or undue love of life; that with glad hearts at rest in Thee we may await Thy will concerning us, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

## Swing on South Street . . .



THE jitter-bug craze has hit the waterfront. Benny Goodman's "swing" music has invaded South Street, and seamen now swing away from sea chanteys. Listening in on one of the Institute's weekly "Song Fests" one may observe what a change has come over the seafaring population of New York. Hundreds of pairs of seamen's feet beating time to a "swing" version of "Jingle Bells", "Annie Laurie" and "Auld Lang Syne"—if heard by ancient mariners, would have shocked them no-end.

The Institute's organist, Miss Anne Conrow, game to learn "swing" music, has been vigorously coached by a group of cadets, under the leadership of Cadet John Kosloff, saxophone player par excellence. This enterprising "young man with a horn" is busily initiating his shipmates in this new "art", and there is a run on the Institute's Slop Chest for old musical instruments which can be renovated for the "swing" orchestra.

These Thursday night "Song Fest Smokers" are very popular with the seamen in the port. They are really amateur nights: A Scotsman regales the crowd with a tale about "The gale that blew the whiskers off the skipper, the lids

off the pots in the galley, and then the ship changed her course, headed into a wind and blew the whiskers, the pots, back again". "Steamboat" Kelly whistles Irish and Scotch airs in his inimitable fashion. Older seamen dance the horn pipe or buck 'n wing. Younger mariners tap or soft-shoe dance. Some play the harmonica. A Swedish sailor sings a Swedish lullaby. Kenneth Kruhm sings "Kathleen" and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in a beautiful tenor voice. The songs get more and more sentimental (even "Mother Macree" is suggested). Then, the "swing" addicts speed up the tempo again by swinging "My Wild Irish Rose".

The sailors' versions of "Betty Co-Ed" and "Stein Song" are very popular:

#### BETTY CO-ED

"Betty Co-ed is loved by all the Captains  
Betty Co-ed is loved by Chief Mates too,  
Betty Co-ed is loved by all the Pursers,  
The Chef through her is always in a stew.  
Betty Co-ed's a smile for "Sparks" the Radio;  
She kids them all the time, so it is said,  
Betty Co-ed is loved by all the Engineers  
But we're the guys that's loved by Betty Co-ed".



### SAILOR'S STEIN SONG

"Fill the steins to the dear old sea  
Shout till the rafters ring!  
Stand and drink a toast once again  
Let every loyal seaman sing;  
Drink to all the happy hours,  
Drink to the careless days,  
Drink to the ships we sail in,  
The pride of our hearts always.  
To the sea, to the ships,  
To the men who are brave and  
fearless,  
To the youth, to the fire,  
To the life that is moving and call-  
ing us!  
To the Gods—to the Fates,  
To the rulers of men and their des-  
tinies;  
To the lips, to the eyes,  
To the girls who will love us some  
day!"  
But even the old favorites such  
as "When the Bell in the Lighthouse

Rings Ding-Dong", are giving  
way to "swing" arrangements of  
"Pocketful of Dreams", "Two  
Sleepy People" and "Now It Can  
Be Told". The influence of the  
movies and the radio, which brings  
to sailors, even when on shipboard,  
the latest dance tunes, partly ex-  
plains this new interest in "swing"  
along South Street. The sailors are  
getting a great "kick" out of keep-  
ing Mother Roper up to date, and  
at the last Song Fest, as Mrs.  
Roper, in accordance with her usual  
custom at the end of the session,  
rose to speak, one sailor reached  
over and whispered to her, "Swing  
it, Mother! Swing it!"

## Shipmates' Reunion . . .

FORTY years ago a bo'sun and  
a mate served on a square-  
rigger together. Yesterday, they  
shook hands and greeted each other  
for the first time since 1898. This  
reunion took place in the Institute  
baggage room thus: Bosun George  
Finch (who admits to being 65)  
was about to check his "gear" when  
he saw a big ship model being  
checked by another seaman. "Is that  
model, by any chance, the Ther-  
mopylae?" he inquired. The model-  
maker, Thomas Rosenkvist, proudly  
beamed, and replied, "Yes, it is".

Bos'un Finch sighed reminiscent-  
ly, "She was a fine ship—I served  
in her, once".

"And so did I" spoke up another  
old seaman, standing near. "Your  
face is familiar", commented Finch.  
"I was bos'un on her in 1898—  
worked up from deck hand".

"And I was a mate!"

"Now, I remember you—and a  
fine mate you were, too". And with  
that, the two old deep-water, square-

rigged sailing ship men shook hands  
heartily.

And with that, the conversation  
turned to the racing records of the  
old Thermopylae. Baggage-master  
Robert Brine, who also remembered  
the square-rigger, added his word  
to the discussion.

The Thermopylae is regarded by  
many sailors as the fastest clipper  
ever built. She was launched in  
1868 in Aberdeen, built by Walter  
Hood, for George Thompson & Co.  
Her great rivals were the Cutty  
Sark and Sir Lancelot. Her best  
day's run was 330 miles. Her record  
run was from London to Melbourne  
in 63 days, in command of Captain  
Kemball. Her figurehead was of  
Leonidas, the King of Sparta who  
held the pass of Thermopylae  
against Xerxes. Bos'un Finch re-  
calls painting the figurehead: "I'd  
climb out and lie flat on a bobstay  
and, looking up, retouch the figure-  
head with gilt paint, and his face  
with flesh-colored paint".

## The Blow

By Seaman Dennis Law

Last night when I relieved the wheel,  
The harbor lights were low;  
With rising swell beneath the keel,  
That only sailors know.

On, on with little canvas,  
On with the wind that blew;  
Like some brave indignant lass,  
In that green phosphorescent hue.

I felt her straining topmast,  
Heard the wind go through her shrouds,  
Her topgallants, they were lifted,  
And blown away like clouds.

The captain paced the deck,  
With measured tread, and slow,  
He shook his head as if to check  
That cold Nor'easter blow.

But now the dawn was breaking,  
My trick was nearly through  
The cook, in the galley was cussing;  
He was getting chow for the crew.

Far into the morn' it lasted,  
Before we felt the ease,  
And our ship sail'd on merrily;  
Before a southern breeze.

## Sujee, Sailor, Sujee



Photo by Courtesy of the Grace Line

Stand by!—You lazy lubbers,  
Man the winches fore and aft  
Cast off those lines and heave away  
We're sailing with forced draft.

We'll pitch and roll to Mobile  
For she's riding high and light.  
We'll put her up in drydock  
To scrape her bottom bright.

Over the side—blue topping  
And treat the deck plates too.  
Break out the white, slap on the  
buff,  
We'll make her look like new.

House flag and Ensign flying  
We'll steam proudly out to sea.  
Then take on coal at Norfolk  
And what a sight she'll be.

The white work grey and grimy,  
Black dust ground in the deck.  
A thing of beauty for a time  
Now looks a total wreck.

But roses fade to bloom again.  
While life there's always hope.  
So it's *sujee*, sailor, *sujee*,  
And we'll bring her back with soap!  
By Seaman WARREN STANTON



# Christmas for 1,000 at Seamen's Institute\*

By Sally MacDougall

*Editor's Note:* Christmas was celebrated at 25 South Street with great enthusiasm 1,125 seamen sat down to turkey dinner, enjoyed the moving pictures and other entertainment, all of which were made possible by those who contribute to our HOLIDAY FUND. Our Welfare Department distributed 16,000 Christmas cards, (reconditioned by volunteers) which the seamen mailed to friends and relatives all over the world. Won't you please send us the Christmas cards you received, and through the year they will be made useable again, and ready for distribution next Christmas. Just mail them to the Welfare Department, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

ONE thousand sailors back from the sea—prosperous ones with money in their pockets, poor ones without the price of a necktie—are living the life of Riley this week, awaiting Christmas at the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE, the thirteen-story hotel and club on South Street.

Most of the faces had a faraway look today, as if the men—sagging old ones and sturdy youths—were thinking of Christmas with loved ones who are dead or back in the old home. Christmas at the Institute is a great day for seafaring men. It is the only home that many of them have.

Festivities will begin tonight with a concert and program in which seamen will take part, and there will be entertainment tomorrow afternoon and evening, leading up to the turkey dinner, a band concert and carol singing on Christmas Day.

## Many Pray in Chapel.

Vigorous voices in casual conversation sounded like an explosion in the outer lobby. Inside there was stillness or activity, depending on the place. The chapel on the left, where men go in to pray any hour of the day or night, was very still, mellow light filtering through the Flemish stained glass windows that the first Cornelius Vanderbilt gave to the first Seamen's church a hundred years ago, when it was a floating chapel on a barge in the bay.

In reading and writing rooms upstairs men were pondering over pen and paper. Some were writing Christmas cards. Some were composing pieces they will speak at their holiday programs.

Sedate seamen, types you would guess were pursers or mates, occupied every chair in the high-ceilinged, book-lined Joseph Conrad library, where Conrad's portrait and some of his letters are framed and where shelves are filled with autographed books by him and by other seafaring authors.

## Air of Friendliness.

At the ten pool tables and four billiard tables and in recreation rooms, where men play bridge and pinochle all day, there was an air of concentrated friendliness.

"Would you like to read something I've just scribbled down?" asked a sailor boy in the second floor office of Mrs. Janet Roper, the white-haired "mother" of seamen who has found more than 5,000 missing men for families all over the world. He had come to give her a Christmas present, a carved clipper with sails and to get her opinion of a piece he will read at tonight's doings. Poetry, he surmised, would be just the thing homesick men would be wanting to hear. This was his second verse:—

"And each one dreams the self-same dream

Of gleaming hearths and lights aglow

And stockings hanging in a row;

The wistfulness of shining things:

Holly and mistletoe.

Men who've faced death without fears

They're not ashamed of misted eyes  
At thoughts of home across the years."

## Hears Much Poetry.

"I've heard a lot of poetry this week," she said, fingering a stack of Christmas mail. "Love and Merry Christmas from Bill," she read. Who might Bill be? She asked the poet. He couldn't guess. The envelope was post-marked Cape of Good Hope. That didn't help, either. She wished the Bill and Bob and Jack sailors wouldn't take quite so much for granted.

Down in his office Leslie C. Westerman, hotel manager, was pleased over something a couple of seamen had just done. A lonely tar with a roll of

\$800 in his pocket had been getting sentimental about Christmas in a nearby saloon. Seamen from the institute spotted a couple of beachcombers who were coaxing him to take a taxi ride. Manager and men got the erring brother back on the pretext of a long distance telephone call. His roll was in the safe and he was upstairs in bed.

## Turned Down by Mother.

The seaman at the Institute most in need of cheer is a lad of 23. He hitchhiked here from California hoping to find his mother, who recently married again. He didn't know her new name. The Institute took up the trail and found the address. The sailor started off in high spirits. In a couple of hours he was back, his face tear-stained.

"No, she's not dead. I could have stood that," he said. "She wouldn't let

me in, said she had hoped that she'd seen the last of me. I left home at 16 and the longing to see her would come over me."

They put him in an endowed room to which Christmas presents are always sent to the homeless sailor who happens to be a lodger. The Institute saw to it that greetings began to arrive yesterday. The boy brought the first one to the office. He said it was the first Christmas card he had ever received.

There will be 1,200 men at the Seamen's Church Institute dinner on Christmas Day. None of the men will know whether the buddy at his elbow is paying his way or will be broke until his tanker sails. Seaman's papers in a man's pocket constitute a pass to the Christmas cheer.

## Why I Go To Sea

Ships and the Sea are essential in the development and progress of civilization and commerce. I choose the sea for a career—to travel the world, study the customs, economic and social life in foreign lands and enjoy the countless adventures and diverse experiences which this vocation offers. ANTHONY CAPPADONA

I go to sea because I think it is an interesting way to make a living. One sees strange places, different people and their customs. From 1923 to now I sailed the seven seas on various American ships. My ambition is, before I quit, to have visited every foreign country.

K. THIELE, Oiler

I was thinking of historical men, Cook, Kidd and others, since my school days, to visit those famous islands in modern luxury and without cost. Worked on Blue Funnel line, from Australia, called at Pitcairn Island. I could feel the joy, shout, silence, and fear of "The Mutiny on the Bounty".

FRANK J. QUINN

A new baked Navy Cadet, that splendid uniform caught my young fancy. I inquired how to become one. High School, 21 months in sailing ship, test examination, where only the cleverest entered the Academy. I served my Apprentice-

ship. "No snob in my family" was Mother's word. I remained a regular salt. PETER STABOE

My actual mood was ten years ago. I started to go somewhere I followed an impulse to try at sailing, but nevertheless I saw what I wanted. It was the primitive living on certain foreign shores. I met the differences at French ports where natives skillfully made curious, beautiful designs.

JOHN W. SOLOMON

I was very fond of Geography in school and said I would see this world some day. I lost my job and went to sea. Have been all over the world and seen and learned more than books could teach. Have been well paid in the knowledge I have gained. ARNOLD A. WASCHE

The reason why I went to sea is account of having an argument with the girl friend and it became impossible to be reconciled. She remarked that the sooner I eliminated myself from her presence the better she would be satisfied. I took her at her word and got a job aboard ship and many times since wished I never saw a vessel larger than a rowboat and a body of water no larger than the kids' swimming pool in Central Park. JOSEPH STEADY

\* Reprinted from the New York World-Telegram, December 23, 1938.



# To Our Contributors:

IT has been suggested that the Institute inaugurate a plan which has proved very successful in Sweden in raising funds. We propose to start a "Bon Voyage Fund" and to ask our friends who usually send flowers or candy or fruit as bon voyage gifts to have the Institute send a card to their friends who are sailing abroad, and for them to send the money to the Institute. The following card explains the plan. Many people prefer not to have too many flowers with them in their cabins, on ocean voyages, and yet their friends want to send them bon voyage wishes in some form.

## BON VOYAGE!

This Message conveys Best Wishes for a Grand Trip: Smooth Seas, Fair Weather, Fun on Board, Happy Days Ashore and, Finally, a Pleasant Journey's End.

The money which I would have spent for "Bon Voyage" flowers or candy has been sent to the "Bon Voyage Fund" at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, which is used to help needy merchant seamen—the same fine type of seafarers who man your ship and carry you safely across the ocean. I hope that you will approve of the way I have said "Bon Voyage".

(SPECIMEN CARD)

NOTE: On the reverse side of the card is reproduced, in black and white, a painting of a sailing ship by Charles Robert Patterson, noted marine artist.

"BON VOYAGE FUND" COMMITTEE  
Seamen's Church Institute of New York  
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send a "Bon Voyage" card to.....  
sailing on the S.S. ....  
Cabin..... Date.....  
and attach my personal card (enclosed herewith). Here is my check for \$..... for the Institute's "Bon Voyage Fund", to be used for needy seamen.

Name .....

Address .....

Editor's Note: Copies of the above contribution slip are available at the Institute. Why not keep a supply on hand?



In Line at the Hotel Desk for a Room.

## SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN BY THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK FROM JANUARY 1 TO DECEMBER 1, 1938

- 272,836** Lodgings (including relief beds).
- 105,126** Pieces of Baggage handled.
- 702,810** Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
- 270,346** Sales at News Stand.
- 23,991** Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
- 11,928** Attended **545** Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island.
- 5,663** Cadets and Seamen attended **528** Lectures in Merchant Marine School; **852** new students enrolled.
- 46,951** Social Service Interviews.
- 11,551** Relief Loans.
- 7,307** Individual Seamen received Relief.
- 73,102** Magazines distributed.
- 5,317** Pieces of clothing and **1,123** knitted articles distributed.
- 2,994** Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
- 77,119** Attended **162** entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
- 2,532** Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
- 319** Missing Seamen found.
- 1,062** Positions secured for Seamen.
- \$200,056.** Deposited for **3,197** Seamen in Banks.
- 18,782** Attendance in Conrad Library; **4,744** books distributed.
- 10,446** Telephone Contacts with Seamen.
- 1,447** Visits to Ships by Institute representatives.



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