

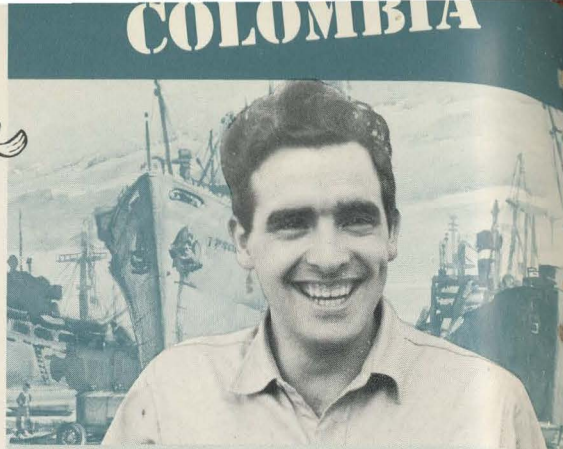


# the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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NOVEMBER 1963



## seaman <sup>of</sup> the month

### ► Juan Uriarte

When Colombian seaman Juan Uriarte isn't on "dog watch"\* in the hold of the *Ciudad De Armenia* he'll be entertaining his fellow mariners with folk songs expertly played on his harmonica, and he'll switch into flamenco music when he thinks about raven-haired Maria Angela whom he will wed soon in Barcelona.

This month's flashing eyed SOTM from Bermeo, Colombia, born of Castilian parents, grew up on the waterfront and learned of the hardships of the seas by talking with the men who sailed them. Their stories of far-off lands planted the seeds of adventure in young Juan, who began the life of the sea at 18. Now at 25, he plans to make the sea his life, and has secured his future by preparing himself for a 3rd Engineer rating by studying for five years in the famous School of Navigation at Bilbao, Spain.

Athletic prowess in all landlubber sports is especially satisfying

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*\*3rd engineers generally get the late evening to morning watches in the engine room, often called a "dog's watch" or just "dog watch."*

MORE THAN 600,000 merchant seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come to the port of New York every year. To many of them The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is their shore center — "their home away from home".

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York Harbor, the Institute has grown into a shore center for seamen, which offers a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational services.

Although the seamen meet almost 60% of the Institute's budget, the cost of the recreational, health, religious, educational and special services to seamen is met by endowment income and current contributions from the general public.

## the LOOKOUT

Vol. 54, No. 9 November 1963

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N. Y. 10004  
BOWLING GREEN 9-2710

The Right Reverend  
Horace W. B. Donegan, D.D., D.C.L.

Honorary President

Franklin E. Vilas  
President

The Rev. John M. Mulligan  
Director

Ralph M. Hanneman  
Editor

Member International Council of Industrial  
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Published monthly with the exception of July-August, February-March, when bi-monthly, \$1 year, 20¢ a copy. Gifts to the Institute include a year's subscription. Entered as second class matter, July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879.

COVER: "The Whale Gives Up Jonah," an 18th century etching from the collection in the New York Public Library.

# "only five grains of corn"



The Rev. Dr. Roscoe T. Foust  
Dir., Dept. of Special Services

There is a story of a strong, silent Vermont farmer who broke his long silence one day by saying to his wife, "Do you know, Sarah, you have meant so much to me that sometimes it's almost more than I can stand not to tell you about it."

Many of us are like this nameless farmer; we are often too shy, or too proud, or too lazy, to say "Thank you" to God or man. Perhaps we feel that it might betray our own sense of inadequacy and make us "beholden" to another.

Yet, as another officially-proclaimed Thanksgiving Day draws near, we might well remind ourselves that the strongest strand in our national history of Thanksgiving comes from a deep-seated impulse that springs from our very being as men, — whether or not there is health, wealth and plenty which wrings from us a grunt of gratitude for personal favors received, from man or God.

Let us recall a little of our history. The roots of Thanksgiving Day as a specific festival go back to the days immediately following the landing of our Pilgrim forefathers when they were struggling for survival. The Mayflower carried 102 passengers, — men, women and children. The first winter was most severe, and half of their original numbers, including Governor Carver, died of undernourishment, disease and exposure. At one period there were only seven healthy adults able to nurse the sick and hunt for food. They leveled the graves and when possible, sowed

them with grain to conceal their losses from the Indians. Yet they proclaimed their first Thanksgiving with these words:

"We are knit together in a most straight and sacred bond. It is not with us as it is with other men whom small things discourage." They had made a covenant with God in a new, free world, and their gratitude for this relationship gave their lives its true direction, meaning and dignity no matter how poor or rich their food, no matter how kind or outrageous the changing circumstances of their lives.

In the midst of plenty, we would all do well to remember the basic simplicities which support life, and which are God's gift to all men who let love and charity and brotherhood rule their hearts that His riches may be shared. As time went on, our New England forefathers yearly repeated the custom, on Thanksgiving Day, of putting five grains of corn at each place around the table to remind them of the time when the Pilgrims' food was so depleted that only five grains of corn at a time were rationed to each individual. It would be well for us if we had perpetuated this custom.

There is too much talk and precise political negotiation in America today about selling our surplus. Surely we should not balk at anything which makes food available that the hungry may be fed. But

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In July of 1964, New York Harbor will witness what may well be one of the most spectacular maritime events in the twentieth century. This event, called "Operation Sail," will bring to New York a magnificent array of the world's most beautiful sailing ships from an anticipated 20 nations. To those who regard the elegant sailing ship as representing unsurpassed beauty on the seas, and to those who have known and admired the graceful full-rigged white beauties only through pictures, the sight of these ships parading into New York Harbor should be long remembered. There may never again be anything quite like this.

Some of these ships have been to New York before, singly, while on good-will cruises, but when they assemble here next July, they will form the greatest concentration of the dwindling number of great sailing ships in existence in our times

—descendants of ships which have been inextricably bound to the history of man and the highest traditions of the sea. They represent not only the glories of the romantic past, but also represent timeless human values as well.

"Operation Sail" is largely the result of the ideas of three New York executives: Nils Hansell of IBM; Commodore John S. Baylis, USCG, (Ret.); and Frank O. Braynard of Moran Towing and Transportation Company, noted ship historian and author of several books about ships and the sea. Mr. Hansell is credited with having generated the thought for what is now "Operation Sail"; when he admired the U.S. Coast Guard training ship *Eagle*, while that graceful ship was visiting New York and he envisioned, "What a sight . . . if all the sail training ships still in existence could be brought together at one time here on the Hudson

River." Since that thought came to mind, an "Operation Sail" committee has been formed, and their plans for this event have been progressing well. Already eleven countries of a potential 20 have accepted invitations to send their cadet training ships to New York for this spectacular occasion.

Present plans call for the ships to rendezvous initially at Bermuda, after which they will sail to another meeting point off New Jersey's Sandy Hook. There they will be given a reception by the U.S. Coast Guard and the Navy. Then, sailing up New York Harbor under favorable tide conditions, they will sail under the Narrows Bridge, past the Statue of Liberty and New York's Battery Park and up the Hudson to their assigned anchorages off Manhattan's shoreline. It is expected that they will be given one of the thunderous welcomes for which New York is so famous. The

"Operation Sail" committee hopes that President Kennedy and the Duke of Edinburgh, among others, will be on hand to review the long line of white-sailed ships on parade.

In return for providing the bi-state area with a magnificent show, seamen of this international flotilla will receive the area's enthusiastic hospitality. Besides affording them a traditional New York ticker-tape parade, they will be personally welcomed to American homes in both New Jersey and New York through the People-to-People Program.

Although these sailing ships will hail from far-off lands with differing languages and cultures, they all share a long experience with the unifying heritage of the sea. "Operation Sail" will demonstrate that there are seas that bind mankind and should be a truly special event brought about through international cooperation.

# Operation Sail

by Dick Elliott

*SCI will play a major part in Operation Sail plans; meetings and possibly a seminar on questions of sail training will be held at the Institute if plans mature. Two thousand seamen, the cream of the world's youth, will take part, many of them visiting the Institute and making use of our facilities. The Rev. John M. Mulligan will be called upon to serve on the O. S. Honorary Committee now being formed. SCI's Director of Public Relations, Ralph Hanneman, will be a member of the O. S. Public Relations Committee. Many of SCI's board members will be assigned to various specialized groups established by the Honorary Committee.*



U.S. Coast Guard  
training ship  
*Eagle*

# 20th century tarboys



A cadet's life aboard the *Eagle*, America's only sailship, in use as a training barque for Coast Guard cadets, is a mixture of hard work, pleasure and sight-seeing. Since she was claimed by the U.S. from Germany in 1946 as war reparation, renamed *Eagle* from *Horst Wessel*, she has visited 28 foreign ports and many more on the Atlantic seaboard.

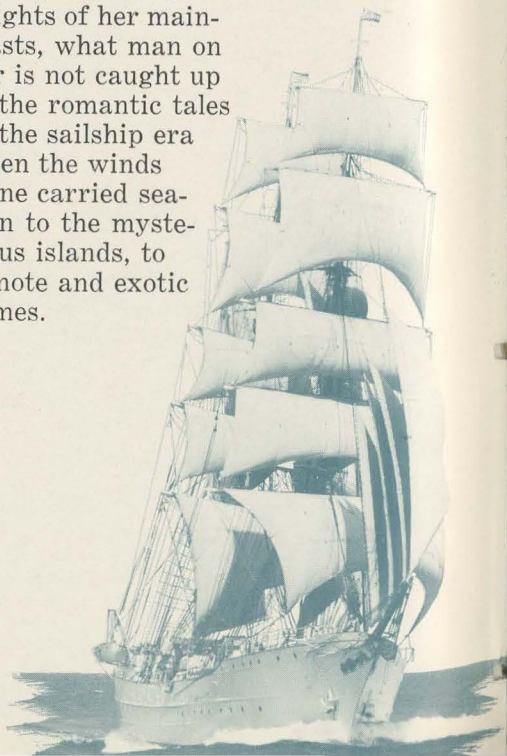
During the month of June each year, cadets of the first and third classes board the *Eagle* and her two accompanying modern Coast Guard cutters and depart on a two-and-a-half month cruise to Europe or the Caribbean. The cadets stand the watches and perform the duties that enlisted men carry out aboard the average Coast Guard cutter, except on the *Eagle* it is a bit more difficult. Each cadet must be able to locate every one of the 154 sail lines in the dark, must know every corner in her splendid 295 feet. He must learn the hard way, with brass polish and chipping hammers, that the maintenance of a ship even a sailing ship, is a never-ending task. He also finds that

vigilance and an alert attitude are qualities that constitute a good watch at sea.

Cadets live in the second deck, amidships in two large compartments, each of which sleeps about 90 men in *hammocks*. The hammocks are stowed during the day to provide space for training and messing. Crew quarters are located forward in the ship.

The galley, scullery and wash-room are located under forecandle, and officers' wardroom and state-rooms are located under the quarterdeck. Storerooms and repair shops comprise the platform deck. Engine spaces and fresh water and fuel tanks are on the hold deck.

For the cadet who is fortunate enough to be a camerabug, the photographic possibilities aboard ship are limitless; and as her 21,350 square feet of pristine canvas inflate, reaching to the 150-foot heights of her main-masts, what man on her is not caught up in the romantic tales of the sailship era when the winds alone carried seamen to the mysterious islands, to remote and exotic climes.



Few of the smells on the old sailships are enjoyed by today's cadet. The kerosene, whale oil or pitch lamps have been replaced by incandescent bulbs powered by the *Eagle's* three diesel-driven 75 kw. generators. He'll find fresh water at all times, for in addition to 56,000 gallons of stored water, an evaporator with capacity of 2,500 gallons of fresh water is provided. The *Eagle* carries fuel oil to quench her 750 horsepower main engine. When the vessel is *under sail*, a special "sailing clutch" permits the disengaging of the propeller drive shaft from the reduction gearing,

allowing the propeller to run freely as the vessel moves through the water.

The *Eagle's* economy of operation is an important consideration; but more important, according to the Coast Guard, is her value as a training vessel. She is not only ideal for teaching seamanship, but she also offers many opportunities for the development of leadership and initiative not afforded by a more prosaic vessel.

Life aboard the *Eagle* is an exhilarating one, and how many of us would not give our shore legs to trade places with these 20th century tars?

On a very warm October afternoon, a trim young man with an unmistakable Texan accent called at the Department of Special Services and asked to see the chaplain "about a very special request." He told the chaplain that he wanted to get to Europe as quickly and as cheaply as possible. No, he had never sailed on a ship in his life. But back home in Texas, he had heard firsthand of how the chaplain had assisted a student in a similar situation to work his passage to distant places aboard ship. Would the chaplain help him?

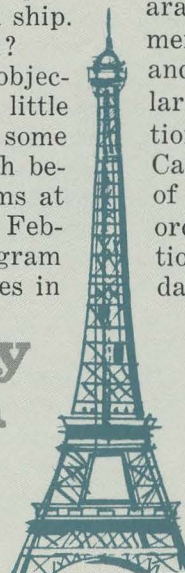
William Tapley's ultimate objective was to reach Paris "a little ahead of schedule—to have some time to 'polish up' my French before I take the entrance exams at the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* in February." (His academic program will include coordinated studies in

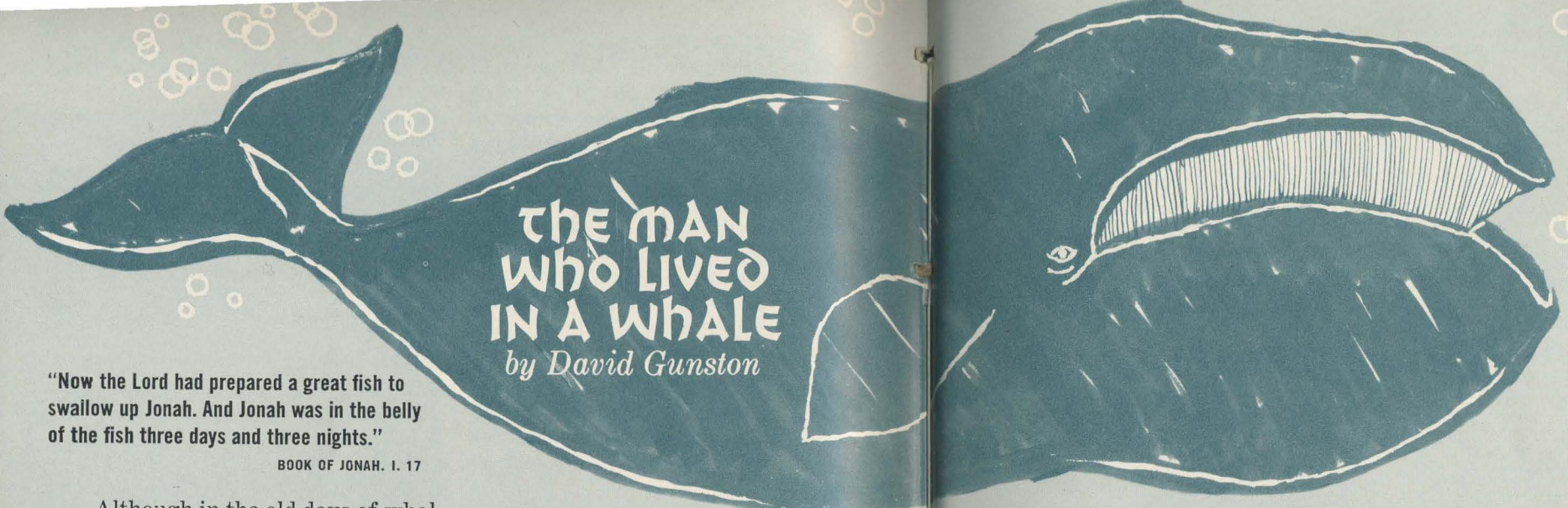
fine arts at the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* and in the philosophy of esthetics at the University of Paris.)

Bill is well prepared for his Parisian adventure. He graduated with honors last June from Baylor University in Texas, with a major in fine arts and minors in philosophy and psychology. (He wisely took two years of college French which he believes is "reasonably workable" in a sketchy sort of way.) In addition to academic preparation, Bill worked during summers to pay his college expenses and accumulate a two thousand dollar 'sinking fund' by selling dictionaries and Bibles from North Carolina to Texas. In the summer of '61, he broke the company's record by selling \$3,000 worth of dictionaries in one week, working six days from 8:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.

*Continued on page 14*

**bill tapley  
is on  
his way!**





# THE MAN WHO LIVED IN A WHALE

by David Gunston

"Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights."

BOOK OF JONAH. I. 17

Although in the old days of whaling, when ferocious sperm whales were the main quarry, more than one staunch seaman met death through being swallowed by an enraged monster, the instances where the man survived and lived to tell the tale are rare indeed.

It was a not infrequent fate of these intrepid whalers to be tossed into the sea from a frail whale-boat by a leaping, tail-thrashing sperm in agony from the first harpoons. But to emulate the ancient miraculous experience of the Hebrew prophet, Jonah, and emerge from the whale's belly later, alive and unharmed, is an adventure at once unbelievable and fantastic. Yet it has undoubtedly occurred.

In a long and close study of the subject, I have discovered only one instance completely corroborated by reliable authorities, and its details are so remarkable that it is worth recounting.

It was February, 1891. The English whaling ship *Star of the East* was cruising near the far southern Falkland Islands, then a great whaling base. She was after sperm whales or cachalots, the great barrel-headed, 60-70 foot long kin of

Moby Dick, which were at that time still the mainstay of the industry. (Nowadays, the rather larger blue and fin whales are the chief commercial prize, far fewer sperms remaining to be caught.) The lookout on the mainmast suddenly spotted a large sperm about three miles away, so two whale-boats were lowered and eventually one of the harpooners was able to sink his first lance in the creature's side. As so often happened, the sperm curved over to dive, its 12-foot wide tail rearing out of the water and upsetting the second boat and its crew. One man was drowned and a later check of the rescue revealed another unaccounted for.

He was Seaman James Bartley, a youngish, very tough and hardy whaleman of great value to his ship; but after this fateful encounter with a sperm, he was given up for lost like so many before him.

The whale in question was finally killed by the first boat, and in a few hours, its great carcass was lying alongside the *Star of the*

*East*, waiting to be flensed. The crew set to work and spent the rest of that day and part of the night dismembering their haul and "trying out," or rendering down into oil, its thick underskin of blubber. Next morning they resumed their gruesome task and attached lifting tackle to the whale's stomach, now exposed, and hoisted it on to the deck for cutting up. The men were startled by what they thought was a spasmodic movement within. Being well acquainted with the voracious appetites of the sperms, and doubtless expecting to see a large fish, maybe a shark, still alive, they immediately slit open the great paunch. Inside, to what must have been their immense horror, was Bartley, doubled up, drenched, but still alive, though deeply unconscious.

He was at once laid out on the deck and treated with a crude but effective dousing of sea water. After some minutes of this, he began to come round, but his mind was not clear, and he was put to bed in

the captain's own quarters. The entire ship's company, from the master downwards, doubtless appalled and overwhelmed by his fate, treated him with a kindness and solicitude that must have been rare in those rough, uninhibited days. For two weeks, Bartley remained under lock and key in the captain's cabin, an only half-human, gibbering lunatic whose recovery was more than once despaired of.

However, he gradually regained possession of his senses, and at the end of the third week had almost entirely recovered from the psychic shock of his experience.

During his stay in the whale's stomach his unclothed parts were exposed to the merciless acid of the animal's gastric juices, and his face, neck and hands were bleached and shrivelled to a deadly whiteness with the look and feel of old parchment. When he was able to talk coherently of his ordeal he said he clearly remembered the sensation of being thrown from the boat into the sea. Then followed a tremen-

dous rushing sound he believed was the swirling of the whale's tail through the water, and he was soon "encompassed by a great darkness." He said he felt he was slipping along a smooth passage that itself seemed to move along and carry him onward. This sensation lasted only a short while, and then he realized he had more room. As he groped about him he touched the walls of his prison: they were thickly slimy and yielding. Slowly it dawned on the fellow's bemused mind what had in fact happened to him, and he confessed he was overcome with horror and fright. He asserted he could breathe easily but that the heat was terrific—not a scorching heat like that of the sun, but a close, oppressive heat that seemed to open up the pores of his skin and draw out his vitality.

In time he became very weak and sick and began to realize there was no way of escape. He admitted trying to face death calmly, but the knowledge of his predicament, the complete darkness, the intense heat, his growing weakness and, oddest of all, the terrifying quiet, finally overcame him. He claimed he could remember nothing more until he came round in the captain's cabin.

Of James Bartley's subsequent fate nothing seems to be known other than that he continued at sea. With the typical modesty of the mariner, he appears deliberately to have avoided publicity, but after the *Star of the East's* return home, both her captain and one of her officers issued separate detailed descriptions of the incident. The case was later taken up and investigated very thoroughly by M. de Parville, scientific editor of the *Paris Journal des Débats*.

There are numerous cases reported where whales, in the fury of their dying agony, have swallowed human beings, but this is

the first modern case where the victim has come forth safe and sound.

Since then a number of natural history writers have asserted disbelief in often garbled or fourth-hand stories of Bartley's experience—without checking its original sources. There is no doubt that sperm whales can swallow a man with ease, and have in fact done so many times. One old-time whaling captain described the sperm as having "an 8-foot swallow," and instances of sharks both 10 feet and 16 feet long have been reliably recorded as found in the stomachs of sperms cut up on whaling ships. These creatures have a V-shaped trap-door of a mouth lined with 18 to 28 conical teeth, 8 inches long, and this formidable equipment is mainly used for biting and eating large chunks of the giant squids that form their main food. However, complete, unbitten food is sometimes taken, usually fish, and there is some evidence that when attacked, enraged and in pain these whales will attack man deliberately in self-defense, occasionally swallowing their victims whole.

It is noteworthy that Bartley bore no teeth marks, and his unvarnished description of the swallowing and after, fits in with the known biological facts. The gullet would aid his progress stomachwards, the walls of the belly would be soft and mucous-covered, and the insulation from outside sound there would be complete. The great heat is explained by the fact that the normal body temperature of a sperm whale is around 104°F, to a human being, high fever heat.

*Continued on page 14*



## We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

*A look-in on the world's largest  
shore home for merchant seamen...*

**RESOURCEFUL** — SCI's perennially popular shipvisitor "Amigo" Chegwin demonstrates his latest trick — changing sugar from white to red and blue — for amused crew of Colombian ship *Ciudad de Armenia* (from whence cometh this month's Seaman of the Month). A poster of popular Latin mime, "Pepe" Cantinflas, is Chegwin's trademark, as is a scrapbook of cartoons which need no explanations. A disarming sense of humor and alacrity are responsible for Chegwin's success with seamen; he recently translated World's Fair official information into Spanish to satisfy requests from his Spanish-speaking charges. In photo, Chegwin wears suit, ship's captain, Pedro Izcoa, with sleeve stripes.



**GROWING PORT** — Mr. Mulligan (second from right) took part in groundbreaking ceremonies for the new \$7,300,000 Belgian Line terminal in Manhattan recently, attended by NYC Council President Paul Screvane (at mike), Monsignor Henry J. Gebhard, Commissioner Leo Brown, Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Emil Heyrman, president of Belgian Line, Inc. Mr. Mulligan joined government officials, representatives of the Belgian government, and port and shipping dignitaries. The new three-berth terminal will supplant five narrow, outmoded, finger-type piers.



**POPULARITY CONTEST** — Whereas the Dept. of Special Services project dedicated to bringing the best cultural and educational programs to the seamen has prospered, no single effort has been as popular as the Nations-of-the-World lecture-discussion programs which attract as many as 150 seamen in an evening. Pictured above with part of his recent audience is Japanese Vice-Consul Hiroshi Ohta who focused attention to his industrialized island with a color film and lecture. India and England similarly were featured this month.



**GIFT OF USED GRAND PIANO SOUGHT BY DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION**

A friend of the Seamen's Church Institute living in the greater metropolitan area who might own a baby-grand piano in good condition (but not necessarily in tune) and who no longer has use for it is being sought to donate the instrument to the SCI Department of Education.

Readers who might be willing to donate piano(s) for use by seamen are asked to contact the Dept. of Education, 25 South Street, or by telephoning BO 9-2710.

The SCI will assume responsibility for crating and moving.



**▲ KINDLED INTEREST** — When a chartered busload of Episcopal women from Trinity Church, Paterson, N. J., toured the building this summer, they were intrigued by the staggering task of wrapping 72,000 items by the volunteers in the yet unopened Christmas Room. Keeping a promise to return, a baker's dozen of them arrived early this month to spend a day wrapping hand-knit articles which some of their number had been knitting last winter.

**◀ TALENTED** — With no formal art training, 28-year-old Honduran seaman Bartolome Waterhouse completes very sophisticated bas-relief "paintings" from balsa wood and paint, illuminates them from behind through hundreds of openings in carving. Seaman Waterhouse appealed to LOOKOUT to put him in contact with sponsor to help further his art studies in the United States. A native of LaCeiba, he ships on Germany's M/V Artlenburg, speaks fluent German.

**MARITIME INDUSTRY POSTER CONTEST FOR STUDENTS SUPPORTED BY SCI**

The SCI is cooperating with seven maritime associations in announcing the eighth Maritime Poster Contest for high school students during the 1963-64 year.

The theme is "Keep America Strong—Use American Ships." The contest offers a \$500 first prize for the best poster as determined by a board of judges of professional artists and shipping officials. Other prizes totaling \$1,000 are awarded in the contest which annually attracts about 8,000 entries.

Under arrangement with the Post Office Department, the winning poster is displayed during the month of May on mail trucks throughout the nation.

Further information may be received from the Bureau of Information, American Merchant Marine Institute, 11 Broadway, New York, New York 10004.



**▲ OLDSTERS vs. YOUNGSTERS** — On hearing the elder crewmen on Holland's Princess Margriet challenge their younger mates to a bet on the outcome of a soccer game, SCI's shipvisitor Peter Van Weygerden arranged a proper setting for the competition. Alas, even with the ship's captain (from left, front row) kicking off on Brooklyn's Red Hook field, the "seniors" suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of their juniors, but it was not without much good-hearted fun, attested by this group portrait after the game.



**SOMETHING OLD, 'NEW** — Ships often transport unusual cargoes, but none of current vintage was more attention-getting than Sinclair Oil's prehistoric dinosaur replicas bound for the company's World's Fair exhibit. SCI employees and guests had enviable view of collection as it made its way up the East River, eventually passing the modernistic architecture of the UN Building (photo). Created in Hudson, NY, the faithfully duplicated monsters are to have a two-year final resting place.

to Juan, and proud he should be of the awards he has taken in football and most recently in long-distance walking contests sponsored by athletic clubs in Spain.

He has ample opportunities to practice walking on his frequent visits to New York. His answers to our questions were unusually succinct, even when expanded upon by our translator, yet we managed to learn that Juan is fondest of Barcelona as a port o' call (having more than a little to do with the proximity of his sweetheart, we suspect). Next to those in the Spanish coastal city, Juan anticipates his turnarounds in New York.

On the dance floor, too, in SCI's International Club, Juan is immediately at home, and with his typically Latin extroverted personality, he entertains the audience with a well-executed routine of Flamenco dances.

The talent to make friends quickly has come naturally to Juan, and he continues building good public relations for the Colombian merchant navy.

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THE MAN WHO LIVED IN A WHALE  
(Continued from page 10)

The greatest stumbling block some modern scientists have encountered in this case is just how Bartley managed to breathe sufficient air during his incarceration. The explanation seems to be that contrary to later beliefs based on only partial knowledge of the case, the whale's belly was not full, or indeed even partly full, of gastric juices at the time, and as shortly afterwards the animal was in fact killed, its stomach secretions ceased altogether from that time. Bartley was never completely immersed in fluid, and there was sufficient air

A young man with two thousand greenbacks in his pocket is likely to feel the power of money. But for William Tapley every expenditure has got to be carefully weighed. His budget for room, board and incidentals in Paris for one year leaves no room for travel expenses. Could the chaplain help?

On October 29, the Norwegian tanker SS TURCOMAN left New York to take on a cargo of oil in the Caribbean, and then sail for European ports. On board was a new "deck boy," a young Texan named William Tapley. His ultimate destination is Paris, France; but in the meanwhile, he's an "adventurer" earning \$70.00 a month and doubtlessly learning new things about life that would not likely be included in an academic program.

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"ONLY FIVE GRAINS OF CORN"  
(Continued from page 3)

the response of each man as a human being is rather to share not only our surplus but our substance one with another for the comfort of man, but even more for the greater glory of God from whom all blessings flow.

In this spirit we invite all seamen to our Thanksgiving feast.

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within to keep him alive.

Nevertheless, the case remains remarkable and quite miraculous. From my own researches into it I am satisfied that this modern Jonah really did endure this bizarre adventure, an adventure that certainly lends credence, in an age of skepticism, to the age-old story of Jonah.

# We Gather Together

More than 900 seamen who were unemployed, between ships, homeless—some without funds—gave thanks last Thanksgiving and gathered enthusiastically in the Institute's cafeteria to enjoy the bountiful turkey dinner which was provided through our Holiday Fund. They gave thanks for the thoughtfulness of landsmen who had, through generous contributions, made their holiday dinner possible.

This year's observance will be no less appreciated by an anticipated 1000 seamen who will break bread with the staff on the 28th. It would be difficult to find a more appreciative group of men. Far from home and friends, they will be made to feel "at home." There will be a new crop of youngsters just beginning to earn their sea legs, and away from home for this first of many holidays. The young and the old will attend the morning service in the Chapel of Our Saviour to hear an address by the Institute's Director, The Reverend John M. Mulligan. Mr. Mulligan, with his family, will lead the cafeteria line to receive a special Thanksgiving platter of turkey and all the other standard fare.

Thanksgiving Day at the Institute has become a time of worship, laughter and rich camaraderie among seamen and staff. Chaplains will take on the garb of bus boys in the cafeteria to much ribbing by the seamen. Business office employees will distribute cigarettes and cigars. It is a day looked for-



ward to by seamen and staff alike. Receipt books, registers, reports and correspondence are disposed of so that staff can sit down with our men and get to know them better. In this informality we learn that it takes very little to give them an incentive to live and hope for better days in the future. It helps to break the dull routine for seamen ashore who have no strong attachments to home or family.

When the plates have been cleared away in the cafeteria, other departments will assume responsibility for the well-being of the men. In the lounges will be placed cider and doughnuts. Dr. Foust and the Department of Special Services have arranged special showings of good movies throughout the afternoon and evening, and a dance in the International Club with seasonal entertainment so that seamen may spend the entire day with us without feeling that they are missing something.

Our Institute chaplain in the Public Health Service Hospital in Staten Island will put in an exhausting day visiting the sick, while some other Institute chaplains will be guests in pulpits in this area.

As always, friends of the Institute are invited to visit during the holidays, to worship with us, and to partake of the fellowship which so many seamen hunger to extend to their landsmen friends. We and they have much to be thankful for this year.



We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing;  
He chastens and hastens his will to make known;  
The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing;  
Sing praises to his Name; he forgets not his own.

Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,  
Ordaining, maintaining his kingdom divine:  
So from the beginning the fight we were winning:  
Thou, Lord, wast at our side: all glory be thine!

We all do extol thee, thou leader triumphant,  
And pray that thou still our defender wilt be.  
Let thy congregation escape tribulation:  
Thy Name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!

Anon, 1625

