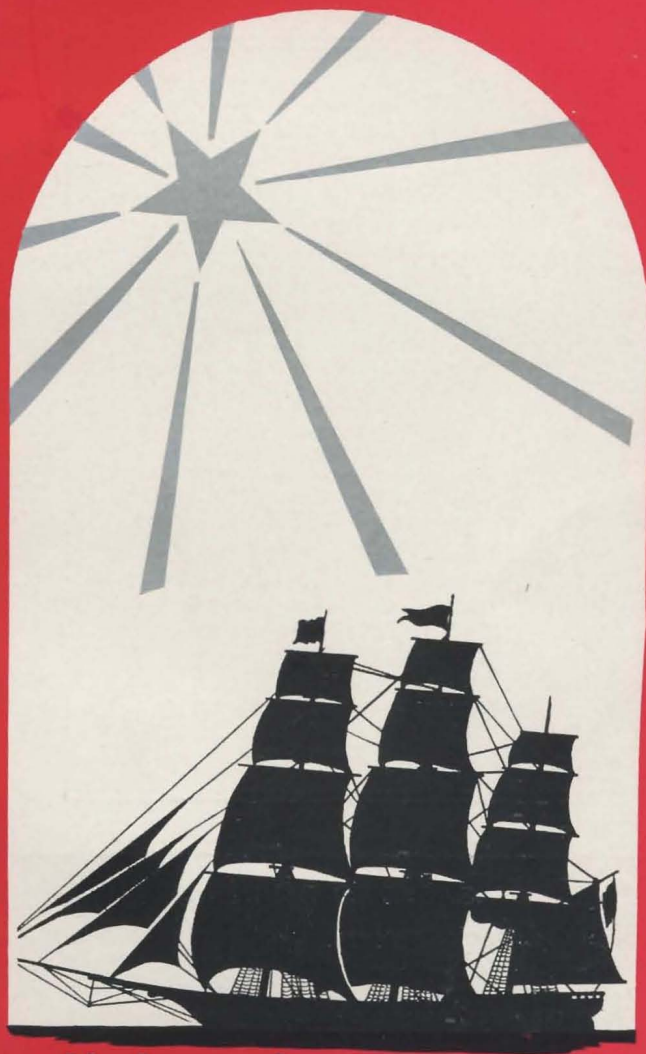


# The LOOKOUT



*"And all I ask is a tall ship  
and a star to steer her by"*

*Masefield*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

Volume

December

The silhouette ship on this month's cover is by Capt. R. Stuart Murray.  
The ship is the Asterion - 1854, Medford, Mass.

## The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street

### LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

Note that the words "Of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

It is to the generosity of numerous donors, and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seaman.

# The Lookout

VOL. XXIV

DECEMBER, 1933

No. 11

## BOSS OF THE CHRISTMAS SHIP \*

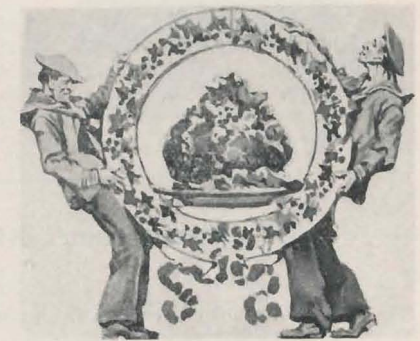


THE great trans-Atlantic liner lies at her pier in New York Harbor, with thin wisps of smoke trailing from her ponderous stacks and the blue peter fluttering from her foremast head in the crisp northwest breeze. This flag, ever since flags were invented, has meant:

"All persons repair on board; I am about to sail." But above the blue peter today a large bunch of holly and mistletoe has been hoisted close up to the truck, and this also has an international meaning: "I am the Christmas ship and am going to land my passengers and crew in Europe in time for the holidays."

During the last few hours platoons of messenger boys have hurried aboard with flowers and fruit, books and candies and many more valuable gifts for the lucky folks about to sail. It is now 9 p.m. and passengers are embarking, accompanied by groups of jolly friends. They pass from the gloomy chilliness of the pier into the warm brightness of the ship's interior, into public rooms festooned with gay Christmas decorations. Down in the spacious dining room a magnificent illuminated Christmas tree rears its verdant head up into the center dome. Hundreds of toys adorn its branches, and one night they will be distributed to the children of all "classes" by a real Santa Claus at a real Christmas party.

Anon the cry of "All ashore that's going ashore" rises above the turmoil, and the main staircase becomes alive with excited visitors making for the gangways.



Drawing by J. Scott Williams

A shrill whistle sounds, gangways slide mysteriously into the shed, massive hawsers splash into the icy waters and a mighty vibration of starting engines runs through the hull as the Christmas ship backs majestically into the darkling river on her journey to the sea. God speed, good luck and a Merry Christmas to them all!

Up on the bridge stands a tall, erect, uniformed figure. His features are sun-bronzed and his eyes are of the deep, clear blue that so often denotes the man of the sea. In them is a look of stern purpose and resolve, for he is the Captain, and in a few minutes now this great ship with its precious burden will put out to sea, perhaps to encounter hurricanes, mountainous seas, impenetrable fogs, blinding snowstorms, fire at sea and the hundred and one perils of the deep. He is more than a captain of a ship; he is the mayor or chief magistrate of a floating city, with control over the destiny of between three and four thousand persons.

The captains of these world's greatest

\*From an article by: Commander J. G. Bisset,

Staff Captain of the R.M.S. Aquitania

From The New York Herald Tribune, December 18, 1932

and fastest liners are necessarily men of vast experience. They have interesting tales by the score to relate, but they are modest men, not given to talking much of themselves, and some of the stories that they regard as trite, commonplace and hardly worth the telling are enthralling episodes to the landsman's ear.

... But the prize must go to the captain of a famous cruise ship. It was Christmas Day, and the captain dressed himself up as Santa Claus and distributed toys to the children. The following day the ship was entering a difficult port and grounded on a mud bank.

A few hours later, preparations had been completed for getting her off. Great wire cables had been carried ashore and were straining around the capstans. Tugs were fast astern pulling and straining at their hawsers. The ship's engines were

working furiously ahead and astern in a mighty effort to work her off. Among the dangerous maze of bow taut wires and cables, that stretched across the after deck, half deafened by the rattle and clatter of winches and capstans, blinded by clouds of escaping steam and tugboats' grimy smoke, harassed and anxious for the safety of his ship, with the pitiless tropic sun beating down upon his bald head, stood the captain, directing operations.

And at the critical moment, unobserved by the sweating, toiling sailors who would have chased her unceremoniously from that dangerous spot, a dainty little, old lady, clutching a small camera, crept up to the captain's side. "Captain, dear," she said, "will you be so kind as to dress up as Santa Claus again so that I may take your photograph?"

### Christmas Dinner Aboard a Sailing Vessel

The pig has waxed fat during the voyage and word is passed that roast pork and plum duff will be served on Christmas Day.

The pig (who bears the first mate's name among the crew), in some mysterious fashion senses his doom, breaks from his pen, and leads a merry chase from end to end of the deck.

Through the galley, the foc's'le, the deck house, the after cabin—he is finally cornered amid a din of squealing, yelling, laughter, and curses. The cook, despite his claims to being an expert butcher, eventually makes a sorry and sanguinary mess of his job.



Reproduced from "Sail Ho" By Gordon Grant

Published by William Farquhar Payson

## LETTERS FROM SAILORS

CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS  
United States Government  
Putnamville, Vermont.



My dear Mrs. Roper:

Your letter received and I was indeed very glad to hear from you. It is a comfort to receive mail when one is so far from home and have nothing special to concentrate their mind on. Your letter was quite a compliment to me and I am sure that I appreciate your opinion of me. When I come in for Thanksgiving holidays I will try to make it my business to call on you and I will also bring you a live small Christmas tree that you can plant and keep in your office. I want to tell you that the country here is beautiful and that I have never felt better in my life. I am happy and contented with my work and I get all that I can possibly eat and a good warm comfortable bed. I want you as a personal favor to pass the word on to all you come in contact with, that our President and his government deserve all the praise and glory that can be given to them, for by organizing this CCC they have done a great human act in giving us peace of mind and contentment. The boys that we have in our company, which is about 145 out of 220 are the ones who have good common sense and realize what is being done for them. Of course you can not please all, that is to be expected.

I want to thank you most sincerely in advance in saying that you would make an exception and send me a sweater. I don't want you to think that I am imposing upon your kindness, but the weather goes down to 40° below zero; this morning it was 20° above zero so you can see yourself that it will be much colder as time advances.

Thanking you again and may God bless you.  
Yours with the love of a son.

ARNOLD W.

To Our Relief Secretary:

I am sorry that I have not had time to come over to New York to pay my respects to you. I am at present on the "Dorothy L. \_\_\_\_\_", as watertender, and have to keep watch at all times both at sea and in port. My wages are not very large, being barely enough to live on but still it is better than nothing.

I am sorry I have not been able to make any payments back to you for your kind loan to me.

The premium on my insurance is due again on the 1st of July and I am thankful to say I shall be able to pay it after that I hope to start paying you back. Thanking you for your kindness to me, I am,

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS R.

To Our Social Service Secretary:

Thank you very much for your letter of August 18th, in regard to my brother Edward H. We received a letter from him today, and needless to say were very happy to hear from him. This is the first letter or word we have

had from him in seven years, and it is a great relief to know he is well.

He has given us his address, and we are going to try and make him keep in touch with us.

Thank you again for your service. We appreciate it more than you know.

Sincerely,

MARK J. H.

A Letter from Prison:

I am very thankful to you for the book and booklet you were kind enough to send. Also I thank Mother Roper for her aid in getting them so prompt. I am still studying and making the best of the position that I am in. I have also been studying Spanish and between navigation and Spanish I am keeping my mind busy. Things up here are going along just like I would like them to and that is fast and since I began studying I am surprised at how fast the time flies. I have been up here for more than a year now but it does not seem so long since I was at the Institute last. I hope that Mother Roper is doing well and I would be obliged to you to let her know that I am getting along fine. I was just wondering if I am causing you any trouble by writing to you once a month and letting you know how I am getting along. I will close this brief letter hoping to hear from you. I remain,

DOMINIC R.

To Our Information Desk Secretary:

Have received the Cugles, also your letter and am very pleased with the book, so many thanks can hardly be expressed to their fullness. Whenever I may be in New York will come and really thank you personally. It is real nice to be able to ask of favours of the Institute; personal, and receive them, so wishing always for the success and great cooperation of all concerned with The Seamen's Church Institute. My regards.

Very truly,

GEORGE T.

## "THE CONWAY"



Drawing Pocket Money

JOHN Masefield, England's Poet-Laureate, has written a fascinating record of the "Conway" (published by Macmillan, \$3.50), which is the Mercantile Marine School Ship stationed on the River Mersey for the purpose of training English boys to become seamen. Since 1859 a training ship, the present one being the third in succession, has taught English lads the sound principles and rugged practice of sea service.

Many "old Conways" are now apprentices' in the British merchant service and make frequent visits to the Institute at 25 South Street when their ships are in the Port of New York. And so this book has a particular interest for LOOK-OUT readers. Mr. Masefield traces with old letters and diaries the unusual history of the "Conway" and tells how boys today are treated with kindness instead of the old time brutality which was practiced on the first "Conway". The old naval prints and photos of today that illustrate the book, as well as the amusing cartoons help to embellish the text. Masefield, himself, served on the "Conway", beginning at the age of eleven, but

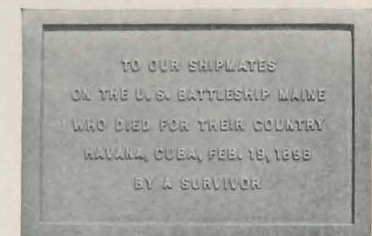
the age requirement has now been raised to thirteen or fourteen. At the completion of a two years course the lads then become apprenticed and serve in the British merchant or naval service for three years.

The hostess in charge of the Institute's Apprentices' Room, tells us that the apprentices, who have served on the "Conway", find great delight in Mr. Masefield's book but even the lay reader will be entertained by the old letters and yarns of men who learned their seamanship on the "Conway".

One of the most interesting sections of the book is a comparison between a cadet's life on the "Conway" thirty years ago and today with respect to food, sick quarters, games, instruction and discipline.

Mr. Masefield's unique flair as a raconteur is evident in the many humorous anecdotes of the fresh, eager lives of the cadets and the pranks they play on each other. Boys who dream of a life on the roaring main will be delighted with this salty document.

## IN MEMORY OF . . .



ONE of the Institute's friends sent us this interesting explanation of his selection of a memorial in the Chapel of Our Saviour. Other memorial objects are available in various parts of our building. After the donor has selected one of these, a bronze tablet inscribed according to the wishes of the contributor, is attached to the memorial.

"Why did I memorialize at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York a native of England and citizen of California?" writes our friend.

"Principally, because Christianity should be world-wide in its accomplishments and services. Also, because religion should not become localized in its workings. The Institute serves all races, all creeds and therefore it should receive support of people in every part of the world. How many American citizens of European birth or descent would be enjoying the freedom and protection of

By giving a Memorial you will reduce our building debt to the extent of the amount subscribed therefor.

the American flag but for the sailors who brought them safely to these shores? And so, I believe that a memorial at the Institute chapel transcends all creeds, all nationalities. As an Episcopalian, I am proud that the beginnings of this great work sprung from a missionary society of the Diocese of New York. But I rejoice that the work itself—the service to seamen—is non-sectarian in character and as such deserves the support of people everywhere."

Among Memorials still available are:

Nurses' Room in Clinic.....	\$ 3,000.
Additional Clinic Rooms.....	3,000.
Chapel Memorial Windows.....	3,000.
Sanctuary and Chancel.....	3,000.
Endowed Seamen's Rooms, each.....	5,000.
Officers' Rooms, each.....	1,000.
Seamen's Rooms with running water, ea.	750.
Seamen's Rooms, each.....	300.
Chapel Chairs, each.....	30.

For those desiring to select larger memorials there are available:

Seamen's Reading and Game Room.....	\$20,000.
Cafeteria.....	10,000.

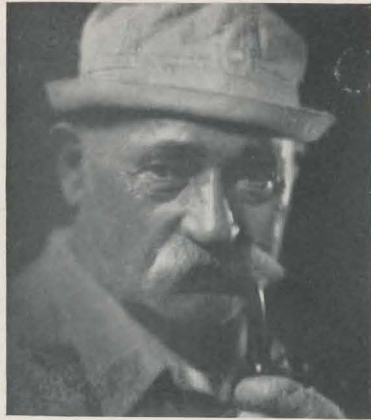
## THANKSGIVING DAY AT 25 SOUTH STREET

NEARLY 2,000 unemployed, homeless, penniless merchant seamen gave thanks on November 30th and enthusiastically gathered in the Institute's cafeteria to enjoy the bountiful turkey dinner which was provided through our Holiday Fund. They gave thanks for the beautiful Spring-like weather, for the new spirit of hope abroad in the land, and for the thoughtfulness of landsmen who had, through their generous contributions, made their holiday dinner possible.

It would be difficult to find a more appreciative group of men. Far from home and friends, they were made to feel "at home"; more than a hundred of them attended the morning service in the Chapel of Our Saviour; nearly a thousand enjoyed the moving picture "Three-Cornered Moon"; starring Claudette Colbert and Richard Arlen, which was shown in our Auditorium in the afternoon. Another like crowd assembled to witness the film

"Below the Sea", starring Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy which was shown during the evening. Cigars and cigarettes were passed out after the dinner. The dinner itself was acclaimed by everyone. Turkey, with cranberry sauce, turnips, mashed potatoes, rolls, and ice cream, helped to break the drab, dull routine of their lives, made them feel better physically and more cheerful mentally. These jobless seamen do not demand much consideration. It takes very little to give them an incentive to live, and hope for better days in the future. They want work, most of all. In the meantime, through your gifts, we are keeping them FIT and Ready for jobs. On Thanksgiving Day we were able to get ships' jobs for three seamen—one A.B. on a collier and two quartermasters. Let us hope as the winter goes on each day will see more and more ships and more and more crews on the high seas again.

# Sailing Home for a Merry Christmas



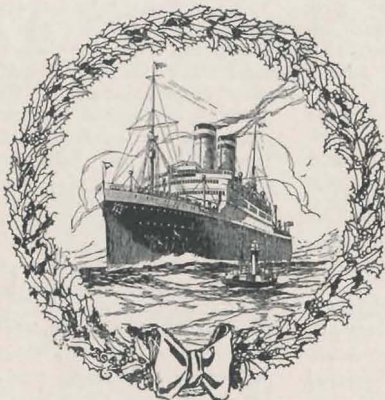
CHRISTMAS ships, freighted with cargoes of toys and gifts, are sailing home to port. Let us not, in the excitement of the Yuletide season, forget the lonely sailors who toil aboard vessels on all the seven seas, faithfully standing their watches under starlit or stormy skies . . . nor the sick and injured seafarers in

marine hospitals, and let us particularly remember those unfortunate seamen—thousands of them—who are stranded ashore without kith or kin, jobs or money.

The bright star in their dark sky is the Institute which, among these men of the sea, is synonymous with "land fall" and all's well. Each Christmas more than 1,000 mariners enjoy a holiday dinner at the Institute, made possible by the generosity of landsmen. A man's morale is endangered when he is hungry—but even when fed he still needs the cheer and fellowship which landsmen enjoy at the Christmas season. This he finds at the Institute, where, since 1843, seamen have been welcomed

and befriended every day of every year. Like the star of Bethlehem, it guides seamen safely to the haven where they would be.

A sailor far away sent his usual Holiday gift and this letter: "Enclosed



S.S. NEW YORK  
Courtesy, Hamburg-American Line

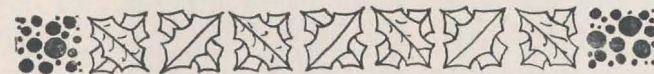
please find money order, a small amount (\$1.00) which I am glad to be able to contribute to the Christmas fund for the lads on the beach. I will try to forward something every month until after the holidays. Sincerely yours, George H."

Won't you, too, make a very special effort to share your holiday with these homeless guests within our gates? By sending a contribution to the Institute you will help us welcome these men sailing home for a merry Christmas. \$1.00 will give two Christmas dinners and will help to make Christmas Day mean something to our Seamen Brethren.

In addition to a holiday dinner we have planned special entertainment, including moving pictures in our auditorium, special organ and concert music in our Chapel. We are also arranging to fill comfort bags with candies, fruit, nuts, cigarettes, socks, ties, etc., for the sailors in the various marine hospitals. Each year we are thus able to spread holiday cheer among a large group of seafarers and this year, more than ever before, they need the warm friendship and good-fellowship of the Institute.

We depend entirely on this appeal in THE LOOKOUT to bring the necessary funds to carry out this Christmas program.

Please send contributions to HOLIDAY FUND, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



## THROUGH SEAFARERS' EYES



Woodcut from "N by E" by Rockwell Kent  
Literary Guild, Publishers

**W**HEN you see a ship's officer on the bridge scanning the horizon for the sight of a ship, or when the harbor pilot guides the great ocean liner to her berth, past treacherous reefs and shoals, you realize how very important it is for seamen to have keen vision.

Just two years ago last month Dr. Mansfield, through the generosity of the late John Markle, opened at the Institute the first Eye Clinic exclusively for seamen in this country. Since that time 606 cases under the supervision of Dr. Conrad Berens, have been treated by Doctor C. Bauer and Doctor Harry Eggers whose devotion to their work has made many friends for the clinic and has saved the eyesight of many mariners. For a sailor not to be able to read, due to poor eyesight, is a handicap which distracts not only from his pleasure (reading being the chief pastime during the long hours in the fo'c'sle when off duty) but it also hampers his ability to advance himself in his work. A seaman may be refused an officer's license if his vision becomes impaired.

The removal of infected eyes which might have endangered the sight of the healthy eye and the fitting of proper glass eyes have restored confidence to a number of sailors and has permitted them to obtain better positions.

Prescriptions have been given for glasses. Many seamen cannot afford to pay even the \$5.00 to \$8.00 necessary for glasses—their wages being so small when they are employed, and so many hundreds unemployed—but thanks to the generous response of LOOKOUT readers by the gifts of both cash and old eye glass frames, the Institute is able to provide many needy seamen with proper glasses. It is hard to realize how much this re-establishes their confidence and self-respect when seeking work.

Quite a few seamen are naturally color-blind. When they fail the eye tests given at the U. S. Barge Office they come to the Institute Eye Clinic and ask if we haven't some kind of a chart which they could memorize so as to pass the eye test! We persuade these sailors to have their eyes examined (free of charge) and in some cases glasses or treatments can correct their vision sufficiently to enable them to pass the tests and get their A. B. ticket.

Often, seamen come to our clinic to have foreign bodies removed from their eyes. After this is effected, the doctor in charge gives them a free examination and frequently finds that faulty vision exists. Some sailors are really anxious to have the condition corrected, and start paying for the glasses on the installment plan.

Our Eye Clinic finds it difficult to do any sort of followup work among the sailors. Here today and gone tomorrow, with "25 South Street" their only address when ashore, many months go by before a sailor returns to New York. About one-fourth of those who visit our clinic return before the year is over for additional treatment or advice.

Seamen are even more prone to shy away from doctors than are landsmen. They have been exploited so often in the past by quacks and fakes, that they are instinctively suspicious of all medical men. It takes tactful and patient handling in order to break down their resistance to medical advice. They don't want to wear glasses if they can possibly help it. A headache is caused, in their opinion, by anything except a bad eye condition. But how delighted they are, when, having taken the doctor's advice, they are fitted with glasses, and return to report that they have had their officer's license renewed or that they have just been given a job with a shipping line which had previously turned them down.

## SEAMEN AND CATS

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The general public is accustomed to link parrots with sailors, but in our experience, we find that cats are more popular with Institute sailors than any kind of animal or bird. In our lobby one can nearly always find a cat, like the seamen, stranded on the beach. But however broke a seaman is, if he has enough for a glass of milk, he sees to it that his feline companion in trouble, receives her share. We print the following essay by Alexander Bone from his book "BOWSPRIT ASHORE" (Published by Doubleday Doran) as further evidence of the affection sailors have for cats.

**I**F you should wander through Poplar Park, down by the bowling green, don't be surprised if a friendly cat comes rubbing herself against your legs. It would be a surprise to me if this happened in any other part of London, unless of course I knew the cat, but in Poplar Park the cats are seamen's cats, and are raised as seamen raise their cats, to be friendly and afraid of no one.

The park is their home, and the aged sailormen who sun themselves there in the warm weather are their providers. Most of them have little enough there to live on, but there is always something for the cats who, although they are homeless and the down-and-out of catland, have found friends among men who have always considered a cat more than an animal. Every old shellback has at least one yarn in his repertoire which deals with the supernatural power a cat has to bring luck, good or bad, to a ship. You often find notice taken of the people who feed sparrows or pigeons. The squirrels of Regent's Park never lack for nuts, and even seagulls driven inland by the Channel gales, or possibly a desire for a change of diet, congregate on the Embankment and find subsistence like the human castaways we always associate the Embankment with: so I see no reason why we shouldn't be interested in the aged seamen who look after the pariah cats of dockland. They can't rear them as they would like to; pea soup and salt horse, although well known, are hardly procurable, and in any case I doubt if the cats would care about them with the smell of fried fish shops and the sight of milk bottles around, but one or two of them have been known to eat biscuits and pease pudding. I first noticed the friendliness of the cats during a bowling match between Poplar and some other team who didn't know about the cats. Not that the Poplar team themselves cared very much about the cats, like



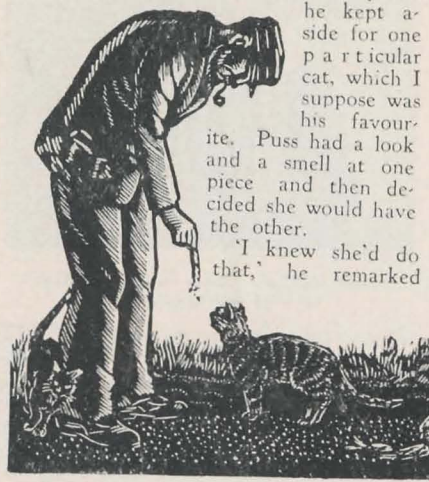
An Institute Sailor with the Cat  
of the Moment

nearly all landsmen they ignored them, but they were interested in the spectators, their moral support, if I may put it so, and the spectators were men of the sea. However, when the game had become interesting, Poplar, I think must have been a bit behind at the time, one pussy jumped on to the green and deflected a wood that might or might not have hit the jack. (I don't know anything about bowls.) The bowl was travelling at a good speed and pussy got the worst of it. The meow she gave was nothing to the storm of protest raised by some of the spectators. "What ye think yer doing of, trying to kill my cat," yelled one old salt. . . . "Play fair, play fair," shouted others. By this time two or three other cats were on the green ready, I'm sure, to lay down at least one of their nine lives for Poplar.

A more astonished man than the player of the wood I've seldom seen. He was probably used to throwing jacks and skips and woods (or anything else they use in bowls) at any cat who dared to wander on their own bowling green. He gently lifted puss (who, by the way, wasn't hurt a bit and was waiting for the next wood coming along) and handed her into one of the many pairs of arms held out for her protection. The

other cats were removed as gently, and the game went on. I don't know who won, but if Poplar didn't, it wasn't the fault of the cats.

Another day I arrived at fish time. The cats have two recognized meals a day, fish time in the morning, and meat time in the afternoon. One or two who do not understand the routine might have a snack between meals, but the majority sleep. Anyway I arrived this day when the fish was being whacked out. The aged mariner who was provider for the day believed in full and plenty, and about a dozen cats were being fed.



Two pieces he kept aside for one particular cat, which I suppose was his favourite. Puss had a look and a smell at one piece and then decided she would have the other. "I knew she'd do that," he remarked

with joy in his voice. 'Always leaves the best for the old woman, she does.' I could see the creature had taken the best bit, but I wasn't going to be brought into an argument. The other old seamen present nodded their heads, and looked anxiously around, I thought, for the old woman to come and eat her fish before her offspring had finished. Another cat arrived (the old woman, no doubt) and finished the last piece.

'Always a-thinkin' of 'er old woman, that cat is.' There was pride in his eyes now. . . .

So these aged sailormen feed and tend their pariah cats, who don't look or act a bit like pariah cats, in fact are better off than many cats with a roof over their heads, and Poplar Park down by the bowling green (you'll never find them on the children's playing ground) is the only place in London where I have seen cats fed in public.

Woodcut by  
Freda Bone

From:  
"Bowsprit Ashore"

By:  
Alexander H. Bone

Published by:  
Doubleday Doran

## FOR UNKNOWN SAILORS—A SUGGESTION

My dear Dr. Mansfield:

I have just read, in the Herald Tribune, your letter on the "Unknown Soldier" and the forgotten "Unknown Sailor", with your plea for support to feed and clothe and shelter the living sailor of today. I am glad you put it that way.

I read the other day of the solemn dedication of the \$12,000,000 Indianapolis memorial to the "Unknown Soldier." This is of course a monument in granite to stand for years to come but all the while the many living soldiers and sailors with their multitude of dependents

are suffering privation, hungry, shelterless and destitute of even "the rags" to keep one warm.

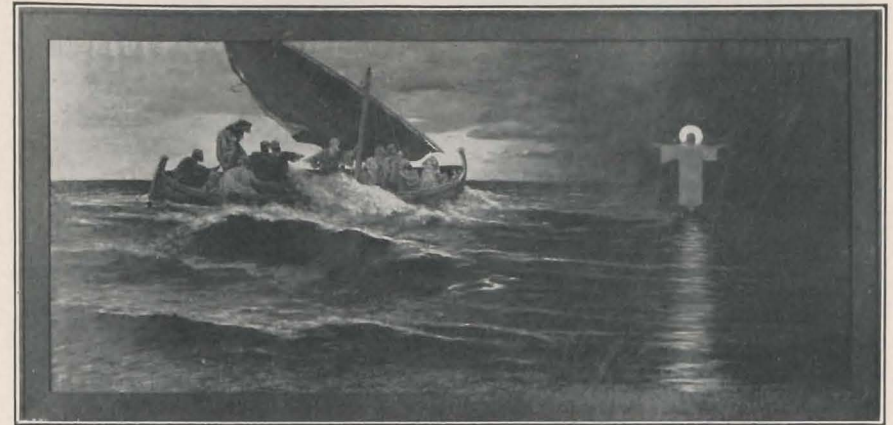
I am enclosing \$1.00, a small token of interest, with the suggestion that you make public an appeal for one million donors of a like amount for your splendid work for the "living" of today.

With all good wishes, I am  
Fraternally yours,

J. FRED HAMBLIN,  
Rector, St. John's P. E. Church,  
Newark, N. J.

P.S.—My two boys join me in enlisting—  
\$1.00 each.

## STORMS AT SEA



From the painting by Charles Caryl Coleman; the original is in the Institute's main lobby and is the gift of Allison V. Armour

"And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus came unto them, walking upon the sea."

THE hurricane season is now over but soon the winter storms will break over the North Atlantic, carrying in their wake, destruction and death, unless the ship is under the command of a vigilant skipper and a disciplined crew. The other day we talked with Seaman William J. who had been aboard the "Fuel Oil" which struck a terrific hurricane off Cape Hatteras. We asked him to describe his sensations while his ship, battered and brutally tossed about, endured the ferocity of wind and wave.

"The weather was hot—but very moist. Suddenly, with no warning" said William, "our ship found itself in the midst of seething winds. It seemed like the end of the world. She rolled, pitched—the waves pounded her relentlessly, but from the bridge where I stood on duty I could see how steadily the ship responded to each blow. Her determination to live was marvelous. The creak and strain of the woodwork, the crash of dishes in the galley, the pounding of heavy seas against the portholes—all sounded like the voice of doom."

William went on to say that his ship carried no radio, so they wigwagged mes-

sages to the "Shickshinny," made smoke screens and hung the American flag upside down. Two of the crew were injured—their legs ripped open by flying debris. The steering gear was carried away so it was difficult to keep the ship steered away from that treacherous center of the hurricane. The cable was broken but they managed to steer by keeping the rudder lashed and using the starboard and port screws. Finally, the "Shickshinny" answered the distressed ship's signals, wirelessed a Coast Guard cutter which arrived on the scene and towed the "Fuel Oil" into Charleston Navy Yard for repairs.

Only another example of the hazards of the sea. Considering the many dangers, isn't it wonderful that the majority of ships survive? It is due to the skill of the ship designer and builder and to her captain and crew who so govern the course that she will offer the least possible resistance to the weather, and ride out every storm safely, combatting the malevolent forces of nature.

When safety comes at the end of a storm at sea, the passengers, some of whom have been badly frightened, usually join in their praise of the nerve and seamanship of the ship's captain who has stuck to the ship's bridge for long hours without sleep, that he might bring his vessel safe into the harbor.

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Courtesy New York Daily News

### BUDGETING YOUR CHARITIES

As you plan your charity budget for 1934, we earnestly trust that you will make a generous provision for the helping of merchant seamen, through the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. The continuance of our work depends largely upon the loyal and liberal support of friends who wish to express their appreciation of the "toilers of the sea" in the most practical and helpful way possible. The support you and others have given us has benefited thousands of worthy men of the sea. Please help us to "carry on".

### WANTED

The Institute needs a sun-lamp for use in its clinics. It must be equipped for direct current. Has some physician an old one which he would be willing to discard? Or has some individual who no

Captain Pryce Mitchell, in his autobiography, "Deep Water," describes a Christmas dinner aboard a sailing ship: "By Christmas Day we were still in the Channel; but we had a good dinner of sea pie and plum duff, and the men—not the boys—were allowed a tot of rum. Our fresh hash had stopped when we left the Downs, so that pie did taste good after the salt beef and pork. It was made in three decks—first a layer of Australian tinned meat, called "bullybeef," on top of that, sliced potatoes, then a layer or deck of dough made by mixing flour with fat skimmed from boiling salt beef, and called "slush;" this was repeated three times, boiled in a big pot, and called a "three-decker." The plum duff was made of the same kind of dough, with a few raisins added; it was not as good as it sounds, being so heavy that if any of us had fallen overboard after eating it we should have sunk like a deep sea lead."

longer requires sun treatments a lamp that has been packed away? If so, kindly let us know and we shall be glad to send a messenger for it.

The Institute also needs two silver trays and a large silver coffee urn. When teas are given for large groups the one-quart urn which we have in our Apprentices' Room is inadequate. No matter how old-fashioned the shape of the urn, nor how badly it needs polishing, we can make use of it.

### BENEFIT

Our Ninth Annual Theatre Benefit, "A Divine Drudge" on November 1st brought a net profit of about \$2300 for the Institute's Ways and Means fund. To all our contributors who generously supported this theatre party we say, again, "Thank you." Our Superintendent spoke during the first intermission of the play and read a telegram sent by President Roosevelt from the White House. President Roosevelt has been a member of the Institute's Board of Managers for the past 25 years.

"I am glad to have the opportunity of congratulating the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York upon the achievements they have wrought for the benefit of this Institute. As one always interested in ships and their operation, I wish for you a continued progress in the work you are doing I hope with the improvement in general business conditions the seamen of the country will enjoy a large portion of the benefits."

Dr. Mansfield then concluded by reading a seaman's optimistic idea: "Do you know why this country will weather the storm? Not because the Republican party is out, not because the Democrats are in, but because there's a seaman at the wheel! When things go wrong, where does the President go? To sea. When he sends an emergency call for the Cabinet, where do they meet? On a ship. Sure, we'll pull through!"

## Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen

BY THE

## SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to November 1st, 1933

- 241,129 Lodgings provided (including emergency dormitories).
- 26,099 Pieces of Baggage Checked.
- 645,308 Meals served in Restaurant and Soda Fountain (including relief meals).
- 21,677 Barber, Tailor and Laundry Customers.
- 192 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals attended by 8,169 Seamen.
- 37 Communion Services attended by 518 Seamen Communing.
- 3 Marriages, 37 Burials, 15 Baptisms.
- 158 Entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures attended by 103,279 Seamen.
- 74,461 Social Service interviews.
- 7,969 Relief Loans.
- 6,362 Individual Seamen received relief.
- 18,116 Books and magazines distributed.
- 2,516 Knitted articles and 7,457 old clothes distributed.
- 3,072 Cases treated in Medical, Dental and Eye and Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
- 1,032 Seamen referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
- 135 Seamen referred to Legal Aid Society; 113 to other agencies.
- 4,643 Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
- 8,621 Interviews for emergency barber and cobbler.
- 193 Missing seamen found.
- 31,329 Information Desk interviews.
- 1,341 Positions procured for seamen: 857 on vessels, 484 on shore; 135 shipping companies served.
- 3,159 Seamen made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
- 1,412 Transmissions totalling \$27,247.15.
- \$207,515 Deposited for Safe-keeping & transmission.





# SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.

\* The Board of Managers reports, with regret, the death of Mr. Charles Stillman who became a member of the Institute's Board this year. Deepest sympathy is extended to his relatives.