

The LOOKOUT

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Courtesy, Whitney Museum of American Art

“THE FLYING DUTCHMAN”

Painting by Louis Michel Eilshemius

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

F N E W Y O R K

Sanctuary

Our hearts are filled with thanks
For the blessings of the day,
The loyalty of friends
And the goodness of God's way.
For the faithful devotion of staff
Extending a guiding hand,
And our thanks to the valiant seamen
For service to our land.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XLII, NOVEMBER, 1951

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"25 South Street"

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows the legendary spectral ship supposed to be seen in stormy weather off the Cape of Good Hope. Captain Vanderdecken, according to the legend, sailed from Holland about 1750 and when adverse winds prevented him from rounding the Cape, he swore: "May I be eternally damned if I do though I beat about here until the Day of Judgment." Sir Walter Scott in his novel "Rokeby," and Captain Marryat in his novel "The Phantom Ship" and Richard Wagner in his opera "Der Fliegende Holländer" give various versions of this legend. Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner" and Washington Irving in his "Chronicles of Woolfart's Roost" also used this legend and there are French, German, Russian, Spanish, Danish, Irish and Cornish variations among seafaring peoples of the Flying Dutchman who sails the seas and plagues mariners with misfortune.

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"Mother of Missing Men"

By Frank Laskier

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Janet Roper died in April, 1943, after 53 years in seamen's welfare work. Frank Laskier, British seaman-author, who survived torpedoing in World War II, met an untimely death in an automobile accident in 1950. He wrote this article as his personal tribute to "Mother Roper" so that the younger generation of seamen would know of her.

SHE was born Janet Lord in the year 1869, in the wild days of America's brawling, spreading youth, when the Yankee Clippers still crossed the oceans of the world, and the tall ships beat it south about the Horn in search of nitrates and hides and lumber.

A man named Dana had written a book, "Two Years Before the Mast," suggesting that a seaman be vested with rights and dignity in his labour. One of the results of an awakened public conscience was the opening of a waterfront Hostel in Boston, where Janet Lord first began her work among seamen. She conducted a Bible Class each Sunday. At the time, she was seventeen years old, and she liked the job, even though her pupils ranged from snuffly nosed deck boys to grizzled seamen, some of them asking questions surprisingly deep. There is a photograph of her which shows that she was a beautiful girl and not even the stilted daguerrotype can hide the character in her face.

At nineteen, she was visiting ships in the harbour and deep water boarding houses in Sailortown, an area of brothels and of crimps, of drinking dens where the subtlety of the Mickey Finn was unknown — the blackjack and the brass knuckles were cheaper. She worked there without fear and found time too for romance, for it was while she worked on the waterfront that she met the Reverend E. H. Roper, a co-worker. They married and moved to New Brunswick, working to-



Mrs. Roper when she was 17 years old

gether in the Hostel of Saint Johns and later among the fishermen of Gloucester, Mass.

Shipping moved to the West Coast. With her husband and the three daughters she had borne him, Mrs. Roper crossed the continent to Portland, Oregon. There, the tall ships put in to harbour after four to six months of rounding the Horn. Singing no Hosannahs, reading no lessons, the Ropers opened a hostel and they put on the coffee pot.

There was never anything like Janet Roper before, a woman devoted to good works but who would have laughed at the expression. She, who never in her life had tasted liquor, felt sympathy for the seamen who hit the beach on a roaring drunk the moment the ship docked. A husband she had, and love and children, yet she understood the aching loneliness of the men who had nothing but their strength to fight the sea and a handful of dollars to buy their pleasures ashore. When the religious tract was the normal ac-

companiment to a free bed, and endless grovelling prayers the price of a free meal, she practiced the charity of Saint Paul, and thought nothing of it.

For ten years Janet Roper ran the Hostel and all unknowing, built up a name for herself that reached across the bleak world of the seamen; a world that is bounded by the cobblestones of the dock road and peopled by lost and lonely men. The news spread slowly through this world that there was a woman in Portland who was a friend to all. They talked of her along the Kidderpore road in Calcutta, and she was known by name in Sydney. Blond Danes from Copenhagen, heavy backed Negroes from Charleston, the Cockneys from London and the everlasting Irishmen from Liverpool — men of the sea, owing allegiance to no one—they called her Mother.

Her husband died in 1915 and although grief must have nearly destroyed her, she still cared for her family and ran the Hostel alone, until a call came from New York.

Across the continent was a man who had worked all his life for the fulfillment of an ideal. He was Doctor Archibald R. Mansfield who had cleaned up the waterfront of New York, defeated the crimps, broken the power of the boarding house keepers,

and built in the middle of the stinking stews of South Street a great modern Hostel dedicated to the use of all seamen. It was he who asked Janet Roper to turn over her Hostel to the care of others and to come and help him in New York.

There was no set post that Doctor Mansfield could offer her at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, to give 25 South Street its proper name. Her varied talents were too well known to be held down by any one job. Janet Roper walked about the building, met old friends from Gloucester and Boston and Portland, saw the work that was being done, and took the position of House Mother.

In all the years of her service that followed, no sailor had to walk very far to find Mother Roper. She kept to the Main Hall, a great square room that always reeked with tobacco smoke, hummed with talk, and where it was possible to pick out conversations in six different languages all in one moment. Few women would have felt at home in there, for it is a segment of the sea and the ship dropped ashore. To Janet Roper it was the focal point of the building; it was where trouble was to be found.

She would straighten out a snarl at the hotel desk or help to get a man sobered up in time to join his ship. Men took their griefs to her about such matters as a room or a piece of baggage missing. They came to her with other things, private difficulties that they could tell to no one else. She solved them all.

Yet it must have come as a profound surprise to her when she received her first cry for aid from the land, to know that her name, already near magic on the waterfronts of the world, had penetrated far inland to the birthplaces of the men who had heeded the call of the sea. The first letter was very simple. The writer had heard of Mother Roper and was asking help. Her son had run away to sea some six years before and had not been heard of since; the quarrel that had sent him forth was forgotten. Could Mrs. Roper locate the boy and send him home?

In those days, a sailor left on record in the shipping office his age, next of kin and the barest of physical descriptions. Once outward bound on the voyage, he could be flung ashore at the next port and paid off—to find his own way home. He might desert his ship, or fall over the side, or be taken sick. No one cared. If he died, he was forgotten. If he lived, it was just another derelict in a strange land.

Mother Roper sent a letter to the Shipping Commission asking for information. The reply was quick. The man in question had jumped his ship in Santos and had not been heard of since.

She took the two letters down to the Main Hall and she asked among the men. Had they seen the lad, been shipmates with him? What could they suggest that she do? Her years of kindness and trust paid an unexpected dividend, for the men took her problem to heart, and they solved it for her. In their endless travels about the world, they asked for him, they looked for him, and they found him.

A sailor wrote to her from Calcutta.

"Remember the guy you were looking for? He was here six months ago—on the beach they say. He signed on the freighter SS—— as able seaman."

Mother Roper got in touch with the shipowners, traced the man from Calcutta to Valparaiso and from there to Houston. Her next letter was from the man himself.

"What's all this about? Every man I meet says you are looking for me."

She waited until his ship reached New York, and then when he came to see her, she straightened out his family troubles and sent him back to his grateful parents. When that case was over, she knew that at last she had found the job for which she was best fitted. For the rest of her life, it was to tax her strength, her fortitude and her ingenuity.

This was in 1916, and in addition to the men who had dropped out of sight through sickness or of their own volition, she sought out those who had been cast adrift through enemy action. She never worked with or for the Police; would not inquire for any



Letters from Anxious Relatives.

man if she suspected the authorities wanted him. This was her unbreakable law.

They love to tell, her friends at 25 South Street, how a father once came to Mother Roper asking that his son be traced. The father was a seaman of good standing and many years, his last voyage being of thirty-six months duration. In the time that he was away, his only son had run off to sea. Mother Roper searched the files of the Institute and of the Shipping Commission and drew a blank. Her inquiries stretched in a net across the world and brought in nothing. The boy was gone. Each time the father reached New York, he asked for his son and there was no news.

One day, in the Main Hall, a sailor stopped her and pointed over to one of the benches.

"There's the fellow you look for," he said. "He's been drunk for two weeks. Lost his ship over it."

That was the time when Mother Roper could have kept an eye on the boy, and then by crossing him off her list, end the case. But it did not happen to be her way. This was her power and her strength, the reason why men who acknowledged no family called her mother.

She went over to the boy on the bench, talked to him, gave him a room



6,500 Missing Seamen Located.



Seaman Charles Jackson, home from a long voyage, greeted by Mother Roper.

at the Institute, for he was penniless; had the filthy rags stripped from him and found him a new suit; got him a shore job and made him quit drinking. By the time the boy's father was back in port, the boy was clear eyed, healthy, and something to be proud of. She took the father to the special room which she reserved for these reunions, opened the door and showed him his son. When the first greetings were over and the father turned to pour out his gratitude to her, she had gone back to the Main Hall.

She never accepted money, and she never waited for thanks.

By 1920, she had perfected a system that was so important in the life of seamen that it was incorporated into the Institute as a separate department, and it was known as the Port of Missing Men.*

Mother Roper used a master file of all the men who had ever stayed at 25 South Street, or even collected mail from the Post Office there, or checked gear in the baggage room. With access to the files of the Shipping Offices all the world over and the co-operation of every seaman who knew her, she could trace any man who had ever set foot aboard a recognized ship.

From the Barents Sea and down the world to Cape Horn, from Lima in Peru and across the world to Canton in China, her list of missing men was *Officially, the Missing Seamen's Bureau.

posted in every shipping office, every boarding house and union hall. When all other agencies had given up a man as dead or hopelessly lost, the Port of Missing Men continued its search. No matter what his record, or his color; no matter if he worshipped his Gods from the Bible, the Torah, the Koran or if he quoted Confucius, just so long as he was a sailorman, and someone was asking for him, Mother Roper sought him.

In her lifetime, she united six thousand five hundred men with their loved ones.

This was the noteworthy thing in her life, bringing her much acclaim, but it was only a segment of her work. Her greatest deeds are remembered only in the hearts of the men she knew. They are not recorded.

There were thousands of sailors whose names could never be on her list of the missing, for they were men without friends or family. To these men, Mother Roper became father and mother. She knew them all by name. She never reproached them for their sodden drunkenness, for she knew the reasons. Should one of these men remain drunk and be taken by the Police, she would bail him out and still not reproach him. Half dead with hangovers, robbed of their paltry pay, sometimes cruelly beaten, she would give them money for food, for a bed, help them to ship out again. No matter how often these men fell, she was there to pick them up and straighten them out. Her great soul went above and beyond the petty rulings of the shore and the hired reformer—it reached out beyond the wharf and the dockside and touched the abiding loneliness of mankind. But for the crimp, the jackal, the thieving keeper of the boarding house, she kept bright a hate that lasted all her life.

In the years of the depression which followed upon the heels of the first World War, Mother Roper saw those men for whom she had worked so long, destitute and on the beach. The unthinking called her foolish, then—a soft touch—for it was known that

she never sent away empty handed a seaman in need of help. They said that her great heart had become too easy, and her ear too inclined to listen to the hard luck story. This, of Mother Roper who had worked among seamen for so long, who had heard every story, who could smell a panhandler from twenty miles with the wind against her!

But it was true that she was getting old.

Her friends tried to ease the load from her shoulders; she was no longer permitted to conduct guests through the building, the stairs were too great a task for her failing strength. She was installed in an office so that she would not find it so easy to go down to the Main Hall and give away her carfare home to the men who needed it more than she.

All these devices failed in conception, for Mrs. Roper's friends circled the globe and she insisted on being in the Main Hall to greet them as they came in from the sea. In the evening of her life she even walked like a sailor and the men seeing her, would smile and greet her, and make her way clear. Long, long before this, she had

lost the good looks of her youth. The stories she had heard, the worries, the work, the endless struggle, had etched deep and noble lines on her gentle face, but her eyes, to the last, were clear and blue and bright.

In those dreadful years of the war, that now has been fought and won, her great heart nearly broke over the lists of the dead and the missing that poured into her office. These were her friends who were dying, whose drowned bodies floated the waters of the seven seas. She remembered the first world war when the great auditorium was stripped of its chairs and the floor covered with cots to accommodate the overflow of torpedoed seamen. When a man sat quiet in his room, a packed sea-bag at his feet, sweating palms between his knees, flogging himself to the great effort of getting up and joining another ship when his last had scarce time to gather barnacles on the ocean floor, Mother Roper was at his side. When taut nerves snapped, Mother Roper was ready with a ticket for a rest home. In that last sad office that is paid the dead, Mother Roper would sit down and write to mothers or wives, telling,



Mother Roper often gave seamen comfort bags before they shipped out; also knitted articles made by Central Council Volunteers.

not the bare news of death, but stories gathered from shipmates, so that those who mourned might know what manner of men these were, and with what abiding courage they had faced death. Men, unknown to all but her, went out and faced destruction, and some of them even named Mother Roper their "next of kin."

She herself was called to her long rest in 1943, on April 5th, the very height of the war. She was seventy-four years old.

From the White House, from the high brass of the Services, from dignitaries of church and state, the telegrams of condolence poured in to 25 South Street. But there were letters also from seamen that told of their own private grief, and ships in New York Harbor flew their flags at half mast on that day.

The funeral service was as simple as her life. She was buried from the Chapel of the Institute. Her pall bearers were the men who had worked with her, and those for whom she had given her life, her love, and her boundless faith. Robert Brine and Trevor Barlow and William Bunce. Men who from the very concept of 25 South Street had been her workmates. Charles Jackson, a boatswain; Ernest Johanson, a mate; Samuel Hendricks, an engineer.

"WITH INFINITE GRATITUDE"

Dear Friends at the Institute:

In commemoration of today being the sixty-fourth anniversary of my first sailing for Europe, I send the enclosed check. Would it could be a hundred times more commensurate with the gratitude I feel for the seamen who guided me safely over twenty or thirty such pleasure trips, who thus aided me to have opportunity, beauty, mental and physical benefit. Although only an amateur violinist, I frequently was a performer in the delightful concerts on shipboard, and was always glad thus to show my appreciation for the men who meant so much to the passengers.

I am an old woman, so I have seen not only the quarters for the passengers beautified, but with greater satisfaction the comfort of officers and crew ensured, and made more worthy of such gallant men. Life on the high seas has known and developed many veritable heroes and is a great and noble mission.

I enjoy reading "The Lookout" and always live over again my experiences on

*Officially named Missing Seamen's Bureau.

They carried her from the Chapel and out into the great hall, silent on that day, over the compass that is embedded in the polished marble of the floor, and into the bright spring sunlight and the salt breeze of the waterfront. The street was thronged, and men stood bareheaded as Mother Roper was carried on her last journey.

On the very edge of the grieving crowd, alone and unnoticed, stood the lost and forgotten men to whom she had been all of Mother and home and family; the men who had sought relief from their grief in sailortown grog shops; the lonely men, whose tears were not the less bitter from concealment, nor was their grief the easier to bear.

The Port of Missing Men* has gone from strength to strength, but it is still Mother Roper's list, in peace or war, which hangs in every Shipping Office and hiring hall in all the wide world of the sea. Men who never knew her stop to read that list, for now it has become a habit with them, like the bending of a stout hitch upon a rope.

"Jesus Montana, Mexican. George Lythgoe, Englishman. John Brierly, American. Kwo Fong, Chinese."

They will be found.

board ship. Once I was fastened with a rope to the bridge having been asked by the captain, a friend of my father, to watch the beginning of a great storm. It was in the North Sea, a terrible, but majestic and beautiful sight.

I may add that in all my voyages I was never seasick.

Now with every good wish to all and with infinite gratitude.

Very sincerely,
MABEL G. JACKSON

DEMOCRACY — PRIVATE RESPONSIBILITY SYSTEM

To make our system work better we must widen our understanding of private responsibility. We must go beyond ourselves and our immediate family. We must feel an ever-growing sense of responsibility for each other, for our neighbors, and for our community. We must strengthen our spiritual convictions of our duties to each other. We must realize that we are not in the world just to gain benefits for ourselves. We are primarily here to do our small bit to build a better world.

WALTER HOVING



Holidays Are Here Again

FROM the time when the United States first became a nation there have always been, in the rich pageant of history, certain typical figures who evoke a whole era. The stern-browed Puritan walking grimly to a village church instantly calls up all of the troubled years of our founding. Weary figures disembarking from a battered, proud Mayflower recall the trials of pioneers from our Eastern Coast to the West.

The view of a tense, weather-beaten man standing a lone watch on a spray-lashed bridge immediately conjures up the indomitable spirit of the U. S. Merchant Fleet.

Of all the figures symbolizing our Nation's birth and growth, none is more significant than the men who "follow the sea." Though now many of the former privations are not suffered, the harsh elements, the dangers and the loneliness are still there. WE MUST REMEMBER THESE SEAMEN AS THE HOLIDAYS APPROACH.

At Thanksgiving and Christmas time every city is warm and friendly if one's loved ones are around him. But these seafarers away from home would know what it means to be alone when all of the Nation rejoices, were it not for the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.

Traditionally, the INSTITUTE opens its heart. Twelve hundred seamen gather around family tables at "25 South Street" to join in feasting and joy. A large helping of turkey for each man, entertainment, festive decorations and music, and packages at Christmas time are theirs. They know that YOU HAVE REMEMBERED.



Your generosity can help to make this holiday spirit possible.

Please make your contributions payable for the HOLIDAY FUND,

Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York 4, N. Y.

Marmaduke and the "Grate" Deal

By Steve Elonka*

"Ship me somewheres East of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments
An' a man can raise a thirst" . . .

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READERS DIGESTS FOR SEAMEN'S CHRISTMAS

The Readers Digest has generously donated to the Institute 5,000 copies of the December *Digest* to be enclosed in Christmas boxes now being packed for merchant seamen who will be at sea on Christmas Day. Since the *Digest* is one of the most widely read publications on board freighters, tankers and passenger liners, we ventured to ask for the December issue, and we are grateful to the publishers for supplying them.

More than 5,000 boxes packed by volunteers of the Central Council will be ready by December 15th. The Institute's ship visitors convey them to vessels which will be away from home on Christmas. All on board from captain to cabin boy receive a box containing candy, stationery, hand-knitted socks or sweater, and many other useful items. If you would like to pack a box or send \$3.50 so that the Institute can purchase the articles (great savings are effected by purchasing items in quantity) please write to Mrs. Rebekah Shipler, Secretary, Central Council, 25 South St., New York 4, N. Y. There is still time to pack a

box for the seamen who will spend Christmas Day ashore at the Institute or in hospitals. Volunteers are needed in our "Christmas Room" where the contents of the boxes are wrapped and assembled.

SHIPWRECKED CREW QUARTERED AT INSTITUTE

Forty crew members of the 3,688 ton Spanish freighter *Castillo Guadales* arrived at the Seamen's Church Institute on August 30th after their vessel had sprung a leak in No. 2 hold. They took to the lifeboats and were twenty in each boat, and one extra—a stowaway—until rescued by *Eurystheus*, the Honduran freighter, and brought to New York.

We talked with Joseph Carnero, fireman, who has been going to sea for forty years—all through the war; this was his first shipwreck. He said that the *Castillo*, loaded with steel ingots, left Bilbao, Spain, bound for Boston when the leak became so bad they were forced to abandon ship. Joseph and the other crew members are staying at the S.C.I. until they can get another Spanish ship to take them home. Joseph has six children and three grandchildren.

*Member, Artists and Writers Club for the Merchant Marine

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M.S.T.S. — Logistic Miracle

THE Military Sea Transportation Service is today the sole ocean carrier for the Department of Defense. It is run by our Navy but it transports goods and people for *all* the services.

Of the 175-some ocean-going ships in the world-wide fleet of transports, tankers and cargo vessels operated by MSTS only 27 have Navy crews. The rest are civilian manned — which means *merchant seamen*. All ships have “U. S. Naval Ship” prefixes to their names. In World War II troop ships were operated by the Army Transport Service, but also manned by our Merchant Marine.

Confusing? Perhaps. But it is an example of *teamwork* which makes the supplying, moving and evacuating of armies truly a *miracle of logistic support*.

In the summer of 1950 while the late General Walton Walker shuttled units of his 8th Army in Korea from flank to flank to plug holes in the Pusan bridgehead, MSTS poured in the fighting men and the goods with which to fight. In four months the United States had more men and arms on the ground in Korea than were sent to the invasion of North Africa.

All told, during the first year of Korean operations, ships in the MSTS directed fleet (which includes tankers manned and provisioned by private

shipping companies) “sea lifted” nearly 15 million measurement tons of cargo, 50 million barrels of petroleum products and over a million personnel!

This feat is all the more remarkable in that it was accomplished without disrupting the fulfillment of MSTS’s other global commitments. While a mass of shipping ploughed the Pacific to the Asiatic battle area, other vessels delivered supplies to other points—occupation and garrison forces for the Atlantic and Caribbean, troop reinforcements for Europe, and Mutual Defense program cargoes.

Moreover, Displaced Persons totaling more than 200,000 under the auspices of the United Nations’ International Refugee Organization were carried to their new homes in the United States, Australia, Canada and South America.

To Korea MSTS vessels have carried not only U. S. soldiers but troops from other UN nations and have brought back wounded, war dead, and veteran fighting men on rotation. Advanced planning paid off when the Korean war struck. The Merchant Marine was instantly called upon for assistance. America’s commercial shipping fleet time-chartered available vessels. Tankers and freighters were demothballed. The Korean Sea Lift proved that Army, Navy and Merchant Marine work well as a team. The Inchon landing and the Hungnam evacuation were also accomplished by MSTS.

SEVENTEEN LOST AT SEA

The sea took a heavy toll of lives on October 5th when the 3,225-ton ore ship *Southern Isles* broke in half and sank within five minutes in an Atlantic gale.

Seventeen of the crew including Captain George F. Sadler went down with the ship. Six crewmen managed to survive fourteen-foot waves and hovering sharks. They were rescued by the freighters *Florence Luckenbach* and *Charlotte Lykes*.

Seaman R. W. Holten described the tragedy to Coast Guard officials. “The center went down and the ends came up. I said a prayer and jumped overboard.”

Our sympathy goes to the relatives of the seventeen who were lost.

The Tailor Who Sailed As Mate

By Lieut. E. Mangold

THE big four-masted bark *Masquerade* lay idle at her berth at the Liverpool waterfront, tugging at her lines and ready to go. But it was Friday the thirteenth and that was no time to set out on a voyage.

Soon after daybreak the ship’s tall masts were hidden behind white canvas, her lines were free, and she drew slowly away from the pier as the crowd on the wharf cheered. It was a rare performance, leaving dock under sail without a tugboat.

But there were other rare performances to occur during that curious voyage.

It all started when the second mate died, six days out of Sydney, Australia, and they gave him a sea burial.

As they sailed into Sydney, Captain Solomon paced the quarter deck, back and forth, up and down, worried about replacing the second. Seaman John Tittle approached him.

“Worried about a new mate, sir?” he inquired. “I know a man in Sidney — just leave it to me, sir; I’ll fix it up.”

The old man was delighted. It wasn’t easy in those days to pick up a ship’s officer who could take the watch while the skipper was below.

A Tailor-Made Seaman

The ship docked. Seaman Tittle hurried ashore and down a narrow back street. He passed under the sign, “Tom Tittle, Tailor,” then rushed into the shop.

“Tom,” he shouted. “You wanna go back home? Well, you’re sailin’ as second mate on the *Masquerade*—thass all right. I know you don’t know the ship’s masts from the deck, or the spars from the anchor cable. But just leave it to me—I’ll fix it up.”

And so Tom Tittle, big, strappin’ fellow, sailed as second officer of the *Masquerade*.

“Let Her Go for Small Sails”

John had drilled his brother on the difference between starboard and port, and the new “second” could run to his brother in an emergency, even if John was on another watch. So everything went all right for a week.

They were sailing closehauled—as close into the wind as a bark can sail—the wind was light but the horizon to windward looked bad, and the barometer was falling.

“If she drops any more, let her go for small sails,” the master told his mate. “It looks like a bad night.” And he turned in.

The second scratched his head and watched the barometer drop.

Maybe He Made a Mistake

“Let her go for small sails,” he pondered, over and over again. Then he looked at the barometer. It was lower. A curious misty gray hid the weather horizon. It looked as if things were going to happen.

“Better give some orders,” Mate Tittle thought. He shouted out to the men on the forward watch:

“Haul in the mains’l!”

He didn’t see their questioning looks or hear the remarks they exchanged among themselves, but “orders is orders,” so they took it in.

“Haul in the fores’l!” his big voice boomed out again.

This time the mob was almost ready to mutiny. But they drew the fores’l in. The masts creaked and moaned under the strain of the drawing tops’ls. Then with a deafening crack the fore topgallants’l went out. Others followed, the canvas splitting to shreds in the gale and flapping noisily.

Brother John Will “Fix It Up”

Seaman John awoke amidst the tumult. “My poor brother,” he muttered to himself. “This must be his doings. I was afraid o’ that.” And he hurried on deck. Mate Tittle was running to meet him.

“There’s nothing left but to jump overboard,” the tailor-mate said. That gave Seaman John an idea.

“Thass all right, brother Tom,” he said calmly. “Just leave it to me—I’ll fix it up.”

“You hide in the after store room, and I’ll feed you on the way back home. You won’t have to jump overboard after all.”

So Tailor Tom hid. Seaman John rushed forward.

“Man overboard, man overboard,” he shouted excitedly.

“My poor second mate,” Captain Solomon wailed. But there was nothing they could do. They couldn’t come about in the storm. So on they sailed, and there was due mourning for the “lost” mate.

Brother John Fixes Things

For 54 days they sailed toward England, bucking head winds, riding storms, lying idle in calms and sailing free in the trade winds. And every day Brother John fed the “lost” mate.

Nine days out of Liverpool—and Tailor Tom was getting tired of lying away in the storehouse—the winds died down and the sails drooped. The ship was becalmed, not making an inch of headway an hour.

“Brother John, this is plumb exasperatin’,” Tom told his brother when the seaman took his supper aft to him.

John lifted a silencing hand. “Thass all right, Brother Tom,” he consoled the “prisoner.” “Leave it to me—I’ll fix it up. You jump out of that porthole—and leave the rest to me.”

Just a Game of Tiddley-Winks

Tailor Tom had some misgivings. But anything was better than lying in that dark and stuffy store room. So out he plunged, and there was a mighty splash. Seaman John rushed forward excitedly.

“Man aft, sir; man aft,” he shouted excitedly.



"Lower a boat," the captain bawled, and headed for the poop.

When he leaned over the rail, he leaped up and down in undisguised glee.

"Thank God, my second mate—my poor lost second mate!" he cried as he saw Tailor Tom swimming toward the ship.

They hauled the dripping sailor over the side. He splashed and sputtered and spat. Then he gasped, almost inaudibly:

"'s a good thing you ran into a calm—I never would a' caught up with you!" And then Tailor Tom fell exhausted on the deck.

The ship had docked at Liverpool and the skipper was taking his shore leave.

"That man who swam the English Channel . . . don't see how he did it . . . still don't believe it . . ." he overheard at a table in a nearby bar.

"Who swam the English Channel?" he demanded. "I don't care if he swam the Hellespont and the Bering Sea. My second mate will swim rings around him any day!" They laughed at him. He banged a corded fist on the table, and two glasses cracked to the floor.

"Lissen," he stormed. "My second mate swam from Australia to Liverpool in 54 days. I have 100 pounds that says my second mate can outswim that guy what paddled across the channel, and pick a stormy day to do it on."

"I don't care if he's your fourteenth mate, I'll take your bet. Cover it." And the man plunked down 20 five-pound notes. Captain Solomon counted out 20 fives.

Tailor Tom Is on the Spot

Tailor Tom was worried. He bit his nails and clinched his fists.

"You mean the skipper bet 100 pounds I could swim the channel and beat another guy across?" he asked.

Seaman John laughed.

"Thass all right, Brother Tom, just leave it to me, I'll fix it up."

The Champion Also Is on the Spot

The channel was pitching like an Australian kangaroo in a hurry to get somewhere. That was the day they picked for the swim. It was Skipper Solomon's idea.

The Champion had balked. But they had kidded him into it.

"If this other guy would rather swim in a storm, you've got to play like you like it,"

his backers said. "You won't have to go more than five miles. He won't stick it out more than that. Then we'll pick you up, and half the 100 is yours."

So he was ready. There he stood, the champion, his body greased, wearing trunks like silk the size of a couple of 10 pound notes. The muscles stood out in his powerful brown arms; his legs were like tough young oak trees, and he had a chest that Hercules and Ajax would envy.

They waited. But there was no Tailor Tom. The champ was secretly glad. He didn't like the looks of those crashing waves that swept the channel.

Tailor Tom's Trick

A commotion at the foot of the pier announced the arrival of the challenger.

Tailor Tom's body wasn't greased and he wore no trunks. He was fully clad.

Across his right shoulder hung a seaman's bag, and he carried a ship's anchor in his left hand, that was strapped to his waist, a cable twined around it.

"Hurry up and get ready," the champion told him; "it's getting late."

"I'm ready," Tom said simply. The spectators gasped in amazement.

"Swimming in clothes, in a sea like this?" the champ exclaimed.

"Sure," his challenger said casually. "I had all my clothes on when I fell overboard. I found it was warmer in them, so didn't bother to take them off. They dragged a little the last week or two or I'd have caught the ship."

"What's in the seaman's bag?" the amazed channel-swimmer asked.

"Biscuits," Tom replied, indifferently. "I get hungry on a long swim."

"And the anchor?"

"Well, I had to rest a little in the 54 days—and had to sleep some. I found that I drifted off my course and sometimes it was too cloudy to take my bearings by the stars. So I'd rather lie at anchor."

"Enough is too much," the champ exploded. "I won't swim. The bet's off." And he walked off the pier.

Captain Solomon stepped up to his "Mate" and raised Tailor Tom's right arm.

"The winner!" he shouted in exuberance as the crowd cheered.

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Marine Poetry

DECK SONG By Laurence Miner

Beat me a stave and my music will flow
Like the echoing wave where the Caribbees
 blow
For I'm off again, out again—devil a care!
Life is the living on bonny salt air!
Up with the schooner on table and sea!
Down with the beer and the sadness in me!
False is my mistress, I'm falser than she!
Ask, comrades, ask her, — the jade will
 agree!
Out again, out again,—hark to that blast!
Batten and dog neath the gyrating mast
Port holes and doors—are the lifeboats made
 fast?
Hold her hard right till the next one is past.
Out in the depths where the porpoises play,
Out in the realm of the slow dying day,
Out in the being that cannot decay,
Beauty's a primitive painted with spray.
Tell my life on the chart by the course and
 degree,
And my grave in the shark that just knifed
 through the sea,
And my soul in a sunset like last even'
 shown
On the stars sailing through all their oceans
 alone.

LAURENCE MINER
*S.S. Fort Stephenson, Mathiasen's
Tanker Industries, Philadelphia*

OFF HATTERAS By Daniel Henderson

"Off Hatteras—'fog'" the logbook read.
Never a word the skipper said
Of how our ship, a night and day
Crept up a ceremented way;
Of how as we went groping, peering,
Calling, listening, and fearing,
There came from the wet wall, close by,
A long, shrill, terrifying cry:
Of how our whistle blew its breath
In the mysterious face of death,
Who went by, masked in his gray cloud,
And left us living in our shroud.

THE SEA AND THE HILLS By Rudyard Kipling

"Who hath desired the Sea? the sight of
salt-water unbounded—
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the
crash of the comber wind-hounded?
The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey,
foamless, enormous, and growing?
Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the
crazy-eyed hurricane blowing—
His Sea in no showing the same—His Sea
and the same 'neath each showing—
His Sea as she slackens or thrills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise
hillmen desire their Hills!"



TO MY SHIP MODEL

Moored safely in a warm and sheltered port,
With sails unbent and running rigging
 stowed,
She waits not for her owner's written word
To put to sea again; cross half the world
And load a cargo in some distant isle.
Her matchless hull, which has not known
 the surge

Of ocean's giant waves, or glassy calm,
Displays her Scotch designer's loving skill,
In graceful curve and lofty, raking spar,
Which made her Queen of all the clipper
 ships.

Would that her white, angelic figurehead,
Could lay aside her horn, and tell the tale
Of her adventures, with the elements,
Which her original had boldly faced,
And won, in her eventful, active life.

Rich cargoes from the Orient, of tea
And fragrant spices, filled her generous hold,
As, racing homeward from the balmy shores
Of many a tropic isle, she oft outsailed
A fleet of other clippers, rivals all.

My little model of The Flying Cloud,
Evokes a host of sagas of the sea;
Some beautiful, when breezes gently blew,
Filling the snowy canvas, towering high;
Some tragic, when the winds, with violence,
Gave threat of grim disaster to the ship.

One must regret that steam, and iron hulls,
Have now displaced these great wind-driven
 ships,

Whose well thought out design served to
 enhance

The beauty, which perfection always lends,
To anything which serves its purpose well.

By EDWARD C. DOUGHTY

ALWAYS A SHIP

Gone are the gliding craft of yesterday!
The strength of wood succumbed to that
 of steel.

Sails ceded place to steam and coal made
 way

To oil! Progressive changes now reveal
Great giants of the seas. Tenfold in size

In tenfold five swift years, the ships of
 state

Bind land to land and bid men realize
How small his world, yet opportune his
 fate.

Though flight of Time could scatter and
 efface

The sailing ships o'er which the waters
 poured,

The guiding will remains, by God's good
 grace,

To reign supreme in Office and on Board.

By MABEL C. JACKSON

Something NEW in the Theatre



THE FIRST DRAMA QUARTET

Starring, in person,

CHARLES BOYER, CHARLES LAUGHTON,
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE and AGNES MOOREHEAD

The Play is *Man and Superman — The Dream Sequence*
(known as "Don Juan in Hell").

The playwright is, of course, George Bernard Shaw at his best.

The Institute has reserved the evening of
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30th
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our health, welfare, religious and recreational facilities.

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area. If you didn't get a notice please let us know. This promises
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