

THE LOOKOUT



The S. S. Manhattan's Streamlined Funnel and 1937 Christmas Tree.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXVIII NO. 12

DECEMBER, 1937

OUR COVER PHOTO was taken for the Institute by Byron Co. aboard the S. S. MANHATTAN. We wish to thank the officials of the United States Line, the Captain, Officers and Crew for their most kind and gracious cooperation. The "MANHATTAN" sailed on December 1st proudly carrying the first Christmas tree of the season (the gift of the Institute).

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXVIII, DECEMBER, 1937

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH

INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

OF NEW YORK

25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

.....Dollars.

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

To All Our Readers and Friends:

A Joyous Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

The Lookout

Vol. XXVIII

December, 1937

No. 12

What 48 Years Among Seamen Have Taught Me

By Mrs. Janet Roper

EDITOR'S NOTE: Following are excerpts from an address made by Mrs. Roper at the November meeting of the Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine.

MY association with seamen in the Port of New York for the past 23 years has been down at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. If you would ask me what I had learned concerning seamen in the 48 years, I would say that seamen today are pretty much like landsmen in their ways of living. They have their failings and they have their moments when they are at their lowest point. I resent some of the literature put before the public today in which the writer debunks the sailor. That is perhaps why some American mothers do not want their boys to go to sea. It is not fair, any more than to take a group of college boys or financiers and hold up their worst traits as typical. We know that the sailor has his weak moments and we know that he has his faults, but after having spent 48 years among sailors, I think they are a very fine body of men and I will hold them up against any others.

The years have taught me tolerance, patience and I hope they have also taught me understanding. One also needs to realize that down there at the Seamen's Church Institute there isn't one dull moment. For instance, I am standing by the cigar counter and an old sailor leans over to me and says, "You know, it used to be 'wooden ships and iron men,' but today we have 'iron ships and



wooden men.'" Then he says "Why! it is thirty years since I have seen you Mrs. Roper and you do not look a day older." Then perhaps an hour or so later a young sailor comes in with a most woe-begone look on his face and after studying me for a few seconds he says "Oh, my! Mrs. Roper you are getting old."

Some of them just take you into their confidence and open their hearts to you. For example, there is one sailor with whom I have been corresponding for a great many years. You can imagine the type he is when someone out West says, "I wonder why Mrs. Roper bothers with that fellow — I don't think he

is any good anyway." But I can see beneath the surface. One of his letters reads as follows:

"Just a line to let you know that Trixie (my dog) and I have the mange. I've just about bought out the drug store and if she and I don't get well pretty soon we will both have to sleep out and trust to Mother Nature's cure. I must say she is getting smarter each day, and spoiled, oh my! But she obeys every command. Never did I see a dog so near human. Let me confess a secret. There is not a night that I don't send up a silent prayer for that dog. After this, I don't want any more cats, they catch birds and I don't like it. Other sailors call you 'Mother' but if I were going to give you a monicker at all I think it would be pal or sister or sweetheart, or maybe 'Lady Janet.' It may surprise you to learn that through all my ups and downs, and I have many times lost my shoes off my feet, I still have nearly all the letters you ever wrote me. After all these years, you have followed me in my travels."

That is one of the things that makes the work at the Institute so interesting — the fact that the men come to you in such a way, confident that you are going to respect what they say.

Here is a letter from an old sailor, fine old chap and he wanted a dollar. I gave him the dollar and a short time afterward I received this note from him.

"Just a few lines hoping when they reach you it will find you in good health and happy as I am trying to make the best of it myself. Mrs. Roper I am very much obliged to you for sending me that dollar. I gave it to a friend of mine that needed it very badly. He sure was hungry. You know him very well. He is one good fellow so that is the reason that I asked you for it. I know that you gave it to me with a good heart so I gave it to the other fellow with a happy heart, so we both made an even break. I am sending it back to you with his heart."

Bill was cold and hungry and yet because he knew me so well he would hesitate to come to me. We will never know how many of our old sailors have taken the quickest way

out. I have watched old sailors and you can almost read what was in their minds. You might pick up the paper this afternoon and read where the body of an old man was picked up somewhere in the East River or Hudson River. Those old sailors have their pride and I like to feel that our Great Pilot up yonder is going to see them face to face even if they went before He called them.

I remember an old engineer who had become deaf. I was so glad that I had the opportunity to meet this man. He was born in Alaska. He said to me:

"I can't stand it any longer. I realize my seagoing days are over. Everybody here is in such a rush—I want to go back to Alaska." It was during the time that all of the banks were failing and I said to him, "how are you going to get there?"—he said, "I am going to walk." The next morning when I came to my desk I found a letter awaiting me which read as follows: "A few lines to say 'S'Long.' To wish you well—to cheer you along the trail. To express the hope that your ship 'will ever encounter good fortune—the wind abaft the beam' and your final port of arrival the place where dreams come true. Reluctantly I bid you S'Long—Respectfully salute you—Fondly I'll ever remember you. 'S'Long.'"

I wondered if I would ever hear from my friend again. I did, after a reasonable time. I have since received about 4 letters. They make wonderful reading. He is happy in Alaska.

Then of course, there is the interesting part of my work — the finding of missing seamen. Seamen write perfectly wonderful letters when they do write but many procrastinate, and so lose touch with their families. I suppose it is safe for me to say that 80% of the boys coming to the Institute come from different states in the Union. It is rather strange how you can immediately classify the boys. You can almost tell from what part of the country one has come. Of all the

boys the Southern boy seems to get the more home-sick. The boys from the extreme West seem self-reliant and independent. The boys from the New England states have the love of the sea inbred in them. You can just lay your finger on them and say "you are intended for the sea."

Not long ago a letter came from a mother in the South telling me about her boy. She described him as 18 years of age and weighing about 140. One day as I was sitting at my desk this sailor man came in. He was a quarter-master. He said: "I saw my name on the bulletin board. Who was inquiring for me?" I told him "Your Mother, but you certainly don't look as she said you would." This man, 35 years of age, weighing 212 pounds, laughed and replied "Well — I will never grow up as far as Mother is concerned. Mother says I always think of my boy when he left home in his first long pants."

However, of the over 5,000 men located in this way, there are cases where the conclusion is not always happy. Some time ago a mother sent me a picture of her boy and asked if I could locate him. Then she wrote me that the same day in which she had received my letter she received a letter from California from one of the hospitals, saying that her boy had met with a serious accident and that he would never walk again. It is a sad thing to realize that one will never walk again, but the son did not want his mother to know.

Then, another time, a man asked me to locate a young man whose father had just died. A sailor said that the boy was sailing on a certain ship and with a certain company. I phoned the company and learned that what the sailor had told me was true. I hesitated as to whether I should write the boy. If it were

your father, would you want to be told of his death after you had finished your voyage, or would you want to get the news before the expiration of your voyage? I thought perhaps he would be nearer his home, when his ship arrived in New Orleans, and so I wrote the letter and I presume the boy has received it by now.

The sailors love music and laughter and songs. As a class, I believe they have a religious sense. I do not mean by that they are always going to church, nor that they always open their hearts. Perhaps the older man has met with so much deception in the world that he almost learns to become suspicious of everybody. I think, however, the average sailor today has a pretty good estimate of character and if he finds that you are sincere and that you mean what you say, he feels that you are his friend.

One Christmas time a sailor came and we had a soloist who seemed to understand the men. She was ready to sing a little Christmas solo and three or four hundred men were looking up into her face. A sailor asked her to sing "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" She did it, discarding a perfectly lovely Christmas Carol. After that, I received the following letter from the sailor:

"Will you kindly give my deepest respect and thanks to the little lady who sang 'Where is my wandering boy tonight' on the staircase in the Lobby Sunday night. I am having head winds under double reefed sails, taking seas over both bows. In other words I am broke and blue. I thought I didn't have a friend in the world until the little lady sang this song. Gee!! it sure was a lot of sunshine to me, Mrs. Roper. It meant a lot to be reminded of dear old mother in Norway. So, please, Mrs. Roper, give the little lady my sincere thanks for the song and wish her a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from me. By the way, I think you are a darling, too."

Mothers' Room



Photo by Paul Parker

WHEN wives, mothers and other women relatives of seamen come to New York to meet them they often come to "25 South Street" to wait. We have long felt the need for an appropriate sitting room for these relatives, and at last have built an attractive little room just overlooking the main lobby, above the hotel office. Under the personal direction of our Business Manager, Mr. Westerman, it has been furnished most charmingly, with maple furniture. The lamps and magazine racks have a marine design. There are several cozy chairs, a writing desk, flowers in vases, and other fittings. On Thanksgiving Eve, Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Harold H. Kelley officially opened the room and invited the seamen to see what a comfortable place it is for their women-folk. Now a sailor's mother can look down into the lobby through the Venetian blinds and thus recognize her son.

When a mother arrives in New York and does not know any place where she may stay overnight the Institute arranges to send her to a YWCA or a comfortable and reasonable women's hotel. But for the long waits during the daytime, they now have the "Mothers' Room" which will prove a great blessing.

We are hoping that some kind friend will want to give \$500. to convert this "Mothers' Room" into a Memorial, with a suitable bronze tablet on the door, paying tribute perhaps to their own mother or to some other woman whom they loved.

Each Christmas season the Institute gives away thousands of Christmas cards to merchant seamen. These are usually used cards, sent in by friends, and skillfully reconditioned so as to make them useable. But we are always short of baronial or square-shaped plain envelopes in which the seamen can mail these cards. If you can spare a number of such envelopes, please wrap and mail them to the Welfare Department, 25 South Street.

Thanksgiving Day at 25 South Street

ON the day after Thanksgiving, THE LOOKOUT editor, again in the role of inquiring reporter, interviewed both seamen and staff, and learned that the holiday was one of the most enjoyable and inspiring ever celebrated at "25 South Street." One skeptical sailor took the trouble to write Mrs. Roper this letter:

"I am writing to tell you, Mother Roper, what I think of the Thanksgiving dinner that was given for the seamen in the cafeteria. Being a skeptic by nature and when I saw a card on the bed in my room inviting me to a Thanksgiving dinner, I thought to myself, this is going to be one of those charity affairs where they look down on you and treat you as if you were a bum or worse. So I decided to go and if anybody treated me as if I was a down-and-outer, I would walk out. Well, I went and I want to say that I was treated as a guest would be. I could not ask for more in my own home; the food was good and well prepared. So will you please accept my apology for my bad thoughts?

I want to thank everybody connected with that dinner for what they did for me. I appreciate everything very much.

Yours truly,

Joseph L.....

There were 1,130 who enjoyed the delicious turkey dinner. A large number attended the Chapel services at 8:45 and 10:30 at which latter the Institute's Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, preached. The singing of Thanksgiving hymns by the seamen was particularly impressive, all joining heartily. Chaplain McDonald, Mrs. Roper and the Superintendent talked with many of the men personally, and a happy spirit of good fellowship prevailed. One sailor sat at the piano all during the dinner and played popular songs. Mrs. Roper took a few homesick boys to her table, and made them forget their loneliness. Cigars, cigarettes or pipe tobacco were given to all the men. One sailor from the

Marine Hospital (he has tuberculosis) came to the dinner. "I got a pass to go home on Thanksgiving Day," he explained. "For I regard 25 South Street as my home, and I wanted to be here with you on this day."

In the Apprentices' Room in the evening cadets and apprentices from various ships in port enjoyed turkey sandwiches and danced with the young women volunteers. The Auditorium was filled for the afternoon and evening moving pictures: "Varsity Show", starring Dick Powell and Fred Waring, and "Double Or Nothing", starring Bing Crosby and Martha Raye. On Thanksgiving Eve the seamen gathered in the Auditorium to witness a motion picture showing the thrilling rescue activities of the U. S. Coast Guard.

To all friends who contributed to our Holiday Fund, we wish to express our sincerest thanks. We trust that their own holiday was made happier by the realization that they had shared it with these seafarers. We hope to repeat the turkey dinner and program of entertainment on Christmas Day, so if you have not yet sent in your Holiday Fund contribution, we would appreciate receiving it before Christmas.

MARINE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Here at the Institute is an answer to the perennial holiday problem of what to give a man for Christmas. He will be sure to appreciate a ship model (replicas of famous clippers, ranging in price from \$5.00 up to \$150.) or perhaps he would like an oil painting of a ship (\$35.00) or a water color (\$18.00) or an etching. On sale in the Nautical Museum. Address inquiries to THE LOOKOUT editor.

Christmas Tides

“For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.”

Luke 2:10

THIS is the time of year when even the roving heart of the seaman turns toward home, family, hearthstone — when on the sea tides these mariners make shore at the Port of New York.

The holiday will be a lonely one for many seafarers because they cannot be with their own families — but the cheering thought is that at least they will be welcomed and befriended at the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK, given a bountiful dinner, music and entertainment.

Because generous landmen have shared their Christmas with these seamen, the Institute has each year been host to about 1,300 who otherwise would have spent the day alone, often without funds or friends. “25 South Street” proves a real “home away from home.”

We hope that the tide of Christmas giving will continue to flow into the Institute so that we need turn no seamen away for lack of funds. The increase in food prices is also a problem, for we want to serve best quality



Photo by Byron Co.
Some of the Crew of the S. S. Manhattan
and their Christmas Tree

and a goodly quantity, realizing what healthy appetites our sailors have.

As winter approaches, we see sleet-covered vessels coming into port and we rejoice that the crews have such a warm, clean, comfortable home as the Institute's 13-story building where they may enjoy wholesome companionship, worthwhile recreation, vocational and spiritual guidance (without charge of course). When broke, and their ships are tied up, we tide them over until they can find jobs again.

Christmas has a way of coming around almost before we realize it. We do not wish to remind you that there are only a few more shopping days before the holiday, but we do hope that you will remember the Institute's HOLIDAY FUND and will send your Christmas gift soon. But even after the tinsel from the holiday packages has been swept up, and the pine needles from the tree have been cleared away, our sailormen will continue to enjoy the Institute's hospitality, for it is a year-round Christmas welcome.

Won't you please send a YULETIDE gift at this time?

Please send your check to:

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

and designate it: "HOLIDAY FUND".



Hendrik Willem van Loon Christmas 1937

Drawn especially for the Institute by Hendrik Willem van Loon.

The Meaning of Thanksgiving

By Dr. John H. Finley

Editor of the New York Times

Editor's Note: Following are excerpts from two addresses broadcast by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York on November 24th at 10:45 P.M., Station W.A.B.C. The Institute greatly appreciates the gracious cooperation of the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

I THINK that I must say at the outset that I am not a descendant of the "Mayflower." My ancestors came over in a ship that might have been named "The Shamrock" or "The Thistle." But as I said in speaking at Provincetown at the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, not on the stern and rockbound coast of New England, as it is poetically put, but upon "sandbars and mud spits," as a historian states, I had this degree of eligibility: I married a descendant of two or three passengers on the "Mayflower" and I am now an ancestor of ten descend-

ants of the "Mayflower." I am to say but a few words about the first Thanksgiving in 1621, which is telling you what you well know: that the "Mayflower" did arrive and that the Pilgrims got through the first year with the loss by death of 46 of the original company, 56 only being left alive: among the survivors were Bradford, the Winslows, Brewster and wife, Allerton, Standish, Hopkins and wife, Fuller the surgeon, John Aloe and 12 others, one of the nine servants, four of the fourteen wives, ten of the eleven girls and fifteen of the twenty-one boys. Nevertheless, those who survived did bravely try to be thankful for the companionship of the Lord in their outgoings and incomings and for the peck of meal a week for each person, or Indian corn, hasty pudding, in that proportion, beside the



Reprinted by courtesy of Keystone View and "School Bank News"
An artist's conception of The First Thanksgiving

wild turkeys and other wild fowl, venison, fish, etc. Their Thanksgiving lasted for three days, their Indian guests outnumbering the Pilgrims, and gave precedent for all Thanksgiving Days ever since — and for all the thousands that are to come.

I cannot refrain from calling attention to the fact that while the Pilgrims began their community life with a communistic industrial scheme, they soon abandoned it because it bred much confusion and discontent, retarding much employment that would have been for their benefit and comfort — especially the raising of an adequate supply of corn. In its stead a parcel of land was assigned to every family — which, as Governor Bradford said, "had very good success, for it made all hands industrious." More than three hundred Thanksgiving Days have passed since that memorable first one in the continental solitude. Despite distress, disappointments and depressions, we still have abundant reason, I think, to repeat for ourselves the Thanksgiving proclamation which that doubly excellent New England Governor (Governor Cross) has written for the people of Connecticut, but which should be heard as far as this radio (which ignores, as does his fame, State boundaries) can carry it. He would have made an excellent Governor

for Plymouth colony.

"Let us then, as our fathers used, praise the Giver of Life for the ample, (they did not fear amplitude or surplus), fruit of the earth, sweetened by sun and rain, and for the work of the laborer worthy of his hire in every task and station: for food and clothing and shelter that serve the body's need. Let us praise Him especially for the blessings which have warmed and fostered the spirit: for every brave, just, and generous deed, every impulse of brotherly love; for every counsel of wisdom and comfort, every witness of truth, every thought of friends who walk with us still, though lost to our sight — for all the tokens of goodness in man, which have deepened faith in our power, looking within the heart, to fix our eyes upon virtue as upon the Pole Star, and by it keep our way even to the mortal end. For these mercies, without name or number, let us rejoice and give praise."

Tonight and at the Thanksgiving Dinner tomorrow we show our special gratitude to Captain Jones, his two mates Clark and Coppin and the crew, for bringing the Pilgrims safely to this coast and making possible the first Thanksgiving dinner — I am above all grateful as an ancestor of descendants of the "Mayflower."

—(Continued on Page 10)

Christmas Gifts to Conrad Library

"The CONRAD LIBRARY reports that the winter season is bringing busy days with many requests by seamen for books of current interest which it cannot supply. Perhaps Lookout readers will be interested in making a Christmas gift of one of the following books, all of which are on the "Wanted" List.

THE NILE—Emil Ludwig
MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT — J. B. Priestly

ARMY WITHOUT BANNERS — Ernie O'Malley
LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN — Eliot Paul
BEFORE I FORGET — Burton Rascoe
OF MICE AND MEN — John Steinbeck
TORTILLA FLAT " " "
INSIDE EUROPE (1938 edition) — John Gunther
I WANTED WINGS—Beirne Lay
FOUR HUNDRED MILLION CUSTOMERS — Carl Crow
Any recent Sabatinis — Westerns — or mysteries.

The Captain and Crew of the "Mayflower"

By the Rev. Harold H. Kelley

SEAMEN made possible our first Thanksgiving. Compared with what ships' crews have today, those aboard the little "Mayflower" had few blessings or comforts — nothing but the good seamanship of Captain Christopher Jones — and God's guiding hand to see them through. It is only very recently that records have been unearthed which reveal Captain Jones' heroism. The late Henry Justin Smith*, after years of research, made public his discoveries regarding this Master-Mariner and thus cleared a 300 year confusion with the notorious *pirate*, Thomas Jones.

Christopher Jones was a middle-aged burgess of Harwich, England, of a long line of seafaring men and shipowners, part-owner of the "Mayflower." Out of the goodness of his heart, unpaid, he not only took the Pilgrim company safely across the Atlantic but stayed to help them on the bleak New England coast.

By 1620, the Age of Discovery lay many decades behind. The North Atlantic coast had been fairly well mapped. To Captain Jones came a proposal to sail the "Mayflower" to North Virginia, with colonists as passengers. He agreed. There was no time to scrape barnacles, scarcely enough to build passenger cabins. The Pilgrim partners were in a hurry. For the crew, Jones could take along the bo'sun and able seamen already on his roster. Other hands before the mast he could easily recruit. Mates were another story. He must have pilots familiar with the American coast, and finally signed on John Clark and Robert Coppin.

Captain Jones was an old hand at picking a crew, and this one *had* to be good! "Mayflower" seamen were lucky if they had a chain pump to work. Reefing was unknown. Even tacking was new. The crew, while hauling on buntlines, or struggling with other gear, would often be lashed by the spray coming over the low bulwarks, for the "Mayflower" was laden well down. She was jammed with passengers, odd corners were cluttered with baggage, goats, chickens and a couple of dogs. Under such handicaps the seamen, ill-fed and ragged, held to their tasks.

Captain Jones mounts his poop, a rugged, grizzled figure, sweeping with the narrowed gaze of a mariner the deck, the spread of sail, the horizon. He wears a leather jacket, boots of heavier leather, a woolen cap. His "Mayflower," in her heavy plodding at from two or four knots toward far distant America could read a lesson to the impatient.

Autumn was slipping past. With the old-fashioned log — actually a piece of wood weighted to float upright, its trailing line checked against the flow of sand in the hourglass — the longitude record was never accurate. Probably no sight of another ship. At two deaths and a birth Captain Jones must enact the role of *chaplain*. The baby, baptized "Oceanus," grew up to be a sailor.

No one knows just in what position the "Mayflower" ran into "frets of wind," but according to Governor Bradford's Journal, they increased to a gale. The ship battled, not once but for days upon days, with the terrific blasts from up Greenland way. A wooden vessel, no larger

than a fair-sized modern fishing boat, round-bottomed, low in the waist, weak in working to windward — such was the "Mayflower." Gale followed gale. Her fate, with precious lives was uncertain with every high wind. The whole safety depended upon the skill of Jones, Clark, Coppin and the crew. The Pilgrims, men, women and children, were driven into their quarters, there to remain until the Atlantic abated its rage.

Passengers of today, sorry for pioneer predecessors, should save some sympathy for the sailors. No oilskins, no rubber boots in those days. Officers wore leather doublets; not so the men forward, ill-clad and generally soaked to their skins. To handle the helm of such a ship in the worst of weather was the task of a Hercules. Though stout for her day, "Mayflower" could not stand extreme strain. Suddenly, disaster struck. Bradford tells us: "One of ye maine beams in ye midd ships was bowed and craked." To the Pilgrims, it must have spelled the end.

Jones and the master carpenter examine the damage. Some means must be found to spring the sagging beam back to normal or something else will carry away. They try, first, by man power. The strongest in the crew set their shoulders to the job, strain, heave, groan — and fail. A timber is brought from the spar room and the repair gang try to prop the beam. But no brawn avails to straighten the massive oak timber. Around the heroic seamen stand a few of the helpless Pilgrim leaders, muttering appeals to God. Just at that moment, so far as the record helps us to know, came a brilliant suggestion about a "great iron screw the passengers brought out of Holland." It was part of an antique

printing press, and by *it* the bent beam was jacked into place. The ship was saved by a printing press!

This was the turning point. The shivering crew, armed with oakum and mallets, went to work chinsing and calking deck seams.

Thus attended by angels of life and death the weary "Mayflower" neared her goal. But what was the goal? By that time, we may well believe, it was any land at all. A floating prison, its decks, cabins and even its masts tiresomely familiar, "Mayflower" had done her best. She had traveled nearly three thousand miles, and at last had begun to wander in fog. The captain, mate, lookout and leadman must look alive. At last there came hints of a near coast, driftwood, logs barnacle-covered, a lone land-bird fluttering aloft. There could be no doubt, it was Cape Cod. Captain Jones was in waters crudely charted. "They fell amongst dangerous shoulders and roiling breakers," according to Bradford. Jones must steer for deep water at once. At the critical moment there came what seemed a direct answer to prayer. The wind changed. The ship rounded Long Point and boxed the compass completely to a good anchorage. The Captain's voice roared from aft. Lads in rags sprang to the windlass; the rusty old anchor hit the placid water, and gripped the harbor bed. Christopher Jones had "brought her over." The Atlantic had been beaten, through good seamanship. Thanksgiving surely followed.

THEATRE BENEFIT PROCEEDS

We are happy to report that the net proceeds of our benefit performance of Maxwell Anderson's play, "The Star Wagon" totaled \$2,689. We are grateful to all our loyal friends who generously supported this benefit, and we trust that they enjoyed the play.

* See Review of "The Master of the Mayflower" by Henry Justin Smith (published by Willett, Clark & Co.) in THE LOOKOUT, October 1936, Page 12.

Book Reviews



"Stormalong" — By Alan Villiers
Published by Scribner's, \$1.75

TOMMY THATCHER GOES TO SEA Pictures and Story by Berta and Elmer Hader

The MacMillan Company. \$2.00

Ten-year old Tommy Thatcher's ambition was to be a sea captain like his father and grandfather. This is the story of his adventures on the seacoast of Maine where he lived with his grandparents and little cousin, Hattie. He listens to his grandfather's thrilling tales of the sea. He finally goes to sea on the "Mollie T," with the fishing fleet and enjoys some sea adventures of his own. The illustrations in color are so attractive that they ought to be removed from the book and framed and hung in a boy's room. M.D.C.

SKIPPER JACK

Written and Illustrated by Jimmy Garthwaite
Henry Holt and Co. \$1.50

This is a tall, salty yarn with charming illustrations in color of a swaggering Barnacle Bill type of sailor. It is intended for youngsters from 6 to 10, but adults too will chuckle over Skipper Jack's braggadocio and the amusing hoax played on the tryannical captain of the good ship "Susanbelle." M.D.C.

BABY ISLAND By Carol Ryrle Brink

The MacMillan Company. \$2.00

Most of the marine juvenile books are designed especially for small boys but here is a sea tale which will delight little girls between the ages of eight and twelve. Two girls are shipwrecked on a tropical island with four small babies. Mary and Jean are resourceful and with true Robinson Crusoe zeal they explore the island, build a shelter, find fruits to eat. They succeed in winning over the island's only inhabitant, a Mr. Peterkin, who does not like babies. Helen Sewell's charming pictures enliven the text of this humorous and imaginative tale. M.D.C.

THE CRUISE OF THE GULL-FLIGHT By Sidney Corbett

Longmans Green & Co. \$2.00

A group of youngsters sail under sealed orders with their Uncle Bill of the Navy and the Secret Service aboard the trim little schooner "Gull-Flight." This is a fine adventure tale for boys and girls from 12 to 16, set against a Canadian background of woods and lakes. The illustrations of nautical terms, knots, parts of the ship, etc., make it educational as well as entertaining. M.D.C.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS CAT Story and Pictures by Josephine De Witt

Thomas Nelson and Sons. \$1.25

This delightful picture-story book will attract readers of all ages but especially those from six to ten. It is the story of Frank, a fisherman, and his cat, Mike (who on Sundays was called Michael Sebastian McKinley Smith.) Everyday except Sunday Mike and Frank went fishing in Liz, a fine sturdy sailboat. How Frank and Mike succeed in catching Heywood, the Biggest Fish, makes amusing reading. A perfect Christmas gift for a small nephew or niece. M.D.C.

NOTE: LOOKOUT SUBSCRIBERS

Why not send THE LOOKOUT as a Xmas gift? An attractive marine Christmas card will be mailed by the Institute with your name filled in, to each person on your Xmas Gift Subscription List. Use the convenient subscription blank attached herewith. The initial gift copy will be mailed to reach your friends on Christmas Eve.



PLUM DUFF — Christmas Fare on Sailing Ships of Long Ago.
From a drawing by Gordon Grant Reprinted from "Sail Ho".

SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN BY THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK FROM JANUARY 1st TO NOVEMBER 1st, 1937

161,740	Lodgings (including relief beds).
82,343	Pieces of Baggage handled.
435,649	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
165,568	Sales at News Stand.
14,890	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
9,319	Attended 527 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
896	Cadets and Seamen attended 249 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 55 new students enrolled.
51,882	Social Service Interviews.
13,260	Relief Loans.
5,642	Individual Seamen received Relief.
42,850	Books and magazines distributed.
3,753	Pieces of clothing, and 619 Knitted Articles distributed.
2,555	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat & Medical Clinics.
67,611	Attended 108 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
3,201	Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
227	Missing Seamen found.
2,037	Positions secured for Seamen.
\$182,167.	Deposited for 2,602 Seamen in Banks; \$25,581. transmitted to families.
11,346	Attendance in Joseph Conrad Library.
7,898	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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