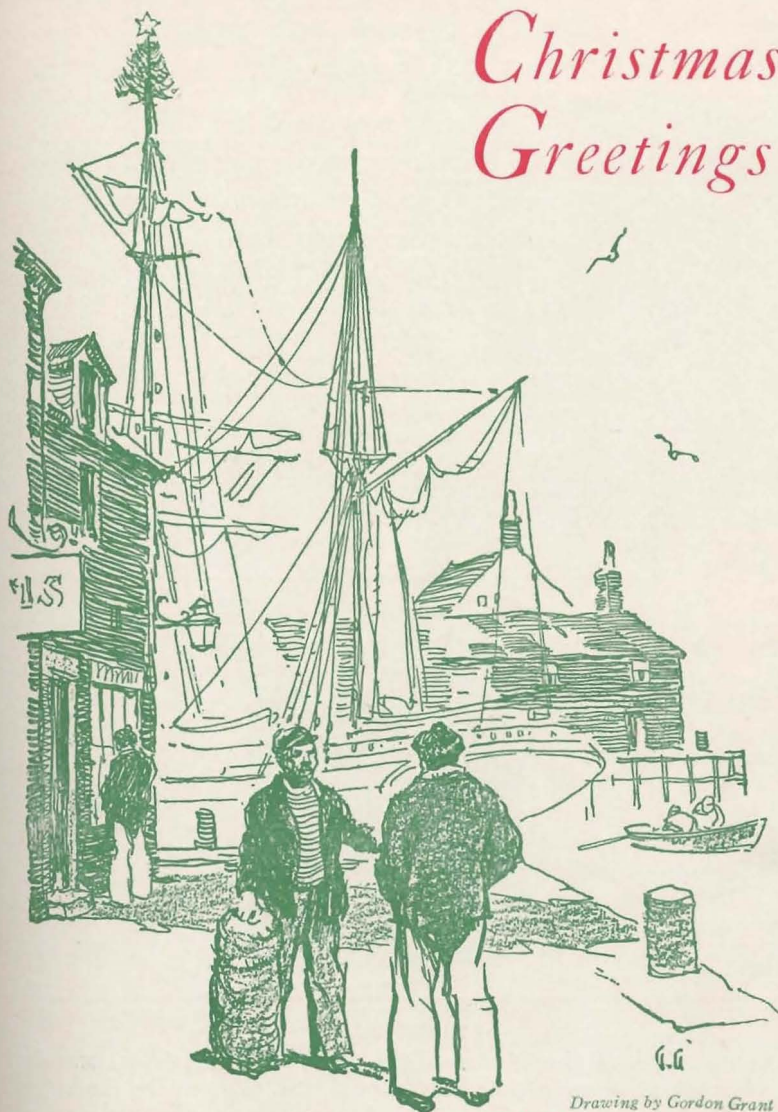


The Lookout

Christmas Greetings



Drawing by Gordon Grant

from Sailor Town

Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

VOL. XXXVII NO. 12

DECEMBER, 1946

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXXVII, DECEMBER 1946

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Sanctuary

O God of the Heavens, the Seas, the Mountains, and the Plains, grant us mercy this Christmas season. Give us the inspiration of Thy love, who sent Thine only Son among us, that we may go about our duties with our hearts filled with brotherhood, not hate; with generosity, not greed; with understanding, not suspicion. O Lord, give us strength to strive for the peace of the world with the same zeal and self-sacrifice with which we toiled during the war years. Our Christmas prayer we offer to Thee, the Father of all mankind. We ask also that Thy loving care guard and protect the seamen on the deep, and in the ports. Enable the Christmas message of "peace, on earth, good will to men," to shine with a new radiance over all the earth, through Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Lookout

Vol. XXXVII

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Harbor for Santa Claus*

By Frank Laskier

A True Story

OUR voyage had lasted two years, and the ship's log was studded with the names of many ports from Takoradi, on the West Coast of Africa, to Iquique in Chile, with stopovers in Houston and Haifa and Oran.

At last we received the welcome news that we were bound for England and home.

The fo'c'sle was jammed with men and blue with smoke as the Carpenter sat at the mess table, a pencil almost hidden in his great hairy paw, and explained his theory to us. "Now, look," he said, "ere's the date." And laboriously he traced the figures on a scrap of paper. "This old hooker can do the crossin' in twelve days easy." He added up the figures and turned to us with a triumphant grin. "We'll be home for Christmas!"

The shrill blast of a whistle sounded suddenly sharp and clear, and the sailor on standby poked his head around the corner. "Skipper's comin' aboard now!"

Heading For Home

It was the Bos'n, 10 minutes later, who broke the news to us. We were to leave in the morning. There was jubilation aboard the *Iron Duke* that night.

Two years, however, is a long time in the life of an old freighter that has been buffeted around the seas without the proper attention due her in dry dock. No sooner had the city skyline dropped below the horizon than we hit bad weather.

The gray seas mounting high on



Santa distributes Christmas boxes
from the Seamen's Church Institute
of New York

the bow dropped down on deck like the blows of a trip-hammer. There was no place of shelter from the bitter, freezing spray. Breakdowns were frequent and serious and heart-rending. Under stress of the weather we were forced to throw over the side most of the deck cargo we carried before it broke loose and carried us with it to the bottom. The ship was tearing itself apart.

We were but three days out when it was decided to put the ship into shelter of the nearest port. At a speed that barely gave her steerage way, the *Iron Duke* crept in and dropped anchor. From the waterline to the truck of the mast she was white with spray.

The Captain went into immediate consultation with the Chief Engineer. Then the bitter news sped quickly to the men who waited silently about the deck. *We're to make repairs — probably take us three weeks. Christmas at home is out. . .*

It was the ship's boy who took the news the hardest. All through the voyage he had saved the few dollars a month he earned in order to buy presents for every member of his family. This was his first trip to sea, his second Christmas away from home. To see his red, swollen eyes as he walked away from the group on deck hurt us more than our own disappointment.

Next morning a line of men waited outside the Captain's cabin to hand in their cablegrams home; messages written on scraps of paper—the backs of old envelopes, the blank side of a creased, oft-read letter. "Cannot make it this time," said one. "You must spend another Christmas alone," said another.

The repairs were slow and tedious, for we had little help. The days slipped by on the calendar, and the very mention of "home" became taboo.

On the Sunday before Christmas I managed to get a run ashore from a passing launch, only to find the town closed tight as a drum. It was midday, and a fresh fall of snow was blanketing the pavements, but the holly wreaths gleamed green and warm on every door. There was a Seaman's Hostel open—a big bare room over a furniture shop. I walked in and found a comfortable chair. A gray-haired woman with clear bright eyes brought me a cup of coffee. As I drank, she told me about the town.

We talked of the *Iron Duke*, and I spoke of our journeyings, the storm, and of our arrival in the harbor. She listened in silence.

I Killed Some Time

There was a movie house open in the town that evening. I took in the last show. At 12 o'clock, I walked through the deserted streets to the harbor. A launch took me out to the *Iron Duke*.

Sitting in the stern of the boat,

with the spray driving in a constant rain across my face, I looked back at the town. I thought about my own home on the rocky West Coast of England. Behind those closed doors the same preparations were going forward for the same Holy Day of Christmas.

We would celebrate our Christmas aboard the *Iron Duke* in the same rivet-pocked fo'c'sle, eat the same food, hear the same talk, and try to conceal in our hearts the loneliness of it all.

The launch came in under the ship's stern. The Carpenter was waiting for me as I reached the deck, and there was a grin across his face a yard wide.

"Go in to the fo'c'sle," was all he said.

Even from where I stood on the deck, the noise could be clearly heard: a loud hum of voices with a deeper undertone of laughter, a happy sound, and one that had not been heard aboard this ship for a very long time. I pushed open the door and entered. The room was ablaze with lights; colored streamers ran across the deck head. On every bunk was a litter of packages.

The Bos'n walked over, a new pipe clamped between his teeth.

"A whole boat load of parcels came aboard for us this afternoon," he said. "The folks ashore sent a present to every man jack of us."

My thoughts went back to the gray-haired woman ashore. It had been midday when I spoke to her; she must have worked fast. A heavy parcel lay on my bunk. Tied to the string was a folded note. I opened it and read:

"This is the little I can do to wish you a merry Christmas." It was written with the careful strokes

of one well used to letter writing. "My husband is in the Pacific. I had hoped to have him home for Christmas. . ."

The joyful clatter was suddenly stilled. The Skipper was standing in the doorway, smiling. In his hand was a sheet of paper.

"Lads," he said, "a group of families on shore sent this message to the ship." He began to read.

Invitation To Dance

"The Ladies of the Town extend a welcome and an invitation to the Officers and Men of the *Iron Duke* to spend Christmas ashore. We should like you to come in parties of four, as dinner will be served in our homes. There will also be a Gala Dance at the 'Hall.'"

He folded the letter and slipped it into his pocket.

"I'll arrange shore leave," he said. "And if you want to write a note of thanks for the parcels, just hand 'em all to me and I'll post 'em ashore."

I tried to write that letter, but how does one thank a person for friendship, for a Christmas at a clean table, the gift of the old comforts of home?

Across the room, the ship's boy sat at the mess table, his forefinger white on the stub of a pencil. His parcel had contained a long flashlight which he had shown and shone in a delirium of joy to everyone on the ship. The Bos'n, the Carpenter and the Cook were including him in their party ashore, and his cup of happiness was full. I was even more glad for him than I was for myself.

I dropped my pad on the bunk and went over to him, peering over his shoulder at the note he had written. The paper was smudged, the name of the ship wrongly spelled, but I doubt if the woman who received it took notice. The message was simple. Just, "Thank you, Santa Claus."



Pen-Pression by Phil May

Marine Poetry Tea

A TEA to celebrate the publication of two books of sea poetry, "The Eternal Sea" (Coward-McCann), an anthology edited by William M. Williamson, and "Stars and Atoms Have No Size" (E. P. Dutton), sea poems by A. M. Sullivan, was held at the Seamen's Church Institute on Tuesday, October 29th.

The program included readings of marine poems by Major Ivan Firth; announcements of the winners in the recent Marine Poetry Contest for Merchant Seamen conducted by the Institute.

Merchant seamen, the authors, Gordon Grant, and professional artists and writers who volunteered help and criticism, attended.

Major Ivan Firth read the prize winning poems in the Institute's Marine Poetry Contest, and then poems from Mr. Williamson's anthology, and from Mr. Sullivan's book. Among the poems he read, was one by the late Benjamin R. C. Low, a former member of the Institute's Board of Managers. The sea poem is entitled "Due North". Mr. Low's sisters presented the beautiful sea painting by Frederick Waugh which hangs in the Janet Roper Club as a memorial to their brother.

The Stranger's Christmas

By Thomas Gerald Grant, Stewards Dep't.



AGAINST a background of mournful whistles and foghorns and the incessant clacking of the El, the stranger regarded the Institute with a curious look. He watched the merry crowds going in and out of the building as they busied themselves with preparations for the evening festivities. For this was Christmas Eve and the lights would glow brighter, the voices in carol song would sing louder, and even the holly and berry-decorated interior sparkled prettier than ever.

He crossed the street and shook his head sadly for those forgotten denizens of the waterfront to whom Christmas was just another night for an alcoholic revelry; whose pasts were as murky and muddled as the darkness outside.

Entered at the newsstand, he paused to hear: "I've only orange credit tickets, ma'am, but I thought maybe . . . well, I thought you might let me have money to call my home upstate tonight—but I'd pay you in the morning. . ."

"Of course", came the reply, "by all means. And a Merry Christmas to you, son".

Ascending in the elevator he overheard: "I'm hungry!"

"Who's going to play Santa tonight?" "Have they an orchestra?" "Fourth floor, please".

The stranger followed the crowd to the Janet Roper Club which was hardly recognizable after the decorations had been put up. His ears were assailed by laughter, music, the shuffling of feet moving to rhythms he knew not, with the clatter of cups and saucers of those having evening coffee.

He was pleased by all of this and for a moment he regarded his shabbiness with remorse. But he soon

forgot it when a voice spoke to him, "Do come and have some hot coffee. It must be frightfully cold out there tonight. And then be sure and stay for our dance and presents which will follow soon".

Young men of all ages with strange markings on their suits and brightly-colored bars on their jackets attracted his attention. A St. Christopher Medal caught his eye. It was worn by a boy who spoke in a tongue not heard in this country but who understood the Brotherhood he represented.

"Who is that stranger?" asked a sailor of one of the young hostesses.

"I don't know. I've never seen him here before. He certainly looks like someone who needs a cup of coffee". The young girl spoke to the hostess in charge. "Mrs. Meldrum, who is that bearded man? I'm positive I've seen his face before. There's something so—so familiar about him."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Meldrum. "His face does look familiar, but I can't think of him just now what with all these young people crowding around me. Some other time. I'll remember where I've seen him".

The party went on to its joyful conclusion and with the singing of the beloved carols, the stranger nodded his head in time with the lovely melodies. He spoke to no one yet he felt perfectly at ease amongst them.

Soon the magical night had to come to an end. The folks made a joyful recession and the club room was about to be closed for the night. The stranger walked over to the picture of Mrs. Janet Lord Roper and stood there silently appraising it.

"She's the saint of all seamen, sir", came the polite voice of the attendant. "She is the one woman who will be in the hearts of the men who follow the sea for many years to come. Her kindness and

greatness of heart cannot ever be evaluated. Did you know her?"

For an answer the stranger walked closer to the picture, touched it with his fingertips and then left the room as the last light was turned out. The attendant was about to close the door and then he gasped! He could not believe what he saw.

"Mrs. Meldrum! Mrs. Meldrum! Come quick, Mrs. Meldrum! The picture . . . Mother Roper's picture . . .!"

"Yes, yes!", came the excited voice, "what on earth is the matter?"

"The picture! It was glowing with a soft light . . . so help me it was! You do believe me, don't you?"

Mrs. Meldrum glanced at the picture but saw nothing to resemble a glowing in the darkness. She walked over to the window and looked down on the little snow-covered park where the stranger was disappearing.

"Now, Mrs. Meldrum, I saw it", persisted the attendant. "S'help me, I've not touched a single drop. It's a—Christmas miracle."

She stood there silent and still with a worried expression on her face. Then she suddenly beamed into a smile that comes with the understanding of a wonderful thing that had come to pass. Her voice, barely audible, whispered,

"Yes . . . I believe you! I do believe you! . . . Merry Christmas now, and, goodnight."

THANKSGIVING DAY REPORT

As tallies were counted up after the shoutin' and the singin' and the eatin', it appears that 1,419 merchant seamen of all nationalities were treated to a real turkey dinner on Thanksgiving Day by the Institute. The dinners and cigarettes were courtesy of The Holiday Fund to which many faithful friends of the Institute contributed.

Art Exhibition



A Painting by James Pritchard

JAMES PRITCHARD, a seafaring man for over 30 years, who relieves the tedium of shore-side life by painting in oil and water colors, has a one-man show of his paintings at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street.

London-born, rover of the seven seas, Mr. Pritchard has the blue eyes, the careless dress, the vivid imagination common to men of his calling. The imagination runs riot when he gets a paint brush in his untutored hand. Bold splashes of color and unorthodox treatment of his subjects are characteristic. Critics and artists who have seen some of his work have expressed interest and delight in its freshness. To them he is a genuine "primitive", with mystical overtones.

After Chapel services at 10:30, in which Dr. Kelley officiated and Chaplain Harkness preached, the line to the cafeteria and dining room began to form in the lobby. From 11 A.M. until 2:45 P.M. there was a steady stream of merchant seamen down the steps and into the big cafeteria. Everything went off like clock work and mounds of potato, turnip, dressing, cranberry sauce melted quickly away. It was estimated that 25 men a minute were served in the cafeteria. Movies were shown in the afternoon and evening in the auditorium.



by JOHN HODAKOVSKY, A. B. Seaman

JOHN BAILY, ordinary seaman, was in the bow of the ship looking over the side into the water as the bosun came up.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "Come here, bos! Take a look at all these fish!"

"Those ain't fish, kid." The bosun smiled pityingly at the first tripper. "Those are porpoises".

"They're so close, I'll bet I could hook one," the kid said, unheeding. "Gosh! Wish I had a harpoon or somethin'." His eyes swept the deck and took in a rusty shackle. He ran over and picked it up.

"I'm gonna pop one of those fish," he said, and raised his arm.

With an oath the bosun jumped at him, knocking the shackle from his upraised hand. It clattered noisily on the deck.

"You land-lubbin scum," he said heatedly, "I oughta throw you over the side."

The ordinary seaman was frightened. "Wha, whatsa matter bos?", he stammered. "What did I do wrong?"

At the sight of his white scared face the bosun calmed down. "Sorry kid", he said, "Didn't mean to scare you." He waved his hand towards the forepeak hatch. "Sit down, kid. I got something to teach you. Never hurt a porpoise. Porpoises ain't fish. They're a warm-blooded mammal—same as you and me. The mama porpoise suckles her young same as human babies are suckled. And you'll never find sharks where there's porpoises. They swim rings around sharks, and butt them to death with their long snouts. Sharks are scared of 'em and make knots whenever they see a porpoise.

"Another thing, whenever a porpoise sees a drowned person floating

around, he pushes that body ashore. If there's more than one porpoise, they take turns at pushing."

The bosun paused. A note of reverence was in his voice as he continued. "It's the soul of a dead sailor that makes him look after ships and sailors. Every sea-going man that dies—his soul enters the porpoise. So when you see porpoise in the bow, you can be sure it's good luck. That porpoise is piloting the ship into safe waters.

John Baily looked skeptical. The bosun noticed this and said, "It's true, kid. I know it's true 'cause I've seen it happen the day Dutch died.—

"Dutch and me were shipmates on one trip to the South Seas. He was a swell old coot — been knocking around the world till his hair was white. He expected to die out at sea. Fact is, he wanted nothing more than a sea burial. 'Charlie,' he says to me once, 'the sea has been my life for forty years now. I'm lost when I go ashore. I ain't got no relations or shore friends to worry about me — they're all dead now.'

"We were in the Great Barrier Reef off Australia when Dutch took a fever. It came on sudden and laid him out. Just before I went out on lookout (I was an able seaman that trip), I looked in on him. I never seen a guy as pale as he was lying there in that ship's hospital bed. Seemed like there wasn't a drop of blood in him. He was as white as the sheet that covered him. He sees me and tried to smile — but even that's an effort. 'Charlie,' he says, 'Guess this is my last trip.' 'Don't talk like that, Dutch,' I say, 'You're gonna make a good many trips yet.' 'No Charlie, it's my last trip. I'm headin' for Fiddler's Green this time'. That's



the last words I heard him say. I had to get out on lookout so I left him.

"Now the Great Barrier Reef has one of the most dangerous waters anywhere. Nothing but shoals, coral reefs and tiny islands every few hundred yards for hundreds of miles. It's bad steaming in fair weather, but now a blow came up. It brought one of those horizontal rains with it. I guess you never saw a horizontal rain, eh kid? Well, in the South Seas they happen pretty often. A stiff wind comes up with the blow. It's so strong that it sends the rain sideways instead of straight up and down", the bosun motioned with his hand.

"The pilot couldn't see ahead. We couldn't drop the hook either because the bottom's all coral and the anchor wouldn't grab. There's a strong current in the Reef. It would drag the hook right into the shoals. So the pilot ain't got no choice but to steam ahead at slow speed and depend on the lookout up in the bow.

"I was standin' there in the bow when the pilot yells at me through the megaphone, 'On the bow! he hollers, 'Ahoy, lookout!'

"Lookout reporting, captain," I yell back.

"Keep a weather eye out for reefs. Report them to me promptly", he says. 'Aye, aye, sir,' I answers and gets back to the bow.

"It's scary up there! The ship's

whistle keeps blasting away every couple of minutes. That's to warn approaching ships of our presence so we don't collide. The sound goes out on that curtain of rain and echoes back as if another ship were answering us. I gotta keep my eyes and ears open. Never can tell when you can hear something when you can't see it. I know all those tiny islands are somewhere outside the curtain that hangs over the ship. Just knowing that makes me sharp. I'm right on the ball all the time even if I can't see but about ten yards for'ard of the ship.

"I was scared for a while. But that passed. 'Fat chance me spotting a reef', I think, 'We'll ram into a shoal for sure. Oh well, if it comes, it comes. No use worrying about it. The crew will get off okay if we do run into any trouble. All excepting maybe Dutch. He's a pretty sick sailor.

"And while I'm looking ahead, I hear a 'Whoosh'.

"Porpoise", I says to myself, "Porpoise up in the bow", I look — sure enough — there's a big white porpoise playing a few feet ahead. I never saw a white porpoise before. This white one topped any porpoise I'd ever seen for size. He was twice as big as those Mediterranean Sea porpoises. He whooshes for'ard of the ship a few yards, turns and comes right back. It makes me feel better to see him playing around. I

(Continued on Page 12)

A Holiday Away From Home



Marie Higginson

Merry Christmas from "Bosun" S. C. I. Mascot

CHRISTMAS away knows who has spent his own family.

Thousands of merchandise Christmas Day, aboard clothing, building equipment, and bringing back Their Christmas is made landsmen have remembered MEN'S CHURCH IN:

Among the Institute's the distribution of Christmas stationery, cigarettes by chant seamen . . . some staying in the Institute

On Christmas Day, a down to a bountiful holiday who voluntarily share the will be far from their of the Institute as their entertainment follow the tradition

All year 'round the friendly services in the charges for meals and club rooms and other so

We hope YOU will Marine this Christmas "WELCOME" all year



A Bountiful Holiday Dinner . . .

REMEMBER OUR SEAMEN TH

ed Not Be Lonely and Cheerless

home can be lonely, as everyone
holiday far from the hearthside of

men will be on the high seas on
s and freighters, delivering food,
and machinery to war-torn coun-
products for American industry.

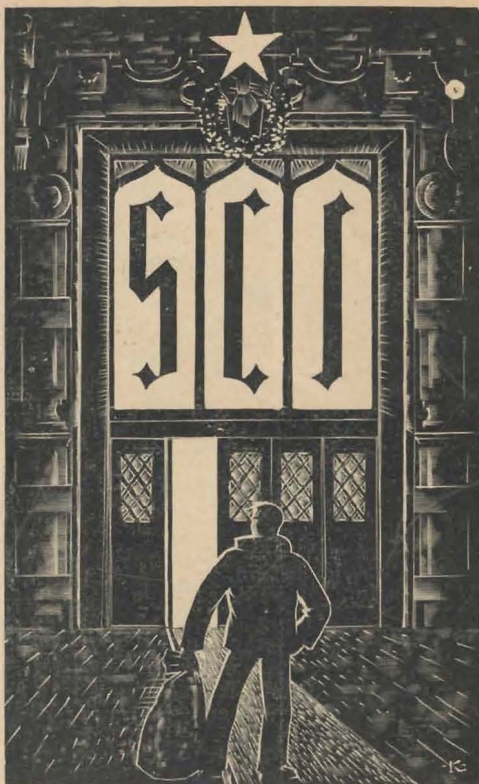
by the realization that generous
em—through gifts to the SEA-
TE OF NEW YORK.

Christmas services each year is
, (packed with sweaters, candy,
r workers) to thousands of mer-
tips, some in hospitals, and some
g, 25 South Street.

00 seamen of all creeds will sit
er, the gift of thoughtful friends
as with these seafarers. Most
r and families, and many regard
Music and movies and enter-
turkey dinner.

e provides pleasant facilities and
Christmas. Seamen pay moderate
all the intangible services of the
ities are provided without charge.

er these men of the Merchant
by helping the Institute to say,
s well as on December 25th.



Drawing by Donald Graeme Kelley

A seafarer entering his shore home



Marie Higginson

Women volunteers pack Christmas boxes for
seamen, distributed by the Central Council

GH THE "HOLIDAY FUND."

SEAMEN'S
CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

Presents
"HOME IS THE
SAILOR"

A Sound and Color 16mm.
Motion Picture

Running Time: 15 minutes

Available to groups of 50
or more

A warm and moving story of a young man in the Merchant Marine and his first stop in the great port of New York; of how he and other seafarers are welcomed and befriended at the Seamen's Church Institute . . . regardless of race or creed.

A film of absorbing interest to every American.

BOOK IT NOW!

Seamen's Church Institute
of New York

25 South Street, New York 4
BOwling Green 9-2710

Black and white prints will be mailed to those who live far from New York City, and who own 16mm. sound projectors. Owing to the cost of colored prints, we cannot send these through the mail.

For Larger Audiences in or Near
New York

If you wish a longer program, may we suggest a new moving picture, "Hannibal Victory". This can be shown with the Seamen's Church Institute film, "Hannibal Victory", an hour-long picture, 16mm. in sound and color, is a story of the U. S. Merchant Marine at war. It recounts the eventful voyage of the HANNIBAL VICTORY from San Francisco to the Philippines with 10,000 tons of war cargo including eight railroad locomotives and tenders, flat cars, rails and other equipment consigned to the U. S. Army. The merchant ship ran alone to the mid-Pacific, then joined a convoy to the Philippines where her cargo was unloaded under fire in time for the final campaign which cleaned the Japanese out of the islands.



BOTTLE PAPERS

Among the bottle papers recently returned to the Hydrographic Office, the drift of the following is most unusual. Capt. E. R. Johanson of the American steamship *Monterey* 200 miles west of Los Angeles on Sept. 5, 1937, tossed overboard a bottle which was recovered on the beach at Guam on May 10, 1946, having probably drifted 5,300 miles. Mr. Warren A. Ripley of the American schooner *Effie M. Morrissey* in Davis Strait off Greenland on July 14, 1940, tossed overboard a bottle which was picked up on the beach at Bleik, Norway, after a trip of 3,400 miles on April 26, 1942.

CANDLE AUCTION

Lloyds of London once sold ships by the candle. When a ship was being auctioned, a stump of candle was lighted, and the instant the candle went out, the highest bidder at the moment got the ship.

Reprinted from "THE ENSIGN"

THE CONSTELLATION MAKES PORT

The other day, the *U. S. S. Constellation*—oldest ship in the United States Navy, veteran of more extensive sea service, in all probability, than any other ship still in existence—gave her crew unhappy proof that it really takes iron men to cope with wooden ships. It was not a lengthy cruise, from Newport to Boston, and the old frigate in tow of a tug, her tall masts removed, did not present the complex problems of a sailing ship in a gale. But her power plant broke down; her crew groped their way about the dark lower decks with battle lanterns; they could have no cooked food—as when the galley fires used to be doused during a gale—and when the seams opened under the pounding of head seas, the crew had to man the pumps in immemorial fashion.

They had to do more. The water gained on the hand pumps and the crew formed bucket brigades to bail the leaking craft—the matter was too critical even to bring the tug alongside to assist in pumping—and the *Constellation* reached Boston with four feet of water in her hold. That she made port at all is no inconsiderable tribute to the eighteen men (a far cry from the hundreds who made up her complement when at sea under sail) who formed her crew.

Now the *Constellation* will be restored as a historic relic—and a worthy relic she will be. Launched in 1797, one of that famous sextette of frigates built to form the original American Navy after independence had been won, the *Constellation* is not only somewhat older than the larger *Constitution*, but she saw more continuous service. She fought with great success in the "quasi-war" with France and was still on active sea duty in the Civil War, more than sixty years later. And during the last war, the war of planes and atomic bombs, she was recommissioned and for a time flew the flag of the commander in chief of the Atlantic Fleet. Her crew saved more than a fabric of tired wooden frames and battered planking when they took the *Constellation* safely across Massachusetts Bay in the teeth of an October gale.

Editor's Note: The Constitution, better known as "Old Ironsides", was recently air-conditioned! Controlled temperature and humidity will check decay in the famous old frigate.



(Continued from Page 7)

know he's good luck.

"I notice something funny about that porpoise. He keeps swimming on the starboard side only. He swims a few yards away, comes right back, but always on the right side, as if he's trying to coax the ship in that direction.

" 'Something's screwy' I figures, 'Must be something on the port side that the porpoise don't want to swim there.' I look over the port bow. Nothing ahead but rain. Then I look into the water. What I see there makes my heart jump!

"It's green water! Not the dirty green you see in shoals that are still navigable. This green is a light brilliant green you see when the waters are VERY shoal. We're almost on a reef.

"I jumps to the bell and gives two loud rings. I don't wait for the pilot to acknowledge. It'd be a waste of time because he'd be looking for a ship, an island, or a reef ahead to port. So I cup my hands over my mouth and bellow, 'Shoals, Captain, one point off the port bow'.

" 'Shoals — one point off the port bow', the pilot answers. Back to the bow I go. Off the port side I see that bright green getting further and further away from us. The pilot's veering the ship away from those shoals.

"When that awful green water disappears, the white porpoise plays on both sides of the ship, cutting across our bow to and fro like he's happy at having done something special. He

stays with us for another fifteen minutes till the rain stopped, and the sun came out. Then he sounded and I didn't see him again.

"There — on our starboard beam is a jagged formation of coral reef jutting out a foot or so from the surface of the water, like a mass of broken glass. It's just as sharp too. It would have torn the ship's bottom like a knife ripping through a paper bag. We had come within twenty-five yards of that reef—close enough to spit on it from the ship's deck.

"That white porpoise had saved us. 'Hadn't been for him, I'd of been looking ahead instead of in the water.'"

The bosun said to the kid solemnly: "It was Dutch's soul in that porpoise. Good old Dutch, looking out after his shipmates. I know it was him, because when I got relieved from the lookout, I found that Dutch had died! He had been dead an hour — same time as that white porpoise appeared on the bow!"

"So you see, kid, that's why you shouldn't harm those porpoises. You may be hurting only some old shipmates."

"Golly," said the kid, "I'll never again throw anything at those fish".

"Porpoise, kid," corrected the bosun.

"Porpoise," repeated the ordinary with a grin.

"He'll make a sailor yet," muttered the bosun.



Sailors' Day Service At Cathedral



Marie Higginson

Dr. Kelley, the Rev. Raymond S. Hall, D.D., Admiral Leary, and Canon Sparks of the Cathedral

ON Navy Day, October 27th, a Sailors' Day Service was held at 4 p.m. in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine with bluejackets from the U. S. Navy and midshipmen from the U. S. Marine Academy, Kings Point, L. I., in uniform in the procession.

The Institute was represented by Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, Mr. Gerald A. Bramwell and Mr. Harry Forsyth of the Board of Managers, and staff members. Dr. Kelley, the Director, had the closing prayers and benediction. The Rev. Raymond S. Hall, D.D., Director of the Seamen's Club of Boston, preached, drawing from his experiences as an Army chaplain overseas and as a prisoner of war, to pay honor to men of the Merchant Marine without whom victory would have been impossible. Among other things, Dr. Hall said:

"We need a strong Merchant Marine for our national economy and our national defense". Dr. Hall made an eloquent plea for peace and urged us to learn to get along with other nations. "Begin on your knees, mates. It's the only way", he advised.

It makes an impressive picture as the cadets in their uniforms and white caps march four abreast in solemn procession down the aisle of the magnificent Cathedral. Impressive, too, was the music as the choir boys lifted their clear trebles in some of the most beautiful of the Christian hymns.

Sailors' Day Service is held annually at the Cathedral by invitation of the Bishop of New York in cooperation with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

Colorful Christmas Festivities In United Nations Seamen's Clubs



A VISIT to the Institute includes a tour of the Dutch Room (officially known as the Home for Netherlands Seamen) with its walls adorned with bright Delft china, its cheery fireplace and spinning wheel; the Belgian Room overlooking Jeanette Park; the Danish Room with its colorful mural of Koenigsberg Castle; and the British Merchant Navy Club with its pictures of famous English countryside inns. To seamen of these countries, these clubs are a little bit of their homeland in America.

As Christmas approaches, each of these Clubs is preparing to celebrate Christmas for its respective seamen, observing in a variety of ways the colorful traditions of their native countries.

DUTCH

The Dutch seamen and hostesses do not confine their Christmas festivities to December 25th. Beginning with SAINT NIKOLAAS AVOND, or Saint Nicholas' Eve, on December 5th, the people of the Netherlands celebrate the Christmas season. Their saint is not called Santa Claus; he is Saint Nicholas who was the Bishop of Spain in the sixth century. He rides through the air on a white horse and the little Dutch children put out hay and carrots for the Saint's horse. They put out their shoes to be filled with good things. Good Saint Nicholas has a valet who wears a red turban. His name is Zwarte Piet, or Black

Pete, and he is a Moor. He carries a rod and a big bag and if the children have been bad he threatens them with his rod and opens his bag to show that no toys are inside for them. If the children have been good, their parents will spread out a large white sheet on which Saint Nicholas may put the larger presents. The shoes are filled with chocolate and sweet gingercakes called "taai-taai", and sometimes with a pastry "letterbanket", filled with a rich almond paste and frosted with the child's initials. Saint Nicholas does not resemble our Santa Claus in rotundity of figure. He is quite the opposite: tall and thin and clean-shaven.

EERSTE KERSTDAG, December 25th, is characterized in Holland by no huge dinner or exchange of presents. The day is observed by the whole family's going to church in the morning and possibly having bread pudding as a dessert in humble homes and long loaves of bread stuffed with raisins in more well-to-do homes. Red apples and sweets are used to decorate the Christmas trees. It is more of a religious day in Holland than in America: the light of Christ's birth is believed to shine on all the sinners and bring them forgiveness for their sins.

TWEDE VERSTDAG, or the second day of Christmas, December 26th, is celebrated by family reunions, visiting neighbors and friends, and enjoying tea or coffee or hot chocolate at each home. Very few Christmas greeting cards are mailed. From the children's point of view Christmas is a time for enjoying delicious spice cakes, pink and white candy hearts, hot chestnuts and little cakes baked to represent Saint Nicholas. The piece de resistance at the holiday meal is not turkey, but roast goose.

DANISH

Madame Mathilde Ibsen-Jansen, hostess in the Danish Club, tells of

how the equivalent of Santa Claus in Denmark is *Julenissen*, who wears red and white, a red woolen cap with a long white tassel, like a gnome, and only a little beard. The Danish Club is famous for its pastry, and we obtained the coffee cake recipe from the hostess:

Danish Coffee Cake

1 yeast cake, 1 c. lukewarm milk, 4 c. flour, 4 tbsp. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, 1 egg, 1 c. butter, 1 tbsp. cardamom seeds, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. pecan nut meats, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar. Crumble yeast in lukewarm milk. Set aside until bubbling. Sift, measure flour, and sugar and salt and sift again. Add egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. softened butter and yeast mixture. Add cardamom which has been crushed. Beat mixture until smooth. Roll dough into a sheet $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Spread with remaining butter, raisins, nut meats and sugar. Roll as for jelly roll and form into ring on baking sheet. Allow to rise until double in bulk. Brush with beaten egg on top, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 30 minutes.

Dinner is served at six on Christmas Eve; roast goose, boiled rice with cinnamon and sugar and butter in the middle; apple cake with whipped cream; tiny spiced cookies, peppernuts stuffed with apples and prunes; sweet and sour red cabbage and non-alcoholic beer. *Julenissen* brings the presents and decorates the Christmas tree.

BELGIAN

In Belgium, families before the war celebrated Christmas by cooking, not turkey, but rabbit stew. Madame Jose Defoy gave us the recipe for the famous Cramique, the sweet cake which is traditionally eaten on Sunday mornings:

Cramique

1 c. milk, 2 yeast cakes, 1 c. sugar, 4 c. flour (about), 3 egg yolks, 1 tsp. salt, 1 c. raisins, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. butter. Scald milk. Let cool to lukewarm. Add yeast and 1 tbsp. sugar. Let stand until bubbling. Add 2 c. sifted flour. Beat thoroughly. Let rise until double in bulk. Stir in the beaten egg yolks, remaining sugar, salt, raisins and melted butter. Add remaining flour, work until smooth and let rise until double in bulk. Knead lightly and place in greased large pan and let rise again until double. Brush with egg yolk and bake about 1 hr. in slow oven (350 degrees).

The Belgian Club Room has its own celebration either on Christmas

eve or on Christmas Day depending on when the ships are in. They have a party with a Christmas dinner which is often highlighted by cold turkey and chicken or ham. The Belgians are very fond of chicken. On occasion, they serve the traditional rabbit stew. The recipe which Mme. Defoy likes follows:

Soak the rabbit in vinegar and wine the day before cooking. Sauté diced onions in butter and when brown put in the cut up pieces of the rabbit. Add a bay leaf or two for flavor. Add beer for the liquid after rabbit has browned and simmer for an hour or more. When done add vinegar and sugar for the sour-sweet flavor if you like it.

The rabbit stew is always eaten with apple sauce and French fried potatoes. Nuts and candies and French pastry (a *must* in the Belgian Room) add to the festive board. And the men receive some little remembrance.

BRITISH

The British Merchant Navy Club, which has been located on the Institute's second floor for five years, has its own Christmas dinner and a dance the Saturday before Christmas. On the menu will be turkey and hot mince pie. There'll be no Christmas pudding this year however, because of the fruit . . . There will be cups of steaming tea and biscuits (as the English call them) to bring cheer throughout the day. The Club will do its best to gladden those boys who will not be getting home for Christmas.



On Christmas Day all the seamen of all these Clubs join with the Americans in sitting down to an American Christmas dinner, traditional turkey with cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie and all the fixin's, as guests of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and those generous friends who contribute to our Holiday Fund.





BOOK REVIEWS

THE PLEASURES OF SAILING

By Alfred Sanford
Simon & Schuster, \$2.50

As refreshing as a salt-water breeze across open water comes a new edition of Alfred Stanford's thoroughly enjoyable book—*The Pleasures of Sailing*. You do not have to be an accomplished yachtsman—as is the author of this delightful little volume—in order to discover the beauties of sailing as he reveals them to us in this charming collection of anecdotal gems. Even the shorebound landsman can enjoy the wind; and we have the wind with us all the way in reading Mr. Stanford's completely entertaining book. It is easy sailing all the time—no hard beats to windward—; the wind hums an agreeable melody in the taut-drawn rigging and murmurs gently in the listening sails while the purling of the little ship's wake blends with the rhythmic splash of the gurgling cutwater.

George T. Noble

FUN AT SEA

By Stuart Murray
Sheridan House, \$2.50

For the novice at ocean travelling, this book answers many questions. For old-timers, it recalls amusing experiences in those dim pre-war days when one could travel on small freighters to out-of-the-way ports. The book also contains a whimsical description of ten types of escapists often met on shipboard. The steamship lines going to the principal ports of the world are listed; also check lists for packing. Everything is alphabetically arranged for easy reference. This book is suitable as a "bon voyage" gift for a friend lucky enough to be sailing abroad, or cruising in Tropic waters.

MDC

DOWN THE HATCH

Yachting Yarns assembled by Eric Devine
Sheridan House, \$3.00

The author of "Midget Magellens" has gathered a group of rousing yachting yarns by James Thurber, Guy Gilpatrick, Ring Lardner, Alf Loomis, Bill Taylor and others . . . all pleasant sailing companions. Here is a treasury of good reading for those who like the sea and little sailboats and powerboats as well as great liners and freighters. Whether your taste is for Ring Lardner's account of the America's Cup Race, or Guy Gilpatrick's encounter with "Capt. Snooty," this book, with Bil Baird's amusing drawings, will entertain you.

MDC

I NAME THEE MARA

By Edmund Gilligan
Scribner, 1946

Edmund Gilligan has written several novels of the Gloucester cod fishermen and his newest one follows the same tradition, this time being the story of two ships, each one owned by two brothers.

The two young Delehanty brothers, Stephen and Abel take their schooner MARA to the Grand Banks, and it is here amidst the arduous life in these icy northern seas that a series of dramatic and tragic adventures take place. During the tension of a quarrel at sea, Stephen strikes his brother and a lurch of the ship sends him overboard. Knowing Abel to be a powerful and resourceful swimmer, Stephen refuses to believe him drowned. Driven by remorse and affection he pursues a long search for him in the Atlantic ports, followed by Mark and Michael Dillon in their ship the Medea. The wandering is rewarded and the story drawn to a moving conclusion when Abel is found.

There is always a soundness of touch in Mr. Gilligan's writing of the sea and it is here that he is at his best, but a combination of Hellenic allusion and modern sea language used throughout the book tends to create a somewhat murky atmosphere, and parts of the novel have an excellence that is not sustained as a whole.

I. M. Acheson



VINLAND THE GOOD

By Nevil Shute
William Morrow & Co., \$2.50

The author of "Pastoral" has taken for his subject the great Icelandic and American legend of Lief Ericson and Eric the Red. The story is told from the viewpoint of a young English history teacher instructing a post-war class of boys in American history. The form of the story is unusual—it is told as a modern saga—or movie script. The characters of Eric, the violent explorer, and his more level-headed son, Lief, hold the reader's interest throughout this brief, provocative and dramatic treatment of the old Norse legends.

MDC

Marine Poetry

THIRD PRIZE TO THE TRADE WINDS

You're just wasting your breath you kindly "trade",
Few tall ships now seek your aid
To help them hurry through sun-kissed seas.

Men call you now a "steaming" breeze.
How oft have you filled a Clipper's wings
Her braces taut like fiddle strings,
Backstays straining — lee sheets wet
Hurrying home with her skysails set.
"Thermopolee", "Red Jacket", trim "Cutty Sark"

Each tall, tall ship and lofty barque,
Their records were made with your kindly aid.

You'll not be forgotten though other memories fade.

To India — from China — to the ends of the earth

You lent your aid and much was it worth,
Outward with "general" — Homeward with tea.

Aye! Nitrates from Chili and jute for Dundee.

Lee fore brace and down fore tack
You helped them out — you brought them back,

Those ladies of old — in dresses pure white,

From Frisco's far shore to the Australian bight.

Still your breath blows sweet o'er sun kissed seas

For some wallowing tramp, a fireman's breeze.

But memories' picture is what I see.
White billowing sails on a sparkling sea.

By Captain Eric Minett

These Won Honorable Mention, Marine Poetry Contest SEA DAWN

The prying fingers of the day send shadows to and fro

The night reluctant with its stay—reluctant still must go.

Another day's begun

Around the edges of the world

The flags of light are now unfurled

Behold the rising sun!

Across the sky's unending space

He struts the splendor of his face

And looks not back to scan

Beyond the fringes of his light

The still pursuing, stubborn night

Full on another land.

By Joseph F. Ferran,

Ship's Butcher

Third prize winner and honorable mentions in the recent Marine Poetry Contest sponsored by the Institute.

MY MATE THE SEA

Wild, tempestuous, satanic,
Soothing, calm, serene,
Reflecting in its protean moods
The tenderness and fury of this aching heart of mine.

A virile morphic lover of no appeasement—

Demanding full compensation
For the infinite beauty and endless Delights of its all engulfing majestic immensity

Accept me, oh sea! as yours alone.

I bestow upon you my life, my love, my eternal allegiance.

For we need each other in a way beyond the understanding

Of those who dwell upon the earth.

Embrace me with all of the rapture and passion

Of those who have shared love's delights From the beginning of time.

Above all—when you have exhausted and drained from me

The last offering that love demands,

Then accept me forever into the infinite endless enchantment of your bosom,

Where the cool waters soothe and calm My fevered, tortured body,

And the pulsations of my weary heart become as one

In the infinite beat with yours forever.

By Leo Newman, A.B. Seaman

"ATOLL"

The sea lies calm tonight.

She understands . . .

Flings gentle waves

Upon the scarred, torn sands,

Smoothing grim furrows, deep,

While death's long sleep

Lies just beyond

Her sapphirescent hands.

The shattered palm fronds sway

And dip their passing day

Of greenness at the water's edge.

For morning's flaming light

Will find them crisp,

And brown,

And dead.

And seaward borne on swells

Foam-flecked with red.

By Seaman Robert Wade Venable, Jr.

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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,"** a corporation 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."