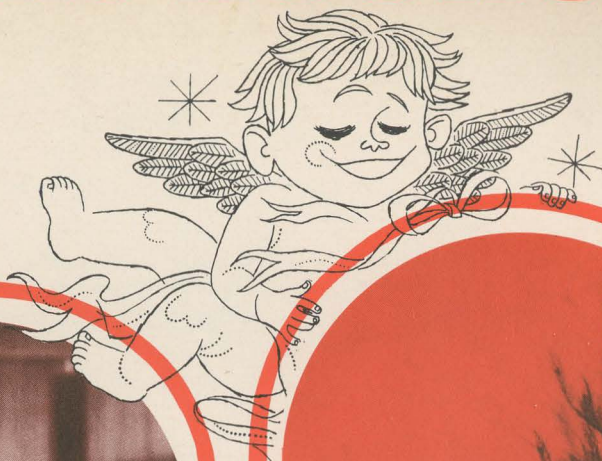


the LOOKOUT



CHRISTMAS 1965



Sending the Message of Christmas 'Round the World

Keep Christ in Christmas! We took the slogan to heart in 1962 when the Institute's tape-recorded inspirational-type programs were put aboard foreign ships scheduled to be at sea on Christmas Day.

This is the third year for the project and more than 100 tape recordings are onboard freighters and passenger ships, possibly being broadcast over ships' communications systems at this very moment while seamen are unwrapping their packages sent by the Women's Council. Embodied in both are the thoughts and well wishes of Christians who are demonstrating their concern for the men whose calling keeps them away from those things you and I call Christmas.

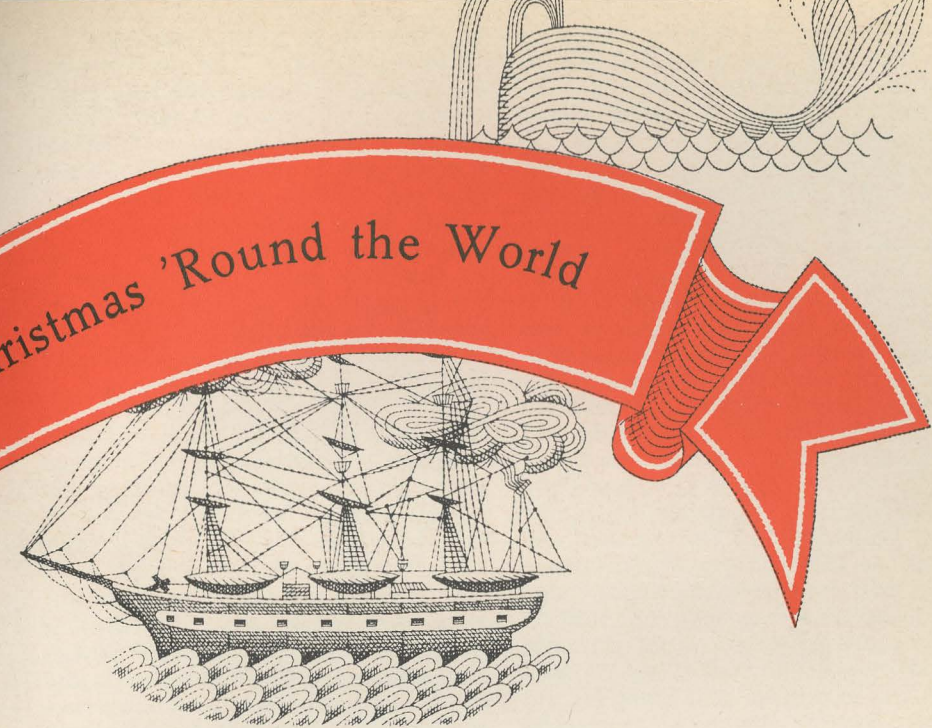
Utilizing the recording facilities in Manhattan's Episcopal Church Center and a master script written by Dr. Roscoe T. Foust, Director of SCI's Department of Special Services, the multi-lingual shipvisitors adapted the message for their own seamen.

Each recording opens with bells of a well-known church. Through the courtesy of Capitol Records which donated its "Christmas Around the

World" series, folklore and familiar hymns of the season were recorded to capture the interest of the listeners. Then follows the reading of the Christmas Gospel according to St. Luke with the message from the Institute.

Narrators for the recordings were

Gladys Cooper, staff supervisor of SCI Christmas Room, reports that 1400 parcels were put aboard American ships enroute to Viet Nam this Christmas.



Christmas 'Round the World

Port Newark manager, Basil Hollas (English); SCI shipvisitors Peter Van Wygerden (Dutch, German), Chris Nichols (French, Greek), Basile Tzannakis (Italian) and former shipvisitor Elias Chegwin (Spanish).

LOOKOUT is pleased to publish the message of Christmas exactly as hundreds of seamen miles from home will hear it this Christmas Day.

"You have just heard again the most familiar and lovely story of Christmas as it is told in St. Luke's Gospel, and in the spirit of that first Christmas I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and pray that a large measure of God's joy and peace may be yours today, wherever you may be.

I know that you are separated from all the familiar warmth and love of home, and the exciting things which made Christmas such a glad season when we were very young. Yet the real Christmas is for all men of every age and under every conceivable circumstance, with blessings abundantly available for all. We sometimes overlook or take for granted these less

conspicuous gifts of God, but the Christmas Gospel from St. Luke reminds us of them, and I'd like to call them to your attention.

This story tells us of three simple things through which God blesses every man.

Think first of the rude stable in which the Child Jesus was born, more than likely a cave in the hillside with a door only high enough to admit sheep, an ass, an ox. Low animals all as well as lowly. Man would have to

Shipvisitor Peter Van Wygerden (r) watches as Dutch seaman tests ship's equipment for playing SCI-produced religious tape-recording.



stoop to enter, and this the shepherds and the wise men did. Lowliness of soul and humbleness of heart are required of all who would come to God. By the birth of Jesus in a stable, the Son of God cradled in the straw, the very great deliberately becomes very small. That was God's way of showing men the way into fuller life, through humility, not through pride. Pride comes when the very small tries to become very great, the way most men behave most of the time without success. Later Jesus said, "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter God's Kingdom." Unless we who are really small acknowledge our littleness in the presence of God, unless we stoop and bow our heads we cannot even come close to the manger and claim the first blessing of Christmas, the simple awareness and acknowledgment that we are so small that without God we are nothing, and yet with him we are the heirs of all things. A seaman knows a great deal about his littleness, especially when he is knocked about by wind and wave, his ship so small and the savage sea so large. It is also hard to feel proud and self-important when all is calm, the horizon so far beyond our reach and the bright stars so high above. But the more humble a man feels, the more surely he may know he is in the presence of almighty God, especially when he remembers the first Christmas.

The second simple blessing of Christmas is the blessing of silence. Have you noticed that there is not one word of recorded speech in that stable? For all we are told, nobody spoke. They just came in quietly and looked, perhaps rather shyly laid down their gifts and went away.

It is a great moment, because it is a silence, like the silence on the face of the deep at creation and the solemn stillness later, around the cross. Jesus said, "Be still and know that I am God." So God was born in the stillness where the animals cannot and humans will not speak; something to see, something to wonder at, and something great or small, a casket of gold or a lamb, to give. That is where true religion begins, in the quiet act of God there before you, done, complete, beautiful, so beautiful that in silent awe

you feel like a worm—and a king.

The seaman knows a lot about silence, too, especially through the long night watches when there is so much silence it may well drive a man mad, unless it forces him to his knees. For silence is a gift of God, a blessing in short supply in a noisy, warring world. Cherish this stillness, wait upon God. In quietness and in confidence shall our strength be renewed, and in the stillness we shall find that God himself will come to us in the blessing of peace.

The third simple blessing of Christmas is just the absence of fear. Nobody was frightened in that Judaeen stable long ago. "Fear not," sang the angels, and as those first comers to the manger stooped to enter, their fears took flight with their pride. Here they surrendered their hostilities toward each other, each understood a little, gave much and wondered a great deal. All they had to do was to be still and look without fear. In the presence of God the things that frighten men are exposed as imposters unable to stand the light of truth. Strangers become friends, rivals become companions, haters become lovers at the manger bed of Bethlehem, because there the silence of eternity is revealed as God's love for all mankind. He came at Christmas to be one with us that we might become one with Him. We need never fear because we shall never again be lost or lone.

Humility, silence, freedom from fear—these are God's gifts to us in His blessed Son. God bless everyone walking in his way and increase the numbers until there are more than three Wise Men, until the shepherds are an uncounted host whether on land or sea, all looking for a king—all finding a child asleep, all giving their gifts, and all gaining their souls.

*How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given,
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.*

*No ear may hear his coming,
But, in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him,
still
The dear Christ enters in."*

Cap'n Burl's Page

make a Christmas Ship-mo-bile

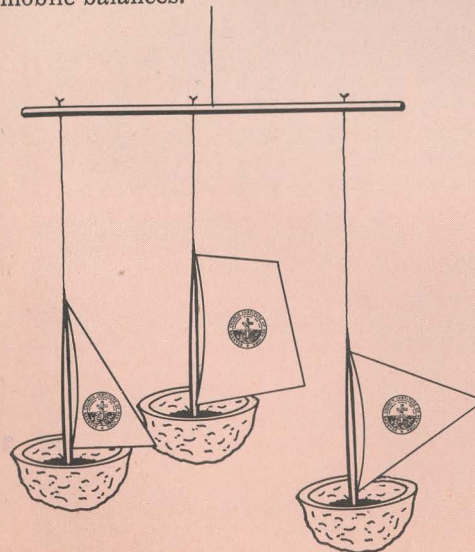
This decorative mobile is easy to make using things you have around the house. When it is completed you may cut out the Seamen's Institute seals and glue them to the sails. Paint the ships with model airplane paint



YOU WILL NEED:

three big toothpicks cotton cloth scraps
strip of thin wood 7" quick-drying cement
nylon thread scissors
three English walnut shells

Flatten one end and fasten the toothpicks to the base of the hollowed shells with glue. Cut three sails from the cloth and glue to the toothpicks. Cut out SCI seals and glue to cloth. Paint shells. Place thread in top of mast and tie to long strip of wood, choosing different lengths and spacings. Drop candle wax in shells until your ship-mobile balances.



THE MAID OF AMSTERDAM (A-ROVING)

1. In Am-ster-dam there lived a maid, Mark
you well what I say, In Am-ster-dam there
lived a maid And she was mis-tress of her trade. I'll
CHORUS:
go no more a-rov-ing with you, fair maid, A-
rov-in, a-rov-in, since rov-in's been my ru-i-in, I'll
go no more a-rov-ing with you, fair maid.

I took this maid out for a walk,
Mark you well what I say,
I took this maid out for a walk,
We had such a lovely talk.

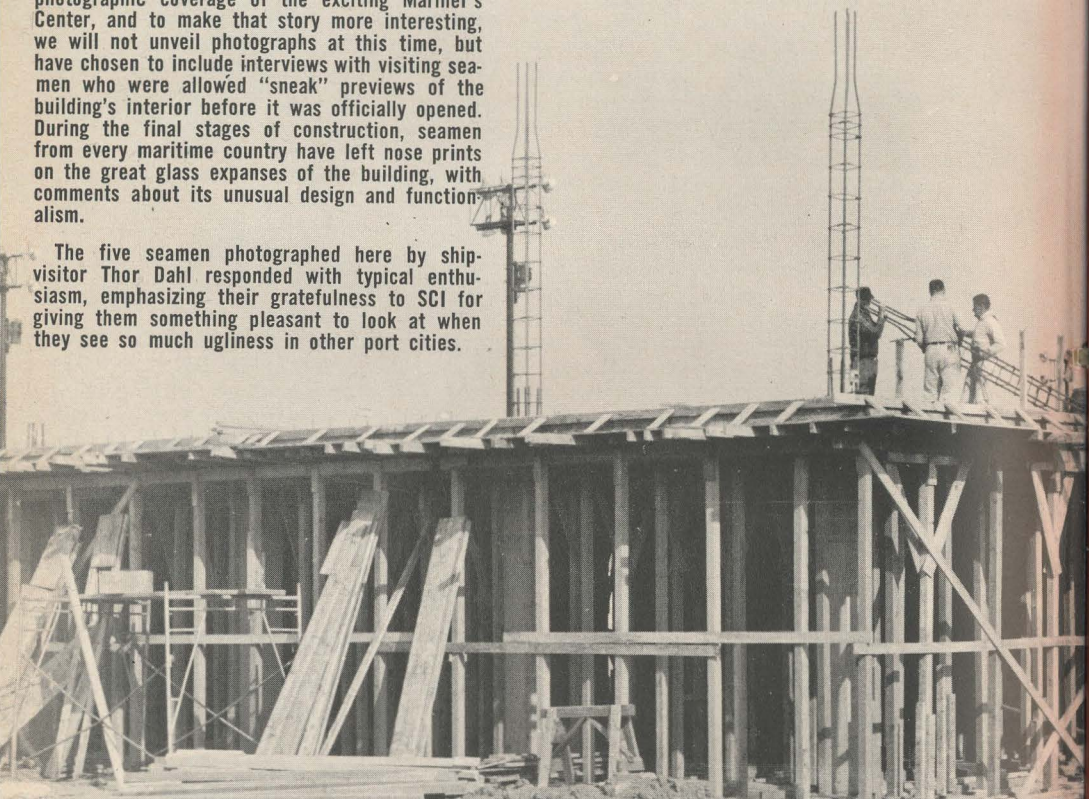
Chorus:
I took her out and spent my pay,
Mark you well what I say,
I took her out and spent my pay,
And then this maiden just faded away.

SEAMEN GET "SNEAK PREVIEW" OF SCI'S NEW MARINERS CENTER

"Old Port Newark Station" has been "christened" with a new name—not the approved one, but one which the crew of a British freighter arbitrarily gave to SCI's gleaming new Mariner's Center—"The Harbor Hilton." Completed last month and dedicated on the 21st of this month, the imposing structure was called by the press the best-equipped, most efficiently designed recreational and social facility for seamen in the United States.

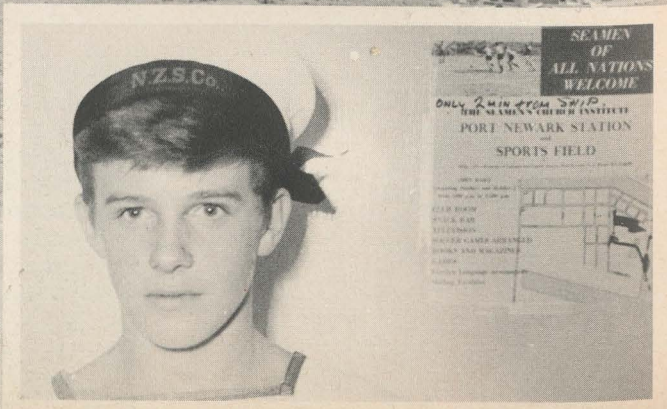
The LOOKOUT will devote its January issue to photographic coverage of the exciting Mariner's Center, and to make that story more interesting, we will not unveil photographs at this time, but have chosen to include interviews with visiting seamen who were allowed "sneak" previews of the building's interior before it was officially opened. During the final stages of construction, seamen from every maritime country have left nose prints on the great glass expanses of the building, with comments about its unusual design and functionalism.

The five seamen photographed here by ship-visitor Thor Dahl responded with typical enthusiasm, emphasizing their gratefulness to SCI for giving them something pleasant to look at when they see so much ugliness in other port cities.



PATRICK NEIL WARREN
Devon, England

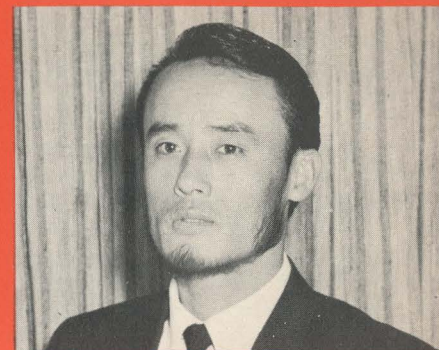
Deck boy aboard British flag vessel *Sharanui* shipping England-New Zealand. "I'm only 17 and this is my first visit to the Center. I don't really have any other place to go so I'll spend most of my time right here. The only thing they haven't provided are the pretty girls, and just as I was saying to myself 'you can't have everything!' the chaplain turns and says 'they'll be here by our next trip.'"



JOUNG MEUNG JO. South Korea

35-year-old seaman aboard Liberian flagship *World Tatsu* which arrived in Port Newark from Kobe, Japan

"We of my country have a difficult time understanding how such a building like this could be put up for us by people who don't even know us or we'll never meet. That's what makes Americans so wonderful."



JOSEPPE PESCE. Genoa, Italy

25-year-old electrician on Italian freighter *Nando Fassio*

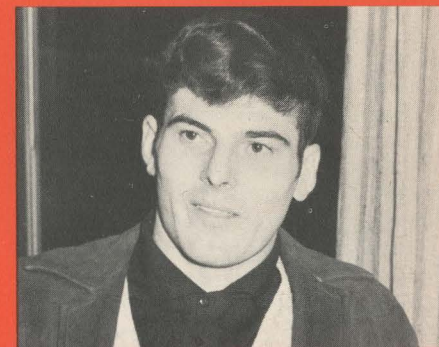
"Our crew is lucky because our boat is only two minutes from the Center. We watched it going up and we never expected it to be so big. I took pictures to show my family in Italy because they wouldn't believe it."



CHRISTIAN BLANCHET. Marseilles, France

26-year-old cook on French flagship *Pengal* sailing from Europe to Central Africa and the U.S.A.

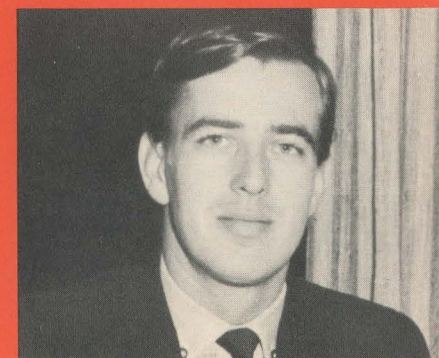
"They have planned for our entire needs here. I can enjoy myself without going to New York which seems unreasonably expensive, and still feel that I haven't missed something."



BOB PEDLON. Eastbourne, England

3rd officer on M/V *Canopic* who hails from Eastbourne and sails Canada, U.S.A. and New Zealand, 25-years old.

"We've been around the world to many seamen's missions, some great, some not. This one is so elaborate and well-designed that the men on my ship have named it the Harbor Hilton."



FOR THOSE WHO READ PERCEPTIVELY

Port Newark. Wednesday. A good attendance today of men and stewardesses from Norwegian, Danish Swedish, Greek, Italian and German ships. All indoor facilities were in full use and this made for a noisy, crowded evening but one that was greatly enjoyed by visitors and staff alike. Darts and table-tennis tournaments were arranged to keep our visitors circulating, and there was good humor and fellowship among all nationalities. Slop and snack-bar were busy for most of the evening, and the "Greenbrier" was in service providing transportation for those visitors whose ships were at the north side of the Channel. —B.H.

International Club. Tuesday. Apparently the Finns are not too familiar with modern dances yet, and yet the seamen were eager to participate in the Club festivities. Perhaps taking his cue from the Greek festival dance, one Finn requested the "Letkisjenka," which, as nearly as we understood, is a Finnish folk dance. The orchestra leader hadn't a clue to the rhythm or melody, so the seaman promised he would bring music next trip. Oddly enough, the Swedes and Norwegians know the Twist in its various forms, but Finland seems to be more isolated. — N. S.

Thursday. The Norwegians and the Germans tied for best attendance—the former from the *Norse Variant* and *Skienfjord*, the latter from the *Breitenstein*. Next came the Greeks, then the French, the Israelis, the Hollanders and the Australians who, incidentally, had never been here. There were two Mexicans, two Filipinos, two Chinese and a native of Hong Kong and two Italians. It would be difficult to arrange a more international group. It was a lively evening with dance numbers to suit all tastes. — N. S.

Sunday. The weather is turning colder, and I have had a few "tailoring jobs." No major repairs for our seamen, so far, just button replacements and some darning. A German and a Norwegian from the ship *Troll*

came in this evening with a note explaining they were without funds. They needed transportation to the Atlantic Terminal in Port Newark or the funds for a taxi to get them aboard their ship. I turned the matter over to the Security force, who arranged with the Norwegian Seamen's Home in Brooklyn for the necessary transportation. The seamen stayed in the Club and watched television until they were called for at 11 p.m. — T.M.

Monday. Chaplain Huntley welcomed an audience of 96 seamen and outside guests to the "Nations of the World" program. The film on Nigeria was a superb presentation of music, dance and drama of a mysterious culture and left our audience spellbound. I welcomed a Maltese seaman and an Indian seaman to the Club. Both men are living in the building, and will have a good opportunity to know us before they ship out. — T.M.

Tuesday. Greece had the highest representation with seamen from the *Omega*, *Hellenic Spirit*, *Glenrock*, *Calgary* and *Gran Lempira*. Holland and France tied for second place with the balance divided among Norway, Finland, Germany and Britain. There were four Chinese seamen and one each from Ecuador and Honduras.

Sunday. Tonight the Rossini Opera Workshop presented "Madam Butterfly" in the Auditorium at 7:30. Many of the guests came to the Club for refreshments. Several stopped at the desk to say how much they had enjoyed the production. —M.G.

Three Turkish cadets from the *M/S Namik Kemal* came in for refreshments and asked me to help them spend an evening in Greenwich Village. They wanted to avoid the trip back to Port Newark and stay in a hotel in town, if their finances permitted. They were students of the Turkish Merchant Marine Academy and had very little money. I investigated hotel rates, which were too high for their budgets. They settled for a tour of the Village, plus a return trip for the dance tomorrow. — T. M.



"What can I give him...?"

This Christmas I want to tell you the story of one of the most remarkable men I have known.

His name was Johan Nielsen and for many years he was a Pastor of the Norwegian Seamen's Mission.

I first met him in 1937 shortly after he had arrived from Shanghai to establish a Norwegian Seamen's Mission in Hong Kong. He came to me and asked if I could help him by providing him with 'the oblate.' I only realised what he meant when he explained that he was making preparations for the Christmas Communion of the Norwegian seamen who would be the guests of the Mission: I had a supply of wafer bread and gladly acceded to his request.

Several years later and a day or two before Christmas, I was one of some hundreds of people in a Japanese internment camp and I was desperately hungry.

A few of the lucky ones were called up to the Japanese gendarmerie post to collect the meagre but avidly-welcomed parcels of food sent into the camp by their Chinese friends.

To my amazement I was sent for. I shall never forget just how I felt when I opened my small parcel and found that it contained three potatoes with a Merry Christmas wish. The sender was Johan Nielsen who had been allowed by the Japanese to remain outside the camp.

When we met again shortly after the liberation, I realised by his emaciated appearance that his need had probably been greater than mine.

by The Rev. Prebendary Cyril Brown,
Gen. Secretary, The Missions to Seaman

Born in 1885, Pastor Nielsen began his ministry to seafarers in 1914 in the port of Buenos Aires. He remained there until 1933 when he moved to Shanghai and then to Hong Kong in 1937. After the war he continued his ministry in Hong Kong and finally in Norway until his retirement in 1958.

Such, however, was his self-giving devotion that when an urgent need came to his notice for a ministry to Norwegian and other Scandinavian seamen in San Fernando, near the oil port of Point au Pierre, Trinidad, he himself offered to go.

The tiny Mission which he opened at San Fernando was regularly filled with Norwegian seamen and each Monday he would visit the Mariners' Club at Port of Spain, have lunch with our own Chaplain and Lady Warden and visit any Scandinavian ships in the port.

That same Lady Warden who knew him in these more recent years has written: 'His whole life was devoted to the seamen. No effort was too great and his strength was inexhaustible in the pursuit of his self-imposed duties.'

On November 7th he was in Buenos Aires attending the 75th Anniversary of the Mission in which he had begun his ministry. Not inappropriately perhaps, it was there—and quite suddenly—that the home call came to him.

To countless seamen throughout the years of his ministry Johan Nielsen's own life and self-giving brought home the meaning of Christmas. As I thank God for the oblation of his life work, there comes to mind the words in which Bishop Heber contrasted the costly offerings of the three kings of the Epiphany with the simple gifts of complete devotion which are beyond price.

*Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.*



Life Began At Fifty-One

I was standing the graveyard watch on the C. S. DENVER, Boston-bound from Port Arthur, one cold November night in 1940. The stars were bright and clear, the ship was quiet, and my mind turned to the events of my 30-odd years at sea.

Born in Philadelphia, and brought up by my widowed mother, I could hardly remember my dad. We were poor and I sold papers, delivered orders for a butcher, played hooky from school and swam in the Delaware River against Mom's wishes. At 14 I ran away to Baltimore and spent two months on an oyster boat; was put ashore with no pay, and wore out my shoe leather on the long walk home to Philly.

I guess there was salt in my blood, for I enlisted in the U. S. Navy in 1910, served on the "Old Mo," then was sent to train as an aerial gunner at the first Naval air station at Pensacola, later transferred to the USS MISSISSIPPI for the expedition to

Vera Cruz, At the end of my 4-year hitch, the sea really claimed me, and in the next quarter century I circled the globe on many a merchant vessel as an able-bodied seaman.

Old pictures seem to show that I was a "likely-looking lad"; at any rate I found it easy to have a "girl in every port"! Shanghai, Manila, Honolulu, Melbourne, Athens, Rio, Frisco—the name of each port flashed a picture of romantic nights, escapades, near-tragedy, nights in jail, sightseeing trips to the Taj Mahal, interior of Australia, Paris, the Pyramids!

For 10 years my mother did not know my whereabouts, but age brought a renewed sense of responsibility to me, and I was her main support for the last few years of her life. Tears of bitter sorrow and regret sprang to my eyes as I recalled the race against death across country from Frisco to Atlantic City, where Mother lay dying in a nursing home. The train seemed to crawl, but I arrived just before the

The charming, true story of romance which blossomed between a seaman who received an Institute Christmas package and the widow who sent it.



end. That was in '27, but my heart still ached at the memory of my loss.

A tossing sea, but stars still out. Two bells! I brushed the tears away, and my hand passed over the shrapnel scar over my right temple. World War I came flashing back to me, and my three years in the British Navy.

The U. S. was not yet at war in 1915, and "Old Lady" Wilson in the White House was doing his best to keep us out. For some time I had been running U. S. oil to Britain under the Panamanian flag, and finding myself ashore with an adventurous buddy, in London, we decided not to wait, but to get into the "fun" at once. I promptly swore to the recruiting officer that I was a Canadian from Winnipeg, and was in the Royal Navy almost at once.

Months of grueling service on a destroyer in the North Sea followed my acquiring a "D" at gunnery school. Once a destroyer man it was almost impossible to transfer, for life on a destroyed was really rugged, and few men could take it. When I had my fill, however, I beat the game by answering a call to Special Service (the Commandos of War II), and so, after stiff commando training and many lesser expeditions, I finally found myself aboard the HMS THETIS under the command of Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, heading for Zeebrugge in Belgium.

In the meantime the U. S. had entered the War, and I was told by some misguided person that I could transfer by simply declaring my true nationality. I tried it shortly before the Zeebrugge expedition, only to find myself in the brig for falsifying my nationality!

Back in the brig, I wondered what he meant, but my counsel finally told me that I could be back with my outfit at once, if I remained a Canadian. Better a live Canadian than a dead Yank, thought I, and went meekly back to my ship. So here I was, enroute for Zeebrugge to bottle up the U-boats! The story of Zeebrugge, on April 23rd, 1918—the first successful blockade in the history of Naval warfare,—has

been told elsewhere, but few know that one Yankee Charles Jackson was at the wheel of the THETIS, the first ship to break through the barrage of German guns, mines and gas, to blow herself up inside the harbor, and so bottle up the U-boats at last. Seven survivors from our ship were picked out of the water, and next morning I found myself back in England on a stretcher, drinking a tot of rum with Admiral Sturdy, the same admiral who had told me earlier I was "liable to be shot!" My captain was also lying beside me on the next stretcher, and his repeated "Well done, Jackson, well done!" was music in my ears. Fourteen months later I was out of hospital and out of the Royal Navy.

I felt at home with my mother's people, the British, but after a year ashore, I began to long for the good old USA again. It took a bit of doing to be repatriated, but my papers finally came through, and I lost no time in getting to Liverpool to board ship. One little slip—I had not realized I was now an alien and needed a pass to travel in England. I had hardly arrived at my hotel in Liverpool, when I was arrested and had to spend the night in jail. I was cleared in the morning and allowed to join my ship, which took me to Boston. The authorities there hauled me in for a slacker when they heard I had been out of the country while the U. S. was at war. Were their faces red when next day in court my lawyer told them the real story of my absence!

I chuckled to myself as I thought of it, and seven bells struck in friendly accompaniment. I yawned and stretched. Thirty minutes to go, then I could hit the sack. Well, War I was a long way back, and here I was again, heading in for Boston Harbor.

Back ashore, I decided to spend Christmas in New York, as that is one season I hate to spend at sea. I had always made the Seamen's Church Institute on South Street my shore home and was welcomed back by dear old Mother Roper, the "Mother of all

Seamen," who had been a real friend to me for many years. She saw that I received a pair of socks. The first time I went to put them on I found a note in the toe of one sock. It said:

Dear Unknown Friend,

I am sending this greeting to let you know these socks are different from ordinary ones. As I have knitted them I have tried to picture the man who was to wear them—a strong man and a brave one, for those are necessary qualities for one who follows the sea. He must also be a God-fearing man and one who knows how to feel God's near presence when he is alone in the midst of the sea and sky, and the changeable winds speak of God's mighty power or gentle lovingkindness.

As I knitted I prayed that God would give you comfort in your loneliness, strength to withstand the battle with the elements, but above all, faith to conquer hate and fear and greed, and a true spirit of sharing with your shipmates the adventure of living each day on a basis of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. This is the spirit of Moral Rearmament (MRA); spread its message in every port, for it is the only way to World Peace and the Brotherhood of Man.

When you wear these socks, think of these things!

In sincere fellowship, K.R.B.
I thought of that note all the rest of my time in port, and just before shipping out for Iceland and Greenland, with supplies for our secret bases in the far north, I screwed up my courage and wrote a note of thanks.

I said "Mother Roper gave me a pair of socks and I found a note in one of them. It is so good that there are such good people in the world, so please believe me when I say, thanks from the bottom of my heart. It was one of my very few Christmas presents, as I have no folks at all. I have always been a God-fearing man, and I have been on board ship where in time of trouble I have always heard these words said, 'God help us!' I have been going to sea for 30 years. I will draw to a close, wishing you a Happy New Year. I also wish you health, I wish you

wealth, I wish you friends by score. I wish you Heaven after death. What could I wish you more? I am glad to be

One of your many friends,
C. O. Jackson"

All through that voyage to Iceland and along the lonely coast of Greenland I had that note in mind, and wondered about the woman who had written it. I had sent her a note from Greenland, enclosing a souvenir silk handkerchief of Iceland, and found a couple of notes from her when I got back to New York, but still could not get up courage to meet her.

To get the frost out of my bones, I made several trips to Aruba, B. W. I. in a tanker and dropped her a card from there. Then back I went to the far north. I carried with me a letter from "my lady" as she became in my thoughts, telling me of herself at last. Her husband, a retired invalid army officer, had died just before my first letter reached her, leaving her with four grown sons. She knitted for the seamen and spent several days a week at the Institute as a volunteer hostess, and hoped to meet me some day when I was in port.

But our first meeting was not to come till I had made another voyage to Newfoundland on the old excursion steamer RICHARD PECK, carrying supplies for the base being built at Argentina. The old ship was not fit for ocean travel, let alone the North Atlantic in winter. Our trip home is a saga in itself, for we sailed through the stormy Straits of Belle Isle, never aware that the U. S. was at war again and U-boats were sinking ships on every side of us.

I made a date with "my lady" to show her around the Institute but



waited a long time in the lobby before she appeared, well chaperoned by two school girls. Another person had taken them on a tour of the building, having assured her Jackson wouldn't show up! My next bet was a ride on the Staten Island ferry, so we went for the boat-ride and ended up at the old Aquarium with some rolls and hot-dogs. "My lady" was all that my thoughts hoped she would be, and now she was not only in my mind, but creeping into my heart as well!

One more trip to Greenland, and my elbow was injured during rough weather. Our Coast Guard convoy ship lost us in a storm just before Christmas, and we celebrated by having one slice of bread and a bowl of stew for our Christmas dinner. We were all out of food when we made the mouth of the Delaware River, but the guard gate was down for the night and nothing would induce them to open before daylight. My arm was pretty bad with bloodpoisoning starting, but I persuaded the doctor to let me go on to New York where I entered the Marine Hospital. Mother Roper told "my

lady," and she came down to visit me there and made me promise to come to dinner.

I'll always remember that first dinner date, for it was on February 9th, 1942, her third son's 20th birthday and the day the NORMANDIE burned. We had my favorite stew and dumplings, that night, and I enjoyed every minute of the family party and meeting her fine sons.

Next day I went out to Akron, Ohio, to visit a cousin I hadn't seen for 40 years, expecting to stay a week, and was kept out there ("so the U-boats wouldn't get me") for six weeks! I thought of my lady constantly and finally called her long distance one evening. During our conversation she said, "When are you coming home, dear?" and that was my finish! I wasn't back in New York a month before we were married—and have lived happily ever after.

Yes, I had to give up my first love, the sea, for I couldn't bear to be away from my lady long enough for a voyage. I tried several times and it didn't work. So here we are in our own little home in sunny Florida, with visits to the children and grandchildren to take us north once in awhile, and with twenty-three years of happiness behind us. My seafaring friends predicted that my marriage wouldn't last a year.

I've seen the world, and this little spot, shared with my own dear lady, is Heaven to me. Life sure began for me at fifty-one!

by Charles O. Jackson



THAT EVENTFUL YEAR... 1942

the ninth in a historical series

Barely one month before the year 1942 Japan attacked the U. S. fleet at Pearl Harbor, the first act involving us in World War II. Names like Guadalcanal, Eisenhower, Midway, Mussolini and Yorktown were in headlines. With all its home fires burning, the Institute quickly organized its staff and volunteers to accommodate hundreds of Coast Guardsmen, sailors and seamen awaiting ships or survivors from sunken ones.

When, early in the year, SCI was appointed the official receiving station of the first "Maritime Pool" (seamen were trained for, active duty by the Coast Guard), we housed hundreds of them until they could be assigned ships. They slept in 5th floor dormitories and were instructed in seamanship by the Institute staff.

The nation mobilized for the long war, while the Institute contributed its Chaplain, the Rev. Leroy Lawson, to be the first appointed chaplain in the American Merchant Marine with the rank of ensign; its staff and a few seamen donated 35 pints of blood in the first American Red Cross drive.

Outside agencies appealed regularly to SCI for assistance that year. The State Department requested help in providing books and magazines for British seamen stationed in Gibraltar. A letter sent by SCI librarian Ann Conroy to seven New York newspapers in the name of the Joseph Conrad Library brought in 1500 volumes. In another project to raise money for SCI

and "Bundles for Britain," actresses Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan, stars of then current Broadway hit "Junior Miss" (pictured) Christmas shopped at SCI where they bought seamen-made ships-in-bottles. Money was used especially for ship-wrecked and torpedoed crews.

A dramatic increase in the nationalities visiting the Institute was noted as SCI opened a new International Lounge patterned after its British, Belgian and Dutch clubs. Women volunteers served tea and cookies, played games, while distributing good books and cigarettes. LOOKOUT appealed frequently for volunteers to bake cookies and to donate Bingo prizes.

Institute personnel and seamen crowded the roof to see the former French luxury liner *Normandie*, requisitioned by the U. S. Government for war duty, burn and capsize in her West Side berth in 40 feet of water as history's greatest marine salvage problem. The same staff was amused by a story told by men from a Canadian mine sweeper who were ordered to tug a grounded British aircraft carrier off some rocks in Central America. To the crew's amazement and amusement, 1,500 British tars started doing the Lambeth Walk, a favorite of the English, on the carrier's deck. Her commander thought the vibration would help shake the craft loose.

Early events of 1942 moved so swiftly in the grim sea war that LOOKOUT admitted it could not keep



Queen Wilhelmina in exile visits SCI.



Ditty bags for needy sailors.



\$60 million liner "Normandie" burns, capsizes

up to date on survivors who were received by the Institute for processing and placement in hospitals.

THE CHRISTMAS BOXES BEGIN

That year marked an important milestone for SCI's Central Council, predecessor of the Women's Council. Its Christmas Box project was begun with this appeal in LOOKOUT: "Many more sweaters, socks, helmets, mufflers and mittens would find their way (to seamen) if it were possible to furnish free wool to some of the knitters. The need for these garments is acute. Victims of sinking ships lose all their clothing. So an urgent S.O.S. goes out to all those who do not knit, to furnish wool for those who do." Three little Negro newsboys pooled their resources and bought wool so that Mary, age nine years, could knit a pair of socks for some seamen of their race.

The Institute loaned its space and facilities for the first benefit ever held by the U. S. Coast Guard, for 2,000 families of C.G. men in the 3rd Naval District. Mark Warnow, conductor of radio's "Hit Parade" provided the music on SCI's stage, as many celebrities entertained. Mrs. George Emlen Roosevelt was Chairman of the Patroness Committee; Bert Lytel, President of Actor's Equity, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee and Harold S. Vanderbilt, Chairman of the Civilian Committee.

In May of that year the first wartime Maritime Day was observed at a special luncheon sponsored by SCI and

the American Seamen's Friend Society, as SCI Board lay Vice President and President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt had proclaimed. The party featured a cake baked in the shape of a Victory Ship, and special tributes were toasted to the merchant marine.

By June, the crew of the 56th torpedoed ship to stay at 25 South Street since the beginning of the war was welcomed. The ship's skipper, at the cost of his life, steered straight into a barrage of cannon-fire in a vain attempt to ram and sink an attacking U-boat. He died, but 27 survivors were landed after a 100-mile cruise in two open lifeboats.

Many officials talked of the heroism displayed by seamen, including New York Governor Herbert H. Lehman and Selective Service Director General Hershey who sought occupational deferment for merchant seamen saying: "A man . . . actively engaged at sea in this service may well be considered as engaged in the defense of the country. . . ." New York's P.E. Bishop, The Right Rev. William T. Manning, added: "None of us will be willing to waste gasoline or other things which these men are supplying at the cost of their lives."

Some of the most heartwarming stories came from that war year, too, especially to pet lovers. A Belgian seaman told this story: "When the Axis submarine fired two torpedoes, nine of our crew were killed by the explo-



Christmas tea-time for staff.



Mobilized seamen exercise in Gym.



Beginning of Marine Museum.



Broadway celebrities shop at SCI.

sion. I ran and grabbed my dog, 'Ketty' and my papers. Clutching both I found myself in the water, swimming through thick oil. I tried to hold Ketty but she wriggled away from me. I was picked up by a lifeboat and I did not know until I got ashore that our Captain had rescued Ketty and brought her in another boat to safety. Ketty recognized me even though I was covered with black oil, and she barked and jumped about happily."

Torpedoed seamen Joseph Knudsen told LOOKOUT: "Lights went out, and my men had to be guided up to the deck. I couldn't go with them because my back was bent out of shape. They wanted to stay, but I told them to scram!! Water got above my knees. I crept to my room, took a carton of cigarettes and a quart of whiskey. On deck I found all the lifeboats gone. Kind of lonesome, but just then I felt Kitty—a little black kitten the fourth mate had picked up in Belfast for a ship's mascot—came and rubbed against me and began to purr. 'Well, Kitty, you and I are in a tough spot, I said to her.' I threw away the whiskey, took her in my arms and jumped into the sea. She didn't mind when we jumped, but she hated it in the water. She climbed on my back. I had to swim through smoke and flames until finally, after about two hours, we were picked up and transferred to an Icelandic trawler that landed us safely ashore."

An attempt was made to forget the war for a few moments when the Gardens Club of New York installed window boxes filled with bright red and white geraniums and ivy on windows outside the Fourth Floor facing the park.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands made a summer visit to the Institute to pay tribute to the brave merchant seamen of the Dutch fleet who were carrying cargoes to the fighting fronts and who could not see their homes and families in occupied Holland.

As the Christmas season approached, the Women's Council (Central Council) recommended that those wishing to prepare their own Christmas boxes

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An Act of God?

Tall Tales

Can truth be stranger than fiction? Yes, says the author in this carefully documented, almost incredible tale of a reunion at sea!

by Franklin R. Ruehl, Jr.

During the early part of the nineteenth century, the crew of the schooner *Mermaid* experienced a sequence of happenstances so curiously woven together that one is almost tempted to suggest that the hand of Providence was in action.

Sometime in the winter of 1829, Captain Nolbrow, the master of the *Mermaid*, took his ship out of Sydney, Australia and headed for Raffles Bay. In a shallow-ridden stretch of water between Australia and New Guinea called Torres Strait, the ship struck a coral reef and foundered. The 18-man crew promptly sought refuge on a rock above and spent three days apparently in vain, hoping to be rescued.

Luckily for them, a bark, the *Swiftsure*, happened by and took the hungry shipwrecked seafarers aboard. But as they were counting their blessings two days later, the *Swiftsure* ran ashore, being completely demolished. All 14 crew members of the *Swiftsure* reached dry land along with the *Mermaid's* original 18. To the rescue this time came the schooner *Governor Ready* with 32 men already aboard; it graciously offered its hospitality to the 32 castaways. On its way to Papua, the *Governor Ready* met disaster in a fire which consumed its hulls in just three hours. The three groups of survivors set themselves adrift in long-boats in the open Pacific at a point

where the waters were hostile.

The next angel in disguise that appeared on the scene was the *Comet*, a government cutter. Upon learning of the incredible misadventures of this collection of crewmen they had saved, the *Comet's* mates were beginning to speculate on the possibilities of this being a jinxed crew. Any doubts were summarily removed when soon thereafter a storm out of nowhere took the *Comet* to the ocean's depths. Miraculously, once again not a single man perished. The entire assemblage of 85 spent eighteen torturous hours clinging to the flotsam of the *Comet*. It was then that the *Jupiter* spotted the water-soaked castaways and welcomed them aboard. While the *Jupiter* was heading for West Australia, which was certainly not any of their destinations, the grateful victims would have thanked their lucky stars for any ship, even if it had been headed for Antarctica. As you have probably guessed by now, the *Jupiter* had sailed its last voyage. It ran on a reef and stove a hole in its keel, leaving a new total of 123 castoffs to fend for themselves. A nearby rock island served as their new temporary address.

A huge passenger schooner, the *City of Leeds*, became the next ship to conduct a rescue operation, although it must have been with the greatest of

(Continued on page 23)

How Sailors Keep Christmas

Christmas is not only celebrated on terra firma, but also its spirit reaches thousands of men from Christian nations, on ships of every nationality on all seas and foreign ports, when thoughts of seamen flash back to childhood days, or perhaps better years. Undoubtedly, loneliness is never more poignant than at Christmas on an iron ship. But sailors, wherever they are, contribute patience, talent and time to make the holiday at sea as much like home as possible.

On the cover of LOOKOUT is a photograph of a pine tree being secured to the top of a ship's mast. There will be hundreds like it, representing a little extra time and trouble by sailors.

Last year I learned that among Norwegian ships there had been a contest to see which crew could provide the best Christmas decorations. The winner was Wilhelmsen Line's *MS Tema* which I had the opportunity to visit. With others I concurred that it must truly be called the "Christmas Boat" in New York Harbor. The ship's Captain, Eivind Vatsaas, told me that in his 40 years of sailing he had never seen such elaborate decorations, adding: "We can thank the steward, Arnold Guttormsen, for this. Take a look."

With my camera in hand we toured the mess rooms where Capt. Vatsaas pointed out the miniature churches and country cottages lighted from inside. He described their construction by the Steward from small paper boxes with cut-out windows. The box buildings were painted vivid colors, then cov-

ered with cotton to simulate snow.

At the lounge entrance the Steward had placed an amusing-looking reindeer surrounded by branches from a snow-frosted forest. Soft Christmas music and carols sounded from a loudspeaker, adding to the holiday atmosphere. The steward was proud of his work, commenting "The whole idea is to bring some of the sentimentality from home to the ship, wherever it might be." That same Steward would be "Santa Claus" on Christmas Eve, the Captain told me, and he himself would gather the crew of about 40 in the officer's quarters, where they would sing a hymn and he would read the Christmas story from the Bible before sitting down to a meal of roast fresh ham with sour cabbage. They would be opening boxes from the Seamen's Institute.

I asked the Steward if the men aboard appreciated his efforts. "They certainly do," he answered, "not always by their comments, though. But I see them endlessly staring at the twinkling lights, or at the reindeer, and I know their minds are miles away. Home is brought a little closer."

In Port Newark last year we saw many examples of efforts by seamen to create the true Christmas spirit aboard ships from England, Germany, Italy, France and others. I photographed the life-sized Santa and his rednosed Rudolph which had been painted on the glass wall of the passenger's lounge of British freighter *M/V Port Adelaide*. The artist was J. W. Gunn, the ship's second officer.

by shipvisitor Thor Dahl



(Above) Captain Eivind Vatsaas and his officers played hosts to other crew members for the traditional Christmas Eve ceremony which included scripture reading and distribution of the Institute Christmas boxes. The live tree with real candles was brought from Scandinavia and kept in water until the "proper" time.



(Above) Meals throughout the season were merrier on a table centered with a quaint snow-covered village church, resplendent with holly and a pipe-cleaner sleigh. Such a creation took six hours to complete and challenged the resourcefulness of the Steward.



(Above) The nautical touch—a ship's bell—hangs from the wistful reindeer and Santa, assembled by Steward Arnold Guttormsen on the freighter *M.S. Tema*. Any Santa would be proud to wear the hand-knitted gloves of Norwegian design, or enjoy the security of a reindeer held by nylon marine rope. ■ (Right) Santa will soon have a red nose to match that of "Rudolph" in this tempera painting on glass in the passenger's lounge aboard British freighter *Port Adelaide*. Created for the enjoyment of passengers who eat at tables just beyond, it is the work of Second Mate J. W. Gunn. The *Adelaide* crew made full use of the Institute's Center at Port Newark.



SINBAD

by
Seaman
Ira C.
Kenney

Midnight along South Ferry's nearly deserted waterfront finds only an occasional truck rumbling along toward Brooklyn Bridge. A prowl car, silent, alone, appears, then vanishes into ghostly shadows of towering warehouses.

High up on the 12th floor of South Street's Seamen's Church Institute, a seaman sits alone in brooding contemplation. He watches the flitting lights of harbor craft below in the East River, tiny as fireflies, wonders whither are they bound—who their crew members?

He listens to December's blustering night wind. Straight from the north country it emerges with a lonely song of wilderness, of ice-sealed brooks and frozen rivers back home in Maine. Amid the howling, now in piercing treble, now in mournful baritone, homesickness comes apace to this greying Sinbad of South Street as he listens to the wind song.

Back home, the harvest is long since gathered in. The cellar shelves are loaded down with garden stuff. The barns are filled with sweet fresh hay. Oats are in the bulging bins and apples in the storeroom.

A pre-Christmas candy pull is in progress tonight, and the old folks are popping corn at the big rock fireplace. Sinbad fidgets uneasily in his chair, listening in on the laughter and the song, tasting the warm taffy, smelling the freshly popped corn.

The December wind has little sympathy. It blusters and pushes about the eaves and cornices of the big brick building on South Street. Pausing, it then sweeps down from a new angle.

Jeb and William talk of hunting, of having stalked ring-necked pheasants in the lower meadows during October when corn was in the shack; of seeing shiny-antlered young bucks on Saddle-

back Ridge; of flushing partridge and rabbits from the spruce thickets. They talk of bear and bobcats. Good fellows, Jeb and William. And there sits the girl from Sunday River, still laughing and carefree, still looking young—remember? At the country dances, at the corn roasts, the clam bakes—remember her? The buttons and bows—remember?

Arousing himself from his reverie Sinbad is filled with new thoughts and resolutions as he packs his sea bag. After a last look out across the harbor, he goes to bed, thinking only of tomorrow and the Androscoggin Valley back home in Maine.

Early morning daylight greets him outside. A cab, its driver fast asleep, is parked at the curb. In from the open sea, fresh and clean and salty, blows the morning wind. Tugboats wheeze and puff getting under way for the busy day to come. An ocean-going liner glides by, heading out to foreign lands. Even the stink of harbor water seems pleasant.

Sinbad cannot stop watching the passing liner, so he closes his eyes. The ship sounds her whistle, deep and easy. He tries hard to think of the Androscoggin Valley which was so very clear and close last night.

"Hey, Mate,—you got a cigarette?"

From far above, up among the sun-tinted clouds, strong, appealing, poignant, comes the call of a seagull.

"Thanks, Mate. You got a good day to ship."



CHRISTMAS IN SAIL



My father began his seafaring career in 1876, when he left Liverpool in the barque *M. C. Nelson* (590 tons), in which cockleshell he rounded the Horn on more than one occasion. He learned his profession the hard way.

Christmas, he used to say, brought back memories of sailing-ship days, when the peace and comfort of shore folk were only a name, and the often cold and soaking misery of the square-rigged hand mocked at what has fancifully been termed, "the golden age of sail." Most of his many Christmases at sea were times of hardship and discomfort, when the only carols were sung by the wind in the rigging, and the wassail-bowl was a mug of cold rum gripped uncertainly in numbed fingers.

A certain Christmas day in the Pacific was ushered in with a hurricane. The steering-gear was damaged, and the ship rolled heavily in the trough of the sea. Great seas swept her from stem to stern, the cabin front was smashed in, the galley was awash, the cook injured and the turkey and goose, together with the plum-duff, were carried overboard. A few years later, my father sailed for London about ten days before Christmas, bound for Sydney. The captain had brought his Christmas dinner—a goose—but as Christmas day found the ship under shortened canvas and labouring heavily with constantly-flooded decks, an elaborate meal was out of the question.

At breakfast, therefor the Old Man instructed the steward, who like the cook was a coloured Montserrat Irishman, to postpone the goose. At dinner, in sailing ships usually served at noon, when, after pea-soup, the officers expected the usual bad-weather dish of sea-pie, to their amazement the steward, with a conscious flourish, placed a dreadful mess before the Captain. It was a sort of oily stew with bits of vegetable floating in it.

"What the . . . is this?" roared the Old Man.

"Pothponed goose, sah," was the reply.

The Captain's feelings can be imagined, and what he told the steward was unrepeatable. The steward was almost in tears.

"I knew that durn cook didn't know how to make pothpone goose," he stammered. "I said I'd show him how, but he say he cook pothpone goose many time."

Christmas homeward bound from Philadelphia, was another occasion when the Western Ocean was at its most unpleasant. When, towards noon on Christmas day, my father was carrying the Christmas hash and plum-duff from the galley to where his fellow apprentices awaited him in the half-deck, the vessel shipped a great green sea that filled her up fore and aft. Washed to leeward, my father barely saved himself from going overboard by clinging to the bulwarks. The two mess-kits of food were lost for ever.

He used to chuckle that, even had he been likely to forget his scaring experience, his messmates took pains to impress the loss of their dinner on his memory for long afterwards. However, words did not mend matters, and the apprentices dined on the iron-hard biscuits known as Liverpool pantiles, 'cook's slush' (dripping) and a few scaly onions, followed by Akyab spuds and longtail sugar, a euphemism for rice and molasses.

Yet my father, a serious, good-living man, always held that things might have been worse. He often moralized on a sailing-ship lost some years previously on the east coast of Scotland—on Christmas eve. Next morning, it seems, the sun shone on a flat sea, as though to belie the storm overnight. Bodies came ashore, and also a topmast with a bunch of mistletoe lashed to it. Yes, he thought he had much to be grateful for.

as told by
Seaman Cuthbert Bridgwater

I Like to Talk to People ...

As this story was being prepared for the printer, it was brought to the attention of SCI Director John M. Mulligan. Through a recent coincidence, he was able to provide us with a "lead" to someone who had met the book's author, Bobby Winters. He recalled a conversation with an SCI restaurant waitress, Mrs. Maybelle Peters, who described a fellow passenger on a bus trip from New York to Baltimore "who sounded a lot like Bobby Winters."

We interviewed Mrs. Peters who recognized the author's name and confirmed the fact that the seaman "likes to talk to strangers."

"We boarded the bus in the Borough of Queens and he got on in Brooklyn," she said, "and sat just behind me. He smiled and greeted everybody and within minutes, he struck up a conversation. I had hoped to sleep, but he was so pleasant and interesting that I found myself talking with him for the better part of an hour and a half. He said that he had spent his entire life at sea, describing his ship and his many voyages around the world," she recalled.

He told me about his book *I Like to Talk to Strangers*, and said that it was on sale at Abraham and Strauss department store in Brooklyn where I live. With his special talent for making friends, I can well imagine that he has a storehouse of fascinating tales about the people he's met, and about his life as a seaman," she observed. "I'm going to buy his book. I don't think I told him I knew a lot about the life of merchant seamen and that I worked for the Seamen's Institute," she added.

But if seaman-writer Bobby Winters publishes another book of essays, poems and letters about strangers he has met, perhaps he will include a sketch of his "chance meeting" with Mrs. Maybelle Peters.

Buffalo, New York
December 23

Pre-Christmas with its magic and fantasy, and memories of Christmastime spent in various countries, and many at sea.

As I sit here in this cafe, I feel nostalgic; it snows ever so lightly, hardly enough to cover the streets.

The juke box plays Bing Crosby's "White Christmas," Frank Sinatra's "High Hopes", and Eddie Fisher's "Oh, My Papa." What lovely songs, sung so beautifully, it makes one feel so mellow.

As I am visiting a dear lady friend, and her daughter, for the Christmas holidays, I know there are many wonderful mothers concerned over the wel-

fare and the outlook of their daughters. I send this Christmas Greeting to Mrs. Jorgenson and her daughter Sharon, and I wish the same Greeting for Mothers everywhere.

There was light snow flurries, and a frost that nipped the fingers—The streets down town were deserted. And a scent of Christmas was in the air. All my Christmas cards were mailed to friends in various parts of the world, but I held on to the last one, I do not know why, for truly for them I wanted to sit down quietly to write something sensitive and with deep appreciation for their wonderful hospitality to me, as I was a stranger and they took me in.

My Christmas and New Years Greetings to Mrs. Berniss Jorgensen and her daughter, Sharon:

Dear Berniss and Sharon,

May God love you both, and may you have peace and serenity, and always see the sun creeping through the clouds Christmas day, and every day of the year. And may your pretty faces always keep a smile, and light up with fantasy, magic like, and may your hearts burdens be eased ever free from sorrow, for there are so many sorrows we face.

And no matter where I sit, I could see it in peoples faces and eyes. But I shall always wish for big beautiful stars to shine in your eyes, both of you.

And as I now listen to the chimes it brings me a beautiful memory of time, places and things and events and happenings, and a little tear flows gently, for you both, for my dear friends all over the world, and for my departed friends, and as night will soon be creeping in and the days work is over, people will be rushing home to their families. So I know Berniss will be going home to her daughter, as I cannot remember having a home, it has been so long and Christmas time has been spent in so many various countries. This Christmas I shall spend in Buffalo. I wish you both a Happy Christmas, a Happy New Year, a kiss to you both, and may God love you.

Affectionately,
Bobby Winters

THAT EVENTFUL YEAR

(Continued from page 16)

for seamen should include the following: necktie, tablet and envelopes, sewing gear, pipe, can of Prince Albert tobacco, suspenders, garters, flash light and batteries and chewing gum. The only war year security reminder was a warning to the women that a list of the articles included in the box should be posted on the *outside*.

It was also the year when a Marine Museum came into its own at the top of a narrow staircase on the 4th floor. "One can see an amazing confusion of objects, all of which, at some time or other, sailed the seven seas in seamen's baggage. These curios were taken from the unclaimed baggage of seamen who may have been shipwrecked, or torpedoed or who just died of natural causes," noted a story in the magazine of the Franklin Society of Home Building & Savings.

And reporting on celebrities who appeared on behalf of the Institute,

AN ACT OF GOD

(Continued from page 17)

reluctance after learning of the unbelievable ordeals these castaways had suffered. However, the *City of Leeds* marked the last ship in this fantastic sequence. Once on board, the survivors astonished the passengers with their multitudinous tales of tribulation.

One passenger, a Dr. Thomas Sparks, after listening awhile, shouted above the drone of their voices amidst the excitement: "Are there any Yorkshiremen among you?" Receiving no confirmation, Dr. Sparks went on to explain that he needed a Yorkshireman of age 35 to help him prolong the life of a dying old woman. The lady had longed to see her son whom she had not set eyes on in 10 long years. Her physician thought that if one of the crew members impersonated the lad, her life might be saved. One of the original survivors of the *Mermaid*, the first ship of this impossible sequence, finally asserted himself: "There are Yorkshiremen and Yorkshiremen. What part of Yorkshire does the old lady come from?"

"She is from Whitby."

"Then I think I can be of service.

to raise money for its wartime services the Institute sponsored a theatre benefit performance of a new play "The Skin of Our Teeth" by Thornton Wilder. Starring that year were Talulah Bankhead, Frederic March, Florence Eldridge and Florence Reed.

A hastily written letter from a recruit who forgot to address the envelope and who never returned, said: "Just want to write a few lines to let you know how things are. I work in the cellar Ma where they keep the engines. They have a diesel engine here like Pa's tractor, only a whole sight bigger. Now Ma, don't worry your head about me 'cause I'm all right. A good bed and then something to eat is good, but I will say a good cold glass of buttermilk from today's churning sure would be mighty fine. Tell Pa I hate I ain't there to help get in the crops, but I'm sticking here 'til I amount to something. Tell Sarah Bell I was asking after her. I'll close now. Love to all."

I am from Whitby, myself."

"How old are you, son?"

"I am 34, sir."

"You'll do perfectly. Come with me now."

"What is the name I am to take, sir?"

"Peter Richardson. Repeat the name a few times so that you will not forget it."

"No need of that," came the hurried retort. "I am Peter Richardson."

Peter Richardson did speak with his mother, and this emotional therapy was so effective that the old woman thoroughly recovered and lived for 18 additional years. So, by means of five successive ship tragedies, each without loss of a single hand, a son was reunited with his ailing mother.

Now, you are justifiably doubting the likelihood of such a sequence of mishaps and are even more suspicious of the report of no casualties whatsoever. Well, this incredible sea drama is readily verified by the Archives of the Maritime Office of the Australia Commonwealth in the capital city, Canberra. I leave it to you to decide if the hand of Providence had intervened or not.

the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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Editor

COVER: Year after year, seamen perpetuate the custom of hoisting Christmas trees to the masts of their vessels, with lights powered by batteries and provide a strange but beautiful sight to shore watchers who see them pass in the night.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT SEA

A wind is rustling 'south and soft,'
Cooing a quiet country tune,
The calm sea sighs, and far aloft
The sails are ghostly in the moon.

Unquiet ripples lisp and purr,
A block there pipes and chirps i' the sheave,
The wheel-ropes jar, the reef-points stir
Faintly—and it is Christmas Eve.

The hushed sea seems to hold her breath,
And o'er the giddy, swaying spars,
Silent and excellent as Death,
The dim blue skies are bright with stars.

Dear God—they shone in Palestine
Like this, and yon pale moon serene
Looked down among the lowing kine
On Mary and the Nazarene.

The angels called from deep to deep,
The burning heavens felt the thrill,
Startling the flocks of silly sheep
And lonely shepherds on the hill.

John Masefield

