



the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



NOVEMBER 1966



A Holiday Message

*Thanksgiving ... Christmas ... Home ... Hearth ...
Fireside ... Fellowship ...*

These are association words that mean a great deal to you and me. For most seamen, their association words are almost the opposite of ours: *Separation ... Loneliness ... Storms ... Danger.*

For many years the Seamen's Church Institute has tried on your behalf to minister to all the needs of seamen. Not only at Thanksgiving and Christmas, but every day and night throughout the year. As a reader of *The Lookout*, you know what is done.

We at the Institute are very grateful for the generous and continuing support you have given us. Because of your known interest, we ask at this holiday season if you will help a little more still.

Elsewhere in this issue you will read a story, "Christmas in the Doghouse." The Great Depression is long past but the problems seamen face are still the same.

May your Christmas be full of joy and the blessings of the New Year beyond anticipation.

THE REV. JOHN M. MULLIGAN
Director

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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COVER: Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from Delft Haven, July, 1620—From the fresco by C. W. Cope, R.A. in the New Palace of Westminster.



To Touch the Lonely Ones

Observing a custom as old as the Institute itself, SCI and its staff will be host at a Thanksgiving noon dinner in the cafeteria for all resident seamen.

Thanksgiving services will be conducted by the Rev. John M. Mulligan in the Chapel at 10:30 A.M., including the service of Holy Communion.

The day's activities, as planned by the staff, will reflect the Institute's warm concern for its seamen and provide — as much as possible — a holiday setting and atmosphere remindful of the seaman's own home. The seaman may be separated from his family by many land miles — or even oceans — but he will know that SCI has tried, with its heart, to give him a special day of fellowship.

The dinner will include the traditional foods and "trimmings." The dining area will be specially decorated.

The Thanksgiving day festivities will hardly be concluded when the venerable SCI building will begin to show, in various ways, manifestations of the approaching Christmas. The sweet scent of pine boughs, pine wreaths, and ropes will fill the lobby. Twinkling lights will

glow enchantingly from a tree, lush and fragrant from a New England hillside.

On one of SCI's floors, groups of women will be busily engaged in wrapping 9,500 Christmas packages for distribution to the men aboard ships at sea — men separated from their families on one of the most revered and sentimental holidays of the year.

The packages will be filled with hand-knitted garments (either a sweater or two pair of socks; a watch-cap with scarf; a pair of gloves) a note book, file, comb, key case, playing cards, sewing kit, a box of candy, correspondence kit and — a note from SCI's director, the Rev. John M. Mulligan.

The hand-knit articles have been the work of women from over the country who have made the garments with loving care under the general auspices of SCI's Women's Council.

Hence, in its own way, for the seamen to whom it ministers, the Church-inspired Institute will once again reach out to touch the lonely ones and to renew the human spirit.

It will reach out because such is its mission and its purpose.



“Christmas in The Dog House”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: George A. Berens, the author of this evocative story, is well-known to most **Lookout** readers. His accounts of his sea-going adventures have appeared in **The Lookout** before. Several more are scheduled for the months ahead.

The Editor

At an East river pier jutting out from South Street, lay the *S.S. Cauto* of the old Ward line, an aged cargo ship, rather grimy and rust-streaked now after lying inactive for weeks.

It was during that almost forgotten period known as the “Great Depression” when idle ships lay rotting in ports all over the world, including New York, and unemployed mariners wandered dejectedly about the waterfronts.

Something had happened to the world, something beyond the ken of a seaman.

Trade, domestic and international, had almost come to a standstill. Businesses were failing, banks closing. Great industrialists were talking of inability to continue with their enterprises, and there were even stories of some committing suicide.

No, most seamen did not have any idea of what had happened. But they knew the results: no jobs. Idle ships — no cargo for them. Dead ships like the *Cauto*.

Yes, she was a “dead” ship, one of the most miserable conditions a seaman can encounter. Everything was shut down; no electric lights, no steam heat. To live aboard such a ship is a debilitating experience. Mike and I and a few others were living aboard.

A few weeks before Christmas, Mike and I managed to get from Baltimore to Jersey City in a freight car, and from there we had stowed away on the ferry across to New York.

We were two weeks in the big port before we connected up with anything, and when we did it was not a paying job, but we were practically broke, and the “break” we got on the *Cauto* looked good to us.

In these dreary depression times it became the custom of the Captain or Mate of a ship that was on idle status to allow men who had made a voyage to stay aboard the ship and work without wages and subsistence.

Their only compensation was that they would be signed on and put back on the payroll as soon as the ship was reactivated. But even then, things were not so bad that many seamen just paid-off would consent to work for

nothing on a “dead” ship.

So new men, seamen “on the beach” and broke, would be taken on in the place of those from the previous crew who quit. That was how Mike and I came to be on the *Cauto* a few days before Christmas.

We were allowed to use the galley to cook food that we had bought ourselves or scavenged, provided we kept the old coal-burning galley range going and all the utensils we used clean. The galley was the liveliest place aboard. It was also the warmest. Almost any hour of the day or night men could be found in there, cooking up scraps of food, drinking coffee or just sitting in the warmth. Even the Skipper and the Mate used to make themselves a meal there.

Apart from the use of the galley, the only other reward we had for the work we did was the use of the forecandle. We had a kerosene stove that provided a little heat, and kerosene lanterns for light. We slept in the bunks with two blankets supplemented with several pieces of old canvas.

But now, the day before Christmas, it was really dreary. Most of the men had gone ashore. Only Mike and I remained. We had no money, knew no one in New York and had no place to go. The others of the “crew” had left us a little food in the galley and a little tobacco for rolling cigarettes; but Christmas Eve there in the “dead ship” *Cauto* was very gloomy.

Outside it was cold, the sky overcast. The river looked gray and icy, and South Street was no more inviting. It was early when we snuggled under the blankets and grimy canvas covers.

Awakening in the morning, in our somber surroundings, we could hardly feel any joy that it was Christmas. After much hesitation, we finally managed to get to the galley, stoke up the range and get the coffee pot on. All that was left for breakfast were a few scraps of bacon and a couple of loaves of stale bread.

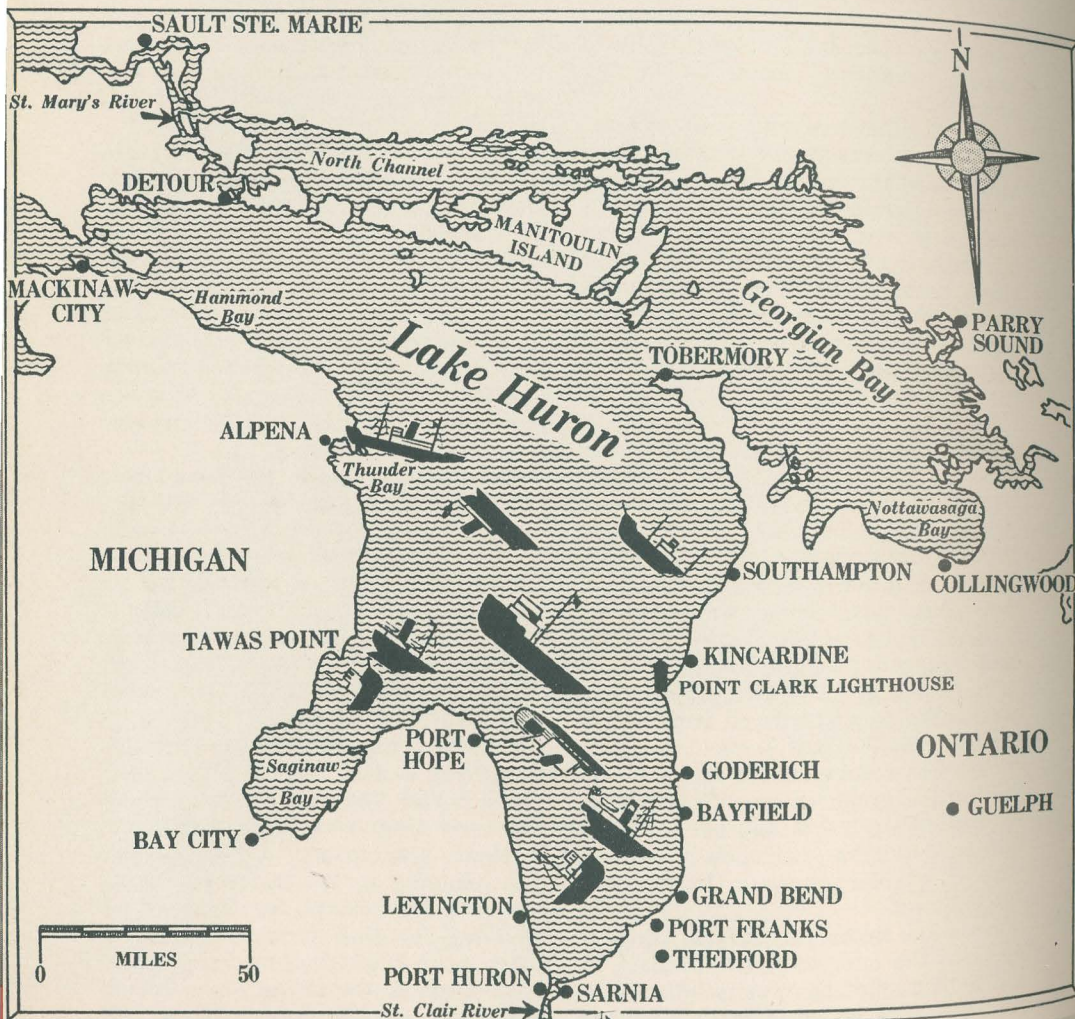
“Let’s go over to the Institute, Mike,” I said.

“What, the ‘Dog House,?’” growled Mike, “Nothing but Sky Pilots and moochers over there.”

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they still call it the GREAT STORM

by Donald Dunn



Remember the date — November 7, 1913 — for that was the day the terrible storm began buffeting the Great Lakes. It was to last four devastating days.

The storm did not strike without premonitory symptoms. And warning flags were flying all up and down the lakes, but they were largely ignored. In those days, weather forecasts were considered lightly by ship captains; they had successfully sailed many a time in defiance of similar precautionary signals.

Besides, how were they to know — indeed, how was the weather bureau to know — of the terrors to come? There were no hurricane flags flown because hurricane-type crises had been virtually unknown in the lakes region. Most tragic of all, perhaps, was the fact that almost none of the ships were equipped with wireless facilities; once on course, they could not learn from the shore of the fast-worsening crisis.

The freakish storm was caused by a great conflict between two huge air masses. One mass came in from the Gulf of Mexico and entered the lower Mississippi Valley. Then, instead of veering eastward as it normally would have done, it headed up the middle west states until it collided violently with an arctic air mass swooping down from the north.

The product of this titanic conflict was a cyclonic storm of a ferocity, duration and eccentric behavior unequalled in marine inland history.

It broke great ore carriers in half. It tore away ship superstructures, flooded decks, broke steering mechanisms. Even ships moored in ports (heretofore considered impregnable) were pounded to hulks of worthless wreckage.

The action of the waves was unlike any the lake seamen had known before; marshalled and compacted by the strange winds, the waves did not "break" as waves normally do; they seemed, rather, to drop like massive wrecking balls. One wave followed another with a rapidity which allowed no respite for the crews.

People who think the Great Lakes

are "little league" simply do not understand how responsive they are to high winds. In the Great Storm, waves boiled up to as high as 40 feet because of winds which sometimes exceeded 90 miles an hour. (Fresh water, lighter than salt water, can be lifted more easily by gales).

On Lake Huron, captains were astonished to see — for the first and last time in their lives — massive seas rolling in one direction, while hurricane-force winds were blowing in another direction! It was a wild and unbelievable sight.

To add to the horror, a blizzard screamed in, reducing visibility to zero. One captain, fortunate enough to survive, reported that he stood on watch for 72 hours. His chief engineer did likewise. Even the noise of the storm was terrifying. The ship's whistle — blown constantly at short intervals for 16 hours and almost deafening in after quarters under normal conditions — could not at times be heard in the forward quarters.

How can cold figures tell the tale? A hundred million pre-World War I dollars in damage! Over 250 men drowned. Ashore, telephone and telegraph lines were a shambles. It was weeks before the extent of the tragedy was known.

On Lake Huron alone, eight ships (three of them over 500 feet long) went down with all hands. Two others were stranded and a total loss. Four more were driven ashore, but eventually salvaged. Altogether, including the other lakes, a dozen ships went down with entire crews lost on each of them.

Mute evidences of heroism between men caught in the catastrophe were revealed after the storm subsided in what is now known as "Coffin Corner" in the lower half of Lake Huron.

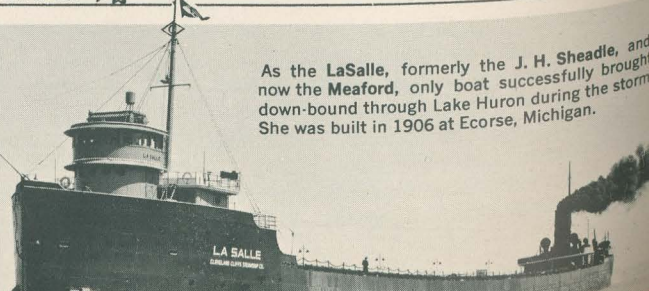
Two dead sailors — their arms intertwined — were found washed ashore. They wore life jackets from separate ships and obviously one was trying to save the other in one of the most touching expressions of brotherhood in maritime history. Some seamen's bodies washed ashore were found to be wearing life jackets from a ship other than their own!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR: The author of this spine-chilling account of the epochal Great Lakes storm is an active seaman who has not only sailed aboard boats on the Lakes, but on coasters and oceanic ships as well.

The Editor

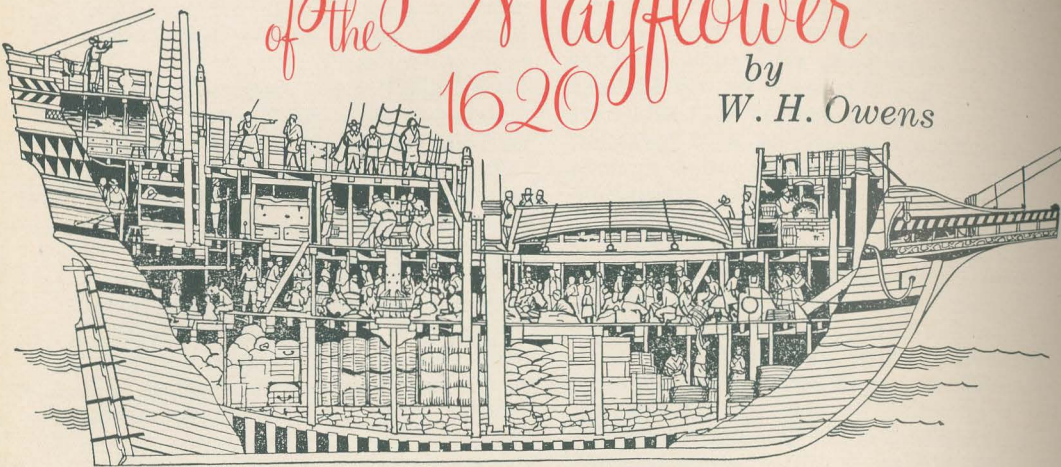
As the LaSalle, formerly the J. H. Sheadle, and now the Meaford, only boat successfully brought down-bound through Lake Huron during the storm. She was built in 1906 at Ecorse, Michigan.



Voyage of the Mayflower

1620

by
W. H. Owens



"After long beating at sea they were brought safely to harbour. . . . The whole company fell upon their knees and blessed God in heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean and delivered them from all its perils, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element."

In these moving words William Bradford, one of the leaders of the Pilgrim Fathers and second governor of the New England Colony, described the successful conclusion of the historic voyage of the *Mayflower* in the fall months of 1620, A.D.

For eleven weeks the tough little sailing ship, carrying more than one hundred passengers and her crew, had battled its way across the North Atlantic Ocean before sighting the first land at Cape Cod, Mass.

The following year, after a winter of frightful hardship at the Plymouth settlement, further up the coast, surviving colonists gathered their first small harvest from land above the shore of Massachusetts Bay.

They celebrated with the first Thanksgiving Day on American soil. Nowadays the important national festival in November more or less coincides with the anniversary of the Pilgrim Fathers' arrival to become the

first settlers of New England

Although the *Mayflower* voyage was certainly not the first of its kind, it was unique in several ways. The 74 men and 28 women passengers were a band of devout English Puritans whose purpose in crossing the Atlantic was to seek freedom of worship for their own faith in a new land. Many of the persecuted sect had earlier settled at Leyden, in Holland; and in fact it was from the port of Delfshaven that the expedition originally set out in the *Speedwell* to join more of the Pilgrims in the *Mayflower* at Southampton, in England.

The *Mayflower* was a three-masted vessel of 180 tons and a speed of two to three knots per hour. She was less than 100 feet long and about 25 feet across the beam and was double-decked. In command of her was Captain Christopher Jones, a seafaring man of long experience who had sailed this ship for twelve years before it was char-

tered by the Pilgrim Fathers. The ill-fated *Speedwell* was but a third of the *Mayflower* size.

The plan was to make the voyage with the two ships in close company. On Southampton Quay, near the great docks where today's transatlantic liners arrive from and depart for New York, is the Pilgrim Fathers' Memorial. A monument here records how, on August 15, 1620, they embarked just below the monument in the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell* for the ocean adventure.

On the way down the English channel, however, the *Speedwell* sprang a leak. The expedition put into the West Country port of Dartmouth where repairs were carried out. Writing of the *Speedwell's* condition from Dartmouth on August 17, William Bradford added the comment that "if she stayed at sea but three or four hours more she would have sunk."

The pair of ships sailed again at the end of August, but had not progressed far out beyond the coast before the *Speedwell* was in trouble again. This time they made harbour at Plymouth, the English port which had achieved fame thirty-two years earlier, when Francis Drake played out his leisurely game of bowls on the headland before leading the English fleet to victory over the Spanish Armada.

At Plymouth it was decided to abandon the *Speedwell* and transfer its pas-

sengers to the sturdy *Mayflower*. The crowded little ship finally sailed from England on September 6. That same day William Bradford wrote: "These troubles being blown over, and now all being compacted into one ship, we put to sea again with a prosperous wind."

Favorable weather conditions sped the *Mayflower* westwards in fine style in the early part of the voyage. Despite the severe overcrowding, rough living conditions aboard and the limited food rations, most of the passengers were greatly encouraged by the ship's good progress. On the decks each day, the devout Pilgrims held prayer meetings in their accustomed manner and prepared themselves spiritually for their trials ahead.

Their first ordeal soon came. The calm seas and fair winds gave way to mid-Atlantic storms, and the little *Mayflower* was savagely buffeted and tossed in the rising waves. Then, at the height of a storm, one of the beams gave way under the strain, and there were real fears that the vessel might capsize. Fortunately, however, the Leyden community had brought with them "a great iron screw," with which they were able to shore up the beam, while it was repaired by a joiner among them and secured with a post.

Bradford tells also of a man washed overboard into the raging sea. Miraculously the victim caught hold of the topsail halyard, projecting far out, and

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We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

A look-in on the world's largest shore home for merchant seamen...



The chaplain's mission accomplished. (Left to right) The best man, the newlyweds, and ship's captain.

A chaplain of SCI must, by the special nature of his work, be a versatile person, prepared for most anything, even to aiding and abetting Cupid.

Thus it was, recently, that Chaplain G. B. Hollas, director of SCI's Port Newark Mariners International Center, received an SOS communication from Chaplain Lawley Brown of British Missions to Seamen in Auckland, New Zealand.

Could Chaplain Hollas expedite wedding arrangements for the Chief Engineer of a British freighter arriving shortly in Port Newark and of the engineer's fiancée flying in from England?

Chaplain Hollas could and would.

He met the ship, rushed, with the engineer, to Kennedy airport to collect the bride. Then all three dashed to a doctor's office in lower Manhattan for the compulsory blood tests of the two principals.

Results of such tests are usually not available until after three days. Our Man in Newark arranged that the results were obtained the following day.

The wedding took place at Trinity Church in lower Manhattan, after which the bride and groom returned to the ship, to sail blissfully off into the setting sun, one may conjecture, just as the standard Hollywood movie scripts used to read.

Chaplain Hollas, not even breathing hard from this exercise in the logistics of knot-tying, then settled back for the next "problem" to present itself.

Among the valued services rendered by SCI is that of six ships-visitors employed by the Institute.

All are multi-lingual, some speaking as many as four languages. Three of the men make their headquarters in the SCI Mariners International Center at Newark, three work out of SCI in Manhattan.

Their function is to visit newly-arrived ships, very often foreign vessels; to acquaint the crew with the facilities available to them at the two SCI centers, and to assist individual crewmen toward solution of any large or small personal problems.

About eighty ships — depending on the amount of ship traffic into the ports — may be contacted by the men during a week.

Netherlands-born Peter Van Wygerden, an SCI ships-visitor, recently visited the Dutch ship, *Towa*, and was introduced to the master, Captain Halenboer.

Was the Captain, by any chance, asked Mr. Van Wygerden, related to the family in his home city in Holland whose house had been bombed to rubble during a German air raid of World War II?

It turned out the Captain was not only a member of the family; he was the only survivor. More than that, Mr. Van Wygerden was one of the Dutch Home Guard who extricated the then-12-year-old Halenboer youth from the house ruins. Another interesting sidelight revealed during the reunion was that the ship-visitor had been taught English by the Captain's uncle.

SCI's International Club, founded to meet the social and recreational needs of seamen living aboard their ships but with shoreside time to expend, is showing an increased diversity of nationalities attending the various events sponsored by the club. The following notes from a club hostess reveal the trend:

We had a very colorful group, which included quite a few newcomers to the club. Among those were two Pakistanians from the *Safira-E-Rehmat*, four Chileans from the *Copiapo* and two Indians from the *Scindias*. Once again the Germans led in attendance with twenty-two from the *Augustenberg*, *Nürnberg*, *Caldas* and *Wilhelm Doernkamp*.

There were fifteen Italians from the *Paolo Costa*, a gregarious group that loved to dance. We greeted Mexicans from the *Monterey*, Venezuelans and Spaniards from the *Guarico* and Israelis from the *Etrog*. Other participants were French seamen from the *Winnipeg*, Norwegians from the *Sundalsfjord*, Greek sailors from the *Hollandia* and a few Netherlanders.

The bus went out in the evening and brought five Italians from the *Cristoforo Colombo* to our dance. Yet another group from this ship, who must have "missed the bus," managed to arrive a little later under their own steam. Other Italian visitors came from the *Pia Costa* and the *Gimmi Fassio*.


From Germany we welcomed seamen from the *Caldas* and *Kurlmerland* and from England, from the *Ismay Titanic* and the *Queen of Bermuda*.

The Women's Council of SCI opens its fall and winter season with a benefit card party in Berwind auditorium.



Christmas at sea

by
Robert Louis
Stevenson



The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand,
The wind was a nor'wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And the cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tack'd and tack'd between the South Head and the North;
All day we haul'd the frozen sheets, and got no further forth;
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tack'd from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared;
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard;
So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,
And the coast guard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every'longshore home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volley'd out;
And I vow we sniff'd the victuals as the vessel went about.

Robert Louis Stevenson is, of course,
better known as a prose writer than as a
poet. And he was never known to
entertain the notion of becoming
a seaman.

In poor health for a large part of his life,
he travelled extensively over the world
on ships. This fact may account for the
poem, "Christmas at Sea." He was
educated to be a barrister.



The bells upon the church were rung with right jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was blessèd Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves
Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon the shelves!

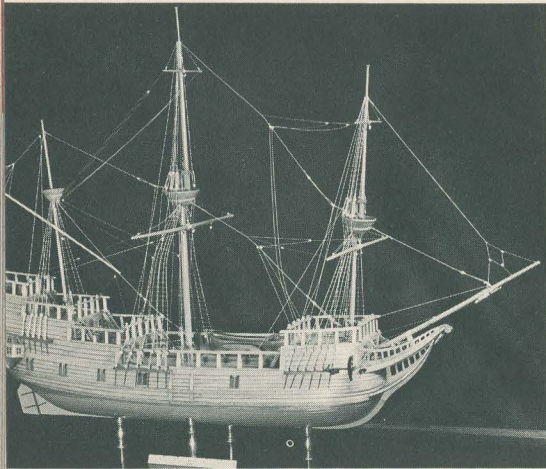
And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea!
And O the wicked fool I seem'd, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessèd Christmas Day.

They lit the high-sea light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails." I heard the captain call.
"By the Lord, she'll never stand it," our first mate Jackson cried.
. . . "It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We clear'd the weary headland, and pass'd below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
But all I could think of in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.





was hauled to safety "with a boat hook and other means." Only a single death occurred during the entire voyage, that of a youth named William Batten, as the ship approached Cape Cod.

After the initial landfall in Cape Cod Bay, where Provincetown now stands, Captain Jones sailed up and down the rocky coast until he decided on a suitable place for the company to found their settlement. It was not until mid-December, therefore, that the *Mayflower* finally nosed its way into the Plymouth anchorage, passing under the

Rock which is today enshrined under a granite canopy as a symbol of the historic landing nearly three and a half centuries ago.

The *Mayflower* remained at Plymouth as a floating base and a home for the colonists during the first long and terrible winter. They suffered infinitely more on land than they had done throughout the voyage. Indeed, between the December landing and the following March, more than fifty of their number died through illness or exhaustion.

By the Spring, the first primitive homes had been put up. So Captain Jones and his crew prepared for the return voyage to England, offering a passage to any who might want to accompany them. None accepted the offer.

On April 5, 1621, the *Mayflower* set sail, and once again William Bradford provides a memorable account of that day, when all the settlers gathered on the shore to bid "God Speed" to the brave little ship that had carried them safely across a wide and unknown ocean to a new life in a strange land.

There must have been sadness in many hearts among those who watched from the lonely shore, as the ship they had come to love rounded the headland and disappeared over the eastern horizon. The link with their native land was gone, and they were now alone.



Gifts for Seamen

Over 187,000 Christmas gift packages will have been distributed to seamen by the Women's Council of SCI at the end of 1966 — since the tradition was established some years ago.

If the packages were laid end to end they would stretch for about thirty-five miles.

THE GREAT STORM (Continued from page 7)

Two theories persist to explain these phenomena. One is that two boats (an American ship called the *Charles S. Price* and the *Regina* of Canadian registry) collided during the storm. It is conjectured that after the collision, the crew which temporarily survived (presumably from the *Regina*) rescued the doomed crew of the *Price*. Perhaps, in the rescue, the *Regina* crew had to lend life jackets to the men from the *Price*.

Another possibility is that the Canadian *Regina*, although desperately in trouble herself, heroically came to the aid of the foundering *Price* and saved the American seamen temporarily—only to go down herself, drowning the rescued and rescuers alike.

Captain S. A. Lyon, master of the *J. H. Sheadle* — now the *LaSalle* — was the only captain to bring a boat down-bound through Lake Huron during the great storm. Early in the crisis, he resolved to keep his ship either heading into the wind or directly away from following seas. For the shores — normally — were as vicious a threat as the storm itself.

Vital parts of his ship were torn both fore and aft. Massive waves crashed down through the skylight, plunging water into the engine room. The engineers had to rig a canvas over their heads to protect themselves from the deluge as they tended the throttle.

Captain Lyons ordered soundings taken every 15 minutes for over 70 hours and which had to be taken manually. He was forced to turn the *Sheadle* four times to avoid being driven ashore and wrecked. Two of these turns were made during the height of the storm and a tribute to his seamanship in that he was able to keep the seas directly before or aft of his ship except when making the four turns; also that he was able to make these critical turns with such skill that his ship was not lost in the threatening cavernous troughs.

Do not forget, in appraising his skill, that during most of the crisis a blinding snowstorm was in progress. His only sight was usually his soundings.

At times during the storm, the steamship *Sheadle*, swept up a monstrous

wave, would "fetch up" for a few suspenseful seconds — almost more a creature of air than of water. In those fearful moments, when the ship's rivets, plates and beams shuddered with structural tension, it must have seemed impossible that the vessel could slam down still another time without shattering to pieces. But Captain Lyons never doubted his own skill or the loyalty of his crew. He proved that even in the greatest storm, the spirit and skill of Man can triumph.

Elsewhere on the lakes, in other ships, a total of 251 men died.

One captain, having no wireless equipment during the storm, still managed to get his last message to shore. He was stationed (with five other men) on Light Ship 82, which was positioned in Lake Erie near Point Albino, over fourteen miles from Buffalo, New York. Facing, along with his men, inevitable death by drowning, he hurriedly wrote a message. He scribbled the note with indelible pencil—on a door panel which eventually drifted ashore.

"Goodbye, Nellie," the message said, "ship is breaking up fast." Then, perhaps remembering the need for authenticity, he signed the note, "Williams."

Thus, Captain Williams wrote to his beloved wife. Cool-headed, warm-hearted and enterprising to the last, he proved, along with the more fortunate Captain S. A. Lyons, just how steady and unflinching the human spirit can be in the face of real or apparent disaster.

In remembering such men and the ordeals they faced, writers have occasionally tried to find a better name — or at least a different name for the disaster which struck them so cruelly. But somehow the natural title has endured.

They still call it "The Great Storm."

Out of the Great Storm came lessons which have never been forgotten by ship builders and ship owners. Weather forecasts have been improved, and have been more carefully heeded. Protective and safety devices unknown in 1913 have been added to the land boats. All major lakes vessels now have wireless facilities, and in more recent years, of course, modern radar equipment has been utilized.

(Continued from page 5)

"Well, the Sky Pilots won't do us any harm, and the moochers can't get anything from us. Anyway, it's better than hanging around this miserable wagon all day."

So, after washing up and shaving—which required much resolution with nothing but icy water available — we strode under the protruding figure-head, through the portals at SCI, and mounted the stairs to the main lobby.

The big, open space was well filled with men, most of them, like us, dressed in dungarees. It was not long before Mike spotted a few former shipmates with whom we were soon exchanging views of the shipping situation, current and past. Also we managed to acquire a few cigarettes.

Tobacco and money were scarce among the crowd. The few who wore regular shore-going suits, I noted, did not stay long. They, apparently, were the affluent ones, with, no doubt, a few dollars in their pockets, and soon realized their vulnerability among so many mariners "on the beach."

But it was pleasant here, warm and companionable; far better than the silent, cold, dormant ship.

About the time Mike and I had exhausted our conversational exchanges and also our hopes of more smokes, an announcement was made that a Christmas service was about to begin in the Chapel.

"Come on, Mike, let's go in."

It took quite a bit of coaxing to get Mike through the doors of the chapel. The Christmas service proved to be very pleasant and comforting. The Chapel was well filled and after the routine of service and prayers by the Chaplain, all hands joined in singing carols led by some ladies.

It would be untruthful to say that the singing was harmonious, and I am sure that many of those present had difficulty recalling the words of those sweet hymns of childhood days. Even Mike did a little humming.

After the carols, the padre announced that Christmas dinner would be served in the cafeteria and all were welcome. The crowd of seamen lined up in the wide stairway where savory odors of food wafted to them. The line slowly moved down, and soon Mike and I were showing our seamen's papers so that we might receive a check which admitted us to the cafeteria.

It was a busy scene. A continuous line of men shuffled along with trays past the serving counter where they received heaped plates of turkey, with dressing, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce and gravy, bread and butter, pie and coffee.

The cafeteria was crowded and noisy with merry talk of seamen enjoying a Christmas dinner that most of them had never expected to get.

It was the first good meal that Mike and I had eaten for three weeks.

We could not linger, for it was necessary to make way for the incoming men still moving in line with their trays. Outside, at the foot of the stairs, another pleasant surprise awaited us, when we were each handed a small bag by a smiling lady.

This, we found, contained tobacco, cigarette papers, candy and fruit. The dejection of our days in the dead ship was replaced with the glow of ecstasy.

Soon there was another announcement — movies in the auditorium. We followed a crowd of men up there, and for two hours completely forgot about dead ships, labor without pay and the hundreds of seamen who had not even a ship to call home.

Night was darkening the East River as six-bells clanged and we left the Institute where we had spent such a glorious day.

"Well, Slim, we had a good Christmas."

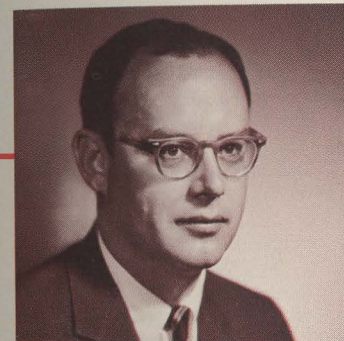
"Yes, Mike. And you didn't want to go to the 'Dog House,' did you?"

"No, I wuz wrong. It ain't a bad place. In fact, it's a damned good place for a sailorman on a day like this. On any day, for that matter."



Special Announcement

The December *Lookout* will detail a new and significant development in the long history of Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Don't fail to read your next *Lookout* when it arrives.



MEET THE BOARD

HENRY C. B. LINDH

A Board Manager and Assistant Treasurer in 1961, Mr. Lindh was elected Treasurer January 28, 1966. His committee service includes: Business Operation, Executive and Real Estate.

After graduation from Yale with a B.S. in economics and from Columbia with an M.B.A. in accounting, Mr. Lindh did Navy contract work in connection with U.S. Steel Corporation and Firestone Tire and Rubber Company for the United States Army Audit Agency.

He became a CPA while with the accounting firm of Price, Waterhouse & Co. in 1963 and is presently operations manager for the brokerage firm of Faulkner, Dawkins & Sullivan.

Mr. Lindh is a Mason, member of the Holland Lodge No. 8 F & A.M. He belongs to the St. Nicholas Society, Union Club, City Midday Club and the Society of Colonial Wars. He enjoys stamp-collecting and horseracing.



the Seamen Write

The Women's Council of SCI receives countless letters from seamen of many nations expressing thanks for the thousands of Christmas packages prepared and distributed by the Council each year for seamen obliged to spend Christmas at sea. Here are excerpts from a few of the letters.

UNITED STATES

... the only present I received ... this warm Christmas message from home ... It is so nice to know that someone is thinking of us ... In far away places of war and strife, your Christmas package will certainly make Christmas most real to me [Vietnam] ... The link between ourselves out here and our families and memories of home.

AUSTRALIA

The gifts and thoughts behind them are very much appreciated ... I was quite overwhelmed ... Everything was practical and excellent for seamen away from home ... Your organization makes Christmas more like Christmas ... Away from home, one really comes to understand the full import of the expression, "It's the thought."

GREECE

Warmest thanks and regards from every man of the crew ... My gratitude towards all the unknown friends who took care of our Christmas gifts. We had a very pleasant day ... It is comforting to know that there are fine people like you thinking of us ... To receive a package on Christmas Eve in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean was just overwhelming.

GERMANY

Everything was just what I needed ... Christmas at sea is a lonely day, especially for our youngest fellows ... Everybody will keep this fine gesture in his remembrance ... to make our Christmas more homelike ... just the right Christmas atmosphere ... The smiles and happy feeling aboard that day can only be attributed to your thoughtfulness ...

ITALY

Thank you to everyone who played a part in this work. We seamen do appreciate these gifts ... Thank you. A great number of people all over the United States must have

HOLLAND

You contribute a great deal for a ceremonious Christmas celebration ... Our thanks to the Institute ladies who made it possible for us to have a nice Christmas so far away from our beloved ones ... heartwarming to realize that there are people who remember ... Every item in your fine Christmas package found good use ...

KOREA

My heartfelt thanks to everyone who helped put a little cheer into this Christmas day away from home ... Your gaily wrapped packages under our little Christmas tree helped greatly to tide us over this lonesome holiday ... It is wonderful to know that we have friends who think of us not only on this day but also throughout the entire year ...

FRANCE

Thanks to all of you who look after seamen and make us not to feel alone ... worth its weight in gold ... I was very touched to think that so many people were thinking about seamen at Christmas ... You made us forget the loneliness a seamen feels on Christmas ... Made my Christmas a little brighter ...

ENGLAND

I will never forget your kind Christmas present ... Seeing grizzled sailors try on their new sweaters and comment on how nice it was to receive a Christmas gift enhanced the spirit of the day ... The only way you would see what your gifts mean to seamen is to get a glimpse of the expression on their faces when they open them up ...

gone to a great deal of trouble and spent a lot of time to give us seamen a pleasant surprise at Christmas.



IN
THE SPIRIT
OF THE SEASON WE
INVITE YOUR SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT WE MAY
MAKE CHRISTMAS BRIGHTER FOR MANY
LONESOME MEN FAR AWAY FROM HOMES AND
FAMILIES WHO MAKE THEIR HOLIDAY HOME WITH
US. IF YOU ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY AS YOUR
BROTHER'S BROTHER, PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY TO HELP
US IN OUR WORK, ESPECIALLY SIGNIFICANT DURING THIS SEASON
WHEN JUST HAVING A FRIEND MEANS SO MUCH...NOT ONLY TO OUR
AMERICAN SEAMEN, BUT
TO HUNDREDS OF NON-
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
☸ VISITING WITH ☸
US THIS YEAR WHO
NEVER HAVE EXPERI-
ENCED THE WARMTH
AND FELLOWSHIP OF CHRISTMAS



The Mayflower Compact

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord, King James . . . having undertaken for the Glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and the honour of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia; do by these Presents solemnly and mutually, in the Presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves in a civil Body Politic, for our better Ordering and Preservation, and furtherance of the Ends afore-said; and by virtue hereof, do enact, constitute and frame such just and equal Laws, Ordinances, Acts, Constitutions and Offices, from time to time, as shall be thought meet and convenient for the general Good of the colony; unto which we promise all due Submission and Obedience. In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the eleventh of November, Anno Dom. 1620."