

THE LOOKOUT



FIRST PRIZE PICTURE, SHIP PHOTOGRAPH CONTEST
By Alvin Brewer, Chief Refrigerating Engineer, S.S. California

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
VOL. XXIX NO. 6

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The LOOKOUT

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Editor, THE LOOKOUT

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LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

.....Dollars.

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

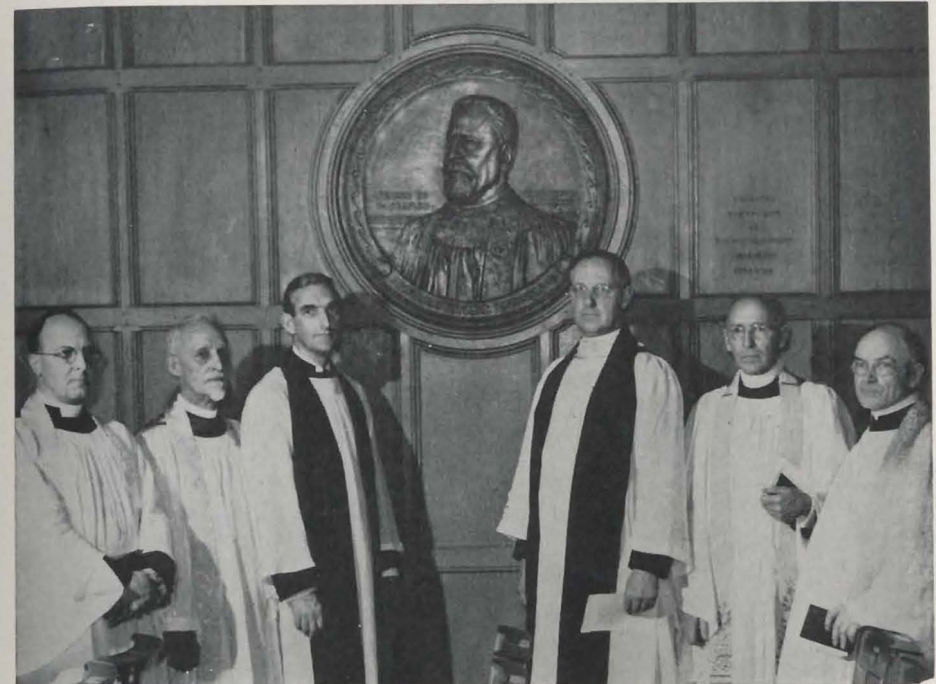
The Lookout

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Portrait of Dr. Mansfield Unveiled



(Paul Parker Photo)

Left to right in photograph: The Rev. H. J. Pearson (Institute Chaplain), the Rev. George W. Anthony, D.D.* (St. James' Church, Philadelphia), the Rev. Donald B. Aldrich, D.D. (Church of the Ascension), the Rev. Harold H. Kelley (Superintendent) the Rev. George Green* (Chaplain, Sailors' Snug Harbor, New York), and the Rev. Charles Biggs* (Christ Church, Guilford, Connecticut). (*College and Seminary mates of Dr. Mansfield)

ABOUT four hundred friends of the Institute, seamen and staff members, assembled on Thursday afternoon, April 28th, in the Chapel of Our Saviour to witness the unveiling, on the south wall, of a bas-relief portrait of the Reverend Archibald Romaine Mansfield, D.D. who served the Institute as Superintendent from 1896 until his death in 1934. The Institute's present Superintendent, the Reverend Harold H. Kelley, and the Reverend Donald B. Aldrich, D.D. rector of the Church

of the Ascension, officiated at the service.

The portrait, which is in bronze, was made by the sculptor, Earl N. Thorp, who designed the rearedos which was recently unveiled at the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

Following is a portion of the Litany and Service of Dedication which was compiled by the Reverend Donald B. Aldrich, D.D., a Clerical Vice-President of the Institute and a close personal friend of Dr. Mansfield.

Verses selected from Psalm 107.
PRAYER

Almighty and everlasting God, who art the Father of all mercies and the God of all comfort, we give Thee thanks and praise for all Thy great goodness to us and to all men, and we beseech Thee to enlarge our hearts as we call to our remembrance the unsearchable riches of Thy grace opened up for us in the Church of Jesus Christ; and especially for thy servant Archibald Romaine Mansfield,

Response: We thank Thee, O God. For the hope which his life has made rise on this waterfront,

Response: We thank Thee, O God. For the sweep of his vision and its bold realization,

Response: We thank Thee, O God. For the thrust of his prowess and the drive of his spirit,

Response: We thank Thee, O God. For his soundness of heart and consecration of soul,

Response: We thank Thee, O God. And alike

For latticed splendour of the sea-borne moon;

For gleaming sands, and granite-fronted cliffs;

For flying spume, and waves that whip the skies;

For rushing gale, and for the great glad calm;

For Might so mighty and for love so true;

With equal mind,

Response: We thank Thee, O God.

The tablet was then unveiled, by little Anne Myles Mansfield, the six-year-old granddaughter of Dr. Mansfield, who released the cord which held the veil in place.

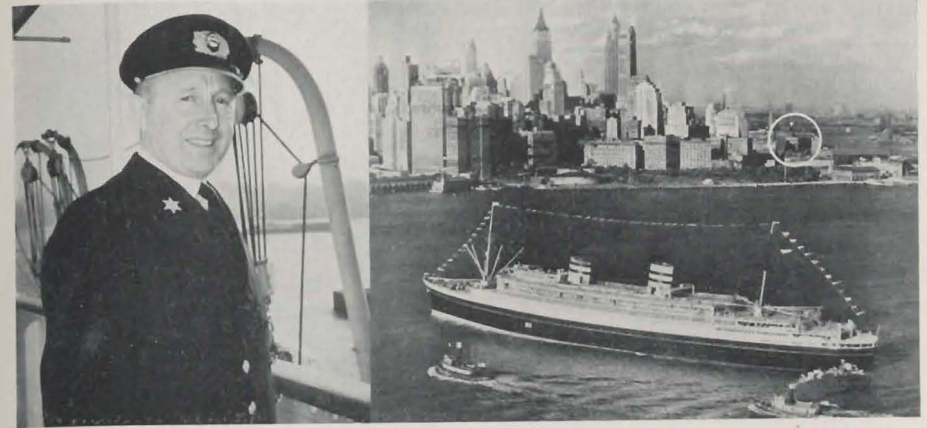
The Superintendent then included the following prayer in dedicating the tablet:

"O Almighty and eternal God whose divine majesty filleth heaven and earth, who nevertheless dost deign to receive our willing offerings of what Thyself hast given, vouchsafe, we humbly beseech Thee, to accept this gift which we now dedicate to Thy honor, for the adornment of Thy House, given in memory of Thy servant Archibald Romaine Mansfield. Grant that they who worship here being drawn by Thy Holy Spirit to the contemplation and love of heavenly things, may daily be conformed to the image of Thy dear Son; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Spirit, be all honor and praise now and forevermore. Amen."

Regular Contributors—Stand By!

Please stand by the private agencies you have supported in the past. The whole purpose of the important Greater New York Fund is to raise through business firms the EXTRA funds which private agencies need IN ADDITION TO the regular, annual gifts from individuals. It is obvious, therefore, that a regular individual gift, if diverted from a private agency and given to the Greater New York Fund is only a transfer of gifts, and not an extra contribution. Therefore—Regular Giver—please stand by the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK (even though you may be an employe or employer and also give through your business to the Greater New York Fund) for the Institute depends on YOUR annual donation and that of other individual citizens for the funds with which to maintain this great shore home for thousands of worthy seafarers.

Welcome to the S.S. Nieuw Amsterdam



Captain Johannes Jacobus Bijl, Commodore of the Holland-America Line Fleet and Master of the S.S. "Nieuw Amsterdam". (Note Institute in Circle).

A COLORFUL and spectacular flower and fashion show was held on Friday afternoon, May 20th, aboard the steamship "NIEUW AMSTERDAM", superb new flagship of the Holland-America Line, under the auspices and for the benefit of the Institute. Unique in many respects this was the first flower show ever held on board a ship, and it attracted nearly 2,000 visitors. The entire length of the 350-foot promenade deck was a continuous mass of flower exhibits arranged by sixty-seven prominent exhibitors from Garden Clubs of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Several thousands of the tulip blooms were brought over on the maiden voyage of the ship and kept in refrigerated rooms until ready for exhibition—notably the new tulip, which was christened "Princess of Holland" by the Consul General from The Netherlands, Mr. W. P. Montyn.

Among the exhibitors were Mr. Samuel A. Salvage, Mr. John T. Scheepers, Mrs. George F. Baker, Mr. Hendon Chubb, Mr. W. R. Coe, Mrs. H. P. Davison, Mrs. Charles Dana Draper, Mrs. Ros-

well Eldridge, Mr. Marshall Field, Mrs. Morris Hadley, Mrs. T. A. Havemeyer, Mrs. Christian R. Holmes, Mr. Albert Milbank, Mr. J. P. Morgan, and Mrs. Diego Suarez.

Following the flower show a fashion show was presented in the Grand Hall, with Miss Helen Michalis and her committee of debutantes wearing evening dresses designed in tulip and flower colors by Mrs. Mabel McIlvain Downs.

The Institute is grateful to all who participated in the benefit. We wish to thank the directors of the Holland-America Line—Mr. Frans C. Bouman, Mr. Adrian Gips, Mr. Willem H. de Monchy and Mr. F. Ra. Wierdsma—for their gracious cooperation and splendid generosity in placing the new ship at the Institute's disposal for the entire day. We wish to thank, too, all the Committees who worked so faithfully for the success of the affair, and particularly, Mrs. Harold Irving Pratt, Chairman of the Benefit Committee and Mrs. E. Kirk Haskell, Chairman of the Exhibitions and

(Continued on Page 11)

Ship Photograph Contest

ABOUT 600 merchant seamen submitted pictures in the Ship Photograph Contest sponsored by the Institute. The judges who selected the three winning photographs were: Anton Bruehl, noted photographer, Charles Robert Patterson and Gordon Grant, marine artists, Alan Villiers, author and marine photographer, and Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic of the New York Times.

Alvin Brewer, chief refrigerating engineer on the S.S. California, won first prize for his photograph of *tackle from a lifeboat davit*, as reproduced on the cover of this issue of THE LOOKOUT. The \$25.00 prize money came in handy, as he is now ashore, with the California tied up temporarily. Second prize (\$15.00) went to Dean Larson, in the deck department of the S.S. Wichita; third prize (\$10.00) was awarded to Charles O. Jackson on the S.S. Manhattan. His photo depicts a funeral service at sea and was reproduced in the March LOOKOUT on Page 8.

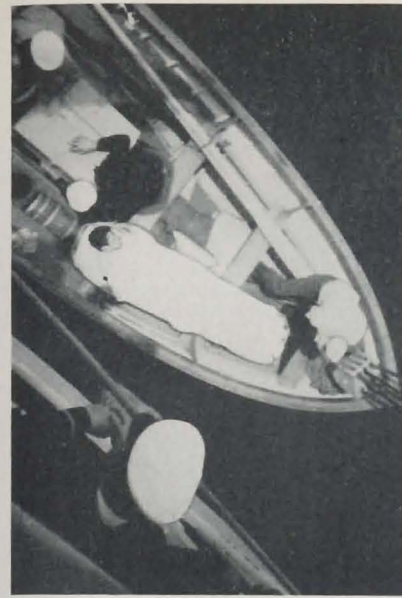
The photographs were placed on exhibition in the Institute's lobby

for ten days, and seamen were given a chance to cast their vote for their own favorite picture. This turned out to be a photograph taken by John Edvill, (formerly chief mate on the S.S. Watertown) showing a good heavy sea breaking over the deck, off the Florida coast during the same hurricane which sent the S.S. Dixie on the reefs. The S.S. Watertown was the first ship to receive the Dixie's S O S call.

Heavy seas and life-boats appear to be the favorite subjects of sea-going cameramen, but once in a while a picture of ship's mascot, baby, dog, monkey or bird, was submitted. We reproduce several of these on the following pages. The contest proved so popular that we hope someone will donate prize money (\$50.00) so that we may hold another one next year. In the old days, sailors spent their spare time in the fo'c'sle building little ships inside bottles or making knick-knacks out of rope, but today's breed of sailormen go to sea with cameras and films stowed away in their duffle or Gladstone bags.



The Seamen's Choice
—Photo by John Edvill, ex-Chief Mate, S.S. Watertown



"Medico" To The Rescue
—Photo by Paul H. Perkins, Deck Dep't.,
S.S. William Rockefeller



Sailing The Seven Seas
—Photo by Emil George Andersen, A.B.,
Three-Masted barkentine "Intrepid"

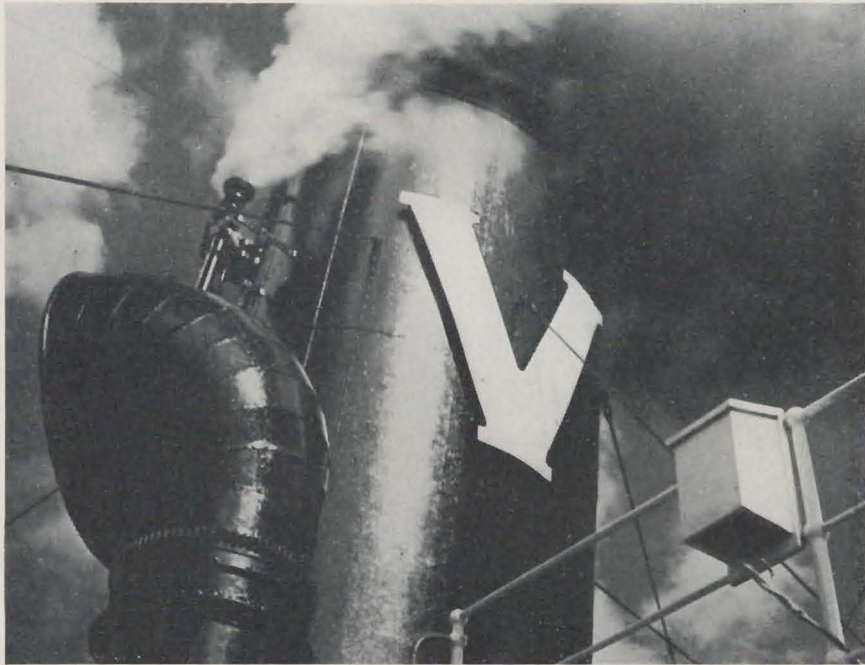
THE SAILORS' FRIEND

When the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York* was established Richard Henry Dana was about to sail for the California coast on the brig *Pilgrim*, Herman Melville was a pale-faced clerk, steam at sea was still a novelty, and, in short, the romance of seafaring life, with its hardships and dangers, was at its height. The romance was largely in the landlubber's eye. Sailors were beaten and flogged, dismally bedded, poorly fed, consistently overworked at sea, robbed and cheated on shore. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" helped to correct some of these evils. In our own generation the late Andrew Furuseth fought like a viking for sailors' rights. Enlightened steamship owners did much of their own accord to improve conditions aboard their vessels. But through all the years the Seamen's Institute carried on its unobtrusive work, protecting sailors from sharpers and harpies, giving them a decent place to stay, lending a friendly ear to their troubles.

The Institute started as a floating chapel. It is now housed in a building of thirteen floors and three basements. It provides food and lodging at low rates, and other services, such as entertainment, library books, clinics, vocational training, loans and the safeguarding of money at no cost to the sailor. The nature of seafaring has changed. The employed mariner no longer lays off for weeks between voyages. He is no longer a Jack Tar but may follow at sea any one of a number of trades. Yet he still needs a temporary home when he comes ashore, and this the Seamen's Church Institute, with the aid of gifts and legacies from the sailors' friends, provides. Last year the Institute furnished nearly 200,000 lodgings and other services in proportion. It needs and deserves all the help it can get.

Editorial in
THE NEW YORK TIMES
April 23, 1938

Some of the Entries in the Ship Photograph Contest



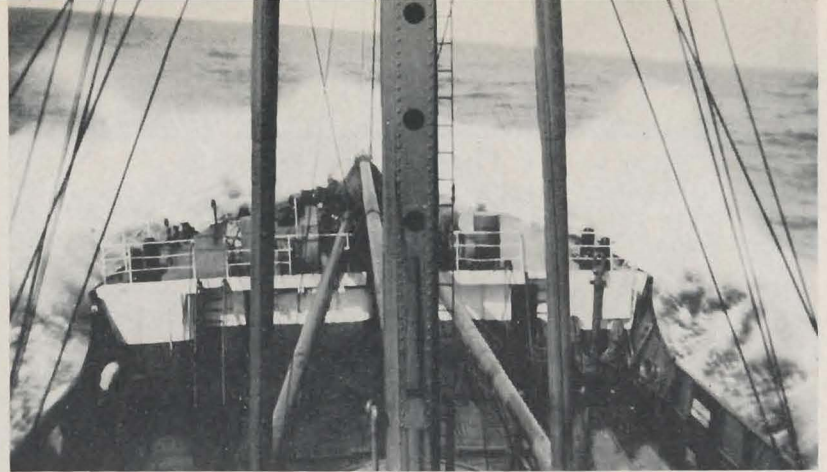
"Salute."

—Photo by John F. Kennedy, Radio Officer S.S. Gargoyle (Socony-Vacuum Oil Co.)
This picture was awarded "Honorable Mention".



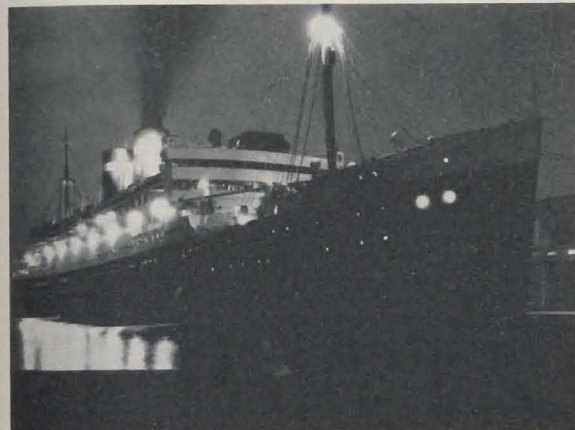
Just An Old Sea Dog

—Photo by Otto Raus, Deck Dept., S.S. Mawzy



Life On The Bounding Main

—Photo by Albert B. Cherry, Deck Dept., S.S. Talamanca (United Fruit Co.)



Midnight Sailing

—Photo by Spence Taylor, Cadet Dept., S.S. California
(Panama-Pacific Line)



In The Cradle Of The Deep

—Photo by C. Wikeley, Deck Dept.,
S.S. Samaria (Cunard-White Star Line)



Lifeboat Drill

—Photo by Frank Rogers, S.S. Talamanca (United Fruit Co.)

Superintendent's Address at Diocesan Convention

(Statement of the Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, upon presenting to the Convention of the Diocese of New York, on May 10th, the Annual Report of the Institute.—Editor.)

THE Seamen's Church Institute of New York is proof on the waterfront that the Diocese of New York *cares*. It is proof also that thousands of friends outside the Diocese and throughout the country *care*. Through us at "25 South Street" you show you *care* that 245,000 merchant seamen are registered in Washington as members of this ancient and honorable calling, and that at any one time some 20,000 of these mariners are right here in the Port of New York. You *care*, also, that most of these men see but irregularly their own homes, even if so fortunate as to have such. Prodigals in their loss of home life, you have helped stretch out a Father's welcoming arms and have provided for them a home, with all the comforts and inspiration which that term implies in our thirteen-story *Institute*, with Club, Clinics, School and Chapel included for good measure.

The Institute is really world missions at home. The Society started in 1834 when some missionary-minded young clerics and laymen united to send the Gospel to China, Africa, the far west, to the then "wilds" of New York State, and finally discovered enough foreigners as well as Americans on the waterfront, almost under the eaves of their own churches, to justify specializing on Sailor Town in their missionary efforts. From then, in 1842, the Society has continued to evangelize and to serve merchant seamen. In 1843 the little floating Church of Our Saviour was built,

and from it stems practically all of our present comprehensive religious, educational and welfare program.

While the first Chaplain carried the seamen's mail in his coat pocket and their small savings in his purse, and gladly stored their canvas seabags in his vestry, today we have a Federal Post Office Station doing as much business as that, perhaps, of Peekskill, or of any town of about 20,000 people, a Seamen's Funds Bureau saving upwards of a quarter of a million dollars a year for seamen, penny-a-day baggage storage guarding always 2,500 or more seamen's seabags, suitcases, trunks and other belongings. These differ from the first Chaplain's pockets only in size and efficiency! While his seamen, between ships, had no decent lodgings ashore, we have today 1,600 clean, low-priced beds.

Some of our experiences today perhaps parallel his. For example the recently paid-off bos'n who deposited a substantial sum in February from which he wished to meet an insurance payment in April. "Would the Institute deposit clerk promise not to let him withdraw more than \$10 per week to live on, to assure the proper balance for insurance?" He would and he did. Several times the bos'n asked for additional funds, but the clerk was obdurate, and the insurance premium was paid!

Or take the case of the old mother in Ireland, who wrote to Mrs. Roper, our veteran finder of missing men, about her seaman son, missing for 12 years, and, for identification described tattoos on his forearms. Providentially a few days later a middle-aged and somewhat sick seaman came to Mrs. Roper and said

he had lost track of his mother in Ireland, who had moved since he last saw her twelve years ago. "Have you tattoos on your forearms?" queried Mrs. Roper. Baring his arms he showed the identical tattoos described in the letter. Result, reunion!

Experiences like these are seldom the lot of those of us who work ashore, near our homes, for we have our families to help and inspire us. The job of the *Institute* staff is to be both mother and father — a real family to the men of the sea.

Under the first Chaplains and even in Dr. Mansfield's earlier ministry, most of the seamen, even on American ships, were foreigners. Today, 80% of those coming to the Institute are Americans. But the world still comes to South Street, and from South Street seamen scatter to all parts of the world, so it continues to be world missions at home.

The Institute is the only non-commercial enterprise on South Street, and one of but few on the whole waterfront, and stands out boldly against its background of important business blocks. As shore business is best built on character, so the business of the sea needs character-building.

This we undertake through our Chapel services and the pastoral attention given the seamen by the three clergy on the Staff. Services are held and seamen are visited by the Chaplains both at the *Institute* and in the United States Marine Hospitals. In addition our lay employees, be their work prominent or humble, by their faithfulness and their friendliness are helping build good character among seamen. This Christian friendliness is paramount within the *Institute* despite the labor bitterness and factionalism outside. Like the Red Cross, we are neutral in labor warfare, but not between

love and hate. We care for the worried and the wounded on both sides. We know that honor and stability instilled into all seamen will help toward the solution of the problems in which they are involved in this day of well-nigh universal unrest.

Of course we need money, and we always will. Our building is only about half self-supporting. Our courageous Board of Managers has for several years permitted an operating deficit rather than impair our proper fulfillment of responsibilities. Special funds, including an appropriation from the missionary offerings of the Diocese and the needed gifts of friends here and from all over the country help carry the load. We are thankful for these, but we need more such gifts. Please help.

What we are doing is best typified by the thirty-five foot illuminated Cross atop the Institute, secured through the structure to its foundation in the very rock on which New York so strenuously yet joyously maintains itself. We are on the waterfront in the Master's name. We are where there always will be difficulty and misunderstanding. We are there because we are needed.

Through you, gentlemen of this Convention, we ask and anticipate the continued prayers and support of this Diocese that *cares*.

Book Review

"THERE GOES FLUKES"

By William Henry Tripp

Reynolds Printing.

New Bedford, Mass. 1938. \$3.50.

Deep-sea whale fishing is a vanished epoch of American life, and the whalesman's cry, as the sperm whale dives to the depths, "THERE GOES FLUKES!" is heard no longer. Mr. Tripp, however, has set down a stirring account of the last whaler out of the great fleet that sailed from New Bedford. In 1925 he shipped out on the two-masted schooner, the JOHN R. MANTA to the Hatteras Whaling Grounds. His record of the voyage contains a vast amount of instructive and valuable data on the more practical aspects of whale fishing. Besides the narrative of the MANTA'S voyage, Mr. Tripp has included many interesting tales of the adventures of old whalers and the book is handsomely illustrated with many photographs of sperm whaling. I.M.A.

Bowling for Seafarers

IN THE restoring and re-dedicating of Bowling Green Park, hard by the waterfront, several observers commented on the fact that perhaps the little park ought to be renamed, fearing that it might be too small for any one to play the ancient game of bowling in it. But alley bowling, as the game is now played, is a very popular pastime among the seafaring population on New York's waterfront. This is because of two excellent alleys on the third floor of the Institute.

The rumble of these alleys is heard along South and Front Streets, seamen of all ages, ratings and races, vying with each other to beat the record score of 234 made by a Dutch seaman named Richard Poehl. So popular is the game that the alleys, which were constructed in May 1929, the gift of Mrs. Susan Price in memory of her husband, Clarence Price, have this month had to be completely rebuilt and reconditioned because of the constant wear and tear. Bowling is closely allied with seafaring, if we are to believe the famous legend that Sir Francis Drake, who circumnavigated the globe from 1577 to 1589, was enjoying a game of "bowls" as the Armada was beating up the Channel from Plymouth, and that he insisted on finishing and winning the game before tackling the Spaniards.

Bowling in Battery Park and Bowling Green Park were very popular in Colonial Days, having been introduced to New Amsterdam by Dutch settlers. Ten pins were used, as distinguished from the nine pins used in Germany. In 1770 citizens erected in Bowling Green park a gilded equestrian statue of George III, and many a blow poor

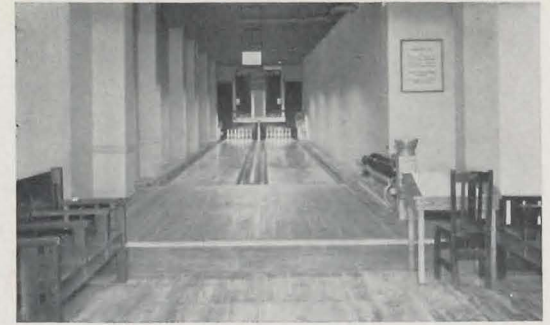
George must have received from exasperated bowlers.

The little park at Bowling Green, facing what is now called "Steamship Row" has an interesting history, closely associated with maritime matters. When Parliament passed the famous ill-fated Stamp Act on November 1, 1765, groups of citizens gathered at Bowling Green, refused to use the stamped paper for deeds and legal documents, and burned in effigy Acting Governor Colden in a huge bonfire in the middle of the bowling green, also his coach and sleigh because he was sympathetic to the new Act. The mob carried 600 candles and then marched across the green to the Battery where a frigate, "Coventry" was anchored. Her captain, Archibald Kennedy, Jr. refused to take stamped paper on board, and because of this refusal, lost his command. Later Parliament repealed the Act and then the New York Assembly authorized the expenditure of 1,000 pounds for his statue, out of gratitude. In 1776 this statute was torn down and melted into 48,000 lead bullets, but the pedestal remained, for many years, to plague the bowlers. On one occasion, Bowling Green Park was the scene of the most startling illuminations, fireworks depicting an engagement between two ships at sea, one ship finally sinking the other, and the whole illumination vanishing in the air.

Among little known facts about Bowling Green:* American soldiers were buried in one grave, there; they were not killed by the British but by accidental discharging of

* cf. "The Battery"—By Rodman Gilder, Published by Houghton-Mifflin, Boston.

Colonial firearms. In 1776 nearly one-third of New York City was destroyed by fire; it started in a wooden house on Whitehall Slip, spread to Bowling Green, where all the houses on the East side of the park were razed. Suddenly, the wind changed and that is why the building at No. 1 Broadway, the Army's headquarters, was not destroyed. The park was also the scene of a duel in which Captain Thompson, Harbor Master of the Port, was mortally wounded. It also witnessed the funeral processions of George



The Institute's Bowling Alleys

Washington and Alexander Hamilton. The first aerial paper salute to a celebrity, Theodore Roosevelt, took place in this park.

Book Reviews

"COMING, SIR!"

By Dave Marlowe

Lippincott. \$2.50. 1938.

So far as this reviewer knows, "Coming, Sir!" is the first book of its kind, and throws a great light on the occupation of "waiting". Dave Marlowe, aged 14, began his career not too auspiciously as "Saloon boy" on a ship bound to Capetown from England. He comes of a family of stewards, men who took their calling seriously, and his first steps were not a matter of pride to his father. After selling the "jinx" which had pursued him he served for a number of years in various capacities on passenger ships, some of them being luxury liners which cruise to the West Indies. Here he tried his hand at bootlegging, finding New York in the days of prohibition being ripe for trade. When the depression years came he worked here and there as bartender, waiter in night clubs, dishwasher, until finally he found himself back in England, where jobs were scarce, pay low, hours long and discipline strict. A yearning to get back to sea took him to the "Queen Mary" and he writes of "the honour of serving on the world's finest liner". He is at his best in telling of life in the "Gloryhole", and of the arduous duties which make up a waiter's or a steward's day.

An appropriate title might be "Through

a Steward's Eyes", for the observations here recorded give one an inkling of the keen perception seldom credited to the quiet, blackcoated waiter who moves deftly from table to table. A.W.C.

S.S. Nieuw Amsterdam

(Continued from Page 3)

Arrangements Committee and Mr. John T. Scheepers, Vice-Chairman of the Exhibitors' Committee. And finally, we want to thank the ship's crew, especially the stewards' department and the orchestra, and Mr. Tonnon, Chief of Operations, Mr. Tresfon, Chief Steward, and Mr. Roggeveen, Pier Superintendent, for the fine cooperative spirit they displayed in helping to arrange the show. They worked long and extra hours, always accommodating, good natured and considerate.

To the good ship NIEUW AMSTERDAM herself we wish safe, long and prosperous service. We are happy to report that the net proceeds of the benefit were \$2,000.

Book Reviews

SHIP OF THE LINE

By Cecil Scott Forester

Little, Brown. Boston. 1938. \$2.50.

Captain Horatio Hornblower, the romantic hero of *Beat To Quarters* has returned in a new series of adventures with the British Navy of Napoleonic times. In command of the two-decker *Sutherland*, convoying ships of the East India Company past the French coast, the Captain and his new crew are soon made jubilant over prizes of war, easily taken. With strategic seamanship, the *Sutherland* is manoeuvred close enough to the Spanish shore to destroy a French battery and to assist England's unstable Spanish allies before the decimating fire of sea battle begins. Fighting unaided a French squadron of four ships proves too great a hazard however, and the book ends with Captain Hornblower surrendering his battered ship and sword of honor to the enemy.

In *Ship of the Line*, Mr. Forester has created a new type of hero, a man shy and self-deprecating until courage and rare seamanship are required, when he emerges a master sure of himself and of the superiority of sea over land. I.M.A.

"ROOM TO SWING A CAT"

Being Some Tales of the Old Navy

By Frederick J. Bell, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy
Longmans-Green & Co. \$3.00.

One of the surest ways to test the value of a new book is to show it to some one who might be interested in it. If he looks at the book casually and gives it back to you, you know it doesn't register. But if he begins to read and refuses to part with it until he has finished it, then you have proof of its power. I know a nineteen year old cadet who was born into the heritage of Maine coast shipping traditions, and graduated from a Sea Training School. He reads everything he can find about the United States Navy and buys their publications from the fraction of his pay which he allows himself for recreation. When he came in last week, with a free half day ahead after his ship had docked, I hadn't time to talk, so gave him a copy of "Room to Swing a Cat, Tales of the Old Navy", which had just then come to my desk. Something about the title and the gay blue jacket, caught him at once. He took it to a quiet corner and read for hours, completely absorbed. He read half the book then and there, and begged me to keep it so that he could

finish it next week when his ship comes back from Havana. With a scientific gleam in his eye, he said, "They even tell you the penetration of the old round shot!" I am too ignorant of the science of ballistics to share that particular enthusiasm, but I am fascinated, as he is, by the verbatim extracts from old ships' logs, diaries, letters, newspapers, that take us back into the daily life of the sailor over a hundred years ago, in the wooden ships which were the beginning of our Navy. Lieutenant Bell can spin a yarn. And his impressive bibliography is there to prove that the yarns are true. There are chapters about the superstitions of the sea, the everyday life, customs, and punishments of the Old Navy. The end papers are clear outline maps of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean where our first naval battles were fought, and the illustrations are amusing little black and white drawings of old ships and "Jolly Tars", as well as many graphic full page reproductions of old paintings of naval engagements. E.G.B.

"TAKE TO THE BOATS"

By Capt. George H. Grant

Little, Brown & Co. Boston. \$2.00.

Capt. Grant's latest book is the story of the destruction by fire of the S.S. "Cumbercauld" and the subsequent life boat voyages of her crew. Especially it is the story of the starboard boat, commanded by the nineteen year old second mate, the only boat to survive.

It is vigorous and completely convincing. The fighting, loyal cockney bosun, the disgruntled, rebellious chief engineer and even slightly "touched" Branch are all men familiar to everyone who has gone to sea.

In view of the sharp discipline drawn between quarter deck and fo'c'sle, a question might be asked. Would the second and third mates attend the dog watch sing song on the forward hatch? It is not usual but, considering Capt. Grant's accuracy in pictures of ship life, it is likely that this, too, was occasionally done.

And what happened to the sailor, Toms? When Graham called the second mate on the night of the fire he said Toms was at the fire, but his name does not appear on any of the boat lists. Where did he go?

The story is honest and salty and should be passed as "good stuff" by everyone, sailor or not.

F.E.H. (Master Mariner)



World Travellers

—Photo by Walter Snessman, Echo Publishing Co.

SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

BY THE

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

FROM JANUARY 1 TO MAY 1, 1938

96,372	Lodgings (including relief beds).
33,676	Pieces of Baggage handled.
270,263	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
106,891	Sales at News Stand.
7,089	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
5,091	Attended 203 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
1,713	Cadets and Seamen attended 208 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 45 new students enrolled.
16,749	Social Service Interviews.
4,446	Relief Loans.
3,898	Individual Seamen received Relief.
2,411	Books and 30,694 magazines distributed.
1,893	Pieces of clothing, and 635 Knitted Articles distributed.
1,335	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
39,156	Attended 81 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
828	Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
128	Missing Seamen found.
333	Positions secured for Seamen.
\$79,887.	Deposited for 1,106 Seamen in Banks; \$29,428. transmitted to families.
7,372	Attendance in Joseph Conrad Library.
3,873	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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