

THE

LOOKOUT



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL XXV—NO. 9

OCTOBER 1934

THIS MONTH'S COVER gives a view of the Institute from the "barge colony" moored at Pier 5, East River. The photograph is by P. L. Sperr.

The LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH

INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
President

FRANK T. WARBURTON
Secretary-Treasurer

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY
Superintendent

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE
Editor, THE LOOKOUT

Entered as second class matter July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually
Single Copies, Ten Cents

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and over include a year's subscription to "The Lookout."

Address all communications to

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

Note that the words "Of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of..... Dollars."

It is to the generosity of numerous donors and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seaman.

The Lookout

VOL. XXV

OCTOBER, 1934

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THE INSTITUTE'S NEW SUPERINTENDENT



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

THE REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY

A NEW ERA was begun During the interval between Dr. Mansfield's death last February and Mr. Kelley's appointment on September 28th of the appointment of the Rev. Harold H. Kelley as Superintendent. He succeeds Dr. Mansfield, who served the Institute for thirty-eight years. They are happy to welcome Mr. Kelley and to

assure him of their loyal support as the *Institute* embarks on a new voyage under his able command.

Mr. Kelley will assume his new duties immediately. Beginning with parish work in 1910, and except for three years as a missionary in Alaska and Nevada, he spent his entire ministry in California seaports. From 1919 to 1922 he was assistant superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco and from 1922 to 1931 was Superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute of Los Angeles at San Pedro, which he built up to be the third largest in the United States. In 1931 the Rt. Rev. W. Bertrand Stevens, D.D., Bishop of Los Angeles, appointed Mr. Kelley headmaster of the Harvard School, the diocesan school for boys in Los Angeles, which position he resigned to come to New York. Mr. Kelley was active also in diocesan affairs, becoming chairman of its Social Service Commission, and secretary of the Executive Council and of the Department of Missions.

The new Superintendent has made many sea voyages and in 1928 served as Chaplain of the SS "City of Los Angeles" on her excursion around South America.

Like his predecessor, Dr. Mansfield, Mr. Kelley is the son of a clergyman. His father was the late Rev. D. O. Kelley, who did missionary work in California for forty years. His wife and children have come East with him. Mr. Kelley was graduated from the University of California in 1907, the Church Divinity School of the Pacific in 1910, and after ordination in that year was a special student at the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, Mass. His appointment as Superintendent, in accordance with the Institute's Constitution, has been formally approved by the Bishop of New York, the Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, D.D.

Speaking at a luncheon given in his honor by the Board of Managers, Mr. Kelley said: "Realizing that Dr. Mansfield did not 'lay down his work' but simply passed it on, a brilliantly burning beacon for seafarers, it is a privilege to catch his torch and carry it forward in his memory. Setting the Seamen's Church Institute of New York as a world standard in organization, fabric and personnel, he prepared for his successor to continue to personalize the Institute as a Christian social welfare agency.

"After all," he continued, "seamen will always be a part of New York and their very occupation, robbing them of normal home life, demands such a port home. Having been away from the waterfront for three years, I return to it with a new perspective and with renewed affection. I rejoice that I had the privilege of meeting and knowing my predecessor who was so beloved by all who knew him. On the West Coast he was our constant inspiration and mentor."

"SHORE HOME."

The coming of the REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY from the western waterfront of the United States to take the Superintendency of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York calls attention to that institution on our Atlantic waterfront. It was begun as a floating church nearly one hundred years ago, and has become the largest "shore home" for merchant seamen on the coasts of the seven seas. An early map of the lower end of Manhattan Island showed a few houses huddled about a fort, a church and a windmill. But the most prominent objects were a tall shaft carrying a flag to signal ships coming into the harbor and a gibbet from which a rope hung in threatening readiness. Instead of the latter rises now the tower of the friendly shore home, firmly built on land but looking toward the sea and bearing aloft signals of welcome.

As Mr. KELLEY says, "Seamen will always be a part of New York." Yet by the very nature of their occupation they cannot have the normal home life. Such an institution is essential to the wholesome shore life of most of these young men (for they are mostly men with life ahead of them) whom MANSFIELD has described as tired of brick and stone and as heart-sick for the windy, green, unquiet sea, far from the roaring of the wheels. Fortunate it is for them, in these times especially when there is unemployment at sea as

NOTICE:

You are cordially invited to meet the Rev. and Mrs. Harold H. Kelley at a reception to be given on Wednesday afternoon, October 31st, at four o'clock, at the Institute. A card of admission may be obtained by writing to Mr. Gordon Knox Bell, Chairman Reception Committee, 25 South Street, New York City.

on land, that such a hospitable place is open to them.

JOSEPH CONRAD, the sometime seaman in whose memory a library was recently opened in the institute, relates that when, as a second mate, he was leaving a ship at the end of a voyage of eighteen months to take examinations for a master's papers, the captain asked whether he had another ship, and when told that he had not, said, "Remember that so long as I have a ship you have one too." So said the old captain of this ship on land, Dr. MANSFIELD, and so says the new captain. So long as this institute exists there is a ship on shore for the seaman who is in need of a friend. But it is not out of place to remind the people on land, especially those whose livelihood depends upon commerce by sea, that nearly a million dollars are required to complete the addition made in order to accommodate the ever-increasing demands made during and following the war.

The new Superintendent, Mr. KELLEY, who has had like experience on the Pacific Coast, and who has also known the hardship of service as a missionary in Alaska, has a great work on his hands, passed on from those of the pioneer, Dr. MANSFIELD. The West and the East are thus met in him in his service to the men of all the seas.

*Editorial from "New York Times,"
September 28, 1934*

STORIES OF THE MORRO CASTLE

RAIN. Wind. Flame. Darkness. A dead captain. A night of horror at sea. Such are the gruesome memories of the surviving members of the crew of the ill-fated *Morro Castle* who were brought to the *Institute* for food and shelter. Terribly shaken by their recent nightmare, eyes burned from smoke, arms and legs blistered from fire, they were a pitiful sight as they swarmed into the building through the torrential rain of that memorable Saturday.

The entire ninth floor was turned over to the crew, and each man lodged in a private room. Thanks to our faithful knitters, we were well stocked with sweaters and socks, while shoes, dungarees and shirts, razors and toothbrushes were supplied from our Slop Chest. Burns

were treated in the clinic. Telegrams and cablegrams were sent to the crews' relatives. Fifty cents worth of tickets were issued to each man with which he might purchase cigarettes, tobacco, newspapers, and sundries at the drug and soda counter in the main lobby. Meals were served in the private dining room

during the duration of their stay. Ward Line officials were grateful that the *Institute* had offered its facilities to care for the shipwrecked men. Photographers and reporters swarmed through the building but were only permitted to talk to the seamen after they had changed to dry clothing and had hot food.

In 1928 when it was the *Institute's* privilege to care for the men of the *Vestris* our new Annex was not completed and facilities were crowded. But the men of the *Morro Castle* were given full hotel service, and they were enthusiastic in their praise for the services rendered and voiced their appreciation of all that the *Institute* was able to do for them.

Individual acts of heroism performed by members of the crew aboard the

stricken vessel—some of them published in the newspapers and others told only to *Institute* employees because of the modesty of the participants—revealed the real facts that the officers and crew as a whole, (to quote one of the passengers, Dr. Theodore L. Vosseler), "acted splendidly."

A STATEMENT FROM BISHOP HULSE:

The Rt. Rev. Hiram Richard Hulse, D.D., missionary Bishop of Cuba, who is recuperating, with Mrs. Hulse, at St. Luke's Hospital from their experiences aboard the MORRO CASTLE, issued a statement in which he praised the actions of those of the crew that he observed aft on D deck.

"There were very few sailors on that section of the ship, but those who were there, did their duty magnificently. One petty officer took his own life belt and gave it to my wife and showed her how to fasten it. There were no lifeboats on that side of the deck so the crew fixed tow lines so that passengers could slide down. The able-bodied seamen, stewards and waiters fought the fire and smoke with intrepid courage. There was no panic. We slid down the ropes into the water and were picked up by a lifeboat from the MONARCH OF BERMUDA. I saw no seamen get off that deck until all passengers were safe in the lifeboat. Then they slid down the ropes and joined us. The lifeboat stayed close to the side of the MORRO CASTLE looking for bodies after all the living in sight had been picked up."

Other survivors who praised the crew were Dr. Theodore L. Vosseler, consultant surgeon at the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital and staff surgeon at the Peck Memorial Hospital, Brooklyn. He and his wife were the only passengers at the acting captain's side after they had been cut off by flames from the great majority of passengers huddled in the stern. "There may have been a few individual exceptions, but as a whole the officers and crew acted splendidly in view of the size of the ship and a fire in the dead of night," said Dr. Vosseler. The Rev. Raymond Egan, assistant pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, White Plains Avenue, the Bronx, asserted that "members of the crew were the real heroes of the disaster." The young priest led a group of passengers in prayer. He stated that about "sixty-five passengers leaped into the water but not until after members of the crew had furnished them with lifebelts. In many cases surrendering their own and assisting passengers in adjusting them securely."

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CARL WRIGHT

Head waiter on the *Morro Castle*, shown at the Seamen's Church *Institute*. He attempted to rescue an eleven year-old girl, swimming for six hours with her. She was unable to withstand the exposure, however, and died in his arms.

One of the heroes, Carl Wright, headwaiter, with tears streaming down his face, told of his efforts to save a little eleven-year old girl and how she had died in his arms after fighting bravely for four hours. "She was the pluckiest kid," he sobbed. "Never a whimper or complaint. I carried her under my right arm and when the waves swept over her head I lifted her up and I told her to spit out the water. After a while, she moaned and swallowed a great deal of water. I listened to her heart but could hear nothing. I carried the poor little tot for two hours more because I didn't wish to abandon her, but other passengers swam up to me and begged me to release the girl's body and to help the living. It broke my heart when I had to set her body adrift."

William Deering, a waiter, described how he was awakened by the fire alarm: "I grabbed a hose line and ran toward the fire. The heat was terrific. We broke in a number of cabin windows but did not find anyone. I ran across a

little boy about ten years old who was badly burned. He screamed that he was dying, and I tried to pick him up but the poor lad fell dead upon the deck. I went inside and called to the passengers to leave their baggage and valuables and to come to C deck aft. The light dimmed, so I told the people to take hold of each other's hands. Other stewards helped to lead them to C deck which was jammed. Nobody wanted to jump but we pleaded with them that jumping was safer than suffocating with smoke. Nobody wanted to run through the flames to get to the lifeboats forward. We tied life-preservers on lots of passengers and showed others how to adjust them and make strong knots. One steward put a line over the side and an elderly lady slid down but got all entangled in the ropes. Johnson, a ship's carpenter, went down the rope and with his knife released the poor woman, cut the rope, and the two slid into the sea. They were never seen again."

William O'Sullivan, storekeeper, told THE LOOKOUT editor of the courage of the third mate, Hackney and fourth mate, Hanson who, with no thought of their lives, with faces badly burned, stood on the deck and lowered lifeboats. "There were no passengers midships where we fought the blaze," he explained, "until a man in a bathrobe came along shouting, 'There's a woman in the second cabin.' I immediately crawled into a cabin on A deck. Inside the room was ablaze. I knelt down, felt on the floor and bed but found no one. If it hadn't been for the second mate, Freeman, who pulled me through the window I would have been overcome by smoke in there. I went back to the hose. There was a wall of flame separat-

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A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS!

AS SURELY as the leaves turn yellow and red this Fall, as surely as the winds from the East River blow increasingly cold, so surely does the Institute expect its relief problem to grow even more acute. As the days shorten and the shadows of evening lengthen, we contemplate the thought of Winter with mingled feelings of anxiety and confidence . . . anxiety for the thousands of deserving seamen who depend on the Institute for life itself—and confidence that our compassionate and sympathetic friends will not let these seafarers go through the Winter alone, friendless, forgotten. We must raise the money somehow.

Margaret Culkin Banning wrote recently in the *Saturday Evening Post*: "It is not going to be easy to raise money this year. But perhaps we'll manage. Certainly, we'll try . . . The wisest people in this country are less troubled by the financial breakdown than by the breakdown in character. We are going to have a problem of relief in this country for a long while . . . That is why I think we should approach the problem this Fall as if it were a personal one, with great respect for human nature. Private agencies have always had as their ideal the increase of self-respect." And that has always been the Institute's ideal: to help seamen to help themselves—to encourage them to be self-supporting and self-respecting at all times.

MAN THE LIFEBOATS!

AT SEA, when a ship in distress is sighted, the captain calls for volunteers to go to the aid of the stricken vessel. In the recent *Morro Castle* disaster lifeboats from the *Monarch of Bermuda* and *City of Savannah* did admirable rescue work. None of them needed to volunteer. But their compassion and sympathy for other human beings in distress prompted them to risk their lives in frail lifeboats through raging seas. Of such stuff are sailormen made. And of such stuff are landmen made who respond to the call for volunteers to rescue the hundreds of unfortunate seamen stranded ashore.

With about 1,600 seamen sleeping in the Institute nightly and up to 12,000 entrances daily, there is a tremendous wear and tear on furniture, bedding, crockery, etc. which necessitates constant repairs and replacements. We have cut corners, but we cannot cut any more without seriously affecting our program of service to these seamen. We have no assurance that the Federal relief appropriation will continue through the coming Winter and even if it does it is not sufficient to cover our expenses. Each day we need \$273.97 to make up the deficit in our operating expenses. So we turn hopefully to our friends. If you cannot afford to give a Red Letter Day, would you—could you—share our burden by financing *one hour* of the Institute's day? The cost is \$11.40 an hour. Won't YOU hear our call for volunteers? If you can see your way clear to reserving a Red Letter Day, there are still a few holidays available and plenty of other days which have not yet been selected as memorials.

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IN MEMORY OF TUTTLES



Tuttles on the Deck of the COLORADO

EDITOR'S NOTE: This month it is the cat-lovers' turn. Last month the dog-lovers had their say in an article entitled "Sea Dogs." Grace Isabel Colbron, one of the Institute's contributors, sends the following about a seagoing cat:

TUTTLES is one more cat who deserves a place in the LOOK-OUT's roll of "sea cats". Tuttle has doubtless long since gone to his reward in that Heaven to which all good cats are supposed to go. For Tuttle was a true sailorman, body, heart and soul. He was as different from the ordinary ships' cat as the sailor born to the calling is different from the casual passenger. It is full twenty-five years since I made his acquaintance, but Tuttle is the sort of a sailorman one does not easily forget. Some of the Institute's habitués will doubtless be able to tell me what has been the fate of Tuttle's ship, the sturdy Wilson liner *Colorado*. An honorable fate I hope, not just a breaking up for junk! For she was a good seaworthy vessel, even though the eighty-six head of cattle on board were of more importance than the courageous dozen of passengers who shipped in her from Hoboken to Hull, England.

Nominally, Tuttle was the personal property and the particular pet of Captain Ward, commanding the *Colorado* when I sailed on her one summer long ago. But it was plain to be seen that in Tuttle's own estimation the captain belonged to him and that therefore he, Tuttle, was the true commander of the *Colorado*. He took his duties seriously. He shared the captain's room, shared his watches, and they usually made the daily tour of inspection together. Tuttle felt the importance of this inspection, and sometimes, about an hour later, he would go over the entire ship alone, peering into every corner, to make sure that nothing had been overlooked. On the cattle-decks, in the stoke hole, the galley, the men would make bets as to whether Tuttle would come around the second time. Quite a lot of money changed hands that way, but it was safest to bet that Tuttle would appear. He kept watch over the cattle too, and everyone on board felt that, had he been able to talk, Tuttle could have given an exact description of the size, value, and condition of health of any animal on board.

Tuttle was condescendingly gracious to the crew, companionable with the officers (with degrees of cordiality corresponding to their rank) and pleasingly polite to the passengers. He was no longer young when I met him, as one could see by the gleam of mature cynicism in his yellow eyes and the fact that he suffered from that curse of the sailor, rheumatism. But he was a fine big cat, and his raven-black fur was smooth as satin. Like all cat-kind Tuttle loved warmth; but like all true sailormen, a bit of chill rough weather was all in the day's

work for him. It was a sight to see Tuttle walk along the deck with the ship heeling over at a sharp angle and plunging badly. The old cat would balance himself as instinctively and ably as any practised seaman, swaying on wide-spread legs, holding his tail aloft as a rudder.

When at home in Hull, Tuttle was the model of a respectable British citizen. He enjoyed all the pleasures of a well-regulated home, and the petting of Captain Ward's family. But in New York . . . or Hoboken, as the case might be, Tuttle acted exactly as many men away from home do act. He went off on a prolonged bat, and the small boys in the neighborhood of the docks earned a goodly sum in looking for him, and bringing him back to the ship, his ear or his tail in a decidedly damaged condition.

Captain Ward said it was quite remarkable how easily the cat could make himself at home in any sort of existence. But his preference for a sea life was unmistakable. Too long a sojourn on land would find him moping, falling off in appetite and spirits. "We'd miss him" said Captain Ward "and then we'd find him on the sea wall at the foot of the garden, staring out to sea, with wide-open eyes full of longing."

Once at sea, Tuttle was soon his own arrogantly condescending self again.

Tuttle took a great fancy to me, a fact of which I was vastly proud. For once he even forgot his tea-hour with the Captain and his master came anxiously looking for him, only to find him snugly curled up in my lap. I am sure that Tuttle is

now among those of whom Kipling sings;

" . . . such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and
serve Him on the sea."

Tuttle would.

"STORMY WEATHER"

Wintry winds are reminders that many of our unemployed seamen will need warm overcoats and stout shoes. As the weather gets stormier the pavements get colder and the thin-soled shoes of these men become pitifully inadequate. Bits of pasteboard and folded newspaper are helpful temporarily but they do not take the place of strong leather when rain floods the sidewalks of South Street and the river front. The dangers of pneumonia, influenza and other illnesses from exposure must not be minimized.

Will readers who have good, stout, strong pairs of men's shoes that are not being worn *please* wrap and send them by parcel post to 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

SEAGOING BUNDLES

Hundreds of bundles of current magazines are taken from the Institute aboard ships by seamen. Good reading is indispensable to the men when off duty. Just at present our supply of popular magazines is very low and every day we have calls for these bundles. So won't YOU bundle up a batch from your library table and mail them to the Institute's Social Service Department at 25 South Street. They will help sailormen to fill leisure hours in the fo'c'sle.

BOOK REVIEW

U. S. NAVAL CUSTOMS AND USAGE

By Lt. Commander Leland P. Lovette, U.S.N.
Published by the United States Naval Institute,
Annapolis, Md. Price \$3.75

The author is to be congratulated on his masterly exploration of a subject which has hitherto been neglected by American sea writers. A study of Commander Lovette's book will correct many false impressions about sea etiquette and technique. The book will enlighten the uninitiated regarding the traditions of the Navy and the history and meaning of many of its customs. Besides being of permanent value, the book is written entertainingly and belongs in the library of every naval officer.

STORIES OF THE MORRO CASTLE

Continued from Page 4

ing the firefighters from the passengers crowded aft."

Young Jerry Edgerton, who is normally a jolly youth, full of life and laughter was terribly downcast by his experience and by the fact that his chum, William Hillstrand, an engineering cadet, had started for the engine room. "Where are you going!" shouted Jerry. "To my duty" was the reply. William's body has not been recovered. Jerry was troubled because the papers had misquoted him and he wished to state that he did not tell any young ladies to jump over, sure, that the ocean was free, or anything "so trivial as that." "It wasn't the time nor the place for joking," he declared soberly. "The fact is, I met two young ladies in the water and I asked them if I could be of any assistance and how they were getting along. They asked me to swim along with them, so I did, laughing and trying to keep up their spirits. The fishing boat, Paramount, pulled us in, but one of the girls—her friend called her Bobbie—just gave up before the boat reached us and sank."

Martin Melbard, junior engineer, who lives at the *Institute* whenever he is in port, was one of the fourteen men who stayed with Acting Captain Warms until the *Tampa* took the *Morro Castle* in tow. On finding that he could not get to his customary fire station on account of the flames, Melbard went forward where he could see the bridge. "Capt. Warms was keeping the engines going in order to keep the bow of the boat into the wind," he related. "So long as the wind stayed that way, we could fight the fire. We stayed on the bridge with the decks getting hotter every minute. Two passengers — and only

two — were with us, and a lifeboat from the *Monarch of Bermuda* took them off. They offered to take us off, too, but we chose to stay aboard."

A stark story of a night of horror, one of the most vivid to come from the disaster was told to *Institute* officials by Malcolm Ferguson, young waiter on the doomed ship. Wincing under the pain of his memories, Ferguson was living through the fearful night again as he haltingly told his story: "Rushing through smoke and fire to the boat deck, on hearing the alarm, I heard the screams of a child in agony. I ran toward the sound and found a little boy. He was moaning 'Mio Madre' and he was horribly burned. Being a good Catholic I hated to see him die without absolution so I knelt beside him and whispered a prayer and a blessing. I then went aft and helped passengers into lifebelts. Three hours passed fighting the smoke and assisting women down the tow lines into the water. Finally, I slid overboard into the sea and was picked up by a lifeboat from the *Monarch of Bermuda*. I cannot praise too highly the skill and courage of that lifeboat crew as we battled the waves.

Of such stuff are sailormen made! And for one coward there were a hundred men who knew their duty and did it heroically. On the Sunday following the disaster a Memorial Service for the 42 members of the crew who were lost was held in the *Institute's* Chapel of Our Saviour and was attended by many relatives and shipmates. The Rev. Samuel M. Dorrance, Rector of St. Ann's, Brooklyn, and a clerical vice-president of the *Institute* made the memorial address.



Members of the Morro Castle Crew in the Institute's Dining Room

Epic of the Morro Castle

(Chief Officer William F. Warms and twelve men stuck to the Morro Castle until just before she went aground, refusing to quit the ship until an effort to tow her into port, had proved futile—News item.)

There was death on the decks about them,

There was doom on the seas below—
They could see death rip through the
blazing ship.

But they still were the last to go;
There was fright in salon and cabin,
There was horror from stem to stern,
But the Thirteen stayed as if unafraid
As they watched the doomed vessel
burn.

In the heat that was simply hellish
And the smoke that was foul and
blue

They watched others flee to the raging
sea,

But elected to see it through;
Through the flare of the flames fast
mounting

They were seen on the foredeck
high;

Thirteen sailormen not in terror when
It came time for a man to die.

Through the hell of the night they
stuck there

As the skipper, whom death had
picked

To command that ship on her last long
trip,

Refused to confess "We're licked!"
To the call of the ships of rescue

There was simply a firm "Not yet!"
They were men indeed of the sturdy
breed

That the mothers of men beget.

With the last of the living over

And no more on the ship to save,
With a fury rare they fought hard to
spare

The Morro an ocean grave;
A line from the cutter Tampa,
Tense work in the driving rain,
With hands that bled in a puddle red
To sever the anchor chain.

At last to a hawser fastened
And then through the murk a
path. . . .

But the hawser parts ere the Morro
starts—

And the sea shows a rising wrath;
'Tis folly to labor longer . . .

They rescue the remnant crew—
And our glass we raise with a hymn
of praise

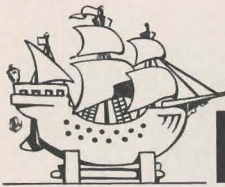
To the Thirteen Who Saw It
Through!

—H. I. PHILLIPS in "The Sun Dial"

In complimenting the crew from the Italian liner *Conte di Savoia* which won the Hudson River lifeboat race on Labor Day, Mayor La Guardia at City Hall referred to the *Morro Castle* disaster.

"It is fitting that I should welcome these sailors at this time when the eyes and the attention and the heart of the world are directed on an investigation of a terrible sea disaster," he said.

"The sea has not lost its splendid traditions, and you boys typify it. This country, too, has a splendid tradition of the sea."



BOOK REVIEWS



LIGHTSHIP

By Archie Binns

Published by Reynal and Hitchcock. Price \$2.50

No reader of THE LOOKOUT should fail to read this first novel by Archie Binns—LIGHTSHIP. It is a vital, moving story of real seamen written so convincingly as to give unquestioned evidence of the author's first hand contact with the life he depicts so vividly. He knows seamen, and although he writes of a strangely assorted group one feels they are much more than "types" to him.

"LIGHTSHIP 167" is a small world in itself, yet the humor and tragedy found in the everyday relationships of its inhabitants is in no way isolated to any particular group. At the same time, there are certain eternal conflicts which are known only in the realm of the sea. The age-old claim to superiority on the part of the Engine-room is never better expressed than here in the words of Mickey. "On deck, things were done by guess and by God. If a navigator came within a mile of what he shot at, he spoke to no one for days. An engineer measured things in his department by a thousandth of an inch, and didn't think anything of it."

There is so much to be said of this book that one is at loss as to which of the stories behind each character holds most interest. There is one particular chapter, however, which for us is unforgettable. Ole, who on his first trip in sail at the age of sixteen, saw his best friend left helpless to drown in his bunk, felt that the God of his fathers had surely deserted him. This bitter conviction had grown with the years until he was known on the Lightship as a confirmed atheist. He had what he called his Bible, containing records, in picture and prose, of those people who he said "are my religion." He showed it on a rare occasion to the little messman. "The messman turned another page and started at the picture of a grave, handsome gentleman in dark clothes and clerical collar. He looked closer, thinking there must be

a mistake. There was none. Under the picture was the man's name, the Reverend Archibald Mansfield.

"Ole moved uneasily on his bunk. 'He is not there because he is a preacher,' he explained. 'He is there because he is a man. He stopped crimping in New York City. It took him a long time, and it was hard work. The politicians and ship-owners were against him, and the crimps tried to kill him. But he started his own shipping offices and drove out the crimps. You should know him; you are from New York.'

"The messman answered with a sigh. 'I don't know him. He was after my time.'"

This, I think, is a perfect tribute.

"SHIPSHAPE"

By Edmund Vale

J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London.

Price 5/-

This amusing little nautical Baedeker should prevent any landlubber from asking silly questions during a sea voyage for it describes in detail the accoutrement of the ship, its history and personnel. It also gives simple pointers on tipping, choice of tables; it devotes thirty pages to deck games; it includes numerous charts, diagrams and illustrations all of which help to initiate the voyager into the mysteries of etiquette at sea.

"LOWERED BOATS"

(A Chronicle of American Whaling)

By Foster Rhea Dulles

Harcourt, Brace & Co. Price \$2.75

Whaling is a favorite subject and this book traces in lively fashion the history of American whaling from early days to its decline, which after 1860 was rapid. It does not treat of modern whaling which is largely a Norwegian industry. The author enlivens his story with tales of whalesmen's adventures among savages, massacres, and such like, and often at the tail of the whale! It is an exciting, picturesque and informative version of the great events in whaling history: mutinies, shipwrecks, and other hazards.

Editor's Note: We are grateful to the publishers who send us books pertaining to the sea. After being reviewed they become a part of our marine collection in the Joseph Conrad Memorial Library. Books may be ordered through THE LOOKOUT editor.

A Delightful Evening at the Theatre

THE Ways and Means Committee takes pleasure in announcing that plans have been completed for the Institute's Tenth Annual Theatre Benefit, to take place on

Thursday Evening, November 15th

at the Broadhurst Theatre, 235 West 44th Street.

We have reserved the orchestra and mezzanine for the *Second Night Performance* of Rostand's famous play

"L'Aiglon"

with Eva LeGallienne, Ethel Barrymore and a notable cast.

This will be the first opportunity to see Miss LeGallienne in the role of the young Napoleon, which role was made famous by the great French actress, Sara Bernhardt. Clemence Dane has made a new adaptation of the Rostand play for this production and **Richard Addinsell has written a beautiful musical score.**

Orchestra seats are \$10.00 (first 11 rows), \$7.50 (12th and 13th rows) and \$5.00 (14th row).

Mezzanine Seats are \$7.50 (first row), \$5.00 (2nd and 3rd rows) and \$3.00 (4th and 5th rows).

Tickets will be assigned in the order in which reservations are received. Please make checks payable to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York" and mail to: Theatre Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



EVA LeGALLIENNE
as the Duke of Reichstadt

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