

THE

LOOKOUT



Photo by Fairchild Aerial Surveys Inc.

THE PORT OF NEW YORK — IN ALL SEASONS —
WELCOMES THE SEAFARER

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

THIS MONTH'S COVER is from a photograph by Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc. and shows New York harbor in winter garb. The *Institute* building and Jeannette Park are enclosed within the white circle. According to the "Nautical Gazette" it was the consensus of opinion recently among towboat and shipping men that ice-bound New York harbor presented more difficulties to the handling of shipping during the past two months than they have had to face in several decades. Seasoned harbor and river traffic people anticipate that the arrival of warmer weather will present further hazards, as the accompanying fog conditions will tend to tie up traffic for hours, as the freezing, ice-clogged waters begin to thaw.

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

VOL. XXVII

MARCH, 1936

No. 3

Ships That Disappear

THE hazards of the sea are many, but there is probably none so agonizing to those who have loved ones on board, as when a ship simply disappears. Such was the JOSEPH MEDILL, the world's largest all-welded ship which last month (Wednesday, January 22nd) was announced as lost after an eighteen months search. Thus she joined the ranks of many famous vessels whose fate has never been learned: the CYCLOPS, the KOBENHAVN, the CITY OF BOSTON, the CITY OF LONDON, the TEMPEST, the UNITED KINGDOM, the CITY OF GLASGOW, the AURORA, the SCANDERIA, the ZANZIBAR, the NARONIC, the STRAITS OF DOVER, the WARATAH and a host of others which vanished, leaving no trace whatsoever.

In these days of radio, how can such a mysterious disappearance occur? This is a logical question to ask. Interviewing ships' officers in the lobbies of the *Institute* the *Lookout* editor heard many interesting theories advanced. The JOSEPH MEDILL sailed from Newcastle, England on August 10, 1934 and headed across the summer seas for America. She was never seen nor heard of again. She vanished



Reprinted from "Sail Ho" by Gordon Grant

"Outward Bound" . . . perhaps never to return.

from the face of the ocean with her crew of eighteen. This modern tragedy was revealed when her owners, The Chicago Tribune, reluctantly announced the end of the search for the vessel. She was designed to be used on the Great Lakes to freight paper for the Tribune. With the special permission of the British Board of Trade she sailed without radio equipment. Apprehension for the safety of the ship and her crew began to be felt when three or four weeks elapsed with no report of the ship being sighted, although she presumably followed the heavily traveled steamship lanes across the Atlantic. The owners chartered the auxiliary schooner MARIE YVONNE, equipped with

a radio, to comb the North Atlantic in the possible hope of rescuing survivors who might be adrift in small boats. After eighteen months the search was abandoned as hopeless.

Not a stick, nor spar, nor splinter could be found which could be identified with the JOSEPH MEDILL. What happened to her? Some of the seamen at the Institute expressed the opinion that she struck a submerged iceberg. Others, that she was struck by lightning, or had defective navigation instruments. Others, that there might have been a death of the captain and mutiny or that she foundered in a hurricane. A few superstitious ones prefer to believe that some strange marine animal swallowed her up. In olden times, before explorations had opened up new trade routes, one of the common reasons advanced when a ship vanished was that savage tribes from islands had waylaid the ship, destroyed her and devoured the crews! Charles Robert Patterson, noted marine artist, when discussing the subject of mysterious disappearances of ships, quoted from an article published in the California Nautical Magazine of 1862 as follows: "Famine and drought ought never to occur in merchant vessels but we hear repeatedly of merchant ships requiring supplies from passing vessels, and it is too much the practice to carry ALL the provision of water on deck, which is liable to be washed overboard at any moment." With a starving, thirsting crew and officers, ships are not properly manned and a severe gale will send them to Davey Jones' locker. Mr. Patterson recalled the experience of an old sea captain who reported having seen a large sailing ship stuck in an ice field (while rounding Cape Horn). He was unable to reach her with

his own ship because of the ice, and he carried to his dying day the memory of the helpless, starving crew aboard her resigned to their fate.

Miss C. Fox Smith, in her book "Ocean Racers," describes the KOBENHAVN which disappeared in 1928. She was a beautiful big Danish steel five-masted cadet auxiliary sailing ship. She left Montevideo, Uruguay on December 28th, bound for Australia, and was never heard from. She carried a crew of over 200 young Danish boys. "The Market Strand at Falmouth, when I saw her" (writes Miss Smith) "looked as if the old days of the grain fleet had come again, with all those fine fairhaired lads strolling along the streets . . . It is hard to see why none of her small boats should have reached land, or why her wireless should have failed to function . . . The probability is that the missing ship turned turtle through being struck by a sudden squall when she was under a heavy pressure of sail. There are a hundred and one contingencies which may result in the loss of even the most seaworthy and well-found of ships, and one of the queerest was that which befell a ship called the ECLIPSE while on passage from Newcastle to San Francisco. The ship was struck by a meteorite which crashed right through the deck and so into the sea. The crew pumped for four days and four nights but to no purpose and finally took to the boats just in time before she foundered."

During the World War the U.S.S. CYCLOPS (named for the Titan in the Hesiodic legend who forged Zeus' thunderbolts) left Barbadoes, West Indies on March 4, 1918 with a crew of 309, bound for Baltimore, Md. She was never

reported and her disappearance was considered a mystery until recently the Navy Department learned that a bomb had been placed in her engine room by German agents.

Usually, a ship's disappearance receives only inconspicuous notices in the daily press, for there is nothing that can be written. No fire,

no wreck, no collision, no crisis to chronicle — only conjecture. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the relatives of the officers and crew of the JOSEPH MEDILL who anxiously awaited word, and as each succeeding month brought no word — anxiety turned to fear, and finally to despair.

A Skipper Chases His Ship



He Chased the S.S. Reliance.

CAPTAIN Hans Kieff, who chased the Hamburg-American liner *Reliance* 8,000 miles across the Atlantic and back again, continued the pursuit another 5,000 miles to Rio de Janeiro and there "caught" the *Reliance* and sailed with her on a world cruise January 26th.

Captain Kieff's strange chase began when, assigned to the *Reliance* as staff captain, he took the *Deutschland* to Germany to join her there. But the *Deutschland* ran into storms, was delayed, and when he arrived in Hamburg, the *Reliance*

had sailed. He sailed on the *Europa* which under normal conditions would have overtaken the *Reliance* at sea (and he would have transferred to her in mid-ocean) but the *Europa* was delayed by storms and the *Reliance* arrived in New York harbor, still without her staff captain. The Line's officials then hoped that the *Europa* would meet the *Reliance* outward bound at Quarantine, but winter storms prevented the *Europa* from arriving until the next day.

At this point the Line's loyalty to the sea wavered. It was decided to have Captain Kieff board a Pan-American Airways plane from New York, due to arrive in Brazil way ahead of the *Reliance*. On second thought, however, they decided to fight it out along the same line if it took all winter, and so Captain Kieff sailed on the *Eastern Prince* (thus making it an Anglo-German alliance) and as we go to press the good news comes that this ship reached Rio where the personable Captain at long last met his ship.

Captain Kieff is the son of a sea captain and has a long record of service with the Hamburg-American Line, serving as captain on various ships. His pleasing personality won for him the plaudits of many passengers and since on a world cruise it is a great asset to have a popular captain the Line selected him for this job.

A Self-Made Marine Artist

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are always very proud when one of our local sailormen makes good. In the past few years we have watched Charles Rosner grow in his work as a marine artist. The Institute, recognizing his genuine talent, has sold many of his paintings to the public. One day we asked him to tell us of his experiences at sea and how he became a self-made marine artist. Our interview with him follows:

"I DON'T KNOW why I ever went to sea. I guess it was just Fate," said Charles Rosner. "I had no ancestors, no relatives, no friends who had chosen the sea as a profession," he continued. Further questioning of the young marine artist disclosed, however, that dreamy summers spent on the shores of the Baltic during his childhood influenced him to become a seaman. Although his father was a physician, he vowed that as soon as his formal schooling was completed, he would seek the "windy, green unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick."

True to his childhood vow, at the age of 16, he shipped on a lovely May morning aboard the training ship "*Princess Eitel Friederich*". "She was then brand new," he explained, "and beautiful to behold, but what a disappointment she turned out to be! The discipline and military drill were as strict as on any battleship. I made two long voyages in her and then signed on the four-masted bark *Walkure*, one of the largest ships ever built. I nearly lost my life on her first trip when we were loading a cargo of nitrate and when the last sling of nitrate came into the hatch, it caught me and crushed me against the other sacks. It was during my stay aboard this vessel that I witnessed the death of a shipmate who fell from aloft and was lost at sea. The *Walkure* was slow and a brute to steer, and especially in a heavy following sea she kept the Old Man on his feet for days, and he would under no circumstances leave the



His Fingers Itched for a Paint Brush.

quarter deck. For four months coming home from Antofagasta we saw land only once. I began to wonder if this world had not changed into an endless ocean and all the land had disappeared below the waters. But one icy cold day in January we sighted good old England. We must have looked a sight! None of us had washed his face or hands for weeks, our clothes were filthy and our hair and beards long and unkempt. On top of our misery signs of scurvy broke out among the crew and the suffering of those afflicted was dreadful. For all this we received about 35 marks (\$8.00) a month."

"Didn't all this discourage you from going to sea again?" we asked.

"Well, I stayed home until early Spring," replied Rosner with a laugh, "but then the wanderlust got the best of me and the call of the

sea proved irresistible. I signed as ordinary seaman on the full-rigged ship *Nereus*. Later, after another attempt at staying ashore, I sailed aboard the ship *Herbert*. The mate turned out to be the most notorious helldrifter that ever knocked a luckless sailor into the leescuppers. Our only way of getting even with him was the old practice of throwing ships' gear overboard. After our arrival in Iquique I 'jumped ship' leaving all my pay and most of my belongings. But I found enough work ashore: tried my hand at housepainting, bar room sweeping and in the copper mines."

"But didn't you do any drawing or painting of ships at this time?" we asked.

"I never had the slightest desire to paint," he replied "until one day Fate must have taken a hand in my career. I chanced to see a seaman painting a ship and it was so terrible that my fingers itched to get at that paint and brushes. So I began by lettering the name of the ship on the lifebelts. The officers complimented me on these and on my next trip I bought some water colors and began to paint seas and skies under all conditions: sunrise, sunset, storm, calm. I had no canvas so I painted them on the lids of sea chests and some of the crew even let me paint sailing

ships on their manly chests. I gradually learned how to mix oils to get the colors I wanted."

It was finally a girl who made him give up his seafaring career and, remembering his avocation, painting, he set to work in earnest to make it his real vocation. So now he has changed his course, moored his ship on good dry land, works long hours in his studio on City Island. But just a few feet from his house lies the little sloop *Sally* at her mooring, and when the wind is fresh and the sea choppy, he and his wife cast off and go sailing down the Sound.

Mr. Rosner's marine scenes are very colorful. He often paints the old ships he sailed on: the *Princess Eitel Friederich*, the *Walkure*, the *Nereus*, the *Herbert* and many others, but time has softened his memory of the hardships he experienced, so when one looks upon his ship pictures, with bright blue water and fleecy clouds in the calm sky, one says, "How beautiful it must have been in those old days!" His original paintings (made to order of any ship) cost \$35.00 (size 24" x 18") and may be ordered through THE LOOKOUT editor. He gives a generous commission to the *Institute* on every painting which we sell.

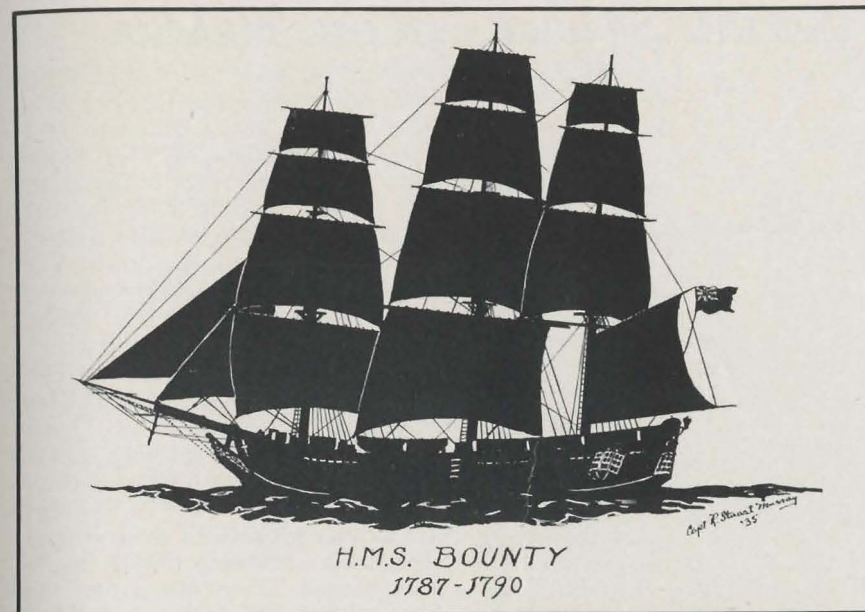
THE SHIP

By Leland Stowe

I am a ship that's plied the seas too long
Has skirted siren shores and been
caressed
By far too many winds. Always the quest
Of treasure and adventure drove me on.
Heedless of the tides forbidding to the
strong
Mindless of dangers on the breaker's
crest
Mine was the bark that knew no
anchored rest.
The ship that sailed when charts were
right or wrong.

For such a ship to tire of storm and
gale.
And trackless wastes I thought could
never be.
But now your green deep harbour holds
the sail
That's left behind the restless nomad sea.
Now swings my bark at anchor close
to shore
And smiles to think that it will sail no
more.

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A Scene in the Admiralty Court from the Motion Picture "Mutiny on the Bounty".

IF YOU saw the moving picture "Mutiny on the Bounty" you doubtless remember the stirring scene in the Admiralty court when Franchot Tone in the role of Roger Byam makes an eloquent appeal for fair treatment of seamen:

"We don't ask for more money—we don't ask for comforts," he pleads, "all we ask is to be given a decent chance to do our duty willingly and without floggings!"

The world has come a long way since that eventful trial which reformed the British Navy and helped to bring seamen a fair deal. The requirement of a daily ration of lime juice to prevent scurvy among the crews was one of the earliest innovations.

SINCE the Society's beginnings in 1834 and the focusing on seamen's work in 1842, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York has striven to improve the status of seamen both afloat and ashore. It helped to abolish the vicious practice of shanghaiing. It instituted free radio medical service for ships at sea, thereby saving hundreds of seamen's lives in emergencies. It instigated legislation requiring first-aid examinations for all ships' officers, life-boat certificates for all able-bodied seamen, and many other laws designed to promote safety of life at sea and safety of character on land.

Won't you send a generous contribution to aid the Institute in its work of welfare and benevolence among the men of the sea? As always, we look again this year to our loyal friends for support. Blustering March winds call insistently for relief for genuine unemployed seamen. Federal direct relief has stopped and we *must* help the needy and steer them to jobs.

Kindly send ^{money} or checks to
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street New York, N. Y.

"Social Service" to the Rescue



He Requested the "Welcome Home" Flags.

IT WAS snowing hard. A perfect setting for an old-fashioned melodrama. But such things don't happen, today. No? Well, read on. Into the *Institute's* Social Service Department walked a bewildered little old lady. Bewildered. Lost. Straight from the Cunard Line piers she had come to the only place—the only address she knew in New York: 25 South Street.

The little old lady was English and her husband, a Dutch sea captain, had promised to meet her at the ship. After a rough and stormy passage on the *Franconia* she was counting on the reassuring smile of her robust husband to greet her at the dock. What a state she was in when no familiar countenance could she see among the group of people gathered to welcome the voyagers! Frantic, she hailed a taxi and gave the *Institute's* address.

A careful search of our officers' room revealed the fact that her husband was not in the building. But sympathetic shipmates who knew him volunteered the information that he was probably living in Paterson, N. J. While his wife waited, our social service department got busy. Sleuthing is their strong suit, but there were not many clues. Only the name of the town where he was believed to have a job. The search covered a wide area, and included many telephone calls. Questioning of the little old lady resulted in the fact that he had a bank account in Paterson, for he had sent her a draft with which she had purchased her steamship ticket, but he always used "25 South Street" as his mailing address. She didn't know which bank but the social worker, by sheer process of elimination, finally learned the bank, talked with the President, found that the captain did have an account there and thus learned the address of the lodging house where he lived.

The bewildered wife, somewhat reassured, was escorted by ferry and train to Paterson, met the landlady but learned that her husband was out on a job and would not get back until late that evening. Then began the seemingly endless wait. But all's well that ends well and the couple were happily reunited before the clock struck ten. The Captain had understood that his wife was coming on the *next* voyage of the *Franconia*.

He had been "on relief" at the *Institute* and then had secured temporary work in Paterson. As soon as he had saved enough for his wife's steamship ticket he had sent for her to come back to this country where, in the days before de-

pression, he had commanded a coastwise-vessel and she had lived comfortably on a farm in upper New York State. With his final savings he purchased a second-hand car and the day after their reunion the couple set forth in a snowstorm for California where a steady job had been promised him.

A few days later the social worker responsible for their reunion received this letter:

Just a line to let you know my husband and I have arrived in Texas. We are snowbound. Uncommon for this part of the globe. I am so thankful for the way you treated me the day I arrived in New York. It meant a whole lot to me as I was so worried.

Would dearly love to hear from you if ever you can find time. Mr. K. was so sorry not to have been there to meet me and he says he missed seeing the *Institute* flags out.* He wishes to be remembered to Mrs. Roper also he joins me in sending our thanks and best wishes to you. Write to us at General Delivery, San Pedro.

**The reference to the flags is that Captain K. had planned a real welcome for his wife and had asked the Institute to be sure, regardless of the weather, to hang out the "Welcome Home" flags on our roof. All this had been arranged weeks in advance of the wife's arrival and he had promised to let us know the exact day and hour.*

Only another example of what we mean by SOCIAL SERVICE.

On the Sun Deck

By Robert Wilder *

CALL him Battery Bill. Once, so many years ago that he finds the time difficult to remember, people referred to him as the Quigley boy who lived at 9 State Street and from morning to night was to be found playing around the water front.

Sixty-one years ago, he was 12 at the time, William Quigley found himself in possession of a rowboat and became Battery Bill, the boatman. Today he is a ruddy-faced man of 73, clear eyed and with a fine set to his shoulders, who will tell you tales of New York when sailing vessels packed the harbor and life along South Street and the Battery was a robust, two-fisted, devil take the hindmost affair, and he pulled a strong pair of oars with the best of them.

Battery Bill is retired now, although you will never wring such an admission from his lips. His profession belongs to another era, when great clipper ships came roaring down on the lower bay, old Mrs. O'Connor's lunch room stood in the middle of Wall Street, and ships from Havana and Rio were held

in Quarantine for five days lest they bring in "the fever."

These days Bill patrols the Battery, marking with an experienced eye the tides' turn and the never-ending parade of marine traffic past the tip of Manhattan, and thinks what a rare fine thing it is for a man to be able to wait out the days which are to come in such surroundings.

Bill owns his own home in Brooklyn, has money in the bank and dabbles now and then in the stock market, but the family long ago gave up any idea that he might develop into what is known as a "solid citizen." The fog drifting over the bay, the salt winds which blow in through the Narrows and the throaty bellow of ships working their way down the channel, make an irresistible combination for a

*Reprinted from THE SUN, January 30, 1936, by special permission of the Author.

man with so many memories, so Bill drops around the Battery each day just to keep an eye on things.

The Boatmen.

Bill operated one of the first shipping news services, although this was only a sideline and few save the reporters who covered the water front knew of his efforts on behalf of the Fourth Estate.

"I'd be rowing about the harbor," he said, "an' going from ship to ship would pick up news of odd things that had happened. I'd talk to the mates and the crew, get my story and then row back to the Barge Office, that was where the Staten Island ferry slip is now. Sam Wood, a fine reporter he was an' from your own paper, I mind it well — the old Morning Sun, would take the story and then make the other boys chip in a dollar or so. Sometimes they would want to be rowed out to the boat and I'd collect a dollar each.

"I'm remembering a time now when I rowed out to the British Prince and as I lay my hand along her side the skin is near burned off. Says I, there is something funny about this, so I go aboard, have a look around and then go rowing hell for breakfast back to the Barge Office—the Associated Press Ship News office, it was then.

"Sam," I says—this being the same Sam Wood I've told you about—"that British Prince is on fire!"

"And how would you be knowing that?" Sam asks. I show him my hand and the boys write their stories, telling how the coal in the vessel is afire — and this, mind you, two whole days before the owners, who didn't want the trouble known, officially announced that the bunkers were smouldering."

In Bill's heyday there were thirty or more boatmen who did a lively trade with incoming vessels. From

the Maritime Exchange they would get information that a ship was due and into their rowboats they would go.

The Long Haul.

"In those days"—(there is a slight burr in Bill's voice but he can't explain it), "the captains of the vessels did all of the purchasing and it was usually the butcher, produce man, or ship's chandler who got aboard first that got the vessel's business. I'd load my butcher into the boat, maybe it would be the baker. The other boys of course had their men all eager to get a line aboard the ship. We'd catch a tow on a Staten Island ferry, drop off when she was making ready to turn in, catch another hitch on a freighter, strung out behind her like a bunch of decoy ducks. We'd get out beyond the Hook and then maybe the freighter would turn down coast. Then's when we'd all drop off and row like hell an' keep rowing until we met the incoming ship. Sometimes of course we wouldn't be lucky enough to catch a freighter and it would mean rowing from Quarantine out beyond Scotland Light, fair weather an' foul, until we met the clipper. We used to get a dollar apiece from our clients!"

The first boatman aboard also got the job of carrying the vessel's line to the pier. There being no tugs in those days, the ships were docked by lines and winches. For this latter service the boatman would receive three dollars. So, if a man was lucky, pulled a stout oar and didn't mind taking a little row from Staten Island out into the open sea, he could earn four dollars.

Golden Silence.

"I was never much of a lad for talking," Bill continued, "and 'tis I who well remember the reason

why.

"One morning, and a rare day it was, I'm standing on the beach (the land at the Battery shelved right down to the water in those times) looking out at the Cornwall, her that belonged to the Great Western Shipping Company. Laying just off Ellis Island was the schooner Lornty. This would be on Christmas day, 1884," Bill smiled a little apologetically; "there are times at seventy-three when things are hard to remember in their proper place. As I was saying, there am I standing and taking note of things, when the Cornwall bears down on the schooner and before I could blink my eyes cut her in two, and a minute later the vessel is sunk out of sight.

"As I'm standing there with my mouth open I hear a voice.

"Well, boatman, how would you like to row me out to my ship?"

"I turned around and there was the master, who was stopping at

the Eastern Hotel, run by John Betts. Before I could answer, the captain looks out over the harbor and says to me:

"Where the hell's my ship, boatman!"

"It's just sunk, sir," I answer. With that he grabs me by the throat, squeezing until my tongue was half a yard out of my mouth.

"Don't be telling me my ship's sunk, boatman," he roars, and I'm half dead before the boys pull him off. 'Twas many a day after that before I became what you could really call a talkin' man!"

Some time ago Bill wasn't feeling so well and took his troubles to a doctor. The physician thumped him over—looked extremely wise and then made the following recommendation:

"What you need is exercise—why don't you go out and buy a rowing machine—it will be just the thing for you!"

In the S. C. I. Mailbag:

From Boston, Mass.:

Der Blaese vill you du miy a Fever to Lack ind the bagess rom for a Lille (hand bag) and a Gray Top Codt sam i Left der and Cheks tis 6 day of Juli tis Ear and i godt two Checks and dem at dat time and miy name shall bline and the two Cheks som is and dem from yours Truly Jems m Jensen

From Wilmington, North Carolina:

I wish, if you don't mind the bother, that you would send me about two of the Seamen's Church Institute folders, complementary to seamen to carry their discharge papers in. As you can see by the looks of the cover of this last one of mine it's worn out so bad that it'll have to go to the boneyard, fiddler's green or David Jone's Locker or wherever it is that a sailor's ditties go after swallowing the anchor.

David G. _____

Dear Sir: would you please send me about two envelopes to carry my seamen's papers in, mine is all torn, if you would, I would be very glad to have them so I can keep them very clean?

Yours very truly

Charles _____

P. S.

could you please send them wright away I need them wright away? I might ship any time.

From Brunswick, Georgia:

Business Office Manager,
Seamen's Institute,
25 South St., New York.

Dear Sir:

On Friday night I sent letter to New York from Jacksonville with request for my suit case—and on Monday morning I received same. This was certainly quick service and thanks for it.

I will take care of my bill with Relief as I found a job in hotel.

Thanks for attention.

Appropos of Sea Terms

THE following letter from Miss Joanna C. Colcord is in response to our January article by Seaman C. B. W. Richardson. Miss Colcord was born on a sailing ship, daughter of Lincoln Colcord, Master Mariner. She is the Director of the Russell Sage Foundation.

"To take up your challenge to readers of the article. I had always supposed that 'the devil to pay' was a landsman's corruption of 'hell to pay.' One might, by a flight of imagination, pay the seams of hell, but I had never heard the garboard-strake referred to as the 'devil.' If that is common, then Mr. Richardson's seagoing explanation holds. I have heard another of his saws in a more extended version—'*working Tom Cox's traverse*—two turns round the long-boat and a pull at the scuttle-butt.' Who Tom Cox was I haven't the slightest idea—maybe a cousin to Reuben Ranzo. If you are aiming to expand the list that Mr. Richardson has started, I offer the following additions:*

1. 'A patch on a patch and a patch over all' (said of much-mended sails or clothing).
2. 'Sheet anchor to windward' (provision against an emergency).
3. 'Astern the lighter' (belated).
4. 'Busy as the devil in a gale of wind.'
5. 'Come day, go day, God send Sunday.'
6. 'Different ships, different fashions—some carry the jibboom aft.'
7. 'Fits like a shirt on a marlin-spike.'
8. 'Hoo-raw's nest' (a mess; from a tangle of ropes on deck when a heavy sea has washed the coils from the pins).
9. 'It would break a snake's back to follow his wake.' (Said of a bad helmsman or a crafty person).
10. 'Just saw it going over the bow schooner-rigged.' (Said facetiously of a missing object).
11. 'Leggo the standin' part of a five dollar bill and it'll all unreeve before ye can stop it.'
12. 'Like Barney's brig, the mainsheet over the royal yard,' (in a state of fantastic disorder).
13. 'Shipshape and Bristol fashion.'
14. 'Soupa-de-bolyon—two buckets of water and one onion.'
15. 'Surge old spunyarn!' (exclamation when something carries away).
16. 'Throat-seizing' (a necktie).
17. 'Two lamps burning and no ship at sea' (a reproach for wastefulness)."

Mr. William Williams, a member of the Institute's Board of Managers, sends in the expression "Shipshape" as a nautical term in common usage, indicating in good order. Mr. Hugh Malcolm McCormick writes that a "white-ash breeze" means having to row for lack of wind, (applicable to small boats.) Our Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, suggests: "Aback": sails blown back against masts and spars, hence "taken aback": surprised or unprepared.

*Readers wishing to pursue this subject further are referred to a fascinating article in the December 1935 issue of YACHTING by Miss Johanna Colcord in which she describes many other sea terms in common usage.



Photo by Byron Co.

A View of the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour

SUMMARY of SERVICES to MERCHANT SEAMEN provided by the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK January 1st to 31st

1936

20,338	Lodgings (including relief beds).
11,317	Pieces of Baggage handled.
61,183	Sales at Soda Luncheonette and Restaurant.
23,236	Sales at News Stand.
1,674	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
947	Attended 24 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
207	Cadets and Seamen attended 37 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 14 new students enrolled.
9,119	Social Service Interviews.
1,517	Relief Loans.
769	Individual Seamen received Relief.
5,417	Books and magazines distributed.
388	Pieces of clothing and 665 Knitted Articles distributed.
146	Treated in Dental, Eye and Ear-Nose Throat and Medical Clinics.
11,325	Attended 15 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
59	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
459	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
19	Missing Seamen found.
263	Positions procured for Seamen.
\$19,917.	Deposited for 382 Seamen in Banks; \$2,626. transmitted to families.
2,285	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
1,070	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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