

# *The* LOOKOUT

JUNE, 1939



*Aboard A Square-Rigger:  
Crossing the Line for the First Time*

Reprinted from "SAIL HO!" by Gordon Grant

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

O F N E W Y O R K

VOLUME

XXX

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NUMBER

VI

## Crossing the "Line"

No man was a deep-water sailor until he had crossed the Equator.

With little to do in the "Trades" but "spit and polish" the crossing was a general holiday, and Neptune held court. Each lubber in turn was given a lather of slush and shaved with a barrel hoop, after which he was well soused in sea water, either on deck or over the side.

The officers held aloof, but usually could be found behind a boat somewhere, enjoying the initiation. The Institute's Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, is the proud owner of a "Father Neptune Certificate" earned while Chaplain of the S.S. "City of Los Angeles", cruising around Latin America in 1928.

## The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXX, JUNE, 1939

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH

INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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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.

# The Lookout

Vol. XXX

June, 1939

No. 6

## "Salt of the Earth"



Photo by G. Maillard Kessler

Mrs. Janet Roper

Who Will Complete 50 Years of Service to Seamen on July 12th

Editor's Note: The following program was broadcast by Miss Kate Smith on Tuesday, May 9th, 1939, over the Columbia Broadcasting System under the sponsorship of the Diamond Crystal Salt Company. Miss Smith paid tribute to the achievements of Mrs. Janet Roper, head of the Missing Seamen's Bureau of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Mrs. Roper will celebrate on July 12th the completion of fifty years of service to seafarers. Turn to Page 8 of this issue for details regarding her 50th Anniversary.

"THE Salt of the Earth" . . . a friendly phrase, and a human label by which we designate those who are sympathetic and kindly . . . who have a genuine regard for the problems of others. There are, fortunately, many such fine characters who make living a little bit easier . . . a little bit happier for those around them . . . And there is one woman, especially, whose influence reaches far beyond the con-



Mrs. Roper When She Was 15 Years Old

finest of this land, of even this continent . . . Her's is a name that has been carried to the far-away ports of call, the world over . . . in luxury liners and limping tramp steamers alike . . . Mrs. Janet Lord Roper, of the Seamen's Church Institute, . . . The Salt of the Earth! . . .

Janet Lord was born nearly seventy years ago, up in St. Johns, New Brunswick. Her father was a prosperous merchant; but when little Janet was nine years old, a fire that devastated a great part of the city wiped out her father's business. Shortly afterward the Lord family moved to Summerville, Massachusetts . . . And Janet Lord was only seventeen when she first applied at the Seamen's Friend Society, in Boston, in reply to an appeal for volunteers. It was at the Friend Society that the young girl met Mr. Roper, a welfare-minded young man who was then studying for the ministry. Thus it was that at the very outset of their careers, these two young humanitarians were united in their work—a friendship that later, when Mr. Roper was ordained, joined them in marriage. Three daughters were born to them. And Mrs. Roper went with her husband wherever

his work took him—first to Gloucester, later to St. Johns, and finally to Portland, Oregon. There Mr. Roper died, and in 1915, Mrs. Roper brought her three daughters to New York, to begin her work with the Seamen's Church Institute . . . A courageous woman with a family to raise, embarking on a career of service to others.

At the outset, Mrs. Roper found that she would have to *make* a job for herself. The Board had felt for a long time that the Seamen's Institute needed the services of a woman . . . They thought Mrs. Roper might act as House-mother but it was more an experiment than anything else; they put her on six month's probation. For a time she was just another welfare worker, finding means to feed, sometimes get shoes or an overcoat, and lodge stranded seamen far from home. No hours were too long, no task too arduous, no request impossible of solution for the woman who was eager to prove that her services were of value. Before many months, the force of Mrs. Roper's sympathy and personality began to show results. Women—mothers, wives and sisters, having heard of her helpful spirit, began to come to her, asking her to locate menfolk who had left home to follow the sea . . . and who had not been heard from for two and three . . . and sometimes five or six years. Many families were reunited by the persistent efforts of Mrs. Roper . . . Her work, in fact, brought such outstanding results that in 1919, following the World War, with its broken homes and scattered families, that she was asked to take complete charge of the Missing Seamen's Bureau, in addition to her regular duties. She knew only too well what a tremendous task she faced, but she gloried in service to others . . . Gladly she accepted the new responsibilities.

When the news of the service got around, requests began to come in from all parts of the world. Every seaman who visited Mother Roper, as they came to call her, was conscripted as a messenger. Aboard ship, in sailor's lodgings, on the docks and wharves, along the waterfront where seafaring men congregated, Mrs. Roper's lookouts for missing men were on the job. Steadily the number of seamen located through her mounted . . . until now, only a short time before her Fiftieth Anniversary with the Institute more than 5,000 missing persons have been located. Many dramatic reunions of fathers with sons, wives with husbands, mothers with wandering boys . . . have taken place in her little office, which overlooks the East River here in New York City . . . and all of those whose loved ones have been restored to them are filled with gratitude and affection for the woman who has been the friend and coun-

sellor of thousands of seamen for the past half century. Grateful mothers, sweethearts, and wives who have never seen this gracious lady, but have been helped by her, women and children from landlocked peasant villages and farming communities, far from the tang of ocean mists and wayward tides, bless the name of Mother Roper . . . and sailors on ships at sea speak of her with reverence and affection.

So because she has lived to serve; because she has relieved thousands of heartaches, because she is revered, not only by men who tread a pitching deck or walk the streets of strange, faraway places—but by women and children on farms, in quiet towns and happy, bustling villages who have found their loved ones thru her work, and devotion, we say with all our hearts—Mrs. Janet L. Roper—“THE SALT OF THE EARTH.”

## Conrad Library's Fifth Birthday

By Anne W. Conrow, Librarian

ON MAY 24th, the Conrad Library celebrated its 5th birthday. Can you imagine a birthday party being arranged for all of the seamen who have used the Library during these very interesting beginning years? Invitations would have to be sent to approximately 102,436 guests, and a rather large birthday cake would be in order!

The guest list would be an interesting one, for we should wish to include also those many kind friends who have contributed books and funds to help make it the attractive and vital spot it has become, and those of our “literary” benefactors whose love for Joseph Conrad inspired a real interest in this fitting memorial to that great master of English prose.



A Cozy Corner in the Conrad Library  
Photo by Marie Higginson

Our guests of honor would naturally be the seamen readers, young and old, of many nationalities, coming from all ranks in the Merchant Marine—from Masters and Chief Engineers with years of service back of them, down to the greenest of “first trippers”.

If the conversation were to revolve around books, as it certainly would at any “Library party”, much ground would be covered. A young Canadian Mate starts the ball rolling by saying that he has just re-read, for the 10th time, his favorite Conrad—“The Shadow Line”, to be immediately challenged by an apostle of the modern school whose current hero is John Steinbeck.

From across the long table an “A B” just back from Russia can be heard in violent disagreement with a friend as to the merit of Walter Duranty’s “One Life, One Kopek”, while down the line, continuing the international circle, a German American Engineer labors to interpret some of “Mein Kampf” to a fellow-officer. We pause to hear, in lighter vein, a Chief Steward asking the end of “Gone With the Wind” which he had been compelled to leave unfinished two years before!

The talk would inevitably swing over to ships “ancient and modern”, and a U.S.N.R. officer quotes proudly statistics gleaned from Jane’s “Fighting Ships” to bear him out in an argument. Shipmates get together after long months at sea, men of mutual interests finding much in common.

However, no birthday party would be complete without a present, and the present we have been wanting for the Library is the addition of a small but adequate periodical room with subscriptions to the leading magazines of general interest to augment our existing nauti-

cal journals. There has been a real demand for this expressed by the seamen, and we see it as a natural adjunct to the Library, yet somewhat apart—a bright, cheerful room with comfortable chairs, smoking privileges, and as homelike an atmosphere as possible. Because friends of the Institute had the imagination to foresee the significance of the Conrad Library we are hoping that their continued interest will make this extension of our work possible. Funds will be needed first of all for some minor construction work in a room directly adjoining the Library, and later for the magazines themselves.

The following list covers those for which there is most call. Won’t you take the responsibility for ONE magazine for ONE year?

*Atlantic Monthly*

*Camera Art Monthly*

*Collier’s*

*Current History*

*Harper’s*

*Life*

*Motor Boating*

*Nature Magazine*

*National Geographic\**

*New Yorker*

*Popular Mechanics*

*Popular Science*

*Radio World*

*Radio News Magazine*

*Reader’s Digest*

*Saturday Evening Post\**

*Saturday Review of Literature\**

*Time*

*Yachting*

The starred magazines are already being given to the Library, but one copy gets plenty of wear and tear!

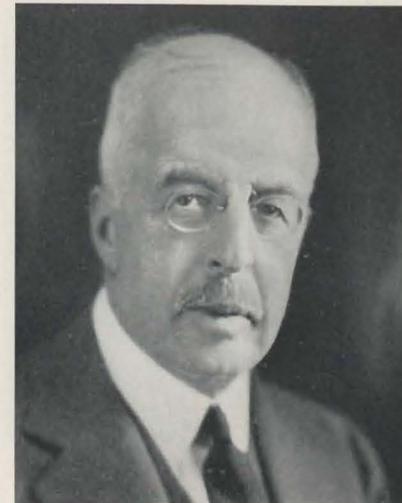
## The Rev. William J. Crocker

THE REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER, rector of the Church of the Epiphany from 1903 until his retirement in 1933, died of pneumonia on April 30th. His death will be a great loss to the Institute’s Board of Managers on which he served as an active and faithful member for 36 years.

Born in 1862 in Fitchburg, Mass., Mr. Crocker was graduated from St. Paul’s School, received from Harvard University his B.A. in 1884 and M.A. in 1885 and was graduated from the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge in 1888. Ordained deacon then, he became curate of St. George’s Church in New York City. Ordained priest in 1892, he was elected rector of St. Mary’s Church for Sailors, in East Boston. It was here that he became interested in the welfare of seamen, an interest which continued in New York, where he met the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Institute.

Mr. Crocker was elected a Clerical Vice-President of the Institute and was of great help to Dr. Mansfield and to Mr. Edmund L. Baylies, President, in planning the present building at 25 South Street. He interested the members of his parish in the work of the Institute and encouraged them to give liberally to maintain this “great Christian home for the men of the sea.” He purchased a pew in his church which he had reserved exclusively for Cunard Line seamen.

From 1912 to 1918 Mr. Crocker served as chaplain of the 71st Regiment, New York National Guard, and was sent to France with the 54th Pioneer Infantry. He took part in the Argonne offensive, served with the Army of Occupation and was discharged in 1919.



The Rev. William T. Crocker

In 1925 he married Miss Eleanor Farrington, principal of the Newcastle School, Mount Kisco, N. Y. He was a member of a number of clubs, was very fond of the sea and travelled frequently on transatlantic ships.

The Sunday School and the Junior Auxiliary of the Church of the Epiphany, through Mr. Crocker, gave two of the bedrooms in the original Institute building and various members of his church contributed to the Chapel Fund.

### NOTICE

Mrs. Janet Roper will be the guest speaker on STATION WEAU, NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 12th at 1:15 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time on the “LET’S TALK IT OVER” PROGRAM. Remember to “listen in”.

## Captains Who "Came Back"



Captain Harry Manning on the Bridge of the President Roosevelt

*Courtesy, United States Lines*

LOOKOUT readers will be glad to learn that Captain Harry Manning has returned to active sea service as a skipper after almost a year's absence. Ten months ago he was in a hospital so severely injured in an airplane crash at Roosevelt Field that he was not expected to live. Today he is fully recovered and has been relief captain of the PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT for two voyages.

When Captain Manning, two years ago, requested leave of absence from the United States Lines in order to accept Amelia Earhart's invitation to be navigator on the Pacific leg of her contemplated round-the-world flight, his marine friends were worried for fear the lure of the air might prove too strong and a good sailor be lost to the sea. The accident in the take-off at Honolulu prevented his continuing the flight, and Captain Manning returned to the bridge of the S.S. AMERICAN MERCHANT. He admitted that he got more sensation of speed in his ship doing 18 knots than in going 200 miles

an hour in a plane!

Ensuing events (the tragic disappearance of Miss Earhart and her plane in the Pacific) did not discourage Captain Manning in his enthusiasm for aviation, and whenever he was on shore leave he spent his time in his private monoplane out at Roosevelt Field. After his accident, he made a slow and painful climb back to health. Probably none of his famous exploits required such a high order of courage as his convalescence when he had to struggle to use injured muscles and limbs again.

Captain Manning, while chief officer of the S.S. AMERICA in January 1929, commanded the lifeboat which rescued the crew of the S.S. FLORIDA. For this heroism he received the highest honor America can bestow: the Congressional Medal of Honor; also a medal from the Italian Government and from the Life-Saving Benevolent Association.

### NEWS OF A SAILOR-AUTHOR

Another famous seaman who temporarily felt the lure of the air, but who has now returned to his first love, the sea, is Captain Alan Villiers, who sailed the square-rigger JOSEPH CONRAD around the world, then joined the British Royal Air Force and after obtaining his pilot's license crashed in his plane when ironically enough—a sea gull—flew into the cabin and stunned him. After recovering from this accident, Villiers went to Aden, Arabia, thence to Zanzibar, where he sends word to the Institute that he is enroute to Kuwait, Iraq, aboard a Persian dhow "BAYAN", 115 tons. He sailed down the East African coast with a couple of hundred tons of cargo and one-hundred and fifty Beduin from the Hadhramaut as passen-

gers. "You can figure out for yourself where the passengers slept," he wrote. "There's no shelter, no cabins, nothing. Zanzibar is sticky hot. Our next stop will be some jungle creek in Tanganyika where we begin loading for home. Home in this case means Kuwait, where the ship belongs, at the head of the Persian Gulf. We're going by way of the Hadhramaut and Oman—it will probably be another three months. There isn't any navigation on this boom, and no watches either. The nakhoda gives all the orders, reclining on a bench right aft, just behind the seated helmsman, and from this place of state he utters orders from time to time in a quiet voice. It's the second mate's job to bawl them

out so's the crew can hear them. I'm trying to learn Arabic and to acquire what I can of the calm philosophic outlook of the Arab mariners who are so darned calm that most of the time they don't even know what day it is!

At the moment I'm not very popular with the crew because I renegged on a bit of smuggling—I had to tell the crew that a few weeks in the cooler doesn't mean a thing to them, but it wouldn't be so hot for a European. Oh, well, the Arabs are nice chaps, and the Kuwait chaps are the best of all—real seamen."

Thus, two good seamen have "come back" to the sea. Good luck to both!

## Board Members Honored

FOURTEEN members of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York were honored by service testimonials from Bishop Manning at the Convention of the Diocese of New York on May 9, 1939. Listed in order of seniority they were Messrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, Augustus N. Hand, Edwin A. S. Brown, Benjamin R. C. Low, Aymar Johnson, Ernest E. Wheeler, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Charles W. Bowring, Orme Wilson, Franklin Remington, Oliver Iselin, Sir T. Ashley Sparks, Major L. Gordon Hamersley, and Mr. Charles E. Dunlap.

These testimonials were in accordance with action taken by the Convention in 1938, whereby members of the governing boards of institutions of the Diocese should receive a testimonial similar to those awarded since 1927 to vestrymen of parishes who had served twenty years or more.

The Institute is greatly indebted

to its loyal Board members who serve so continuously and faithfully.

### How to Say "Bon Voyage" in a Novel and Helpful Way:

THE next time you bid farewell to a friend or relative sailing for Europe, send them one of the Institute's Bon Voyage cards instead of the usual flowers or candy. On one side of the card is a reproduction of a sailing ship, painted by the noted marine artist, Charles Robert Patterson. On the reverse side is a statement that you have made a contribution to the Institute in lieu of a bon voyage present.

So send your check to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, and we will see that your friends receive the bon voyage greeting. All you have to tell us is the name of the friend and the name of the ship. We attend to all the details.

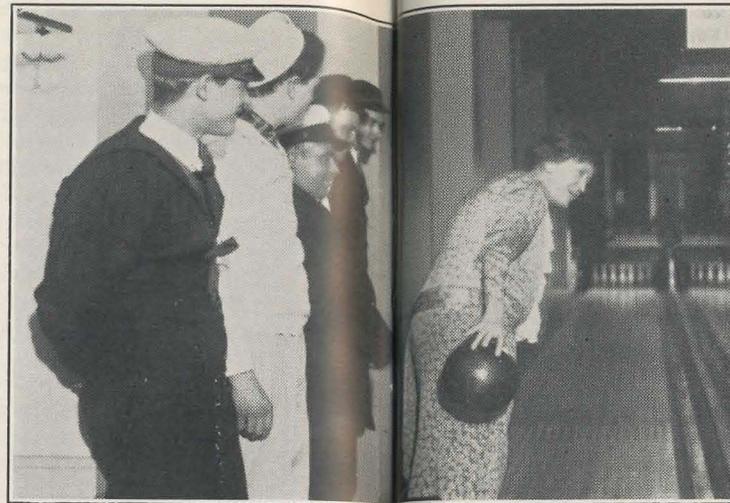
# Fifty Years among Seamen



Mrs. Roper Greets a Young Deckhand

ON JULY 12th, Mrs. Janet Roper, head of the Missing Seamen's Bureau at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York will complete 50 years of work among merchant seamen. In 1915 she came to the Institute and in 1919 established the Bureau which has so endeared her to seamen and their relatives. To date, she has located 5,556 missing seamen.

In honor of Mrs. Roper's approaching anniversary, it has been suggested that some room in the Institute be named in her honor, as a tribute to her life-long service to the men of the sea. On the tenth floor is a newly constructed reading and reception room which would be



Mrs. Roper Bowls With Some Sailor Cronies

## WHO WILL GIVE THIS ROOM AS A TRIBUTE TO MRS. JANET ROPER ON HER 50th ANNIVERSARY?

Two Views of 10th Floor Reading Room



Photos by L. D. Miller

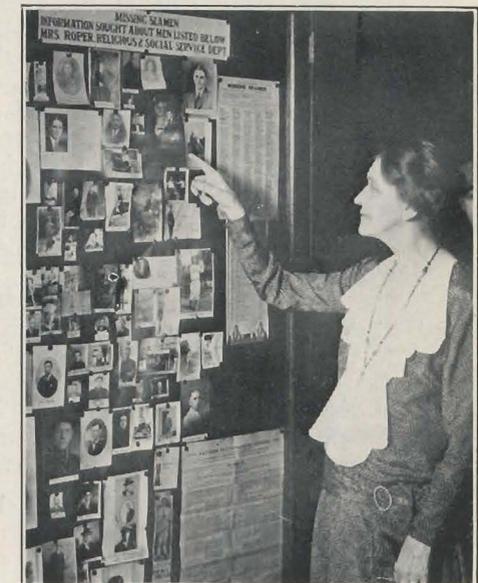


Mrs. Roper is Given a Birthday Surprise Party by Ships' Officers

especially appropriate for this purpose. The photographs on this page show how attractive is this room and it is used by seamen constantly. It contains a table with magazines, a writing desk and a group of easy chairs. It is hoped that as each bedroom floor is similarly renovated, such a reading and reception room may be included.

### WHO WILL GIVE THE FIRST ONE IN HONOR OF MRS. ROPER?

A bronze tablet, suitably inscribed, would be mounted on the wall. The cost is \$500. Check should be made payable to the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK.



Mrs. Roper at Her Missing Seamen's Bulletin Board



Mrs. Roper Waves "Bon Voyage" to a Ship's Crew

Paul Parker Photo

# A Charted Course

Address of the Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley to the  
Convention of the Diocese of New York

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND GENTLEMEN  
OF THE CONVENTION:

THE vision and labors of two former and honored members of this Convention, a clergyman and a layman, to whom special tributes were recently paid by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, chart the course for my brief statement about our missionary and philanthropic waterfront enterprise, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Within recent months our Board of Managers caused portrait tablets to be installed and appropriately dedicated to the memory of the Institute's late leaders, the Reverend Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield and Mr. Edmund Lincoln Baylies, the one in the Chapel, and the other in the entrance lobby named for him many years ago. These sterling Christian gentlemen, the former for his entire ministry of thirty-eight years Chaplain and Superintendent of the Institute, the latter a member of the Board from 1885 to his death in 1932, and from 1913 its first lay President, practiced their religion in service ashore for merchant seamen. In their positions they were of the honored succession of leaders of this society, established in 1834 as a missionary adventure. From 1842 it had specialized in serving seamen in this port and established a series of chapels afloat and ashore, lodging houses, recreation and employment centers. Like cactus in the desert, these leaders battled against adversity, added strong men to the Board, won new friends to the Institute and achieved victory in the conception and erection of the present thirteen-story structure where all of the society's missionary

and philanthropic activities were concentrated.

The Institute building of today is familiar to virtually all the members and friends of this Convention, and visitors are always welcome. The underlying principles of the work may be less familiar, and will bear reiteration. Dr. Mansfield and Mr. Baylies served seamen under these principles, and instilled them into others, the Board, employees, friends. For instance, in his report for 1927 Dr. Mansfield wrote, "It is the duty and privilege of a strong to stand up for the weak. Men belong together in spite of race, religion and spiritual class—how peculiarly true this is of our seafaring brethren—spiritually we are brothers. We must recognize the sacredness of personality and the worth of the individual . . . Most assuredly we should be inspired and moved to respond to this clear call to Christian service for the men of the sea—God's children and Christ's brethren."

Dr. Mansfield recognized that seamen's work de-localizes them, deprives them of normal home life. The Institute must be the best possible substitute. Topped by the Cross, it stands proudly between the skyscrapers and the harbor's commerce—a haven for seamen and a monument to these two men and to those who served with them.

Toward the realization of their vision, Dr. Mansfield and Mr. Baylies worked to correct untoward conditions. Atrocious sailor boarding houses flourished then, due partly to the lack of regulatory laws. They helped secure the present law governing lodging houses for seamen. Men were lost from

ocean-towed barges because of the lack of running and signal lights; Dr. Mansfield secured legislation requiring the present proper lights. Seamen had been virtually serfs; as late as 1915 Congress granted them freedom and the right to pay off from their ships in any safe harbor. Sick and injured seamen at sea suffered and died on vessels too small to carry doctors. The Institute, under Dr. Mansfield and Mr. Baylies, utilized in 1922 the strange new wonders of radio to respond to appeals for aid and radioed medical directions from the Institute's roof, thus founding the present world-wide radio-marine medico service. And so they labored, two members of this Convention, a clergyman and a layman.

In that same spirit the present President, Board and Staff carry on. Conditions of course have changed, and will continue to change. What does not change is the seamen's loss of normal home life. The Institute's opportunity is in training and character-building. We still must recognize "the sacredness of personality and the worth of the individual". We are among the few on the waterfront who can accept this responsibility. It is not particularly the field of the government, the unions or the employers. Yet high wages and ship-shape crews' quarters will not guarantee loyal and capable seamanship. This must be inward. A ship differs in toto from a factory or a store. A factory is a localized production plant, a store is for distribution. They are safe on the ground, protected from weather hazards, personnel live nearby and replacements are on immediate call. A ship, on the other hand, is an unsettled water-borne transportation unit. Such safety as is possible for it depends finally on its master and

crew. Once under weigh the ship's personnel, under the command of the captain, must be responsible for a successful completing of the voyage. Fortunately for our merchant marine, the native skill and adaptability of Americans have made them among the best of the world's seamen.

To attain or maintain this "best" they must be trained, and this responsibility has increasingly been accepted by the Institute through its Merchant Marine School. The program of the School, as well as the entire program of the Institute, both recreational and religious, helps build into the men dependability. This we are glad to continue to do as an agency of this Diocese.

Parishes have their share in promoting good relations between the ship operators and their employers. As Dr. Mansfield and Mr. Baylies in their devotion to the work of the Institute were products of parishes of this Diocese, so also are many of the ship owners and officials, members of our parishes. Some are vestrymen, some are delegates to this Convention. As these men have been encouraged by their Church membership to recognize seamen as their brothers, so the Institute endeavors to instill into the seamen a sense of responsibility, and a sense of brotherhood. The foundations for good character and for loyalty are spiritual and these foundations are continually strengthening. The spirit of the little floating chapels of our pioneer days dominates our today's Chapel of Our Saviour, and here is the soul of the Institute program. We must be able to count upon the continued support and help of this Diocese which we represent on the waterfront in missionary and philanthropic work.

## Melting Pot News



**WANTED:**—Old gold for our Melting Pot! Discarded or broken jewelry, novelties of gold or silver may be melted down and sold with a nice cash return to the Institute. As far back as 1933 the Central Council of Associations formed a Melting Pot Committee, and since that date it has earned for the Institute nearly \$4,000—just \$27.17 short of that nice, round sum. This money was turned over to the Institute for various funds and allocated as follows:—for the Mansfield Memorial Fund \$2,350, for the Superintendent's Discretionary Fund \$1,000, for the Medical Clinic \$350, for the Holiday Fund \$5; \$133 was used for the repair of the mangle in the Institute laundry, and \$71.80 for a miscellany of small needs.

Since no report of the Melting Pot has been printed since October 1935, we think it is high time to remind you of its existence, for it has never quite boiled dry since it was started. In the interval between 1935 and 1939 have you not accumulated some old cuff buttons, dented cigarette cases, nibs of broken fountain pens, spoons, loving cups, articles from your dress-

ing table, optical or dental gold, watches, chains or any pieces thereof?

"Rings from your fingers, bells from your toes,

These would make music, to banish our woes."

—that is, would help reduce the Institute's present deficit. Just now the Melting Pot has simmered down to \$78.03, a mere drop in the bucket. You would be surprised to see how quickly that would bubble up to a hundred or two with a little help from you.

Please direct packages to the Melting Pot Committee, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

CLARA M. DIBBLE,  
*Secretary.*

### Lenten Services at the Institute.

**L**ENTEN and Easter Institute services were unusually well attended this year. Especially interesting has been the response from both the staff and seamen to the invitation to attend the newly established noon-day services in the Chapel during Passion Week and Holy Week. The daily attendance up to Maundy Thursday ranged between 85 and 95, and on Maundy Thursday increased to 168, with an excellent congregation also on Good Friday.

On Easter Sunday five services were held under the auspices of Institute Chaplains: two at the Chapel of Our Saviour; one each at the U. S. Marine Hospitals, Staten Island and Ellis Island, one at the U. S. Maritime Service Training Station, Hoffman Island.

(Excerpts from a report of the Rev. Samuel M. Dorrance, Chairman of the Religious and Social Welfare Committee)

## Nautical Cat Tales

**T**HE Tall Story Club had better look to its laurels. A woman has told a tall tale which is going to be hard to beat. Mrs. Janet Roper, house mother and head of the missing seamen's bureau at the Institute, is the perpetrator of the yarn, and salty yarn-spinners are envious. One sunny Spring afternoon, Mrs. Roper was chatting with a group of ships' officers in their recreation room at the Institute, when the subject of ship's cats was introduced into the discussion.

It seems that the crew of the "American Trader" had a mascot, Minnie, who proved to be an unnatural mother, for when her five kittens were born aboard ship, east-bound from London, she promptly deserted them when the ship docked first at Boston. Minnie's desertion was not discovered until the ship reached New York, whereupon the crew took up a collection and wired the pier office to find Minnie. She finally was found, and arrived by express in time to rejoin her kittens on the outward voyage. But Minnie refused to be maternal about her offspring, which led Carla Dietz of the U. S. Lines, who reported the story, to wonder if perhaps the cat wasn't really Minnie!

After this possibility had been thoroughly discussed, Mrs. Roper ventured: "Cats are funny. We had one here at the Institute once who hung around the Chapel constantly. In fact, she spent a lot of time up in the organ chamber and meowed loudly right during the Sunday service, much to the embarrassment of the chaplain who was preaching. This went on for a long while, until one day, the cat disappeared. The next day we found her, in the organ chamber. She had given birth to two kittens

—and do you know (at this point Mrs. Roper's blue eyes opened wide with innocent astonishment) those kittens were coal black except for a pure white cross on each of their backs!"

The Institute's "Cat of the Moment" is not so religious. She haunts the soda-fountain. She hides her kittens under a desk in the Employment office, as sailors have taking ways, when it comes to cats, and this one doesn't intend to have her babies go off to sea in a seaman's pocket. Which leads us to the tall tale about a ship's cat named "Joey", who sailed with Captain Alan Villiers aboard the square-rigger "Joseph Conrad." Like all good sailors, Villiers can spin a tall yarn, too, and his yarn about Joey smacking an albatross and killing a snake are neatly told in his new book, "Joey Goes To Sea", just published by Scribner's. The book is intended for children, but adults will enjoy it too. Briefly, the tale of Joey's escapades is this: The cat was climbing down a bit



Drawing by Victor Dawling from "JOEY GOES TO SEA" By Alan Villiers, Charles Scribner's



Two Kittens Held by a Ship's Cook  
Photo by Seaman K. W. Salyer

had to pull the cat away. Joey was acclaimed a great hero. After the ship returned to New York, and was sold, Joey was lonely, so he went to live with a lady in Philadelphia where he spends his time running up and down painters' ladders, the nearest thing to a bit of rigging available there.

On the roll of sea cats, "Tuttles" deserves a place of honor. He served

of rigging when the ship rolled heavily, and he slipped and fell overboard. He struck out bravely and began to swim toward the ship. He had never swum before but he remembered that he'd not yet had his breakfast that morning. It was Friday—there'd be fish. As he swam he looked up, noticed a small boat being lowered and suddenly a big bird flew down and nipped him on the head. Joey lifted a little ginger paw and struck the albatross smartly on the nose. The bird fell in the sea astonished, and little Joey swam toward his rescuers. All the crew will solemnly swear that this is exactly the way it happened. The other adventure of Joey took place on a coral island where the ship had anchored. The crew were sleeping round the campfire which they had built on the beach when suddenly Joey saw a big green snake — a poisonous thing — circle slowly around the sleeping crew. Like a flash, the cat leapt through the air in one great bound and had that snake by the back of its scaly neck, shaking it. The crew awoke, got fork sticks, while Joey clung on for dear life. At last, the crew succeeded in beating the snake to death, and then they

aboard the old Wilson liner "Colorado" for many years; he took his duties seriously, shared Captain Ward's cabin, shared his watches, and always made the daily tour of inspection with the skipper. He also kept watch over the cattle carried on each trip. Once, the Captain left him at home, in Hull, England, moping on the garden wall, staring out to sea. But after that, Tuttles always went with the ship. He was a true sailorman, walking the decks with the ship heeling over—it was a delight to watch him balance himself as ably as any practiced seaman, swaying on wide-spread legs,—a real sea-going gait, even holding his tail aloft as a rudder.

Among the cats at the Seamen's Institute who have had their day, and passed on to the cats' Fiddlers Green, are Queen Hannah, King Mickey, Seaweed and Stormy Weather. The new queen at the South Street building is nameless, but she is as weather-wise as any ship's cat and will mew three times and face the direction in which the wind is blowing.

## Captain's Cabin of an American Sailing Ship



THIS is a photograph, taken in 1898, of the Captain's stateroom of the bark "GUY C. GOSS"—It's not exactly primitive! In fact, many sailing ships had cabins more elaborate than the early steamers. The woodwork was of veneer, bird's eye maple, satinwood and mahogany with ebony trim and gold leaf on the columns. The lights over the built-in sofa were of ground and figured glass. The picture was taken by Captain Walter Mallett of Topsham, Maine, and was loaned by Mrs. Mallett. Miss Joanna Colcord, who compiled a collection of American sea chanteys, who was born on a sailing ship, is now collecting photographs, sketches and prints of the cabins of early American sailing vessels. Any LOOKOUT readers having such pictures in their possession are invited to write to Miss Colcord, care of the Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, New York City. The collection, when completed, will be donated to the Marine Museum at Penobscot, Maine.

### Book Review

**SUPERCARGO**  
By Earl Whitehorne  
New York:

Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$2.50.  
315 pages.

Here is another strange tale of the sea which tells of intrigue, murder, and a court martial. A bedraggled barque, nameless and drifting, is found at Hakodadi, Japan, in 1868, apparently abandoned. Four great nations tried to find the identity of the curious derelict. Investigation proved that below decks were forty Chinese coolies in the miseries of

starvation. Her decks and bulkheads cried out with many blood stains. Bags of gold and silver were found tucked away in hidden places. It was the skill of Captain English's young clerk, H. B. Whitehorne, of the U. S. sloop-of-war Iroquois, who unravelled this mystery and discovered the story of John Douglas, the super-cargo. This book is written by Whitehorne's son from material gleaned from his father. It makes exciting reading.

M. D. C.

## Book Reviews

### "ROMANCE OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS"

By Basil Lubbock and J. Spurling  
Vol. I.  
Blue Peter Publications, Ltd.  
London 12/6

We are indebted to "Blue Peter" for the collection of this material into two volumes, the first of which we have here. Through the text and the reproductions of the paintings of the late Mr. Spurling has been caught for the general public much of the essence of the great days of sail. The list of ships is a notable one, including many of the famous Blackballers, American built clippers, the China clippers and vessels engaged in the wool trade. There are some enlightening accounts of emigrant passages to this country—tales of misery and tales of valor alike, all adding up to a thrilling period in shipping history.

A. W. C.

### "WINDJAMMERS"

By William Gordon and  
Hugh Lauder

Wm. Collins & Sons, N. Y. \$1.50

This copiously illustrated little book, another record of sailing ship days is also written for the lay public, both young and old. Its purpose is to acquaint more people with the windjammers which are still in existence either in the grain trade, as training ships or as privately owned vessels. There is an excellent chapter on rigging.

A. W. C.

### THE SAGA OF THE "CIMBA"

By Richard Maury

With Drawings by the Author

New York, Harcourt Brace, \$2.50

If you enjoy reading of the sea and of adventurous voyages undertaken by youthful mariners, The Saga of "Cimba" will prove a happy choice. Starting from Nova Scotia in a graceful schooner measuring only twenty-six feet at the water line, the author and two young friends sailed to Bermuda, then through the Panama Canal and on to the many islands of the Pacific. Everywhere awaited them hospitable receptions, as well as curiosity over their small boat and breath-taking experiences. The "Cimba", for two years able to conquer storms of the sea, was unable to withstand the treacherous reef of Suva and there crashed in the final disaster.

Richard Maury interprets and intensifies these experiences of the sea and its small harbours and writes of them with poetic simplicity.

I. M. A.

### PORTRAIT OF NEW YORK

By Felix Riesenberg and Alexander Alland  
The MacMillan Company, \$5.00

An interesting and different book about New York. The author of "Under Sail", "East Side, West Side", etc. takes us "all around the town" with penetrating insight into the lives of New Yorkers. He points up his descriptions by adding many bits of history, thereby giving us fascinating glimpses of New York and New Yorkers of the past. All is not sweetness and light in the metropolis, as everyone knows, and Captain Riesenberg has been around and seen a lot! With him we go to blackest Harlem and learn of real estate values, to Broadway on a blistering hot day, to a lower East Side "Lung Block"—and to cool off at Coney Island! In his description of the waterfront Captain Riesenberg mentions the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and Jeannette Park and sums up succinctly the essential difference between the East and West waterfronts; "West Street, on the Hudson fringe, docks the larger liners; but the seamen, as in the era of sail, cling to salty South Street." Mr. Alland's photographs also take us around the town. We see New York from the "Stone Saints" on Trinity Church to the sewer outlets in the East River—the "Normandie" and the "Tusitala"—the Bowery and Park Avenue—a city of impressive contrasts.

—MARIE HIGGINSON.

### GYPSY WATERS CRUISES SOUTH

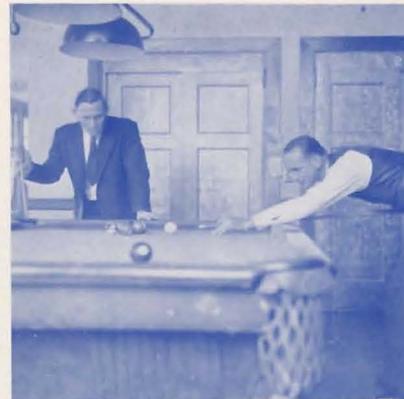
By Don Waters

Sheridan, \$3.00, 1938.

These chapters first appeared serially in "Motor Boating" and their publication in book form will undoubtedly delight all readers who have cruised pleasantly along in "Gypsy Waters". The author brings small boat sailing well into the realm of the possible, telling just what careful planning went into the venture, and yet with what simplicity these plans were carried out. He, the "Mate" and their 10 year old "Midshipmite" for whom the boat was named, have lived literally from the sea to the land and have found it both exhilarating and deeply satisfying. Having served his Apprenticeship on a New Bedford whaler, Mr. Waters is no amateur, and although there is a minimum of nautical detail, he writes with authority.

A. W. C.

## Two Popular Pastimes at the Institute:



Pool in the Game Room



Movies in the Auditorium

## SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN FROM JANUARY 1 TO MAY 1, 1939

BY THE

## SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

- 89,520** Lodgings (including relief beds).
- 29,586** Pieces of Baggage handled.
- 248,169** Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
- 81,665** Sales at News Stand.
- 7,552** Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
- 6,096** Attended **229** Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island.
- 6,394** Cadets and Seamen attended **477** Lectures in Merchant Marine School; **591** students enrolled.
- 15,498** Social Service Interviews.
- 3,901** Relief Loans.
- 1,917** Individual Seamen received Relief.
- 23,223** Magazines distributed.
- 1,651** Pieces of clothing and **183** knitted articles distributed.
- 1,104** Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
- 42,767** Attended **101** entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
- 1,646** Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
- 69** Missing Seamen found.
- 370** Positions secured for Seamen.
- \$99,442.** Deposited for Seamen in Banks.
- 9,391** Attendance in Conrad Library; **875** books distributed.
- 4,443** Telephone Contacts with Seamen.
- 611** Visits to Ships by Institute representatives.

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