

The LOOKOUT



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Cooking in the Clouds

Curt Otto Jochem, one of the steadiest seamen who comes to the Institute, dropped in the other day to tell us about his recent trip to Germany on the *Graf Zeppelin*.

He went as Cook, replacing the incumbent of that important post who came over from Germany on the giant airship last fall.

Jochem was in the German air service during the War where he learned about the construction and navigating of Zeppelin ships. At the close of the War, when he came down to earth (in more ways than one!) he decided he would like to be an American citizen. He spoke English fairly well, and the final year of the War had imbued him with a healthy respect for all things American.

He got a job as cook on a ship "ferryboating" between Germany and America, and in five years, on wages of forty-five dollars a month, he bought a two-

thousand-dollar house in Friedrichshafen for his wife and son.

He also set about getting a job under the American flag so that he might serve the necessary three years of "residence" as soon as possible to qualify for American citizenship. In 1926 he realized this ambition.

Jochem happened to be in New York when the *Graf Zeppelin* landed at Lakehurst after its historic trip, and he immediately betook himself to the airport to see his old friend Captain von Schiller, with whom he had served in the War and who was a fellow-member of the crew which brought the *Los Angeles* across the Atlantic.

There happened to be a berth for a cook on the return trip and Jochem accepted it, not because travel by airship held any thrills for him, but rather because the destination of the *Graf Zeppelin* was Friedrichshafen, his home town. He hadn't seen his wife and son for several years

and the prospects of dropping in upon them in less than three days, proved alluring even to our blasé air traveller.

So Jochem got busy and did some of his cooking before starting. His entire output of soup was made in Lakehurst and stowed away in the best of thermos jars; and it was still piping hot when serving time came.

Potatoes and onions were peeled and eggs destined to be scrambled or used in cooking were taken out of the shells, partly to save labor on the trip and partly to save weight.

Jochem had sixty-four to cook for, and they were always hungry—that's what air voyaging over the ocean does to people. And to make matters still more strenuous, flying eastward at five times the speed of a fast ocean liner means setting the clock ahead so frequently that it is always meal time!

The cooking was all accomplished with the aid of electricity generated by the driving motors. Jochem explained the mechanism in detail with frequent lapses into technical German beyond our power to assimilate; but the significant point about it all seemed to be that the greater the speed of the airship, the

more intense the heat available for cooking.

It was Jochem who found the stowaway.

About three hours out from Lakehurst, nearing Newfoundland, Jochem went "below" for eggs. The store room was in the balloon and to reach it, he had to go down a short metal ladder and along the catwalk for several yards. It was bitterly cold in the balloon and Jochem of course always tried to make his excursions as brief as possible.

The eggs he sought were in a sort of rope hammock attached to the outside framework. It was one of many similar hammocks containing supplies and rigged to swing with the motion of the ship, thus affording a sort of ballast. Keeping eggs in a rope hammock would seem to be quite as much of a feat as crossing the Atlantic in an airship, but then the whole experience was unique anyway.

To return to Jochem—as he reached for the eggs he noticed something bright red amidst the mail sacks in the hammock directly below. The mail sacks, Jochem knew, were of the conventional drab color, so he investigated the splotch of red. Another unique feature of the

trip—a bright red sweater would not seem to be what the well-dressed stowaway should wear, but this one did.

Jochem extricated a very cold boy from amidst the mail sacks (two hours more would surely have finished him) and helped him up into the kitchen. Then he sought out Dr. Eckener on the bridge, saluted, and reported his find. Dr. Eckener was incredulous. He told his aide quite seriously that Jochem was "air-touched," which is another thing that can happen to air travellers, according to Jochem. He described the state as "nutty"—a word acquired along with his citizenship papers, no doubt.

But, of course, all Jochem had to do to prove his normalcy was to produce his "blind passenger," as the Germans call stowaways. He led the youngster, with his teeth chattering, into the presence of the Commander. Dr. Eckener was not surprised—he has several boys of his own! He prescribed good hot drinks for this youngster and the best of care in every way, and then he had Jochem hustle his find off to the kitchen so that he and his aide might laugh loud and long. Dr. Eckener was human, *Gott sei dank!*

Jochem found an extra leather suit for the Blind Passenger and also some mocassins. (Ordinary hard-soled shoes cannot be worn in certain parts of an airship for fear of bending the aluminum.)

The Blind Passenger won immediate favor with the crew, especially Jochem, for he insisted upon washing all the dishes.

The one other incident of the trip which stands out in Jochem's memory was the wireless report the ship picked up as it passed over Paris. The Treaty of Versailles has something to say about German flights over France, and had the *Graf Zeppelin* appeared on the official French records, someone would have had to do something. So, to simplify matters, the Eiffel Tower reported officially by wireless: "Unknown airship passing over Paris."

It was mighty sporting of them, of course, and another good example of the *Kamarderei* existing amongst airmen—also another evidence of what flying is doing to promote international good will.

Jochem threw light on the extent and degree of German enthusiasm upon the return of the *Graf Zeppelin* by explaining that funds to build the ship were collected by Dr. Eckener from the

public, millions of men and women and school children having contributed in small amounts.

Jochem, at the moment of going to press, is at the Institute trying to get a job on a splendid liner, which represents the height of his sea-faring ambition. We are doing everything possible to help him, for he has testimonials of a clean record from boyhood up and he gives every evidence of being an exemplary

seaman. He is efficient and industrious; he is a man of irreproachable habits; and he is thrifty. His purchase of a home and the fact that he is giving his sixteen-year-old boy a good musical education bear this out. Jochem has no patience with seamen who are prodigal of their money. In fact, he cannot see why anyone in America should ever "go broke."

Making Lifeboat Men

Fragments of sailor conversation picked up in the Institute elevators during recent weeks would indicate to even a casual visitor that something is in the air in regard to lifeboats.

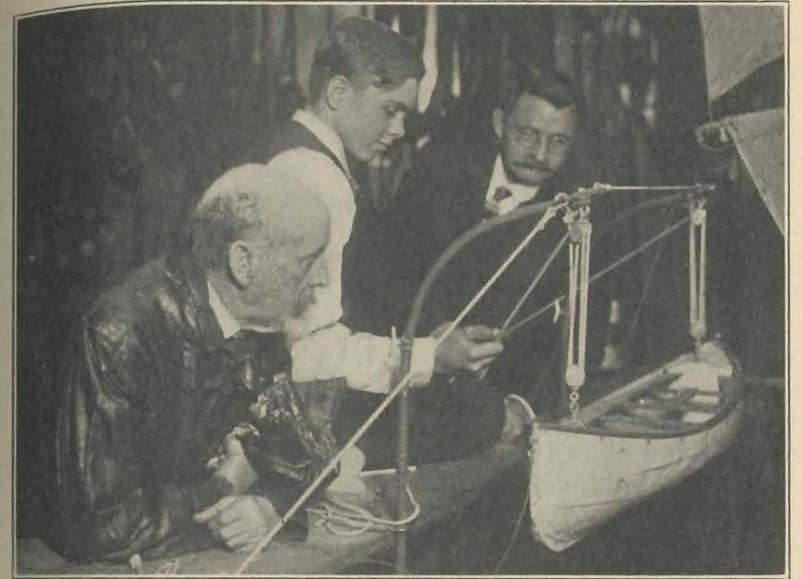
These men who talk of squaring davits, putting biscuits in tins, and tripping sea anchors, are coming to our Merchant Marine School for instruction which will prepare them for examination qualifying them for lifeboat certificates.

Since the *Vestris* disaster, American shipping companies have required that each and

every member of their crews shall have a "Certificate of Efficiency to Lifeboat Man" issued by the Steamboat Inspection Service of the Department of Commerce. This ruling applies not only to the deck, but to the engineering and steward departments as well.

Formerly, only part of a lifeboat crew were required to have certificates, the number depending upon the capacity of the boat. Now, with every man certificated, the advantage is obvious.

Since the new ruling, seamen



MAKING LIFEBOAT MEN

wishing to get or to hold jobs on American ships have been flocking to the District Commander of the United States Coast Guard for examination. Failing to pass, they are sent over to the Institute's Merchant Marine School for the necessary training.

Most candidates need only a few days preparation, or even less. Our daily free lecture with practical demonstration on a completely rigged model lifeboat, together with the study of blueprints of boats and rigging, labeled in detail, and also unlim-

ited opportunity for consultation, is invariably sufficient to qualify any man for examination.

The sensation of the entire experience is a fellow who has tried four times and failed. We told him the story of Bruce and the spider and his seven attempts, by way of encouragement, and still we hope to avoid finding ourselves in this particular fellow's lifeboat in time of stress.

Seriously, however, the requirements are rigid, and even this candidate will have to prove

that "he has been trained in all the operations connected with launching lifeboats and the use of oars; that he is acquainted with the practical handling of the boats themselves and, further, that he is capable of understanding and answering the orders relative to lifeboat service."

Some idea of the effect of the new lifeboat ruling may be gained from the fact that during the first ten months of last year, we trained twelve seamen for certificates, while since the *Ves-*

tris disaster early in November, we have prepared 201 men. Our instructor claims that our little model lifeboat is worked far more than any real one that ever was taken to sea.

This same instructor, an old sea captain, also made the surprising suggestion to a landsman that he take the examination. "There's no law against a passenger knowing too much," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "and besides, a lifeboat certificate is a handy thing to have around the house."

Jack Ashore in Many Lands

A sailorman's problem ashore is pretty well solved in ports where there are seamen's homes, but what to do elsewhere?

The "Seamen's Handbook for Shore Leave" tells him what he wants to know about 352 ports all over the world, in alphabetic array from Aalborg to Yokohoma—where to live, where to get medical, dental or legal aid, how to get a hurry-up laundry job, and what to do to amuse himself.

All of this valuable informa-

tion comes in a little fifty-cent pocket edition published by the American Merchant Marine Library Association of 67 Wall Street, New York. It is enthusiastically endorsed by Mr. Hoover, and also by an even higher authority—a merchant sailor, who writes:

"The American Boys all should have one of your books for they arrive in a Foreign country they don't know anyone there is a lot of just plain bums waiting to get the boys making

their first trip to sea. . . . Now if these boys only had a copy of your Handbook they would know where to go."

Having a copy of this fascinating Handbook before us, we would suggest that the boys go to Port Louis, Mauritius, the scene of the story of "Paul and Virginia" and "one of the few places in the Southern Indian Ocean where American seamen find congenial surroundings."

Or, it might be more fun in Hobart, Tasmania, where roller skating rinks are listed among the attractions; or in Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa, where one has a choice of two movies.

Still, these familiar American diversions might lack savor in competition with a *pouss-pousse* drive from Majunga, Madagascar, to Amborovy, or the *Shwe Dagon Pagado* of Rangoon where "visitors should remove shoes and stockings."

In Nagoya, Japan, among the points of interest, it is noted that the temple at Higashi-yama has a "remarkable collection of 500 old wooden statuettes, all ugly."

Coquimbo, Chile, has a petrified *ichthyosaurus*, 12,000 years old.

For those seamen with liter-

ary tastes, there is Thackeray's birthplace at Calcutta, or Robert Louis Stevenson's home and grave at Apia, Western Samoa.

The Parsee Towers of Silence in Bombay and the Hindu Burning Ghats should prove alluring.

Chefoo, China, offers boxing and wrestling Saturday evenings and prayer services Sunday mornings.

Many a port is credited with a dentist who speaks English, but it takes Puerto Cortes, Honduras, to frankly describe their dental facilities as "two Americans of mediocre ability."

Laundry information has been included in the Handbook by special request from seamen. It is usually "done by native women;" but by way of variety sailors making port at Medan, Sumatra, are informed that the Chinese *dobies* in Belawan-Deli, are "more or less reliable;" and in Corunna, Spain, women come on board to get laundry work, but "their honesty should be investigated."

The notes of warning perhaps constitute the little Handbook's chief value for roving sailorboys ashore.

For instance, at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, "keep clear of cafes at head of big breakwater.

This district is dangerous for one with money after ten o'clock at night."

The sanitation in Iquique, Chile, admittedly is not good. "Care must be taken in eating fresh vegetables."

Dakar, Senegal, French West Africa, reports: "There is little of interest here and seamen are recommended not to face the heat of the trip ashore. Those who do so should wear cork or pith helmets."

American seamen in Barcelona are advised to have identification documents; otherwise they are liable to arrest if left in Spain.

Patras, Greece, tells sailors not to "frequent bars except those bearing abundant signs of

respectability." Unfortunately the Handbook gives no hint as to how to recognize the signs!

Helsingfors has no warning, but brags, "Finland is a prohibition country. There is no overcharging in dealing with foreigners."

There are a number of ports like Acajutla, Salvador, where there are no hotels and no homes for seamen, but fortunately such places are rare.

The "Seamen's Handbook for Shore Leave" should indeed prove a boon to the sailor, but we recommend it only to those landlubbers who are immune to Wanderlust for there's an irresistible urge in the description of 352 ports.

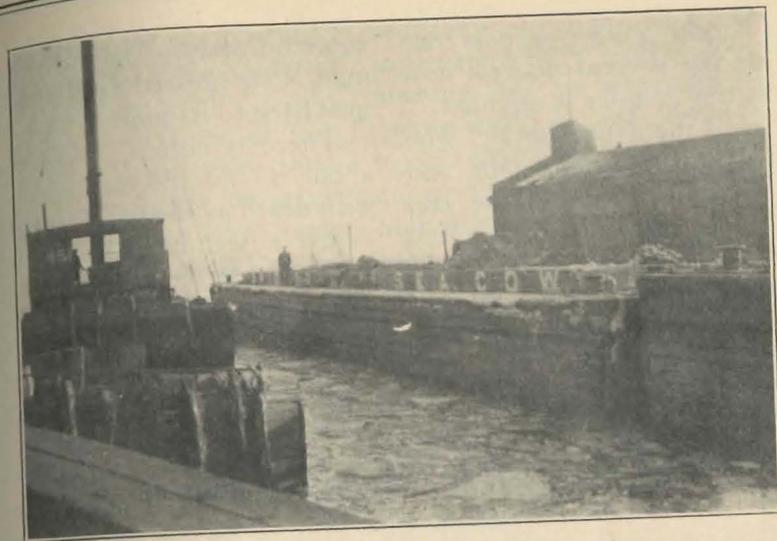
Down in the Dumps

Once in a blue moon a harbor accident like the sinking of the *Bessegen* in eleven minutes off the Statue of Liberty a year or so ago, reminds us that the sailorman does not encounter all his hazards on the high seas.

As a matter of fact, many an unsung hero goes quietly about his perilous business from day to

day almost within the shadow of the sky-scrapers of lower New York.

Among these are the boatmen who are literally "down in the dumps"—the fellows who man the unlovely dumpers and "mud-boats" that take the city's refuse out of the harbor for disposal. Someone has to do it.



DOWN IN THE DUMPS

In all sorts of weather they set out, and at all hours of the day and night, in order to time the dumping properly with the tide. A tug takes usually two or three dumpers in tow with one man as crew for each.

The dumpers are heavily loaded and low in the water and there are no cabins on most of them. Even with a moderately rough sea, the waves wash over the "deck" and the boatman is concerned not only with the hope of keeping at all dry, but more especially with the necessity for remaining on board his craft.

Of course, there are calm

trips, when he can smoke his pipe in comfort through long, lonely hours, for he is *incommunicado* on his dumper from the time his "tow" leaves the pier until it returns again.

Most of the dumpers are taken three or four miles beyond Scotland Light, depending upon the nature of the cargo to be disposed of. A government inspector cruises around in the dumping area and determines when and where each load shall be discharged.

At his signal the boatman "does his stuff." He goes along one side of his scow with a ham-

mer, knocking out iron pins that release the several pockets into which the dumper is divided.

This is the danger point. The sudden shifting of weight and the resulting inrush of the sea, not to mention the slippery decks, make a fellow's chances pretty good for being washed overboard. It does happen. It

sometimes happens that the boatman is not missed until the tow gets back to its pier.

There is nothing picturesque about it—no spectacular rescue with death as the price for glory—just a victim to a necessary calling—just one more boatman who doesn't return from down in the dumps.

Better Merchant Sailors

The United States Shipping Board, in its efforts to promote American shipping interests, is frequently confronted with the suggestion that higher material and labor costs in the United States as compared with those of foreign nations will prevent development of our Merchant Marine as intended by Congress.

Mr. T. V. O'Connor, Chairman of the Board, makes very interesting comment on this point in the January *Neptune Log*; and because it represents official opinion on a situation which both affects and is affected by the American merchant sailor, we reprint it herewith:—

"As to the cost of materials going into the construction of

vessels, I think that American methods of production will soon find a way to meet the lower costs of foreign countries. Congress already has taken steps to equalize existing differentials and it is safe to say that American business can be relied upon to do the rest. But in the matter of higher pay for officers and crews, let me be definite in stating that *the best bargain America has got is an American sailor on the deck of an American ship*. It should be noted, also, that the total amount paid for wages is less than five per cent of the cost of operating a vessel.

"Years ago, when I was captain of a Great Lakes tug I was mighty glad to know in times of

wind and fog that I had a good crew with me. To a much greater extent does that apply on the ocean, where the lives of hundreds and the property of thousands are constantly at stake. The American sailor earns every penny he gets and he is entitled to every ounce of good food issued to him. He is entitled to the comfortable quarters provided for him. A badly fed sailor climbing out of foul and uncomfortable quarters can take his turn and do his hours of duty but he can not be the alert, quick thinking, obedient and resourceful seaman that is expected at all times and especially in times of emergency. An underpaid man was never any good anywhere on land or sea, and when I say that an American sailor on the deck of an American ship is the best bargain America has got, I mean that because he is more highly paid, has better food and more comfortable quarters, American shipowners, American shippers and American travelers have more adequate assurance of safe, efficient and speedy transportation.

"Critics who have raised the issue of wages and conditions provided for American seamen declare that the spirit which

urged the old clipper ship sailor to greater effort and resulted in his outsailing the merchant fleets of the world is dead. I say that it isn't and that whether in the engine room or on the deck, a high priced man makes for economy in transportation and for safety of lives and property.

"A ship not in motion is a liability. A ship in motion is an asset. When it is impossible to attain the quick turn-around of vessels because of inefficiency of the vessel's workmen, someone loses some money. At once it is the shipowner. But after that it is the shipper. And behind that it is the whole people of the United States to just such an extent as this inefficiency and wastefulness is reflected in costs of living. The loss of one day for one ship in port does not mean much. But the loss of one day for every ship that touches American ports, every time it is in an American port, means enormous additions to the cost of transportation.

"The quality of seamanship of men aboard American ships has many times been tested. The daring work of the crew of the *S. S. President Roosevelt*, when, in the midst of a severe storm, they saved the lives of all on board the British freighter *An-*

tinoe, is a noteworthy example. The splendid rescue by the S. S. *President Harding* of those aboard the Italian freighter *Ignazio Florio* is another. There are many more too numerous to mention. All of them show that the spirit of American seamanship, far from dead, is more alive than ever and only because it is alive will we be able to carry

out the intention of Congress to reestablish the American flag on every sea.

"There must be no question about the prices we pay for marine labor. The one question must be the development to an even greater extent of quality marine labor, our shipowners recognizing the true economy of premium wages for superior service."

Central Council

Seamen's Church Institute Associations

MRS. H. SCHUYLER CAMMANN, *Chairman*

MRS. LYMAN B. FRIEZE, JR.,
1st Vice Chairman

MISS I. C. KING, *2nd Vice Chairman*

MRS. BENJAMIN T. VAN NOSTRAND,
Treasurer

MISS CLARA M. DIBBLE, *Secretary*

At the annual meeting of the Central Council, Seamen's Church Institute Associations, held at the Institute on January 22, 1929, all officers and a generous representation of the associations were present. It being the fifth annual meeting, the Chairman, Mrs. Cammann, took occasion briefly to show the progress made by the associations in financial aid given the Institute since their inception. Donations of \$2,213.15 in 1924, \$5,634.08 in

1925, \$8,468.70 in 1926, \$10,737.65 in 1927 have grown to \$21,690.81 in 1928. Mrs. Cammann expressed her pleasure in this splendid growth which, she said, had surpassed her expectations. She is prepared to be even prouder of 1929's record, she said. To inspire her groups to nobler efforts, she introduced as guest of honor, Dr. A. R. Mansfield who years ago foresaw the value to the Institute of groups of women organized to assist its

work. His message is summarized in the following paragraphs.

Dr. Mansfield said that in trying to think of something to say to the women of the associations other than words of appreciation and gratitude, the thought of anniversaries loomed large in his mind—the anniversary of his first service on the Floating Church (January 3, 1896), the anniversary of his birthday, and, years later, that of his youngest daughter. In fact January, he said, with its annual reports, was a regular anniversary season, bringing to mind sacred associations and the work of all those who for 84 years have made the Institute a place of service, an opportunity for beneficence, a home for the friendless. He said that we of today must carry on with the same Christian faith that inspired the founders to create this home. This meeting, he brought to mind, was the fifth anniversary of the Central Council whose first regular meeting was in November, 1923. He suggested that the organization deserved a gold bar or some other insignia to denote years of service.

This group, the Central Council of the Associations, Dr.

Mansfield said was a great social service agency, as was proper, for the background of this work is Christian social service and should be inspired by convictions of Christ and His ideals of service. The associations, he said, had assumed a great responsibility in aiding the founders to carry on this noble piece of social service work. The pictures in the Board room are reminders to the second and third generations of those who had the vision to undertake this work.

Dr. Mansfield spoke of the "benefit of benefits" conducted by the Central Council, recalling the hockey game, the bridge party on the *Berengaria*, and so forth, emphasizing how valuable from a publicity point of view as well as from a financial were such gatherings of people. He said he hoped the Central Council had in mind another benefit in the near future—an opera or something of the kind. Publicity can also be secured, he said, by bringing people to the Institute. A visit to 25 South Street, seeing its work and its needs, often results in support and may bring donations—witness Mr. Munger's recent bequest given "in acknowledgment

of a valuable piece of work being done in the Port of New York."

Dr. Mansfield said he was impressed by Mrs. Cammann's remarkably fine leadership, saying that she was drawing people to her and to the work which would naturally thereby expand. He said he realized the difficulties of expansion, of making new contacts, for people have to be shown their responsibility to the men of the sea. He said that he himself wanted to help along this line and that as soon as the problem of erecting the new building was solved, he would pledge his support in this work of increasing and enlarging the associations.

To show how the interest in this work grows, Dr. Mansfield cited the case of the late James Packard. His interest was first expressed by a donation of \$10.00 a year, which gradually increased to \$100.00, and so on with gifts of ten and twenty-five

thousand until his final bequest. Dr. Mansfield told how that interest was upheld in Mr. Packard's last days by a picture of the Institute which the latter kept saying was "a great place that, a great place." The sacred responsibility of handling the generous bequest left by Mr. Packard will eventually be the work of the Social Service Department, who are to use the money for the direct benefit of seamen.

Dr. Mansfield closed his remarks with a personal reference to the friendliness that had been expressed for him by the Institute staff, by the Central Council and associations, and by hosts of friends during his illness. The people who had come to see him, the letters sent him, and the greetings in the form of flowers and messages had filled him with gratitude not only for those friends, but also to the good Lord who had spared him to go on with his work.



Vignettes of the Seaman

We are constantly confronted with evidences of the strong fraternal feeling amongst our sailors. Perhaps it is because they go through so much together, and perhaps it is because many of them have no family and no friends other than their shipmates. The important thing is that the feeling exists.

Our most recent reminder came at one of our "stunt" shows where the boys furnish their own entertainment. In the front row sat a young Englishman named Whitby, and with him was his pal, a keen-eyed Australian. Whitby had had an accident, which disqualified him as a seaman, and he was about to return to England as a passenger. Jimmie had brought him to the Institute because he loved to be with "his own kind."

It was finally announced that Whitby would sing. Jimmie accompanied him to the platform and with the zest of a college cheer leader exhorted the audience,

"Give him a fair crack of the whip, boys. He's blind, you know."

There was a moment's dead

silence and then wild applause that brought a faint smile to Whitby's face. Jimmie took his seat and the song commenced. It was a slow, sentimental thing and Whitby hadn't much voice, but there was never a stir in the audience. He held every eye, especially Jimmie's.

Jimmie sat forward eagerly, his face tense, silently and unconsciously forming each word with his own lips. Toward the end, Whitby's voice faltered and the words began to come uncertainly; but Jimmie chimed in lustily with his own vigorous voice, and the two finished the pathetic little worn-out song together.

It was the hit of the evening. The boys crowded around Whitby whilst Jimmie stood behind him smiling proudly over his shoulder, both apparently of the opinion that it was entirely Whitby's success.

X Words of wisdom are constantly falling from the lips of our older sailormen, as witness this opinion:

"Reputation is what men *think* you are; character is what God *knows* you are."

LOOKOUT readers will of course remember that a number of our boys (one of them well over sixty) accompanied Commander Byrd on his South Pole expedition. It will therefore be understood with what pride we read the Commander's radio account of his discovery of the Rockefeller Range of fourteen mountain peaks, only two of which he named; but those two are in honor of our own Gould and Tennant. Commander Byrd's explanation follows:—

"One of the highest peaks we decided to name after Chips Gould, the carpenter on both of our polar expeditions. Chips has never been known to stop working during any of his waking hours.

"Another peak we named after George Tennant, the cook, who always cooks on the polar expeditions. It was Tennant who wanted to subscribe his meager pay upon our return from the North Pole expedition to help along the deficit."

Our thoughts are frequently with our "Byrd men" down there in the great white stretches, and once in a while we have evidence in the form of a radiogram that they think of us. Jake

the Sail-Maker is the most communicative, with five messages to his credit; and Perkins, A. B., thus assures us of the general appreciation of the ditty bags we were privileged to present to the Expedition:

"I wish to express to you and your organization my hearty appreciation of your kindness in presenting me with the complete practical ditty bag for my use on this historic expedition. I've already used the outfit to good advantage. The other men feel as I do about the bags."

Medina is an ex-sailorman who has been taken to a leper colony from which he can never return. Of course we have responded to the request in this letter, which speaks for itself:

"Knowing that you are one of my few friends who will do anything to bring me just a little happiness in my present affliction, I hereby take the privilege of asking you please to try and send me a couple of pictures of course nothing else but something that represents a ship at sea, or the vision of the mighty ocean. I have many a picture in my room, but there's just one kind missing and that is a marine picture. You can be sure I will

be very glad to have a few of this kind, for they are bound to bring back pleasant memory of the past happy days, and more so when I feel lonesome and blue there will always be something to look at which may help me to forget my troubles."

John White's suitcase arrived C. O. D. at his home in Mobile, Alabama, with no explanation. His wife was overcome. To her it seemed to spell disaster. In her anxiety she turned to the Seamen's Church Institute, where she knew her husband always stays when in New York.

Mrs. Roper read between the lines as usual, visualized the poor woman's suspense, and set out to investigate immediately. She went to our Postoffice to inquire if there was any mail for John White. At the window ahead of her was a man who asked, to her utter amazement, "Have you anything for John White?" It seemed almost incredible, but that's how things happen at the Institute.

John's tale was that he had been unable to get a ship; he had run out of funds and had stayed at a Bowery lodging house for

five nights; he had wanted to be sure his clothing was safe and had therefore sent it home, man-fashion, with no idea what consternation its mysterious appearance would cause.

Mrs. Roper immediately dispatched a telegram and then escorted John to our Employment Office. Here his record was taken and the usual questions asked. When the clerk demanded, "Married?" John broke down with the sudden realization of loneliness and of what his misfortune had meant at home.

But all's well now and John's off to sea again.

Two unusual requests cropped up in the same mail.

A sailorboy, who we regret to report is in jail, wrote to ask if we would kindly send him a pillow. Those jail beds are terribly hard—not that he minds in the least, but he has a cell-mate who is fussy!

The other request was less startling. It came from Belfast, Ireland. Would we be kind enough to send to the undersigned (a great admirer of the Institute, we might be sure) some comic sections from the news-

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papers? For real reading there is nothing like the funny papers, he stated with conviction.

And here's a letter from San Pedro:

"Many thanks for the nice little Xmas package. The choco-

lates were very good, the little wise cracks of wisdom and the card enclosed all seemed to convey a real Xmas wish; and O that swell necktie, how nice it will be when I get a shirt to go with it."



Funds for the New Building are still vitally needed and will be most gratefully received by

JUNIUS S. MORGAN, JR.

Treasurer

Annex Building Fund

25 South Street

New York