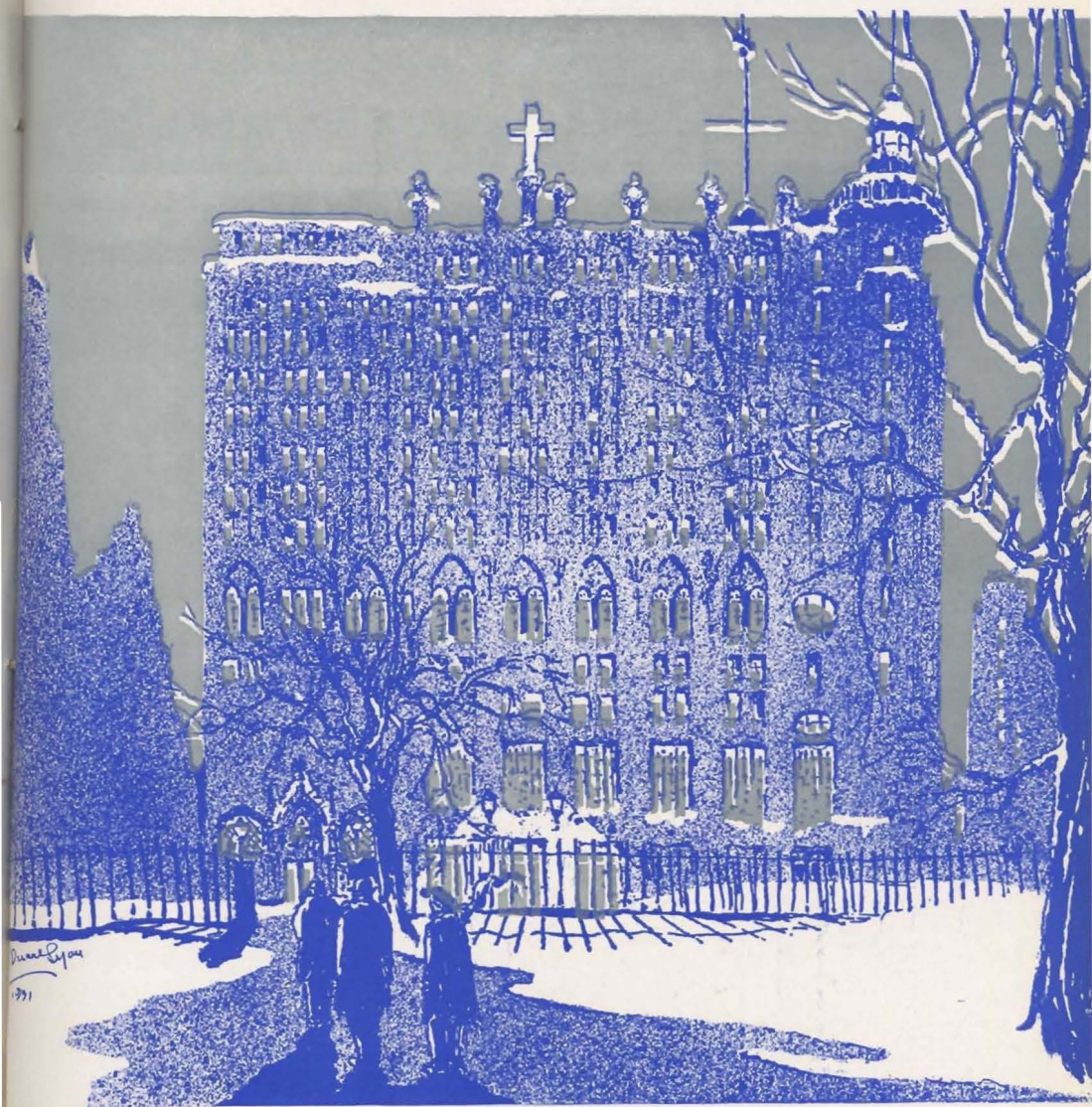


THE LOOKOUT



Seamen's Church Institute of New York

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

VOL. XXVII NO. 12

DECEMBER, 1936



The Seamen's Church Institute of New York
Sends Through "The Lookout"
Hearty Christmas and New Year Greetings
to All Its Friends and Subscribers

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXVII, DECEMBER, 1936

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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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

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Christmas—Past and Present

MANY a seafarer, recalling Christmas celebrations on ship-board in the olden days of sail, must think that Santa Claus has brought a great many changes to the sea: aircraft spanning the oceans; radio messages from ship to shore; the Panama Canal replacing the perilous voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific by way of Cape Horn; refrigeration, steam heat and electricity on even small vessels today. Times indeed have changed!

THE LOOKOUT editor, in the role of inquiring reporter, interviewed some representative sea captains who have served both in sail and in steam, and asked them to recall some of the Christmas days which they have spent on the high seas. We came away with a stock of reminiscences, some of which we record here:

"The most unusual Christmas Day I ever spent," said Captain William D. Ryan, "was when the officers of our ship went ashore in a little port, in Chile and we played soccer with the members of the English Club there. It was boiling hot—just a few degrees below the Equator, and we played on the hot sands. It was as unlike Christmas as anything I have ever experienced. I remember, also, a Christmas Day in the North Sea—I was an officer in the English Navy during the World War. We were mine-sweeping and found a few mines on the holiday. It was exciting, I can tell you. Then, when everything was safe, we celebrated by opening up the boxes which folks had sent us from home. We decorated the ship with Christmas trees



Photo by Chester Horton
The Institute's Cafeteria Decorated
For Christmas

and ornaments and the crew was given an extra tot of grog. But then, I recall another Christmas on a tramp steamer when all we got extra was a couple of apples! We had a Lascar crew and they were nice enough to put on a Mohammedan drama for us, which we didn't understand a word of!"

When Captain Alan Villiers brought his square-rigged ship "Joseph Conrad" safely into the Port of New York recently, he recalled how he and his crew of young boys spent Christmas Day, 1934. "We were off Cape Hatteras," he said, "and it was mighty cold. What a bleak outlook for Christmas Day! I tried to cheer up my boys as best I could and I persuaded the ship's carpenter to make us a Christmas tree of wood. Then it began to blow. From Hatteras to New York was a long, bitter beat. We were down to reefed topsails. A blizzard shrieked out of the nor'-west. What a Christmas present that was!"



Courtesy Hapag-Lloyd.

A Ship's Mast Decorated for Xmas

Captain Felix Riesenbergl recalls the first Christmas he ever spent at sea: "It was back in 1897, and I was at a very tender age. I was aboard a beautiful wooden ship, the A. J. Fuller, and we were beating our way around the Horn. We spent the day shifting the heavy sails. That night a tired lot of men sat down to supper. The cold salt beef, the hard bread and the can of tea came from the galley in their usual order. Plum pudding! Christmas! The thoughts of loved ones far away, and of those distant homes that perhaps were remembering some of us out on the broad bosom of the deep waters, came as a pang. All of us, I believe, felt this. For a moment or two silence ensued, then the mess cook burst through the fo'c'sle door with the big surprise. 'Pie, boys! Pie!' he shouted, depositing tin plates on the fo'c'sle deck, for we dined with the deck as a table. It was made from canned fruit of doubtful origin, and the tea looked suspiciously like the twigs and leaves swept up somewhere."

In contrast with Christmas in the old days, let us picture the S.S. Washington at her dock in New York, five days before Christmas,

1935. She is outward bound, due to land her passengers and cargo in Europe for the holiday. And what kind of a cargo does she carry? Tons of mail, of course. She takes a record total of mail: 27,607 bags of letters and parcels—more than ten million letters! Also toy guns, G-man guns, toy radio cars for British babies and bagatelle games for British adults, or perhaps vice versa! American automobiles, apples and machinery are shipped to every port on the globe. Ships bring to New York olives from Spain, cotton from South America and fruit from California as regular imports, but at Christmas time food-stuffs from Central America are brought in: candy, caviar, silwowitz (a drink), a cheese, cranberries and wines. From England come plum puddings, from California figs and nuts, and from Italy each year, in time for the holiday, come barrels of chestnuts, a special type—very delicate and delicious—which are used principally in stuffing Christmas turkeys.

Passengers on transatlantic liners celebrate Christmas at sea with elaborate ceremonies. The crews, too, have their own parties, carol singing and special dinner. On large ships like the Bremen of the North German Lloyd there are usually fifty "Weihnachtsbäume" (Christmas trees) displayed all over the ship. The Christmas Eve dinner is always elaborate, with stuffed roast goose oozing with luscious apple and chestnut dressing, kale and kraut, Christmas stollen (a light bread full of raisins, almonds and covered with sugar,) and sparkling "glow" wines.

Ashore, at the Institute, seafarers enjoy a Christmas dinner with all the trimmings, preceded by a service of music and worship in the Chapel, and followed by moving pictures.

A Globe-Girdling Cat

JOSEPH, a yellow cat that smacked an albatross, sailed into New York harbor aboard the *Joseph Conrad*, the smallest square-rigger afloat. With Joseph was the ship's Captain, Alan Villiers, seaman and novelist, and a crew of twenty-four American and British boys, averaging eighteen years of age. It was "Journey's End" for the old square-rigger, after a 22-month voyage of 57,000 miles.

After 106 days of steady sailing from Tahiti, with only one glimpse of land at Tierra del Fuego, all the crew cringed at the noise of the harbor while the cat, Joseph, whose valor was undisputed on the deep, was most frightened of all. The cat crept into the ship's hold and was lured topsides only after a struggle. Modest about his bravery, others sang Joseph's praises and told the saga of his mid-Pacific skirmish with an albatross. Aloft in the rigging one bleak day, Joseph suddenly disappeared overboard as the ship rolled. "I debated whether to put about for him," recalled Captain Villiers. "That's a dangerous maneuver in such weather and after all, Joseph is only a cat. But even as I hesitated, a flock of albatross swooped down towards Joseph, struggling in the water. One, with a wing spread of seventeen feet, flew close, menacing. Up went Joseph's paw, and swiped him on the beak. That settled it. A cat as spunky as Joseph deserved to be rescued. So I ordered the crew to put about, backed the main yard, and went back after him."

Captain Villiers was sure that the arduous voyage proved the mettle of modern youth: "They tell us what our great-grandfathers put up with 100 years ago," he said, "but nobody ever had it tougher than



Master and Mascot of a Famous Windjammer: Captain Alan Villiers and His Cat, Joseph

these boys of mine, and yet no one let out a complaint, not even the fourteen-year old boy." The boy sailors were all from two to ten inches taller and fifteen or twenty pounds heavier than when they put out of New York harbor in January, 1935. Their voyage was a circumnavigation of the globe in a ship almost the precise size of the famous "Bounty". It was a voyage "without benefit of canals, and no seeking of smiling seas and sheltered oceans." The cadets had "to take it" as the sailors of old had taken it when Captain Bligh and Cook and Tasman had chartered new waters."

When they arrived in New York, those boys who had homes, returned to them. Others enjoyed the hospitality of the Institute's Apprentices' Room and told of their experiences to cadets and apprentices on other ships. They also enjoyed many hours of reading and study in the Institute's Joseph Conrad Library.

(Continued on Page 5)

Mother Roper on the Radio

Editor's Note: Again Mrs. Roper broadcast on a nation-wide program. Two years ago she was on the Seth Parker program of Mr. Phillips Lord, and on Sunday, November 1st, Mr. Lord presented her on his program "We, The People," Station WJZ, sponsored by Calumet Baking Powder. He asked her to select three seamen whom she had located through the Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau to speak over the radio. After the broadcast the three men were sent to their homes, at Mr. Lord's expense.

MR. LORD

FORTY-SIX years ago, a woman walked along the waterfront of New York. She saw there forlorn boys and men who had lost their grip on life. MRS. ROPER had no boys of her own and then and there she decided to become a mother to all boys who were stranded. For 21 years she has worked in the Seamen's Institute down on New York's waterfront. MRS. ROPER has taken derelicts and lost men to her heart—listened to their stories, comforted them, and from coast to coast, she is known as MOTHER ROPER. There are many boys and men listening tonight who walked in that line of lost men, but who are now back among their loved ones because Mother Roper stayed down on the waterfront. The following three minutes belong to Mother Roper.

MRS. ROPER

Some people get their happiness out of life one way, some another. I get mine out of being a Mother to boys and men who have sort of stubbed their toes. I try to help them get back to the folks who love them. For instance a short time ago, a Polish boy came in to see me. He told me that as a child he'd gotten lost from his parents during the War. He didn't know where they were—or if they were still alive. He gave me his name and I said, "Why—your Mother wrote me a letter."

"A five cent piece and fifty min-



Mr. Phillips Lord and Mrs. Janet Roper
After the Broadcast

utes will take you there—she's up in the Bronx." That very night he had supper with his Mother.

This afternoon I have three of my boys here. They've been walking in the lines of lost men and so, I sent three telegrams this morning. One to a Mother—one to a wife—and one to a little boy. The telegrams said, "Listen to 'We the People,' the Radio program at 5 o'clock eastern standard time and you'll hear something that will make you very happy."

That was my telegram to them. Think how their hearts will feel when they hear these voices. Jim—Tell us why you happened to be down on the waterfront?

JIM

Why, I left home to join the Navy—and I haven't been back since—I guess I was ashamed to go home without making good.

MRS. ROPER

Does your Mother know whether you're alive or dead?

JIM

No—I guess she thinks I'm dead. I thought she was probably dead

too, until you told me this afternoon she wasn't.

MRS. ROPER

Yes, Jim—she's alive and out in Cincinnati. Don't you want to say hello—and tell her you're coming home?

JIM

Mother—it's me—Jim Thorpe—Mother Roper's fixed it so I'm coming home.

MRS. ROPER

She must be very happy Jim. Now Fred Herman, will you tell us your story?

FRED

I'm older, of course—I'm 60—my wife and I hadn't been separated one night for 35 years—and then I got discouraged and broke and took to the road but she stuck with me. She wouldn't leave me—we were bumming on the road together for over a year and she got sick and some friends took her home to Seattle. I've been alone now for six months—discouraged and broke. Last week I got a postal card from her saying she was sick and needed me. I had but two cents—so I wrote her a postal card that I'd try to come but I didn't think I could. Now I can—

MRS. ROPER

She's listening in out in Seattle, Fred. Tell her you're coming home to her.

FRED

I'm starting tonight—on the eleven o'clock train.

MRS. ROPER

Now, to make a little boy happy. Alex—won't you tell—your story—

ALEX

I've got a little boy—I came to New York from Texas to write and I didn't make good. I finally drifted down to the waterfront. Here's a penny postcard—it was just sent to me General Delivery, New York. I was going by the post office one day—I didn't think there'd be any-

thing for me but I went in—and I asked and they give it to me—

MRS. ROPER

Read it, Alex.

ALEX

"Dear Daddy—I love you—when you coming home? Sonny."

MRS. ROPER

How old is he?

ALEX

Six.

MRS. ROPER

He's listening in front of a radio. Do you want to speak to him?

ALEX

Sonnie—This is Pop—I'm coming home.

MRS. ROPER

By eleven o'clock tonight, these three boys will be on their way home. One to Texas, one to Ohio and one to Seattle, Washington. There'll be an awfully happy wife, a happy mother, a happy little boy. Now I've gotten my happiness in life from helping boys and men like these go back home and I'm not as young as I used to be. I wonder if perhaps there aren't some of you women listening who'll be a mother to the boys of the streets in your city. I think if you will, it'll make you happier than you've been before.

A GLOBE-GIRDLING CAT

(Continued from Page 3)

As we go to press, we read that Captain Villiers has sold the "Joseph Conrad" to Mr. G. Huntington Hartford, and he has bought a good, stout, sturdy ship, good for many more voyages. Villiers will settle down for a few months, here in New York, to write a book, probably to be called "The Sea and The Islands," published by Scribner's.

And Joseph, the gallant ship's cat, lured by the social life of the Brooklyn waterfront, has deserted ship, too, but like his gallant master, doubtless only temporarily.

PRESIDENT JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL of Yale University, at the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, said: "No one who has ever had contact with welfare work in any of its phases but knows the tremendous difference it makes to have a service rendered by a friendly neighbor, honestly interested in helping a victim of misfortune over a bad bit of road, as compared with having a paid employee of the Government undertaking to do the same thing.

"One of the rarest qualities in all human relationship is the personal touch which the private agency can offer and which the Government clerk simply cannot and does not give. To rob our communities of the element of voluntary giving on the part of the intelligent, generous and socially minded is to destroy one of the most precious of human values and to substitute cold, mechanical procedures for the warm-hearted outpouring of humane impulse."

come and a clean decent place to sleep.

Year in and year out the Institute befriends men of the sea. Whether they come just for recreation, to check their baggage, to call for their mail, to deposit their wages, or in real need of food and shelter—they receive help within these hospitable walls.

A Christmas Welcome to the "Sailor Home From the Sea"

HERE come the ships! From the North, South, East and West! Laden with Christmas cargoes from sunny climes and Arctic zones. Toys, gifts, necessities — brought across the seven seas in time for Christmas.

And here come the crews! Watch them as they descend the gangplanks, on their way to 25 South Street. Splendid types — rugged, weatherbeaten, keen eyed, strong — eager only for a friendly wel-

come and a clean decent place to sleep. Alone in New York on Christmas Day is a dismal prospect—for either landsman or seaman. Yet that is the bleak outlook for hundreds of merchant seamen—unless funds are raised to provide Christmas dinners at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York for these mariners.

The happy Christmas spirit that crowns the year's holidays brings two-fold enjoyment when it is shared with others less fortunate. Won't you share your blessings by sending a Christmas gift to some lonely sailor who is without kith or kin, job or money? Thousands of them look to the Institute for help.

Won't you let the INSTITUTE be your Christmas messenger in conveying a real WELCOME to these homeless mariners?

Please designate checks for
HOLIDAY FUND and send to
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

25 South Street, New York, N. Y.
All Contributions are TAX EXEMPT

"It is perfectly evident that Government agencies alone cannot possibly care for all of the social demands of the community, nor can they ever be a substitute for the work that has been carried on so well and for so long a period of time by existing permanent private agencies.

"We cannot hold the thought that any Government, no matter how humanely administered, can replace the normal agency of private charity in its daily contact with those who need help. We cannot proceed with the idea that any Governmental agency, necessary as its work may be, can possibly adequately perform the normal functions of general hospitalization, child care, character building and normal family relief." . . .

GOVERNOR LEHMAN.



Christmas Dinner on a Sailing Ship

Drawing by Vera Boch

Barge Colony Hibernates *

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The Barge Colony, Opposite the Institute, Coenties Slip and the East River

Photo by Brown Brothers.

Editor's Note: Many of our neighbors, the bargees, come to the Institute on "movie nights". The entertainments are a great treat for these Erie Canal folk. Several have asked us for extra blankets to protect their wives and children from the chilly blasts when the North wind blows across the bay, and we have supplied these from our Slop Chest, always well stocked by thoughtful, generous friends.

THE approach of cold weather and the formation of ice in the State Barge Canal adds some 200 families annually to New York's population. They are the captains, and their families, of the canal barges, who pass the winter months in the slips between Piers 5 and 6, East River, or at Columbia Street, Brooklyn, occasionally obtaining jobs transporting coal across New York harbor.

One by one the barges are beginning to tie up for the winter. There are already ten in the East River and a few more in Brooklyn. By Thanksgiving the entire floating community should be settled for the season.

Captain Raymond Hope, on board the Hannah Newell at Pier 5, said that business was still pretty fair, although not what it used to be five years ago. He had 514 tons of steel shavings in his barge and was about to start the last and "toughest" trip of the season to Buffalo.

"It's cold and pretty miserable up the canal now," he explained while shaving in the small cabin, the home in which he,

his wife, Anna, and his six-months-old son, Ray Jr., live. "You've got to stand your watch at the wheel and be up at all the locks. The lines are stiff, wet and cold, and when ice forms on them they're hard to handle. Sometimes there's no sleep at all; no let-up."

Among some of the hazards on the trip are those brought by high water. Captain Hope, who was brought up on a barge his father captained, explained. "Cables may snap and there may be loss of life or property. If you're loaded too light the barge may strike a bridge." But he admitted that canalling is the most wonderful and independent life in the world.

Last week, in Bridgeport, Conn., where he was loading the steel shavings, Captain Hope woke up early one morning to find five feet of water in his barge.

"If we'd slept half an hour longer we'd have been drowned," he said. But by getting a tugboat to pump for seven hours and then caulking twelve leaks himself he managed to repair the damage so that the Hannah Newell could make the trip to Buffalo before joining the barge colony in New York for the winter.

"Things look as though they'll be pretty profitable this winter," he said. "If things break right, I may work all winter hauling coal in the harbor. I hope so."

Mrs. Hope said housekeeping on a

barge was more difficult than on shore, but "it isn't tough. You don't have gas and electricity, and getting up at 4 a. m. to build a fire in the stove to warm the baby's milk isn't exactly fun. But the baby thrives on board and seems to sleep better than on shore."

While Mrs. Hope, a curly-haired young woman of Russian descent, prepared dinner, her husband talked about life on a barge.

"I was brought up on a barge," he explained, "and winters my mother took me to school in New Jersey or some port along the line. I got as far as the eighth grade. Now they have buses which come

down here and take the kids to school. I started working on barges when I was fourteen and have been at it ever since. Yes, it's a great life, but if I could get a good shore job, I'd take it.

"The worst part is the long, lonely hours. We can't go to our home in New Jersey now because a phone call might come any minute, sending us up to Buffalo. We play cards a lot, talk, tell stories, and you'd be surprised how fast the time can fly. And now, of course, with the baby, we have lots of fun watching him."

*Reprinted from the N. Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE November 2, 1936.

A "Thank You" Note:

REV. KELLY

Superintendent Seamen's Church
Institute of New York

My dear Mr. Kelly.

Sitting today in the comfortable Officer's Reading and Recreation room and pondering over what's going to become of me in this troublesome time of Strike and Strife it was with genuine pleasure I remembered Thanksgiving day. I remembered the worry the day before, the unexpected ticket at night. And then the wonderful dinner on Thanksgiving day. The uplifting Service which preceded it in the Chapell. The genuine pleased service in the dining room, the free cigarettes, and above all the atmosphere of sincere good-will and Happiness there seemed to hover over the Institute from your self and down to Everybody. Yes it was pleasant to remember.

And I remembered something else, for all this, I have not thanked you in writing.

Mr. Kelly, to you and all those who helped you giving us such a good Thanksgiving a sincere and heartfull

Thanks.

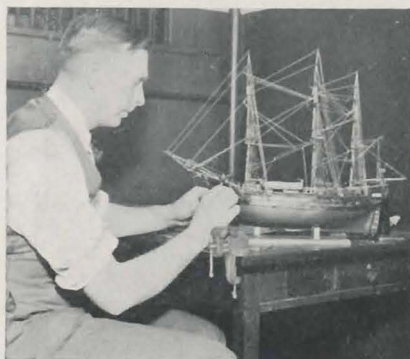
(Signed) CHRISTIAN LUND.



From a drawing by H. R. Robertson
Christmas at Sea, 1879

LISTEN IN! One of the Institute's good friends, Captain Patrick Tayleur, a deep water sailing ship man, will broadcast in behalf of the Institute on Sunday afternoon, December 20th, at 2:30 o'clock, over Station WABC. His topic will be "Celebrating Christmas At Sea." This program is made possible by the generous cooperation of the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

Marine Christmas Gifts



Seaman Chester Horton Working on a Model of the "Bounty"

IF a man does not smoke, his feminine relatives and friends find it rather difficult to select appropriate Christmas gifts for him. But here at the Institute is an answer to the perennial holiday problem. A group of unemployed seamen are busy turning out some excellent replicas of famous sailing ships ranging in price from \$5.00 to \$150.00. Other marine handicraft such as cord belts cost \$2.50 for white ones, \$3.00 for fast colors, and may be made to measure. To measure for one of these cord belts, give waist measurement and add four inches for the overlapping. When ordering, indicate preferred width and colors. Ships-in-bottles of all shapes, or in cases, cost from \$1.00 for miniature ones to \$15.00 for models in quart wine bottles. Ships electrically wired inside lamp bases cost \$7.50 and make most attractive gifts for men or women. The Institute also handles models of modern ships, passenger liners and freighters, designed by Van Ryper and constructed by fishermen at Vineyard Haven, Mass. Models of the liners on which your friends have sailed are thoughtful gifts and may be used also as unique "bon voyage" re-

membrances. They range from 8 to 11 inches in length and sell from \$3.50 to \$6.50. Scale reproductions or waterline action models of your own boat—or your friend's boat—can be built to order, from \$25.00 up. It's worth a trip down to the Battery to see the yachts, power cruisers, Star and Inter-club classes all faithfully reproduced and on display in the Institute's Nautical Museum, open daily, 9 to 5, Saturdays, 9 to 12. Closed on Sundays. Many of these hand-made marine objects are worth much more than the purchase price. Marine paintings in oil and watercolor are available in various sizes from \$15.00 up to \$35.00. They are painted by Seamen Andrew Winter, Charles Rosner, Edgar Liepen, and others who have won scholarships and prizes from art schools. Also, silhouette ship prints (8½x11 in.) by Captain R. Stuart Murray are 25c each and postcards 10c each. Hand carved wooden pen holders are 25c apiece. When ordering by mail, kindly add 10c extra for postage. Make checks payable to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. Please send your order to the attention of THE LOOKOUT Editor.



Seaman Charles Wilbur Constructing a Model of the "Taeping"

Thanksgiving Day at the Institute



FAVORED by clear Autumn weather, merchant seamen celebrated Thanksgiving Day by sitting down to a big turkey dinner provided at the Institute through the thoughtfulness and generosity of contributors to our Holiday Fund. A total of 1322 dinners was served. As our Chaplain, the Rev. David McDonald remarked, "Each year I say it is the best Thanksgiving ever, and each year *does* seem better than the year before. Such a cheerful, happy spirit pervades the entire building and dozens and dozens of men with whom I talked voiced their appreciation of the wonderful dinner and entertainment given them."

The Institute's business manager was also interviewed and he reported: "One of the most touching incidents of the day was when two seamen, one blind, the other with one leg, helped each other down the stairway leading into the dining-room. I talked with them both after the dinner and you never heard more appreciative comments."

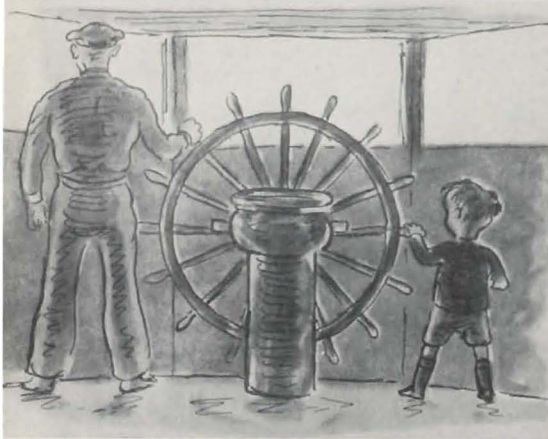
Mrs. Janet Roper reported that many of the seamen were enjoying the Institute's hospitality for the first time and appreciation was ex-

pressed on every hand for the wonderful Thanksgiving. Mrs. Roper and the Chaplains always make it a practice on holidays to go from table to table greeting the seamen, many of them by name. Several seamen were thankful because they had just been discharged from marine hospitals, after long illnesses.

A large number of staff members and their families helped to distribute the cigarettes and tobacco to the men as they filed into the dinner. Our Superintendent, Mr. Kelley, brought his wife and two young daughters, and several other young lady volunteers assisted in welcoming the men. Following the dinner, the men gathered in the Auditorium and packed it to capacity, to witness the splendid moving picture "Green Pastures." Mr. Kelley said a few words of greeting from the platform and received a big hand. He welcomed them in behalf of all those who support the Institute and explained that the bountiful dinner and entertainment was made possible because loyal friends who were entertaining guests in their own homes on Thanksgiving Day wanted to share the joys of the holiday with the seafarers. As several of the seamen commented afterward to Mr. Roper: "He speaks plain talk. We like him because he talks our sailor language."

To sum it all up, we must quote the comment of one of the volunteers, the white-haired mother of a staff member, she said: "It was a wonderful experience to be here. I have never seen such *perfect gentlemen* as those sailors. It's a great joy helping such men forget their troubles for a while, and I think the Institute is really *privileged* to be able to serve them."

Book Reviews



Reprinted from:
LITTLE TIM AND THE BRAVE SEA CAPTAIN
By Edward Ardizzone

Published by Oxford University Press
Price \$2.00

Here is a delightful book with charming illustrations in color, and most suitable as a Christmas present for some little boy. It tells about Tim, five years old, who wanted to be a sailor. How Tim became a stowaway and the exciting adventures that happened to him make amusing reading, even for adults. Many a lad, when he gets his first touch of sea fever, will find vicarious satisfaction in following the experiences of precocious Tim.

M. D. C.

THE LIFE OF VICE-ADMIRAL BLIGH
By George Mackaness

Published by Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.
Price \$5.00

This is a large and handsome book with many illustrations. Dr. Mackaness, a professor in the University of Sydney, has had access to a collection of original documents both official and private, the latter acquired from the descendants of William Bligh in Australia. He has presented fairly the various sides of the controversies which followed in the wake of every one of Bligh's exploits, and has reproduced exactly many passages from

Editor's Note: We are grateful to the publishers who send us books pertaining to the sea. After being reviewed they become a part of our marine collection in the Joseph Conrad Memorial Library. Books may be ordered through THE LOOKOUT editor. Please add \$.10 to cover postage.

Bligh's private log and his letters to his family. The mass of material is so well arranged that the book may be read as an epic of the sea:—Bligh's early training, his voyage as master with Capt. Cook to the South Sea Islands, the "breadfruit voyages", and his greatest feat, the "open boat voyage". The latter part of the book, when Bligh was Governor of New South Wales in its first turbulent years, may not appeal to us so much, since the maze of conflicting testimony is difficult to follow for any one not familiar with the early history of Australia.

We, whose opinion of the causes of the Mutiny was formed even before the famous motion picture fixed one side of the story in our minds, by Sir John Barrow's book "The Mutiny and Piratical Seizure of H.M.S. Bounty" first published in 1831, find it hard to accept Dr. Mackaness' more lenient view of Bligh's character. And yet perhaps he is right. Certainly his explanations are logical and carefully documented.

E. G. B.

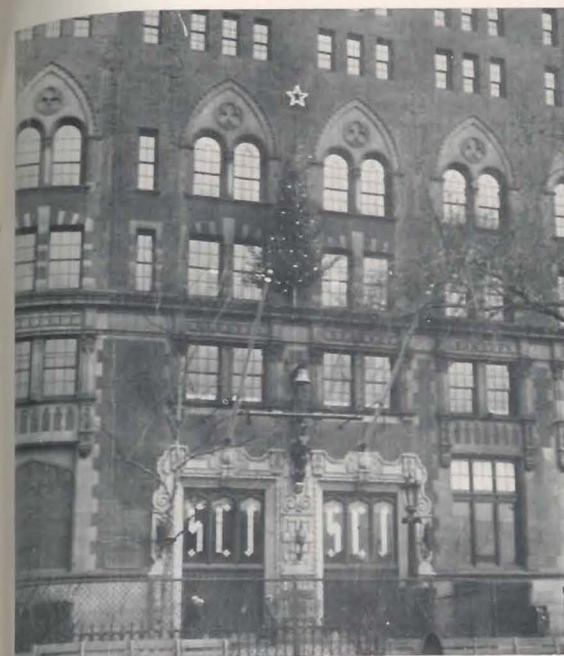
**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF JOHN NICOL, MARINER**
Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.

Price \$4.00

Special limited edition contains an original sketch by Gordon Grant. \$15.00

The ancient adage about old wine in new bottles is disproved — in 1882 John Howell of Edinburgh, printer by trade and author by chance, distilled the rare spirit of John Nicol, mariner, from tales of his adventurous life. The old cooper, who sailed for over twenty-five years in His Majesty's ships, merchant vessels, whalers, and sundry other craft, related his experiences to the strange kindly man who found him destitute and wandering about the streets in search of coal. Howell offered him the only assistance in his power, namely to write his life and thus possibly bring in sufficient funds for support in his old age. This was done with some success, but the literary demands of the on-coming age practically engulfed the book of this unusually articulate sailor of the old school. The Marine Research Society of Salem, Mass., included part of Nicol's adventures in a collection of sea tales in 1925; this was a subscription edition, however, and received scant public attention. Alexander Laing recently discovered old Nicol, recognized his worth and spirit, and with the able assistance of drawings by Gordon Grant, is presenting him now in a splendid "new bottle".

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A
TEN MONTHS' RECORD
of
SERVICE
to
MERCHANT SEAMEN
by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
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OF NEW YORK
From
January 1st to November 1st,
1936

168,115	Lodgings (including relief beds).
102,592	Pieces of Baggage handled.
545,170	Sales at Soda Luncheonette and Restaurant.
173,015	Sales at News Stand.
16,503	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
8,682	Attended 438 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
2,178	Cadets and Seamen attended 367 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 70 new students enrolled.
69,803	Social Service Interviews.
12,550	Relief Loans.
6,025	Individual Seamen received Relief.
48,377	Books and magazines distributed.
3,109	Pieces of clothing, and 1,892 Knitted Articles distributed.
1,656	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat & Medical Clinics.
73,765	Attended 112 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
260	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
3,643	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
244	Missing Seamen found.
3,217	Positions secured for Seamen.
\$272,818.	Deposited for 3,505 Seamen in Banks; \$36,760. transmitted to families.
13,973	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
9,154	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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