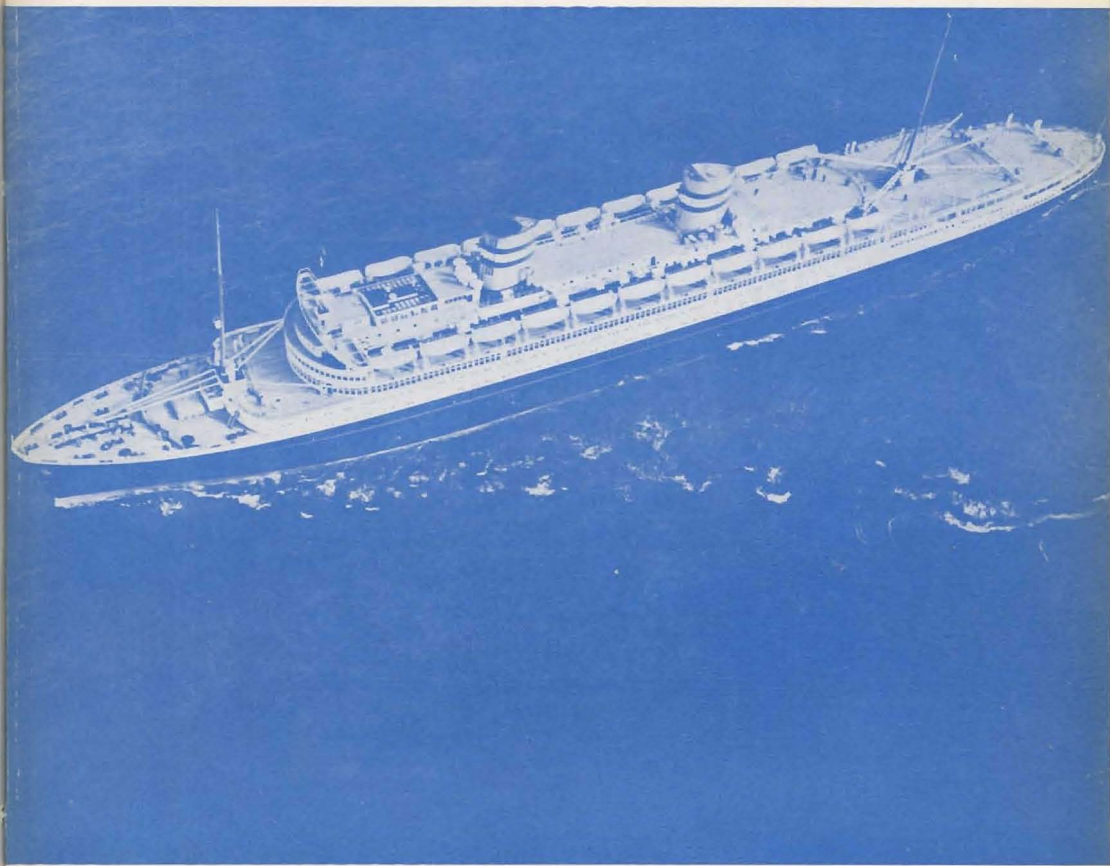


The LOOKOUT



S.S. NIEUW AMSTERDAM

Maiden Voyage

May, 1938

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXIX



MAY, 1938

The
LOOKOUT

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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. XXIX

May 1938

No. 5



YOU are invited to a

FLOWER AND FASHION SHOW

A Spectacular Non-Competitive Exhibition of Flower Arrangements
And of May Flowering Tulips

Staged by members of the Garden Club of America, Garden Clubs of
New Jersey, Federated Garden Clubs of New York and Connecticut
under the Auspices and for the Benefit of

The Seamen's Church Institute of New York On Board the S. S. NIEUW AMSTERDAM

(New 33,000 Ton Flagship of the Holland-America Line)

FRIDAY, MAY 20th, 1938, 2 to 5:30 P. M.

Pier 1, Foot of 5th Street, Hoboken, N. J.*

Honorary Chairman:

The Hon. W. P. Montyn, Consul General of The Netherlands

General Chairman:

Mrs. Harold Irving Pratt

Miss Augusta de Peyster, Chairman Patroness Committee	Mrs. E. Kirk Haskell, Chairman Exhibitions and Arrangements
Mr. Harry Forsyth, Chairman Ways and Means Committee	Mrs. Arthur W. Page, Vice-Chairman
Miss Helen Michalis, Chairman Debutante Committee	Mrs. Frank M. Carson, Vice-Chairman
Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, Chairman Reception Committee	Mrs. J. Y. G. Walker, Vice-Chairman
	Mr. Samuel A. Salvage, Chairman Exhibitors' Committee
	Mr. John Scheepers, Vice-Chairman

Admission \$3.00

including

Flower Show, Fashion Show (Evening Dresses in Tulip Colors Designed by
Mrs. Mabel McIlvain Downs and worn by the Debutante Committee);
Inspection of Ship, and Refreshments.

* Those wishing bus transportation from the Hotel Pennsylvania and return, via the
Holland Tunnel or Lincoln Tunnel, should notify the Institute. (Cost is \$1.56
round trip).

Make checks payable to: SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



Paul Parker Photo

Members of the Institute's Debutante Committee in Dutch costume prepare to welcome the S.S. NIEUW AMSTERDAM

WE hope that many of our readers will attend the unusual event scheduled for Friday afternoon, May 20th, aboard the "NIEUW AMSTERDAM." This

The Conrad Library : Some Impressions

By Anne W. Conrow, Librarian

AMONG the statistics given in the Institute's 103rd Annual Report in the April "Lookout" appeared the statement: "14,287—attendance in Joseph Conrad Library." While this figure represents a long stream of readers coming and going during the year, it gives only an impersonal picture. With the aid of the photograph on page three, taken on a typically busy winter afternoon, we shall try to give you a somewhat more intimate glimpse into the Library.

In previous accounts we have generalized as to reading tastes, letting you in on the secret that

will be a rare opportunity to view the new vessel without the discomfort of a crowded public inspection. It promises to be a most delightful affair—the combination of thousands of beautiful flowers, beautiful evening dresses in tulip colors and a beautiful ship—is rare and interesting. The Holland-America Line is donating the music and refreshments. Mrs. Mabel Downs is donating the gowns and the tulips are being donated by residents from their gardens and also by the Holland Tulip Growers' Association. Members of the Connecticut, New York and New Jersey Garden Clubs are donating their time and talent in the arrangements of the flowers.

Thus, the proceeds for the Institute ought to be substantial. Please order your tickets promptly, as the number of guests will be limited. We are counting on the usual generous and loyal support of our friends in making this benefit a big success.

seafaring men really care little for sea stories, but are inveterate "seekers after knowledge" and find their greatest relaxation in following the adventures of a lusty Zane Grey hero. Departing completely from all such generalization, let us introduce you directly to a few of the individual seamen who have profited so materially by the generosity of the Library's friends.

Mr. C. is a rotund little Hollander of about 60 who works on a nearby tug-boat. Almost every day shortly before four o'clock he waddles into the Library, adjusts a very crooked pair of spectacles



Paul Parker Photo

on his nose and immerses himself in his particular "book of the week". He found the Library first during the early part of the "Gone With the Wind" era, and led a veritable "Cox and Box" existence with a young Virginian who was devoting his mornings to our only copy of that prodigious best-seller. Now, having read practically all of the historical fiction on the shelves, Mr. C. is settling down to the much less remote problems of contemporary Germany.

In Mr. H. we find that comparatively rare person—a seafaring man with a genuine interest in sea literature. A well-educated Canadian officer, with some 10 years of sea time behind him, he reads with a real appreciation of style as well as content, and with an uncanny ability to sense a false note or detect a nautical inaccuracy. During a recent interim ashore he reread some of his favorite Conrad and browsed for hours each day in the "Marine corner" of the Library, often bringing to the Librarian's attention a particularly vivid passage, or an absurdly unreal situation.

Mr. X. is representative of quite

another type of reader, the ex-Navy man who pores over old copies of Jane's "FIGHTING SHIPS", doubtless making mental notes for future use in shipboard arguments. He is now an officer in the U. S. Naval Reserve and comes in periodically to read the latest issue of the "Naval Institute Proceedings", and then to ask for up-to-the minute rules of Contract! He is quiet, always reserved and dignified, and believes firmly that the Merchant Marine has much to learn from the Navy.

We have one or two enthusiastic readers who are students at heart and who have succeeded in broadening their mental horizons by carefully chosen reading. Of these young R. is perhaps the most outstanding. He is of Danish descent, was born in California where he attended high school but could not remain to graduate. He is an "oiler", studying now for his engineer's license and dividing his leisure time at sea between technical books and the books through which he is attempting to acquire a knowledge of the arts and of philosophy. He keeps up to date by reading reviews in a variety of

newspapers and magazines, and when possible buys books for his own slowly growing library. At the moment, however, he is saving money in order to stay ashore when the time comes for him to sit for his examination, and he finds his way here each trip hoping to discuss his recent "discoveries" or to borrow an old copy of some standard work.

We would have you know these men, and many others. Their appreciation of our books is expressed most eloquently by the interest and concentration shown on their faces

as they sit, often for hours at a time, just as you see them here. Your generous gifts of books in the past have made this room a reality; however, books have been coming to us more slowly this winter, and we ask at this time that you look over your own collections and see if there are not a few worthwhile books of fiction, or an extra copy of some good biography which you might let us have.

* The Library would be especially grateful for a more recent edition of "Jane's Fighting Ships" than the 1928 one which we now have.

"Shipwreck Charlie"

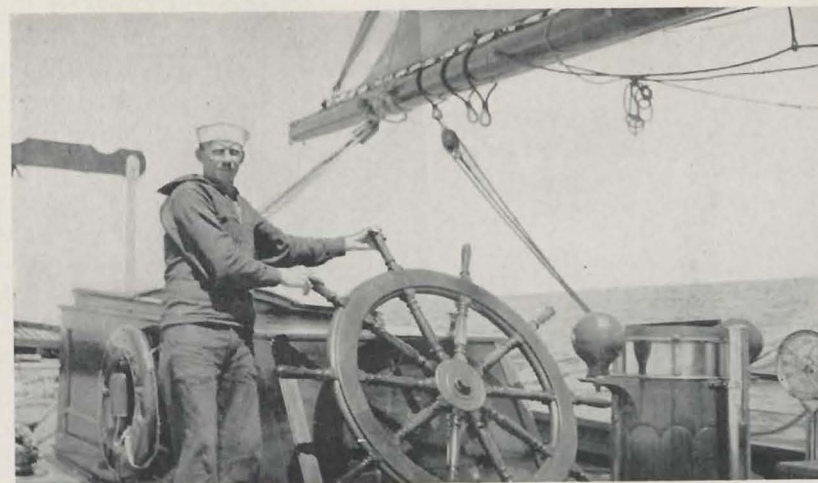
ABLE-BODIED Seaman Emil George Andersen doesn't mind being called "Shipwreck Charlie" by the entire waterfront population. In fact, he is about the most cheerful looking hoodoo it has ever been our lot to encounter. He holds a record for having been in more shipwrecks than any six other men. And yet he loves the sea and will not quit it because of his many hair-breadth escapes from Davey Jones's Locker. For twenty-three years Andersen has been a sailor, and most of the time he has shipped on sailing ships: square-riggers or schooners. He is only 37, but left his native home in Copenhagen, Denmark at the tender age of 14. He has survived five shipwrecks, two collisions and several near-shipwrecks. And yet he is a good sailor, capable, conscientious and strong, and always in demand by owners of small schooners or yawls.

Andersen is now at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, where he always makes his home while in this port.

He now has a job as a member of the crew of the yawl "Manxman."

Here is the list of Andersen's bad luck: 1915—Danish schooner, "Elizabeth" ran on a sandbar off the coast of Norway; 1918—Belgian transport, "Chilier", torpedoed in the North Atlantic; 1918—British square-rigger, "Svelen", collision with a steamer enroute to South America; 1922—four-masted schooner "J. Edward Drake" foundered off Bermuda; 1923—schooner "Mabel" foundered off Nassau; two-masted schooner auxiliary yacht, "Crimber" ran on sandbar off West Palm Beach, Florida—rescued by the Coast Guard; 1925—four-masted barkentine "John C. Meyer" wrecked on rocks off Nova Scotia.

Since 1925 Andersen has sailed as a member of the crew of the "Intrepid", "Seven Seas", "Joseph Conrad" and "Manxman" with no ill-luck, so perhaps old Davey Jones has become tired of chasing after him. However, the nickname, "Shipwreck Charlie" still sticks, and



Andersen goodnaturedly acknowledges it when greeted in this fashion.

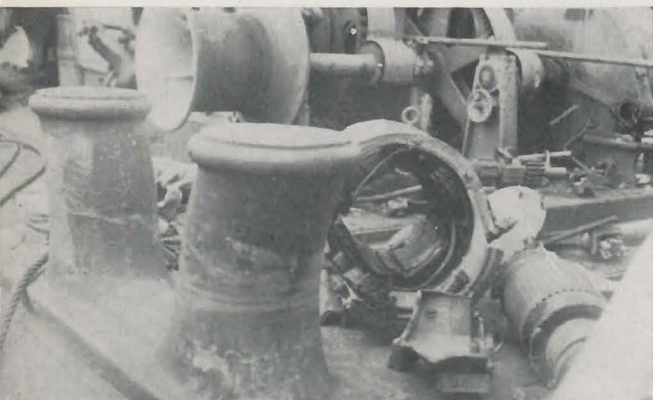
He tells the tales of his numerous shipwrecks with salty humor, which, combined with his Danish accent, make him a colorful yarn-spinner. Take the story of the schooner "J. Edward Drake" for instance. Andersen tells how the skipper had a favorite rocking chair, and insisted on lowering it into the lifeboat when they abandoned the sinking ship. "And there I sat, in the Old Man's chair, on top of all that yunk," said Andersen, "rockin' away in that yumpin' lifeboat to beat the band. The Captain gave me a cigar!"

Or take the story of the schooner "Mabel": "We loaded at Bay Ridge with bricks, lumber, gasoline, two Ford cars and 1,600 cases of dynamite, bound for Curacao. Yumpin' Yiminy, what a cargo! Then we picked up some bird feathers at La Guayra and the cook had a wild parrot. When the pump stopped workin' I said to myself, Hang the flag upside down.

I grabbed four big bottles and a roll of carpet. This'll make a sea anchor for the life-boat, I said to myself. And we no sooner abandoned ship when all that yunk exploded!"

Andersen's description of the torpedoing of the Belgian transport, and his subsequent rescue by the "City of Savannah" after six days in a lifeboat with 30 other men, makes graphic reading: "The skipper threw enough stores for two years into that lifeboat—big hams, macaroni, boxes of cigars were flyin' through the air, and Belgian, French, German and English all bein' spoken at once by the different officers of the transport and the submarine arguing about givin' us a tow. Finally, we all yumped in the lifeboat and we had to eat and keep on rowin' all the time. When we ran short of water it was kind of tough. Suddenly I saw smoke in the distance and an American ship trained her guns on us. "Please pick us up we hollered in English. So she did. I was kind of glad to see dry land after that."

Hurricanes: Nautical and Personal



Damaged Windlass

IMAGINE, if you can, yourself aboard a ship in the direct path of a hurricane, passing through the vortex. Here is what a ship's officer told us: "We lashed the rudder with about 10 degrees of lee helm, put the engine slow astern, at one quarter speed, and the ship took a position that held her across the

trough and we rode out the hurricane."

"But", continued the ship's officer: "Every ship has to be handled differently, according to how she lies in the wind. You have to watch this and act according to her balance".

And every seaman who comes ashore to the Institute's hospitable building at 25 South Street has to be handled differently. One man needs food, another an overcoat, another only a postage stamp to send a letter home, another a friendly handshake to make him forget his loneliness; another carfare to a prospective job; another spiritual counsel, another advice in straightening out family difficulties, another assistance in preparing for an officer's examination, another dental treatment, another a pair of eye glasses, another magazines and books for spare-time reading, another help in keeping "on even keel".

Reproduced on this page are photographs of the M.S. "Gertrude Maersk", owned by the Isbrandtsen-Moller Company, after a typhoon and a collision in Hongkong Harbor. Second Officer Jensen, in recognition of his courageous behavior during the typhoon, was presented with a gift from the owners of the M.S. "Von Heutz", a German vessel whose passengers he rescued.

The vessel carried about 1,200 passengers and in the darkness collided with the "Gertrude Maersk". Her passengers clambered aboard the "Gertrude Maersk". Shortly after the vessels parted the "Von Heutz" struck the rocks near Green Island and began to sink. There was a Northeast wind with hurricane force and heavy rain. According to observations made from the Royal Observatory at Hongkong, the force of the typhoon was recorded at 164 miles per hour. Captain A. Jaegersoe, Master of the "Gertrude Maersk", Second Officer Jensen and the crew were commended by passengers and officials for their courage, good seamanship and prompt action during the emergency.



Pumping Water Out of No. 2 Hold

Of such stuff are sailormen made! Hurricanes, typhoons, icebergs, fog, collisions—such emergencies are met and overcome, all in the line of duty. Ashore, they appreciate the friendly individual ministrations of the Institute's staff.

A visit to "25 South Street" will convince you that your contribution is providing a useful and helpful kind of social service. For relief, welfare, recreational and educational facilities we depend on the voluntary and continued annual support of friends. The cost of such a program of service is \$100,000 annually.

Your contribution helps us to maintain these important social and welfare services. Please send gifts to:

MR. HARRY FORSYTH, *Chairman*
Ways and Means Committee
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.
Checks should be made payable to:
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK.

PLEASE NOTE

The Seamen Church Institute of New York is a member of the new GREATER NEW YORK FUND Inc., but the money to be distributed among about 800 welfare agencies by this Fund is supplemental and to help avoid deficits. We still must raise \$100,000 annually from individual contributors.

Mr. James Blaine, Chairman of the Greater New York Fund, says: "The Fund solves the difficult problem of corporate business and firm contributions to charity and . . . must not interfere with the contributions to individual agencies by individual friends."

Welcoming Apprentices and Cadets

By Mrs. Edith Baxter

IN ALL accounts of the work of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York you are accustomed to large figures—hundreds of meals served, hundreds of men reading in the Library, thousands entertained in the Auditorium. Mine is a different story—this time you are going to hear about one boy, or perhaps three, but never more than thirty at one time.

First, I shall try to give you a brief picture of the Apprentices' Room daily life. It opens officially at two o'clock, and from then on anything at all may happen. Apprentices are usually working on their ships and do not arrive until the day's work is finished, but American cadets are sometimes living in the building. Last week there were five boys living in the Institute for various reasons, and they were in and out all the afternoon, playing billiards, ping pong, asking questions, turning the radio on and off, writing letters, or just talking. As I was writing this, a boy whom I had not seen for two years arrived for a visit. He was a graduate of the New York State Merchant Marine Academy and now has a shore job in New Jersey, and I have listened to all the details of his work, his wages, and the current best girl, also have leaned out of one of our fourth floor windows to admire his second hand Ford standing at the curb. If there is a boy in hospital I visit him often or seldom, for a long time or a brief chat, depending on what he seems to require, write letters home for him and go on errands.

You can see from this that my desk work gets done *when* and *if* there is no one talking to me. At five o'clock we put on the kettle

and set the table for afternoon tea and the talk around it is one of the most rewarding things I know. In the evening groups of girls come faithfully, three or four on most evenings, and more for the Thursday dance. The girls take turns as Committees and everything is as simple and homelike as possible. We have about \$300. a year, donated by the Seamen's Benefit Society, to spend on everything, so we couldn't be extravagant if we wanted to. We close promptly at eleven o'clock, every night, with many good byes and thank you's, and much hand shaking.

We are international, in spite of the fact that the majority of the boys who like this sort of place for recreation are British. We have American cadets, Belgian cadets, British cadets and Apprentices, Dutch apprentices, also young deck, engine, and radio officers of the same nationalities. Their youth and their jobs bring them together to make a homogeneous group which can absorb if necessary an entirely different type of boy, perhaps a problem boy discovered by a Chaplain in the Lobby, or one that Mrs. Roper has been asked by relatives to look after.

A few sketches of the boys as individuals will explain our place in the corporate life of the Institute. And these are only sketches, not finished stories, because not many are finished, I am glad to say. We have had a few pathetic funerals, and a few sad letters from home, but not many, and we won't think of them now.

The first boy who comes to my mind is Ginger. Of course his hair is red and he is tall and strong. He comes from Kentucky, went to a



Paul Parker Photo

small college in Tennessee and has a license to teach, but wanted to see the world and be a journalist. He was sent to Mrs. Roper by an Institute friend. He began as an Ordinary Seaman because he could not afford to wait for a cadet job, and is now ready for his A.B. ticket. He has seen a lot of the world already, has taken some fine photographs, and has supplied his college papers with many good articles. It is interesting to watch him develop, and he will go a long way.

Bill is another American, 19 years old, from a town in western Pennsylvania, proud of his Anglo-Saxon descent and his father's military career. He sings, dances the Big Apple, plays the mouth organ, draws amusing cartoons, and changes his mind and his job like the shifting wind. His father held him down long enough to finish

school, then he tried Penn State College, hitch hiked to New York, accidentally got a cadet job in a ship going to Africa, came home and went to visit his grandmother in Denver, studied for four months at Denver University and came back as far as Chicago in charge of sixteen cars of cattle. He was sure he could pick up another cadet job in New York, and stayed with us for five weeks until all resources were at an end, including a scholarship at our Nautical School. We hope he has gone home, but fear he is still wandering.

Peter is his opposite in every way. Peter is 19, comes from a Boston suburb, and his shyness and unsophistication give his round flat face a stupid expression which I think makes it hard for him to get employment. But he is not at all stupid and when his face lights up, as it does when he talks about his

parents and his baby sister, he is almost attractive. He wanted to be a cadet but began as Ordinary on the strength of a Sea Scout cruise in a Coast Guard ship, and we have seen him through three anxious waits for a job, "on the beach". He was alarmingly gullible at first and I fished him out of a pickle last summer which might have been serious. This is the kind of boy who profits surprisingly by being taught to dance. It may sound funny, but it is absolutely true, that learning to dance gives some boys the self confidence and poise that they must have to get themselves jobs. Peter's odd stupid shyness is wearing off, and this time he got the job himself instead of fussing around ineffectually until our Night Manager sent him off on a pier head jump. He has a good job as ordinary on a tanker and we hope he will stay on it a long time.

Neither Peter nor Bill understood Robert but they were kind to him. Poor Robert, he has so much courage and yet has he a chance? The cards seemed stacked against him. He is only 17, but six feet three inches tall, still growing, and has diabetes. A chaplain noticed his intelligent though child-like face among the crowd in the Lobby, spoke to him, and learned his story. Robert says that he was born in Connecticut, and his mother put him in a home when he was seven so that she could marry again. He was in foster homes and even some sort of institution for tubercular children, and finally ran away when he was thirteen. He has hoboed through every State in the Union, has had endless temporary jobs, even a job as mess boy with the Alaska packers. He is determined to go to sea although he ought to be in a hospital. I was asked to look after him and to try

to persuade him to give up the idea, but it was useless, it only made him antagonistic and unhappy to argue, so I gave it up, and let him dash in and out, and talk his funny Hobo jargon, and play chess. He got his job at last through the hiring hall, and I have had a post card from him from Galveston. With such a handicap, can he adjust himself to life at sea, and will he be an asset or a liability to the Merchant Service? His is a story that we can mark "To be continued".

Now mix with these, a young Irish engineer who has stranded himself in New York because he has broken his foreign service contract, and you have a hectic tea party, especially on Tuesday afternoon when a Ward Line ship brings in a cadet who knows every gun on every battleship of the U. S. Navy. The arguments become heated and statements wilder, and only facts from Lloyd's Register brings calm. It's really lots of fun.

The hospital visiting is more serious, and can be rather frightening. Last November I had a call from the Marine Hospital in Staten Island that a boy was seriously ill and had asked for me. A call from there is unusual as most of my foreign patients are sent to the Long Island College Hospital by the British companies. I went over at once, hoping to be in time, and trying to puzzle out what could have happened since I saw him two evenings before, perfectly well and happy. I knew his ship had sailed. How did he come to be left behind? Everyone there was wonderful, they met me at the Desk in the hall, took me to the nurse on the floor, and she told me what she knew while we waited for the doctor who had operated. She said they had operated the night before,

for appendicitis and peritonitis, and it was one of the worst cases they had had in months. Both the nurse and the doctors were troubled because Tom's wife was so far away and couldn't be sent for. I promised them I would cable her (I had known him for nine years, since he was seventeen, and had his home address). He was asleep when the doctor took me to see him, and I was glad afterwards he did not see my face for the shock of the dreadful change in him was so great I could not have hidden it. It was only two days, but the strong boy with the fine healthy color was gone, and there, bolstered up in a high bed with drainage tubes in nose and mouth, was a shrunken gray face that just couldn't be Tom. It seemed for a few days that only a miracle could bring him back. They watched him and cared for him, and the miracle, combined with hard work, brought results. Five weeks later I saw him off for home on the "Queen Mary". Letters came from him and his wife about their happy Christmas (their baby's first Christmas), and saying that he was gaining steadily. Two weeks ago he was here again, back in his job of Third Mate on the same ship.

The life of an Apprentice in foreign ships has been completely changed, revolutionized, in the past twenty years by radio broadcast and moving pictures. When Apprentices arrive in New York now, even if they have been forty seven days from Penang around the Cape of Good Hope, they know the latest news and the latest dance tunes, and they make a dash for Times Square. But in a day or two the novelty wears off, and they want someone to talk to. That statement brings us to the purpose of this work, though it is a purpose that

is difficult to put into words. There are agencies for everything in New York, and all kinds of organized games for boys, but there isn't always some one with time and patience to just let them talk. Most boys want a friend to greet them when they come in from sea, and we are here for just that purpose.

All this friendliness and protection for youthful seafarers is a far cry from the days, back in 1896, when the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D. first began his ministry on the New York waterfront, and he observed the tall British square-rigged ships with the young "reefers" or Apprentices aboard. He recognized the fact that the waterfront was far from safe, and some of the boys were very young (13 to 18 years of age). They were more than ready for an evening's fun ashore to break the monotony of the long voyage from the Horn, or from India, and often they were held up and beaten in the dark streets. A barrel hoop was thrown over their heads from behind and they would be held on the sidewalk while their pockets were rifled. Dr. Mansfield established a Thursday and Sunday night meeting place for these boys in one of the Institute's early lodging houses. During the years before the subways, the Institute owned a boat called "The Sentinel" which went around the Harbor collecting boys from the ships on Sunday afternoons, and returning them to their ships after the Sunday church service. With the opening of the Institute's new building at 25 South Street in 1913, a special Room was furnished and decorated for the Apprentices by the Seamen's Benefit Society and Miss Augusta de Peyster. In 1937 3,859 Apprentices and Cadets were welcomed in this Room.

Book Reviews



THE SAGA OF THE "JEANNETTE"

Commander Edward Ellsberg's book, "Hell On Ice"

Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.75

"In the end it is how men lived and died, not the material things they constructed, that the world is most likely to remember." This quotation from Commander Edward Ellsberg's book, "Hell On Ice" sets the keynote for this thrilling true story of indomitable courage of men lost and helpless in the Polar pack. The Institute takes particular interest in this book, for just opposite our building, on Coenties Slip, is *Jeannette Park*, named in 1882 for the ill-fated vessel in command of that heroic man, Lieut. George De Long, U.S.N. Commander Ellsberg dedicates his book to De Long's widow, Mrs. Emma Wotton De Long, "still waiting after sixty years to rejoin the man who sailed away in command of the 'Jeannette'." The ship was named for Jeannette Bennett, sister of James Gordon Bennett, owner of the "Herald."

Christopher Morley, in reviewing this book, writes: "Now, in case you might suppose that this is a record of adventure and hardship and tragedy, and only that, I want to point out that it is also a fine novel. . . . There are humor, too, and beauty, and close compassionate study of man's courage and weakness. . . . Ellsberg had the fortunate idea to retell the story as a first-person narrative by Melville, the engineer of the 'Jeannette', who was one of the survivors."

"Readers will remember the great story of *H.M.S. Bounty* and the superb story of Men against the Sea. Here is something in the same realm of fortitude and truth. Here we have Men against the Ice."

On the bandstand, over in Jeannette Park, there is a bronze tablet which reads: "Dedicated to the men of the merchant marine who in the World War without fervor of battle or privilege of fame, went down to the sea and endured all things. They made victory possible and were great without glory." The crew of the "Jeannette", and Commander De Long, were also "great without glory", but now Commander Ellsberg's book will make their deeds memorable. M.D.C.

FIFTY SOUTH TO FIFTY SOUTH

By Warwick M. Tompkins. Illustrated.

W. W. Norton & Co. New York. \$3.00.

After eight years of voyaging in his schooner "Wanderbird" the author, accompanied by his wife, their daughter age six, their son age four, two hired hands, three paying guests and the author's brother—able seamen all—undertakes to sail his 85-foot vessel from Gloucester, Massachusetts around Cape Horn to San Francisco.

This beautifully printed and illustrated book covers the twenty-eight days required to navigate "Wanderbird" from 50 South in the Atlantic to 50 South in the Pacific.

Mr. Tompkins is a former newspaper man who has not outgrown his early training; he always has one eye on his editor's blue pencil. As a result, his text is quiet, almost subdued; and a landsman reading his book does not hear the wind or feel the spray, *but*—he gets all the facts. It is only by the photographs which are reproduced on almost every page that one can visualize the stout ship and the stout hands which rounded Cape Horn from east to west with an occasional torn sail, yes, but without any torn fingernails.

This absence of complaints is as refreshing as it is unusual and we can recommend this book as a model to all prospective deep-sea-sailors, big game-hunters, mountain climbers, Antarctic explorers and other synthetic heroes who go off to outlandish places and get into a tight jam just to have something to write about.

We can also recommend the appendix and glossary to those hardy and determined Yacht Club Members who still stubbornly hang on to their yachting caps waiting for the market to turn. Here are helpful suggestions: how to build and outfit a sailing vessel—including the words to use—to make it seaworthy for a cruise around the Horn. And an experienced navigator to sail her? Ann Tompkins, the author's daughter, should be old enough by that time. E.J.

Journey's End: "25 South Street."



Photos by Walter Suesman, Echo Publishing Company

SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

BY THE

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK FROM JANUARY 1 TO APRIL 1, 1938

70,238	Lodgings (including relief beds).
23,922	Pieces of Baggage handled.
200,368	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
78,334	Sales at News Stands.
5,323	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
3,732	Attended 153 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
1,355	Cadets and Seamen attended 166 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 27 new students enrolled.
12,798	Social Service Interviews.
3,392	Relief Loans.
1,842	Individual Seamen received Relief.
25,064	Books and magazines distributed.
1,592	Pieces of clothing, and 628 Knitted Articles distributed.
995	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
28,624	Attended 60 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
642	Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
100	Missing Seamen found.
232	Positions secured for Seamen.
\$58,657.	Deposited for 810 Seamen in Banks; \$9,228. transmitted to families.
5,647	Attendance in Joseph Conrad Library.
2,864	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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