

The LOOKOUT



CROSSING THE GRAND BANKS

*From the painting by
Charles Robert Patterson*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXVI

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SEPTEMBER, 1931

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows the after part of a Gloucester fishing schooner with a group of fishermen on deck watching the square-rigger slowly coming up on them. Not so many years ago this was by no means an unusual sight. Today, only a few square-rigged vessels remain of the hundreds which plied the seas of the world as late as 25 years ago.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXVI, SEPTEMBER
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Entered as second class matter July
8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under
the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually
Single Copies, Ten Cents

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and
over include a year's subscription to
"The Lookout."

Address all communications to
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. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

It is to the generosity of numerous donors and testators that the Institute owes its present position, and for their benefactions their memory will ever be cherished by all friends of the seaman.

The Lookout

VOL. XXVI

SEPTEMBER, 1935

No. 9

THE HAUNTED SHIP

By Captain Robert Huntington, Principal, Merchant Marine School,
Seamen's Church Institute of New York

Editor's Note: Summer is the time for swapping yarns among seafaring men. Here is a yarn told to us by Captain Huntington. It was a personal experience which occurred forty years ago when he was second mate on a sailing ship.

THIS is the story of my first command. Within a month after I had signed on a square rigger as second mate, strange events transpired and I found myself in command of a twelve-hundred ton bark! It happened in this way:

Day was dawning and our vessel lazily rolled in the swell. When the morning watch had been called, a man was ordered aloft to scan the horizon and report any ships in sight. He reported a vessel broad on the starboard bow which appeared to be in distress. The Captain ordered us to bear down on the stranger.

"Man, what a wreck!" exclaimed a hearty voice at my side, and turning, I saw First Mate Ridley pointing to the vessel. She was certainly a sorry sight. All her sails were in tatters, hanging from the yards which played "Isaac and Josh" as the bark rolled. We clewed up our courses, backed the main yard and hove the ship to, to windward of the derelict.

The Captain ordered the long-boat and shouted to Mate Ridley to get four men. I was ordered to remain with the starboard watch. The Mate after inspecting the derelict returned to our ship and reported:

"She's an abandoned British vessel, sir, in fair condition. Plenty of



Photo by Elsie Jansen
Putting Chafing Gear on Leach of Sail

spare sails in the lockers. There are provisions in the food lockers, too. The cabin doors were open and the officers' clothing gone. The instruments and ship's papers were gone."

Since our ship did not have enough men to man both crafts, the Captain decided to take the prize in tow. All the crew anticipated good returns from the salvage of such a valuable prize. The tow rope between the ships was about two hundred fathoms. Mate Ridley and four men of the port watch stayed aboard the derelict to make what sail they could and to steer.

About midnight, the next night,

we observed a red light being waved from the fo'c'sle deck of the prize. Picking up a megaphone I called: "What's wrong there?"

The answer that came back across the inky blackness sent the cold shivers up and down my spine:

"The ship's haunted!" shouted Ridley. "My men refuse to stay aboard her."

I naturally scoffed at the Mate and his men when they returned to our ship. "Captain," I said, "let me be in charge of the derelict." The Captain smiled:

"Can you get yourself a crew?" he asked.

I looked at the Mate's men, blanched with fear—great drops of sweat on their faces. Then I turned to my starboard watch, and said:

"Who'll go back with me on the prize?"

To a man, the whole watch volunteered! I chose six men and took along a sextant and chronometer.



Replacing Broken Jibboom

I was now in command of the derelict. In the mid-watch, the watch below came running aft and said "The ship's haunted." They reported that chains had rattled across the deck and they refused to sleep there any longer.

I gathered the men together and said: "Boys, I guess we're up against a haunted vessel, but we'll have to make the best of it. Stay up here on deck and I'll go into the fo'c'sle."

"It was dark in the fo'c'sle when all of a sudden I heard the sound of a chain being dragged across the floor. "If you are man, speak! If you are devil, run!" I called. The rattling chain vanished in the darkness. I then ordered the companionway closed and waited. The minutes dragged by. Finally again I heard the rattling chain. My blood ran cold and I shouted: "What do you want?" No answer but the rattle and clank of the chain. Whatever this mysterious thing is, I vowed, I'll find it out, if it costs me my life!

Seconds seemed to be hours as I sat there motionless. And this is my first command—on a haunted ship! I thought bitterly. Suddenly I felt the presence of something—some evil power standing close to me. A cold chill ran up my spine as I heard the rattle of the chain and expected to be torn to pieces. Slowly, slowly the chain approached where I sat in the darkness. I scarcely breathed until the chain touched my feet. With a loud scream, I jumped toward the chain. I landed on something soft, and then fell in a heap on the floor.

The crew, on hearing the noise in the fo'c'sle, rushed in and found me sitting on the floor. In my right hand was a piece of chain about eight inches long, of quarter inch iron. Through one of the links was

wedged the body of a rat. His struggles to get free had caused all the rattling of the chain. The creature was carried to the deck with great joy and thrown overboard. "Boys," I said to my crew, "There is no more haunted ship. I hope you will all enjoy your watch below, now."

The Captain paused for breath, and the listeners who had heard his yarn raptly from beginning to end, relaxed a little in their chairs. But THE LOOKOUT editor, ever practical, had to ask for explanations:

"That must have been a terrifying experience, Captain Huntington," we said, "but how do you account for the ship being deserted? Where had the crew disappeared to?"

"We later picked up the crew of the barque in a famished condition, and from them we learned this story," replied Captain Huntington. "She was a British barque by the name of *Annie May* and had left Azores in ballast for Rio de Janeiro. She had a crew that shipped with the intention of mutinying—pirates, they were—it was a common practice in those days—to kill all the crew who would not join the mutineers, force the skipper to sign over the ship's papers and then sell the vessel at the next port and divide the money. But things went wrong in this instance. In the battle to gain command of the barque the mutineer's navigator was killed and also the mate. The mutineers took command and decided to make the captain navigate for them. The mate was brutally murdered. The captain strove to defend his wife and daughter from the pirates. Shortly after the mutiny, they heard chains rattling and being very superstitious they feared that if they carried out their evil intentions the chains they heard rattling would be the chains the devil

would use to chain them in Hell. So they decided to abandon the barque and take their chances in a lifeboat.

"When we picked up the original crew," continued Captain Huntington, "we found them on the verge of cannibalism. The captain's wife had died from the shock and hunger and exposure; two of the crew had jumped overboard, crazy with thirst; one had cut his throat. There was a stowaway on the barque who was in love with the captain's daughter. He did everything he could to keep up her courage, but the poor soul died after we picked her up, and she was buried at sea."

"And what of the pirate crew?" we persisted. "Did you pick them up, too?"

"Yes, we did," answered Captain Huntington, "and I wish we hadn't. They tried to mutiny again, but this time they were badly beaten. Their leader, after being swung to the yard-arm with a gantline would not speak. He was shown a shark that was swimming alongside and he was about to be thrown to the shark when he decided to speak. We put him in irons in the lazarette and his confederates were kept under constant guard. Then we passed through a terrific hurricane. We survived somehow, and on arriving in New York I turned the pirates over to the police. The claims on the barque were decided by the Admiralty Court."

Note: If any ambitious navigator doubts the position of the "haunted ship", he can get the exact observations that were taken by Captain Huntington and entered in the log, by writing to him in care of the Merchant Marine School, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

SEA CHANTIES

WINDLASS OR CAPSTAN CHANTY

John Sampson in "The Seven Seas Chanty Book" describes Mister Stormalong as a fitting requiem to commemorate the passing of a great sailor. Mr. Bullen, another collector of sea songs, considers it embodies all the admiration that a sailor used to feel for a great seaman. "I suspect," he writes "that Stormalong was just the embodiment of all the prime seamen the sailor had ever known, and in the song he voiced his heart's admiration." The music reproduced on this page is from W. B. Whall's book "Sea Songs and Chanties." The words are from Joanna C. Colcord's book "Roll and Go."

STORMALONG

Old Stormy was a fine old man,
 Cho: To me way, O Stormalong.
 Old Stormy was a fine old man,
 Cho: Way, hay, hay, Mr. Stormalong.
 Old Stormy he is dead and gone
 Oh, poor old Stormy's dead and gone.
 Cho.
 We'll dig his grave with a silver spade,
 We'll dig his grave with a silver spade.
 Cho.
 And lower him down with a golden chain.
 And lower him down with a golden chain.
 Cho.
 I wish I was old Stormy's son;
 I'd build me a ship of a thousand ton.
 Cho.
 I'd sail this wide world round and round;
 With plenty of money I'd be found. Cho.
 I'd fill her up with New England rum,
 And all my shellbacks they'd have some.
 O Stormy's dead and gone to rest;
 Of all the sailors he was the best. Cho.
 He slipped his cable off Cape Horn;
 Our sails was split and our mainmast
 gone. Cho.
 So we sunk him under a long, long roll.

Stormalong.

The musical score for "Stormalong" is presented in three systems. The first system is marked "SOLO" and "STOW" and includes the lyrics "O Storm - y, he is dead and gone; To my". The second system is marked "Solo." and includes the lyrics "way you storm a - long. O Storm-y was a". The third system is marked "CHORUS." and includes the lyrics "good old man; Ay, ay, ay, Mis - ter Storm-a - long." The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

Courtesy, Isbrandtsen-Moller Co.

BOOK REVIEW CONTEST FOR MERCHANT SEAMEN

Editor's Note: The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is sponsoring a contest for the best review written by a merchant seaman of Hendrik W. Van Loon's book, "SHIPS AND HOW THEY SAILED THE SEVEN SEAS." The publishers, Simon and Schuster, have donated extra copies of the book to be made available to the seamen at the Institute's Joseph Conrad Memorial Library, 25 South Street, New York City. Mrs. Edward Fales Coward, an Institute contributor, has agreed to donate ten dollars as a prize. Only bonafide seamen may compete, and they must give their sea rating and establish the length of time they have followed the sea. Reviews, not exceeding 500 words, may be sent to the Librarian, 25 South Street. The judges will be Hendrik Van Loon, Captain Robert Huntington, master mariner, and principal of the Institute's Merchant Marine School and Mr. John Chamberlain, book critic of the *New York Times*. Many of the seamen will challenge Mr. Van Loon's premise that "the history of navigation is a story of human martyrdom and the torture chambers" and that "only fishes and fools go to sea." Following is one of the reviews submitted. It was written by Able-bodied Seaman Donald Snyder.

SHIPS

By Hendrik Van Loon

Simon & Schuster, New York
 311 pps. \$3.00

Mr. Van Loon's "SHIPS" is another in his series of simplified reading courses directed evidently at the reader whose intelligence quotient does not surpass the intermediate. In consequence, one needs bring little understanding of the subject to the reading of the book, and no imagination. The author revels in minute detail, amplifies his meaning unmistakably, (Mr. Van Loon dearly loves an apposite parenthesis) and, as though that were not enough, hurls out his ideas in clever pictorial form.

The subject matter has to do with the history of ships and navigation, and the men within the ships, with particular emphasis upon the miserable lot of the sailor. A Cheops of fact piles up before the reader. Numerous questions, the answers to which one feels he ought to have known all along, are propounded and answered with either direct evidence or theory. For example, we learn that the opening of the Suez Canal struck the death blow to sailing vessels, and that emigration to the Americas nurtured and built steamships to their present important position; we are warned that steamships in their turn will die from the onslaught of the aeroplane.

With Mr. Van Loon's thesis that "the history of ships is a history of human misery and martyrdom" one might be at variance. Piling up all of the disadvantages of the business, such as poor living conditions, starvation diet, shanghaiing,

small pay, and flogging, the author seeks to prove his hypothesis, which is much in line with Dr. Johnson's dictum. He implies that many of these conditions survive today and remarks that a man either from habit or necessity continues to go to sea. He ignores the elemental love of romance, the insatiable desire of some men to "go places," to fly beyond the horizon, to see the far distant and experience the exotic. He seems not to take cognisance of that inescapable disease of the sailor, described so beautifully by Masefield in "Sea Fever": "... the call of the running tide is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied."

As for modern conditions aboard ships, and I speak from nine years of experience aboard both Naval and Merchant Marine vessels, I can say that I have found the food practically everywhere sufficient as to variety, quantity and quality; the cleanliness of the quarters, which after all depends on the men themselves, is superior to many a Manhattan apartment; and the pay of an able seaman, if room and board are considered, is equal to a salary of \$120.00 per month ashore, which is not to be scoffed at lightly in these times, for eight hours work a day, Sundays off.

Only in rare cases are officers impossible, and then a seaman may take his grievances before an unbiased commissioner who will, ordinarily, give the seaman the benefit of the doubt. Praise be to Richard Henry Dana!

Donald Snyder, Able Seaman
 25 South St., N. Y. C.



This unusual photograph was taken by a chief engineer from his room on the 12th floor of the INSTITUTE. It was a three hour time exposure and the lights represent the tracks of the ferryboats and harbor craft crossing and recrossing the East River and lower bay. The ship in the foreground was a Government dredging vessel and in the background may be seen the lights of the Goddess of Liberty and her torch.

A CONTINUING INFLUENCE

"Our cause is so vital and so urgent that it challenges me to cry aloud to friends old and new for their support in this hour of our dire need."

THE above words were written by the late Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield just eight years ago in connection with the *Institute's* Building Fund appeal. They might well be repeated now, for surely today's crisis challenges us to appeal to friends "old and new."

Just what is the situation on the waterfront today? The answer is, curiously enough, unemployment is as great as ever. In spite of the improvement in the passenger trade this has had very little effect on the large numbers of jobless seamen in the Port of New York. Jobs are still scarce, the only increase in employment being in the stewards' department. But world trade is still very slow and many hundreds of cargo and freight vessels are tied up and their former crews still searching vainly for work.

In the face of this situation and the approach of another winter, it is at least comforting to give here the report of the Mansfield Memorial Fund Committee which announced in THE LOOKOUT last February its intention of raising a Fund to pay tribute to the *Institute's* former Superintendent, the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D. It was stated at that time that the income from the Fund would be used for the assistance of needy merchant seamen through our religious and social service department.

TO FRIENDS OLD AND NEW

The Committee reports that a total of \$14,144. has been received since the campaign began, and, added to the \$15,351. raised previously, makes a total of \$29,495. from almost 800 loyal and generous friends of seamen who paid tribute to Dr. Mansfield's memory in this very practical way.

The income from this Fund will be a godsend to the hundreds of needy seamen coming to the *Institute* in increasing numbers. Regardless of any Federal Relief program it is still imperative for us to seek additional funds to carry on other phases of social work. Each seaman is dealt with as an individual, presenting a different combination of unfortunate circumstances—and our social service workers strive to find solutions to their difficulties—something which a mass public relief program naturally cannot do. We try to ease the strain on the morale of these jobless men. We endeavor to give them an incentive for living and waiting. We attempt to develop their initiative and resourcefulness and to maintain their self-respect. That we succeed is due, in large measure, to the faithful support of our friends.

We like to think that Dr. Mansfield's influence, like the tracks of light made by the ferryboats in the unusual picture on this page, is continuing and continuous in ever-widening circles. His thirty-eight year ministry on the waterfront is ever a source of inspiration to the *Institute* staff and his successor, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley. We are carrying on the torch, with *your* help and support and interest.

Whenever your heart so prompts you, we will welcome additional gifts to the MANSFIELD MEMORIAL FUND in any amount. They will perform double duty, paying tribute to the great leader for whom the Fund is named and at the same time alleviating the suffering and loneliness of hundreds of worthy merchant seamen—YOUR guests within the hospitable walls of 25 South Street.

Please send checks to Junius S. Morgan,
Treasurer, Mansfield Memorial Fund
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

A SEAMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE SILVER JUBILEE

By the Youngest American in A. E. F.—Seaman Steve Harvey

London, England
May 22nd

Dear Lookout Editor:

I thought I would write to tell you that on Monday, May 20th, I was presented to Their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace and believe me I find them more gracious and genuine than ever. I was invited a few weeks ago because of the Royal Jubilee celebration but I did not think I could make it. But I fooled them I did. I got into London in all quietness. But I think it was through registering at the U. S. Embassy in London I was found. Amongst many notable Britons I have met since Monday has been Lord Ashfield who is tremendously interested in the Seamen's Institute. He is chairman or something connected with the British and Foreign Sailors Society—anyway he was just a grand old man.

I just can't help speaking of the tremendous multitudes of people who have stood for hours outside Buckingham Palace each night this week singing "God Save the King", "Rock of Ages" almost hysterically. The enthusiasm of these people for their King & Queen is indeed a lesson in Loyalty. Had I not met their Majesty I probably have thought it nonsense like many more—But no—Their warm greetings—their easy way and understanding fairly drags the heart out of your Body. The Queen does not forget much for she said—"But you did not forget to Bring your smile to England," after I told her I was married now.

London is in gala. I just can't help thinking what is wrong with our folks when they go against the English—Gee they feel so much that we are a better people—They really look up to us. I think the wrong type of Americans come here—gets in wrong and then returns to the U. S. A. to Lambast the English.

I hope very much the Lookout family are in good health. I am coming home with a big toy fur White Dog for my child which Lady Astor has given me.

And Dear Mother Roper how is she? I do hope that all her good work amongst the Boys will never have been in vain—God Bless her.

The weather here is perfect—There has been a remarkable change in London since I was here last in 1926. Well, I guess I must close this rough letter. I am returning on the *S.S. American Farmer* due in New York in the 1st week in June.



KIPLING'S TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND'S SAILOR KING

LONDON, July 16.—Thirty-eight years ago, during the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, Rudyard Kipling, Britain's Poet of Empire, first published his world-famous poem "Recessional." Tonight, in honor of the Silver Jubilee of King George V, Kipling, now sixty-nine years old, released for publication "The King of the Sea." It was written to commemorate the review of the fleet by the King today. King George was trained as a sailor.

The poem is republished here by special permission of the author.

After his realms and states were moved
To bare their hearts to the King they
loved,
Tendering themselves in homage and
devotion,
The tide-wave up the channel spoke
To all those eager exultant folk:
"Hear, now, what man has given you by
the ocean."
There was no thought of orb or crown
When the single wooden chest went down
To the steering flat and the careless
gunroom haled him
To learn by ancient and bitter use
How neither favor nor excuse
Nor aught save his sheer self henceforth
availed him.

There was no talk of birth or rank
By the slung hammock or scrubbed plank
In the steel-grated prisons where I cast
him,
But niggard hours and a narrow space
For rest—and the naked light on his
face—
While the ship's traffick flowed unceasing
past him.
Thus I schooled him to go and come—
To speak at the word—at a sign be dumb,
To stand to his task, not seeking others
to aid him,
To share in honor what praise might fall
For the task accomplished and—over
all—
To swallow rebuke in silence. Thus I
made him.

I loosened every mood of the deep
On him, a child and sick for sleep
Through the long watches that no time
can measure

When I drove him deafened and choked
and blind
At the wave tops, cut and spun by the
wind
Lashing him face and eyes with my dis-
pleasure,
I opened him all the guile of the seas—
Their sullen swift-sprung treacheries
To be fought or forestalled or dared or
dismissed with laughter,
I showed him worth by folly concealed
And the flaw in the soul that a chance
revealed
(Lessons remembered — to bear fruit
thereafter).

I dealt him power beneath his hand
For trial and proof with his first com-
mand,
Himself alone and no man to gainsay
him,
On him the end, the means and the word
And the harsher judgment if he erred
And—outboard—ocean waiting to betray
him.
Wherefore when he came to be crowned
Strength in duty held him bound
So that not power misled nor ease en-
snared him
Who had spared himself no more than
his seas had spared him.
After his lieges in all his lands
Had laid their hands between his hands
And his ships thundered service and
devotion
The tide-wave ranging the planet spoke
On all our foreshores as it broke:
"Know now what man I gave you—I,
the ocean."

THE square-rigged ship "*Joseph Conrad*," owned by Captain Alan Villiers, left Capetown on May 14th and as you read this, is on her way to Sidney, Australia. We take a particularly personal interest in this sturdy windjammer's itinerary both because she bears the name of the illustrious seaman-novelist for whom our Conrad Library was named and because Captain Villiers is a good friend of the Institute and our seamen.

The news of the ship's location was brought to us by Miss Elsie Jansen, who dropped in at 25 South Street not long ago to see our Library and to lend us some of the interesting photographs on this page. Distinguished in her own right, Miss Jansen was one of the two young women who made the voyage from England via Madeira and the West Indies to New York, aboard the "*Joseph Conrad*." She is now vice-president of Tramp Trips, a travel agency that specializes in booking passages on freighters for persons like Joseph Conrad who prefer this type of travel to the more luxurious passenger ships. Miss Jansen is an experienced navigator and her knowledge of sailing ship terms made us feel the veriest landlubber. For example, in the course of our conversation, she mentioned "baggy wrinkle" which was so much Greek to us. She patiently explained that it is another name for chafing gear which keeps sails from rubbing against the stays or any part of the standing rigging. On this page is a picture of Miss Jansen in the process of producing this very useful article so essential on sailing vessels.

One quickly discovers that Miss Jan-



Elsie Jansen, Seated in Foreground, Making "Baggy Wrinkle"

sen was not a make-believe sailor. In fact, the voyage on the "*Joseph Conrad*" was not her first trip on a sailing ship, she having been a member of the crew of the schooner "*Yankee*," owned by Irving Johnson. She told in a matter-of-fact manner of going aloft to send down the heavy sail and bend on the light canvas when in the trade wind area.

About twelve young boys are signed on as cadets aboard the "*Joseph Conrad*," and, according to Captain Villiers' recent letter, "both the American and the British lads are an industrious lot, a well-knit bunch, on their way to becoming expert sailing ship seamen." Their apprenticeship will count as time toward their merchant marine status. Captain Villiers advocates training on a sailing ship as the best possible body-builder and character-developer for young boys regardless of whether or not they continue with the merchant marine as a career.

He is proud of his ship, for it is the smallest square-rigged ship in the world and carries a single ton's'l. She is also the only ship afloat designed to carry studd'n's'ls. A series of articles on the voyage of the "*Joseph Conrad*" will be published from time to time in forthcoming issues of *Scribner's Magazine*.

When the ship was in New York last January the *Institute* sent packages of books and magazines to the youthful crew to help them while away their leisure hours in the fo'c'sle. Captain Villiers is noted for his books, "Vanished Fleets," "By Way of Cape Horn," "Falmouth for Orders," "Last of the Windships" and other books which we have reviewed from time to time in *THE LOOKOUT*.

A SEAMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF "25 SOUTH STREET"

By Seaman Theodore Pollock

HE waddles up South Street with a suitcase in his hand and a seabag across his shoulder. His waddling may be due to the weight of his dunnage (luggage, to you) or possibly it is because this is the first time in months that he has had his feet on a surface that doesn't roll and pitch with the incessant swells of the sea.

Let's follow him and see just where a sailor "hales-up" after months below the equator, or in some other far-flung part of this old mud-ball, (which after all, is only about one-fourth mud, the other three-fourths being clean sea water—the realm of a sailor). Books and movies would have us believe that he will stop at some waterfront dive that reeks with the smell of whiskey, where, after a night of revelry, we'll find him in a back room, stupefied, broke and ready to be shanghaied on the first outward-bound tramp. But those days are as dead as that graceful bird called the Dodo.

As a matter of fact, he crosses Jeannette Park, which brings him up in front of a modern thirteen-story building. Heavens! Is he going in there? He is. It's his HOME. His inimitable salty mien is his pass, which the uniformed doorman unerringly recognizes, but just *you* try to enter without showing a ship's discharge paper of recent vintage, or stating your business in the building, and you will likely be directed to a landlubber's hotel uptown, for this is the domain of seafarers.

While he is checking his baggage, registering for a room and calling for his mail, I could not but marvel at the greatness of such a home and must just go say "Hello" to Mother

Roper. The door to her office was open, and my two or three minutes of waiting in her doorway revealed a kindly lady seated behind a plain desk telephoning the British consul regarding one of her boys who is in the hospital and whose folks in Australia must be notified. The thought of this gentle lady concerning herself with the well-being of a sailorboy from the other side of the world was so thrilling that I blurted out, "Mother, that's wonderful, your holding up the business of the British empire for the sake of a sick sailorboy!"

She looked up and said, "Well, my boys are sailing under every flag and the farther they are from home, the greater, it seems, is their need of help."

From Mother Roper, and from a tour of the building, I learned that the scope of the *Institute's* service and influence is as vast as the seas and as far-flung as the remotest shore. Whether it is an envelope Jack needs in which to carry his passport and certificates, or medical aid or legal advice or a railroad ticket to visit a sick relative, his needs are attended to. It is this institution that inaugurated medical aid by radio to ships at sea. No ordinary freighter carries a doctor, and as hardy a critter as the sailor is, there are times when he succumbs to ailments to which human flesh is heir, and which would cause undue suffering or even death were not the symptoms radioed from the freighter, then diagnosed and treatment advised by a "shore-side" doctor, for as trained as ship's officers are in first-aid, they're still more adept at mixing ship paint than at mixing pills. The *Institute*, by the way, instigated legislation requiring



Sunday Afternoon at Sea Aboard the "Joseph Conrad"

first-aid training for all officers on merchant vessels.

It takes a sailor to really know the benefits of this HOME. Matey, did you ever ship to Russia or the Scandinavian countries with not a dime to buy heavy winter clothes? With the whole of the North Atlantic heaving under the stress of icy gales, 'twould be impossible to bear were it not for the *Institute*. Whether the desideratum is socks, sweaters, wristlets, mufflers or helmets, they are invariably provided. None of Mother Roper's boys is going to catch pneumonia, thanks to the thoughtful ladies who busily knit-knit-knit for us.

It's a far cry from the ill-smelling boarding house of former days where Jack was plied with booze, robbed and shanghaied, to this friendly haven that ministers to his every need, ashore and afloat. The sailor is so ubiquitous, his handicaps so myriad, and his resources so limited to battle against many odds—when one remembers how he was afforded less consideration and protection than the cargo in the ship's hold, whose every grievance was answered with blows from the bucko mate, and who was exploited as ruthlessly ashore at sea—I say when one remembers those old days, one is glad to live in the present and to be a guest at 25 South Street.

BOOK REVIEW

MEN AND SHIPS OF STEEL

By Francis Wayne Palmer and Hanson W. Baldwin

Published by Morrow Price \$3.50

... An attempt in a different medium to project upon white paper . . . some of the drama of that indissoluble trinity—sea and ship and man." And how well projected! Some 275 photographs culled from collections old and new concerning the United States Navy—its traditions and developments. This pictorial history, gives a true glimpse into the everyday life of the Navy, to those of us who are not fortunate enough to 'go-below' these giant men o' war. We see them here from their sea-birth to their sea-death.



Photo by Ruth G. Cushman
Seaman Polishing Bitts

VERSATILE . . .

Francois M—, seaman, dancer, movie actor, author, lecturer, musician, French instructor, physical culturist and hairdresser, looking for a ship. O versatility, where is thy reward? Francois rose to fame when he attempted suicide upon learning that his actress-sweetheart ran away with a butter-and-egg man from Chicago.

VIGIL . . .

Mother looking for sailor son. Thought he would be paid off the *St. Louis* within a few days. Planned to wait in auto but hotel room arranged for her.

LOA-LOA . . .

French seaman with a long article he has written about his experiences in Africa where he was bitten by the "Loa-Loa" or "Filaria oculi," a peculiar parasite which has lodged in his system. Article corrected, typed and sent to Medical Society.

TRADITION . . .

A bronzed young deck officer who had been married by the *Institute's* chaplain five years ago brings in his three children to be baptized "to carry on the family tradition."



Will YOU Give A Red Letter Day in memory of "UNNAMED HEROES"?

MOST of the Red Letter Days given by friends of the *Seamen's Church Institute of New York* are in memory of dear ones, or to commemorate a birthday or some anniversary. This is a very beautiful and practical way of remembering loved ones by selecting a Day at the Institute. As a loyal and devoted friend of seamen we invite you to select some Day for your very own. The cost is \$273.97, \$11.40 an hour which is the daily deficit in our running expenses. Perhaps you would like to pay tribute to some relative or friend in this way or possibly you would like to adopt the idea suggested below by the American poet, Walt Whitman, thus paying homage to the thousands of "unnamed heroes" whom "fate can never surprise nor death dismay."

In any event, we hope we may count on you to be responsible for one Day. It will be a real Red Letter Day for hundreds of worthy merchant seamen who need the help and ministrations of the *Institute*. Please send checks to 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.



"Of unnamed heroes in the ships

Of sea captains young or old, and the mates, and of all intrepid sailors,

Of the few, very choice, taciturn, whom fate can never surprise nor death dismay,

Picked sparingly without noise by thee, old ocean, chosen by thee . . .

Token of all brave captains and all intrepid sailors and mates,

And all that went down doing their duty."

By Walt Whitman

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