

# THE LOOKOUT



THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
VOL. XXIX NO. 3

MARCH, 1938

THIS MONTH'S COVER is from a photograph taken with Agfa Plenachrome film and is reprinted by courtesy of the Agfa Ansco Corporation, Binghamton, N. Y. It shows a seaman on a fishing trawler high up in the forward crosstrees scanning the water for possible sight of a school of herring.

# The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXIX, MARCH, 1938  
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by the  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
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## 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

March, 1938

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## "Let's Visit - 25 South Street"

EDITOR'S NOTE: On Wednesday evening, February 9th, Dave Driscoll and Jerry Dansig, the announcers on the popular "Let's Visit" radio program conducted by Station WOR, paid a visit to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and interviewed five seamen in their rooms on the 10th and 11th floors, and the Rev. Harold H. Kelley in the Staff Room on the 12th floor. Following are excerpts from this novel and informal broadcast. All spoke without notes.

MR. DRISCOLL

WELL here we are tonight at 25 South Street, hard by the waterfront. We are on the tenth floor of the 13-story Seamen's Church Institute of New York, the largest shore home in the whole world for active, self-respecting merchant seamen of all races and creeds. It was founded in 1834 and now provides in a modern structure a home, post office, safe, library, employment bureau, clinic, club and church for men of the sea. It also befriends ship apprentice boys. It instituted free radio medical service for ships at sea, thereby saving hundreds of seamen's lives in emergencies. It initiated legislation requiring first-aid examinations for every ship's officer obtaining a license. It has trained over 20,000 seamen in its Merchant Marine School and helped them to better positions. But



George Moore

now let us knock on the door of Room 1015 where Mr. George Moore lives when he is in port. . . . Good evening,

Mr. Moore, I see you have a friend with you.

MR. MOORE

Yes, sir. This is a shipmate of mine, Russel Valdeck.



Russell Valdeck

MR. DRISCOLL

How do you do, Mr. Valdeck. In what capacity do you work on shipboard?

MR. VALDECK

We are both A.B.'s, sir.

MR. DRISCOLL

I know that means Able-Bodied Seamen. Just what are your duties?

MR. MOORE

An able-bodied seaman works on deck. He must know how to raise and lower lifeboats, how to chip rust, how to paint, how to polish brasswork, how to handle rigging, how to steer, and many other things in connection with seamanship. He must pass an examination in order to get an A.B. certificate.

MR. DRISCOLL

What kind of a ship do you work on, Mr. Valdeck?

MR. VALDECK

I've been employed mostly on tankers for the Standard Oil Company, the American Tankers Corp. and the C. D. Mallory Line.

MR. DRISCOLL

Do you like to work on tankers? I should think they'd be pretty dangerous with all that cargo of gasoline and naphtha and crude oil?

MR. VALDECK

They are the finest ships to work on, in my opinion. They are clean, living space is ample, and the food



Charles Kelly

near salt water?

**MR. VALDECK**

Yes, sir, right here in New York. And I've been shipping as A.B., sometimes quartermaster or bo'sun for the last 15 years.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

And you, Mr. Moore, were you born in a seaport, too?

**MR. MOORE**

I come from a fresh water place on the Great Lakes, Duluth, Michigan.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

In the past few years have you noticed any improvement in conditions on shipboard for seamen?

**MR. VALDECK**

Yes, I have. The shipowners are making every effort to give the men comfortable, decent living quarters and we certainly appreciate it.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

How are the new continuous discharge books working out? I understand the U. S. Government requires these now for all seamen?

**MR. VALDECK**

That's correct. The new book and certificate are fine and have stopped the practice of faking ship papers.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

That's good news. Were you ever on a ship that caught fire, Mr. Moore?

**MR. MOORE**

Yes, right at the dock, and the fire department tugs helped the crew to put it out.

**MR. VALDECK**

On the new tankers a safety device is installed on the bridge which de-

is good and more pay—because of the greater risk.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

I suppose you've been going to sea for a long time? Were you born

teets and puts out the fire in any part of the ship in less than two minutes.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

Thank you, Mr. Valdeck and Mr. Moore. And now Jerry Danzig is knocking on the door of Room 1125 L.

**MR. DANZIG**

Mr. Charles Kelly, I believe?

**MR. KELLY**

Yes, sir. Come in and sit down. (Mr. Danzig enters with the microphone).

**MR. DANZIG**

I understand you're a steward? Can you tell me something about your work?

**MR. KELLY**

I'll be glad to. I think that my experience has taught me that most American seamen prefer work on tankers to work on passenger ships.

**MR. DANZIG**

But what about the tips the stewards get?

**MR. KELLY**

Well, I don't care about making a lot of money. I'd rather work where I enjoy it better.

**MR. DANZIG**

Did you ever have any serious accident on shipboard, Mr. Kelly?

**MR. KELLY**

I was working once on a barge going through the Erie Canal at St. Johnsville and I fell from the deck onto a concrete pier 45 feet below. How I ever survived I don't know.

**MR. DANZIG**

There must be a guardian angel that looks after all good sailors, I guess. Well, did you ever try getting jobs ashore and quitting the sea?

**MR. KELLY**

Yes, I worked as a salesman for a while—selling tobacco and later, funeral caskets.

**MR. DANZIG**

That's an unusual combination.

But I see that you returned to your first love, the sea.

**MR. KELLY**

You bet I did. It's the place for me.

**MR. DANZIG**

Thank you very much, Mr. Kelly. And now I hear Dave Driscoll knocking on the door of Room 1161. That's Captain Thomas F. Cox's room.

**MR. DRISCOLL (Knocks on door)**

**CAPTAIN COX**

Come in.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

By the looks of your room and luggage it looks as if you're in and out of port a lot. I notice a pair of binoculars on your table. I suppose you like to look out at the traffic in the river.

**CAPTAIN COX**

Yes I do. From my window on the 11th floor of this building I can look up and down the East River for a distance of about three miles.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

How long have you followed the sea?

**CAPTAIN COX**

All my life and my father before me. Other members of the family are also captains and engineers.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

You are not married Captain?

**CAPTAIN COX**

No. When I was younger I asked a good many women to marry me—but they all said NO.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

Well they say a sailor has a sweet heart in every port so I guess you are not lonely.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

I just heard a fog-horn. It seems to be pretty foggy in the harbor tonight.

**CAPTAIN COX**

Yes, we get used to hearing those horns all through the night.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

You say you helped dock a lot of those large ships like the Queen

Mary and Normandie. I would think docking a great ship like the Normandie — of 80,000 tons — must be a big job. Could you give us some idea of how it is done?

**CAPTAIN COX**

Yes. The tugboats meet the ship about a mile below the dock. The captain of one of the tugs goes aboard the ship and assists the captain of the large liner in an advisory capacity. When the ship reaches the end of the dock the tugs push her into the dock.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

About how many tugs does it take to dock a large ship like the Queen Mary or Normandie?

**CAPTAIN COX**

From 5 to 20. It all depends on the strength of the wind and tide.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

Well now that is very interesting. Captain were you ever held up on the waterfront streets of New York?

**CAPTAIN COX**

No, I can truthfully say. I walked the streets of New York, at all hours of the night, and also the streets of many foreign ports and I was never bothered, but once, and that was in my home port, Elizabeth, N. J., I was held up by some men on the waterfront but when the gang recognized me, they knew my family, and they let me go without taking my watch, chain or money. That was a good many years ago.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

Well that speaks well for your Father and Grandfather. They must have been good men.

Thank you, Captain Cox, and now Jerry Danzig is on his way to Room



Thomas F. Cox



James J. McGinity

1147 with his microphone to talk to Seaman Joseph McGinity, who, I'm sure, has a colorful story to tell.

**MR. DANZIG**  
(Knocking)

Hello, there, Mr. McGinity. How are you tonight? Do you mind if I come in for a chat?

**MR. McGINITY**

Glad to have you, Mr. Danzig. Sit down and take the weight off your feet.

**MR. DANZIG**

Thanks, Mr. McGinity. Now what kind of a job do you have at sea?

**MR. McGINITY**

I'm a deep sea diver.

**MR. DANZIG**

That's an unusual job. What's the farthest you've ever been down?

**MR. McGINITY**

About one hundred twenty-five feet, and I've stayed down as long as five hours at a time.

**MR. DANZIG**

Are you doing any kind of diving these days?

**MR. McGINITY**

No, these are slack times, but a few of us divers have put our heads together and Simon Lake is arranging for us to go down in the Spring along the Delaware Capes where a bunch of sunken coal barges have been spotted. We intend to dive for this blue coal and bring it ashore at Atlantic City.

**MR. DANZIG**

Can you get a pretty good price for such coal?

**MR. McGINITY**

About ten dollars a ton. We get paid \$1.00 an hour for every hour we dive.

**MR. DANZIG**

Is it very cold down at the bottom of the ocean?

**MR. McGINITY**

It is at this time of year, but in about a month or so we shall be able to stand it. Then we'll tackle that job of bringing up the coal.

**MR. DANZIG**

You mentioned the name Simon Lake. Isn't he the chap who found a Spanish galleon in the East River and it was supposed to be filled with gold?

**MR. McGINITY**

That's right. He located the Spanish galleon, found pieces of teakwood from it, but he couldn't go any farther because the water had been filled in, up at 139th Street and the City of New York had erected a wall there. So they told Simon that he couldn't dig for the galleon and the gold unless he bought the land, as it is city property.

**MR. DANZIG**

So the Spanish galleon is buried under land, then? Well, that's interesting. Tell me, in your diving experiences, did you ever get the "bends"? You did? Well, how does it feel?

**MR. McGINITY**

The blood rushes to your head and it seems as if the veins in your temple would burst. Then your eardrums begin to crack. When they pull you up they put you in a special chamber filled with air and you gradually unbend.

**MR. DANZIG**

What about that sunken ship, the Lusitania? Do you think that they'll ever be able to get the gold out of her?

**MR. McGINITY**

A new firm has been organized in



Deep Sea Diver

England recently, and with British capital and German engineering brains, I believe that they'll be able to get that gold. A new device which manufactures oxygen will be of great help to divers in getting at the wreck.

**MR. DANZIG**

How did you start going to sea?

**MR. McGINITY**

I began as a boy of 15, sailed on a barkentine out of Locust Point, Maryland to Cape Horn and then to Frisco. We were becalmed for days and days—some member of the crew turned a hatch over.

**MR. DANZIG**

Are you superstitious, Mr. McGinity?

**MR. McGINITY**

Not so much. I've turned many a hatch over in my day and sailed on Friday the 13th too. I remember one time when I was diving inspector of the U. S. Fidelity and Guaranty Company, and I was down inspecting the base of a lighthouse that leaned at an angle and had to be repaired by putting down caisson walls of cement. My air lines got fouled, tangled up with some suction pumps. That was nearly the end for J. J. McG. A close call it was, indeed.

**MR. DANZIG**

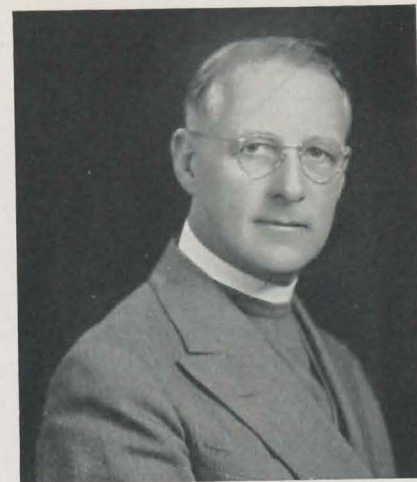
Thanks a lot. Awfully glad to have met you, Mr. McGinity. Good luck to you on that coal diving job. And now I see Dave Driscoll going up the stairs with his microphone to Room 1245, the Staff Room where he will interview the Institute's Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

How do you do, Mr. Kelley? I wonder if you ever have been a seafarer yourself?

**MR. KELLEY**

Yes, Mr. Driscoll, I have my discharge in my pocket, for I'm proud to say that I made a trip around



Rev. Harold H. Kelley

South America in 1928 as Chaplain of the S.S. "City of Los Angeles".

**MR. DRISCOLL**

In your work here, you must make contact with all types of men. What is your opinion of seamen in general?

**MR. KELLEY**

My experience with them has taught me that they are a fine body of men, and the great majority would rank well with men in other trades. Their chief difference is that their trade makes them transients and deprives them of the advantages of home ties.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

How long have you been here at 25 South Street?

**MR. KELLEY**

Over three years. I succeeded the late Rev. Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield who was Superintendent of the Institute for 38 years. Before that I was Superintendent of the Seamen's Institute of Los Angeles, at San Pedro, California.

**MR. DRISCOLL**

Thank you, Mr. Kelley. I'm sorry that our time is up. We've enjoyed so much our visit to 25 South Street. You are doing a splendid work here. Best of luck to you.



In the Institute's Merchant Marine School: "Shooting the Sun"

UPON the shoulders of officers and seamen rests the responsibility for the safety of every ship that sails the seven seas. Her passengers rely on the well-trained crew and her Captain to maintain good order and discipline.

Captain Felix Riesenbergh wrote recently: "A high degree of daring entered into the handling of clipper ships, daring bred of skill. Almost any good seaman can carry on during the day, but at night, with wind high, sea lively, squalls always liable to sweep across the ship, seamanship and nerve must ride with the command."

Seamen today lead less dangerous lives, perhaps, than their clipper ship ancestors, yet "seamanship and nerve" are still essential to the safe piloting of ships from shore to shore. On shore in New York, the officers and crews encounter other kinds of squalls—waterfront dangers and exploitation. They are glad to escape from those chaotic conditions into the "home territory" of "25 South Street" where a friendly welcome awaits them, a comfortable bed, a wholesome meal, a variety of recreation and an atmosphere of good fellowship.

Ashore, these crews are not under the rigid discipline of shipboard. They crave excitement, friendship, relaxation from arduous duties on the



On the Bridge: A Seaman Stands Lookout

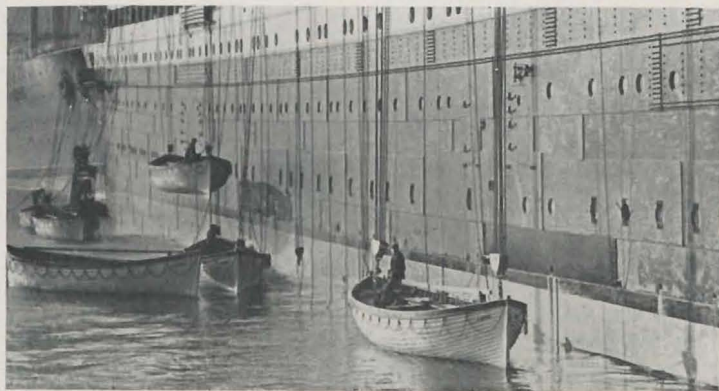
*Courtesy, Grace Line*

high seas. Unless properly guided, this enthusiasm may run into dangerous channels; they may come under waterfront influences detrimental to their character; they may be exploited in various ways.

Under the Seamen's Church Institute of New York's kindly hospitality, the seamen are protected from all such exploitation. Thanks to YOUR generous assistance, it provides them with wholesome surroundings in its 13-story building at 25 South Street. This building with its varied and comprehensive services for seamen, acts as a bulwark for law and order on New York's throbbing waterfront.

The late Clarence Day in his "Life With Mother" wrote of seamen: "I respected men like farmers and sailors who worked with the soil or at sea. They seemed to me to have a look of long-suffering endurance about them, as though they had learned not to be much surprised by calamities . . . I somehow understood that they were engaged in a long and strange struggle, and that the force they were struggling with, Nature, was too big to control."

Of such stuff are sailormen made! They risk their lives to protect our lives and cargoes at sea. Please help us to maintain a home for them when they come ashore.



Lifeboat Drill

*Courtesy "Cord Age"*

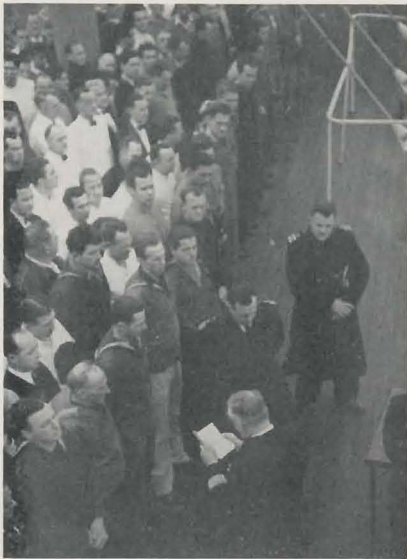
Kind  
Contributions to  
THE  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street  
New York, N. Y.



Climbing to the "Crow's Nest"

*Courtesy, United States Lines*

## Burial at Sea



Captain A. B. Randall reads the Prayers for Seaman Uhlemann while the crew pays tribute to their shipmate.

DEEP they lie in every sea  
Land's End to the Horn—  
For every sailorman that dies  
A sailorman is born.

—BY JOHN REED

EDITOR'S NOTE: Every now and then THE LOOKOUT publishes an account of a seaman's burial at sea. We think that this one, as simply told by a member of the S.S. "Manhattan's" crew, is one of the saddest we have ever printed. And yet it shows the devotion of an entire group of men for a shipmate.

THE crew of the United States liner MANHATTAN is mourning the loss of a member of the deck crew, Lothario Uhlemann, A.B., who was washed overboard while putting screens in cabin windows and drowned during a storm on the eastward voyage January 25th. Services were conducted by Captain A. B. Randall for their lost shipmate at the identical spot on the ship's westward trip. A wreath was donated by a passenger. The crew of the MANHATTAN voted one day's

pay each for the widow and two children of Uhlemann, approximating \$800. One member of each department of the ship brought the widow aboard to receive this money in behalf of the crew.

Uhlemann's friends in the deck department asked James Connell, ship visitor from the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, to have Chaplain H. J. Pearson read special prayers for Uhlemann in the Institute's Chapel of Our Saviour, and this was done on the following Sunday.

Another burial service, commemorating the loss of two members of the crew of the S.S. EFFINGHAM, was held in Bermuda under the direction of Mr. L. N. Tucker, Superintendent of the Bermuda Sailors' Home, associated with the British Sailors' Society. The two seamen, Comer Barrett, A.B. and Lucio Viglione, A.B., who were Americans, were washed over the side and drowned during a storm at sea on January 14th. The crew and the master placed a wreath on the Memorial to Seamen in the sailors' lot at St. George's Cemetery. The Vice-Consul for the United States was present as well



as several American visitors and Bermudan officials.

In the photo on Page 8 is shown the radio house of the S.S. EFFINGHAM after the storm, with Mr. Tucker and two young Norwegian lads who were passengers on

the ship. The house was almost washed away during the storm. The captain and crew of the EFFINGHAM left money with the Guild of the Holy Compassion to erect a tablet in the Bermuda cemetery to the memory of their lost shipmates.

## Hail and Farewell, Fair Ship

THE last American five-masted schooner, *Edna C. Hoyt*, for many years a familiar sight in New York and Boston harbors, has sailed on her last voyage. She will end her days as a floating coal storage barge in the harbor of Lisbon, Portugal. According to a member of her crew, now staying at the Institute, her master, Captain George A. Hopkins has gone "on the beach" rather than to take command of a steamer.

Captain Hopkins, returning from Lisbon, turned over the ship's chronometer, logbook and papers to her owner, Captain Harold G. Foss. He reported that the hull of the schooner had suffered much severe strains during a voyage from Cardiff, Wales, that repair costs would be prohibitive. It was a terrific gale off the Azores that changed the veteran of the seas into an unem-

ployed mariner, for that gale crushed the schooner's decks, warped her hull and nearly scuttled the famed vessel.

There are no captaincies to be had on windjammers today. Progress has virtually pushed square-riggers from the oceans. Only the "Joseph Conrad", the "Seven Seas" and the "Tusitala" remain to remind the present generation of the glories of the sailing ship era. The "Joseph Conrad" was sold by her captain, Alan Villiers, to Mr. G. Huntington Hartford who has converted her into a yacht. The "Seven Seas" also a square-rigged yacht, is owned by Mr. Walter Gubelman and is now at anchor off Miami, Florida. The "Tusitala", owned by Mr. James Farrell, and in command of Captain Gundersen, lies idle at her pier at 155th Street, New York City. So where could a man like

Captain Hopkins find a berth? His papers read "master in sail and steam unlimited", but he has never touched the rudder wheel, never set foot on the bridge of a ship propelled by steam. And he never intends to. He calmly announced that his sailing days are over—and is looking for a shore job.

Captain Hopkins first shipped out of Baltimore when he was sixteen, and has spent forty-four years at sea, twenty in command of either schooners or square-riggers.

In all the history of American shipbuilding only 58 five-masted schooners were constructed, and the Edna Hoyt, launched at Thomaston, Maine in 1921, was the last. Hail and Farewell, fair ship!

## Book Review

### ARCTIC HARPOONER

A voyage on the Schooner *ABBIE BRADFORD*, 1878-1879, by Robert Ferguson; edited by Leslie Dalrymple Stair; illustrated by Paul Quinn  
*Univ. of Pa. Press. Philadelphia. 1938. \$2.00.*

Robert Ferguson was a young harpooner on the *ABBIE BRADFORD*, and his record of the fifteen months voyage out of New Bedford to the Arctic whaling grounds makes one realize the thrill that came from hearing the cry "There she blows".

Ice-locked in winter quarters at Marble Island in Hudson Bay, the sailors had the exciting dangers of grinding ice, prowling animals and unbelievable cold, but they had also the leisure to hunt and to make friends with the Eskimos. The author grew to understand and love these kindly people. "Arctic Harpooner" is a simple straightforward narrative with no literary pretensions, but it nevertheless succeeds in being interesting. I.M.A.

## Charles Sherman Haight

IT IS with profound sorrow that we record the death on February 20th of Mr. Charles Sherman Haight, who had been a member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York since 1928 and a Vice-President since 1936. Mr. Haight served as Chairman of the Joint Emergency Committee of Seamen's Welfare Agencies, founded in 1931, and initiated the dime collections from visitors to ships thereby raising funds to care for thousands of unemployed merchant seamen.

Mr. Haight, of the firm of Haight, Griffin, Deming and Gardner, specialized in the practice of admiralty law. He was a Junior Warden of St. James' Episcopal Church, Madison Avenue at Seventy-first Street, where the funeral service was held, in which the Institute's Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, participated. Mr. Haight was a di-

rector of the American Bureau of Shipping and the Maritime Association of the Port of New York. He was decorated by France, Norway, Denmark and Sweden for his work in reference to international shipping laws.

His enthusiasm and dynamic energy were always at the disposal of the Institute and his associates on the Board will greatly miss his wise counsel. Mr. Haight's life and character are well portrayed in the prayer, written and read at the funeral by the Rev. James A. Paul, of St. James' Church:

*"O Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the gift of the gracious life of Charles Haight—for his deep affection to those near and dear to him; for his devotion to his friends; for his ready service to the things that lifted life high; for the gladness which he always brought to others; for his joyous spirit that never grew old; for the wide sympathy and deep understanding which characterized his every dealing with others; and for all the gracious gifts of his radiant life, we thank Thee, O God".*

## WANTED: BOOKS ON ETHNOLOGY

Following is an excerpt from a letter received by the Institute's Librarian from a seaman who is in a Marine Hospital:

"Sometime ago I took Ethnology and Archaeology at the University of Mexico City, and now knowing that I'll be confined here for a period of a year or two, I should like to resume my studies; my studies were mainly concentrated on Nahua, Toltec and Aztec Civilization.

"So if you are able to send me any book on Ethnology or Archaeology, I would appreciate it very much."

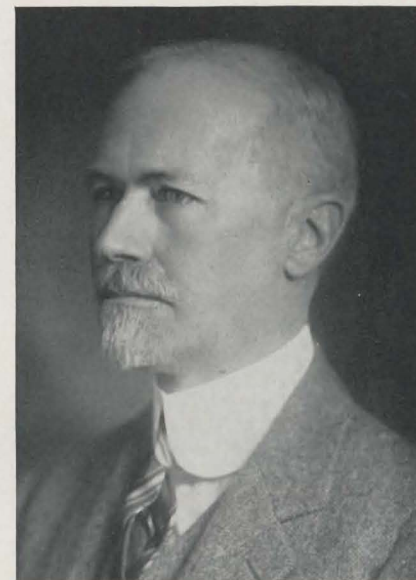
## WANTED: WINTER OVERCOATS

With winter nearly over, many of our men readers will say good-bye to the overcoats which have kept them warm. Instead of tossing them aside, or packing them away in mothballs, please send them to the Institute for careful storing for our seamen for next winter. Kindly wrap and mail to the Institute's Welfare Department, 25 South Street, N. Y. C.

## Fifty Years of Service to Seamen

A TESTIMONIAL luncheon was given at the Institute on Thursday, January 27th, by the Board of Managers in tribute to their beloved colleague, Mr. Frank T. Warburton, upon his completion of fifty years of service. Mr. Warburton succeeded immediately his father, Adolphus Frederick Warburton who had served as a member of the Board from 1868 to 1888, his own son, Frank Wells Warburton, was elected in 1928 and thus three generations have served a total of 80 years.

Graduated from Columbia College in 1885 and from Columbia Law School in 1888, Mr. Warburton took his place on the Institute's Board, in 1892 was elected corresponding secretary and in 1904 secretary and treasurer. He remembers the days on the waterfront when his father brought him, as a young boy, to the Institute's floating Church of Our Saviour, docked at the foot of Pike Street, East River. As he looks back to those days when sailors were shanghaied and exploited on every hand by crimps and landsharks, he marvels at the many and varied changes which time has wrought on New York's waterfront.



Frank T. Warburton

In presenting a gift and an engraved certificate to Mr. Warburton, Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, a vice-president of the Institute, commended his long years of service and voiced the sincere affection with which he is regarded by his associates and by all the Institute friends who know him.

# First Trip

By Cadet Peter John Pugh, Jr.

WHEN a fellow first puts out to sea he meets, and must put up with, a great deal of practical joking he, himself, usually being the victim. When making a first trip he should be prepared for nearly any kind of practical humor such as being sent to the bo'sun for a non-existent sky hook or to the engine room for a left handed monkey wrench or a can of green oil for the starboard light.

In the following cartoons I have tried to depict several experiences of a green *first tripper*, some of which I encountered myself upon making my first voyage as a deck cadet on a freighter, the "Robin Goodfellow" of the Robin Steamship Line to South and East Africa.

A "Wildcat" is a wheel on a windlass capable of revolving on its shaft and is designed to receive and hold the links of a chain passed over it.

"Dogs" is a ship term for handles on doors and bulkheads.



Photo by James M. Bridges



Safe Anchorage Ashore in New York Harbor at "25 South Street"

## SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

BY THE

## SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

FROM JANUARY 1 TO FEBRUARY 1, 1938

18,582	Lodgings (including relief beds).
8,043	Pieces of Baggage handled.
52,828	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
21,654	Sales at News Stands.
1,625	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
1,450	Attended <b>56</b> Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
264	Cadets and Seamen attended <b>39</b> Lectures in Merchant Marine School; <b>11</b> new students enrolled.
4,410	Social Service Interviews.
1,255	Relief Loans.
782	Individual Seamen received Relief.
6,657	Books and magazines distributed.
686	Pieces of clothing, and <b>454</b> Knitted Articles distributed.
268	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
6,744	Attended <b>20</b> entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
221	Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
35	Missing Seamen found.
80	Positions secured for Seamen.
\$17,759.	Deposited for <b>264</b> Seamen in Banks; <b>\$1,996.</b> transmitted to families.
1,774	Attendance in Joseph Conrad Library.
957	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.



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