

THE LOOKOUT



DETAIL OF RIGGING OF THE SQUARE RIGGED SHIP "TUSITALA" (See Page 5) *—Photo by A. Eriss*

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXXI

JUNE, 1940

NUMBER VI

Our Sanctuary

Almighty God, look with favor we beseech Thee, upon the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and upon all who in Thy name labor for seamen. Raise up strong and fearless leaders; increase their zeal that the influence and example of Thy Son may be a beacon light to all mankind for the advancement of the coming of Thy Kingdom. Grant this, O Father, in the name and for the sake of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen
(adapted)

The LOOKOUT

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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. XXXI

June, 1940

No. 6

Shipwrecked Crew Welcomed



Officers and Crew of the "Matakana"

—Photo by Edward Reichelt, Official Photographer S.S. Panama

SUNBURNED from eight hours exposure on a shoal off Plana Cays, the Bahamas, seventy-eight of the crew of the 8,049 ton British freighter, "Matakana" were brought to New York and the Institute aboard the Panama liner "Panama". So suddenly did the "Matakana" in total darkness strike the reefs that the crew had only a few minutes in which to abandon ship. The lifeboats bobbed and tossed as they avoided the thirty-foot breakers. A steward suffered a fractured hip, a coal trimmer broke an ankle, and another coal trimmer narrowly missed being drowned.

Stunned by the loss of his ship and a million-dollar cargo of food (chiefly mutton) Captain Evan Davis refused to leave the cay, hoping by some miracle to save some of the "Matakana's" cargo. Captain Eric J. Eriksen, master of the "Panama" told of seeing smoke signals rising from the cay. "We had cruised the northern coast of Mari-guana Island, twenty miles to the

east, and found no trace of the "Matakana" at the position she gave in her S O S. We came near giving them up for lost, for the Northwest Rocks (a dangerous reef near the head of Mariguana Passage) was boiling with the ugliest breakers I ever saw. It was enough to give one the creeps. We saw no sign of wreckage or lifeboats." After cruising another twenty miles, the "Panama" was retracing her course when she was hailed by the American freighter "Endicott", which reported that she had sighted the "Matakana" on the rocks but no signs of survivors. The "Panama" finally saw three puffs of smoke rising from a knoll, and then men running down the hill. "They looked so black we thought they were natives," said Captain Eriksen. "Then a native sloop came out from a cove, and there was a man standing over the jib-boom waving a flag. It turned out to be Captain Davis."

Arriving in New York late Saturday afternoon, the Institute was



Captain Erik J. Eriksen of the S.S. "Panama" Who Directed the Rescue of the Crew of the "Matakana"

fortunate in having a well-stocked slop chest with which to outfit seventy-five of the crew (three were taken to hospitals on account of their injuries) with shoes, socks, underwear, and comfort bags containing shaving equipment, handkerchiefs, etc. By the Institute's established arrangement with a department store, and financed by the British consulate, the men were outfitted that same day with new suits of clothing.

The officers and crew were assigned bedrooms on the ninth floor, and after they had had a good night's sleep they were anxious to see the sights of New York. They talked cheerfully of their experience, told of losing all their "gear" and belongings, and one cabin boy told of having purchased twelve pounds



S.S. Panama, New Ship of the Panama Line

of butter to take home to his mother in England since she had been unable to procure it on war rations; the butter was in the ship's refrigerator and of course was not salvaged. The chief steward reported that his false teeth had gone down with the ship. Most of the crew were from London and were overjoyed to receive letters from home, which they read aloud to the others.

Most of the officers were shipped out by the consulate after two days at the Institute, but the unlicensed personnel stayed for several weeks.

MARITIME DAY CELEBRATED

National Maritime Day was observed in the Port of New York with a ceremony in the Band Shell at the World's Fair. Mayor F. H. LaGuardia urged expansion of the American Merchant Marine and Senator James M. Mead, Commander Robert C. Lee and Rear Admiral Henry A. Wiley, U.S.N. (retired) also emphasized the importance of training of sea personnel (who were represented by the Navy, Coast Guard, Hoffman Island Training School and State Merchant Marine Academy). In the evening, the New York unit of the Propeller Club of the U.S.A. held a dinner at the Hotel Astor. The Director of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, gave the invocation and benediction. Rear Admiral Clark H. Woodward, commandant of the 3d Naval District said:

"If there were no other need for an American merchant marine there would be sufficient justification for it solely as a measure of military and naval necessity, its three primary functions being army transports, naval auxiliaries and naval reserves. It matters not how powerful a fighting fleet we have, it must be provided with proper and sufficient auxiliaries to carry its fuel, ammunition and other necessary supplies."

Maritime Day celebrated the 121st anniversary of the first trans-ocean voyage by a steamship, the "Savannah."

Sailing Ships In The News

THREE square-rigged ships have appeared recently in New York harbor: the "Abraham Rydberg", Swedish training ship; the "Danmark", Danish merchant marine training ship and the "Tusitala", training ship of the United States Maritime Commission.

Because of the war in Scandinavia the Danish training ship is a "ship without a country". The "Danmark" left New York for Jacksonville, Florida, and arrived there on the day that the German Army took control of Denmark and sailing orders were cancelled. The vessel, as we go to press, is still in Jacksonville, with no destination and no instructions. The "Danmark" is of 777 gross tons, built in 1932 by the Danish Ministry of Commerce. She is 188 feet long and has three masts with double topsails and single top-gallantsails.

The "Abraham Rydberg", née "Hawaiian Isles", ex "Star of Greenland" is now riding at anchor in New York Bay. She is of 2,345 tons, 270 feet long, a steel four-masted bark, built in Scotland in 1892. Mr. Charles Robert Patterson, noted marine artist, served aboard her in 1897 as an able-bodied seaman, and THE LOOKOUT editor asked him to jot down a few of his recollections about this old ship:



Danmark

"I last saw this ship at San Francisco some twelve years ago as the "Star of Greenland" of the Alaska Packers fleet. The first time I saw her she was the "Hawaiian Isles" of Honolulu, flying the old Hawaiian flag. Part of 1896 and the major part of the year 1897, I was a member of the crew of this vessel, and from her decks saw several eventful happenings. At seven o'clock on a blustery morning in early April, 1897, while the "Hawaiian Isles" was discharging a coal cargo from Newcastle, N.S.W. at the Sugar Refinery, South San Francisco, I witnessed the capsizing of the British ship "Blairmore" in a squall. Anchored in Mission Bay, the "Blairmore", in ballast, was held partly

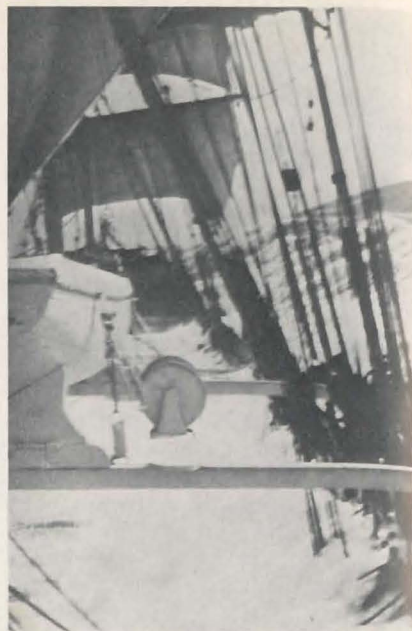


The "Abraham Rydberg" in New York Harbor, May, 1940

—Photo by L. D. Miller

across a strong tide by the southwest wind which was blowing hard. When an extra heavy puff came, she rode over her anchor chain, which helped to trip her, and she went over very quickly, drowning several of the crew, including the night watchman, who had just turned in. When I joined the "Hawaiian Isles" she was almost new, having been launched from the Connell yard at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1892. While by no means a fast sailer, she was quite a handsome vessel to look at. Her hull was painted bronze green above the waterline, deckhouses a maroon color, with masts and yards a lighter shade of reddish brown. She carried three skysail yards.

"The seas of the world were not the lonely places then that they are today, for there were hundreds of fine sailing vessels to be seen, in port or at sea, and man had not given up faith in his hands to put his trust in machines."



Abraham Rydberg née "Hawaiian Isles" Running the Easting Down
—From the collection of Charles R. Patterson

Convention Report

For his sixth time the Director, the Reverend Harold H. Kelley, presented the Annual Report of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York to the Convention of the Diocese, on Tuesday, May 14.

After the opening service in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Convention assembled with an unusually large attendance in the Synod House adjacent to the Cathedral, with the Bishop of the Diocese, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Manning, presiding. The Director made a brief statement on the work and responsibility of the Institute since the Convention of last year, and described the care of crews from torpedoed and otherwise shipwrecked vessels. He mentioned also the deficit for 1939 which was due to the determination of the Board of Managers to continue unimpaired the Institute's high standard of service to seamen, and stressed also the preparedness of the Institute to meet whatever emergencies may arise concerning the seamen because of the war in Europe.

Thanking the Officers and the members of the Board of Managers, with special reference to Bishop Manning, as Honor-

ary President, and Mr. Clarence G. Michalis, as President, Mr. Kelley then presented by title the 105th Annual Report, as printed in the April "Lookout", copies of which were distributed to the members of the Convention. The work of the Institute was further demonstrated by an interesting diorama exhibit in the vestibule of the Synod House.

Wanted: Paper Pulp Magazines

Seamen particularly enjoy the "pulp" magazines which contain detective, wild west, adventure, science and other types of "thrillers". When they ship out, they ask the Institute's welfare department for batches of these "pulp" to take along. They are read and passed around among the crews until they are tattered and torn. Will readers who have a penchant for such stories share their pleasure with our seamen by mailing parcel post back copies of these magazines to the Welfare Department, 25 South Street. They will be appreciated.

The Tusitala Sails Again

PROPOS of the recommissioning of the square-rigger "Tusitala" by the U. S. Maritime Commission (she left her pier at Staten Island on May 17 in tow for St. Petersburg, Florida to be used as a training ship in the U. S. Maritime Service) we heard from Michael Folan, a former seaman, an interesting story to prove the truth of the old adage "It's a small world." Here is Michael's yarn:

On the 10th of November, 1914 the Norwegian barque "Nordlyset" bound from St. John's to Galway with a cargo of lumber, was nearing the Aran Islands, which lie about 30 miles from Galway. She took a pilot aboard at the Islands, and headed up for the roadstead in Galway Bay. Darkness came, bringing with it a strong southwest gale. The vessel was "shortened down" and as the night was very dark, when nearing the anchorage the pilot left the poop and went up on the fo'castle head to con the ship. While he was there, owing to some error on the part of the helmsman the ship ran ashore on the East side of Multon's Island where the lighthouse is situated, and became a total wreck.

I visited the wreck many times as it was only a mile from my home. It was a pity to see such a vessel a total loss. Her cargo was sold and her sails and much running gear were bought by the fullrigged ship Celtic Queen" which arrived in Galway shortly after with a cargo of guano from the Chincha Islands. The "Nordlyset" lay for many years on Multon's Island and was finally sold for scrap.

Now I came to this country in 1927 and one day in 1934 while riding up Riverside Drive on the bus I saw a fullrigged ship lying at the foot of 156th Street. Being interested in these old sailing ships, I went to see her. I went aboard and had a chat with her Captain. She was the American ship "Tusitala"



Captain Carl Gundersen with the "Tusitala's" Cats: "Lisa" and "Oscar"

and it turned out that her Captain, Carl B. Gundersen, was First Mate on the "Nordlyset" when she was wrecked in Galway. Needless to say, we had a long yarn. He and I are still good friends; he is still skipper of "Tusitala", and a better seaman or a more kindly gentleman it would be hard to find."

In September, 1938, when it was thought that the "Tusitala" was destined for the scrap heap* (in fact she was sold to the Marine Liquidating Corporation of Fall River, Massachusetts) some one asked Captain Gundersen, as he sat in his cabin, his gnarled hands busy with a palm and needle "Why bother to repair that flag, Captain, since the ship is going to be broken up?" The skipper went on with his sewing, and replied: "I want her to look as nice as she can, going to her funeral."

The Maritime Commission's purchase of the "Tusitala" saved her from the scrap heap. Many an American lad received his sea training on the decks of the "Tusitala" for her former owner, Mr. James A. Farrell, believed strongly in the value of training under sail and encouraged boys to sign on.

* See September, 1938 *Lookout* for further details.

Careers of Two Sea Captains



Captains Stedman and Manning
—Courtesy, United States Lines
Photo by John Pellican
Photographer S.S. Washington

TRANSFER of Captain Giles C. Stedman from the Washington to the command of America's largest liner, the America, is announced by the United States Lines. Captain Stedman's command of the Washington has been taken over by Captain Harry Manning, and the America's commander is now standing by at the shipyard during the completion of the new liner. She is the largest ever constructed in the United States, with a displacement of about 34,000 tons and accommodation for 1,219 passengers and 639 crew.

Captain Stedman, who was appointed to the command of the Washington in March, 1936, although only 42 years of age, is one of the best known officers of the U. S. Merchant Marine, and his career at sea has been marked by a succession of incidents which have centered attention upon him.

He is a native of Quincy, Mass., and started his career with the Coastguard during the last war. Captain Stedman served on board the U.S.S. Ossipee in European waters from August, 1917, to January, 1919. In November, 1919, he joined the Garland Line as third officer of the steamer Grayson. Later he served as second officer in the passenger and cargo steamers of the Panama Railroad.

In February, 1922, Captain Stedman entered the service of the United States Lines as fourth officer of the President Harding, being promoted through succes-

sive grades to chief officer in June, 1925, with service in the George Washington and Leviathan in this position. As chief officer of the President Harding he was in command of the lifeboat crew which rescued the crew of the sinking Italian steamer Ignazio Florio.

In 1931 he was appointed master of the American Merchant, in command of which ship he directed the rescue of 22 men of the British ship Exeter City in January, 1933. Captain Stedman has received many honours for his rescues, including the Navy Cross, a medal from the Italian Government, and a silver plaque from the British Government.

In March, 1933, Captain Stedman was appointed master of the American Banker. In September of last year the Washington, under his command, rescued 33 men from the British steamer Olivegrove, which was torpedoed northwest of the Spanish coast.

The Washington, now under the command of Captain Manning, is due at Genoa tomorrow.

Captain Manning has had a life full of high adventure in his 43 years. He has been decorated for heroism at sea by the U. S. Congress, by foreign Governments, and by civic organizations, and he was the late Amelia Earhart's navigator on her first attempt to girdle the equator. Captain Manning's most famous exploit was in 1929 when, as chief officer of the famous Old America, he commanded a lifeboat which rescued the entire crew of 32 men from the sinking Italian ship Florida in a full gale and mountainous seas. Three years later, while serving as chief officer of the President Harding, under Captain George Freid, he helped rescue Lou Reichers when the aviator was forced down on the Atlantic in heavy weather. Reprinted from *The Journal of Commerce and Shipping Telegraph, London.*

Captain Manning has commanded various ships of the United States Lines and associated lines, among them the Manhattan, President Roosevelt, the old America, American Trader, American Banker and American Traveler. He served as staff captain of the Leviathan in 1934. In 1938, Captain Manning was injured in an airplane crash at Roosevelt Field and after his accident made a slow and painful climb back to health. Probably none of his famous exploits required such a high order of courage and patience as his convalescence of over a year when he had to learn to use injured muscles and limbs again. Today, he is fully recovered and admits that he gets more sensation of speed when his ship does 18 knots than when he is going 200 miles an hour in his plane!

Echoes of New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are privileged to reprint here excerpts from a radio program "Echoes of New York" broadcast by the Consolidated Edison Company in which Mrs. Janet Roper, head of the Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau, was guest of honor. Mrs. Roper will complete 51 years of service to seamen on July 12th.

ANNOUNCER

EVERY year some half-million seamen of the Merchant Marine enter New York harbor . . . seamen of every race, creed, nationality and rating. Here they find a warm welcome, the excitement of a great city eager to offer a temporary home and entertainment. And down on the waterfront at 25 South Street, they find their own special haven . . . The Seamen's Church Institute of New York . . . which for more than a hundred years has been a clearing house for every man who goes to sea, no matter what port he hails from or to what remote point he sails. From four to eight thousand times daily, men pass through its doors. Many of them live at the Institute and many more take advantage of the practically endless variety of services offered in the great building, atop which the green light of the Titanic Memorial Beacon gleams a welcome to sailors as far as six miles out at sea.

One of the special services rendered by the Seamen's Church Institute is the contact that is often made with seafaring men whose families have lost touch with them. This work is directed by Mrs. Janet Roper . . . the beloved "Mother" Roper of the Institute who has been the seamen's friend for more than fifty years, and Consolidated Edison is happy to bring her to you this evening as our guest of honor . . . Mrs. Roper.

MRS. ROPER

Thank you, Mr. Hicks. Our Missing Seamen's Bureau, which was established shortly after the World



Mrs. Janet Roper

War, has been very fortunate in bringing together many families who have been separated by the roving life of a sailor. We have located more than five thousand men and brought happiness, I feel sure, to wives and mothers, who might otherwise never have found their loved ones. Miss Helen Claire and Jack Arthur are going to re-enact for you a little true drama which is typical of the cases which come to our attention. It begins in a little town in Massachusetts, where young Pete Smith has recently brought his wife and baby. Pete has become terribly discouraged . . .

PETE

And I'm tellin' you I feel pretty tough about it . . . takin' you away from your folks . . . bringin' you East here where you don't know anybody . . . lettin' you slave away for me and the baby . . .

NANCY

I don't mind, Pete . . . not really. If you could only find another job . . .

PETE

I know. But I'm not havin' any luck, and anyhow . . . well, Nancy, the truth is, I'm no good on land.

NANCY
No good on land!
PETE
Nope. I ought to have realized it long ago. I ought never to have left the sea.

NANCY
Oh. But, Pete, you . . . you're married now.

PETE
I know. And I love you, Nancy . . . you and the baby too. But that don't really change a man. It's in my blood . . . always has been ever since I run off when I was a kid . . .

NANCY
But I thought you'd gotten over it.

PETE
I tried . . . you know I tried Nancy . . . on account of you. But I'm not worth anything here. When I'm at sea I'm my own man. I know what I'm doin' . . . I'm at home. On shore I'm all cramped . . . I feel shut in . . .

NANCY
I can understand. But, Pete . . . you'd be away.

PETE
I'd get home. I'd write . . . and it wouldn't be too long. And . . . I'd be a man again, Nancy. I could take care of you . . . the way a man should . . .

NANCY
Pete, you know, don't you, that I can't ever go back to Iowa, back home? You remember what Pa said when I married you. And . . . I feel awful strange here . . . not knowin' anybody . . .

PETE
You'll get to know folks soon Nancy . . . aw . . . I know I hadn't ought to ask you, but . . . couldn't we just try it . . . and see . . .

NANCY
You'd forget me, being away so long . . .

PETE
Forget you! How could I, with your name tatoood right on my arm, and a heart around it to remind me you're my sweetheart.

NANCY
All right, Pete. You go . . .

PETE
Nancy . . .
NANCY
Sonny and I'll wait here . . . till you come home . . .

* * *
I'm sorry, Mr. Nickerson, I . . . I just haven't got the money for the rent right now. If you can let it go for a little while, it's almost six months since my husband left . . . I'm sure he'll write soon and send it to me . . .

But you can't turn me out! Where can I go? . . . and the baby too? If you dispossess me, I haven't any place at all!

Oh, Sonny, maybe I shouldn't have run off. But I wouldn't let them take you away from me . . . never, never! Oh, please, God, let me find some place for the two of us . . . I can work, if somebody'll take us in an' give us a chance . . . please, God . . . Pete didn't mean for this to happen to us. There's . . . there's a farm . . . maybe . . . maybe the folk's there'll let me rest a while . . . I'm so tired . . . so tired . . .

* * *
That was where the Jenkins lived, Mrs. Roper. They were swell . . . They took me in, and fed me, and took care of me. And they let me work for them for my keep . . . and the baby's. And then just lately Mrs. Jenkins heard about this Seamen's Institute. And she told me to come to New York and see if you couldn't find out about . . . Pete.

MRS. ROPER
How long has it been now, Nancy?
NANCY

Most five years. It's . . . it's the uncertainty that's been so awful, Mrs. Roper . . . not knowin'. If he just went off, deliberate like, because he was tired of us, that was one thing . . . but something must have happened, something awful.

PETE
Excuse me, Ma'am . . . I saw your notice on the bulletin board

. . . that you were looking for Pete Smith. That's my name.

MRS. ROPER
I've had that notice posted here and in ports all over the world and ten men named Pete Smith have come to see me. You're just back from a long trip?

PETE
Yes. Tramp to the South Seas. I keep movin'.

MRS. ROPER
Haven't you any relatives?

PETE
None. I . . . I lost my wife. She didn't die . . . just disappeared. I took sick and was on shore in a little South American port for months. When I got home she wasn't there. Nancy and the baby had been dispossessed.

MRS. ROPER
Nancy? Her name was Nancy?

PETE
Yes. Look. I had that done when we were engaged . . . see . . . tatoood right there on my arm where I'd always see it . . . her name . . . Nancy . . . with a heart around it.

MRS. ROPER
Yes. Well, I guess that settles it. I've talked to a lot of Pete Smiths . . . but I think you're the one I want.

PETE
The one for what?
MRS. ROPER
Pete, what would you say if I told you that I could find your wife and little son for you . . . that they were very near here . . .

Book Review

WATCH BELOW
New York. Random House. 1940. \$3.00.
Mr. McFee has written a delightful book on the importance of the small tramp steamer in the development of Britain's merchant shipping. In order to keep the material from being either statistical or heavy he has used the successful McFee technique of the personal narrative and has thus treated the subject much more appealingly than had he written perhaps "A Study of the Tramp Ship". The very title "Watch Below" sets the point of view.

We have Jim Barnes (admittedly a composite picture) who has just completed the required shop training before sailing as Apprentice Engineer on a

PETE
Find them! Near here! You mean . . . they're *alive* . . . they're all right . . .

MRS. ROPER
Yes.
PETE
Nancy . . . and the boy . . . they're *here* . . . Glory Hallelulia! Nancy . . . and Sonny . . . What . . . what are they doing . . . in New York?

MRS. ROPER
They're looking for a man named Pete Smith . . . Here . . . let's see if they can identify you . . .

NANCY
Pete . . .
PETE
Nancy . . . Aw, gee. The . . . the baby . . . where's he? Where's Sonny?

NANCY
He's at home . . . waiting for you.
PETE
Waiting for *me*? (Both start to talk at same time) Nancy, where were you . . .

NANCY
Pete, where have you been . . .
PETE
We both got a lot of explainin' to do. But it ain't where I been that matters, Nancy. It's where I am now.

NANCY
Where you are now?
PETE
Yes. Seein' you . . . standin' there . . . just as sweet and dear . . . after all these years. Nancy . . . I know . . . this time . . . I'm in the home port for keeps.

general cargo ship, the "Wyvenhoe". As his seafaring career progresses we learn the working of the British system of apprentice training, hear the chat of engineers at mess and ashore, understand the meaning of that dire phrase "a hungry ship" and gain an insight into the vital but strange relationship between the bridge and the engineroom.

It is natural that any book on ships written by William McFee should carry the weight of authority. An engineer who reads a great deal in the Conrad Library read this one with great enthusiasm before we had a chance at it ourselves. He said "It is real. I know. And I enjoyed it as much as I did 'Casuals of the Sea'—which is saying a great deal".

A. W. C.

Nautical Bridge Party

A LATE April shower made it possible for the Central Council of Associations to present its usual May basket to the Institute. It has become traditional that the Associations, in Central Council assembled, vote something from surplus funds, if any, at the close of their half season in May. This year it appeared we might be facing a drought—not to say a deficit. As we never dare risk utter depletion, for we must keep on hand sufficient funds with which to purchase summer supplies of wool and linen, the bills for which are met on the payment-within-ten-days-plan, we assayed a Nautical Bridge Benefit at 25 South Street on April 30th. It was a venture, for never before had the Institute itself been the scene of a bridge party. The Directors of the various Associations joined with the officers of the Central Council to make the party a success. The Riverside Association loaned its Finance Chairman to assist in planning it, and invitations to participate were sent to members of local groups and to friends living near enough the scene of action to make it possible for them to come and give a "heave on the windlass". Then we hopefully opened our umbrella to receive the shower we expected, carefully inverting it so as to miss none of the pennies from heaven which might rain into it.

We nearly turned the Institute upside down too in our attempt to convert our home on land into a ship all decked out to go to sea. We borrowed signal flags and pennants from our Merchant Marine School to supplement decorations loaned by the Cuba Mail and United Fruit Lines; ship models from the Institute's museum, anchors, rope, and life rings too, and finally Dick Greible, the Institute's staff artist,

as decorator. He borrowed a step ladder and a helper, and together the desired nautical effect was achieved.

The Apprentices' Room presented a truly gala appearance and was a proper setting for the friends of seamen who came to lend a hand by playing a hand of bridge. A sufficient number came to fill the Room "to the gunwales". We stole a little space in one corner to set a pretty tea table, for we served our players refreshments, of course, and also provided winners with most attractive prizes—ladies' summer handbags of striped silk, all done up in white tissue with bows of red, white, and blue ribbon. These prizes made a very effective appearance on the Apprentices' billiard table in back of a handsome ship model centered there and proudly riding the waves—white waves they were, made of sheets borrowed from the Institute's linen closet. This ship was convoyed by a quantity of door prizes, all donated, which did much to console those who did not win the above mentioned attractive table prizes.

As the guests departed with these new purses, but with old ones depleted we fear, for friends were most generous in buying everything on sale including packages of nuts and candy, kitchen shears, and cakes left over from the bountiful supper donated by Association members, all agreed that the first Nautical Bridge would bear repeating. Why not an annual shower? Another year we could surely double the number of players and fill the Institute's auditorium with over a hundred tables. This would double the sum the Central Council turned over to the Institute for the maintenance of its Medical Clinic. We are ordering another and larger umbrella in anticipation of next year's shower.

Mrs. Stacy Sears, Chairman of the Central Council, and her officers and committee wish to express thanks to all who so generously supported our first Nautical Bridge.

CLARA M. DIBBLE, *Secretary.*

Globe Girdlers

THIS is the season for small boats to set forth on globe-girdling cruises, and even wars cannot deter these midget Magellans from their adventurous plans. The schooner "Yankee", at this writing, with Captain Irving Johnson in command, and a crew including his wife and two children (Arthur, four years old and Robert, one year old) is now somewhere near the Galapagos Islands. The schooner sailed with yacht ensigns painted on her sides which were large enough and conspicuous enough to ward off vessels of warring nations. The total ship's company is seventeen persons, and the "Yankee" is scheduled to return to Boston in April, 1941.

Another adventurous expedition is that of the 132-foot three-masted schooner "Director", which sailed recently from New York with a crew of sixteen in command of John and Bruce Fahnestock. Their mother, Mrs. Mary Sheridan Fahnestock (whose book, "I Ran Away to Sea at Fifty" described an earlier expedition of the "Director" reviewed in THE LOOKOUT Sept. 1939) will be dietitian. Edward Dair, thirty-year old artist and first mate will record in paintings the activities of the expedition. A two-year 40,000 mile cruise in the South Pacific Ocean is planned, and the youthful crew will make recordings of native music of South Sea island groups and collect material for the new Whitney Memorial Bird Hall at the American Museum of Natural History.

Still another expedition, a 34,000 mile voyage in the 68-foot sailing



Schooner "Director"

Photo by L. D. Miller

ketch "Ahto", in command of Captain Ahto Walter, is worth recording here because it, too, carried a youthful crew. Young Teddy Walter, an experienced old salt at the ripe old age of two and a half years, has just returned with his parents to sample life ashore in Greenwich, Conn. Teddy was 14 months old when his mother carried him aboard, and has celebrated both his birthdays at sea, his first at anchor off Nova Scotia, and his second off the Thursday Islands in the South Pacific. Captain Walter crossed the Atlantic in a 20-foot sailboat in 1931 when he left his native Estonia for America. Teddy's mother said he lived the normal life of any child during the voyage except that his backyard was a ship's deck.

PLEASE NOTE

Friends have been very generous in sending used Christmas cards to be re-conditioned and given to seamen. As the cards usually contain writing, it is very important that they be sent by Express and not by Parcel Post, since they then become subject to first-class rates, the postage often amounting to two or three dollars.

Two Contrasting Views of Jeannette Park and Coenties Slip



1886, as the Park looked just two years after Coenties Slip was filled in. It was named "Jeanette"* by the Park Department for the ship of that name lost in the Arctic ice. Note the tower of the Produce Exchange and the cupola of the Standard Oil Building.

—Photo by Brown Brothers



1940, as the Park now looks upon completion May 7th of the WPA project supervised by Park Commissioner Moses. The bandstand was demolished and in its place handball and tennis courts, shuffle board and horse shoe pitching have been installed.

—Photo by Marie Higgins

ELIXIR

(Elixirterpin hydrate with codine)

Mrs. Elsie Latimer, nurse in the Institute's clinic, received the following letter from a ship's mate: "Dear Nurse: You may recall the writer—remember a bit of conversation when the doctor gave me some drops and some medicine for a nasty cold I had. I still had some left—it was really remarkable stuff—when I joined this vessel in Newfoundland and found the Captain and one mate were in bad shape so the little I had left I gave to them and it reacted the same way on them and are perfectly O.K. now. Captain saved a few drops but a sudden roll of the ship caused the bottle to fall and break. We have the usual regular medicine chest on board. Would there be among them the necessary ingredients that would enable me to mix a batch or will you by return mail give me the prescription that I could have it made up locally. We expect to remain here for another two weeks. If you will be kind enough to let me have this information I know the entire ship's crew will be deeply grateful. Thanks for your kind help in the past and thanks plenty in advance for the above."

SHIP "HORNET"

NOTE: The rare old painting of the clipper ship "Hornet" (which was donated to the Institute's Nautical Museum by the late Miss Jessie Benson, daughter of Captain Robert Benson who commanded the famous clipper) is badly in need of repair and restoration. Marine experts advise that the painting has both a monetary and an historical value. When the "Hornet" caught on fire, her crew took to small boats, and Mark Twain interviewed the survivors when they reached Honolulu after a long and arduous voyage of 3,360 miles. At present, Nordoff and Hall, authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" are writing a story about the "Hornet". It will cost \$35.00 to have the painting of the "Hornet" repaired, relined and restored. Would some LOOKOUT reader like to donate this?

SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN JANUARY 1 - MAY 1, 1940

87,118	Lodgings (including relief beds).
7,198	Pieces of Baggage handled.
227,624	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
84,419	Sales at News Stand.
7,386	Calls at Laundry, Barber and Tailor Shops.
6,850	Total attendance at 235 Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island.
15,873	Social Service Interviews.
96	Missing Seamen located.
34,871	Total attendance at 109 Entertainments, such as Movies, Concerts, Lectures and Sports.
4,108	Relief Loans to 1,825 Individual Seamen.
17,480	Magazines distributed.
2,109	Pieces of Clothing and 429 Knitted Articles distributed.
2,043	Treatments in Clinics.
997	Visits at Apprentices' Room.
877	Visits to Ships by Institute Representatives.
4,846	Deposits of Seamen's Earnings placed in Banks.
482	Jobs secured for Seamen.
8,255	Attendance of Seamen Readers in Conrad Library; 592 Books distributed.
6,583	Total attendance of Cadets and Seamen at 443 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 684 students enrolled.
4,857	Incoming Telephone Calls for Seamen.

* For further details regarding Jeanette Park see article in October 1939 LOOKOUT.

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