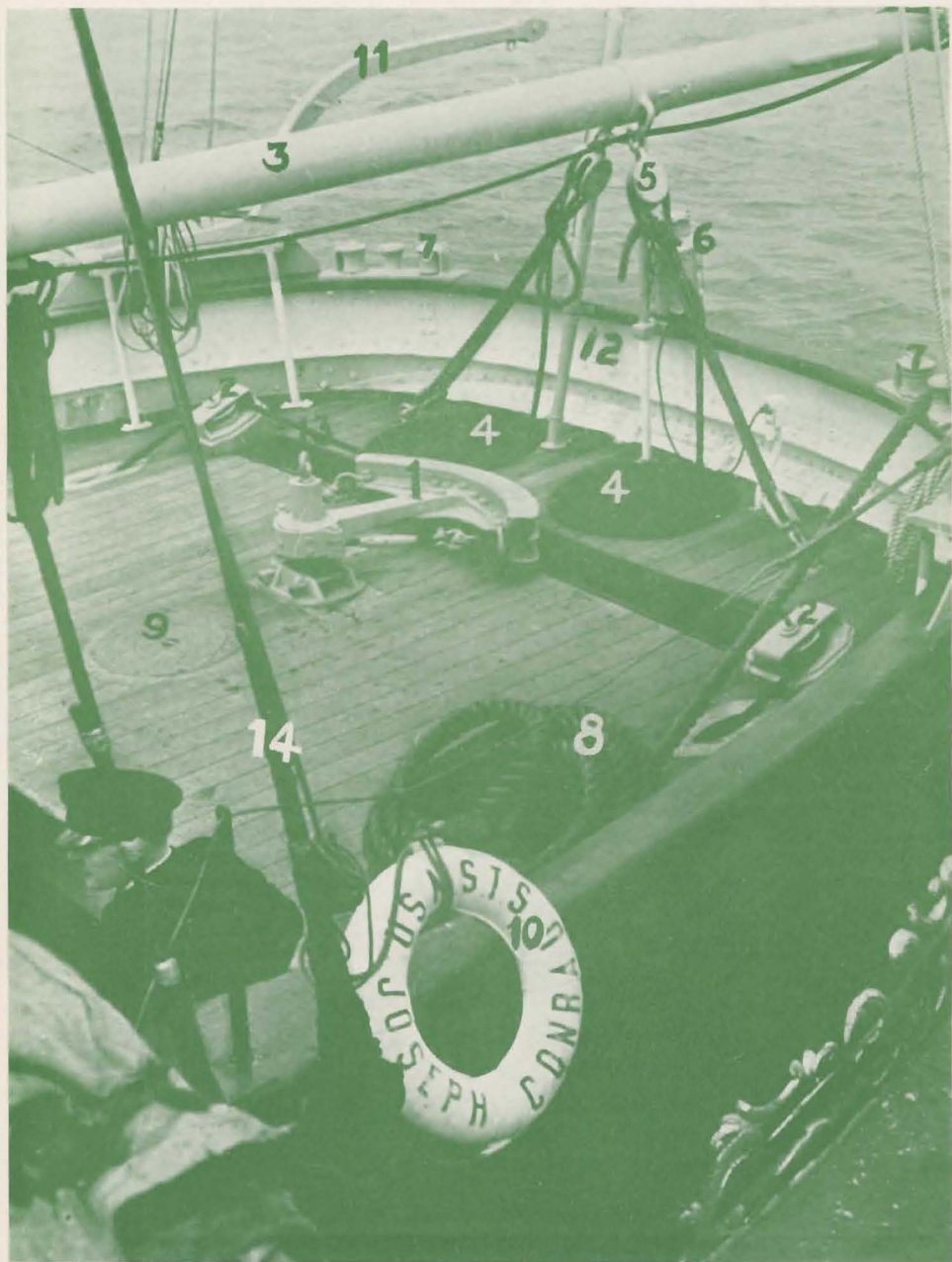


The LOOKOUT



The After Deck of the "Joseph Conrad"

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows the after-deck of the square-rigger "Joseph Conrad" now a training ship for the U. S. Maritime Commission.

(Photograph by Marie Higginson)

No. 1. Rudder Quadrant
No. 2. Leads to Quadrant
No. 3. Spanker Boom
No. 4. Spanker Sheets
No. 5. Sheets Blocks
No. 6. Stern Lights
No. 7. Mooring Chocks

No. 8. Mooring Line
No. 9. Manhole Plate
No. 10. Life Ring
No. 11. Boat Davit
No. 12. Bulwark Plating
No. 13. Steering Cable
No. 14. Back Stay

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXX, MAY, 1939

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
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Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

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Superintendent

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

You are asked to remember this Institute in your will, that it may properly carry on its important work for seamen. While it is advisable to consult your lawyer as to the drawing of your will, we submit nevertheless the following as a clause that may be used:

I give and bequeath to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York," incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of.....
.....Dollars.

Note that the words "of New York" are a part of our title.

The Lookout

Vol. XXX

May, 1939

No. 5

Some Thoughts for Memorial Day

IN THE peril of war and in the glory of peace, the merchant seaman carries on, ever an unsung hero. His monument is often the ever-rolling sea and his grave the ocean depths. While the Memorial Day parade passes by, hats come off, hearts beat faster and eyes fill with tears in memory of the heroes of countless battlefields, the seaman stands watch faithfully on the high seas, protecting your lives and cargoes. During the World War these men of the merchant marine carried munitions, troops, and food to Europe. Truly indeed, they were "great without glory."

In Gloucester, Mass., each Memorial Day, it is a custom to scatter flowers on the graves of fishermen, the relatives of those who mourn. This is a beautiful way of paying tribute to "the memory of all the seamen who through all the years have found a last resting place in the waters that wash every shore." Mary Brooks, a native of Gloucester, wrote these eloquent lines as her tribute:

"Scatter flowers on the waves;
There our fathers found their graves,
Brothers, sons and husbands sleep;
Strew your garlands o'er the deep.

Ebbing tides of summer day,
Bear these blossoms on their way,
North and east to bank and coast
Where they lie whom we love most.

Christ, who shared the fisher's lot,
Marks each grave a sacred spot;
He will guard each wave-lashed bed
Till the sea gives up her dead."

Viola Gerard has expressed the same idea in these four lines:

THE DEAD SAILOR

"No headstone marks him, no familiar
dust
Enfolds his mutable bones, but this
broad sea;
Only the wise gulls know where he
was lost
When the ship sank, and where he still
may be."

Here at the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, Memorial Day is observed by a service, on the Sunday preceding, in the Chapel of Our Saviour, attended by merchant seamen, and at which the names of seamen who died "in the line of duty" during the preceding year are read. Heading the list this year will be that of Captain Clifton Smith, commander of the America-France Line freighter "Schodack" who directed the rescue of twenty persons from the sinking freighter "Smaragd." Captain Smith received an award from the Life-Saving Benevolent Association for his bravery, and his sudden death, as we go to press, will be greatly mourned by his maritime friends.

The S.O.S. Crew

COOLING fans for the Dining Room, warming lamps for the Clinic, a softly ticking, nautically chiming clock for the Library, a "loud-speaker" for the Auditorium whereby the gentlest voice may be heard in the most remote corners of that room. These are only a few of the many concrete gifts which bear witness, not always mute, to the good uses to which the Central Council of Associations' moneys have been put.

The purpose of these Associations of women is to assist the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in its work for seamen. Those who join the organizations understand this, we trust; although, truth to tell, membership in a group may be entered into for additional reasons such as a preference for philanthropies religiously sponsored, general sociability, education, interest in the sea, or more especially because one's "grandfather was a sea captain", a claim which carries prestige second only to Mayflower ancestry.

The Associations give expression to the unique purpose for which they were created by rendering help which may roughly be divided into a two-fold category—gifts in cash and in kind. Cash gifts from the Associations are generally designated by them for established Institute Funds such as the Building Fund, Mansfield Memorial or Holiday Funds, Maintenance of the Apprentices' Room or Medical Clinic, Ways and Means, and so forth—unless the Associations prefer to purchase with their cash more tangible gifts.

Gifts in kind include knitted garments, household linens, periodicals and books, men's clothing, surgical dressings, greeting cards for all occasions, comfort kit fillings, eye

glasses for the Clinic, old gold or silver for the Melting Pot, and Game Room supplies.

Proximity to the Institute is a distinct advantage insofar as it affords the Associations opportunity better to study at close range the Institute's needs. But the Associations have recently established a new type of membership—the S.O.S. Crew—comprised of women who live far, rather than near, or are otherwise hindered from group membership.

Keeping a toe-hold on the threshold of the Institute, the Association steps out and proffers you a hand in greeting. Your dollar is needed to speak and work for you. You will receive THE LOOKOUT, if you are not now a subscriber, and you will be kept informed by announcements of activities.

Our oldest Crew member is 92 and hails from North Carolina. She writes of "hectic" days but she does not knit as does her "junior" friend of 91 whose favorite pastime is knitting for the seamen. When we offered her a spring vacation after a Vermont winter of knitting—Vermont winters are longer, you know—she wrote, "Why a vacation when I am longing for the yarn every minute and hoping every mail will bring it?"

Our intention is extension; our hope is to expand our family circle taking in new members. There are no territorial or age limits to membership in the S.O.S. Crew. At present we have members from nine different states. Won't you be a "pioneer" from your own state?

MRS. STACY O. SEARS, *Chairman*
MRS. A. R. MANSFIELD } *Vice*
MISS I. C. KING } *Chairmen*
MRS. MEDAD E. STONE, *Treasurer*
CLARA M. DIBBLE, *Secretary*
CENTRAL COUNCIL OF ASSOCIATIONS

A Seaman's Experience

By Frank Cosgrove

IT was during the year of 1928 when I was a sailor on a big 10,000 ton English freighter that a remarkable experience happened to me. We were homeward bound from Rio Grande-de-Sul with a cargo of meat products for England, and we had been on the south Atlantic about two weeks.

I was standing by the galley door at 6 o'clock on the morning watch when the whistle blew summoning me on the bridge. I answered it by going to the chart-room. The chief mate Davis was waiting for me to give me some orders. He told me that one of the lifeboat-covers was loose, that he could hear it flapping from the navigating bridge. As it was my duty to attend to it, I started down to examine the boats. The first three boats were all right, but No. 4 on the starboard side was loose, and the tan lashing was adrift. I started around to tighten it. To reach the lashing to pull it tight, it was necessary for me to go on the outside of the lifeboat, and that put me in a very dangerous position, for the least slip would send me over the side. Taking over the lashing, I was giving it a wrench to tighten the cover, when it parted. Making a wild grab at the top of the cover, my hand slipped on its smoothness, and I went head first over the side into the shark infested waters.

I struck the sea with such force as to jar every bone in my body. I sank beneath the waves, and then came to the surface with the sound of the thrashing propellers in my ears. I immediately struck away from the ship to get clear of those death dealing thrashing screws. With a sigh of relief I felt the pull of the water get less and less.

But as one danger receded another took its place, for here I was alone on the south Atlantic far from the beaten track of ships in waters swarming with sharks, and the boat I had left was receding farther away.

A feeling of desperation overtook me, and the thought that I would never see my folks again sent a feeling of sorrow that will take a long time to forget.

I realized it was futile to swim, so I lay on my back and floated as the sun rose higher in the sky. The heat became unbearable on my bare head; although I continually ducked my head it would dry just as fast. A gasp of horror came from my lips when I felt a rough skin scrape my legs for I knew that the sharks had arrived.

Sharks are arrant cowards and will swim away if you make a noise, so I smacked the surface of the water with the palm of my hands and had the satisfaction of seeing a long dark fin slinking away.

So every few minutes I kept it up, wondering how long I would last—for human endurance has its limits—and I realized by nightfall it would be all over: death would be either by the sharks or by drowning. In my desperation I started to shout, but ceased when I realized how foolish it was, for nobody could hear in this desolate waste. As the sun reached the zenith, I was about to give up hope, when turning over and looking towards the opposite horizon I sighted a ship coming slowly towards me. As she came closer something about her looked familiar, and then I realized that it was the boat that I had deserted so fast, the "Andalusian Prince." A fervent prayer came to my lips for good old Captain Anderson who had like a true sailor turned his boat off her course to look for me.

I started to swim to a point where I could intercept her, at the same time stopping and waving my hands to attract attention. It wasn't long before her siren let out a hoarse bellow, and I knew that they had sighted me. The squeak of her falls was like music in my ears as they lowered the lifeboat, and it was the greatest moment in my life when it came bounding toward me with seven of my shipmates at the oars. I was pulled over the gunwale dripping wet, and inside of an hour was in my bunk, dry and snug, with a good slug of rum under my belt and my hellish experience a hideous memory.

The Fate of the Glorious Clippers

RICHARD McKAY, the grandson of Donald McKay, the famous builder of Yankee clipper ships, has presented to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, for its museum, a piece of the teak deck from the "Glory of the Seas". This was the last clipper ever built by Donald McKay, in 1869, and in 1923 she ended her career by being burnt for "junk" at Endoyle Beach, near Seattle, Washington. The fate of this once-proud sailing ship is typical of the end of many of the beautiful vessels which were once the undisputed mistresses of the seven seas. After an eventful life, she became, in her old age, a cold storage ship for the Glacier Fish Company of Tacoma, Washington, doomed to drag out a degraded existence until, in 1923, after an effort was made to re-rig and preserve her, but without success, she was deliberately burned so that her valuable copper fittings could be more easily recovered.

The fate of the "James Baines", one of the famous extreme clippers of Donald McKay's, was somewhat different. This vessel was built in 1854, at the peak of the Australian gold boom. After four years in this service she caught fire in Liverpool. Nothing could be saved, so the ship was scuttled to protect the other vessels in the dock. She ended her days, completely hidden, as a pontoon under the old passenger stage at Liverpool.

Another crack ship of her day was the East Indiaman, "Canton", which was built in London in 1790, carried 32 guns and was in the service from India to China until 1829. She might have continued to run, but a shipbuilder bought her, excavated a site along the London River, scuttled her stout hull in it, cutting off one end and fitting it

with a watertight caisson. Until 1898 the old ship formed an efficient dry dock because of her stout timbers.

Stripped of her rig, with a little mast stepped amidships to act as a samson post (pillar) for a derrick, the New Zealand ship, "Edwin Fox", once a fast sailing ship on the Indian run, was refitted with refrigerating machinery and used for freezing down meat—only recently she has been converted into a landing stage and a hulk for stores. There are many fine sailing ships ending their careers as hulks, a lowly and ugly end, but at least useful: for example, the "Samuel Plimsoll", the "Orient", the "Tyburnia", the Blackwall frigates "La Hogue" and "Agamemnon".

One of the best known of the later generations of sailing ships was the "Hougomont", a steel, four-masted barque of 2,428 tons, engaged in the grain trade and owned by Captain Gustaf Erickson under the Finnish flag. A storm off South Australia badly battered her; she sailed with a jury rig into Adelaide. Re-rigging was too expensive so she was stripped of all sails, spars and cables, and a charge of dynamite sent her down to Stenhouse Bay where she now forms a breakwater for the loading berth of a gypsum company.

Up at Rye Beach the old Benjamin Packard is ending her days as a museum-cabaret. She belonged to the Alaskan seal fleet. Another square-rigger that is now a museum is the "Star of India" (once named the "Enterpe") built in England in 1863 and later sold to the Alaska Packers' Association. She is now owned by the Zoological Society of San Diego, California, where she is maintained in that port as a marine museum.

Frank C. Bowen, English marine historian, said recently: "It is difficult for the landsman to realize the feelings of a sailor when his old ship, especially if she were a crack vessel whose reputation went all over the world, came to an end which he considered unworthy of her . . . The most fitting end to a fine ship was, perhaps, to founder or be burned at sea. Anything was better than that she should be deposited from her position and exhibited to the world degraded, a shadow of her former self which only a sailor's eye could identify. Next to a total disappearance, being broken up while still in first-class

condition was, perhaps, the most preferable. This was the natural end of a ship, but there is always something sad about a ship-breaking yard. Many a famous ship was doomed to drag out an existence in the timber drogher or coolie trade, her beauty concealed under the clotted paint and dirt, her bowsprit cut off short, her figurehead gone, and her decks cluttered up with winches and cranes."

The famous "Cutty Sark" has fortunately been preserved and is now used as an additional training ship for the cadets of the H.M.S. Worcester, anchored in the Thames River, London.

Editor's Note:

As we go to press we learn of the launching of the U. S. Maritime Commission's new cargo vessel, named the "Donald McKay" in honor of the man who was in a large measure responsible for the pre-eminence of the American merchant marine during the middle of the last century. Three generations of McKays were present at the launching, which was held at the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company's yard at Chester, Pa. The seven year old great-great grandson of Donald McKay sponsored the new vessel which was named for the designer and builder of clipper ships.

NOSTALGIA

His thoughts drift back to a rusty tramp
With patches of red-lead on her side,
His old ship, bound for the River Plate,
Swinging to sea with a rolling gait:
He dreams of swinging the deep-sea lead,
Of mid-watches stood on the focsle-head
On tropical nights when the moon rides high
And trade winds croon their lullaby:
But no more to the sea he'll go
For he's shipped in a cottage where hollyhocks grow,
And gardens need tending—aye, the care
Of the bride whose laugh keeps him anchored there.

A. FLAHERTY,
Merchant Seaman.



Photo by Ruth Cushman.



EYE CLINIC



SODA LUNCHEONETTE



MERCHANT MARINE SCHOOL



TAILOR SHOP



BAGGAGE ROOM



HOTEL DESK

Glimpses
of
Seamen
at
"25 South Street"

Photographs
By
Marie Higginson



LAUNDRY



DENTAL CLINIC



INFORMATION DESK



BARBER SHOP

The Ship That Became a Municipal Power Plant

SHIPS have been transformed into museums, into training schools, even into cabarets, but the other day we heard from Mr. William Winter, President of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, and a member of the Board of Managers of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, about a ship that became a municipal power plant. Delving into the Atlantic's century-old files, one may find tall "disaster books", written in quaint script, as far back as 1831, describing the condition of sailing ships as reported by the Atlantic Company's surveyors.

One of the most unusual stories unfolded in the "disaster books" concerns the steamer "SESOSTRIS." It is recorded in "Cargoes", the Atlantic Company's publication. She was built at Flensburg, Germany, in 1898. In 1907 she sailed from Hamburg round the Horn for San Francisco. During the voyage, while anchored off Ocos, Guatemala, on March 4, she broke her anchor chain and, driven by a heavy surf, drifted far up on the shore. There she remained, deeply embedded in the sand. While her cargo was saved, all efforts to float her proved futile and she was abandoned as a total loss. The "SESOSTRIS" lay forgotten for almost ten years. To the world she was just another wreck—but not to the city fathers of Ocos. They cleaned up her engines, ran wires from her masts to the town, and converted her into a municipal power plant.

She might have ended her days in this useful manner had not the

World War intervened. In 1917 men were scouting the world desperately to replace shipping sunk in the war, and she was purchased by an American firm, refloated and taken to Seattle. She was repaired and reconditioned, renamed the "Francis L. Skinner" and placed in coastwise service. But she was not destined to end her days in this way. In 1919 she was taken over by the U. S. Shipping Board. In 1920 she came under Uruguayan ownership and was rechristened the "Oran." In 1929, she became Spanish, and was renamed "Felipe," with Bilbao, Spain her new port of registry. And here we finally lose her trail. Perhaps, says Mr. Winter, she still sails the seas, or she might even be beached, again being used as a power plant!

The Rev. Harold H. Kelley, Superintendent of the Institute, with whom we were discussing the "SESOSTRIS" recalled that the aircraft carrier, the U. S. S. "LEXINGTON" was used in a similar capacity, although not as a result of a shipwreck, when she was detailed by the U. S. Navy to furnish electric power to the City of Tacoma, Washington, for several months, in 1929. "A severe drought had reduced available water power," explained Mr. Kelley, "and the city appealed to the Navy for assistance. Special preparation was necessary, I recall, particularly in strengthening the docking facilities because of the great bulk and weight of this man-of-war."

"First Trippers"

READERS may recall reading an article entitled "First Trip", by Cadet Peter John Pugh, Jr. in the March 1938 issue of THE LOOKOUT in which he described jokes played on "green" members of ships' crews.

From some other students in Captain Robert Huntington's Merchant Marine School we learned of other practical jokes: When the mate orders a chap to "go aft and bring the key of the keelson" he should ignore the order, for the keelson is the timber on top of the ship's keel, and the key is purely imaginary. Captain Dale Harrison, assistant to Captain Huntington, told a tale of a greenhorn who conscientiously went in search of this "key" and when he came back to the officer on the bridge lugging a huge iron bar (probably used for jacking over the engine during repairs) the officer said solemnly: "That isn't the right one, sailor. I want the big one", the poor greenhorn opened his eyes wide and rubbed his sore muscles. "It's the biggest one I could find, sir", he replied.

W. P. Bradley, a Chief Engineer taking special work in the School, recalled that on his first trip, an officer had ordered him to "climb up in the crow's nest and collect some eggs". Quartermaster George W. Parker became reminiscent about his first trip. "I was scared stiff and obeyed orders of any one who spoke to me", he said. "Every cadet is like that. He's so afraid of disobeying, that he doesn't realize for a while that he is being kidded, or as the English say, that his leg is being pulled. I remember once when the bos'un sent me for some white lampblack, and to the engine room for a bucket of revolutions and a cupful of steam from the condensers".

Donald Geib, another student, remembered how he had been sent on his first trip to find "the key to wind up the anchor watch", and once he had been sent looking for "sea stamps" to stamp on letters to be mailed at the mail buoy. Jack MacPherson told a tale how, when heaving the lead, a piece of soap or tallow was inserted in the bottom of the lead, so that the mud would stick to it. One day, when a youthful crew member wasn't looking, some of the sailors put a dime in the bottom and hauled it up, for the youngster's wondering eyes to behold. The next day, they grew bolder and put a cuff link in the lead. When they hauled it up, they told the lad that it was from a dead man's cuff!

Only once in maritime history has a "first-tripper" retaliated and played a joke on his tormentors. From Jack MacPherson we gleaned the tale of a bold cadet who didn't relish the pranks and decided, while on watch, to arouse the mate, at midnight, by shouting: "Light dead ahead". The mate, roused out of his bunk, came on deck and said: "I don't see any light". "I have better eyesight, sir", replied the cadet. "I was brought up in the prairies where our eyes are trained to see great distances". This retort annoyed the mate, and the cadet was reported to the Old Man. The Skipper sent him aloft to paint a mast, but before climbing up the cadet managed to find a cootie and place it on the shoulder of the unsuspecting mate. Then, from his vantage point aloft, the cadet shouted: "Oh, Captain, I told you I had good eyesight. There's a cootie crawling on the mate's collar!" What eventually befell this daring cadet, we would not venture to report!

Visitors to the New York World's Fair

If you are planning to visit New York during the period of the World's Fair, we hope that you will find time to pay a visit to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. You will be most heartily welcomed. We are conveniently located, reached by any elevated train or subway. We are just a few blocks away from the Battery, the Aquarium, the Stock Exchange and Fraunces Tavern. If you will write or telephone (BOWling Green

9-2710) before coming, and ask for THE LOOKOUT editor, we shall be happy to greet you, arrange for a guide to take you through our building and to serve you tea in our Apprentices' Room at four o'clock. The view of New York harbor and the Statue of Liberty from our Titanic Memorial Lighthouse Tower will, we feel sure, be of interest to you. So plan to come, and bring your friends, to see "25 South Street".

Institute Sends Chaplains on S. S. Statendam

Editor's Note:

The Holland-America Line asked the Institute to send chaplains on two successive cruises of the S.S. Statendam to the West Indies. Chaplain McDonald was sent on one cruise, and Chaplain Pearson, Director of the Welfare Department, on the other. We thought that readers of THE LOOKOUT would be interested in their impressions of the trip.

By Chaplain David McDonald

I conducted three services on the three Sundays I was aboard the Statendam. The Captain, a number of officers, and passengers attended. I visited "below" several times, especially with many of the Stewards' Department, and went ashore at La Guayra, Venezuela with a large number of the crew for swimming and lunch. We enjoyed soft drinks at a roadside lunch room. All, in their quaint English, liked to talk with me of their homes in Holland. Like most seamen they lack normal home life. Many were from a long line of seamen ancestors. I noted that they enjoyed going ashore at the ten ports where our ship stopped, and the Company had tenders to take them back and forth.

Since my return I have had letters and personal visits from a number of the Statendam's crew, particularly the orchestra members and the cabin and messenger boys.

It's a small world, and in Panama I met my old schoolmate, Bishop Beal. We were both much surprised and delighted.

By Chaplain H. J. Pearson

Shipping out as Chaplain of the S. S. Statendam gave me not only a delightful cruise, but an interesting opportunity to observe at their work on shipboard a group of merchant seamen of the type served ashore by the Institute. Captain

G. J. Barendse, a master mariner of the old school, who had been with the Holland America Line for thirty-seven years, gave me the fullest cooperation and attended all of the Sunday Services.

Though my duties on shipboard were chiefly with the passengers, as much time as possible was spent with the crew. The world is a small place and on the second day out I met a passenger and his wife who attended my former parish at Sea Girt, N. J. Most of the members of the crew with whom I talked were thinking only in terms of April the 21st when they would sail once again on the Statendam's regular run to Holland. This was pleasing to them because it would mean that they could visit their families more often. I found that the esprit de corps, morale and discipline of the Statendam's crew were splendid, which greatly contributed to the smooth running of the ship.

Ashore were Institute reminders. At San Juan I was accosted by a beachcomber who claimed to be an unemployed seaman. He asked for a handout, but automatically I asked to see his papers, and these he could not produce! In Havana, while walking along El Prado, I overheard two young men talking. "Well, why don't you ask him?" said one to the other. I turned to them and asked them where they stayed when in New York. I learned that they were junior officers aboard the S. S. Washington and had frequently visited the Institute's Apprentices' Room while they were cadets.

It was eighteen days happily spent, yet it was good to return to the work ashore on the waterfront of New York.

Book Reviews

JOEY GOES TO SEA

By Alan Villiers

Charles Scribner's Sons \$1.50

This is a delightful book for young children, and charmingly illustrated by Victor Dowling. It tells of the adventures of Joey, a real seagoing cat who sailed around the world on the square-rigger "Joseph Conrad" and who had an exciting encounter with a snake and with an albatross. The story is based on real happenings as recorded in Captain Villiers' book, "The Cruise of the Conrad", but is retold so that small boys and girls will enjoy it and chuckle over the escapades of Joey, a brave little cat.

M. D. C.

THE RISE OF NEW YORK PORT (1815-1860)

By Robert Greenhalgh Albion with the collaboration of Jennie Barnes Pope.

Charles Scribner's Sons \$3.75

In this scholarly and readable history Mr. Albion traces the growth of New York City, pointing out that it was not until after the War of 1812 that it attained any prominence as a seaport. By 1860 New York was handling two-thirds of all the nation's imports and one-third of its exports. The author starts with an account of the sailing packets, the famous "Black Ball" line; describes the effect of the Erie Canal on New York commerce; traces the growth of steam and decline of sail; records the history of the coastal trade between New York and South America; tells the story of the "cotton triangle" and the coal trade. In 1815



New York was a different city from the one we know. South Street was its center; the East River was more sheltered than the North and ships at that time were not so large as to require the great width of the Hudson for maneuvering. The Ambrose Channel had not been dredged, and it was not until 1853 that Congress appropriated \$20,000. to blow up some of the reefs aggravating the treacherous currents of Hell Gate. The 51 illustrations and many appendices are particularly useful to the marine-minded reader.

M. D. C.

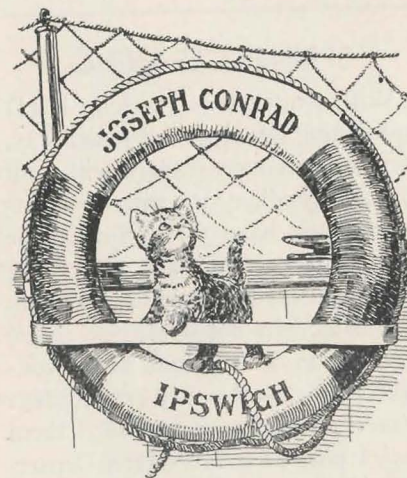
AHOY! The Making of a Merchant Mate. Told from "Jimmy's" Log.

By B. Eyre-Walker

Cassell and Company Limited. 5s. net.
46 illustrations. 232 pages.

All who are interested in the new steamship training for steamship officers will welcome "Aho! The Making of a Merchant Mate", written by B. Eyre Walker from the letters and diaries of his son Ralph. The boy, known to his friends as "Jimmy", joined his first ship in 1930 when he was only sixteen, and in four years had made five voyages between England and Australasia by nearly every possible route. It is also an excellent book for boys, who will enjoy the accounts of "larks" on board and ashore, the fresh descriptions of foreign ports and lonely islands, and the snapshots of a boy's life at sea.

E. G. B.



Book Reviews

"THE LOG OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS' FIRST VOYAGE TO AMERICA"
N. Y. William R. Scott. 1938. \$2.00

The log of Christopher Columbus' first voyage to America, addressed to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, is the stark record of one of the greatest adventures in history. It is nevertheless dramatic, because the reader invests it with the strong undercurrent of feeling that is not written down. That there were apprehension and strife during this long sea voyage, as well as the happy anticipation of sighting land and sharing the wealth of the Indies, are known and lend color to the simple journal.

The page by page illustrations of John O'Hara Cosgrave, II, picturing life on the ships and the strange sights seen, add much interest to this little book.

I. M. A.

THE RISE OF AMERICAN NAVAL POWER
By Harold and Margaret Sprout

Princeton University Press; \$3.75

An interesting and valuable contribution towards the laymen's understanding of the naval element in support of national policy, peace and territorial security. Without prejudice or partiality and with painstaking research, the authors have summarized the varying opinions—sound and unsound, thoughtful and superficial, worthy and sometimes pusillanimous—on the role and potentiality of the American Navy, as expressed by public men and naval officers from the beginning of our independence until the World War. While the treatment necessarily leans to thoughtful rather than popular reading, the book deserves wide attention, which once gained is held. After a hundred and forty years of vacillation, with consequent waste and needless cost, a naval policy is shown to have emerged having some continuity, a quality essential to efficiency as well as to keeping expenditure within reasonable limits. The present work arouses keen anticipation for the succeeding volume, which is to bring the subject up to date.

Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap,
U. S. Navy, Retired



Illustrations by Victor Dowling from "Joey Goes to Sea", by Alan Villiers.

"AMERICAN MERCHANT SEAMAN'S MANUAL"

Ed. by Felix M. Cornell and
Allan C. Hoffman, M.M.

Cornell Maritime Press 1938. \$3.50

In their preface to this excellent manual the editors state that their main object has been to meet the need expressed by seamen for a book that would contain "under one cover all of the information necessary and of vital interest to seamen to sell for a price well within their reach." That they have succeeded in this purpose is borne out by the extreme favor which this manual has won among our seamen and officers.

In the first place the format is good; the book is a "handy" size; the contents are well arranged and plentifully illustrated with simple drawings made lucid by terse explanations.

Of particular value, too, is the detailed information which is given as to requirements for various certifications under recently enacted laws, the inclusion of important laws pertaining to merchant seamen, consular regulations affecting seamen in foreign ports and a chapter which embodies some well-chosen miscellaneous reference material.

We understand that this is the first of a series of such handbooks to be published by the Cornell Maritime Press, the next of which will deal with the work of the Engine-room unlicensed personnel. We await this with great interest as it will fill another need long felt by seamen themselves as well as those of us who are interested in the more adequate training of men in our Merchant Marine.

A. W. C.

SPRING CLEANING

With winter over (at long last!) and Spring cleaning well under way, many of our men readers will want to say goodbye to the overcoats which they have worn during the past winter. Instead of tossing them aside, or packing them in mothballs, why not send them to the Institute to be repaired and reconditioned for some needy seamen next winter. Please wrap and send them parcel post to the Welfare Department, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

Notice

Mrs. John T. Scheepers has very kindly consented to open her gardens at "Paradou" to visitors on Saturday afternoon, May 20th, from 2 to 6 P.M. for the benefit of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. An admission fee of \$.50 will be collected at the entrance to the gardens. It is expected that the tulips will be in full bloom and we hope that Institute contributors and their friends motoring in the vicinity will visit the gardens. Mrs. Scheepers' estate is located on Northern Boulevard, Route 25A at Brookville, Long Island.

SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN BY THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK FROM JANUARY 1 TO APRIL 1, 1939

- 67,210** Lodgings (including relief beds).
- 21,942** Pieces of Baggage handled.
- 192,771** Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
- 62,660** Sales at News Stand.
- 5,660** Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
- 4,362** Attended **167** Religious Services at Institute, U. S. Marine Hospitals and Hoffman Island.
- 4,764** Cadets and Seamen attended **360** Lectures in Merchant Marine School; **451** students enrolled.
- 11,823** Social Service Interviews.
- 3,098** Relief Loans.
- 1,491** Individual Seamen received Relief.
- 18,181** Magazines distributed.
- 1,339** Pieces of clothing and **162** knitted articles distributed.
- 896** Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat and Medical Clinics.
- 36,519** Attended **82** entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
- 1,274** Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
- 58** Missing Seamen found.
- 217** Positions secured for Seamen.
- \$75,232.18** Deposited for **1,238** Seamen in Banks.
- 7,329** Attendance in Conrad Library; **734** books distributed.
- 3,392** Telephone Contacts with Seamen.
- 454** Visits to Ships by Institute representatives.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



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