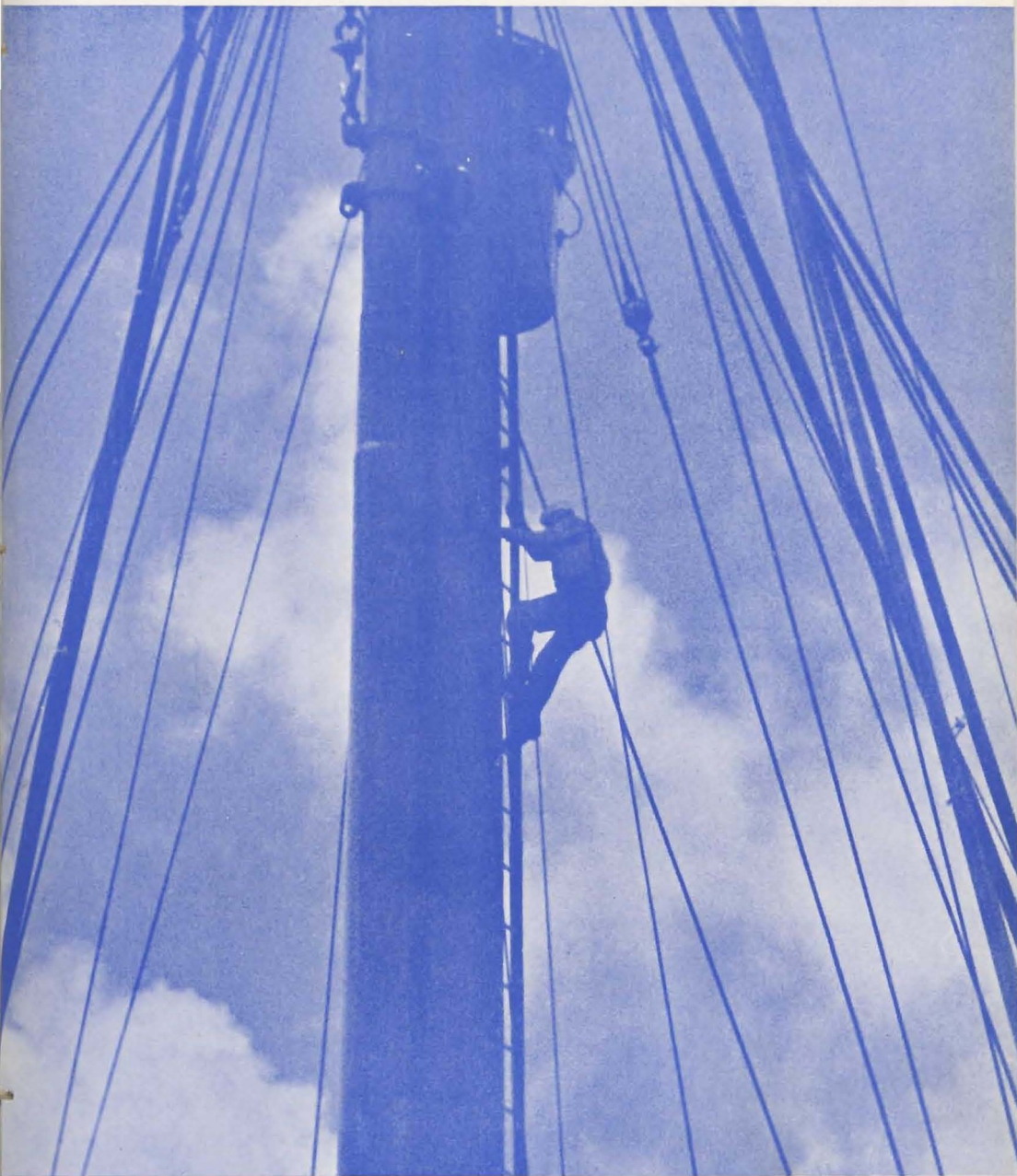


The LOOKOUT



CROW'S NEST

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXVIII NO. 2

FEBRUARY, 1937

The
LOOKOUT

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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

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NO. 2

Sentinels of the Sea

Winter Brings Increased Duties and Dangers to the "Sentinels of the Sea":
Lighthouses and Lightships in New York Harbor Keep 24-Hour Vigil.

WINTER storms at sea stir landsfolk to apprehension and pity for the gallant men of the Merchant Marine and the Coast Guard who must battle mountainous waves and stinging Nor'easters in the line of duty. Their admiration and sympathy should likewise be extended to the keepers of lighthouses—men who keep a quiet but effective watch over the Atlantic seaboard, a naturally inhospitable coast line. The crews of the lighthouse tenders based on New York harbor also have especially difficult work in cold weather maintaining the 400 aids to navigation, the 46 lights, the two lightships, the 60 lighted buoys and the 76 fog signals and sounding buoys, which mark the channels of that port.

Sometimes ice forms more than a foot thick on the buoys and it requires patient labor, usually working in freezing weather, to clear them off. Often, pounding of the ice will not break it off, and in such instances live steam must be used to loosen it. During the winter months the tenders (named for plants and leaves: "Oak," "Spruce," "Tulip," "Hawthorn," etc.) are busy on their inspection tours, removing ice from buoys, replacing those dragged from station and performing many other tasks which help to make the U. S. Lighthouse Service so effective.

The keepers of the lighthouses also have added duties in winter. They must wipe off the spray or sleet which tries to envelope the lanterns of their towers, obscuring the



Wide World Photo

When ships come into port looking like this, the U. S. Lighthouse Service's tenders are busy clearing ice from bell buoys and Lighthouse keepers are cleaning away ice from lanterns so that winter weather will not impair the service.

light. They must sound their fog signals when fog, snow or storm reduces the visibility. With wind and weather so unaccountable they must be on the alert for any kind of emergency, even keeping an eye out for mariners in distress. While rescue work is primarily the work of the Coast Guard, lighthouse keepers, from their points of vantage are frequently the first to observe persons or ships in difficulties, and many a person owes his life to the promptness of their response. In the mass of routine reports of the work of the U. S. Lighthouse Serv-

ice one reads of many an act of bravery, many a risk cheerfully taken.

In contrast with the many aids to navigation available to in-coming ships today, an old chart of New York harbor for 1737 shows not a single aid to navigation. Imagine the difficulties Hendrik Hudson had when he attempted to land here in 1609! According to an entry in his diary: "We found it to have a very shoald barre before it," and again: "The mouth of that land hath many shoalds."

The mariner, of course, is thoroughly familiar with the various lights as he enters New York harbor, for they are all shown upon his charts, but to the layman the characteristics of some of the important lights in the approaches to New York may be enlightening. Lights are distinguished by their characteristic and color. The characteristics may be either fixed or flashing, and if flashing, the frequency and duration is an important feature. A vessel on the much traveled route from northern Europe will first encounter Nantucket Lightship, anchored 47 miles S.S.E. of Nantucket Island. The master of every transatlantic liner, will recognize the three powerful white flashes which occur every 8 seconds. When the S.S. Olympic rammed and sank the old Nantucket Lightship No. 117, this new one, No. 112, was built. It is about as unsinkable a lightship as man has as yet been able to construct, and is provided with the latest types of signalling devices.

The next light, which the mariner will pass if he bears west will be Fire Island Lightship, recognized by its groups of two white flashes every 6 seconds. Proceeding toward the Ambrose Channel, he will next meet Ambrose Lightship, showing a group flashing white light, every 8 seconds.

If his ship comes from the South he will pass Scotland Lightship, occulting light, flashing white every 6 seconds. A popular New York light—because it is accessible and also permissible for landmen to visit it on weekdays from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.—is Coney Island Lighthouse, which shows a red light, flashing every 5 seconds. It is a 75 foot tower and the light may be seen 14 miles at sea. It will be noted that the colors usually adopted for lights are white, red and green. White is more easily seen. One of the best known green lights in the harbor is that of the Titanic Memorial, atop the 13-story building of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, at 25 South Street, Manhattan. This Tower is 211 feet in height, has a Cooper Hewitt fixed green light which may be seen six miles at sea. It could be seen 20 miles if it were not for land obstructing the view. For a light to be seen 20 miles off at sea, from the deck of a ship at least 15 feet high, it must be 200 feet in height. Beyond that distance the curvature of the earth would prevent a light even of this elevation from being seen.

Navesink, on the Atlantic Highlands, has a light with nine million candlepower. Robbin's Reef, with 24,000 candlepower, is the strongest light in New York Bay. Hunts Point Light uses electricity, since it is only a quarter of a mile from shore. The light at the foot of Dyckman Street is an automatic electric light. Flashing lights were first introduced in 1763, in Sweden, and revolving, quick flashing lights in France in 1892. The illuminant in many lights is electricity, in some cases being commercial current, and in others generated at the light station. A number of the older incandescent oil vapour lamps are also, still used. On Lightships electricity is used,

special generating sets being provided for the purpose.

The type of light used in lighthouses has undergone many changes. Until the 18th century the light was obtained from an oak log fire, and subsequently a coal fire was in use for many years. Oil lamps with flat wicks were used in the Liverpool lighthouses as early as 1763. Sperm oil, olive oil, lard oil, coconut oil, and colza oil have been used as illuminants in various parts of the world. John Smeaton, who built the famous Eddystone lighthouse off the coast of Plymouth, England, was the first to use a chandelier holding 24 tallow candles, with 67 candlepower. The introduction of mineral oil, costing a mere fraction of the expensive animal and vegetable oils, revolutionized the illumination of lighthouses.

One hundred and ten years ago a French physicist, Augustin Fresnel, died without realizing the important contribution he had made to lighthouse engineering. His "Fresnel" lens replaced the earlier reflectors, thereby increasing the candlepower of lights many fold, by reflecting and refracting the light. Acetylene gas was first used for lighthouse purposes in the United States in 1902. The first installation of electric light took place in England in 1858 at the South Foreland light. By 1878 several of the important lighthouses in the United States were illuminated by kerosene oil, burned in wick lamps. Later vaporized kerosene, known as incandescent oil vapor was used. Electricity is now used at many, such as Navesink, and in England there are four important electric coast lights and one, Isle of May, in Scotland, St. Catherine's in the Isle of Wight, and the Lizard, are the most powerful. Untended minor lights are illuminated by gas, stored in tanks or by



Titanic Lighthouse Atop
Seamen's Church Institute of New York

electricity obtained from storage batteries. The Statue of Liberty, 301 feet high, was once equipped with a light and used as a lighthouse. Lights were once hung on Hell Gate bridge, but they proved impractical, the pilots complaining that the light dazzled their eyes.

Since New York harbor and its approaches are well marked with buoys, lighthouses and lightships, the mariner can easily determine his position while in the lower bay by taking cross bearings on any two lighthouse stations, and then proceeding toward the harbor guided by the numerous channel buoys.

Old salts, for example the captains of New York's large fleet of towboats, often use the navigational aids in novel ways. For instance, Governor's Island has two important lights, upper and lower, and these, while not intended to serve as range lights, line up in such a manner with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York's fixed green Titanic light that they are very helpful.

(Continued on Page 8)

A Visitor to Pitcairn Island



Fletcher Christian, descendant of the leader of the Mutiny on the H.M.S. Bounty. Also Miss Burkett and Miss Warren (in front).

WE believe that the following constitutes something of a record for globe-trotting. Can any one challenge it? (Airplane travelers, of course, excluded).

Frank R. Wilson, cook on the S.S. Sandown Castle of the Union Castle Line, arrived in New York this week and rather modestly announced that he had completed 84,000 miles of travel—all by ships—since a year ago! He also mentioned (with a casual nonchalance that added to his charm of manner), that he was the only member of the crew of the S. S. Ruahine permitted to go ashore on Pitcairn Island when the ship stopped there on her way to New Zealand last July. Ordinarily, no one is permitted to set foot on this famous island, but because of Wilson's interest in photography, an exception was made.

Wilson is staying at the Institute until he ships out. He told a most interesting story of his travels. Just

twelve months ago he sailed from England to Cape Town, South Africa, and back to England, a distance of 12,972 miles. Next, he sailed as cook and baker on a ship to Jamaica, B.W.I. and back to England. He repeated this voyage, making a total of 16,972 miles. Then, he sailed back to New Zealand, by way of the Panama Canal and back to England, covering 22,590 nautical miles. Then to Bombay, India and return, and to New York, a total of 84,000 English miles (there is about a quarter of a mile more in a nautical mile than in a land mile).

Wilson told some strange things about the 167 inhabitants of Pitcairn Island where the descendants of the "Bounty" live. There is a descendant of Fletcher Christian, who started the mutiny, and he is the ruler. No money is used on the island.

When a ship comes near (about once in six weeks), the natives row out in boats and use the old barter method, receiving clothing, lumber, potatoes, butter and flour in exchange for fruits and water. They have a crude radio receiving set which announces the arrival of a ship by this signal: one long flash, three short flashes, one long. English is spoken by all the natives, and they are all Christian, worshipping in a crudely constructed wooden chapel. They are eager for religious tracts and books, but will refuse modern novels and comic sheets. If, by chance, a bag of potatoes should be wrapped up in a newspaper with cartoons printed on it, they would refuse the potatoes. Probably they are the only people left in the world who are not pictorial or tabloid minded. There is no smoking, no drinking and no swearing on the island and all the men and women, as well as children, go barefooted. They wear

cast-off clothing from New Zealand Ladies' Societies. There are no doctors on the island (they take care of all maternity cases themselves) and no missionaries.

One of the curious souvenirs which Wilson brought from Pitcairn Island (which he swapped for a pound of flour) is a wooden tumbler carved with a hand holding the cup. It is called "the hand of Christ" or "the helping hand," and has its origin in the legend that Fletcher Christian was praying for a ship to come to the island, and just as a ship was sighted, he died. This island is 3,800 miles from the nearest mainland, New Zealand, and only came to be along a regular trade route for ships after the Panama Canal was opened. Wilson saw the original Bible, preserved since the mutiny in 1789, and kept on an altar in the chapel. The sweetest oranges in the world grow on this island (Florida and California growers need not challenge this) according to Wilson.

Concerning King Edward's abdication Wilson commented: "I had the pleasure of meeting King



Mrs. Warren and Daughter. Note that the women and men are barefoot.

Edward when he sailed as Lord Renfrew on the Empress of Britain some years ago. I played some classical and popular pieces on the piano at the ship's concert held on board one night, and I still have the program which the Prince of Wales autographed for me." Wilson, 48 years old, has been for 24, half his life, a seafarer.



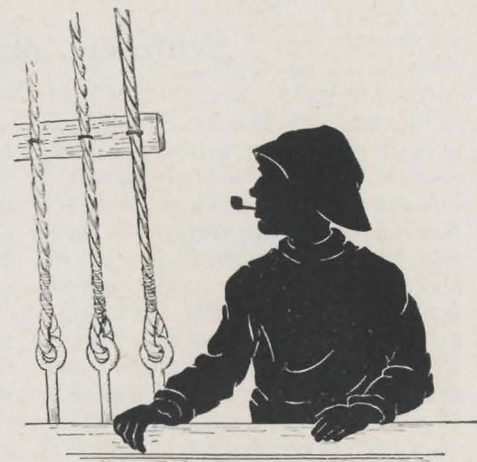
Pitcairn Island — 2 miles wide, 1 mile across. 165 Inhabitants. Nearest mainland, 3200 miles away: Auckland, New Zealand.



Port of Missing Men!

Oh, come you in from eastward
 or come you from the west
 Here's good cheer to greet you
 and a welcome of the best,
 Oh come you with your pockets
 full or come you home poor,
 Here's a place by the fireside
 and an open door.

By C. Fox Smith



OVER 5,000 seamen reported as "missing" by families and friends have been located by the Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau, conducted by Mrs. Janet Roper. Many a dramatic reunion of long-lost sons, or brothers or husbands or fathers, takes place in her busy office overlooking New York harbor.

Here is a typical letter from a sailor's mother: "Dear Mrs. Roper: Your letter arrived telling me the great news of finding my son. Thank you a million times. He did as he promised you, he wrote me a note. I am, oh, so thankful he is alive.

He says he is in the best of health but what about a job? Does he have any money to live on until he can get another ship? I worry so. I pray every night for his welfare. Please have another talk with him, dear Mrs. Roper, and I know you will help my boy."

The kind of help Mrs. Roper gave that partic-



A Night View of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York

A Year-Round Welcome to the Seafarer

Kindly send contributions to the
 SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

ular seaman was more than food and shelter; she instilled in him the will to succeed, the ambition to study so as to improve his sea rating. Through the Institute's Merchant Marine School, he was able to take courses in lifeboat handling and navigation, and just recently he passed his examination for a third mate's license.

This is what we mean by social service: rendering to the individual sailor the kind of help that helps him best, that encourages him to be self-supporting and self-respecting, that sends him back along the road to recovery, that enables him to respect and work with others. During 1936 such social services were rendered to 76,194 men of the sea stranded ashore.

To carry on such work we need \$100,000. annually. Your contribution will go a long way toward helping men of the merchant marine and giving them a "lift" by the inspiration of friendly counsel and help.



Sentinels of the Sea

(Continued from Page 3)

Legend and history combine to give the lighthouse a romantic past. When Cleopatra built temples in the lowlands of Egypt along the River Nile, sailors navigating the river used them to mark their courses and gave offerings at the temple for this aid. Beacon fires were maintained in them by the priests. Probably the first lighthouse ever constructed for the special guidance of mariners was on the promontory of Sigaeum in the Troad. But certainly the most famous was the lighthouse built on the island of Pharos at Alexandria, one of the wonders of the ancient world. The name "Pharos" came to be the general term for all lighthouses, and the term "pharology" is used for the science of lighthouse construction.

The United States Lighthouse Service is almost as old as the Government itself, provision for lighthouses having been made as one of the first acts of the Federal Government passed on August 7, 1789. A note from President Washington is preserved, dated April 27, 1793 approving expenditure for a new chain for floating beacons. With true Yankee thrift he wrote "Approved, so far as it respects the new chain, but is there an entire loss of the old one?" The oldest lighthouse in the United States is the Boston Light situated on Little Brewster Island, near the main entrance to Boston harbor. It was established in 1716, the present structure dating from 1859. Recently, the old Cape Hatteras Lighthouse, which had been in service for 66 years, was replaced by a modern steel light tower. Both the old and the new lighthouse guard Diamond Shoals and Outer Shoals, extending out to sea from Hatteras, the most dangerous stretch

of coast along the Atlantic. The old tower will be preserved by the National Park Service as a relic of America's maritime history. The oldest light in New York harbor is Sandy Hook, built in 1764, and still standing in substantially its original condition. Since Navesink was established, Sandy Hook light has become of secondary importance. It is 103 feet high, octagon-shaped. Funds for its construction were raised by a general lottery, approved by the General Assembly of New York, and all ships were once taxed for its maintenance.

The first lighthouse keeper in this country was George Worthylake, who for an annual salary of 50 pounds tended the light on Little Brewster Island. He and his wife and daughter were drowned during a storm in 1718. This inspired Benjamin Franklin, then a lad of 13, to compose a ballad entitled "A Lighthouse Tragedy," which sold rapidly in Boston. Later, the lighthouse was destroyed by fire. Records show that masters paid one penny per ton on vessels coming in and another going out of the harbor. Coasters paid 2 shillings and fishing vessels five shillings annually.

Another lighthouse which made the headlines in recent months is the old Absecon Lighthouse at Atlantic City. After eighty years it found itself in the business section of the city instead of near the beach. Built in 1856, the 150 foot tower was 1,300 feet from the ocean waterline. By 1876 the water had made its way to within 75 feet of the beacon. Apprehensive, Government engineers threw up a series of jetties, and the sea beat a retreat until it is now 1,500 feet from the lighthouse. Meanwhile, Atlantic City expanded,

and tall buildings now obstruct the view of the lighthouse from the sea. Abandoned as a lighthouse in 1933, it remained the home of a caretaker who annually shows about 30,000 people over the tower. The Treasury has invited bids and suggests that the lighthouse might make a suitable night club.

Lightships

The first lightship was the "Nore," anchored at the mouth of the Thames, England, in 1732. The first lightship in America was in Chesapeake Bay in 1820. The first Ambrose Light Vessel then known as Sandy Hook was in commission in 1823. Lightships are used where it is impracticable or needlessly expensive to build lighthouses, for example, at the entrance to a harbor where it is too deep to build a tower. Once a year each lightship is taken into port for repairs, and to be scraped free of barnacles, and to be

painted. Relief ships maintain the service during these necessary intervals. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York's Employment Bureau sends an average of about 40 seamen annually to the lighthouse service, mostly cooks, firemen and oilers to work on the lightships or on the tenders which keep the buoys in repair and carry provisions and supplies to the lighthouse keepers.

One of the newest lighthouses in the service is that at Gray's Reef, Michigan, built at a cost of \$200,000. Because of natural changes in channels and coastlines, the U. S. Lighthouse Service issues more than 1,500 district notices of changes annually. Sometimes in the case of twin lighthouses it is found that one light will serve just as effectively, and so one light is abolished. At present there are 527 lighthouses and 26,680 other aids to navigation, maintained by 5,046 men, which mark 50,000 miles of shore line.

The Captain Likes the Sea

By John McClain*

CAPTAIN Giles Stedman brought the Washington to port yesterday morning nearly two days late. This was thought at first to be the result of heavy weather on the way over, but Captain Giles explained that he had been detained by fog in Havre and Southampton. Actually, the crossing had been mild.

When he is in the mood, Captain Stedman speaks fluently and well, with a quiet humor of his own. Sitting in his cabin yesterday after the ship was tied up he spoke of the sea, of his particular reaction to his job, of his prospects for the future.

We asked him if he ever thought of giving up the transatlantic run for

the less rigorous life of a coastwise captain.

"Not while I can take it," he said. "There's something good and masculine about fighting a heavy sea out there on the bridge."

"You don't exactly welcome a blow when it comes along, but on the other hand it gives you a kick — seeing the swell get higher and the wind increase and watching your bow rising and falling. If it weren't for our schedule abroad I wouldn't ever think of leaving the run."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, we have to make four ports in four countries both coming and going—Cobb, Southampton, Havre

*Reprinted from "On the Gangplank", New York American, Jan. 9, 1937.



Capt. Giles Stedman and his predecessor, Capt. Schuyler F. Cumings of the U. S. Liner "Washington".

and Hamburg. And coming westbound a skipper doesn't get much sleep. Take the average trip: We leave Hamburg Tuesday night, make the tough trip down the Elbe and through the English Channel during the night and get into Havre some time early the next morning.

"Then I get some sleep while we're loading—but not much, it's too noisy.

"Some time in the afternoon we leave Havre and make Southampton that night; load and clear for Cobh in the morning. That's another night on watch. We make Cobh the next night, and when we've picked up the passengers and made our way out to sea still another night's rest is gone.

"I have to grab what rest I can in quick naps, and by the time we're in the open I have very little idea of what goes on."

"Then what happens?"

"Then I take a good sleep, granted the weather is fine, and when I get up I begin the business of meeting passengers and taking a little interest in the social life of the ship. It's the first chance I get. From there on, unless we run into trouble, I have a good time."

"You wouldn't want to be a dancing captain anyway, would you?"

Stedman laughs:

"I couldn't be, even if I wanted to.

But, seriously, it's a very pleasantly balanced life. Three or four days of very tough work making those channel ports and then about four days of normal existence in mid-sea. I guess you need a little of the rugged stuff to make you appreciate the other."

"You must have to keep yourself in pretty good shape?"

"I take a workout every day while we're at sea. There's a big gorilla down in the gym—used to be one of Schmeling's sparring partners—and I box with him every day unless I can hide. He's very gentle, but the last time I worked with him, I happened to land a left on his chin. I tried to explain it was a mistake, but I'm not sure he understood. I'm not looking forward to the next meeting."

"Deck games?"

"And then every noon we get up a crowd to play deck tennis with a medicine ball, a game we specialize in aboard this ship. Doug Fairbanks told me it was the best exercise he's discovered and I believe him. You play it on a regular deck tennis court, using either an 8 or 12 pound medicine ball, and if you're not used to it the exertion is apt to keep you in bed the next day."

"What about your future, as the reporter is always supposed to say?"

"Future? Oh, I'm not old enough to worry about retirement, and until that time comes I like this life as it is. And even when I'm too old for this—well, they still run those swan boats in Central Park, don't they?"

Book Review

"THE BATTERY"

By Rodman Gilder.

Houghton Mifflin Co. Price: \$4.50

More picturesque scenes have been enacted in the past 400 years on the tip of Manhattan Island than on any other twenty-acre stage in the Western hemisphere. At the Battery, the first white men bivouacked. And there, while the little settlement expanded, an endless drama of soldiers, sinners, saints, poets, pirates, murderers, millionaires and musicians appeared. The book gives the flavor and charm of old New York's Castle Garden and is brim full with historical anecdotes and sparkling narrative. Many hitherto unpublished illustrations—prints, woodcuts and photographs—enhance the authentic and informative text.

M. D. C.

The Sea and the Soil

WHEN the veterans' bonus was distributed, a great many merchant seamen who had seen service in the A.E.F. cashed their certificates and bought a little house, a few acres of land, a cow, some chickens and a plough, and settled down to enjoy "the good earth." Curiously enough, the soil appeals to some seafarers just as strongly as does salt water to others. George Tennant, chief cook on several of Admiral Byrd's expeditions, declared: "Farmers make the best sailors. Farming is a lot like sailing. You have to be out in all kinds of weather, and you're at the mercy of the weather. The weather can ruin you if it strikes you wrong."

"What type of man makes the best seaman?" we asked a famous sea captain. As quick as a flash came the answer: "The kid from the farm! He may not know a lot about ships but he does know how to work—long and hard. He knows what it means to get up at five o'clock in the morning to milk the cows or to follow a plough all day in the hot sun."

A seaman stopped in to visit with Mrs. Janet Roper and announced: "Mother Roper, I'm going back to the farm. No, I'm not broke or out of a job. I've worked my way up in the ————Line so that I have a mate's license. But the call of the soil is stronger than the call of the sea, for me. I've saved \$500. and I'm going out to Arizona to buy some land. I'll build a small cabin and lead a simple life. I like good books, good horses and good dogs—so the farm, rather than the sea—is the place for me."

Captain William Aldus, retired old salt living at Sailors' Snug Harbor, over on Staten Island, feels

the call of the soil each Spring. Instead of being afflicted with "sea fever", he gets "soil fever" and yearns to return to his former home in Maine. This year he managed to sell a couple of wood carvings he had made and with the money and the help of a friendly captain, he shipped out to Boston on a coast-wise vessel. From there he took a bus to Maine, arriving in time to plant his vegetable garden. Then back he returned to the Harbor. All he wanted, he explained, was the feel of soft earth sliding through his fingers once more.

Another old-timer related an experience of his when a young apprentice. He had been brought up on a farm, and it was such a long trip and he was so homesick that he begged the ship's cook for an onion, and when the little green shoots sprouted, his delight knew no bounds. "Just something green to look at, that's what I yearned for."

One often hears of the monotony of going to sea, but it took Seaman Leslie Brown to impress upon us how dull it sometimes can be, in spite of all the exciting books written about life on the bounding main. Leslie was born on a farm in Devonshire, England and then lived in London where he acquired a cockney accent: "Aw, lookin' at the sime guy's fice all the time in the fo'c'sle. That's wat gripes me. Get to thinkin' of Devonshire strawberries and clotted cream. Mikes you want to punch 'is (the guy's) fice in just to chinge the shipe of it, so's to 'ave somethin' diff'rent to look at." An original idea to be sure, but not so desirable from the standpoint of Leslie's shipmates!

In contrast with these seamen

Waterfront Gottings

who yearn to return to the land, there are the hundreds of college youngsters who flock to New York during summer vacations hoping for a chance to go to sea, in any capacity, to satisfy their yearning for "windy, green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick."

The Librarian of the Institute's Conrad Library reports that almost every day seamen come in asking for agricultural books on farming, chicken-raising, pig-raising and the like.

Mother of the Lehigh Valley

When old Captain Henry Rabe applied for admission to Sailors' Snug Harbor, that haven for retired mariners on Staten Island, his wife decided that he needed help in collecting the papers showing his long record of seafaring. So she came down from the farm (where she has a job as a domestic) and straightway made for 25 South Street, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, to the office of Mrs. Janet Roper. Mrs. Roper often helps old salts to get together the documents preparatory to qualifying for admission to the Harbor. Mrs. Rabe hailed Mrs. Roper as a friend of the old days on South Street when they were girls. Mrs. Rabe said that she had shipped with her husband for forty years, and was known as the "Mother of the Lehigh Valley." They worked on tow-boats, tugs, lighters, and seagoing barges. Her husband was born in Germany, and Mrs. Rabe hails from Ireland. She is 75, but as lively as ever, and full of bright, Irish witticisms. She had a sentimentally tearful session with Mrs. Roper about those "good old days" when the Old Belt Line of horse cars encircled lower Manhattan and every Slip along South Street was filled with "bull-head" canal boats, to be towed by mules in the canal.

Flowers . . .

A fat, jolly Hindu seaman learned that his former employer, a sea captain, had died at Sailors' Snug Harbor, and that he had left no relatives. Evidently fond of the old man, the Hindu persuaded the priest of a Roman Catholic church to send a floral wreath, saying, "A Catholic has died and there are no flowers for him." Flushed with success, the seaman went to a Protestant church and said: "A Protestant has died and ditto. . . ." Both wreaths arrived simultaneously at the funeral service.

Among His Souvenirs . . .

When Captain George Thorpe sailed out to his Last Port, he left behind in a room on the 12th floor of the Institute, two suitcases. After notifying his wife in England of his death, Institute officials received a cablegram from her authorizing them to go through her husband's effects and to mail papers, letters, etc. to her, while his clothes could be turned over to needy seamen. Going through the captain's baggage, it was surprising to find how carefully the old mariner had kept all his belongings. All letters were tied with blue ribbon, and photographs of his children (from babyhood through adolescence to manhood and womanhood) were tied with red ribbon. There was a most appealing picture of his son, at about ten years of age, proudly displaying a long string of fish. His master's certificate and photostat copies of his ship's credentials were tied carefully with white ribbon. His captain's uniform was wrapt in moth balls. But perhaps the most unusual souvenir kept by Captain Thorpe was found among his navigation instruments. It was a huge, old-fashioned forceps, once used for pulling the aching teeth of members of the crew back in the old sailing ship days, and attached to it, a log book of the full-rigged ship "Sylvester", with underscorings in red each time the good captain had assumed the role of ship's dentist. The Captain was buried in the Institute's plot in Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.



583,978 Sales at Soda Luncheonette and Restaurant During 1936
Chaplain David McDonald (center) lunches with two of his seamen friends.

1936—A YEAR OF SERVICE TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

BY THE

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

219,694	Lodgings (including relief beds).
137,442	Pieces of Baggage handled.
583,978	Sales at Soda Luncheonette and Restaurant.
222,531	Sales at News Stand.
19,940	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
10,418	Attended 529 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
2,533	Cadets and Seamen attended 464 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 80 new students enrolled.
83,564	Social Service Interviews.
15,326	Relief Loans.
7,179	Individual Seamen received Relief.
57,483	Books and magazines distributed.
4,252	Pieces of clothing, and 3,111 Knitted Articles distributed.
2,128	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat & Medical Clinics.
102,710	Attended 151 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
4,087	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
311	Missing Seamen found.
3,456	Positions secured for Seamen.
\$311,628.19	Deposited for 4,048 Seamen in Banks; \$43,957.46 transmitted to families.
17,320	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
11,086	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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