

# The LOOKOUT



W. R. GRACE, From the Painting by Charles R. Patterson

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME

XXVII

OCTOBER

**NOTICE: PLEASE TURN TO INSIDE BACK COVER FOR  
IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.**

THIS MONTH'S COVER is a reproduction of a mural painting by Charles Robert Patterson, noted marine artist, of the merchant ship *W. R. Grace*. This beautiful mural is fifteen feet high and the original may be seen in the dining room of the *Grace* liner "Santa Elena". The *W. R. Grace*, a main skysail-yard three-deck ship, was built in Bath, Maine in 1873. She made twelve runs to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn, her fastest time being 115 days. She met her fate in a terrific hurricane near Lewes, Delaware in September, 1889, along with about 36 other vessels. All hands were saved.

**The LOOKOUT**

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by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS  
President

FRANK T. WARBURTON  
Secretary-Treasurer

REV. ARCHIBALD R. MANSFIELD, D.D.  
Superintendent

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE  
Editor, THE LOOKOUT

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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 in the year 1844, under the laws of the State of New York, located at 25 South Street, New York City, the sum of .....Dollars.

Note that the words "Of New York" are a part of our title. If land or any specific property such as bonds, stocks, etc., is given, a brief description of the property should be inserted instead of the words, "the sum of.....Dollars."

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

# The Lookout

VOL. XXIV

OCTOBER, 1933

No. 9

## LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES!



"HAT was a swell picture," remarked an A. B. seaman to a chief mate. "Yes, it sure kept a fellow guessing right up to the last second," agreed his companion. The foregoing conversation was overheard outside the Institute's auditorium on the fourth floor where nearly a thousand merchant seamen had just witnessed, free of charge, the latest Broadway talkie.

These movie programs are presented three nights a week and the audience is one of the most heterogeneous in the world, composed as it is of seamen of every age, race, rating and creed. Captains and engineers sit side by side with cabin boys and deckhands, all enthusiastic over the hard-boiled type of actor, but to a man ready to give the "raspberry" to sentimental "close-up" scenes with long embraces.

For these weatherbeaten sons of the sea like strong meat for their entertainment. Drawing room drama and society comedies do not appeal to their dramatic sense. A sailor may not wear his heart upon his sleeve but he is certainly frank to show his preferences for movie stars, male or female, when they appeal to him. Mae West is their favorite actress, with Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Joan Blondell and Joan Crawford running close. Their preference for movie actors takes a "he-man" turn: James Cagney, Jack Oakie, Robert Armstrong, Jack Holt, Wallace Beery and Edward G. Robinson being their favorites. George Arliss, Warren William, Clark Gable, Ronald Colman,



Movie Night in Our Auditorium

William Powell, Charles Ruggles, Joe E. Brown, Skeets Gallagher, Jimmy Durante and Lee Tracy are also popular.

They are crazy about good Western pictures, war stuff, aviation, and submarine scenes. But straight sea pictures are "out." They are too critical of the nautical atmosphere. When the handsome mate shouts out orders which, to the sailor audience seem inaccurate or absurd, they voice their amusement with loud laughs, catcalls, Bronx cheers.

And yet, according to our recreation director, Mr. Trevor M. Barlow, sailor audiences are the finest in the world. "A sailor is a debonair chap, happy-go-lucky, carefree, in the opinion of the general public," said Mr. Barlow, "but at heart he is often a lonely chap who left home in his youth, has very few friends, has been exploited so often that he has developed a suspicious nature. A 'Mother'

picture goes over very big, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a big bronzed mariner wipe away tears from his eyes with the sleeve of his dungaree jacket. They love action pictures—fast and furious. Just as they like to read adventure magazines, so their choice of pictures is for gripping plots and hairbreadth escapes. Without these movies I shudder to think of the bad use made of the many idle hours at their disposal.”

During the past three months when it was thought that the movies would have to be discontinued because of lack of funds, the big companies (Columbia Pictures, Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Brothers and First National) very generously loaned their pictures free of charge. Naturally, they cannot continue this generous arrangement indefinitely. These entertainments are a God-send to thousands of unemployed seamen

who have no money to spend and who have no place to go during the long days while shipping is tied up.

It costs \$36.00 to put on a big feature picture, with a comedy and a news reel. This covers the rental and transportation of the film and the operator's pay. The Institute has the auditorium and the \$12,000 movie-tone equipment was donated by one of our generous contributors, Miss Ethel DuBois. Because of the tremendous demands for food and lodging, the Institute must spend all its available funds for emergency relief work. But the movie programs are greatly needed to keep up the morale of these seamen. Contributions should be sent to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, Mr. Frank T. Warburton, Treasurer. Movies would be enthusiastically received every night if generous friends would provide the wherewithal.

### MORE OF OUR SEAMEN MAKE GOOD

**B**ILL G. had a remarkable capacity for getting into trouble. He wasn't really bad, but some of his companions were always making him the "goat" for their escapades. Then Bill disappeared. The shipping company on whose ships he had worked asked the Institute to find him. Letters sent to former addresses brought no reply. Four years went by and Mother Roper would often think of her erring sailor lad and wonder in what new scrape he had managed to get. Just the other day a tall, well-dressed young man courteously inquired for Mrs. Roper in our Social Service Department. She came from her office and stood face to face with Bill!

"Don't worry, Mother Roper," said Bill reassuringly. "I'm not in a scrape. In fact, I've made good. And I just stopped by to tell you all about it."

It seems that something Mother Roper had said from our Auditorium platform one night had converted him from his careless life and Bill resolved to return to his home town in Kansas and get a land job. Which he did. There he met a childhood sweetheart whom he hadn't seen in ten years. He used to carry her books for her when they went to school together.

Bill was delighted to know that she had not married, so he proposed, was accepted, and they settled down in his home town. His wife had graduated from the local university and had a job teaching school. Not to be outdone, Bill got himself an engineering job and studied at the university at nights.

"So you see, Mother Roper," finished Bill with a smile, "I'm proud to tell you that I now have a home, a wife, a position and a degree. How's that for making good? Four years ago I was just a drunken bum. And what I am today is all due to you."

... Then there was Whitey G. who was always fighting. He never drank but he could not control his desire to pitch in and, to use his own words, "sock that guy in the jaw." Usually "the guy" deserved the licking but our civilization has less violent ways of dealing with violators of ethics. Often Mother Roper remonstrated with him and gently urged him to curb his temper. Then Whitey disappeared and a few days ago he too came to call on Mrs. Roper to report that he had a job as watchman on a fleet of Diesel dredges off Atlantic City, that he had bought a

little home for his mother in Long Island which was almost paid for, and that finally, he was able to say a good word to his boss about several of his former shipmates which resulted in the owner employing them.

Still another seaman wrote a letter to Mrs. Roper telling how he was making good as a reporter on a marine publica-

tion and had sold some feature articles about the waterfront. "I used to be just a drifter," he wrote, "but thank God I listened to your good advice, followed it, and am working hard and really getting somewhere."

Our House Mother might be pardoned for feeling proud of her personal share in helping these sailor boys to make good.

### COLONEL ARTHUR FREDERIC SCHERMERHORN



**T**HE INSTITUTE has lost one of its most devoted friends—Colonel Arthur Frederic Schermerhorn—who died on September third at the age of seventy-three. Colonel Schermerhorn was a loyal and active member of our Board of Managers from 1927 until his death. He and his wife, Harriet Pullman Schermerhorn, gave the twenty-foot Cross which illuminates our roof, shining "seaward and skyward" above this house of Christian service. It is in memory of his father and mother, George Stevens Schermerhorn and Julia M. Gibert Schermerhorn and dedicated to the men of the merchant marine. On April 15, 1927, President Coolidge at Washington pressed a button which caused the illumination of the Cross for the first time.

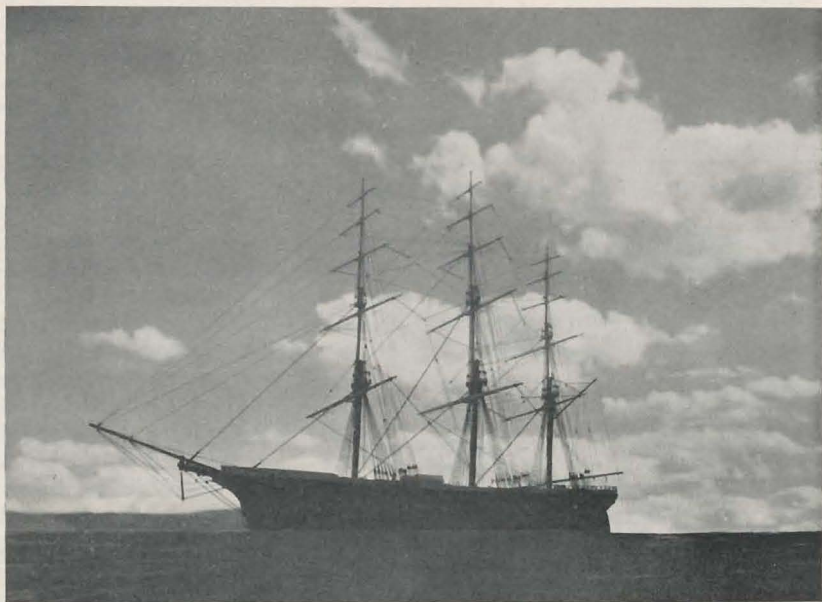
Colonel Schermerhorn was a member of one of New York's most distinguished families and ninth in direct

descent from Jacob J. Schermerhorn who came here from Holland in 1636. His interest in the welfare of the sailor, as evidenced by his generous gifts to the Institute, was nurtured by family shipping traditions which came down from his great-great-grandfather who sailed forty ships from the Port of New York during the war of 1812. Old Castle William, built by him, still survives on Governor's Island. Colonel Schermerhorn joined Company K, Seventh Regiment in 1879 and was active in the New York National Guard, serving in the Spanish and World Wars. He was a founder of the Army and Navy Club and of the Church Club, and a member of the St. Nicholas, Holland, Huguenot and Pilgrims Societies, the 7th and 12th Regiment Veterans Corps of Artillery and the Colony Club.

Dr. Mansfield, in his address at the dedication of the Cross, spoke of the Schermerhorn family traditions as being closely interwoven with the history of shipping in the Port of New York and of the donors as "two staunch friends of the sailor."

And sailors coming into the beautiful harbor, will continue to see, by night, the wondrous rays of the Institute's Cross, and by day, its clear outline silhouetted against the towering skyscrapers . . . while their benefactor has reached his last harbor and has seen his Pilot, "face to face," his good works will go on—and seafarers coming home to port will bless his name for years and years to come.

## CLIPPER SHIP "FLYING CLOUD"



Model constructed by Edward Crosby Doughty.  
Reproduced by permission of "Country Life."

One of the Institute's generous contributors, whose interest in ships and sailors is very likely traceable to the fact that his paternal grandfather was a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy under Presidents John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, sent us the above photograph. Mr. Doughty thought that LOOKOUT readers would be interested in the explanation of how he "faked" the photograph. Here it is:

"Waiting for a day when there were beautiful clouds in the sky, I set my model (which I built at a scale of  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. long, it is 36 in. long from the bowsprit end to end of spanker boom) up on a precarious structure of tables, in the shadow of my house, so that the viewpoint of my lens would be low down and give the effect of looking up at the ship from a small boat. I placed the model in the shadow so that the hull and rigging would not receive bright sunlight but would be silhouetted rather blackly against the brilliant sky. After developing the negative,

which showed the board on which the model is mounted as well as the table top, I etched the film of my negative to remove the lines of the table and give as much as possible the effect of the little ship being actually afloat. The photograph has fooled quite a number of my friends, Williamstown (Mass.) being at least 150 miles from salt water, it surprises them when I tell them that the photograph is one which I took on my lawn."

### A ROMANCE OF 50 YEARS AGO

A runaway couple — the groom a Commodore, the bride 20 years his junior — and our old Floating Chapel — combined to make an interesting Institute romance of fifty years ago which we have just discovered through the recent visit of the bride, Mrs. John Alexander Browne. They were married in our Floating Chapel by Chaplain Williams. Her husband had a distinguished Civil War record, and was master of nu-

merous sailing ships to the Far East. From him she learned about navigation and was the only woman aboard the Steamship *Checekeang* which was sent to Canton, China by the U. S. Government. Now, a white-haired lady with smiling blue eyes, she tells

how she learned to "box the compass," how she doubled the Capes of Good Hope and Horn aboard the sailing ship "John Harvey" in 1876, how she quelled two mutinies by her kindness to the crews.

## WHY HIS SHOES WORE OUT

TO have shoes repaired twice in three weeks at our emergency cobbler shop was rather unusual. But when seaman George D. again appeared at our Information Desk asking for a repair ticket for his shoes, we became suspicious. Could it possibly be the same pair of shoes which wore out so quickly? If so, was the leather which our cobbler used defective? Or was the sailor lad engaged in some unusual occupation exceptionally hard on the feet? We investigated, found the leather to be strong and durable. Then we questioned George D. He was shy and hesitant, but a few friendly words soon put him at his ease. He was on the list at St. Luke's Hospital as a blood donor, so day after day, week after week, unable to get a ship, he had *walked* from 25 South Street to 114th Street and Morningside Drive and back on the chance that the hospital doctors might possibly need him for a blood transfusion. Through our Relief Department we provided him with carfare each day to save him the long jaunt and just recently he reported that he had been paid liberally for a pint of his blood which saved a woman's life.

The Institute has received splendid response to its appeal for shoes which was printed in last month's LOOKOUT and in the New York City newspapers. We are grateful for the many packages of shoes and the sailormen to whom we give the shoes are grateful, too.



### A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S SHIPPING INDUSTRY

By C. ERNEST FAYLE  
\$3.50. Dial Press.

This is a very readable outline of the development of commerce since early days, compressed of necessity, yet filled with glimpses of great ships and sailors of the past. It is a book which should be of interest to all who care for ships and the sea, and the brief bibliography at the end of each chapter will be welcomed by studious readers.

The author is a Britisher, whose interest in the subject was stimulated by a voyage from Australia to England some thirty years ago in the famous ship "Torrens," a painting of which was presented to the Institute by Charles R. Patterson, artist.

# Our Priceless Heritage American Seamanship:

AMERICAN seamanship stands in the forefront among the things America takes pride in. From Jones and Perry to Fried, Manning and Stedman we have an unmarred history of maritime distinction and honor that is admired without stint by the brave men of *all* nations who go down to the sea in ships. "A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew" are still the synonym for bravery and devotion to duty.

Only last month the sterling seamanship of Captain William Heath and the crew of the Old Dominion liner Madison was praised by the thirty-seven passengers who, exhausted and terrified, but uninjured, arrived in port after battling terrific storms.

This priceless heritage—our splendid maritime tradition—should be guarded faithfully. Landsmen owe to all those who make their living on sea a debt of gratitude, and this debt can be paid, in part, by supporting work of this Institute.

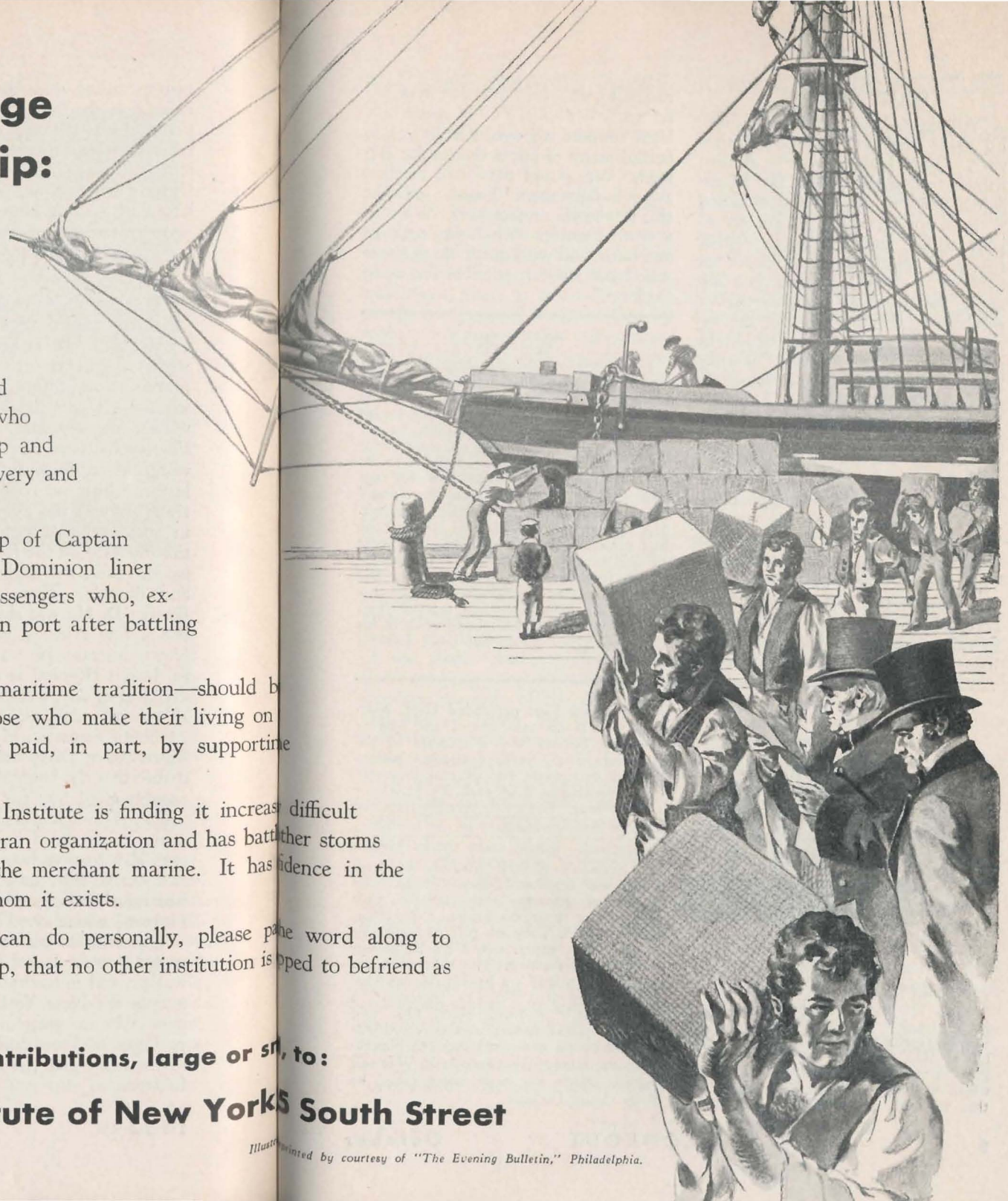
Like all philanthropic organizations, the Institute is finding it increasingly difficult to balance its budget. But the Institute is a veteran organization and has weathered other storms in its long record of 90 years serving men of the merchant marine. It has confidence in the future, in its friends, and in the seamen for whom it exists.

So if you have done all you possibly can do personally, please pass the word along to your friends that the Institute needs their help, that no other institution is so well equipped to befriend as many needy seamen as is the Institute.

Kindly send contributions, large or small, to:

**Seamen's Church Institute of New York 5 South Street**

Illustration by courtesy of "The Evening Bulletin," Philadelphia.



## MANY THANKS

"All right, here is my 'Fall Suit.' I'll make the old one do another year. Good luck to you." A contributor wrote this across Dr. Mansfield's letter of appeal and enclosed a check for \$25.00. "In answer to your 'S.O.S.' message," wrote another friend, "I am enclosing my check for \$100.00 — I note all that you say about the financial situation that is threatening the fine work of the Institute. What a blow it would be to the seamen of all lands if they couldn't come to, and be helped in so many ways, by their home in N. Y. City. May you get the help needed to carry you through these hard times." Other messages from friends with checks attached indicated the genuine sacrifices made in order to respond liberally to our Superintendent's "S.O.S." We are grateful to the 174 contributors who gave a total of \$10,367 and thus helped the Institute weather a severe financial storm. We are not in calm waters yet, but at least we have withstood the worst gale, fi-

nancially speaking, that has ever beset us. Without YOUR generous, loyal support we would have had to curtail many of our activities for seamen. We would have had to turn away hungry men. Thank God that this was made unnecessary. We face a critical winter with hope, courage and faith, and with gratitude to those who have made it possible for us to "sail on."

## "A STICK"

In newspaper offices a short paragraph item, about one column inch, is referred to as "a stick." Seaman Howard G. came to our social service office holding in his hand "a stick." He read it aloud to our chaplain. It was the brief obituary notice of his only sister. He had happened to see it while searching the newspapers for possible job openings. "She was the eldest," he explained, "and I was the youngest. She always took good care of me. But she had a weak heart. I wish I could go home to the funeral." Through a special Institute fund it was arranged that the boy go to Buffalo on the nine o'clock bus that night. We have since had a letter from him saying that he had found work in his home town and would live there with his family.

tion. So we have persuaded Capt. Murray, who is an associate of the Marine Research Society and a member of the Explorers Club, to have another edition printed exclusively for us and these are now available at \$.30 each, or \$1.00 for a set of four. The entire receipts from the sale of these prints goes to the Institute's relief fund. Kindly make checks payable to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York" and mail to 25 South Street. The prints are just the sort you've always wanted for your bungalow, club room, study or den. They are printed on heavy ivory vellum paper, size 8 by 10 inches, suitable for framing. The silhouettes are of (1) "Ship Duff," a British African Missionary ship of 1797; (2) "Asterion", a clipper out of Bedford, Mass.; (3) "Red Jacket", proud holder of the record Atlantic crossing under sail and (4) "Seeadler", the famous German World War sea-raider, which has been autographed by Felix Count Luckner.



## AHOY! SILHOUETTE PRINTS FOR SALE

We received so many orders from LOOKOUT readers for the silhouette ship prints by Capt. R. Stuart Murray which we advertised in the March issue that we soon sold the entire limited edi-

## A CLERGYMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE INSTITUTE

By Rev. Lester Leake Riley

A GREAT shadowy giant looming large along the waterfront of New York's harbor is the massive building of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York. As Jack Tar strolls along the dingy quay he will not miss its inviting presence. Though it is crowded close to the East River waterfront, there is a beauty bit of garden park spaced before it and he sees its inviting splendor rising thirteen stories above him and covering nearly half a city block. It is a great bit of vari-colored buff touched by stone facings of decorative design in copings, windows and entrance. If he is in the mood for adventure of an imaginative sort he cannot fail to see the great lighthouse tower rising from the corner of the roof and shining as a beacon over the harbor, visible for miles around. He will catch the whimsical touch of the solemn standing bears that alternate with great eagles, wings outstretched and poised for flight, that top the edge of the roof. And standing at the great entrance doors he will hear the familiar quadrille of the ship's bells and see a golden Sir Galahad in knightly armor, a wonderful work of wood carving, taken, I understand, from the prow of a clipper ship. And, above him, on either side, the bright colors of the port and starboard lights.

"Gee, it's a whale of a place," said a bright red-cheeked Irish boy beside me. Pat was a ship apprentice who seemed to be at home everywhere. "It's the finest in the wurld" he added with a sense of ownership and pride, as he led me through the spacious club, game and reading rooms appointed for the boys of his group. Superlatives were the only descriptive adjectives his enthusiastic vocabulary could summon and I found my-

self inclined to echo his indorsement of this largest and finest institution for merchant seamen in the world.

From the humble beginnings of a floating frame Chapel in 1843 this splendid work now forms a community of over 300,000 seamen every year. It is their home, post office, bank, hospital, library, employment bureau, club and church combined. Ten thousand of them pass in and out of its hospitable doors every day. Over 1,614 are lodged there every night. It is partially self-supporting, open to seamen of all lands but 80% are American citizens. Its beauty is all the more beloved for the humane service it renders, such as the Merchant Marine School where 700 men a year follow Life Boat, first-aid, navigation and kindred topics. On the varied human contacts of its Religious and Social Service department, in its legal aid service, compensation inquiries, relief cooperation with discharged patients of the Marine Hospital, personal problems of difficulties and delinquencies—all treated with a sympathetic understanding of our common human needs, failings and aspirations.

I wandered in and out of the great lobby one Sunday evening. There must have been between three and four hundred men sauntering in and out chatting, reading, eating at the lunch counter, writing or conversing with other guests. And who are these men, and where do they come from? I found them, for the most part, boys of humble American families, who had sought the sea in a spirit of adventure and were still under the spell of it. Well-spoken they were, too, of elementary education. Some of the more ambitious were registered in the Marine School upstairs but too many of them the stirring of their calling

was just beginning to dawn upon them. They were alert and responsive to everything that was going on. The older men I found genial and more or less inclined to be amused by the enthusiasm of the youngsters. They were "wise guys" you couldn't fool "em"—that was the attitude. Some of them were opinionated and some were solemnly prophetic—a touch of the old tar's superstition lingered about them. They were not, as one generally supposes, a rough set of bums, toughs and ne'er-do-wells. A few of that wild class, I understand, are in the lead just now. There is a higher standard of character and education demanded by the life of today. I heard some of the stories of personal conflicts and defeats—they were concerned over the pits of drink and lust but there was a childish, boyish response to a better way. One man told a lie as they often do—but it was so apparent that a laugh brought the truth from him in the next breath. And one man cried—it was a boy's broken heart as the realization of his runaway escapade, broken home ties, and the loss was found too late to see his mother alive. And one man cried with joy as a

baby brother, whom he had not seen in twenty years, loomed before him in a fellow seaman. These happenings are of every day occurrence. The Institute is a clearing house for letters and for men, lost and strayed. There is always some one at hand to listen, and there is a wisdom in dealing with the weaknesses and schemings of men that is always sympathetic but understanding enough not to be taken in by unscrupulous clients. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is a great father—and a great mother, too, for the touch of a woman is there in Mother Roper who has been with the Institute for eighteen years.



## DANISH SKIPPER TO ROUND HORN IN CANOE

**H**AROLD THOR JENSEN, citizen of the world, Danish by birth, stopped at the Institute for two nights, and then resumed his journey from Montreal to Vancouver, by way of Cape Horn, in his eighteen-foot canoe, "Maple Leaf."

He had made the 3,000 mile water trip from Montreal in six weeks sailing time, but had been delayed in Boston several months by a shortage of beans, cash, and the illness of his companion. Jensen nursed his friend, stricken with rheumatic fever from

the exposure, sold his outboard motor to pay hospital expenses and worked at odd jobs to care for the two of them. When his friend recovered, he sent him back to Montreal.

A veteran of twenty-six years at sea—he was a master at the age of twenty-two—Jensen was formerly a master of coal and lumber schooners out of Boston, but the depression drove him from his calling, so he decided to take to the water in a canoe. His route follows the inland water course to Washington, then Norfolk, then south to Cuba, around

Cape Hatteras, across the Caribbean Sea to Yucatan, into Central American ports, and around Cape Horn and up the west coast to Vancouver.

Bronzed by many days and nights under scorching sun and biting wind, Jensen with his blonde hair and splendid physique, might have stepped out of a history book of the Vikings. His dull gray canoe equipped with a twelve-foot mast, reposed on the deck of a Fulton Street fishing schooner during his sojourn in New York. The "Maple Leaf" also carries a "grub box," a roll of bedding, a sea bag, a can holding "a couple of gallons of water," a compass, chart and plotting instruments. The water and a few cans of pork and beans are about all Jensen plans to carry for provisions; he expects to make frequent stops and to eat ashore.

Why is he going?

"Oh I couldn't sit still and do nothing," the Dane replied. "Then I'll likely write a book when I'm through. No, I can't swim much."

Jensen carries with him a souvenir book containing the signatures and official good wishes of the mayors of Montreal, Quebec, Jonesport, Maine, Boston, Stamford and New York. The Herald-Tribune was moved to write the following editorial: "Round the Horn."

Of all the gray-green roads of the sea none has tried more the mettle of those who traveled it than the way around Cape Horn. The stoutest men have faced the ordeal with faces set and bodies taut with the ceaseless strain. Seamen used to typhoons on the China Sea or hurricanes in the Caribbean or winter storms in the north Atlantic have quailed before the tempests that rage in the long passage between Patagonia and Chile. Ships of steam and steel have robbed the famous route of much of its terrors, and the Panama Canal has opened a safer gate into the Pacific. Yet to sailing vessels the experience of doubling the forbidding headland, where Terra del Fuego reaches down toward the Antarctic wastes, has



lost little of its old thrills. The wind roars through the rigging just as fiercely as when the Dutch navigator named the promontory for the Count of Hoorn. The waves are just as mountainous and the cold just as penetrating. There are still days without the comfort of the short-lived winter sun and long black nights without the guidance of bright Canopus and Sirius or the Southern Cross. Decks are still slippery from sleet and the wash of cold seas.

When the bold skipper Harold Thor Jensen was officially wished "a pleasant trip" around the Horn in his eighteen-foot canoe, the words, which smack of white flannels and yachting caps were ill chosen. Such a blithe "bon voyage" might do for a summer cruise on the Sound, but it has no place in the lexicon of those who cross that wild stretch of sea below South America. One harrowing chapter in Lord Anson's "Voyage Around the World," or Dana's classic "Two Years Before the Mast," or even Alan Villiers's recent story of the race of the grain ships, will convince landlubbers of the danger of such a journey.

Captain Robert Huntington, principal of our Merchant Marine School, drew forth numerous charts and maps and traced Jensen's proposed itinerary. "I won't prophesy anything," said the Captain, "but sometimes the winds are favorable around the Horn, so if he's lucky . . . !"



Mother Roper Acquires A Canary  
—A Gift from a Seaman

### A LANDSMAN WHO APPRECIATES SHIPS

"It is a pleasure for me to cooperate with the men interested in furthering the cause of the American Merchant Marine in the celebration of a National Maritime Day. I can make no claims to a sea-faring youth, but ships and the meaning of ships were things not unknown to the youth of my generation which enjoyed playtime adventures along the docks of the East River years ago. We saw ships there in those days. I remember that they entered in a very useful and practical way into one of my favorite sports. That sport was the using of the bowsprit of a ship as it overhung a dock as a sort of trapeze. There was one very interesting lesson about shipping which I learned in my search along the docks for a bowsprit to be used as a trapeze. The boats that were loaded were the ones to look for. A boat without cargo rode so high that it

### OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE S.S. "BORINQUEN" EFFECT THRILLING RESCUE ON THE HIGH SEA

A fine example of the courage, seamanship and efficiency of the American merchant marine was shown in the rescue on May 5, by officers and men of the steamship *Borinquen* of the Porto Rico Line, of Miss Concepcion Ortiz, a passenger who fell overboard on the high seas.

The *Borinquen* was on her regular cruise route between New York, San Juan, P. R., and Santo Domingo, S. D., when between 12:30 o'clock and 1 p. m. Miss Ortiz fell overboard while the *Borinquen* was proceeding at full speed. An alarm was sounded and as the lifeboat was being lowered Able Seaman John Taylor, without orders and risking his own life, leaped into the sea, swam to Miss Ortiz's side and supported her until the arrival of the lifeboat.

The accident and rescue were witnessed by a large number of passengers who voluntarily prepared and signed a statement, in which they reviewed the circumstances, and attested to the splendid manner in which the rescue operation was conducted. The statement which was addressed to V. K. Hull, first vice-president of the Porto Rico Line, praised the brilliant seamanship of Capt. T. Evans in his handling of the *Borinquen*; the efficient manner of Chief Officer Danielson in launching the lifeboat and conducting the rescue; the splendid discipline and prompt, well-trained actions of the crew in general, and, in particular, the outstanding promptness, presence of mind and personal heroism of Able Seaman John Taylor, who acted instantly upon his own initiative and at the risk of his life.

Reprinted from *The Nautical Gazette*, June 24, 1933

was impossible for us youthful trapeze artists to reach the bowsprit. The trick was to find either those which had not yet been unloaded, or those which had been loaded preparatory to clearing for sea again. We came to know those ships which came in well loaded, and to see from our own viewpoint that cargo was an important factor in shipping."

From an address by Alfred E. Smith, May 22, 1933

### A DELIGHTFUL EVENING AT THE THEATER

The Ways and Means Committee of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York is happy to announce plans for its Ninth Annual Theatre Benefit, to take place on

WEDNESDAY EVENING  
NOVEMBER 1st

at the Royale Theatre, 242 West 45th Street.

The Institute has reserved the orchestra and mezzanine for the drama by Vicki Baum and John Golden, entitled:

"THE DIVINE DRUDGE"

with a notable cast including Walter Abel (star of "When Ladies Meet", "As Husbands Go", etc.) Mady Christians, star of the German stage and screen, Max Reinhardt's protegee; Minor Watson of "Reunion in Vienna" and Tamara Geva of "Flying Colors."

We are confident that you will enjoy the play, written by the popular novelist and author of "Grand Hotel," which had such a successful run both on stage and screen.

Orchestra seats are \$10.00, \$7.50 and \$5.00.

Mezzanine Seats are \$5.00 and \$3.00.



Tamara Geva

It is our practice to assign tickets in the order in which checks and reservations are received. We hope, therefore, that you will make plans immediately for a theater party on the night of the Institute's Benefit Performance.

Please make checks payable to "Seamen's Church Institute of New York" and mail to: Theater Benefit Committee, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

The Institute depends on your loyal and generous support of its Annual Benefit in order to raise funds to carry on its regular work. At the same time, you'll have an enjoyable evening of entertainment.



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\* As we go to press we deeply regret to announce the death of the Reverend Henry Lubeck, LL.D., D.C.L., who has been a member of the Institute's Board of Managers since 1889. His devoted and loyal interest will be greatly missed and we extend our sincerest sympathy to his family.