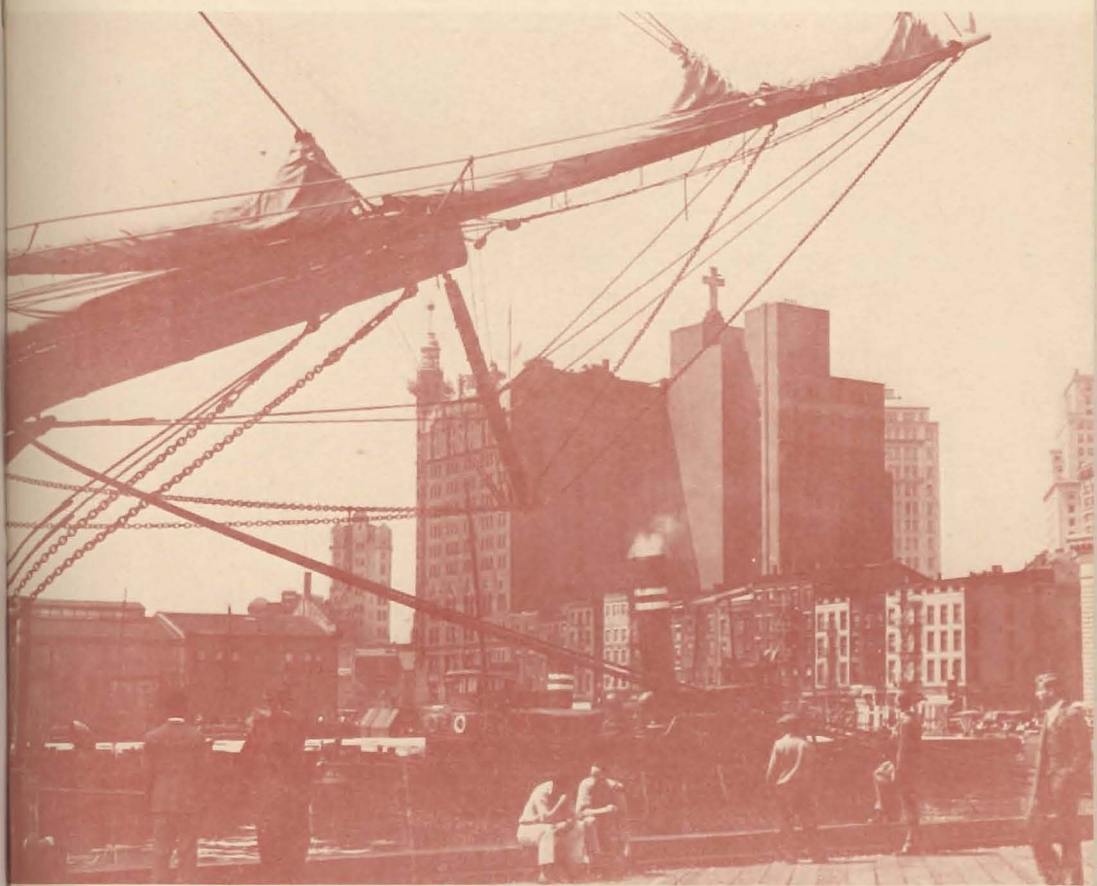


The LOOKOUT



A view of the Institute from under the Bowsprit of a rare type of vessel, the five-masted schooner, Edna Hoyt

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXVI

--

MAY, 1935

THIS MONTH'S COVER is from a photograph by P. L. Sperr. The Institute's Time Ball (see article, page 5), Titanic Memorial Tower and Cross are clearly outlined against the sky. Note the numerous tugs—in saucy contrast to the clipper ships of long ago—docked along South Street piers.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXVI, MAY, 1935
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY
 by the
 SEAMEN'S CHURCH
 INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
 25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
 Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710
 CLARENCE G. MICHALIS
 President
 FRANK T. WARBURTON
 Secretary-Treasurer
 REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY
 Superintendent
 MARJORIE DENT CANDEE
 Editor, THE LOOKOUT

Entered as second class matter July 8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates
 One Dollar Annually
 Single Copies, Ten Cents

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and over include a year's subscription to "The Lookout."

Address all communications to
 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. 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. XXVI

MAY, 1935

No. 5

FOGBOUND



Courtesy Cunard Line

The fog comes
 On little cat feet
 It sits looking over harbor and city
 On silent haunches
 And then moves on.

Carl Sandburg

LOST in a fog! The expression has found its way into common usage. To seamen, the term has great significance for the experience of being aboard a fog-bound ship is fraught with danger. On the high seas, radio is the sailor's constant guide and protection, but once he has passed the wireless beacons and entered the close confines of the harbor, his worries begin. When fog blankets New York harbor great ocean liners must anchor out in the Channel and just wait for the fog to lift. Mails are delayed, important passengers grow impatient, but the law keeps the captain in supreme command and if he thinks it too risky to enter into port, he can throw into the waste basket all orders from the home office ashore.

The other day Mr. Harry Acton, ship news reporter for the New

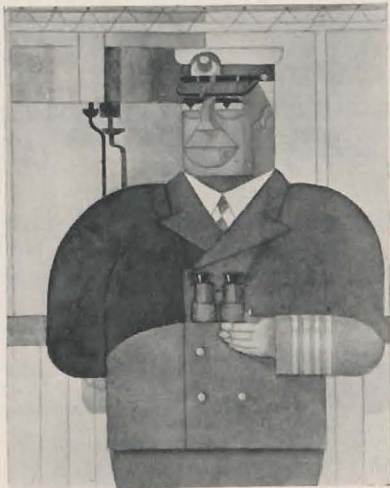
York American (who originated the idea of charging ten cents admission to visitors to ships, for the benefit of unemployed seamen) dropped in at the Institute to see our Superintendent, Mr. Kelley, and the discussion happened to turn to the fog which was holding up traffic on the waterfront. Some old salts joined in and before long THE LOOKOUT editor had heard enough yarns to fill more than a page. So here they are—all about fogbound ships—which we hope will interest and amuse our readers:

"In these foggy days," said Mr. Acton. "I always like the story of the Coast Guard cutter getting lost somewhere in the harbor while trying to take the Custom, Immigration and newspaper fellows to some ship. Finally the skipper of the cutter gave up finding the ship but he was sure he had reached a dock in Staten Island where he thought he'd tie up until the fog lifted. Just as he comes alongside, throws a hawser to what he thought was a stanchion, and a sailor had leaped to handle it, a voice roars out: 'Hey, getta way from here!' Our skipper yelled back, in the dark, 'We are the United States Coast Guard and we're docking here until this fog lifts.' The voice roars back: 'You may be the U. S. Coast Guard, buddy, but we're a barge in tow going up the East River—so pull away!'"

Another story concerns Captain Drechsel, popular marine superintendent of the North German Lloyd,

who, one day this Spring when the fog was thicker than the proverbial pea soup, took command of a tug and crawled out to Ambrose Channel in search of the *New York*. Thinking that he had located her, he led the vessel safely to the Battery and was just about to proceed to her pier when the fog lifted for a few seconds and much to his surprise he read upon the ship's bow the name *Pennsylvania*, the Panama-Pacific liner. "Well, that's one on me," laughed the Captain as he pointed the tug toward the Narrows and went again in search of the *New York*.

Captain Irving of the *Majestic* recently gave his guests an extra day, gratis, moored somewhere out in the Channel. Lots of dancing, drinking and eating on the company. "But the funny thing," said a seaman member of the crew who told the story, "They ought to have been enjoying themselves but being so close to shore, after a day of it, peering into the fog and seeing nothing, it got kind of monotonous."



From the Painting by George Franklin
(a former seaman)

"It just goes to show how the best laid plans of men are dependent on the weather," remarked Mr. Acton. "It reminds me of the time Captain Rostron had the bridge of the *Berengaria* and got tangled up in one of these fogs, thereby making a pretty pickle of things ashore. It seems that the resident director of the Cunard Line (by the way, a member of the Institute's Board of Managers), Sir Ashley Sparks, was giving a dinner and dance for about 1,000 people that evening. At the Cunard Line (now Cunard-White Star) they figured that surely Rostron would deliver his *Berengaria* so that the party could go on. But Sir Ashley was too good a sailor man to even suggest the idea. Rostron, after waiting and studying conditions, late in the afternoon finally sent word: 'Am not docking tonight'. That was that and that also sent the 1,000 guests scurrying to a hotel. Or haven't you ever shifted a dinner of 1,000 on a few hours notice? It's lots of fun. Ask Lady and Sir Ashley Sparks."

"The curious thing about fog and fog signals," commented an old navigator, "is that sound is a jade almost as fickle as fog. Bell buoys, whistles and foghorns are unreliable because under certain atmospheric conditions when a fog signal is a combination of high and low tones, one of the tones may be inaudible."

"People who work in offices near the waterfront would find it difficult to believe that," someone commented. "Whenever there's a fog the din in the river is enough to deafen one."

"But it's true," persisted the navigator. "People on shore may hear a fog horn and yet in the areas around the fog the signal is wholly inaudible. That is why lead should never be neglected. The radio direction finder

is the best means of steering a ship through a fog. Wireless bearings of adjacent shore radio stations are used to assist in determining the ship's position. Submarine bells are heard farther and with greater certainty than signals of the air but all ships do not carry the microphones fixed under water to receive these signals."

"During one of those heavy fogs last winter," a master mariner recalled, "I learned the truth of the old saying, 'A miss is as good as a mile.' I was proceeding at reduced speed, sounding the siren every two minutes, and taking continuous soundings with the motor sounding machine. These, together with samples of the nature of the sea bottom adhering to the 'arming' of tallow in a hole in the bottom of the sounding lead were compared with the depths of water shown in the tidal chart. Suddenly a frenzied hail from the lookout reported: 'Ship on the starboard bow.' 'Full astern,' I ordered and even while the engine room telegraph reply gongs were ringing in my ears, I heard the swishing sound of a sharp bow cutting through the water and a moment later a single red eye in the midst of a row of blurred white lights was sighted steering straight for the bridge! The thought flashed through my mind: If only I had ordered full speed ahead she might have passed clear under my stern. But those in the engine room, at the risk of damaging machinery, admitted full steam to the astern turbines and in a few seconds—which seemed like hours—the tell-tale tremble under our feet indicated that the engines were working full power astern. Meanwhile the stranger also had acted promptly; it was too late to reverse engines but the rudder was whirled hard over and the ship passed across

our bow with no more than inches to spare."

"That reminds me of the yarn sailors used to tell to show that fog is not without its admirers," said another sea captain. "Captain Fothergill, R.N. who had been for years in Indian waters, came on deck one November morning in the Channel, while homeward bound, during foggy weather and said to the man on watch: 'Ha! This is what I call something like; none of your cursed eternal blue skies here; a fellow can see his breath now!'"

"I'll beat that tale," volunteered an old-timer after the laughter had subsided. "You know near Newfoundland the fog is sometimes so dense that a fishing schooner I was once aboard ran into a fog so solid as to break short off her jib-boom!"

"Sailors often jokingly refer to fog as 'Scotch mist which wets an Irishman through to the skin'" commented Mr. Kelley. "But I once read in a book on marine meteorology that fog is really one of the ocean's beauties. Instead of the dull, leaden hues the landsman associates with the word fog, it is often luminous with pale blues, lilacs, mauves and silvers."

Here is a brief quotation from Pierre Loti's "An Iceland Fisherman" in which he aptly describes sensing the presence of another ship during a heavy fog:

"All ears were turned in the direction of that unknown neighbour whom they perhaps might never see, but whose presence was nevertheless a danger. Then the mysterious consort would depart through the impalpable white shrouds, the bellowing of her trumpet fading away in the distance, and they (the crew) would remain again in the deep hush, amid the infinity of stagnant vapour."



EDITOR'S NOTE:

"The Inquiring Reporter" of The "Daily News" asked this question of representative merchant seamen:

WHY DID YOU GET TATTOOED?

William J. Best, chief mate: "I ran into a friend I hadn't seen for years at Sydney, Nova Scotia. He dared me to get tattooed with him, promising to get me the prettiest girl in town for a dance there that night. We got tattooed together, and he kept his word."

Zion Kroon, ship master: "Because I thought it would make me look like a sailor. I've got plenty of tattooed figures all over my body, and some of them are the American Coat of Arms, flags, mermaids, pretty girls, stars, anchors, snakes, etc. You will find that every merchant marine sailor has some tattoos."

Bruno P., chief officer: "In Kat-cham Bay, Alaska, an Eskimo offer-

ed to tattoo me with a piece of ice. Curious to see how he did it, I told him to go ahead. He used a piece of ice to cut the figure in the flesh and filled the cuts with ink. Just recently, somebody in New York tattooed my left eye."

Edward P., quartermaster: "I was first tattooed in England. I saw so many of my shipmates with tattoos all over their arms, legs and chests that I decided to have myself tattooed. My first experience was a crucifix on my chest and a signet ring on my finger. The ring, incidentally, is the only thing I haven't hocked."

Rudolph W. B., quartermaster: "In the Orient, at Hongkong, China, my shipmates wanted to test the skill of a Chinese tattoo artist, so I was persuaded to be the victim. He was very skillful, first etching the picture with charcoal and then cutting the skin with a sharp knife. It was a perfect picture of a sailing ship."

Edgar L., chief officer: "That happened years ago in England, and in those days sailors were identified through tattoo marks. I had it done as a matter of identification. Then, a youngster without a tattoo was no sailor at all. If you had a pig tattooed on your leg you would never drown."

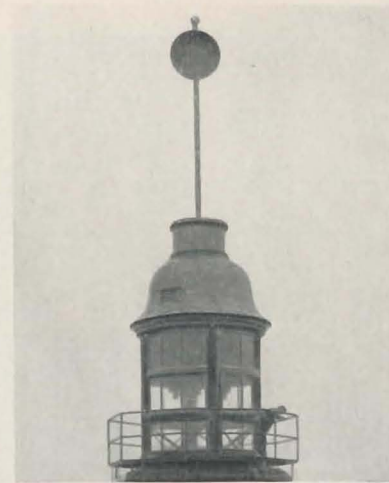
*Reprinted from The "Daily News,"
February 24, 1935.*

NOTICE

Would some devotee of boxing and wrestling like to contribute, or contribute toward, the greatly needed mats for the Institute "ring" recently bought "on faith" for \$64.80 and which are so greatly appreciated by both athletes and the seamen spectators? See Lookout, February, 1935, Page 5.

THE only time ball left in New York is on top of the Seamen's Church Institute at 25 South Street. It's been in operation since 1913, a year before the ball on the old Western Union Building on Broadway went out of existence. (The Institute was the highest building on the waterfront in 1913.) The ball is intended especially for seamen, but lots of people in the higher office buildings downtown set their watches by it, and it can be seen from the two bridges and the edge of Brooklyn. Plenty of people watch it, too.

On closeup, we find the ball is six feet in diameter, weighs three hundred pounds, is made of bronze ribs covered with canvas painted black, and has a hole in its centre to enable it to slide up and down the pole atop the Institute's glass beaconlight tower. Most of the time it rests out of sight from the street in a steel cup at the base of the pole. At about a quarter to twelve every day, one of the building's engineer's, usually Mr. Chris Sorenson, goes up to the tower and makes ready to give the signal. The pole is hollow and contains hoisting cables. Mr. Sorenson, by means of a drum and a hand crank, hoists the ball twenty-five feet to the top of the pole and takes the crank out of the machine. Next he throws a switch, and thereby an electric magnet is turned on. This holds the cable drums in position and the ball stationary. At one minute to twelve, the time signals begin to come in over a telegraph clicker on the wall. It clicks off twenty-nine seconds, skips the thirtieth as a warning, clicks twenty-one more, and then is silent for eight. The next click is the sixtieth—high noon. During those eight silent sec-



onds, Mr. Sorenson throws another switch, which connects the clicker with the magnet, and when the final click comes, it snaps off the current to the magnet, the cable drum is released, and down comes the ball. It's always done on Standard Time, so while we're having Daylight Saving, it falls at one—no, eleven—no, one!!

The ball hasn't given completely uninterrupted service, and whenever anything goes wrong, there are plenty of telephone calls. There are some people at the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn who always phone. Couple of years ago, Mr. Sorenson found that most of the ribs of the ball were broken, so he went up, sliced the ball in half, and brought it down for repairs. It took about a week. Once this past winter the ball froze to the cup and couldn't be hauled up. Hereafter, in icy weather, it will be lowered only part way into the cup to prevent that. During a bad winter about ten years ago, ice collected so heavily on the pole the ball wouldn't slide.

Reprinted from "The New Yorker."

A Tribute to a Great Leader and Constant Friend of Seamen: The Rev. A. R. Mansfield, D. D.



NEARLY 700 loyal friends of the Institute have responded generously to the appeal in behalf of the Mansfield Memorial Fund, to honor the memory of the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., for 38 years Superintendent of this great work for seamen.

These faithful friends have donated a total of \$10,399, since our appeal was published on February 11th, the first anniversary of Dr. Mansfield's death. Thus, this brings the total up to \$25,750, since the Fund had already had \$15,-

351. The income is now being used for the assistance of needy merchant seamen through our religious and social service department.

We like to think of the Fund as a continuing enterprise, just as Dr. Mansfield's influence is a continuing inspiration to the staff who worked with him. So, if you have not yet sent a contribution to the Mansfield Memorial Fund, there is still time. With our goal \$100,000, every dollar received — now or later — helps greatly. We dare hope that eventually we shall have a 100% representation of our friends in this very practical and useful Fund.

Of those who have already sent gifts, many sent also the most friendly letters paying tribute to the life and ministry of Dr. Mansfield. Several expressed the intention of sending additional gifts to the Fund as soon as their incomes permit. We quote herewith excerpts from some of these letters.

Checks should be made payable to

JUNIUS S. MORGAN, Treas.

MANSFIELD MEMORIAL FUND

25 South Street

New York, N. Y.

"It gives me sincere pleasure to offer my small contribution to the memorial which is to commemorate the beautiful life devoted to the cause of seamen—of Dr. Mansfield. I never saw him but once, that was only a few weeks before he died. The impression that he made upon me in that one interview I shall never forget. I think I never saw a finer face or a more noble personality. One felt life to be something very much worthwhile in his presence."

* * *

"I have great pleasure in forwarding herewith my contribution toward the Mansfield Memorial Fund which makes a very special appeal to me because of my twenty-year friendship with the late Dr. Mansfield and his wonderfully sympathetic and whole-hearted cooperation with this office on behalf of British seamen. I earnestly hope that the appeal may receive the generous response which it so richly deserves."

From Mr. Gerald Shepherd,
H. B. M. Consul,
British Consulate General.

"Please do not gauge my admiration for Dr. Mansfield by the size of the enclosed check. It is only proportionate with my very small income, not my affection."

"I am glad to be able to contribute something toward the fund being raised in honor of so rare and splendid a type of manhood as the late Dr. A. R. Mansfield. In reading of the work of the Institute one realizes that it was Dr. Mansfield with the help of others who made it all possible, and his consecrated devotion to the work for seamen will always

remain an inspiration to succeeding generations."

"I can send only a mite now but hope later when my income improves to send a larger gift. He was a man very much beloved and did a great work for seamen which is appreciated the world over. I treasure the memory of his friendship very deeply."

A TRIBUTE FROM A MARINE ARTIST

It is my great regret that I met Dr. Mansfield a bare two years before his death, but in that comparatively short time I realized a fine and firm friendship.

His uncanny insight, his understanding of sailor psychology, his broadmindedness, far exceeding that of the average man of his calling, made him the ideal man at the wheel of such an organization as the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

I have never met any one who could so visualize undertakings in the mass and at the same time give every small detail its measure of attention.

He had a fine sense of humour and a keen eye for subtle beauty.

Time and again, while discussing matters connected with his great work, I recall his breaking off momentarily to draw attention to some lovely effect of the sun breaking through fog in the harbour, the smoke of tubs, and the picturesque traffic of the waterfront.

He always saw the best in everything and every man, and a volume could be filled with instances of his two-fisted Christianity.

Instead of two years I wish I had known his twenty times two.

GORDON GRANT.

FIGUREHEAD LORE

(Continued from the March Issue.)

GRISLY and grotesque figureheads seemed to have been in vogue during the 17th century. The famous English ship *TERRIBLE* carried a ghastly skeleton at its prow, and the French privateer *REVENANT* had a figure of a corpse in the act of casting off its shroud. When the sloop-of-war, *PEARL*, commanded by Lieutenant Maynard, of the navy of George II, sailed into Port Royal after its victory over the redoubtable pirate Blackbeard, it carried under its bowsprit as a figurehead, the real head of the famous buccaneer, struck off by Maynard's sword!

Coming to American ships, the famous *CONSTITUTION* carried a life-size figurehead of President Andrew Jackson. This is still preserved in the Museum of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. This figurehead of President Jackson was carved in Boston in 1834 and placed on the vessel's bow just after her famous cruise of 16 months, 52,379 miles. Instantly the enemies of the administration clamored to have Jackson's figure removed from the bows of the ship made glorious by the captures of the *GUERRIER*, the *JAVA*, the *PICTOU*, the *CYANE* and the *LEVANT*. No attention was paid to these demands, and one fine morning the officers in command were horrified to find the

Figurehead of the "*Constitution*"; A life-size figure of President Jackson. A tall hat adorned the original head but both head and hat were stolen.



President's figure decapitated! The President's headless trunk adorned the *CONSTITUTION*'s bows for a year longer when another head, carved by Messrs. Dodge and Son of New York City, with great secrecy, was placed on the figure. Riots were threatened, for the opinion was general among all citizens that neither the head of General Jackson nor that of any other living man should be placed on the famous frigate. The man who cut off the President's head was exposed three years later in a court scene in which a witness stated that Captain Samuel W. Dewey was the executioner. Captain Dewey, a native of Cape Cod, afterward presented the head to the Secretary of the Navy, for which he was given a declaration in writing that he would never be prosecuted.

American vessels used whole figures in the War of Independence and in that of 1812. The French ships of the 18th century used figures of Fame or Glory. In 1894 an admiralty order abolished figureheads for large ships of the Brit-

ish navy although small ships continued to use them even as late as 1914.

A head of a tribal chief crested the prow of the old 84-gun American ship *DELAWARE*. Cadets at the U. S. Naval Academy passed under the shadow of the big white Indian where it was mounted on an eight foot pedestal in front of the terrace of Bancroft Hall. Legend has it that each middy, on his way to the dreaded examination room, doffed his cap to the Indian chief, invoking his blessing. For years this chieftain, "*Tecumseh*," was worshipped by the midshipmen as "*The God of 2.5*," or the patron saint of satisfactory averages. In 1891 a bronze replica was substituted, as the original had begun to deteriorate due to the weather; it is now safely stored in the museum. The midshipmen now toss pennies against the base of the bronze pedestal when they are marching away for an important football game such as the Army-Navy game. Another Naval Academy relic of a noble old battleship is the figurehead of the *FRANKLIN*, 86 guns, 1817, pronounced by European shipbuilders as the finest ship in the world. The figurehead, which now survives this valiant man-of-war, is a large bust of Benjamin Franklin, bareheaded, with long, flowing hair.

Legend has it that the British tars showed a superstitious regard for the figurehead of their ship, as a kind of deity. This is confirmed by conversations with old deep water sailing ship men in the Institute's lobby. When chasing an enemy, sailors decked out the figurehead with necklets of treasured odds and ends from their kit bags, coaxing it in terms of endearment, and with promises of extra coats of paint, to hasten the ship onward. Another legend relates how the crew

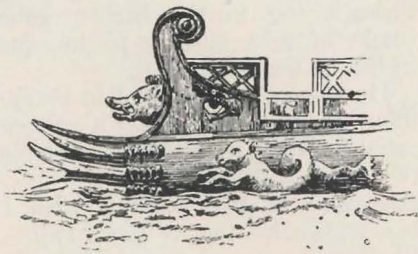
of the old *BRUNSWICK* borrowed the gold laced cocked hat of their wounded Captain to replace the wooden hat shot away from the figurehead of the Duke of Brunswick; the ship's carpenter nailed it to the effigy and their it remained for the rest of the battle. Marryat's yarn of how the ship's company of the *RATTLESNAKE* cut off the head and rattle from the figurehead which Peter Simple had provided, when Captain Hawkins had made the ship show her stern to an enemy, has an historical basis.

One sea captain found his ship's figurehead useful: the frigate boasted a beautiful gilded figurehead, the idol of the crew. One day, when sailing in company with other ocean racers, she had been beaten at reefing topsails. So the captain hailed the men aloft, with: "Now, my lads, unless you are off those yards and the sails are hoisted again before any other ship in the squadron, by the Lord Harry I'll paint your figurehead *black!*" The result was that from that time on the frigate beat every other ship at all drills aloft.

APPROPOS OF FIGUREHEADS:

Dear Lookout Editor:

The other night I listened to an interesting story by a retired Admiral of our Navy. He was a man of large experience, having been with his father as midshipman on the *Saratoga* and Supply in the exciting days of the Civil War. He was later with Dewey at Manila Bay. The talk of a number of us had drifted to the subject of the *Constitution*, Old Ironsides, which had lately been put in at New London on her farewell trip. The old Admiral said he was brought up on the *Constitution*. As a lad in '57-'60 he was at Portsmouth Navy Yard, where his father was stationed and where the *Constitution* was moored "in ordinary," i.e. with only a partial rigging. It was his pleasure to spend day after day on the old vessel, even climbing up and standing



The Usual Form of Figurehead for Roman Gallies.

on the main truck at the top of the mast. He asked if we remembered in the old readers the story of "Hal the Captain's Son."

Then a few years later when at the Naval Academy, which was moved from Annapolis to Newport, during the Civil War, the two younger classes were quartered on the *Constitution* and *Santee* which were moored at Goat Island. The two older classes were at a hotel in Newport.

So again he was in intimate association with the *Constitution*. The boys lived aboard, studied aboard, and at night swung their hammocks below deck, and he came to love her and everything about her.

But his real story was about her figureheads. When she was built in 1797 her figurehead was a heroic figure of Hercules in grip with the Nemean Lion. This was shot away in the war with Tripoli, in which the *Constitution* did heroic service under the command of Preble.

This figurehead was replaced, when she was refitted, by what is called a fiddle head design, like the turn at the head of a fiddle, with a dragon in the scroll work. This figurehead was replaced during Andrew Jackson's Presidency of the United States, by a full sized figure of Jackson. (See illustration pg. 8.) Some years later in the New York or Boston Navy Yard the Admiral saw the "fiddle head and dragon" figurehead standing against a lamp post, and underneath this inscription "Her white wings never flying from the foe."

About thirty years ago when on duty at Annapolis, the Admiral, always interested in the *Constitution*, tried to locate this old figurehead. Nobody seemed to know anything about it. Finally someone said "there is something done up in canvas in the carpenter's shop which has never been opened." They looked it up and found it was the missing figurehead. He had it hung up in the Mess Hall on brackets among other trophies.

The next time he visited Annapolis was after the new buildings had been erected. He looked in vain for the old figurehead. No one seemed to remember it, or knew where it was. Finally the Master-at-arms said there was something in the cellar of his office which might be the missing article. There it was, forgotten again, but now put up in the seamanship room where he hopes it remains.

W. J. B.
Litchfield, Conn.

APPROPOS OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN:

Editor, The Lookout:

In a recent number you had the story of the Flying Dutchman and it reminded me of an experience I had years ago when I was guest of the whaling fleet in the Arctic ocean. The greater part of the fleet of 30 ships were in the neighborhood of Point Barrow, the most northern tip of North America. Great cakes of ice were floating about in the ocean and not far off was the solid north pack. The weather was mild consequently there was a heavy fog. The ships could only watch each other with great care to avoid collision. Fog horns were blowing every minute, and as there was not a breath of air stirring it was useless to attempt to use sails although many were up ready for emergency.

A year or two before a ship had been abandoned because of the ice and it was supposed to have been wrecked. On one of the ships the man at the wheel, on the day I have in mind, was a Scandinavian and he was watching the fog carefully to see that no other vessel approached. Suddenly out of the fog appeared the supposedly wrecked vessel, coming straight for his own with the intention of hitting her amidship. He let out a terrible scream "the flying Dutchman" and fell on the deck in a fit. Several men appeared at once and relieved the situation but the unfortunate man was found to be a raving maniac. He was taken down to San Francisco in irons and put in an asylum, and some years later I was told he never recovered his reason.

Herbert L. Aldrich,
New York, N. Y.

JOTTINGS FROM THE S. C. I. LOG

Reporters from city newspapers who visit the Institute in search of news items often remark that there is such a wide range of "human interest" material here. Things are always happening. Men are always needing help. Following are items from recent daily reports:

A cadet to report his enjoyment of "The Alcestis" of Euripides, the 2,730 year old Greek drama revived by a group of C.W.A. unemployed actors, and presented in the Institute's auditorium . . . A German seaman and artist wife with her paintings came for assistance in selling these at reduced prices until money arrives from relatives in Germany . . . A rollicking "Barnacle Bill" type of old salt to confide in Mrs. Roper that an old shipmate had given him \$10.00—\$5.00 to get drunk on and \$5.00 to join the Union.

A vociferous but impecunious Italiano sought advice on how to bring his wife and six bambinos over from Naples and set up a home in New York . . . A veteran seafarer who hadn't been to New York in 19 years seemed to be much surprised to see that Mrs. Roper had changed since he had last seen her. "A lot of new buildings, sure," said he, "I expected that, but it never occurred to me that Mother Roper wouldn't look just the same." "Well, you've changed a bit, yourself," laughed Mrs. Roper.



"Mother Roper" Finds Missing Seamen and Restores Them to Anxious Families.

"Say, that's right, too," admitted the old fellow. "I never thought of that!" . . . A French sailor asked for help in writing a note of thanks to the head of the Isabella Home where he had spent some weeks convalescing after an illness; a worried steward wanted a reply drafted to a letter from a New London City official where his destitute wife and children live; a Norwegian asks that we write to his woman lawyer to say that he is shipping for the Orient and that he will appear for a hearing in his auto accident case if it can be put on the calendar three months hence; a chirpy little A.B. wants typing of the words and music of a sentimental song which he composed while working on a coal barge . . . A galley chef asks for some bits of canvas with which to make boat covers for a life-boat launching device he has invented.

BOOK REVIEWS

"SHIPS"

By Hendrik W. Van Loon
Simon & Shuster. \$3.00. 1935. pp. 311.
In his Foreword to "SHIPS" Mr. Van Loon says "The History of Navigation is a story of human martyrdom and the torture chambers . . . were called "ships". To anyone interested in seamen this is a challenge to go on and read the book. And from this very startling premise he develops his argument, debunking all romantic conceptions of the glory of the sea. The result is an unconventional chronicle of the development of shipping from a beginning along the Southeastern coast of Asia, where natives first constructed crude vessels out of the bark of trees, to the present day with its turbo-electric "floating hotels". The style is graphic, the exceedingly clever drawings generously scattered throughout the volume add much to its charm, as does the author's unique map of the great discoveries.

A book on LIFEBOAT KNOWLEDGE has been published by Captain Robert Huntington principal of the Institute's Merchant Marine School. The purpose of the book is to provide general information on handling lifeboats, gleaned from the author's thirty years of practical experience on merchant vessels, in the Navy and in Arctic whaling. It is a salty synopsis of the themes used in the free lectures given daily since 1925 in the School. It aims to qualify seamen to be better prepared to handle lifeboats in emergencies. It also will assist those seeking to pass the U. S. Government examination for life-boat certificates. The book is composed of questions and answers, easily understandable, and diagrams of lifeboats help to clarify the text. Landlubbers who would like to improve their knowledge of ships and seamen desiring to qualify for examination will find this manual very practical and useful. Copies may be procured at \$.60 each from the Merchant Marine School, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

IN THE SHADOW OF LIBERTY

The Chronicle of Ellis Island
By Edward Corsi, Former U. S. Commissioner, Immigration and Naturalization The MacMillan Company. Price \$3.50.
This is the first book ever to have been written about the world's largest immigration station and gateway to America, Ellis

Island. Himself an immigrant in childhood, Mr. Corsi tells the story of the strange parade of men, women and children of all races and tongues—twenty-five million souls in search of liberty and opportunity. Here are rich anecdotes, comedy and tragedy. The book makes a unique and absorbing story.

THE MAN ON THE BARGE

By Max Miller
E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.
The author of "I Cover the Waterfront" brings in this new book a galaxy of strange humanity—the newspaper columnist looking for a new joke, the vagabond lecturer, the would-be suicide, the despairing actor, the Mexican movie manager, the Geronimo baby, Crazy Peter and others. John is the man on the barge—a fishing barge off San Diego—who muses philosophically about life and people. A strange combination of the poetic and the realistic and very readable. Although not up to his first book, it nevertheless reveals the author's rare whimsical style.

SEA SEQUEL

To the Weekend Book
Random House. \$2.50.
For the intending sea-goer with a voyage either long or short ahead of him, there is the problem of choosing companionable books. "Sea Sequel" is salty, practical, informative and entertaining. It contains sea poetry, the best of the world's short stories by Conrad, Melville, Masefield; history, mysteries, biography and even a chapter on ship games and companions, sea chanteys and other topics of nautical interest.

UNROLLING THE MAP

A Story of Exploration
By Leonard Outhwaite
Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., New York
(A John Day book). \$3.75.
Like piecing together a jig-saw puzzle Mr. Outhwaite very artfully contributes bit by bit until there is before the reader, a colorful and vivid map of adventure from Hanno in 2750 B.C. to Admiral Byrd and Piccard in 1935. The author does not give a trite historical account of explorations. He has brought something new to us . . . why each of these men wanted to open new territories, why it was a necessity, and what mode of travel they used. 'Unrolling the Map', valuable as an encyclopedia . . . readable as a novel.

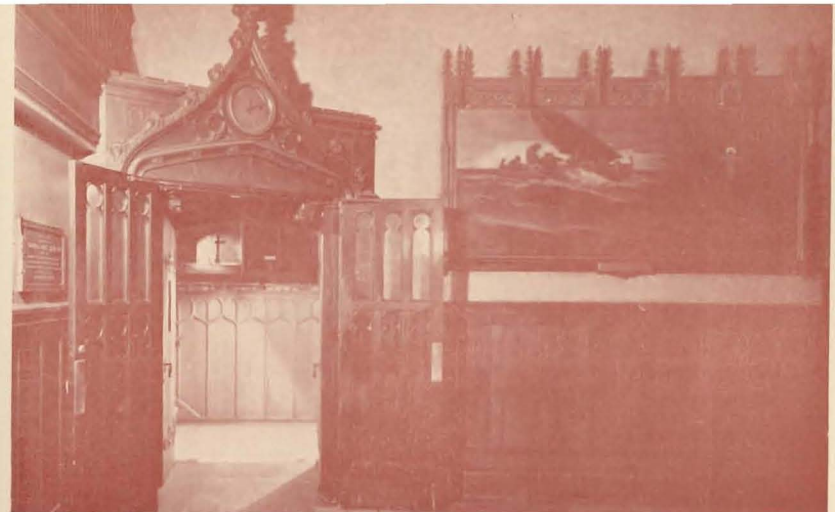


Photo by Byron Co.

Main Entrance to Chapel of Our Saviour from Baylies Hall

Showing the Gothic decoration and electric clock, the gift of Mrs. William F. Hunt, and the tablet inscribed as a memorial to Edward Jones Pearson; also the Chapel inner doors, the gift of Mrs. A. Murray Young, in memory of her husband. Through the open doorway is a glimpse of the "Little Chapel" altar, the gift of Miss Lucie B. Carew and to the right of the chapel is the painting by Charles Caryl Coleman, the gift of Mr. Allison V. Armour.

Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to March 31st, 1935

135,205	Lodgings (including 105,735 relief beds).
46,157	Pieces of Baggage handled.
403,906	Sales at Lunch Counter and Restaurant.
322,471	Relief Meals served.
7,476	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
5,102	Attended 93 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
2,286	Cadets and Seamen attended 104 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 22 new students enrolled.
50,456	Social Service Interviews.
3,709	Relief Loans.
1,493	Individual Seamen received relief.
33,566	Books and magazines distributed.
2,782	Pieces of clothing and 1,225 Knitted Articles distributed.
129	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
49,120	Attended 61 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
236	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
1,043	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
4,305	Barber, Cobbler and Tailor Relief services.
100	Missing seamen found.
416	Positions procured for Seamen.
843	Made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
\$50,201.	Deposited for safe-keeping and \$5,516. transmitted to families.
8,444	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
4,448	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

OFFICERS

Honorary President

RT. REV. WILLIAM T. MANNING, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

Lay Officers

CLARENCE G. MICHALIS, *President*

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE, *Vice-President*

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, *Vice-President*

ORME WILSON, *Vice-President*

FRANK T. WARBURTON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

THOMAS ROBERTS, *Assistant Treasurer*

Clerical Vice-Presidents

RT. REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.

REV. FREDERICK BURGESS

RT. REV. WILSON REIFF STEARLY, D.D.

REV. ROELIF H. BROOKS, S.T.D.

REV. WILLIAM TUFTS CROCKER

REV. SAMUEL M. DORRANCE

REV. W. RUSSELL BOWIE, D.D.

REV. FREDERIC S. FLEMING, D.D.

REV. DONALD B. ALDRICH, D.D.

BOARD OF MANAGERS

This Board is composed of all of the above named officers and also the following:

ALLISON V. ARMOUR

JOHN H. FINLEY

BERNON S. PRENTICE

WILLIAM ARMOUR

HARRY FORSYTH

FRANKLIN REMINGTON

HENRY McCOMB BANGS

FRANK GULDEN

JOHN S. ROGERS

EDWARD J. BARBER

CHARLES S. HAIGHT

JOHN S. ROGERS, JR.

CHARLES R. BEATTIE

CHARLES S. HAIGHT, JR.

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

EDWIN DeT. BECHTEL

LOUIS GORDON HAMERSLEY

CHARLES E. SALTZMAN

REGINALD R. BELKNAP

AUGUSTUS N. HAND

SAMUEL A. SALVAGE

GORDON KNOX BELL

BAYARD C. HOPPIN

JOHN JAY SCHIEFFELIN

CHARLES W. BOWRING

OLIVER ISELIN

THOMAS A. SCOTT

EDWIN A. S. BROWN

AYMAR JOHNSON

T. ASHLEY SPARKS

FREDERICK A. CUMMINGS

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

J. MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT

F. KINGSBURY CURTIS

RICHARD H. MANSFIELD

FRANK W. WARBURTON

CHARLES E. DUNLAP

LOUIS B. McCAGG, JR.

ERNEST E. WHEELER

SNOWDEN A. FAHNESTOCK

JUNIUS S. MORGAN

WILLIAM WILLIAMS

De COURSEY FALES

HARRIS C. PARSONS

WILLIAM D. WINTER

F. SHELTON FARR

GEORGE GRAY ZABRISKIE

HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE

FRANCIS M. WHITEHOUSE

JOHN MASEFIELD

Superintendent

REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY