

THE LOOKOUT



YOUTH ON THE BRIDGE

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXVI

--

JULY, 1935

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows a junior second officer on the bridge of a Belgian merchant ship. This young man was frequently a guest in the *Institute's* Apprentices' Room when he was a cadet several years ago. He still corresponds with his friends at 25 South Street.

The LOOKOUT

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by the
SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK
25 South Street

LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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

JULY, 1935

No. 7

TWICE A HERO



A pair of roving shoes were the principal properties in a little drama which unfolded on South Street one Spring day. Seaman Michael Karr, age 30, needing a new pair of shoes, won and lost them by acts of personal sacrifice. Leaving his room at the Institute, where he was on relief, he went over to Broad Street Hospital one May morning and was accepted as a donor in a blood-transfusion for an eight-year old girl suffering with anemia. Michael received seven dollars for his services and bought himself a pair of shoes with the money.

Deciding to break them in he walked leisurely along South Street. At Pier 7, just opposite the Institute, he saw a seaman, Thomas Ryan, age 60, also unemployed and living at 25 South Street, topple off a stringpiece. As the shout went up "Man overboard" Michael pulled off his new shoes, plunged to Ryan's side and held him up until a line was thrown from the crowd which congregated on the pier.

An ambulance was called from Broad Street Hospital and while Ryan was being given emergency treatment, Michael looked for his new shoes. To his chagrin, they had been stolen. Both seamen were taken to the Hospital and treated for submersion. The next day Michael returned to the Institute and through the Slop Chest was



Michael Karr

given a new pair of shoes, a new suit, underwear and work gear.

Michael was modest about his heroic act and went again the next morning to give another blood transfusion. He has been going to sea as an ordinary seaman "on and off", as he puts it, for about twelve years. He is the oldest of a large family, living in Jersey. When the possibility of a medal or a cash award was mentioned to Michael, he said, "Well, if anything comes while I'm away at sea, just forward it to my father. He needs it for my younger brothers and sisters. He only has a part-time job while I - I can manage somehow."

When Michael was asked if he had ever saved anyone before, he

admitted that he had, one from drowning, and one by a blood transfusion. "The one who nearly drowned was a little boy. He was swimming in the Delaware River. I've lived near the river ever since a child and so I had learned to be a strong swimmer. On the very same day as this happened, there was a radio call for a blood donor with my type of blood, and it was a little girl."

Michael is a jolly, amiable type of sailor and we have encouraged him to take his examination for an

A.B. license (able-bodied seaman) for if ever a sailor could qualify, he certainly could.

In view of the men who fall overboard from time to time near the Institute our Superintendent has placed a life preserver with line on a metal hook adjoining the Police booth at the corner of South Street and Coenties Slip. Already this has proved a help in saving one life and Captain Walter T. Hourigan of the First Precinct has instructed his men to make use of the life preserver in such emergencies.

TO WELCOME THE S. S. NORMANDIE



NOTHER thrilling chapter in maritime annals was completed when seamen, staff members and their friends assembled on the roof and at the windows of the Institute on Monday noon, June 3rd, to watch the *S. S. Normandie* steam up the bay. The Institute's house flags were flying a welcome to the new queen of the seas. As she passed the Statue of Liberty an airplane flew over the S.C.I. roof and from its radio rebroadcast the Marseillaise. The *Normandie*, a thrilling sight, proved an inexhaustible topic of conversation among our seamen. Little groups could be seen here and there around the building scanning newspaper accounts of her dimensions, and comparing her speed with the other great giants of the ocean. Engineers and captains in our officers' room became involved in lengthy discussions about the shape of her bow, how much water she drew, and why her smokestacks had to be so large. British seamen grudgingly admitted that her speed record was remarkable, but loyally prophe-

sied probable exploits for the *Queen Mary*, now under construction. Yankee seamen expressed the wish that America would build an even bigger and faster ship so as to regain supremacy of the seas and old-time sailors reminisced about the record runs of the *Flying Cloud*, the *Young America*, the *Sovereign of the Seas* and the *Red Jacket*, famous clipper ships of American history.

In celebration of the arrival of the *Normandie*, a gala roof fete was arranged for the benefit of the Institute on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, with an all-French fashion show on Wednesday evening, June 5th. It was through the courtesy of the Waldorf and the French Line that we were given the proceeds, totalling approximately \$1,500. Because of the short space of time in which the arrangements were made, no general notice was mailed to our contributors, as we depended entirely on the newspaper publicity to call the benefit to the attention of our friends. We are deeply grateful to



Captains René Pugnet and Pierre Thoreux in command of the S.S. NORMANDIE

all who responded. Thanks are due to the entertainers, Edward Paul England III, Miss Ethel Merman, Mr. William Gaxton, Mr. Victor Moore, Georges and Jalna, Milton

Douglas, Raul and Eva Reyes, and also to Mr. Lucius Boomer and Mr. Augustus Nulle, President and Treasurer, respectively, of the Waldorf-Astoria.

CONFERENCE IN MONTREAL



THE Institute was represented by staff members at the National Conference of Social Work in Montreal in June, and many other Seamen's Welfare Agencies in North America sent delegates. Our Superintendent was one of the speakers before the Seamen's Agencies Section. Hosts to this Section, the Montreal Sailors' Institute, represented by Mr. J. Ritchie Bell, and the Montreal Catholic Sailors' Club, represented by Professor W. H. Atherton, LL.D., K.S.G., proved to be most gracious and hospitable in showing delegates the city. Highlights included a boat trip down the St. Lawrence as the guests of the Harbor Commission, an entertainment by the crew of the S.S. Letitia (which happened to be in the harbor — and what delightful English, Scotch and Irish songs and dances those seamen presented) a breakfast on

board the S.S. Duchess of Richmond as the guests of the vice-president of the Canadian-Pacific Line, and last but not least a visit to the Sailors' Church, Bon Secours. In this quaint little edifice hang ship models, suspended from the ceiling, containing lighted candles, which are the votive offerings of people who have been saved from storm and shipwreck on the high seas. A beautiful ship of pure silver is the thank offering of an entire passenger list of a ship which had a narrow escape, was reported missing for days, but finally arrived safely in port. Montreal is really a summer port, the Lakes freezing in the winter, and most seamen come to New York to look for work. It was gratifying to see how heartily they are made welcome, befriended and protected, during their shore leaves in that charming Canadian-French city.

AN EARTHQUAKE PREDICTOR

By Glenn Perry*



Reuben Greenspan

HERE is a prophecy that residents of countries adjacent to the Mediterranean Sea can paste in their hats for almost two months. They can remember on July 11 and 12 a warning that on those days the Mediterranean section was to be visited by an earthquake . . . a bad one, with an intensity of ten on the Rossi Ferrel scale.

If they don't wear hats, pocket-books will do, but they had better keep it in mind, for the man who makes this prediction has called the turn on 89 per cent of all earthquakes since February 3, when he decided that his studies on the subject had advanced far enough for actual tests.

His name is Reuben Greenspan. He is 31 years old and lives at the Seamen's Church Institute, down by Coenties Slip. He has taught mathematics, specializing in trigonometry, has followed the sea . . . holds unlimited chief officer's papers for any ocean and any ton-

nage . . . is an expert navigator, and any one who talks to him will find it hard to assign him to the ranks of "nut" scientists who bob up so often in the lives of newspaper reporters, with theories ranging from such trivia as perpetual motion and splitting the atom three ways to inventions for making aldermen work.

He is anything but that sort of man. Admitting that the past has produced no startlingly accurate data on future earthquakes, this seems no valid reason why it can never be done. Mr. Greenspan believes he knows why there has been no success thus far. He thinks science has been on the wrong tack, working with sun spots and that sort of thing.

The germs of his own theory came to him when he was sick and forced to remain idle in the hospital, a year or so ago. He worked on it with his knowledge of trigonometry, developed formulae, took records of earthquakes and applied his method to them. He checked on eighty quakes of the past. In 87 per cent of these his data applied. That is another way of saying that had he possessed his theory at that time and used it, he would have named the time and place of seventy of those catastrophes . . . before they happened.

In his own words he has this to say on the subject:

"Earthquakes are movements along fissures known as faults. At certain times a stress is placed on the strata to a point where the elastic limit is exceeded, and then a rupture occurs. As shocks are concomitants of crustal displacements, it can readily be seen that they will occur most frequently

along lines of structural weakness."

This much is geology. He turns then to astronomy. He realizes that on this earth there is a certain centrifugal force, due to the globe's revolution, which is overbalanced by gravitational force, else everything movable would fly into space. Certain astral bodies exert a pull on the earth. The moon does and so, in a lesser degree, do the planets. These pulls, however, do not have the power to offset the earth's gravitational force.

However, there is often a situation in which two of these bodies—the moon and the sun, it may be—are lined up with the earth. The pull of both is then exerted in the same direction and is thus increased.

To continue a step further, the maximum force of this pull does not, if Mr. Greenspan is right, embrace the entire earth. It affects some localized part of it, and this part can, through his formulae, be calculated. And, if this localized part of the earth happens to be a tectonic area—one structurally susceptible to earthquakes, through faults and fissures—then when the gravitational pull is offset sufficiently it gives centrifugal force a chance to rupture the earth's crust. The result is an earthquake, its severity depending upon the weakness in the tectonic area and the strength of the astral force exerted.

At the present time Mr. Greenspan, an earnest, blue-eyed man, can plot the location of a quake within a radius of 1,050 miles, but he is convinced that if he had the time to devote to the subject—all his time, that is—he could narrow that down considerably, through improvement of his method. Within that limitation his accuracy has been sufficient to remove him from any danger of being dismissed as a mak-

er of lucky guesses.

He told some of his friends two weeks ago that there would be a seismic disturbance in the general location of Japan and Korea on May 17. On May 18 he was able to show them newspaper cuttings of an earthquake on the given date, although his longitude was a little out of the way. The latitude was correct. Incidentally, he predicts minor tremors in the neighborhood of Japan and Korea from June 11 to 14, which will serve as another check on his method.

Mr. Greenspan was born in Chicago on September 18, 1903, and worked his way through school and college. He attended high schools in Chicago, and studied at Louisiana State University for two years. He taught at Crane Technical School in Chicago for one summer and then went to sea.

He has served as third officer of Standard Oil tankers and as second and third officer of United Fruit liners.

Nice-looking, of medium height, with the broad forehead of the thinker under straight brown hair, he is a figure not even remotely comparable to the mates of the days of sail. Mentally, the same thing is true. He talks well, gesturing nervously as he explains his theory, smoking an occasional cigaret. His voice is low-pitched. He uses words well. His garb is quiet.

A member of the Ravens, Greenwich Village's literary society that holds the annual open poetry market, he sold some of his verse only last week. But that is of comparative unimportance to him compared with his feeling for mathematics. And if he is right about several more disturbances he may find that some scientific organization is willing to help him out with his experiments.

*Reprinted from THE NEW YORK SUN, May 22, 1935.



Men Against the Sea

"The sailor, the stoker of steam, the man with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the back, putting a tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel, the tired lookout."
—John Masefield.

A RECENT editorial commenting on a rescue at sea concluded like this: "Only the quick action of the men of the sea prevented stark tragedy."

In these days of swift crisis and in the surging life of big cities, we are apt to forget

that on the high seas there is a constant struggle with the surging tides, a continual battle with the elements. The mind of man has not yet conquered the forces of nature, and wind and wave are persistent warriors in spite of modern devices for speed and safety. In the last analysis, disasters at sea are kept relatively few because of the eternal vigilance of the men who man the ships. Their devotion to duty, their good seamanship, their skill at navigation and engineering—these are what stand between you and danger at sea.

But hazardous as their lives are, many hours are tedious and monotonous.

Hendrik W. Van Loon, author of "Ships and How They Sailed the Seven Seas", wrote to the Institute the other day, commenting on a seamen's prize contest for the best review of his book (the prize to be donated by one of our contributors, Mrs. Edward Fales Coward. "The next time", (said he) "you have another book to be judged let me do the prize giving, for I have

spent many years at sea (not as a hero but as a passenger) but three years of ups and downs and everything from the Bremen to a lifeboat have given me a fairly good understanding of the sailor and his problems. One of those is boredom both on land and on sea and *if I can do anything to help you in fighting this dreadful affliction, I shall be very glad to do so.*"

Thanks to YOU who support the Institute, sailors in the Port of New York, seldom suffer from boredom. We offer too many inviting activities and too many interesting entertainments (reading rooms, game rooms, moving pictures, concerts, vaudeville, plays, merchant marine school—to mention a few). All these "boredom chasers" (and of course, the trouble with boredom is that it leads to lots worse things) are made possible by contributions to the Ways and Means Fund. We must raise annually \$100,000 to pay for all our recreation, social service and the deficit in operating expenses. So far this year we should have \$31,369. We actually are \$5,856 short of this amount.

A man may die of despair as well as hunger. You can lift despair from a seaman's shoulders by sending a contribution to the



SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

SEAMEN INVENTORS

NCESSITY may be the mother of invention but something besides necessity must have inspired some of our seamen to invent such widely divergent contraptions as a steering device for a milk truck, a make-up lamp, a telephone hook, a spherical propeller, a ship's bumper, a pilot ladder an electric rat-guard and a life-boat launching device—just to mention a few of the recent crop of inventions created by sailormen.

Joseph R. Dickinson, a veteran seaman, has had his lifeboat launching device patented, and as this issue of THE LOOKOUT goes to press, word comes that several steamship companies are to permit the old fellow to try out his invention on several of their ships this summer, and if the tests prove successful—and practical—they will adopt his idea on other ships. For many months Dickinson's room on the tenth floor of the Institute has resembled a machine shop, filled with brass-cutters, files, quantities of cord and canvas. In between sailing Dickinson has fought in six foreign wars and won 14 medals and 28 other awards for heroism. He pins great faith on his plan to have a group of seamen petition Congress to have the device installed on all ships. The principle of his invention is very simple: "One man, or one woman," explains the old mariner, "can release this one lever in one minute which places ten boats into position. Another lever in a similar manner controls the lashings of the lifeboat coverings."

The Institute's social workers believe in encouraging seamen with their inventions, often typing their

applications for patents, and in some cases sending them to the Legal Aid Society to protect their interests in instances of infringement of patent or copyright.

Andrew Myerstuen, American licensed officer, has been granted a patent for his simplified pilot ladder. It consists of a few simple and interchangeable parts which may be readily assembled without requiring skilled labor. Such a ladder is most useful aboard ships, barges, etc. One of the most successful of our seamen inventors is W. M. Kenner, who secured the cooperation of General Motors with his idea (they permitted him to use their machinery and equipment) and now his steering device, which permits a truck driver to steer from any place inside the truck, is in use on all the new Borden and Sheffield milk trucks. Seaman Christopher Core's invention of a wireless telegraphic device for radio cars has brought him a job as Radio Communication Engineer of the Motor Vehicle Department of the State of Virginia. Cecil Richardson's invention of a spherical propeller promises greater speed and efficiency and John Costello's idea of buffers or bumpers for ships made of old rubber tires has been tested and approved for use on tug boats. 'J. Peterson's device for hanging telephone books on a double hook through the middle of the book is considered convenient and practical, and W. E. O'Connor's electric rat guard aims to prevent rats from climbing aboard ships by the rather horrible process of electrocuting them so that they fall off the hawsers into the water.

Resourceful, full of initiative and ambition, the versatility of merchant seamen really amazes us.

AN IRISH SAILOR TO A FIGUREHEAD

Editor's Note: The cover design of the March issue of THE LOOKOUT (Gordon Grant's drawing, reproduced from "Sail Ho") suggested the following lines to one of the Institute's contributors, Clarissa Coudert of Guthrie, Oklahoma, who kindly gave us permission to publish these verses:

Well lady, here I be
Wid me brushes and paint,
An' me little ol' swing,
Out here over the sea
Alongside this here boat—
'Tis the foinest afloat,
So they say,
But they're all one to me so I pock-
ets me pay.
Well the bo's'n he sez to me
As how I wuz to paint ye,
Though I ain't ye'd call
No beauty-doctor at all.
But orders is orders my beauty, ye
see,
'N Doolin's the man to obey 'em,
So here goes f' a bit of blue in
your eye.
Why blue? Sure it's Irish, that's
why,
'N I've known a colleen or two
Wid eyes of deep blue that 'ud
drown ye.
Now some red on your cheeks and
your lips,
Fer after thim trips
They're pale wid the sun and the
spray.
Say, 'tis hot here today!
But ye've got to be dolled up I
guess anyway,
Now some black f'r your hair,
For that's Irish too,
'N green for your waist
Which it ain't rale chaste
I'd say if y'd ask me.



There now you're all set
F'r the voyage, me pet—
Feriver starin' out inter space
Wid the pretty blue eyes in y'r
face!
Can't ye give me a glance?
Just one? Not a chance!
Well then, I'll be sayin' good-day,
Fer I'm fair abeat wid the heat!
'N must be on me way . . .
So long! I'll be seein' ye next
When we dock in "B. A."





Harry Acton on the Deck of the Europa

“HIS soul was dyed the color of his leisure thoughts.” These words are carved on a monument in Cambridge, England. They served as the text of the funeral address for Harry Acton, ship news reporter and benefactor of seamen, who died en route to France to “cover” the maiden voyage of the *Normandie* for his newspaper, the *New York American*.

Mr. Charles S. Haight, a member of the Institute’s Board of Managers and Chairman of the Joint Emergency Committee of Seamen’s Welfare Agencies, delivered the eulogy before a crowded chapel in Seamen’s House (Y.M.C.A.). He pointed out that Mr. Acton’s brilliant idea of charging a dime admission to visitors to departing ships was not just a sudden thought, but the product of his leisure thoughts—for no one knew better than he the suffering among

unemployed and destitute seamen. Their problem was on his mind, and the inspiration came at an opportune time when the cause of distressed sailors seemed hopeless.

Mr. Haight added that his Committee had been at its wits’ end, in 1933, to raise funds to keep the seamen in the Port from starving, when Harry Acton’s column containing the suggestion was sent to him by an Institute staff member.

“It was on this suggestion that we worked. It will be a monument to him for generation after generation. The splendid idea has become a realized ideal. The men who most need assistance in our complicated industrial life—the seamen whom we must not neglect nor forget—are being given the necessities of life, thanks to Harry Acton. We planned a public dinner in his honor when the Fund reached \$200,000, and it was a strange coincidence that this goal was reached on the day of his death at sea! It is a poignant thing that we who planned to make a fiesta in his honor have come to pay him the final courtesy we accord to those whom we appreciate and respect.”

At the funeral service there were friends from ships and alongshore, seamen, reporters, cronies from Broadway and leaders in shipping, who came in a final gesture of friendship and gratitude to the debonair, bespectacled youthful figure who had come to be almost as familiar to passengers and crews as the Statute of Liberty. He will long be missed on the New York waterfront.

A TWO-year search for the grave of Moses Rogers, captain of the *Savannah*, first steamship to cross the Atlantic, has come to an end in a quaint little churchyard at Cheraw, South Carolina.

An intensive search for the Rogers grave was launched in 1933 in connection with the observance of National Maritime Day, created by Congressional action as a tribute to the vessel *Savannah*, pioneer trans-oceanic steamship. Shipping authorities, delving into the story of the *Savannah*, discovered that the death of her captain was shrouded in mystery. All that could be adduced from the records was that Captain Rogers had gone to South Carolina, contracted yellow fever and died in the vicinity of Georgetown. That was in the Fall of 1823.

It was supposed that Captain Rogers’ body would be found in Georgetown, but such was not the case. Yellow fever victims, according to the custom of the times, were usually buried at night, in unmarked graves. This was true of Captain Rogers, whose grave has now been located at Cheraw.

The search for this historic spot was undertaken by the National Maritime League at the request of the Sea Scout group at New London, Conn., where Captain Rogers was reared. Stevens Rogers, navigator of the *Savannah*, was buried in New London. His grave has for many years been a shrine of American shipping. The resting place of Moses Rogers could not be found.

In the course of the search, it was discovered that Moses Rogers had participated in a boat-building venture on the Great Pee Dee River with a famous old captain of Nantucket, Daniel Ellkins. League

officials accordingly asked J. N. Stricklin, editor of the *Cheraw Chronicle*, to locate for them the grave of Captain Ellkins, believing that the remains of Moses Rogers would be near those of his friend. They were right, and Stricklin has now informed national headquarters of the positive identification of the Rogers grave immediately adjoining that of Captain Ellkins.

William Godfrey, local historian and one of Cheraw’s oldest residents, remembered hearing his grandfather speak of both men.

“My grandfather,” Mr. Godfrey said, “was born in Cheraw in 1822 and died in 1885. I lived with him as a boy and frequently heard him discuss Captain Rogers and his wonderful voyage on the *Savannah*. He clerked in a store near the spot where the two captains were building their vessel, and said that they would usually stop for tobacco on their way to the river. Captain Rogers had a beautiful shotgun that he had brought back from Europe, which my grandfather wanted, but Captain Rogers would not sell it. On October 15, 1823, Captain Rogers died and was buried in an unmarked grave in St. David’s Cemetery. Twelve days later Captain Ellkins also died and was buried at the side of his friend.

Only grass marks the spot where lies the first captain to command a trans-oceanic steamship, the man whose epochal achievement was to usher in a whole new science of water transport. Through the Maritime League and other interested organizations it is now planned to erect a suitable memorial. A ceremony was held at the spot on May 22nd—Maritime Day—the day annually set aside in honor of Captain Rogers and his ship.

BOOK REVIEW

S.O.S. TO THE RESCUE

By Karl Baarslag

Oxford University Press Price \$2.50

Epics of the sea, mighty tragedies of heroism and sacrifice, have been recorded, but this is the first book to tell them from the viewpoint of the wireless operators, by one of their craft. The marvelous unity and utility of wireless is effectively presented by the stories of the collision between the *Republic* and the *Florida*; the sinking of the *Titanic*; the foundering of the *Empress of Ireland*; the rescue of the storm-swept *Antiope* by the *President Roosevelt*; the dreadful capsizing of the *Vestris*; the fatal burst of flame aboard the *Morro Castle*—these and many more are a part of the story of S.O.S. Being written by an active wireless operator aboard ship, under all conditions, the book has a salt tang which would delight sea-minded landmen.

BOOKS IN DEMAND

Seamen have been asking recently for the following books. Will readers who can spare their copies kindly wrap and mail to the Conrad Library, 25 South Street, N. Y. C.

Hilton, James.....Goodbye, Mr. Chips
Hilton, James.....Lost Horizon
Byrd, Richard E.....Little America
Smith, Thorne.....Night Life of the Gods
Smith, Thorne.....Glorious Pool
Wildner, Thornton,

Heaven's My Destination
Van Dine, S. S.....Scarab Murder Case
Van Dine, S. S.....Kennel Murder Case
Van Dine, S. S.....Dragon Murder Case

NOTICE

We are greatly in need of three small single bookcases. We hope that some reader residing in New York City will write or telephone us (BOWling Green 9-2710) saying that he or she can donate these to the Institute, in which event, we shall be most happy to send a truck to collect them.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Ten years ago Charles G. had a menial position in the household of a prominent jurist. When he returned to his real calling, the sea, his employer said: "Charles, if you ever are in need, no matter when or where it is, I want you to feel free to call on me for help." Charles remembered, when ten years later, desperately ill, he put through a phone call to the judge. The judge remembered, sent his private car for Charles and called in a doctor who diagnosed his illness as tuberculosis. The judge ordered a day and a night nurse and had Charles taken to a private sanatorium. After three weeks of care, at the judge's expense, Charles realized that he was never going to get well so he asked to be transferred to a marine hospital. The Institute's chaplain visited him in the tuberculosis ward and he related the story of his former employer's generosity. "And he has the reputation of giving the most severe kind of sentences in court. This just goes to show how he is in private life. I shall never forget his kindness but I wanted to die here among my shipmates."

AS WE GO TO PRESS

In the light of recent articles in the New York newspapers in which many inaccuracies have appeared relative to the transfer of seamen on relief from the Institute to the Bowery, readers of THE LOOK-OUT are requested to await a complete statement to be published in the next issue. The Institute is specifically for active seamen but has cooperated fully with the government in the relief of the destitute. Radicals, many of whom are non-seamen, have endeavored to spread turmoil on the waterfront and are endeavoring to make capital out of the present situation.



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.

SUMMARY OF SERVICES TO MERCHANT SEAMEN

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to May 31st, 1935

221,404	Lodgings (including 171,895 relief beds).
77,743	Pieces of Baggage handled.
665,418	Sales at Lunch Counter and Restaurant.
523,087	Relief Meals served.
13,115	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
7,848	Attended 158 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
2,826	Cadets and Seamen attended 180 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 28 new students enrolled.
84,374	Social Service Interviews.
5,310	Relief Loans.
2,318	Individual Seamen received relief.
52,626	Books and magazines distributed.
3,648	Pieces of clothing and 1,296 Knitted Articles distributed.
210	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
82,050	Attended 99 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
392	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
1,634	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
7,312	Barber, Cobbler and Tailor Relief services.
158	Missing seamen found.
751	Positions procured for Seamen.
1,363	Made deposits in Seamen's Fund Department.
\$80,614.	Deposited for safe-keeping and \$10,374. transmitted to families.
12,239	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
7,134	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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