

THE LOOKOUT



REPLICA OF THE SANTA MARIA, FLAGSHIP OF COLUMBUS

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXVI

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OCTOBER, 1935

THIS MONTH'S COVER is from a photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y. and was lent to the *Institute* through the courtesy of Mr. Louis S. Tiemann. It shows a replica of Columbus' flagship, the SANTA MARIA, which was built by the Spanish Government and brought to the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893 as part of the celebrations of the quadricentenary of Columbus' voyage. This ship, and replicas of the NINA and PINTA were constructed in the navy yards of Cadiz and Barcelona upon plans prepared by a commission of naval architects and archaeologists appointed by Spain. Since that time some marine historians have thought that this model is inaccurate, particularly the square transom stern which did not develop for a hundred years after Columbus, but the controversy has never really been settled. This replica sailed from Cadiz for America on February 18, 1893 and successfully repeated the great discoverer's voyage (having a safe but uncomfortable passage). Arriving in Havana the middle of March, it proceeded to New York and thence to Chicago. After the World's Fair the ship was presented to the U. S. Government and for many years has remained in Jackson Park, Chicago. A replica of Lief Erickson's Viking Ship sailed from Norway at the same time and was also exhibited at the Fair.

The LOOKOUT

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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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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.

The Lookout

VOL. XXVI

OCTOBER, 1935

No. 10

STERLING SEAMANSHIP



Captain Sundstrom of the DIXIE
(Photo Loaned by His Daughter Lillian)



The Institute's Superintendent welcomes
one of the Dixie's Crew, Daniel Sweeney

NO lives lost! An anxious world, awaiting news of the hurricane-stricken liner *Dixie*, breathed grateful sighs of relief when it was definitely learned that all of the 231 passengers and all of the crew except those needed and volunteering to remain on board with the heroic captain, had been safely landed ashore. Editorials and newspaper accounts acclaimed the heroic master, Captain Einor Sundstrom, and his gallant crew. The *Institute* was proud to be able to offer its hospitality to 21 of the crew who had no homes or relatives in New York. The seamen were still wearing damp clothes, their suitcases were soaked and all the clothing in them damaged. Through our Slop Chest, shirts, underwear, socks, handkerchiefs and cigarettes were provided and (thanks to our loyal knitters)

sweaters were given these men. The ninth floor was turned over to the crew and when they arrived, tired from the long ordeal aboard the ship as she swayed on French Reef, they were given a hot meal, dry clothes and sent to bed for the first real sleep they had had in several days. Most of the men were from New Orleans and telegrams and letters were dispatched to their anxious families.

From the accounts of passengers was pieced together a picture of unflinching courage among the crew, a calm expectancy of death when the hurricane was at its worst, of singing and joking as six inches of water washed back and forth through the ship's public rooms, of the quiet command by ship's officers and of rigid obedience by the crew.

Wet from waves breaking over



Some of the DIXIE'S Crew at the Institute

the stern, they endured one dreadful hour after another, the seamen and officers trying to instill cheerfulness and hope into the situation. The injuries were confined mostly to the crew who risked their lives time and again. Everyone rushed to acclaim Seaman Heinz Lahmeyer who climbed out on the after mast and repaired the broken antenna so that the radio operator might send out his S.O.S. But the furious gale again swept the antenna into the raging seas so the radio operator, James W. Hodges, kept the stranded vessel in touch with rescue ships by means of an emergency set. Captain Einor Sundstrom, with his legs and hands bandaged, kept up the morale of passengers and crew and when all were taken safely off, still refused to quit his ship. As we go to press word comes that the *Dixie* is being towed to New York.

Other feats of heroism by seamen included the lashing of the lifeboats which had been lifted from their chocks by the winds and were pounding against the sides of the liner in grave danger of being rendered useless. The passengers drew up a set of resolutions unaniously praising the courage and

efforts of the officers and crew. Captain Sundstrom, when taking command of the *Dixie* last year, commented: "You've always got to be on guard against the oceans. They may look peaceful and act peaceful for a long time. That's your good luck. But you know the time is coming when the

sea is going to rise and hand you all it's got in the way of trouble—and that's plenty." Some reporter asked the haggard but alert master: "When was the last time you had any sleep, Captain?" "That's a matter of history," sighed Captain Sundstrom. And his valiant seamanship and that of his crew when "trouble" hit them will be a matter of maritime history in which we Americans may all take pride.

Such is the record of the *Dixie's* personnel! It emphasizes anew the point brought out by Rear Admiral Alfred T. Mahan in his famous books on Sea Power (Admiral Mahan served on the Institute's Board of Managers from 1867 until 1913) that the personnel, the esprit de corps, the efficiency of the seamen, are an essential factor in peace and in war. In his "Life of Nelson," the Admiral alludes to the presence of a Spanish fleet and quotes Nelson's comment: "They have fine ships, but they are shockingly manned. If those we meet are no better manned, much service cannot be expected of them."

We at the *Institute* are striving to keep the man-power of the merchant marine physically and mentally and spiritually fit.

"SEA WEED"



Mother Roper and Seaman Charlie Jackson—and in his arms—if you look closely—"Sea Weed"

HER fur was a dingy gray and her gait was uneven. And she looked ever so woebegone as she drifted along South Street. Up from the Battery came a ship's officer, smartly dressed, in "shore clothes," just paid off, whistling "Everything's Been Done Before." Suddenly the officer stopped.

A bedraggled cat looked up at him wistfully. The officer stooped and picked up the pathetic looking little creature. The cat purred gratefully as he stroked her fur.

"Just a bit of seaweed drifting in on a wave," commented the officer. "I think I'll just take you along with me. What you need, I'll bet, is a good drink—of milk."

And away they went, seaman and cat, until they reached the *Insti-*

tute. Up to the lunch counter walked the ship's officer, cat under his arm. "A saucer of milk, please," he ordered, "and make it near the top of the bottle. And (as an after-thought) make mine some ham and eggs."

A few minutes later a well-fed cat and seaman paid a call on Mother Roper. "How do you like my cat?" asked the officer, proudly displaying the feline who by this time, knowing which side her bread was buttered on, so to speak, had contentedly curled up in her new-found benefactor's arm. "I've named her 'Seaweed.' For she just drifted in with the tide," he explained. "Did you ever see such expressive eyes? And such intelligence?" he exclaimed, as fond as any doting parent. The cat blinked her eyes sleepily.

Now "Seaweed" is the *Institute's* cat of the moment, for the officer has returned to his ship, but not before arranging with our soda fountain clerk for "Seaweed's" board and lodging while he is away. We would like to be able to report that "Seaweed" grows sleeker and fatter as the days go by, but alas, like the seaweed, she drifted out one night with the tide, and no one has seen hide nor hair of her since.

S. O. S.

Storms, shipwrecks, and cold winter weather all bring a greater and more urgent need for shoes and warm clothing for the men of the sea.

Shipwrecked crews must have clothing, many hundreds of unemployed merchant seamen stranded on shore during the winter must be protected from the cold, and those who are fortunate enough to secure berths on shipboard must be outfitted with work clothes and warm garments.

Shoes, overcoats, sweaters, suits, underwear, and other articles of men's clothing will be most helpful. Contributions may be sent to the Social Service Department, Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street. If you prefer we shall be glad to call for them at your convenience—just telephone Bowling Green 9-2710. We shall be deeply grateful to LOOKOUT readers for their assistance.

TRIUMPH FOR AMERICAN CREWS



Postmaster General James A. Farley presents the Cup to the Crew of the Walter C. Teagle

THE United States triumphed over all competitors in the ninth international lifeboat race held on Labor Day. First, second and third boats to cover the Hudson River course of two miles of green, choppy water and pass the finish line above Washington Bridge belonged to American shipping companies. Congratulations to the crew of the *Walter C. Teagle* of the Standard Shipping Company who won the race by six lengths in 18 minutes and 22 seconds! The *Washington's* lifeboat crew (United States Lines) came in a few seconds later, and the *Quirigua* of the United Fruit Line, finished third.

The *Institute* believes that these annual lifeboat races are an excellent way of encouraging safety of life at sea. The men learn how to operate the heavy lifeboats more

efficiently and such experience proves useful in emergencies. Our Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, watched the race as a guest from the deck of the excursion steamer *Mayfair* along with many prominent shipping men and consular officials. We were particularly proud of the fact that seaman Clyde Taylor, a member of the *Teagle's* winning crew, is a regular visitor to the *Institute*. He also was one of the winning oarsmen when the *Teagle* won the race two years ago. (See November, 1933 issue, **THE LOOKOUT**).

Thousands of persons lined the New York shores of the river to watch the race, and hundreds of launches, tugs, canoes and other craft decorated with flags and bunting contributed a bright spot to the drab rainy day.

The *Teagle* boat got away to a good start with practiced smartness. Captain Adolv Larson, coxswain, established a beat of thirty-six strokes a minute. The broad backs of William F. Stevens, Aksel Selvik, Orin Jewett, Herman Kastberg, Clyde C. Taylor, Julius Palu, Hawkins Fudske and John P. Humeke bent rhythmically as they rowed the 5,500 pound lifeboat without riggers or slides, as required by the race's sponsor, the International Lifeboat Racing Association. When the *Teagle* oarsmen pulled their boat across the finish line a bedlam

burst from the flotilla's whistles, sirens and horns. Postmaster General James A. Farley presented them with cups and medals and every member of the eight crews competing was given a memento. The *Teagle* crew had the satisfaction of knowing that they had won the second of three races necessary for permanent possession of the Robert L. Hague International Lifeboat Racing Trophy, a beautiful silver cup. Any enterprise which develops the seamanship of ships' personnel has the *Institute's* enthusiastic support.

TRIALS OF A HERO

LIFE is not all a bed of roses, even for a hero. Witness the case of Seaman Hendrik Hennekes, age 38, whose wife and two children reside in Rotterdam. Walking along the Battery seawall one fine morning, Hendrik heard shouts of "Man overboard!" Rushing toward the crowd he hastily removed his coat (containing his money, ship discharge papers and passport) and plunged into the East River. But the man who had tripped and fallen into the river, Thomas Ready, also a seaman, was panic-stricken. He could not swim and he grabbed Hendrik in a vicious grip. Hendrik tried to knock him out but the man proceeded, in his excitement, to bite Hendrik severely on the hand. At last, gasping and choking, Hendrik managed to bring the man ashore, where both collapsed.

After being revived by an ambulance attendant, Hendrik went in search of his coat. It was nowhere to be found. Somebody had taken advantage of the excitement of the rescue to slip, unnoticed, through

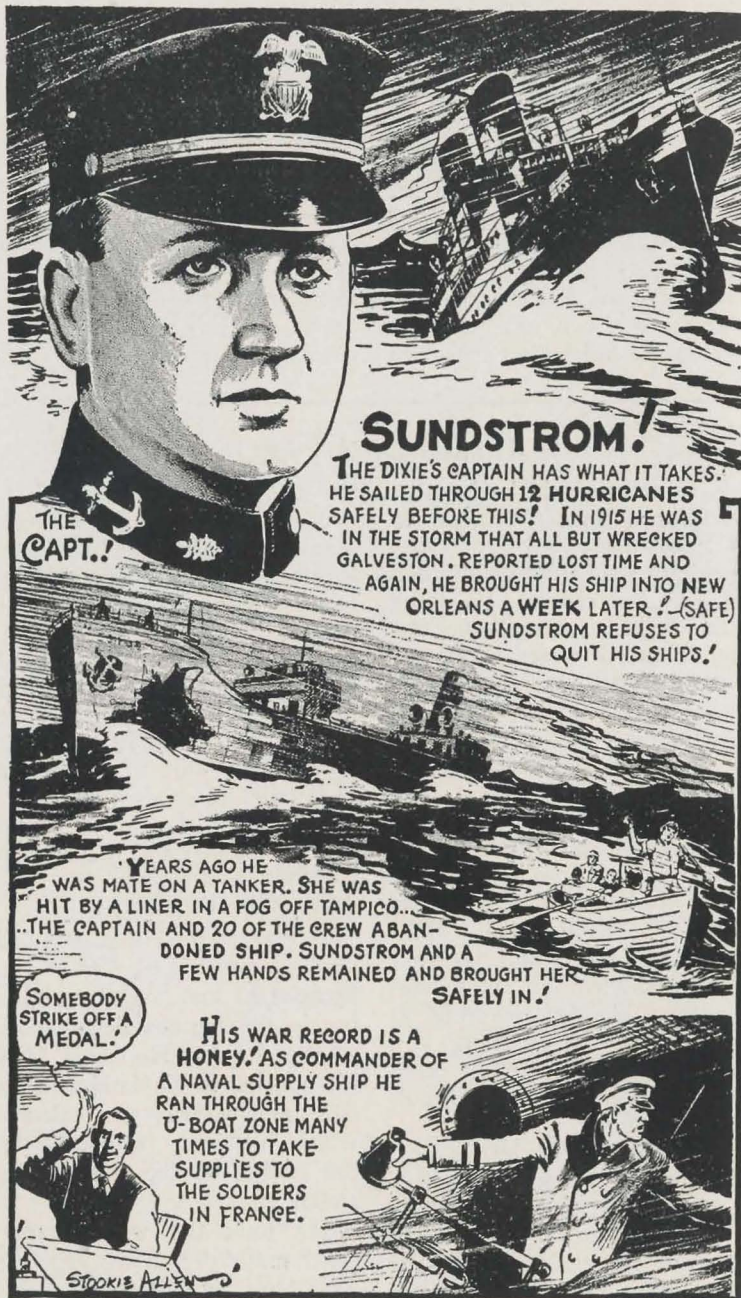
the crowd, and walk off with Hendrik's coat. The poor chap was frantic. For he had been promised a job with the Holland-American Line if he could show active discharge papers. So, worried and nursing a painful bite on his hand, Hendrik came to the *Institute*.

Our social service department came to his rescue in a jiffy, giving him a new suit of clothes and a new pair of shoes from our Slop Chest. Then they wrote and wired and telephoned and managed to get together a duplicate set of Hendrik's ship discharge papers.

It was learned that Hendrik receives a pension of \$50.00 a month because he lost one eye while serving in the famous Second Division of the A.E.F. He sends \$35.00 of his pension to his family in Rotterdam and it was the balance (on which he lives) which he had in the pocket of the coat which was stolen.

He took the whole experience good naturedly, however, and perhaps heroism is its own reward.

ABOVE THE CROWD By Stookie Allen



Reprinted from the NEW YORK DAILY MIRROR, Sept. 7, 1935 by special permission of Stookie Allen.

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING FOR SHIPS AND SEAMEN

Almighty God, Who hast made the sea, and all that is in it, we give Thee thanks for its beauty and its majesty. Grant that as we rejoice in it we may behold in it Thy glory. Give to us also grateful hearts for ships and seamanship, whereby the estranging oceans are become highways of commerce and bonds of fellowship between the nations. Hasten the time, we pray Thee, when all the peoples of the Earth shall be knit together in the discipleship and service of Thee and of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(As adjusted by the Archbishop of York)

Reprinted by Courtesy of the Hon. Alexander Shaw, Chairman of the P. and O. Company and the Missions to Seamen, London.



Americans should take pride in the record of the *Dixie's* personnel. But it takes the same brand of courage for seamen to endure long months of unemployment with its consequent mental and physical suffering, and yet the majority of those whom the Institute has befriended during all the depression years have heroically and patiently endured their lot. We wish we could report that shipping has greatly improved, but such is not the case. We fear that it will be a long, hard winter for many jobless seamen. We are particularly concerned about the convalescent seamen from hospitals, not strong enough to seek work and who need special diets and care.

The faithful support and devoted interest of our friends has been most encouraging and we are continually grateful for the many evidences of their loyalty and generosity. The Institute can only feed and shelter the many seamen in need if it has the necessary money for food, clothing and equipment. So we turn, hopefully, to our friends.

Please send what you can, as a renewal of your regular contribution, or as an extra gift, to Harry Forsyth, Chairman, Ways and Means Committee,

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



Lifeboat Crew of the Walter C. Teagle (see page 4)

"FOR THEIR WORK CONTINUETH"



The Busy Office of the Secretary of the Central Council of Associations

"Let us now praise famous men—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Greater than their knowing!"

THE above stanza from an old "School Song" of Kipling's strikes the note of the hymn of praise we should like to sing in honor of the women of the Associations—those groups of consistently faithful and intelligently helpful friends organized to assist the Seamen's Church Institute of New York in its work for seamen.

A dozen years bear witness to the services of heart and hand of these women. It was on November 27, 1923, when the pioneer half dozen of these groups held their first meeting of the Central Council of Associations, adopted their constitution and by-laws, and laid the foundations for their future organization and work. The minutes of that first meeting record two interesting and significant decisions:

(1) to raise money for the Institute by distributing coin boxes among those willing to drop dimes into them; (2) to help supply the Institute with household linens, if possible. What price sheeting? That was the question.

Four years after this first Central Council meeting, on October 25, 1927, Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann took the helm as Chairman of the Central Council of Associations, succeeding Mrs. David Leavitt Hough who had followed Miss Dorothy King, the first Chairman of the Council. For the past eight years, more than half of which may be considered among the most difficult, not to say depressing, ones known in our financial history, Mrs. Cammann has kept her firm hand on the helm and has brought her ship safely to port each year.

Her ship, both metaphorically and literally, has been a ship of good deeds, its cargo representative of and obedient to the policy and

purpose of her Associations. Cooperation with the Institute being the be-all and end-all of their organization, they have sought to provide some of the wherewithal for the smooth running of this greatest of seamen's institutions in the world; and to their cash contributions they have added gifts in kind, all kindly gifts, too.

The results of their first attempt at money-raising, by filling coin boxes referred to above, were encouraging. Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, wife of the late President of the Board of Managers, was proud to take the first little bank, No. 1, which she filled, turned in, and refilled again and again. Mrs. Baylies' example was followed by many others of Miss de Peyster's group, the Seamen's Benefit Society, of which Mrs. Baylies was a member, and by hundreds of association members and friends who took these dime banks and filled them—sometimes to the bursting point.

To make room for such laudable expansion or an outlet for such an overflow, other channels through which money might flow to the Institute were first dug and later deepened. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety." The quotation may not be exact, but it is pertinent. For two successive years the Central Council, aided by the Associations, ran rummage sales; these gave place to an intercollegiate benefit hockey match, Princeton and Dartmouth competing; a theatre benefit featuring Ruth Draper followed; then a bridge party and tea on board the S. S. BERENGARIA. Ruled off of the high seas and forbidden ship's high teas by Father Neptune, or someone of equal authority, port was sought for our benefit bridge players in hospitable hotels and else-

where. The pleasant home of the New York Junior League was the scene of a successful benefit bridge and tea last February.

During the lean years, ways had to be found for raising means without money expenditure—of fattening our finances without flattening our purses, as it were. The Melting Pot proved the solution to that problem. Again the Central Council and Associations joined in a search for discards, not rummage this time, but out of date and no longer used jewelry, odd bits of broken plate, and, in fact, any discarded articles bearing a bit of gold or silver. These finds were joyously turned in to the Melting Pot and magically turned out, metamorphosed into cash. The net result of this treasure hunt is \$3,121.23 "thus far." May no pessimist add "and no farther." Our slogan is "On with the Hunt."

Associations outside the metropolitan area, operating individually and locally, have strengthened their treasuries by many means other than those mentioned. Tea-cup sales, dances, luncheons, dramatic readings, garden parties, food sales, theatre parties and a host of other tricks have been pulled out of their sleeves. Women have such tricky sleeves!

Similarly resourceful and constantly increasing in scope has been the work of the Associations in the line of household linens and other gifts of a homey nature. As aforesaid, sheets were the first household need to be considered and provided; then these women homemakers, broadening their base and extending their boundaries of usefulness, added to that humble requisite pillow-cases, coverlets, aprons for both men and women workers at 25 South Street, table

napkins, and towels, both huck and crash, running into the thousands.

And then their wits went wool-gathering! Not in the sense in which that not too flattering phrase is usually used. For the women of the Associations gathered wool to a purpose — to wit, to knit. Sweaters, socks, mufflers, caps, helmets, mittens, and wristlets, at an average rate of over 2,000 articles a year for the past eight years, are the result of this urge to “knit a bit.” A total of 17,342 garments is the exact figure, exclusive of the 1935 quota of knitted goods. With the knitting craze still rampant who can guess what this year will produce? While we are speaking in figures, may we make honorable mention of the fact that household linens, during Mrs. Cammann’s eight years Chairmanship have numbered 42,747?

To the enumerated gifts of linens and woollens should be added many donations of magazines and books in great quantity, men’s clothing, both inner and outer wear, of every size and description, bags of cheer at Christmas time, and comfort kits throughout all the year. An accurate enumeration of these gifts would stagger the imagination, and we should not like to be accused of either inflation or exaggeration.

Enough has been said to make one understand why these friendly women, who so often come to 25 South Street bearing bundles, see in the faces of our seamen guests a look of welcome, perhaps pleasantly anticipatory, a what-have-you-for-me look. A story, a clean shirt, a sweater, a deck of cards, a pair of shoes or socks, smokes, cookies for tea, cross-word and jig-saw puzzles—things that spell Home.

Yes, a warm welcome awaits the Central Council of Associations

when its members forgather at the Institute on October 23, 1935 to resume their activities. As Mrs. Cammann hoists sail for her ninth year in command, she hopes to see among her loyal crew her two Vice Chairmen, Mrs. Lyman B. Frieze, Jr. and Miss I. C. King, her Treasurer, Miss Emie Sutton Day who is also acting Director of the Seamen’s Benefit Society, and all the other Directors of Associations: Mrs. Parker, Director pro tem for Mrs. Seaman of the Brooklyn Association, Mrs. Weeks of Elizabeth and Mrs. Stanton of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, Miss Williamson of the Hamilton Grange Association, Mrs. Sears of the Hudson River Association, Mrs. Kinsley of Norwalk, Connecticut, Mrs. Quinby of Nutley, New Jersey, Mrs. Riall of Richmond Hill with that Association’s Honorary Director, Miss Seeley, Mrs. Craig of the Riverside Association, Mrs. Meyer who heads another New York group, Mrs. Whitlock of the Robert Rogers group in Brooklyn, Mrs. Rowley of St. Luke’s, New York, Mrs. Wynkoop of that Association along the South Shore of Long Island, and Mrs. Stone of the Staten Island Association. Others should follow in their wake, workers in the churches of the Incarnation and the Epiphany, New York, Church of Messiah and Incarnation, Brooklyn, and Christ Church, Short Hills, New Jersey. Friends in all these churches always include substantial help for the Institute in their yearly budget and plan of work.

Of one and all of these Associations and friends may it truthfully be said, “For their work continueth greater than their knowing.”

CLARA M. DIBBLE.

Secretary

"PORTS OF MISSING MEN"*

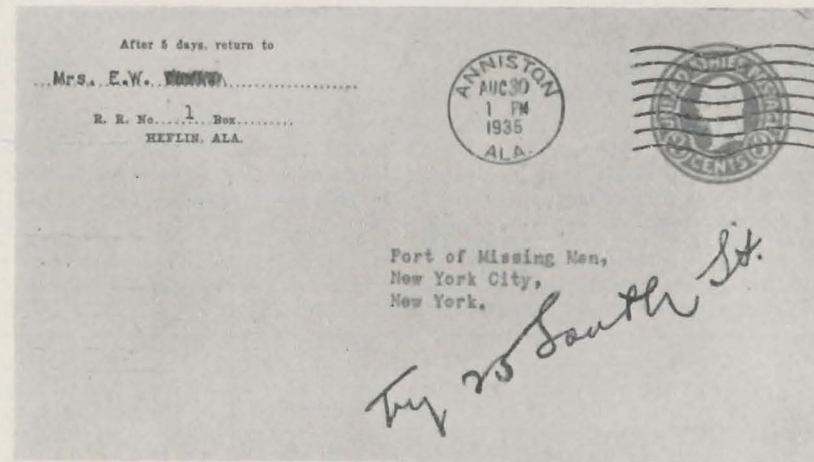
A seaman who, through the offices of Mrs. Janet Roper of the Seamen’s Institute of New York, had been found for his mother after they had been lost to each other for years said that he liked to think that he had two mothers and always bought the same anniversary present for each. This is typical of the regard which the men of the sea have for “Mother Roper,” whose special work for the last twenty years has been to search for the missing and bring back sons to their parents or parents to their sons. Kipling’s “Mother o’ Mine” might have been written of her as of the own mother of the sailor. Many a man could say with feeling that if he were “hanged on the highest hill,” or were “drowned in the deepest sea,” or were “damned body and soul,” he knew whose love would follow him, whose tears would come down to him and whose prayers would make him whole. It would be not only his own mother’s love or tears or prayers that would follow him but “Mother Roper’s.”

To her, seamen have told their confidences; to her, parents and friends of the lost have come for aid. Two years ago it was reported that she had helped to find 4,500 seamen and had reunited them with their families, and she has been of help to thousands and thousands besides in their difficulties in a port with few

or no friends except those found at this great house on the waterfront. These are ministries which only a “mother” can perform, and, while they were varied, her chief concern was for the “missing men.”

Sometimes, of course, their fate is that of those described in Masefield’s “Posted as Missing”—whose bones are “coral plants and shark weed and a mermaid’s comb.” But for the most part the missing are those who in their voyages about the earth have lost their “connections.” The Institute provides lodging and meals to seamen, befriends apprentices, offers free radio medical advice at sea, trains seamen in its navigation and marine school, finds employment for hundreds, handles tens of thousands of sailors’ baggage and a half million pieces of mail, receives sailors’ savings for safe-keeping and transmission to their families, provides treatment in the dispensary and dental clinics, transacts relief loans, cares for thousands of special needs, distributes clothes and knitted articles, helps gather books by thousands for those at sea and provides entertainment and religious services—a “friend to every sailor.” But in no activity does it come nearer a world service than in its search on the shores of all the seas in behalf of those who have lost touch with their own.

*Editorial in *The New York Times*, August 15, 1935



This envelope indicates one of many types of addresses which the Post Office eventually refers to Mother Roper.

SOUTH STREET SKETCHES

TYPISTS . . .

The typists in the Social Service Department are never bored, for they are asked to type all sorts of manuscripts for seamen — ranging from copying a diet sheet to a list of clocks to be wound on a ship for a new night watchman, to a long statement of an accident, to a problem in calculus, to a love letter, to a narrative poem.

SERVICE . . .

A hurry call from third officer of a ship docked in Brooklyn for only a few hours asking the *Institute* to purchase and deliver a second-hand sextant. Service rendered in prompt fashion.

WEDDING GIFT . . .

The young women employed in our Social Service Department are sometimes called on to act as shopper and consultant for seamen about to purchase gifts for mothers, sisters, sweethearts. One wireless operator anxious to send the right wedding gift—something very nice — to his ex-girl.

TRIBUTE . . .

A spray of Calla lilies was the floral tribute to Albert Jensen, former ship's steward from his fellow workers on the *Institute's* lunch counter at his funeral service in our chapel.

CARRYING ON . . .

The captain of a British tramp "Anna Dawson" wants a few prayer books for his crew as he had just taken command upon the death of the captain who fell overboard in Norfolk. He wished to have the Captain's burial service at sea.

PARTNERSHIP . . .

A seaman and his wife own 2/3 share in a boat which is in his wife's name as he must wait two more years before he can obtain his American citizenship and legally own and operate the vessel. The other partner who owns 1/3 share has appropriated the boat and will not let the seaman or wife go near it.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LEFT-HANDED PASSENGER

By Felix Riesenberg

Doubleday Doran & Co. Price \$2.00

The steamship *Cortez* is a little world in itself, inhabited by people from every walk of life. Captain Riesenberg, a seaman who has watched a world of sail, of wooden ships, of spars and canvas, go down before the craft of steel and steam, has written an unusual story, with thrilling, mysterious events which sweep the reader along with incredible speed. The stark and tragic climax is a fire at sea (closely resembling the *Morro Castle*) described in graphic prose. The style is lucid and the plot compelling in its curious irony.

LIVERPOOL JARGE

Yarns by Halliday Witherspoon

Square Rigger Co. Long Wharf, Boston.

Price \$1.00

This contains ten thrilling and laugh-provoking yarns about Liverpool Jarge, as told by an old rascal, John Savage Shaghellion. They are salty and spicy and will amuse readers who enjoy listening to yarn-spinning old shellbacks. The adventures of Jarge and the eight conflicting accounts of his untimely end lead one to believe that he is a legendary figure—something like Herman Melville's friend, Doctor Long Ghost—and yet he may still be alive, getting himself tattooed or practicing hypnotism or fighting with the bucko mate.

ALL SAIL SET,

A ROMANCE OF THE FLYING CLOUD

By Armstrong Sperry

John C. Winston, Pub. Price \$2.00

Doubtless Mr. Sperry intended this thrilling story for children but few adults will attempt to lay aside so absorbing a story before the last page has been turned. Enoch Thatcher worked in Donald McKay's shipyard from the time the "Flying Cloud" was a design on the floor of the offices until he sailed on her 'maiden voyage' to China. The grievances, the tragedies and the fun that occur on this trip are too stirring to omit from one's sea reading for the month.

NOTICE

Does any faithful reader have a steel cabinet file which will hold the standard 8½" by 11" letter files? If such there be, and can find it in his or her heart to part with this file, the *Institute* can make excellent use of the same, for our "case records" of unemployed seamen are in the thousands, and filing space is a real problem. We should be glad to send a truck for the file, if you will kindly notify the Social Service Department, BOWling Green 9-2710.

A FRIENDLY SKYLINE TO ALL SEAFARERS



Arrow points to "25 South Street" ↑

Photograph by
Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen

by the

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to September 1st, 1935

281,396	Lodgings (including 193,922 relief beds).
120,760	Pieces of Baggage handled.
878,180	Sales at Soda-Luncheonette and Restaurant.
594,160	Relief Meals served.
19,991	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
9,128	Attended 213 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
3,276	Cadets and Seamen attended 275 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 44 new students enrolled.
115,137	Social Service Interviews.
9,045	Relief Loans.
4,682	Individual Seamen received relief.
70,111	Books and magazines distributed.
4,720	Pieces of clothing and 1,297 Knitted Articles distributed.
312	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
103,965	Attended 131 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
610	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
2,626	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
8,096	Barber, Cobbler and Tailor Relief services.
224	Missing seamen found.
1,312	Positions procured for Seamen.
2,174	Made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
\$137,744	Deposited for safe-keeping and \$21,307. transmitted to families.
16,270	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
10,064	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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