

# The LOOKOUT



THE TUSITALA

A reproduction of a photograph by Harold Wallace Smith of the bow of the last American square-rigged ship still in active service. The ship is owned by Mr. James Farrell. Long life to you, Tusitala!

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE  
OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXVI

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# The LOOKOUT

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## LEGACIES TO THE INSTITUTE

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

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

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

JUNE, 1935

No. 6

## HOSPITALITY FOR YOUTHFUL SEAFARERS



AROUND the world and back again! So roams the conversation among the cadets and apprentices who gather in the Institute's Apprentices' Room on the fourth floor, overlooking Jeannette Park. For forty years, through the efforts of the Seamen's Benefit Society, largely through the efforts of the Misses Frances and Augusta de Peyster, young boys studying to become ships' officers have enjoyed the Institute's hospitality while in the Port of New York. At first, in the small Institute on Pike Street, and later on State Street, the only special activity for these lads was the Sunday night supper served after the evening service. In those days, when transportation facilities were limited, cargo ships docked in all sorts of out-of-the way places and boys found it difficult to reach the Institute's headquarters. Then the

Institute tug, the *J. Hooker Hamersley*, began to call on Sunday afternoons around the harbor where ships were loading or discharging cargo, the boys would go on board, and be taken to the Pike Street mission. After the evening services, the boat would return the youngsters to their proper ships. When our building was opened at 25 South Street in 1913, with a large pleasant room especially designated for cadets and apprentices, the Thursday night dances were added to the program. By that time there were subways, surface cars and ferries, serving ships whether at Edgewater, Carteret, Greenspoint or Hoboken, so that their apprentices could easily get to and from the Institute, rendering the tug therefore unnecessary.

Since October, 1921, Mrs. Edith Baxter has been in charge of the



Cadets and Apprentices

Apprentices' Room which is open every afternoon and evening. The tremendous amount of shipping in the Port of New York for some years after the World War, raised the attendance in the Apprentices' Room as high as 1,000 a month. At the present time, we have cadets and apprentices coming regularly in the evenings while their ships are in port, for billiards, ping-pong and other recreation. After attending the moving pictures and sports in the auditorium, they gather for tea and dancing before the Room closes at eleven o'clock. Then they hurry back to their ships, with pleasant memories of their "shore leave" in New York. Gradually a splendid group of young women volunteers has been built up, who give one or two evenings a week, and also take turns in planning the parties for the boys, the sight-seeing trips and other recreational activities, under the supervision of Mrs. Baxter.

Ages are from 15 years up, the average 19. They are shy but ready to be friendly, and are very appreciative. Some of the younger ones, inclined to hide their homesickness beneath a sophisticated exterior,

soon melt under the influence of a friendly smile and a few well chosen references to home and family. Occasionally there is some small service in addition to the friendly word—some errand to be done, a special present to be purchased for one's mother or one's best girl (requiring a woman's advice), a sick boy to be visited in hospital, an endless variety of such services. And as these youthful seafarers grow up and come back as officers, there are long talks about the girl and the job, a slice of wedding cake from across the sea, a wife to be met and piloted around Manhattan — and always quantities of letters waiting to be answered. The jolly photographs illustrating this article were all sent to Mrs. Baxter by Cadets or Apprentices sailing the seven seas.

About four years ago the Cadets of the New York Merchant Marine Academy aboard the Empire State School Ship, stationed in Brooklyn Navy Yard, began to discover the Institute's Apprentices' Room. They are about the same age as the Apprentices and Cadets from ships; they are actually living on ship and are studying to become officers, so

that they have much in common with the American, British, Belgian and Dutch boys who use the room regularly. The School Ship course is two years, including two summer cruises to foreign ports, and the Cadets study hard and are kept well occupied, but in their free time over the weekends (unless they go to their homes) they stop in for a friendly talk, a game of billiards, or to write letters. They are High School graduates, intelligent, and keenly interested in their chosen career. All the various nationalities mix easily and naturally, and over tea and cookies, the talk ranges pleasantly around the world and back again. They exchange the latest slang, discuss new books and pictures, politics, economics, but mostly travel and ships. Perhaps, as the boys become men and are widely separated as Merchant Marine officers under their several national flags, they may remember a chat in the Institute's Apprentices' Room about Antwerp with a Bel-



A sailorman goes back to the farm where a pet pig appears delighted at the reunion.

gian boy, or with a British Apprentice about bicycling in Bermuda or dancing at the Mission in Hull, or a general discussion on the harbors of South Africa, and so we may have done our small part in promoting international understanding.

## THE MAN WHO "CAME BACK"

By William Engle

"IT WAS Christmas Eve of 1934 and I had 4 cents," said George Franklin, able seaman. "So I whispered a little. I said 'Joseph Conrad and Herman Melville and William McFee, stand by.'"

He thinks they did, for on that night human events as they concerned him took a new turn; he is in the money now, and the calms and turbulences of all the seas from the Arctic to the wine-dark do not trouble him any more.

A strange, long, salty trail he pursued before he came to that blustery December evening which made over his life . . . Marseilles, Montevideo, Bombay, Calcutta, Port Said, Mozambique, Hoboken.

Ten years of it, up and down the far ways, on a square-rigger doubling the Horn, on an island schooner in the West Indies, on a freighter in the Pacific, on a man-o'-war, on a tugboat, with the spume of both sides of the Equator blurring in his eyes the sights of the fairest ports of all the world.

Then Hoboken, and no one anywhere wanting a seafaring man to do a day's work with marlinspike or fid, or even to stand a turn at the wheel. Then Westchester. Then this Christmas Eve somewhere along the banks of the frozen Hudson.

"I was in a no man's land above Kingston and stranded," he said today, and scowled as though he

were recalling an evil dream. "There hadn't been any work on ships for months and I'd begun to paint pictures of ships instead of live on them.

"When a letter came from a woman in Saugerties and said she wanted one of my ships, I had to hitch-hike to Kingston. Then, that night, I walked 25 miles, it must have been that, to Newburgh.

"An open roadster came along and picked me up. I gave the fellow my gloves — it was below zero — and he drove us into New York.

"I went to the apartment of the man who had my painting and he wasn't in. I went all around the Village and couldn't find him. At 4 in the morning, when I went back to his apartment, there was a light and he let me in. I was too exhausted to bawl him out for not sending the picture on to the lady in Saugerties."

"Would you mind if I told you what a ship is?" he inquired today . . .

"The ship has three masts . . . the masts bear the yards . . . the yards spread the sails . . . when the seas heave under her keel she rolls on her rail . . . into white, salty foam while the fury of gales whips her wake into spume . . .

"That is a ship.

"But the landlubber calls her a sail boat."

. . . By that time it was Christmas Day and fortune was doing better than in many days and weathers it had done for Able Seaman Franklin. Before dusk he sold the painting for \$300, and he has been selling others — ships so real they look as if they might sail clear off the starboard side of the canvas — ever since.

Sure he can; and get the feeling of the coldness of Labrador on his canvas; or the gentleness of the waves down below what he calls "the Line," meaning equator, and get fight in his oils, get the feeling of men against the ocean.

"Look," he said "I was topgast. That means you take care of the foremast. You go aloft with your small canvas kit, and if you want to rest with the pipe, you hide in the trees and smoke awhile."

Hamburg to Valparaiso — 122 days — that was, and when they came to the Horn they could not get around.

"We'd sail and get in a trough where the wind couldn't touch you. Three weeks we tried to get around. We saw the Horn seven times."

Then they did get around, and this slight, sandy-bearded man, not yet middle aged although not far from it, spoke today of the ordeal as one might speak looking back upon a fine brave time lived, say, at 19 or 20, with death's threat in the ordeal and some fun, too.

George Franklin, the hero of this story, sent the Institute one of his paintings, Rincon (the Corner) and the following tribute:

"The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is to me one of the many pleasant memories from the time when I was going to Sea. It has always been to me a home and social center during my short spells on shore.

"A recent visit to the city showed me that the old S. C. I. is still on deck when it comes to rendering service, and providing clean, ship-shape accommodations for the sometimes bewildered and often obstreperous merchant seaman between voyages.

"In view of the above I feel obligated to dedicate my painting RINCON to the Institute. May it serve as token of my gratitude toward the people who have made the building of such a home possible. May it also serve to express my appreciation of the splendid and efficient efforts by the members of the S. C. I.'s staff to make the full use of the building available to the seaman."

"This is the way it was," he said. Something like that last page in Conrad's 'Youth.' Look it up."

"The good old time—the good old time," it reads. "Youth and the sea. Glamour and the sea. The good, strong sea, the salt, bitter sea that could whisper to you and roar at you, and knock your breath out of you . . ."

He liked it. For ten years he liked it and had it, 1921 to 1931, and then no one any more wanted a sailor.

"I'd come up from Mobile on a barkentine," he said. "I went to an employment agency in W. Fourth St., and tried to get a job where I could learn more English. (He was born in Germany and had art school in Weimar before he went to sea after devaluation of the mark took his father's money.)

"They sent me to a lettuce farm near Middletown. It was funny. I couldn't learn any more English because everyone there spoke German."

So—a Standard Oil tanker to Texas—a freighter to Bombay—another freighter to Calcutta—a freighter to the west coast of South America—a tanker up over the equator.

"Coming up over the line, I made a picture of one of the wipers. I put Neptune in with him and the sun and so forth and some funny words."

He was starting then, although he did not know it, from the mosques of the Malay Archipelago to the ivory towers of Woodstock, N. Y. Because all aboard liked the picture; because he sold it; because he, on order, made others like it and sold them.

Then Hoboken. Then no job.

"I fixed a roof. I painted some walls for a fellow. I did some let-



"Rincon"

tering for signs. And could not make enough to live on.

"So I said, 'I'm going to paint pictures of ships, that's what I like to do.'"

The Hamburg-American Line, it turned out, liked that idea too. They bought something of his for a folder, but it was plain enough, in 1932 as now, that a man would have to have better than fair luck to eke a sustenance out of art.

"I went up to a summer resort near Delaware Water Gap and was getting along pretty good on a minor job there. Then the place burned down. I didn't even have underwear to walk away in. I mean I had pants but nothing to wear underneath."

He wanted to paint some more, or draw some more, but there was this drawback:—

"I didn't have a penny for a pencil."

The people whom he knew at the resort understood what was in his mind.

"'You're so crazy you ought to go to Woodstock,'" they told me.

"'Everyone there,' the lady pro-

prietor of a tearoom in Rockland County told me in June, 1932, 'is crazy.'

So he walked it. He got a job as carpenter on the Woodstock Community House the day he came to town, and a little later looked superciliously upon an exhibition of paintings held by persons with names known across many cities.

"I looked and I said, 'I am so tired of seeing red barns and cows in pastures that I am going to paint ships again.'"

He did and he sold them. He came on to New York. In two months he sold seven marine paintings, and then he bumped into the March of 1933.

"The banks closed and I was down again as flat as flat.

"I went back to Woodstock. It was like seeing the Horn again. Try and try to get around it, or above it, and there after all, it is.

"But I was glad to see it. I got a job laying a sidewalk. I painted a house. I built a log cabin, and got enough money to come back to New York."

"I was a dishwasher. I was on a PWA project. I was dispossessed. I borrowed \$25 and made it last from July to October, and I graduated in my library reading from the Saturday Evening Post to the Mercury to the Atlantic Monthly, and I can say honestly I never did read Liberty."

And he kept on painting pictures of ships.

So when Christmas Eve of 1934 came he was ready for it—and for the new days, the opulent days, the lily-livered days, yet days in which he still is not unmindful of the good strong sea, the salt, bitter sea that could whisper to you and roar at you and knock your breath out of you.

Reprinted from the  
NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM  
Monday, May 13, 1935

#### THE GOOD EARTH

The crew of the *Olympic* paid their respects to their shipmate, Bobby L. . . . who died of pneumonia while the ship was in the Port of New York. After the funeral service in the undertaking establishment the chief mate said to the clergyman: "Would you mind putting this handful of soil in the coffin before it is sealed? You see, sir, Bobby was born in England and on our ship we had some English soil so we thought he would want to have some with him." The minister acquiesced and then the mate said: "Would you mind letting us take your photograph? We think Bobby's mother would like to have a picture of her son's funeral inasmuch as she couldn't be here." Again the clergyman agreed and as he stood beside the grave those famous lines of Rupert Brooke's came to his mind: "If I should die, think only this of me: That there's some corner of a foreign field

That is for ever England . . ."

#### BOOK REVIEWS

##### BELOW LONDON BRIDGE

By H. M. Tomlinson  
and

H. Charles Tomlinson  
Harper & Bros. Price \$2.50.

"Majesty it has, sombre and casual, but imperative" so writes Mr. Tomlinson of the port of London, and it is heartening in these days of change and uncertainty to catch, through this famous traveller, the spirit of the great days of history and commerce; a spirit which lives on and changes to meet our modern requirements. Verbal pictures, colored with philosophy and anecdotes, make up the first half of this book and pave the way for the unique photographic illustrations of the author's son which follow. This is a new and interesting interpretation of London.

##### TIME OUT OF MIND

By Rachel Field

The MacMillan Co. Price \$2.50.

The dwindling of the Maine Coast ship building trade and the coming of summer people combine to make the setting for this story of a ship building family. Major Fortune has the blood of ship-builders in his veins and the shipyards which he inherited are his pride. A memorable scene is the night of the launching of the ill-fated *Rainbow*. The love story is told with Miss Field's usual fine literary craftsmanship. There is a vivid description of Nat Fortune's "Ship Symphony" which should delight readers.

#### IN RECOGNITION OF SEA HEROES



Photo by Keystone View Co.

Sea Heroes Get Recognition. Officers and men of the Cunard-White Star liner *Ascania*, who took part in the rescue of nine of the crew of the freighter *Usworth* receiving medals and cash for their heroism from Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, President of the Life Saving Benevolent Association (who is a Lay Vice-President of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York).

WHEN sea heroes receive recognition for their able seaman-ship and meritorious conduct, the world applauds. The Institute, in some measure, is the landsman's way of paying recognition to the thousands of merchant seamen who also stand ready to do their duty and even to risk their lives in an emergency.

Some of these brave seamen of all races and creeds are sailing on ships all over the world, faithful to their tasks, constant in their devotion to the traditions of the sea, but others—hundreds of them in the Port of New York—are stranded, jobless and penniless, waiting only the call to ships.

To carry on our work requires a great deal of money—the increased cost of food and commodities is a source of constant anxiety—the Spring "pick-up" in shipping still leaves hundreds of worthy merchant seamen without ships—our operating deficit grows higher—and so, we turn—again, as we have before—to our friends and urge them to help us through these difficult days.

Please Send Contributions to the  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 South Street  
New York, N. Y.



The Institute's Booth at the Hobby Round-Up

**H**OARY ancient mariners had better look to their laurels, for the younger generation of merchant seamen is offering them close competition in the carving of ship models, tying rope belts and making rope mats. When the Institute decided to exhibit at the Hobby Collectors' Show at the Hotel Pennsylvania and at the Hobby Round-Up at the Port of New York Authority Building, notices were placed on our bulletin board in the main lobby asking for rope makers and model makers. To the surprise of everyone concerned the men who answered the notice were not grey-bearded old salts, but pink-cheeked youngsters. For example, Able Seaman Frank Kovacic, age 20, can make rose knots, square knots, half-hitches, the intricate star knots, turk's heads, bowline knots, carruk knots, overhand knots and English

lanyards as well as the best of the old-time sailormen. He can make rope belts, table mats, pillow slips and rig ship models.

Asked where he had learned this handicraft associated with sailing ship days, Frank replied with a broad grin: "My father was a seafarer and an old Danish captain used to call on us when I was a child. I could splice rope before I could read or write. My home was in Half Moon Bay, just about thirty miles from 'Frisco, and I've always had a hankering to become a sailor. When I'd tell the mate I could do rope work he and the other older fellows would laugh and say, 'Why, kid, you're not old enough to vote, let alone do sailor knots. Out of our way!' But I finally convinced them and showed them some of the knots I could tie."

And then there is Adam Lehr,

age 23, from St. Louis, Mo. who demonstrated his skill at rope tying at the Hobby Round-Up. There was always a crowd around the Institute's Booth watching Adam make belts. (By the way, we have some of these belts on sale at \$2.50. They are made in all designs and colors, of Dreadnaught twine, which is dyed in fast colors. The belts outwear leather belts and may be washed in hot or cold water. They are most attractive and practical for summer sport clothes for both men and women. Steel buckles cost 25c extra, pearl buckles 75c. Send your order to THE LOOKOUT editor)\* Adam arrived in New York by a somewhat devious route. He had left his home in St. Louis several years ago (a family of nine children was something of a problem so Adam decided he would make the problem 1/9th less.) Since that time he has been an able-bodied seaman for the United Fruit and Ward Lines. He learned rope work from an older sailor. A few months ago he found himself stranded in New Orleans, without a ship. How to get to New York? The usual way occurred to him—hop a freight train. This he did, not knowing that in certain Southern towns it is a minor offense to ride freight trains. In a certain town, which shall be nameless, Adam was arrested as the train pulled into the station and the judge gave him 12 days. Nothing daunted, Adam proceeded to make belts for the judge, the policemen and the jailer (the jailer wanted an especially wide belt to hold his pistol.) At the end of the 12 days Adam had sold enough



Frank Kovacic on the S. C. I. Roof Making Cord Belts

belts to enable him to come the rest of the way to New York by bus. "I never want to look another bean in the face," he laughed as he related his experience. "They served beans in that jail three times a day."

Well, all roads lead to the Institute, and Adam, arriving here, read the notice about our wanting rope belts. The rest is history. Adam has sold enough belts to enable him to earn sufficient train fare to return to his home in St. Louis where a job with his father awaits him. Just a case where a sailor's hobby gave him a chance to become self-supporting once more. With so much unemployment in the shipping industry, the Institute encourages seamen to utilize hidden talents or hobbies by selling their handicraft to the general public.

\* To measure for one of these cord belts, give waist measurement and add four inches for the overlapping. When ordering, indicate preferred width and colors.

## OUR SUPERINTENDENT ADDRESSES THE DIOCESAN CONVENTION

Editor's Note: Mr. Michalis, President of the Institute's Board of Managers, introduced our Superintendent to the 150th Convention of the Diocese of New York held on May 15th in Synod Hall. Referring to the 150th Anniversary of the Diocese of New York and our own "One Hundred Years" in which much had taken place, Mr. Michalis said that the Rev. Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield had been our "greatest loss", and that we had called to take his place the Rev. Harold H. Kelley (whose father also was a clergyman.) He spoke of Mr. Kelley's work at San Pedro saying that he had developed the Institute there to be the third largest in all our ports. He told of his Headmastership of The Harvard School, Los Angeles, from which he was called to the Superintendency of the Institute. He then formally introduced Mr. Kelley to the Convention, whose address, in part, follows:

*Mr. Chairman,  
Gentlemen of the Convention and  
Friends:*

It is a deeply valued privilege to be now a Missionary of this Diocese and in its second oldest institution, the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, to succeed that truly great apostle of the Port, Dr. Mansfield, the benefactor of tens of thousands of Merchant Seamen throughout the world. As dean of workers in Seamen's Institutes on all American coasts, we in other ports looked up to him as counselor and friend. His ministry to seamen was essentially personal and he organized and inspired his Staff to function in a genuinely human, personal fashion so that their work is a ministry, and not a mere job.

Our duty today is to carry on under Christ still more intensively, with the same sense of personal responsibility evinced by our century of activity. There is committed to us the Institute building, a complete community now, and with it, the mandate to serve Merchant Seamen exclusively and completely during their times ashore. In this we recognize ourselves as the representatives of the Diocese and of the thousands of friends who by prayer

and contributions have supported our work on the waterfront.

The Report for 1934 covers a succession of leadership, the last month and more of Dr. Mansfield, over seven months under Mr. Leslie C. Westerman, as Acting Manager, and my own first three months, and through it all our remarkable Board of Managers giving unstintingly of their time, ability and devotion. It was a year full of the "Ideas and Personality" stressed by the Report Committee in the opening lines. It is this that the waterfront, the throbbing border between the ships and the marts and homes of the citizenry, needs. It shows the protection given at the danger line in seamen's lives, the periods between ships. The waterfront resembles the space on the timber pilings of the older docks which is alternately wet and dry, due to tide action, and which is the first to decay. On it settle the sinister influences that undermine personal character, the old fashioned saloons, the cheap cabarets, gambling joints and narcotic peddlers, vagrants, shysters of various professions and trades and the most aggressive of the subversive agitating groups. These groups, particularly extreme radicals, avidly seek seamen because seamen are intelligent and virile, their travel makes them potential propagandists, and, usually without close family ties, they may assume risks more easily than men living in and maintaining their own homes. The Institute of course draws no political lines, but it does, through example and Christian personal influence inculcate good citizenship. It has helped keep New York free from serious waterfront strikes, and

has been a powerful bulwark against destructive agitation. In this connection please remember, however, that not all the men you see on the waterfront are seamen. Many old derelicts drift around South Street who have never served on shipboard.

To this waterfront border from the safety of his ship and probably far from his own home, comes the seaman, and here he can most easily meet decay. On shipboard he was necessarily a part of a highly organized system to keep safe the lives of crew and passengers, the valuable cargo and the ship itself. Ashore he wants to be an individual again, and for this the great Institute stands at 25 South Street. Here he can be a man among old shipmates and a friend with friends on the Staff. Many do not venture far uptown away from the waterfront where they would be lost again in the maelstrom of the city's activities. The Institute is their headquarters, and here they are persons.

At the Institute human nature is actualized, and not a fiction. Here the seaman can find safekeeping for his baggage and money, find recreation, write letters and do most of the other things we can do in our own homes, even to borrowing and repaying small sums of money. If in trouble, he can get material, mental and spiritual help from the Religious and Social Service Department. Here an average of five hundred interviews per day are held with seamen by the friendly staff of workers. Much is heard about our Mother Roper, "the seamen's confidante". Her work is essentially personal, counseling with seamen, writing scores of letters per week to seamen and their families. So also with the Chaplain, giving out vitality in his office, through the recreation rooms, and at bedsides in



"25 South Street"

Marine Hospitals. The soul of it all is our beautiful Chapel of Our Saviour, where the Services are well attended.

The Institute is not and must not be a great machine. It is personal, and dedicated under Christ to the treatment of Merchant Seamen as men. Again I say, it is one of the few places where this is primarily stressed. As Christ ministered on the shore, and changed fishermen and boatmen into disciples, so this Diocese, through its own Seamen's Church Institute, ministers on the shores of this immense world port to tens of thousands of Merchant Seamen from all parts of the globe. They are welcomed and served without distinction as to nationality or creed. They are given stability in the face of difficulties; safety for their persons; and inspiration for better living.

So we look forward to carrying on into the second century of the Institute's work, continuing to grow as an institution of this great Diocese of New York.

## CONRAD'S "OTAGO"



Ashfield, Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tasmania  
22nd March, 1935

The Secretary  
The Seamen's Church Institute  
New York City  
Dear Sir:

I learned recently when looking at an old copy of the New York Times of 13th May, 1934 that you have a Joseph Conrad Memorial Library, and I thought you might be interested to know that the barque "Otago," the only ship ever commanded by Conrad, is now lying in the River Derwent near here. I am enclosing a photograph of her and you will see she is finishing her days moored in a quiet bay about five miles up the river from Hobart.

You are probably aware that Conrad's stories "The Shadow Line" and "Falk" were written about the "Otago". We have recently had a letter from a Mr. Snadden, a son of the Captain of the "Otago" who died on board shortly before Conrad took command. He had heard that she was lying in the Derwent and wished to obtain something from her to remind him of his father's old command.

It interested me very much to see that you have a memorial library named after Conrad and I hope the above information will be of interest to you.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) J. M. T. Butler

Mr. J. M. T. Butler  
Ashfield, Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tasmania.  
Dear Sir:

Let me thank you very sincerely for your most interesting letter and for the photograph of Conrad's ship the "Otago". While one regrets the passing of these fine old square rigged vessels, I feel that this is a more kindly end than that which comes to some through conversion into coal barges or being broken up for their copper.

The "Otago" fits beautifully into the background of hills which I presume are typical of your Islands. We are having this photograph enlarged and framed for the wall of our Conrad Library. A beautiful painting of the "Torrrens" done and given by Mr. Charles R. Patterson, now graces the Library. Enclosed are some circulars and post card pictures of the Institute. One is being made now of the Conrad Library and a copy will be sent to you as soon as received from the press.

If at any time you come to the States and New York we hope you will find time to visit the Seamen's Church Institute here.

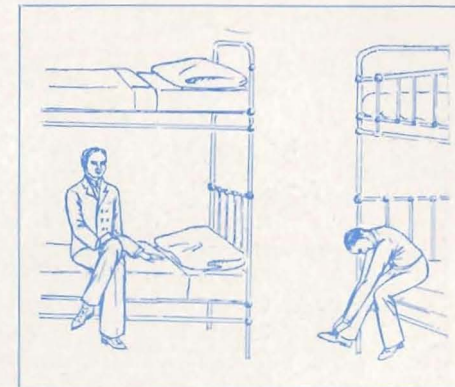
With kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,  
Harold H. Kelley  
Superintendent

## Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen by the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK From January 1st to April 30th, 1935



More than 2,000 seamen fed daily.



Nearly 1,600 seamen lodged nightly.

<b>178,396</b>	Lodgings (including <b>138,850</b> relief beds).
<b>61,912</b>	Pieces of Baggage handled.
<b>534,537</b>	Sales at Lunch Counter and Restaurant.
<b>422,809</b>	Relief Meals served.
<b>10,373</b>	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
<b>6,696</b>	Attended <b>137</b> Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
<b>2,626</b>	Cadets and Seamen attended <b>144</b> Lectures in Merchant Marine School; <b>24</b> new students enrolled.
<b>67,368</b>	Social Service Interviews.
<b>4,495</b>	Relief Loans.
<b>1,855</b>	Individual Seamen received relief.
<b>43,861</b>	Books and magazines distributed.
<b>3,182</b>	Pieces of clothing and <b>1,293</b> Knitted Articles distributed.
<b>168</b>	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinics.
<b>67,470</b>	Attended <b>82</b> entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
<b>304</b>	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
<b>1,326</b>	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
<b>5,874</b>	Barber, Cobbler and Tailor Relief services.
<b>130</b>	Missing seamen found.
<b>578</b>	Positions procured for Seamen.
<b>1,117</b>	Made deposits in Seamen's Funds Department.
<b>\$65,594.</b>	Deposited for safe-keeping and <b>\$7,174.</b> transmitted to families.
<b>10,457</b>	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
<b>5,831</b>	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.



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