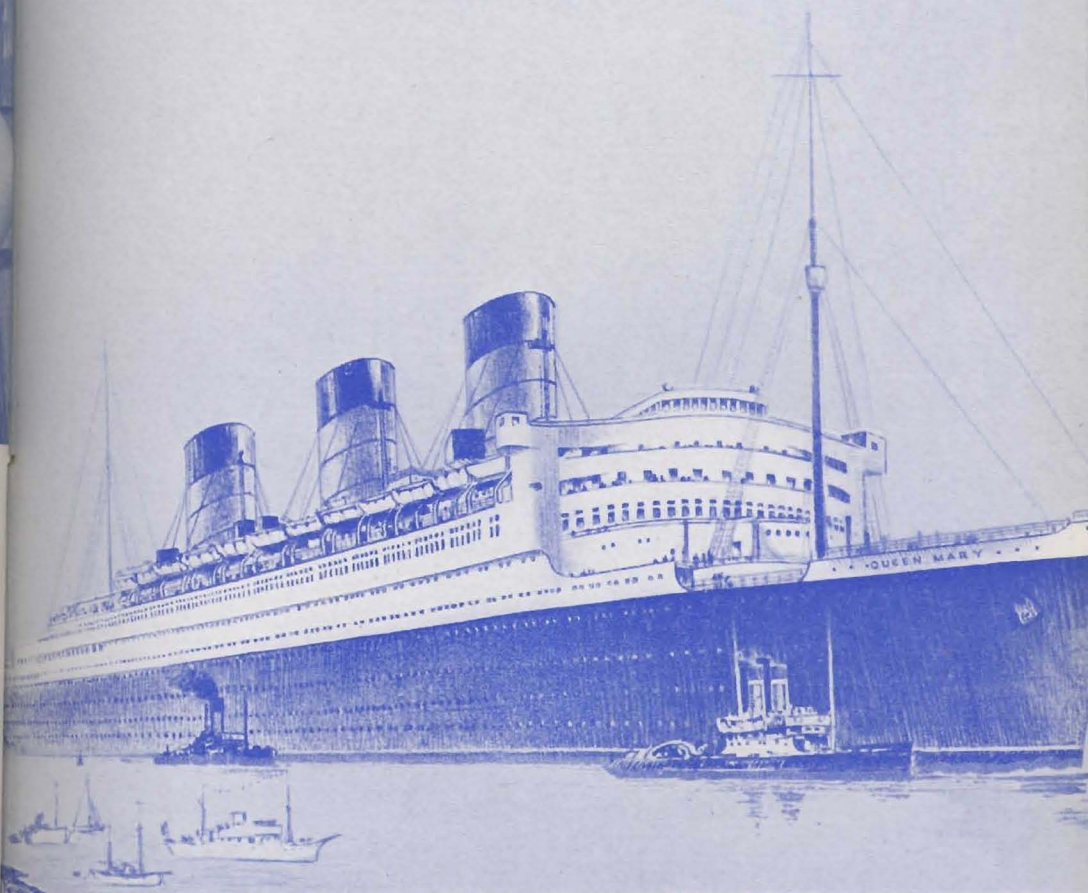


THE

# LOOKOUT



—Drawing by Frank H. Mason

THE CUNARD WHITE STAR R.M.S. QUEEN MARY

MAIDEN VOYAGE, MAY 27, 1936

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

THIS MONTH'S COVER is reproduced from an etching by Frank H. Mason in "Shipping Wonders of the World". The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., London.

*The*  
**LOOKOUT**

VOL. XXVII, MAY, 1936  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
by the  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH  
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK  
25 SOUTH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.  
Telephone BOWling Green 9-2710  
CLARENCE G. MICHALIS  
President  
FRANK T. WARBURTON  
Secretary-Treasurer  
REV. HAROLD H. KELLEY  
Superintendent

MARJORIE DENT CANDEE  
Editor, THE LOOKOUT

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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.

## Announcing A Supper Dance and British Fashion Show To Welcome the New Super-Liner "Queen Mary"

on Thursday evening, June 4, 1936, 10:30 O'clock  
on the STARLIGHT ROOF of the HOTEL WALDORF-ASTORIA  
under the auspices and for the benefit of the  
SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

#### HONORARY CHAIRMAN OF PATRONESSES:

Her Excellency, The British Ambassador, Lady Lindsay

LADY CAMPBELL • LADY SPARKS

#### GUESTS OF HONOR

*Commodore*, SIR EDGAR BRITTEN  
(in command of the R.M.S. Queen Mary)  
SIR PERCY BATES AND LADY BATES  
SIR ALFRED BOOTH, BART. AND LADY BOOTH  
*Staff Captain*, B. H. DAVIES

#### SPECIAL FEATURE:

An all-British Fashion Show showing  
men's, women's and children's fashions for  
street, sport and evening wear (selected by  
VOGUE from leading British designers)

#### ENTERTAINERS

MISS GLADYS COOPER  
MR. PHILIP MERIVALE  
MR. MAURICE EVANS  
MR. BOB HOPE  
MISS EVE ARDEN  
MR. RODNEY MCLENNON  
CHERRY AND JUNE PREISSER  
MR. DUKE McHALE  
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Fashion Comments by: MRS. EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE, *Editor*, VOGUE  
and  
MR. EDWARD H. SYMONDS, *Director*, Reville, Ltd.,  
Dressmakers to Her Majesty, Queen Mary

ADMISSION \$7.50 per person (including supper). No cover charge.

Please make checks payable to: Seamen's Church Institute of New  
York and mail to:

MR. HARRY FORSYTH  
*Chairman Ways and Means Committee*  
25 South Street  
New York, N. Y.

FOR BEST CHOICE OF TABLES SEND IN YOUR RESERVATIONS EARLY.

## Hospitality for Shipwrecked Crews



—Photo by courtesy of "The Ocean Ferry,"  
International Mercantile Marine Co.

Captain Robert H. Wright, master of the *City of Newport News*, from a photograph taken when his ship docked at Newport News with the 33 survivors.

"I thought I never see home again, and then here come the ship. She have the American flag flying. Oh! Great ship. God bless the United States."

This was Nick Cassimus, Greek seaman, telling reporters his version of the dramatic moment on February 18th last, when he stood in the crow's nest of the rapidly sinking Greek freighter *Stefanos Costomenis* and watched the Baltimore Mail liner *City of Newport News* reach them in time to save all hands.

Captain Robert H. Wright, commander of the *Newport News* told the rescue story in a single, terse message to Line officials:

"Entire crew (thirty-three) safe aboard. Am proceeding Norfolk 5 P.M. Due Capes 6 A.M. Thursday."

The *Institute* was host to twenty-two of the freighter's crew when they were brought to New York by train. The rescuing captain paid high tribute to the courage of the Greek vessel's officers and crew, and to the fine seamanship displayed in handling the lifeboats and holding them away from the side of the *City of Newport News* to prevent waves from dashing them to pieces against her steel side. Captain Wright used a directional finder and frequent radio reports to find the disabled vessel. By the time he reached her the freighter had nineteen feet of water in the lower holds and the "tween decks" were awash. The transfer of the entire crew was effected without accident, in spite of squalls and heavy seas.

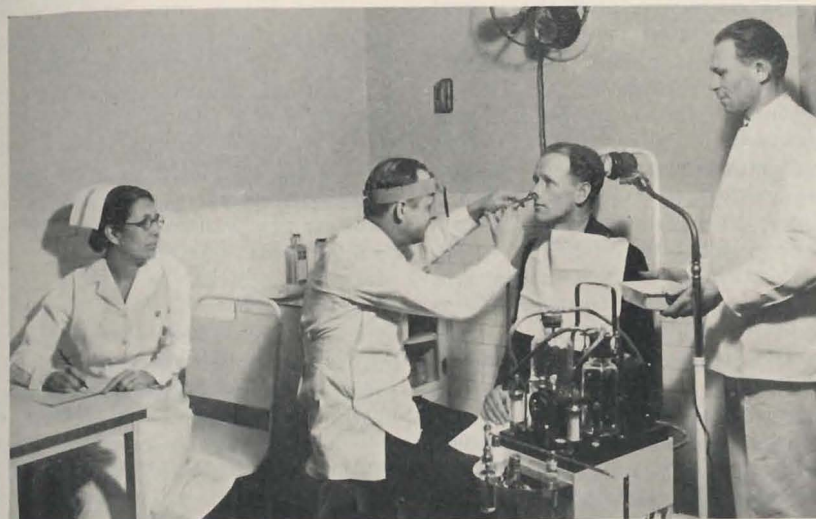
Twenty-eight members of the crew of the Norwegian freighter *Gisla* were rescued when their ship sank at her Baltimore pier on February 21st. Seventeen of these seamen were brought to New York by train and thence to the *Institute*, where accommodations were provided on the ninth floor.

The crew seated at breakfast in the cafeteria, told THE LOOKOUT editor how the *Gisla* had carried a cargo of sulphur and soda and that a fire or an explosion had caused her to sink suddenly. All on board managed to escape.

Clothing and knitted articles were supplied these crews, due to the generosity of the members of the Central Council of Associations who keep the *Institute* well stocked with such items for use in emergencies.

Both Greek and Norwegian crews, presenting a picturesque contrast in our lobby, blonde Viking and swarthy Grecian types, were most appreciative of the services we were able to render.

## Extending Our Clinic Facilities



—Photo by Paul Parker.

HE had hitch-hiked all the way from Baltimore, and judging by the swollen condition of his feet, he had hiked more than he had hitched. His face was frost-bitten and his thin jacket scarcely covered him as he labored up the steps of the *Institute*. The officer at the door, assisting him, and remembering that the new medical clinic had opened on that very day (January 22nd) shouted to a fellow staff member: "Call the Doctor!"

And the doctor and nurse from the clinic arrived just in time before the seaman collapsed. He was given medical treatment, a pair of clean socks and bedroom slippers to wear until his feet returned to their normal size. Then he was given a private room on the sixth floor where he could rest in bed and have his meals served until he had recovered.

Thus the new clinic is proving a God-send to many seamen. Heretofore only emergency cuts and burns could be treated at the *Institute*, from the First-Aid kit by the dental clinic nurse, but medical care is now possible for all injuries and illnesses excepting those requiring surgery. The inclement weather of the past three months has revealed that the "common cold" is not just a landlubber's complaint. Seamen, too, suffer from these colds, and our John Markle Nose and Throat Clinic has been doing a rushing business lately. It has been revealed that seamen are particularly susceptible

to respiratory infections and grippe—doubtless working irregular hours on deck in all kinds of weather, often drenched and chilled to the bone, has made them the easy prey of "common colds." The Clinic has checked these infections, thus preventing widespread pneumonia among the seafaring population.

When a seaman has the grippe, he may stay in a private room at the *Institute*, there to receive medical and nursing service, just as if he were in a hospital. Several amusing scenes have occurred in the *Institute's* lobby when impatient seamen, convalescing from grippe, have decided to leave their rooms and seek jobs. Our clinic's orderly has had to chase them around the lobby and make them go back to bed! Thanks to our loyal Association women who knit and sew, bathrobes, bedroom slippers and surgical bandages are provided. Since the medical clinic opened on January 22nd, an average of ten seamen each week have stayed in the private rooms, or in the "sick bay" adjoining the clinic, and a total of 379 have visited the clinics for minor injuries and ailments.

The *Institute's* new clinic is an answer to a long-felt need of seamen who are on shore more than sixty days and not eligible for treatment in U. S. Marine Hospitals, nor as non-residents, eligible for regular care in city hospitals.

## Spring Fever and Sea Fever

SPRING fever and the recent balmy weather have visibly affected the waterfront. You cannot stroll along South Street without stumbling over a would-be poet with a wistful expression on his face or a youngster of sixteen or eighteen who shows signs of suffering from that dread disease "sea fever."

For around the Battery, spring fever is synonymous with sea fever, and this promises to be a record-breaking year for young boys looking for sea jobs at the Institute. They come to our Employment Bureau and, shifting from one foot to the other, manage to blurt out: "How can I get a job on a boat?" Now that very question, it seems, gives them away as landlubbers, for the trained seafarer will approach the subject somewhat differently. He will ask: "Have you got a bos'un's job?" or "Anything for an O.S.?" or "Do you need an oiler or wiper?" And he will produce his ship discharge papers as evidence of former trips.

The age-old call of the sea is heard more persistently during the Spring season than at any other time. College boys, on Spring vacation, wander into the Institute with the hope of making plans for the Summer season. According to the Institute's employment department, an average of six would-be sailors a day apply for ship jobs, only to be told: "Sorry, there's no chance for the inexperienced. There are plenty of trained seamen out of work."

But the urge to go "down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky" must be satisfied somehow, so many a lad filled with wanderlust, wanders over to Jeannette Park, opposite the Institute's tall building, and while the breezes blow in from

the East River, composes a poem embodying his yearning for "a tall ship and a star to steer her by."

Bonafide seamen, too, have the urge to write poetry—possibly inspired by the illustrious John Masefield, England's seaman poet laureate. Nor is this poetic urge confined to the seamen on deck. Even members of "the black gang" express themselves in rhyme and rhythm.

A year ago Mrs. Janet Roper, our house mother, broadcast in the press and over the radio a message urging boys with "sea fever" to stay home and to continue their schooling. She pointed out the difficulty seasoned mariners have in securing work and she urged these sea-struck youths to apply for instruction at school ships where they could learn navigation and all the other essentials of seamanship. Then, when times improved, they would be qualified to apply for practical experience on commercial ships. But in spite of her warning, the youth of the country still flock, and particularly when Spring comes 'round, to New York's great waterfront and wistfully ask: "How can I get a job on a boat?"



## The Ships' Menagerie

Editor's Note:

There has been a great deal of response to the article by Seaman C. B. W. Richardson entitled "Elegy For A Dying Tongue", which was published in the January issue of THE LOOKOUT (reprinted from Scribner's Magazine, by special permission). Now comes an article sent in by a member of the Institute's Board of Managers, Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, U.S.N., Retired, who points out some further interesting sea terms which are still used on shipboard.

WHEN Noah put the ark out of commission, he was not accountable to anybody for getting the animals ashore and so, evidently, some of them stayed behind long enough to leave their marks on board, some of which have come down to this day. There are *dogs* all over the ship, *ducks* in the sail room, a *cathead* on each bow, many a *gooseneck* about, and a *swallow* in every block. The *pelican* hook keeps out of the *crow's nest* but is usually the better for a little *mousing* around. The little *colt*—or short ropes end which every captain of a top carried in his cap, handy for assisting the lagging topmen up the rigging—grew up into a *Flemish horse*, which took his meals in the *manger*, so-called because near the *hawse*, alongside the *jackasses*, in the cool breeze coming through the *bridle port*, and supported the weather *earring* man after he had used the footropes in the *stirrups* to get out to the *cockscomb*. The *cat* and *fish* used to get the anchor in, and a *crane* now gets the boats out. Sword belts and some uniform coats have *frogs*, the backstays are *snaked* down for action, and the shrouds have *ratlines*. Wireless has introduced a *rattail* and a *squirrel* cage. A *bull* ring and *bull* rope are ready and waiting, but we only have the *bull's* eyes and his tobacco. Possibly he was

kept away by the *wildcat* and the *lioness* which used to hang out around the capstan where she left her *whelps*. Neither the *centipede* nor the *shark's* mouth bites, *foxes* are seldom seen on a *whale-back*, but at a navy yard a *camel* may come alongside. Every one knows that the watches between 4 and 8 p.m., are called *dog* watches because they are *curtailed*.

The ship herself has a *head, eyes, waist, body* and *bowels, a forefoot, a regular devil's claw* and sometimes a *heel*. She prefers to wear colors by day and always celebrates in *full dress*, but when not particular about wearing, she sometimes gets in *stays*. Those fine, hardwood *bars* around the capstan have given place to powerful *wenches*, but the ship still gets regularly *lit up*. Now and then she gets on a *slue*.

The sails, too, are rather human, having a *head, throat, foot*, and belly. They wear *earrings*, use *sheets*, and do best with good *trimming*, but they are real sports, for, when all set, they never mind a *spanking* breeze, since it is all for the general good. Be careful with a *hawser*, for it has a *heart* and may chafe if it is not well served.

On reading a book, "The Cruise of the Caroline," by Surgeon James Johnson, R.N. we learned of several sea terms which are in common usage by landsmen: "half seas over," meaning slightly tipsy but still able to navigate; "Irish hurricane," or "up and down the mast," meaning a dead calm; "hell (or devil) to pay and no pitch hot" meant to a seaman trouble, coupled with unpreparedness. As used in this phrase "pay" has the nautical meaning to smear with pitch.

## "They Came Ashore Eagerly"

IN Pearl Buck's latest book, "The Exile," she describes an experience of her mother in China which particularly concerns seamen and hence will be of interest to LOOKOUT readers. This remarkable woman, isolated from her beloved America and with personal burdens almost too great to bear, could still see the loneliness of American seamen and could recognize their dire need for wholesome recreation while ashore, and SHE DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT. But read Pearl Buck's own description of the way in which her resourceful mother befriended the seafarers who came into the port of Chinkingang:

"Nevertheless, it was these men from her own country whom Carie learned to pity much. They came ashore eagerly, crude young fellows from every state in the Union, laughing, brawny, anxious for fun. There was nothing for them to do, however, and failing else they could crowd into the filthy little compradore shop and buy stale chocolate and English biscuits and above all bottle after bottle of Scotch whiskey. Far into the night and until dawn she would hear them from her room above, singing and shouting and weeping drunkenly . . .

"But she could not forget her pity and her shame for her countrymen, and so she began to do something she continued for many years. When a foreign ship was due in harbor she baked cakes, great snowy cocoanut cakes and rich black chocolate cakes whose feathery texture she had learned to make in the cool tiled kitchen at her home (in West Virginia), and pies and cookies, and she invited the boys to tea. There was little in common between the raw lads who crowded in, grinning with shyness, to the small rooms, and this woman, cultivated and gracious. But to her there was the deep tie of race and of country, and it warmed her heart to see them stuffing good cake and pie and drinking gallons of lemonade. When they were fed to capacity, she sang to them and sometimes just sat and let them talk to her, woman-starved as they were. When they were gone, she had a triumph in her that for at least one time she had kept them safe—had protected them and given them a little of America."

Can't you just imagine, from this vivid word picture, those sailor boys enjoying the comforts of a real home after long months at sea? What Carie did for these men in that isolated



—Harper's Weekly, Sept. 4, 1869.

Along the Docks, New York City. A View of West Street.  
Past—Present—Future—Seamen Ashore Need the Friendly Help of the Institute,  
Whether They Toiled on Ancient Craft as Above or on Ultra-modern Liners.

city of China is what the *Institute* here in New York is doing, except on a larger scale. Last year 157,227 seamen attended 209 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures provided free of charge at "25 South Street." In addition, the game rooms are always crowded. All games are in great demand; the men line up waiting their turn to use the pool tables, bowling alleys, checkers, etc. Important sporting events are broadcast and large groups of seamen gather to hear football, baseball, boxing and hockey events. And the popularity of the Conrad Library is ever increasing.

This complete recreational program is made possible by the contributions to the Institute's Ways and Means Fund. Such activities, like social service, must be provided without charge. Kindly send cash or checks to: SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK, 25 South Street.

## The Associations Carry on

MARCH 25, 1936 will stand out in the annals of the Central Council of Associations of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York—a day on which the three pictured protagonists in Institute work journeyed to 25 South Street to meet with officers, members of the Associations, and friends in their seventh annual Get-Together. This year's Reception and Tea given by the Central Council purported particularly to introduce the new Chairman of the Council, Mrs. A. R. Mansfield, to her coworkers. Some three hundred gathered to greet their new leader who has taken over the task from Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann, "skipper" of the Associations through the last eight testing years, whose steadying hand was on the tiller while the ship raced from the very crest of the financial wave—to its deepest trough.

The Rev. H. H. Kelley, presiding at the gathering in the Institute's Lobby on the second floor, welcomed the Associations, commented gratefully on the continuity of their services, and then introduced Mr. C. G. Michalis, President of the Board of Managers. He also expressed gratitude to the Associations, stressing his obligation to Mrs. Cammann for "standing by" during that interval when the Institute changed captains from Dr. A. R. Mansfield to Mr. Kelley. Mrs. Cammann, he said, backed by her force of organized Associations, gave the Board a sense of stability and security at a most trying time.

Mr. Michalis introduced Mrs. Mansfield as Mrs. Cammann's worthy successor. Mrs. Mansfield's greeting was as pertinent and sincere as it was brief. She expressed her pleasure in sharing in a work which she had watched her husband build up over a period of years; she said she hoped to see the women's Associations expand—to approach, if not to achieve, that membership of 10,000 which Dr. Mansfield had told her was his hoped-for goal—a challenge entirely consistent with that spirit which dominated all of Dr. Mansfield's work.

The roster of speakers would have been incomplete without Mrs. Roper, who has always taken some part in the Annual Get-Together of the Associations. She has introduced seamen actors at former shows held in the Institute's Auditorium; she has performed as pugilist, "defending her title" by "knocking out" T. M. Barlow; she has figured as a stowaway and emerged from a sea chest, smothered in knitted garments she was smuggling in for her boys; she was Master of Ceremonies at an old-time "Night at a Seamen's Mission." This year she spoke her piece like the lady she is, recalling persons and occasions which stand out in her memory as important in the making of Institute history.

The stirring words of these four speakers were fittingly enhanced by a group of songs delightfully sung by Mr. George Baker, accompanied by Miss Anne Conrow, our Chapel soloist and organist, respectively. Brev-



Mrs. H. Schuyler Cammann

Miss Augusta de Peyster

—Photos by Lee Pearly Studios.  
Mrs. Archibald R. Mansfield

ity of program left plenty of time for those unfamiliar with the Institute to see something of its accommodations and activities.

Those who did not "tour" found tea awaiting them in the Apprentices' Room. Here Miss de Peyster, Mrs. Cammann, Mrs. H. H. Kelley, Mrs. Ralph Jacoby, Mrs. E. A. Weeks, Mrs. Chas. F. Seaman, Mrs. Alva Collins, Mrs. H. L. R. Edgar, and Miss I. C. King poured tea, spelling each other. (It was during one of these "spells" that photographs, reproduced above, were taken). Continuously from 3:30 to 6:30 tired visitors were refreshed after their trip over the building, old friends found each other and chatted contentedly, and new friends acclaimed the Institute.

The time was redolent of reminiscence. Perhaps Miss de Peyster and Mrs. Mansfield recalled the old Pike Street days when the latter, bride of the Superintendent, and Miss de Peyster, founder of the Seamen's Benefit Society, sat together on the platform of the Mission and entertained the seamen—or rather, enjoyed with them the antics and sleight-of-hand performances of volunteer entertainers. Were these early days responsible for Dr. Mansfield's idea of women supporters of his work?—Caryatides, feminine pillars! If a church needs pillars, why not an Institute? Surely it is right and relevant to add that Miss de Peyster and her Society have continued their good work. For example, members of the Seamen's Benefit Society, paying dues to their present Director, Miss Emie S. Day, are bearing all the entertainment expenses of the Apprentices' Room. Theirs is an active, vital part of the work today.

Well might Mr. Kelley commend the continuity of the services of these leaders and their Associations whose slogan is Expansion!

CLARA M. DIBBLE, *Secretary.*

## Appropos of Figureheads



Figurehead of "President Garfield"

My dear Mr. Kelley:

REGARDING the figurehead of the old "President Garfield:" it is quite true that we have the old ship in port here doing duty as a "Maestranza" (Spanish for workshop), but she does not now possess a figurehead. As a result of my inquiries however, I learned that, some time ago, her figurehead had been removed and placed on the Chilean passenger-ship "Maipo."

When your inquiry arrived, the "Maipo" was on a voyage up the Coast, and I had therefore to await her return to Valpo before I could secure the enclosed pictures which I trust will serve your purpose. They were snapped from the Mission Launch on a rather cloudy afternoon.

The "President Garfield" was burned out some forty years ago in a small port near Valparaiso, called Quinteros. The hull was bought by the Chilian Steamship Co. (Cia Sud Americana de Vapores), towed to Valparaiso, and, since then has been used as a floating repair-shop and store ship. MAESTRANZA,

by the way, is not the name of the vessel. A number of the C.S.A.V. boats (including, of course, the "Maipo") have figureheads (Mascaronas de proa).

Many thanks for the "Lookout" which you so kindly sent down. It is a very bright and instructive little publication, and I shall look forward to seeing the continuation of your article on figureheads.

It was interesting to read of your having visited this Institute back in '28. We are a very small outfit compared with 25 South Street, but we do our best to keep the old flag flying. I frequently talk to men who have passed through your hands, and their accounts of the great work you are doing have so fired my imagination that if ever I have an opportunity of visiting your great City, you will surely receive a call from

Yours very sincerely,  
(Signed) A. Buchanan,

Missioner  
Valparaiso Seamen's Institute.

The last hopeful clue leading to the solution of the mysterious origin of the "Sir Galahad" figurehead, mounted over the Institute's main entrance has led nowhere.

Our "Sir Galahad" figurehead was purchased at an auction sale in 1926 and presented to the Institute by Mr. I. J. Merritt in memory of his father, Captain I. J. Merritt. A careful search of Lloyds and other records of old sailing ships, American, Canadian and British, has found no ship by the name of "Sir Galahad," which name had been given to the figurehead in the catalogue of the Anderson Art Galleries. The collector, Max Williams, who purchased the figurehead from the collection of the late Captain Cham-



Figurehead of "Sir Galahad"



Figurehead of "The Black Prince"

bers of England is dead. Marine and armor experts have all searched thoroughly but in vain for a clue.

Mr. Charles R. Patterson, on seeing the figurehead suggested that it might have come from the "Black Prince." This theory was given further weight by the statement of an old sea captain who recalled seeing the ship in a Southampton dock many years ago. He distinctly remembered the figurehead as being of a warrior. Recently the picture

of the "Black Prince's" figurehead turned up (located through the Nautical Photo Agency, London) and although it resembles it, it is definitely not that of the figurehead at the Institute. (See illustrations).

So, until proved otherwise, the beautiful figurehead will continue to be known to sailormen along New York's waterfront as "Sir Galahad." Can any reader help us to solve this mystery?

## In Appreciation

Rev. H. H. Kelley,  
New York, N. Y.

Reverend Sir:

I have been residing at the Institute continuously since December 18th, 1934. On the 26th day of last month, I was very suddenly stricken in the bath room, sustained a bad fall and became unconscious. I knew nothing about the affair until I came to my senses, in my room, where Mr. Trench with a doctor was taking care of me and dressing my wounded face. If it had not been for the attention given me, I would probably have died, which would not have mattered to the world, but after all it is sweet to live, and I am glad that I did not die. When Mr. Trench left my room, assuring me that I would be taken care of, although suffering, I felt so

good that I just went to sleep, and I guess I slept like a baby, knowing that I was all right and no matter what happened I was amongst dear friends who would see that everything would be well with me, and it certainly was. The next day I visited the Clinic and both the doctor and nurse were very kind and have been while I have been taking treatment. I think I am all well again and I wish to express my thanks and appreciation to you and the Institute for all that was done for me. I haven't had a home for many years, but somehow the Institute seems like one to me, and I assure you I am deeply grateful for being granted the rare privilege of living there. I thank you.

Sincerely yours,  
(Signed) Frank A.  
(A Seaman)

# Easter At The Institute

On Maundy Thursday the annual special service of Holy Communion for staff members was held in the Chapel of Our Saviour. Our Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, officiated, assisted by our Chaplain, the Rev. David MacDonald. That evening a moving picture of The Crucifixion was presented in the Auditorium; 650 seamen attended. Before the picture started Mother Roper spoke of Holy Week and Easter to her large

family of seamen. It was a beautiful message and the men paid high tribute to her by respectful attention and hearty applause. The entire hour from 8 to 9 was one of respect and reverence that was not only fitting to the true meaning of the day but a great credit to the men present. Good Friday and Easter Sunday services with special music were held in the two Marine Hospitals and the Institute Chapel, all being well attended.

## Book Reviews

### "FOG AND MEN ON BERING SEA"

By Max Miller

(E. P. Dutton & Co.) Price: \$3.00

Max Miller has covered another waterfront in his "Fog and Men on Bering Sea". This time he writes of Alaska, from Seattle to the Bering Sea, as he saw it from the Coast Guard cutter "Northland". The Northland makes a yearly trip along this coast, stopping at remote villages to set up an impromptu medical clinic and pull teeth or tonsils, as the case may be. The author writes in a skillful manner of incidents in the lives of these Coast guardsmen, fog-bound for dreary days, and of Eskimos in communities far beyond the tourist trails. He is a realist and gives no romanticized version of Alaska. Rather is there an ironical twist to his comments on the results of some of our governmental paternalism there.

A.W.C.

### FULL AND BY

By David Stanley Livingstone with an Introduction by William McFee  
(Faber and Faber) London

"Full and By" is a story of the sea told with a directness and simplicity of expression, a naturalness of literary style, in the vivid language of a seafaring man who seems literally to have been inspired. The author is without school-book education. It took him twelve years to write "Full and By."

It is the story of the last two weeks of a sailing vessel's life: the "Jason". Homeward bound from St. John, Nova Scotia to Boston Bay through five days of fog: rudderless—deck cargo washed away—pump gone—foghorn silenced—main tops'l halyard carried away—water

and rations finished—"nothing much left but the crew"—five in all—one, the cook, in irons; small wonder the Chief Mate is heard to exclaim "Judas Priest! What a voyage!" And—"what a tale to tell!" A tale of intrepidity, loyalty, courage, determination—qualities of human greatness simply told. There may be greater stories of the sea, but none more real, more compelling, more shorn of all pretense than "Full and By." H.P.

### VOYAGE TO GALAPAGOS

By Wm. Albert Robinson

(Harcourt Brace & Co.) Price: \$3.00

This is a second delightful book of adventure by the author of "10,000 Leagues Over Sea." Robinson made his first trip with a crew of one (the Tahitian sailor "Etera" who spent Christmas, 1931, at the Institute). This time his crew was his wife, a very sporting person, and an artist cousin. From the outset a JINX seemed to be after the 32 ft. SVAAP and her crew—driving them first into revolution in Cuba, where they were suspected of political intrigue, then into a mad race with a hurricane in the Caribbean and eventually to be wrecked in a Panama Jungle.

As if these misadventures were not enough, after the laboriously rebuilt SVAAP had reached Galapagos, the writer found himself with acute appendicitis. The thrilling story of the fishermen of the Santa Cruz, the officers and men of the U. S. Navy who flew 1,000 miles to bring surgical aid, and brought destroyers which ultimately provided an operating room for one of the strangest appendectomies on record, is simply and gratefully told.

A.W.C.



## Summary of Services Rendered to Merchant Seamen

by the

### SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to April 1st, 1936

60,781	Lodgings (including relief beds).
33,269	Pieces of Baggage handled.
192,827	Sales at Soda Luncheonette and Restaurant.
69,423	Sales at News Stand.
5,074	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
3,014	Attended 109 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
954	Cadets and Seamen attended 107 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 27 new students enrolled.
25,634	Social Service Interviews.
4,760	Relief Loans.
2,370	Individual Seamen received Relief.
15,188	Books and magazines distributed.
1,215	Pieces of clothing and 1,467 Knitted Articles distributed.
620	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat & Medical Clinics.
36,340	Attended 48 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
106	Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
1,321	Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
55	Missing Seamen found.
861	Positions procured for Seamen.
\$56,831.	Deposited for 1,059 Seamen in Banks; \$8,311. transmitted to families.
6,838	Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
3,236	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.



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\*We regret to report the loss, by death, of Mr. F. Kingsbury Curtis, on March 4th. Mr. Curtis served on the Institute's Board of Managers for sixteen years and his friendly counsel and cooperation will be deeply missed by his associates.