

The LOOKOUT



A Fishing Trawler After A Winter Storm

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

VOL. XXIX NO. 2

FEBRUARY, 1938

THIS MONTH'S COVER is reproduced from a photograph by F. Allan Morgan. The scene is Fulton Fish Market, when a traveler laden with ice and fish, arrives from the Grand Banks. These sturdy little craft, and their plucky crews, ply their trade in all hours and in all weathers.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXIX, FEBRUARY, 1938

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by the

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INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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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.

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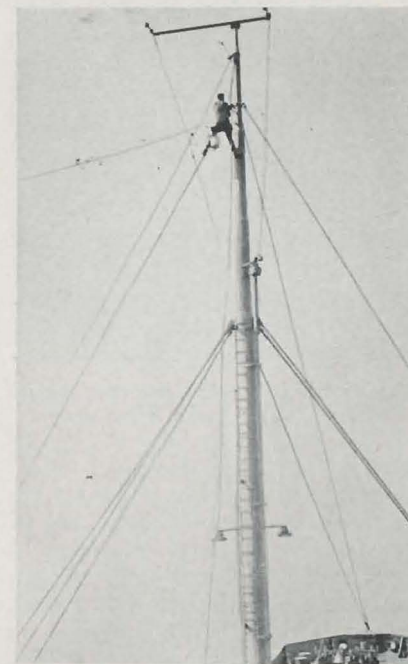
Some Thoughts on The American Merchant Marine

By William McFee

EDITOR'S NOTE: Following are a few excerpts from an address made by Mr. McFee, noted author, columnist and ship's engineer, at the January meeting of the Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine. They are reproduced here with the kind permission of Mr. McFee. We regret that space does not permit inclusion of the entire speech.

... AMERICA is a continental country in which the vast majority of the population never go near the sea. There is therefore an unusually difficult task before us in overcoming the inertia of an inland, largely agricultural population toward ships. Most large continental countries lack a merchant marine unless very heavily subsidized by the state. Most maritime countries, even when geographically small, like Denmark, Finland, Holland, England and Norway, have a comparatively large seagoing population. Psychologically America is not a seagoing nation. Nor is it a ship-owning nation. . . . It is something entirely different from shore work. It requires not only a lifetime but a succession of lifetimes to master the shipping business. This has been recognized in England for more than a generation.

... Another serious obstacle to maritime development in America is the traditional attitude towards goods of foreign origin. You can only pay for goods with goods and to a certain extent with services. . . . Seamen, when I first went to sea thirty years ago, were largely illiterate in the sense that they lived



Painting the Mast Calls for Steady Nerves.
Courtesy "The Lamp", Standard Oil Co. of N. J.

from day to day, and their philosophy was largely embodied in the phrase "the more days the more dollars". They were so illiterate that I have seen half a dozen in one muster make a mark instead of signing their names. They kept a good watch at sea and had a good time in port. . . . I have not been to sea for a good while now but I know that conditions have changed. I don't think people ashore quite realize how very much they have changed. Let me compare



Wearing life belts, the crew runs through fire drill as the tanker plows south
Courtesy—The Lamp

some voyages to show what I mean:

In 1906 I sailed as a junior engineer on a tramp with a load of coal for Genoa, Italy. We were 13 days on the trip at 8 knots. When we got there we had to wait a week or more for a berth, and it took eight days to discharge. . . . That voyage today would be done in a 14 knot ship. We would be discharged in about two days and loaded in a day or less. Every type of service is now speeded up to eliminate almost entirely the very features of sea life that appealed to the old time seaman. We had no radio and no union. We lived our life, such as it was, apart from the world ashore. That sort of life and that sort of man are gone forever. Our problem today is to recognize the actual social and intellectual conditions under which our young men

live, because sending them to sea will not change them from 1938 socially restless, superficially educated and mentally bewildered youths into 1838 jolly Jack Tars who tattooed their arms with hearts and anchors and did their work with a yo-heave-ho for ten dollars a month. . . . The seaman of 1938 is a human being, and it is incumbent upon us to see that he has conditions in which he can preserve his humanity. It is not so long since we accepted as a matter of course living conditions on board ships which our country gentlemen would not tolerate for their cattle. If I were to describe to you the cabin I lived in when I first went to sea you would think I was inventing—and I worked 70 hours for 7 pounds a month. . . . Our idea of a sailor is still, to a great degree, a big-hearted moron who walks with a roll and has a wife in every port. The chief economic disadvantage of going to sea nowadays is that until he has reached licensed rank and pay, he cannot have a wife in any port. The wife of an A. B. even if she has no children, has to do some pretty clever budgetting on \$16.00 a week. . . .

. . . We have to ask ourselves whether we are prepared to make the ships the sort of places where our own boys would be glad to work. This doesn't mean de luxe suites for boatswain's mates. Quite contrary to general ideas, the average seaman has no desire for such luxury and most genuine seamen prefer freighters to passenger liners. What he wants is the sort of thing he is going to get if the Maritime Commission continues its present policy. If ships are to go rushing to and fro at sixteen or eighteen knots and spend only a few hours in port, the seaman must have some compensating advantages or

he will cease to go to sea. The seaman will have to be given time off to visit his home or an annual vacation with pay. His employment should be *continuous* and not by the voyage, because continuity of employment is the basis of good work and careful operation. He should be given every encouragement to remain continuously with one line.

. . . Not long ago I wrote a story about two boys who ran off to sea from Westport, Conn. One went to sea in 1835 and the other in 1935. The difference in outlook between those two boys was remarkable; but they were both Americans and human beings. The modern youth, coming from a home equipped with radio, newspapers and nurtured on motion pictures and newsreels, is the raw material for our ships. He is in touch with all that is going on even while he is at sea. . . . This, however, is a period of violent transition and reaction. As time passes I imagine that the individualists will begin to reassert themselves. It is even possible that gaining promotion by being on the job may come back into favor. My object this afternoon has not been to picture the seaman of today as a tragic figure. . . . We are concerned, not with maintaining the status quo, but in advancing the merchant marine as an honorable profession and a competent Naval auxiliary. Modern men, such as I have described, will not be content with the old conditions. . . . It is easy, of course, to counsel patience, but that is the only course open to us at present. The existing situation, if we are to salvage the merchant marine, demands not only patience but real statesmanship. In the clash of unions and owners, and the antagonisms of conflicting government departments we are apt to lose sight of the actual seafaring man, who is



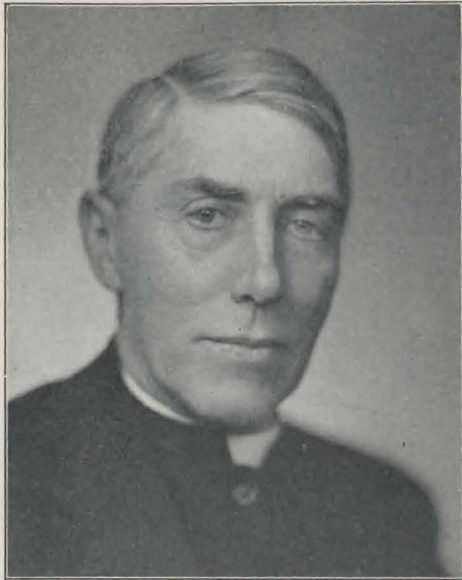
Husky, sun-tanned sailors
 swinging a boom into action
Courtesy—The Lamp

concerned only with his job. . . .

. . . I have spoken of the seaman as a human being, and there is nothing more human than a desire to get to the top. We have to see to it that while the conditions of life for seamen are humane, there shall be no relaxations of the privileges and dignity of executive rank.

. . . Success at sea is the result of a very long probation and years of responsibility, and the American temperament has a tendency to want quick results. The long service required to reach a position of senior rank (20 to 25 years in many instances) exasperates many young men, and the wages, even under the improved scale, seem insignificant compared with the rewards in other fields. . . . You will find yourselves eternally confronted by the paradox of turning twentieth century boys into 19th century seamen.

A Distinguished Visitor



since taking office, when he preached in our Chapel Sunday evening, January 23rd.

Dr. T. Tertius Noble, famed organist of St. Thomas', brought twenty-one picked men and boys from his vested choir. The Rector, the Rev. Roelif H. Brooks, S.T.D., with the Rev. Frederick W. Golden-Howes, the Rev. Wallace C. Goodfellow, and the Superintendent and Chaplains McDonald and Pearson of the Institute, shared in the service.

A congregation of 238—including 150 seamen—greatly enjoyed the unusually fine music, and the Presiding Bishop's noble yet simple sermon.

THE Institute had the first visitation, other than to a church, from the Rt. Rev. Henry St. George Tucker, D.D., new Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church,

Chapel Service in Honor of Dr. Mansfield

THE annual service paying tribute to the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., for thirty-eight years Superintendent of the Institute, was held in the Chapel of Our Saviour on Monday, January 3rd, at eleven A. M. This was his birthday, and coincided also with the anniversary of his start, in 1896, in work for seamen on New York's waterfront.

From the pulpit, the Rev. Clifton Macon, D.D., formerly associate rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, recalled, out of his 20-year friendship with Dr. Mansfield,

incidents in his life and examples of his readiness to always be of help to his fellowman.

The present Superintendent, the Rev. Harold H. Kelley, officiated, assisted by Chaplains Pearson and McDonald. A large congregation of seamen, staff members and friends of Dr. Mansfield attended the service which was most inspiring and, as one visitor said: "A most beautiful way in which to start the New Year by honoring the man who served the cause of seamen so faithfully and so well."

Sailors' Mascots



SEAMAN Charles Eichberg sends word from Tampa, Florida, by way of Mrs. Janet Roper, the Institute's House mother, that five "blessed events" have occurred to "Bum," canine mascot of sailors in the port of Tampa. She is now the proud mother of five lively little "Bums," which she presented to the Seamen's Institute there on Mother's Day.

Eichberg described "Bum" as a most attractive and intelligent dog; he writes: "Bum" is a good old dog who came to the Institute here at Tampa six years ago from a British ship and became a fixture here. She will not associate with anyone but sailors, especially when they are three sheets in the wind, for she knows that they are liable to call a taxi, take her uptown to a restaurant and order steak for two. "Bum" was never on relief during the depression, for she has her regular route to various restaurants in Tampa; she scratches on the doors until she is fed; hence her name. "Bum" always attends Sunday services in the Institute's chapel here when the Rev. F. Barnby Leach, Superintendent, preaches, for she is fond of doughnuts which are

served at some of the meetings. "Her five offspring are so fat that they look like guinea pigs. Any sailor can handle them and 'Bum' will not object, but if a landlubber so much as puts a hand on any of them, she growls. 'Bum's' husband has left for parts unknown; perhaps he has a sweetheart in every port. 'Bum's' main worry is her puppies: as soon as they get the smell of salt water they are liable to be on the Missing Seamen's list and then you, Mother Roper, will have to track them down where they have stowed away on ships outward bound. Yes, 'Bum' is a good old dog who is known by sailors from coast to coast. She has a lifetime membership in the sailors' union and when she leaves this earth she will be remembered as the sailors' friend and companion."

And here is another sailor's mascot. The cat's name is "Tommy", and the picture was taken by an O.S. (Ordinary Seaman) on the S.S. Atlantic, a ship of the American South African Line while near the Equator. "Tommy" appears to be dozing in the Tropic sun.





The third mate on the "W. S. Farish" tanker of the Standard Oil Co. of N. J. "shoots the sun."



Swung high aloft in a bosun's chair a seaman washes down the mast of the Grace liner "Santa Clara".

Approaching port, the crews of the Yankee clippers in the 1850's sang old chanties such as "Hurrah, my boys we're homeward bound." Today, the crews of modern tankers and ocean liners use machinery instead of man power to raise and lower the anchor. But whether working "under sail" or "in steam," seamen are glad to return to their home port, after long voyages.

The SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK since 1834 has extended a friendly welcome to the crews of thousands of vessels; it has protected them from cruel exploitation; it has instituted much helpful legislation for greater safety of life aboard ships; in short, it has

Slowly **GOOD-BYE, I YOU WELL!**

Solo Cho.

O fare you we're home-ward bound; Good-

bye, fare you well, ad-bye, fare you well!

Solo

We're home-ward bound for New York town,

Cho.

Hur - rah, my boys we're home-ward bound!

Please send gifts to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York, 25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

improved their living conditions both afloat and ashore.

The Institute wants to thank you for your share in this humane work in behalf of the men of the sea.

A visit to "25 South Street," will convince you that your contribution is providing a useful and helpful kind of social service. For relief, welfare, recreational and educational facilities we depend on the voluntary and continued annual support of friends. The cost of such a program of service is \$100,000. annually. If all our good friends rally round with their usual generous gifts, we shall be able to "carry on."

A Typewriter Ship Designer

By Gault Magowan

EDITOR'S NOTE: Following is a story which appeared in NEW YORK SUN on Friday, December 24th, 1937 and is reprinted by special permission. Mr. Stewart, the typewriter etcher, very kindly loaned the Institute his ship designs for display at our booth at the Motorboat Show.



Lem Stewart

Where there's a repression, there's always an escape mechanism. Lem Stewart, for instance, wanted to be a sailor, but his father made him an advertising executive. Now Lem goes to sea on his typewriter. When he sees a saucy craft that takes his fancy, he just draws it with ### ratlines and \$&) (—?! sails.

"Yo Ho, my bonny lads. There she blows. On the starboard bow—over by Brooklyn Bridge!"

Mr. Stewart visualizes the whole scene from his crow's nest, thirty-one stories up in the *Hotel Shelton* at *Forty-ninth street*. It is the highest vacant hotel bedroom he could find in town with a view of the East River. On a clear day, he says, he sees the big Atlantic liners on the other side of Long Island!

And while he listens in to a travel talk on the radio, he taps off another seascape on his typewriter.

The results ought to be horrid. But at a distance, they have been mistaken for etchings and woodcuts. And since Mr. Stewart's art is too new to have a vocabulary of its own, he calls his seascapes just that—typewriter etchings and typewriter woodcuts.

The possibilities are limited only by

the medium. But the medium has possibilities undreamed of by the lawn-mower school of keyboard operators.

REFLECTION OF SHIP

He has also a three-color process—red, blue and black ribbon—but he disdains that as smacking of commercial art. "Red and blue are useful for designing the odd Christmas card for a friend," says Mr. Stewart, "but my medium is the black ribbon. What a maritime artist can do with a pencil, I can do better with a typewriter. It isn't a challenge; it is just a fair statement of fact as I think any one will admit who sees my work.

"There is the shading of the sails, the reflexion of the ship as she skims the water, the lapping waves, the bank of clouds, the rhythm of motion and the technical perfection of rig and jib. All dormant in the typewriter.

"Take the parentheses of the keyboard," he said. "They have all the fundamentals of life and action. They form the waves in my pictures, the wings of the gulls, the curves of the capstan, the captain's stomach, his wife's waist. And the &c. At a distance that will give the optical illusion of a baby sitting on the floor. What is impression in art but an illusion, the way an artist sees things and depicts them with a flexible paint brush? I use the inflexible keyboard. But I have invented a technic by which it becomes almost flexible. I make good imitations of engravings.

NOTHING COMMON

"My work should not be confused with the common or garden variety of designs done on typewriters using the XXXXX to form patterns of the cross-stitch sampler sort. That is elementary. My technic may have grown out of that, but today I regard that as cartooning; its results travesty the original. My pictures are accurate artistic representations of the originals.

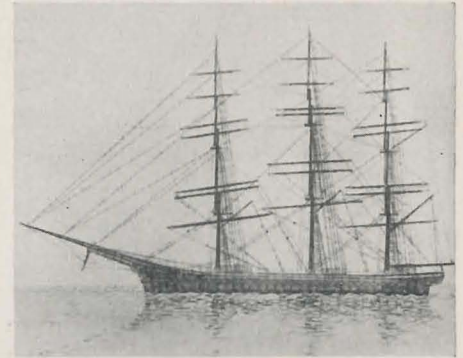
"The finished work looks better than a pencil sketch because by my technic it has the finished appearance of an engraving and you need to look very closely before you can see the typewriter signs at all.

"I will not reveal all my secrets. But I get some of my effects by using the eraser, others by twisting the paper around in the machine. I make masts out of underscores, I use number signs for ratlines, Ts and Ms for handrails, exclamation marks for blocks and tackle and oblique strokes, typed close together, for shading of sails and clouds. You have to experiment with getting effects from the characters just as an artist experiments in getting shades and hues from his paint cakes.

"I have turned out square-rigged ships, three-masted schooners, East River tugs and a Gloucester fisherman by my typewriter—an ordinary standard portable; just the same as any one else's except that I like a machine that makes a ribbon change extra easy just in case I want to

go into color."

This ship was made on a typewriter by
Lem Stewart



Motor Boat Show

A BACKDROP showing a globe with ships from all over the world bringing curios and souvenirs to "25 South Street" provided a novel feature at the Institute's twenty-foot booth on the mezzanine floor of Grand Central Palace during the week of the Motor Boat Show. The space was donated by Mr. Ira Hand, secretary of the Show, and many thousands of visitors enjoyed the educational exhibits and purchased ship models, ships-in-bottles, rope belts and other marine handicraft made by seamen. We are indebted to Miss Catherine Rogers, Miss Edith Sawin and Miss Millicent Bowring, members of the Institute's Debutante Committee, of which Miss Helen Michalis, is Chairman, for their kind assistance at the booth. We also wish to ex-

press appreciation to Mrs. Norman Donald and Miss Marian Holyoke (officers of the Society for Seamen's Children which is affiliated with the Institute), also Mrs. Davis Turnbull, Mr. Philip Warner, Mr. Tsang and Mr. James Connell, and our thanks to the artists who loaned their displays: John Hensel, Roland Storey, Abraham Weinberg, Gus Furst, Charles Rosner, Leslie Dawson, John R. W. Smith, Lem Stewart, Cliff Parkhurst, John Bara, Christian Lund, William Sheppard, Meyer Roh, Seaman Nicholson and Captain George Ruger. We are grateful, too, to Mr. Russell A. Alger, Jr. of the Clarke Engineering Company for his generous donation of 25% on sales of the Clarke Troller.



The Institute's Booth at the Motorboat Show, constructed by Richard Greyble. Photo by Morris Rosenfeld.

"Adopt-a-Ship" Plan*

JUST one year ago the S. S. JAMOLCO of the U. S. Tankship Corporation was "adopted" by children at the Central School, Springdale, Arkansas, and thus became the first ship in the plan which is being fostered by the Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine, an auxiliary of the Propellor Club of the United States. Since that time forty-four other ships have been "adopted" by as many schools in various states throughout the country, the last, the S. S. JOMAR of Lykes Brothers Company, a few days ago by the Roger Ludlowe High School in Fairfield, Conn. Another ship, the motorship WICHITA, stationed at Manila, which is being operated for the U. S. Maritime Commission, is now awaiting adoption, and the Master and crew have asked that they be given a school in Wichita, Kansas.

The idea of the plan, as conceived by Mrs. Charles Pearsall, Mrs. Arthur M. Tode, Mrs. Agnes E. Eicks and Mrs. George Kaye, executive officers of the society, is to make Geography and History more interesting to school children and at the same time to arouse their interest in the American Merchant Marine. The plan is carried out by correspondence between the captain (sometimes extending to the officers and unlicensed personnel of a ship), and with the teacher and children of a particular class in a particular school. Although the adopt-a-ship plan is not original in the United States, having been successfully carried out in England and Germany, it has several distinctly American features. In England, for example, there is an organization established and a staff of paid workers who act as "middlemen" be-

tween the ship personnel and the schools, and each school must pay according to its rating. However, the service is entirely free in the United States, as the members of the Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine, with headquarters at 17 Battery Place, New York City, is comprised of women who volunteer their time and effort for this work.

It is not possible for an individual to adopt a ship. The request must come from a teacher who must supervise all the correspondence after a ship has been assigned. Letters are written by all the pupils, and the Master who has agreed to the arrangement, writes from the various ports where his ship goes. Some of the crew send picture postcards to the students so that they may learn something of the places in the ship's itinerary, the customs of the countries, their postage stamps, and general information about the ship.

Sailors are proverbially poor letter writers. So when the plan was first suggested, some skeptics wondered how the ships' captains and officers would fulfill their obligations. The Seamen's Church Institute of New York, which has long recognized how seamen procrastinate in writing home to their families—(thus losing touch with them and finally being reunited through the efforts of Mrs. Janet Roper, head of the Institute's Missing Seamen's Bureau) has tried to encourage the men to write regularly by establishing a special Writing Room on the second floor of its 13-story building. It also provides the men with free stationery and in many cases, postage, so that there will be no alibis for not writing home. After a year of the ship-

adoption plan it is generally concluded from the evidence that seamen enjoy corresponding with school children. When a little schoolboy walks two miles to mail a letter to the captain of an American ship, that captain is not going to make that lad wait long for an answer. For example, a teacher in a school in Paw Paw, Michigan writes:

"The children of our school—members of the eighth grade—have been very happy in the exchange of letters with Captain Dunn of the S. S. QUIS-TONCK. His packet of letters, along with a brief history and two photos of the steamship, came just before vacation. Great was their delight to find that he had answered them individually. They are planning another battery of letters and questions."

The task of finding sufficient ships to take care of the number of schools requesting them is also a problem which the Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine must tackle. During the year they wrote to practically every American shipping Company. From some of these, answers came promptly saying that they would be glad to have their Captains carry on the correspondence with the schools selected. Others wrote that because of the chaotic condition of the shipping industry, they would rather postpone their decision until later. Still others wrote that they had talked with their Captains and had decided that their trips were really so short that time would not be available for the crews to engage in such letter-writing, particularly in ships with quick "turn-arounds." However, a sufficient number of Companies were interested and willing to cooperate, and so the Captains of the various ships received letters outlining the adoption plan.

In October, after the plan had been in operation on about 40 ships

for about ten months, the Women's Organization wrote to each teacher and asked whether the pupils were enjoying the correspondence and whether or not the Master of the ship assigned to them had fulfilled the obligation to which he had agreed. The replies—enthusiastic testimony of the success of the plan—have arrived from schools in Kansas, Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Nebraska, New York, New Jersey and Michigan. The teacher in Barrington, Illinois, whose class has the PRESIDENT HARDING, writes how proud her children are to think that "their ship" brought the Lindberghs home. The children in Bloomfield, N. J. who adopted the PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT report that they received interesting letters and photographs. Their teacher asks if they may write again without waiting for an answer, and realizing what a busy man the Captain is, yet wanting to keep up the interest of the pupils, the Women's Organization advises: "Yes — write again. The Captain will enjoy hearing from the children."

It is true that all seamen enjoy receiving mail. To see them lined up in the busy U. S. Post Office on the second floor of the Institute, one can understand how eagerly they await mail at "25 South Street." Apparently, letter writing is no longer a lost art when seamen can enjoy corresponding with boys and girls, the majority of whom live in small inland towns and who have never even seen the sea or smelt a salt breeze. Whether the "Adopt-a-Ship" plan will inspire some of the boys to become members of the American Merchant Marine after they have finished their schooling, remains to be seen, but if the plan arouses an interest and pride in American shipping, it will be considered to have been successful.

*Excerpts from a report by Mrs. Agnes E. Eicks, Chairman, Ship Adoption Committee, Women's Organization for the American Merchant Marine.

Storms At Sea

Twice within the past few weeks steamships bound up and down the Atlantic Coast have been lashed by hurricanes. Although all of them were brutally tossed about and some of them were severely battered, the damage was relatively slight. When the wind is at hurricane force the ferocity of the open sea is one of the most malevolent phases of nature. The wonder is that vessels ever live through the wrath of these upheavals. Waves strike with the smashing impact of solid rock; the vessel bounds back and winces as though she had run head on into a reef. When the seas come aboard they sound like explosions of thunder. The ship plunges and lurches with ponderous violence as though she were drawing on her last reserves.

Those who are watching from the bridge can see how steadily the ship responds to the emergency of each blow the sea deals her. Her determination to live is heroic. But to those who are huddled below decks and are not watching from a point of vantage the sensation each time is that of foundering. The creak and strain of the woodwork, the crash of dishes in the galley, the rumble of loose articles all through the ship, the shriek of the wind in the stays, and the whack and thump of seas at the portholes sound like the voices of doom. There is nothing that can toss a man around so violently and in so many directions as a ship fighting for her life in a storm.

Fiendish as the storm may be, there is much in the ship's favor. If she conforms to underwriter's specifications, she is strong enough to resist tremendous pounding. She is designed with balances that correct rolling and pitching; there is weight enough to right her when she rolls her bulwarks under, and the deeper she rolls the more active the balances work in her favor. If her cargo is properly distributed, she will be neither "stiff" nor "tender" but buoyant. Everything about her is designed to protect her against the wildness of a raging ocean.

Furthermore, she is under the command of a skipper whose training and experience have prepared him for the crisis of storms at sea. If he is steaming along the Atlantic Coast, where weather information is prompt and thorough, he has ample warning by wireless of what to ex-

pect. He knows the wind directions that prevail over other ships in other parts of the storm track. By watching the shift in wind and wave directions from his own bridge he can tell to a large extent where the centre of the storm will pass, and he can usually manoeuvre to save his ship the heaviest damage. When the storm is at its height he can handle his steamer to take the greatest advantage of her floating virtues. Any object that floats freely floats easily. He can govern the course and the speed of his ship so that she will offer the least possible resistance to the weather and ride out the storm without combating it.

All this lies in the ship's favor. Sometimes things happen that cannot be foreseen. Exceptionally heavy waves build up in long gales and wreak sudden vengeance before the ship can be manoeuvred to meet them. Or some part of the ship gives way under the merciless battering. When the natural buoyancy of the ship is impaired, her situation is critical, and it is lucky for her if her wireless set is still in commission.

—Editorial in The New York Times

Book Review

LAST OF THE SQUARE-RIGGED SHIPS

J. Ferrell Colton

Putnam, N. Y. 1937. \$3.50

Here at last the ship-lover will find in concise form answers to many of the questions which so frequently arise in the nautical world as to the ultimate fate of the old square-rigged ships. Mr. Colton has listed all available data on surviving square-riggers, giving the date and place of building, name of builder, peculiarities of rig, when possible a history of the vessel, all its name changes and accounts of unusual passages. A table of losses since the world war is given in the Appendix, which also contains a valuable bibliography on sail. The book is copiously illustrated. Recommended for every nautical library.

A.W.C.



98,018 Pieces of Seamen's Baggage Handled in 1937.
Baggagemaster Robert Brine and a Seaman



"25 South Street"—Journey's End

A YEAR OF SERVICE TO MERCHANT SEAMEN BY THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK FROM JANUARY 1st TO DECEMBER 31st, 1937

194,625	Lodgings (including relief beds).
98,018	Pieces of Baggage handled.
531,820	Sales at Luncheonette and Restaurant.
201,630	Sales at News Stand.
17,833	Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
12,513	Attended 634 Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
1,038	Cadets and Seamen attended 301 Lectures in Merchant Marine School; 65 new students enrolled.
62,410	Social Service Interviews.
16,139	Relief Loans.
6,682	Individual Seamen received Relief.
52,278	Books and magazines distributed.
4,710	Pieces of clothing, and 1,730 Knitted Articles distributed.
3,195	Treated in Dental, Eye, Ear-Nose-Throat & Medical Clinics.
87,280	Attended 142 entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
3,859	Attendance in Apprentices' Room.
280	Missing Seamen found.
2,280	Positions secured for Seamen.
\$228,396.	Deposited for 3,304 Seamen in Banks; \$30,784. transmitted to families.
14,287	Attendance in Joseph Conrad Library.
9,556	Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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