

The
LOOKOUT



Photo from Ewing Gallaway

THE ICE TYRANT — ONE OF THE MANY HAZARDS OF THE SEA

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK

VOLUME XXVII—NO. 2 -- FEBRUARY, 1936

THIS MONTH'S COVER shows a "bridge" type of iceberg in the North Atlantic, seen from a Coast Guard cutter on International Patrol duty. This service is maintained by 14 nations since the "Titanic" disaster; the United States pays 18%, Canada 6%, England 40%, Germany 10%, and smaller nations the balance. Photo from Ewing Galloway.

The LOOKOUT

VOL. XXVII, FEBRUARY, 1936
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

by the

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

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Entered as second class matter July
8, 1925, at New York, N. Y., under
the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates

One Dollar Annually
Single Copies, Ten Cents

Gifts to the Institute of \$5.00 and
over include a year's subscription to
"The Lookout."

Make all checks payable to the order of
"SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF NEW YORK" and mail to
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

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.

The Lookout

VOL. XXVII

FEBRUARY, 1936

No. 2

WHEN WINTER COMES

WHEN the temperature drops and huge cakes of ice are seen floating in New York harbor, the waterfront population realizes that winter has begun in earnest. Those seamen who have jobs thank their lucky stars and before "shipping out" often generously share their earnings with less fortunate shipmates of other days. The *Institute* immediately feels the effect of the mercury drop by the increase in requests for overcoats, sweaters, socks and warm underclothing. Thanks to our knitters we are able to provide woolen garments to withstand the freezing winds that blow in from the sea. When winter descends on New York harbor, the usually sleek transatlantic liners trudge into Quarantine iced down with tons of frozen spray, accumulated on plates and decks, often causing delay in their docking. As one observer described it: "Winter transforms the ocean greyhounds into shaggy Eskimo dogs!" It is truly a marvelous sight to see these giant steamships with glistening ice and snow decorating their superstructure.

The daily tramp from shipping office to shipping office in search of work continues during the winter months, and the number of seamen engaged in this activity is increased by the so-called "Lake" sailors, who come to New York seeking work when the Great Lakes freeze over. It is a common sight to see groups of these men returning from their daily trek, blowing on their icy



Jeannette Park in Winter Garb—a view from the Institute's Apprentices' Room.

fingers and stamping their nearly frozen feet as they enter the *Institute* and its warm, cozy lobby. The howling winds outside do not seem nearly so hostile after a mug of fragrant, steaming coffee from the soda-luncheonette in our main lobby. And the assurance that a clean, comfortable bed awaits them in one of the dormitories is enough to keep them cheerful.

And all this food, shelter, clothing and recreation is made possible by the generosity of our loyal and devoted friends. Thanks to YOU, thousands of seafarers need not stand and shiver in breadlines in threadbare clothing. May we take this occasion to express our gratitude to these faithful friends?

WHY SHIPS ARE CHRISTENED

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The origins of maritime customs are always fascinating and often difficult to trace. Not long ago a shipping company official telephoned us to ask if we could tell him why ships are christened. In the course of our researches we discovered some interesting material which we thought LOOKOUT readers would enjoy.



Courtesy, Cunard-White Star Line

Little Dorothy Rogers impersonates Queen Mary As She Christens A 22 Foot Model of the Liner With a Rose.

THE present custom of christening ships is a relic of ancient libation practiced when vessels were launched. On completion of a ship it was decked with flowers and the mariners were adorned with floral crowns. As the craft was launched into the sea there were loud exclamations and shouts of joy, while a priest purified the launching with a lighted torch, an egg, and brimstone, and consecrated it to the god whose figurehead it carried.

When a ship was launched by the Vikings it was customary to bind some prisoners to the rollers over which the galley was to run down

to sea so that the "stem was sprinkled with blood", for which the modern red wine is substituted. This savage practice was called "hlunn-rod" or "Roller Reddening."

The breaking of a bottle of wine on the bow of a new vessel is a survival of the sanguinary custom of our savage ancestors, paralleled by the practice at an officer's funeral of leading his charger to symbolical sacrifice at his grave.

Curiously enough, no mention is made anywhere of the similarity of the christening custom with that of Christian baptism. The blessing of ships was alluded to by the monks of St. Denys as early as 1418. An occasion is noted when the Bishop of Bangor was sent to Southampton to bless the King's ship, "Grace a Dieu". Down to the time of Charles II it was the custom to name and baptize the ship after it was launched. Usually some high official would drink from a cup, pour a libation on the quarterdeck and then give the cup to the dockyard master as a memento.

Samuel Pepys, in his diary of 1614, refers to the christening of the "Royal Katharine."

On modern Greek ships the bows are decorated with flowers. The Captain takes a jar of wine which he raises to his lips and then pours on the deck.

Captain Robert Huntington of the Institute's Merchant Marine School recalls that several U. S. battleships were christened with bottles of water (usually from a river in the State for which the ship was named) during prohibition days.

THE SEA WITCH AND THE MILES BARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE: Two beautiful models of the SEA WITCH and MILES BARTON were given to the INSTITUTE by Mr. Charles Dunlap, a member of the Board of Managers. They have been placed in the Conrad Library. Both ships have an interesting history:

Sea Witch

WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL defied tradition and built a ship of 907 tons, which he called the SEA WITCH. The vessel raised almost more of a stir in nautical circles than RAINBOW had done. She was built by Smith and Dimon of New York and her measurements were:

Tonnage	907 tons
Length	170 ft. 3 in.
Beam	33 ft. 11 in.
Depth	19 ft.
Capacity for cargo.....	1100 tons

Captain Waterman himself superintended every detail of her outfit, especially when it came to rigging work. He saw to it that she was fitted with skysails, royal studding sails, square lower studding sails with swinging booms, ringtails and other flying kites.

In appearance the SEA WITCH must have been a very handsome vessel; indeed, when she sailed out of New York on her maiden voyage, she was admitted to be the most beautiful ship under the stars and stripes. She had the low freeboard and raking masts of the Baltimore type, with considerable sheer, one of the outstanding features of the Yankee clipper design. Though a square-sterned ship she was built without a stern frame. The new clipper was painted black with the old-fashioned American bright stripe, and, as she was intended for the tea trade, she was given an immense gilded Chinese dragon for a figurehead. The trailing tail of this dragon gave emphasis to her long hollow bow, which was a still further advance on that of RAINBOW.

SEA WITCH had a sharp rise of deck (16 degrees it is said); she required a deal of ballast, indeed it is probable that she was somewhat overmasted, for she was noted for her heavy rolling and there was more than a whisper that she was unstable.

With a carefully picked crew, she left New York on the 23rd of December, 1846. A strong nor'-west gale was blowing, which gave her an excellent start in life, and she ran down to the latitude of Rio in 25 days. Here she spoke the shore and sent letters back by a homeward bounder. SEA WITCH in the hands of Bully Waterman soon proved herself to be an exceptional vessel altogether, and her records have been found very hard to beat.

After her seventh voyage the SEA WITCH gave up the San Francisco run for the direct route to China. When homeward bound in 1855, she put into Rio with the dead body of Captain Frazer, who had been murdered by his mate. After this tragedy Captain Lang took command of the, by this time, water soaked and badly stained vessel. The end of the famous ship came on 26th March, 1856, when bound from Amoy to Havana with a cargo of coolies, she piled upon the East Coast of Cuba and became a total loss. And perhaps it was as well, for the coolie traffic of that date was a dreadful trade for a beautiful ship.

Miles Barton

A Nova Scotia built ship from the yards of W. & R. Wright and Smith. Measurements:

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RIVER OF DEATH

By Floyd Gibbons*

HELLO EVERYBODY:

All right, boys and girls, give a big hand to Carl M. Pratt, down at the **Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South St., New York City.** Carl is a marine engineer, and he is going to tell us the story of his most exciting cruise. Carl's ship that time was a man-sized cake of ice, and he was signed on as captain, mate and crew, by a stick of dynamite. That cruise carried Carl half a mile down the Mississippi River, and then—well—then Carl climbed off that vessel of his—deserted his first command in mid-stream, and let her take care of herself. She could do that, but she couldn't take care of Carl.

That down-river journey was Carl's first voyage. He must have liked it, because right after that he took up marine engineering. I wonder if he ever had any thrills during his days of following the sea that came up to the standard set by that adventure on the Mississippi, just below the Keokuk Dam, in the early Spring of 1911. I doubt it, boys and girls, I doubt it.

In those days before Carl thought of taking up marine engineering, he worked on construction jobs, and one of them was the great Keokuk Dam. He worked on it from start to finish, and he says he's never seen it since.

The original site of that dam was a rapids. The current came running through that spot so fast that it's a wonder the Government was ever able to build a dam there at all. Certainly that current presented quite a problem to the engineers who were in charge of the work. They had to build strongly and solidly, because if they didn't, they'd likely wake up some morning and find that their preliminary structure had been carried eight miles or so downstream.

They had their hardest time during the long, hard Winter of 1910-11. Then the old Mississippi froze over solid, and when it started to thaw, a huge jam of ice cakes collected around the construction work that threatened to carry the whole kaboodle away.

That's where Carl got into trouble. He volunteered as one of the crew

who were to go out and dynamite the ice jam. For two days he went out on that great mountain of ice, placing the explosive which was to break up the jam. He got along all right the first day, and most of the second. But along toward evening of the second day—well—things sort of got exciting.

On the night of the second day Carl had just planted his fourth load of explosive and was starting back to shore. He was half way back to land again when suddenly the ice seemed to rise under him. There followed a terrible, ear-shattering explosion—and that's all Carl remembers for a few minutes.

The next thing Carl knew was that he was feeling wet and cold. "I turned over," he says, "and tried to make myself more comfortable, scarcely realizing what I was doing. On all sides I seemed to hear a bedlam of horns and whistles, and then all at once I realized what had happened. I was on a huge cake of ice, slowly floating down stream. And the whistles were the warnings to men farther on down the river to watch out for me and get me as I went past."

But it wasn't as easy to get Carl as those birds blowing the whistles seemed to think. No one could reach him from shore, because the distance between was filled with huge cakes of floating ice that would have crushed a boat the minute it was put in the water.

Carl tried to raise himself and found that he couldn't. He was stunned. His whole body seemed paralyzed. His brain wouldn't work, and there was a terrible, throbbing pain in his leg. Carl couldn't find out until later why that leg pained him so, but the fact is that it was broken.

Just below the dam was a bridge, and Carl knew that if he passed that it was all up with him. He lay flat on his back in agony of suspense and watched that bridge move toward him. Then, when he had covered about half the distance, he fainted again.



Associated Press Photo

Ice in New York Bay, Showing the Institute in the Foreground.

The last thing he thought of just before he went "out" was: "Will I come to before I reach the bridge?" He didn't know what he could do when he did get to it, but somehow it seemed to afford him a ray of hope—the last bit of hope that remained to him.

Carl was only unconscious for a few minutes. When he came to again, the bridge was still before him, looming up close at hand in the bright moonlight. He wondered if anyone would be there to make a try at saving him—wondered if he would slip by them unnoticed in the darkness below the bridge. Suddenly he heard voices, and somehow he felt that everything was going to be all right.

Lanterns began to flare up all over the bridge. A dozen or more ropes were being lowered, and they were all yelling to him to catch hold. Those ropes were strung all along the bridge. They hung low over the ice, and each one had a loop in the end. And the guy who had the foresight to put those loops on the ropes was the one who saved Carl's life.

Carl couldn't get up to reach for those ropes, but he could move one

leg. He picked out a rope dead ahead of him, and as the ice cake came down to meet it he raised that leg and thrust it through the loop. Then, as the rope tightened, he managed to get a hand hold on it and in another ten minutes he was on his way to the hospital.

And that's the story of how Carl Pratt became a sailor.

* Reprinted from
THE NEW YORK JOURNAL
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Continued from page 3

Length175 ft.
Beam35 ft.
Depth22 ft.
Registered tonnage963 tons

She was bought by James Beazley and loaded in the Golden Line. On her maiden voyage she went out to Melbourne in 82 days, and followed up this performance with two trips of 76 days each.

From: "Colonial Clippers" — Lubbock
"China Clippers" — Lubbock

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have been unable to learn the dates of the MILES BARTON. Can any LOOKOUT reader help us?

Rise Up, O Men of God!

I.

Rise up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things,
Give heart, and soul, and mind, and
strength
To serve the King of kings.

II.

Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long.
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

III.

Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod.
As brothers of the Son of man,
Rise up, O men of God!

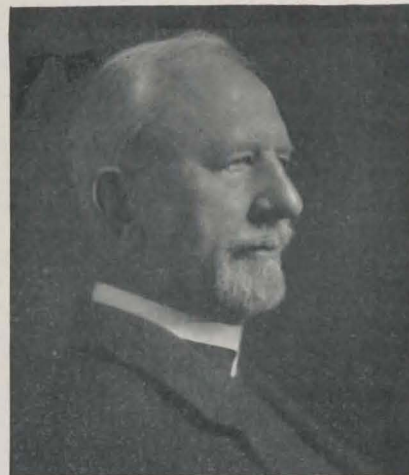
William Pierson Merrill, 1911, abr.

Copyright, 1911, by "The Continent."



THIS stirring hymn was one of the late Dr. Mansfield's favorites; he often selected it for the Sunday services in the Chapel of Our Saviour. He must have liked its challenge: "give heart and soul and mind and strength" and surely during the thirty-eight years of his ministry as Superintendent of the *Institute* he heeded that challenge.

Today, we pause and remember that two years ago, on February 11th, he was called "from out our bourne of Time and Place," leaving behind him a great monument—the *Institute*—which he had conceived and built with the help of loyal and devoted friends of sailormen.



The Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D.
1871 - 1934

A year ago a Mansfield Memorial Fund Committee was organized for the purpose of establishing a permanent and continuing Fund as a tribute to the great Christian leader and benefactor of seamen, the income from which was to be used exclusively for the relief of destitute seamen and for social service work. Such a memorial, the Committee felt, would please Dr. Mansfield, were he still here . . . for the needs of the seamen were ever nearest his heart.

We are glad to report that since Dr. Mansfield's death 778 loyal contributors have contributed a total of \$14,579.00, making a total of \$29,206.58 in this Fund.

We hope that many friends who have not yet volunteered to send gifts for this Fund will do so and others, who have already sent, will continue to remember Dr. Mansfield in this practical way from time to time, since it is a continuing Fund and since our relief and social service work is always expanding to meet the needs of seafarers.

Kindly send cash or checks to
Seamen's Church Institute of New York
25 South Street, New York, N. Y.

LOST AND FOUND



Photo by Jeannette Griffith
Splicing Rope

PIPES, watches, rosaries, love letters, photographs, fountain pens, keys . . . these are some of the personal belongings of seamen which are brought to the Institute's famous Lost and Found desk. Most important of all are the Institute wallets which come back to this address by many devious routes to be returned to their owners. These heavy manila envelopes are distributed for the protection and safety of a seaman's most valuable possessions—his passport, licenses, union book, identification and discharge certificates—without which he cannot ship. Beside official documents, these frequently contain surprising collections of pawnshop receipts, Chinese laundry checks, sweepstake tickets, club and association membership cards, books with addresses from the world over. Glass eyes and false teeth have also been listed in the files.

Hot weather has a curious effect on seamen: it causes them to lose personal property more frequently. When the temperature rises, men remove coats and vests and often leave them carelessly in parks, at beaches, or in subway trains. A bulky wallet, stuffed insecurely into the hip pocket of well-worn dungarees, falls only too easily as its owner goes from office to pier in search of employment, or strolls idly along a sun-baked street. So particularly during the summer months our Lost and Found desk—always a busy place, is visited by many anxious seamen inquiring for articles which may be turned in by a policeman, a ferryboat captain, a street car conductor, a taxi driver, a telegraph company, a bartender or a sympathetic citizen from any part of the city or country.

One of the strange stories in connection with our Lost and Found desk concerned the identification of a missing man. A little girl found a wallet containing seamen's papers floating in the water as she played at Tompkins Cove, and she gave them to a gentleman who brought them to the Institute. Our Social Service casualty file contained a newspaper report of a collision between a freighter and a tug on the Hudson near Poughkeepsie some weeks previously, during which two members of the freighter's crew were lost. Comparing the papers which we held with the newspaper clipping was sufficient to warrant communication with the brother and former employer of one of the missing seamen—and another link was added to the evidence that the poor fellow was drowned.

If a seaman is ill or intoxicated

a friend will often bring in his papers and valuables asking that we keep them until such times as the owner can care for them himself.

The relief and gratitude of some who learn that their papers are safe is really touching. Recently a postcard was received from New Haven from a distressed oiler giving his mother's address in Fall River for forwarding his lost papers if found. A few days later a battered envelope was mailed in from a Bronx police station with a note attached that it had been found by a resident of Mount Vernon, and it was easy to identify the signature of the oiler from New Haven and to forward the papers to his mother for delivery. Bewildered, she acknowledged them with thanks.

Whenever lost articles are turned in, the regular procedure is to mail a postcard to the last known address as well as to the U. S. Post Office station of the Institute if a name appears on the article, asking the owner to call and identify his property. Seven months ago, a very complete set of seamen's papers were found by a seaman. Examination disclosed the fact that they were the property of a Welsh fireman, well known about the Institute, so a card was duly sent to our Post Office. At the end of six months it was found that he had failed to appear to claim his belongings, so more active steps were taken to try to locate him. A series of telephone calls and letters to various relief agencies in city and country finally located him. A pitiful, destitute figure, reduced by lack of identification and employment, through the recovery of his papers, thus was restored to hope of resuming his normal sea occupation.

It is interesting to find how many people are both honest and obliging and who will take the trouble to

return seamen's belongings to the Institute when they find them. In many cases we refund their postage or carfare but there are no material rewards for their efforts.

Sometimes seamen find articles belonging to landsmen and bring them to the desk. For example, a sailor found a leather wallet. We wrote to the owner whose name was inside and asked him to identify the wallet. He replied: "I am a poor man, sorry I cannot afford a reward for nice sailor who find my wallet. To identify myself, there is a picture of myself as a little blonde boy in wallet." And sure enough, an old snapshot of the owner, as a chubby blonde youngster with a broad grin, reposed in the wallet!

If seamen's papers are unclaimed after six months they are returned to the office of origin where the shipping companies can keep them on file. Other articles are retained indefinitely as sometimes their owners return to claim them after several years have elapsed—for instance a marriage certificate, and in another, X-ray pictures of a dislocated shoulder were claimed years after being lost.

BOOK REVIEW GUARDSMEN OF THE COAST by John J. Floherty (Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. Price \$2.00)

This is primarily a book for boys, giving graphic facts about the splendid service and men of the U. S. Coast Guard. Nevertheless, it should also be of interest to anyone connected with the sea. It is very evident that Mr. Floherty has trudged wind-swept beaches with surfmen, climbed lonely watchtowers with shore patrols, fought heavy seas with lifesaving crews, walked well-disciplined cutter decks, watched aerial lifeboats speed off to scenes of disaster. He knows the men of whom he writes, and his modern photographic studies depict truly this too seldom mentioned but very active department of the Government which patrols the coast.

M.P.M.G.

PLUCK

A LONG, winding road has been the lot of Engineer William W. but his infinite pluck and courage have won him a stiff up-hill fight. Three years ago while performing his duties on shipboard his ankle bone was fractured. It did not heal properly and tuberculosis of the bone set in. The steamship company settled for \$1800, almost all of which went to doctors and hospitals, and to the support of his aged parents and his young wife.

By dint of much ingenuity and persistence, William managed to construct a peg leg which would take the weight off the injured ankle. He strapped the improvised leg to his thigh and walked on this and his knee, physicians having warned him that the ankle would never heal unless he kept his weight off it. For some time he managed to work at odd jobs — painting, tending furnaces in apartment houses, and he even studied and obtained a license as refrigerating engineer.

But life proved difficult, and hospital bills mounted. Undaunted, William kept pluckily on. At last he was offered a job in a Broadway theatre to supervise the installation of an air conditioning plant IF—and it was a big IF—he could devise some kind of a safe method of walking, as the insurance company wouldn't permit the theatre management to employ him with his improvised peg leg, considering the risk of injury too great.

And so William, who had never before asked for help, turned to the *Institute* and thanks to those who make our Social Service work possible, we had available a fund for just such emergencies. We purchased for him especially constructed braces from the *Institute* for Crippled and Disabled at a cost of \$35.00. These braces carry his

weight and keep the weight off the ankle, and it is possible that the bone, in time, will completely heal. Some special shoes were also purchased and William, an energetic, ambitious young man is now self-supporting and very happy in his new job.

Multiply this case a hundred-fold and you will understand how grateful we are to those who contribute regularly to our Ways and Means Fund — which not only pays our deficit in maintenance but also makes dreams come true for seamen handicapped or underprivileged. SUCH is Social Service!

FRIENDS

Poem copied from Navy Magazine U.S.S. Colorado, sent to *The Lookout* by Chas. Wm. Fishburn, Merchant Seaman.

Some Friends are mighty good to us
When life is bright and gay
But when the course gets rough a
bit
They sort of drift away

And then we have some other
friends
Far finer friends and true
Who stand close by when trouble
comes
Just such a friend as *you*.



Courtesy North German Lloyd
Crew's Library on S. S. Bremen



THE LAST VOYAGE

RUDYARD KIPLING, JANUARY 17

GEORGE V, JANUARY 20

The year was new and the night was dark,
And pitiful was the weather,
When England's King and England's bard
Drew up anchor together.

"Now heave, my liege, and set your sail,
As well you know to do,
And I've a chantey kept till now,
And it will sing us through."

"Full well you sang before, my friend,
As all my kingdoms know.
No man could raise me a loyaller song
To cheer me as I go.

"Purple and gold our old ship launched—
Stripped to the decks we leave her.
But never a word of yours or mine
Did weaken or soil or grieve her."

"Then up sail, sire, and set your course,
I'm here beside you singing.
Now at the last shall fill your heart
Bugles of England, ringing!"

Proud through the calm, strong through the storm,
(Ah, but they'd seen rough weather!)
They nailed her colours high to the mast,
And sailed from their England together.

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

Reprinted from F.P.A.'s "The Conning Tower" in the New York Herald-Tribune, by special permission of the author.



JACKSON FIGUREHEAD UNVEILED



A STATUE of Andrew Jackson that once served as the figurehead of the historic frigate Constitution was unveiled on January 15th in the Marine Museum of the City of New York on Fifth Avenue between 103rd and 104th Streets.

The figurehead has seen many vicissitudes. When the Constitution was being repaired in Boston around 1830 the figure was carved. By the time the repairs were finished, Boston's enthusiasm for President Jackson had turned to antipathy. At this period the head of the Jackson figure was stolen but it later was restored.*

After another restoration of the Constitution the figurehead was removed and later adorned a park in Lowell, Mass. A few years ago it found its way into a New York auction room, where it was rescued by William B. Leeds and turned over to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club at Oyster Bay, from which it came to the museum.

A brief address was made by Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, president of the Marine Museum,** and Mrs. Satterlee unveiled the figurehead. The Institute was on the receiving end of one of those proverbial ill-winds: It happened that on the afternoon scheduled for the unveiling of the figurehead, one of New York's power plants went out of commission and all the lights in the uptown

area went out. The consequent traffic snarls prevented hundreds of expected guests from arriving at the Museum. As a result, there was an oversupply of refreshments so Mr. Satterlee sent all the extra cakes and sandwiches down to the Institute where hundreds of seamen enjoyed them, and commented on the unexpected "manna from heaven."

* c.f. LOOKOUT—May, 1935—Page 8.
** and vice-president of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York.

SILHOUETTE SHIP PRINTS FOR SALE

We have added to our collection of silhouette ship postcards the famous "BOUNTY", drawn by Captain R. Stuart Murray of the Explorers' Club. Readers who have seen the thrilling moving picture "Mutiny on the Bounty" will recall that a replica of the original vessel was constructed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from plans furnished by the British Admiralty, and it is from these same plans that Captain Murray has made this postcard for the Institute. The cost of one postcard, including postage, is \$.10 The complete set of seven silhouette print postcards costs \$.35, including postage. Others in the set are the "Constitution", "Torrens", "Red Jacket", "Duff", "Asterion" and "Seedler." Please note that we do NOT have available now the larger size print of the "Bounty" (8½" by 11" on ivory vellum, as we have with the other six ships) but if we have enough requests for this size we shall have them made. The cost will be \$.30 each. If your order is under \$1.00 stamps will be acceptable.

BOOK REVIEW

OCEAN GOLD

By Commander Edward Ellsburg

Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$2.00

The man responsible for the raising of the Submarine S-51 has written a lively story of a salvaging expedition off the Peruvian coast. Like its predecessor, "On the Bottom" it gives a vivid picture of the complicated processes of bringing up lost treasure. The daring work of the divers seems almost superhuman.

A.W.C.



Behind the Scenes at the Institute's Cafeteria Where Over One Million Meals Were Served in 1935.

A Year of Service Rendered to Merchant Seamen by the SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

From January 1st to December 31st, 1935

- 344,911** Lodgings (including relief beds).
- 173,677** Pieces of Baggage handled.
- 1,085,278** Sales at Soda Luncheonette and Restaurant.
- 321,296** Sales at News Stand.
- 27,287** Patronized Barber, Tailor and Laundry.
- 12,690** Attended **301** Religious Services at Institute and U. S. Marine Hospitals.
- 4,592** Cadets and Seamen attended **432** Lectures in Merchant Marine School; **70** new students enrolled.
- 148,772** Social Service Interviews.
- 15,939** Relief Loans.
- 7,831** Individual Seamen received Relief.
- 89,826** Books and magazines distributed.
- 5,854** Pieces of clothing and **3,028** Knitted Articles distributed.
- 557** Treated in Dental, Eye and Ear-Nose-Throat Clinics.
- 157,227** Attended **209** entertainments, moving pictures, athletic activities, concerts and lectures.
- 912** Referred to Hospitals and Clinics.
- 3,594** Apprentices and Cadets entertained in Apprentices' Room.
- 329** Missing Seamen found.
- 2,221** Positions procured for Seamen.
- \$216,199.** Deposited for **3,277** Seamen in Banks.
- 26,362** Used Joseph Conrad Memorial Library.
- 13,720** Telephone Contacts with Seamen.

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